KLRXO stories

276 Chapters

Author collection: *James_Bond_8184*

Synopsis

klrxo stories collection offline

Table of Contents

1: 1-800-MOM
2: A Mom who Makes Herself Available – Part 1
3: A Mom who Makes Herself Available – Part 2
4: A Queen's Wish and an Heir's Desire
5: A Rough Night's Sleep with Mom
6: A Tent full of Mommy-meat
7: Anniversary Kink
8: "Ass Forum…for Moms"
9: Attending Room 209…with Mom_1
10: Attending Room 209…with Mom_2
11: Attending Room 209…with Mom_3
12: BSTC_1
13: BSTC_2
14: BSTC_3
15: BSTC_4
16: BSTC - nine months later
17: BSTC – Babymaking Center
18: BSTC – NEW YORK CITY
19: Ben & His Mom
20: Best Game Ever
21: Betting Against Mom
22: Boobs n Boners
23: Building Stamina…with Mom
24: Changing Room Debauchery
25: Charlie's Hole – Part 1
26: Charlie's Hole – Part 2
27: Charlie's Hole – Part 3
28: Christmas in the Cuddy Cabin
29: Chronicles of the Baby Making Factory_1
30: Chronicles of the Baby Making Factory_2
31: Chronicles of the Baby Making Factory_3
32: CONCEPTION PARTY_1

33: CONCEPTION PARTY 2
34: Dad Steps Aside 1
35: Dad Steps Aside 1
36: Dad strikes out. Son hits a Homer.
37: Dad s Big Mistake 1
38: Dad s Big Mistake 2
39: Dad s Big Mistake 3
40: Dad s Big Mistake 4
41: Dad s Big Mistake 5
42: Dating techniques…shared by Mom
43: Downsizing with Danny
44: Dr. Lovejoy's Clinic for Mothers and Sons
45: Drive-in Mom
46: Eskimo Mom
47: Focused on Mom
48: FRANKENMOM
49: Haunted by Mom
50: How Made made him State Champ 1
51: How Made made him State Champ 2
52: How Made made him State Champ 3
53: How Made made him State Champ 4
54: Hurricane Mom 1
55: Hurricane Mom 2
56: Intimidating Mother
57: Keeping Resolutions with the Aid of Mom and a Vacuum Cleaner
58: Late Night Surprises
59: Learning all about sex...from Mom 1
60: Learning all about sex...from Mom 2
61: Learning all about sex...from Mom 3
62: Lights, Camera, Mom! 1
63: Lights, Camera, Mom! 2
64: Locker Date…with Mom
65: Long Arm of the Law, Mom-syle 1
66: Long Arm of the Law, Mom-syle 2
67: Lost in Space…with Mom 1
68: Lost in Space…with Mom 2

69: Mile High Mom
70: Mom and the ‘67 Travelaire
71: Mom Like's Things that Buzz With Epilogue-1/2
72: Mom Like's Things that Buzz With Epilogue-2/2
73: Mom M.D. 1
74: Mom M.D. 2
75: Mom Rocks the Boat
76: Mom wants a Fuck Doll
77: Mom with Benefits
78: Mom'll-fuck-zine
79: Momma's Little Snuggle-Bear
80: Mommy needs your sperm
81: Mommy-Claus
82: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin 1
83: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin 2
84: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' 1
85: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' 2
86: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' 3
87: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' 4
88: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' 5
89: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' 6
90: Mom's 12 Naughty Days of Christmas
91: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.1-2
92: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.3-4
93: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.5-6
94: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.7-8
95: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.9-10
96: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.11-12
97: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.13-14
98: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.15-16
99: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.17-18
100: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.19-20
101: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.21-20
102: Mom's BARE Intentions
103: Mom's Basic Training
104: Mom's Birthday Boy

105: Mom's Busted!
106: Mom's Costume Dilemma
107: Mom's Countdown to Cummie Time
108: Mom's Darling Entrepreneur
109: Mom's Detour
110: Mom's Dream Lover_1
111: Mom's Dream Lover_2
112: Mom's Favorite Sex Toy_1
113: Mom's Favorite Sex Toy_2
114: Mom's Fetish
115: Moms Gone Wild_1
116: Moms Gone Wild_2
117: Mom's Hero_1
118: Mom's Hero_2
119: Mom's Midnight Visit
120: Mom's Morning Ride
121: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine_1
122: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine_2
123: Mom's Playground
124: Mom's Roommate_1
125: Mom's Roommate_2
126: Mom's Roommate & More
127: Mom's Roommate Forever_1
128: Mom's Roommate Forever_2
129: Mom's Seduction Guide
130: Mom's Sexual Itch
131: Mom’s Slopes
132: Mom's Taboo Defense
133: Mom's UNHOLY desires
134: Mom's Valentine Handjob
135: Mom's Workplace Shenanigans_1
136: Mom's Workplace Shenanigans_2
137: Moms, Boys and Sex Toys_1
138: Moms, Boys and Sex Toys_2
139: Moms, Boys and Sex Toys_3
140: Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration_1

141: Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration_2
142: Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration_3
143: Moms Gone Wild_1
144: Moms Gone Wild_2
145: More Christmas Lovin’
146: Mother's New King_1
147: Mother's New King_2
148: Motorcycle Momma
149: No Dad December
150: Off to College and Into Mom_1
151: Off to College and Into Mom_2
152: Paired with Mom on Aurora_1
153: Paired with Mom on Aurora_2
154: Pleasing Mom by Proxy
155: Roaring Surf & Raging Hormones_1
156: Roaring Surf & Raging Hormones_2
157: Robo-Mom_1
158: Robo-Mom_2
159: Robo-Mom_3
160: Robo-Mom_4
161: Santa Mom (Revised Edition)
162: Snowed In with Mom and Gran_1
163: Snowed In with Mom and Gran_2
164: Sons of Moms_1
165: Sons of Moms_2
166: Sons of Moms_3
167: The Moms Aboard Starship Calista
168: Ten Days in the Bunker with Mom
169: The flip Of a Coin
170: The Hottest Mom on Island X_1
171: The Hottest Mom on Island X_2
172: The Jocasta Challenge
173: The MILFs of Milltown Street_1
174: The MILFs of Milltown Street_2
175: The MILFs of Milltown Street_3
176: The Mommy Masquerade

177: The Moms Club
178: The Nest(Revised & Expanded)_1
179: The Nest(Revised & Expanded)_2
180: The Nest(Revised & Expanded)_3
181: Turning Back Time with Mom
182: Vacation with Mom and Gran – Part 1
183: Vacation with Mom and Gran – Part 2
184: Valentine Mom (Revised Edition)
185: Mom's Unseen Watcher
186: Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 1_1
187: Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 1_2
188: Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 2_1
189: Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 2_2
190: Mom's Fairy Tale Slumber Party_1
191: Mom's Fairy Tale Slumber Party_2
192: The Long Ride Home with Mom
193: Mommy File - Mom's Christmas Gift
194: Debauchery Aboard the Mayflower-Part1
195: Debauchery Aboard the Mayflower-Part2
196: Mom's Curvy Inquisitiveness
197: Mom vs. Girlfriend-Part1
198: Mom vs. Girlfriend-Part2
199: Mom's Warm, Willing Anus
200: Morning Encounter with Mom
201: Incest is Best-Part1
202: Incest is Best-Part2
203: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine - SUPERSIZED-Part1
204: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine - SUPERSIZED-Part2
205: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine - SUPERSIZED-Part3
206: Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED-1/4
207: Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED-Part2/4
208: Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED-Part3/4
209: Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED-Part4/4
210: Mother's Urgent Aid
211: Naughty Wife, Happy Life-Part1/2
212: Naughty Wife, Happy Life-Part2/2

213: Cuckold Family Tradition-Part1/2
214: Cuckold Family Tradition-Part2/2
215: Rawdog with Mom-Part1/2
216: Rawdog with Mom-Part2/2
217: Vow Ruining with Mom-Part1/2
218: Vow Ruining with Mom-Part2/2
219: Dad's Stand-in-part1/3
220: Dad's Stand-in-part2/3
221: Dad's Stand-in-part3/3
222: A DAY AT MATERNAL MOUNDS-part1/2
223: A DAY AT MATERNAL MOUNDS-part2/2
224: Airport Odyssey with Mom
225: Mom's Endurance Lessons
226: Mom's New Collaborator-part1/2
227: Mom's New Collaborator-part2/2
228: MOM'S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-part1/3
229: MOM'S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-part2/3
230: MOM'S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-part3/3
231: Just the Knob
232: Mom's New Sexual Superstar
233: Helping Mom Make Up For Lost Time-part1/2
234: Helping Mom Make Up For Lost Time-part2/2
235: Use Her or Lose Her
236: Mom's Intervention-part1/2
237: Mom's Intervention-part2/2
238: "MOM, YOU'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS!"-part1/3
239: "MOM, YOU'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS!"-part2/3
240: "MOM, YOU'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS!"-part3/3
241: "ONE DAY ONLY," THEIR MOMS AGREED.
242: A TENT FULL OF MOMMY-MEAT - SUPERSIZED-1/2
243: A TENT FULL OF MOMMY-MEAT - SUPERSIZED-2/2
244: Beta Cuck Anonymous
245: Boobs n Boners - SUPERSIZED-1/2
246: Boobs n Boners - SUPERSIZED-2/2
247: BREED – PART 1-1/2
248: BREED – PART 1-2/2

249: BREED – PART 2-1/2
250: BREED – PART 2-2/2
251: Call Me Mommy Part 1-1/2
252: Call Me Mommy Part 1-2/2
253: Call Me Mommy – Part 2-1/2
254: Call Me Mommy – Part 2-2/2
255: Charlie's Hole – SUPERSIZED-1/3
256: Charlie's Hole – SUPERSIZED-2/3
257: Charlie's Hole – SUPERSIZED-3/3
258: COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' – PART 1
259: COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' PART 2-1/2
260: COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' PART 2-2/2
261: "Dear Hubby,"
262: Enchanting the Queen-1/2
263: Enchanting the Queen-2/2
264: Going Off the Rails with Mom-1/2
265: Going Off the Rails with Mom-2/2
266: The Family Fuck Doll-1/4
267: The Family Fuck Doll-2/4
268: The Family Fuck Doll-3/4
269: The Family Fuck Doll-4/4
270: Look Honey, No Clothes! – Part 1
271: MOM'S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-1/3
272: MOM'S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-2/3
273: MOM'S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-3/3
274: Mom's Cure-1/2
275: Mom's Cure-2/2
276: Mom's Panty Exchange part1

1: 1-800-MOM

1-800-MOM

By Klrxo

"Do you wanna fuck your mother, Jason?" the sexy voice asked.

"Yes," the boy muttered.

"Do you wanna fuck her hard and make her cum?"

"I would love to."

"Do you beat your dick at night thinking about her big juicy tits?" the sexy female voice asked. The 18-year-old was in fact jerking off at that very moment, while laying on his bed listening to the woman's talented voice.

"Yes, I think about her boobs all the time," he confessed.

"Do you picture yourself sucking on them? Pulling on her thick pink nipples with your lips and tongue?"

Jason gasped, his body shivering at the thought of what she'd just described.

"Oh, you like the sound of that, don't you, baby," the female voice asked. "You like the sound of having your face smothered by mommy's big squishy tits."

Jason's boner tingled in his stroking hand. He suddenly groaned and began shooting jets of cock-cream into the air. The woman's voice continued speaking to him. "That's it, shoot that hot cum on your mother! Fuck her, Jason!"

After listening to the boy grunt and gasp for nearly a minute, a salacious smile crossed the female's lovely lips. "Feel better, Jason?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Good. See you next time," the woman said, sliding off her bed and hanging up.

Gabby Becket took a quick look at herself in her floor to ceiling mirror, combing her shoulder-length dirty-blonde hair back over her ear. The 38-year-old housewife was dressed conservatively, in a long-sleeve blouse and knee-length skirt. Her church-going friends often told her she resembled the beautiful classic actress, Grace Kelly. Being a phone sex operator was her dirty little secret, but one that generated a substantial side-income.

"How are your clients today?" her husband Oliver asked, greeting her in the hallway as she emerged from the bedroom.

"Still struggling with the same issues," she answered, stepping over and giving him a kiss, "but hopefully I was able to provide some relief." Technically, she wasn't lying.

Since she earned a degree in social work when she was younger, Gabby had her husband convinced that she was working with an agency that provided mental relief to clients over the phone. She did, after all, need to account for all the time in the bedroom, providing "sexual relief" to boys over the phone.

"Well, the folks are lucky to have someone like you to help bring some clarity in their lives," her husband said proudly.

Being a religious couple, Gabby was always eager to get off the subject of her work, since her true occupation was fulfilling a task that she considered to be such a terrible sin. "Are the kids back home yet?" she asked.

"Riley called and asked if she could stay at her friend's an extra hour, but I think I saw Dylan come in," her husband answered. "We're still going to the church potluck tonight, right?"

"Yes, in fact I should probably get started on the casserole," the pretty wife said, giving her husband another quick kiss, before heading into the kitchen.

"Alright, I'll be in the garage tinkering with that lawnmower. I'd really like to see if I can get it going again before I purchase a new one."

"Smart idea," his wife agreed.

As Gabby worked in the kitchen, her mind suddenly drifted to something one of her 18-year-old clients told her earlier. "Damn, I wish you were MY mom…I'd fuck you every day," she recalled the boy saying. She quickly shook the recollection from her mind. "What happens during work stays at work, Gabby" she reminded herself. It was a motto she had adopted early on, to keep her mind pure and free of temptation, especially while around her husband and kids.

"Hey, mom," her son Dylan said as he stepped into the kitchen.

"Hi, sweetie. How did things go at swim practice?"

The lean, clean-cut 18-year-old snatched a bottled water from the fridge. "It was OK. Coach has us doing closed-fist freestyle drills, which can be kinda boring," he said.

"Boring yes, but I'm sure it's designed to make you more efficient in the water, right?"

"Yeah, I suppose," the boy answered, watching his mom stand at the counter cutting veggies. Like most boys, his fascination with girls started at home. In fact, all of the girls he went out with had something about them that resembled the physical appearance of his mom.

"Damn, that ass just kills me!" he thought, staring at his mom's lovely round derriere. It was set atop strong motherly legs, that always appeared so smooth and shimmery.

"Don't forget about the church potluck tonight," his mom reminded him.

"Ah, shoot, I did forget," he sighed. "Do I have to go?"

His mom smiled back at him. "Sweetie, of course you do. It's for church. Besides, all your friends will be there," she said.

"Not really. Just all the boring ones."

"Dylan Beckett, that wasn't nice at all," his mom scolded with a half-amused smile.

"Well it true, all my church friends ever wanna talk about is nerdy things."

"What about Violet's son, Spencer? Isn't he on the swim team with you?"

"Yeah, but he's kind of boring too most of the time," Dylan said.

"Well, that's probably for the best," Gabby said, scraping the diced-up veggies into a baking dish. "You probably shouldn't be talking about girls…and all the things you wanna do to them in God's house."

Dylan giggled, making his mom laugh a bit too. "What? It's true," she said. "Those are discussions for the locker room…not church."

The boy watched his mom bend over to put the casserole in the oven, thrusting her lovely ass out. When she stood back up, the giant swell of her tit-meat wobbled heavily beneath her blouse and bra, making his heart race with excitement and his cock swell with blood.

Gabby wasn't oblivious to her son's wandering eyes. She talked with boys all the time who wanted to fuck the hell out of their mothers, and she knew that Dylan was probably no different. "I just have to help him keep his mind on other things. Pure things," she thought.

"Speaking of church. Your father wants to start having family Bible hour every night," Gabby told her son.

"Family Bible hour?"

"Yes, you know, where we sit down and read the Bible together."

"Terrific," Dylan said with a sarcastic scowl. "I'll be in my room until we leave."

"Dylan?"

"Yeah?" the boy asked, looking back at her before exiting the kitchen.

His pretty mom fed him a warm smile. Her loving eyes were deep blue, which enchanted him every time he looked at her. "I love you," she said.

"Love you too," he muttered, the retreated to his bedroom to get his boner under control.

The church potluck was every bit as boring as Dylan thought it would be. Of all the boys, his friend Spencer was probably the coolest one there. The two of them were on the school swim team together, so their conversations usually revolved around that. "Are you excited for the swim meet on Thursday?" Spencer asked him, as they sat in the corner of the large event hall of the church.

"As excited as a guy who's second-best on the team can be, I guess," Dylan answered.

"You only finished one second behind him the last race," Spencer reminded him. "If he makes the slightest mistake, first place will be yours next time."

"Yeah, and I'm sure Phoenix will remind me of the hundred of times he's beat me, not to mention how he stole my girlfriend last semester."

Phoenix was your typical High School jock douche-bag. Dylan's arch-nemesis. In every sport they engaged in, the two of them were competing for the top spot. They also seemed to be constantly vying for the attention of the hottest girls at school, none of which went to his church unfortunately.

"Do you really think our moms are social workers?" Spencer asked out of the blue, while watching the moms chat with each other, near the food they had prepared.

Dylan fed him a strange look. The second thing the boys had in common was that their moms shared the same occupation. Both were social workers, or so he thought. "Yeah, why?" he asked.

"Well, they both work over the phone they say, but do you ever actually hear them working?"

"No, but she works in her bedroom, where it's quiet. Plus, there's this strict confidentiality policy her job has, so we're not allowed to

listen to the conversations she has with her clients," Dylan explained.

"Yeah, it's the same with my mom, but it's weird, because…well…her bedroom kinda smells like hot vagina when she comes out."

Dylan burst out laughing. "Hot vagina?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm serious," Spencer said, trying not to laugh himself. "I thought it was just my imagination, so I went into her bedroom the next day after she came out…same swell. Do you think they just tell us they're social workers, but they're really just masturbating in there all day?"

"Dude, our moms don't get paid to masturbate," Dylan said, looking over at his pretty mom. "If my mom WAS masturbating though, that's something I would give my left nut to watch," he thought.

Standing next to Gabby was Violet, Spencer's pretty brunette-haired mother. Gabby peered over at Dylan and gave him a little wave. "Poor boys, they look so bored," she observed.

"Yes, I'm sure they'd rather be home masturbating their boners," Violet said.

Gabby shook her head. "Violet!" she exclaimed, looking around to make sure no one else heard her unwholesome comment.

"What? We both know, more than any of these moms, how true that is."

"Yes, maybe, but we shouldn't really be talking about it…especially at church," Gabby reminded her.

"I know this isn't the time or place…but I might have a problem," Violet whispered.

"Problem?"

"Yes, Spencer's been asking a lot of questions the past couple of days. I think he may suspect something."

"Like…what type of questions?" Gabby asked. It was only six months ago that Violet introduced her to an easy way for a stay-at-home mom to make money. Yes, it was extremely naughty and against their strict religious code, but after struggling to pay all the bills on a single income, Gabby decided to try out being a phone sex operator for young men who lusted after their mothers. It allowed her to work, while also fulfilling her motherly responsibilities at home.

"He asked me if I'd been masturbating in my bedroom," Violet said.

"He actually asked you that?!"

"Well, yes, Spencer's never really been one to mince words."

"Why would he ask you that though? WERE you masturbating?" Gabby asked, feeding her friend a questioning look.

"No, of course not. I do it for work, just like you do. It's not some… perversion. I'll admit though, sometimes I may get…a little wet down there," she shamefully confessed.

"So, he thinks he smelt you're… arousal?"

"I think that might be why he asked me that, yes."

"Violet, we have to be SO careful. If people found out what we do, it could destroy our lives," Gabby reminded her.

"I know, I know…it's not like I can help it though. You can't tell me you never get wet while talking to one of those young men on the phone."

Gabby sighed. "No, actually…I can tell you that, because I don't," she answered unconvincingly. She knew she was lying. Often times her cuntal crevice was a swamp of juices after hours of teasing boys over the phone. "Look, just do your best to dismiss his questions and be discreet, ok?"

"I am, don't worry," Violet assured her.

Even with a religious upbringing, Gabby considered herself a very sexual person. Love making with her husband Oliver was a nightly occurrence. However, if she were honest with herself, since she started talking with boys about sex during the day, coitus with her husband seemed very dull and dissatisfying. "What do you expect when you talk to boys about beating their dongs through their moms vaginas for hours," she thought, rolling over onto her side after a quick, ten minute session of nookie. "It's just fantasy. No one has vigorous sex for hours like that anyway," she told herself.

The next morning, the pretty mother handed her husband and kids their lunches as they headed out the door. "Have a good day," she sang sweetly.

Oliver gave her a quick kiss. "You too, hon. Help lots of people," he said.

"I'll try," she answered, doing her best not to think about all the boys that would shoot their cum high into the air, while listening to her sultry voice.

After a shower, Gabby slipped into a matching bra and panty set, then plopped down on her marital mattress, making her bulging cleavage jiggle like gelatin. "OK, he we go," she thought, making the personality shift in her mind as she logged in to her phone-sex app.

During his short walk to school, all Dylan could think about was what Spencer had told him at the church potluck. He began to wonder, as his friend had, if their moms weren't spending much of their "work"

time rubbing their pussies to orgasm. "It would be SO east to find out," he told himself, knowing that all he'd have to do is walk back home, then sneak back inside the house and have a listen, or even a peek inside his parent's bedroom.

"Maybe she does it in other parts of the house while we're gone," he thought, wildly imagining his prim and proper mother in different parts of the house naked, squeezing her own tits and rubbing her genitalia. He stopped suddenly. "Maybe she even gets herself off on MY bed," he excitedly thought.

Turning around, he quickly made his way back towards the house, his mind running wild with thoughts of what he might discover happening there. "Worst case scenario is, she's doing nothing but her job, and I just tell her I forgot my homework," he told himself.

The house was eerily quiet when he snuck in. He carefully crept down to his mom's bedroom, the place where she'd likely be working…or masturbating he hoped. He could hear her voice coming from her slightly opened doorway, so he cautiously got close enough to make out what she was saying.

"Take your dick out, Robby. Take your hard dick out and beat it up and down for mommy," Gabby's sultry voice said from her bed.

"Wait…what?!" Dylan thought, his jaw lowering in shock.

"Mmmm, that's it. She me how big and hard it gets. Show your mother what you're gonna cram inside her horny cunt-hole," his mom's voice said in the most wickedly erotic tone he'd ever heard.

Dylan's heart nearly beat out of his chest as he stood there listening to his mom spout the naughtiest words he could ever imagine. He had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this. Never in a million years did he think his church-going mother would talk this way.

"Slide it in, Bobby. Slide it into my hot juicy pussy," he heard her say.

After the initial shock, Dylan began to wonder who this "Bobby" could be. He didn't know anyone by that name. He also thought it was strange that his mom kept referring to herself as "mommy" or "mother."

"Could he be my age?" Dylan asked himself, as pangs of jealousy began to creep in. "Is mom having an affair with a younger guy?"

"Ohhhh, yes!" Gabby gasped. "Your young cock feels SO good pushing up into my hot slippery vagina."

Dylan couldn't help but lean over and peek into his parent's bedroom, wondering if his mom was masturbating while talking to this mystery man.

Unfortunately, Gabby was sitting up against the headboard, looking straight across at the door as she spoke. She got a sudden horrified look as her and her son's eyes met. "Dylan!!" she shouted, then scrambled to disconnect the call.

Her son pushed the door open, watching his nearly naked mother hop up off her bed. "Sorry, I just um…forgot my homework, so I came back to get it," he said, taking in what she was wearing.

Gabby's black bra could barely contain the enormity of her jostling tits. The embroidered cups were semi-sheer, allowing the ogling teen to see the huge dark rings of his mother's areola. He just barely got a look at her sexy matching panties before she threw a robe on and glared over at him. "Dylan, please…go away! You shouldn't be staring at me this way!" her shaky voice exclaimed.

"Sorry," he said, then turned and left the house.

It took several minutes for the boy's heart-rate to settle as he walked to school, replaying in his mind what he'd just witnessed.

"Holy shit, she's cheating on dad. She's gotta be," he told himself.

Half-way to the school, his mom pulled up beside him in her car, and rolled down the passenger-side window. "Dylan, can please talk?" she asked pleadingly.

"What's there to talk about, mom? I heard what you were saying on the phone," the teen said as he continued walking. "You're cheating on dad, with some guy named Bobby."

The mother looked around nervously as she drove beside him. "No… I'm not. Would you please just get in so we can talk without anyone else hearing us," she said.

Dylan stopped, and his mom did also, so he could get in the car. He still wouldn't look at her as he sat down and slammed the door.

"I don't blame you for being upset, but what you heard was not what it sounded like," she said. "I can explain everything."

"Well…start explaining."

Gabby let out a frustrated sigh. Her worst fear had just come true, and now she had to explain herself, to her own son of all people. "What you heard me saying in the bedroom…it was just my job, nothing more," she confessed.

He looked over at her. "Your job?" he asked.

"Yes. I saw it as a way I could help pay some of the bills. A way I could take some of the financial pressure off your father," she explained.

Dylan was beginning to see things for what they really were. "Wait a second... Are you telling me you're like…a phone sex operator?" he asked, slightly relieved, but incredibly curious.

"Yes."

"So, you like…talk to guys about sex all day, on the phone, and get paid for it?"

Gabby looked at her son shamefully. "I know it's wrong…especially in God's eyes, but I've been a housewife my whole married life. Who's gonna hire someone with no work experience whatsoever? I saw this as something I could do, and still be around the house, to be a mom to you and Riley."

"So the whole 'social worker' thing was just a lie?"

"Well, no…I mean, I was helping people, just in a different way," she said.

Dylan startled giggled. "Yeah, you can say that again," he muttered.

"Honey, please don't laugh, this is really embarrassing."

"Just think about how embarrassed you'd be if it were dad that caught you," Dylan pointed out.

"Yes, I know…embarrassed, and probably divorced before I knew what hit me," she said, then looked at her boy with pleading eyes. "Dylan, please don't tell your father. I'll stop doing the phone-sex thing. I'll delete the app. I'll never do it again, you have my word."

The boy shrugged his shoulders, still in a bit of shock by all that had transpired. "I just um…need to do some thinking today," he said, opening the door and getting back out.

"Dylan?" his mom's pretty voice said, getting his attention. "I'm sorry. Just know that I love you more than anything in the world."

The boy took a moment to look her over. Still in her robe, one of Gabby's sexy legs was sticking from the slit of the hem. It looked so

smooth and silky. He also noticed how the neck of her robe had crept open, exposing an extraordinary amount of ballooning cleavage. He looked into her deep blue eyes. "I love you too," he muttered, then closed the door.

Needless to say, the events of the morning played on both their minds the entire day. While at swim practice, Spencer came over to Dylan as they were toweling off. "I noticed it again this morning," he said.

"Noticed what?" Dylan asked. With everything on his mind, he'd forgotten about their conversation at the potluck.

"The smell…in my mom's room. I wanted to be sure, so I smelt the panties in her hamper. Same smell."

"You smelt your mom's panties?" Dylan asked, trying to keep from laughing.

"Well yeah, but only to be sure that was actually what I was smelling in her bedroom, and it was," he explained.

"Interesting," Dylan muttered, as he began to relate that conversation to what he discovered about his own mom. He suddenly wondered if Spencer's mom had a secret sex-occupation, just like his own mom did, one that was clearly making her aroused, so that Spencer could smell it in her bedroom.

"I definitely think she's rubbing her pussy in there," Spencer said.

"Maybe she's really a phone sex operator," Dylan joked, even though he was dead serious.

"Not funny, man," his friend responded. "My mom would never do something that crazy."

"Yeah, so you think," Dylan thought. Before today, he would have said the same thing about his mother.

"Although she did do something pretty wild just this morning," Spencer said.

"What?"

"I was in my bedroom and I saw her walk across the hallway naked."

"Like butt naked, in front of you?" Dylan asked.

"Well, sort of. My door was wide open and she walked right by it… without a stitch of clothing on."

"I wish my mom did something that bold," Dylan thought to himself. "What I'd give to see those huge tits of hers."

"Ready to get beat again on Thursday, dingus?!" a gruff voice asked, jarring Dylan from his thoughts.

He glared over at the kid he hated the most in the world, his teammate, but worse rival, Phoenix. "No…more like ready to show everyone who the fastest swimmer in this school really is," he boldly answered.

Phoenix's laugh was so obnoxiously, it was more like nails on a chalkboard. "Yeah, I bet you think that every time, don't you. Just remember, dingus…no one remembers those who finish second," the boy said, strutting off like the cock on the block.

"Man, I hate that guy," Spencer said.

"You and me both," Dylan said. "I don't care how hard I have to work…I'm not letting him beat me again."

Dylan dove back into the pool to swim more laps.

Dinner was awkward that evening. Oliver noticed the unusual tension at the table. "Is everyone OK? Is there something I should know about?" he asked.

His wife looked from him to Dylan, praying her son didn't rat her out right there at the dinner table.

"I'm doing OK," their twelve-year-old daughter Riley said, all smiles. "Troy Francis asked me to go out with him today."

"Yeah, well, Troy Francis better keep his hands off you, young lady," her father warned. "You're way to young to be worrying about boys."

"I agree," his wife said, watching her daughter put on her best pouty face.

"What about you, son? Why are you so quiet?" Oliver asked Dylan.

The boy glanced over at his mom. The tension was so thick between them, you could cut it with a knife. "I'm just focused on Thursday. I really wanna beat that douche-bag teammate of mine," he said. Normally his mom would chide him for using such language, but she knew she was in no position to do that today.

"Your focus should be on the opposing school, not one of your own teammates. You guys should be rooting for one another," his dad preached.

"Yeah, well…not with this guy. He likes to rub it in my face that he's better, and it drives me crazy."

His pretty mom finally spoke up. "Just make sure your laser-focused, sweetheart. Everything you've learnt…techniques, endurance. It all has to be done to perfection," she advised him sweetly.

"Yeah, well…none of us are perfect, right?" he asked, sharing a knowing stare with his mom.

"No, we're not," she muttered shamefully.

"But have to try to be. I've gotta be perfect to beat him. He's a jerk…but he's incredibly fast in the water."

"Well you just make sure you're faster," his dad advised.

"You guys are gonna be there, right?"

"Of course we're gonna be there," his father said. "You'll have the best cheering section of anyone on your team."

Dylan was in a unique situation. He knew as far as his mom was concerned, he could get away with just about anything, with the threat of telling his father what he knew hanging over her head.

Gabby knew she was in trouble, when her son didn't leave the house with her husband and daughter the next morning, like he usually did.

"Where's, Dylan…sick today?" Oliver asked as he kissed his wife goodbye.

"I'm not sure," she answered nervously. "I'll have to go up and check on him."

After ushering her husband and daughter out the door, Gabby tuned to see her son reach the bottom if the stairs. "There you are," she said. "Everything ok?"

"I wanna call the number," he answered.

"The number?" she asked, even though she had a pretty good idea what number he was talking about.

"Yeah, the number. Your sex-hotline, or whatever it is. I wanna call it…and I want YOU to answer," he boldly demanded.

"Dylan, look…I told you yesterday that I was sorry, and …"

"Give me the number, mom, or maybe dad and I will have a little sit-down."

Gabby looked ready to burst into tears. "You wouldn't do that. It would destroy our family, Dylan," she said.

"Then I guess you better give me the number then."

"Can we please just talk about this?" she asked pleadingly.

"There's nothing to talk about. You're secrets safe…I'll even let you continue doing it if you want, as long as you give me what I want."

Gabby swallowed nervously, gazing right at him. "Which is?" she asked.

"The number."

The mother sighed in frustration. "Fine," she muttered. "One-eight-hundred, three-eight-two, five-six-six-six."

"That's not how you advertise it, I'm sure," her son pointed out. "Say it like you advertise it."

"Honey, please don't make me say that in front of you," she said, her face turning red with embarrassment.

"Say it!" he said in a threatening tone.

She looked over at him, her heart rate racing nervously. "One-eight-hundred, fuck mom," she muttered, her face blushing with embarrassment.

"Wow," Dylan giggled. "Okay then. I'm gonna go to my room and call it, and you go to your room and answer, like you would if I was a normal customer."

"Dylan, if you're late for school, you could jeopardize participating in your swim meet this week," Gabby said, trying desperately to avoid her son's request.

"You let me worry about that. You just focus one doing your job. What was it you said last night? Laser-focus, right?" he said, turning towards the stairway. He looked back before proceeding. "You'll need to be at your best today. This is one customer you don't wanna disappoint."

The mother went to her room and sat down on the edge of her bed with a stupefied look on her face. "He's blackmailing me. I can't believe he'd do something like this," she thought, but then she remembered that she was no Saint either, and it was a lucky thing that Dylan didn't go straight to her husband when he found out what she was up to.

She logged into the app and her phone immediately started ringing. "I can't possibly do this," she said out loud, staring a the screen, knowing it was her son and not some random horny 18-year-old on the other end. She knew if she didn't answer, or if it wasn't convincing, the consequences could potentially destroy her marriage, as well as her reputation in the community as a caring, God-fearing mother.

"Lord, forgive me for what I'm about to do," she muttered nervously, then answered the phone.

There was a short silence on both ends. "Hello?" she heard her son say.

"Hi there, what's your name?" Gabby asked, trying to sound sensual.

"Dylan."

"Hi, Dylan…" she said. She reluctantly forced out her first question. "Are you horny?"

"Extremely," he answered.

Gabby closed her eyes a moment, trying to get into naughty mode. "Just pretend like it's not your son. Pretend like it's a regular paying customer," she told herself.

"Are you there?" Dylan asked.

"Yes, I'm here. Is your cock big and hard, Dylan? Are you ready to fuck your mother's ass off with it?"

Upstairs, Dylan was sprawled across his bed, fishing out his steely hard cock. He was so damn thrilled by what he'd just heard his mom say he could hardly answer. "It's hard, yes," he sighed.

"Squeeze it really hard, baby boy," his mom's sexy voice cooed. "Squeeze out some slippery pre-cum, so that your hand feels like a hot wet pussy."

Dylan gasped out loud. Hearing any woman say that to him would be a thrill, but the fact that it was his own hot mom's voice sent him over the moon.

"Do you fantasize about fucking your mother, Dylan. Would you like to feel your balls beating against her ass," Gabby's lusty-sounding voice asked.

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment, as if his mom was taking in what he had just confessed. "Do you imagine yourself fucking her, while your fathers at work? Pounding your boner up into the cunt that

gave birth to you, while she squeezes and soaks your manhood in hot liquid-love?"

"Oh my God, yes!" the boy gasped.

Gabby was tempted to chide her son for using God's name in vain, but then she realized how hypocritical that would be of her, considering the things that were spouting from her naughty mouth. "Mommy's here, Dylan. Climb down between my legs and slide your dick inside me," she said sensually.

"Oh, yes! That sounds awesome!" Dylan gasped, beating his boner up and down.

"Mommy's bowing her legs open…spreading her thighs wide for you," she said. "Oh, baby…you're SO big. You're stretching my tight pink pussy."

"Whoa!" the boy sighed out loud, feeling his dick tingle in his hand.

"Bring your body down against mine, Dylan. Crush Mommy's huge warm tits between us," Gabby mewled.

"Oh, man, yess!" the boy gasped, imagining doing just that to his own heavy-titted mother.

"Mm, you're so deep!" his mom said. "I'm gonna wrap my soft shaved legs around your back now, baby. I'm gonna tilt my cunt up on your cock, so you can fuck it nice n hard."

"Yes!"

Dylan heard his mom let out a sharp sexual gasp, which made his cock flex excitedly in his stroking fist. "Come on, baby boy…beat that hot dick through mommy's vagina. Make her drip her honey on that stinger!" his mom shouted convincingly.

"Ohhh!" the boy's voice quivered in delight. Never in his wildest dreams did he ever think he'd hear his church-going mother speak that way.

"Do you hear it, honey?" Gabby asked in a lusty tone. "Do you hear your cum-filled balls beating against mommy's thick ass."

"Yess!" the teen gasped, playing along as he squirmed around in delight.

"Fuck me harder!!" the mother shouted. "Make my toes curl! Make me scratch my fucking nails down your back!"

"HOLY SHIT!" the boy's excited brain screamed. It was unfathomable that his own mom could talk to him this way. It was truly the most thrilling thing he'd ever experienced. "I'm fucking you hard!" he said breathlessly.

"Yess, baby! Fuck mommy! Make her big fat titties slosh around between us!"

Mindlessly aroused, Dylan felt his balls clench up and his glans tingle in the slippery grip of his fist. "Oh, wow, you feel incredible!" he said, imagining that he was truly fucking her on his parent's bed.

Gabby had listened to enough young men whimper in pre-orgasmic delight to know that her son was on the verge of cumming. She knew that nothing made a boy squirt his sperm harder than by listening to his mom scream in ecstasy. "I'M CUMMING, DYLAN! OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING HARD ON YOUR FAT COCK!!" she cried out.

If the boy wasn't close to erupting already, he certainly was now. His hips jerked as he beat his dick wildly, pulling a huge load of spunk up from his nuts, and making it spout four feet into the air. "Ohhshit!!" he grunted in sexual pleasure as more and more jizz squirted out and rained back down against him.

"Pour it into me, baby! Pour it into mommy's cum-hungry pussy!" Gabby moaned; her mind bewildered by the fact that she was listening to her own son cum.

"Ohh wow!" the boy finally sighed, letting go of his slimy cock.

"Feel better, Dylan?" his mom asked.

"Hell yes," he answered.

She would normally say "talk to you next time" at this point, but in this case, she hoped there would be no next time, so she changed her tune. "Hope you enjoyed yourself… Bye," she simply said, then hung up.

Gabby looked down and noticed that her nipples were harder than they'd ever been. Even through her bra and blouse, the rubbery nubs of her teats stuck out like sore thumbs. As she stood up, she was shocked by the trickle of cuntal nectar that was seeping down her legs. Yes, her line of work had gotten her moist on occasion, but her pussy had never been this soaked after a session before. "What the hell is wrong with you, Gabby!" she thought, scolding herself.

Dylan showered and got himself to school. It was no surprise that his mom didn't show herself before he left. He imagined that she was quite embarrassed after having engaged in such a hot phone-fuck with her own son.

"He knows?" Violet asked in a panic as her and Gabby sat having coffee. "How did he find out?"

"He came back to the house to get his homework. He heard me having a session with a customer," Gabby explained.

"Please don't tell me he told Oliver."

"So far no, but he did threaten to."

"Threaten to?" Violet asked with in a nervous tone.

"Yes…Dylan said he'd tell Oliver everything if I didn't have phone sex with him."

Violet let out a surprised gasp. "Did you?" she asked.

"Of course I did, Violet. I can't just let him tell his father and destroy my marriage."

"True. So, um…was it weird? Phone sex with your own son?"

"If I answer that honestly, you have to swear it just stays just between us," Gabby said.

"Doesn't everything we talk about say just between us?"

"Yes, but this is especially embarrassing to admit."

"Gabby, I'm your best friend. You can tell me anything," Violet assured her.

"Ok, when I was have phone-sex with Dylan, I was unexpectedly aroused by it," Gabby confessed.

"It got you wet?"

"Like…running down my legs wet, yes. I know…I'm horrible," Gabby said, seeming completely ashamed.

"You're not horrible…you're human," her friend said.

"He's my son. I SHOULD NOT be getting sexually aroused by talking about sex with him."

"Boy's get aroused by talking about sex with their moms, we see it every day in our line of work," Violet said. "So, what's so wrong with a mom getting excited by it to?"

"It's a sin, that's what."

"Maybe…but sin or not, that doesn't change the fact that we like it," Violet said.

"We?" Gabby asked, giving her an inquisitive look.

"Please don't loose all respect for me, but I exposed my body to Spencer yesterday," Violet confessed.

"Exposed your body how?"

"I was feeling naughty…so I decided to walk across the hallway naked, so he could see me."

Gabby glared at her in shock. "Violet, that's horrible," she muttered.

"I know, but honestly…it was also one of the most exciting things I've ever done," she admitted with a naughty grin. "Well…with the exception of what I did this morning."

"Oh no…what?" Gabby asked.

"I'm afraid if I tell you…I may lose you as a friend."

Gabby shook her head. "You're right, don't tell me. We need to find another line of work…both of us. Talking to boys about having sex with their moms has cleanly worn down our moral senses."

"Or maybe just liberated us," Violet suggested.

"No…I'm sorry, I'm not going down that road with my own son."

"Well, I hate to remind you, but YOU may not have a choice in the matter," Violet said. "Dylan has dirt on you…and if he doesn't get what he wants, he could make your life a living hell."

"Yes…that's what I'm afraid of," Gabby muttered worriedly.

Spencer rushed over to Dylan in the locker room. "Dude, I gotta tell you what happened this morning," he said, looking around to make sure no one else was nearby.

"Whatever it is, I'm sure I have you beat," Dylan thought, still reeling from the amazing phone-sex his mom had given him.

"After my dad left, my mom came into my room and asked me if I wanted to feel her up," Spencer explained excitedly.

"What?!"

"I shit you not. She took my hand and guided it right under her robe and onto her pussy."

"Then what?" Dylan asked.

"She told me to rub her clit and put my finger inside her. It was insane!"

"So did you?"

"Of course I did. Don't think I'm a pervert or anything, but my mom IS sorta hot…at least I think so," Spencer said.

"Well, funny you should say all this, because I'm sort of at a crossroad with my mom too right now," Dylan confessed.

"Have the two of you been sexual?" Spencer asked, his eyes lighting up with curiosity.

"No, not really. Just phone-sex this morning."

Spencer smiles. "Noo?!" he exclaimed in disbelief. "Phone-sex… really?"

"Yeah, but…it's, um…kinda complicated."

"Do you think our moms would actually fuck us?" Spencer asked.

Dylan knew the answer to that question was probably yes, however, while Spencer's mom may fuck him willingly, his own mom Gabby would do it reluctantly, because of the threat of having her secret exposed. Of course he wanted to nail his mom more than anything, but he'd prefer her to be a willing and eager participant.

A few boys entered the locker room, forcing the two friends to end their discussion. "Text me later, man. We should definitely talk more about this," Spencer said, then rushed off.

Like the previous night, dinner was a bit more quiet than usual at Dylan's house. He and his mom shared awkward looks here and there, both still clearly thinking about the events of that morning.

Oliver broke the silence. "So, your mom probably already told you… but I'd like to start doing Bible study for an hour, as a family, starting this evening," he said.

"Ugh!" Riley groaned, staring at her food with a scowl.

"Riley, it's just for an hour, honey," Gabby chided.

"Every night?" Dylan asked. "Can't we just do it once or twice a week?"

"Yeah, I have a spelling test tomorrow," Riley said. "If I don't study, I'm gonna flunk it."

Gabby and her husband looked at each other. "She does have a test…and when I quizzed her this afternoon, she missed a bunch," she told him.

"Alright, fine. Riley, you're excused from Bible time tonight, and ONLY tonight, and Dylan…we can trim it down to three nights a week, how's that?" Oliver asked.

"Better," the boy answered, exchanging a look with his mom.

After the meal, Oliver and Riley disappeared, leaving Dylan and Gabby alone to clean the kitchen. "I hear a boy on the swim team you're facing off with this week won state last year, is that true?" the mother asked, trying to make conversation.

"How do you know that?" Dylan asked. "Is he one of your customers?"

Gabby glanced across the room to make sure no one else was around to hear that. "Dylan, please…" she muttered.

Dylan giggled, amused by her paranoia. "Yes, it's true. Last year he swam the fastest laps, but this year that won't be the case," he said confidently.

"What happened this morning…it can't happen again, you know that, right?" his mom told him.

"Will you take your panties off before Bible study?" Dylan asked, ignoring her question.

She stopped drying a dish and looked over at him incredulously. "No, absolutely not!"

"You might wanna rethink that."

"Dylan, you're not gonna blackmail me into doing things that we shouldn't be doing," Gabby said. "It's wrong, and a sin in God's eyes."

"Really, mom?! YOU'RE gonna lecture me on what's right and wrong…after everything YOU'VE been up to?"

"I made a mistake, and it won't continue. I told you that," she said.

"Your panties are coming off…and while dad's reading the good-word, I better get a nice upskirt show, otherwise Bible time might become a confessional," the teen said in a serious tone, then walked out of the kitchen.

It was an hour later that the teen heard his father call to him from the living room. He went in to join them, Bible in hand, and sat across from his mom on the recliner.

Gabby peeked across from him with a slightly shameful expression. Dylan could tell just by looking at her that she had followed through with the first part of his request.

"Alright, your mom and I decided we'd focus on the New Testament," Oliver said. "I'll start us off, read a few chapters, then we'll switch."

The father of the house began reading from the scriptures, and for a moment, Dylan followed along, then his eyes peeked across at his mother. His gaze drifted down over the enormous swell of her breasts, arriving at her silky legs, which were half-exposed below the hem of her skirt.

Gabby looked up from her Bible, and across at her boy. She fed her husband a sideways glance as she sat up straight and scooted her ass forward, towards the edge of the couch. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she shamefully thought as she slowly spread her knees apart.

Dylan's eyes widened as he gazed over between his mom's parting thighs. He imagined what they'd feel like clamped around his hips while he pounded his cock deep inside her.

"Holy shit, look at that!" he thought, gazing straight at his mom's bare vulva. Her puffy outer folds flanked the dark groove of her pudendal cleft. Crowning her mons was a neatly trimmed landing strip of pubic fuzz.

Gabby gazed across at her boy, watching him readjust himself, while staring up her parted legs. Her eyes traveled down to his crotch, and immediately noticed the fat knob that was pushing his shorts out. "Oh, good grief, Dylan…be careful," she thought, quickly peeking back over at her husband.

Soon it was Gabby's turn to read, so she closed her legs, cleared her throat and began where her husband left off. She tried her best to focus on the scriptures, but could feel her son's eyes wandering all over her the entire time.

"Your turn, son," Oliver said, once his wife had stopped.

"Honestly, dad, I'm not very good at reading this stuff. I do enjoy when it's your turn though," he said, smiling over at his mom. "It's like I'm listening to a priest at church give a sermon. Would you mind reading my part also."

"Oh, well um…thanks, and sure…I don't mind," his father said, clearly letting it go to his head.

Gabby was still sitting at the edge of sofa, following along as her husband read. She slowly began parting her knees again, arching her heels up, so she rested on the balls of her bare feet.

Dylan looked up in wide-eyed wonder, watching his mom's silky legs open further and further. "Holy Toledo!" his mind gasped. This time his mom boldly splayed her thighs wide open, so her knees literally pointed towards opposite sides of the room. This caused her outer labia to peel apart, revealing the pink flaps of her inner folds, and the thick fleshy hood of her clitoris.

Gabby's heart raced excitedly; her face flushed with the thrill of doing something so naughty in the vicinity of her husband. She peeked across at her son, who quickly moved his attention from her crotch to her eyes. For a long magical moment, they shared a wicked gaze.

"Don't do it, Gabby!" the mother's mind scolded, as if she had decided to take things one step further.

Dylan watched in disbelief as his mom's hand drifted down between her legs. Then she took two fingers and spread the lips of her pudenda wide-open, exposing the pink inner-flesh of her vestibule, and her juicy-looking fuck-hole.

"Whoa!" the boy wondrously thought, almost saying it out loud, he was so amazed by what he was seeing. It wasn't just his mom's cunt he was gawking at. Just below it was the crack of her ass, and half her thick lovely buns spread out against the cushion of couch.

Her eyes drifted back down to her son's stiff bulge. "Good grief, it must be impossible for him to hide the size of that thing," she thought, feeling her nipples harden and tingle with arousal.

When her husband finished reading, she quickly snapped her legs back together, feeling the juices that had secreted from her Bartholin's glands seep from her vaginal opening.

"Alright," her husband said, closing his Bible and looking at his blushing wife. "Shall we have some of that wonderful pie you baked?"

"Sure, honey," she said, smiling back at him innocently.

"I'll cut it up and get it ready," Oliver said, jumping from the couch and heading into the kitchen.

Gabby attempted to follow him, but suddenly felt her son grasp her by the wrist and spin her around, making her heavy melons wobble from side to side. "What are you doing?!" she curiously whispered.

"What's it look like," he answered, then pushed her against the wall. Before Gabby could react, he reached under her skirt, grasped her by the backs of her thighs and lifted her slightly. He pushed his

crotch up against her naked pussy, digging his cloth-shrouded knob into the split of her juicy folds.

"Dylan, what are you doing?! Put me down!" she whispered in a panic.

The boy sighed against the crook of her neck. He could feel the heat radiating from her cunt-slit against his cock, and her fat tits molding softly to his chest. "I want you to feel how hard you made me. Do you feel it?" he asked, pushing forward even more, crushing her engorged clitoris against the stiff tubular bulge of his prick.

"Yes, I feel it, now please put me down before your father catches us."

"Grind against my erection first," the boy requested, "and say something sexy to me."

"Not now…not here. Dylan, please…" she whispered.

"Do it, mom. Say something sexy, like you did this morning and I'll put you down."

Gabby nervously looked towards the kitchen, praying her husband didn't come around the corner and catch them like this. She knew the quickest way to end this situation was just by complying with her son's demands.

Dylan felt his mom slide her lovely legs up and wrap them snugly around his midsection, interlocking her ankles behind his ass. She tossed her arms around his neck, clinging onto him now, rather than just being helplessly pinned against the wall. She forcefully ground their engorged genitals together, bring her lips to his ear. "Come on, baby boy, fuck that long hard muscle against mommy," she hissed in his ear.

"Holy shit!" the teen gasped, feeling his mom aggressively rub her naked twat against his excited boner, as if trying to push it up into her.

"Is this what you want…huh?" she whispered sensually. "You wanna fuck your mother's ass off and make her cum, right behind your father's back?"

Gabby couldn't believe how incredibly hard her son's dick was. It felt like a slab of granite beneath his shorts, mashing against her overheated genitalia. Her conscience screamed "STOP!" but her libido cried out "MORE! MORE!!"

"You guys want some?" they heard Oliver ask from the kitchen.

"Be right there, honey," his wife's breathless voice answered.

"Ohh!" Dylan gasped, feeling the muscles in her thighs tighten and his chest flatten her spongy tits even more. He could feel his mom grind her clitoral flesh against the swollen knob of his prick.

"Ahh!" Gabby's shaky voice whimpered. "Ohh!" she sighed again, using the unyielding hardness of her boy's dick to rub against her fleshy love-button shamelessly. "Fuck me hard, Dylan," she whispered, lustfully in his ear.

The boy set his hips in motion, dry fucking his mom's pussy in a nice steady rhythm. "Ohhh, fuck yess! Wow!" his mind gasped, feeling her weight bounce around on his cock.

Gabby's eyes rolled back in their sockets. She was so sexually excited she could hardly think straight. "STOP THIS OR YOUR MARRIAGE IS OVER, GABBY!" her conscience screamed.

"Put me down," she gasped into her son's ear. "Put me down and I'll jerk you off tomorrow…I promise."

Despite how amazing this was, her promise was music to Dylan's ears. He reluctantly put her back down and they looked at each other awkwardly, catching their excited breath. "Did you mean that?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, still with a bit of reluctance, then turned to go to the kitchen.

"Wait," Dylan said, making her freeze and peek back at him.

Her son lowered to his knees behind her, then lifted her skirt, gazing at the thick meaty half-globes of her naked ass. "Beautiful!" he muttered.

"Dylan…enough!" she sternly whispered, glancing toward the kitchen nervously.

The teen brazenly dipped his head down between her slightly parted legs, mashing his face up against her crotch. "Oh, fuck!" his mind delightfully sighed, as he smelt her pungent cuntal aroma. He dug his licker across the grape-sized bulb of her clitoris, then between the juice-slickened folds of her labium, shivering as his tongue swiped across the flavorful mouth of her vaginal orifice.

"Oh my Goodness!" the mom's brain squealing in delight, feeling her boy's licker drag along her perineum, then across the crinkled ring of her butthole.

Dylan stood up, grinning from ear to ear, while licking her residual juices from his lips.

"You're terrible," his mom said, with a half-joking smile.

"I know," he said, then drew his hand back and smacked her hard on the ass, making her mommy- buttocks ripple delightfully. The strike was so loud it could likely be heard from every room in the house.

"Get moving!" Dylan ordered in a hushed tone, dropping her skirt and motioning her towards the kitchen.

"What was that?" Oliver asked, already at the table eating pie when his wife stepped in.

"What was what?" she asked innocently.

"That striking sound," her husband said.

"Oh that," Gabby said, glancing at her son. "I just dropped my Bible on the floor by accident."

"Ah…well, hey, this pie is great!"

"Thank you, honey," Gabby said, still shaking with the thrill of what her and her son had just gotten away with.

"Is Dylan running late again?" Oliver asked his wife the next morning as she saw him and their daughter off for the day.

"Apparently so," she said innocently, even though she knew he was hanging around so she could fulfill her promise.

"He's gonna get a detention if he keeps getting to school late," Riley said, throwing on her backpack.

"Well then, I guess he'll have to sit through a detention, won't he?" Gabby said.

"Let's go, little lady," Riley's father said to her, then kissed his wife goodbye.

Gabby had already gotten dressed. She wore jeans and a big sweater, so her son didn't see her in anything suggestive. "I'm certainly not wearing a skirt around him anymore," she thought, climbing the stairway to his bedroom.

"Are dad and Riley gone?" Dylan asked as his mom showed up in his doorway.

"Yes, they just left," she answered, hoping she could make a last-ditch effort to get herself out of stroking him off. "Dylan, can we just talk a minute?"

"Not unless it's about the handjob you're about to give me."

"This nonsense has to stop," she said. "We're mother and son. We shouldn't be behaving this way."

"That's certainly not what you've telling your clients, is it?" Dylan said. "In fact, you've been encouraging them to be sexual with their moms, haven't you?"

"It's fantasy…pure fantasy. This is real life. People's emotions are at stake," she reminded him. "My marriage is at stake."

"You're right. Last night was sort of reckless. From now on we'll make sure dad's out of the house when we fool around," her son answered.

Gabby sighed in frustration. "I'm really not gonna get you to back down, am I?" she asked.

Dylan giggled. "I'm not completely convinced that you want me to back down," he answered.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, come on, mom, you were super into-it last night."

"I was not."

"You were grinding all over me."

"Only because you told me to," she said defensively.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so. It seemed to be the only way to get you to stop."

"Then why was your pussy soaking wet?" he asked.

"Honey, could you please not use that word?" she asked, oddly embarrassed.

"Wow, mom…are you for real?! YOU use that word, and much worse every time you talk to a guy on your one-eight-hundred, fuck mom hotline," he reminded her. "I believe in your holy scriptures that's what's called a hypocrite."

"Fine," she said, clearly ashamed, "say whatever you want around me then."

"Your pussy was aroused, and so were your nipples. I could feel them poking into me right through the bra and blouse you were wearing last night," Dylan said. "You were just as turned on as I was, you're just afraid to admit it."

She could hardly look at him. Despite her religious façade, deep down she knew her son was right. Their sexual escapades the night before were the most thrilling thing she'd experienced in years, but she also recognized that continuing down that road was extremely risky.

"Where do you wanna do this?" she asked, finally looking over at him. "My room or yours?"

"Well, you're here…so come on in," he said.

His mom stepped across his bedroom on bare feet. Even under her baggy sweater, the boy could see her heavy tits trembling with her every step.

"Take off your clothes first," he said boldly.

Gabby stared at him a moment, but didn't resist. "We're NOT having intercourse," she said softly.

"I never said we were fucking. I just want you to be naked while I get my handjob."

After a moments hesitation, she lifted her sweater off. "Fine," she muttered, unshrouding her huge bra-clad tits.

"Damn!" the boy thought, staring at all the bulging tit-meat spilling out the tops of the beautifully- embroidery white bra-cups.

Gabby awkwardly unbuttoned her denims, slid them down her shaved legs, then moved them aside with one of her sexy bare feet. "Is THIS good enough?" she asked with a little smile, standing there in her bra and panties.

"Nope," her son answered, smiling back at her.

"Didn't hurt to try," the mother giggled, then reached around and unclasped her bra.

Dylan let out an awe-inspired gasp, watching his mom's huge knockers bobble out onto her chest. Her areola were thick and wide, with tumescent teats puffing out from their centers. He watched them hang down heavily as she peeled her dainty panties off.

Gabby straightened her posture, cocking one knee out slightly as she stood there as naked as a jay-bird. "Well, you got my clothes off… are you happy?" she teased.

"Very," her son said, then stood from the edge of his bed and removed his shirt.

Gabby's eyes wandered her boy's chest, traveling down his chiseled abs. She bit her bottom lips, secretly eager to see just how hung he was.

She didn't have to wait long. Dylan shed his shorts and briefs at once, making the stalk of his erection wag up and down lewdly. "Good grief, it's even bigger than I imagined," his mother thought, staring admiringly at the fat purple helmet of his cock. Her eyes traveled the length of his stiff vein-encrusted shaft as it branched out from his crotch at an upward angle. It looked just like the dick she imagined boys yanking on while she talked dirty to them over the phone.

The heavy-titted mother stepped over and sat on the edge of his bed, then patted the mattress behind her. "Come lay down on your back," she said softly.

Dylan crawled onto his bed, then sprawled back on the mattress, making the big slab of his dick slap back against his abdomen. He watched his beautiful mother crawl up next to him, marveling at the way her huge mammaries teetered around with her slightest movement.

"If you need some lube, I have some in the nightstand," he said.

She rested back on her heels, towering beside him, and gazed down over her ballooning udders with a naughty little smile. "We won't need it," she said, then reach under, swiped her fingers through her naked cunt-slit, then showed her son the wet secretions covering her fingers. "Mommy's make lubrication the natural way," she said, then reached over, grasped his cock and smeared her juices all over it.

With his heart racing, Dylan reached up and brazenly grasped the huge mommy-melons dangling above him. Gabby didn't stop him, as she slowly began pumping his cock up and down with her fist.

"Wow!" the teen gasped, hefting his mom's heavy jugs, letting his fingers sink into their squishy dough-like flesh.

His mom gazed down at him with her beautiful deep-blue eyes. "Hello again, Dylan," she said sensually, getting into the roll of phone-sex mommy. "Do you like squeezing mommy huge tits, while she jerks you off?"

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"Your dick feels so big and hard in my hand. I bet you can really beat a girl's pussy up with this thing," she said, then looked over at the boner squeezing through her circled fist. "Do you like to pound it through your mommy's hot pink hole, baby boy?"

"Uh-huh," the teen gasped.

"Do you like to feel all that slippery cuntal flesh squeezing around your hot glans," Gabby mewled, jacking her son's dick vigorously. "Fucking deep and making mommy's shaved crotch beat against your cock-base."

"Damn," the boy squirmed, feeling his prick tingle exquisitely.

"What the matter, baby?" Gabby asked, leaning over and kissing her son's chest with the spongy orbs of her tits, while staring lasciviously into her boy's eyes. "You asked for mom's hot words, didn't you? That's what you're getting."

She suddenly started beating the head of his prick really fast, making her boobie-meat ripple right before her son's eyes from her jerking motion.

"Oh, damn, mom!" the boy groaned, slowly pumping his hips as if fucking her gooey grip.

"Come on, sweet baby, fuck my pussy…show mommy what a golden humper you are," she urged in a sexy voice, gazing straight into his eyes.

Dylan could have stared back at her the whole time, if it weren't for her wilding jiggling tits. He was mesmerized by the way the huge fatty orbs jostled and rippled.

"Fuck mommy harder and they'll swing onto your face," his mom said, making him buck his hips with a little more force. "Ohh, yeah, like that!" she shouted, then rocked her torso, making her fat melons swing up and around her son's pleasure-stricken face.

"Holy fuck, this is amazing!!" the boy's brain exclaimed, staring up into the mile-long cleavage between her breasts, feeling their squishy flesh brush all over his face.

"You like it, baby? You like the way mommy fucks?" Gabby asked, beating his boner tirelessly. "You like the way she rides your fucking dick like a whore?"

"Yes!" her son gasped; his voice muffled by smothering tit-flesh.

"Mommy's fuck the best, baby. The very best," she cooed, gripping his hot meat even harder. "They know just how to squeeze their son's dick with their tight pussy…just how to pull all that baby making goo up from their nut-sack."

Her boy didn't doubt that for one second. His mom's boobs suddenly lifted off him and he watched her crawl down between his legs, facing him, resting her ass back on her heels as she now pumped at his prick with two hands. "Mmm, my baby's prick is so long and thick. It's a two fister!" she exclaimed, beating his pink boner up and down. The way her side-boobs were squeezed between her biceps, made her jugs balloon out and ripple obscenely. Her fat rubbery nipples looked like they could pop of off her swollen areolar rings at any moment.

Dylan gasped in delight, looking down at the gripping, pumping fists of his mom's pretty hands. Her big diamond wedding ring, half-coated in pre-ejaculatory slime, reminded him of just how wonderfully wicked they were being.

"Ohhh, Dylan, you're gonna make mommy cum on your cock," Gabby cried out. "Your gonna make me bathe your boner in love-juice!"

"Ahhh! I'm really close too!" the teen panted, feeling his prostate swell.

"Let's cum together then!" the mother suggested. "Let beat our pink genitals together in orgasmic pleasure!"

Dylan felt his mom slip the thumb of her top first up, letting it rub wetly against the band of his frenulum as she continued pumping his cock in a vigorous rhythm. "Holy shit!" his mind gasped. "Mom knows all the tricks to a good handjob!"

"Ohhh! Ohhh, yes, I'm cumming!!" his mom's pretty voice sang out, her face twisting in pleasure.

Hearing and seeing this, triggered the boy's orgasmic contractions and his spunk shot up from his piss-slit, splattering against the rounded undersides of his mom's bobbling tits. "Ughh, shit!" he grunted, bucking his hips as more and more cum-paste sprayed up onto the body of his beatiful cock-stroking mother.

"Yesss! Cum in mommy's pussy!" Gabby cried out. "Paint my cuntal walls with your cum!"

Gooey semen dripped from the mother's fat tits as she milked every once of cum she could from her boy's throbbing prick.

"Damn!" her son finally gasped breathlessly. "That was about the best orgasm I've ever had."

"No, sir," his mom said with a sly smile.

"Seriously, mom…I can see why you do that phone-sex stuff. You're a natural at all that hot dirty talk," he said.

"Oh, so what you're saying is my handjob was nothing special?" she asked teasingly. "You just liked my filthy mouth?

"No…I'm saying everything combined was dope!"

"Dope?"

"Sorry, that's slang for amazing," Dylan explained.

"Apparently I need to polish up on my teenage slang," she said with a wink, climbing off his bed. "Right after I get a shower and wash all this ball-goo off."

The boy's cock flexed back to life when he saw his mom bending over to pick up her clothing, pointing her thick, peach-shaped ass back at him. "You keep bending over in front of me like that and I'm gonna come over there and smack that ass again, just like last night," he warned playfully.

She gazed back over her shoulder, then wagged her lovely derriere teasingly. "Is that a threat, or a promise?"

Dylan sat up and smiled. "Come over here and I'll show you," he said.

Gabby giggled and sashayed from his room, swaying her naked jiggling rump teasingly. "Get your butt to school, young man," she said.

All the boy could think about in class was how he actually might have a chance at boning his mom. During third hour, he received a text from Gabby that burst his bubble. It read:

"Dylan,

I love you, and I'm sorry I kept such a horrible secret from you and the rest of the family. However, I cannot continue down the path of unrighteousness with you. It's wrong. I know it, and I know you do too. I understand if you want to tell your father. I'm deserving of whatever consequence may come. Just know I will always love you no matter what.

Mom."

The boy's heart sunk. He knew that carrying on by blackmailing his mom into sex would just make him look like a giant douche-bag, and would probably be something he later regretted.

"I'm definitely going to hell," Gabby said, hanging her head as her and Violet sat having coffee.

"Did something happen this morning?" Violet asked.

"What DIDN'T happen this morning, besides Dylan and I actually having full-blown intercourse."

"Well, if it makes you feel any better, Spencer and I weren't exactly acting in a Godly way either this morning."

"Violet, you don't understand. What Dylan and I did was bad…I mean like…horribly bad."

"Tell me what happened."

Gabby looked at her friend shamefully. "I jerked him off," she admitted.

"Oh," Violet muttered. By the way her friend was acting, she expected it to be something much worse than what her and Spencer had done. "That's it?"

Violet gave her a questioning glare. "Yes! Violet, I gave A HANDJOB to my own son. Can you do much worse?"

"Actually, yes, you can, Violet answered. "Spencer and I had sex this morning."

Gabby suddenly felt a little better about herself. "Sex? Like…actual sex?"

"Yes. We started touching each other, then things got a little out of control and…next thing you know, we were on the bed doing the nasty," Violet confessed.

"So, you made a mistake. We both made mistakes," Gabby said. "We'll pray to God for guidance and forgiveness, and we'll move on."

"There's only one problem with that."

"What?" Gabby asked.

"It was the best sex I've ever had…and when I say 'best sex,' I mean a thousand times better than any sex I've ever had with my husband," Violet explained. "Son or not, how can I just forget that happened and move on without it?"

"Well, I guess I can sort of relate," Gabby said. "I feel horrible about what Dylan and I did, but it was also extremely erotic…and amazing, and something I really wanna do again."

"Then…why don't you?"

"No, I already sent him a text this morning telling him no more shenanigans. If that means my marriage gets destroyed…then so be it."

The night of the swim meet came and the boys nervously did their pre-swim warm-ups. All day, Spencer had gone on and on about

fucking his mom, making Dylan wish he could go that far with his own mother. He knew there was a difference between Spencer's mom and his own. One wanted to fuck their son, the other didn't. The truth was, forcing his mom to jerk him off was one thing, blackmailing her to have full-blown sex with him was another. He just wished his mom wanted to fuck him as much as he did her.

"Hey, check that out," Spencer said, pointing to the stands.

Dylan looked over and saw their moms standing side-by-side, waving over at them cutely. His mom was dressed to the nines, in a nice skirt and snug top, showing some cleavage, which was rare for her.

"Don't gawk for too long," Spencer said. "You might have a hard time hiding a boner in your speedo."

"True," Dylan giggled.

The time for the first race finally arrived and the boys all took their marks on their individual diving platform. Dylan took a look over at his mom to see her staring back at him, bouncing anxiously on her feet and making her heavy tits bobble beneath her blouse.

"Time to get skunked, dingus!" Phoenix snarled, glaring over at Dylan as he put on his swim goggles.

"We'll see about that," Dylan said.

The horn sounded and the boy's dove in, then swam their asses off down their individual lanes. They reached the far side, then pushed off, racing back across the pool towards the finish.

As usual, Dylan lost by a mere second, getting third place behind the state champ from the apposing school, and the person he despised most in the world, Phoenix.

"Dang, so close!" Dylan's father said in frustration, as he sat in the stands next to his wife.

"He has one more chance," Gabby pointed out. "If he can win this time, he'll make it to the final race."

Violet looked at her friend with a frown. "I hate to be a downer, but it looks like he's heading to the locker room," she pointed out.

Gabby's stomach sunk. It killed her to see her son this way…wanting something so bad, but having it just beyond his grasp. It suddenly occurred to her that there was something else he wanted desperately, that was also proving impossible to achieve. She knew THAT was her fault. She was withholding it because of her own stubborn perception of what was right and wrong.

Dylan hung his head in defeat as he made his way down a corridor towards the locker room.

"Honey?" he heard a soft voice say behind him. He turned to see his beautiful mother stepping towards him in concern, her dainty heels clicking on the concrete floor. "Dylan, you can't quit. You've worked to hard to just give up."

"They're better than me, mom…plain and simple."

"No…maybe they just want it more," she said.

"That's impossible. I can't wanna win this race today more than I already do."

"Yes, you can," she said. The big swell of her mommy-boobs trembled as she stepped up to him and placed her hands on his shoulders.

"How? How could I possibly want it more?" the teen asked.

"By receiving some extra motivation," she said, gazing at him lovingly.

"Extra motivation?"

She pressed her squishy tits against his chest and brought her lips to his ear. "Win the next two races…and you and I will go somewhere tonight and engage in the wildest fuck you can imagine," she whispered.

"Really," he asked, his heart doing somersaults in his chest.

She looked into his eyes and smiled. "Yeah, really," she said. "NOW do you wanna win those races a little more than you did before?"

"More like…A LOT MORE," he answered.

His mom smiled proudly. "Then show me," she said.

More determined than ever, Dylan clenched his fists together and marched back down to the pool for the next race.

Later that evening, Gabby's cell phone rang, and she brought her pink glossy lips to the screen to answer. "Hello again, Dylan," she greeted him in a sensual tone.

"Hi there," her son said.

"Are you alone?"

"No," the boy answered as he lay sprawled out naked in the center of a hotel room bed. "I'm with my mom at a hotel room," he said.

"Mmm, you must have been a good boy," Gabby said as she slowly stepped out of the bathroom in nothing but her heels. They clicked daintily on the wood floor. "Mommy's love to take good boys to a hotel room."

Dylan watched his mom teasingly sashay the foot of the big bed, her enormous naked tits heaving from their immense weight.

"Well, by offering me some extra motivation, she helped me beat the best swimmer in the state, and some other douche-bag from my school that I hate."

Gabby gazed over at him lustfully, while squeezing her aroused nipple with her free hand. "Oh, the looks on their faces when you kicked their asses must have been priceless," the mother said.

"It was."

Gabby slipped out of her heels and crawled onto the big bed. Still holding the phone to her ear, the busty mother maneuvered over to her boy on her knees, her stiff-nippled boobies wobbling teasingly as she moved. "So now you're alone with your mom. I would imagine she's gonna fuck your brains out, am I right?" Gabby asked, straddling her boy and resting her warm bare pubis again the hard column of his cock.

"Yeah, I think you're definitely right," Dylan answered, as his eyes traveled up his mom's naked torso, to her jutting giant-sized tits.

"How on earth did she ever get your father to agree to letting you two share a motel room for the night?"

"She told him I was going out with a few teammates to celebrate all night, and convinced him that she should chaperone…so we didn't get into any unholy mischief," Dylan explained.

Gabby giggled. "Fathers are such suckers. They'll believe anything," she said. "He'd die if he knew that what you were really doing was fucking his wife," Gabby said, then lustfully drug her tongue across her top lip.

"True," Dylan agreed, then watched his mom toss her phone aside, then bring her squishy chest down against his. She gazed into his eyes lustfully.

"Fuck your father's wife, Dylan," she whispered in a needful tone. "Fuck mommy!"

Their lips fused in an open oval and their tongues lashed wildly inside the boy's mouth. While they frantically smooched, Gabby lifted her vulva from her son's cock, reached down and grasped onto it.

"Mmm," they both moaned at once as she fit his knob to her fuck-socket and it slowly sunk inside her.

"Oh, baby, you're so big!" the mother mewled, feeling his thick rigid meat stretch the slick pink walls of her vaginal tube. Gabby wasn't just saying that for show. It was easily the fattest prick she'd ever taken inside her snug cunt.

She continued dropping her cunt-hole around him. It seemed like she would never cram all his meat inside her, but she was enjoying every wonderful second of penetration. She gasped sharply, then buried her face in the crook of her son's neck, kissing and licking.

"Whoa!" the boy sighed, overwhelmed by the feel of his mom's warm smothering flesh on top of him, while feeling his boner sink straight to her tootsie-roll center.

Gabby lifted her upper-half on extended arms, that rested astride her boy's head as she started humping her horny cunt on the steely hardness of his prick. "Mm, you like that, baby boy? You like the feel of mom's hot cunt riding you?" she panted.

"Oh, hell yes!" he answered, watching her hanging boobs swing around, right above his ogling eyes.

"Watching you swim through that pool like a stud…all I could think about was how bad I wanted your hard cock-flesh inside me."

"I was thinking about you the while time too," Dylan confessed.

"Yeah? Were you thinking about mommy's hot cunt?" she asked, swiveling her wide hips and grinding on her son's blood-engorged pecker. "Were you thinking about how good it would feel around your tender hardon?"

"Definitely."

"Buck your hips, honey!" the mother cooed, as she began plunging her pussy up and down his rod again. "Drive that hot dick up into me!"

Dylan bucked beneath her, meeting her thrusts and making their naked genitals beat together in a heated fuck. He pulled his mom down on top of him, so his face squeezed up into the canyon between her squishy jugs.

"Ahhh!" the boy sighed, more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. His mom's cuntal sleeve felt snug and warm and juicy around his plunging erection. He could feel the muscles along her pelvic floor squeezing his boner, compressing it exquisitely in the juicy tube of her vagina.

"You're gonna make me cum, aren't you?" his mom's shaky voice asked. "You're gonna make me cum all over your fat prick!"

"Are you not used to that?" her son asked, peeking up from between her rippling tits. He continued to hump steadily beneath her and making his boner flex with hardness. "Are you not used to cumming on a nice hard cock?"

"Not one THIS big and stiff," his mom confessed. "My little pussy's getting ready to explode, it's so fucking happy right now!"

He wrapped her tightly in his arms and began beating his cock up into her like a madman. "Do it then, mom. Explode all over me!" he said lustfully.

He listened to her pretty voice moan, becoming louder and more intense with every passing second. He peeked up from between smothering mommy-melons and watched her arch her head back, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining as her face twisted in pleasure.

"UUHHGGHH!!" the pretty mother howled as a body-trembling climax shot through her. His mom grunted like a savage animal, clawing at his shoulders.

"Oh, shit!" the boy sighed, his wonder-filled eyes suddenly going wide as he felt the mind-blowing sensations around his cock, unlike anything he'd ever felt before. "Holy damn, what's going on in there?" he thought. It felt like his mom's cunt-sleeve was folding inside-out around his slippery erection.

Letting out a sharp gasp, Gabby suddenly sat up and started bouncing on her boy's prick like she was riding a wild stallion.

"Oh, fuck, fuck, FUCK, YESS!" the mother cried, still reeling with orgasmic contractions.

Dylan watched his mom ride his dick like a Rodeo queen, mesmerized by the way her mammoth breasts leaped up and down, lewdly smacking together and making the fatty flesh ripple lusciously. He could hardly believe this was his sweet wholesome mom humping on his cock like the horniest girl alive.

"See something you like?" Gabby asked, referring to her giant bouncing tits as she smiled down at him.

"I sure do," he answered, resisting the urge to reach out and squeeze them.

"Mommy's always have big bouncy tits for their boys to suck on," the mother said in a sensual tone.

"I could suck on those for hours."

"Careful what you wish for," she said. "You have all night with mommy, remember?"

"Yeah."

Gabby reached up with both hands and squeezed her giant jugs. "All night to fuck and suck on mommy…and make her squirt her hot juices all over you."

Dylan gazed down between his mom's straddling legs, watching his juice-slickened cock pump in and out from between the engorged flanges of her outer folds. The fleshy hood of her clitoris jiggled each time it struck his pubic base.

"Wonderful!" he sighed, his eyes rolling back some as his cock flexed, making the pleasure centers around his glans even more sensitive.

"This mommy's ready to see how her champion-swimmer son can perform on top of her," Gabby said, gazing down at him anxiously, while pumping her cunt tirelessly. "Do you think you can fuck mommy as hard and fast as you swam that race today?"

"I know I can," the boy answered confidently.

"Can you be 'laser focused' on technique and stamina, so you can take your big breasted mother to the moon and back?"

"I'm ready when you are."

Gabby dropped down flat on top of him, making her soft, heavy mammaries slap against his chest. "Make your move then, hotshot,"

she said.

Dylan quickly rolled her onto her back, taking the top position. He loved the enamored look on his mom's face as she widened the spread of her legs. Her expression was the same one the other girls he'd been sexual with had, just before he fucked them silly.

"Here we go!" Gabby anxiously thought, knowing she was about to be royally fucked. Her boy was all lean muscle, and in peak physical condition. He had the longest, fattest cock that her pussy had ever sheathed, and if his staying power was anything like his endurance in the pool, she knew she'd be cumming more times than she could count.

"Ahhh!" the mother's pretty voice sighed, feeling his manhood slice through her sensitive vaginal flesh all the way to the head of her womb.

The sex started like an earthquake, a few unsteady reeling motions, before quickly setting into to a serious rock and rumble.

Dylan brought his chest down against his mom's, crushing her tits between them. He humped his well-toned ass, driving the swollen spike of his prick into the burning heat of her pussy.

"Yes! Fuck mommy good!" Gabby gasped as she grimaced, feeling her cuntal grip squeeze and suck around her boy's stone-hard prick.

The pleasure-stricken mother bowed her legs apart as far as she could, pointing her knees towards opposite sides of the room, giving her big-dicked son plenty of space to pound against her crotch.

"Ahh-yeahh!" the teen whimpered, feeling his mom's long nails claw down his back. He suddenly took a mighty thrust, burying his cock to the balls inside her fuck-tunnel, so that every inch of his boner was encased by the slippery clinging walls of her pussy.

His mom squealed and furiously bucked her lovely ass from the mattress, making her creamy tits slosh between them as she pounded her cunt up for more hard humping.

"Fuck me hard, Dylan! I need to be fucked hard!" she gasped pleadingly.

Frantically, the boy beat his boner through her cunt-hole, fucking her as hard as he could. "Yess…fuck me like that!" Gabby screamed out. "OH FUCK, I LOVE THAT!!"

Dylan tilted his head up and took in the lewd scene around him as he continued fucking. He was amazed at how wide his mom's sexy legs were spread open. Her knees were nearly level with her shoulders, with her thick thighs completely bowed open and her dainty feet, with their sexy painted toenails, hovering in the air, bobbing around from the force of his fucking.

His mom gazed down at him with pleasure-filled eyes. "Ohh, my baby's such a good fucker!" she gasped. "He knows how to fuck mommy's horny pussy so hard!"

Lowering his head, Dylan caught one of her thick wobbling nipples in his mouth. His mom squealed as he slurped in as much tit-meat as he could get and sucked like a starving infant.

The sensations made Gabby see stars and a powerful climax swelled in the pit of her humping cunt. "I'm cumming!!" she cried out, fucking her ass up off the bed as hard as she could.

As her lush body jerked mindlessly, she tossed her sexy mommy-legs high around his midsection and squeezed him between them, trying to get as much of his prick in her creaming pussy as she could.

"OHH, YESSS!" her voice shouted in a grunting cry, gripping and cumming on the unyielding hardness of her boy's dick.

Her frantic groans rung out in Dylan's ear as the boy felt hot girl-cum gushing around his plunging cock. The pressure around his throbbing pink dong was wildly intense, as layers of ribbed flesh and muscular vaginal contractions massaged his prick exquisitely.

He knew of he could get through feeling her cum on him, without exploding himself, and continue fucking, he'd have her hooked for life.

"Oh, my word, how haven't you cum yet?" she gasped breathlessly. "You're incredible!"

This was just the boost of confidence the boy needed to continue thrusting his cock through her pussy. This time, his mom scissored her legs back in a huge spread-eagle, pointing her toes back at the headboard.

"Oh, wow!" the teen sighed. Never in a million years did he think he'd see his own church-going mother's legs spread open this way.

Over the next hour, they kissed passionately, while fucking like sex-starved newlyweds. Dylan's steely cock was like a piston of penile flesh, working through the cylinder of his mom's birthing tube, making it squeeze and secrete slippery fuck-oil all over his dreamy erection.

He felt his mom's legs tremble around him, and knew she was creaming once again. He had counted eleven times over the past hour that she had washed his dick with her orgasmic juices. He felt his own powerful climax swell in his prostate, while his glans tingled inside the smothering flesh of Gabby's pleated cuntal lining.

The gasping mother could feel her boy's knob swell even bigger and knew he was close to squirting his load. "Baby, mommy's not on birth control, but I don't care. Blast your hot cum inside me!" she cried out.

He pounded his peter through her with several more full-length pumps.

"Uhhgghh!" Dylan finally grunted, squirting what felt like a gallon of jism into the boner-milking grip of his mom's cunt. After bucking and writhing for several minutes, he finally collapsed between her cradling thighs.

"Oh, Dylan, that was incredible," his mom said softly, stroking the back of his head with her nails.

They rolled on their sides and Dylan sucked his mom tits for nearly an hour, before they were back to fucking. Their stay at the hotel was without an ounce of rest as they wrestling in passion until the sun came up the next day.

"Spencer put it in my ass this morning," Violet confessed as her and Gabby had coffee, a week after the swim meet.

"What took you guys so long?" Gabby teased.

"Took us so long?"

"Yeah, Dylan's been fucking me up the ass, off and on, for the past three days."

Violet giggled. "Is there ANYTHING you two haven't done in bed since the swim tournament?" she asked.

"We've done everything but get me pregnant, and I have a feeling we may check that box off too, if we keep going at it like we have been."

"Our boys really are living the fantasy, aren't they?" Violet asked.

"Fantasy?"

"Yeah, the naughty mommy- fantasy that all those boys have that we talk to on the chat-line every day."

"Yeah, you're right about that," Gabby said, "and I suppose us wholesome church-going moms get to live out our wildest fantasies too."

Violet fed her friend a mischievous grin. "We certainly do, don't we?"

THE END

2: A Mom who Makes Herself Available – Part 1

A Mom who Makes Herself Available – Part 1

By Klrxo

"Diana, what brings you in today?" Doctor Stine asked as she sat across from the mother in her well-kept office.

Thirty-eight-year-old Diana brushed her pretty blonde hair off her face with her fingers. "I'm having some issues with Xavier, my son. He's um, well…how shall I put this…sneaking into my room at night, and doing some VERY inappropriate things."

"He's doing these things…to you?" the doctor asked, taking notes on her tablet.

"Yes, he must think I'm sleeping when he sneaks in."

"But you're not?"

"No. My husband is, thank God, otherwise I'm afraid to know what he'd do to Xavier, if he caught him doing these things."

"I assume you're talking about 'sexual things,' correct?" Doctor Stine asked.

"Yes."

"Is this just an occasional incident, or is it happening regularly?"

"It started out happening once a week, but now it's occurring almost nightly," Diana replied.

"Do you and your son flirt?" the doctor asked. "Have you ever given him any indication that you might be sexual with him?"

"No, I mean…we just do the normal things that mother and sons are suppose to do."

"Have you ever found your bra or panties in his bedroom?"

"There have been a couple times, yes," Diana answered.

"Were they dry or soaked with ejaculate?" the doctor asked, adjusting her glasses.

"He had used them to masturbate with, but like I said…that's only been a few times."

The doctor jotted down the info on her tablet, then smiled across at Diana. "I know this may be difficult, but can you describe some of the things your son's doing, when he sneaks into your bedroom. This information is crucial, so I can accurately asses your situation?"

Diana shifted a bit uncomfortably. "Sure, um…well, he almost always goes under the blanket…down between my legs."

"Does he touch you?"

"Yes. He'll, um…usually slide my panties off and then he'll touch me."

"By 'touching,' do you mean he…fingers you?"

"Yes…rubs my vulva, fingers my vagina, then he'll move on to other things."

"Such as?"

Diana blushed, seeming hesitant to answer. "This is really embarrassing to talk about," she confessed.

"But this is why you're here, and you're doing really well, Diana. I deal with these issues every day, so trust me, nothing you say will shock me. I need to know everything though, so I can properly council you on this matter," the doctor explained.

"I understand. So…I have an abnormally large clitoris. I think the condition the doctors refer to it is macroclitoris."

"Yes, I'm familiar with that condition, and it's more common in women than you think, but please continue."

"Once Xavier discovered how large my clit was, he hasn't left it alone. It seems that he's taken a liking to burying his head down between my legs and sucking on it at night."

"Sucking on your clitoris?"

"Yes."

"I see. So do you move at all when he's doing this or do you remain still?"

"I'll usually try not to move at all, but sometimes it's difficult not to, especially if he makes me…you know…"

"Orgasm?"

"Yes," the mother blushed, reflecting on how she'd gushed shamefully in climax on her boy's face just last night. She couldn't help it though; son or not is just felt so fucking good and she couldn't stop herself. "Honestly though, I'm so afraid that if I move or say anything I'll wake my husband and he'll fly off the rails when he realizes what Xavier's doing," Diana admitted.

"So for now, your son has limited his attention to your vagina, in the form of oral sex, correct?"

"Yes, but I can sense him getting braver. Last night, after he spent a considerable amount of time licking my vagina and anus, he worked his way up my belly, then squeezed and sucked on my breasts. I've tried to wear more clothing at night, hoping that would detour him, but he'll just… take them right off of me."

"Has he begun to get his penis involved at all?" Doctor Stine asked. "Has there been any attempt to penetrate you?"

"No, but sometimes, when he moves around I'll feel it on my leg, so I know he is getting erect during those times."

"Well, that's natural. In fact, Diana, ALL of what you've described to me is quite a common experience among women who have a son Xavier's age."

"Really?!" Diana asked, giving the doctor an inquisitive stare. "You mean, other boys out there are doing this same thing?"

"Yes. Teenage boys go through a phase of sexual exploration. The first female creature they're exposed to in life is their mother, and the home provides a 'safe place' for them to satisfy their sexual curiosity."

"Well, I wouldn't exactly call my son doing those things in the same bed his father 'safe.' More like extremely risky!"

"Yes, well, that IS one of the potential hazards of being sexually daring and curious. Diana, this may sound unusual and morally wrong, but what Xavier is doing at night is actually one of the healthiest things a boy, who's just becoming curious, can do."

"Healthiest things…really?!"

"Yes. He's learning his way around the female body, with someone who's roll it is to teach, nurture and demonstrate. At his age, if he were sneaking around, doing this with any other female, he'd be arrested."

"So, are you saying I should just…keep letting him do what he's been doing?" Diana asked, unsure if she was OK with that.

"The only issue with what Xavier is doing is that it's being done without your consent. Even though you're not sleeping through it, he believes you are, and that's what makes it wrong."

"I'm pretty sure if I just opened my eyes, while this was going on, he'd quickly scramble off and be too embarrassed to look at me for a year."

"That's why it's important to let him know that YOU ARE aware of what's going on, and that you're OK with it, but he needs to understand the risks involved."

Diana got an uneasy expression. "Doctor Stine, I understand what you're saying, but I don't know if I can go along with letting my own son do sexual things to me," she expressed.

"Apparently you have been, for…'weeks' now, is that not what you told me earlier?"

"Yes, but I only--"

"Diana, I understand the motivation behind it, trust me," Doctor Stine consoled. "The reason I suspect you've been allowing this is because Xavier is your son and you feel a subconscious sense of duty, even for his sexual well being. You shouldn't see yourself as an active participant in

these nightly visits. This isn't you being inappropriate with your curious teenage son; this is you acting as a 'simulator' of sorts, for

him to use for learning and practice. This will help promote his healthy sexual growth. It's just a matter of changing your perspective on the matter."

Diana took a moment to consider what the doctor was saying. It did make sense to her. She'd much rather her son explore and learn on HER body than trying it with another girl and getting himself in trouble. However, she strongly doubted that her loving husband would share that same opinion. "If my husband woke up and discovered me having sex with our son he would kill me!"

"Just remember, that risk is on Xavier. If your eyes are closed and your husband wakes up, he'll just think that your son is sneaking sex with you, while you're asleep."

"Maybe X won't take it that far. Maybe he'll just be content with the types of things he has been doing to me at night."

"Even so, I do recommend that mothers having similar experiences go on some type of birth control, just as a precaution," Doctor Stine advised. "The odds are that your son will at some point want to penetrate your vagina with his penis and probably engage you in some extremely vigorous sexual intercourse."

Diana's heart skipped a beat. She never imagined that the same little boy who she tucked in at night and comforted when he had nightmares would someday be fucking the shit out of her. It was strange enough laying there in bed at night, trying to act like she was asleep, while having her pussy and ass devoured by him. Locking her legs up around his teenage frame and feeling his boy-cock thunder through her fuck-hole would be the ultimate act of depravity, and yet for a worthy cause.

"Even if I did allow that, I'm not sure I'd be comfortable having that conversation with Xavier."

"You mean the conversation where you tell him that what he's doing is ok?"

"Correct."

"Well then, the solution is simple; don't have that conversation. Just write him a short letter instead."

"A short letter?"

"Yes, that's what I advise many mothers to do. In fact, this learning process can go on at night without a word being exchanged by either of you. The important thing is that he knows that you're aware of what he's doing, and that he understands the risks involved," Doctor Stine explained.

When Xavier got home from school that day, he poked his head in the kitchen to give his mom a quick "hello."

"Hey, X! How did school go today?" Diana asked, flashing him a pretty smile.

"It was OK. I aced my history exam!"

"Oh, honey, that's great! Can I get you a snack or something?"

"No, I'm good! I'll be upstairs," replied the teen. He took a quick look at his mom's ass as she washed dishes. Her denim jeans were molded deliciously around the meaty cheeks of her derriere. He almost felt dizzy recalling how his face was buried in her naked butt-crevice the night before, licking the pink ring of her asshole.

After getting upstairs to his room, Xavier set his backpack down by his computer desk. That's when he saw a hand-written letter from his mom sitting there. He picked it up and read it.

"Xavier,

I just want you to know that I'm aware of what you're doing in my bedroom at night. You're not in trouble. I know that you're just sexually curious, and that you're learning your way around a woman's body. I don't mind if it continues, just please know that there's risk involved. If your dad wakes up and sees what your doing, you're on your own! I think

we both know how much trouble you'd be in if that happened, so please be careful!

Love you!

Mom"

The teen stood there for a moment with an expression of disbelief. "Holy shit…was she awake every time?!" he asked himself. He had to read the note a second time, feeling embarrassed at the thought that his mom was wide awake when he was doing all those nasty things to her. He also couldn't believe that she was giving him the green light to continue his perverted nightly visits to her bedroom.

Dinner time was a bit awkward, especially whenever his eyes met his mom's. He certainly couldn't have picked a sexier mother to 'explore and learn' on. Diana was a gorgeous platinum-blonde, with heavy, triple-d cup breasts and the juiciest peach-shaped ass on the planet. He couldn't help but wonder if she'd set boundaries in her mind that she wouldn't let him cross. Or, during his future midnight visits, would he be free to do anything he wanted, including fucking her cunt and burying his boner up her asshole. If that were the case, he wished his dad wasn't in the same bed, so he could give her pussy a really hard cock-pounding.

Diana could tell there was a lot on her son's mind. "I hope he doesn't think I'm some sort of degenerate mother," she thought. "I'm only doing this to help him."

She could hardly look at her husband without having a guilty conscience. She had never once cheated on him in their twenty years of marriage. "I'm only a 'simulator' for our son…to help him. That not nearly the same as cheating," she told herself.

When the playtime finally arrived that night, Xavier snuck down the hallway, being careful not to wake his sister. His parent's bedroom was dimly lit and, like usual, he could hear the light snore of his father. It was annoying, but also served as an alert, because if the snoring stopped, Xavier knew he had to be EXTRA cautious. The boy crept over to his mom's side of the bed. He could tell she was laying on her side, facing his dad.

Just the fact that she was probably awake and expecting his visit was super-strange, but thrilling at the same time. He knew exactly what he wanted to do to her tonight and he couldn't wait to get started. With his heart racing, Xavier cautiously slipped beneath the blanket, onto the bed next to her.

To be continued. Part 2 will be written on February 6th. How it continues is up to you, the reader. Participate in the poll attached to the story post to vote on what you'd like Xavier to do next. Here are your choices:

Scenario #1 – Xavier peels his mother's thong panties off, sucks on her oversized clitoris and licks her asshole. The fact that she's awake through all this is incredibly exciting! He just hopes she doesn't cum too loudly and wake his father. After making her writhe, squeal and gush all over his face, he moves up to her large breasts and gives them a wonderful work over.

Scenario #2 – Xavier rubs his cock along his mom's lips, then crams it into her mouth. The fact that her eyes are open through all this is an incredible thrill! He decides to use her mouth like a pussy, making her pretty eyes water as he pummels his steely cock through her

mouth and throat. He just hopes that when he blasts his cum out she doesn't gag and wake his father.

Scenario #3 – Xavier is so anxious to get his cock inside his mother that he sheds her panties and fucks her from behind, in the spooning position. While delighting in the feel of her hot, snug pussy, he reaches around and roughly gropes her large breasts. He loves that she's awake during all this, but hopes she doesn't cum to loudly and wake his dad.

3: A Mom who Makes Herself Available – Part 2

A Mom who Makes Herself Available – Part 2

By Klrxo

In the darkness of his parent's bedroom, Xavier stepped out of his underwear, his erect cock bobbing on his loins. He prided himself in being just over eight inches in length and had made many a girl at school cum on his fat cock. It was so stiff that his foreskin had peeled back, exposing his swollen glans. Tonight he planned on burying his meaty prick inside his dream pussy. The pussy that had squeezed him out eighteen years ago. He was eager to feel his mom's cuntal flesh encapsulate his tender penis and soak it with her fuck oils.

Facing away from her son, Diana nervously stared over at her sleeping husband. She loved her spouse, Gary, but knew she had a motherly obligation to act as a 'simulator' for her son's sexual exploration and growth. She only hoped that Xavier would heed the warning in her letter and be extremely cautious not to wake his father. She let out a nervous sigh as she felt her teen crawl beneath the covers behind her.

Xavier brought his body right up against his mom, maneuvering one arm beneath her and crossing her chest with it. With the other hand he reached into her panties and cupped her shaved pussy. He let his middle finger play between her tumescent folds, finding the fat nub of her clitoral bulb and strumming it. He loved his mom's oversized

love-nubbin. She had fatter glans than any girl he'd ever been with. He shuddered at the memory of that first night, when he carefully peeled her panties off, climbed down beneath the covers and devoured her fleshy pussy for nearly an hour. He could still recall how her fragrant vaginal aroma and the tangy juices that flowed from her fuck-hole made him dizzy with arousal.

His mom turned her head and looked at him, making his heart race even faster at the fact that she was awake and letting him do this. Her pretty green eyes stared into his pleadingly as she silently mouthed three words: "Please be careful."

Xavier smiled and nodded in response, then glanced over at his dad to confirm that he was still sleeping. His mom's luscious ass was still shrouded in silky panty-cloth, which felt amazing on his naked erection as it dug against her butt-crevice. He kissed at his mom's neck lustfully, while slipping two fingers in her cunt-hole and wiggling them around.

"I can't believe I'm actually letting him do this…especially so close to his father," Diana thought. Despite her edginess, she began to admit to herself that her son's fingers felt incredibly good playing with her pussy. She felt her asshole throb involuntarily as her boy's rigid cock-muscle plowed against it.

Xavier couldn't take it anymore. He needed to be buried inside his mother so Goddamn bad it was killing him! The horny teen attempted to tug her panties down with one hand, but was having trouble. His mom assisted; sliding her panties down her smooth-shaven legs and off, giving her boy full access. Then, she felt his bare crotch nuzzle against her lower ass. Xavier had clutched his throbbing rod and positioned its tapered tip into the mouth of her cuntal vestibule. His piss-hole was oozing out slippery pre-cum, which assisted in lubricating his entry.

Diana placed her hand over her mouth as she gasped from the feel of her son penetrating her. The way Xavier had rubbed her vulva early caused her juices to really begin flowing. Hot secretions from her Skene Glands welcomed her son's cock, lubricating its pink flesh and making the tubular pathway up her birthing tube slick and exquisite.

"FUCKING HELL!!" Xavier's brain screamed as he felt his cunt-smothered boner sink into the core of his mom's vagina, turning slightly upward as it mashed against the puffy ring of her ectocervix. He flexed his dick inside her, making his knob mushroom and the blood-engorged columns inside his erection swell, stretching her inner lining even further out.

Diana's eyes rolled back in their sockets. She had never experienced a hunk of dick-meat this size inside her, nor one this incredibly erect. She felt her son back his peter out some, then plunge it back into her depths. This was the start of a wonderful fuck-rhythm that was destined to make her cum if it continued.

"Ahhh!" Xavier sighed, keeping his face nuzzled against his mom neck, smelling her sweet perfume, while slowly thrusting into her. He let his hands slide up her tapered belly, then grasped on to her huge spongy-soft tits. His fingers sunk into their supple flesh, mauling them while he fucked her in the spooning position.

Diana had no idea how much experience her son had at fucking, but could tell by the way he was handling himself that he'd at least had SOME sexual knowledge. Even though she didn't dare move, for fear of waking her husband, she realized that THERE WERE things she could still do to make it a learning experience for Xavier, as her and Doctor Stine had discussed. Just like many mothers, Diana took care of her body physically. She had read early in her married life about the importance of a good wife keeping strong vaginal muscles. She achieved this by doing a regular regiment of Kegel exercises.

When Diana flexed her fuck muscles, her son froze and shuddered… experiencing the most delightful sensation ever. "Ahh, fuck, mom!" he softly hissed at her neck. The mother's horizontal muscles in her pelvic floor tightened and relaxed, over and over, making the corrugated lining of her vagina chew at the thick girth of her boy's cock. His mom craned her neck and whispered in his ear. "Don't stop thrusting!"

Xavier resumed his slow, full length thrusts, feeling as though his boner was being milked exquisitely. His mom aided in humping also by gently pushing her ass against him, meeting his thrusts and fusing her cunt-socket against his cock-root. She wanted him to feel every inch of his steely dick sheathed in hot, clenching pussy.

Diana's husband let out a snorting sigh, causing her and her son to freeze suddenly. When Gary turned away from them and resumed a light snore, she peeked over at Xavier and nodded, silently urging him to continue. The boy did so, and once again his meaty dick pummeled through her fuck-channel. Diana had hoped that her little fuck-monster would have cum already, but now that she could feel her own orgasm build, she was faced with a dilemma. "How could I possibly cum on such a massive cock without Gary hearing me?" she thought. The only way she could think of

doing it safely was by rolling onto her tummy and using her pillow to muffle her orgasmic cries.

She tilted her head, so she could whisper in her son's ear again. "I'm gonna roll onto my stomach. Stay on top of me."

Xavier nodded, then stayed connected to her as she maneuvered onto her belly. He loved the feel of her rounded ass against his humping crotch. He found just the right angle, so he could keep his jutting teenage cock sinking to his balls on every thrust. It was a good thing Diana had repositioned when she did. A powerful, full-body climax swept through her big titted body, making her shudder

in ecstasy. She buried her pretty face in the center of her pillow, so her cries of passion could barely be heard.

"Ahhh, yeah!" her cunt-fucking teen sighed under his breath, feeling her vagina contract powerfully around his pummeling boner-meat. Experiencing the flesh of his mom's curvy body jerk and tremble beneath him was huge rush! After socking it to her for another three minutes straight he felt his dick and nuts give off a magnificent pre-orgasmic tingle. "Ggnnrrff!" he snarled, feeling the muscles in his epididymis and ductal deferens contract delightfully, pushing the torrent of sperm into his prostate and urethra. He thrust as deep as he could go, feeling his tingly cunt-smothered knob hammer against the door to the womb that once held him. He grunted into his mom's neck as ball-nectar began to expel from his piss-slit by strong spasmodic contractions of his penile muscles.

For what seemed like an hour their sex organs pumped together in a cum-soaked union of engorged genital flesh. Even after their ejaculations were through, their privates continued to quiver and throb in a gooey embrace. Finally, Xavier rolled off his mom, onto his back. Still on her tummy, Diana turned her head and smiled at him warmly. She knew, since he was a teenager, that her son was probably still rock hard and would be ready to fuck her again only moments from now. However, she didn't wanna press their luck, so decided to end things for tonight.

Xavier watched his beautiful mom slide over on top of him, draping her leg across his waist, so his soaking wet cock was sandwiched between her thigh and his abdomen. His mom was braless beneath her silky tank top

and her oversized breasts felt like warm, soft bread dough spread out across his chest. Her turgid nipples showed how incredibly aroused she still was. She brought her lips to his ear. "That's enough for tonight," she whispered.

Her son gave her an exaggerated frown that nearly make her snicker. She clawed her long nails along his bare chest teasingly and brought her lips back to his ear. "We're in bed with your father. You can't just use my body all night. It's too risky," she whispered.

Xavier nodded in agreement and for a few precious moments they gaze dreamily at one another. Slowly, their lips moved together, until they were engaged in a series of slow, sensual kisses. The tips of their tongues peeked from their lips and played lightly. "I bet you're incredible at sucking dick," the boy softly stated.

His mom smiled lasciviously. "And I bet you're incredible at eating pussy," she whispered. "Oh, wait…I KNOW you're incredible at eating pussy. I was awake when you munched on my muffin, remember?"

"I love eating you!" her boy admitted.

"I know you do. You made my big clit throb in my panties all day today from sucking on it so much."

"You tasted SO sweet!" he shared, licking his lips.

"What about my asshole?" she asked with a wink. "Did it taste good too?"

"Uh-huh!"

"I bet I'm not the only one who tastes good," she added, gazing deeply into his eyes.

"You can find out right now if you want."

"Yeah? You wanna jet that big-boy load down mommy's throat and make her taste you?" she seductively asked. "Grip onto to the back of my hair and pound that big fucking cock through my mouth, like it's a tight pussy?"

Xavier nodded in excitement. He could hardly believe his mom was talking to him this way. He never dreamed such filth could leave her mouth. She brought her lips to his ear again, feeling his cock throb excitedly against her leg. "I didn't like having to be so careful tonight. It was a amazing, don't get me wrong, but it would have been SO much better if you could have ravaged me like a motherfucker!"

"I agree," her son sighed, his heart racing by just hearing his mom talk so dirty.

"You know I'm just doing this to help you, right? To make you a stud bull beneath the sheets."

"I know…and thank you!"

"Maybe it's YOU I should be thanking. Sex with your father hasn't been the best here lately. He has trouble just getting it hard, let alone fucking me. Now I get to help you AND get mind-boggling sexual pleasure at the same time. I get to have my cake and eat it too!"

"Let's sneak down to my bedroom, please…" Xavier suggested. "I need back inside you."

"Ohh, does somebody wanna beat their big balls against mommy's ass?" Diana teased.

"Yes!"

"Do you wanna play humpy-pumpy all over your mattress with your mom's shaved pussy?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Do you wanna make her scream and gush all over your big fucking teenage cock?"

"Damnit, mom!"

"Mmm, squeeze you with my horny cunt hole and pull out a big, hot wad of baby makers that'll be sure to get me pregnant!"

"Fuck!" Xavier gasped. "You better stop before I pounce on you!"

Diana fed him a quick peck on the lips. "Not tonight you won't. GET!" she softly demanded, playfully jabbing him on the ribs. "I'll milk your meaty dick again tomorrow night, I promise."

The boy reluctantly crawled out of bed, grabbed his underwear and went back to his room.

"Tell me how things are going?" Doctor Stine asked, sitting across from Diana the next day in her office.

"Well…I wrote the note, like you suggested. Xavier showed up last night, just like he normally does, but this time…I let him have sex with me."

"Did you fake sleep, or were your eyes open?" the doctor asked.

"My eyes were open. Xavier knew I was awake."

"Do you feel as though the experience helped him?"

"Well…yeah, I mean it gave him a chance to practice…and experience something new."

"Sex with his mother you mean?"

"Yeah that and…well, we women have developed…vaginal skills over the years. I assume that Xavier got to experience pleasurable sensations that he never has before," Diana answered.

"I would almost guarantee it! Was it thrilling for YOU…helping your son to discover the wonders of sex?"

"Yeah…I mean I DID orgasm, so…the experience thrilled me more than I thought it would."

"Good grief, that's wonderful, but how did you cum while laying next to your husband, without waking him up?"

"I screamed into the pillow. Trust me…I thought for sure Gary was gonna hear me and wake up. I was nervous as hell."

"So answer me honestly," Doctor Stine smiled, "was it the best dick you've ever had?"

Diana smiled. She felt like this question was being posed to her more 'woman to woman' rather than Doctor to client.

"It definitely rates up there among the top three, and the other two times WERE NOT with my husband, sadly."

"Diana, if you plan to let this continue, like I believe you should… perhaps it's time to find a different location for your son's regular visits. That way Xavier can really…excuse the expression… 'fuck your ass off!'" the Doctor suggested.

"I know. I've been thinking about that all day. I'd like my son to be able to fuck me as hard and as long as he wants, without the fear of his father waking up. I think that's the most logical 'next step' in Xavier's sexual development."

"Do you have a location in mind?"

"No, not really. I mean…we could have sex in Xavier's room, but we still run a risk of my husband hearing us."

"Hmm, well…I don't normally do this, but if you'd like, you and your son could use my beach condo. It only gets used by my husband and I on weekends, so it sits empty during the week. There, you

could allow Xavier to screw you silly all day, if you were so inclined," the Doctor suggested.

"That does sound perfect, but are you sure? I don't wanna impose."

"Of course. I'll tell you what…since your son is going through a phase of sexual learning and exploration, perhaps I'll be there, at least on the first few visits, free of charge. Together, we can teach Xavier new techniques that'll have all the women in town buzzing about how incredible he is in bed."

"Sounds perfect! When should we start this?"

"Well, I'm all booked up with appointments today, but tomorrow I could meet the two of you there, if that work for you?" Doctor Stine asked.

"Sure! I can let Xavier know tonight. Oh, and um…speaking of tonight, I'm sure he's gonna want another nasty hump of some sort on my marital bed. I guess I'll indulge him there, as cautiously as I can, just one more night."

"OR…this time you could do things a bit differently," the Doctor suggested.

"What do you mean?"

"This time…YOU could be the aggressor! After your husband goes to sleep, you could be the one that sneaks to your son room to ravage him in the way of your choice. Trust me, I doubt Xavier will mind the change in routine one bit."

"Probably not," Diana giggled. "You know what…I like that plan, a lot!"

"It may not allow the two of you to go totally wild on each other, but will certainly give you the freedom to fuck a little harder and longer

than if you were next to your husband."

"Well, you've completely sold me on the idea," Diana expressed, smiling eagerly from ear to ear. "I think I have something pretty special in mind."

To be continued. Part 3 will be written on February 21st. How it continues is up to you, the reader. Participate in the poll attached to the story post to vote on what you'd like Diana to do next. Here are your choices:

Scenario #1 - Diana sneaks into his Xavier's room that night, dressed in a crotchless, fishnet body stocking. After relentlessly rubbing her tits on him and teasing her boy by talking dirty, she sucks his cock, letting him pour his cum down her throat. He reciprocates by eating her pussy.

Scenario #2 – Diana sneaks to Xavier's room, completely naked. She jumps on his cock and rides him silly, while saying some of the naughtiest shit her son has ever heard. They both cum multiple times, trying their best to still not be too loud, so the don't wake Xavier's dad.

Scenario #3 – Before Diana has a chance to sneak from her bed, to her son's room, Xavier once again joins her in his parent's bed. He strips her naked and fucks her from the top, right next to where his father sleeps. Gary actually wakes up at one point, but his wife quickly tucks her son beneath the blankets to avoid being caught.

4: A Queen's Wish and an Heir's Desire

A Queen's Wish and an Heir's Desire

By Klrxo

After the fall of his father in a brutal battle, young Ansel found himself living in the Kingdom of Mirthwood under the rule of his beautiful mother, Queen Tabitha. With her long, golden hair and piercing blue eyes, she was a sight to behold. Her hourglass figure was the talk of the kingdom, and even her own son couldn't resist admiring her.

Ansel often found himself lost in thoughts of his mother's beauty, imagining what it would be like to squeeze and suck on the flesh of her body and explore the depths of her femininity. He longed to feel his tender cock buried deep inside her, spilling his seed into her womb as they erupted in orgasmic delight together. But alas, any attempts to sneak a peek at her bathing were quickly thwarted by her ever-watchful courtier who scolded him for his inappropriate curiosity.

"Get along before I tell your mother about your mischievous behavior," the courtier warned, her voice stern and commanding.

The young boy's shoulders slumped in defeat as he reluctantly retreated, disappointment etched on his face.

Ansel couldn't help but admire his mother, the queen, even when she was fully clothed. The regal gown she wore did little to hide her voluptuous body, instead accentuating every curve and swell. Her hips were wide and inviting, curving gracefully

into long, luscious legs that seemed to go on forever. Her breasts, huge, round and full, were the largest in all the kingdom - ridiculously oversized. Her tit-cleavage spilled out of her gown, creamy and delicious, jiggling with each movement she made.

Ansel's gaze shifted from his mother's body to her pretty face, noticing a hint of sadness in her eyes. As he spoke, his voice was gentle and understanding.

"You seem sad today, mother," he observed.

Her eyes filled with tears as she replied softly.

"I miss your father dearly, Ansel. What I would give to have one more night in his arms." A single tear slipped down her cheek as she sniffled and reached for a handkerchief.

Ansel couldn't help but feel a twinge of sadness for this goddess-like woman, knowing that she may never again have a man to hold onto. She may never again revel in the raw passion of a cock pounding through her velvety center, sending shivers of orgasmic pleasure throughout her body.

One day while Ansel was in the courtyard playing with his friends, he noticed a peculiar figure lurking in the shadows, observing them intently. It was none other than the Royal Wizard Dorian, a man of considerable age with a long, white beard and piercing, crystal blue eyes that seemed to peer into one's very soul. Although he was known to be quite wise and powerful, Ansel had never seen him up close before.

As the young prince drew closer, the wizard beckoned him over, his voice booming like thunder. "Ansel, my boy, I have an important task to ask of you."

Ansel, feeling both nervous and curious, approached the wizard cautiously. "What task, sir?" he asked, trying to sound brave.

"Ansel, I urgently require your assistance. I need you to embark on a journey to the treacherous cliffs of Manzania. Once there, you must enter the lair of the dragon that resides within and retrieve for me a prized possession – a scale, which they are known to regularly shed."

"A dragon's scale?" Ansel asked nervously, then swallowed hard as he processed the enormity of the task at hand. The mere mention of dragons sent shivers down his spine.

The wizard replied, his voice low and authoritative, "Yes, my boy. This scale is needed for a powerful enchantment I wish to perform. It must come from the dragon of Manzania, the most fearsome and ancient of all dragons."

"This sounds like an incredibly dangerous undertaking," Ansel stuttered, his voice quivering with fear.

"It most certainly is. Due to my advanced age, I am unable to complete this mission myself, but I am willing to compensate you generously for your time and bravery," explained Dorian, his eyes gleaming with anticipation at the prospect of obtaining a dragon's scale.

Ansel was fully aware of the immense powers possessed by the Wizard and the possibility of being granted something truly magnificent if he accepted the mission.

Despite the potential danger, he boldly accepted the mission. "I'll do it. You can count on me, sir."

Dorian's face contorted into a satisfied smile. "I had no doubt that I could rely on our future King for such a perilous task. But let us keep this between ourselves, Ansel. Your mother would surely use all her charms to dissuade you from embarking on this dangerous journey."

With a firm nod and a resolute heart, Ansel agreed to the wizard's task.

The very next day, he set off for the cliffs of Manzania on his trusty steed, determined to fulfill the mission and claim the promised reward. The journey was long and arduous, spanning almost a half-day on horseback. But with each passing mile, Ansel's excitement grew, his mind already envisioning the grand prize awaiting him at the end.

Since he was a small boy, Ansel had heard countless tales about dragons from his elders. He knew that timing was crucial when being around these fierce creatures - entering their lair during daylight hours, when they were in a deep slumber after feasting on their latest prey, was the safest approach.

He needed to get in, snatch a scale and get out as quickly and quietly as possible.

In the shadows leading to the dragon's lair, Ansel's nerves were on edge. His heart pounded, and his hands shook, but he reminded himself of the reward that awaited him if he were successful. He carefully dismounted his steed and approached the cave entrance, his breath visible in the freezing air.

As he entered the cavern, the stench of rotting food and dragons' breath filled his nostrils. It took all his courage not to gag at the smell. He listened intently, willing himself not to make a sound.

Cautiously, Ansel made his way through the damp, rocky tunnels, the sound of his own breath echoing through the cavern.

Finally, he arrived at the heart of the lair. There it lay, sprawled across a giant pile of animal bones: a magnificent dragon, its scales gleaming like jewels in the dim light.

Wasting no time, Ansel quickly searched for a scale that had recently shed from the dragon's body. His fingers trembled as he reached for it, the dragon's massive form looming over him. It was as if he could feel its eyes piercing through the darkness, watching his every move.

Ansel held his breath as he carefully picked up the scale, his heart racing. With the prize clutched in his hand, he backed away slowly, creeping through the tunnels just as he had arrived. The tension in the air was palpable, and he could feel the dragon's presence behind him.

After what felt like an eternity, Ansel found his way back to the entrance of the lair. He broke into a run, not looking back until he was safe on the other side of the cave mouth.

He could still hear the dragon's rumbles, but they were fading into the distance as he rode back to the kingdom in haste.

"You did exceedingly well, my brave young lad," praised Dorian, his sharp eyes scanning the perfect dragon's scale that was brought back. Its iridescent colors shimmered in the sunlight, a testament to Ansel's courage and skill. "This is a rare and valuable treasure, and as promised, your bravery will be handsomely rewarded."

Ansel had already made up his mind about what he desired most. He could barely contain his excitement as he eagerly spoke up. "I wish to have the power of invisibility for one day," he stated with determination.

"Invisibility?" the wizard repeated, his bushy eyebrows raising in surprise. "A most challenging spell indeed, but I made a promise and a promise I shall keep," Dorian declared confidently.

As he began chanting ancient words and making complex gestures with his hands, Ansel's heart raced with anticipation. This was no ordinary reward – this was a grand gift that would make his most forbidden fantasies come true.

Queen Tabitha glided into her bathing chamber, a vision of ethereal beauty in a flowing robe. Her two servants followed closely behind, their gazes demure and respectful. A watchful courtier trailed after them, ever vigilant for any signs of danger.

Ansel, cloaked with invisibility, had been waiting anxiously in the chamber. But now, as he watched the queen shed her robe a mere few feet away from him, his heart raced and his jaw dropped in disbelief. The colorful fabric fell to the ground, revealing Tabitha's flawless naked form.

The courtier glanced around suspiciously as she heard a gasp that sounded like a young boy's. But there was no one else in the chamber with them, and the door was securely closed.

Ansel's eyes were transfixed on his mother's breathtaking body. Her breasts were impossibly large, heavy and perfect, capped by succulent areolas that were wide and inviting. Her plump nipples stood at attention, begging to be touched and tasted.

As his gaze roamed down her trim torso, arriving at her flaring hips, Ansel couldn't help but fixate on the most valuable treasure in all the kingdom - the queen's pussy. It was immaculately smooth and clean, the delicate folds fully engorged and glistening with arousal. Ansel knew that she must be longing for the feel of a man's cock, craving the sensation of being filled and stretched by someone who could satisfy her every desire.

In the safety of his invisibility, Ansel boldly reached into his pants and wrapped his hand around the hardened prick that throbbed with need. He could feel the veins bulging against his hand, his young

erectile flesh yeaning to be smothered in the snug, simmering grip of royal pussy.

He couldn't tear his eyes away from the queen's alluring body, imagining all the ways he could pleasure her.

Ansel's cock was longer than most boys his age, proudly jutting out from his loins. Its upward curve promised a perfect fit for massaging the elusive clitoral root that lay hidden inside any girl lucky enough to have sex with him.

Despite being invisible, it still felt surreal to stand there stroking himself in front of his mother. But he had to keep reminding himself that the wizard's spell protected him from being seen, allowing him to indulge in this forbidden act without fear of judgment or rejection.

Mesmerized, Ansel's eyes followed every graceful movement of the queen as she leaned over to test the bath water with her finger. The soft curve of her neck and shoulders gave way to her enormous, dangling tits, their weight causing them to sway erotically in unison.

Being careful not to make noise, Ansel positioned himself behind her, his heart racing as he caught a glimpse of the queen's perfectly rounded ass. The gentle slope of her back led down to two luscious half-globes that beckoned him closer. Between them, the subtle slit of her pussy peeked open, revealing the pink folds and hinting at the warmth and

wetness within. But it was the sight of Tabitha's tight puckered asshole that made Ansel's cock throb with desire, urging him to stroke his vein-encrusted cock even faster.

A servant bowed as the queen approached the bath, a tray of fragrant oils and towels in hand. "Is the temperature to your liking, my queen?" she asked with deference.

"Perfect, thank you," Tabitha answered, her voice dripping with honeyed tones as she gracefully stepped into the tub.

Ansel's breath caught in his chest at the sight of her naked body glistening in the soft light of the room. He couldn't help but admire the way her wet skin caught the light and made her seem like a goddess incarnate.

Ansel positioned himself right at the foot of the tub, unable to tear his eyes away from the erotic display before him.

The queen's hands moved over her body in slow, sensual motions as she washed herself, each movement sending shivers down Ansel's spine. He imagined her smooth, luscious legs wrapped around him in a passionate embrace as soap suds cascaded down them.

Her breasts, large and full, swayed slightly with each movement, causing Ansel's own body to respond eagerly. He couldn't resist stroking his stone-hard cock furiously as he watched this beautiful woman bathe before him. In that moment, he felt like the luckiest boy alive to witness such an intimate and arousing scene with his mother, the queen.

With graceful ease, Tabitha lifted one of her silky legs out of the water, stretching it back impossibly far. Her toes pointed towards the rafters high above, as if they were propped on Ansel's strong shoulders during a fierce round of lovemaking.

Ansel clenched his fists and gritted his teeth, willing himself not to spill his hot, stick boy-seed on the floor at the sight of such an obscene display.

As the queen rose and stepped from the tub, the droplets of water glistening on her smooth skin were like tiny diamonds, amplified by the glow of candlelight bouncing off the walls. Her curves were a masterpiece, from the way her hips swayed to the hypnotizing jiggle of her voluminous tit-melons as she dried them with a towel.

Her son couldn't tear his gaze away from her as she wrapped herself in a plush robe and sauntered out of the chamber, each sway of her buttocks sending a surge of heat through his veins. He grinned devilishly, knowing that the best part of his tantalizing plan was yet to unfold.

A full moon illuminated the castle in the peace and stillness of the night.

In the queen's bed chamber, Tabitha quickly sat up, her giant titties jostling beneath her nightgown. "Is someone there?" she asked, gazing across the darkened room.

Suddenly, the glimmer of a golden jeweled crown came into sight, the King's crown, as if worn by a spirit body that slowly moved towards her.

"It's you," Tabitha exclaimed, her hand flying over her mouth in disbelief and her eyes welling up with tears. "My darling!"

Still cloaked in invisibility and satisfied with his plan thus far, Ansel removed the crown and cautiously joined his beautiful mother on the bed. The smell of her perfume and the warmth of her skin were intoxicating, as he longed to be closer to her than he ever had before.

As if summoned by her thoughts, Tabitha felt a pair of velvety lips brush against her own in a soft, sensual kiss. Her breath caught in her throat as she realized her wish had come true.

With a gentle urgency, she pulled Ansel down on top of her, their bodies molding together like two halves of a puzzle.

The boy's heart raced with excitement and nerves as he sank into the welcoming softness of his mother's body, his shirt quickly peeled off and discarded. Eager to fully experience the love of who she believed to be her spirit husband, Tabitha deftly removed his pants,

then her nightgown, leaving them both bare and vulnerable for the passionate lovemaking that was about to unfold.

Their kisses grew more passionate, a fiery dance of tongues that tangled and twisted like angry serpents inside Ansel's mouth.

Tabitha arched her back, pressing her body closer to his as she spread her warm, creamy thighs wide. Her hands roamed over his youthful chest with eager exploration.

"You feel so different," she whispered breathlessly between kisses. "So...perfect."

Ansel moved his hips in a clumsy rhythm, his raging-hard cock eagerly seeking entrance into her waiting body. His leaky knob nudged against her clit, her labia then her asshole, seeking her pit of pleasure.

With a guiding hand from the queen, he found his way inside her wetness. She gasped at the feeling of his glans splitting her quim and slipping into her tight tunnel. The sensation sent shivers of pleasure through her body.

"OH!" Tabitha squealed, her eyes widened in shock and pleasure as she felt Ansel's massive member fill her completely, stretching her neglected vagina to its limits.

The sensation was new, something she had never experienced with the king. She couldn't help but think that a man's spirit form must be perfect in every way, accounting for her husband's now trim physique and his incredibly large, flawless cock that filled her so completely. It was both overwhelming and exhilarating, making her body quiver with desire.

Ansel brought his body down against hers, crushing the queen's enormous tits between them. He pulled his rod out until only his spongy cockhead remained wedged between

her fleshy cunt-lips. Then, he thrust forward, sliding back into her tight, warm sheath with a deep, wet sound.

Tabitha's toes curled in pleasure as her pussy tightened around his shaft like a velvet vise. She moaned into their kiss, her hands grasping his hips, urging him to continue.

As Ansel began to thrust into her with increasing intensity, Tabitha felt her body respond in kind. Her pussy muscles clenched around his cock, drawing it deeper into her with each thrust.

Her nipples hardened into sharp peaks against Ansel's chiseled chest, her skin tingling with pleasure. She knew she was close, and barely managed to stifle her whimpers of ecstasy as she felt the familiar swell of climax building within her.

Ansel's thrusts grew more urgent and forceful, his hips slamming against hers as he plunged his hard cock into her slick, tight grip without holding back. Tabitha's strong legs wrapped tightly around him, lifting her round ass up high and exposing her puckered anal entrance for Ansel's plump, hairless balls to slap against with every thrust.

The queen cried out in ecstasy, her voice echoing through the room as she reveled in the pleasure of having her pussy ravaged. Little did she know it was her own son's strong, teenage cock that was pummeling through her.

"I've dreamed of this very moment for so long," she panted, nearly weeping the pleasure was so intense.

Ansel wanted to tell her that he had dreamed of this moment just as she had, but he remained silent for fear of revealing his true identity. Instead, he let his actions speak for him, driving his throbbing member deep inside her hot depths with all the intensity he could muster.

The delicious upward curve of his shaft caused his bell-shaped glans to graze against her anterior wall, expertly stimulating the sensitive clitoral network nestled just below the surface of her velvety lining. The sensation was too much for Tabitha to bear, and a powerful orgasm tore through her curvy body, causing her to writhe and scream in pleasure.

Her king-sized breasts bounced and rippled between them with thrust and shudder, adding to the raw passion of their union.

Ansel leaned down and captured one of her turgid nipples in his mouth, pushing his face against the warm, pillowy flesh of her boob and sucking liking a tit-starved beast.

Gorging on the flesh of her breasts was a big fantasy of his, so he wasn't letting this experience pass by without

fulfilling that desire. He sucked and nibbled on her tit-meat, his tongue darting out to wet and play with her erect nipple, while his cock drove deep inside her core, pounding away like a battering ram.

Tabitha's orgasm continued to wash over her, a tidal wave of tit-trembling passion that only grew stronger with each passing second. She threw her head back, her lips parting in a

silent scream as she felt Ansel's erection throbbing inside her. His flesh felt so warm and hard, stretching her intimate muscles with a pleasure that she had never known before.

Sucking on the peak of her gigantic tit, Ansel focused on the taste of her flesh, the feel of her quivering tit-meat masking his face and her juice-spewing pussy chewing on the slab of his cock.

It wasn't long before the boy joined his mother in ecstasy. His balls tightened and his cock began to pulse, the sensation overwhelming him as he felt his semen building up inside his member.

The future King let out a hoarse cry as his muscles tightened around her, his young hips bucking wildly in a final, frenzied series of thrusts. His cock pulsed and throbbed, his hot seed bursting from his piss-slit, splashing deep within her.

Tabitha felt an intense wave of warmth flood her core as ropes of Ansel's virile boy-semen filled her womb. It was a sensation that made her gasp in pleasure and amazement since she'd never felt this much cum flood her pussy before.

After squeezing out every bit of hot ejaculate his balls had to offer, Ansel collapsed on top of her, panting heavily as they lay there entwined, sweaty and spent. He couldn't help but marvel at the feeling of her soft, plush body beneath him, the warmth of her skin. The queen's tits were so enormous that he seemed to sink down between them, engulfed in their squishy softness. He was pleased with the fact that his reward from

Dorian had given both him and his mother something that they had both desired.

The next day, the queen sat with her son, a faint glimmer of excitement in her eyes. "I know this will sound crazy," she began, "but I saw your father last night."

Ansel's eyebrows rose as he tried to act surprised. "Really?!"

"Yes," the queen replied, trying to contain her own surprise at the encounter. "Well, I didn't physically see him, but his spirit was there."

"Did he say anything?" Ansel asked, eager to hear more.

"No, we just..." She trailed off, a wistful smile playing on her lips as she silently recalled how hard and deep she'd been fucked.

"Just what?" Ansel prodded, wondering how much his mother would be willing to share about this mysterious encounter.

"Let me just say that it was a beautiful experience," she said with a contented sigh. "One that I hope will happen again soon."

A broad, triumphant smile spread across Ansel's face, his heart swelling with pride. He eagerly anticipated his next visit to the powerful wizard Dorion, hoping for more challenging tasks that he could complete and be generously rewarded for, thus making his mother's wonderful wish come true.

5: A Rough Night’s Sleep with Mom

A Rough Night's Sleep with Mom

By Klrxo

Hal watched his mom sashay across his room on bare feet. Her oversized tit-melons trembled heavily beneath her flimsy robe. The mother paused at his bedside, smiling down at him, her alluring hazel eyes staring into his.

"There's only one problem with me sleeping in your bed with you, although it may not be a problem at all," she stated.

"What is it?" Hal asked.

"I sleep naked."

Hal gulped excitedly, his heart-rate increasing. "That's not a problem with me, mom," he told her. "Won't dad get upset though?"

She glanced back at his locked door, then back at her boy. Her lips curled mischievously. "I can keep a secret if you can?"

"I can keep a secret," Hal nodded. "Does that mean I can be naked too?"

His mom's seductive stare pierced all the way to his boy-cock. "I'd like that," she whispered.

He wasted no time shedding his briefs, make his eight-inch cock-muscle slap back against his abdomen.

Crystal watched his white underwear fall from his bedside onto the floor as she grasped the sash to her robe. "My turn," she softly stated, then untied the strings that held her robe together.

Hal's eyes widened and he let out a wondrous gasp as his mom slipped the robe from her shoulders, letting it fall to his floor. She stood there for a moment, letting her teenager's eyes feast on her nudity. She doubted he'd ever seen a body like hers, except maybe on the porn sites he'd visited. Crystal had 48-H-cup tits that jutted from her chest like huge fleshy watermelons. Capping their rounded peaks were extremely wide areolar rings that were dotted with Montgomery tubercles. Protruding stiffly from their centers, were the most suckable-looking teats Hal had ever seen.

"Dang," he uttered. His mom giggled at his reaction, making her tit-meat quiver deliciously.

Hal's eyes drifted down her tapered torso, marveling at the way her hips flared out, giving her the perfect hourglass figure. His breath quivered as his gaze struck her shaved pubis. Her puffy labial flanges formed the perfect camel toe, and Hal could see the rounded dome of her clitoral prepuce peeking from between her outer lips. "Damn, mom…you have one killer body!" he confessed.

"How lucky are you then to have it in YOUR bed tonight," she stated, lifting the edge of his covers.

"Very lucky!" He answered, then heard his mom let out a few heavy, quivering breaths as she stood there a moment staring at his teenage erection.

Crystal had never seen a set of cock and balls so beautiful. Hal's crotch was almost hairless. "Just like a boy's crotch should be," his mom thought.

Her pretty eyes traveled up his shaft, following a trail of bulging purple veins that criss crossed up the meaty stalk. His crown was fat and pinkish-purple in color from being fully engorged.

The awestruck mother crawled onto his bed, making her fatty breasts wobble heavily as they dangled from her chest. Slipping beneath the blanket, she shocked her son by laying almost directly on top of him.

Hal let out a pleasurable gasp as his mom's melons flattened out against his lean chest, like rounded pillows filled with warm, squishy pudding. "This is called 'the sweethearts cradle,'" she whispered. "You don't mind sleeping this way do you, baby?"

"Not at all," he breathed. His mom's leg was draped across his groin and Crystal could feel his rigid fuck-organ twitching lustfully against her inner thigh. Being naked in bed with her son was thrilling her to the core. Lubricating arousal-fluid began to secrete from her pea-sized Bartholin Glands, seeping out into her cuntal vestibule.

Crystal wasn't the only one creating sexual body fluid. Slippery pre-cum oozed from Hal's piss-slit, smearing against his mom's smothering thigh.

"So…have you been fucking lots of girls?" his mom candidly asked.

"Not really. I mean…not as many as I would like to."

"Sounds like both of us have been frustrated with our sex lives lately," Crystal stated. "I do love your father, and I know his 'issue' is something he can't control, but it really has been frustrating for me."

"He can't have sex with you at all?"

"We try, but it's tough getting him hard enough to even pierce my vagina."

"Dang, I hope I never have that issue."

Crystal stroked his neck tenderly with her hand. "You're young. Your dick gets as hard now as it ever will. Enjoy yourself, baby. Fuck all the pussy you can and cum from the amazing pleasure it gives you, hunny," his mom advised.

"What about you though?" her son asked. "What about YOUR pleasure?"

"Just…buy me an eight-inch dildo for my birthday or something. I'll be fine," she joked. As the two of them laughed, Crystal subtly moved her thigh, dragging it against the shaft of her boy's steely prick. She felt his smooth, plump balls rub against her skin, making her heart race wildly. "My God, they feel so full," she wondrously thought.

Hal thought it was ironic that his mom mentioned an 'eight-inch dildo,' since he happened to have a penis that length. "So, are you saying that eight-inches is the perfect size?" he brazenly asked.

"Most moms would say yes. Eight-inches is just big enough to bottom out inside a woman, and take a guy to his hilt, which seems pretty perfect to me."

"Well, that's good to know."

"It is, huh?" asked Crystal in a teasing tone. "Is that because you have an eight-inch penis, hunny?"

"Eight-and-a-half actually."

"Well, you can always find a way to squeeze in an extra half-inch," the mother snickered. "Reach over and click off your bedside lamp. Let's try to get some sleep."

When the lamp clicked off, the moonlight cast a magical iridescent glow across Hal's bedroom. Beneath the blanket, Crystal readjusted, slipping up directly on top of her teen. Hal shuddered as he felt the knob of his cock nudge against her soft cunt-lips. His glans slowly drug along the fringes of her vulva, finally sticking straight up between her legs so that her puffy labium rested against the top-side of his cock-shaft.

"I love snuggling with you," the mother whispered, planting a sweet, tender kiss on his lips.

"I like it too," her son replied. His mom's humongous boobs felt heavenly squashed against him. Packed with pounds of fat and glandular tissue, Crystal's heavy hooters molded wonderfully to her boy's chisels chest. Her rubbery nipples were fully turgid, prodding into his young flesh.

"I especially like snuggling naked. It makes me feel so close to you. We should definitely do this more."

"I agree."

"Sweet dreams, my love," Crystal said softly, nudging her face into the nap of his neck. They lay there in silence, feeling each other's excited heartbeats through their chests.

"I can't believe mom's actually laying on top of me naked," Hal thought. His mom's mature frame felt luxurious blanketing his body, unlike the developing bodies of those girls at school he'd been with. Her cuntal flanges were slightly splayed around the meat of his stalk, enough to smear some of her pussy-juice against his erectile tissue. The boy could feel the heat emitting from his mom's vaginal pit, sweltering against the flesh of his tender penis.

"I certainly wouldn't complain about sleeping this way every night," Crystal thought, while clinging to her boy. Her son was lean and well-toned, unlike her husband who'd put on pounds over the years.

Hal's boner felt as sturdy as a hemlock, sticking straight up between her legs. It was pressed so snuggly against her twat that it looked like it was rising up from her asshole, extending a few inches higher than her rounded mommy-buns. Clear liquid pre-goo seeped from the boy's meatus and trickled down the bulbous crown of his cock.

Nearly a half-hour passed and neither of them could sleep a wink. The fire that raged in their loins was almost unbearable. "Are you asleep, hunny?" Crystal whispered.

"No," her boy answered.

"Do you wanna try a different position? See if that would be more comfortable?"

Hal loved cuddling with her this way and certainly was in no hurry to stop, but wondered what other position she had in mind. "Sure, we can."

"Let's roll onto our sides," the mother directed.

Facing one another, they wrapped their arms around each other; Hal around his mom's upper body and Crystal around her boy's neck with her milkers squashed against him. Instead of intertwining their legs the traditional way, Crystal kept him between her legs so she could keep their heated crotches pressed together.

"How's that…better?" she asked.

"Yes, this is nice too," Hal answered. His erection was now sandwiched between his abdomen and his mother's soft, hairless pudenda. He wished he could squeeze it inside that tight, pink tube that had birthed him out all those years ago.

Crystal felt his raging boy-cock flex excitedly against her quim. By now their engorged genitals were wet and sticky from all the arousal fluid that had secreted since they'd began cuddling. Face to face

they became lost in each other's eyes for the longest time. "What are you thinking about?" the mother finally asked.

"Honestly, I'm thinking about how much I'd love to have a girlfriend like you."

"Aww, that's sweet," the mother cooed, then gingerly brushed his bangs back from his eyes. "I wouldn't mind a husband like you either."

"Really?!"

"Yeah. Your dad is good to me, don't get me wrong, but he's older and not really built for sex anymore. It would be something special to have someone so hot and handsome, with an eight-inch dick that seems to never go down," she chuckled, pressing the lips of her vulva against her boy's steely rod with even greater force, smearing it with slippery fuck-oil.

"Yeah, I think it stays hard more than it does soft."

Crystal giggled, her insides tingling from her son's admission. "Well, that's what boy's dicks are suppose to do, hunny." She stared into his eyes lascivious. "Your body is made to fuck pussy," she whispered.

"It's a good thing," Hal stated. "Because I do like sex a lot."

"I was such a slut when I was your age," the mother admittedly blushed. "I think I was getting laid just about every day."

"By different guys?"

"I'm ashamed to admit it, but yes. That's how I got so good at fucking though, from doing it constantly."

"How did you finally settle on just dad?"

"Your father was a beast in bed during our earlier years, but life got busy, and five times a day turned into once a day, then that became once every other day until he just stopped being able to get it up. He's tried Viagra and every other 'magic pill' on the market, but they're just not working."

"You must really miss those early years then?" Hal asked.

"I do, and the real tragedy is…I crave sex even more now than I did back then. Do you see now why I said it would be special to have someone like you?"

"Yes."

"Someone with a nice little treasure trail for me to kiss my way down."

"Treasure trail?"

"You don't know what your 'treasure trail' is?" Crystal asked with a cute smile.

"No."

"It's that tiny trail of hair a boy gets when he hits the final stages of puberty. The one that runs from your chest to your penis, aka. your treasure."

"Oh, that trail," Hal blushed.

"You've never had a girl make her way down that trail before?" Crystal asked with a sly smile.

"I don't think so."

His mom looked into his eyes, grinning mischievously. "I'll do it once, then we're going to sleep, understood?" she softly stated.

Hal nodded, and his mom guided him onto his back, planting her knees on the mattress astride his hips. Beginning at his neck, Crystal began planting a trail of wet kisses down his chest, letting her squishy tits drag softly against him as she disappeared beneath the blanket.

Hal felt his mom flick her tongue on one of his nipples, then bite it sharply. He let out a sighing hiss, feeling her loving lips continue down his torso.

Crystal slid down between his legs, making room for her affection to extend to the base of his boner. She nuzzled her face in, kissing and lightly licking around the root of his cock. The affectionate mother's licker extended from her mouth and darted back and forth on to the meat of one of Hal's cum-swollen nuts. She nibbled at the smooth skin, feeling her boy shutter as she pulled on it teasingly with her pretty white teeth. Then, she continued on her journey along his 'treasure trail,' pressing her face into his squishy scrotum, inhaling his fragrant pheromones as his ball-sack masked her face. She pushed her lips against the lump of his bulb, deep in the root of his penis, at the base of penile cylinder, kissing it wetly through the layer of taut scrotal skin. She could feel the powerful muscle and ligaments against her lips; the solid foundation of her boy's jutting teenage erection.

"Oh, wow!" Hal breathed, feeling her kiss her way onto his other testicle. He felt it enveloped in wet warmth as she sucked it into her mouth and pulled delicately on his spermatic cord.

Crystal felt her boy's nut retract, trying to clench up close to his body. She applied more suction, tugging it back into the warmth of her mouth. Hal's body repeated the process, involuntarily making his balls clench up, but Crystal was stubborn in her affection, pulling with her nut-stuffed mouth, stretching the cord of his vas deferens. After nursing for a few minutes on its oval-shaped meat, she let it

plop out of her mouth, red and distended. Then, she slowly began planting kisses his up his cock, from its hilt to its tip.

Hal squirmed in delight, feeling her long mommy-tongue flicker all over his throbbing glans. He was amazing at how she knew his most sensitive spots and seemed to be focusing her attention there.

Crystal's nostrils flared from the smell of the cream that had trickled from her boy's prick. It seemed to make her cunt smolder even more than it already was, aching for a fuck. She kissed his peter-tip over and over, feeling it mushroom beneath her lips. She had no intention of giving him a full-fledged blowjob, but she did wanna feel his engorged crown between the ring of her lips. She let them slip over his twitching bell and collar the neck of his penis, just below his coronal ridge. Then, Crystal tightened her mouth to apply more pressure around her boy's hardened love-muscle. Her tongue lashed crazily all over her boy's glans, making him writhe with pleasure.

"Mmm, his pre-nut is so sweet," she thought, swiping across his piss-hole and letting her boy's goo sizzle on her taste-buds.

By the time Crystal kissed her way back up to his lips, Hal was so fucking horny he could hardly stand it. "Is it my turn now?" he breathlessly asked.

"I don't have a 'pleasure trail,' hunny," she snickered.

"I could pretend like you do."

"I thought we agreed we were going to sleep when I was through."

"Can I do it just once, mom?" he asked with puppy-dog eyes. "Please?"

Crystal knew that if her son got her too worked-up she'd be unable to control herself, however, she always had such a hard time saying

no to her boy. "Just once…then we really do need to get some sleep," she agreed, rolling onto her back.

Hal smiled with excitement, crawling down on top of her. He'd only had a fair amount of experience at fucking pussy, but eating pussy was a different story. Over the summer he went to stay with his Grandparents in their cabin in the mountains. His Grandmother, a beautiful, older-version of his mom offered to teach him how to eat pussy. She refused to let him fuck her, but was more than willing to instruct her cute Grandson on the

proper ways of devouring a woman's cunt. She even let him spend hours sucking on her enormous, stiff-nippled tits, while Hal's Grandfather was out fly-fishing. He recalled how sore his dick was when he got home from stroking himself off so much, while his face was buried under his Grandma's giant tits, sucking to his heart's content.

The teen started just the way his mother had, at her neckline, slowly kissing down her chest. He took a short detour, just as Crystal had on him, smooching along the meat of her tit and around the fringe of her wide areola. He drug his licker across its textured surface, swathing it across her fat, rubbery nipple. Then, just as she had, he clamped his teeth around the base of her teat, making his mom gasp and jerk as if she'd just been shocked by an electric current.

Hal continued down her sexy belly, leaving a trail of lusty kisses as he went. His excitement-level increased as he neared her pubis. His only regret was that he couldn't see it beneath the darkness of the blanket. He sure could smell it though the closer he got. Her pungent female aroma mixed with her sweet perfume was making him almost delirious.

Crystal splayed her thighs wide, giving her boy all the room he needed. She squealed and jerked, making her huge tits roll on her ribcage as she felt Hal's tongue swipe up her juicy cunt-slit. The boy

peeled her flanges apart with his fingers, then pressed his face into her as deeply as he could, lashing his tongue around in the coral-pink tissue of her vaginal vestibule. He wormed his licker inside her flavorful pussy-tube, feeling it pulse and nip at his tongue. It reminded him of how he'd delightfully tongue-fucked his Grandmother and how similarly-sweet their sex-juices tasted.

"Who's been teaching you how to do this?" Crystal softly panted. She knew already that her boy was much too adept to have learnt on his own.

"I guess I'm just a natural at it," lied Hal. He peeled apart his mom's fleshy inner lips, making her hood retract over the fat, juicy bulb of her clit. Then, he latched his lips around it, sucking at the sensitive nubbin and making his mother writhe beneath him.

He took one more stab at her cunt, mashing his face against her crotch and extending his wiggling tongue as far as it would go up her birthing tube. He probed the well-formed ribs along her lining, imagining how that hot, tight sleeve would feel grasping and sucking juicily around his muscular boy-cock.

Hal took his time kissing his way back up her body. By the time he reached her neck, Crystal silky legs were folding around him, locking them in a lewd embrace. "Are you 'a natural' at fucking pussy too, hunny?" his mom asked.

"I guess you'd have to see," Hal brazenly answered.

"Would I?" his mom giggled, then seriously gazed into his eyes. "I'm gonna give your father one more chance to get his dick hard. If he fails me again, then I'll be back in your bed tomorrow night and I guarantee we won't be getting any sleep."

Crystal felt his cock flex against her cunt in reaction to her promise. The idea of boning his own mom and making her cum on his teenage dick was wildly exciting.

"For tonight though," Crystal continued, "we should change positions before you end up pounding me straight through the mattress."

"If we have to, I guess," said Hal.

Crystal maneuvered onto her side. "Spoon with me," she requested, "but position your hard dick so it's wedged up between my ass-cheeks. That'll hopefully prevent any 'accidental' penetration."

Hal nuzzled up behind his mom. The feel of his boner buried against her butt-meat was absolutely divine. She took his hands in hers, resting them against her tummy, just beneath her tits. One boob was stacked on top of the other, her turgid nipples throbbing at their peaks. "Try to get some sleep, baby. You have school tomorrow," she lovingly reminded him.

Rest still didn't come easy for either of them as their minds dwelled upon the endless possibilities of becoming sexually engaged with each other. One thing they both knew for sure was that each of them had what the

other needed; bodies and libidos that were built for the nasty things that nature intended. They also shared an overwhelming need to fuck and cum mindlessly. Whether that juicy union would be with each other would soon be decided.

TO BE CONTINUED…

6: A Tent full of Mommy-meat

A Tent full of Mommy-meat

By Klrxo

"Tate, turn off the video game and get your things packed, darling. We're leaving for the reunion in thirty minutes!" his mom Amber announced.

It was Tate's most dreaded time of year. The annual family reunion at the Pinecone Campground in the mountains. The only relative close to his age was his cousin Chuck and the two of them rarely spoke. "I'm eighteen now. Can't I just stay home this year?" he asked his mom, while shutting off his game.

Amber glared at him from his doorway. "No, you can't stay home. The family wants to see you, baby. You'll have a great time, I guarantee it."

Amber was a beautiful brunette, with a luscious hourglass figure. Tate's eyes were drawn to the mountainous tits ballooning out from beneath her blouse. He could even see the protrusions of her fat nipples through the fabric. It seemed like all his female family members had heavy breasts, which were always such objects of fascination through his teenage years. Since reaching puberty, he had spilt enough cum to fill a swimming pool just fantasizing about them.

"If I have to go…I guess I'll go," he muttered.

"Trust me…you'll DEFINITELY wanna be there this year," his mom winked.

"Why? What's so special about this year?"

"You're gonna be getting dick soaking wet…that's what," his mother answered candidly.

"Wet?" Tate asked, wondering if he had heard his mom correctly.

"Your getting laid, darling?" the mother smiled.

"Getting laid??"

"You heard me right," Amber insisted. "I'm not gonna tell you exactly when, or with whom, but trust me when I say…you're gonna be up to your ears in hot, tight pussy!"

Tate sat there a moment, bewildered by his mother's admission. He wondered if perhaps they were inviting girls that weren't members of the family. Girls his own age, who may be willing to have sex with him.

"Have I motivated you enough to get up and get packed yet?" his mom teased, then walked off.

During the three-hour car ride, Tate's younger sister Becky sat up front with his father, while his mom shared the backseat with him. Amber wore a short summer skirt, leaving almost all her sexy mommy-legs on display for her boy. Tate's cock engorged fully as he gawked at his mom's smooth copper tone legs. They gave off a silky sheen from being freshly shaved and exhibited powerful feminine strength. They were both playing games on their cellphones to pass the time.

"Damn this game!" the mother blurted, turning slightly, bringing one of her bare feet up onto Tate's knee. His mom had sexy bare feet

with toenails that were always freshly painted. The way she was sitting now was with one leg curled up onto the seat and the other bent at the knee, bowed open slightly.

The boy's eyes widened as he realized with her sitting this way, he could stare straight up her skirt. If she were wearing a modest pair of panties, that would have been sexy enough. However, as Tate had just discovered, his mom's pale-yellow panties-crotch was completely sheer. He could see the shaved, puffed outer lips of Amber's pudenda, pressed together to form a deep cuntal cleavage. Peeking from the darkened cleft was the fleshy arch of her clitoral hood.

The mother's pretty hazel-colored eyes peeked over at her boy, curious to know where HIS eyes were. Her bee-stung lips curled into a satisfied smile as she discovered that his gaze was exactly the place she hoped it would be.

Now her eyes traveled to HIS crotch, eager to see if there was any hardening going on beneath his shorts.

"Is there ever!" she thought, staring at the tubular-shaped bulge beneath the fabric. Amber knew her boy was uncircumcised, so the fact that she could see the outline of his fat, bell-shaped knob through his pants told her that his cock was fully erect. That his glans had swelled up and made his foreskin peel back.

"I wanna see it flex!" she wickedly thought, then gently drug her sexy bare foot up the top of his thigh, dangerously close to his cock-bulge. She was rewarded for her effort, watching his rigid dick tense up beneath the fabric.

This was all part of the mother's grand plan. A plan that would culminate in a very thrilling and very pleasurable weekend. Now that step one of her plan was accomplished, Amber needed to let her boy know that she was aware of his gawking, and that it was completely OK.

With her legs still wide open, she quickly texted him.

"How's your game, darling?" the text read.

Tate peeked over at his mom to see her still looking at her phone, waiting for his response.

"It's going alright," he texted back.

"Are you sure your eyes haven't been focused on something else?" Amber's next text read.

Upon reading it, Tate looked over at his mom and she gave him a teasing wink.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have been looking down there," he replied via text.

Her response quickly popped up on his phone. "I wasn't asking for an apology. Have you ever smelt pussy before? And I don't mean from a pair of panties," the massage read.

Tate's tummy tingled wickedly from reading his mom's question. He couldn't believe she was being this bold with him. "I never have before…no," he texted back.

Her response was one he certainly never expected. "Wanna smell mine?" the text read.

Tate's insides tingled with the thrill of what his mom had just asked him. He had to read the message twice, just to make sure he was seeing it correctly. "How?" he responded.

Amber quickly typed her answer. Clearly she had thought this all through beforehand. "When we stop at the Rest Area and your dad and sister get out to use the restroom, I'll let you put your head down between my legs," she texted.

After reading it, Tate looked at his beautiful mother in disbelief. Even though he fantasized about her daily, never in a million years did he think something like this would ever happen. Amber returned his gaze, feeding him a warm motherly smile.

"Who needs to pee?" Tate's dad, John, asked, no more than five minutes later.

"I do…like crazy!" his daughter replied.

"I'm good," Amber announced.

"I'm ok too!" her son added.

John parked the family SUV and he and his daughter hurried out and closed their doors.

"Get on the floor, darling!" Amber directed, then positioned herself in front of her teen, while he got on his knees on the floorboard. The mother scooted her lovely ass to the edge of the seat, then brought her knees back, bowing open her smooth thighs like all mothers do when they fuck. "Go ahead!" she told her watchful son invitingly.

Tate brought his nose to his mom's puffy crotch. His body shuddered excitedly. He'd never been this close to a pussy before. He inhaled deeply, letting the sweet fragrant tang sweep wonderfully across his senses. His mom suddenly locked her warm thighs around his head, draping her legs down his back and mashing his face against her panty-covered twat.

"Do you like it, darling? Do you like smelling mommy this way?" she sensually asked.

"Mn-hm!" the boy hummed. His face was pressed so snugly against her vulva that he could hardly breath. What breaths he could take though were absolutely wonderful. The sheer material provided him

a window for viewing her pussy up close. He was delighted by the sight, feel and fragrance of her thick labial flesh.

"You must wonder what it would feel like to smash your young prick through something so wonderful?" his mom asked.

Tate was too excited and too smothered to answer, so he just nodded.

"Does being this close to a woman's pussy get you hard, baby?" she cooed. "Does it make your penis swell up nice n stiff?"

"Mmm-hmm!" Her boy answered.

"Well, maybe mom can find a way to snuggle up against your boner, until we get to the camp site, would you like that?"

Tate nodded.

"We could have a nice, private dry-fuck underneath the blanket. Do you know what that is?" Amber asked.

"No really."

"It's when two people go through the motions of intercourse, but with their clothes on, so a guy's dick doesn't get soaking wet. That's why they call it a DRY fuck," she explained.

"I see," the boy answered, his lips still plastered to her panty-covered twat.

"Your sister's coming back," Amber informed him as she spotted her daughter heading back towards the vehicle. "Give my pussy a kiss and then come back up onto the seat."

Tate did as he was told, planting a kiss against the fleshy hood of her clitoris, then slipping back up onto the seat next to her.

"I got you guys some chips to snack on," John blurted as he got back in the SUV and started it up.

"Tate and I aren't really that hungry, honey…just tired. We might lie down here on the back seat and have a little nap," his wife answered.

"Suit yourselves," her husband replied, pulling away from the service station. "We'll wake you up when we get there."

Amber looked at her son and motioned for him to lie down first. "Go ahead, darling," she whispered.

Tate sprawled out on the back seat, then his mom stretched out next to him in the spooning position. Amber spread a throw blanket over them, shrouding their bodies in privacy. Tate felt his mother lift her skirt to her waist, then back her thick meaty ass against his cock-muscle. She pressed the slab of her boy's erection in crevice between the fatty cheeks of her luscious derriere. The only things separating their flesh was the fabric of Tate's thin shorts and the narrow panty-thong that stretched through Amber's butt-crack.

The teen let out an excited gasp as his mom subtly humped her rounded ass back on him. His boner flexed beneath his shorts, becoming even more rigid.

"My word! He's just so wonderfully hard!" the mother thought as she mashed her soft, warm bubble-butt against him. She could feel the fat knob of his cock rubbing through her ass-crack, pushing on the elastic ring of her butthole.

Tate was on cloud nine. His mother's long silky brunette hair smelt so wonderful around his face. The humping pressure she was putting on his rigid penis was unlike anything he'd ever experienced. When he thought things couldn't get any better, his mom took his hand beneath the blanket and guided it up underneath her blouse.

"Holy smokes!" the boy's brain exclaimed as he slid his hand along her smooth tapered tummy. His heart skipped a beat when his thumb bumped against her silky, tit-stuffed bra.

She turned her head and whispered to him softly. "It's ok if you touch them…just stay outside my bra."

Once again, he could hardly believe his ears. Being so inexperienced, Tate was nervous as hell, but he wasn't about to not take his mom up on her offer. Soon his hands were wandering all over her huge bra-shrouded orbs. His favorite part were the rounded peaks, where he could feel the thick nubs of her teats protruding out from beneath the silky fabric.

By now his mom was humping back on him in a steady rhythm, awestruck by his youthful vitality and penile strength. She knew that having a large youthful cock like Tate's inside her would make her lose her fucking mind. By the time they arrived at the Campground, Amber's pussy was soaking wet and Tate had a huge dark spot on his shorts were his pre-cum had soaked through.

"There's my darling Grandson!" Tate's Grandma Ruth exclaimed as he got out of the vehicle.

The boy always felt like he was being swallowed up in squishy tit-meat, whenever his Grandma hugged him. Of all the women in the family, her boobs were the most tremendous. "Oh, you just get more and more handsome every day!" Ruth beamed, holding onto him tightly.

"I bet he has girls constantly swarming around him," his Aunt Morgan added, eager to get her hands on the boy. The busty blonde was nine months pregnant and her round belly looked ready to burst. She stepped forward and gave him a big tit-squasher, while gazing at him with her brilliant blue eyes. "That's right, isn't it, honey?" she asked in a hushed tone. "Lots of pretty girls wanting to spread their sexy legs for you?"

"My turn!" his Aunt Jane said, stepping towards them. She looked a lot like Amber, but a few years older. Her big tits were spilling out of a skimpy hot-pink bikini top. When she hugged the boy, Tate literally gasped from the feel of her melonous tits on his chest.

"Oh, baby boy…I could just sneak off somewhere with you," she mewled, while staring him in the eyes. "Somewhere nice n private."

As with every reunion, there were a lot of younger kids running around and the dads were busy setting up tents and drinking beer.

"What's up, cousin?!" A boy close to Tate's age asked, holding a couple fishing poles. It was his cousin, Chuck.

"Hey, Chuck!" Tate replied.

"I was just headed over to the river to do some fishing. Wanna join?"

"I should probably get my tent set up."

"Your father will get your tent up, darling," his mom chimed in, "just go have a good time."

Tate and Chuck made ssmal-talk as they walked over to the riverbank, then cast out their lines.

"So…you finally turned 18, huh?" Chuck asked.

"Yeah, about a month ago."

"You must be psyched to be getting all that mommy-meat this year."

Tate fed him a confused look. "Mommy-meat?" he asked.

"Yeah, a Tent full of mommy meat. It's a tradition that happens when a male family member turns 18."

"I've never heard of that," Tate confessed. "What is it exactly?"

"Do you ever notice how when we do the family hike every year the moms never come along?"

"Yeah," Tate answered. The annual family hike took about four-hours, along a windy path that went up through the mountains and ended at a cool swimming hole. Although Tate had never really thought much about it, Chuck was right…the moms in the family always stayed behind.

"The reason they stay behind is…so all the moms in the family, including Grandma Ruth, can set up a tent and gang-rape the boys in the family when they turn 18. It's sort of a tradition, I guess," Chuck explained.

"Gang-rape?"

"Well, no…not really 'gang-rape.' I mean, you can't really rape the willing, right?" Chuck laughed.

"But…they have sex though?"

"Fucking wild sex, dude…like you wouldn't believe. It was like being in a cage with a bunch of sex-hungry animals. They're gonna fuck you…suck on your dick and balls, you name it…they do it all," Chuck warned him.

"You did this with them last summer?"

"Yep, right after I turned 18. The year before me it was Charlie," Chuck resonded, speaking about his older brother, who had since gone off to college. "The year before that, they gang-raped Aunt Morgan's son Eric."

Tate wasn't sure if his cousin was just fucking with him or not, but with his mom's promise, before they'd left, that he'd be losing his

virginity this weekend, he began to wonder how much truth their was to what his cousin was telling him.

"You'll know for sure if it's going down tomorrow if you get a surprise in your sleeping bag tonight," Chuck shared.

"What type of surprise?"

"Well…it's a surprise, so I don't wanna give it away," Chuck answered, "but don't worry, dude…you love it!"

The whole family sat around the fire that night, laughing and sharing stories. Tate couldn't take his eyes off the luscious legs of each mother. They were all freshly shaved and seemed to shimmer wonderfully in the glow of the campfire. Several times he would look up to see them smiling over at him lasciviously.

A short distance from their camp was a small building with showers. One by one his Aunts, mom and Grandmother went over to get cleaned up, then retired to their tents.

Tate finally extinguished the campfire and went to his tent also. He had a small lantern that illuminated the inside. As he stripped down to his boxers, he looked at his sleeping bag, remembering his cousin's words about there possibly being a surprise inside. However, the bag was laying neatly and seemed undisturbed. "I knew he was just messing with me!" Tate thought, then shut off his light and crawled inside the sleeping bag.

He immediately knew that something didn't feel right. Tate clicked back on his light and pulled at an object that was inside the bag with him. He was delighted when he discovered that it was a huge embroidered white bra. He fished out something else from within the bag. It was matching pair of dainty panties. He could smell the aroma of fresh pussy before he even brought them to his nose. He found another pair, then another, as well as three more huge silky

bras. All had been stuffed inside his sleeping bag for him to discover. The panties wreaked of musky vagina and sweet perfume.

Tate was startled as someone slowly unzipped his tent. He frantically crammed the undergarments back in his bag. His mom smiled as she crawled inside with him and zipped it back up behind her. She wore a pair of white snug long Johns that fit around her voluptuous body like a second skin.

"Your father's already snoring like crazy. At least he'll scare the bears away," she giggled.

"True," Tate agreed with a nervous smile.

"Why aren't you in your sleeping bag, darling? It's starting to get chilly out," his mother asked with concern.

"I was just getting ready to actually."

"Good. I'll join you. You can keep me warm while we talk," she suggested.

Tate hesitated, and his mom smiled at him reassuringly. "Don't worry…I'm not here to take your new toys away," she giggled. "Just bring them out for a minute, so we can get in."

Not really surprised that she knew about them, the boy did as his mom asked and crawled into his sleeping bag. Amber did the same, squeezing inside his comfy bag with him. "Stay on your back," Amber whispered, then draped a leg across her boy and rested the squishy swell of her tits against his chest. "There now…this is cozy," she warmly stated.

Tate's dick was already fully hard. Being in the same sleeping bag with such a busty beauty like his mom was a huge rush. He watched as she dangled one of the big bras above his face. "Wow, that's one

big bra!" she stated, then read the tag. "44 H-cup. Do you know who it belongs to, darling?"

"I'm not sure," the boy answered, shrugging his shoulder.

"That's your Aunt Jane's bra…and these are her panties," Amber said, lifting a tiny thong and dragging them gingerly across her son's face. "Can you smell her sweet pussy, baby? Can you smell the juices she left there for you to sniff?"

"Yes," the teen sighed, inhaling the wonderful cuntal aroma of his Aunt.

"Wow, look at this monster!" Amber observed, lifting another bra from the pile. She let the enormous embroidered cup loom over her boy's face as she read the tag. "40 triple K cup! Any idea who owns this one, darling?" she inquired, then masked her boy's entire face with it.

"Grandma?" the boy answered, marveling at the way the silky cup covered his entire face.

"You got it, baby," his mom responded, then slipped Ruth's dainty panties under the cup, rubbing the fragrant crotch against her son's nose. "And don't her panties smell wonderful?"

"Yes!" the boy excitedly answered.

"They've been hugging her warm pussy all day, baby."

The boy's ass rose upward as his boner flexed excitedly on his crotch. His mom rubbed her leg across his, pushing him back to the ground. "Down, tiger!" she giggled, then pulled Ruth's bra and panties away and dangled a different set above him. "Mmm, look at this sexy pair. These are Aunt Morgan's bra and panties, baby. I bet you've been aching to smell her pregnant pussy," Amber moaned, bringing the crotch of her sister's panties to his nose.

"Oh, wow!" the boy gasped, inhaling his Aunt Morgan's strong feminine scent.

Her and I have the same bra size," the mother revealed, dropping the two bras over her boy's face. "We both wear 38 J-cup bras, darling. Feel how soft they are," the mother whispered, rubbing the silky cups all over his wonder-stricken face. "Our big heavy tits have been stuffed inside these cups all day. All that wonderful flesh just pushing and heaving against them."

The mother pushed the cups aside, so her boy could look up and see the tiny yellow panties she was dangling above his face by one finger. "I bet you remember these, don't you, darling?" she asked.

"Those are the ones you had on today," he answered.

"That's right…the sheer ones that were stretched across my crotch during our car ride. Do you remember how you could see my pussy through them, baby?" she asked.

"How could I forget?!"

"And here's the thong that was stretched up my ass-crack," she observed, holding it out for her son to see. "The one you were pushing you erection against when we dry-fucked each other on the back seat. Remember that, darling?"

"Uh-huh," Tate responded, so fucking turned on it was killing him.

"That made me SO wet. The crotch of these panties must smell incredibly strong after that," she teased, then lowered the gusset to her boy's nose. "Are they strong, honey? Do the wreak of aroused pussy?"

The tangy aroma of his mom's panties were so powerful they made the boy's head swirl. He was too overwhelmed to answer, so he just nodded.

"If you fucked a wet pussy that's what your dick would smell like. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes," Tate answered.

"Tomorrow, I'll have something else special for you," Amber stated. "I want you to get up and go on the hike like you normally would every year. However, after about a half-hour, I want you to tell your father you're not feeling well, then come back to camp, ok?"

"Why do you want me to do that?"

"You'll see, darling. Just do it exactly the way I told you and everything will go as planned."

Tate could hardly sleep that night, especially with all the wonderful smelling panties and huge-cupped bras in bed with him.

The next morning, after breakfast, all the family members but the moms were prepared for the hike. "Everyone ready?" Tate's dad John asked. "Let's hit the trail."

"Have fun!" Tate's Grandma Ruth waved, kissing her own husband goodbye like a good wife.

Tate went along, just as his mother asked him to. She told him to stay with the group for a half-hour and it was the longest half-hour of his life. "Hey, dad…I'm not feeling well at all. I think I'm gonna head back," he told his father.

"Alright, kid. Do you need me to come with you?" John asked him.

"No, I'll just follow the trail back. I'll be fine," the boy answered.

"See you in a few hours or so then," his dad waved, then rushed to catch up with the others.

Tate eagerly hurried back down the trail, turning the half-hour hike into a fifteen-minute jog. When he arrived at the campsite, his mom, Aunts and Grandmother were all gone. He checked their tents, but still didn't find them. When he went to his own tent, he found a hand-written note taped to the door. It read:

"Tate,

Come down to the river, then follow it upstream until you find a red bra attached to a stick. There you'll receive further instructions.

Love, Mom."

Tate quickly went down to the riverbank, then followed it upstream as his mom had instructed. After about ten minutes of walking, he found the red bra that she had mentioned. Attached to it was another note.

"Hi, baby,

You're almost here! Walk back into the woods. You'll come to a giant Boulder. When you get to the other side, you'll see our tent.

See you soon!

Love, mom."

For several minutes Tate trudged through the forest before coming to the giant boulder that his mother spoke of. It was too big to climb over, so he went around it. It was then he saw a good-sized red tent set up nearby. If they were going for privacy, this certainly was an ideal spot, nearly a half-mile up the mountain from the Campground.

As the boy neared the tent, he noticed some shoes set neatly outside the door. He could hear some whispering and giggling coming from inside. "Mom?" Tate called.

Suddenly, the tent door unzipped and the boy's eyes widened as he saw his mom there on her hands and knees completely naked. "Hi, baby…you found us!" she beamed. Tate marveled at the way her heavy tits hung down. Over the rounded cheeks of her naked ass, he could see his beautiful Grandma sprawled on her back. Her giant tits were spread out on her chest like big round pillows of flesh.

"Get your shoes off and get in here, handsome!" Ruth demanded.

The boy certainly wasn't gonna argue. He kicked off his shoes and crawled into the tent. His two Aunts were inside also, they too as naked as the day they were born. Amber quickly zipped the tent back up and for a moment Tate felt like an animal caught in a trap. Soon he would find out what his cousin meant by being "gang-raped," even though he was a more than willing participant.

"Get him naked!" Ruth blurted, quickly getting to her knees.

Her daughters surrounded the boy and forcefully removed his clothing. Tate gawked at the way their enormous tits bobbled around as they stripped him down to his birthday suit.

"Look at that cock!" Morgan shouted, wrapping her hand around the base and yanking on it.

"Peel back his foreskin!" Jane excitedly requested, massaging her fingers through Tate's smooth nut-filled scrotum.

Tate watched in excited wonder as his pregnant Aunt pulled the skin of his cock back, exposing his glans. All four women gasped. "Oh my God, he has a fat knob!" Jane exclaimed, staring at the boy's pinkish-purple crown.

Morgan squeezed one of her milk-swollen tits with her free hand. "Fuck, he's gonna make me cum so hard!" she stated in a horny tone.

"Wait until you see how stiff he gets," Amber added, clawing her nails along her son's chest.

Tate felt his Grandma grasp onto his shoulders and pull him down onto his back on the air mattress. He gazed down at his two Aunts as they drug their long, thick tongues all over his boner.

He looked up as Ruth planted her knees astride his head and lowered her shaved pussy to his face. The boy's heart skipped a beat as he felt his Grandma's hot cunt smother him, while his cock was being swallowed in the wet warmth of Morgan's mouth at the same time.

"Bring his knees back to me!" Ruth commanded, making Amber and Morgan grab each of the boy's legs and prop them back on bended knees. Ruth wrapped her arms around the center of his legs, holding them back, while the two mothers quickly took position side by side down by the boy's nuts.

Jane was sprawled out across the teen, vigorously sucking his cock. She rolled her thick tongue around his swollen knob, whimpering from the sweetness of the pre-spunk drooling from his piss-slit.

Tate felt his mom and Aunt Morgan attack his balls, lashing their tongues through his scrotum, then they each slurped one of his cum-filled nuts into their mouth.

(10 seconds of sucking, moaning, slurping sounds.)

Tate's mouth was pried between his Grandma's cuntal folds, resting in her juicy vestibule. He licked at the mouth of her vagina, tasting the tang of her vagina juices. "Eat my pussy, honey!" Tate heard her say, then she swiveled her cunt across his face, plowing her big fleshy clitoris on his tongue.

Amber and Morgan played tug-of-war with the boy's nuts, pulling them in opposite directions. This tugged on the cord of Tate's vas

deferens, while they slurped lustfully on the oval-shaped meat of his nuts.

"Damn! Holy shit!" the boy's mind exclaimed as he experienced the pleasure of three moms working his cock and balls over at once.

Every few minutes, the three mothers would rotate around in a circle, so they could take turns either sucking Tate's cock or licking his nuts. Amber shuddered as she gagged on her boy's penis, trying to push it into her throat.

"Amber, are you ready to fuck this handsome boy?" her mother asked her, climbing off of Tate's face.

"Mmm, am I ever!" her daughter answered, climbing on top of her teen.

Tate watched his mom in wide-eyed excitement as she planted her knees astride his hip, then grasped on to his steely erection. She fit the tip of his prick to her shaved pussy, then lowered onto it.

"Ahhh!" Tate sighed, feeling his tender cock sink into the hot grip of a cunt for the very first time. It was only fitting that it was the cunt that he'd squeezed out of eighteen years ago.

He stared at his mom's huge stiff-nippled tits. They began to shake and ripple as she started humping her pussy-hole onto the satisfying stiffness of his cock.

"OH, FUCK…IT'S STRETCHING MY PUSSY SO GOOD, BABY!" his mother cried out.

The inexperienced teen gasped from the feel of her juicy pleated walls dragging along his cock-muscle. Since his penis was fully erect, his foreskin had peeled back, exposing his sensitive glans.

Tate's Grandmother was positioned beside him and leaned over the boy, staring down at him adoringly. "My darling Grandson's very first piece of pussy," she cooed. "How does it feel on your penis, baby boy?"

"Incredible!" Tate answered, staring up at her doting face through her long, cavernous cleavage. Ruth's dangling udders were capped with wide, thick-textured areolas. The nipples protruding from their centers looked large and succulent.

"Give Grandma those lips!" she purred, lowering her face to his.

Tate's young body shuddered excitedly from the feel of his Grandma's fat jugs squashing out against his chest like warm squishy bread dough. Ruth fused her lips to his and began sensually kissing him.

"I want some!" her pregnant daughter Morgan expressed, dragging her spongy prenatal tits up the boy's body as she joined her mother, taking turns smooching with him.

"Whoa! They're such good kissers!" the teen thought as the women took turn lashing their tongues against his. Though he hadn't had sex before today, kissing was something he had done, but never with such skilled partners.

Amber was bouncing up and down the length of his cock vigorously. Her meaty ass-cheeks lewdly slapped against his crotch in a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Fuck him, sis!" Jane shouted, waiting her turn. "Fuck his big teenage cock!"

Amber mashed her crotch on her boy's cock-base in full penetration, then swiveled her wide motherly hips up and back. She gasped as she felt his strong, rock hard cock push against her uteri.

"OH, FUCK…I'M CUMMING!" Tate heard his mother howl, then felt her strong pussy walls contract around his sturdy prick. Her urethra bulged and squelched around his cock-root, soaking him in hot female ejaculate.

"I wanna feel him inside me!" Jane insisted, then took her sister's place, straddling the boy.

Tate moaned, with his mouth stuffed with his Aunt Morgan's twisting tongue. Jane's juicy cunt-sleeve slipped down the boy's steely prick, plunging all the way to his nutsack.

"Fuck…if my husband had a cock this big I'd NEVER leave the bedroom!" the horny mother whimpered.

Tate clenched his toes in delight, feeling the spike of his boner slice up through the smothering pink walls of his Aunt Jane's pussy. Morgan and Ruth moved aside, so Jane could lean down and really ride the fuck out of him.

Tate gulped excitedly, watching his Aunt plant her hands astride his head. This caused her 44 H-cup tits to dangle above his gawking eyes. Jane's big round ass bobbed up and down as she fucked the boy lustfully.

"Thrust your hips, baby boy…fuck her pussy deep!" his Grandma urged.

Tate humped his ass from the air mattress, meeting his Aunt Jane's fuck-pumps. Their genitals smacked together lewdly. Her big udders brushed softly against his face as they swung heavily up and back.

"OH YES…FUCK ME HARD!!" Jane cried out, feeling a hot climax build inside her. The boy's dick flexed in the grip of her vagina, digging against her sensitive G-spot.

Tate gazed up between his Aunt's wildly swinging tits. Through the curtain of silky hair, her pretty face was masked with pleasure and she was panting like a woman who'd just sprinted a mile. He put a little extra power in his thrusts, wanting to watch her face when she went over the edge.

"FUCK…I'M GONNA CUM ON YOU!" Jane cried out. She clenched her pretty white teeth together and squeezed her eyes closed, feeling a tit-quivering climax sweep through her lush body.

The teen suddenly found his face buried in squishy tit-cleavage as his Aunt dropped down on top of him. Her warm flesh trembled wonderfully on top of him as she was hit with strong orgasmic contractions. "I wonder if Uncle Mac can make her cum this hard?" Tate thought, feeling her female ejaculate run down the sides of his nuts.

"Can I go next?" Morgan asked, looking at her heavy breasted mother pleadingly.

"Of course you can, honey. We'll all have plenty of time to work our cunts on him," Ruth answered.

Jane let out a deep satisfied sigh as she switched spots with her sister. "That good, huh?" her blonde-haired sister asked, throwing her leg across the boy.

"Fucking amazing!" Jane replied.

Tate's eyes nearly bugged out of his skull as he watch his pregnant Aunt mount his loins. Packed full of baby-meat, her belly was a giant orb that loomed in front of him. He felt her reach under and grasp his cock, then drug his knob through her engorged labium. His eyes drifted up the contour of her rounded belly to the huge fatty breasts resting on top of them. Unlike the other women, Morgan's tit-caps were a dark caramel-brown and extremely swollen due to milk

production. She shared a lusty gaze with her cute nephew as she fed his cock inside her eager cunt.

"WHOA!" Tate moaned, feeling how hot and tight her cunt was as it sheathed his young cock.

Morgan humped up and down on it, delighted by it's unyielding stiffness. "Oh my God, I would cheat on my husband every day with a dick like this!" she exclaimed.

"You might have to pry him out from between his mom's legs first," Amber joked.

"Isn't it incredible how hard it is?" Jane asked her humping sister.

"Oh, God, yes…it's like his cock is carved in stone!" Morgan answered in delight.

Facing her pregnant daughter, Ruth crawled over Tate's upper-half, letting her gigantic milkers dangle above his face. The teen stared up in wide-eyed wonder at the huge rounded undersides of his Grandma's tits. He had seen plenty of boobs online, but never the creamy backsides of a woman's boobs. It made him lick his lips with desire.

"He's gonna break my fucking water with that thing!" Morgan gasped, feeling the fat knob of Tate's cock smash against the head of her cervix.

The teen certainly felt a difference with Morgan's pussy. Vaginal engorgement, due to pregnancy, had caused Morgan's cuntal lining to thicken and secrete more than usual. This made the pleats of her rugae swell, creating rows of spongy purple ribs that felt divine slipping along the length of Tate's tender erection. Even her cervical head felt bigger and puffier as the boy's glans pushed against it on every thrust.

"Don't you go giving birth on us out here, honey," Ruth giggled, watching her daughter hump up and down on her Grandson's cock.

"I don't care if I go into labor," Morgan panted. "As long as there's not a baby sliding down my birthing tube, I want his cock in there!"

Tate's Grandma leaned down to his ear, letting her tits rest against him. "Roll her over and fuck the shit out of her, darling," she whispered.

"Alright," Tate replied. As soon as his Grandma was out of the way, the boy looked at her questioningly, unsure of how to get Morgan on her back.

"Pull her down onto you first," Ruth directed.

Tate grabbed his humping Aunt by the arm and yanked her down against him. Now his body was blanketed in squishy jiggling tits and a huge pregnant belly.

"Good boy…now roll her over!" his Grandma coached.

The teen rolled them on the wide air mattress, until Morgan was on her back, with him on top of her.

"OH, YES!" his Aunt gasped, humping her hips and setting them back in motion.

"Ahhh!" Tate sighed, thrusting between her warm thighs and feeding her his cock. He socked his dick through her pussy hard and fast, making his big balls beat against her ass. The feel of her silky legs folding up around him was exquisite.

"Yes!! Suck my fucking tits and make me cum!" Morgan cried out.

The teen didn't hesitate to latch on, while fucking as hard as he could. All three of the other moms squeezed their tits with one hand,

while stroking their swollen clits with the other, watching the pair fuck heatedly in front of them.

Tate felt Morgan's body tense up beneath him. Her cunt-tube suddenly clenched up around his cock, sucking it in even deeper. This made the boy's knob mushroom against her cervix and his balls tingle, triggering his orgasm.

"FUCK MEEEE!" Morgan grunted. She arched her neck back as her pregnant body began convulsing in a toe-curling orgasm.

Tate's young cock erupted with big gooey ropes of semen that splashed along the walls of Morgan's gushing cunt. The sound of her screaming out in climax only intensified his own orgasm.

After they became motionless, Tate rested there against his pregnant Aunt, feeling her cunt give off wonderful post-orgasmic contractions for nearly five minutes.

Tate peeked over and saw his Grandma sprawled out on her back, with her thick thighs bowed wide open and her dainty feet hovering in the air. "Now that we've eased the pressure in those nuts, why don't you come wrestle one out with Grandma," she suggested.

He climbed off of Morgan and his mom and Jane gasped as they saw how hard his cum-glistening cock still was.

"Oh my God, it still looks like a fully erect boner!" Jane beamed.

With his tongue nearly hanging out in lust, the boy stared a his Grandma's shaved vulva. Her thick inner flanges were peeled open and crowned by the tissue of her large clitoral prepuce. Her clitoris peeked from beneath it's hood like the tiny engorged knob of a cock. His eyes drifted up her belly to the giant melons spread out across her chest.

"Come on, baby boy," Ruth urged, patting her smooth thighs. "Come get nasty with me."

The teen crawled down on top of her, squeezing his glans through the remnants of her hymen. His eyes rolled back with pleasure as his cock was sheathed in hot mature pussy.

Ruth wasted no time with preliminaries. She clutched onto her Grandson tightly, wrapping her strong silky legs high around his back. Then, she pumped her big naked ass from the air mattress. "COME ON…SMASH MY CUNT-HOLE, DARLING!!" she cried out.

Tate snarled with pleasure as he fucked his cock savagely through his Grandma's hot, juicy cunt. In a matter of a minute he had her trembling in orgasm.

With one cum out of the way earlier, the teen was really able to pound his erection into her. He loved the feel of her giant tits sandwiched between them. Ruth had just recovered from one orgasm, when she was swept up into yet another.

"I'M CUMMING!! OH SHIT!!"

Tate lifted his head while he fucked into her, watching her pretty face twist from the pleasure he was providing.

"Ahhhh!" he sighed, feeling her spongy cunt-tube chew at the meat of his cock. The fact that he could hit the back walls of all their pussies with his big dick made him feel proud.

Suddenly, his Grandma rolled him over onto his back forcefully. "I'm gonna fuck you to the stars, honey!" she lustfully gasped.

Now it was his Grandma's turn to ride him. "Goddamn!!" the boy blurted out loud, as he found his face being battered softly by the biggest udders in the family. Ruth's ginormous triple-K's rocked wildly from her chest, beating all over her Grandson's wonder-filled

face as she rode him heatedly. He somehow managed to latch on to one of her protuberant nipples, suck it into his mouth and attacking it with his tongue.

"Oh, that's it, darling boy…suck those big fucking tits!" she shouted.

Her big round bubble butt quivered in delight as she stirred Tate's cock around in the clasping pit of her cunt. "MY GOD, IT'S SO FUCKING HARD!" she cried out, cresting on the edge of another climax.

Tate sunk his face into the squishy meat of his Grandma's tit. His lips formed a tight seal around the center of her areola as he slurped and pulled on her big rubbery teat.

He heard her let out a long drawn-out moan as her cunt contracted wildly around his prick. Her entire body jerked suddenly and a huge splatter of female ejaculate exploded out from between their humping crotches.

"OH, WOW!" the boy sighed, his voice muffled in tit-flesh.

His Grandma quickly crawled off him, her legs trembling as she cupped her pussy like it was simply to sensitive to continue. "Oh, good grief!" she sighed, staring at her Grandson's big soaking-wet dick.

Tate's mom was on him in a flash, mounting him in the reverse cowgirl position. The teenager was entranced by the sight of her thick peach-shaped ass rising and falling on his cock. Her fatty ass-cheeks rippled each time they struck his midsection.

Amber peeked back at her boy and smiled. "Make me cum, baby!" she whimpered, finding a nice steady rhythm. From this angle, Tate could see the swell of her heavy tits leaping up and down from the pace of her fuck-thrusting.

He flexed his cock-muscle, about making his mom explode right then and there.

"GOD!!...OH FUCK!! OH FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM!!" she screamed out.

"Let's smother that boy with our titties!" Jean told Jane and Morgan.

Tate soon found himself buried in squishy tit-flesh. He didn't know who's' tits were who's, but he didn't care. He sucked and chewed at all their big nipples, delighting in the heavy tit-meat dragging all over his face and neck.

Amber fucked her son's cock in earnest, gushing all over it twice more before Tate's boner erupted inside her. She had never felt cum-ropes splatter against her cervix so powerfully.

An hour later, back at the Campground, the husbands and kids returned from the hike. "Where are those wives of ours?" Jane's husband asked the other men.

"Probably just out for a walk. Wasn't that where they were last year, when we got back from the hike," Amber's husband John speculated.

"I think I'll start frying up some burgers. I need some meat inside me," Ruth's husband stated, not realizing how bad that sounded.

Up the mountain, his wife Ruth was certainly getting some meat inside her. It was the long, thick, juicy cock-meat of her Grandson as he fucked her from behind. "Wow, Grandma, this feels SO good!" he panted. He socked his sturdy prick through her clutching vagina, while watching her naked booty-cheeks ripple deliciously.

"Welcome to the world of sex, darling," she replied, winking back at him.

The four moms were lined up in a row, side by side, on their hands and knees. Their enormous tits hung down and their big round asses pointed out. Their bodies glistened with perspiration as they waited their turn to get a hammering from behind.

"I think I'll like this 'world of sex'…a lot," the teen expressed.

His mom peeked back of him with a naughty smile, wagging her fleshy ass invitingly. "You'll like it a lot more if there's mommy-meat involved," she assured him, making her sisters nod in agreement.

7: Anniversary Kink

Anniversary Kink

By Klrxo

"Dan Brown?"

"Yeah, this is Dan. Who's this?"

"My names Paul Hales," Tom replied, using his father's name, "Jennifer Hales husband."

"Jennifer Hales. Now there's a name I haven't heard in awhile."

"Yeah, she always talked fondly of you."

"Somehow I doubt that," Dan snickered. "Please don't tell me she had a kid back then that you just found out was mine?"

"No, that's not why I'm calling."

"Then why ARE you calling?"

"I was wondering if I could get your help? See, our marriage has really gone to shit and I was hoping you could tell me how I might spice it up?"

"Seriously, man?! You're coming to ME for marital advice? I'm just an ex boyfriend!"

"Just a certain type of 'marital advice' actually. I was wondering if you might tell me what she was really into…in the bedroom?" Tom pried.

Dan laughed. "Come on, fella…you've been married to her for how long and you haven't figured that one out yet?

"Yeah, I mean, we've tried a lot of things, but I was wondering if you might share something that I maybe HAVEN'T tried. Something that drove her crazy under the sheets, you know, just so I can spice things up a bit and keep my marriage from going down the shitter."

"Dude, we were in our early twenties when we went out. That was almost twenty years ago. Who's to say her kinks haven't changed since then," Dan pointed out.

"Come on, man…I'm desperate here! If there's anything that you could suggest, that I haven't tried already, I'll be eternally grateful!"

There was an awkward silence, and for a second Tom thought maybe Dan had hung up or worse yet, he'd figured out that Tom wasn't who he was pretending to be. "Hello…are you still there?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm still here," Dan replied. "Look dude, I can tell you what she was into, but honestly, you've probably figured all that out by now."

"Well, let me know what it is and I'll tell you."

"Jennifer liked a particular type of roll play, but like I said…if she hasn't had you use this on her by now I'd be shocked!" Dan explained.

"What was it?" Tom persisted, eager to see what his mother was into.

"She liked the burglar scenario. You know, a guy sneaks in through the window to rob a place…sees a beautiful woman laying there on the bed and decides to tie her up and defile her. You get me?"

"Yeah…wow, I didn't realize she was into that," Tom uttered, wondering now if they were talking about the same woman.

"Seriously?! Come on, man…you can't tell me she's never asked you to do that?! That was her thing!"

"No, never."

"Well, maybe she decided to put all that kinky shit behind her once she got married and had kids. You do have kids, right?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, um…we have kids. So, once you had her tied up…then what?"

"What do you mean 'then what?' What do you think?!"

"Can you tell me in detail…so I can be sure to get it right? If I'm gonna do this to her, I don't wanna goof things up."

"Yeah, alright. Now that I remember, there WERE certain things she liked me to do to her, once she was tied up," Dan replied, then went into exactly how Jennifer liked her fantasy role play to go. Tom listened in sick fascination, trying to imagine his sweet mom being a part of such a deprived sexual act.

"Well, hey…I really appreciate the information. Hopefully it does me some good," Tom concluded.

"Jennifer was a sweet girl and we had some good times. Yeah, she was into some kinky shit, but hey…we all have our thing, you know?"

"Yeah, we sure do."

"Good luck saving your marriage, man," Dan imparted.

"Thanks for your help."

Tom hung up, his mind still processing what he'd just heard. It was hard to imagine his mom being into something so naughty. He sat on that information, until the right time, which didn't come until a year later.

"OUTRAGIOUS!" Tanya Hales shouted as the forty-two year old brunette marched through the kitchen, then retrieved a bottled water from the fridge.

"What's outrageous?" Tom asked, chomping on an apple.

"The fact that your father missed his flight…again!"

"Was he able to find another one?"

"Not until late this evening…which won't put him home until well after midnight," Tanya complained.

"Wait…isn't it your anniversary today?"

"Uh-huh…and you'd think that would have been extra motivation for him to be at the airport on time!"

"Damn…sorry, mom. Did you guys have plans and everything?"

"A dinner reservation, that we now have to cancel."

"Why cancel?" Tom asked. "I'll go with you."

"That's sweet of you, honey…but you don't have to do that. Your father and I will just have to change it to another night."

"Yeah, but that 'other night' won't be your anniversary. Let me take you to dinner. I'll even pay."

Tanya laughed. "Fine, you can take me to dinner, but I certainly don't expect you to pay."

"I insist! I do have a job you know?"

Tanya fed him an endearing look. "Whoever ends up with you will be one lucky girl. I'll bet SHE'LL never have to worry about her husband missing his flight on their anniversary."

Later, Tom poured on the chivalry, even opening the car door for his mom. She looked stunning in her black, form-fitting maxi-dress and dainty high heels. Her silky dark hair was meticulously done up, the trusses flowing over her shoulders. "Wow, what a gentleman!" she expressed as she sat down in the passenger seat. There was no way for her sexy, shimmering legs to escape her son's gaze.

"Dang, mom…you really look stunning!" the boy observed.

"Thanks, honey. I must say you look pretty debonair yourself!"

"Oh…um, I forgot something inside. I'll be right back," Tom stated, then rushed back into the house. He hurried to his parent's bedroom, then cracked their window open slightly.

They had dinner at a fancy restaurant overlooking the city, talking mostly about Tom and his plans for college. The view out the window was spectacular, but the boy hardly noticed. He was far more interested in the sight of his mom's tremendous cleavage, amply displayed through the plunging neckline of her gown.

When they got back home, Jennifer turned to her son with a grateful smile. "Honey, thank you so much. Dinner was amazing!" she expressed, then moved in for a hug. The feel of her spongy breasts mashed against his chest made Tom feel dizzy with desire.

"My pleasure, mom…but I do have one more anniversary surprise for you though," he bravely stated.

"Anniversary surprise?" she asked, smiling curiously.

"Yeah…go in on your bed, lay down and I'll bring it in to you."

She fed him a curious glare, backing up the hallway towards her bedroom. "What sort of 'surprise' is this?" she asked.

"You'll see. Trust me…I think you'll love it!"

Jennifer went in her bedroom, slipped off her heels, then sprawled across her marital mattress. For nearly five minutes she lay there waiting for her big 'surprise.' "What on earth is this kid up to?" she asked herself.

Finally, she heard a strange noise at her bedroom window, sat up and looked that direction.

Tom was outside the window in a dark sweat suit and ski mask. He fumbled with the screen, trying to get it lose, but it was nearly impossible from the outside. "Fuck it!" he muttered, then punched his hand straight through screen and tore it open. "Hopefully I can fix that before dad sees it," he thought.

Jennifer watched with uneasiness as the man in black climbed up through her window. "Tom!? Is that you?" she asked, squirming nervously.

"Stay quiet and don't move!" Tom replied. He suddenly had his plans dashed as his mom burst out laughing, having recognized his voice.

"Honey, what in the world are you doing?" she asked.

Tom pulled some rope out from his sweatshirt pocket and moved towards her, trying to remain in character. "I'm tying your hands to the headboard…that's what I'm doing," he replied.

He grabbed one of her hands and started to tie the rope on, but she shook it away. "Okay, joke time's over. Take the mask off!"

"I don't think so, bitch!" the teen replied, then grabbed her hand and straddled her. "I'm tying you down and having my way with you!"

"NO YOU'RE NOT!" Jennifer shouted, shaking her hand away again. "Now take off the fucking mask and get off me, Tom!"

This time Tom knew she wasn't joking. He climbed off the bed and took off the mask shamefully. "Sorry, I was just trying to show you some fun for your anniversary!"

"Show me some fun?! Tom, that's hardly appropriate! Who put you up to this?" she asked. Jennifer knew it was more than just chance that Tom was

choosing this 'burglar' scenario to try to have his way with her. Only a small number of people knew that it was a long time kink of hers.

"No one put me up to this! I thought you liked it. I would never try to FORCE anything on you?"

"Even if you were just roll playing, did you actually think you were just gonna tie me up and have your way with me? FUCK ME?! I'm your mother!" Jennifer shouted.

"You're right…I screwed up. Sorry, I just wanted to make your anniversary special by doing something that I knew you liked," Tom expressed while quickly leaving her bedroom.

Jennifer lay on her bed for the longest time wondering who in the world Tom had been talking to, and why he thought it was OK that HE try to roll play this with her. Not since early in her marriage had her husband put on a mask, tied her to the bed and fucked her senseless. Yes, it was her son that had just tried it, but even that

had got her shaking with arousal. Just thinking about how much she used to love to roll play that scenario was bringing all of those thrilling memories back.

"Tom, can I come in?" Jennifer asked after tapping at his door.

"Yes."

Her son was on his bed, looking up at the ceiling and feeling like a complete idiot. The beautiful mother walked over and sat on his bedside. "If you want me to keep my mouth shut, so you avoid the wrath of your father…you need to tell me who you've been talking to," she demanded.

"Fine…it was Dan Brown."

His mother's stomach sunk. "Dan Brown, the guy I dated when I was like…twenty?"

"Yes. He was the one who told me those things about you."

"Where the hell did you meet Dan Brown, and why would he tell you THOSE things? You're my son!"

"I talked to him on the phone about a year ago and pretended that I was dad. I told him I needed some ideas on things that would excite you."

"You pretended you were your father? Why would you do that? Be honest!"

Tom hesitated. He could beat around the bush all night or he could just be completely forthcoming with her.

"Tom?" she blurted, staring into his eyes. "WHY?"

"Because I wanna have sex with you!" he bravely replied. "I wanna have sex with you…and I figured that if I found out something you

really loved, it would better my chances."

Jennifer sat there for a moment with her jaw wide open. "I'm not really sure what to say," she uttered, shocked that her son was desiring her sexually. She'd caught him staring at her tits here and there, but never suspected him wanting her.

"You don't have to say anything. You can be mad at me, ground me or whatever, but you asked me to be honest and I was."

After a long, awkward silence Jennifer reached over and placed her hand on her son's. "You didn't judge me for my crazy kink, I'm certainly not gonna judge you for yours. You've always been nothing but a sweetheart to me, lifting me up when I'm down, like tonight, on my anniversary."

"You've always done the same for—"

"Let me finish," Jennifer interrupted. "While I do think that us having sex together is not the wisest idea, I am willing to make an exception…just for tonight."

"Really?!" Tom asked, his insides tingling excitedly.

"Yes… 'really,' but on one condition, and this is NOT negotiable!"

"What is it?"

"That you get as nasty with me as you want and get it out of your system, so we never have to have this conversation again.," she answered.

"Deal!" he agreed. Sure, Tom would love to have a regular love affair with his busty mom, but if he only got to ravage her once, he certainly wasn't complaining about that.

"Give me a few minutes to get myself together, then you can come back though my window and defile me," she whispered, standing from his bed and sashaying to his doorway. The sway of her plump, peached-shaped buttocks made Tom shiver with anticipation.

This time when he came to her window, he could see that the light was off. He snuck in, just as before, and he could tell his mom was in bed, beneath the blankets. She suddenly turned towards him, acting startled. "What do you want?!" she asked in a panicked tone.

"I want you!" Tom answered, pouncing on top of her. His mom was in just her underwear and his heart thumped wildly in his chest as he quickly tied her wrists to the bed posts. Jennifer's heavy tits jostled beneath her embroidered bra as she made pathetic attempts to squirm away, while her son fastened her securely. "Please…don't hurt me!" she whimpered.

"I don't wanna hurt you! Quite the contrary!" Tom replied, throwing off his shirt. He licked his lips lustfully, grabbing the cross-straps to her bra and yanking the four hooks apart. Jennifer squealed as her boy threw off her bra, releasing her bobbling melons. Her luscious legs kicked around him as he grabbed her dainty panties and ripped them off her body like tissue paper.

Tom left the ski mask on, but quickly slipped out of his pants. His mom's eyes widened at the sight of his erect cock. It looked like a long vein-encrusted meat-sword, branching out from his crotch, ready to stab through her. His knob was like a fat pinkish-purple gourd with a slimy slit down the middle. "What are you gonna do to me?" Jennifer asked, in a sweet, innocent voice.

His eyes were fixed on the oval of her coral-colored pussy-slot, which look flooded with the juices of her arousal. It was framed in by thick vaginal flanges and a budding clitoral hood. "Nothing you won't love!" he replied, then dove forward like a child bobbing for apples.

Jennifer trembled as she felt her boy devour her cunt. Tom snarled lustfully, slicing his licker through her cleft and around her flaming clit. His taste buds tingled from the tangy flavor of her cuntal nectar and the sweet aroma made him dizzy with desire. His mom arched her back like a cat, tilting her pelvis, making her ballooning tits flounder on her chest. The wide rose-

colored areolar-caps were thick and crinkled from arousal, her nipples jutting from their centers turgidly.

Tom jabbed his tongue as far up his mom's slippery fuck-hole as he could, feeling her collapsed walls nip at his licker. He simply couldn't wait to feel that spongy tube of heated flesh around his teenage cock. Jennifer closed her warm thighs around his head like a velvet vice, trapping him against her twat as he lapped greedily at her cunt flesh.

When she released the stronghold, the teen scrambled up between her parted legs. "Time to give you what you REALLY need!" he implied.

He grasped his wagging cock by the hilt and lowered his knob into her heated crotch. "No…wait! I have a husband!" his mom whimpered in an exaggerated tone.

"Don't worry…you won't be thinking about him for very long," Tom stated. He stared down in excitement, watching her cunt-lips splay around the swollen bell of his prick. His cock-shaft flexed on his loins making the fat veins that ran down his stalk, like bolts of lightning, bulge obscenely.

Jennifer let out a squealing huff of air as she felt his massive slab of meat sink to its root inside her. Tom shuddered from the wonderful sensation of having his cock-meat buried in full penetration inside his own beautiful mom. The way her sleeve encapsulated his meat in rows of deeply-pleated ribs, made him realize that this was gonna be one incredibly-intense fuck, that would test his staying power.

As the boy began to saw his prick in and out, slow and steady, his mom flexed her coital muscles, making her vagina close in around him in a series of clamping undulations.

Tom brought his full weight down on top of her, crushing her meaty udders between them while they fucked. He thrust all the way in and held it there, letting his bulbous prickhead probe and throb in her cuntal core. When he withdrew, his prick was dripping with cunt-juice. He used these slippery secretions to lubricate his fuck-thrusts as he began to heave into her.

Tom slid his hands up her back, grasping onto her shoulders for leverage so he so he could really start laying some pipe. His mom squirmed beneath his bucking frame, churning her pelvis beneath him and screwing her cunt to his

cock-base on each thrust. The boy could hear her pussy slurp as it sucked and chewed on his prick-meat, while they found a feverish rhythm.

"Ohhh! This SHOULDN'T feel so good!" Jennifer gasped, clamping her smooth thighs around his haunches and hooking her heels behind his thighs.

Tom fucked his mom faster, feeding her his cock-meat. His slippery pink dick pummeled through the tightly-clasping tube of blood-engorged tissue and smooth muscle. His leaky tip smeared his pre-ejaculate all along her walls as they fucked, mixing with her oils to create a hot, frothy ambrosia.

They moved so beautifully together, even though the mothers wrists were bound above her. Tom plowed with energetic force, while his mom tilted her pelvis up and down, especially active for someone being 'helplessly' taken by a strange intruder.

"Oh fuck!" Jennifer gasped, her tawny dark hair whipping back and her eyes widening as the thrill of a climax began to surge through

her loins. "Fuck – fuck – fuck!!"

Tom raised up on extended arms so he could watch his mom's pretty face when she came. He gave her long, powerful thrusts; the sturdy muscles and ligaments at the root of his cunt-smothered erection tensing as they sustained the force of his deep cuntal plunges. Now that he was raised off her, Jennifer's huge tit-knockers rolled up and down her chest in unison, reeling and rippling uncontrollably. As her orgasmic hit in full-force her big boobies bobbled every-which-way as she convulsed in a toe-curling climax.

"Ooooh, man!" Tom gasped, feeling her slippery cuntal rings begins to pulsate like a powerful vibrating massager around his pumping peter.

Jennifer let out a beautiful orgasmic scream as her cunt was met with another contraction. She felt her son's prick swell even bigger, then he let out an evil grunt as he began to pour cum inside her. His creamy load was met by a deluge of female ejaculate. It took a long while for their bodies to stop moving as they worked to draw out every wonderful spasm of their mutual climax.

The sweat-sheened mother let out a satisfied sigh. "Alright…you got what you wanted. Now you better untie me and get back out that window before my husband gets home and kills you for fucking his wife."

Tom back out of his mother and paused above her, the juices dripping off his glistening cock. "Yeah, I'll go, but I can't promise I won't be back to take more," he breathlessly stated.

Jennifer glared meaningfully into his eyes. "You wouldn't dare, you brute!"

8: “Ass Forum…for Moms"

"Ass Forum…for Moms"

By Klrxo

Four beautiful moms sat on a sofa together, their freshly-shaved legs crossed and exposed beneath their short skirts. Sexy high-heeled mules dangled from their painted toes.

"Hi everyone! I'm here with three moms…Susan, Becky and Trina, and today we're gonna be talking about sex with our sons as it relates to the size and shape of our asses. Now, I personally have what's considered a cupcake ass. Becky, I know you have something similar, right?" the host, Mary, a short-haired brunette asked.

Becky, a beautiful 38-year-old redhead with a seven-month pregnant belly, smiled warmly. "I do…although my hips are a little wider, so my son thinks that I have more of a Pixar-mom-style ass," she answered.

"Those ARE certainly some true childbearing hips you have," Mary observed.

"Yes, I've had three kids…one on the way, obviously," Becky answered, patting her baby-orb. "So I've needed those wide hips, trust me."

"What advantages do you feel having the Pixar-mom ass has given you sexually?"

"I think it's mostly given me the ability to thrust and grind longer, particularly when I'm top of my son," Becky answered. "Usually, once I get the first cum out of his system, he's good for about two hours, if I need him to be."

"Because of his endurance…and short refractory period, right?" Mary asked.

"Yes, his ability to stay rock-hard for hours is incredible!"

"It true for all the boys, isn't it?" Trina, a buxom, blonde-haired mother chimed in. "Their young dicks can bring us off so much, simply because they can stay stiff for so fucking long."

"It really is amazing!" Mary agreed, sharing a big smile with all the moms. "My husband was out of town a few days ago, so obviously my son Tony and I were taking advantage of that. Tony must have stayed hard for like six hours straight. God, the amount of times he made me cum was insane!"

"Their penile rigidity is unreal," Becky agreed, "and because so, I feel like I can really utilize my wide Pixar-mom hips and get in an incredibly good workout on top of him, which brings me to screaming multiple orgasms every time we fuck."

"Now, Trina…you have more of what's known as a Cinnabon ass, correct?" Mary asked the mother.

Trina was a gorgeous platinum blonde, with pouty bee-stung lips. Her big baby-orb was nine-months ripe. A set of gigantic knockers rested atop the swell of her pregnancy. "Yes, a Cinnabon ass, or what a lot of boys would refer to as a bubble butt," she joked, making the moms laugh.

"Now moms with Cinnabon-style rumps are at sort of at a disadvantage sexually, due to the sheer thickness of their asses, right?"

"Yeah, I mean our ass-cracks are deeper, so sometimes a mother, in certain positions, may not get a great depth of penetration, especially if you're with a guy who has a shorter dick."

"Like your husband, I'm assuming?"

"Yes, my husband Bruce has never hit my cervix. He just doesn't have the length for it."

"Is this the case with your son also?"

"Oh no…not at all. Roger is about nine-inches, so even with my big bubble ass, he bottoms out," Trina smiled. The other moms all clapped.

"Now Susan, you have what's known as a Hawaiian sweet roll ass," Mary pointed out.

"I sure do and my son just bought me a new thong, so he's already asked me three times today to lift my skirt and show him my ass."

"Oh, wonderful! Can we see it?" Mary asked.

"Certainly!" Susan smiled, standing up from the sofa. Her belly wasn't as round and swollen as the other mom's prenatal tummies, but she still had a cute little three-month baby-bump showing. She lifted her dress and displayed her 'Hawaiian sweet roll' ass at the other women. The thong she wore disappeared between the fat rounded cheeks of her derriere. The other moms clapped and cheered upon seeing it.

"Susan, have you had any issues with depth of penetration?" Mary asked, the beautiful brunette mother.

"We did at first. My son, Steven, is seven inches in length, so when doing traditional doggy-style he wasn't hitting my cervix, which is something that was really important to me."

"Well, I think it's important to most mothers. Having their dicks touch our cervix's is just something that we expect, while having sex with our boys, right?" Mary asked and the other moms nodded.

"Definitely!" Trina responded. "A boy should always be able to pack his mother completely full of hard dick."

Susan continued speaking. "Yes, and I mean it's such a sentimental spot in our bodies too, right? It's where they squeezed out of us, so having a boy that can rub the tip of his cock against the gate to our womb is just deeply satisfying and heartwarming."

"So, what did you and your son do to fulfill that need for you?"

"It was pretty easy actually. It was just a matter of changing up our body positioning," Trina responded. "So, instead of me on my hands and knees, I would lean down on my forearms. Doing this would spread the cheeks of my ass naturally, so they weren't eating up as much of his cock-length."

"So, he was able to reach your cervical head that way?"

"Easily!" Trina smiled. The moms around her clapped.

"So, moms…what is it about thick rounded asses that boys themselves like so much?" Mary asked.

"I think it's the cushion," Becky answered and the other moms nodded in agreement.

"Yep!" Trina agreed. "Cushion for their pushin'"

"It definitely cushions their cock-thrusting," Becky added, "and not only that, but when we do a position like reverse cowgirl, where our asses are really on display, it gives them something fun and exciting to watch."

"You mean by the bouncing and the rippling that our ass-cheeks do?" Mary asked.

"Yes, I mean our asses are made up of a lot of fat, just like our boobs, so that makes it really exciting for the boys to watch, I'm sure."

"Well, heavens know they certainly love watching our big tits swing around," Trina commented.

Becky giggled. "Yeah, especially now that they're swollen with fatty fibers and prolactin, due to our pregnancies.

"Susan, do you agree with Becky's assessment of the boys being fascinated by our rippling ass-cheeks?" Mary asked, looking over at her.

"Oh, God, yes!" she exclaimed. "I always peek back at my son when he's fucking me doggy-style, just to see where his eyes are. Ninety-percent of the time he's watching my ass. I wanna say here that I really do think it's important for us as mothers to slam our asses back hard on these boys. No matter what style your ass is, hump back on them hard and give them the thrill of their lives."

All the moms clapped and smiled in agreement.

"Becky, you mentioned certain positions that allow us moms to display our delicious asses to our teens. Do you guys find it to be a challenge to display your rear-ends to your boys at other times of the day and if so, what have you done to get around those challenges?" Mary asked.

Trina spoke up first. "I think the biggest obstacles, as stay-at-home moms, is our other children and our husbands, you know, those other people that are floating around most of the time. It's really forced me to get creative with the ways I expose my ass to Thomas."

"Can you share some of those ways with us?"

"Well, obviously wearing booty shorts is one great way, or crossing the hallway in front of his open doorway, in just a thong, or naked, if I'm able to."

"I don't know about you guys," Becky blurted, "but I'm flashing my son constantly. Even with my husband and kids at home, it literally takes seconds to just stop what your doing, if you and your son are a room alone together, quickly pull down your shorts and panties and wag your ass at him."

"Yes, tease him with your ass, that's so important," Trina agreed.

"I flash my tits and ass at Steven all the time, day and night," Susan announced. "And I also flash my pregnant belly. I don't want him forgetting about the baby he's pumped inside me."

"I agree, Susan," Trina nodded. "Exposing our bellies and letting the boys rub their dicks against them whenever the situation allows."

"Well, since we're ALL carrying our son's baby," Mary said, patting her own round fetus-engorged belly, "that brings up another important question. "Has being pregnant made our asses bigger and plumper?"

All of the mom's smiled and nodded. "Mine, definitely!" Becky stated. "Not that my son minds at all."

"Mine either," Trina chuckled. "He gets off just laying on my back and plowing his dick through my ass-crack."

"Since we're on the subject of asses, let's talk about anal intercourse," Mary said. "I assume all of you moms are anally active with your boys?"

All the moms got ear to ear smiles and nodded eagerly.

"Oh yeah!" Trina blurted with a big mischievous grin.

"This mommy loves it in her asshole!" Becky sighed.

"Any tips you can give on having anal sex, as it relates to the size and shape of a woman's ass?"

"I think Becky hit on a good point earlier, when it came to depth of penetration," Trina stated, "because with anal, just like vaginal, we probably all wanna take our boys dicks deep into our rectums. Sometimes I think you have to experiment with different body positioning, until you find that magic one that give him the greatest depth and makes US moms go absolutely crazy."

"It's so true, isn't it," Mary agreed. "My friend Marybeth is doing the assturbation program right now with her son, so she's giving him anal milking three to four times a day. She struggled at first, because she has what they call burger buns… a very broad and fat ass. After experimenting, she said that her and her son found the perfect position for deep anal penetration. She straddles him, facing away and spreads her ass over his lap. She said that even with her big ass she's able to push her asshole right against the root of his erection."

"Wow, that's really cool!" Becky remarked. "Right up against a boy's cock-base is where the ring of a mother's ass belongs."

"I think even for those times where we're not able to have sex," Susan shared, "just being able to push our fatty asses back against our son's crotch, at a ball game or a family function, when no one else is watching, is extremely satisfying.

Mary smiled and nodded. "Thank you for mentioning that, Susan, because I DO think that's important. I constantly look for opportunities to sit on my son's lap. Even in front of people, it can come across as just a bit of innocent affection between mother and son, but secretly, that squishy pressure against a boy's cock, with a

little bit of subtle rocking up and back, can definitely make him cream in his pants."

"It's funny you mention that," Trina smiled. "I gave my son a dry fuck about a week ago at the county fair. I could tell he was horny and suffering, so we found a private little bench, while my husband took the other kids on the rides. I sat on my son's lap and did the squeeze and release technique with my ass-cheeks. It wasn't ten minutes and I could feel his knob spurting off, while it was wedged right up against my asshole."

"Dry fucks are great when you're in a pinch," Mary added.

"Another thing that's satisfying about having a fat, rounded ass," Becky shared, "is that if I sit on my son's face, to let him rim my asshole, I have the satisfaction of knowing I'm smothering his entire head with ass-flesh."

"That's a great feeling indeed, Becky. I'm glad that you mentioned rimming, because an important kink that most boy's have is the desire to lick and suck on their mother's asshole. One more question for you naughty moms before we wrap things up," Mary announced. "Where is the most exciting location that you've ever fucked your son? Susan, do you wanna go first?"

"Hmm, the most exciting location?" she repeating, thinking heavily on it. "I would have to say the beach."

"Do tell," Mary grinned.

SUSAN'S STORY

Steven licked his lips as he looked over at him mom, Susan, who was laying on the sand getting some sun. From his vantage point, he could see straight up her silky thighs, to her bikini-covered crotch. Her bottoms were molded snugly to her puffy outer labium, creating a delightful camel-toe. He couldn't help but become wickedly

aroused as he thought back on all the times that he recently beat his prick through the tube of his mom's cunt. He ached to be back inside her and feel all that pink pleated tissue squeeze around his boner, soaking his prick in hot secreting fuck-oil.

"That's the tastiest-looking Hawaiian sweet roll ass I've ever seen," the boy thought, as his eyes traveled up the swell of Susan's half-exposed ass-globes.

The beautiful mother lifted her head and peeked back at her boy. She could always tell, just by the look on his face, when he needed a piece of cunt. "Wanna take a walk, sweetheart?" she asked with a mischievous grin.

"Sure!" Steven eagerly responded.

The boy's father was playing with his two younger siblings in the crashing surf. After letting them know they were going for a stroll, mom and son walked down the beach, hand in hand. Steven could hardly keep himself from peeking over at her huge half-exposed breasts. They jutted out from her chest, bobbling heavily with each step.

"You must love my new bikini. You haven't taken your eyes off it all day," she pointed out in an amused tone.

"The bikinis nice, mom, but it's what's inside it that I'm most interested in."

"You think I don't know that by now," the mother giggled. "I have a surprise for you, by the way."

"What is it?"

Susan stopped and looked around, making sure they were a good distance from anyone else on the beach. "Drop to your knees," she requested.

"To my knees?"

"You heard me right," she reiterated, then watched her son kneel down in front of her. Susan untied the hip-strings of her bikini, then peeled the fabric from her crotch.

Steven's eyes widened as he was greeted with the sight of his mom's shaved pussy. "There's no more hair down there!" he exclaimed.

"You said you thought it would be sexy if I shaved my pussy, so there you go," the mother declared," as smooth a baby's bottom."

His mom didn't have a ton of pubic hair before. It had been neatly trimmed, but now that it was completely bald, he could really admire its unshrouded form. Susan's thick outer lips had a curved, magnet-like shape, meeting at the bottom. This shape created a window in the middle, revealing the darker-colored inner flanges of her labia, which connected at the top to form the fleshy dome of her clitoral hood. "Just as amazing as I imagined!" the boy marveled.

Susan reached down and used two fingers to pry open her fuck-slit. Now that her labial lips were splayed, her boy could gawk lustfully at the juice-slickened mouth of her vagina. "Wanna taste?" she asked, gazing down with a wicked smile.

"Of course, I do!" Steven responded, then mashed his face up in between his mother's cuntal folds. He dug his lips way up into her vestibule, snarling lustfully at the fragrant vaginal aroma that swept through his nostrils. He lapped his lusty tongue around the distal opening of her pussy-hole, probing around on the remnants of her hymen, which had been torn apart by a huge teenage cock like his own when his mom sixteen.

Susan gasped, holding her son's head to her crotch right there on the beach. Luckily, they were the only ones around, since all the

summer visitors had left. "FUCK!" she squealed as her body shuddered, making her mommy-milkers wobble from side-to-side.

Steven's licker snaked into her vaginal orifice, probing around just inside it. His young body tingled with sexual excitement as he tasted the sweet tang of his mom's cuntal nectar. The boy's erection was so hard it almost hurt. He yearned to have it pumping through the slippery cuntal tissue of his mom's pudenda. He backed away and gazed lustfully up her fuck-hole, at the juicy corrugated walls collapsing in on themselves. "Fuck! I gotta get my cock in there!" he frantically thought.

Susan knew full well what he wanted and she wanted it also. The mother of three was frustrated by her husband's dwindling abilities in the bedroom. Her teenage son had just what she needed between his legs and she wanted it buried inside her every chance they got. Susan quickly took his hand and led him away from the water. "Up here…in that cove!" she stated, her boobs bouncing as she led him into an even more private spot.

Steven watched excitedly as his mom dropped to her knees in front of him and yanked down his swim trunks. His erection bobbed upward, like it was spring-loaded, his fat, pinkish-purple cock-head glistening in the sun.

"Mmn, come to mommy!" Susan purred, grasping his meaty shaft. She peeked up at her boy with her sultry green eyes, while lashing her long pierced tongue all over his glans.

"Wow!" Steven exclaimed.

Susan planted her Hawaiian sweet roll ass against the sand and pulled her son down by his dick on top of her. She drew her knees back, bowing open her thighs, to provide a plush saddle for her son to ride in.

Entering his mom's vagina each time they fucked was incredibly thrilling for the boy. She was providing the most sacred part of her body for his sexual enjoyment. Feeling his young, tender boner snugly capsulated by the juicy, pleated sleeve of her hot cunt made him gasp out loud with delight. He just held it there a moment, in full penetration, feeling their engorged sex-organs throb together. He could feel the hot fuck-oil secreting from his mom's lining, lubricating his penis the natural way, preparing it to thunder through the tube of her vagina fluidly.

"Fuck me, Steven!" his mom gasped wantonly.

The teen let his weight fall, flattening her huge, bikini-clad tits beneath his well-toned chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and spread his knees between her legs as he began to thrust forcefully.

Hard and fast he fucked, making his mother gasp with each rhythmic plunge of his cock. "Yes, baby!" Susan groaned. "Tear me apart with that fucking cock!"

His big teenage scrotum beat against the rounded cheeks of his mom's ass as she twisted her lovely legs up even higher around his back. "Oh, my God, you are a fucking bull with that cock!" the mother cried out.

They found each other's lips and kissed passionately, fucking like their bodies were custom made for each other.

Steven's mind swirled wildly from both the feel of his mom's pierced tongue wrestling with his and her clasping cunt milking his cock. He could feel the puffy ring of her cervical head planting tender kisses on his knob each time he smashed them together.

Susan's pussy suddenly began creaming and contracting around the shaft of her boy's cock. Hot girl-cum burbled out around their

pumping genitals, making the smacking sound their bodies made become wet and lewd-sounding.

"Ahhh, shit, mom!" the boy grunted, humping like his life depended on it. "I'm gonna lay a load right up your cunt!"

"Pump it in me, baby!" she gasped, still reeling and trembling from her own powerful climax.

Steven collapsed onto his mother's belly, thrusting his cock to the hilt inside of her and holding it there. He let out a deep guttural grunt as a huge blast of hot boy-spunk power-washed his mom's back wall. Several more powerful ropes pulsed from his pisser, coating his mom's pink tube with thick baby-making goo.

Once they both caught their breath, Susan gazed up into his eyes. "You know, if we keep fucking like we have been, you're probably gonna get me pregnant. You know that, right?" she asked him.

"Yes, but dad will just think it's his, right?"

"Yes, baby, don't worry. Your dad will never know it was really ours."

BACK TO THE PRESENT

"Oh, my!" Mary, the host of the forum wickedly smiled. "Now, here you are, big and pregnant, just like you told him you would be."

"Yep," Susan giggled.

"Your husband must have thought that was quite the walk you two took along the beach," Trina teased.

"Yes, I was hoping he didn't notice the freshly-fucked look I had when we got back."

"Trina, what about you?" Mary asked. "Where's the most thrilling place you've ever fucked your son?"

"My husband's desk," she answered without hesitation.

"At his place of employment?"

"No, his home office," the mother answered with a big grin.

TRINA'S STORY

"Alright…our lunch to-go-order should be ready!" Trina's husband Bruce announced, heading towards the door with his keys. "I'm gonna go pick it up. I should be back in ten to fifteen minutes."

"Alright, honey!" his platinum-blonde wife sang from the kitchen.

Roger sat at the table drinking some juice when he saw his mom rush over to him. Trina pulled up her skirt and straddled him on the chair. Before the boy knew what hit him, his mom's thick pink tongue was in his mouth, lashing with his own. While frantically smooching, she pulled off her blouse, then his t-shirt. She ground her panty-covered twat against his hardening prick, making it clear that she wanted to be fucked. "Ten to fifteen minutes," she muttered between kisses, quoting her husband. "We can work with that, right, baby?"

"Uh-huh."

"I don't wanna fuck here though," she stated, staring into his eyes. "I have a better place in mind."

"My bed?"

"Nope, but don't get me wrong…I do love fucking on your bed, baby."

"Where then?" the teen asked, watching his mom unclasp her bra and release her giant tits.

"Your father's desk!" she answered with a wicked grin.

"Dad's desk? Are you serious?"

"Of course. Think about how hot that'll be…us fucking our asses off right there on top of all his work papers."

"Will you ride me?" Roger excitedly asked.

"Dumbest question ever!" his mom teased. "Carry me down to his office, lover."

Roger stood up, with his mom clinging to him. Her smooth tan legs were wrapped snugly around his midsection. At this point the mother was six-months pregnant, so her giant naked tits and round, fetus-engorged belly squashed up against the boy. When they arrived in his father's tiny home office, his mom slipped off him and quickly pulled off his shorts and boxer-briefs.

"Get on the desk!" she requested lustfully, while peeling her pink panties off.

Roger sprawled out on his father's big desk; papers spread out beneath him. He watched his mom crawl onto him like a hungry cougar. Her big fatty milkers wobbled around as they dangled from her chest. Trina straddled her boy, grasping his cock and bringing it to her shaved cunt. His mom had prominent inner labia that protruded from her fleshy outer clamshell. The gawking teen watched his swollen peter-tip slice up through her inner lips, flanking them around his meaty prick.

"OHHHH!" Trina sighed, lowering her rounded 'Cinnabon' ass and feeling her son's rigid cock stretch the lining of her pussy. She took him all the way to his pubic base, mashing her crotch against his. "Oh, baby…I love how big your cock is!"

Roger gulped excitedly, staring up at his mom's big rounded belly, to the twin melons ballooning out above him. Her puffy nipples and grapefruit-sized areola were a deep crimson color from increased

blood-flow. He marveled at how engorged they were and how she had big blue veins running just underneath the outer layer of fatty flesh. He knew his mom's boobs were changing, in preparation for milk production.

"Your tits look amazing, mom!" he gasped.

"Thanks, but they're still growing. By the time I give birth to your daughter you might be scared of these boobs, they'll be so fucking big. Not to mention they'll be dripping milk all over the place while we fuck," she said in amusement.

"I won't mind that at all!" he confessed.

"No?" she smiled, gazing down with her beautiful blue eyes. "You won't mind mommy soaking you in warm tit-honey, while you slam your boner through me?"

"No way!" Roger replied.

Trina began bouncing on her boy's cock fervently, making their flesh smack together. She did love her husband, but fucking her son places like Bruce's desk or their marital bed was extremely thrilling. Knowing he'd be back soon made it all the more dangerous and arousing for the naughty wife.

"Yes! Fuck me, Roger!" Trina gasped, increasing her fuck-tempo.

The boy ran his hands over her rounded belly, while staring up in awe at her wildly-bouncing tits. His mom's swollen oblong melons leaped off her chest in a wide looping pattern before smacking back down against her belly. The way her tit-meat rippled on impact was absolutely mesmerizing.

Roger's steely-hard cock plunged through the juicy tube of her vagina, the ridge of his cunt-smothered knob created delightful

sensations along the spongy walls of Trina's pussy, creating a quick climax for both of them.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming, Roger!" Trina squealed.

Seeing his own mom tremble and cry out in pleasure on top of him made the teen's excited prick spurt like crazy inside of her.

"I'm back!" his father's voice called out from downstairs.

Trina quickly hopped off her son, cupping her pussy, so Roger's hot cum-load didn't seep out of her and onto her husband's work papers. The two of them quickly put their clothes back on. However, the mother needed to scramble to her bedroom for a new bra and blouse, since she had accidentally left the ones she stripped off early in the kitchen.

Just as she suspected he would, her husband Bruce had questions about why her clothing was left on the kitchen floor. "What happened here?" he asked, pointing to his wife's big bra, after her and Roger returned.

"Oh…um, I boiled some water and it splashed onto me. It soaked right through my bra, so I had to get it off as quickly as I could."

"Oh, I see," her husband replied. "So…shall we eat some lunch!"

BACK TO THE PRESENT

"You didn't feel bad about fucking all over your husband's work papers?" Mary asked.

"No, not at all…I thought it was hilarious actually," Trina smiled and all the three other moms giggled and clapped, making their huge, milk-engorged breasts tremble wonderfully.

"Alright, Becky…you're up," Mary stated, looking over at the red-headed mother.

"My husband and I have always had 'our spot.' It's a little cabin that we went to on our honeymoon and rent out every year for our anniversary," she explained. "I mean, it's so special to us, that that we recently renewed our vows there."

"And?" Mary grinned, knowing where this was going.

"And…I was suppose to be going to Vegas with my girlfriend and my son was suppose to be camping with some friends…at least that's what my husband thought."

BECKY'S STORY

Like horny young lovers on a honeymoon, Becky and Aaron, her son, barged into the cabin, kissing and groping passionately.

"My, my…someone's not wasting any time," the mother giggled.

"Well…you WERE flashing your legs and pussy at me the whole way up here. What do you expect, mom?" the horny teen asked.

"Well, I don't know what to expect, but I'll tell you what YOU can expect," the mother said, teasingly pushing him away.

"What?" her son asked eagerly, sporting an obvious boner beneath his pants.

"You can expect to earn your way between these legs today, by finding something first."

"Finding something? Finding what?"

"Well…as you know, this cabin is a VERY sentimental place for your father and I. So sentimental in fact that the first time we were here,

on our honeymoon, we carved our initials somewhere inside here," she explained.

"Somewhere inside the cabin?" Aaron asked.

"Yep. So your challenge is to find that carving…because you're not getting any pussy until you do," she teased.

"Seriously?" he asked.

"Seriously! So you better get to searching, buster."

Aaron began frantically searching the timber walls of the rustic cabin. He was so consumed with looking that he hadn't noticed that his mom had stripped naked and sprawled out on her tummy on the couch behind him. "Any luck yet, baby?" she asked.

Aaron looked over and saw her laying there watching him. He gasped at the sight of her fat tits, bulging out from between her and the sofa. The rounded swell of her luscious 'Pixar-mom' mom ass made the teen's cock flex beneath his briefs. "You're such a cock-tease!" Aaron muttered.

"Am I?" Becky asked, staring at him wantonly.

"Can you at least tell me if I'm warm…or hot?" he asked.

The mother let her eyes drift lustfully to his bulging crotch. "Oh, you're definitely fucking hot!" she said in a seductive tone.

"You know what I mean," Aaron chuckled. "Am I close to you and dad's carving?"

"Umm…no!"

"Damnit! It must be in the bedroom then."

Aaron rushed into the tiny bedroom of the cabin and continued searching. "It's a rental cabin…so I feeling like if you're gonna carve something into the wall, you'd do it up high, so the owners wouldn't find it," he loudly stated.

"Why are you shouting?" Becky asked. "I'm standing right here."

Aaron looked over to see his mom leaning against the doorframe in a sexy pose. Her huge melonous tits were ballooning out from her chest. Their thick erect teats protruded out from the centers of her areolar rings. His eyes drifted down her trim torso, arriving at the upside triangle of her shaved crotch. His mom vulva looked like a flower bud about to bloom. Her darker inner labia could clearly be seen through the entire slit of her outer lips.

"Oh, did you come in here to tease me some more?" he asked.

"You mean to provide you encouragement? Yes!"

While to boy continued searching the walls, his sexy mom sashayed over and crawled onto the mattress.

"Where the hell is it?" Aaron asked in frustration. "You're not just messing with me, are you?"

"Don't give up, baby" his mom said in a sensual tone. She was in all-fours at the center of the bed, with her huge tits dangling down and her naked Pixar-mom ass pointed at her son. "You know you want this."

Aaron gulped excitedly, watching his mom wag her meaty derriere teasingly. He quickly went back to searching. "I'm not seeing it on these walls anywhere!"

"Who said it was on the walls?" his mom asked, rolling onto her back. "I just said we carved our initials in here somewhere. I never said WHAT we carved them into."

"The furniture!" Aaron blurted, then began checking an old dresser across from the bed.

After checking it thoroughly, he saw his mom spread out on the bed with her legs scissored back in a wide V. She was lustfully rubbing her pussy, while staring down at him. "I do hope you find it soon, baby. My pussy's on fire! It needs to be pounded by a big thick cock," she whimpered.

It was from this angle that Aaron saw it, right there carved into the wooden headboard, framed in by his mom's sexy splayed legs. "Wow…now I see it!" he chuckled. "Right there on the headboard. That's a pretty brave place to carve something."

"Hey, your dad and I are repeat customers. What are they gonna do…say something about it and piss us off?" his mom smiled. "Better get those pants off now, mister!"

Aaron undressed as quickly as he could, while watching his mom crawl back on all-fours. His big dick sprung out at an upward angle. The foreskin of his uncircumcised cock had peeled back, revealing the fat pinkish-purple helmet.

He wasted no time crawling onto the bed and mounting her haunches. The boy snarled lustfully as he drug his peter-tip through the moist folds of his mom's pudendal cleft. They both gasped in unison as Aaron plunged his cock into her vaginal furnace.

"Oh, shit, baby…I love it!" his mom cried out, then humped her ass back on him in lustful desire.

Aaron grasped his mom's wide hips, pumping into her pussy steadily. Their mutual fuck-thrusts made Becky's Pixar mommy-ass beat against her boy's midsection. The way her big, fatty butt-cheeks rippled each time they struck his cock-base was a feast for Aaron's eyes.

The old bedframe rocked and creaked from their heated doggy-fuck. Becky's big heavy udders swung beneath her, her hands gripping the sheets from the pleasure that was sweeping through her mature frame.

Aaron loved watching his thick vein-encrusted erection appear and disappear from his mom's body, over and over. The longer he pumped into her, the wetter his dick looked. It soon became covered in a wonderful white frothy substance as his mom's vaginal secretions mixed with the pre-jizz that was drooling from his cunt-smothered meatus.

Becky shuddered in a sexual blush as she felt her boy's boner flex inside her. It felt so long, thick and powerful slamming through her pit of pleasure. The crown of her boy's love-lance kissed the gate to her womb on every thrust. Her heart rate, blood pressure and respiration continued to increase as she was swept towards a powerful climax.

She couldn't help but smile wickedly, while looking at her and her husband's initials carved in the center of a heart, there on the headboard. It was put there when they were much younger, back when her husband could fuck her like her son was doing. Over the years her hubby had began to struggle with erectile dysfunction. Their sex-routine went from every night to every week and even when his penis could get hard, it paled in comparison to the size and stiff engorgement of her son's cock.

"Yeah, mom…take my fucking dick!" Aaron gasped, increasing his fuck-tempo. He beat his midsection on her buns even harder, while hammering the unyielding spike of his cock inside her.

"Oh, Aaron! Oh, baby! Oh, God, you're gonna make me cum!" the mother cried out breathlessly.

The boy had fucked a few other girls. He'd even fucked one of his friend's moms, but his own mother's pussy felt so much better than

theirs, especially when she came on his cock. "Ahh, fuck!" the boy groaned, feeling her birthing-tube contract, while listening to Becky howl in orgasm. It felt like her pussy was turning inside-out around his plunging spear, making his balls tingle.

"AHHH, GODDAMIT!!" the teen blurted in pleasure as a raging torrent of cock-cream moved up through the tube of his urethra.

"UGHHH!!" he grunted, feeling his mom's clasping cunt-walls milk out long, fat cords of spunk from his penis. On and on they continued to cum together, until Aaron felt as though he had blasted a gallon of spunk inside of her.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

"We spent pretty much the entire trip fucking our asses off," Becky told the other moms. "I'm pretty sure that's where he pumped his baby inside me," Becky stated, patting her huge prenatal belly.

"Sounds like the cabin became you and your son's 'special spot' after that experience," Mary pointed out.

"Oh, it did. In fact, before we left there, I had Aaron scratch out his father's initials on the headboard and put his own there."

All the moms giggled and clapped.

"What about you, Mary?" Susan asked. "Where's the most exciting place YOU'VE ever fucked your son?"

"Oh my God, there have been SO many great fucks we've shared together, but I think the most thrilling was one we had at the Boy's Sexual Training Camp."

"That's on that tropical island, right? Where some moms take their boys to teach them to fuck and eat pussy?" Trina asked.

"That's the one," Mary beamed. "It was the day of the visiting moms. I was paired up with four other huge-breasted women that my son had chose. One of which just happened to be an Elementary School teacher that he had a crush on when he was like eight-years-old."

"Oh my God, that must have been wildly exciting for him!" Becky stated.

"It was. You should have seen the look on his face when he was making that teacher, the object of his boyhood fascination, scream and gush all over his cock."

MARY'S STORY

"Whoa!" Tony gasped, staring up through the gaping cleavage of two enormous, wildly-bouncing tits. Though the tit-canyon he could see the pretty face of Shelly Nelson, a woman who was his teacher in the 3rd grade. Tony vividly remembered watching her move around the classroom with her big chest and sexy ass being the obsession of every young boy in class. Now, here she was, with her rounded donut-hole style ass beating again his crotch, while he pounded his cock through her snug pussy.

Shelly and her husband had three children, but all of them were girls, so she wouldn't have a chance to bring a son to BSTC. This is why the center had created 'visiting moms' day. To give women who didn't have sons the chance to participate in the sexual training of someone else's boy.

The big room at the center was filled with naked flesh. Huge breasted mom, sixty in total, were divided throughout the room, testing the newly taught sexual abilities of ten lucky teenage boys.

"Mom's turn!" Mary exclaimed, leaning over and staring into the eyes of her handsome boy.

Tony's soaking-wet dick popped from Shelly's shaved pussy, followed by a stream of her own ejaculate as she climbed off his cock. His mom quickly mounted him, wasting no time re-sheathing his cock with her own cunt. His mouthwatering view of her giant knockers was suddenly obscured as the other five moms moved in, showering his body with lusty kisses and licks, while dragging their fat, heavy tits all over him.

"Wow!" the boy gasped, feeling his mom ride his cock feverishly, while he was being smothered by five other beautiful moms. He went from one enormous tit to the next, sucking and chewing at their engorged nipples, while feeling the doughy-soft meat of their tits blanket his entire head and chest.

Mary smiled wickedly as she looked down at the other naked moms, with their long silky hair, smothering her boy with naughty affection. After bouncing on his dick for nearly ten minutes, the mother smacked her sweat-sheened crotch against his, crushing the horny bulb of her clitoris against his cock-root. She ground their engorged sex organs together in full penetration. Up and back and up and back she swung her wide motherly hips, stirring her boy's rock-hard cock inside her overheated pussy.

Tony's eyes rolled back in pleasure as he felt his stiff, muscled dick stretch the hot, juice-slickened lining of his mom's cunt. His sensitive glans were plowing against all sorts of wonderful cuntal tissue. It wasn't long before he felt the squeezing orgasmic contractions around his cock. He felt his mom's meatus bulge, squelching out hot female ejaculate that ran down the sides of his nuts.

The boy's face was sandwiched between two different mom's tits when he felt his prostate let out a wonderful pre-orgasmic shudder. "Ohh, fuck!" he grunted. The mother's heard him, but didn't

understand what he said, since his face was plastered in tit-meat. He humped his hips, socking his prick up through his mom's pulsating

vaginal.

Mary heard her son let out a guttural grunt and felt his knob mushroom even bigger. Then, she felt hot spurts of baby-making goo splatter along the walls of her cock-stuffed pussy. For a good five-minutes she milked it out, using her strong muscles to provide cuntal tugs and suction around his prick.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

"I don't know if I would have liked sharing my son's cock with five other women," Susan admitted. "I want all that hard meat all to myself."

"God, I'm fucking horny now!" Becky sighed, feeling cunt-honey ooze from the slit of her shaved pussy.

"Me too! Somebody's getting raped when he gets home from school," Trina added.

"Yes! This momma's gonna pound her meaty Pixar-mom ass back on her boy's big muscled cock!" Becky lustfully announced.

Susan held up her glass of wine for a toast. "Here's to using our horny mommy-ass, no matter what shape or size, to keep our hot son's dick hard and satisfied."

"I drink to that!" Mary added as they all clinked their glasses together. Their blood-engorged nipples and clits throbbed with a lustful hunger for teenage cock.

9: Attending Room 209…with Mom_1

Attending Room 209…with Mom_1

By Klrxo

"Ricky's having such a hard time in math class. With all those teenage girls strutting their hot little asses around it's a wonder any of these boys can concentrate," I told my friend Gail as we sat over coffee.

"Oh I know…my poor Ryan used to beat his tender cock every time he got home from school. I used to feel so bad for him."

Rocking my infant in my arms, I fed Gail an understanding look. "Oh, trust me…Ricky pulls on his prick all the time too. Wait… 'USED TO?' Ryan doesn't beat off anymore?" I asked.

"Nope, he doesn't need to, and Ricky won't either. All you have to do is come to Room 209 with me, during their lunch hour."

"What is this Room 209? I hear moms all over town raving about it?" I asked.

"Well, it's actually not a room, it's a house, across the street from the High School. It's a place the boys can go to get stroked, blown, fucked, whatever's on the agenda. That way they can concentrate the rest of the day."

My jaw dropped. "So where do the moms come in?" I asked.

"Where do you think we come in?" my friend giggled.

"Holy fuck, Gail…seriously?! You're helping to get Ryan off?"

"Yes, and you wouldn't believe what a difference it's made in his grades. As long as your son is eighteen he can participate in Room 209."

"Well, Ricky turned eighteen last week. How many other moms are doing this?"

"Lots of them, and the numbers are growing. I'm telling you, Michelle, if you want your Ricky to have an easier time in school, you should really consider it."

For a moment I actually found myself thinking it over. "Should I? How could I?" I thought, thinking of my husband. Gail and I had been friends for years. She was beautiful! Like the classic actress, Rhonda Fleming sort of beautiful, except she

had a thick, rounded ass and heavy tits, like I did. I usually trusted her judgement, but I wasn't so sure this time. "Oh, I don't know. If Dan ever found out I was draining our son's nuts he would completely freak out."

"Well, my husband wouldn't exactly approve of it either, but what they don't know won't hurt them. Room 209 is completely private and discreet, and fuck, it's not like I'm really cheating…I'm helping our son to succeed in school! It's different!"

Once again Gail's words were making sense to me. "Yes, that's so true…we mothers would do just about anything to see our boys succeed."

"Yep, and that includes letting them use our big busted bodies for sexual pleasure," Gail stated. "I know it sounds odd and

unconventional, but trust me when I say, it works. Why don't you and Ricky come try it out tomorrow and you'll see."

"Tomorrow?! I…um, well…maybe. Can I think it over?" I muttered, unsure whether I could really go through with it, or how my son would react to such a wicked method of helping him.

"Of course, just text me later and let me know what you decide."

Even though it sounded extreme and unethical, I knew what Gail said made sense. A boy's brain was in his briefs, it was just a fact of life. Giving Ricky mind-blowing sexual release during the day was bound to take the edge off and help him stay focused on his schoolwork. I wondered what Ricky would think of the idea of me, his own mother, helping to empty his nutsack daily. I knew he would often use my panties to beat his boner with, leaving them drenched with big loads of sticky cum. And more than once a day I would catch my sweet boy staring at my big tits or my meaty ass. I always excused it for normal teenage behavior. However, letting him gawk at my curvy body was one thing. Wrapping my legs around him and letting him fuck the shit out of me was taking things to another level completely.

****

"Dude, you gotta get your mom to meet you at Room 209!" my friend, Ryan, said as we walked home from school.

"I've tried. I let my math grades slip. Maybe she doesn't know about Room 209."

"Are you kidding, all the women in this town do is gossip! There's not a mom out there who doesn't know about Room 209. Why do you think more and more moms are meeting their sons there to help get their dicks off?"

I had to admit, the idea of my own beautiful mom sucking my cock or letting me fuck her hot pussy made my head spin euphorically. Mom was a platinum-blonde and had a terrific body, with the biggest boobs of all the moms in the neighborhood. My friends said she looked like a blonde, big-titted version of the actress, Kate Beckensale. Honestly though, she was my mom and was happily married to dad. I had no clue how she'd react to the idea. She might even be completely sickened by it. "I don't know, dude…I really can't picture MY mom doing something like that," I expressed.

"Ha! That's exactly what I thought about my mom at first. At home she was all prim and proper, never even said a swear word, but then in Room 209 she became this huge cock-milking slut. It was fucking awesome!"

Being the first one home from school I often headed straight to my room to jerk off, but as I moved up the stairs I heard mom call me from the nursery. "Ricky, is that you, sweetie?"

"Yeah…hi, mom!"

"Come in here a second," her sweet voice requested.

I entered the nursery to find mom in the rocker, nursing my little brother. She was wearing a short skirt and her legs were crossed in a sexy manner. My eyes followed her stunning frame, starting at her tan bare feet with their painted toenails, up the silky sheen of her luscious tan legs. Goddamn mom had gorgeous legs! Sometimes I could hardly keep from staring at them. Her form fitting sweater was pulled up on one side, revealing the parted cup of her maternity bra. My little brother's face was buried under the biggest mound of creamy tit-flesh I had ever seen. It was times like these that I wished I was an infant again.

Mom broke me from my trance, her beautiful face framed by a curtain of long wavy blonde hair. "How was school?" she asked.

"Oh, um…it was ok I guess."

"How's math class going?"

"The same," I replied with a telling frown.

"Ryan's mom was telling me about a program for the boys at school, during their lunch hour. Have you heard about that?"

My heart skipped a beat. I couldn't believe that mom was finally bringing it up. "Yeah, Room 209. I've heard some of the boys at school talking about it."

Mom smiled slyly. "What are they saying about it? I'm just curious."

"Oh, that it's um…pretty cool. They like it a lot."

"Has it helped them to focus more…on schoolwork in class?" Mom asked.

"Yeah, it's helped them a lot…or so they tell me," I answered, trying to sell it the best I could.

Mom gazed at me curiously, smiling slightly, while bobbing her sexy bare foot. "Would it help YOU?"

I swallowed hard in disbelief that mom was actually considering it. "Yeah, I mean… it probably would."

"Just probably? So it might not?"

"No…um, I think it would," I replied, trying to sound positive about it, but not too positive.

"I know I'm your mom, but could you accept my help that way… without it being too weird?" she cutely asked, staring into my eyes as she waited for my answer.

"I'm pretty sure I could," I replied, trying not to sound too eager.

"I know I'm just a stay-at-home mom, so helping you with math and things like that just wouldn't be something I'd be much good at. However, I know a lot about sexual things and I'm VERY adept at performing them. So, maybe there is a way I can contribute to helping you."

The door slammed downstairs and my little sister announced her arrival as usual. "Mommy?!" she called.

Mom rolled her eyes. "Ugh, that girl! Will you fix her a snack for me, while I finish feeding your brother?" she asked.

"Sure, Mom," I answered, taking one last glance at her big tan boob. I wondered if mom would forget all about our conversation, or whether she was actually considering helping me that way. I hoped for the latter.

****

At dinner that night I found my eyes drifting to my son, looking him up and down in a way I never had before. Ricky was such a lean, handsome teen, a younger version of his father, with my blonde hair and blue eyes. Sweet Ricky, the first born of my four children and nearly ready to graduate from boyhood. I found myself wondering what type of sexual experience he'd already had. "Had he fucked a girl yet, or had his tender cock stroked or sucked on by one of his pretty classmates?" I wondered.

My six year old's voice broke my trance. "Mom, tell Amanda to stop looking at me!" she whined.

"I'm not looking at you, crybaby!" Amanda, my sixteen-year-old snapped back.

"Yes you are!"

"Girls, please…stop annoying each other and just eat," I patiently chided.

My husband's attention turned to Ricky. "How are the grades coming along? You better get them up if you wanna play baseball this year," he warned.

"I know, dad," Ricky muttered, picking at his food.

I had made a firm decision in regard to helping my son, so I spoke up, looking at my husband. "Honey, do you think your mom would mind watching the baby, every day at noontime?"

"Are you kidding? She's always begging to watch the baby. Why every day though.?" hubby asked.

"Well, every day but weekends. There's a special tutoring program for Ricky, during his lunch hour. Apparently the mothers can meet them there and help out. You know, by offering support and such."

I looked over and Ricky. I could tell by the smile on his face that he liked the idea also.

"That sounds like a good program," my husband stated. "Give her a call tonight. I'm sure she won't mind."

I stared my young son in the eyes, giving him my best motherly smile. Our relationship was about to take a new and exciting turn and I could see the anxiousness in his expression. "Thanks," I told my husband "I just wanna do whatever I can to help him get his grades up." Little did my husband know how literal that statement was.

I texted Gail to let her know that I had made a decision. She responded promptly.

"THAT'S GREAT, MICHELLE! YOU WON'T REGRET IT. I'LL FORWARD YOU A COPY OF TOMORROW'S ROOM 209 ITINERARY."

I waited nervously. "What would my son and I be doing on our first day in Room 209?" I wondered. I hoped we could start slow, but from all I'd heard, I knew there was also a good chance I would be sucking his cock or getting fucked up the ass. I blushed at how thrilling it seemed, but reminded myself it was for a worthy purpose. Soon, Gail texted me again. It read:

"MONDAY

LOCATION: ROOM 209

WHAT TO BRING: BABYDOLL NIGHTIE, HIGH-HEELED MULES

SCHEDULE: 12 – 12:30: MOMS ON DISPLAY

12:30 – 1: HANDJOBS

SEE YOU THERE LADIES!"

"Phew…thank God!" I nervously thought. Of course I was willing to spread my thighs, or take his cock up my ass, if it meant helping my boy, but a handjob

seemed like such a better way to break the ice. There was part of me that couldn't believe I was actually considering this. I was married for God sakes and Ricky was my son. However, I justified it, just as I'm sure the other moms did, by the fact that it would be helping my child succeed. If I was honest, there was another part of me, a part that all grown women had deep down that found it extremely wicked and exciting. I had stroked a lot of dicks throughout high school and college, and to this day my hubby comments on my 'magic hands.' I considered myself quite the pro in the skill of giving a hand-job. I just never thought in a million years that I'd be giving one to my own son.

Before Ricky rushed out the door the next day I gave him a quick reminder, although I'm sure he didn't need one. "See you at lunchtime, sweetheart!"

Ricky looked me in the eyes and we exchanged an anxious smile. We were headed down a naughty road and we both knew it. "Ok, mom…I'll be there!" he blurted.

I dropped the baby off at my mother-in-laws, then at 11:30 I pulled up across the street from the High School. I had arrived at a cute little cape-style home they called Room 209. I stepped out of my car with my oversized bag in hand. Wearing a skirt, I couldn't help but notice how my freshly shaved legs gave off a silky sheen in the noon-day sun. My dainty feet with painted toenails were propped in a pair of 4-inch spiked-heeled mules, which clicked delicately against the concrete as I stepped up the driveway.

"Hey, girl!" Gail exclaimed as she moved out of the house and greeted me with a hug.

"Cute place!" I said, looking at the house.

"Isn't it? Kate Dobson owns it. She donated it to the moms of Westfield."

"Well, that's a pretty generous donation."

"From what I've heard, her and her son were the first to develop the program, but that was years ago. Come on, I'll give you a quick tour," said Gail.

We stepped inside the foyer. The first floor was neat and furnished, and had a model-home feel to it. Downstairs was a different story. At the bottom of a stairway we entered a large dressing room with a wall of floor-to-ceiling mirrors. Scattered around the space were what had to be thirty middle-aged moms chatting, giggling and primping. I recognized some of them from various school functions

and sporting events. Most of the women were naked or in various states of undress.

"Michelle!" A women shouted. It was Tori Richards, a mom I had gotten to know last year from our sons playing baseball together. The curvy, shoulder-length dirty-blonde was already adorned in her pale-yellow babydoll nightie, her gigantic tits clearly visible through the mesh fabric. We hugged. "It's SO good to see you! Is this your first time here?" she asked.

"Yeah. Ricky has been struggling in class, so we decided to give it a try."

"He's gonna love it! It's done wonders for Steven."

One of the women shouted to the rest of us. "Fifteen minutes until the lunch bell, ladies!"

Tori smiled anxiously at Gail and I. "Well, I'll let you two get your nighties on…get all beautified for your boys. I'm sure they're so fucking anxious right now they can hardly stand it!" she hurriedly spoke.

Undressing, I felt like a model preparing for a fashion show. As I unhooked my bra and slipped the embroidered cups from my milk-swollen breasts I heard Gail gasp. "Holy shit, Girl, have your tits gotten bigger?!" she exclaimed.

"Well, duh…I AM breastfeeding a newborn, remember?"

Tori had slipped on a pair of six-inch mules and was posing provocatively as she looked herself in the mirror. "Well, nothing wrong with that," she stated. "Teenage boys LOVE big tits!"

"You can say that again," agreed Gail, slipping on her sexy nightie. "Ryan can't keep his hands off of mine when we're here."

"Well, IT IS hand-jobs today, so our boys are probably gonna wanna blast their ball-goo all over our heavy tits," Tori chuckled.

Gail spun around, displaying her skimpy attire. "Tah-dah! What do you think, girls?"

"It's beautiful!" I answered, looking her nightie over.

"It's called a Jezebel babydoll. It came with the matching g-string."

Like me, Gail had a luscious rounded ass and her g-string disappeared between the meaty cheeks of her derriere. "Wow! Well, I didn't wanna brave a g-string my first time out, so I decided on a pair of mesh bikini panties," I stated, turning to display my own ass, which was clearly visible through the mesh fabric of the bodice. The panties were semi-transparent also, exposing the shadowy crack of my mommy-buttocks. I peeked back for Gail's approval. "Is it too revealing?"

Both Gail and Tori laughed at my question. "Look around, girl. This is room 209. There's no such thing as 'too revealing,' trust me," Gail replied.

I slipped on my six-inch stiletto heels, completing my outfit. Gail and I stood in front of the wall of mirrors, along with the other moms, posing and brushing through our big manes of hair. I applied a light coat of pink lipstick, as Gail sprayed on some perfume. "It seems so surreal that we were doing it all for our own sons," I commented.

"Mmm, wait until you see how quickly their dicks get hard. It's wonderful!" Tori remarked.

I took a moment to look around, laughing to myself. "This is crazy! Middle-aged married women acting like a bunch of primping college-girls waiting for our dates to arrive," I thought. "Crazy…but exciting at the same time."

"Just wait until you see the boys' eyes light up when we first walk out," Gail stated. "It's like that gasp you hear on Christmas morning, when they see all their gifts beneath the tree."

"Yeah, but THOSE gifts don't get their dicks off," I joked.

"True, there," Tori laughed cocking a foot to one side, flexing her coppertone legs as she posed in front of the mirror. "Even so, can you blame them for gawking? Look at us. We're fucking Goddesses!"

For a moment I felt a little ashamed at what my son was about to see me in. "I can't believe I'm gonna be letting Ricky see me in this, but I know it's what needs to be done to help him," I stated.

"That's right, Michelle," Tori agreed. "Our boys are sexually curious by nature. We're helping them to satisfy their curiosity, so they can stay LESS focused on all those cuties in class and MORE focused on their schoolwork. It's a mother's duty to help that happen."

"The bell just went off ladies!" a mother shouted.

Gail grabbed my arm excitedly. "The boys are coming!" she beamed.

****

"Come on, dude!" Ryan shouted back at me as we rushed across the street We weren't the only ones. There were many other guys I recognized from class and sports teams I had played on who were also rushing towards Room 209. I noticed that mom's car was among the many others sitting in front of the house. "Oh my God, she's really here! This is really happening!" I thought, my heart beating with nervous excitement. Ever since I had caught a glimpse of mom's tits when I walked by her bedroom at age thirteen, I had been dying to see them again. I wondered if I'd get to see her large breasts and perhaps even more than that today.

****

"Follow me, Michelle," said Gail. Our dainty heels clicked on the hard floor as we quickly grouped by a door of another room in the basement. Over thirty beautiful moms, including myself, were adorned in babydoll nighties, waiting like anxious teenage girls. I heard the beat of music start from the room on the other side, then exchanged an eager smile with another mom I recognized. Our boys shared a class years ago. I starting to feel at home among the women who I knew were just like me, married, but determined to help their sons keep high grades. However, I was still incredibly nervous. This would be new territory between Ricky and I and I wasn't completely sure how we'd navigate it discreetly. I was also unsure if I could go so far as to fuck him, since I felt so strongly that it was something that only a husband and wife should share.

"So…um, hand-jobs, huh?" I asked.

"Yep, we get to beat some teenage meat today," One short-haired blonde mom giggled.

"Mmm, I love stroking young cock, but, of course, this isn't about MY likes. I'm doing it to help my son,

like we all are," another mother stated.

"I noticed on the schedule that the first half-hour is 'moms on display.' What does that mean exactly?" I asked.

"The boys will be standing in a big circle stroking their dicks, while we parade and pose around them. They call it moms on display," Gail explained.

"Oh my God, what am I doing, Gail?! This is crazy!" I said, suddenly thinking of my husband. He certainly would divorce me if he knew what I was about to do, and the last thing I wanted was for my marriage to be destroyed.

Gail giggled and took my hand reassuringly. "Just relax and have fun. Remember how much you'll be helping Ricky. That's what this is all about," she reminded me."

"You're right," I muttered, "and when his grades start improving it'll all be because of this."

I could hear rushing footsteps upstairs as boys filed down the back stairway. My Ricky was with them. "Was he as nervous as I was?" I wondered.

One of the moms bounced on her feet excitedly, making her big boobs bobble beneath the silky covering. "They're here!"

"They're all inside and the upstairs doors are locked," a mom noted as she joined the rest of us.

Gail squeezed my hand. "Here we go!"

The door at the front of the line opened and moms began to file into the room. I recognized the music. It was "Naughty Girl" by Beyonce. I followed closely behind Gail, our high-heels clicking lightly on the floor as she led me into the room.

****

"Dude, get your shorts off!" my friend, Ryan, blurted as he quickly removed his trunks and started shamelessly stroking his stiff cock.

I surveyed the large, yet cozy space. The music was loud and the spacious room had a dim nightclub-like atmosphere. Circled around the parameter, the other guys had their shirts off and their shorts around their ankles. They gawked, and shamelessly stroked their dicks as one-by-one the moms sashayed inside the room.

****

"This is it, Michelle!" Gail said excitedly, squeezing my hand.

I scanned the room for my son, Ricky, finding him on the far side. Unlike the other boys, he was still dressed, although I could see the tent-pole forming under his shorts. My boy looked nervous and out of place. He finally turned my way and we made eye contact. Still stuck behind a few women, I smiled at him reassuringly and gave him a cute little wave.

I followed Gail through the crowd towards our boys, who were side by side. She let go of my hand, and like the other moms, I found myself sashaying to the beat of the music towards my son. I paused a moment and watched Michelle slip around her cock-stroking boy in a sexy manner, dragging her nails on his shoulders. It was almost shocking to watch, but wildly erotic at the same time.

My gazed drifted to Ricky. My dear Ricky. There was no one between us now and good heavens was he gawking. Gawking at his mommy's nearly exposed body in her naughty negligee. I wanted him to be naked like the other boys were. I wanted him to be stroking his erection, proudly showing it off to me. I wanted him to pleasure himself to the sight of me and wondered why he wasn't.

****

Mom was beautiful! I stood there, frozen in nervous excitement as she stepped towards me, rocking her motherly hips to the beat. Like the other moms, she was wearing a sexy white babydoll nightie, made with Chiffon fabric and cute bow detail. Matching white heels displayed her pretty feet. The swell of her big

braless tits wobbled with every move and I could faintly see the dark circles of her huge areola through the lacy semi-sheer fabric of the cups.

She tilted her head a little, drawing my attention to her face and fed me a loving smile. "Hi," she mouthed.

Feeling awkward, I smiled back.

Ryan glanced over at me, beating his cock shamelessly in his hand to the sight of our moms. "Come on dude, get your fucking shorts off!" he urged.

****

Ricky looked at me timidly and I smiled and nodded, letting him know nonverbally that it was ok to show his cock and jerk it's length to the sight of me. I knew this was the ice-breaker moment and probably the toughest we would experience. "It's ok," I mouthed reassuringly.

Finally, he fumbled with his zipper and dropped his shorts and briefs. His erection caught on the waistband of his briefs, then bobbed up and down stiffly on his loins as it sprung free. For a moment I just stared at my son's penis like no mother should. The engorged head flared out angry and shiny as it capped the long rock-hard cylinder of meat. His shaft rose impressively, curving upward and encrusted with bulging veins. He wrapped his hand around it and began jacking off.

Gail snapped me from my trance as she wandered over by me and did a sexy standing pose for her son. "Wow, Ricky has a beautiful dick, Michelle!" she stated as we both stood there staring.

"Right?" I whispered, agreeing whole-heartedly. "It looks longer than I expected."

"Damn, a good-sized knob on it too," Gail observed.

I gazed back up at Ricky's face. He was practically drooling as he looked my nearly naked body up and down. This made me blush, but I knew it was my motherly duty and I was gonna do the best job I knew how. I cocked one leg out in front of me, bent at the knee,

then placed my hands on my wide hips, thrusting my big oversized chest out for my teen. Ricky's eyes widened, gazing

at my double H-cups as they threatened to rip right through the top portion of my nightie. His eyes drifted up to mine and I smiled back proudly.

Gail spun around, displaying her meaty backside for Ryan, so I did the same for my boy. I wanted him to take in every inch of my body.

****

"Holy shit, mom's ass is amazing!!" I thought as my eyes traveled to Mom's rounded derrier.

"Look at those fucking asses, dude!" Ryan shouted, beating his pecker shamelessly.

Crowning her strong tan mommy-legs, the cheeks of mom's lovely ass were spilling out from under the hems of her tight bikini panties. I could see the shadowy crack of her buttocks through the semi-sheer fabric and it made my cock flex and throb in my hand.

Both my mom and Ryan's mom were displaying their luscious bubble butts, peeking back at us over their shoulders and giving us naughty smiles and winks

"Damn, you can see your mom's ass-crack right through those mesh panties. Holy fuck!" Ryan exclaimed.

"I know," I answered, glancing over at the buns of his mom's rump, "and look at the thong YOUR mom's wearing. It's SO hot!" I muttered.

I peered around the room and saw that all the beautiful moms were posing in their nighties, just like mine and Ryan's. The other boys too were all stroking their dicks, while their moms displayed their

bodies. It was the most lewd but sexually charged scene I had ever beheld, and it was awesome!

****

"Michelle, let's go into the bunk." Gail suggested, taking my hand. "Don't worry, they'll follow us."

"Mind if we join you?" Tori asked as she followed.

"The more the merrier," Gail replied.

Behind the boys was a silk curtain. We gazed lasciviously as we sashayed past them like horny sluts and parted the fabric, revealing a private king-sized bunk. I was new to this and followed the lead of Gail and Tori as they slipped off her mules and crawled onto the mattress.

The four boys stepped in behind us and stood at the foot of the bunk beating their boners as they watched us crawl on all fours. Us moms peeked back with naughty smiles and wagged our meaty behinds at our sons, watching their cute reactions.

Michelle and the other two moms rolled onto their backs, drawing their knees up and bowing their thighs open. I followed along, resting back on my elbows, bringing my knees up and displaying my spread for my son. My God this felt so wonderfully wicked!" I thought.

****

"Holy shit yeah…look at that!" Ryan shouted, stroking his cock feverishly as he looked at the spread of both his mom and mine as they lay side by side in the bunk.

Mom's legs were bowed open limberly, revealing the soft saddle between her thighs. She smiled and watched me react, her little

bare feet hovering in the air teasingly. The gusset of Mom's panties were snug against her mons, revealing her bulging outer lips and the cleft of her cunt through the fabric. I never dreamed I'd see her like this. I mean, I did, but never thought it would actually happen. I knew the reason they were laying this way was so that we could imagine ourselves sprawled between their sexy legs beating our erections through their fuck-holes.

Mom's pretty eyes were wide as she watched me beat my meat. It all seemed so surreal, yet wonderfully exciting. I was so turned on that I felt like my cock was gonna blast off my balls like a rocket ship.

****

"Can you believe how big those dicks are? They're not our little boys anymore," Gail stated, glancing over at me.

"No, they're sure not," I agreed, watching Ricky's fist fly up and down his rock-hard peter, just like the other moms were doing to their sons.

"Look at their cum-filled balls," Tori purred. "Look at how their jiggling while they stroke."

"They're balls look swollen," Gail observed. "Even if the boys masturbated this morning, it probably doesn't take long for their nuts to swell with hot boy-nectar."

"Come on in, boys…don't be shy," Tori urged, then the four boys crawled in the bunk, each kneeling in front of his own spread mother. Laying there waiting, I watched Ricky beat off right in front of me. I felt a tinge of guilt, but the surge of naughtiness flowing through my body expelled all thoughts of my husband out of my mind. I decided to throw my legs back even further, showing my son how truly limber and fuckable I really was.

This time Gail and Tori followed my lead and we scissored our mommy-legs open nice and wide, so our flexed bare feet pointed in opposite directions. Ricky reacted just the way I hoped he would, gasping out loud, his cute tongue literally hanging out lustfully as he jacked his cock hard and fast to the sight of my widely-spread legs.

"Gee, ladies, I think us moms are really turning these boys on!" Gail stated with a giggle.

"It sure looks that way," I added giving Ricky a wink.

"You boys love seeing how us moms can spread our sexy legs when we fuck, don't you?" Tori asked.

"Hell yes we do!" her boy answered.

Gail giggled. "Don't you wish you could crawl down here between our warm thighs and replace those hands with hot, juicy pussy?" she asked.

"Yeah!" all the boys answered in unison.

****

"Damn, our moms are so fucking sexy, dude!" Ryan blurted.

"That's for sure!" I agreed as my eyes drifted across mom's silky tan legs. They were completely extended and scissored back into a huge spread eagle. I marveled at how strong and soft they looked and how her sexy tan bare feet pointed out like those of a ballerina. "Damn, I'd love to fuck her!" I thought.

I watched mom stare at my dick as I stroked it. Her eyes were big and I swear I could see her tongue peeking out. She looked up at me and smiled, then went back to staring at my woody. It was pretty obvious she's was mesmerized. I couldn't help but wonder if my dick was bigger than dad's. I saw Ryan's mom point at my dick and

whisper something to mom, but I couldn't tell what she said over the music. I could see in their facial expressions that they were both extremely impressed by what they were watching.

Ryan pointed. "Dude, check that out…you can see their pussy slits right through their panties!"

It was true. Mom's white panties were just transparent enough that I could see her labial meat and the deep coral gash of her fuck-slit. It was an incredible sight, especially with her legs tossed open the way they were. "Oh man, dude…that's so fucking awesome!" I muttered.

****

From outside the bunk a female voice shouted over the music. "Twelve-thirty…time for hand-jobs ladies!"

"Mmm come on, girls…fun time!" Gail shouted as she got to her knees. I followed, and we all four playfully pulled our teens down onto the mattress and laid them down side by side next to each other. We took position at their sides gazing wondrously at their big teenage erections, which pointed up stiffly.

I grazed my long, painted nails up my son's six-pack abs. "Wow, was he ever handsome laying there with his big throbbing penis," I thought.

Mounted on the walls were lubrication dispensers. We moms squirted some on our hands, then I peered down at my anxious boy. "Ready, sweetie?" I asked.

****

I swallowed a big gulp of air as I peered up at mom. She looked so sexy and beautiful kneeling beside me in her babydoll nightie. The fat rounded peaks of her tits loomed over me and I marveled at the

flesh I could see through the silky fabric. "Uh huh," I answered with a nod.

Mom traced her fingers gingerly down the underside of my boner, smearing the heated lubrication along my shaft. Then, she spread her hand over my sack and squeezed my nuts tenderly. Pulling the skin of my scrotum made my boner rise from my tummy. My cockhead flared and pre-cum oozed out my piss-slit. The whole time mom gazed up at me, gauging my reaction.

****

Ricky's body shivered as I squeezed my fist around his lengthy shaft, taking a slow upward stroke. I reached the head and skimmed my thumb across his frenulum and through a pool of leaking semen. This aided with lubrication as I began to stroke my loving hand up and down my son's rigid peter.

"My God, they're so big and hard!" Gail whimpered as she jacked Ryan's cock in a slow steady rhythm.

"I'll say! I can't even get my hand all the way around it," I replied giddily.

"Look at all the amount of pre-ejaculate that's drooling from their piss-slits," Tori pointed out. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"It makes such a great natural lubricant," Gail added, using her son's pre-spunk to slicken up her boy's dong.

Watching my circled fist slowly travel up and down caused me to reflect a moment on how much different Ricky's cock was than his father's. It was thicker, longer by probably three inches. "It most definitely harder!" I thought, marveling at how his throbbing meat felt hot in my hand. I could quite literally feel the blood pumping through the bulging veins that encrusted his stalk. Ricky's crimson crown was twice the size of my husbands, shiny and engorged with

blood. It was quite something, and looked like it could pop off the tip of his prick at any moment.

****

"Oh damn, dude, now that's a fucking hand-job!" Ryan sighed as he lay beside me.

I lifted my head and gazed down. Kneeling beside us, both our moms were pumping our dicks with their pretty hands. Their big tits wobbled heavily beneath their nighties as they expertly beat our meat.

"O-h-h wow!" my voice trembled, delighted by the friction mom's hand was creating. I watched her clutching fist, with her sparking wedding ring, jerk skillfully up and down my cock in a perfect corkscrew motion. It made me think about how much dad would freak if he saw what she was doing. It was okay though, I knew we were alone inside the locked doors of Room 209 and he would never find out.

Mom smiled up at me. "Does this feel good, sweetheart?" she cooed.

"Yeah." I gasped.

"Am I doing it just the way you like it?"

I nodded in response, wishing I could be stroked like this by her all the time.

****

"Ryan's glans are so sensitive. I can really see his balls tighten up when I focus on the head like this." Gail said, applying squeezing strokes around the tip of her son's dong.

I rubbed my slippery fingers around my own son's glans.. "Well, their teenage dicks are so young and inexperienced. They've probably never felt anything like what our hands are doing to them."

"True, those girls at school certainly can't stroke cock this way," Tori added.

"Well, how could they? Those girls aren't experienced enough to know all the magic spots on a boy's dick," said Gail.

Ricky gasped and his whole body jerking in pleasure. Ryan and Steven too were whimpered and writhing from their own mothers' handiwork.

"Mmmm, I love the muscular base of the shaft…right up against the balls," Tori said, massaging the fingers of her second hand around the root of her whimpering son's cock.

I squeezing my thumb wetly back and forth across Ricky's flaring sweet spot. "Mmm yes, my favorite is the frenulum, right underneath the knob."

"Ooohhhnggod, Mom!" Ricky moaned, as his body gave off a pleasurable shiver.

This made all us mom giggle as we watched my boy squirm. "Mmm see, sweetie, we may not know much about math, but we moms know where ALL your magic spots are."

Gail and I stroked our sons' dicks in a perfect corkscrew, rhythmically beating their meat. The lewd creamy sound of three hands stroking big cock filled the bunk area. I imagined all the other moms in the bunks surrounding the room, crouched beside their boys like the three of us were, milking their teenage erections. "What a wonderful program for the boys!" I thought. "This is exactly what Ricky needed."

****

I thrust my hips to meet mom's slippery strokes, feeling my cock slip through her fist as if it were a tightly gripping pussy. "Ohhnnggshit!" I whimpered, as I felt the pleasure shooting through my balls.

I felt mom's other hand clasp my nuts, stroking them with her fingers as her fist jerked expertly up and down the length of my rod, not missing a beat.

I gazed up to see mom looking down at me, reveling in my pleasure. My beautiful, big titted mom. I loved the way her heavy mams were bobbling around beneath her nightie to the rhythm of her milking. She fed me the naughtiest smile I'd ever seen as her hands worked skillfully on my cock and balls.

A lady's voice sounded over the music. "Ten minutes, Moms! Time to make our boys cum!"

Ryan's mom sped her tempo, gazing down at him. "Come on, baby. Mommy wants to see cum spurting out the tip of that hardon!"

Mom's fist sped up also, milking my erection with long squeezing strokes. She gazed me in the eyes with a look that immediately sent a tingle to my nuts. "Come on, sweetheart, cum for me!"

I began to hear a chorus of boys around the room gasp and groan as their dicks spouted off.

"Oohhh, motherfucker!!" Ryan groaned, thrusting his hips as ropes of his cum sailed into the air. I wasn't far behind him.

****

I felt my Ricky's balls tighten between my fingers and saw his knob mushroom even more as it prepared to launch the torrent rising up through his meaty cannon. "Here it comes!" I cooed out loud, then

watched as a thick geyser of milky-white cum shot four-feet into the air. I gasped as my mouth fell open. It was absolutely breathtaking.

The four of us mothers let out a cute little girlish screams, which almost seemed involuntary as more cream spouted from our sons cocks. At that moment, we weren't grown women, but sexually excited girls their own age yanking and squeezing on impressive young dicks.

"Oh my God…so much cum!" Tori exclaimed.

"Mmm, yes…pent up in those young balls all morning…just aching for release!" I added.

For five more minutes we squeezed the cock-milk from their balls, pulling out every drop of cum. The boys whimpered and writhed as they experienced pleasure that could only be given at the hands of a loving mom.

****

"Fuck, dude...that was awesome!" Ryan sighed as we smiled over at each other.

"I know…damn!" I replied, catching my breath from a mind-blowing cum.

Our moms leaned down and planted kisses. "Feel better boys?" Gail asked.

"Oh yeah!" Ryan sighed.

I looked up into mom's big sparkling eyes as her face hovered inches from mine, framed in my her silky blonde hair. "What about you? Did mom do okay?" she asked.

"More than okay," I replied, gazing down at her extraordinary cleavage.

The same female voice sounded through the room. "Quick showers, boys! Five minutes until the bell."

We all crawled out of the bunk and our moms planted one more kiss. "See you after school, sweetie," Mom said.

Ryan and I stood there a second and watched our sexy moms sashay towards the others, who were filtering out of the room. Mom's buttocks undulated atop her sexy legs, almost as if she knew I was watching it. Both her and Ryan's mom peeked over their shoulder and gave us cute little waves, glancing down at our pricks.

"Just think, dude….you could be pounding that fucking ass tomorrow." Ryan reminded me, then rushed off.

"Man!" I muttered, following after him.

****

"That wasn't so bad, right?" Gail asked as we shared the spray of one of the showers. The stall had six shower heads spread along the wall and was packed with naked, heavy-breasted mothers, like myself, washing our sons' cum-splatter from our bodies as we chatted and giggled.

"Coming back tomorrow?" Tori asked.

"Yeah, I mean, if it's helping him then I suppose there's nothing wrong with showing up again tomorrow."

"Don't forget your 'at home display,' at least once a day," Tori informed me, while soaping her meaty mams down.

"At home display?" I asked.

"Yes, posing provocatively, in secret of course. It keeps the boys motivated," Gail added.

"Oh I see."

"And remember, Michelle, when you're displaying yourself at home like this to your teen throw out all feelings of guilt. You're doing nothing wrong. What you are doing his helping him…reminding him of the secrets of Room 209 and his determination to stay focused in class." Tori explained.

"Got it!" I replied.

As I sat the next morning, breastfeeding my infant, I thought back on the first day of our Room 209 experience. It was so cute how my son's eyes got big as he watched me pose in my naughty negligee. I loved the way his tongue hung out as he gawked at my body, while beating his young, horny erection furiously. What a beautiful piece of meat Ricky had between his legs, how it stood so high and proud. I was so happy that my son had a long thick dick. It would serve him well in life as he navigated through various sexual experiences. I smiled as I replayed the grimace on his cute face, while he shot huge ropes of hot cum high into the air. He must of loved the way mommy gave him the hand-job of his dreams.

My cellphone chimed, snapping me from my reverie. The text read:

"TUESDAY

LOCATION: ROOM 209

WHAT TO BRING: MINI MICRO BIKINI, HIGH HEELED MULES

SCHEDULE:

12 – 12:15 – MOMS ON DISPLAY

12:15 – 12:30 – NAUGHTY WHISPERS

12:30 – 12:50 – BLOWJOBS

SEE YOU THERE LADIES!"

I mix of emotions filled my mind. A hand-job was one thing, but taking Ricky's dick in my mouth and sucking on it's meaty length was bringing things to a whole other level. However, as taboo as it seemed, it was a level I was willing to

go if it meant helping my boy. I thought about Dan, my husband, how it would hurt him so much if he found out that I was gonna gorge myself on our son's cock and let him cum down my throat.

"He won't find out," I said to myself out loud.

I knew Room 209 was completely private, in the basement of a home behind locked doors. It was a well kept secret between moms and sons and husbands would never know about what went on there.

Gail had added me to a group text called "Moms of Room 209" and I began to see other women react to the day's schedule.

"LoriM: Yaaay! "

"Penny38: I love, love, love blowjob day! "

"Brendabecham: Can't wait to suck on my boy's delicious dick!"

"LadyLeslie: Yay! I finally get to wear my mini micro. Hubby never lets me wear it in public."

"BarbR: Me too. I can't wait to wear my naughty sling for my boy."

"SarahParker39: don't forget to do your "at home display" this morning ladies. Let's remind our boys what they're working for."

"GloriaV69: already done here. I let my Sam take a peek between mommy's legs this morning. Without panties of course, hehe."

"LoriM: left my bedroom door open a tad…made sure Kyle got a good look at me unclasping my bra last night."

"GailGirl: Woke Ryan up completely naked, while hubby was in the shower. Couldn't take my eyes off that morning wood! "

"SarahParker39: Haha daring!! I love it!"

I giggled and typed a response to Gail's comment.

"MichelleD: Gail, you are so bad! Haha"

"GailGirl: yes, welcome to the 'bad club' Michelle lol.

"SarahParker39: AKA…MOMS WHO LOVE BIG TEENAGE DICK! "

"MichelleD: that doesn't sound like a bad club to belong to," I jokingly replied.

A short time later, while I stood in the kitchen prepared my children's lunches, my mind wandered where it shouldn't. I thought about how much I loved sucking cock and how good I had gotten at it over the years. I would often make my husband's head spin with pleasure as I pulled out all the tricks, including deep throat. "Ricky's dick is so big. Could I take him to the balls?" I wondered.

My body shuddered with a wicked thrill and my nipples were so hard it felt like they could pop right off the peaks of my tits. "Mmm, sucking on my handsome boy's big teenage cock, nursing on that shiny cock-head…yummy!" My clitoris throbbed beneath it's fleshy hood as I thought about all the wonderful ways that I was gonna work my son's dick over with my mouth and tongue.

"BOO!" I suddenly jumped as Dan snuck up behind me and patted my ass.

"Oh God, honey, you scared me!" I stated, turning towards him. I could feel a trickle of pussy juice running down my inner thigh.

"Sorry babe. Need help with anything?"

"No um…just about got the lunches together."

He noticed my nipples popping out from beneath my robe. "Damn… is someone a little excited this morning?" he teased.

I covered them blushingly. "No, just a little cold in here I guess," I replied.

Our girls rushed in and grabbed their lunches, then came Ricky. I found myself gazing at him over my husband's shoulder. My eyes drifted down his handsome frame, pausing at the bulge under his shorts. "I wonder if he's even had a blowjob before?" I thought.

"How did the lunch tutoring go with Ricky yesterday?" Dan asked.

My husband's words went in one ear and out the other. Ricky's eyes met mine and I smiled warmly. "Was he still marveling at that wonderful hand-job mommy had given him?" I wondered. "I wonder if he's yanked one out this morning?"

"Babe?" hubby blurted, drawing me from my trace.

"What?!" I snapped, then realized I had no right to be annoyed. "I'm sorry, it's just…I was thinking about something."

****

"I was just wondering how the tutoring session went yesterday?" I heard dad ask.

Mom glanced my way, looking a bit frazzled. "I think it went…um, well. What do you think, sweetie?" she asked me.

I took a big nervous gulp. "Yeah mom, I think it helped."

"Well that's great. Whatever it takes to keep those grades up," said dad.

Mom smiled and nodded in agreement, looking me in the eyes. "That's what I think too…whatever it takes. Besides, I rather enjoyed giving Ricky a…HAND yesterday," she stated, winking over at me.

I watched mom kiss dad and my siblings good-bye, studying the way her big breasts bobbled beneath her robe, unfettered by a bra.

****

The girls rushed out to the car as I kissed Dan goodbye. "Thanks for dropping the kids off," I told him.

"No problem, Babe. Have a good day." Dan said, then shouted to Ricky. "Yo, let's go kid, the family bus is leaving!"

Dan disappeared and Ricky threw on his backpack. Like a nervous schoolgirl, my heart fluttered. "Have a good morning, sweetheart," I said sweetly.

"Bye, Mom."

I watched him step towards the door, biting my bottom lip hesitantly. My inner voice rang out suddenly. "DISPLAY YOURSELF FOR HIM, MICHELLE!!"

"Ricky?"

****

I stopped in the doorway and turned towards mom. What I saw nearly made my heart skip a beat. Mom was standing with her hands on her wide hips, the giant swell of her stiff-nippled tits thrust out proudly. I could see plenty of creamy tit- cleavage spilling from the thigh-high silk robe and her rubbery teats protruding out from beneath the fabric. One of her naked copper-tone legs was cocked forward through the slit in her robe, slightly bent at the knee. Her bare foot was arched, accentuating the muscles in her silky tan leg. Her big mane of blonde hair framed her pretty face as she gazed at me, watching my reaction. "…See you in Room 209," she softly stated, making my stomach tingle with excited butterflies.

"Do you know what's on the agenda there for today?" I curiously asked.

****

"Yes I do," I answered with a teasing smile.

"Can you tell me…or at least give me a hint?"

I knew I wasn't suppose to outright tell him, so I decided to just provide a flirty hint. With my son watching, I used my tongue to make my cheek bulge out a few times, as if there was a cock in there stretching my mouth out.

"Ohh!" my son blurted, his eyes going wide with excitement. "That!"

"Yeah…that!" I giggled. Every second I stood there, in a pose for my son, I could feel my robe parting further, as the sash loosened. It finally untied completely and the robe parted. I didn't stop it, but the hems caught on the stiff peaks of my nipples, preventing it from opening all the way.

"Dang, mom!" my son gasped, staring at the cleavage of my nearly exposed tits. His eyes traveled down my tapered belly, but before

they could arrive at my uncovered pussy his dad honked the horn from the driveway, startling us both.

I quickly pulled the robe closed. "You better get going, honey. See you at noon," I assured him.

After my morning shower and house cleaning I visited a store in the mall called "Kate's lovely lingerie and bikinis." I pushed my infant's stroller up the isle

between racks of sexy bras and panties. "Can I help you with something?" said a pretty woman in her mid-fifties.

"Yes, do you carry mini micro bikinis?" I asked.

"Absolutely dear, right back here in the corner."

I followed her back to quite the assortment of skimpy swimwear.

"I have a few different styles. The traditional micro G string bikini or the micro sling-backs," the woman informed me.

I giggled as I picked one off the rack. "Not much to them is there?"

"Not at all. The thonged bottom leaves about ninty-nine point nine percent of your buttocks exposed. The front portion covers about twenty-five percent of your pubic mound."

"Wow, and what about the top?" I asked.

"The fabric on a micro is designed to cover the areolas and not much else. The bikini is VERY revealing, especially on a big breasted woman like yourself. You must be a Room 209 mom?" the woman asked

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Oh, I get mothers in here all the time purchasing items to wear in Room 209. It's such a wonderful program for those young boys."

"I think so too."

"So, I take it mini micro bikinis are what the moms are wearing for today's noon-time session?"

I nodded, browsing through a few. "They are, and I've wore some skimpy bikinis in my life, but never anything like this," I confessed.

"Well it's definitely as close as a mother's going to get to being completely naked. Would you like to try one on?"

"Sure. Ricky's favorite color is red…so why don't I try this one." I said, lifting the dainty set from the rack.

Satisfied with the way it fit, I had the saleslady ring it up. "It's such a wonderfully wicked thing for a boy…to see his own mother in such things," the woman stated.

"Whatever helps my son to stay focused and keep his grades up, I'm all for it."

"Well, it must also be a thrill for you moms…being on the receiving end of those young hard dicks. My son always had such strong erections when he lived at home."

I giggled as I handed her my credit card. "I think boys spend most of their time with erections, don't they?"

"It certainly seems it, especially at that magic age from eighteen to twenty. My attention was less on my husband those years and more on the teenage cutie down the hallway."

"Trust me, I know what you mean." I said, almost ashamed to admit it. "I was really surprised to see how much more well endowed my

son was than my husband.."

"They're at that peak age where their dicks are constantly hard and they're ALWAYS thinking about pussy."

"Well, hopefully us moms can help satisfy that curiosity a little bit, and keep them out of trouble," I replied.

The woman extended her hand. "I'm Kate, owner of the store. If there's anything else you need, please let me know."

"Thanks, Kate, I'm Michelle," I replied, extending my hand for a shake.

****

"Dude, ten more minutes!" Ryan whispered to me as we sat in History class.

My heart thumped excitedly. Ten more minutes until Room 209. I imagined what mom was doing at that moment. She was probably with all the other moms putting something naughty on. I wondered what it might be.

"What do you think they're gonna do to us?" Ryan asked me.

"I think it's gonna be blowjobs."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Could be. Steven thinks they're gonna wrap our dicks between their tits today. I'm hoping we get to fuck their pussies," Ryan expressed.

The thought of boning my own beautiful mom made my hardon throb almost painfully in my shorts. "Would she really go that far?" I thought. "Would she really let me stick my dick inside her?"

****

I listened to Gail and a red-headed mother named Sarah chat as we all got naked and put on our micro bikinis.

"All I know is if Ryan doesn't make the team I'm gonna be heartbroken," Gail expressed.

"Well, my husband is good friends with Bob, the coach, so I'm hoping that's gonna give Clay an extra boost when it comes to making the team," Sarah replied.

I finished tying my skimpy top and turned towards the girls. "What do you think?" I asked.

Gail's eyes got as big as saucers. "Holy milk-cannons girl, are your tits even covered?!"

"Yes…a small portion of them," I giggled.

Sarah looked my body up and down. "Wow, Michelle, that micro bikini looks amazing on you!"

"Thanks. I like yours too. Is that a slingshot micro?"

"It is, in baby blue, my Clay's favorite color."

"Nice! I went with Ricky's favorite color too."

Gail adjusted her tiny top. "There's no way these heavy tits are staying in this bikini top," she observed.

"Ha! Like the boys will care!" Sarah replied.

"It might make them strokes their big jutting dicks even harder," Tori chimed in, making the group of us moms laugh.

I looked myself in the mirror. Like Gail's boobs, my huge tan tits were pretty much exposed, except for the two triangular patches,

which barely covered my areola. "God if my husband ever caught me in something like this he'd kill me," I said out loud.

Sarah giggled at my comment as she adjusted her own skimpy top over her large breasts. "Mine too. He would completely freak out and make me cover up."

"These bikinis are made for the viewing-pleasure of our boys, not our boring husbands," Gail pointed out.

"Well, at least our teen hunks appreciate these gorgeous bodies," Tori said, posing provocatively in front of the mirror in a bikini that was illegal on most beaches.

"Even more so now that they know the pleasure our bodies can give them," Gail said, stepping up beside me and taking sexy standing pose. We both had our giant melons thrust out and could see the nubs of our fat teats protruding out from beneath the poly-spandex.

Sarah fluffed her beautiful red hair, thrusting her boobs out as well. Her bikini top had a haltered neck, so just a thin piece of fabric crossed the swell of her tit-meat. "Mmm yes, it's our motherly duty to please those stiff young dicks with our hands and mouths."

Tori turned and gazed at her thonged ass. Her green bikini just barely covered her private parts. "AND our experienced pussies and asses, rewarding our sons for their hard work and dedication in class."

"Holy fuck, Tori…that bandaid bandeau bikini top looks amazing!" Gail exclaimed.

"I love the way the ring accentuates the cleavage," Sarah added.

"Thanks girls. I hope my son thinks so too."

"Ha! Like he won't!" I chimed in.

"Well, I'm sure my Steven would rather see his mommy's tits completely naked, so he could stare at my big, hardened nipples."

A mother's voice shouted across the room. "The bell just went off ladies!"

Gail gazed at me excitedly. "They're coming!"

A rush of excitement filled the room as over thirty moms in micro bikinis did their last minute primping. I fluffed my mane of hair and rubbed my lips together, which were coated with a layer of pink lipstick. I peered down at my mile long cleavage, then over the swell of my breasts, down at my pretty feet. They were propped in a pair of six inch read mules to match my outfit. Even my toenails were freshly painted a bright fire-engine red. "Not bad for a thirty-eight year old mom of four," I thought.

"Hair-ties, ladies?" a mother asked, passing them out to all the women. I took one and thanked her, knowing I would soon need it to keep the hair out of my face, while giving my son's penis some vigorous oral affection.

****

"Oh fuck, dude, look at those bikinis!!" Ryan shouted as he stroked his cock, while watching the moms emerge from the changing room.

My jaw must have hit the floor as I caught sight of mom. "Oh wow!!" I muttered out loud.

For a short second, I thought mom was completely naked, then I noticed the small patches of red fabric capping her big jiggling tits. She smiled at me, watching my reaction as she approached. Everything about her was alluring, the way her hips rocked, the way her silky tan legs moved smoothly, one in front of the other. Her sexy feet were propped so high on her heels she looked like she was walking gingerly on the tips of her toes.

Pre-cum lubricated my strokes as my fist whipped up and down the length of my brick-hard erection. Mom's attention was drawn there and for a long moment she watched me beat my meat.

"Look at all that fucking tit-flesh!" Ryan muttered.

"They might as well be naked," I replied. I wanted to look over and see what Ryan's mom was wearing, but I couldn't tear my eyes away from mom. I never dreamed that I'd see her in anything like this. Her heavy tits trembled as she moved, straining against the thin strings that held the tiny fabric in place. A similar patch of cloth fit snuggly against her pussy mound and was so snug and revealing that I could see the outline of her puffy vulva in the fabric.

"Shit dude, look at those heels!" Ryan gasped. "Look at the way their sexy feet are propped up like that!" He was gazing over at my mom with his tongue hanging out, jacking his cock hard and fast.

****

"Let's pose for these boys!" Gail shouted and her and I turned and leaned against each other as we took a sexy side pose.

I looked at Ricky and curled my leg up a bit, giving him a nice long look at my curvy body in side profile. I could see his eyes traveling the meaty slope of my fully exposed side-boob, then down my naked legs. He gawked a moment, then brought his gaze to my eyes, which I returned with a flirty wink.

Michelle and I spun around lasciviously, displaying our thonged backsides.

"Oh, Goddamn!!" Gail's son, Ryan, reacted as he caught sight of his mother's thonged buttocks.

I peeked back over my shoulder. My poor baby looked like he might faint as he stared at my exposed mommy-ass. The tiny string of my

throng was tucked down between my fleshy half-moons, leaving a practically naked buttocks. I wagged it teasingly and giggled as I watched his eyes get even bigger.

****

"Can you believe those fucking asses dude?!" Ryan exclaimed.

"I know, right! Look at the way the strings just disappear," I answered, my eyes glued to the globes of Mom's ass.. They looked so smooth, tan and meaty. I knew that Mom must have the most amazing ass on the planet, and suddenly found myself being extremely envious of my father.

Moms all around the room rocked their hips, swinging their rounded asses to the music.

"Fuck, look at that! Look at the way the cheeks of their asses are jiggling like that!" Ryan shouted, stroking frantically at his cock.

My tongue must have hung to the floor as I watched the twin globes of mom's buns gyrate. The threw her arms in the air, peeking back at me, while swinging her lovely rounded bubble butt to the beat the song. It was mesmerizing!

Both our moms turned and strode towards us, giving a naughty looks and swinging their lush hips to the music. They thrust their chests to the beat, making their oversized jugs jump on their chests. Mom spun around me and appeared at my side with her hand lightly resting on my shoulder. She stood there and looked down at me beating my meat. I shivered at how close she was, my eyes traveling down and got lost in her massive canyon of cleavage.

I don't know how long I was drooling, but when I looked up from her tits Mom was gazing at me. She gave me the naughtiest smile I had ever seen. "Does my boy like big boobs?" she asked teasingly.

"Uh-huh." I smiled.

She brought her lips to my ear. "You almost got to see them this morning, didn't you, you naughty fucking boy?" she wickedly whispered, pushing my arm in between her squishy tits.

I nodded in response and she continued speaking. "If the robe hadn't caught on mommy big hard nipples you would have seen all of them, completely naked."

"I know. I was um…bummed out, to be honest," I confessed.

"Don't worry, honey. I have a feeling you'll get to see them plenty of them here in Room 209."

"I hope so," I sighed excitedly, whipping my first up and down my cock as I felt her boobs press into me.

Mom looked down at my dick as it slipped through my hand. I stuck my loins out, making my long hard peter stick out even further.

"Speak of tits, it looks like I'm not the only one who has something big attached to my body," she observed.

"Thanks," I blushed.

"I'm glad you like big boobs….because I LOVE big dicks!" she teasingly confessed, then slipped away from me.

****

"Wooo-hoooo!" Gail howled as her and I, along with the other mothers, danced for our boys. The heavy beat of the music took control of me as I lifted my arms in the air and thrust my chest over and over, making my nearly naked tits bounce lewdly. While doing this, I gazed at Ricky. My sweet Ricky, so lean and handsome. He just made my heart race.

While he stared at my jumping boobies, I watched him pull on his peter. I stared at the fleshy, tapered helmet as it slipped through his circled fist. I could see the pre-cum drooling from it's meatus, letting me know he loved what he was watching. His long, muscular shaft looked so hard and unyielding and his hairless balls bobbled between his legs. I was in awe of his youthful vigor. His six-pack abs glistened beautifully with perspiration, making me lick my lips with wicked desire.

My tits were bouncing around so much I was surprised my little bikini top actually stayed on. I smiled at my Ricky, while I bobbled my boobies for him. He smiled back and I looked down to watch him beat his meat. We were both showing off and having the time of our lives doing it.

All around the room mothers danced for their sons. Fuck 'Girls Gone Wild'…we were 'MOMS GONE WILD' and loving every second of it.

"Time for those naughty whispers, ladies!" One mother sang.

****

"Come on, dude…you're gonna love this!" Ryan stated, stepping back and sitting on a leather reclining sofa bench. I followed his lead, sitting and reclining back comfortably.

Our moms stepped up like prowling cougars and crawled onto the bench with us. "Mmm, naughty snuggle time!" Ryan's mom mewled as she crawled on top of him.

Mom's big tits dangled down heavily as she crawled on all fours over the top of me. She straddled my midsection, planting her knees astride my hips. I felt the heat of her genitals hug the underside of my rigid pecker as she rested her pussy-mound on me. She brought her chest down onto mine and I sighed as I felt the heavenly softness of her tits pancake against me. "Mm, this feels good,

doesn't it, honey?" she asked with a smile, her excited face hovering over mine.

"Heck yeah!" I replied.

The lights dimmed even more and the music took on a slow romantic beat. I looked over at the circle of other boys. Like mine, their bikini clad moms were all laying on top of them, tits squashed against their chests as they whispered into their ears.

Mom bought her head to my shoulder and I felt her hot breath at my ear. Her sweet perfume smelt amazing and I could also swell a hint of hot, aroused pussy. "You're pretty good at beating that big slab of meat, sweetheart," she whispered.

"Thanks."

"I bet you think about all sorts of naughty things, while you jerk that hardon, don't you?"

"Uh m-huh!" I muttered, flexing my erection against her smothering quim.

Mom's voice was so sweet and seductive I could hardly stand it. "I bet you picture all those sexy young girls across the street and imagine that you're sucking on their titties. That you're squeezing your young, hard cock deep into their hot slippery pussies," she whispered as she slowly plowed her mound of Venus against my rigid pole.

****

My boy's body shivered at my words. It felt so wicked laying on him this way, and whispering things he probably never imagined that he'd hear me say. It was

quite the thrill, especially with the big muscle of his cock beneath me, rubbing against my around cunt, crushing the fat bulb of my clitoris gloriously.

Ricky's penis felt so hard and massive mashed against my cunt. Only a tiny piece of bikini cloth separated the meat of our overheated genitals. For a moment I wondered if grinding on Ricky's erection was the right thing to do, so I peered over to see what the other moms were doing. I felt much more sure of myself as I noticed that not just one or two, but each and every mom was grinding their bikini-covered cunt on their son's hard dick as they whispered dirty words into his ear.

Ricky let out a little gasp as I slid my cleft along the rigid underside of his hardened muscle, then pressed the fleshy hood of my clitoris against that beautiful cock-head, mashing them together. I could feel his excited heartbeat through his blood-swollen bulb and I'm sure he could feel mine too. "Does this feel good, sweetheart? Does it feel good to have mom's body laid out on you like this?" I whispered.

"Yeah!" he sighed.

"We couldn't possibly get away with this at home, could we?" I giggled. "That's what's so special about Room 209. It's a place where we can do things like this without the fear getting caught."

I absolutely adored the way my giant jugs were mashed against his chiseled chest, blanketing him in their warm dough-like softness. "Mommy can push her big soft tits against you like this and let you feel how squishy and heavy they are, without your dad finding out," I cooed.

"I love this!" my boy confessed.

I felt the sudden wicked urge to be closer than I ever have to him. "Put your arms around me, sweetie. I just wanna wrap my body around you."

****

I circled my arms around Mom and clutched her against me. The feeling of her warm soft flesh was out of this world. I could feel the trickles of breast-milk soaking through her bikini-top, swathing wetly against my chest. She swiveled

her lush hips up and back…up and back, stroking my dick against the warm folds of her cunt.

I felt her hot breath back at my ear. "You're getting a blowjob today, sweetie," she whispered. "In a few minutes mom's gonna be sucking on your hardon."

Even though she had already hinted what was on the agenda that morning, just hearing her confirm it made my heart about beat out of my chest. "I can't wait!" I muttered out loud. A blowjob from mom was something I dreamed about, but never thought would actually happen.

"Do you like the sound of that, sweetie? Do you like the sound of Mommy's sweet lips stretched around your fat dick?" she sensually asked.

"Uh-huh."

"How do you want it, baby? Do you want it nice n sloppy?"

"Yes!" I hissed, more aroused than any moment in my life.

"Would you like to feel my tongue scrub the head of your erection, showering it with wet, wiggly licks?"

"Oh damn!" I muttered, my cock flexing against her grinding mound.

"Moms are REALL good at giving head you know. We LOVE to suck big dick. I can make my mouth feel like a nice warm, wet pussy,

squeezing and nursing on the tender meat of your boner. I'll pull out all that yummy cum, so my baby can concentrate in class the rest of the day."

"Damnit, mom…you're driving me crazy!'

****

I giggled at my boy, pleased that I was arousing him well. "Oh, you've wanted mommy to give you sloppy head for a long time, haven't you? It's ok to admit, baby. Most boys dream about pumping their boners through the ring of their mom's lips, and letting her drink their cum."

I felt Ricky's body shiver with excitement and his erection flex against my the split in my twat. What boy wouldn't be anxious to have his dick sucked by an experienced mom.

I'm not gonna lie, Ricky's big slab of cock felt amazing plowing against my overheated cunt. I bore down hard on the stiff cylinder of meat, crushing my engorged clit against it in a steady dry hump. All the while, I couldn't help but wonder what such a dick would feel like thundering through my snug pussy.

I could hear other mothers around the room panting as they dry-humped their boys loins. They too probably wondered what it would be like to sheath their boys with their dripping cunts.

"Unngghh!!" One mom screamed as she came atop her teen.

"OHHH, GOD YES!!" I heard Gail cry out.

I looked over to see my best friend frantically dry humping her son, her naked hips swiveling wildly. "YESSS!" she screamed as her body started an orgasmic tremble.

"Ungghh! Unngghh!!" Another mom screamed out as she also announced her orgasm.

One by one other moms joined the chorus and I wasn't far behind them. Poor Ricky must have been in shock as I selfishly used his sturdy peter for MY pleasure.

"Oh God, Ricky!!" I grunted, shamelessly plowing my throbbing cunt on his bulging rod from balls to nob. The strong ones always started in my feet, moving up my legs in a trembling surge that soon had my entire body quaking. Unable to contain my pleasure I let out a sharp girlish scream. "Unngghh!!"

****

I did my best to hold on to mom as her soft body convulsed on top of mine. She was cumming, and it was amazing! Our bodies were sandwiched, with her tits bulging out from between us as we writhed together in a heated dry-fuck. Her tan hips moved like a well oiled machine, swiveling up and back as she ground her cunt on my erection.

I watched her head jerk back, throwing her blonde hair around. The tendons in her neck strained and her pretty face contorted as she howled a second time. "Unnnnnggghhh!"

I felt the heat of her ejaculate squelch out from between our crotches, then run down along my balls. All around the room moms were crying out in orgasm. It was crazy! Truly the wildest sexual scene that I had ever been a part of.

I peered over at Ryan, who looked back at me from underneath his mom's big fleshy tits. Like my mom, she was still frantically riding through a hard cum. Ryan smiled and gave me the thumbs up. I returned one back.

A mother's voice spoke up. "Finish cumming, ladies. It's blowjob time!"

Gail and my mom looked at each other, still catching their breath as they came back down to earth. "Fuck that was good!" Gail sighed.

Mom let out a deep satisfied breath. "Mmm, uh-huh!"

"Come on, Michelle, it's time for us to suck these amazing young dicks."

Mom looked me in the eyes dreamily. "Mmmm, yummy!"

Both our moms stood and thrust their tits out as they pulled their hair back into ponytails. "Come on, boys, stand up!" Ryan's mom directed.

Both Ryan and I stood from the bench, our erections pointing straight out at an upward angle. Mom looked at my dick, then up at me with an anxious smile.

****

Gail and I crouched in front of our boys. I stared, hypnotized, at the enormous stalk of his hardon, studying the mushroom shape of his puffy, crimson cock-knob. "Oh, fuck, he's got a big one!" I thought.

I wrapped my fingers tightly around the mammoth fuck-pole and jacked it slow and hard, sighing as I watched sticky cock-juice ooze out of his open piss-slit, drooling down onto the floor.

"Mmm, why don't we start by kissing those juicy knobs, Michelle," Gail suggested.

I leaned forward and began planting soft kisses on the head of my son's penis. The ring of my tenderly-smacking lips traveled all over

the shiny bulbous crown of my son's cock. My tongue peeked out and I gently licked his glans, making my boy sigh in delight.

****

"Holy shit!" I muttered out loud as I looked down at my own mom's tongue darting all over my peter-tip. In all my years living with her I never realized how long and amazing her tongue was. Now I was seeing it first-hand.

She stuffed my cock in her mouth, letting it travel deeper and deeper with every plunge of her lips. With a mouth full of hardened boner, Mom peered up at me and winked. Her lips were stretched in an oval half-way down my shaft and her tongue was lapping at the underside.

I watched in awe as Mom bobbed her head on my crotch, my dick gliding fluidly between her pouty lips. Mom was still looking at me as my peter slipped from her mouth and she whipped her long tongue around on the head again.

"Ohhh!" I sighed, watching her licker circle my knob. "I like that!"

"Good! I want you to enjoy it, baby. "

Again, Mom let her lips part, allowing the fat shaft of my fuck-pole to slide into her mouth.

****

I pushed my face down farther toward his crotch, nearly choking myself in my shameless eagerness to swallow all of his cock-meat. Ricky's pre-cum was absolutely delicious and seemed to be oozing constantly into my mouth.

"Mmmmnnn!" I hummed, closing my eyes and nursing on his hard young prick. The thick meat stretched my lips so much farther than

my husband's dick. Also, as Ricky's cock-head reached the back of my throat, I realized that this was as far as my hubby could go, whereas my son still had a good three inches to give me. "Oh my God, what a dick!" I thought.

I wrapped the remaining three inches in my hand and beat his horny meat into my mouth while I sucked. I heard my boy whimper as I let him experience my cock-sucking skills.

"Sshhlup! Ssslurp! Sshhlup! Ssslurp!" I could here women around the room greedily sucking on their sons dicks, doing what we moms do best.

"How are you doing, Michelle?" Gail asked as she stroked her son's dick, which had obviously just slipped from her mouth. "Having as much fun as I am?"

Ricky's helmet popped from my mouth, wet and shiny. My hand was still clutched tightly around the root of his prick, making the exposed upper-half bulge obscenely. "I'm loving this!" I beamed.

"Mmm, don't you just adore licking that juicy cock-head." Gail said, then curled her tongue around her boy's mushroom tip.

"Mmm, I do. I love bringing pleasure to his sensitive glans." I answered, lashing my long pink tongue on the tip of Ricky's peter, right up underneath the slit of his meatus.

****

"Feels good, huh, dude?" Ryan asked, looking over at me. "Damn, our moms sure know how to suck dick."

"They sure do!" I sighed, watching mom's pretty head bob up and back. She was really going at my cock now, nearly taking it's entire length in traditional blowjob fashion. The whole room was filled with

the sounds of sucking and slurping as our moms sucked on our dicks.

I whimpered in pleasure as I felt my prick sink deeper into mom's throat. I looked down to see her lips plastered against my cock-hilt. "Holy shit!" I sighed out loud watching as she held her face firmly against my crotch.

"Fuck, dude, they're deep-throating us!" Ryan exclaimed, his own mom's lips plastered to the root of his prick.

"Oh, fuck that feels good!" I sighed, gripping mom's blonde hair, holding her face to my crotch.

With a throaty, gurgling sound, she backed my dick out of her mouth, spun her tongue on the tip, then took me straight to the balls once again. "Oh damn, Mom!" I groaned in pleasure. It wasn't my first blowjob, but it was definitely the best I had ever gotten.

****

A thin patch of pubic hair tickled my nose as I spread my lips out hard against the root of Ricky's erection. I held my mouth there, letting his hard prick soak in my throat and proudly reveled in the fact that I had taken his entire length. I couldn't ignore the fire burning in my loins. I could tell my cunt was soaking wet and my clitoris was throbbing.

After a few good sucks, Ricky's cock popped from my mouth and I stroked the tip with my hand. My long tongue flicked out like a snake's and laved all over Ricky's balls, lifting them to lick at the underside and sucking as much of them into my mouth as I could. The smell of his teenage ball-meat was intoxicating. I nursed on his testicle, feeling it's warm oval-shaped meat stuffed inside my mouth. I had the odd, but erotic thought of his nut bursting open like a Cadbury egg, filling my mouth with cream. I could have sucked on it

for hours and loved every second, but I knew I only had so much time to give him oral affection.

Very slowly, I dragged my licker up the underside of his cock-rod, tracing along the dark, pulsating vein of his erection. I slurped up to the top of his prick-shaft, where the fat, wedge-shaped knob flared out wide, and fluttered my tongue at that sensitive spot. Ricky groaned and jerked at the sensation.

I ducked back down and repeated the slow upward tongue-stroke, sending an pleasure-jolt through his young body. I peered up through my long lashes, into his eyes, watching his cute reaction as my tongue curled around and around his hunk of purple cock-meat, soaking up his tasty pre-cum. "Ahhh!" he sighed, peering down and watching mommy scrub his glans.

Even though I was helping him, I knew it was wicked to blow my son and all the more wonderful because it was so naughty. The thrill of breaking the taboo and doing so behind my husband's back enhancing the joy of my job.

"Time to drain these balls, ladies!" One of the moms announced.

****

Mom wrapped her hand around the base of my prick and her head bobbed as she fell into a steady cock-sucking rhythm. Her lips pulled and her cheeks applies hot suction. This, while her tongue drug up and down the flaring underside of my cock-head, dragging wetly across my frenulum. It felt amazing!

"Umnh-mnh-mnh-mnh-ummnnhh!" Mom hummed sending exquisite vibrations through the meat of my cock, making my balls begin to tingle.

All around the room, moms were sucking their own sons dicks with equal vigor; a circle of thirty bobbing mommy-heads, each emitting

the juicy sound of a skilled cocksucker. One by one, my classmates began to pop.

"Ohhh shit!" one boy whimpered.

"Unngghh!!" More guys grunted.

"Unngghh fucking shit, mom!!" Ryan shouted, as his legs began to shake.

Mom pulled up to the tip of my prick and, as if whispering into a meaty microphone, pleaded for my cum. "Come on, Ricky, cum, baby!" she urged, then went back to sucking.

My nuts churned as my erection plowed through mom's hot cock-sucking mouth.

****

"Oh yeeaahh!!" Ricky wailed as his thick load of jizz began to skim across my tongue, running down my throat.

My head kept bobbing on his prick, sucking the best I knew how. I was taking a jism-jet into my throat, gulping it down, then getting another hot blast on the recoil. There was so much of it and it was absolutely yummy!

****

As the orgasm surged through me, I stared down at Mom's bobbing blonde head, fascinated as I watched my cum-spurting prick sliding through her lips. "Holy shit, my own beautiful Mom was sucking my dick, and drinking the cum from my balls!" I deliriously thought.

"Don't stop….keep cumming!" she gurgled, her words muffled by my cock-meat.

My legs trembled as more ropes shot out my piss-hole. Mom kept on ducking and diving on my cock, using her expert tongue and lips to milk me to the bone. I don't know how much cum had exploded from my tip, but it had to be more than any I'd shot out in one orgasm before.

Finally spent, I let loose a shivering sigh. Mom kept on sucking tirelessly, milking out the last quivering trickles of sperm from my cock-knob. I whimpered as for a few long moments as she nursed on my knob. I looked around and saw the other moms doing the same thing, sucking on just the bell tips of their sons' pricks.

My crown finally popped from her lips like a cork from a bottle. I saw Ryan fall back on the sofa bench, his hard wet cock slapping against his belly. "Oh, damn!" he sighed.

Our moms stood back up, licking their lips. "Feel better, boys?" Ryan's mom asked.

"Oh hell yeah!" I muttered, letting my eyes travel up mom's nearly naked body.

Both of them giggled and mom stepped up to me. "Do you think you can keep your minds focused the rest of the day?" she asked. "Or do I need to suck out another load right now?"

"You would do that?"

"I'm joking. There's no time, honey," she giggled.

"If it means we get more of that later, then we can definitely stay focused," Ryan chimed in.

"Well THAT IS the idea, boys," Ryan's mom stated. "Now give us some hugs and get your cute little asses back to class."

Mom moved in for a tit-squasher. I couldn't believe how warm and soft her boobs felt against my bare chest. Through fluttering lashes, she gazed me in the eyes and smiled warmly. "So, I did ok then? Is mommy a good little cocksucker?"

"You did more than ok," I gleefully replied. "It was amazing! "

Her eyes seemed to cut straight through mine. It was a different look; one Mom had never given me before. I could be wrong, but it was the kind of look girls give you when they have a crush on you. It was pure magic. She planted a soft kiss. "See you at home."

Ryan and I watched our moms sashay across the room. Since they were both wearing thongs, from the backside, they might as well have been completely naked. Their meaty rumps undulated from side to side, crowning their strong mature legs. "Can you imagine if they walked around the house like that?" Ryan asked.

"There's no way our dads would let them get away with that."

"Fuck our dads!" Ryan said. "Our moms are horny as shit. Did you see the way they were grinding on our dicks and making themselves cum? I bet they look forward to Room 209 just as much as we do."

Just before disappearing through the doorway Mom peeked back at me. Her eyes traveled down to my dick, then back up at me with a wink. Maybe Ryan was right. Perhaps mom WAS digging this as much as I was.

****

That evening was family time in our home. Hubby would often stop at Redbox for a movie for us to watch together. Typically, I would shower and shave my legs, then join everyone in the living room. My evening attire usually consisted of something modest, like a baggy pair of sweatpants, but tonight was gonna be different. If I wore just the right thing and positioned myself just so in the living room, I

could provide my handsome son, Ricky, a wonderful 'at home display.' Something to keep him motivated. I shivered with a thrill at my naughty plan.

****

My sister and I groaned as dad announced the selection for the night. As usual, it was a boring family movie, meant more to entertain my youngest sister more than anyone else. I didn't really mind though, since I'd probably be trying to sneak peeks at mom the whole time.

"Babe, the movie's starting!" Dad called out to my mom as he moved to his recliner.

"Coming!" Mom answered from upstairs.

Her response made me think about Room 209 and watching mom cum for the very first time. Seeing her body shake, while her pretty face twisted in pleasure was quite something.

Mom reached the first floor, carrying the baby in her arms. She was in a white charmeuse kimono robe and bare feet. Her hair was still damp from the shower. She stopped and seemed to be studying the seating arrangement for a moment. I took the opportunity to gaze at her strong naked legs.

"Amanda, would you mind sitting over here tonight honey? I think I might be more comfortable on the couch," Mom asked.

My sister, Amanda, huffed and sat in Mom's usual spot. This left mom and I situated behind everyone else in the living room as she gently sat down on the opposite side of the leather sofa. She brought her freshly-shaved legs up and curled them beside her. God damn did they look sexy!

Soon, everyone but me was engrossed in the movie. I couldn't take my eyes off mom's silky tan legs. In my head, I replayed Mom displaying them for me in room 209, first in her nightie, then in a micro bikini. I still couldn't believe how she had splayed them open for me. I never dreamed that mom could spread her legs so far.

About ten minutes into the movie, Mom adjusted her position, so she was practically sitting sideways, with her ass turned to me, but her torso was facing the TV. The hem of her robe crept up and I was greeted with a sight that made my prick even harder than it already was. Mom's luscious, meaty buttocks was clearly visible through a pair of white transparent mesh panties. Just the site of mom's ass made my heart race excitedly. I got even more excited when she peeked back at me over her shoulder and gave me a knowing wink.

****

I smiled with satisfaction as I turned back to the TV. Everyone else was engrossed in the movie, everyone but my sweet Ricky. I had wore these panties just for him, and could practically feel his eyes glued to my exposed ass. I glanced at my loving husband, feeling just a tinge of guilt. That feeling was soon brushed aside by the overwhelming thrill of knowing that I was doing something so naughty only a few feet away, and with our own son. "Naughty, yes, but also

necessary. These are the times his eyes should be wandering, not during class when he should be focused on academics," I thought.

My poor boy didn't last long. Soon he excused himself, saying he was tired, but I knew better. I pictured what I'm sure he went upstairs to do, and that was to stroke his big teenage cock to orgasm, with the vision of mommy's ass fresh in his mind.

I couldn't focus on the movie either. My nipples were hard and cunt was throbbing in my panties. All I could do was picture my teen stroking his impressive dick in Room 209. I really needed to get

myself off. "Honey, I think I'm gonna take the baby up to bed," I told my husband half-way through the movie.

"Ok, babe. Are you coming back down?" he asked.

"No, enjoy the movie. I'm pretty tired, so I think I'm just gonna turn in."

I climbed the stairs and put the baby in her crib. Stepping into the hallway, I gazed at Ricky's closed door. With the other family members downstairs I couldn't fight the naughty urges swirling through my mind. I wanted to expose myself to Ricky again. I wanted to see him gaze at me, while he stroked his erection.

****

Lubricated with lotion, I pumped my dick with long steady strokes, all the while picturing mom's perfect ass. "Damn, I wish I was in Room 209 right now, so mom could suck my cock like a slut again," I thought.

Suddenly, I heard a soft voice whisper from across the room. "Ricky?"

I looked in that direction and found the door half-open. Mom's curvy silhouette was leaning against the doorframe as she stood there watching me beat off. From the light in the hallway, the shapes of her curves looked amazing. One of her legs extended out the slit in her robe and was curled inside the door. It looked so strong and sexy! "Is everything OK?" I asked.

"Yes, everything's fine…just um, keep stroking off, sweetie. Don't let me interrupt you," she answered in a hushed tone.

I continued masturbating, fueled by the site of her standing there watching me. I could tell mom's hand was in her panties, giving herself pleasure also. For two full minutes this went on, until we

heard someone downstairs. I saw mom look down the hallway, then back at me. She kissed her hand, then blew the kiss towards me. I pictured her pouty lips floating across the room, then landing on mine for a passionate smooch. She closed the door and I was left to finish.

****

Later that night I practically raped my husband. My poor love was shocked as I attempted to ride his cock like a bitch in heat. You would think I hadn't had sex in a year, but truth was Dan and I had an active sex life. He always did his best to try and satisfy my sexual needs, but tonight something was missing. First of all, to my frustration, Dan's cock wasn't staying hard.

"Damn, babe, what's gotten into you?!" he whimpered as my big tits swung wildly above his face.

"WHY ISN'T IT GETTING HARD?!" I whimpered impatiently redoubled my efforts, trying to get his cock inside me. I clutched and clawed at him, out of my mind with lust. "Oh,God, please, Dan…I need to be fucked hard!!" I cried, feeling like there was a yearning itch deep inside me that my husband just wasn't scratching. I pictured my Ricky, stroking his big meaty prick. I already knew it was longer and thicker than my husbands and wondered what it would feel like thundering through my mature pussy. "I bet my son would be rock-hard. I bet he could scratch that itch! I bet he could fuck me exactly the way I need it!" I wickedly thought.

"Oh shit, I'M GONNA CUM!!" I squealed, rubbing my clit as my body started shaking.

"Oh damn, babe. Sorry, I just…wasn't expect this."" Dan announced.

I slammed my fists down on his chest. "What do you mean 'you weren't expecting this?' I'm your fucking wife!" I angrily snapped.

"Sorry, babe…I just am really not feeling this tonight."

"It's fine," I said, faking a smile. I wondered if Ricky were still masturbating. I let out a quivering sigh as I pictured that big juicy cockhead slipping through his circled fist and cum firing powerfully into the air.

"Are you ok?" Hubby asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine." I lied. "Just um, sorry you couldn't get hard."

"It's not your fault, really. It's probably just because I'm tired tonight," Dan muttered.

I knew that Dan must be feeling stress from work. Usually, getting an erection wasn't an issue for him. I suddenly felt ashamed of myself for the thoughts I'd been having, as well as some of the things I'd been doing behind my husband's back, especially in Room 209. Sure I did those things for the purpose of helping Ricky focus in class, but they were still acts that would break my husband's heart and probably result in divorce if ever found out.

My guilt extended into the next morning, as I nursed the baby. I couldn't stop looking at my phone as I anxiously waited for the Room 209 schedule. However, the faithful wife in me told myself that I needed to stop doing this nonsense, before things truly got out of hand. Soon, my phone chimed with the text I'd been waiting for.

"LOCATION: ROOM 209

SCHEDULE:

12 to 12:15 – MOMS ON DISPLAY

12:15 to 12:50 – DOGGIE-STYLE VAGINAL INTERCOURSE

WHAT TO WEAR: MATCHING BRA AND PANTY SET

HIGH HEELED MULES

SEE YOU THERE, LADIES!!"

My heart-rate increased. Yes, I had perform unconventional sexual acts with my son, but today was different. Today would be full-blown doggy-style sex. Full-blown cheating on Dan, my loving husband. I simply didn't think I could allow

myself to do it. The text-reactions from other mothers poured in. One's like "YAAY! WE'RE GETTING FUCKED TODAY!" and "Mm, I LOVE to be doggy-dicked!" I simply shut my phone often, knowing if I read them all, it would only weaken my resolve to skip today's session.

****

"See you at lunch, mom," I told her as I grabbed my backpack, preparing to leave for school. I could tell she wasn't her usual eager self today.

"Yeah, honey…about that. I um…forgot I had an appointment today, so I'm not gonna be able to help you out during your lunch hour," she muttered.

"Oh, bummer. Well, um…OK. Hopefully tomorrow then."

"Yes…we'll see," she answered, feeding me a simple smile. "Have a good day in school."

Needless to say I was majorly bummed out. It wasn't the fact that mom was skipping today that had me worried. With three other siblings, I knew there would be times that she would have other appointments and wouldn't be able to attend, but it was her guilty-seeming attitude this morning that was more concerning. "Was she feeling bad about what we'd done?" I wondered.

****

"Hey, girl…excited for today?" Gail asked as she answered when I called her.

"I've decided that Ricky and I are skipping today."

"What?! Michelle, it's vaginal intercourse, doggy-style. It's a big day for the boys, they just don't know it yet."

"Gail, Ricky and I have already gone pretty far. I just don't know if we should take things THAT far," I admitted.

"You're feeling guilty, aren't you?"

"Maybe…but is that so unusual? I mean…I AM married, and I love Dan. The thought of hurting him is eating at me."

"It's not unusual, Michelle, and believe me, I'm married too, so I get it. You have to ask yourself what's worse though…the fact that you're husband MAY find

out, although VERY unlikely, or that Ricky will most-likely fail and not graduate with his friends because he can't stay focused in class?" Gail asked.

"Handjobs and blowjobs are one thing, but full-blown sex is quite another," I answered, trying to sound sure of my decision. "If I keep helping Ricky in Room 209, it's gonna have to be without sexual penetration."

"Well, you're not gonna be asked to leave Room 209 just because you're not fucking, like the rest of us. You should still come though, and just…do what you feel comfortable doing. For God's sake though, don't blow your son off completely today," Grail preached.

I knew she was right. Backing out of helping him now would probably only make it more difficult for him to focus in class. It would also make me seem like a mom who didn't really care, and that's the last thing I wanted.

****

I was thrilled when mom texted me with great news during my second period at school.

"Hi, sweetie. My appointment got rescheduled, so I'll be able to meet you in Room 209 today after all ," the text read.

"Sweet! " I texted back. "Can you give me a hint about what we're doing there today?"

"Yeah, um…about that. How would you feel about me masturbating your penis again? Would that be OK?" she messaged.

"Of course it would be OK," I gleefully replied.

"Dude, my mom's gonna be able to do Room 209 today after all!" I whispered over to Ryan, "and I think we're getting handjobs again."

"That's weird," he replied.

"Weird why?"

"They just gave us handjobs a couple days ago. Room 209 doesn't usually schedule the same sexual act twice in one week."

"I don't know, that's just what she told me," I said, shrugging my shoulders. Of course there were other things I couldn't wait to do with mom. Fucking her pussy most of all, but I certainly wasn't gonna complain about getting another one of her skilled handjobs.

****

I felt more awkward preparing in Room 209 on the third day than any time prior. Probably because all the other moms were chatting about getting fucked doggy- style and I knew that Ricky and I would be doing something a lot less intimate.

"Steven's gonna love these sheer panties," Tori stated, looking at her ass in the mirror. The pale pink mesh was stretched across her rounded buttocks, clearly showing her ass-crack and meaty cheeks. "I think I might buy a few more pair to tease him with at home too."

"They'll probably feel really good on his glans, if he uses them to masturbate with that is," Gail stated, checking out her own thonged ass in the mirror.

"Oh trust me, he does," Tori giggled, "and when I find them, they're usually dripping with ejaculate."

Another beautiful mom chimed in. "Casey and I have a deal worked out now. He can use any panties from my hamper as long as I get them back right when he's finished, so I can throw them into the wash."

"Smart idea," I replied. "I usually have to go hunt for them in Ricky's bedroom in hopes that he hasn't stained them up too bad."

"That half-cup bra looks amazing on you, Michelle!" Tori stated.

"Thanks. I think Ricky will like it."

"Since the boys are fucking us today, I decided just to go crotchless," said Gail, checking out her skimpy panties in the mirror. A cutout in the crotch left the puffy lips of her shaved vulva on display.

"The last time doggy was on the schedule, I came so fucking hard that I think I shocked my poor boy," Tori snickered, pulling her giant bra-cups in place.

"I was hoping the boys would be doggy-dicking us again this week," Gail expressed. "Ryan couldn't stop talking about how fun it was the last time."

Gail looked over at me and I could tell she suddenly felt bad. "Sorry, Michelle. I forgot you were skipping out on letting Ricky fuck you today. Have you decided what the two of you are gonna do?"

"I'll probably just give him another handjob."

"Well, that's certainly nothing he'll complain about getting, I'm sure."

"I know, I'm just worried about how awkward it's gonna be in there for him, watching the other boys fuck their moms, while his mom just jerks him off again. Maybe I should have just skipped lunch hour today altogether, like I originally planned.

"I'm sure he'll be disappointed, but also still appreciative of what YOU willing to do for him. I mean, the fact that you're being sexual with him at all shows that you care."

"True. I just…hope he's satisfied with what I am able to do," I expressed.

****

10: Attending Room 209… with Mom_2

I stood next to Ryan, slowing stroking my fully-hard cock as moms began to file into the room. They were wearing sexy bra and panty sets and their dainty heels clicked on the floor, creating a wonderful clatter. We spotted our moms moving towards us. My cock flexed in my hand as I watched mom approach, wearing a skimpy, black half-cup bra and micro G-string. Both were semi-sheer, allowing me to see the wide dark rings of mom's areolas and the well-defined cleft of her cunt. On her feet she wore sexy heels with fluffy black feathers crossing her toes. The heavy tit-meat of both our moms trembled wonderfully as they walked.

"Damn, dude…that's a dreamy sight right there!" Ryan sighed, beating his cock as vigorously as I was.

"Hi, boys!" Ryan's mom smiled as they stepped up in front of us.

"You guys look mega-hot!" I blurted.

"Oh, 'mega-hot,' huh? I like that!" Mom replied, gazing into my eyes.

Both my mom and Ryan's stood there in front of us, posing sexily with their hands on their hips, while watching us stroke our cocks to the sight of them. The semi-sheer half-cups of mom's bra left exposed more cleavage than I had ever seen before. It also allowed me to see just how huge her areolas were. I watched mom's eyes slowly travel down my body, then pause at my cock, watching me

stroke it. I released my erection a moment and tightened my ass, making my boner spring out in full hardness as if saluting her.

Mom bit her bottom lip, then peeked back up at my face. "Show off!" she teased.

"Shall we twirl around for them?" Gail asked mom. Then, both of them spun around, displaying their meaty derrieres. Ryan's mom's panties consisted of just two strings crossing up her bare buttocks, while mom's ass was covered, but in sheer mesh, leaving nothing to the imagination.

"Damn…look at how fucking sexy those panties are, dude!" Ryan exclaimed.

****

After a few minutes of displaying ourselves, a mother's voice shouted across the room. "Who's ready to do it doggy-style?!" she teasingly sang. All the moms and boys cheered in response, except for me. My heart sunk in disappointment. I knew it would be a major let down for Ricky when I explained to him that we wouldn't fucking like the others were going to.

As the groups of moms disappeared inside the bunks with their excited sons in tow, I pulled Ricky aside. "Honey, I…need to talk to you for a second," I muttered.

"Mom, if you're gonna tell me it's…um, you know… 'that time of the month' for you. I just want you to know I don't mind. Some blood really doesn't bother me," he confessed.

"Oh, honey…no, it's nothing like that," I replied, thinking how cute it was that he'd still fuck me even if I was on my period. "I've just been thinking and well, um…I'm not really sure that you and I should have full-blown sex. It should probably be the ONE THING

that's reserved just for your father, since I am married to him. Everything else we can do."

"Oh, uh…I see."

I wanted to cry. I could see the disappointment in his face, especially when we started hearing the sounds of gasping and slapping flesh coming from inside the bunks. I thrust my tits for my boy, drawing his attention to me by making my cleavage bulge out obscenely. I stared into his eyes with a serious expression. "I think I know something you'd like a lot," I whispered.

"What's that?" he asked.

"We could 'dry fuck,' while you suck on my tits. Would you like that, honey?"

"Would I ever!" he gleefully replied.

****

I was bummed that mom wasn't willing to go all the way, especially since the other moms were married too, yet still willing to let THEIR sons fuck them. However, I still considered myself extremely lucky to be here in Room 209, and there were certainly other nasty things that I dreamed of doing with her. Included on that list was what mom just suggested…sucking her titties!

"Let's go up there," Mom whispered , leading me by the hand across the room. In the basement of Room 209, along with the bunk areas, were lots of comfortable nooks and crannies. One such place was actually a small private perch up near the ceiling. It was a narrow pillowed bunk, only wide enough for one person to lay.

"This looks like a fun place to play," Mom smiled as she climbed the latter first. This allowed me an amazing view of her luscious ass through her mesh panties. I could also clearly gawk at the thick

shaved outer flanges of her cunt. "Hurry up and get up here!" Mom requested, smiling to let me know that she knew exactly where my eyes were.

I climbed up and joined her on the tiny bunk that was surrounded on three sides by shorts walls that reached the ceiling. It was easily the most private place within Room 209. "Wow, not much room at all up here," I pointed out.

"Enough for what we have in mind," Mom teasingly replied, lifting my t-shirt up and off, letting it fall down to the floor. "Lay down on your back and get comfortable."

She certainly didn't need to ask me twice. I sprawled back on comfortable pillowed cushions that were no wider than a sofa. Mom pulled the curtain, shrouding us in complete privacy. A single light from the ceiling dimly lit our tiny bunk in a warm glow.

****

I crawled onto my sprawled teen, planting my knees astride his hips. We were so close to the ceiling that I had to lean over him, so my boobs were mere inches from his ogling eyes. "Reach around and unclasped me," I whispered.

Ricky unhooked my bra like a pro. I let my H-cups peel away from my tits and they spilt out onto his young, well-toned chest. I could feel the wetness of my nipples leaking onto him. "Sorry, I fed your baby sister about an hour ago, but it doesn't take them long to fill back up and get leaky," I whispered.

"I don't mind."

I wanted to take my panties off too, so the naked flesh of our overheated genitals could at least touch, but I knew it would be dangerous. I stared into my son's eyes with a serious expression. "If I take my panties off, can you be good?" I asked.

"Of course."

****

I watched in awe as Mom reached down and gracefully squirmed out of her dainty panties. This gave me a quick look at her bare pubis before she settled back down on top of me, crushing the milk-engorged flesh of her naked tits between us. She pulled a blanket made of white faux fur over our naked bodies, burying us in a warm cozy cocoon. Room 209 was filled with the sound of beating flesh and gasping mother and son couple who were engaged in feverish doggy-style fucks. "Wow, you can really hear them going at it down there!" I pointed out.

"Are you ready to 'really go at it' up here?" Mom asked, her head lifted so she could look down at me.

"Yeah, I'm ready," I eagerly replied.

"You can dry fuck me as rough as you want while you suck, just no penetration, ok?" Mom asked.

"Got it!" I replied.

Mom immediately repositioned herself on top of me, so her colossal breasts slid up . "Ohh, damn!" I gasped as my face sunk into her gaping cleavage. I began kissing my around the spongy, creamy contours, thrusting my hips up involuntarily, making my stiff cock push against mom's vulvar lips. She used her crotch to push me back down to the bed. I nudged back, and this was the start of our steady dry-humping rhythm.

"Mmnnff!" I snarled, with my lips pushed against the squishy meat of her tit as my body let out an excited shudder beneath her.

****

After kissing and licking his way through the canyon between my tits, Ricky found my nipple. He whimpered cutely as the ring of his lips spread out across my areola and the first gush of nectar poured into his mouth. I was glad that we had found a new and exciting way to drain him today. "See, I can help my boy and still be faithful to my husband," I thought. I was sure that Dan wouldn't be happy at all about me dry-fucking our son either, but I felt a little better about myself, and what I was doing, knowing I was saving my vagina for just my husband.

I felt like I was protecting the sanctity of my inner-castle from the fierce meaty dragon outside it's gates. The beast's angry purple head and stiff tubular body dug vehemently against my fleshy gates, threatening to pierce my opening, rage inside my hot creamy corridor and blast it's fiery lava-seed deep into my inner sanctum.

"My God, he has great rhythm though!" I thought, impressed by how our joined midsections ground together in counterpart. "And his dick feels SO fucking strong!" I knew if his cock was actually inside me I'd be having a mind-blowing

orgasm by now. His mouth was gorged around the peak of my tit and it felt divine. I could feel his tongue dueling with my engorged teat, while his lips formed a vacuum seal of suction around the fringe of my areola. I could hear my boy gulping my milk down, enjoying the nectar that flowed from mommy's big squishy breast.

****

I was so damn aroused it was killing me! I sucked like a starving baby, with my face pressed deep in the melonous flesh of mom's tit. Our genitals wrestled in a heated swivel. I could tell my dick was wet with the oil that secreted from mom's pussy. It made the path between her labial flesh nice n slippery for my boner. I knew that pre-cum was probably weeping from my tip like crazy, and the fact

that our sexual body fluids were mixing together excited me tremendously.

I couldn't help but wonder how 'out of this world' mom's pussy would feel sheathed around my cock. I listened to Ryan brag about the tube of his mom's vagina and how the rows of thick pleats along her lining and her strong pelvic-floor muscles created a sensation around his cock like nothing else he'd ever felt. I just knew that mom's pussy must be the same. I wanted to smash my hard prick to the hilt inside her and feel her hot mommy-cunny chew powerfully at my dick.

"Maybe I could just 'accidentally' slip it in," I thought. I lengthened my humps beneath her. Our pissers were so wet and slimy now that I could hear them making a lewd creamy sound as they humped together.

I pushed upward on her down-stroke, hoping to pierce her hole. After a few times of doing this my knob finally sunk into the heat of her vestibule, lodging just inside the clasping mouth of her fuck-hole. "Mnnff!" I whimpered, tit-milk spewing out the sides of my mouth as mom and I were slightly joined for a few wonderful moments. My peter-tip was encapsulated in wonderful snugness. I could feel mom's thickly-textured walls throbbing around it as if trying to suck my horny dick deeper inside her. I felt her walls bulge wonderfully around my glans, soaking my pulsating knob with her hot welcoming fuck-oil. I was about to spear the rest of my cock home when mom stopped me. "No, baby…we

can't!" she gasped, pulling her cunt off me. I heard my knob pop from her heated socket, making a creamy suction sound.

****

"That was a damn close call!" I deliriously thought, realizing just how close we'd gotten to Ricky penetrating me with his big cock. The scariest part was that if his big hunk of boy meat had squeezed

up inside me, pushing against the head of my cervix, I don't know that I'd have the willpower to stop him from fucking me silly. Even with dry humping, I could feel a powerful climax building inside my body. I knew it was only a matter of minutes before mommy would be writhing, screaming and gushing all over her gorgeous boy.

"Time to make those boys cum ladies!" A female voice shouted across the room.

I wasn't sure how close he was, but I knew we only had so much time left. It was time to show Ricky what a nasty fuck-hound his mother could be if she really want to. My wet nipple popped from his mouth as I rose up slightly. This put more friction on his stiff penis as I began to really bare down on him with wild humps.

****

"Oh yeah, mom!" I gasped as she started dry-humping the fuck out of me. Since our genitals were soaked with arousal it was hardly a 'dry hump' at all, and felt incredible! Mom's giant breasts now hovered directly above my face and swung in big looping circles to the rhythm of her steadily-reeling hips. They dangled down just far enough to softly bump and brush on my face. Her breathing quickly became more rapid, as if she was suddenly cresting on the edge of a monster- orgasm.

"Oh, God, Ricky!" she suddenly gasped. "Cum with me, baby! CUM WITH MOMMY!!"

The wonderful cuntal friction against my cock, as well as the sight of mom's pretty face contorting in pleasure as she tossed her long blonde hair around, triggered my own ball-clenching climax. "Oh, yes…YES, MOM, I'M GONNA CUM!" I moaned.

It was like our naked bodies were completely in sync as we both began shaking and grunting in unison. My view of mom's pendulant milkers, with their leaky nipples was quite thrilling, making ball-goo

blast from my cock more powerfully than it ever had before. I felt her cuntal-vestibule bulge against my pubis and soak me with hot pulses of female ejaculate. The world around us seemed to disappear and all that existed was the friction of our humping genitals as we shared a juicy mutual orgasm that seemed to go on for hours, even though it was only for a few mind-blowing minutes.

****

I felt good about my resolve to continue helping Ricky, without letting him penetrate me. Even though we were still being nasty, I felt that I was reserving that most sacred part of myself for my husband, who I loved dearly. The next morning, as I nursed the baby? I couldn't stop looking at my phone as I anxiously waited for the Room 209 schedule. Soon, my cell chimed, so I looked at my text. It read:

"LOCATION: ROOM 209

SCHEDULE:

12 – 12:15: MOMS ON DISPLAY

12:15 – 12:30: BREAST SUCKING

12:30 – 1: MUTUAL MASTURBATION

WHAT TO WEAR: NYLON BODYSTOCKING

SEE YOU THERE LADIES!"

Immediately mothers began to respond to the schedule.

"GloriaV69: OMG I can't wait! Hubby hardly ever sucks on my tits anymore."

"Penny38: We get to masturbate with the boys today. YAY!!!"

"ToraR:: A room full of boob sucking baby boys. Our little darlings are gonna be in heaven."

"Gailgirl: GOT MILK MICHELLE?? HAHA"

I giggled at Gail's comment. Ricky had certainly enjoyed gorging himself on my milk-swollen tits yesterday and I'm sure he would again today. I decided that after feeding the baby I would pump more out this morning and bottle feed him later, that way my boobies would be completely engorged with warm tit-milk for Ricky's enjoyment at lunchtime.

"MichelleD: As a matter of fact I do, Gail…lots of it! " I texted back."

"LadyLeslie: Don't worry Michelle, I'm lactating too. Guess our two boys will get a real lunch today lol."

"MichelleD: That's true Leslie, one meal they'll devour gladly, I'm sure lol."

"DebraG: hey ladies, maybe since our boys are gonna be smothered in big titties today we can give them a nice cleavage display before school this morning."

"Gailgirl: Love that idea, Deb!!"

"GloriaV69: awesome! What a great idea. An at home tit-display for those cute boys."

I smiled wide, eager to give Ricky a flash of what awaited him later in the day.

****

I chomped on a bowl of cereal as the usual morning chaos transpired in the kitchen. While dad sat across from me reading the paper, I watched Mom move about the kitchen preparing lunches,

her heavy, braless tits bobbling beneath her robe. My sisters were fighting, as usual.

"Stop it!"

"I didn't even do anything you big baby!"

Mom chimed in. "Girls, enough please."

"So, how did the tutoring hour go yesterday?" Dad asked, looking over at me.

I decided to be funny. "I really sucked at it!" I answered.

Over at the sink, Mom burst out laughing. Dad curiously looked at both of us "You sucked at it?" he asked.

"Yeah, I sucked at it for nearly the whole hour," I replied. Little did dad know I was referring to 'sucking' mom's tits.

"If you sucked at it then that means it's not really helping you."

Mom looked over at dad. "Oh I think it's helping him. What Ricky meant was, it was REALLY HARD for both of us. That's why he… SUCKED at it so much."

"Wow, hard for you too, huh, just assisting?" Dad asked.

Mom stepped over and poured dad some coffee. "Very hard, but I think I handled it pretty well, don't you, sweetie?" She asked, peering over at me mischievously.

"Yeah, Mom…super well!"

"I think that's why they have us helping the boys. When things get… HARD like that, we moms know exactly what to do."

"Well hey, whatever helps those grades." Dad said, going back to his newspaper.

Leaning over, Mom turned towards me and gazed through fluttering lashes. "I'm sure it will be SUPER-HARD for us both again today, but that's ok, we're gonna bang it out together, aren't we sweetie?"

Before I could answer I took a big dry gulp as I noticed the neck of mom's robe had parted, leaving an obscene amount of cleavage exposed. The way mom was bending over, with her hands on the table, made had her fat tits squeeze between her arms. This made them balloon outward, and I could clearly see the fat peaks of her nipples through the fabric.

"Um, yeah…for sure, Mom. We'll bang it out, no problem."

****

I quickly glanced back at hubby, just to make sure his eyes were on his newspaper and not the display I was giving Ricky. I was filled with wicked delight, gazing down at my teen as he stared straight ahead at my hanging breasts. My cute son looked up at me in clear arousal and I smiled naughtily. I glanced down at the mile long cleavage separating my jiggling jugs, then back at

Ricky. He squeezed his hardening pecker and I took notice. Quietly, secretly, we got lost in our forbidden exchanges.

Hubby's voice startled us both. "All right, time to get out of here! You ready kids?

I quickly headed back to the sink, adjusting my robe, handing the lunches I had prepared to my younger children. I could tell Ricky was struggling with an erection, and I licked my lips just staring at it's tubular outline through his pants. I followed them to the front door and hubby turned and fed me a peck on the lips. "Have a good day, babe. I love you."

"Love you too! Bye kids!"

****

Dad stepped out the doorway and I went to follow, trying to conceal my hardon with my backpack. "See you at lunch, Mom."

Mom swung the door nearly closed behind dad and gazed at me with a dreamy-eyed look. "Hold on a second," she whispered, the stepped up to me, took my backpack and set it on the floor. She quicky rose on her tip toes and embraced me tightly. I sighed audibly as I felt the her spongy-soft boobs flatten out against my chest, their rubbery nipples prodding against my flesh. "I love you, sweetheart," she whispered in a sultry tone.

Before I could answer, Mom reached down between us and squeezed my hardened cock-muscle between her fingers. My body trembled excitedly and she gazed into my eyes anxiously. "Ohh, such a hard fucking boy-cock!" she teased. "Only a few hours, darling… then mommy will give it more attention."

After a quick kiss I rushed awkwardly out the door. "Holy shit, mom's huge braless tits felt amazing pressed against my chest!" I thought. "And the way she squeezed my prick. Holy wow, she was getting daring, and I loved it"

****

"God, I love this store!" Tori exclaimed as her, Gail and myself entered Kate's Lovely Lingerie and bikinis.

"Oh my God, look at this form-fitting cami. My tits would look so good in this," Gail said.

Tori held one up to the swell of her large breasts. "Those ARE nice. Maybe I should get one. I don't think Steven's seen me in a camisole yet."

"I have a couple I've purchased from here. They both came with a cute little matching g-string," Gail replied.

"So, Michelle…I noticed that you and Ricky disappeared into the private bunk yesterday," Tori stated, "and you were both naked when you came down. Are you sure you two weren't playing 'hide the salami' in secret up there?"

"No, we weren't. We were just dry humping."

"You certainly didn't look 'dry' when you came back into the dressing room," Gail chuckled.

"You know what I meant," I replied, flashing my friend an amused smile.

"I admire your resolve, Michelle," Tori praised, "but do you really think your husband would any less hurt by the things you and Ricky have done already. In my opinion, you might as well just let your son fuck you."

"It does make me feel a little better though knowing that is a certain something that's off limits to Ricky and reserved only for his father," I replied.

"Oh my God, I love this teddy! Look at all the gorgeous scalloped trim." Gail blurted, holding the skimpy negligee up to her heavy-titted body.

I looked over some other nearby goodies. "I wonder how the boys would react to seeing us in garters?"

Tori smiled. "Mmm, are you kidding, with a stretched lace garter belt and sheer stockings…instant hardons!"

"Mmm, teenage hardons! Yummy!" Gail said, making Tori and I giggle. "With those visible veins bulging down their shafts, and those

big juicy knobs. Oh my God!"

"Don't soak your panties over there, girl!" Tori teased.

"Back again, huh, ladies?" The store owner Kate asked as she joined us.

"Hi Kate! Yep, back for more Room 209 attire," Tori replied.

"Excellent! What are those hot young studs gonna be treated to this time?"

"Body stockings," I answered.

Kate smiled. "Mmm, well then…right this way."

We followed Kate over to the section we needed.

"We have several different styles…halter, crotchless, some with plunging necklines to reveal lots of cleavage."

"Oh, I want a crotchless!" Tora said. "Steven's never seen me in anything crotchless before.

"Do you have a white lace bridal in the crotchless?" Gail asked.

"I do. It comes with a matching thong, or you can just go bare."

"Hmm, what do you girls think…with panties or without?"

"I know I'M going bare," Tori replied.

"You know what, I think I'll skip the panties and go bare as well," Gail decided.

Kate looked at me and smiled. "What about you, hon…anything catch your eye?"

"This one's nice." I said, lifting one from the rack.

"That's a fishnet halter with an open crotch. Very popular!"

Gail looked my choice over. "Damn, Michelle…that would look amazing on you!"

"I'll do this one I think."

"Do you want the matching thong?" Kate asked.

"No, Michelle, go bare with us," Gail blurted.

"Let's let those boys see our hot mommy-pussies!" Tori added.

I smiled over at Kate. "Ok, I guess I'll skip the panties also."

"Good choice, and if you need some grooming, Karen down at the other end of the mall does amazing work."

"Oh I know…that's where I go. I'm dying to get a postage stamp cut today." Tori expressed.

"Postage stamp?" I naively asked.

"Yeah, it's like the martini cut, but they square it off at the bottom, so it sort of frames in the outer labia."

"Oh, well I had a little landing strip, but I shaved it off a few days ago," I said.

Gail patted me on the shoulder. "Good move, Michelle. Boys prefer shaved pussies."

Tori laughed and rolled her eyes. "Whatever, girl! I think our boys prefer wet pussies, regardless of how they're trimmed."

"That's probably true," I giggled.

"Well, how bout we get our pussies waxed, and Tori can get her postage stamp?" Gail suggested.

"Sounds like a good plan to me."

****

"Hey dude, did you get flashed this morning?" Ryan asked as we sat in class.

"Flashed?"

"Yeah, did your mom show you her tits? All the guys from room 209 are saying they got an eye-full this morning."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Fuck yeah! Mom came into the laundry room, changed her fucking bra right in front of me," Ryan replied.

"Holy shit! Well, mom leaned down towards me at breakfast. They were practically falling out of her robe. My dad was right there, it was crazy!"

"See, I'm telling you, dude, our moms are in to this. They don't care if our dads are around, they just wanna show us their bodies."

"I wish my mom would let me fuck her, but whatever, I'm certainly not gonna complain about what I HAVE been getting. I wonder what they're gonna do to us today. Do you think they're gonna suck our dicks some more?" I asked.

"Nah, Robbie seems to think they're gonna let us suck on their boobs. How fucking awesome would that be?"

"Mega-awesome! I got some of that yesterday and would love more. So, why does Robbie think that?" I asked.

"He said his mom woke him up this morning, then started swinging her naked tits right above his face. She looked down at him and told him that later he'd get to suck like a baby."

"Holy fuck, I bet that's it! I bet we're gonna nurse on their tits today." I exclaimed excitedly.

"Damn, dude, and your mom's tits are full of milk. You're gonna be swimming in it, buddy."

"I certainly was swimming in it yesterday," I smiled, actually feeling a little light headed as a rush of excitement surged through me. I knew sucking on mom's huge lactating tits was incredibly thrilling and I was anxious to be buried beneath them again.

****

"I can't believe we get to masturbate with the boys today." Gail said as we got naked in the Room 209 dressing room. "Rub our hot clits, while they stroke those big dreamy dicks."

"Our darling's might be surprised when they find out their moms like to play with themselves as much as they do," Tori added, unclasping her bra.

I slipped off my dainty panties, revealing a baby-smooth, freshly-waxed pussy. "True. It's really cool that the boys get to see a side of us here that they never get to see at home."

"Mmm, the naughty side." Gail said, making us giggle.

We slid in to our body stockings and marabou slippers and did our last minute primping. I fluffed my blonde mane of hair and applied a light coat of perfume. The three of us, along with several other mothers, posed in front of the big mirrors, practicing how we would display our heavy-titted bodies for our boys.

With her hands on her hips, Gail thrust her chest, making her giant knockers balloon out, stretching the nylon. "God our big tits look amazing in these!" she proudly stated.

Tori and I thrust our boobs out, watching our wide areolas and protuberant nipples stare back at us through the fishnet of our body stockings . "Their tongues will be hanging out for sure, while they stroke those long teenage dicks," said Tori.

"The bell just went off, ladies!" One mom shouted.

****

"What the fuck, dude, wait up!" Ryan shouted as he trailed behind me across the school parking lot.

"No way, man! I'm not wasting a second!"

As usual, my heart raced excitedly, especially when I saw mom's car parked out front of room 209. Me and many other horny classmates filed through the front door. We rushed downstairs and took our usual spots. Unlike the first time I was here, I wasted no time shedding my pants and started pulling on my pecker in anticipation. As usually, there was erotic music, but a female voice suddenly came over the intercom. "Sit down and put on your blindfolds, boys," she directed.

I looked at Ryan curiously. This was new and thrilling. "Blindfolds?" I asked.

Ryan and I sat down on our leather benches where there were black blindfolds waiting for us. "Yeah, you heard her…put it on dude!" he replied, slipping it over his eyes. I did the same.

"No peeking, boys!" The female voice warned.

Mixed in with the music, I heard the sound of high heels clicking daintily against the floor. My hand instinctively squeezed and stroked on my already rock-hard

erection as I imagined who must be entering the room. A minute passed before the voice returned. "Ok, you handsome studs, blindfolds off!"

"WOAH!" I muttered.

"Holy fuck!" Ryan exclaimed.

Only a few feet away from us were our moms, standing in sexy poses. My eyes widened as I took in what mom was wearing. It was a black fishnet body stocking with a halter top and no sleeves. The most obvious thing about her, of course, were her enormous mommy-melons, clearly visible and encased in stretchy fishnet. The outfit hugged her form, showing off every luscious curve, as if she were completely naked.

My eyes drifted down to exposed skin. "Holy fuck, the stocking is crotchless!" my brain screamed. The shaved V of mom's pubis was right there in front of me. At the base I could see the hood of her clitoris, peeking out from between her puffy cuntal folds. Of course her legs looked stunning…strong, tan and smooth beneath the fabric and her feet were propped in matching black four-inch heels with sexy ruffled feathers. Mom's hair and makeup was flawless and she smiled naughtily as she watched my reaction.

I heaved my hips, flexing my dick as I stroked it from balls to tip. This time it was mom's eyes that got big as she watched my hand fly up and down my meaty column.

****

"Hi boys! Did you miss us?" Gail asked, posing for her son.

My clitoris throbbed as I watched my son's fist stroke his big beautiful dick, while he drooled over my new outfit. "We missed you," I added, giving Ricky a saucy wink.

"What do you think of our body stockings?" Gail asked.

"Fucking awesome!" her son answered.

"Yeah!" Ricky agreed. "You guys really look amazing!"

Tori was also next to us, across from her own cock-stroking teen. "It's kinda cool how you can see right through the fabric, huh? You can see our titties, our pussies…"

I spun around, peeking back over my shoulder as I exposed my backside. "And our asses." I added, finishing Tori's sentence and watching Ricky's reaction.

****

"Holy hell…look at those fucking asses, dude!" Ryan said to me, while beating his meat.

I could see mom's tan bare buttocks through the fabric, as clear as day. Her meaty mounds looked heavenly; twin rounded buns, separated by a deep succulent ass-crack.

"Should we give these hot studs a closer look, ladies." Ryan's mom suggested.

Mom strode up to me, stopping right between my outstretched legs as I slouched on the bench beating off to the sight of her. "Holy fuck what a view!" I wondrously thought as I gazed up at the bulging rounded undersides of mom's boobs through the fabric. She peered over her giant rack, looking down into my eyes, then at my cock.

I set my sights straight ahead. I was pulling my pecker mere inches from mom's shaved pussy. My tongue literally hung out as I beat my meat and imagined her hot mommy-cunt pummeling up and down my hardon.

"Mmm, look at them pull on those hard shafts!" Ryan's mom stated.

"Oh, I know, their erections are so strong. Just imagine how hard they could fuck us right now!" Stephen's mom added, making me whimper excitedly. I wondered if my mom too was really imagining what it would be like to have my cock stuffed inside her.

All three moms turned, displaying their mommy-buns for our ogling eyes. They bent over, pointing their asses, making the fleshy clamshells of their cunts bulge from the open slits of their crotchless outfits. I gasped out loud, wanting to rush up behind mom and spear my prick through the pussy of my dreams.

Mom then did something that really surprised me. Reaching back with both hands, she pulled the fatty cheeks of her ass apart, giving me a clear look at the crinkled ring of her butthole. Not only that, but the juicy coral-colored slit of her cunt.

"Fuck me sideways!" Ryan exclaimed and I peered over to see him being greeted to the same sight by his mom.

The mothers giggled, shamelessly exposing their holes to us. "See something you like boys?" Ryan's mom asked.

"Somewhere you'd like to cram your horny cocks into maybe?" Stephen's mom added.

****

"I see something I like!" I said, gazing down over my shoulder at Ricky's rock hard peter. The way he was furiously jacking it's meaty length was mesmerizing.

I almost couldn't believe I had gotten to this point. I mean, here I was, a middle aged married mother, standing here in front of my boy in the naughtiest of outfits, spreading my ass for him, while I watched him beat his meat. It was the most insane thing in the world, yet I was loving every second of it, without feeling a drop of guilt.

"Let's swing our asses for these big-dicked studs!" Tori suggested.

Gail, Tori and I raised back up, turned around and began to swivel our bodies to the music as we hovered over our boys. I brought my arms up over my head as I danced for my teen, swinging my wide child-bearing hips as I watched him react to my every move.

"What are you thinking about, boys…these big juicy tits jutting from your mothers' chests?" Gail asked, squeezing her boobs teasingly.

"Thinking about how bad you'd like to suck their puffy nipples?" Tori added.

"Burying your face in flesh, while you pull on those younger, tender dicks," I chimed in.

****

"You tits are dope!!" Ryan exclaimed, jacking his erection hard and fast. "And so are your pussies!"

"Yeah they are!" I agreed, watching mom's camel-toed vulva swivel around in front of me.

Suddenly a woman's voice shouted across the room. "Ok ladies, you know what time it is!"

The moms all cheered and began untying their tops. I looked on in wide-eyed disbelief as mom undid the neck of her halter, then peeled the fishnet down off her tits, completely exposing them. They

bobbled heavily on her chest with her stiff nipples protruding from her wide areola.

Ryan's mom, along with all the other moms, were now naked from the waist up. "Holy shit, dude!" Ryan exclaimed as we glanced at each other excitedly.

Steven's mom, Tori, sashayed past us, her giant milkers trembling with every step as she led Steven by his erection, as if she were leading a dog on a leash. "What do you say we bunk these boobie-loving boys, ladies," she suggested.

"Mmm, sounds like a yummy idea to me!" Ryan's mom replied, reaching down and leading Ryan to his feet by his erection. Mom did the same to me, her little fist clutched around my hardon as I rose up. "Sounds good to me too," Mom winked.

I followed behind mom and the other two couples as they led us by our dicks into the bunk. We watched them slip their sexy feet with painted toes from their heels and we all crawled onto the big bed together. "Mmm, we're so naughty, leading our boys to bed by their big stiff dicks," Steven's mom cooed, making the other moms giggle.

"Lay back, sweetheart," Mom whispered, guiding me back onto her lap, like my three friends were doing with their moms. The three big breasted beauties were sitting upright, in a circle, with their legs curled sideways for us to rest on.

As soon as I landed on mom's soft lap, her huge ballooning tits were hovering over me. They brushed softly across my face, and through the gaping cleavage, I caught a look at mom's gazing down with a naughty smile. Her hand was still

clutched around my peter, now slowly stroking it herself. I rubbed my face in between her massive mams, delighting in their warm dough-like softness.

****

"Mmm look at these cute boys with their faces wrapped in big titties. Every boys dream!' Tori mewled, and I giggled as I watched her son drag his tongue up her monster cleavage.

Gail's boy's face was buried by the fatty flesh of one of her boobs and I could tell he was going to town on the nipple. Like me, both moms were stroking their sons' rock-hard erections while they let them suck. Gail looked at me and bit her bottom lip, clearing enjoying the attention her son was giving. "Oh fuck, that feels so good!" she whimpered.

I felt my Ricky's tongue drag across the underside of one of my boobs. I heard him gasped excitedly, and his erection flexed in my hand as his lips slid across my areola and around my leaking nipple. His tongue lashed at it, and my clitoris responded with a throb. The thrill of having my oldest son sucking at my tit again was so kinky. Each time his licker lashed down to batter the erect spire of my nipple back and forth, I felt a surge of sexual-electricity jolt through my chest and into my entire body.

"Aren't these teenage dicks just gorgeous!" Tori sighed, making us stare at our sons' sex organs.

As I looked down at my hand as it steadily stroked his meaty column up and down, I couldn't help but be wondrously overwhelmed by the sight of Ricky's prick. His erection was so big and hard, encrusted with bulging veins and capped by a fat juicy knob. I couldn't help but be in awe! For a moment I thought back on the times my husband had performed pathetically in bed, especially this last time, when he couldn't even get hard. This was the penis I needed during those times.

"Wow, the boys dicks are so hard!" I gasped, feeling all the tight bulging muscle in my hand.

"Aren't they amazing, Michelle?" Tori agreed. "It would take a miracle to get my husband's dick this erect."

"That's cuz dad's crazy!" her son muttered from under her breasts, his voice muffled by heavy tit-flesh.

"No darling, he's not crazy. He's just not a young super-stud with a big dick like you."

Gail's son chimed in. "Maybe instead of our dads you guys should be taking us super-studs to bed at night."

Ricky laughed, his lips pressed against my boob. "Right on!" he mumbled.

I smiled down at him and cocked an eyebrow. "Oh you think so, huh, mister?"

Ricky looked so cute peering up from under my huge tits. "Uh-huh, I do!"

"Oh God, if I had this dick in my bed every night I'd never get any sleep!" Gail expressed.

"And that's a bad thing why?" Tori asked.

I marveled at all the pre-cum weeping from Ricky's piss-slit. "It's amazing how much pre-cum there is," I observed. "It's the perfect amount to lubricate our strokes."

"Not to mention it tastes divine," Tori added. "I've heard of moms who love it so much they'll let their son skip his chore as long as he agrees to letting her lick his peter-tip every time pre-cummies drool out. It's mommy's little treat."

"I'd gladly do that!" her boy muttered, peeking out from beneath her tit.

"You just keep sucking, honey…we'll talk about it later."

****

The cap of mom's tit was thick and rubbery. I rolled my tongue across the milk glans, feeling the spongy weight of her breast rest on my face. When my licker bumped her nipple I felt a little stream of milk erupt. I quickly latched on, applying strong suction around the teat, which seemed to elongate in my mouth. Almost immediately my tongue was swimming in a pool of breast milk. I felt mom's body give off a shiver and heard her let out an audible gasp.

"You ok over the, Michelle?" Ryan's mom asked her.

"Oh God, yes!" Mom answered, making me suck even harder. "I love having my boobs sucked on."

"I bet that lucky baby is drowning in mommy's milk about now," Steven's mom said with a giggle.

It was true. Mom's warm nectar was gushing into my mouth as I sucked like a baby. Greedily, I pulled even more squishy tit into my mouth, my lips forming a sealed oval around the fringe of her areola. My tongue plowed back and forth across mom's cap, scrubbing its bumpy surface. Like a nursing infant, I sucked and swallowed, sucked, licked and swallowed some more. Mom's tit was producing almost more than I could keep up with. It was much more milk than yesterday! I whimpered as her hand squeezed on my cock, jacking expertly, from my balls to my knob.

"Just imagine that our juicy mommy-pussies are fucking your cocks boys!" Ryan's mom blurted. "Taking you deep in our fuck-holes!"

"Soaking these big muscled pricks with girl-cum!" Steven's mom added. "Squeezing our fuck-muscles around your cocks and making your cum boil in those big nut sacks!"

"Making you fuck harder and harder…hammering those horny dongs against the back of our vaginas!" my own mom cooed.

At this point my excitement-level was crazy intense, both from the feel of mom's body and her hot words. Mom's nipple popped from my mouth, milk trickling from it's center and down my cheek. My body shivered as I looked down to see her hand with it's long painted nails whipping up and down my hard dick in a perfect corkscrew motion. "Holy shit, where did mom learn to stroke dick like this?!" I wondrously thought.

****

Together, Ricky and I watched me stroke his hard cock vigorously. I marveled at his juicy knob as it peeked out my circled fingers on every downward stroke. My pussy juice trickled as I imagined the places inside me his knob could reach. "It'll never happen…so just stop thinking about it!" my mind scolded. My baby looked up at me. I gazed down into his eyes through fluttering lashes, my bee-

stung lips curling into a naughty smile. "Does that feel good, baby?" I sweetly asked.

"Uh-huh!" he gasped.

"Mommy knows just how to pull on her boy's pecker, doesn't she?"

"Yes!" He huffed, then went back to sucking as I tirelessly beat his meat.

The bunk room was filled with the lewd sound of creamy handjobs as we pulled the bubbling pre-cum from our boys dicks and used it for lubrication. "My God you have such great cock-stroking technique, Michelle. Your hand has been moving in a perfect corkscrew motion," Tori complimented.

"Thanks. I try to time each stroke, so I can drag my thumb back and forth across Ricky's frenulum."

"Oh, the old windshield-wiper technique. With Stephen, I try to tighten my grip around the neck of the glans, like this. It's a technique I learned back in college, called the sausage wrap. It's a very sensitive pleasure-spot for him," Tori explained stroking her son's dick steadily.

"Ryan too!" Gail chimed in. "I read somewhere that the crown is almost twice as sensitive on a teenage boy."

Tori nodded. "It's true, and the glans right around the meatus are the most sensitive."

"The article also said you should provide squeezes around the shaft. It imitates the contractions of a pussy," Gail added.

"Well, when I jack Steven's erection I do it with a monster grip, so I guess I imitate a VERY tight pussy!" Tori said, making us giggle.

I decided to get in on sharing techniques. "One of the ones I learned in college was the knob polisher, ever tried that one?" I asked, laying my palm flat on the head of Ricky's penis. My fingers dropped down the side of his glans, and clutching tightly, then I twisted back and forth, as if I were polishing a door knob.

"Oh, I remember that one! God, my husband wouldn't last two seconds if I polished his knob like this." Gail stated as she twisted her fist around her son's peter.

Tori's son, Steven, thrust his hips, his body wracked with pleasure. Her thick, engorged nipple popped from his mouth. "Ohhh God, mom!!" he groaned.

"Ohhh, that's a good one, isn't it, darling?!" she cooed "It made those beautiful balls jump in their sack, didn't it?"

"I bet our boys would love the 'infinite hole' technique," I shared. "Remember that one?"

"Oh my God, in college I used to milk off so many cocks that way," Tori snickered.

The three of us tried the 'infinite hole' technique on our teens. I started with one hand at the head of Ricky's penis and moved it downward. As soon at his flaring tip peeked out I added a second hand on top and continued the downward movement. As my first hand reached the base, I replaced it at the top again, creating an endlessly-stroking tight tube around meat of his manhood.

Ricky's body shuddered from having his cock stroked this new way. "Oh, you like it don't you, baby?!" I sighed.

"They all do!" Tori replied, applying the technique perfectly on her boy. "It's like a tight, slippery pussy that goes on and on forever!"

"Two minutes ladies!" A female voice shouted.

"Let's make our boys cum before the next part!" Gail suggested.

"I have an idea. Whoever makes their son shoot the most ropes of hot cum gets a free lunch after we leave here," Tori proposed.

"Deal!" I agreed confidently.

The three of us moms continued pumping our son's dicks in earnest. Our pretty hands were a blur, whipping up and down their young cocks. Gail's son was the first to announce his impending orgasm.

"Oohhnnghfuckingshit!!" he wailed, thrusting his hips up and down.

His cock-canon started going off and we moms counted the ropes out loud as we watched them sail from his piss-slit. . "One… two…..three!"

"Ohhhngshit!" Ryan shouted, squirting out another pearly-white rope into the air.

"Four…..five…six!"

"Come on, baby, more cum!" Gail cheered, milking his manhood vigorously.

The last one came oozing out with a whimper. "Seven!" we shouted.

I gazed down at Ricky and his pleasure filled face as I pulled steadily at his hard-on. "Seven ropes, that's the number to beat, sweetie," I informed him.

"We'll beat that right now, won't we, baby?" Tori announced as she stroked her writhing son's peter with long slippery squeezes. "CUM FOR MOMMY!"

Steven cried out in pleasure and a blast of hot jism shot high in the air, making us moms gasp. "One….two….three!" we counted.

"Come on, darling, cum hard in mommy's hot fucking pussy!" Tori urged, as if she knew her dirty words would make him ejaculate that much harder.

More ropes erupted from his piss-hole in big gooey geysers. "Four….five….six!"

Steven's young body shook as Tori jerked him tirelessly. "Seven….eight…."

His hips rose from the cushion and he let out a guttural grunt as one last blast of oozing spunk was milked from his meaty dong. "Nine!" we shouted.

"Oh wow, that's my boy!" Tori praised, kissing his chest and up his neck proudly, letting her dangling udders drag on his chest.

I gave it everything I had, beating Ricky's meat with long tight, slippery strokes. His body finally tensed-up and I knew this would be among the strongest orgasms he'd ever had. "OOHHSHIT, I'M CUMMING!!" he wailed.

The first blast from Ricky's prick took my breath away. It was a solid white geyser erupting four-feet into the air, making all three if us moms scream like excited schoolgirls.

"Oh my God!!" Gail exclaimed.

The cum-blast arched upward, then splashed down on his lean chest. It was immediately followed by another of equal size, then another. I felt like Ricky's ejaculation was like the finale at the end of a fireworks show as we counted his spurts in lustful adoration.

****

Mom gazed straight down at me as I was struck with the ultimate orgasm. Her dreamy eyes seemed to cut right through me and her giant breasts jiggled incredibly with every stroke of my cock. "Come on, sweet baby! Cum!!" she loudly urged.

"Gggnnhhuuugghh!!" I grunted, sending another one sailing from my loins.

"Four….five….six!" the mothers counted.

One of the jets had splashed on mom's bobbling tits and ran down into her deep cleavage. She smiled salaciously. "Yes...more cum!!"

"Seven…..eight…." they shouted.

My whole body jerked as more cum came oozing out. The pleasure was crazy-intense…more than I'd ever had from an orgasm, and I'd had some mind-blowing ones the past few days. "Nine…" the moms called out together.

Mom suddenly pulled her knees out from under me, dropped her tits against my chest, crushing them against me. She laid across me and buried her face in my neck. "FUCK ME, RICKY!!" she cried out in a salacious tone, then began lashing her tongue on my neck.

"HOLY FUCK!" I muttered, feeling my balls jump and my cock flex in mom's hand.

"Ten!!" The two other mom's shouted as I felt more cum jet from my piss-slit. "Eleven….twelve!"

"Wow, Michelle, twelve ropes of cum, are you kidding me?!" Steven's mom exclaimed with her mouth open in awe.

"That's impressive!" Gail added.

Mom lifted her head and smiled at me lovingly. "Just goes to show, you can accomplish anything with a little help from mom."

Suddenly, a mothers voice shouted out. "LET'S RUB THESE PUSSIES, LADIES!!!"

All three moms cheered and rolled onto their backs across from us. There were pillow-rests on each side of the mattress and we all reclined back onto them, moms on one side, boys on the other, facing each other. Steven, Ryan and I watched in awe as our moms brought their knees back, splaying their thighs wide open. Their body stockings were crotchless, exposing their swollen naked pussies.

"Holy shit, guys…look at those pussies!" Ryan exclaimed as the three of us started stroking our still-hard cocks.

I gazed at mom's mature cunt. It was completely shaved and baby smooth. The fleshy flanges were splayed open like the wings of a butterfly, revealing a coral gash. Crowning her cunt was the fleshy domed hood of her clitoral prepuce, which shrouded mom's fat juicy

clit. I marveled at the split of her twat, her sexy perineum and the crack that separated her meaty buns. The crinkled pink ring of her butthole peeked from it's center.

Mom's hands slid up her smooth, splayed thighs, drawing my attention to her face, which was looking back at me with a naughty smile.

"Shit!" I hissed, jacking the head of my dick rapidly to the sight of her.

Mom giggled and stared in fascination at me beating my beat. "My God, their dicks are still rock hard!" she gasped.

Ryan's mom responded. "Oh I know, my husband's dick would have shriveled up like a wet noodle by now."

Mom rolled her eyes. "Oh, I know. Mine too!"

"Should we spread our cunts for these cuties?" Steven's mom suggested.

"Absolutely!' Ryan's mom answered.

With two fingers Mom spread her gash. The hood of her genitals reared back and her labia peeled apart, reveal her engorged clitoris and creamy fuck hole. I was fucking awestruck!

"Holy shit, look how juicy their pussies are!" Ryan exclaimed.

"And you can see their clits!" Steven added.

I took a quick look over at their moms, marveling at how their genitalia looked the same, but slightly different. Their cunt-lips were both fleshy and engorged, and the plump bulbs of their clits bulged out obscenely. Ryan's mom's pussy was shaved, like my mom's, but

Steven's mom had just a little square patch of pubic fur, crowning her mons.

"You're not the only ones who get to masturbate today, boys," Mom stated, winking across at me.

"That's right! Steven's mom added. "While you beat your dicks, we get to stroke our pussies."

****

I felt so wicked like this, with my knees spread open, shamelessly displaying my most secret place for my own son. It was the hole he had slipped out of eighteen years ago and now it was wet and horny. I watched his hand fly up and down his young, hard cock, marveling at how long and muscular it was. "I made him cum and he didn't get the slightest bit soft after!" I wondrously thought. Like the other two moms, I began rubbing my clitoris, joining the group in mutual masturbation.

"OH YESS!!" Tori hissed, propping her knees back even further as she frantically rubbed her cunt.

I looked across at Ricky, and his tongue literally hanging out, as he watched my fingers plowing in a frantic circular motion against my clitoris. My eyes were drawn to his cock. It was so big and strong; his squeezing fist flying up and down it's length. "How could any woman not be in love with it? Even his mother!" I thought.

"God this is amazing!" Gail loudly blurted, rubbing her love-button lustfully. "Masturbating to the sight of those big, hard teenage dicks."

"Mmm, are you imagining that you're fucking these hot pussies, boys?!" Tori asked.

"Uh-huh!" her son answered, gawking across at her.

"Imagining that we're sheathing those throbbing hardons deep inside our holes." Gail added.

I felt a bit awkward commenting, since I had refused to let Ricky fuck me, but I added words of my own anyways as I peered across at Ricky's smooth scrotum. "Fucking us, and making those smooth young balls beat against our asses!" I panted.

"Oh fuck yeah, mom, I'll fuck the hell out of you!!" Gail's son exclaimed, making us moms laugh out loud at such eagerness.

"And what about you, Steven?" Tori asked. "Do you wanna fuck mommy's pussy hard and fast? "

"Hell yes!" her son answered, jacking his dick excitedly.

I looked across at Ricky and smiled as we both continued masturbating. I could tell he was waiting for me to ask, even though he knew I wouldn't give my pussy up. Even though it wouldn't be happening, there was no harm in talking about it. "So, what about you, handsome, would you crawl between mom's legs and slide inside this hot pussy?"

Ricky took a big gulp and nodded. "If you wanted me to…I would in a second," he gasped.

It wasn't that I didn't want him to. I did. I DESPERATELY DID! And I knew he'd do a damn good job of dicking me too. Ricky would fuck me to the moon and back. He'd make my toes curl and this busty body shake and scream so violently that he'd probably think I was possessed by a fuck-demon. His dreamy meat-cannon was bigger and harder than his father's, capped by a huge purple knob that simply took my breath away just looking at. His skill and sexual stamina would certainly be a better match for me than that of his dad. The problem was I loved Dan and he adored me. We were High School sweethearts, who had shared so much together. I needed to save the sanctity of my pussy just for him. In Room 209, Ricky could

do whatever he wanted to the outside of my body. He could hump on me, suck and chew on me, and squirt his hot cum all over my flesh and down my throat, but my sacred vaginal belonged to his father.

"Oh God, Steven, I'm gonna cum, honey!!" Tori exclaimed snapping me from my thoughts.

"Oh wow, mom!" her son muttered, watching her legs shake.

Gail and I stared at our boys cocks as we panted like horny bitches in heat and rapidly stroked our engorged clits.

****

"Fuck, look at them go, dude! Our moms are gonna cum soon. Look at how their feet are starting to clench," Ryan pointed out.

It was true. Mom's sexy bare feet hovered in the air and began clenching. The muscles in her silky legs were starting to tremble and the look on her face was concentrated pleasure as she focused on reaching her peak, while staring across at my cock. Her pelvis followed the movement of her fingers, gently gyrating in a steady fucking motion.

"Uunnooohh, God!" she gasped, her pretty voice quivering. Her hand was a blur against her clit. Her face was turning red in a pre-orgasmic blush and looked on the verge of screaming out in climax.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!!" Ryan's mom announced, her back arching from the mattress.

Mom's face contorted as she let out a writhing shake. "Ohhfuuckkingshit, I'm cumming!!" she cried out.

Ryan and I gasped out loud and quickly glanced at each other in awe as we watched our moms shake through their orgasms. I felt

something wet hit my balls and noticed mom's pussy was squirting out hot ejaculate as she got off. It was amazing! I peeked over and saw Ryan and Steven's moms writhing in ecstasy. Like my mom's boobs, their giant fatty tits wobbled and rippled on their chest from their orgasmic contractions. Their buttholes throbbed, and their pink vaginal vestibules bulged from their slits, spraying hot girl-cum from their urethras. We could hear the screams of other moms throughout Room 209 as they brought themselves to orgasm, just like our moms were.

"Holy shit, listen to all those moms scream, while they masturbate their pussies!" Steven exclaimed, his hand whipping up and down his peter.

All three of our moms extended their legs into the air, scissoring them open into huge spread-eagles as they continued rubbing their clits. Mom's face was masked with pleasure as she gazed dreamily at my erection. I flexed my rock-hard cock in my hand as it flew up and down it's length, making mom's eyes get big and slightly roll back as she experience more orgasmic tingles.

Her big pillowy tits jostled on her chest as her fingers rubbed frantically on her cunt. With her free hand, Mom reached up and squeezed one of her unsteady jugs, pulling on the nipple.

"I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!!" she cried, her hand a blur on her cunt as she brought herself off a second time.

"MEEE TOOO!!" Steven's mom announced.

"UNNNGGHHH!!" Both moms screamed out at once, their sexy scissored legs shaking as pleasure shot through them.

"They're pussies are squirting again, dude…look at that!" Ryan shouted.

"Holy shit!" I muttered, watching the girl-cum pulse from mom's pussy. I could only imagine how absolutely incredible it would feel if my dick was in her cunt right now.

****

"Unghh!" I screamed in pleasure, my nearly naked body flopping around shamelessly in front of my son. I knew it must be shocking him watching me this way. He was witnessing a side of me that few others had seen.

After our orgasms settled, Gail crawled towards her son. "Let's let the boys rub our clits, while we stroke their dicks again," she suggested.

"Mmm, you come up with the best ideas, Gail!" Tori expressed, moving in on her son.

I crawled over and felt my body sliding against the smooth skin of my son's frame. A thin sheen of sweat seemed to lubricate the motion as he moved his prick up and down against the softness of my inner thigh. My big mommy tits

spilled out on Ricky's upper chest like soft bread-dough as I planted little teasing kisses on his lips. Our eyes were locked together, wide with forbidden lust, as we rubbed our naked bodies together.

Ricky followed along with what the other boys were doing, reaching down between my legs and fingering my inflamed clitoris. I sighed audibly. It felt amazing! I circled my fist around his erection and squeezed, feeling the blood pump through his hard cock. His fat, engorged knob mushroomed out, taking my breath away. "Oh God, Ricky." I whimpered with uncontrolled lust, diving for his lips. Our first kiss was out of this world!

Our tongues twirled wildly inside Ricky's mouth as we stroked each others genitals. Soon, the six of us were bucking and wailing in

orgasm. Our bodies writhed together in a hot sweat-soaked mass of naked flesh and squirting cum. The boys groaned as their big dicks blasted cum everywhere. We mothers screamed with delight, feeling their baby-making cream splash and run down out trembling bodies. It was certainly the wildest sexual spectacle I had ever been a part of.

Minutes later the mothers all embraced their boys as we stood by the exit. We all seemed to linger longer than usual, staring into their eyes and planting sweet kisses.

"I love you," I whispered, nose to nose with my sweetheart as we gazed at each other in post-orgasmic bliss.

"We better let these studs get a shower and get back to class," Gail stated as mothers began to filter out of the room.

Tori, Gail and I peeked back and smiled as we felt the boys' eyes on our swaying asses. I giggled and gave my baby a cute little wave. I took one last look at his steely cock as it pointed out from his crotch proudly. "How in the world could he still be hard?" I asked myself, biting my bottom lip.

****

So, what are the odds that fucking will be on the schedule today?" I asked Gail as I spoke to her on the phone , while breastfeeding my newborn.

Gail giggled. "Are you asking me because you want there to be fucking on the schedule today?"

"No, of course I don't. The other day when I couldn't give Ricky my pussy I felt horrible."

"Couldn't or 'wouldn't' give him your pussy the other day?!" Gail asked.

"I told you…it's the only thing that's off limits to him."

"Never mind that the 'only thing' that you're withholding happens to be the 'best thing' that your son can experience."

"I'm sure I can make up for it another way, just like I did before."

"By dry humping?! Michelle, all a guy thinks about while dry-fucking is getting his dick inside you somehow. You may still be pleasuring Ricky, but you're also probably frustrating the hell out of him."

I sighed in frustration dissatisfaction. "Oh, that's true. I never really thought about it that way."

I heard Gail's phone chime, and mine did as well. "Here we go!" I said, putting her on speaker and looking at my phone anxiously. Gail read it out loud.

"ROOM 209 SCHEDULE

12 to 12:15 – Moms on Display

12:15 to 1 – Anal Sex

What to bring: Bra and garter panty set

Stiletto-heeled mules."

"Looks like you got lucky today, unless you're not letting Ricky fuck your ass either?" Gail asked me.

"Oh my God, Gail, anal? I haven't had anal sex in years. Dan hates it!" I answered.

"Well teenage boys love it, so aren't we the lucky ones," Gail retorted. "You ARE gonna let him fuck your ass, aren't you?"

I took a second to consider her question. It had been so long since I had a cock in my ass that I'd forget how much I actually loved it. Since it wasn't my pussy, and Dan hated it anyway, I saw no reason why my Ricky couldn't enjoy reaming my asshole with his big cock. "Well, I told Ricky he could have everything but my pussy, so my ass should be fair game, right?"

Other moms began to text, showing their excitement

"Yay! Our boys get to pound some ass today!"

"Don't forget the lube, girls!"

"Mmm yum, just what I need today…a good buttfucking!"

"Oh goodie! Billy loves his cock deep in my ass!"

"Don't forget to put your asses on display this morning, girls."

"Oh, that's right!" Gail said over the phone. "We better do our at-home display before the boys leave for school. Wanna shop for garters this morning?"

"Definitely! I'll pick you up at ten, after I drop the baby off," I stated.

I had just washed one of Ricky's old Junior High football jerseys, so I slipped out of my robe and put it on. Without any bra or panties it was risky attire with my husband home, especially since the shirt fell only a couple inches past my ass. However, I knew seeing me in it would give Ricky a thrill.

I padded down to the kitchen on bare feet to fix the kids' lunches. The two girls were fighting as usual. "Girls, please…enough!"

My oldest looked at me in shock. "Mom, why are you wearing Ricky's jersey?" she asked.

"Because I want to, young lady, now finish your breakfast."

My husband was just as surprised as he stepped up behind me. "Playing some football today?" he asked.

"Maybe I am," I joked

He kissed me on the cheek. "Any shorter and the kids might see something they shouldn't," he warned, glancing down at the hem of the jersey.

I threw my hubby a perturbed glare. "Dan, please don't lecture me. I got breast milk on my robe and just needed to throw something on," I lied.

"Ok, ok…I'm just sayin'…whatever you do, don't bend over."

****

When I stepped in the kitchen my eyes were immediately drawn to mom's naked legs. "Holy shit, she's wearing my football jersey!" I thought. "And she looks AMAZING in it! If it were an inch shorter I'd probably see the cheeks of her ass."

Mom flashed me a smile over her shoulder. "Honey, grab a quick piece of toast and some juice or something," she advised.

"I'm ok, mom."

"Ricky, you really need to get something in your system, to build your stamina today, sweetie."

"Stamina…to sit in class and do school work?" Dan interjected. "That doesn't take much stamina."

I could tell mom was biting her tongue. She couldn't very well admit to my dad that she wanted my stamina to be top notch, so I could perform something sexual with her in Room 209. I couldn't help but wonder if she'd give me a hint at what that might be.

"Alright, kiddos…we gotta get out of here!" Dad shouted, stepping over to mom.

"Kiss for you!" she said, giving him a smack on the lips goodbye.

Dad walked out of the kitchen and Mom handed my oldest sister her brown paper bag. "Lunch for you!"

"How exciting!" My sister scowled upon exiting the kitchen.

"Lunch for you!" Mom said, passing off a bag to my little sister.

"Thanks!" my little sister huffed, stomping away.

The girls disappeared, and mom dropped my paper bag on the floor. "Oops!" she said, then turned around and bent down to pick it up.

My dick got even harder as the t-shirt crept up over the globes of mom's rounded ass. I was shocked to see that she wasn't wearing any panties. Her tan, naked buns were spread slightly, so I could clearly see her cute crinkled butthole winking at me. Below it, was the puffy lips of her camel-toed cunt-slit. She peeked back over her shoulder. "And lunch for you…" she said seductively, making her butthole throb between her cheeks.

I stood there in awe as mom wagged her meaty ass teasingly. "Make sure you eat it all up today," she advised.

I nodded. "I will!"

Mom straightened back up and sashayed over to me with my lunch. She rose up on her tip-toes, squashed her braless tits again my chest and planted a soft, sensual kiss on my lips. "I bet back when you played Junior High football that you never thought you'd have a naked mommy wearing your jersey one day," I whispered.

"No…I sure didn't," my boy muttered.

I gazed him straight in the eyes longingly. "Or that you'd to spend your lunch hour one day…pounding your hard, horny dick through her asshole," I added.

I felt her fingers clasp my erection and squeeze the bulbous tip as I realize what she was implying. "See you at noon," she whispered.

It was enough to make my heart skip a beat. As I scrambled off, I couldn't help but turn and take another look. Mom was leaned up against the counter looking back at me. Her jugs were thrust out, so I could see the fat nubs of her nipples protruding from beneath the fabric. One of her legs was bent at the knee with her foot arched. Not even a runway model could compete with the utter sexiness of my curvy mother.

"Bye, Mom." I muttered, trying to conceal my protrusion.

"Bye, sweetheart," sharing her pretty smile.

****

"There's Grandma's baby girl!" Carrie, my mother-in-law sang as I stepped inside her front entry.

"Thanks so much for watching him, Carrie. You're a Godsend!" I expressed, passing the baby off, along with the diaper bag.

"Oh stop that. This is what we Grandmas do."

"This lunchtime program really seems to be helping Ricky a lot." I told her.

"Well, boys Ricky's age have so many things distracting them in class, cute girls being first and foremost. I'm sure all the mothers helping out are doing their best to satisfy that hormonal teenage curiosity."

I giggled. "Well, we're trying."

"Just be careful, darling. Keep things behind locked doors, so marriages don't get crushed. I'm sure it would break Dan's heart if he knew what you and Ricky were doing behind the doors of Room 209."

I nodded and smiled. "I know. Dan is a great husband and father. I love him so much, but he probably wouldn't understand any of this. Just so you know, Ricky and I ARE NOT engaging in vaginal intercourse. That's the one thing I want keep strictly for Dan."

Carrie smiled warmly. "Well, that's just silly, dear, she snickered.

"Silly?" I curiously asked.

"Never mind. Go have fun," Carrie said.

After I left, I still wondered why my mother-in-law thought it was "silly" that I was saving my vagina for HER son, my husband. I would have thought that, she of all people, would appreciate that I was giving Dan exclusive access to the most private part of my body.

"She said it was silly. What do you think she meant by that?" I asked as I met Gail and Tori at Kate's Lovely Lingerie and Bikinis.

"Why didn't you ask her?" Gail replied.

"I did, and she just said 'never mind,' and brushed it off."

"Maybe she just thinks it's silly that you're doing all of these other nasty sexual things with Ricky, but won't let him fuck you," Tori guessed.

"Why is that silly though? I'm mean, I know Dan wouldn't be happy about the things Ricky and I are doing in Room 209, but don't you

think he'd be just a little relieved to know that we hadn't had full-blown sex?"

"Relieved to know WHEN exactly? Gail asked. "Michelle, Dan doesn't know about Room 209, just like every husband out there doesn't know about Room 209…and NEVER will! So, if you're not having sex with Ricky for Dan's sake…you're just wasting your time."

"We're baaack!" Tori sang as we sashayed inside the store.

"Gartered bra and panty sets, right?" Kate asked with a smile.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I've already had a few Room 209 moms in here this morning. This way ladies."

Kate led us back to the section we needed. "These over here are the lace sets. They come with the bra, thong panties and matching garters."

"Oh, I love this one!" Tori said, holding the skimpy set up to her body.

"That's a sheer lace bra top with bow details and halter neckline. It comes with the strappy garter panty with adjustable straps, and matching stockings."

"Oh, look at this black set. It has a cupless cage-strap bra. I love these!" Gail expressed.

"The sheer garter belt on that one has satin ties at the front, leaving the mid-riff open," Kate explained.

"Oh my God, my Ryan would love that!"

"Do you have any um…bridal sets?" I asked.

"Oh, shame, shame, Michelle!" Gail teased.

"Someone's going for super-naughty!" Tori added.

"What, I'm just exploring all my options," I timidly replied.

"Right over here, dear." Kate said, leading me to a nearby section.

"This one has a bridal bustier, cropped to show your tummy. The matching panty has a heart shaped cut out on the rear, removable garters, and comes with sheer stockings."

Gail gave me the wowed look. "Oh my God, Michelle…that's fucking perfect!"

I nodded at Kate confidently. "That's the one I want!"

After leaving Kate's, the three of us stopped by a deparment store to purchase sexy heels. The last stop was the salon for a hair-trim, then it was on to Room 209.

Moms around the changing room cheerfully adorned themselves in their Gartered sets. "Fuck! This cage strap bra is so sexy!" Gail beamed, shaking her big naked tits as they hung out of the harness-style bra. "I can't wait to see Ryan's face when he sees me in it."

"It leaves nothing to the imagination, that's for sure," Tori giggled.

"Well, your see-through mesh bra doesn't leave much to the imagination either, Tori," Gail retorted.

"Using your imagination is fucking boring!" she expressed. "I wanna lay it all out there for my boy."

I rolled one of my stockings up my freshly-shaved leg and attached it to the garter, then stood up and checked myself out in the mirror. The panties were Daisy Duke style and adorned in delicate lace.

They were just sheer enough to see the defined V of my pubis and the indentation of my cuntal slit.

We slipped on our 6 inch heels and I applied a light coat of lipstick. Tori posed, thrusting her big tits out as she looked herself over in the mirror. "Stunning, Tori! I remarked.

"Good enough to harden a teenage dick, you think?" she naughtily asked.

"Definitely!"

"We'll need them nice n hard if they wanna pierce our assholes," Gail chimed in.

"True," I nodded, "but since when have we ever had issues making the boys hard?"

"Like never!" Gail laughed. "By the way, that bridal set looks absolutely beautiful on you, Michelle."

"Thanks!" I said proudly gazing at myself in the mirror. "I love it too!"

We fluffed our big manes of hair and applied a light spray of perfume.

"The bell just went off ladies!" a mom announced.

"It's been almost two weeks since we've done anal. I know this is about the boys, but I am so looking forward to being fucked up the ass today," Gail confessed.

"I guess that makes me selfish too, Gail. Two weeks is WAY too long to go without an ass-pounding," Tori agreed.

"Dan hates anal. He says it feels awkward," I shared.

"Yeah, it's only awkward if you don't know how to do it right. Most husbands don't," Gail laughed, rolling her eyes.

"I hear that. I love my hubby, but he has neither the rhythm or the stamina that Steven has for a good anal fuck," Tori expressed.

"Well, I certainly wouldn't get it from Dan now. I could be wrong, but I suspect he's starting to have some erectile dysfunction issues."

"Oh, yuck…I'm sorry, Michelle," Gail consoled me with a pat on my shoulder.

"Well, at least I have a healthy teen who has no issues with that. I only hope Ricky likes anal sex as much as his mother does," I shared.

"Are you kidding me, girl, turn around!" Tori blurted.

I turned, displaying my rounded backside in the mirror. A naked patch of meaty tanned bare buttocks was framed in heart-shaped lace. "You have the most luscious ass I've ever seen on a woman. Trust me, your son would crawl through broken glass to tap that ass."

****

"So, both our moms showed us their asses this morning. Steven said his mom did too. That can only mean one thing…anal sex today, dude!" Ryan surmised as we sprinted across the parking lot.

Just the thought of it made my heart nearly race out of my chest with excitement. "I hope you're right!" I shouted.

We reached the house and filed down the stairs with the other boys. Once in the room, I shed my clothes and Ryan, Steven and I stood near each other, stroking our dicks, which were already fully erect.

Erotic music was blaring overhead. Soon, the door opened and in came the moms, one by one.

"Oh fuck yeah!!" Ryan shouted when he saw what they were wearing. "Look at that shit!"

Finally, our three moms came sashaying in together. I couldn't believe my eyes! Mom was wearing a gorgeous bridal bra and panty set, with garters, stockings and a sexy pair of white stiletto heels. She was like the devil's daughter, dressed like an angel.

"Hi boys!" Ryan's mom uttered , her big alabaster tits quaking as they hung naked from her sling bra.

"We missed those hard hunky dicks," Steven's mom remarked, licking her lips with her long pink tongue.

Mom stopped and struck a pose in front of me, with her hands on her hips and a leg cocked out. "What do you think, sweetheart? Did you ever think you'd see your mom in garters?" she lovingly asked.

"I bet he's dreamed about it," Gail implied.

Mom cocked an eyebrow as she looked at me questioningly. "Do you dream about it, sweetheart? Do you dream about seeing mommy in her naughty negligee?"

"Yeah," I admitted. "If I'm honest…yes I do."

"Mmm, show him your ass, Michelle," Gail requested, spinning my mom around slowly.

"Holy shit, dude!!" Ryan shouted, making all the moms giggle as we stared at my mom's ass through a heart-shaped cutout in her panties. It was certainly something I wasn't expecting.

"Wow!" I muttered, jacking my hard cock to the sight of it.

The other mom's turned around also, displaying their thonged asses proudly. From the angle they stood, we could also see the side contours of their enormous tits. Some were covered in snug lace. Other tits, like those of Ryan's mom, hung down naked, in sling-style bras.

****

I peeked back as I bent forward, sticking my bubble butt out for my son's ogling eyes. His long, hard erection looked so beautiful slipping through his fist, the big barbed head naked and shiny with pre-cum. My butthole let out a throb and my bowels quivered with anticipation.

"Mmm, I just love looking those big teenage cocks!" Gail sighed, wagging her thonged ass.

"Their shafts are so fucking hard! Look at how long and thick they are." Tori added.

Gail peeked over at me with the horniest look I'd ever seen on her. "God, that dick is gonna feel so good in my ass!" she mewled.

"Ricky's is too!" I admitted. Yes I was a mother without shame, who loved being fucked up the ass. I delighted in the fact that I could provide another hole besides my mouth that my son could enjoy. "Perhaps since I could provide him my pussy, I could make up for it with my ass," I thought.

"Look at their asses, dude! Look at how they're jiggling," I heard Gail's son say.

I knew my asshole was throbbing almost uncontrollably, eager to be stuffed by Ricky's stiff prick. I looked back over my wagging buns into the eyes of my boy. "I love you," I silently mouthed.

"I love you!" he mouthed back.

My eyes moved down his lean chest to his erection, staring hungrily. Then, back up to his eyes with a look of un-motherly intentions. We turned and danced for our teens, throwing our gartered-clad bodies around to the beat of the music. The boys just stood there staring, mouths agape, as they jacked their dicks to the sight of us.

"Time to smother those dicks ladies!" a mom shouted.

"Yaaay!" Tori cheered.

****

Our moms grasped us by our boners and led us into the bunk room.

"Have a seat boys," Ryan's mom directed.

Once we were seated at the edge of the bunk, the three moms slipped out of their sexy heels, turned, and with their backs to us, began taking their panties off. Mom slowly unhooked her garters, teasing me with every little detail involved in removing her negligee. She peeled her lace panties over the smooth, tan globes of her ass, exposing all her naked bubble buns. Each mom took their time, watching us stroke our pricks, while they undressed.

Mom teasingly slid her panties down her stocking-encased legs and stepped out of them. She then reached around, unclasped her big bra and slipped it off, as did the other moms. Their enormous knockers sprung free of the fabric and bobbled heavily on their chests. Now nearly nude, our moms sat down across from us and unrolled their stockings down their sexy legs.

"Holy shit, they're getting naked dude!" Ryan gasped as we stroked our cocks tirelessly.

"Are you guys gonna fuck us?" Steven eagerly asked.

His mom smiled salaciously, sliding a stocking down her freshly-shaved leg. "Yes we are, darling. We ARE gonna fuck you! We're gonna fuck you with our asses today."

"Yes! I knew it dude!" Ryan rejoiced.

"Does that sound fun to you, sweetheart?" mom asked me, extending her leg, so her sexy painted toes pointed at me as she peeled the stocking off. "Would you like to push your cock through the ring of my asshole?"

"Hell yeah!" I muttered, my heart pounding a mile a minute. I had vaginal sex plenty of times, but anal sex was something I had never done before.

Mom smiled and winked at me. "Good, because it sounds fun to me too."

She stood up and removed her garter belt. Now completely naked, the three moms slid past us temptingly, crawling onto the bunk. Their oversized udders dangled down and wobbled to their every movement. The three of them paused on all fours and peeked back at us. "Well, now that we're all naked, why don't you bring those hot, young dicks over here and beat them through our asses boys," Ryan's mom requested.

Mom gazed back at me through her curtain of blonde hair and licked her lips lustfully, giving her unblemished half-globes an inviting wag. "Time to bury your boner, handsome."

Steven's mom passed a bottle back. "Mmm, lube those dicks up good and come mount us!" she purred.

We didn't have to be asked twice. After coating my hardon with heated lube, I crawled up behind mom, my boner wagging stiffly. This was it! I was gonna fuck mom's ass, after dreaming about it for

years. I couldn't believe it. I looked mom in the face as she peeked back, seeming as anxious as I was.

I pressed the tip of my lance against the ring of her butthole and thrust a little, eager to penetrate her. I felt her elastic butt-socket slip around my knob and clasp around the ridge of my corona. "Ahhh!" I breathed, anxious to bury the rest of my meat. Mom gazed back at me lovingly through fluttering lashes the whole time. "That's it, sweetie…give mommy your dick," she sighed.

I thrust forward and felt my meaty muscle sink into the hot slippery grip of her ass. "Oh damn, mom!" I muttered, feeling her rectal walls encapsulate my horny cock.

"Fuckn-a!!" Ryan yelped, and I glanced over to see him already balls-deep in his mom's rounded ass.

"That's it, boys, come on…fuck our asses!" Steven's mom squealed, thrusting her sexy ass back around my friend's boner.

The three of us boys thrust our hips and fell into a ball-bumping rhythm. I watched mom's perfect ass cheeks ripple as they struck my midsection on each thrust. Her asshole squeezed on my dick as it slipped in and out of her clutching rectum. She gazed back at me in cock-stuffed ecstasy. "That's it, Ricky…fuck my ass harder, sweetheart!"

She threw her buns back at me, meeting me thrust for thrust and making our naked flesh smack lewdly together.

****

It all seemed so surreal. My own son was fucking his rock-hard cock up my ass, slamming his groin against my ass-cheeks. His prick felt so thick and hot slipping up and down my ass-channel. It was divine! My husband Dan and I had gone through an anal sex phase when were younger, having it regularly, but it was nothing like this.

Ricky's enormous cock-head reached deep into my bowels, giving me an anal reaming like I'd never received before. "Oh fuck, that feels so good!" I gasped, letting my boy know how blown away I was by the feel of his thick cock up my butt.

"It's amazing!" Ricky hissed, clearly loving it as much as I was.

I glanced over at my best friend Gail as she let out moans of delight. Her long silky-brown hair swirled like a soft cloud around her head. She threw her rounded mommy-buns back harder and harder against the unyielding stiffness of her son's cock, while her big tits swung pendulously on her chest.

"Oh shit, man…this feels so good!" her son sighed. "Not as good as pussy, but still pretty amazing!"

Our motherly hips were a veritable blur of motion, swiveling and bucking like proud mares being ridden for the first time bareback. "Oh yes, Steven…fuck my asshole, baby!" Tori whimpered as the two of them smacked their flesh together in a heated anal fuck.

I could feel Ricky's eyes glued to the half-moons of my ass, watching the fatty flesh of my mommy's buns ripple wonderfully as our bodies pounded together in a perfect fuck-rhythm. Moms throughout Room 209 moaned in delight. I joined their chorus, letting out a high-pitched squeal of pleasure. "Aaaaaggghhh!"

I worked my hips and mommy-ass like a spring, banging it back against my son's hard abdomen. My heavy tits flopped around wildly, dangling from my chest. I grunted and panted in pleasure…tossing my head. Fuck my husband! Fuck everyone! I felt no self-consciousness about giving my ass to my son. I knew my uninhibited display of fuck-lust was only turning him on more and more.

Ricky suddenly pulled out, and I felt the air licking the edges of my open asshole. "Are you ok, sweetheart?" I asked, gazing back.

"I almost shot, sorry" he gasped, his shiny barbed tip twitching as a tiny string of ejaculate oozed out his piss-slit, then lowered to the floor in a stringy gob.

"Better now?"

"Yeah," he answered, giving his cock a few strokes.

"Ok, put it back in and fuck my ass some more."

His hardened muscle slipped back through my asshole and we continued fucking at the same wonderful pace we had before he stopped.

****

"Oh, damn…this is where it's at dude!" Ryan panted, looking over at my mom's ass as it pounded against my midsection.

I took a good look at the thrusting asses of the other two moms. Like my mom's, their perspiration-sheened globes of jiggling ass-flesh beat back against their sons. I could see my friends' strong erections pummeling through the stretched

rings of their moms' assholes. "This IS where it's at! You got that right!" I agreed.

"Mmm, are you loving this, boys?" Steven's mom asked, peeking back at us. "Do these asses feel good on those dicks?" The other moms looked back also, watching us fuck them.

"I could become an anal addict real easily!" Steven confessed.

"Me too, man!" Ryan agreed.

"What about you, baby?" Mom asked, slamming her naked buttocks back on me repetitively. "Could you become hooked on mommy's tight asshole?"

"I sure could!' I replied.

"Those young bitches across the street can't work their sweet asses like we moms can," Ryan's mom expressed.

"I bet you never knew mommy's asshole could give you pleasure like this, did you, sweetie?" Mom asked, grinning back at me lasciviously as she swung her sweaty buttocks up and down the length of my erection.

"I dreamed about it, and I still can't believe I'm actually doing it to you," I confessed.

"Mmm, grab our wide hips boys…really lay into our asses and make us cum!" Steven's mom urged.

The three of us complied, using our grips as leverage and really driving our dicks deep into their rectums. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Our firm abdomens clapped against their rounded buns as we fucked. I could feel mom's ass-muscles squeezing the tube of her shitter around my cock, creating amazing friction. "Oh yesss…fuck me good, baby!" mom cried out.

"Aaaaaggghhh!!" Ryan's mom screeched, her face contorting as she came.

"Oh, damn…look at their tits, guys!" Steven blurted.

I peered down to see mom's big boobs swinging wildly to the rhythm of our butt-fucking. The other moms tits were doing the same thing; huge hanging

melons with wide pink caps and stiff nipples flapping all around. "That is so cool!" I exclaimed, my cock flexing in the hot, slippery grip of mom's ass-tube.

"Why don't you try laying up against us while you fuck, boys, that way you can reach around and hold on to our big breasts," Steven's mom suggested.

I bent down, laying against mom's back, then reached around and took big handfuls of doughy breast-meat. "Oh yeah!" I muttered, as mom continued working her ass on my dick, squeezing her asshole around the meat of my prick.

My head was now hovering over mom's shoulder and she turned and gazed at me through her beautiful blonde hair. "Hi!" she said sweetly, her face blushing with pleasure.

"Hi," I confidently replied, humping into her.

"Does that ass feel good?"

"Oh, yeah, mom…I love your ass!" I admitted.

Mom gave me a naughty grin. "Mmm, I love your big cock."

Mom craned her neck back to get her face closer to mine. "Kiss me," she whispered, then extended her long pink tongue from her mouth and wiggled it up and down invitingly. I spit mine out also and our lickers danced together wildly. I fucking loved it! Mom sucked my tongue into her mouth and scrapped her teeth against it. I felt her ass-tract tighten around my pummeling prick.

"Oh, shit, Ricky…I'm gonna cum!!" Mom suddenly squealed.

"I'M CUMMING TOO!!" Steven's mom wailed.

"Meee three!!" Ryan's mom shrieked.

I felt mom's lush body tense up like a board. Her slippery ass-tract squeezed and rippled on my prick. Suddenly, all three moms were

screaming and shaking. It was wild! My stiff penis tingled uncontrollably.

"Mom! Oh, fuck…FUCK!" I gasped, performing a jerking dance as my prick flexed and began pumping out spurt after spurt of hot, thick cum.

"Oh, Goddamn cumfuckingshit!!" Ryan shouted as he too spouted off inside his mom's snug asshole.

"Ohhhnnngg, mommy!!" Steven cried as his dick started squirting semen also.

All of our naked bodies were creaming at once, like one big group orgasm. I nearly passed out from the pleasure of mom's rubbery rectum squeezing and sucking on the glans of my dick. I continued to hump mom's ass as the orgasm just seemed to go on and on, making me pump out what felt like a gallon of cum.

****

11: Attending Room 209… with Mom_3

Holy fuck, that was good!" Gail panted as the three of us moms dropped to our tummies.

The boys followed us down, laying on our sweaty backs, exhausted from their own powerful orgasms. I could feel Ricky's dick twitching, still buried deep in my rectum.

"Our poor little darlings. Their dicks came so hard it nearly took the life out of them," Tori cooed.

"Oh, well that's too bad. I was gonna suggest we stay on our tummies and let them pound our asses some more," Gail said teasingly.

"Mmm, I like that idea," I smiled, peeking back at my boy. "I'm not quite ready to have you pull that dreamy boner out of my ass just yet."

"So how about it boys…can you keep those dicks hard?" Tori asked.

Laying flat against me in sweat-soaked nakedness, Ricky began to worm his prick in and out of my ass again. "I can," he eagerly muttered.

"Me too!" the other boys stated.

I gazed into Ricky's eyes over my shoulder. "Mmm yesss…drive that dick through mommy's ass!" I mewled.

The three of us moms rested on our elbows, looking back at our teens as they rode our rounded rumps.

"Don't you girls just love how teenage dick can stay hard for so long?" Tori marveled.

"It's unbelievable!" I replied, totally enamored by the fully-hard prick that was digging through my ass-tube again.

We watched our boys thrust their dicks in and out of our asses, basking in the pleasure that we were providing for them.

Gail peered over at me, clearly aroused beyond measure. "God…I love how Ryan can dump load after load in my ass and I don't have to worry about getting pregnant," she sighed.

"We get to help the boys AND get pleasure while doing it. It's a win-win," I expressed.

****

"Oh, man!" I groaned, feeding my dick through mom's slippery ass-tract. I could still hardly believe it was my own beautiful mom beneath me, willingly giving me her ass to fuck. I loved the way mom's tight, rubbery ass-ring sucked the blue-veined stiffness of my cock as I pumped it steadily into her butt.

"I bet our dads don't bone their asses like this," Ryan declared, fucking his mom's ass at the same pace that I was mine.

Ryan's mom smiled back at him. "He certainly doesn't fuck my ass this good, baby," she assured him.

I looked at my own mom. "Does dad do this to you, mom?" I asked.

"Ha, are you kidding?! He hates it. Can you believe that?"

"Hates it?! Is he crazy, this is the best thing ever!" I expressed.

"Try telling him that. Oh wait, that's probably not a good idea, huh?" she said with a giggle.

"Hey guys, let's make 'em cum again!" Ryan suggested, thrusting his cock faster, so his crotch smacked against his mom's fleshy buns in a frantic rhythm.

"Oh, now there's an idea I like!" Steven's mom expressed. "Clutch onto our tits boys. Really pound the shit out of us!"

Like the other guys, I started humping mom's ass with deep, powerful thrusts. The way they were propped on their elbows and resting on their tummies

allowed us to reach under and grasp their meaty tits, while we savagely fucked them. I could feel mom's tit-milk trickling through my fingers as I groped her boobs tightly.

"Unngghh, baby…fuck me hard!!" Steven's mom cried out.

"That's it, baby boy…pound that fucking asshole!" Ryan's mom squealed.

I beat my cock feverishly through mom's rubbery rectum, grunting as I felt her anal muscles flexing uncontrollably around my steely prick. "Fuck me, honey! Fuck my ass!" she lustfully panted.

****

My whole body shuddered from the impact of Ricky's powerful thrusts. I couldn't deny how absolutely amazing it felt. If he fucked pussy this same way I was truly missing out on something special. I felt the depraved sensations and instinctively began to writhe, pumping my ass back to meet his thrusts, like an anal whore. "Yesss, fuck meeee!!" I whimpered.

I grimaced in ecstasy as the spasms of a mind-blowing cum bored through my pussy and asshole, turning me to a mindless mass of gasping, trembling flesh beneath my son's assault. The other moms weren't far behind me.

"Ohh God! OH GOD!!" Tori shrieked.

"YESSS! FUCK YESSS, I'M CUMMING!!" Gail's pretty voice announced.

"Ohh, Ricky! Oh, baby…fuck my asshole hard. I'm cuuummmiiinnggg!" I wailed, my body trembling with pleasure. I was seeing stars flash before my eyes and realized that this was the most powerful orgasm I'd ever experienced.

"Ahhhh, I love it!" Gail cried, her face red, her lips pulled back to bare her teeth in an expression of lust. "Unh… unh… unh! Fuck me!! Fuck me…yes…I'm cuuummmiiinnggg!"

From every bunk room came the piercing cries of moms having powerful orgasms as their son's engaged them in hot anal reaming. It was quite something to listen to.

"Ohh mom! Unh… unh!! OH SHIT!!" Ricky grunted. I could feel his thundering cock throb and spurt, filling the deepest regions of my ass with hot, sticky cum.

The other two boys cried out as their dicks spouted off also. After a couple minutes of bucking and writhing we were all laying in a sweaty heap on the mattress. I just laid there squeezing my ass around the meat of Ricky's prick. It was a wonderful moment of post orgasmic bliss.

Tori was the first to speak up, letting out a long drawn-out beath "Whew! Feel better boys?" she asked.

"Ahhhh!" her son responded.

"Uh-huh," Came my boy's cute mutter.

"Hit the showers, boys!" A mother's voice shouted. "Class starts in ten minutes!"

"Awww, do we have to?" Ricky asked.

Ricky was still sprawled on my back and our naked bodies a sweaty mess. His cock remained lodged in my ass. I peeked back at him and smiled. "Time to get back to class and focus, young man. That's the whole reason we're doing this, remember?"

"I know," he muttered, slipping his dick from my ass. It made a lewd, wet sound upon exiting.

The boys stumbled out of the bunk and we continued laying there on our tummies, watching them. I could feel Ricky's spunk oozing from my asshole.

"Is it really though?" Gail asked.

"Is it really what?" I replied.

"Is it really 'the whole reason we're doing this?' Or, whether we want to admit it or not, are we just becoming addicted to our sons' cocks?"

Tori chimed in. "Well, I for one am not gonna lie. The things Steven and I have done in Room 209 have been WAY more pleasurable than sex with my husband."

"Me too!" Gail confessed. "Last night my husband fucked me, but all I could think about was Ryan's cock and how incredible it felt inside me."

I felt compelled to share my feelings as well. "I guess I've been, um…thinking about Ricky a lot here too lately," I muttered.

"Picturing his naked body…and his beautiful erect penis. Wondering what it would be like…to have it buried in my pussy. My God, I'm awful."

"You're not awful, girl," Tori expressed, "you're human. We're all females in our sexual prime, helping teenagers in THEIR sexual prime. It's not easy to prevent feelings of lust and desire, even if they are for the boys we raised."

"I do love Ricky, more than anything," I stated, "and I'll be honest…I AM becoming addicted to his boy-cock. It's amazing! I respect you guys for making your own decisions, but I have to remain steadfast in my resolve to save my pussy just for my husband."

"And we respect that too," Gail whispered, patting my shoulder, then giggled. "We think you're crazy, but we respect it."

****

"Hello, sweet boy!" Grandma Carrie smiled, greeting me in her doorway. She had a pretty face with beautiful silver hair. She wore a long black sheer mesh robe with an oblique v-neck and faux fur at the sleeves and lower hem. Her painted toenails peeked from the black platform mules on her feet.

"Hi Grandma," I muttered, enthralled by what she was wearing. "You, um…wanting me to come over?"

"I certainly did. Come in," she answered, stepping to the side to let me enter.

As I came inside, I could see one of her huge sloping tits in side profile through the fabric of her robe. "Holy shit! Grandma's naked under there!" I thought, trying not to stare.

"Let me yell out to your Grandfather, then we'll go upstairs," she told me, then I followed her through the downstairs hallway, her dainty

heels clicking erotically. I could hardly believe my eyes. Through the flowing black robe I could clearly see Grandma's naked swaying buttocks. The faux fur at the hems of her robe had hid her tits and pussy in the doorway, so I hadn't realized that she was completely bare beneath the gown until now. Her ass-flesh jiggled lusciously atop strong matronly legs. Grandma paused in the doorway leading out to the

garage, where my Grandfather was busy working on a project. "Dear…Ricky's here," she stated.

"Oh, hey kid, what's new?" Grandpa asked as he gave me a wave.

"Hey, Grandpa," I answered, feeling a little awkward, since Grandma was dressed so provocatively.

"Ricky and I are going upstairs to the bedroom for a little while," Gran told him. "Pleased don't bother us."

"Yes, dear," Grandpa answered, flashing me an envious look. I returned an awkward smile, still wondering what this was all about.

I followed Gran up the stairs, unable to peel my eyes from her undulating buttocks. She led me inside her bedroom, then closed the door. "Come sit on the bed with me, darling" she whispered. "We need to talk."

We sat side by side on her marital mattress. Her sweet perfume was intoxication. "So, your mother's been bringing the baby over, and she tells me that she's been helping you in Room 209?" Gran asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"She told me that she's masturbated your penis, sucked you off, AND let you pound your hard member up into her rectum."

"Yes, ma'am. It was pretty great!" I replied.

"I'll bet it was," she whispered, then placed her hand on my thigh, close to my hardening dick. "I bet it felt wonderful on your young penile flesh. It sounds like you've gotten to use all her holes but one."

"Yeah, well, um…mom says that she wants to reserve her vagina just for dad."

"Well, that's silly," Gran giggled, "but admirable."

"Yeah, I guess."

"Unfair to you though. All the other boys are getting their dicks wet and you have to settle for something a little less…exciting."

"It is what it is. I'm just glad mom's helping me."

"Oh, sweet baby. You don't have to act happy about it. I've known you've wanted to thrust your penis inside your mom, and have wild sexual intercourse with her since you were a little boy."

"You have?"

"Of course I have. You can't hide those things from us. There's no shame in admitting your disappointment. Most boys your age wanna beat their horny peters through a mother's pussy. It's just natural," Gran stated in a loving tone.

"True, I suppose."

"Since your mother's unwilling…how would you feel if I took over for her, in Room 209, on the days where vaginal sexual intercourse is on the schedule?"

My heart skipped a beat in my chest. "You mean you and me…um, doing it?"

"If by 'doing it' you mean 'fucking,' then yes. Gran wants to help you succeed in school too. I'd be willing to offer up my pussy for you to enjoy, on those days that your mother's unwilling."

"Wow…have you, um…mentioned it to mom yet?" I asked, curious to see what she would think of the idea.

"No, I wanted to come to you first, so that when your mother sees that it's ok by you, she'll be more open to the idea of me…helping out."

"I see. Well, um…I think it's a great idea!" I expressed. Mom wasn't the only one I'd been fantasizing about since I was younger, but I didn't tell Gran that.

"Oh, splendid! I was hoping you would, and I know sex our first time in Room 209 might be a bit…awkward. So, I was wondered if you'd like to break the ice today?"

"Break the ice?" I asked, even though I had a pretty good idea what she meant.

"Yes, we could get naked right now and spend some time fucking our asses of here on my bed," she candidly suggested.

I gulped excited. "Um, sure, but, uh…what about Grandpa?" I asked, knowing he was just downstairs and could probably easily hear two people fucking up here.

"Your Grandfather and I have had an arrangement for years…ever since he stopped getting hard."

"Arrangement?"

"Yes, I stop pestering him for sex and let him work on his stupid little projects in the garage, and in exchange, I get to have an

occasional young man like you over for a hot nasty fuck, no questions asked."

"Wow, that's some arrangement," I said, wondering how many guys my age had boned my Gran on this very bed.

"It's certainly one that'll work to YOUR advantage, won't it, darling" she replied, standing up in front of me. I watched in awe as she untied the sash to her robe and let it fall off her shoulders. Her giant tits jutted out from her chest, capped by areola that were just as wide and wonderful as mom's. Popping from their centers were fat suckable nipples.

"Mmm, ready for Gran to sheath your cock, darling boy?" she asked, dragging her nails down the neatly trimmed landing strip that crowned her puffy vulva.

****

"What the fuck did I just find in your sock drawer?" I irately asked my husband as I spoke to him by phone.

"What do you mean?" he stupidly replied.

"What do I mean?! It's YOUR sock drawer, Dan. You don't know what's in it?"

"Um…socks?"

"Dan, please…there's a bottle of fucking Viagra in your sock drawer."

"Oh, those…"

"Yeah…those!" I replied in a perturbed tone. "You never told me you were taking Viagra."

"Michelle, I was just embarrassed by it, so I figured I'd take them without you knowing."

"How long?"

"How long?" he repeated.

"How long have you been taking them?"

After a short pause Dan answered. "About six months."

"SIX FUCKING MONTHS?! So for six month you've been taking a drug to help you get hard, making me believe that you were just getting that way naturally, because you were aroused by me?" I protested.

"Michelle, I do get aroused by you. I just…"

"You just can't do it without the help of a stupid pill, then you keep it from me, without talking about it openly, like a married couple is suppose to. No wonder you were so fucking soft the other night when I needed fucked. Any other secrets you're keeping from me?"

I was so pissed that I soon cut our conversation short and hung up. As I breastfed my daughter I sat there fuming at the fact that my husband kept something hidden from me that affected our sex life. "I could have let Ricky fuck me doggy-style in Room 209 the other day, and kept it a secret from you, but I didn't," I said in my head as if I were speaking to my husband. "I decided to save that for you, out of respect for our marriage. Now you tell me you been taking a sex drug for months without my knowledge, that's fucking bullshit!"

I knew it was probably evil of me to think this way, but the fact that my husband was popping a pill to do something that should happen naturally was FUCKING PATHETIC! "I'm beautiful God-damnit…and I can harden our son's cock just by being in the same room as him!" I exclaimed to myself. Now that I reflected on recent sex with Dan, I realized he was always coming up with some excuse to delay it somehow, and now I knew why. It was so he could wait for his weenie-pill to work. Gone were the days of spontaneous fucking,

where we could just rip each other's clothes off and go at it like sex-crazed animals. Now there was a 'waiting period'. "Fuck that!" I thought, reflecting on how Ricky needed no wait. He needed no help at all getting rock hard and ready to go.

****

"Oh, fuck yeah!" I gasped, fucking my Gran hard and fast. We were at the center of her martial bed and I was sprawled on top of her, spearing my super-hard

cock to her womb on every thrust. The feel of laying in the warm, splayed cradle of her lush thighs and having her silky legs harnessed high around my back was sublime. Her giant pillowy tits were crushed between us, her rubbery nipples prodding into me as I fucked her as hard as I could.

"YESS!! OHH, BABY BOY!!" she gasped loudly, heaving her ass from the mattress in an attempt to keep up with my feverish thrusts.

I knew by how the bed was rocking and Gran was gasping so loudly that there was no way that grandpa didn't hear what was going on up here. I was fucking his busty wife, getting ready to bust a nut inside her. Not only that, but if mom agreed, I'd probably be fucking Gran in Room 209 also, pounding my dick into her juicy, snug cunt in every sexual position imaginable.

She yanked my head down to hers and we locked lips in a feverish French kiss. She wasn't as skilled as mom at kissing, but still had a thick tongue that felt really good wrestling with mine inside my mouth. I had dicked enough girl-holes by this time to tell when they were about to pop. Gran's pleated pussy-tube shrunk up around the meat of my pumping erection, encasing my glans in wonderful heated friction. "Ahhh, fuck, Gran!" I blurted, feeling my big balls clench up.

"CUM WITH ME, DARLING!" she cried out.

I never pegged my Gran as a squirter, but damn was she a squirter! It felt like our pounding genitals turned to cream as our sexual body fluids pulsed from our engorged pissers. Our bodies shook uncontrollably in a mind-blowing mutual climax. I never wanted to stop, her pussy felt SO fucking good. And it wasn't just her clasping hole either. Gran was build for sexual comfort. It felt like my lean frame was melting into her curvy body. I reached down an took big handfuls of meaty ass-flesh, then thrust my pecker inside her and held it there, in full penetration, stretching the hot, cock-smothering uteri at the back of her vagina. I groaned, blasting another hot rope inside of her.

"OHH, GOD!" I gasped, feeling her body tremble beneath mine.

"Take your time, darling," she panted. "Give me every…fucking… drop!"

As I continued to spurt, digging my cock as deep as I could, I rubbed my face all over her spongy tits, feeling their soft fatty flesh on me. I sucked her nipple into my mouth and spent the next several minutes sucking and slurping and chewing at the rose-colored flesh of her engorged papilla.

"Well now," Gran sighed, sliding her lovely legs down the backs of mine as I collapsed fully against her. "I think I'll rather enjoy helping out my hot Grandson during his lunch hour."

"Thanks, Gran. That was amazing!" I sighed. As good a fuck as my Gran was, it just made me want my mom even more.

****

After spending last night arguing with my husband, I was anxious for the mental and sexual therapy that I knew Room 209 would provide. To put it bluntly…I was still extremely perturbed with Dan, and also horny as fuck, since we had no sex the previous night, due to the

argument. I was nervous about the Room 209 itinerary today. I had a feeling it would be vaginal fucking and I wasn't wrong.

"ROOM 209 SCHEDULE

12 – 12:15: MOMS ON DISPLAY

12:15 – 1: SEXUAL INTERCOURSE (MISSIONARY AND COWGIRL POSITIONS)

WHAT TO BRING: NOTHING. ALL NUDE TODAY!

SEE YOU THERE!"

I knew that despite being pissed at my husband, because he had kept something from me, I had to remain steadfast in my resolve to not let Ricky fuck my pussy. It didn't help reading the texts of the other excited mothers.

"Thank God! I need fucked by a REAL cock so bad!"

"Yaay! I can't wait to ride my boy!"

"TWO OF MY FAVORITE SEX POSITIONS! TODAY'S GONNA ROCK! "

"Mmm, I hope Max pounds me so fucking hard my eyes roll back!"

The sad part is I could identify and agree with every comment. I needed to be fuck hard…desperately! Riding Ricky's cock would be SO amazing, there's no denying that. Missionary and Cowgirl were MY favorite positions too, and yes, despite my reservations, I did want Ricky to pound the shit out of me and make my eyes roll back as I cum deliriously. My resolve to save my pussy for my husband was still there, but hanging by a thread.

****

I was preparing to head out the door with my backpack, but stalled as long as I could to see if mom was gonna do something sexy. Every morning since we'd been attending Room 209 together she would tease me in some way, by showing some extra skin. What she revealed would also provide a clue to what awaited me that day in Room 209. I hoped that would be the case this morning.

"We'll be in the car," Dad stated as he and my sisters rushed out.

"I'll be right out," I told him.

I turned and saw mom climbing the starts to the second floor. The lovely swell of her ass swaying beneath her robe. I knew her and dad had been fighting, so I decided maybe it was best to just let her be. Then, she texted me.

"Cum upstairs!" it read. I assume she meant "come," but I like the implications of how she wrote it.

"But dad's waiting," I texted back.

"So let him wait," came her reply.

I rushed up the stairs and down to my parent's bedroom, stopping in their doorway and gasping at what I saw. Mom was sprawled out on her and dad's bed completely naked. Her knees were drawn back and her thighs bowed open, in the perfect 'come fuck me' spread. Her giant pillowy tits were spread out across her chest, their erect nipples pointing towards the ceiling. She stared at me through her curtain of blonde hair, with the lustiest look I had ever seen. "You can stand there and stare, or you could come down here and climb on top of me. Your choice," she whispered.

****

Ricky came over and crawled onto the bed. I made no effort to move as he crawled over the top of me and between my splayed

legs. The sight of his meaty cock-muscle bulging beneath his pants made me lick my lips with desire. "Come down here…just for a second. Let mommy cling to you," I whispered.

Ricky lowered down, like he was doing a push-up. This allowed me to toss my legs around his midsection, crossing my ankles behind him, then throwing my arms over his shoulders. He lifted back up, extending his strong arms and I clung to his body, so he lifting me also. I mashed my oversized knockers against him, making them bulge out between us. This allowed him to not only enjoy mommy's squishy tits, but to see how stiff he'd made my nipples. I kissed and licked his neck sensually. "What do you want mommy to do to you today, huh?" I cooed, between kisses. "Do you want me to suck your juicy dick? To lick and nibble on your young balls?"

"That sounds nice," he gasped.

"Yeah?" I whispered, kissing him some more, gripping him tightly and clawing my long nails on his back. "Do you wanna pound your dick through mommy's asshole again?" I asked, then gave a long wet lick up his chin. I slid my hands to the back of his head, holding our faces together, so we could stare longingly into each other's eyes. "Do wanna shoot hot wads of sticky cum deep into mommy's rectum, while she squeezes and milks your cock with her ass?"

"Fuck, mom!" my son gasped, clearly so horny it was killing him. We heard his father's car horn from outside, but ignored it. I tightened the grip of my circled legs and rubbed my naked cunt against the tubular bulge of his cock, like a cat on a scratching post.

"Maybe you'd like to fuck mommy's tits and shot your hot wad of boy-spunk up around her pretty neck?" I mewled. "Would you like that, baby?"

"I would love that, but I really better go before dad comes looking," he breathlessly stated.

"Lay me back down first."

****

I lowered mom back to the mattress and she continued to cling to me. "Show me how you'd fuck me," her sweet voice whispered, staring longingly into my eyes.

Without hesitation, I humped against her, as if we were fucking in the missionary position. We began to rock her bed wildly, making my parent's big headboard bang against the wall. Mom twisted her lovely legs around me, clawing at my back as I dry-humped the fuck out of her. Her fleshy tits sloshed between us and she pressed her lips against my neck and gasped. "COME ON…FUCKING HIT IT, RICKY! SHOW ME HOW HARD YOU'D BEAT MY PUSSY UP!" she cried out.

My thrusts turned from rough to downright savage, pummeling myself against her. I thought for sure we were about to knock a hole in her wall from the banging headboard, then we both froze suddenly as we head dad's voice. "Ricky, let's go!!" he impatiently shouted.

"Coming!" I yelled back.

Mom gave me a quick kiss on the lips. "See you at noon," she sighed.

****

Later that morning, I got to my mother-in-law's to drop the baby off. Rather than take her from me, Carrie hesitated. "Is there sex on the agenda today…at Room 209?" she asked.

"Actually yes, there is…but Ricky and I will just do our own thing, like we did the last time."

"Don't you think that's a little unfair to him?" Carrie asked. "All the other boys will be getting hot, tight pussy, which is really what Ricky would rather have as well, I'm sure of it."

"I know it's what he wants, and to be honest, I've thought a lot about that… especially since yesterday." My fiasco with Dan, hiding the Viagra from me, and also my deep-seated desire to fuck my handsome son an let him in enjoy my pussy as motivation was weighing heavily on my mind, even as I prepared to meet him at noontime at Room 209. Carrie's voice snapped me from my indecision.

"Well, I think I have a solution. In fact, I've already discussed it with Ricky, and he thinks it's a good idea also," Carrie remarked.

"A solution?" I asked curiously.

"Yes, a way that Ricky's tender penis can still get vaginal pleasure in Room 209, so he doesn't feel left out. Instead of YOU meeting him there today, I can go in your place. Ricky can use MY pussy for sexual intercourse, so you'd be off the hook," she explained.

I should have been thankful for such a offer, but I wasn't. Instead I was extremely jealous and almost angry that Carrie would suggest HER getting pleasure from Ricky's monster cock instead of me. I felt like everything that was happening was pushing me towards what I really wanted and that was to fuck my son. "Would you think I was a whore and a horrible wife to Dan if I declined your offer and had sex with Ricky myself today?" I blushingly asked.

Carrie smiled from ear to ear. "Of course I wouldn't, dear, and honestly, that was the answer I was hoping to hear," she replied.

"Really?" I asked, sort of surprised that my husband's mother would be completely ok with me fucking her Grandson, doing what most would consider cheating.

"Yes, really. When I was younger, Ricky's age, there was a concert that I really wanted to attend, but I knew my parents, who were flying back home that night from a trip, would forbid it. So, I didn't go and ended up falling asleep early that night. The next morning I found out my parents flight had been delayed. I could have attended that concert and they never would have found out. What was even more disappointing was the band broke up shortly thereafter, and I realized I'd NEVER get a chance to see them live. I had passed up my one opportunity," Cassie explained.

"I'm assuming there's a moral to this story?" I asked with a smile.

"There is! You and Ricky have a once in a lifetime opportunity right now. Soon he'll be graduating, going off to college, then meeting a nice girl his own age. Room 209 will just be a secret memory that the both of you share. Don't look back with any regrets, like I did with the concert. I say…fuck each other's brains

out! Enjoy his big teenage cock while you can. Let it take you to another realm of pleasure, AND let my Grandson enjoy his mother's pussy."

It was just the push I needed. If my husband's mother, of all people, was encouraging me to fuck my son, then I saw no reason why I should even hesitate.

****

"My mom sat on my lap this morning," Ryan whispered in class. "She was grinding on my cock like crazy, while my dad was in the shower."

"Yeah, my mom pulled me down on top of her and begged me to dry fuck her also," I shared.

"That can only mean one thing. We're getting some pussy today, dude. Well…at least I'M getting some pussy today. Even though your

mom won't give you her cunt, hopefully she has something pretty fucking awesome in store for you."

"Well, if my Grandma had her chat with mom, it'll be HER pussy that I'll get to fuck in Room 209 today," I informed Ryan.

"Your Grandma…really?!"

"Hey, don't knock it, dude. My Gran is one hot piece of ass, and her tits are gigantic! We fucked hard for well over an hour yesterday afternoon."

"Dude, that's hot!" Ryan grinned.

I was fairly confident that I'd get to pound Gran's sweet cunt again today. Yes, I would have preferred to screw mom, since she'd been the woman of my dreams for years. However, I certainly wasn't gonna complain about the nasty shit we'd been doing together in Room 209, and at home. I had already had my mind blown by how wild and willing mom was.

When lunch time came and I saw mom's car in front of Room 209, I was happy, but also a little disappointed at the same time. Mom seemed determined to reserve the pleasure of her pussy for dad, so I knew we'd be engaging in something without penetration. Even though I wanted to fuck her so bad my balls hurt, I knew I wouldn't be disappointed with whatever she had in mind for us.

****

"Nervous?" Gail asked as we stood there in our birthday suits, waiting to go out and parade naked for our horny teens.

"Very!" I sighed. "God, I feel like a young woman about to lose her virginity all over again."

It was true. Even my husband, in his younger years, didn't hold a candle to my son. Ricky was WAY more attractive and in much better shape. As I had already found out, my son's cock was far superior to any that I'd ever fooled around with. The fact that he was jabbing it inside me today was probably the reason I had such nervous butterflies. Even though I was doing this so my son could stay focused in class the remained of the day, I wanted his gorgeous cock inside me more than just about anything.

"Anyone NOT on birth control besides me?" Tori asked, seeming a little worried about that fact.

"I'm certainly not!" I replied.

"Neither am I," Gail added, "and I'm not the least bit worried. If I do get pregnant with Ryan's baby my husband will just think it's his, since Ryan and his dad look so much alike."

"If our boys DO knock us up, they'll be fathers AND big brothers all in the same day," I joked, making the other moms' naked jugs jiggle like gelatin as they laughed.

****

Like usual, Ryan, myself and the other guys were undressed and pulling on our peters when the moms began filtering out of the back area of Room 209.

"Holy fuck! They're naked, dude!" Ryan announced, as I'm sure his eyes widened as much as mine did.

All thirty moms stepped towards their sons on bare feet, their heavy, stiff-nippled tits bobbling with every footstep. I saw lots of shaved pussies, a few moms with full bushes and others that were neatly trimmed in landing strips, or cute little pubic triangles. I expected to see my Gran emerge from the bunch,

but what I saw was the familiar shaved pubis of my mother, and my eyes drifted up to her milk-filled mammaries. Her blonde trusses draped down her shoulders, framing in her pretty face as she gazed at me anxiously. "Were you expecting someone else, baby?" she asked, reading my mind.

"Yes, I WAS expecting someone else," I answered, "but was hoping it would be you who showed up."

She stared at me adoringly. "Aww, that's so sweet. Just so you know, YOU ARE getting pussy today, mister, so you don't have to flatter me any more than you already do."

Mom's admission made my heart do summersaults in my chest. "YESS!!" I shouted, then gave Ryan a high-five, making both our moms laugh.

****

"Someone's excited to bury their boner in hot mommy-pussy!" Tori observed.

"Mmm, mommy's equally excited to sheath his cock for the first time," I gleefully confessed.

"I have to admit," Tori's son stated, "Your birthday suits are the sexiest outfits you guys have worn for us so far."

"Yeah?" Tori asked, twirling around. "What do you think of the back of this birthday suit, baby?"

Gail and I spun around also, making out fleshy tits wobble. All three of us wagged our rounded rumps in a teasing manner, making our boys' eyes widen and their hands fly up and down the length of their cocks even faster. "Fucking awesome!" Tori's son shouted.

"WHO WANT TO GET IT ON ?!" A mother in the group shouted, and everyone erupted in a cheer.

****

"WOOOO!" mom anxiously screamed, throwing her arms up and jumped lightly on bare feet. This made her meaty melons jump heavily on her chest, much to the delight of my ogling eyes.

Every boy in the room, including myself this time, suddenly found themselves being yanked towards the bunks. The moms giggled and huffed with anxious breath, their huge fleshy tits bouncing as they hurriedly moved. The level of sexual excitement in the air at that moment was one I'd never forget. There was nothing slow and romantic about what happened next, just pure unbridled fuck-lust. It was moms doing what moms do best….quickly dropping on their backs and tossing their legs wide open. No sooner were my mom's legs extended in the widest spread I'd ever seen than I was droping between them. Our mouths met in a fervent kiss at the same moment that our bodies were officially reunited .

Mom gasped into my mouth, our tongues lashing together as my erection split her twat and made it's journey up the hot clasping tube her most sacred place. The hole she'd been saving for dad was now being plundered by my huge, superior cock. The three of us boys began fucking like animals. Perhaps there'd be a time for slow, sensual intimacy . This wasn't that time.

"YESSS! FUCK US!!" Ryan's mom shouted, her sexy legs scissored in the air.

"POUND OUR PUSSIES!!" Mom added passionately, making my pummeling cock flex inside her.

The sound of our big, heavy balls beating against our moms' asses filled the bunk as we found a frantic fuck-rhythm.

"Ohhh, shit!" I gasped in delight, driving my stiff dick home, just as I had with Gran the prior day. I paused a moment, fully penetrating mom and crushing the knob of my cock against the head of her cervix. Considering that she had recently given birth, I was shocked at how tight she was. I felt her cunt-tube gnaw at my cock, her fuck-muscles bulging, compressing the pleated lining of her vagina around my peter-meat. The feeling was sublime!

Just as we had that morning on her bed, our bodies thrashed together, with moms legs twisted around me. This time, she wasn't the only one that was naked, and our engorged genitals were joined in a heated union.

****

My son and I kissed like long lost lovers who'd been united after years of sexual frustration. There was no hesitation in our jointure; no shame. Just two people who wanted to fuck each other's asses off more than anything in the world. Together, we found a wonderful fuck-rhythm. One that we knew would result in orgasmic bliss. Ricky's long hunky cock was unlike anything that had ever been in my cunt before. It filled me perfectly, stimulating my nerve endings and sending exquisite pleasure-signals to my sex-frazzled brain. "Fuck me, baby!" I hissed, then bit the flesh of his shoulder in passion. "Fuck mommy!!"

My words seemed to fuel my son's determination to engage me in mind-blowing intercourse. He moved like a sexual athlete, pumping his hips and making his cute, muscular ass rise and fall steadily between my clutching thighs. I tightened my fuck-muscles, trying to make it as pleasurable as possible for him also. I knew his staying power would truly be tested today.

****

"Fuck yes!" my friend Ryan snarled, fucking his mom savagely. "Ahh, this is so fucking good!"

I glanced over to see his mom's sexy legs in the air and my friend's steely-hard cock plunging through the socket of her juicy cunt. I beat my own prick through mom's hot-box with equal vigor, reveling in the feel of her curvy body beneath me. Mom bucked her ass from the mattress to meet my every thrust. Her pussy made slurping, gulping sounds each time I pounded into her and I could feel her cuntal walls sucking at my cock.

"Ohh fuck!" she grasped. "Fuck me, I'm cumming. Aww, yes, baby, you're gonna make me cum. Awww, yes…CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

Mom arched her back beneath me, lifting us from the mattress and I continued to deliver furious thrusts, determined to make her cum harder than she ever had before. She let out a wild orgasmic squeal and her body trembled wonderfully, making her giant tit-melons ripple again my chest. I heard her crotch squelch as she gushed on my pummeling organ, soaking it with girl-cum.

Even when she came down from her orgasmic high I continued pounding into her tirelessly. "You like that, don't you, mom?" I panted. "You like being pounded by a nice fat cock!"

"I love it!" she deliriously answered.

Our bellies slapped together as I fucked her faster and faster, determined to get her off a second time. I flexed my prick, making it bulge stiffly inside her hot, snug cunt. The rows of pleats that lined her vagina created mind-blowing friction on my prick. After five more minutes of this, mom screamed loudly, clawing my back. Her pink cunt-tunnel clenched and contracted around my prick as she came a second time. I loved watching her pretty face contort in pleasure, her eyes rolling back in their sockets. She wasn't the only one cumming. I could hear numerous moms crying out in climax, their voices creating a beautiful orgasmic choir that emanated through the walls of Room 209.

"Fuuuck!" I groaned, feeling my own orgasm swell inside my groin. I dug my palms into the mammoth globes of mom's spongy breasts, making her rubbery nipples leak between my fingers. This, while continuing to ream out her pussy with deep, satisfying thrusts of my swollen cock. My friends and I had been fucking our moms' pussies now for twenty minutes and I was surprised that I'd actually lasted this long, considering how amazing it felt. We fucked like savages, pounding between their pretty legs and making their lush, heavy-titted bodies clutch onto us and shutter in delight.

"Fuck!... AHH, FUCK!!" Ryan groaned, his body jerking. "TAKE MY FUCKING CUM!"

"SHIT!" I snarled, feeling my own load squirt violently from the tip of my prick, pouring into mom's clasping vagina. The fact that I could pump all this ball-goo out and get my own mom pregnant with my baby only added to the thrill.

****

The feel of Ricky's penis throbbing and twitching, blasting his hot, sticky ball-batter along my cuntal-lining was wonderful. After flexing my fuck-muscles, helping to milk out Ricky's load, I rolled him onto his back. I think he was shocked that mommy could be so sexually aggressive. He had impressed me with HIS skills, now it was time for me to show off mine. "Ready for mommy to ride your cock, baby?" I asked, as I sat upright, staring down over the swell of my ballooning tits.

"Yes ma'am!" he replied.

My partners in crime, Gail and Tori, had rolled their sons over also. Our knees were planted firmly astride their hips, ready to ride them skillfully in the Cowgirl position.

"Let's fuck these cute boys silly!" Tori blurted.

Without a second to waist, we began pumping our cunt-slits up and down the length of their cocks, making our mommy-mammaries jump wildly on our chests. Our handsome boys gazed up, watching our boobie-meat bounce, with their tongues hanging lasciviously from their mouths. My husband's cock would have shriveled up well before now, but Ricky's meaty muscle was still fully erect, slicing through my tightly-clasping cunt tube, sinking all the way to my womb. "Good grief! My 18-year-old boy is sexually superior to his grown father in every way!" I wondrously thought.

"Fuck…don't these dicks feel amazing?!" Tori gasped, her rounded ass bobbing up and down on her boy's crotch.

"Mmm, yes they do! Maybe we should kick our husbands out of the bedroom, and share a bed with our boys, so we could get fucked like this EVERY night!" Gail remarked.

"Better yet…just divorce our wimpy-dicked husbands and marry our sexy-assed boys," Tori suggested. "We could do nothing but fuck and make babies all day."

"Do you like the sound of that, baby?" I asked my son. "Would you like to marry mom and make her your cock-loving wife?"

"I wouldn't mind at all," he replied.

****

I knew she was joking, but damn did her naughty words turn me on. The idea that I could have mom as my wife and fuck her day and night was wild. It would be like me having my own Room 209 all the time, right at home. I stared up at her gigantic tits, watching their fatty flesh ripple each time they impacted her tummy. My eyes drifted down past her sexy navel, to her bare pubis, amazed by how the thick spear of my cock splayed her cunt lips and glistened with her juices as it appeared, then disappeared again inside her heavenly hole repeatedly.

"Then again, it's kind of fun cheating on our husbands," Ryan's mom remarked. "Knowing that we're taking our boys' huge dicks by day and being good little proper wives by night."

"I agree, Gail," said Tori. "It makes me cum SO much harder on Steven's dick with his father's big diamond wedding ring on my finger."

"I guess I can agree with that," Mom added, gazing down at me lustfully, while fucking. "Why not live dangerously! The thrill of being caught makes it all the more exciting."

For the next little while mom alternated between bouncing up and down and swiveling her hips, grinding on my dick in full penetration. I could feel her cunt clasping and quivering around my cock, secreting her hot fuck-oil all over it. This provided wonderful lubrication that kept our sex organs pumping fluidly. Watching her build towards a climax was mesmerizing! She was gasping and moaning, while baring down on my stiff boner, using it to work all her most pleasurable spots and probably even ones she'd never had touched before. After a few minutes of enthusiastic cock-pumping she threw her cute fists in the air, clenching them tightly. Her face twisted in pleasure, her lips curling back, bearing her pretty white teeth. Hearing my mom scream out in orgasmic rapture was about the sweetest sound to ever travel through my eardrums!

****

My husband had given my plenty of orgasms in our twenty-years of marriage, but cumming with Ricky was altogether different and more remarkable. The physical reasons were fairly obvious. His cock was longer and meatier than Dan's, by far, and his bulbous crown was MUCH fatter. The Viagra-induced erections of my husband almost seemed laughable compared to the rock-hardness of Ricky's love-organ. My handsome teen had that youthful vitality and healthy blood flow, resulting in the type of blue-veined boner that every

woman my age dreams about. Then, there were the psychological reasons. Fucking my young, gorgeous boy, who'd grown in my womb was a huge rush! He was someone who I raised and nurtured. I never thought as I cleaned his penis in the tub, when he was younger, that it would someday be buried inside, wrapped in my own pussy. It seemed as if my son and I's relationship had come full-circle. He was back inside me, and that excited me tremendously! Then,

there was just the simple fact that I loved sex so fucking much, and Ricky was the perfect suitor. He was so much better at it than Dan was. All of these components combined sent me into another dimension of sexual delight that I had never before experienced.

Bright lights flashed before my eyes as a surge of forbidden pleasure shot through my mommy-body. I gushed all over him shamelessly, making my ejaculate splatter lewdly between our hammering crotches.

In a fit of uncontrolled passion, I dropped down on him, slapping my milk-swollen tits against his chest and engaged him in deep tongue-twisting kisses. "My God…I'm sexually in love with him!" I wickedly thought.

****

I could have stayed this way forever! Mom was on top of me, her sweet-smelling blonde hair draped over the sides of our faces as she lashed her long tongue through my mouth frantically. Her giant, thick-nippled tits were squished between us and her lovely bubble butt continued to bob up and down, pummeling my erection through her tightly-contracting cunt. I could feel her hot cum-juices running down the side of my nuts. This was truly where it was at!

After a few minutes of kissing me, mom raised up on extended arms and continued riding my cock. I looked over at Ryan and Steven. Their moms were in the same position, on top of them. The most

obvious thing to each of us was how our moms' tits were moving above our faces. Their oversized udders were swinging wildly to the rhythm of their steadily humping motions, creating a spellbinding sight. If I ever did find a girlfriend or wife with boobs the size of mom's I'd be a lucky man alive. Until then, I hoped I'd get to continue enjoying hers.

Mom peered down and smiled. "Enjoying that view, baby?" she asked.

"Enjoying it a lot actually," I admitted.

"Mmm, you always have been my little bosom-boy; hardly able to take your eyes off of mommy's big hooters."

"What do you expect, mom? Looking at these fucking things!" I replied, staring at the way her melons swung way out over my face, in a big, wide pattern.

Ryan chimed in. "There's no girl in school with tits that can swing like these do!" he stated, gazing up at his own mom's overhanging milkers.

"It's one of the things that makes us moms so special," his mother declared. "Years of having kids can make our tits swell with fatty fluff, just the way boys like them."

"That's right," Steven's mom agreed, staring down at him over her own bobbling boobies. "Our areolas become thickened, and our nipples puff out, perfect for boys to suck on."

"Is that what you boys want?" Mom asked, cocking an eyebrow as she smiled down at me in a flirting manner. "Do you wanna suck our fat nipples, while we ride your cocks."

"That's a YES from me!" I eagerly answered.

"Me too!" both my friends said at the same time.

Mom lowered her chest, first letting me explore her monster-cleavage. I rubbed my face in-between her wildly-wobbling tits, feeling the warm squishy meaty smother me on all sides. I kissed my way around her soft creamy contours, making my way up to her engorged nipple and latching on. As mom bucked her ass, fucking tirelessly on my cock, from balls to knob, she pushed her body-weight down on me. This caused my wonder-filled face to sink into the melon of her boob, masking me in milk-filled tit-meat.

"Mmm, suck our fucking tits you big-dicked studs!" Steven's mom mewled.

"Yes! Pull at our fucking nipples!" Ryan's mom added.

My mom chimed in with her own sexy words of encouragement. "Make our hot pussies keep drooling on those fat, dreamy dicks!"

****

"Ten minutes, ladies!" One of the other moms shouted.

"Ready to fuck the cum out of them girls?" Tori asked, smiling lascivious over at Gail and I.

"Let's do it!" I replied. It was time to put all our sexual mommy-skills to work and really fuck the shit out of our teens. This including using our strong, wide hips and well-conditioned fuck-muscles to milk our boys' boners as quickly as possible. I felt Ricky gasp in delight, spewing tit-milk everywhere, as I began to ride his rod in earnest. The big fleshy cheeks of my rounded ass clapped against his groin as I pummeled his dreamy boy-dick through the tightly-clasping tube of my vagina. Every dozen cock-pumps, I'd give him a quick grind, letting his leaking knob dig against the head of my external os, at the back of my hot cunt, before going back to thrusting.

"Come on, my tittie-champ…blast that hot sticky cum up into mommy, before you go back to school!" I naughtily urged.

All six of our orgasms couldn't have been timed more perfectly.

****

I heard a juicy squelch from mom's crotch, just as my prick swelled inside her and spat out it's first jet of cum. Her engorged nipple popped from my lusty mouth as I gasped in delight. I peeked up from mom's smothering, sweat-sheened cleavage and let out a guttural grunt, hosing out more cum in her quivering pussy. I could hear the other guys whimpering also as they dumped their loads inside their moms.

"AAAAUUGGHH!!" Mom screamed, her lush body shivering in orgasm, making the flesh of her tits ripple around my face. I humped my hips and we writhed wildly together, mixing our sexual fluids. I let out another pleasure-induced groan, feeling mom use her vaginal muscles to suck and pull the hot spunk from my balls.

Room 209 had never been so loud. The sound of nearly thirty mom-son couples climaxing collectively, and their wet flesh beating together was deafening, yet wonderful!

Several minutes later, after mom and I had finished wrestling in a powerful mutual orgasm, I let out a long satisfied sigh.

"Oh, baby…" Mom whispered breathlessly "…that was really something!"

"I agree," I muttered, sharing a series of sensual kisses with her.

Once we were out of the bunk mom hugged me, pancaking her tits between us. The sight of so many other naked moms and sons embracing and sensually kissing each other goodbye was super fucking cool! Mom followed suit, fusing her lips to mine for a fiery

French kiss. "There now…that should help you stay focused, right?" she asked, staring me in the eyes.

"Yeah…focused on you!" I confessed.

"Well, I certainly see no harm in that, especially if it helps you graduate this year. Who knows…"she whispered, bringing her lips to my ear, "…maybe mommy will even let you warm your weenie at home sometimes."

"Really?!" I asked, my heart racing at the idea of fucking mom in my bed, or even her and dad's.

"Would you like that?" she asked, gazing beautifully at me. "Would you like to pound your dreamy penis through my tight cunt, or maybe the ring of my asshole, while we're at home?"

"That would be stellar, mom!"

"Keep those grades up, and you never know what might happen," she winked, then sashayed off with the other moms. The sight of all those heavy, jiggling tits and rounded ass-meat was almost too much to take in. Mom bit her bottom lip as she peeked back, glancing down at my still-erect dick. The school year was still young, and I simply couldn't wait to spend more time in Room 209 with her.

THE END

12: BSTC_1

by klrxo

Todd sat next to his Mom Vicky on the plane, peering over at her gorgeous tan legs, crossed and half exposed beneath her skirt. They looked silky smooth and tapered down to slender ankles and cute little bare feet with pink painted toenails. Vicky dangled one of her four-and-a half inch heeled sandals from her toes.

As the plane trembled from turbulence, Todd's eyes were drawn elsewhere. The large swell of tit -flesh beneath her cashmere sweater seemed to quiver each time the plane shook. After a few minutes of breast-gazing he felt a gentle squeeze on his hand.

He looked up into the sexy brown eyes of his Mom, as she rested her head on the cushioned seat-back. Todd couldn't help but wonder how long she'd been awake and if she knew he was staring at her body.

"How are you doing?" she asked sweetly.

"Good, I was just thinking though. You told dad we were going to stay with Aunt Jen for a week, right?"

"Yes."

"I thought Aunt Jen lived in Arizona. Why are we on a flight going to Florida?" Todd asked.

She smiled at him, showing her perfect white teeth. Vicky was a gorgeous 38 year old. Her girlfriends all told her she looked like the

soap actress Nadia Bjorlin, but with much larger breasts. "I don't like being dishonest with your Father, but this is a trip that he should probably know as little as possible about."

"Why? Are we getting something for him in Florida?" Todd asked.

Vicky giggled. "No, nothing like that."

"What then?"

She smiled, as if wanting to keep a secret for a little longer. "Do you trust me?"

"Of course I trust you, Mom," he answered.

"Then just sit back, relax and enjoy yourself. This trip will have a few surprises, but ones I'm sure you'll like a lot," Vicky said.

They landed at the airport and after stepping from the gate, were greeted by a mid-twenties woman in business attire. She looked like the actress Emma Stone, with shoulder length brown hair and a fair complexion. "Mrs. Fletcher?" the women asked.

"Yes, I'm Vicky Fletcher," the Mother answered.

"Hi, I'm Monique, I'm with BSTC," she said with a friendly smile.

"Hi Monique," Vicky smiled.

"You must be Todd," the pretty girl asked.

"Um, yeah, hi," Todd said, extending a hand for a shake.

Monique giggled and shook his hand. "Pleased to meet you. If you both follow me, we'll join the other couples and board the plane to the island," she said.

Vicky held her son's hand as they followed Monique down a small terminal. He took a second to admire Monique's succulent ass. Her pant-suit fit snug around her buns, which moved in a sexy sway as she walked. Both her and his mom had on dainty heels, which CLICKED on the hard floor as the stepped down the terminal.

Todd looked over at his mom. "So we're flying to an island?"

"A small private island, yes."

"Ok, so...what does BSTC stand for?" he asked.

Monique looked back and her and Vicky shared a giggle. "You have to be patient. You're trusting me on this one, remember?" Vicky said.

"Yeah, I guess so, but you know I hate surprises."

"This one I think you'll like," Vicky said, with a little smile.

Monique led them down a stairway and out onto the tarmac. A small private jet was waiting and they boarded.

Inside the plane, a middle-aged blonde stood up and rushed towards them. "Vicky!" She exclaimed.

"Hey!" Vicky said excitedly as they hugged.

"Oh my God, I can't believe it," the woman said.

"I know, what are the odds. Sweetie, you remember Michelle, our old neighbor?" Vicky asked her son.

"Of course, it's only been a couple years, Mom." Todd said.

Michelle smiled, looking him up and down. "Well, haven't you become the handsome one."

"I bet I can still beat his ass, though," came another boys voice from several rows back. "Jeff! Holy shit, you're here too?" Todd said with surprise as he spotted his friend. "What's up, dude?" Jeff said, flashing him the peace sign.

"Mom, can I sit with Jeff?" Todd asked Vicky.

"Of course you can, sweetheart."

"You boys don't get too rowdy back there," Michelle joked, watching Todd join her son in the back row.

The two women sat next to each other and buckled their seat-belts. "This is too awesome," Michelle said, squeezing her friend's hand.

"I know, I had to do a double-take. I was like, holy shit, it's Michelle?" Vicky said, making them both giggle.

"How did you hear about the BSTC program?" Michelle asked.

"My sister Beth took her son last summer. Had nothing but positive things to say about it."

"I've been hearing good things too. Are you nervous about how Todd will react?" Michelle asked.

"Yes, but I checked off every box on the questionnaire that BSTC sent, so I guess I shouldn't be too worried."

"I was able to check off all but one box. I've never found any of my panties in Jeff's room, but that doesn't mean he doesn't take them," Michelle said.

"I wouldn't worry. They say even if seventy-five percent of the boxes are checked, our Sons will likely respond favorably to us being in the program with them," Vicky said.

"I hope so. I think it'll be so good for both the boys."

At the back of the plane, Jeff and Todd got reacquainted. "Dude, how fucking lucky are we, man?" Jeff said.

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Our Moms a both grade-A MILFS, dude. And all that experience. They probably

fuck like porn stars," Jeff said.

"Hold on, what..."

"And those fucking tits. They both have huge racks and by tomorrow morning we'll be watching 'em bounce, baby," Jeff said excitedly.

"Wait a sec, what are you talking about, dude?" Todd asked, with a stumped look on his face.

"BSTC, baby. We're about to become momma's boys!" Jeff said.

"Wait, what the hell is this BSTC? That lady Monique mentioned it earlier."

"Are you serious, you don't know?" Jeff asked.

Todd shook his head, still clearly baffled. "No, my mom wouldn't tell me."

"Well, neither would mine, but I have a friend who was out here a few months ago with his mom and he told me all about it," Jeff said.

"So what is it?"

"BSTC...Boys Sexual Training Camp. It's a place moms take their sons to teach 'em how to fuck," Jeff explained.

"Wait, what? Are you serious?" Todd asked.

"I swear to God, dude. It's like a week long training coarse. My friend said he fucked his mom like a hundred times while he was there," Jeff said.

"Are you sure? You're not just fucking with me, are you," Todd muttered with a little smirk.

"Look around the plane, man. There's only guys our age a bunch of middle-aged moms. Dude the stories he told me about this place, you wouldn't fucking believe," Jeff said.

Todd's sat there in disbelief. He thought about all the times he had beat off while thinking about his mom's tits, smelling her panties and wondering what it would be like to have her strong legs wrapped around him. Was his biggest dream about to become a reality?

Michelle and Vicky continued to chat.

"This past week has been crazy. I took Casey and the baby to my sister's. Had a hair and nail appointment yesterday, and had to see my physician. What are you doing for birth control? I decided on the Depo-Provera shot," Michelle said.

"Birth control? What birth control?" Vicky said with a smirk.

"Are you fucking serious, Vicky Fletcher? No birth control?"

"Nope. Guess I'm taking my chances in the shooting gallery," she said, making her friend giggle.

"If you come home pregnant, Bruce is gonna kill you," Michelle said.

"It's only a week, he'd never even realize it happened while I was away. Besides, I don't think I'm ovulating this week anyway."

"I heard Stacey Martin got pregnant at BSTC."

Vicky's mouth fell open. "You're kidding. The twins?"

"Yup, her son pumped two babies into her. Of course her husband would never figure out their not his, same DNA and everything."

"True, hey speaking of husbands…how did you guys sneak away from John for a week?" Vicky asked.

Michelle exaggerated some excitement. "You didn't here?? I won a seven-day white-water rafting trip. And oh darn, John couldn't go because it was on such short notice, but Jeff was willing to join me," she said, then looked at her smart watch, "in fact, we should be landing in Colorado right about now."

Vicky laughed. "Very smooth. Well Todd and I are heading that direction also. My sister's place in Arizona," Vicky said.

"Give it up for us, moms. We know how to fabricate a convincing story," Michelle, high-fiving her friend. "But if our husbands find out we're running around naked on a tropical island this week, we both might be single," she said.

"Or dead," Vicky added, making them both giggle.

After landing on the tiny paved landing strip, the group was taken by luxury bus to a remote area on the island. Todd and Vicky sat side by side, looking out at the lush terrain as they winded through the jungle.

"It's so beautiful here," Vicky said, squeezing his hand.

"Sure is, wherever here is."

"You'll see very soon," Vicky said with a giggle.

They arrived at a garage-like structure. Monique, who drove the bus, entered a key code and the door opened. Once inside, she drove them down into a large underground entrance.

The moms and sons saw a big pink lighted sign above the entrance doors. It read: "Welcome to Boy's Sexual Training Camp."

As they stepped from the bus, Monique directed them inside. The large elegant foyer had several benches for seating. They faced a series of giant monitors built in to the wall. "The monitors read: "BSTC - passion, skills, confidence."

The were ten mother and son couples. Monique stepped inside the foyer. "Please, make yourselves comfortable and enjoy this short video introduction," she said.

Vicky and Todd sat side by side on the bench, as did the other couples. She held his hand on her lap as the video started.

After a musical introduction with their flashy logo, they showed a pristine beach and a woman narrator's voice came on.

"Welcome to Boy's Sexual Training Camp. Our luxurious training center offers the utmost in comfort and privacy. Our underground facility is tucked along the tranquil Cupid's Beach, on our privately-owned tropical island. We at BSTC pride ourselves in being completely cut off from the rest of the world..."

The video passed over a row of cabanas along the white sands on the fringe of the lush jungle.

"This type of discreet environment provides the perfect location for a sexual education like no other."

The next part of the video showed a bikini-clad mother and her son holding hands as they strolled down the beach.

"Boys, your mothers have brought you here to be properly instructed in the ways of sexual intercourse. They are here to take the BSTC journey with you. Along with our certified instructor, your mothers

will guide you, in skill and in practice, drawing upon their years of experience to make you the best lovers you can be."

The video cut to the same mother and son in a luxurious room as mom led her son towards the bed.

"Boys, the decision is yours. If you chose not to be a part of this seven-day, sexual training program, the bus will transport you and your mother back to the airport. Please take a few minutes now to make your final decision, and if you do choose to stay, we hope you enjoy your time with us at Boy's Sexual Training Camp."

The video ended with the same musical tune and logo as when it began.

Vicky smiled at her son. "Surprised?" she asked.

"Yeah," Todd said, blushing a bit.

"If you do think it's not for you, I would completely respect that. We could go back home and forget any of this ever happened," she said, then squeezed his hand. "But if you wanna give it a go, I promise I'll give it my all."

Todd thought about it for a moment, even though he didn't need to. "I wanna do it," he said.

Vicky got a big smile. They stood up and hugged. "I was hoping you'd say that," she said, pulling him against her big spongy jugs.

When none of the couples left, Monique seemed pleased. "Glad you all have chosen to stay. You can leave your luggage here. It will be stored until your departure. Everything you need during your stay will be provided in-house."

Monique began handing out personal baggies. "Please place all cellphones and other personal belongings, such as bracelets,

watches or necklaces in these personal bags. They will be placed with your luggage for safe-keeping."

The couples began to strip off these various items and bag them up.

"You'll soon be changing into BSTC attire. Mothers, the only personal item that we allow you keep on is your wedding rings."

Her words were a striking reminder to each of the ten mothers that they were about to secretly break their wedding vows.

Vicky glanced down at the big diamond ring on her finger, then quickly shook the thought of her husband from her head and smiled over at her son.

"You ready for this?" she asked.

"Definitely," Todd muttered.

"The boys will to go the left...Mothers to the right please," Monique said, pointing down each corridor.

"See you in a little while, sweetie." Vicky said as she walked off with the other nine moms, the CLICKS of their dainty heels amplifying down the corridor.

Todd and Jeff walked together with other boys down a long hallway. "Here we go boys," Jeff said excitedly as they went through the doors at the end of the hall.

It was like a fancy locker room. The boys each discovered a wardrobe with their name on it. "Damn, VIP treatment, dude," Jeff said.

"Right. I wonder what we get to wear?" Todd said.

Monique stepped into the room. "You have a half-hour until I return, boys. Get showered and into your briefs and matching tops." she

said, then walked out.

It was thirty minutes of excited horseplay as the boys prepared for what was to come. They all wore the same attire, white jockey briefs and form-fitting white t-shirts.

After they were all prepared, the doors opened back up and Monique appeared, dressed in only a long sheer white evening dress and matching high-heeled mules.

"Daaamn," Jeff muttered, as all the boys stared at her big tits, clearly on display through the fabric.

"Boys, you are about to enter the hall of the Goddess. It is there you will be instructed in the ways of sexual intercourse," she said. "We ask that you conduct yourself as you would in any instructional setting...respectful and diligent in following directions. Any questions?"

The boys looked at each other, but they couldn't pry their eyes off her curvy body very long.

"Follow me," Monique said, starting down the hallway.

The ten teens followed the gorgeous hostess down the hallway. The place had an elegant resort-type feel, with lots of rustic stone pillars and huge tropical arrangements.

The boys mostly kept their eyes glued to Monique's meaty ass-cheeks as they swayed seductively beneath the almost transparent gown.

"Look at the way her ass is jiggling, dude. Fuck!" Jeff whispered to Todd as they walked side by side.

A big set of double-doors opened into a large spacious room with a row of ten big white leather lounge-chairs. The room was warmly lit

and the soft beat of R&B instrumental background music could be heard overhead.

On the far side of the room, the ten moms were grouped together chatting, like a cluster of horny girls at a school dance. Their eyes were drawn to the boys as they walked in.

"Holy shit," one boy muttered as he caught site of the moms.

The boys were nearly floored at the sight across the room. The moms outfits all matched also and each of them was wearing a white silk peek-a-boo baby doll and matching bikini panties. All their feet were arched in sexy white mules with six-inch stiletto heels. The dainty heels had just a thin white strap, crossing their feet, just above their pretty painted toes.

"Damn look at that lingerie they're wearing," another teen said out loud.

The boys could hear the moms whispering amongst themselves as the doors closed behind them. Todd's eyes found Vicky and took a second to admire her from head to toe. She looked absolutely stunning. He knew she had big tits, but seeing her in something like this made him realize just how massive her jugs were. Vicky was whispering something to Michelle as they looked their sons up and down. Then, the mother gave Todd a cute little wave.

As Todd waved back, Jeff stepped up beside him. "Dude, I have a feeling this is gonna be the best fucking week of our lives," he muttered.

"I'm starting to think you're right."

Monique stepped between the two groups, her heels clicking. "Mothers, will you please find your student and lead him to his seat."

Todd just stood there, mouth agape, as Vicky strode towards him. She moved gracefully, her strong tan mature legs moving in a sexy fluid manner. Her pretty feet were propped so high it looked like she was floating on the tips of her toes. He could see the bulging twin mounds of tit-meat trembling like jello as it oozed out the top of her baby-doll.

"Well, don't you look handsome," she said with a perfect smile.

He could tell she had spent some time on her hair and make-up and he could smell her sweet perfume. "You look amazing, mom," he muttered.

She paused in a sexy pose, with her hands on her hips and a smooth leg slightly bent at the knee, cocked out in front of her. "Not too bad for an old married mom of three, huh?"

She reached out and took his hand. "Come on," she whispered.

Vicky led her son over to their leather lounge-seat and he followed what the other boys were doing by sitting down on it. Vicky, like the other moms, turned and sat down in the seat between her son's legs. She reclined, so that she was resting her back against his chest.

Vicky took her son's hands and brought them around, holding them against the smooth skin of her tummy. Todd's cock was already hard and flexed against her ass, which was now pressed right up against it.

"Well, isn't this a beautiful sight," said a strong female voice with a British accent.

A tall gorgeous matronly figure entered the room. She had short jet-black hair and was completely naked, except for her white six-inch spiked-heeled mules. She carried a white whip-stick as she strutted across the room confidently.

"Ten young men eager to impress," she said.

As she strode past them, several of the boys gasped as they watched her huge firm alabaster tits tremble from each step.

"And ten mums eager TO BE impressed," she said, winking at Vicky, who smiled back.

The woman stopped and surveyed the group as she spoke. "I am the Goddess...and with the help of your mothers, will be instructing each of you in the skill of sexual intercourse. I can see in your faces that some of you are timid. Don't be. There is no place for shyness here. You, your mothers, all of us are sexual animals, made to rut and extract pleasure from our naked bodies. BSTC is a safe place for doing just that. At home, she is the comforter, the nurturer, the disciplinarian, the wife. Here, you will see her in a whole new way. Here you will see your mother as a sexual animal."

Todd felt his Mom squeeze his hands tightly. His breath was heavy. He was so anxious and turned on he could hardly stand it.

The Goddess continued her introduction. "You may not all be virgins, but none of you have what it takes to please the woman who sits between your legs. These mothers have been fucked thousands of times, in every position imaginable. They are masters in the art of lovemaking, and they expect nothing less from their sexual partners."

She began pacing again, tapping her whip-stick on her leg.

"Who better then to assist in teaching you the ways of sex. And while some of you will just make progress, a few of you will become what I call 'cocksmen.' It is the cocksman who can pleasure an army

of experienced mothers," she explained. "What about it, mums...do any of you have a potential cocksman sitting behind you?"

Many of the women giggled. Vicky patted her son's hand and glanced back at him with a smile. "Yep," she said softly.

Todd's heart about jumped out of his chest. After something like that, how could he dare let his mom down.

"Let's move then to our first exercise. We call this the icebreaker. I need both Moms and Sons to stand up and face each other," the Goddess said.

As Vicky stood, Todd got a good look at her big meaty ass, the cheeks of which were spilling out from under the hem of her bikini panties.

"Mums, I want you to wrap your arms around your student's neck and rest your tits against his chest," the Goddess instructed.

Vicky coiled her arms around Todd's neck and pulled herself in. He sighed as he felt her soft jugs flatten against his chest. He could even feel her hard nipples through the thin fabric. His body literally shuttered as she gazed up at him with those sparkling brown eyes.

The Goddess smiled. "I'm seeing lots of erections already. That's a very good sign," she said, making the moms giggle.

"Boys, rest your hands on your mother's hips," the Goddess continued.

All of the ten boys were now embracing their moms, ready for further instruction. "Can you feel how wide and strong her hips are?" the Goddess asked.

All the boys nodded. Some muttered "yes."

"Imagine the powerful gears that drive an engine. A woman's sexual engine is driven by her hips. The strength that they contain is powerful," the Goddess said.

Todd gripped his mother's hips, looking in her eyes as the Goddess continued. "This power allows her to roll and grind her pelvis, which is an integral part of the sexual dance during intercourse."

The Goddess stopped pacing. "Boys, to break the ice and demonstrate the power of a mother's hips, I would like to you to lead her back to your seat, turn her around and pull her back on to your lap."

Todd did as he was told. He sighed as he felt her soft meaty ass smother the bulge of his hard meat.

"Mothers, using your strong hips, I would like you to grind your ass on your son's lap. We'll provide a little beat for you to move to," the Goddess said.

The music started and the Goddess watched the mothers begin to move to the beat. "Ironically, this is the instrumental version of a song called 'Rock Steady.' So...rock your asses steadily, mums," she said.

Vicky used her hips to grind her ass to the beat of the music. Todd's tubular bulge pressed between her meaty mommy-buns, rubbing against the puckered lips of her butthole.

Several of the moms threw their arms in the air, while steadily swiveling their hips, as if doing a dance. "Wooooo!" one of them shouted.

A bunch of moms giggled, including Vicky and Michelle. "Woooo!" Michelle shrieked, throwing up her arms, while grinding her big ass on Jeff's lap.

An African-America mom named Lakisha giggled at Michelle. "Daaamn, go girl," she said, grinding her own butt on her son.

Nearly all the moms sung the chorus as they gyrated their ass on their son's cock. "Rock... steady! Steady rocking all night long," they sang.

Vicky peeked back at her son and sang the next part with the other moms. "Rock, steady. Rockin' 'til the break of dawn," she sang, then all the mothers erupted in a cheer.

"Are we all grinding on erections, ladies?" the Goddess asked.

"Yes!" came the excited reply from the whole group. Todd felt his mom squeeze his cock with her ass-cheeks as she responded.

"Good, then let's move on to our first physical exercise. Mums, I want you to straddle your student," The Goddess instructed.

Vicky stood up, then turned and crawled onto him. Like the other moms, she straddled her son's loins, so her knees rested on the lounge to either side of him.

Todd let out a little sigh as he felt the weight of his mom's body against him. He could feel the heat of her genitals through both layers of fabric. Her massive breasts were inches from his face, straining to bust through the top of the gown.

He stared at her tits for a moment, marveling at their immense size. Then, he looked up at her and Vicky gave him a teasing wink.

Once they were all in position, the Goddess continued. "One of the fundamentals of proper sexual intercourse is the kiss. No one has more experience with kissing than woman on top of you. Let her guide you as you spend the next half-hour making out," she said, as the light in the hall suddenly dimmed and the slow soft beat of R&B music filled the room.

Vicky draped her arms over Todd's shoulders and gave him a quick peck on the lips. The teen's heart was beating so fast he couldn't

believe it.

"Here we go...Are you ready?" she whispered.

"Yeah," he muttered.

Vicky tilted her head slightly to the side as her lips slowly moved back towards his. She started by giving her son a few slow soft sensual kisses, but it wasn't long before her tongue was touching his and they lightly fluttered together.

Todd had plenty of experience kissing girls, but nothing in the world could prepare him for the kissing skills of his mom. From the moment their tongues met, hers began to lash in circles around his. Her

arms tightened around his neck, her spongy breasts crushed against his chest and the pressure of her warm pubis against his bone-hard erection intensified.

Soon they were making out like a horny young couple. Todd's heart was pounding in his chest as his mom's tongue danced with his. He was amazed at how her long pink snake could twist and roll one minute and then flutter wildly the next. To say it was a thrilling, surreal moment would put it lightly.

"Mmmnn," she moaned, making her son's cock flex against her vulva.

Vicky pushed back, squashing her engorged clitoris against his fat knob. This caused Todd to thrust upward and soon they were grinding against one another in a nice steady dry hump.

The Goddess stepped over beside them and watched. She could see their tongues wrestling inside Todd's open mouth. "That's really good, love. Whip your tongue right back at her. Keep it in constant motion," she said to Todd.

The Goddess moved on to Jeff and Michelle. Vicky broke the kiss, licked and sucked on her son's neck. "Ohhh, wow, his voice quivered.

Todd looked over at the boy next to him named Dex. Dex was also getting his neck licked by a big breasted Mother, who had short blonde hair. Her name was Morgan. The two boys smiled at one another, knowing just what the other was going through.

The room was filled with moans of ten grown women passionately making out with their Sons, each one of their matronly pussies grinding against a teenage erection.

A few times, Todd had to pinch himself. He simply couldn't believe that the woman on top of him was his own loving mom. He was seeing a side of her that he'd never seen before and he was absolutely loving it.

The half-hour passed like a dream. The lights finally came back up and after a couple more sensual pecks, Vicky lifted her face from Todd's.

"You did well," she softly whispered, feeding him a big gleaming smile, "Really well."

"Thanks."

"Mothers will now group together by the side doorway," the Goddess said.

Todd watched his mom rise from his body and onto her feet. His boner twitched as her big breasts bobbled heavily beneath the thin covering.

"The boys will stand and slip their erections through the flies of their briefs. Each erection will be measured in preparation for our next exercise," the Goddess explained.

Todd stood up and nervously fished his big boner out of the slit in his briefs. The other nine boys did the same and could hear the moms whispering in the corner.

He glanced over at Vicky and saw her staring at his boner as it stuck out at an upward angle. Starting with the boy on the end, Monique knelt down and measured his bobbing erection. "Seven and one quarter inches," she announced.

The chatter among the moms intensified as they heard the announcement.

Monique moved to the next boy, Dex, and took a measurement. "Eight and a half inches," she said.

There were a few gasps from the moms and an excited little giggle. "Oh my God," came the voice of the boy's beautiful mother, Morgan. "So big."

"Eight and a quarter inches," was the next announcement.

Lakisha, his mother, smiled proudly. "That's my baby," she said.

Vicky whispered to Michelle as they watched the measuring. "How big do you think our boys are?"

"Jeff has to be pushing nine inches," Michelle said, staring at her son's hard cock.

Monique moved next to Jeff, who was to the left of Todd. She knelt down and ran the tape along the length of his fuck-pole. "Nine inches," Monique said.

Jeff smiled proudly as he heard the group of MILFs gasp and giggle.

"I was right," Michelle said, giving Vicky a high five. "Ok, what about Todd? Ten inches maybe?" she asked.

Vicky stared at her son's big pointing boner. "I'm gonna say closer to eleven."

Next Monique came to Todd and knelt in front of him, staring down the barrel of his long veiny cannon. She peeked up and gave him a naughty little smile, then rolled the tape down the top of his shaft and up over the tapered knob.

"Ten and three-quarter inches," she announced.

Todd heard the room fill with gasps. Vicky turned to her friend with a big wicked smile. "HA!" she said teasingly.

"Damn, girl what are feeding that boy?" Lakisha said to Vicky, making her and Michelle laugh.

The rest of the boys were measured, but none even came close to the length of Todd's prick. The Goddess strode towards him, her tits jiggling heavily on her chest. Her eyes traveled up and down his teenage frame.

"Congratulations, you're the largest of the group. That makes you the alpha-male. This week, you will be group leader among the boys. Your mother will be group leader among the women," the Goddess said.

One of the side doors opened.

"Monique will now lead you boys to the chamber of the holes for our next exercise," the Goddess said.

The boys followed Monique down the hallway and into a long narrow room. On one side of the room, right against the wall, were ten saddle-like seats. Above each seat hung a pair of virtual reality goggles.

"Listen carefully boys. You will each find your saddle and will position yourselves facing the wall. You will then slide your erections and your balls through the hole in the saddle and await further instruction," Monique said.

"Dude, I can't be sure, but I think this is like a glory hole situation they got going here," Jeff said. "I guess we'll find out."

Todd found the seat with his name and did as he was instructed. The hole looked like a black doughnut and was just big enough for Todd to squeeze his cock and scrotum into. He felt nothing but open air on the other side and the spongy opening now rested flat against his pubic bone as he leaned forward.

"Above you, you will see headphones and goggles. You can now put them on," Monique said.

In the next room over, the Mothers followed the Goddess into another narrow chamber. Along the wall, at waist level, ten hard cocks eagerly waited.

"The boys are positioned the same way they were in the hall of the Goddess. Find your student and kneel at his phallus," the Goddess said.

Vicky and Michelle walked over and found their boy's cock's.

"Well even if Todd's is almost two inches bigger, they're both beautiful," Michelle said.

"I won't argue with that," Vicky said, lustfully eyeballing both slabs of meat as they stuck out as straight as arrows from the holes.

Both moms slipped off their heels and knelt onto the soft mats against the wall. Vicky was now face to face with her son's massive erection. She could see a bead of precum forming on his piss-slit.

The mother wet her lips with her tongue and smiled with pride as she looked at the big dangling balls hanging heavily below.

"Oh my God, their balls look so full," she said to Michelle.

"The boys must be so horny right now. Look at how big and purple their knobs are," Michelle said, hovering just below her son's juicy cock-head.

The Goddess walked behind the mothers. "For today's finally exercise, the boys will be watching those wonderful videos you sent us. While they watch, let's give them a taste of what's to come, in the form of some nice juicy head," she said.

In the next room over, the lights began to dim. Todd's goggles lit up, fading into a familiar image. It was his bedroom back home. The soft beat of music began to fill his ears and he saw a tan silky-smooth leg begin to slither around the doorframe.

His heart pounded excitedly. He recognized his mom's pretty painted toes.

"This reminds me so much of the glory holes in college?" Michelle said, as both women wrapped elastics in their hair, putting their manes back in ponytails.

"I do think guys dicks have gotten bigger since then," Vicky giggled, wrapping a tiny hand around the base of her son's mammoth prick.

"I think it's safe to say that our pussies are gonna be very happy this week," Michelle said, taking hold of her own son's cock.

Vicky tilted her son's cock slightly upward and planted a slow light kiss on the underside of the engorged plumb-sized knob.

Todd sighed as he felt his mom's soft lips against his pecker. He felt her hot breath on his glans and her long nails gently scratch the

tube beneath his shaft. It sent a nonverbal message, saying "mommy's here."

Through the goggles, Todd watched his mom slip teasingly into his bedroom, wearing only a skimpy black bra and panties. Her huge breasts bobbled beneath the thin bra as she sashayed towards his bed. Vicky sat on the edge of his bed and bounced her ass against the mattress a couple times, as if testing its ability to handle a hard romp. The video was obviously shot during the day, while no one else was home.

In the next room, Vicky gave her son's prick a few slow strokes, feeling the thick pulsing meat in her hand. "Jesus," she muttered, in awe of it's length and girth.

"God I love big dicks," Michelle confessed, making Vicky giggle, "I'm sorry, but I do. John is no where near this size."

Vicky marveled at her son's dick, still stroking the veiny column. "This thing is like two of Bruce, maybe two and a half," she said, thinking of her husband's dick size.

Vicky leaned forward and drug her tongue along the underside of her son's long thick boner. She could feel it flex and throb. Her lips curled into a naughty little grin, knowing that it was a response to not only what he was feeling, but also what he was watching on video.

The busty mother gave his rod a few more slow strokes with her circled fist, pulling the loose skin up and down the meaty shaft. Her tongue slipped out of her mouth and lashed around on his big crimson knob. She swiped up a pool of precum as she licked across his piss-hole.

Todd gasped as he felt his mom's wet tongue circle his knob. Through the goggles, he watched as she fell back onto his bed, her long hair spreading out beneath her. She propped her knees back,

level with her shoulders, splaying open her smooth tan thighs. The panties were so snug against her mons that Todd could clearly see the cleft of her vulva.

He heard a few groans in the room as the other boys were treated to similar videos taken in their bedrooms. As they gawked through their goggles, many were already feeling their cocks slip down their mother's throats.

Vicky rolled her tongue around the bloated knob and nursed on the tip of his pecker, bathing it in hot saliva.

Todd watched as his mom stood from the bed, with her back to the camera. Her big meaty ass was spilling out from beneath the panties. Vicky peered back at the camera teasingly as she reached around to unclasp her big bra. As it came unhooked, Todd could see the bulging contours of her boobs shift downward.

As she pulled the bra away, Todd caught a glimps of the side of one of her big slopping tits, as it wobbled free from the bra-cup.

"Holy shit," he muttered excitedly.

In the next room, Vicky's head bobbed as she sucked her son's cock in traditional blowjob fashion. Her lips were stretched obscenely around his meet as they glide up and down his thick fucker. It wasn't long before Todd was nudging the back of her throat.

Todd panted from the pleasure, while watching the recording of his mom. In the video, Vicky peeled the panties over her meaty mommy-ass giving him a little peek at naked globes of her ass and the smooth folds of her outer labia.

It cut to a different camera angle, level with Todd's bed. Vicky was now sprawled out on her tummy on the mattress , her legs bent at the knees so that her cute little feet pointed towards the ceiling and moved around playfully. She was propped up on her elbows with her

chin resting on her palms. Her big milk-jugs were squashed against the mattress beneath her and bulged out at the sides. Todd marveled at how soft and squishy they looked.

The teasing mother looked straight into the camera with the sexiest look Todd had ever seen. She rolled her tongue across her top row of teeth teasingly.

Seeing this made Todd's cock let out a mighty throb. A small stream of bubbling precum oozed onto Vicky's tongue. As she swallowed her son's offering, she sucked hard on his boner, nursing more pre-orgasmic syrup from his piss-hole.

Some boys groaned as they felt their cocks get the royal treatment. Through each of their goggles, they watched a nearly-naked mom in their bedroom, teasing them with their bodies.

The mom's room was filled with the sound of lewd gurgling slurps as ten middle-aged beauties eagerly fed on teenage cock. The row of ten heads bobbed back and forth, sucking with gusto.

Vicky relaxed her gullet, slipping Todd's cock-head deep into her throat, until finally her lips rested against the base of his shaft.

Todd's eyes rolled back as he felt the sensation of being balls deep. No other girl had ever been able to do that.

On the video, Vicky rolled onto her back, pulling the blanket over her, so she remained half-covered. As she squirmed around like a horny young girl, Todd caught glimpses of his mom's wobbling tit-meat as she half-attempted to keep her boobs covered. The entire time, Vicky stared into the camera feeding her watchful son a naughty smile.

Moms had been sucking cock for nearly a half-hour now and most of them at this point had fallen into a steady rhythm.

"Gnnffff," some moms gurgled.

"Guhh, guhh, guhh, guhh," came the sound of others as they plunged their throats with hard cock.

There was a choir of whimpers, as ten pretty heads bobbed up and back, a mix of semen and saliva trickling from their mouths.

From the next room, came a few grunting cries as one by one the boys began to pop.

Todd's body quivered as he let out little whimpers of pleasure. Vicky was really working his dick now, sloppily fucking it with her mouth.

The boy next to him cried out and threw his head back as his cock began to erupt.

In the video, the camera was now on the bed with his mom. Vicky was on her hands and knees leaning over and looking down into it through her big silky curtain of dark hair. She held the blanket loosely against her breasts, so that only a quarter of them were covered, exposing the deepest, darkest cleavage Todd had ever seen.

He gazed in his mother's eyes as he felt his balls tighten and raging torrent of jizz blast from his penis in big pulsing ropes.

Vicky stayed with her baby, sucking him hard and swallowing and his hot load as it poured down her throat. His cock quivered and lurched for over a minute as her circled lips glided along his pole. Her experienced lips and tongue pulled at his meat, extracting it's thick potent offering.

"Damn that was a lot of cum," Vicky said, looking over at Michelle as she caught her breath. "Mmm, fucking yummy too," Michelle said, licking her lips.

The boys and moms were exiting the rooms about the same time. Vicky and Michelle teasingly stepped up to their sons. "How were those videos, boys?" Michelle asked.

"Flippin' awesome," Jeff said with a satisfied smile.

Vicky put her hands on her son's shoulders. She looked so sexy standing their in nothing but a skimpy baby doll nightie and bare feet. "I take it the blowjobs were pretty good too," she asked.

"Ohhh, yeah," Todd muttered.

"I guess dinner is next, which is good because I'm fucking starving," Jeff said.

Michelle glared at him. "Jeffery, watch your mouth," she said.

"Ha, really, mom? We're standing here almost naked and you just blew me. I really can't say fuck?"

"No, you can't and don't be a smartass," she said.

Vicky giggled. "See you at dinner, boys."

Vicky gave her teen a cute little wave as the moms walked away.

The boys hit the showers. They laughed and joked in disbelief as they reflected on their first day of sexual training.

Dinner was formal. There were two big tables with five couples at each one. An all-female staff waited on the mothers and sons, serving up a scrumptious meal. The groups talked and laughed, mostly sharing embarrassing stories about the boys when they were younger.

Afterwards, the couples walked along the beach. Vicky looked stunning, wearing a long white evening dress with a plunging neckline. Todd could hardly take his eyes off her exposed cleavage.

She carried her heels as they walked barefoot through the sand. "I called your father earlier. We're allowed to use our cellphones once a day, so our spouses don't get worried or suspicious."

"Oh, what did you tell him?" Todd asked.

"That we're having a great time in Arizona," she said, making them both giggle.

"Good thing he didn't ask you for a picture of the desert," Todd said.

Vicky laughed. "Right. I don't like to keep things from him, but somehow I don't think he'd like the idea of us being here," she said.

"No, probably not."

"You learning about sex, I don't think he'd have a problem with. Me, letting you use my body to practice on is the part he wouldn't like."

They returned to the back entrance and shared a typical mother/son kiss goodnight.

DAY 2

The boys were all prepared in their white briefs and snug tops when Monique arrived, wearing a similar sexy gown as the day before. They followed her down the corridor and into the meal hall.

The moms were scattered about the hall, talking and giggling with one another like girls in a sorority. They whispered and giggled some more as they watched the boys enter.

Todd and Jeff found their moms chatting in the corner with another mom named Morgan. All the moms were now wearing lace-up hip-hugger panties and a thin cami top that accentuated the enormity of their breasts. Their feet were adorned in high heeled mules.

"Here comes trouble," Michelle joked as the ladies turned towards the boys.

"With a capital T," Jeff said.

"Hey, handsome, sleep well?" Vicky asked lovingly as her son walked up to her.

"Yeah, not bad," He said, trying not to stare at the huge canyon of exposed cleavage.

"This is Morgan. Her son is...Dex, right?" Vicky asked her.

"Uh-huh," Morgan said, sharing a pretty smile.

"Yeah, I met him. He's really cool."

"You boys should get some breakfast...and FYI, the blueberry muffins are divine," Michelle said.

"Lets eat," Jeff said, starting towards the buffet.

"See ya, ladies," Todd said, following his friend.

"Bye, sweetie," Vicky said, giving him a cute little wave.

Michelle stepped up beside the other two women. "They're so fucking adorable," she said. Vicky smiled. "Must take after their moms," she said.

Morgan laughed. "Todd must have the girls tearing down your door to get at him, Vicky. He is gorgeous," she said.

"Thanks. He has a few that are trying to lure him in," Vicky said.

"Bet they'd be jealous if they saw what you got to do yesterday," Moran said.

"Right," Michelle giggled. "Do you think we're sucking their dicks again today?" Michelle asked. Vicky fed her a mischievous smile. "Are you hoping we'll suck their dicks again today?"

"I'm not gonna lie," Michelle smiled. "Yes I am hoping," she said, making the women laugh.

"Ok, so I'm not alone then," Morgan said.

Todd got his breakfast, then sat with a group of boys and ate . Every time he looked over at his mom, her and the other two women would be looking back at him. Hell only knows what they were whispering to one another as they looked him up and down.

"I told you this place was gonna be cool," Jeff said.

"Yeah, you were right about that."

"Never in my wildest dreams did I think my mom could suck cock like she did yesterday," Jeff said, chomping on a mouthful of food.

A few minutes later, the moms were ushered out of the meal hall. The boys stared with lust. The moms were all wearing lace-up hip hugger panties and nearly half the cracks of their meaty asses could be seen through the laces as they strode away.

"Holy shit dude, that's fucking hot," Jeff said, as he watched the hot asses jiggle and sway. "Sure is," Todd muttered, watching Vicky's half-exposed buttocks undulate with each graceful step.

About fifteen minutes later, Monique came for the remaining group. "Ready, boys?" she asked.

The horny teens trailed her down the corridor, back into the hall of the Goddess. The lights were dimmed and the mothers stood by the loungers waiting. Each of them had changed into a delicate white

lace bra and matching bikini panties and their feet were arched in pairs of white glamour girl marabou sandals.

The boys mouths fell open as they gawked at their sexy moms. "Wow," Todd muttered.

The Goddess stood in front of the group. She wore the same white heels, but nothing else. "Boys, please take a standing position behind your mother," she said.

Todd and the other boys walked over and stood behind their moms. Vicky now had her hair up in a bun with cute little ringlets dangling down. The white frilly fabric against her smooth bronze skin made her look absolutely breathtaking.

"You look amazing," Todd whispered.

Vicky smiled staring straight ahead as she awaited the Goddess's next instruction. "Thank you," she whispered proudly.

"There is an art to undressing a woman and it's important that you learn it. I want each of you to reach forward and very gently unclasp your mother's bra," the Goddess said.

Todd had done this a couple times with girls at school, so this wasn't completely new to him.

The idea that this was his big breasted mother though made his cock begin to rise in his shorts. He fumbled with the clasp for a few seconds before it popped apart.

The Goddess watched to make sure each of them had it unclasped. "Now, very slowly...pull the straps off her shoulders," she said.

Todd's heart pounded with excitement as he brushed his fingers over the soft skin of his mom's shoulders.

"Now...I want you to step up closely behind her. Many of you have erections already and that's perfect. I want you to press your erection against the cheeks of her ass, while you reach around and slip the cups from her breasts," the Goddess said.

Todd's bulge struck Vicky's meaty bottom and rested between the softness of her buns. He reached around and gently uncovered her boobs. He had a birds eye view as he gazed down over her shoulder and literally gasped as her huge dangling jugs became exposed.

Vicky peeked at her son and gave him a cute little mommy-smile. She could tell he was extremely aroused.

"I want each of you to reach around now and cup your mother's breasts," the Goddess said.

Todd nervously brought his hands up and lifted Vicky's heavy boobs from her chest. He could feel the spongy flesh literally oozing through his fingers.

"Now boys, gently squeeze them and feel how soft they are," the Goddess said.

Vicky thrust her chest out a little slightly tilting her head back as her son began to squeeze on her big spongy tits. She could feel his cock pulse excitedly against her ass.

"Feel her nipples and areola...pinch them between your fingers. Feel how thick and hard they're getting," The Goddess said.

Given the size of Vicky's breasts, her areola were absolutely massive, easily as big around as an orange. Todd felt their bumpy texture between his fingers, wishing it was his mouth that was latching onto them. Her nipples were huge and engorged.

"There's no need to be gentle. A mother's tits are designed to be squeezed and pulled. Cup the undersides and let your fingers sink in

deep," the Goddess said and the boys complied. "Now grip the sides and slap her tits together."

Todd squeezed the sides of his mom's boobs and smacked them both together over and over. He watched the creamy flesh ripple each time they collided.

"Now sink your hands in again. Squeeze them hard, boys, I want to see those hands buried in the flesh of her tits."

Todd worried he might be getting too rough. He looked at his mom and saw her eyes closed, mouth peeked open, making a soft pant.

"You ok?" he whispered.

Her eyes peeked open. "Perfect. You're doing wonderful, sweetie."

"Boys, step back. Mothers, turn around and remove their shirts," the Goddess said.

Todd gasped as Vicky turned towards him. Her huge tits wobbled heavily as she reached out and peeled his t-shirt off. Todd's boner tented out obscenely in his briefs.

Vicky fed him a loving smile.

"Each couple will now embrace. Mums, it is critical that during your coupling the boy feel your breasts pressed against his chests," the Goddess said.

Vicky stepped towards her son and coiled her arms around his neck. Todd placed his hands on her waist as she moved in tight, flattening her jiggling jugs against his bare chest.

"See buster, you're not the only one in this family who's well endowed," she said softly, with a flirty little smile.

"Mothers, without breaking your embrace, step out of your heels in preparation for the next exercise," the Goddess said.

Vicky slipped her sexy feet from her heels and pushed them aside. She was a few inches shorter than her son now and stared up into his bright blue eyes.

"Boys, slide your hands down and cup the cheeks of your mother's ass. On the count of three, you'll be lifting her from the floor and she'll be throwing her legs around you," the Goddess instructed.

Vicky's ass felt amazing as Todd's fingers dug into her cheeks. His heart was beating a mile a minute.

The Goddess counted out loud. "One...two...three."

Vicky used her feet to spring from the floor and gracefully wrapped her strong tan legs around her son's waist. He could feel her tits sloshing against him and his boner now dug against her panty-covered cunt.

Todd marveled at the look on his mom's face. She was like a horny teenage girl who was about to be pounded by the big-dicked football star.

"There is padded wall behind you. Carry your mother over and pin her against it," the Goddess said.

The boys did as they were instructed. Todd felt a rush of excitement as it struck him that he was pinning his own gorgeous mom against the wall. The woman who had given birth to him and coddled him growing up was now clutching onto him, nearly naked, as he held her up off the floor in the standing fuck position.

"You will now engage in another half-hour of making out. Practice makes perfect boys," the Goddess said.

Vicky didn't waste any time. Her lips dove straight for her sons and they began to kiss passionately. As their tongues rolled and danced together, Todd couldn't help but wonder if this was all just one big wet dream.

"Mmmnn," Vicky whimpered, lashing her tongue through her son's mouth.

Vicky was impressed by both her son's strength and his ability to learn fast. She could already sense his confidence as he ground his cock against her panty-covered twat.

Her silky legs were clasped tightly around him, smothering his midsection between her strong warm thighs.

Vicky kissed across his chin and down along his neck. She replaced her lips with her tongue, lashing against her son's flesh.

As his mom licked his neck, Todd looked over at Jeff and his mom. Michelle's big tits distended out, pressed against her son's chest. Like Vicky's legs, Michelle's smooth motherly legs were coiled tightly around Jeff, her ankles interlocked. Todd remembered Jeff's Mom bringing them cookies and taking them to ball practice. Now her and Jeff were making out like horny newlyweds. It all seemed so surreal.

The half-hour seemed to pass much too quickly.

"Boys, put your mother's down and follow them back over to your seats," the Goddess said. Todd's mom slipped to the floor and he followed her back over to the seat as requested. "The mothers will now sit and the boys will kneel in front of them," the Goddess instructed.

Todd couldn't peel his eyes away from Vicky's huge tits. They seemed to have a life of their own, wobbling around with her every movement.

"Gently and slowly, as you did the bra, each boy will now remove his mother's panties," the Goddess said.

Vicky lifted her butt up off the seat a little as Todd reached up and began to slide her panties down her curvy legs. His heart beat like a base drum as he gazed at her mons, which were crown by a cute little strip of pubic fuzz.

"Ladies, leaning back on the seat, I want you to throw your legs back into a spread eagle," was the Goddess's next instruction.

Vicky, along with the other moms, rested her back on the tilted seat making her tits-mounds spread out across her chest. She curled her legs up, then parted them, scissoring them apart until they were each pointing to opposite sides of the room.

Todd just knelt there with his jaw to the floor as his mom exposed her precious flower in all it's glory. He watched her labial meat slowly peel apart, revealing the opening to her fuck-hole. He smiled excitedly, having a pretty good guess as to what was coming next.

Outside, the birds chirped and the waves beat against the sand as the afternoon sun beat down upon the tropical paradise. Inside, ten middle-aged moms moaned and panted with pleasure as their well hung teenage boys ate their cunts.

Vicky had her curvy legs wrapped around Todd's head, trapping his face against her twat as he devoured her.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh," she cried, throwing her head to one side. She arched her back from the lounger, making her big tits roll on her chest.

"Remember boys, concentrate on the clitoris. Make sure you're constantly licking and sucking it," The Goddess said.

Todd breathed through his nose as his tongue went crazy against Vicky's twat, plowing through her smooth wet folds. With his face buried between her legs, the lucky teen gazed up over the swell of her pubic bone and watched his mom's big tits wobble and jiggle as her body convulsed.

"OHHHHHH, GOD!" Her sexy voice rang out as an orgasm stuck her.

Todd felt a pulse of hot girl-cum wash over his face. This didn't slow his licking one bit.

Other moms were screaming out as they too had their cunts devoured. Soon a choir of screaming milfs filled the hall.

"Ohhh, yesss," Michelle cried out.

"Ohhhh God!" Todd heard Morgan scream.

"After a woman cums during oral sex, her cunt will become very sensitive. It'll need to recover for a few moments before it's eaten again. At this point you'll begin to lick her asshole," the Goddess said.

Todd lapped at Vicky's butthole. His nose was now buried between her labia, his face soaked with her juices. The strong feminine aroma was beginning to make his head spin.

"Now boys, using two fingers, I want you to find your mother's G-spot. It's the rough area on the roof of the vagina. Pay close attention her body and you'll know when you've found it," The Goddess said.

Todd curled two fingers into Vicky's cunt and began his search. It didn't take him long before his mom's body reacted. "Oh yesss, right there," she gasped.

The Goddess weaved between the boys, watching them perform. "As you rub the G-spot, I want each of you to go back to working her clit with your tongue. If done correctly, it won't be long before she achieves another strong orgasm," she said.

It wasn't long at all. No more than a minute after Todd began to massage her sweet-spot, Vicky's back again arched off the seat as her body began to quiver.

"OOOOHHHH, YEEEAAAHHH!!!" she screamed, her voice shaky.

With his tongue digging against her fat engorged clitoris, Todd got a big cocky smile on his face. His head rose and fell, staying with her as Vicky thrust her hips up and down.

"Ohh yesss, yessss!!" the busty Mother cried as juice squirted from her cunt-slit.

Middle-aged moms howled for several minutes as they were brought off by the developing skills of their silver-tongued sons.

"Well moms, how did they do?" the Goddess asked, once they had all settled down.

The moms giggled and sighed as they fought to catch their breath.

"Do your boys deserve a special treat?" she continued.

The women all shouted out "yes" as the boys hearts began to pound with excitement.

"Boys, how would you like to fuck those juicy jugs your mother is carrying around?" the Goddess asked.

"Yeah!" the boys shouted in unison.

"First they're going to coat their big tits with hot baby-oil," the Goddess said, as all the moms reached down and pulled a bottle of

liquid from beside the lounge.

Todd watched in awe as Vicky squirted a substantial amount of baby-oil on her bobbling melons, then lathered them up with her hands.

"Mmm, they'll get them nice and slippery for your young hard dicks to slip between," the Goddess said. "Get those briefs off, mums."

Vicky quickly peeled off her son's briefs. Todd sat on the edge of the lounge and watched his mom kneel down in front of him. She plopped her big jugs onto his lap and wrapped his erection between them, smothering it in slippery tit-flesh.

"Ohhh, damn," Todd muttered, as Vicky began fuck his cock with her big tits.

Soon, all the Moms were squeezing their oiled boobs around the meat of their teen's cocks, bouncing them up and down.

Vicky watched Todd's bloated knob slip out of her cleavage, then disappear again down into a fleshy pocket of spongy tit-meat.

"Having fun, mums?" the Goddess said with a smile.

"Yesss!" Came the unified response.

Todd rested back on his elbows, watching his mom squeeze her tits up and down his cock. The beautiful mother winked at him. "Feel good?" she asked.

"Hell yess," he muttered.

"Good thing we moms have big tits," Michelle said, squeezing her huge alabaster milk-makers on her son's dick, "takes an awfully big set to smother these monsters."

One by one, the boys whimpered as their cocks shot off.

"Ohhh fuck yeah," Jeff shouted, his hips jerking as cum began to pour out between Michelle's tits.

"Uhhhh," Todd muttered, his breath shallow.

Vicky looked at him and smiled. "Come on, alpha-Male…your turn," she said, as a chorus of groaning, grunting teens filled the room.

"Here it comes," Todd muttered, his face wincing.

Hot spunk began to fire out of his piss-hole. Vicky felt it pulsing out inside her slippery cleavage. His knob peaked from her tit-cleft and sent a big rope of cum splattering up along her neck.

"Uuuugghhh!" the teen moaned, firing more and more cum between her rising and falling breasts. The Mothers used their tits to milk every drop of cum from the boys pricks.

"How was that reward, boys?" the Goddess asked.

"Awesome!" Todd shouted. The other boys laughed, as if he had answered for each of them. "Are your dicks still hard?"

Todd looked down at his bobbing erection, still glowing with baby-oil. "I know mine is," he muttered, drawing his mother's attention.

Vicky bit her bottom lip as she looked at the sturdy young dick sticking straight out.

"Hard enough for sexual intercourse?" the Goddess said.

"Hell yess!" One boy answered, making all the moms giggle.

The side doors opened. "You heard them mums. You have five minutes to hide before I release I hounds."

The Moms squealed and giggled as they scrambled out the door, their naked asses jiggled and their heavy tits jostled as they rushed

down the corridor.

The Goddess smiled at the boys, eyeballing their eager cocks. "The moment of truth, boys. If you find your mum, she'll be waiting with open thighs. She wants you to spend the afternoon fucking her tight slippery cunt to near exhaustion. Do you think you're man enough?" she said.

Most of the boys muttered "yes."

"Ok then, go get it, boys. Go get some pussy," she said.

The boys scattered down different corridors, looking for their moms. It took Todd about ten minutes before he saw something hopeful in one of the rooms. It was a large hole in the wall. He couldn't see very far into it, but what he could see looked like the inside of a big latex condom.

Above the hole it read "Vicky & Todd," so he climbed inside. The soft elastic sides were slick to the touch and his body slid easily down into the mouth of the sack. Gliding to the bottom, Todd found himself in complete darkness. His body rested in a shallow pool of hot slippery liquid. "Hello?" he muttered.

A soft sexy voice cut through the darkness. "That must be my big-dicked baby boy," he heard his mom's voice say.

"Mom?" he called.

Todd was on his back and he suddenly felt a soft oily body slither up between his legs and onto his chest. He gasped as felt the spongy flesh of two huge slippery tits roll onto him.

A set of lips found his and planted a sensual kiss. "You found me," she whispered.

"Took me a bit, but yeah."

"You having fun?"

"Definitely," Todd muttered.

"And you thought this was gonna be a boring summer," Vicky whispered.

"I guess I was wrong. Why did you decide to bring me here anyway?" he asked.

With her body now on top of his, Vicky brought her lips to her son's ear.

"A few months ago, when I thought you were becoming sexually active, I told your father he should have a talk with you. Do you know what he told me?" she asked.

"What?"

"He told me he didn't have time, that I should take care of it...Well, guess what?" she asked.

"What?"

She flicked her tongue across his ear. "I'm taking care of it," she said.

Like a hungry animal, Vicky began to devour her son's face with sloppy kisses. Soon their lips met and their tongues began to wrestle.

"Tell me what you want, sweetie. Tell Mommy," she whispered between kisses.

"I wanna..." Todd hesitated, feeling her tongue lash at his neck.

"You wanna what?" Kiss, kiss, "Tell me," kiss, lick, lick..

"To have sex with you," he panted.

"You wanna have sex with mommy? You wanna fuck her hot wet hole?" she asked in a seductive tone.

"Oh God, yeah," Todd sighed.

"Do you wanna take me to paradise, baby?" she asked.

"I do," Todd voice quivered. He was so aroused he could hardly stand it.

"Do you wanna fuck me to the moon and back," she said seductively, then planted more kisses.

Vicky fell to the side, rolling her son up on top of her. Todd felt himself settle down between her warm slippery thighs. He felt her tiny hand clasp his cock and lick her greasy split with the bulbous cock-head. As he felt it slip into the hot fuck-socket, Todd thrust his hips, causing Vicky's velvet nest to stretch around his beefy erection.

"Oh yeeeeaaaahhhhh!" she cried out as Todd's pecker sank in to her most secret place. Todd's knob turned slightly upward as it met the spongy head of Vicky's cervix.

"Ohh man," he sighed as he felt her hot sheath tighten around his meaty cock.

"Oh, mom!" The teen groaned, his cock was so engorged with blood it felt like it was going to explode.

"Yess, sweetie...I feel you. Fuck meee!" Vicky whined.

Todd snaked his thick cock back a few inches, then thrust forward burying his meaty pecker straight to the root. Vicky responded by thrusting her pelvis upward and her son's cock stretched her uteri as her cunt swallowed every inch.

Rocking her hips, the hot mother, thrust her cunt, milking her son's oversized penis as it slipped back and forth through her clutching baby-chute.

"Oh God," Todd's young voice quivered as he rested his face in the crook in her neck.

The boy's meat slipped up and down Vicky's birth canal as she used her strong hip muscles to rock her pelvis. Precum seeped from the tip as Todd's mighty knob stretched the muscled lining of his mom's cunt.

"Ohhh yeesss," her cute little voice hissed as a hot orgasm approached.

"Oh, mom, I'm gonna...." he started.

"CUMMING!!!" she screamed as her body began to convulse.

They clung to each others hot slippery flesh, their naked bodies jerking and writhing. Vicky's huge tits sloshed between their sandwiches bodies. Her cunt squeezed and rippled around the throbbing hardon as it began to spit hot ropes.

"Uuughh!" Todd grunted as milky blasts erupted from his cunt-smothered penis.

"Yeeess!" Vicky's voice screeched as she came hard.

Her hips rocked wildly as she clutched on to her son as tight as she could, as if trying to somehow squeeze his entire body back inside her womb. Todd nearly passed out from the pleasure. His thin frame was sunk down in the clutches of her soft mature curves. He could feel her slippery pussy squirting hot girl-cum around his boner and it felt amazing.

Todd grunted as rope after rope pulsed from his baby-maker.

For two full minutes, mom and son bucked and lurched in sexual bliss as their genitals wetly smacked together.

"Oh, mom, that was...oh God," Todd sighed, out of breath.

"Mmm, you needed that didn't you, sweetie? The titties and mouth are nice, but there's nothing like a hot pussy," she said, kissing his cheek. "Especially a hot Mommy-pussy."

"Oh yeah...I'm sorry I came so quick. It just felt so good inside you," he said.

"It's okay. Your boner needed to cream...and now that it has, we'll do what we need to do to keep it hard. You just watch, in a few minutes you'll be ready to pound some more of that yummy pussy," she said.

"Uh, if you keeping talking like that I will be," Todd said.

"Oh, you like to hear mommy do naughty talk?" Vicky teased.

"Oh yeah," Todd sighed.

Vicky quickly rolled her son back over onto his back. She was now straddling him, his still-hard cock tucked inside her cunt. Her chest remained against his, her big bra-busters pancaked against him.

"You like to hear me talk about how I'm gonna smother your dick in tight slippery pussy?" she said in a sexy tone.

"Ohh, yeah," Todd muttered

"How I'm gonna fuck you silly this week and teach you to be a cocksman?" She said, then planted a series of kisses on his face and neck.

Todd's body quivered with excitement as he slid his hands back and squeezed her big meaty ass.

"Oh, man, I'm so turned on," the boy confessed.

His cock was back to full mast, flexing inside her cunt. "So am I," she whispered between kisses. "You feel so amazing, mom."

"Oh baby, it's getting big again. It wants more pussy, doesn't it, sweetheart," Vicky said. "Uh huh."

Vicky's ass began to bounce on her son, working his eleven-inch fuck-pole back into the creamy vaginal depths.

"It wants to fuck the pussy that gave birth to it," she said in a sexy tone.

She fell into a steady rhythm, using her strong hips to fuck him with long cunt-smothering thrusts.

"Ohh, shit," the teen muttered, beside himself with lust.

"You wanna feel mommy's cunt suck on your big meat and soak it with her juices," Vicky panted, licking at his neck.

"God, yess."

Todd felt like he was lost in a dream. Here he was in the pitch blackness of a oily sack, with his gorgeous middle-aged mom on top of him. He could feel her soft slippery curves, including her heavy tits plastered on his chest. He could hear her panting as she fucked his teenage cock with her sloppy cunt.

"You like that, baby? Does that feel good?" She said seductively, swiveling her hips.

"Yes," Todd sighed.

Vicky sat up, grinding their genitals. Todd could feel his engorged knob dragging back and forth across the mouth of her cervix. He sat up also, and buried his face between her wobbling breasts. Vicky

held him tight, rocking her hips as he sucked one of her areola and nipples into his mouth and began to nurse.

Her vagina clamped down tightly around his meat as Vicky's body began to convulse."Ohhh, God, I'M CUMMING!" she cried out.

She used his big blood-engorged spoon to stir her insides, her matronly hips jerking up and back violently as she spewed cum on his cock. Vicky's tits flopped wildly, beating against Todd's face.

The big dicked teen found himself being pulled down as Vicky slipped onto her back and wrapped her strong slippery legs around him.

"OHHHH! FUCK ME HARD!" she cried.

Todd thrust forward with one big ball-bumping thrust, packing his mom's pussy with cock-meat. He retracted half-way, then drove it home again, then again and again and again, falling into a steady rhythm.

"Yesss!" Vicky screamed, squirting girl-cum along his thrusting prick.

Like a battering ram, Todd's powerful erection plowed through the delicate pink walls of her cunt, pounding against the entrance to her womb. He felt her big mommy-tits jostle against him with each mighty thrust.

For ten cunt-plummeting minutes, the horny teen pounded the pussy of his dreams, before Vicky's body began to convulse.

"Ohh, yes, baby, go hard! FUCK ME HARD!!!" she cried.

Todd obliged, driving his prick in and out of her spasming cunt. Hearing his own Mom wail made his balls start to tingle.

"Ohh shit, I'm gonna cum too!" he groaned as he felt the lava rise.

Vicky was too wrapped up in her own mind-blowing orgasm to answer. She grunted through clenched teeth like some sort of demonic Goddess. Her genitals shifted, creating an intense friction against her son's burrowing meat.

"Uuugghh," Todd grunted as his cannon went off inside her.

Bucking and lurching, mom and son wrestled through their orgasms. For what seemed like an eternity their bodies jerked and trembled as they used their most private parts to please one another.

"Wow, that was amazing," Todd said, as he and Vicky basked in post-orgasmic bliss.

"It sure was," Vicky said, still catching her breath. "I know I'm just here to help you, but I'll be honest, that was some great sex," she said with a giggle.

That evening, after their showers, the boys gathered in their bunk room. Many of them were laughing and goofing around with one another.

Todd and Jeff's bunks were next to each other and they lay there chatting.

"Dude, my mom's cunt was so tight, it was insane," Jeff said.

"Yeah, fucking them in the dark, with all that hot oil was definitely a rush."

"Just wait, buddy. It gets a lot better. My friend told me the first couple days are nothing compared to what the rest of the week brings," Jeff said.

The door opened and Monique stepped into the room wearing a white cami top and booty shorts.

"Don't stay up too late, boys. You'll need to be well rested for tomorrow," she said.

"So there's no more sex tonight?" Dex asked.

"The evening exercise is only for one of you, the alpha-male. Todd, will you come with me please," Monique asked.

"You lucky fuck," Jeff said, glaring at Todd.

"What, I didn't ask for the biggest dick," Todd joked.

Todd was ushered to a room down the hallway. When he stepped inside, he gasped as he saw a semi-circle of naked matronly asses waiting for him. The ten moms knelt on a platform, with a white silky veil covering their top half, so that all the teen could see was their meaty half-globes sticking out.

"Damn," he muttered, feeling his dick rise.

Monique smiled as she backed out the doorway. "Enjoy getting your fuck on," she said.

The door closed behind him and Todd stripped out of his shorts, eye-balling the ten luscious asses pointed at him. His cock was fully hard and he couldn't help but take it in his hand and stroke to the sight of all that ass-flesh.

Like a kid in a candy store, the big-dicked teenager stepped forward into the half-circle of waiting women. He could see the smooth clamshells, peeking out from between their legs. He felt a rush of excitement knowing he was about to squeeze his dick into each one.

"Where do I even start?" he said out loud, then heard all of the mothers giggle, their buns jiggling.

At random, he chose his first mom, stepped up behind her and fed his big tapered cock-head into her creamy socket. Todd groaned as he sunk all the way to the hilt, his plump knob slipping right up against her spongy cervical head.

Grasping her soft birthing hips, the horny teen began to fuck, gliding his hard erection through her slippery sheath.

"Ohh damn," he whimpered out loud as he felt her mature cunt squeeze on his meat.

He humped for about a minute longer, staring at next ass over. The pussy lips on that Mom were fat and fleshy and the women wiggled her ass invitingly. Todd slipped his cock from one cunt. It glistened with pussy-juice. He stepped over and fed it into the next.

He heard the mom sigh as his ten inch boner slipped up her birth canal, until it finally kissed bottom. With big ball-bumping thrusts, Todd went to work. He could feel the mommy-twat flexing around him, smothering his impressive girth.

"Ahhhh," he sighed, his big juicy knob tingling deep inside her.

He looked down, watching the flesh her meaty ass ripple each time it struck his abdomen. As good as he felt, soon he was drawn to another eager cunt.

As he moved from one woman to the next, he grabbed his prick and rubbed his purple helmet between the fleshy lips of her snatch, before stretching her slippery vagina with his thick pole.

Ass after big beautiful ass beat against him as he moved around the circle. Each cunt was unique and added a different sensation to his cock as they pushed back to meet his thrusts.

Several times he would hear a voice on the other side of the curtain squeal as he made them cum with his big dick.

"Ohhhh, so good," he whimpered, hammering his hardon through the grip of a tight pussy, his big hairless scrotum swinging beneath his cunt-smothered cock.

Finally, after nearly an hour, Todd's cock began to spit big milky squirts. Mid-orgasm he pulled his cock from one cunt, sending a long rope across the room, then quickly buried it in the hot pussy of different mom, filling her vagina with his remaining cream.

After being escorted back, Todd showered, then slept like a baby that night.

DAY 3

The boys were awakened by the sound of giggling moms and watched as they filed into the room wearing nothing but white transparent nylon body stockings. They each carried a breakfast tray as they stepped across the room on bare feet.

Todd sat up as he watched his mom sashay towards him. The site of her nylon encased tits and the V of her nearly bald pubis sent blood rushing to his cock. He smiled to himself, knowing that it was one of the cunts he had pounded from behind the night before.

"Good morning, cutie." Vicky said, setting the tray down on the bedside stand.

"Morning," Todd muttered, drooling over her body.

"Sleep well?" she asked, leaning over and giving him a sensual peck on the lips.

"Sure did," he muttered, glancing down at her big meaty boobs stretching the nylon.

"Would you like mommy to straddle you?" she asked naughtily.

"Absolutely."

"We're not gonna fuck right now, so you be good," she teased.

"I can try."

Like the other moms, Vicky pulled the blankets back and climbed onto the bed, straddled her son and planting both knees on the mattress astride his hips.

Todd sighed as he felt the heat of her genitals. The bottom of his hard shaft sunk between the thick squishy lips of her labial meat as she rested her weight on him.

Looking straight ahead, Todd stared at her huge ballooning breasts as they pushed against the transparent fabric. Her nipples stuck out like rubbery marshmallows of flesh.

The mother looked down at him, watching him stare in awe. "Think I could get away with wearing something like this at home?"

"Probably not," Todd laughed.

Vicky began to spoon feed him, as the other moms were doing to their sons.

"How did I do last night?" Todd asked.

"Well, you made all ten of us cum, so I'd say you did pretty damn good," she answered.

"I wish I'd have known which one was you," he said, as his mom fed him another spoon-full.

She gave him a sexy smile. "Why, so you could have given my pussy some extra attention?"

"Yeah."

"Well, don't fret too much, sugar. I'm sure you'll be spending plenty of time up inside mom's squeeze-box the next few days," she said.

"I hope so," Todd said, flexing his cock against her mons.

Vicky responded, crushing her clit against his bulging prick. "Me too," she smiled, staring down at him.

They glanced over at Jeff and Michelle, who were on the next bed over. Michelle was laying flat against him, her big tits sandwiched against his chest as she whispered naughty things into his ear.

"Hard to believe that's the same mom who used to ground him all the time for coming home late," Todd said.

"Now, sweetie, we moms may ground and scold you once in a while, but inside...we're all just horny little girls, that'll never change," she said.

Vicky brought her chest down onto his, snuggling against him. Todd loved the feel of her big spongy milkers mashing against his well-toned chest.

"We Moms are just horny little girls in big girl bodies," she said, then whispered in his ear, "Naughty little girls that crave big dick."

Todd wrapped his arms around her voluptuous body, clutching her tightly against him as Vicky began kissing and licking his neck.

"Ohhh, shit," the teen sighed. He felt like his entire body was being swallowed in the warm nylon-encased suppleness of his mother's middle-aged body.

Soon, her mouth found his, and they were making out like young lovers, their tongues dancing together passionately.

Vicky gently rocked her hips, rubbing her horny gash back and forth against the girth of Todd's erection.

As his Mom kissed her way back to his neck, and flailed her long tongue, Todd let out a delightful sigh. As the rest of the world went about it's marry way, here were ten lucky boys, tucked away in a secret resort, with their big breasted, overly horny moms showing them the pleasures of manhood.

"This is awesome," he confessed.

Vicky giggled between kisses. "You like it, sweetheart."

"I can't imagine liking anything more."

"See what us girls can do to you? See all the pleasure our bodies can bring you?" Vicky whispered, taking both his hand and pinning them back over his head.

With her arms extended out, her big boobies rested softly against Todd's face. He pressed his nose up between her wobbling wonders, into her gaping cleavage. "Ohhh yeah, I love it," he muttered.

Vicky giggled, rocking her shoulders and making her cannons jiggle around his face. At the same time, she pressed on his cock, letting her wet slit drag up and down it's length.

"Whoa," Todd sighed, enjoying the sensation of having his face smothered between her soft nylon covered boobs.

After about fifteen minutes of naughty snuggles, Monique entered the room and smiled as she saw the moms loving on their boys.

"How was breakfast, boys?" she asked.

"Yummy," the African-American boy, Alex sighed, with his mom's giant boob mashed up against his face.

"Yeah…what he said," another boy added, making all the mom's giggle as they sat up.

"Moms, if you'll follow me, we'll prepare for the first exercise of the day," she said.

Vicky climbed off her son, her heavy boobs bobbling beneath the nylon. She gazed down at him lustfully as she drug her long nails across his chest. "See you in a while," she said.

"Okay," Todd muttered, his heart pounding with excitement as he watched her sashay away. He could see his mom's meaty buttocks right through the nylon. Her big buns jiggled atop her strong sexy legs as she walked off. "Damn," the teen muttered lustfully.

After the boys were prepared, Monique came back for them. "Ready, boys?" she said.

They followed her down the corridor and into the hall of the Goddess. The moms were all waiting, standing by lounge-chairs completely naked.

"Holy fuck, they're naked, dude," Jeff whispered to Todd excitedly.

The Goddess stood at the front of the hall. Her voice echoed through the room. "Good morning, boys! Find your mother and embrace her," she said.

Todd walked over to Vicky and faced her, placing his arms around her soft hips, as she threw hers around his neck and smiled.

"Hey," she said, in that cute little mommy-tone.

"Hi," he answered, a bit nervously.

"Today, with the help of your mothers, we'll be teaching you the various positions of sexual intercourse. Once each couple has taken

the position, you will have five minutes to practice it. Pace yourselves, boys. You will also need to begin work on increased staying-power, which mean no cumming. Slow your thrusts if you need to," the Goddess explained.

Vicky smiled and whispered to him. "Well, look at that, back inside this squeeze-box sooner than you thought," she teased.

13: BSTC_2

The Goddess stepped forward. "Everyone ready?" she asked. "Mums on your backs...boys, cocks out and ready for penetration."

Vicky stepped over to the knee-high lounge and laid down on her back, her big naked melons rolling slightly off her chest.

Along with the other boys, Todd removed his shorts, releasing his big bobbing erection.

"This first position is the most common. It's called the missionary position," the Goddess said.

A large image was projected onto the wall. It showed a couple engaged in missionary position intercourse.

Vicky raised her knees and spread her tan thighs. Todd gazed at her spread for a moment, still amazed that it was his own mom. The split in her plump, mostly shaved cunt was slightly splayed open, revealing a coral gash. Todd crawled up in between her thighs. He heard a few of the moms moan as their sons slid their cocks up inside them.

"This position allows a great deal of body contact, and a good depth of penetration," the Goddess explained.

Vicky let out a cute little squeal as her son's cock split her quim, and plunged up her clutching birth canal. She slid her strong silky-smooth legs up around his waist, cradling him between her warm thighs as he brought his weight down against her.

Todd touched bottom, feeling his blood-engorged bell tip curve slightly upward as it squashed the wet, slippery head of her cervix.

The Goddess stepped between the loungers, observing. "Now, before we begin. I wanna show you boys a technique in this position that will drive a woman crazy with lust. Bring your chest down onto hers, then curl your arms behind her back and grasp onto her shoulders from behind."

The boys did as instructed, and the Goddess looked on, pleased with their body positioning. "Do you see how much leverage this gives you? You won't be thrusting in this position. You'll keep your cocks buried as deep as they'll go, showing your mother the power and strength of your manhood. Begin!"

Grasping her shoulders, Todd speared his big prick as deep as it would go. Vicky gasped, tightening her smooth circled legs.

She felt her son's big knob dig at her womb, which caused her to throw her head to one side, tossing her pretty hair. She arched her chest so that her big boobies sloshed between them.

The Goddess stopped and looked down at the couple. "Her body will begin to writhe beneath you in lust. Don't let her movements throw you off. Keep your cocks buried deep. Stay with her every movement as she squirms beneath you. Your cocks will begin to stretch every part of her vagina."

Vicky gasped as she gazed up wide-eyed at her son. Todd felt his cock being squeezed and stirred around inside the hot sheath of her cunt. The mother's eyes rolled back as she gyrated her hips. Todd kept his throbbing cock all the way inside her, not easing up one bit as her muscled inner lining sucked and squeezed on his unyielding meat, soaking it in fuck-oil.

The other moms reacted much the same way, rocking and squirming beneath their teens as their big dicks pushed at their wombs.

"That it, boys, stay with them. Let them squeeze and grind on those erections," the Goddess said.

"Ohhhh my God," Michelle's voice quivered as wiggled beneath Jeff's body. Like the other boys, the teen had a tight grip on his mom's shoulders, keeping his erection packed inside her cunt. The muscles in Michelle's mature body flexed and quivered, pushing back against her son's deeply held thrust.

Vicky was doing the same thing, gasping and writhing beneath her confident son. Her lovely legs were locked around him and their hips rocked in unison, stirring their joined genitals.

Todd and Jeff looked at each other as they both held on tight to the rocking, squirming female flesh beneath them. "Look how horny they're getting," Jeff said.

"Right," Todd muttered, riding his mom's squishy arching chest.

"Now, you can loosen your grip and begin to thrust," the Goddess said. "Five minutes of practice, boys. You may begin.

The row of ten teenage asses began to slowly rise and fall as they fucked their cocks in and out of the matronly holes.

Todd looked straight down into his mother's eyes as he slowly sawed his big dick in and out. Her mouth was slightly agape, her pupils glazed over, her lips curled slightly into the naughtiest smile he had ever seen.

"Yes!...Oh, sweetie, that's good," she panted, feeling his thick manhood slide through her cunt.

Todd felt his own knob tingle as it sliced through the slippery ribbed lining of her pussy walls. "Oh man, it feels incredible, mom," he muttered, his voice quivering.

"Long strokes, boys! Let her feel the length of your cock on every thrust," the Goddess said.

Todd rested his head on Vicky's neck, between her chin and shoulder as he fucked with steady thrusts.

"Faster...fuck me a little faster," she whispered.

Todd complied, putting a little more power in his hips as he fed his strong, veiny cock through her velvety socket.

The sound of the boy's balls beating against their mother's asse's filled the room, as the boys hammered away at the hungry vaginas.

That's it, boys. One minute left. Fuck their pussies hard and fast," the Goddess said.

Todd's ass was a blur as he fucked her as hard as he could. Vicky whimpered as she clutched onto him. Her naked body trembling from the impact of his hard thrusts.

"Ohhh my God!" she cried out.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh," another mother suddenly screamed.

"Ohh yesss, fuck mee!" Michelle screamed, her legs propped back, and scissored wide open around her son's onslaught.

"I'm cummmming!" Vicky cried out.

Her cunt tightened, and Todd felt a rush of hot juice wash along his prick.

"Boys, keep your cocks inside mum as you move her into the next position. This one is called the side-by-side," the Goddess instructed.

After looking up at the projected image, Todd and the other boys fell to their sides, with their mom's legs still wrapped around them. Now

he and Vicky were both on their sides, facing each other.

"Boys, notice how your mums are keeping their legs wrapped around you to facilitate deeper penetration. As you thrust, she'll use her legs to pull you towards her, to achieve greater depth," the Goddess explained.

As Todd began to fuck in this position, he realized that his mom knew exactly what she was doing. She had years of experience in these positions and didn't even need to look up at the projected example.

"Mmm, you're doing sooo good, sweetheart," she sighed, still coming off her recent orgasm.

He could feel the heels of her sexy feet, pulling him in each time he thrust forward. The silky feel of her strong freshly-shaved legs coiled around him was amazing.

As the five minutes went on, Todd heard one of the moms pop. Her cute little scream echoing through the hall. A few seconds later, another mom began to howl.

"Ohhhh sweetie," Vicky cried, gazing him in the eyes, "you're gonna make me cum again!"

Upon hearing this, Todd increased his tempo. Ten seconds later, he felt her cunt shrink around his cock.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh, God!!!!" she screamed, clutching her son like her life depended on it. Todd felt hot girl-cum swirl around his boner and drip down off his nuts.

"Ohhh wow!" he muttered, riding his mom through her orgasm before the Goddess moved them on to the next position.

"Move your mum onto her back now for our next position, which is called the butterfly," the Goddess said.

Vicky big tits wobbled heavily as she dropped onto her back. She lifted her legs and placed her feet on Todd's shoulders.

"Place your dicks outside the vagina and slowly begin pushing forward," the Goddess instructed. "This will cause your dick to plow against the top wall of her vagina, and stimulate the G-spot, which we discussed yesterday," the Goddess said.

Todd's cock found it's target, splitting the smooth fleshy lips of her cunt. He clutched his arms around her thighs and began thrusting. His eyes were drawn to his mom's naked tits as they rolled up and down her chest. The were like fleshy waves rippling up and down.

He glanced up to see his mom watching him. Vicky smiled and gave him a cute wink, delighted by how entranced her boy was by her big mommy-melons.

The teen felt his engorged knob dragging across the wet rubbery texture of Vicky's G-spot and like most of the moms in the room, she spent the better part of that five minutes howling in orgasm.

"Now move to the edge of the lounge; boys kneeling on the floor for the vertical missionary," the Goddess said.

Todd knelt on the floor, between Vicky's legs as she sat on the edge of the cushion. He clutched her meaty buttocks and drove his cock home.

"Boys, again you'll be doing most of the work in this position, but be careful, it can produce a very quick orgasm," the Goddess said.

Todd looked down past his mom's dancing boobs and watched his glistening cock glide in and out. Vicky's cunt-lips were stretched obscenely around it's girth, her engorged clitoris sticking out from

beneath it's hood like a stump in a swamp. She sat up as their genitals bucked together.

"Having fun?" she asked, her face still flushed from her recent orgasm.

"God, yes." Todd sighed.

"I'll show you a variation of this that I like," Vicky said, throwing an arm around him, bringing her legs up off the floor and enter-locking her ankles around his ass. "Like this," she said.

"Oh yeah, I like this," Todd moaned as his mom clutched him tight and licked his neck.

"I wonder why," she giggled between licks.

Vicky's breasts were now flattened between them as she clutched on tight to the hard-bodied teen.

"A few of you moms have moved into more of an armchair position. Very good. Show your student the different variations," the Goddess said.

Todd felt wicked as he thought about what his dad would think if her could see what they were doing right now.

"Dad would freak out if he could see us right now," Todd said.

Vicky giggled, continuing a steady hump. "Ya think?" the said, then went back to licking. "Kind of a thrill though isn't it?"

"What?"

"Knowing that your father's at work right now, and that he has no idea you're here fucking his wife," she said with a wicked smile.

"Both of you back on the lounge now for what's called the spooning position," the Goddess said.

Todd glanced up at the image, then found his mom on her side waiting for him. He slid up behind her and she sat up slightly. "Put your arm under me," she said.

He brought his arm up under hers and wrapped the other one over the top, so he could clutch her big tits. With her butt against his genitals, Todd fumbled to find her pussy. He felt her tiny hand grasp his boner and feed it into her waiting hole.

"Uuugggh, damn," he sighed as he felt the better part of his ten-inch rod sink into the hot clutch of her pussy.

"Boys, kiss and lick her neck while you squeeze her breasts. All of these are necessary skills to becoming a true cocksman," the Goddess said.

Todd loved feeling the soft cushion of his mom's bare buttocks on every downward thrust. Just as he was beginning to get the hang of the spoon, the Goddess directed them into the next position.

"Mums, on your tummies for the spread eagle," she said.

Vicky rolled onto her stomach, her heavy breasts bulging out at the sides as they flattened against the cushion. Todd looked down at her meaty half-moons.

"Boys, you will sometimes here this position referred to as 'riding a woman's ass' because you'll be straddling it like you would a saddle," the Goddess explained.

Todd climbed on his mom and fed his cock into her steamy split. Vicky had a big meaty ass, which provided just the right amount of cushion for his thrusts. As Todd drove his boner deep, he felt like king of the cowboys.

Vicky rested on her elbows. She peered back at her boy, watching him thrust his meaty pecker into her. "Hey…lay down on me," she whispered.

Todd brought his body down on hers, resting his head on her shoulder as he continued to thrust. "You're getting pretty good at riding that ass," she said with a wink.

"I have a good partner."

Todd suddenly felt his Mom's fuck-tube clamp down on his cock as she flexed her coital muscles. "Ohhhh," he sighed.

Vicky smiled at his reaction. "You have no idea how good I can be," she teased.

"I forgot how much I like this position," Michelle said, looking over at Vicky.

On the other side of Todd and his Mother, Morgan, the blonde mom with short hair chimed in. "I was just thinking the same thing, Michelle. I love it!"

"I definitely think it's better for G-spot stimulation," Vicky said.

"Especially when long dicks like the ones on our boys are doing the job," Michelle added.

All three moms casually talked, propped up on their elbows, their big jiggling tits squashed against the lounge as their boys lay across their backsides, humping away.

"The next position is called doggy-style. It allows for deep penetration when having vaginal or anal intercourse," the Goddess said.

Vicky got on her hands and knees and Todd knelt behind her, wasting no time getting his cock back inside her warm cunt. The middle-aged mom's dangling boobs swung wildly as she threw her ass back, meeting her son thrust for thrust.

"Yes, just like that!" Vicky gasped.

The hall filled with the sounds of flesh beating against flesh. Todd held his Mom's soft hips, watching her ass cheeks ripple as they slapped against his abdomen. He spread her cheeks a bit and looked at the crinkled ring of her asshole.

A buttery froth began to form on Todd's boner as his precum and her cuntal secretions churned together.

"Now we're gonna start with more of the female dominated positions. All the boys on your backs. Mums, take the standard cowgirl position," the Goddess said.

Todd dropped onto his back, and Vicky crawled over and straddled him. He stared in awe at her huge wobbling breasts and the long cavernous cleavage that formed as they drooped down above his face. "Damn," he muttered, making Vicky giggle.

"Mums, let's do five minutes sitting up and five minute laying against him. Then we'll sit you back up for a five minute grind," the Goddess said.

Vicky began to bounce on her son cock, her tits flopping wildly on her chest. Todd just laid there, flabbergasted as he stared up at the swinging jugs.

Gradually, the middle-aged Mom began to pick up the pace, her ass beating down hard against her son's balls. It was becoming more and more obvious that Vicky was an absolute fuck-hound who liked it hard, fast and deep.

"Ohhh God, yesss!" she cried out as her beautiful body bounced up and down at a desperate rate, her thick outer cunt flesh beating wetly against his cock-base.

Todd glanced across at the row of nine moms. All of their heavy tits were bouncing, their beautiful manes of hair being tossed around as their cunts sprung up and down on their boys dicks.

"OOHHH SHIT!" Vicky suddenly gasped, as she felt her son's huge steely prick scratching her orgasmic itch.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!" One of the other Mother's screamed out in orgasmic delight.

"Oohhhh YEEEEAHHHHH!" Morgan howled as her body began to convulse on top of Dex, her big fatty tits trembling on her chest.

"Yeessss!" Vicky cried, joining the chorus and cumming on her son's cock.

Todd's heart raced as he watched his gorgeous brunette Mom ride through her orgasm. She looked as though she were possessed by an evil spirit as she threw her head around, gasping and crying out, with a pleasurable grimace across her pretty face.

Todd heard Jeff's Mom scream and looked over to see that she too was cumming as she bounced on her son's cock. Michelle's huge alabaster 38 triple d's were jumping and rippling across her chest much the same way that Vicky's were.

"Now laying against him, ladies," the Goddess instructed.

Vicky came down against her son, still panting as her body was hit with post-orgasmic contractions. As intense as it was, the mother didn't miss a beat. Her ass bobbed up and down as she continued her assault on her son's dick.

"Oh, Davy...OH, DAVY, I'M CUMMING!" came a mom's voice from across the room.

"OH, SWEET JESUS!!!" Lakisha's shaky voice cried out, her thick black ass rising and falling on her son.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!" Michelle shrieked. as she was hit with another hard cum.

Todd's arms circled his mom's curvy body. Her warm jiggling tits felt amazing against him. It was all he could do to keep from cumming as his cock thundered up and down her cunt-tube.

"Now sit up for a five minute grind," the Goddess said.

The mom's all lifted their heavy milkers from their sons chests and began to rock their hips up and back, plowing their cunts with the big teenage dick.

Todd gazed down at the soft rounded contour of her pubis as it rocked up and back against his. Their genital looked fused together as she ground up and back.

He felt her coital muscles flex, compressing her pink vaginal walls around his meat. "Damn!" he muttered.

He gazed up and found Vicky smiling down at him over the swell of her heavy bobbling breasts. Moments later, her mouth slowly fell open and her eyes began to roll back.

Her hips began to rock frantically, swiveling up and back as she used his ten-inch monster to plow her depths.

Within moments of each other, ten middle-aged moms began to pop. Soon the entire hall was filled with grunting cries. It was like a choir of orgasmic mommy-screams.

Todd watched his mom's body convulse as she came hard on his cock. Her face was red and contorted as she shook and screamed, her enormous breast jiggling and swaying like two big overfilled water-balloons.

"Ohhh, man," he said, looking over at Jeff.

Michelle too was cumming hard on her son's cock. There was a pleasurable grimace on her pretty face as she rocked her strong motherly hips. The two boys smiled at each other as they watched the two moms tremble and scream.

"Look at you boys make your mums cum with those big cocks!" the Goddess shouted. After the wave of orgasms had stopped, the Goddess directed them into the next position. "Ladies, you'll now be turning around and riding him reverse cowgirl," she said.

As Vicky fought to catch her breath, she gave her son a smiling wink and turned to take the next position.

Todd had a great view of his mom's big meaty ass as she faced away from him. As he plunged back down into the wet warmth of her cunt, the plump cheeks of Vicky's ass completely smothered any sign of his erection.

She glanced back, feeding him a naughty smile as she rocked on his strong blood-engorged cock.

He reached down and squeezed her ass, feeling the strength of her fleshy cheeks.

He watched her wide hips swivel fluidly, like a well-oiled machine propelling her luscious naked buttocks up and back over and over again.

"The next position is called the lotus. Boys, this is one of the more intimate positions, so don't be afraid to kiss and suck," the Goddess

said.

As Todd crossed his legs, Vicky turned and sat facing him, coiling her strong motherly legs around his waist. As his cock struck bottom, mom and her son began to slowly rock.

"I'll have you know, son of mine, that this is your mom's favorite position," she said, her face hovering a foot above his.

"I can see why. I like it too," he muttered, resting his face in the deep cleft between her spongy-soft boobs.

"Gets my baby closer to those big soft boobies," she said with a smile, then wrapped her arms around his head, pulling him even tighter between her mounds.

For five wonderful minutes Todd felt her rock on his body while squeezing his dick with the muscled sheath of her cunt. His entire head was squeezed between her mammoth tits. He whimpered with

delight into the spongy tit-flesh that was plastered against his face. It was all he could do to keep from blasting a gallon of cum inside her.

"Mums, we've been at it for about two hours. I think these boys deserve to cum, don't you?" the Goddess said.

"Yes!" the ladies said in unison, with a few little giggles.

"For our last position then, we're gonna let them drain their nuts. We had a dry run with this one yesterday, boys. Today, however, it's balls deep," she said.

A few minutes later, the boys all had their moms pinned against the padded wall. The women's mature arms and legs were wrapped around their sons as the boys hammered away at the dripping pussies.

Vicky sloppily sucked on her son's neck as he held her up off the floor, her strong tongue digging at the erogenous zones on his neck. Todd's glistening cock sawed in and out of the steamy cunt. Most all the couples had been fucking for a good ten minutes, and a light sheen of perspiration covering their naked bodies. Most of the boys could feel the juice and sweat literally dripping from their balls.

"Ohhh, shit," Todd whimpered. He felt as if he and his mom's bodies were fused together. He could hardly believe this was his own mother clinging to him. Her warm sweaty curves were driving him crazy with lust.

"Ohhh yesss, fuck me, sweetie," she cried out, making his smothered cock throb and tingle.

One by one the boys began to groan as great geysers of liquid love began to pulse from their cocks.

"Ohhh, I feel it, baby. I feel your cum!" Morgan panted, squeezing her curvy legs around Dex's thrusting ass.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh," another mother screamed as her son grunted.

"Cumming!" Todd announced as jizz blasted from his meatus, splashing against the head of Vicky's cervix. It was followed by more squirts in rapid succession.

For ten more minutes his cock was milked, every drop soaking into Vicky's unprotected womb.

After lunch, the students and mothers returned to the hall and were instructed to get naked again.

"Boys, along with our pussies, women were given tits to provide boys nourishment when they're younger and pleasure when they get older. Women's tits were made to be squeezed and sucked, so for the next half-hour, you'll be doing what's called 'tit-play'… squeezing,

sucking and chewing on your mother's breasts. Any objections?" the Goddess asked.

The boys all shook their heads excitedly.

The Goddess smiled at the moms. "There never are," she said, making the moms giggle. "Boys, on your backs, please. Mums, kneel beside them."

The teens all sprawled out on the loungers and the mothers knelt at their sides. "Comfy boys?" the Goddess asked.

"Yes," the all answered.

"Mothers, when the music starts, I'd like for you to position yourselves above your sons, on your hands and knees, so your tits dangle above their faces," the Goddess said.

The soft beat of R&B filled the hall and the moms all took position above their sons as they were instructed. Todd gasped as he looked up at Vicky's enormous dangling boobs.

"Boys, your mothers and I are going to give you a thorough tour of her breasts, pointing out all the spots that you need to pay attention to during intercourse," the Goddess explained.

The Goddess began to stroll in between the couples for observation. "The first thing I want you to do it look up between her breasts. This canyon between her tits is called the cleavage. You're all probably used to see the top portion of her cleavage in sexy blouses or dresses she may wear, but as you can see, there's much, much more to your mother's cleavage than what you've seen in those outfits. The purpose of the woman's cleavage is to smother men's faces or cocks, as you found out yesterday."

The Goddess stepped up close to Todd and Vicky. "Boys, rub your faces up into your mother's cleavage," she said, then watched as

Todd burrowed his face up between Vicky's dangling jugs. "Feel how soft and supple they are against your face. Kiss and lick the insides of her tits," she said.

Todd heart beat excitedly as he explored his mom's soft squishy cleavage. He licked his way down to the base and kissed her breastbone.

"Now, wander down underneath them to kiss and lick the soft undersides," the Goddess said.

Todd shivered with the thrill of being beneath his Mother's tits. He drug his tongue across the smooth contours along the bottoms of her boobs, letting their immense weight rest and drag against his face.

"Now, press your face into her breasts and latch on to her nipples. Suck and pull at them, attack them with nibbles and licks. This drives a woman wild with lust," the Goddess explained.

Todd lashed his licker across her nipple and areola, with his face masked in tit-meat. "Mmmnnn," he whimpered, sucking like a baby.

After letting the boys suck for ten minutes, the Goddess spoke up again. "Now that you boys have been instructed in the various sexual positions, your mothers and I are going to work with you to develop what's called staying power," the Goddess said. "How many of you like to fuck girls?"

All the boys raised their hand.

"Well I should hope so," the Goddess said, making the mothers giggle. "How many of you like to fuck them hard and make her cum?" The Goddess asked.

Again, all of them responded. Todd glanced at Vicky who was feeding him a cute little smile as she sat beside him on the lounge.

"Located between your scrotum and your anus is what's called the PC muscle. Those of you who learn to affectively flex this muscle during intercourse will prolong your orgasm and bring greater pleasure to the girls you fuck," She explained.

The Goddess had the boys form a line with the mothers gathered across from them. "You're going to practice flexing your PC muscles. If you are squeezing properly, your erection should rise high into the air. Everyone ready?"

"Yes," the boys said.

"FLEX!" she said loudly.

The teenage boners jumped at her command, pointing straight to the ceiling.

"Hold it...hold it... Now release," The Goddess said.

Each of the boners fell slightly, bobbing as they again pointed straight at the women across from them.

"FLEX!" The Goddess commanded.

The women whispered to one another as they watched, mouths agape, as the big teen cocks responded.

"Oh my God, Vicky, look how hard they are," Michelle whispered.

"Such strong boners," Vicky whispered back.

"RELEASE," the Goddess shouted. "When you fuck...and you feel like you're going to shoot your load, flexing your PC muscle can make your orgasm subside. A true cocksman will master this technique. Now let's use it in practice and see how long we last. Ladies," the Goddess said, glancing at the moms.

The moms turned and leaned over onto the lounge chairs, so that their feet were still on the ground, but their meaty asses were pointed straight towards their sons.

Todd took a second to admire his Mom's ample bottom. He could see the cute little puckered ring of her asshole as it winked at him. Peaking out from underneath her globes was the shaved outer lips of her cock-grinder.

"Before you fuck them from behind, rub the head of your dicks through their labial meat and across their clitoris's," the Goddess said.

The horny teens stepped forward and did as the Goddess asked, plowing their knobs through the women's juicy slits. Then, they slid their cocks inside the waiting cunts.

The soft walls of Vicky's birth canal expanded around the blood engorged pecker of her son as it as slithered like a mighty one-eyed python through it's hole.

"Ohh yeah," Todd sighed, watching his entire shaft disappeared.

Clutching her wide hips, the eager teen began to fuck, slipping his meaty erection up and down her clutching fuck-tube. The repetitive sound of asses slapping against abdomens filled the hall as each of the ten boys fell into their own ball-bouncing rhythm.

Todd loved to watch his Mom's ass ripple each time it bounced against him. Vicky thrust her butt back, meeting her baby stroke for stroke. She rested her elbows on the platform and Todd could see the backs of her pendulous breasts swinging up and back.

"How do those dicks feel, ladies?" the Goddess asked.

"Oh my God, amazing!" Vicky panted. The other Mom responded similarly.

After about five minutes of deep bone-grinding, the moms began to pop, squealing and shaking like young college girls.

"Ohh sweetheart, fuck me hard! GO!" Vicky panted as her orgasm approached.

Todd felt her knees buckle as he pounded his erection through her wet pussy. His veiny hardon flexed as it drove in and out, bumping the back of her cunt on each thrust.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!!" she cried out, as her cunt shrunk up around her boy's pussy-pleaser.

Her tightening, spewing cunt caused the teen to slow his thrusts a little as his knob and balls began to tingle.

Vicky glancing back, bucking her ass against him. "No, don't slow down, sweetie. Flex your PC."

Todd took deep breaths and flexed his PC muscle, but still the feeling was too intense. "Ohhh, shit, mom!" his voice trembled, pausing his thrusts.

"Keep going, baby, come on, you can do it," she said, pushing her ass at him.

Todd thrust slowly, flexing his PC muscle until his orgasm subsided.

"Better?" Vicky asked, looking back at him.

"Yeah."

"Good, ready to speed up again?" she asked.

"Okay," Todd sighed.

Vicky and her son increased the rhythm of their fucking. The veins and muscles at the root of Todd's penis jutted out obscenely as they

sustained the force of the driving cock-shaft.

Mother and son kept the wild pace for another solid five minutes before Vicky again began to howl in orgasm. Many times Todd's cock felt as though it were going to explode, but deep breathing and flexing his PC muscle allowed him to keep fucking.

"You're doing amazing, sweetie. Great work!" his mom encouraged him breathlessly.

After about a half-hour of ass-pounding sex many of the boys couldn't help but cum. Todd was only one of three boys who hadn't blown his nuts.

"Those boys who have blown their load can head to the showers. The remaining three can pick any position and continue fucking," the Goddess said.

Todd pulled his sloppy cock from his Mom's cunt, a string of semen dripping from his piss-hole.

"Well I told you mine, but now I guess I get to find out your favorite sexual position," Vicky said, turning to him with a smile.

"Cowgirl," Todd said with a smile.

"Good choice," Vicky said as Todd got on his back on the lounge.

Vicky straddled her son and slipped his cock back inside her pussy. Todd stared as her big dangling udders as they bobbled just above his face. Vicky smiled down knowingly at her handsome teen. "I know what you want," she teased.

As she stirred her cunt with her son's cock, Vicky leaned over, letting her enormous jugs flop around on her son's face. He caught the nipple in his mouth and began to nurse.

For what seemed like forever, Todd lay there with his mom's soft sweaty tits resting against his face. He greedily sucked and chewed on her huge areola, digging his tongue into its bumpy surface. He was truly in tittie-heaven.

With his face masked in spongy tit-meat, the teen snorted like a sex-crazed animal, chewing and slurping on a mound of Vicky's tit that he had stuffed in his mouth. This included her thick areola and hardened nipple. His teeth sunk down into the engorged flesh of her tender tips, sending an electric jolt straight to Vicky's cunt.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh, fuck!" she cried out.

The big-titted mother ground frantically, her cunt closing up like a velvet vice, spewing hot girl- cum all over her son's boner.

Having his own mom scream and convulse against him as she came on his cock was the greatest feeling in the world.

When he finally came, Todd creamed harder than any time in his life. He grunted and groaned into the smothering tit as he thrust his hips upward, soaking every inch of his ten-inch pecker in soft wet warmth.

"Yesss, fuck meee," he heard his mom wail.

"Aaaughh, shit!" Todd groaned as thick ropes of cock-milk shot wildly from his piss-hole, soaking Vicky's sex chamber.

A few minutes later, they settled down and Todd and Vicky discovered that they were the last ones left in the chamber. The Goddess stepped up behind them.

"Size and stamina...I'm impressed. Mum, I think we have ourselves a cocksman in the making," she said.

Vicky smile, still catching her breath. "I think so too," she said.

After dinner the boys were asked to change into their swim trunks, which were nothing but tiny thin silk speedos. They were ushered down to a large bright room with a huge pool-sized Jacuzzi.

"Holy shit, man, that's the biggest Jacuzzi I've ever seen," Jeff said.

"I'll beat you in," Todd said, as he took off towards the pool.

The boys all dove in one by one. In the middle of the jacuzzi were two rows of submerged lounge seats. The rows were back to back, so that the head of one row met the head of the other one.

The teens began to goof-off. Todd and Jeff swam over and perched themselves on two of the loungers, Jeff was on the one behind his friend. The heated water felt amazing.

"Do you think they'll be wearing anything," Jeff asked.

Before Todd could answer, a set of doors opened and the boys watched as theoms entered the pool room. The ladies each had on a mini micro-bikini, which left nothing to the imagination.

"Holy shit, looks at those bikinis, man," Jeff said.

"More like half a bikini. Not even that," Todd said, watching the ten sets of huge bobbling breasts move towards the pool. Only the stings and a small semi-transparent patch of fabric held the wobbling wonders.

Never in a thousand years did Todd ever think he'd see his mom in something like this. The plump bulge of her labial meat seeped out the sides of the tiny triangle covering her mommy-muffin. The small patch of pubic fuzz was now gone and it was obvious that Vicky's pubis was now completely shave.

"Holy fuck," Todd muttered.

"You can say that again, dude," Jeff muttered.

"Did you save us spots, boys?" Michelle asked.

"Definitely," Jeff said.

Vicky and Michelle giggled as they dove gracefully into the water. Todd watched his mom surface and their eyes locked onto each others like magnets as she swam towards him like a bitch in heat.

The big breasted mom floated up between his legs and parked her heavenly softness against his chest. Her lips grazed his as she gazed down at him. "Hi," she said softly.

"Hi," Todd answered.

She was so beautiful with her hair slicked back, tan skin glistening and her nearly naked body against his. Todd already had a raging pillar of cock-meat in his shorts.

"Did you miss me?" Vicky asked.

Even though it had only been a half-hour since they were together, Todd nodded. Michelle and Jeff's heads rested right next to Todd and Vicky's. Michelle was laying on top of her son too and smiled over at her best friend.

"What are we gonna do with these two horny hunks?" she said.

"I don't know...we may just have to fuck 'em silly," Vicky joked.

"That's alright, we don't wanna tire you old ladies out," Jeff said with a giggle.

"HA!" Vicky reacted, rolling her eyes.

"I guarantee, when it comes to sex, you boys would tire out way before we would," Michelle said. "No chance," Jeff said.

"You're pretty confident," Vicky said, then looked at her son, "what do you think mister alpha-male? Think you could out-fuck your mom?"

Todd smiled with pride. "Probably," he said.

"Ohh, another confident one. Why don't you put those dicks inside us and prove it," Michelle said.

Vicky smiled at her son. "That IS why we're here. To use our cunts for you boys to practice on. So...wanna get some practice?" she asked.

"Hell yeah," Todd muttered.

Vicky felt her son's hard cock flex against her genitals. She responded by untying her bikini bottoms and pulling them out from between them. Michelle did the same.

Both mothers straddled their teens.

Todd got lost in his mom's eyes as he felt the vestibule of Vicky's vagina expand around his purple knob. In one gasping plunge he felt his rod sink up the warm muscled sheath of his Mom's birth canal. As she sank all the way to his balls, he watched Vicky's eyes flutter back in their sockets. Her mouth was slightly agape as she let out a quivering sigh. "Ohh my God, I can't believe how big you are," she said.

"How do our pussies feel on your dicks, boys?" Michelle asked.

Her and Vicky were face to face, straddling their teens, with the boy's huge dicks shoved all the way up their cunts.

"Best feeling ever," Jeff said, staring into Michelle's gaping cleavage.

"Do you think you can flex your PC-muscles and keep us horny mommies cumming for at least an hour?"

"Only an hour?" Todd joked, making Vicky giggle.

"Or longer. You won't hear any complaints out of us," she said.

Vicky sat up and kept his dick tucked deeply inside her as she rolled her hips up and back...up and back, plowing the bloated cock-head back and forth across the mouth of her cervix. Todd stared up at his mom's enormous milkers as they dangled above his face. The moms had slipped off their bikini tops, and their big udders began to flop wildly as they bounced up and down on their sons dicks.

"Ohhh yes, boys....fuck us!" Michelle cried out.

"Fuck our hot pussies," Vicky added.

"Ohhh shit, yeah," Todd muttered, his tongue nearly hanging out as her big boobs bounced around his face.

He flexed his cock and it sliced through her pocket of pink pussy like a fleshy knife. Vicky tightened her cunt muscles in response, making her ribbed inner lining bulge out around her son's burrowing meat.

"Ohhhh, wow," Todd sighed, feeling his glans slip along the juicy grip of her inner walls.

It wasn't long before Vicky and Michelle were both howling in orgasm. Todd and Jeff smiled at one another as their moms screamed and shook on top of them.

The pool room echoed with a chorus of high-pitched cries. Couples were spread out at different parts of the pool, fucking passionately.

Todd and Jeff pulled their moms down onto them and wrapped their arms around their backs, crushing the women's soft fragile bodies

against theirs as they humped like madmen up into their tight pussies.

"Ohhhh, man," Todd whimpered, feeling his knob tingle.

Vicky could feel her son's knob swelling. "Flex!" she hissed into his ear, throwing her cunt up and down his cock..

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!" Michelle screamed, grinding frantically on Jeff's cock.

Todd flexed his boner, and his cum soon subsided. He grunted like a wild sex-crazed animal as he bucked his hips. His balls bounced beneath the water as pumped his rod up through his mom's sucking cunt.

"Aaaughh! I'm cumming again!" Vicky cried out, her pretty face twisting into a pleasure-filled grimace as she was hit with extraordinary pleasure.

The hard-bodied teen smiled with pride as his mom's body convulsed with yet another wild orgasm. He fucked her hard straight through it, and using the skills he'd been taught was able to keep the intense pace for another ten-nonstop minutes.

As her spasming cunt slipped up and down his hard cock, Todd buried his face against one of her tits and sloppily sucked and chewed at her nipple.

Vicky came yet again as she felt her son's searing-hot seed squirt against her cervix.

"Yesss!!" she cried out.

"Mnnff," Todd grunted into the soft meat of her tit as his dick continued spurted off.

Her engorged nipple popped from his mouth, red and slobbery. He slipped his face up between her tits, so that the jiggling cleavage pressing against either sides of his face. The boy groaned, feeling her cunt pull more and more cream out of his cock.

After they were spent, both moms just laid there on top of their boys relaxing, with their tits spread out across their chests like soft bread dough.

"You ok back there, buddy?" Jeff asked.

"Ohhh yeah, more that ok," Todd muttered, making Vicky and Michelle giggle.

Jeff reached his fist back for a fist-pump. "Give it up for our mom's pussies. Best pussies on the planet," he said.

"You know it," Todd said, pumping his fist back.

"Mmmm, smartest thing you've said all day," Michelle said, trickling him. He rolled her off him and they giggled and wrestled in the water.

Vicky lifted her head from her son's chest and gazed down at him. "Best pussy on the planet, huh?"

"I can't imagine there being any better out there," Todd said.

Later, the boys were back in their room. Jeff looked over at Todd as they lounged on their bunks. "Man, it's not right that you get to be the alpha-male, just because you have the biggest cock," he said..

"Sorry, dude, I don't make the rules here," Todd said.

"So you're really not gonna tell me what happened last night?"

"I don't think I'm suppose to."

"Well you better not be fucking MY mom. I mean it man, that's not cool," Jeff said.

Just as Jeff finished his sentence the door slid open and Monique stepped inside, gazing at Todd.

"Is the alpha-male ready for the evening exercise?" she asked.

Todd got up and walked towards the door, ignoring the jealous glares from the other boys.

A little while later, in a private chamber down the hall, Todd was reclined in a lounge chair, with a big breasted mom straddling him. Her meaty ass bobbed up and down, humping his cock with her cunt.

The women's big tits swung heavily, beating against the teen's face.

The woman wore a beautiful geisha mask, so he couldn't tell which Mom he was fucking. Gazing into her eyes, he saw the same sex-crazed glaze that he had seen in his mom's eyes. It wasn't long before the women's body shook as she let out an orgasmic wail.

When she stopped cumming, the masked woman rose from his cock and crawled off the lounger. Another masked mom stepped from the shadows and took her place. Even though she had a mask on, Todd could tell from her short blonde hair that it was Morgan, Dex's Mom. He watched her fat heavy jugs jiggle as she climbed on top of him. He groaned as her cunt swallowed his rod. Up and down her mature body bounced as their genitals wrestled in a churning grind. Todd pulled her tits to his face and stuffed her giant areola into his mouth and sucked like a greedy baby.

Between the aggressive tit-play and the huge strong dick digging at her pussy, it didn't take long for Morgan to pop. As her cunt rose from his cock, another fit it's aroused vestibule around the swollen knob and sunk straight to the balls.

"Ohhh, yeah!" Todd whimpered as he felt the soft vaginal walls milking shaft.

After about ten minutes, the woman groaned as she came on his dick. Todd had gotten a good enough look at Jeff's mom to know that she was next. Michelle's large alabaster tits bobbled heavily as she crawled on top of him.

Todd sighed with a big smile as his cock slithered up her birth canal. He loved how the moms squealed as they took his big man-tool all the way to their wombs.

He latched on to the tip of her boob with his mouth and pounds of spongy breast-meat oozed around his face. Michelle bounced on his big dick for ten minutes before she came hard, screaming in orgasm.

Next came Lakisha, the African American mom. Her tits were absolutely massive, the biggest of all the moms.

"Holy shit," Todd whimpered with delight as her giant dark milkers bobbled around on his face.

"Ohhh yeah, baby boy," she moaned, throwing her cunt up and down his juice-sickened boner.

Soon Lakisha was grinding frantically. "Ohhh shit!... Ohhhh shit!" she cried out as her cunt started spewing out hot girl-cum around Todd's thick burrowing hardon.

"Damn!" the teen muttered, flexing his PC to fight off his own cum.

Even though she wore a mask, the next woman identity was unmistakable as she stepped towards him. It was Vicky. She straddled the teen and they began to bounce as he squeezed her mammoth tits. Mom and son stared into each others eyes, which were completely glazed over with lust.

Todd's pecker was buried so deep that all the surrounding ladies could see was his big hairless scrotum tucked snuggly in the groove at the base of Vicky's meaty ass cheeks. His bulging testicles gently rose and fell as the horny mom stirred her cunt with his erection.

It wasn't long before Todd watched her big sparkling eyes roll back, and her body began to convulse. "Aaaaaauuuggghhh," she screamed, creaming on his cock.

The trembling surge traveled into the flesh of her bobbling tits, making them ripple like jello.

For the next hour, Todd's cock was swallowed by mature pussy, all of which rode him more than once. At the end, all the women gathered around him as he stroked his cock to orgasm. "Ohhh fuck yeah!" he grunted, as spunk began to erupt from his piss-hole.

The moms held their tits together as rope after rope of hot teenage cum splashed against them. Todd nearly passed out he came so hard. It was the perfect end to the third day.

DAY 4

In the hall of the Goddess, the moms and sons were sprawled out on the lounge chairs in the 69 position. The mother's heads bobbed up and down, sucking the boys cocks, while their sons lapped at their cunts.

The middle-aged moms sucked greedily on the blood engorged boners, flailing their skilled tongues around the big purple knobs.

"I think that big thing is spoiling you rotten, Vicky," Michelle said, her lips hovering above her own son's cock-head.

"Gee, whatever gave you that idea," Vicky said, making them both giggle.

"Well, we did give birth to these monsters...we should get to enjoy them," Michelle said, giving her son's shaft a long wet lick.

Vicky's head bobbed up and down, giving her son's pole a half-dozen gurgling sucks, before popping it from her mouth. "Just doing what I can to support his sexual education," she joked.

"That's right. Preparing these young cocks for all those pussies out there waiting for them," Michelle said, then rolled her tongue across the Jeff's bulbous knob.

"Speaking of pussy...how's your pussy doing?" Vicky asked.

"Oh God, it's being devoured," Michelle said, feeling Jeff's tongue plow through her pussy-folds.

Vicky's meaty ass molded around her son's face as she wiggled her cunt on his sucking mouth and lashing tongue. "So is mine," she sighed.

Michelle stroked Jeff's hard cock up and down a few times. "Isn't it amazing how young cock can stay hard for so long?"

"Mmm, it's dreamy, isn't it?" Vicky said as she squeezed the thick base of Todd's erect shaft.

"Jeff's cock is nice, but damn that son of yours has a whopper, Vicky. You wouldn't believe how hard I came on it last night," Michelle confessed.

"Believe me, I know...I've cum on it more times than I can count the past three days," Vicky said.

Jeff peeked out from under her smothering cunt, his face wet with her juices. "What the hell, really?! You let him fuck you, mom?" he asked.

"Well, where do you think he was going the past two nights, honey," she answered.

"Speaking of cumming...I'm incredibly close!" Vicky sighed as her body tensed up.

Michelle watched as her friends body started to shake as a hard clitoral orgasm overtook her.

"OH FUCK!!!" Vicky screamed, her tits wobbling from side to side. Michelle wasn't far behind her, and after their orgasms subsided, the moms went back to some serious sucking on their boy's big dicks.

Vicky gurgled and gagged as she deep-throated Todd's prick, her head bobbing tirelessly up and down.

"Ohhh, shit," Todd whimpered as Vicky's lips came down and rested against the base of his prick. "Ggnnnff!!! She gagged, fresh semen spewing from the sides of her mouth as she deep throated him.

She rose half way up the sloppy shaft, then continued to devour his entire pipe with a dozen throat-gurgling plunges. With treatment like that, it wasn't long before Todd's cock began to spit.

Vicky swallowed and sucked and swallowed and sucked, feeling his cock swell and pulse inside her mouth as his huge load blasted straight down her throat.

Minutes later, both moms were screaming in delight as their sopping wet cunts again began to spasm. Their cute little mommy-screams echoed through the room as they quivered and cried, their big tits heaving.

Following the session, the boys joked and laughed as they as they exited the room, out into the hallway. The moms were filing out of the room too and many of the boys stopped and watched the middle-aged beauties step down the hallway.

Vicky and Michelle entered the corridor and giggled as they gave their boys a cute little waves. Todd and Jeff felt their cock's twitch as they watched their mom's big tits wobble and their meaty asses sway and jiggle seductively as they strode down the hallway.

"Those are some damn hot asses," Jeff said, his mouth hanging open.

Vicky peeked over her shoulder, giving her son one last little naughty smile before rounding the corner with the other moms.

The boys had lunch separate from their moms and were instructed after they ate to change into their speedo bathing suites.

Monique led them through the back entrance of the facility, which sat right at the edge of the private tropical beach they called Cupid's Beach. Their bikini-clad moms waited for them, and were quick to latch onto their sons, playfully pulling them towards the pounding surf.

Todd found himself the last one standing there, wondering where his mom was.

"This reminds me of the beach your father and I went to on our honeymoon," her voice said from behind him.

Todd turned to find Vicky stepping towards him. She was wearing a white clingy, half-cut wife-beater, her stiff-nippled tits clearly naked beneath it. Her bottoms were a white camel-toe micro bikini. They were nothing but three strings, two tied on her hips and the third disappearing between her shaved mons.

"Whoa!" the teen muttered. They were the skimpiest bikini bottoms he had ever seen.

He let his eyes travel down her strong tan legs, all the way to her sexy bare feet as they stepped through the sand.

"I'm not much in the mood to swim, but there's a nice private cabana down at the end of the beach, if you're interested?" she said, taking his hand.

"Yeah, sure."

As Todd and Vicky strode down the sandy beach paradise they looked out at the moms and sons frolicking naughtily in the water.

"I haven't had much of a chance to talk to you. The past couple days have been such a wild sexual frenzy. How are you doing with all this?" she asked.

"I'm loving it," Todd said.

"So you don't mind your big busted mom helping out with your sexual training?" Vicky said half-jokingly.

"Are you kidding? Does it seem like I mind, mom?" Todd asked, making her giggle.

"Well, judging by the fact that every time I've seen you the past three days you've had a throbbing erection, I'd say no, it doesn't seem like you mind at all," she giggled.

"What about you? Do you feel guilty at all...you know, because of dad?" Todd asked.

"Well...first of all, this isn't cheating on your father. I'm here, with my son, assisting in his sexual training. Your dad will never know about this place, or the things we did here. He wouldn't understand and it would break his heart if he knew," Vicky explained.

"Yeah, I doubt he'd be ok with any of this."

"I know he wouldn't, but that doesn't make what we're doing wrong," she said.

"It feels too good to be wrong."

"I'm glad I can make you feel good, baby. Back home, I'd watch you walk around the house, struggling with those big awkward boners. I knew...I knew it was throbbing for warm pussy," she said. Vicky stopped and faced her son, taking both his hands in hers and staring straight up into his eyes.

"I also knew that not just any pussy would do. It had to be an experienced pussy...one that could take all of you… every meaty inch. It had to be a pussy that could milk that boner for hours without tiring. It had to be a pussy that could work in unison with a set of big soft breasts that could constantly smother you. It had to be a mommy-pussy," she said.

"Jesus, mom...now look what you've done," Todd said with a sigh, gazing down at the erection that stretched his speedo out obscenely.

"Oh my." Vicky giggled, staring at the tubular bulge.

She stepped up close to her son and ran her fingernails across the bulging shaft. "So big and thick. You should hear the moms talk about you," Vicky said.

"There's only one mom I'm interested in," Todd said, gazing down at Vicky's ballooning breasts.

She smiled, looked back at the private cabana, with its huge fluffy bed, then back at her son. "Feel like practicing?" she asked with a naughty smile.

Todd pulled his speedo down far enough so that his hardon sprung free, bobbing back and forth obscenely. "I don't know, mom...what do you think?"

Vicky grabbed the base of her son's rod, pushing back the loose skin so that his knob bulged outward like a big purple gourd.

"I think I want you to fuck the shit out of me," she said, like a horny school girl.

Much like the waves of the sea, beating relentlessly against the soft sand, Todd's cock plowed through hot slippery sheath of his mother's cunt. The muscled vaginal walls stretched around the veiny spear as it lurched forward with a jutting purple helmet, burrowing into a mother's most sacred place.

Up and back, up and back , the one eyed serpent moved, inching towards bottom. With a few more cunt-stretching thrusts the tubular beast met it's target, it's bloated knob crushing the soft fragile cervical lips.

"Ohhh, God," Vicky cried out. Todd was on top of her, his arm under her back, holding her shoulders.

They were on the center of a huge mattress with fluffy white bedding. A white canopy surrounded them, making it completely private. The Mother's legs were wrapped snuggly him, high on his back as he burrowed his hard meat in as deep as it would go.

"Ohhh Goddamn," the teen whimpered, his entire frame sinking in to the warm curves of his Mother's body.

Vicky hands shot down to his ass, her fingernails digging in. "Yesss, fuck meee," she hissed.

Then, like a battering ram of flesh, Todd's powerful dick began its attack. It slid backwards, then lunged forward hammering Vicky's uteri over and over and over again.

Todd's ass rose and fell as he thrust with everything he had, his big hairless scrotum rapping at his Mom's asshole. Vicky's legs clung around her baby's back, cradling him between her thighs. Her muscled tan flesh quivered from the power of his thrust. She

clenched the toes of her cute little feet as she felt the meaty invader massage the sensitive nerve endings along her vaginal walls.

Their bodies were drenched with sweat. Two hours of hardcore fucking had left them a bucking heap of glistening sex.

Todd growled as he fucked mercilessly, his ass rising and falling in a blur. Vicky's face contorted, tears running from her eyes. "Ohhh fuck, I'm gonna cum again!" she cried.

She had lost count how many times her son had got her off. At this point, one orgasm just seem to roll into another. The sex-hungry mother's body began to convulse beneath her son's sexual onslaught. This cum was so powerful that she couldn't even scream. Primitive grunts spouted from Vicky's mouth.

Todd's piss-slit yawned, and a powerful blast of liquid love splashed against Vicky's cervix. The pulsing peter spat nearly a dozen ropes of hot semen as it lurched up and down her clutching fuck-pouch. To Todd and Vicky, it felt like a gallon of cum.

Now a sweaty heap of bucking naked flesh, mom and son ground their genitals, milking every ounce of pleasure from each others bodies. After a few minutes of post-orgasmic kissing, they laid there embracing breathlessly.

"Oh sweetie, your dick is unbelievable," Vicky sighed.

Todd prick was still erect. It had begun slithering out of Vicky's gooey hole. The cocky teen gave a forward thrust, sending the bulging sausage right back into her cum-splattered depths. "You mean THAT penis?" he teased.

She arched her back and moaned in pleasure as she felt her love-tunnel packed with ten and three-quarter inches of thick teenage cock-meat. "Oh my God," she moaned.

Todd smiled with pride as he felt the matronly twat clamp down on his buried pole. He thrust forward even more and felt his bloated bell tip bend upward as it crushed the head of Vicky's cervix.

"Oh my sweet baby, you better stop impressing me so much," she said as her wild-eyes ran across his thin toned chest.

"Why's that?"

"Because this trip isn't about me and my pleasure...it's about you," she said.

"You're right. I should probably slide it out then," Todd joked as he backed his dick half-way down her vagina.

Vicky clutched his ass, stopping him. "No wait...I didn't mean you had to take it out, smart-ass. I just...I just meant..." she stammered.

Todd lowered down onto his elbows and slowly sunk his big boner back to the hilt. Vicky gasped as her eyes rolled back a little.

"Tell me what you want, mom," Todd whispered.

"I can't," Vicky said, almost in tears.

Todd thrust his cock forward a little, packing her cunt. He felt it quiver and tighten around his swollen meat. "Tell me," he said.

"Oh God....I wanna cum on your cock again," she said in that sweet soft mommy-voice, gazing at him almost shamefully.

"But I thought you said that this trip wasn't about YOUR pleasure."

"Yes, I did...so, what I meant was...I think you should pin my legs back, and get some more practice," she said with a smile.

"Well then...okay, if you say so."

The lucky teen hooked his arms under Vicky's legs and scissored them back. He laid down flat against his Mom and his ass slowly began to buck. Vicky moaned in delight as her son's stiff cock once again began to saw in and out of her hungry love-grotto.

"Where did you and your mom disappear to?" Jeff asked, as the boys sat eating dinner.

"She didn't feel much like swimming," Todd answered.

"Neither did my mom...and we were in the water?" Alex said, making the whole gang laugh.

"Kinda weird fucking on the beach, isn't it?" Jeff said.

"Dude, you and your mom were fucking like rabbits. You didn't seem too weirded out to me," another boy commented, making the others laugh.

The boys got up to empty their trays. Jeff walked next to Todd as they glanced over at the Moms.

"Ready to tap some ass tonight, buddy?" Jeff asked.

"Seriously?"

"The end of day four. Word is we get to fuck our moms up the ass tonight."

"Sweet!" Todd said with a smile, his cock tingling excitedly.

Jeff moved ahead as Vicky strode towards her son. She, like the other moms, was wearing a white stretch-lace teddy and white high-heeled slippers.

"What are you all smiles about over here?" she asked, stepping up and rubbing her squishy breasts against his arm.

"Jeff was just telling me about tonight's exercise," he said.

"Oh...he was huh? Well? based on your reaction, you must be looking forward to it," Vicky said with a smile.

"Yeah, but I AM big. I don't wanna hurt you," Todd said, a little concerned.

"Oh sweetie," Vicky giggled, "Kneel down," she said.

Todd got on his knees, and the heavy -titted mom turned, so that her ass was a foot in front of his face. He stared at the big meaty cheeks, and could clearly see her ass crack though the lacy fabric.

Vicky reached down and squeezed her cheeks with her hands, making her long nails sink into the soft flesh. "Does this look like an ass that's intimidated at all by your big cock?" she asked, peering down at him.

"No," Todd said with a smile.

She spread her cheeks apart and Todd stared at the big puckered lips of her asshole as it winked at him.

"My ass will take you...every meaty inch of you...all the way you balls," Vicky said. "So don't you worry about hurting me."

Todd's heart raced as he stood up. Vicky backed her ass against his hardened groin.

"I can't wait," he sighed.

"Neither can I," she said softly, peeking back over her shoulder at him. "We'll be waiting," she said teasingly, then strode away, her buns swaying seductively as she went.

"Fuck," Todd muttered, feeling his peter stretch the fabric of his shorts as it hardened.

A little while later, the boys filed into the hall of the Goddess. At the front of the hall, the Goddess waited for them. As usually, she was completely naked, except for her stiletto heels and whip stick.

The moms were all on the lounges, they too were butt-naked, resting their elbows on the cushions and their asses hunched back.

"Boys, join your mums and we'll begin the evening exercise," The Goddess instructed.

Todd walked over to his mom and stood behind her. His eyes couldn't help but be drawn to that thick gorgeous ass as it stuck out, waiting to be pounded. He noticed a towel and bottle of lube sitting on the lounge next to her.

"I hope you all enjoyed your morning off. The mums told me you had plenty of time to practice your skills," the Goddess said.

Vicky peeked back at her son with a grin and a wink.

"Tonight you will be learning about the pleasure of anal intercourse. The first requirement of course is an iron-hard cock, which I see most of you horny boys have already have," The Goddess said, making the moms giggle.

"While the boys remove their briefs, mums you may need to properly lubricate your asshole and prepare it for penetration," the Goddess said.

Todd removed his briefs and his bobbing erection sprung free. He watched as Vicky squirted some lube on her fingers and began to gently message the oil onto her puckered butt-ring.

"Now boys, it's your turn to lube up. Pleasurable anal sex is the result of a properly lubricated cock," the Goddess said.

Todd and Vicky smiled at one another in eager anticipation as she handed him the lube. He, along with the other boys, squirted an ample amount along the length of his boner. He stroked himself a few times, coating his entire dong.

"Be generous, boys. Don't just do the tip. Coat both the head, and the entire shaft," the Goddess directed.

"Now…I want each of you to step up behind your mum and fit the very tip of your cock into the ring of her asshole," the Goddess instructed.

Todd stepped forward, taking a second to admire Vicky's smooth vulvar lips, that had spent the day stretched around his pecker.

He planted the very tip of his fat knob at the entrance of Vicky's ass.

"Now, very slowly, I want you to push the head of your cock inside her ass," the Goddess said. Todd thrust forward slightly and watched Vicky's sphincter expand, swallowing the oily knob.

"Mums, let your students know how they're doing. As you proceed, let them know what's comfortable for you," The Goddess said.

Vicky looked back at her boy and at the barrel of his cannon, which was lined up and ready to go. "Push forward slowly, sweetie," she said.

Todd watched about three inches of his cock sink into her hungry hole as her tight anal lips stretched around it's girth. "Ohhh," he muttered, feeling the heat of her ass.

"That's it, now back out just a little," Vicky said.

After backing out slightly, the big dicked teen squeezed a few more inches of his hardon inside her rectum, making his mom gasp in delight. With a few more thrusts, Todd's entire boner was buried in

Vicky's luscious ass. "Ohhh my God," the mother sighed, squeezing on his meat with her muscles ass-walls.

Todd let out a quivering sigh as he felt the soft snug heat of her rectal lining surround his dong. "Ohhh, wow," he muttered.

"Does that feel good, baby?" Vicky asked, tightening her shit-hole around her son's hardened muscle.

"Yeah, oh man, it feels awesome!"

"Ready to hump some ass?" she asked.

"Definitely!" he answered.

Like the other moms and sons, Vicky and Todd fell into a nice steady rhythm. The sound of moans and slapping flesh filled the hall as ten happy cock glided in and out of the tight slippery holes.

Todd clutched his mom's soft hips as he guided her up and back on his pole. Vicky's ass-cheeks rippled as they beat against his abdomen.

The teenagers all groaned with delight as their erections slid against the warm snug texture of the clutching anal cavities.

"That's it, boys, fuck those asses. Fuck them hard!" the Goddess shouted.

Todd sighed and shook his head in disbelief as he watched his own mom's big curvy ass bounce against his abdomen. From knob to balls his cock glided in and out her rectum, his hairless scrotum rapping against Vicky's smooth swollen clamshell.

He watched his Mom's huge hanging tits as they swung up and back to the rhythm of their incestuous butt-hump.

"For those of you who can pry yourselves apart, you may want to try anal in a position we practiced in yesterday called the spoon," The Goddess said.

Todd's cock popped from Vicky's socket and he watched her asshole clench closed. Vicky moved onto her tummy, then rolled onto her side. She looked back at him and patted the cushion behind her, inviting him into position.

Todd laid down on his side behind her and Vicky backed her matronly ass up to his bobbing erection. His greasy knob slipped past her butt-socket and down between her quim. She reached down and grasped her baby's rod, rubbing it's purple head against her clit a few times and up the buttery groove of her fuck-slit.

"Ohhh shit!" the teen sighed. He felt her place the tip of his pecker against her butt-hole and as soon as she let go the hungry sphincter swallowed the engorged knob.

"Push," Vicky whispered gently.

Todd thrust his hips forward and felt his meat sink into his mom's tight anal-oven. As he began to saw it in and out, Todd stared down into Vicky's eyes as she gazed at him in pure lust. "Oh God this feels good mom," his voice quivered.

"Told you I could take all of you," she said proudly.

The panting teen reached around and clutched his Mom's tits, sinking his fingers into their soft dough-like flesh.

With each thrust, her son's cock wormed all the way inside, until the stretched mouth of her anus fit tightly around the root of his shaft. After a few cock-churning minutes this was beginning to take it's toll.

"Oh God, Mom," Todd muttered his knob tingling delightfully.

"I know baby. Don't stop...just flex your PC, sweetheart" she said lovingly, rocking her ass back against him.

With his Mother's coaching, Todd worked his cock in her ass for another ten minutes. "Boys, on your backs now...Mums on top," the Goddess said.

Todd rolled over onto his back and watched as Vicky straddled him. As she reached around and repositioned his rod, Todd watched her big tits as they wobbled teasingly above his face.

In one mighty swoop Vicky's ass fell to her son's lap and her hungry butthole devoured his entire erection. Vicky's thighs were bowed open as she sat on her son's cock. Todd looked down and watched her rub her clit a few times. He could see her buns spread slightly and the ring of her anus stretched around the base of his cock.

"Wow! Damn!" The teen groaned, making his cock flex in her tight oily bowels.

Vicky fell forward to her knees and her ass began to beat against his lap. Todd felt her hanging breasts brush against his face as they wobbled gently with each thrust.

The gentle rise and fall of Vicky's ass, and the wonderful sensation of heavy breasts licking his face was almost too much for the teen. He was constantly tightening his PC muscle. He didn't want it to ever end.

Vicky began to work her ass in a steady rhythmic bounce, spearing his cock deep in her rectum. Her pendulous breasts brushed softly against her son's face. She sat up and rolled her hips up and back, plowing her ass-tract with Todd's cock.

Todd felt her inner-sphincter muscles grip his throbbing cock. He held off as long as he could before his peter began to spit. "Uuuggh, mom!!!" He groaned as thick ropes began to fill Vicky's ass.

The teenage penis pulsed and throbbed as his mom's mature ass milked his shaft. Vicky tightened her ass, making it all the more intense for him. She brought her body down onto his, brushing his sweaty hair back as she watched her son grunt and groan.

"Oh, that's it, sweetie, let it pour into mommy's ass," she said in a sweet motherly tone.

"Ohhh yeeeaaaahh!" Todd's voice quivered as he felt his mom's anal muscles squeeze out the last few drops of jism.

Two hours later, day four was ending much like the first two days, with Todd, the alpha-male servicing all ten moms. Ass after luscious matronly ass beat against the lucky teen's groin as he moved from one mother to the next.

He loved to hear the mom's gasp as he sunk his meat deep in their bowels, all the way to his balls. The way their big meaty butt-cheeks rippled with each powerful thrust made his heart pound with excitement.

It was quite the site...ten busty, middle-aged moms, kneeling in a big half-circle facing each other, their asses thrust in the air, waiting their turn.

"So, I'm worried about Dex and this little bitch he's hanging with. She's got a reputation for being quite the slut," Morgan said, looking over at a few other moms, including Vicky and Michelle.

Lakisha chimed in. "I know what you mean, girl. I realize my Alex is gonna have his share of loose cunt, but I would be so disappointed if he didn't get to pop at least a few cherries."

Michelle spoke up. "Now girls...we were all fucking in high school. I mean seriously, how many of you had friends at that age who hadn't already had a cock rip through their hymen?"

The Mom's all giggled.

"True," Vicky said.

As the women chatted, Todd concentrated on pounding some ass. He slid his cock out of one hole, a string of semen dripping from the tip as he stepped back. The asses around the one he had just fucked began to wiggle with eager invitation.

He stepped up to one of the bouncing behinds and fed his prick through her butt-ring.

Morgan gasped. "Ohhh,God...damn that boy's big," she said as her body began to rock from the assault on her ass.

The other Mom's giggled. "Take it, girl. Take it," Lakisha said.

One of the other pretty Moms from the group spoke. "Going back to what you were saying, I can understand what she means though. I think we would rather our sons experience something tight and more pleasurable for them."

"These girls don't stay virgins very long, that's the problem," a Mom at the end of the half-circle said.

"Hold on a sec girls, what about lettering our Sons decide what they want. I mean a lot of boys would rather bone a neighborhood Mom than one of those tight high school pussies." Michelle said.

"That's true." Morgan said, her big milkers swinging on her chest.

Vicky nodded. "You're so right, Michelle. I mean, who here has a Son who isn't obsessed with big childbearing boobs. They're like huge soft suckable toys to these boys and I'm sorry but the tits on your average eighteen year old girl just don't compare."

"Not to mention our pussies. You can't compete with experience." Lakisha said.

Todd's balls clapped lewdly against Morgan's pussy as he fucked her up the ass. After about two more minutes, his dick glided from her behind and bobbed towards another.

Todd smiled as he watched five hungry asses thrust out and jiggle, competing for his attention. Even the ones he had just fucked were eager for more. He picked one at random and fed the knob of his fucker through her slippery butthole.

"Ohhh baby, here we go," Michelle sighed, rocking her ass back.

"Amen to what you just said, Lakisha. Those teenage girls aren't peaking...us thirty-eight year old girls are. We need all the dick we can get," One mom said.

The other Moms cheered and giggled in agreement.

"Especially the big dick!" Michelle said, feeling Todd's thick erection stretch her ass-canal. "Big n thick," Lakisha added.

Todd rounded the circle of women at least three times before blowing his nuts. The Moms smiled as they listened to the teen grunt and groan, blasting a huge load of cum up inside one lucky Mom's ass.

Day 5

After breakfast, the boys were ushered into the hall of the Goddess as the beginning of day five got underway. Their flaccid cocks swung between their legs, eager and refreshed as they were told to come to the morning exercises naked.

Inside the hall, the Moms were all on one side of the room. They were also naked, as they chatted and giggled, watching the boys file

in. Todd still felt like he needed to pinch himself every time he saw his Mom in the buff. Never in a million years did he think he'd ever see her this way.

The Goddess stood nearby. "Good morning, boys. Please stand on the other side of the hall, directly across from your Mother."

No matter how many times Todd saw her naked, he always got an instant hardon. The Mothers were now in a row, side by side on the opposite wall. There was a soft mat beneath their bare feet. The Moms were in sexy stances, their big naked melon's hanging proudly from their chests.

"Our first exercise is a game. We're going to see how much you and your Mums really know about one another sexually," the Goddess said. "The boys will get the first question. You'll answer one at a time. After you've all answered, you will see a green or a red light hit the floor between your and your Mother. Green light means correct. Red light means it correct.. If you get it correct you'll have five minutes to engage in the reward for that question," she explained.

All the boys looked at one another and smiled, eager to get started. There was a soft mat beneath their feet also.

"Boys, are you ready for your first question?" the Goddess asked.

"Yeah," Came the cheer.

"As a reward for answering this question correctly, your Mum will lay on her back and let you suck her tits. Remember, five minutes only...and NO fucking boys," the Goddess said, which made the moms giggle. "Question number one... What is your mother's bra size?" she asked.

One by one the boys gave their best answer. It finally got to Todd. He'd snooped in her laundry at home, so he knew the answer before

he even got here. "38 Triple-d," he said.

He could tell by his Mom's excited smile that he got it right and after all the boys answered, either a green or red light hit the floor between them and their Mothers. This time, of course, all the floor lit up all green. The teens hesitated. "Green means go, boys," the Goddess said.

The eager teens rushed across the room, their big boners bobbing up and down.

Vicky quickly lay on her back on the soft mat and her son nearly dove onto her, his mouth moving straight for one of her big soft breasts. She giggled at his eagerness as Todd's mouth encircled her areola and his face sunk into her spongy softness. "Good job," she said, watching him suck greedily.

Todd felt his Mom's fingers comb the back of his hair and one of her sexy feet drag softly up his calf. The moment made his boner throb and sent a surge of arousal through his teenage body that was absolutely euphoric.

"Mmmnngg," he whimpered, his tongue digging at her big fleshy nipple. She gasped sharply as he sunk his teeth into her areola, chewing on it's rough textured surface. He drug his tongue into her cleavage. Vicky giggled and rolled on her side, wedging his head between her tits.

"Ohhh yeah," the teen muttered, licking and kissing her cleavage. The five minutes flew by. "Boys, back across the room," the Goddess said.

The boys complied.

"The next question is for the Mums. The reward will be five minutes sucking on those juicy cocks," she explained.

Todd could see the look of anxiousness on his moms face.

"The boys erections were measured a few days ago. What was the precise measurement of your son's erection?" the Goddess asked.

One by one the Mom's began to answer. Finally it got to Vicky and she answered with confident pride. "Ten and three-quarter inches," she said.

All of the Moms were rewarded as green lights hit the floor.

Todd watched excitedly as Vicky rushed across the room. She was so cute, giggling like a little school girl with the other Moms, her big milkers bouncing wildly as she hurried towards his waiting cock.

Kneeling down in front of him, she wasted no time grasping his prick at the root. Todd loved the way his Mom always greeted his knob with her tongue before sucking him. Her pink snake did a quick flailing circle around his knob before she slipped it into her mouth.

The busty Mother sucked with gusto, her circled lips slipping as long the thick meat of Todd's rigid cock. The diamonds in her wedding ring sparkled as her fist jacked at the base while sucking. "Ohhh damn," Todd said, his knob tingling as it plunged into her throat.

The row of ten pretty heads bobbed up and back in traditional blowjob fashion. The Goddess crossed the room behind them. "That's it, suck those young hard dicks."

Todd watched his beautiful Mom work her magic. Vicky peered up at him with those big brown eyes and gave him a sexy little wink, her lips stretched obscenely around his meat. It was five minutes he wished would never end, but it finally did and the Moms walked back to their side of the room, bare asses swaying teasingly.

"The next question is for you boys. During the second day the mums were asked to share with you their favorite sexual position. Answer

correctly and you'll both get five minutes to practice it," the Goddess said.

Several of the boys got this one wrong, but not Todd. Everything about this awesome experience was engrained in his mind. "The lotus," he answered confidently.

Seconds later Vicky was sitting on his lap, her shapely legs coiled around him. With her arms resting on his shoulders the big busted Mom stared down at her son with goo-goo eyes as she stirred her baby-chute with biggest dick on the island.

Up and back, up and back her matronly hips gracefully swiveled, rocking their genitals together in a warm embrace.

Michelle was on her back next to them. Jeff had her curvy legs up on his shoulders. Their flesh beat together as he fucked her, her big boobs rolling on her chest. She glanced over at Vicky. "If Jeff would have gotten this one wrong, I would have grounded him for a year," she said, making Vicky laugh.

Two minutes in, Vicky suddenly gasped, her eyes rolling back in their sockets. She fell forward flattening her quivering tits against Todd's chest and dropped her face to his neck with a loud orgasmic cry. She increased her tempo, grinding wildly on her son's strong phallic-cleaver.

"Ohh shit," Todd muttered, flexing his PC to keep from cumming.

Vicky's orgasm subsided just as the five minutes expired. She fed her boy one last wild look of lust before climbing off his lap. Todd looked down at his boner as it stuck up, dripping with her juices.

This was much how the next hour went. Moms and sons answering intimate questions and performing wild sexual acts as rewards for the right answers. Vicky and Todd only missed one. Over that hour

they got to sixty-nine, lick each others asses, tit-fuck and engage in juicy anal intercourse.

Following the game, the Mothers all had smartwatch-looking devices placed around their wrists and both them and the boys were instructed to put on black water-shoes with a simple velcro strap.

"The next game will a scavenger hunt," the Goddess said. "Each Mother and Son couple will explore the island, receiving clues and fulfilling challenges. The couple that completes the game first will enjoy an hour-long deep tissue massage by our licensed masseuse."

"Oh wow," Vicky said, looking at Todd.

"I so need that," Lakisha said looking at her son. "Let's do this."

Moments later, the couples scattered out the rear entrance. Todd and Vicky hurried out the door to the complex, hand in hand. It was a warm sunny day. They were both still completely naked and Vicky stopped suddenly and threw her arms around his neck, her bobbling jugs pressing on his chest.

"So Mr. Alpha-Male, did you ever dream you and I'd be running around naked on some tropical island together?" Vicky asked with a smile.

"No way, not even in my wildest dreams," Todd said.

"Wildest dreams huh? We'll have to talk about those wild dreams sometime," she said, gazing at him.

Vicky's wrist device suddenly chimed and vibrated. She and Todd looked at it. "It must be our first clue," she said, then read it out-loud. "Under the veil of raging falls, there will be a treat for cock and balls."

"Raging falls? There must be a waterfall here on the island somewhere," he said.

"Wait...listen.." she said, "do you hear that?"

Todd and Vicky could hear the faint roar of water through the lush green of the tropical fauna. "That can't be far, come on," she said, pulling him along.

Their water-shoes allowed them to rush through a maze of lush vegetation without worry about stepping on something sharp. Todd almost tripped a few times as a result of watching his mom's jiggling ass instead of where he was going. This made Vicky giggle.

It wasn't long before they arrived at an enormous tropical waterfall. "The veil of raging falls," Vicky said excitedly. "Oh my God, it's beautiful."

"So the clue said 'under the raging falls,' right?" Todd asked.

"Yes, come on," Vicky said, doing a graceful dive into the water. Not wasting any time, he quickly followed suit. Todd easily swam past her and under the roaring falls. Arriving at a ledge he pulled himself up onto it, then helped Vicky up.

"Hey," she said, quickly embracing him before he could continue climbing.

Todd suddenly felt her soft slippery tits against him. Her lips met his and he felt her tongue twist and flail inside his mouth. After a few wet smacking kisses, Todd looked at her with surprise.

"What was that for?" he asked.

The sexy Mom gazed at him with that long puppy-love stare. She looked so hot with her hair wet and slicked back, her voluptuous

tanned body covered in a wet glaze. "Because I can," she said with a smile.

"Good enough for me," Todd said.

Suddenly her wrist device chimed and vibrated again, so her and Todd checked it.

"It must be our next clue," he said.

Vicky read the clue. "A squirting cock will fill the cup. A cum-hungry Mom will drink it up."

Todd looked around. "A cup?" he muttered, then spotted something. "Over there, on that rock...see the glass? I'll never fill that thing."

"Yes, you will." she said confidently, rushing over to get the elegant looking wine glass. "Two

orgasms and this thing will be overflowing, trust me."

"Jeez, Mom I don't think I cum that much," he laughed.

"Well, then I guess we better make them strong ones. Since we've been here on the island when was the most intense orgasm you had?" she asked.

"I don't know, they've all been amazing," Todd said, thinking back.

"Let's think of one you had where you never seemed to stop ejaculating," she said. "Ohh, I know."

Vicky coiled one arm around Todd's neck and he knew what she wanted. She sprung from the ground and wrapped her strong Mommy-legs around him. Todd clutched her meaty buttocks, supporting her weight.

The eager mom reached around and began pulling on his hardening prick. It only took a few long strokes to fill it with blood. Todd's dick jutted out, fully erect. "There we go," she said, dragging the bulbous knob between her soft labial meat.

She fed the tip into her creamy fuck-socket, then brought the weight of her ass down sliding it's meaty length into her dark inner sanctum.

"Oh yeeeeah," he sighed, feeling his cock sheathed in hot pussy.

"Ok, hard and fast. We need this one to be intense," Vicky said, "Slide your hands down under my thighs and hold on tight to me," Vicky said.

Todd did as he was told and suddenly Vicky's wide hips set in motion, rapidly rocking up and down. Her cock-stretched gash fucked fast and hard on the rock-hard spear, her ass beating against his balls. "Oh my God...Oh wow, mom!" he sighed.

"You're not the only one with some skill, hotshot, " Her voice shook as she pounded her cunt on his throbbing boner.

Her big tits jiggled between them. For a good five minutes she sprung her wet pussy up and down the thick cylinder of meat, plowing it's big purple gourd along the soft ridges lining her slippery socket.

"Oh God, Mom, I'm gonna cum, " Todd said.

"Squeeze it off as long as you can," she panted.

"Ohhh shit," Todd exclaimed, his knees shaking.

"Squeeze it off," Vicky shouted.

"I'M CUMMING!" he Groaned.

Vicky quickly slipped to her feet, grabbed her son's pulsing cock and stroked it desperately, pointing the head inside the glass.

"Uuuhhggh," Todd groaned as a huge blast of cum splashed into the wine glass.

Three more enormous ropes erupted from his piss-hole as Vicky jerked up and down on his pulsing peter. "Ohhhh, ohh shit," he cried out as a long stream of bubbling cock-milk oozed from his piss-hole, followed by another smaller offering.

A few more mini-ropes dribbled out and as the diligent mom milked his dick with her skilled hand. She caught every drop.

"Look at that, half full already. I told you it would only take two strong ones," she said, setting the glass down.

"Oh my God, that WAS a strong one," Todd said, trying to catch his breath. "And just for that..." he said, scooping his Mom from the ground and throwing her into the water. Vicky screamed playfully before she hit.

When she surfaced, she brushed the hair back from her face. "You little shit. Get your ass in here," she said playfully.

Todd dove into the water and the second he surfaced his Mom latched onto him, throwing her arms and legs around him. The young teen sighed as he felt the soft voluptuous middle-aged body against his.

"Picking your sexy Mommy up and throwing her around like that," Vicky teased.

"That's right," he said confidently.

She gazed at him as she clung to his lean body. "I'm well aware of what a young stud son I have...you can't impress me any more than

you already have," She said, then moved her lips in for a slow sensual kiss.

It was a like a scene out of some exotic romance novel. Two lovers, naked and alone on some lush tropical island. As Todd's Mom buried her face in his neck and flailed her long pink snake against his tender flesh, he felt like he had the whole world in his arms.

As they kissed some more, he felt her strong thighs squeezing around him,, the sexy heels of her feet resting against the backs of his thighs. Her big bobbling udders felt like two big fleshy sponges squashed against his chest. Todd was so overcome with wicked lust that he began to kiss and suck on the golden brown skin of his Mom's shoulder.

Sensing the surge of uncontrollable desire, Vicky replaced her shoulder with her tongue. Mother and Son kissed like desperate teenagers, their tongues twisting and fluttering together wildly.

"Oh God I love you." Vicky said, breaking the kiss, but only for a second.

"I love you too, Mom," he said before his mouth was devoured by her lips.

As the middle-aged Mom made out with her boy, she recognized familiar feeling within her own body. They were feelings of wicked excitement, like those she had with her husband before they were

married...back when young couples fucked and sucked behind their parents backs. Now here she was over twenty years later...a little girl, in a big girls body...fucking and sucking behind her husbands back. The fact that it was with her own Son made her body tremble with excitement.

"Are you okay, Mom," Todd asked, feeling the sudden shutter.

I"m fine, sweetie...I'm just...I'm just really liking this," she said, her eyes glazed over with wild lust. "Me too," he said.

Vicky knew her husband was probably sitting in his office, a thousand miles away and that he could never imagine that at that moment his wife and son's wet naked bodies were twisted together, like two writhing animals in heat. Nor could he even fathom that his own son's big dick would soon be plowing harder and deeper within his bride than his ever could. Just the thought of it gave her a wicked thrill.

Vicky smiled at her son, remembering their mission. "You know, as much as we're both digging this...and could probably spend the rest of the day clinging to each other and sucking face, we are on a mission, remember?" she said.

"You had to remind me," he said.

She faked a sad face. "Oh I know, your dicks all hard and you have to stick it back inside Mom so you can cum again...real tough job there, mister," she joked.

Todd laughed as Vicky took his hand and swam back towards the ledge. Once they climbed back up, she looked over at his bobbing bone-hard erection and huge dangling scrotum. "Ready to drain those balls again hotshot?" She asked.

"Aye, captain," he answered.

Vicky bent over and backed her ass up to him."Fuck me from behind," she said.

Stepping up behind her, Todd clutched his rod and fed it's purple helmet in between her slippery gash. She pushed her ass against him making the thick love-barrel sink all the way to his balls.

"Ohhh shit," he sighed, feeling her searing heat surround him.

For the first few minutes, Vicky did all the work, slipping her clutching pussy-pocket up and down the rigid dick. Todd gazed down at the beautiful site. The wet tanned buttocks rippled each time it struck his abdomen. He watched his vein encrusted shaft appear, then disappear, over and over, glistening with his mother's vaginal juices.

"Ready to fuck it like a cocksman?" she asked with a smile, peering back at him.

"Hell yeah," he said, grabbing her soft hips.

Maneuvering himself into a more steady stance, the big-dicked teen began to thrust at his own rhythmic pace. Lewd slapping sounds mixed with the sound of the crashing falls as his impressive rod barreled in and out of the matronly hole.

Todd's scrotum swung wildly, as did Vicky huge dangling tits, like a set of buoys at the mercy of the raging sea.

After a few minutes of steady pounding, Vicky's knees buckled as she was struck with an intense orgasm. "Ooohh, fuck yesss," she cried out.

Recognizing her unsteadiness, Todd leaned forward and wrapped his arm up under her midsection to provide support. As he did this, he crouched just a little in order to keep a good angle as his hips continued to buck.

With eyes closed, Vicky emitted a few orgasmic whimpers and her body sporadically convulsed as the relentless dick continued to plummet up and down her cunt-tube.

"Should I cum or flex my PC muscle?" Todd asked.

"Flex it and stay on edge for a few minutes, then cum hard."

Todd rocked his hip, driving his cock with deep steady thrusts. After a few minutes, his panting intensified "Oh God, I'm gonna fill it with this one," he groaned.

Todd took a half-dozen more deep powerful thrusts before slipping his cock from Vicky's cunt. Like before, she quickly turned and fed the tip of his cock into the mouth of the glass. Her tiny fist glided up and down the slippery shaft.

"Yess, cum hard baby," she encouraged him.

With a few deep grunts, the cum began to fire from Todd's piss-hole. Huge thick ropes pulsed from his peter, one after another, easily filling the glass the rest of the way. His Mom made sure to milk every drop.

Vicky held the glass up to her face, staring at all that pearly-white spunk. "Holy shit. I should be surprised, but I'm not. Not after all the cum that's ran down my legs the past four days," she giggled.

"I guess I do cum a lot."

"Uh-huh. Ok, so the squirting cock has certainly filled it up. Now I suppose it's time for the cum- hungry Mom to drink it up," she said, bringing the glass to her lips.

Todd watched in fascination as his Mom gulped down every last drop from the glass.

"Ffffffucking yum," she said, licking her lips.

"Wow, that was hot," Todd said.

"Not as hot as watching me suck it straight from your balls I'm sure," she said with a cute wink. "Well...no," Todd said, making his Mom giggle.

The device around Vicky's wrist went off and they looked at it. "And look at that, our next clue," she said.

"They must be watching us with cameras or something," Todd said looking at rock walls around them.

"Well I'm sure they're not enjoying it as much as I am," Vicky said, the read their clue. "Find your cloud of silk in a field of green. There you'll make Mom shake and scream."

"So we need to find an open field," Todd said.

14: BSTC_3

A few minutes later Todd and Vicky were again scrambling through the dense tropical terrain, their bodies still dripping from having just emerged from the pond. "That looks like a clearing through there," he said, leading them along a path.

They soon emerged from the fauna into grassy clearing. "A field of green," Todd said.

"And look...over there, sweetie" Vicky pointed as she discovered a huge bed with white silk sheets and huge silk-covered pillows, sitting right out in the middle of the open field. "Our cloud of silk."

When they arrived at the bed, Vicky's wrist device chimed. She read it out loud. "Fuck slow, fuck hard, the choice is yours, in each position before you stop. You mustn't change positions though, until you make Mom pop."

"So we're having sex in all the positions I was taught?" Todd asked.

"Yes, and it sounds like you have to make me cum in each position, before we move onto the next. We got this," she said, giving him a high-five.

The wrist device chimed and Vicky looked at it. "Speaking of positions, here's our first one," she said. "Side by side."

Todd watched as his Mom crouch down and give his cock a few lengthy stokes, making his dangling balls swing back and forth. "Let's turn this thing back into a nice strong pussy-pounding

erection," she said, pulling all the loose skin up and down the shaft, watching it harden.

"Wow, mom, you keeping talking dirty like that and you won't have to wait very long for that erection," Todd said with a sigh.

Vicky peeked up at him, grinning haughtily. "Oh...so you mean all I have to do is talk about this big teenage cock of yours and how Mommy's hot wet pussy's gonna spend the next couple of

hours creaming all over it," she said as she jacked his dick.

"Ohhhh yeah," Todd sighed.

"Look at that cock-head," she said, staring at Todd's knob as it pointing directly at her face. "So big and juicy. So eager to dig deep down inside that hot hole...to feel it smothered by all that wet spongy pink pussy," she said, the whipped her tongue all around the big helmet.

Vicky began to nurse on just the head of her son's cock, her lips creating a tight vacuum seal around the crown. With her right hand still wrapped snuggly around the base of his dong she gave it little strokes as she scrubbed his bloated cock-head with her tongue.

It finally popped from her lips, his cock fully hard.

"Ready when you are," he smiled confidently.

"Sweetie, I'm always ready," She said, gently grasped his cock and leading him onto the bed.

A light warm tropical breeze swept across the field, mixing with the sound of the large bed frame as let out a steady repetitive whine.

Todd and his mom were in the side-by-side position, facing each other, her legs coiled around him. The teen's big dick sawed in and

out smooth-shaven twat, their bellies beating together. "Yesss, that's it baby, fuck meee," Vicky panted.

Todd sunk his fingers into her tan ass, pulling her against him on every thrust. Her big stiff-nippled tits beat against his chest.

"Oh yesss, there it is. Get it honey...get it," Vicky panted, feeling her son's driving cock make her orgasm swell.

Her scream echoed across the empty field. "Uuuunnhhgg!" Todd held his mom close as she grunted and shook. Her big tan mature breasts bobbled and sloshed against his chest as he squeezed her tight.

As she came down from her orgasmic high, she felt the wrist device vibrate. Vicky got a big smile as she read it silently.

"What?" Todd asked, catching his breath.

"Cowgirl,"" she said.

Without even pulling out, Todd rolled onto his back so that his Mom was straddling him. No sooner did he do this then than Vicky began to bounce on him.

Laying against the silky bedding, Todd rested his hands behind his head and looked up at the most beautiful site a boy could behold. As Vicky sprung up and down on his boner, the middle- aged Mom's enormous jugs swung out from her chest. rising high into the air, then galling and slapping against her, the spongy-soft meat rippling wildly. With eyes as wide as saucers, the lucky teen just laid there and watched them bounce.

"This, my dear son, is why you want to marry a girl with big boobs. So you can wake up to this

site every day;" Vicky said, as she bounced up and down.

"God I just hope they're as awesome as yours," He said.

"Well, unless you get a girl who's already producing a substantial amount of milk, it'll probably be awhile before she develops tits like these." Vicky said, her voice shaking from the power of her thrusts. "These boobs are thirty-eight years in the making."

"It's amazing the way they move," Todd muttered, entranced by his Mom's swinging charms. "Awww, has my baby gone goo-goo over his Momma's big fuck-udders?" she teased.

"Hell yeah," he smiled, "I've never heard them called that before."

"Well that's what they are. Big fleshy udders for a boy to suck and chew and stick his cock between," she said.

"I like that,"

"Well guess what my sexy boobie-bear?" she asked.

"What?"

"Your big titted Mother is about to cum all over that rock-hard boner again," she panted.

"Go for it," he said, then watched as her eyes rolled back, then her arms just sort of rose into the air, her fists clenched. Vicky's head arched back like a howling wolf and she let out a girlish scream that echoed across the field.

"Ohhh shit, yeah," the teen sighed, feeling her cunt tighten and hot liquid love pour over his boner.

As he laid there and watched the amazing orgasmic spectacle, he could feel her warm vaginal walls contracting around the meat of his cock. Over and over she screamed, her face contorted, her body convulsing as she used her son's big rod for her pleasure.

A few minutes later they had moved into their next position...doggy-style. Vicky's ass cheeks rippled as they beat against her son's midsection. Todd watched his glistening cock slide in and out between her meaty half-moons.

Inside Vicky's cunt, she tightened her muscles. The pink lining of her tube bulging out, squeezing the borrowing glans of his knob. His dick flexed, precum bubbling out the tip.

"Damn, Mom, the mission is to make you cum, not me," he gasped.

Vicky giggled. "I'm close too, just keep fucking," she said.

After a dozen more thrusts, her body shook, her huge hanging tits shuttering. "Oh yess, I'm cumming!" she shrieked.

Next came the standard missionary and Todd had spent so much time in this position the past four days that he pounded like a pro. With his Mom's curvy tan legs propped way back in the air, the teen's dick pounded the tireless pussy, his big hairless scrotum clapping lewdly against her asshole. After five cock-hammering minutes...

"Ohhhhfuckingcummminggg!" Vicky cried out, her extended legs trembling.

Moments later, Mom and Son were in this same position only Vicky's legs were now propped up on his strong shoulders as they engaged in the butterfly position. Todd's hips rolled up and back like a well oiled machine, plowing his blood-engorged spear up and down his Mom's slippery fuck-hole.

"They heard a voice from across the field. "Hey you two," the woman's voice said. They looked over and saw Morgan leading her son Dex by the hand as they jogged across a portion of the field. Morgan's fat tits bounced heavily as she moved.

"Hey guys," Vicky shouted as her and Todd waved.

The other couple disappeared into the trees and the middle-aged beauty gazed up at her son like a cock-hungry school-girl getting man-handled by the big dicked football stud. Any kid that could fuck like her son commanded respect.

"My God you fuck good," she sighed.

"Thanks," Todd said with a proud smile.

The married Mom of three could feel the big bulging veins along Todd's meaty shaft throbbing with blood as they slid along the ridges of her clutching coital walls. His ballooning knob plowed against her G-spot and it wasn't long before her eyes rolled back.

"Uuuunnhhgg," her little voice trembled as her horny birth canal began to contract around the invading dong

Todd kept a steady fuck-pace, watching her big pillowy tits sway and jiggle. .After riding her through her orgasm, Todd returned to his back. Vicky straddled him in the reverse cowgirl position.

By now they had both worked up a nice glistening sweat and Todd again threw his hands behind his head and watched his Mom work herself on him. Vicky didn't bounce, but rather rolled her hips up and back, stirring her passion-pit with her son's giant spoon.

Gazing down Todd couldn't even see his cock, just his Mom's sweaty buttocks gliding up and back. It was like some erotic fuck-dance without the music.

For ten minutes, the relentless grinding intensified until Vicky was sliding up and back like a wild woman, her tits bobbling crazily.

"Shit, Mom," Todd sighed, watching her work it like a pornstar.

"Ohh shit. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, ohh shit," her voice panted.

She suddenly threw her head back as her body jerked and shuddered. "CUUMMMIINNNGGG!!!" she shrieked.

Todd looked on as his Mom grunted and shook for what had to be a full two minutes, her hips never stopping. He felt the hot juice swirling around his cock-meat, seeping out and cascading over his balls. "Ohhh damn," he muttered, riding the edge of a cum himself.

In their next position, the handsome teen lay behind his mom in the spooning position. With his arms around her he clutched her big sweat-soaked tits, savoring their spongy softness as he wormed his swollen pole in and out of her sopping mommy-gash.

Vicky turned her head and gazed at her son, feeding him a warm smile as she stared into his eyes. Her face was red, her hair wet and stingy. "Enjoying yourself, mom?" he asked.

"What do you think?" she asked. "You're getting SOO good with that thing. I don't think you've stopped once."

"Practice is making perfect I guess," he said.

"Obviously. Can I tell you something, sweetie?" she said in a serious tone.

"Sure."

"You're Mother has had thousands of orgasms in her life, and a lot of them, especially the ones I've had here, have been absolutely amazing. But yesterday, when we were having sex in the cabana...you made me cum harder than I ever have," she confessed.

"Seriously?" Todd asked, his cock not even pausing while they talked.

"Seriously," she nodded with a smile.

"Even with dad?"

"Yes, even with your father," she smiled awkwardly.

"To bad you have to go back to mediocre orgasms huh?" Todd said teasingly, his buttery pole still slithering in and out between her stretched pussy-lips.

"Stop!" she said teasingly.

"We could always practice at home too you know," he said with a grin.

"You'll get plenty of practice once you start fucking all those big breasted girls at school," Vicky said.

"I know, but maybe I wanna fuck my big breasted mom too."

She gave him a scolding smile. "Need I remind you, Romeo, that the only reason we're doing this is to teach you how to fuck. You're father takes good care of me when I'm home," she said.

"He does huh?" Todd's next stroke was deliberately long and deep. Vicky gasped as she felt his fat purple knob press against the mouth of her cervix. "Maybe I could take better care of you...fuck you deeper and harder than dad," he said as he began to intensify his thrusts.

"Oh God you're mean," she muttered as her curvy body began to quake from the power of her son's humping.

"You know it's true, mom. My dick is bigger and stronger than dad's, plus, with my training, I can out-fuck him and you know it," Todd said.

"Todd, stop it. You're younger," she said in a quivering whisper.

Hugging her from behind, still in the spooning position, the cocky teen fucked her with

everything he had. His abdomen beat hard against her ass as laid into her.

"That's right, I am...and bigger. I need a Mommy-pussy to keep up with me. You said so yourself yesterday, remember," he asked.

"Oh my God, baby, that feels so good," she said with a panting cry as her head tilted back beside his.

"Oh yeah, you liking that, mom?" he asked, knocking against her back wall with the head of his cock.

She gazed up at him, eyes wide and mouth agape as a monster orgasm began to stir deep inside her core.

"You're gonna miss getting dicked like this, you know it's true," he said.

As soon as the last word left his mouth Vicky popped hard. Todd held her tight watching over her shoulder as her huge jutting tits trembled and shook. He grinned and fucked with pride as he felt her flop around in his arms.

A few minutes later it was Todd who was feeling the inner stirrings of a monster cum. He and Vicky were now in the vertical missionary, she sitting at the edge of the bed with her arms and legs wrapped around him as he knelt beside it.

Todd's face was nestled at her neck and there was a look of pure ecstasy on his face. Vicky was using her strong coital muscles to clamp down on his boner as he slowly slipped it in and out. He felt her strong sweaty legs, squeezing him against her. "Ohhh shit!" he sighed.

"You young guys may have strong erections, but we mom's have strong pussies," she said.

"Oh God that feels good, mom," He panted, feeling her massage his cock with her muscled coital walls.

"The beauty of this place is that boys get to experience this. A strong pussy is the result of lots of Kegels and years of intercourse. It's impossible for a girl your own age to make you feel this way."

"I love it," Todd muttered, teetering right on the edge of a hard cum.

Vicky's device chimed so she read it. "The device said that this is our final position. I wanna cum together," she said.

"Okay," Todd muttered.

Vicky lifted his face from her neck and kissed him passionately. Their tongues whipped and twisted as their bodies rocked in a steady rhythm. Vicky nudged his ass with the heels of her sexy feet, beckoning him deeper.

"Come on...fuck me hard and put your daddy to shame," she said with a smile..

The next five minutes, he did just that...slicing through Vicky's fuck-hole until he felt like his balls could explode. "Ohhhh shit!" he whimpered, feeling his knob tingle and swell.

"Are you ready?" Vicky panted.

"Yes!"

"Me-e-e-e too!" he cute voice trembled.

Hot spunk began to pulse from Todd's peter as it continued it's thrusting assault. His Mom's body began to steadily convulse, her

bobbling sweat-soaked tits slipping and sliding against his chest. Time seemed to stand still as their joined genitals bucked and lurched together for what seemed like forever, their cum-juices mixing together.

Mother and son fought to catch their breath. Nearly two hours in the positions had left them exhausted. The wrist device displayed its final message. Vicky read it. "Mission completed. Hurry back to the compound."

Todd sighed. "A full body massage sounds nice, but I'd rather lay here with you for awhile," he admitted.

Vicky smiled, her tits pressing on his chest. "You would huh? Just lay here?"

"Well, maybe roll around on the bed and practice my kissing skills."

"Well, I'm here for you to practice on, so let's go," she said with a smile.

They kissed and embraced tightly. Their bodies rolled across the mattress, squirming, kissing and rolling some more. Before long, Todd had slipped back inside her and they were going at it again, spending the next half-hour in the heat of an intense fuck.

After their showers, Todd and the other boys had dinner. As usually they found their eyes drawn to the moms who moved about in their long sheer silk gowns and matching high-heeled mules.

Even though the boys had spent the day with their moms in the buff and fucking their sexy bodies, there was something magical about looking over and seeing all that naked flesh through the sheer fabric.

"Dude, I came so much today my fucking balls hurt," Jeff said.

"Not mine, I could fuck all night," Todd said.

"Man, you're a fucking animal, dude," Jeff joked.

"Guess that's why I'm the alpha-male huh?" Todd asked with pride.

"If you ask me, this whole alpha-male thing is bunch of bullshit. I don't know what you do when Monique comes for you at night, but if I find out your fucking my mom I'll kick your ass." Jeff said.

One of the other boys, Alex was listening in. He added his two-cents. "Don't worry, dude. There's no way our moms would fuck this chump...not with all the dick we're giving them."

"Whatever,." Todd said as he got up and walked towards the group of moms.

Todd brazenly peeled off his briefs and his big ten and three-quarter inch boner teetered up and down. The Moms eyes were all drawn towards it as the room fell silent. Todd looked down at Jeff's Mom, Michelle. His dick pointing at her lips like a big microphone.

"Wanna be first?" he asked.

"Okay," she said, as if suddenly placed in some sort of sex trance.

Michelle stood and pulled up her gown. She shucked her panties down her sexy legs, exposing her shaved pubis. Todd wrapped his arms around her and the two began to make out like newlyweds in heat.

Vicky smiled proudly as her and the other moms began to circle Todd and Michelle.

Michelle stepped out of her heels, sprung from the floor and wrapped her shapely legs around the big-dicked teen. In a matter of seconds his cock was buried to the balls and he was thrusting forcefully into the busty mom, her big heavy tits bobbling against his chest.

Jeff and Alex just stood there and stared in disbelief, along with the other boys.

Jeff watched his mom's thick ass beat against Todd's balls as their genitals smacked together repetitively. It wasn't thirty seconds and Michelle's cunt was beginning to spasm.

"Ohhh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" she screamed.

Monique came marching across the room towards the group of observing boys.

"Back to your bunk room, boys. Let's go," she said, trying to usher all of them out.

Jeff and Alex just stood there watching Jeff's mom scream and cry with pleasure as she bucked on Todd's rigid meat.

"He's fucking my mom. What the fuck?!" Jeff muttered.

Todd smiled towards them as he held the matronly beauty up off the floor. Her legs were clasped around him, her big ass bouncing wildly.

"Move, you two...OUT!" Monique shouted.

As they made for the door they watched as Michelle's legs lowered to the floor. Todd pointed at Alex's Mom, Lakisha and she walked forward, pulling up her gown.

"Not my Mom. What the fuck, man!" Alex said.

"Out...now!" Monique demanded.

The last thing Alex saw was his Mom spring from the floor, her curvy black legs wrapping around Todd.

It only took Todd about a half-hour to give all of the middle-aged beauties a strong toe-curling orgasm. The last, of course, was his

own mom, who rode him like a rodeo queen.

"That's it stud, get that pussy. Get it!" Michelle shouted as she watched Todd's rock hard phallus piston in and out of his mom's gash.

"Mmm, all these pussies cumming on that dick...that big strong dick," Lakisha said.

"Uuuunnhhgg," Vicky's scream echoed across the dining hall.

Her body began to jerk and convulse as it bobbed up and down on the glistening rod. Being surrounded by big-titted oms and having one of the hottest ones clutching you like a spider as she bounced up and down on your dong was enough to make Todd explode with pleasure.

As it sliced through Vicky's hungry fuck-pocket, Todd's cock began to spit. His peter pulsed and squirted and he could feel the sheath surrounding it tighten and contract as his mom grunted and groaned, soaking it with girl-cum.

After another half-hour of being fondled and kissed by the group of moms, Monique escorted Todd out of the dining hall. Todd watched her shapely ass sway beneath her gown as she walked him down the hallway.

"The Goddess and I were quite impressed with the way you handled yourself today," she said.

"Thanks."

"That was quite stunt you pulled back there. I have a feeling that dumping you back in your bunk room, with all those fuming boys, may not be the best idea," Monique said.

"Probably not. Where are we going then?" Todd asked.

"Well I could give you your own bunk-room, or you could come crawl into my bed with me," she said, turning to look at him.

Todd's heart raced. it was the first time he had gotten a really good look at Monique. She was a twenty-something brunette, with big brown eyes and a voluptuous figure. Her fat tits jutted out proudly beneath her gown.

"Your bed sounds nice," Todd said.

"Does it now? Think you can handle an aggressive young mom?"

"You have kids?" he asked.

"Yep, two...and a husband. They're back in New York."

"How do you get away with being here?" Todd asked.

"My husband thinks I'm a flight stewardess," she giggled.

"And you don't ever feel bad lying to him?" Todd asked.

Monique laughed, brushing the hair back off Todd's face. "Silly boy...all wives lie to their husbands. They wouldn't get to fuck big-dicked teenage studs like you if they didn't," she said.

"I suppose your right.".

"Come on...I got to watch all those moms wrap their legs around you, now it's my turn," she said, taking his hand and leading him to her chamber.

Sometime later, the lights dimmed in the corridors. There was dead silence, except for the orgasmic screams echoing along the walls.

Inside Monique's room, Todd was on top of her, plowing her cunt in the center of her bed. He gripped her warm curvy flesh, driving his hips between her splayed thighs, spearing his cock deep inside her.

Her knees were propped way back, resting near her shoulders. Her cute bare feet with red painted toenails pointed back towards the headboard, jerking from Todd's assault.

"Ahhhgghhff!" Todd growled in delight, with a mouth full of tit-meat. His tongue dug against her swollen nipple.

"Yeesss, fuck me haaarder," she cried out, her cunt already soaking his dick in fuck-oil.

The base of Todd's boner dug through the smooth stretched lips cunt. The veins and muscles jutted out obscenely as they sustained the force of the burrowing shaft. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, feeling his tender meat slide along the snug, slippery lining of her vagina.

He had fucked enough pussy now to realize that each one was unique. Sure it was just a hole, but inside that hole was a woman's inner workings and every pussy squeezed, sucked and creamed in different ways.

Monique knew just how to work her inner rings in a way that drove men wild. She flexed her pussy walls and pushed out, providing maximum resistance and greater pleasure for Todd's cock as it squeezed it's way back through. "Ohhh fuck! That feel crazy good!" the teen sighed, continuing a steady thrust.

He kissed her as he got close, their tongues twirling. She gasped, throwing her head back as his knob pushed against the pursed head of her cervix. He back out, their hips retracting, then drove forward again, stretching her uteri even further this time. "Fuuuck!!" Monique screamed, throwing her head back. Her hot juice began to sizzle around Todd's rock-hard meat.

"Fuck yeaah!" he spat out, releasing a huge rope of spunk against her back wall. He felt her inner rings squeezing and sucking on his meat, drawing out every ounce of cum.

They cradled each others bodies as they slept, Todd's face snuggled up against her soft breasts.

DAY 6

"Are you guys still pissed off at me?" Todd asked the boys at breakfast.

"It's whatever, dude. I would fuck your mom too if I had a chance," Jeff said.

"So did you sleep with them all night?" One boy asked.

"No, I slept in Monique's bed with her."

Jeff scowled at him. "I fucking hate you," he said, half-joking.

Alex was looking out a window in the room. "Why would they have a room with a window overlooking the front entrance?" he said.

"Beats me," Todd said, shrugging his shoulders.

The boys were in the room helping themself to a buffet-style breakfast. "Maybe they want us to see the porn star we're fucking today when she gets here," one boy said, making the others laugh.

"Who needs a porn star when you have moms that look like ours," Dex said.

Todd nodded in agreement. "That's a fact," he said.

One boy was still at the window. "Hey look…your bus-load of porn stars just showed up," he said.

"Yeah, right," Jeff said.

"No seriously…a bus full of women just pulled up to the doors out there," the boy said, causing the other boys to rush to the window.

The boys watched as dozens of hot middle-aged moms began to emerge from the bus. "Holy shit, look at all those moms," Alex said.

"What are they all doing here?" One boy asked.

Jeff's eyes lit up. "Look at that one in the blue top. Look how big her tits are."

"What about that one," Todd said, pointing at a thick tan mother, "hers are huge too."

They watched as the moms chatted and giggled, slowly filing inside the entrance.

"Look at the ass on that one in pink. Look how it's swaying. Holy shit!" Dex muttered, squeezing the tip of his growing erection.

"Damn…I would fuck every one of them," one of the boys confessed.

"Me too," said another.

The boys finished eating breakfast, speculating on why the women might be visiting the training center. After awhile, Monique returned to get them. "Follow me, boys," she said.

The ten lucky teens were led down to the hall of the Goddess. Their eyes about popped from their heads as they were greeted by a room packed full of moms. All of the ladies, including their own mothers, wore the same outfit; white cheeky lace boy short-style panties and sexy strapless bras. Their feet were propped in white strapless mules with five-inch stiletto heels.

The women moved to the side, so the boys could enter, whispering amongst themselves as their eyes looked the teens up and down lustfully.

"Good morning, boys. Welcome to day six," the Goddess said. Her outfit was identical to the others, but in black. "Today, as you can see, we have some guests. Not all mums are fortunate enough to have a son to bring to BSTC. Some mums have only daughters. So during each training group, we allow forty such mums to join us for a day of sexual training. Say hello, mums!"

The large group of mothers all said "hi," in unison, some giggling excitedly.

"Today we will be dividing into teams. You and your mother will be choosing four women to form a team to engage in today's activities. Boys, I would like you to form a circle in the center of the room, each facing out. Your mother will stand behind you," the Goddess said.

The boys did as instructed and the Goddess continued. "Boys, remove your briefs and stroke your erections. The visiting mothers will parade around the circle, displaying their bodies."

Their boners sprung out, fully hard for all the moms to see. Many gasped and whispered to each other as they gawked at the impressive group of erections. The thump of a sexy R&B tune filled the hall as the visiting women began to circle the boys, moving their sexy bodies to the beat of the music. "Watch them carefully, boys. In just a little while, you'll be choosing four mums to join your team."

Todd was immediately drawn to one mom in particular. It was the blonde with big tits that he had seen outside. She had a dark tan and was incredibly curvy. Her mammoth tits looked like they could pop out of her strapless bra at any moment. Her eyes were drawn to Todd's like magnets, and her luscious lips curled into a naughty smile. "You like her, don't you, sweetheart?" Vicky asked.

"Yeah, she's really pretty," Todd confessed.

The blonde paused in front of them. "Hi, I'm Lisa…and you, young man, are absolutely adorable," she said, making Vicky smile.

"Thanks," Todd blushed.

She gazed down at the long thick erection, slipping through his fist. "Wow," she said, wide- eyed.

"He gets that reaction a lot," Vicky said, making Lisa giggled.

"I bet," Lisa said, watching Todd stare at her huge bobbling cleavage. "He must like big boobs?"

"Uh-huh," Vicky said. "Good thing Mom has 'em, right?" Vicky asked her son.

"Yeah," Todd said.

"You better pick me then." Lisa said with a wink. "So I can smother you."

Another mom joined them. "Ohh my God, look at this one," she said as her and another short-haired Mother paused. Todd's eyes lingered on Lisa's for a moment as she drifted off in the circle.

"Can we feel it?" The mother asked as the two of them stared at his boner.

"Sure," Todd muttered.

The two mother's squeezed Todd's boner, their wedding rings sparkling on their fingers. They were both beautiful women, but Todd was especially drawn to one. She reminded him of the actress Carla Gugino, with short dark hair and the biggest sexiest smile he had ever seen. Best of all, she had big melon-sized breasts and smooth curvy legs. "I'm Todd," the teen muttered.

She looked up into his eyes, sharing a lustful stare. "Hi Todd, I'm Sam," she said, helping him stroke his cock. She moved in close and whispered softly. "Please pick me, ok? I want you," she said seductively, then tenderly nipped at his earlobe with her perfectly white teeth.

She felt the teen's boner throb in her hand, then slipped away with the rotating circle of moms.

"Look at that one, sweetheart," Vicky said, motioning to a tall African-American woman with long braided hair. She was stunning, with full ruby lips and alluring hazel eyes. The woman had Vicky's curvy body, big tits and all. She stood behind a few other moms, and her big melons rocked heavily beneath her bra as she moved to the beat of music.

Her eyes met Todd's and he gave her a wave. She stepped towards him along with two other moms who were drooling over Todd's cock. "Hi baby," she said.

"Hi, I'm Todd."

"Roliza," she said with a smile, then looked at Vicky. "Your Mom is beautiful."

"Thanks, so are you," Vicky said.

Roliza rubbed Todd's cheek tenderly, gazing at him. "And you, baby boy. I could eat you right up."

"I wouldn't mind," Todd said.

Even though all the moms were sexy, there was one more woman who caught Todd's eye. She was a stunning red head with fair skin. Her legs looked strong and her tits were like two large melons quivering with each step. He name was Cassie.

After more mingling and cock-stroking, the Goddess separated the visiting moms to one side of the room. "Ok boys, it's time to select mothers for your team."

One by one, the boys made their selection. Todd and Vicky were pleased that he got every mother he wanted. Lisa, Sam, Roliza and Cassie all joined Todd and his Mom at one section of the hall.

"We now have ten teams. All the mothers, please follow Monique into the next room to prepare. The boys will be along shortly," the Goddess said.

Once all the women disappeared, the Goddess spoke to the boys. "This will definitely be the most sexually demanding day you've faced so far. You'll need to pace yourselves, boys, and flex your PC muscles regularly, to increase your staying power."

After offering a few more words of advice, the Goddess had them follow her into the adjoining room. Like the hall of the Goddess, the room was quite large and lit by warm romantic candlelight. The boys jaws dropped as they filed into the room. Scattered around the space, were ten oversized heart-shaped beds, with only brilliant white top sheets and fluffy pillows. Surrounding each bed was the selected team of mothers, with the boys own mother at the forefront of each group. The women were now completely naked, their smooth sexy bodies glowing in the candlelight.

"Holy fucking hell!" Jeff muttered, taking in the sight of fifty big-titted mothers facing them.

"Now that's the most beautiful site I've ever seen," Todd said.

Standing at the base of the heart-shaped bed, Vicky smiled at him lovingly. Her hands were on her hips, with one sexy leg cocked out in front of her in a seductive pose. The other team members stood in similar fashion, their huge naked mommy-melons thrust out proudly.

"Welcome boys," Monique said, standing naked at the side of the room. "We call this room 'the hall of euphoria.' I think you can see why," she said, followed by giggles from most of the mothers.

The Goddess walked behind the boys. "This exercise is very simple. Five hours of sexual intercourse with the women of your team. Boys, you'll notice a thin device around each woman's wrist, like what your mother wore yesterday. We call these orgasmic fit bits. Much like how other devices track heart-rate or calorie burn, these devices track the number of orgasms a woman has. At the end, we'll add the number of orgasms from each team. The group with the most will spend the remainder of the afternoon on a private yacht for dinner and cruising around the island," she explained.

Vicky looked back at her team members. "Wow," she said with a smile. The other Moms looked back at her excitedly.

"We got this," Roliza said confidently..

The Goddess and Monique started to leave the room. "Remember, five hours is a marathon, not a sprint," the Goddess reminded them. "Pace yourselves, boys. This is the moment where your knowledge and skills will be put to the test."

Monique looked at Todd and winked. "Have fun," she said with a naughty smile. The doors closed behind them and the ten mothers stepped over, took theirs son's hand and led them to bed.

Ten minutes later, each bed was covered in a pile of writhing naked flesh.

"Ohhh, shit!" Todd sighed, peeking out from between Lisa's massive tits.

"Ohhh fuck yesss!" the blonde beauty cried, as she rode his cock.

"Go girl!" Roliza said, slapping Lisa's big ass, causing the woman to intensify her fuck-rhythm.

Todd licked along her jiggling inner tit-flesh, then sucked her nipple into his mouth. Her felt her soft curvy body tremble and her cunt tighten around his burrowing erection. " Uuuhhggh!" Lisa screamed, struck by an intense cum. The number "1 " lit up on her wrist device.

Grinding out her orgasm, Lisa sat up. Todd looked up at huge bobbling tit-cushions looming over him. Sam's big boobs bumped up against Lisa's as she lingered right next to them, looking down at the boy like a hungry cougar. "You want on?" Lisa asked.

"Please," Sam said hornily.

As they made the switch, Roliza leaned over the teen, her huge spongy tits dragging on his chest. She locked lips with him and spun her long tongue through his mouth. He introduced his own, and their lickers wrestled wildly in his mouth.

He felt his Mom and Cassie, give his wet boner a few strokes, then feed it into Sam's tight pussy. "Mmnnn," Todd whimpered, feeling her wet cunt sheath his cock.

Roliza broke their French kiss, but continued planting a series of wet kisses and licks on his face and neck. He suddenly felt another tongue join hers. "Mmmnnn, sweet baby boy," Lisa said softly, showering him with smooches. Their lips met in an open oval. Lisa's long thick licker lashed around Todd's own tongue, inviting it to dance.

"Yesss! Ohh, God, yess," Sam cried, her sexy body bouncing up and down on Todd's cock. The muscles in her hips flexed as she propelled her cunt along the length of his dick, her big fat mommy-melons jumping heavily on her chest.

Vicky and Cassie joined the two other mothers at his sides. The four of them now leaned over the boy, licking and kissing at his neck, face and chest, while Sam continued to bounce on his dick. Lisa's tongue was still in his mouth as they kissed hungrily. Her massive tan boobs spread out around his neck. She broke the kiss and squeezed her massive mammaries around his face, smothering him in tit-meat.

"Mmmnnff," Todd whimpered, his voice muffled by her spongy cleavage.

"Ohhh," Roliza said, stroking his chest. "He likes those big titties."

"Uh-huh," Vicky said as both her and Roliza flattened their heavy tits on his upper chest, their big stiff rubbery nipples digging into his flesh.

Todd's fat knob plunged through the slippery ridged lining of Sam's birth-canal, knocking against her cervix on every down thrust. "Ohhh fuck, baby!" she cried out. "I'm gonna cum!"

The other mothers repositioned, preparing for someone to take her place. Sam lowered her upper half, propping her arms astride Todd's head. The boy watched in awe as her fat tits swung crazily right above his face. She plowed her cunt at a frantic pace. Her pretty face contorted. "Oh my God, I'm cumming hard!" she cried out.

Todd felt her cunt spew around his cock as it sucked and pumped greedily.

She moved one arm to allow Vicky to lean over and kiss her son. Her soft warm boobs rested on his upper chest as they made out for a minute. Vicky broke the kissed and gazed adoringly. "Pull her down on you and fuck her hard. Make her cum again, baby," she said, then moved out of the way.

Todd grabbed Sam by the arm and pulled her the rest of the way down on top of him. They immediately locked lips and the teen folded his arms around her, squeezing her hot curvy body against him. He swiveled his hips on the mattress, driving his cock through her wet pussy with deep thrusts. "Mmmnnghh," Sam squealed into his mouth, their tongues twisting together.

The feel of her plump mature tits squashed against his chest was amazing. He felt her soft silky flesh quiver and she gasped, breaking the kiss and panting at his neck. "Yesss, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum again!" she cried.

Roliza leaned over them, her big dark tits hanging inches from Todd's face. He stared up at the thick swollen nipples, which protruded from huge round areola. Roliza's pretty face hovered just beyond, her tight braided hair hanging down. "Get it, baby. Get that hot pussy!" she said seductively.

From every part of the large room came the cries and whimpers of horny mothers, having their pussies eaten or fucked to orgasm.

Cassie stretched out on her back, wiggling her full ass cheeks into a comfortable position. Her long red hair was spread out on the mattress. She stared hungrily at Todd's hard-on, lifting her legs and spreading her thick thighs as far apart as she could.

Todd positioned himself between her splayed thighs, supporting his torso on outstretched arms. He looked down to watch his bulbous knob nudge into her cuntal vestibule..

"Oh, God, yes, fuck me pleeease!" Cassie said, wrapping her legs tightly around his waist, pulling him down so that her enormous alabaster tits flattened under his chest.

Todd sighed as he speared his cock deep into her cunt and held it there as she clung to him. Cassie squirmed hornily beneath him, rocking her pelvis. He reached behind her and grasped her

shoulders, staying buried as deep as he could, crushing his cock against her uteri as she writhed beneath him. She threw her head back; the muscles in her neck straining as she let out an orgasmic shriek.

Todd set his hips in motion, pounding her pussy with steady thrusts. He continued to clutch her by the shoulders, feeling her heavy tits slosh between them.

"Yeah, fuck her, baby boy!" Lisa shouted.

He extended his arms, raising his upper body while continuing steady fuck-thrusts. His fingers sunk into the supple flesh of her breasts and milk began to trickle through his fingers. "Holy shit,"

he sighed, watching the liquid run off the sides of her boobs.

Cassie giggled. "Sorry, I just gave birth a month ago," she said.

"I don't mind," Todd said. He let her breasts go and sat up while continuing to fuck her cunt. He loved the way their humping motions made her big fleshy boobs roll up and down on her chest. Her nipples were thick and swollen, the surrounding areola dotted with milk-glans.

"Do you wanna suck on them while we fuck?" she asked sweetly.

"Baby want milk?" Roliza teased, making the other four Moms laugh.

"Hell yeah," the teen said, then lowered himself down and pressed his face into one of her pillowy jugs, latching on to her nipple.

Milk flowed plentifully into Todd's mouth as he sucked like a baby. "Mmmmm," the teen muttered, his face masked in creamy tit-meat. His cock flexed, plunging through the hot tight grip of her experienced pussy. Her strong legs clung to him as he bucked between her thighs. Todd felt a rush of excitement surge through

him. The fact that Cassie had a newborn, that was probably home with her husband at that very moment was a huge rush.

He gripped her meaty ass and fucked hard and fast, whipping his tongue on the milk-soaked nub of her nipple. "Ohhh yess, keep fucking me hard. I'm cumming!" she cried out.

Todd obliged, ramming his cock through her slippery cunt-tube. He felt it shrink up around his meat, then begin to soak him in hot girl-juice. She shrieked and whimpered as their naked bodies beat together.

Roliza's face was there to meet Todd's as Cassie's nipple popped from his mouth. She fed him a few sensual kisses, moving backwards, beckoning him to follow her. He did, his glistening erection sliding from Cassie's cunt and wagging as he crawled towards beauty. She moved onto her hands and knees, her big black milkers rocking back and forth as they hung heavily from her chest.

She cocked her big ass back and wagged it invitingly. Todd crawled up behind her, mounting her haunches. He grasped his erection and plowed it through her gooey slit and jutting clitoris before splitting her quim. "Ohhh, baby," she shouted, tossing her ass back.

Todd grasped her hips and thrust his meaty pecker, fucking her doggy-style. Roliza's thick half- globes rippled as the beat against Todd's midsection. "Ohhh yeah," he sighed, feeling his cock throb as it sliced through the pink muscled walls of her vagina.

"Ooohh, shit," the Mother moaned, as she felt his hard meat slip back and forth across her inner nerve-endings. She swung her buns back to meet his thrusts, her big dangling breasts juddering off her chest.

The other women surrounded the teen, kissing, licking and clawing at his body.

Roliza's moans got progressively louder. "Ohh...ohhh...OHHH, SHIT," she cried out, her lush body trembling from a hard cum as Todd's cock pounded through her cunt.

His hard peter popped from her pussy, soaked in her juices. Still on his knees, he found himself surrounded by the other four women, each letting out horny whimpers as they rubbed their tits against him. He French-kissed each of them in turn, feeling their big warm jugs press up against him.

Lisa pulled him towards her and she rolled onto her back, her massive rack swinging off the sides of her chest. The super-curvy blonde brought her knees way back, bowing open her smooth tan thighs. Todd's heart pounded excitedly as he looked at the shaved V of her pudendum.

"Fuck her baby!" Vicky said with a smile.

Todd moved down between her legs, positioning his loins in the comfort of her soft saddle. He slipped his dick inside her, then brought his body down on hers, sinking in to all that soft mommy-flesh. "Ohhhyesss!" the gorgeous mother hissed, feeling his thick cock squeeze through the tight gripping tube of her pussy.

Todd also gasped as he felt her strong motherly legs wrap around him, clutching him between her wide-spread thighs. Lisa bounced her buns off the bed hornily, screwing her cunt up around Todd's big dick.

"Yess, fuck me hard!" she cried.

Todd obliged, thrusting his erection in and out from knob to balls. Lisa's cunt squeezed and throbbed, milking his rock-hard meat as it thundered through her. "Uuuunnhhgg," she screamed, overcome by a toe-curling orgasm.

"Ohhh shit!" the teen muttered, flexing his PC muscle. Her tight spewing cunt was making his knob tingle with pleasure. "Ohhh God, it feels so fucking good," he moaned, reaching down and gripping on to her big ass-cheeks as he continued fucking.

"Fuck meeee," Lisa cried, throwing her legs back spread-eagle. Todd fucked like a sex-hungry animal, pounding his cock in so deep and hard it was like he was trying to carve a tunnel into her womb. Her muscled inner lining gripped his meat tight, her vaginal glands soaking his boner in a hot lubricating juice.

"Hhhhuuhh, fuck!" Todd shouted, trying to hold the cum back. The muscled in his lean ass flexed and strained as they helped propel his hard prick deep into Lisa's cunt.

Her tan flesh rippled and her back arched from the bed, her pretty face contorting through a web of blonde hair. Todd held onto her, their genitals smacking together. He held her legs propped back as he continued his assault. "Uuuunnhhggyeess!" the busty mother screamed, squirting hot girl-cum on Todd's cock.

Todd raised his torso, breathing excitedly as he flexed his PC muscle the best he could. Lisa pulled him back down on top of her, locking her strong legs back around him. "Mooore!" her voice quivered.

Todd flexed his dick and speared it to her back wall, crushing his knob against her cervix. He slid his arms under her, locking them around her sweaty back. Their bodies rocked and jerked violently, shaking the huge bed.

"Damn!" Roliza said, as the four women watched in awe. It was incredibly intense, as if both Lisa and Todd were trying to somehow squeeze his entire body into hers.

Sam's eyes got big as she watched. "Oh my God," she said with a giggle.

Their movements seemed almost inhuman, like two animals engaged in a desperate rut. "Fuuuck," Todd cried out, as he felt her cunt pull out a rope of hot cum. The writhing Mother let out a primitive growl,

her big horny tits heaving up against the teen as he blasted two more jets of cum out his piss-hole. "Uuhhhh," Todd groaned, soaking her cervix with thick creamy baby-batter.

The other women stroked his body as Lisa milked his erection, squeezing her cunt and pulling out every drop of cum.

Most of the boys had already cum once. Like all of them, Todd watched his team of mothers take turns sucking his cock back to full hardness.

More fucking quickly ensued, with the women requesting various positions. Once in awhile, Vicky would take a turn. She smiled down at her boy as she rode his cock. Leaned over, she could see him gazing up at her big swinging titties lustfully.

"Sorry that mine aren't dripping with milk like Cassie's," she said teasingly.

"That's ok, although that would be super-awesome if they were," Todd said.

"Super-awesome huh?" she said with a giggle. "Well first I'd need to be super-pregnant."

"Want me to take care of that for you?" Todd half-joked, making the moms laugh as they sat around him.

"How do you know you haven't already?" she said with a teasing smile.

"True that," Lisa said, "his army of swimmers could be raping our eggs as we speak."

"You'd like that wouldn't you, baby," Vicky asked her son. "A sexy pregnant mommy waddling around the house."

Roliza crawled over him, letting her big black jugs dangle above his face. "Teasing you with her big milk-filled titties," she added.

Cassie and Linda joined her, letting their bobbling hooters hover over his face. Linda gazed at him lustfully. "She could press her big round baby-ball up against you and letting you squirt your hot cum all over it."

"Ohhh damn," Todd muttered, delighted by their hot words. He felt his mom squeeze his cock with her cunt-muscles as she continued grinding on him.

Sam joined them too, so he now had fours sets of tits squeezed together lingering over his face. "Who knows…she might just let you fuck her pregnant pussy when your dad's not around," Sam said.

Todd's heart pounded excitedly, both from their words and the big wobbling tit-cloud above him. Cassie lowered her milk-filled boobs and let them drag heavily across the teen's face. "You could fuck her pussy and suck on her big swollen breasts," she said.

The soft spongy underside of one of her boobs drug across his face until his lips were met by her fat wet nipple. He gobbled up a huge mouthful of tit and sucked greedily. A warm shower of squirting milk washed across his lapping tongue.

Soon after, she pulled her tit from his mouth and the nipple was still dripping. All four women lowered their jiggling jugs and rocked them back and forth against his face. It was a big-tit lovers dream. "Would

you like to get your mommy pregnant, baby?" Lisa asked. "Her belly can get big and round with the fruit of your nut."

"Yeah," Todd sighed, kissing the smooth soft contour of Lisa's side-boob.

For the next ten minutes, while Vicky rode his dick, Todd enjoyed four sets and dangling tits. He licked, pulled and chewed at their nipples and areola, savoring the feel of their heavy, squishy boob-flesh plastered over his entire face.

The Mothers suddenly rose up and Vicky lowered herself down onto her boy, her own big boobies squashed between them. She began to fuck her cunt on his cock with desperate intensity, showering him with wet kisses. She brought her lips to his ear. "Fuck a baby into me!" she said passionately, squeezing his cock with her strong mature cunt muscles.

"Ohhh, damn!" Todd gasped, feeling his glans slip along ribbed lining of her cunt-tube.

"Uuuunnhhgg," Vicky cried, her big tit-melons quaking between them. Her cum squirted out of her urethra, all over the meat of Todd's dick, dripping off his nuts.

"Ohhh, fuck, mom, I'm gonna nut off!" he cried out. The sensations on his penis were just too much.

Vicky rested her forehead against his, gazing and panting lustfully. "Were you serious about wanting me pregnant?" she asked quickly.

"Yesss," he muttered, edging on the brink of a huge cum.

Vicky plunged his cock deep into her cunt, then tilted her pelvis slightly. Todd felt the soft pursed lips of her cervical ring. "I'm gonna cum!" Todd muttered, so Vicky bore down as hard as she could. His

swollen knob dug in between the head of her cervix, sinking into a layer of hot mucus. "Cum right there!" she cried out.

Todd's purple knob swelled suddenly against the wet ring surrounding it. "Uhhhh!" he grunted as a huge jet of thick creamy jizz erupted from his cock, spattering along the back of Vicky's cunt. Inside her cervix, a cloud of sperm exploded through, releasing millions of tadpoles.

He humped and came, and humped and came some more. The lucky teen felt like he squirted a gallon of cum inside her.

"Congratulation to team Vicky and Todd," the Goddess announced later. "Their team had a total of sixty-two orgasms. In fact, that's an all time high at BSTC, breaking the previous record of fifty-nine."

All the moms and sons clapped, showing good sportsmanship.

After a hot shower, Todd was the first one to the yacht, which was located in a small ocean inlet and tied to a dock. boat captain waved and gave the boy a friendly smile.

The five moms arrived shortly thereafter, all wearing sexy bikinis. Upon seeing them, the boat captain fed Todd a big smile and a thumbs-up.

They set off out into the ocean, following near the edge of the tropical island. The five mothers laughed and joked, marveling at the beauty around them. The captain anchored the craft over a sandbar, not far from shore. The sexy mothers dove gracefully into the turquoise water for a swim.

Todd did a cannon ball near his mom, spraying her with water. She screamed playfully and swam towards him. "Brat! Get over here," she said.

He tried to swim away, but Linda clutched onto him. "Where do you think you're going, young man?" she said, squashing her bikini-clad boobs against his back.

Vicky swam over and wrapped her arms around him, pressing her boobs against his bare chest. "You're lucky you're cute," Vicky said, holding onto him as she wrapped her legs around him.

Todd was nearly up to his neck in water, but could stand on the sandy bottom, supporting his mom's weight. Linda stacked her legs on top of Vicky's, clutching on to the teen as she wrapped her strong legs around him from behind.

"Kiss me, you naughty boy," Vicky said, tilting her head and locking lips with him. Their tongues danced, their lips fused in an open oval.

When they finally broke the kiss, Lisa turned Todd's head. "My turn," she whispered. Her and Todd kissed like horny newlyweds, their tongues whipping together.

"Hey, we want some," Sam said, as the other three moms swam over.

"Come join us, girls," Vicky said, then buried her face on Todd's neck, kissing and licking at his tender flesh.

The other girls took position around the teen, squeezing their fatty tits up against him. Under the water, Todd's lean frame was wrapped in a knot of sexy arms and legs. Somehow, all the women were able to get his body squeezed between their thighs. He made out with one mother, then moved on to another. There were three hands in his trunks, fondling his balls and his hard prick.

Strong mature tongues whipped at his neck, long nails stroked at his lean chest. He was sandwiched between five sets of enormous bikini clad jugs, feeling the pillowy flesh squash against him from every direction. Life truly couldn't get any better, but then it did.

"Let's get this hunk back to the yacht, " Vicky said.

A huge king-sized bed filled the cabin of the boat. Vicky led her son by the hand down into the cabin. The other mothers followed. "Let's get his trunks off," Vicky said. Sam and Linda were quick to help the mother shed Todd's trunks. His big boner sprung out, wagging obscenely.

"Mmm, yummy," Linda said, gazing at the enormous boner as she unfastened her bikini top, making her big stiff-nippled tits spring free.

"Mmm-mmm, you got that right, girl," Roliza said, releasing her big black knockers from her bikini.

Todd stroked his boner as he watched the gorgeous, still damp, mothers shamelessly strip out of their bikinis. His eyes traveled from their big bobbling boobs, to their jiggled asses, then to their shaved

vulvas. Roliza stepped towards him seductively, her strong smooth legs moving her fluidly. Her big dark milkers slightly rocked as she stepped up to the teen and planted a soft kiss.

"You want some chocolate pudding, baby?"

"Sure," Todd said with a smile.

"We were told that they train you boys to fuck a woman standing up, is that true?"

"Definitely true," Vicky said, standing naked nearby. The other moms giggled.

"Hey Sam, when was the last time your husband fucked you standing up?" Roliza asked.

"Oh my God, it's been years," Sam said.

"My husband, has never fucked me standing up," Cassie said with an exaggerated pout.

Roliza looked Todd in the eyes. "You hear that, baby. You gotta skill a woman craves. You ready?"

Todd nodded eagerly. "Yeah," he said.

Roliza wrapped her arms around his neck, then sprung from the floor. She coiled her legs around him, then reached back to slip his dick in. Todd pinned her against the wall, then punched his dick up through her hot cunt.

"Ohhh, shit!" Roliza whimpered. Todd held her up by her thick thighs, his buttocks humping at a rapid pace. Her big milk-cannons sloshed against his chest as he fucked her to orgasm.

Cassie was sort of the shy one of the group, but she wanted fucked this way, so she stepped forward. "Can I go next?" she asked sweetly.

"Go for it girl," Linda said.

She stepped towards Todd, staring down at his big wagging erection. Todd's eyes locked on to the red head's boobs. Her swollen alabaster tits wobbled heavily as she stepped towards him. Her cunt was shaved bare and the teen could see the fat hood of her clitoris protruding from the flesh of thick labial meat. He smiled to himself, knowing that pussy-flesh would soon be stretched around the thick root of his dick.

She grasped his shoulder, then sprung from the floor, wrapping her silky-smooth mommy-legs around him. Todd carried her over to the wall. She stared down at him like a virgin cheerleader about to get dicked by a porn star.

She reached back, clutched his big boner and fed it inside her cunt. Todd sighed as he was sheathed in hot horny pussy. "I'm gonna fuck you really hard, so hold on to me," he told her.

Cassie clutched onto him. He dug his fingers into her ass and set his hips in motion, fucking her with deep powerful thrusts. The mother's curvy body trembled from their heated fuck-rhythm. "Yeesss, ohh my God, I love this!" she cried out, clinging to the well-practiced teen, her leaking tits flattened against his chest.

"Yess, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yeeesss! Uuuunnhhgg," she screamed, her body trembling with pleasure as she clung to Todd as tightly as she could.

For Todd, it was a huge rush holding this grown woman up off the floor. A woman with kids and a husband who had no idea she was getting fucked by some cute, well hung guy on a yacht. "Ohhh shit!" Todd sighed, feeling her strong mature pussy, that had just squeezed out a baby a month ago, tighten and contract around his unyielding hardon.

Next, it was Linda's turn. She clutched at his ass as he pinned her against the wall, spearing his cock in and out. The flesh of her super-curvy body shuttered on impact, every time he knocked at the back of her cunt. "Yesssohhhh, fuuuuck!" she cried out as her pussy squirted all over Todd's dick.

Sam too was in pure heaven as she clung to the hot-bodied teen. "Ohhh my God, I love it this way!" she shouted, creaming on his cock. After a few minutes, Todd walked over and tossed her onto the big bed. Sam let out a little scream, then giggled as she watched him climb on to the bed after her. "I wanna fuck your ass," Todd said.

The busty Mother looked back at him excitedly. "How do you want me?"

"Get your ass in the air, point it back at me," Todd said, waiting their on his knees, stroking the tip of his dick.

Sam wasted no time flipping over, rising onto her hands and knees, then pointing her meaty ass back at him. He wet his cock with her cunt-slit, then squeezed his knob inside the ring of her asshole. "Ohhh God, yesss, fuck my ass!" she cried.

Her meaty globes beat against his midsection as he slipped his cock through the soft grip of her ass-tract. "Ohh fuck!" he shouted as his knob tingled with pleasure.

"Better squeeze that shit off, baby. I want you in my ass too," Roliza said.

Minutes later, she got her wish. Todd was on his back and Roliza was straddling him with his cock shoved up her asshole. She humped her big juicy ass up and down, squeezing the young hard cock with her ass-muscles. "Ohhh yeahh," Todd sighed, feeling her slippery ass-tube clutch and hump his cock.

"That's right baby, deep in that fucking ass," she said, keeping a steady butt-humping pace.

Her big black melons swung heavily around Todd's face, softly brushing against him. He raised his head further up in between her rocking tits, kissing and licking the inside of one of her boobs, making his way up to her breastbone and kissing it also.

Roliza pressed the sides of her breasts with her arms, smothering his entire head between her massive mammaries. His cock flexed excitedly. She squeezed her shit-muscles in response. Todd's voice gave off and excited muffled whimper. "Ooohhfuck."

"Ohhh yeah, baby, I feel that shit throbbing. Gimme that fucking nut, come on," Roliza said.

The stretched ring of her asshole sucked up and down the hard cylinder of meat as it sunk in and out of the hot slippery grip of her rectum. The other Mother's watched, their butt-holes throbbing with anticipation.

Todd's head was wedged between her jiggling boobs, turned slightly sideways with his face sunk into the dough-like softness of her tit-meat. "Ohhhhh!" he whimpered, feeling his knob tingle with uncontrollable pleasure.

"Come on, baby, pour it into my ass. Let Momma Roliza pop that nut, baby boy."

"Uhhhhhh!" Todd cried out, arching his chest from the bed as big huge ropes of cum splattered the inside of Roliza's ass. "Uuuhhfuuuck!" Todd whimpered, pressing his face even deeper into her squishy boob. The black mother continued to slip her asshole up and down his hard dong, milking ever drop of cum.

A little later, back at the compound, the mother's said good night to Todd, one at a time. The other mothers waited patiently, while Cassie went first. Her and Todd were a little ways away holding each other. All the moms were back in their bikinis.

"I had fun today," Cassie whispered, gazing into his eyes.

"Me too," Todd said.

"My breasts are so full. I could pump, or we could find a private spot later and I could nurse you," she said, smiling through the curtain of silky red hair.

"Your tits are amazing. I could spend all night sucking them."

Cassie's clitoris tingled, her big rubbery nipples throbbed as she sighed, staring at Todd like an excited girl in love. "Oh my God," she said stroking his cheek.

"I better go for tonight."

"Ok," Cassie said, moving in for a passionate kiss. She rubbed her tits on him as they shared a few more wet kisses. "Goodnight, handsome," she said.

"Goodnight," Todd said, watching her bikini-clad ass sway seductively as she left.

Sam was next, stepping up and hugging him. She gazed adoringly. "I know you're only eighteen and I'm thirty-nine, but I want you to know that I'd ditch my husband in a second to be with you," she confessed.

"Do you have a bad marriage?"

"No, I have a great marriage. My husband is kind and he works hard. There's nothing he wouldn't do for me," she said, staring into Todd's eyes. "But he's not you," she said. "You could pleasure me in ways that he never ever could," she said.

Sam planted a series of wet kisses, then pulled him against her squishy boobs. Todd could see her trembling with horniness. "I want you," she whispered.

"I know, but I better go ok," Todd said.

"You have my number. If you're ever in Dayton, Ohio, you better call me," she said.

"I will. I promise."

She planted a soft sensual, dreamy-eyed kiss.

Roliza walked over and held him. "My husband isn't bad in bed, but if you ever want more of that chocolate pudding, momma Roliza will come running," she said.

Todd smiled. "Thanks, momma," he said.

She winked then walked off.

Linda stepped over and they embraced. "I have a daughter a little older than you. You'd love her. She's just like her mother. Blonde, big boobs, big ass. She would flip the fuck out over you, but it would never work out," Linda said.

"Why's that?"

"Because if you lived in San Diego you'd be mine, not hers," Lisa said, making them giggle.

"Not sure your husband would be too happy about that."

"Real women don't let their husband stand in the way of getting what they want."

"And what is it you want?" Todd asked.

"You....your cock....your babies," she whispered.

"Wow," Todd muttered.

"What?" she said with giggle. "Oh come on, don't tell me you wouldn't wanna see this girl big and pregnant. Imagine these big boobs all swollen with milk. I'd absolutely smother you."

"I don't doubt that," Todd said.

Linda came back down to reality. "Tell you what…when I do get pregnant again, I'm gonna wait until I'm nine months along, then I'm gonna buy you a plane ticket to San Diego. You can spend a wonderful weekend fucking and sucking a hot pregnant mom. Deal?"

"Deal," Todd said.

They kissed passionately, like lovers about to embark on their own long journey. "Bye, sexy," she said.

"Bye," Todd muttered.

Vicky came over and embraced her son, just as the other mothers did. "How's it feel to have so many hot moms lusting after you?" she asked.

"Pretty good I guess, but none of those ladies are as hot as you," Todd said.

"That's the second time you've said that. Better be careful…next time I might believe you."

"It's true."

"Hm, kiss me you charmer," she said.

"Gladly," he said. They shared a good five-minutes worth of slow passionate smooching.

Day 7

"How was breakfast, boys," Monique asked as she arrived to get them the next morning. "Good," most answered.

"If you follow me, we'll join your mothers in the hall of the Goddess."

They all followed her out into the corridor. "Not you, Todd," Monique said as she stopped. "Keep going, boys. I'll catch up," she said to the others.

Monique stepped over to Todd. "Making quite the impression here at BSTC, Todd."

"Thanks."

"Winning most of the contests, making all the mothers, including me, beg for that big cock of yours. Such a reputation was bound to peak the interest of a certain person," Monique said.

"A certain person?"

Monique pointed down the corridor going the opposite way. "You'll be going that way," she said, then sashayed away to catch up with the group. "Have fun," she said.

Todd walked along the corridor, which seemed to go on forever. Finally, a figure emerged from the shadows ahead. It was the Goddess. She was completely nude, except for her five-inch dainty heels, which clicked against the hard floor.

15: BSTC_4

She looked at Todd for a moment, then turned and walked in the same direction he was, only a short distance ahead.. She had a thick succulent ass. The teen watched her meaty cheeks sway from side to side provocatively. "It seems that every training period there's a student that catches my eye," she said, her sexy heels clicking daintily on the hard surface. "A student with exceptional size and skill."

Up near the Goddess, another women emerged from the shadows of the corridor. It was Vicky. She was naked also and wore the same sexy heels as the ones the Goddess was wearing. She flashed her son a smile, then walked side-by-side with the Goddess. The site of two meaty asses undulating atop their strong gorgeous legs stiffened Todd's cock right up.

The Goddess glanced back as they approached a doorway. "For six days I focus on my pupils, making sure they have a grasp on sex, both in theory and in practice," she said, then stopped at the door, her huge stiff-nippled tits hanging heavily on her chest. "But on the seventh day, well…that's MY day to fuck."

Todd caught up to them as they waited by the doorway. The Goddess's eyes traveled up and down his lean body. "Sex with me can be quite intimidating to some, but you strike me as someone who might be up for the challenge. So you and your mother can either go back to the Hall of the Goddess and join the other couples, or you can come inside my room and demonstrate what a true cocksman you've become."

Todd was proud of himself. He knew he'd come a long way sexually. He had a really big dick and now he had the skills to use it. He decided to approach the situation in a way that the Goddess probably least expected.

"Why don't I just start demonstrating right now," he said, pulling off his briefs. His big meaty erection wagged lewdly.

Vicky and the Goddess smiled in surprise as the teen peeled off his shirt, getting completely naked. He stepped over to her and put his hand on her shoulder, pushing her down to her knees. "Suck it," he said.

The Goddess smiled mischievously, then lowered her mouth over his dick, giving it a few deep sucks. She clutched it at the base and lashed her long pierced tongue across his bulbous knob. While the Goddess sucked, Todd held out his hand, then pulled his mom to him. He kissed her long and deep, squeezing her big tits roughly. "Lick my ass," he said to Vicky.

The hot Mom obeyed without hesitation. She pressed her face between her son's ass-cheeks and whipped her tongue across his asshole, while the Goddess greedily sucked his cock, her head bobbing up and back like a pro.

She deep throated him with ease, her lips spread out along the base of his shaft. She withdrew his prick from her mouth, then sunk her circled lips again to his cock-hilt. Todd grabbed her head and held it there. Then he thrust his hips, fucking his cock deep into her throat "ohhh, hot-damn," he sighed, enjoys the sensation of having his dick sucked and ass licked at the same time.

After about five minutes, he pulled his cock out of the Goddess's mouth. "Switch spots," he said. Now it was Vicky's turn to suck her son's cock. She jacked his prick slow as she ran her lips and tongue up the knob and shaft, planting wet kisses on his boner.

Wet slurping sounds filled corridor as the horny mother began the suck her son's huge hard cock. Up and back her head bobbed, fucking his boner down into her throat with every forward plunge. "Ohhh shit, yeah, mom," he moaned.

The Goddess dug her experienced licker back and forth across Todd's butthole, rimming his ass and sending warm tingles through his youthful body.

Todd held the back of his mom's head, gently thrusting his hips and using her mouth like a pussy. "Ohhh damn, that feels good," he whimpered.

The Mothers worked their magic for several minutes before the Goddess stood up and made a move of her own, pulling him into her room. She kicked off her heels and crawled back on to her big bed, her heavy boobs flopping as she scissored her curvy legs high in the air. "Come fuck me," she said.

Todd took a second to admire her amazing spread. Her strong smooth legs were propped back in a wide V, her sexy bare feet pointed back. The excited teen crawled onto the bed and down between her legs. Slowly, he rubbed his juicy knob up and down the slit of her pussy, teasing her by plowing it across her swollen clit. "Ohh, yess, just like that you naughty little fuck," she whimpered, feeling her nipples harden.

He fed his cock inside her shaved snatch, leaning forward and supported his weight on his outstretched arms, so he could watch the Goddess's pretty face as he squeezed his prick-meat deep inside her. "Ohhh damn," he whimpered, surprised at how tight she was.

"Yesss," she hissed, spreading her long legs back as far they would go and wiggling her ass beneath him as she opened her cunt for more of his prick. "Come on, fuck me. Gimme all your hard cock," she cried.

Todd thrust his erection through the tight grip of her birthing tube, watching her huge tit-melons shake and jiggle as he fed her his prick. She pulled him down on top of her. "Harder! Fuck me like a whore," she cried.

"Fuck her hard baby," Vicky said, sitting at the edge of the bed watching.

Todd gripped on to her warm curvy body, driving his cock in and out with savage thrusts. She tossed her legs around him, scissoring her ankles together high on his back. The Goddess humped her ass off the cushion, pumping her pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of his prick. "Yesss, just like that. Fuck meeee!"

He let his weight press against her, flattening her huge alabaster tits beneath his toned chest. He rested his head between her neck and shoulder, squeezing her warm flesh. Hard and fast his ass moved, driving his spear through the tight sheath of her cunt. The Goddess gasped as she felt the rhythmic force of his fuck thrusts. "Haaarder!" she cried out, clawing at his ass. "Fuck the shit out of meeee!" she cried out hornily.

"Fuck yeeaahh!" the teen reacted excitedly. His pussy-thrusts became more and more violent, driving his prick savagely through the gurgling sheath of her cunt tunnel. His cock was really boring into her, sinking to her womb with every pump of his hips.

She writhed beneath him, clutching his lean frame as it humped on top of her. She slapped his ass. "Come on, boy! You want my fucking cum, you earn it, you horny fuck!"

Todd reached down and cupped her frantically bouncing ass. He fucked her tight pussy as hard as he could, groaning as the slippery pussy muscles squeezed and sucked at his wet cock. "Ohhh shit," he sighed, quickly flexing his PC muscle to keep from cumming.

"Faasster!! Haaarder!" the Goddess squealed, her big tits sloshing between them. She arched her head back as the heat built deep inside her cock-stuffed pussy. She let loose a loud mommy-cry "Uuuhhgghfuckincumming!"

Her cunt tightened and squirted hot juice around his Todd's prick. The teen fucked her straight through her orgasm, his boner digging through the hot slippery grip of her cunt.

Vicky was sprawled out on her side observing with one big tit stacked on top of the other. "Mmmm, you two are fun to watch," she said.

"Why don't we see how good he is at multitasking," the Goddess said, nudging him off of her. "I'll ride his cock, you straddle his face."

Todd was now on his back . The Goddess placed her knees astride him, straddling his loins. She grasped his big dick and squeezed it back into her coral gash.

Vicky took the same position as the Goddess, but on her son's face. Todd whimpered, digging his tongue through her fleshy cunt slit. He sucked her fat clit into his mouth, making his mother gasp.

The Goddess bounced on his dick, driving it all the way to the back of her pussy.

"Eeeeee," Vicky squealed with delight, squeezing her own tits as her thighs clamped around Todd's head. He laved his tongue back and forth against the thick fleshy nub of her clitoris making her pussy

tingle. It finally became too much and she slid off of him. "Shit, baby, you trying to make me squirt all over your face," she said with a flushed giggle.

"I wouldn't mind."

"Ok, but you've been warned," the busty mother said, climbing back on him.

Todd ate her pussy delightfully. The sweet smell of her wet juicy cunt was intoxicating.

The Goddess glided her strong mature hips, stirring the boy's cock inside the tight sheath of her cunt. Her breathing became heavier, her humping motions became more rapid and intense. "Ohhh my God, what a fucking cock," she whimpered, on the verge of a hot orgasm.

"Uuuhhggh!" Vicky cried out, her big jugs heaving and wobbling. Her eyes suddenly rolled back in their sockets, her body doing a cute little contortion. She let loose a grunting cry. "Ohhh fuuuuck!"

"Uuuhhggh, I'm fucking cuuuumming!!" the Goddess cried out, hot girl-cum burbling out of her cunt-slot, soaking Todd's boner.

Todd's smothered face was soaked with hot juice as it gushed from Vicky's quivering pussy.

The two mothers laid against him, getting as much of their soft tits on his chest as they could while kissing and stroking him for the next half-hour.

The final night of the program was the BSTC Ball, which consisted of a formal dinner and dancing. The boys were given fancy tuxedos to wear, making them feel like a million bucks. Todd and Jeff waited at the base of a stairway, which led up the mothers private quarters. Finally, they heard the click of their dainty heels and Vicky and Michelle descended the stairway towards their teens.

"Hot damn," Jeff said as he caught sight of them.

Todd was simply speechless as he watched his gorgeous mother move towards him. Vicky wore a beautiful black maxi dress,

featuring a plunging neckline, which left lots of creamy cleavage exposed. The dress also had a sexy high slit, from the bottom to the hip, allowing her to show off most of her strong silky-smooth legs. Her pretty feet were displayed in five-inch heels that complemented the rest of her outfit.

Michelle's outfit was equally stunning. It was a gray, long-sleeve plunge dress that fell just below the ass and mounded around her motherly curves. Like Vicky's dress, this one had a plunging neckline, cut nearly to her navel, leaving a good portion of her braless tits exposed. Like Vicky, she wore dainty heels, just a thin gray strap crossing her pretty painted toes.

"My oh my, check out our sexy dates," Michelle said.

"Hot and hunky," Vicky said, planting a sensual kiss on her son's lips.

The boys led their sexy mothers, arm in arm to the dining room, for a romantic candlelight dinner. Like the other couples, Todd and Vicky sat close to each other, often gazing lustfully into one another's eyes.

Following the meal, they moved to a room that was set up for drinking and dancing. Of course the boys were too young to partake of the booze, but the mothers didn't shy away from keeping a cocktail in their hand. The room had a lively dance-club feel, with flashy lighting and loud techno dance music.

All ten mothers took to the floor, dancing provocatively to the deafening beat.

"Woooooo!" Michelle screamed, holding her drink up, while thrusting her heavy tits to the beat.

"Yeeeeaaahhhh! Let's go, boys!" Morgan shouted.

"Come on, dude, let's go grind against some ass," Jeff said with a laugh, pulling Todd out onto dance floor. It wasn't a huge space, but just big enough to pack ten moms and sons into.

The boys squeezed up behind their moms, pressing themselves against their soft gyrating bodies. Vicky pressed her swiveling ass back against Todd's hardening cock and they moved together to the beat.

Michelle did the same, smothering her son's bulge with her swaying buttocks. Already a little tipsy from dinner drinks, the two hot moms danced close to each other, their huge protruding tits brushing together. They thrusts their chests to the beat, their large jiggling melons rocking up and down.

The boys held their motherly hips, digging their pricks against Vicky and Michelle's asses. The four of them were packed so close together, swaying and grinding, that it felt as they were all part of the same flesh.

Michelle peeked back at her son. "How does that feel on those dicks, boys?" she asked, her voice barely heard over the loud music.

"Amazing!" Jeff shouted back.

Vicky peeked back at Todd and smiled, their eyes gazing together for a long moment.

Morgan squeezed over next to Todd, brushing her big tits against him. "Heeey, girls," she shouted to Vicky and Michelle.

"Heeey," they answered back.

More moms gathered around them, seeming determined to rub their big tits against Todd. The lights flashed wildly. The teen clung to Vicky's ass, letting it grind on his groin. Everywhere he looked moms

had their arms in the air, thrusting their upper torsos to the beat, making their huge half-exposed jugs bounce heavily up and down.

Jeff smiled over at him as dancing moms squeezed all around them. "Daaamn dude," he said with a big grin.

Todd felt Morgan's hand go through the buttons of his shirt, clawing at his chest. He looked down to see her smiling at him mischievously. She rocked her wide hips to the beat, thrusting her big chest. Her dress had a scooping neckline, leaving a massive cleavage exposed. The lucky teen stared at the creamy mounds of flesh, watching them joggle up and down.

Moving to the deafening beat, Vicky glanced back at Morgan jealously. She took Todd's hands, which were still on her hips, and pulled him up around her. Her back was against his chest so the teen could look over her shoulder and watch her boobs move about.

Morgan continued to cling to him, pressing herself up behind him. Todd felt her jiggling tit-cushions against his back as she continued to stroke his chest.

Vicky loved the feel of her son's thick hard trouser-snake digging through the crack of her ass. She tilted her head back and kissed him tenderly. Their tongues met for a moment and played against each other. "No fair, I want some," Morgan said, watching over Todd's shoulder. Vicky smiled back at her. "I know, aren't those kisses irresistible?" she shouted.

"Very,' Morgan said tilting her head for a kiss. Todd's head turned and their lips smacked together tenderly. Morgan's tongue slithered into his mouth and wiggled with his for a minute.

When he looked back over his Mom's shoulder, he noticed Jeff was gone, but Michelle was still dancing. Her and Vicky were chest to chest, their huge bouncing milkers bumping and pressing together. "Where did he go?" Todd shouted as she looked at him.

Michelle scowled. "He wimped out," she said.

"Oh."

"I saw you were giving away kisses," she shouted.

"Yeah," he said with a smile.

"So give me some," she said jealously, leaning over Vicky's shoulder so their tits were pressed together. Todd shared a few sensual pecks, and a deep French kiss. Michelle went back to dancing. "Wooooo!" she screamed, throwing her arms up.

Todd watched in aroused fascination as his friend's mom thrust her chest to the beat, making her big melons heave up and down. Her and Vicky's ballooning boobs were like fleshy bumper cars bumping and rubbing together.

Still packed behind him, Morgan's stiff nipples poked through her dress and against his back. She kissed his neck tenderly, drawing a jealous glare from Michelle. "Shouldn't you be right here?" she asked Todd, pointing between her and Vicky's protruding melons.

"Sure," he said, squeezing around his mother and in between the two women. Now it was his mom's knockers he felt bobbling against his back..

"That's perfect," Michelle said. "Well, almost perfect," she said, unbuttoning Todd's shirt. Once she peeled it off and his lean upper half was exposed, she ran her hands across his chest.

Michelle swung her hips, moving forward until the boy was sandwiched between her and Vicky. Todd sighed as he felt two sets of huge stiff-nippled tits against his back and his front.

For a good ten minutes, their fused bodies moved to the beat. Vicky and Michelle each had a hand in his trousers, squeezing and pulling

at his cock and balls. "Ohh man," Todd sighed. It didn't get much better than this.

"Someone's having a good time," the Goddess said as her and Monique arrived, both wearing sexy revealing gowns. "I'd say so," Monique shouted. "Sandwiched between two big breasted mommies," she said, gazing in Todd's eyes.

The Mothers all giggled. "Have room for two more in this flesh pile?" the Goddess asked.

"Absolutely," Vicky answered.

Todd was surrounded by gorgeous women. Still squeezed between his mom and Michelle's boobs, other woman's tits seemed to be in constant contact with him, huge fleshy orbs bumping, brushing and bobbling against him. It felt like he had a dozen soft hands stroking him, running along his chest, pinching and pulling at his nipples.

Todd watched the Goddess take a sip of her wine. She was tucked in close to him from the side. The corset-style dress had squeezed her tits together, forming two huge creamy mounds of exposed tit-flesh. He watched the bulging meat quiver from her dancing, the entire swell of her enormous rack swaying from their immense weight.

To his left was beautiful Monique. She stroked his chest, smiling at him as she swayed to the music. He could hardly believe that he'd fucked all of these beautiful, curvy women. He had sucked all their big tits and felt all their hot pussies squeezing and soaking the meat of his manhood. It seemed like one big erotic dream. The musky aroma of sweet perfume and wet pussy lingered on the air, making his mind swirl euphorically.

Todd watched the Goddess lean over and whisper something in Vicky's ear. The two of them giggled, staring at the teen as Todd's Mother whispered something back to her. Whatever it was, Todd could tell it was about him, and it was extremely naughty.

Michelle squeezed up against the teen, taking a swig of her drink. "I wanna get naked," she shouted, just sort of matter-of-fact, making Vicky laugh. "Me too," she shouted back.

The Goddess smiled, leaning over and whispering something to Monique. She nodded in response, disappeared through the crowded space. Monique cut back through the crowd a minute later. "Coming through," she shouted, parting the dancing Moms as she scooted a lounge chair to the center, next to the clinging trio of Vicky, Michelle and Todd.

The teen smiled at Monique. "Is that for me?"

"As soon as you're naked," she shouted back.

The Goddess smiled naughtily. "I think it's time to take this dance to the mattress," she shouted over the music.

Todd felt women's hands removing his pants, then peeling off his briefs. His stiff throbbing hardon sprung free, jutting out at an upward angle. He watched the Goddess slip out of her gown, releasing her big naked tits.

She slipped out of her stiletto heels and guided the boy onto the lounger. The hot naked instructor sprawled out first, allowing the teen to recline back against her soft boobs. She licked his neck and

brought her hands around, stroking his chest as women hovered around, dancing and gazing at the teen's huge throbbing dick.

For Todd, it was a whole new exciting angle for him to enjoy. Vicky, Michelle, Monique, Morgan and two other moms surrounded him, thrusting their torsos to the beat, making their huge jugs bounce. All together, they began to strip out of their gowns.

Todd saw a shiny disco ball lower from the ceiling and slowly turn, showering them in crazy beams of light. "Wooooo!" Michelle

screamed. Her dress was pulled down and she rocked her big naked melons back and forth, taking another swig of her drink.

"Bubbles!" Vicky shouted, looking up as glowing bubbles began to float down onto them. The Mothers screamed and laughed and giggled, wiggling their panties off their gyrating asses and down their curvy legs.

Todd sighed with delight, his heart pounded excitedly as gazed at all the naked pussy and bouncy, jiggling tit-meat surrounding him.

"Bubbles and boobies!" Vicky giggled, rocking her heavy tits back and forth.

Morgan was the first to slip her cute little feet from her heels and climb on top of the teen, kissing him passionately as she spread her soft body out on top of him.

She buried her face against his neck and licked. The boy now had two women licking either side of his neck, their strong mature tongues working wildly on his erogenous zones.

Vicky leaned down and fed him a soft wet kiss. "Having fun, sweetheart?"

He nodded between the wiggling heads of Morgan and the Goddess. Vicky giggled, extending her arms so she could use them to prop herself over him. Her huge hanging knockers brushed softly against his face as they began to swing to the blasting techno beat.

"Ohhh shit," the teen muttered as he felt a mouth slip over his cock and begin sucking. It was Monique. Her tongue rolled on his knob and her head bobbed, slipping his meat through her mouth.

He heard the mothers at his neck whimpering as they lashed their lickers. The women's big tit-cushions were pressed against him, their thick rubbery nipples poking into his flesh. His Mom's hanging boobs

brushed back and forth across his face, her own nipples hard and engorged.

Morgan lifted her head up against Vicky's boobs and looked at Todd, her eyes wild with lust. "Fuck meee," she said. Vicky stood back up and Morgan, lifted her chest, straddling him.

Monique stopped sucking and helped feed his hard cock into Morgan's wet horny cunt. "Yesss," the skewered mother screamed as she began to ride his dick.

The bubbles falling from above thickened, pouring down on the group of naked mothers and sons. Morgan used her strong mature hips to throw her cunt up and down Todd's hard pole. She was leaning down, supporting herself with her arms. Her big ballooning milkers swung like crazy above Todd's wide eyes.

He felt the Goddess's hot breath at his ear. "Pull her down. Pound her fucking cunt," she said.

He pulled Morgan down on top of him. She kissed him in a desperate frenzy of lust. He wrapped her warm soft body in his arms and bounced his hips from the cushion, fucking her pussy with savage thrusts. The horny mother was cumming in seconds, her hot vagina sucking and spewing on his cock.

Next it was Monique that was riding him. They found themselves surrounded in a thick white cloud of bubbles. The Mother's screamed and giggled, feeling the thick suds cling to their naked bodies. The foam was so thick, Todd couldn't even see the dancing Moms around him anymore, just little peeks of their arms or jiggling sudsy boobs.

Monique's big titties flopped around above Todd's head, half-coated in layer of white bubbles. She lowered them to his chest, her meaty ass rising and falling, plunging Todd's big cock in the tight sheath of her cunt. "Yessss....yesss, fuck mee!" she cried out in his ear.

The Goddess's lips were at his other ear. "Fuck her hard, baby boy. Squeeze her flesh. Feel her juices dripping on your powerful cock," she said.

"Ohhh, yeaaah," Todd muttered, cradling her soft body in his arms, meeting Monique's thrusts and digging through her slippery cuntal grip. Suds turned to liquid on their hot bodies, making their humping flesh glisten.

"Haaaarder!" Monique moaned hornily, picking up her cock-humping pace.

Their bellies smacked wetly together. She clung to him desperately, her boobs flattened out against him. He felt her body stiffen and her cunt shrink around his pole. He kept his cock plunging, but the resistance in her tightly spasming pussy was incredible.

"Hoooly shit!" Todd whimpered, feeling his knob tingle.

"Don't you dare fucking cum," the Goddess whispered in his ear. "You're a cocksman and you have more pussy to fuck."

"Uuuunnhhgg," Monique cried out, struck by a second, more intense orgasm.

"Push her off now. Flip over and fuck the shit out of me," the Goddess said.

Monique slipped off him. Todd rose to his knees and spun around as the Goddess scissored her strong sexy legs back. Her cuntal folds were peeled open, her large clitoris peeking wetly from the fleshy shroud of her prepuce. He crawled between her thick thighs and split her twat with his sturdy, glistening erection.

She forcefully pulled him down on top of her, squashing her wet tits between them. She slapped his ass hard. "GO!" she screamed,

setting Todd's hips in motion. He pounded her with brutal force, his ass a blur as he jackhammered her hot cunt.

The Goddess's pretty face twisted in pleasure-filled grimace. "Fuuuck you!" she cried out in lust, surprised at how quickly the boy was making her cum. She tossed her trembling legs around him, her cute little feet with their sexy black toenails squeezing around his back. "Goddaaamnit!" she grunted, her pussy spewing out hot girl-cum around Todd's plunging cock.

"Ohhh fuck!" Todd moaned, his knob tingling like crazy as it bumped against her cervix on every thrust. He raised his head and looked at her. "You want my load?" he asked, panting.

She smiled back, her face flushed from her orgasm. "Pour it into me!" she said.

He nuzzled his face between her neck and shoulder, reaching under and gripping her meaty ass. His hips jerked wildly, propelling his erection through the hot slippery pocket of her pussy. "Ooohfuckingshit!" he moaned loudly.

His burrowing knob was so swollen and purple it felt like it was gonna pop off the end of his dick. Her muscled cunt-tube tightened and his glans sizzled along the pink ribbed lining of her pussy. His body shook from the exquisite pleasure. "Ooohhhhh!" he whimpered in delight as thick jets of spunk shot out the tip of his knob.

Their bodies humped and writhed for five minutes, allowing her cunt to squeeze out every drop from his cock.

An hour later, the mothers nuzzled close to their sons as they walked arm in arm up the corridor. They remained completely naked, their bodies still wet and glistening, having just emerged from the cloud of bubbles.

The ten hot moms led their boys up the stairs to their private rooms. Todd opened the door and saw a huge heart-shaped bed in the center of the room. "Wow, nice room," he said.

Vicky stroked his cheek. "Tonight...OUR room," she said, then kissed him softly. "Carry me to bed," she said.

Todd scooped her up in his arms, carried her over and placed her down on the mattress. She spread her body out, her huge boobs rolling out on her chest, her dark hair fanned out on the mattress. She ran the sexy toes of one foot along the length of his boner and up his chest. "Come take me," she said, her eyes smoldering through long fluttering lashes.

She propped her knees back, splaying her tan thighs as Todd moved onto the bed and down between her legs. "Wait," she said, reaching over to the side-table to get her phone.

"No fair, you have your phone?"

Vicky smiled. "Only to make my daily call to your father....which I haven't made yet, and it's getting late."

"So you wanna call him now?" Todd asked with surprise.

"Well, I may as well. I might be a little occupied the rest of the night," she said with a wink.

"Do you want me off you?" Todd asked, his cock pressed against her labial meat.

"No, I want you IN me."

"While you talk to dad?" Todd asked in disbelief.

"Uh-huh," she said with a mischievous smile.

A few minutes later, Todd's dad answered on speaker phone. "Hey hon," he said.

"Hi, honey," Vicky said, her cell laying next to her. Her body gently rocked. Todd was on top of her, his head nuzzled comfortably between her neck and shoulder. Her strong motherly legs were wrapped around his midsection, the ankles of her cute little bare feet nudging his ass as Todd slowly sawed his dick through her cunt.

"What have you guys been up to today?" he asked.

"Oh, um…just a bunch of different stuff. How was work?" she asked, trying to control her breathing as her son bumped her cervix.

"Same old stuff. My boss has been really been pushing me to close on that Drake account," he said, then continued explaining as Vicky turned her head towards Todd's face. "Hey," she whispered to him. Todd lifted his head and looked down at her pretty face. "Kiss me," she said softly.

Todd and Vicky made out passionately, their tongues dancing together while her husband continued talking in the background. She clutched on to her boy with her arms and legs, enjoying his humping young body on top of hers. Her husband stopped talking, but she was too caught up in the fuck to even notice.

"You still there hon?" he asked.

She couldn't answer because her tongue was in Todd's mouth and she seemed in no hurry to break their kiss.

"Vicky?" he husband said.

She peeled her lips away from their son's. "I'm here, sorry," her breathing elevated.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Todd was just showing me something."

"Hi dad," Todd said, he and his Mom smiling mischievously at each other.

"Hey buddy, you enjoying Arizona?"

"Oh yeah, Arizona's great."

Vicky snickered through her nose, tightening her cunt-muscles around him. "He's been spending all his time with a girl out here. I'm pretty sure they've been getting it on every day," she said, winking at her son.

"Whoa, really. Tell me about this girl. You must really be into her."

Todd smiled, gazing into his mother's eyes, his hips grinding between her wide-open thighs. "She's amazing. She's beautiful and sweet..." he said, watching her dreamy eyes fill up with tears. "And mom's right. I have been spending a lot of time on top of her," he confessed.

"Well, at least one of us has been getting some this past week," his father said, making Todd and Vicky laugh.

Vicky looked into her son's eyes. "On that note, I guess I should tell you that apparently Todd and this girl haven't been using protection...and she found out this morning that she's pregnant." Todd's eyes widened.

"Oh boy," his father said disappointingly.

"Really?" Todd whispered, gazing down at his mom in disbelief. She got a big warm smile and nodded. Todd kissed her excitedly.

"How did her parents react?" Todd's dad said, but they didn't answer, just continued their wet smooching. "You guys there?"

"Ohh, hold on, hon," Vicky said, reaching over and muting her phone. She went back to kissing her son. "Congratulations, daddy," she said between smooches.

"When did you find out?

"This morning. I'm pretty sure I conceived in the hall of Euphoria yesterday, during our group fuck," she said.

"How did you know to take a test? Were you sick?"

"No not at all, I just..."

"Just what?"

Vicky smiled, a tear running down her cheek. "I know this may sound corny, but yesterday, I just knew. The moment your sperm pierced my egg, I just knew."

"Dang," Todd said with a big smile. "How's dad gonna react?"

"We've been talking about wanting another baby. He'll be ecstatic," she said, then got a teasing grin. "So will you…when you have a hot pregnant mommy walking around the house."

She felt her son's dick flex, still slithered up and down her cunt-tube. She combed through the back of his hair, pulling his head down against hers. Her eyes were blazingly seductive as they gazed into his. "A big round pregnant belly..." she whispered, making his heart pound. "Huge milk -filled tits, with thick fat swollen nipples," she said in a sexy tone.

Todd's knob tingled and he was forced to stop thrusting. "Oh my God, mom," he sighed, extremely aroused. She giggled, tightening her cunt muscles to make it even more intense. "Ohh, you can't do that."

She giggled. "I can do whatever I want. I'm the mom, remember," she said, reaching over and taking her cell off mute. "Are you there, hon?" she asked her husband.

"Yeah, I'm here. Everything ok?"

"Well kind of. Todd just decided to share more information with me about this girl."

"Ok."

Vicky looked up at her son as she spoke. "Apparently she's much older than him....AND she's married."

"Oh great, are you fucking kidding me."

"Nope, but the good news is, her and her husband have been wanting a baby, and she thinks she can pass this off as his, without any suspicion."

There was a short silence. "Well, I guess that's good. Is that good?"

"I think so, and so does Todd. She can stay married, her and Todd can remain close, and she wants him to experience what it's like to have sex with a pregnant woman, before she gives birth," Vicky explained.

"Well, I'm not sure that's such a good idea."

Vicky continued to look her son in the eyes. "Well, that'll be up to him. She's willing...and he's a man, so he can make his own decision. I have a feeling it will be the right decision," Vicky said, squeezing her inner rings.

"I hope so," her husband said.

"So do I, honey. So hey, listen...we need to go. Todd and I still have some stuff that we need to do tonight," she said, winking at her boy.

"Ok, can't wait to see you guys. Love you."

"Love you too," Vicky said.

Todd flexed his cock and squeezed his Mom's warm curvy body in his arms possessively, her big fleshy tits bulging out from between them. Her velvety Mommy-legs were still clamped around him, splayed apart and ready for an intense fuck. He knew she belonged to his dad, but for tonight, she was all his. "Bye, dad."

Vicky hung up and smiled at her son. "We're so damn crafty," she said, making them giggle. "Were you serious about 'that girl' wanting me to fuck her when she's big and pregnant?"

"Of course. That's when a woman's at her horniest. I think you and this girl that you've impregnated should fuck as hard and as often as possible," she said, then planted a soft kiss, "starting right now."

"Gladly," he muttered, putting his hips back in steady-thrust mode. He raised his torso, propping himself on extended arms, watching her round pillowy boobs roll on her chest. "I had to watch you fuck all those Moms out on the dance floor. You better be ready to pound my cunt and ass all night," Vicky said lustfully.

"I was born ready."

"You were huh? You mean as soon as I squeezed you out, you were ready to come back in?" She joked.

"Yup," Todd smiled.

"Well aren't you glad I brought you here then...so you could squeeze back inside Mommy and make all your horny desires come true?" she said as she began to whip her ass off the bed.

"Fuck yeaah," he muttered.

They began to fuck hard, their bodies humping and straining against each other. Joined at the genitals, mom and son fucked for endless hours. Both came hard multiple times as they moved from one hot position to the next. It was the early morning hours before they finally collapsed in a sweaty heap.

The last thing Todd remembered before drifting off was staring up at the ceiling as he lay in the center of the bed with Vicky sprawled out on top of him. Her big sweat-soaked tits were sandwiched against him. Scattered on the bed around them were streaks of jizz and huge wet spots where Vicky's hot girl-cum had pooled. It was the remnants of a night full of intense fucking.

Day 8

Todd sat next to Vicky on the plane, peering over at her gorgeous tan legs, crossed and half-exposed beneath her skirt. They looked silky smooth and tapered down to slender ankles and cute little bare feet with pink painted toenails. Vicky dangled one of her four-and-a half inch heeled sandals from her toes. He couldn't help but think back on the endless hours he'd spent with them wrapped around him or the way he propped hose strong flexible legs way back while he fuck her to exhaustion.

As the plane trembled from turbulence, Todd's eyes were drawn elsewhere. The large swell of tit -flesh beneath her cashmere sweater seemed to quiver each time the plane shook. The image of those huge naked jugs swinging in his face was branded in his mind forever.

After a few minutes of breast-gazing he felt a gentle squeeze on his hand.

He looked up into the sexy brown eyes of his mom, as she rested her head on the cushioned seat-back. Those were the same lustful brown he'd stared into the past week. The same brown eyes that would stare back at him, wild and dreamy while he used her body to

develop his sexual skills. Todd couldn't help but wonder how long she'd been awake and if she knew he was staring at her body.

"Did you have fun this week?" she asked sweetly.

"Not at all," he joked, making them laugh.

"I know, dumb question."

"I just wish it didn't have to end when we got home," he confessed.

Vicky smiled mischievously. "Well...we're not home yet," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

As she leaned towards him, her tits were mashed between her arm, making them balloon outward. "Wanna join the mile-high club?" she asked.

Todd's eyes lit up. "Really?"

Vicky moved into the aisle, then walked between the seats towards the bathroom. Her hard nipples protruded from the sweater. Todd looked down the aisle and watched her meaty ass sway beneath her skirt. The sexy Mother opened the lavatory door and gazed back at him wantonly, snaking her wet tongue across her top lip.

Todd rushed up the aisle and snuck inside with her. Before he could close the door, her skirt was already hiked up above her waist and her thong was slipping down her legs. He looked at the cute V of her shaved pubis, his dick flexing at the thought of splitting her twat again and soaking in the hot grip of her cunt.

Vicky propped one leg back, bent and the knee and hovering there with her foot flexed, sexy painted toes pointed down. She reach out and took hold of him. "Lock it, baby," she said, her breath rapid and anxious.

Outside, the door shut. The sign switch to "occupied."

THE END

16: BSTC - nine months later

by klrxo

"Your belly's huge, Vicky. How far along are you?" A blonde mother named Eva asked as they stood near the dugout of the ball field.

"Just barely over nine-months. How about you?" Vicky asked, looking at one of the softball player's mom's big round baby-ball.

"Six and a half months now. Jason knocked me up one weekend while his dad was away on business."

Vicky rubbed her protuberant belly. "Mine's a Boys Sexual Training Camp baby," she said proudly.

"You're kidding!"

"Nope. Todd came home with a sex education…and I came home with a baby in my belly," the mother giggled.

"I hear a lot of moms come home pregnant from that place. Are you and your son still bumping bellies?" Eva asked.

"No…not since the plane ride home from BSTC."

"During the plane ride, huh? Now there's a place my son and I haven't tried," Eva said.

"Yeah, I figured it was an appropriate time for Todd to join the mile-high club."

"Does he ever ask you for sex?"

"Only every day," Vicky said, making them both giggle. "It's been tough, but I've managed to stay focused on my marriage since we got back, although I did tell myself that once I got into my third-trimester, I'd let Todd have another crack at me."

"So he can experience sex with a pregnant woman?"

"Exactly."

"Well, you better make your move," Eva said, gazing down at Vicky's enormous belly. "From where I'm standing it looks like you could be squeezing that little one out your baby-chute any day now."

"True. I suppose if I'm gonna take some teen dick while I'm pregnant, I better take it quick. The problem is my husband hurt his ankle helping a friend move, so he's been around the house a lot lately."

"Sounds like you need a backup location for this hot nasty reunion you have planned," Eva said.

The women's sons played on an adult softball league. As soon as the boys came off the field, their pregnant moms were there to greet them. "Nice job, boys!" Eva said, then brushed the dirt off her son's t-shirt.

"The field just called. It wants it's dirt back," Vicky joked, dusting off her son's filthy body.

"Funny, mom," Todd said, watching her huge milk-filled tits wobble beneath her thin cotton sweater as she brushed him off.

"My husband's away this week, so it's just Jason and I at the house," Eva said to Vicky. "Wanna come over and we can clean these boys up?"

Todd looked at his mom, eagerly awaiting her response. It had been nearly nine months since he had fucked her, or even seen her naked for that matter. Since they got back from BSTC, she put the brakes on everything sexual. He understood, since she made it clear that what they had done at the training center was just for the purpose of his sexual education. However, since that time, he had tried on many occasions to get back in her panties, with no success.

Vicky looked at her boy and smiled. "Sure. Heavens knows they could use a good hosing down," she said.

Todd's insides tingled with excitement. He knew that if the only purpose for going to Eva's was to get cleaned up, his mom could have just as easily drove him home to do it. He suspected there was something naughty in store for him, and his teammate Jason.

Eva's home was in a newer upper-class development outside of town. When they stepped into the foyer, the mother gave her son Jason a playful slap on the ass. "Take your friend and go jump in my shower. There's more room in there than the shower in your bathroom," she said.

"You want us to shower together?" her son asked, feeding her an odd expression.

"You showered together in the locker room when you played sports at school, right? What's the difference?" she asked.

"True," her son muttered. "Can I show Todd Georgie real quick first?"

"Real quick," Eva agreed. "I'd rather not have dirt spread throughout my house, young man."

"Got it," her son said, then the boys rushed upstairs.

"Georgie?" Vicky asked her friend.

"His pet lizard. The boy's obsessed with reptiles. He loves to chase his little sister through the house with them," Eva said.

"That sounds just like something Todd would do," Vicky giggled. "I forgot you had a daughter."

"Yes. She's staying with her grandparents in Florida for a week," Eva explained as Vicky followed her to the kitchen. "Can I get you a drink? I have spritzers."

"That sounds great."

Todd didn't seem weirded out by stepping into shower with another boy his age. He'd been to BSTC where all the boys were constantly naked around each other, so sharing a shower with his friend and teammate wasn't a huge issue.

"Damn, look at all these shower heads. It's like a fucking car wash in here," Todd commented stepping into large tiled shower area, his flaccid dick swinging between his legs.

"Yeah, I'm usually not allowed in here…unless my dad's gone of course," Jason said, giving his friend a knowing smile.

"Do you and your mom fuck all the time?"

"Usually at least once a day, but if my dad's away on business, like he is this week, her and I are going at it every chance we get," Jason answered, as the boy's stepped into the hot spray.

"Damn…I miss that."

"Fucking your mom? While you were at the training camp you mean?"

"Yeah, unfortunately we haven't done anything since then. It's creeping up on a year now."

"Damn, that sucks," Jason muttered, "especially since she's so big and pregnant…and the baby's YOURS."

The shower door suddenly opened and they heard Jason's mom's voice. "Cleaning crew, coming in!" she said.

The boy's mouths fell open as they watched their mothers emerge from the steam, stepping into the shower completely naked.

"YES!!" Todd cheered inside, seeing his mom in the nude for the first time since their plane ride home from BSTC. He always knew his mom had big tits, but was astounded by how ridiculously huge they had gotten since he'd seen them last. Vicky's heavy milkers wobbled atop her large protuberant belly-orb as she stepped up to him with a smile. "Not quite the same body you remember seeing nine months ago, huh?" she asked.

"You look amazing!" Todd muttered, staring at the beach ball-sized tummy, packed full of a baby he'd helped create.

"Apparently I do look amazing," she teased, glancing down at the huge erection pointing up at her.

Eva stepped up to her teen, pressing her own stiff-nippled knockers and well-developed baby-orb against his lean torso. "Hand me that body wash, dirty monkey," she said.

After pouring some on a washcloth, she handed the bottle over to Vicky, who then applied some to her own son's body. "Let's get you washed up," she said with an anxious smile, running her soapy hands all over her teen's chest.

As Vicky cleaned him off, her son gazed down at her bobbling melons in fascination. He could see subtle stretch marks and the big blue veins just beneath the skin of her swollen mammaries. He remembered her nipples and areola being a shade of pink, but now

they were a deep purplish color, from increased blood flow, and the rubbery flesh of her papilla was definitely more pronounced.

The doting mother's soapy hands wandered down to her son's dick and she stroked him tenderly.

"Ahh!" Todd said, looking down at his mom two circled fists slowly slipping up and down his muscular meat.

She gazed at him with her beautiful eyes. "Does this feel familiar?" she asked.

"Yes," he hissed. "I've missed it so much."

"So have I," the mother softly whispered.

Eva was also tugging at her boy's sudsy boner, watching his swollen bell tip with it's weeping piss-slit stare up at her. "Mm, gotta make sure these hard young dicks are nice n clean," the mother cooed.

"That's right…you never know when they might need to use them next," Vicky added, while smiling at her boy and stroking his dick.

Jason slipped down to his knees and disappeared under his mom's protruding belly. He found her shaved pussy and carved his tongue through the slit between her labial folds.

"Ohhh!" Eva sighed in delight, leaning back against the shower wall.

Todd looked over at them, then back at his mom inquisitively. "Can I?" he asked.

She fed him a smile back. "Go ahead," she answered, releasing his cock.

The teen's lips traveled the smooth rounded contour of her baby-swollen tummy, planting kisses all the way to her crotch as he knelt down in front of her.

His heart raced so fast at the wonderful sight of her vulva that he could hardly breath. A neatly-trimmed triangle of pubic fuzz crowned her puffy outer folds. Her hairless outer labium flanked the thick pink tissue of her protruding clitoral hood.

He wasted no more time, and dove face-first against her vulvar mound, working his tongue through the layers of cuntal flesh, finding the prized pearl of her clit.

The two pregnant mothers sighed and gasped, their big milk-swollen melons wobbling and trembling as they leaning against the shower wall, having their pussies devoured.

Jason feverishly lapped at his mom's pink fleshy cunt, delighting in the pungent taste of her fuck-oils. He thrust his hands around her hips, squeezing the wet meaty cheeks of her succulent ass while he ate her out.

Todd had his mom's grape-sized clitoris between his lips, sucking and lashing his licker against it. He loved the way her thick fragrant flesh spread out over his mouth like a vaginal mask, so he could stare up her pubis, with it's neatly trimmed patch of hair. When he did this at BSTC, he could peer right up his mom's torso to her jiggling tit-meat, but now there was a wet pregnant belly looming over him, which he found equally fascinating.

"Ohh yess!" Eva cried out, squeezing on her huge tits with both hands.

The boys both ate their mom's pussies like starving dogs, pushing their mouths up into the pink juicy vestibules, laving their lickers all around. Their tongues dug inside their vaginal orifices, probing the first inch or so of their mom's clasping cunt tubes, soaking up the slippery nectar that secreted from their aroused fuck-holes.

It wasn't long before the sexually excited mothers were squealing in orgasmic delight. Todd felt Vicky's urethral meatus bulge out against

his oral assault, and a stream of hot girl-cum splashed out against his face and into his open mouth.

The boy's mind swirled with horniness. He reached down and squeezed his cock, which was so hard and tender it almost hurt to touch it.

"Pick us up and fuck us!" he heard his mother gasp.

Jason stood up and looked at his mom, his face soaked with her vaginal juices. "It won't hurt the baby that way?" he asked Eva. He'd fucked his mom in a lot of positions, but the 'standing missionary' wasn't one of them.

"Don't worry, honey. If you hurt the baby, I'll let you know," she said, then placed her arms around his neck. "Pick me up."

Todd was already lifting his pregnant mom from the shower floor. Vicky's legs were wrapped around him, her giant tits and belly squashed against his lean upper-half. He felt his mom desperately grasp his erection and fit it to her cunt-socket, then she dropped her hips, spearing his tender pink dick all the way to her womb.

Both of them gasped in the pleasurable reunion of their joined genitals. "Oh God, I forgot how incredibly big he is!" Vicky delightfully thought, feeling her son's dick crammed deep into an area she hadn't had touched since the last time they'd fucked. Even the way her vaginal lining was stretched around his meat was something she hadn't recently experienced.

Since their BSTC trip, the housewife had resigned to a mediocre sex life with her husband. She had often cried herself to sleep at night, thinking about how boring and pathetic her husband was in bed, compared to her son's skill and stamina. She itched to have her pussy and ass pounded to exhaustion, but did her best to shake those thoughts from her mind, for the sake of her marriage, which other than the sex, was a really good one. Now, her boy's superstar

cock was back inside her. She had returned to the arms of her cocksman, and she knew she was in for a royal cunt-pounding.

"Welcome back," she whispered to her boy, gazing excitedly with her beautiful brown eyes.

"Great to be back," he replied, flexing his cock inside the juicy clasping tube of her motherly vagina.

"Mom's built a little differently now, obviously," she giggled, "but in ways you're gonna find VERY pleasurable."

Todd could already feel a difference. Obviously, she had a gigantic belly sandwiched between them, bulging outward, and her tits were swollen and enormous. The other noticeable difference was the sleeve that sheathed his cock. Increased blood-flow had caused Vicky's cuntal lining to thicken, creating wonderful rows of ribbed-textured rugae that smothered the boy's muscular boner in a smoldering cuntal grip.

The new and exquisite texture made the boy gasp out loud as they began beating their bellies together and his boner plunged through her.

Jason held his mom against the shower wall, his ass thrusting between her clasping thighs as he drove his dick up into her. "Harder! Go harder, honey!" the beautiful blonde gasped, clawing her red painted nails up his back.

He picked up his tempo, resting his head between her chin and shoulder, gasping delightfully as he felt his tender glans slipping through juicy tube of engorged purple pussy.

Todd dug his fingers into his mom's succulent ass. Even in her buns, there was a little more fatty meat than what he remembered. While he fucked, he peered down at the huge bulging cleavage that pressed against his upper chest. He could feel the erect

marshmallow-sized nubs of her nipples digging into him. He couldn't wait to wrap his lips around them and suck to his heart's content.

The busty mothers clung to their teens as the hot water sprayed onto their joined bodies, making their writhing flesh glisten. Vicky found her son's lips and their wild tongues met in Todd's mouth like long lost lovers brought together in a frenzy of passion.

Todd's swollen knob beat against her back wall, delighted by the feel of her slightly dilated cervix. Pre-jizz wept from his piss-slit, mixing with the hot cervical mucus that secreted from Vicky's glands. This wonderful cocktail created the perfect slippery lube for their hard deep bone-grinding.

"Fuck!" Todd grunted, feeling his tender penile flesh squeezed and wrestled by his mom's skilled vagina.

Vicky too was gasping in pre-orgasmic pleasure. She tightened her mommy-flesh around her boy as tight as she could, holding his humping young frame like her life depended on it.

Eva suddenly beat her to the punch, screaming as she was struck with an electrifying orgasm that surged through her six-month pregnant body.

Vicky was right behind her, trembling around her teen as she was struck with the hardest cum she'd had in nine months. Normally, Todd would have tightened his PC muscle, like he'd been taught at BSTC, but he knew his refractory period was short, and he'd be able to fuck his mom again, even after cumming.

"Ahhh yeah!" the teen groaned, feeling his knob tingle through the pulsating grip of his mom's pussy, while her cum-juices dripped from his swinging ball sack.

Vicky squealed, cumming even harder on her boy's unyielding boner as she felt hot blasts of jizz splash against the head of her cervix.

Jason too was pouring his love-milk into his mom's greedily sucking cunt. Her purple pleats swathed her boy's pumping erection as they were painted with fresh cum.

For ten pleasure-filled minutes the mothers milked their boys flexing hardons, pulling out every drop of jizz with their strong vaginal muscles.

"Damn!" Todd gasped, placing his mom back on the shower floor.

She gave him a sensual kiss and giggled. "You've missed that, haven't you?" she asked.

"Like you wouldn't believe!"

"Oh, I do believe," she said, giving him other tender kiss, "because I've missed it too."

"Shall we dry off and take these two hunks to bed?" Eva asked, shutting off the water and leading her son by the hand out of the shower.

"Sounds like a wonderful plan to me," Vicky agreed, taking Todd's hand and following them.

It was music to the boy's ears. After a quick toweling off, the teens followed the waddling mothers into Eva's bedroom. Todd's arousal level was through the roof as he watched his mom's thick bare buttocks sway teasingly all the way to the bed. "Fuck, I've missed that ass!" he thought, remembering how much time it had spent beating against his midsection while they were at BSTC together.

The boys slowly stroked on their still-hard dicks as they watched Eva and Vicky crawl onto the big king-sized mattress, with their huge round bellies hanging down, and their oversized tits wobbling around like swollen udders ready to be milked.

The women stopped on all fours, lowering their tits to the mattress and pointing their rounded mommy-asses back at their teens. They both peeked back and smiled. "Come get those big hard dicks back inside us boys," Eva said, then both moms wagged their lovely naked buns back and forth teasingly.

Jason and Todd smiled at each other, then joined their moms on Jason's parent's bed. Todd loved the fuck-hungry look his mom was giving him as he drug his bulbous tip up the slippery groove between her cuntal folds. He kept his bell tip crushed against her clit for a moment, so they could feel each other's excited heartbeats through the blood-engorged bulbs of their glans.

For boys like Todd and Jason, there was only one thing quite as thrilling as watching your boners disappear up the tubes that squeezed them out years ago. That one thing was the dreamy look on their mom's faces when their dicks hit bottom. Todd knew his father didn't have the length he did, so unless his mom used a ten-inch dildo to masturbate with, he knew this was the first time a penis-knob kissed her cervix since the last time they had fucked.

Vicky was the first to move, swiveling her lush hips up and back, gliding the squeezing pit of her cunt along the length of her boy's steely erection. The teen loved watching the mouth of her pussy puff out as it clung to his penis, dragging her fleshy inner petals around the tubular meat of his hardon.

With a naughty smile and a nod of her head, the mother silently signaled that she was ready to be pounded hard. Todd quickly grasped her hips and began feeding her his cock with long tit-jarring thrusts.

The bedroom filled with the sounds of meaty mommy-ass beating against teenage loins. Todd and Jason felt their swinging nut-sacks smacking against the fleshy prepuces of their mom's cock-stuffed cunts.

"Yes! Fuck us, boys!" Eva cried out, her heavy double-G-cup tits swinging pendulously from the rhythm of their vigorous doggy-fuck.

"Holy shit! This brings back so many incredible memories!" Todd wondrously thought, watching his mom's unblemished buns smack against him. Vicky had some strong muscles in her ass, but the way

the outer layer of fatty flesh made her globes ripple every time they struck him, made Todd's dick flex with excitement.

He dug his fingers into his mom's derriere, holding it in place while he pounded his cock through her pussy savagely. He pulled her cheeks apart and was greeted with a view of the elastic ring of her winking asshole. "God, did that ass feel good around my cock!" he thought, remembering the practice sessions of anal sex they'd engaged in and all the loads he'd blasted deep in her hot gripping bowels.

His knob tingled in her cunt-tube at the very thought of it, making him flex his PC muscle to keep from cumming.

Vicky felt the familiar throbbing of her son's cock inside her. "Wow I miss that feeling! He has such a strong PC muscle," she thought, squeezing her own cuntal muscles, providing her boy's plunging penis with intense friction.

It was the perfect union of mature pregnant pussy and young muscular cock. Had it not been for what he was taught at the training camp, Todd would have already blown his load. Because he was able to control that, his cock thundered through her birthing tube like a penile battering ram, slipping back and forth across the elusive G-spot that her husband could never seem to find.

One of the things Todd was taught at BSTC, was that the G-spot was actually part of a woman's clitoral network. The plump fleshy nubbin where her inner labia met, was only the tip of the iceberg. Her clitoris divided into two roots, about four inches long that ran parallel

to her vagina, and stimulation along that portion of her lining could provide intense body-shaking orgasms.

The boy leaned over, while continued to thrust, reached around her waste and strummed her fleshy clit with his fingers.

"Ohh yesss!" the mother responded, having both ends of her clitoral network manipulated at once. Her body let out a violent orgasmic shiver, as she squealed and panted.

Todd gasped, and his eyes rolled back as he felt the spongy furnace of her vagina squeeze around his big pink penis like a velvet vice.

The mother quickly pulled her quivering purple sleeve off his prick, and a splatter of burbling girl-cum squirted out. Her back quickly hit the mattress, and her sexy legs scissored back in a wide V. Todd was on top of her in a split-second, slicing his thick boy-meat back through her vagina. He brought his weight down against her giant round belly, squashing the baby-filled uterus between them. When it came to harming their baby, his mom didn't seem worried at all, so he decided he wouldn't be either, and would fuck rough and hard, just like they used to.

"Pound my pregnant pussy, baby!" the mother urged, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

Todd gave his mother just what she asked for. His ass bobbed wildly between the wide spread of her warm thighs, hammering his hardness into her with full-length thrusts. He kept his head raised up, so her could watch her pretty face wince and gasp in ecstasy.

Eva pulled her fuck-tube off her boy and turned towards him, gazing lustfully at his wet wagging hardon. "Get on your back," she told him.

The second her boy hit the mattress, the cock-hungry mother was climbing on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. She

grasped his erection and shoved it back inside her greedy cunt.

"Yesss!" Jason hissed, feeling his mom's ribbed cuntal sleeve sheath his cock in one swoop. Much like Vicky's cervix, Eva's was more dilated and pronounced than usual. The head of her cervix felt like a tiny fleshy donut fitting snuggly around Jason's bell tip.

"God!" the pretty blonde gasped, stirring his brick-hard cock around inside her.

Jason's favorite part about having his mom on top was watching her enormous milk-swollen tits bounce up and down. He loved seeing the soft rounded undersides become exposed each time they leaped up her chest. It wasn't an area of a woman's boobs that a guy got to see, unless she was riding him this way.

Vicky tossed her lovely smooth mommy legs around her teen, clutching him tightly as he fucked her. Todd captured one of the nipples of her sloshing tits with his mouth and nursed like a starving infant.

The horny mother humped her hips from the mattress, throwing her cunt up and meeting her son's thrusts. Their dripping crotches smacked together lewdly with Todd's big balls beating against the visibly throbbing ring of her asshole.

"OH SHIT, MOM!" the boy gasped, as her skilled pussy tugged on his cock like a tight slippery fist.

"Did you forget how good that pussy was, baby?" she asked breathlessly.

"I would never forget that."

"Then what's the problem?" she teased, their genitals grinding in full penetration. "Did you forget the skills you were taught?"

"No!"

He felt the heels of his mom's sexy bare feet push against his ass. "Then come on…fuck me like I'm your pregnant mommy-whore!" she mewled.

Todd flexed his PC muscle and laid into his beautiful mother with savage fuck-thrusts.

Eva's brought her humping body down on her boy, smothering his upper-half in fatty tits and pregnant belly. Her big marital bed shook violently. On one side, she was stacked on top of her teenager, bobbing her thick ass up and down as she tirelessly fucked his boner. On the other side, Todd pummeled his mom with frantic fuck-thrusts while she clutched onto him.

A few minutes later, Eva and Vicky sang a sexy orgasmic duet, screaming and grasping as hot girl-cum squirted from their urethras, soaking their boy's cocks in liquid love.

An hour later, the fucking four-some were a humping, glistening mass of sweaty flesh. Vicky was now on top of her boy, plummeting her juicy pussy up and down his manhood. Todd peeked out from between her giant smothering tits, gasping excitedly as a torrent of semen raced up the length of his cock.

"Aggh! Aggh! Aggh! Aggghhhh!" he groaned, sending fat gooey cords of ball-juice splashing against his mom's clasping vaginal walls.

Eva rolled off her boy and onto her back, her fatty knockers shimmying back and forth before drooping heavily off the sides of her chest. "Wow!" she sighed. "Who's ready for shower number two?" she asked.

"I am," Vicky giggled.

A little while later Vicky and Todd were headed home, with the two hour sex-session they'd just shared still heavily on their minds. "I was beginning to think you'd never have sex with me again," the boy confessed.

"Well, you needed to learn to what it's like to fuck a pregnant woman…so let's just consider what we did today an extension of BSTC."

"So…are you saying if there's sexual things I haven't experienced, and I wanted to do them with you…we could just consider it an extension of my sexual training?" the teen asked with an eager smile.

She peeked over at him from the driver's seat and smiled. "I suppose I could consider it, but between what we did at the training center and what went on today, there shouldn't be a whole lot left you HAVEN'T done," the mother pointed out.

"Well, actually…that's not really true."

"Why's that?"

"There is one thing I'd love to learn how to do, that I never have before," Todd said.

Vicky smiled and raised an eyebrow, gazing over at him. "Which is?" she asked.

"I've never learnt to have sex with the girl in the back seat of a car before," he confessed.

The mother glanced at the back seat, then over at the teen with a mischievous grin. She quickly changed course from home, to a tiny secluded rest area outside of town.

17: BSTC – Babymaking Center

Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

BSTC – Babymaking Center

By Klrxo

"Isn't it weird that the four other people in the plane are just like us?" Vin asked his mother.

"Just like us?" his mom asked.

"Yeah…like, moms and sons."

Nicole took a look around the small passenger plane, although she didn't need to. She knew why the other passengers were mothers and sons, but she wasn't quite ready to let her own son know the reason. "Yes, that is pretty ironic, isn't it?" she simply said, then pointed out the tiny window. "Look at that mountain range. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yeah. This resort you won a trip to must really be remote."

"It is. The brochure said it was almost eighty-miles from the nearest town."

"Dang, talk about seclusion. Remind me again how you talked me into coming with you," the boy joked, making his mom giggle.

"You're gonna love it," Nicole assured him, reaching over and squeezing his hand.

Vin's mother was a real looker. At 39, Nicole had beautiful brunette tresses and striking facial features, like piercing green eyes and bee-stung lips. Her friends always told her she looked like a younger Raquel Welch. Having had three children, Nicole's ass and tits had some extra weight. Her boobs especially were remarkably large, and were often a hindrance, since she was such a physically active mom in her community. To her son, they were incredibly fascinating to look at, and he wished more than anything that he could see them naked.

Twenty-minutes later, the small plane landed on a remote air-field. A van was waiting for them as the small group filtered from the aircraft.

"Dang, it's cold!" Vin said, throwing the hood of his jacket over his head as the wind whipped by.

"It's Alaska, and it's winter, sweetie. It's suppose to be cold," his mom reminded him.

"Why couldn't you have won a trip to Tahiti or somewhere warm?" he asked as they moved towards the van.

"Are you done complaining yet, mister?" his mom teased.

"Sorry," he muttered, steam spouting from his mouth from the frigid air.

After the new arrivals were seated in the warm van, the driver, a pleasant-looking blonde woman with a boy-cut smiled back at the group. "Everyone buckled in? I'm Piper. I'm the assistant conception

coach at the resort. The bad news is we have about a thirty-minute drive, but the good news is there's lunch waiting for us, so I hope

you're hungry."

"It's not moose stew, is it?" one of the boys joked, making everyone laugh.

"Porcupine stew actually…spines included," Piper joked back.

"Yummy!" Nicole said, with an exaggerated smile.

During the van ride, Vin leaned over to quietly ask his mom something. "What's a conception coach?" he asked.

"Did you look it up?" Nicole answered, glancing down at his phone.

"I tried to, but there's zero service out here. This place does have Wi-Fi, right?"

The mother took his hand and squeezed it. "We'll find out everything we need to know once we get there," she said reassuringly.

The road leading to their destination was narrow and in some parts treacherous, from being covered in snow. Finally, they saw a beautiful lodge, built of hand-hewn timbers, tucked in the trees.

They pulled up to the resort and got out. A rustic sign above the entrance read: Welcome to BSTC Babymaking Center.

Upon seeing the sign, Vin fed his mom a strange look. "Babymaking Center?" he asked.

She looked him in the eyes and smiled. "Yep," she simply said, then led him by the hand inside.

"Hello and welcome!" A pretty blonde-haired woman said, as she greeted the new arrivals. She was easily in her late forties and wore a stunning tan cross- wrap lantern-sleeve top and twist asymmetrical-hem skirt. Her pretty feet were propped in stiletto-heeled ankle-strapped sandals. "I'm Gina, I'm the head conception

coach here at the center. If you'd like to hang up your coats, then come to the dining room, we'll join the other couples for lunch."

Vin removed his big jacket, while watching his mom remove her own. A thin cotton turtleneck fit snuggly around Nicole's enormous tits, and he blushingly looked away as she caught him staring at them.

"Isn't it beautiful in here, sweetie?" the mother commented.

"Yeah," the boy said, surveying the interior. "It looks like a big hunting lodge or something."

"The center was built back in the eighties, using salvaged trees from the surrounding forest," Gina said as the group followed her through the large great room, which had a beautiful cathedral ceiling with timber rafters, and a giant stone fireplace that was crackling warmly.

Vin thought their hostess must have the most incredible ass on the planet, besides his mom of course. He watched it sway and jiggle beneath her skirt as she ushered them to the dining hall. "Help yourselves to lunch. Once everyone's seated and eating, I'll start the introduction," Gina said.

Vin now got what she meant when she said "other couples." There were eight moms and eight sons total. As they served themselves, one of the moms from the plane smiled over at them. "Darn, no Porcupine stew. I was really looking forward to that," she joked.

Nicole giggled. "Right, food with built-in toothpicks when you're through," she said.

"I'm Cassidy, this is my son, Darren," the shoulder-length brunette said, shaking Nicole's hand.

"Nicole…and this is my son Vin."

The boys gave each other a quick handshake.

"My God this place is beautiful, huh?" Cassidy said. "The pictures on the brochure really don't do it justice."

"Did you guys win a trip here too?" Vin asked.

The moms looked at each other and smiled knowingly. "Yes…um, something like that," she answered.

"You're gonna know exactly what this place is all about here in a few minutes, sweetie," Nicole reassured her son. "Now let's get some food. I'm starving."

Once all the group had their food and were seated, Gina stepped back into the room. Piper was with her. "Welcome again, everyone. You've all met my assistant, Piper."

Piper fed them a pretty smile and a wave, then Gina continued her introduction. "Boys, I'm assuming none of you know why your moms brought you here, so I'll first let you know what this place is…and then I'll explain to you what you'll be doing here."

Piper chimed in. "They probably told you this place is a resort, which it is…kind of, but it's a resort with a purpose."

Vin glanced over at his mom and she smiled knowingly back at him as they listened to Gina continue.

"BSTC – Babymaking Center is a sister location to BSTC, which is our Boys Sexual Training Camp. At our training camp, with the help of their moms, boys just like you learn all about sex. Do we have any in the group here who've been to BSTC?"

One mother and son in the group raised their hands, making Gina smile. "Super! We usually have one or two couples in each group that have been through that program, but if you haven't, don't

worry. You'll get all the instruction you need to accomplish your purpose here at the center. With that being said…WHAT IS your purpose here?"

The lights suddenly dimmed and two big monitors on the wall lit up. It showed a mom and son sitting next to each other in an intimate setting. The mother's shirt was unbuttoned half-way from the bottom, and her enormous pregnant belly was peeking out. She held her son's hands, running them over the flesh of her big baby-orb. "At this Center…we make babies. Well, Piper and I don't make babies, but YOU AND YOUR MOMS DO."

Piper continued. "We're just here to coach you. Your mother's whole purpose in being here at the center is to conceive, and she's counting on YOU to help her do that," she said.

Vin stared at the screen in disbelief. "Wait…what?" he thought, wondering if he heard her correctly.

"We know this is a lot for you boys to absorb," Gina said, "so take a few minutes…talk with your moms and let them add some clarity to all this. We'll concluded the introduction when you're through."

Nicole turned to her son awkward. "Probably not really the trip you expected, huh?" she said sweetly.

"Not at all," the boy answered, dumbfounded. "Did she really just say that you're here to get pregnant?"

The mother took a deep nervous breath. "Your father and I have been trying for over a year to have another baby, and we recently found out that the reason we've been unsuccessful is because he has a low sperm count," she explained.

"So…dad can't have kids?"

"It's highly unlikely," Nicole answered sadly. "I've been devastated. Having another baby has just been so important to me, and when I found out your dad can't give me one…I was crushed," she said, with tears welling up in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, mom."

"I'm conscious of the ways you've been looking at me the past few years, Vin," she said, staring into his eyes. "You know what ways I mean, right?"

Vin gave her a blushing nod. He couldn't count the times his mom had caught him staring at her huge tits, thick ass or lovely legs. "Yes, I know what you mean," he confessed.

"When I found my panties in your room, and discovered what you'd left in them…I knew you were the man for the job."

The boy's heart was beating a mile a minute. He had no idea his mom knew about his panty escapades. "The man for the job. You um…think so?" he muttered.

"I know so," she smiled, then reached over, squeezed his hand and gazed longingly into his eyes. "Can you be my warrior, sweetie? Can you give me a baby?"

Vin had never been so excited and determined to do something in his entire life. "Heck yes I can," he answered, then glared at her. "Wait, this isn't a joke, right?"

Nicole giggled. "No, sweetie, I promise you…it's no joke," she assured him.

"OK then…yeah, I can definitely help you out!"

"Oh, Vin, thank you," the mother said, near tears as she scooting over for a big boobie-squashing hug.

The teen was so thrilled, he felt like he could hardly breathe. The smell of his mom's sweet perfume, along with the feel of her warm fleshy body against his, gave him an instant erection. "Good grief, is this for real? Am I really gonna have sex with mom?" he wondrously thought.

Gina spoke up. "Have we all come to an agreement that this is the place you need to be right now?" she asked.

All the moms looked around at each other, giddy and smiling, like girls who'd just won a cheer competition.

"Very good then," the hostess continued. "Boys, once you've finished your lunch, you and your mother will be separating briefly for showers and preparation for your first conception exercise. Making babies isn't as easy as it seems, boys. It takes special techniques… along with incredible stamina, and just a little bit of luck," Gina explained.

Piper chimed in. "Your moms have been through this process before. They know what it takes to make babies. They'll guide you, so be brave and open to instruction," she said.

After lunch, Piper led the boys to a large dressing room with adjoining showers. She handed them each a white robe with their name embroidered on the front. "After your shower, remain undressed. Your only attire here at the center will be these robes, so put it on when you're finished and I'll be back to get you in a little while."

Vin had been active in sports at school, so showering in front of other guys his age wasn't anything new to him. He got to know a few of the boys as they cleaned up and slipped into their white cotton robes.

Piper returned, wearing a sexy nurse-style mini dress, with a collared neckline, showing off her luscious cleavage. Her white mules with

four-inch heels clicked daintily on the floor as she stepped inside the dressing room. "Any questions before we get started, boys?" she asked.

One of the boys raised their hand. "I have one," he said. "Do our dads know that we're getting our moms pregnant?"

Piper smiled at him. "That's a great question, Steve, and I'm certain the answer's no. All your fathers know is what you knew before you got here, and that is that your mom won a three day trip for two, to a resort in Alaska, and she was taking you along with her."

"Got it," the boy answered.

"It's important to realize that you're here doing a job your father's not man enough to do himself," she explained. "When some men get older, their penis's don't get as rigid, and what little sperm they produce is weak and dies off very quickly."

"Sucks to be dad then," one of the boys said, making the others laugh.

Piper laughed also. "Your moms are at their sexual peak right now, and so are you. Dicks become the hardest at your age, and your production of strong potent sperm is incredible. You're the 'other half' of a biological machine that's in it's babymaking prime," she said.

"Sweet!" a few of them responded with anxious smiles.

"Any other questions?" she asked, looking them over with a pretty smile. "OK, follow me."

The boys followed the short-haired beauty out of the dressing room. After a short walk down a wide hallway, they entered a room that was marked "Conception Room."

Inside the windowless room was two rows of full-sized beds, four on each wall, so you could walk across the room between the two rows. The moms were grouped together, chatting and giggling, like beautiful anxious girls at a school dance.

"Look who I brought back with me," Piper said as she led the boys inside the room. "Our resident sperm donors."

The moms all laughed. Like the boys, they were wearing matching white robes, except theirs were made of sheer mesh, with delicate scalloped-edge detailing. The robes were tied at their waists with luxurious satin sashes. Gina was with the moms, dressed in a sexy nurse's mini-dress, just like Piper's. "Your moms will show you to your assigned conception stations and we'll begin," she said.

Stiletto heels clicked against the hardwood floor as the mothers moved to their teens. Vin's eyes widened as he watched his mom sashay towards him with an anxious smile. Through the sheer robe, he could clearly see that she was wearing a matching white bra and panty set. Even under the confines of her bra, Nicole's enormous tits trembled heavily with her every step. Barely able to tear his eyes from her ballooning bosom, Vin's awestruck gaze traveled down his mom's smooth bare legs to her dainty feet with their red painted toenails, propped in four-inch slip-on heels. She reached out and took his hand. "Right this way, sir," she said playfully.

She led him over to their conception station, which consisted of a full-sized bed, with a small side-table that was equipped with towels and a big clear bottle of massage oil. All the couples sat side-by-side on the edge of their bed, facing Gina and Piper, who were at the front of the room.

"Boys, your mothers have planned their visits here to the clinic around the most fertile time of their menstrual cycles," Gina explained. "They're now in what's called 'the fertile window,' which

means today or tomorrow, an egg will be released from their ovaries."

Piper operated a projector, which cast an image on the wall. It was an animation of sperm swimming. "During this 'fertile window' it's your job, boys, to ejaculate as much sperm into your mother's vagina through sexual intercourse as possible. The more sperm…the greater chances of her achieving the goal of pregnancy."

Vin shook his head. He simply couldn't believe he was about to have babymaking sexual intercourse with his own hot mom.

Gina chimed in again. "Your sperm will face many challenges as they begin their search for your mother's egg. Most will die off shortly after coitus, but the greatest barrier of all will be your mom's cervix. The cervical entrance is not only very small, but it's blocked by cervical mucus. Luckily, during the time of ovulation, this mucus becomes thin and watery, making penetration by the sperm easier."

The animation on the wall showed a group of sperm surrounding the egg. Piper pointed at it. "Your mom's egg is only capable of fertilization for twelve to twenty-four hours. Your strongest swimmers, which we hope will be many, need to be there, ready for penetration. That's why it's important to begin intercourse before the egg is actually even released," she explained.

Gina nodded in agreement. "A great leader once said, 'if I had thirty minutes to cut down a tree, I'd spend most of that time sharpening the axe.' Before we even begin with sessions of intercourse, we need to work on preparing both you and mother's bodies for affective babymaking. This will begin with examinations. Piper and I are both trained experts in penile development and will be examining you boys one by one."

"I'll also be examining you ladies," Piper said, "to see if we can figure out how close you are to ovulation," she said.

Gina started a video presentation. "While you wait for your turn to be examined, we have a video we'd like you to watch that explains the process of conception. This will go into greater detail what we just discussed," she said.

The first boy and his mother followed Gina and Piper into an adjoining room and the door closed. The other sons and moms remained on the edge of their beds watching the video.

"I feel like I'm in sex-ed at school," Vin said, glancing over at his mom's tremendous cleavage.

Nicole giggled and took his hand, setting it on her lap. "It is fascinating though, isn't it? The process of conception?" she asked.

"Yeah, I didn't realize there was such a short window if time that a women could get pregnant."

"Yes, what happens during that twelve to twenty-four hour period is crucial," she said, squeezing his hand.

It was awkward at first, but the longer the video went on the more comfortable he felt watching it with his own mother. "Are you hoping for a boy or girl?" he whispered to her.

"Well, I already have two boys. Maybe a little girl for your sister to play with," the mother answered cheerfully.

"I figured you'd say that."

"Nicole and Vin," they heard Piper called from the front of the room. They got up and went over to their office.

"Why don't you go ahead and slip out of your robe for us, Vin," Gina said as she closed the door of her office.

"Well, I um…kind of have a problem," he answered, holding his hands over his crotch area.

Gina giggled. "Erections aren't a problem here…they're a necessity," she explained. "The fact that you have one tells us you have healthy blood flood, which is excellent. Why don't you let us take a look."

Vin awkwardly untied his robe and let it fall open. His rigid dick pointed out from his crotch at an upward angle.

The three women's eyes widened at it's impressive length. "Well, you certainly have nothing to be ashamed of, Vin," Piper pointed out.

"I'll say," Nicole added, with some awkward adoration showing on her face. "I don't know what the average size is for boys these days, but it seems like he's well above average."

Piper squatted down in front of the teen and ran her flexible tape measure across the top of his erection. "Nine-and-a-half inches," she said, then measured the girth around the base of his boner. "And the girth…five-and-a-half inches."

"Wow!" Vin's mom exclaimed, looking at him in wonder. He smiled back at her proudly.

Gina squatted down next to her assistant and examined the boy's prick. "Nicole, you were right, he IS above average," she said.

"Well above average," Piper added, her eyes traveling the length of the boy's appendage.

"I thought so," the mother answered proudly.

"The bulbous tip is VERY well-formed, with a nice wide coronal ridge," Gina said, then touched the head of Vin's prick, pulling open his piss-slit. "The meatus also has a long slit. That's good for sperm transferal."

Before she could close it, a fat bead of bubbling pre-cum oozed out. "Sorry," the boy blushed.

"Oh, don't you apologize for something wonderful like that," Gina said with a broad smile. "Pre-jizz is something we love to see in boys. It's a sign of strong ejaculations. There's also a little smell and taste-test we can do to see if your glans and seminal vesicles are producing healthy sperm."

Gina dipped her finger in, and placed his sperm droplet in her mouth. Piper did the same, smelling it first. "Very healthy smell," she said.

"And extremely sweet," Gina added, "which is a sign of high fructose levels, and VERY healthy sperm. Nicole, do you wanna try it?"

The mother smiled awkwardly. "Oh…um, sure," she said, then reached down and swiped the remaining pre-jizz off his piss-slit, then sucked it off her finger.

Vin couldn't believe his eyes. His mom was eating liquid that had just seeped up from his own balls.

"Oh God, you're right, that is sweet," Nicole said.

Her son's boner flexed at her admission, jumping higher into the air for a moment, making all three women let out little gasps. "Goodness…someone has a strong healthy erection!" Gina exclaimed.

Piper traced one of her long nails down the vein-encrusted length of Vin's cock. "He has quite the corpora cavernosa," she said in awe.

"What's that?" the boy asked.

"Your corpora cavernosa are the two spongy columns of tissue that engorge with blood to create your erection," she explained.

"Look at the way they're bulging out at the base," Nicole said with wide eyes. "I've never seen that before."

Gina placed her fingers around root of Vin's cock. "Yes…you can really see the penile muscle and ligaments through here. It means he has incredible strength in the base of his erection," she explained, then looked up at Nicole. "That'll serve you VERY WELL in some of the longer sessions of intense intercourse."

"Let's have a look at your balls now," Piper said, lifting the boy's prick out of the way so they could see his scrotum.

They each clasped on to one of his egg-shaped nuts and gently squeezed them. "Somewhat swollen," Gina said, then peeked up at the boy. "How often are you masturbating, Vin?"

"Uh…twice a day, usually," he confessed.

"But you probably haven't today, due to travel, so don't worry, swollen balls like these are quite common for boys on the first day."

"Oh good, so it's nothing to be alarmed about?" Nicole asked in concern.

"Not at all," Gina replied. "His sperm load should still be quite healthy, with lots of strong swimmers."

"There's an exercise we'll be doing after the exams that will help with that also," Piper said.

"Have you ever penetrated a girl sexually, Vin?" Gina asked.

"Yeah, um…a couple times," he said, blushingly glancing at his mom.

"It's OK, sweetie," Nicole said with a smile. "Neither your father or I expected you to be a virgin at this age. You did use protection, right?"

"Yes…condoms."

"So, you've never had sex without a condom on, Vin?" Piper asked.

"No."

"You know…most women would consider you still a virgin then," Gina teased.

"Really?" Vin asked.

"Well, technically you've never felt the grip of a woman's vagina around your glans, flesh to flesh…have you?"

"I guess not."

Piper smiled. "Sounds like your lucky mom's gonna be the first one to truly wet your dick then," she said.

Vin looked up to see Nicole smiling at him anxiously with her beautiful green eyes.

Vin and his mom rejoined the others, who were still watching the video presentation. Once the rest of the boys were seen, Gina and Piper came out of the exam room and continued their instruction.

"As many of you boys who play sports know, stretching before any type of physical activity is important," Gina explained. "The same goes for your testicles before sexual intercourse."

"Your testicles work to manufacture sperm and create ninety-five percent of your testosterone," Piper added. "Testosterone is a sex hormone that helps in the development of male reproductive tissues. The best way to boost your testosterone levels is by scrotal massage."

"Boys, stand up and slip out of your robes," Gina instructed. "Your mothers will spread a towel out on the bed for you to lay on."

Vin took off his robe as Nicole stood and laid a white towel across the mattress.

"Moms, you can now slip out of your robes also, leaving just your bra and panties on," Gina said.

As he stood there naked with his boner still protruding out like a sturdy tree branch, Vin watched his mom gracefully slip out of her robe. "Whoa!" his brain grasped, as he stared at her enormous bra-encased tits. The white floral-embroidered cups were semi-sheer, giving him a teasing peek at the wide dark-pink circles of her areolas. He was also enamored by the sight of her tremendous creamy cleavage.

Nicole looked back at him and smiled. As many times as she'd caught him staring at her tits over the years, she knew this must be an incredible thrill for him. "Go ahead and lay down, sweetie," she said softly, slipping her dainty feet from her heels.

Piper watched the group prepare as she walked down between the two rows of beds. "Ladies, there's jojoba oil there on your side tables. Bring it over onto the bed with you," she said.

Before laying back on the bed, Vin admired the dainty white panties his mom was wearing. Like her bra cups, they were made of sheer mesh, allowing him to faintly see her bare vulva.

All the boys sprawled onto their backs on the beds and their scantily clad mothers joined them, oil in hand.

Nicole's big milkers jostled beneath her bra as she scooted up between her boy's legs.

"OK, moms…the first thing you'll be doing is rubbing oil all over his balls and around the root of his erection ," Gina said as she surveyed the group.

Vin watched in utter fascination as his mom poured some oil across his hairless scrotum, then began to gently work it in with her lovely hands. She peeked up at him with a warm smile as her fingers circled his slippery nuts.

"Mothers…grasp his left testicle with your right hand," Piper said. "Stretch it away from the penis and gently massage it."

Nicole's long nails dug into the tender testicular tissue. Her eyes drifted to her boy's long thick boner, her tummy tingling at the thought that it would soon be buried inside her. "I had no idea he was so big," she thought.

Her son's nut felt like a soft meaty egg in her hand. She squeezed and pulled it gently, making her boy sigh with delight.

"Feels good, doesn't it, boys?" Piper asked. "We need to toughen those balls up. They'll be beating against your mom's bare buttocks a lot the next few days."

"Ladies, clasping the loose skin around both balls, gently pull at his nuts," Gina said. "Doing this will stretch the cord of his vas deferens and prepare it for an increase in semen transferal."

"We say increase because he could be ejaculating up to ten times a day, while he's here" Piper explained.

"Holy shit..ten times a day?!" Vin's mind exclaimed, knowing that was double his record, and that wasn't even actual sex…just masturbation.

The boys groaned as they had their balls squeezed and tugged on. Vin peeked down and watched his mom massage him. His eyes drifted to her gigantic tits, watching them heave around beneath her sexy bra. He noticed her areola looked thicker and slightly smaller than when she had first removed the robe. Her nipples also seemed

puffier and more pronounced beneath the mesh fabric. "Her nipples are hard!" he thought. "Mom is…turned on!"

Gina walked along between the two rows of beds. "Now moms, tap his balls gently with your fingers. Wake all those sperm up and get them ready. They have a big swim ahead of them," she said.

The moms all giggled as they tapped at their boys cum-filled balls with the tips of their long nails.

Vin was delighted by what she was doing, but he was even more thrilled by the fact that what Gina had just implied is that he would soon be fucking his mom. He was about to have his cock buried in skilled mommy-pussy, without a condom on. His dream since reaching puberty was about to come true.

"Now, while massaging his balls with one hand, reach down with the other and rub his taint with your fingers," Piper said.

Vin's body shuddered as he felt his mom rub his perineum in a circular motion with her fingers.

"Does that feel good, sweetie?" his mom lovingly asked, gazing up at him with her pretty green eyes.

"Uh-huh," he sighed.

Gina strode by them, looking over at the squirming teenaged. "Massaging the taint can stimulate the prostate gland, giving the boys stronger erections and increased ejaculation," she said.

Vin wasn't sure if he'd ever felt something so amazing. It was clear his mom had done this before…for his dad perhaps, since she was so good at it.

Soon, every eighteen-year-old in the room was writhing and moaning in delight under the hands of their skilled moms.

"We don't want these boys to spill those pint-up loads of ejaculate quite yet, do we?" Gina asked. "Why don't you moms crawl up and use more oil to massage their chests."

Vin watched in awe as Nicole crawled up, so her knees rested astride one of his legs. She poured some oil onto his chest, then set it aside. With both hands, the beautiful mother began massaging oil onto

his young lean chest. Slung in her bra, her enormous melons bobbled delightfully, threatening to spill right out of their cups.

"He's so damn handsome!" the mother dotingly thought, looking over her boy's well-toned physique as her hands worked the oil into his flesh.

"Can you see the excitement in your mother's eyes, boys?" Piper asked. "You're about to pump a baby into them. You're about to fill them with your potent seed and make their dreams of pregnancy come true."

Nicole exchanged a smile with her boy, running her long red nails against the tender flesh of his upper chest.

"Now work his lower torso, and around the base of his erection," Gina said.

The busty mother worked her way down his chiseled abs, then to his crotch, rubbing her hands and fingers around his hairless pubic base. Her eyes gazed wondrously at his tumescent cock, with it's big veins and the urethral bulge running the length of it's underside. "It's certainly bigger than anything I've ever had," she thought, her cunt pulsating at the thought that it would soon be stretching her delicate pink pussy.

"They're counting on you, boys," Gina reminded them. "They brought you here because they know YOU have what it takes to plant a baby inside them."

Her assistant, Piper, nodded in agreement. "They know you have full balls, and a rock-hard penis that will provide all the babymaking intercourse it takes to get the job done right," she said reassuringly.

Vin lustfully humped his ass from the mattress, desperately wanting to fuck. He could feel the heat of her vagina radiating from her cunt-slit, as it rested on his upper thigh. He watched her strong fingers dig around the root of his erection, making his throbbing sex organ wag up and down.

Nicole's eyes traveled hungrily from her boy's pleasure-filled face, down his torso, to the meaty column of his hardon. "If that thing can't get the job done, then nothing can," she thought.

Nicole loved her husband dearly. She knew it wasn't his fault that he was both pathetically endowed, and unable to get her pregnant again do to his low sperm count. She wanted a baby more than anything, and in her mind this wasn't the same as cheating to get what she wanted. This was merely her handsome son stepping up to do what his father was unable to. The baby's genetic make-up would be the same, so it would never raise a suspicion. It was simply the perfect solution.

"Now that you boys are all worked up, it's time to prepare YOUR MOTHERS bodies for babymaking," Gina said. "Ladies, strip out of your bras and panties, then take your son's place on the bed."

Vin climbed off the mattress with his mom and watched in wide-eyed fascination as she reached around and unclasped her bra. In a matter of a few seconds, the cups peeled free and the giant breasts that he'd dreamed about for years were right there in all their naked glory.

"Whoa!" the teen muttered out loud.

The mother looked at him and giggled, making her melonous double-G cup tits quiver. Her engorged nipples protruded like fleshy

marshmallows from the wide thick rings of her areola. She bent forward,

making her milkers hang down as she grabbed the elastic waistband of her panties and peeled them over her birthing hips.

Vin's boner jumped, saluting his naked mother as she lowered the panties over her smooth-shaven legs, and off.

Now they were both completely naked, looking across at each other for a moment with magic in their eyes. They both knew this was the first exciting step to making her belly big and round.

The mother crawled onto the mattress and sprawled back, making her giant boobies roll across her chest.

"Now boys, grab the oil. It's your turn to massage your mom and prepare her body for intercourse," Gina said.

Vin crawled onto the bed with his mom, his heart beating wildly. Nicole smiled and closed her eyes as her boy poured massage oil on her midsection, then began lathering it in.

"Holy fuck, could I get more turned on?!" the boy wondered, letting his hands run across his mom's sexy belly. He loved the way her massive tits were spread out on her chest like big round pillows of flesh.

Gina must have read not only Vin's mind, but every boy in the room's. "Massage her breasts now, boys," she said.

Vin didn't need to be told twice. He slid his hands up and grasped his mom's meaty tits. His fingers sunk in to the fatty flesh, making her erect nipples distend outward.

Nicole kept her eyes closed as she felt her son's strong hands massage her breasts. "I'm so impressed with how he's handling all

this… Literally handling all this," she giggled to herself.

While mauling her tits, Vin's eyes traveled down his brunette mother's curvy body. Her mons were bare. Nicole usually kept a tiny landing trip of pubic hair, but she had shaved it for the trip. She knew a hairless pussy would be better suited for several days of vigorous sexual intercourse.

The sight of his mom's luscious baby-smooth legs made Vin's heart do a somersault in his chest. They had a light sheen from being shaved and oiled daily, and exhibited a feminine motherly strength that the boy couldn't wait to feel locked around him. Her dainty feet were yet another part of her that he found extremely sexy, with their red painted toenails. Pink was usually her go-to color, but what Vin was unaware of was his mom knew red was his favorite color, so she did it just for him.

"Squeeze the nipples between your fingers boys," Piper said. "As your mother becomes aroused, her vagina will begin to secrete lubrication in preparation for coitus."

Vin's dick flexed on his loins. From what Piper had just said, he knew the time was getting close and he would soon be pounding his young cock through his mom's hot pussy.

"Ladies, roll over onto your tummies now," Gina said. "Boys, you'll begin with your mother's feet, then we'll be moving up her legs, to her ass and vulva."

Vin let out an excited sigh as his mom rolled over and he caught sight of her naked apple-bottomed ass for the first time. He just knelt there a moment, taking it all in. The way her lovely legs were slightly splayed apart gave him an incredible view of her cuntal clamshell. "Holy hell!" his mind screamed anxiously.

He poured more oil on the soles of her feet and massaged them, then slowly worked his way up her silky legs.

Darren, the boy Vin met in the dining room, had already reached his mom Cassidy's meaty ass and was massaging it anxiously. He pulled her lovely buns apart and looked at the elastic ring of her puckered asshole.

Cassidy peeked back over her shoulder and smiled. "That feels REALLY good, honey," she said, her face flush with desire.

"Boys, you should now be moving up to your mom's buttocks and cunt. Apply more oil if you need to," Gina said.

Vin moved over beside his mom. He could see her huge tits bulging out at the sides as they lay squashed against the mattress. He poured more oil on her rounded buttocks, then started massaging again.

"Oh God, what an ass!" he thought, digging his fingers into the soft fatty flesh of her rump.

Piper stopped and smiled at the wonder-struck teen, watching him squeeze his mom's buns. "Run your fingers down through her ass-crack. Rub one finger against the ring of her asshole," she told him.

Vin did just as she suggested. His middle finger slipping back and forth across the puckering lips of Nicole's ass.

"See how she likes that?" Piper asked the boy. "Now slide your hand down across her perineum and cup the folds of her vulva."

The excited teen ran his down between his mom's legs and cupped Nicole's vulvar lips in his hand. Her hips trembled as she felt her own son's hand on her genitals.

Gina smiled as she watched the aroused teens work their mother's cunt-slits over. "The time is getting close now, boys. Your mom's heart rate is increasing. Her vaginal walls are swelling and turning a darker color," she said.

"Her vagina is also expanding, to accommodate the lengthy hardness of your penis," Piper added.

Vin's heart rate was steadily increasing with their every word. His fingers slipped down between his mom's labium, into her juicy cuntal vestibule.

"Mmm,' Nicole moaned, feeling her boy's fingers cross the hot nipping mouth of her fuck-hole.

"Rub their clits, boys," Gina said. "Get their bodies worked up and ready for intercourse."

All the mothers were now shaking and gasping, bobbing their lovely mommy-asses up and down as their teen's rubbed their horny clits.

"Are you ready, ladies?" Gina shouted. "Are you ready for copulation?"

"Yes!" all of the mom's gasped.

"What about you, boys?" Piper asked. "Are you ready to make a baby with mom?"

All the boy's answered with a resounding "Yes!"

"MOTHERS…ON YOUR BACKS!!" Gina shouted.

"Ok, boys…prepare for penetration," Piper added.

Vin watched, more excited than any moment in his life, as Nicole quickly flipped over and threw her lovely legs back in a wide-open V. "HOLY SHIT!" his excited brain screamed as he gazed up the backs of her splayed legs, noticing how her sexy feet were pointed back like a ballerina.

The anxious mother reached for her teen, pulling him down on top of her. "Get it in me, sweetie!" she squealed, frantically reaching

down between them and grasping her boy's rod.

His knob slid awkwardly through the slit of her ass a few times, plowing across her butthole. On the forth try she helped the brick-hard boner meet it's target, and it plunged through the fleshy remnants of her hymen.

"Hooohhh!" the mother gasped, like she'd just had the wind knocked out of her, as she felt her son's girthy cock-meat stretch her inner-lining.

Vin snarled in lust, feeling slippery pussy wet his glans for the very first time. He backed out a few inches, before plunging his entire boner into the hot snug sleeve of her birthing tube.

He'd fucked a couple pussies, but none of them could prepare him for the feeling of his mom's cunt. His boner was immediately met with strong smothering muscles that clenched his tender pink dick like a clutching first.

"AHH!" he gasped, taking a few frantic thrusts.

Gina and Piper smiled at each other, then watched the eight mother and son couples go at it wildly. The sound of flesh beating against flesh filled the room. They always referred to this first session of intercourse as 'the awkward quickie.' The boys were always clumsy and would beat their hard dicks through their mother's pussies with such excitement, that they'd cum within a matter of a couple minutes. The moms were all warned in advance of course, and knew this first "quickie" was just to get that pent-up nut out of their son's system. Even so, they all knew this first big cum-load may just be the one with the strongest swimmers…one of which could find and pierce their egg.

"There you go, sweetie! YESS!" Nicole gasped, clutching her boy's bobbing ass with her long red nails as she cradled him between her warm thighs.

"Uhhgghh!" one of the boys grunted out as his dick already began pouring cum inside his mother.

A second boy began grunting also as he too was met with a mind-blowing orgasm. Then other boys around the room began to pop off.

The mothers were patient and understanding. They knew their teens had probably never experienced the grip of a mother's cunt, so popping off quick the first time was completely expected.

Nicole held on to her boy as he frantically pounded her juice-slickened cunt. Like the other moms, she knew her teen had fantasized about fucking her for years, so to finally realize the dream was an incredible thrill that would have him cumming at any moment.

Vin knew that popping off this quickly would make him seem like a two-pump chump, but her cunt-tube just felt too Goddamn good around his cock. Plus, he hadn't been able to masturbate since yesterday, so his dick was super-sensitive.

"I'm gonna cum!" he grunted.

Nicole squeezed him tight, her big titties sloshing between them. Her sexy legs were still thrown way back and her boy bucked between them. "It's OK, sweetie… Cum!" she breathlessly encouraged him.

"UHHGGHH!!" Vin groaned as he blasted a huge load of ball-juice inside Nicole's pussy.

For several minutes the boys humped and groaned in sexual release.

"Feel better, boys?" Gina finally asked them, once they had all become motionless on top of their mothers, who were caressing them tenderly.

"Tomorrow we'll be focusing more on the technique and stamina required for AFFECTIVE babymaking," Piper said. "After dinner we'll be doing one more exercise designed to familiarize you with your mother's body."

The boys were ushered back to their dressing room, so they could rinse off before dinner. The eight mothers did the same, chatting it up while rinsing off their nude, freshly fucked bodies in the group shower.

"The boys really needed that one out of their system," the blonde mother Cassidy said as soaped down her big bobbling jugs.

"They sure did," Nicole answered. "Without being able to jerk off yesterday, they must have been going crazy."

"Can you ladies believe how big our boys dicks are?" one mother asked.

"I know, I was shocked," Nicole confessed. "I mean, I knew from seeing Vin with erections at home that he was packing something above average, but I never expected it to be that big."

"How big IS it, Nicole?" Cassidy asked curiously.

"Nine-and-a-half inches," the mom proudly answered.

The other moms gasped. "Holy shit, that's huge!" Cassidy said, with her mouth hanging open in shock.

"What about Darren?" Nicole asked.

"Just over seven, but Gina and Piper think he has a very wide corona ridge on his knob, so I'm sure he'll be making me cum like a cheap whore tomorrow," Cassidy said, making the other mom laugh.

"Are you guys showing any signs of ovulation yet?" Tina asked.

"No, but I'm pretty sure I'll be starting tomorrow," Cassidy answered.

"Me too," Nicole said. "I usually have some mild cramping when my egg is released."

Asia, a pretty dark-skinned mother stood nearby rinsing her black silky hair. "Can you believe we just had sex with our sons?" she asked.

Cassidy smiled and shook her head. "Naughty fantasy come true for them I'm sure. I think Darren's been wanting to get in my panties since Junior High," she said, making the other moms giggle.

"Same with Vin," Nicole said. "It didn't surprise me at all that he came so quickly. It must have been an incredible thrill for him."

The redhead Tina nodded. "Well one thing I do know, I haven't felt a dick that hard inside me for a long time," she admitted. "Even on viagra, my husband gets no where near that hard."

"I know what you mean," Cassidy said. "Even though it was quick, I don't think I've been plowed by a dick that hard since I was in my twenties."

"Could you guys feel the boys dicks against your cervix?" Nicole asked the group, and the women responded with smiling nods.

"Could I ever," Cassidy answered.

"I know this is for babymaking and not pleasure, but that felt… AMAZING!" Nicole admitted with a huge smile.

The other moms giggled, making their wet heavy tits wobble on their chests.

"I agree, Nicole," Tina said. "Before today, I haven't felt and erection knocking at my back wall since a guy I dated in college twenty years ago."

"Well, besides the bonus of more pleasure," Cassidy said, "it'll also get the boys closer to our wombs, which'll give their sperm an added advantage when it comes to getting us pregnant."

The boys arrived in the dining room first, wearing their white robes. Just as they began eating and chatting the mothers arrived on bare feet, wearing one-piece semi-sheer teddies, in a variety of colors.

Nicole's teddy was red, her son's favorite color. Vin watched her step towards him proudly, her huge mommy-melons stretching the fabric and jostling heavily with her every step. She stopped behind him, placing her hand on his shoulders and leaned over, bringing her lips to his ear. "Put your eyes back in your head, young man," she teased.

He giggled and watched her sashay away. The fabric on the back of the teddy narrowed out into thong, disappearing between the swaying cheeks of her meaty ass. "Daaamn!" Vin muttered to just himself, since the boys around him were busy checking out their own moms.

After serving themselves, the mothers sat together in a group, chatting and giggling as they ate. The boys did the same.

"I felt a little guilty cumming so quick," Darren, Cassidy's son said, "but damn was that some good pussy!"

The other boys laughed. Vin nodded in agreement. "I know exactly what you mean, man," he said, then looked over at his beautiful mother, who peeked back, giving him a warm smile and a sexy wink.

"How was dinner?" Gina asked as she arrived a short time later.

"Good!" the group replied.

"Boys…these moms look like they'd enjoy a piggy-back ride back to the conception room," the hostess said.

The moms giggled playfully as they stood up and moved over to their waiting sons.

"Get over here you cute little piggy," Nicole joked, then jumped onto her boy's back.

The other mothers did the same to their sons, so their smooth naked legs were wrapped astride them and big mommy-melons crushed against their backs. The strong teens carried them up the wide hallway, with the mothers joking and laughing the whole way.

"Maybe we could make this one of your chores at home…to carry me around like this all the time," Cassidy teased her son.

"Wouldn't that be nice," Nicole said. "A method of transportation while we work around the house."

When they got into copulation room, Piper and Gina were there waiting. The couples moved to their assigned beds.

"Boys, go ahead and remove your robes," Piper said.

After the boys took their robes off, the couples sat side-by-side together on the edge of the bed as Gina spoke to them. "As I said before, the primary purpose of the first day at the center is to familiarize yourselves with each other's bodies. I'd like to do a two-hour long exercise now that will assist with this," she said.

Piper continued the instruction. "Boys, in a few minutes we're going to dim the lights and turn on some music to set the appropriate mood," she explained. "You and your mom will be crawling under the blankets together. We encourage you to roam your hands all

over each other's bodies. You can kiss, lick…and even dry hump if you want."

"BUT NO SEX!" Gina said with an exaggerated stern look, making the group giggle. "This is why the moms are staying in their teddies, to prevent any 'accidental' penetration."

Piper nodded in agreement. "Use this time to get to know each other's bodies. Hold on to one another and roll around on the mattress together. Try out different positions that you think may be affective for the two of you during coitus. Most of all though…have fun," she said encouragingly.

"Your moms have even been encouraged to say naughty things to you, to get that testosterone really pumping. Any questions?" Gina asked.

The group all looked around and shook their heads, with big anxious smiles on their faces.

"Then let's get started."

The lights in the room suddenly dimmed and the soft beat of tranquil new-wave music filled the space. The couples all disappeared beneath the blankets of their full-sized beds.

"Mm, this is cozy," Nicole said as they laid on their sides, facing each other, with even their heads under the blankets.

"A lot more comfortable than my bed at home," Vin said.

He felt his mom's hand reach up and rub his shoulder tenderly, then she scooted over against him, so their chests met. Vin felt her silky leg drape over the top of his. "I know this is kinda awkward, since I'm your mom…but let's just try to relax and get to know each other physically, OK, sweetie?" she asked.

"Sure," The boy anxiously answered.

She guided his hand around her waist, then brought her lips to his neck and began planting soften tender kisses.

"Awesome!" the boy whispered, making her giggle.

"What's awesome? My lips against your neck…or my boobs crushed against your chest?"

"Both."

"I want us to have a deep sensual connection through all this, Vin" the mother whispered between kisses. "I want our baby to be conceived in love."

"That sounds like the best way to me too," her son confessed.

"Kiss me then," she said softly.

Their lips met in a series of slow sensual kisses. He felt his mom's tongue peek out and flicker around teasingly on his lips. Vin slithered his own licker out and their tongues began to play outside their mouths.

After a few minutes of light petting, their mouths opened and fused together as they engaged in deep French kissing.

"Fuck! Is this for real?" the boy's mind buzzed as he felt his mom's long thick tongue wrestle with his own.

Without breaking their passionate kiss, the beautiful mother rolled on top of her boy, smothering his lean frame with her soft curvy body. She could feel his hard cock wedged against her mons, throbbing wildly from their intimate union.

Inside Vin's mouth their lickers lashed wildly together. The mother broke the kiss, but only for a second. "Oh, you're such an amazing

kisser, sweetie," she gasped, then went back to smooching him.

"Thanks."

"What else are you amazing at?" she asked in a sensual tone between wet kisses.

Vin felt her legs slide off the sides of him, so her knees rested astride his hips. This placed her warm vulva right up against his boner, with only the thin silky crotch of her teddy separating the flesh of their genitalia. His mom went back to kissing and licking his neck. "Would you like to make a baby this way?" she said between licks. "With me on top of you? Riding you…grinding the tip of your penis against my womb."

"Oh yes!" the boy gasped, inadvertently thrusting his hips, lifting his mom up at the waist.

"It's not the most ideal position for babymaking," she said. "Your seed would be pumping upward…against the forces of gravity, but that's ok…I know your ejaculations are strong. I know you'd still pump a ton of potent semen deep inside me."

Vin couldn't believe his mom was talking to him this way. It was the type of conversation he never thought he'd have with her. She felt amazing on top of him. Her boobs were huge and soft and the sensations of her thick rubbery nipples poking through her negligee and into his young chest was divine.

The boy remembered what Piper had told them about rolling around on the mattress, so he quickly rolled his mom onto her back, taking the top.

Nicole gasped, then immediately locked lips with him again. The boy felt her smooth naked legs wrap up around his midsection, interlocking her ankles behind him. He ran his hands along her outer thighs, enthralled by the succulent silky flesh of her motherly legs.

"You'd rather use this position though, wouldn't you?" she mewled, then planted another wet smacking kiss on his lips. "You'd rather be on top of me so you can pound your strong penis into me as hard as you want to."

Vin gasped excitedly, pushing his boner against her puffy vulvar lips. His mom placed her hands on his cheeks, cradling his boyish face. Their eyes had adjusted enough to the dark that he could see his mom's gleaming green eyes as she gazed up at him. "You don't know how excited this makes me, Vin. The fact that you're taking your father's place between my thighs," she confessed. "I know you're gonna be the man I need right now. I just know you have what it takes to give me a baby!"

The boy answered by giving his mom a deep kiss. His hips began to slowly pump up and back, grinding his throbbing erection against her cuntal slit.

Nicole tightened her motherly legs around him, providing a nice snug dry-humping-harness around her boy's young frame as he writhed between her strong smooth thighs.

"Squeeze my tits…don't be shy," she hissed, between deep kisses.

Vin pried his hands between them and handled the doughy softness of her mom's tit-melons while they smooched and dry-fucked.

Gina and Piper walked between the rows of beds, monitoring the couples, all of whom were moaning and writhing beneath the blankets. They paused at one bed and saw Asia's strong dark-brown legs sticking out from underneath the blanket, wrapped high around her boy's back as he grinded on top of her. "How did Asia's tests look?" Gina whispered to her assistant.

Piper check her tablet. "Her estrogen levels have peaked. Her temperature has also dropped slightly since she's been here," she answered.

"Hm, I have a feeling she's started her ovulation," Gina predicted, making a note on her own tablet. "Let's get them in a private room for a session of intercourse as soon as we're through here."

"Got it," Piper said.

Gina moved to the next bed. "What about Nicole…how's she looking?" she inquired.

Piper looked at her information. "Breast sensitivity. An increase in cervical mucus. I think she's right on track for an egg release tomorrow," she said.

"Perfect. Her son, Vin…he's the one with the nine-and-a-half inch erection, correct?" Gina asked.

"Correct."

"I think we could probably let them explore some of the more untraditional coital positions tomorrow. He definitely has the length for it, so I don't think it'll impact the effectiveness of his ejaculations," Gina said.

"I don't either," Piper agreed.

After they were through discussing each woman's cycle, the lights came back up and the music went off. Vin stuck his head from the blanket. His mom was still on her back, gazing up at him dreamily.

"So…" Gina said, surveying the group. "Do we feel a little more familiar with each other's bodies now?"

The group let out a resounding "yes!"

"Tomorrow, our conception schedule will actually begin, but we know the exercise you've just been through probably has you all a little…worked up, am I right?"

The mothers all nodded and giggled. The boys also answered in the affirmative.

"Then it's important to get some release, but it's also crucial that we don't waste a drop of the boy's sperm, since our whole purpose here is to get you ladies pregnant," Gina said.

Piper nodded in agreement. "So moms, before you get tucked in for a good night's sleep…how bout a session of doggy-style intercourse?" she asked.

The eight mothers threw their arms in the air and let out a collective cheer.

"Wooo!" Nicole reacted excitedly, giving her boy a big smile.

"Then get out of those teddies and get busy!" Gina shouted.

The moms quickly hopped up and began shedding their negligee. "You don't have to tell ME twice," Cassidy said, pulling down the straps of her teddy and releasing her big fatty tits right in from of her ogling boy.

Tina, the redhead, peeled the thronged portion of her teddy out from between the buns of her big peach-shaped ass. "You don't have to tell me twice either…since it's my favorite position," she anxiously blurted out.

"Mine too!" Another mom agreed.

Vin gulped with nervous excitement as he watched his mom shed her outfit. Her naked jutting boobs wobbled heavily as she peeled the teddy away from her shaved crotch and down her lovely legs. The boy's cock flexed with anticipation as he stared for a moment at her naked pudendum. Thick vulvar lips flanked the domed flesh of Nicole's clitoral prepuce.

The beautiful mother wasted no time crawling on to the bed, pausing on all-fours and smiling over at her teen. "Ready when you are," she said almost playfully, cocking the rounded cheeks of her ass back.

Vin smiled back and crawled onto the bed with her. His big dick pointed at it's luscious target, which was slightly splayed open to display her deep coral slit. "Holy fuck!" he thought, almost as if in disbelief, like he was getting ready to test drive an expensive luxury sports car.

Nicole gazed back at his big cock, with it's huge tapered head. "Good grief, I'm gonna fall in love with that thing!" she thought, knowing that her boy's impressive-sized boner made her husband's penis look tiny and pathetic.

Vin mounted her haunches and felt her cuntal opening stretch around the tip of his cock. The heat of her slippery vaginal lining sizzled around the bulb of his glans. Before he could thrust the rest of his boner in, Nicole plunged her cunt back on his horny hardness, completely sheathing it in hot slippery pussy.

"Whoa!" the boy gasped, feeling the cheeks of her ass mash up against his midsection.

Not only had the horny mother engaged him in full penetration, she initiated the rhythm of their doggy-fuck, pumping her cunt up and back steadily on his steely erection.

"Yess! Oh, sweetie, that's so good!" she gasped, making her huge hanging udders jostle all around from the rhythm of her exited humps.

The sound of eight motherly asses beating again teenage crotch filled the room as the boys dicks thundered through hot fertile pussy.

Gasping with pleasure, Vin clutched on to his mom's hips and met her humps with one's of his own. He quickly became entranced at the sight of her fleshy ass rippling wonderfully as it beat against him. The dry hump earlier had gotten Nicole's juices flowing and each time Vin's cock appeared it was dripping with vaginal secretions.

"Good grief, if he were any bigger he's crush right through my cervix," the mother delightfully thought, feeling the knob of her boy's penis batter her cervical entrance.

Vin's eyes rolled back slightly as he felt the amazing sensations around his burrowing cock. Along Nicole's cuntal lining were rows of purple-ribbed rugae, creating the most exquisite cuntal-sleeve that

a boy could experience. On top of that, her strong pelvic muscles and the hot cervical mucus that was smearing all over the boy's bell tip added even greater pleasure to his tender prick.

One thing all of the moms would agree on is they each needed an orgasm in a bad way. At home, they often masturbated at least a couple times a day, just like their sons did. They couldn't rely on their sexually-fading husbands to get them off, so they were forced to take care of business themselves.

Luckily, even though the boys weren't yet able to last too long, they had dicks that were longer and fatter than their fathers, which brought their moms to quick screaming climaxes.

Vin watched his mom throw her pretty head around, tossing her dark mane back and forth. "UUHHGGHH!!" his mom screamed out. Her voice joined an orgasmic chorus of mothers around the room, and she bucked back on him even faster as she came.

Such a amazing display, coupled with the pulsating grip of her birthing tube made the boy's dick swell and tingle.

"Uh! Uhh! UGGHHH!" he grunted, as jizz began to blast from his piss-slit. He nearly blacked-out it was so intense.

Around the room, teenage boys whimpered as their cum-spitting cocks were smothered in the humping grip of their mom's purple pleated pussy. After several minutes, the couples collapsed onto the bed together.

"Feel better?" Gina asked with a big smile.

She was answered with a collection of satisfied groans.

"Piper will show you moms to your sleeping quarters. Boys, you can follow me," Gina said.

Vin and Nicole stood up and she threw her arms around him, mashing her huge naked tits against his chest. "Goodnight, sweetie," she said, giving him a peck on the lips.

"Goodnight," Vin answered, then watched her walk with the other moms towards the exit. The sight of all those jiggling asses and heavily bobbling tits nearly took the boy's breath away.

Nicole gazed back at him and their eyes stared into each other's for a moment, like they had just formed some sort of new connection tonight that they were both silently acknowledging. She gave him a cute little wave, then disappeared out the doorway.

The next morning the boys were all eating breakfast in their robes, when the moms walked in wearing long sheer white night dresses. They filed in one by one, their dainty stiletto heels clicking delicately on the hard floor. The gowns were transparent enough to tell that they were completely naked underneath.

Vin's eyes widened as it was Nicole's turn to enter the room. Her huge melonous tits trembled wonderfully beneath her beautiful

gown as she sashayed gracefully past him, giving her handsome boy a little smile, curling her bee-stung lips mischievously.

When she stepped by him, he turned his head so he could check out her amazing ass. The night dress was transparent enough to faintly make out the crack of her swaying buttocks.

Several times during breakfast Vin would look over and see his mom whispering to another mom, while they looked him up and down with lust-filled eyes.

"I saw you talking about me over there," he said to his mom, when he got her alone after breakfast.

Nicole giggled and gazed up at him. "Maybe I was," she teased.

"What were you saying?"

"Do you really wanna know?"

"Of course," the boy said.

She pushed her squishy tits against him and brought her lips to his ear. "I was bragging about how big your dick is," she whispered candidly.

"Oh."

She looked back into his eyes. "So what do you think about that?" she asked with a playful smile.

"That's cool I guess."

"Cool that you're here putting your father to shame with that big hard thing?" she asked.

"How so?"

"How so?!" Nicole snickered. "By getting his wife pregnant with your big babymaker today, that's how so."

The group was ushered to the conception room and sat on the edge of their assigned beds.

"Who's ready to make a baby?" Gina cheerfully asked them.

Everyone in the group raised their hand anxiously and some shouted "ME!"

"There are no 'wrong' sex positions to conceive a baby, but there are a few that increase the likelihood of your sperm meeting your mom's egg," Piper explained.

"There are five tried and true sexual positions that you'll be engaging in today that have proven to be the most effective in babymaking," Gina said. "But first, let's talk about something called staying-power or stamina."

"Stamina can mean many things," Piper said, "but when it comes to sexual intercourse it refers to how long you can pump your erection through your mother's vagina without cumming."

"Today we want you boys to try taking it slow and steady," Gina said. "Instead of having intense sex, dial it back a notch and thrust your erections at a slower pace. Your moms will help to remind you to slow down if you need to. Babymaking is not a race, boys. Your moms need strong ejaculations from you today. Prolonging your orgasm can create a greater sperm build-up in your testicles, so that when you do cum, your giving her as much seed as you can."

"Stamina will also allow your mom to orgasm, which will help relax her cervix for better sperm transferal," Piper added.

"Any questions?" Gina asked. "OK then…let's get naked and make babies."

Vin stood up and untied the sash of his robe. He let it slip off and glanced down at his huge boner sticking out like a divining rod from his crotch. He watched his mom peel her night dress off, then slide her sexy bare feet from her heels.

"We're gonna start with one that might surprise you. It's called the reverse cowgirl," Gina said. "Let's give you moms control of the bumping and grinding this first session."

"Yaay!" a few moms cheered.

"With you moms in control, you can also make sure that your son's boner is in an optimal position for his ejaculation to blast into your cervix," Piper added.

"OK, boys…on your backs and let your mothers go to work," Gina said.

Vin crawled on to the bed and sprawl down onto his back. Then, he watched in fascination as his busty mother straddled his midsection, with her lovely ass facing him. She lifted her buns up slightly, then grasped his erection and fit his knob against her fuck-socket, while peeking back at him. "Ready, sweetie?" she asked lovingly.

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered, excited beyond words.

The boy felt his tender hardon stretch her vaginal walls as her cunt sunk to his nut sack. He watched her meaty ass-meat spread out against his crotch. Then his mom began to bounce on him, spearing his prick through the slippery sleeve of her pussy.

"Ohh yess!" she gasped, feeling her teen's muscular penile flesh carve through the delicate purple walls of her cunt.

The boy took a look around and discovered the other moms fucking their sons in the same manner. Their huge fatty tit-melons trembled heavily as they leaped up and down their chests.

"I forgot how much I like this one," Tina, the redheaded mother said breathlessly as she beat her boy's boner through her shaved pussy.

"This has always been one of my favorites too," another mother commented.

"God, it feels so much different with a larger dick," Cassidy sighed, feeling her boy's rigid pecker dig deep inside her pussy.

"I know exactly what you mean," Nicole said, smiling across at her.

"Sounds like you ladies are enjoying those teenage erections," Gina commented with a big smile.

"We sure are!" Cassidy gasped.

"My favorite part of this position is the grinding," Nicole said as she sunk all the way down her boy's dick and started swiveling her hips up and back.

Asia smiled over at her. "Girl, I'm right with you there," she said, grinding steadily with her vulvar lips fused to her boy's cock-base.

The other moms joined in on the grinding, rolling their wide hips up and back, and up and back, showing their skill.

"There you go, moms!" Gina said encouragingly. "Grind on those big hard babymakers!"

The moms engorged clits protruded out from beneath their hoods, rising and falling from the constant motion of their steady dick-grinding. The beautiful stay-at-home-moms moved almost like a row of belly dancers, gyrating their birthing hips, while their large hard-nippled tits teetered heavily back and forth across their chests.

"Ohh!" Vin moaned, feeling his cock being stirred around inside his mom's cuntal sleeve. Her cervix felt like a set of puckered bee-stung

lips kissing all over his glans, smearing his sensitive knob with hot slippery mucus.

The pretty mother peeked back over her shoulder. "You doing OK, sweetie?" she asked with heavy aroused breath.

"Uh-huh," the boy sighed.

Piper came over to the bed and knelt down beside him. Her pretty face hovered over his. "Relax, Vin. Deep breaths," she softly coached. "Try clenching your ass-cheeks together to keep from cumming."

The teen did as she suggested, which seemed to help control his excitement level.

"Better?" Piper asked.

"Yeah."

Nicole went from grinding to humping up and down again. Vin loved watching her luscious derriere move as she fucked him.

"Ahh! Oh God, I'm cumming!" One mom shouted from across the room.

"Me too!" Asia squealed, riding her boy's boner with vigor.

"Cum hard on those erections moms," Gina shouted. "The relaxation effect of an orgasm only helps in the babymaking process."

One by one the moms began to pop, trembling through intense orgasms as they fucked tirelessly. Vin felt Nicole's cunt- tube shrink up around the meat of his plunging cock. He knew she was close, by the way she was panting and frantically beating her ass against him.

"Uhhgghh, shit!" a boy across the room grunted as he blasted jizz inside his mom.

"Cummiiinnnggg!!" Cassidy cried out and her son Darren grunted out at the same time.

"Ohhh fuck, I'm there!!" another mom squealed.

"Make sure the head of your son's prick is ejaculating right at your cervical opening, ladies," Gina reminded them.

More teens grunted like animals as their dicks shot off inside their mom's vagina.

Nicole let out a loud trembling squeal, clenching her fists in the air. Her face was masked with pleasure, her giant knockers rippling wonderfully as they leaped up and down.

Vin let out a sharp gasp. It felt like her cunt tube was turning inside out around the rigid meat of his cock. He felt his mom's girl-cum running down the sides of his nuts. The boy suddenly arched his chest, his face grimacing as he felt the cum boil up from his balls.

With a guttural grunt he began transferring his load of seed to his mom through his piss-slit. The room became a choir of sixteen people grunting squealing and crying out, as each was struck with orgasmic pleasure.

As soon as it was clear they had ridden the waves of orgasmic delight completely, Gina gave them further instruction. "Alright ladies…let's grab those wedged pillows and get those hips elevated," she said.

Vin stood up and watched his mom sprawl back on the bed, she placed a wedge-shaped pillow beneath her ass, which elevated her hips, then she scissored her legs back. He looked around and saw the other moms doing the same.

"Why do they have to do that?" Darren, Cassidy's son asked.

"I'm glad you asked, Darren," Gina said. "Your mom's vagina is an acidic environment, which isn't ideal for the survival of sperm. Your ejaculate prefers an alkaline environment, and hence needs to move away from the acidity of the vagina as soon as they can."

"And doing this helps that?" Vin asked.

"Exactly right, Vin," Piper said. "This method helps more sperm get through the cervix and reach your mom's fallopian tube much faster, increasing her chances of pregnancy."

"This is what I did when I was trying to get pregnant with YOU, sweetie," Nicole said, then extended her sexy leg his direction and ran her painted toes down his lean chest. "And just think…if I hadn't, you might not even be here."

"Your moms will stay like this for about fifteen minutes," Gina said, "so if you handsome boys wanna take a break, get a drink…then when you come back, we'll start the next session of intercourse."

The eight teens did as she suggested, leaving the moms there with elevated hips and legs thrown back.

"I don't know about you girls, but that was the strongest fucking orgasm I've had in like… forever," Tina, the redheaded mom confessed.

The other moms giggled. "Me too," another mom agreed.

"Well, is it any mystery why?" Cassidy asked. "Did you see how hard the boys dicks were."

"I do get orgasms from my husband," Asia said, "but the orgasm my son just gave me was on a whole other level of pleasure."

Piper smiled. "Nothing like young men with healthy blood flow. It makes their erections as hard as rocks," she said.

"Not only that," Gina added, "but I firmly believe that this generation of boys have penis's that are longer and fatter than the generations of the past."

"I definitely agree with that," Nicole said nodding her head.

"So what your saying is we better prepare ourselves for more mind-blowing climaxes?" Tina asked.

"That's exactly what I'm saying," Gina nodded and smiled.

"I'm good with that," The pretty redhead said.

The other moms burst out laughing.

When the boys returned a short time later, the moms were scattered through the room chatting. "OK, shall we get back to business," Gina shouted.

Vin watched his mom sashay over to join him beside the bed. He still couldn't believe that she was shamelessly naked in front of him. Her huge ballooning mommy-melons teetered heavily on her chest as she moved over and playfully poked him in the ribs.

"The next position you'll be having sex in is an adventurous take on the standard missionary position," Gina explained. "It's called 'the hook.' With your mom on her back, she'll be hooking her legs over your shoulders. This will not only assure the deepest penetration possible, but will also have the forces of gravity be in your favor, making it much easier for your sperm to swim up past her cervix."

"Remember to pace yourselves, boys. This position can produce a very quick ejaculation," Piper warned.

"Let's get started," Gina said with a smile.

Nicole took her boy's hand and led him onto the bed. Vin waited on his knees, watching his mom drop onto her back. She brought her dainty feet up, resting them on his shoulders, and gazed up at him with an anxious grin. "Ready to blast more of those spermies into me?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Vin muttered, scooting forward. He loved watching his mom's eyes get big as he shoved his manhood inside her.

"Oh, Goddamnit!" the teen's brain gasped as he felt the neck of his glans slip along the wonderful purple ribs that lined his mom's cunt tube. They both sighed audibly as his fat bell tip kissed the pouty head of her cervix.

When his mom bit her bottom lip and gazed into his eyes lustfully, he knew it was time to fuck, so he set his hips in motion. With Nicole folded in half beneath him, the teen drove his cock through her pussy with full-length thrusts.

"Oh yes, Vin!" she gasped, feeling his thick penile flesh plunge through her fertile vagina.

"Find a rhythm, boys," Gina said. "Make sure you're thrusting your erection all the way in."

"I had some abdominal pain this morning," Nicole whispered, looking up into her boy's eyes.

"You did?"

"Yes. That's usually a sign that I've started ovulating. My egg has been released from my ovary, sweetie," the mother whispered excitedly. "All it needs now is your sperm."

Vin gasped and smiled. "I'll give you all I have today," he assured her.

The sound of flesh beating against flesh filled the room as the teens fucked their moms at a steady pace, trying not to go fast, so they didn't cum too quickly.

"How are they doing, moms?" Piper asked, receiving a few gasping responses.

"Wonderful!" Nicole sighed, clenching her eyes shut and throwing her head to the side, as a tremendous orgasm built inside her.

Vin's head swelled with confidence, knowing he was giving his own experienced mom sexual pleasure. He placed his hands astride her so he could lift himself up a tad and really stick it to her.

"OH MY GOD!!" Nicole's brain screamed as she felt her son huge hard slab thunder through the grip of her cunt. "HE FEELS INCREDIBLE!!"

Piper noticed how hard the boy was slamming his prick through her. "Careful, Vin…watch your pace," she warned, knowing he could cum incredibly fast this way.

"I'm good," The boy responded confidently, socking his steely hard cock through his mom's juicy vagina.

It was no great surprise, but this time Nicole was the first one to cum. She let out a cute orgasmic mommy-scream, arching her back beneath her boy and making her giant boobies quiver as her pretty face twisted with pleasure.

Stretched along the top of Vin's thick burrowing shift, Nicole's urethral meatus bulged, and hot girl-cum began squirting out, soaking their genital union.

The other moms weren't far behind her, crying out in passion as they were brought to body-trembling orgasms.

Many of the boys began groaning as they popped off. Vin got his second wind. He was shocked that his dick wasn't tingling more than it was, but he took the opportunity to really give it to his beautiful mom hard and fast.

Wow!" Gina muttered, as her and Piper stood there in fascination, watching the big dicked teenager fuck like a skilled porn star.

"My God, look at that!" Piper whispered, biting her bottom lip.

Just as Nicole came down from one orgasmic peak, she found herself rising towards another. "Ohh, baby!!" she cried out in a trembling voice.

"Ahhh!" Vin moaned, feeling her spongy, juicy grip tighten around him, making his boner tingle delightfully. He brought his full weight down on the backs of her legs and dug his prick in as deep as he could. He gasped repeatedly, taking the most exquisitely pleasurable thrusts of his young life.

His fat bell tip stretched her uteri, mashing his dick so far back that his entire knob disappeared between her cervical head. Now his piss-slit was kissing the tiny entrance to her womb, and a huge mass of hot liquid jizz raced up his pipe and splattered around it, sending thousands of potent swimmers straight up through her cervix, spreading out into her uterus.

The boy bucked and groaned, feeding his mom's cum-starving cunt with more and more of his creamy offering.

"Wow!" his mom gasped as he finally rolled off her.

"You OK over there, Nicole?" Cassidy asked, snuggling with her boy in post-orgasmic bliss.

"Yes…VERY OK," she sighed, like she'd just had the most amazing cum of her life.

"Alright, moms…let's elevate those hips," Gina reminded them.

After lunch the boys were back in the saddle, fucking their moms in the side-by-side position. Since this position was intimate and more conducive to actual love making, the lights were dimmed, to provide a more romantic atmosphere.

Vin and Nicole were on their sides, embracing tightly. The boy was between his mom's circled legs, steadily thrusting into her as they kissed sensually. She broke their smooch and gazed into his eyes dreamily. "I like this one a lot," she whispered.

"Me too," he said.

Laying this way, all Vin could see when he looked between them was her huge cleavage mashed against his upper chest.

The boy sighed in delight as Nicole squeezed her pussy around his boner in a snug kegel grip. "You like that?" she asked softly.

"Yes," he answered, then flexed his erection inside her, while taking an extremely deep thrust, making her eyes roll back a little. "Do you like THAT?" he asked.

"Can't you feel how wet your dick is? Doesn't that answer your question?" she teased.

"Do you think you like this position because it's more like making love than making a baby?" Vin brazenly asked.

"Well, like I told you before, a baby should be conceived in love, so if we wanna consider this 'lovemaking,' that's OK by me."

Over the next hour, Vin and his mom "made love" intimately, while kissing squeezing and stroking each other tenderly. Gina had been going around checking up on the couples, and now it was Nicole and

her son's turn. "Everything going OK here," she asked, sitting down on the bed beside them.

The mother gave her a dreamy look. "Perfect," she said.

"Is he making contact with your cervix?"

"Oh yes he is," Nicole answered with a delightful smile, feeling her boy's fat knob bumping against her back wall.

"That's excellent," Gina said. "Boys with a high libido like your son will be constantly leaking pre-ejaculate during coitus. Even THAT contains a ton of sperm cells that could easily make it through your cervix and find your egg."

"Wonderful," Nicole said with a smile.

"You know, these positions are recommended for the average-sized boy," Gina said. "but because Vin so well endowed, we're not too concerned, since his penis with hit your cervix in just about any sexual position."

"True," Nicole said proudly.

"That being said, if there are any other position you two would like to try out today, you're more than welcome to."

"Really?" Nicole asked, her eyes lighting up. "Could I um…ride him?"

"Absolutely," Gina giggled, then got up. "Have fun you two."

The mother looked into Vin's eyes and smiled. "Do you mind if I ride your dick, sweetie?"

"Are you kidding? Why would I mind?"

"True," Nicole said cheerfully, rolling on top of her teen. "You'll enjoy it as much as I will."

Vin watched in awe as she rose up off his chest. Her knees were planted astride his hip and his cock was still buried inside her gripping cunt-sleeve.

Nicole dropped back down, catching herself on extended arms, so her huge jutting tits hovered above her boy's face. She gave him a sultry look through her curtain of dark silky hair. "Brace yourself, kiddo. This one's MY favorite," she said anxiously.

Then, she began to ride his cock, working herself up to a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Holy shit!" the boy's mind screamed as he found himself staring up at biggest set of swinging boobs he'd probably ever see in his life. The movement of Nicole's heavy milkers quickly developed a repetitive pattern, circling out from her chest then smacking together, over and over, almost throwing her boy into a literally tittie trance.

The busty mother's splayed outer lips beat against her son's cock-base as she pumped his hard muscular dick all the way in on every thrust. She wasn't satisfied with just this though. She wanted to feel their horny union collide. "Thrust your hips from the mattress, baby," she panted. "Let's beat our genitalia together!"

Vin humped up into her, feeling his tender pink dick stretch out her slippery purple-ribbed lining on every plunge. "Oh damn, mom!" he gasped, overwhelmed with divine pleasure.

After two minutes of solid cock-smothering thrusts, the mother mashed their crotches together, rocking up and back in full penetration. "Goddamnit!" the boy gasped, throwing his head back in ecstasy.

"I'm getting close too, baby," the mother gasped. "Can you wait for me?"

"I think so," the boy hissed, looking down at his mom's grinding bare pubis crushed against his own.

Nicole plopped down on top of him, making her jiggling tit-meat squish against his chest like warm bread dough. Her thick lovely ass bobbed up and down, still meeting her son's upward thrusts with the tireless strokes of her juice-slickened pussy.

They could both hear couples grunting and crying out in orgasm around them. Nicole kissed her son passionately as she fucked him. "Gimme our baby!" she gasped between kisses. "Make me cry out while you pump our baby into me!"

"Oh God, I'm gonna cum real soon, mom!" the boy announced.

The mother humped frantically, quickly spurring her own climax so that they could explode with passion together. "FILL ME!!" she cried out.

"UHHGGHH!!" Vin grunted, as his whole body shuddered. Fat gooey ropes of semen splattered against the back of his mom's vagina. He felt his mom's own hot juicy discharge swirl around his prick and felt her lush body trembling on top of him.

For several minutes their engorged genitals went at it in a hot grinding fuck. The inside of Nicole's vaginal sleeve was a mass of purple pussy and pink penile flesh, wrestling in a gooey mix of their hot orgasmic secretions.

The boys slept like babies that night, dreaming of all the wonderful things they'd just experience. Their sleeping quarters was a smaller windowless room with a bunk bed on each wall. Because there was no window, their room was pitch black, even when the sun came up. The mom's came in naked to give them a morning surprise.

Vin woke up to the sound of giggling mothers. He could feel his top bunk shaking as someone climbed the ladder. It didn't take him long

to figure out who that 'someone' was. Nicole snaked on top of him from beneath the blankets. The boy sighed in delight as he was blanketed in the warm soft flesh of his mother.

Nicole immediately started kissing him passionately. "Did you miss me?" she whispered between kisses.

"Yes," the boy sighed. He couldn't see her, but what he felt was out of this world. Her huge fatty tits, with their thick rubbery nipples, sloshed against his bare chest and her hand grasped his dick, quickly tugging it to full hardness as she kissed him.

"So you missed me huh?" she asked.

"Uh-huh."

She quickly rolled them over so her son was on top of her. "Show me how much," she mewled, drawing her knees back, bowing open her smooth thighs. She kissed again and whispered into his mouth. "Fuck the shit out of me!"

Vin's heart was beating so fast he felt out of breath. He could already hear the other beds squeaking, and his own bunk jerking from Darren fucking his mom Cassidy in the bunk below him.

His mom was so sexually excited that her cuntal walls had secreted slippery fuck oil, that lubricated his boner nicely as it sunk through it's simmering grip. He knew this wasn't meant to be slow steady marathon sex like they encouraged him to do yesterday. His mom was here to get pounded hard and fast, and that's how he gave it to her.

"YESSS!" Nicole screamed as she laid beneath her son's hammering assault.

Gina and Piper had encouraged the mothers to visit the boys bunk room, to let the teens get a hard morning nut out of their systems.

Of course the beautiful mothers were happy to accept.

"Suck my tits while you fuck me," Vin's mother whimpered, her voice quivering from the power of her son's thrusts.

Vin latched on to one of her nipples with his mouth and mashed his face against her squishy tit as he sucked. Her other boob rolled up and down her chest as he pumped into her.

The eight married moms felt no shame or guilt being fucked this way. Their boys were simply doing what their husbands should have been able to do, but couldn't.

Fucking as intensely as they were, none of the mothers, or the boys were able to hold off very long. Soon the dark room was filled grunts and cries of passion.

"That was a nice surprise this morning," Vin told his mom when he saw her at breakfast.

Nicole and the other mothers wore stunning white fishnet body stockings, with keyhole cutouts down each side. The stockings stopped at the ankles and their sexy feet were arched in dainty four-inch heels. Vin's mom fed him a mischievous smile. "Mm, I agree. It was nice," she said, pouring some coffee.

"Do you think you could be pregnant yet?"

His mom giggled. "Oh sweetie, pregnancy doesn't quite happen that fast," she explained. "It'll take about a week for your sperm to travel to my egg and fertilize it."

"That long?"

"Yes, and even then I'm not 'officially' pregnant. The egg will still have to attach itself to my uterine wall, which can take anywhere from six to ten days."

"Wow, so we're not even gonna know if our trip here was successful until we're back home," the boy said, seemingly a bit disappointed.

She bumped her squishy fishnet-covered boobs against his chest and planted a soft kiss on her lips. "Nope. Our whole purpose here is to pump as much of your hot boy-seed inside me while I'm fertile, to increase the chances of that happening," she said.

"Well, that's not such a hard task."

Nicole reached down and slid her hand between the slit of his robe. Considering how she was dressed, she wasn't shocked to find a fully hard boner protruding up from his crotch. "This is the HARD PART down here," she joked, gently stroking it's length.

"It wouldn't be if you weren't so sexy," Vin confessed.

"Oh, aren't you sweet," she said. "You know you don't have to try to charm the panties off me. You're already gonna be ears deep in my pussy today."

"Ears deep huh?" the boy giggled. "That's pretty deep, mom."

She gazed into his eyes lustfully. "Wouldn't 'ears deep' be something? So far up there that I could give birth to you all over again," she said.

"THAT would be wild."

Nicole giggled, tenderly running her circled hand up and down his stiff meat. "I'll settle for this beautiful thing. It's plenty big enough," she said.

After breakfast Piper came for the moms first. The boys boners flexed excitedly as they watched the jiggling fishnet- covered ass of their mom sway away.

It wasn't long before Piper came back for them. "Ready, boys?" she asked, although she already knew the answer.

They were ushered back to the copulation room, and were greeted by a wonderful sight. Now naked, each mother was on her knees on the bed, with their meaty mommy-rumps pointed back in the doggy position.

"Welcome back, boys!" Gina said. "As you can see, your moms are eagerly awaiting their next injection of your babymaking sperm. This time the two of you will be having intercourse doggy-style."

"Doggy is a great position for conception," Piper added, "because your sperm are released at an optimal position for travel through the cervix."

"So lose the robes, mount your mothers and let's get started," Gina said.

Vin crawled onto the bed with his mom, staring at that lovely round ass. Maneuvering himself up close to her, he rubbed his juicy cock-crown up and down the slit of her pussy, teasing her swollen clit.

Her hips shivered, and she gazed back over her shoulder with a lascivious grin. "You tease!" she whispered.

He pushed his steely prick into her and Nicole gasped as she felt her pussy giving way to the battering thrusts of her boy's huge cock.

"Damn, her pussy feels incredible!" the teen told himself, as he experienced the exquisite sensation of her wet purple walls dragging around the tender meat of his hardon.

"Pace yourselves, boys!" Gina said encouragingly. "You've already cum once this morning. Give more sperm a chance to swell inside your balls, then you'll be able to give your mom another healthy-sized load."

"Oh my God, this feels so good!" Nicole thought as she threw her cunt back to meet her son's steady thrusts. She had always loved doggy-style through her many years of marriage, but if she was honest, it could never compare to the obscene joy of being fucked from behind by her own strong-dicked son. The sound of flesh smacking together around her reminded the busty beauty that the other mothers were probably feeling the same way.

"Can we just do it like this all day please?" Tina's pleasure-filled voice asked, making the other moms giggle.

"I'd be just fine with that too, girl," Asia said breathlessly, pumping her luscious dark-brown ass back against her son's crotch.

Piper smiled over at them. "While I do share your passion for doggy, we wanna get you in various sexual positions today, to give your son's sperm a real fighting chance at getting through your cervix," she explained.

Vin's watched his mom's unblemished ass-globes beat against him in a steady rhythm. Even on the third day of fucking her, he still couldn't believe it was his own mom's lovely buttocks he was looking at. His cock glistened as it plunged in and out of her snug cunt-hole. While he couldn't really see much of his own mom's boobs from this angle, all he had to do was look around to see the heavy udders of the other seven moms swinging from their chests.

"Slap those asses, boys!" Gina shouted. "Show your moms what studs you are."

Vin drew his hand back, then SMACKED his mom's humping ass with his open hand, making her ass-flesh ripple delightfully.

"SMACK! … "SMACK!" "SMACK!" the other boys beat their mother's behinds with open-handed slaps as well. All the teen were pleased with the results, as the women began cumming hard on their dicks, while having their meaty mommy-asses repeated smacked.

For a good hour Vin hammered his mom from behind, making her cum several more times in the process. Finally, he grasped her hips and humped her hard and fast, like a dog in heat.

With a series of grunts, a huge explosion of prick juice erupted from the tip of his cock, spraying into her smothering pussy in long gooey ribbons.

"Don't get too comfortable boys," Gina said, as the breathless teens rested next to their blissful mothers. "After your mother elevates her hips for ten minutes, you'll be sliding your fat cock right back inside her."

The boys went to get water, while their moms let their sperm-loads soak into their wombs. When they returned, the women were gone.

"Where the heck are they?" Darren asked.

"If you follow me, I'll show you," Piper's voice said, standing behind them, near the doorway.

The boys mouths dropped open as they saw that she was completely nude, with her large fat tits jutting out. She turned to walk away, and the boys followed…their eyes fixed on her thick swaying ass.

Piper stepped down the hallway and into a 'mystery room.' When the boys entered, they were met with the surprise of their lives. The room was nothing but ONE HUGE MATTRESS, with the moms sprawled out naked, forming a large circle.

"Hm, what do we have here, ladies?" Gina said, crawling off the bed and stepping towards the group of teens. Like Piper, she too was now completely naked. Her tremendous breast bobbled heavily as moved. "It looks like a bunch of hard-dicked teenagers who are ready to fuck. Come pick out your favorite, girls, and get his hard cock inside you," she said.

The moms got up, came over and took their own son by the hand, leading him back to the center of the huge floor-mattress. They began kissing and fondling, slowing sinking onto the cushion, and within a couple minutes they were all fucking like animals.

Three moms…Nicole, Cassidy and Tina were side-by-side, each riding their son's hard erection. The mothers fucked with graceful experience, each plunging their hot shaved cunt up and down the steely-hard dick of their boy.

"Yess! Fuck our pussies!!" Tina cried out. The moms were told to be as vocal and nasty as possible inside this room.

Vin's eyes were wide with desire, as were those of the boys next to him. In front of them was a literal row of huge, hard-nippled tits leaping up and down to the rhythm of each mother's humping body.

The boys could have spent hours laying there watching, but their moms had other ideas. The women fell forward, smothering the three teen's upper bodies in warm squishy tit-flesh. Their thick asses bobbed up and down, plunging the hot pricks through their aroused vaginas, making fuck- oil secrete from their cuntal lining.

"Don't you just love the fact that our hot boys are giving us their babies?!" Cassidy mewled.

"Mm, pumping all that cum inside us with their big fucking cocks!" Nicole added.

Vin shivered excitedly. He had never heard his mom talk that nasty. She really stretched across him as they fucked, making her massive boobie-mounds jiggle right up near his face.

Tina got in on the verbal action. "Maybe they should cuck their fathers, so they can fuck our cunts every night," she panted.

"Yess! Then they'd be our full-time boy-toys, which means we could suck their cocks, and let them cram their dicks up our asses too," Cassidy said in a lusty tone.

Nicole gazed down at her boy in complete fuck-lust. "You wanna fuck mommy up the ass, baby?" she cooed. "You want mommy to milk you off with her hot rectum?"

"Oh shit," her son gasped, feeling his dick tingle inside the juicy grip of her humping vagina.

"Oh, I think somebody likes the sound of that," Gina said as she crawled up behind him, her huge mammaries hanging down nearly to the mattress. She brushed them across the boys face teasingly. "Are you gonna fuck your sexy mommy up the asshole, Vin?"

"Yes," he gasped, aroused beyond belief.

"Are you gonna suck on my milk-swollen tits when I'm big and pregnant with your baby?" Nicole added.

All three of the boys were moaning, squirming and gasping as a cum-explosion swelled inside their nuts. When their moms lifted themselves up on extended arms and grinded on their unyielding dicks, they felt the flood-gates open, and their cum-loads began to erupt inside the fertile twats of their baby-craving mothers.

There in the mystery room, the sessions went on and on, all afternoon and into the evening. The mothers and sons pounded their sweat-soaked bodies together in various sexual positions. The beautiful married moms experienced the most powerful orgasms of their lives, soaking their boys in the liquid love that squirted from their urethras.

The boys spent hours sucking the smothering flesh of their moms tits. They licked and sucked their cleavages, and gorged themselves

on their nipples and areolas, sucking and pulling at the rubbery papilla to their heart's content.

Five more juicy cum-loads blasted into Nicole's greedy pussy as they fucked late into the night. She was almost delirious from all the toe-curling orgasms that she'd had. Her birthing tube was a swamp of semen. Thick pasty spunk churned and clung to the pleated purple walls that surrounded Vin's hard pink babymaking prick.

The couples were exhausted the next day. They said their goodbyes and left the center, in hopes that their dream of making a baby had been accomplished.

"Wow, what a night," Vin said on the plane ride back home.

Nicole lifted her head from his shoulder, where she'd been resting it. "You're not kidding," she agreed. "I had some marathon sex when I younger, but never anything like that. I can still feel your cum leaking out of me."

Vin giggled. "Yeah…I think I probably put a gallon in there," he joked.

"A lot of people talk about the miracle of conception. If I DON'T conceive it'll be a miracle," she said.

"Well…if you don't get pregnant, we could always go back to the center and try again," he suggested with a big smiled.

She fed him a playful grin. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she asked sweetly.

"You bet I would."

She stared at him deeply with her beautiful green eyes, making her boy's dick harden. "I'd like it too," she whispered, "but not as much as taking a trip somewhere else…just you and me, nine months from

now, when my belly's huge and round, and these boobs are incredibly swollen with milk. We could find us a nice romantic resort to stay in for a few days."

"Somewhere warm?" Vin suggested.

"That won't matter."

"Why's that?" the boy asked.

Her bee-stung lips curled into a naughty smile. "Because we won't be outside at all. We'll be in our room fucking each other's brains out the whole time," she said in a sultry tone.

The teen's heart skipped a beat. "Sounds like the best getaway ever," he admitted.

Six weeks later Nicole came home from her doctor with exciting news. She immediate began planning her and her son's big getaway.

18: BSTC – NEW YORK CITY

BSTC – NEW YORK CITY

Part One

By Klrxo

Naomi and her friend Taylor were filled with excitement as they planned their day trip into the bustling city of New York. They eagerly anticipated taking their sons Ross and Carl to an exclusive training facility, where they would learn the art of fucking pussy and other sexual techniques. The glittering lights and endless possibilities of the Big Apple beckoned to them, and they couldn't wait to embark on this adventure together.

"Mom, I already know everything there is to know about sex. Why do I have to go to this training center?" Ross groaned as the taxi zipped along the interstate.

Naomi gently took his hand and placed it on the prominent orb of her pregnant belly, their fingers intertwining on top of the soft fabric covering her skin. Her striking blonde hair cascaded down her back, framing her face like a golden halo, and she gave him a reassuring smile that revealed her perfect white teeth. "Just because you've fucked a few girls doesn't mean you know everything about sex," Naomi replied, her voice soothing, like a warm blanket. "This day camp we're taking you to offers valuable skills and sex techniques that you may not have had enough experience to fully master yet. And besides, Taylor and Carl are with us. We always have a good time when the four of us are together."

Naomi and Taylor exchanged a comforting smile, their bond strengthened by years of friendship and the shared experience of being nine months pregnant.

Taylor's round belly stretched her sundress to its limits, resembling a beach ball ready to burst. Her womb was packed with triplets, each fully developed and ready to slide down her birthing tube at a moments notice. Her dark hair cascaded down her shoulders like a cloak, framing her radiant green eyes. Both women's tits were swollen with motherly nourishment, accentuated by their tight clothing that struggled to contain their abnormally large tits. The V-shaped necklines of their attire revealed creamy cleavage, beckoning attention and reminding onlookers of their womanly power. Their bodies, full and ripe with new life, radiated an aura of confidence and wisdom.

Carl shuddered at the feel of his mom's hand on his inner thigh, slowly, teasingly raking her long, painted fingernails against flesh. He loved how touchy-feely she was, always sharing prolonged hugs and sometimes running her hands beneath his shirt, stroking his chiseled chest.

Taylor got a kick out of watching her son's crotch grow when she gave him affection. Even now, she couldn't resist the urge to peek down and monitor his tent-pole, watching it slowly rise beneath his pants. "The same goes for you, young man," she stated, looking up into his handsome face.

"What?" Carl asked.

"Don't pretend to know everything about that penis of yours, especially how to use it on a girl."

As the taxi continued its journey, the city skyline began to come into view, its skyscrapers reaching for the heavens like colossal

fingers of steel and glass. Naomi's eyes sparkled with anticipation as she shared a knowing look with Taylor, both mothers anxious to share in the experience of this program they had heard so much about.

Ross and Carl, sensing their mothers' enthusiasm, began to feel a sense of excitement and curiosity about the training center. They knew that their mothers had a knack for getting them involved in the most unique and unforgettable experiences, and this was no exception.

Their destination was a stunning, modern building that towered above them. They stepped out of the car and approached the entrance, quickly locating the directory to find their desired location. After a short ride in the sleek elevator, they arrived at The Boys Sexual Training Camp on the 32nd floor. The polished floors and pristine walls of the foyer gave off an air of professionalism, making it clear this was a place of education and discipline.

The inner doors to the day camp swung open with a whoosh, revealing a spacious and elegantly designed interior. Soft, ambient lighting illuminated the room, casting a warm glow over the sleek furniture and tasteful decor. The scent of jasmine hung in the air, adding a touch of sensuality to the atmosphere.

A tall, impeccably dressed woman with striking red hair approached them with a warm smile, her large tits trembling on her thin frame. Her piercing blue eyes sparkled with intelligence as she greeted them. "Welcome to The Boys Sexual Training Camp. My name is Isabella, and I'll be your guide during your time here."

Naomi and Taylor exchanged glances, impressed by Isabella's poise and confidence. It was clear that she was an expert in her field, and

they felt reassured knowing that they and their sons would be under her guidance.

"Thank you," Naomi smiled gratefully, "we're excited to see what this experience has in store for our sons."

"Why don't we start by giving you a quick tour of the facility," Isabella suggested, ushering them down a wide, polished corridor.

Isabella confidently led the guests through the expansive facility, her stiletto heels echoing off the polished floors. Naomi and Taylor followed closely in their own high-heeled mules, their toes adorned with bright polish peeking out from delicate straps. The two boys were just as fixated on the trembling tits and swaying asses of the three stunning women as they were on the place they were touring.

Isabella explained how they had a plethora of programs and workshops available to the young men, emphasizing the boys would have the opportunity to consult with their mothers and choose courses that piqued their interests.

As they walked past a room with a floor-to-ceiling glass wall, Ross and Carl couldn't resist sneaking a peek inside. To their surprise and excitement, they were met with the sight of at least twenty couples engaged in passionate lovemaking. The room was filled with padded lounge platforms, each one occupied by a pair of bodies locked in the missionary position. Moans and gasps filled the air as boys thrust deeply into their mothers, their bodies glistening with sweat and desire. The moms' legs were spread wide in the air or wrapped tightly around them, their expressions ranging from intense pleasure to complete bliss. Every inch of the room seemed to pulse with a raw and primal energy as the sound of flesh meeting flesh echoed through the walls along with the screams of women in various stages of orgasm.

The sign next to the door read "Becoming a Missionary Position Master" in bold, inviting letters.

"That's our missionary position workshop," Isabella informed them, her voice carrying a hint of mischief. "It's where boys have the

opportunity to learn advanced techniques and sharpen their skills in that particular position."

"You mean…we're actually gonna be have sex while we're here?" Carl asked with growing curiosity.

"Yes, that's right, Carl," Isabella answered. "We have a very hands-on approach to learning here at BSTC."

Ross raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued. "So, you guys provide women here for us to practice with?"

Isabella's expression turned coy as she looked over at Naomi and Taylor, her eyes glinting with unspoken secrets. It was clear that there was something important the mothers hadn't shared with their sons yet, something that made this training facility all the more intriguing.

Isabella's voice carried a gentle, maternal tone as she spoke. "Why don't I show you to the lounge? Your mothers can explain those types of details, and you boys can decide which workshop interests you for today," she suggested with a warm smile.

As they walked through the polished halls, Naomi and Taylor couldn't help but exchange knowing glances. They had indeed saved the most important detail of the training camp until now.

Once gathered in the lounge and snuggled side by side the mothers squeezed Ross and Carl's hands, the air was tense with anticipation. Naomi's voice was soft but firm as she began to speak, her words carrying a weight that made the boys sit up straighter in

their seats. "Ross, Carl, there's something important we need to discuss with you," she said.

As the boys exchanged confused glances, Naomi continued to explain. "This program is uniquely designed for mothers to assist in

the learning and practicing of new skills. And I know it may sound unconventional, but WE would be your partners in this experience."

The boys' eyes widened in disbelief. "You?" Carl asked.

"You mean...we would be doing sexual things…with you guys?" Ross asked incredulously.

Taylor nodded calmly. "Yes, that's right, honey. We have a lot of experience with sex, so who better to guide you through these courses and provide bodies for you to practice on." The room fell silent as the boys tried to process this unexpected turn of events.

"Are you boys both OK with that?" Naomi asked, a bit nervous by how they might respond. "Do you mind using our bodies in a sexual way?"

The two mothers would have never imagined bringing their sons to this place, if it weren't for their suspicion that Ross and Carl wanted to pound their cocks through them. They knew that both boys had a history of stealing their panties, staring at their bodies with lust-filled eyes, and sporting erections in their presence. It was a risky move, but one that offered themselves up as sexual partners in this place of learning.

The boys smiled at each other, both nodding at the same time. "Of course, we are OK with it!" Ross exclaimed, his excitement apparent in his voice. "We trust you guys, and know you're just doing it to help us."

Naomi and Taylor shared a warm smile, their hearts swelling with relief and love for their sons. This experience was going to be a memorable one for all of them, and they were eager to embark on this journey together. "Why don't we take a look at the curriculum," suggested Taylor, handing the information over to them. "Pick out a course that interests you for today and we'll sign up."

The two boys looked through the list of workshops, their hearts racing as they reviewed the list of sexual education courses available, which included:

1.

Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners

2.

Perfecting Oral Pleasure

3.

Uncovering the Secrets of Anal Play

4.

Reaching Climax Together: The Power of Mutual Masturbation and Orgasm

5.

The Science of Sexual Positions

6.

Becoming a Missionary Position Master

7.

Navigating Post-Coital Emotions in the Afterglow

8.

Public Sex: Tips on How, When, and Where to Engage

9.

Advanced Techniques for Stimulating the Female G-Spot

10. Expert Advice on Edging and Delayed Ejaculation

11.

Mastering Breast Stimulation: How to Squeeze, Lick, and Suck Like a Pro

12. Pleasuring Your Partner like a Skilled Cocksman: Unleashing the Ultimate Orgasmic Experience

Ross's eyes scanned the list, his heart pounding hard in his chest. "I think I wanna start with something a bit more basic," he told his mother, pointing to the "Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners"

course. "I want to make sure I can really pleasure a girl that way properly before I move on to having sex with her."

Naomi smiled at her son's thoughtfulness, her eyes twinkling with pride. "That's a great choice, honey," she replied. "Foreplay is one of the most important parts of fucking. It's what sets the tone for the rest of the encounter and allows both partners to connect on a deeper level."

Carl, on the other hand, had his eyes set on a more advanced course. He pointed to the "Advanced Techniques for Female G-Spot Stimulation" workshop. "I don't know much about that and I wanna make sure that I can pleasure a woman in every way possible."

Taylor nodded approvingly at her son's choice. "That's a great goal, sweethear. G-spot stimulation is an essential part of a woman's pleasure, and being able to find and stimulate the G-spot inside her pussy can make all the difference in the bedroom."

With their courses selected, Naomi and Taylor eagerly registered their sons for the workshops. Isabella, their friendly guide, led them

through the winding halls of the facility until they reached a certain section away from the classrooms. "Through those doors are the preparation rooms for men and women," she explained. "There you will find a variety of comfortable clothing suitable for your chosen courses. Take your time to prepare before heading to your classes. You have about thirty minutes."

"We'll see you boys back out her in a little while," said Naomi as her and Taylor headed towards the ladies preparation room, their dainty heels clicking with an eager pace on the hard floor.

Ross and Carl stood there, momentarily stunned by the scene unfolding before them. Excitement pulsed through their bodies as

they watched Naomi and Taylor's hips sway in perfect rhythm, their dresses hugging every curve of their luscious bubble butts. The sound of laughter and chatter filled the air as the two women disappeared through the door to the preparation room, leaving Ross and Carl wondering if this was all just a dream. "Pinch me," Ross said with a laugh, still trying to process everything that was happening.

Carl looked at his friend with a wide grin, tossing his head back in a full-on laugh. "No, we're definitely not dreaming," he said, his voice shaking with excitement.

Carl and Ross emerged from the workshop, clad in their form-fitting attire that hugged their frames like a glove. The fabric seemed to mold to their bodies, accentuating every muscle and curve.

After what seemed like an eternity, the two women finally appeared, causing the boys' jaws to drop in awe. With confident strides, Naomi and Taylor approached them, their beauty almost blinding. Naomi wore a seductive black lace gown that featured a plunging neckline with scalloped trim and delicately tied halter straps. A sheer bodice was adorned with intricate mesh embroidery, a high side slit that teased at her long legs, and a matching panty. As she walked, her

huge pregnant belly swayed beneath the sheer fabric, giving glimpses of its roundness and the faint outline of her unborn child. And her braless breasts, seemingly unrestrained by anything but the flimsy material of her dress, shuddered heavily with every click of her dainty heels. It was a sight to behold, one that left Carl and Ross speechless and mesmerized.

Taylor was draped in a stunning ensemble. The plum-colored babydoll set boasted delicate lace cups, embellished with intricate

strappy detailing and accented by shimmering silver O-rings, accentuating the true size and weight of her tits. A focal point of the piece, the crisscross center panel drew the eye to Taylor's curves, further highlighted by adjustable spaghetti straps. Beneath the lace underbust, a sheer loose bodice flowed gracefully down to her hips, adding a touch of ethereal beauty. Completing the ensemble, a matching G-string with double straps added a playful yet seductive touch to the overall look.

"Wow, you both look stunning," Ross exclaimed, his eyes widening at the sight of his mother and Taylor in their revealing outfits. The lace and silk hugged their curves perfectly, and it was clear that they had put a lot of thought into their appearance.

Carl couldn't help but agree. "Why don't you ever dress like this at home?" he asked, his gaze flickering between his mother and Naomi.

Taylor let out a laugh, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Because if your father ever caught me in something like this around you, I'm pretty sure he'd divorce me," she replied with a playful wink.

"So, our dads don't know about any of this?" Carl questioned.

Naomi and Taylor shared a knowing smile before shaking their heads. "No, boys, your fathers have no clue about what we're doing here today. But as mothers, we believe it's our responsibility to educate you about sex."

Naomi chimed in, her voice full of conviction. "And we believe that this is the best way to do it, despite what your dads might think. It's important that we keep what happens here just between us."

With that, they took their sons by the hand and led them down the hallway towards their respective courses. The anticipation and

excitement were palpable as they walked towards their first lessons in the art of lovemaking.

The "Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners" room was a small, intimate space enveloped in a soft glow from the dimly lit candles scattered throughout. The air was thick with the scents of vanilla and lavender, creating an atmosphere of relaxation and sensuality. Ross and his mother, Naomi, entered eagerly, their eyes adjusting to the low light. They were greeted by an experienced mentor who stood at the front of the room, ready to guide and instruct.

As they took their seats on plush leather couch, the instructor stepped forward, her petite frame illuminated by the flickering flames. Her warm smile put them at ease as she spoke. "Ross, it looks like you and your lovely mother are my only guests for this particular course," she said. "But don't worry, it'll allow me to give you all the attention and guidance you need. My name's Candice. Please, if you have any questions during this workshop feel free to stop me." As they settled in, the room seemed to melt away into a world of sensual exploration and learning.

Candice sat down on the other side of Ross and turned towards him to provide instruction. The boy felt a little intimidated being between such busty beauties. "So tell me, Ross, have you experienced sex with a girl yet?" she asked.

"Yeah, a couple of times," he answered.

"That must have been incredibly thrilling for you," Candice stated, "Thrusting your erect penis through a girl, feeling the warmth of her

body and the tightness of her wet pussy is one of life's greatest pleasures for a man. But there's so much more to sex than just the physical act. Foreplay is crucial to fully enjoying the experience."

She paused for a moment, letting her words sink in. "Imagine if you were cooking a delicious meal, but you skipped the seasonings and toppings, leaving it bland and unappetizing. That's what missing out on foreplay is like. It adds depth, flavor, and excitement to an already enjoyable experience."

"That makes sense," said Ross.

Naomi rubbed her son's leg tenderly. "That mean as anxious as you are to get your dick in there and fuck away, you have to slow down and understand that there's a better way, honey," she added.

"Exactly," Candice, her voice smooth and low, "foreplay is one of the most important aspects of pleasuring a woman. It's not just about getting her aroused and ready to fuck, but it's also about connecting emotionally, physically, and mentally. It's a chance for you to show her how much you care and how much you want to make her feel good. Are you ready to learn, Ross?"

The teen nodded eagerly, eyes wide with anticipation.

"Great!" Candice smiled warmly at Ross' enthusiasm. "Let's start by discussing some basic techniques. Foreplay can include physical touch, like kissing or caressing. It can also involve verbal communication, like compliments or dirty talk."

"I see," Ross nodded, listening intently as his mom took his hand and squeezed it warmly..

"Remember, every woman is different, so it's important to pay attention to her signals and adjust your approach accordingly. Does that make sense?" the Instructor asked.

Ross nodded, his curiosity growing.

Candice continued, "One of the most effective techniques for foreplay is oral stimulation. This can include kissing, licking, sucking or lightly chewing on sensitive areas like her neck, breasts, and inner thighs. Be sure to use your lips, tongue, and fingers in a variety of ways to tease and explore. Don't be afraid to experiment and find what works best for you and your partner."

"Alright," Ross uttered, showing that he understood.

"Why don't we start by practicing the most basic of these techniques - kissing and gently exploring your mom's body with your hands."

Ross looked at his mother, a bit nervous but also excited. He could feel the butterflies in his stomach as he thought about what he was about to do. But he knew that he had to be brave and give it his best shot.

Naomi smiled gently at her son, her eyes soft and understanding. "Go ahead, honey. It's alright. You can do this."

With newfound confidence, Ross took a deep breath and slowly leaned in to kiss his mother's lips. He was taken aback by the warmth and softness of her mouth, the perfect symmetry of her lips, and the subtle flavor of her lip balm. They kissed again, and again, their lips parting slightly as their tongues danced together. Ross found himself getting lost in the moment, the sensation of his mother's lips and tongue sending shockwaves throughout his body.

"That's great, Ross," Candice praised, watching intently. "Now, let's try gently exploring her body with your hands. Remember to be gentle and pay attention to how your mom is responding."

Ross placed his hands on his mother's face, lightly stroking her cheeks and running his fingers through her hair. He felt the

softness of her skin and the curves of her face, all the while maintaining eye contact with her.

Naomi closed her eyes, letting herself enjoy the sensation of her son's touch. She felt his fingers trace down her neck, over her shoulders, and finally, onto her arms. She let out a soft sigh, her eyes flickering open to look at her son.

"Excellent," Candice praised. "Now try moving down to her breasts. Remember to keep your hands firm, explore her body with intention."

Naomi smiled and nodded in approval as Ross's hands slip over her smooth cleavage and onto the huge peaks of her tits. He squeezed, feeling their supple softness in his hands. Through the embroidered fabric of her gown, he could just make out the wide rings of her areola and the fat nubs of her nipples. He glided his hands over the top of them, wondering what it would be like to suck at their flesh.

Candice peeked down at Ross's lap to assess how hard he was. Her lips curled into a satisfied grin as her eyes were met with the tubular-shaped bulge of his erection pushing upwards through his form-fitting bottoms.

"Naomi, why don't you straddle him now," she suggested. "Ross, a woman will often do this during foreplay to give you better access to her body. Plus, it brings your genitals in closer contact in preparation for sexual intercourse."

With a graceful movement, Naomi stood and straddled him, her knees finding balance on the cushioned surface of the lounge. She could feel the heat and hardness of his cock-shaft pressing against her pubis through their thin layers of clothing. Ross struggled to control his breath as he gazed into the endless expanse of Naomi's

cleavage, which hung only inches from his face. He felt like an adventurer precariously peering into a deep, curvaceous abyss that

threatened to consume him whole.

"Ross, pull her against you this way and kiss her lips," Candice instructed.

Ross complied, his hands running up Naomi's back to cup her shoulders as he pulled her torso gently towards his own. Their lips met once more, a tender force that seemed to ignite a flame within them both. As they kissed, Naomi let her hands fall to his chest, her fingers tracing the contours of his muscular form.

Candice observed their interaction with a keen eye, taking note of their growing chemistry. "Now, Ross, you want to try kissing down her neck and onto her breasts. Take your time with this. Foreplay is never something that should be rushed."

Emboldened by her words, Ross slowly lowered his head, his lips brushing against the soft skin of Naomi's throat. His breath felt like a gentle caress against her skin, its warmth causing her to shudder in delight. He trailed his lips down to the sweet spot where her neck met her shoulders, then continued his exploration by kissing her collarbone and moving to the left side of her neck.

Naomi added her own bit of advice as she felt his lips leave a trail of fire on her skin, igniting every nerve ending in its wake. "Keep your kisses soft and sensual, honey. You're doing great," she whispered, her voice filled with appreciation.

She gripped his back with a desperate need, her fingers digging into the strong muscles beneath his skin. Her hips, full and curvy like that of a mother goddess, began to sway and pivot against his body, grinding her womanhood against the hard length of his cock.

Candice, with her expert knowledge of sexual behavior, observed their movements with a knowing smile. "Do you see what that's doing, Ross?" she asked. "It's like you've flipped a switch inside her body that has set her hips in motion. This 'dry grinding' technique

will prime your sex organs, causing them to engorge and release pre-cum from your cock while also stimulating vaginal secretions within your mother. Those fluids will assist you in experiencing a deep, satisfying fuck."

Ross released a soft gasp, his senses consumed by the swiveling pressure and heat of his mom's vulva. It rocked against his throbbing erection with exquisite force, sending shivers of pleasure through his body. His eyes remained fixated on the sight before him - the monstrous size of Naomi's breasts looming in front of him, their flesh straining against the delicate embroidered fabric of her gown. He watched with rapt attention as they shifted heavily with each movement of Naomi's hips.

Candice's keen gaze studied the boy's flushed, pleasure-filled face as she acknowledged where his attention was focused. "Don't be timid, Ross," she urged, her voice low and sultry. "Pull her against you and let your lips explore her cleavage."

Ross hesitated for a moment before complying, wrapping his arms tightly around the woman who'd given birth to him. He drew her oversized breasts against his chest, feeling their soft weight push against him. His face pressed down into the tremendous canyon of her cleavage, his lips tracing along their inner contours, relishing in the softness and warmth of her skin.

Naomi chimed in with more advice for him as she felt his face nuzzle between her breasts. "That's right, honey. Take your time and let your lips and tongue explore," she sighed, her fingers

tangling in the hair on the back of his head, guiding his movements.

A small gasp escaped the pregnant mother's lips as she felt Ross's erection flex against her overheated crotch. She could feel his heightened excitement, the blood and sinew causing his boy-cock to pulsate with excitement which only added to her own arousal. After years of being with her husband and dealing with diminishing penile

blood flow, she had almost forgotten how incredible it felt to be grinding against a dick that was solid as a rock. The sensation made her clitoris throb and sent shivers through her body as she moaned softly, losing herself in the bliss of the moment.

"Ross, remember not to become fixated on just her tits," Candice advised. "Alternate your attention between them and her lips for a more passionate kisses."

As Ross's face emerged from the depths of Naomi's cleavage, her lips eagerly descended to meet his in a fiery kiss. The mother's tongue, long and thick, delved into his mouth with an assertive intensity, whipping around like the tail of a snake. For Ross, who had kissed plenty of girls his age, this was unlike anything he had experienced before. The way Naomi's lips and tongue moved showed years of expertise and skill, leaving him in awe.

As their embrace grew more heated, Naomi's heart rate increased and her hips began to move in a fervent rhythm, grinding against him in a frenzied dry-hump. Each movement sent waves of pleasure through Ross's body as they continued to explore each other's mouths with unbridled passion.

The mother's voluptuous curves were pressed against him, her huge, fat breasts smothering his neck as they continued to explore each other. But it was the immense size and weight of Naomi's

heavily pregnant belly that truly stirred something inside Ross, which the instructor picked up on. "Go ahead, run your hands along her pregnant belly, Ross," Candice encouraged, her voice low and sultry. "Her body is yours to indulge in, so take full advantage of it."

There was something raw and primal about the way his hands caressed Naomi's baby-swollen belly. He could feel every movement of the unborn fetus beneath her skin, almost as if it were responding to his touch. The swell of her stomach added a new dimension to her body, making her appear and feel even more alluring and

curvaceous. With gentle yet eager fingers, he explored under the soft fabric of her gown, gliding over the supple roundness of her pregnancy and up along the underside of her breasts. Ross could sense the true weight of her tits in his hands, feeling their smooth yet pliant texture against his fingertips.

Ross and Naomi were like two teenagers on Prom night, lost in the heat of their passion. Their mouths melded together in a frenzied kiss, their tongues darting and swirling, as if attempting to become one in a tangle of wet, pink flesh.

"Do you see how aroused this is getting her, Ross?" Candice asked. "Do you see how her body is responding to your touch? This is the power that foreplay has over a woman."

Ross had never seen his mom so aroused before. He watched as the flush of passion rose from her neck, over her chest, and down to her pulsing, damp pubic area. Her breathing became shallow and ragged, each exhale a soft mewling sound as she ground her hips harder against her boy.

"Trust me, this type of attention will get a woman extremely hot and wet," Candice whispered. "And once you feel that wrapped

around your hard cock, you'll be glad you got her worked up like this."

Candice saw the hunger in Ross's eyes, the way his breath hitched with each movement of Naomi's hips. "Hook your arm around her hips and move beneath her now," Candice directed. "Meet her dry-thrusts in counterpoint."

Ross complied without hesitation. With one hand firmly planted on Naomi's broad lower back, he used the other to cup her right hip, guiding her forward and back in a steady rhythm. The motion, now more mutual and deliberate, brought forth a new wave of heat

between Naomi's legs, as her wetness seeped through her lace panties and onto his groin.

"Look at you, my dear," Candice praised Naomi, her voice low and sultry. "He's got you all heated up now, doesn't he?"

"Yes," she hissed and with a blushing, lustful grin, "feels so good." Naomi leaned forward, placing her hands on Ross's shoulders for support as she began to sway her hips in time with his thrusts. Their bodies became one, their movements in sync as their arousal reached new heights.

As if struck by a sudden surge of raw carnal desire, Naomi's hips began to frantically grind against Ross', their bodies moving in a frenzied rhythm. The sofa beneath them groaned and protested as it was pushed and pulled by their frantic movements. Ross grunted, unable to resist the urge to bury his face between his mom's breasts as they jiggled and bounced with each thrust.

Candice let out a light-hearted giggle, seemingly amused but unsurprised by their passionate display. "Looks like we're losing control now," she joked, almost as if she had been expecting this moment. "Slow down, you two."

Naomi and Ross were momentarily snapped out of their lust-induced haze, their senses slowly returning to them as they tried to regain some semblance of composure amidst the chaos.

"Excellent, Ross, that's was a wonderful display of foreplay," Candice praised. "You're at the level of desire that you would peel a girl's panties off and begin fucking her. However, that part is covered in some of our other workshops, so I'd like you and Naomi to slowly come down from you heightened state of arousal now. Just imagine that you're bringing down the intensity of your passion, taking shorter and more controlled breaths, your heart rate slowing down until it's calming and steady. Even though neither of you reached a climax this is still what we call 'The Afterglow' phase."

Naomi nodded, her chest heaving with exertion as she slowed her movements. In agreement, Ross also began to slow his thrusts, his breaths deepening as he tried to bring his own arousal under control.

Candice watched them with a mixture of pride and satisfaction, her eyes glimmering with a deep understanding of the moment. "This is the hardest part of the course," she explained, her voice laced with a hint of reverence. "Backing down the treacherous mountain of desire, when all you want to do is keep climbing towards that glittering peak and ravish each other." The air was thick with tension and longing as their bodies strained against each other, caught between the struggle of restraint and the pull of passion.

"Naomi, why don't you dismount from him now and let's take a look at the results of your foreplay," Candice suggested with a sly smile. Naomi carefully slid off of Ross, her engorged tits and round stomach swaying as she settled next to him. All eyes were drawn to the bulge of Ross's erection, still straining against the thin fabric of

his bottoms. The material was stained and darkened by two large wet spots; one from his pre-cum and the other from Naomi's own arousal that had seeped through her panties. Her Skene's glands had secreted their juices, saturating her panty-crotch and leaving a damp spot on Ross's cock.

"Look at the mess we made, honey," Naomi stated, her eyes full of mischief.

Candice's laughter was bright and bubbly, filling the room with a sense of mirth. "Well, those stains should certainly leave no doubt in a person's mind that foreplay actually works," she giggled, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

Naomi nodded enthusiastically, taking in deep breaths of the heady scent of their combined sex fluids mingling together. She couldn't

help but feel satisfied and content with how their first course had turned out.

"Ross, I have a special assignment for you and your mom," Candice's voice was low and full of excitement. "A form of foreplay that we didn't get to explore today, but one that I think you should practice after you leave here."

"What is it?" Ross leaned in, eager to hear what the task would be.

"One fantastic way to build anticipation and heighten arousal during foreplay is through Sexting." Candice's eyes sparkled with mischief as she spoke.

"Sexting…like the kind I do with girls at school sometimes?" Ross raised an eyebrow.

Candice nodded, her lips quirking into a smirk. "Yes, exactly like that. You can send each other pictures, videos, or detailed descriptions of your desires. It's a tantalizing way to keep the

sexual tension alive even when you're apart. I want you to practice this with your mom until you come back tomorrow for your next course."

"I think we can manage that," said Naomi, winking eagerly at her son.

While Naomi and Ross were in their instruction session, Taylor and Carl arrived at the room marked "Advanced Techniques for Stimulating the Female G-Spot." In this class there were several other mom-son couples in attendance, all of the boys eager to learn and explore new ways pleasuring a woman. With the soft hum of conversation and the scent of arousal in the air, the atmosphere was charged and buzzing with anticipation.

The Instructor, a seasoned and experienced sex therapist named Sarah, began the class by distributing a set of diagrams detailing the female anatomy, specifically focusing on the G-spot and its surrounding structures.

"Welcome, everyone," Sarah announced with a radiant smile, her voice confident and melodic. "Today, we will be focusing on techniques for female G-spot stimulation." She gestured towards the large diagram of the female anatomy projected onto the screen behind her. "The G-spot, also known as the Grafenberg spot, is a highly sensitive area located about two to three inches inside the vagina, on the anterior wall."

Sarah's hands moved gracefully as she demonstrated, her words clear and concise. "Stimulation of this area can lead to powerful orgasms for women and it can be done using a variety of methods – from the insertion of fingers, toys, or even the shaft of a penis if the angle is right."

Her gaze swept over the group of eager students before continuing. "However, for today's class we will focus on using the most common method. G-spot stimulation during sex is one of the main focuses in our Missionary Position Course, so we will be practicing finding and stimulating the G-spot with your fingers here today." She paused, waiting for their attention.

"Now," Sarah said, a hint of playful energy in her voice. "I want each of you to hold out your hand with your palm facing up." As she spoke, 14 boys complied with her instruction.

"Good," she nodded with approval. "Now, imagine that you're making the peace sign with your hand but bring the two extended fingers together so they're side by side. This is the most effective hand position for G-spot stimulation." Her eyes sparkled mischievously as she surveyed her students' reactions to her words.

"Like this, mom?" Carl asked, looking over to get her approval.

"That's perfect, honey," she answered, smiling proudly.

"Once these two fingers are inserted inside a woman's pussy, you can use a variety of techniques to stimulate her sweet spot," Sarah continued. "One of the most effective methods is a come-hither motion, where you gently curl your fingers in and out of her vagina," she explained, demonstrating the motion with her hand. "This helps to stimulate the sensitive nerve endings found in the G-spot area, leading to intense orgasm and possibly even ejaculation for the woman. Take a moment to practice this, and moms, feel free to offer any input."

Taylor smiled proudly, the walls of her vagina quivering in anticipation as she watched Carl practice the 'come-hither' motion with his fingers. "Great job, kiddo" she said, giving him gentle encouragement. "A woman's erectile tissue requires stimulation in the same way your penis would, except that it's internal and often needs to be stimulated indirectly from various angles."

"And moving my fingers this way does that?"

"Yes, you're actually activating and stimulating the clitoral network and massaging clitoral erections from another angle," the mother explained, impressing the boy with her knowledge. "That's one reason why G-spots and clitoral stimulation go so well when performed together— you're stimulating the same spot from multiple angles simultaneously!"

"That's so cool to even think about," Carl grinned.

Satisfied that the boys were getting the hang of it, Sarah began speaking again. "Another affective method is using a circular motion, as if you're tracing the shape of a coin on the roof of the vagina," she continued, her eyes dancing with excitement at the prospect of delivering this newfound knowledge to her eager students. "This motion targets the G-spot, while also stimulating the surrounding

structures, increasing the chances of a powerful orgasm for the woman."

As the class continued, Sarah delved deeper into the nuances of G-spot stimulation, sharing tips on how to find the perfect angle, the right amount of pressure to apply, and how to communicate effectively with a partner. The room was filled with rapt attention as the students hung on her every word, their hands eagerly practicing the techniques demonstrated.

"Now, it's time to gets some hands-on practice," said Sarah. "The moms can remove their panties and sprawl out onto your backs on the platform. Boys, you'll be kneeling on one side of them depending on if you're right or left handed."

Carl's eyes widened in fascination as Taylor stood up confidently, her movements fluid and unashamed. With a graceful ease, she removed her lacy panties, sliding them down her long, smooth legs and stepping out of them, just as the other mothers were doing.

She waddled over to the lounge chair, her large pregnant belly leading the way like a proud ship's mast, before settling onto her back with a contented sigh. When she was standing, her huge pregnant stomach had hidden her pussy from view, but now that she was lying down Carl could see every detail of it. Her labia were swollen and glistening with arousal, the pink flesh of her inner lips peeking out between the outer folds. He felt a rush of blood to his groin as he stared at his mother's sex, the thought of touching her there both exhilarating and terrifying.

"Now boys," said Sarah, seeing that they were all situated properly. "The first thing we're going to do is locate your mother's G-spot. Insert two fingers into her vagina, palms up, using the hand position we practiced early."

With trembling hands, Carl carefully inserted his fingers into Taylor's wet pussy, making sure to keep his palm facing upwards. He could

feel her muscles clenching around his fingers, and it sent a thrill of excitement through him.

"You're searching for a small, spongy area about two to three inches in, on the anterior wall," Sarah instructed. "It may feel slightly different from the surrounding tissue, a little firmer or

rougher to the touch. Apply gentle pressure and a slight come-hither motion to stimulate this area, like we practiced earlier."

Carl tentatively began to explore inside his mother, his fingers sliding in and out as he searched for the spot. It was strange, yet exhilarating to be so intimate with her, to bond with his mother in this way. He watched as Sasha's eyes rolled back slightly as she felt the stimulation, her hips starting to move in response to his touch as he'd found her sweet spot. "Right there," she softness whispered.

"Good, it looks like most of you have found your mom's G-spot," Sarah praised. "Now, let try a variety of techniques to stimulate it, starting with the come-hither motion."

Carl eagerly began to move his fingers in that way, feeling the warm, spongy walls of his mother's pussy tightening around his fingers as he touched the sensitive spot. Taylor moaned softly, her hips bucking gently in response to his touch.

As the boys continued to explore the G-spot, Sarah instructed them on other techniques, such as the circular motion and gently massaging the area. The room was filled with the sound of soft moans and whispered instructions, as the boys and their moms became more comfortable exploring their newfound knowledge.

Taylor reached up and stroked her son's cheek, feeling his two fingers dig at her wet, rubbery inner-wall. "You're doing an amazing, job, sweetie," she expressed, her breath heavy with arousal.

"Thanks," Carl proudly replied.

Taylor's eyes fluttered closed, her breathing becoming heavier as Carl continued to stimulate her G-spot. She knew that this was not

just a lesson, but a bonding experience between them. It was an intimate moment that would stay with them forever.

As they continued to practice, Taylor felt herself growing closer and closer to the edge. The pleasure building inside the core of her pussy like a wave about to crash.

Intense arousal coursed through Carl as he gazed upon Taylor's pregnant form, his hands gently stimulating her body. She was a feast for the senses, like a lavish banquet laid out before him. The slit of her embroidered bodice had parted to reveal the beautifully swollen curve of her prenatal belly. Her large breasts spilled over the sides of her chest, their weight causing the silky fabric to cling tightly to their rounded shape.

"Let's change techniques now to the circular motion to trace the shape of a coin on the roof of her vagina, stimulating both the G-spot and the surrounding nerve endings," Sarah instructed.

Carl's fingers continued to glide inside his mother's sex, tracing the subtle contours that Sarah had described. Her pussy-tunnel felt so warm, spongy and inviting and he couldn't imagine what his huge, teenage cock would feel like crammed in there. The delicate skin of Taylor's inner labia felt like velvet against his fingers, and the pungent scent of her arousal was intoxicating.

As her son continued to circle his finger-tips around, Taylor let out a low moan, her hips bucking in response to the stimulation. Carl exhaled shakily, feeling a thrill of excitement and pride at his ability to elicit such a response from his mother.

"Do you see what it's doing, boys?" Sarah asked. "Do you see how they're reacting? You should begin to feel their vaginal muscles clenching around your fingers as they near orgasm."

As Taylor's body writhed and humped against his fingers, Carl was filled with an overwhelming sense of thrill. The way her giants jugs and swollen belly heaved back and forth was mesmerizing, their movements synchronized in a perfect dance of pleasure. Taylor's elegant face began to contort with pure bliss, her long dark tresses falling back onto the platform above her. Around the room, various women began to cry out in orgasmic ecstasy as they too experienced the intense stimulation of their G-spots. The air was thick with the heady scent of sex, and every inch of the room seemed to pulse with raw desire.

"Oh my God, Carl, I'm cumming!" Taylor shaky voice announced.

Carl nodded eagerly, his eyes widening with excitement as he continued to circle his fingers inside her, feeling her muscles clench and tighten around them. He could hear the soft squelching sounds of her wet pussy, responding to his touch.

Taylor's body began to tremble, every muscle tensed as the orgasm took over, her nails digging into the platform beneath her. With a loud, guttural moan, she arched her back, her vagina contracting tightly around his fingers as she felt the onslaught of pleasure wash over her.

Carl watched with a mix of awe and desire, his heart pounding in his chest. He had never seen anything so beautiful or vulnerable as his mother in this moment. He continued to circle his fingers inside her, matching the rhythm of her body.

Finally, as Taylor's orgasm began to subside, Carl slowly withdrew his fingers from her sopping pussy, the faint sounds of wetness echoing in the air

Taylor's breath came in short gasps as she panted, her heaving chest rising and falling rapidly with exertion. She looked down at

her son with a mix of pride and awe, her large, baby-engorged belly creating a soft curve between them.

Sarah's voice broke through the heavy air, directing their next move. "Now we're going to provide stimulation to the G-spot in a slightly different way," she explained, her words punctuated by moans and sighs from the other women in the room. "Ladies, take a seat on the edge of the cushions and allow your son to come up between your legs."

Taylor shifted on the cushion and sat up, feeling excitement build in her stomach as Carl positioned himself between her thighs. She listened to Sarah continue to provide instruction. "Boys, this time, instead of just curling your fingers, really plunge them in and out of the pussy while curling them at the same time to hit that perfect spot."

With renewed determination, Taylor wrapped her arms tightly around Carl's neck, holding him against her, eagerly anticipating the heightened pleasure this new technique would bring. The air was thick with desire as they followed Sarah's instructions, each movement bringing them closer to ecstasy.

Carl pressed his body firmly against the cushiony swell of Taylor's oversized breasts and pregnant belly, feeling as though he was melting into her soft flesh. His fingers plunged in and out of her slick folds with unrelenting determination, intent on giving her an even more intense orgasm than before. As his skilled touch sent tremors through her body, Taylor gasped and shivered, teetering on the brink of another mind-blowing climax.

Around them, other women in the room began to cry out in ecstasy, their own bodies quivering, embracing the boys tightly as they were pleasured with newly acquired skills. The air was filled with a

symphony of moans and gasps, mingled with the heady scent of sex and arousal. It was a scene of pure carnal pleasure, each mother

caught up in their own wave of bliss as they rode towards release together.

Taylor felt her pelvis undulating rhythmically under her son's hand, her muscles gripping his fingers tightly as he plunged them in and out of her pussy in a steady, hypnotic rhythm. She was swept up in a wave of intense pleasure, her breath coming in ragged gasps as the orgasm built inside her. With a strangled cry, Taylor's body began to convulse, her thighs clenching around Carl's invading fingers as her climax washed over her like a tidal wave.

Carl watched in awe as his mother's body shook with the intensity of her orgasm, her large, stiff-nippled breasts heaving against him with each shuddering gasp. Her wet pussy tightened around his fingers, as if milking him as she experienced one mind-blowing contraction after another.

The sight of her in this state of pure ecstasy was intoxicating, and he felt a thrill of pride course through him. His hand continued to piston against her, his two fingers curling up to provide that perfect G-spot stimulation. He could feel her muscles gripping his fingers tightly, her juices coating his hand, and the sounds of her pleasure filling the air around them.

As Taylor's orgasm finally subsided, Carl slowly withdrew his fingers from her pulsating pussy, leaving a trail of wetness its wake. He looked down at her, breathless and flushed, her large breasts heaving with each ragged breath. Her eyes were shut, and she looked exhausted but satisfied.

Taylor's body shook with aftershocks of pleasure, her heart racing as she tried to catch her breath. She looked into Carl's eyes, her own moist with tears of happiness and awe.

"Wow, honey…you had me seeing stars," she breathed with a look of admiration.

"G-spot stimulation can be even more thrilling when there's an added element of risk involved," Sarah stated, her eyes glittering with mischief. "Boys, your assignment leaving this class today is to find a daring location to give your mom a G-spot orgasm. This time, try standing behind her while you do it, since we didn't have a chance to practice that position today."

The boys' hearts raced as they imagined the thrill of fulfilling this assignment at home. Carl could feel the adrenaline pumping through his veins already.

"How did our two handsome couples fare during their first course?" Isabella asked, her voice filled with curiosity and excitement as she met up with them in the hallway. Taylor and Naomi shared a knowing smile, their bodies still buzzing from the intense pleasure they had just experienced.

"I have to say, with a little more practice, Carl might just become the G-spot master," Taylor proudly exclaimed.

"Ross was amazing too," Naomi chimed in, giving her son a playful wink. "His foreplay skills were definitely on point."

"That's wonderful to hear. It seems like I don't need to ask you boys if YOU enjoyed yourselves," Isabella stated, glancing over at the obvious erections still visible on the boys' groins. "That much is pretty apparent."

Naomi and Taylor couldn't help but giggle at the sight of the boys' hard dicks, each feeling proud of the part they played in creating it. The pulsating hardness of Ross and Carl's cocks was a testament to the intense excitement they had all just shared.

"Don't worry, boys, we don't intend on leaving you high and dry," Isabella informed them. "We have a rule here at BSTC that no one leaves here each day without experiencing some type of sexual

release first. Head back to the preparation room and follow the signs that say 'shower floor.'"

"Shower floor?" Carl asked with a curious expression.

"Enjoy yourselves boys," Naomi stated as her and Taylor turned to walk away. Ross and Carl could tell by the mischievous grins on their faces that they knew what was coming next.

The boys exchanged a glance, a mix of anticipation and confusion playing across their faces. They followed the signs through a maze of hallways and corridors, eventually arriving at an area marked 'the shower floor.' It was a tightly confined space, with walls padded in thick foam. "Are we supposed to crawl in there?" Ross asked incredulously, eyeing the small opening that led into the space.

"I guess so," Carl replied hesitantly, taking a step closer to examine the entrance. "But why is this spot called the shower floor? It doesn't look like there's any water or showers here." He furrowed his brow in confusion as he peered inside. The dim lighting and claustrophobic atmosphere gave off an eerie vibe, making them both hesitant to enter.

The cramped space forced them to crawl in on their backs, their movements restricted as they wriggled into the tiny enclosure. To their surprise, the platform they were lying under was completely

translucent, like a thick sheet of glass. Above, water sprayed down from the private shower area, cascading onto the clear surface and streaming off to drain on one side.

Ross let out a low whistle. "So that's why they call it the shower floor, we're right underneath it," he remarked, his eyes fixed on the private space above them. The water created a mesmerizing pattern on the transparent material, turning it into a work of art.

"Holy shit!" Carl exclaimed, his eyes widening as Naomi and Taylor stepped into the shower space above them. They were completely naked, their pregnant bellies protruding proudly and causing them to walk with a cute waddle. The sight of their milk-swollen breasts wobbling heavily made Ross gasp in awe.

The two women stopped under the spray directly above Ross and Carl, their feet just a foot away from where the boys were lying. Ross could feel the heat emanating from the warm water and hear the sound of it pattering against the glass surface.

"Damn," Carl gasped. "A view couldn't possibly get any better than this."

"Do you think they can see us?" Ross asked, struggling to control the throbbing sensation in his cock.

Before he could even finish his question, Naomi peeked down over her round belly and tits, giving him a flirty smile and wave that sent his heart racing. Taylor did the same for Carl, both women clearly amused and excited by the boys' reactions.

"I guess they can see us," Carl added with a chuckle, his gaze locked on Taylor's mesmerizing eyes. She made a suggestive motion with her hand, as if urging him to stroke himself while the steamy water cascaded over her voluptuous body.

"I think they want us to jerk off," Carl said, his voice low and heavy with desire.

"Well, Isabella did say we were coming in here for some sexual release," Ross chimed in, his eyes roaming greedily over the two women above them.

In the shower above, Naomi and Taylor began to lather up their bodies with soap, their eyes widening in anticipation as they watched the boys quickly strip off their bottoms. "It's about time

they caught on," Naomi giggled mischievously, her gaze shifting between Ross and Carl as they both circled their hands around their jutting erections. For a moment, she couldn't tear her eyes away from Ross' powerful grip, before meeting his gaze and sharing a knowing smile. The thrill of being watched only added to the intensity of their encounter.

Taylor bit her bottom lip, her beautiful green eyes fixated on Carl's steely cock as it slipped through his hand. "Their dicks are really long," she observed.

"I was just thinking the same thing," Naomi added. "And look at all the veins. Their shafts look really thick and strong. I suspected Ross was above average in size, but I never expected that he'd have one that would reach his belly button. His dad's erections don't come half that far."

"Look at how fat their knobs are too," Taylor added. "Like huge pink mushrooms blooming from their stems."

Below the floor, the boys watched eagerly as Naomi and Taylor continued to soap themselves up, their wet skin glistening under the warm cascade of water. Their heavy melons wobbled with each movement, their nipples hard and erect, jutting from the centers of

wide areola. Taylor ran her hands down her huge pregnant belly, which seemed almost

The boys frantically stroked their dicks to the sight of Naomi and Taylor's hands roaming over their bodies, massaging and caressing their curves. They watched them play with their fat nipples, rolling them between their fingers and pinching them gently. Taylor and Naomi's legs were like pillars, thick and muscled, leading up to the curve of her hips and the small tuft of hair above her smooth, hairless slits. Their pink, swollen openings glistened with juices and seemed to be calling out to Carl and Ross.

"Look at those pussies," Carl muttered, eliciting a smirk from his friend.

"I sure hope we get to fuck them," Ross replied, his gaze never leaving the tantalizing sight before him. "Can you imagine pounding your dick up into that?"

"Do you think we should get the boys even more riled up?" Naomi asked Taylor mischievously, before lowering herself into a squatting position, spreading her lovely legs wide open. Taylor followed suit, balancing on her toes and arching her heels, creating the provocative image of two pregnant goddesses hovering and spread eagled above their sons.

"You're so naughty, Naomi. I love it," Taylor giggled as they watched Ross and Carl's react by jerking their cocks even harder. "We better be careful though. We might make them cum so fucking hard they crack this floor."

Ross was mesmerized as he watched his mom burst into laughter, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling. He couldn't help but wonder what they were talking about, as she posed for him in a seductive manner. Her thighs were spread wide, emphasizing her

voluptuous curves, while her large, swollen breasts rested atop the round mound of her pregnant belly.

Naomi's gaze locked with Ross', and the intensity between them was palpable. The water from the shower cascaded down her body, making her blonde hair appear even more luscious as it clung to her skin. The steam rose around her, adding a sensual atmosphere to the scene. As their eyes lingered on each other, Naomi playfully wetted her lips with her tongue, sending chills down Ross' spine. She looked like a goddess, radiating beauty and sensuality all at once.

Carl stared up at Taylor's vulva, while beating his cock feverishly. Her pussy lips were swollen and glistening, the fat bulb of her clit

peeking from beneath its fleshy hood. Her arousal made Carl's own cock twitch in longing. The sight of her ginormous pregnant belly, bulging with life, only made the sight even more enticing. He wanted to taste her, to feel her warmth and wetness enveloping him. But for now, he had to hold back, reveling in the power he felt from just being able to watch her this way.

"Fuck, I'm so horny," Carl muttered, his voice trembling with desire as he acknowledged his mom's alluring green eyes intently watching him stroke. "I need to cum. Bad."

"Me too!" Ross added.

Naomi's lips curled up in a mischievous grin as she watched Ross's throbbing cock and pleasure-stricken face. Her eyes darted back and forth between the two, an eager anticipation building within her. "They're hips are starting to really move," she whispered, her voice tinged with excitement. "I think they're close to cumming."

Taylor nodded, a thrill washing over her features. "I can see it in their eyes," she agreed, her own arousal palpable. "We should spread our pussies open, that'll really send them over the edge."

Naomi couldn't help but laugh at Taylor's bold suggestion. "Taylor!" she exclaimed.

"What? You're not the only one with naughty ideas."

Down below, Carl and Ross were panting like wild animals, their hands moving furiously up and down their engorged cocks. The lewd sounds of pre-cum-slickened skin filled the air as they stroked themselves closer to release. And above them, the intensity level only increased as Naomi and Taylor each spread open their own pussy lips with two fingers, revealing their delicate pink folds and the swollen buds of their throbbing clits.

"FUCK, THAT SO HOT!" Carl hissed, bucking to the sight of his mom's splayed cunt. He could feel the cum surging up from his balls, ready to be released.

Ross moaned in agreement, his gaze fixated on Naomi's wet, swollen pussy. He could feel the familiar sensation of his balls tightening and drawing towards his body, as if signaling the inevitable release.

His eyes darted up to share his mother's gaze as she watched him intently, sensing his impending release. When her tongue rolled teasingly across her lips, Ross let out a primal groan and thrust his hips upwards, his hot, sticky cum shooting up and splattering against the shower floor in volcanic bursts.

Next to him, Carl also let out a primal roar, unable to contain himself any longer as his hot, creamy cum shot out in thick ropes.

Naomi's gasp of excitement echoed through the shower stall, her eyes widening in awe as she and Taylor watched Ross and Carl's explosive climax. The thick, white semen erupted violently from their cocks, splattering against the glass partition between them in a lewd display.

"Wow, just look at that," Naomi exclaimed, unable to tear her gaze away from the scene unfolding before them. "Look at how hard they're cumming."

Taylor joined in with a gasp of her own, her fascination evident as she watched Carl's lean, chiseled body writhe and contort in pleasure. His hips jerked up and down, driving his massive cunt-hammer into his own hand as creamy fluid continued to ooze from the slit of his meatus.

As the boys released their pent-up desire, Taylor and Naomi stood back up with satisfied smirks on their lips. They blew a playful kiss

towards the boys before stepping out of the shower, their rounded, shimmering asses swaying and jiggling with each step.

After rinsing off and dressing themselves, Ross and Carl met the women at the entrance, still basking in their post-orgasmic glow. Isabella greeted them with a warm smile, her eyes sparkling with knowing amusement. "You boys look like you had yourselves a good, hard ejaculation," she commented.

The teens shared a knowing smile with he each other, then their moms. "We sure did," Carl answered.

"And we can attest to that," Isabella added, her amusement evident. "It's not every day we moms get to witness such a spectacular orgasmic display," she teased, her voice still filled with warmth and love.

"Excellent," Isabella declared, her words floating through the air like a soothing melody. "We'll see you all back here tomorrow for your next course."

As the evening fell, Ross felt a surge of excitement as he prepared to follow through on his homework assignment and engage in some 'sexting' with his mother.

"I'm really horny," he typed out in a text message, feeling a rush of heat as he hit "send". His father had taken Naomi out shopping, so he knew it could take her awhile to answer, but to his surprise she responded almost immediately, texting him back.

"Proof or I don't believe you ," she playfully challenged.

Ross eagerly fished his cock from his pants, feeling it grow firm and erect in his hand. He couldn't resist snapping a picture of it, framed beneath the fabric of his boxers, and sending it off to her. "Here's your proof," he wrote.

"Wowzers! " his mom responded, before adding another message: "What's gotten you all worked up, honey? Were you thinking about our shower scene today?"

A grin spread across Ross's face as he read her words. "Yeah, kind of hard to get a memory like that out of your head," he confessed.

"Will this help?" Naomi's response came with a text and an attached selfie, taken from a high angle on a bench at the bustling mall. In the photo, her large breasts were spilling out of her tight maxi-dress, resting against her huge, perfectly-round baby bump. The fabric of her dress had bunched up, revealing her long, toned legs suggestively spread apart as she sat with her feet delicately

arched in strappy heels. Her alluring gaze pierced through the camera, sending a jolt of excitement through Ross's body.

The boy couldn't resist the urge to squeeze his hardened member while gazing at the picture of his mother. The thrill of flirting with her in this way sent shivers down his spine, making it one of the most exhilarating experiences he had ever encountered. But he couldn't shake off the fact that she was currently with his father and it could be dangerous. "Where's dad?" he texted, trying to tread cautiously.

"He's browsing through the sporting goods store, but don't worry about him. Just focus on your assignment," Naomi replied.

"So, now that you know I'm horny…are you horny also?" Ross brazenly texted.

"Moms are always horny, " she replied.

Ross decided to give her a taste of her own medicine. "Proof or I don't believe you ," he texted.

After a few minutes Naomi's response finally came through, accompanied by a picture message that made Ross gasp in

excitement. He could see that she had slipped into a changing room at one of the stores and pulled her dress down to her waist. Her bra was barely containing her enormous breasts, which were squeezed between her arms, causing them to bulge out obscenely. The material of the bra was crafted from embroidered tulle and stretch mesh in a rich black hue, making her cleavage seem endless. Even through the fabric, Ross could make out the fullness of Naomi's areolar rings and the hard points of her nipples protruding like fingertips. In the picture, his mom made a playful expression, her eyes rolling and her tongue curled mischievously to the side of her

mouth. Printed beneath the image were the words "Hard nipples never lie ," sending a shiver of desire down Ross's spine.

His response was bold and playful, the words dancing off of his fingertips with a sense of mischief. "Hard cocks don't lie either," he teased.

Naomi replied, her words laced with suggestive undertones. "Are you stroking yourself yet? "

Ross felt his heart thumping with the thrill of their exchange as he typed out his answer. "Tempted to," he admitted, already imagining the sensation of his hand wrapped around his hardening length.

"Let me tempt you even more then," Naomi replied, her eagerness evident in her words as she sent him a picture. Ross anxiously tapped on the photo and felt his breath catch in his throat as he took in the sight. There stood his mom, bent over in front of a dressing room mirror, her backside on full display. Her panties matched her bra and were completely sheer, leaving nothing to the imagination as they showcased every detail of her thick, meaty buttocks as if it was completely naked.

Unable to resist any longer, Ross gave into temptation and began to stroke himself while staring at Naomi's delicious-looking bubble bottom. It's full half-moon shape and deep, slitted crack framed by

her wide, motherly hips made it almost impossible for him to tear his eyes away. Naomi gazed back at him through the mirror with a proud, playful smile as she snapped the picture, knowing the effect it would have on him.

A playful and suggestive tone filled Naomi's follow-up text. "I bet you're stroking now ," she taunted, causing Ross to admit his actions of vigorously pulling on his cock. Anticipation for their next

encounter already building, Naomi asked if he had a course in mind for tomorrow. Ross responded that he hadn't made a decision yet. But as he was considering his options, another message from Naomi arrived with a suggestion: "Reaching Climax Together: The Power of Mutual Masturbation and Orgasm. How about that one?" Her words sparked a fire within him, knowing that this could be the next step for them both. And while the idea was exciting for himself, Naomi reminded Ross that it would primarily for his benefit.

The thought of experiencing pleasure together in such an intimate way sent shivers down Ross's spine. He eagerly agreed to her suggestion, anxious to explore this new level of intimacy with her. With his mind consumed by thoughts of mutual release, Ross couldn't wait for tomorrow to arrive.

"Your father is probably searching for me, so I should go…" she typed quickly, her fingers tapping hurriedly on her phone's keyboard. She paused for a moment before sending another message, feeling a tantalizing thrill of excitement at the thought of her son home masturbating to her pictures. "Remember… long, tight strokes from your balls to your tip. Don't stop until you cum. "

Ross's heart raced as he read Naomi's suggestive text. His body reacted immediately, his erection growing harder and more insistent in his hand. He could feel his balls tightening and pulling up close to his body, preparing for release as semen surged through his urethral duct.

With a primal groan, he let go of himself and watched as thick ropes of creamy white cum shot across his bedroom. Each jet was followed by another, pulsing out of him with increasing force and intensity as he stared at the picture Naomi had sent and replayed

her words in his mind, savoring the pleasure they evoked within him.

As soon as the door clicked shut, signaling his sister's departure with her friend, Carl knew it was the perfect time to fulfill his assignment. He tiptoed down the hallway, straining to hear any sign of his father's return from work. The house was eerily quiet, save for the distant sound of running water. Creeping into the kitchen, Carl found his mom standing at the sink as she chattered away on the phone to his father. The soft glow of the overhead light illuminated her features, casting a warm and comforting ambiance in the room.

"Well, yes, honey," Taylor said into the phone as she caught sight of Carl in the doorway. The warm tones of her voice echoed through the room like a sweet melody. "And we'll definitely do that once the babies arrive." She gently rubbed her swollen belly, only one week away from her due date and it certainly showed.

While still holding the phone to her ear, Taylor met Carl's gaze, their minds clearly communicating without words as she dried her hands on a soft towel. His heart pounded with anticipation as he watched her slowly spread her bare feet apart, arching her back, thrusting her ass back and giving him a sly wink, as if inviting him to join her.

A rush of adrenaline flooded through Carl's veins as he approached his mom, eager to stimulate her G-spot from behind as his instructor had assigned. The sound of her voice on the phone with his dad added an extra level of danger, intensifying the thrill that the instructor had promised. "Yes, my love, I couldn't agree more,"

Taylor replied to her husband with a calm tone, despite the fact that she was currently being mounted by another man.

Pressing his stiffened member against the curve of her ass, Carl reached around and up her skirt with a sense of urgency. His breaths came in shallow bursts as his hand trailed down the smooth, full slope of her belly and into the lacy fabric of her panties. His fingers brushed through his mom's trimmed triangle of pubic hair and onto her slick folds, eliciting a gasp from her lips.

"Yes," Taylor replied to her husband's inquiry, but her words were cut off by another sharp intake of air as Carl's skilled fingers delved deep into her wetness. "I-I'm fine," she managed to say between moans, trying to maintain composure. "The water in the sink was just…a little cold. It took me by surprise."

Taylor leaned back against Carl's chest, her body trembling with anticipation as she felt his fingers slowly slide into her hot, tight pussy. With practiced ease, he found her G-spot and began thrusting in and out, each movement causing her to clench around him in pleasure.

"What am I doing now?" Taylor repeated the question her husband had just asked her, gasping as she reached for their son's free arm and wrapped it around her swollen belly. "I'm helping Carl with a homework assignment," she explained, trying to focus on her words despite the intense pleasure coursing through her body. "I took him into the city for an educational workshop today and he…" She paused as a wave of ecstasy washed over her, her head arching back in pleasure. "He has an assignment to complete at home and he's… doing an incredible job so far."

Each stroke and plunge of Carl's fingers created a lewd, squelching sound that filled the small kitchen and sent shivers down Taylor's

spine. Her breathing quickened as she felt the pressure and rhythm of Carl's cock against her buttocks, pressing and sliding against her throbbing asshole.

"I'm sorry, honey," Taylor managed to gasp into the phone, trying to maintain some semblance of composure as she realized her husband had to ask her the same question twice. "I wasn't ignoring you, I just got a little…distracted."

Carl's hand continued its skilled movements, expertly rubbing against Taylor's swollen clit and exploring her sweet spot with precision. Despite her foggy mind, Taylor couldn't help but be impressed by his abilities. He was stimulating her in ways she had only dreamed of. The pleasure was intense and all-consuming, making it difficult for Taylor to focus on anything else at the moment.

In a sudden burst of passion, she flung her phone down onto the counter with a loud thud. Her body stiffened, like a board being held taut against the wall. Her long, shiny black hair flew back from her face, revealing the flushed skin of her neck and shoulders. With each thrust of Carl's cock, her ass-cheeks clenched around him tightly, every muscle in her body tensing as she struggled to suppress a scream of pleasure.

Carl held onto her hips tightly, watching with hungry eyes as her big breasts bounced and swayed with each movement. He could feel Naomi's body trembling against him as she was struck with an explosive orgasm. A long, quivering moan escaped her lips, but it was muffled enough that her husband on the phone wouldn't hear. Hot, female ejaculate poured from her dripping cunt, soaking Carl's fingers as he continued to pleasure her tirelessly.

Trapped between her quivering butt-cheeks, he could feel his own cock pulsating and throbbing from the exquisite friction created by their passionate coupling. With a groan of ecstasy, he released rope after rope of spunk into his underwear, unable to contain himself any longer. The two of them stayed locked together in a blissful embrace until their bodies finally relaxed and they were left panting in each other's arms.

Taylor was so taken aback by the intensity of their experience that she nearly forgot about her husband. She stumbled towards her phone, gasping for breath after the whirlwind of passion. "Are you still there, honey?" she asked breathlessly into the phone, trying to steady herself. "Sorry, I thought something was burning between my…uh, I mean I thought something was burning in the oven."

Her eyes followed Carl as he retreated from the kitchen, their gazes still locked in the magical Afterglow of their shared experience. Her body hummed with electricity, her nipples tingling with the desire to be sucked hard.

Before Carl could even reach the upstairs, he received a text from his mom.

"Suggestion for tomorrow: Mastering Breast Stimulation: How to Squeeze, Lick, and Suck Like a Pro. It's hard not to notice your love for boobs. I think you'd really enjoy and benefit from that one a lot, honey, " she suggested.

With a rush of excitement, Carl eagerly replied through text, "I couldn't agree more! " His body was still buzzing with pleasure from his recent release, and he could feel the warm sensation of his ejaculate running down his leg as he rushed into the bathroom to clean up.

19: Ben & His Mom

Ben & His Mom By klrxo

Well, don't you look handsome, young man." Tara told her son Ben as he hit the bottom step, dressed for a date.

"Thanks, mom." He smiled.

"I sure hope Heather realizes how lucky she is." She said as she straightened his collar.

Tara Ripley was a beautiful, middle-aged housewife. Everyone told her she looked like Mary Margaret Hume from Dawson's Creek. This was true, but Tara's breasts were much much larger than the tv actress, especially as she entered her ninth month of pregnancy. Her tummy was simply enormous, packed with fully developed twins who were ready to slide down Tara's birth canal at any moment.

"Give me a hug before you leave." Tara said.

She pulled her son into her arms. Ben felt his mom's huge tummy pressing tightly against his, so tight in fact the he could almost feel his soon to be siblings resting in his mother's womb. As Tara wrapped her arms around her only son, Ben felt a rush of blood to his cock as his mom's milk filled boobs made contact with his chest. They felt so soft and spongy sandwiched between him and his mother.

"Here." Tara said, placing a condom in her son's shirt pocket. "Play safe."

"Thanks." Ben said bashfully.

"You do know how to use it, right?" Tara asked.

"I think I can figure it out." He answered.

Suddenly, the phone rang and Tara walked over and picked it up. Ben often wondered how his mother, being so pregnant, was still able to walk around in such dainty little heels. Her feet were so soft and tiny, her toenails always freshly painted and displayed so beautifully. Tara picked up the phone.

"Hello...Just a minute." She said. "It's for you, sweetie." Tara said, holding the phone out to her son.

"Hello...Oh hi, Heather...You can't....Oh no, I understand...Maybe next weekend....Okay, hope you feel better...Okay, bye." Ben said and hung up the phone.

"The date's off I take it." Tara asked.

"Yeah, Heather's not feeling well." Ben said.

Tara stroked his cheek.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart." She said.

"That's okay." Ben said.

"Hey, I have an idea. Your father's working late tonight. Why don't you and I go out on a date." She said.

"Naw, I think I'd rather just stay home tonight." Ben said.

Tara placed her hands on her waist, causing her big boobs and giant pregnancy to balloon outward.

"Are you rejecting me, mister?" Tara asked teasingly.

"No...I...I just don't know if I feel much like going out." Ben said.

"Well then I guess we'll have to have one of those stay at home kind of dates." Tara said.

"Really, mom...you don't have to do this just because you feel sorry for me." He said.

"Don't tell me what I can and can't do, buster. Do you wanna date with me or not?" She asked.

Ben looked at his mom as she stood there with her hands still on her waist. Her boobs stuck out like two watermelons, resting on a beachball sized tummy. For such a fit woman, her curves were stunning.

"Well...I'm waiting." She said.

"Yeah...Okay." Ben said.

Tara reached in his pocket and took out the condom.

"Guess I won't be needing that tonight, huh?" He asked.

"Nope...You don't need a condom when your date's already pregnant." She smiled.

They stood there and looked at each other for a moment.

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"Just what I said. Since your date tonight is already pregnant, you won't be using the condom." Tara said.

"Yeah but we're not gonna...you know...do it...are we? Ben asked.

"Sweetie, that's what you do on stay at home dates. You're not changing your mind now?" Tara asked.

Ben felt his head spin and his knees go weak. Tara giggled.

"Honey, you're going pale. Come sit on the couch." She said, leading him by the hand to the livingroom sofa.

They both sat down and Tara continued to grasp his hand in hers.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" She asked.

"Yeah, I just...Are you...serious about what you said?" He asked.

Tara looked him in the eyes.

"Do you want me to be?" She asked.

"Yeah...it just...it just seems a little strange, you being my mom and everything." He said.

Tara stroked her son's face and smiled.

"Well...maybe we just need to break the ice a little bit...Do you find your mother attractive?" She asked.

"Yeah...of course." He answered.

"If I wasn't your mom, could you picture me as your girlfriend?" She asked.

"Well, you're a little older than me." He said.

"Oh, so you have something against older women? She said teasingly.

"No...not at all. Aren't I too young for you though." He asked.

"No...Alot of women like guys who are much younger." She said.

"Do you?" He asked.

"I asked you on a date, didn't I? Most young guys are full of sexual energy and alot of older women need that in their man." She smiled.

"I see." He said.

"So, young man, tell me...are you packed full of sexual energy?" She asked.

"Too much I think." Ben laughed.

"There's no such thing as too much, as long as you have a girlfriend who has just as much sexual energy as you do. Which is why mom just might make the perfect girlfriend for you. Think you'd be willing to drop Heather for me?" She said.

"Yeah, but..can we do that?" He asked.

Tara giggled.

"Honey, we're both adults. We can do whatever we want." She said.

"What about dad?" Ben asked.

"Lots of married women have young boyfriends that their husbands don't know about. As long as we have a discreet love affair, your father won't know anything about it." She said.

"Won't you feel guilty." Ben asked.

"Oh sweetie, no. It's just what wives do. Your father's getting older and he doesn't have the sexual energy that young guys have. Once a husband stops performing it's quite natural for his wife to seek pleasure elsewhere. You'll see, in the next few years you'll have married women crawling all over you." She explained.

"Can a mother and son be like...you know, husband and wife?" Ben asked.

"Legally...no, but if that's what they wanted...sure." Tara said.

"So you and I could choose to be married, if we loved eachother enough?" He asked.

"Honey, this is only our first date. Are you proposing already?" She giggled.

"I...I guess so...yeah. Would you...ever want to marry me?" Ben asked.

"You're wanting to get engaged...today?" She exclaimed.

"Well...yeah. Why not. It's not like we don't know eachother." Ben said.

"I know, but sweetie that's a huge commitment. You'd have a wife and children to support. I mean, do you think your ready to be a daddy?" She said.

"I'll do anything I have to do to be with you. So...will you marry me...Tara?" He asked.

"Please...call me mom. It'll remind us of how beautifully wicked our love is, and yes...I will marry you." Tara said as a tear rolled down her cheek.

Ben and Tara embraced tightly in their incestual union. They pulled away just far enough to look into each others eyes.

"I love you...my son and husband." Tara said.

"I love you...my mother and wife." Ben responded.

Tara moved in and parted her lips as her and her son met for their first kiss as lovers. It was a slow sensual kiss that lasted for what seemed like forever. Tara stood up, her hand still grasping her son's tightly as she looked down at him. Ben looked up at his mother,

taking in the beauty of her enormous pregnancy. A huge baby-filled tummy loomed over him. Two massive breasts, capped with giant nipples that were hard and quivering with anticipation hung low on his mother's belly. Soon they would be swinging above their new

lovers face as he drilled his cock into the pregnant depths of his fiance's steamy twat.

"Lets go up to our bedroom, darling...and get in our bed. We have a stay at home date to finish, remember?" She asked.

Ben followed as Tara led the four of them up the stairs. He watched his mother's ass sway seductively. He smiled knowing it was his ass now. Soon his balls would be beating against that beautiful ass as he fucked...his pussy. He looked at Tara's long shapely legs knowing that soon they would be spread wide open for him. He couldn't wait to suck the toes of his mom's gorgeous feet and be smothered in the wieght of her enormous tit-flesh. They entered the bedroom and Tara turned to her new love.

"Lock the door and get in bed...I'm gonna put on my nightie." She said softly.

As Tara stode across the room, she peered back at her eager son.

"So...aren't you glad that little BITCH got sick. Thanks to her you got yourself a new girlfriend and a fiance, all in one night. She said.

"Yeah...could this night get any better." Ben said.

Tara giggled as she slipped out of her dress and unfastened her huge bra. He monsters tits spilled out onto her tummy and swayed from side to side. Juice from her soaking twat was literally streaming down her leg.

"Oh...I think so." She said.

THE END

20: Best Game Ever

Best Game Ever

by klrxo

Chip and Cliff were twin 18 year old brothers and the both loved video games. So when they went shopping downtown with their Mom, they spotted the vintage game store a half a block away. "Dude, I wonder if they have old game systems for sale in there? Cliff asked his brother.

"Probably," Chip said, staring straight ahead.

Cliff noticed his brother's eyes were glued to their Mom's swaying buttocks as she walked a short distance in front of them. "How long are you gonna keep staring at Mom's ass?" Cliff asked.

"Until her dress falls off," Chip joked, making his brother snicker.

Their mother Sandi was a well kept 38 year old, with long dirty-blonde hair. Her curves were so prominent, if they were a road, you'd need a warning sign at every turn. Her jiggling buns were like two meaty half-globes beneath her snug-fitting dress and their gentle sway as she strode down the sidewalk was absolutely hypnotizing.

"Hey Mom, can we cross the street? We wanna go into that vintage game shop." Cliff asked his mother.

Sandi gazed across the busy street. "Why do you wanna go in that place? It's creepy," she said.

"We just wanna check out the old game systems."

"Let's make it fast, ok? I have a few other places I wanna check out down this way," she said.

Webster, the shop-keeper, was dissecting an old Atari system when he heard his door chime. The feeble-looking 85 year old looked up to see an angel enter his shop. Sandi's two boys scrambled in behind her and started looking around as the mother wandered, looking and feeling completely out of place.

Webster peered over his counter, as the CLICK, CLICK, CLICK of Sandi's dainty heels aroused his curiosity. Her sexy little feet rested in 4 inch heels, her pretty toenails painted a deep ox-blood red. His creepy eyes wandered up her sculpted, perfectly-tan legs. He continued up her torso and let out a sighing grunt as he zero'd in on her ginormous chest. Big meaty tit-melons jutted from her curvy frame, divided by a deeply pronounced cleavage.

With every graceful step, her mammoth mounds quivered, forcing the old man's eyes to remain transfixed. Sandi glanced over and noticed him staring. She cleared her throat, hoping to break his trance.

Webster looked up into her pretty face. His voice was old and ragged. "May I um, help you find something?" he asked.

The busty mother ignored him completely, stepping by without even acknowledging his presence. "Boys, let's hurry it up," she said loudly.

"Hey mom, they have cool old games in here," Cliff said.

"This stuff is all old and dusty," she said, "if you want a new game, we'll hit Gamestop on the way home," she said.

Webster's lips curled into an almost sinister smile. He reached up and opened an old wooden box on the shelf behind his sales

counter. Out of the box, he retrieved a device that looked a lot like a big TV remote control. He fumbled with it a moment, then walked out from behind the counter.

The site of Sandi's undulating buttocks made him almost forget why he was really following her. He held the small device out and brazenly touched the back of her neck with it.

Startled, the mother felt a strange burning sensation on her skin and quickly turned with a surprised scowl. "Ouch!" she said, glaring at him. "Fucking pervert," she barked, then marched past him. "Boys, we're leaving...now!!" she shouted.

The two teens disappointedly made their way to the door, but the old man called after them. "I've got a game for you boy, it's right here," Webster said, holding the device out.

The boys paused for a moment. "We don't have any money, sorry," Cliff said.

"It's free," the old man said.

"Free?" Chip asked, wandering over. "What kinda game is it?"

Cliff looked at the door, then his twin brother in concern. "Chip, we gotta go," he said.

"Hold on," Chip said as the old man handed him the device. The teen looked it over. "Does it take discs? How's it work?" he asked..

"When you get home, try it out," Webster said, "but make sure your dad's not home. He wouldn't like you playing it."

"But I don't even know what..."

"Just try the buttons, see what happens. Wait until you get home though," Webster said.

Sandi stuck her head back in the door. "What part of 'NOW' did I make unclear?!" she shouted.

"Coming," Chip answered, then looked back at the old man. "I gotta go, mister."

"One more thing," Webster said, "And this is very important. Don't touch the red button until you're through with the game. Can you remember that?"

"Yes," the boy said, heading to the door with his brother. He flashed a smile the old man's way. "Thanks for the game," he said, stuffing it in his pocket so his mother wouldn't see it.

Chip could hardly wait to get home, so he could try out the new game. Upstairs in their bedroom, the boys plopped down on the edge of the lower bunk studying the strange device. "So what do you think it does?" Cliff asked. "And why is there no screen? Does it connect to the TV wirelessly maybe?" Cliff asked.

Chip scratched his head. "He didn't say. He just said only to play it at home and to make sure dad wasn't here," he said.

"Well dad won't be home for awhile. Let's try it out, see what happens," Cliff said, reaching for the red button.

"Wait," Chip said, pulling it out of his brother's reach, "he said not to press the red button until the end. Let's just try the first one at the top."

Chip pressed the button with his thumb, but nothing happened.

"Press it," Cliff said.

"I did, nothing's happening."

"Then try another one. Here, give it to me," Cliff said, reaching for it.

Chip got up and moved away from the bed. "Stop...just give it a chance to work."

Cliff grabbed their new Playstation game out of the Gamestop bag and tore it open. "Fuck that thing, let's play a real game," he said.

Their bedroom door suddenly opened and Sandi, their Mother, walked in on bare feet. Chip quickly hid the device behind his back. She strode to the center of the room and stopped, staring straight ahead as if she were in some sort of trance-like state.

The boys gave her a strange look, waiting for her to say something, but she just stood there, expressionless. Her chest was thrust, her gigantic tits sticking way out. She was like a soldier standing there at attention.

"Mom? Are you ok?" Cliff finally asked.

After getting no answer, he walked over and snapped his finger in front of her face. There was nothing, not even a blink. "Mom!" the boy shouted, the shook her shoulder, but still nothing.

"Is she sleepwalking or something?" Chip asked.

"We just got home, how could she be sleepwalking?" his brother replied.

"I don't know, what's wrong with her then?"

"How the hell would I know," Cliff said.

Chip brought the device back around and looked at it in curiously. "You don't think it has something to do with this, do you?" he asked.

"Don't be stupid," Cliff said.

Chip pressed another button on the device, just for shits. Sandi's sexy bee-stung lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Get me naked,

boys," she said seductively.

Her twins gazed at her, wide-eyed. Chip pressed the button again, just to make sure he wasn't imagining things. His mom responded in the same way. "Get me naked, boys." The smile, the tone of her voice. It was exactly the same way she said it the first time.

Cliff snatched the device from his brother's hand. "Which one did you push?" he asked.

"The second one over."

Cliff pressed it this time and the result was precisely the same. "Get me naked, boys," their mother said.

"Try another button," Chip said.

Cliff did so, but Sandi didn't respond to any of them. "None of the others are working," he said.

"Maybe..." Chip muttered, the gears in his brain turning.

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe this is the game. Maybe in order for the other buttons to work, we have to get Mom naked first," Chip said.

"Are you crazy? She'll fucking kill us." his brother responded.

"Why would she kill us? We're only doing what we're told. Beside, she's clearly in some sort of hypnotic state. When she snaps out of it, she probably won't remember any of this anyway," Chip explained.

Cliff suddenly got a big eager smile. "Yeah, you're probably right. Let's try stripping her," he said anxiously, setting the device down.

The twins rushed over and unwrapped their mother like big Christmas gift, practically tearing her dress off her curvy body. Sandi just stood there motionless, like a sexy mannequin doll, the mischievous smile still stuck on her face.

"Look at the bra," Chip said, gazing at the black floral-embroidered cups encasing her massive breasts. Both boys marveled at all the bulging tit-meat oozing over the hems.

"Let's get it off her," Cliff said, fumbling with the hooks, while Chip slid the thick straps off her shoulders.

"Are you getting it?" Chip asked impatiently.

"Hold on, there's a bunch of hooks," Cliff muttered, finally unclasping the last one. The boys slipped Sandi's bra off and her enormous mommy-knockers bobbled out onto her chest. Both boys gasped in lustful astonishment.

"Holy shit," Cliff muttered.

"So fucking big," his brother added.

For a moment, all they could do is stare at her king-sized tits. Her areolas were as big around as baseballs and dotted with milk-glands. Thick rubbery nipples protruded from their centers, making her teens lick their lips anxiously.

Cliff quickly crouched down. "Let's get her panties off."

The two boys worked together to slip her black thong over her hips and down her silky tan legs. "I can see why the old man said to make sure that dad's not around. If he walked in and saw us doing this, we'd get grounded for a year," Chip said, making his brother giggle.

They both knelt down and gazed at Sandi's naked pubis, which was covered only by a tiny thin patch of well-groomed pubes. "Look, you can see her pussy lips," Cliff said.

"That's so sexy," Chip said, lifting the panties to his nose and inhaling the aroma of her cunt. "We should try the controller again," he said, rushing over and grabbing it. He pressed the next button.

"Whoa!" Cliff muttered, taking a few steps back. They both watched in wide-eyed disbelief as their mother's feet left the floor and her body hovered in mid-air.

Sandi's frame suddenly tilted back and her luscious legs slowly scissored wide open. Chip was the first to fish his dick from his shorts and begin stroking as he watched his Mom's sexy legs spread back so impossibly far that her little bare feet, with their painted toenails, pointed back toward the wall across the room.

"Holy fuck, dude," Cliff muttered, fishing his own cock out. "Look at that spread!"

Sandi hovered at waist-level, her body held there by some mysterious force. Her boobs were spread open, the big fleshy melons tilting off the sides of her body. The boys gawked at the crotch, lewdly on display between her splayed thighs. Two thick slabs of labia meet came together to form the hood of a large half-protruding clitoris.

Chip anxiously tried another button on the device. Sandi's naked body squirmed in the air as she threw her arms back and heaved her upper torso, making her big boobies balloon upward. She rocked her hips lustfully, humping her naked cunt up and down. "Eat my pussy," she cried out.

The boys looked at each other, their mouths agape. Chip was the first to accept the invitation, kneeling at Sandi's crotch. The teen dove in like a starving dog, laving his licker through the moist folds

of her pussy-slit. "Mmnnggh," he whimpered, lapping up the juices that oozed from her fuck-hole. He whipped his tongue across her marble-sized clitoris, savoring the feel of her pink flesh against his face and sweet pungent aroma.

"Let me have some," Cliff said, then took his brother's place at her crotch.

Chip continued to beat his dick as he walked around his beautiful mother's hovering body. He marveled at the almost sinister grin on her face and the way she stared blankly into space. He set his site's on her ginormous titties, stepping forward, boldly straddling her neck and pushing her big mammaries around his big wagging erection. "Look at me," he said gleefully.

Cliff looked up over Sandi's pubis, his face glistening with juices, and watched his brother thrust his boner between their mom"s massive mounds. "I'm fucking her tits," Chip said proudly.

"Give me the controller. I wanna see if there's a button that will make her suck our dicks," Cliff said.

Chip slid the controller across his Mom's belly. Cliff took it and pressed another button. "Yesss, let Mommy give you a hot nasty blowjob," Sandi's voice rang out. Cliff wasted no time scrambled around and shoving his cock into her open mouth. "Ohh fuck yess," the boy sighed, feeling his mother's tongue loop around and around his fat knob.

The boys were front to back, Chip squeezing his hard cock through Sandi's squishy cleavage, while his brother humped his boner into her hot throat. Both their tongues hung out lustfully as they used her gorgeous mother's body to pleasure their horny pricks.

Chip felt his knob tingle and stopped humping. "I don't wanna cum yet. Let's push another button and see if she'll fuck us."

Cliff pulled his wet dick from his mother's mouth, then fumbled with the controller. They both took a few steps back, their erect dicks bobbing as they watched Sandi's body slow flip upside-down. Her long dirty-blonde mane barely brushing on the wood floor, while the spires of her curvy tan legs pointed upwards, her cute toes only an inch away from the ceiling.

After a short pause, her sexy frame continued to rotate, her boobs dangling and her knees curling up, pointing her thick out ass straight out. "Fuck meee! Fuck me haaaard!" she cried out, arriving in the doggy-style position.

Cliff rushed over and mounted her haunches, squeezing his cock inside her. "Ohhh fuck," he shouted, feeling his hard prick sink into her slippery grip.

Chip scampered underneath her and buried his face between her big dangling milkers. He latched on to one of her erect nipples and shoved as much tit into his mouth as he could get, beating his boner while he sucked.

He wondered if his Mom felt anything at all or if they could get as rough as they wanted with her. To answer his question, Chip sunk his teeth down into the mouthful of tit-meat, clamping his jaw around her flesh. Her body had no response, not even the slightest twitch. She just continued staring ahead with the evil smirk..

"We can get as rough as we want. She doesn't feel a thing," Chip shouted excitedly, before stuffing Sandi's tit back into his mouth.

"Ohhh hell yeah!" Cliff sighed as he pounded his cock through her cunt. The globes of Sandi's big naked ass beat against her teen, the outer layer of fatty flesh rippling from every strike. The boy SMACKED her ass-cheek hard, leaving a big red handprint one of the jiggling cheek. "Yeahh, fuck me, bitch!" he shouted.

Chip squeezed and sucked and chewed gleefully, savoring the feel of her big heavy, squishy tits on his face. He licked his way through her cleavage, then clutched the outsides of her melons and squeezed them around his entire head. "Ohh yeahh, his voice quivered as his face peeked from between her pillowy mounds. He turned, taking a mouthful of meat and chewing on the soft delicate flesh.

Cliff pushed a button on the controller and Sandi's legs extended out so she hovered in the wheelbarrow position. "Ohh God, yeah," the teen sighed, climbing up and laying on her back. He continued thrust with deep plunges, amazed that this mysterious force could hold her weight and his.

Chip too was beginning to realize he could hang off his Mom's body like a jungle-gym. Her position in the air wouldn't budge the slightest little bit. He slipped his legs up around hers and his arms around her soft torso, pulling himself up chest to chest beneath her. He kissed and licked her neck, relishing in the exquisite sensations of all that boob-flesh pressed against his chest. "I want in her pussy," he muttered, digging his cock against her cunt-mound.

"Just a sec'," Cliff responded, sitting up and sliding his dick from her vagina. "I'm gonna try fucking her ass."

The boys dicks looked identical. Both nearly eight-inches, with big bulging veins and a fat mushroom tip. Chip found her fuck-hole and sunk inside until his pecker was fully sheathed. "Ohh shit yess," the boy cried out, feeling his tender meat surrounded by the Sandi's hot inner lining.

Balancing on top of her, Cliff squeezed his knob through Sandi's butt-ring and sunk his cock into her ass. "Ahh, Jesus!" he shouted, feeling her rectal muscles slip along his glans. He stretched his body along the top of hers and began pounding her rump with steady thrusts.

The hovering mother was now pancaked between her twins, their toned behinds bobbing as they thrust their hard peters through her slippery holes. "Ohh fuck that feels good," Chip said, looking up at his brother.

"Her ass feels fucking amazing too," Cliff sighed, wrapping his arms around his mother's neck and squeezing as hard as he could. The boys looked at her smiling face. She wasn't the least bit affected by what they were doing to her. "Damn, she's completely ours right now," he said.

"Like our own fuck-doll," Chip added, squeezing her voluptuousness in his arms, pressing their bodies together tightly and plunged his cock up into her divine cunt. On the outside she was motionless, but on the inside, her cunt and ass-muscles worked tirelessly, squeezing and sucking on her boy's boners like only an experienced mother could.

Cliff pushed a button on the controller and giggled as Sandi's body began to rotate again. "Hold on, bro."

Her legs looped down and her feet neared the floor, but she continued hovering.The boys planted their own feet securely on the floor as Sandi's legs wrapped around Chip's midsection. Her arms circled his neck and her gaze was fixed right at his eyes, clutching him in the standing fuck position. "Yesss, fuck meee!" she cried, making the boys hearts race with excitement.

Cradled between her warm thighs, Chip jerked his hip, spearing his erection rapidly, from knob to balls on each thrust. "Shit," he whimpered, feeling his mother react with squeezes. Cliff was still tucked behind her, his cock squirming deep in her rectum..

This time, instead of being the still, silent one, Sandi grasped the sides of Chips face with her hands and gazed at him with those piercing green eyes. Her mouth was open and she was gasping with

pleasure, her eyes fixed on his as their bellies beat together. "I want your cum," she hissed.

The boy was beside himself with lust. He reached down and slid his hands along the outsides of her smooth naked thighs. He could feel the motherly strength in her circled legs. Her enormous mammaries felt like fleshy cushions spread out against his chest.

Sandi's eyes lit up as she felt Cliff's knob swell inside her bowels. "Ohhhfuck!" he groaned, hosing the inside of her ass with cum.

Her eyes remained fixed on Chip. "Now mommy wants yours," she said eagerly, then brought her lips to his. "She wants you to spray your baby-making juice in her womb," the mother said lustfully, making her son's balls clench.

"Ohhh hot fuck!" he shouted as big gooey ropes of jizz spouted from his pisser. The teen bucked and whimpered, his body tingling as Sandi's juicy hole squeezed and pulled on his spewing meat. After the last drop had trickled out, he felt her legs lower to the floor and her arms un-twine.

The boys stood there for a moment, juice dripping off their dicks as they waited to see what would happen next. Once again, Sandi just stood there like a robot with a blank stare and cum running down her thighs.

"So what now?" Cliff asked his brother.

"Wait, the red button," Chip said, retrieving the controller from the floor.

"What about it?"

"The old man told me when I wanna end the game, to just push the red button," Chip explained.

"Okay, try it."

Chip pressed it and Sandi suddenly reached down and picked her panties up off the floor and slipped them on. The boys stood there silently and watched her put on her big bra, packing her tit-orbs inside. Her face was still expressionless. "Mom?" Chip said, but there was no response.

The pretty mother put her dress back on, then walked out their bedroom door. The boys followed her downstairs and into the kitchen. The faucet to the sink was still running.

"She must have been doing dishes," Chip whispered as they watched her move to the sink. Her body tensed just for a moment, then she grabbed a dish and started washing. She paused, sensing movement behind her, then turned.

The boys ducked out of vision just in time. "Boys?" they heard her ask, but being still naked, they didn't dare answer. The twins rushed back to their bedroom, giving eachother a fist pump as arrived inside their doorway.

"Best game ever!" Chip said with a smile..

21: Betting Against Mom

Betting Against Mom

By Klrxo

"Hey, mom…take a picture of Cory's mom's ass and have her take a picture of yours in whatever you guys are wearing today," Devin requested by text.

"Devin, no! We're at the grocery store," she texted back.

"So, big deal! It's not like we're asking you guys to take your clothes off."

Sasha shook her head. "Ugh…those boys!" the blonde-haired beauty sighed.

"What this time?" Gina asked. They were in the supermarket pushing their carts side by side, their dainty stiletto mules clicking against the hard floor. The two heavy-breasted moms had been besties since grade-school and had sons the same age who also happened to be best friends. Sasha and Gina had both recently had babies, who were cradled in baby seats inside their carts.

"They want pictures of our asses."

"Our asses?! What do you think they're doing with these pictures?" Gina asked. Just yesterday her son had made a similar request, wanting a photo of the mothers' legs.

"We probably DON'T wanna know."

"Do you think they're jacking off to them?"

"I certainly don't wanna think that, but I have a feeling that's exactly why they're asking for pictures."

"It's weird and perverted, but…at least they're not out stealing panties off a clothes line or trying to peek in on girls in dressing rooms."

"That we know of," Sasha added, making her friend snicker. "Remember when Mary Young's son got caught masturbating in the park last year?"

"Yes, how embarrassing. I felt so sorry for her."

"Boys will stroke their young cocks just about anywhere. I just hope our sons are being smart about it."

Sasha's phone chimed again. "We're waiting… ," her son's message read.

"Maybe we could just oblige them this one last time, but have a serious discussion with them later. I don't want these picture we're sending them being shared with every boy in town."

"I agree."

Sasha handed Gina her phone, looking around for anyone in the vicinity. "Let's get this done quick while we're the only ones on this aisle."

Meanwhile, in Devin's bedroom, the two friends lay side by side on Devin's bed stroking their teenage erections to the 'leg picture' their moms had sent them the previous day. "Can you imagine having those fucking legs locked around you?!" Cory stated, lusting over his mom's sexy, shaved legs.

"I know. Clutching onto us tight, while we fuck the hell out of them!" Devin added.

The boy's cocks glistened with slippery lubricant that they used to masturbate with. Their shafts were long, thick and encrusted with bulging, purple veins. Devin's boner was slightly longer, nearly ten inches in length, while Cory's fuck-muscle was just over nine. Their fists made lewd, wet sounds as they beat up and down their horny cocks. "Who's mom do you think could spread their legs the furthest?" Devin asked.

"They've been doing palates every day to get back in shape after giving birth so I bet they can both spread them wide open."

"God, I'd pay to see that!"

Suddenly, a message popped up on Devin's phone. "They did it!" the boy excitedly exclaimed. "They sent us pictures of their asses!"

"Let me see!"

Cory's mom wore a short cotton dress that hugged her meaty derriere. "Damn…what I'd give to hike up that dress, rip off her panties and bury my face between those fucking ass cheeks!" the boy confessed, beating his meat at a quicker pace.

"Look at MY mom in those sexy denims!" Devin added. "I'd love to yank them down to her ankles and fuck her from behind!"

"All the meat on those bubble butts! Can you imagine how much they would jiggle if they were beating back against us? We could smack them too! Leave big, red handprints on their asses for our dads to see."

"I can't believe our moms actually took pictures of their asses for us, in the middle of the grocery store," Devin giggled. "I bet they'd fuck us if we begged them enough."

"As much as my dad works…I know my mom's not getting enough dick," said Cory. "I'm surprised he even got her pregnant."

"My dad's WAY too old for my mom. She's in her sexual prime and he's probably popping Viagra and can't fuck longer than a minute. How fucked up is that?!"

"Way fucked up! I bet if we 'accidentally' showed our moms our cocks, they'd forget all about our dads, and start lusting after us."

Devin smiled with pride as he peered down at the jutting prick in his hand. It looked like glistening pillar carved in stone. "Yeah, one look at my 'weapon of mass destruction' and mom would definitely soak her panties," he added.

"Dude, my balls are full. I gotta nut-off bad! I bet my cum-ropes can go higher than yours can today," Cory stated, intensifying the speed of his stroking as he stared at the picture of his mom's ass.

"I bet you're wrong, but just don't get any on me like you did yesterday. That wasn't cool, man."

Devin's hand was a blur also as he beat his steely meat feverishly. Neither of them seemed a bit embarrassed jacking off their huge cocks in front of each other, since they'd been doing it regularly for quite a few years. It took them each a few minutes to work themselves to the edge of an ejaculation.

"TAKE MY FUCKING CUM, MOM!" Cory shouted, then grunted like some primitive animal, bucking his well-toned ass off the mattress as a long, fat jet of cum erupted from his piss-slit.

Devin was seconds behind him; his young, lean body jerking from his bed as he ejaculated his hot semen high into the air. "MILK MY COCK WITH THAT HOT ASS!" the teen's voice quivered as he imagined beating his boner through the ring of his mom's asshole.

Gooey geysers spouted into the air above them and splattered back down onto their well-toned chests. The boys were both handsome, but obvious perverts. Their lewd mutual climax gave a whole new meaning to the term, 'fountain if youth.'

"Devin, didn't I ask you yesterday to take care of your bed sheets after you've soaked them," Sasha said, standing in his doorway. His cum-soaked bedding was laying there by his door in a pile and the pungent smell of teenage semen was making the busty mother almost dizzy.

"Sorry, mom…I really had to get started on my homework," the boy answered, while sitting at his desk. Of course, he was lying. Devin didn't give two shits about his homework. He just wanted his mom to see all the cum he and Cory had painted on his bedsheet. The sight of her creamy cleavage spilling from her V-neck top was getting him horny all over again..

"I'll get it started for you, but this is the last time," Sasha expressed. "What exactly has been going on in here anyway, and what's with all the picture requests?"

"Cory and I are both horny young guys who need release."

The mother scowled. "If you wanna jerk off, you should do it in private. AND, you certainly shouldn't be doing it to pictures of your own mom."

"Why not? Your WAY hotter than any of the girls at my school. Why wouldn't I wanna jack off to pictures of you?"

The mother fed him a quirky look. "I don't know whether to be flattered or disgusted. No more picture requests, and no more circle-jerks with Cory, got it?!"

"Fine!" Devin answered in a disappointed tone.

"That reminds me…the two of you boys will be here alone over the weekend so please try not to burn the house down."

"What's this weekend?" he son inquired.

"Your dad and I are going to the casino resort with Cory's parents. Did you forget?"

"Oh yeah…that. Are you guys taking the babies?"

"No, your baby sister is saying with your Grandparents. Which reminds me, I need to start pumping out some extra breastmilk so your Grandma has plenty to feed her with this weekend."

"Can I watch?" Devin brazenly asked.

His mom fed him a scolding look. "No, you can't watch. That's just the type of inappropriate request I'm talking about and it needs to stop," she answered.

"Hey, mom…do you think dad would split the cost with Cory's dad for us a room so we could go along to the casino?" Devin asked.

"Hunny, this an adult trip."

"Thanks a lot. The last I heard, when you turned eighteen, you were officially an adult."

"A 'parents' trip, how about that?"

"I might be a parent, who knows," the boy joked.

"You better not be," Sasha playfully warned.

"What if we promise to stay out of you guys' hair? Cory and I will do our own thing."

"Ha! Yeah, like you did today?" she blurted, glancing down at the mess they made on the sheet.

"No, I don't mean lay around and jerk off. We'll use the spa, the workout room and maybe play a few slots here and there."

Sasha considered her son's idea for a moment. If she were honest, having the boys come along, where her and Gina could at least keep an occasional eye on them, made a lot more sense than making them stay home and get into potential mischief. "I'll speak to your father and see if he's willing to spring for another room. If he is, and you two come along, there will be NO shenanigans at the casino, got it?"

"Got it!" her son grinned, concealing his crossed fingers in a way that invalidated the promise he just made.

Sasha picked up the piles of sheets, trying not to get her hands in all the slimy boy-goo. "Gross!" she scowled, then hurried to the laundry room.

The weekend came, and since all the parents agreed, Devin and Corey tagged along on the trip. They all traveled in one vehicle, with the dads up front, the two moms in the middle row and the boys in the very back.

"Wouldn't it be cool if they were back here giving us blowjobs?" Cory texted Devin as they watched their moms chat up a storm.

"Totally! Hey, remember we talked about letting them see our dicks?? " Devin responded.

"You wanna do it now? Man, that's crazy!"

"How about something a little bit more subtle, so we don't make it too obvious and shock them. We'll get hardons beneath our shorts and see how many times they look back at them," Devin suggested.

"Yeah, but if we're watching the two of them, won't they know what we're up to and be less likely to look back?"

"True. So why don't we record it secretly with one of our phones, then we'll watch it when we get back to the room," texted Devin.

"Brilliant! "

Cory pushed record on his cell phone camera and placed it between them on the seat, so it was pointed towards their moms. Then, the two boys put their heads back and closed their eyes, imagining Sasha and Gina's pretty heads bobbing up and down on their crotches, giving them sloppy, deep-throat blowjobs.

"Anyway, that's what Tracy Gibbons told me," said Gina as her and Sasha exchanged gossip. "I have no reason not to believe her."

Sasha rolled her eyes. "It seems like that woman is always in the middle of every drama. I'm honestly beginning to think she enjoys it," she added, then her attention was drawn to the back seat. She saw the two boys with their heads back as they appeared to be sleeping.

Gina looked back also and smiled. "They were probably up all night playing video games," she whispered to Sasha.

"Or playing with themselves," Sasha added, making them both giggle. At once, their eyes were drawn to the boy's crotches and both women let out sharp gasps, their eyes widening.

Sasha could hardly believe what she was staring at. Devin had an obvious tent pole beneath his pants. His rounded knob was straining for release as it pushed the fabric upward obscenely.

Gina was equally shocked, gazing at her son's tubular-shaped cock-bulge. Are those erections?" she whispered to Sasha.

"Either that or they're hiding baseball bats beneath their shorts."

"Anyway…" Sasha blurted, looking away from her son's boner and trying to shake it from her mind, "back to that drama queen, Tracy Gibbons. Do you really think she's being honest about what happened?"

When they finally got to the resort, the first thing Devin and Cory did when they got to their room was play back the video.

"I bet MY mom looked at my cock more times than yours did," Cory stated as they plopped down on one of the beds and fished their dicks out.

"We'll see," said Devin as they began watching the recording from the car. Their mom's heads were perfectly positioned within the camera frame. The boys laughed as they watched both moms spot the bulge of their erections, staring and whispering in shock. Even after the two mothers continued their conversation, their eyes occasionally peeked back, lingering for a moment on their boy's erection, then back at each other.

"Look at that, dude…they can't stop staring!" Devin laughed. "It's like their eyes are drawn to our huge cocks."

"Yeah, they should be ashamed of themselves. Staring at their sons' bulges while they're sleeping. What kind of moms do that?" Cory joked.

"The slutty kind…just the kind we like!"

The boys continued watching. Their moms seemed even more distracted by their huge cock-bulges than they initially anticipated they would be.

"Look at how long my mom's staring at it," Devin exclaimed. "Dude, she wants to jump on it, I can tell."

"Did you see that?!" Cory asked a minute later.

"No, what?"

He rewound the recording a little and then paused. Gina's wonder-filled eyes were fixed on his erection and her tongue was peeking from between her lips. "Tell me she's not thinking about how bad she'd like to lick the pre-cum off my tip right here," suggested Cory.

"She does look pretty hungry for your cock," his friend agreed.

When the video was over, Devin grinned victorious. "I think I got you beat. My mom looked at my cock twenty-two times in a half-hour," he said.

"It was close. My mom was at eighteen. Regardless, I'm sure I soaked her panties."

"Dude, that gives me an idea," Devin stated as if a light bulb turned on in his head. "Didn't they say they were going down to sit in the hot tub with our dads?"

"Yeah."

"That means they changed into bikinis, which means they took off their panties."

"Holy shit, that's right, and if our big cocks turned them on, their panties should still be wet."

"And incredibly fragrant!" Devin grinned.

A few minutes later the boys arrived in the swimming area of the resort. Their parents were in the hot tub talking. For a moment, the boys eyes were drawn to the extraordinary cleavage that was spilling from their moms' bikini tops. "Hey, dad, I left something in the car. Do you have your keys?" Devin asked.

"My car keys are back in the room," his father, Bryce, answered.

"Oh, um…can I use your room key then, so I can get the key to the car?"

"It's right there next to my towel. Just make sure you bring it back."

"Got it!" Devin answered, then quickly got the key.

Sasha and Gina looked over at each other suspiciously.

Once back upstairs, the boys rushed into the spacious room their parents were sharing. They each wasted no time fishing through their mother's bag. Cory pulled out a huge embroidered white bra. "Look at this shit!" he stated.

"Fuck, that's a big bra!" Devin grinned.

"Before she got pregnant, mom was a triple-d. Now she's a fucking H-cup!"

"Check this one out!" said Devin, holding up an equally large black bra that was completely sheer. "Our moms have some crazy-big udders, dude!"

"They sure do! Ones I love to suck on!"

The both went back to searching for what they came for. "Found them!" Cory announced, holding up a dainty black thong. "Oh my God…the crotch IS wet, dude!"

Devin's heart raced with excitement as he fumbled around in his mom's bag, finally finding what he was after. "Got 'em!" he blurted, then immediately brought her pale-pink G-string to his nose. "Holy fuck, hers are wet too!"

The boy's had planned on taking them back to their own room to enjoy, but they simply couldn't wait that long. Their dicks almost

hurt they were so fucking hard. Plopping back on the bed, they quickly fished out their erections and began stroking, while holding the panties to their noses.

"Goddamn, these smell so fucking strong!" Cory gasped, inhaling the ripe, pungent aroma of his mom's pussy.

Devin snarled in lust, his eyes rolling back in their sockets as the smell of his mom's secretions swept through his nasal passage. His dick had already began forming pre-cum and he used it to stroke on his fuck-organ vigorously.

"Just think, dude…all this juice seeped from their cunt-slits while they were peeking back at our boners," Cory pointed out. He eagerly shoved the panty-gusset into his mouth letting the sweet tang of his mother's wetness soak on his taste-buds.

Devin also couldn't resist the urge to suck on Sasha's panty-cotch. "Fuck…my mom's pussy is SO damn sweet!" he panted. It wasn't the first time he had his mom's panties in his mouth, but it was certainly the wettest he'd ever found them. The fact that they had gotten that way as a result of her staring at his cock-bulge excited him tremendously.

Down in the pool area, Sasha fed Gina another suspicious look. Their husbands were busy talking about golf, which was of little interest to them. "It sure is taking a long time for the boys to bring those keys back," she stated.

"I was just thinking the same thing," Gina concurred. "Do you think we should go check on them?"

"Do we dare? My gut tells me they're up to something."

"Taking the car for a joy ride maybe?"

"I don't know, but let's go find out," said Sasha.

Back in the room, the boys were still vigorously beating their cocks, while sniffing and tasting their mom's panties. "God, I would love for my dick to smell just like this!" Cory stated.

"All you have to do is fuck your mom and never wash it off."

The teens were so absorbed in what they were doing that they didn't hear Sasha and Gina enter the room. "What the hell is going on in here?!" Sasha loudly asked.

"Are those our panties?!" Gina added.

Startled, the boy's stopped sniffing and sat up, making no effort to cover their junk. "Oh, um…we were just—"

Sasha cut her son off. "We can see what you're doing. What has gotten into you boys? The picture requests, cum-soaked sheets and now this?! Do I even need to tell you how inappropriate this is?"

"Kind of like you guys staring at our bulges in the car, you mean?"

Sasha and Gina looked at each other, then back at their sons. "We were doing no such thing!" Gina said defensively.

"That's not what the camera shows."

"The camera?" Sasha asked.

"Yeah. We filmed you guys to see how fascinated you'd be by our hard dicks, while we pretended to sleep."

Sasha and Gina fed each other guilty looks. "Fascinated is not the right word," said Sasha. "Horrified is more like it."

"Your expression certainly didn't look 'horrified' to us, mom."

"Yeah, more like aroused, and your wet panties prove it," Cory expressed.

"Do you want me to tell your father what you've been up to, young man?" Gina asked with a stern expression.

"Go ahead, then I'll show him the video on my phone and we'll see what he thinks of that."

"Yeah," smiled Devin. "I'm sure they'd be happy watching their wives drool over their own son's teenage cock."

"Alright, enough!" blurted Sasha. "Delete that video off your phone and we'll pretend like we didn't see what we did when we barged in, got it?"

Devin and Cory smiled at one another. "Can we take the panties with us?" Devin asked.

Sasha looked over at Gina and she shrugged her shoulders. "Can you please have them back in our bags by tomorrow?" Gina asked the boys.

"We can do that," her son replied.

"We mean it!" Sasha added glaring at Devin. "If your father catches you with those, you're on your own."

"Same goes for you," Gina said to Cory.

"Understood!" both boys agreed in unison. They retreated to their own room to continue their panty-sniffing stroke session.

"I can't believe we raised a couple of perverts," said Sasha, once the boys were gone.

"We can't be too hard on them. We weren't exactly innocent at that age," Gina reminded her.

"I wasn't showing my father my pussy."

"Neither was I, but a boy's infatuation with his mom is much more common. I'm sure they'll just outgrow it."

"I don't want this to sound wrong, but…"

"But what?"

"Forget it," said Sasha, shaking her head.

"Just spit it out. What?"

"My panties WERE pretty soaked after that car ride, and it sounds like yours were too. Is it just me…or do our boys have REALLY big dicks?"

Gina nodded blushingly. "I was thinking the same thing. How is it possible for them to be so much bigger than their fathers?"

"And thicker too. My God, did you see all the veins?"

Sasha nodded. "I did, and I couldn't believe it was my own son I was looking at."

Gina quickly changed the subject. "We should probably pump our breasts," she suggested, cupping her giant jugs. "I don't know about your, but mine are full and starting to get sore."

"Same here," Sasha added.

Later that evening, Sasha and Gina were hanging out in the gambling area of the casino. They were both adorned in elegant gowns that showed off a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage. They saw the boys coming their way and felt a little awkward because of what had transpired earlier.

"Wow, look at these two beauties!" Devin stated as they got closer.

His mom slightly blushed. "Your fathers are playing golf on the resort course in the morning. It'll be a good time for you two to bring those panties back," she stated."

"We might have to bag them up or something first. They're pretty soaked with semen right now."

His mom's face twisted sternly. "Devin, we said that you guys could smell them not use them as a cum rag."

"Actually, mom…you didn't really specify how we could use them, just that we could," he replied.

"Fine, just…make sure they're bagged up and back in our room tomorrow morning."

"Hey, I bet Cory and I can win more money in an hour than you guys can," Devin told their moms. Their dads were off playing blackjack, leaving their heavy-titted wives near the slot machines.

"I bet you're wrong," his mother, Sasha, smirked, brushing her long blonde hair off her face. She was thankful to see her son willing to do something other than play with his dick.

"Yeah, you do realize we've been gambling longer than you two have been alive, right?" Gina, added.

"Are you willing to take our bet then?" her son asked.

His mother raised an eyebrow suspiciously. "Tell us what we're betting first," she asked.

The boys looked at each other and smiled mischievously. "If you guys win, we'll do some extra chores around the house once we get back home," said Devin.

"And if you boys win?" Sasha asked curiously.

"If we win, you guys have to show us your boobs," answered Cory.

The mothers burst out laughing, making the meat of their milk-engorged tits jiggle against their ribcages. "You can't be serious?!" Gina stated.

"We are!"

"We ARE NOT showing you two our boobs! End of story!" Cory's mother sternly added.

"You saw our dicks earlier, so what's wrong with us seeing your tits?" Devin asked.

"We didn't ask to see your dicks, but it was hard not to when you guys were laying there jerking off in our room."

"Just what we thought. You guys DO know we can win more than you in an hour," said Cory.

"Yeah, all talk, no show!" his friend added.

The two mothers looked at each other, rolled their eyes and shook their heads. "What on earth would make you two think we'd agree to whip out our tits in front of you?" Gina asked.

"Well, you did give us your panties earlier," her son replied.

"Yeah, only because you blackmailed us, and I do hope you erased that video, like we asked. That WAS the deal."

"Don't worry, it's erased, but what's wrong with making a different deal?"

"Yeah, a brand new deal," Devin added.

"It's not the type of deal you should be making," Gina stubbornly answered.

"We're just trying to have a little fun, mom. Relax, they're just boobs!"" Cory griped.

"Yes, 'just boobs' attached to your own mother's body!"

"What if we up the ante?" Devin suggested. "What if we were willing to do dinner dishes for a whole week if we lose?"

"A whole week?!" his mother asked, making sure she heard him right. "Including pots and pans?"

"That's what I said."

Sasha took her friend's arm and led her away a short distance. "Excuse us a minute, boys," she said.

"You're not actually considering their offer, are you?" Gina asked with a smirk, once they were alone. "Sasha, they wanna see our tits."

"I know, but how confident are you we can win? These two clowns have, to my knowledge, never even been inside a casino before. How the hell could they possibly win more money than us in an hour?" Sasha pointed out.

"True, we usually do pretty well at the roulette table, but what if we do lose?" asked Gina. "Do you really want the boys gawking at our naked tits?"

"A whole weeks worth of dishes though, Gina. That would be saving us like…three hours worth of work. Isn't it worth the risk?"

Gina considered what she was saying for a moment. "Yeah, you're right. It would be nice to have a break from all those greasy pots and pans. Let's just gamble our asses off and make sure we win."

"Exactly!"

As they regrouped, Cory and Devin's eyes fixated on the trembling melon-meat that was amply exposed out the plunging neckline of their mothers' gowns. Getting to see their heavy jugs would be a dream come true. "Alright, boys…one week of doing dishes. ALL THE DISHES! That's the deal," Sasha stated.

"And if we win you guys will show us the goods?" Devin asked, glancing from his mom's face to her tits and back into her eyes again.

"Yes, we'll take you up to the room and show you our boobs, but the chances of that happening are VERY slim."

"Yes, so slim that we decided it was stupid not to accept your bet," Gina added.

"Well then…let's do some gambling!" Cory blurted with a confident smile.

"We'll meet back up here in an hour with proof of our winnings," Gina advised.

"And not a word to your fathers that we accepted this bet, understood?" Sasha added, glaring sternly at her son.

"Got it!" both boys answered in unison, quickly disappearing .

"We got this!" Gina sighed as her and Sasha moved towards the tables, their dainty heels tapping hurriedly against the hard casino floor.

"We better!" added Sasha, considering the consequence if they didn't win. She could feel all the built-up milk sloshing around inside her tender breasts. "Damn, we should have went up and pumped first. My boobs are completely engorged."

"Mine too. We only have an hour though. We can't let them win."

"Let's stay away from the slots," Devin told Cory. "The odds of winning big money is much less on those things."

The boys went to the blackjack table, while the moms tried their luck at roulette. The hour flew by quickly and they all met back up. "Alright, hotshots…let's see what you won," Sasha said with a confident smile.

Her son laid out some cash on the table in front of her. "Eight hundred dollars!" he answered, then gave Cory a high-five.

"That's respectable," his mom nodded.

"But it's not a thousand!" Gina grinned, holding up a handful of hundred dollar bills. "Looks like you guys are doing some dishes."

The moms did their own high-five, each with victorious smile.

"Hold on a minute," Cory blurted. "How much did you guys actually spend to make that much?"

"Six hundred," his mom answered, "but why does that matter?"

"We only spent two-hundred, so technically WE won more money than you guys did."

"Exactly!" Devin agreed. "Whatever's left in your pocket, minus your losses, is considered your winnings, and in that case we won a lot more than you guys did."

Sasha and Gina looked at each other and shook their heads. "I think you guys would scratch up any reason you could just to beat us," Sasha stated.

"I think YOU GUYS would come up with any excuse not to show us your tits," her son retorted.

"But a deal's a deal," Cory added. "So pay up ladies!"

"Fine!" Gina sighed, looking at Sasha nervously. "Let's go upstairs and get this over with."

The boys followed the moms upstairs to their room. Sasha and Gina could sense their horny eyes glued to their swaying asses the entire way. "Let's get one thing straight," said Sasha. "The deal was looking, not touching."

"We know," replied her son, sharing a sly smirk with his friend. 'We'll keep our hands to ourselves."

The two boys sat down on the edge of the bed and the moms nervously stepped over in front of them. Sasha and Gina began removing their dresses, and they could tell the boys were getting excited, especially when their horny eyes became fixated on their tit-stuffed bras.

"Damn! How do your bras even hold those things?" Devin asked, staring at all the creamy meat spilling from his mom's bra.

The mothers reached back and unfastened the clasps that held their bras on. They heard the boys gasp as they pulled the cups away, causing their huge, unfettered breasts to bobble out onto their rib cages.

"Yoowza!" Cory exclaimed, shamelessly reaching down and squeezing his peter-tip through his pants. Devin did the same as he gawked at his own mom's heavy milkers.

"Boys, come on…is THAT really necessary?" his mom asked, embarrassed that he was holding his junk to the sight of her.

"VERY necessary! You guys have amazing tits!"

"Yeah, so fucking big!" Cory added.

Having both just given birth only a month ago, Sasha and Gina's breasts were incredibly milk-swollen. Their fat nipples were well-pronounced, protruding from the rings of the wide areola.

"Won't they get sore without the babies nursing on them over the weekend?" Devin asked.

"We brought our breast pumps with us so we could relieve the pressure when we need to," his mom answered.

"Which will probably be soon. Mine are starting to get pretty tender," added Gina.

"Mine are too," Sasha added.

"So, what do you do with all that milk?" Cory inquired.

"We left breast-milk with your Grandparents so they'd have plenty to feed the babies with so anything we pump out here really isn't needed," Gina answered.

The two boys looked at each other and smiled. "You mean it goes to waste?" Devin asked.

"Can WE have some?" Cory added.

The two mothers laughed, making their mammary-meat jiggle. Gina began to answered. "Hunny, you guys are a little to old to—"

"Oh, come on, mom…we'd be helping you out right, by relieving the pressure? That way you guys can enjoy the rest of your evening without having sore breasts."

"The deal was we SHOW you our boobs, not let you suck on them."

"Wouldn't you guys rather nourish your grown boys with a good dose of breast milk instead of just pouring it down the drain?" Devin asked.

Sasha and Gina looked at each other, each considering the idea. Not only did they each need their breasts drained desperately, but they absolutely loved having their tits sucked on. "Your fathers would kill us if they knew we allowed you boys to suckle from our boobs," said Gina, glaring back at her son.

"Dad thinks you guys are playing the slot machines," her son pointed out.

"Yeah and you're in OUR room, which they don't have access to. How would they ever find out?" Devin added.

The two moms looked at each other again as if each waiting for the other to make the final decision. "It would save us from having to hook up the pumps," Gina pointed out to her friend. "We both hate how long that takes."

"Alight…we'll let you breastfeed," Sasha relented, looking back at her son, "but only to relieve the pressure in them, then we're leaving."

"Sweet!" her son smiled, sharing an excited look with his friend.

Both boys stood up and quickly removed their shorts and briefs. The mom's both turned their heads away in shock as Cory and Devin's erections sprung free. "What are you two doing?! Sasha exclaimed. "No one said anything about getting naked!"

"We're gonna masturbate," her son answered, matter-of-factly, "while we're sucking on you guys. We get pressure built up inside us too, you know. It'll be a good time to release it."

"Yeah, we'll ALL get relief together!" Cory added.

"That WASN'T part of the deal," Gina reminded him.

"Sure it was! We agreed we'd keep our hands to ourselves and that's what we're doing."

The two mothers looked at each other and rolled their eyes. "We didn't know that's what you meant by 'keeping your hands to yourselves,' boys," Sasha stated.

Devin plopped down onto the bed. "The longer we debate, the longer this will take, and the greater chances our dads will come looking for you guys," he pointed out.

The mom's both let out a relenting sigh. Their mammaries bobbled heavily as they crawled onto the bed with their sons. Sasha and Gina sat so their boys could sprawl back and lay their heads on their soft, mature laps.

"Damn!" Devin gasped, gazing up at his mom's ballooning udders. He wasted no time latching on to her tumescent nipple. As he pulled the cap of her swollen tit into his mouth, he was immediately greeting with the taste of warm tit-nectar.

Cory's face sunk up into the meaty sponginess of his mom's breast as he stuffed as much of Gina's melon-peak as he could into his greedy mouth. He sealed his lips around the fringe of her areola, suctioning his cheeks and making her rubbery teat distend inside his mouth for a good latch. Tit-milk erupted from several different milk-ducts surrounding Gina's nipple.

The mother watched her boy react to her taste by hinging his hips upward making his cock flex with full hardness. Cory quickly wrapped his hand around his blood-swollen dong and began shamelessly stroking its length, while gorging himself on his mom's tit.

Sasha's eyes drifted down her boy's lean torso to his well-trimmed crotch. Devin's fist was wrapped around his ten-inch cock, lewdly jacking its

length. Her eyes widened in fascination, her heated fuck-tube clenching at the sight of such a long, thick cock. "Good grief!" she

wondrously thought. "He could wreck a girl with that thing."

Gina too was captivated by the size and steely-hardness of her son's love-muscle. She blushed at the fact that it was much longer and fatter than her husband's cock. "He shouldn't need to be masturbating much," she thought. "A dick like that should be getting pussy left and right."

The mother's both gasped in unison. The boys were clearly more aggressive and adept at sucking their tits than their infants were. The way that Devin and Cory's tongues battered their swollen teats, while applying exquisite suction was beginning to make them wet between the legs.

Devin could hardly keep up with the milk-flow squirting from his mom's ducts. He whimpered in delight, then clamped his teeth around the base of her nipple, making it spew out with even greater force.

Sasha gasped sharply. "Easy, hunny!" she warned. Her crotch vibrated with arousal as her boy continued nibbling at her sensitive tit-flesh. She peeked down at his dreamy cock again, watching it slip through his first. Sasha had always been fascinated and turned-on by the tip of a man's penis. Her son's helmet was as bulbous as a fat, juicy plumb and its rounded, projecting border flared wonderfully. She was ashamed to admit how divine such glans would feel pummeling through her tight pussy. She shuddered, watching his piss-slit open to ooze out a gob of pre-cum. Her son quickly swiped it off with his fist, using it for lubrication.

"Wow, these are awesome!" Cory announced, catching his breath. His excited voice was still muffled by pounds of creamy tit-meat.

"Move to the other one, hunny," his mom's sweet voice said.

Cory lustfully kissed his way along the squishy underside of his mom's breast. He reached her inframammary crease, the fold where

her breast and chest met and licked across its unblemished surface. The lucky teen worked his way up her tit-cleavage, beating his dick vigorously to the feel of her doughy-soft melons softly crushing in around his exploring head.

Gina's eyes fluttered back in their sockets as he boy latched on to her other breast and she felt the release of pressure as her tit-honey began to pour into his mouth.

"Shit!" Devin whimpered as he also took his time getting to his mom's other nipple. He kissed and sucked at the rounded, spongy-soft flesh along the base of her boobs, feeling their wonderful weight against his face. He reached his mom's cleavage and could stare all the way up the valley between her giant mams. He about lost his load as he saw his mom peek down at him and smile.

Sasha's eyes returned to her son's prick, watching his knob mushroom as Devin's hand flew up and down at a blur. "You boys are gonna hurt your dicks stroking them that way," she stated.

"I agree," said Gina, watching her son beat off. "Your using your pre-cum as lubrication, but not producing nearly enough to keep up with the speed that you're stroking."

"Spit some breastmilk into your hands to help lubricate your erections," Sasha advised.

The boys were happy to oblige. In the past, they had certainly tried different things to keep their dicks slick; spit, lubricating oil from a bottle, but neither of them had ever had the opportunity to try breast milk. They pulled at their mom's teats, extracting out a big mouthful, then spit it into their hands. Their young bodies trembled excitedly as they lathered their cocks, while going back to nursing.

"There now…isn't that better?" Sasha asked.

"Mm-hmmff!" she heard her son answer.

For nearly ten more minutes the boy's breastfed on the huge breasts of their mothers, keeping their cocks slick with the help of their slippery tit-nectar. As good as it felt to have their melons worked over, Sasha and Gina knew they were drained enough and needed to get back downstairs with their husbands. "You boys need to finish," she instructed.

"Can we spurt off inside you, so we don't make a mess all over our bed," her son brazenly asked.

Both moms burst out laughing. "If you're asking if you can fuck us that's a definite no!" Gina answered.

"Will you suck us off then?" Devin asked. "That way you can swallow our milk, like we swallowed yours."

"Yeah, no mess that way!" Cory added. The boys were still steadily stroking their boners.

"There's a big difference between OUR milk and yours, boys. Nice try, but we're your mothers, and WE ARE NOT giving you a blowjob!" Sasha stated.

"What if we just get ourselves close and we cum into your mouths at the last minute," Devin suggested.

"We'll get you a towel to cum in. You ARE NOT ejaculating down our throats, end of story!" his mom replied.

"Wait!" Cory blurted.

"Wait, what?" his mom asked.

"It's too late!" Cory gasped as his hips began to jerk fervently. "I'm too close to stop from from cumming!"

"ME TOO!" Devin's shaky voice announced, his hand whipping in a blur up and down his horny dick.

Sasha and Gina quickly looked at each other and shook their heads. "You boys are deplorable!" Gina stated. Then, they quickly slid out from beneath the teens and crawled to their crotches.

Devin's face was a mask of surprise as he watched his mother slap his hands away and begin sucking his cock, her pretty face contorted around the thick slab of meat that plunged through her mouth. "OH YEAH, MOM…SUCK MY DICK!" he gasped.

Gina nearly choked, taking too much of her son's cock down her throat at once and gagged as his spongy knob brushed past her tonsils. However,

being a skilled cocksucker, she fought back the reflex, flaring her nostrils so she could breathe around the swollen prick.

Wet, slurping, sucking sounds filled the hotel room as the mothers began to give their sons the blowljobs they swore they wouldn't. They boys watched their pretty heads bob up and down and felt their twitching cocks glide delightfully through the warmth of their mouths.

"Mmnn!" Sasha moaned, fucking Devin's boner down the back of her throat. Her eyes were closed, watering slightly as she inhaled the cunt-warming aroma of his teenage cock and balls. When the ring of her lips slid back up so only the tip remained inside her mouth, she curled her tongue around his puffy knob, tasting his tangy pre-jizz.

"Auugghhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her tongue play around on his peter-tip. Sasha went back to sucking, determined to pull out his cum-load.

Cory's bell-tip popped from Gina's mouth like a cork from a bottle. "I thought you boys were close?!" she asked.

"I still am," her son sighed. "Keep sucking!"

Her tongue darted around his cock-glans, flickering deliciously all over his swollen bulb, making Cory shutter with pleasure. Gina wrapped her hand around the root of his cock and jacked hard and fast, beating her son's meat into her mouth.

"Oh, yeah, mom…I like that!" he gasped.

Hot fuck-oil seeped into the mother's cunt-slit as she anticipated the salty eruption of her son's spirting cum. Both moms loved the taste of warm ball-jizz and could already tell that the nectar seeping from their boys piss-slits was much sweeter than they'd ever tasted.

Blushing, Sasha sucked her boy's cock-rod as hard as she could. She let his fat knob pummel deep into her throat so her nose nearly touched his cock-base. She reached down and rolled his nuts in her hand, doing everything she could to make him blow his wad.

Devin's tongue hung from his mouth lustfully as he watched her oversized udders dangle from her chest, wobbling to her cock-sucking tempo. He

shuddered from the sensations his mom was giving his boner. He'd gotten blowjobs before, but nothing this good.

"I'm cumming, mom! I'm cumming!!" Cory announced, thrusting his ass from the bed and meeting his mom's tireless jacking and sucking. He clenched his teeth together and let out a guttural grunt as a torrent of spunk jetted from his meatus, down his mom's throat. "Fuuuuck!" he growled.

Meanwhile, Devin was on the verge of losing his load. Sasha could tell by the way his dick throbbed in her mouth that he was preparing to blast gooey ropes of baby-batter down her clinging throat. She felt her son's hand grasp the back of her blonde hair so she allowed him to take over, so he could cum just the way he wanted to.

"Gnnnfff!" the mother gurgled as Devin shoved her lips down the remaining length of his cock. Sasha breathed through her nose, which was pushed against her boy's cock root. She felt his knob mushroom inside her throat then worked the muscles of her esophagus in a frantic effort to swallow his delicious cum-load.

For several minutes the boys quivered, watching as their moms continue to milk their spurting pricks.

"There!" said Gina, taking her lips from Cory's beefy cock. "Satisfied, boys?"

Cory knew that his mom's cunt must be soaked with secretions. It was the perfect time to eat her out. "Yeah, but what about you guys?" he asked.

"What about us?"

"Don't you need to get off too? Why not let us eat you out?"

Sasha and Gina look at each other and giggled in shock. "Yeah, right…" Gina answered, "then next you'll be asking to impale us on those big dicks of yours"

"Exactly!" added Sasha, getting up from the bed. "We've already been incredibly generous, boys."

Devin and Cory sat on the edge of the bed, watching their moms put their bras back on their bobbling jugs. Gina fed them a stern look. "You'd better not tell anyone we just sucked your cocks. I mean it!" she warned.

"Don't worry…we won't say a word," her son assured her.

The next morning, Sasha and Gina were horny as fuck, laying all over their husbands and kissing them in an attempt to get sex. The

couples were best friends so being in the same hotel room on separate beds and fucking in front of each other was nothing new.

"Sorry, ladies," Sasha's husband, Bryce, said, climbing out from under the covers. "Jud and I have to be on the T in an hour."

"Are you serious?!" Sasha exclaimed in frustration. "Last night you guys were too drunk to fuck us, now you're blowing us off for a game of golf?!"

"Hunny, you guys knew we reserved a spot on the resort coarse this morning," Bryce told his wife.

Sasha and Gina looked at each other and rolled their eyes. "Men have been know to change their minds when there's pussy involved," Gina expressed.

"We'll make it up to you guys tonight, we promise," Gina's husband, Jud, assured them.

After their husbands left, Gina came over and crawled into bed with Sasha. "Well, this really sucks," she uttered.

"I know. Remember the day when are husbands were as horny as the boys are. Nothing took priority over pussy."

"Speaking of our boys," said Gina. "I wonder what THEY'RE doing?"

"Probably still sleeping."

"Or jerking off," Gina giggled. She lifted her cellphone and texted Cory.

"What are you two troublemakers up to? " she asked.

"Thinking about you guys," her son answered.

Gina showed his reply to Sasha and she snickered. "Yeah, right."

"What about us???" Gina texted back as her and Sasha sat there grinning like flirty school girls.

"What we'd like to do to you. "

Again, Gina showed his reply to Sasha who rolled her eyes. "Oh, God!" she sighed. "And what exactly would they like to do to us?"

Gina texted just that, and quickly got a reply back. "Eat your pussies ."

This made the two moms blush and giggle. Cory sent a follow-up message. "Devin agreed, unless our dads just shot their cum-load inside you, then it would be gross ."

This made the two moms laugh. Gina sent her boy a return text. "We struck out on getting any cum inside us. Your dads are too busy playing golf ."

"We can fix that " Cory texted back, sending a selfie of him and Devin standing side by side with their erect cocks sticking straight out.

"Oh, good grief!" Sasha exclaimed, looking at the picture blushingly.

Gina smiled over at her. "I know they're our sons, but I'm not gonna lie. Those cocks would feel absolutely incredible inside us," she admitted.

"I won't argue with that," said Sasha. "Those are some of the strongest-looking shafts I've ever seen. I felt like a sword swallower giving Devin head last night."

"Why don't we send them a picture," Gina naughtily suggested.

"Of what?" Sasha smirked.

"I have an idea," Gina answered, crawling from the bed. "Let's take off our panties."

Devin and Cory were laying on their bed naked when Cory's mom finally replied with her own picture-message.

"You mean you'd like to eat THESE pussies?" she asked. Sasha and Gina were standing the same way the boys had been in their picture with their shaved vulvas side by side.

"Damn!" Cory exclaimed. "Look at that, dude…it's our moms' cunts!"

"Holy shit!" Devin sighed, pulling on his cock, while staring at the photo. "Are they gonna let us eat them out?"

"Can we come over?" Cory texted his mom.

"You don't think we're gonna make it that easy, do you? " his mom texted back.

"What do we need to do then?"

"Find us."

"Find you?□"

"That's right. A naughty little game of hide-and-go-seek. Give us ten minutes, then come looking. We'll be hiding somewhere within the resort," Gina texted.

"Together?"

"Nope…separate. So make sure you find the right mom ," she answered.

"And when we do???" Cory messaged.

"You'll be eating at the pussy buffet ," she replied. "You'll only have an hour though because your dads will be back from playing golf."

The boys quickly got dressed, then impatiently waited the ten minutes as their moms requested.

"Alright, I guess we should split up," Devin suggested. "Remember, if you spot my mom, text me right away, and I'll do the same if I see yours."

"Got it!" Cory answered, patting him on the arm. "Good luck, buddy."

They each went their separate ways. Devin decided to take a walk through the casino first to see if he could spot his mom. After about ten minutes of no success, he received a text from her.

"Wow…my pussy is SO wet right now! " the message read.

This message really got the boy's heart-rate going. "Where are you?" he texted.

"Wouldn't you like to know? "

"Come on, mom…you're horny. You know you wanna tell me."

"I am horny, you're right, but I'm not just gonna give this pussy to you. You're gonna earn it. " she messaged back.

Across the building, Cory was having the same result. He too began getting teasing texts from his mom. "I just LOVE locking my thighs around a man's head when he devours me," Gina messaged.

"So, tell me where you are so you can do that," her son replied, a boner forming in his shorts just from her naughty confession.

"I don't think so lol."

"Will you at least tell me if I'm hot or cold?"

"You're hot. WAY hot! "

"I haven't even told you where I am," he texted.

"Oh, sorry…I thought you were talking about your looks lol."

Cory smiled with pride as he texted back. "I'm down in the food area."

"That makes sense, since there's something you REALLY wanna eat ," she replied. "You're cold though. Very cold!"

Cory quickly rushed away to head back across the resort.

"My clit is throbbing to be sucked," Sasha texted her son, continuing to tease him.

"Let it know I'm about to latch my lips around it then, because I see you!" texted Devin.

Sasha was in the busy pool area with a towel shrouding her head. She peeked out to see her son rushing towards her. The busty mother giggled

and hopped up. Her oversized breasts jumped up and down obscenely beneath her bikini top as rushed back inside the building on bare feet.

A female cleaning lady smiled when she saw the mother being chased. "You can go in here!" she shouted, motioning Sasha inside a large supply closet.

Devin quickly entered the closet behind his mom and the cleaning lady closed the door behind them. It wasn't the first time she had provided a place for a horny couple to have some fun.

Sasha paused at the back of the dimly-lit closet and turned towards her teen with a nervous smile.

"I got you!" Devin stated as they embraced. Caught up in the exciting moment, their lips connected in a series of sensual kisses. The teen threw off his shirt, nudging his erection against her bikini-shrouded vulva.

"I said you could eat me out," his mom reminded him. "I didn't say you could fuck me."

The teen lifted her up, setting her rounded ass down on a shelf with a stack of towels. "Let's eat then. I'm hungry!" he stated, licking his lips.

Sasha lifted her ass, allowing her boy to strip her bikini bottoms down her legs and off. She shuddered as her son roughly parted her thighs, exposing the sopping slit of her shaved pussy. With a hungry moan, Devin glued his mouth to her juicy, fragrant cunt.

"OHHH!" Sasha's pretty voice sang, echoing through the walls of the closet as she felt her boy's tongue dig through the slickened slit of her pudenda.

The pussy-starved teen swiped his tongue up her cunt-folds like a starving dog. Feverishly, he pressed his face up into her vestibule, lapping at her pussy cream, delighting in the pungent taste of his mom's natural fuck-lubricant. He thrusts both hands under her hips, squeezing the cheeks of her succulent ass as he shamelessly ate out her cunt.

Sasha dug her fingers into her son's hair, feeling his tongue wiggle up into her fuck-tunnel like a slippery eel. "Oh, yessss….fuck your tongue up in there!" the mother gasped.

Devin pulled his mom's flanges apart with two fingers, making her fat, juicy clit stick out from beneath its fleshy prepuce like a tiny

cock-head. The moment her boy wrapped his lips around it, the mother's body jerked as of she'd just been zapped with electricity. She humped her hot cunt up and down against his face, out of her mind with lust. "Oh, shit, honey! Who taught you how to eat pussy this good?!" the mother squealed..

"Your cunt is fucking delicious, mom!" he gasped, his face soaked with her secretions. He let his lusty licker lash down across her perineum and dig against the ring of her asshole. "Your ass is too!"

"Oh, you nasty boy!" she breathed. "I love it!"

He brazenly pushed two fingers into her sopping wet cunt and his mom was simply too horny and caught up in the moment to stop him. Not only that, but she wiggled her ass, causing his entire two fingers to sink inside her hot, corrugated cunt-tube.

Devin flicked his tongue on her throbbing love-nubbin, while plunging his fingers in and out, finding the rough-textured area of his mother's G-spot and stimulating it skillfully. His mom fucked back at his hand in counterpoint, showing how much she loved being fingered while having her pussy eaten.

The teen took a second to gaze up her torso, while nursing on her fat nubbin with his mom's cuntal flanges spread around his cheek. Sasha's huge mammaries were wobbling wildly on her chest, nearly bursting from her bikini top. One of her engorged nipples suddenly became uncovered and tit-nectar was leaking out profusely, dribbling down into the canyon of her cleavage.

I'm cumming, Devin!" Sasha gasped as she shuddered and bucked deliriously, humping her luscious ass cheeks off the towel shelf. Hot, female ejaculate burbled lewdly around Devin's fingers and her cunt-tube tightened from her contacting pelvic floor muscles.

"We should totally fuck in here now, mom," Devin candidly stated, fishing his fuck-muscle from his fly-hole.

"Hunny, no…you can't fuck me."

"Why, it would be wild, don't you think?"

"Yes, but Devin, I'm your mom. Moms are suppose to squeeze their boys out of their pussies, not take them back in."

"You'd only be taking part of me," said Devin, lewdly wagging his cock at her. "The most pleasurable part."

Sasha stared at his fuck-organ a moment as it pointed up at her in full rigidity. Never in her life had her resolve been so weak. She was dying to be royally fucked, and knew her son had the equipment to do it. Even so, she continued with excuses. "It's my time of month. You could get me pregnant and I just had a baby. The last thing I need right now is another one."

Devin looked at his mom's swollen udders and smiled. "Let me fuck your tits then. You can't get pregnant that way," he expressed.

Meanwhile, in a hallway on the top floor, tucked beside an ice machine, Cory's face was smothered between Gina's naked ass cheeks as he ate her out from behind. The boy couldn't help but squeeze his cock through the fabric of his shorts from the intoxicating flavor and aroma of his mom's cunt. Avidly, he sluiced his licker up and down her glistening pink fuck-furrow, lapping up the juices that seeped from her aroused vagina.

"Delicious pussy, mom!" the boy gushed, his face soaking wet with her secretions.

"Suck on my clit, hunny!" she panted. "Make me cum!"

Slurping lewdly on her tender-lipped pussy, Cory found her swollen clit and attacked it with steadily-lashing licks. Gina's whimpered as the sensations of a tremendous orgasm began to throb deep inside her crotch. Her husband had never been very good at eating her out

so already her boy was giving her oral affection that rated among the top three she had ever experienced.

"That's it! Oh, God…you're gonna make me juice all over your handsome face!" the mother cried out.

Cory pursed his lips directly over her swollen nubbin, then plunged two fingers inside his mom, finger fucking her from behind.

"Auugh!" the mother squealed, feeling the spongy pink walls of her cunt stretched and plowed by her boy's skilled fingers. She humped her rounded ass back faster, wildly fucking her drenched pussy all over her boy's face and fingers. "I'm cumming!" her shaky voice announced. "Finger me harder, baby!"

Gina's cunt-tube tightened spasmodically, sucking firmly around her son's fingers. Her clit tingled and pulsed against his wildly-wiggling tongue. Hot girl-cum spewed out of her ravished slit, lubricating the passage of Cory's fingers as he continued to fuck them steadily in and out of her throbbing cunt. He had never seen a girl cum for so long and gush so much.

"Damn, mom…you soaked me!" Cory stated as cum-juice dripped from his chin. He squeezed his rigid shaft through his shorts. "My dick is so hard it feels like it's gonna explode! Will you suck on it again?"

"Cory, that was a one-time thing, so you guys didn't cum all over your bed, remember?"

"Oh, come on, mom…you can't just leave me hanging," said the boy in frustration. Gina was still bent over in front of him and he could see the ring of her asshole between her rounded buns. "Can I just put it in your ass?"

Gina quickly stood upright. "Cory, no! You can't fuck my ass!" she adamantly answered.

"You don't like a dick in your ass?"

"I didn't say that, it's just that…you and I shouldn't be engaging in anal sex or any other sex for that matter."

"Wait, didn't you just let me give your 'oral sex' though?"

Gina sighed, knowing full-well that she had already crossed WAY over the line. "Yes, I did, so rather than beg me for other stuff, try being thankful for what I DID allow you to do to me."

Cory watched as his mom began pulling her panties up. "You've already 'technically' cheated on dad. I don't see what the big deal is. You should just let me fuck you," he told her.

"Yes, I've made some 'not-so-wise' decisions since we've been here, but that doesn't mean that it's ok for me to completely surrender my cunt to my own son."

"Surrender your ass to me then. Let me empty my nuts in there."

"Cory, I—"

"Please, mom. My balls are so full right now. I haven't cum since last night. Give me two minutes to nut in your asshole and I won't bother you for another thing on this trip, I promise."

"Two minutes?" Gina asked, raising an eyebrow. "You can really cum that quick?"

"If I can pound your ass hard and fast I can."

Gina looked around, feeling sympathy for her boy. "Fine, but we're not doing it out here. We were lucky enough that someone didn't come to get ice while you were eating me out."

"Hide-and-seek was your idea. You guys could have just come to our room and we would have eaten your pussies there."

"Yes, YOUR ROOM…good idea!" she said, taking his hand. "Let's go there."

Back in the supply closet, Devin was sitting on a metal crate. His mom was kneeling in front of him with her huge jugs squeezed around his cock. "Talk dirty to me, mom!" the teen requested, watching her tit-fuck him. "it'll make me cum faster."

"Do you like your mom's tits wrapped around your cock, baby?" she seductively asked. Sasha pressed her mommy-melons together tightly, creating amazing friction around her boy's tender, pink cock.

"Hell yes, and you should call me 'baby' more often."

"You should fuck your dick through my cleavage like it's a tight pussy more often!"

"Fuck, I love it!" the boy gasped, feeling his erectile meat squeeze between the heavenly softness of her breasts. "I can't believe I'm finally tit-fucking you!"

"Your father hasn't had his dick between my boobs in years."

"He's an idiot! If you were my wife, I'd fuck your tits every day."

His mom gazed at him with her beautiful eyes, while pumping her creamy mammaries up and down on his cock. A stream of spit ran from between her lips, trickling down into the cock-stuffed fissure between her boobs, lubricating their union. "What else would you do to me if I was yours?" Sasha asked.

"I'd fuck you and make you cum, day and night."

"Day and night, huh?" she giggled. "That's a lot of fucking."

"I could handle it."

"Mmm, something tells me you could," Sasha's stated, licking her lips teasingly. "Something tells me you could turn my cunt to cream every time I needed you to."

She felt her son's erection flex between her smothering tits. Between the soft, exquisite friction of her jugs and her filthy words, Devin was having a tingling in his nuts that was slowly building towards what he could tell would be mind-blowing orgasm.

"Mmm, you liked the sound of that, didn't you, baby?" Sasha sensually asked. "I can feel your dick just throbbing between my big tits… ready to blast a huge load of hot, baby-making cum."

"Oh fuck yeah! Here I cum, mom!"

Devin let out an animal-like grunt as his pent-up cum-load was milked from his tit-smothered cock. Fat, creamy ropes of cum squirted from his piss-hole and splattered up out of Sasha's cleavage, striking her in the chin.

"Mmm, paint me with your fucking boy-cum!" the mother encouraged, pressing her tits tightly together as she pumped them exquisitely around his cock. Her son writhed and moaned from the intensity of his orgasm. His mom continued to pump his cock long after the cum had subsided, making sure to drain every drop of his teenage jizz.

"Damn, that was insanely good!" Devin sighed, catch his breath.

"Well, it's a good thing we're in a supply closet with plenty of towels," the mother giggled, looking down at the glaze of boy-goo that covered her heavy tits. "I'll need a few of them just to clean off your slimy mess."

In Devin and Cory's room, Gina was bent over the bed, naked from the waist down. Her son was behind her with his glistening cock

pointed at the crinkled ring of her asshole. "All lubed up, mom!" he anxiously stated.

"Go gently, hunny!" said Gina. "Your cock is a lot bigger than your father's."

It gave the boy great satisfaction hearing her say that. "Will you take off your top and bra so your tits can swing around?" he request.

Gina complied without protest, removing her blouse and bra. He giant tits dangled down heavily as she bent back over and peered back at him. "Squeeze it into my ass," she whispered.

Cory rubbed his spongy prick head up her pussy furrow to lube up his crown with more oil. Then, he squeezed his fat knob into rubbery ring of her asshole, watching it fit down over his coronal ridge.

Gina grimaced as she felt his knob and shaft begin pushing into her shit tunnel, stretching her muscled ass walls around the invading thickness of his incredibly-hard cock shaft.

"Oh, shit…it's so hot and tight in there!" the boy gasped. He grasped onto her rounded ass-globes with both hands, letting his fingers sink into the layers of muscle and fatty flesh. He was surprised to find his mom initiating a greater depth of penetration, pushing her ass back against him. This

made the boy's steely prick sink deeper in the rubbery depths of her rectum.

"Unnggggghhh!" the mother whimpered, overwhelmed by the lewd sensations of having her ass-tract packed so full. "Go ahead, Cory… start fucking," she breathed.

The teen began to move his hips, ramming the last several inches of his hard-on into the tight, slippery grip of her asshole. Gina grunted and quivered. Her asshole had never felt so stuffed with cock meat.

Cory's thick, teenage cock squeezed along the sucking walls of her ass-tunnel, stimulating her anal nerve-endings.

"That's it…go a little faster!" Gina whimpered, humping her lush hips and pushing out her asshole ring to make it pucker tightly around her son's big pecker.

"Auuugh, fuck!" Cory hissed, pausing for a moment in full penetration. The ring of his mom's butthole was nudged right up against his cock-root. His swollen knob was throbbing and leaking like crazy deep in the grip of her bowels.

"Damn, you've got a really tight one, mom!" he sighed, then started fucking her some more, delighting in the luscious grip of her slippery shitter. He could feel her ass muscles working around his prick, milking his blue-veined shaft as it glided fluidly through her butt-tunnel.

Gina had agreed to two minutes, but it had already been much longer than that. She didn't say a word though. Having her ass packed full of such a huge cock felt divine and in that moment, she wished it could last forever.

Cory intensified the speed of his ass fucking, heatedly jabbing his brick-hard cock into the rubbery depths of his mom's rectum. The squeezing pressure of her shit-tube around his cock became more intense, making the boy's cock flex so much that his mom could feel every bulging vein that criss crossed the length of his fucker.

Cory brazenly leaned down against his mom's back, reached around with both hands and grasped her dangling udders. He squeezed roughly at their

caps, feeling the pent-up breastmilk come flowing out from between his fingers.

"Daaamn!" the teen gasped as his mom's sphincter tightened as if she were trying to shit him out.

Beside herself with pleasure, the horny mother reached down and fucked two fingers into her quivering pussy. Her fuck-slit was sopping wet from drooling out juices of arousal. Her fingers went from cunt-plunging to rolling her clit feverishly.

"Oh, shit, hunny…my asshole is gonna cum on your cock!" the mother squealed.

Cory straightened back up and fucked her ass in a savage rhythm, beating his tingly cock through her tightening tube and his mother trembled and cried out in climax.

The feel of her pulsating ass-sheath around his penis and the sight of her butt-meat rippling as it struck his midsection repeatedly made his nuts clench up tightly. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum too, mom!" his shaky voice announced.

Cory's load of hot semen squirted violently up her quivering shit channel, as it burst from the tip of his prick. He plunged it in deep and held it there, basking in the sensation of having his erectile meat chewed and sucked by the spongy walls of his mom's rectum.

Once he was drained, Cory took his time pulling out, feeling the nerves on his penis-glans stimulated by her collapsing ass-walls as he back his cock out of her asshole. Seeing his knob pop out and his mom's elastic ring clench closed was an incredible sight, and one that he hoped he'd get to experience again.

A short time later, the boys gleefully chatted about their incredible good fortune. "I can't believe she let you fuck her ass," Devin stated enviously.

"I can't believe YOUR mom let you fuck her tits. Do you think they'll let us go all the way?"

"You mean fuck them?"

"Yeah."

"A couple days ago I would have said no, but now I'm beginning to think they would, if we played our cards right."

"PLAYED OUR CARDS RIGHT!" Cory shouted, as if a light bulb turned on in his brain. "THAT'S IT!"

"What?"

"We'll challenge our dads to a game of poker. If they win, we'll clean their cars or something lame like that, when we get back home."

"And if we win?" Devin asked.

"If WE win, then our moms sleep with us in our rooms tonight. We're sure to be balls-deep in pussy that way."

"Wait, won't our dads wonder why we want their wives to sleep in our room with us though?"

"We'll make up some stupid reason."

"Like what?"

"You want your moms to make sure you two don't get up in the middle of the night and gamble?" Devin's dad asked as they sat at dinner later.

"Yeah," Devin answered. "Cory and I don't have very much money. We don't wanna be tempted to blow what we do have on slot machines tonight. If our moms are in the room with us, they can keep us from going out."

Bryce looked over at his wife. "Did he speak to you about this idea of his?" he asked.

"No, this is actually the first I've heard of it," Sasha answered, not seeming pleased by that fact.

"Me too," added Gina as they glared at their boys questioningly.

"Of course, we would never expect anything like that to happen unless we earned it," Cory stated. "That's why we wanna challenge you guys to a game of poker."

Cory's dad chimed in. "And you say if WE win, you'll clean our vehicles, inside and out, once we get back home?"

"Exactly!"

The two fathers looked at each other and smiled. "Sounds like a fair challenge to me!" Bryce stated.

"Oh, thanks a lot…don't WE get a say in this?" Gina asked, glaring at her husband.

"OK, what say ye?" her husband asked.

"I say deal us in too," answered Gina, smirking at her son. "If we moms win that game of poker then we sleep wherever WE chose to tonight."

"I love that idea!" stated Sasha with a big smile.

"Sounds like a friendly, three-way competition to me," he husband nodded.

After dinner they gathered at the poker table in the casino.

"So, how are we doing this?" Bryce asked. "Just one game…winner takes all?"

"How about the lowest hand is eliminated in each game, so the last person left is the winner," Devin suggested.

"Let's do it!" his father agreed.

The dealer threw out the cards and they were all dealt the first hand. Each participant placed money bets using their chips, but not for much. When they showed their cards, Cory's father had the best hand and Devin had the lowest.

"Damn!" the boy sighed in disappointment. His mom teased him with an exaggerated frowny face.

They played the next round and this time it was Cory that won and his mother that was eliminated.

After a few more games there were two people left, Cory and Sasha. They looked at each other across the table competitively, glancing at the hands they'd been dealt. "Three aces," Cory stated confidently, dropping his cards on the table.

"A good hand," said Sasha, "but sorry, it doesn't beat a full house, kid."

The mother showed her cards as Gina cheered, then gave her a high-five.

"Beginners luck!" Bryce teased, then looked at Gina's husband. "Come on, let's get a drink and hit the blackjack table."

Gina stepped up next to Sasha as they watched their husbands walk off. "You know what that means…no sex for us tonight," she uttered.

Sasha nodded. "Yes, probably true, unless…"

The two moms looked at each other and smiled salaciously. "Are you sure?" Gina asked.

Sasha shrugged her shoulder, making her boobs jiggle. "Why not," she answered.

Defeated, Cory and Devin began walking off when their moms turned towards them. "You guys aren't gonna stick around to hear our decision?" Gina asked.

The boys stopped and looked back. "Decision?" Cory asked.

"Yeah, our decision on who gets to fuck us tonight," Sasha answered. Their milk-engorged breasts trembled beneath their sexy dresses as they stepped towards their son.

"That is what you guys had planned, right?" Gina asked. "You didn't want us to keep you from gambling. You wanted to stay in your room so you could fuck our pussies and suck on our titties all night, right?"

"Well, I'm not gonna lie," said Devin. "That IS what we were hoping for."

Sasha smiled, gazing at her boy. "You know, your father almost booked you guys the room right next to ours, and now I'm glad he didn't," she shared.

"Why's that?"

"Because now we can fuck you boys as hard as we want, and scream out in orgasm without them hearing us through the wall."

Cory and Devin looked at each other in surprise, then back at their moms. "REALLY?!" Cory excitedly asked.

"Unless you changed your mind?" his mom teasingly asked.

"No way!"

The boys quickly rushed over and picked their moms up. Devin threw Sasha over his shoulder, then gave her a sharp smack on her

thonged ass-cheek, making her shriek playfully. Cory scooped his mom in his arms and they quickly rushed them away.

The dads heard their wives giggling and peered over to see their excited sons hauling them off. "Looks like the boys won after all," chuckled Bryce, unaware that his wife was about to be royally fucked all night.

The boys were making out with their moms before they even entered the room. Their lips smacked together passionately and their tongues danced. As soon as the door closed behind them clothes began to shed.

Devin reached behind his smooching mom's back and quickly unhooked the straps to her bra. Her king-sized jugs bobbled out against his bare chest as he yanked the cups away. Sasha already had his pants undone and they fell to the floor. They were both itching for a hard fuck and they simply couldn't get their clothes off fast enough. "Get my panties off," the mother whispered, while sharing wet, passionate kisses with her teen.

The teen shucked his mom's panties down her silky legs and she quickly stepped out of them, then pulled him to the bed. No sooner did he land on top of her than the horny mother was drawing her knees back, splaying open her thighs. "Fuck me!" she whimpered, grasping his juicy cock and rubbing the engorged crown up and down the slit of her pussy. She teased her clit with it a moment, letting their sex-bulbs press and throb against

each other . Then, she pressed his prick securely into her fuck hole and Devin felt it nip at his knob.

"Damn! I'm gonna fuck you so hard, mom!" the teen gasped.

"You better!"

With his knob sinking inside her, he rose up, supported his weight on outstretched arms so he could watch his mother's pretty face react as he fed her his ten-inch slab. Devin ass heaved forward and Sasha shuddered as she felt his dick-meat squeeze snugly inside the tunnel of her pussy.

"Ahhh, fuck, that's tight!" the boy sighed, staring down and watching her huge, stiff-nippled milkers jiggle as he fed her his fat prick. Over half of his cock was inside her and he felt the suctioning pressure of her hot, secreting walls draw his prick deeper into her body.

Devin was used to fucking young girls his age who would just lay there and let him pound the fuck out of them. He was about to find out that having sex with a mom was much different. Sasha tossed her silky legs high around his back, scissoring her ankles together to create a tight harness. Then, she started humping her rounded buns from the bed, beating her pussy around the satisfying stiffness of his prick. "Fuck me good n hard, baby!" she whimpered, pulling him down against her.

Devin flattened her huge tits beneath his lean chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and his young ass bobbed up and down wildly as he forcefully fucked her juicy pussy.

Cory gasped in excited lust as he watched his mom's shaved pussy lower onto his cock. He felt his glans peel open the remnants to her hymen, then sink inside her smoldering vaginal orifice.

"OH, GOD!" Gina shouted, feeling her boy's long, muscular dick squeeze up her birthing tube. After giving birth, she worried that she wouldn't feel tight enough to her husband so she began doing what felt like a billion Kegel exercises a day. A fat dick like Cory's could definitely feel the results. His mom's pussy was like a tight sleeve with wonderful raised ribs was

sheathed his cock, swathing his erectile tissue with hot, slippery fuck-lubricant.

Gina's eyes rolled in their sockets as her son's dick passed the point where her husband's usually stopped, squeezing into the deepest part of her vagina and kissing the head of her cervix.

Cory watched his mom adjust, squirming her shaved pubis against his as she took a moment to get used to his size. He loved the way her puffy labium was splayed out along the base of his cock. He felt her cuntal walls compress inward, putting divine pressure on his meaty shaft.

"Finally, I get to fuck you!" the boy exclaimed. His eyes drifted up her torso to the gigantic tits looming over him.

Gina set her midsection in motion and began bouncing on her boy's love-organ. The friction that their pink, slippery genitals were creating as they pump forcefully together was out of this world.

Cory's tongue nearly hung out as he watch his mom's milk-filled boobs jump up and down to her fuck-rhythm. They way they bounced and rippled made the boy wanna smother his head between them, and he would soon get his wish.

On the other bed, Devin fucked every inch of his boner into welcoming warmth of his mother's wet cunt. Hard and fast his ass moved, driving his super-sized, teenage prick into the squeezing socket of her vagina. Sasha gasped as she felt the rhythmic force of his aggressive fuck-thrusts. With her husband getting older, this certainly wasn't the type of sex she'd been getting recently. She loved to be fucked savagely, and her son was an absolute beast in bed.

"Oh, baby…you're fucking me so good!" Sasha whimpered, throwing her arms around his back and raking his young, naked flesh with her fingernails.

Devin jabbed his prick in to the hilt and writhed around against his sexy mother in full penetration, feeling her cling to him. "You feel that, mom?!"

he hissed, plowing the knob of his tool deep in her fornix, stretching her uteri with his massive prick.

Sasha gasped sharply, tightening her pelvic floor muscles around him as an impending orgasm began to swell in her loins. "Yes! You keep doing that and you'll make me cum!" she cried out.

"Oh good…cum then!" he panted, continuing a grinding gyration of his lean hips. Sasha pumped up against him in counterpoint, quickly bringing herself to a power, full-body orgasm.

Gina was still on top, and her luscious ass beat against her son's crotch as she tirelessly pounded her heated pussy on his unyielding bull-cock. A constant flow of girl-cream seeped from her cock-stretched gash, trickling down the sides of Cory's nuts and onto the bed.

The busty mother was leaned forward, so Cory could breastfeed while boring his blood-swollen prick into her, seeming to sink into her womb with every fuck stroke. Gina felt her pussy tingling uncontrollably now, sucking in the turgid length of his teenage penis.

Cory was latched to his mother's nipple, making it stretch deeply into his mouth from powerful suction. Warm tit-milk sprayed wildly from numerous nipple-ducts, filling the boy's mouth almost faster than he could gulp it down. The rest of his face was buried wonderfully in the fatty meat of her boob as he lay there suckling and feeling her corrugated fuck-tunnel squeeze and soak his rigid cock. One thing he quickly realized is that his mom was a skilled cock-fucker. She could bounce on his cock rhythmically one minute, then grind on it the next. Since Gina had recently given birth, the rounded ring of her external os were still fairly engorged and felt divine rubbing back and forth against Cory's sensitive bell-glans.

It excited the boy immensely feeling his mom's birthing tube shrink up around his prick as she squealed with another tit-quivering climax.

"Ahhhh, shit!" Cory's breast-smothered mouth exclaimed, spewing out some tit-nectar as he felt his mom gushing on his prick. Her hot ejaculatory spurts squelched out around the root of his boner and cascaded down the

sides of his clenching nuts. He'd never felt anything so fucking great around his horny dick.

He wedged his face up into his mom's cleavage, so her H-cup melons squashed wonderfully around his head. Then, he wrapped her in his arms tightly. This gave him the leverage he needed to pump his ass from the mattress and drive his cock up into her overheated pussy with savage thrusts.

"Oh, yeah…I own this fucking pussy!" the boy panted, pummeling his cock up into her cunt at different angles, making her immediately cum again.

"Auuugh, fuck me!!" the boy grunted, feeling her contractions push her spongy lining outward spasmodically, making her vagina chew powerfully at his dick. It was a sensation that he could only take so much of. "FUCK, I'M CUMMMIING!" the boy's trembling voice announced.

A raging load gushed up from his balls and erupted from his piss-slit like a semen volcano, spurting and splashing all over the inside of his mom's cock-stuffed pussy.

Devin had his mom's legs back on his shoulders, fucking the shit out of her. Their wet crotches lewdly beat together as they engaged in some mind-blowing sexual intercourse. Sasha's enormity tit-mounds bounced, rolled and rippled between them, making their bodies slippery with the milk that leaked out as they fucked fervently.

The teen paused, and for several seconds he lay still between her propped legs, letting his cock soak in the constant, wet, nursing pressure of her tight, mature pussy. They could both feel their rapid, stimulated heartbeats through their engorged genitals.

Then, Devin started fucking again, drilling his huge cock in and out quickly, just like he loved to. Sasha shuddered, feeling the meat of his spongy knob beating away at her womb as if trying to work its way inside, where she once held him.

The mother's legs scissored outward as they fucked in rhythmic unison. The exquisite friction of her son's meat was stimulating every mommy-pleasure-nerve in her pussy, drawing her towards a mind-boggling climax. Her face was contorted with pleasure, her cheeks red, her lips drawn back to bare her gritted, white teeth. "Cuuummmiiinnngggg!" she screamed out deliriously.

Sasha's pussy exploded in a violent, pelvis-shaking orgasm. Even the ring of her asshole pulsed in and out as the spasms pounded through her loins. Devin was now fucking as hard as he could. Suddenly, he came down hard, ramming his cock to the hilt in her tight, gushing cunt.

"Aauughh, fuck, mom!" he grunted as load of cock juice spewed out his cunt-smothered meatus, splattering into her pussy channel. The teen ejaculated so much that it nearly overflowed from his mom's cunt.

"Well, you boys should be happy. You got what you wanted," Gina stated. Both her and Sasha were on all-fours being fucked doggy-style. Their milk-engorged tits dangled from their chests and swung wildly to their fuck-rhythm.

"Well, the night's still young so not totally, since we said we wanted to fuck you all night," Devin stated, making both moms laugh. The boy was mesmerized by the sight of his mom's rippling buttocks as it beat against his crotch feverishly.

"Don't worry, baby," Sasha said, gazing back at him lustfully. "Mom still has lots and lots of pleasure in store for you tonight."

"Just tonight?" Cory asked.

"Yes, there no way we can continue this type of behavior when we get home," his mom chimed in.

Cory smiled mischievously. "Wanna bet on that?" he asked.

THE END

22: Boobs n Boners

Boobs n Boners

by klrxo

"Morning slugger." Linda said as she passed her son in the hallway.

She looked like a 39 year old Katy Perry, but with a shapelier figure and enormous breasts.

Linda had just come from the bathroom...a tiny white towel draped around her voluptuous body.

Bobby's eyes followed the sway of her meaty buttocks...barley covered as she pranced into her bedroom.

Drawn like a magnet he moved to her doorway...just in time to see the towel fall to the floor.

Spotting her son in the doorway Linda put her hands on her hips...her big bobbling pear-shaped breasts ballooning outward. She fed him a look that was stern but not angry.

"Bobby!" She whispered in a cute little mommy-tone, glancing towards the master bath where her husband could be heard preparing for work.

Giving her son a silent scold, yet with a hint of a smile Linda closed the bedroom door.

Oh the poor baby...he must be crazy horny...sneaking up on me like that. Damn though, if his father had come out of the bathroom and caught him gazing at my nudity we would have both had some explaining to do. It's not that I have a problem with Bobby seeing me naked...it's just that...well, I don't think my husband would quite understand. Linda thought.

Bobby retreated to his room. Like most 18 year olds, he was fascinated with the bodies of middle-aged women. It didn't help that his mom was being so free with her figure around him lately. Since he had turned 18 it seemed like every time he turned around she was half-naked. He rubbed the newly formed bulge under his short.

Holy shit, Mom has the biggest tits I've ever seen. Just like the girls in those Juggs magazines. This is the second time now I've seen her like this and once again she didn't really seem all that mad at me.

A little while later he heard his parents coming out of the master suite. His dad continued downstairs but Linda stepped into Bobby's bedroom.

"This room is a disaster, mister. I certainly hope you plan on cleaning today." She said.

Bobby took a second to answer as his eyes traveled up and down his mom's body. Her long shapely legs were crowned by a short polyester mini-skirt and her big breasts were packed inside a thin cashmere sweater.

"Yeah, uh...I'll clean it tonight." Bobby muttered.

"Oh and I'm washing my delicates today. I'm gonna need all my panties back in my hamper before you leave okay, sweetie." She said.

"Panties?" Bobby asked.

Linda stepped over to his bed and pulled a pair of her black sheer bikini panties out from under his pillow.

"Yes, panties." She said with a little smile.

A stream of fresh cock-cream began to run from the panties down her forearm.

"Bobby." She said, again not angrily and with a hint of amusement.

"Sorry mom." Bobby giggled.

"No you're not." She said teasingly.

Bobby watched as she tried her best to wipe her arm.

Oh my God this semen is still warm...and there's so much of it. Surely this can't be from one orgasm, can it? She thought.

"Some girls would just lick it up and swallow it." He joked.

"Yeah, well I'm not "some girl," I'm your mother and I certainly don't need the taste of your sperm on my tongue when I kiss your father goodbye this morning." She said.

"You look really nice today by the way." Bobby said.

Linda gazed down at the enormous erection forming a tent in her son's shorts.

"Yeah, I can tell... Thank you." She smiled, her gleaming white teeth peeking through her pouty pink lips.

"You're welcome." He said.

Holy wow, mom's really staring at it. How cool is this? He thought.

"Does that thing ever go down?" She teased, like a flustered teen.

"Not when you're around. Wanna see something cool?" He asked.

"Ooookaaay." She said, giving him an odd look.

Bobby flexed his boner, making it rise even higher under his shorts. His brick hard erection strained against the fabric, pushing it way out.

Linda's eyes widened. She felt the lips of her clam tighten and her large areola begin to harden. She tore her eyes from the bulge and found her son watching her reaction.

"Show off." She teased.

So this is why all the moms I know are trying to get an eighteen year old between their legs. I can't believe how my pussy just reacted to that. It's like a jolt of electricity just shot through it. Linda thought.

"Will you sit on my lap...like you did the other morning?" Bobby asked.

"Oh sweetie, not this morning. I have to start on breakfast." She said.

"Please...just a few minutes." Bobby begged.

She glanced down at the throbbing protrusion, then down the hallway to make sure her husband was downstairs.

"One minute and that's it for this morning...okay?" She said.

"Fine." Bobby said as he sat down on his desk chair.

Linda came over and sat down sideways on his lap. She felt his raging hard-on slip to the side and the thick shaft sunk down in between her meaty cheeks.

Bobby let out a little sigh and Linda giggled as she brushed his hair back with her long nails.

"You are so damn cute." She smiled, liking the way the lengthy dong felt tucked down into her soft butt-cleavage.

I sit on my husbands lap all the time and yet it never feels anything like this. Why? Is my son really that well endowed? Jesus, it feels like I have a fat Italian sausage tucked inside the entire length of my butt-crack. She thought.

"Can you do that thing that you did the other day?" Bobby asked politely.

"That thing? Oh, you mean this?" She said, squeezing her cheeks of her buttocks together and smothering his rod.

"Oh-h-h yeah." His voice quivered.

As Linda turned slightly towards him with her arm on his shoulder Bobby could stare straight into the swell of her enormous breasts. He could tell through the sweater where the edges of her bra were and could see the bulging breast meat oozing out the top. She quickly flexed her chest muscles, making her tits ripple beneath her sweater.

"You're not the only show-off in this house." She smiled.

She pulled him forward and lay his head on her soft breasts. With her arms now around him she gently rocked and once again squeezed her pillowy cheeks hard around his girthy erection. She felt it push back...flexing up against her warm crevice.

I can't believe my husband is downstairs waiting for his breakfast and here I am giving our son's big boner teasing little butt- hugs. To make matters worse I keep feeling these little rushes of wicked excitement surge though me....from the pit of my stomach all the

way down to my cute little bare feet. What does it mean? She wondered.

"Oh and that reminds me...I don't mind you coming in for a visit when I'm getting dressed. Just make sure your father's downstairs first...okay." Linda said.

"Okay." Bobby smiled.

The big busted mom smiled lovingly as she felt Bobby's body let out an excited quiver.

"There." She said, jumping off him.

"Feel better?" She smiled.

"Yeah, I could do that all day." He said.

"Somehow I don't doubt that." Linda said, glancing down at the teenaged cock-bulge.

"You might wanna change your shorts before you come downstairs." She said, with a little smile.

Bobby looked down and noticed a big wet pre-cum stain which had soaked through his shorts.

"Guess I got a little excited." He said.

"Ya think?" Linda giggled.

She turned for the door...finding another pair of her panties hanging from the inside door handle.

"Bobby." She said, almost playfully, as she grabbed them.

"Sorry, mom...I'll put the rest of them in your hamper." He said.

"Thank you...and after you change make sure you get that monster under control before you come downstairs." She said, giving his cock another half-smiling glance.

My son popped a boner for me. That's so cute! My little panty thief...hehe. I could be upset, but why? He's a teenage boy doing normal teenaged things. Don't all boys use their mother's panties? He must have some sort of ritual after he digs them out of my hamper. He probably smells them...savoring the strong pungent aroma of my clean shaven mommy-muffin. He may even turn them inside out and suck on the crotch. I can picture his cute little eyes rolling back as he tastes the bitter sweetness...a result of my daily trickle of pussy butter. How good that silk must feel against the glands of his penis. No wonder he fills them with such heavy loads. She thought.

Before dropping them in her hamper Linda held the pair of soaked panties with two fingers. Long strings of semen dropped towards the basket and she caught one with her fingers. Curiously, she brought the gob of cock-juice up to her nose and smelt. Then, without hesitation, she scraped it onto her tongue.

Thick and sweet...just what I'd expect from a boy his age. Wow Linda, you do realize you just tasted the milk from your own son's balls...that squirted out the tip of his penis probably no more than an hour ago. There's those wicked butterflies again. Well, he tasted me...fair's fair. Shit, where's the mouthwash? She thought.

At the breakfast table Bobby could hardly focus. His eyes couldn't help but follow his mom around the kitchen.

First there were those long bronze legs, which looked so strong...yet baby soft. Her sexy bare feet had squatty little toes with nails that were painted a delicate pale-pink.

Every few minutes as Linda reached up into a cupboard she would rest her weight on the toes of one foot, arching her heel and flexing

her legs. The blood rushed back into Bobby's penis.

What must it be like to have legs like that wrapped around you? What must it be like to see them thrown back into a huge spread eagle...with those beautiful bare feet flexed as they point in opposite directions? He thought.

Then...there were her tits. Soft squishy mountainous delights that always seemed to be shifting or bobbling as she moved about. They were a feast for the young boys eyes.

With her husband sitting next to her Linda gave her son a cute little wink as if knowing exactly what was wandering through his dirty little mind.

My poor sweetie. All hot for his mommy. She grinned.

Bobby could hardly concentrate at school that day. He kept reliving the mornings events in his mind...his mom turning towards him, placing her hands on her soft hips...her dangling breasts, still glistening from the shower, doing a gentle teeter back and forth.

"Bobby." Her cute little voice whispered.

Again, the scene unfolded...mom turning...breasts rocking...placing her hands on her wide birthing hips.

"Bobby." Came the whisper.

Bobby froze the image in his mind...taking it all in. Her pretty face...hair still wet and slicked back from the shower. Dangling boobs with cute little stretch marks from their weight being pulled towards her tummy. Huge thick rubbery areola...dotted with milk glands and nipples that were made for sucking. Then there was her mons pubis... the crowned jewel of all motherhood... covered only by a tiny well groomed patch of thin pubic fuzz. The little nub underneath...marking the entrance to her inner sanctum.

Bobby's cock felt like it was going to slice through his shorts. He could feel his mom's butt cheeks closing in around it...smothering it's girth.

"Show off." He heard her say.

Mom looked so sexy standing near my door...staring down at my big dick. Her eyes widening...her mouth peeking open. It was a look I had never seen before. I was impressing her. My own sexy mom! Bobby thought.

"Show off." She said teasingly....like a nervous young girl who wanted so badly to get her hands on it.

Often times Bobby's mind would drift up into a cloud where his young naked body was laying on top of his beautiful big busted mother. Her arms encircled him...her long painted nails clawing at his back. Slowly, her strong silky smooth legs slithered up around him until her heels rested against his ass...holding him against her. Then they would began to rise...like a female spider carrying it's clutched prey towards her web in the clouds....ready to fucking devour him. Linda would grasp his rod and feed the engorged knob into the mouth of her gaping twat.

And as they disappearing into the cloud Bobby's shaft would sink down inside his mother's soft secret hole...all the way to the balls. Just before they disappeared completely his clutching mom would begin to gentle swing them. Back and forth they rocked...a suspended heap of writhing flesh.

Suddenly Bobby was jarred back to reality by the sound of the bell. The teacher, Mrs. Jacobs, was at the front of the class, feeding him a dirty stare as the other kids scattered.

"Having difficulties concentrating today are we?" She asked.

"Sorry." Bobby answered, walking awkwardly out of the classroom.

"Hello." Linda said into her cell as she stood in the laundry room folding clothes.

"Hi mom." Bobby said.

"Hey slugger, what are you up to?" She asked.

"Oh...not much. Just on break between classes." He said.

"Everything ok?" She asked.

"Yeah, um...I Just...wanted to call and say hi." He said.

"How sweet...I miss you." She smiled, folding one of her sexy lacy bras.

"I miss you too. Um, could I ask a favor mom? Could you send me a picture?" He asked.

"A picture of me?" She smiled..

"Yeah...um, I just thought it would be cool to have a picture of you on my phone to look at...and to show my friends" He explained.

"Aww, what a sweetheart." She said.

"So you will?" He asked.

Send him something sexy Linda. The poor boy is suffering with horniness. But how? I can't have him showing his friends a picture like that. Wait, I know what I'll do...

"Tell you what...how bout I send you two pictures. One for you to show your friends...and one just for you." She said.

"Okay." Bobby smiled.

"Give me a few minutes." She said.

"Thanks mom." He said.

"Bye sweetie." She said.

Okay, where should I take these? My bedroom would probably be the best place. But no wait...what about his bedroom? Perfect! She thought.

Linda walked upstairs to her son's bedroom. It was still messy and unorganized.

That boy! Okay, one for his friends first. Something a little sexy, but not too sexy. Don't need any nasty phone calls from any of the neighborhood moms.

Bobby waited anxiously in the bathroom stall. The bell went off and he realized he was late for class, but he didn't care.

Seconds later he got a picture text on his phone and opened it. It was a full body shot of his mom, standing in his bedroom. Still in her skirt and sweater Linda was leaning slightly against his dresser in a cute little pose, with one long tan leg forward, slightly bent at the knee...her toes squatting against the floor and her heel arched up. There was a cute innocent little mommy-smile on her face.

Below the picture was written: "FOR YOUR FRIENDS"

WOW! Those legs...and the way she has her foot kicked up like that. Holy shit! Her tits...oh my God look at the way she's pushing them out. Oh shit my cock is throbbing! Bobby thought.

Linda looked around the room as she thought about her next picture.

Okay, now one for my baby. Should I be naked? Oh Linda this is sooo wicked. Damn there's those butterflies again. I know, I'll lay on

his bed naked, but not completely exposed. I have to leave something to his imagination. She thought.

A few minutes later a second picture arrived. Bobby's heart was pounding in his chest with excitement as he pulled at his cock through his shorts with his free hand. The picture opened and Linda was laying on Bobby's bed on her tummy...completely naked. Propped up on her elbow with her chin resting against her palm, she smiled lovingly at the camera, her big naked breasts bulging out as they lay squashed like soft dough between her and the mattress. In the background Bobby could see the swell of her meaty buttocks. Her legs were kicked up playfully and her sexy tan feet were flexed, toes pointing upward.

Below this picture was written: "FOR YOU ONLY."

OH MY GOD-DAMN!!! He goaned.

Bobby groaned a second time...his hands shaking as he about blew his nuts.

Holy shit, mom's totally naked and laying on my bed! I wanna stay and stoke off but I'm already gonna be in deep shit for being late to class. He thought.

Bobby could hardly stop gawking at the picture the entire day. Even at home in his room he had a difficult time focusing on his homework as he found himself rubbing his cock through his shorts as he gazed at the sexy picture on his phone. He didn't hear his mom as she entered his doorway.

"Aren't you suppose to be working on that math homework young man." She asked almost playfully.

"Yeah, it's just about done mom." He said, blushing as he threw his phone aside.

"Wanna take a break for a bit?" She asked.

"Why?" He asked.

"Well...I wanna get my bath before your father gets home. Thought maybe you might wanna come in a keep me company." She said.

"Really?" Bobby asked, his heart pounding.

"Unless you'd rather stay focused on your math." She said teasingly.

"Hell no." Bobby smiled.

"Come on." Linda giggled.

This is a dream! This has to be a dream. There's no way mom would let me watch her bathe. I'm gonna wake up any second...I just know it. He thought.

Like an excited puppy-dog Bobby followed his mom into her room. Linda strode over and closed the bedroom shades as Bobby stood there awkwardly waiting, the click of her high-heeled sandals and the hypnotic sway of his mother's buttocks captured his attention.

Oh my God I can't believe I'm about to let my son watch me take a bath. Are you sure Linda? Are you sure you wanna do this? Nudity is perfectly natural. This has nothing to do with his big penis...absolutely nothing. Just act normal...as if he's watching you bake cookies. Yeah, that's it...this is no big deal.

"You're father and I are going out tonight. Want me to order you some pizza or something sweetie?" She asked.

"Sure, that sounds good." He said.

As his mom went into the master bathroom Bobby followed her inside. After turning on the water in the tub Linda went back over, closed the bathroom door behind them and locked it.

"How's Brian doing? I heard he's been really sick." Linda asked.

Bobby's heart was racing so fast he could hardly answer.

"Uh...getting better I guess." He muttered as he sat on the bathroom floor and leaned back against the wall.

"How long's he been out of school now?" She asked as she slipped her little feet from the sandals and began to unbutton her sweater.

"Two weeks so far." Bobby said, watching the bra-clad breasts emerge from the parting top.

I should be waking up by now. Jesus, her bra is barely holding them. Look at all that fucking breast-meat just oozing out the top. That bra is sooo sexy. All that delicate white lace...mom is sooo feminine.

"Poor thing." Linda said, peeling the sweater off.

"Who?" Bobby asked.

"Your friend Brian." She said.

"Oh yeah...it must suck being that sick." He answered.

Bobby's cock to begin to tent in his shorts.

Linda unzipped her skirt and it fell to the floor. She heard Bobby let out a soft gasp as he saw that she was wearing a skimpy pair of low-cut bikini-panties. She reached back and unclasped her bra.

"I don't want you going over there until he's completely better...in case whatever he has is contagious." She said, slipping the bra-straps off her shoulders.

"Okay." Bobby said, watching her slide the cups from her breasts.

As her pendulous tits sprung free they just sort of flopped down against her tummy and bobbled slightly back and forth. Bobby gazed at the large pink caps, which were dotted with milk glands.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT! He thought.

After setting her bra down near the sink Linda slid her thumbs under the hem of her panties and began to slide them down her long tan legs.

For the second time that day Bobby stared straight at his own mother's cute little mons pubis. It was covered only by a very thin triangle of dark pubic fuzz and below it he could clearly see her cleft of venus.

Stepping out of her panties, Linda leaned over and picked them up off the floor, her big drooping mommy-boobs wobbling with her every move. Cocking one leg out in front of her, bent slightly at the knee, with her sexy foot arched, her cute little toes squatting against the floor, Linda fed her son a naughty smile.

Oh lord, look at his eyes. Look at him stare at me...taking it all in. I can't believe I'm being such a cock tease...and for my very own son. Linda thought.

Using the elastic hem of her panties she shot them towards Bobby like a rubber band, making them land on his bulging lap.

"You might as well have those...you'll be fishing them out of my laundry hamper anyway." She grinned.

"Thanks." Bobby smiled.

As soon as Linda turned towards the bath Bobby lifted the panties to his nose. The pungent aroma was so strong his head spun.

They're STILL warm and damp! HOLY FUCK! He thought, his head spinning.

He breathed them in deep...the overpowering tang filing his lungs. He couldn't help but let out an audible moan.

"They smell that good huh?" Linda giggled, without turning around.

She poured some bubble bath in the tub as her son marveled at the cheeks of her full heart-shaped buttocks. He could see the baby-smooth meat of her genitals...the spongy double doors extending out from her pubis. The gates of heaven.

This is too much. I'm gonna cum in my fucking shorts before mom even gets in the tub. Bobby thought.

Linda stepped into the water, her butt cheeks rippling. She looked back at her son..

"Come sit by the tub." She said.

Bobby stood up and his big dick stuck out like a divining rod under his short. He made no attempt to hide it as he walked over to the side of the tube.

Linda was now on her knees in the water, sitting on her heels facing her son. She got a quirky little grin as she saw his pecker pointing at her, only a few feet away.

"Uh-oh...it's that long necked monster again." She said.

Oh my God...just how long must that neck be? It's like some of the dick I fucked back in college. Oh I was so bad back then. She thought.

Bobby just stood there for a minute. He liked the way she was looking at it.

"Well I can't help it...you ARE naked mom." Bobby said.

"Look at how far your shorts are tenting out. Are you sure you don't have a baseball bat under there?" She said, staring at the impressive bulge.

"Nope, it's all me." He smiled proudly.

"I know I like to call you slugger, but if you keep popping boners like that I may have to start calling you my Louisville slugger." She giggled.

Bobby stood there and watched as his mom took the shower sprayer and began to soak her big tits. She arched her neck back spraying her face and wetting her hair. The way she thrust her breasts made Bobby's dick jump.

"I saw that. Showing off again huh?" She teased.

"No...that was a reaction. If I was showing off I'd do this." He said, flexing his pecker and making it spring upward, rising well about his belly button.

Linda felt her inner and outer lips quiver excitedly as they swelled with blood. Her cervix seemed to shift downward as she gazed at the dreamy erection...her eyes nice and wide.

Oh my God I've never reacted to something that way. It's like his bulbous head just split my twat and my pussy was reacting as if in preparation to accommodate all that long thick meat. Stop it Linda...just stop it. This is ridiculous! She thought.

"Wow, that's amazing. You have one of the strongest erections I think I've ever seen." She exclaimed.

"It's your fault. Looking at you makes it this way." He smiled.

"Well, nice to know that my thirty-nine year old body can get that sort of reaction from a handsome eighteen year old...especially considering he's my son. Guess that makes me a MILF huh?" She smiled.

"Well, you're definitely a mom I'd like to..." Bobby started, then stopped himself, realizing what he was about to say.

"A mom you'd like to what...FFFFUUUCK?" She asked with a quirky little grin.

Oh my God-damn Linda I can't believe you just said that! She thought.

Bobby heart skipped a beat as he heard the magic word spout from her mouth. He couldn't help but blush a little.

No, this can't be real...but why haven't I woken up yet. Mom just said fuck...I've never heard her say fuck before. How the hell do I respond to something like that. What the hell...honestly I guess. He thought.

"I wouldn't mind." He said.

She looked back at his big pecker as it bobbed up and down under his shorts.

"Clearly." She smiled.

Bobby knelt down and watched as his mom lather herself with body-wash. After washing her hair she drained the water from the tub and stood up to dry herself. Bobby remained on the floor looking up in sick fascination at his own mom's voluptuous nudity.

"Sweetie will you hand me my shea-butter." She said, wrapping the towel around her wet hair.

Linda stepped from the tub as Bobby fetched her lotion. His big flagpole bobbed up and down as he brought it to her.

"Thank you slugger." She said.

Linda stepped over and sat down on the toilet. Bobby followed and sat on the floor directly across from her.

She squirted a big gob of lotion into her hands and set the bottle aside.

"Normally I would spend some time shaving my legs and my peach...but they're still pretty smooth." She said, rubbing the lotion in her hands.

"Your peach?" Bobby asked.

"Oh I'm sorry...guess I should speak in teenaged boy language. My pussy. That better?" She giggled.

"Yeah, now I get it." He smiled.

And a beautiful pussy at that. With her sitting it looks so cute and delicate...with that thin tiny patch of pubic fur. Hard to believe I split that twat wide open eighteen years ago. He thought.

Linda extended her long tan leg straight out and began to rub the shea-butter up and down it's length. Her sexy foot was flexed...toes pointed at Bobby as she worked the lotion into her skin.

As her son's eyes were glued to her legs Linda looked down at his bulge.

Oh my god he's rubbing it though his shorts. My poor baby must have a throbbing erection. Imagine what he'd do if I spread my legs apart. Jesus Linda you can't do that...that's just downright lewd. He'd cream for sure. Okay, okay...I won't go crazy...I'll just spread

them a little. I can't lotion the backs of my thighs unless I at least open them a little bit. She thought.

Leaning back against the toilet Linda curled her leg up and back. Without thinking the other leg followed, bending at the knees as it rose backwards she continued to apply the lotion.

As her legs spread Linda's flower was now on open display and Bobby discovered that it wasn't the cute virgin-like pussy it appeared to be. Between the swell of her outer lips the crimson inner lips were large and thick, slowly peeling apart before his very eyes. He could see her budding clitoris, peeking out from under its hood like a small erect penis.

OH SHIT...TO MUCH...TO FUCKING MUCH! He thought as he rubbed on is pecker.

He's gonna cum. His body's shaking...he's gonna cum. I'm making my son cum. I don't believe this! She thought.

"Bobby, grab my panties!" She shouted.

As the cum began to pulse from his peter Bobby grabbed her panties from the floor and brought them to his nose. The musky fragrance made him squirt even stronger.

"GGGGNNNNHHH!!!!" He groaned.

Overwhelmed by the site of her son in such intense arousal Linda felt her own orgasm hit her out of nowhere.

OH NO! OH SHIT...I'M CUMMING! She thought.

"OH BOOOOBBBYYY!!!" She shouted as she started rubbing her clit frantically.

Bobby watched her legs shake as she threw her head back. Her huge tits jumped off the sides of her chest as she thrust her twat out against her frantically working fingers. It was the most amazing site he'd ever seen.

"OOOOOHHHH!!!!" She screamed.

FUCK ME, MOM'S CUMMING TOO!!! LOOK AT HER GO! HOLY FUCK!!! He thought.

Bobby's body quivered with wicked excitement as his penis fired huge thick ropes into his shorts. The two of them groaned as their orgasms seemed to go and on.

Finally, Linda's Body jerked forward, her thighs slapping together but her calves still scissored apart. Her feet rested on their heels...her toes spread apart as her knees still trembled with post orgasmic contractions. Her tits were trapped between her arms and ballooned outward. Her nipples poked out...huge and engorged like big demon eyes. She stared downward...eyes glazed over...letting out little shivering-like gasps.

Fuck me...I haven't cum that hard since. Oh shit...I just came like a slut in front of my son. Oh God damn Linda what were you thinking. She thought.

"Well...that was a little weird." She said, breaking the silence.

"Yeah...a good sorta weird though." He sighed.

She looked down at his shorts and the messy aftermath.

"Oh slugger, your shorts are soaked. Get into the shower and rinse off. I'm gonna go out and get dressed." She said.

"Okay." He said.

Later that night Linda sat in her bed as her husband showered. She found her mind reeling over the events of the day with her son.

Oh Linda, what you did today was sooo wrong! No, it wasn't! There's nothing wrong with my son seeing me naked. Nudity is perfectly natural...and masturbation...well, that's natural too. It's healthy for him to see that his mother masturbates just like he does. Linda thought.

The bathroom door opened and her husband walked out holding Bobby's shorts in his hand.

"Linda, are these Bobby's shorts?" He asked.

Oh my God...he didn't! She thought.

"Well I um...I think so." She muttered.

"What are they doing in our laundry hamper?" Ron asked.

"Oh um...Bobby took a shower in there. I was uh...cleaning his shower earlier so I told him he could use ours." She lied.

"You're not gonna believe this but I think he came in these." Ron said, look at them disgustedly.

Oh I believe it honey-bun....he blew his nuts for his mommy...blew that cum straight out the head of that big young dick while he watched me rub one out! Stop it Linda! She thought.

"Well, um...he is a teenaged boy and teenaged boys just do those things, sweetie." She smiled.

"In their parents bathroom?" Ron asked.

"You're right...probably not the most appropriate place to relieve himself. I'll walk down to his room and have a chat with him." Linda said.

"Maybe I should talk with him." Ron muttered.

"Ronald...sweetie...give me the shorts and get into bed. I'll take care of it." She said, slipping onto her feet and throwing a robe over her transparent nightie.

Ron handed his wife the soiled shorts and fed her an odd smile.

"Sure you feel comfortable talking to him about this?" He asked.

"Don't you dare doubt my motherly abilities." She said with a confident grin.

"You're the sexiest thing alive...you know that?" He said, his eyes traveling across the swell of her big drooping tits.

Damn right I am motherfucker! Our son thinks so too! She thought.

Linda gazed down at the bulge in her husband's boxers.

"Crawl into bed and get him hard for me. When I get back we'll let him fuck some pussy." She said seductively.

"Damn I love it when you talk dirty." He smiled, rubbing his bulge.

Linda left their bedroom and closed the door behind her. She stopped mid-hallway and lifted the shorts to her nose. Her body shivered with wicked excitement as the strong pungent aroma of teenaged spunk filled her lungs.

OH MY FUCKING GOD WHAT A SMELL!!! Her mind spun.

With the shorts against her face her long pink tongue slithered out and drug up a section of slimy material. She felt her eyes roll back as thousands of sweet potent sperm danced across her taste buds.

Linda stop this...this is ridiculous! She thought.

Bobby gazed at the picture of his mom on his phone as stroked his cock furiously....her panties at his nose.

"Oh-h-h fuck mom." He muttered.

He suddenly froze as he heard a gentle tap at his door. He tried to hide his tent before his mom peeked in.

"You still awake, slugger?" She asked.

"Yeah, I was just...um..." He muttered.

"I know, I'm sorry." She said, glancing at the lump in the sheets as she sat on the edge of his bed.

Oh Linda he's jerking off. Your baby's in here pulling on that long thick barrel of love. He's probably thinking about warm pussy...maybe even mommy-pussy. Oh yes...my pussy. My hot horny hole! Jesus, get a hold of yourself girl. She thought.

She set the shorts down on his chest and gave him a stern yet quirky grin.

"Remember what I said about being more careful when your dad's around. You left these in my hamper." She said.

"He didn't see them did he?" Brian asked.

"Yep...he did." She said.

"What did you tell him?" Bobby asked.

"I told him I let you watch me get completely naked and take a bath...and that we masturbated together." She said straight-faced.

"What!" Bobby said with surprise.

"I'm joking." Linda giggled, making her tits wobble.

"Jesus, mom...you scared me." He sighed.

"Don't leave anything behind next time...okay?" She asked.

"I promise." He said.

Linda picked up his cell phone and looked at the picture of herself that Bobby had been beating off to.

"Still drooling over this picture? I think it's time for some new eye-candy...don't you?" She asked.

"You'll take some new ones...some naked ones?" He asked.

"Well...no...I had something else in mind actually." She said, erasing the picture.

"Something else?" Bobby asked.

"Yeah...wanna see mom in action?" She asked.

"In action? You mean having sex...you and dad?" Bobby asked, his heart beat a mile a minutes.

"Well...with your father it's never the most exciting sex...but you my find it stimulating. That is if you don't think it'll weird you out." She said.

"No...hell no!" Bobby said excitedly.

"Well then I guess mom gets to play filmmaker tonight doesn't she? I'll get as much of it as I can and don't worry...I'll try to send you the play by play." She said.

"Sweet. I love you mom." Bobby grinned, his cock flexing in anticipation.

"I love YOU." She smiled down at him.

Linda stood up and took a second to gaze down that the massive tent in the sheet.

Well...I certainly don't have that in the next room waiting for me. She thought.

She shot a look back at Bobby who was laying there with a big proud smile as he watched her admire it.

"Go ahead, showoff." She smiled.

Linda looked back down at it just as Bobby made it jump under the sheets...stretching the fabric upwards even further.

Unfuckingbelievable!!! She thought, as she felt the pussy-butter drip from her meat-curtains.

"Oh yeah?" Linda said defiantly as she turned towards the door and lifted the bottom of her robe and nightie above her naked ass.

Before Bobby even had a chance to realize what she'd just done Linda was flexing the muscles in her buttocks, making the meaty cheeks rise and fall...rippling over and over.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT! He thought, his hand instinctively moving to his crotch.

"Take that Mr. Bigshot." She said with a smile as she gazed back at him.

"Wow...how do you do that?" Bobby sighed.

"You might be surprised what your mom can do. She's learned all sorts of tricks over the years." She said.

"Maybe I'll show you a few during tonight's show. Better keep that phone handy." She smiled.

After Linda left Bobby waiting for what seemed like a lifetime.

This is gonna be fucking awesome. I can't wait to see mom screwing...even if it is just with dad. Wonder how the hell she's gonna get away with this. Bobby thought.

As Ron and Linda kissed passionately he rolled her onto her back and prepared to get down to business.

"Wait." Linda said, stopping him, her tits rolling off the sides of her chest.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"I have a kinky idea. Why don't we make a video of us making love." She smiled.

"A video?" He asked.

"Yeah...that way I can send you little clips while your at work...remind you of what you have at home waiting for you." She said.

"Honey, I don't know if..." He started.

"Pleeaassee...I'll talk dirty to you. I know how much you like that." She said seductively, batting her lashes.

"Okay...you win." He said.

Bobby lightly stroked his erection..working the slippery pre-cum around his cock-head. Finally, his phone chimed with a video message.

It took about thirty seconds to download. His heart was racing. The anticipation was killing him.

Finally the video clip opened and he saw his mom's face looking into the camera. Her head sort of wobbled up and down as it lay on the pillow and he could see the back of his father's head next to hers. She smiled up at the camera over her husband's shoulder.

"Hi" She silently mouthed, giving her son a little wink.

OH MY GOD THEY'RE FUCKING. MOM'S GETTING FUCKED!! He thought.

Linda lifted her cell phone up away from her and her husband's bodies, giving her son a birds-eye view of their copulation. She tilted the cam so that her boy could see her long strong tan legs wrapped up around Ron's back as he thrust into her.

Holy God damn look at mom's legs...and those hips...fuckin-a!!! He thought, staring at the sexy crease between her hips and thighs.

"That's my baby...come on...work me good." He heard his mom say in a sweet sexy tone.

As his mom reached further down with the camera Bobby saw his dad's ass as it thrust forward at a steady pace. The heels of Linda's sexy bare feet pushed at his buttocks, pulling him deeper inside her.

"Oh yeah right there...nice deep strokes. Work that dick...get that pussy baby." His mom moaned.

Bobby stroked his cock hard as he listened to his mom talk dirty and his father grunt, bucking in and out of his beautiful wife.

Man dad's cock must feel amazing right now with all that soft pussy surrounding it. He thought.

As soon as the first video clip finished the second was being transferred. Bobby wasted no time opening it.

His parents had changed positions and his mom was now on top straddling her husband. She had set her phone on the bed behind them between her husbands legs so that Bobby could see her entire upper half.

Bobby's eyes were immediately drawn to her big meaty buttocks as it swayed up and back, grinding on his father's dong. Only the bulge of Ron's nuts could be seen under Linda's big smothering cheeks as she stirred her steamy pit with her husband's pipe.

"Oh my God!!!" Bobby thought, his eyes glued to the screen as his fist tugged furiously at his iron-hard peter.

Linda peeked over her shoulder and smiled, giving the camera a little wink as she continued to grind on her hubby's lucky penis.

Bobby could see the back slopping contours of Linda's drooping breasts as they bobbled and shook with the rhythm of her shifting hips.

"Oh-h-h-h yeah!" Bobby's father moaned.

"Ohhh that's my baby. You like that hot sucking hole...don't you sweetie." Linda asked.

"Oh God yeah." Ron said.

"You like the way I flex it and squeeze it around you like that?" She asked.

"Ohhh baby...you're amazing!" Bobby's dad answered.

Linda's hips suddenly thrust into overdrive, rolling up and back at a frantic pace. Bobby could hear the bed frame whining repetitively as she rocked on his dad's dick.

"OHH GOD LINDA!!!" Ron groaned.

"OHHH GOD MOM!!!" Bobby grunted...his own dick unable to hold back any longer.

Hot sperm erupted from Bobby's piss-hole, sending long ropes arching into the air. The bath and mutual masturbation was out of this world, but watching his mom fuck was the most exciting thing he'd ever seen.

The next day in class Bobby's mind was in sex-crazed fog.

God I wanna fuck mom. I wanna fuck her hard and hear my balls beating against her ass. She would soooo love it. With my big dick I could make her cum over and over. She'd scream and shake so hard while I just laid into her...pounding that sweet pussy like a jackhammer. God, all that soft meaty pink squeezing around my dick. Holy fuck! He thought.

Bobby didn't even see Mrs. Jacobs as she strolled up behind him. The sound of her throat clearing got his attention.

She reached down and picked up a sketch, that until now he didn't even realize he'd been working on. It was a detailed drawing of a large set of naked breasts. Mrs. Jacobs looked away from the sketch and glared down at her horny student, one eyebrow cocked.

Oh shit! He thought.

Linda walked up the school hallway, kids around her scrambling as the end of the day arrived. Her high-heeled mules clicked against the floor as she searched for her son's classroom.

"Mrs. Fletcher, I appreciate you coming in to meet with me. I'm very concerned about Bobby's performance lately and felt you should be too." Mrs. Jacob's said as they sat near her desk.

"Well thank you for calling me I...wasn't aware there was a problem." Linda said.

"Along with his frequent tardiness Bobby seems very distracted during class. I'm afraid he's developing a very unhealthy obsession." She said

"What kind of obsession?" Linda asked, with a hint of concern

"This afternoon I caught him drawing this." The teacher said, setting the boob sketch in front of Linda.

Tits...my sluggers drawing tits at school. Big tits too. Oh my God...I wonder if they're mine? Linda thought.

"Well...boys will be boys Mrs. Jacobs." Linda giggled.

"So you're not concerned that your son was drawing female breasts during my math class?" The teacher asked.

"Yes, that part does concern me, but if you're also asking if I consider drawing pictures of naked women an unhealthy obsession the answer's no." Linda said defensively.

"Mrs. Fletcher, his grades are slipping rapidly." Mrs. Jacob's said with concern.

"Well then that will be addressed I can assure you. But as far as this "obsession" is concerned. Not only will he not be spoken to about it...I WILL continue to encourage it. Anything else Mrs. Jacobs?" Linda asked, with a pompous little smirk.

Bobby walked towards the car with his mom, his head hung low. Few words had been spoken since they met in the hallway.

"You okay, kiddo?" She asked.

"Yeah, sorry I slacked off in class." He said.

"Well, you've had a lot on your mind...and suppose that's partly my fault. Things have gotten a little different between you and I here

lately." She said.

"Yeah but...in a good way. At least I think so." Bobby said.

"And so do I sweetie, but I would hate myself if I knew that I had distracted you to the point that you didn't graduate with your friends this year." She said.

"I will graduate...I promise." He pleaded.

"That means you have to stay focused on your studies, even if you're around me while I'm naked once in awhile." She said.

"Okay." He answered.

"Believe me, I like the fact that you enjoy me sitting on your lap...giving you those little butt-hugs, but from now on...no pass, no ass...got it?" She smiled.

"Got it." He answered.

In the car Linda reached in her purse and pulled out the sketch her son had drawn. She handed it over to him.

"Here...I thought you might wanna keep it." She said.

"Thanks." He giggled, taking the picture.

"You're getting good. Those are very realistic." She said.

"Thanks." He said, still kind of embarrassed.

"Are they mine?" Linda asked, catching her son off guard.

Ok, just be honest with her...mom's cool with this. He thought.

"Uh...yeah... Yeah they are." He said.

"Not bad." She said, glancing over at the picture.

"The nipples are wrong though. My areolas are much bigger...otherwise you have it about right." She said.

"Really, I thought maybe I had drawn them too big. Are you sure?" He asked.

"Sweetie, my areola are thirteen-inches in diameter...of course I'm sure. The ones on the sketch are way too small." She said.

Holy shit...thirteen inches in diameter. We just studied diameters in math class. That's as big around as a grapefruit. He thought.

"Darn, I thought I had them right." He said.

"Do I have to pull this car over, whip out a boob and prove you wrong, mister?" She said playfully.

"Ok." Bobby said with a big smile, making his mom bust out in a giggle.

"Yeah, I can see the headline now: Mother gets caught in vehicle showing a breast to her son." Linda said.

"We could drive out to forest park...no one's ever out there." Bobby said.

"Forest Park! If we're gonna go that far we might as well go to Orgy Shores." Linda said.

"Orgy Shores? Where's that?" Bobby asked.

"You've never heard of Orgy Shores?" She answered.

"No." He said shaking his head.

"It's a grassy hillside out by Loon Lake. It's VERY private. Up for a ride?" She asked.

Linda, what are you doing? You can't take your son to Orgy Shores. The only thing people do at Orgy Shores is fuck. Have you lost your mind? I'm just going out there with him to show him how big my areola are. That's it. She thought.

"Will there be a boob involved?" Bobby smiled.

"Yes, there will be a boob involved. If you behave yourself...maybe even two." Linda smiled.

"Sweet." Bobby grinned, his cock already stiffening in his pants.

A few miles outside of town Linda turned onto a narrow dirt road and followed it for what seemed like miles. She finally stopped the car at the top of a hill overlooking a secluded lake.

Don't you dare look at that grassy hillside. Stay in the car, unclasp your bra, show him your areola, then leave. God I love it here...it was always such a magical place...free of teachers...free of parents...free of husbands. FREE OF HUSBANDS?! Oh my God Linda...leave this place now!!! She thought.

"Grab the blanket from the trunk." She said, getting out.

Bobby snatched the blanket and joined his mom at the edge of the grass. Linda stepped out of her mules, picked them up and took her son's hand.

"Come on." She said softly, then started running down the hillside.

Bobby nearly stumbled several times as he looked over at Linda tits, jumping under her sweater as she ran. The middle-aged beauty screamed and giggled playfully as they moved quickly into taller grass.

"Over here." She said, leading him to a certain spot.

Déjà vu...I'm feeling like that naughty high-school cheerleader again. Walking hand in hand with the big dicked football stud...leading him to my special spot. She thought.

"Perfect." She said, looking out at the serene waters.

Bobby spread the blanket out and sat down. Linda sat next to him, then fell back onto her back. Her tan legs were slightly spread apart and bent at the knees

Wow, they look so soft and her smooth tan just glows in the sun. How incredible they would feel wrapped around me. He thought.

He felt his mom tugging at his shirt.

"Lay next to me." She said softly.

Bobby fell back and Linda rolled onto her side facing him, propping her head up with her elbow. This made her breasts distend outward as one lay on top of the other.

"How's this for private?" She smiled.

"Very." He said. "You've been here before...when you were younger I take it?"

Oh boy...here we go. I should be honest...but you know, this could play in my favor. There's some things he could be honest with me about. I wanna find out what's going on in that horny little head of his. She thought.

"Question for a question?" She asked playfully.

"Sure." He smiled.

"And you'll be completely honest...if I promise to be?"She asked.

"Of course." He answered.

"This was the hot spot when I was younger. I spent a lot of time on my back here." She said.

"Getting laid?" He asked.

"Yes...getting laid." She smiled.

"Were you in any orgies? Is that why they call it Orgy Shores?" He asked.

"No...the reason they called it Orgy Shores was because on any given night this grassy hillside would be dotted with young couples. Imagine the orgasmic screams of twenty or thirty young girls echoing across this lake." Linda explained.

Wow, mom must have been way hot when she was my age. So this was the place where all the magic happened. He thought.

"Wow, that's cool." Bobby said with envy.

"My turn now?" She asked.

"Okay." Bobby answered.

"Mrs. Jacobs said that you're doing a lot of daydreaming in class. Be honest...in these daydreams...are you and I making love?" She asked softly, her big brown eyes gleaming down at her baby boy.

"Yeah...we are." Bobby muttered.

Ohh, just like I thought...he's dreaming of making love to me. My son...my slugger..my baby...making love to his mommy. Ohhh those damn butterflies. She thought.

"Where are we when we make love in your dreams?" She asked.

"It's weird. We start out in a mist and you wrap your arms and legs around me like a spider...then we start to rise into the air...like on a web. Before we disappear into the clouds you start to rock us back and forth." He said.

"When we enter the clouds...do you imagine us making love forever?" She asked, staring straight into his eyes.

"Yeah." He answered.

Linda brushed his cheek lovingly with her hand.

OH MY GOD I'M IN LOVE! Stop it Linda, just stop it! He's your son for fuck sake! Yes he's handsome! Yes he's young and full of sexual energy! Yes he has a big thick dick between his legs that's always hard when he's around you...but he's your son. Your beautiful big-dicked baby boy! She thought.

"Thank you for being honest with me." She said.

Linda suddenly slipped to her knees and began to unbutton her sweater. Bobby eagerly rose up, resting on his elbows as he watched a lacy white bra and a monstrous cleavage emerge from the parting top.

Shedding her blouse Linda immediately reached back and unclasped her bra. Her heavy tits shifted as the bra sprang loose. She pulled the straps over her shoulders, the cups slipped free and her boobies did a little bobbly-wobble across her chest.

Bobby sighed, his body shivering as he took in the amazing sight.

"See...way bigger." She smiled, brushing her hand across a nipple.

"Right." Bobby muttered. "They're beautiful."

"I can tell." Linda giggled, watching the tent rise in her son's shorts.

Wearing no underwear and only a pair of polyester sports shorts there was little resistance for bobby's big dick as it sprang to life, making the thin fabric stretch outward.

With his mom still eyeballing the impressive bulge Bobby flexed it, causing his shaft to surge with blood and rise even higher. Linda's eyes widened and her mouth opened a little, as if letting out a tiny gasp. Bobby smiled with pride as he savored her reaction.

Linda, take your son and leave this place right now! It's...it's soo big. I could take him...I could take all of him...I know it. Right down to my cervix. She thought.

"Balls deep." She whispered under her breath.

"What?" Bobby asked.

"Oh...I said...there you go...showing off again." She smiled.

"Will you take off your skirt?" Bobby asked.

"My skirt? I don't remember that being part of the deal, buster." She said, with her hands on her hips.

"Please." Bobby begged.

"Oh don't start with the begging. Tell you what...you lose the shirt and I'll lose the skirt. How's that?" She said.

"Deal." Bobby said, pulling his t-shirt off and throwing it to the side.

This is dangerous Linda. You're married! Oh my God...his chest and arms...what a hunk of a son I have. He so beautiful...so precious. How could I deny him my body. He needs his mommy naked right now. Yes, butt-naked! She thought.

Linda stood up and Bobby watched her dangling tits wobble as she undid her skirt and let it fall to the ground. His heart raced as he

saw that she was wearing a pair of white sheer bikini panties. Before he could take it all in Linda slid her thumbs under the hem and began to slide her panties off.

"Not much covered down there...so I might as take these off too." She said.

From on the ground Bobby had a birds eye view of her cute little snatch. From her mons pubis, with it's light patch of pubic fuzz to her thick labial meat. Linda was now completely naked and seemed perfectly comfortable that way in front of him.

"Yeeeesssss, you can smell them." She giggled, dropping the panties onto his chest.

Bobby grabbed them and brought them to his nose. The pungent aroma made his head spin and Linda giggle as she watched him sniff.

Oh God he's smelling me. He's smelling my sex. My own baby is addicted to the smell of his mother's pussy. My pussy. The same plump mommy-pussy that squeezed him out eighteen years ago. She thought.

"So how the heck did this happen?" She smiled.

"What?" Bobby asked.

"It was suppose to be as simple as pulling over and showing you a boob and now here we are at Orgy Shores and I'm completely naked." She joked.

"I don't mind." Bobby smiled, sniffing at the crotch of Linda panties.

"Oh, Im sure you don't, slugger." She smiled.

Linda got down on her hands and knees and crawl towards Bobby. He watched her boobs wobble back and forth as she crawled over the top of him, stopping when her face was above his and staring down at him lovingly.

"Mama's little panty-sniffer." She giggled, combing her nails through his hair.

"Will you sit on me again?" Bobby sighed.

"Might be kinda tough without a chair." She said.

Mount him...now Linda! No, that's too much! Fuck too much...bring that twat down against that dick girl. This is Orgy Shores...you're naked and there's an enormous erection underneath you. FUCK'N MOUNT HIM!!

Linda sat up and straddled her son, rested her mummy-muffin against the girthy meat of his shaft.

"There...how's that?" She ask teasingly.

"Wow!" Bobby moaned, making Linda giggle.

Holy fucking shit. Mom's pussy is right against my dick...she's resting it against my hard-on. He thought.

He could feel the searing heat of her genitals through the thin fabric of his shorts. Linda's pussy throbbed as she felt the strong erection tucked between her quim. She rested against the underside what had to be five inches of cock-meat and could still see another four-inches sticking out in front of her.

Her little heart went pitter-patter.

So long! So thick! I can feel it pulsing! Oh my God I'm in love! She thought.

Bobby flexed his dick again, making it push up against her cunt meat, crushing Linda's clit and making her eyes flutter back.

"You are rotten." She sighed.

Grind on it Linda! I'm married but soo fucking what. This is a big dick and my husband will never find out. He'll never know...it'll be Bobby and I's naughty secret. Grind on it. The thick slab of teenaged cock-meat plowing against your clit. Grind it now! Oh my God I'm sooo fucking horny! She thought.

Leaning forward a little she placed her hands on Bobby's chest, bracing herself and he watched as she slowly closed her eyes and started to grind against him.

Holy shit...mom's gonna dry hump me. She's gonna dry hump my dick! He thought.

It was an amazing site. A middle-aged mother, straddling her son, hips gently gliding up and back as her big dangling boobs rocked back and forth above his chest.

Gradually Linda sped up and intensified the pressure against Bobby's smothered dong. Her eyes still closed, Bobby watched her expression slowly change to one of intense desperation...her breathing become heavy.

Ohhhh this feels so good. God help me I am loving this...absolutely fucking loving this. Grind faster Linda! Fuck against it faster! Let yourself go. It's just you and your baby. Orgy Shores...no one else for miles. Fuckin go girl!!! She thought.

He looked down and saw her pubis grinding up and back against the length of his rod, tucked between her large outer lips. There was now a wet spot on his shorts where pre-cum was being forced from his pisshole.

"HHHHHUHHH-H-H-H!" Linda voice quivered.

Her hips were rocking widly now as she humped frantically against the teenagers erection.

"OH BOBBY!" She cried, her chest jerking forward.

Holy damn, look at mom go! She's gonna cum! Mom's gonna cum on my fucking cock!!! He thought.

Bobby couldn't believe his eyes as his mom began to convulse. She suddenly threw her head back.

"GGGNNNUUHHH!!!!" She screamed, sending her voice echoing across the lake.

As she rode through her orgasm, Bobby saw her glance at him, with a look he'd never seen before. Her face was wild and flushed...her eyes glazed over as if in an orgasmic haze.

OH I LOVE HIM! GOD I LOVE HIM! OOOHHHMMYYGGGNNNOODD!!!! Her mind spun with pleasure.

For a full minute Linda rocked against him, her body still shaking from post orgasmic contractions.

She suddenly fell onto her son, her tits flattening against his chest as she rested her head against his shoulder.

"Ohhh, sweet baby!" Linda sighed, catching her breath.

Once again the pressure on Bobby's cock intensified as her hips continued to rock. Bobby's mom wasn't done.

"Your turn." She whispered, coiling her arms around his neck.

Holy shit! He thought.

Bobby sighed as he felt the swell of her genitals drag up and down the length of his boner. The feeling of her soft spongy tits against him was already causing his balls to tingle.

He was still holding the panties to his nose and Linda lifted her head so she could look down into his eyes.

"That's it...smell mommy sweetheart...smell the pussy." She whispered.

Her words made the sperm in Bobby's balls go from a simmer to a boil. His mom was literally stroking his cock with her cunt and feeling was euphoric.

"Oh-h-h mom...I'm gonna cum." He muttered.

"Me too." She cried.

"GGGNNNUHHH!!!" He grunted, as the first rope squirted from his penis.

"AAAANNNGGHHAA!!!!" Linda screamed, her body jerking as she buried her whimpers in the soft of his neck.

"UUUUNNNNGGAA-UHHHH!!!" Bobby groaned as blasts number two and three soaked his shorts.

Bobby and Linda's genitals humped and lurched together drawing out each others orgasms. They rocked and groaned for what seemed like forever before the pleasure subsided.

"My God...what are you doing to me?" She said with a little smile.

"Sorry." Bobby smiled.

"No you're not." She giggled.

"Okay...I'm not. Are you?" He asked.

"Sorry?" She asked, sitting back up into straddle.

"Yeah...sorry we did this?" Bobby asked.

"No...no I'm not." She said, gazing down at him with a naughty little smile.

Suddenly her cell phone went off in her skirt pocket.

"That would be your father, wondering where the hell we are." She said, reaching for her phone.

Okay, think of a lie. It has to be good. Um...parent teacher conference...that's it. She thought.

"Are you gonna tell him?" Bobby joked.

"Yeah, feel like dying today? He would murder us both." She said.

"Hello?" Linda sang into her phone.

"Hi honey...no, Bobby had parent teacher conferences today...I forgot to tell you...I'm sorry." Linda said.

She laid back down against Bobby, resting her head on his shoulder as she talked to her husband.

"Actually Bobby's doing really well...he's focusing on exactly what he needs to during class." Linda said.

Yes, exactly what he needs to...getting between mom's legs. She thought.

While she spoke Bobby ran his hands down the smooth of her back and brazenly onto the swell of her ass. He let his fingers sink into the meat of her matronly buttocks. This got no reaction from Linda as she continued chatting.

How awesome is this. Mom's talking with dad while she here at Orgy shores with me. Her soft tits are crushed against my chest and I'm sinking my finger into that plump matronly ass. He thought.

"I agree...we should both be very proud of him." She said.

Bobby got super-ballsy and slipped his fingers into the crack of Linda's ass and across her butt-hole. With his middle finger he circled her pouty anal ring.

"That sounds good sweetie. If you wanna start up the grill Bobby and I should get home before they arrive and we'll throw the burgers on." Linda said, showing little concern by her son's wanderings.

Bobby decided to push it one step further as the tip of his finger easily slipped inside her asshole.

Man, if only that were the head of my cock. I would be in absolute heaven tapping that ass. He thought.

"I love you too honey. See you in a bit." She said.

As she hung up Bobby slipped his finger back out. Linda lifted her head and gave him a quirky look.

"What do you think you're doing young man? Was that a finger you just placed inside your mother's butt-hole?" She asked.

"I don't know what your talking about." Bobby said innocently.

"Uh-huh." She said, then gave him a little tickle, making him squirm beneath her.

I haven't had anal sex in soo long. I can't imagine what a large dick like Bobby's would feel like pounding my ass. Linda, stop it...he's

your son. No you stop it bitch! Get the fuck out of my head! She thought.

"Does dad ever stick his penis in there?" Bobby asked.

"Not as much as he used to. You're dad is at the age where he's sliding downhill sexually I'm afraid." Linda said.

"If I were him I'd make love to you once a day." Bobby said.

"Only once huh?" Linda asked.

"Okay...twice a day." He smiled.

"How bout three times?" Linda grinned.

"As much as you'd want it." He said.

"Wow, I'd never get anything done." She giggled, slipping her bra back on.

Wow, mom must love to fuck. Does she realize how much I could fuck her. She needs my dick...a dick that never gets tired. Dad doesn't hold a candle next to me. He thought.

As she climbed off her son she notice the mess both his cock and her bare pussy had made on his shorts.

"Oh Bobby, your shorts are soaking. You can't go home like that." She said.

"What should I do." He said, standing to his feet.

"Here...take them off and throw the blanket around you for now." Linda said, still on her knees and grabbing the hem of his shorts.

She pulled them down his legs and his boner sprang free, nearly slapping her on the face. She looked forward, staring down the thick

barrel of his 9 inch peter as it still bobbed up and down slightly.

God in heaven...give me strength. It's the biggest cock I've ever seen...and it's absolutely beautiful! She thought.

"You're still as hard as a rock." Linda said, feeling her pussy pucker.

"Yeah, well...you know..." Bobby muttered proudly.

"The vigor of young men." She said, dreamily staring at the long vien encrusted barrel of love with it's large bell-shape helmet.

Surely a cock like that could reach all the way to my heart. She thought.

"Oh Bobby, there's sperm all over you." She said, picking up her panties and whipping his tummy. As she cleaned him off Bobby's dick bumped her chest and gradually bent down until a few inches disappeared into her cleavage.

"Gottcha." Linda said, pressing her tits together and capturing her son's dick between her large bra busters.

"Where does he think he's going?" She said playfully.

"Has a mind of his own I guess." Bobby smiled.

"Well isn't this quite the site." She said as they both looked down at the shaft, which was half-swallowed between her bulging tits.

Oh the hours of fucking it would take for a dick like that to finally go down. The orgasms...oh Linda! Look at this. A young man's big boner tucked right down between his mom's big soft boobs. She thought.

"I think I've figured out the appropriate nicknames for us." Linda said playfully.

"What?" Bobby asked.

"Boobs n Boners." She smiled.

"I like it." Bobby giggled.

"So do I." She said.

As Bobby slipped his dick from between her boobs a long string of cum began to slowly drop towards the floor.

"Bobby, you're dripping." She said, catching it with her finger, then swiping it off the tip of his dick. She stood up and Bobby and her both looked at the small pool of semen on her finger.

"Please." He smiled.

Linda slipped the finger in her mouth and licked it clean.

"Happy?" She asked with a smile.

"Very." He said.

When they arrived at home Linda pulled the car into the garage and shut the engine off.

"Stay put. I'll sneak you out some shorts in a few minutes." She said.

"Thanks mom...for today." Bobby said.

"I let you cross some serious boundaries with me today, slugger. I'm assuming you want things like that to continue?" She asked.

"Hell yeah." He said.

"Then here are the rules...Number one: what we do is between you and I only...got it?" She said sternly.

"Yep." He answered.

"Number two: we only play when and where I decide...period." She said.

"Okay." Bobby nodded.

"And number three...I meant what I said about your school-work. I stuck up for you today because I truly believe that the priority of a boy your age is his penis. If yours wants the kind of attention it got today...then you're gonna need to keep your grades up." She said.

"I will. I promise." Bobby said.

Linda gazed straight into his eyes.

"One more thing. I'm not gonna kid you Bobby...if things keep going like this sooner or later you and I are gonna be making love." She said.

Bobby's heart was pounding in his chest. Was he dreaming?

Oh my God...I'm gonna fuck mom. I'M GONNA FUCK MOM!!! He thought.

"Once we do I might get a little clingy...but that's what we women do. Just be patient with me...okay boners?" She said with a little smile.

"Okay boobs." He grinned.

Normally Bobby would shy away from family gatherings by after the wild events of the day he wanted to be as close to his mom as possible.

While the family hung out and chatted Bobby sort of lingered in the background, taking every opportunity to watch his beautiful mother.

Linda had showered and was now wearing a short pale-pink polyester skirt and thin white cotton tee. Bobby could hear the click of her dainty high-heeled sandals as she moved about the house.

Every once in a while Linda would stare over at him, her eyes looking him up and down like a hot chick at a night club checking out the hunk across the room.

Oh God my baby is so handsome. I just wanna rip off all his clothes and get him inside me where he belongs. She thought, the voice of reason no longer there.

Bobby felt a rush of wicked excitement every time his mom's eyes met his and she gave him that cute little wink.

Their flirty exchanges hadn't gone unnoticed by someone else at the gathering. Linda's mother Beth was keenly aware of the sexual tension growing between her daughter and grandson. A smiled wickedly crossed her face as she watched them tease one another.

There's something naughty going on between those two. I just wonder... Beth thought.

After dinner Bobby retreated to the back deck to keep from getting roped into playing guitar hero with his dad and the other men of the family.

It wasn't long before he heard the familiar clicking of his mom's heels approaching from behind him.

"I wondered where you disappeared to." She said, strolling up behind him.

"Didn't feel much like playing." He said.

"You must have something else on you mind." She said teasingly, hugging him from behind.

"Yeah." Bobby smiled, sighing as he felt his mom's soft tits press against his back and her chin rest on his shoulder.

"So do I." She said, sneaking her hand under the hem of bobby's shorts and combing her nails through his pubes.

Bobby felt two of her fingers part as the thick root of his shaft slipped between them.

Sooo thick. Oh Linda, you're stretching your fingers around the base of your son's cock and you can see your husband right inside the window. Oh how wicked exciting! She thought.

"Wanna go for a walk?" She asked softly.

"Where?" Bobby asked.

"How bout the playground? It's dark and quiet this time of night...perfect for two people who just wanna be alone and...play." She said, giving him a light sensual peck on his neck.

"Get a room you two." Came a female voice behind them.

"Jesus mother, you startled the shit out of me." Linda sighed.

Beth smiled as she walked over and stood beside them.

"Having a mother and son bonding moment are we?" Beth asked.

"As a matter of fact we were. Bobby, why don't you go inside and tell your dad we're going for a walk while I talk to Grandma." Linda said.

"Okay." Bobby said, leaving the two women alone.

Oh my God my mother knows. I can see it in her face. Linda thought.

"Were we being that obvious?" Linda asked with a little smile.

"Only to a mother who's raised three boys." She said, sharing a knowing smile with her daughter.

They watched Bobby though the window as he stopped to chat with a few of his cousins.

"I can understand what you must being going though, sweetheart. He's beautiful." Beth said, taking her daughter's hand.

"I absolutely adore him." Linda said, chewing on her bottom lip as she gazed at her son dreamily.

"And for a mother to adore her son in every way is perfectly natural." Beth said, giving her hand a squeeze.

"So I'm doing the right thing then?" Linda said, turing to face her mother.

"Are you following your heart?" Beth asked.

"YES." Linda answered.

"Then how could it ever be wrong? The love a mother has for her son is like no other...and when it turns to lust there is no force on this earth that can keep you from him...not even the bonds of marriage." Beth said.

Linda glanced through the window at her husband who was playing the game with his brothers as she nodded in agreement.

I love Ron dearly...he makes a good living for Bobby and I and if he ever found out I know it would break his heart. But mom's right...nothing's going to keep me from making love to my son. Nothing. Linda thought.

"Just be careful. What husbands don't know...won't hurt them." Beth said.

"I will." Linda smiled.

Hand in hand Linda and Bobby strolled up the sidewalk, the 4-inch heels of her sandals clicking against the concrete.

"So Grandma knows then?" He asked.

"Yes...Grandma knows and don't worry...it's okay." Linda said.

"She doesn't care?" Bobby asked.

"Whatever it is I want, that's what your grandma wants for me. That's the way mother's are." Linda said.

"What is it you want?" Bobby asked.

"That's a silly question... Isn't it obvious...I want you." She said softly.

Bobby's heart was doing somersaults in his chest.

"But first...you're gonna have to catch me." She said, slipping out of her heels and running down a grassy hill into the park.

Bobby followed after her as she made for the playground, giggling like a little girl. Even on the warm summer night the park was very dark and private, surrounded on three sides by a thick wooded area.

Before Bobby could arrive Linda climbed up the metal latter of a huge children's fort.

Bobby walked underneath it, trying to locate where she was on the wooded deck above.

"Booonnneerrrr." He heard her cute little call.

He went to a pole slide that rose up into a circled opening and saw his mom right above him holding the pole as she squatted over the hole. Her long legs spread, resting on the squatted toes of her sexy bare feet. He could see the swell of her thick labial meat through her thin white panties.

"See something you like?" She asked teasingly, smiling down at him.

She reached down with one hand, holding the bar with the other and rubbed her pussy up and down through the thin fabric. She gave it five quick slaps with the tips of her fingers.

"Come and get it." She said.

Holy fuck!!! Bobby thought.

He wasted no time jumping onto the pole and pulling himself up towards her. Linda stood, giggled and darted away.

Bobby climbed up through the hole and onto the deck.

"Boooobby." His mom's sweet voice called teasingly.

He saw her on the other side of the deck bridge. She was leaning against a wall with her back to him and her skirt pulled up around her waist.

She slowly peeled her panties over her shapely ass, stopping just below the cheeks. She stared back at him teasingly as she squeezed the meaty buttocks with her long nails.

Bobby heart was racing, his erection now tenting out obscenely in his shorts. The site of her long tan legs crowned by such a beautiful ass was enough to take his breath away. He intinctively grabbed the rod through his shorts and gave it a few slow stokes.

"How's that long-necked monster? Does he need some butt-hugs?" Linda asked teasingly as she flexed her buttocks, making the soft cheeks ripple.

Like a playful little girl Linda pulled her panties up and hurried into the play-fort tower.

Bobby followed...moving across the bridge deck and into the tower. The little space was dark and his mom suddenly lunged against him...backing him to the wall.

With her tits crushed against his chest Linda dove for his lips giving him a few wet smacks before slipping her tongue inside his mouth. Her long pink snake found his and they began to dance. Twisting and flailing her strong experienced tongue attacked as she brought one of her legs up and curled it around him.

She ran her hands up his shirt..clawing at his hairless chest and thrust her pubis against his upturned rod, trying desperately to get a good position on him.

I want him! Oh my God I want him! So strong! So handsome! Such a big dick! Oh Go help me! Her mind twisted.

She was out of control...like a bitch in heat and Bobby was loving it.

"B-b-bobby." She whined desperately between kisses.

"Ohhhh Bobby!!!" She cried, humping against his erection.

One of Linda's legs was coiled way up around his waist and she use her cute little bare foot to push at his ass, grinding their genitals together.

Holy shit, this is completely surreal. I've never seen mom like this. I never dreamed she could be this horny. Oh man I'm lovin this...but what the hell...why not give her a taste of the teasing. He thought.

"If you want me...you gonna have to catch me now." He said, scurrying away.

"Get back here young man!" Linda playfully ordered,

Bobby rushed for the slide but before he could go down his mom was grabbing at him. Linda sat behind him throwing her legs around him and pulling him back against her chest.

Now laying upside down on top of her, Bobby felt his mom's tongue flailing against his neck. Linda grabbed the iron-hard dong through his shorts and started stroking.

"Thinking you could get away from me." She said playfully.

Bobby thrust his hips, humping at his mom's fist as she jerked. He gazed down at her tiny hand...wrapped tightly around his cloth covered erection. Her wedding ring sparkled in the moonlight as she pulled up and down on a few inches of meat.

Oh yeah...this is fuckin good. Holy shit!!! Bobby thought.

Suddenly the two of them slid unexpectedly down the slide. Linda screamed playfully as they arrived at the bottom, still clinging to her son.

"I wanna swing." She softly giggled.

She stood up, took his hand and pulled him towards the swing set. Linda quickly hopped into a swing and Bobby stood there a few feet in front of her, his big excited pecker tenting straight out under his shorts.

Like a drooling child he watched his mom extend her long tan legs, flexing them together as she began to swing up and back. She swung towards him, stretching her little toes out. Before she could

swing back she drug them down the head of his erection, making it bob up and down.

She did it again and her and Bobby giggled as her toes slipped across the tip and his big awkward pole just sort of nodded up and down.

"So big and hard." She bragged.

"You make it that way." He said.

"Makes me feel good to know I give my handsome son such strong erections." She said with a naughty smile.

I'm gonna bury it. I'm gonna bury it inside my own hot MILF of a mother. Bobby thought.

"Grab my feet." Linda whispered.

As she swung towards him Bobby grabbed her little feet, holding her in place.

"Now move forward a little." She smiled.

Bobby walked forward until his pointing peter slid between his mom's feet. He held her by the heels as Linda began to massage his blood engorged phallus. She slid his meat back and forth between the arches of her feet and bumped his scrotum with her toes making his sack wobble between his legs.

That shaft feels so long and sooo thick against my little feet. My toes are bumping his scrotum and it's so soft...so heavy with those big sperm filled balls inside. She thought.

"Momma's little feet feel good, don't they sweetheart." Linda said lovingly.

"Y-yeah...this is the best." Bobby muttered.

"Doubt that...there's probably a few other things that would feel a lot better around that big monster." She said with a wink.

Linda spread her feet and her legs began to part.

"Run your hands up my legs." She said

Bobby worked his hands up her calves and as he did Linda pulled him forward with her feet. Gradually her legs parted and Bobby gazed down at her sweet clam through her sheer white panties.

There it is...the gates of paradise. Jesus look at the crotch of her panties...they're fucking soaked. He thought.

His hands slid up the silky-soft backs of her thighs and as her legs curled around him he felt her heels push at his ass, beckoning him further forward.

Bobby stepped forward until his dick turned upward, pressing against her mommy-muffin. They both smiled at the way his shaft seemed to be jutting up from her pubis.

"Wow, you're packing an aweful lot of meat between those legs, kiddo." Linda smiled.

"Is that good?" Bobby asked.

"It certainly is. It's been a long time since I've had someone touch bottom. I don't think you'll have any problems." She said.

Touching bottom! God damn, mom's talking about her pussy. She's talking about me bottoming out inside her pussy! He thought.

Linda leaned back making the swell of her tits balloon and as her shirt rode up Bobby looked down at the sexy contour of her belly with it's cute little belly button.

"Look Bobby...my legs are wrapped around you...just like in your dream." She smiled.

"Well...almost." He blushed.

"Ohhh, that's right. I guess if we wanted it to be like your dream...we'd have to take that long-necked monster out of his cave and let him slide down inside my sweet tunnel of love." Linda said lovingly.

Bobby couldn't say anything his heart was racing so fast.

"It that something you think you're ready for?" Linda asked.

"N-now?" Bobby muttered.

She looked at him with batted eyelashes, biting on her bottom lip as she nodded.

H-here?" Bobby asked.

This is it Linda. Your about to be balled by your own son and the dick of your dreams. Oh what I'd give for my big soft bed right now. Desperate times call for desperate measures...just like at Orgy Shores. She thought.

Linda sat up and wrapped her arms around her son's neck. The swing dropped from under her so that she was now clinging only to Bobby, with her soft shapely legs still wrapped around him.

"Over there...in the grass." She said, motioning towards a dark grassy area near the woods.

Bobby carried her over to the spot his mom had in mind and softly laid her down. Her dreamy brown eyes stared hungrily into his as she reached down and slipped her panties down her legs.

"Take off your shorts." She whispered.

Bobby peeled his shorts off and his big throbbing baby-maker stuck out straight as an arrow.

Linda lay back on the grass, throwing her legs up into the birthing position. Bobby gazed down at her flower. It was in full bloom...her outer and inner labia splayed wide open and glistening with vaginal lubricant. Peeking out from under it's hood, her clit protruded out like a tiny engorged penis. She wasted no time reaching out for her baby.

"Come here." She softly whispered in a cute little mommy tone.

Bobby took a big nervous gulp and crawled down between her strong matronly legs. As his weight rested against her Linda curled her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her waiting lips.

He we go... He excitedly thought.

They kissed hungrily and their tongues began to dance.

Bobby's shaft was crushed against his mom's clit, her little patch of pubic fuzz tickling his crown and the sensitive underside. He thrust his hips a few times, sawing across her engorged nub.

Linda tilted her pelvis, trying to help him into position. The long awkward dong drug past her clit and licked its way down past her gash, pushing against her butt-hole. The drooling helmet prodded and probed, aching for an entrance.

Bobby felt a little hand clutch it by the root, helping it along. After dragging it between the soft moist folds of her vulva Linda fed the bloated bell-shaped head down into her creamy socket.

Oh sweetie, let Mommy help you take it to paradise. All that meat. All that thick throbbing cock-meat! Oh God, Linda this is gonna feel sooo fucking good! She thought.

"O-O-OHHH!" Bobby voice quivered as he felt the heat of his mother's pit.

She released his peter and he knew it was go-time. Easing forward Bobby felt her warm walls of pink pussy expand around his girth.

"Holy shit." The teen muttered, his body quivering excitedly as his mom landed squishy wet kisses on his face.

He backed out an inch, then drove forward again, slowly plunging his vien-encrusted pipe deep inside the soft wet warmth of cupid'd glove.

"OHHHMYGOD...SO BIG!!" Linda muttered, as she felt his cock-meat stretch her birth canal.

Again Bobby backed out a few, then drove even deeper...his smothered cock-head searching for bottom. Finally, as his soft hairless scrotum hugged Linda's butt-hole he felt the tip of his pecker nudge the squishy head of her cervix.

"OH BOB-B-Y!" Linda's voice quivered.

His head spun as he felt his cock completely surrounded by the clutching sponge-furnace. It was just like in his dream...only better as Linda wrapped her long tan mommy-legs up around the teenagers waist.

"Make love to me." She whispered.

Slowly, Bobby's hips set in motion...not with long hard strokes...but with the kind of thrusts that were ideal for a first-timer...slow and easy.

Linda's slippery vaginal walls hugged the girthy erection as it just sort of wormed repeatedly up and back a few inches. Pre-cum

drooled from Bobby's knob as it licked the soft creamy head of Linda's cervix over and over.

Oh my God...I'm a motherfucker! I'm finally a motherfucker and it feels so fucking good! Bobby thought.

"Kiss me." Linda sighed.

This was it...just like in Bobby's dream only so much better. As their tongues rolled and flailed together wildly he began to instinctively pick up the pace, with long cunt-pounding stokes. On every down stroke Bobby felt Linda's pink pussy constrict around the meat of his peter, smothering it with the warm velvety softness of mommy-pussy.

Back at the house Linda's husband Ron sat next to his mother on the couch...sipping down the last of his beer.

"Linda and Bobby have been gone for awhile. Hope everything's okay." He said.

Beth rubbed his shoulder as she looked into his eyes with a smile.

Oh my poor boy. I'm sure you still have a sweet dick...but you just can't compete with a horny big-dicked teenager. My Linda will still call you husband...but sexually sweetheart...you've lost her. Beth thought.

"Oh sweetie, don't you worry about a thing. I'm sure they're fine. She's with that strong handsome son of yours. I'm sure he'll take good care of her." Beth said.

Back at the park Bobby's huge powerful cock was jack- hammering Ron's wife's hungry twat. His thick bulging rod was almost a blur as it plunged in and out of it's clutching host. A thick buttery froth of both mom and son sex-cream coated his phallus and dripped from his balls as they beat against the puckered ring of Linda's butt-hole.

"O-h-h-h-h, mom...I'm gonna cum!" Bobby muttered.

"CUM!" Linda said.

"OOOOOONNNGNGCUUMMMIIINGGG!!!" Bobby groaned.

"MEEE TOO!" Her cute voice sang.

"UUUGGHH!!! UUUGGHHH!!! UUUGGHHH! UUUUUGGHHH!" Bobby squirted a long thick rope with each primitive grunt.

Linda buried her face in his neck and whimpered as her cunt began explode, squeezing and rippling against the meat of Bobby's hammering, squirting erection.

For what seemed like forever their bodies bucked, shook and thrashed together...Linda's strong tan legs keeping his body locked to hers. These were orgasms at their most intense.

Fifteen minutes later mom and son were dressed and again strolling up the sidewalk, hand in hand. This time towards home. Linda squeezed his hand.

"You okay?" She asked.

"Oh yeah. I just wish I could have lasted longer." He said.

"Oh...sweetie, you did wonderful." She smiled, stopping to turn towards him.

"Thanks." He sighed.

"If you're interested in extending the experience...I'm sure old mom has a few tricks she can teach you." Linda said.

"Cool... Instead of two minutes we can go for two hours." Bobby smiled.

"Or four hours." She said, resting her hands on his shoulder.

"That would be sweet." Bobby said.

"Or maybe...just maybe...I could keep you going all night." She said with a wicked little grin.

"That'll be pretty tough with dad around." Bobby said.

"Well I guess I'll just have to get creative won't I? Get you inside me whenever and wherever I can." She said.

"I like the sound of that." Bobby said.

"Me too sweet baby. Me too." Linda said, as they continued up the walk hand in hand.

23: Building Stamina…with Mom

Building Stamina…with Mom

By Klrxo

"Trevor, I know your watching the game with your dad, honey, but can I speak to you privately for a minute?"

Trevor followed his mom into the downstairs hallway, watching the rounded cheeks of her meaty buttocks sway beneath her miniskirt.

"Come into the guest bedroom with me, so we can have some privacy," said Chelsea, stepping aside and closing the door once her son stepped inside the room. She locked it as well, just to make sure they'd remain undisturbed.

The boy felt a little intimidated as his beautiful, dark-haired mother stared him in the eyes, while moving over to the guest bed to sit down. As she rested on the mattress, Chelsea's oversized tits jostled beneath her blouse; their immense weight somehow held by the tiny spaghetti straps of her dress. "Come sit next to me on the bed," she requested, patting the spot next to her.

"Am I in trouble?" Trevor asked.

Chelsea giggled. "No, you're not in trouble. Why, are you feeling guilty about something, young man?" she asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"No ma'am. I was just asking."

"Stacey Johnson…that's the name of the girl you dated last night, correct?"

"Yes."

"Her mother called me this morning…very concerned. It sounds like the two of you had sex in her bedroom last night, and things didn't go very well, did they?"

"I thought things went ok," Trevor replied.

"Well, you may think they did, honey…but that's not what Stacey is saying. She told her mother that you left her VERY unfulfilled, because you came much too quickly."

"Oh," the boy muttered, shamefully hanging his head.

The mother reached over and rested her hand on his comfortingly. "Trevor, I want you to be honest with me. How long did you last with Stacey, from the time you penetrated her to your orgasm? And don't lie to me, because I already know the answer. Stacey's mom told me…and she also said that she refuses to let you fuck her daughter again until I can assure her that you've increased your sexual stamina. How long did it take you to ejaculate your semen inside Stacey last night?"

"A few minutes," the boy replied.

"Ok, that's what her mother told me too, so thank you for being truthful. I don't want you dating any more girls until we have this problem fixed, understood?"

"Problem?" Trevor asked, confused by what his mother meant.

She stared into his eyes with matronly authority. "Yes…it's a problem. What you had last night was called a pre-mature ejaculation. If you don't fix the issue, then rumors will go around that you're a lousy fuck, then you'll never have girls wanting to go on dates with you," she explained.

"Do you think there's something wrong with me?"

"No, baby…there's nothing wrong with you. Lots of boys your age cum quickly during sex when they're first starting out. Your young erect penis is VERY tender and excitable at your age. You have to learn AND practice something called 'staying power.' Having 'staying power' or stamina will allow you to fuck a girl savagely, for several hours, giving her multiple body-trembling orgasms before you ejaculate."

"Oh, well…that makes sense I guess."

His mom squeezed his hand. "Lasting longer in bed means more pleasure for you too, kiddo. It's kind of like playing a really fun video game.

Imagine if you could only play it for two minutes…how disappointing that would be. By cumming to quickly, you miss out on the wonderful sensations of having your penile meat exquisitely milked. Not to mention having it soaked in female ejaculate when you make a girl cum."

"I'd like to experience those things, so I guess I SHOULD fix my problem," he confessed, gawking at his mom's enormous breasts. The neckline was cut so long the he could see the top fringes of her areolas peeking out.

"Well, that's good to hear. Admitting you have a problem and that you're willing to take the steps to fix it is a great start! Developing sexual stamina isn't easy, but the process can be A LOT of fun!" Chelsea expressed.

"Do I have to take a special course or something?"

This made his mom laugh. "No, there's not a special course you have to take, honey. Everything you need to know about your penis can be taught to you right here at home…that's why boys have moms."

"You mean…YOU can help me?" Trevor asked in surprise.

"Of course, I can help you, BUT…" she started, staring deeply into his eyes, "it would have to involve having your dick inside me. It would be the only way to properly condition your erection to the feel of having hot, wet pussy around it. Are you ok with that?"

Trevor's heart was racing. He couldn't believe what his mom was suggesting. Fantasies of having sex with her were an almost daily occurrence in his sex-crazed brain. "Yeah, I'd be ok with that," he eagerly replied.

"Alright, just checking. Oh, and one other thing… Even though I'm only doing this to help you…we will be 'technically' having sexual intercourse, which is not something your father would be too happy about. Let's keep these lessons just between us, ok?"

Trevor was more than happy to agree, giving her a reaffirming nod. "Sound good to me." He watched his mom's eyes drift up his young body curiously.

"So, tell me, baby…how many girls have you been with…sexually?"

Chelsea asked.

"Seven."

"Oh, seven, huh? Well…you're off to a good start. Have you fucked any married moms, my age?" she boldly asked.

"No," Trevor uttered, shaking his head. Mature pussy wasn't something he

had experienced yet, but he couldn't wait to try it.

"No? I'm shocked! It seems like every mom I know is looking for a young teenage dick to ravage," Chelsea expressed. "Did all of the times that you've had sex so far end in under five minutes, like it did with Stacey?"

"Pretty much, yes."

"Well, that certainly NOT acceptable! You and I will fix your issue, so you don't let any more girls down. Once you have some 'staying power' to go along with those good looks you'll be getting all the pussy you can handle, trust me!"

"Cool. Thanks for being so willing to help."

Chelsea glanced at the door, then back at her son. "Do you wanna go back to watching the game with your father, or would you like me to show you a technique right now that could help you?"

Trevor's heart skipped a beat with excitement. "I'd rather start learning,"

he replied.

"OK then, baby…why don't you stand up and take off your pants and

briefs," Chelsea requested, sitting up.

Trevor hesitated nervously, and his mother noticed that he was blushing.

"You're turning red," she stated with a warm smile, then looked him in the eyes reassuringly. "Hey, look at me…it's just the two of us here,

Trevor. You don't have to be shy with me. Just do exactly what I say and I promise…mommy will do everything in her power to make you a sexual rock star."

"Alright," the teen nodded.

"Now go ahead…stand up and pull them down."

Trevor did as she asked, pulling down his jeans. "There you go…now your briefs," she urged, then watched him slide his underwear down, exposing his young rigid prick. "Good boy!"

The pretty mother's blue eyes traveled the length of his jutting hardon.

"Oh, honey…you're already fully erect. That's wonderful!" "Thanks," he whispered.

"Wow, your so…long and thick! Look at those bulging veins crisscrossing up your shaft!" Chelsea admired, her cunt smoldering as she stared at her boy's dick. She didn't understand how his cock could be so much longer and thicker than her husband's. "Your erection looks so fucking hard and strong…no wonder Stacey was disappointed when you shot off so quickly."

"Do girls like a dick the size of mine?" the boy asked.

"Of course women love bigger dicks like yours. Some won't admit it, of course, but that's only because they don't want to offend their tiny-dicked husbands, "Chelsea giggled. "Women's pussies are made to be stretched and fucked really hard by large cocks. This stimulates their nerve endings and gives them tremendous, body-trembling orgasms."

"I'd love to see a girl have one of those!"

Chelsea was having the hardest time prying her eyes away from her son's jutting prick. It was the most impressive slab of manhood she'd ever seen. "Do you see the two big ligaments bulging out at the base of your erection?"

"Yes," Trevor replied.

"Those are built to sustain the force of your thrusts and allow you to engage in hours of vigorous cunt-thrusting. The problem that often keeps THAT from happening though is right here on your fat bell-tip," Chelsea explained, pointing with the long painted nail of her finger. "Do you see how swollen your glans are, honey? When your knob's engorged with blood like that, it exposes a high concentration of nerve endings. So when you begin pounding it through the hot, wet, pink, flesh of a girl's pussy it stimulates those pleasure-centers and causes you to hose out your sticky cum-load too quickly. That's called a premature ejaculation, which is what you've been having."

"I guess you're right. IT IS a problem I should fix."

His mom smiled and nodded in agreement. "If you don't solve this problem now, you'll have a tough time getting pussy. If you do get a wife, it won't before long before she's cheating on you with someone who can fuck her for longer and make her cum. You don't want that, do you, baby?"

"No," Trevor replied.

"What we need to do then is teach you to control the sensations on your penis, so that they don't trigger your orgasm. Having a female pussy cum on your cock is the most amazing feeling a boy can experience, and so far it sounds like you've missed out on that," Chelsea preached. "You need to learn how to enjoy the wonderful friction and stimulation that a tight, smoldering cunt can provide you, without letting it send signals through your nervous system that result in ejaculation."

"So…um, how do we start?" her son asked.

"I think the best way to start, and teach you is by giving your stiff boy- cock some attention. Not by my pussy just yet. Mommy's hot fuck-hole will be the ultimate test, so you'll need to show me you're ready for that before I bury you to the balls inside me."

"Whatever you think is best," Trevor agreed, his heart racing excitedly.

The heavy-titted mother gazed at her son's flaring prick-knob, slowly dragging her tongue between her lips. "I'm gonna start by licking and sucking on your peter, particularly your bell-shaped crown. That way I can easily coach you through this as we go along. Later…once I feel your ready, I'll sheath your cock with my pussy, so you can practice your technique. How's that sound, honey?"

"Awesome!" Trevor blurted, making his mom laugh.

"Well…someone sounds excited by that idea. You're so fucking adorable, you know that?" she expressed, gazing at him in way that could easily melt the boy's heart if it went on for too long.

"Thanks!" he blushed.

"Ok…step up here. Let's get started," Chelsea instructed, focusing on his cock again. "Ohh, honey…you're leaking a lot of pre-cummies out your piss-slit. Don't you worry…mommy will lick up all that ball-drool while she sucks on your knob."

The mother crouched down in front of him, grasped his cock at the root, then began sucking the tender crown of his erection. Trevor felt her tongue dart all over his sensitive tip. It looped around and around the bulb, tracing his coronal ridge. Then, her licker swiped across his piss-slit, followed by a series of rapid butterfly licks on the stretched band of his frenulum.

"Oh, Trevor, your dick tastes SO good!" Chelsea sighed, after his knob popped from her lips. "Do you like it when girls suck on your boner, baby? Yeah? You like to shove your cock-meat down their pretty mouths? The ring of a girl's lips feel really good gliding up and down your boy-meat, don't they?"

His mother went back to sucking, plunging it in deeper this time, so she fed more of his hot dick-meat into her mouth.

A minute passed before she removed his cock from between her lips.

"Mmm, your pre-cummies taste so sweet! You're gonna have all sorts of girls sucking on your juicy dick, baby. Now, mommy's gonna fuck her mouth around you. I want you to grab the back of my hair, so you can control your thrusting. Glide your cock through my mouth like it's a pussy. Just stop moving once you feel your ejaculation approaching. Once you do that, wait a moment, and then start again, once you feel the sensation pass. This is called the start-stop technique. Are you ready? OK, grab my hair and plunge your cock in."

Trevor thrust his hips, plunging his pecker through his mom's mouth and into her throat. He loved how the ring of her lips looked like vaginal flanges, collaring the meat of his erection. This made his dick throb and

his knob tingle exquisitely. He quickly yanked his boner from her mouth before he got to close to cumming.

Chelsea pulled his cock back to her lips and spoke into it like it was a meaty microphone. "No…don't take it out, Trevor!" she shouted. "You NEVER pull out of a girl's pussy unless you're changing positions, do you understand?!"

"Yes!" he gasped, his erection twitching stiffly, making a big gob of semen ooze from his meatus and trickle down into his mom's cleavage.

"If you're close to cumming, you simply stop moving, like I told you. Now, plunge your cock all the way into my throat and hold it there, until the sensation passes. When it does you need to start thrusting again…understood?!"

"Yes, ma'am," he breathlessly replied, then thrust his hips forward jabbing his boner into her throat until his mother's lips were plastered around his cock-root. "Ahhh!" he shuddered, from the feel of having his prick completely orally encapsulated, while holding his mom's head to his crotch.

Chelsea felt her teen's knob mushroom in her gullet as more semen escaped his cock, trickling down her prick-stuffed throat. Like most moms her age, she was a master cock-sucker, allowing her son to stay fully lodged in her throat for the longest time without gagging. She finally came up with a gasp.

"That was excellent!" she exclaimed. "I could feel your cock throb in my mouth, then I noticed you paused, just like I told you. Do you see how it's allowed you to fuck for longer? Let's try it again! Hold on to my hair. I want you to really pump your erection through my mouth this time! Your mom's an experienced cocksucker, so you're not gonna hurt me."

The teen grasped her by her hair again and rammed his rod through her circled lips. Each time he reared back she would quickly flail her tongue on his knob before he thrust it back again. "Ahhh…ohhh, wow!" he whimpered, then dug his cock in deep again and held there, letting his

semen-load settle back down. Chelsea huffed for air as his dick popped from her mouth.

"Wow, baby…you ARE a quick learner! Do you see how much longer you're lasting just by pausing when you get close to ejaculating your seed?" she asked, then lowered her pretty eyes to admire the long, vein-encrusted meat-cannon in front of her.

"Yeah, it seems to be getting easier," her boy replied.

"Do you think you're ready for mommy to take her panties off? Are you ready to put your newly-learned skill to the test? Hmm? Are you ready to be buried to your cock-base inside mommy's hot, wet pussy?"

"Uh, yeah!

"Yeah? Alright then…" Chelsea stated, standing up straight and peeling off her blouse. "Let mom get out of this skirt and she'll peel off her thong panties. You lay down on the bed, on your back and get ready for me."

Trevor did as she asked, watching his mom slide her dainty black panties off. The sight of her shaved pubis made his boner jump up and down with excitement. The thick outer lips of Chelsea's vulva met in the middle to form a fleshy camel toe.

"There you go!" she cooed, looking at him sprawled out on the bed, just as she asked. "Ohh, look at that dreamy dick…standing up straight, all rock- hard and ready for mommy, Chelsea mewled, crawling onto the bed like a hungry cougar. "Mmm, let me mount these young loins and get your meat inside my tight little fuck-hole."

"You shave down there?" Trevor asked, swallowing hard as he continued

to stare at his mom's pussy.

"Yeah, mommy shaves her pussy. Isn't it pretty? You like these plump labial lips?" she asked, mounting his haunches, then reaching down and peeling her fleshy cunt apart as it hovered above his boner. "Here, let me spread them apart so you can see mommy's pink slit. Ohh, isn't that nice, baby? Here…let me peel back the hood too, so you can see my fat juicy clit."

"Woah!" the teen muttered, marveling at her grape-sized nubbin as it stuck out beneath it's sheath, fat and juicy.

His mom began giggling. "Ohh, I saw your boner twitching. Is somebody eager to feel this pussy from the inside? Yeah? Are you ready to prove yourself a man, baby…by not cumming too quickly?"

"I'll do my best," he replied.

"Mmm, let's bury your horny bullhorn inside me then," Chelsea hissed,

sinking down on her boy's steely cock.

"Ohhhhh, yes! Oh, honey…you feel SO good! Do you feel your leaky knobby kissing mommy's cervix? That means you have me completely full, baby," Chelsea exclaimed. "You have mommy's hot pussy stuffed full of boy-cock. We'll just sit here a moment in full penetration and let my juices soak you. That'll get your stiff cock nice n slippery so we can practice fucking."

Trevor stared at his mom's thin, strapless bra, which could barely contain the enormity of her breasts. "Do you think you can take your bra off?" he boldly asked.

"Well…I suppose I could take off my bra," she answered, smiling teasingly. "You wanna watch mommy's big titties jump up and down, while she fucks you? Yeah? OK, let me take this off then."

Trevor watched with ogling eyes as his mother reached back and unclasped her skimpy bra. Her mammoth jugs bobbled free as she removed the cups. "There…is that better?" she asked.

"Hell, yes!" the boy blurted, flabbergasted at the sight of his mom's naked jugs.

Chelsea giggled at his reaction. "Oh, honey…your eyes got so big all of the sudden! Do you like mommy's big, heavy tits?" she asked, giving them a teasing wobble back and forth. "They're much larger than those on the girls at school, aren't they?

She cupped her mams, so she could draw attention to her erect teats. "See how thick and hard my nipples are? That's how they get when I have a big

cock like yours stuffed inside me, baby. Another cool thing about being able to fuck for a long time, is it gives you a chance to suck on big tits like these," she expressed.

"I definitely love doing that!" Trevor shared.

"Now, I want you to reach out and hold mommy's hips, while she rides your teenage cock. We're gonna go slow at first. When you get close, you pull me against you and we'll pause. You DO NOT pull out, under any circumstances, do you understand?! If you feel like you're gonna cum, we'll pause for as long as you need to. Once the sensation passes, we'll begin fucking again. Are you ready?"

"Yes!"

The mother began to hump up and down on the satisfying stiffness of his pecker. "Mmm, that's it, Trevor. Let's find a nice, steady fuck-rhythm," she panted.

"How's this?" he asked, humping his ass from the mattress.

"Good, baby! Ohh…your penis is so incredibly hard! Do you like how mommy's pussy feels? Can you feel all those wonderful spongy pleats squeezing around you, baby?"

"Yes!" he gasped. He marveled at how much better feeling his mom's pussy felt than the younger girls he'd fucked. He knew this

was due to her strong coital muscles and her experience at flexing them.

Chelsea felt her boy's prick quiver and lurch as it glided through her pleasure-pit. "Oh, you're REALLY throbbing, aren't you?! I can feel your knob mushrooming inside me. Don't you fucking cum! You pull me against you and we'll pause, ok?"

No sooner did she said that than Trevor jammed his cock in all the way and held it there. He pulled his mom down against him, feeling her fatty tits squash on his bare chest.

His mom gazed him in the eyes proudly. "There you go! Good boy! See there…that's the trick to not ejaculating prematurely. You simply pause before the sex act reaches the critical level of excitement. Is that better?"

Yeah? Are you ready to start fucking mommy's pussy again? Ok, let's get

back to humping."

Once again, they fucked steadily for several minutes, before Trevor paused as he felt his ejaculation approaching..

"Good job, Trevor. Pull me against you!" his mom coached. "Let your orgasm subside. Excellent job! Do you see how easy that is? Are you ready for mommy to REALLY test your stamina by riding your cock hard and fast? Yeah? Ok, honey…here we go!"

Chelsea ass flew up and down as she pummeled her pussy on her boy's erection. Her enormous boobie-orbs leaped up down on her chest, their fatty flesh rippling each time they struck her tummy on the downward swing. Trevor fucked his mom with equal vigor, stabbing his hard, pink dick through her tightly-clutching vagina.

"Ohhh, there's my little fuck-hound! Show mommy what you're made of, baby!" the dark-haired mother cheered. "Mmm, you get to practice on mommy and be her handsome, big-dicked motherfucker today, don't you?"

"Yes!" Trevor gasped in response, his peter-meat tingling from the exquisite friction of his mom's slippery cunt. He groaned in delight.

"Don't you cum, baby! Don't you dare fucking cum!" Chelsea warned, as she frantically worked towards her own orgasmic summit. "You fuck this girl and make her gush on you! Do you think you can do that? Huh? Do you think you can make Mommy scream and cum on your fat dick?"

"I can try!" he replied, trying to slow down despite his mom's

determination to fuck hard and fast.

"Mmm, show me that your ready, Trevor! Show me that you know how to fuck pussy!" she shouted, then sensed a renewed energy from her boy.

The teen bucked beneath her, hammering the horny hardness of his erection through her with powerful fuck-thrusts. "There you go…just like that! Ohh, mommy's little cunt-fucker! You'll have all the hot moms wanting to take a ride on this cock!"

Trevor's balls clenched up in their sack, preparing to boil over. "Mmm, make those cummies wait!" his mom demanded. "Make them wait inside your balls so your dick can get all those special pussy-squeezes first!"

Those "pussy-squeezes" that his mom made reference to were making it more and more difficult for him to hold himself back from cumming.

His humping mother continued to tease him, while she fucked tirelessly.

"Mommy feels good squeezing around your glans, doesn't she, baby! Milking that young cock with her cunt-muscles! You like it?! You like to be fucked by an experienced pussy, baby?"

"Oh God, yes, mom…it feels so good!" he whimpered. Lucky for him, his mom was on the edge of a juicy climax herself.

"Ohhh, fuck, mommy's gonna cum! You're doing it, baby!" she shouted, but not too loudly, since there were others in the house.

Trevor jerked clumsily, losing his rhythm, but his mom kept the action going. "NO…don't pause now…DON'T YOU FUCKING STOP!" she demanded. "Keep fucking and cum with Mommy. Hump your hips from the mattress! FUCK ME HARD, BABY BOY!!"

Colored lights flashed before their eyes and it felt like every ounce of life they had was being sucked out through their pleasure-stricken genitals. The sensations they experienced for several minutes, as they beat their bodies together, was extraordinary! For the first time, Trevor felt his cock get soaked in girl-cum as he hosed out the biggest cum-load of his life.

They spent several more intimate minutes holding each other tightly as they regained their normal breathing patterns. "Ohh, honey…what a wonderful mutual orgasm!" Chelsea stated with a satisfied sigh. "Was that the first time a girl's even came with you? Yeah? You like feeling of all that hot female cum-juice running down your balls?"

"Yeah. That feels REALLY amazing!" the boy replied.

"Oh, you made Mommy cum SO fucking hard! I'm so proud of you, baby!"

"I have you to thank, mom," he said, still astounded at how good her squishy breasts felt against his chest as she lay against him.

Chelsea gazed down into her son's eyes dreamily. "Do you feel more confident now? Yeah? Good! I'll call Stacey's mom back and let her know you're ready. You're ready to give her daughter a good, long, nasty fuck. I'm sure she'll get a big smile when she hears her daughter crying out in climax the next time you're over there," Chelsea expressed.

Trevor felt his mom's fuck-muscles come to life again, constricting around him as she continued to speak. "In the meantime, if you feel like you need more practice, mommy would be happy to fuck you again tomorrow after school. We could try out some other sex positions and get REALLY fucking nasty! That way we can help you build even more stamina. How's that sound?"

"Awesome!"

"Yeah…you like that idea?" she grinned. "You like mommy being your little practice fuck-whore. Yeah? You want Mommy on her back next time, so you can crawl down between my thighs and pound me like a fuck- monster?"

"As long as you'll let me, yes!"

"Well…anything to help my boy. Give me a kiss and we'll get you back to your game. I'm sure your father is wondering why our "discussion" is taking so long in here," Chelsea giggled.

Trevor and his mom exchanged a series of passionate kisses. Their tongues thrashed together inside the teen's mouth. The mother finally paused and stared down into his eyes anxiously . "I think I'm gonna want more of those sweet kisses tomorrow. How bout you?"

"Definitely!"

"Yeah? You gonna give me those wet French kisses, while you lay some hot teenage dick inside mommy? Mmm, I can't wait!"

"Can you kiss me again?" Trevor asked, wishing it tomorrow already.

"Yes…a few more kisses, then we need to get up, ok?

Their lips met for more smooching. Peeling them apart certainly wasn't easy for either one of them.

24: Changing Room Debauchery

Mommy's Boudoir – the naughty shenanigans of boys and their stay-at-home moms

"Changing Room Debauchery"

By Klrxo

"Baby, come in here. Mommy needs your help."

"Mom, it's a dressing room!" Alex blurted, looking around to see if anyone was watching.

"I know it's a dressing room, but it's your father and I's anniversary tomorrow and I REALLY need your help deciding on an outfit," Anna explained.

"Can't you just…open the door and show me once you have it on?"

Anna fed him an impatient look. "Would you please just get in here. No one will see you, just rush in and I'll close the door," she demanded.

Alex hurried in and she closed and locked the door behind him. "There…was that so hard? Why are you acting so shy? There's nothing wrong with being alone in a dressing room with your mother. Boys your age do it all the time, I'm sure," the redheaded mother stated. Anna wore a white mini dress with spaghetti straps.

Her son's eyes were immediately drawn to the plunging V-neckline that left exposed her bulging tit-cleavage.

She continued speaking to him, while looking at herself in the full-length mirror. "Mothers love the advice of their sons when it comes to sexy attire. Now, like I said, I need your help in making a decision. I have two outfits here. I need to decide on one for your father and I's anniversary. He's taking me for dinner and dancing, so I need something sexy, but reasonably comfortable."

She turned towards him again, causing her meaty mammaries to wobble heavily. "This is the first outfit. A mini dress with spaghetti straps. What do you think?"

Alex let his eyes drift down her voluptuous frame. His mom's legs exhibited feminine strength and gave off a silky sheen. Her dainty feet with their pink painted toenails were arched wonderfully in high-heeled mules. "I like it!" the boy answered, "and I'm pretty sure dad would too."

"Do you like the sequins or does it make me look a little too… glamy?"

"No, I like them. More classy than glamy, in my opinion," he shared.

Anna motioned to a second dress hanging near the mirror. "This is the other one I like. It's a black tube-top mini dress. I found the cutest strapless bra and panty set to go with it. Look baby, isn't the set beautiful?" the mother asked, holding up the skimpy bra and panties for her son to see.

"Cool. I've never really seen a strapless bra before," he confessed.

"Women wear bras like this when they chose an outfit that's somewhat revealing, so there's no straps that show. Here, let me try them on so I can get your opinion."

Anna shucked off her dress. Her boy caught a glimpse of her white tit-stuffed bra and matching panties before turning away.

The redheaded mom giggled in amusement as she unfastened her big boulder-holder, releasing her giant jugs. "You're so cute. Turning your head away while mommy gets undressed. I'm sure you see the girls you date naked all the time. We're all built the same, honey. Your mother might just be a little more…voluptuous than the other women you look at."

"I can, um…go back out, until you have the outfit on, if you want?" he offered.

"Don't be silly. I'll just slide on these panties…and hook this strapless bra, and you can stop being Mr. timid and tell me what you think."

"Of your underwear?"

"Yes, it's part of the outfit."

Anna had the skimpy black set on in a flash and took a sexy pose in front of her boy, with one sleek mommy-leg slightly cocked out in front of the other. "There we go. Now, give me your honest opinion. Is this set too…revealing?" she asked.

Alex's eyes widened as he saw his mom standing there in a see-through mesh bra and the daintiest crotchless panties he'd ever seen. "Revealing? Yeah, um…you could say that," he muttered.

"Baby, your blushing!" Anna giggled.

"I can see your nipples, mom…what do you expect?"

"Well, yes I know you can see my nipples. The bra was fashioned that way, sweetheart. The fabric is made of transparent mesh, with underwire, so it provides support for women with extremely large breasts like mine. The purpose of the mesh is to give a man a…

teasing glimpse at what's lies beneath the cups," she explained, letting her son's eyes feast on her heavy tits.

"I didn't even know they made bras like that," Alex remarked.

"I'll assume by the way your staring that you approve?" Anna asked with a mischievous smile. "Do you like the look of the soft, sheer mesh and the delicate floral-laced overlay? Do you think it's something that might cause your father to be a little…aroused when he sees me in it?"

The teen was fixated on the rings of his mom's wide areola and the plump-looking nipples that protruded from their centers. "Well, if he doesn't get aroused by that then there's something wrong with him," Alex admitted.

"Glad you approve," she said with a cute little smile, staring right back into his eyes. For a moment she stood there sharing a gaze, while pressing the sides of her boobs between her forearms, making them balloon out beneath the fabric obscenely.

"What about these panties?" Anna asked, placing her hand on her hips to draw attention to her lower-half. "Do you think he'll like these as well?"

The boy's heart pounded excitedly in his chest as he gawked at his mom's crotchless panties. "THOSE are panties?!" he asked.

"Of course they are," Anna answered. "They're just a little skimpier than most panties. They're actually actually a crotchless, string-of-pearls thong. Can you see the little string of faux pearls, here at the crotch opening? Isn't that sexy, baby?"

Alex gulped in arousal as he stared at his mom's bare crotch. The hem of the panty opening framed in her shaved vulva. Anna had thick outer labium, which hid her inner flanges. "I don't think I've

ever seen panties like that either,"Alex confessed, flabbergasted by the fact that he was staring at his own mom's naked pussy.

"Well, the purpose of crotchless panties is to provide easy access to a woman's genitalia, without the need to remove her underwear."

"Oh, I see."

The mother did an excited little bounce on her bare feet, making her fatty breasts quiver. "Oh, I just think they'll be perfect for your father and I's anniversary date, don't you? The thrill of knowing I have such a sexy surprise for him hidden underneath my mini dress. It'll keep me feeling stimulated and tingly all evening long," she beamed.

"They are pretty cool," Alex nodded. "I didn't even know they made such a thing."

"You know what the saddest part for a lingerie-loving mommy like me is?" Anna asked.

"What?"

"Getting myself into an ultra-sexy outfit like this one, only to have to take it off minutes, sometimes even moments after…once the action starts."

"Well, you certainly won't have to if your wearing those," the boy pointed out.

"Exactly my point, darling!" Anna agreed. "Crotchless panties are designed for peak pleasure, without having to pause to remove anything. No awkward dance as I remove my delicates, or getting my panties in a twist as I frantically take them off in a moment of passion."

"I guess they're made for convenience," the boy agreed.

"They sure are. Imagine one of your dates wearing these, honey. Image her lying back on your bed with her pretty legs spread apart. Imagine what you'd see, and how sexy it would be. Her crotchless panties would provide easy access for you. All you'd have to do is climb down on top of her, stick it in and go to work on her," the mother happily explained.

"True, but so far none of my dates have worn anything like that."

Anna fed her boy a naughty grin. "Well maybe you should start dating more girls like your mom," she winked.

"You mean married ones, twice my age?"

"Sure, there's a lot of married moms that would date you, baby. As long as long as your just looking to get your dick wet."

"That doesn't sound so bad," Alex stated.

"I'm sure they'd wanna tease the hell out of you first. Which reminds me, another nice thing about crotchless panties…I'd be able to tease your father all the way to the hotel room. Just by spreading my legs a little, giving him a peek between my smooth thighs, while he drives the car. Showing him that there's nothing there. Nothing covering my shaved pussy," the mother shared.

"Dad would be a fool not to be thrilled by something like that."

"Here baby, let me spin around so you can see the back," Anna said, then twisted around, displaying the meaty cheeks of her rounded derriere.

"There's nothing even there, mom!" the boy observed.

"Of course there's something there, but it's just the string of my thong, so it sort of gets swallowed up by my big butt-cheeks…see?"

Anna contended, pulling the tiny string out from between her fatty ass-globes.

"That's so cool!" the boy gasped, imaging what it would be like to hump his stiff cock along the deep crack separating her buns.

"Ok, last but not least, the black tube-top mini-dress. Let me slip it on for you," Anna stated, then quickly slipped the dress onto her body. "There! Oops, hold on, I picked out some black mule sandals to go with it, ones with six-inch stiletto heels that'll really prop my feet up beautifully."

By now Alex had a raging pillar of cock-meat in his pants. His erection flexed excitedly as he gazed at his mom's tremendous cleavage as she bent over to slip her heels on.

"There we go! What do you think?" Anna asked, straightening her body and taking a sexy standing pose, just like she had before.

"You look…beautiful!" he muttered.

Anna's eyes drifted down to her boy's tented crotch. "Well, well, well…I would say based on the lump in your pants that I made a good decision here."

"Sorry," Alex muttered, trying to conceal it with his hands.

"You don't have to try and hide it, baby. There's no shame in getting hard for your mother. In fact, I'm quite flattered to know that I still have what it takes to stiffen someone as young and handsome as you. That's just the reaction I'm hoping to get from your father, however, I must say…your penis-bulge looks MUCH larger and stiffer than his."

"You think so?" the boy asked, listing to his mother's heels click as she slowly made her way over to him.

"Well, yes, but maybe I'd be able to tell for sure if I got a closer look at it," she answered in a seductive tone, with her eyes still glued to his crotch. "You don't mind that, do you, sugar? If mommy takes a closer look at your…manly bulge."

"No…I don't mind," her son answered.

Anna stepped up to her boy, so her jutting breasts were nearly touching his chest. "Oh, honey…you ARE big!" she stated while staring at his protruding cock. "I will admit that I've kind of suspected that you were well-endowed for a long time. Watching you walk around the house, trying to hide those awkward boners from mommy. Watching it twitch and throb beneath your pants, every time you see my big breasts shift around beneath my robe. You don't need to hide this from me, darling. A body like yours is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Alright," the boy muttered, then watched his mom gaze at him with her beautiful hypnotizing eyes.

"I had a hand in making that thing, didn't I?" Anna asked. "Shouldn't mommy get to see how big it's gotten and how stiff she makes it?"

"Sure," her boy answered.

Alex watched his mom reach down to undo his pants. "Here, baby… let me just unbutton you and pull your zipper down. If you are gifted in a BIG way, then you shouldn't be afraid to proudly display it, especially in front of your mother," she assured him.

The boy's erect cock sprung from his briefs, pointing straight up at his heavy-breasted mom. Anna's pretty eyes widened at the site of the fat barbed tip crowning the long, meaty stalk of his shaft. "Oh, baby…oh, sweetheart, IT IS a nice one! And your pre-cummies look like they've been seeping out of your fat knob like a leaky faucet." (Giggle)

"I guess I, um…did get a little turned on by watching you try on that outfit," he confessed.

"Yeah? Did mommy's body get you excited?"

"Yes…very," he replied.

"May I…feel it? Can mommy feel how thick and stiff it is?" Anna whispered.

"Um…sure," the boy awkwardly answered. Since he'd hit puberty, he'd often fantasized about his mom touching his prick. Now it was really happening and he could hardly believe it.

"Oh, goodness! You are mommy's big boy, aren't you?" Anna beamed, circling her hand around her son's meaty prick and tenderly stroking it. "If your father was this long and hard I'd probably have him up all night. (Giggle) Baby, you're shaking. Don't be nervous. Mommy's got you. Here, sit down on the corner bench…let me come down on you and straddle you, while I hold your dreamy erection in my hand."

With his pants and underwear at his ankles, Alex plopped down on the corner bench and his mom climbed on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips.

"Oh, yes…this is nice," Anna cooed. "Snuggling together in a private fitting room, just you and me. Do you like the way my big breasts are mashed against your lean chest, baby. Do you like how soft and squishy and heavy they are against your young flesh?"

Alex was so thrilled he could hardly think straight. His mom's soft, fatty tits were squashed so hard against him that big, bulging mounds of creamy cleavage-flesh were oozing up around his face.

"Yes! They feel really amazing," he responded.

His mom gazed down at him with her beautiful blue eyes. "I think this is the closest and most intimate we've ever been with each other, and I like it a lot. I know you do too, baby, because I can feel you throbbing and twitching in my hand."

Anna tightened her clasp around the base of her boy's prick. Her big diamond wedding ring sparkled on her finger, reminding them of how absolutely wicked they were being. "God, I love gripping you this way! Your dick feels so big and powerful in my hand…like a meat-sword, with a fat barbed tip that was made for piercing hot, wet pussies, " she sighed. "Would you mind if mommy…brought it up under her skirt. Would you like me to bring it close to my crotch, so you can feel the heat radiating from my own genitals, baby?"

"Yes…I'd love that!" the boy answered.

With her knees astride his hips Anna lowered her lovely ass until her puffy vulvar lips made contact with the knob of her boy's prick.

"There, how's that feel, baby boy. Mommy just wants to…rub your tip against my labial lips. There's no harm in that, right? It's not like you're penetrating my body. We're just rubbing our private parts together and becoming a little bit more acquainted down there."

Alex groaned as he felt his peter-tip plow through his mom's labial folds. His pre-cum smeared through the mouth of her juice-slickened vestibule as it licked back and forth across it.

"Do you see now why mommy likes crotchless panties so much?" Anna softly asked. "You just came right up my skirt and your penis touched the outside of my vagina without even having to take my panties off."

"Yes! I think they're my new favorite kind of panties," her boy responded.

"Yeah? Well maybe mommy will buy more than one pair then," Anna suggested, cocking an eyebrow. "Maybe she'll wear them around the house with a short skirt, so when we're hanging around each other, mommy can spread her warm thighs and give her baby a little peek."

"I would love that," the boy said with a gasp of excitement.

"Yeah? Think you'd like looking up mommy's skirt and seeing her shaved pussy framed in by crotches panties?"

"Oh my God, yes!"

The hot mother let out a whimper of pleasure. "Oh, baby, your dick feels so hot and engorged against my cuntal flesh. I'm just gonna take you a little further, ok? I wanna feel that wonderful spongy knob lodged against my vaginal opening. There's no harm in that, right?"

Alex shuddered at the feel of his bell-tip pressed against his mom's steamy fuck-hole. He could feel the smoldering heat of her pleasure-pit sizzling against his boy-glans.

"Oh, yes…like that," the mother gasped. "Do you like that, darling? Does that feel good on your tender glans? I bet you can feel how wet you're making me. I bet you can feel the heat radiating from my tight little mommy-fuck-hole, can't you?"

"Yes!" the teen hissed as his face sunk further between his mom's squishy tits.

"We love each other so much," Anna cooed. "We're so connected in a way that no one else could understand. We're mother and son, but we're much closer than that, aren't we, baby? We have this sexual curiosity for each other…that we've never really explored."

"True," her son nodded.

"Mmm, what about right there, baby…can you feel THAT?" she asked, dragging his excited tip up to the crown of her cunt-slit. "That's mommy's clitoris. It's super sensitive right now. Oh,

baby…mommy feels so close to you. So…connected in a wonderful new way. There's no where on earth I'd rather be than right here, rubbing our juicy sex-bulbs together. Sharing the most secret and sensitive parts of our bodies with each other. Maybe there'd be no harm in just a little…penetration. Would you like to…put just the tip in, baby? I mean, we've gone this far…we may as well go a little further, right?"

"I don't mind," her son's voice quivered.

They both gasped in unison as the tip of Alex's meaty spear pierced his mother's vagina. The mouth of her snug tube smeared it's slippery secretions across the surface of his swollen knob.

"OHH! Oh, God, that's wonderful!" Anna squealed. "Just…one more inch. One more inch and then we'll stop."

"Oh, wow!" Alex groaned, feeling another three-inches of his cock sink into her tight, warm birthing tube. "That's more than an inch, mom!"

"I know, baby…I'm sorry! (Giggle) Mommy got carried away, didn't she? Oh, honey, I can feel you throbbing inside me. Your dick feels so strong and thick!" the mother mewled.

"You feel amazing too!" he panted. "Could I…go in…a little further?"

"Well, you're already in this far. We might as well let you go in all the way," she replied. "But no thrusting, ok, darling. A boy shouldn't be thrusting inside their mother's married pussy. That would mean we were fucking and that would be…extremely wicked."

Anna's cunt-hole swallowed up the remainder of her boy's length and their bare crotches fused together in full penetration. Both their eyes rolled back in their sockets as Alex's fat cum-drooling cock-head kissed the puffy ring of her external os.

"Oh, baby…you're touching the gate to mommy's womb. The womb that once held you. It hasn't been touched by a man's prick since I was in college," Anna said in wide-eyed delight.

"Dad doesn't touch you there?" her son asked.

"No…he doesn't have the length for it. Which is unfortunate, because there's so many incredible sensations that he's missing out on," the mother answered, then began to slowly swivel her mommy-hips, showing her boy just what kind of 'incredible sensations' she was talking about. "See what I mean, baby. Doesn't that feel out of this world?"

"Whoa, yes!" the teen moaned, feeling his knob stir around in all sorts of wonderful deep cuntal flesh. His erection flexed and his crimson crown mushroomed, stretching his mother's uteri and igniting pleasure receptors along her lining that hadn't been touched in years. "I can see what you mean. Dad doesn't know what he's missing out on."

"It's not that he's small," Anna stated. "It's just that he's no where near as long and thick as you are, baby. And your rigidity! Oh my God, I don't think I've ever had one THIS hard inside me."

Alex boldly slid his hands up her dress and held her wide swiveling hips, while she ground against him. He felt her tighten her fuck-muscles, compressing the tube of her cunt around his erect penis in a lover's grip. "Dang, mom!" he gasped, feeling her corrugated lining swath his big dick in her hot slippery secretions.

Anna gazed down at him helplessly. "Maybe I could…pump on you, just a little bit, but don't cum inside me, ok, baby? I'm not on any

sort of birth control."

"I won't. I promise."

"And you won't think your mother's a whore if she just wants to… ride you…fuck you…for a few minutes, right?"

"No, of course not."

No sooner did the words leave his mouth than his mom starting humping on him. They both shuddered in wicked delight as Alex's stiff erection began plunging through her clasping fuck-tunnel.

The horny mother's rounded ass smacked against her boy's thighs as she rode his erection. "Oh, Alex! This is so wonderful!" she cried out, but not too loudly, so as not to be heard by other women shoppers. The huge muscle of her boy's erection felt as hard as a granite slab. Her squeezing vaginal pleats drug along his meaty stalk, making exquisite pleasure shoot through her lush body. She could see how much he was enjoying the swell of her big tits jostling against him. "If you do something for me…I'll do something for you, deal?" she offered, while continued to hump up and down.

"Do what?" he asked.

"I'll take my tits out and let you enjoy them, if you stick a finger up my ass while we fuck. I absolutely love that!" she desperately pleaded.

"Sounds like a deal to me," her boy replied, smiling from ear to ear.

Anna yanked down her tube top, then her big strapless bra. Her giant breasts came spilling out onto the boy, bouncing and rippling around his wonder-stricken face to the rhythm of her heated humping.

"Dang, their so big!" the teen exclaimed, gawking at one of her huge areolar rings up close. It was thick and crinkled, and her rubbery teat was jutting stiffly, showing her arousal . He dove face-first into the squishy canyon of her cleavage.

"Give me your middle finger, baby. Let me wet it with my mouth. Let me get it slippery so you can bury it inside mommy's asshole," Anna eagerly requested.

She wet her boy's finger with her mouth, letting it glide through the ring of her lips a few times, as if she were sucking his stiff boner. Her tongue twirled wildly around his middle digit, getting it nice and wet for her asshole.

Alex reached around her body to the round bobbing flesh of her ass. He pried between her cheeks and his finger slid easily through the pink crinkled ring of his mother's butt-socket. He pushed it in as deep as it could go, making her gasp in pleasure and bounce on her son even harder.

"Naughty boy!" Anna hissed. "Fucking your mom in the changing room with your finger up her asshole!"

"I love it!" Alex responded, his voice muffled by the pounds of squishy tit-meat surrounding his face.

"What would your father think, huh?" she panted. "What would he think of you fucking his wife on the eve of their anniversary? Jabbing your big, young cock up through the crotchless panties that his wife plans on wearing for him?"

"Sorry…not sorry!" the teen answered, enjoying the way her mammoth jugs jumped and sloshed around his head. He felt his mom's vagina chew at the meat of his dick with wonderful contractions as it pumped through her birthing tube.

"Oh, baby…you're not a 'two-pump chump' like your father at all, are you? Mommy's little man has staying power! He's her little changing room bad boy, isn't he?" she asked with growing intensity in her voice.

After Alex had cum in under thirty-seconds on his first date, he swore to himself that he'd never let that happen again. In the two years since he had trained himself to not cum quickly. When word of his stamina spread around the gossipy girls at school he found himself getting new pussy every week. Even though those girls were tight and wonderful, his mom's pussy presented a whole new challenge. Unlike those of the younger girls, Anna's cunt-tube was lined with rows of thick pink pleats that caused amazing friction around his tender erection. This, along with strong, well-practiced vaginal muscles, made the boy cringe with pleasure each time her pussy took the spike of his steely prick.

"You don't make it easy not to cum, mom," he confessed. "Your pussy feels amazing!"

"I'm glad you're enjoying it, sweetheart," she breathlessly answered. "Would you like mommy to cum on you? Would you like me to squirt my love-honey all over your big stinger?"

"Uh-uh," the boy muttered.

"Her it cums, baby! Put your arms around me! SQUEEZE ME!"

(twenty seconds of squealing orgasm, since she trying not to let other female shoppers hear her)

Alex's eyes rolled back in delight. It felt like his mom's cunt-tube was turning inside-out around his cock. Her vaginal meatus bulged against his boner-root and squelched out a big stream of hot female ejaculate.

With a dick so long and stiff inside her, Anna hardly had time to come down from one orgasm before another one prepared to sweep her away.

"Would you like to cum with mommy? Would you like to experience orgasmic rapture together?" she breathlessly asked.

"Yes, but I thought you didn't want me cumming inside you?"

"Well, I might get pregnant, but that's a risk we'll willing to take, right? In order to experience hot sexual bliss together?"

"Yes, I don't mind that risk, especially since I'm getting so close," the boy announced.

"Me too, baby. Let me pump on you! Let me ride my boy off, while mommy gets off again too!"

"Yes! Fuck, I'm gonna shoot up inside you mom!" the boy snarled.

"Do it, baby! Fill me with boy- goo while I squirt on you! Yes! Here I cum! Yes! YESSS!! YES, YES, YESSS!!!"

(twenty seconds of squealing orgasm, since she's unable to scream for fear of people hearing her)

Alex's young body shuddered as powerful penile contractions sent fat ropes of cock-cream spurting out his penis. His mom's quivering vagina greedily sucked at his oversized organ, milking out load over the course of several minutes.

"Oh, honey!" the mother sighed, climbing off her boy. "You really did put a hefty load up inside your mommy, didn't you?"

"Well, you squirted pretty good on me too, mom," he responded, gazing at his soaking wet boner and feeling the juice of her ejaculation drip from his balls.

"Well, you've helped me decide which outfit I wanna wear tomorrow, but now I need your help making another important decision," Anna stated while removing the dress.

"What decision is that?"

"Do we go right home, or do we rent a hotel room and spend the afternoon fucking our asses off?"

Alex's heart skipped a beat. Another gob of semen oozed out of his piss-slit as his cock twitched in reacted to her question. "Well, that's an easy one for me to answer," he stated with a smile.

"Actually, it's a no-brainer for me too," Anna winked. "Before we leave though. Why don't you go to the lingerie area and pick out something super-sexy for mommy to wear for you at the hotel room."

"Yes ma'am!" the teen blurted, quickly pulling his briefs and pants back on, then rushing out of the changing room.

25: Charlie's Hole – Part 1

Charlie's Hole – Part 1

By Klrxo

"Oh, I don't know!" Sherry, blurted in frustration, setting the smart-watch back down on the display.

"Did you change your mind… again?" Barb asked as she stood next to her best friend in the store.

"He didn't really ask for a smart watch, so why should I spend all that money on one."

"What DID he ask for?" Barb questioned her friend as they began walking together. Their dainty designer heels clicked delicately on the department store floor. Arched inside them were beautiful tan feet with freshly painted toenails. Short pleated skirts were draped over their strong, freshly-shaved mommy-legs and light turtlenecks shrouded the swell of their huge MILF tits.

"You know what he asked for… video games. What else would he want?" Sherry replied, brushing her platinum-blonde hair off her face.

"Then buy him a video game and be done."

"And enable a bad habit that he already spends WAY to much time doing? I don't think so. I really wanna buy him something out of the box this year. Something different."

"Well, you can always do like a lot of moms are doing and buy Charlie a glory hole," Barb suggested.

"Very funny!"

"I'm not kidding. My sister bought one for her son and from what I've heard, he loves it!"

"I'm confused…are we talking about an actual hole in the wall that a guy sticks their dick through?"

"Yes, a hole in the wall, with a women on the other side, waiting to give him sexual pleasure, that's exactly what we're talking about," Barb answered.

"OK, hold on," Sherry blurted, stopping suddenly. "First of all…how do you even buy something like that, and second…if your sister bought her son a glory hole, who's the woman on the other side?"

"Apparently, there's a glory hole kit you can buy and you just have it professionally installed wherever you want it. In answer to your second question…who do you think's on the other side…my sister!"

"Your sister?! Wait, though…isn't the woman on the other side of the hole suppose to be doing sexual things?"

"Uh-huh!" Barb nodded with a big smile.

"Your sister is blowing her son's cock?!"

"Among other things, yes!" Barb answered.

"Among other things?! She's fucking him too?"

"Oh, come on, Sherry, don't act so shocked. You and I know at least a half-dozen moms who are giving their sons pussy, while their husbands are at work."

"Ok, but we're not talking about your sister or those half-dozen moms. We're talking about ME and my son, remember?"

"Yes, your son, Charlie, who, need I remind you, has been stealing your panties to jerk off with since he reached puberty," Barb stated.

"So you think I should reward such perverted behavior by just putting a hole in the wall that he can get his jollies through?"

"There doesn't even have to be sex involved," Barb pointed out. "The hole could simply be used so that Charlie could watch you get undressed now and again."

"I'm not running a strip club in my own house."

"The point is, it's a very untraditional gift idea…and you WERE looking for something different to get him, am I right?"

"Well, that definitely belongs in the 'different' category, for sure," Sherry uttered. "You said this thing comes in a kit?"

"That's what my sister said. These glory holes are more that just a simple hole cut out of the wall now."

"I don't imagine a 'glory hole kit' is something you find at the local Home Depot? And who would you even get to install something like that?"

"Apparently, there's a website that sells them…and they contract out to trusted local handymen for installation," Barb explained, then she got a Cheshire cat grin. "Why, is Mrs. Prim and proper actually considering my idea now?"

"Are you kidding? Dave would kill me if he ever found something like that in our house."

"Well, it's not like it's some obvious gaping hole in the wall. I saw the one they installed for my sister's son and it's REALLY well concealed. They put a cap over the top of it that blends in with the wall, so you can hardly even tell it's there."

"Even so…what if my husband did find it. How the fuck would I explain that?"

"Who says you'd have to explain anything?" Barb asked. "If he finds it, just play stupid. He'll think it was put there by the previous owners of the house."

"Alright, get that website from your sister," Sherry said. "I'm not saying I'm buying one, but I'll at least take a look at them."

Charlie, Sherry's son, was kind of a pervert. He was obsessed with moms who had heavy-breasts and big meaty asses. Usually, three times a day, he would beat his meat to MILF porn that he found on the internet. The irony of this was he had the hottest MILF in town living under the same roof. She was his

mom, Sherry. He constantly fantasized about beating his young cock through her pussy or the ring of her asshole. He imagined what her huge tits must look like naked, especially leaping up and down her chest while he fucked her.

"Charlie…dinners ready!" Her pretty voice called from the kitchen.

The teen had a younger brother and sister who always seemed to be squawking about something insignificant.

"Guys…inside voices, please!" Charlie's mother requested as she came to the table with dinner.

"Looks great, babe," Charlie's dad, Dave, complimented, as his wife began to serve each of them a portion.

"Thanks. I tried this new recipe that Barb told me about."

Sherry was used to her son's eyes being glued to her at dinner. She was pretty sure that he lusted after her sexually, but before purchasing something like a glory hole for him to peep through, she wanted to know for certain that he'd actually use it. The mother decided to test the waters, so to speak, just to be certain her son was fixated on her sexually.

"Did you wash your hands, sweetie?" she asked as she stood next to him, scooping food onto his plate.

"Yes, ma'am," Charlie answered, glancing up at her. It was then he notice how far down her blouse was unbuttoned and the tremendous amount of tit-cleavage that was spilling out. His mom made eye contact with him knowingly, causing him to look away with a blush.

During dinner, Sherry couldn't count the number of times she'd peeked over and caught her son gawking at her tits. "Well, at least I know for certain now that a peep hole would definitely get used," she thought. "I wonder if it's just my boobs though or if there are other parts of me that fascinate him?"

"Charlie, would you mind helping me do some dishes, sweetheart?" she asked her son after dinner was over and everyone else had disappeared.

"No, not at all," he answered.

Sherry began putting some dried dishes away, she purposely dropped a few pieces of silverware onto the floor. "Oh, damn…I'm such a klutz. Would you mind picking those up for me, sweetie?" she asked.

Charlie got down on his knees to pick up the silverware. Being the pervert he was, he couldn't help but notice his mom's sexy legs

while he was down there. They looked so strong, tan and silky smooth. Also, he noticed how short her skirt was. He slid over just enough to get a peek right up between his Sherry's creamy thighs. His eyes widened at the sight of her skimpy panties stretched across her pubis. Her outer lips were puffy beneath the fabric, allowing him to see the indentation of her cuntal slit. He could also see lots of ass-flesh oozing out from the edges of the fabric.

"You better not let your father see you doing that, Charlie," his mom warned.

The boy quickly stood up with a guily look. "Doing what?" he asked, playing stupid.

His mom gave him a knowing grin. "You know what," she said.

The boy went back to drying dishes for her and after a minute his mom spoke up again.

"Do you peek under girl's skirts at school too…trying to catch a glimpse of their vaginas?" Sherry asked candidly.

Charlie was a bit shocked by his mom's question. "No, ma'am," he muttered.

"You don't have to lie to me, sweetie," Sherry stated empathetically. "I know how fascinated you are with girl's sexual parts."

"I wouldn't lie to you," Charlie lied.

"Have you ever seen a girl naked?" Sherry asked. "A REAL girl…not one of those bimbos on the internet."

"No…I've never seen a girl naked, in person."

"Well, what if you did?" his mom asked, looking over at him. "Would you jerk off to her?"

"Mom, that's kinda personal," Charlie blushed.

"So is what's going on beneath my skirt, but that didn't stop YOU, did it?" Sherry giggled.

"No."

"Then answer my question then. If you saw a girl naked, would you jerk off, while you watch her?" the mother persisted.

"Probably," Charlie admitted.

"While your beating off…would you imagine that you're having hot, nasty sex with her?" the mother asked.

"Mom!" Charlie blushed.

"Charlie, you're gonna be eighteen in two days. Technically, you'll be an adult," Sherry reminded him. "Do you wanna have an ADULT conversation, or should I keep treating you like a boy?"

Charlie was proud of the fact that he was nearly eighteen. He certainly didn't wanna be treated like a little kid anymore. "I can have an adult conversation," he answered.

"Good…and I can use adult language with you and you won't be embarrassed?"

"No, I can handle it," he responded.

"I'm glad to hear it," his mom smiled. "So back to my question then. If you saw a girl naked, would you imagine that you're engaging her in a hot, nasty fuck?"

Charlie's heart skipped a beat. He had only heard his mom say "fuck" once before and it certainly wasn't in this context.

"Well…would you?" his mom asked impatiently.

"Yes, if she was hot," he timidly replied.

"Define 'hot' for me," his mom said. "What color would her hair be?"

"Blonde."

"Blonde…like mine?"

"Yes."

"Hmn. What else? Would she have big tits…a thick ass maybe?" Sherry asked candidly.

"Yes, both of those," Charlie answered blushingly, glancing at his mom's huge melons.

"Would she tease you with her big tits, sweetie? Is that something you fantasize about?"

Charlie was still in awe that he was even having this conversation with his sexy mom. He could hardly answer his heart was beating so fast.

"Charlie?" his mom asked, peeking over at him.

"Sorry, um…yes, she would be teasing me with them."

"How so? The same way those big tit porn stars tease on the internet?"

"Yeah."

"And what do they do, sweetheart? What do those online sluts do with their heavy tits that you like so much?" Sherry asked.

"Swing them back and forth."

"Oh, I see. You like that, huh?" his mom asked, smiling over at him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Does it make your penis get big and stiff when you watch that?" she asked, her brilliant blue eyes peeking over at him through the parted curtain of her platinum-blond hair.

"Uh-huh!" Charlie nodded.

"How old are those girls that swing their tits for you online, sweetie?"

A lot older than I am," Charlie answered.

"A lot older, huh? Are they my age?" Sherry asked with a curious smile.

"Most of them, yes."

Sherry turned towards her boy and leaned back against the counter. She rubbed his arm tenderly. "And what do you call a woman my age that you desire sexually, Charlie?" she asked.

"A MILF."

"And what's that stand for?" Sherry asked with a naughty grin. "Come on, Charlie…you can say it. We're having an adult conversation, remember? Tell me what MILF stands for."

Charlie took a nervous gulp, then spit it out. "Mom I'd like to fuck," he muttered.

Sherry thrust her huge tits out, closing the distance between them. Charlie could see the fat nubs of her nipples pushing out from beneath the fabric. "Do you know lots of moms you'd like to fuck, sweetie?" she asked in sexy tone. "Moms who aren't showing their tits on the internet?"

"Yeah, um…some."

"Do you like to imagine that they're cheating on their husbands with you?" Sherry asked, curling her leg behind him and running her sexy bare foot up the back his leg. "That they're letting you pound your hard penis inside them and make them scream out in pleasure?"

"That would be…um…amazing!" the boy gulped.

"What if it were an older woman you were close to…someone who you saw a lot…would you wanna see her naked and fuck her hard too?"

"Yes, if she'd let me."

Charlie's dad suddenly walked in, causing him and his mother to quickly separate and begin working on dishes again. "Anything I can do to help?" Dave asked.

"Nope. We just about have it finished, honey," his wife answered.

The morning of Charlie's birthday a local handyman arrived at Sherry's house, while her husband was at work and her three kids were at school.

"Come on in," Sherry said nervously.

The nerdy-looking handyman was old enough to be her Grandfather. He let his creepy eyes roam the blonde, busty housewife's voluptuous body as he stepped inside the foyer. "My name's Levi, ma'am. I'll be installing the glory hole you ordered," he said in his old crackling voice.

"Great, yes, um…it'll be going in upstairs. I'll show you the spot," Sherry awkwardly said.

Levi followed the mother up the stairway, staring at her thick, rounded ass and the way it swayed beneath her shorts as she

walked. "So, you, um…put in a lot of these, do you?" Sherry asked, glancing back at him.

"Yes, ma'am. It seems to be all I've been installing here lately."

Sherry led him into her son's bedroom, then opened Charlie's closet door. There was a pair of her pink panties on the floor inside, so she quickly went over and snatched them up. "Sorry," she blushed. "The hole will be going on that wall," she instructed, pointing to the rear of the closet. With the panties wadded up in her hand she could feel her son's fresh spunk seeping through her fingers. "Oh my God, are you kidding? He came inside them too?!" she thought.

"The closet is always a smart place. What's on the other side?" Levi asked.

"The walk-in closet in MY bedroom. I figured it would the most inconspicuous location to do this."

"Good thinking," the old man agreed. "A lot of mothers want the glory hole on the wall across from their beds. It's an exciting location, but certainly not the most discreet."

"Yes…it's of the upmost importance that my husband never find this," Sherry stated worriedly.

"Don't you worry about a thing, ma'am. When the glory hole is closed up, the unsuspecting eye will never even know it's there."

"Excellent! Thank you," Sherry smiled.

The handyman got to work and Sherry went into the bathroom to clean her sperm-slimed hand off. She couldn't resist the urge to bring some goo to her mouth for a little taste. "Not bad!" she muttered out loud, knowing it probably wouldn't be the last time she tasted her boy's ball-nectar.

After nearly two hours, Levi had the job completed.

"My goodness, you're right. I can hardly even see the seams," Sherry stated, staring at the place where the glory hole was installed inside her closet.

"You simply push and depress the cutouts, then remove them on both sides to expose the hole," Levi explained, then removed the cutout on her end.

"Oh…that's a MUCH bigger hole than I thought it would be," the mother stated.

"It's designed to allow your son to get his penis AND testicles through, and has a padded, cleanable inner-lining for comfort. You paid for the deluxe model glory hole, so it includes the phone app and all the other special features," Levi explained, then demonstrated by using the app on his own devise.

"Heat and vibration," Levi pointed out. Sherry could hear a light HUMMING emanating from inside the hole. "You each have a personal feature you can access from your own side of the hole," Levi continued.

"A personal feature?"

"Yes, a tiny light…on your side, since it's considered the 'working end' of the glory hole." A faint LED light shone from the brim of the hole.

"And my son's feature?" Sherry inquired.

"A zoom lens, that can be rotated in and out of the hole, to provide him with a closer, more detailed view of what's going on over on your side."

"I see," the mother muttered, even though she knew about this feature already when she ordered.

"And, the newest feature on your end, and you may wanna hold out your hand for this one," Levi suggested.

Sherry held her hand out near the hole and a gob of clear liquid squirted from a tiny tube situated at the top brim. "Heated lubrication, which I can show you how to keep topped off before I leave."

"That's amazing!" the mother beamed.

"Yes, the company has certainly taken the whole glory hole concept and ran with it."

"So, my son and I will be able to communicate through this app too, correct?" Sherry asked.

"That's right. Most of the time you won't even need to type things out, since the device includes simply pre-programmed requests that can be made with one tap of the screen."

"This is really something," the mother stated eagerly. "Thank you so much for installing it."

"The important part is to remember to close the hole up after each use. That greatly decreases the chances of it being discovered by a third party."

"Got it!" the mother nodded. "I'll check my son's end each day too… just to make sure he hasn't forgotten. You know how scatter brained 18-year-olds can be."

"Yes I do," Levi chuckled. "So, before I leave you should know that I do accept tips for my work."

"Oh, of course. Let me grab my purse," Sherry replied, starting away.

"Not that kind of tip, ma'am."

Sherry fed him a confused stare. "What…um, kind of tip did you mean?"

Levi's eyes drifted down to the mother's huge fat tits that stretched her cami top. "If I could just squeeze on those…that'll be the best tip you can give a horny old man," he suggested.

"Squeeze my breasts?" she asked, not seeming to happy about the idea. "That's not very professional."

Levi smiled, showing the wrinkles on his face. "I do a lot of jobs I shouldn't ma'am and always turn a blind eye. So, how about you just indulge an old man and let him take a quick squeeze, alright?"

Sherry knew he was right. Besides herself, the old handyman was the only one who knew about the location of the glory hole and who would be using it. "Fine…a quick squeeze and then be on your way," she offered.

She turned her head to the side as the old man stepped up and squeezed her giant tits outside her top and bra. "Damn, that's one lucky boy you got," he stated, letting his fingers sink into the squishy meat of her tits.

Sherry cleared her throat, letting the handyman know his time was up.

"Thanks for the tip," Levi expressed, grabbing his work bag and starting towards the door. "Enjoy your glory hole, ma'am."

Later that evening the family was celebrating Charlie's 18th birthday. Even though she was busy preparing food and visiting with family,

Sherry couldn't stop thinking about the unique gift she had bought for her son. "My God, did I really actually buy him a glory hole?!" she thought, surprised at herself for doing something so naughty and bold. She knew that the hole itself was only part of the

gift. The other part was whatever she chose to provide her son on the other end. "Only peeping for now!" she thought. "Nothing physical."

"Thanks for the video game, mom!" Charlie stated, after unwrapping it.

"That gift was actually from your brother and sisters, sweetie. I haven't given you my gift yet," she told him.

"Oh…well there's no more presents over there," her son pointed out. "Where's your gift at?"

"My gift isn't wrapped," she said awkwardly. "Can I um…see your phone?"

"My phone?"

"Don't worry…I'm not snooping. I just wanna download an app that's part of your gift from me."

"An app?" Charlie asked, handing his mom his cell phone, curious as hell about what she was downloading. "Is it a game?"

"No, sweetie," his mom giggled, "it's not a game. It's better than a game."

After a few minutes, his mom handed it back to him. "I installed an app on your phone," she told him in a hushed tone, "but PLEASE don't open it until you're alone in your room later."

"Um…ok," her boy muttered, confused by what it could be. After his mom walked away, he took a peek to see what the app was called. The picture was a dark circle, with a shiny gold outline around it. It was entitled "CHARLIE'S HOLE."

After all the family had left, the teen went up to his bedroom to investigate the mysterious app.

"WELCOME, CHARLIE! TREMENDOUS FUN AND PLEASURE AWAITS YOU! WE HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR CUSTOM GLORY HOLE."

"Glory hole?!" the teen said out loud. He remembered seeing a couple glory hole videos while surfing through porn online. He always thought it would be cool to stick his dick through a hole and have a hot MILF on the other side suck it for him. Another message popped up on his phone.

"THE LOCATION OF YOU HOLE IS…YOUR CLOSET," the screen read.

Charlie peered over at his closet door for a moment in disbelief. "Is this for real?" he asked himself, then got up and opened his closet door. On the back wall, at waist level, he could see a faint ring of yellow light. It looked a lot like the graphic on the app. The application was using Sherry's LED light on the other side of the wall to reveal the location of the glory hole to the boy.

"Holy shit!" Charlie muttered, kneeling down in his closet. He depressed the round panel and it popped out, revealing his glory hole. However, the other end was dark, so he looked back at his app.

"NOW THAT YOU'VE FOUND YOUR GLORY HOLE, YOU'RE READY TO USE IT FOR THE FIRST TIME," the application read, then a bar appeared with the words "

"NOTIFY THE SECOND PARTY."

He clicked on it.

"THE SECOND PARTY HAS BEEN NOTIFIED. PLEASE WAIT…" the screen read.

Downstairs, in the kitchen, Sherry was doing some dishes, with the help of her husband, Dave. She suddenly noticed her phone lighting up with a notification, so she picked it up, while her husband's back was turned.

"YOUR PRESENCE IS BEING REQUESTED AT CHARLIE'S HOLE," it read. She smiled nervously. She'd been wondering, ever since her son had disappeared upstairs, when this moment would come.

"Honey, do you think that you could finish up the dishes?" Sherry asked her husband. "I'm suddenly feeling a little nauseous."

"No problem at all, babe. You need anything?" Dave asked.

"No…I think I just need to lie down for just a bit," she answered.

The mother hurried upstairs, but was stopped in the hallway by her five-year-old daughter. "Mommy, can I have a snack before bed?" she asked.

"Your father's down in the kitchen, honey. Ask him to get you a snack, ok?" Sherry answered, hurrying to her bedroom.

The busty mother's heart was beating a mile a minute as she stepped into her walk-in closet, then closed the door and locked it behind her. She knelt down and depressed the round hole-cap on her side, then removed it. "Here goes nothing," she nervously thought.

On her app, she pushed the bar that read, "SECOND PARTY READY."

On the other side of the wall, Charlie's phone lit up with the words, "SECOND PARTY READY. ENJOY YOUR HOLE!"

The boy peered into his glory hole and only a couple inches away was one of his mom's beautiful blue eyes, staring back at him. They gazed for a magical moment, then Sherry winked at him and stood up.

Charlie watched his mom back away from the hole and begin to unbutton her blouse. "HOLY FUCKING HELL, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!" he thought, watching her peel it away, revealing a beautifully embroidered white bra, stuffed with overflowing tit-meat.

Charlie's hand instinctively went to his crotch, fishing his hardening cock out of his shorts. Next, his mom removed her skirt, exposing her panty-covered crotch. The boy heard his cellphone chime, so he looked down at it.

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY THE ZOOM LENS FEATURE?" the glory hole app asked.

"Zoom lens feature?" Charlie repeated in his head, then clicked on it.

A lens rotated into the hole and Charlie used the buttons on the app to zoom right in on his mother's crotch, just as her panties were being peeled away. "Holy fuck!" the boy hissed, a little louder than he should have, while staring at Sherry's shaved pubis up close. The mother had protruding inner lips that hung outside the puffy folds of her outer labium. With this type of vulva, it allowed her son to

zoom in on her fleshy prepuce. "Oh my God…I can't believe I'm looking at mom's pussy!" he thought, his body trembling from the thrill of it.

On the other side of the wall, Sherry reached back to unclasp her bra. "I wonder if he's beating off yet?" she thought, pulling at the big straps along her back to release the four tiny hooks.

Charlie's heart was beating so fast he could hardly breathe. He suddenly noticed his mom's bra-cup swing past his view. "HER TITS ARE OUT!!" his brained exclaimed, then he quickly zoomed back out. It was the view he'd been dreaming about since he reached puberty. His mom's melons were absolutely enormous. They were capped with the widest areola he'd ever seen and her nipples protruded out like big, pink marshmallow tips.

He saw his blonde-haired mom glance at the hole, then look away, smiling blushingly. "My God, she's beautiful!" the boy thought, letting his eyes travel down her smooth luscious legs, down to her dainty bare feet with their freshly painted toenails.

Inside her closet, Sherry remained motionless a moment. She couldn't believe how wonderfully wicked she felt standing there letting her boy gawk at her naked body through his new hole. She knew she was just like one of the MILF's online that he fantasized about fucking.

"Oh, he probably wants to see my ass too," the mother thought, then turned around, placing her hands on her lush hips and cocking the meaty, rounded cheeks of her lovely ass back for her boy to look at.

"Oh, my God, what an ass!" the teen thought, rubbing his cock as he zoomed in on it.

Sherry bent over shamelessly, making her buns spread apart, so her boy could see the pink elastic ring of her butthole. Charlie's cock flexed excitedly in his hand, his pre-jizz lubricating his feverish strokes as his eyes drifted down to her cuntal clamshell. He imagined the hot slippery pink tube that was just beyond that labial gate and how incredibly good that skilled mommy-pussy would feel squeezing around his young, stiff peter.

"Holy hell!" his mind exclaimed , his tongue hanging out lustfully as he watched his mom's meaty ass wag back and forth teasingly. He

had zoomed out enough to see his mom peek back over her shoulder, staring right at the hole and smiling lasciviously.

"I know something that'll really get him worked up," Sherry thought, turning around and rocking her shoulders, making her oversized milkers swing back and forth.

"Yes! I love it!" Charlie mind sang out, while he beat his boner vigorously. "I wonder if mom would suck my cock? IT IS a glory hole after all," he thought. "Only one way to find out!"

While swinging her heavy tits, Sherry looked at the hole. Her eyes suddenly widened by the sight of her son's big jutting penis slithering through. "Oh..um, ok!" she muttered out loud, resisting the initial urge to end their glory hole time for tonight. She heard her phone chime and looking at the app.

"SUCK MY DICK!" the request on the phone read.

"It was just suppose to be peeping only today," the mother reminded herself, staring at her boy's huge cock, "but WOW is that thing beautiful!"

Ignoring her previous plan, the mother slowly knelt at her son's phallus and clicked on the LED light to see it in greater detail. Bulging veins crisscrossed down the lengthy shaft and her son's expanded penile muscles made his cock look as though it was carved in stone. The knob was fat and pinkish-purple in color. The blonde-haired mother instinctively licked her lips, while watching a bead of pre-cum drip from his piss-slit, forming a gooey string that lowered to her closet floor.

"Levi said that he could get his balls through too," the mother told herself, remembering what the handyman had told her.

She lifted her phone and messaged her son through the app. "Put your balls through too, sweetie," she typed.

A half-a-minute later she saw her son's big, nut-filled scrotum squeezed through the glory hole also and flop out on her side. Sherry examined her son's cock and balls close up, marveling at their immense size. She inhaled sharply, taking in the manly scent of his engorged genitals. "Oh my God!" her mind gasped, her eyes nearly rolling back in their sockets from his powerful young aroma.

On the other side of the wall, Charlie shuddered excitedly. His mom was so close he could feel her hot breath on the head of his penis. "Holy fuck, she's gonna suck me! Mom's really gonna suck my dick!" his mind gasped.

He suddenly got a message from his mom. "Really nice dick, kiddo! " it read.

"Thanks!" he responded.

Sherry blew softly on the knob of her boy's penis, watching it twitch and throb excitedly. She swooped her head under, looking down the bulge of his corpus spongiosum, to his huge, dangling nuts. Her wonder-filled eyes followed the swollen tissue up to the band of his frenulum and blood-engorged neck of his glans. She blew on them teasingly, watching her boy's dick react by mushrooming out even bigger.

"COCK-TEASE!" Her son messaged her, making the mother giggle.

"Hey, give me some credit for going this far, young man, " she messaged back.

"Will you suck on me?" he boldly replied.

"Well…I certainly didn't buy you a glory hole just so we could look at each other ," his mom responded.

"Sweet! " her boy messaged back.

"So you really want this big titted MILF to suck your dick, huh?" his mom messaged.

"Yes please!!!" he replied.

"Does my baby want a hot birthday blowjob?!" Her message read.

" "

"Ahhh!" Charlie gasped, feeling his mom's long tongue begin flutter wonderfully all over his sensitive bell tip. After she did this for a full minute, he felt her licker drag wetly down his thick shaft and onto his cum-filled nuts. "Holy shit, is this really happening?!" his mind buzzed as he stood there hugging his closet wall.

Sherry pushed her lovely lips against her boy's scrotum, looping her tongue around the swollen meat of both his nuts. She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth and sucked lustfully on it's oval-shaped surface. "His balls are so big and full!" her mind wondrously exclaimed.

Charlie shuddered in delight. The suction of his mom's mouth around his entire testicle made his whole body tingle. He felt his mom's mouth travel from one nut to the other, sucking it into her warm mouth and scrubbing it with her tongue. "Oh, shit, yeah!" he sighed, feeling her tug on his testicle with exquisite suction, pulling on the stretchy cord of his vas deferens. "Oh, my, God, mom!" he gasped.

Sherry was wholly consumed with slurping on her son's big nuts. Charlie's balls were SO much larger than her husband's and that fact fascinated her immensely. She imagined the hundreds of millions of sperm they contained. Her cunt tingled at the thought of having all that creamy ball-juice splashing through her mouth and down her throat. She paused for a moment, with one of Charlie's nuts still stuffed in her mouth and messaged her boy.

"Like it? " the message read.

"Heck yes!" he boy replied.

"You think this feels good…wait until I get to your dick."

"I can't wait!" Charlie messaged.

"Have you ever had a girl cram both your balls into her mouth at once?"

"Never!" he messaged back.

Sherry's lovely lips stretched obscenely as she squeezed his entire nut-filled scrotum into her mouth. The boy groaned as he felt her tongue move from one ball to the next, wetly massaging their tender meat.

For several intense minutes, Charlie felt his mom gorging herself on his nut-sack. She wildly rolled her licker around and across his tingling balls, while applying intense suction.

Sherry felt a dollop of pre-jizz strike her on the cheek and peeked up at her boy's huge juicy bell-shaped crown.

"I need to suck his dick!" the mother's mind blurted, knowing her husband would be along soon. Her son's red, distended nuts popped lewdly from her mommy-mouth one at a time. She circled her hand around his cock-root, so both his dick and balls pointed out towards her. Then, she lunged forward, making his boner spear through her mouth and into her throat.

"Mmmnggff!" she gagged, then began bobbing her head up and back, vigorously sucking her son's prick.

Charlie gasped in pleasure, feeling his mom suck wonderfully on the meat of his cock, while beating the base of it at the same time. He

knew he wouldn't last long with her sucking him this way.

Sherry's long blonde mane whipped all around and her huge, stiff-nippled knockers bobbled heavily on her chest to the rhythm of her cock-sucking. The tangy sweetness of the pre-spunk drooling from her boy's fat knob made her shaved pussy become dripping wet.

Up and back her head bobbed tirelessly…like a skilled cock-sucking mother. While plunging it in a steady skull-fuck, she rolled her overactive tongue all over his tender pink peter, feeling it throb and flex in her mouth and throat. It had been since her college days that Sherry had sucked a cock this long and fat. She had given her husband's average-sized dick oral-sex for so long that she had forgotten what a size-queen she really was. She wanted to cram her son's meat all the way down her throat without gagging on it. She wanted to show him what a skilled oral slut she was. She thrust her mouth forward, making her boy's cock disappear and mashed the ring of her lips against his hairless hilt.

"OHHH!" she heard her boy groan through the wall and felt his fat knob swell up even bigger inside her throat. Sherry gasped as she came up for air. She wrapped her fist around his cock-base again and rapidly beat the length of his stiff rod up and down a half-dozen times, making his weeping pre-cum splatter everywhere. She continued jerking his stiff prick, but made enough room for her mouth to suck him at the same time. "Wow, I'm really liking this! I'M REALLY LIKING THIS A LOT!" the mother's mind screamed.

"Sherry, are you in here?" she heard her husband call from out in the bedroom.

"No…fuck off!" she wickedly answered in her mind as she continued sucking and beating her son's prick. She curled her tongue, dragging the tip of her licker against Charlie's sensitive frenulum on every cock-sucking plunge.

"Sherry?" her husband called as he knocked and tried the closet door, but found it locked. "Are you in there?"

Her boy's wet knob popped from her mouth like a cork. "Yes…I'm, um….getting my nightgown on. I'll be out in a minute," she answered breathlessly, then went back to sucking cock.

On the other side of the wall, Charlie clenched his toes from the ball-tingling pleasure his mom was giving him. It felt like the warm, wet tube of a pink pussy was working the length of his dick. The exquisite oral friction around his glans was sending signals through his nervous system, that was about to result in a mind-boggling orgasm. His mom's blowjob skills began to work his cock into emission, pulling his semen up the tube of his urethra.

With a guttural grunt, Charlie began ejaculating. With strong contractions of his penile muscles, he propelled a long, fat cord of cum straight down his mom's throat. More followed in rapid succession, causing Sherry to gulp as quickly as she could to keep up with it all.

"OH MY GOD, I FUCKING LOVE !!" the busty mother's mind screamed, sucking his big cum-spurting boner like her life depended on it.

Even though her husband was just outside the door in the bedroom, the mother took her time milking her boy's dong. It was his birthday after all, so she wanted to make it a cock-sucking he'd never forget. She tugged on her boy's peter, whipping her tongue all over his cum-spurting crown. She wasn't satisfied until she knew she had milked ever ounce of jizz that his load would provide.

After licking his cock clean thoroughly, she planted a tender kiss on his knob, then quickly messaged him. "Happy birthday, sweetheart! " it read.

TO BE CONTINUED…

26: Charlie's Hole – Part 2

Charlie's Hole – Part 2

By Klrxo

"Well, how was your first time using Charlie's Glory hole?" Barb asked as we sat in the mall food court having lunch.

"I stripped naked for Charlie, and sucked his cock, but it was rushed, unfortunately, because Dave was home," Sherry replied. She wished her husband would have been out of the house, so she could have given her boy's cock a royal work-over.

"That IS unfortunate, but at least Charlie got to use his special gift on his birthday."

"True, I anticipate we'll be using it again this afternoon," Sherry remarked. "This time undisturbed, since Dave will still be at work, and the other kids will be busy with after-school activities."

"Well, you'd better be prepared to fuck. If Charlie's anything like other boys his age, I'm sure he's gonna wanna experience a juicy cunt on the other side of his glory hole today."

"I don't know about that. I'll happily provide him oral pleasure, but that's probably about as far as we should take it."

"Sherry! You spent all that money on a custom glory hole and you're only gonna use it for blowjobs?"

"And handjobs, yes! Do you realize how miserable my husband would make my life if he knew I was letting our son fuck me up the pussy through a hole in the wall?" Sherry emphatically asked.

Barb giggled. "Like he'd be any less upset if he found out you were blowing Charlie's boy-cock! You're already being naughty enough to justify Dave divorcing you. You might as well go all the way," she urged. "Besides, how disappointed do you think Charlie's gonna be if he can't even use his gift how it was made to he used?"

Sherry sighed, knowing her friend was right. If she didn't plan on letting her son enjoy the full benefits of being a glory hole owner than she shouldn't have purchased it for him in the first place. "You should be a debate coach, you know that?" Sherry asked.

"Why's that?"

"Because you're always so fucking good at making sense and being right."

"Ha! Try telling my husband that," Barb replied. "Look, all I'm saying is you can't let the fear of being caught stop you from using something you paid all that money for, and disappointing your son in the process."

After lunch, the two friends did some clothes shopping. Sherry knew that one thing she had no problem letting her son use his Glory hole for was gawking at her voluptuous body. Therefore, she decided to purchase a piece of naughty negligee. Something that she was sure would harden Charlie's cock.

"Do you think he'll like it?" the mother asked, holding the skimpy get-up next to her busty body.

"If you wear that thing, you may not have to fuck him at all," Barb noted.

"Why's that?"

"Charlie will get so worked-up that he'll probably spill his hot cum all over his closet wall, even before he has a chance to stick his cock through the hole," Barb answered, making them both laugh.

When Charlie got home from school, he wasted no time rushing up to his bedroom. Watching Mrs. Garret, his heavy-titted Geometry teacher, sashay around the classroom in high heels had gotten him all horny and worked up. Normally, he'd lock his door and plop down on his bed for a good cock-wanking. However, thanks to his mom, he now had a much better way of getting off.

"YOUR PRESENCE IS BEING REQUESTED AT CHARLIE'S HOLE," Sherry's phone alerted her as she washed up some dishes in the kitchen.

The mother dried her hands, then headed upstairs to answer the call. "On my way, honey! " she texted her son through the app.

Charlie replied with an eager "thumbs up" emoji. Naked from the waist down, the boy knelt at his glory hole, opened his end of it, and stared inside, waiting for the wonderful image of his beautiful mother to appear. "I hope I get another strip show!" he thought, anticipating that his mom would be willing to tease him with her busty body again.

It was the longest ten minutes of Charlie's life, wondering what was taking his mom so long. He was soon rewarded for his patience, when Sherry uncapped her side of the hole. Charlie quickly grasped his cock and watched as his mom strode from her closet, towards his parent's bed. "HOLY FUCK!" his mind exclaimed as he saw what she was wearing. Sherry's curvy body was adorned in a pale pink babydoll. The silk gown had spaghetti straps and fluffy feathered trim at the hem. The part that Charlie liked the most, however, was that the nightie was completely sheer. He could clearly see the luscious cheeks of her rounded bare buttocks swaying beneath the

fabric as she moved. Her gorgeous freshly-shaved legs tapered down to slender ankles and dainty bare feet, with pink painted toenails. Her feet were arched in six-inch clear platform mules, accentuating the feminine muscle-tone in her legs.

Charlie stroked his stiff, tender cock, while watching his mom twirl around gracefully, making her beautiful blonde trusses whisk across her shoulders as faced him. Her rapid turning motion caused her meaty udders to wobble back and forth beneath the nightie. Sherry's turgid nipples poked against the fabric as they protruded from the wide, rose-colored rings of her areola. She gazed over at the hole in a salacious manner, striking a breathtaking pose for her teen, with one leg cocked out at the knee. Her hands rested on her wide, childbearing hips, her enormous tits jutting out from her chest proudly.

While beating his leaky cock, Charlie's eyes traveled down his mom's narrowing torso, sweeping past her cute navel to the mound of her pubis, which he could clearly see through the sheer fabric. He used the zoom feature of his glory hole to narrow in on the cleft of her pudenda. Just as he had been yesterday, Charlie was fascinated by the way her fleshy domed-shaped prepuce bulged out from her puffy outer flanges.

Sherry stood there and smiled for several minutes, knowing her boy was enjoying the sight of her posed there in her naughty negligee. She slipped her dainty feet from their heels and crawled onto the bed, pointing her meaty mommy-derriere back at her boy. Now, Charlie was seeing her pussy at a whole new and exciting angle. Her cunt-lips bulged out at the base of her rounded ass, forming a meaty camel toe. Charlie hoped he'd get to pierce it with the bulbous knob of his cock and plunge his blue-veined boner into the heated pit of her cunt.

Sherry gracefully rolled onto her back, then propped herself up on her elbows. She brought her knees back and splayed open her

thighs, like all moms do when they fuck or give birth. Charlie was quick to zoom in on her parted legs, his tongue hanging lustfully from his mouth as he watched his mom peel her cuntal crevice open with two fingers. This revealed the coral slit of her fuck hole, and also caused her hood to retract, exposing the marble-sized bulb of her clitoris. Below her cunt, her meaty buns were spread against the mattress, with the crinkled ring of her pink butthole peeking out. "Goddamn, what a sight!" the teen thought, stroking his erection vigorously.

He saw his mom lifted her cellphone and text him. Soon after, the app on his phone chimed as her message arrived. "I sure hope you're watching, and I'm not just wasting my time over here, lol " it read.

"Oh trust me…I'm watching alright! " Charlie texted back.

"Are you pulling on your prick, Charlie?"

"Yes, ma'am!" he replied.

"It's YOUR glory hole. You're the one in charge of this show. Let me know what you'd like me to do next."

Charlie's fingers were shaking from excitement so much that he could hardly text his request. "Spread your legs further and rub your pussy, like you do when you masturbate," his message read.

Sherry extended her luscious legs in a wide V, showing her boy just how far she could spread herself during sex. Her sumptuous limbs were scissored so far apart that her bare feet pointed towards opposite sides of her bedroom. She began to rub her pussy for Charlie, stroking her engorged clitoris. He loved the way her

gigantic tit melons jiggled deliciously to the rhythm of her hand masturbating her pussy. "Squeeze one of your tits too!" he texted her.

His mother complied, reaching up with a free hand and squeezing one of her giant jugs through the silky nightie.

"Are you enjoying this, kiddo? Is mommy arousing you?" Sherry texted.

"You sure are!" Charlie replied, squeezing his fist up and down the length of his cock.

His mom's next text surprised him a bit. "Stick your boner through the hole for a minute. I wanna see how hard it is."

Sherry's eyes lit up as she watched her boy's super-charged erection slide through the glory hole. Charlie's long, vein-encrusted stalk pointed stiffly at an upward angle. It looked as hard as a granite slab, it's knob mushrooming, like a fat pinkish-purple gourd. She wanted his balls through the hole also, so she could see his entire cock stretching out from it's root.

"Put your ball through too, sweetheart! " she texted, her oversized boobs bobbling as she climbed from the bed and rushed into her closet to take a closer look.

Charlie fed his dangling scrotum through his glory hole, then thrust his whole package out and flexed it proudly. He knew he was well endowed. In the locker room at school his flaccid dick dangled nearly twice the length of those of the other boys. The one girl he had fucked was unable to take his entire cock and tapped out early from the pain of having it squeezed inside her young, inexperienced cunt. Charlie yearned to fuck a pussy that could not only take his entire dick, but one that could squeeze and chew at his penile meat, showing him the pleasures of a furious fuck.

"It's beautiful, sweetheart! " Sherry texted, kneeling there staring at his meat-cannon in lustful adoration. She leaned forward and began planting tender kisses all up and down his throbbing erection, loud enough for her boy to hear her.

"Ahhh!" Charlie sighed, feeling his mom's wet lips bathe his boner with affection.

He heard his phone chime and looked at a message from his mom, which read: "Would you like mommy to suck on you knob, like she did yesterday, baby?"

"Yes, please! " he replied.

Sherry leaned forward shrouding her lovely, bee-stung lips over Charlie's penile glans. Her mouth formed a tight seal around his coronal ridge. Her tongue darted over the slit of his meatus, soaking up the dollop of pre-cum that had formed there. "Mmmm!" she hummed, savoring her boy's young virile ball-nectar on her taste-buds. She brought her phone up, so she could text while she sucked him.

"I love the taste of your pre-cummies! " her message stated.

"I love your mouth around me like that!" her son replied.

"Would you like mommy to scrub your peter-tip, sweetie. Would you like my tongue to wrestle with your glans?"

"YES!!" her boy enthusiastically texted back.

Sherry went to work on him, whipping her long, experienced licker all over the crown of his cock. She scrubbed the shiny contour of it's spongy underside, then found the elastic band connecting Charlie's foreskin to his penis glans. The experienced cock-sucking mother used the tip of her tongue to strum at her boy's frenulum like a guitar string, making him shudder in delight.

"Mommy's gonna suck on your head AND your shaft now, baby," Sherry texted. Then, she removed the collar of her lips from around the neck of his penis and plunged him deeper into her wet, warm mouth.

Charlie gasped as he felt the sensitive meat of his cock encapsulated by his mother's mouth and throat. His erection began to glide through her oral cavity as if it were a pussy. Each time his pecker would rear back, remaining just inside her lips, Sherry would loop her tongue around his knob. Then, she would spear his cock deep into her throat again. This wonderful process caused her pretty blonde head to bob up and back in a perfect blowjob rhythm.

As amazing as this felt, Charlie REALLY wanted to fuck his mom through the glory hole today. He was almost to afraid to request it using his own words, so he used the ones that were pre-programed

"FUCK MY COCK!" the message on Sherry's phone read.

It was amazing that the mother could text her reply and suck her boy's dick at the same time. She could tell by how much pre-ejaculate was leaking from her baby's tip that he wouldn't last five seconds in her hot, snug pussy. "I'll drink one load now, that way he'll really be able to fuck vigorously and enjoy himself, while building up to a second ejaculation," she thought.

"Sweetie, if your feeling good, just cum in my mouth. That way you can take your time after and build a fresh cum-load for my pussy," Sherry texted him.

Charlie had never cum twice back to back before, but this was certainly a time that he wouldn't mind trying it. Through the wall he could hear his mom gurgling shamelessly as she sucked even more of his prick down her clasping throat.

Sucking and slurping noisily, Sherry wrapped her hand around the thick, muscled root of her boy's hardon. She beat his dick into her mouth, tugging on the loose skin, while continuing to gorge herself on it's upper-half. She rolled her tongue all over the glistening crown of his cock, increasing his excitement level.

Charlie gasped hornily over and over, humping his cock-base against his side of the hole. His mom was sucking and tugging like crazy, making his big nut-filled scrotum swing around wildly. "AHHHH!!" he snarled, feeling his knob tingle and mushroom inside his mom's pummeling mouth and throat. He began to experience powerful contractions in his prostate that sent a raging torrent of hot ball-juice up the tube of his urethra.

"OHH, GOD, MOM!!" the boy grunted, hosing out gooey spunk straight down her throat.

Sherry didn't think it was possible to drink down a load bigger that the one she had yesterday. However, her son's orgasm today really put her cum-guzzling skills to the test. "OH FUCK! SO FUCKING YUMMY-GOOD!" her brain screamed as she savored the taste and feel of her boy's sperm-blasts skimming through her mouth.

Sherry knew her son was anxious to fuck, but this didn't stop her from taking her time and nursing every gooey drop from his big dreamy cock. She wasn't at all surprised to see how rock-hard it still was when it slipped from her mouth.

"That was insanely good! " her boy texted.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, sweetie," Sherry replied.

"Can we fuck now?"

It seemed like such a surreal question. Sherry had only fucked one man in the past twenty years and that was her husband. Surprisingly, what scared her the most about fucking Charlie WASN'T that he was her son, OR that she'd technically be cheating on her spouse. What she feared the most was that she'd love Charlie's cock WAY too fucking much! Her husband's penis was above average in size, but it certainly wasn't as long and meaty as Charlie's prick. Comparing their dicks was like putting a pickle up next to cucumber, and Sherry had only taken a cucumber-sized dong in her pussy a

few times, when she was Charlie's age. Despite her concern, she wanted to make this glory hole gift extra special for her boy and this was just part of that deal.

"Yes, sweetheart…let's fuck," she simply answered.

Sherry had never gotten dick through a glory hole before, so this was a new experience for her. She knew that the best way for penetration was through bending over and taking Charlie's cock in the standing doggy position. She thought a moment about using some lube from the dispenser that was part of the custom glory hole, but then realized that she didn't need it. Her pussy was already dripping wet, from getting aroused while sucking Charlie's cock. Due to Sherry's sexual excitement, her cervix was drawn higher into her pelvis. This allowed the tube of her vagina to tent, preparing itself for the enormous length of her son's cock.

Sherry certainly didn't expect his next text message. "Do I need to wear a condom or something?" he asked. Birth control was something she hadn't really considered. Luckily, she was in tune with her menstrual cycle and knew she wasn't ovulating.

"That's considerate of you, sweetie, but don't worry…it's not that time of month for me. Mommy can't get pregnant right now. "

"OK! " he replied, then waited anxiously, his heart beating a mile a minute. He felt his mom's fingers gently grasp his stiff cock, then felt his knob nudge against

something slick, fleshy and wonderful. "Ahhh!" Charlie gasped, as his flaring crown split Sherry's twat, sinking past the remnants of her hymen and into the heat of her vaginal pit.

"OOOOHHHH!" the busty mother moaned, plunging her pussy back on her boy's steely cock. Charlie's meat was met with incredible resistance and it paused for a moment, half-way down the tube of his mother's vagina. Even as slick as they were, Sherry's pleated

cuntal walls had to expand to accommodate the thickness of her son's cock. She backed out a few inches, allowing the lubricating oil that had secreted from her lining to smear on Charlie's cock. Then, she pumped her rounded ass back again. This time her boy's prick squeezed through the remainder of her vaginal cavity, finally hitting bottom.

Charlie's eyes rolled back as he felt his cum-leaking knob crush the spongy ring of his mom's cervical entrance. He was delighted at the fact that she could take all of his cock. It was the first time his prick was fully sheathed in hot pussy and it felt divine.

Sherry was also surprised to feel her labial lips push against her son's balls. She had been determined to take the better part of her boy's erection, but certainly wasn't expecting to feel her thick ass pressed against the wall in full penetration. "Holy shit! The perfect fit!" she thought. "It's like we were made for each other."

She began to pump her cunt on the rigid teenage slab, eager to get a satisfying rhythm going. As arousal surged through her beautiful body, the head and shaft of her clitoris began to swell and stiffen. Her fatty ass-cheeks rippled each time they reared back and struck the wall. Bent forward and humping back like this made the mother's huge tits dangle from her chest and swing to the motion of her enthusiastic thrusts.

All Charlie could do on his side was stand there, hugging the wall, while feeling his mom's tight pleated walls plunge up and down his tender pink dick. He couldn't believe she was fucking him; that his own horny cock was inside the most wonderfully wicked part of his own loving mom's body. "Holy shit, this feels amazing!" he wondrously thought.

Sherry humped on her boy's rod in a steady tempo, her meaty mommy-ass bobbing up and back. Charlie's fully-erect prick was being hugged on all sides by

rows of thick vaginal pleats. His mom flexed her pelvic floor muscles over and over, compressing her pink ribbed sleeve even tighter around his penis, gnawing at the plunging slab as it pummeled through her.

"Do you like it, baby?" his mom texted.

"LOVE IT!" he messaged back.

"Do you want mommy to fuck your cock even faster? "

"Sure!" he excitedly replied.

Sherry threw her lovely ass back as fast as she could, making her fleshy cheeks beat against the wall. This caused her boy's super-sized cock to pound through the tube of her cunt relentlessly. Going at it this heatedly, she wasn't at all surprised to feel an orgasm quickly build inside her.

"I'M GONNA CUM, BABY!" she texted. Then, the lucky teen could hear his mom crying out in a body-trembling climax through the wall.

Getting fucked through a wall allowed Charlie to be hyper-focused on just the feel of his mom's pussy cumming on his tender cock. Every quivering contraction that her cuntal walls gave off made the boy's erection flex excitedly. The way the knob of his prick began to mushroom made the broad ridge of Charlie's glans squeeze even more delightfully along the slippery, corrugated tube of Sherry's vagina.

"WOW!!" the teen gasped, humping against the wall. He wanted to hammer his horny baby maker into his mother so fucking bad! It killed him that she was doing all the work, but he knew the way she was furiously fucking his cock was about as good as he could ask for. It wasn't long before he shuddered in orgasmic delight.

"OHHH, SHIT!" the boy grunted, as big gooey cords of hot ball-jizz began to erupt from his piss-slit.

The feel of her boy's boner pulsing and flexing inside her as he shot off only extended Sherry's own tit-quivering climax. She slowed her thrusts, letting her boy enjoy slow, heavenly strokes of her cunt. Her vagina clenched up with wonderful contractions and their genital flesh grappled in the liquid heat of their ejaculate.

Just when Charlie thought it was over, he felt his boner slip from his mom's pussy and get replaced by her mouth. "Oh, damn, mom!" he moaned, feeling her nurse on his sensitive knob, while milking any remaining sperm from his shaft with her circled fist.

Over the next few days, Sherry gladly catered to her son's sexual requests.

"YOUR PRESENCE IS BEING REQUESTED AT CHARLIE'S GLORY HOLE," the message on her phone would read, often times, right while she was cuddling up next to her husband. The mother would excuse herself to shower, or tend to the kids, but instead would always head straight upstairs to her bedroom closet. Once there, she would either stroke Charlie off, give him sloppy, deep-throat head, or fuck his rigid cock through the glory hole.

"Can I fuck your tits?" Charlie texted her on one such occasion.

"Oh, you wanna try something different, huh, naughty boy? " his mom messaged back.

"Yeah, I wish you could get one of your boobs through the hole. I'd love to suck on it too!"

"Well, maybe we could make the hole bigger, so that could be possible, " she replied.

"You think? Can they do that?"

"I can ask and see, but how about for now mommy just gives you that juicy tit-wanking you asked for."

Charlie stuck his dick and balls through the hole. Sherry used the lube dispenser to get her giants tits nice and slick, then wrapped their ballooning flesh around her boy's throbbing cock. For nearly thirty minutes, she worked his horny erection through the slick, smothering pocket of her cleavage. She pushed on the sides of her boobs with her hands, creating wonderful friction on Charlie's dong that had him cumming in no time. She felt so wicked with her husband sitting downstairs, while she was getting cum-ropes blasted up around her neck.

At Charlie's request, she decided to do some research, to find out if they could make his glory hole any larger. She was surprised to discover that the company that she bought the custom hole from offered a variety of different sizes. One hole in particular would allow her to squeeze the entire bottom-half of her body into Charlie's side of the wall. This would allow him to fuck her in various sexual positions, as well as stick his own head through to her side and suck her tits, like he wanted. "Why don't I just save myself some money, go join him in his closet and let him do what he wants to me," Sherry giggled to herself. It WOULD certainly be easier, however, the thrill of being naughty and pleasing her son through a hole in the wall seemed so much more exciting.

"What are you reading?" Dave asked his wife as they sat in bed together one evening. Sherry was reading up on a few other ways of having glory hole sex, but she couldn't very well tell him that.

"Oh…um, just some beauty tips is all, honey," she lied.

"You don't need beauty tips. You're already as beautiful as you can be."

"Awww, thank you, honey," his wife gushed, then went back to reading. She had pounded her cunt back on Charlie's erection each

day since he first asked for it. Sherry did it the same way each time, bent over in the standing doggy position. What she hadn't realize until reading the article was that there were other wonderful ways to position her body for sex through a glory hole. Now that she knew, the busty mother simply couldn't wait to try them out.

"Charlie, are you awake, sweetheart?" his mom texted in the middle of the night. The teen was still up, watching some big tit MILF porn on the internet.

"Yeah, I'm up," he replied.

"Are you horny? "

"I'm ALWAYS horny, mom!" he texted back.

"Would you like to fuck me, through your glory hole?" his mom brazenly asked.

"What about dad?"

"He's out like a log. We'd still have to be REALLY careful, but I'd like to give you some sexual relief…if you feel you need it? "

"SURE!" Charlie eagerly replied.

Sherry laid there on her bed for a moment, gazing over at her lightly-snoring husband hesitantly. "What the FUCK am I doing?" she asked herself. "Did I really just ask my son if he wanted to fuck me?! I'm suppose to be there when HE NEEDS ME, not throwing myself on him, just because I'M horny and found a new position for us to try out."

Despite her reservations, the heavy-titted mother snuck out of bed and crept into her bedroom closet. She closed the door behind her and locked it.

Charlie was peering through his hole. He grasped his cock and squeezed it when he saw that his mom was wearing a sexy lavender-colored teddy. It was made of beautiful floral lace embroidery and slightly sheer, allowing him to see her areolar rings. Sherry wasted no time stripping it off, and Charlie's heart raced as he watched her meaty breasts bobble around as she got naked.

Sherry glanced at the glory hole and giggled. Since Charlie's cock wasn't poking through, she knew he must be watching her. Standing there naked for him, she lifted her phone and texted.

"Anything naughty you wanna see, baby?" her message read.

"Will you shake your boobs for me?" he replied.

Sherry rocked her shoulders, making her giant jugs swing back and forth in unison. She bent over slightly, letting them hang down heavily, while doing the same back and forth motion.

"DAMN, Mom, that's crazy sexy! " the boy texted, watching her flop her fatty tits around for him.

"Who knows…maybe you'll get to suck on these fat nipples someday soon, while you feel all this squishy tit-flesh around your face," she messaged.

"That would be dope!" the boy replied.

"Ready for mommy to fuck that purple-knobbed cock, sweetheart?"

Charlie pushed his erection through his glory hole. He had primed it pretty good with his hand, so it was fully engorged and ready for pussy. Sherry stared at it wondrously, biting her bottom lip. While reading about this 'new glory hole position' online, the mother realized that she had something in her closet that would make it possible. It was a four-foot, waist-high console table that they had stored in her closet, until they could find something decorative to

place on it for their bedroom. She slid it over, so the end of it met the wall, just below Charlie's jutting cock. "Perfect!" she thought, then carefully climbed onto the table and sprawled out on her back.

The position was called "the mermaid." Sherry occasionally performed it with her husband during their marital sex. It was perfectly suited for a glory hole fuck. The mother scooted her cunt to Charlie's cock, resting her sexy, shaved legs up the wall. Before she slipped him in, Sherry sent him a quick text. "Keep your ball on your side this time, sweetie, so you can thrust into me."

Her son pulled just his scrotum back to his side of the wall. Sherry grasped his erection and fed it inside her love-grotto, getting her thick ass as close to the wall on her side as she could. "Fuck my pussy, Charlie!" she texted him.

The teen was delighted to be in a position where he could beat his cock through the tube of his mom's pussy at his own pace. "Oh yes! Feels so fucking good!" his brain cried out as he began to thrust his boner through the glory hole and into his mom's vagina. Juices had already secreted from her cuntal walls, lubricating their union.

Sherry legs hugged the wall, pointing upward. She held the outside edges of the table with both hands for leverage, pumping her horny twat right back at her boy as she rocked the table beneath her.

Charlie wasn't sure how his mom was positioned this time, but damn did it feel good on his dick! It was that same wonderful pussy that he'd been fucking the past three days, but situated in a different way. This created all new sensations on his penile meat, as it was met with the different vaginal textures and squeezes. The best part about this time around was that he could thrust as hard and fast as he wanted. The teen gazed down in wide-eyed wonder, watching his shaft piston through the hole. He marveled at the way his muscled cock-meat was glistening

with his mom's cuntal secretions. "Damn, look at all that pussy juice! Mom's REALLY fucking wet!" he thought.

Sherry's naked bubble butt slapped repeatedly against the wall, trying to draw in as much dick as she could. The huge pillowy mounds of tit-flesh that jutted from her frame rolled wildly up and down her chest. She squeezed a squishy tits with one hand, while reaching down and rubbing her engorged clitoris with the other. She felt no shame, especially since her son couldn't see her. Yes, she was doing this for him, but she might as well cum like a fucking whore while she was doing it.

Charlie increased his tempo, with the overwhelming urge to fuck his mom as hard as he could. He pummeled his cock through the glory hole, making his ass a blur as he savagely fucked her. His ravaging boy-meat thundered through his mom's birthing tube, beating against the womb that once held him, on every thrust. He felt his mom tighten her fuck-muscles, causing him to flex his long cock, forcing her to feel every jutting vein bulge out against her inner lining. "Ahhhh!" he snarled, feeling her return more juicy squeezes. "Ahhh, fuck!"

Sherry knew that part of what her boy was feeling on his penis was the spongy corrugated texture of her G-spot as it scraped along the top of his erection. The fact that he was plowing against it so exquisitely was about to make her go out of her fucking mind. She wished she could just flop around and scream, like a shameless slut, while she gushed all over Charlie's fat cock. However, she knew if she woke her husband that it would be her worst fear come true. The mother realized that she had to make a decision quickly, before she erupted in orgasm. Screaming and jerking about wasn't an option, but neither was stopping. Her boy's cock simply felt too amazing jabbing through her. She wanted to cum so fucking bad that, in that moment, it was worth the risk of losing her marriage.

Pumping his hips as fast as he could, Charlie suddenly gasped as he felt his mom's pussy begin to contract around his cock. It was a wonderful series of vaginal squeezing and releasing and squeezing and releasing that caused the boy to involuntarily shudder and groan. Charlie's ejaculation occurred in a series of rapid-fire contractions of his penile muscles and anus. Powerful blasts of hot semen began to hose from his pisser, splattering through his mom's quivering vagina.

Sherry threw her lovely hair around, straining as she arched her back and neck from the table. Her giant tits, with their stiff, protuberant nipples, trembled and heaved as she was struck with a powerful climax. She crossed her upper arm over her mouth, attempting to muffle her orgasmic cries.

At the bed, Sherry's husband's eyes popped open as he heard a strange noise coming from the closet. He looked over to see that his wife missing, so he curiously got up. "Sherry?" he called, but got no answer.

He went to the closet door, but found it locked. Then, he heard his wife's muffled cry from inside. Panicked, Dave pounded at the door. He barely gave his wife time to answer before he kicked it in.

"DAVE!!" his wife shouted in surprised. Sherry was still in the mermaid position with her son's cum-drenched cock buried inside her. Lucky for her, her legs were closed together, extending up the wall and hiding her indiscretion.

"Sherry, are you ok? What the hell are you doing?" the confused husband asked, studying the way his wife was laying on table with her legs pointed towards the ceiling.

"I'm just…um…stretching," she awkwardly answered, her face still flush from an orgasm.

"Stretching?"

"Yes, this was um…one of the positions I was reading about…that was, uh…good to use for a stretching exercise."

"While you're naked?" Dave asked.

"Well, yes, honey…um, the article recommended doing them naked, so you're not hindered by clothing." She could feel the pulse of Charlie's excited heartbeat through his cunt-smothered knob, which was crushed against the head of her cervix.

"So what was all the squealing going on in here? That's why I kicked the damn door in…to make sure you were ok."

"Sorry, I was just in some pain. That's kind of why I was in here stretching in the first place," Sherry lied, feeling the thick slab Charlie's erection slip out of her cunt.

The boy could faintly hear his parents speaking to each other and hoped to hell his mother hadn't got caught. He looked down at his still-hard prick and smiled. His big dong was dripping with female ejaculate. It was even trickling from his dangling scrotum, from his mom squirting her girl-cum straight through the hole. "Damn, that was some fucking good pussy!" he whispered to himself.

Meanwhile, Sherry was staying put on the table. She didn't dare move and expose Charlie's Glory hole to her husband. "Sorry to wake you, honey. I'll just finish up here with my stretching real quick and come back to bed," she nervously stated.

"Ok, hon," Dave muttered, then looked at the damage he'd done to the closet door. "I guess I'll try to fix this door when I get home tomorrow."

Sherry quickly texted her son. "Damn, that was a close call. Your father nearly caught us fucking," she wrote.

"Oops, good thing he didn't! " Charlie texted back. "Will you look into having a bigger glory hole put in for me?"

"I'll get more information on them tomorrow, sweetheart, but I can't promise anything," Sherry replied.

"Cool, thanks, mom!"

"Goodnight, Charlie! " she messaged "And oh…by the way…that was one amazing fuck you just gave me, kiddo! Just sayin' ."

27: Charlie’s Hole – Part 3

Charlie's Hole – Part 3

By Klrxo

Art by Nixmare

"A bigger hole!"

"That's right…Charlie wants a bigger Glory Hole. I'm having one installed today," Sherry said as she sat with Barb having coffee.

"Why go with a bigger hole? At this point, why not just invite him in on your marital bed and fuck the shit out of him?!"

"I thought about going that route, but to be honest…I think Charlie really gets a thrill out of fucking or getting his cock sucked though a hole."

"Ok, I'm confused," Barb stated. "What can you do through a bigger Glory hole that you can't through a small one?"

"Lots of stuff. With a hole big enough to slide the lower half of our bodies through, Charlie can eat my pussy, I can tit-fuck him. Not to mention all the wild sex-positions we can engage in."

"Why do I get the feeling that you're getting as much enjoyment out of a glory hole as he is?"

"Because I am!" Sherry giggled.

"It must make the sex with Dave incredibly boring at this point."

"Well, yeah…not just from the thrill of fucking our son, behind Dave's back, but Charlie's just so much fucking bigger and harder than his father is. I can't wait to see what he can do through a bigger hole."

"Mm, that teenage dick must feel amazing?!" Barb cooed.

28: Christmas in the Cuddy Cabin

Christmas in the Cuddy Cabin

By Klrxo

"Did you like all your gifts, snuggle bug?" Jasper asked her son. They sat on the couch together, watching her younger children play with their new toys.

"Yeah, I got everything I wanted. Did you?"

"Well, not everything," his dark-haired mom replied, seeming a little disappointed.

Sean glanced down at the swell of his mother's gigantic breasts, which were ballooning out from beneath her thin cotton sweater. God how he wanted to sink his face into the dough-like flesh of her melons and suck on her turgid nipples. "What did you want that you didn't get?" he curiously asked.

"A baby."

"A baby?"

"Yes. Your father and I have been trying to make you a new little brother or sister, but it just hasn't happened yet," she explained in a discouraged tone.

"Oh, um…sorry, mom."

"It's not your fault, snuggle bug. It's not anyone's fault really. Your father just has an extremely low sperm count, so it's gonna take longer than we planned."

"Still, it would have made the holiday EXTRA special if you found out today that you were having another baby."

Jasper nodded sadly. "Yes, well…not all Christmas wishes can come true. Unless…"

"Unless what?" Sean asked, watching his mom fiddle with the button on her blouse, while staring over at him. Her green eyes seemed to pierce right through him. The boy's dark-hair mother reminded him of the Canadian actress, Jessica Lowndes, just with a thicker ass and humongous tits.

"Oh, never mind. You shouldn't be burdened with helping to solve your parent's problems."

"I don't feel burdened, mom. If there was a way I could help you, you know I would," Sean replied.

"Do you mean that?" Jasper whispered, peeking over at him curiously. Her sultry green eyes drifted down to the bulge of his boy-cock. It wasn't the first time she'd stared at it, wondering just how long and thick it got when fully erect.

"Of course I mean that. You're my mom."

Jasper tore her eyes from Sean's protrusion and looked at her other kids, who were busy at play. Her husband was also occupied, watching some Christmas day football. "Wanna go for a boat ride with me?" she sweetly asked her son, not feeling a bit of guilt from the wicked thoughts that were brewing in her mind. The family lived on a lake and had their boat docked for year-round enjoyment.

"A boat ride where?"

"Just, um…out on the lake for a little while," she replied, staring into his eyes like someone who was up to no good.

"Sure, I'm up for a ride."

"Awesome!" the mother beamed, showing her perfect white teeth as she smiled. "Let me tell your father we're leaving, then I'll collect a few things and meet you out at the dock."

It was a brisk Christmas day on the lake. Sean drove the boat with his mother snuggled against him. "Dang, it's cold out here today!" the teen shouted, delighting in the feel of his mom's warm squishy breasts through her jacket.

"It's SO quiet though, and the water's as still as I've ever seen it," Jasper pointed out.

"Boating around on Christmas day is the last place most people wanna be."

"Let's find a spot to anchor for a little while," Jasper suggested. "Take us over to Shady Cove."

Sean's dad's boat was a decent-sized cruiser with a cozy cuddy cabin. The craft zipped across the water and into the cove that his mother spoke of. Since it was Christmas day, there wasn't a single other boat out on the lake. Finding a nice private spot, still a good distance from shore, the teen shut the engine off. "I could sure use some hot chocolate about now," he stated, blowing into his clasped hands to get them warm.

"I'll see what I can find down in the cabin," Jasper replied. "Drop the anchor, then come down and join me."

The boy took a quick look at his mom's meaty, denim-clad ass as she strode away. By the time he got down in the cabin, he saw her sitting on the edge of the bed. "Well, the bad news is…there's no hot

chocolate," she stated. "The good news, however, is I got the heater going. It should be warm and toasty in here before you know it."

Sean closed the cabin door, then joined his mom on the edge of the bed. The large mattress cushion gradually narrowed behind them as it followed the walls along the bow of the boat. The boy didn't know for sure why his mom brought him out here, but he hoped it was so he could fuck the piss out of her. Lately she'd been awfully flirty with him and showed a lot more skin, particularly when they were home alone together. Just yesterday, Jasper had come to his room to collect laundry, wearing a snug crop top and pale pink booty shorts. The way the hems crept half-way up the cheeks of her meaty bubble butt gave Sean an instant hardon.

"You didn't bring me out here to talk, did you?" he brazenly asked.

Jasper peeked over at him blushingly. "No…um, I didn't," she answered.

"So why DID we come out here?"

"Baby, first I have a confession to make, and I hope you won't think any less of me for it," she sighed. "Your mother…has always been kind of a size-queen. Do you know what that is?"

"Yeah, it a woman who prefers bigger dicks, right?"

"Exactly! With the exception of your father, I've always been with guys who's penises were substantially larger than average."

"Wait a second, you're a size queen, but the one guy who you married isn't larger than average?" Sean asked in an amused tone.

"I know. That's fucked up, right?" his mom giggled. "The guy I chose to spend my life with has the smallest dick I've ever fucked. Unfortunately, marriage is kinda like buying a house though. You go into it with a list of things that are important to you and in the end

you usually have to settle with a home that's missing a few things from that list."

"And dad was missing the dick-size you like?"

"Precisely, and as a 'size queen, that's been a pretty big void in my life all these years. I've spent that time though watching YOU grow….in more ways than one," she confessed, glancing down at his tubular-shaped bulge and licking her lips.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie. That's one area of myself that's GROWN a whole heck of a lot the past few years," Sean admitted.

"Mmm, are you telling me that you're packing quite the baby maker down there, honey?" his mom asked with lusty eyes.

"I can show you if you want, and you can be the judge."

"Yeah?" she muttered, gazing into his eyes longingly. "You wanna show mommy how big and thick your dick has gotten?"

"I don't mind."

"Tell you what…just to play fair…you show me yours and I'll show you mine. How's that sound?"

"You'll show me your dick?" her son joked, making her burst out laughing.

"No dick here, baby, but I do have a shaved pussy. Interested in seeing that?"

"What do you think?" her son excitedly answered.

"I think you better get those pants off."

Sean stood up and removed his pants and briefs. His uncircumcised cock was so hard that his foreskin was pulled back, unshrouding the

swollen bell-shaped tip. The bulky stalk of his shaft was rock hard and covered with bulging veins.

"Good grief, snuggle bug…what size is that monster?" his mom asked, staring in wide-eyed wonder.

"Last time I measured it was my sophomore year and I was nearly ten inches. By now I must be pushing eleven."

"Eleven inches?! That's certainly twice the dick your father has… literally!" she informed him. Jasper had been pounded by some pretty big dicks when she was younger, prior to meeting her husband, but Sean's cock took top prize in terms of sheer size. "Do you ever get light-headed when you're like this? It must take a ton of blood to fill that thing."

"No, I have gotten a lot better at sex though," he admitted.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. When Amanda and I first started going out I could only fuck for about ten minutes before cumming. Now I can go well over an hour, nonstop," Sean bragged, speaking about sex between him and his girlfriend.

"Well…lucky Amanda. Can I, um…touch it?" The mother asked, staring at his jutting prick in adoration.

That was certainly one request that Sean wasn't about to turn down. "Sure!" he nodded.

Jasper reached out and circled her pretty hand around the rod of her boy's cock. She gave it a few slow stokes, while studying it's every detail in fascination. "Your erection is incredible! I don't know that I've ever felt one this hard before."

"It stays that way too…for awhile anyway…even after I've cum."

"I'm sure your girlfriend doesn't complain about that," Jasper smiled, enjoying the thick, hot feel of her boy's cock-shaft in her hand.

"Not to rush you or anything, because this feels amazing, but…can I see your pussy now?" Sean asked.

"I suppose a deal's a deal," his mom replied, reluctantly letting go of his cock and standing up. She shed her pants, revealing the sexiest yellow panties Sean had ever seen. They had sheer embroidery and a cute bow detail in the center. He only had a few seconds to admire them before his mom peeled them off.

"Damn!" he gasped, staring at her bare pubis. Jasper's dark cuntal slit was separated by two prominent outer flanges. "That's fucking hot, mom!"

"I'm glad you think so," the mother replied, her eyes glued to his erection, watching it flex to the sight of her naked pussy.

"How about we make another deal?" the teen suggested.

"Which is?"

"I'll show you my boobs, if you show me yours."

Jasper laughed, making her meaty mounds shudder beneath her top. "That's hardly a deal at all. I see you with your shirt off all the time," she pointed out.

"Alright, well…sweeten the deal for yourself then. What else do YOU want?"

The mother glanced back at the bed. "How about once or shirts are off, we crawl under the blankets for a snuggle?"

Sean's heart was beating so fast he could hardly stand it. It was exactly the type of thing he hoped she'd ask for. He just hoped that

by "snuggle" she meant "fuck." "Like I'm gonna turn down a deal like that," he smiled.

Watching his mom remove her shirt was a surreal moment for the teen. He'd been wanting to see her tits for so long that he couldn't remember a time where he wasn't obsessing over them. He'd come close to spying them once, when his mom was in the bathroom changing, but sadly, he struck out that time as well. Jasper reached around and pulled the cross-strap of her giant bra together, unfastening the hooks. In one graceful motion she slipped the cups from her breasts, making them bobble free heavily.

"Fuck, mom!" Sean gasped.

"What?" she giggled, playing stupid.

"What do you mean 'what?' Your tits are incredible!"

"I guess that gives us both something to drool over then, doesn't it?" she asked, glancing down at his wagging erection.

"Yeah, well…just like you're a 'size queen,' I guess I'm sort of a 'size king,' if I'm honest."

"Oh, you like big dicks too?" his mom joked, making him snicker.

"No, no! But I love big tits!" he confessed, fascinated by his mom's wide areola and the turgid nubs if her nipples. "Amanda's are pretty large, but they're nothing compared to yours."

"Well, why don't we crawl onto the bed and you can see them up close and personal," she suggested.

"Sure!" the boy agreed, then watched his mom crawl onto the mattress first, pointing her thick, naked ass as back at him. The way her meaty buns were slightly spread allowed him to get a good look at the pink ring of her butthole.

His mom slipped under the covers and looked over at him. "Are you coming?" she asked, with the most seductive look Sean had ever seen. He had a feeling he was about to bump bellies with his own beautiful mom.

He quickly joined her beneath the blankets. They cuddled face to face, and Sean was delighted by the feel of his mom's warm, fatty tits pressing against him and her leg draped over his. He had no doubt that she was turned on by the way her nipples were throbbing stiffly against his chest.

Jasper gazed into her boy's eyes wondrously. "So, back at the house, when I explained the situation between your father and I, you said you'd do ANYTHING to help. Did you really mean that?" she whispered.

"Of course I did."

"Does that include…helping me get pregnant?"

Sean's heart skipped a beat. "If that's what you want," he replied.

"Well, here's the thing… You and your father's genetic makeup is the same, so he'd never really suspect that the baby wasn't his. His sperm count is almost nonexistent, while I'm sure yours is off the charts. If we had sex, we'd both be getting something we wanted. I'd be getting my baby, since I'm ovulating today, and you'd be getting a great piece of Christmas pussy."

Sean took a moment to process what she was saying. "You forgot one thing, mom," he pointed out.

"What's that?"

"The 'size-queen' in you would be getting just the kind of dick she craves."

"That's true also," Jasper excitedly giggled.

"So, what do we call this then?" Sean asked. "Is it copulation, making love…what do you call it when a mother and son decide to have sex, under these circumstances?"

Jasper smiled naughtily. "How about we just call it FUCKING? Raw… nasty fucking," she boldly suggested.

"I like that," he replied, then began to wonder just how clinical their coupling would be. "So um…is anything off limits?"

"What do you mean by off limits?"

"Can I fuck you as hard as I want, suck on your tits and maybe kiss you some?"

"Absolutely! Just because we're making a baby doesn't mean we can's enjoy ourselves in the process," Jasper replied.

"Sweet!"

Jasper grasped onto her boy and rolled him on top of her. Sean felt her thighs spread open and he sunk against her heated crotch. "Why don't we start with you on top," she uttered, then immediately broke the ice by feeding her boy and slow, sensual kiss.

Sean had never been this nervous fucking a girl, but this was not an ordinary sexual encounter. This was his mother, who had a body that was made for fucking, and had years of sexual experience under her belt. He knew he'd have to perform at his best to impress her, which he had every intention of doing.

With their mouths still fused in a kiss, the teen introduced his tongue and was surprised to find his mother's licker eagerly reciprocate. Their tongues dueled wildly inside Sean's mouth, and he began to

jab his cock against her shaved pussy, digging through her fleshy folds, searching for her vaginal entrance.

"OHHH!" Jasper gasped loudly, feeling her boy's rigid cock-muscle pierce her twat and sink inside her clasping fuck-hole.

Sean watched his mom's eyes go cross in pleasure as he fed her most of his steely cock. Only a few inches remained unsheathed and the cock-loving mother was just as determined to take it all as her son was to give it to her. Sean backed out a few inches, slickening his cock with her secretions. Jasper met his downward thrust by humping her cunt upward, burying the remainder of his meat inside her.

"Ahhh, yes!" the boy hissed, feeling his tender knob smash against the ring of her external os, at the back of her vagina. This, while his mother tightened her fuck-muscles, sheathing his super-sized penis in the snuggest, juiciest cuntal grip he had every experienced.

"Fuck me, snuggle bug!" the mother squealed as her boy began spearing into her with forcefully thrusts. She hooked her luscious legs high around his back, crossing her ankles together. This allowed her to use his body as leverage, so she could bounce her naked ass from the mattress an meet him hump for hump.

"EVERY BIT AS FUCKING AMAZING AS I DREAMED IT WOULD BE!" Sean deliriously thought, feeling his curvy mother beneath him. Her enormous tits were crushed between them as they fucked, and he could feel them sloshing wildly. His

mom had given him the green light to suck her nipples and he had every intention of doing so. He slipped his face down, struggling for a moment to latch on as her tit rolled up and down her chest. Finally, he was successful and gorged himself with as much flesh as he could, so his lips were sealed around the fringe of her areola.

Jasper was over the moon! Not only was her son HOPEFULLY going to impregnate her with a baby, she was also getting a dreamy cock slammed through her cunt for the first time in many, many years. It didn't take her long to remember why she had been such a size-queen in the first place. Her boy's muscled boner, stretched her cunt tube, scraping against the nerve-endings along her corrugated lining. This brought on a mind-boggling orgasm that made her scream out so loudly, for a second, it actually startled her son.

"DAMN!!" Sean gasped, feeling the intense pressure around his pummeling penis, while watching his mom's pretty face twist in pleasure. If there was ever a true test of his staying power, this was it.

The boy extended his arms, so he could watch his mom's oversized milkers roll up and down her chest while he fucked her. "Am I doing a good job so far, mom?" he asked, even though he knew he was blowing her mind by how fucking hard he'd just made her cum.

"My God, baby…you're amazing!" she breathlessly replied.

"Well, if a true 'size queen' thinks so, then I must be doing alright."

"I don't think I fully realized how neglected my pussy's been for all these years, while married to your father," Jasper confessed.

"Well, this doesn't have to be a 'one time thing' you know? I could fuck you like this all the time, if you wanted me to?"

"Oh my God!" the mother exclaimed, gazing up at her thrusting teen in lusty adoration. "Having your dreamy boy-meat inside me on a daily basis would make me feel like the luckiest mom on earth."

"A woman like you deserves to be fucked by a big cock, mom. Anytime you want me to pound it through you like this, just let me know."

Jasper had spent nearly a half-hour beneath her son and, even though she loved being fucked this way, she was anxious to try a different position. One of her very favorites! "Wanna fuck me doggy-style, snuggle bug?" she asked.

"There's so many ways I wanna fuck you mom, we could spend hours just trying them all out."

"Oh, well that certainly sounds like a challenge I'd gladly except, but right now I'd REALLY like to feel you hitting my pussy from behind."

"You got it!" Sean blurted, sliding his cock out. His jutting boner wagged stiffly on his loins, shimmering with his mom's vaginal juices as he watched her climb up on all-fours.

Jasper gazed back at her teen lasciviously through the curtain of her dark, silky hair. She wagged her rounded mommy-ass invitingly. "Come on, big boy! Come beat that fat prick though mommy's hole!"

Sean crawled back behind her, mounting her haunches and jabbing his monster-sized cock back inside her. He grasped her by her wide, tan hips and thrust into her in a heated rhythm. "Now this…is a million dollar view!" he thought, looking down at the big, meaty cheeks of his mom's derriere. Her fleshy ass-meat rippled each time it struck his midsection.

"How's this, mom?" he panted. "Is this the way you like it?"

"Oh, baby…there's not a way I WOULDN'T like it, as long as it's your big, horny hammer inside me!"

For nearly twenty-minutes Sean fucked his mom from behind, delighted by the way she threw her ass back on him in vigorous fuck-lust. Several times, he leaned over her back, reached around and grasped on to her dangling tits, while fucking her. He'd squeezed his share of swinging boobs on girls his own age, but

sinking his fingers into a pair of soft, spongy MILF tits was absolutely divine.

"Damn, mom…if you keep squeezing your pussy-muscles around me like that and you're gonna get a load of baby-making sperm REAL SOON!" Sean breathed.

"That's fine by me…as long as I can get a second load of that potent spunk pumped inside me before we head back home," she replied, peeking back at him.

"That can be arranged!"

Jasper humped her cunt back on her boy in a frantic rhythm. "Well then, come on my sexy sperm-donor! Pump that hot baby-gravy into mommy! Make my belly grow big and round with our incest baby!"

Sean grasped his mom's hips and fucked into her with everything he had. The feeling of such a powerful, mommy-induced orgasm building inside his groin made him feel like he could jump out of his skin with pleasure.

"OH, FUCK YES! TAKE MY FUCKING CUM, MOM!" he grunted as he began hosing out gooey ropes of incredibly-potent sperm inside his mom's ovulating female reproductive system.

"Holy fuck! Now THAT'S what a male ejaculation should feel like!" Jasper thought as her body shuddered from her own tit-quivering climax. Everything she was feeling just confirmed how superior her son's cock and fucking skills were compared to her husband, Owen. She simply didn't know how she'd even be able to have sex with Owen now without thinking of her gorgeous horse-dicked son.

For several wonderful minutes, they bucked and writhed in sexual bliss. Jasper's dangling knockers swung and rippled violently as her and her son's hot flesh slapped together in orgasmic rapture.

"Where are you?!" Jasper's husband, Owen, asked over the phone.

The heavy-titted mother held her cellphone with one hand, while resting the other on her prone son's chest. Her knees were planted astride his body and her wide, motherly hips were swiveling feverishly. Jasper's shaved pubis was fused against her boy's cock-base, grinding on his erection in full penetration. "We're um…just out enjoying the lake, honey," she replied, trying not to sound too sexually winded.

"I didn't think you guys would be gone this long," Owen stated.

"I didn't think we would either, but we're enjoying ourselves so much…we decided to go another round…AROUND THE LAKE, I mean."

Sean was enjoying one of the greatest views a boy could experience. One where a mother's ginormous tits were jutting out over his ogling eyes and bobbling to the rhythm of her fuck-motions. What made it even better was the feel her heated cuntal walls, clasping and chewing at the meat of his cock, while stirring it around inside her glorious pussy.

"Well, had I known you guys were gonna be this long I would have packed up the kids and come with you," Owen remarked.

"Oh, speaking of kids…" Jasper added, "I've been getting these funny feelings today. I'm not a-hundred-percent positive, but I think I actually might be pregnant."

"Pregnant?! Really?!"

Jasper knew that after having her son's hot spunk blasted inside her that the chances of her being knocked-up were pretty good, especially since she was ovulating. By telling her husband that she was already pregnant, she would avoid having to have terrible marital sex with him later. "Well, I won't know for sure until I take a

test, honey, but I just have this feeling I am, or maybe the sperm is close and I will be soon," she stated, winking down at her big-dicked boy, acknowledging who the real baby-daddy would be.

"Well, if that's the case, then that's exciting news!" Owen remarked. "I guess maybe I do still have some live ammunition in the chamber!"

Jasper tried to suppress her laughter, looking down at Sean and rolling her eyes. "Yep…sounds like you blasted quite the round out of that little pistol of yours, honey!" she joked. "A true Christmas miracle!"

Jasper was itching to get back to fucking the boy-canon that was lodged in her clasping cunt. "Sean and I will be back home shortly. We're just about to get going again, and…CUM…back home I mean."

After hanging up, Jasper threw her phone aside and began fucking her boy, bouncing on his cock like a shameless whore. The feel of his unyielding boner pummeling though her fuck-tube had her shaking in climax within minutes.

Sean pumped his ass from the mattress, spearing his cock up through the quivering tube of his hot mom's pink pussy. He yanked his mother down on top of him and rubbed his face in the deep canyon of her cleavage, feeling the spongy softness of her breasts brush against him. He latched onto to one of her puffy nipples, sucked intensely, then moved to the other, slurping on her engorged papilla like a starving infant. This, while a powerful load of cum swelled inside his nuts.

Their naked bodies thrashed together for several more minutes, like they couldn't get enough of each other. "OHHH, FUCK!!" Sean snarled, his voice muffled by tit-meat. It felt like his knob blasted right off the tip of his throbbing penis as he

began hosing out big cords of semen inside his mom's fertile pussy. No words could express the type of pleasure that surged though the boy's lean body as he was milked-off by his mom's skilled cunt.

"Thank you for making my Christmas dream come true this year, snuggle bug," Jasper whispered, then planted a few tender kisses on her boy's lips.

"Well, I HOPE I made it come true. I guess we won't find out until you take a pregnancy test."

"Not that Christmas dream, silly goose…although being pregnant will definitely make me happy too," Jasper said.

"Oh, well which Christmas dream did you mean then?"

She stared at him with her alluring green eyes and smiled. "Satisfying your size-queen mom's craving for huge, young cock. The best Christmas dream of all," she cooed.

29: Chronicles of the Baby Making Factory_1

Valerie was crushed when the results of her husband's sperm count came in. The sterile silence of the small clinic room seemed to magnify Valerie's disappointment. She stared at her husband, John, who sat beside her, his face ashen with disbelief. The doctor's words echoed in her mind, each one a weight upon her heart.

"I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Shotwell," the doctor had said, his voice tinged with sympathy. "Based on the results of the sperm count, it seems highly unlikely that you will be able to conceive naturally."

Valerie could hardly comprehend the news. All those dreams of having another child together felt shattered in an instant. She clenched her fists, trying to find solace through the pain that threatened to consume her.

John reached out and took her hand, his touch offering a flicker of comfort amidst their shared despair. Their eyes met, silently affirming their love and commitment, even in the face of this unexpected obstacle.

Together they left the clinic, stepping out into the bright summer day. The world around them felt like a cruel juxtaposition to their current state of despair. They were the proud parents of two teenage children, but for years they had been trying to have another. Valerie couldn't help but notice the joyful laughter of children playing in a nearby park. Each sound, each carefree giggle, served as a painful reminder of what they might never have again.

As they walked towards the car aimlessly, Valerie felt a surge of determination rise within her. She refused to let this setback define their future.

Valerie was a sight to behold, her platinum blonde hair cascading down her shoulders in soft waves. Her curves were accentuated by the tight-fitting dress she wore, hugging her body in all the right places. Her huge tits and full, round ass caught the eye of every man who passed by.

With a renewed sense of purpose, she turned to John and spoke softly, her voice filled with hope.

"John, I know this news is devastating, but we can't give up. There are other options out there for us," Valerie said, her eyes shining with determination to have another child.

John nodded, his grip on her hand tightening. "You're right, Valerie. We've always been a team, and we'll overcome this together."

Their journey towards building a family had taken an unexpected turn, but Valerie refused to let it deter her.

"You're home late," said Valerie as she stood in her son's doorway just after midnight.

Zane stood in front of his mirror, half-dressed in nothing but his boxers. Moonlight streamed in through his open shades, casting a soft glow on his well-toned chest and chiseled abs. His mother's hourglass figure was silhouetted in the doorway, a look of surprise etched onto her face.

"Sorry, mom...things have just been crazy at work."

"Are you sure you wanna keep that job at the pizza place? It seems like they've been requiring you to do a lot of extra hours."

Valerie stepped further into her son's room, her eyes sweeping across the cluttered space. Posters of bands and sports teams adorned the walls, contrasting with the stacks of textbooks and

papers scattered on the desk. She could sense his fatigue, the weariness etched in the lines of his face. Zane turned away from the mirror, finally noticing his mother's presence. He ran a hand through his tousled hair, sighing softly.

"I know, Mom," he replied, his voice tinged with exhaustion. "But I need the money right now to save up for college."

Zane loved it when his mom came into his room late at night. The middle-aged, platinum-blonde's nightshirt clung tightly to her curves, the fabric barely reaching the bottom of her rounded ass. Her bare, toned legs were on full display, accentuated by the soft moonlight streaming through the room. Valerie's humongous, unfettered breasts bobbled heavily on her ribcage as she took a step closer to her son, her maternal instinct kicking into overdrive.

She reached out and gently placed a hand on his arm. "Zane, I understand how important it is for you to secure your future," she said, her voice filled with empathy. "But don't forget to take care of yourself too."

Zane nodded, his eyes meeting hers. "I won't, mom. I promise."

Valerie smiled softly, her heart swelling with pride for her son. She knew how hard he was working to achieve his dreams, and she was determined to help him succeed.

As they stood there, mother and son, in the quiet of Zane's room under the pale and gentle moonlight, Valerie couldn't shake the feeling that something else was weighing on his mind.

As if reading her thoughts, Zane spoke up, his voice gentle and confessional. "Mom, can I ask you an odd question?"

"Of course, you can, honey. What is it?"

"I know this might seem like a random question, but I'm curious - does wearing briefs instead of boxers, like the ones I have on, affect a guy's sperm count?"

Valerie let out a giggle. "You're right, that is an unusual question for you to ask," she remarked.

Zane could see the curiosity in his mother's eyes, but he knew it was important not to reveal too much. He took a deep breath before continuing.

"There was this one time when I was doing some research online and I came across an article about how wearing certain types of underwear could affect a guy's sperm count. It got me thinking about what might be best for me, especially since...you know...I might want kids one day."

Valerie's eyes softened as she placed her hand on Zane's shoulder, offering comfort and understanding. "So what did the article say?" she asked gently.

Zane hesitated for a moment, torn between sharing more or keeping some things private.

"Well, apparently, wearing tight underwear like briefs can actually reduce sperm count and quality over time."

Valerie's mind raced with thoughts and questions, attempting to connect the dots between Zane's newfound curiosity and their own fertility struggles. She couldn't help but wonder if there was a deeper significance to his inquiry, beyond mere coincidence.

"Zane," Valerie began cautiously, her voice tinged with curiosity. "Is there a reason why you're asking about this? Does it have to do with your dad and me?"

Zane's eyes widened in surprise, his mind racing to process his mother's question.

"Mom, I...I didn't know you guys were trying to have another baby," Zane stammered, his voice tinged with guilt. "I'm sorry if I've intruded on something private."

Valerie's hand tightened on his shoulder, her touch reassuring. "No, Zane, you haven't intruded at all. In fact, your curiosity might have just shed some light on your father and I's situation."

Zane looked up at his mother in confusion, wondering how his inquiry about underwear could possibly be connected to their fertility struggles.

Valerie took a deep breath before continuing, her gaze never leaving her son's face. "Your father and I recently received some heartbreaking news from the doctor and it's been weighing heavily on us. We've been trying to have another baby for a while now, but it seems like each attempt is met with disappointment." Valerie paused, her voice filled with raw emotion. "We never told you because we didn't want to burden you with our struggles."

Zane's eyes widened as he took in his mother's words. The pieces of the puzzle started to come together, and he felt a sense of guilt wash over him. He had been so wrapped up in his own life that he hadn't noticed the pain that his parents were going through.

"I'm so sorry, Mom," he whispered, the weight of his words heavy in the air. "I had no idea."

He moved forward for a hug, letting out a small sigh as he felt his mom's giant, braless tits squash out against his chest beneath her nightshirt. "It's okay, Zane. We didn't want you to worry. But your question about underwear... It made me realize that sometimes the solution to our problems might be right in front of us."

Valerie couldn't help but feel the warmth of her son's heartbeat as she hugged him close, her thick nipples hardening on the peaks of her jugs. She could feel the strong muscles in his arms and the softness of his skin against hers. Valerie's intoxicating perfume lingered around them, along with a hint sweet pussy that wafted up from her shaved snatch.

Zane pulled away, looking at her with both concern and determination. "If there's anything I can do to help, I'll do it. You can't go through this alone."

Valerie squeezed his arm tightly, thankful for the support of her son. "I know you're busy with your job and getting ready for college, but just knowing that your care means the world to me."

She noticed her son's arousal; his boxers tenting outward from his growing erection. Zane tried to cover himself with his hands, blushing in embarrassment. "Shit, sorry," he mumbled awkwardly.

Valerie chuckled softly, a gentle smile playing on her lips. "It's alright, Zane. You're a young man with urges. It's natural to get hard like that."

"Yeah, I guess one disadvantage to wearing boxers is it they don't do much to hide your boners."

Valerie couldn't help but laugh at her son's attempt at humor. "Well, maybe you should start wearing briefs then, it might help keep things under wraps," she suggested, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

Zane blushed even more, looking down at the front of his boxers and realizing just how much of the meat of his erection was visible through the gaping fly hole. He couldn't help but wonder if his mother was turned on by it. He had always found her incredibly attractive, and seeing her like this, wearing only a nightshirt that

barely covered her curves, was making his desire for her grow even stronger.

Valerie, on the other hand, couldn't help but be impressed by the size of her son's tent pole. He was growing up so fast, and while it was a bit strange to see him so sexually mature, she couldn't deny the attraction she felt for him. As a mother, she understood the natural instinct to protect and care for her children, but there was also a part of her that wondered what it would be like to explore the desires that sometimes bubbled to the surface. "Don't let the girls at school see you like that," Valerie grinned. "They won't be able to keep their hands off you."

Zane couldn't help but grin at his mother's teasing. "Yeah, well, I think I'll stick to my boxers for now. That's more my style," he said, trying to downplay his erection.

Valerie simply raised a playful eyebrow at her son's comment, but there was a glint of mischief in her eyes. "Suit yourself, young man," she replied, her tone barely concealing her amusement. She knew that she should tread carefully considering the situation, but the sexual tension between them was undeniable. "You don't need to hide it on my account, but I don't think your father would be too amused seeing that big thing stick out like that."

"True," Zane agreed.

"But hey, you know what they say... if you got it, flaunt it," said Valerie, thrusting her bosom out playfully and rocking her shoulders, making her ballooning, stiff-nippled tits rock back and forth.

"Damn, mom!" Zane exclaimed, his eyes wide as he stared at his mother's chest.

"What? You're not the only one with a little something extra to show off," Valerie chuckled, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Oh, I've noticed, trust me," the boy confessed.

"Of course, you have," she giggled, staring at his rigid crotch. "Why else would your purple headed soldier be standing at attention like that."

Valerie watched as her son's eyes devoured her body, a strange mix of warmth and embarrassment coiling in her stomach. She had always known that Zane was growing up, but seeing this side of him was quite a thrill. He was turning into a man right before her eyes, and she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of arousal. "How about another hug before bed?" she suggested.

"You read my mind."

Zane stepped closer to his mother, his erection bobbing stiffly beneath his boxers. He wrapped his arms around her, feeling the warmth of her body and the suppleness of her large chest pressed against his. Valerie returned the embrace, her rubbery nipples hard and sensitive against Zane's chest.

"You know, I've always been proud of you, Zane," Valerie whispered softly into his ear. "But tonight, I'm extra proud of how much you care for me and your dad. We're going through a tough time right now, and having your support means the world to us."

Zane pulled back slightly to look at his mother, her eyes teary and full of gratitude. "I'm sorry we kept everything from you," Valerie continued. "We didn't want to burden you with our struggles. But now that you know, we're not alone in this. You're a part of this too."

"I'm here for you both, Mom," Zane assured her, his eyes filled with determination. "And I promise to help in any way I can."

Valerie squeezed Zane tightly once more, feeling a sense of relief wash over her. She knew that he would be a great support and they

would face this challenge together as a family.

As they pulled apart, Valerie couldn't help but notice how close they had come to one another, their faces mere inches apart. She couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to kiss her son, to feel his lips against hers, their tongues touching, to let the forbidden desires that flowed through them take over. But she knew better than to act on such thoughts.

"Goodnight, Zane," Valerie whispered, her voice tinged with a newfound longing.

"Goodnight, Mom."

"The baby making factory?" Valerie asked her sister, Kaylee, as they spoke over coffee the next day.

"Yes, it's a place where local young men help women get pregnant, the natural way."

"You mean by fucking them?" Valerie asked in shock.

"That IS how you conceive a child naturally, Val," Kaylee giggled.

Valerie blushed at Kaylee's blunt response, her cheeks turning a shade of crimson. The idea of seeking help from the baby making factory seemed both scandalous and desperate, but Valerie couldn't deny the flicker of hope that ignited within her. She glanced down at her untouched cup of coffee, contemplating the possibilities. "It just seems so unconventional," Valerie mumbled, her voice barely audible over the chatter in the café.

Kaylee's eyes softened as she reached across the table, gently clasping Valerie's trembling hands. "Sometimes, Val, unconventional is the only path left to take. You and John deserve to experience the joy of parenthood once more."

A mixture of fear and excitement swirled within Valerie's chest. The baby making factory felt like a secret world—a hidden haven where dreams were given a second chance. But jumping into this uncharted territory came with its own set of anxieties. Would John be open to the idea? Could they navigate this unorthodox path to parenthood together?

"I'm not against the idea of letting a teenager pump a baby inside of me, I just don't know what John would think of the idea," Valerie expressed.

She knew she couldn't keep the conversation with Kaylee a secret. She owed it to John to be open and honest about her thoughts and feelings. That evening, as they sat side by side on the couch in their cozy living room, Valerie took a deep breath and turned to her husband.

"John, I need to talk to you about something," she began, her voice steady but tinged with nervousness.

John looked at his wife with concern in his eyes, his expression inviting her to continue. "What is it, Val?"

Valerie reached for his hand, seeking comfort in their connection. "You know how devastated I was after we received the news from the clinic. It's been weighing heavily on me."

John squeezed her hand gently, urging her to go on.

"I spoke to Kaylee today," Valerie said, taking a small pause before continuing. "She told me about a clinic called the baby making factory."

John's eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he processed Valerie's words. "The baby making factory? What on earth is that?"

Valerie took a deep breath, her voice steady but filled with vulnerability. "It's a place where couples like us, who are struggling to conceive, can find help. Local young men offer their assistance to women who are trying to get pregnant naturally."

John's eyes widened in surprise, his grip on Valerie's hand tightening instinctively. "Local young men? You mean... they have sex with these women?"

Valerie nodded, her gaze fixed on their intertwined hands. "Yes, that's how it works."

For a moment, there was silence in the room as John absorbed the information. Then, he let out a shaky breath and looked into Valerie's eyes. "Val, if you're asking me to have sex with another man, I'm not so sure I can go along with that."

"I know," Valerie replied softly. "But Kaylee made a good point. Sometimes the path to parenthood isn't straightforward or conventional, and we have to be willing to explore other options if we truly want to expand our family."

John leaned back against the couch, deep in thought. Valerie could see the mix of emotions playing across his face—confusion, apprehension, and a touch of fear. She knew that this was a conversation that required time and understanding.

"Valerie," he finally said, his voice filled with tenderness. "The thought of you being with another man, even if it's for the purpose of conceiving a child, is something that horrifies me. But I also never imagined that we would face this kind of challenge either."

Valerie nodded, her heart swelling with gratitude for her husband's honesty. She reached out to cup his face in her hands, locking eyes with him. "I know this isn't an easy decision for either of us," she said

softly. "But we've always faced our challenges together, and I believe we can face this one too."

"I don't know. Allowing my wife to sleep with another man may be the greatest challenge I've ever faced."

"Kaylee and I would at least like to check this place out tomorrow and find out exactly how their program works, " said his wife.

John sighed, running a hand through his hair in frustration. His mind was racing with conflicting thoughts and emotions. The idea of Valerie being with another man was unnerving, but he couldn't ignore the longing in her eyes, the hope that shimmered beneath her vulnerability.

He looked into Valerie's eyes, searching for answers. "Are you sure about this, Val? About wanting to explore this option?"

Valerie nodded, her voice filled with determination. "I can't deny how badly I want to have another child, John. And if there's a chance that the baby making factory can help us achieve that, then I think it's worth considering."

John took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. He knew how much having another child meant to Valerie, how it had consumed her thoughts and dreams for years. And as her husband, he wanted nothing more than to see her happy.

"Alright," he said finally, his voice laced with uncertainty. "Alright. Go check it out with your sister tomorrow and let me know what you find out."

Zane plopped down on his bed, exhausted from a hard day's work. He heard a gentle tap at his door and Valerie appeared in his

doorway. "Hey, kiddo," she said softly, concern etched across her face. "How'd things go at the pizza parlor today?"

"Busy as usual, but I got through it."

"You must be a little sore. Would you like to take a soak in the hot tub with me?" Valerie asked, her pretty eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Sure, my body is worn out, so a soak would probably do me some good."

"I'll meet you out there," Valerie said with a wink, and she disappeared from his doorway.

Zane met his mom on the back patio a few minutes later, his curiosity piqued by her playful demeanor. As they approached the hot tub, Valerie reached into her robe and pulled out a small vial. She handed it to her son, and he took it curiously, reading the label that read "Relaxation Mixture."

"Go ahead and pour some of this in the hot tub, Zane," Valerie instructed, her eyes wide with mischief.

Zane raised an eyebrow, but he quickly poured the contents of the vial into the steaming water. As the hot tub began to fizz and bubble, Zane couldn't help but grin at the sight. He was feeling more tingly inside than he had in a long time, and he couldn't help but wonder what was in that vial.

"A moment of relaxation can be just what the doctor ordered," Valerie said, her eyes soft and loving. She reached over and patted her son's arm. "Sometimes, it's good to let go of the stress and enjoy the moment. You've been working hard, and you deserve a break."

Zane climbed into the hot tub, sinking into the warm water and feeling his muscles loosen. He couldn't recall the last time he had truly relaxed, and he was grateful for the moment. As he soaked in

the water, he couldn't help but feel lighter, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

Valerie untied her robe and slipped it from her shoulders, making her boy's eyes widen at the sight of her skimpy turquoise micro bikini. The fabric was semi-sheer mesh, allowing Zane to see just a hint of the wide, darkened rings of her areolas.

"Wow, mom," Zane stammered, trying to hide his embarrassment at seeing his mother in such skimpy clothing.

Valerie let out a soft chuckle, her eyes sparkling with playful mischief. "Relax, honey, it's just the two of us," she reassured him, knowing that Zane's father would be mortified if he caught her wearing something like that in front of him.

"It's time for mommy to relax too," she continued. Zane got a good look at her crotch as she climbed into the hot tub with him. Through the semi-sheer fabric, he could barely make out her puffy outer labium and how the twin lips merged together in the center to form a deep cuntal cleft. Valerie sunk into the water next to her son, sighing from the feel of the heated water bubbling around them.

Zane couldn't help but notice how content his mother looked, her eyes closed and a smile on her face. He tried to relax and enjoy the moment as well, but his mind kept wandering. "Hey, mom, what was in the vial?" Zane asked, breaking the silence. "That stuff made the water fizzy."

Valerie opened her eyes, a knowing smile on her face. "Well, that was my little secret relaxation mixture. It's a combination of herbs and essential oils that's known to help relax both the body and the mind. I wanted to help you take some time to unwind and forget about your troubles for a little while."

Zane couldn't help but feel a little awkward as his mother spoke so candidly, but he couldn't help but appreciate what she was trying to

do for him.

"So, you're saying it's like, you know, magic water?" Zane asked, not quite sure how to phrase his question.

Valerie chuckled, her tan skin shimmering from the iridescent glow of the hot tube lights. "In a way, yes. It's just a little something to help us both relax and enjoy the present moment."

Zane's eyes were glued to the sight before him – his mother's gigantic breasts, barely contained by the skimpy bikini top. The way they were slung creating a deep tit-cleavage that caught the light just right and seemed to shimmer with its own radiance.

Valerie couldn't help but feel a surge of pride and affection for her son as he took in the sight before him. She knew that seeing her sexy, huge-breasted body like this was likely a new experience for him, and she hoped it would help him to understand and appreciate the beauty and strength of the female form.

"You know, Zane, our bodies are amazing things," Valerie began, her voice soft and warm. "They're capable of so much, from growing new life to healing ourselves. And yes, they can be a source of tremendous pleasure and attraction as well. It's all a part of being alive."

Zane nodded, still unable to take his eyes off off her tits as they bobbled buoyantly in the churning water. "I… I never thought about it like that before," he admitted, his voice cracking slightly.

Valerie reached over and placed her hand on his arm, giving it a comforting squeeze. "It's normal to be curious, honey. But it's important to respect our bodies and treat them like the amazing, powerful things that they are."

Zane bit his lip, still feeling a little embarrassed by his curiosity. "So, are you going to… talk to me about all of that?"

Valerie raised an eyebrow, a playful grin spreading across her lips. "You want me to tell you about my sexual experiences, honey?"

Zane's face flushed red, but he nodded, unable to look away from the sight before him.

"Well, sweetheart," Valerie began, her voice low and sultry. "When I was your age, I was just starting to discover my own body and what it could do. I was curious and eager to learn more, just like you are now."

As she spoke, Valerie moved over and straddled her son's upper thigh beneath the water, bringing them even closer. She began to slowly caress Zane's bare chest beneath the bubbles.

Zane felt a sudden rush of wantonness, his heart beating faster at his mother's closeness. He met her gaze, and saw the desire mirrored in her eyes.

"I was curious about my sexuality," Valerie continued, her fingers brushing softly against her son's nipples, causing him to shudder. "And I was excited to explore the sensations it could bring me. But I also learned that it's important to be careful and to respect the boundaries of others. Just because I was curious about my own body, it doesn't mean that I should force anyone else to be involved in that exploration."

Zane nodded, still feeling the rush of arousal that her words and touch were causing in him. "I bet you had sex with a lot of guys when you were my age," he stated, knowing that if she was just as beautiful then as she was now she'd have guys lined up down the street to fuck her.

Zane's words hung in the air between them, and Valerie could see the curiosity and desire in his eyes. She could feel the heat between them, the tension that was building as they sat there, close and submerged in the hot, churning water.

"Well," Valerie began, her voice low and husky, her fingers still gently caressing her son's chest. "When I was your age, I did let a few guys explore my body. I was curious and eager to learn more about myself and about the pleasures that a man could bring me. And I was lucky enough to be with some really nice guys, who were respectful of my needs and made it really good for me."

Zane listened intently, his mind racing with the thoughts her words and touch were stirring within him. His cock was already fully erect beneath the water. "I bet you made it really good for them too," he brazenly whispered.

Valerie let out a soft laugh, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, honey, I CAN'T tell you everything right now," she teased, her fingers continuing to trace gentle circles on his chest. "But let's just say that I know a thing or two about satisfying a man."

Zane's curiosity was piqued, and he felt a growing sense of excitement and anticipation as he listened to his mother's words. He wanted to know more, to learn from her, to experience the pleasures that she had once given. "Can you give me an example of what you mean?" Zane asked, unable to contain his excitement as his mind raced with the possibilities.

Valerie smiled, a devilish glint in her eyes. "Well," she said, her fingers trailing down his chest and teasing the edge of his swim trunks, "one of my favorite things to do is to straddle a man's face, giving him a front-row seat to my most intimate area."

Zane's eyes widened at the thought, his cock throbbing even harder as he imagined himself beneath his mother, enjoying the sights and sensations that she had just described.

"I love to watch him savor every inch of me, moaning and groaning with pleasure as he devours my sweet, female fruit," Valerie added.

Zane couldn't help but feel a surge of desire and lust at his mother's words. He imagined her straddling his face, letting him plow his tongue through the fragrant folds of her cunt, her heavy breasts swaying above him. He imagined hearing her soft moans and feeling her silky skin against his face, as he pleasured her clit with his lusty licker.

Valerie slithered further forward, boldly straddling her son, resting her heated crotch on the bulge of his fuck-muscle. "After he had his fill of my taste, I would climb off his face and straddle him, just like I'm doing to you, and impale myself on his rock-hard cock," she whispered, staring into her son awestruck eyes. "I loved the way it felt to have him inside me, his thick, young shaft stretching me open and filling me to the brim."

Zane moaned softly, his eyes glazed over with lust as he imagined his mother riding him, their bodies moving together in perfect sexual harmony. His mind was racing, imagining all the things he could learn from her, all the pleasures they could share together.

"I would ride him so fucking hard," Valerie continued, her voice becoming more urgent and aroused as she began to subtly dry hump her boy's boner beneath the water. "My hips gyrating and grinding against his, my big tits bouncing up and down as I fucked him with all my might."

"Jesus, mom!" Zane gasped, more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. His face was only inches from the swell of her wet, nearly-naked tits and he stared into the deep, creamy canyon between her swaying melons.

"I did warn you that little vial could relax the mind, didn't I?" she giggled.

"Don't think I was complaining," said Zane, his breaths coming in short, sharp gasps, "you just got me really excited, that's all."

He imagined himself underneath his mother, feeling her warm, wet pussy enveloping his cock, squeezing it with her maternal cunt muscles, as he thrust up into her with every ounce of sexual energy he had. He could feel his own cock throbbing and leaking pre-cum, desperate to be soaked with his mother's sweet nectar.

"Oh, trust me, honey, I can feel how excited you are," the mother cooed, giving his aching meat a meaningful nudge with her vulva. "And it definitely tells me one thing about you…"

"What's that?"

She leaned forward, mashing his face between her warm, spongy tits as she brought her lips to his ear. "That you love to fuck just as much as your mother does," she seductively whispered.

Zane couldn't believe what he was hearing. His mind raced with a mixture of shock, arousal, and excitement at the realization of his mother's secret desires. He felt his own cock throb even harder, his erectile meat straining against the grinding heat of his mother's pussy lips.

"Oh, mom," Zane murmured, his voice muffled by the churning water and the pounds of tit meat that was surrounding his face.

"Shhh, you'd have to say anything, sweetheart. Just relax and unwind," her soothing voice stated. As turned on as she was, Valerie couldn't help but feel a bit guilty by her scandalous behavior, especially with her husband just inside the house sleeping.

But the feeling was short-lived, as the warm water, the sensuous caresses, and the aphrodisiac had taken hold of them both, binding them together in a carnal dance that transcended their mother-son bond.

Valerie could feel Zane's teenage erection pulsating against her clit, the swollen head teasing her with promises of mind-numbing

pleasure. She moaned softly and squeezed him tighter, their bodies aligning perfectly as they began to move in delightful, dry humping harmony.

"Oh my God," the boy uttered, his face shoved so far between her king-sized tits that he was kissing her breastbone. His big dick flexed on his crotch, threatening to burst right through his shorts.

Valerie knew if she didn't come to her senses soon, her teenager's trunks would be down to his ankles and he'd be splitting her twat with his love-hammer. "We should stop, Zane," she whispered into his ear, her voice shaky but determined. "I can't cheat on your father, especially with you."

Zane nodded slowly, his eyes fluttering open to meet his mother's. He could feel the heat radiating from her body, the raw desire that seemed to emanate from every pore. But he knew she was right. They had to stop.

Reluctantly, Valerie pulled away from her son, and they got out of the tub, their bodies leaving the tantalizing embrace of the warm water. Zane couldn't help but stare at his mom's delicious-looking bubble butt. The G-string of her bikini was tucked between her ass-

globes, so her wet, shimmering buttocks may as well have been naked in front of him.

They toweled off hurriedly, trying to ignore the fact that their hearts were pounding in their chests with desire.

"I'll see you in the morning, honey," said the mother as she awkwardly headed inside.

"Goodnight, mom," Zane replied, his voice shaking slightly with need. He watched her leave, his eyes lingering on the curve of her hips and the sway of her rounded ass-meat as she walked away.

The baby making factory was an unassuming building tucked away in a quiet corner of town. Valerie and Kaylee stood in front of the entrance, nerves knotting their stomachs. They exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with a mix of anticipation and apprehension. Taking a deep breath, Valerie pushed open the door, stepping into a world that held both mystery and potential.

The inside of the baby making factory was surprisingly bright and cheerful, with colorful walls adorned with pictures of smiling families. Soft music played in the background, creating an atmosphere of warmth and comfort. Valerie and Kaylee approached the reception desk, where they were greeted by a friendly woman named Sarah.

"Welcome to the baby making factory," Sarah said warmly. "How can I help you today?"

Valerie took a moment to gather her thoughts before speaking. "My sister and I are here to learn more about your program. We've heard about this place as an alternative for couples who are struggling to conceive."

Sarah smiled knowingly. "You've come to the right place," she replied. "We understand that the journey to parenthood can be challenging, and our goal is to provide support and options for couples like you."

Valerie felt a glimmer of hope as she listened to Sarah's words. She had expected the baby making factory to be a cold, clinical environment, but instead, it exuded compassion and understanding.

"We offer a range of services tailored to meet your needs," Sarah continued. "From fertility consultations and treatments to our unique donor program."

Valerie exchanged a glance with Kaylee. The mention of a donor program piqued their interest. It was an option they hadn't considered before, but now it seemed like a viable path toward

expanding their family. "Tell us more about the donor program," Valerie said, her voice steady despite the excited flutter in her chest.

Sarah nodded. "Our donor program is designed for women who may prefer conceiving a child the natural way. We have a pool of carefully selected donors who are willing to help couples like you. They undergo a rigorous screening process to ensure their health and compatibility with our clients."

Valerie's heart raced as she listened, her mind filled with equal parts excitement and uncertainty. It was a new and unconventional path, but the possibilities it held were too enticing to ignore.

"Do you have any information on the donors?" Kaylee asked, her curious gaze fixed on Sarah.

Sarah nodded and handed them a pamphlet. "Inside this brochure, you'll find detailed profiles of our donors. It includes their physical attributes, personal interests, and medical history. You'll have the

opportunity to choose someone who aligns with your preferences and values."

Valerie took the brochure in her hands, flipping through its pages. Each donor had a brief description and a photo, accompanied by information about their hobbies, education, and even their favorite books.

"This... this is incredible," Valerie murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "To have the chance to choose someone myself... it's like having a say in our child's genetic makeup."

Sarah smiled, her eyes filled with empathy. "We understand how important that aspect is for many couples. We want to provide you with as much control and peace of mind as possible throughout this process."

Valerie nodded, her fingers tracing the faces on the brochure. The idea of selecting a donor had never crossed her mind before, but now it seemed like a lifeline, a glimmer of hope. "What happens next?" Kaylee asked, her voice laced with anticipation. "After we choose a donor?"

Sarah explained the next steps in the process—how they would guide Valerie and John through selecting a donor, conducting medical and genetic screenings, and ultimately arranging the donation process itself. "The process of conception takes place right here at the baby factory, under the close supervision of our trained staff."

Valerie felt a surge of determination wash over her. This was their chance to take control of their fertility journey, to explore alternative options that they never thought possible.

When they got back in the car, she looked at Kaylee, gratitude shining in her eyes. "I'm so grateful that you found out about this

place, Kaylee," Valerie said, her voice filled with emotion. "I never thought we would be here, considering something like this, but I can't help but feel hopeful."

Kaylee smiled warmly at her sister. "I just want you to be happy, Valerie. I know how much having another child means to you and John."

Valerie reached out and squeezed Kaylee's hand, tears welling up in her eyes. "Thank you for always being there for me, for supporting me in everything. I couldn't ask for a better sister."

The two women remained parked there for a moment, basking in their sisterly bond and the hope that now flickered within them. Kaylee flipped through the brochure, looking at the pictures of the donors. "I must say, some of these young men are quite attractive," she commented, raising an eyebrow mischievously.

Valerie chuckled, grateful for the lightness that her sister brought to the situation. "Well, I suppose that's an added bonus, isn't it?"

They both laughed, making their heavy breasts jiggle, their worries momentarily pushed aside by the playfulness of the moment.

Kaylee flipped the page, then gasped suddenly.

"What?" her sister asked, staring over at her. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Kaylee answered, trying to hide her shocked expression.

Kaylee's sister, Valerie, quickly grabbed the brochure out of her hands. "You're terrible at lying, Kaylee," she commented as she glanced at the page that had provoked such a strong reaction from her younger sister.

"Valerie, wait, you should—"

Kaylee stopped talking as her sister let out a sharp gasp, her eyes fixed on the picture of Zane, Valerie's son, in the brochure. Her surprise was evident as she blurted out, "Zane?! What on earth is a photo of Zane doing in here?"

Kaylee let out a confused laugh. "Your son is listed as a donor in the brochure," she said. "It looks like he's been busy making babies and not pizzas like he told you."

Valerie's mind was racing, the pieces of the puzzle slowly coming together. She knew Zane had been working extra shifts and odd hours , but she had never suspected this. The thoughts swirled in her mind, a mix of shock, confusion, and even a hint of betrayal.

"I can't believe he would do something like this without telling me," Valerie whispered, her voice filled with a mixture of disbelief and hurt.

Kaylee reached over and placed a comforting hand on Valerie's arm. "You don't know all the details yet, Valerie. Maybe there's a reasonable explanation."

Valerie nodded, trying to steady herself. "You're right. I need to talk to him and find out what's going on before I draw any conclusions."

Valerie's heart pounded in her chest as she contemplated the conversation she needed to have with her son. The car ride felt longer than usual, each passing moment adding to her anxiety. After dropping her sister off and finally arrived home, Valerie found Zane in his room, seemingly unaware of the bombshell that was about to land on him.

Taking a deep breath, Valerie knocked softly on the door and entered. Zane looked up from his desk, confusion etched across his face. His resemblance to the picture in the brochure was uncanny—it was unmistakably him.

"Zane," Valerie began, her voice trembling slightly. "I need to talk to you about something... About this."

Zane's eyes widened as he saw the brochure in his mother's hand and his smiling profile picture. He stood up abruptly, a mixture of panic and guilt crossing his features.

"Mom, I can explain," he stammered. "I never meant for you to find out this way."

"So all this talk about working at the pizza parlor was a lie?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

Valerie took a step closer to her son and looked into his eyes, a mix of concern and confusion. "Zane, why? Why would you do this without telling me?"

Zane's shoulders slumped, his face filled with remorse. "I didn't know how to tell you, Mom. I wanted to help couples who couldn't conceive naturally, and the money... it seemed like an easy way to make some extra cash."

Valerie felt her heart soften slightly at her son's explanation, but the shock of the situation still lingered. "You should have talked to us, Zane. This was a very unconventional job for you to take on, especially at your age."

Zane nodded, his gaze downcast. "I know, Mom. I didn't think it through. I thought I could keep it a secret and use the money to save up for college, but I never imagined it would come back like this."

Valerie sighed, a mix of frustration and understanding washing over her. She had always been proud of Zane's ambition and empathy, but this situation had caught her off guard. "You should have come to us, Zane. We're here to support you, no matter what."

His feelings of remorse quickly shifted to intrigue. "Hold on, how did you manage to obtain that brochure?" he inquired, fully aware that it was only distributed to individuals who expressed interest in the program. "Are you considering being a client there?"

Valerie hesitated for a moment, unsure of how much she wanted to reveal to her son. But looking into his eyes, she saw a mixture of vulnerability and curiosity, urging her to be honest with him.

"Yes, Zane," she admitted, her voice steady but tinged with uncertainty. "Your Aunt Kaylee, found out about the program and thought it might be something for your dad and me to consider."

Zane's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Wait, you and Dad are thinking about using a donor?" he asked, his voice laced with confusion.

Valerie nodded, feeling a knot form in her stomach. "Yes, we are. Like I told you the other night; we've been struggling with fertility issues, and this seemed like an option worth exploring."

Zane took a moment to process the information, his face contorted with conflicting emotions. "I... I had no idea the extent of dad's issues, I guess," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper.

Valerie approached her son slowly, reaching out to place a comforting hand on his shoulder. "It's not something we've shared with many people," she admitted, her voice filled with compassion. "But you deserve to know, Zane. And now, more than ever, we need to have an open and honest conversation about this."

Zane looked up at his mother, his eyes filled with a mixture of regret and understanding. "I'm sorry for keeping this a secret from you, Mom," he said softly. "I didn't know your struggles with fertility were this serious, and I never thought our paths would cross in such a strange way."

Valerie smiled gently at her son, her heart swelling with a renewed appreciation for their bond. "Life has a funny way of surprising us," she said, her voice tinged with a touch of irony. "But it's how we navigate those surprises that defines us."

Zane nodded, finally meeting his mother's gaze. "So what now, Mom?" he asked earnestly. "Do want me to stop working there?"

"Well, no...but I do have a few questions for you."

"Ok," said Zane, preparing to be interrogated by his mother.

"Did you really take the donor job for money or was it just so you could have sex with a bunch of women?" Valerie asked.

Valerie's tone was sharp, cutting to the core of Zane's intentions. He looked away, his eyes darting to the floor as if trying to find an

answer to her question in the worn-out linoleum tiles.

"I... I didn't think about it like that," Zane started hesitantly. He took a deep breath, attempting to find the right words. "I wanted to help. I knew there would be some benefit to me, but I didn't go into it with the intention to sleep with a bunch of women."

"So why did you get involved with this program then? I know you could have found other ways to make some extra cash, like working at the pizza place full-time," Valerie pressed further, her curiosity piqued by her son's uncharacteristic secrecy.

Zane's face softened, his expression contrite as he looked at his mother. "Mom, it's not just about the money," he said earnestly. "I genuinely wanted to make a difference in people's lives. Seeing how much joy and hope couples had when they found out I was their donor, it was... overwhelming, in a good way. It felt like I was helping them create something beautiful, something they couldn't achieve on their own."

Valerie's eyes softened as she listened to her son speak. She could see the sincerity in his words and the passion that fueled his actions. It wasn't just about the financial gain; Zane had found a deep sense of purpose in this unconventional job.

"I never expected it to turn out like this," Zane continued, his voice tinged with remorse. "I should have been more open with you and Dad from the beginning, but I was scared. Scared of how you would react, scared of what it would mean for our family."

Valerie sighed, reaching out to hold her son's hand. "I understand, Zane," she said softly. "Sometimes, fear can cloud our judgment and make us do things we wouldn't normally do. But you have to remember that we're a family, and families stick together through thick and thin. We're here for you, no matter what."

Valerie pulled her son into a warm, tit-squashing embrace, holding him tightly as if trying to convey all the love and understanding she felt in her heart. As they stood there, embracing each other, Valerie couldn't help but wonder how many women had clung to him this way while he pounded his penis into them at the baby making factory.

"So,not to pry or anything, but how many women have you helped at your new job?"

"Oh, you know, just a few hundred," Zane replied nonchalantly, not even flinching at the awkward question.

Valerie's eyes widened and she quickly pulled away from him. "A few hundred?!" she asked in shock.

Zane burst out laughing. "I'm kidding. I've only helped out six so far."

"Brat!" Valerie exclaimed, giving him a playful swat on the arm.

"I had you just for a second," her son snickered.

"Were they younger women? Moms my age? I'm curious."

"Mostly women your age who's husband's couldn't get them pregnant," Zane answered.

"So, of the six that you helped, did they all get pregnant?"

"Yes. That is the goal of the program, mom," her son proudly replied.

"So you're telling me that I'm a Grandmother and didn't know it?"

"I guess 'technically' that's true. I never really saw it that way"

"How did you even find out about a job like that?" his mother asked.

Zane shrugged. "It was kinda by accident. I was scrolling through a dating app, and there was an ad for it. It seemed like an opportunity to make some easy money, so I applied."

Valerie's eyebrows furrowed. "A dating app? What dating app was this?"

Zane grinned. "Tinder."

"Tinder? That's where women go to meet prospective partners, not sperm donors!"

"Well, I guess not everyone on there is looking for love," Zane quipped, trying to lighten the mood.

Valerie's face softened. "Tell me about the process. Are you having sex with these women clients multiple times?" she asked, preparing to be shocked.

"Well, women hardly ever get pregnant the first time, mom," he answered.

"That's true. It took your father and I months to finally get pregnant with you, " Valerie asked, her voice tinged with disbelief and a bit of jealousy as she sat down on the edge of his bed.

Zane nodded. "It's kind of like being a professional baseball player – you need to get up to bat multiple times in a game to score the home run, right?"

Valerie chuckled at the analogy. "I suppose that makes sense," she said, then fed him a teasing look. "Though I can't help but wonder how many at-bats you get in a day."

Zane hesitated for a moment before answering. "A half-dozen, maybe?"

Valerie's eyes widened. "A half dozen?!" she exclaimed. "Goodness gracious, Zane!"

"It's a job and you have to have the right tool and know how to use it. I suppose that's why they hire younger donors like me."

"I guess you're right," his mother said, looking at him with adoration. "Young men in their prime do have a lot of sexual stamina and shorter refractory periods."

"A higher sperm count too," added her son. "They test us for that regularly."

"Yes, the more sperm the greater chances of pregnancy. Your dad's sperm count is under 15 million per milliliter of semen, which means the odds of it fertilizing my egg are very low," Valerie shared.

"The staff who tested me said I'm producing over 1.2 billion sperm per day," Zane bragged.

"Wow, no wonder you're so good at what you do," said his mother, gazing at him in awe and adoration.

"They told me my size helps too. That if you have a longer penis your sperm doesn't have to swim as far."

"Oh, is that why you took the job, because you knew you'd just have this HUGE advantage?" Valerie teased.

Zane laughed at his mother's remark, but it was true - his oversized dick did give him an advantage, and he knew it. However, he couldn't help but feel a bit sheepish as he realized he'd never had this conversation with his mother before, at least about himself. But contrary to his initial fears, she seemed more accepting and understanding than he could have ever imagined.

"No, Mom, it wasn't just about that. But I guess it does add a certain...unique element to the whole thing," he admitted, a hint of red creeping up his cheeks.

Valerie smiled at her son, a smile that was full of joy but also a hint of humor. "I suppose it does," she said, and the two shared a moment of mutual understanding. "But don't worry, I won't tell your father. He's only average-sized, and already feeling inadequate enough just not being able to get me pregnant, " Valerie added, in a light-hearted tone.

"So, are you serious about using the baby making factory to help you get pregnant?" Zane asked.

"I understand it may not be the norm, but personally, I believe conceiving a baby naturally is the most logical option," replied the mother.

"I agree," said Zane with a sheepish grin. "and the most enjoyable option too."

"Sounds like someone enjoys the baby making process as much as his mother does," she winked.

"Probably more."

"I doubt that. I have a pretty insatiable sexual appetite," Valerie admitted, while staring into his eyes.

"You'd love the baby making factory then. Not to make it about sex, but that's pretty much all that goes on there."

Valerie chuckled, intrigued by the information. "I'll just have to take a look at the material they gave me and give it some serious thought. It's good to know though that I have someone on the inside who can answer any questions I have, and help ease my anxiety about it."

"Sure, mom, anything I can do to help, and thanks for being so cool about me working there."

Over the next two days, Valerie read over the information packet to the baby making factory several times. If she were honest, of all the donor bios, Zane's bio sounded the best to her as a potential suitor. The only problem was they were mother and son.

She looked over the other donors again and several of them seemed hopefully, but she just kept coming back to her own son's bio, reading the information for the hundredth time.

Zane Shotwell, an 18-year-old, stands at a height of 6'1" and weighs 180 lbs. He has brown eyes and brownish-blonde hair, passed on through his Italian heritage. His penis measures at 9-3/4 inches in length and 5-3/8 inches in circumference. Zane consistently produces 344 million sperm per ml of semen and is capable of achieving multiple ejaculations in a single session. In his free time, he enjoys playing soccer, video games, indulging in pizza, and spending quality time with his family."

Valerie's fingers ran over the smooth paper, her nails tapping lightly against the surface as she reread the statistics about her son's physique and abilities.

Zane's bio also included a section about his education and work experience, which only made Valerie more proud. He had straight A's in high school and plans to attend college in the near future. At the bottom of Zane's bio page was a review section and Valerie's heart tingled as she read them over.

"When I found out my husband was infertile I was devastated. However, the Baby Factory gave me hope. My sessions with Zane were nothing short of amazing! He was polite, charming and his sexual stamina was astonishing. When I found out he had gotten me pregnant I was overjoyed. I highly recommend this clinic.

– Tina."

"Great staff! Great Sex! (Zane) Great results! Five Stars from this happy mom!"

-Margaret."

My husband was skeptical and naturally jealous, but with a baby now on the way we BOTH know that we made the right decision. Zane is a superstar!

-Aubree."

As she continued to read through the bios of other potential donors, Valerie couldn't shake the feeling that Zane was the best match for her. Her mind was a storm of conflicting thoughts and emotions, torn between societal norms and her own desires that burned like a wildfire within her. She couldn't escape the idea of creating a child with her own son, the perfect combination of genetics and love. It was a forbidden fruit, but one that seemed so irresistible.

"Am I crazy?" Valerie asked her sister over the phone, hoping she would validate her decision. "I mean, I'm talking about making a baby with my own son."

"Honestly, Val, I don't think it's crazy at all. You're just trying to ensure the best possible outcome for yourself and your future child," Valerie's sister reassured her.

"But isn't it just a little... weird?" she asked hesitantly.

Her sister chuckled. "We've all heard the age-old saying about the business being family-owned, right? Well, what's more family-owned than having your son produce your next child?"

Valerie pondered her sister's statement. "You're right. The baby will carry our family's DNA instead of that of a complete stranger," she

added thoughtfully.

"The most awkward part will be having sex with Zane. Have you given much thought to that?"

"How could I not? Like I told you, we nearly fucked in the hot tub the other night, so I don't think the idea of having sex with me is anything he'll shy away from."

"True. I've seen the way he stares at your tits," chuckled Rylee. "I'm honestly surprised that HE hasn't brought up the idea of being your donor by now."

"I'm more worried about how John will react, honestly," said Valerie with a concerned expression. "He'll either see the brilliance in the idea, like I do, or murder me for even considering it."

"Then why tell him and risk him overreacting?"

"Rylee, I can't just not tell him. I'll have a baby growing in me soon and he'll know it's not his."

"I don't mean don't tell him you're using the clinic, just don't tell John that Zane works there and that the two of you will be fucking like rabbits in order to get you pregnant. Tell him you chose one of the other donors."

Valerie couldn't help but giggle at her sister's suggestion. "That might just work," she said, a mischievous grin spreading across her face, "and he'll be none the wiser."

She continued to mull over the idea, weighing the pros and cons of making a child with her son. While Zane's bio did seem incredibly impressive, she couldn't help but wonder if the potential for emotional complications outweighed the benefits. And what if her husband eventually found out the truth?

It was a risky decision, but Valerie couldn't shake the idea of having her next child with her son, especially since she'd gotten so sexually excited by him recently. With her sister's encouragement and advice, she decided to move forward with the plan, choosing Zane's bio as her selection.

"So, this is the guy you're choosing, huh?" asked Valerie's husband, looking over one of the bios in the brochure. "This is the guy who's gonna be the father of my child?"

Valerie had meticulously selected a charming 19-year-old, but now she needed to persuade her husband to agree to the plan. "John, YOU will be the father of our child. The young man is simply a sperm donor. Please keep that in mind, my love."

John studied the donor's bio, his brows furrowed in concern. "This is a bit strange, Valerie. I mean, we're choosing a sperm donor like we're shopping for a car or something."

"I know, the process is a bit unorthodox, but that's just how they do things."

John turned the page in the brochure and noticed that a page had been ripped out. Little did he know that his son's donor profile had once been there. "What happened to that page?" he asked.

"The receptionist at the factory told me to rip it out," his wife lied. "She said that donor was no longer with the company."

"Are you sure about this one?" he asked, turning back to the boy his wife had chosen.

Valerie smiled, hoping to put John at ease. "Yes...positively sure. I'm selecting the guy who I think will produce the healthiest child for us."

"And what if the donor wants to know the child or even wants a relationship with them later in life?"

Valerie paused, considering John's concern. "I understand your worry. But this is a one-time transaction. The donors are bound by confidentiality agreements. They won't be able to come forward and reveal their identity, ever."

"Valerie, you're gonna be having what could be lots of sex with this kid. How am I suppose to be ok with that?"

"Sex, yes, but please try not to see it as just that. It's more like a business transaction, and that's all."

John frowned, clearly still not convinced. "So you're telling me that after you've had sex with this kid, you'll never see him again?"

"That's the idea, John. That's how it works." Valerie replied, trying to sound as certain as possible.

"And if anything goes wrong, if the baby is sick, or something else happens, who do we turn to for help?"

"John, I've researched this and the donors are thoroughly screened. The chances of anything going wrong are slim to none. Besides, we'll have regular check-ups and appointments with the doctors at the clinic."

"I'm still not convinced this is really the best option for us," John muttered, clearly still not fully on board.

Valerie let out a deep sigh, realizing at this point it was necessary to use guilt as a motivator. "John, I can't take the blame for your health problems. I've put in so much effort to find the best solution for both of us, and yet you seem to be resisting every step of the way," she said passionately, her eyes brimming with emotion.

John stared at his wife, his heart breaking at the sight of her so emotional. He realized that this was a decision that came from a place of love and concern for their family's health. He took a deep breath, swallowing his pride and reluctantly agreed.

Valerie couldn't believe her husband had finally agreed to her plan. She wrapped her arms around him, grateful for his love and understanding. "I'm so happy that you trust me to make the best decision for our family."

"I trust you, Valerie. Let's just hope that this works out for the best," John replied, his face softening.

Valerie proceeded to fill out the necessary paperwork, choosing her son as the donor, her heart pounding with excitement and nerves. She knew this was the right decision for her family, and she wouldn't let anything stand in her way. After some thought, she decided to keep it a secret from Zane and surprise him on their special day.

With the paperwork complete, Valerie scheduled an appointment at the factory on the day she knew she was starting her ovulation cycle. The wait in the reception area seemed endless, until a woman who appeared to be twenty years her senior finally emerged. The busty staff member had a warm and welcoming smile. "Hello Valerie, I'm Avah. I will be guiding you through the conception process here at the baby making factory."

"Pleased to meet you, Avah," said the mother, exchanging a handshake.

She led the mother through the clinic, showing her where the lab was where they tested the sperm. As they walked, Avah explained, "You know, Valerie, our team is dedicated to bringing happiness to families like yours for the past 20 years. We've had a lot of experience and we have a 99% success rate for our clients.

Valerie couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement and hope within her. "That's excellent. It sounds like I've come to the right place."

"You have. Now, let's get you prepared for your special day," Avah said, leading Valerie to a private room and closing the door for privacy. "I understand your donor happens to be someone very close to you."

"Yes, he's my son, Zane."

"Zane is a great kid, and very handsome. The clients he's helped have done nothing but rave about him."

Valerie spoke with confidence, "I am happy to hear that. I have always been proud of Zane and I believe I made the right decision by choosing him."

"Here at the facility for creating life, we have a strict policy of not judging others. In fact, it is even more meaningful when a child is brought into this world by two people who share a deep connection."

"Have you had other mothers and sons create children together here?" Valerie curiously asked.

"Indeed, yours is not the first mother-son pairing to conceive at our clinic, and I'm sure it won't be the last."

Avah conducted a thorough assessment of Valerie's basal body temperature and hormone levels. This confirmed that Valerie had

begun her ovulation process as planned. "It looks like you're as fertile as a turtle," Avah assured the mother.

"That's good to hear," said Valerie with an anxious smile.

"In a few minutes, I'll move you over to one of our breeding suites, where Zane will be joining us. He'll be ejaculating two loads of semen inside of you, back to back and then we'll elevate your hips for one hour to allow his sperm to soak into your cervix."

Valerie was a bundle of nerves. "I understand. It's just a bit overwhelming to think about sharing such an intimate moment with my son."

"I completely get it, hun, but let me assure you that our priority here is to ensure that your experience is as comfortable and stress-free as possible. You're in good hands."

The mother's expression was a mix of gratitude and anxiety as she spoke. The upcoming moment felt surreal; she was about to do something incredibly primal with the son she had raised since birth.

"What that said, it's important to note that you, the client, are in charge of these sessions. We are firm believers here that female orgasm plays a important role in the baby making process. Your cervix dilates and releases special proteins when you're aroused and climaxing that assist with fertility. "

"So you're saying I should try to enjoy myself while we're at it? Even if it's with my son?"

"Absolutely, Valerie. We encourage our clients to feel relaxed and comfortable while engaging in sexual intercourse. Your satisfaction is just as important as the end result."

"Alright, I think I can handle that," said Valerie, still shaking with nerves.

"Having said that, I will need to pass along a few instructions to your donor, so he has some basic information on how to make this experience exactly what you want."

"Alright," said Valerie with a willing nod. "What do you need to know?"

Avah smiled warmly and replied, "First, let's talk sexual positioning. Some clients prefer missionary to ensure deep penetration, while others opt for doggy style for a more... direct approach. Ultimately, the decision is yours, and Zane will work your body in any way we instruct him to."

Valerie nodded, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension. "I think missionary might be best for me. I'd like for him and I to have eye to eye contact, at least the first time we do this."

"That's completely understandable," Avah reassured her. "Now, as for your orgasm, Zane will need to know if you prefer clitoral or internal stimulation, as well as your preferred speed and rhythm of his thrusts. We'll also need to know if you have any specific fantasies or kinks that you'd like him to indulge in, if any."

Valerie considered this, a blush rising to her cheeks. "I... I think clitoral stimulation works best for me, and maybe some gentle but rhythmic thrusting at first and faster and harder as we approach orgasm. I don't really have any specific fantasies or kinks...although I do have very sensitive nipples, so I really like having them sucked on."

"That's perfectly fine, Valerie, and Zane will do his best to please you, I have no doubt," Avah said, her eyes warm and understanding. "One last question for you."

"Yes, ask away."

"How do you feel about engaging in oral sex during this process?"

"Oral sex?" Valerie repeated the word, uncertain of where this conversation was heading.

"Yes," Avah confirmed, "oral sex is a valuable aspect of the conception process, as it can aid in cervical stimulation and increase the likelihood of conception."

Valerie's face flushed, her heart racing as she considered the implications of this proposal. Oral sex with her son? It seemed unimaginable, yet necessary for the success of the procedure.

"Hmm, I'm learning all sorts of new things today."

"It's completely up to you, Valerie," Avah continued, "but I must say, our clients have reported a significantly higher success rate when oral sex is incorporated into their sessions."

Valerie hesitated, her mind racing with the idea of engaging in such an act with her son. Yet, she knew that if this was the key to giving her family the child they so desperately wanted, she couldn't deny it.

"Okay," Valerie said softly, "so are you talking about him going down on me, me going down on him, or...both?"

Avah smiled, giving Valerie a pat on the back. "Good question, Valerie. For some clients, it's best for the donor to perform oral sex on the client. Others prefer the opposite. And, of course, some clients are open to both. It's really up to your comfort level. We're here to make sure you're completely satisfied during this process."

Valerie bit her lip, mulling over the options. She knew that if this was what it took to make her dream come true, she needed to put aside any reservations and do what was necessary.

"I think... I think I'd like to try both," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Alright, my dear," Avah replied. "It's completely up to you, and we'll make sure that Zane is fully prepared for whatever you're comfortable with. We always want to make sure you're going to

have the best possible experience and the highest chance of success."

Valerie nodded, still feeling a bit overwhelmed by the prospect of things.

Avah then proceeded to give Valerie a detailed explanation of the process and what she and Zane could expect in terms of sensations and events. Valerie listened attentively, her mind still reeling from the enormity of it all.

"Are you ready to prepare for the breeding suite now?" Avah asked, once she had finished her explanation.

Valerie took a deep breath, preparing herself for what was to come. "Yes, I think I am."

Avah moved to a wardrobe and opened it, revealing an assortment of sexy negligee. "Before you and Zane engage in sexual intercourse, you'll really wanna get the sperm in his balls brewing by letting him see you in something sexy."

Valerie decided on a alluring robe. After getting completely naked, she slipped it on. The peach colored mesh robe hugged Valerie's skin, revealing tantalizing hints of her curves through the sheer material. The intricate lace trim bordered the edges, adding a touch of elegance and sensuality. The robe flowed down to her knees, showing off her smooth, toned legs. The low-cut bodice teased at her enormous cleavage, accentuated by the satin waist belt cinched tightly around her waist. The matching G-string peeked out from underneath, adding a playful touch. Her high heeled mules elongated her legs and added a seductive sway to her walk.

As Valerie followed Avah down the hall, heels clicking delicately on the surface, she couldn't shake the feeling of nervousness and excitement mixed together in her stomach. The thought of what was about to happen with her son filled her with both anticipation and

fear. She wondered if she could truly go through with it, but she knew that the outcome was too precious to give up on.

30: Chronicles of the Baby Making Factory_2

The hallway was filled with closed doorways and the sounds of moms, just like her, being fucked savagely inside the rooms. The rhythm of flesh slapping against flesh and the symphony of women's moans and screams were almost startling in their intensity.

Avah led her into their private breeding suite, which was dimly lit and had a soft, almost romantic atmosphere. There was a large, comfortable bed in the center of the windowless room, with soft white sheets and plush pillows. Valerie couldn't help but feel a little self-conscious as she looked around, taking in the intimate surroundings.

"Welcome to where the magic happens," Avah announced with a smile, gesturing to the bed. "Now, before we begin, I'd like you to create a safe word," said Avah.

"Safe word?" Valerie inquired with a curious expression.

"Yes, in case you need to stop at any point during intercourse."

"Well, I'm...not really sure why I would even think about stopping during sex," the mother blushingly admitted.

"I suppose I should just come out with it, since you'll find out soon enough," Avah stated. "Valerie, your son has a VERY large penis, and some clients have found both his size and aggressive techniques

during sex somewhat overwhelming. You'll be able to communicate any discomfort or changes in your comfort level with Zane, but you

also have the option to use your safe word to signal that it's time to pause the session."

"I see. My safe word is 'cinnamon,'" Valerie replied, her voice still shaky.

"Excellent. Now, remember, this is a judgment-free zone. Whatever happens in this room, stays in this room. You have complete control over your experience, and we're here to cater to your needs and desires. Are you ready to proceed?"

Valerie took a deep breath and nodded. "I am."

Avah smiling warmly. "That's the spirit, Valerie. Now, let me point out some of the features here in the breeding suite."

Avah began to explain the room's amenities. "Over here, we have the wall mirror, so you can watch Zane's erection slip in and out of you. Watching the act of baby making is such an obscene but wonderful thing."

"I agree."

"Over there, you'll find the tissues for any...emotional moments you might experience. There's also lubrication and towels in case they're needed."

Valerie nodded, taking all of this in as Avah continued. "The bed has been set up in a way that allows for both missionary ,doggy style and cowgirl positions and it does shift around in order to accommodate other positions as you see fit. Is there anything else you'd like to know?"

Valerie paused for a moment, taking in the information and the reality of the situation. She was about to embark on something that was both terrifying and exhilarating all at once. "No, I think that's everything I need to know. Thank you, Avah."

Avah smiled and gave Valerie a reassuring pat on the back. "You're welcome. Remember, you're in control of this entire process. Zane will be guided by your every move and instruction. If at any point you feel uncomfortable, you can use your safe word and we'll take a break. But I have no doubt that you'll have the most amazing experience and get the result you've been hoping for."

"Zane knows I'm planning on coming here today, but he doesn't know I chose him as a donor. I'm a little nervous how he'll react."

"Don't be," Avah snickered. "He's young, horny and has a beautiful mother. I think you'll get just the reaction you're hoping for. I'll be in the room monitoring and providing some guidance on the first day, then tomorrow you and Zane will be on your own."

"Got it," the mother nodded eagerly.

Avah made a suggestion. "Why don't you stretch out on the bed in a sexy pose? I'll go down and give him a rundown, but don't worry, I won't ruin the surprise." Avah then left the room quietly.

As Valerie lay on the bed, naked beneath her robe, she couldn't help but feel a mix of anticipation and nervousness. She had never experienced anything like this before and it all seemed so surreal. She knew that this was her last hope for having a child and she would do anything to make it happen.

After a few minutes, Avah returned with Zane in tow. He looked shocked, but also excited and curious. "Mom? What are you doing in here?" he asked, his eyes fixed on the gaping cleavage bulging from the slit in her robe.

"Waiting for you...so we can make a baby together."

Zane's heart did a somersault in his chest. Avah filled him in earlier on the details, explaining the process and the specific details of what

he would be doing in the session, but he had no idea she was talking about his mom.

Zane's eyes grew wide as it dawned on him what he was about to do. "So... we're going to... you know, have sex?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Yes, Zane, that's correct," Avah replied, her voice calm and reassuring. "It would be kind of hard to create a baby with having hot sex first."

Zane's face was a mix of fear, excitement, and disbelief. He couldn't believe that his own mother was about to have sex with him, all for the sake of a baby. But somehow, he couldn't shake the feeling that this was the right thing to do.

Valerie, despite her own nervousness, saw the same fear in her son's eyes. She wanted to comfort him, but she knew that this was something he needed to experience on his own terms. So, she took a deep breath and tried to smile reassuringly at him. "It's okay, honey," she said softly. "I know this is a big moment for both of us, and I'm here to support you every step of the way."

Zane nodded, still looking slightly dazed. Whatever doubts he had before, they were slowly fading away as he looked at his mother's curvy body in front of him.

Avah closed the door behind her, looking over at the teen. "He's all yours, Valerie," she whispered.

"Yeah, mom, you're the client. Your wish is my command," Zane added.

"Wow, if I only got this type of cooperation at home," she joked, making them laugh and breaking the tension in the room.

The blonde-haired beauty stood from the bed, her giant unfettered tit-melons bobbling heavily beneath the robe. She stepped over in front of her son. "why don't we start by getting rid of these robes," she suggested, untying the sash to hers.

Zane's eyes widened as his mother's robe fell to the ground, revealing her voluptuous half-naked body. He could see her nipples standing at attention from the centers of her wide areolar caps. His eyes drifted down to her G-string panties and despite the unusual situation, he couldn't help but feel a stirring in his loins.

Valerie gasped as her son's robe slipped off, revealing his lean, youthful body. She couldn't help but feel a tinge of pride as she took in his muscular frame and toned chest. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and the thought of having his oversized penis inside her sent shivers down her spine.

"You're beautiful, honey," the mother whispered, her alluring eyes drifting down to his fully erect cock. The pink skin was pulled tight along the shaft, making the helmet of his glans mushroom with desire, ready for the task at hand. "It looks so big and powerful."

"It'll give you that baby you've been wanting, that I promise you," the boy said, smiling with pride.

"Are you ready to proceed, Valerie?" Avah asked, her voice barely audible.

Valerie stepped out of her heels, then peeled her panties down her sexy legs and stepped out of them, exposing her shaved pussy to her boy's gaze. She took a deep breath and looked at her son, her eyes filled with determination. "Yes, I'm ready."

Zane couldn't help but feel a sense of overwhelming lust as he looked at his mother's bare naked body. He knew this was wrong, but he couldn't deny the desire that was coursing through his own frame.

He stepped closer to her, his hand reaching out to touch her toned stomach, feeling the warmth of her skin and the softness of her flesh.

"I...I can't believe I'm doing this," he whispered, his voice shaking with a mix of fear and excitement.

Valerie reached out and gently touched his cheek, her eyes filled with love and understanding. "It's okay, sweetheart. We're doing this for a very special reason."

"True."

Valerie took a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves. "Why don't we start by getting into position?"

Zane nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. He moved to the edge of the bed, his erection leading the way. Valerie crawled onto the mattress gently, her bare booty swaying and dangling breasts rocking heavily as she moved. Sprawled on her back, Valerie drew her knees nearly to her shoulders as she lewdly splayed her thighs open, offering a comfortable seat for her captain.

As Zane hovered over his mother, his eyes locked onto her wide open pussy, glistening with the secretions of arousal. His heart raced as he took a deep breath, preparing himself to enter her for the first time. Valerie reached up, her hands guiding him as he slowly lowered himself onto her.

Yes, he'd had his share of women, but this sensation was like nothing he had ever felt before. Valerie's body was warm, inviting, and it seemed to swallow him whole. He could feel her muscles in

her arms and legs tightening around him, gripping him with a force he had never experienced.

Valerie could feel her son's thick, long member press against her entrance, crushing against her prepuce, and she knew it was going to

be a tight fit. But she was determined to make this work and have the child she so desperately wanted.

Taking a deep breath, Valerie slowly relaxed her muscles, allowing Zane to split the fleshy lips of her twat and slide inside her.

As he entered her, the mother felt a wave of pleasure wash over her. It was different from any other sexual encounter she'd ever had, more intense and more emotional.

Zane's eyes widened as he felt the warmth and tightness of his mother's pussy enveloping him. "Shit!" he hissed through gritted teeth, feeling her smoldering walls drawing him in, stretching around his thick, unyielding meat. He knew he had to be gentle at first, but he also felt a rush of adrenaline as he began to thrust inside her.

"You've got her, Zane," Avah, said, her eyes set upon their joined genitals. "All the way in and let her adjust to your size."

Zane complied, holding himself still, in full penetration inside his mother's slick cavity as he felt her contractions adjusting to his girth.

Valerie could feel the thickness of her son's dick, stretching her tight twat to the point of discomfort. She knew this was necessary though, to make this work and any discomfort would soon be replaced with exquisite pleasure.

"Okay, sweetheart, now you can move," Valerie managed to say, her voice shaking with emotion as she stared up into his eyes with desperate desire.

Zane began to thrust gently, feeling the pleasurable resistance of his mother's pussy. He couldn't help but marvel at the sensation, seeing the waves of lustful pleasure course through her body. He could see her lips quivering, her eyes half-open, and her face a mix of concentration and desire.

"Oh, yes, that's it, son...," Valerie moaned, her voice barely a whisper.

Avah watched with lustful anticipation as the two of them moved in harmony, the lewd sounds of sex filling the air. She could see the passion in their eyes, the determination to bring a new life into the world. "That's it, Zane. Let your mother feel the power of your teenage cock!" she urged.

Zane realized that this moment was not just about lust and desire, but about love and responsibility. He gripped the outsides of his mother's thighs, pulling her closer to him and thrusting deeper into her.

Using the grip of her legs as leverage, Valerie pumped her bubble butt from the mattress meeting his thrusts with her own. The feel of her son's cock-shaft sliding in and out of her, stretching her insides with every movement was divine. She tightened her legs around him, bringing him even closer, and the pleasure sensation seemed to intensify.

"Oh, yes, that's it, son...fuck me!" Valerie moaned again, her voice filled with a mix of pleasure and pain.

Zane's thrusts became more pronounced, his cock thundering in and out of his mother's twat with a lewd slapping sound. His vein-encrusted boner slid all the way out, so only the knob remained inside his mother. Then, he socked it home again, make her gasp from the feel of his bell tip stretching the uteri at the back of her vagina. Valerie was arching her back, her fingers digging into the sheets beneath her.

Avah watched with a mix of arousal and concern, wondering if the mother would need to use her safe word being speared so hard and deep. Valerie's voice eased her growing concern.

"Fuck me harder, Zane, make me cum!" Valerie begged, her orgasm edging closer with each stroke.

"Go get it, Zane!" Avah urged, encouraging the boy to hit their client hard and make her toes curl.

Zane complied, his full length thrusts becoming more aggressive. He was lost in the lust and desire, his mind only on the pleasure he was giving his mother. His raging cock sliced through his mom's dripping baby-chute, his big, hairless nuts beating lewdly against her ass-cheeks.

"I'm cumming, honey!" Valerie cried out, her body trembling with the force of the orgasm that was washing over her.

Zane felt the walls of his mother's pussy tighten, milking his cock with cuntal contractions. By now the teen was an experienced fucker, used to having hot pussy tightening and ejaculating all over his meaty cock. He had trained his pelvic floor muscles to flex, holding back the flow of liquids so he could pound a girl straight through her climax without cumming himself.

"Excellent, Zane!" Avah shouted, acknowledging the boy's self-mastery.

Valerie's moans reached a crescendo as the pleasure intensified. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and her body convulsed with every thrust. She felt like she was being taken to another world, a place of pure ecstasy where there was nothing but pleasure and desire. She gripped her son's shoulders with her nails digging into his flesh. Her legs trembling as she met each one of his powerful thrusts, her pillowy tits sloshing between their writhing bodies.

Zane's sinewy boner was on fire, pulsing with each contraction of Valerie's tight, juice-slickened pussy-tunnel. He could feel her orgasm

cresting, her muscles squeezing around his erectile shaft as she cried out in pleasure.

The boy sat up upright, but continued to fuck. He wanted to look down and watch her ballooning knockers roll and ripple up and down her rib cage. He took pride in how meaty and savage his boner looked stabbing in and out of her tight shaved pussy. Her pink labial lips were stretched obscenely, clinging to the outline of his muscled stalk.

"Suck them, Zane," Avah urged. "Suck her titties."

The boy sprawled back on top of his mom, this time latching his lips around her nipple as he fucked. The pleasure that coursed through Valerie's busty body was immense. "Oh, God, I love that!" he quivering voice cried out.

Zane's thrusts became quick and rabid, fucking his mother's pussy like it was his last chance to make her cum. Having socked it to her for nearly forty-five minutes now, his body was glistening with sweat, and his cock was dark with the juices of their lustful connection.

"Fuck! I'm gonna cum!" Zane groaned, his climax building up inside him. He couldn't hold it back any longer, he had to release his seed into the fertile womb of his mother.

"Yesss!" Valerie hissed, her body shaking with another boobie-rippling climax. She could feel Zane's cock swelling inside her, pulsating with an electric charge. She knew that in a few moments, her body would be filled with the essence of life.

"I'm cumming!" Zane grunted, his eyes squeezed shut, focusing on the pleasure that was coursing through his veins. His balls tightened, and his body shook as he released the torrent of his sperm deep into his mother's womb.

Valerie moaned and arched her back, her orgasm peaking as her son's hot, thick load filled her. She could feel the warmth of his cum coating the inside of her pussy, her muscles contracting involuntarily.

"Oh yes... that's it," Zane groaned, his hips thrusting hard against his mother's hips as she moved in counterpoint to provide increased friction on his boner. He could feel the powerful contractions of her muscles around his cock, milking his seed deep into her womb.

As the waves of pleasure subsided, Valerie and Zane lay there, panting and sweaty, their bodies entwined in a mess of passion.

Avah stood at the foot of the bed, a look of awe on her face as she watched the mother and son lie there, their bodies glistening. "Well done, Zane," she praised, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "You did an excellent job."

"Yes, honey, that was amazing," his mother cooed, running her long painted fingernails through his sweaty hair.

"Thanks," the boy sighed, then lifted himself up on extended arms, staring down at the huge, perspiration-sheened breasts that were jutting from his mom's chest. "I've got one more load to pump inside you today though, remember?"

Valerie made her son's still erect cock slip wetly from her pussy as she sat up. "Oh, yes...I remember," she eagerly replied.

Zane observed as his mom swiftly crawled onto her hands and knees, presenting her plump buttocks towards him. "Let's not waste any time, my handsome donor," she glanced back with a suggestive smile, shaking her curvaceous rear end.

"I love your attitude, Valerie," Avah stated, grinning from ear to ear. "Hungry for more semen...just like a mother in the making should be."

Zane gave his teenage cock-muscle a few rejuvenating strokes in front of them, making it return to its former rock-hard glory. It was still glistening with fuck-juice, eager to beat through the tube of his mom's vagina again.

"Come give mommy a round belly, sugar," Valerie cooed, gazing back at him with lust-filled eyes. She wagged her butt-meat teasingly, inviting her son to mount her haunches.

As Zane's rigid cockhead nudged at its fleshy target, he marveled at the enormity of what they were doing. The two of them, mother and son, one of them carrying the life that would result from their union. Valerie's ass was round and succulent, quivering before him, and he could hear her soft, breathy moans.

"Come on, son, fuck me from behind and knock me up," Valerie whispered, her voice low and sultry. "Give me your seed."

Zane didn't need more encouragement than that. He positioned himself behind his mother, his cockhead finding its way to her entrance. With a deep breath, he thrust into her, feeling her flesh resist his erection just long enough before giving way, enveloping his cock with warmth and wetness.

Valerie groaned, her body quivering as she felt the familiar sensation of her son filling her once again. "That's it, Zane," she cooed, her voice thick with lust. "Give mommy some doggy dicking."

Avah watched from the foot of the bed, her eyes wide with fascination. She had always found the idea of a mother-son relationship to be both taboo and incredibly arousing, and this wasn't the first time she had ever witnessed such a thing in person.

Zane began to thrust into his mother's tight, wet pussy, feeling her flesh gripping his cock with each stroke. Her peach-shaped ass

jiggled with each movement, and her pussy muscles clenched around his cock, milking him for all he was worth.

As his cock plunged in and out of his mother's wet pussy, Zane knew that he was creating a life, a being that would be a direct result of their love. It was a thrilling and terrifying thought, but he was committed to his task.

"Fuck yes, Zane, that's it," Valerie panted, throwing her ass back against him. "Give me your cum! I want to feel your seed inside me."

Zane picked up the pace, his thrusts becoming faster and deeper. He felt like he was being drawn into his mother's lustful orbit, pulled into the depths of her desire. The layer of fat beneath the skin of her ass rippled with every strike to her son's abdomen. Her tits danced wildly as they hung down nearly to the mattress.

Valerie panted like a bitch in heat, the feel of her son rigid pisser scraping along her nerve endings exquisitely. "Zane, I'm cumming!" she moaned, her body shaking with the force of her orgasm.

Avah watched, her eyes wide with fascination, as Zane's hips bucked and his cock thrust deep inside his mother's womb. She could see the sweat glistening on their bodies, the passion and intensity of their lovemaking evident in every movement.

"Oh, fuck, mom, you're so tight!" Zane groaned, his grip on his mother's hips tightening as he drove himself deeper inside her.

Valerie gasped, her eyes rolling back as the pleasure coursed through her mature body. Her humongous tit-knockers hung from her chest like pendulums and rocked to the rhythm of the incestuous union.

As Zane's thrusts became more erratic and urgent, Valerie could feel another sensation of pleasure beginning to build within her. She knew that soon, her son's warm seed would be lubricating her womb, nurturing the new life that would soon grow inside her.

Avah watched with a mixture of awe and desire, resisting the urge to rub her own pussy. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy, wishing it was her being filled by Zane's throbbing cock.

But Zane was too focused on his task to notice Avah's arousal. With each thrust, his cock buried deeper and deeper into his mother's welcoming pussy. He could feel the warmth and wetness of her inner core enveloping him, and he knew that he would soon release a second load into her fertile cunt.

After nearly an hour of ass-smacking, doggy style sex, Zane's body stiffened, his cock throbbing within his mother's pussy. He could feel the warmth of her secretions surrounding him, the muscles and pleats of her pussy clenching around his shaft as he spurted his seed deep inside her.

"Fuck, yes!" Zane groaned, his body shaking with the intensity of his release. He could feel his hot, thick cum-ropes filling his mother's womb, mingling with his first load and creating a new life within her.

Valerie cried out, her body shuddering with pleasure as she felt Zane's seed spurting into her. She could feel his boner twitching, the warmth and wetness of his cum coating her womb, and she knew that this was the moment she had been waiting for.

Avah watched, her eyes wide with a mixture of awe and desire. She could see the love and passion in Zane's eyes, and she knew that he had given his mother everything he had.

Zane groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt his mother's warm and wet pussy milking his cock and his balls for what felt like eternity. The sight of his Valerie's huge, perspiration-sheened

breasts bouncing with each of his thrusts was almost too much for him to handle.

"Let's elevate those hips and let gravity help us along," Avah suggested.

Zane watched as his cock slide out of his mother's pussy and a stream of his cum followed it, oozing down along her twitching asshole.

"What a beautiful baby making nectar you two have created," Avah giggled, pointing to the frothy mix of his cum and his mother's juices, trickling down her now open pussy lips.

Zane couldn't help but chuckle, his breaths shallow as he fought to catch up with the after-effects.

As their bodies collapsed onto the bed, spent and satisfied, Valerie ran her long painted fingernails through Zane's sweaty hair. "Thank you, son" she whispered, her voice thick with emotion, "that was the most beautiful sex ever."

Zane grinned, finding satisfaction in knowing their sessions weren't done. There was likely tons more sex to be had before he impregnated her with his baby.

So, what happens now?" her husband asked, hoping the nightmare was over.

"It's a three day process, during my ovulation period, honey. I'll meet our donor at the clinic each day at scheduled times, and we'll… 'conduct' these sessions," Valerie replied, trying to sound as clinical as possible.

Honestly, Valerie couldn't wait. It wasn't every day she got to fuck her own handsome teenage son and create life at the same time.

"And the chances of conceiving are… pretty high, according to the staff there," Valerie continued, trying to sound as professional as

possible. She didn't want her husband to know how much she was looking forward to seeing Zane and cumming mindlessly all over his teenage cock.

"So, this kid donor was OK to you then? He didn't get too aggressive? "John asked with a hint of concern in his voice.

Valerie hesitated for a moment, trying to come up with an answer that would satisfy him, but also not give away her true feelings for Zane. "Yes, he was very professional," Valerie replied, trying to sound convincing. "He was kind and gentle, and I felt comfortable with him. The process went smoothly and without any issues."

"That's a relief," John said, visibly relaxing. "I just don't want anything to happen to you or the baby."

Valerie nodded, her heart swelling with love for her husband, who was so concerned about her and the unborn child. But she knew that her true feelings for Zane were too strong to ignore.

A few minutes passed before Zane entered through the doorway. "Hi, Mom and Dad," he greeted them with a warm smile before exchanging a knowing look with his mother.

Valerie's nipples perked up at the sight of her son and she greeted him with a smitten grin. "Hey there, honey. How was your shift at the pizza parlor?"

Zane chuckled, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Oh, you know how it is, Mom. Busy as always." He winked at Valerie, who felt her heart race at the sight of her son's flirtatious grin. Zane's adrenaline was still pumping from having fucked her for nearly two hours at the clinic and pumping two loads of hot, baby making goo inside her

fertile womb. "We had a pretty important customer come in today," he informed his parents.

"And did you leave them feeling satisfied?" Valerie asked, her eyes locked onto her son's lasciviously.

"I think so. Hopefully they went home with a 'full' belly."

His mom couldn't help but snicker, drawing a curious look from John. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing, honey," she answered, then focused back on her son. "Long shift tomorrow, huh, kiddo?" Valerie ask with a tiny smirk and excitement in her eyes. "I guess you'll have to work twice as hard."

"I'm up for the task," her son smiled back.

"And I'll bet your customers love the work you do," said Valerie with a meaningful stare, "and wanna just keep 'cumming' back for more."

"I hope so."

"Well, make sure you get plenty of rest tonight. Your customers will expect the very best out of you tomorrow. You'll need to 'deliver' your best work yet and have them 'screaming your name'…with praise."

John just sat there and listened, oblivious to the true meaning of their conversation. For all he knew his wife and son were talking about his gig at the pizza place, not the fact that they had a hot day of incestuous baby making planned for tomorrow.

As Valerie lay in bed that night, she couldn't stop thinking about Zane. She began to wonder if some of his sperm was swimming towards her egg at that very moment, eager to pierce her ovum and create a baby. She had never experienced such intense pleasure and connection with anyone before, not even with John. Valerie couldn't

help but wonder if Zane was feeling the same way. "Was I a better fuck than those other women he got pregnant?" she thought. I'm

"gonna ride his ass off tomorrow and leave no doubt that I'm the best piece of pussy he's ever had."

The next morning, Valerie woke up early, eager to see Zane again. She knew that she would have to do everything she could to make sure their encounters were as satisfying as possible, so that they would have the best chance of conceiving.

Valerie spent the first couple hours of the day preparing herself mentally and physically for the upcoming sessions. She knew that she would need to be as aroused as possible, so she spent time fantasizing about Zane's body and the way he made her feel.

When the scheduled time arrived, Valerie entered the clinic, her heart racing with excitement as she reached the breeding room. She was surprised to see that Zane was already there, completely naked and waiting for her. He smiled at her, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Hi Mom," he said, his voice low and sultry. "Ready for round two?"

Valerie couldn't help but feel a shiver run down her spine as she stared at his jutting erection. She nodded, her heart pounding in her chest as she approached him, letting her robe slipped off and pool at her feet. "You better believe I am," she whispered, her voice trembling with desire.

"If you to need anything, just hit the call button," Avah said with a grin as she back out the doorway.

"Thank you, Avah," Valerie replied, anxious to be completely alone with her donor today.

Zane grinned, his eyes locked onto to his mom's humongous tits. Her areolas were crinkled in arousal, but still as big around as grapefruit. He licked his lips, eager to wrapped them around her fat nipples "I can tell you're looking forward to today, just like I am," he said, reaching out to cup her squishy breasts in his hands.

Valerie moaned softly as his touch sent electric shocks through her body. She reached down and wrapped her fingers around his cock, feeling its hardness and thickness as she stroked him. "You're so big," she murmured, her eyes widening in awe as she realized how tiny her hand seemed around his enormous prick.

"Yeah, I get told that a lot," he cockily replied, squeezing his pelvic muscle and making his hunky meat-shaft flex in her hand.

"It's my turn to show off today," his mom whispered with a devilish grin. "I'm gonna ride you."

"Before you straddle my dick, do you wanna straddle my face?"

Valerie grinned from ear to ear, impressed that her son had remembered their discussion in the hot tub. "You've got my attention, honey," she replied. "Let's see if you're as good with your tongue as you are with your dick."

She led him by his boner to the bed and Zane sprawled out on his back, his heart thumping hard in his chest with anticipation.

Valerie climbed onto the bed and straddled his face, her shaved pussy hovering above his mouth. "Lick me like you mean it," she demanded, wanting to feel his tongue invade her most intimate parts.

Zane obeyed without hesitation, his licker darting between her folds and into her wet, swollen pussy. Valerie moaned deeply as he worked his magic, his talented tongue sending shockwaves of

pleasure coursing through her body. "Oh, fuck yeah, that's it! Drive your tongue deep inside me, Zane," she begged.

Zane complied eagerly, plunging his tongue into her depths and swirling it around, exploring every inch of her most private place. The flavorful taste and pungent scent made him dizzy with desire.

Valerie felt her body tensing, preparing for the intense orgasm she knew was building.

"Oh, my god! Keep going!" Valerie cried out, her quivering voice barely above a whisper. She felt his tongue delving deeper and deeper, stimulating her in ways she didn't even know were possible.

Zane continued to lick and suck at her pink pussy-flesh, taking in the intoxicating taste of her juices.

As Valerie came closer and closer to the edge, she reached down and grabbed a handful of Zane's hair, using her newfound strength to pull him even deeper into her.

"That's it, baby," she groaned, her body writhing, her cunt grinding on his face frantically. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Zane could barely contain the excitement surging through his veins as he tasted the sweet nectar of his mother's climax. He continued to lap at her rapidly pulsing cunt, wanting to milk every last drop of thick pussy-honey from her.

As Valerie's orgasm peaked, her body convulsed, her huge, meaty tits trembling, and she let out a loud, primal moan that echoed through the room. She collapsed onto Zane's face, her pussy still gushing, her legs shaking uncontrollably.

"Oh, that was amazing," she whispered, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. "Where the fuck did you learn to eat pussy like that, Zane?"

"It's something that every client seems to ask for, so I get a lot of practice," he stated, ejaculatory juice dripping from his chin.

Valerie crawled towards his cock. "My turn now," she mewled as she guided his fat, bell-shaped knob towards her saliva-drenched lips.

Zane watched in awe as his mother slowly engulfed his cock, her practiced mouth moving up and down his shaft, taking him deeper

with each stroke. He groaned in pleasure as she caressed him with her tongue, her lips wrapped tight around his tingly cock-shaft.

Valerie moaned around his cock, her throat stretching to take in his length. "Oh, mom!" her son groaned in delight as her lips spread out around the root of his prick.

She sucked him harder, her saliva coating his length and providing a slippery sensation that he loved. She bobbed her head up and down, creating a tight vacuum around his manhood.

"I want you to nut in my mouth, honey," she gasped, her voice sandpaper rough with lust. "I want to taste the cum that's gonna make our baby."

Zane's eyes widened at her words, the thought of his own mother carrying his child in her womb driving him wild with desire. He thrust his hips, driving himself deeper into her mouth, his tender meat enjoying the warmth and wetness of her oral embrace.

Valerie's nose was filled with the musky scent of her son's arousal, and she breathed in deeply, savoring the potent mix of testosterone and innocence. She swirled her tongue around his shaft, tasting the pre-cum that leaked from his piss-slit.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, I'm so close!" Zane groaned, his hips thrusting faster and harder, his cock slipping in and out of her mouth with a wet, throaty sound.

Valerie hummed in response, her lips tightening around him as she sucked harder. She wanted to feel his hot cum explode in her mouth, to taste the essence of their future child.

As Zane's orgasm built, he began to pant and writhe, his body trembling with the intensity of the oral pleasure he was receiving.

Valerie could feel the tension in his throbbing dick, and she knew that he was about to erupt.

"I'm cumming!" Zane bellowed, his hips bucking wildly as he released his load into her eager mouth.

Valerie savored the taste of his cum, swallowing it eagerly as it spurted into her mouth. She couldn't believe how much semen he produced, and she was ecstatic that she was able to drink it all down.

"That was incredible!" the boy sighed as Valerie pulled away from his spent member, giving his spongy knob a sensual kiss.

"I'm so glad you liked it," said the mother, then threw her leg across his midsection. "But I think I've got something you're gonna like even better."

With a smirk on her face, Valerie reached down and guided his throbbing erection towards her entrance, feeling his glans gently press against her swollen, moist lips. "Are you ready for me, Zane?" she asked seductively. "Are you ready for mom to give you a baby-making fuck you'll never forget?"

"Oh, fuck yes, Mom," he groaned in anticipation. "I can't wait to feel you ride me."

Valerie looked into his eyes, her desire reflected in their depths. She slowly lowered herself onto him, his thick shaft sliding inside her pussy in a delicious stretch that made her moan aloud.

"Oh, fuck!" he hissed as her tight, hot pussy engulfed him. He could feel her ridges and muscles gripping him, squeezing him, making him shiver with pleasure.

As Valerie began to move, her hips undulating rhythmically.

Zane felt as if he was being consumed by his mother's love, her body enveloping him in a way that was both forbidden and utterly desirable. He watched her pretty face contort with pleasure, her eyes locked onto his, as though they were sharing a deeper connection.

"Oh, fuck, you're so tight, Mom!" he groaned, his hands clenching the bedsheets as she continued to grind against his rigid fucker. He could feel every ripple and fold of her pussy, her hot, slippery secretions dripping down his shaft, heightening his desire for her.

Valerie let out a low, guttural growl, her breathing becoming ragged as she slammed onto him, her hips bucking with each thrust. "Fuck me, Zane, fuck up into me!"

He complied without hesitation, matching her rhythm, his balls slapping against her ass with each deep thrust. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her gargantuan tit-melons as they jumped and rippled the motion of their mutual thrusts.

To say his mom could ride cock like a pro was an understatement. He could feel her love, her motherly affection, and the raw, primal lust all mingling together in a perfect blend that overwhelmed him completely. Valerie alternated between pumping her pussy up and down the length of his pole and grinding fluidly in full penetrating. She swung her wide hips, stirring his steely pecker around inside her pink portal.

As they continued to fuck, Zane's palms left the sheets to move to his mother's massive tits, kneading and squeezing their supple flesh as he continued to fuck her. He knew he was in the presence of a

sexual goddess, and he was grateful for this opportunity to be inside her.

Valerie moaned, her orgasm arriving suddenly, as Zane's massive cock filled her up, pulsing inside her like a living, breathing organ. She had always known she possessed a wild side, but never in her

wildest dreams did she imagine that her own son would bring it out. And yet, here they were, with her luscious body bouncing on top of his, her cunt pulsating around his thick, veiny cock as she plowed down onto it with a primal energy that left her breathless.

Zane's fingers dug into her tit-flesh as he pounded her, his cock sliding in and out of her soaked pussy with a squelching sound that echoed through the room. He could feel the slick walls of her cunt gripping his cock, pushing him to the edge of his own climax.

The boy heard his mother moan his name, her body quivering as another, full-body orgasm washed over her. "I need you to cum inside me, Zane. Give me your seed. Make me pregnant!" she cried out, riding his cock with wild abandon.

Zane's hips bucked wildly, his cock pulsing in her pussy as he felt the familiar sensation of his orgasm building. "I'm gonna cum, Mom," he warned her, his voice hoarse with desire.

Valerie moaned, her eyes locked on his as she felt the heat of his ejaculation begin to fill her. She could feel his sinewy cock twitching deep inside her, emptying itself into the fornix her greedy pussy. "Oh, fuck, yes!" she hissed, her nails digging into his thighs as she rode him through his climax.

As the last of his cum spurted into his mother's eager pussy, Zane's senses were overwhelmed by the sight of her swollen, glistening cunt surrounding his cock, her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and lust, her tit-melons jiggling wildly with each thrust. He

knew that he had just completed the most taboo act of his life, and yet it felt as natural as breathing.

Valerie collapsed on top of Zane, their sweaty bodies mingling in a tangled mess of limbs and flesh. She couldn't believe what had just transpired, that she had just fucked her own son from the top and enjoyed it so much. But there was no denying the raw sexual energy

that had exploded between them, the passion that had consumed them both in a way that had left them breathless and satisfied.

"I'll be honest," Zane breathed. "I've fucked some pretty experienced women, but I've never had anyone ride me that good."

Valerie grinned and winked at him, still trembling from their passionate encounter. "You know what they say about us moms… we're just the best at everything we do."

Zane couldn't help but laugh at her comment. The idea of his own mother being the best at anything seemed surreal, but he had to admit that their experience together had been unforgettable. He couldn't wait to see what other secrets his mother held and how long it would take them to create a baby together.

"Do you wanna go out to the lounge and get something to drink before we have sex again?" Zane asked.

"Sure, honey. Should we get dressed first?"

Zane chuckled. "It's the baby making factory mom. Everyone just stays naked."

He guided her down the corridor of the breeding wing, accompanied by a symphony of heavy breaths and ecstatic cries. Behind each door lay a donor like Zane and a woman like Valerie, who was eagerly hoping to make her dreams of pregnancy come true.

A heady mixture of sweat, musk, and sex permeated the air. The scent was almost overwhelming, but it only added to the erotic atmosphere of the breeding wing.

The lounge was dimly lit with warm, amber lights, casting a cozy glow over the room. Different groups of naked women sat or lounged on soft couches, their bodies glistening with sweat and flushed with pleasure. Nearby, boys who looked to be Zane's age were chatting

and mingling, all of them clearly donors like him. It was like a scene from a high school dance, with girls and boys separated on opposite sides of the room.

"Exciting day, huh?" A redheaded woman asked Valerie. She stood side by side with another mom, their bodies glowing in the dim light of the lounge. The redhead's hair was vibrant against the dark-haired mom's mane, and both were dressed in nothing but their flushed skin. Their heavy tits were on display, jutting out proudly, with pink nipples still standing at attention.

Valerie spoke up, introducing herself with enthusiasm. Meanwhile, Zane had made his way over to engage in conversation with some of the other donors who were essentially his colleagues.

"You're so lucky to have gotten paired with Zane," said, Penny, the redhead. "He was my top choice, but I guess he's very popular and in high demand."

"Well, I may have gotten preferential treatment, since I'm his mom," Valerie giggle.

Erin, the dark haired mother's face lit up. "Oh my God, you and your son are making a baby together?! That's so cool!"

"We're both pretty excited about it," Valerie shared.

"You should be," Penny said, staring over at Zane with lust in her eyes.

Erin leaned in and stage-whispered, "Right? I mean, like, what's hotter than fucking your own son?"

Penny giggled and rubbed her tummy. "I have to conceive and raise a son before I even start thinking about fucking him."

Valerie blushed and looked away, a mix of embarrassment and arousal coursing through her veins. She couldn't help but notice

Zane's confidence and ease around the other boys as he chatted up a storm. His charisma and charm were evident, adding to his already impressive physique and sexual prowess.

"Dude, you landed a freaking hottie," Tyler, a fellow donor said to Zane, staring over at Valerie. "Look at the size of those fucking tits."

"Yeah, she's hot alright, and she can really fuck too," said Zane, his gaze locked onto Valerie's, their eyes connecting in an intense and intimate exchange across the room. Their bodies were both flushed and bare, adding to the intensity of their silent communication.

"Look at the ass on that mom I'm fucking," said Tyler, gazing across at her.

The woman was in her mid-twenties, her hair a vibrant shade of strawberry blonde that caught the light in the room. She had a curvaceous figure, plump in all the desired places, with a noticeably rounded buttocks. She stood with a group of similarly naked women, talking and laughing, but couldn't resist glancing back at Tyler with a longing gaze.

"If her husband knew how much she was squirting on my cock he'd probably freak the fuck out," Tyler whispered, making the two coworkers laugh.

Zane couldn't help but feel exhilarated as he thought about how his father would react if he could see the way he had been pleasuring his mom earlier. The way she had screamed with intense pleasure, while drenching his manhood in her juices.

"Look at the way they're looking at us, dude," Tyler pointed out. "You can just see how fucking horny they are. I bet most of these women don't even care about getting pregnant. They just wanna get fucked by young guys like us because they're husband's just aren't doing it for them."

"You could be right," Zane nodded.

Valerie and the two other women couldn't tear their eyes away from Tyler and Zane as they sipped from their cups of water. Their gazes were both longing and hungry, filled with desire and lust.

"Isn't it amazing how hard their dicks stay?" Erin pointed out. The three women's eyes hungrily devoured the sight of the erect cocks pointing out from the donor's lean crotches. They were large and thick, pulsing with raw, sexual energy.

"And how quickly they bounce back after ejaculating," Penny add. "Before this week, I haven't been fucked two hours straight since college."

"Are you guys sucking their dicks?" asked Valerie, wanting to make sure she wasn't the only one who agreed to that as part of her sessions."

"I sure am," Penny grinned. "There's no way I'd pass up giving a blowjob to a hot teenager like that."

"Mm, me too," Erin added, running her long pink tongue across her lip. "Dick that's barely legal taste so much better."

The other moms' eyes sparkled with mischief and anticipation as they watched Zane approach, his muscular body glistening with sweat and his cock standing tall and proud between his legs. They couldn't help but salivate at the sight of his perfect physique and throbbing baby maker.

"Are you ready to get back to it, mom?" he asked, sticking out his hand for her to take.

"Absolutely," Valerie replied, her voice trembling with excitement. She told the other two mothers goodbye, then took her son's hand and allowed him to lead her towards their breeding suite.

They seemed so perfectly suited for such a magical task. Zane's teenage frame, every muscle defined and taut as he walked beside Valerie. His erect penis stood tall and proud, nearly ten-inches long, bobbing with each step on his well-toned body. Valerie's oversized tits bobbled and swayed on her rib cage, accentuated by her nakedness. Her curvy figure, with her ample hips and thick, round bubble butt, moved with a mesmerizing sway and jiggle as she walked with her son.

The fact that her Zane's dick was still fully rigid after a powerful ejaculation was testament to his youth and vitality, and Valerie couldn't help but feel aroused all over again one they arrived in the suite. "Break time's over, baby," she sighed, pushing her son onto the bed.

Zane watched her crawl like a hungry lioness onto the mattress with him, her tits hanging down like huge ripe melons, rocking back and forth in tandem as she climbed on top of her teen.

There was nothing more thrilling to Zane than watching his own mom straddle him, grasping his cock and pointing it up towards the tight little pussy-slit that had birthed him out so long ago. He wanted to go out of his skin as he watched his bulbous knob split her twat and sink inside her warm, welcoming orifice.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so tight," he moaned, his hands gripping her hips as she moved above him. "I can feel every ridge and every little nook of your pussy. It's like you're made just for me."

Valerie's eyes locked onto his, her desire reflected in their depths. She knew that they were both thinking the same thing: that this was more than just a twisted fantasy or a forbidden taboo. This was

something deeper, something that went beyond the physical. It was a connection that went straight to the heart.

With a newfound sense of purpose, Valerie began to ride her son's cock with renewed vigor. Her blushing ass-cheeks slapped against his thighs, each movement more deliberate than the last. She reached down and shamelessly played with her own swollen clit, feeling the electricity coursing through her body.

Zane watched his mother's beautiful, naked body move above him, her massive tits bouncing in perfect rhythm with her hips. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of her, feeling like he was in a dream. He reached up and cupped her breasts, feeling the immense weight and warmth of her flesh in his hands.

Valerie moaned, feeling her son's hands on her, with a previously unimaginable feeling of desire and longing. She leaned down, her lips meeting his, her tongue exploring his mouth, tasting the sweetness of her own arousal on his lips.

Having gotten two orgasms out of his system, Zane was in it for the long haul this time, determined to fuck his mother for as long as she needed him to.

He linked his hands behind her waist, pulling her closer, their hips grinding together in perfect harmony. Valerie's eyes locked onto his, a fierce animalistic intensity in their depths. She could feel her own orgasm building, the heat and electricity coursing through her body.

"Fuck me, Zane, harder!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with desire. "Make me squirt all over your hard, fat pussy pleaser!"

Zane complied, matching her rhythm, his hips bucking with each deep thrust. His girth was filling her up, stretching her pleatedining to its limits. Valerie could feel the walls of her cunt pulsating around his cock, gripping him tightly.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so Goddamn tight!" Zane groaned, his hands clenching the sheets again as he pounded her.

Valerie moaned as her son's fingers dug into her hips, generating a new level of pleasure in her that she hadn't felt before. The sound of their bodies connecting in a rhythmic frenzy filling the room. She felt like she was in a sexual trance, lost in the sensations of her son's body inside of her.

Despite Valerie's efforts to control herself, the overwhelming desire took over her body, causing her to become disconnected from reality. Her mind was consumed by the raw, primal lust she felt for her son and the need for his cum, but she knew that she couldn't stop now. The feeling of his cock pulsing inside of her was too much to bear.

"Oh, fuck, Zane! I'm going to cum again!" Valerie cried out, her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and shame. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she convulsed in a powerful orgasm, her love-juices gushing down his shaft, drenching it in her feminine fluids.

Valerie leaned down, burying her boy's face between her cushy boobs, while her fleshy booty bobbed tirelessly up and down, pumping her pussy-tube along the spike of his hardon. He kissed his way around inside her cavernous cleavage, making his way to one of her turgid nipples.

He pulled it into his mouth and suckled deeply, the tip of his tongue flicking over the hard nub of flesh.

Valerie groaned, her body trembling with the pleasure of his oral ministrations. "Oh, yes, baby," she moaned, her hips moving faster and harder, impaling herself on his thick cock. "Suck my tits, Zane. Make me cum!"

Zane obliged, his hands grasping her luscious globes, kneading them roughly as he continued to suckle her nipple. Valerie's cries grew

louder and more desperate, and she knew that she was close to cumming again.

A sudden wet sound filled the air, as her pussy convulsed around Zane's cock, her love-juices gushing down his balls, coating every inch of him. Valerie clawed at the sheets, her eyes rolling back in her head as a powerful orgasm coursed through her body.

Zane watched in awe as his mother's entire body shook with pleasure, her face twisted in a mask of ecstasy. He could feel her cunt gripping his cock with a force he had never experienced before, each contraction causing her fuck muscles to chew at his erectile meat.

As Valerie's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto Zane's chest, her body limp and breathless. Her tits, now slick with sweat and cum, pressed against his chest, their mingled scent intoxicating him.

"Fuck, Mom," he panted, his chest heaving with the effort of keeping up with her. "You're incredible."

Valerie giggled, her eyes still glazed with lust. "I told you, baby. Moms know best."

Zane couldn't help but chuckle at her words as he marveled at the intensity of their encounter. Nearly three hours had past since they first started, and the passion between them was still burning bright. He couldn't imagine ever tiring of his mother, or her insatiable appetite for pleasure.

The fact that her son's dick was still fully rigid after a powerful ejaculation was testament to his youth and vitality, and Valerie couldn't help but feel aroused all over again. "Break time's over, baby," she sighed and slowly began to move her hips, rolling her pussy over Zane's pulsating length, feeling his cock twitch and throb inside her.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so tight," he moaned, his hands gripping her hips as she moved above him. "I can feel every ridge and every little nook of your pussy. It's like you're made just for me."

Valerie's eyes locked onto his, her desire reflected in their depths. She knew that they were both thinking the same thing: that this was more than just a twisted fantasy or a forbidden taboo. This was something deeper, something that went beyond the physical. It was a connection that went straight to the heart.

With a newfound sense of purpose, Valerie began to ride her son's cock with renewed vigor. Her blushing ass-cheeks slapped against his thighs, each movement more deliberate than the last. She reached down and shamelessly played with her own swollen clit, feeling the electricity coursing through her body.

Zane watched his mother's beautiful, naked body move above him, her massive tits bouncing in perfect rhythm with her hips. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of her, feeling like he was in a dream. He reached up and cupped her breasts, feeling the immense weight and warmth of her flesh in his hands.

Valerie moaned, feeling her son's hands on her, with a previously unimaginable feeling of desire and longing. She leaned down, her lips meeting his, her tongue exploring his mouth, tasting the sweetness of her own arousal on his lips.

Having gotten two orgasms out of his system, Zane was in it for the long haul this time, determined to fuck his mother for as long as she needed him to.

He linked his hands behind her waist, pulling her closer, their hips grinding together in perfect harmony. Valerie's eyes locked onto his, a fierce animalistic intensity in their depths. She could feel her own orgasm building, the heat and electricity coursing through her body.

"Fuck me, Zane, harder!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with desire. "Make me squirt all over your hard, fat pussy pleaser!"

Zane complied, matching her rhythm, his hips bucking with each deep thrust. His girth was filling her up, stretching her pleated lining to its limits. Valerie could feel the walls of her cunt pulsating around his cock, gripping him tightly.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so Goddamn tight!" Zane groaned, his hands clenching the sheets again as he pounded her.

Valerie moaned as her son's fingers dug into her hips, generating a new level of pleasure in her that she hadn't felt before. The sound of their bodies connecting in a rhythmic frenzy filled the room. She felt like she was in a sexual trance, lost in the sensations of her son's body inside of her.

Despite Valerie's efforts to control herself, the overwhelming desire took over her body, causing her to become disconnected from reality. Her mind was consumed by the raw, primal lust she felt for her son and the need for his cum, but she knew that she couldn't stop now. The feeling of his cock pulsing inside of her was too much to bear.

"Oh, fuck, Zane! I'm going to cum again!" Valerie cried out, her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and shame. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she convulsed in a powerful orgasm, her love-juices gushing down his shaft, drenching it in her feminine fluids.

Valerie leaned down, burying her boy's face between her cushy boobs, while her fleshy booty bobbed tirelessly up and down, pumping her pussy-tube along the spike of his hardon. He kissed his

way around inside her cavernous cleavage, making his way to one of her turgid nipples.

He pulled it into his mouth and suckled deeply, the tip of his tongue flicking over the hard nub of flesh.

Valerie groaned, her body trembling with the pleasure of his oral ministrations.

"Oh, yes, baby," she moaned, her hips moving faster and harder, impaling herself on his thick cock. "Suck my tits, Zane. Make me cum!"

Zane obliged, his hands grasping her luscious globes, kneading them roughly as he continued to suckle her nipple. Valerie's cries grew louder and more desperate, and she knew that she was close to cumming again.

A sudden wet sound filled the air, as her pussy convulsed around Zane's cock, her love-juices gushing down his balls, coating every inch of him. Valerie clawed at the sheets, her eyes rolling back in her head as a powerful orgasm coursed through her body.

Zane watched in awe as his mother's entire body shook with pleasure, her face twisted in a mask of ecstasy. He could feel her cunt gripping his cock with a force he had never experienced before, each contraction causing her fuck muscles to chew at his erectile meat.

As Valerie's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto Zane's chest, her body limp and breathless. Her tits, now slick with sweat and cum, pressed against his chest, their mingled scent intoxicating him.

"Fuck, Mom," he panted, his chest heaving with the effort of keeping up with her. "You're incredible."

Valerie giggled, her eyes still glazed with lust. "I told you, baby. Moms know best."

Zane couldn't help but chuckle at her words as he marveled at the intensity of their encounter. Nearly three hours had past since they first started, and the passion between them was still burning bright.

He couldn't imagine ever tiring of his mother, or her insatiable appetite for pleasure.

Valerie felt like she could ride her son like a cowgirl for yet another three hours. The intensity of the moment seemed to have no end, as Zane's dick never seemed to soften. Valerie's pussy quivered and contracted, milking his cock, her orgasmic aftershocks sending waves of pleasure throughout her body.

Zane's chest heaved with each breath, his body glistening with sweat, beads of it trickling down his forehead and between his pecs. His hands gripped his mother's waist, steady and strong, as he thrust his hips upward, meeting her every movement.

"Damn, Mom, you're something else," he grunted, his voice hoarse with desire.

Valerie moaned, her eyes locked onto his, her body responding to his every touch, his every word. She felt a new sense of power, a newfound confidence in her sexuality, her motherly instincts taking over.

"You're not kidding," she replied, her voice breathy and sultry. "But you know what? I can do better."

With that, Valerie gave a another surge of energy, her hips bucking wildly, her body gyrating in a frenzied dance that Zane had never seen before. Her oversized, sweat-sheened tits flopped around crazily, reeling, rippling and smacking together; creating quite the spectacle for the boy who had a front row seat. Her pussy seemed

to pulse with a life of its own, gripping her son's thick cock with a force that made him gasp for breath.

Zane's boner was being rocked to another level of sensations, as if it had never been more alive. He felt like he could cum again, but he

wasn't ready to let go just yet. He needed more, needed to go deeper, to fuck his mother harder and stronger.

"Fuck, Mom, what are you doing to me?!" he cried out, his voice filled with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

Valerie threw her head back, her eyes closed, and let out a primal scream as her orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her love-juices flowed down her legs in rivulets, soaking the sheets beneath them. Zane felt her pussy muscles clench around him, milking his cock like never before.

"Oh, God, Zane, I'm cumming! I'm cumming so motherfucking hard!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with pleasure.

Zane could feel her cunt pulsing around his cock, each contraction causing him to moan in delight. He knew that he was close to cumming himself, but he didn't want this to end just yet. He wanted to savor every moment of this intense, passionate connection between them.

Valerie felt like she was floating on a cloud, her body enveloped in a warm, tingling sensation that seemed to radiate out from her pussy. She could feel each pulse of her inner muscles gripping Zane's cock, pulling him deeper into her with every throb. Her mind was a haze of pleasure, her body a temple of lust, and her heart was filled with an overwhelming love for her son.

As Valerie's orgasm subsided, she felt a new surge of desire coursing through her veins. She could feel the tension in her son's body, the way his cock was throbbing inside of her, begging for release. She

knew that he was close, and she wanted to give him the most intense orgasm he had ever felt.

"Fuck me, baby," Valerie moaned, her eyes locked onto his. "I want to feel you pump a baby into me,"

Zane felt the words reverberate through his body, a low growl rising in his throat. He thrust his hips harder, faster, his cock hitting her cervix with every stroke.

Valerie could feel the resistance of his thick rod, her inner muscles clamping down on him, pleading for release. She knew that her son was close, and she wanted to feel him cum inside of her. The thought of him pumping his seed into her, filling her with his love, made her heart race with desire.

"I'm going to cum, Mom," Zane moaned, his voice strained with passion. "I'm going to fill you up with my sperm."

At the sound of his words, Valerie felt her own orgasm building once again. She began to move her hips in a circular motion, milk his cock in a deep pussy-grind. She felt the wetness between her legs increase, beads of her love-juices dripping down his balls, coating his thighs.

Zane felt like he was going to pass out from the intensity of the sensation around his hardon. As his orgasm hit him like a freight train, he cried out in pleasure, his hips thrusting harder and faster, driving his cock deeper into his mother's pussy. He felt like he was losing control, like his body was possessed by some unholy force, but he didn't care. He wanted this feeling to last forever.

Valerie could feel the waves of pleasure coursing through her heavy-titted body with each thrust, like electricity shooting through her veins. She knew that her son was cumming, and she was ready to welcome his love-juices into her womb.

As Zane's orgasm peaked, she could feel the hot, pulsing stream of his sperm filling her up, bathing her insides with his love. She writhed passionately on top him, her pussy clenching around his cock, milking every last drop of his pleasure from him.

Finally, Zane's orgasm subsided, his body limp and weak from the intensity of their lovemaking. He could feel his heart beating in sync with his mother's, their bodies intertwined in a post-coital embrace.

"I love you, Mom," Zane whispered, his voice barely above a whisper. "I just know we're gonna create a super-cool baby together."

Valerie smiled, a warm, loving smile that radiated from her heart. "I love you too, Zane, and I agree. We're gonna make the greatest little baby ever."

The following day, John made the decision to swing by and visit his son at the pizza place. However, as he pulled into the parking lot, he didn't see his Zane's car anywhere. Despite this, he decided to go inside, hoping that maybe his son had gotten a ride to work that day.

"Hi, is Zane working today?" John asked the worker at the register.

"Who?" The young man asked, clearly looking confused.

"My son, Zane. Zane Shotwell."

"Sorry, no one works here by that name."

"That not true. He's worked here for a couple months now," said John, his face masked with confusion.

"Look, man…I've worked here for a year. If there was a Zane here, I think I'd know it."

John went out to his car and attempted to call his son, but got no answer. He tried his wife's phone, but was also unsuccessful, which didn't surprise him since he knew she was at the clinic.

John grew worried when he didn't see Zane's car at the house. He quickly made the decision to drive over to the clinic himself and try to talk to Valerie in person. He was taken aback when he came across both Zane's and his wife's vehicles in the parking lot.

"Can I help you?" asked Heidi, the receptionist.

"Yes, I was wondering if I could speak to my wife, Valerie Shotwell. She's a client here."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shotwell, Valerie is in the middle of a session. Is this an emergency?"

"No, it's not an emergency, but it's very important," John replied.

"I understand, Mr. Shotwell, but our policy is unless it's an emergency we don't interrupt sessions here at the baby making factory."

"I see. My son Zane's car is in your parking lot. Did he stop in here by chance?"

"Mr. Shotwell, I'm not at liberty to discuss our clients' information, but I can assure you that we don't allow anyone to enter the premises without their appointment. If you have any questions or concerns about your son, Zane, you should reach out to him directly."

"Well, how long until my wife is through with her session?"

"It's hard to say. She could be another hour or two, maybe less. The session lengths vary really."

"Could I just got back and talk to her? It'll only take a few minute," John asked pleasingly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shotwell, only clients and donors are allowed beyond this point. You're more than welcome to hang out in our waiting room, but I'm afraid I can't give you any more information on how long they'll be."

John sighed, feeling increasingly confused and worried. "Okay. I'll just wait here then."

As he settled in the waiting room, John couldn't help but notice the other female clients there his wife's age. Some looked anxious, while others looked excited or even nervous.

As Heidi was occupied with another potential client, John seized the opportunity to discreetly follow a woman who had been taken to the back hallway. Surprisingly, he managed to slip into the restricted area without being noticed.

He snuck past the lab and through the heart of the baby making factory, where clients and donors were engaged in their private sessions of sexual intercourse. John couldn't believe his ears as he snuck past the closed doorways and heard the moans and groans of people giving and receiving pleasure. The air was thick with the scent of sex and desire.

Amongst the chorus of female cries, one in particular caught his attention – it sounded hauntingly familiar. He quickly made his way towards the room where it originated from. As he neared the room, he could hear explicit, passionate moans that belonged to none other than his wife, Valerie. His heart pounded in his chest and his palms began to sweat as he tried the door, but found it locked. It apparently needed some type of key card to enter.

Filled with sick curiosity, he put his ear to the door to have a ease drop on what was taking place inside. John felt a chill run down his

spine as he listened to his wife get fucked hard. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh, grunts and sighs, and wet, messy noises that made him feel both repulsed and excited.

"Yess, oh, God…fuck meee!" his wife's voice cried out from inside the room, clearly in the throes of passion. John knew he had agreed to this, but it didn't make it any easier to listen to.

He tried to imagine lewd scene that was taking place inside the room. He heard the man, who must have been the baby factory's

donor, groan in pleasure as he thrust harder and faster, his balls smacking against Valerie's ass.

Suddenly, a door across the hallway opened. It was Avah and she glared at John in shock. Behind her, in the room, a beautiful, middle-aged redhead was feverishly riding the cock of a boy that looked barely 18. The teenager's eyes were big and glazed with lust as he watched a set of huge alabaster tits bounce around wildly above him.

"Um, excuse me, you shouldn't be back here," Avah told John with a stern expression.

"Sorry, I was just looking for my wife, Valerie," John said, his cheeks red with embarrassment.

"No, this area is restricted. You can wait in the waiting room and she'll be out when her session is over."

"Got it, sorry," said John, clearly embarrassed as he made his way back towards the front of the building.

As John made his way back towards the front of the building, he couldn't shake the images or sounds that he had heard. He sat nervously in the waiting room, trying to distract himself until Valerie was finished.

Finally, Valerie emerged from her session, a fresh flush on her face and a satisfied smile playing on her lips. John couldn't help but feel a pang of envy as he watched his wife exit the baby factory.

"John, what are you doing here?" Valerie in a slightly annoyed tone. "Avah said she saw you sneaking around in the hallway."

"I'm looking for Zane. I went by the pizza place, but they claimed he doesn't work there and never has. Then I come here and his car's parked next to yours."

Valerie's expression changed from annoyance to nervousness as she looked at John. "Well, he, um…did mention something about wanting a job here. Maybe he's in an interview," she said, desperately trying to make up a plausible explanation.

"A job here…doing what?! And why did he lie to us about flipping pizza?"

"Honey, I'm not sure what's going on with Zane, but now is not the right time or place to have this conversation. We'll discuss it at home when we can all sit down together and get a clear understanding of the situation from Zane himself. Right now, I need to go back in for another session."

"Another session?" John asked.

Valerie rolled her eyes and sighed, clearly frustrated with John's interrogation. "Yes, John, another session. I'm a client here, remember? This is the baby making factory."

She turned and walked away, leaving John standing in the lobby of the clinic, feeling more confused and disturbed than ever. He rubbed his temples, trying to piece together the fragmented pieces of information he had been given.

John made his way back to his car, contemplating the strange and unsettling day he had experienced. As he drove home, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. Not only was there the mystery of his son's sudden disappearance, but now the baby making factory and its clients were added to the mix.

"What did dad want?" Zane asked as his mother came back to the breeding suite and began undressing.

"Apparently, he went to the pizza parlor and you weren't there, then he came here and saw your car in the lot."

"Oh, shit…what did tell him?" Zane said with a panicked expression.

"Very little. Needless to say, we'll need to do some damage control when we get home later," said Valerie as she unclasped her bra, releasing her bobbling tits. "You don't need to worry about that right now though. You have a job to do, young man, and that's where your focus needs to be."

Zane began stroking his semi-hard pecker, while watching his mom shed her dainty panties. He licked his lips, staring at her hairless pudenda, eager to see it stretched around the meat of his cock again.

"Mm, get it nice and hard, Zane," his mother cooed, crawling onto the bed in front of him. "We have a baby to make."

She rolled onto her back and spread her lovely legs wide in the air, smiling seductively at Zane. Then, Valerie reached down, spreading her wet, pink lips open, beckoning him to slide inside. "Come wash mommy's womb with you hot semen, baby," she moaned, her voice dripping with desire.

Zane wasted no time crawling onto the bed and positioning himself at the entrance of his mother's already moist sex. With a groan of

pleasure, he thrust into her, feeling her hot, tight walls enveloping his thick shaft.

"Oh yes, that's it, baby," Valerie cried, her voice hoarse with need. "Give me all that fucking nut and make me pregnant with your baby."

Zane slammed into her over and over again, his cum-bloated balls slapping against her ass with a satisfying rhythm. The sight of his mother's body, spread out beneath him, was the most wonderful thing in the world.

Valerie reached down, rubbing her clit furiously, her eyes rolling back in her head as she neared her climax. Having had two ejaculations earlier, one from having his dick sucked and the other from fucking his mom doggy style, Zane felt like he could go at least an hour without cumming again.

The boy loved watching his mom orgasm; the way her back arched and her giant breasts heaved with each deep breath. Her eyes were closed in bliss, her pretty face masked in ecstasy as she reached the pinnacle of her pleasure. It was an awe-inspiring moment, and the boy was immediately entranced.

He watched as she rode the wave of her climax, screaming as her body convulsing, her muscles clenching, and her breath ragged.

"Auugh, shit!" the teen gasped as he felt her pussy spasm and bathe his boner with smoldering girl-cum.

He fucked harder and deeper than before, his own desire building with every thrust.

"Oh, Zane! Yes, yes, yes!" cried Valerie, her voice still pitchy from her release. "Fuck me, baby, fuck me!"

The lewd sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, grunts and sighs, and wet, messy noises filled the room as Zane thrusted harder and faster, his balls smacking against his mother's rounded ass.

"Oh my God!" Valerie gasped, her voice full of intensity as she neared her climax again. "I'm going to cum again, Zane! I'm going to cum all over your fucking cock!"

The teen could feel his own passion building, the lust inside him reaching a fever pitch as his mother's moans became more fervent. He thrust deeper, his cock pulsating with every full-length plunge.

He relished the sight of her contorted face, her moans echoing in the room, as if it were a secret kingdom that only he had the key to. The teen could feel the pulsating energy inside him, a testament to his dominance, as he delivered pleasure after pleasure to his mother.

As he explored her desirous depths, a strange sensation washed over him, a feeling of connection, of pure, unadulterated lust. It was as if they were not just a mother and her son, but two beings united in a bond forged by unbridled desire. This newfound sense of connection gave him a thrill that he had never experienced before, not even when he had conquered his first conquest.

He rested his weight against her, crushing Valerie's jiggling tits against his chest as she wrapped her silky mommy-legs high around his back in a carnal embrace.

As Valerie writhed beneath him, Zane couldn't help but wonder what his father would say if he could witness this moment. John's eyes would surely be wide with shock, his mouth gaping as he tried to process the scene before him – his son plunging his cock into the very woman who had given birth to him, the boy who they had raised together.

Even if John did catch them, it wouldn't have mattered. His baby making days were over and Zane was clearly the alpha male in his

mother's life at the moment.

Zane's body moved with force and precision, his muscles flexing as he thrust into Valerie's body. Her skin glistened with sweat and her hair was wild and tangled, her eyes filled with a mix of desire and pleasure.

The room was filled with the musky scent of their bodies, a combination of sweat, cock, pussy and hot cum. The smell was intoxicating and only heightened their desire for each other.

Valerie's limbs flexed as she clung to her teen, her luscious body glowing with a thick sheen of perspiration. They kissed passionately, their tongues frantically exploring each other's mouths.

As the minutes passed, Zane's heart pounded, and his breath grew ragged. He felt as though he could never have enough of his mother's body, her warmth, her wetness, and her moans of pleasure. Valerie's own lust was palpable, and it only fueled his own desire.

He shifted his position slightly, lifting his mother's lovely legs over his shoulders, bringing him even deeper into her welcoming depths.

Valerie cried out in pleasure, her body arching off the bed, her hands clutching at his back as he filled her with his immense member.

"Zane, I'm so close," she panted, her voice filled with raw need.

With each thrust, Zane felt his own orgasm building, the pressure in his balls growing stronger with every plunge, but he refused to climax until his mother reached her peak once more.

"I'm gonna cum, Zane," Valerie groaned, her voice shaking with passion. "I'm gonna cum so fucking hard."

Zane grunted in response, his hips moving in a desperate rhythm as he drove himself deeper into his mother's slick, tight pussy. Her hot, wet walls seemed to suck him in deeper, and he knew he was close.

"Cum with me, baby," Valerie pleaded, her voice thick with lust. "Cum inside me, fill me up with your hot, sticky seed."

Zane needed no further encouragement. He thrust harder and faster, his balls slapping against his mother's quivering derriere with a rhythmic SMACK. His cock pummeled deep within her, bursting with

blood and cum. His orgasm washed over him like a tidal wave, his body wracked with convulsions as he pumped his essence into the woman who had given him life.

Valerie screamed, her orgasm cresting over the edge as well, her body shuddering beneath him. She clawed at his back, her nails leaving little trails of pain and pleasure in their wake.

Zane's knob swelled like a blooming mushroom as ropes of cum erupted from his meatus, hosing down the head of his mother cervix and her quivering cuntal walls. His pearly-white jizz looked almost iridescent against the deep pink background of his mother's cunt tunnel.

As the boy's body stilled, he collapsed onto Valerie, his spent cock twitching inside her. His mother wrapped her arms around him, pulling him close, and they kissed deeply, their tongues mingling and twining together in a dance of passion and satisfaction.

For minutes, they lay there, their bodies slick with sweat and cum, their hearts beating in sync. It was a moment of pure bliss, a moment that would be forever etched in their minds, a moment that would forever bind them together in a love that knew no bounds.

Slowly, Zane pulled out of his mother, his cock glistening with a mixture of his cum and her juices, creating a new scent that was

uniquely theirs. Valerie moaned softly, a mixture of pleasure and loss in her voice.

"That was amazing, Zane," she whispered, her voice still thick with lust.

Zane grinned, his face flushed with satisfaction. "I agree," he replied, his voice filled with pride.

With a kiss to her sweaty forehead, Zane slithered from his mother's embrace and slowly stood up. His wet cock still jutted from his crotch in full meaty hardness, his knob still twitching from his powerful ejaculation. He glanced down at his mother's spent body, the glistening fluids still seeping from her now-empty tunnel.

Valerie lay in the bed, her heavy tits drooping slightly off the sides of her chest, her body still twitching slightly with the remnants of her orgasm. The mother's eyes were misty and half-lidded, her gaze heavy with adoration and desire as she looked up at her son's glistening, muscular body. His broad shoulders and carved chest were a sight to behold, his wet cock still standing tall and proud between his legs. Having given him a short refractory period, knowing that a teenager could bounce back quickly, it was time to resume fucking.

Valerie swiftly moved to the edge of the bed and stood, then effortlessly leapt from the ground and wrapped her limbs around the boy in a tight embrace.

Zane grasped her ass, his fingers sinking into the fatty meat of her cheeks as he held her against him. Valerie's squishy tit-orbs were crushed between them, bulging out at the sides. "Get that fucking dick back inside me," she whispered wantonly, then dove for his lips.

Zane's kiss met Valerie's with urgency, their tongues fucking each other's mouths as if they had a mutual need to be ravished. Valerie released one hand from Zane's neck and moved it between their

bodies, her fingers finding his cum-leaking erection. She began to stroke him slowly, her grip firm yet gentle, as if caressing a prized possession.

She rubbed his spongy tip against her prepuce, prying back the fleshy hood to expose the grape-sized nubbin of her glans. "Ahhh!" Valerie gasped as she rubbed their love-bulbs together.

With his mother's help, Zane's cockhead found its mark, slipping into his mother's silky entrance with ease. The sight of Valerie's widening eyes as she gazed back at his own sent a shudder of lust through him. How many times had they done this now? Ten? Twenty? It was impossible to remember.

Valerie's internal muscles clenched around his stiff member, milking it and pulling it deeper into her depths. They adjusted their positions slightly, Zane pinning his mother against the wall.

Valerie's face was a mask of raw emotion, her eyes glazed with lust and her skin glistening with sweat.

Their bodies moved in perfect syncopation, Zane's cock sliding in and out of his mother's cunt as if it had a mind of its own. The scent of their mingling fluids hung heavy in the air, a potent mix of hormones and sexual energy.

"I can't get enough of this, mom," the boy sighed, feeling his boner relieve a deep cuntal massage.

"I can't either," she whispered between kisses. "Isn't it obvious?"

With her warm, thick thighs clamped tightly around his waist, Valerie used the heels of her feet against his taut ass to guide her son's thrusts. Her toes were clenched, her brightly painted toenails shimmering in the dimly lit room.

As Zane thrust in and out of his mother's warm, wet pussy, he couldn't help but feel a sense of awe at the way her body responded to his. Valerie moved in counterpoint, muscles rippled and clenched around his cock with every stroke, pulling him deeper inside her with each thrust.

Valerie's moans grew louder and more desperate, her hands gripping his back and pulling him closer with each cry of pleasure. She showed her sexual mastery, her hips bucking wildly as she rode him, her body arching and twisting in a sensual dance of passion.

The smell of their combined lust and sweat filled the air, the room growing hot and humid as their bodies collided and their desire built to new heights.

Valerie's oversized hooters rippled wildly with each thrust, her nipples fat and erect, begging for attention.

One and on they fucked, like two animals, screwing each other with fervor and lust.

Valerie's cunt walls continued to pulsate around his shaft, milking every drop of his precum. Zane adjusted his angle, so his cock head plowed against her G-spot with each thrust, sending shockwaves of pleasure through his cum-drenched cock.

Hi mother's moans became more desperate, her back arching as she clung to him, her nails digging into his skin. Valerie's breath grew ragged, her moans turned into screams of pure joy, and her body convulsed with the force of tit-trembling orgasm.

Zane's own ejaculation was building, the sensation of his mother's cunt gripping his cock like a vice made his penis throb and his balls churn. "Fuck, mom!" he grunted, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Do it, baby!" Valerie cried, her voice hoarse with arousal. "Give mommy your hot baby seed!"

Zane thrust one last time, his cock finding its mark deep inside Valerie's sizzling hot cunt. His body tensed, and with a howling cry of ecstasy, he exploded, his cock shooting hot jets of nut-nectar into the depths of his mother's love canal.

Valerie cried out at the sensation, her cunt walls gripping his cock like a vice, milking every drop of his seed from his erectile flesh. The room filled with the sound of their panting breaths and the sloppy smacks of their heated pissers beating together.

Their bodies moved in perfect sync, as if the two of them were one living, breathing organism, their bodies intertwined in a dance of passion that defied all reason.

As his ejaculation subsided, Zane just held his mother against the wall, his twitching boner soaking in the furnace of her cunt. Valerie continued to cling to her boy…her donor, her soft, heavenly arms and legs squeezed tightly around him. His head rested against her shoulder as she combed her long nails through the back of his hair. It was a scene of primal intimacy, a mother enfolding her child in a cocoon of ecstasy.

31: Chronicles of the Baby Making Factory_3

"So, let's talk about where you were today," said John as he confronted his son at home later.

Valerie sat at her son's side, holding his hand to show support.

"I had an interview at the baby making factory. The one mom's using to help you guys have a baby."

Valerie spoke up proudly. "Not only did Zane have an interview, but they hired him. Look, they've already added his bio page to the brochure," she said, handing her husband the information.

John scanned through it, impressed by its contents, except for the part that described the length and girth of his son's cock. That part gave him a pang of jealousy.

"A donor? Wow, that's great, Zane. I'm proud of you, son." John said, trying to hide his mixed emotions.

Valerie leaned over and kissed her son's forehead. "You'll make a great baby-daddy, my little stud."

"So, you're gonna be having, uh…sex with women, like your mom's age?" John asked.

"Yeah, they said at least two women a week, during their obulition cycles," Zale answered.

"Ovulation cycles, honey," his mom giggled, correcting him.

John couldn't help but feel a little envious. "Well, I certainly hope you doing this for the right reasons and not just to have sex with these women."

"Of course not, dad," Zane replied, trying to reassure his father. "I'm just helping out and providing a much-needed service. And besides, the money is pretty good too."

Valerie chimed in, "It's a win-win situation. Zane gets to have sex with beautiful women, while the women get a chance to have a child with a handsome, young donor."

John sighed, feeling a bit resigned. "Just don't let it go to your head."

"Of course not, dad," Zane assured him.

John could see the expectation in his wife's eyes, the longing for a child, and he felt a tinge of bitterness, wondering if she were pregnant yet from her donor.

"I'm sure you're going to excel at your new job," Zane's mother beamed, a mischievous glint in her eye. "You might even become the top baby-daddy at the factory."

Their eyes held a deep, secret understanding, a shared moment of intense carnal pleasure and forbidden desire. The thrill of their taboo tryst was heightened by the knowledge that they were keeping it hidden from John, adding an extra layer of excitement to their already passionate affair.

As an afterthought, John added, "Also, I just wanted to remind you not to lie to your mom and me about having a job at a pizza place just because you're searching for one."

"Got it, dad. It won't happen again."

It had been exactly seven days after their time at the clinic when Valerie burst through the door of the house, buzzing with excitement. "Gather around, everyone! I have some exciting news to share," she called out enthusiastically.

John, Zane, and her younger daughter rushed into the room, eager to hear Valerie's announcement. "What's the news?" John asked, crossing his fingers for the outcome he desired.

"I'm pregnant!" she shouted excitedly, looking right at Zane.

Her husband rushed over and gave her a big hug. Even though the method they had used was awkward and unconventional, he couldn't be more proud. "Oh, honey, that's great news."

"Yeah, congratulations, mom," said Zane, giving her a meaning smile.

"I gotta call my parents and give them the good news," said John, rushing out of the room.

Valerie's daughter also left, showing little excitement about having a new sibling.

"We did it, Zane," she blurted, rushing over to hug him. "You did it."

"No, mom, it was both of us. We were a team."

"We were an amazing team!" she added, excitedly bouncing on her heels as she hugged him tight. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!!"

"You're welcome, mom," the boy chuckled, enjoying the way her huge, soft titties were jostling around against his chest. He wished he could hike up her skirt, rip off her panties and fuck her savagely right there on the couch in celebration of their success. He hadn't

buried his cock in Valerie's tight pussy since their last day at the baby making factory and he was longing for it.

Zane wasn't the only one suffering. Valerie's desire for her son's touch was like a wildfire, spreading through her body with an intensity that she couldn't ignore. Her longing for him was deep and primal, a physical ache that could only be satisfied by his dreamy rod. But with a new life growing inside of her, she had to push those desires aside and deny herself the pleasure she craved. It was a bittersweet torture, knowing that her son was the only one who could truly fulfill her, but also knowing that it was now forbidden and unacceptable.

As the months passed, Valerie's pregnancy progressed and her body bloomed with life. Her belly swelled enormously round with not just one, but two twin fetus's growing inside of her. Valerie's breasts grew larger and rounder, almost bursting with the weight of the milk that they were producing. Her nipples and areola were darker and more prominent, a clear indication of her body's preparation for motherhood.

Along with those changes came a significant shift in hormone levels. Valerie's sex drive skyrocketed, leaving her feeling more aroused than she ever had before. She had worn out three vibrators since being knocked up, but even several daily masturbation sessions couldn't quench her desperate need to be fucked. She could barely contain her urges, and her thoughts were constantly consumed by her son. She wished she could have him inside her, so they could fuck day and night, but she knew she couldn't risk it.

"I'm going fucking crazy!" she told her sister as she hit her ninth month of pregnancy. Her belly was so round, and her breasts so ginormous and milk-swollen, it was all she could do to keep up with the demands of her new body.

"It's normal, Val. A woman's hormones are all over the place during pregnancy," her sister reassured her.

Valerie had been the master of her own desires the past nine months, but now, with her hormones raging and her son's donation still fresh in her mind, the line between motherhood and lust was becoming increasingly blurred. Her body longed for him in a way she never thought possible, but she knew that if she gave in to her desires, she would risk losing everything.

"I can't stop thinking about Zane," she admitted, "about his cock."

"I know the sex you had with him was amazing, but remember, it was a business transaction. That was all."

"That's easy for you to say. You have a husband that actually knows how to fuck you."

"Sex with John can't be that bad, can it?"

Valerie sighed in frustration before answering, "Let's just say spending two to three hours with Zane results in dozens of mind-blowing orgasms, while five to ten minutes with John often doesn't even lead to one. You do the math."

"I don't doubt that Zane is superior to his father sexually in every way," said Kaylee. "I just don't wanna see you do something that you might later regret."

"Do you remember when you went skydiving last year and I was afraid that your parachute might not open? What did you tell me?"

"That it was highly unlikely, and worth the risk," her sister answered.

'Exactly. If Zane and I are careful, there's no way John will find out, and it'll definitely be worth the risk," Valerie said with a devilish grin.

"But you'd still be cheating in him."

Valerie shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "Then I'm a cheating slut for my son. I'm fine with that," she stated.

"I'm outta here!" said John the next morning, snatching up his briefcase. He gave his wife a quick kiss, patting her enormous tummy. "Call me if anything happens."

"I'm still a week from my due date, so I'm not counting on any surprises today," Valerie stated.

Once her daughter caught the school bus, the naughty, pregnant mother was so excited she could hardly stand it. She was finally in the house alone with her son and had every intention of fucking him. She went to her bedroom to pick out something revealing. Valerie decided a stretchy mini tube dress, that hugged every curve, showing off her huge, fetus-packed belly and her monstrously engorged breasts. She put on a pair of sky-high heels, feeling every bit the seductive, irresistible MILF she knew she was.

When Zane returned home from his shift at the factory, he couldn't help but notice the change in his mother. She was radiating sex appeal, and it was driving him wild.

"Mom, are you feeling okay?" Zane asked, concern etching his features.

Valerie gave him a wicked grin, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "You know exactly how I'm feeling, Zane. I'm feeling like I need you," she whispered, the words coming out like a seductive mantra.

Zane's eyes flicked downwards, lingering on her ample bosom, swollen with milk and need. Since the dress was semi sheer and she was braless beneath, he could just make out the huge rings of her areola and her nipples stuck out turgidly, like stumps in a swamp.

Zane hesitated for a moment, knowing that their secret affair could be the end of their family if discovered. But the sexual tension

between them was palpable, and it was like a wildfire, burning with an intensity that neither of them could ignore.

Valerie's feet were clad in sky-high heels, the slender straps wrapping around her ankles as she confidently strode towards Zane. With each step, the heels clicked against the hard wood floor, creating a tantalizing rhythm. Her tits were impossibly large, quivering atop her obscenely round belly. The plump shape of her milk-engorged breasts were accentuated by her braless state and the semi sheer dress she wore.

Valerie reached out and touched his chest, her fingers tracing the lines of his muscles. Zane's heart raced as their eyes locked, and he knew that he couldn't resist her any longer.

"Did you fuck too hard at work this morning, or did you save enough energy for more fun?" the mother asked, staring into his eyes.

"I always have the energy for more fun," he answered.

"That's what makes you so special, baby," Valerie whispered, tracing her nails down his chiseled abs, "besides your hot looks and sweet personality. You're young, and your virile…with balls that are always bursting with hot cum."

"I suppose so," he grinned.

"Don't be so modest, you know it's true, sweetheart," Valerie grinned, sliding her fingers gingerly onto her son's cock-bulge. "You know you have what every mom wants…especially your own mom."

"She has everything I want too," said the boy, gazing at the bulging tit-cleavage that seemed to be staring back at him.

"Come with me," Valerie whispered, leading Zane by the hand towards the bedroom. The excitement and anticipation built up inside him with every step. He could hardly wait to feel his mother's warm

skin against his, to smell her intoxicating scent, to be inside her once more.

He gazed down as he followed her, mesmerized by the alluring sway of her hips and buttocks. Through the thin material, he could make out the deep crack separating the twin half-globes of delectable ass-meat.

The moment they entered the room, Valerie let out a sigh and looked at her son with longing in her eyes. "Do you remember how good it felt to be inside me when we were making these babies together, Zane?" she asked, her voice low and husky. "Do you remember the way we used to fuck, you thrusting deep inside me, making me come over and over again?"

Zane took a deep breath, his eyes burning with lust. "I remember every moment, every touch, every sound," he responded, his voice thick with desire. "I remember how much you loved it, how you begged for more."

"Then let's go back to that place," Valerie said, her voice urgent and pleading. "Let's make love like we never stopped."

Zane's heart raced as he watched his mother slip out of her skimpy tube dress.

As Valerie stood before him, completely naked, except for her heels, her body was a vision of feminine glory. Her heavy melons hung low, their nipples thick and erect, beckoning him to touch them. The last time Zane had seen the caps of her tits they were dusky pink in color. Now they were a dark pinkish-purple from increased blood flow, and definitely more pronounced, making them stand out

against the softness of her skin. Her pregnant belly was a sight to behold, round and swollen with life, a testament to the bond they shared.

He took a step toward her, his eyes locked on hers, and he knew that he could never resist her call. In one swift motion, he kneeled before her, his hands reaching up to cup the delicious cheeks of her ass, drawing her close to his eager mouth.

"Oh, Zane," Valerie moaned, grabbing onto his shoulders. "I've been dreaming of this moment since the day I found out I was pregnant with your twins."

The teen's eyes widened as he took in the sight of Valerie's shaved vulva, her outer flanges plump and swollen with desire. The skin around her vagina was smooth and glistening with moisture, inviting him to explore.

Zane leaned in, the tip of his tongue grazing the sensitive skin of his mother's pussy. As he inhaled deeply, Zane was hit with the musky, feminine aroma of his mother's arousal. It was a heady scent, a mix of sweetness and motherhood that made his mouth water. The teen felt an urgent need to taste her, to suckle at her sex like an infant. As his tongue explored her damp folds, Valerie moaned loudly, her body trembling with pleasure.

"Oh, Zane, yes," she murmured, her fingers clutching his shoulders tightly. "You're the only one who can make me feel this way."

Zane's mouth moved lower, his tongue delving inside her wet, coral pink slit. Valerie's moans became louder, her body bucking against his face.

Zane peeled back the dome of her prepuce and latched his lips around her fat, juicy nubbin. In that moment, he felt a strange connection to his own past, the times he was nursed by his mother's

body. Now, he was nursing at a different wellspring of life, drawing strength and pleasure from his mother's primal, sexual essence.

As he licked and sucked at her clit, he felt a surge of desire course through him. His cock was hard and throbbing, aching to be sheathed hot, prenatal pussy. He had gotten plenty of women knocked up, but never experienced one who's body had gone through the wonderful changes of pregnancy.

Valerie panted, her body shaking uncontrollably. "Oh, Zane, don't stop, please!" she begged.

Zane's mouth continued its rhythmic exploration, the suction and swirling of his tongue sending pleasure coursing through Valerie's veins. The sound of her moans filled the room, it was erotic and primal. Her scent was overpowering, intoxicating. He could feel her juices dripping down his chin, and he knew that she was ready.

He stood, quickly shedding his clothing. He heard his mother gasp as his cock sprung from his briefs, pitching upward at the perfect angle. His knob was the same color as her nipples, both equally engorged. Blue veins bulged and snaked their way across the length of Zane's teenage cock, displaying its strength and rigidity. His mother's eyes were fixed on the chiseled contours and pulsating veins of his erection, a monument to his virility and her ultimate pleasure. Memories of their wild, passionate encounters at the factory flooded her mind, sending a shiver of anticipation down her spine. She couldn't resist the intense desire to taste and feel him once more, drawn to the raw and primal energy that radiated from his throbbing member.

"Fuck, Zane… I need you," she whispered, her voice laced with desperation. "I need to feel you inside me."

He stepped forward, then lifted her up with ease, her legs wrapped around his waist, thighs clamped to his hip. Her giants tits and belly distended outward, crushed between them. She was so warm, so

soft, and he could feel the unborn life within her, kicking and squirming as he carried her to the bed.

As Valerie was cradled in his arms, Zane's cock throbbed even harder as his mother's warm, pliant flesh enveloped him. He lowered her onto the bed, her skin glistening with a mixture of perspiration and arousal. Her eyes locked onto his, pleading for him to take her, to make her his once again.

Valerie's knees were pulled back, revealing the soft curves of her matronly thighs and the wide expanse between them. Her bare feet, with toes painted a bright, red nail polish, hovered in the air, the delicate arches showcased in the dim light of the room, spurring on her son's arousal.

Without a moment's hesitation, he climbed atop his pregnant mother, positioning himself at her entrance, his engorged tip pressing against the pink, swollen folds of her sex. Her vagina was dripping wet, a testament to the raw, untamed desire that coursed through her body. Valerie's eyes locked onto his, her expression pleading, her body trembling with anticipation.

Zane's heart raced as he slowly began to push inside her, feeling her muscles clench tightly around his cock. She already had the most exquisite pussy he ever fucked, but now that more blood was drawn to her vagina from pregnancy, the pleats lining her pink sleeve were more pronounced, offering even greater resistance.

"Ahh, fucking shit, mom!" the boy gasped, as his boner snaked its way through her birthing tube, his nerve endings stimulated divinely by the snug walls and hot, slippery secretions.

Valerie's breath hitched in her throat as she felt her son's cock slide inside her, filling her up with his virile essence. Her pussy clenched tight around him, her body rocking in time with his, her muscles flexing, gripping him in a vice-like hold.

"Oh, Zane, yes, give it to me, baby!" Valerie cried out, her voice raspy and full of passion. "Fuck me like you've never fucked anyone before!"

Zane's hips bucked, driving himself deeper into her body, his dick sliding between her thick, swollen labia. His balls slapped against her ass, each strike sending a shockwave of pleasure through her entire being.

"Oh, fuck, mom, you feel so good," he groaned, his eyes locking onto her heavy tits, as they rolled along her rib cage like big bowling balls with every thrust. "I can't believe I'm fucking you again."

Valerie moaned, her voice a mix of pleasure and shame. "I've wanted you so badly, Zane. Fill me up with your massive cock."

His hips kept pounding, her pussy sucking him in deeper, the wet friction causing his swollen head to rub against her G-spot. He loved the way his chiseled torso sunk against the meat of her rounded belly, feeling the babies they had created sandwiched between their writhing bodies.

Valerie's frame began to quiver, her heart pounding in her chest, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She clawed at the bedsheets, her nails digging into the fabric, each thrust sinking him deeper into her, the walls of her sex constricting and releasing in perfect rhythm with his thrusts.

"Fuck, yes, Zane, right there, that's it!" Valerie screamed, her body arching off the bed, her breasts bouncing wildly. "Give it to me, baby, give me all of that dick!"

Zane's pace quickened, his hips slamming into her over and over, each thrust sending her higher and higher, the tightness of her pussy forcing him to the brink of madness. He could feel his release building, the pressure in his balls like a ticking time bomb. He

clenched his pelvic floor muscles, so he could jackhammer her tight pussy without cumming.

Valerie's orgasm crashed upon her like a tidal wave, her body shaking violently as the pleasure washed over her. Her clit was on fire, her pussy clenching and unclenching around Zane's cock, milking him for every last drop of pleasure.

"Oh, Zane, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" she cried out, her voice hoarse from the intensity of the experience. For nine months she had waited to cum this fucking hard again and she was determined never to make that mistake again.

Zane felt her pussy pulsating around him, her inner muscles rippling with each contraction. It was the hottest sensation he had ever experienced, and he knew that he would do anything to feel it again and again.

He pregnant belly wobbled with every thrust, a testament to the miraculous life growing within. He could feel the babies shifting and squirming, as if in sync with their mother's pleasure. The thought filled him with a sense of awe and responsibility, and he knew that he would never take his mother's body for granted.

He lowered his head and latched on to one of her engorged nipples, sinking his face into the rippling, fatty mass of her tit-melon. Valerie let out a low growl as Zane's cock penetrated her to the hilt, eliciting a flood of fluids from her pussy. She could feel his throbbing member, pulsating inside her, and it felt like a wave of heated pleasure coursing through her veins.

"Fuck me, Zane!" Valerie begged, her voice ragged with desire. "Fuck me as hard as you can!"

With each thrust, Zane felt Valerie's body tremble beneath him, and her pussy squeezed his dick with an intensity he had never

experienced before. He could feel his own climax building, the intensity of her pleasure driving him towards his own release.

"I'm cumming, mom!" his tit-smothered mouth groaned, his body tensing as he slammed into her harder and faster. He could feel his balls tightening, his cock swelling with each full-length thrust.

Valerie felt the familiar tingling sensation in her abdomen, a reminder that their children were feeling their parents' lovemaking from within her. She trembled with desire, imagining their little ones squirming and reaching out to touch her, feeling her contractions and the vibrations of Zane's huge boner slamming against her cervix.

"Cum inside me, Zane," she pleaded, her voice hoarse with lust. "Fill me with your cum, and give our babies life."

Zane groaned, his body shaking with the force of his orgasm. He thrust into her one last time, burying himself deep inside her, before collapsing onto her, his weight pinning her to the bed.

Valerie could feel the warmth of his cum spurting inside her, each spasm of his cock sending fresh nutrients to their unborn offspring. She writhed beneath him, her body convulsing in a wild orgasm of her own.

As Zane's cock continued to pulsate inside her, Valerie felt a surge of love and gratitude for her son, for giving her this incredible pleasure and for the beautiful life they had created together.

When at last Zane's body went limp and he rolled off her, Valerie lay there, panting and sweaty, her hair stuck to her forehead. She could feel the heat of his cum still boiling inside her, and it was a feeling that she would treasure forever, a connection that went beyond mere flesh and blood.

They lay there, bathed in the afterglow of their passionate lovemaking, both of them basking in the knowledge that they had reunited after such a long, miserable break from each other.

As Zane reached over and held her hand, she whispered, "Thank you, Zane. You don't know how bad I needed that."

"My pleasure, mom…literally," he sighed.

Valerie turned on her side, facing her son, making her breasts and belly balloon outward in a breathtaking manner. She ran her fingers across her son's sweat-sheened chest, gazing at him adoringly. "I know you've been getting plenty of hot MILF pussy at the baby factory, but I hope I was nice and tight for you?"

Zane smirked, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Oh, very tight, mom," he replied, running his fingers along the length of his still-erect cock. "You were tighter than any of the other girls, I think."

Valerie chuckled, her chest rising and falling rapidly with her breath. "I bet you say that to all the moms."

"Maybe," Zane said with a shrug. "But what can I say? I've got a thing for pregnant women now."

Valerie smiled and pulled him closer, so their bodies became tangled in a mess of limbs and sweat. "Well, I'm glad you do, because this pregnant woman can't get enough of your big dick."

"Help yourself to it, anytime you want."

"Mm, well in that case, I have three requests."

"Oh?" Zane asked, raising an eyebrow as he nuzzled against her engorged tits.

"First, leave your job at the baby making factory. You'll have plenty of pussy right here at home. Plus, I'll be honest, I'm VERY

possessive, and the idea of you going off to fuck other girls when you could be fucking me would make me extremely jealous."

Zane chuckled and nodded, his lips grazing her nipple as he whispered, "I'll quit and we'll create our own baby factory, right here at home. You won't have to share me with anyone else."

Valerie's lips curled into a satisfied grin. "Well, I may have to get used to having a round belly then. That's ok though, the more babies we make means the harder your father will have to work, and him being gone longer hours gives us a lot more time to fuck."

"True. So, um…what's the second request you have?" Zane asked.

"My second request is more…uh, intimate…" she said, a blush creeping up her face.

"I'm all ears, mom," Zane said, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"I've always had this fantasy of a young guy driving me out to the woods and fucking me up the ass on the backseat of his car," she confessed. "I want you to make that fantasy come true."

Zane's jaw dropped at his mother's request, but he quickly recovered and nodded eagerly. "Consider it done, mom," he promised. "We'll find the perfect secluded spot and make all your anal fantasies come true."

Valerie's heart swelled with desire and the ring of her asshole throbbed between her ass-cheeks at her son's willingness to fulfill her every sexual desire. She could barely contain her excitement as she played with the thick muscles of his biceps. "So, let's plan it for tomorrow afternoon," she suggested. "We'll go out to the woods behind the old barn outside of town, where no one will be able to

see us. And I'll wear my tightest, sexiest outfit to get you even more worked up."

Zane chuckled and agreed to the plan. "I can't wait," he murmured, his fingers dancing over her fat, ripe breasts. "I'll bring a blanket to spread over the top of us, so we can make it as comfortable as possible."

"Oh, that sounds wonderful," Valerie purred, her body trembling with anticipation. "It'll be like we're in our own little world, just you and me, making all sorts of dirty, filthy, kinky anal love in the forest."

Zane couldn't help but reach down to squeeze his horny cock. "Damn, mom…just talking about it has me all worked up," he said excitedly.

Valerie reacted with a mischievous grin. "You'll love the third request I have for you then."

"What is it?"

Valerie rose up and crawled down between her son's legs. She hovered there on all-fours, then used her hand to lift Zane's boner, pointing it up the huge canyon between her dangling udders. "Well, since we're all about trying new things, I'd like you to tittie-fuck me."

Zane grinned and lifted his head off the bed, just enough to look at his mother's hanging tits and the beautiful, round baby factory beneath them. "Well, then you'll be making one of MY dirty fantasies come true too then."

"Come with me," she whispered, "I have the perfect place for our tittie adventure."

Valerie's pregnant belly was a full and round, taking up most of her frame as she led Zane by the hand into the en-suite. Her cute waddling walk only drew attention to her large, heavy breasts as

they swayed back and forth with each step. Her face held a sly grin, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Zane felt like he was being led to paradise as he watched his mom naked, undulating ass. His boner bobbed stiffly on his loins with each anxious step he made.

Valerie stopped at the tub and began filling it with water, pouring bubbles and essential oils into it. "Get in," she commanded, then gave her boy a sensual kiss on the lips.

Zane obeyed without hesitation, stepping into the steaming hot water and sinking into the bubbles. He looked up at his mother, who was now perched on the edge of the tub, her naked body a vision in front of him.

Valerie reached down, grabbed her son's stiff cock, and began to stroke it slowly. "Now, I want you to imagine something," she whispered seductively, her voice low and sultry. "Imagine that my milk-filled tits are the most delicious pies you've ever seen, inviting you to take a bite. Your cock is the fork, and it's about to pierce through the flaky crust and into the warm, gooey filling. Can you see it?"

Zane's eyes widened as his mind's eye filled with the image she painted. He nodded eagerly, his heart pounding in his chest. Valerie smiled knowingly and stood up, the swell of her pregnancy hovering over him as she stepped into the tub.

Zane breathlessly watched her straddle his legs and lean forward. With his mother draped over him, her stiff-nippled tits hanging down like huge, succulent melons, he felt as if he were in another world. His mother's skin glistened with steam rising from the water, her face flushed with excitement.

"Would you like to taste the pie, baby?" she whispered.

Zane gave her a nod and Valerie leaned forward, her massive breasts towering above his face. With a confident grin, she lowered her chest

onto his nose and mouth, trapping him against the fleshy mass of her boob. His nostrils filled with the scent of her skin, along with her breastmilk, heavy with hormones. Zane breathed in deeply, savoring the intoxicating aroma.

As he inhaled, Valerie began to move her chest, her breasts ripple-swelling with each wave. The sensation was overwhelming. Zane felt as if he were being enveloped in a cocoon of his mother's most intimate parts.

His hands went right to work, massaging the plump flesh, and his tongue darted out to taste the first droplet of milk that trickled from the tip of her nipple.

"That's it, baby," Valerie cooed. "You're such a good boy. Taste all the creamy pie you want."

Zane obliged, lapping up the milk voraciously, his tongue swirling around the thick, sensitive teat. The taste was unlike anything he'd ever experienced, a mix of sweet, salty, and slightly metallic. It was intense, and he couldn't get enough. Zane's eyes closed in pleasure as he rubbed his wet, throbbing penis against Valerie's soft, round belly.

Valerie started to sway her breasts in a gentle tempo, pressing her body against his. As she moved her bosom from side to side, Zane could hear a faint swishing noise as the weighty flesh shifted and the milk inside his mother's melons sloshed around.

"Oh, baby," she softly mewled. "I love how you suck my big tits."

Hearing his mother's expression of pleasure, Zane felt a surge of lust coursing through his veins. He gripped the fatty undersides of her

mounds harder and began to suck with increased vigor, his tongue whipping all over the engorged caps of his mom's tits in a frenzied dance. The heat of the water and the intoxicating scent of his

mother's milk heightened his senses, and he felt as if he was in a dream.

Valerie moaned softly, her eyes closing as she surrendered to her son's attentions. The feeling of Zane's hot, wet mouth on her nipples was exquisite, and she reveled in the sensation of being needed by her boy. Her hand found its way to the back of his head, guiding his face deeper into the squishy meat of her tit, urging him to suck harder.

"Oh, fuck, that's it, baby," she moaned, her voice thick with passion. "Feed on my fucking tits."

It was a primal scene of desire, his face buried in the soft, warm flesh of his mother's breast as he eagerly suckled and devoured the sweet, creamy milk that flowed from her milk-ducts. He was lost in a haze of pleasure, his lips and tongue exploring the round, pinkish-purple crest, the weight of her tit-melon pressing against his face like a comforting blanket. In that moment, there was only the two of them, mother and son, bound together by the intoxicating sensations of their taboo act.

A few minutes later, Valerie shut the faucet off before the bubbling water could cover their bodies. Zane was still exploring her boobies, kissing and licking his way through the spongy canyon of her tit-cleavage. She reached down between them, griping his throbbing cock with her sudsy hand and began stroking it.

Smothered between his mom's soft, wet mammaries, Zane's eyes rolled back their socket. Valerie knew just how to stroke cock, her fist twisting in a delightful corkscrew motion, her thumb squeezing across the band of skin that separated his shaft from his glans.

"You like that, baby?" her soft voice asked.

"Uh-huh," his bewildered face mashed against the inner slope of her tit.

She moved her hand down his shaft, massaging his balls gently, feeling them draw up against his body as his pleasure increased. She peeked down into the depths of her cleavage and stole a glance at his face, noting the rapturous expression on his features, his eyes closed, his lips parted, and his forehead glistening with a sheen of sweat.

"You're so fucking horny, aren't you, baby?" Valerie's voice was a low, seductive purr. "So eager to fuck mommy's titties."

Zane could barely speak, his mind was swimming with the pleasure of being trapped between his mother's massive, milk-filled tits, his erection throbbing in her hand as she manipulated him.

Valerie's hand tightened around his shaft, her fingers stroking him in quick, firmer motions. She knew how to make her hand feel just like a tight pussy and could feel thick, sinewy boner flexing in her grasp, and she knew that he was on the brink.

"Say it, baby," she whispered. "Tell mom how bad you want to fuck her tits."

Zane groaned, his voice muffled by pounds of tit-flesh. "I wanna fuck your tits so bad, mom," he managed to get out.

Valerie's eyes sparkled with desire. She released his cock, and he slipped out from between her tits. He had one hand planted firmly on her round belly, while the other hand nestled between her feet on the slippery floor of the bathtub.

"That's it," she whispered, sliding her jugs down onto his chest, while vigorously yanking on his cock-shaft. "You say it, baby. You

want to fuck my tits, you say it again."

Zane's voice was shaky, but he managed to eke out the words, while staring into her sparkling eyes. "I want to fuck your tits, mom."

"Good boy," Valerie purred. "Now, I'm going to help you, baby. I'm going to show you how it feels to have your cock buried between mommy's tits."

She reached over to grabbed a bottle of body wash, then squeezed some of the clear gel onto her palm, her wet boobs dangling above her son's wide eyes.

Valerie rubbed the soapy gel between her massive jugs, one of her rubbery nipples grazing the tip of Zane's nose as she moved. She loved to feel the wet, slippery sensation of the gel spreading between her tits. She moved down, positioned herself above him, lining his erect cock up perfectly between her cleavage. "Are you ready, baby?" she asked, her eyes gleaming with excitement and lust.

Zane couldn't speak, his breathing ragged as he stared up at his mother's massive, pregnant. He could only nod his head in agreement.

Valerie lowered herself onto him slowly, her breasts enveloping his shaft inch by inch. He felt the warm, soft weight of her tits surround him as she lowered herself all the way down, his cockhead pressed firmly against her chest.

"Oh, fuck," Zane moaned, his eyes rolling back in pleasure.

Valerie began to rock her body back and forth, slowly at first, her tit-meat swaying and rubbing against his hard cock. "Oh, you're so hard," she whispered beneath her breath, then picked up the pace, her massive boobs slapping against his stomach, her nipples grazing his chest.

Zane threw his head back and groaned, his hips bucking up to meet her movements. He could feel his cock sliding between her soft, warm tits, the slick gel providing just the right amount of resistance.

"That's it, baby," Valerie cooed. "Fuck mommy's tits. Make them leak more milk for you."

Zane's mind was a blur of sensation, his cock gliding between his mother's massive melons, the weight of her breasts pressing down on him, the sound of her heavy breathing filling his ears.

Minutes of glorious tit-fucking passed and Valerie's body movements continued to intensify, her tits bouncing up and down on his shaft like the waves of the sea. Zane felt completely consumed by the pleasure, his cock throbbing with each thrust, each slap of her tits against his body.

"Oh, fuck, mom!" he panted, desperately trying to maintain control over his rapidly escalating lust. "I'm going to cum!"

"That's it, baby!" Valerie moaned, her voice thick with desire. "Cum inside mommy's tits. Give mommy your hot, milky load!"

Zane's eyes rolled back in his head as his orgasm approached, his breathing became shallow and ragged. His hips bucked wildly, his cock twitching and throbbing between his mother's huge, milk-filled tits. Valerie continued to rock back and forth, her breasts swaying and her nipples brushing against his wet skin.

With a hoarse cry, Zane erupted. Hot, thick cum shot from his meatus, coating the inside of his mother's cleavage with a warm, creamy substance that glistened in the dim bathroom light. Valerie moaned in delight, allowing herself to enjoy the sensation of her son's cum filling her sensitive chest.

The room was filled with the sound of their labored breathing and the lewd squishing of cum as it oozed from between Valerie's tits.

They

continued their rhythmic movements, Zane's hips pumping wildly as he emptied his seed in between his mother's milk-engorged mammaries.

As Valerie felt the weight of her son's orgasm, she could feel her own arousal building. She rocked faster, her tits bouncing and slapping against his body, driving him deeper into her cleavage. Zane's face was a picture of pure ecstasy, his eyes closed tightly, lips parted, and forehead glistening with sweat.

Their bodies moved In perfect harmony, rocking back and forth in a sexual dance that seemed to go on for hours. Valerie's tits were slick with lather, soap, and cum, as she continued to ride her son's cock for every ounce of jizz, her nipples grazing his wet skin with every thrust.

"Oh my God, that was beautiful, Zane," the mother sighed, then laid her body down flat against his.

"Yes," he breathed, still reeling from his powerful ejaculation. His mother's lips fused against his in an open oval, their tongues meeting in a slow, sensual dance.

Their bodies merged beneath the water like two heated pieces of metal, each contour fitting perfectly against the other in a molten embrace. Every touch, every movement, was a symphony of pleasure, a perfect harmony of desire and connection that transcended any societal norms or judgments. In that moment, they were simply two beings consumed by the passionate fire of their love for each other.

While they hungrily feasted on each other's lips, Valerie could feel her boy's rod crushed against her vulva, and she could also sense his excited heartbeat through the fat crown of his cock. One of the things she adored about her teen was his short refractory period.

fact, his cock had hardly gone soft at all, temping her to bury it inside her aching pussy. "I wanna fuck again," she purred between kisses.

"I'm ready," he answered, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

Valerie reached down, her tongue nearly hanging out in lust as she grasped her son's boner, giving it a few preemptory strokes, while sliding her knees up astride his hips in the tub.

Zane watched with wide eyes as his mother positioned herself above him, her massive breasts hugging his neck like a big, fluffy scarf, her ass in the air. She angled herself just so, aligning his rock-hard cock with her sopping wet pussy, her swollen lips parted around the bell glans of Zane's cock and quickly swallowed him up.

"Oh fuck," Zane gasped, his eyes widening in amazement as he felt his mother's tight, wet sleeve wrap around his cock.

Valerie moaned as her son slid into her core, filling her up in a way that no other man ever could. She loved the feeling of his young, muscular cock inside of her, especially after all the time he had just spent stimulating her tits.

"Oh, Zane," she moaned, her eyes rolling back in pleasure as she started to move her hips, riding her son's cock with a wild, animalistic frenzy.

"Oh, shit, yes!" the boy gasped, feeling his mother's wet pregnant flesh writhe and ripple against him as she bore her cunt down with heated thrusts on the shaft of his cock.

The scent of their combined arousal filled the steamy air, a heady mix of sweat, sex, and a hint of essential oil from the bathwater. The slapping of their flesh and the sound of their rapid breathing filled the small bathroom. Moans and gasps escaped their lips, mixing with the sound of water sloshing in the tub.

Valerie buried her face in the nap of her son's neck, her lips and tongue darting and probing, as she continued to ride him with abandon.

Zane's hands gripped his mother's hips tightly, guiding her movements as she took him deeper, feeling the veins and ridges of his cock stretching her canal. Her titties felt divine sloshing between them like two huge, wet pillows fighting for space. Her pregnant belly was contorted around his torso in a loving embrace, as if to say, "Look what we made together."

As they fucked, Valerie's body shuddered with each powerful thrust, her massive tits spilling over her son's shoulders, their weight forcing Zane's head back as he tried to maintain eye contact with his mother. She moaned and gasped, her hands around his back, gripping his shoulders, her fingers digging into his skin.

The water In the tub was a bubbling cauldron, disturbed by the frantic movements of their writhing bodies. It threatened to overflow, the water almost reaching the brim as it swirled and churned in a frenzy.

Valerie gasped as she neared her climax. Her entire body felt electrified, her arousal building and building with every delicious thrust. The tip of her son's dick dug against the head of her cervix, inches from where their babies were held in their womb-sacks. She had already lost her mucus plug, making her cervix softer and thinner. It also secreted a hot, slippery goo that felt out of this world as it sizzled around the glans of Zane's erectile meat.

"Oh, God, I'm gonna cum so hard!!" Valerie's shaky voice announced.

Zane's heart pounded in his chest as he felt his mother's hips bucking wildly, his cock thrusting in and out, the tight walls of her pussy sucking greedily on his cock with each thrust.

"Cum for me, mom!" he grunted, his own climax building, his balls aching with the need to release. His mother was riding him so fucking hard that her meaty tits were flopping around all over his face.

Valerie's body tensed up, her orgasm barreling towards her like a freight train. Her mind was lost in a sea of sensations, the sound of her son's grunts, the feel of his cock pounding through her cunt-tunnel, the sight of his cute face lost in the rippling swell of her cleavage.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" Valerie screamed, her hips bucking wildly, and her pussy contracting around her son's thick shaft.

Zane felt like he was riding a roller coaster, his own orgasm building like a tidal wave, his balls tightening, and his huge veins in his cock bulging out against the quivering walls of his mom's pussy. "I'm cumming!" he announced. His voice was a primal roar, echoing through the intimate and smothering space between his mother's heaving breasts, as he was overcome with intense pleasure and release.

Valerie planted their crotches together sealing her cunt-flanges around the root of his prick. She ground on her boy's appendage, stirring his entire sinewy boner around inside her spewing cunt.

The water splashed around them, creating a symphony of wet slaps and heavy breathing. Valerie's legs locked around Zane's hips as he thrust inside her, their bodies melded together as one. The fire between them was a raging inferno, consuming them both in an all-encompassing passion.

Zane's eyes rolled back into his head, his lips parted, and his body tensed as he felt the seed gushing forth from his cock in thick, hot jets. Valerie's cunt gripped his shaft with a force that made him cry

out. The sensation was indescribable, like pure energy coursing through him, fueling his every movement.

Valerie wrapped her arms around her son, pulling him closer to her, their bodies molding together as they rode out the storm of their passion. She felt the heat of Zane's seed spilling deep inside her, filling her with life, with a connection that transcended even the most primal of instincts.

As the orgasm subsided, they lay quietly in the water, their bodies still entwined, their breaths shallow and ragged.

"Damn, I am so hot for you, Zane," she sighed, like the weight of the world had just squirted out around his dreamy teenage cock.

"I never would have guessed that, mom," he snickered sarcastically.

She sat upright and slapped his chest teasingly. "Don't make fun of me, young man," she blushingly giggled.

Zane was overwhelmed by the sight in front of him. His mom's tits jutted out like the two huge watermelons they brought to the family reunion every summer, and her pregnant belly looked like a beach ball ready to burst. The soapy water cascading down her mommy-orbs only accentuated their enormity. His cock couldn't help but twitch, still hard and encapsulated in the warm, liquid sheath of his mom's cunt.

"I felt that," she giggled, then bit her bottom lip and squeezed her masterful cunt muscles around him.

Zane sighed in ecstasy. "God, the things you do to me, mom."

"Oh, I haven't even scratched the surface of what I plan to do to you," she said with a devilish grin. "In fact, I'd drag you into my bed and fuck you again, but I think you're father's gonna be home soon."

"I guess I'll have to wait for our anal outing tomorrow," said Zane.

"Well, I guess that gives us both something to look forward to then," she said with a saucy wink. Valerie lowered down on her son once more, smothering his young body with her huge, pliable orbs. Her lips hovered an inch from his as she gazed into his eyes with a sultry stare. "Tonight you can think all about mom's tight asshole, gripping around the shaft of your cock on the backseat of your car," she teased," and how fucking amazing it's gonna feel."

"Dreams do come true, mom," he whispered, his heart racing with anticipation.

She leaned forward and captured his lips with hers in a deep, searching kiss. Their tongues dueled playfully, teasing and tasting. Memories of their shared passion in the tub started to fade as they focused on their upcoming anal tryst.

Valerie slowly started to disentangle herself from her son, feeling the cool air replace the warm bath water. Zane followed, and their sexual body parts bounced and bobbled as they dried off. They quickly dressed and just made it downstairs as John was walking in the door from work.

"Hey, what are you guys up to?" he asked.

"Just finishing up our workout, honey," Valerie said with a sly smile. Zane gave her a wink, but they both knew their workout had been a lot more intense than just weights and cardio.

"I didn't know you two were working out together?" John said.

"Oh, yeah…lots of times now. Incredible workouts too. I wanna make sure I'm in tip-top shape to push those babies out."

Zane chimed in, "And I need to make sure I'm strong enough to start lifting those double strollers in and out of mom's car."

John chuckled and shook his head, "You guys are something else."

"Oh, you have no idea," Valerie snickered, giving her son a knowing wink.

Zane gave his notice at the baby making factory the next day and was home earlier than usual. He certainly wouldn't miss pounding all that fertile mature pussy at the clinic, as long as his mom kept putting out. He had a successful year of employment there, with an 88% success rate. He had impregnated 63 women in total, including his beautiful mother.

"Baby, are you ready?" Valarie ask she sashayed up the hallway to his bedroom.

"Just about, mom," he replied, doing a double take as she stopped in his doorway.

Valerie's buttery blonde hair cascaded down her back in soft waves, perfectly styled and highlighted. Her makeup was pristine, with expertly applied foundation, neutral tones on her eyes, and red lips that made her features pop. The mini dress Valerie was wearing hugged her curves in all the right places, emphasizing her shapely, prenatal figure. The strapless neckline showed off her smooth, tanned shoulders and swollen tit-cleavage, the all over cheetah print was eye-catching and bold. The empire waistline created an elegant silhouette, flowing into a loose skirt with an asymmetrical hem. Her six-inch stiletto heels added even more height to her already statuesque frame. Her toes were painted a bright pink, peeking out from the toe strap of her heels. "It's raining cats and dogs out there

today, but we can't pet a little rain ruin our plans, can we?" she asked with a sultry smile.

"Damn, you look stunning!" Zane exclaimed, resisting the urge to reach down and squeeze his cock.

"Thank you, dear," she purred, sauntering over to him with a sway of her hips that made his cock stir even more. "I'm all ready for our little anal adventure."

Zane's eyes widened in anticipation as he looked at his mother, his heart pounding with desire. He couldn't believe how beautiful and sexy she looked, and he knew his ball would be drained by the end of the day.

"Let's do this," he said with a fierce determination, his voice low and husky, matching the sound of the storm outside.

Valerie smiled and leaned in to kiss him passionately, her lips warm and soft against his. She reached down and squeezed his hardening cock through his pants, making him moan softly.

"I can't wait to feel this thick, hard cock inside my ass," she whispered, her voice shaky with desire.

Zane and Valerie climbed into his car and made the journey across town. As they turned onto the long, bumpy road that led to the abandoned barn, Valerie slipped off her heels, unfastened her seatbelt and turned to face her son in the driver's seat. "Your father attempted to fuck me from behind last night, but only lasted about two minutes," she snickered. "I swear to God sex in my marriage has just gotten laughable compared to the fucks that you and I have."

"I guess I'll just have to start pulling double duty then," Zane grinned. "To make up for dad's poor performance."

"Is that a promise?"

Valerie's full, pink lips were slightly parted as she bit down on her bottom lip, a look of seduction and desire in her eyes as she gazed at her son. Her mini dress was hiked up, revealing the pale pink fabric of her panties, sheer and delicate against her skin. The outline

of her labia could be seen through the fabric, molded to perfection. Zane's eyes traced the distinct cleft that separated her puffy twin flanges, his heart racing with arousal.

"You bet that's a promise, mom. I'm your at-home donor now."

Valerie stretched out her long, sleek leg and placed her seductive bare foot on top of Zane's bulging crotch. Using her toes, she began to massage it sensually.

Zane's hands trembled with excitement as he felt the silky skin of her foot against his virile erection. He could hear the raindrops patter against the windshield, but it was nothing compared to the storm raging within him. Zane gripped the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles turning white as he fought to keep his focus on the road and not the erotic display taking place on his lap.

"I bet you can't wait to plunge that big cock of yours into my tight little ass, can you, baby?" Valerie purred, her voice dripping with lust. "You're going to fuck my ass so good that mommy's gonna have, hard, quivering butt-gasms all over your erect cock."

Zane's heart pumped in his chest, and he could feel his cock throbbing in response to his mother's words. He took a deep breath, trying to focus on the road as they continued to drive. His mom's cock-massaging toes and filthy words weren't making it any easier.

"I can feel my asshole clenching just thinking about you filling it with your hot, thick cum," she moaned, rubbing her foot against his bulge. "My tight hole is longing for your cock, baby. You're the only one who can give me the cum-filled, ass-busting fucks that I crave."

Zane's gasped, his mind was consumed by lust, his thoughts a hazy blur of images of his mother's naked body, her thick, rounded ass bouncing up and down on his lap. He could almost feel the rough texture of her ass, hear the wet, smacking sounds of his cock

penetrating her depths, feel the tightness of her sphincter as he thrust in and out.

"There's the old barn," the boy breathed, like he'd been holding his breath for a minute. "Should I pull around back?"

Valerie winked at him and looked out the window, taking in the dark, crumbling structure. It used to be a dairy farm years ago, but now it was abandoned. It was the perfect place for their clandestine adventures. "Pull in here," she instructed, pointing to a dirt driveway leading to the barn.

Zane carefully maneuvered the car into the driveway, the gravel crunching beneath the tires. "There's an old orchard on the other side of the barn. Take us back there," the mother instructed.

Zane drove around the old barn, following the winding, overgrown road that led to the orchard. The trees were tall and gnarled, their branches reaching out like skeletal fingers. The rain was coming down harder now, drumming a rhythmic beat on the hood of the car. The wind howled through the bare branches, adding to the atmosphere of the place.

Zane parked the car near a fallen tree, its trunk still partially standing. He shut the engine and his mother sat up close to him. "This is about as private a place as you can get, and we have all afternoon to fuck and cum and fuck and cum until our bodies can't take anymore," she murmured seductively, leaning in to kiss him passionately.

Valerie ran her hands through Zane's hair, pulling him closer as their tongues danced together. Her fingers traced the outline of his lips,

feeling the moisture and desire that had built up in him. She broke the kiss, her breath hot and heavy in his ear. "Let's get in the back seat," she whispered, her voice low and husky.

Zane nodded in agreement, and they both got out of the car. The rain was coming down harder now, and he could feel the droplets soaking through his clothes. Valerie climbed into the back seat first, and Zane followed, his erection straining against his jeans.

He sat down next to her, his eyes drinking in the sight of his mother's voluptuous, pregnant body. The dress she was wearing had ridden up, revealing the smooth, pale skin of her thighs. Her breasts were heaving, threatening to burst right out of her mini dress, her nipples clearly hard and erect.

She quickly began to undress. "Let's get naked," she urged, her voice a sultry purr.

Zane watched in awe as his mother stripped off her clothing, her movements fluid and graceful. He began stripping anxiously, but kept his eyes glued to his mom the entire time.

Valerie's ginormous tits bobbled heavily as she removed her bra, her large nipples standing erect and proud. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and slipped them down her thighs, revealing her shaven twat, it's slit glistening with slippery nectar.

Zane's cock sprung into the air as he removed his briefs. His throbbing erection pulsed with excitement, the head a deep shade of red and dripping with precum. His mother's eyes widened as she took in the sight, a yearning desire clear in her gaze. The musky scent of hard, cum-leaking cock and sweet, wet pussy hung heavily in the air, mixing with the earthy smell of the rain. It was a heady and intoxicating combination.

There was no time for words. They were too fucking eager to do what they came for. Valerie quickly snatched her son's hand and pulled him down on top of her as she sprawled back across the seat. He eagerly positioned himself between her legs, his engorged cock pressing against her swollen, lustful vagina. Valerie cradled him between her thighs, her strong, shaved legs wrapping high around

his back, pulling him against the plushness of her tits and baby-filled belly.

Their lips met for a furious make-out session, their tongues dancing wildly inside Zane's mouth.

It was a tangle of limbs, lips, and tongues, an intricate dance of desire and forbidden love as Valerie and Zane surrendered to their passionate impulses. The heat from their bodies mingled with the rain-washed air, creating an atmosphere of unrestrained lust and primal need.

"I need you in my ass," the mother finally breathed, her voice thick with desire. She unfastened her legs from around him and Zane sat up.

Valerie's movements were quick and urgent as she reached for her handbag. Her full, pendulous breasts wobbled with every move, drawing Zane's gaze to them. She pulled out a small vial of lube, her fingers deftly twisting off the lid. She raised herself up, her body glistening with perspiration, and pushed Zane into a seated position. Her luscious curves were on full display, her beautiful blonde hair cascading down her back.

Zane's eyes widened as his mother tossed her leg over his lap, her bare foot landing gracefully on the seat next to him. She hovered above him, a vision of feminine power and sensuality, her body glistening with a light coat of perspiration and her blonde hair

cascading down her back. Her enormous breasts swayed with every breath, commanding his attention.

She took the bottle of lube in her hand and squirted a generous amount onto her fingers, spreading it around her asshole with determined strokes. Zane could see the slick, glistening ring of muscle, yearning for his cock.

Valerie wet her fingers again with slippery oil. This time grasping her teenager's cock and coating it quickly, but generously.

Her eyes gleamed with excitement as she she adjusted her position slightly, bringing the head of Zane's cock to her tight anal entrance. Taking a deep breath, the mother slowly began to impale herself on the spike of his cock.

"Oh, shit!' Zane gasped, watching her muscled ass-ring stretch over his lube-slickened glans and swallow it completely.

Valerie moaned softly, her nails digging into the leather seats for support as she began to sink deeper onto her son's rock-hard cock.

Zane was in awe of his mother's anal prowess. He knew that she was no stranger to this type of pleasure, but seeing her in action was a whole new experience for him. Slowly but surely, Valerie took all of Zane's length into her ass, her muscles protesting the intrusion before finally submitting to the unyielding cock invading her rectal depths. She cried out in pleasure, her head thrown back in ecstasy as Zane filled her up completely, her obscenely-stretched asshole resting snugly against the hilt of his cock.

The mother planted her knees firmly astride him on the seat, preparing to ride him hard. She could feel his erect shaft pulsating inside her tight ass-tract, the veins throbbing and the head swelling deep inside her tight, spongy rectum.

Valerie's gaze burned with desire as she met his eyes. "I hope you're ready for this," she murmured in a sultry tone.

Zane watched in amazement as his mother's body began to move, her hips swaying in a balls-deep rhythm. She rode him slowly at first, savoring the feel of his hard cock in her tight ass. Then, her movements grew faster, more urgent, as she chased the pleasure that she knew his cock could provide.

As his mom bounced on his boner, Zane had a front row seat to the greatest show on earth. His mom's tits and pregnant belly were like the curves of a mountain range, a sight both mesmerizing and awe-inspiring. Each movement of her hips was like an earthquake, the vibrations spreading through her body, make her enormous boobs leap up and down, quaking and jiggling in unison as they smacked against her baby-orb.

Zane's penis throbbed inside Valerie's anal tunnel, the tight, slippery walls milking his shaft with each rhythmic thrust. His hands gripped her hips tightly, guiding her movements and matching her pace. He stared straight ahead at pregnant tummy, obscenely large and swollen with life, her skin glistening with a light sheen of sweat as she rode him hard.

The rain continued to pour down outside, but inside the car, it was a world of its own. The temperature was rising, the air thick with the scent of sex and desire. Zane's breaths were coming out in short, sharp gasps, his chest heaving as his mom's body moved with a powerful intensity.

The car seats beneath them creaked with their weight, the leather groaning under the force of their combined bodies as Zane thrust up into her ass, matching her rhythm. His sinewy cock, thick and hard, slid in and out of his mother's ass-tunnel with ease, each thrust causing her to let out a low, throaty growl.

Zane looked up above his mom's bouncing udders to find her looking down. Her eyes were locked onto his, a fierce, almost animalistic desire evident in their depths.

"Oh, yeah," Zane groaned, relishing the feeling of his mother's ass completely consuming his erection on every plunge, her rounded buns smacking against his upper thighs, rippling delightfully.

Valerie's gaze was intense, her dark eyes seeming to drink in every detail of her son's face as he fucked her.

"That's it, son," she purred, her voice thick with lust. "Make me fucking cum."

As Valerie rode Zane's unyielding cock, she reached beneath her belly and began to massage her engorged clit, her fingers moving in a furious rhythm.

The rain continued to pelt the car, and Valerie's scream of pleasure drowned out the storm. Her body stiffened, and she arched her back, her hands gripping the edge of the seat for support as she came.

Zane watched in awe as his mother's body convulsed, her beautiful face contorting, ass clenching tightly around his cock. The sight of her climax was like a vortex of ecstasy, pulling him into the deep abyss of her pleasure.

His own climax was nearing, the pressure building up inside him like a tidal wave. He used every trick in the book to keep from cumming, determined to let his mother bounce on his boner as long as she needed to, but after nearly a half-hour of hard-core ass-fucking he was drifting closer to the edge.

The tit-loving teen reached up and grasped onto her big flopping jugs, barely able to hold onto them there was so much fucking meat. He dug his fingers into the squishy peaks, pinching her nipples

between his fingers. White tit-nectar began to trickle out of her milk-ducts raining down onto his sweaty chest.

Zane loved to squeeze his mother's mammaries, feeling their weight and warmth in his hands as he felt his climax draw near. The feel of her breasts, coupled with the sight of her ass bouncing on his cock, was enough to send him over the edge.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm going to cum!" Zane groaned, feeling the pleasure build up to an unbearable level.

Valerie didn't miss a beat, continuing to ride her son's erection at a fierce pace, her breathing ragged. She was every bit as caught up in the moment as he was, desperate for the release that only her son's cock could provide.

As Zane felt the pressure building to a fever pitch, he knew he had to change things up. He gripped her hand tightly, pulling her down onto him forcefully, making her tits and belly slap against his heaving chest. His cock was driving into her ass with an animalistic ferocity, pounding her rectum with the power of a locomotive.

The mother howled in pleasure, her beautiful, strained voice shaking the car with its intensity. She continued to milk Zane's cock with her anal muscles, each thrust from him causing her to spasm and shiver with delight.

Zane could feel his orgasm reaching its peak, the eruption building in his bouncing balls like a tidal wave. He thrust into his mother's ass one final time, slamming her onto his cock with all his might, his mushrooming knob burrowing deep in her shitter.

Their bodies shook together, the rainstorm outside a mere backdrop to the primal, animalistic fuck-fest taking place in the car. Zane's cock throbbed inside his mother's ass, the head swelling and pulsating.

Valerie's eyes widened in pleasure as she felt her son's cock spasming inside her, pumping her full of his hot, sticky milt.

Slumped in the seat and buried beneath his mother's sweaty, jostling tits, Zane let out a primal groan. His cock throbbed violently, each pulse sending a shockwave of pleasure up his spine as he emptied himself into her ass.

Waves of ecstasy washed over Valerie as she felt her son's cum shoot into her, the warmth and wetness of it coating her walls. She

moaned and bucked her hips, eagerly milking him for every last drop.

Their bodies continued to writhe together, the rain outside pummeling the car, making it feel like a sacred, secluded space where they could lose themselves in each other's pleasure. The air was thick with the musky scent of sex, sweat, and desire. The wet, earthy smell of the rain mixed with the heady aroma of their bodies, creating a unique and intoxicating scent.

As the final pulsations of Zane's orgasm subsided, he slowly withdrew his cock from his mother's ass, leaving a trail of whiteness in its wake. Valerie's ass clenched sporadically, her muscles trying to hold onto his cum inside her, but some slowly trickled out.

Zane collapsed back onto the seat, his face flushed and his breath ragged. He stared at his mother's sweating, cum-streaked body, feeling a surge of pride and love and lust all at once.

Valerie lay on top of her son, her chest heaving, her body glistening with a sheen of sweat. She looked down at him, her dark eyes filled with emotion – love and lust. She smiled, a slow, knowing smile that said she was far from done with this newfound pleasure.

After two hours had passed, Zane's small vehicle remained parked in the orchard. The suspension groaned as it swayed back and forth in

the rain. The car's windows were fogged up, blocking any view of the outside world.

Inside the car, Valerie's rounded bubble butt flew up and down, her asshole still stuffed full of her son's cock. They had moved to the front seat, where Zane could recline back comfortably while his mother rode his rod. Their bodies were dripping with sweat and the rain continued to pelt the car, the droplets dancing off the windows and mingling with the steam created by their bodies.

Zane's face was buried beneath the soft, warm flesh of his mother's breast, obscured by her huge, squishy tit-melon and the heavy strands of her wet hair. His lips formed a tight seal around her areola, his cheeks hollowed out as he sucked hungrily on the rubbery peak her breast.

For the past hour it had been his private paradise, a utopia of pure pleasure, where Zane was lost in the intoxicating sensations of his mother's flesh. The warm, velvety softness of her heavy tit enveloped his face, her milk, a sweet nectar that nourished his body and soul. With every suck and pull, he felt himself sinking deeper into the blissful oblivion of their taboo ecstasy. The feel of his rock-hard manhood pummeling through the tube of his mom's ass only added to the intensity of the experience.

Valerie's voluptuous body moved with a dangerous grace, her wide hips rolling and grinding as she rode her son's pulsing cock. Her hair, wet and clinging to her flushed face, bounced with every thrust, and her curves glistened with a sheen of sweat. Zane's hand gripped her hip, guiding her movements as she bounced up and down, impaling herself on his thick shaft.

Despite the cramped space of the front seat, her movements were fluid and precise, her feet tucked up on his thighs as she pumped her delicious ass-globes up and down with tireless energy.

Zane moaned into the flesh of her tit, the sensation of the wet, wriggling nipple in his mouth making his cock throb and harden even more.

As the rain continued to pelt down outside, the two of them became more and more lost in the world of their own making. It was as if the car was the only place in the universe that mattered, and everything happening outside was insignificant.

While he continued to gorge himself on his mom's milk-filled tit, Zane's hands explored the huge contour of her pregnant belly,

where the twins that had been created from his sperm called home. He ran his fingers over the tight, taut skin, feeling the life within her as the babies kicked and squirmed in response to his touch.

Valerie moaned softly, her eyes half-lidded as she rode her son's cock with abandon. The sun peeked through the clouds and shone through the car window, casting sparkles off the shiny diamond wedding ring on Valerie's finger. Its glimmer caught her eye, a reminder of how she was being delightfully wicked. She could still see John, her husband's face in her mind, the love she had for him evident in the way she looked at the ring. But now, her son owned her sexually, and the ring seemed to symbolize their forbidden relationship.

Zane's teeth grazed the tip of her nipple, causing her to jolt in pleasure. He sucked harder, eliciting a low, guttural moan from her throat.

"Oh, Zane," she breathed, "I'm so close."

Zane could hardly contain his excitement as he felt the heat of his mother's orgasm building within her. He increased his pace, plunging his cock deeper and faster with each thrust.

Valerie's eyes rolled back in her head as the ecstasy washed over her, her body tensing and bucking against Zane's. She grasped onto his shoulders, her nails digging into his skin, as she screamed out in primal pleasure.

The warmth of her orgasm seemed to spread through her entire body, connecting every part of her and causing her milk to flow with greater intensity inside Zane's mouth, as if her ass and tits were somehow linked and responding to the rhythm of her pleasure.

Zane felt the familiar, incredible sensation of his mom's climax, the walls of her ass gripping him like a vice.

Suddenly, Valerie's cellphone started going off. She answered, even though she was still reeling from her toe-curling climax. "Hey, hon," she said, holding the phone to her ear.

"Hey, you sound out of breath. Are you ok?" John asked, oblivious that his wife had just experienced an earthshattering anal orgasm.

"I'm fine. Zane and I are just doing our afternoon workout," she answered, her ass still bobbing up and down, beating against Zane's thighs.

"Isn't he getting a good enough working at that job of his, having sex with all those women?"

"No, Zane's not doing that job anymore, honey," Valerie said, gasping just a little from the way her boy was aggressively sucking her nipple.

"Did he get fired?"

"No, I just figured with twins coming I could definitely use his 'contributions' more around the house. He's offered to quit his job and help me with 'MY' needs."

Zane came up for air, squirming out from beneath his mom's tit-mass. He looked like he just got off a roller coaster ride at a carnival. He was drenched in sweat, his face was flushed, his features glowing with an almost satanic glint in his eyes as he listened to his mother and father talk on the phone.

"Well, that's very loyal of him. We'll have to make sure he gets rewarded in some way," John suggested.

"Don't worry, honey, I already have that part covered," Valerie grinned, giving her son a wink and tightening her asshole around him. "We moms offer the sweetest rewards, don't we, Zane?"

"For sure!" he answered moving his lips to hers for a sensual kiss.

The constant smacking of her ass against Zane's thighs was something that her husband was growing more and more curious about. "Hey, what's that sound I'm hearing?"

Valerie chuckled, almost surprised that John couldn't figure it out. "Oh, that's just Zane doing on his workout routine. He's been putting in some extra effort lately, so he can keep up with my needs."

"I see," John said, his voice sounding a bit distant, as if his imagination was painting a different picture. "Well, if that's what you need, I'm all for it."

Valerie felt another orgasm swelling in the core of her ass. "Honey, I'm gonna need to go. Zane wants me to pump his… uh, I mean… pump some iron with him."

John laughed, his voice sounding a little strained. "Alright, just make sure you're both safe. I'll see you both later."

"Of course, honey. Love you," Valerie replied, her voice breathy. She ended the call and looked into Zane's eyes as he continued to plunge his cock into her ass, his lower belly glistening with sweat and the

sheen of her bodily fluids. "Fuck, you feel so good in my tight ass, baby," she cooed.

The rain continued to hammer against the windows, its rhythm a steady beat to their carnal dance. Valerie's hands found their way to Zane's, and they squeezed each other's hands tightly, their connection undeniable.

"Let's cum hard together," the mother suggested, peeling her sweaty tits and baby-belly off her son's sweaty chest as she straightened her torso.

"I like that idea," said Zane looking up at the tits floating over him like clouds in the sky.

Valerie increased her ass-fucking tempo, bouncing on her son's prick like she was riding a wild pony. As she leaned back, her arms stretched out behind her and her hands came to rest on Zane's upper thighs, her belly and tits seemed to defy gravity, ballooning outwards in an obscene display. The rhythmic motion of her body as she bounced on her son's cock created a mesmerizing sight.

"Goddamn, mom!" the boy gasped, watching the way her flesh bounced and rippled with each plunge. He thrust upwards to meet her, his hips bucking violently, trying to get deeper into her rectum.

Valerie moaned loudly, her head thrown back, her eyes closed, completely lost in the pleasure of the moment. "Fuck me, Zane! Pound that fucking meat inside me!" she screamed, her voice raw and hoarse.

Her son complied, drilling into her even more furiously. He suddenly sat up in the seat, throwing her arms around her and she did the same, clinging onto her boy, drawing him in to her squishy flesh like a sponge absorbing water. Their lips clashed together in a primal, intense kiss, their tongues dueling with each other's.

Their hips jerked frenziedly, stirring Zane's cock around inside his mother's hot bowels. The car rocked with their combined movements, the storm outside seeming to match the intensity of their passion. They were lost in their own little universe of desire and lust, the car their stage for their wild anal passion.

Valerie felt her orgasm building like a tidal wave, her body tensing and her ass clenching around her son's cock with suctioning pressure. She could feel his cock throbbing inside her, the veins pulsing along his pink, muscular shaft.

"Oh, Zane!" Valerie screamed, gripping her son's shoulders with all her might as she plunged down onto his cock, her anal walls rippling and squeezing around him in a powerful and pleasurable grip.

"Fuck, mom!" Zane roared back, his face contorted in a snarl of intense passion. He felt her climax building inside him, the warmth and wetness of her ass flooding him with sensations beyond his wettest dreams.

"Give me everything you've got!" Valerie demanded, her voice hoarse with lust.

Zane increased his pace, fucking his mom hard and fast, making her bounce wildly on his lap. "I'm close!" he grunted, his balls tightening and his cock throbbing.

Valerie moaned, her own orgasm surging through her, her ass clenching and unclenching around her son's cock in rhythmic waves. "Cum with me, baby!" she pleaded, her voice nearly screaming.

"I'm cumming, mom!" Zane bellowed, his cock pulsating as it released its hot, thick load deep inside his mother's bowels.

Their bodies shook, their orgasms rippling through them like electrical currents, connecting them in ways they never thought possible.

"Oh, fuck!" Valerie cried out, her ass twitching around Zane's cock as he filled her with his hot goo.

Their movements slowed, their bodies stilled, their hearts pounding in sync. Zane reclined in the seat and guided his mother back against him. For a while, they laid there, lost in the aftermath of their intense lovemaking, their bodies drenched in sweat, their faces flushed and their yes closed. Valerie traced her fingers along the beads of sweat on her son's chest, her heart swelling with love and pride.

"I love you, Zane," she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. "Thank you for being my rock, my support, and my lover. You're everything I could ever want in a man."

Zane smiled, his eyes locked onto his mother's, his heart swelling with love and gratitude. "I love you too, mom. You're everything I could ever want in a woman. I'll do anything for you, always."

They shared a tender kiss, their lips melting into each other's, their tongues dancing with passion.

Two days later, while engaged in a furiously-wild fuck with Zane, Valerie's water broke and she went into labor. Her son quickly drove her to the hospital, where she was immediately taken into the delivery room. The amount of semen that leaked from her vagina before the babies were born definitely raised the eyebrows of the doctor and nurse on duty.

Valerie gave birth to beautiful twin baby girls. Her and Zane gazed down at their tiny daughters. One was covered in dark hair, just like Zane, while the other had a head full of Valerie's golden locks. They both had the same piercing blue eyes, like a mix of both their parents.

"They're perfect," Valerie whispered, her voice breaking with emotion. Zane didn't say anything, just held her hand tightly. He could feel the emotions that were surging through her, her love for these babies as deep as the ocean.

Zane was a huge help to his mother at home, both with the new babies and with the hunger for cock that burned between Valerie's legs. The two if them fucked furiously, in every room of the house. Their passion was like a wildfire, relentless and insatiable, burning through each room with a ferocity that left them breathless and spent. Every surface was marked with their love, every corner filled with their frantic desire. It was a symphony of flesh and longing, a dance that swept them away and left them craving more.

THE END

32: CONCEPTION PARTY_1

The invitations had gone out a week ago.

CONCEPTION PARTY

for Kristen & Garrett

on

9/17 @ the Henderson Family Lake-house

Come enjoy a weekend of food, games and baby-making. Join Kristen's Fertility Coach, Patty Higgins, as she guides the couple through hours of technique-driven intercourse.

There's about to be a new pumpkin in the patch! Come join in the moment of conception!

"Hey girls," Kristen said with a big smile as she stepped into her parent's lakehouse, followed by her Fertility Coach, Patty.

"Heeey!" a large group of females sang, greeting Kristen with hugs. The beautiful Melora Hardin look-alike introduced her Coach. Patty was a short-haired blond in her 40's. She was a plus-sized gal with big plump boobs. "Nice to meet you ladies," she said politely.

"Where's my handsome, Grandson," Delores asked, peeking out the front window. "He's being a gentleman and bringing in our bags," Kristen said.

Kristen's Mother-in-Law, Pam moved in for a hug. "You didn't tell me you had a handsome bag- boy at this resort, Delores," she joked, making the Moms giggle. "You look radiant, dear," she said to Kristen. Pam had that sweet Grandmotherly look, with the face of the classic country star Dottie West.

"Thanks, Mom."

Two beautiful twin-women, a little older than Kristen stepped up to her. "She's pretty, but not quite as hot as her older sisters," one of them said, moving in for a hug.

"Oh my God, I'm so happy you guys made it," Kristen said, hugging them both. Susan and Allison were identical twins. They had long brunette manes of hair like their younger sister and thick voluptuous bodies.

"Wouldn't miss it," Allison said. She was seven months pregnant and Kristen gazed down enviously at her big protruding ball of baby-meat. "Oh my God, he's getting so big."

Allison smiled back, showing her perfect white teeth. "You think HE'S growing, look at this one,"

she said, moving aside so Kristen could see Allison's twenty-four year old daughter Emily. "Hi Aunt Kristen, Emily said, waddling towards her. She looked like a much curvier version of Mila Kunis with long straight black hair. The swell of her pregnant belly was absolutely massive.

"Oh my God, pretty girl, you look ready to pop," Kristen said, hugging her. "One more week," Emily said with a pretty smile..

"You look beautiful, honey," Kristen said, then looked at her other niece, Laura, a dirty-blonde who was the same age as Emily. "What about you lady? What's your excuse for not being pregnant?" Kristen asked, hugging her also.

"Steve and I are trying. Maybe I can steal some good tips tonight," she joked, making the Moms giggle.

"There's the man of the hour," Pam said, stepping over and hugging Garrett as he came inside and dropped the bags.

"Hi Grandma," he said with a sighed, feeling her huge oversized breasts press against him.

Misty stood next to Kristen's best friend Angie as they watched Garrett hug his female relatives. "Like a lamb to the wolves," Misty said, making Angie giggle.

Kristen stepped towards them with a cute smile. "I'm not a wolf. I'm a cute bunny," she said, hugging them.

"Yeah, right, Miss Alpha-female," Angie said. She was your stereotypical forty-year-old cougar,, wearing yoga pants and a snug sports top, showing off her amazing curves. "You missed this morning's workout by the way."

"Sorry, was at the salon getting waxed."

"Baby-smooth and ready to breed?" Angie said jokingly. "You know it," Kristen said with a smile.

"Hi Aunt Allison," Garrett said, glancing at the enormous pregnant tits that stretched her cotton top.

"There's our cute little Gare-Gare," she said, pulling him in for a hug. If his cock wasn't hard yet, it certainly was now. Allison's huge melons, squashed pliantly against him, her pregnant tummy pushing against him as well, so the teen's entire torso was covered in soft spongy flesh.

She continued clinging to him, letting him enjoy the feel of her newly developed charms. "Geez, let the rest of us get a hug, Mom," Emily

said.

Garrett separated from his Aunt and faced his cousin Emily. He had always admired her thick

young body, but pregnancy had made her frame blossom into ridiculous proportions. "Hey Emily," he muttered, unable to stop his eyes from wandering down her body. He paused at her enormous milk-filled knockers. The cut of her V-neck top left a bulging, swollen cleavage on display. Her tits rested heavily on the beach-ball-sized orb of her pregnant belly.

Emily smiled, watching him gawk. "A little pregnant huh?" she joked. "A little," Garrett blushed, realizing he'd been staring.

"Just think. This is what your Mom will look like in nine-months," she said, moving in for a tit- squasher.

"If he can get the job done that is," Laura joked, hovering beside them. Huge tits and voluptuous bodies ran in his family and Laura was no exception. The dirty-blonde shared a hug with him.

She, like the other women, made a point of squeezing him hard, pressing her big tits on his chest.

"I'm gonna try my best," Garrett said.

"And get all sorts of pleasure in the process," Laura said, making her cousin Emily giggle.

Garrett looked over and saw his Mom talking to Misty, Angie and his mom's fertility couch Patty. All four of them looked right at him as they spoke, watching his every move. He suddenly felt the swell of Delores's warm breasts on his back as she hugged him from behind. "Grab your bags,

I'll show you where to put them," she said softly.

Garrett grabbed him and Kristen's overnight bags and followed his Grandma upstairs. Delores wore a button-up short denim skirt. She was a plus-sized women with wide hips and a big buttocks. The teen couldn't help but watch her buns sway as she led him upstairs and down the hallway.

She stopped at the door and let him enter first. The room wasn't small, but seemed tiny because of the massive California King-sized bed inside. Suspended from the ceiling and draped over the outside of the bed was a beautiful white canopy with little white lights scattered over it.

Delores walked over to the bed and held her hand out. "Come here, darling. I wanna show you something," she said.

His Grandma took his hand and led him to the bed, parting the slit in the side of the canopy. The bed was covered in a big white comforter and huge fluffy pillows. On the center of the mattress were red rose pedals in the shape of a huge heart. Inside the heart, spelled out in pedals, were the words, "Kisten & Garrett."

"This is it, darling. This is where your baby will be conceived. Isn't that exciting?"she asked. "Yeah, it's beautiful," Garrett muttered. "Mom's gonna love it."

Delores gazed at him with her alluring gray-blue eyes. "She's enamored with you, Garrett. You've taken your father's place in her bed and in her heart. This baby will represent the fruit of her lust."

"I hope I don't let her down," Garrett said.

"You won't, you're ready," she said, "did you do the things that her fertility coach asked you to do?"

"Yeah, I've been focusing on the diet changes the past two weeks and Mom and I only had sex once a day, every other day like she

told us, to make sure my stored sperm are healthy," Garrett explained.

Deloris smiled. "Wonderful. Then your balls are full and your sperm is rich and potent. Her little egg won't stand a chance tonight."

The women chatted and giggled as they ate dinner. Afterwards, the group played a game of pin the sperm on the egg, a variation of pin the tail on the donkey. Garrett sat between his twin Aunts, admiring both sets of smooth tan legs. Kristen sat on her son's lap, turned slightly sideways as she snuggled against him.

The women watched the blindfolded Misty attempt to pin the sperm on the big round egg shape tapped to the wall. "Go spermy! Go Spermy!" Allison shouted.

"Come on, girl. Get her pregnant!" Kristen shouted.

"Knock her slutty ass up," Laura added, making the Moms giggle.. "Come on, come on, come on, come on...ohh so close," Susan said.

Misty's sperm barely missed the egg. She took off the mask and shook her head. "Damnit, now I gotta cum again," she said.

"Oh in that case keep missing," Emily said with a giggle,"just squirt your spunk harder this time," she said.

Some of the women had consumed a few drinks, including Kristen's best friend Angie. She got up and bent over, sticking her thick ass out, making it stretch her yoga pants. "Fuck me baby. Sperm me and get my egg," she said seductively, rubbing her ass against Misty.

"Take my fucking cock, whore!" Misty said thrusting her pelvis into Misty. Garrett watched their big tit mounds jostle as they engaged in a fake fuck.

The Moms all giggled and cheered. "Woooo!" Kristen shouted. "Fuck her hard!" Allison screamed.

"I've got blowjobs," Pam said, squirting whipped-cream on the cluster shots she'd poured. "Anyone who's not pregnant or trying to get pregnant want a blowjob?" she asked.

"I want one," Laura said.

Emily smiled at Garrett. "What about you, Garrett? Want a blowjob?" she asked, then curled her long tongue across her top lip. A few of the Moms giggled.

Kristen nuzzled into her son with her curvy body. "Not nearly old enough for blowjobs. Not that kind anyway," she said, making the Moms laugh. "He gets plenty of the other kind, trust me."

"Not this past week," Garrett joked.

Kristen gave him a playful look. "Only because we're preparing to make a baby," she said teasingly.

Allison faked a sad look. "Ohh, is she cheating you out of the blowjobs, Gare-Gare. Do you need to come stay with Aunt Allison?" she said, making Kristen giggle.

Patty got up. "Speaking of baby making, we should probably start preparing these two for copulation. Kristen, we should take your temperature and check your cervical mucus," she said.

"What's cervical mucus?" Garrett asked.

The Moms giggled. "He's so cute," Emily said.

Patty sat up and explained. "Garrett, cervical mucus is a discharge that your mom produces in her vagina and is the most powerful during her ovulation period, which is today."

Kristen smiled at her son. "The mucus is like a clear slippery liquid that'll help your sperm swim through my cervix into my uterus. That's where my egg is."

"The more spermies you can get in there, the greater chances you have of piercing her egg and getting her pregnant," his Aunt Allison explained..

Patty smiled at Garrett. "While I'm helping your Mother, the other ladies are going to prepare your mind and body for mating."

"Oh, how are they gonna...um, do that?"

Misty smiled. "That's for us to know and for you to find out," she said, making the other Moms giggle.

Patty smiled at the teen. "Garrett, you may not realize it, but the preparation for conception has already begun. Your mother and I decided she would sit on your lap this evening, so that you'd begin to breath in the faint scent of her ovulation. This has likely triggered a rise in your testosterone levels and as those continue to spike, so will your arousal, which will result in an

incredibly strong erections and powerful ejaculations throughout the evening," she said.

Emily smiled and looked at her cousin. "In layman's terms, you're gonna have a rock-hard dick and cum so fucking hard it's gonna blow your mind," she said, making everyone burst out laughing.

"But how is my testosterone gonna keep spiking if my Mom goes with you?" he asked Patty. Deloris smiled at her Grandson. "You let us girls worry about that," she said.

A few minutes later, it was Garrett's turn to wear the blindfold, but not to play pin the sperm on the egg. His Grandmother's Delores and Pam walked him downstairs, into the large guest bedroom.

Sensual 'bedroom music played through overhead speakers. "Where are we going?" the teen asked as he was guided along, unable to see anything.

"Somewhere wonderful," Pam said.

He heard the door close behind him and the women whispering and giggling. "Sit down, darling," Deloris said, guiding him back onto a chair.

Garrett sat there a moment, listening intently. All around him he could hear subtle whooshing sounds, like the sound of clothing being taken off. His suspicious were confirmed as he felt a huge lacy bra drag across his face. He sighed in delight. The big bra-cups were still warm from having one of the women's tits stuffed inside.

He felt one of the women lift his t-shirt up and off his body. Then he felt her hands on his chest. "Mmm, so sexy," a voice whispered.

A second set of hands joined the first and was followed by a third set as the women stroked his flesh. "Look at those muscles," another soft voice said. He recognized it as his cousin Emily's voice.

A tiny pair of thong panties brushed across his face. As they slid across his nose, he could smell the musky aroma of wet pussy.

Another big bra was rubbed against his chest as a second and third pair of panties grazed his face teasingly. The smell of sweet perfume and warm cunt was intoxicating.

Someone unbuttoned his shorts and Garrett could tell there were two women tugging them off, along with his briefs. "Ohhh my God," one women said.

"Look at that beautiful dick," another said.

Deloris took off his blindfold and Garrett was hardly prepared for what he saw. The women were gathered around him as he sat on a chair in the center of the room. All of them were completely naked. "Ohh damn," the teen muttered gazing around at all the curvy female flesh.

The women giggled at his reaction, their big stiff-nippled tits jiggling. Garrett turned his head, looking up at his Grandma Delores, who was towering over him. "Holy crap, Grandma," the teen muttered, gazing at the enormous melons jutting from her chest. The women all laughed at his cute reaction. "Where do you think your mother gets her big boobs, darling?"

When he turned his head the other way, he was nearly face-to-face with Grandma Pam's massive udders. "Wow," he muttered, then looked up at her warm smiling face.

"Oh darling, boy," she said, pulling his head to her boobs. "Let's get you to the bed," Pam said, guiding him to one of the big guest beds.

The teen sprawled out on the mattress and in no time flat he was buried in naked mommies.

Garrett felt women's hands exploring his body, squeezing on his hard cock and combing their long nails across his balls. His face was nuzzled in between a set of huge naked jugs. He had no idea who they belonged to, but soon found out as his face emerged from her cavernous cleavage. "Hi cutie," his Aunt Allison said with a beautiful smile.

"Hi," Garrett said.

He couldn't see who, but he felt a set of soft boobs drag on his chest. The woman flicked her tongue across his nipple, teasing it.

Susan, Allison's twin, crawled on all fours, letting her tits hang down above Garrett's face. "You gonna let all us sexy mommies prep you

for breeding?" she asked teasingly.

"Yess," Garrett sighed, watching her twin mounds shift back and forth heavily.

"Mmm, let us stroke you and lick you," Allison said, then buried her face in the nap of his neck. Garrett felt her thick strong tongue whip around on his flesh. Allison was draped across him from the side and her enormous pregnant tits bulged out from between them as they squashed against his upper chest.

Susan lowered her boobs onto his face. Garrett's found one of her nipples and latched on.

Cousin Laura was the one rubbing her soft body against his lower torso, showering it with wet kisses and licks.

"Isn't he beautiful, honey," her Grandma Delories said, letting her own set of jumbo jugs press and drag on the boy's tummy.

"Uh-huh," Laura hummed, lustfully blazing a trail of wet kisses against Garrett's well-toned abs.

There were three women around his cock, Misty, Kristen's best friend Angie and pregnant cousin Emily. The women fondled his genitals with lust, their wedding rings sparkling, their eyes wide with desire. "Such a nice big dick," Emily said, then blew her hot breath on his glans.

They felt his long cock flex in reaction to her teasing. "Ohh, he liked that," Angie said,then nuzzled her face down into the bulge of his smooth nut-sack. Her long tongue slithered from her mouth and whipped back and forth against one of his testicles.

Misty reached down and rubbed Garrett's asshole. "He loves his ass licked," she said.

"Mmm, let me," Emily said, her giant pregnant boobs wobbling heavily as she moved down between his legs.

The young, soon-to-be-mother, buried her pretty face between his buns. Her long pierced tongue flicked back and forth across the crinkled ring of Garrett's butthole.

"Mmnnggff," the teen whimpered with a mouthful of Susan's breast-meat. Soon her breasts lifted from his face and were replaced by Allison's. Their boobs were anatomically the same, except Allison's melons were significantly larger from being swollen with milk.

Garrett dug his tongue against her distended nipple and areola and was rewarded with a mouthful of warm trickling breast-milk.

"Mmm, gonna get mommy pregnant with your big dick tonight, Gare-Gare," Allison said, arching her head back from the pleasure of his tit-sucking.

"Mm-hmm," he answered, her squishy tit plastered around his face.

His wet testicle popped from Misty's mouth. "Paint mommy's womb with your hot cum?" she asked seductively, then lashed her tongue on his nut.

Laura squirmed against his chest, rubbing her tits on him like a cat in heat. "Fuck her hard and fast so you can make her cum on your big dick?" she purred.

Garrett let out a wet whimper, milk trickling out the sides of his tit-stuffed mouth. He rocked his hips, humping his cock through Misty and Angie's circled fists. The two of them were each nursing on a nut, tugging his sperm-filled balls in opposite directions.

Emily's tongue flew back and forth across his asshole. She skillfully lashed her licker up across his taint, making him squirm even more. "Get mommy pregnant so you can feel big swollen belly and tits..."

lick, lick, "...squashed against you while you sink your cock into her every day," Emily said, then went back to licking.

Garrett felt Delores's hands reach under and stroke his cheeks. "Grandma wants to feel that magical tongue," she said.

Allison lifted her boobs. The boy's face was a wet milky mess. He saw his Grandma's fat shaved cunt hovering overhead, her knees planted astride him. The large thick dome of her clitoral hood peeked from her puffy outer labia, lowering to his face. "Suck my cunt, darling."

The teen feasted on her pussy, slicing his tongue through her wet folds. Feverishly, he lapped up

her pussy cream, delighting in the pungent taste of his Grandmother's fuck oils. Delores gasped as she felt his tongue sliding across the fat swollen nub of her clitoris. "Ohhh, dear God, your Mother has taught you well," she panted.

He reached up and sunk his fingers into her big ass while he devoured her mature cunt like a starving dog.

Angie was now licking the teen's ass, while Misty and Laura squeezed the boy's fat cock, watching precum bubble from the tip and trickle down his knob. Their tongues were on it like white on rice, lashing his swollen knob with their experienced lickers. "Mmm, God, that's good," Laura said as his pre-spunk sizzled on her taste-buds.

Emily had crawled up behind Delores. "Let me have some, Grandma," she said sweetly.

Garrett's face was glazed in breast-milk and cunt-juice. He watched Emily's huge round baby-ball hover over him as she maneuvered her pussy into position. Garrett noticed the big pink flaps of her

pudendal cleft as they protruded from her outer labium. He licked his lips anxiously as her cunt lower to his mouth.

The boy slid his tongue up the wet slit of Emily's pussy. Her pregnant cunt was swollen and horny. The grape-sized nub of her clitoris stuck out obscenely from it's hooded sheath at the top of her cunt. Garrett whipped his tongue across it, then sucked the nubbin into his mouth.

Emily's mouth fell open and she squeezed her huge pregnant tits together. "Ohhhh, damn," she cried out.

"Mmm, that feel good, hon?" Pam said, straddling her Grandson's chest and placing his hands on her big hanging boobs.

"Yess, he's amazing," Emily said, her eyes rolling back in ecstacy.

Garrett whimpered, excited beyond belief, pushing his face and lapping tongue through all the fleshy layers of his cousin's vagina. Hot fuck-oil oozed out, driving his senses crazy from her sweet taste and powerful scent. He squeezed his tongue into cunt-hole as far as it would go, worming along her thick inner lining.

"Ohhh yeaaah," Emily whimpered, squeezing his head between her thick thighs and grinding her overheated cunt on his face.

Allison crawled up behind her daughter. "Move along, baby-girl. Yours isn't the only horny pregnant cunt in this room," she said, making the other Moms giggle.

Garrett panted breathlessly, watching Emily's wet folds move away. His eyes drifted over the smooth enormous orb of baby-meat and her huge swollen jugs bobbling across the top.

His fingers continued to sink into two spongy mounds and he looked down to see his Grandma

Pam, still straddling his chest and smiling down at him while he groped her naked tits. "I wonder how those testosterone levels are doing," she said.

"Probably pretty high," he said with a smile, watching her mature ta-ta's move around as he squeezed. His eyes traveled down her midriff. Pam wasn't fat, but had a pooched tummy, that Garrett still found extremely sexy. The little fat she had wasn't enough to hide her nearly-shaved pubis as it rested between his six-pack.

His eyes were drawn to the sexy legs moving astride his head. He looked up to see his Aunt Allison's naked cunt hovering over him, along with the under-slope of her pregnant tummy. He loved how each pussy was a little different in appearance. While his Grandma and Cousin had developed fat meaty cunts, the outer lips out Allison's vagina were not as pronounced. Her flaps were thin, but her hood was large. Garrett knew there was a big plump clitoris under there waiting for his tongue.

At the bedroom door, Patty, Kristen's conception Coach slipped inside. She was also naked and had big firm tits. She could hear women whimpering as they teased Garrett's body. Delores came over and met her. "Looks like things are going well in here. Has he ejaculated at all?" Patty asked.

"No, I told the girls very little contact with the penis," Deloris said.

"Good," Patty said, watching the women writhe on top of the teen. Kristen's pregnant older sister gyrating her hips slowly, grinding her cunt on his face. "He seems to be in a heightened state of arousal, which is exactly where he should be?" Patty said.

"How's Kisten?" Delores asked.

Patty smiled back anxiously. "She's ready," she said.

Delores made the announcement. Women climbed off the teen and Garrett got up, his big erection wagging lewdly. Pam handed him a towel. "Here, dry off, your face is soaking sweetheart," she said, making all the Moms laugh.

Delores took him by the arm and looked at Pam. "Shall we?" she said.

"Certainly," Pam said, taking the other arm. They walked closely by his side as the group almost ceremoniously headed upstairs. Garrett marveled at the line of naked swaying asses headed up the stairs in front of them.

"Quite the view, huh, darling?" Delores asked. "Yes," he said with a smile.

Once upstairs, the women gathered by the bed, watching the Grandmothers lead Garrett over. He arrived at the parted canopy and saw his gorgeous mother sitting there on the center of the

bed. Kristen looked radiant, leaning back on extended arms, her silky mane of dark hair flowing over her shoulders. Her enormous breasts ballooned out from her lush frame, her nipples and areola thick and engorged. Her strong motherly legs were stretched out in front of her, one slightly bent at the knee. Garrett looked at her sexy little bare feet, her toes painted perfectly.

"Hi," she said with a loving smile.

Garrett took an excited gulp. "Hi," he muttered. "Ready to make a baby?" she asked sweetly. "Sure," he answered.

Patty stepped forward. "Ok, Garrett, follow me in and sit by your mother. The rest of you can come in and sit along the outside of the mattress once we're situated."

Garrett did as she told him, getting a good look at Patty's naked ass and pussy as she crawled to the front of the bed. Kristen turned and sat close to her son, facing her coach, as the other Mothers crawled inside, surrounding them on the outside of the huge mattress.

Delores was the last one in and closed the canopy. Kristen smiled at the circle of friends and family. "No cheering from the audience," she teased, making the Moms laugh.

Patty rested on her knees facing the couple. "Our setting is deliberate and somewhat symbolic. This canopy is like a mother's womb, private and safe from the outside world. Inside this womb we celebrate the beauty of conception," she said, then looked straight at Garrett. "Garrett, you spent nine months inside your mother's womb and tonight a part of you will return. Your sperm will swim out, in search of the egg that your mother has eagerly waiting," she explained. "Garrett, I know you're used to having regular sex with your mom in different positions, but tonight may be a little different. Our focus is making a baby and we'll be very precise about what positions and techniques we use. So no throwing Mom around or lifting her up and pounding her against the wall," she said, making the Moms erupt in laughter.

"Oh come on, I wanna see that," Allison said.

Kristen smiled at her. "Oh no you don't, we get downright dangerous, don't we baby?"

"Yeah," Garrett nodded, thinking back on all the wild fucking they've done over the past few months.

Patty smiled. "The good news is, orgasms will help relax your bodies and increase your chances of conception, which means today will get extremely intense, for both of you," she said.

The mothers clapped and cheered. "Wooo!" Emily shouted, throwing her arms up and rocking her boobs from side to side.

"Are we ready?" Patty asked.

"Yes," the couple answered anxiously. "Let's start in the missionary position."

Kristen smiled at her boy as she lowered onto her back and propped her knees up, bowing open her thick tan thighs.

Garrett squeezed his boner as he started to move into position. Kristen's cunt was completely shaved and he could tell her thick petals were moist and ready for penetration.

Patty looked at his thick boner. "Are you fully hard, sweetheart?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Good. Her cervical mucus has her vagina completely lubricated. You should be able to slide all the way in with one thrust," Patty said.

Garrett split Kristen's twat and sunk all the way to his nut-sack. She gasped as his knob pressed against the head of her cervix. By this time, the handsome teen had fucked his mom plenty of times and had learned some tricks. He decided to show off a little bit in front of the other ladies.

He reached under her back and grasped her shoulders. His hips set in motion, fucking her with hard steady thrusts. Kristen threw her legs up around him as he pounded her cunt.

The other moms looked on in amazement as Garrett punched his big cock through the slippery sheath of Kristen's cunt.

"Ohh wow," Allison said, putting her hand over her mouth in awe as she watched her handsome nephew fuck the hell out of her sister.

"Put your legs high up on his back, Kristen. Elevate your cervix," Patty said.

Garrett felt his mother's strong smooth legs slide even higher up his back, tightening like a fleshy fuck-harness. His ass bucked between her thighs and his knob tingled as he ran his hands up the outsides of her smooth thighs. "Ohhh, shit," he whimpered, feeling her curves cling to him.

Emily moved her lips over near cousin Laura's ear, both women watching the boy's youthful frame drill Kristen's pussy with skill. "Shit...he can really fuck," she whispered.

"Uh-huh," Laura said back, completely mesmerized.

While her son continued fucking her impressively, Kristen looked over at her mother Delores, who was watching her Grandson pound away. Kristen and Delores had always been open with each other about their sex lives and Kristen knew her Mom was very dissatisfied with hers, despite her father's best efforts.

Patty hovered near the humping couple, like the referee at a wrestling match. "Garrett, on a scale of one to ten, how close are you to orgasm?" she asked.

"Uh, um..six," he muttered. "Kristen, how bout you?"

"About the same...maybe a seven," Kristen panted.

"Ok Garrett, we need to move her up the scale to a ten. An orgasm will relax her cervix and prepare it for your load of sperm," Patty said.

"Ok," the teen answered, still thrusting away.

"Reach down, grab her buttock and hold onto it," she said and the boy quickly complied. "There you go, sweetheart. Now really lay into her like your pounding her into the mattress," Patty said.

Garrett gripped his Mom's ass and fucked her hard and fast. "Ohhh, yesss," Kristen cried out, clutching him as tight as she could.

"There you go, handsome, just like that. Perfect!" Patty said.

Delores and Pam flashed each other a smile. "Oh my heavens, that's beautiful," Delores said, watching her daughter get pounded hard.

Kristen's body stiffened up and she clenched her toes. "Uuuunnhhgg!" she screamed, the flesh in her legs trembling.

"Ohhh man," Garrett moaned, feeling his Mom's muscled vaginal walls squeeze his meat as hot girl-cum swirled around thrusting boner.

"Where are you now, Garrett...on the scale?" Patty asked. "Nine," he whimpered.

"Ok sweetheart, slow up just a tad. She's not quite ready for your load yet. Keep working her through her orgasm. When you feel her muscles relax, her cervix will be completely softened and ready," Patty said.

Garrett kept a steady fuck-pace. He lifted his head and watched his Mom's pretty face gasp with a pleasure-filled grimace. Her cunt felt amazing, squeezing and quivering around his hard muscle. Finally, she let out a sharp gasp and her body relaxed.

"She's ready Garrett, go hard! Kristen, legs back!" Patty said.

The busty mother extending her sexy legs into a wide V, so her bare feet pointed back toward the headboard. Garrett's young ass bucked wildly between her widely splayed legs, spearing his cock in with deep powerful thrusts. Both of them panted and whimpered, their flesh smacking

together.

"Haaarder Garrett!" Patty shouted.

Even with a group of women sitting around it, the big bed began to rock from Garrett's powerful fuck-thrusts. The mothers giggled and held onto each other to keep from falling off the sides, their big Mommy-melons, rocking subtly from the movement of the bed.

"Hhhoohh!" Garrett groaned as he felt his knob tingle and swell. His cock thundered through the juicy grip of Kristen's vagina. "Ohhh, shit," he sighed, on the edge of a monster cum.

Kristen squeezed him as hard as she could, her nails clawing at his back, her big tits sloshing between them. "Ohhh, mom!" Garrett cried, feeling his prostate swell.

"Yess! Fuck a baby into meee!" Kristen cried out.

"OOOHHGGHH!!" OOOHHGGHH!!" the boy grunted, hosing the back of her pussy with big ropes of thick potent semen.

Patty quickly moved behind the humping couple. She had a purple vibrating wand in her hand and she quickly put it to use, rubbing the vibrating head across Garrett's taint. "Ohh fuck yeaahh," he moaned as the vibration made him cum even harder and longer.

For a full two minutes he pumped more and more jizz into her fertile womb. "That's it, Garrett, give her all your seed," Patty said, watching his juice-slickened erection slip in and out.

"Ok, sweetheart, lay back and let the ladies clean you up. I need to elevate your mother's cervix," Patty said, stuffing a pillow beneath Kristen's ass.

Garrett sprawled on his back and the other ladies began to rub their hands on him. "Beautiful job, Gare-Gare,," his Aunt Susan said.

Patty looked over at Delores and Pam. "In about an hour, they'll engage in another round. Until then, let's keep his testosterone levels up."

His two Grandmothers closed in on the boy, their huge titties bobbling heavily as they crawled around him. "Ok ladies, let's do this in pairs. Fifteen minutes for each pair. Sound good?"

The other women answered affirmatively. Allison smiled over at her and Susan's girls. "Wanna do mother-daughter teams?"

"Definitely," Laura and Emily both answered excitedly.

Delores clutched her Grandson's erection and gave it a long wet lick, tasting the mix of mother- son ejaculate.

Pam brought her upper torso down on Garrett, squashing her oversized jugs against his chest.

"I'm so proud of you, honey," she said lovingly, then tilted her head and locked lips with him.

Garrett's heart thumped excitedly as his father's mother spun her thick tongue through his mouth. He added his own and their lickers went wild, like two flailing snakes stuck together.

"Mmnn," the teen hummed in delight as he felt Grandma Delores begin to suck his dick.

Pam broke the kiss and licked his neck. Garrett planted wet kisses along the top of her breasts. Pam let her giant boobie slide over his face and the horny teen kissed and licked the soft underside. He worked his way back up the spongy orb and latched on to her nipple, sucking greedily on the engorged cap.

"I missed out on that pussy-munching that you were doing earlier," she said, then popped her nipple from his mouth and sat up. "I want

some," she said, straddling his head.

Garrett took a peek down at his Grandma Delores. Her pretty head bobbed up and down in traditional blow-job fashion. "Ohh wow," he muttered. He gazed up at Pam's fleshy cunt as it lowered to his lips.

She planted her knees astride him and began to gently plow her cunnie on his skilled tongue. "Ohh my," she sighed.

Misty smiled at her mother. "I told you he has a silver tongue, Mom," she said.

Garrett found her clitoris and sucked it into his mouth. He attacked it with rapid licks. "Ohhh God," Pam trembled, pinching her nipples. Her husband, Garrett's Grandfather was lousy at giving oral and she hadn't been eaten this good since back in her college days, nearly thirty years ago. "Ohh sweet angel, I'm gonna cum on you," Pam cried out as her wide mature hips began to tremble.

The teen snarled in lust as he lapped up the hot liquid love that flowed from his Grandmother's sexual core.

Next up was Allison and her daughter Emily. Garrett's heart raced with excitement as he watched the two pregnant women move in on him like hungry wolves, their big hanging milkers rocking as they crawled. They gripped his hard boner and attacked it with kisses and licks. "Ohhh damn," the teen muttered, watching their skilled tongues battle for position on his knob.

Emily flicked her long pierced tongue on the elastic band of tissue just under the head of his cock, while Allison fluted her wet lips along the strong cylinder of his erection. "Mmm, such a yummy dick," she purred.

Garrett watched his beautiful cousin's lips stretch over his bulbous knob. Slurping and sucking noisily, Emily wrapped her hand tightly around the root of Garrett's hard-on. She started to jack his prick as

she sucked on the cock-knob, steadily pumping the loose flesh of his prick. While doing this, she rolled her talented licker all over the glistening glans of his cock, making his

knob tingle with delight.

Allison was giving his nuts a tongue-massage, making them jostle around inside his scrotum. She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth and nursed on it's rounded surface. Meanwhile, her daughter was gagging on his cock as she stuffed it as far down her throat as she could get it. "Fuck it's big," she gasped, coming up for air.

"Not used to this size, honey?" Allison said with a giggle.

"Tom is big, but nowhere near this size," Emily said, then gave the plump knob a wet sensual kiss.

Allison smiled up at her nephew. "Hear that? You're putting our husband's to shame, sweetheart," she said with a wink.

Kristen's best friend Angie stared at Garrett's cock lustfully. "In length and in girth," she said.

Allison joined her daughter, planting kisses around the crown. "Just think of all the pretty girls you're gonna plow with this big thing," she said.

Kristen looked down at them. She rested comfortably on her back, her big pillowy tits spread out on her chest. Her hips were elevated by the thick pillow beneath her ass. She extended one of her legs and slid her sexy toes across his cheek tenderly. "Those pretty girls are gonna have to get by me first," she said with a smile.

Emily crawled up to him. "Not this pretty girl. I've been given a free pass," she said, dragging her huge pregnant tits across his chest as she crawled over the top of him on all-fours. "So for the rest of my

fifteen minutes, I wanna fucking smooch," she said, rolling her tongue across her top lip.

Emily suddenly dropped down on top of him,. Their lips locked on an open oval as she smothered him in pregnant flesh. "Mmmnn," she whimpered lustfully, their tongues dueling wildly inside Garrett's mouth. He was amazed at what a good kisser his cousin was. He couldn't imagine how skilled she was gonna be by the time he reached his Mom's age. He wickedly wondered if the baby boy that was pressed against his chest would one day be on the receiving end of those skills.

Garrett's cousin broke the kiss squirming and rubbing her huge sloshy jugs on him, while planting sensual kisses. "Come on, Garrett, show this hot pregnant girl what you can do."

He wrapped his arms around her, squeezing her soft body against his while she licked his neck. He could feel milk trickling down the sides of his chest from her squashed breasts. Her huge pregnant ball felt exquisite hugging his lower torso.

Allison's pretty head bobbed up and down, shamelessly fucking her face with his delicious prick. Her circled hand squeezed and jerked, beating his meat into her mouth. Her huge diamond

wedding ring sparkled from the small decorative lights overhead.

"Ohhh shit," the lucky teen sighed, enjoying the skills of the mother-daughter duo. "Our turn, greedy butts," Susan said, moving in on her twin sister.

Emily could hardly stop. She kissed the side of Garrett's face, gasping with absolute fuck-lust. She brought her lips to his, her nails clutching him and squeezing him. "Oh my God, I wanna fuck you so bad," she whispered.

Laura brought her pretty face down next to theirs, her dirty-blonde hair tickling their cheeks. "My turn horny girl," she said to Emily teasingly.

"You're just as horny as I am, bitch," Emily joked. Garrett watched Emily's big pregnant udders rise from his chest. One of her breasts was still leaking, two tiny streams of milk spraying from her engorged nipple-pores.

"You're all wet now," Laura said with a giggle, smearing the milk droplets across his chest. Garrett gazed at her hanging boobies. While they were nowhere near as big Emily's, Laura had more than a handful and her areolas were wide and puffy, capping almost the entire ends of her boobs. "I'm wet too," she said, taking his hand. "Feel," she said, bring it down to her shaved cunt.

Garrett sighed excitedly, running his fingers through her juicy folds and across her swollen clitoris. This wasn't the only reason he sighed, however, since there were two women sharing his cock.

Allison was still slurping on his knob, while her twin sister licked along the base of Garrett's boner. Emily smiled as she crawled past them. "Times up, Mother. Don't be a greedy slut," she said, making the other Moms laugh.

Allison kissed his juicy tip. "I could be a greedy slut for this dick all day long," she said between kisses.

Kristen pushed her sister with her foot. "Too bad. He already has a slut." "Maybe he'd like two sluts," Allison said.

Misty smiled and raised her hand slightly. "Already has one. Slut number two, yo!" she said playfully.

"Ok, then three sluts. I can divorce Allen and move in with you. I'm sure Garrett won't complain about having two pregnant Moms sharing a bedroom with him," she joked.

Kristen giggled. "His father might. I have to fight tooth and nail just to keep the arrangement that we have," she said.

Garrett and Laura were making out as he continued fingering her cunt. Susan was solo, sucking

the boy's dick with gusto.

Emily looked at Kristen. "Does Uncle Doug know you guys are fucking?" she asked.

"No, but I'm sure he has his suspicions," Kristen said, "our bedrooms are right next to each-other and Garrett and I can get kinda wild some nights," she said, making them giggle.

"What's your plan with Doug, as far as the pregnancy goes," Allison asked.

"Misty actually helped me work through that," Kristen said, looking at her sister-in-law.

Misty explained their plan. "Dougie can actually achieve an occasional erection, but after a minute, he goes soft and I guess it's as worthless as a wet noodle again," she said, making the mothers snicker.

"Kristen smiled at their reaction. "It's pretty pathetic," she said.

"But our plan is for Kristen to fake sex with him and slip it in her pussy before it goes soft. Even if it's inside her for a second, I think we could convince him that some of his precum got through her cervix and got her pregnant," Misty explained.

"That's brilliant," Allison said.

Angie nodded and smiled at her. "I thought so too," she said.

Pam smiled. "It is brilliant. I love Doug. He's my son, but he's not the man he was before the accident. He'll raise this child thinking it's his and he'll never know any different. Meanwhile, his wife will get all the pleasure she deserves," she said, winking at Kristen.

Kristen smiled back sweetly. "Thank you, Mom," she said.

Laura and Garrett's tongues wrestled inside his mouth. She broke the kiss and gazed at him lustfully. "Eat my pussy," she whispered, then rose straight up to straddle his face from the front. Garrett watched her thick shaved pubis lower to his lips. His tongue drug through her folds. With her sitting on him from this direction, the teen could gaze up her taut belly, to the big rounded undersides of her protuberant jugs.

"Ohhh, yess," she sighed, squeezing her tits. The site of her gold wedding band reminded Garrett that he had a young married woman on his face and he was eating a cunt that technically belonged to someone else. The same could be said for all the women around him, which added to the thrill.

"Ohhhh, shit," Laura cried out, her curvy body shivering with pleasure as Garrett sucked on her clitoris.

Garrett's dick popped from Susan's mouth, wet and throbbing. She looked at her naked daughter, marveling at the way Laura's meaty buttocks was smothering the boy's entire face. "Doing ok up

there, honey?" she asked.

Laura peeked back at her mother, looking as though she could pop any second. "Yes, he's just a really good cunt-licker," she whimpered.

Garrett looped his arms up around her ass and ate her cunt like a starving dog, holding her against his face. It was a trick Kristen had taught him, one of the many times he had sucked her cunt.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Laura screamed, shaking and rocking, soaking Garrett's face with juice. The boy grunted like an animal, savoring the taste, the smell, the feel of her splayed out pussy grinding on his face.

Garrett's boner popped back out of Susan's mouth. "Ok, baby girl, switch me spots. I wanna see what all the fuss is about," she said.

Laura's pussy drifted away and Garrett's busty Aunt crawled up over his body. He marveled for a second how incredibly beautiful she was. The twins were like a different version of his mother with luscious bodies and oversized tits.

The teen rose up on his elbows and his sexy Aunt lowered down flat on top of him, chest to chest. He felt her spongy jugs flatten on him, her thick hard nipples poking his flesh. She wrapped her arms around his head, combing the back of his hair with her long nails as they made-out passionately.

"God, he is such a good kisser," Emily said to her mother as they watched the duo kiss. "Mm-hm," Allison hummed in agreement.

Garrett loved deep french kissing. He marveled at the way his Aunt's experienced tongue twisted through his mouth. Each women's tongue was a little different. Some were thick and strong, others were long and flickered wildly. Each one drove him crazy with lust.

Susan broke the kiss, gazing in his eyes and planting a few more sensual smooches. "Eat my pussy and make me cum like you did my daughter," she whispered.

"Ok," Garrett muttered, his heart racing.

She planted her knees in the same direction Laura had. Like her pregnant sister, Susan's middle- aged cunt had thick slabs of labial meat protruding from her outer labium. The boy's tongue hung from his mouth as he followed those flap to the hooded dome of her

clitoral sheath. He knew from sucking Allison's cunt that there was a big juicy nubbin waiting just under that hood.

Susan lowered her pussy and felt her nephew's tongue go to work. Her husband of twenty-four years was pretty good at oral, but sharing her sweet nectar with her sister's handsome son was an absolute thrill.

Garrett gazed up, along the swell of her neatly-trimmed pubis. Her belly had a slight pudge. Susan had given birth a few month ago and was still working on losing her belly-fat. Garrett didn't mind it at all. His main focus was her jutting breasts and their huge smooth undersides. They looked just as big as his moms and knew just as suckable.

Laura sucked Garrett's cock, fast and hard. Slurping, gurgling sounds came from the back of her throat as she worked his cock with shameless passion. Emily slapped her cousin's big ass playfully. "You go, girl," she said, watching sloppily face-fuck him.

Garrett peeled Susan's fleshy hood away from her clit with his tongue and sucked the grape- sized nub into his mouth. His tongue lapped smoothly up her hot pink slit, darting through her thick meat-curtains, into the pink inner sheath of her fuck tunnel.

"Ohhh my God," Susan panted, throwing her fists up in the air. Garrett watched her boobs quake as an orgasm began to swell inside her. She subtly swiveled her hips, fucking his face. Garrett reacted by dragging his tongue from her clit to her asshole. "Fuuuck," the horny mother cried out, her curvy flesh shaking.

The teen's tongue felt a shift in her cunt-hole and a hot jet of girl-cum pulsed into his open mouth. He swallowed the mouthful of juice and continue his assault with his tongue. More nectar burbled from her cunt-slot, soaking his face.

"Oh dear God, I'm taking you home with me," she sighed as she climbed off him, making the other Moms giggle.

"Our turn Ange," Misty said to her sister's best friend. "Finally," Angie said, moving in on the teen.

Misty straddled his cock and pulled him up into a sitting position. She wrapped her arms around him and their lips fused in a passionate french kiss. Garrett could feel the heat radiating from the fleshy slit that pressed against his boner.

"I want some of that," Angie said, squeezing in from the side, dragging her tits on his chest as she smooched him. Garrett had known Angie from birth and he always dreamed he'd feel her tongue in his mouth. It was every bit as amazing as he imagined.

Misty pushed him down, so he rested on his elbows, gazing up at her big naked tits. She rolled her tongue through her mouth naughtily, then rocked her chest, making her big tit-cannons swing back and forth a few times.

"Daaamn," the teen muttered, making the Mothers giggle.

Misty had fucked her nephew alot recently and knew what drove him wild. She dropped against him and quickly rolled them over so Garrett took the top. Before he even realized what happened, her strong tongue was twisting through his mouth and her smooth mommy-legs were wrapping

around his back.

The other ladies gasped and cheered at her aggressive move. "Daaaamn," Emily exclaimed with surprise, watching them writhe in front of her.

Misty reached between them, clutching his boner and plowing it's barbed tip through her juicy folds. She squeezed his knob just inside

her vaginal cavity, letting her muscled lining hug his glans in a juicy grip. "Ohhh shit," the boy whimpered.

Kristen nudged her with her toes. "Don't get him too excited. That cum is for baby-making tonight."

Misty smiled up at Angie who hovered over them squeezing her big tits together. "You want him?" Misty asked.

"Ohh yeah," Angie answered.

"Turn over," Misty said to Garrett. The teen flipped over so he was now upside down against Misty, her boobs against his back. She reached around and clawed at his chest as Garrett watched Angie climb on top of him. He excitedly gazed at her big bobbling knockers before they met his chest and pressed against him like soft dough.

Her tiny pubic triangle tickled his prick as he slid up against it. His hard cock popped out between her legs, stretching up along the crack of her buttocks. They kissed deeply and Garrett enjoyed the feel of her thick darting tongue inside his mouth. "Do want my legs around you?" she said between kisses.

"Yess," he muttered.

Misty hissed at his ear. "Roll her over. Let her feel you on top."

Garrett rolled them off of Misty, sinking down between Angie's splayed thighs. His mother's friend was a fitness instructor by occupation, which meant her silky tan legs were strong and powerful. She tossed them around his frame, high on his back, interlocking the ankles of her pretty feet as they made-out like horny newlyweds.

The teen kissed his way down her lush body, taking a minute to suck on the boobs spread out on her chest, before he continued down her toned midriff to her mound of Venus. He split her twat with his

tongue, smelling her sweet pungent aroma as he laved his licker through her moist folds.

He loved the way women's bodies stiffened up when her sucked their clitoris into his mouth. While doing this, Garrett gazed over her pubis, watching her big melons heave around from her gasping. He watched her body tremble and knew she was cumming good.

Patty looked at the squirming couple. "Time for another round of copulation," she said. "Nice job

keeping his arousal level up, ladies. This time let's do it doggy-style. We'll get some nice deep penetration that way," she said to Garrett and his mother.

Kristen crawled up on her hands and knees, pointing her meaty buttocks back at her boy. From all the teasing, Garrett was horny as hell and was ready to fuck some pussy.

He squeezed his cock into her cunt and sighed as he felt it sink through her slippery cunt-tube. "Grab her hips, sweetheart. Give her some nice deep thrusts," Pam said.

The teen gladly complied, grasping his Mom's soft mature hips and falling into a steady fuck- rhythm. Kristen's meaty half-moons rippled as they swing back and beat against his loins. He could see his Mom's heavy tits hanging off her chest and swinging to their humping motions.

"Beautiful, darling," Delores said, watching her Grandson screw her daughter from behind. "Are you hitting her cervix, Garrett?" Patty asked.

"Yeah," he said with a gasp. "I can feel it."

"Kristen, bend down and lay your head on the mattress. That'll give him a better angle for G-spot stimulation," Patty said.

Kristen bent down and rested comfortably, her tits squashed against the mattress. "Legs a little further apart now, Kristen. Spread it wide open for him," Patty said.

Garrett continued fucking, savoring the feel of his hard boner gliding through her muscled cunt. He could feel his knob dragging across the textured lining along the top of her vagina. Kristen's panting grew more and more intense.

"Kristen, where are you at?" Patty asked. "Nine," she whimpered.

Patty looked over at Garrett. "Go harder," she instructed.

He gripped his Mom's hips and fucked with everything he had. His asses bobbed up and back at a frantic pace, her ass smacking against him over and over. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, feeling his knob tingle.

"Not yet, Garrett. Her orgasm will relax her cervix. Let it hit her hard first," Patty said. "You can do it, Garrett," Emily said.

His Grandma Pam fed him a warm smile. "Come on, hon, squeeze it off just a little bit longer," she said.

He felt Kristen's birth canal shrink around his pole. "Cuuuummminngg!" she cried out. The excited teen used every bit of willpower he had to keep from cumming himself, while his beautiful mom shook and whimpered in front of him.

"Ok, she's relaxed. Delores, if you'll help me, we'll pile a few pillows beneath her pelvis," Patty said, sliding one in position herself. "Very good, now Kristen, bring your feet together and fall forward, so your laying flat, but your ass is cocked in the air. Garrett follow her down," she said.

Garrett still held himself up on extended arm. "Now Garrett, come down against her body and hump and fire away," Patty said.

They'd done this position before. As roommates, Garrett and Kristen had pretty much experimented with every position and Garrett liked this one a lot. He lay against her curvy frame and began pounding against her cushy ass hard and fast. "Ohhhh yeaaah," the teen muttered in ecstasy as his cock thundered through the tight grip of her cunt.

Kristen face lay sideways against the mattress, her hair strung across her face. "Yesss, come on love. I want your baby," she cried out.

The women all moved in on them, surrounding and gently stroking Garrett's humping teenage body. "Mmm, yes, breed her darling," Delores said.

"Make her pregnant, Gare-Gare," Allison said, scratching her nails across his back, "make her titties swell with milk."

Garrett's knob let out a mighty throb. "Hhuuahhh!" he whimpered, feeling a big creamy geyser spout from his piss-hole.

"Yess, flood her womb with your baby-cream!" Emily shouted, rubbing his asshole with her middle finger as he came.

Garrett's big erection squeezed against the pursed lips of her cervix, smearing it with big gobs of cream that oozed from his cock-tip. "Oohh fuck," the teen sighed, finally slowing his fuck- thrusts.

After a little more chatting and giggling, the women hugged Kristen and Garrett goodnight and headed to the guest rooms. Delores and Pam were the final two left, standing at the bedside, smiling over the snuggled couple. "Anything you two lovebirds need before we retire to my room?" she asked.

"Your sleeping in Grandma Delores's bedroom with her?" Garrett asked his Grandma Pam.

"Of course, hon. She has the biggest bed in the house. I think the two of us can manage comfortably," she answered with a smile.

Kristen looked at her son. "Baby, why don't you go crawl into bed with your Grandmas tonight," she said.

"Really?" Garrett asked in surprise.

Delores looked at her daughter, also surprised. "Are you sure?"

"Mom, Garrett and I hold each other all night, every night. I think I can handle being away from him for a few hours...but only a few," Kristen said, winking at her son.

Delores smiled at her. "Well, you know my sexual appetite is as unquenchable as yours, so I'm guessing neither Pam or I are gonna debate you on this one," she said, then gazed at her grandson, "let's go, darling."

Kristen and Garrett shared a sensual kiss goodnight, then she watched her mothers walk arm in arm with her son toward the doorway. One look at the backs of the Grandmothers smooth curvy legs and the swaying meat of their big thick asses and Kristen knew her son was in for some serious pleasure.

"Goodnight," Delores said to her daughter with an anxious smile, closing the door behind them.

33: CONCEPTION PARTY_2

Kristen picked up her cellphone and dialed her husband Doug. A hundred miles away, Doug sat in his custom, hospital-style bed watching a game on his bedroom TV. He answered his buzzing phone.

"Hey, hon," he said.

"Hi, how are things going?"

"Good, Cassie and her friend are asleep. They binged on Disney and junk food all night," he said, making Kristen giggle.

"Well, what are slumber parties for right?" she said.

"Yeah, so, how's your mother's slumber party going?" he asked.

"Well, it hasn't exactly been Disney and junk food, but I'll spare you the details."

"Oh come on, give me the details," Doug asked, wondering if it was something naughty.

"I don't think so. Garrett has had a good time though, re-bonding with his Aunts and cousins. It's been great to see them again," Kristen said.

"Did your mother give you the upstairs guest bedroom, or are you guys in the basement?" "I'm in the upstairs guest bedroom. Garrett is in sleeping with your mother," Kristen said. Doug stomach sunk. "My mother?"

"Yes, well, and mine. The three are sharing the bed in my parents bedroom."

"Hmm, ok, well um, speaking of sharing bedrooms. I got some good news today. My physical therapist said I should be ok sleeping on a normal bed from now on, which means, we could move you back in here and things could get back to being the way they used to be."

Kristen sighed. "Doug, I'm not doing that to Garrett, it's not fair." "What's not fair? It was just suppose to be a temporary thing."

"He completely rearranged his space. His bed's in storage. It's unfair to ask him to go to all that work again so soon," Kristen said.

"So soon? It's been four months." "Like I said, too soon," she said.

"Look, I'll hire movers, ok. He won't have to lift a finger."

Kristen answered impatiently. "No! The answer's no, Doug. We're all fine where we are right now."

There was a short pause in the conversation. "Are you there?" Kristen asked. "Yeah, I'm here."

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Look I'm just gonna ask it, alright.." "Ask what?" Kristen said.

"Are you and Garrett having sex together?" he asked.

Kristen's heart thumped wildly. "Ugh, why would you ask me that?"

"Well, I don't know, you share a bed with him. I hear weird noises coming from your bedroom all night.."

"Weird noises?" Kristen asked.

"Yeah, repetitive thumping, what sounds like muffled cries. The door's always locked, then you send me that damn video of you and him frolicking naked together on the beach," Doug said.

"Wait, hold on a sec. We were only doing that to help you," Kristen said. "Help me?"

"Yes, help you. You said yourself later that it made you hard. Is that not what we've been wanting?"

"Why are you dodging my question? Are you guys having sex or not?" Doug asked.

Kristen laughed. "Oh honey, do you realize how ridiculous a question that is? Why don't you just ask me if I think he's in there screwing our mothers right now while you're at it," she said.

In the next bedroom over, Garrett was doing just that. Pam was on her back and the teen was on top, fucking her with deep thrusts. "Ohhh shit, Grandma," he whimpered, his ass rising and

falling between her thick splayed thighs.

"Oohh darling," she cried out, tightening her big smooth legs around him. Her cute little bare feet with pink painted toes, bobbed up and down from the power of his fuck-thrusts.

He squeezed her soft body, sinking into her curves and feeling her huge warm tits sandwiched between them. He'd never fucked someone with a pussy this tight. Unbeknownst to him, Garrett's Grandfather was impotent, so Pam wasn't having her cunt stuffed like she had when she was younger. The result was having a narrow vagina, like that of a virgin.

Her tight muscled tube stretched obscenely around her Grandson's thick meat, moulding like a spongy sleeve to its every contour. He

notice that the back of her cunt also felt a little different than his moms. He didn't know why and he didn't care. It felt amazing.

Delores was on her side next to them, one huge tit stacked on top of the other, as she watching them fuck. "There you go, darling. Show Grandma Pam what it's all about," she said.

"Ohh yeaaah," Garrett replied, slicing his cock through the tight pussy. He reached down and clutched her big ass-cheeks, squeezing as he increased his tempo.

"Ohhh dear God," Pam cried, throwing her head back in pleasure.

Garrett continued holding her ass and fucking hard, but lifted his head to watch his Grandmother cum. Her pretty face twisted with pleasure. He felt her thick thighs trembling. "Yeaah, cum on my dick, Grandma," he panted.

And that she did, squeezing his humping cock like a velvet vice. The pleasure was so exquisite the teen's knob tingled and his eyes rolled back in delight. "Ohhh shit," he sighed.

Her back arched, lifting her grandson up, as the orgasm surged through her busty frame."Uuuunnhhgg!" Pam screamed. There no way everyone in the house didn't hear it. Her body tensed up even more, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining as she arched her head back. Her pretty face was now masked with a pleasure-filled grimace. "Uuuunnhhggfuuck!" she cried out in ecstasy.

The teen marveled at what he was witnessing. This was his Grandma, naked and completely uninhibited and at the moment she was at the mercy of one of nature's most powerful forces. it was amazing.

After humping her hard through her mind-blowing orgasm, he surmised that she hadn't cum that hard in a long time, maybe never. Garrett pulled his erection out. It was shiny and dripping with Pam's

secretions. He turned to Delores, who was now on her knees beside him. She reached out and stroked his boner with her pretty hand. "Mmm, she did wet your dick," Delores said. "Lay down on your back and let's add my oils to the mix."

Garrett fell back onto the mattress and watched the older version of his mom straddle his loins. He looked down at her smooth shaved mons and watched her clutch his cock and feed it's big purple knob into her cunt-groove. Both Grandma and Grandson sighed in unison as Delores lowered her hips and sent his boner squeezing up her vagina. She wasted no time bouncing on his dick, rising from balls to knob over and over.

"Ohhh yess, that's what I love," she cried out, bouncing up and down on her Grandson.

For Garrett the view was insane. His mom had big, big tits, but his Grandma's were just mega- big and they were putting on quite a show for him. They reminded him of two overfilled water- balloons in the shape of full-sized watermelons. He was absolutely awestruck as he watched her giant knockers leap way off her chest, smacking and rippling as they swooped back down.

"Can I suck your tits, Grandma?" he asked lustfully.

"Of course you can, darling. Just don't let them knock you unconscious," she said, making Pam giggle.

"I'll be careful," he said, watching the wobbling wonders drop to his face. Delores rested her hands on the mattress, her arms extended as she leaned forward. Her ass continued a steady rise and fall, humping his throbbing cock through the muscled grip of her cunt-sheath.

Garrett was suddenly like a kid in a candy store, rubbing his face up in between her tits. "Ohhh, man," he muttered, marveling at all the soft tit-meat.

His Grandma Pam smiled at him. "Definitely a boobie-boy," she said.

Delores smiled. "Mmm-hmm, he loves his momma's boobies, don't you darling?" "Yeah," the teen said, kissing and licking her huge pocket of cleavage.

"She let's them swing for you and rubs them against your young body. She loves when you suck and chew on her nipples. She told me so," Delores said.

Pam knelt right beside them, letting her own impressive set of jugs dangle near the boy. "Does she let you stick you dick between them, honey?" she asked. "Does she oil you up and fuck her big titties around your cock?"

"Uh-huh," he gasped.

"It feels good, doesn't it? I bet she lets you squirt your milky sperm all along her neck and across

her pretty face," Pam said.

Garrett latched on to one of Delores's breasts, stuffing as much tit-meat into his mouth as he could get. His tongue danced across her big fleshy nipple, sending a surge of pleasure shooting through the Grandmother's voluptuous body.

Delores stopped bouncing and swiveled her wide hips, stirring his stiff peter like a gear-shift inside her clutching vagina. She placed a hand around his head, pulling him even tighter against her tit. Garrett's face sunk into the spongy melon as he continued sucking to his heart's content. Her fat nipple stretched into his mouth as he pulled and slurped vigorously.

Overwhelmed with lust, Delorores dropped her chest to his, making her nipple pop out of his mouth. "Ohh darling, fuck me as hard as you can," she cried out. Garrett wrapped her in his arms, bouncing

his his hips from the mattress, pumping his cock and meeting her thrust for thrust.

"Uugghhooo!" she cried, buying her face in his neck. Her big milkers sloshed, bulging out at the sides from being sandwiched between them. "Ohh fuck yeaah," the teen sighed, basking in all the warm squishy flesh on top of him, while feeling his dick squeeze through the juicy grip of her mature cunt.

She clawed his shoulders and worked her pussy tirelessly on his prick, feeling her orgasm swell inside her. "That's it, yesss, help me cross the finish line," Delores cried out.

The spasms quivered exquisitely through her throbbing cunt, making her nipples throb and her asshole pucker as she began to cum all over her Grandson's dick. Delores threw her head back in ecstasy, her big dark mane of hair whipping around. "Fuck me, darling! I'm getting off!" she cried out. "Unnghhh! Oh fuck, Garrett, oh shit, ooohh shit, I'm cuuuummmmiiiinnnnggggg!"

"Ohhh wow," Garrett sighed as he felt the contractions of her pussy muscles around his burrowing cock. He fucked her harder than ever, helping her through the apex of her cum. Her pussy made lewd squishing sounds as she creamed all over his meat. Garrett's knob tingled, swelling so big it felt like it was gonna pop off the end of his dick. "I wanna cum on both your asses," he said.

Delores knew he was edging, so quickly jumped up and joined Pam on her hands and knees. Garrett rose up, squeezing his juice-slickened erection, giving little strokes around the crown of his knob. He pointed his piss-hole at the pairs of naked half-moons hovering side by side. "Uhh... oh shit, Ughhhh!" He groaned, making a big rope of jizz splatter against Pam's ass.

"Uughh!" A second and third band of jizz struck Delores's meaty buns, running down along the crinkled ring of her asshole. "Ohh shit," he whimpered, painting their rumps with hot cum.

The teen slept comfortably between his busty Grandmothers. He woke up in the morning alone, birds outside chirping and the bright sun shining through the window. He looked at the clock and saw that it was just past eleven. "Damn," he muttered, letting out a big yawn.

He heard giggling outside the window, so he walked over and peered out. On the waterside deck below he saw his bikini-clad female relatives basking in the sun.

"Fuck me," he muttered, checking out the thonged asses and the bulging tit-flesh oozing from their bikini tops.

Kristen was sprawled out on her tummy on a lounger between Misty and best friend Angie. The three women wore mini micro bikinis. The g-stringed bottoms left their meaty asses pretty

much naked. There were just strings rounding their hips and another tucked down between their ass-globes. Emily and Laura were also on loungers, but sprawled on their backs. Their bikinis were just as skimpy, lewdly showing off their motherly curves.

Garrett found a half-filled water-bottle on the bedside table and playfully squirted some out the window. His Mom and Misty screamed and sat up as the cold water splashed on their mommy-asses. The teen watched their nearly naked jugs wobble heavily as they peered up at him. "Hey, get down here so I can slap that naughty ass," Kristen shouted playfully.

"I don't think so," Garrett said, then squirted more water, this time hitting Emily and Laura. His two cousins screamed and jumped up, glaring up at him. "Oh, you're gonna get it," Emily said as her and Laura rushed inside, their big boobies nearly bouncing out of their bikini-tops.

Garrett rushed out of the room, into the one his Mom had slept in and hid inside the small closet. He heard his cousins giggling as they

rushed up the stairs. "Ah, the little boy's hiding," he heard Laura say.

"I'll check the bathroom," said Emily as the girls separated. "Where are you little boy?" she sang.

No more than a minute later, the closet door flew open and Emily was standing there. "Gotcha!" she said and was immediately squirted with more water. She screamed playfully. "You shit!" she shouted, water dripping down into her deep cleavage and across her giant naked baby-orb.

Emily rushed into the closet, backing him into the corner. "I am SO gonna kick your ass," she teased, wrestling the bottle from him.

"I'm SO gonna spank yours," Garrett said, pushing her to one side, leaning over and smacking her exposed ass-cheek.

She gazed at him lustfully, cocking her thick ass out to be slapped again. "Mmm, harder daddy," she said in a sexy girl-voice.

Garrett smacked it again, making her buttocks jiggle. "Yess, fuck my pussy now," she cried out, throwing her arms around his neck and locking lips. Garrett's heart beat a mile a minute as he felt her pierced tongue wrestle with his. Her huge milk-swollen jugs and ginormous pregnant belly pressed against him, blocking his escape.

Emily lustfully reached back with one hand and untied her bikini-top, while clutching his hard

cock and stroking it with the other. All this while hungrily making out with her younger cousin. "You wanna play?" she asked, between kisses, "let's fucking play," she said as her big jugs sprung free.

Laura smiled over her cousin's shoulder, peeling her own skimpy top off and releasing her big mammaries. "Let's get him to the bed. I wanna fucking rape him," she said lustfully.

Garrett brazenly reached around and cupped Emily's big buttocks, lifting her from the floor. "Not yet," he said, turning them around. She gazed in adoration and threw her curvy legs around him as he pinned her in the corner. The teen latched on to one of her melons and gorged himself with a mouthful of tit-flesh. Breast milk sprayed into his mouth and around lashing tongue from several different milk-duct orifices around her swollen teet. "Mmnnn," the boy whimpered, his head swirling with arousal.

Still clutching his boner, Emily drug it's bulbous tip through the juicy folds of her pudenda. When it squeezed against her protruding clitoris, she gasped hornily "fuuuck!" she cried out, then quickly fed his pecker into her fuck-hole.

Garrett thrust forward, burying his muscled meat inside her. "Ohhh, fuck yesss," Emily hissed, feeling the dome of his knob squeeze against the head of her cervix. Her husband's dick had certainly never reached that far.

Laura stroked his shoulders and rubbed her tits on his back as Garrett started to drive his hard- on through the hot slippery walls of Emily's cunt. She clung to the teen, her big pregnant belly pressed against his toned abs.

Garrett's cock bulged and flexed as it dug deep in her cunt, exploring the unique feel of pregnant pussy. Kegels were a regular part of Emily's regimen, resulting in a strong muscled cunt that squeezed and milked Garrett's penis exquisitely.

"Ohhh shit," the teen gasped in pleasure, his cousin's leaking nipple popping from his mouth.

After ten minutes humping pleasure, Emily slipped to the floor. Garrett turned to Laura, who wasted no time trying to climb into his clutches. "Fuck mee," she said hornily, gazing at him.

As he had with Emily, Garrett picked Laura up and engaged in the standing fuck position. Her thick ass beat against his loins, punching his strong erection through her hot pink pussy. They kissed passionately and their tongues beat together in a frenzy of lust.

"Ohh my God, it feels so fucking good," Laura sang, leaning back and extending her lush legs so that she was pointing her cute painted toes at an upward angle. Garrett clutched her meaty behind and rammed his rod nice and deep, making her beautiful body bounce up and down. The young mother let out sweet girlish cry as an orgasm tore through body.."Uuuunnhhooo!"

After Garrett humped her through her hard cum, Laura slipped back to the floor. Emily wasted

no time grasping him by the boner and leading him to bed. She crawled under the canopy, onto the mattress. The boys eyes were drawn to her big wagging buttocks.

She rolled gracefully onto her back, then parted her sexy legs high in the air. The gawking teen watched them form a wide V, propped back so far that her sexy feet were flexed and pointed at the wall behind her. "Do you like this Gare-Gare? Do you like fucking all these married women?" she asked naughtily.

"Our husbands would be sooo mad if they knew how hard you're about to fuck us," Laura said..

Emily squeezed her huge pregnant tits together. "But that's what you get for being a young stud with a big dick. You get to fuck all of us horny cheating wives."

Laura giggled. "Your dad should be thankful he has you, to fill that void in your mother's cunt," she said. "He certainly doesn't have what it takes to fill it."

Emily continued gazing at him. "He should be grateful that your pumping all that hot baby-batter inside his wife," she said, then rubbed her fleshy orb, "Making her belly big and round and pregnant so you can rub your juicy dick all over it."

"Ohh damn," Garrett said, grasping his erection and giving it a few strokes.

"Mmm, you like that don't you, loverboy? You like all that nasty fucking dirty-talk," Emily said. "Yess."

"Do you wanna come shove that dick back inside your hot fuck-doll cousin?" she asked lustfully. "Heck yeah I do," he muttered, his boner twitching eagerly.

"Then get your sexy ass between my legs and get busy," Emily said.

Garrett did just that, climbing on top and slicing his prick through her horny hole. "Come on, pound the fuck outta me!" she cried, bouncing her buns off the mattress, helping her cousin find a rhythm.

Fucking Emily's hot pregnant body made him even more eager to impregnate his mom. He could only imagine what Kristen's tits would look swollen with milk. His cock flexed at the thought of her big round tummy pack with their child.

Garrett's ass bobbed up and down, fucking the meaty thickness of his hard-on all the way into her clasping cunt. For a moment he stopped and left it buried all the way in. He rested on top of her naked body, crushing her mammoth tits beneath his chest as he felt her cunt tunnel clinging to his manhood. Garrett flexed his cock and Emily responded with a quick squeeze. She giggled excitedly. "You like to fuck as much as I do, don't you?"

"Maybe more," he said.

"Doubt it," she giggled, then gazed lustfully. "Make me scream so I can squirt my fucking juice on you," she said.

Garrett's hips set back in motion. His cousin's cunt made wet liquidy sounds as her walls lubricated his cock with slippery oils. He delighted in the fact that any day she'd be squeezing a baby down her fuck-tube with fragments of his spunk still clinging to her walls. Right now that tube was shrinking up, her body stiffening. "I'm gonna cream!" she gasped. "Ohhh God, your cock is so fucking amazing! Fuck me Harder... harder, I'm cuumingg, Uuuunnhhgg!"

The site of her curvy pregnant body trembling in orgasm was out of this world. Mixed with the feel of a clasping cunt that was washing his boner in hot girl-cum sent him right over the edge.

He fucked her faster than ever, shuddering as his cousin's cunt milked and contracted around his throbbing member. Out of nowhere, the spunk started shooting, gushing out of his prick A torrent of jizz blasted up Emily's pleasure-tunnel, completely deluging her pussy in a shower of creamy cum.

After lunch, Garrett went out on the boat dock to try his hand at fishing. He cast the line out and slowly reeled it in. "Catch anything yet? A voice said. It was his Mom, walking up the dock towards him. He marveled at how incredibly sexy she looked sashaying towards him in the skimpiest bikini he'd ever seen. All the mom's bikinis were so ridiculously scanty, they may as well have just been naked.

"Nothing yet," Garrett said. "You sure about that?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She stepped up and embraced him. "Well, you caught me. Hook, line and sinker," she said, then fed him sensual kiss.

Their eyes lingered together for a moment. "I missed you last night,"she said lovingly. "Missed you too."

"Your Grandmothers were beaming this morning. Thank you." "My pleasure," Garrett said.

She smiled mischievously and winked. "I'm sure it was. I'm actually surprised you came out of there in one piece."

Garrett smiled. "It did get pretty intense."

"Speaking of intense, Patty thinks we should do another round of intercourse this afternoon." Kristen said.

Garrett faked a pout.."Do I have to?" he said,.making them both burst out laughing.

"Oh, I know. You have to fuck mom hard again and deliver another load. Bummer," she joked.

The twins, Allison and Susan came zipping up on matching jetskis. Both women wore life vests and tiny bikini bottoms.. "We're going out to the sandbar. You guys wanna come?" Allison said.

"It's a no for me. I've been forbidden from doing anything that might affect my PH levels," she said, making her sisters laugh.

"Oh God, please," Susan said, rolling her eyes.

Kristen smile half-embarrassed, "What, I trying to make a baby here."

"What about you, Gare-Gare?" Susan asked, "Don't worry, we won't make you do anything that'll affect your sperm levels," she said teasingly. "Oh, wait, actually, we might."

Kristen put her hands on her hips and glared at her sisters. "No sex. I need his sperm today," "Kristen, he's a teenage boy. He's producing like a hundred billion sperm an hour," Allison said. "Really? A hundred billion?" Kristen said with a sly smile.

"Ok, maybe not quite that many, but he's still producing a lot."

"Look, just don't drain him dry out there, okay," she said. "That's all I'm asking." "Grab a vest and hop aboard Gare-Gare," Allison said.

Garrett kissed his mom.and joined Allison on her jetski..They zipped off across the lake. The teen sat behind his Aunt on the seat with her ass pressed up against his groin. He reached around and held onto the smooth rounded contour of her pregnant belly. Several times in route, the sisters would playfully zip around each other, cutting through waves and kicking spray. "Woooo!" Allison shouted, cutting a sharp turn around her sister's jetski.

After continuing on, they arrived at a small island with some trees and a beautiful sandbar extending out one side of it. Garrett dove into the water and the twins anchored the jetskis and took off their life-vests. Garrett was mesmerized by Allison's bikini. It was a white mesh bandeau-syle top with Brazilian micro-bikini bottoms. She might as well have been naked. The teen could see the split of her mons, as well as her huge round areola and nipples through the fabric.

She gracefully dove off the jetski and headed for Garrett as Susan opened the storage area of her craft, taking out a dry blanket and some towels. "Hey sis, let's take him over to the notch," Susan said, hopping over to the island.

Garrett sat on the sandy bottom, watching Allison close the distance between them. "What's the

notch?" he asked.

"When we were your age, we'd bring our boyfriends out here, obviously for sex," she said, swimming up and straddling him. "Even though it's completely private, we wanted to find an

area that wasn't just out in the open. So we found the notch. Come on, I'll show you," Allison said.

She held his hand and led him ashore, into the small thick patch of trees on the island. "Wait, is this same island where my dad proposed to my mom?" Garrett asked.

"All our husbands proposed here. It became kind of a silly tradition. Look over here," she said, leading him over to a birch tree. Carved on the trunk were a few big hearts with names in the middle. Garrett found one that read: "Doug + Kristen."

Allison smiled at him wickedly. "You should carve that one off the tree. Get rid of it. Then carve a new one, with you and your Mom's names."

Garrett smile. "Cool idea, but it might kinda set my dad off."

"Ha, he's in a fucking wheelchair. You really think he's ever gonna be out here again?" "Probably not," Garrett said.

"I think you should carve one for you and your mom, then bring her out here sometime...and propose to her," Allison said with a mischievous smile.

"Propose to her?" Garrett asked in surprise.

"Why not. You guys are an adorable couple. You're having a baby together. Hell, you're already living like newlyweds. Why not seal the deal," she said.

"Yeah, but she's already like, married to my dad."

"Well, yeah, legally, but a lot of bonds are formed in private and only certain people know about them. Look at you giving your mom a baby, for example. Your dad will think the child's his, but secretly, we all know who the baby-daddy is. The same could be said for

marriage. Just because marrying your mother is frowned upon by society doesn't make it any less real," Allison explained.

"True," Garrett said, pondering the idea.

"Where are you guys?" Susan called, from somewhere nearby.

"Oh, the notch. Come on, I'll show you," Allison said, leading him through a few bushes.

"There you are," Susan said. There was a sunny "notch" in the terrain about 8-feet square. Between the dip in the earth and surrounding bushes, it was completely private. Susan had a blanket spread out. She laid in the center, completely naked, propped on her elbows. The site of

her smooth sexy legs and ample jugs made the teen's cock rise. Susan fed him a naughty smile. "You didn't think we brought you out here just to swim, did you?" she asked.

A few minutes later he was humping between her wide-open legs." Harder, Gare-Gare!" she squealed hotly. She clawed her fingernails up his back and furiously gyrated her ass, gasping as as his thick meat dug against her pleasure-spots. "Oh, fuck, it's so good… your cock feels so good inside me," she cried.

Allison was naked too, sprawled out next to her sister. Her knees were back and her thighs were splayed wide. Her pregnant mommy-melons jostled on her chest as she hornily rubbed her clitoris. She gazed at the teen's toned chest like a possessed sex-zombie. "Fuck meee," she cried out.

Garrett crawled from between Susan's legs, his big hard dick wagging obscenely as he moved over between Allison's thick thighs. He rubbed his juicy knob through her labium, teasing her fat clit. Allison gasped hornily, bobbing her ass up and down, desperate to get her ass fucked off.

"In meee," she whimpered,"I need it in mee."

The teen watched her face melt with ecstacy as he pushed his hard Peter up her juice-slickened fuck-tube. He brought his body down onto hers, feeling her warm baby-orb mold to his torso. He didn't know how good his uncles were at fucking, but he was determined to blow his Aunts minds.

He sunk down into her plush body, his toned young ass doing a steady rise and fall in her silky saddle. "Ohh fuck yeahh," he sighed as he began to pound the fuck out of her. "Yeesss," Allison gasped, throwing her curvy legs back even further, giving her nephew all the room he needed. Garrett used to love looking at his Aunt's sexy bare feet when he was a kid.. Her toenails were always freshly painted. He used to imagine what they must look like pointed high in the air, her soft soles arched like a ballerina while her uncle propped her beautiful legs back and enjoyed the marital pleasure of her cunt.

Now, the answer to the boyhood mystery was right before his eyes. Right up there at the tops of her spread-eagled legs, those same pretty feet, pointed back and bobbing around from the power of his thrusts. The thrusts of their little Gara-Gare as he used their bodies like his own personal fuck-dolls.

Allison whipped her ass up in a frenzy of fuck-lust, grunting and moaning like a bitch in heat as she humped her quivering cunt at the base of his cock. "Ohh fuck babe, your cock is gonna make my pussy cum! Ohh! Ohhh, shit I'm gonna squirt my juice on your big cock. Shit... ohhh shit..." she cried out.

Her body suddenly went into a shaking fit. "Uuuhhggh! Fuuuck!" her beautiful voice sang.

Her orgasm spurred Garrett on. He sank down onto her big, sloshing tits, feeling her engorged

nipples poking his chest as he cradled his sweaty face between her neck and shoulder. His hands came down, clutching the sides of her humping ass cheeks. Then he eagerly worked his hips to meet her fuck-strokes, ramming his tingling cock in and out of her tightly clinging cunt.

"Ohhh shit," he whimpered, feeling her soft curves quiver beneath him. Her experienced pussy massaged his dick with her muscled walls while soaking it in hot girl-cum.

He looked over to see Susan on her hands and knees with her ass pointed at him.Her pretty wanton face gazed back at him, just beyond her thick wagging buttocks. "Fuck me doggy," she cried out.

Garrett climbed off of Allison and mounted her twin's haunches. Susan gasp as she felt his hardness pack her cunt full. "Yesss. Oh my God," she said, humping her cunt on him, setting their bodies in motion.

The teen grabbed her hips and fucked her with deep rapid thrusts. Her ass-flesh quivered and big titties swung as she engaged her nephew in a hot doggy-fuck. Sex in the full sun had coated their bodies in a glistening layer of perspiration.

Allison knelt next to the boy. They kissed as she rubbed her swollen orbs on him, while listening to her sister's ass beat against him in a repetitive wet slap.. "Do you like it, Gare-Gare?" she said between kisses, "Do you like fucking our pussies on the very spot where our husbands proposed to us?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

"I'm gonna cum. Go hardeer!" Susan gasped.

Garrett complied, humping as hard as he could. Allison watched his glistening cock piston in and out from between her sister's wildly

swinging ass-globes. "Yess, make her melt on you, honey. Fuck the shit out of her," she said.

Susan suddenly threw her head back. "Cuuuming!! Ohhh my God," she cried out, her sexy body quivering from a hard cum.

"Ohhhh, look at her shake, honey. You're making her cream hard," Allison said, then kissed him some more, their tongues flicking together passionately. She gazed at him with her alluring eyes. "Fuck me more," she said lustfully.

She led her nephew onto his back and climbed on top of him. Garrett licked his lips, watching her sweat-sheened flesh settle down on top of him. He felt her hand grasp his boner and feed it into her creamy cunt. "You just lay back and let Aunt Allison fuck you," she said.

Garrett did just that, putting his hands behind his head and watching his pregnant Aunt bounce on his cock. The view was amazing. Her big baby-ball heaved up and down, her super-sized knockers wobbling.. All topped off by her beautiful pleasure-filled face..

After five minutes of sitting upright and humping on her nephew's boner, Allison leaned forward, resting on extended arms. Her buttocks continued to bob up and down, squeezing Garrett's hard boner through her slippery love-sleeve.

"Yess, thrust your hips now. Fuck it right back at this girl," she panted.

Garrett rocked his hips, aiding in their deep fuck. Allison's huge sweaty tits swung right above his face. He watched the milk-droplets seep from her engorged nipples and drip down onto him. "Ohhh shit," he panted excitedly.

Allison was gasping as well, throwing her hair around as a monster orgasm swelled inside her pussy. "Ohhh... ohh shit, I'm gonna cum

on your cock so fucking hard," she whimpered, then dropped down on top of him writhing of humping.

"Ohhh," Garrett sighed in complete lust as he squeezed his head up between her milk-filled melons, kissing the inside of one of them. He licked his way across the spongy flesh, then latched on to her swollen tip. Milk flowed plentifully and he nursed like a starving infant.

Allison squeezed his spearing muscle with her strong coital walls. Her juicy excresions and soft inner lining had created a pit of pleasure for the teen's cock. He flexed his boner, making her body tingle from her tits to her asshole. "Ohhh fuck, I'm cuuuming!" she cried out. "Ohh God.. ohh shit, dick me hard Gara-Gare!"

Still sucking, the teen whimpered into her sweaty boob, while fucking with everything had.

He felt her cushy body stiffen up. "Uuuunnhhgg!" his Aunt cried out, a big explosion of girl-cum squelching out from between joined genitals. Garrett's knob throbbed like crazy. The hot gooey friction was just too much for him. "Ohhhmmm," he whimper tugging her rubbery nipple and areola as hard as he could with the suction of his mouth.

His cock spouted big gooey geysers out it's tip, hosing her cervix. Allison use her strong mommy-cunt to pump his prick good, milking out all the hot spunk. For five minutes the sweaty heap bucked and writhed, enjoying every second of juicy orgasm they could draw out.

Later that afternoon, back at the lakehouse, Garrett enjoyed two sessions of baby-making with Kristen. "Ohhh mom," he cried out, pumping out his hot semen deep inside her. The feel of her warm curvy mommy-body clutching onto him was like no other.

That night, he belonged to Misty and Kristen's friend Angie. The two women took turns riding the spire of his cock, cumming multiple

times. Garrett sucked their big bouncing titties and enjoyed their strong tongues twisting through his mouth.

Misty took his first load, deep in her squeezing cunt while her legs were propped back on his shoulder.

Angie got the second load of spunk, but not in her pussy. This mother had a real love of anal sex

and Garrett shot off deep in her rectum. "Ohhh fuuck," he sighed as her thick muscular ass slapped against his lean torso, drawing out every ounce of spunk he had left.

A week later, back at home, Garrett waited anxiously by the front door as he heard his Mom's car pull up. Kristen came in, put her purse aside, then took her son's hand.

Doug sat in the livingroom with the TV on. She flashed him an awkward smile as she quickly pulled Garrett towards their bedroom, her dainty heels clicking on the floor. "Hi, honey," she said.

"Everything ok?" Doug asked.

"Fine," she answered from the hallway.

She rushed her son into their bedroom and closed the door. He gazed at her anxiously. "How did it go?" he asked.

Her eyes welled up with tears as she smiled from ear to ear, gazing back at her boy. "We did it. I'm pregnant," she said, then latched on for a big boob-squashing hug. "I'm pregnant with your baby."

"Wow, that's awesome," Garrett said.

They broke their embrace and shared a lovers gaze. "So when do we tell dad?" he asked.

"We've got time. It'll be awhile before I start showing, but I don't wanna wait too long to tell him. I'll put my plan in action tonight."

Garrett glanced at the swell of her boobs. "So when um...do your boobs start squirting out milk?" he asked.

She giggled. "Is someone excited to nurse?" she teased. "Um, yeah," he said, making her laugh.

"My nipples will leak colostrum or clear fluid during the first stages of my pregnant. It's not exactly the same stuff I'll produce when I'm breastfeeding, but it is my breasts' way of priming the pump, so to speak."

"So when does milk really start shooting out, like Emily and Aunt Allison's tits were?" the teen asked.

"By month seven, I'll start drowning you," she said with a smile. "Sweet," Garrett said, grinning eagerly.

That night, Doug rolled out of the bathroom in his wheelchair to see his wife standing by his bed in a pale-pink baby-doll. She stood in a sexy pose, with one leg bent at the knee and cocked out. He could clearly see her big jutting breasts through the transparent nightie. "Hi. This is a

surprise," he said.

"Remember we talked about having another baby sometime?" she said. "Yeah," he answered, suddenly feeling some performance anxiety. "Well...I'm ready," she said with a sweet smile.

A couple minutes later, Kristen squirmed around on top of her naked husband, kissing his neck. She reached down and fondled his flaccid penis. "Come on honey, get it hard for me."

"I'm trying babe," Doug sighed in frustration.

She brought her lips to his ear. "Get it hard for Mommy," she said seductively. "Ohh Jesus," he hissed, his body trembling with arousal.

"Yeah, you like that don't you. You and your perverted little Mommy fantasy," she said. "Get it hard so you can fuck Mommy and put a baby in her," Kristen said.

"Ohhh," Doug sighed, rubbing his hands across her soft body. Her silk-covered tits felt amazing on his chest.

Kristen felt his peter harden up a little. "Ohh yeah, now it's getting some life," she said. His knob twitched and she knew she didn't have much time.

She sat up and squeezed his half-hard penis inside her as best she could, then ground her cunt on it, trying to push more in. "Come on, shoot your wad inside mommy," she cried out.

"Ohhh damn babe," he whimpered. "I'm cumming."

Doug's head was was tilted back in pleasure, so he didn't see the pathetic look his wife was giving him. "Come on," she said, patiently, rocking her hips.

When her son came inside her cunt, she knew it. She could feel his powerful jets of spunk hosing he insides. With her husband, she felt nothing. She knew it was probably just trickling out and the wormy little peter was just barely staying inside her. However, it served her purpose and she hoped off as soon as he was finish.

Doug sighed with a big smile. "That was amazing," he said.

Kristen faked a smile of her own. "Hopefully we'll get some good news," she said. "That would be great," Doug said.

"Ok, well, goodnight hon," she said, leaning over and giving him a quick kiss.

Doug looked at what she still had on and how her nude body was clearly exposed beneath the

transparent baby-doll. "Is Garrett home?" he asked. "Yeah, he's in bed already," she said.

"Might be a good idea to change before you go back in there," Doug said. Kristen giggled. "Oh right, thanks. I guess I forgot what I was wearing."

She threw a towel around her body and blew her husband a kiss. "Goodnight," she said.

Once in her and her son's bedroom, she ditched the towel and climbed into bed with her son. "How did it go?" he asked as she climbed on top of him.

"I don't wanna talk about it," she said, then planted some sensual kisses. "I just need you to fuck me hard," she said lustfully.

Garrett rolled his Mom onto her back and pounded her cunt mercilessly. It was in stark contrast to what she got from her husband, but she was thankful she got it over with.

It was a week later that she announced her pregnancy to Doug. He was over the moon with joy and bit proud of himself for delivering the goods. "Guess I still got it, huh?" he said to his wife.

"You still got it, hon," she lied, smiling over at her son.

Over the next nine months, Kristen's tummy and tits grew to gigantic proportions.

Garrett whimpered, his entire face sunk down and surrounded in breast-meat. A huge distended nipple and areola were sucked inside his mouth, tit-milk squirting out from every direction. He slurped and gulped and slurped and gulped, savoring the taste of her nectar as it

squirted across his laving tongue. Before he passed out from lack of oxygen, he emerged from Kristen giant boob, gasping for air.

Kristen looked at his milk-soaked face a giggled. "You like it honey?" she asked.

"Oh my God, yes," he said, sinking back down, planting lustful kisses inside her massive cleavage.

"Wanna fuck some more?" she asked with an eager smile.. "Hell yeah," he said.

"How do you want me?" she asked.

"On top," he said, plopping down on his back.

Kristen giggled, mounting his loins. "You're favorite," she said. His cock slid in and she lowered herself down, resting on extended arms that were planted astride his head. "And I wonder why?" she joked watching her son gaze up at her massive mammaries.

Kristen was weeks away from giving birth, but she could still fuck like a porn-star. Her juicy cunt squeezed and milked her son's hard muscle as it rode up and down on it steadily. "Yess, so fucking good," the mother sighed.

Garrett loved the feel of her huge baby-ball mashed against his lower chest. It felt a lot like a huge round boob, but not quite as soft. A least once a day he would rub his cock all over it and have his Mom jerk him off so he could watch his jets of cum splash across her belly.

Kristen ginormous milk-filled jugs swung heavily around his face. He loved watching them swing and slosh and leak. The way they trembled like big ballooning sacks of jello when she orgasmed made his knob tingle every time.

If Doug wasn't suspicious before her pregnancy, he certainly was now. His wife and son would constantly disappear, locking themselves in their bedroom for endless hours of the day. At night, he continued to hear repetitive knocking sounds against the wall of his bedroom, which would sometimes go on for what seemed like forever. He also continued to be awakened by what sounded like muffled crying or grunting sounds.

He finally decided to confront it, wheeling himself down to their bedroom and knocking on the door. It took Kristen a minute to answer. She had thrown a robe over her nude body and her hair was disheveled. "What's wrong? Is everything ok," she asked.

"No, Kristen, what's all the noise coming from in there?" Doug asked impatiently. "Noise?" she asked, playing stupid.

"Yes, noise. I've told you before...I hear noises through the wall."

"Doug you're probably just hearing our music. Sometimes we leave it on."

"It's not on now, so what were those strange noises I was just hearing?" he asked.

"Look, this just confirms what we've been talking about for months. We need more space. The baby's coming, our bedrooms are cramped right next to each other, so we hear everything. We just need a bigger house," Kristen said.

"Has the realtor called you back?" Doug asked.

"That guys an asshole. I'm done with him. Angie knows a realtor who's really good. I'll go see her tomorrow...have her show me some houses."

Doug huffed. "I would really love to be able to look at these places with you," he said.

"I know, unfortunately most homes don't come standard with a handicap ramp, honey. I'll take some video and whatever house we decide on, we'll get a ramp built right away," she said.

"Alright," Doug said, looking at the massive swell of her tits through the robe. Kristen's thick

nipples protruded from the fabric, making it perfectly obvious that she was naked beneath. "Try to get some sleep," she said, then closed the door.

Doug went back to bed. Unable to sleep, he clicked on his TV to watch some game highlights. He wasn't at all surprised to hear a strange repetitive creaking sound through the wall again. He did his best to ignore it.

Inside Kristen and Garrett's room, the big bed creaked as it rocked wildly. Kristen's legs were spread high in the air, her little feet flexing as Garrett fucked her hard and fast. The teen whimpered in delight, sucking one of her pregnant tits while hammering away at her cunt.

"Cuuuming!" Kristen squealed as quietly as she was able. She quickly brought a pillow of her face and screamed into it as her legs shook from the powerful orgasmic shockwave shooting through her.

"Mmmggh!" Garrett whimpered into her fleshy tit, milk spewing from his mouth as he felt his hard pecker being washed in hot girl-cum. "Mmhhgghh!" he groan as cum-ropes fired from his piss-slit. "Mmgghh!... Mmgghh!" he grunted, hosing his Mother's cervix while biting down on the thick fleshy ring of her areola.

They bucked and writhed, drawing out their juicy orgasms as long as they could. "Ohh man, I hope dad didn't hear that one," Garrett muttered, catching his breath.

"Probably did, but big deal, it was just our music," she joked, making them both laugh.

Garrett was munching on some cereal the next morning when he got a text from his Aunt Misty. "Hey cutie, what are you doing this morning?"

"Nothing much. Mom has an appointment to see the realtor lady," he texted back.

He got a text back. "So I heard. Your Uncle Steve is home, but a friend of his is over helping him build a deck. Wanna come over and keep me company?"

"Sure ," he texted back.

" " was Misty's final message.

Garrett heard his Mom's heels click into the kitchen. Kristen wore a pink, brushed knit, wrap fitted maternity dress. The snug outfit accentuated the swell of her enormous pregnant tummy. "I'm off. Should be back in a couple hours. What's your plan today, sweetheart," she asked.

"Going over to hang out with Aunt Misty."

Kristen smiled. "Hang out, huh? Well don't wear yourself out. I'm gonna need you later," she said, planting a wet kiss. "Oh and um, don't let your uncle Eric catch you fucking his wife," she said.

"I know, I know," Garrett said.

Kristen drove across town, through a maze of neighborhoods, following her GPS to the realtor's house. She got out of her car, went to the house and knocked on the door. A woman her age answered. "Heather?" Kristen asked.

"Yes, you must be Kristen. Come in," Heather said.

Heather was a tall thick Mother with short brown hair and big boobs. She led Kristen from the foyer, into the livingroom, where her son was playing video games on his phone. "Nick, I have a client here, so we need some privacy, honey," Heather said.

"Sure, Mom," her son said, getting a good look at Kristen's voluptuous body before meeting her eyes and sharing a "hi."

"Have a seat. Can I get you something to drink?" Heather asked her guest.

"I'm fine, thanks," Kristen said, noticing all the birthday balloons. "Looks like you're planning quite the party."

"Oh those, um, no, not really a party. More like a diversion," Heather said. "Diversion?"

Heather smiled. "It's a long story. Let's talk about you, Kristen. You guys are looking for a house in the area?"

"Yes, we were working with another realtor, but just weren't clicking. My friend Angie said you attend a workout class she does on Tuesdays and highly recommended you," Kristen said.

"Aww, Angie's a sweetheart. I do my best to please my clients. So tell me, what size place are you guys looking for?"

"A four bedroom, something definitely spacious. We have sort of a unique living arrangement, so if possible, maybe something with two master suites, at opposite ends of the house," Kristen explained.

"Hmm, interesting," Heather said, jotting down some note. "So is it a mother-in-law situation, where you're looking for separate living quarters?"

"No, nothing like that. My husband is disabled, so he needs his own space. My son and I have been sharing a room, but it's much too

small.. It would be great to have our own suite, with an adjoining bathroom possibly," Kristen said.

Heather smiled knowingly, scribbling down a few more notes. "So a suite for your husband and his needs and then a second suite for you and your son, preferably at opposite ends of the house," she said, then shared a look with Kristen, "for privacy reasons."

Kristen returned a smile. "Correct," she said.

"Wow, this is crazy, because a house just came on the market, that I think would be perfect for your situation. Would you be interested in taking a look?" Heather asked.

"Absolutely," Kristen said with a smile.

Garrett arrived at Misty's house. His uncle Steve and a friend were unloading some lumber from a truck. "Hey Uncle Steve," Garrett said.

"What's up, kid?" Steve said.

"Not much. Building a deck today?" Garrett asked. "That's the plan, unless I get called into work."

"Can't wait to see how it turns out," Garrett said, then went inside.

He found Misty in the kitchen doing a few dishes. She was wearing a pair of sexy pink boy- shorts and a cami top. Garrett took a moment to admire her meaty behind and the way it was spilling out the hems, before announcing his presence. "Reporting for duty, ma'am," he joked.

Misty giggled and turned, revealing the huge ball of a nine-month pregnant belly. "Hope you're ready for serious battle, trooper," she joked back.

"Always," he said, staring at the enormous swell of her pregnant jugs.

She sashayed towards him and draped her arms over his shoulders. Their lips met in an open oval and their tongues fluttered together in a deep french kiss. She led him into the livingroom, peering out the window at her husband. "What's he doing?

"They were just unloading the deck boards," Garrett said. "Wanna go upstairs?" Misty asked.

"What if he comes inside looking for you?" Garrett asked. "He won't if I'm not here," she said with a smile.

"What do you mean?" the teen asked.

Misty peeked her head out the back slider and saw her husband stacking boards for their project. "Honey, Garrett and I are going out for a walk. I asked him to come over and go with me," she said, patting her big tummy, "just in case, you know."

"Good plan, babe. Have a nice walk," he said.

Misty closed the door and smiled naughtily at her nephew. "See. Piece a cake. Now, let's go take that nice long walk."

She led him upstairs to her marital bed.

Across town, Heather was taking Kristen on a tour through a beautiful vacant home. Their dainty heels echoed through the hallway of the first floor. "So two smaller bedrooms on this floor,one for your daughter, the other as a nursery for the baby. Then we have that spacious master suite for your husband," Heather said.

"All on the main level, it would be perfect for him," Kristen said, following her upstairs.

"The second floor is the cherry on top, Kristen. When you explained your living situation, I immediately thought of this house," Heather said, leading her up onto a landing and through a set of huge double-doors.

"Oh my God," Kristen said, walking into a large space with a vaulted ceilings leading up to the peak of the roof. There was a huge picture-window looking out onto the trees. "It's beautiful," she said.

"It has an adjoining private bathroom, with a shower and huge jetted tub. The perfect private space for you and your son," Heather said.

Kristen gazed around. "With Doug being in a wheelchair...and the stairway, he wouldn't even be able to come to our door," she said.

"I take it that's a good thing?" Heather asked. "Yes, very good thing," Kristen said.

"Well, ours sons are about the same age, so I know all about the importance mother-son private time," Heather said. "You don't have to answer if it makes you uncomfortable, Kristen, but..is the baby your son's?"

Kristen smiled back. "It doesn't make me uncomfortable...and yes, it is." "That's hot," Heather said, making both of them giggle.

"Do you and your son engage sexually?" Kristen asked.

"Yes, but not vaginal sex. I guess we haven't crossed that barrier quite yet. I provide my son with routine assturbation, you must have heard of it?"

"Yeah, I have heard some of the Moms discussing it."

"Nick and and I have been doing it since he turned eighteen. Since then I've been helping other Moms make it a part of their daily

routine. In fact, those birthday balloons you were asking me about at my house, I was helping a Mom and her son, when the cops showed up on my doorstep. We had to use the 'birthday party' thing as a diversion, it was a mess," Heather said.

"Oh my God, how did the police find out?" Kristen asked.

"The women I was helping has a nosy neighbor apparently. She got suspicious and called the cops. Thank goodness we had a lookout sitting outside," Heather said.

"Garrett and I have never really tried anal. Maybe that's the next new and exciting step in our relationship," Kristen said.

"Nick and I have never tried vaginal sex. Maybe that's the next new and exciting step in ours. One thing I do know, some hot anal sex would be a great way to christen your new bedroom," Heather said with a smile.

"I'll need to shoot some video for Doug to see, but I think it's a sure bet that you've just sold us a house, Heather."

The realtor smiled. "I'll start writing up the paperwork today," she said.

At Misty house, Garrett was plowing his Aunt from the side. Her big baby-orb stuck way out, with her knee propped back and the teen's hard cock gliding in and out of her hot pussy. She had her head turned towards his and their tongues played outside their mouths. "Yess, oh God, you fuck me so good," she panted between licks.

She bucked her thick ass against him, enjoying the stiffness of his prick spearing into her. Garrett reached around and squeezed her pregnant melons, his fingers sinking so far into her squishy boobs that they disappeared. "Ohh yeaah," he sighed, feeling her cunt walls squeeze on his cock in reaction to his breast-massage.

She suddenly slipped away from him, taking his hand and pulling him off the bed with her. "Fuck me by the window," she said.

Misty bent over, leaning against the widow-frame, looking down at her husband as he worked. Garrett mounted her from behind. The meaty half-moons of her ass slapped against him as he fucked her in a steady rhythm.

Garrett leaned down against her back, reaching under and wrapping his palms around the swaying, mammoth globes of her spongy breasts. He squeezed and kneaded and pulled them, making her nipples ache and the milk trickle out. At the same time he continued the tempo of their humping, reaming out her pussy with long satisfying strokes of his stiff cock.

Misty stared out the window and giggled wickedly, delighted by the fact that she was looking at her husband while getting fucked by her hunky nephew. She peeked up at Garrett's panting face. "Fuck me harder!" she sighed.

Garrett lifted himself back upright, grabbed her hips and pumped her hard and fast. "Ohhh fuck yess, I love it," she gasped.

Watching his hard glistening pole slide in and out of his Aunt's cunt, while her big naked rump beat against him was a huge rush. It was only a week after his Mom's big announcement that Misty gave everyone the news of her own pregnancy. Her and Garrett weren't sure when it happened. They had fucked so much around that time that it was impossible to know when she had conceived. It was her and her husband first child and he was over the moon.

She peeked back at him lustfully. "Ohhh so fucking deep. You trying to hurt our baby?" she joked.

Garrett reached down and grabbed the back of her thighs, then lifted her up off the floor. She leaned back and threw her arms back

over his shoulders. "That better?" he joked, holding her so her knees were bent up, sexy feet with dark painted toenails dangling.

"Yesss...much," she gasped, humping her crotch on his big cock. "Take me to the window," she said.

"Are you sure?"

"Fuck yes, let's get daring, I'll cum harder," she said, reaching down and rubbing her engorged clitoris.

The teen carried her to the window as he fucked her. Misty big baby-orb pressed right up

against the glass. If her husband had looked up, he'd have got the shock of his life. His pregnant wife being held up from behind with his nephew's erection digging through her cunt.

Misty giggled and panted with the thrill of being displayed in site of her husband in the lewdest way imaginable. "Ohhh yess, I love it, baby. Ohhh... Ohh God, I'm gonna squirt all over your fucking dick," she cried. "Uuuunnhhgg!"

Misty's pussy erupted with juice, squelching around Garrett's meat and splashing against the window. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, feeling the hot girl-cum soak his cock and drip off his balls.

He carried her back to the bed and Misty slipped off him and rolled back onto the mattress, her big boobs wobbling like big pillowy obs of flesh across her chest. She brought her knees back spreading her thighs as far as they would go and rolled her tongue across her top lip lustfully as she rubbed the big thick nub of her clitoris.

Garrett watched the lewd display as he stood bedside, stroking his hard cock. Misty extended a leg and drug one of her pretty feet up his chest and to his mouth. Derek sucked on one of her pretty toes as they gazed hungrily into each other's eyes.

"Hold my legs and pound my pussy," she said.

The teen quickly complied, circling his arms around her silky legs and scooting her ass to the edge of the bed. He buried his cock inside her and humped like a madman. "Ohh fuck yess, hit it, baby," she cried out.

Misty squeezed her pretty feet around his face as the room filled with the repetitive slapping sounds of their bodies beating together. Misty's arms were thrown back on the bed and the teen stared at her jostling Mommy-melons as the moved to the force of his humping.

After five minutes of hammering her hard this way, Garrett pried her legs apart and dropped down on top of her. His ass was a blur as he fucked her with savage thrusts. He grunted like an animal in heat as he sunk down into her body fucking like his life depended on it.

"Yeeesss," Misty screeched, throwing her legs back as far as they would go. Her nephew latched on to one of her leaking breasts and sucked like a starving infant.

The big marital bed rocked and squeaked as their naked bodies bucked and humped on the mattress, clinging to each other in a hot frenzied fuck.

Garrett's knob swelled and tingled inside the juicy grip of her muscled walls. He knew that his Aunt always came more times than she announced. Every little while, while fucking her, he would feel her cunt-walls contract and juice up around his cock even more. Now was one of those times and it made his balls clench inside his sack.

"Mmmnnfff," he whimpered, milk spurting from his tit-stuffed mouth.

Misty curled her strong legs down, latching them around him like a fleshy fuck-harness. She used her little feet to push his ass, forcing

his cock in as deep as it would go. "Yesss, that's it,"she cried, rocking her pelvis, making it even more intense for him. "Fill my pregnant hole with your cum, baby boy."

"Uuhhh, shiiiit," Garrett groaned as his body shuddered and big milky ropes of cum spouted from his piss-slit. "Ogghhh!... Ogghhhh!" he grunted in delight, firing his spunk into the big pregnant hunk of flesh beneath him.

Kristen and Doug closed on the house that night and just as the wife promised, she had a construction crew out that next day to build a handicap ramp to the front door. Doug wheeled through the first floor as his wife gave him the physical tour of their new home. He stopped at the stairway leading to the second floor. "So we have a lot more space now. There's really no reason why we can't share a room, like a normal married couple."

Kristen sat down on his lap. "Honey, I looked at this house AND decided on it, with our current living arrangement in mind."

"We can get a normal bed, my therapists said it's fine. The nursery is downstairs, you'll be closer to the baby," he said.

"Doug, the arrangement needs to continue. It's what's best for all of us," she said. "But Kristen, the downstairs bedroom is huge. There's more than enough..."

"Honey," she said, looking her husband in the eyes. "It's what's best for ALL of us," she said, leaving that for her husband to dwell on.

Outside, Heather greeted Kristen with a basket of goodies as Doug was being elevated into the van. "A housewarming gift for the new homeowners," Heather said.

"Thank you, we're thrilled with the new place," Kristen said with a big smile.

Heather gave her a hug. "Well I'm glad it'll suite your family, especially with your special arrangement. Speaking of arrangement, a few of us Moms and Sons are having a get together at my beach cottage tomorrow. Why don't you and Garrett join us," she said.

Kristen thought about it a moment. "That sounds fun. We'll do that," she said. "Wonderful, I'll text you the address," Heather said.

That night Kristen and Garrett snuck out and drove over to the new house. They brought an air- mattress, blanket and a couple pillows and set them up on the floor in the center of their new bedroom. "Seems so huge compared our old room," Kristen said, looking up at the cathedral ceilings.

"I know and more private too," Garrett said.

"Oh that's so true. No more knocks on the door in the middle of the night from your suspicious father," she said. "It'll be like our own little world up here."

"Damn, just the thought of it has got me all..." he said, looking down at the bulge in his shorts. Kristen giggled, gazing down at his hard cock. "Got you all rock hard?" she asked.

"Yeah that," he said.

She stepped out of her 4-inch mules and slipped off sexy floor-length dress. Her white bra was packed. Huge creamy mounds of tit-meat were spilling over the top of her cups. She unfastened it and her milk-filled knockers sprung free. She stepped over and peeled her son's t-shirt off,

then embraced him for a tender kiss.

Garrett's heart raced as their tongues danced inside his mouth. The feel of his Mom's wobbling jugs against his bare chest was exquisite.

He felt little trickles of milk seep from her swollen papilla, tricking down his tummy. It was a reminder of the feast that awaited him.

As they kissed, Kristen shucked his shorts and his briefs. She grasped his big boner and took a step back, rubbing his bulbous knob all over her smooth round belly.

"You like the feel of your dick on your Mom's pregnant tummy, don't you baby?" she asked. "Yess," he sighed, watching her smear his precum, leaving a trail of it across her smooth

stretched skin.

Kristen kissed his neck then planted a series of kisses down his chest and tummy, until she was squatting down in front of him. She opened her mouth wide and sank her head into his groin, taking his throbbing cock deep into her mouth.

"Ohh yess," Garrett hissed, feeling her lips sink to his hairless hilt. Kristen was an excellent cocksucker before she roomed with her son, but having a big cock to gobble up constantly had made her an absolute pro.

She slipped her circled lips back down his boner, then her tongue rolled skillfully all along the crown of his prick, making his glans sizzle against her wet curling tongue.

She opened her mouth again and took nearly all his throbbing prick down her throat. Wantonly she pumped her head up and down, using her mouth like a pussy, slurping up air as she sucked wetly around the thickness of his organ.

"Ohh, shit, Mom," the boy groaned, feeling her mouth, throat and tongue plunge all over his hard- on.

Kristen softly combed her nails over his nut-sack, then circled her tiny fist around the base of his boner. Garrett whimpered as she beat

his meat into her mouth. She felt his knob swell inside her gobbling gullet, but didn't let up one bit, bobbing with her pretty head, while stroking his meat with her tightened fist.

"Ohhhh!" the teen sighed as he felt the cum pour into his Mom's throat. Kristen sucked and swallowed and sucked and swallowed, milking every ounce of her son's jizz before she stopped and stood back up.

"Ohh God, I wanna fuck you so hard now," he gasped. Kristen smiled. "I'm counting on it," she said.

He picked her up and she crossed her legs around him. The massive meat of her tits and pregnant belly were sandwiched between them, bulging out from the sides as they kissed passionately. He lowered her to the mattress and left a trail off kisses across her swollen tummy. She bit her bottom lip, letting her hands run up his toned chest. " Get my panties off, you beast," she said lustfully.

Garrett loved peeling off her tiny panties, watching them slide down her sexy legs and looking up at that hooded treasure between her thighs. He watched her labia peel open slightly, the flesh of her clitoral hood peeking out. His dick flexed at the site of her coral slit, in anticipation of the divine pleasure he was about to receive.

He lowered himself down between her warm mommy-thighs. His dick split her quim and sunk inside her steamy pit of love. She guided him down against their baby and her soft squishy breasts, planting sensual kisses. "You... and me... forever," she said between smooches. Garrett let his body sink down onto her and he set his hips in motion.

THE END

34: Dad Steps Aside_1

Dad Steps Aside – Part 1

By Klrxo

Eddie snarled in ecstasy, bucking like a wild stallion between his mom's warm, circled thighs. Their heated crotches made a lewd, wet, repetitive SMACK that reverberated through his parent's bedroom. Ashley's cunt clung to the oversized slab of her boy's cock as it surged through her hot, shaved pussy like a piston pumping through a juicy crank-shaft.

It wasn't easy for Tom to listen to his wife being royally fucked. Never in their twenty-years of sex together had her cunt made such obscene sounds. To add insult to injury, it had been going on now for well over an hour. He peered towards his marital bed; his stomach sinking at the sight of his wife and son engaged in a furious fuck. It was sickening, yet utterly fascinating at the same time. Their naked bodies glistened with perspiration; the result of a strenuous tempo that would put even most skilled porn stars to shame. His wife's silky, matronly legs were fastened high around their boy's lean, bucking body; her sexy feet with their pink painted toenails shuddering against Eddie's sweaty back from the youthful forcefulness of his thrusts. Tom could see their muscles jerking and straining as they focused their whole energy on the impassioned union of their genital flesh.

"SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!" the tireless sound of crotches colliding sent pangs of jealousy to Tom's heart, like a knife stabbing it over and over. The

pain would only worsen with every pleasurable gasp that left his wife's mouth and almost seem unbearable each time she began wailing in a body-trembling climax. They were sounds that were on a whole other level than the ones she'd made during their years of marital sex.

TWO DAYS EARLIER

"I know this sounds awful, but I think I'm gonna ask Eddie to fuck me and get me pregnant this weekend," Ashley stated as she spoke to her mother, Carla, by phone.

"Well, I know I told you I'd discuss alternative ways for you to conceive, honey, but I certainly didn't expect you to suggest this."

"I know he's my son, but I trust him more than I do myself, and I'm sure he's more than capable of getting me pregnant."

"It makes sense to me, honey. I know how bad you've wanted this baby, and, well…Tom just hasn't been able to deliver the goods," said Carla.

"I've given him over a year. I think I've been pretty patient and understanding of his…'issues.'"

"You mean the low sperm count?" Carla snickered.

"That, and his erectile dysfunction. You can't imagine how frustrating its been, watching him try to get his penis hard enough just to penetrate me lately, let alone plant a baby inside my uterus."

"Yes, well…you did marry a MUCH older man, honey," her mother reminded her. "I mean, he's your father's age. You must have known this day would come."

"Maybe I just hoped it never would…and now…here I am, so horny I could die, and trying to rely on a pathetic amount of ejaculate to get

me pregnant. I feel like I'm trying to bake a cake with no eggs, a tiny trickle of milk and a spoon that's as floppy as a wet noodle."

Carla burst out laughing. "I'm sorry for laughing, honey. It's funny, but it's not," she consoled.

"I know I sound awful, and this isn't about me wanting a young, hard penis inside me again…although I will admit, it'll be incredible to experience that…it's been so long."

"I feel your pain. Your father's erections don't get nearly as hard as they did when he was young, and I miss that too."

"I had a sample of Eddie's sperm tested by a nurse friend of mine last week."

"Where on earth did you get a sample of Eddie's sperm?"

"Mom, he's been splattering his cum-loads in my panties since he was thirteen. Trust me, I had no problem getting a fresh sample after he left for school."

"And?"

"He's producing three-hundred million sperm per milliliter of semen."

"God Lord!"

"I know…and I would guess by the volume he leaves in my panties that Eddie's producing at least five milliliters. That's over a billion sperm in a single ejaculation!" Ashley exclaimed.

"Well, you certainly know he's capable of getting you pregnant, but even though he is stealing your panties, do you think he's willing to have full-blown sex with you? You are his mother after all."

"Well, it's a long ride up to the cabin. I'm sure I can do some things to gauge his interest before we get there."

An hour later, Eddie, a lean, good-looking 18-year-old was in the backseat playing a game on his phone. He tried to ignore his 10-year-old sister and her friend as they sat near him, squirming and giggling playfully. "Thank God we only have an hour left before we get there," the teen thought. Soon after, a text popped up from his mom, who was in the front seat with his father as they traveled.

"Are you going crazy back there yet, sweetheart?" the text read.

"How did you know?" Eddie replied.

"Yeah, two ten-year-old girls don't make for the most pleasant traveling experience."

"Tell me about it," he texted back.

After a brief pause in their exchange, Eddie got another text from his mom. "I'm sure you'd rather be doing other things right now, like hanging out with your friends or having sex with a girl ," it read.

The boy looked towards his mom blushingly and saw her peering back at him through her visor mirror. She gave him a pretty smile, showing her perfect white teeth, then a teasing wink. "Yeah, those things would be nice," he texted her back.

"I agree. Well…about the 'sex' part anyway. Especially recently, since I've been wanting to get pregnant so bad," she messaged him.

"Oh, I didn't even know you that you and dad have been trying."

"Yeah, if you wanna call it that, haha Trying…yes. Successful…not even close ," Ashley texted.

"Is everything ok?"

"Yes, you're dad's just older, honey. His libido isn't exactly firing on all cylinders, if you know what I mean ."

"Well, that's certainly no help to you."

"Maybe I should take out a 'help wanted' ad: 'Middle-aged mom with big boobs in need of a man to impregnate her', haha," Ashley messaged.

Eddie started laughing from the back seat. "I'm sure you'd get plenty of applicants," he texted.

"Yeah…lots of creeps probably. I would need someone I could trust, not to mention someone who likes LOTS of hot, nasty sex. Which is exactly what it would take to put a baby in me."

Eddie could hardly believe what she was sharing. He was beginning to think she actually meant it. "Are you serious about that?" he texted.

"VERY SERIOUS! Know anyone who might be interested? "

After reading her message, Eddie looked towards the front and saw his mom smiling at his mischievously through her visor mirror. He blushed

and looked out the window. The vibration of his phone bought his eyes back to his screen.

"Would YOU be interested in getting me pregnant, sweetheart?" read his mom's text.

Eddie's heart skipped a beat. His shaky fingers texted back. "Are you serious?"

"Well…you do fit all my criteria. You're handsome, charming… probably incredible in bed , and you're definitely someone I can trust."

The teen didn't wanna seem too eager in his reply. "Well, if it would help you and dad out, I wouldn't mind trying," he typed back.

Ashley's insides tingled and her thick nipples hardened beneath her bra. It was exactly the type of answer she was hoping for. "Are you sure it wouldn't be too awkward having sex with your mom?" she asked.

"No. I mean, I wouldn't mind, if you wouldn't?"

"I wouldn't have suggested it if I minded, honey. I think you and I would make a cute baby ."

"Me too," he excitedly replied.

"Our only hurdle would be convincing your father that it's what's best."

Eddie's stomach sunk. For a second he though they'd be doing all this BEHIND his father's back. He really couldn't see his dad approving of such an idea. He might even get really angry at his mom for asking. "Do you really think dad would go along with it?" Eddie texted.

"I don't know, but I have to try. I love your father and wouldn't wanna do anything like this without his knowledge."

"Ahh, smell that fresh air!" Jim sighed, as he and his wife stepped out of their family cabin in the mountains, later that day.

"It is nice to be out of the city," Ashley agreed.

"Mommy, we're going to Grandma's," Scarlett, their ten-year-old daughter shouted as she and her friend hurried towards another cabin, which sat not far away. Ashley's parents bought the property when they were younger and since then had cabins built for their two daughter's and their family's to enjoy for routine getaways.

"Behave yourselves!" Ashley warned.

"Well, we won't see her again for three days," Tom pointed out.

"Most likely not…especially the way my parents spoil her."

Eddie struggled to pull a suitcase from the back of their SUV. "Dang, mom…did you pack everything you own in here?" he complained.

"Sorry, honey," the mother giggled. "Take it up to the third floor…in your room for now."

"His room?" Tom asked, looking at his wife inquisitively.

"Let's go down by the lake," his wife smiled, taking his arm. The couple had met when Ashley was twenty-one and Tom was in his late-forties. Their relationship and eventual marriage was a bit scandalous, but despite their age difference, they were in love and there was no keeping them apart. Now, Ashley was six months from turning forty and Jim was creeping up on seventy. The affects of his age were beginning to set in.

The couple walked along the shore of a pristine lake, where lots of fond memories had taken place. "Do you remember when we came up here, when we were younger, and were making love so much that we never even left the cabin?" she reminisced.

"How could I forget?" her husband answered. "You wore me out so much I felt like I was getting a 'vacation' when I finally went back to work."

The busty housewife burst out laughing, making the huge swell of her tits tremble beneath her top. "Those were certainly our sexual glory years, weren't they?"

"That they were."

April face took on a more serious expression. "I think we both know that those days are gone for good…at least for one of us," she pointed out.

Tom felt a profound sense of sadness, knowing the one she spoke of was him. It was physically impossible for him to fuck his wife in ways he used to. With his ED issues, he recently had problems getting hard enough to even penetrate her at all. "Yeah, well, I can still—"

"You can still pleasure me other ways, I know," his wife blurted, finishing his sentence, "but Tom, your struggles with erectile dysfunction, and a low sperm count have impacted our lives in other ways."

"I know…I'm sorry," he shamefully uttered. "I wish there was something more we could try…that we haven't already."

"There is, but I'll get to that in a minute," said his wife as she stopped and looked into his eyes sadly. "I'm still younger…in my prime, and you know I want more babies. I realize there's in-vitro and all those other ways we've looked into, but I guess I'm a bit old fashioned, and would really like to conceive a baby the natural way."

"Like I've told you before, I'll do everything physically possible to make that happen…I promise."

"You've tried that, honey, and it hasn't worked," his wife reminded him, then squeezed his hands tenderly. "That's ok though…you're older now and things like having sex and making babies shouldn't concern you anymore."

"Of course they still concern me. You're my wife and I wanna see you happy and satisfied."

"You can still do that, but when it comes to me getting pregnant, I think its time for us to consider 'other' options."

"Such as?"

"Well, since YOUR fruitful days have clearly passed, I think it's time for you to step aside and allow me to take the seed of someone else," the wife uncomfortably proposed.

"Someone else?" Tom scowled.

"Making a child isn't a job for someone your age, Tom. It should be left to someone much younger. I mean, you must remember how exhausting it was when we were trying to get me pregnant with Scarlett and Eddie. There's just no way we could have that type of sex now," Ashley explained. "You couldn't do it."

"So you're suggesting I just let some other guy get you pregnant?"

"Not just 'some other guy' off the street, no."

"Then who?"

"I started my ovulation cycle two days ago, but you don't need to concern yourself with that. Honey, you came up her to fish and relax out on the lake and you should totally do that," his wife stated. "Scarlett can stay down at my parent's cabin with her friend, and while you guys enjoy this holiday weekend…Eddie and I can focus on making a baby together."

"Eddie?!"

"Before you freak out, I want you to take a deep breath and think about the logic behind it," his wife advised.

"Ashley, there is no logic behind the idea of having sex with our son."

"Just…please hear me out," she blurted. "With Eddie's sperm we'd be creating a child from DNA within our own family. There's no third

party who we'd ever have to worry about fighting us for custody of the baby. As far as most people are concerned, the child would be yours biologically, and we could trust Eddie, more than we could anyone else, to keep that secret."

"Ashley, that sounds well and all, but you're talking about having sex with our son," Tom pointed out. "That's incest."

"I know it is, but times are changing, Tom. Society is more accepting of sexual freedom more than ever before. If two grown adults wanna have sex with each other and they're not harming anyone, then what's the issue…even if they are mother and son," Ashley preached. "Besides, it's

not like Eddie and I woke up this week all horny for each other, we're doing this for a purpose…to grow our family."

"I'm still not convinced it's the best solution."

His wife looked at him with a dead-serious expression. "If you want me to be happy…it's the only solution there is."

Before the sun set over the horizon, Eddie went down to the sandy beach to work on his tan. After awhile of basking he heard the sweet, familiar voice of his mother. "I was hoping I'd find a hot guy down here on the beach to flirt with," she joked.

"Hey, mom," said Eddie, looking over and watching her gracefully move towards him. She wore a sexy, pale-yellow string bikini that could barely contain her colossal tits. As she spread her towel out next to him, the teen marveled at way her fatty breasts bobbled around, displaying a tremendous tit-cleavage. The idea that he might actual get to see those bounteous boobs jumping around naked, while he and his mom wrested in baby-making intercourse, made his heart beat wildly in his chest.

"Your father's being stubborn, just like I expected," Ashley stated, sprawling on her tummy next to her boy. "but I'm not easing up on the idea. I've just started my cycle so I'm at my most fertile right now."

Eddie's eyes traveled down to her rounded ass, half-shrouded by scrunch-butt style bikini bottoms. "So it may not happen then, if dad doesn't change his mind, right?" he asked.

"It'll happen, honey…don't worry. Your mom has this gentle power of persuasion that your father can never seem to resist," Ashley giggled. "Which is why you and I should probably start becoming sexually acquainted with each other."

"Sexually acquainted?"

"Yes…talk about likes, dislikes…ideas; things that'll heighten the experience we'll be sharing, you know, when we make a baby."

"Well, to be honest, mom…I'm sure there won't be much I don't like about it."

Ashley giggled. "I know what you mean, honey. I've been thinking about what sexual positions we should probably engage in," the mother candidly stated, kicking one sexy leg up playfully, so her dainty bare foot arched and her toes pointed towards the sky. "Although I do want us to do what come natural, there are certain positions that would increase the chances of me getting pregnant."

"Which ones?" Eddie curiously asked.

"Well, I think the positions with you on top of me would be the most affective. If I was on top of you, your sperm would have to flow upstream when you ejaculate, but with you on top, like…in the missionary position, your semen would flow more easily into my vagina and cervix."

"That makes sense," Eddie agree, his whole body tingling at the idea of fucking his mom that way.

"Doggie style is another good one. It would allow for deep penetration so that you could get your penis as close to my cervix as possible," the mother explained.

"Doggie is definitely a fun one to do," Eddie added.

"Agreed. God it's been awhile since I've had some really good doggie-style sex," Ashley reflected. "Anyway, there's also the 'Coital Alignment Technique' that I'd like us to try."

"What's that one?" Eddie asked, loving that they were having such a candid conversation on ways they planned on fucking each other.

"It's a different variation of the missionary position. Some research says that the female orgasms can also help with conception. The Coital Alignment Technique would allow you to make me cum multiple times by providing a combination of clitoral stimulation and deep vaginal penetration."

"By changing up the angle or something?"

"Yes…I would splay my knees out, but instead of you thrusting, you would slide your penis all the way in and we would rock and rub our pelvises together, increasing genital stimulation."

"That doesn't sound so bad," Eddie sighed, his cock hardening at the very though of it. Then his mom said something that took him by surprise.

"Our bodies would have to be in sync. Do you wanna try it…just, with our clothes on?"

"Here…um, right now?" he asked, peering around.

"Sure, why not. Your dad's napping, and no one can really see us down here," she assured him. "Besides…if we practice the technique a little bit, then we'll get really good at it, and it'll be even more affective when we get the green light to make a baby."

"True," Eddie agreed, then watched his mom flip onto her back, making her huge, bikini-clad knockers shimmy back and forth on her chest.

"Come crawl on top of me, honey. Let's try it," she urged.

Eddie eagerly crawled to his knee and moved down between his mom's slightly-splayed legs. He stared down at her crotch, admiring the way the fabric of her stringed bottoms hugged her pubis, molding to its outline. He looked around nervously. Even though he couldn't see any of the family cabins from where they were, it still seemed risky. "Are you sure we're OK to do this?" he asked.

His mom smiled. "Honey, relax. Your father and I have had sex on this beach, lots of times, it's completely safe," she stated.

"Recently?"

"No…certainly not recently, but when we were younger, before he started having his issues with getting hard," she replied, then her pretty eyes drifted down to the tubular bulge tenting her boy's trunks. "I see someone else certainly doesn't have issues in that department," Ashley teased.

"The only issue I have is with trying to make it go away," Eddie blushed.

"Well, if all goes as planned, that certainly won't be an issue you'll have to worry about AT ALL this weekend. The harder we can keep it the better."

"That's true," Eddie agreed.

"Come lay on top of me, Eddie…let's practice," his mom suggested, holding her arms out, then helping guide him down between her legs.

The teen put his hands on the sand, resting his torso on extended arms above his mom. Their heated crotches hugged; Eddie's erect cock pushing against the puffy flanges of his mother's vulva, separated only by two layers of very thin fabric.

"OK, honey…so the key here is, rather than go in and out, we rock against each other, in a grinding motion. This will allow me to get extra clitoral stimulation, which will result in orgasms."

Eddie began moving his midsection, just as his mother described. "Like this?"

"Yes…perfect!"

For several minutes they stared into each other's eyes wondrously; essentially engaged in a rhythmic dry-fuck. Ashley subtly rocked her pelvis, keeping Eddie's rigid prick-meat lodged against her mommy-twat. The meaty slab dug against her clit relentlessly, creating divine friction.

"Wanna come down on me now and I'll wrap my legs up around you?" Ashley asked, her breathing increasing.

"How can I refuse that offer?" Eddie teased, making his mom giggle. He lowered himself, dropping flat on top of her. He sighed at the feel of her cushy tits crushed against his bare chest. Their pelvic grinding continued, and seemed to intensify. Eddie gasped as his mom's smooth, shaved legs slithered up around him, harnessing around his back.

Ashley felt her boy's cock flex powerfully against her aching cunt. She wrapped him in her arms and began a steady pant, feeling his

strong, youthful body hump against her. "Oh, God…you're doing really good, honey," she whispered.

Eddie couldn't answer. He was too fucking turned on to even put words together inside his head. His mom's plush, nearly-naked body felt out-of-this-world clutching around him. He steadily plowed his dick against her folds and could feel the heat radiating from her cunt-slot, heating his blood-engorged appendage even more, through his shorts. "Auuughh," he hissed, feeling his experienced mom stay with his movements, causing awesome friction on the meat of his erection.

The busty mother gasped sharply, her eyes fluttering back in their sockets as she felt a strong clitoral orgasm swell in her loins. He boy's hard peter-meat was pushing back her prepuce, exposing the bulb of her glans to his plowing hardon. "Your doing it, sweetheart!" she squealed. "You're making me cum!"

Few things had been more thrilling in Eddie's life than hearing his mom squeal and feeling her curvy body tremble in climax beneath him. Her fatty tits sloshed against his chest, their swollen flesh bulging out from between their compressed bodies. He could feel her aroused teats prodding against him.

Soon, one orgasm turned to two…then three and four. Ashley was on cloud nine. They'd been going at it like this for nearly a half-hour and showed no signs of stopping. Sweat poured from their humping bodies, making them glisten in the late-afternoon sun. Ashley's legs were still fastened tightly around her teen, the muscles beneath her smooth, tan skin flexing and straining as she continued to work her needy cunt against his love-organ.

Eddie's throbbing cock was fat, pink and perspiring beneath his shorts, his knob mushroomed, jutting from his sinewy shaft as it dug against Ashley's cuntal flesh. His trunks were sticky with pre-cum, which seemed to trickle from his piss-hole constantly as he dry-

fucked her. His mother's bikini bottoms were also sopping wet from strong ejaculations. Her vulva was a literal heated swamp of engorged flesh, hugging her boy's mammoth shaft.

Tom sighed in frustration as he stood nearby watching them. He had snuck down from the cabin only moments ago. The memories of he and

his wife making love on this beach when they were younger came flooding back. He knew that the excitement his son must be experiencing, being on top of such a beautiful, heavy-titted woman, was tremendous. He was in awe of how Eddie was moving; his young ass bobbing fluidly…up and down, slow and steady. He knew that his wife must be in absolute heaven with such a young, strapping teen on top of her, pushing his super-erect prick against her most private parts. Despite his shock and despair, he had to admit…their tangled, sweat-gleaming bodies moved beautifully together, as if they were made for one another.

Suddenly, Tom heard Eddie grunt over and over, clearly pouring a load of cum out in his swim trunks. He watched the teen buck and tremble in his his wife's splayed thighs, and Ashley seemed to cling to him even tighter throughout what must have been a toe-clenching climax.

"I saw the two of you earlier…on the beach," he confessed as he lay next to his wife that night.

"Oh…" Ashley uttered, her mouth falling open. "That, um…wasn't what it may have looked like."

"I know. I could see that you guys had your bottoms on, but it was still pretty shocking."

"We were just practicing a Coital Alignment Technique, just in case you decide it's OK for Eddie and I to start making a baby tomorrow," Ashley explained.

"You really expect me to change my mind, after seeing something like that today."

"Well, I was hoping that you'd be able to see past all the sex that Eddie and I will be having and just be excited at the prospect of having another child."

"That part does excite me, yes. We've been wanting that for a long time."

"Yes…we have," Ashley frowned.

"I did a lot of thinking today, about us…you and Eddie, the baby that you want. You married a much older guy in me. It's not your fault that my body has reached a point where it just can't perform…and produce anymore. It would be selfish of me not to step aside, like you said, and let Eddie perform this important task."

"You're ok with it?" his wife gasped, her eyes welling up with tears.

"Yes."

"Oh, Tom…thank you!" she exclaimed, hugging him tightly.

"I'm OK with it on two conditions," he added.

"Which are?"

"The second you find out you're pregnant, the sex has to stop, understood?"

"Of course," she replied. "Eddie and I aren't having a love affair, Tom. We're doing this to make a baby, and once that's done, things will go back to normal, I promise."

"Good. The other thing is, um…more of a request."

"OK…what type of request?" his wife curiously asked.

"That position that you guys were 'practicing' today, at the beach…"

"The Coital Alignment Technique?"

"Yes. I know this is gonna sound weird, but…I'd like to watch the two of you, when you're actually having sex that way," he requested.

"Watch us? Oh, I don't know, Tom. I—"

"Don't worry, Ashley," he blurted, interrupting her. "I don't wanna stick around here all day tomorrow and watch you guys, that's not what I'm asking for. However, I would like to see the two of you doing it that way, like I saw today."

Ashley giggled, feeding her husband an inquisitive look. "Honey…did it get you excited watching Eddie and I today?"

"I just figure…if I can't do that sort of thing to my wife anymore myself, then maybe I could spend a little time watching my son do it to you, and live vicariously in that moment through him."

"That's adorable," she smiled. "I'll talk it over with Eddie. If it's one of the conditions to us doing this then I'm sure he'll be alight with it."

The next morning, Tom prepared his fishing gear. His wife and son lingered nearby and the father looked over at Eddie a bit enviously. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather come fishing?" he asked.

Eddie glanced at his mother. "Nah, I told mom I would stay here and help her out," he answered.

"That's right," Ashley agreed, disheveling her son's hair playfully, "he has some sperm that need to go fishing for an egg."

Eddie laughed blushingly, glancing at the swell of his mom's enormous tits. He couldn't help but wonder if he'd get to see them

naked; jumping around wildly on her chest while he fucked her.

"You don't have to feel obligated to do this, Eddie," Tom expressed, drawing a stern glare from his wife.

"He doesn't," answered Ashley, taking her boy's arm. "We've already discussed this, him and I…and he's completely on-board with the two of us having sex together in order to make this baby, right, pumpkin?" she asked her son.

"Right, mom…whatever you guys need me to do."

"Maybe instead of trying to change his mind you should be thanking him," Tom's wife suggested. "Eddie's gonna put in a lot of hard work this weekend to make this baby happen for us."

Even though his wife was right, the last thing Tom wanted to do right now was thank his son for having sex with his wife. He knew Ashley would be providing the boy with tremendous, toe-curling pleasure. "I do appreciate

it, son, and if the two of you could just keep your sex-sessions as quick as possible I'd appreciate it even more," he expressed.

"Well, that's sort of a selfish expectation, isn't it?" his wife giggled.

"How so?"

"Well I don't tell you where to fish or how long to fish for, do I? I would imagine fishing takes patience and lots of resilience. You have to cast your line over and over, testing the waters and sometimes doing that for hours before you make a catch," his wife pointed out. "Babymaking works the same way, honey…you remember, don't you? Eddie and I have never had sex before," she continued, staring over into her son's eyes. "So I imagine we'll spend some time getting accustomed to each other's bodies before we start in on the

serious task of getting me pregnant. Time is irrelevant when it comes to these types of things."

"Hey, Tommy!" Tom's Father-in-law shouted as he sputtered up to the dock in his boat. "Ready to go catch some monsters out there?"

Tom climbed in the boat and waved goodbye to his wife and son. He got a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach as he watched Ashley jump on Eddie's back for a piggy-back ride back up to the cabin. He remembered coming up here when they were younger and her teasing him that same playful way, just before he got pussy. Now he was passing the torch, if you will, to someone younger and much more superior to him sexually. He imagined that by the time he and his father-in-law had found their fishing spot, Ashley and Eddie would be naked and writhing in passionate, baby-making intercourse. "How did I ever agree to this nonsense?" he asked himself.

At the cabin, Ashley giggled giddily as she pulled her son by the hand into her and her husband's bedroom. "Let's take turns stripping each other's clothes off," she suggested, then quickly peeled off his shirt.

Eddie did the same to her as they faced each other at the foot of his parent bed, lifting off her snug blouse. His eyes widened at the sight of her tit-stuffed bra. She quickly turned around, presenting him with the thick cross-strap. "Unhook me, handsome," she requested.

Eddie had no problem unclasping the four hooks that held her bra on. His mom smiled back flirtingly, holding the big cups to her tits. "If you're as good at sex as you are unhooking a bra you should have no problem pumping that baby into me today," she teased.

When she turned, Ashley peeled the bra away and her oversized mammaries wobbled deliciously back and forth. Her arousal-level had caused her areolas to crinkle wonderfully, but they were still as big around as grapefruit. Turgid nipples puffed out from their

centers, just begging to be sucked on. "Are we getting excited yet?" she anxiously asked, stepping forward and undoing Eddie's shorts. She quickly shucked them off so all that remained were his briefs. Her pretty eyes fixated on the tubular-shaped bulge of his clearly-erect cock. "Never mind…I think I just figured out the answer to that."

Eddie undid his mom's shorts and pulled them down her silky legs, revealing her sheer mesh pale-pink panties. "Oh, damn," his voice trembled as he stared at her shaved vulva, clearly on display through the fabric.

"The back is sheer too, honey," she giggled, twisting her lower-half so her boy could get a look at her luscious bubble butt. Eddie could see the deep crack dividing her meaty cheeks as clearly as if she were naked. "Damn, mom…those are the sexiest panties ever!"

"My turn," she announced, crouching down and yanking off his briefs. She licked her lips at the site of his rigid erection. It was so engorged with blood that his foreskin had peeled back, leaving his bell-shaped glans fully exposed. Eddie was proud of his dick. At nearly ten-inches, he knew he had a whopper, that had left plenty of girls walking funny the day after he pounded their cunts.

"Time for these to go too," said the boy, grasping his mom's dainty panties and peeling them down her legs. Now they were both as naked as the day they were born.

Ashley took his hands as she backed to the bed, they eyes gazing and gleaming with excitement. She wiggled her rounded ass onto the mattress

and guided her boy down on top of her, feeling her spongy, pillowy tits shimmy on her chest. Then, she splayed her lovely mommy-legs as wide as she could, lifting her knees nearly to her shoulders. "Give me a baby, Eddie," she stated in needy desire. "Fuck me."

Eddie moved into position between her spread thighs, watching his mom grasp his thick fucker and draw him down to her crotch with it. The teen shuttered excitedly as he felt his leaky knob nudging between the flowering folds of her pussy. He had fucked plenty of hot girls, but his mom had about the sweetest piece of cunt he'd ever seen. Her thick labial lips were unfurled, her hood drawn back, exposing the fat, grape-sized nubbin of her engorged clitoris. "Fuck!" he thrillingly muttered beneath his breath.

He leaned forward, supporting the weight of his torso on extended arms. A devilish grin crossed Eddie's face, as he looked down at his long, beefy cock lined up with his mom's fuck-socket, ready to hammer through her. He worked his lean ass forward, feeling his swollen glans sink into her smoldering tube of love.

"Oh, baaaby!" his busty mother squealed as together they watched his fat dong disappear inside her gooey, clasping wetness. Because it had been so long and she was eager to engage in a torrid fuck, Ashley began humping her lovely ass off the mattress, to set them into a rhythm.

Eddie humped right back at her, screwing their horny crotches together in counterpoint. He lowered his chest against her fat, bobbling tits, squashing the ballooning breast-meat between their writhing bodies as he rested flat on top of her. Now he could really lay some dick hard and fast, and that's exactly what he did.

"OOOHHH-YESSSSS!!" the mother howled, feeling her son's ten-inch sledgehammer carve a path through her fuck-tube. "Fuck me harder!"

The boy's hardened peter-meat pummeled through her pink tube; his tender flesh squeezing exquisitely along the spongy, slippery pleats that lined her vagina, creating delicious friction. His hands reached down, grasping the sides of her ass-globes.

Ashley locked her velvety legs up around his waist and used them to whip her ass off the bed even faster, so her outer labial lips beat wetly against her boy's cock-hilt. Eddie got sucked right into to her frantic tempo, ramming into her dripping pussy like a fuck-machine; rhythmically pistoning his prick through her sopping wet cunt. He wanted to knock his mom up in a serious way, but he also had a deep desire to impress her with his sexual skills and stamina. He knew the stamina part would be a true test, since his mom's talented pussy was so snug and juicy, not to mention the way she skillfully flexed her fuck-muscles, creating mind-blowing friction. He want to send her to the moon with an earth-shattering orgasm, especially since he knew she hadn't had one, from fucking his father, for probably years.

"Oh, fuck, Eddie…you're showing your father up so good!" Ashley squeal encouragingly. "Fucking his wife with your huge, hard cock and pumping all that potent baby-seed inside me."

"I'll knock you up real good, mom!" he panted, intensifying his cunt-humps.

"You can kiss me while we screw, honey," she offered.

"I can?"

"Of course…that's just part of having sex."

Eddie ran with the invitation, lowering his lips to hers for a serious of passionate kisses. Seconds after their tongues met in a whipping frenzy, the mother began twisting her head from side to side, her pretty face becoming masked in a pleasure-grimace. "Oh, Eddie…oh, baaaaby, I'm gonna cum! OH, I'M CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!" her shaky voice cried out.

Ashley's juicy, simmering vagina began to contract around the boy's pummeling meat, soaking it with ejaculatory secretions. Their bodies thrashed wildly, their bellies beating together as Ashley convulsed

beneath her steadily-fucking teen. Eddie raised slightly on his forearms so his could watch his mom's huge tits roll like fleshy waves up and down her chest. He couldn't resist the urge to suck them any longer so he lowered his head and captured one of her rubbery, engorged nipples with his lips. He

sectioned it into his mouth, while he fucked her, sealing the ring of his lusty lips around the fringe of her swollen tit-cap. When he began battering her distended teat with his tongue, it triggered a second, more explosive orgasm, which had his mom crying out in ecstasy, while trembling beneath his tireless assault.

For another thirty, solid cunt-hammering minutes, Eddie plowed his enormous prick through his mom's birthing tube. He stretched her spongy, corrugated lining with his rock-hardness, feeling her pelvic floor flex rhythmically, causing his boner to be exquisitely massaged by the very tube he'd squeezed out of eighteen years ago.

Ashley was on cloud-nine. The dreamy fuck that she was sharing with her son made the sex that she'd had with Tom lately seem laughable. She'd forgotten what it was like to be jackhammered by a huge, rock-hard cock, and the fact that it was her son's love-organ, and he was trying to blast a baby inside of her, made it all the more thrilling.

"Aaaaaugh!" Eddie grunted, clenching his teeth together as he felt his mom skillfully work her cunt on him. He never knew a pussy could do the things hers was doing. He hooked his arms beneath her lovely legs, propping them back further so he could fuck his steely cock into her even faster. His parent's bed shook with the animalish intensity of their humping.

Eddie bucked violently on top of his mom's gorgeous body, his pulsating peter jabbing deeply, nudging against the ring of her cervical head. "Oh, God…I'm popping off now, mom!" he stated with pleasurable urgency in his voice.

Deep inside her rhythmically-clasping pussy, Ashley felt her boy's blood-engorged meat jerk and throb. "Squirt it all in me, sweetheart! Knock me up with your sticky cum!" she squealed.

The teen let out a guttural grunt as steaming ball-batter spat from his piss-hole, splattering against his mom's quivering walls. His pinkish-purple glans throbbed and tingled in the hot, gooey grip of his mom's

carnal canal, milking out every drop of spunk that his orgasm would provide.

For several minutes, Eddie laid against his mom's warm, fleshy bosom, basking in post-orgasmic bliss, while Ashley stroked her fingers through his hair. "Wow…I know we're doing this for a special purpose," she stated, "but that was some of the best sex I've ever had, honey."

"I have to agree. That was awesome!" Eddie stated with a long sigh.

"Not to sound needy are anything, but do you think you're ready to go again?" Ashley asked, eager to get fucked by her son a second time.

Eddie pulled out of her, rising to his knees between his mother's spread legs. He thrust his hips forward, making his ten-inch cock jut outward in full, blue-veined hardness. The huge, muscular dong was still glistening with his mother's ejaculate. "Does that answer your question?" he proudly asked.

Ashley stared at the oversized hardon in dreamy-eyed adoration, her heart going pitter-patter in her chest. "Incredible!" she muttered.

Eddie watching his mom hurry onto her hands and knees, her big boobies wobbling as they hung down heavily. She pointed her naked bubble-booty back at him. "Take me from behind this time," she

suggested, giving her ass-meat a teasing wag. "Let's do it doggie-style."

Eddie smiled and licked his lips, his eyes transfixed on the smooth, puffy cunt-flanges protruding out between her legs. He crawled forward, grasped his boner at its base and rubbed his flaring tip up and down between her moistened labrum.

"Mmmm, you tease," his mom squealed, gazing back at him eagerly. "Come on…make mommy pregnant with that thing."

Eddie fit his knob into her vestibule, but didn't need to thrust because Ashley threw her fatty mommy-ass back on him, making half his spear sink inside her. He gasped in delight, feeling the cozy heat of her vagina encapsulated around his cock. He took a firm grip on her wide hips with both hands, ready to beat his boner through her passion-pit. Again, his

mother bucked her rounded ass-cheeks back against him, burying his cock to its base as she started fucking him. "I love this position," he sighed, marveling at the way his mom's butt-meat rippled as it began beating back against him rhythmically .

"I love it too…can't you tell?" Ashley giggled, humping her cunt back on her son's satisfying stiffness.

"Does dad do this one with you a lot?"

"Ha…no! Your dad's too old for doggie," she scoffed.

"Too old? How could you be too old for this?"

"Well, half the time he can't even get it hard enough to penetrate me this way," she answered. "Doggie is for young men like you…who get rock hard and have endless amounts of sexual energy."

"That would be me alight. I could do this position all day."

"Only 'all day,' huh?" his mom joked, peering back at him as her as the fatty flesh of mommy-derriere smacked against him.

"Ok…all day AND all night."

"That's more like it," April giggled. She stared back, watching her boy's rigid cock-meat squeeze in and out of her humping cunt. She felt it flex powerfully inside her, its strong tubular flesh stretching her cuntal lining. Not to be outdone, the cock-humping mother tightened the muscular bands of her urethra, vagina and anus, compressing her corrugated tube around her boy's hot, horny dick.

"Auuugh, yes!" he sighed, pulling her ass back against him and holding it there, in full penetration. The glans of his penis mushroomed, his foreskin pulled back tight around his sinewy shaft. Slimy pre-goo wept from his meatus, smearing thousands of sperm against the pursed lips of his mother's ectocervix.

"Good grief, honey…if you go any further you'll be scraping the egg right off my fallopian tube with that huge dick."

"Do you like it all the way inside you like this?"

"Yes…I haven't felt an erection reach my back wall in a long time."

"If your wall wasn't there…I'd go further," Eddie uttered, crushing his knob against her external os, as if trying to push his cock through the tiny slit, further into her cervical canal.

"I'm so happy that you have a big dick, sweetheart. The back of a woman's vagina can be an area of tremendous pleasure, but not all guys get to experience that."

"I guess I'm a lucky one then. It does feel really good back there. It's like a set of lips kissing the tip."

"At the center of those lips is the tiny hole that dilated so I could squeeze your little baby body out of me, when I gave birth to you."

"I wish it was dilated now so I could go further," Eddie replied, his dick-flesh tightening as Ashley's vaginal tube seemed to encapsulate it even tighter in reaction to his confession.

"I'll tell you what…" said Ashley, gazing back at him with goo-goo eyes. "Since you're being an angel and stepping up to the plate for your father, I wanna do something really special for you, Eddie. Unfortunately, you'll have to wait nine months for it though."

"What is it?"

"It's something I'm sure no other girl's ever given you."

"Now I'm REALLY curious," Eddie blurted.

His mom laughed as they slowly resumed fucking again. "When I'm in labor at the hospital and my cervix has dilated to about two centimeters, we'll lock my hospital-room door and I'll let you slide inside me. That hole back there should be just big enough for you to squeeze your cock through. You'll get to feel my actual cervix squeezing on your glans."

"Dang, mom…that sounds incredible!"

"Well, it'll be a first for both of us," she admitted, then licked her lips, staring him in the eyes alluringly. "Maybe if you're a good boy I'll let you

even buck on mommy a little bit and hose out a hot, sticky load in there before I give birth."

"Damn!" Eddie exclaimed, his cock tingling. "If you get me any more excited I'm gonna blast one out right now."

"Mmm, nothing wrong with that. The more of your cum swimming around inside my pussy the better. I want thousands of those tiny tadpoles making love to my egg, competing fiercely to pierce my ovum, and fuck their way inside to make a baby."

"Ohhhhshit!" Eddie gasped, suddenly setting his hip in motion, frantically humping his tingly cock through her pussy as hard as he could. "OH, DAMN, MOM…I'M GONNA CUM!"

Ashley pumped her fatty ass back on him with equal vigor, giving him full-length thrusts of his teenage cock. Her dangling udders flopped around wildly to her frantic tempo. "Pour it in me, Eddie!" she shouted encouragingly. She felt her boy's dick give off a might throb, and hot goo begin to erupt inside her, splattering across her clasping walls.

After beating his spurting dick through his mom's cunt-tube for a few more minutes, Eddie collapsed onto the bed. He sighed in delight as he felt his mom sink down on top of him, flattening her spongy, sweaty melons against his chest. "My God, sweetheart," said April breathlessly, "I know we're doing this to produce a child, but I'm just gonna say it…sex with you is amazing!"

"Thanks…I love it too," the boy proudly expressed, his insides tingling at the thought of all the mind-blowing sex he still had to look forward to the next three days.

35: Dad Steps Aside_1

Dad Steps Aside – Part 2

By Klrxo

"You're home early," Ashley stated as she greeted her son in the kitchen on a Friday night.

"Yeah…um, things didn't go to well with Trisha," Eddie answered, fetching a soda from the fridge.

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry," the mother consoled, her six-month pregnant belly leading the way as she stepped over to the table. "Sit down here with me and explain what happened."

Eddie joined his mom at the table, trying not to stare at the exposed cleavage on open display through the slit of her robe. He swore her tits got bigger with each passing day. "Did you guys get into an argument or something?" Ashley asked.

"No…nothing like that."

"What then?"

"It's a sexual reason…so it's kind of embarrassing, mom."

Ashley reached over and took his hand. "I know it's been six months, but WE HAVE had sex together, sweetheart. There's nothing we shouldn't be able to share with each other."

"I know."

"So tell me what happened."

"I'm apparently too big down there for her," Eddie uttered.

"Too big?"

"My penis. She's scared to have sex with me, and she's not the only one. Two other girls I've gone out with have said the same thing."

Ashley fed him a perplexed look. "So, these girls are afraid to let you fuck them…because they think your penis is too big?" she asked.

"Exactly!"

Ashley knew her son had a whopper of a prick. At ten inches it was one of the biggest ones she'd ever had inside her. However, she didn't see a reason why that should intimidate most girls. If anything, it should excite them. "Well…that's just the silliest thing I've ever heard. You should have girls lined up to screw you, not running away for God sake."

"Don't I wish."

"Let me have another look at it," the mother requested.

"At my penis?"

"Yes…take it out and show me, so I can reassess its size."

Eddie stood up and fished out his cock. His mom was surprised to find it fully-erect. "My Goodness…is there a reason you're so hard, sweetheart?" she blushed.

"Yeah, because you're so stinkin' sexy, mom," he admitted.

"That's kind of you to say, Eddie," she smiled, reaching out and grasping onto his monster-boner. "I'm sure it won't be too long until

you find a girl who thinks differently, but until then…maybe we can work something out," Ashley suggested.

"Like what…a handjob?"

Ashley burst out laughing. "No…not a handjob. I had something else in mind, but we'd have to get your father's permission first."

"Dad's permission?! Ah, come on, mom…can't we just do this without him knowing?"

"Eddie…we didn't sneak around the last time, and I'm certainly not fooling around with you behind dad's back this time either."

The teen scowled. The act of 'telling his father' would certainly threaten to spoil his plan. The truth was, girls weren't afraid of his cock at all. He just told Ashley that in hopes of jumping back into bed with her. He had gotten his share of pussy alright, but none could compare to the one he'd planted

a baby inside of six months ago. "I seriously doubt that dad's gonna let us go down that road together again," he expressed.

"Leave that to me," his mother confidently answered.

"What's wrong, hon?" Tom asked his wife the next evening as he noticed she seemed down.

"Eddie is starting to get rejected by girls, and it's just not fair," Ashley answered, speaking about their son.

"Rejected why?"

"Well, as we both know, he has an abnormally-large penis…and girls his age just seem to be scared of it."

Earlier that year, during summer vacation, Tom had the unfortunate experience of watching his son knock his wife up. For three days, his

big-dicked teenage son beat his baby maker into Ashley's unprotected pussy, producing a baby that now made her tummy big and round.

"How do you know he has an abnormally-large penis? Maybe there's some other reason they're rejecting him."

"Tom, I'm his mother…I've always known. I hadn't even trained him to bathe on his own yet and he was already bigger down there than most grown men," his wife answered. "It's gotten twice as big since then. I should know…I had sex with him, remember?"

"How can I forget," Tom sarcastically answered. "I certainly hope you haven't seen his penis recently?"

After getting pregnant, Ashley promised her hubby that the wild fuck-sessions her and their son were having would stop.

"It's been six months since Eddie and I had sex. I asked him to show it to me yesterday, just so I could remind myself how big it was."

"Well…that hardly seems appropriate."

"I only held it and looked at it…that's all I did. I swear we haven't had sex since I found out he got me pregnant."

"Yeah, but you still held it. Why did you need to hold his penis?" Tom asked.

"It was so thick that I didn't think I could get my hand around it, and I was right," Ashley answered. "Eddie has the biggest erection I've ever seen and I can certainly see why girls his own age might feel a little intimidated by its size."

"That's great, but I still don't know why you felt the need to touch it again. You promised you wouldn't."

"I promised we'd stop having sex and we have. Anyway, can we just get back to my concern, Tom? It's not healthy for him not to be sexually active."

"There's nothing we can do about that. He just needs to find him a girl who's not scared of it."

"So far, the only girl who's experienced his erect penis inside them and not ran away is me."

"Well then…he needs to keep looking. He can masturbate until he finds someone."

Ashley shook her head in disagreement. "Masturbation is for thirteen-year-olds. He's a man now. He needs sex."

"Ok…well if the girls his age are scared, what do you want me to do about it?"

"You don't need to do anything. This is a situation that a mother should handle."

"Handle how?" Tom asked.

"You're not gonna like my answer, but IT IS the one that makes the most sense."

"Alright…I'm listening."

Ashley gulped bravely. "Until he finds a girl who isn't afraid, I'm gonna let him have sex with me."

"Come again?!"

"He needs pussy, and it's a mother's duty to provide it until he can find a suitable partner."

"That's ridiculous!"

"To you, maybe…but not to me," Ashley explained. "I've birthed children. I have a vagina that's perfectly capable of handling a large penis. Why not let him use it to get some sexual release?"

"Because it's incest, that's why. Ashley, I allowed Eddie to get you pregnant, but that was where it stopped…you promised."

"Yes, but that was a separate issue, and Eddie was nice enough to help us make a baby. Why can't we help him out with an issue that HE'S struggling with?"

"Because he's our child!"

"Eddie is no child…he's every bit a man. What we do in our home is no one's business."

"Ashley, you can't just have sex with our son for that reason."

"YES…I can, and I plan to as soon as you leave the house this morning."

"WHAT?! The two of you have already discussed this?" Tom shouted.

"We've already worked out an arrangement, yes. He's VERY appreciative of my help, just as I was for his," said Ashley, patting her rounded belly, "but we have no intention of hiding this from you, Tom."

"Wait…what do you mean you've worked out an arrangement?"

"Eddie and I will be having sex three times a day. Once in the morning, the a second time when he gets home from school, then again at night, after everyone's gone to bed."

"You can't be serious!"

"I am. In fact…you asked if there was something you could do earlier and there is. I'd like you to help me move some of my things

down to Eddie's room tonight. Until he can start getting his dick wet outside the home, I'll be sleeping in there with him at night," his heavy-breasted explained.

"That's crazy! Are you—"

"It's not crazy," she defended. "It eliminates the coming and going in the middle of the night that might wake Scarlett up. With Eddie and I in a bedroom together we can have as much sex throughout the night as he needs, without disturbing anyone."

"Ashley, you'd be breaking our wedding vows."

"Actually, I wouldn't…just like I wasn't when we let Eddie get me pregnant. This isn't stepping out on you with another man, Tom…it's not remotely the same. In fact, meeting the needs of our children is part of the vows we took to each other. Technically, you should be thanking me for being a good wife and mother, who's willing to spread her thighs for the sexual well-being of our son."

"I'm certainly not feeling grateful right now…so don't expect a 'thank you.'"

"Well…you can be selfish. That doesn't change anything. When we're done bumping our bellies this morning I'll just have Eddie help me move some of my things down to his room."

"Ashley, this is ridiculous. You can't just—"

"Look, honey, not to sound cruel, but I get it," she interrupted. "You and Eddie are polar opposites, and I'm sure that's a hard pill for you to swallow."

"I wouldn't say we're opposites."

"Of course you are, Tom. You're older and incapable of performing sexually, due to your erectile dysfunction, and he's younger and full

of testosterone," the wife pointed out. "Your penis, when it does get hard, is…average, while we both know that our son is incredibly well-endowed. Apparently so much so that girls are refusing to fuck him. It's alright to admit that you're jealous of Eddie...you rightly should be."

Tom shook his head in frustration. "Is there no other way of handling this situation? What about your friend Monica. Wouldn't she have sex with him."

"Tom…Monica's married! I'm not asking her to cheat on her spouse."

"That's certainly not stopping YOU," Tom pointed out.

"If you came home from work and caught Eddie and I fucking our asses off then yes, that would be cheating, but this is not that," Ashley responded, then her expression softened. "Look, honey…we both know you've been struggling in the bedroom and it's been frustrating for both of us. Yes, I'm doing this to help Eddie through a hard time, but maybe in a way…he'd be helping me through a hard time too. It would take a lot of pressure off of you."

"Ashley, I can still give you pleasure."

"Yes, the clitoral orgasms you give me are wonderful, but there are also other types of pleasure we women require. Pleasure brought on by deep vaginal penetration…something you're just not capable of providing anymore, Tom," she explained, then rubbed his arm tenderly. "I love you, but I think it's time for you to step aside."

Eddie got up and took a shower, thinking of his mom as he soaped down his cock and balls. It had been a little over six months since their trip to the cabin, where he had his mom had vigorously fucked, almost nonstop for three days straight. He shuddered at the thought of all the sperm-loads he pumped up inside her tight, quivering cunt. Since then, he had fucked several girls at school, but none had a pussy that could milk him quite like his mom's could.

Watching her belly grow big n round with his baby and her already-large breasts swell monstrously huge made his cock throb with desire to fuck her. Eddie decided to tell his mom that girls were rejecting him, due to the size of his cock. She fell for his story, hook, line and sinker, then suggested just what he hoped she would…that she please him sexually, until he could find a girl who was willing to. Not only that, but his mom offered to move

into his bedroom with him so they could pound their pissers together on his bed, all night long.

"I bet dad sure didn't like that idea very much," the boy laughed to himself. He felt a bit sorry for his old dad. He remembered Tom's shocked expression while he socked his long, fat prick up into his mom's cunt, making her howl in orgasm. He imagined his dad must feel like a boxing champion who just lost his title to someone much younger and more capable.

Eddie peered down his chiseled torso to the ten-inch pillar of cock-meat jutting from his loins. He loved how long and muscular his boner looked. The bulging veins looked like purple bolts of lightning traversing along his thick shaft. The erectness of his prick had cause his foreskin to peel all the way back so his skin was pulled taut along the stalk. This left his bulbous crown fully exposed, which looked like a fat, juicy plumb capping his manhood. "You're gonna be loving life today," the teen said out loud as if talking to his cock-knob. He knew his throbbing glans were about to be buried in the grip his mom's talented cuntal flesh, and milked exquisitely.

"Well…you're looking quite beautiful," Tom said to his wife as she stood in front of their full-length mirror, brushing through her mane of long hair. This made her enormous, milk-swollen tits jostle beneath her silky robe.

"Thank you, honey," replied Ashley.

Tom took a moment to admire his wife's beauty. She had that Prenatal glow about her that was absolutely striking. Ashley had applied a little make-up and sweet perfume, in preparation for a morning of vigorous sexual intercourse with her son. Her dainty feet were arched in five-inch, open-toe stiletto mules, showing off her freshly painted toenails. Since the robe and heels didn't watch, Tom suspected she was wearing something else. "Do you mind if I see what you're wearing for him?"

She flashed him a smile. "Yes, I do mind," Ashley giggled. "After Eddie and I agreed on doing this I told him he could go to the boutique across town and pick me out a piece of lingerie for today."

"Well now I'm REALLY curious."

"You'll have to stay that way. It's for Eddie to see me in…not you."

"I'm assuming my credit card paid for it so shouldn't I at least be able to take a peek?" Tom asked.

Ashley knew he was right. He flipped the bill, so he should at least get to have a sneak peek. "Fine, a quick peek, then you should probably be leaving for work."

Ashley undid the sash to her robe and pulled it open. Tom's stomach sunk as he took in what she was wearing, which was the lewdest piece of lingerie he'd ever seen. It was a white mesh and lace teddy with open cups, leaving the mother's huge tits exposed. Beautiful embroidered lace snugly shrouded her rounded baby-ball, and the open crotch exposed the thick outer lips of her shaved pudenda.

"Good grief, Ashley…you're really wearing that in front of him?" Tom asked.

"Tom, Eddie's seen me naked before, remember? I told you I shouldn't have showed you this. It's just gonna get your blood pressure up."

"Can you please just make sure that your time with Eddie is cut and dry."

Ashley fed him a weird scowl. "Define 'cut and dry,'" she stated, closing her robe back up.

"Just…sex, no extra funny business."

"Such as?"

"You know, like…kissing."

"Hold on a minute…kissing is part of having sex, Tom. That's like asking me to eat a cupcake without enjoying the frosting. Eddie and I made out constantly while we were getting me pregnant, it'll be no different this time."

Ashley certainly wasn't over-exaggerating. When her and Eddie fucked at the cabin their lips were constantly fused together. She remembered how

her tongue-muscles were sore for a week from frantically lashing her licker with Eddie's so much. She loved to kiss, and unlike her over-the-hill husband, Eddie was really, REALLY good at it. "There's no fucking way Eddie and I aren't kissing!" she thought.

"No oral sex, right?" Tom asked.

"Honey, why are you trying to add on these stipulations all of the sudden?"

"This isn't like the last time," he replied. "Last time Eddie was trying to get you pregnant, so oral sex wasn't even on the table. However, this time…with you just wanting to provide him pleasure, things are a little different."

Ashley grinned inwardly. Little did her husband know that she had given Eddie nearly a half-dozen blowjobs during their three day marathon of sex. She felt a little guilty at the time, knowing it wasn't a necessary act of getting her pregnant. However, the thrill of sucking on her boy's huge, teenage prick and having his sticky loads of ball-nectar splatter down her throat washed away all remorse. "Tom, the fact that this time is different is exactly why I SHOULD give Eddie some sloppy head. The object is to give him pleasure, any way possible, since other girls aren't doing it for him right now."

"It's that 'any way possible' part that scares me."

Ashley grinned and rolled her eyes. "You need to go focus on work and stop worrying about whether I'll be using my mouth, my tits or my ass to please our son."

"Your ass?!" Tom blurted. "Ashley, please don't tell me you're considering that."

"Just because YOU don't like anal sex doesn't mean Eddie doesn't."

"I never said I didn't like it, I just…"

"I know…your wife has very thick ass-cheeks, so even when you could get hard, you couldn't get in very far. It was frustrating for both of us, but look on the bright side…you're off the hook now."

"Off the hook?"

"Yeah, I mean…Eddie's penis is…very long. It'll be able to reach way up into my asshole easily, and I'm sure he'll love getting pleasure that way, so you don't have to feel bad anymore, about not being able to do that to me."

Tom's heart sunk with jealousy. He'd give anything to have a dick that could reach into his wife's bowels or stretch her cervix, like Eddie's could. He'd never get to experience the sensation of her ass-

walls chewing at his tender cock-meat, or her cuntal cavity contracting and spewing hot female ejaculate around his dong. His son, on the other hand, had all that to look forward to.

"You were right what you said. I guess I am a bit jealous," Tom confessed.

His wife stepped up and hugged him, which didn't help. He wanted desperately to pull her to the bed and do all the things they'd just discussed himself, but he just wasn't capable. Certainly not like the boy down the hallway was. "This is a good time for you to focus on other things you enjoy. Your friends have been trying to get you to play golf with them for years. Find some things that interest you and leave the sex around here to Eddie and I," his wife suggested. "We'll take good care of each other."

Ten minutes later, Ashley was standing in her son's bedroom doorway. "Did someone in here order a pregnant mommy?" she teased.

Eddie jaw nearly hit the floor as he stared at his mother wearing nothing but her sexy teddy and heels. "I did!" he blurted, raising his hand.

Ashley giggled and stepped into his room; her huge, milk-engorged tits quivering with her every step. "Well…here I am," she smiled.

"Wearing the hottest teddy on earth!"

"Glad you like it. What do you think of the back?" Ashley asked, gracefully twirling around. Two thin straps crossed her rounded bubble butt, otherwise it was completely bare.

Eddie licked his lips with desire. "Damn…I love it!"

"You should. You picked it out," she smiled, peeking back at him. "It's been six months since these ass-cheeks have beat against your

midsection. Are you ready to experience that again, baby?"

It had also been six month since Ashley had called him "baby," and Eddie loved it. "I sure am! Are you ready?"

"Why don't you get those briefs off and come over here, and I'll answer that," she replied, wagging her meaty buttocks teasingly.

The teen stood up and shed his underwear. His cock bobbed stiffly as he made his way over to her. Ashley turned and they embraced, their lips quickly meeting for a series of passionate kisses. "Pick me up and fuck me, Eddie," the mother whimpered as they continued smooching.

Mother and son moved like well-choreographed dancers. As Ashley sprung from the floor, Eddie grasped the outsides of her thighs, then felt his mom reach down between them and grab his hard cock. "Ahhh!" he gasped, feeling her plow his knob between her juicy cuntal flanges.

Eddie's flaring knob sunk into her vestibule and he felt the slick, pink tissue of her vaginal entrance stretch around his glans, drawing him into her. Sexual arousal had caused secretions to swelter from Ashley's Bartholin Glands, allowing her boy's fat dick to squeeze fluidly up her birthing channel. The exquisite friction of their sensitive sex organs uniting made them both nearly go out of their fucking minds.

"Oh God, you feel so good!" Ashley's voice quivered. With his arms circling his neck and her meaty jugs squashed against his bare chest, she drew her rounded ass backwards so only Eddie's knob remained lodged in her cunt. Then, she plunged forward, taking nearly his entire ten-inch cock into the depths of her inner sanctum.

"Damn, mom!" the teenager gasped, feeling his tender glans grind against the slippery ring of her cervical head. His mom began to fuck her pussy on the satisfying stiffness of his huge prick.

Eddie could tell right away that her cunt-tunnel felt different than the first time he had fucked her six months ago. Her walls felt more engorged; smothering his big, teenage prick with rows of well-pronounced vaginal rugae. Her cuntal muscles had strengthened in preparation to give birth, compressing her sugar walls around the tubular meat of Eddie's boner. This caused her pussy to suck at his knob and milk at at his plunging stalk.

The other thing that was different this time around was his mom's pregnant belly, which felt so amazing trapped between their humping bodies. The fact that it held a baby that they had produced together, while at the family camp, was an added thrill.

Eddie loved the way his mom was clinging to him in the standing missionary position, pumping her cunt along the length of his erection. For nearly ten-minutes they fucked this way, and every few minutes the boy would take a step back in the direction of his bed. Finally, they reached its edge and Eddie fell backwards onto it, so his mom was now on top of him.

"Mmm, let mommy take care of that big dick, baby," Ashley mewled, planting her knees astride him as she continued to move on his cock.

The teenager watched his mom sit upright, in the cowgirl position. The size and movement of her naked breasts had made quite an impression on him the first time they fuck. Now, due to her pregnancy, they were obscenely huge. He could clearly see her blue mammary veins and her swollen nipples and areola were a deep pinkish-purple in color, from increased blood flow. Her heavy tit-melons leaped heavily up and down, their fatty meat rippling each time they swung down and struck her baby-orb.

"Wow, mom…none of the other girls I've been with have tits like your," Eddie expressed. "Not even close."

"They're all yours, honey!"

Ashley lowered her bobbling udders, and Eddie rubbed his wonder-stricken face up through her squishy cleavage. He lustfully kissed and licked their creamy contours, while feeling her tightly-clasping cunt-sleeve travel the length if his cock.

"Auuaghh, sweet shit!" the boy hissed, feeling her hot, corrugated walls squeeze his cock-flesh tighter and tighter.

"I'M GONNA CUM, BABY!" the mother squealed. The sound her cunt-hole was making, pumping wetly on his cock, was downright obscene. Her rounded mommy-ass flew up and down, smacking on his hairless crotch repeatedly.

If it was one thing that had made the biggest impact on the teen from his experience getting her pregnant, it was making his mom cum. Watching his own mother's pretty face contort with pleasure, while her eyes rolled back in their sockets was the most thrilling thing he'd ever seen. Then her body would tremble from its core, making her mighty milkers slosh wildly around his head.

Ashley's urethra bulged along the top of her boy's plunging shaft, soaking it with an eruption of hot female ejaculate. "Ahhhhh, yesss!" Eddie sighed, feeling her cuntal grip quiver around his driving cock-shaft.

The boy grumbled lustfully as he kissed his way along the underside of one of Ashley's enormous breasts, delighting in its weight and squishy softness against his face. He found his mom's turgid nipple and sucked it inside his mouth, spreading his lips as far across her wide areola as he could.

The entire length of Eddie's steely-hard prick was tingling with ecstasy as it sped deliciously in and out of the seething tube of his mom's pussy. The two of them had found a delightful fuck-rhythm, smacking their crotches together tirelessly. Girls Eddie's age were good at sex, but Ashley rode her son's dong like a true cock-fucking champion.

"Yes…suck my tits and fuck me, baby!" she squealed, throwing her lovely ass up and down as she screwed him.

Eddie sucked like a starving infant, suctioning his cheeks so he could draw as much tit-flesh as possible into his lusty mouth. His face was masked in warm, spongy breast-meat, giving his mom wonderful tit-sucks, elongating her thick teat inside his mouth.

Over the next half-hour, Ashley showed her skill by alternating between fucking her son's cock-length and grinding their genitals in full penetration.

The two of them whimpered and shuddered in sexual delight as Ashley stirred her teen's rock-hard erection around inside her cuntal grip. This made Eddie's bloated bell-tip plow back and forth across the slippery head of her cervix, creating a sensation for both of them that was out-of-this- world.

Without warning, Ashley heard her son grunt beneath the weight of her boob, then felt his sticky jizz spurting up inside her gyrating fuck-hole. The feel of his teenage cum spewing into her triggered her own violent orgasm.

"FUCK!!" Eddie gasped, peeking out from under his mom's giant boobie as he felt her convulse and gush on his cock.

"AAAAUUGGGHHH!!" his mother screamed, the veins and muscles in her neck straining.

For nearly ten minutes they writhed furiously, making Eddie's bed rock and squeak as the climaxing couple rode the waves of orgasmic contractions sweeping through their bodies.

Around noontime, Tom decided to call and check up on his wife. Just knowing she was home fucking Eddie had been eating at him all morning.

"Hey, honey," Ashley answered, seeming out of breath.

"Hey, um…how are things going there?"

In Eddie's bedroom, Ashley was face down, ass up, in front of her son on his bed. She held her cellphone to her ear, while he boy was on his knees, pounding her steadily from behind. "Going good. Eddie and I are, um…still having sex," she gasped.

"Still? You mean, since this morning?"

"Well, we took a short break a couple hours ago, but yes, pretty much since this morning."

Tom's heart sunk. He could hear their sweaty bodies beating together.

Eddie let out pleasurable "huffs" of breath as he held his mom's wide hips; socking his tireless erection through his Ashley's birthing tube. The site of her thick, rounded bubble-booty smacking against his crotch only added to his excitement-level.

"You mean to tell me in the past three hours Eddie hasn't gotten off once?"

"No, he has…but, honey…this wasn't just about 'getting him off' one time, or twice even. The purpose is to satisfy him…and sometimes that involves a young man like Eddie having multiple orgasms."

"Ashley, can the two of you please just wrap things up."

"I think we can do something that'll REALLY drain him," Ashley answered, then peered back at her humping teen. She licked her lips lustfully as her eyes traveled up his young, chiseled torso. "Wanna put it in my ass, honey?"

Tom rolled his eyes as he heard what his wife asked their son. "Ashley…"

Eddie, on the other hand, got a big excited smile. "Heck yes, I would!" he answered, backing his cock from his mom's cunt.

The mother's eyes widened at the sight of his jutting cock pointing at her. His strong, vein-encrusted shaft was dripping with her ejaculate, and the pink bulb of his cock was engorged from pounding against her cervix for so long. "Ease it in then," she whispered, giving her naked buttocks an inviting wag.

"Ashley, can we talk about this first?" Tom asked in frustration.

"We already talked about this," his wife answered. "I told you I'd be letting Eddie use my ass also."

The teen gave his wet cock a few slippery strokes, while staring down at the pink ring of his mom's asshole. He brought his knob to the crinkled lips and pushed forward, prying them open with his throbbing glans.

Tom could tell by his wife's sharp gasp that their son had just penetrated her butt-hole. "Tom, I need to go. I'll see you in a few hours," she hurriedly stated, then hung up.

Eddie gasped in delight as he watched more and more of his cock-meat sink into his mom's butt. Her ass-ring was now stretched obscenely around his thick shaft as it slowly wormed deeper and deeper inside her.

"Wow it feels good in there, mom!"

"Ease it in slow, baby. You're cock is really big," she winced.

Eddie heard his mom let out a sharp breath as he flexed his erection and slid more of its meaty inches inside her hot, clutching ass-tube.

"Ohhhh!" the boy breathed, feeling her sphincter tighten up around him.

"Is this the first time you've had your dick inside a girl's ass, Eddie?" Ashley asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Do you like the way it feels around your big dick?"

"God, yes!"

"Would you like to ream my asshole and pour a hot load of cum in there?" she sensually asked.

"For sure!" he excitedly answered. "If you don't mind?"

"Well…I love to get fucked up the ass, but your dad could never get in very far. Then, when his cock stopped getting hard, I thought I'd never get to experience anal sex again. So no, I don't mind at all."

Feeling the tense muscles around her asshole relax, Eddie began to slowly saw his dick in and out of his mom's shitter. His mother began to throw her ass back at him, lengthening his thrusts. Finally, he felt his leaky knob sink up into her rectum and the elastic ring of her asshole squeeze snugly around the base of his cock. "OH, WOW!" the boy gasped, never imagining that he'd be buried to his cock-root inside his mom's delicious ass.

"Come on, baby…fuck my asshole!" Ashley cooed, thrusting her rounded buns back and making them smack lewdly on her boy's crotch.

Every time Eddie drove into his mother's luscious bowels the sensations up and down his throbbing dick were intensifying, giving way to the most

sublime ecstasy he'd ever experienced. For nearly ten heart-pounding minutes the teen reamed his mother's asshole with full-length thrusts of his cock, delighting in the way her head was on the mattress, but her butt was pointed up for his enjoyment.

Ashley rose up and all-fours and peered back at her ass-humping teen. "Lay down against my back and squeeze my tits, while you fuck, baby," she suggested.

Eddie gladly complied, laying his chest against Ashley's sweaty back, while reaching under and grasping onto her swollen udders. His fingers sunk into their fatty flesh, pinching her thick nipples between his fingers.

The added stimulation had the mother on the verge of another body-trembling climax. She could feel his muscled slab carving delightfully through her slippery ass-tract, his knob mushrooming as it pumped through her rubbery rectum, into the deepest regions of her anal orifice.

"Oh God, I'm gonna cum soon, mom," Eddie gasped.

"Me too, baby!" she squealed, bucking her thick ass beneath him like a bitch in heat.

The smooth, muscular tube of Ashley's ass stroked the youngsters cock like a velvet fist, working it from balls to knob. The exquisite friction of his thick, teenage cock had her shuddering in a tit-quivering climax.

Eddie groaned in ecstasy as his cock began hosing out thick jets of hot love-lava deep in his mother's bowels. For several minutes he bucked and humped feverishly, using Ashley's ass-cavity to squeeze out all his stick cum.

"Oh, God…that was AMAZING!" the teen sighed, collapsing down on top of her.

"It sure was," Ashley agreed. "You see, baby…I told you that you could come to me for anything. It's a mother's duty to look after the needs of her son."

36: Dad strikes out. Son hits a Homer.

Dad strikes out. Son hits a Homer.

By Klrxo

"Let's go, guys!" Hailey cheered from the stands as her husband's community softball team took the field. She was one of many wives there offering support to their hubbies.

Reese, Hailey's son, sat on the bleachers next to his standing mother. His eyes drifted over and studied her pregnant body from head to toe. His friends told him that his mom resembled the actress Sarah Atwood, from the TV show, Yellowstone. He certainly saw the resemblance. Hailey had long dark brown hair with highlights and beautiful facial features that included luscious, bee-stung lips and alluring brown eyes. She wore a sexy cut maternity dress that fell to her mid-thighs and accentuated the rounded cheeks of her ass. Her legs had a wonderful tan that made them shimmer with silkiness. The sight of his mom's dainty feet, with toenails painted ruby red, propped in delicate leather mules with 4-inch stiletto heels, never failed to harden Reese's cock. His eyes drifted back up to the huge round baby-ball that protruded from her mid-section. Hailey was nearing her due-date and she certainly showed it.

"Come on, play smart out there!" the mother shouted, making her gigantic knockers shudder as she clapped. The 38-year-old came from a long line of heavy-breasted women. Being pregnant though

had transformed her boobs from being overly-large to absolutely monstrous .

"Fuck!" Reese's dirty mind exclaimed, watching her ballooning tits wobble to her every move. He couldn't imagine what it would be like to suck on their succulent caps, while he fucked her as hard as he could.

Hailey sat down next to him, her eyes glued to the field. "Your father better be at the top of his game today," she stated. "They're playing one of the best teams in the league."

"You look amazing in that dress," Reese uttered, his sights still fixated on her swollen bosom.

"Thank you, honey," she replied, flashing him a sweet smile. "What else is on your mind today?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you've been awfully quiet. Anything else on occupying your thoughts that you'd like to share?"

"Well…yeah, but now might not be the best time to talk about it," he answered.

"No one else can hear our conversation. If there's something private you wanna say…just say it."

The teen mustered up all the courage he could, then let the words slip out of his mouth, "Can I stay home from school tomorrow…and fuck you?"

She flashed him an amused smile, her eyes widening and locking onto his. "Well…that's certainly a bold question," she stated, trying to keep from smirking.

"I know, but I've been wanting to for awhile, so I thought I'd finally ask."

The mother crossed her sexy legs, one of her strapless high heeled mules dangling from her painted toes.

"I'm aware that you've been wanting to fuck me, Reese," his mother admitted, placing her hand atop his thigh reassuringly. "I'm the one who has to go searching for my bras and panties when they go missing, remember?"

"Yes," he blushed, knowing he had a habit of stealing them.

"Lucky for you, your mother's VERY open minded. I know you like to use my delicates to masturbate your penis with. I just wish you'd get into the habit of returning them."

"I can try to get better at that, sorry," the boy replied, then got back to his original question. "So, um…what about sex?"

The mother had certainly expected her son to proposition her at some point, so she had already considered how she'd respond to such a request.

"I'm not opposed to the idea as long as we could keep it between us. Would you be willing to wait a couple weeks though, until after I have the baby?"

"A couple weeks?"

"Yeah, that'll give my vagina a chance to go back to its original snugness, after pushing out your sister. If you're gonna fuck me, I'm sure you'd like to have a pussy that's nice n tight around your penis," she pointed out.

"Actually, I was hoping we could do it BEFORE the baby's born."

"Oh…" the mother smiled, "well, that's interesting."

The boy's eyes drifted down to his mom's huge, protruding belly. There was something about it that made his heart pound with sexual excitement. "To be honest, I've always really want to—"

"No, I get it," Hailey blurted. "You don't have to explain, honey. I have a ton of appointments tomorrow though and then they're inducing me on Thursday. I just don't see how we'd have much of a chance to do it by then."

After a short pause, Reese broke their silence. "Can we fuck right now?"

Hailey burst out laughing. "Right now?! she asked.

"Yeah, we can take dad's car and find a spot back behind the old vocational building. Kids from my school go back there and fuck all the time."

Hailey looked out at her husband, who was playing second base. She had a good marriage, so obviously she felt a little hesitant about the idea, but she had an itch in her pregnant pussy that her hubby just wasn't satisfying, despite his best efforts. "Your dad has the keys to his car. I'd have to wait for them to go up to bat and get them from him," she told her son.

"Well, that won't be long. There's two outs already. Do you think Jaxon will be ok?" Reese asked, looking over at his little brother, who was busy running around with his friends.

"Yes, just let him know we'll be back in a little while," said Hailey, standing up. "I'll go get the keys from your father."

Every set of male eyes in the stands followed Hailey's thick, swaying ass as she headed for the dugout area. Her huge, meaty tit-melons quivered with each step, her thin stiletto heels clicking daintily on

pavement. After they had gotten the third out, Hailey's husband Chuck came rushing over. He was naturally concerned-looking, since his wife could give birth at any moment. "Hey, babe…everything ok?" he asked.

"Yes, I was just, um…wondering if I could get your keys?"

"Oh…did you leave something in the car?"

"No-no…Reese and I just wanna take a ride."

"A ride?!" Chuck questioned. "Hailey, the game just started."

Hailey was a horrible liar, which clearly showed in her awkward answers. "Oh, I know, honey…we're not going far. We just wanna take a ride back behind the vocational building, maybe park and talk for like an hour or so, then we'll be back," she stated.

Her answer only made her husband even more suspicious. "Behind the vocational building? Hailey, that area's a known as a place where teenagers park and have sex."

"I know it is. We just wanted a place that was quiet and private to, um…talk."

"I let Jaxon know we'd be back in a little while," Reese said as he arrived near his mom.

"Great, thanks, honey."

Chuck stood there for a moment as his wife and son looked at him awkwardly. "Is something going on I should know about?" he asked.

His son flashed Hailey a guilty glance. "No…um, mom and I just wanna take a ride across town," he answered.

"Oh, now it's across town? What happened to parking back behind the vocational building?" Chuck asked, glaring at his wife.

Reese looked at his mom in a questioning manner. "You told him?" he asked.

"Told me what?" Chuck inquired.

"That mom and I are gonna—"

"No!" Hailey blurted, cutting him off. "I told him that we're going back there to talk, that's it!" Then, she looked at her husband impatiently. "Can we just…get the keys please. You have a game to focus on."

Chuck reluctantly went to his bag to fetch his car keys. He gave them to his wife. "Well…I hope you two have a good 'chat,' wherever you're going," he told her.

"We should be back before the end of the game," Hailey stated, then turned and sashayed towards the car with her son. They seemed pretty hurried for two people who were going out for a 'talk.' Chuck watched his car race out of the parking lot. The idea that his pregnant wife and teenage son were leaving the game to go have passionate sex together in the backseat of his car seemed ridiculous, but all the clues certainly pointed that direction, giving him a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Do you think dad knew what we were up to?" Reese asked him mom as she drove.

"Yes, he probably suspected that you and I were going out to fuck each other, but it doesn't matter. Unless he catches us in the act of the crime, we can just continue to plead not guilty."

"He's probably just jealous because he knows I'll fuck you better than he does."

Hailey giggled. "Yes, I'm sure your father's starting to see that you're highly superior. You're younger, better looking, and ready for hot,

nasty action like this in a moments notice," she stated.

"Do you like to be fucked hard, mom?"

She peeked over with a mischievous smile. "Does a fish like water?" she teasingly answered.

"Pull right around there," Reese directed, pointing at a building on the left.

"Are you sure this is a safe spot for us to fuck back here?" Hailey asked her son, looking around nervously as she parked in a small dirt clearing behind the vocational center.

"Of course. Kids from my school fuck back here all the time, mom."

"Okay, let's hurry and get in the backseat," Hailey directed, opening her door.

They both got into backseat and Hailey began eagerly stripping off her dress. Reese just sat there dumbfounded as the realization that he was about to fuck his own beautiful mom kicked in. "Oh, shoot!" he suddenly uttered.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't have any condoms on me."

Hailey burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" her boy asked.

"Newsflash, honey…your mom's already pregnant…VERY pregnant. We don't need condoms, silly boy," she teased, peeling her black thong panties down her legs and off.

"Oh, yeah…I guess you're right."

Reese's eyes widened as she reached back, pulling the thick cross-straps of her bra together, unclasping it. She pulled the cups free of her fat tits and they shimmied heavily. Her mommy-melons looks so swollen and suckable that the boy couldn't help but lick his lips, while gawking at the turgid nipples that stuck out from his mom's wide areolar rings.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" his mom asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"Because I'm naked and you haven't taken off a stitch of clothing yet."

"Oh, sorry," he replied, quickly shedding his shirt. He just loved his mom's shocked expression as he removed his the lower half of his clothing and his erection sprung up stiffly.

"Good grief, have you been using a penis pump or something?" she asked, her jaw hanging open as she stared at his fully-hard appendage.

"No, why?"

"Because you're MUCH larger down there than I expected."

"That's a good thing though, right?" he proudly smiled.

"Yes…a VERY good thing, honey, as long as you have the skills to go with it. A big cock doesn't mean much if you cum before a woman's had a chance to enjoy it."

"I don't cum quick at all. In fact, my friends and I had a contest once to see who could jerk off the longest. I went an hour longer than both of them."

"Well, that's more productive than playing a stupid video game, I suppose," Hailey giggled, "but there's a big difference between your hand and a hot, wet pussy, honey."

"I know, I've had pussy before. Trust me, mom…I'll be able to bang you nice n hard, for as long as you want."

Hailey leaned over and began licking her son's peter tip with her long, pink tongue. "This is hardly the time or place for marathon sex, Reese," she warned between flicks of her licker, "but feel free to fuck me as hard as you can. You won't hurt the baby."

The round-bellied mother lowered her mouth over the swollen stiffness of her boy's dong. She clasped her pouty lips around his vein-encrusted shaft, whimpering in delight as her son's flaring knob entered her throat.

Reese marveled in disbelief, watching his own mom's pretty head bob up and down on his steely cock; her long silky hair shrouding his crotch. Hailey wrapped her hand around the bulky base and began beating him off into her steadily-plunging mouth. Her round, pouty lips acted like the

mouth of a snug, overheated vagina, slipping along the length of his rigid penile flesh.

"Damn, mom…you can really suck dick!" the boy expressed, feeling his glans tingle inside the warm, snug wetness of her mouth and throat.

His knob popped from her lips like a cork and she spoke into it like it were a meaty microphone. "Cooking, cleaning and giving blowjobs is what we moms do best, honey," she declared, then went back to gobbling up his cock-meat.

Wet, gurgling sounds came from the mother's throat as she tried to take all of his cock, but her boy was simply too long and thick,

making that task impossible. "I bet my cunt can take all of you," she gasped, straddling her teen and resting her knees aside his hips on the car seat.

Reese's view as she did this was simply to good to be true. He had never seen a belly packed so full of baby-meat. It was huge and round and sexy. Her gigantic tits seemed obscenely large for her well-fit frame, lurching heavily, with stiff, elongated nipples, right in front of his face as she reached down and grasped his boner.

Hailey fit the pink tapered tip of her boy's prick to the socket of her cunt, wetting his bulb with the juices that had seeped out. "Are you ready, hotshot? Are you ready for your pregnant mom to ride this flagpole?" she eagerly asked.

"Yes!"

The fat, mushroom tip of Reese's leaky cock stretched her slit as it sunk inside her fuck-tube. He groaned as he felt her coital muscles immediately go to work on him, compressing tightly as he plunged deeper and deeper inside the spongy furnace of her vagina.

"Damn, honey…" the mother gasped as she quickly found a fuck-rhythm, "I don't think I've ever felt a dick so huge and hard. I suppose this is a good way to loosen my pussy up to give birth in a couple days."

"I hope your titties don't get any smaller after you have the baby," her son expressed, kissing and licking his way through her squishy, cavernous cleavage.

"Don't count on it, honey. After a mom gives birth, her boobs become a literal milk factory. If anything, they'll swell up even bigger after I have your sister."

"Oh, wow!" Reese excitedly sighed, his voice muffled by fatty mammary-flesh.

Hailey lowered her plush ass to his lap and held it there for a moment, in full penetration. The feel of his throbbing crown, pushing against the ring of her cervical head was absolutely divine. She shuddered with excitement, marveling at the strong, unyielding hardness of her boy's prick, packed inside her luxurious sheath like a thick iron crowbar.

The car began to rock as the heated flesh of their bodies beat lewdly together. Hailey leaned over her son's upper-half, planting her hands on his shoulders for support as she fucked. This caused her dangling tits to swing and brush softly against his chest and face. "Fuck…your boobs are so incredibly huge, mom!" the teen exclaimed wondrously, as the canyon of her squishy cleavage bobbled around his marveling face.

The lucky teen could feel his unborn sister's fully-developed fetus squirming as it lay sandwiched between their writhing torsos. His mom's delicious bubble-booty bobbed up and down as she fed his erect penis through the tube of her horny cunt. "Suck my tits, baby… don't be shy," she encouraged, her breath 'huffing' with every vigorous plunge of her cunt on his satisfyingly-stiff cock.

Reese eagerly complied, latching on to one of her aching nipples, pressing his face against the fatty sponginess of his mom's boob. His dick flexed in arousal inside her, stretching her inner lining with the swollen stalk of his sinewy fuck-muscle. Her cuntal sheath was lined with rows of wonderfully-engorged ribs that were slickened by hot secretions, causing her vagina to pump snugly and fluidly up and down Reese's pink boner, from balls to knob.

"Oh God…now THIS is how I love to be fucked!" the mother cooed, beating her puffy labrum against her boy's hairless cock-base. Their crotches made a creamy, meaty sound as she pumped their blood-engorged love-organs together.

Reese whimpered in ecstasy, his face pressed way up into the squishy orb of his mom's tit, while he gorged on its supple cap. His lusty tongue whipped back and forth on her fat teat, his lips suctioned around the dusky-pink tissue of her areola.

For nearly ten glorious minutes the skilled, cock-fucking mother alternated between plunging and grinding on her boy's steely slab. Her gasps of pleasure built gradually to a screaming, feverish crescendo. The feel of his mom's spewing cunt and rippling tits nearly made the boy lose his load. "Can I fuck you from behind, mom?" he asked, peeking up from between her smothering melons.

"Do you really expect me to say no to that?" she breathlessly replied, as she climbed off of him.

Reese was shocked by how soaking wet his cock was as it slipped from his mom's pussy and sprung back against his abdomen. He quickly rose to his knees behind her as Hailey rested on all-fours on the seat. "Damn…that's one fine ass!" he complimented, staring at her rounded globes.

Hailey peeked back over her shoulder, grinning wickedly as she watched her boy give his prick a few strokes, while he stared at the fleshy clamshell of her pussy. "Move on up here and fuck me doggy, honey," his mom urged, wagging her ass-meat invitingly. "Make this 'fine ass' beat against you."

She certainly didn't have to ask him twice. Reese fed his jutting peter-flesh into his mom's vagina, sighing in delight as it sunk to her cervix. He grasped her wide hips and began banging her hard and fast from behind. Few sights could rival the view he had of his mom's apple-bottomed ass-flesh SMACKING violently against his chiseled midsection.

"Oh, fuck…this is great!" he gasped.

"I agree! I love fucking this way as long as there's a rock-hard cock like yours to throw my ass back on."

Hanging down, like fat udders, the mother's dangling tits swung wildly on her chest to the rhythm of their heated union. Hailey pumped her ass back with eager passion, meeting her boy's hammering humps. It saddened her that she couldn't get fucked this way by her husband anymore. Age had caused Chuck to lose the sexual mojo he'd once possessed, and his cock certainly didn't have the youthful rigidness it once had. That was OK now though. The sex-starved mother had a son with a piece of meat that made her husband's seem laughable. Reese was full of youthful exuberance that was sure to bring her hours upon hours of body-trembling orgasms. She knew that this was the first of many sexual adventures they'd be sharing together.

"Oh, shit, Reese…you're gonna make me cum on that big teenage cock again!" the mother mewled as a tremendous climax swept through her prenatal body.

Watching his mother get off to his skillful fucking was extremely satisfying to the teen. He loved pounding her from behind like this; watching her fatty ass-cheeks ripple as they beat against his steadily-humping midsection. However, he was anxious to feel her strong, silky legs harnessed around him, while he fucked her savagely from the top.

Carl Anderson was a Senior in High School, just like Reese. He pulled his jeep around the vocational building and parked it next to the only other car in the area. His cock was aching, and he was anxious to get a blowjob from his girlfriend as she sat next to him, fondling his cock.

"Looks like there's another couple having some fun back here," he stated, looking over at Reese's father's car. He could clearly see the duo in the backseat, fucking their asses off.

"I'll say!" said Carl's girlfriend, peering over at the wilding romping couple. Hailey's lovely mommy-legs were scissored in the air and Reese's ass flew

up and down feverishly as he pounded her pussy hard and fast. "Seeing that makes me wanna skip the blowjob and go straight to fucking."

"Come on, baby…you know I love some good, juicy head first," Carl stated, grabbing the back of her hair and pulling her face down to his hardened crotch.

Inside the other vehicle, Reese fucked his mom with fervid pumps of his throbbing cock. He adored having sex this way. Even more so now that he was doing it with someone with a body that was out of this world, and built for pleasure. Fucking his pregnant mom was like driving a plush, luxury automobile that was made to perform the task efficiently, while providing the utmost comfort.

"God, your cock feels so fucking good!" his mother gasped.

Reese jabbed it in deep and held it there a moment, gritting his teeth as his mom's experienced vaginal tract sucked and contracted around the stiffened slab of his cock. He ran his hands down her soft body; the bulging outer-contours of her tit-globes and the soft distended sides of the baby-ball that was squashed between them. Then, he grasped onto her warm cushy ass-cheeks and resumed fucking her at a furious tempo, crushing her pregnant body against the car seat.

Hailey's knockers felt so huge and squishy pancaked against her son's chest with her engorged teats prodding into him. The meaty mammaries sloshed around between them to the rhythm of their wildly-humping motions.

The heavy breathing mother locked her silky tan legs around her boy, fastening his body to hers. Her warm thighs were clamped to

his hips, flexing and straining from their feverish fuck. Draped against his upper back, her calves pushed against him repeatedly, allowing her leverage, so she could buck against him in counterpoint, taking as much of his ten-inch cock as she could.

"Goddamn, your pussy's tight, mom!" he cried out, feeling it squeeze and suction around his burrowing boy-meat.

"Any girl's pussy would be tight around a fat bullhorn like yours, baby!"

"Man, I could cum and then fuck you again if you'd let me," he offered. "but I know we need to get back to the game soon."

"Fuck the game!" Hailey squealed, writhing beneath her boy's tireless assault. "If you need to lay a sticky load inside me right now, then fuck me again then you go right ahead, baby!"

"Yessss!" the teen hissed, quickening his fuck-rhythm. He slid his arms beneath his mom's back and grasped onto her shoulder, so he could really lay some pipe into her.

Hailey's back arched in ecstasy; a tremendous full-body orgasm jarring her out of no where, like an electric current. "AAAAUUGGGHHH!!" she screamed out, startling the couple parked next to them she was so fucking loud.

Reese fucked his mom's juice-spewing pussy as hard as he could, feeling her freshly-shaved legs shudder as they twisted down his wildly-pumping ass. The cunt-clasping friction on his penis was immense. He had passed the 'point of no return' as his semen was deposited at the top of his urethra, ready for ejaculation. He let out a whimpering moan as a series of rapid fire contractions began to stimulate his prostate and seminal vesicles, forcing his load to shoot through his shaft. His penile muscles contracted, sending a huge ribbon of spunk splashing through his mom's pink, corrugated walls.

"AHHH, FUCK, MOM!" the teen grunted. More and more jizz erupted from his cunt-smothered knob, making him shiver through the most powerful ejaculation than he'd ever had.

For several mindless minutes they kissed passionately, their tongues wrestling inside Reese's mouth. Mother and son ground their horny, quivering pissers together, milking out every drop of pleasure that they could before finally going motionless.

"Damn…that was some amazing pussy!" Reese breathlessly expressed.

"That WAS some pretty hot sex, wasn't it, baby?" his mom agreed.

"Were you serious about letting me fuck you again right now?"

"How do you want me?" she eagerly replied.

Reese laid behind his mom in the spooning position, feeding his long, muscled cock up into the tube of her cunt, while groping her huge, spongy tits and rounded baby-ball. Hailey pumped her skilled pussy back on him, mashing her twat-lips right down against his prick-root so she could make sure she was getting every inch of his dreamy, teenaged dick inside her. For twenty minutes they both fucked their way to a tremendous mutual climax, feeling the exquisite friction of their pink, juicy love organs bring them to new heights of sexual delight.

"It's about time you two got back," Chuck stated, after they returned. "The game ended like twenty minutes ago."

"Sorry, we just, um…got to talking and lost track of time. Who won the game?" Hailey asked.

"We lost by two runs."

"Oh, shoot…sorry, honey."

"So, what was this important 'private' conversation that the two of you just had to have?"

Hailey looked at her son, trying to think of something. "Oh, just, um…silly stuff really."

"Hey, man!" a voice suddenly shouted from the parking lot. It was Carl Anderson, the boy who had parked next to them with his girlfriend. He came rushing over to Reese and handed him a pair of black panties. "Your girl's panties must have fallen out of your car, when you guys got back in the front seat. I just wanted to bring them over," he explained.

"Oh, thanks," Reese uttered, then handed them to his mom, while awkwardly looking over at his dad.

"No problem. You guys were really making my girlfriend jealous with how wild you were going at it in there. We've been parking back behind the

vocational building for a long time and we've never seen a car rock like that. Anyway, see you guys!" said Carl, then rushed back towards his jeep.

Hailey turned and looked at her husband as he stood there with a sickened expression. She forced a smile and brought her hands together, making the swell of her giant boobies quiver. "Well…who wants lunch? I'm starving."

37: Dad_s Big Mistake_1

by klrxo

Chapter 1

Kyle was a tall, muscular 18-year-old. It was summer vacation and he was home almost every day with his mother, while his father had to work.

Julie was a 38-year-old maternal beauty. She was about six feet, 130 pounds, with long, brown hair, sparkling brown eyes, long, milky-white legs, a remarkably round ass, and even more remarkably big boobs. She exercised daily, almost fanatically, so her body stayed in top shape. Her body was soft, feminine, and curvy, yet somehow surprisingly firm and muscular at the same time.

Kyle was very successful with girls his age, since he was charming, handsome, had a huge penis, and knew how to use it. But he often wondered what it would be like to fuck his mother. She was the hottest mother in the neighbourhood, by far. All his friends said so. He longed to prop her feet on his shoulders and feel his large cock saw in and out of her sweet cunt. He wanted so badly to dump his load deep into her womb, where his mother's eggs would surely be waiting.

Julie knew her son (and her only child) carnally desired her. It was obvious by the looks he'd been giving her. A part of her was flattered by her son's admiration, and any woman would admit that the boy was muscular and handsome. But he was her son and she was

happily married to her husband of 20 years, Jim. Given time, she was confident her son's fascination for her would pass.

Kyle came down to breakfast in nothing but his boxers, where he found his mother at the stove cooking. He paused to admire her long gorgeous legs and shapely ass. Julie was in just a short, blue silk robe and a dainty pair of high-heeled slippers. She noticed her boy staring at her ass from the doorway.

"Good morning, sleepy-head," she said in her sweet, motherly tone, while still facing away from him.

"Morning, Mom." Kyle answered. He walked up behind his mother and gave her a hug from behind.

Julie turned her head to him and smiled. She could feel his large, erect penis pressed against the crack of her ass. She knew that her son's endowment was much larger than her husband's, thanks to seeing the size of his tenting bulge through whatever he was wearing, and more recently from sometimes brushing up against it. Not for the first time, she figured it was diplomatic to pretend it wasn't there.

"How'd you sleep?" she asked, even as she secretly reveled in the feeling of his hard-on nestling into her ass crack.

"Okay, I guess. Is Dad gone already?" he asked. His muscular arms were just under her huge rack. He could feel the weight of her spongy tits resting on the top of his arms. He also was able to sense that she wasn't wearing a bra, since her bras were thick and heavy to support her hefty, round boobs.

"Yeah, he left a few minutes ago." Julie answered.

Her husband Jim was a financial analyst and wore a three-piece suit to his downtown office, where he worked nine to five every business

day. His six-figure salary meant the family was able to live in an upper class house in suburbia and Julie didn't have to work.

She knew why her son had asked about Jim. Kyle's behavior was much different when his father wasn't there. He became much more touchy-feely with her. She didn't mind, and even kind of encouraged him at times. She told herself the horny teen was just going through a stage and he would never try anything "over the line" without her consent.

Kyle squeezed his mother tightly. His shaft was beginning to wedge deeper into the crack of his her ass. He gently and carefully repositioned his hands until they were "accidentally" cupping the undersides her immense globes.

"I love you, Mom," he said, creating an excuse for the intimate hug to keep going.

Julie reached back and stoked the back of Kyle's head lovingly, her long nails combing through his dark brown hair. She twisted her upper torso and looked over her shoulder into his brilliant brown eyes.

"I know you do, Sweetie, and I love you... more than you know," she said. She was secretly thrilling from their unusually intimate contact. It was outrageous the way he was cupping her tits, and it was something she'd almost never allowed him to do before, but the throbbing of his huge erection in her ass crack was even more exciting. That was only rarely allowed too, and never both actions at once.

He was overcome with lust and love for her. He struggled to express his desire for her. "I mean... I... I really love you, Mom... I..."

Julie turned to fully face him, and placed her finger over Kyle's mouth. That forced their naughty ass and breast contact to come to

an end. "SSSSHHHHH! I know, Sweetie. You don't have to explain it to me, I know what you're going through," she said warmly.

"You do?" Kyle asked with worry. His incestuous desire for her could hardly have been more obvious (when Jim wasn't around), but it was something that had never been openly acknowledged before.

"Yes, and it's perfectly naturally for boys your age to love their mother's this way." Julie stepped forward and enveloped him in another hug. That allowed her massive breasts to squash against his hunky chest. The feel of her silky blue robe against his bare chest was electric for both of them.

"Tell me what you're feeling?" she asked encouragingly.

"Jealousy, I guess." he muttered sadly.

"Youre jealous of your father, because I'm his?" she asked. Her nipples were stiffening because she secretly found his rampant desire for her flattering and exciting. She was kind of regretting not wearing a bra, or panties for that matter. She was worried he'd be too encouraged when he felt her arousal through her erect nipples. The flirting should only go so far, she figured.

"Yeah." He sighed. "And I guess... I guess I know how much you want a baby and... well..."

There was a short pause. Then Julie took her boy's hand and smiled up into his eyes. Her silk-covered erect nipples continued to press into his bare chest. "So you're jealous that I'm trying to have a baby with your father and not with you?"

"Yeah," he boldly admitted. "I'm sorry, I know it sounds stupid," he said, feeling defeated. "It's just that I love you so very much, and you're so beautiful that it hurts!"

Her heart thumped faster and faster, and she could even feel her pussy starting to throb and moisten a little bit. She felt a wicked desire to kiss his lips, but she knew it could never happen. "It's not stupid, Sweetie. Your feelings are very real. The truth is your father and I have been trying to have a baby for seven long years, and so far... no luck."

"For that long? Is everything okay with you?" Kyle asked. His penis was still throbbing needfully in his boxers, but he was genuinely concerned for them. He was looking forward to having a new sibling too.

"I'm fine, but I'm afraid your father has a very low sperm count. That's what the doctor told us recently. It's possible that he may never be able to get me pregnant again," she admitted in a low tone.

Kyle's eyes lit up. He had what he thought was a brilliant idea. "Well, why don't you let me try, Mom?! I know I could do it, really!" He exclaimed excitedly. His heart thumped wildly and his erection lurched with new life.

Julie giggled. They still stood very close facing each other, her hands resting on her son's shoulders, and her silk-covered huge breasts still pressing into his bare chest, with her stiff nipples poking noticeably into him. "Hold it, mister. You know that you and I can't go there."

Even as she said that, she secretly wished it was somehow possible for them to get intimate. Sometimes, in fact often times, she fantasized about being "taken" by her own son! Lately, she'd been getting a little crazy with allowing him to flirt with her when Jim wasn't home. Plus, she was dressing far too "casually" when they were alone, such as the silky robe and high heeled slipped she had on now... and nothing underneath! But she told herself that some "harmless flirting" was one thing, actual sex was quite another!

"Why not?! Dad wouldn't have to know. You could tell him the baby was his. It would be our secret," Kyle suggested. His erection was throbbing needfully in his boxers.

Julie felt another secret rush of arousal. She thought, I could picture it, getting repeatedly fucked by my extremely handsome, well-hung

son, and passing the baby off as Jim's. So wicked! Her pussy was getting wetter just from the idea.

But she felt she had to shut him down before he got too carried away with the impossible idea. She laughed and shook her head. "Kyle, listen to yourself. Do you realize what you're asking me?!"

"It makes sense, doesn't it? You could get pregnant without having to cheat on Dad." His lust was surging so strongly that he boldly slipped his hands down to her ass. That allowed him to pull her in closer until her pussy mound was pressing up against his huge boner!

She quietly gasped and her heart thumped faster as she felt the sheer size of his arousal. However, she pretended not to notice. "But I would be cheating on your father... with you."

"Yeah, technically, but the kid would look like Dad and everything. No harm, no foul, right? Mom, I promise I would never say a thing." Kyle pleaded.

Julie was tempted, sorely tempted. She already knew her son's penis was twice the size of her husband's, and she longed to be truly, royally fucked at least once in her life. Feeling his bulging arousal hotly pressing through her silky robe really drove home how exceptionally endowed he was. However, she remembered how much she loved Jim, despite her years of sexual disappointment with him. It was a fun fantasy to imagine getting fucked by her son, but it could never, ever actually happen.

She told him sadly, "Sweetie, we can't."

"Why? Why can't we, Mom? You want this baby desperately badly," he pointed out. "Wouldn't you go to extreme lengths to make it happen?!"

"Yes, but not at the cost of my marriage! Son, this idea of yours isn't about me having a baby. I know you, you naughty boy. This is about you getting into my panties. I have never once in 20 years of marriage cheated on your father and I don't intend to break that streak with my overly-horny 18 year old son," Julie said firmly.

She felt better for taking a clear stand on the issue, but she still couldn't get herself to pull back from their hug. She continued to secretly thrill at the feel of her immense tits pressing against his bare chest, and his throbbing boner pressing against her lower tummy.

Kyle hung his head for a moment, then looked back at her. "What if I get his permission?" he asked with renewed hope.

Julie let out a surprised giggle. "Your father's permission? Seriously?!"

"Yeah. What if Dad agrees to let me get you pregnant?"

"Good luck with that!" She laughed with even more amusement, because she considered the idea so preposterous.

"No. seriously. What if Dad says it's okay?" he asked with surprising insistence.

"You would actually have the guts to ask your father to get me pregnant?! That's dangerous!" She felt another surge of lust that her son was so hot for her that he would do stupid things.

"What if he agrees to it?" he persisted.

Julie's face went blank for a moment and she stared off into space. God! What if?! That would be heavenly! I'd finally get to fulfill my naughty incestuous fantasy. And with full permission, so no guilt! Well, not much guilt, anyway. And I'd get to be a mommy all over again! I want that so much that I can't stand it!

Her arousal soared even higher. She didn't realize it, but as she wiggled excitedly against her son, her robe started to open up in front.

But what's the point in imagining? There's no way in hell Jim would ever agree. He's rather chop his own arms off, I'm sure!

"What if Dad says it's okay?" Kyle asked again, almost annoying with his persistence.

"First of all, there's no damn way your father is going to let his son, of all people, have a crack at his wife. He might even kick you out of the house or something drastic like that for merely asking!" she said with genuine concern.

"But what if he says 'yes?'" Kyle asked.

"Well, if he says yes, which I know he won't, then... I'd... I'd be willing to sit down with you and discuss it," she said seriously. She felt more jolts of pleasure race up and down her spine just from thinking about what could be, in a perfect world.

"You and me making a baby together? The old-fashioned way?!" Kyle asked almost breathlessly. He had remarkable control over his urge to cum, usually, but he was teetering on the verge of shooting off his cum load just from thinking about that possibility.

"Yes, I'd be willing to discuss the possibility of you and me making a baby together," she said carefully, trying not to sound too encouraging for what she considered a doomed and crazy suggestion.

She finally managed to break the hug with him, if only because she was getting so worked up that she worried he'd notice. But by pulling back, she unthinkingly showed off how her robe had opened up in front, revealing a dramatic amount of cleavage, all the way to her belly button! The robe was so open that he could see parts of her nipples, and in fact it was the stiffness of her nipples that caught the edges of the robe and stopped it from opening still further.

Kyle cheered in triumph. He definitely noticed her partially exposed boobs, but he was so overjoyed that that was just like the icing on his very delicious cake.

Then, overcome by joy, he hugged his mother tightly and then lifted her entire body up off the floor! He actually hefted her up and down some, like he was doing his usual daily weight lifting and she was his bar bells.

That caused her silky blue robe to open up even more in front, until even her erect nipples could be seen! Her huge tits flopped up and down in the open each time he lifted her up and down.

She squealed in both sexual excitement and distress, "Son! Please! Put me down!"

He reluctantly brought her back to the floor.

She quickly pulled her robe closed in front. With a flushed, aroused face, she told herself, That just didn't happen! We're erasing that from the memory banks!

He gave her another victorious hug. "Mom! You have no idea how happy this makes me!" He loved the feel of her enormously spongy boobs against his chest, especially since he'd just been able to see them bouncing completely out of her robe.

Julie smiled at her happy son. She thought, It's cute how excited he is at the possibility of breeding me, but we both know it will never

happen. There was no way my husband would ever go for such a thing. I guess I've been going too far with the flirting, and encouraging him too much. I need to be more careful. Especially with this stupid robe! She blushed from thinking about how she's just fully exposed her massive breasts to his gaze.

She warned him, "Don't get too excited, Sweetie. You haven't talked to your father yet. We both know there's no way in hell he'll agree, and you're probably going to get in serious trouble just for asking!"

Kyle was smirking. "Maybe so. But if he agrees, can we start tonight?!"

"If he agrees, I'll die of shock." She smiled. Her heart was still racing, and her pussy was getting quite wet. She had to admit that his openly admitted desire to fuck her was a big rush, and the fantasy of Jim giving permission was an even bigger thrill. She knew she'd be secretly masturbating to that idea for quite some time to come.

"But if he does, can we?" Kyle pressed.

"If your father agrees, we'll sit down tonight and talk," Julie said. Swept away by his enthusiasm, and her own secret lust, she daringly added, "You know how much I want another baby. I guess you could say I'd agree to just about anything to make that happen, if it wasn't actual cheating."

"YESSSS!" He pumped his fist in the air. He was over the moon. He very nearly had a spontaneous orgasm on the spot, thanks to those encouraging words.

Kyle smiled to himself confidently. He thought, Ha! I know for a fact that having Mom's ankles propped back on my shoulders as I eagerly fucked her hot cunt is about to become a reality! I know it because I know something about Dad that Mom does not! Dad has

made a BIG MISTAKE! It's about to cost him dearly! But his loss is my gain!

Chapter 2

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. Kyle knew just the time to be at his father's office.

Jim had his cock buried deep in the tight young pussy of his sexy secretary Dora, when his son barged into the room.

The partially naked blonde slut pulled up her panties and ran from the office into another private room, embarrassed as hell.

Jim just stood there in complete shock as his own son glared across the room at him. Then he remembered to hastily tuck his penis away and zip up his pants.

"Havin' fun, Dad?" Kyle asked. He'd already secretly taken some photos of the adulterous sex session, then put the camera away in a safe place so Jim wouldn't get the idea to try to steal it before he could make copies.

"Kyle, I... I was just..." Jim couldn't think of any excuses. He'd been caught red-handed.

It was the first time Kyle had seen his father's penis as it slowly went flaccid, before it had been tucked away. He silently chuckled at how small it was. He was anxious to see how his mother would react having a cock over four inches longer than her husband's plowing her depths. Not only was his dick longer than his father's, it was a great deal thicker, with fat bulging veins and a huge purple knob.

"Relax, Dad. I've known for a long time now." Kyle lied by adding, "It's cool. I don't really mind that much. Sometimes, temptation gets to be more than one can resist, doesn't it?"

At least Kyle honestly understood the sentiment behind that last comment. His own temptation to fuck his mother had grown so great that he was driven to blackmail his own father. He didn't even feel that guilty about it, because it was as if he had no choice in the matter. His libido was in total control.

Jim felt miserable. The guilt was hitting him like a sledgehammer. "What about your mother?! Oh God, please tell me you haven't said anything about this to her!"

"Don't worry, Dad. Mom doesn't ever have to know about this, but in order for things to stay that way, you're gonna have to do a little something for me," Kyle said with a grin.

"Okay... what do you want?" Jim asked. He'd taken his tie and jacket off for the fucking, and started to put them back on.

"Your permission," Kyle said with a smile.

The horny son went on to explain the whole idea of how he could help Julie get pregnant.

Needless to say, that didn't go over very well. There was lots of yelling and cursing. But Kyle held all the cards, even without having to bring up the photos he'd secretly taken as insurance.

In the end, Jim felt he had no choice. Besides, he decided that he'd tried for seven years to impregnate his wife and it just wasn't happening. This was their last realistic chance, other than maybe adoption. So at least some good could come of this disaster.

Later that night, Kyle lay on his bed waiting. Jim had been home for a few hours and he and Julie were downstairs talking. Finally, at about 11 o'clock, Kyle heard a gentle tap at his door.

Julie poked her head in. "You still awake, Sweetie?" she shyly asked.

"Yeah, I'm up." Kyle answered. He thought with a snicker, Of course I'm up, and in more ways than one! What teenage boy could sleep when they're finalizing the deal of a lifetime?! A chance to fuck a baby into my own beautiful mother!

Julie came in and closed the door. She was in her silky robe again and the dainty high-heeled slippers.

He sat up in bed. He was wearing nothing but his boxers. The tenting at his crotch was obvious, and almost comical.

As she strode towards him, Kyle watched her enormous boobs sway beneath her robe in a way that proved she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. He was confident that soon he'd be up to his ears in naked matronly tit-flesh as he pumped his baby-makers into his mother's womb.

Julie nearly stumbled as she glanced at the sheer size of his erection in his boxers. That size took on a whole new meaning for her now. She sat at the edge of his bed with an odd expression.

There was a long silence. She nervously stared anywhere but at his crotch or his muscular bare chest. "Well... I don't know how you managed to do it, buster," she said with genuine amazement. "I just had quite possibly the strangest conversation with your father in my life!"

"Dad said 'Yes?!'" Kyle tried to act surprised. Also, even though he knew it was a foregone conclusion, his excitement soared anyway, from it coming closer to reality. He had to try to suppress his euphoria too.

Julie looked at him with wide, amazed eyes. "I can hardly believe it, but yeah, he did! Your father seemed to think you made a pretty convincing case," She was already panting hard from thinking about the incestuous fucking to come, which was causing her massive knockers to heave up and down inside her robe.

"Really?!" Kyle asked, still playing dumb. He was secretly pleased to note her stiff nipples pressing through her silk robe, as well as all her sexy and unsupported tit heaving.

He thought, She's totally into it! She wants me to fuck her!

Julie couldn't resist glancing at his bulge again. Holy mother of God! That thing is going to fit inside me?! For real?! Lord have mercy on me!

Her stomach was doing backflips, and she felt downright dizzy. Her arousal was soaring, and her pussy was wet. But she did her best to try to appear outwardly calm. She gave him a warm motherly-smile and looked into his eyes. "Really! Which means, Mr. Smooth-Talker,

if you're still willing, and able, I think we should start our plans on making a baby together."

She thought, I can't believe I just said that! I can't believe any of this is really happening! But it is! I'm gonna get split-roasted and skewered for days on end! Gaawwwd, he's such a handsome stud! He goes through sexy girlfriends like he's Casanova, and I'm going to be his next conquest!

"Plans? You mean we can't start tonight?!" Kyle asked with severe disappointment.

She giggled, and stroked her son's dark brown hair. "You silly boy. You don't know too much about making babies, do you? It's a lot more complicated than just crawling between Mom's legs and doing your thing. It can only be done at a certain time, using certain techniques to ensure my pregnancy."

As her huge, bra-less tits kept heaving up and down from her heavy breathing, she went on to describe the ovulation process and how only during that certain window of time can a baby be created. It was a window which she was due for in a few days.

He knew all that already, but he'd been irrationally hoping they'd start fucking just as soon as Jim gave permission. He was secretly crushed, but tried hard not to show it. However, he wasn't so sad that his erection was in danger of going flaccid. The mere idea that he'd get to fuck his bombshell mother someday soon was keeping him almost permanently aroused, ever since the last conversation he'd had with her about it, earlier in the day.

She took her son's hand in hers and their eyes met. "Sweetie, I realize this is a brand new experience for you. I think it's important for us to keep in mind throughout this whole process, who we are and why we're doing this. It's all about procreation, and giving you a new brother or sister. I think our sessions should be very cut and dry,

without any... how shall I say this... unnecessary pleasure. Strictly clinical and dispassionate. Do you know what I mean?"

Kyle nodded, as if in agreement. He figured, She says that now! But once I have my nine-inch cock burrowing deep within her womb, all that "unnecessary pleasure" shit will fly out the window! I've fucked a lot of girls, the sexiest girls in school. They all go crazy for my pecker, and beg for more!

But he tried to look and sound innocent. "Okay, I get it. We can't fuck tonight."

She interrupted, "Can you not use such vulgar language, please? What if you say 'copulate' instead?"

"Okay, fine. Copulate.' Or what about 'breed?'"

"Um, I suppose that works too."

He resumed, "I get that I can't breed you tonight. But the fact is, I'm going to breed you soon."

She felt a secret thrill each time he used the word "breed," but she tried hard not to show it. Her heavy tits were still heaving up and down, and all that heaving had caused her robe to open in front, nearly to the edges of her nipples, and down to her belly button.

Her breasts were so large for her chest that they tended to touch each other even when completely unsupported. He started with an intense lust at her deep cleavage. Soon, I'll have my hands right there! Hell, I'll have my dick right there! Oh, man! I could pass out right now!

He tried to dial back his blatant desire, and managed to look back up into her eyes, despite all the sexy heaving. "You know this is a dream come true for me. To kind of celebrate what we're going to do, can we at least do something tonight, to sort of tide me over? Maybe a blowjob?"

She glared at him in extreme irritation. "Brian! Just what do you think I am?! So kind of wanton slut?! That will NOT be happening, now or ever! Have you not been listening to a word I've been saying?! Our goal here is procreation, not sexual pleasure! A blowjob doesn't get me pregnant, so that's right out!"

That seemed hypocritical given that she was sitting there nearly topless while obviously panting heavily with desire, but he let it slide.

He held his hands out in placating gesture. "Okay, okay! Sorry! But look at this from my point of view. I mean, is it really so evil of me to want to experience SOME sexual pleasure?! As the saying goes, I'm 'young, dumb, and full of cum.'"

She couldn't resist gazing at the outrageous bulge in his boxers. "You are that!" She giggled nervously.

She glanced down at his boxers. They were white and thin, allowing her to vaguely see the shape of a "snake" resting on one of his legs.

Whoa! Have mercy! If he cums as much as his penis is large, 'full of cum' will be an understatement! I'm gonna drown in his sticky love!

He went on, "As you know, I've desired you for a long, long time. I know you're going to say that's wrong..."

"That IS wrong," she stated firmly.

He rolled his eyes. "Even so, this lust of mine is a necessary ingredient for the baby making to happen. We can't deny it's not there. You say I might have to wait for days. Days! Can't you at least throw me SOME kind of bone tonight, to get my hopes up?!"

She glanced at his crotch again, and said wryly, "I can see that your 'hopes' are way up already." She added in embarrassment, "Speaking of which, can you please, uh, tuck yourself in there?!"

He looked to his crotch at saw that several inches of his boner was sticking through the slit on the front of his boxers! He hadn't actually planned that "accident," but he was happy that it had happened. Still, he didn't want to push too hard, so he muttered, "Oh, sorry," and readjusted his boner so it was entirely covered again.

Julie's heart pounded like a hammer. She thought, Good Lord! Did I really just see that?! Even now, I can't believe my eyes. It's like he has a fleshy cucumber stuffed in there! I swear, the several inch section of it I just saw is bigger than all of Jim's penis, and that's just part of my son's total endowment!

The thickness of that thing is INSANE! No wonder all the girls in school can't wait for their turn to ride him. I wonder how many cherries he's popped with that, that... deadly weapon! AND I'M NEXT!

Sweet Jesus! Julie, what are you getting yourself into?! Is that really going to fit inside me?! I tell myself that I'm doing this just for the

baby, but... UNGH! I can't deny... I want it! I want him! Just once or twice, to see what it's really like! To have sex with my SON!

"Penny for your thoughts?"

Julie was startled out of her reverie. She realized with embarrassment that she'd been gawking at his erection. Even though it was tucked back in his boxers, she could still see its shape quite

clearly, because it was tenting straight out, threatening to rip his boxers in two! There was a gap of several inches between the waistband of his boxers closest to his hard-on and his body, since his boxers were stretched out so much.

That allowed her to directly see his patch of pubic hair and an inch or two of his remarkably thick pole again.

She decided, I'd better not say anything about what he's showing this time. Why embarrass him again? After all, I'm going to see it all, very soon. And feel it all too! Oh, dear God!

She lamely muttered, "Um, nothing."

He knew that was a lie, and was secretly pleased that she was checking out his package. He could tell her heart had to be racing even faster, because her tit-heaving was increasing even more. Much of her areolae had come into view as a result. He could smell her wet pussy too.

He was seriously tempted to simply up and fuck her right now! He figured she would soon give in. But he knew he couldn't. It was vital to his long term plan that she get fucked willingly, and with Jim's full permission.

He resumed, "Anyway, like I was saying, can't you give me some sort of sexual treat tonight, just to hold me over?"

She was feeling exceptionally horny, and getting more so all the time. She'd repeatedly told herself that she was going to be "dispassionate" with him from now on, but she was the one who'd chosen to come into his room alone in just her silky robe, high heeled slippers, and nothing else.

For a moment, she was seriously tempted to at least give him a handjob. But then she thought, No, wait. Am I mad?! That's a slippery slope. I can never go down that path. The very fact that I have lustful feelings for him that I can't deny means I'm going to have to redouble my effort to keep things clinical and unemotional. It sucks, but that's how it has to be!

She told him with a sad, sympathetic smile, "I'm sorry, but you know I can't do that either."

He asked with boundless hope, "Well, what about just standing naked for me then?! I don't even have to touch you. That would be a dream come true for me all by itself, and it'll keep me going for days! I promise!"

She was genuinely disappointed to say, "Sorry. Even that would be too much. You realize that when we, uh, do it..."

"When we breed," he helpfully clarified.

"Yes, when we do that, I'm going to have to remain clothed. Otherwise, things could spiral out of control. YOU may get some sexual pleasure out of it. That can't be helped, or you won't ejaculate. But it's not necessary that I feel pleasure, and I don't want to upset my husband. So that's how it has to be. I'm sorry."

Surprisingly, Kyle just nodded, and stayed silent. He vehemently disagreed with the entire "dispassionate copulation" plan. But he figured now wasn't the time to have that argument with her. He didn't mind "losing" this discussion tonight, just so long as he got to

fuck her like two wild and animalistic lovers before all was said and done.

He also figured that it wouldn't help him to point out that she was practically topless already. And with the way she was constantly

panting and heaving with arousal, it was actually probably a more titillating sight that actual toplessness.

He thought, I know what I'm going to be masturbating about when I got to sleep tonight! Not to mention just as soon as she leaves the room too!

Julie was actually a little disappointed that he didn't try harder to talk her out of her robe. But she left his room a few minutes later without further incident. She was highly confused, because her lust for him was soaring and yet she was forced to deny those feelings as much as humanly possible.

Like him, she was masturbating and then cumming only a few minutes after she left his room. Luckily, Jim was still downstairs and didn't realize how eager she was for this "copulation" plan to get started.

Chapter 3

Several days passed.

Kyle waited eagerly for the word from his mother. He longed to masturbate pretty much 24 hours a day, but he greatly restrained himself so he'd be at his full sexual powers when the time finally came. And though he didn't have a serious girlfriend at the time, he also could have easily called up one of his many "friends with benefits" for a "booty call," but he didn't do that either, for the exact same reason.

Finally, on a Thursday morning, Kyle was sitting at the breakfast table alone when Julie sat down next to him. She wore a big smile. She was wearing a red silk robe this time, but it was just as sexy and revealing as her blue one. And once again, she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

That didn't mean anything in and of itself though. Ever since their conversation confirming the impregnation plan, she'd been very flirty with him, and wearing robes with no underwear more often than not. At least when Jim wasn't home. She'd even "accidentally" flashed him a few times.

The bottom line was both of them were practically dying of anticipation, even though she kept telling herself the fucking was going to be "clinical" and "dispassionate."

"So... feel like making a baby today, mister?" she asked casually. But her heart was already thumping like a big bass drum in her ample chest.

Kyle's eyes lit up and his heart started to wildly race too. "Seriously?!" His penis was fully erect in seconds.

"Seriously. I started my cycle. I hope you're not going anywhere for a while. I really need to know that I can count on you these next three days," she said earnestly.

"Of course you can, Mom! I won't go anywhere, that's for sure!" He was giddy, almost delirious. It was all he could do to stay relatively calm. "So we can start this morning?!"

Julie gave her son a warm smile. She paused dramatically, and then told him, "As soon as your father leaves for work."

Kyle's already stiff dick became as hard as steel. YESSSS! My great dream is finally about to come true! This is the day! Pinch me, I must be dreaming!

She got up and began doing errands near him, such as taking dirty dishes away to the kitchen and then coming back for other things. But in fact, she really was more interested in getting him further aroused by showing off her fabulous body for him. She kept to a strict exercise regimen, so there wasn't an ounce of fat on her... except on her breasts, which were soft and delightfully squeezable. She had plenty reason to be proud of her figure.

She told herself she was going to stick to wearing clothes while they fucked, but she'd decided it was harmless if she built his anticipation some by letting her red robe slip open in front enough to show off a lot of cleavage. She figured he'd seen a lot of that part of her body in recent days anyway, since it seemed she couldnt stop flirting with him, whenever Jim wasn't around.

The verbal flirting between them had gotten pretty hot and heavy at times too. She kept acting coy and emphasizing the need to be "dispassionate," but it was hard to stick to that in flirty practice when she knew he was actually going to be fucking her soon!

It helped that they could talk about practical matters relating to the upcoming "breeding session" (and "breeding" had suddenly become a very common word between them), such as which rooms they would use or what clothes they might wear. While such talk could remain seemingly "clinical" on the surface, both of them got hot as ovens thinking about all the actual fucking that was going to take place.

Kyle's tongue just about hung to the floor from seeing her huge tits bouncing around inside her robe, clearly unsupported by any bra. Although he'd seen her like that a lot in the past few days, it took on new meaning now that the green light had been given. As she continued to come and go from the room, there were times when he could almost see to her nipples.

He thought, Fuck this whole "dispassionate copulation" idea! I'm not going to be too pushy at first, or I'll blow this whole thing. I'll start out fucking her any way she wants, even if we're both wearing

straightjackets. Jesus Christ, it'll be awesome enough just to fuck her, period! But I swear, it won't be long before Ill have her screaming my name like a bitch in heat! And I'm gonna get my hands on her huge ta-ta's! I'm gonna get my mouth on her nipples too! Hell, I'm going do absolutely anything and everything with her, while I have the chance! I swear it!

Kyle was in his bedroom waiting with bated breath when he heard his father's car leave the driveway. The anticipation was so great, he was a total wreck.

A few minutes later, his mother stopped in his doorway on her way to her room. She was still wearing the revealing red robe. She tried not to show it, but she was dying of anticipation too. She'd had many, many dreams and fantasies of getting fucked by her son in the past couple of years, though she would never admit that to anyone.

"Ready, Sweetie?" she asked casually, as if she was about to take him to soccer practice or something mundane like that. She appeared calm on the outside, but she was scared shitless on the inside.

Kyle's stomach sunk to his feet. This was the moment of truth and he was nervous as hell. His erection towered inside his boxers, since his arousal was off the charts. However, his body was frozen in the sitting position on his bed. He was a confident veteran "cocksman" with the gorgeous, busty girls at school, but when it came to his mother, he felt as nervous as a total virgin.

Julie just about swooned to see the size of his bulge again. But she tried her best to ignore that. She walked over and took his hand. "You're nervous. It's only natural. I am too. This is a big step, a big

change in our lives. But please relax. You're gonna do fine, I'm sure. Remember that when this is all over, you'll have a baby brother or sister in nine months! Let's keep the focus on that. Isn't that exciting?"

"Yeah," Kyle said with genuine enthusiasm. The idea of knocking her up and seeing the resulting baby thrilled him greatly.

But as exciting as that was, both Kyle and Julie knew that he was even more excited that he would soon be sliding his young, thick pecker into her hot box.

"Come on," she said softly. With his hand in her, she guided her young stallion to her bedroom and closed the door.

The tension was so thick that one could have cut it with a knife.

After an awkward pause, she said, "I'm gonna go into the bathroom and get ready. I want you to go ahead and get undressed and get into bed, okay?"

Kyle nodded. He watched his mother go into the bathroom. Just seeing her ass cheeks undulate up and down as she walked away made him pant harder. Oh, God! Soon I'm gonna touch that ass! Clench it, even, as I'm thrusting in and out of her! This CAN'T be happening for real, but it IS!

He quickly undressed and crawled under the sheet on his parents' marital bed.

He loved how wicked it felt to be there taking his father's place. He had a "long game" in mind that involved him taking that spot in bed permanently. But a lot of cards would have to fall his way before that could happen.

A few moments later, Julie came out of the bathroom. She wore a big white T-shirt that fell just below her waist. She had her brown

hair pulled back into a ponytail.

Kyle could tell from the way her huge boobs were bouncing about as she walked that she was braless. Her erect nipples made their own little lewd tents in the shirt, and it was thin enough for him to see the darker areas of her areolae. He figured she was probably panty-less too.

He was so sexually aroused that he felt like he could cry like a baby, just from the anticipation! He told himself to buck up and keep his act together. It was vital that he impress her from the very start.

She set a tube of something on her nightstand.

Feeling naughty, she stood fairly far from the nightstand as she did that, "forcing" herself to bend way over. That caused her shirt to ride all the way up, briefly exposing her entire ass.

Kyle gasped at her bubble butt. He couldn't see how it could be any more flawless and sexy.

She slyly grinned. Already, she was having a great time.

He asked about the tube with genuine curiosity, "What's that?"

"It's lubrication, in case we need it," she said.

He was silent, but he thought, I swear to God, I'm gonna fuck her so good that she's NEVER going to need that!

Then it hit him, Hot damn! This is it! The years of waiting and wanting are over! I'm finally about to fuck Mom! Really honest-to-God fuck her! Holy fucking fuck! Best day of my life! Thank you, Dad, for cheating!

Julie slid her cute little bare feet from their slippers and crawled under the sheet next to her son. She lay on her side and looked at

him in a serious manner. "Are you're sure you still want to do this for me?"

Kyle smiled. "Seriously?! You have to ask that?!"

She smiled widely. "Yes, I do."

"Hell, yeah! I'd do anything for you, Mom!"

She smiled teasingly. "I don't know about that. But I do think you'd do absolutely anything to be the one to get me pregnant!"

They both laughed. He couldn't deny that.

"Are you ready?" Julie asked warmly.

Kyle nodded. He gulped. He was worried he'd cum before they could get seriously started.

Julie lay on her back and put her hand on his shoulder. "Come over on top of me."

Their laughing had eased the tension some, but both of them were beyond excited, as if they'd just finished running a race. They were panting hard, and they hadn't even gotten going yet.

Kyle moved over. Just getting on top of her was a dream come true.

Julie spread her legs slightly as her son took position between them. She pulled her T-shirt up above her waist to her belly button. She felt Kyle's bare cock press against her pubic mound.

She sensed he was tentatively holding his body up above hers, like he was doing a push-up.

"It's okay, rest your full weight on me," she said, pulling her son down so that their chests met.

He sighed blissfully as he felt the huge mounds of spongy tit-flesh flatten out against his chest. He thought, Aaaah! Paradise already!

She placed her hands on her son's shoulders. With bended knees, she spread her long legs apart.

He laid his head on her right shoulder and started to nudge his stiff dick against his mother's sex, searching for that magic entrance.

"Lower!" she whispered into her son's ear. She didn't mean to, but her word came out with urgency and passion, because she was excited beyond belief. She warned herself to be more clinical.

Kyle felt the head of his cock enter the smooth creamy groove of Julie's matronly slit. His purple plumb split his mother's slit and popped into her steamy sheath.

She let out an audible sigh as her sex stretched tightly around the helmet of its new guest. Already, it was a brand new experience for her. She'd had some other lovers before Jim, but none of them had been anywhere near her son's remarkable size, especially his girth.

He pushed forward. His thick fuck-meat sunk inch by veiny-inch into Julie's depths. He could feel his mother tense up. It was at that moment he knew that she had never had experienced a penis anywhere near this large.

She was trying to stay silent and calm, but she felt so anxious and horny that she was on the verge of hyperventilating. Already, she was feeling a lot of pain as her vagina valiantly tried to stretch to accommodate the unfamiliar invader. She knew she was about to be worked hard in places she never knew existed.

Kyle began to take short, slow strokes, fucking his monster deeper and deeper with each thrust. He would have been deliriously overjoyed, but that was tempered by the fact that he already had to concentrate intensely just not to cum already. The mere feeling of

being partially impaled in his mother's cunt was more than enough to send him over the edge!

Julie drew in a sharp breath as her son's baby-making battering ram entered the unexplored depths of her most secret place. Her pussy walls molded around the spongy meat of her boy's cock, triggering sensitive nerve-endings only touched once before, ironically during that same boy's birth. She felt the tip of his absurdly thick prick nudge against the opening to her cervix, bottoming out with another inch left to go.

Kyle's natural instincts took over. He started to fuck his big fat cock up and down his mother's love-canal. He was riding on the verge edge of having to cum at any moment, but he was constantly squeezing his PC muscle for all he was worth to delay that time a little longer.

He tried hard not to think about the fact that he was fucking his mother, the woman of his dreams! Such a thought could tip him over the orgasmic edge at any moment. But even though he avoided such thinking as much as possible, the general feeling that he was an actual motherfucker now was keeping him as high as a kite.

Julie held her baby boy against her, hanging on for the ride. She brought her sleek, muscular legs up and wrapped them around him.

Mother and son began to moan as they continued and intensified their mating dance.

After only two-minutes of serious, steady humping and thrusting that Julie was struck with the most intense orgasm of her life. She was completely at its mercy. "OHHHHH... GOD!"

She'd previously told herself that she wasn't going to scream at all, because that wasn't "clinical" and "dispassionate." But that plan went out the window almost immediately! The pleasure was so great, she felt like she was truly losing her mind! It was orders of

magnitude greater than any pleasure she'd ever felt while getting fucked by her husband, or even any other previous lover.

Kyle kept fucking her hard and deep through her big climax. He watched as his mother gritted her teeth, her face red and contorted. He'd never felt so triumphant in his life! And yet he somehow hung on a little longer without cumming. At the very least, he wanted to make sure she finished enjoying a really big orgasm first.

Julie let out a series of grunting screams, like a woman during childbirth, as the waves of orgasmic contractions ripped through her body, over and over and over again. She was actually incredulous, and thought, When the hell is this ever going to stop?! Holy mother of God! Too intense!

She didn't realize it, but she and Jim were badly matched when it came to fucking. His penis had a decent, average length, but it was thin. Whereas her pussy was unusually loose. Yet Kyle's cock was so exceptionally thick that her looseness was an ideal tightness for him. She'd had other lovers before Jim, but none of them with penises remotely as thick as her son's. As a result, already the fiction and

feeling of fullness felt better than she'd ever thought physically possible!

Kyle's thick young dick pistoned in and out of her 38-year-old cunt, his big floppy balls slapping against the already sweaty crack of her ass again and again and again. For ten remarkable dick-grinding minutes, he continued to hump his dream-pussy. It was everything he imagined it would be... and better!

It was a wonder even to him that he hadn't climaxed inside her yet. He wasn't a virgin by any means, and he'd developed unusual stamina and skill fucking lots of very sexy girls his own age. But it seemed all those fucks were just inadequate practice leading up to this momentous event. He made a superhuman effort to delay his

orgasm in order to impress her, and also to prolong the greatest pleasure he'd ever experience in his life!

Suddenly, he felt his mother tense up again.

"OHHHHH MYYYY GOOODDDDD!" Julie wailed, in a crying tone. Once again, she simply couldn't believe how fantastic it felt as another climax started to rip through her entire body.

Somehow, right in the middle of cumming, she managed to think with amusement, Lord, have mercy on me! Getting fucked by my son is a five-course gourmet meal, and getting fucked by Jim is a stale and dry rice cracker!

Once again, Kyle picked up his pace as that second orgasm continued to course through his gorgeous mother. Sweat flew off his brow as he gave it his all.

Julie nearly cried from tears of joy and intensity, because the climax hit her so hard. Her body shook and quivered from head to toe. She let out a long, passionate wordless wail, so loud that she worried the

neighbors might hear it. And they lived on a large property, with the nearest neighbor quite a ways away.

Finally, he could hold out no more. Even as her own orgasm intensified still more, he felt his nuts tighten. A torrent of semen erupted from his cock. It was pure heaven!

Using her heels Julie drew him in, his cock knocked against the back of her tight fuck-sheath.

"Go deep! DEEP!" she commanded, delirious in her sexual rapture. "SON! Fuck me deeper!"

Julie felt the ropes of hot jism jetting against the mouth of her cervix. Billions of potent sperm would soon start their journey in

search of her eggs.

Chapter 4

As Kyle lay there, basking in the afterglow, he thought, I seriously can't believe it. That was the greatest experience of my life, by several orders of magnitude! But I can't forget that this is just the first of many such fucks we're going to enjoy in the coming days! It can only get better and better! I'm a true motherfucker now. She doesn't know it yet, but I'm never going to give this up!

Not only that, but as they rested, as if half-dead, he realized that at the height of his orgasm, he'd clutched at her huge tits. In the ensuing writhing and excitement, her T-shirt had rode up all the way to her armpits! That left his hands on her magnificent bare boobs! He even was able to rest his head against her "tit pillows" while he recovered.

It was heaven all over again for him, but of a different and more mellow kind.

Julie had been totally out of it. As she slowly came to, she sensed with alarm that her massive knockers were fully exposed, and her son had his hands and his head resting on them. Worse, his hands were gently caressing and exploring her soft and silky smooth tit-flesh there.

She felt a shiver of arousal from his wandering fingers, not to mention the naughty thrill of knowing her son was finally realizing his dream of playing with her enormous tits.

But she reminded herself, "Clinical." "Dispassionate." I have to keep my T-shirt on. Breast play isn't going to get me pregnant.

She reluctantly told him, "Um, Sweetie? Can you do me a favor and tug my T-shirt back into place?"

He was secretly crushed to hear that, but he reminded himself he was playing a long game. Sometimes that meant two steps forward, one step back.

So he just said, "Um, sure." He pulled the T-shirt down to about the middle of her tummy. But then he continued to rest his head in the valley between her two massive mounds, and his hands stayed on her tits, holding them through her shirt.

She was feeling exhausted from her epic orgasms, as well as all her non-stop pleasure when she wasn't cumming. She decided to let that "forbidden" contact slide, for now.

After a few more minutes, she began to wiggle uncomfortably, indicating she wanted him to move.

He rolled off of his bombshell mother. He was still tripping out about the fact that he'd just dumped a huge load of spunk deep within her cunt.

The sheet had slid all the way off their bodies during their fuck session, since it was a warm summer day and the only reason for even a single sheet was modesty. So he could see everything when she propped a pillow under her bare ass as she stayed lying on her back.

"What are you doing, Mom?" he asked with genuine curiosity.

"I have to elevate my hips to let as much of your sperm as possible into my cervix."

"Did I do okay?" he asked. He tried to sound casual, but the question was like life and death for him.

"Okay? You were... You did wonderfully," she said, stroking her son's cheek.

He breathed a sigh of relief. He longed to make her cum hard, because he loved her and he naturally rejoiced in seeing her happy. But he also felt it was imperative to rock her world so they'd be able to move beyond her "clinical" fucking method as soon as possible.

"All that screaming you did, I felt like I was hurting you," he said. He didn't actually think that, but he was fishing for a reaction.

"Hurting me? Oh, Sweetie, no. It... It was a different type of screaming," she said with embarrassment. She still was incredulous at the intensity of her orgasms, not to mention how great getting fucked by him felt the rest of the time.

"What do you mean?" he asked, still playing dumb.

"Well, lots of women scream when they have really powerful orgasms. You should know that since everyone says you're the 'cocksman' of your entire school. Mom was just feeling really good, that's all," she said bashfully.

"I like to make you feel good," Kyle said, this time with total sincerity. In fact, he longed to make her cum hard many times a day, for years to come. But he didn't dare express that to her yet.

She smiled at him warmly. "I know you do, my love, but we need to remember that making each other feel good isn't really our purpose here. We have to make this as clinical as we can, like a medical procedure. Our goal is to make you a little brother or sister, okay?"

"Okay," he answered without protest. Again, he vehemently disagreed, but he was playing a long game.

She suggested, "I'm gonna lay here for a little while. It was a pretty uh, intense, er, I mean... energetic experience, so I'd kind of like to rest and recover for a while. Why don't you go play some video games or something for a bit?"

"All right," he said.

Kyle went to his room for an hour. There was no way in hell he was going to play video games or do anything else but think about what had just happened. He couldn't get the amazing experience of fucking his mother and making her cum twice out of his mind.

Eventually, he could hear his mother's shower come on and knew she was getting cleaned up. Enough time passed that he was easily

able to get erect again. All he had to do was think about how her naked body would look in the shower. He was raring for more fucking!

A few minutes later, Julie called from her bedroom. "Kyle, Sweetie? Can you come back here, please?"

He leaped off his bed and was back into his parents' room in a flash. He'd never bothered to put any clothes on since the fuck ended, so his turgid pecker bounced wildly with every step he took.

He froze when he saw his gorgeous mother standing in front of her mirror, brushing her long brown hair, which was still wet from her shower. She wore a blue tank top undershirt which hugged her enormous boobs - and no bra underneath. She also wore a skimpy pair of almost transparent white panties, which were cut so low that nearly a third of the crack of her shapely ass was exposed. She also wore a tiny pair of glass-like slippers, with a four-inch heel that firmed up her already very firm thighs and ass and made her look even more like a fucking sex goddess than usual.

She turned to him and smiled warmly. "Ready to have another go at it?" She couldn't resist doing a double take when she saw him standing there in the nude, his gigantic boner sticking out like a divining rod.

"Hell, yeah!" he said with wild enthusiasm. He leaped back into his mother's bed.

She giggled at his eagerness. "You're so cute," she said lovingly.

She added in her mind, But you also have a damn tree trunk between your legs! Mercy! That fuck session was way too intense! He just about split me in two. I sure as hell hope I'll get used to his size, or else I'll be screaming my voice hoarse before my ovulation is done!

She stood there with a hand on a hip, striking a sexy pose. "I hope you don't mind, but I thought I'd try wearing something else, since that big T-shirt had trouble staying on."

He pretended nonchalance. "Hey, whatever works for you. I'm a kid in a candy store no matter what."

She chuckled. "I don't doubt that!"

Kyle watched his mother round the bed. Her huge tits rolled from side to side with every step, like big milk-sacks, with very stiff nipples poking through the fabric.

Julie sat on the bed. She looked at her son with a smile as she slipped out of her panties.

For a brief moment, he was able to see her exposed pussy mound, and even her pussy lips. They were red and swollen from the recent fucking. He already knew she'd shaved her bush off years ago, but it was startling to see how bare her skin was there just the same.

He thought, I'm gonna smash that pussy even harder this time! Fuck, yeah!

After just a few seconds, she moved under the sheet next to him. She was trying hard to stick with the clinical approach, but she

couldn't resist teasing him a little bit by asking, "Shall we plant some more seeds, mister?"

He smiled from ear to ear. "Oh boy! I'm going to plant enough seeds to forest the entire Sahara Desert!"

She laughed. However, she felt obliged to point out, "You can't grow a forest there. No water."

He joked, "No worries. I have enough cum churning in my balls from thinking about you to keep the entire place soaking wet!"

She laughed some more. "I'll bet you do!"

This was getting easier for her. She wasn't nearly as nervous and excited as the first time.

Kyle felt much better, and more relaxed too. He figured it was all going to be one incredible joy ride after another from now on, so there was no reason to stress out. Plus, he'd managed to hold out a very long time before cumming. It he could do it then, he could do it again.

He followed as his mother silently directed him to lie on top of her.

Her long legs parted.

Kyle's dick found its target and slowly but surely sunk back into the warm softness of his mother's cunt.

Julie thought, Mercy! Here we go again! Already I know that first time was no fluke. He's so handsome, and yet so hung! If only he wasn't my son, and I wasn't married! Gaaaawwwwd, he fits me like a glove! SO TIGHT!

But, uh, "clinical." I'm a married woman! I can't get too carried away! I can't do much about making the thrusting less pleasurable.

But at the very least, I need to keep my breasts covered from now on, and his hands off them.

It wasn't long before he was deeply impaled inside her again. Soon, he started to hump and thrust in earnest.

But she stopped him. "Wait! I've got an idea. We need deeper penetration this time. That'll make impregnation easier. Let's throw my legs back and rest my ankles on your shoulders."

He couldn't believe his ears. Is she serious?! That's the position I've dreamed about fucking her the most! What a great day! Thanks again, Dad! Cheaters never win. I've got official permission here, so there's no cheating going on. I hope Dora was worth it.

Julie kicked her legs back with ease.

Kyle penned them down so that his head was now between his mother's pretty little feet. Her fat cunt splayed wide open, allowing her baby boy's thick young dick to quickly stuff it full.

His absurdly thick cock sunk deeper and deeper inside her, all the way to his balls. His cockhead wound up smashed against the lips of her cervix.

The two of them were absolutely over the moon! Even before the fucking really got going, just completely stuffing her cunt full was an intense pleasure for both of them.

Like a pro, he started fucking his mother with long hard stokes. His earlier nervousness was gone, so he really did go at it with confidence and experience.

They were face to face. Julie stared into her son's eyes as she felt the enormous girth of his cock fuck her harder and deeper than she'd ever been fucked. At first, she was humiliated to make eye contact

with him, because she was his mother and she was willing letting him fuck her in this obscene position!

Despite all her "dispassionate" talk and resolve, she couldn't resist letting her lust and love flow freely. The emotional bond between them was too strong. She found herself even more emotionally transported whenever they stared lovingly into each other's eyes, which soon became most of the time.

She thought, I need to remember that it would be better if he fucks me doggy-style next time, because the eye contact on top of the deep thrusting is too emotionally intense for me. It's not "clinical" at all. Heck, I almost feel like I'm gradually falling in love with him, in a way a mother never should!

He noticed her mouth was partially open, since she was lightly panting with each thrust. The sight of her feet on his shoulders with her pretty little toes pointed was driving him nuts. Like a steam-engine, he pumped her cunt with a relentless, steady rhythm.

He was determined to fuck more than a baby into his matronly beauty. He was going to make her cum harder than she ever had before, again and again, until she was hopelessly addicted to their incestuous rutting. He was grateful he had three days to accomplish that instead of an hour or two.

It didn't take the virile and fit 18 year old very long to reach his immediate goal of giving her her next big climax. After about ten minutes of pussy-pounding, she started panting heavily. She was still staring into his eyes, but now it was like a helpless little puppy-dog at the mercy of its master.

She was so far gone that she was only dimly aware of the fact that he'd subtly tugged her tank top up until it was bunched up at her armpits, just like the T-shirt wound up last time. His weight was on her, causing her huge tits to mash underneath him, but they were so

immense that he still had plenty of tit-flesh to play with, especially from the sides.

At one point, she realized that she probably should remind him to not play with her breasts, but they were so far into their fucking euphoria that it seemed petty to bring it up. She made a mental note to talk to him about it afterwards .Besides, his wandering hands felt damn good.

She thought, This is bad, because it feels way too good! What would Jim think, if he knew the extreme ecstasy I'm feeling right now?! My boy has a huge cock and he knows how to use it. That's a fact! Mother or not, I can't help but respect that. In fact, I fucking love it!

Oh no! Here it comes again! He's gonna make me cum and lose my mind!

"OH MY GOD!" she wailed.

Kyle's dick went into overdrive, fucking Julie's tight yet sopping wet cunt like a wild man.

"OHHH MYYY GGGOOODDDD, KYLE!" Julie screamed. "OHHH BAAAAABBBYY! EHHHEEEEEEEE!"

She stiffened and her entire body started to convulse as an even greater orgasm hit her than the last two from the previous fuck session.

He held her legs down and just kept feeding his fat cock in and out of her needy mommy-cunt. For a full two minutes, she shook and screamed, growling through gritted teeth as she rode through one incredible orgasmic contraction after another.

He smiled confidently. Now that he'd gotten over the initial wild roller coaster ride of fucking her for the first time, he knew that he could practically go on forever. He had amazing stamina and was

determined to keep his mother cumming in buckets. He rested his full weight down on her and worked his cock into a nice full-stroked rhythm. He could feel great gobs of spongy boob-flesh quivering against his chest, and more in his hands, while she continued to cum and cum and cum.

The next three days were his and he was going to savor every fucking second of it.

Chapter 5

Kyle and Julie had been at it non-stop for nearly an hour. She had cum six more times, with each orgasm seemingly more intense than the last. It was as if her body and especially her vagina were slowly being trained to love her son's cock more and more. He'd already given her more orgasms today than she'd had in the entire month with her husband.

Kyle finally dumped his cum load deep into Julie's twat and rolled off of her, completely exhausted.

She'd had one last orgasm at the same time he did, because it felt so very good to feel his cum squirting deep inside her. Not only was the sensual pleasure incredible, but she got a heady rush for considering that this cum load just might be the one to impregnate her.

As her orgasm finally faded away, she thought, My son is breeding me! For real! Like a stud horse breeding his mares. It's so wicked that I'm going to have my son's baby. No matter what happens, I'll get a secret thrill looking at my youngest son or daughter, knowing he or she was born through incest! Kyle and I will always share that naughty secret, with only my poor hubby also knowing the truth.

She propped her hips up with a pillow to keep all his potent sperm-sauce inside of her.

Her tank top was still up around her armpits. He'd wound up playing with her huge tits for the better part of the last hour, somehow managing to do that while pounding her cunt nearly non-stop that entire time. She'd made a mental note more than once to warn him after the fucking was over that such breast play was off limits. But now that it was over, she was so fucked out that she plain forgot.

Besides, deep down, she didn't really want him to stop.

In fact, in the post-orgasmic glow, he continued to fondle her great globes. He even lightly licked on and around one of her nipples. He was secretly thrilled that her "dispassionate copulation" plan was already starting to fall apart.

As he kept playing with her tits, he asked, "So, Mom, was that good for you?"

She gushed, "Oh my God! Dear Lord! You have NO idea!"

But then she remembered, Clinical! Dispassionate! I'm a married woman! He's way too enthusiastic and talented already. God help my poor pussy if I encourage him more!

She tried again. "Er, what I mean to say is, yeah, I must admit it felt pretty good for me. I suppose that's inevitable, because nature has made our bodies a certain way, to encourage procreation. But that doesn't matter. Whatever pleasure I feel is irrelevant to the goal of getting knocked up."

He pointed out, "But Mom. I read that a woman is much more likely to conceive after she's had a really big climax."

She looked at him suspiciously. "Really?!"

"Really. I found an article about it. I can show you."

She thought, Oh shit! I kind of hope that isn't true, because what if it is?! I'm almost obliged to get my head fucked off over and over again! And all so he can successfully breed me, which is way too arousing a thought, in and of itself!

What the hell have I got myself into?! How is my marriage going to survive this?! Already I can tell that compared to my son, my hubby is like a eunuch! He might as well be totally castrated, compared to Kyle's magnificent baseball bat! UGH!

She tried to avoid the whole topic, because she didn't want to think too much at the moment. "Sweetie, why don't you go down to your room and have a nap? You must be exhausted."

"Okay, Mom. Whatever you say." He felt like he didn't need a nap at all, and didn't intend to take one. In fact, he was feeling even more energized than when they started. But he understood she needed to be alone for a while.

He'd been going back and forth between licking each of her nipples. He gave each nipple one last kiss and lick, and a few final tit squeezes for good measure. Then he disengaged and got up off the bed.

She only pulled her tank top back into place after he'd left, when doing that was basically pointless. She thought, I suppose some breast play can't be helped. He's so very tit-obsessed that trying to stop that would be like trying to hold back a river.

Besides, his touch there really turns me on. I know he pretty much exclusively dates busty girls. He clearly has had a lot of tit play practice, so he knows just how to drive me wild with his wandering fingers. But that's okay, because if I cum faster, that'll help him cum faster, and that'll actually help him breed me faster too.

UNGH! I really should stop using the word "breed." It makes me feel like... I don't even know. But it's just too damn suggestive!

"Copulate" is definitely safer and better. I'm going to stick to that from now on.

Kyle went to his room. All that fucking was exhausting, even though he was muscular and at peak fitness. Despite his intention not to nap, within minutes, he was fast asleep.

He woke an hour later to someone stroking the side of his head. He turned to find his mother sitting on the edge of his bed.

She smiled down at him. "Wake up, sleepyhead. Time to get back to 'work.'" She chuckled at her knowing use of the word "work."

He took a good, long look at her. She was wearing a silky red robe, the same robe she'd worn the night when she'd told him Jim had agreed to let him impregnate her. Except this time it was wide open in front, with the sash very loosely tied. Furthermore, she was leaning way over towards him to wake him. That allowed her massive tits to fall free of the robe altogether!

He woke up in a hurry, thanks to that arresting sight! It was all he could do not to reach out and start fondling her dangling udders, and even suckling on them. But he remembered he needed to play a long game to win his ultimate prize, and part of that meant not being too pushy.

It took great willpower, but he tried his best to pretend she wasn't accidentally flashing him with a drooping tit show for the ages. "What time is it?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

She'd been not so furtively checking him out too. He'd gone to sleep without bothering to put any clothes on. And it was the middle of the day, so there had been no need for him to even tug a sheet over his body. As a result, his entire hunky naked body was on display.

She was chomping at the bit! She could hardly wait to get fucked by her handsome and strong son yet again!

She was almost shocked to see his penis in a flaccid state, but she was confident it wouldn't stay that way for long. In fact, even as she watched, it started to rapidly engorge, no doubt helped along by her provocative pose.

She finally stood up, which brought her arousing titty show to an end, more or less. At least, her nipples were covered again, but all of her dramatic cleavage was still on display, as the robe remained open down to her belly button.

She told him, "It's three-thirty. We have time for one more session before your dad comes home. Why don't you freshen up, and then come back to my bedroom, okay?"

"Okay," he answered with a grin. He was highly restrained, given that he knew "come back to my bedroom" was code for "come skewer me with your incredible cock some more."

His penis had just gotten fully erect again, mostly thanks to her titty display. But even without that, he could have willed it to a firm stiffness merely from thinking about the fact that he was about to fuck the woman of his dreams for the third time!

Julie found herself hopelessly staring at his revived hard-on even more. Have mercy! I so want to say "screw the whole clinical approach." But I'm married! Already, I don't know how I'll ever get back to normal. I can't let things get out of hand more than they already are!

But God, do I love getting fucked by my son and his massive cock! Just look at that monster! And he's just so handsome all around. My heart flutters in a very unmotherly way every time I see him, starting long before this crazy breeding plan began!

She kept staring at his exposed boner while unthinkingly licking her lips. It took her a full minute or longer before she pulled her

willpower together and managed to say, "Oh, and please at least put some boxers on, okay?"

"No problem."

She left. Even the way she walked out of his room was a sight to see, since the red robe barely covered all of her fulsome ass cheeks.

Kyle washed his face and went back down to his parents' bedroom. Although he had put his boxers on, his boner lewdly bounced and tented as he walked.

His mother was sitting at the foot of the bed waiting for him, still loosely wearing the robe. She unthinkingly licked her lips some more as she watched his erection wobble wildly inside his boxers.

Hmmm, she thought. I wonder what it would be like to suck on that fat thing. Could I even get it in my mouth?! Would I want to even try?! It's too big! It's probably a good thing that blowjobs are off the menu. Sucking and bobbing on that monster would be a nightmare!

He noticed a wooden chair nearby. "What's that for?" he asked about the chair, which he'd never seen in her bedroom before.

"Sit down and I'll tell you," she said.

Kyle sat in the chair, which he noticed had no armrests. He correctly guessed that could be why she was using that one instead of any other chair already in the room.

Julie had her long legs crossed, and he couldn't help but admire them.

He thought, I can't believe that I had those beautiful legs wrapped around me earlier as I drilled her cunt. My MOM'S cunt! It all seems like one big wet dream. And yet the mild ache in his penis is just one clue that all of it had really happened!

She told him, "They say that ninety-percent of a man's sperm never makes it through the opening to the woman's cervix. So I have an idea that might greatly increase our chances of getting me pregnant."

"Okay," he said, very curious.

"If we could somehow get your, uh, battering ram, through the head of my cervix ...when you ejaculate, your sperm will have already bypassed one of their biggest obstacles."

"Is that possible?" Kyle asked with genuine interest.

She couldn't resist gawking at his crotch. She was transfixed, because more than half of his erection was accidentally sticking out through the slit in front of his boxers!

Actually, it wasn't an accident, but he figured she didn't need to know that.

She continued to stare at his exposed cock as she said in amazement, "Well, you definitely have the length for it! And... and the width!"

She finally managed to make eye contact with him. "But, um, we'd have to try a new position in order to achieve maximum depth. Would you be okay with that?"

"Why wouldn't I?" he asked back. "It sounds like fun!"

"Well, the first two times, we were under the sheet and you were on top. This time, we'd have to be a little more exposed... and I'd have to be on top of you," she said with increasing bashfulness. She was trying to hide it, but her arousal was steadily rising too as she contemplated her new plan.

She lamely added, "And remember this isn't about 'fun,' at least not for me."

"Well, whatever has to be done, I suppose," he said, pretending indifference. Actually, the new position sounded downright fantastic to him.

She smiled at him lovingly. "You are such a sweetheart, doing this for me."

She stood up, walked over to him, and gave a little tug on the leg of his boxers. "Get these off," she whispered in an urgent and needy way.

He slipped out of his boxers, causing his big dick to bob up and down.

Julie stared at her boy's cock and unthinkingly licked her lips. Good God, do I love that thing! I'm going to have to redouble my effort to be dispassionate, because I could see myself falling hopelessly in love with getting fucked by my son, if I don't watch out!

She couldn't resist gawking at his turgid cock-meat even more. "I don't know where you got your size. It must have been my side of the family."

"Dad's isn't this big?" Kyle asked with seeming innocence, although he already knew the answer. He held his hard-on from below and pointed it in her direction.

Her heart skipped a beat, and her pussy got wetter. She was almost rendered speechless, because her fuck-need was suddenly so great. "Your father's penis is... fair sized, but I would say that what you have down there is, well... how shall I say this... much, much larger than most. I have a feeling it's going to make lots of beautiful babies... starting with ours." She smiled warmly.

"I hope so," he said proudly. "I can't wait until I've successfully bred you."

She felt shivers race up and down her spine from the "breed" word. That never failed to at least give her a tingle.

"Well, mister..." she said as she reached under her robe and slid her panties down her long legs. She kicked them to the side and smiled at him.

She remained standing there with her bald pussy on full display. "We have a baby to make. Let's not waste time." She started to move to the bed.

"Mom... I..." he started, shyly.

"What's wrong, Sweetie?" she asked.

"I was just wondering if maybe you'd..." He tried to spit out his words as he looked at the swell of his mother's enormous breasts. "If you'd..."

"Take off my robe before we get started?" she asked, anticipating his tit-obsessed thoughts.

"Yeah," he said bashfully.

"That would leave me completely naked!" She acted a bit scandalized by this suggestion. In fact, she was secretly craving for that exact thing to happen.

"I know!" he said in wide-eyed wonder. It wasn't hard for him to imagine how she'd look that way, especially because her silky red robe was opening more and more in front. He could see most of her massive tits, and even all of her swollen and abused pussy! Still, never in his life had he seen her completely naked.

"I don't know, my love. I promised your father that I'd keep our sessions as unrevealing and clinical as possible." Although she said those words, in her heart she was all but pleading with him to talk her into change her mind.

"Yeah but... you've seen me naked today. It's no big deal, right?" Kyle asked. "In fact, you're seeing all of me right now." He pointed his flagpole of a cock up towards her even more dramatically.

She was seriously tempted to fall to her knees and take that cock in both hands! But she kept her cool, and said, "Sweetie, your penis is a necessary part of this process, but... my breasts aren't. I just don't know if it's a good idea."

"What about your orgasms? Are those a necessary part of this process?"

"Now hold on a minute, mister. Those are totally beyond my control. I can't help but feel some pleasure, as much as I try to fight it."

"True. But I told you that the more you cum, the more you're likely to conceive. Maybe the reason Dad hasn't gotten you pregnant is that he doesn't really ring your chimes."

She thought with a start, You know what? He may be right about that! If it takes a big orgasm, then Jim is totally hopeless! Whereas my son will be able to breed me in a matter of hours!

However, she told him, "Let's not get distracted with side issues." She was so horny that even her chiding was sexy and flirty, because she playfully wagged a finger at him.

He said, "The way I figure, the more you cum, the better. And the more I cum, that's better still, because each time I do, I pump more baby batter in you to breed you. Right?"

She felt goose bumps all over. "Right." She appeared calm on the outside, but thought, My son is breeding me! How hot is that?! When I have the baby, for the rest of my life, I'll be reminded how he drilled me and knocked me up with his huge, unstoppable cock! Mmmm!

He went on, while all but wagging his boner at her, "So, if some breast play helps you cum, and/or helps me cum, that's a big help with our

overall breeding plan. Right? I'm sure it'll help. At worst, it can't hurt."

She wanted to be convinced, and he'd done it, using basically the same logic she'd already told herself earlier about his tit play then. The fact that he'd come to the same conclusion gave her greater confidence that such logic was sound and it wasn't just her great lust leading her on.

She said with as much reluctance as she could manage, "Well... I suppose I can't argue with that."

"Yeay!"

She chuckled. "However! Don't you DARE tell your father that I got a little naked here and there. Or that you touched my breasts. Please?! It would break his heart."

"Yeah... he'd be pissed as hell." Kyle smiled almost wickedly. The way he figured, Jim had destroyed his marriage by fucking his secretary. It was just that Jim and Julie didn't know their marriage was doomed yet. Jim pretty much deserved whatever he had coming, for cheating on his divine goddess of a wife.

Julie stood there with a hand on the sash to her robe. But her hand stayed still as she chided him, "You haven't promised me yet."

He rolled his eyes. "Of course! Duh! You know I love him and don't want to hurt him. It's just that I really, really enjoy fucking you too."

That answer pointed to a very problematic future, but she decided to ignore that for now. She said, "Well, okay then." She sexily undid her sash, then let her robe fall completely open in front. She felt flushed and extremely aroused.

But then she suddenly changed moods, at least on the outside. She put her hands on her waist and glared at her son. "And one more thing, buster. Just because my boobs are fully exposed and they're bouncing around on you doesn't mean they're up for grabs, understand?"

"Perfectly." Kyle answered. But then he added, "Although... I might end up accidentally holding them and playing with them from time to time. I'm such a boob-focused guy, it kind of comes naturally to me, without thinking."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Ugh! You really are a case!"

But then she finished her sexy striptease, letting her red robe slide all the way off her body until it puddled around her feet.

He wanted to play it cool so she wouldn't get cold feet about losing the robe. However, he couldn't stop himself from gushing as he took in her hourglass figure in the buff for the very first time, "MOM! You're magnificent! Utterly magnificent!"

She wasn't used to such compliments. In particular, the intense look of lust and love in her son's eyes blew her mind, because she knew it was completely genuine. To try to downplay the moment, she joked, "I think you mean 'udderly magnificent.' She held her huge orbs from below and slightly hefted them up.

"That too!"

The two of them shared a laugh over her bad pun, but at the same time, his arousal soared to the sky.

His arousal was already somewhere up in the stars.

Her need to get seriously fucked was growing by the second as well. Standing completely naked for her awed son was a very heady aphrodisiac for her.

She moved to where he sat in the chair and boldly threw her leg over his lap, straddling him. "Are you sure you're gonna be able to handle the weight of me on top of you?"

"Yeah, no problem," he answered.

Julie sat on Kyle's lap, with his big hard dick wedged up against her fat clit. She brought her feet up and placed her heels on the back edge of the seat of the chair. She rested her hands on his shoulders.

He could feel the full weight of his mother's ass resting on his lap.

He gawked at her enormous breasts. The "udders" jutted dramatically off her chest and were capped with large, stiff nipples.

Suddenly, her great tits were the center of his attention, even more so than usual. He was so transfixed that he unthinkingly cupped them from below and hefted them up slightly, in wide-eyed wonder.

She basked in his attention and his talented touch, even as she squirmed with lusty desire on his lap. "See? You're not the only one in this family who's well endowed," she said with a smile.

"Wow... they're beautiful!" he said with even more awe.

"They're a bother to me. They're too heavy... and they'll get a lot heavier as I progress into my pregnancy... but first I have to GET

pregnant which is never gonna happen if you just sit there staring," she said with a giggle.

"Oh... sorry," he said.

"It's okay, love. I realize it's not every day that a boy your age gets this close to boobs as big as mine," she said as she combed through Kyle's dark brown hair with her long nails.

She went on, "I know for a fact that NO girl in your school has breasts as large as these, not even Melinda or Charlotte." She named two of the girls that she knew he liked fucking the most often, due to their general beauty but especially their unusually large breast sizes. They were arguably the two hottest girls in school, and yet they never dated because they always wanted to be available if Kyle wanted another "booty call" with them. He had a firm rule about never dating (or just fucking) a girl in a relationship with someone else.

She added, with justified pride at her natural endowment, "So it must be a little overwhelming for you now."

"A little," he said, his eyes still glued to his mother's amazing chest.

She'd been stalling for time a little bit to give him a chance to enjoy her tits, despite the fact that he'd played with the plenty during their last fuck session in particular. But she was chomping at the bit to get royally fucked again. So she asked him, "Well, shall we try and get that big baby-maker of yours into my cervix?"

"Yes, please!" He was eager for more fucking too.

Julie moved forward and her spongy tit-sacks pressed against his chest. She lifted her ass, grabbed his meaty pecker, and positioned

the bulbous knob into the fleshy groove between the swollen pink lips of her labia. She lowered her ass back down.

Kyle's cock slowly stretched his mother's pouch as it sunk in inch by inch.

He felt his fat cockhead grind against the back wall of her cunt when he finally bottomed out a couple of minutes later.

Julie held her son tight, resting her head on his shoulder as she worked her hips back and forth. For a good five minutes, she worked the lips of her cervix against the tip of her baby's cock.

"Come on, Sweetie, we've gotta work it through." She panted.

She started to bounce slightly on her son's lap. She thought with wicked pride, I know I'm a hot fuck! Melinda and Charlotte can eat my heart out! I'm twice the fuck they'll ever be, combined! So there!

Already, she was forgetting most of the time how she was supposed to stay unemotional.

It wasn't long before Kyle felt his fat knob work itself into the groove of his mother's cervical lips.

"Oh my God, yes! Thrust your hips, baby! I can feel it going in... So deep! ... That's it, work it through! UNNGH!" she said with a victorious grunt.

Finally, he felt his cockhead slide through the lips and into her cervix.

"Yessssssss! Oh darling, you did it! You're inside my cervix!" Julie announced with even more joy and arousal.

She worked a good inch of her son's thick shaft into her secret chamber. Her cervical ring pulsed all over it, closing tight around the thick invader.

After adjusting to the strange but delightful new sensation, she advised him, "We need to keep it inside. I want you to stay as still as

you can while I ride you!"

For the next 15 minutes, Julie did a sexy little bump and grind. Using her strong cunt muscles, she squeezed and released, and squeezed and released, over and over, trying to milk an orgasm from him, but at the same time keeping the tip of his cock inside her precious cervix.

"How are you feeling, love?" she asked after a long time with no talking, just lots of panting.

"I don't know if I'm gonna be able to cum this way, unless I thrust," he said, honestly. Thanks to his great stamina, it really did take a lot to get him to cum.

"No, you can't thrust, Sweetie. I have to keep you inside my cervix," she said insistently.

She thought for a moment, while still working her hips in a small circle on his manhood. Then she came to a decision. "Okay, there's only one way this is gonna work. We both have to completely let go."

"What do you mean?" he asked, genuinely confused.

"What I mean is, for a few minutes, we have to forget that we're mother and son. We have to break the rules and completely let go. If we do this, I think we'll be able to excite an orgasm out of you."

His heart raced faster to hear that great news. But still, he asked, "What do you mean by 'break the rules?'"

"We'll have to do whatever we can to heat things up. That might mean kissing on the lips as mother and son never should, or saying dirty things like we're genuine lovers, or who knows what. But you need to understand that what I'm about to do will never, ever

happen again. I'm only trying this to get you excited for this one special breeding procedure, understand?"

She gave him a severe, motherly look, despite the fact that she was sitting buck naked on his lap and he was balls-deep inside her.

"Yeah," he said, trying not to show too much excitement.

He thought, The whole "clinical" and "dispassionate" bullshit is already slowly going by the wayside. But this'll help speed that up in a big way! I love it!

As Julie continued to work her cunt muscles like a pro, she looked straight into Kyle's eyes. Slowly, she brought her lips to his and gave him a slow sensual kiss. Then another, then another.

Then she pulled his face to her big pillowy boobs.

"Oh sweet baby... suck my big soft titties, lover." She moaned needfully.

He began doing just that, and holding and sensually caressing them with both hands as well.

38: Dad_s Big Mistake_2

Chapter 6

Kyle and Julie didn't know it, but Julie's husband Jim had come home early!

Jim knew full well that there was a chance that his wife and son might be having one of their fuck sessions upstairs. Even though he knew he was getting some kind of karmic payback due to the way he'd been cheating on his wife, he couldn't help but feel absolute rage at the fact that his cocky teenage son was dicking the wife he so dearly loved. And even worse, that the two of them were making a baby together, something he should have been capable of doing, but wasn't.

Shortly after coming through the front door, Jim heard his wife let out a loud and sensual moan all the way from upstairs. He carefully crept up the steps and down the hallway to the door of his own master bedroom. He could hear Julie panting and moaning erotically as she rode their son's young yet oversized cock.

He'd been bracing himself to hear something like that. What he was completely unprepared for was hearing his wife's attempt to get their son to cum.

"Oh Kyle, baby, feel my pussy surrounding your big cock, lover! It feels so goooooood! Oh, that's it! Suck my big titties, baby!" She moaned like she was cumming again, even though she wasn't yet.

Jim's stomach sunk as he listened to the two of them. There was a rhythmic "thump, thump, thump" that was driving him mad.

"Come on, stud! Pump a baby into your mother, lover! Oh my God, I think I'm gonna cum again!" Julie moaned with unrestrained passion.

Jim's timing couldn't have been worse. His mouth fell open as he listened to his wife's obscene words, even as she started to loudly experience another epic orgasm.

"Oh God... OH GOD! I THINK NUMBER TEN IS GONNA BE A BIG ONE! UNGH! YESSSS! OH GOD, SON, YOU'RE GONNA MAKE YOUR MOTHER CUM HARD, BABY! OH SHIT! OH FUCK, YOU AMAZING LITTLE MOTHERFUCKER!" By the point, she was shouting about as loudly as she possibly could.

Jim backed down the hallway. He was feeling sick and looking pale. As his wife reached the peak of her climax, her unrestrained and generally wordless screams filled the entire house.

"I'M CUMMMMIINNNGGGG! ANNNGHHHHHH!"

Jim jogged down the stairs and into the kitchen, but try as he might, he couldn't hide from his wife's voice.

He thought, I've never heard more heartfelt and intense sexual ecstasy in my entire life! But it's my wife getting fucked by my SON! I've been betrayed!

"OOOHHHHH! OOOHHHHH!" Julie wailed.

Upstairs, Kyle's face was buried in twin pillows of towering tit-flesh. He licked and sucked his mother's stiff and needy nipples.

Julie continued to grunt and groan as the orgasmic contractions kept shaking her.

Kyle felt the rush of his mother's hot orgasmic fluid soak his big balls, and kept on thrusting.

Jim sat in the kitchen, which was about as far from the master bedroom as he could get while staying in the house. His head was in his hands, and he'd slung his business jacket off and loosened his tie. He felt utterly miserable and defeated. But at the same time, he also felt great confusion and embarrassment, because he was experiencing a raging erection that just wouldn't quit!

Ten minutes of glorious incestuous fucking later, Kyle felt a torrent of semen rocket up his shaft. "Oh, Mom... I'm cumming!" he proudly announced.

Julie worked her coital wall with intense force, coaxing the milk from her young partner's beefy wand. She yelled to encourage him, "That's it, Son! Cum for me! Cum for Mommy! Mommy loves your big cock so very, very much!"

She suddenly felt thick ropes of jism explode into her cervical chamber. She hadn't been expecting to experience another orgasm herself just then, because she was still fairly wiped out from her last really epic one. But she felt a pretty good one race through her body just the same. It was mostly triggered by the feeling of her son blasting his cum load into her, while she had dizzying thoughts of getting successfully bred by him.

Strand after thick potent strand of creamy fuck-milk filled her insides. She knew that the billions of sperm were well on their way to finding and penetrating her precious egg. The race was on to see which lucky spermatozoa was the winner.

Jim was still sitting at the kitchen table, just staring off into space, when Julie came down the stairs a half an hour later. His embarrassing erection had thankfully faded away right when he heard his wife and son had finished fucking. He tried hard not to

think about his arousal and what it might mean for his future sex life.

She looked freshly showered and wore a yellow sundress and red high-heeled slippers. Once again, she was going sans underwear. She paused in the kitchen doorway when she saw her husband.

She hadn't been expecting him at all, so she was secretly shocked. It was a lucky thing she was even wearing clothes.

Jim glanced her way and saw her, so it was too late for her to try to sneak off.

She immediately tried to switch gears and act like she was fine with him being there. "Honey! What a nice surprise. Um... you're home early. Is everything okay?"

"No... not really," he answered, with a stormy look in his eyes.

A nervousness swept over Julie's face. She suddenly felt naked and ashamed, despite the thin sundress. "How long have you been home?"

"Long enough to hear my wife's lately orgasm. 'Number ten,' huh?" he asked disappointedly.

"Jim, I... We didn't really..." She was at a loss for words. She knew she'd been caught red-handed.

"I can't believe you'd do this to me! Jesus, Julie, the things you were saying to him!" Jim complained indignantly.

But Julie didn't really feel that guilty, because the pleasure she'd felt had been so very prolonged and incredible. She asked, "Hold on a minute. If this is such a problem, then why the hell did you give us the okay to make a baby in the first place?"

"I gave our SON the okay to get you pregnant, not to fondle your breasts and whatever the hell else he was doing in there! You're my wife, not his shameless little fuck toy, for Christ's sakes! And he's got so many gorgeous girlfriends already. That little bastard has some nerve!" Jim spouted.

Julie felt stung by his words. She shouted sternly, "DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE! YOUR SON IS DOING US A FAVOR! IF IT WERN'T FOR HIM, YOU AND I HAVING ANOTHER BABY WOULDN'T EVEN BE A POSSIBILITY!"

But Jim wasn't easily cowed, since he felt so wronged. "You promised me that your sessions would be quick and unrevealing. But I heard you call him 'your lover' and an 'amazing little motherfucker.' How the hell am I supposed to take that?!" he asked incredulously.

Julie shook her head as she sat down in a chair. "I don't know what to tell you... but if you're expecting an apology, you can go fuck yourself! Kyle and I are doing what we have to do to make this baby," she said angrily and defiantly.

"Ten orgasms. Is that what it takes to get pregnant these days?" Jim asked in a smart-ass tone.

"What seems to be the problem, Dad?" Kyle asked as he entered the kitchen from the hallway. He had been naked, but he'd heard his father's voice so he'd quickly thrown on a T-shirt and his boxers.

Jim jumped up from his chair to accuse his son. "The problem is she's your mother and a married woman! I know what I agreed to allow happen. A big mistake in my opinion, though too late to take back. That's bad enough. But from what I heard, the two of you were getting into it much too hot and heavy!" He was getting increasingly angry as he talked.

"I thought we have a deal, Dad," Kyle said sternly.

That gave Jim pause, because it was a not-so-subtle hint about how Kyle knew of his father's adulterous activities.

Jim continued, but in more restrained and careful tones, "We do, but this funny business isn't part of the deal."

Kyle thundered, quietly but forcefully, "Don't talk to me about funny business! I have some photos I haven't told you about yet that show some REAL funny business!"

Julie had no idea what her son was talking about, and the conversation was moving too fast for her to ask. She certainly didn't suspect a veiled reference to her husband committing adultery.

But Jim guessed exactly what he was talking about, that he'd taken some photos of him getting it on with Dora. That seemed highly probable, and it took the wind of his indignant sails.

Kyle went on, "The deal is that I get Mom pregnant. Period! I don't think you're really in a position to tell us how we can or can't make that happen, do you?" he asked, staring his father down.

Julie looked up at her son, who had now moved to stand next to her where she sat. She then looked at her husband, awaiting his answer.

"WELL... DO YOU? DO YOU?!" Kyle shouted with surprising authority and force, as if he suddenly had become a Marine drill sergeant. It was all the more shocking, because he was known for being an easy-going guy with no temper at all.

"No, I don't." Jim answered, looking at the floor like a scolded child. He was still reeling over the reference to the photos.

Kyle took charge of the situation. "Then here's what's gonna happen. Mom and I are gonna make this baby, OUR WAY, and you're gonna keep your fucking mouth shut about it! Understand?" The good son also never, ever cursed at his parents.

Julie looked up at her young hero. Her eyes traveled down his muscular body and it struck her, Kyle is a complete stud, in every possible way! At the tender age of 18, he's more of a man than my husband could ever be. And he fucks me like a human sex machine too!

She suddenly felt a complete awe and respect for this handsome stud of a teenage boy. The middle-aged mother gazed up at her son like a submissive teenage virgin at the feet of an aggressive, charismatic, dominant, and well-hung football player who was about to take her cherry. It was pure puppy-love, except with a heaping helping of hot, incestuous lust.

Kyle threatened Jim, "Now, how 'bout you get the fuck out of here before I decide to call this deal off?!"

Jim was fuming mad, but he knew that his son held a secret that would completely destroy his marriage, especially with the photos. "Fine! But this is not over!" He stormed out of the kitchen and clear out of the house, leaving his business jacket behind.

Julie listened to the sound of Jim's car driving away with a slight smirk on her face. Her heart was racing and her pussy was newly throbbing and wet. She couldn't believe how much power her son had over her husband. She stood up so she could be face to face with her new "hero."

"Are you okay?" Kyle asked her with tender concern.

"Yeah... I'm fine. Sweetie, that was... so brave of you!"

"I just had to set him straight, that's all," he said with lots of emotion. "He can't say, 'Okay, Son, go ahead and breed my wife,' and then turn around and say, 'On second thought, you're not allowed to enjoy yourself having sex with her.' That makes no sense!"

Julie took Kyle's hands into hers and stared into his eyes. "You're so brave! Like a knight in shining armor... And I'm like the princess... the princess who's falling for him," she said lovingly. Her heart was beating fast, and her immense globes were rising and falling with excitement.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his heart suddenly surging with love, hope, and lust.

"What I mean is what I said," she answered as she moved in close to him. "You'd better be careful, 'cause right or wrong... YOUR MOTHER'S FALLING FOR YOU... BIG TIME!" she squealed excitedly and wickedly.

She gave him a loving peck on the forehead, but she longed to madly kiss his lips instead. Her "clinical" rule still held her back from doing that, especially since they weren't in the middle of another "breeding session" where she might be able to justify that to herself.

Then both of them stared into each other's eyes for a good ten seconds, like two lovers sharing a silent look of lust and longing.

For the first time, Kyle had no doubt that Julie was hungering for his cock, and not just for the purpose of making a baby. His "long game" strategy was already working better than expected.

On a rash impulse, she reached around to her back and unzipped her yellow sundress halfway down her back. Then she dramatically slipped one shoulder strap down her arm, and then the other one down the other arm. That left nothing holding the dress up, and it slowly slid down her body, fully exposing her massive boobs as it did so. It wound up getting stuck bunched up around her waist.

He took that for the open invitation it so clearly was, and gleefully cupped her huge tits with both hands. Normally, he was cool and in control with his girlfriends, but he felt like a shy total virgin again,

with his cock trembling with need and his heart threatening to thump right out of his chest.

She smiled lovingly and approvingly at the way he held her bare breasts, even though that was against her rules too. "Mmmm! Son, I guess there's no stopping you from your boob- focused insanity. So I'm not going to even try anymore. But, uh... as long as we're like this... and since we were making out a little bit upstairs earlier... Do you think it would be okay if we bend the rules just one more time? Because I'd really like for you to kiss me again. On the lips!"

He smiled from ear to ear. "I think that'll be just fine." He leaned his head in and planted his lips on hers.

At first, the kiss was tentative, almost like it was their very first true kiss, despite what they'd done upstairs a short while earlier. But it gradually gained strength and passion as the seconds passed by. All the while, he continued to freely fondle his mother's tremendous jugs, and even pinch and twist her nipples.

Julie thought, This is bad! This is NOT dispassionate! In fact, it's the exact opposite! I almost feel like I'm falling for my own son, head over heels! But I just HAVE to let him kiss me this one time, because he's my knight in shining armor. Of course he gets to kiss the princess, because he saved me from the bad, bad man, the evil villain!

She realized with a start that the "evil villain" was in fact her husband who she was supposedly happily married to.

But that didn't really bother her much, because she was on such a high of lust and love for her hunky son. Okay. Jim's not an 'evil villain' per se. He's just confused because he came home and listened in on something that it was best he didn't know about. Kyle's right: you can't have sex without at least some passion. This whole "clinical" approach just isn't going to work. Jim either needs to be cool with that, or stay the hell away until we're done!

Even as she thought all that, their kiss kept going and kept getting hotter and hotter. It was turning into a five-alarm scorcher! And her pussy was absolutely gushing and throbbing, thanks in part to the expert way he handled her massive melons.

Julie's thoughts grew increasingly erotic and heated. And speaking of getting things done, my big strong hero needs to get rewarded even more for being so brave! It's not enough for him to just kiss the fair princess; he needs to give her a good fucking too! A serious fucking! A "royal" fucking, even! Hee! He needs to drill me deep and hard and long!

She'd had her hands wrapped around the middle of his back. But as they continued to kiss while he played with her tits, she used her hands to push her sundress further down her waist and writhed her hips to slowly wiggle out of it. After a minute, she managed to slide it down her long sleek legs and then step out of it entirely.

That left her completely naked once again, except for her red high-heeled slippers, which helped firm up her legs and ass just like real high heels did.

Then as if that latest move wasn't bold enough, now that she had her hands free, she brought them to her son's crotch and boldly gripped his enormous erection. Within seconds, all ten of her fingers began slipping and sliding up and down his thick shaft.

She hadn't planned on even touching him there, but she simply couldn't help herself. Her desire for his cock was too great!

He was so pleasantly surprised by this that he broke the kiss to ask what was going on.

But before he could speak, she said, in a playful tease, "Don't get any big ideas! I am NOT giving you a handjob here."

He was secretly amused, because it was so clear that she already was doing exactly that. As he continued to aggressively fondle her massive globes, he asked with seeming cluelessness, "You're not?"

"Of course not. That's against the rules." Her big bare tits were bouncing in her hands because her entire body was on the move thanks to her vigorous two-fisted handjob motion. She was less teasing him with those words and more in denial about what she was doing.

She added, "But the way I figure, there's now time like now for you to fuck me again! There's something about the way you sent Jim packing that's really got me hot to trot! Son, you're becoming a MAN, right before my very eyes!"

"Thanks, Mom!" He briefly kissed her lips again. He slipped his hands down to fondle her bare ass cheeks for a while, since she was completely naked.

She savored the sweet kiss while still stroking his hot meat. Then she said, "So, no, this isn't a handjob. I'm just getting you warmed up so we can continue our breeding activities upstairs shortly. Does that sound agreeable to you?"

"Very!"

He kissed her lips again. It was such a heartfelt kiss that they just couldn't stop.

They wound up necking off and on for the next ten minutes, at least. And all the while, he alternatively played with her tits, ass, and pussy like he owned her entire body, while she steadily jacked his big fat cock in a way that supposedly somehow wasn't a handjob.

Sometimes, he even fingerfucked her needy slit.

When she briefly broke the kiss to complain about that, he pointed out that he wasn't really fingerfucking her, he was just "warming her up" to help get the fucking started.

She couldn't disagree with that, even to herself, since she'd used that exact same logic to justify the handjob she was still giving him.

They went right back to their necking and fondling, with even more fingerbanging.

When their lusts finally rose to "unbearable" levels, they managed to disengage, but only so they could rush back upstairs to the master bedroom.

Just a minute or two after that, Kyle was balls-deep in his mother again, fucking her missionary style.

And only a few minutes later, Julie was screaming her head off yet again, as her epic orgasm number eleven shook her entire body. (She wasn't counting all the little ones she had too.)

Her husband Jim was totally forgotten, except for some vague annoying idea that he was bound to come home again after a while. She hoped that he would have the good sense to stay away for a few more hours, at least, so a lot more "breeding" could get done.

Thankfully for everyone involved, he did exactly that.

Chapter 7

Jim gazed over at his wife as they lay in bed together that night. She looked so beautiful lying there on her back, staring up at the ceiling, even though he couldn't see much of her body due to her usual full length pajamas she was wearing (just as he was). The look on her face was like that of a lovestruck and lusty girl who'd just gotten laid for the very first time. The problem was that Jim knew it wasn't his penis or his fucking skills she was lying there thinking about.

"I'm sorry I blew up at you earlier," he said to her.

Julie didn't answer, because she didn't even hear him. She was off in her own little word. It was a world dominated by a handsome young face with sparkling brown eyes, a strong and curiously thick teenage pecker, and big plump balls full of potent cum-cream.

She thought about her son, Mmmm! I remember when he fucked me for the very first time this morning. It was soooo great! He totally rocked my world! But who could have known that he was just getting warmed up?! Each time got better and better! The last few hours were total bliss - once I got completely naked and stayed that way, and all that silly "clinical" crap was in the past.

I'll admit that it's important that I don't get TOO carried away by my son and his incredible cock. I'm going to have to go back to my boring, normal married life eventually, which is sad. But it's impossible to get fucked without experiencing SOME pleasure, so why try to resist that so much?

Especially given the way Kyle fucks me! Good Lord, there's no way to resist that at all! He's a sexual superman! The last hour we fucked, especially, is a memory to last a lifetime, all by itself! The way he churned his hips on me... and then his thrusting! Ungh! And his impaling! The impaling is the best! Oh, and the kissing! Such kissing! He's a natural at that too! God, and the way his hands roam all over my naked body! I feel so free and alive! But at the same time, he's possessing me in such a sexy way. Such natural confidence. He's even bewitching me!

Mmmm! I can't wait until tomorrow! I wish my ovulation period would last for three weeks, not three days! But it's probably for the best to end this soon, because my poor battered pussy is gonna have to cry uncle and tap out in any case! Hee!

"Julie!" Jim finally called to her, with a much louder voice. He'd been saying her name a couple more times in his usual voice, to no effect.

"What?!" She snapped at him as she was jarred back to reality.

Once Jim saw he actually had her attention, he confessed, "I just wanted to apologize for blowing up at you and Kyle. I overreacted I

guess and I'm sorry, Dear. This whole thing is just... uncomfortable for me."

"Then, Honey, why did you agree to it?" Julie asked.

She was genuinely puzzled by that, especially now that it was becoming clear the "deal" was going so very badly for him. It was another mystery to her why he hadn't called the deal off, after seeing how passionate she obviously was getting with all the fucking.

He replied, "I just know how much you want this baby and... well, I want you to be happy."

That much was true, though of course he didn't mention how Kyle had caught him committing adultery with Dora, leaving him no choice but to keep the deal going.

Julie smiled as she scooted over and hugged her husband. It was a warm yet chaste hug, especially since they were both in their pajamas.

She thought, Isn't that sweet? It's not his fault that his son is ten times the man he'll ever be. I should be more appreciative of his love, because he's my one and only husband. What Kyle and I are enjoying... it's fantastic, but it's like a temporary time-out from the real world. It can't last! My future is with my hubby right here.

She said with renewed emotional effort and concern, "Oh Honey, I know this hasn't been easy for you. I'm so sorry. That's why he and I are only copulating during the day while you're at work. No

husband should have to hear some of the things you heard today. That was very unfortunate."

Earlier in the evening, she'd explained to him about how she'd been "forced" to resort to "extreme measures" due to the difficulty of getting their son to cum inside her cervix. That had helped soften the blow in some ways, but made him more jealous in other ways.

"It was pretty shocking," Jim admitted. And yet, even as he thought back on that painful time of listening to them fuck, he felt his penis suddenly surge to a full erection!

He tried to pretend like that wasn't happening, and keep it hidden, because it made no sense to him. It was only a further frustration and humiliation. Luckily for him, it was hidden in his pajamas and under the sheet and blankets for good measure.

Julie suggested, "Honey, maybe you should stay at your parents' house for a few days. It'll get your mind off all this and give Kyle and me a chance to really focus on making this baby."

Jim frowned. "You and he are here all day. How much more time do you think you need?"

It was hard for her not to break into a big smile as she contemplated getting fucked all over the house, both day and night. She was secretly very annoyed that she felt obliged to sleep with her husband as usual, when her son was just down the hall with big balls that were constantly producing more cum that could help successfully breed her.

She said, "You remember when we were trying to get me pregnant with Kyle. You remember how much time and effort it took?"

"Yeah, I remember," Jim said, thinking back on the week full of non-stop sex. In retrospect, he felt those had been his glory days.

Julie tried to sound calm and reasonable, even as her heart was doing joyous backflips about the idea of getting to be her son's fuck-socket for 24 hours a day, if only for a short time. "Besides, you should spend some more time with your parents. You told me recently how you don't visit them enough. It'll be good for you. With any luck, when you come back we'll have a little son or daughter already starting to grow in my womb. Won't that be exciting?"

"Of course," Jim said, forcing a smile. He bitterly thought, But I won't be the father! My SON will be! UGH!

Despite the pain of that line of thinking, his erection lurched in his pants with renewed heat and urgency.

"So, what do you think?" Her pussy was getting wet again just thinking about having Kyle all to herself.

Jim vaguely commented, "We'll see. I'll think about it."

He thought, What the fuck?! Am I getting turned on by thoughts of my son fucking my wife?! It can't be! I won't let it. That's all kinds of messed up!

A short time later, Jim gave his wife a goodnight kiss - on the cheek, and she did the same. He turned out the light, and the two of them settled in to go to sleep.

Julie was able to go to sleep straight away, because she felt so tired out and sexually satiated from all the incestuous fucking.

Jim, though, tossed and turned for quite a while before finally getting to sleep. He felt he was caught in a trap, with no way out. He had no idea what to do except play along with the role Kyle had forced him into and hope against hope that things would somehow turn out okay

eventually. The adulterous photos especially that his son had alluded to were playing a key part in keeping him in line.

Chapter 8

The next morning, Kyle strolled into the kitchen dressed in only his boxers. He was proud of his body and wanted to show it off. His big semi-erection wobbled as he moved.

Julie was sitting alone and sipping from her morning coffee. She greeted him with a smile while checking out his muscular bare chest and especially the outrageous phallic shape tenting his boxers. Oh boy! Today could easily end up being the best day of my life! I'll bet that's true. My son is going to fuck me silly, all day long! And he's going to BREED me!

Her heart was beating fast and her pussy was already lubing up in anticipation.

But all she said was, "Morning, Sweetie."

"Hey, Mom," he answered casually, while he also tried to hide how excited he really was.

As far as he knew, his mother owned two skimpy robes, a red one and a blue one. He'd had a lot of great memories with each of them in recent days. So he was pleasantly surprised to see her in a previously unseen orange robe that was even more revealing than either of the other two!

Or maybe it wasn't the size of the robe but how she was wearing it - it was hard for him to tell due to the way she was sitting. The robe was already dramatically open in front. He could see her huge tits nearly to her nipples, which were surprisingly stiff already. (She'd

been getting hot and bothered waiting for him to show up.) He could see bare skin clear down to the sash, which was slung low just

above her pussy mound.

"Guess what?" she asked with an even bigger smile.

"You're pregnant?!" he asked back excitedly.

"No, not yet, you silly boy!" She chuckled. "Dad's gonna stay with Grandma and Grandpa for a few days," she said with a lusty fire in her eyes. Jim had given her that news a little while earlier, shortly after both he and she had woken up.

"So we'll be alone all day?!" Kyle's heart thumped like a jackhammer, he was so thrilled by the news.

"All day AND all night! Better eat your Wheaties this morning." She grinned while running a finger along the open front of the robe. As she did that, she caused it to open a bit more, allowing one of her erect nipples to come into full view.

"Sweet," Kyle said, his semi-erect cock was so inspired by the news that it visibly lurched and twitched in his boxers until it was fully erect.

Julie giggled at how eager he was, and how stiff her words made his dick in a matter of seconds. She stood up. Rising on her tip-toes, she gave him a big tit-squasher of a hug.

With only the thin silk fabric of her robe separating her chest from his, Kyle sighed with joy as he felt the spongy softness of her big mommy-boobs flatten against him.

But then the hug got much better, because her robe was mostly open in the front already, and after a little wiggling and readjusting between the two of them, it wound up completely open. Both of them reveled in the feel of her massive tits making skin-to-skin contact with his chest.

"Feels like someone's ready to get back to 'work,'" she said as she felt his brick-hard boner resting against her tummy. She reached to it and lovingly caressed it from top to bottom.

"I'm ready for a long HARD day, Mom!" He smiled while reaching up to cup the undersides of her bare breasts with both hands.

"Good! I can tell you are." The way she was holding and caressing his rampant cock was starting to turn into a slow and tender handjob. Her heart raced faster and faster as her fingers explored every inch of his thick cock-meat, and she mentally imagined how it would feel to have all of that "tree trunk" fully sheathed inside her cunt again. She panted fast, because it was such an incredible prospect.

But then she forced herself to pull her hands away from his crotch, since her thoughts drifted to Jim and she remembered that he was still in the house. She even took his hands off her great globes and tugged her robe partially closed in front for good measure. She didn't want to do anything that might get Jim to rethink his decision to go to his parents' house.

Kyle wasn't too concerned about that burst of resolve, because he could tell she was totally hot to trot. Temporarily foiled at her chest, he brought his hands down to her ass cheeks instead. Feeling the bothersome orange robe there, he just pushed it up and out of the way and began directly kneading her meaty ass flesh.

She sighed contentedly. She'd gotten very familiar with him playing with her ass yesterday, even deep in her ass crack. So she didn't even

think to get him to remove his hands, despite being mindful that Jim was somewhere nearby.

She said, "As soon as your father leaves, we'll go upstairs and put this big, thick, fleshy thing of yours somewhere warm. This guy isn't

gonna make a baby bobbing around out here." As she teasingly said "this guy," she couldn't resist holding Kyle's stiff cock again. Seconds later, her mere holding turned into more sensual stroking of his thick shaft.

"Did you mean what you said yesterday... that you're falling for me?" Kyle asked shyly. He brought both hands back up to her immense tits again. As he did so, he cleverly opened her orange robe even wider in front, causing it to slide off both of her shoulders.

But she said, "Watch it, young man. Not here, not now. I don't know if you understood what I just said, but your father is still somewhere in this house. We need to respect his feelings and not get too frisky." She pulled the robe back onto her shoulders, though she left it completely wide open in front.

"Oh." Kyle reluctantly let go of her magnificent tits, for now.

Again, he didn't mind the setback much. He knew he was going to be balls-deep inside her hot, tight cunt in a matter of minutes, so everything else was gravy. Besides, her robe was still partially open in front. One couldn't immediately see it due to the way their bodies were tightly pressed together, but his raging hard-on was directly resting against her bare skin and slightly rocking back and forth.

He correctly knew that contact alone would slowly drive her into a sexual frenzy, making her an even hotter fuck.

Julie grazed her long red nails across his chest as she chose her words carefully. "Yesterday, you may recall how I was insistent much

of the day to keep things 'clinical' and 'dispassionate.' I'm not so worried about that today. I know we're doing all this to make me pregnant, but... well, it's just that you're so young and uh, well endowed. And to be honest I really didn't expect things to get as intense as they did yesterday."

"I hope things get even more intense today. Can we be naked again when we do it?" Kyle asked. He subtly rocked his hot cock-meat against her smooth skin to help influence her answer.

That was an easy question for her, especially since she was practically naked already. "Well, we'll do whatever we have to do to get all that sperm out of your balls and into my womb. If that means being a little more emotional and expressive, then so be it. And it if means being naked... well then I guess we'll get naked."

"Sweet!" Kyle said with a smile.

Julie giggled at the way her words had such an effect on him. She coiled her arms around his neck and moved her lips towards his face.

"Come here, you," she said in a sultry purr. Then she began giving her son gentle little kisses on his neck and along his jawline.

Jim came downstairs wearing his usual three-piece suit, with suitcase in hand. He already was dreading what he was likely to see. An even sicker feeling entered the pit of his stomach as he rounded the corner to the kitchen and saw his wife and son embracing while they were both half-naked. It confirmed all his worst fears.

Julie's face was buried in the crook of Kyle's neck, gently kissing his skin there over and over. One of her legs was bent at the knee, with her sexy little bare foot dragging up the back of Kyle's calf.

Kyle slid his hands down and dug his fingers into the meat of his mother's buttocks, right through the silky orange robe.

Jim was about to say something out loud to get their attention and force them to stop. But somehow he didn't. It was if some force was compelling him not to.

Instead, he found himself just mutely staring in horror as the other two kissed and fondled with increasing passion. While he watched, his penis stirred. Soon, he had a raging erection to end all raging erections!

Within seconds of Jim starting to spy on them, Kyle flipped Julie's orange robe up and away from her ass again and resumed directly fondling her ass cheeks.

Far from complaining, Jim's wife just moaned erotically and wiggled her bare ass in delight. She muttered, "You're so baaaad!"

That gave Jim some hope that she'd at least do something to limit their sexual contact.

But no. She followed up that comment by kissing her son on the lips! Within seconds, the two of them were making out like long-lost lovers!

To make matters worse for Jim, he saw Kyle bring his hands back up to his wife's awesome rack. He couldn't directly see much, due to the angle he was standing looking at them, plus the way their bodies were closely pressed together, but he could tell that her robe opened all the way in front and Kyle was freely playing with her huge orbs!

Even worse than that was his fear about what was happening to his son's penis. He couldn't see any sign of it, but he assumed it had to

be fully erect, if only because the kissing and fondling was so very hot. Plus, her son was seemingly permanently aroused anyway. With Julie's robe so open in front, how could that thick, long cock not be rubbing directly against her naked skin?!

Of course, that was exactly what was happening.

Jim hated what he was seeing. He despised it. Not only were his wife and son clearly extremely hot for each other, but they were

showing love and intimacy that was even more concerning. Julie was acting exactly like she was head over heels in love and lust with their son!

Yet, despite such concern, and a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach, Jim had an erection that threatened to rip right through his slacks! He'd never felt so aroused in his life, even as jealousy threatened to completely consume him.

These conflicting emotions confused the hell out of him. He didn't know what to say or do. He was torn between rushing over and aggressively pulling their bodies apart or just... cumming on the spot!

He decided he needed to act somehow, regardless. He cleared his throat, making his presence known.

Julie quickly broke the very intimate embrace. She took a step or two back while also tugging her robe closed in front as fast as she could.

However, it wasn't fast enough for her to hide from Jim the way Kyle's big, fat, exposed cock had been resting up against her lower belly.

Jim's eyes bugged out, because for a few seconds he caught a glimpse of the sheer size of his son's equipment before Kyle was able to turn and stuff his monster back into his boxers.

Jim was utterly destroyed and emasculated. It was worse than a punch to his solar plexus. Holy mother of God! Is that his third leg?! Seriously! Jesus Christ! How the hell can I compete with THAT?!

Yet his bizarre arousal surged to even greater heights!

"Oh, Honey... I didn't hear you come downstairs," Julie said mildly. She felt slightly embarrassed, but only slightly. To be honest, she

didn't care that much how her husband felt, because lust was coursing through her veins. She was moony and giddy towards her hunky son.

Jim was going to give both of them a piece of his mind. But his inexplicable arousal all but forced him to get out of there fast. He needed to leave in a hurry before he spontaneously orgasmed in his slacks and thus really embarrassed himself!

He muttered, "Yeah well I'm off to work. I'll be over at my parents' house after that." He was blushing in shame and defeat, still reeling from the sight of his half-naked wife making out with his handsome son.

Julie walked her husband to the door to kiss him goodbye. At first, her robe was still dramatically showing off her cleavage and much of her tummy. But as she drew closer, she did her best to close her robe in front and look at least semi-presentable. Besides, she had a strange feeling of not wanting her husband to see her nudity, as if that was a prize only Kyle deserved.

"I'll call you later," she tenderly told Jim. "I worry about you and how you're coping with this." But she only gave him a chaste, brief peck on the cheek.

Jim just nodded. He wanted to be angry, but instead he felt woozy, almost like he was on the verge of passing out.

Julie stood there with her big pendulous breasts protruding out, her nipples barely covered by her clearly undersized orange robe.

Kyle walked up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. It was as if he was subtly laying claim to her body. Not only was Kyle's penis visibly erect, but most of it was poking through the slit on the front of his boxers!

Jim felt that was some kind of final indignity for him, further breaking his spirit. Just the part of his son's erection he could see was longer than his own erection ever was, and he knew there was even more of it inside Kyle's boxers.

He wanted to break down and cry.

Julie was impatient to see her husband go. She told him, "Take care. I love you!"

Again, Jim could only nod. His mouth was dry, remarkably dry, and no words seemed able to come out.

Then he watched as Kyle casually slid a hand down Julie's back until he was cupping one of her ass cheeks. He noticed how her robe rose up a bit in back, making clear his son's hand was directly holding and slightly caressing her meaty bubble butt.

Still staring, Jim thought, Fuck me! So much for her trying to be unemotional about the whole thing. She's putty in his hands! It isn't an easy thing to look back at your beautiful wife and know she's about to be balled by your own son. Probably within minutes of me leaving! And I have to slave away at my boring desk job while they fuck like rabbits all over the house! MY house, that I paid for! Life is so damn unfair. And I have to leave with this fucking annoying erection that just won't quit! Dammit!

Jim took one more look, especially at Kyle's enormous hard-on poking through his boxers, taunting him with clear sexual superiority and impossible size. He silently sighed in defeat. He turned and walked towards his car.

He winced when he heard the front door close and lock behind him. Oh God! Dear God! Please! Let this nightmare end! Yet he was still stuck with a painful and needy hard-on, and he was so aroused that he wondered if he'd even be able to safely drive his car.

Back inside the house, impatience turned to unrestrained joy as soon as the front door was closed.

"I'll race you upstairs, Mom," Kyle said to Julie with all the eagerness of youth.

"How about you be a gentlemen and carry me upstairs to the bed?" She smiled seductively, then brought her hands to her shoulders and dramatically pulled her robe all the way off.

Kyle just stood there, transfixed and amazed, as he watched the robe slip to the floor and puddle around her feet. He very nearly came on the spot as he ogled his mother's near physical perfection. God DAMN! She's like a goddess, a naked goddess! Those tits! That ass! That sultry face! Fuck me! And today, she's all mine! I'm gonna fuck her like, like... a tornado! Like a hurricane! I'm going to absolutely DESTROY her with my deep thrusts until we're both half-dead and bathed in sweat!

In an instant, Kyle swept the buck naked, big-busted mother off her feet and into his arms.

She felt goose bumps all over from the way he lifted her as if she weighed nothing at all. She ran her fingers across one of his broad shoulders, staring at him in awe. "Soooo strong," she said excitedly.

"Thanks." He smiled confidently.

She thought, Gaaaawwwwd! He's such a stud, in every way. If it came to a fight between my son and my hubby, it wouldn't even be close. Kyle would wipe poor Jim all over the floor like a broom! And look at him hold me like this. It's like he's claiming me, like Tarzan. And he IS claiming me! He's going to take me upstairs and fuck me within an inch of my life, and BREED his baby into me to boot! I feel so helpless, but it feels sooooo goooooood!

She was suddenly filled with resolve. Mommy's gonna be the best possible fuck I can be! Since he's constantly rocking my world, I'm gonna rock his world right back! I'm gonna churn and grind on his huge pole until he absolutely loses his mind!

We only have a couple of days together as lovers, so we need to make the most of every moment.

"Sweetie," she said, her big gleaming brown eyes gazing into his very similar brown eyes. They were closely related, after all.

"Yeah, Mom?" he answered, while still holding her with ease.

"Let's go make a baby!" She said this in an erotic, wanton voice that sent shivers up and down his entire body.

The two of the giggled almost deliriously as he carried her up the stairs. They couldn't have been more overjoyed.

He carried her right next to the bed in the master bedroom, and gently let her down until her sexy little bare feet touched her bedroom carpet.

Kyle stood there for a moment in awe as he admired her remarkably fit yet soft and curvy nude body. He was so transported that he spoke his mind without thinking. "DAMN! Mom, I've wanted to fuck you so much for so long! For years! And today's the day! Yesterday was just the warm-up! Today, I'm literally going to fuck you to death!"

She gave him a sexy smile as she got down on all fours on top of the bed. She teased him, "Hmmm. Sounds dangerous!"

He just about passed out from too much lust, due to seeing her posing on all fours.

She stretched and preened, like a cat. She gently swayed her entire body back and forth, as if he already had his hands on her firm butt and was slowly fucking her doggy-style. Clearly, she was lingering in that pose to drive him wild. It was working!

Then she moved on her hands and knees to crawl up the bed a little bit, towards the pillows. She made sure to make a dramatic show of it. Her huge hanging tits swung back and forth and her big bubbly buttocks stuck out, giving her son the perfect view of her swollen labial meat and her puckered butt-hole.

She loved being naked for him. With Jim, it had been different. She'd felt embarrassed when he looked at her nudity, and preferred having sex in the dark. But with Kyle, she loved the hunger and desire in his eyes. She wanted to be naked and wet for him literally all the time.

Gazing back at him, she giggled and finally lay down on the bed.

She rolled onto her side to face him. "You gonna stand there staring all day, goofball, or are you gonna get up here and help me make a baby?" She smiled.

For some reason, Kyle was still wearing his boxers, even though most of his thick cock had been poking out of the slit for the past few minutes. He peeled them down his body until he also was as naked as the day he was born.

He stood there, his heart racing out of control, with his big boner wobbling up and down on its own in anticipation. Good GOD! I'm so happy I could cry!

Then it dawned on him he could be fully sheathed in his mother's tight, hot cunt-furnace instead of just enjoying gawking at her nude hourglass figure. He moved with speed to get on the bed and on top of her.

Seconds later, Kyle sighed in utter blissful satisfaction. His eyes rolled back in their sockets as he felt his super-engorged cockhead slip through his mother's delicate pink folds. His strong blood-engorged pipe with its bulging blue veins sunk down deep inside her hot clutching birth canal.

"Oh, Son!" Julie cried out in ecstasy. She flexed her soft vaginal walls, clamping tightly against the large teenage phallus as it slipped back, then plowed forward, its big bulbous head sinking against the mouth of her cervix.

"OH Y-Y-YEAH!" she cried out.

Julie's marital bed rocked wildly as she and her son set into a nice steady rhythm. The busty mother's long, smooth legs curled up around the bucking teen.

His ass rose and fell, his big hairless balls thumping against her butt hole.

"Oh-h-h wow, Mom!" His voice trembled.

"Oh, Kyle! Oh, Sweetie! You're doing so good!" she panted.

Like a well-lubed piston, the teenage fuck-pole glided through the smothering cavern of love, its bulging helmet and rock-hard shaft plowing along the sensitive glands of her soft yet tightly squeezing vaginal walls.

She thought, Now, THIS is what real fucking is! I don't know what the hell Jim thought he was doing to me all these years with his little thing, but it sure as hell wasn't this! This is how men and women are meant to mate. To breed! Oh, YES! To BREED! I'm just my son's helpless fuck-socket, and he's going to pound a baby into me at will!

"OH GOD!" She cried, announcing her impending orgasm. She was amazed and impressed that she could already felt another really big

one coming on, only a couple of minutes after getting started. She'd lost count of all her really massive orgasms yesterday somewhere around twenty, and then had many more after that. She wasn't even going to try to keep count today, since she knew it was going to be such a high number. Besides, it was all pretty much one endless orgasm whenever his cock was inside her anyway.

Kyle picked up the pace, going from bulb to balls on every stroke.

"OH, KYLE! OH, BABY! I LOVE YOU!" Julie shouted as her body began to convulse.

Seeing and feeling such a ravishing beauty, grunting and crying while her big tits sloshed around beneath her young partner, would have

sent most boys over the edge. But not Kyle. He just kept fucking her, like a relentless, pistoning machine.

Ten, twenty, and then thirty minutes passed. Admittedly, it wasn't all non-stop fucking at the highest intensity. He did slow way down or even stop at times to re-gather his energies. But he was surprisingly relentless and energetic most of the time. It was as if he'd rested all night just to have the stamina to fuck her all the way into orbit!

Finally, the sex-mad teen felt a raging torrent of sperm rising from his balls. He wailed, "OH GOD, MOM! HERE COMES MY LOAD!"

"SQUIRT IT HARD FOR ME, SWEETIE!" She cried back, even more deliriously. She'd already had several big climaxes, and she felt another one coming on.

It was getting to the point where she automatically came whenever he did, no matter what, because the mere thought of him squirting his virile baby-makers into her was too exciting for her to handle. And the feeling of him filling her up deep inside with his spermy cream without any condom was even better!

He groaned as he felt the long milky strands of jism pulsing out from his raging hard-on.

Flexing her coital walls, Julie's pouch became like a clutching fist, pulling all of the baby-making syrup from her son's quivering cock-rod. She hadn't been very talented at that sort of thing with Jim, but she was quickly learning. She felt she had to step up her efforts several notches in order to at least try to pay back her son for the way he repeatedly sent her soaring to the moon and back.

As his orgasm started to fade, she spoke some more inspiring words to coax more of his cum out into her needy cunt. "There you go, my love! Squirt it all out for me! Mommy's egg is waiting, Sweetie!"

The "Mommy's egg is waiting" comment in particular made him swoon in excitement and caused him to squirt a few more times than he otherwise would have.

After the final dribble, he rolled off his mother. He was wiped out, and worried he'd overdone it a bit. He didn't want to tire out too soon, since he had a full day of fucking "work" ahead of him.

Julie quickly positioned the pillow under her ass.

She muttered, "Good God! That was intense! If that didn't fuck a baby into me, then I don't know what will do it. Especially since your orgasm theory turns out to be correct."

Last night, after Jim came home, she'd done some Googling to see if Kyle's claim was true. She'd been pleasantly surprised to find out that it was. Although she knew it didn't really matter, since he was going to give her one epic orgasm after another regardless.

Already, if she had to make a "thirty best sexual experiences of my life" list, all thirty would have been with her son, and none with her husband! Sometimes, she felt a crushing sadness from thinking she'd only get to be fucked by Kyle until her ovulation was done. She

couldn't see how they could possibly stop, and yet she dearly loved Jim. She tried hard to push such vexing thoughts out of her mind. She had a feeling that somehow events would take their own course, and it was impossible to know the future at this point anyway.

He ran a hand down her tummy, all the way to her pussy. He playfully diddled her clit a little bit, making her shudder. "Mom, I wouldn't love this if I didn't think you were loving it too. My goal is to make you

cum so hard and so often, that even the eggs your body hasn't created yet will get fertilized too!"

She laughed at that impossibility. "With you, and your relentless cock, I could believe it!"

After a couple of minutes, Kyle eyed the soft tit-sacks standing proudly on his mother's chest.

"Put your tongue back in your mouth, mister," she teased.

However, she didn't stop him when he reached out to fondle her great globes. She figured that if he had the willpower to do that despite his post-orgasmic exhaustion, she didn't want to let him down. Besides, she remembered that today she was going to play a lot more fast and loose with her "rules" anyway.

But mere fondling wasn't enough to satiate his tit-hunger. "Can I suck on them... just for a few minutes?" he asked pleadingly.

"I don't know... Would that be considered a necessary part of getting your mom pregnant?" she asked, teasingly.

He didn't realize how much she was toying with him. He wasn't sure, because she had generally tried to limit him from doing that

yesterday, though there were several "slip-ups" where his lips on her nipples felt too good for her to put up much of a protest.

He attempted to argue his case. "Well, it would turn me on... like when you talked dirty to me yesterday. Then I'd probably get erect again. And I would get inspired to fuck you some more. And cum inside you. And breed you." He smiled, sensing his words were having a good effect.

"Nice bargaining skills, slick." She smiled back.

She felt giddy as she contemplated the repeating fuck cycle that always led to more of his cum flooding his vagina. Again, the word "breed" made her heart race faster. She already felt proud that her baby-to-be would be created with his clearly superior seed.

He joked as he ran his hands all over her round melons, and also on her taut tummy, "What can I say? You inspire me."

Her smile grew even larger. "Well, I suppose if that's what it takes to get that cannon locked and loaded again, then so be it."

"So that's a 'yes?'" he asked excitedly, just to make sure.

"Go ahead, knock yourself out." She winked.

Kyle dove face first into her ample tit-pillows, latching onto one of her engorged nipples with his mouth while pinching and rolling her other nipple with his fingers.

He sucked like a hungry baby for what seemed like hours.

Julie rested with her eyes closed, luxuriating in the way he was continuing to suckle and generally have fun fondling her tits and whatever other parts of her nude body were in reach. Wouldn't it be lovely if I could enjoy this every single day? If my son was my actual husband?!

Oh God! Good Lord! What a thrilling thought THAT is! It could never be in reality. I made my vows with Jim, and those are for life. But I can imagine a fantasy world where it somehow was possible... And what a world that would be! I swear, I'd never get out of bed! And I

definitely would never wear any clothes, except maybe some frilly, see-through thing to help get him erect sometimes. And I'm sure that would be ripped off my helpless body in a matter of minutes! Hee!

Living with a human sex machine would be pure paradise! Especially because he's the son I love with all my heart!

Well, that vision can never be in a long-term way. But it IS my reality for the next couple of days. So I damn well better make sure I savor the experience to the fullest, to create memories to last the rest of my life! I have no doubt this is going to be the greatest time of my life. It already is, by a mile!

Sorry, Jim, I'm going to put you completely out of my mind for a while. When this is all over, we can try to get our marriage back on track. But, for now, I belong to Kyle. I'm going to let my sexual desires run wild and be a wanton, sexy, big-titted fuck slut for my son!

"Are you hard?" She finally asked Kyle. It was an unnecessary question though, because her hand found his dick and her fingers were already exploring its full size as if for the first time.

"Umm-humm," he muttered, his mouth still stuffed full of tit-meat.

"Come back inside me," she cooed, bending her legs back. They'd been resting a good while, and they were both recharged and ready for more fucking.

Kyle was happy to oblige. He crawled between her heavenly legs. Both of them were on cloud nine as he crammed his fat cockhead

back inside her and slowly pushed and pushed, until his thick shaft drove all the way home.

39: Dad_s Big Mistake_3

Chapter 9

About an hour later, Kyle and Julie were still fucking up a storm. Surprisingly, Kyle hadn't had his second orgasm yet, although he'd taken some significant breaks to repeatedly recharge his batteries. He knew he had to carefully limit his climaxes so he could literally fuck his mother all day long.

Even as he steadily sawed his pulsing fuck-pole in and out of her clenching cunt, he casually suggested, "I think we should send Dad a couple pictures of what we're doing."

"Have you lost your mind?!" Julie giggled at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"No... seriously!" He slowed his rutting down so they could discuss this.

She furrowed her brow and stared at him in disbelief.

He suggested, "He should share in this experience... don't you think?" Kyle said this knowing full well his father would be enraged.

Julie scoffed, "Yeah, he got to 'share in this' yesterday when he heard me talking dirty to you. Have you forgotten how he reacted to that? We're lucky that didn't go much worse."

"Come on, Mom. It's not like he doesn't know exactly what we're doing. Just a few shots," Kyle asked.

"No way! You must be out of your mind!"

"Maybe... But did you notice the bulge in his slacks right before he went to work?"

She frowned as she thought back. "Now that you mentioned it, I did. I kind of dismissed that as a trick of the light or something though, because how could it be he was aroused just then?"

Kyle's enthusiasm grew, and he picked up the fucking pace somewhat. "He was TOTALLY aroused! And not for the first time either. I noticed he had an erection when he caught us yesterday too."

"Seriously?!" She was shocked, because that suggested a pattern instead of a fluke.

He nodded sincerely, because he really had seen that.

She was floored by his sincerity, and the implications. She usually was able to tell when he was lying to her. "But... but... how?! Why?! That makes no sense whatsoever!"

Kyle managed a shrug, even as he continued to thrust in and out of her tight cunt-tunnel. "Some guys, they're just that way. It's called being a cuckold. Have you heard about that?"

"Yeah, sure, but I've been married to him nearly twenty years now, and trust me, he's no cuckold. I have the opposite problem, of worrying about his wandering eyes, and even his wandering hands. If anything, he's the kind of guy who would cuckold someone else."

Kyle said, "Yeah, well, that's what I figured too."

He thought back to how he'd caught Jim banging his secretary, and he wondered if Dora might be married. But he wasn't even going to

hint about that, since that was part of the deal he'd made. "Still, seeing is believing. Maybe this is all new to him too, and we just look too sexy together for him not to be aroused. Why not at least test that theory out? If it turns out I'm right, that'll make everything way easier for everyone. If I'm wrong, he'll get mad, but it'll blow over."

"Sweetie, I..." she started. But she stopped the objection she was going to make, because she realized she was intrigued. Very intrigued.

"Please!" he begged.

"I just don't know if..." she started again.

"Just a couple... please, Mom," Kyle said, bringing his body down against hers. "Just a test. See what happens. Small risk, big reward. Thing how great it'll be for all of us if he really does get off on you and me fucking!

He still had only been fucking her on a kind of "simmer mode," because it was tough to really go at it and keep a conversation going. But, to help convince her, he resumed powerfully driving his cock deep inside her vagina.

His renewed thrusts made her gasp a little. She complained, "Don't think you're going to fuck me into going along with this crazy idea!"

But in fact, that was exactly what was happening. He steadily humped into her for another minute or two, until he had her close to the edge of cumming yet again.

Then he softly brought his lips to her ear. "Come on, Mom... It'll be fun! Just think about posing for the pictures. Plus, don't you want to take some pictures of us doing it anyway?"

"You're rotten." Julie giggled. She decided she definitely wanted some pictures. Since she figured these few days would be the clear sexual highlight of her life, she would want some pictures to help her remember (and masturbate to) the experience in years to come.

She reluctantly said, "Well, maybe some picture taking. But just for us! We can't possibly send them to Jim anyway. That would be too dangerous. What if someone else sees?!"

About ten minutes later, Jim sat at his desk doing some work on his computer when his cell-phone chimed. He took it out of his pants pocket and saw that it was a text from his son and that there was a picture attached.

The text just said: "Hope you like this. Let us know right away if you don't. K."

What the hell would Kyle be sending me a picture of?! he thought.

Needless to say, after riding Julie's cunt for a good while, Kyle had got her to give in to the sending of pictures idea, even with her legitimate concern about the security issue.

Jim opened the attachment and gasped as he saw a picture of his wife and son having sex! Kyle was on top of Julie, and both of them were buck naked and sweaty. The cocky teen wore a shit-eating grin for the camera. On the pillow beneath him, Julie's head was tilted back and her back was arched. Her eyes were closed and her mouth agape as if she was being struck with a powerful orgasm.

In fact, it occurred to Jim, Holy FUCK! At first, I thought it was a Photoshopped fake or something. But such a pose can't be faked, and she IS in the middle of a powerful orgasm! Thanks to our son fucking the hell out of her! They must have used a timer to take it, since it's

clear nobody is holding the camera. I know they both know how to do that.

His stomach was twisting and turning. He worried he was going to vomit all over his desk. But he couldn't stop staring at the way his wife's arms and long sexy legs were wrapped tightly around their son, clutching him desperately.

Then Jim's phone pinged, because another text came in.

This one read: "Mom and I thought you'd like to be a part of the baby's conception. Enjoy! K."

"You little fuck!" Jim spat angrily at the phone. "'Enjoy?!' Is he fucking deranged?! I'll kill him!"

Luckily, he had his own office, with a closed and locked door, so nobody else saw or heard his reaction.

As he sat there fuming, but also still closely examining the photo, he felt his penis start to stir and then engorge. He sighed in frustration at the way his body was betraying his mind. "Motherfucking son of a bitch!"

His mind reeled in confusion. What the fuck is happening to me?! How can I be aroused by this sick shit?! I've never been so outraged in my life! I hate it! Hate it, hate it, hate it!

Just then, another text arrived with a photo attachment. He couldn't help but open it.

This one was a close-up shot of his son's cock buried nearly to the balls inside his wife's pussy, with just a couple inches of his thick

pole showing. He noticed how his Julie's labia was stretched tight around the fat shaft of his son's pecker. There was a frothy juice trickling down onto her butt-hole.

Underneath was written: "Mom's favorite... she took this pic while I was cumming in her. The feeling of plowing repeatedly against the soft head of Mom's cervix is out of this world. Wow! I've never cum this hard! Thx so much for giving me permission to do this! K."

Jim was beside himself with anger at this point. God fucking dammit! This is an outrage! Not only is my son throwing it in my face that he's at home fucking MY wife, but he's also proudly showing off the size of his damn cock! Which, unfortunately, is a fucking baseball bat!

For the next ten minutes, Jim sat at his desk, his work totally forgotten. Even though he continued to be dangerously close to throwing up in disgust, his penis remained so erect, and he was so insanely aroused in general, that he darkly wondered which would happen first, vomiting or spontaneous ejaculation. He felt utterly miserable.

He fought it as long as he could, but finally he decided to call Julie on his cell phone and give her a piece of his mind.

As soon as Julie answered, he barked at her, "Are the two of you sick?! Insane?! On some kind of death wish, maybe?! What the hell makes you think I want to see your depraved photos?!"

To his complete shock, Julie merely innocently asked, "So, you don't want us to send more photos like that?!"

The question hit him like a two-by-four to the head, due to his reaction. At first, he was going to indignantly complain that she really had to be insane to even suggest that. But his extreme arousal hadn't gone away, and some other part of him was fascinated at what other

photos might look like. He'd never felt so horny in his life, and his mind raced with wild imaginings of more fuck photos. He wanted to see those. Worse, he pretty much needed to see them!

As a result, he didn't know what to say. He was torn in two, between wanting to tell his wife to go fuck off and practically wanting to beg for more photos.

He tried to somehow thread the needle and retain some dignity along the way. "I don't want to see more photos like that. No way! But, on the other hand, it's probably important that I keep an eye on you to make sure things don't get out of hand. You promised to be dispassionate and clinical. What happened to that?! I'll hate it, but maybe it's for the best that you send me more photos since that's the only way I can keep an eye on you from my office."

Kyle and Julie looked at each other in excitement and amazement. As it so happened, Kyle was balls-deep in her while she was sitting up on him, riding him cowgirl-style. They shared a victorious look, because Jim's bizarre answer made no sense unless he was getting some kind of sick thrill from seeing the pictures. His "getting out of hand" worry was obvious bullshit, since the last two pictures showed that things already had gotten way out of hand. The whole "clinical" approach was long gone, and all three of them knew it.

Mother and son shared a victorious look with each other, and then silently high-fived. Julie had been frozen in place since the phone call began, but she was so ecstatic that she resumed churning her hot cunt all over her son's huge boner.

She somehow managed to say into the phone with a straight face, "That makes sense, Honey. We can do that if you want."

Jim silently sighed with relief, not realizing that they'd caught on to the fact he was uncontrollably aroused by thoughts and images of his son fucking the living hell out of his wife. He tried to keep the

ruse going. "I think that's for the best, even though I'll hate every minute. You said you want me to be a part of the process, huh?! Fine! I agree, if only to help keep things under control and save my marriage. From now on, I wanna know when, where, and how you

and him are having intercourse! Do you understand?" Jim barked this out as if he was issuing an ominous threat.

"You're serious?!" Julie asked. She was trying to play along, and it was hard for her not to sound overjoyed, especially since she was tripping out on lust from the continued fuck rhythm.

"Dead serious! Is that a problem?" Jim asked in his best no-nonsense, commanding tone, like he was forcing her to something she didn't want to do.

Julie struggled to keep up with her husband's bizarre suggestions. She had to bring her fuck-grinding to a near halt so she could fully focus on the phone call. "Well, Honey... No... it's no problem at all. It just kinda surprises me after the fit you threw yesterday. Do you really wanna be this involved?"

"Well, I think I have a right... as your husband... and father of this baby... don't you?" he asked. Even as he did so, he had to wince at his own words. He felt like some spirit had taken possession of his mouth, forcing him to say things he never would have said in a million years. But his strange arousal was in control.

"Okaaaayyy..." Julie said carefully. "Just to confirm, you want us to send you MORE pictures like the two we just sent you?! Some of the pictures might get a bit... racy." The "racy" comment was a laughable understatement.

He griped, "I don't 'want' it. I hate it! But I feel like I have no choice. Someone needs to keep an eye on you two, and who else can it be but me?"

She responded, "Yes, but... Jim, I know you... If I do this... it's just gonna get you worked up into a jealous frenzy again. Isn't it?" Even as she said that, she couldn't resist squeezing her pussy walls repeatedly around her son's fully sheathed boner.

Kyle was taken by surprise by her talented cunt. He had to clasp a hand over his mouth to stop himself from letting out some very erotic moans.

Jim was frustrated, because he knew his wife was right. He was almost certain he going to work himself up into a "jealousy frenzy" again sooner or later. In fact, he was feeling that way at the moment so much so that he could barely contain himself and stay civil. The problem for him was that his lust was even stronger, and somehow his jealousy and anger heightened his arousal even more.

But he realized he would have to keep those feeling in check if he wanted to continue to ride this crazy train of jealousy and lust, including getting to see more pictures. "Tell you what... If you're honest with me, I promise I won't let it bother me... and I won't give you and Kyle a hard time." Once again, he had to wince, because he could scarcely believe the words coming from his mouth.

"You mean it?" Julie asked. She was tripping on extreme arousal, slowly churning her hips on his son's rampant flag pole some more. Now that the phone call was going well, she was really getting off on the fact that she was secretly fucking her son while casually talking to her husband.

Jim confessed, "Yes. I guess if I'm honest... I've just been driving myself crazy... sitting here at my desk, unable to work. All I'm doing is wondering about you and our son. I think it would be easier if I just knew... some of the details. As painful as seeing more pictures is going to be, it's better knowing than not knowing and thus having my mind run wild."

That was how he really felt. Not knowing was torture. But it was ironic, because there was virtually no scenario he could imagine that was "worse" than what was actually happening and what the pictures he'd seen showed. Basically, he was screwed either way.

"Okay," Julie's soft voice answered.

She had to bite her lip, because Kyle had reached up and was fondling her huge, bouncy tits. She could handle that much, but he'd begun rolling one of her nipples between his fingers as well.

She silently chuckled, and mouthed the words, "You naughty boy!" But she didn't try to stop him. She calculated the phone call was ending soon, and hopefully she wouldn't let out a tell-tale erotic moan before it did.

Even though she was managing to keep the sexual noises relatively quiet, Jim couldn't resist asking, "So... what are you two doing now?"

Her voice turned harsh. "Trust me, you don't want to know."

That cryptic comment caused his lust to soar so much that he was sorely tempted to unzip his fly and jack off, even though he was in his office. His imagination ran wild, intensifying his jealousy and anger along with his arousal.

He whined, "Please! Like I said, it's better for me knowing than not knowing and just wildly speculating."

She sighed. "Fine. You asked for it. If you must know, we were busy making babies when you called unexpectedly, and we're still at it!"

He nearly swooned with his bizarre cuckold lust. "Seriously?!"

"Seriously. Kyle is lying on the bed, your and my bed in the master bedroom, and I'm sitting up on him, riding him like a cowgirl! We've paused for your phone call, but once it's done I'm sure we'll get right back at it."

In fact, they hadn't really paused much, as she was churning and grinding up and down even more. But she was trying to be at least a little bit diplomatic, since she still found it hard to believe her husband got off on this sort of thing.

Jim was so overcome by jealousy and lust that he realized his cell phone was trembling in his hand. He whispered in awe, "Oh my God!" Then, after a pause, he asked breathlessly, "Are you... are you naked?!"

She growled impatiently, "Of course I'm naked! So is he. I doubt I'll bother to wear a stitch of clothing all day! He can hardly breed me if I'm fully clothed, can he?! Sheesh!"

It hit Jim all over again that his son was on a mission to impregnate his wife, and that was too arousing for him to even contemplate. He had to strain with all his might to avoid cumming on the spot, into his underwear and slacks. He was so close to the edge that he could barely speak through clenched teeth. "Well, don't... don't... get carried... away!"

She rolled her eyes in disgust, while rotating her hips on her son's thick meat like she was churning a butter churn. She was secretly relieved that the phone call was confirming her husband appeared to be some kind of cuckold, but at the same time she was disappointed that he was sounding so wimpy and docile. After all, she figured she was hitched to him for life. Her voice was dripping with sarcasm as she griped, "We'll be careful. Now, I've gotta go."

She was about to hang up the phone, but she couldn't resist adding, "I can feel Kyle's big fat cock flexing inside of me. Oh God! And I'm riding on it! Up and down and all around! It feels soooo good! Does that help you? Is that better than not knowing?"

"Ummm..." Jim was speechless. But his heavy panting betrayed his insane arousal.

She finished, with her own increasingly heavy breathing, "We've got a LOT of breeding here to do. Soooo much... breeding! UNGH! I'll send you some more pictures soon. Bye!"

As soon as she heard the click of the phone call ending, she tossed her cell phone off the bed and onto the plush carpet. Then she cried out, "Son, did you just hear me, we've got lots of breeding to do, so breed meeeee!"

Mother and son were so worked up from the successful phone call (from their point of view) that they kicked their fucking efforts into high gear. Soon, sweat was flying off their faces as their bodies vigorously slapped against each other. Kyle's huge battering ram pounded deeper and deeper into her hot, tight cunt as he humped up as much as he could. But even better and more effective was the way she essentially skewered herself up and down on him, over and over again!

After hanging up, Jim sat there for a bit wondering what the hell he just did. His erection was still so stiff and insistent that it was painful. He was even more tempted to unzip his fly and masturbate, but he'd never done that in his office before and he felt undignified to start now. He was a financial analyst in a three-piece suit in a high class downtown skyscraper, after all.

He knew he'd be cumming in a matter of seconds if he let himself go. But to do that would mean having physical proof that he was really getting off on his son fucking his wife. As long as it was only in his

mind, he could still delude himself that those feelings weren't really real.

He continued to sit with his eyes closed, trying to get his overemotional mind to calm down. It wasn't working. He pondered, Would it really be easier for me to know, rather than to wonder? God! I have no fucking idea. But what's done is done. I can't take that call back. Besides, I hate uncertainty.

Another ten minutes passed for him. He felt he was stuck in a rut and unable to get out. There was no way in hell he was going to get

any work done, so he didn't even make a pretense of trying. He just kept his eyes closed or stared vacantly into space with lustful thoughts about what was possibly going on in his bed at home.

He was snapped out of his trance by a text on his phone.

It was from Julie and read: "KYLE'S BED. ME ON TOP. I LUV YOU!" (She was writing in all caps to make clear that the note was from her and not Kyle.)

Jim heart was racing, his face burning with jealous excitement. He tried to picture them going at it on Kyle's twin bed. He could envision it so very vividly in his mind: a busty middle-aged mother straddling her teenage son, bouncing on his big dick while her huge hanging tits flopped around wildly above his eyes.

Another minute passed. Then he was sent an attached photo that showed exactly what she'd said. It matched the images created by his fevered imagination almost exactly. But he reveled in examining the details, such as seeing the lines of sweat trickling down their naked bodies.

That picture was the final straw for him in the sense that he simply couldn't hold his lusty need back any longer. He frantically unzipped

his fly and directly grasped his boner. Before he could even start to stroke it, he felt the mother or all orgasms welling up inside of him and crossing the point of no return.

He'd never contemplated ejaculating in his formal and fancy office before. He looked around frantically and spied a trash can next to his desk. He just barely had time to reach it and bring it in front of his crotch when he started to unload.

The relief he felt was simply indescribable. It was even better than the best sex he'd had fucking his gorgeous wife.

But when his climax ended, his anger and jealousy came roaring back to the forefront of his mind. Worse, he now also had guilt and shame to deal with. He was disgusted at himself for ejaculating to thoughts of his son fucking his wife.

He muttered under his breath, "Motherfucking son of a bitch! What the fuck is happening to me?! This can't be for real. I'm no cuckold. I hate it! HATE IT!"

He did hate what was happening, but that didn't lessen his arousal one bit. In fact, mere minutes after his orgasm, new lusty thoughts were swirling around his brain. After cleaning up his cummy mess by taking the trash out and furtively washing it clean, he sat back at his desk and tried to get some actual work done.

But it was no use. All he could think about was how much his wife had to be enjoying getting royally fucked by his son.

He lasted another ten minutes before he gave in and took another look at the three sexual pictures he'd been sent. He couldn't stop staring at them and even closely examining every detail. Not surprisingly, that caused his arousal to rise higher.

He despised what was happening to himself with a passion. But it was like he was helpless to stop any of it. Kyle and Julie looked unbelievably sexy together. It was better than the best porn he'd ever seen, and he'd seen a lot of porn. He wanted to cry like a baby.

Chapter 10

It was nearly an hour later when Jim received the next text.

Julie wrote (while still using all caps so he'd know it was her): "KYLE'S BEEN DRILLING ME LIKE A JACKHAMMER FOR SOOOO LONG! HE JUST EJACULATED DEEP INSIDE ME. FINALLY! IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. I'M SOOO PROUD OF HIM, JIM. I'M ELEVATING MY HIPS TO HELP HIM BREED ME. LUV YOU HONEY!"

Jim groaned in agony. He'd only just started doing some simple and mundane tasks a little while earlier. Now even that was going to be impossible. Fucking hell! You've gotta be kidding me! They're been fucking non-stop all this time?! How the hell am I supposed to compete with that?! I've never lasted half that long in my entire life. I'm so screwed. Julie will never truly enjoy sex with me again!

He felt like he wanted to kill himself. But, at the same time, he discovered that he had a new erection that was just as powerful and irresistible as the last one. That made him moan out loud in frustration and agony.

He tried his hardest not to imagine all the orgasms his wife must have had during that hour. But the harder he tried, the more his thoughts ran wild with visions of her lost in the throes of ecstasy again and again and again.

His arousal was so intense that he could barely think straight. All he could do was pant heavily at his desk, like he was running a race. This is so FUCKED UP! Here I am, in utter misery. Meanwhile, my cocky asshole of a son is probably lying on top of my naked wife,

making googly eyes at her and whispering sweet nothings while endlessly playing with her big breasts. Hell, that's what I'd do if I was in his shoes.

I'm her husband, dammit! I have half a mind to rush over there and force them apart. The deal is off, period!

But I can't. FUCK! Kyle knows my terrible secret. As bad as things are, they could get a million times worse if he tells Julie everything about Dora. All I can do is just grin and bear it.

But I know one thing. I am NOT going to masturbate again! That was a moment of weakness, because I was just so damn confused. All my libido sees are two almost physically perfect people making incredible, athletic love, as if they were Greek gods and not mere

mortals. How can I not want to cum from watching or thinking about the best porn imaginable?! Somehow, I forget they're actually my wife and my son. It will NEVER happen again, I swear it!

He attempted to get back to work. But he wound up staring at his computer screen, reading the same paragraph over and over again. He tried not to consciously admit it, but he was disappointed Julie only sent a text this time and not an accompanying photo as well.

Ten minutes later, his phone chimed again.

"You've gotta be kidding." Jim muttered to himself. "Does this nightmare never end?!" Then he looked at his phone.

This time, Julie wrote, "IN THE SHOWER. KYLE'S HOLDING ME. I'M WET IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. MY LEGS ARE WRAPPED AROUND HIS WAIST. MY ARMS AROUND HIS NECK. HE'S SO STRONG, JIM. SO INSATIABLE. I LUV HIM SOOO MUCH. SO PROUD. HE'S GONNA BREED ME TODAY FOR SURE, SO DON'T WORRY. I LUV U TOO!"

Jim was overcome with a wave of excitement. He pictured their fit and firm bodies, naked and glistening, as the water cascaded over them. He envisioned his wife, squirming and writhing while helplessly pinned against the wall. He could practically see his son's hips bucking powerfully, driving his long and thick peter deep into the warm wet sponginess of her strong, experienced cunt.

He pictured Julie's big bobbling tits as they slipped against their son's hairless chest, her nipples tingling and engorged.

This time, he couldn't consciously deny his longing to see a photograph or two of the shower action. In fact, that urge was so strong that about ten minutes later, he texted back: "Photos or it didn't happen."

He loathed himself for writing that. His jealousy was burning like an out of control wildfire. But he could have written another text to

cancel that request, and he didn't.

An agonizingly slow five minutes later, he finally got the reply. There was a short note from Julie: "YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND. THX FOR BEING SO COOL ABT THIS. HERE'S YOUR REWARD. (AND YES, HE'S STILL DRILLING ME DEEP!)"

There was a picture attached. Jim could barely breathe, he was so excited to look at it.

The picture surpassed all his wild imaginings, because those were just thoughts and this was really real. Julie was standing while bending forward with her hands up above her head on the wall in front of her. It looked much like she was in position to get frisked by the police, except she was buck naked and soaking wet, and more water was pouring down on her. And instead of there being a cop in sight, her nude son was standing right behind her, fucking her doggy style. There was a significant gap between their bodies, and apparently Kyle only had the tip of his cockhead in her cunt, so most

of his long, thick shaft could be seen. Kyle also had his hands reaching around Julie so he was freely fondling her massive jugs. One of her fat knockers was mushed out of shape due to Kyle's vigorously kneading hands.

Julie's eyes were closed, which was a disappointment for Jim. But her head was tilted way back and her mouth was opened very wide, despite the shower water raining down on her. Clearly, she was lost in the throes of intense pleasure at the moment the photo had been taken.

The previous photos had been the most arousing things he'd ever seen... until this one came along. This shower photo blew the others out of the water. He could have stared at it for hours, and in fact he realized he eventually probably would.

It was easy for him to imagine all the rivulets of water trickling down Julie's skin were Kyle's cum streaks instead! His body trembled as he imagined his wife that thoroughly covered in that much of his son's cum. He mused that she really could look like that, right now, if he was always cumming on her instead of inside of her.

Another minute passed. Then there was a short text from Julie. "JUST CHECKING: R U UPSET?! I'M NEVER GOING TO FORGET THAT YOU'RE MY HUBBY AND THIS IS JUST A TEMPORARY THREE DAY BREEDING INSANITY. LUV U!"

That made him feel a lot better. He quickly wrote back, "Luv u 2. I'm hanging in there. I'm in a no-win situation, but like I said, it's better for me knowing than not knowing. I realize Kyle is just doing what is expected of him." He wanted to add, "I just wish he wasn't so damn good at it," but after typing that sentence, he deleted it. Instead, he finished with, "We'll get through this together. Pls keep me in the loop."

Julie wrote back, "THX! U R THE BEST!"

But then the communication stopped for a long while.

He felt even more miserable than before. His arousal and erection simply wouldn't go away no matter what he did. He remained solely tempted to masturbate and ejaculate once more, but he was determined to keep his vow and not give in to his crazy cuckold desire.

Instead, he just sat there. Luckily, he didn't have any urgent meetings or a need to interact with co-workers, because he was a basket case. He even kept his secretary Dora at bay (the woman he'd been having his secret affair with), telling her that he was dreadfully busy with vital work and nobody should come into his office for any reason, including her. His mind raced, torn between jealous rage and extreme arousal. Worse, he often felt both emotions at once, somehow tangled together.

Ever since Kyle had caught him with Dora, his affair had been put on hold. Technically, he'd told Dora that their affair was over, but he wasn't sure if that was true. Dora was quite sexy in her own right (though different than Julie, with a slim, young figure) and she was head over heels in love with him, or at least in lust with him. They'd been secretly fucking for months, and he knew that all he'd have to do was say the word and Dora would gladly drop to her knees and blow him.

That was a highly tempting prospect, especially since his sexual confidence had been taking a severe battering. He longed for an ego boost. But he also dearly loved Julie, and was trying his hardest to save his marriage. Besides, he didn't want to go through the torture of being cuckolded for three days, only to get caught again and have his marriage go up in flames anyway.

So he was hanging in there, alone. Time dragged on painfully slowly. Already, it felt like the longest day of his life.

As he waited and waited, he wondered, Why is it that I've had much more sex in the last six months with Dora than with Julie? I could say it was the thrill of the new, but I don't think that's the main reason. Julie is such a physically ideal sex goddess that sex with her never gets old. No, in light of seeing Kyle fuck her, I'm wondering if it's because I somehow feel intimidated, like I'm not quite good enough for her.

Sometimes, even before this "breeding" nightmare began, I've had my secret fears, like there must have been some mistake and she married the wrong guy. I'm a decently handsome man, maybe a seven on a one to ten scale. But if that's the scale, she's completely off the scale! Kyle would be like a solid ten, as good as a man can get, but she'd be a twelve! At least!

Somehow, it just was easier with Dora. She's about a seven or an eight. We would make a much better sexual match if we were

married, because I wouldn't have to try to be someone who I'm not.

He spent a lot of time thinking about future texts and photos. He wondered, How long are they at it this time? Are they still fucking?! That can't even be physically possible, can it? I'll bet they're taking a nap. Please, God, tell me that they're napping! I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown as it is!

The next text from Julie came about forty-five minutes later.

She wrote: "KYLE AND I JUST GOT OUT OF THE SHOWER. BEST SHOWER EVER! BUT ALL HE DOES IS FUCK ME, SO DON'T WORRY. NO BLOWJOBS OR TITFUCKS OR 69S OR THE LIKE. WE'RE EXCLUSIVELY FOCUSED ON BREEDING. SPERM RUNNING DOWN MY LEG SO I NEED TO HURRY TO THE BED AND LET IT SOAK THROUGH MY CERVIX. LUV U!"

Jim was surprised that his anger was lessening and his arousal was rising. He couldn't help but still feel constant pangs of jealously, but overall, he was doing better with the situation. In fact, the thing that upset him the most was that he only got a text and no photo this time.

He thought bitterly, "All he does it fuck me, so don't worry." Is that some kind of joke?! Gee, thanks. No need for this clueless hubby to worry because my bombshell of a wife is ONLY getting fucked silly for hours on end. No problem there, because at least there's no blowjobs! Sheesh!

He was bitter, and then some. Jealousy, rage, confusion, shame, guilt, humiliation - these sorts of feelings were becoming his constant companions. But it was like all that was a dull roar that he was learning to live with. His lust was so intense that it overwhelmed all those other feelings. He still tried to fight the fact that he was incredibly turned on by thoughts and visions of Kyle and Julie fucking. But it seemed the more he fought those feelings, the stronger they got.

The only small thing he could feel good about was the fact that he was keeping to his vow not to masturbate. But that was becoming a problem because his erection would never go down, not even for a minute. The blue balls he was experiencing was getting to be quite painful.

A half hour later, Jim got another text.

"BEEN BREEDING ON OUR BED. KYLE ON TOP. SO HAPPY THAT U WANNA BE A PART OF THIS HONEY. I LUV U EVEN MORE."

He thought, Seriously?! They're still at it? STILL?! Fuck me! The way I figure, this is the fifth long fuck session between them since yesterday. Apparently, they haven't taken any significant naps yet.

And it's only two in the afternoon! They'll have the rest of the day and all the night together too!

Jim couldn't help but look at the clock incessantly, always waiting for Julie's next text.

He managed to find some mindless busy work to do on his computer. But that was the problem, that it was mindless. All his thoughts remained focused on what was happening at home, so keeping busy didn't help him.

He thought, How can two people fuck that much and not just drop dead from exhaustion? Why do they both have to be so damn fit? They're literally taking part in a sex marathon, probably burning as much energy as a real marathon. And my erection STILL won't go away. I'm getting to the point where I'll be forced to masturbate soon, if those warnings about calling a doctor for erections lasting more than four hours have any truth to them.

An hour went by, but there still were no new texts or photos.

Another half an hour passed, and still nothing. He surmised that they probably were taking that nap after all. (In fact, he was right about that: all that fucking could exhaust anybody, even Kyle and Julie, with both of them at the peaks of their physical fitness and able to run real marathons after only a little bit of conditioning.)

After another half an hour, Jim couldn't handle the suspense any longer. He decided to text. He wrote: "Everything OK? Napping, maybe?"

An answer came soon after.

Julie wrote, "YEAH, WE HAD A NICE NAP. NOW IT'S BACK TO BREEDING. KYLE'S STILL ON TOP OF ME AND HE'S ALL THE WAY INSIDE ME. HIS HEAD'S NUZZLED AGAINST MY NECK LIKE A BABY. IT'S SO CUTE. I THINK HE'S A LOT LIKE YOU JIM. HE LIKES MY LEGS WRAPPED UP AROUND HIM, JUST LIKE YOU DO. MY ARMS ARE HOLDING HIM AGAINST ME WHILE WE ROCK."

Jim felt tremendous relief, even though he was baffled by that feeling. He told himself that it was removing the uncertainty, so he wouldn't fear that they were doing something worse. But that didn't make much sense, because he couldn't think of anything "worse" than the two of them fucking, especially since it sounded like they were more making love this time. It seemed certain they had to be bonding in a new way, thanks to their new physical intimacy.

He wrote back, "I hope he gets the job done soon."

Julie's reply came a minute later. "I'M SURE HE WILL. SO MUCH OF HIS CUM IN ME. I'M DROWNING IN IT! HE'S SOOO STRONG JIM. SO HANDSOME. I LUV HIM SOOO MUCH. SLOW STEADY THRUSTING. OUR BODIES ARE DRIPPING WITH SWEAT. GONNA NEED ANOTHER SHOWER AFTER THIS I THINK. HEE-HEE! LUV U HONEY!"

His urge to cum was reaching a breaking point. He was practically feverish when he wrote, "P.O.I.D.H. (pics or it didn't happen)."

To his surprise, instead of getting the picture he craved, he got a phone call. It was Julie.

After some brief hellos back and forth, she asked him, "I've got a nice picture or two to send you. But before I do, I just want to double and triple check that you're 100% okay with this. I remember how upset you were yesterday. I want to make sure that won't happen again."

Jim replied, "I get that. But trust me, it's the not knowing that gets me worked up and upset. When I find out what you're doing, with a picture, text, or call, then I feel a lot better. I can breathe again."

Julie asked, "Even when you see or hear evidence that we're fucking up a storm?"

He lied, "I can't really get upset at that, can I? That's exactly what the plan is. How can he breed you without cumming inside you? And how can he reach that point without getting worked up with lots of thrusting and all the rest?"

Julie was relieved, and sounded it. She still found it hard to believe that Jim was getting off on being cuckolded, even though the evidence to that effect was growing stronger and stronger. She gushed, "Oh, thank God! I'm soooo glad to hear you say that. But do you really mean it? What if I tell you that he's fucking me right now?"

"Is he?!" Jim couldn't keep the lusty excitement out of his voice.

"He is!" She felt greatly encouraged by hearing that excitement, not to mention the heavy panting that Jim was unable to hide. "It's pretty much still exactly like I described in my last text or two. He's

still on top of me, and his huge cock is fully impaled inside me. I'm so proud of him! He's really become a man!"

Jim was incredulous. "How do you two manage to keep going? You're putting the Energizer Bunny to shame!"

"We are!" She giggled. Then she truthfully admitted, "But actually, we've slowed down a lot since the shower. This morning, we were going at it pretty hot and heavy, but now it's more of a mellow coupling. He's all the way inside me most of the time, and we just kind of spoon together, wiggling and writhing, fondling and kissing,

whispering sweet nothings. It's heavenly! I feel he could fuck me like this for hours and hours without cumming a single time!"

Then she added while giggling, "For him, that is. Meanwhile, it feels like I'm pretty much cumming non-stop!"

She knew her words had to be firing Jim's libido, due to his increasingly heavy panting. But just to be sure, after a pause, she asked, "Is that the sort of information you want to hear, so you don't feel that nagging uncertainty?"

Jim spoke with surprising honesty, "It's not like I WANT to hear that. In fact, I hate it. But I feel somehow that I HAVE to hear it. It's hard to explain, but that's how it is."

"Oh, I see," Julie said, even though she didn't understand him at all.

There was a long pause, while both of them tried to come up with what to say next.

During the silence, Jim heard some strange sexual noises over the phone line. He couldn't resist asking, "What's that I'm hearing?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I wouldn't ask unless I did."

Julie honestly explained, "Mostly, that's the sound of your son slowly pounding in and out of me. Our privates are soaking wet, and even a bit frothy, so each thrust sounds a bit squishy, I guess."

All of a sudden, Jim felt such a rush of arousal that he nearly fainted. In a flash, his vow not to masturbate again was destroyed. It was as if he had no say in the matter whatsoever. He quietly unzipped his fly and started to furtively stroke his hard-on.

As he did that, he asked, "Is that all? I hear some other noises too."

There was a pause, and more strange noises. Then Julie responded, "I can't hear what you hear, but I can guess. Maybe you're hearing the sounds of Kyle playing with my breasts, or ass, or other parts of my naughty, naked body. His hands are always on the move. I've long given up trying to stop him or slow him down. He treats my naked body like it's his personal playground, and I guess that's just how it is."

She belatedly added, "For the rest of the breeding session only, obviously. Of course."

"I see," Jim said noncommittally. He was trying to stay calm so his wife wouldn't realize his growing cuckold fetish. Unfortunately for that intention, he didn't realize how heavily he was breathing, or how much that gave away.

Julie added, "Or maybe you're hearing the sound of kissing. It seems that pretty much whenever I'm not talking to you, he and I are making out. By the way, do you mind about that? At first, I was pretty adamantly against any sort of kissing. But so often we're fucking face to face, with our mouths practically touching anyway, like we are right now, and I figure it seems kind of silly to let him fuck me to his heart's content while objecting to mere kissing. Don't you agree?"

Jim was almost incapable of responding, because his arousal was soaring to dizzying heights. Actually, hearing the kissing details greatly pissed him off, because it suggested even more intimacy and pleasure that had little to nothing to do with impregnation. But he was so close to cumming that he was unable to explain his feelings.

Instead, all he could manage to say was, "Um, we'll talk about it later. Someone's knocking on the door. Gotta go!" That was a lie.

"Okay! Love you, Honey! And thanks again for being so understanding about all this! Remember that we're all about the breeding. That's why all those other sex acts I mentioned earlier are completely out of bounds."

"Right. Later!" He ended the call.

He was in a rush to get off the phone because he'd crossed the point of no return. But this time he hadn't thought to get the trash can in place, since he was so distracted by the phone call. He wound up splashing his cum against the wooden paneling on one of the drawers of his fancy desk.

He hated himself for his inability to control his cuckold arousal. But then again, his orgasm was beyond the beyond. Like the last one, it felt better than the best sex he'd ever had, probably because all of his emotions were magnified and intensified many times over.

Jim thought that was the end of the crazy roller coaster ride he'd been on for hours. He felt much better after cumming, and he was thankful that his penis went flaccid and stayed that way. His guilt and shame threatened to come crashing in again, especially since he'd broken his no masturbation vow, but he was so physically and emotionally exhausted that he simply decided to postpone that reckoning until later, and his mind was willing to go along with that.

He managed to get a towel, sponge, and some water, then clean away all evidence of his cummy mess.

After he did that, he tried to get back to work. He was relieved that he was finally able to do more than just mindless tasks. He dove into

some important paperwork with gusto, because keeping his mind busy helped keep his strange erotic thoughts at bay.

But his relative peace and productivity was shattered when he got another text twenty minutes later.

Julie wrote: "KYLE JUST HAD HIS ORGASM. YEAY! POOR BABY WAS REALLY GRUNTING AND GROANING AND THRUSTING IN AND OUT OF ME FOR SO LONG. I THINK IT WAS A REALLY STRONG ONE. I COULD FEEL HIS COCK PULSING FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARDS! I FEEL LIKE I HAVE A GALLON OF SPERM SLOSHING AROUND INSIDE ME. GONNA LET IT SOAK. LUV YA!"

Just like that, Jim's head reeled because his erotic feelings came roaring back with the power of a runaway freight train.

He had the small solace that although his mind was filled with obscene thoughts, at least his penis was staying flaccid this time. All those hours of blue balls had been an ordeal. He wasn't like his son, with an ability to get it up again and again and again with ease.

But even this solace was snatched from him a minute or two later, because Julie texted again, "OOPS! ALMOST FORGOT. THANKS FOR THE P.O.I.D.H. REMINDER." There was a picture attached.

As always, Jim couldn't resist the temptation of seeing what it was. This time, it was a close-up of Julie's pussy. Clearly, it had been through a hell of a battering! It was red and swollen from so much fucking.

But what took Jim's breath away were all the rivulets of cum leaking from her slit! Much of that wetness had to have been caused by her own arousal. That alone would have made it a remarkable photo, because her entire crotch was soaked, much more wet that he'd

ever seen. However, even more arresting was the fact that still more of the

wetness had to be Kyle's cum leaking from deep within her vagina. Upon close inspection, Kyle's cum was whiter and thicker than Julie's pussy juices. There was so much of it that Jim simply couldn't believe his eyes!

That's why his solace was ruined, because there was something about seeing his son's cum flowing from his wife's well-fucked pussy that drove him absolutely insane and gave him yet another raging erection.

By this point, it was impossible for him to deny that not only was he turned on by thoughts and images of Kyle and Julie fucking, but he was MORE turned on by that than anything else in his entire life! It was way more arousing even than getting to have his way with his wife's remarkable body in any manner he desired. He didn't understand why, but that was the reality.

However, he remained determined to fight these feelings. His hope was that if he resolutely refused to scratch his itch, the itch would slowly but surely fade away. He'd had success with "mind over matter" when it came to actual poison ivy itches and such, and he didn't see why that approach would fail to work here.

So despite his boner, he resumed his vow not to masturbate. In fact, he redoubled his resolve on that matter.

He tried hard to focus on his office work the rest of the afternoon... but with only partial success at best. He simply couldn't help but picture a long and thick teenage cock squirting rope after rope deep inside his wife's warm, clutching cunt. Thanks to the last picture that had been sent, he thought just as much about her son's cum filling her vagina so much that some of it overflowed and made a large wet spot in the bed.

He thought, That's on MY bed, the very one I sleep in every night! Disgusting! I'm making another vow, to buy a new bed and throw the

old one out, just as soon as her ovulation is finished and my living nightmare came to a merciful end.

Just before leaving for the day, Jim got another text.

"LIVING ROOM. DOGGIE-STYLE. SAY HI TO MOM AND DAD FOR ME. LUV U!"

It took Jim a half-hour to get to his parents' house, and that text left him with another uncomfortable hard-on most of the drive there. He knew the route there well, so he drove as if on autopilot. That freed up his mind to imagine his son drilling Julie from behind... and much, much more. He envisioned his son's massive prick causing the cheeks of her strong, meaty buttocks to ripple, thanks to his incessant pounding.

He felt like a broken man, a shell of his former self. He couldn't even work up a righteous anger, due to the incestuous porn film playing in his head. It was a wonder he didn't crash the car.

Chapter 11

Just before getting out of his car to go into his parents' house, he got a new text.

Julie wrote: "ON MY TUMMY ON THE COUCH. KYLE'S LYING ON TOP OF ME, STILL HUMPING AWAY! HE'S SO CUTE. HEE. I THINK HE'S GONNA POP SOON, SO I'VE GOTTA GO. ANOTHER BIG 'O' COMING FOR ME, I'M SURE. KISSES!"

Jim went inside and talked to his parents. The interaction seemed surreal. His body was in one place, but his mind was far away.

Ten minutes later, just after his kindly old mother served him some tea and biscuits, his cell phone chimed again.

This time, he had to be extra careful to read Julie's next text in a way that his parents couldn't see.

The text read, "KYLE JUST SQUIRTED HIS JIZZ. SO MUCH CUM INSIDE ME, BREEDING ME, FILLING UP! I FEEL LIKE HIS HELPLESS LITTLE FUCK TOY. IT FEELS GOOD! WEIRD, HUH? WE'RE GONNA SHOWER AGAIN, SO GOTTA GO. LUV U."

There was another photo attached, but he had no choice but to put off looking at it, since his mother and father were sitting only a few feet away from him.

Jim's mother saw some strange expressions cross Jim's face immediately after he read the latest text. She asked, "Darling, you seem distracted. In fact, you've been kind of 'off' ever since you arrived. Is everything okay at home?"

"Sure, everything's fine, Mom." Jim forced a fake smile. He brazenly lied, "There's absolutely nothing wrong at home. Julie and Kyle are doing great. But I'm having some work issues. I thought that by coming here, I could get away from it all and clear my head.

He thought bitterly, They are doing great, too great. That's the problem!

His mother replied, "Oh, I see. Well, you certainly can do that any time you want. Our house is your house, as always." She gave him a warm smile, like the kindly grandmother that she was.

Jim mused, Maybe I should come clean to my parents, and get their advice. What should I say? "Hey, Mom and Dad, guess what? I've

been fucking my secretary for the last six months, until Kyle caught me in the act. So when he offered to fuck a baby into Julie in return

for not telling her, I couldn't say no. But, funny thing. It turns out he's some kind of impossibly endowed and unstoppable sex god! He's literally been fucking his mommy all day long, for hours! And she loves it! She's probably orgasmed dozens of times already. But here's the craziest part of all: I can't help but get extremely aroused by it all! Anyway, that's my day, so you can see I'm a little tired out from worrying with an insistent erection the whole time. My marriage is fucked, and I can't do a damn thing about it. How are things with you?"

He wanted to laugh deliriously, because the idea of telling his parents or anyone else any of that was so ridiculous. If he did, they possibly would have heart attacks and die.

Jim decided to watch a baseball game with his own father to take his mind off his wife and son and all their rampant fucking. He didn't even like baseball, but even the football preseason hadn't started yet, and he was desperate for anything to occupy his mind.

It wasn't long before the next chime of his cell phone spoiled that idea.

"ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR, CLINGING ONTO HIM AGAIN. HE'S SO STRONG JIM. IT'S AMAZING HOW QUICKLY HE CAN BOUNCE BACK. HE'S THRUSTING SOOO HARD. SOOO MUCH STAMINA. I CAN HARDLY WRITE, BECAUSE I FEEL SO FUCKED TO DEATH! BYE FOR NOW. KISSES! J."

That text got his motor running so much that he decided he just had to see the photo that had been sent a little while earlier. He snuck off to the bathroom and pulled out his phone.

The relevant text with the picture had said, "KYLE JUST SQUIRTED HIS JIZZ," but didn't mention other details of where and how.

However, it turned out that was a good description, because the picture was of exactly that. Unlike all the previous photos that

focused mostly or exclusively on Julie, this one was mainly of Kyle. One could see Julie's battered cunt and a few inches of Kyle's cock sticking out of it. But the rest of the picture was Kyle's muscular nude body with a focus on was his face. His head was thrown back and his eyes were rolled up into his head. It looked like he was experiencing the greatest orgasm of his entire life!

Jim ruefully figured that was almost certainly true, with the notable caveat that Kyle had doubtless had other orgasms of that remarkable caliber since the motherfucking began yesterday. Jim felt crushed to realize that he almost certainly would never feel that sort of pleasure, no matter how long he lived or what he did. He'd fucked the exact same woman for years, yet had never come close. His two recent masturbation climaxes had been epic by his standards, but he figured Kyle was operating on an entirely different level. Jim just wasn't built like a "sex god."

Jim wanted to masturbate to the picture, as well as earlier pictures. He particularly wanted to look at the doggy-style fuck in the shower photo a lot more. But there was no lock on the bathroom door in his parents' house and it was next to impossible for him to get much privacy while he was there in any case.

Sure enough, after only a few minutes of Jim examining the newest picture, his mother knocked on the bathroom door and asked him why he was taking so long and why she hadn't heard any flushing yet.

He was forced to put his phone away and go through the motions of going to the bathroom, in order to make all the proper sounds.

Not long after returning to his parents' living room, he got yet another text. This time, it was actually from Kyle.

It read, "Hey, Dad! Tnx for being so good about all this. My dick is soooo sore! I'm totally beat too. Luckily, we're just chilling out and eating dinner. But it's totally great 'cos Mom's sitting on my lap

naked and fully impaled on my junk! She's doing this thing where she repeatedly squeezes with her pussy walls that feels great even when we're both tired and can hardly move. And we're feeding each other bites of food like we're toddlers or something. Cool, huh? Anyway, if you're feeling too jealous or whatever, let us know. Although we can't really stop. Gotta breed her while her egg is ready! Later! K."

Jim wanted to stand up and stomp around, and curse the heavens. Motherfucking son of a bitch! Lucky bastard! He fucking IS a motherfucker! What a cocky little shit! He was probably smirking like a jackass as he wrote that, while MY wife fucks him in his lap! At OUR dining table, probably while sitting in MY chair! Fuuuuuuuuck!

But he was paralyzed. With his father sitting a few feet away, he felt like he couldn't say or do anything in response. He wanted to write an angry text message back, but he didn't even dare do that. He figured the worst of all worlds would be if Kyle revealed his adultery secret AFTER getting to fuck her so very much. He was forced to be on his best behavior.

A half hour later, Jim was flopped out on an easy chair, still in the living room. His father was absorbed by the baseball game, but Jim was so bored by that he'd closed his eyes and he was drifting and out of consciousness. He was exhausted. Although he hadn't done much all day except sit at his office desk, the mix of lust, jealousy, guilt, shame, and much more was so intense that he felt completely emotionally drained.

Then another text came. The pinging sound caused him to become fully awake in a hurry.

Thankfully, his father was so involved in the game that he was able to read the message without having to sneak off.

This time, Julie wrote: "KYLE'S FAT COCK JUST FLOODED MY PUSSY YET AGAIN! IS HE INSATIABLE OR WHAT? YOU HELPED RAISE A

REAL LADY KILLER AND PUSSY TAMER, THAT'S FOR SURE! RIGHT NOW, I'M JUST HOLDING HIM AGAINST MY NAKED BODY WHILE WE ROCK. SOMETIMES HIS COCK STAYS ERECT FOR A FEW MINUTES AFTER HE'S BLASTED A LOAD INSIDE ME. ISN'T THAT INCREDIBLE? I CAN FEEL THEM: THE BILLIONS OF POTENT SPERM SWIMMING TOWARDS MY EGG. IT WONT BE LONG NOW UNTIL HE'S BRED ME FOR SURE. LUV YOU HONEY!"

Jim was plunged into the pit of despair yet again. His jealousy soared still higher. He was downright incredulous that Kyle could keep going well into the evening. He wanted still more photos to prove it. He also was feeling increasingly inadequate.

He thought, If even a small fraction of what Julie is claiming is true, I can't see how my wife will ever enjoy sex with me again. That is if I even manage to perform with her again. I'm going to have impotence issues for years now, for sure. Ugh!

Isn't Kyle simply going to cum out of cum eventually?! How many times can one guy cum in a single day, anyway? He MUST be running into some kind of physical limit by now, right? I guess that he's secretly wanted to fuck Julie for years, so he has a lot of pent up desire coming out, but they MUST be winding down. I'll bet that was his last orgasm of the day. Please may that be true!

Jim might have been able to temporarily dodge all of his many worries and issues by sneaking off and enjoying a long masturbation session to still further thoughts and fantasies of Kyle drilling his wife. But there was nowhere to go to do that, at least until his parents went to sleep. He was sorely regretting his choice of staying with them for the night. Even a lonely hotel would have been much better.

Besides, he remembered that he was supposed to maintain his no masturbation vow, so he couldn't get his rocks off in any case.

Around eight o'clock, Jim's parents went up to bed, since they were "early to bed, early to rise" older people.

Jim had just retired to the guest bedroom, which in fact was his old bedroom and barely changed since he was a teen. He felt relieved. Now, he'd at least be able to review all the photos and texts of the day without being disturbed by his nosy mother.

But before he could get started on that, his cell phone rang, indicating a call and not another text.

"Hello?" he answered.

"Hey, it's just me calling again, Honey," Julie said breezily.

"Oh, hi." Jim muttered.

"I just wanted to give you a quick call to confirm yet again that everyone's okay with you. I'm feeling kind of insecure about where you stand, since you haven't texted back in a long while. I keep thinking that if I were in your shoes, I'd be hopping mad and spitting bullets. Are you really okay with the fact that Kyle has been fucking me pretty much all day long?"

Jim sighed. He was feeling too defeated to sound angry. "I keep telling you, I'm not okay with it at all. But what choice do I have?! I look at it as some kind of odious task, like getting a root canal at the dentist's. This has to be done so we can have our second child. I just have to grin and bear it, grin and bear it, over and over. I'm pretty much counting the hours until it's over and we can get back to normal." He sighed sadly again.

She said, "That's too bad, but I totally get it. Have my texts and photos helped? I've been trying to show you that I've been having a really good time, so at least there's no suffering on my side."

Jim thought, To say the least! That's the main problem, that you're having such a great time! Kyle has probably RUINED me for you, forever! After his monster-sized dick, my penis will feel like a pencil! Especially since he's probably permanently loosened your pussy, due to his sheer thickness!

At the moment, he was in denial about how much he'd been encouraging her to send more texts and pictures, due to his baffling cuckold urge. But at least he was aware enough to keep his thoughts to himself, since he knew the situation was much more complicated than that made it appear, and he was partially to blame.

After a long pause, he answered her question, "I wouldn't say the texts and photos 'helped.' It's like I'm damned if I do, damned if I don't. But like I said earlier, I guess I'm better off knowing than not knowing, so thanks at least for taking the time to keep me frequently updated."

"No problem!" Julie said brightly. "You are my husband, after all. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you."

Even as they talked, Jim felt that devilish arousal rising in him again. His penis wasn't erect this time, at least not yet, but he was dying of curiosity. He asked, "On a different note, what are you two up to now?"

"Oh, not much, for once. We're both pretty beat and are ending things early. We're getting ready to crawl into bed for the night."

Jim perked up a bit from hearing that. Finally! Thank God! Apparently, even sex gods and goddesses can run out of steam.

But then he pictured them lying together in the darkness, with her nude body spooned against her son's, and realized she probably wasn't talking about the two of them sleeping in separate bedrooms. He asked, "So he's sleeping with you too... in our bed?!" A spike of jealousy hit him hard.

"Well... yes. But that's the point, isn't it? How else will he keep breeding me? We'll probably have three or four more sessions throughout the night. It's just more convenient and practical this way."

He sighed again. "And are you naked right now?"

"Er, yes. After the way Kyle fucked me for hours and hours and hours, clothes seem kind of pointless. You know? We were so drenched with sweat half the time that they didn't make much sense anyway."

Jim's jealousy surged still higher. "So, where is he now? Is he with you?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. He's sitting a few feet away. I'm standing up and combing my hair a little bit while I talk to you."

"While you're completely naked," Jim pointed out.

"Well, yes. Of course." She figured it was probably better not to mention the five-inch high red heels she was currently wearing.

"You must be putting on quite a sexy show," he grumbled.

"I suppose I am," she brazenly admitted. She couldn't resist adding, "I suppose I'm less combing my hair and more just striking sexy nude poses for him, But that's what you have to do when you're dealing with a guy like him."

Jim's lust was rising fast, catching up to his extreme jealousy. "What's that supposed to mean?!"

"Consider the fact that he climaxed inside me so many times today. I don't even know how many times because I lost track. Seven? Eight? Nine, maybe? But even he has his limits, and each time it's been

getting harder and harder for me to inspire his cock to full size for the next go-round. So yeah, I'm flirting with him a little bit."

Jim thought, Shoot me. Someone please just shoot me now!

She sensed his gloomy mood and thought of something she could honestly tell him that he might consider good news. "But don't worry. I can assure you that it's ALL about the fucking and the breeding. As the day has gone on and he's become more sexually exhausted, he's asked me a couple of times if I could suck his cock to help get him back up. But I said no each time! Definitely not! That can never be. Ditto with titfucking. He practically begged me about that, but I've put my foot down on that too. I'm sure those acts would help, but I figure that if he can't get it up yet again, then so be it. Seven or eight or nine times or whatever that he filled my pussy to the brim, that's plenty enough for one day."

Jim's mind reeled. Now he had visions in his head of his wife cocksucking and titfucking too. His lust had surpassed his jealousy and other emotions.

His extreme arousal blunted his verbal reaction. He merely whined, "Julie, don't you think this is a little ridiculous? Even seven or eight times in one day is crazy, when each session lasts an hour. You probably got relentlessly fucked as many hours today as most people

work on a nine-to-five shift! I mean, even when you and I were trying to get you pregnant with Kyle, we never had sex this much. Not even close! Hell, not even in an entire week combined!"

She chided him, "Honey, you promised you wouldn't let this bother you. Don't start backsliding on me now."

He sighed. "I know... but is all this sex you and Kyle are having really necessary?!"

Julie suddenly turned stern and annoyed. "I can't believe you're asking me this! DO YOU OR DO YOU NOT WANT THIS BABY?!"

He felt strangely cowed, just as Kyle had intimidated him with his forcefulness recently. "Of course I do... It's just... well, I just want my wife back too."

Julie's voice softened. She spoke sympathetically. "Oh, Honey. I know you do... but my doctor said that's it's crucial during my ovulation period that I have intercourse as often as possible."

Jim groused, "Yeah, well a dozen times a day is pretty often."

"Jim," Julie said testily.

"Sorry, Dear," he answered.

She pointed out. "Consider the alternative. What if we cut back and he doesn't make me pregnant? Then we'll have to go through all this again one month later! Do you want that?"

Jim thought, I'd kill myself first! Seriously, I would. This is torture! Even with my strangely powerful arousal that I can't deny, it's still torture. I'm slowly dying here!

He said, emphatically, "Anything but that! Please don't even mention that!"

"Sorry. Do you want me to stop the texts and pictures then? Maybe they're not good for you."

He could scarcely believe what he said next. It was like he was glutton for punishment. "No. Keep sending them. As I keep saying, it's the not knowing that bothers me. For instance, my mind is running wild imagining you combing you hair with Kyle watching. Somehow, I'd feel better if I just SEE what the reality is. So, uh, could you take a picture of yourself right now? Please?"

Julie said with pleasure, "No problem! I'll just have Kyle snap one off for you." She whispered into the phone conspiratorially, "To be honest, he was just taking some racy photos of me right before you called anyway. I know that's not strictly about breeding, but he says it'll help get him erect and it doesn't even involve any touching. Pretty clever, huh?"

That was all true, although she failed to mention that Kyle's penis was stiff even before the photo taking began.

Jim seethed to himself, Yeah, pretty clever for HIM! I can see it now: long after you two stop fucking, he'll still have all sorts of incredible photos of your sexy naked body to drive his masturbatory fantasies for years to come. But at least he'll only be masturbating to you instead of actually fucking you. I suppose I can live with that.

Just as he was about to say something else, he heard a ping on his phone. It was the picture Kyle had just taken of Julie.

The image took Jim's breath away. He already felt that his wife was a goddess amongst mere mortal women. But in the photo, Julie had a radiant afterglow that somehow was even more arousing than all the fucking photos he'd seen so far. Furthermore, she was posing while combing her hair, with one foot up on a chair, showing off her swampy pussy, which made him dizzy with sexual desire. But the most titillating aspect of all was how she was staring at the camera. There was so much motherly love and yet carnal desire in her eyes that Jim might have staggered to his knees if he'd been standing.

Then it hit him, Her wanton yet loving look must be directed at the guy behind the camera: Kyle! Not me, her own husband! Motherfucking SON OF A BITCH!

He wanted to openly weep. And yet, the photo was so arousing that he wanted to cheer for them too. It was like they were meant for each other, and the intensity of their bond shown in the photo was

something that could only be celebrated by anyone who saw it, even him.

His heart was racing fast as he ogled the photo when Julie asked him, "So, did you get the photo yet?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

"I haven't seen it yet. Is it a good one?"

He spoke before thinking. "It's a great one! So sexy!"

She purred with pleasure at the obvious lusty enthusiasm in his voice. "Oh! That's nice to hear. Sounds like sending you those photos and texts is helping after all."

He struggled what to say next. "I guess that's true. I... In fact, I..."

"You what? Talk to me, babe." Julie asked.

"I'd like to come back home." Jim muttered, on a whim. The idea had just come to him, and he didn't really understand it, but it felt right.

"Honey, you will, soon. I ju-" Julie started.

But Jim quickly cut her off. "No, I mean tonight. Now! Don't worry, I won't bother you and Kyle... It's just... well... if I'm gonna be a part of this then... well, there should be nothing wrong with me being around the house. Right?"

Jim didn't want to admit it, not even to himself, but as arousing as the photos and texts were, he wanted to see them fucking with his own eyes.

Kyle had put down the camera because he was getting horny and erect again. He walked to his mother and took her in his muscular arms, causing her to end her sexy posing. He brought one hand to

her ass and his other to her tits. He began fondling her naked body like he owned it. But he was careful not to make enough noise to cause Jim to ask questions.

Julie spoke softly and carefully into the phone. "Are you sure? You remember what happed yesterday." At the same time, she took Kyle's currently only half-erect dick in her free hand and started stroking it back to full size.

Although she really had put her foot down on blowjobs and titfucks and other sex acts with her son, she certainly had lost all of her restraint when it came to handjobs!

Jim answered her, "I remember. I acted like a child and I'm sorry. Things will be different this time. I promise."

Julie looked to Kyle while she lovingly jacked him off. She knew he could hear what was being said on both ends of the phone, now that he hand her in his embrace. But he had a neutral expression on his face, so she didn't know how he felt about Jim's suggestion.

Kyle was listening, but he was distracted by her handjob, and more. He'd just brought one hand to his mother's pussy and he was diddling her clit and fingering her tight yet soaked slit.

That gave Julie a newly urgent desire to get off the phone, especially because her son's cock was stiffening up nicely in her hand at the same time. She told Jim, "Let me talk it over with Kyle. I don't want you being here to throw him off. I really need him right now. I think it's important that he fucks me tonight at least once or twice. I know you'll say he's pumped gallons of cum into me already, and that's true, but you never know. What if one of the times tonight is 'the one' and one lucky spermatozoa swims home and penetrates my egg?! And we miss it?! I need him to breed me so very badly!"

In truth, she was more thinking, I need him to fuck me some more so very badly! She tried to cover that up by adding, "You know how much I want to raise another child. You do too. This is our big chance!"

"I know you do... and, yeah, I do too. Just let me know," Jim said with sad resignation.

"Okay, I will."

It was a wonder that Julie's voice sounded relatively normal, because her entire body was writhing in place, thanks to Kyle's increasingly aggressive fondling. Feeling cocky and devilish, he was trying to get

a tell-tale verbal reaction from her that Jim would notice before the phone call ended.

Julie knew his intention, and it was so naughty that it fired her lust even more. He was really going to town on her clit and slit with his fingers, driving her crazy. Plus, his cock was fully erect by now, and she was lovingly pumping her hand up and down his already hot and wet shaft.

She had a lot of reasons to get off the phone, and fast. So she continued, "I guess that's about it, then. I'll talk to you later. Bye!" Then she ended the call and tossed the phone away.

As soon as the phone call was over, she laughed and squealed, as she pretended to try to wiggle free from her son's aggressive, roaming hands. "You... you beast! You were trying to embarrass me so Jim could hear. Don't try to deny it!"

"Guilty as charged." He planted his lips on hers, effectively ending that line of discussion.

Julie was swept away on a tsunami of lust. Jim was totally forgotten already as her hunky son literally swept her off her feet and then laid her down on the bed. Then he laid his naked body on top of her.

As she necked with him some more, while still jacking him off, she thought, My Lord! My son, he's just too much! Gaaaawwwwd, even after all this fucking today, I need his cock in me now like I need air to breathe! How can I say no to him ever again?! I can't! But I must! But I can't! I long to be his vessel for pleasure, his shameless mommy slut! If he wants me, if he wants to plow my fertile fields any time, I'm his!

Her moral conscience tried to rally. No, I can't say that. That's just how I feel now, in the heat of the moment. My willpower will return

later, if he ever stops fucking me long enough for me to catch my breath, that is!

She fumbled with his cock, trying to line it up with her swampy cunt-tunnel. Seconds later, he started to slide in. The pleasure was so intense, she almost blacked out. Oh! Paradise!

Meanwhile, Jim hung up and lay back down. His urge to masturbate some more was almost overwhelming after that call, and especially after that photo of his nude wife combing her hair and provocatively posing for their son. But he was fiercely determined to stick to his no masturbation vow this time. He simply laid on his bed, waiting for his arousal to simmer down while also waiting for a reply to his please to return home tonight.

A few minutes later, he got his answer.

"COME HOME," the text read. "BUT NO JEALOUSY. NO COMPLAINING, NO MATTER WHAT!"

He simply wrote in reply, "Agreed."

Jim wasted no time, since he'd been just lying in bed in a kind of slow sexual torture anyway. He left a note for his parents, then made the hour long drive.

Chapter 12

It was eleven o'clock when Jim arrived back home. The house was dark and quiet.

Jim wandered up the steps. When he reached the upstairs hallway, the pungent smell of sex hit his nostrils. It was a potent mixture of wet pussy and teenage jizz.

His erection had finally gone down on its own during the drive home, but it suddenly came back with a vengeance. Holy fuck! What a powerful smell. This whole upper floor smells like a whorehouse! Good God, they really did fuck up a storm the entire day!

His renewed arousal drove his curiosity. He bravely snuck to his bedroom door and peeked inside.

Kyle was lying on his back in the center of his parents' marital bed. He was awake but merely watching some news channel on TV. Julie was lying directly on top of him sleeping, with her head on his shoulder.

On a subconscious level, Jim was disappointed that he didn't catch them mid-fuck, but wasn't willing to admit that to himself. He thought, somewhat sarcastically, Well, I'll be. Miracles still do exist. There are actual times they're together without fucking. Must be as rare as a unicorn sighting.

He took a closer look at the two nude lovers. The blankets were pulled down to their waists. He could clearly see his wife's immense spongy breasts bulging out as they lay flattened against his son's naked chest. Julie looked content and blissful as she slept against Kyle's body. Kyle was ostensibly watching the TV, but probably not

really paying any attention to it. Nobody watched the news with the kind of huge blissful smile that was on his face.

After a minute or so, Kyle noticed his father standing in the doorway. He flashed him a cocky grin and gave him a tired wave. He quietly muttered the words, "Hey, Dad!"

Jim forced a smile and nodded back. He wasn't in any mood to say anything. In fact, his jealousy surged yet again and he was filled with an urge to wring his son's neck. But he'd promised no jealousy, so the best thing he could do was get out of there, fast.

A part of Kyle still couldn't truly believe his father was a willing cuckold. But looking at him just silent stand there convinced him that it was true and not some elaborate act. His "old dad" would have never passively accepted such an outrageous situation.

Jim went down to Kyle's room and crawled in his bed.

Even that simple action was an indignity for him. Once he was in bed after undressing, lying there with the lights off, he couldn't resist noticing the symbolism. Here I am, with my place and Kyle's place exactly reversed. I should be in MY bed with MY gorgeous wife while my son sleeps here alone. But no! And it's my stupidity and greed that's put me here. Sure, I'd really love to raise another child. But there are various medical procedures to try, or even adoption. Anything but having my very own son "breed" my wife with his gigantic cock!

I suppose this is my punishment for cheating. Karma is a bitch. I guess I'll be lucky if I make my way out of this mess with my marriage still intact. Greatly reduced, and with our sex life in tatters, but at least still intact. Dora is a hot young slut, sure, but she's no Julie.

One Julie gets pregnant, that'll give our marriage a new focus and a distraction from all this. It'll take years, but I could see raising a

second child being the glue that allows us to heal. True, I'm gonna

be stuck raising my son's bastard child for the rest of my life, but I guess that's more karma too.

As for these fucking annoying "cuckolding" feelings, that's not me! I don't know who that is, but it sure as hell isn't me. Somehow, the wires in my brain must have gotten crossed. Maybe when I look at Kyle fucking her, I'm seeing myself fucking her, since he looks a lot like I did when I was that age.

Though he's more handsome, muscular, and well-hung. Dammit! Especially the well-hung part. He's hung like an elephant!

Anyway, my point is, this... this... cuckold thing... has to be some temporary feeling that will pass. The truth is, the two of them look so hot and sexy with each other that I dare anyone to not be affected! Time is the great healer. I just have to ignore all my inappropriate lustful urges until they wither on the vine and fade away.

Back in the master bedroom, Kyle's thoughts were much simpler. What a great day! Best day ever! But I'm no idiot. I can't let this come to an end when Mom's ovulation ends. I still have to play the long game. It's such a trip that Dad's on some weird cuckolding kick. I totally didn't expect that, but it plays right into my hands. That opens up many intriguing possibilities! I need to learn more about just how strongly he's into that before planning out my next steps though.

Normally, Jim slept in pajamas. But since he didn't have access to his things in his bedroom, he was forced to sleep in just his boxers.

Sometime in the middle of the night, he woke to the sound of his wife's voice, crying and wailing in orgasm.

Jim snuck down the hallway and peeked inside his room to find Julie's sexy nude body being repeatedly nailed to the mattress. Her legs were thrown back into a huge spread eagle. Kyle's ass was

bucking up and down, his pussy-tamer plunging in and out of Julie's sucking hole. Her red and swollen pussy lips were stretched obscenely around its strong thick girth.

The big bed rocked noticeably as Kyle and Julie humped and rutted like two desperate animals.

Jim couldn't tear his eyes away. Watching his wife being fucked so hard and fast was absolutely astonishing. It was way more interesting and titillating than even the most arousing photos he'd been sent. Dressed in just his boxers, with his modest-sized penis tenting them, he stared with sick fascination as his son's long jutting cock slid in and out of his wife's cock-grinder.

He imagined how fantastic all that soft slippery pink pussy must feel around Kyle's throbbing glans. Of course, he'd fucked Julie himself many, many times, but he surmised that Kyle had to be feeling pleasures several orders of magnitude greater than anything he'd ever felt, so he could only guess what it was like.

"O-h-h-h my God!" Julie's voice trembled. Her lusty cries weren't nearly as loud as they'd been earlier, since she was trying to restrain herself with Jim in the house.

Being in a spread eagle, Julie's legs hovered mid-air, scissored apart so that her cute little toes pointed in opposite directions. That pose allowed Jim to see a thick frothy mix of their genital excrement running from her twat, down across her butt-hole.

He heard his wife let out a primitive guttural moan. He watched as her toes clenched and her legs began to shiver. Her entire body started to shake, as if she was having an epileptic fit that was only tempered by her son's body on top of her.

Jim was newly astounded. Oh my God! I've never seen Julie cum this hard! If what I did to her is "fucking," then we need a whole new word for this. He's absolutely DESTROYING her! I could never do that in a million years!

Jim was grateful for the lighting. There was a lamp that was only dimly lit on the lowest setting next to the bed. There was no light coming from the hallway whatsoever. That meant that if Kyle or Julie managed to reposition and look his way, they almost certainly would be unable to see anything at all, not even his silhouette.

Confident that was the case, he pulled his boner out of his boxers and started rubbing it a little bit. He knew that was against his no masturbation vow, but he told himself it didn't really count so long as he didn't ejaculate.

He continued to watch. Incredibly, his arousal only soared higher and higher, until he reached some kind of heady euphoria he'd never felt before. His feelings were so intense that he actually was forced to sink to his knees in the hallway outside the door, because he literally was incapable of remaining standing.

Once he was settled in his new position, he resumed his jacking off. He just couldn't help it. His mind was spinning with mixed emotions. True, he was jealous as hell. All the other "usual suspects" from his earlier emotional heartbreak came back too, such as guilt, shame, inadequacy, humiliation anger, and so on. But none of that mattered much, because sheer lust trumped them all.

He listened to Kyle's balls steadily beat against his wife's ass. He couldn't help but notice how his son kept a nice rutting rhythm going, seemingly indefinitely.

He thought, Holy shit! That kid can fuck! Once again, I'm in awe. How does he do it?! I might as well be castrated, in comparison. I've been bested in every possible way!

Despite these gloomy thoughts, his arousal continued to rise, helped along by his increasingly vigorous handjob.

He waited there on his knees for another five minutes, wondering when his son was going to pop. Or, at least, he hoped for a slowing down or even a much-deserved strategic pause. But those things simply weren't happening. There were just the sounds of heavy panting and wet flesh smacking together, over and over and over again.

After a while, he heard his wife loudly grunt and groan again, for nearly a minute, followed by a muffled whimper. But that was about the only break in the routine. He guessed that was a minor orgasm, by her recent standards.

Despite the lack of much variation, he was endlessly fascinated. It was similar to watching someone holding their breath underwater: the longer it went on, the more remarkable it was, even though there wasn't much visibly happening.

Five more minutes went by, and he kept on stroking his boner.

Then Julie let out a high pitched scream as she creamed on Kyle's dick again.

She'd had a bigger orgasm than her last one. However, that still seemed a mere minor orgasm compared to the kinds of epic screamers he already knew Kyle was capable of giving her.

When she'd more or less recovered, she muttered, "Oh, Son! What do you do to me?! I'm so hopelessly in love with your huge pussy-tamer! Tame my pussy a little more! Please! More! More!"

Hearing those words made Jim burn with jealousy, but also burn with lust. He was teetering on the edge of cumming himself, as he kept on masturbating.

By this time, fifteen minutes had passed since Jim had snuck to the door. Yet Kyle's cum-lathered thick pole continued its seemingly endless assault.

Jim furtively moved on his knees until he had more of a side view of the fucking action. It was a big risk to sneak deeper into the room, but it was as if he couldn't stop his own body from doing it. He told himself he would be okay, due to the darkness of that part of the room.

He was rewarded with a better view of his son's relentless cock sliced through his wife's twat like a medieval battering ram. Kyle's strong hips rocked fluidly, propelling his veiny hard-on deep inside her inner sanctum, over and over and over and over and over!

Julie's long, muscular legs were wrapped around her son, but they were visibly jerking and trembling from the power of his thrusts.

Jim thought while still stroking his hard-on, I should be bored by now, except I'm not. The kid's like a God-damn machine! They've been at it for who knows how long before I even got here, but I'm sure I'm gonna cum way before he does!

However, that guess turned out not to be true. Just when Jim was starting to seriously think his son had superhuman sexual skills, Kyle finally announced, "OOH-H-H-H! OH YEAH! MOM, I'M GONNA CUM!"

Jim watched his son's ass cheeks tighten. The large testicles seemed to jerk inside Kyle's scrotum, firing their contents up his cunt-smothered cannon and deep into Julie's hot, cum-hungry womb.

Jim still needed to urgently cum himself, but he didn't dare do it in or near the master bedroom. He quietly snuck back down the hall, listening to Kyle's quivering grunts and his wife's passionate, wordless wails. He could still easily imagine his son's fat knob, squeezing up through her tight cervical ring, with long thick ropes of cock-milk jetting from his pisshole.

As soon as Jim was back in bed, he took his boxers off and used them as a cum rag. He blasted his load into them after just another minute of fervent stroking, then tossed them to the floor in shame.

He thought, True, my no masturbation vow has been broken again, but I consider what just happened an extraordinary circumstance. It was the first and hopefully last time I saw his wife and son fuck with his own eyes. How could I resist being overwhelmed by their sheer sexuality? How could anybody?

Tomorrow, I'm going to do a lot better. I swear it. The shock of what I'm seeing will wear off and I'll regain control of myself. My crazy cuckolding feelings have to be banished somehow.

He was so physically and emotionally drained that he fell right to sleep after that.

40: Dad_s Big Mistake_4

Chapter 13

Jim woke up early in the morning, before the other two did. He peeked in their bedroom just to be sure, and saw them still naked and spooned against each other. The smell of sex still filled the air.

He figured it was no surprise at all that they slept in, since they had very literally fucked each other to total exhaustion.

He knew it was a Saturday, which meant he wouldn't have the refuge of going to the office. The prospect of staying home all day while his son fucked his wife over and over was simultaneously a cuckold's dream come true but also a living nightmare.

He decided, Rather than being grumpy, and grousing with jealousy, I'll make breakfast for everyone. I promised to be good. I'll surprise them by showing that I'm not going to let any of this get me down and defeat me. Or least I can put up a front to that effect. Besides, time is on my side. It won't be long now until Julie's ovulation window closes and my confusing nightmare comes to an end. Thank God!

Kyle reached the kitchen before Julie.

He and Jim exchanged drowsy hellos, like it was just another typical morning in suburbia. He poured himself a big glass of juice from the fridge and then sat down on a stool at the kitchen counter, since his father was busy cooking in the kitchen.

Jim didn't want to speak alone with Kyle. He figured his son's cockiness was more likely to bring out his jealousy and even rage than if he was with Julie, or the three of them were together. But he really had no choice, unless he wanted to leave that part of the house like a coward.

"You must have tired you mother out... she's usually up by now," Jim said while keeping his hands and eyes busy with his cooking tasks.

The implied reason why Julie was tired out loomed like an elephant in the room.

Kyle boldly responded, "Well... we were up most of the night, but it's not my fault. She was the one waking me up every few hours." He said this with a cocky smile.

Jim felt slightly enraged, but he kept his cool. He said, "Today should be her last day ovulating, which means tomorrow things should be back to normal around here." He was pointedly reminding Kyle that his time as "motherfucker" was coming to an end.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that, Dad." Kyle smiled.

"What do you mean by that?" Jim asked. He felt a growing pit in his stomach.

It wasn't prudent to his long term plan, but Kyle was young and not yet fully mature. He couldn't resist a little boasting. "I don't know... Mom said she's falling for me. I remember her saying that I'm 'young and well-endowed.' And there was something about how she 'couldn't live without my cock drilling her deep inside.' I guess she really digs that sorta thing."

"You're full of shit!" Jim snapped, even though he had no doubt those sort of things had been said.

"Am I? Think about it, Dad. If a car dealership lets you drive a Ferrari for three days, do you think you're really gonna wanna go back to driving that old hunk of junk you have in the garage?"

"For your information, that car is not an 'old hunk of junk'," Jim said with irritation, since the metaphor was based on at least one real car. Even though he was fairly rich, and he used a newer car to go to work every day, he kept an old and beat-up Toyota that he'd own for many years due to its sentimental value.

"But it's certainly not a Ferrari, and you're certainly not 'young and well-endowed.' Let's not forget those were Mom's words... not mine," Kyle said.

"What were Mom's words?" Julie asked from the doorway.

Kyle and Jim flashed each other hostile looks as Julie strolled towards them, her unsupported breasts bobbling beneath her silk robe.

And it wasn't just any robe, either. It was the same orange one that Kyle had never seen her wear before, until yesterday. It turned out there was a good reason for that too. She'd ordered it on-line as a replacement for her blue robe, but she'd accidentally been sent one that was a size or two too small for her. She'd buried it deep in a closet rather than bothering to send it back... until now.

Kyle hadn't gotten a good enough look at the robe yesterday to know for sure if it was too small or it had been the way she'd been wearing it semi-open in front that excited him so much. But now he realized it was definitely too small! It didn't even come all the way down to the bottom of her pussy, and she couldn't have closed it all the way in front if she tried. Needless to say, she wasn't wearing any bra or panties underneath it either.

This wasn't a mere robe. This was an open invitation to get fucked!

And nobody in the room had any doubt who she wanted to fuck her, and who was going to do it.

But before there could be more of a reaction to the daring robe, Julie had asked, "What were Mom's words?"

Jim needed to respond to that in a way that got them away from the contentious discussion he'd been having with Kyle. He lied, "Oh, um... that you like your eggs scrambled and hate a runny yolk."

Julie stood there with her hands on her hips, which opened her robe in front even more. That pose left all of her huge tits and pussy mound completely exposed. She responded, "That's true, but I could have sworn that I heard something from the living room about someone being 'young and well endowed?'" She raised a questioning eyebrow.

Kyle and Jim looked at each other. Both of them felt unable to respond to that, because they didn't want to reignite their dispute with her listening in.

Julie walked to the kitchen counter, between Jim and Kyle, but just out of Kyle's reach. She said, "Okay, boys, enough with the hostility already."

She looked at Kyle. "You've done an awesome job with your breeding task so far, young man, but you need to tone down on the cockiness just a tad."

Kyle lowered his head slightly and nodded. He knew she was right.

She turned and looked at Jim. "And you, husband of mine, you need to stop telling someone they can do something, then turn around and act like a jealous child when they do."

Jim reluctantly nodded too.

She placed a hand on both their shoulders, like a referee standing between two fighters.

Acting as if she wasn't effectively buck naked with her robe open wide in front, she looked back to her boy. "I think I heard more of your little spat than either of you two realize. A Ferrari is good to have around, when there's a race to win and you and I my handsome son have one day left in this race to make a baby."

Then she looked at Jim. "That old Toyota is nice to have around too. It provides support and stability, which means you, my love, you have a purpose here too. One can't and shouldn't drive a Ferrari every single day."

Then she looked back and forth between them. "I suggest the two of you stop treating this like a contest and start acting like a team here. We're all on the same team, the baby-making team. We're family, and we love each other too. It's just that we have different roles."

"You're right... I'm sorry," Jim said with genuine contrition.

"Me too, Mom," Kyle said, also feeling properly chastened. He was glad she had come in when she did, because his conversation with Jim was likely to backfire in a big way anyway, especially if he'd kept boasting and taunting. It was important he didn't show his hand - his plan to find a way to keep fucking his mother forever - too soon.

Julie pulled both of them in close for a loose group hug.

She said, "I love you both... and I'm counting on both of you, in your own way, to help me make this baby."

She broke the group hug and turned to embrace only her husband. "Jim, hold me close."

Her huge, bare tits squashed against Jim's chest, with her nipples hard and engorged. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and gave him a firm hug.

Then she peeked back at her son. "Kyle, take off your boxers and get behind me."

For once, Kyle was stunned into silence. He couldn't believe the implications of what she was saying.

Seeing his reluctance, she added, "That's an order."

Both Kyle and Jim looked at each other awkwardly, as if they couldn't believe what was about to happen.

What they didn't know was that Julie had eventually figured out last night that Jim was in the master bedroom and probably masturbating to the sight of Kyle fucking her. She hadn't been able to actually see him, but she'd heard his lusty panting. That gave her confidence to test the strength of his cuckold desire even more.

Kyle thought she was being too rash, but he was too hot and bothered to turn down the invitation. He dropped his boxers. His dick was already fully erect, and had been within seconds of her walking into the room wearing just the open and undersized orange robe.

As Kyle moved in behind his mother, Julie looked up into her husband's eyes. She said, "The other day, when you came home and reacted the way you did, I was completely disgusted with you. I told Kyle I was falling for him because I felt as though I was falling away from you and I needed someone there to catch me."

Kyle stepped in close to his sexy, stacked mother. He lifted her robe in back, bunching it around her waist. Knowing what she wanted, he began to grind his long, thick cock against the crack of her firm, meaty buttocks.

She said to Jim, "But now, with all the support you've been showing Kyle and I these past two days... I feel as though you've come back to me. You're being the husband that I need you to be." Julie was suddenly overtaken by genuine love for her husband. She smiled at him, but with tears in her eyes.

"It's because I love you," Jim said with heartfelt emotion.

"I love you too," she said just as sincerely.

Then she twisted in place, breaking her tit contact against Jim's chest. That allowed her to look up into Kyle's eyes. "And I love you too, my baby."

Jim watched as his wife and son's lips came together. They didn't fully smooch, but instead planted a series of soft sensual kisses on each other's lips. He shouldn't have been, but he was a little surprised to see their tongues peek from their mouths and flutter together for a moment.

Then, as if that wasn't frustrating enough for Jim to watch, mother and son fully and passionately kissed each other on the lips. Furthermore, Jim stared as Kyle reached around and cupped and fondled Julie's enormous orbs as if he owned them.

And while Jim couldn't see what was happening behind Julie's back, he correctly surmised from the way Kyle's body was rising up and down a little bit that his son's cock was wedged in her ass crack and effectively dry humping it.

Jim was pissed, especially since his wife hadn't even kissed him at all. But he also was moved by her reaffirmation of love for him.

He decided, I need to be the bigger man and let things slide. Besides, today has to be the last day of Kyle having sexual control of Julie's body. Technically, tomorrow all will return back to normal, so I just needed to be patient. Although... I have trouble seeing how

anything in our family could ever return to anything even close to normal ever again. But that's a problem for later.

The incestuous kissing and fondling came to a merciful end.

Julie twisted back to her original position fully facing her husband. But then she playfully teased Kyle, "Now, get busy back there, mister. You know what I want. You have work to do."

The other two didn't realize it yet, but since she'd walked into the room, she had manipulated events to bring things to this point. She was convinced by now that Jim was a cuckold who got off on seeing Kyle fuck her, but she still was trying to figure out exactly what that meant. Plus, she knew it would be incredibly exciting and enjoyable for her and her son!

Jim... probably not so much! But he seemed to get off on this sort of thing, she figured.

Kyle joyously grabbed his hard-on and pulled it free from her ass crack. After re-aiming it, he dragged its tapered head up and down her slippery gash. Then he slowly fed it inside her gooey cunt-hole, sighing with pure pleasure as he felt it sink up inside her birth canal.

Jim was beyond incredulous. Is this really happening?! Are we really doing this?! This is so fucked up! It makes all of yesterday look normal!

He would have put the fucking to a stop before it could get started, except that a part of his psyche was held hostage to his new cuckold feelings. He felt helpless to put a stop to anything, so long as he was swept up by intense arousal, as he was now.

Julie let out a cute little moan caused by Kyle's fat knob pushing deeper and deeper into her tight cunt. It had been hours since he'd last fucked her, and her body was already craving a "refill."

Jim watched from less than a foot away as her eyes rolled back in their sockets, her little eyelids fluttering. It was a look he hadn't seen in many years, since they were just teenagers and he was arguably a "Ferrari" of sorts.

Jim was painfully aware that not only was his son providing his wife with a rock hard cock, but one that was much longer and thicker than his own. Kyle was touching Julie in places that Jim never possibly could. That made him feel emasculated and humiliated, but also even more inexplicably aroused.

Jim felt Kyle slip his arm between him and his wife, reaching across her waist. He leaned back against the kitchen counter to provide stability. His wife had just told him that was his job, after all.

Kyle thrust his hips, sliding his fat cock-knob up and down the spongy glove of his mother's cunt. He could feel her gripping him tightly internally, using her strong vaginal muscles to add increased friction around his thick teenage pole. On every up-stroke, his abdomen would sink into the soft supple flesh of her buttocks.

It wasn't long before her son was really pounding into her. Kyle's head rested against her shoulder as he bucked back and forth against his beautiful mother. She was increasingly sandwiched between her studly son and her husband.

Her ass cheeks began to ripple as Kyle fucked her with impressive force.

Jim could hear the lewd smacking of his son's balls beating against his wife's clit. He was fascinated by Kyle's stamina and how he was relentlessly using Julie's body, like a rutting animal.

It's not every day that a man gets to hold his wife while his son brings her to orgasm.

Julie's body shook as she whimpered in climax. Her hips quivered and jerked. For once, she managed to avoid screaming out, for fear of yelling something that would humiliate Jim too much and ruin the mood.

In fact, neither Kyle nor Jim said a word either, also in fear of saying the wrong thing.

Kyle held on and stayed with Julie all through her intense orgasm, not missing a stroke.

Jim felt his wife's big bare tits sloshing against his chest, her nipples engorged and sometimes sharply poking into him.

Hot liquid love churned around Kyle's cockhead as it thrust up and back through the clutching tube of his mother's soft, pink pussy. As it reached the back of her vagina, it licked the head of her cervix, which was coated with a hot slippery mucus. That was a natural substance of Julie's body which was meant to insure sperm survival.

Normally during their fuck sessions, Kyle would control his ejaculation by using his strong PC muscles. This allowed him to fuck for hours and made his mother cum over and over on his cock, which

was an absolute rush for the young teen. This time, however, the situation was so bizarre that he decided it was best to let it come to a quick conclusion after a "mere" ten minutes of solid and steady thrusting.

Besides, getting to fuck his sex bomb mother while his father literally held her body up in support was such a rush for him that he doubted he'd be able to last much longer anyway.

It wasn't just the immediate situation, but the long-term implications. Clearly, Jim was either a willing cuckold, or so wimpy and tolerant that it was effectively the same thing. He felt like he'd

already won Julie forever, even though neither she nor Jim realized that yet.

"UUUNNGGHH, YEAH, MOM!" Kyle grunted as the first thick rope blasted from his pisshole.

Julie felt the scalding spunk splash against the head of her cervix, followed by another, and another, and another.

As Kyle groaned, huge blasts of semen spewed from his meatus.

Julie could feel his erection flexing over and over as it pulsed with excitement. Her eyes rolled up into her head as an especially epic orgasm wracked her entire body. She wasn't nearly as loud as usual, in deference to Jim being right there and actually helping to hold her up, but it was a rapturous climax for her just the same.

"OH-H-H-H... UUUGGGNNGGGHHH!" Kyle groaned, as he felt his mother's cunt muscles squeeze and smother his rod, milking every drop from his throbbing shaft.

There was so much cum exploding out of him and into her that she soon felt some of it running down her muscular thighs.

"Aaaah! That was great!" Julie said while staring Jim in her eyes from close up. "Thanks for your support... in more ways than one!" She chuckled. She kissed her husband, but only chastely, on the forehead.

Trying to sound and act like she hadn't just been fucked to heaven and back, she said to both of the other two, "Now, if you don't mind, I need to go elevate my hips. This is all about Kyle fucking and breeding a baby into me, after all. Who knows, this might be the one magical time that does it!"

Kyle backed up a little, causing his big boner to slither out of Julie's thoroughly-fucked hole. His shaft glistened with orgasmic juices. His

cockhead slipped from her socket with a creamy pop, followed by a stream of fresh cum-cream.

Julie clutched her snatch with her hand, holding much of the cum in as she turned to her son and gave him a quick kiss.

Even though it was quick, it was on the lips, and with lots of tongue.

Jim couldn't fail to notice that, and his jealousy burned brighter. But it was like he was rendered mute by his cuckold lust.

"Thank you baby," she said to her son, and then hurried off, with her open orange robe still somehow loosely hanging on her body.

Father and son watched her walk away. Both of them were transfixed by her ass cheeks undulating up and down, because the orange robe didn't even go down all the way to the bottom of her ass!

Her departure left Kyle standing there with his semi-erect pole pointing at his father. (As usual, it took a few minutes for him to go completely flaccid.) He smiled widely, and commented, "Holy shit! That was totally insane!"

He honestly admitted, "I never thought she'd do that, with you right there." His bobbing peter was still twitching with post orgasmic contractions, as it ever-so-slowly deflated.

Jim had to admit to himself that was "totally insane." And yet he was so fucked up with his emerging and even growing cuckold fetish that he was glad that it had happened.

He had no idea what to say. Merely staying in the same room as his son after that was a constant humiliation. He lamely commented, "Well, if your mother's not pregnant by tomorrow, then I'll be shocked. Especially after that!"

"Me too, Dad... me too." Kyle proudly smiled.

Kyle walked out of the room shortly after that, because he sensed his father was feeling extremely uncomfortable.

But, in fact, Jim had been preparing breakfast and nobody had eaten yet. So, after a few minutes, both Kyle and Julie returned to the kitchen and dining room area.

Julie was still wearing her orange robe, which was somehow even more sexy and obscene than wearing nothing at all. She also had put on a pair of red high heels.

However, despite her raw sexuality lighting up the room like a searchlight, all three of them were sexually satiated for a while. The

breakfast passed relatively uneventfully, without much physical contact.

At one point early in the meal though, Julie made some notable comments. "Jim, I'm sorry for surprising you with that. But I thought it was important to test to see if you really are able to handle things without going into a jealous snit. I'm happy to announce that you passed with flying colors!"

Jim considered that a very dubious "honor," but he stayed silent. He reminded himself he had just one day of this living hell to go.

She added, "Furthermore, I wanted to make the point that as long as I'm ovulating, I physically belong to Kyle. That's why I kissed him on the lips and not you, for instance. But of course, this is just a temporary thing, like a three-day long 'opposite day.' Once that time ends, everything will flip back. Naturally, then I'll kiss you on the lips and him on the cheek. Understand?"

"Perfectly," Jim replied. He was secretly relieved, even incredibly relieved. Although he was getting off on his new cuckold fetish in a

big way, he assumed that was a freak event, sort of his personal "opposite day" reaction, and his normal sexual urges would soon return. Despite the fact he was easily more aroused than he'd ever been in his life, and for much longer too, the emotional turmoil of being a cuckold was mentally exhausting.

He couldn't wait for things to get back to normal, or at least some kind of attempt at normal. He was sure it would take years for his sex life with his wife to return to something resembling satisfying for the both of them, if that ever happened at all. He was much more hopeful that the rest of their marriage could be successfully repaired, at least.

Chapter 14

Even though it was a Saturday and Jim was home, he gave his wife and son the space they needed. He puttered around the house and worked in the backyard. It was another hot summer day, so he was casually dressed in a T-shirt and shorts. Mostly he worked in the yard, to get even further away from any fucking noises.

In return, Julie was worried that she'd gone too far that morning by getting fucked by her son while her husband watched and even held her. So she did her best to give Jim some space. She restricted the fucking to the master bedroom only. However, she left the door to the bedroom partially open, giving Jim a golden opportunity to listen or peek in if he wanted to.

But thanks to that partially open door, plus the sheer vocal enthusiasm of Julie, it seemed that each time Jim was inside the house, even anywhere on the ground floor, he heard the sound of his wife's orgasmic screams. That was a bit of an exaggeration, since she wasn't cumming (or simply feeling overcome) all the time, but it wasn't that far off.

Despite Jim's effort to carry on with gardening duties as if everything was normal again, he was still held in thrall by his cuckold lust. It

turned out that even working in the backyard was no refuge to help him clear his head, since the master bedroom's windows were partially open and Julie's lusty cries carried just as far outside as they did inside.

So it was no surprise that every once in a while, he couldn't help but peek in on the fucking action. Thanks to the partially open door, it was easy for him to look in without being seen.

At least, that was what he thought. However, Julie could be quite clever if she wanted to. Before the day's upstairs fucking began, she secretly positioned and angled a mirror just so, so she'd be able to

look in the mirror and see if Jim was there. She was surprised at just how often he actually was. As time went on, he was gardening less and spying more.

Jim often found Julie's legs in a huge spread eagle pose or clamped snuggly around Kyle's back as her virile son pounded her swollen pussy mercilessly. The musky smell of raw sex filled the entire upstairs as their two sweat-soaked bodies twisted and bounced and beat together wildly.

Every time Jim came inside the house from the backyard, he was drawn to his master bedroom like a moth to flame. He just couldn't resist finding out what his wife and son were up to, even though the answer was almost always the same: fucking. Actually, there seemed to be three modes: resting, foreplay, and fucking, but the vast majority of the time it was fucking.

Jim was high on lust nearly all the time. Because he didn't have an effortlessly arousable penis like his son did, he was only erect about half the time. But that didn't matter much, because he was very mentally aroused pretty much all the time.

He managed to keep his vow not to masturbate. But that didn't help his cuckolding fetish "fade away." In fact, arguably the reverse was

happening: by not ejaculating and thus getting sexual satiation for a while, he remained constantly aroused. And with the non-stop incestuous fuck marathon going on in his bedroom, he was always aroused about the same thing. Furthermore, thanks to the partially open bedroom door, the amount of time he spent secretly peeking grew and grew.

He could feel himself falling deeper into a trap of his own making, but he was helpless to get out of it. Deep down, he didn't really want to anyway. Even though he felt emotionally miserable most of the time with his jealousy and such, the constant sexual high he enjoyed at the same time more than made up for it.

Around noon, Jim was at the kitchen table having lunch by himself when Julie strolled into the kitchen. She wore nothing but a thin white towel wrapped around her waist, which left her tremendous boobs completely exposed just above the towel. It was clear she had just taken a shower, because her brown hair was wet and slicked back.

"Hey, Honey, what have you been up to?" she asked as she walked past him in bare feet. She went to the fridge.

"Nothing much, just a little yard work," Jim said blandly, as if they were making small talk on a normal weekend day. He was secretly staggered by her de facto nudity, since she'd always been shy about her nakedness around him.

She said, "Oh, great. Would you please fix that broken sprinkler head today too? It shoots water all over the sidewalk." As she spoke, she poured herself a glass of water.

"Consider it done," Jim said. Since she was standing facing away from him, he stared at his wife's backside. He was fascinated by her long legs and bare back, with her long brown hair hanging down nearly to her ass. But mostly, he gawked at the swell of her meaty

buttocks. He could see the bottom portions of her ass cheeks, because her ass was so inadequately covered by the towel.

"Thank you, love," she said.

Lately, it seemed like just about anything involving Kyle and Julie fucking aroused Jim to a tremendous degree. Still, he was surprised by how turned on he got merely from talking to his wife about mundane things like fixing a broken sprinkler head. The contrast between that and the fact that they both were well aware she'd just come from getting royally fucked by her son upstairs was breathtaking and electrifying for him.

But still, he tried his best to deny such feelings in the hopes they would slowly fade away from neglect. Attempting to keep the small talk going, he asked, "So how are things going upstairs? You two had another session in the shower I presume?"

Julie turned towards her husband and giggled a little. "Yeah. How'd you guess?"

Both of them laughed, due to the way she was wet and dressed. Or, more accurately, not dressed.

She added, with a dreamy look in her eyes. "Thank goodness for the virility of teenage boys."

Although she could be clever, right now she had no plan because she didn't know what she wanted to do. A part of her hoped and expected for things in the family to return to normal soon, or at least something approximating normal. She loved her husband and had enjoyed 18 happy years with him so far.

But comments like the one she'd just said suggested that she was getting increasingly addicted to sex with her son. That was true in a big way, and she didn't know what to do about it. Even considering her husband's newly discovered cuckold fetish, she didn't see how

she could square getting back to a "normal" marriage with being her son's wanton and willing slut beyond her ovulation period.

Jim was at a loss over how to respond to her "virility of teenage boys" comment. But he felt he had to say something, so she said, "Well, Dear... I think it's safe to say that Kyle has moved on from the boy stage at this point."

Julie chuckled. "Yeah, you could say that again." Then she added more seriously, "But it's strange... Just a few minutes ago, as he was lifting me and pinning me against the wall of the shower... and I

wrapped my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck while he plowed me and drilled me with his incredible, thick cock... I couldn't help but look into his eyes and think: 'This is my baby boy... and he always will be.' Isn't that strange?"

Once again, Jim wound up insanely aroused by mere words. He was starting to realize that the incestuous aspect of Kyle and Julies intimacy was a very big reason why it turned him on so very much. The "baby boy" comment in particular pushed a lot of his buttons. There was something about that was innocent yet wicked at the same time.

Of course, the way she was standing there topless with the towel barely even covering her sore and battered pussy didn't exactly hurt arousing him even more.

Despite his feelings, he fought valiantly to look and sound calm and normal. He merely replied, "You're right, that is strange. But it's also perfectly understandable." He smiled at her encouragingly.

Julie nodded, and continued, "There's one thing I feel I have to get off my chest... as a woman and not a mom... Our son is gonna have one very, very happy bride one day. I'm sure they're going to make lots of beautiful babies together." She beamed.

"I hope you're right," Jim said.

Her comment was indicative of her confused feelings for her son. She still assumed that all the incestuous fucking had to come to an end when her ovulation did. She figured that she'd made her marriage vows to Jim many years ago, and she was morally obliged to keep them, with these three days a once in a lifetime "free pass" exception.

Her body was getting seriously addicted to her son's cock, and she already was starting to realize that on some deeper level. But she

wouldn't allow herself to think about that or the possible long-term implications.

After a thoughtful pause, Julie said, "Well, I need to get back upstairs, Honey." She started for the doorway.

Before she left the room in just her skimpy towel, Jim suggested, "Dear, how 'bout lunch... You two are burning calories like crazy and I'm sure you need to eat. Can I bring it up to you guys?"

She smiled. "Oh baby, that's sweet. That's one example why I love you so much. I'm so impressed with your tolerant attitude about all this. That said, Kyle and I are getting ready to start another breeding session. Can you give us like an hour or so? I can sense another slow, sensual, grinding fuck session coming on, and I've discovered those take a long time with him."

"Sure, no problem," Jim said. Once more, this sort of mundane yet sexual talk fired his lust even more than the stunning way she looked, with her wet hair, wet skin, and jutting bare breasts.

Julie gave him a warm smile and a wink. "I love you."

"Love you too," Jim said.

Once she was gone, he let his thoughts run wild with fantasy. He imagined a future in which Julie getting fucked by Kyle was just another part of ordinary life, like brushing one's teeth or buying groceries. In the course of their typical day, she would say things to him like, "Honey, would you please pick up some toilet paper later? We're almost out. I would do it, but I know Kyle has plans to fuck me into oblivion all afternoon long, and you know how that goes."

Jim would be completely unfazed and not even slightly jealous. He'd reply, "No problem. By the way, do you want to watch some Netflix after dinner, or will he be fucking you then too?"

She would pout a little bit, trying to soften the blow. "Now that you mention it, I'm pretty sure he's gonna want to fuck me a lot more then too. And you know how I can never say 'no' to his magnificent cock. But he likes the same shows you and I do. If you don't mind, maybe we could all watch something together. I'd sit in his lap as his naked little fuck toy mommy, as usual. I promise I'll try not to scream or bounce too much. Is that okay with you?"

Then he'd casually reply, "Sure. Although I don't believe you about the 'bounce too much' part. We all know how you get. You're like some kind of robotic pogo stick, endlessly bouncing on his huge cock whenever he pulls you into his lap."

She'd smile and say, "That's true." Then the two of them would share a hearty laugh, with no hard feelings whatsoever.

Jim felt like he was slipping into a bizarro Twilight Zone, but that sounded like a future he would greatly enjoy in some totally perverse way.

But still, he reminded himself that that was just a crazy musing and his mind had to focus on getting his marriage back on track.

Strangely, despite having fantasies like that, at other times he would think about ways he could get free from the way Kyle was secretly

blackmailing him. But there was nothing he could do short of murder, and he still loved his son.

He still hadn't seen or even asked to see the photos of him and Dora fucking, but he was sure they existed. Those, more than anything, forced him to try the "grin and bear it" approach. In a strange way,

his inexplicable new cuckold desire made it a lot easier to act that way. It was like his anger had been neutered away.

Chapter 15

Jim tooled around in the garage for a while, mostly just to do something mildly productive and distracting to help pass the time. Plus, he'd discovered the garage was the quietest place to be when Julie was screaming her head off. Sometimes, he longed to her hear getting royally drilled, but other times he couldn't stand it. It was all very confusing to him.

Then he came back inside the house and made some lunch for the two lovebirds. All was quiet upstairs, so he carried lunch up to the master bedroom. He stopped before he hit the open doorway, because he heard his wife giggling. Still holding a tray containing the lunch, he carefully peeked through the partially opened door.

Kyle and Julie were play wrestling on the bed. It was clear they'd just been doing a lot of vigorous fucking, because their naked bodies were glistening with sweat. Her clean-shaven cunt looked freshly-fucked. Jim could see his son's ejaculate dripping off her clitoris while even more of his cum drooled from her sore and swollen fuck-hole.

Julie's enormous bare breasts bobbled as she unexpectedly rolled over on top of her son and held him down. "Now you're in my control, mister!" she teased.

With Kyle rendered helpless, or at least pretending to be, she took hold of his firm erection and began vigorously jacking him off. Then she flopped her tit-pillows down against his muscular chest and began kissing and licking his neck.

Even though Julie's body soon blocked a direct view to Kyle's boner, Jim could still see when his wife began grinding her pubic mound against his rampant cock.

Kyle's eyes were closed. He looked like he was in absolute nirvana as his mother's soft, slippery body laid against his. Her lips smacked wetly on his neck. After every couple kisses, she would flutter her tongue against his sensitive tendons. But mostly, she was concentrating her energies on grinding down on his thick cock-meat.

Jim noticed with concern that the two of them were having a great time, but for once there was no actual fucking going on. In fact, they didn't even seem to be getting warmed up for more fucking. They were just enjoying each other's bodies without any thought of helping the "breeding."

As a result, he figured there would be some awkward explaining for them to do if he walked in on them when they were like that, and he didn't want to hear it.

Instead, Jim backtracked halfway down the hall, then announced his approach. "Ready for some lunch there?" he spoke loudly.

A few seconds later, his wife answered. "Come on in, Honey."

Kyle and Julie sat side by side in the bed when Jim arrived. They looked like two teens who had almost got caught dry humping. They had naughty but unrepentant grins on their faces. But they already were so confident that Jim was in thrall to his cuckolding lust that they hadn't bothered to put any clothes on, or even cover up any parts of their bodies with a sheet. The two of them got a kick out of acting sexual towards each other while he watched.

Jim shyly came in with the lunch tray. It contained a tuna sandwich for each of them, plus glasses of juice for them too.

Kyle and Julie took the food and drink from the tray and started to eat. They were famished after all their energetic fucking.

The three of them made small talk at the same time that mother and son ate and drank.

Jim stood there feeling awkward and uncomfortable. He didn't want to sit because he didn't intend to stay long. As had become the norm for him lately, he felt like he was being ripped in two between lust and jealousy (plus other negative feelings). Thanks to the lust part, he was grateful to still be holding the tray, because he strategically positioned it over his crotch. Even with his more modest penis size, his arousal still was enough to make a lewd tenting in his shorts.

Julie sensed his discomfort, but she wanted to toy with him and test the intensity of his new cuckold side some more. She repeatedly insisted that he stay and chat with him.

Since his intense internal emotional conflict made him feel weak and confused, he found himself sitting down on a chair next to their bed, even though he didn't want to.

At least he still was able to carefully keep the tray over his lap to continue to hide his arousal.

In order to help ensure Jim stay in the room, Julie got to talking to him about mundane matters, but family issues that needed to be addressed. For instance, she brought up how they needed to decide if they wanted to do their own taxes for the upcoming year, or hire a professional.

But that was just one surface level aspect of what was happening. What was much more significant was all the non-verbal interaction going on. At first, Kyle and Julie were just sitting up in bed side by

side, with their backs propped up by the headboard and some pillows. But it wasn't long until Kyle put an arm around her back and she put an arm around his.

That alone would have been okay, despite them being nude without even a sheet on top, but things steadily increased from there. Kyle's free hand started to slide over her fabulous bare skin. It wasn't long until he was cupping and caressing her nearest giant tit.

Even that would have been tolerable for Jim, but then Julie started caressing Kyle's bare chest too. While she continued to look at Jim and talk to him, that hand slowly but surely made its way down her son's body until her fingers found his erection and wrapped around them. From that point on, that hand did nothing but stroke and fondle Kyle's monster of a cock, while it was pointed directly up, like some flag pole jutting out from his body.

Meanwhile, she and Jim kept talking about their taxes!

Jim was hooked. By this point, he couldn't leave the room unless they carried him away. The tax talk turned to "blah, blah, blah" for him, because all he could think about or look at was the casual way his wife was jacking off his son. He worried he was suffering from some kind of mental illness, because he found it impossibly arousing to watch.

Sensing her husband was hooked, Julie finally changed the subject. "By the way, Dear, I hope you don't mind what I'm doing with my hand here." Even as she said that, she finally took her other hand from behind Kyle's back and brought it down to his crotch too. She cupped his balls with that hand while stroking his long pole with her other hand.

She went on, "Just look at all this cock-meat! Can you believe how endowed he is? Aren't you proud of your son? He's going to charm the pants off all the ladies, that's for sure!" She giggled.

Kyle finally took his hand from behind Julie's back and brought it across her body to briefly caress her far hip. His other hand kept on possessively playing with her massive tits. He joked, "Including you, Mom!" He lightly slapped that far hip, to further highlight how he'd "charmed her pants off."

Julie giggled even more. "Coops! Yep, you got me already!" Then she turned her head towards her son and spoke in a husky, extra-sexy voice. "I just can't keep my clothes on around you. Any of them! You might just have to FUCK me again for being such a naughty little naked slut!"

He drew his head closer to hers. "Mmmm. I think I'll have to do exactly that. Fuck some sense into you. Maybe you'll calm down after I bathe your womb in another hot bath of spermy little baby-makers."

She purred ever more erotically while as her hand pumped faster and faster up and down his shaft. "UNGH! Yessssssss! Do that! Flood my hot mommy-cunt with your superior seed yet again! Hnnng! Mommy can't get enough! I'm your helpless plaything!"

Mother and son were so worked up that it was inevitable their lips met and they shared a burning hot kiss.

Jim could only sit and stew in frustration, torn as usual between jealousy and lust. But also as usual, lust was winning out. He was grateful for the tray still covering his lap, because he was sure a large and still growing wet spot would have been visible on his shorts otherwise.

Kyle and Julie necked and fondled for several minutes. They knew that Jim was literally hostage to his own desires and wasn't going anywhere.

But after a while, Julie ended the hot kissing and turned back to look Jim's way. She couldn't resist smirking a little bit from seeing the

flushed and needy look on his face. She subtly repositioned her hands on her son's cock to give her husband a better view of how her fingers constantly slipped and slid up and down, as his steel-hard pole jutted straight up into the air.

She said to Jim, "Where was I? I was trying to ask you something about... Oh, yes. It was about how I hope you don't mind if I play with Kyle's big cock a little bit. Clearly you don't, from the rapt look on your face. I'm so glad you're taking a keen interest in the whole baby-making process, right down to the nuts and bolts of our stimulation process. Who knows, maybe you'll learn something. Our son is a natural pussy-tamer!"

Jim was even more humiliated by her words, which strongly implied that Kyle was a better lover than he was. But his cuckold lust made him feel weak and unable to respond. Besides, he didn't know what to say, because it was as plain as day that Kyle was the superior lover.

Julie went on, while all but worshipping her son's thick pole with her ten fingers, "I know that, technically, using my hands on him like this is kind of naughty, since it's not fucking, but it takes soooo much effort to get him to cum! It's like I have to totally devote myself to pleasuring his cock before he even gets close. Frankly, my pussy is getting quite sore. I don't know how much more of his pounding I can take! And yet... I need his cum! His hot, manly seed! I neeeeed it!"

She lamely and unconvincingly added, "For, uh... to increase the chances of insemination, of course." She smirked, as if daring Jim to challenge that.

Jim wanted to cry. He knew she was taunting him with her words, and her lusty jacking off action too. Clearly, she could see how aroused he was despite the strategically placed tray, so she knew he was enjoying this in some sort of twisted way.

She continued, with her hands stroking and stroking, and Kyle fondling her big tits in return, "But I know what you're thinking: 'You two lovebirds have finished eating lunch, so what are you waiting for? Get back to work!' Right?"

She looked adoringly into her son's eyes. "What do you think, Sweetie? Are you feeling up to some more work? You want to breed Mommy some more, until my ovaries are so basted in your sperm-sauce that I'll have no choice but to get knocked up and give birth to our beautiful child nine months from now?"

"Hell, yeah!" Kyle enthused. "Let's do it right now!" He suddenly knelt up in bed, bringing his tit play and even her handjob to an end. Then he all but carried her down to the middle of the bed, so she could lie flat on her back. He was about to lie on top of her.

But Julie had another idea. "Wait, Son! With your father here taking such keen interest, we should show him just how much fun your 'work' is. Again, this can be kind of an educational experience for him. You lie down and I'll ride you. That's probably my favorite position. Although, heck, all of them are equally great when it's with you!"

So they repositioned. Julie cleverly made sure that she wound up directly facing where her husband sat, so he'd be able to get a very good look at the sexual ecstasy on her face, and even stare deeply into her eyes as her son's huge boner drilled and possessed her, over and over again.

Jim was transfixed as he watched his wife sit up on their son, straddling his torso and then settling down over his crotch. He was in awe of her nude beauty, taking in the shape of her voluptuous figure, still so remarkably fit and firm after all these years, thanks to her vigorous exercise regimen. But more inspiring still was her raw sexuality, something that never really existed until Kyle unleashed it

from deep inside her. Now, it was as if she truly was a goddess, a sex goddess of pure carnal desire.

But it turned out that was just the warm-up, because the sight of her slowing impaling herself down on her son's fat fuck-stick was even MORE hypnotizing! Jim was teetering on the edge of cumming already, to the point he'd had to stop stroking himself for fear of losing control. When he saw her sigh in bliss as her splayed out, swollen labia took in inch after inch of throbbing cock-meat, he was so overcome that his boner started to tremble and then squirt out a hot load, right into his boxers and his shorts!

He was grateful that he still had the tray over his lap so nobody could see his shameful ejaculation, though Kyle and Julie were so into each other and the on-going slow impalement that they wouldn't have noticed his climax anyway.

After the last of Jim's cum load flooded his boxers and shorts, he continued to stare at the two incestuous lovers in breathless awe. His arousal wasn't diminished one iota after his climax ended.

Julie sank down, down, down. It seemed as if she took ten minutes to skewer herself down a 100 inches of cock, all of it much thicker than a Coke can, though of course those imaginings were wild exaggerations.

When she finally bottomed out, she let out a long, satisfied sigh. "Aaaah! Oh, Jim! You have no idea! Just no idea! Too bad you can't get inside my mind to see just how INCREDIBLE this feels! Size DOES matter!" She giggled.

Her words humiliated him even more, but he was far too fascinated by the fuck show in front of him to complain. Besides, how could he deny that size did matter, and that Kyle was clearly the superior lover? Feeling inadequate and jealous supercharged his own lust anyway.

After a minute or two, Julie mentally and physically adjusted to feeling her son balls-deep inside her, and finally began "riding" him cowgirl-style. She started rising up and down on him slowly and carefully at first, while he kicked back with his hands behind his head and a smug smirk on his face.

Jim wanted to get up, walk over, and smack that smirk right off Kyle's face. But it was more likely that he'd walk on water, all the way across the ocean. He'd been firmly put in his place and there was no fight left in him. Kyle was king, and rightfully so.

Time passed. The fucking seemed impossibly hot and exciting from the very start. Yet, slowly but surely, it intensified even further. Julie began rising up and down more and more, though taking it slow all the while. She loved to churn and grind on her son, unexpectedly twisting her hips this way and that to keep him constantly thrilled with different kinds of pressure and tight contact.

Still more time passed. Jim was in awe of Kyle's stamina, as always, since the boy clearly wasn't anywhere close to cumming yet. But he was increasingly in awe of his wife's stamina too. He was proud of the way she exercised almost fanatically every day. All that training was paying off for her, because her constant bouncing and churning was very physically taxing. As she got more and more into it, moving faster and faster, sweat formed on her brow and even started rolling down her face. But it was clear that she too was just getting started. Mother and son could fuck all day long, and they were doing exactly that.

Jim just sat there watching as the fucking got yet more insistent and heated. Julie was riding Kyle like she truly was a cowgirl on a stallion. Her big naked tits jumping wildly though the air, although her son often "helped" them from swinging around too much by the way he liked to reach up to hold and caress them.

Their genitals made a wet smacking sound as they beat together. Over and over and over again! It was steady, rhythmic, and repetitive, but Jim never got bored watching. He thought, It's like both of them were genetically designed for sex. I guess I should feel proud that half of Kyle's make up comes from me... despite the fact he's stealing my wife away from me, right under my nose. I feel I'm like watching two Olympians at the top of their game, headed towards a gold medal. In fucking!

From time to time, Julie had made direct eye contact with his husband. She got off on seeing how aroused he clearly was. She was increasingly enjoying the fact that he was a cuckold, since having him watch made everything twice as hot. She got a twisted thrill from taunting and teasing him too, although she was trying not to be too cruel.

However, she didn't know what his new fetish would mean when she finally got pregnant and presumably had to go back to her normal life. She tried hard not to think about the future at all, because doing so could ruin her current fun.

Yet as more time passed and the fuck session intensified, she lost interest in her husband, due to the pleasures of riding her son's fat cock completely taking over her mind, and seemingly her very soul. Eventually, even though she was still directly facing Jim, she didn't even acknowledge her husband sitting there. When her eyes were open, she'd stare right through him or past him. Her eyes were distant and glazed over and her breathing rapid and desperate. Nothing else existed at that moment accept the hot young teen below her and the long, thick fruit of his loins.

Jim penis couldn't get erect again, since he was far from as virile as his son. But even so, his arousal remained off the charts from watching his son and wife. He continued to sit there and stare all the way through the fuck session, with the crotch of his shorts soaked from his ejaculation, plus even more pre-cum dribbling out of him.

He particularly loved it whenever Julie loudly climaxed, which was surprisingly often. He figured, correctly, that she could have more orgasms in one day with Kyle that in a year with him, and a totally different kind of orgasm each time too. But he realized that her orgasms didn't matter that much to her, because she was essentially experiencing one endless orgasm to the entire time, so long as his son was filling her up. Especially when she was on top, she could control the pace and intensity of their coupling, making sure she was always peaking with pleasure that was probably beyond anything Jim could feel or imagine, even with his extra intense cuckold lust.

After maybe twenty minutes, Julie got too tired to keep the cowgirl position going, and they switched to Kyle fucking her doggy-style. They kept switching from time to time, but they kept returning to the cowgirl, since Julie was always at least dimly aware that Jim was there and watching, and she wanted to put on a highly visual show for him to help deepen his cuckold fetish.

That approach was working. Jim was helplessly in thrall to his new, strange lust for watching. He was starting to realize that he was delusional to think that he could just wish that away and go back to "normal."

Finally, after what seemed like several hours to Jim but was actually around one hour, Kyle gave up and blasted another hot cum load deep into his mother. But even as his body jerked and twitched in orgasmic rapture, it was as if both he and she were in some deep trance, completely consumed with each other to the point that the outside world ceased to exist.

Even after Kyle's orgasm finished, the two of them continued to hold each other and stare deeply into each other's eyes, with Jim totally forgotten despite the fact that he was nearly close enough to reach out and touch either of them.

Feeling sad and yet totally sexually satiated, Jim got up and silently walked back to Kyle's room to rest. He was more worried than ever before about the future of his marriage, after what he'd seen.

He thought, I have to admit that if I was Julie, I would never want to stop getting fucked by Kyle. What they share is something truly extraordinary. Maybe one in a million couples are fit and athletic enough, attractive enough, sexually talented enough, and generally genetically blessed enough to even come close to having sex that emotionally and physically intense. It's no wonder they're fucking about as much as they physically can, driving themselves to exhaustion. I would do the same thing, especially if I was in Kyle's shoes. Lucky motherfucker! Literally!

But what that does mean for the future?! Here I am, going through a living hell thanks to my son blackmailing me, but probably all in vain. Either my marriage dies in an instant when she finds out about my cheating, or it'll die slowly and torturously as her lust for Kyle dominates her mind. I'm totally screwed either way!

Is there no way out?!

Chapter 16

After Jim napped, and he changed out of his cum-soaked boxers and shorts and into some casual pants, he watched TV downstairs. Again, it was mostly to just pass the time. He found a rerun of the first "Die Hard" movie, which he really liked. But even with all the action and excitement in it, his thoughts were mostly on what might be happening upstairs.

He saw very little of his wife and son the whole evening. He was emotionally shook up by the fuck session he'd witnessed earlier, to the point he was too daunted to spy on them some more. He didn't see how his marriage could possibly survive. He dreaded Julie telling

him that she was going to keep getting fucked by Kyle, whether she was already impregnated by him or not.

He felt miserable, because he loved her. It was true he'd cheated on her recently, and he was beginning to understand that they'd never really clicked on a sexual level as they should have. (That was true on a physical level, with his penis being too thin for a good fit with her vagina, but also on other levels.) Yet in all other ways, he felt he'd been a good husband and she'd been a good wife. He couldn't bear the thought of losing her and living alone.

He also, quite simply, was sexually wiped out. His penis had been erect off and on for about half the way, and that was way beyond the norm for him. His body was "crying uncle."

However, although he didn't go back upstairs, he couldn't escape the fucking so long as he was in the house. Even with the TV on loud, he lost count of the times he heard Julie's faint groans and screams echoing from the upstairs. He figured that, clearly, the door to the master bedroom remained at least partially open, and they didn't care if he heard them or not. (Actually, they did care, and they wanted him to hear, to help deepen his cuckold fetish even more.)

Late in the evening, there was a period of silence when it came to his wife's usual frequent orgasmic noises. Jim had fallen asleep on the couch for a while with the TV still on. Curiosity and lust finally got the best of him again. He snuck upstairs to peek into his own master bedroom.

The room was dark, lit only by the moonlight. Kyle sat on a chair in the center of the room. Julie was on top, facing him in an intimate position called "the swan." Jim directly knew it from back when he and his wife had had a more active sex life. It also was a position Kyle and her had used a couple of days prior, when Jim had first heard them copulating.

Jim was struck with the beauty of the scene. Their bodies had a sweaty sheen in the moonlight. As they kissed slowly and passionately, Julie's hips glided in a slow yet steady rhythm up and back.

Jim realized, This isn't mere "copulation." This love making at its most intense! My wife and son are truly making love!

Jim couldn't help but marvel at the sight. A handsome, muscular teenage hunk was sitting beneath the voluptuous body of a middle aged beauty. Their bodies rocked in unison, like a slow intricate dance.

Although Jim couldn't see what was happening inside Julie's body, he had a sense that Kyle's cock was plunging even deeper inside her than what had become normal for him. Sure enough, Jim's guess was right, because the top inch of Kyle's rock-hard cock was squeezed all the way up inside Julie's uterus. Her tight cervical ring slipped back and forth across the sensitive glans of his crown as she rocked her strong hips against him. Their mutual pleasure was even greater than usual.

Their genitals ground together in wicked, incestuous baby-making. Their tongues twisted and flailed together wildly as they madly kissed at the same time. Julie's huge, sweaty tits squashed against her son's strong teenage chest.

Jim had seen, heard, and even smelled many things in the last day or two that drove him further into his current cuckold delirium. But out of all the titillating provocations hed witnessed, the sight of mother and son well and truly passionately making love by the moonlight was the most moving for him.

He found himself thinking, How can this be wrong?! Just look at them! They're so deeply in love! It almost brings tears to my eyes. Even though I'm her damn fucking husband, for crying out loud, I'd

feel bad trying to keep them apart. They belong together like this! Look at her, her gorgeous naked body lit by the moon, lightly bouncing on his cock! She belongs impaled on his cock! She really does!

Her body is way too hot and sexy for the likes of me. But she's a perfect fit for him. Literally! His cock and her cunt go together like hand in glove. It's so obvious! With me, she's just a typical housewife in suburbia, married to a typical businessman. Booooring! But with him, she's an unabashed, wanton, and wild slut! HIS slut! And the incest makes it all so much hotter! This is her true nature, serving his big fat cock, and getting fucked day and night! I really should quietly step away and let them go at it.

Wait! What the fuck am I saying?! That may all be true, but it's a moot point. I'm her husband, and she's emotionally bonded to ME for life! We still do love each other. And the glory of their coupling is irrelevant because they're mother and son. They can't keep going or they're bound to get caught eventually. They'll wind up in jail or worse. Normality may be boring, but it works. What I'm witnessing is magical, yes, but sometimes something is magical precisely because it only happens once in a blue moon.

Somehow, someway, I've gotta get my wife back! I know it seems almost impossible now, but maybe they both will honor their promises and stop the fucking once her ovulation ends. All I can do is hope and pray.

Jim continued to just stand and stare. He couldn't move even if he wanted to. It was like he'd been frozen into a statue, except for his revived erection, which wildly twitched and throbbed inside his pants.

Then Julie spoke some words that sent Jim over the edge almost into true insanity.

She moved her lips to Kyle's ear, with her arms encircling him, holding him tight. She whispered, "Oh, my amazing baby boy... make love to Mommy... FOREVER! And I do mean 'forever!'"

That cut Jim like a knife plunging through his heart. It was one thing to fantasize that mother and son deserved to make love to each other eternally. It was another thing entirely to hear said mother express nearly that exact same sentiment out loud. It raised the prospect that Jim's marriage was ultimately doomed. If Kyle and Julie were drawn together sexually by an overwhelming, irresistible force, how could he resist that? What could he possibly do but get out of the way?!

Then, to make matters still worse, he heard Julie coo, "Son, I NEED your cock in my cunt! I don't just want it; I NEED it! What am I going to do with you when our time is up?! It's so good! Too good!"

Such words further cut Jim, like that knife repeatedly stabbing him all over his chest.

But, paradoxically, the more he despaired, the more aroused he got! His cuckold fetish was kicking into a higher gear.

In fact, Jim was suddenly so overwhelmed by arousal that he sensed he had to do something fast or he would spontaneously orgasm. He moved away from the partially open door, and made it halfway down the hall. He intended to retreat all the way back to Kyle's room, but he was unable to make it that far.

Instead, he leaned back against the hallway wall as felt his boner begin to wildly spit cum within his pants.

It was the greatest orgasm he'd ever experienced so far, even though he wasn't even stimulating his penis at the time. He just about lost consciousness as his climax seemed to stretch out for eternity, although in reality it actually only lasted a few seconds, as usual. For

the first time, he truly understood why the French term for "orgasm," "petite mort," translated into English as "little death."

He correctly sensed the reason his climax was so extremely intense was because it went far beyond the mere physical experience. Much more important was the emotional experience that was tied up with it. His brain seemed to be bursting with powerful emotions. Many, if not most of them, were negative, such as jealousy, regret, humiliation, inadequacy, anger, and so on. But even so, the simple sheer power of his emotions was a multiplier, causing his orgasmic peak to reach previously unknown and even unimagined heights.

Exhausted, he finally staggered the rest of the way to Kyle's bed. He laid down on it to recover.

From there, he could hear that Kyle and Julie kept on rocking and fucking for what seemed like hours.

They floated together on their orgasmic cloud of love. For them too, they experienced previously unreached heights of love and passion. As great as their usual fucking was, it turned out that making love felt even better, mostly due to the fact that they loved each other so deeply to begin with. It was as easy as pie for them to take that foundation of love and build on it with their new sexual intimacy, both raw, animalistic passion at times and tender care at other times.

Eventually, though, any sort of fucking has its inevitable conclusion. Kyle's balls began to boil. Long thick ropes of potent teenage spunk spat out of his pisshole and shot directly into his mother's womb.

An aggressive army of Kyle's sperm swam forward into Julie's fallopian tubes, each one eager to seek out and penetrate the waiting egg. With much passionate fucking going on, it was inevitable that some sperm would arrive and find the prized pearl, already coated with thousands of flailing tadpoles, each one desperately seeking entrance.

Conception was inevitable.

41: Dad_s Big Mistake_5

Chapter 17

It was late Monday morning. Much had changed in the last 24 hours. On Sunday morning, after having one last long fuck with her son, Julie had come downstairs for breakfast and had admitted to Kyle and Jim that her ovulation period must have ended. That meant the three-day incestuous fuck marathon had ended too.

The timing was fortunate in the sense that Kyle and Julie were both utterly fucked out. The two of them had spent nearly all of Sunday in bed, napping off and on and generally recovering.

Both of them were very sad that they had to spend the day in separate beds. But the time of them frolicking naked in bed together was officially over.

But fit and young people can be remarkably resilient. By the time Monday morning came around, Kyle more or less felt like an energetic teenager again. Since it was still summer vacation, he was at the park shooting hoops with some of his friends when he saw his mother's car pull up and stop.

Julie got out of the vehicle and strolled down to a picnic table near the court. She wore on a short denim skirt, a form-fitting black V-neck, and a pair of black, strapless, high-heeled thong sandals.

Her outfit was unusual to say the least, in terms of her pre-"breeding" days. Normally, she dressed to try to blend into a crowd, because her stunning face, hourglass figure, and especially her

ridiculously large breasts gave her way more public attention than she wanted.

Kyle definitely took note of the fact that she was "dressed to kill." His penis sat up and took notice too. Within seconds, he was forced to adjust his shorts so his friends wouldn't notice his new urgent erection.

As she got closer to the picnic table, she gave him a cute little wave.

Just that simple gesture made Kyle's cock twitch dangerously in his shorts. His was suddenly flooded with fantastic memories of their three-day fuck marathon.

"Be right back guys," he said, hurrying towards his mother, who had just taken a sat at the picnic table.

As he hustled off, he heard one of his friends mutter, "Fucking shoot me! Is she for real, or did I just die and go to heaven?!"

The other friends laughed knowingly, because they'd seen Julie on previous occasions and knew exactly how that friend felt.

Kyle waited until he was at the picnic table before he dared to speak. "Hey, Mom... Is everything okay?" He quickly sat down at the table across from her in order to help hide the lewd bulge in his shorts.

Now that he was much closer, the first thing his tit-obsessed mind noticed was that Julie's black V-neck top was extremely tight, and yet there was no sign of the industrial-strength bra-straps needed to keep her huge breasts contained. In other words, she was going bra-less again!

That gave him a boost of hope that his ultimate dream was still achievable.

Then he carefully stared at her face to try to better gauge her mood. He was startled to notice a little tear rolling down one of her cheeks. The tear seemed totally out of place, because she otherwise looked the exact opposite of sad. In fact, her lips curled into a wonderful, toothy smile that radiated pure love for him.

She paused dramatically, and took a deep breath. That simple move set her bra-free knockers wobbling wildly inside her tight black top. Then, knowing that nobody else was within hearing range, she quietly but proudly announced, "Kyle... my love... I'm pregnant!"

"Yes!" Kyle cheered. He pumped a victorious fist in the air.

He'd been sitting on the opposite side of the picnic table, but he quickly fixed that. He charged over around the table until he was sitting right next to her. Then he enveloped her in a big tit-squashing hug.

Julie giggled at his enthusiasm.

It was all he could do not to kiss her on her lips again. He was mindful that they were in a public place. Even though his friends had already gone back to shooting hoops, he was especially concerned that some of them might see.

But most of all, he restrained himself because he was trying to give her time.

He was still playing his "long game." He figured that to win his incredible mother, it wouldn't be easy. Sometimes it was one or two steps forward, but other times it was a necessary step back. Ever since she announced on Sunday morning that her ovulation period had ended, he'd behaved like a perfect gentleman. He hadn't tried to cop a feel, or kiss her, or even say anything flirty whatsoever. His thinking was that if they were going to continue their sexual intimacy

together, it was vital that she took the next steps of her own free will, instead of feeling forced or pressured by him.

She too had been on her best behavior since that time. Thus, she also pulled back from the hug without even a peck on his cheek. Secretly, she was very disappointed not to feel her lips on hers and his tongue dancing inside her mouth, but she let it go.

She gazed into his eyes with a joyous grin. "We did it!"

Kyle's enthusiasm was growing as the enormity of the news sank in. Ideally, he would have loved to have another ovulation period to enjoy another fuck marathon in one month's time, but he knew the odds that he hadn't knocked her up were nearly zero, given how many times he'd squirted into her vagina in recent days.

His number one goal was to make her his willing slut. But right up there was impregnating her too. If nothing else, now they would always have that special secret bonding them together in a new way.

"Does Dad know yet?" he asked.

"No... I wanted to tell you first," she honestly told him. "After all, the genetic father should be the first to know, don't you think?"

"Wow," Kyle said with pride. His entire body tingled with goose bumps. He spoke his thoughts out loud. "Who could believe?! I'm only 18, and already a dad!"

"I never had a doubt... THANK YOU!" Julie said, her eyes gleaming.

"My pleasure." Kyle muttered. He thought, Understatement of the century!

"Literally." Julie giggled.

"Yeah, that's for sure!" Kyle said with wide eyes and a silly grin.

He and Julie shared a lingering stare.

An awkward silence followed.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, Julie stood up from the picnic bench, causing him to stand up too. She took his hands in hers, and then took a step back.

Her eyes remained locked with his, like they were two lovers sharing a pivotal moment.

In fact, that's exactly what they were (or at least had been), and what they were doing.

Julie admitted with a sly grin, "Well, I must confess that even though our intention was merely for you to breed me... it was my pleasure too. Literally!" She finished that with cute little giggle.

For what seemed like forever, their eyes gazed into one another's with deep, wicked meaning.

Kyle carnally desired her so badly that it hurt like a deadly physical wound. But he was determined that he had to give her space to want to come to him on her own. He was willing to wait, even if it took a long time. She was worth it.

Julie took another step back from him. Her long red nails grazed his fingertips as they very nearly broke physical contact.

There was another long pause. For some reason, both of their hearts raced faster and faster, even though the big pregnancy news had already been revealed. The tension skyrocketed too. One could have cut the air with a knife.

Her cheeks were turning red from blushing. She shyly asked, "Well... I guess... I'll see you home for dinner then?"

"Yeah." Kyle muttered. He tried not to show it, but his disappointment was clearly written on his face. Even though they were no longer lovers, at least for now, simply parting from her was quite painful for him.

"Unless..." Julie started to say. She looked and felt like a nervous teenage girl coping with the object of her very first crush. Except she was no mere girl, and had an incredible, voluptuous MILF body. She subtly repositioned, including arching her back. That caused her enormous breasts to thrust way out, stretching the thin black cotton fabric.

"Unless what?!" Kyle asked, suddenly filled with even more hope. His erection strained inside his shorts.

She glanced down at the lewd bulge in his shorts and unthinkingly licked her lips. "Unless... unless you'd rather come home with me now?" She nervously bit her bottom lip.

The two of them beamed at each other with smiles so brilliant that their mutual joy seemed to eclipse the brightness of the sun.

Kyle didn't even need to speak to say how much he approved of that idea. He was too excited to speak.

Chapter 18

Since it was another Monday, Jim was back at work. He tried to focus at his office that day, but it was a long, hard slog. He knew Julie had a morning doctor's appointment to see about her possible pregnancy.

He didn't want to be haunted by his cuckold fantasies all day long. It was just too painful, even if the arousal he felt was strangely powerful and addictive. So he threw himself into his work like a maniac.

It worked for a while, but it became increasingly tough for him to concentrate. More and more, his thoughts turned to his wife's pregnancy. It wasn't just that he'd been looking forward to having a second child. Some twisted part of him really got off on the fact that his son would be the father, after all that non-stop "breeding." But another part of him dreaded having to bring up someone else's child, especially his own son's child.

He didn't even know what he really wanted anymore. But simply not knowing the result yet was killing him.

He started to get nervous when lunchtime arrived and Julie still hadn't called. That was very unlike her, especially since she'd promised him to let him know right away.

As he was eating his lunch in the office building's restaurant, a friendly co-worker named Al wandered in and sat down next to him, since he was alone.

"What's up, Jim? You don't seem yourself today," Al said.

"Nah, my wife had a doctor's appointment this morning, so I'm just a little concerned." Jim carefully worded this to imply that Julie was experiencing some kind of sickness, since he obviously didn't want to talk about the pregnancy possibility with anybody.

"Well, have you tried calling her?" Al asked.

"Yeah... she's, uh... not answering her cell," Jim said glumly. He added to himself, That is true, and it's highly unusual for her. She always keeps her phone changed and with her.

He felt a surge of lust and jealousy as he thought, At least that's true when she's wearing clothes! What if she's naked right now?! With HIM?!

"Uh-oh, you know what that means?" Al said teasingly.

"No, what?" Jim asked.

Al stood up and readied to walk away. He was just passing through and being friendly, since he'd already eaten lunch.

But before he left, Al said, "They say if a wife doesn't answer a cell she's either dropped it in the gutter somewhere... or she's got her legs wrapped up around some lucky guy." He chuckled, oblivious to what an explosive issue that was for Jim.

Jim sat back in his chair. He could scarcely even breathe as he imagined Kyle lying naked on his wife, slowly feeding what seemed like an endlessly long cock deeper and deeper into her hot, tight furnace.

He wished with all his might that was really true and happening right now, and he wished with all his might that it wasn't. He was seriously fucked up.

Long after Al disappeared out of sight, he stared off into space in deep contemplation. The words he heard his wife whisper to Kyle their final night of "breeding" came back to him. They burned a hole in his heart.

He recalled her saying, "Oh, my amazing baby boy... make love to Mommy... FOREVER! And I do mean 'forever!'"

Jim sat at his desk for about an hour after lunch, but it was hopeless. He wasn't getting anything done whatsoever, because all he could think about was the pregnancy news, and why Julie hadn't called him yet. Has something gone dreadfully wrong?! Certainly she has to know SOMETHING by now, one way or the other!

Furthermore, he had the additional irritation of having to avoid his own secretary, Dora. They hadn't really had an in-depth heart-to-heart talk since he'd been caught fucking her by Kyle. He kept putting it off, because everything seemed up in the air for him.

Would he even still have a marriage worth saving in another month or a year? He didn't know.

It was true that "normality" had officially returned to his family. Ever since Sunday morning, he was back in place at the head of the household. Only he was allowed to touch his bombshell wife in any intimate way. Once again, she belonged to him and him alone.

But even though Julie repeatedly reassured him that was the case, he didn't feel that it was. He couldn't help but notice that she was less than enthusiastic. For instance, although he was allowed to kiss her on her lips again, when he tried to do that on Sunday, she turned her head slightly and exchanged kisses on the cheeks instead.

He understood that she would want and need some time before having sex with him again. She was completely exhausted, and her pussy was sore for good measure. Furthermore, he knew he wouldn't be ready for any kind of intimacy for a long while, even if she was. Kyle bested him so very thoroughly that it would be a long, tough road for him to get any sort of sexual confidence back, with any woman, and that was especially true with his wife. Had she tried to get frisky with him, he was sure it would end in disaster, with him not even able to get an erection.

That said, it hurt him that she apparently didn't even want to kiss his lips.

And while she said all the right things, and dressed and behaved like a proper wife for all of Sunday, he could tell it wasn't that simple. For one thing, whenever she was in the same room as Kyle, she clearly struggled not to stare at him with lust and longing. Usually she succeeded, but mostly by avoiding looking his way at all. Things were very awkward all around.

But it was even worse when he was with her without Kyle. She tended to just sit and stare off into space, lost deep in thought. He

had no doubt what she was thinking about during these times: getting fucked by her sex machine of a son!

That had just been a single awkward and trying day. Jim had no idea how he'd manage to carry on if things continued like this day after day, and week after week, as he was all but certain it would.

Then the pregnancy issue was haunting him on top of that. He didn't know which was worse, if the doctor said she was pregnant or if she wasn't. If she was pregnant, then she and Kyle would have a new and powerful bond, and one that would be a constant reminder of their wild three-day breeding session for decades to come. Kyle was supposed to just fade back to being a son and leave the father role to Jim, but would he really do that? What if he essentially took over

some or all of the fathering role for the new baby, and Julie willingly let him?!

But as disturbing as that seemed, it was probably even worse for Jim if she found out she hadn't been impregnated yet. That would mean another breeding session in one month's time! If mother and son could even wait that long. Jim worried that with the way things were going, they're probably start "practicing" before then.

On a whim, Jim suddenly decided that he couldn't wait around his office any longer. Luckily, he was in a powerful position in his company and was effectively his own boss, with several employees under him. He could make up an excuse to leave early and nobody would bat an eye. So he did just that. Right as two o'clock rolled around, he got in his car and headed for home. He just had to know what was going on, and why Julie hadn't called him yet!

By the time Jim made it home, he was an emotional wreck. It was true what he'd repeatedly told Julie lately, that the not knowing was what tortured him the most. As he parked his car in the garage, he noticed Julie's car was there too (along with his beat up old Toyota).

This made him angry. Son of a bitch! If she's home, why the hell wouldn't she call me?! We still have a landline phone, so I don't want to hear any excuse about her losing her phone or letting it go dead. I'll bet she's upstairs with him! Fucking!

Then, entering the house, Jim saw something that plunged him to the depths of darkest despair. All of his worst fears were realized! It was a trail of clothes, starting at the front foyer and leading up the stairs. He saw his wife's short denim skirt, her black V-neck, and her black high-heeled thong sandals, all tossed aside here and there. That was bad enough. But worse was seeing that Kyle's shoes, socks, shorts, and T-shirt were littered up the stairs as well!

Jim fell to his knees, tilted his head back, and clutched towards the sky with both hands. WHY?! Oh why?! Why was I such a fool?! Cheating on my wife, my perfect gorgeous wife, when I love her so much?! How did I lose interest in her sexually and want to seduce Dora instead, when Dora isn't half the woman she is, and not a total sex goddess like she is?!

This is all my fault! This is my karma, my retribution! My wife and son are fucking up a storm upstairs, I'm sure, and I all but put them there! UNGH!

He continued to gesticulate dramatically while on his knees. He was strangely silent, but it was like he was screaming inside his own mind. I'd hoped so hard that things could get back to normal, or at least some kind of pretense of normal. For the last 24 hours, at least I had some reason for hope. But now, THIS! No hope! No chance! Surely, our marriage is over! Or, if it continues, it'll only be a sham, a farce, a joke. Clearly, I can't compete. My son is the better man. More handsome. Stronger. Younger. Smarter, even. But mainly he's so fucking hung and virile! Sexually talented and insatiable!

Of COURSE she can't resist him, after he owned and smashed her pussy for three days straight! She's only human. I guess in hindsight

it's a wonder she even held out for 24 hours before they started up again! I'm so FUCKED! I just lost the best wife I could ever hope to have. All those years of marriage, down the drain!

He slumped further to the floor in abject defeat. What's the point of even trying to fight this? I'd only humiliate myself even more. If I was in her shoes and I had to choose between Kyle and me, I'd pick Kyle in a heartbeat. I wouldn't even have to think about it. That's just the brutal reality. I guess I'm good at making money, and I'm a nice enough guy. But Kyle... he's my superior in every way! I think I've seen the writing on the wall for a couple of days now. I have no fight left in me. None!

Jim felt so utterly destroyed that for once his weird cuckold lust was kept at bay by the intensity of his sorrow. But that lust was still inside him, waiting to come out. And, as he was starting to dimly understand, his emotional turmoil and humiliation was like rocket fuel, capable of sending that lust soaring high into orbit.

Even as he was mentally writing the final obituary on his marriage, a part of him was keenly listening for any tell-tale sexual sounds coming from upstairs. His new cuckold psychology was so messed up that at that very moment, when he was deciding all hope was lost, he actually felt disappointed not to hear them loudly fucking! It made no logical sense whatsoever, but that's how he felt.

In fact, his curiosity about why there was no audible fucking going on grew so strong that he found himself standing up and starting to walk up the stairs. He felt exactly like a puppet being controlled by someone else. He actually yelled in his mind for his feet to stop, but they didn't stop. He was trapped in a true nightmare, his worst nightmare imaginable, and yet there was a big part of him that was eager to peek in on the incestuous couple and hopefully see them at least pleasuring each other in some way.

Once he got upstairs, he staggered forward towards the master bedroom like some kind of slowly shuffling zombie. He told himself not to go there, not to look, but it was as if he was being pulled into that room by a tractor beam. Worse, the closer he got, the more his arousal came back! In fact, it hit him like a giant tsunami. He was swept away figuratively and swept forward literally.

Jim was in such a wasted, hopeless state that he didn't care much if they noticed him or not. He figured all was lost in any case. But maybe out of habit after spying on them through this very door so much in recent days, as he got closer, he switching into spying mode. He was grateful the door was partially open, as had become usual lately, so he could peek in without much danger of being seen.

His heart swelled with joy at what he saw! His marriage had turned into a sham and his entire life had turned into some kind of cruel joke, and yet he actually rejoiced! It made no sense whatsoever, but then again, none of his cuckolding feelings made any sense to him.

He saw Julie and Kyle lying naked in bed, side by side. They weren't fucking, but it was clear they'd been doing a lot of fucking recently. With the way Julie's legs happened to be sprawled out, he could see clear to her pussy and noticed how it was absolutely drenched, both with her own pussy juices, but even more so with Kyle's thicker and whiter cum. Rivulets of his fertile seed trickled far down her inner thighs. Her pussy lips were red and swollen too, no doubt from lots of recent pounding.

Jim was so psyched to see that proof of renewed fucking that it actually put a big smile on his face. His heart was breaking all over again at the exact same time, but his bizarre cuckold lust was the even more powerful emotion.

Her well-fucked pussy was just part of the overall picture. The two of them were awake and staring deeply into each other's eyes, showing their powerful love for each other. No doubt, they were resting after

some strenuous fucking, but they already had regained much of their sexual energy, because Kyle's dick was stiff again and Julie was holding it and casually stroking it up and down. Furthermore, Kyle was idly diddling her clit with one hand and tweaking a stiff nipple with his other hand.

Jim didn't know when it happened, or how it happened, but after taking this all in, he realized that his penis was fully erect again! He wanted to cry about that fact. His body was betraying him over and over again. But it felt so good, so intense. It seemed he didn't have much choice anyway, since he was completely in thrall to his cuckold desires, so he might as well enjoy what pleasure he could to take his mind off his marriage disaster.

Mother and son were in the middle of talking, and Jim listened intently.

Julie said, "Son, I just don't know what to do with you. What to do with Jim! These past 24 hours have been like hell on earth to me. I've felt ripped in two. I want so much to be a good and loyal wife to him. I really do love him, even now. We have so much history together. But I can't deny my desire for you! It's just too strong to resist! In fact, it's not even FAIR! Just look at your cock!"

Kyle and Julie stared down at his erection, and her fingers sliding up and down it.

Naturally, Jim stared there too, with just part of his head peeking past the door.

Julie went on, "You just fucked me for the better part of three hours! THREE HOURS! How is that even possible?! I felt lucky if Jim fucked me for fifteen minutes before cumming and being done for the night. And that's no knock on him. He's what's typical. I know, 'cos I've compared notes with lots of other wives and girlfriends, and their men are all the same."

Her eyes opened wide. "But not only do you fuck me more than should be humanly possible, but you're fully erect already! AGAIN! You came inside me three times since we got home, and squirted what seems like another gallon of your baby-makers into me, and yet here you are. So stiff and hot, and throbbing with life!"

Kyle modestly replied, "What can I say except that you inspire me? You know I was far from a virgin before I started fucking you. I've fucked lots of girls. But I never fucked any of them for three hours off and on, or anything close to that. Whereas with you, today, I feel like I'm just getting warmed up."

"OH GOD!" Julie wailed.

"What?" Kyle asked.

She started stroking his fat cock faster, and with both hands as her arousal grew. "That sounds so great! Son, I need you! I need your cock! I need it in my cunt at all times! All I want to do is be your slut! Your naked, naughty, well-fucked, big-titted mommy slut! But that's just my fantasy, how I feel. In reality, we both it's not physically possible for us to fuck 24 hours a day!"

He grinned widely. "If it was, I'd do it with you until the end of time!"

She grinned back. "I know you would, and I would too. But that's the problem."

She repositioned, moving down his body. She let go of his boner to push his legs apart and then lay down between them with her head right at his crotch.

He still was idly pinching and tweaking one of her nipples, but he had to stop when her chest moved out of range. He mildly complained, "Hey, where are you taking my favorite titties?"

She chuckled. "Don't worry, Son, they'll always be there for you. As far as I'm concerned, I AM your mommy slut from now on. I don't know what's going to happen with Jim, but I can't imagine a future without you fucking me and using me every day and every night!" She took his boner back in hand and resumed stroking it.

Kyle raised both hands in victory. "Sweet! That's the best news I've ever heard! Come back up here and let's celebrate with more kissing and fucking!"

She chuckled. "Hold your horses, my boy. That's the problem, all this fucking."

"What do you mean?!"

"Like I said, there are physical limits. When we had to stop fucking on Saturday night, I was so very sad. It just about broke my heart. But what made stopping a lot easier was that I was physically ruined. I mean I was DEAD! Utterly destroyed! Not just in terms of sheer exhaustion, but I was sore all over. Especially my cunt. My poor, poor cunt. She'd been crying uncle for most of the past three days!" She chuckled.

Then she continued, as she happily stroked his thickness, "I was actually grateful Sunday was a sex-free day. I needed it. I think we would have had to stop for a while even if I was still ovulating. I was at the end of my rope. I've partially recovered since then, thanks to some long, hot baths and Jim kindly giving me a great neck and back massage. But your last three hours of relentless pussy pounding has left my cunt crying for mercy again already. I swear, she's on fire and there's smoke rising from between my legs!" She chuckled some more.

Kyle frowned. "But that's bad! It's only, like, 2:30. We've got at least three hours of prime fucking time until Dad comes home. Even after he's home, now that we're back at it, I don't want to stop."

She answered, "I don't want to stop either. I'm sure we'll find a way somehow, although I don't know how. But... we have to acknowledge some natural physical limits. I'm not saying we can't fuck some more today. We can and we will. But, we have to pace ourselves. That's why I'm down here, staring right at all this yummy cock-meat!" She smiled and hungrily licked her lips.

He asked, "Yeah, why are you down there?"

She smiled wickedly. "You've been so big on breeding me in recent days that you're neglecting other tempting options. True, I really put my foot down on the no blowjobs, no titfucks, etcetera, but that was then and this is now! Things have changed, wouldn't you say?"

Then, to Kyle's utter amazement and great joy, she leaned in and ostentatiously lapped her tongue on and around his fat cockhead.

He clutched his hands to the sides of his head, shut his eyes, and clenched his teeth! "OH MY GOD!"

It wasn't that the pleasure of her licking was that outstanding. In fact, it felt about as pleasurable as if she'd been stroking him with two hands instead of one, and she'd done a lot of that in recent days. But it was the symbolism and implication of that act that filled him with boundless joy.

He thought, Here I am, still trying to achieve my ultimate dream. I'd expected it would take weeks to get to the point that Mom would choose me over her marriage and declare that she wants to be his slut. And yet it's already happening, after just one full day of me going without her! Furthermore, her tongue on my cock is a sign that all bets were off, all rules are thrown out the window!

Jim was continuing to watch every move between the two lovers with great intensity, although he was frustrated that he was all the way across the room and sometimes didn't have the right angle to see all the action. For instance, he could tell that Julie had just

started to lick Kyle's cock, but he couldn't see it since her head was in the way.

Even so, Jim felt curiously triumphant. More than ever before, in some bizarre way he was living vicariously through his son. It was ironic, since Julie was his wife and she had licked his cock sometimes (though very rarely, especially in recent years), so he knew exactly how that felt. But he actually felt much more joy and pleasure

imagining what Kyle was feeling than when he'd directly experienced that from the very same woman!

Kyle rubbed his hands all over his head, including his face, as if he was suffering through a painful "ice cream freeze."

Julie looked up and chuckled. "What?" She lapped on his cockhead some more.

He tried to explain, "It's just... UGH! It feels so good, for starters! Your tongue on my cock! But more than that, this means ANYTHING is possible! Right?! Oral sex, titfucking, cunnilingus, sixty-nining, footjobs, anal sex-"

She interrupted him, "Whoa, there, mister! You're right, anything IS possible! I want to be the kind of slut for you who NEVER says no! But... anal sex? I'm not so sure about that. Again, we've gotta respect certain physical limitations. You might just be too thick to ever enter my back door."

"But still!" Kyle was riding high. "All the rest! My GOD! So many possibilities! All my dreams are coming true! All of them, at once! With you, Mom, with you! I know I could fuck tons of girls, but all I want is you!"

"Awww, that's so sweet!" She flashed him a big, toothy smile. "That makes me so happy, Sweetie. You have no idea. I think your

powerful, naughty cock needs a very special reward, after that! And I know just the thing!"

Giving Kyle one of the biggest and most enjoyable shocks of his life, Julie tilted her head forward and down, and swallowed all of his cockhead in one fell swoop! It wasn't an easy task, because he really was remarkably endowed, but she was determined.

Chapter 19

Kyle had just lowered his hands from his head and opened his eyes, but he tilted his head back and clutched his head with both hands again when he saw what was happening and felt the resulting rush of extreme pleasure. "OH MY GOD! YOU'RE SUCKING MY COCK! MY GODDESS MOTHER IS SUCKING MY COCK!"

Jim already had a good idea what was going on from closely watching the positioning of his wife's head. But Kyle's words made perfectly clear what was happening, and that sent Jim's lust and joy soaring, even as caused his jealousy and frustration to spike as well.

Jim found himself so very aroused by this that he was all but forced to make himself more comfortable. He'd still been wearing his three piece suit from work. He shucked his jacket off and tossed it as far as he could behind him down the hall, and then loosened his tie. Most importantly, he unzipped his fly and started stroking his still very insistent erection.

As he did so, he rode confusing waves of desire mixed with resentment, anger, and other emotions. At the moment, most of his lusty anger was directed at Julie. Suck it, bitch! You shameless SLUT! Suck your son's impossibly thick cock! I hope you stretch your lips until it hurts! And get used to that pain, because now he's going to make you suck him all the time!

Karma's a bitch for you too, bitch! This is what you get for falling in love with your very own son! He's so damn virile and fit that his cock

is stiff pretty much all the time! Which means youd damn well better love choking and slurping on his cock, 'cos you're gonna be doing it every damn day!

Jim felt so horny and deranged that he relished the idea of Kyle getting to face-fuck his wife all the time, even though that would be

another nail in the coffin of his marriage. He was well past any sort of logic and just operating on some kind of primal emotional level.

Meanwhile, Julie was struggling to cope with the sheer size of her son's cock in her mouth. She was proud that she'd managed to get all of his cockhead inside, but her lips were stretching painfully (just as Jim predicted) and it was a constant struggle simply for her to keep it in her mouth.

However, she was doggedly determined. She didn't know if she enjoyed blowing him yet, but she considered it vitally important that she learn to do it, if only to help give her pussy more of a rest.

Luckily, she discovered she enjoyed it pretty much from the very start, despite the great difficulty. She'd always dearly loved her son in a motherly way, and she didn't think it was possible to love him more. But now they were sexually intimate, her love for him was way off the charts even compared to before. Knowing that she was giving him great pleasure gave her great pleasure too, creating kind of a positive feedback loop. Just hearing his constant erotic moans was all the reward she needed to stay inspired for her strenuous oral effort.

But it turned out that was just part of the overall picture. She'd hated sucking Jim's penis, but there was something about the sheer size of Kyle's pole that made sucking it a tough challenge she relished. And she felt degraded and humiliated in a bad way doing it with her husband, but those same feelings with her son drove her absolutely wild with rapturous euphoria.

As a result, after just a minute or two getting over the worst of her troubles with his thickness, she began bobbing up and down on him, and doing it with real enthusiasm and energy.

Kyle noticed her attitude, and that made him that much more visibly happy, which helped with that positive feedback loop. He put his

hands on her head and exclaimed, "That's it, Mom! Good GOD! Another impossible dream is coming true! I'm so overjoyed right now, I could just die!"

Julie moaned loudly around his shaft in approval. She began bobbing with more suction, and tried to get her tongue involved too. I know EXACTLY how you feel, Son! I could die from too much joy too! But don't you dare die now, because we have such a future together! I swear, I'm gonna be naked and hot and wet for you all the time! Gonna be your HOT SLUT!

Jim was frustrated that he couldn't see much of the action. Kyle was directly facing his direction, which meant Julie was lying down facing away from him. He could see much of her gorgeous naked body subtly writhing around, including her fabulous bubble butt wiggling with excitement, but all he could see of the blowjob was the way her head was bobbing up and down.

However, that was only a minor setback for him. He was so feverishly aroused, that whatever he couldn't directly see, he could easily imagine. Plus, he could see and hear Kyle's enthusiastic reactions, including a constant erotic and blissed out look on his face, and that helped keep his lusty fires burning bright.

Kyle and Julie remained oblivious that Jim was there. They didn't expect him to come home early like he did, and they were so deeply absorbed with each other that neither of them had bothered to check if he was spying (including Julie checking with her special mirror trick).

However, it didn't matter much in practical terms, because had they noticed, and especially had seen the way he was jacking off, they probably would have just kept the blowjob going anyway.

The two of them knew they would have to have a difficult discussion with Jim soon, about the pregnancy, the renewed fucking, and more,

but thanks to his clear cuckold fetish, he wasn't seen as a truly troublesome threat.

The blowjob went on and on. Julie was having so much trouble that tears were leaking from her eyes, but her determination was great, and she began to find it easier to do, allowing her to introduce more variety and increase her son's pleasure.

After about ten minutes, Jim couldn't handle any more and he lost control. He didn't have anywhere to cum, so he was forced to put his free hand over his cockhead and squirt into it. But he was still so deliriously aroused afterwards that he stayed in place and spied on them with just as much interest and arousal as before.

Cumming wasn't nearly as much of a problem for Kyle, as usual. His sexual stamina was several orders of magnitude better than his father's, for starters. But also, Julie was just beginning to learn how to properly pleasure him with her mouth. Any blowjob from her was fantastic, if only from the constant mental rush that she was the one blowing him. But coping with his thickness was a serious difficulty, and she had a lot to learn, a lot of room for improvement.

Happily for Kyle though, her determination to get better was boundless. Knowing that she and her son were together for the long run, she wasn't so focused on trying to get him to cum as she was on learning from him what he liked best and just generally learning her way around his cock with her tongue and her lips. Plus, not knowing that Jim was home, they assumed they had three hours of sexual fun time before possibly having to deal with him.

Thus, Julie paid especially close attention to how her son responded to all her little moves.

He quickly figured out what was going on, and began giving hand signals, such as a thumbs up or a thumbs down. Plus, he often moaned in approval or gave specific verbal feedback when necessary,

such as, "More saliva is good. And I love what your fingers are doing to my balls!"

Julie generally hated having to pull her lips off his shaft, because it was so tough to get her lips wrapped around his thickness again. But her mouth wasn't used to such a struggle with something his size, so she had to pull off to give her lips and jaw a breather from time to time anyway. During those breaks, she would pepper him with questions and ideas to help speed up her learning.

Jim couldn't help but notice that his wife was putting in what seemed like a 1000 times more energy and passion into sucking her son off than she ever did sucking him, on the very rare occasions she did that to him at all. Naturally, he was very resentful and envious, but by now he wasn't surprised to discover such feelings super-charged his arousal at the same time.

He found himself in kind of a tortured yet delirious ecstasy, enthusiastically rooting for his wife to suck his son's cock with more and more talent and passion. He knew it was totally illogical, but he wasn't that concerned about logic by this point. His main regret was that he didn't have a better view, preferably from the side, so he could directly see what her lips and fingers were doing.

He watched another twenty minutes. He still couldn't see much more than Julie's long brown hair bobbing up and down, but he never got bored. He got all sorts of clues about what was happening from both of them moaning and panting nearly constantly, plus his wife's loud slurpy noises.

Plus, there was a surprising amount of conversation, since there was a lot of feedback and learning taking place. Kyle in particular kept up something close to a running commentary, almost as if he knew Jim was there and wanted him to stay up to date on her latest oral moves (although he still didn't).

However, Jim still was frustrated. His erection eventually came back, and he enjoyed such a high from sheer lust that he felt numbed from his devastation that his marriage was over in spirit, though maybe not yet in a legal sense. Most of the time, he kept his eyes closed so he could imagine the sight of his wife's sliding lips, caved in cheeks, the drool rolling down her chin, her constantly sliding fingers, and much more, but most especially the struggle and ecstasy on her face. However, that still wasn't nearly as good as seeing the tantalizingly close "real thing."

He was tempted to simply announce his presence and stroll on in to take a better seat!

He was too chicken to actually do that, especially because he knew his arrival would cause an interruption, then probably a long discussion which would open up all sorts of painful emotional issues. He didn't feel ready for that yet.

But then he got another idea. He thought, This is a crazy, crazy idea. But my world has gone totally insane anyway. Right now, I'm supposed to be sitting at my desk in my office, looking over quarterly reports. Instead, I'm secretly jacking off in the upstairs hallway of my own damn house while spying on my wife sucking my son's cock! So don't talk about crazy! What do I have left to lose?!

He knew the master bedroom extremely well, since he slept it in every night (though he had a sinking feeling that soon wouldn't be the case anymore). He knew from memory what could be seen from what angle. It occurred to him, If I could peer in through one of the windows, Id be able to directly watch the hot blowjob action from

only about ten feet away! Better still, the windows are partially open since its the middle of a hot, sunny day, so Id be able to hear everything clearly too, and also much better than before!

The problem was getting to his favored window and staying there hidden and unseen. Luckily, there was a relatively flat wooden tiled roof just outside the windows. In fact, he'd done some repair work on

some of those tiles recently, so he knew the situation well. The roof was flat enough there that he didn't want to worry about sliding off and falling to the ground. Also very luckily, the window opened to their large, private backyard, so he didn't have to worry about some curious neighbor noticing him and wondering why the hell he was spying into his own house.

Once he figured all that out, getting to the spot he wanted to be at outside that window was a piece of cake. He just went to the garage, got out his ladder, and climbed right up from the backyard. He had to be very quiet and careful, but he made it to a kneeling position just outside the window without any trouble.

Then he peeked in, with his head in the lower left corner of the window and his eyes just barely peeking above the bottom of the window frame. What he saw was... WHOA! Talk about a cuckold's paradise! It's exactly as Id hoped! I can see everything! My wife is still steadily bobbing away, of course, and she looks so gorgeous. The sheer size of my son's thick cock filling her mouth and stretching her lips is blowing his mind! Il's just about the most beautiful and sexy sight I've ever seen in his life, right up there with watching her bouncing on his cock lit by nothing but moonlight when the two of them made love a couple of days ago.

Sneaking here is risky, but it's so worth it! If I could watch this sort of thing every day, I wouldn't even mind that much having Kyle replace me in my own bed. I've never felt more thrilled and alive!

It was the little details that really rocked Jim's world and made the insanity of masturbating on his roof in the middle of the day more than worth it to him. He loved when Julie kept her eyes closed (which was most of the time), because it showed how she was intensely focusing on the action of her tongue and lips on Kyle's fat cock. But he also loved it when she opened her eyes, because she always stared up into her son's face, partially to get some feedback from the expression on his face, but also to show her love and adoration.

Jim rarely looked to Kyle's face, since he'd seen plenty of that earlier, but he could always tell when Kyle looked back down and made eye contact, because there was a special sparkle of joy and desire in her eyes.

There were many other details too. For instance, he loved the lines of drool coming out of each corner of Julie's mouth, trickling down to the bottom of her chin. He loved just how flushed red her cheeks were. He loved the beads of sweat on her forehead, a sign of how hard she was working that cock. He loved that she typically had one hand stroking the rest of his shaft and her other hand playing with his balls. He loved when her nostrils flared and her cute nose wriggled, usually when she was struck by the pungent sex smell in the air. And she did cave her cheeks in quite frequently, and he loved that too.

But the one detail he loved most of all were the trails of tears leaking from the corners of her eyes. There weren't many tears, but she'd been at it so long already that he saw other trails of tears that had already dried. Clearly, sucking Kyle's cock was so very difficult for her that it sometimes made her eyes water. And yet she wasn't deterred in the slightest! In fact, he could see in every move she made that she loved it!

After the initial excitement of watching close up from his new spying position settled down some, he thought, In a way, today, my life has

come to an end. My marriage has been shattered, because it's clear Julie loves Kyle's cock so much that she's never going to stop. But... I'm also being reborn as some kind of willing cuckold. It's totally fucked up! I hate it! I certainly wouldn't freely choose it. But it is what it is and I can't see it going away, because those crazy feelings are only growing stronger and stronger.

I can't even bear to think about all the implications. But at least I get the very sizable silver lining that I can feel way more sexual arousal than even the best sex I ever had with Julie. And since she's such a sex goddess, it doesn't get any better than with her, doing things the normal way. I guess I'm just more wired for this than regular sex. Kneeling here, masturbating on the roof in totally humiliating

fashion, I've never felt like this! It seems every nerve ending in my entire body is tingling with arousal and energy! Seeing the passion in Julie's face as she sucks his cock... it's goddamned inspirational! This is who she is and where she belongs, sexually serving her son. Whereas this is who I am and what my role is: watching in lusty frustration.

I hate it, but... fuck! I kind of love-hate it! I mean, just look at her face, with her intense concentration and her lips stretched so wide! That's the sexiest face in the world!

I still love her dearly, but we all know I can't give her one-tenth the sexual joy she can enjoy with Kyle. Hell, not even close to that much. If I truly love her, how can I deny her so much incredible pleasure in her life, if she becomes his full-time willing slut? And of course Kyle will love it too, and he is my son and I love him. And it's not ALL bad for me. I'm so fucking horny and ecstatic right now, I could seriously pass out!

The blowjob kept going. Kyle and Julie remained utterly oblivious that Jim was spying on them from close up. Neither of them had any

reason to look towards the windows. In fact, both of them kept their eyes closed most of the time anyway. But even if one of them did, they almost certainly wouldn't have paid close enough attention to look at the bottom corner of one window and see the top part of someone's head there. The extreme unlikeliness of that actually served as a kind of camouflage.

What could have given Jim away instead was his breathing, since he was so very aroused that he couldn't help but continually pant heavily. That was a constant danger for him. But luckily, at this time, both Kyle and Julie were breathing heavily all the time too, so the sound of Jim's breathing blended in. But mainly, they were so very aroused and distracted that about the only way they were going to notice Jim was if he walked in the room and slapped both of them on their heads!

More time passed. Julie had been sucking Kyle's cock for nearly an hour. During that time, her talent improved so dramatically that it was almost impossible Kyle for to believe he was getting sucked by the same mouth as when she started. She was really, really keen to get good at this, and since she was enjoying it so much, all the "practice" was a constant pleasure for her too.

However, as Julie warned Kyle earlier, there were certain physical limitations that had to be acknowledged. In this case, sucking a cock that thick and long for so many minutes was a physical ordeal, even with the increasing number of short breaks she was taking. That was especially true in her case, since this was her very first time with Kyle, and his sheer size meant it was effectively a totally new experience for her, using muscles in new ways. Her tongue and jaw in particular were exhausted!

Kyle, by contrast, was living the life of Riley. It was a breeze for him to just kick back and enjoy her hot mouth. His stamina was already great when he was fucking her and sweating up a storm. During a blowjob, literally the only thing he had to do was make sure he

didn't cum too early, so his stamina was even better. He felt he could hang on for hours.

However, he sensed that she was winding down. He felt increasingly bad for her the more she struggled just to keep going. He certainly didn't want her to give up "in defeat" without getting him to cum first. So, before she lost her willpower to go on, he stopped continually clenching his PC muscle, and felt the inevitable happen less than a minute later.

Once his balls tightened, he yelled out, "Hey! Mom! I just crossed the line! I'm gonna cum now, any second!"

Julie felt like a marathon runner who was struggling just to stagger to the finish line. She was right on the verge of needing to take a much more significant rest in order to keep going, if she could keep going at all. But hearing her son yell those words gave her one last

hopeful burst of oral energy. She began sliding her lips on his shaft faster and faster, and sunk her cheeks in yet again, applying a tremendous amount of suction.

Kyle let go with a loud whoop. Although he felt like he could hold out indefinitely, he'd been right on the cusp of climaxing for a long, long time, and it felt great for him to finally achieve release. Plus, cumming into his mother's mouth for the very first time was a huge thrill in and of itself.

Julie hadn't given any thought to taking his cum on her face or her tits, if only because she was so very tired. Somewhere in the back of her mind she mentally noted that she wanted to give those experiences a try soon. But for now, she was very delighted to simply feel her son's hot cum blast into the back of her throat.

As with seemingly everything sexual about Kyle, he was in an entirely different league that his father. So it was with the size of his cum load. It was larger than Jim's by roughly the same proportion

his cock and balls were larger than Jim's were. As a result, Julie had a flood of cum to deal with. She was taken by surprise, because shed unthinkingly expected as much cum to come out as when she'd blown Jim.

She tried her very best, and swallowed Kyle's cum as fast as it could, in order to make room for more. But she couldn't keep up, and much of his cum wound up spilling out of her mouth and dribbling down her chin.

She hadn't been even thinking about cumming herself, and she didn't touch her own privates. But it turned out that making her son cum was such a thrill that she had a decent sized orgasm anyway.

She didn't have a clue about it at the time, but her "failure" to swallow all of Kyle's cum was a great delight for Jim. Although he could tell that Kyle was cumming, the fact that it was all taking place inside

his wife's mouth meant he didn't have much to see, even from his much better secret viewing spot. But he could see the cum overflow down her chin, and that helped him realize just how copious the rest of Kyle's cum load had to be.

He felt a strange sense of pride, that his son was such a sex stud, even though that son was in the middle of stealing his wife away for him. Again, nothing really made logical sense to him anymore, but his feelings were real and couldn't be denied.

Jim also had been teetering on the edge of cumming for a long, long time. He'd managed to hold out much longer than usual for him by merely holding his erection for several minutes at a time, and then only stroking it very lightly. But when he saw all that son-cum dribble down his wife's chin, he sensed the mental rush starting to flood over him would be more than he could take, so he frantically stroked his shaft until he started to spurt.

He hadn't given any thought as to wear his cum was going to go. But since he was outside and on the roof towards the backyard, he figured it didn't really matter much. He just let the cum fly into the wall right in front of him. Luckily, the entire exterior of the house was painted white. When he finished, he noticed it was hard to notice his cum deposit, even from where he was kneeling right next to it. It just looked like a very small part of the wall had gotten wet.

He thought about getting down off the roof, because he was completely sexually satiated. But before he started to do so, it occurred to him that Kyle and Julie were likely to talk some after their mutual orgasms were over. He was very interested in whatever they might say, especially since he still didn't know if she'd been impregnated yet. He figured it was highly likely that she was, but a strong guess wasn't the same as knowing for sure.

Sure enough, about a minute after Kyle's orgasm ended, Julie wiped her chin clean as best she could and then crawled up his body until

her head was resting on her son's muscular chest, just below his neck.

She already knew from the three day fuck marathon that his cock could stay erect for a few minutes after cumming, and often didn't go flaccid at all. So after she resettled on him, she took his wet boner back in hand and idly jacked him off.

Kyle was very tired, and sexually satisfied, but he wrapped his arms around her upper body in a loving embrace. He couldn't resist a little tit play, as usual, but he was too wiped out to do much of that.

She smiled up at him, and looked to his face to see his expression. "So... stud, what do you think about your very first mommy blowjob?"

He fondly ran a hand through her long brown hair. "I think... it was magnificent! I loved it!"

She suddenly got all giddy. "Really?!"

He grinned madly at her modest reaction. "Really, really! Of course! Sweet Jesus! That was the best! Best head ever! So much better than any girls I've ever been with. Some of them just lick 'cos they can't even fit it all in."

She beamed at the praise. "Amateurs!" She giggled. Then she said more seriously and earnestly, "But Sweetie, I know I'm still not that good, because I'm sure I can get a lot better. I didn't even START to try to deep throat you. I can't wait until I can do that. I want to be so good for you! I want to rock your world, just like you always rock my world every time you fuck me."

He lovingly stroked her hair, while she stroked his cock. "Thanks, Mom! I'm sure you can get better, because this was your very first

time. You can't hit a home run the first time you pick up a baseball. But if this IS your very best, I'll already be an extremely psyched guy anyway, because it's awesome! Especially the last little while. You were sucking like a pro! You improved so much so fast that it's nuts!"

She sat up higher on him so she could better look him in his eyes. She made sure to keep her huge tits draped on his chest though, since she knew how much he enjoyed that. "That's because I love you so much! We haven't really talked about our future together yet, but I hope you take it as a given after today that you can never stop fucking me, and loving me, and breeding me. I won't let you! And that's an order!"

She playfully wagged a finger in his face with one hand while still jacking him off with her other hand. She was pleasantly surprised to find this was one of those times he wasn't going flaccid, although it was daunting for her too since she was sexually tired out.

He chuckled. "Yes, ma'am! Although, I'd like to point out I can't keep breeding you now that you're already knocked up."

Jim gasped, loudly. He didn't mean to, but that unexpected confirmation that his wife had been impregnated by his son was momentous news, something that would change all of their lives forever.

Unfortunately for his spying effort, his gasp stood out, especially now that the noisy blowjob was over and even the heavy panting had come to an end.

Kyle glanced over towards the sound of the strange gasp, which meant looking to the windows.

Right then, Jim ducked down. But his duck wasn't fast enough.

"What the FUCK?!" Kyle exclaimed. He saw some motion that looked like a dark brown head ducking out of view. He immediately disengaged from Julie, forcing her to roll off him. Then he rushed to the window.

Kyle didn't actually need to rush, because there was no way Jim could escape in time, unless maybe he simply threw himself off the roof. Doing that never even crossed Jim's mind, anyway. All the embarrassed father could do was curl up in a ball, stay low, and pray he hadn't been noticed.

The next thing Jim heard was Kyle's voice saying with chagrin and disappointment, "Hi, Dad."

Jim meekly opened his eyes. He looked up through the window and saw his bare-chested son staring down at him, with his hands on his hips. He'd been through a lot of humiliations and indignities in the last few days, but this one was the worst of the worst! (At least so far. He guessed that the cuckold life he was heading towards would be full of such incidents.)

Then, to make matters worse, Jim saw Julie come into view, stand next to Kyle, and then look down at him. She looked fantastic from this angle. Looking at up her from such a low position, he could only partially see her face due to her massive, glorious tits being in the way.

Unfortunately, he still could see enough of her face to tell that she was severely disappointed in him.

She muttered, "Oh, Jim! Jim, Jim, Jim. Whatever are we going to do with you?"

It was inevitable that some kind of reckoning between Jim on one hand and Kyle and Julie on the other needed to happen, and soon.

Had Jim played his cards right, he could have been righteously indignant that the two people he loved the most had resumed fucking each other after they'd promised to stop. But the way he'd been caught in such a humiliating situation caused him to totally lose the moral high ground. He'd become an object of pity.

Kyle rolled his eyes in disgust at his father. He muttered, "Well, no point in you staying there. Might as well come inside and talk."

Chapter 20

It was a long walk of shame for Jim. First, after zipping up his pants and tucking his flaccid penis away, he had to get off the roof and down the ladder. Then he had to put the ladder away. Finally, he had to walk through the house and up to the master bedroom, the room that he almost certainly wouldn't be sleeping in again. The closer he got, the slower he went. His feet felt like lead.

He walked past the still partially open door and came all the way into the room.

Kyle and Julie hadn't just been standing there waiting for him. They'd gone back to bed, still naked, of course. They were passionately making out while Julie resumed jacking off Kyle's very erect boner and Kyle freely fondled her firm ass and huge tits.

Adding to Jim's humiliation, he had to clear his throat and then cough to get their attention.

The two lovers reluctantly broke their kissing and looked his way, but otherwise didn't bother to disengage or stop the sexual fun they were having.

Julie repeated her earlier sentiment. "Jim, I'm so disappointed in you. Whatever are we going to do for you?"

To the surprise of Jim and Julie, Kyle took charge of the conversation. He was living his sexual dream life, and he had some firm ideas of how things should go. He took charge in order to help make things played out just as he wanted them to.

He said, "Dad, we've got a LOT to talk about. I take it you figured out that the doctor said Julie is pregnant."

Jim nodded soberly. He couldn't resist complaining, "Yeah, but it wasn't exactly how I wanted to find out. Dear, why didn't you call me?! I waited so long for you call. I finally got so anxious that I came home to find out what was going on. And look where that got us."

Julie couldn't resist griping, "What, did you lose your keys, so you had to peer in from the outside?"

Jim blushed at that reminder of his shameful spying.

Kyle said, "Look. Let's not worry about that. Obviously, Mom didn't call you because she didn't know what on earth to say to you. How do you tell your husband that your son just knocked you up? And

also, after she told me the news, sparks flew between us, and we ended up fucking the day away."

Julie said contritely, "Sorry, Honey. Kyle is right. I just didn't know what to say. Especially with so much between the three of us being up in the air. Everything is undefined. Forgive me?"

Jim nodded. After a pause, he asked, "Can you forgive me? For spying on you without permission?"

Julie smiled and nodded back.

Kyle said, "I forgive you too. But, uh, how long were you spying on us, anyway?"

Jim's embarrassment grew. He turned his head, unable to keep eye contact. "Uh, ah... I got here in time to hear you talking about just finishing up three hours of fucking. Then I watched the oral action. All of it. First, through the partially open door, but then... as you know..."

"From the roof," Kyle finished for him. "That's not such a big deal, by the way. We know you were spying on us left and right on Saturday, for instance. I guess it's just way extra weird to catch you peering through the window! On the roof!"

He quickly went on, "But anyway, I think it's time to clear the air on a few things. Obviously, Mom and I are fucking again." He looked down at Julie's hand sliding up and down his thick shaft, and smirked.

Jim winced, but didn't say anything. He was feeling strangely cowed. He normally hadn't been like that at all, but ever since he'd started into his cuckold fetish, it was like he couldn't resist turning into a wimp.

Kyle went on, "As you can guess from eavesdropping on us, that's just a fact of life now. It's not going to change, and it's never going to change. I'm taking sexual possession of her. Forever! Are you gonna accept that, or are you gonna try to do anything about it?!"

Jim sadly said, "What could I do?! Clearly, she's made her choice. I'm way outclassed by you sexually, and all of us know it. I would just look like I fool if I tried to pretend otherwise."

Kyle said, "That's true, and I'm glad you realize it. But it's also true that she still loves you. I know she hasn't been acting like it since the breeding began, but I know both of you well and I know you've had a long and happy marriage up until just a few days ago."

Julie said, "That's true, Jim. I do still love you. Very much. It's just that our son, well... you know what happened! He swept me off my feet in a sexually irresistible way! Look at this cock!"

Jim had already been staring at the on-going handjob as much as their faces. He looked back there and saw his wife's hand still steadily pumping up and down the improbably thick shaft.

Julie added, "How could I possibly resist this?! How could ANY woman ever resist this, once she gets a taste of how it feels and what it can do? I don't even feel that guilty, despite the fact that you're my husband and I love you, because my son is just so very... irresistible! It's like this has to happen!"

Jim grimly nodded. "I can see that, and I understand. It is like trying to stop a runaway train with your bare hands. My big mistake was letting him start to breed you in the first place. Once that happened, the rest was inevitable."

He bitterly added in his mind, Thanks to fucking Dora! Seducing me like some kind of sexy, shameless slut. How could I resist that?! But I should have with a woman like Julie at home, and I didn't. Ultimately, I dug my own grave!

Kyle took charge again, while still possessively fondling his mother's huge tits. "Good. I'm glad that we're all in agreement. As I said, I'm taking sexual possession of Mom. Ownership of her, even. I'm gonna fuck her every single day, so long as I can breathe, and I'm going to love her not just as my mother, but as my personal slut too. That's just a plain fact, Dad, and we've gotta figure out a way to help you live with that."

Before Jim could come up with a reply, which was very tough to do, Julie spoke up. She stopped stroking Kyle's cock and appeared to be upset. "Now, wait a minute! 'Personal slut?! Take 'ownership' of me?! Those are pretty strong words! Do I get any say in this?!"

"Um..." Kyle was at a loss. He was trying to be brave and take charge of the family, but he hadn't anticipated her asking that.

Before she let him twist in the wind too long, she broke into a smile and resumed her cock stroking. "Gotcha! Don't worry, I'm thinking in the exact same way. In fact, I would be honored to be your personal slut, Son. Honored! And it's fitting too, because that's exactly how I feel. In fact, feel free to call me whatever you damn well want. The naughtier the better. It's your right! Just so long as you keep fucking me like you do!"

She scooted up enough to plant her lips on his. The two of them proceeded to share a very prolonged and fiery kiss. Of course, all the while she continued to jack him off and he continued to fondle her massive knockers and whatever other parts of her incredible, fit body were in reach.

That left Jim to just awkwardly stand there, right after his son had told him that his wife was going to be his "personal slut!" He was red-faced and burning with even more humiliation, jealousy, and inadequacy.

But, as had become the pattern, it left him even more turned on. As he watched them neck and fondle, her thought, This is just further

proof that I'm completely out of my league. I love her so very much! But if I ever tried to call her my "personal slut," she'd destroy me with a withering look, or even slap me. But he calls her that, she agrees! As she should! When she gets naked in his arms, that's exactly what she is! She's so beautiful! So wanton and sexy!

Look at how hes just casually cupping her pussy mound and then fingering her slit a little bit. And the way she moans! God, it's so hot! He owns her already! She's built for sex! With HIM!

Julie abruptly broke the kissing, and pouted to Kyle, "No fair! Dropping a bomb on me like that, right in the middle of a serious conversation. I need to celebrate all over your cock. I'm too horny!"

Kyle was suddenly inspired. "I know just what to do about that!" Being a strong and muscular young man, he picked his mother off his body and lifted her up in the air with ease, causing her to squeal in surprise and fear. Then he slowly lowered her down, with his aim to bring her pussy to his cock.

He couldn't hold his boner up stiffly while also holding her entire body with two hands, so he had to say to her, "Quick! Guide yourself in. Impale yourself down on me!"

She caught on to what he was doing, and she was insane with lust for him. "Oh, SON!" She gripped his thick shaft firmly and lined his cockhead up with her slit.

Once he saw she'd done that, he slowly eased her body down, forcing her to dramatically impale herself down on his thick pole.

Jim watched all this while standing near the foot of the bed. He was so very turned on by the sight that it was a struggle to prevent himself from dropping to his knees. His erection was back, tenting and straining almost painfully against his pants.

Feeling cocky, especially with Jim right there, Kyle used both hands to dramatically lift his mother up and down several times. He was careful each time that she'd rise up until her cunt about an inch from popping free from his cock, only to slowly impale her back down on it again.

After just a couple times of Kyle doing this, Julie began screaming with delirious euphoria each time he impaled her again.

But then he settled down and just left it up to her to rise and fall on his boner at her own pace, because he was in the middle of unfinished business with Jim.

She couldn't lift herself up nearly as high as he did with his impalements, but she was still able to keep a good, slow fuck rhythm going, despite the fact that they were both facing the same direction and the leverage between their bodies wasn't as good as usual.

Kyle resumed the conversation with Jim as if there had only been a brief pause. "Now, that's the bad news for you, that you've totally lost her in a sexual sense. But that doesn't necessarily mean that you've completely lost her in all other ways."

Jim asked, "What do you mean?!" He was having a hell of a time, because the conversation was vitally important, yet his lust from watching the on-going fucking was so strong and all-consuming that he felt like a moron, barely able to think at all.

Kyle had thought his desired future through long before he'd ever gotten the chance to fuck his mother. The time had finally come for him to explain his vision. "Dad, you're a cuckold. That's plain to see. Don't even try to deny it. Mom and I figured it out a few days ago, around the time we started sending you those pictures and texts. We never would have done that if we didn't figure you'd get off on them. We were kind of testing you too, to see how far you'd get into it."

Jim felt emotionally crushed all over again, to hear his strange "affliction" discussed out loud for the very first time. That made it even more painfully real to him. He wailed in distress, "I don't know what's wrong with me! I'm not this way normally. You know that.

Never before! It's like some mental illness has come over me. I don't know what's going on!"

Kyle briefly waved a hand dismissively. He couldn't do that for more than a few seconds, because he was using both hands to help keep Julie sitting up on him, since she was leaning back towards his head.

He said, "Don't worry about it. Now's not the time for that discussion. Let's just accept that as the new reality, just like how Mom being my fuck slut is also a new reality."

Julie moaned lustily at being called "fuck slut." When it came to her son, she felt completely sexually uninhibited, and she loved that sort of dirty talk. She made some extra big bounces on his shaft and came extremely close to cumming.

Jim reluctantly nodded.

Kyle went on, "I can see you're feeling conflicted about the whole cuckold thing, but it's a lucky thing for all of us. It could help us thread the needle and come up with a new arrangement we all can live with. The way I see it, I'm still young, far too young to settle down and have a family. I love Mom with all my heart and I want her to be my woman for the rest of my life, but I just impregnated her and I'm not ready to play the father role for our new baby."

Julie gasped loudly in shock. She spun around in place, like a vinyl record and her son's cock the central spindle. Once she faced him, she exclaimed, "There you go again! How can you just say those things to Jim without talking to me first?!"

Kyle felt bad. "I'm sorry! It's just that I've had a plan in my head for a long time and we haven't had a chance to talk yet."

Before he could say more, she gushed in delight, "You just say you want me 'to be your woman for the rest of your life!' Do you have any idea how big of a deal that is?! Or how overjoyed it makes me?!"

He laughed in relief. He was overjoyed himself that she was accepting that idea. But he said, "Hold on! Before you approve too much, hear the rest out."

She nodded impatiently. She started bouncing on his cock more urgently. "Okay, but fast! Then I'm gonna make you cum and cum and cum, with the very best orgasm of your life! Because I'm your slut now and you make me so very happy that I could scream!"

He chuckled. "Don't scream yet! Here's the rest. Like I was saying, Dad, Mom and I are sexually joined together already, as you can even see this very moment."

Julie spun back around to face her husband. She resumed aggressively bouncing on her son's cock to help make his point clear.

Kyle continued, "But also like I was saying, she's newly pregnant and I don't want to be the father when it comes to raising the child. You DO want that, from everything I understand. Even though you know I'm the genetic dad."

Jim was still half-mad with lust, but he managed another nod.

Kyle told his father, "Good. So here's my thinking. What if you and Mom continue your marriage, just like before, except in an entirely non-sexual way? I love you both, even though I've been doing what I have to do to realize my ultimate dream, partially at your expense. Hell, mostly at your expense. It would be a shame to break this family up. So you could continue to be Mom's husband, but sleep in

another room and never intimately touch her. The sex part, obviously that would be entirely my domain. We all know I'm the better man in that

department. But you're still a great guy otherwise, and a good husband."

He added knowingly, "Even though you may slip up sometimes, especially lately."

That was a veiled but clear reference to Jim's recent affair with Dora, and Jim knew it.

Julie didn't have a clue though, and missed the entire point of that sentence, mostly because she was so excited about all the rest her son had just said. She paused her fuck-bouncing to exclaim, "You know what?! That might just work!"

She looked to Jim. "Honey, I've been kind of ripped in two, ever since Kyle started to fuck me. A part of me still loves you dearly and wants to continue our marriage. It's got some issues, but I think it's still pretty strong, except of course sexually. In retrospect, we're just not well matched that way."

Jim nodded again. His hopes were rising that at least some of his marriage could be salvaged.

She went on, "That said, a part of me has wanted to keep getting fucked by Kyle! In fact, as you know, there's no way I could possibly resist that. So I've been torn between my wedding vows and my new shamelessly slutty nature. What our son just suggested could be the solution! Don't you think?"

She continued, "Not only that, but it would fit in perfectly with your new cuckold thing. Kyle could fuck me with his huge cock every day and every night, in every room of the house, and you'd be here the whole time, getting your rocks off in your weird way without being

allowed to touch me at all. It would be the ideal cuckold dream! What do you say?!"

Jim still felt moronic, because being talked to while his wife was bouncing on his son's cock was too hot for him to even breathe, despite the fact she'd slowed the bouncing way down in order to able to talk coherently.

On top of that, Kyle's plan felt so good to him that he was feeling a surge of overwhelming euphoria too. Maybe his life wasn't effectively over after all!

He said, carefully, "It would be a big change... very big... But... I think it's worth a try!"

Julie squealed and threw her hands up in the air in excitement. "Yeay! Thank God you said that, because I think this will work, and any other path will be a total mess!" She started bouncing on her son's cock even more dramatically, causing her to grunt after each mini-impalement.

She held her arms open wide for Jim while staying in place on the bed. "Honey! Come here! Give me a hug and a kiss to celebrate and seal the plan!"

As if in a dream, or maybe still a nightmare, Jim staggered forward towards his wife. He was still so rip-roaring drunk on lust that he had to concentrate on just putting one foot in front of the other.

When he got to the side of the bed, and close enough to lean in for a kiss, Julie had second thoughts. She frowned with concern, and said, "Actually, scratch the hug. You might make contact with my big tits and they belong to Kyle now. Let's just make it a peck on the lips, if you don't mind?"

Jim was too out of it to even complain. He bent over, kissed her on the forehead, and then stood back up.

Julie had missed a cock-bounce or two so Jim wouldn't have to try to kiss a moving target. But with the symbolic kiss done, she resumed the bouncing, gleefully rising up and down on her son's fuck pole each time.

She also clapped her hands together. "There! That's official then! Jim, my body officially belongs to Kyle now, my sweet huge-cocked love, but you still have half of my heart."

Jim smiled weakly. He had a growing desire to leave the room, because he was feeling weak all over and was worried that he might simply pass out. It wasn't just that his lust was on overload - it seemed most of his emotions were on overload, totally maxed out, and that was very exhausting to endure.

Kyle had switched to sitting up and leaning forward slightly, with his chest pressing against his mother's back. That gave her the necessary support to stay sitting upright and keep bouncing on his throbbing shaft. That in turn freed his hands, so he naturally reached around both sides of her upper torso and cupped her massive tits from below.

He felt totally triumphant. He'd thrown his plan out there for inspection, and both of his parents agreed to every part of it! On the surface, it was a crazy plan. But he knew his parents very, very well. It might not have had much chance of working except for the unexpected twist of Jim discovering that he was a full-on willing cuckold. That was the missing piece that would make it all work, he was sure.

Looking up at Jim, he said, "There you go. Congratulations to you, and me, and all of us. I know it's gonna be super weird at first, but we'll just have to plow through that, as it were."

Julie couldn't resist snickering. "Yeah, 'plow through!' One thing I know is that there's going to be a lot of plowing!"

Even Jim couldn't resist breaking into a big smile at that, despite the fact that he was increasingly convinced he could pass out at any time.

He turned and walked away. "I'm gonna leave you to your plowing and celebrating. I'm tired. I'm going to your room, Kyle, which I guess now will be my room."

Kyle felt another rush from hearing that and thinking about the implications. "Yeah, I guess so." I'm gonna get to sleep with Mom every night! Hopefully for the rest of my life!

Jim just nodded. He was too weak to fight. Besides, he figured that was fated to be, no matter how he felt. He actually got another rush much like Kyle's from thinking about the implications.

As he continued to walk out of the room, he said, more to himself than to Kyle, "I wish you two well, I really do. I just wish... I wish... I wish I was young and well-hung and a human sex machine! But I'm not, and you are. That's life."

It was a challenge, but Jim made it all the way to Kyle's bed, which was now his bed. He was so emotionally drained that he fell asleep right away, even with his erection still tenting in his pants.

Once Jim was gone, Julie spun around in place once more, again using her son's cock as her central axis. Facing him, with his hands right back on her big globes, she said, "I'm so glad we have this plan now! And yet... there's Jim. What's happened to him is so sad. I'm a terrible wife."

Kyle responded, "Sure, in a way you are. But don't feel bad. A lion is 'terrible' in the sense it kills and eats its food. But it has to be that way. A lion cant turn into a non-violent lamb or it'll die. In the same way, you were fated to be my slut. Bizarre circumstance caused me to start fucking you, but once that happened, you discovered your true nature, and there's no way you could be anything else but my

personal slut. You know it's true. So feel a little guilty if you want, and use that guilt to be a better wife for him. Of course, a platonic wife. But don't feel too guilty, because you don't deserve it."

She nodded thoughtfully, and generally agreed with all that. She felt it was fate. In fact, she secretly wondered if it might have happened anyway, because her desire from him had been steadily growing even before the breeding plan had been proposed. She thought back in retrospect how her flirting had been getting out of hand. Maybe that breeding plan merely speed things up considerably and made the entire process easier on all three of them as a result. But they would never know for sure what might have happened otherwise.

Then she asked, "What about you? Do you feel guilty?"

"I do," Kyle admitted, I guess I'm a pretty evil son to Dad, no matter how you slice it. But 'all's fair in love and war,' and my desire for you was and is so strong that I feel like I really had no choice at all. I just HAD to have you, like I need food to eat or air to breathe! You may think that's corny, but you'll see. My desire for you is endless and all-consuming! I'll never get tired of fucking you and loving you, I swear, and I'll never need another woman to keep me happy!"

She smiled from ear to ear. "I believe you, especially the endless lust part!" She laughed. "I'll never tire of getting fucked by you either!"

She rose particularly high on him and then slowly impaled herself back down to help emphasize her point. "Plus, I already know that I'm going to love sucking your cock just as much as the fucking. Heck, I already do! And there's so much more we haven't even tried yet. Especially titfucking!"

"Mmmm!" He slowly yet aggressively kneaded her soft tit-mountains, inspired by the titfucking talk. "We're going to need to do that next. Today. And then lots, lots more!"

She laughed. "Definitely! That said, remind me later to talk to you about this 'never need another woman stuff. You're still young, and eventually I'll get too old. You'll need someone around your age. Some sweet and busty slut to help me take care of your cock as you get older, as well as give you children you can fully claim as your own. But like I said, that's a discussion for another time. Right now, I just want you to fuck the hell out of me some more!"

He disagreed with her about her "sweet and busty slut" idea, but the more fucking idea sounded great to him.

He repositioned by lying on top of her. It was a rather "boring" fuck position that they'd already done many times in recent days, but it was a "classic" because it was so good. He felt a desire for it at the moment because it allowed him to let out his energy thrusting in and out of her while he could still look at her face from close up and stare lovingly into her eyes.

Soon, the two of them were so lost in their passionate fucking that Jim was all but forgotten. They truly were in lust and in love.

EPILOGUE - FIVE YEARS LATER

Kyle did get to fuck his mother's enormous tits later that afternoon, and it was just as glorious as it had been in his best dreams. She loved it too. They both knew it would become a daily event for them from that time on.

But the curious thing was that Jim had recovered from his emotional exhaustion by that time. He was bold enough, and aroused enough,

that he invited himself in to the master bedroom and got to watch that "historic" first titfuck while sitting in a chair right next to the bed. In a much, much stranger way, he also loved it.

Time passed. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years. That first titfuck helped set a pattern for the

three of them: Kyle fucked Julie a lot, and in her every orifice. He actually fucked her cunt, mouth, and cleavage in roughly equal measure - until they finally managed anal sex and added that to the routine, but only as an occasional special treat. There was a lot of cunnilingus and sixty-nining too, and she got very good at deep throating.

But if Jim was home, it was far from uncommon for him to take a seat and watch the sex to get his own sexual jollies. He never, ever got permission to intimately touch Julie, and he didn't want to touch Kyle (and Kyle felt the same about him). But he was allowed to expose his penis just enough so he could masturbate to climax whenever he wanted to. Other times, they would "punish" him and "force" him to secretly spy on them instead. He probably got off on that even more.

It was a damn odd arrangement, but it worked surprisingly well for all three of them. Julie successfully gave birth nine months after her impregnation to a lovely and healthy baby girl named Amy. Being the mother to a baby put a crimp in her sex life for a while, but it wasn't that bad because Jim took to his husband-cuckold role like a duck to water. He cut his time at the office way down so he could be a "Mr. Mom," precisely so Kyle and Julie could have lots more fuck time.

As an aside, Kyle got to enjoy Julie's lactation, and in fact she kept on lactating long after Amy was born, just so he could suckle her milk from her breasts. And one very nice added bonus for him was that her huge tits got even BIGGER, and they stayed that way!

Mere days after their new family arrangement began, Jim got Dora to agree to be transferred to another office in a way that caused no loss to her. Jim never felt the temptation to "cheat" on Julie again, even though she would have understood him taking a lover since she

allowed him no sexual contact to her body whatsoever. But Jim realized that any actual sex he took part in with any woman could only pale in comparison to the strong lust and other conflicting feelings he experienced every time he watched his wife and son get it on. That was all he wanted or needed, even when his jealousy and frustration was driving him mad.

Perhaps surprisingly, Jim and Julie did successfully manage to repair their marriage - excepting the sexual aspect, of course. They were able to continue to love each other, but in an "agape love" kind of way, much like being the best of best friends or a close brother and sister.

It helped that Jim got a kind of sexual thrill from being "misused" by the other two, for instance doing most of the baby-related chores while Kyle and Julie fucked up a storm. Their family already had plenty of money, but Jim also got off on being the one who had to hold down a job, again so the other two could have more fuck time.

Kyle and Julie learned to walk a fine line of frequently embarrassing Jim to heighten his cuckold lust, but without being downright cruel and hurting his pride.

Jim was emotionally messed up for a few years over sexually losing his wife and feeling inadequate, but he eventually was able to fully embrace his cuckold side while still having pride in himself. It was a very delicate balance, but the fact that the three of them were family and genuinely loved each other helped them overcome their problems, which were pretty much exclusively relating to Jim.

By contrast, Kyle and Julie had next to no problems with each other. It was like their entire life was one long honeymoon fantasy. The key was their frequent, mind-blowing sex. It was next to impossible to get very upset when one was overcome by amazing orgasms many times a day.

The two lovers continued to get a special thrill from the word "breed," and it went without saying that Kyle always fucked his "mommy slut" bareback, without her using any birth control at all. So only one year after Amy was born, Julie became pregnant again by her son, and it was a surprise it took that long. (Probably it was her continued lactation that caused the delay.)

When the new baby was born (another girl, named Anna), Jim quit his job altogether to become a full time "Mr. Mom," allowing Kyle and Julie to still fuck many times a day. Eventually, their sex life did slow down some, but not that much. Julie absolutely loved being Kyle's personal slut, and the two of them continued to live an ideal incestuous sexual fantasy, but in reality, every single day of their lives.

Time keeps marching onwards, and life goes on. Julie was already past 40 by the time Anna was born, and it was increasingly dangerous for a woman her age to have more children, so Kyle got a vasectomy. That allowed them to continue to fuck bareback indefinitely. They kept on talking about "breeding" though, despite the fact that he was shooting blanks, because they both got off on the idea of him continuing to knock her up.

Neither Kyle nor Julie had any need to work, since the whole family was financially set, and sex with the top priority for them. But most people need to have more purpose than just fucking.

For Julie, it was raising her two youngest children. Even though Jim did most of the "drudge work," there still was plenty for her to do, and most importantly simply being a loving mother to them.

Kyle, by contrast, loved the two children he'd helped conceive, but he still felt too young to step into a fatherly role in a big way, and he didn't want to step on Jim's toes in that respect. Instead, hed already planned to go to a local university in the fall after first

fucking his mother. He kept to that plan, except her took the bare minimum

number of classes to stay enrolled, so he could maximize his incestuous sex time.

As a result, it's been five years since he started college (and started fucking his mother), and he's still working on graduating.

He has plans to become a computer programmer. He chose that profession specifically because it offers many opportunities for him to telecommute and also only work part-time, so once again he'll still be very near to his gorgeous, slutty mother, enabling them to fuck or suck at any time.

As Julie gets older, she's been getting more insistent that her son take another young lover, to help make up for her aging and declining sex drive.

But Kyle only has eyes for Julie, his one true love. As far as he's concerned, she's his mate for life, even though she's still married to Jim and he has to share her heart with Jim in many ways.

Julie also only has eyes for Kyle when it comes to carnal desire. But she's been subtly and steadily working on him to take that young lover. She wants to see him have children of his own in the normal way, raised just by him and his new bride. She's already started carefully searching for the right woman with the right personality with who is busty and gorgeous, yet who will somehow be understanding enough to let the mother-son incest continue. (That last part is a must!)

It has yet to be seen if she can find someone worthy and willing, and if she can get Kyle to agree to love her too. If not, she certainly won't mind being "forced" to be his one and only woman.

Kyle, Julie, and Jim continue their strange arrangement, carefully kept secret from the outside world, but it still works for all three of them.

THE END

42: Dating techniques… shared by Mom

"Dating techniques…shared by Mom"

By Klrxo

"Hey, mom...hey, dad," their son said in passing, heading straight upstairs. His mom Traci sat up with interest, staring at her son as he climbed the stairway. She could tell by his tone and the way he hung his head that something was wrong. "That date didn't last long," she stated to her husband.

"Maybe they didn't hit it off," her husband replied.

"No...this is something else," the mother muttered, getting a curious look. She stood up with her newborn daughter in her arms. "Can you take the baby. I wanna go up and talk to him."

"Sure, babe," Traci's husband replied, as she gently handed over the twelve-week-old infant.

Luke plopped down on his bed, staring up at the ceiling, clearly troubled by something. He heard a gentle tap at his door and his mom peeked in. "Hey, sweetheart, you're home earlier than I expected. What happened?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter, mom...I'm fine."

Traci came in, closed the door and stepped over to her son's bedside. She wore cute gray two-piece PJ shorts set that clung to

her curvy figure.

"It matters to me...and you're NOT fine, so tell me what's wrong?," she patiently requested.

"The date with Olivia just didn't go too well, mom...that's all."

Traci was very perceptive when it came to her children. They often joked with her that she was a mind reader, because she could usually guess the issue without them saying

anything. Tonight was no different. "Are you worried that you finished too quickly?" the shoulder-length brunette asked, sitting down beside him on the edge of his bed.

"Finished too quickly?"

"Well, I know you and Olivia like each other a lot, so this has nothing to do with how you two got along tonight. You must be disappointed in your sexual performance, am I on the right track?"

"Yes," the teen replied timidly.

She reached out and took his hand. "Premature ejaculation is more common than you think. The good news is though, it's completely within your control to last longer during sex," Traci explained.

"So there's nothing wrong with me?"

"Oh, sweetheart, no. In fact...sensitive nerve endings are a good thing. It means that you'll experience a greater level of pleasure during sex. As you found out, you don't wanna pop off too soon though and leave your date high and dry."

"That's kind of what upset me," Luke confessed. "I was done in just a couple minutes and I don't think Olivia had an orgasm at all."

"Well, it may seem a bit awkward, with me being your mother and all, but would you like me to teach you a couple techniques that'll help you last longer?" "Oh...um, sure!" Luke answered, quickly sitting up.

"Alight, tip number one...always masturbate before a date," Traci stated.

"BEFORE a date?" her son asked with a confused look.

"Yep, it's called 'pre-bating' and it helps takes the edge off," the mother explained.

"Once you've gotten the pent-up semen out of your system, you'll be able to perform much longer for the main event."

"Does that really work?" Luke asked with look of intense curiosity.

"Of course it does, sweetheart. Do you wanna test it out right now?" his mom asked, raising an eyebrow.

Luke fed her a confused look. "How would I test it out, mom? My date's over," he questioned.

"Well, since this is a 'teaching moment,' we could pretend that I'm Olivia. You could rub one out real quick in the bathroom, then come in and pump it through my vagina. That way you'll be able to see just how much longer you'll last than you did earlier tonight," she suggested.

"Hold on...are you talking about you and I... having sex together?"

"Instructional sex, yes...only for the purpose of helping you, that's all," she answered.

"Whoa!"

"What?" the mother giggled, feeding him an inquisitive smile.

"I never thought you'd do something like that with me," he excitedly exclaimed.

"Well, it makes the most sense, doesn't it? That way you can see first-hand how pre-bating helps, and then we'll practice the other technique once you're inside me."

Luke didn't know it, but his mom had other selfish motives for wanting him to put his prick inside her. Her husband was ten years older than her and his sexual stamina was dwindling. Unlike their son, Traci's husband's sexual issues were related to age. Just keeping it hard long enough for them to have a decent session of intercourse, even with ED meds was a challenge.

"So...should I go to the bathroom to masturbate real quick then?" the teen asked.

The mother shrugged her shoulders. "You can, or...if you feel comfortable enough, just do it right here," she suggested.

"In front of you?"

"Well, you'll be penetrating me afterwards, so I'll be seeing you, and you'll be seeing me, so masturbating in the same room isn't that big of a deal, right?" she asked.

"I guess not," the boy answered, still in shock that he was actually having this discussion with her.

"I'll tell you what. Just so you don't feel like you're being put on the spot, I'll masturbate with you," Traci offered.

"Really?!" Her boy asked as his eyes went wide in disbelief.

"Yes. It's also smart for a woman to 'pre-bate' before sex. It allows her vagina to get properly lubricated."

"That makes sense I guess," the boy uttered, his heart racing with the idea of doing something so personal with his own beautiful mom.

She gave him a mischievous smile. "Shall we get up and get naked?"

"Sure," her boy breathed, climbing off his bed. Traci stood up also and they began shedding their clothes. By the time his mom got down to her bra and panties, the boy's dick was so hard it felt like it could blast off his balls like a rocket ship. Before removing his last item, which were his briefs, Luke stared at his sexy mother as she reached back and unclasped the hooks of her bra. As the cups slipped from her large fleshy melons her boy let out an audible gasp. "Wow! Your boobs are really big, mom!" he complimented.

"Do you like big boobs, sweetheart?"

"What guy doesn't?"

"I'll tell you what... If you can go ten minutes, thrusting into my vagina without cumming, I'll let you squeeze on them. Deal?"

"Deal!" he eagerly agreed.

Traci hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her panties and shamelessly peeled them over her wide hips, then down her silky legs. It now appeared to Luke that the only place his mom had hair was the top of her head. Her pussy was shaved clean and her puffy outer folds were divided by a deep cuntal crevice. "Your turn," his mom said with a smile.

Luke shed his briefs and his boner bobbed upward like it was spring loaded. "Oh, my!" the mother reacted, her eyes widening at the sight of his blood-engorged appendage. "That looks...incredibly erect, Luke!"

"I'm not sure if she was lying, but Olivia told me that my penis is bigger than any of the other guys she'd dated."

"Goodness, sweetheart. Once you have some staying power to go along with that size, you'll be the most sought-after boy at your school," his mom beamed.

"I certainly wouldn't complain about that."

"Of course you won't. You'll be getting sleeved in wet pussy every day."

"You think so?"

"Trust me, I'm a woman, so I know so," she smiled.

Traci looked at his mattress, then back at him. "Let's get on the bed and masturbate," she said with thrill in her voice.

Once on the mattress they laid down on their backs side by side. Traci drew her knees back and they both reached down and began stroking their blood-engorged genitals.

"Do you think about pussy when you masturbate, sweetheart?" Traci asked, while rubbing her swollen clitoris.

"Uh-huh. Do you think about dicks?" he boldly asked.

"Yes…really hard ones like yours," she confessed, watching her son's cock slip through his fist. "Do you have a favorite position?"

"Is missionary position the one where the guy's on top?" Luke asked.

"Yes."

"I like that one."

His mom looked over into his eyes and smiled. "That's my favorite too! It's so intimate. God, I can't believe we have the dame favorite position."

"Is it dad's favorite?"

"No. He like to take me from behind. I like that position a lot too, but I love, love, LOVE being on my back."

"Too bad dad doesn't like that one more," Luke expressed.

"It wouldn't matter. Your dad's scrotum isn't very big. It's been a long time since I've felt a set of heavy balls beating against my ass. That's one of the things I really like about that position."

"I love how that feels," Luke sighed, looking down at his mom's tits. They were spread out across her chest, wobbling and rippling from the frantic motion of her masturbating.

"Do you like how that feels on your balls?" his mom asked, gazing deeply into his eyes. "Does it make your dick throb and tingle?"

"Yes. It's definitely throbbing and tingling right now."

"That's excellent, baby. There's no reason to delay your ejaculation when your pre-bating," his mom grasped, rubbing her cunt even faster. "Let it go, sweetheart!"

Luke increased the tempo of his cock-strokes, whipping his tender dick through his first. "I'm getting close," he hissed.

"Look at my hot, wet pussy, Luke. Look at me rubbing it!" the mother cooed.

The teen gazed down and watched his mom's finger rub her fleshy clitoris hard and fast.

"I'm gonna cum!" his pleasure-filled voice exclaimed.

His mom's voice was filled with equal passion. "I'm right behind you, gorgeous!"

Hearing her boy's grunt and seeing his gooey jizz-ropes shoot high into the air triggered the mother's own hot climax. They trembled wonderfully for several minutes as electric jolts of orgasm shot through their naked bodies.

"Climb on top of me, sweetheart," Traci said breathlessly, eager to be stuffed full of hard teenage cock. "Let's engage in intercourse."

Luke took position between his mom's splayed legs. His heart was nearly racing out of his chest with excitement as he looked down at her genitalia. He nudged the knob of his cock in the slot between her thick vulvar lips. With a gentle thrust of his hips, he felt his bell tip sink into the warm moist pit of her inner sanctum.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, pushing more of his cock in.

"Oh, wow that feels good!" his mother gasped, as the meat of her boy's phallus stretched the interior walls of her vagina. After giving birth only weeks ago, she'd worked really hard to make her pussy nice and snug again.

Luke was determined to cram all his meaty inches into his mom before he actually started fucking her. He knew there were two things that would make him swell with pride. The first was being accomplished at that very moment, as his knob nudged against the back wall of his mom pussy, packing her completely full of hot dick-flesh. The second would be holding off his cum long enough to make her howl in orgasm.

"Man, you're SUPER tight, mom," the boy confessed.

"Thank, baby. I've been doing like…a thousand Kegel exercises a day to tighten my pussy back up after giving birth to your sister."

"And you expect me to not ejaculate quickly how?" the boy asked half-jokingly.

His mom laughed, making her big round boobies jiggle. "I'll coach you through it once we get going," she assured him. "Are you ready to fuck?"

Luke remained on his knees, with his legs spread open, so he was at just the right height to thrust into his mother. He began moving his hips, which caused his still-hard cock to slice through the grip of his mom's cunt tube.

"There you go, sweetheart…just find a nice rhythm," his mom's pleasure-filled voice admonished. "Make sure your taking long thrusts though. Let all of your dick enjoy the tube of my pussy."

Traci's vagina dilated in a process called 'tenting,' creating a delightful suction action around Luke's boner. Each time his cock-muscle backed out, her spongy pink walls would collapse in on themselves. Then, as the boy speared his dick back in, her pleated, juice-slickened lining would mold to its penile outline.

The teen gawked at his mom's fatty, milk-swollen tits as they rolled up and down her chest from the rocking of their humping bodies. Her nipples looked like pink fleshy spires, rising from the wide pinkish-purple rings of her areola and pointing straight up towards the ceiling.

"How are you feeling so far?" the mother asked him.

"Good, but not too good yet, if you know what I mean?"

"Yes. When you get close let me know and I'll teach you a technique that'll help you come back down. It's called edging."

"Edging?"

"Yes, it's a technique that will delay your ejaculation," she answered. "That way you slam your dick through a girl's pussy for a long time."

Traci propped herself up on her elbows, so her and her son could both watch their crotches smack together. "Look how wet I've made your shaft, sweetheart," the mother gleefully pointed out.

"Did you cum?" the boy asked naively.

"Not yet," she replied. "That's just my vaginal lubricant. Do you see how there's a little bit of white foam mixed in?"

"Yes."

"That's the pre-cum that's been leaking from your tip. The mix of our sex oils is certainly better than any lube you'd use from a bottle," she stated.

The busty mother loved the sight of her boy's rigid cock pumping in and out of her. She could see the powerful muscles and tendons straining at the root of his prick, sustaining the force of his deep cuntal plunges.

"Wow…it's been a long time since his father's prick was that hard," she thought. "Maybe not ever."

"You're right, mom. Masturbating before sex really does help. I've already lasted WAY longer than I usually do."

"Speaking of that…" his mom smiled, glancing down at her wobbling tits, "if you can hold off for two more minutes, you'll get to squeeze my boobs, just like I promised."

"I got this!" Her boy said proudly as he continued to fuck at a steady pace. He suddenly felt his mom tighten her pelvic floor muscles.

"You got this, huh?" Traci giggled. "Are you sure about that?"

"Well…I didn't know you were gonna do that," he gasped.

"Do what, baby?" she cooed. "What's that pussy doing to my boy?"

"Squeezing!" Luke gasped.

"Is it squeezing around that big love muscle of yours…making it feel so fucking good?" she asked in the sexiest tone the boy had ever heard.

"Yes!"

"It's ok, baby…let's edge you. Don't slow your thrusts until you're about to cum," she instructed, dropping fully onto her back again. She took her boy's hands and interlocked their fingers. This allowed his to lean into his thrusts a little.

"There you go…put some power in those hips, baby! You're not gonna hurt this girl's pussy. She likes it fast and rough," his mother panted.

After another minute of deep cunt-plunging, the boy felt his cock and balls swell with pre-orgasmic sensations. "Now I'm feeling close!" he sighed.

"Ohh, do you got the knobby-tingles, baby?"

"Yes!"

"When you get right to the edge, push your hard penis inside me as far as it will go and hold it there, without thrusting."

It didn't take Luke long to reach that point. His breathing became rapid as he suddenly speared his hardon all the way in, fully penetrating his mom's pussy.

"Breath, baby!" his mother cooed. "Feel the wave of excitement slowly roll back."

She could feel his engorged prick twitching inside of her, his fat knob mushrooming against the head of her external os. Her eyes drifted wantonly up his lean hairless chest. She bit her bottom lip, enthralled by how young and sexy he was. "Mmm, somebody's got the dick-twitches!" Traci sighed, clasping her vagina tightly around him.

"Feels…so…good," the boy breathed.

After another thirty-seconds, his mom smiled at him sweetly. "Is that better?" she lovingly asked.

"Yeah…it's gone away."

"Perfect!" she blurted with a joyfully smile, showing her gleaming white teeth. "Start trusting again."

Luke began fucking his mom, at the same pace he did before. With their fingers still joined, Traci brought his hands to her jiggling tits. "Squeeze away! You earned it."

When his mom moved her hands, the boy sunk his fingers into the squishy softness of her jugs. "Whoa! They feel SO nice!" he sighed.

"You can be as rough with them as you want, baby. You're not gonna hurt them," she said reassuringly.

The teen ran with her invitation, squeezing her boobs and really digging his fingers into their fatty contours. Warm tit-milk began to seep up between his fingers. "I don't wanna waste all the baby's milk though," he expressed.

His mom gazed up at him with her beautiful brown eyes. "Why don't you lower yourself down here and suck then…so you're not 'wasting' it," she suggested with a naughty wink.

"I like that idea!"

"I thought you would," she giggled.

Luke was about to dive right in, but his mom suddenly stopped him. "Wait!" she blurted.

"What?"

She looked down at her jostling melons, then back at her boy mischievously. "Are you sure you wanna suck on those big, thick teats?" she asked teasingly.

"I'm definitely sure!" the boy replied, so anxious it was killing him.

"I don't know, baby…mom might just smother you to death with these big ol fuckers!" she stated, moving her chest and making her ballooning tits swing around wildly.

"Then at least I'll die happy," Luke joked back.

"You just wanna edge with a big fat tit stuffed in your mouth, don't you?"

"Uh-huh," he eagerly nodded.

"Do you think you can do it?" Traci asked him with a lusty smile. "Do you think you can keep those swimmers in your ball-sack and give your mom a gushing climax?"

"More than one, probably," her boy brazenly replied.

Traci's eyes lit up. "More than one, huh? Well, now that mister confident knows how to drift to the edge and back…does he plan on coming down here and driving his mom into the mattress?" she asked.

"I can do that?"

"I mean it, Luke," she said in a more serious tone. "I wanna feel those cum-filled nuts beating against my ass, got it?"

Luke could hardly believe his ears. He could see in his mom's face the serious desire to be fucked hard and cum like crazy. He was up for the challenge. "Got it!" he replied.

"Then hold on just a minute," she said, reaching over to his nightstand and getting her cellphone. She dialed her husband, who was still downstairs. "Hey, honey…yeah, he's fine, just a little depressed, so I've been spending some time talking to him. Hey, since I might be up here for awhile, if you wanna get your run in… we can finish our movie tomorrow," she told her husband.

While she spoke to her husband, Luke was still slowly gliding his prick through her birthing tube. She twisted her silky legs around him, using them to pull him down on top of her. The boy went straight for her tit, latching on lustfully.

"The baby will be fine, honey…just put her in her crib and she'll sleep," Traci said into her phone. "Alright…have a good run and I'll see you in a little while."

When she hung up, Traci ran her long nails through the back of her son's hair. The feel of his suctioned lips around the middle of her areola and his tongue doing battle with her engorged nipple was divine. "As soon as we hear your father leave, I want you to fuck the hell out of me," she demanded in a hushed tone.

Luke nodded in agreement; his face pressed deeply into the fatty meat of his mom's boob. Warm tit-nectar squirted from a cluster of milk-ducts surrounding her teat. He whimpered as he nursed like a starving infant.

Their hot genitals were as ready as they'd ever be for vigorous sexual intercourse. Luke's boner was at full-harness, flexing and throbbing. The tissues in his mother's clitoris had also swelled and

stiffened, like a mini erection, making it protrude lewdly from her fleshy prepuce. The increased circulation and arousal caused her vulva to plump up, her ribbed walls secreting a natural lubricant made up of proteins and amino acids. The nerve endings along her cock-stuffed vaginal orifice lit up, ready to be stimulated further by a hard pounding fuck.

The faint sound of the front door closing, made their hearts skip a beat. "Give it to me!" the mother eagerly demanded.

Her distended nipple popped from the boy's mouth as he increased his fuck-tempo, driving his cock through his mom's snug cunt with greater intensity.

His mom reciprocated with thrusts of her own, whipping her rounded ass cheeks off the mattress, pumping her horny cunt up onto the steely stiffness of his boner.

The teen was blown away by the suctioned pressure of his mom's hot, wet cunt around his hard cock. He jerked his hips back, withdrawing until only the fat crown of his prick remained in her clasping pussy slit. Traci quickly closed the distance between them, screwing her slippery cunt up around his boner and smacking her vulvar lips against his cock-root.

"Fuck meeee!" the mom cried out, knowing they could be as loud and wild as they wanted now that her husband was gone.

"Ahh-ah-ah-ah!!" Luke's voice quivered as he pounded into his mother with deep satisfying thrusts, making his bed jerk and squeak.

The harder he fucked her, the more her tits sloshed and quivered between them. He snarled like a horny dog, beating his dick through the tight, slippery tube of her vagina. He could feel the pursed lips of her cervical head kissing the tip of his plowing bulb. It had recently dilated widely, to allow the passage of his

little sister when his mom gave birth. This meant the flesh of her rounded extremity was still wonderfully puffy and excreted hot slippery mucus from her womb that smeared and sizzled on the boy's glans.

The mother slipped her clasping legs up, high around her boy's back. She knew this would position them so she could hear that delightfully sound that she wanted so badly to listen to.

"SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!" Her boy's big nuts beat against her upturned ass. Due to her husband's dwindling sexual abilities, it was a sound she hadn't heard in many, many years.

"YES…I LOVE IT!!" she cried out, quickly swept to the edge of tit-quivering climax.

Luke gasped and smiled with pride, knowing he'd be able to fuck his mom fiercely through her entire orgasm.

"Ungghhh!!" the mother grunted wildly. She grimaced, clenching her pretty white teeth together and rolling her head deliriously back and forth as she came harder than she ever had. Luke could see now why she wanted his father out of the house. His mom's beautiful screams of pleasure were ear-piercingly loud and intense.

The feel of her squeezing, gushing cunt, made Luke's erection tingle. He fucked himself to the edge of orgasm, then socked his prick in as deep as it would go and held it there in full penetration.

The trembling mother clung to her boy, tightening the harness of her freshly shaved legs around him. She clenched the painted toes of her sexy feet, feeling another juicy orgasmic contraction shoot through her heavy-breasted body.

"Ahhgghh!" Her boy grunted, feeling her pelvic floor muscles flex repeatedly, causing her clasping vaginal walls to chew at the tender

meat of his dick. He knew he certainly deserved a medal for staying in her this long without cumming. However, the pleasure he was receiving was more than enough reward.

"Get on your back!" the mother gasped.

The teen sat up and pulled out, making his cock exit the suction of her cunt with a lewd creamy popping sound. He was shocked by just how soaking wet his dick was. It stuck way out from his crotch, wagging stiffly as he lowered onto his back.

His busty mom wasted no time climbing on top of him. The sight of her huge oblong tits dangling down above his face nearly took his breath away. He tore his eyes away from them and stared down his chiseled torso. His mom grasped his cock with her left hand and he could see the big diamond wedding ring sparkling on her finger, reminding him of how wicked they were being. She whimpered as she rubbed the drooling shiny-skinned cock knob through the slick folds of her pudenda.

"Now I'm gonna show you what a horny mom can do to you in bed," she mewled, then fit his flaring knob into her cuntal vestibule. "I'm gonna fuck you like a whore!"

"Damn!" the boy blurted, feeling the heat of her snug vagina sheath his cock again. Traci took him all the way to his nutsack, fusing their crotches together, then, she gyrated her wide sexy hips, stirring his cock around inside her.

"Ohh, fuck yes! Smash those pussy walls with that big cock!" she cried out. "Carve your name into my vagina!"

The wonder-stuck teen gawked at her big udders, watching them wobble around as she ground her pussy on him. His eyes traveled down her naked torso and watched her puffy bare vulva beat against the base of his cock. The fleshy domed hood of her clitoris jiggled with every strike. His mom took every inch of his meaty hardness,

feeling it plunge up through her birth canal. Her pussy humped and squeezed on Luke's muscled erection, doing what mommy-cunts were made to do.

"OH MY GOD…HOW CAN YOU BE SO INCREDIBLY FUCKING HARD?!" Traci screamed out, gushing on the unyielding spike if her boy's cock.

Before he knew what hit him, Luke's face was stuffed in the deep canyon of his mom's squishy cleavage. Traci had lowered her upper half down against him and starting bobbing her big rounded ass up and down, assaulting her son's cock with aggressive fuck-thrusts.

"Damn, mom!" the boy exclaimed, rubbing his face along the fatty jiggling flesh of her tit.

"Oh, baby…you don't know how bad I needed this," the mother whimpered as one climax slowly rolled into another.

The sound of his nuts slapping against her, while he was on top, was nothing compared to the lewd pounding sound of her meaty ass beating his crotch.

"You like that, baby!" she asked in a lusty tone. "You like how I'm FUCKING you?!"

"Yes!" the boy answered as his head slipped from between her dangling knockers. Now he watched her fatty melons swing in a hypnotizing pattern, while she rode him.

"Holy fuck! Those are NOTHING like Olivia's tits!" he thought, marveling at the way his mom's milk-swollen boobs rocked and rippled with her on top.

"Look at you fucking away like a rock star," his mom teased. "Do you always dick girls without kissing them?"

"I'll kiss you," Luke offered.

Humping and flexing her cunt on him, the mother kissed him hornily. She felt his cock flex powerfully in reaction to their tongues intertwining. Then, she dug his prick in as deep and it could go and ground it against her back wall. "Oh, my God!" she gasped into her son's open mouth, feeling his spongy bell tip dig between the lips of her cervical entrance. "How do you not have girls lined up outside your door wanting to fuck you?" she asked I'm a groaning tone.

Luke kissed his way down her neck and the slope of her tit, then enveloped her rubbery teat into his mouth. He sucked aggressively, drawing out several streams of warm tit-nectar. At the same time, his mom began furiously riding his cock again.

"Gonna cum!" the mother grunted, taking the length of her boy's cock with every wild hump. The spasms swept through her mature pussy like waves of pleasure. She whipped her lovely mommy-ass up and down in lustful fury. At the root of her clitoris, Traci's urethral sponge was swollen with female

ejaculate. Her capillaries and Skene Glands worked together, contracting powerfully and forcing a fountain of hot girl-cum to flow out from her urethra.

"Ohhh, wow!" Luke groaned; his voice muffled by the squishy melon-meat masking his face. His mom's searing ejaculatory fluid was swirling around his pink dick, then down along his balls and onto his bed.

Luke grunted again in ecstasy; his face contorting against his mom's tit as an unstoppable load of cum swelled up in his balls.

"No more edging, baby! Your father will be back anytime!" his mom squealed. "Give my pussy that hot fucking load!"

They both grunted in unison as a pearly-white stream of spunk gushed from Luke's piss-slit. The mother fucked him feverishly, contracting her pussy-sheath around his cum-spewing cock to make it as mind-blowing as she could for him.

"Goodness, sweetheart!" Traci sighed as she lay there against him a moment, catching her breath. "That was um…a little further than I intended for things to go, but…it was wonderful."

"Sure was!" Her boy sighed.

"Do you feel a little more confident…in your ability to last longer now?"

Luke thought for a moment before answering. If there was a way he could answer, that would allow him fuck his mom again, he would quickly find it. "Well, maybe not a hundred-percent confident. Do you think we could practice again tomorrow?" he asked.

"On one condition," she answered, rising up onto her knees.

"What's that?"

She spun around on her hands and knees, pointing her meaty derriere back at her boy. "Next time, I want it this way," she said with a naughty smile.

Luke licked his lips, staring at the clamshell of her fleshy cunt. "Doggy-style, right?" he asked.

"Nope!"

"That's not the doggy-style position?"

"It is…but a doggy-fuck up the pussy isn't what I want," she replied, then leaned down, making her butt-crack spread and the ring of her crinkled asshole bud out.

"You want it…in there?" Luke gulped.

"I do," she answered, smiling back at him. "Moms tight ass will be the true endurance test. Have you ever fucked a girl up the ass before?"

"No…never. I um…always wanted to though."

"Well then…" Traci said, wagging her bubble-booty back and forth teasingly. "I guess someone gets to ride the pleasure-train into ass-town tomorrow."

They heard the door close downstairs, so she got off the bed and started dressing. Luke decided that since she had made such a naughty request, that he would make one also. "Will you suck my dick tomorrow too?"

His mom smiled slyly, then looked over at him with her beautiful brown eyes. "Will you eat my cunt?" she boldly asked.

"Definitely!"

"I would have sucked your dick even if you said no…but I didn't think you'd say no," she winked.

"No way I'd say no."

"Wow…if we keep adding things to our to-do list for tomorrow, we may have to just keep you home from school. That's the only way we'll have time to do it all," she giggled.

"I'm game," Luke said eagerly.

"Well, if I do keep you home and we have all day, then you might have time for a tittie-fuck too," she said, moving her shoulders and making her fat jugs shimmy back and forth.

"Damn, mom…I'm not gonna be able to sleep at all tonight," he confessed, his cock still throbbing with hardness.

"Aww…is someone anxious to get his knob slobbered all over?" Traci asked, licking her lips teasingly. "Or is he just excited to feel his boner buried to his nutsack inside his mom's hot, tight ass?"

Luke couldn't help but reach down and grasp the tip of his erection. "Actually…both sound amazing!" he sighed.

So far, Traci only had her bra on. She smiled over at her son. "Would you like just a sampling before I go off to feed your sister?" she asked.

"Sure!"

"Stand up, sweetheart," she said, moving towards him.

The second Luke stood up his mom squatted down in front of him. Traci grasped his boner around the base, then sensually licked all over his knob. She plunged it through her mouth a few times, peeking up at him with the sluttiest look Luke had ever seen.

"Holy hell!" the boy panted, watching her long thick tongue swipe down his stalk, around his balls and back up to his tip. She flickered the tip of her licker across his frenulum, making his knees tremble.

The mother then stood up, pushed him into the sitting position on the edge of the bed. She turned, sat on his lap and ground his cock through the crack of her lovely ass.

"Wow, mom…you're really teasing the hell out of me," he stated.

"Have you had enough, baby?" she asked, then rose up little, grasped his rigid cock with her hand and rubbed his bell tip against her puckered butt-ring. "Mom was about to squeeze just your knob inside her butthole. Do you want me to stop?"

"No!" the boy blurted, shaking his head. "You can put it in."

The way she clutched her fist around the base of his boner, made his dick mushroom with more blood, turning a shade of pinkish-purple. Traci reached down with her other hand and swiped her fingers through the juicy slit of her labium. She then coated her boy's knob with creamy goo left from their earlier fuck, making it nice n slippery.

"Now you're ready," she whispered, pressing his swollen crown against the elastic ring of her ass.

"Ahhh!" Luke gasped sharply, feeling his penis-tip pop into her hot anal canal.

A sudden knock at the door startled them. "Traci, you still in there?" her husband asked.

"Yes, hon…we're um…almost through talking," she answered, trying not to sound like an aroused woman that had a young dick in her ass.

"OK, I'm gonna get a shower."

"I'll be down in a few minutes," she shouted, then turned her head, looking at her boy over her shoulder. "How does that feel, baby?"

"I love it!" Her boy sighed.

Her anus collared the neck of his glans, so only his bulbous tip was smothered in ass-flesh. "Tomorrow, you can push you hardon up into my rectum…where the real pleasure is," she stated, then squeezed her sphincter muscles, tightening her rubbery ass-walls around her boy's knob.

"Damn…this sure feels like 'real pleasure' to me," he gasped.

"Oh, sweetheart…if you love this, then once my asshole is screwed against the base of your cock, you're gonna go absolutely bonkers," she giggled.

"Is it tomorrow yet?" the boy asked, wishing more than anything that it was.

Traci popped his cockhead from her ass, making sure her boy got a good look at her butt-ring as it clenched closed. "It will be soon enough, sweetheart. Try to get some rest."

Luke watched her put her sexy pajamas back on. "OK, stand up here and hug me," she said, throwing her arms open.

He stood and moved in for a delightful tit-squasher. His mom gazed into his eyes lovingly. "I forgot to mention one other important thing we'll be doing tomorrow…and that's kissing," she stated softly.

"Oh, yeah…I like that too," Luke expressed.

"You like mom's tongue wiggling around inside your mouth?"

"Hell yes!"

"Good…because it's gonna spend a lot of time there, while I'm pounding my ass around that dreamy cock of yours," she mewled, then locked lips with her boy for a deep sensual, tongue-twirling kiss. "Good night, baby."

"Good night," the boy responded, standing there with throbbing wood as his mom moved towards his doorway. He watched her lovely bubble butt undulate beneath her snug-fitting jammie-shorts. The boy could only imagine what her ass was gonna feel beating back against his crotch in hot anal intercourse.

43: Downsizing with Danny

Downsizing with Danny

By Klrxo, aka Sci-Fi Mommy

"Mom, you gotta see this!" Danny shouted from the garage as I was making dinner.

My son was a mad scientist in the making. He had set up a makeshift lab in the garage where he performed all sorts of experiments. Danny always promised that he'd stay away from explosive chemicals, but even so, my husband and I feared that one day he might blow up the house.

"What sort of mayhem are you creating out here today?" I asked, joining him in the garage. I pushed my platinum-blonde hair aside so I could see what he was doing.

"Remember the formula I created last week? The one you said smelt like lavender?"

"Well, I love lavender, so of course I remember that one," I replied.

"I mixed that formula with one I had created about a month ago. The one you said looked like red lava."

"I remember that one too. It was pretty, but didn't smell so great AT ALL!"

"Look what happens when I combine the two though, and apply it to an object," Danny said, pointing at his lab table.

"I'm not seeing anything, honey" I muttered, feeding him a confused gaze.

"Look again. Look closer!"

I crouched down, eye-level with Danny's lab table and that's when I saw it. It was a CAR TIRE , as small as a cheerio. "It's so cute!" I stated, not yet fully grasping what my son had done.

"It wasn't always that size though. It was one of those!" he replied, pointing at three snow tires for my car that we kept stored in the garage. That's when it hit me that the forth tire was missing. Danny had shrunk it!

"Oh my Gosh, Danny! Did you really just do that, or are you playing a joke on me?" I skeptically asked.

"It's no joke, I swear! The formula shrunk it!"

A shook my head in disbelief. I'll admit, my son had created some crazy formulas in the past, that resulted in some really cool reactions when mixed together, but never anything like this. This was an actual scientific breakthrough! "Can you show me? Make it happen again!" I requested.

"I'll grab another tire," Danny suggested.

"Wait! Those tires are expensive, honey. Can you use something else?"

"Mom, once I patent this formula, we're gonna be rich! Not only will I buy you more tires…I'll purchase you a new car to go with them!" my son excitedly stated.

"OK, fine…use another tire then," I told him, anxious to see this actually work.

Danny rolled another tire over and lifted it onto his lab table. I watched him drip some of the formula on the tread, creation a brilliant green cloud that enveloped the tire completely. When the haze disappeared, the tire was no longer there. "See!" Danny blurted with a big smile.

I rushed back over to the table and sure enough, there was a second miniature tire the same size of the first. "Danny…this is amazing!" I expressed.

"I know, right? I wonder just how small I could, um…OH, OOPS!!"

I looked at the table and saw that Danny had spilt the formula, while setting it down. Before we even had a chance to react both of us were engulfed in a thick green cloud. I felt a sudden chill and tried to fan the green mist from around my face. When it finally faded away, Danny and I were still standing there, but the room around us had grown much, much bigger!

"Danny, what just happened?! Did you shrink us?" I asked in a panic.

"Oh damn, I think I did," he muttered. Even my son's lab table and all his potions had shrunk, since they also were consumed in the chemical reaction.

I looked over at my monstrous car, which was parked in the garage and loomed over us like a skyscraper. The door leading to the kitchen seemed like it was a mile away. "This is NOT good!" I expressed, looking at my son worriedly. "How small do you think we are?"

"I'd say no bigger than a black ant," Danny replied.

"Shit, Danny…what are we gonna do?"

"I'm not sure," my son answered, looking over all his potions and probably wondering if there was a way to reverse what had just happened.

"Angela?!" a loud voice called out. It was my husband, Larry. We saw him come to the doorway leading out to the garage and look around for me. My God, he looked a thousand feet tall! "Angela, are you out here?"

I rushed forward, waving my arms frantically and screamed at the top of my lungs. "LARRY!! LARRY, WE'RE DOWN HERE!" I was so tiny that he simply couldn't hear me.

He stepped out into the garage, coming towards us and peering around. He was probably wondering, not only where we were, but where all my son's lab equipment had disappeared to. Together, Danny and I shouted as loud as we could, but to no avail. We were simply too tiny for him to notice us.

"Be careful, mom, or you're gonna get stepped on!" my son shouted, then tackled me out of the way just before my husband's colossal foot landed just where I was standing a second ago.

We rested there for a minute, and I felt a bit odd practically laying on my son, with my big tits crushed against his chest. Larry went back inside and closed the door, making my stomach sink with dread. "What do we do now?" I whispered.

Danny and I got back to our feet. "We could try to go inside and somehow get dad's attention, but then what?" Danny stated. "He won't know what to do to make us bigger, nor will anyone else."

"Well we can't just stay out here in the garage, Danny."

"Not forever, no, but I have my lab equipment out here. I have to find a formula that'll reverse what's happened and make us normal-size again."

"Do you think that's possible?"

"All I can do is start mixing some chemicals and see what happens," Danny answered.

"That doesn't sound very reassuring," I scowled.

"No, but it's our only option right now."

My son got to work, writing down some formulas on paper that he thought might help, then he took two test tubes from the chemical rack. "Alright, let's try these two!" he finally suggested, combining one chemical with the other.

Suddenly, a big puff of brilliant pink smoke consumed the both of us. I felt light-headed as the plume dissolved, and a burning heat consumed my breasts and genital region. I looked over at my son and could tell that he was feeling the same types of strange sensations. "Danny, what did you just do to us?" I whispered.

"Um…I'm not really sure," he replied.

An uncontrollable surge of sexual desire swept through my body and I looked my boy up and down, biting my bottom lip. I wanted to rip his clothes off and fuck his brains out right there on the garage floor. "No!" I sighed out loud, shaking my head. "This is wrong!"

I felt Danny touch my shoulder, then looked up into his needful eyes. Our gaze remained transfixed as we became possessed by sexual lust. My nipples felt as hard as stone and I could feel the juices oozing from my vagina.

"Oh, mom…you're so beautiful!" Danny muttered, running his hands around my neck tenderly.

I glanced down at his crotch and could see then tent in his pants from his erection being pushed out. I tried to push him away, but

felt weak in my efforts to separate ourselves. It was clear that whatever potion Danny had created was making us complete sexual deviants. "Danny…honey, we have to be strong!" I admonished, but the immediately felt my lips drawn to his.

Unable to stop myself, I began kissing my son passionately, then thrust my body against his, squashing my big tits against him. We made out like lovers, our tongues dueling wildly. Then, we frantically began tearing each other's clothes off. I had never felt so consumed by sexual desire in my life. We were both possessed by wicked lust!

Danny tore my bra off, making my big jugs spring heavily from their cups. We both quickly slid out of our underwear, still kissing and moaning, unable to keep our lips apart. "Oh, Danny!" I whimpered. "Oh, God, I need to fuck you!"

I gazed over at my son's erect penis. It looked as hard as concrete, jutting out from his crotch, covered in big bulging veins and crowned by a fat bell tip. I could see him staring at my naked, shaved pussy like a starving dog. Our eyes met again and we shared a lascivious smile. Our will-power was now completely gone. We were consumed with the desire to fuck each other.

As bad as I needed it that very moment, the idea of having mindless sex on the concrete garage floor didn't excite me. I looked over and spotted a yellow micro-fiber rag that my husband had kept near some cleaning supplies, sitting on the ground. "There!" I pointed, then grabbed my son's hand and quickly led him towards it.

We sprinted for the rag, like two children excitedly rushing towards the playground. My large breasts bounced wildly, as did Danny's boner as we hurried desperately towards our fuck-haven. Unfortunately, we were both so tiny that it took us few minutes to finally arrive there. Danny and I dove into the comfort of the rag, which seemed the size of a baseball field.

"Fuck the cum out of me, baby!" I cried out. Never had such a filthy request left my mouth, especially around my son. However, as we had both discovered, we were helpless in resisting our sexual urges. I spread my thigh, letting my boy sink down between my legs. The feel of his erect cock piercing my vagina made me gasp sharply, then squeal in delight as it sunk inside me.

"Oh, damn, mom!" Danny gasped, feeling the wet, smoldering sleeve of my vagina sheath his young cock.

As soon as he hit bottom, he reared back again, then began fucking me savagely. I felt no shame. No guilt. I was too fucking horny, and Danny's cock felt divine pummeling through my fuck-hole. There was simply no room in my mind for those thoughts! I rocked my pelvis, meeting his thrusts, and making my vulvar lips beat against his cock-base. I wanted every inch he could give.

"Fuck me hard, Danny!" I panted. "Fuck me! Fuck me FUCK ME!!"

My handsome little mad-scientist let out a cute little grunt, humping steadily into his hot-bodied mommy. I could only imagine the wonderful sensations that he was experiencing on his penile glans, especially since I was tightening my pelvic floor muscles around him. I was a wholesome mom, yes, but fucking had always been something I was extremely adept at.

WE FUCKED OUR ASSES OFF!! It must have been an hour straight that my boy held off, impressing the shit out of me, first of all. I had never been fucked for that long. Also, he made me cry out in passion and gush on his hammering peter more times than I could count.

"I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM, MOM!" my boy suddenly announced, his balls beating so wildly against my ass

that it sounded like some one clapping their hands. I could feel the sticky geysers of cock-cream pulsing from his peter-tip, painting my

vaginal walls with his ball-nectar.

After a few minutes of kissing and writhing, milking out all the pleasure our orgasms would provide, Danny collapsed on top of me. We held each other for the longest time, not saying a word.

"The last time I saw either of them was over two hours ago!" I heard my husband say as he stepped back out into the garage. I thought that perhaps the sexual fire in Danny and I would be quenched after such a long, satisfying fuck, but I was wrong. We were still on the micro-fiber towel and I was straddling my boy, riding his tireless cock. I gazed over at my hubby, while he talked on the phone, still feeling not a drop of shame.

"I tried her friend, Janet, but she hasn't seen her either. This is so unlike Angela. I'm really staring to get worried," Larry said into his phone. He wandered over to the side of my vehicle. If he had just looked down and squinted, he would have noticed our teeny tiny bodies fucking on the towel that he used to dust his car with.

I felt so wicked looking up at my giant, worried husband, while feverishly fucking my boy's cock. I peeked down and saw Danny staring at my breasts as they bounced wildly up and down. "Would you like to suck my tits, honey…right in front of your father?" I breathlessly asked.

"Fuck yes!" Danny replied.

I leaned over, smothering my heavy breasts around my son's face. He delightfully kissed his way up my squishy

cleavage, then latched on to one of my swollen nipples. I had never felt this fucking aroused and full of sexual energy! I felt like I could fuck and cum on Danny's cock all day long and I planned on doing just that. His erection felt like a granite slab pumping through the tube of my cunt, his spongy knob kissing my cervix on every thrust.

"AUUGHH!" I gasped, then flexed my fuck-muscles, fusing my crotch to Danny's and grinding in full penetration. The long jutting muscle of his cock felt 'out of this fucking world' as it stretched my uteri in every direction.

"Ahh, mom!" my boy grunted, his voice muffled by the flesh of my big tit masked around his face. I could feel his muscular love-organ throbbing and twitching inside me, his piss-hole spitting out gooey gobs of sperm against the back of my pussy-tube. Orgasmic tingles swept through my heavy-titted body and I began trembling and crying out in a mind-blowing orgasm on top of him.

"Hold on, I think I hear something!" I heard my husband say on the phone. I didn't look up to see if he discovered us. At that moment, I really didn't fucking care. I was cumming too Goddamn hard on my son's cock.

"Oh, never mind. I thought I heard Angela's voice, but it must be in my head," Larry stated, then I peered up to see him disappear back inside the house.

I didn't think my baby and I would ever stop cumming. I bathed his dick in my hot girl-cum, while he pumped more and more of his boy-seed inside my needy pussy. I had never fucked so intensely that I passed out from exhaustion, until today.

"HI, MOM!" Danny announced. His voice was so loud it nearly startled me out of my skin. I looked up to see his giant face looming over me. He was big again, and had a huge smile on his face!

"Danny…you're big!" I uttered, stating the obvious.

"While you were sleeping I messed with the different formulas. I found one that made me normal size again."

I knew the lust spell must have worn off, because I was feeling a bit self-conscious laying there naked in front of him. Also, the

overwhelming need to be fucked non-stop was gone. "Let me get my clothes back on, then you can use the formula on me," I remarked.

"Can we try something first?" Danny asked.

"Try what?" I replied suspiciously.

A few minutes later, I was standing on the knob of my son's erection. Yes, you heard me right! My tiny, naked body was standing there on the pinkish-purple surface of his bulbous tip, fulfilling my son's request.

"How's the weather down there, mom?" he asked, peering down at me.

"Very funny!" I shouted, knowing he could probably barely hear me.

Being this tiny, his normal-sized cock looked like a monster! I marveled at the sheer size of it, jutting out from his crotch. It was like three or four mobile homes parked end to end in length, with giant veins popping out. The smell of my dried pussy juice on him was strong and pungent.

"I doubt we could have sex this way," my son joked.

"No, definitely not!" I giggled. "You'd crush me with this huge dragon!"

Then he made a request that surprised me. "Will you crawl inside my piss-hole?"

I burst out laughing."No!" I shouted, half-playfully. "You're lucky I agreed to doing this!"

"Oh, come on, mom. Just crawl in there for a few minutes, then I'll make you normal size again."

I couldn't believe I actually agreed to doing something so ridiculous. I stepped across the broad bulb of Danny cock, then peered down the rounded contour of his tip, staring at the huge, slimy slit of his meatus. "Danny, please catch me if I fall," I yelled, suddenly remembering how scared of heights I was. I might as well have been at the top of a skyscraper, the ground looked so far below.

"I've got your back, mom…just take your time!"

His knob was like a giant, fleshy boulder and I was carefully climbing down to enter the cave on it's face. His penis-slit was twice my size and I paused at it's slimy entrance. "I'm not so sure this is safe, honey!" I yelled.

"You don't have to go in very far mom," Danny replied. The scientist in him was probably finding this extremely fascinating. "Just crawl inside and check it out."

I used all my strength to pull the slit apart and gazed inside my son's bulbar urethra. The walls looked like slabs of beautiful pinkish-white marble. I managed to get pre-ejaculatory slime all over me as I wormed my way inside. The spongy slit-like passage of Danny's urethra folded around my entire body and I'll admit, it felt really warm and wonderful. I could hear the gushing

pulse of his penile arteries. "Well, isn't this interesting," I said out loud. I'm pretty sure I was the only woman in human history to crawl inside a man's piss-slit.

Even though it was dark, it was so comfortable in here that I decide to worm my way a little deeper. The snug tube was so incredibly warm and slippery! I heard a deep stretching sound then felt the elastic walls tighten around me, smothering my naked flesh in erectile tissue. I knew this sudden encapsulation must be caused by my son excitedly flexing his erection.

"MMMMBBBLLUURRRPPP!!" Suddenly I was drowning in a surge of hot ball-slime. I panicked, gasping in a tangy mouthful and swallowing it. My body was swept back out by the gooey current and I thought for sure I'd be falling to my death as I exited the slit of my son's penis, seeing the light of day again.

"I've got you, mom!" Danny stated, catching my tiny body with his finger and lifting me up to his face. I was still squirming around in a giant pool of pre-spunk. It must have been quite the amusing sight to my son as he laughed. My body, my blonde hair…everything was soaked in pre-ejaculatory slime. I choked again, gasping for breath. I felt like I must have swallowed a gallon of Danny's goo.

"Laugh it up, mister!" I shouted, glaring over at him.

"Sorry, but that was kinda cool to watch!"

"Maybe next time I'll put you inside ME and see how you like it!" I shouted with a smile. Even though it had a bit of a scary ending, the overall experience of being inside my son's erection was really thrilling. Something about having all that young penile meat squeezed around my entire body was really something I'd never forget.

"Would you please make me normal-sized now!" I eagerly requested.

"Normal-sized mother, coming right up!" Danny replied, walking us over to his lab table.

Later, we explained everything that had happened to my husband, Larry…minus the sex part, of course. Danny would patent his new formula and it would eventually be purchased by the government for further research. The first time wasn't the last time my son and I would shrink our bodies down, or use the mysterious lust-potion together, but that…is another story.

44: Dr. Lovejoy's Clinic for Mothers and Sons

by klrxo

The sound of dainty five-inch Valentino heels echoed through the office hallway as Doctor Lora Lovejoy sashayed to the waiting room.

"Billy & Tori? Hi, I'm Doctor Lovejoy," the middle-aged brunette said.

Tori, a blonde, big busted mother, stood and extended her hand for a handshake. "Nice to meet you," she said, showing a perfect smile full of brilliant white teeth.

"If you wanna follow me down to my office, we'll begin the session," Lora said.

Billy followed the two women down the corridor, his eyes drifting from one thick swaying buttocks to the other. The women's thin stiletto heels CLICKED delicately on the hard floor as Doctor Lovejoy led them to her office.

"Have a seat here on the sofa," she said, sitting down across from them. She gazed at Billy and smiled, quickly looking him up and down.

"Billy, I'm a licensed sex therapist who specializes in working with mothers and sons. Your mom arranged this appointment for the two of you because she felt you had some issues that you need to work on, is that correct Tori?" Lora asked.

"Yes," the mother answered, taking her son's hand and squeezing it tight.

The doctor held a pen and clipboard, referring to her notes. "Billy, it says here that you just turned eighteen, is that correct?" Lora asked.

"Yes ma'am, last week," the soft spoken boy answered. "And Tori you are...thirty-eight?"

"Correct," Tori said.

"What's your living arrangement? What other family members do you have in the home?" Lora inquired.

"There's my husband Dan," Tori said, "Also, I have a thirteen year old daughter, Heather and a newborn daughter, Claire."

"So Billy is your oldest child and the only boy?" "That's correct," the mother answered.

"So Tori, what type of behaviors are you seeing that you have concerns about?"

"Well, I've been catching Billy staring at my breasts or my legs, which I know is somewhat natural, however lately it seems a bit obsessive. I know he masturbates quite a lot and the other day I caught him trying to peek in on me while I was getting undressed," Tori explained.

Lora jotted down a few notes. "Ok, and how often would you say he's masturbating?"

"If I had to guess I would say...at least three to five times a day." The doctor looked at the boy. "Billy, does that sound accurate?"

He seemed a bit too embarrassed to answer and shrugged his shoulders. "Um..."

Tori squeezed his hand. "It's ok, just relax and be honest with her, sweetheart."

The doctor smiled sympathetically. "Billy, none of the information you share leaves this room. I follow a strict confidentiality policy, which means whatever we do or discuss in this office stays between, me, you and your mother. These questions are designed to get the information I need in order to help you, understand?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Good. So, then back to my last question. Your mother suspects that you're masturbating three to five times a day, does that sound accurate?"

"Yes."

"What do you think about when you masturbate?" the doctor asked.

Billy shrugged his shoulders again. "I don't know...sex stuff," he answered.

"Do you imagine that you're having sex with your mother when you masturbate Billy?" The doctor asked.

Tori peeked over at her teen, eager to hear his answer. "Sometimes."

Lora stared straight into his eyes. "What about the other times? Do you imagine that you're doing OTHER sexual things with her? Kissing her? Squeezing and sucking her breasts maybe?" she asked.

Billy nodded timidly. "Yes, both those things," he muttered. "Anything else?"

"Well sometimes I imagine her, um...sucking on me," he confessed.

Tori let out a tiny gasp and looked across the room in a slightly embarrassed manner.

Lora's eyes lit up a bit as she jotted this down his confession on her paper. "So sometimes you imagine that your mom is sucking on your penis?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I have a few other detailed questions regarding these fantasies. Remember, your answers are crucial to me helping you, so I want you to be as honest as you can, ok?" the doctor asked.

"Yes ma'am."

"When you fantasize about having sex with your mom, do you picture yourself bringing HER to orgasm?"

"You mean...does she..."

"Do you make her scream in pleasure?" Lora asked, staring straight at him. "Do you imagine her crying out in ecstasy...shaking and clawing her nails down your back, while your penis is inside of her?"

Just the mere question was getting Billy worked up to the point that he was having a difficult time answering.

Lora moved over and sat beside him, so he was now sandwiched between her and his Mom on the sofa. She placed her hand on his knee and patted it reassuringly. "Do your best to answer Billy. These are important questions."

"I do imagine those things, or sometimes she's on top of me or bent over in front of me."

"Oh , so you also fantasize about having sex with her in different sexual positions?" Doctor Lovejoy asked.

"Yes."

"When you're masturbating and you ejaculate, do you imagine that you're cumming inside of her, or do you pull out and shoot your load on her face or tits?"

"Both," he muttered and Lora made a note of that on paper.

The doctor then looked at his mother. "Tori, from what you've observed, what part of you would you say fascinates your son the most?

"Definitely my breasts," she said without hesitation.

"You mentioned that you have a newborn. Are you breastfeeding?" "Yes."

"Do you allow Billy to watch the baby nurse?" Lora asked.

"Well, I don't encourage it, but I have noticed he comes around quite often while his sister is breastfeeding."

Doctor Lovejoy looked back at the teen. "I suspect this is because it gives him a chance to see your naked tits, isn't that right Billy?"

"Yes ma'am," he muttered bravely.

"Does seeing your Mom's boobs while she nurses your sister make your penis become erect?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

Lora quickly glanced at the Mother's breasts, admiring their immense size. "Tori, I would imagine your boobs have grown tremendously over the past year?"

Tori giggled, "Yeah you could say that. I think this is probably the biggest they've ever been."

"I would guess just based on what I'm seeing that you're at least an F cup, am I right? the Doctor asked.

"At the moment, I'm a 38 H cup."

"Wow, what tremendous breasts!" Lora exclaimed. "In order to form an accurate treatment plan, I'd like to see just how quickly Billy becomes aroused by them. Would you be willing to strip down to your bra?"

"Of course. If you think it will help him, I'll do whatever I can to contribute," Tori said willingly.

"Excellent. Billy, before your mom removes her blouse, I'd like you to stand up and remove all your clothes," Lora said.

"All of them? You mean get...naked?" he asked timidly.

"Yes, It'll allow your mother and I to see just how your body is reacting to hers. I'll also need to perform what's call a 'sexual functioning' test and I

can only do that accurately if you're nude," Lora explained. "Oh, I see, the teen muttered.

She fed him a sexy reassuring smile, " There's no shame in being naked, Billy. It's just the three of us here and I've performed this test on hundreds of young men your age, right in front of their mothers. Now be a good boy, stand up and take off all your clothes."

"Ok," he said, standing up and removing his shirt first.

The women were watching him undress. "Mmm, quite the chest, Billy. Tori, you certainly have yourself one handsome teen here"

The blonde haired mother smiled with pride. "This is true. Seems like all the other moms talk about is how they wanna get their hands on

him," she said.

"I can see why," the doctor said. "Now your briefs Billy. Don't be shy."

Billy removed his briefs, exposing his naked cock. He heard a soft gasp come from both women. "Oh my! Well, I can tell right away that he's well above average in penis size," Doctor Lovejoy said.

"I would agree...it's certainly not small," Tori said in a blushing tone.

"Ok, now if the two of you could stand in front of me facing each other, arms length apart...."

They complied, facing one another just in front of the doctor. "Perfect. Now that Billy's naked, Tori if you'd like to slip out of your blouse."

"Sure," the busty mother said, slowly unbuttoning her white polyester top.

"Wow!" Billy muttered under his breath, watching her enormous, bra- encased knockers emerge from the parted top.

"Oh Tori, what a big beautiful white bra," Lora said.

"Thank you," Billy's mom answered, shedding the blouse completely.

Billy's eyes were wide with desire. His mom's bra featured delicate floral lace detail on the cups and sheer mesh panels at the sides and back. It pushed her knockers up some, exposing an obscene amount of creamy tan cleavage.

Lora studied the boy's reaction. "Isn't it wonderful Billy. Look at all the delicate lace detail. And all that bulging breast meat just oozing out of the cups. Tori, how exactly are you keeping your boobs contained in that thing?" she joked.

Tori giggled. "It's a struggle, trust me," she said.

Doctor Lovejoy's eyes zero'd in on Billy's hardening prick. "Tori, now that you're in just your bra, look at how fast his penis is rising."

"Ohh wow!" the mother muttered, wide-eyed..

"And it looks like his erection has a slight upward curve...how wonderful," Lora said.

Tori's heart was beating a wild pitter-patter in her chest. "Ohh my God, look at how long it's getting!" she exclaimed.

"And thick too. See how the veins are starting to bulge out. Are you alright Billy? You seem unsteady," the doctor asked.

"Sorry, just felt light-headed for a second," he answered.

"That's understandable. You have a lot of blood rushing to your manhood right now, but look at that, in a matter of seconds you have a fully erect penis."

The two beautiful woman took a second to admire his large erection. It looked like it was carved in stone, jutting out from his crotch with a slight upward bend. Like a big fat mushroom, his knob topped his impressive baby-maker, a bead of clear precum already forming on his piss-slit.

His eyes were fixed on his Mom's milk-swollen tits. "You look really amazing in that bra mom," he bravely confessed.

"Thank you, sweetheart," Tori said with a sweet smile..

"Tori, why don't you sit next to me here on the sofa and we'll begin Billy's 'sexual functioning' test," the doctor suggested.

Tori sat down and her hefty jugs wobbled from side to side from the impact of her ass meeting the cushion.

"There, now Billy step up here in front of us, just like that...perfect," Lora said as the teen turned towards them "Now let me put my glasses on and we'll have a nice close up look."

"Do I need to do anything?" Billy asked nervously.

"Not a thing. You just stand there and look handsome while your mother and I look you over."

Tori's heart was still racing. She could hardly believe the size of her boy's manhood. Her little Billy. It seemed like yesterday she was changing his diapers, now here he was, a gorgeous young man with the biggest woman

-pleaser she'd ever seen. "His dick looks so incredibly hard," she muttered.

"Actually, the first check we do is testing his rigidity. To do that, I clasp the knob with the tips of my fingers like this..." Lora explained, taking the bulbous tip in her long red fingernails.

"We'll point his boner down towards the floor. A healthy erection should spring right back up...just like that," the doctor said as they watched Billy's sturdy penis spring back up and point skyward again.

Tori gasped excitedly. "Wow, that was amazing!"

"Billy has a nice strong erection. It's shape is consistent with what women prefer. The upward curve means an advantage when it comes to stimulating certain areas of a woman's vagina," Lora said.

Billy's mom's eyes traveled the length of his prick. "You're talking about G- spot stimulation right? she asked. "I've always heard that dicks with a slight curve like this are perfect for that."

"Yes, the curve AND the length are sure to provide toe-curling, full-body orgasms."

Just the thought of it, while staring at such a meaty cock made the women's fat juicy clits throb beneath their panties.

Tori looked up at her boy and smiled. "Are you enjoying the view from up there son?" she asked.

"Yes," Billy said with a slight blush.

The two Moms giggled. "No wonder he's so hard," Lora said, "he has a bird's eye view of our cleavages. Now we're going to test him for sensitivity. While I monitor his reaction, Tori, you're going to get up close to his erection and blow hot breath right beneath his knob."

"Oh, ok...right there," Tori asked, sitting up and pointing one of her long hot-pink nails at his frenulum.

"Yes that's just the spot. You can start when you're ready."

The mother lowered her pretty face and paused about three inches from his cock. She marveled at all the bulging veins that criss-crossed up the underside of his shaft. His boner looked so strong and powerful, it nearly took her breath away just looking at it. She blew hot breath across the tip as the doctor had asked her to do. "Ffffffffff...Ffffffffff...Fffffff."

"Ohhh wow," Billy sighed, feeling his dick flex in reaction.. "See how you're making it throb Tori?" Lora asked.

"Yes,"the mother said, then blew again. "Ffffffffff...Ffffffffff...Fffffff." "Ohh dang mom!" her son whimpered, taking a step back.

"Don't back away from it Billy. Never back away from pleasure, no matter how intense it is," Doctor Lovejoy said. "Step back up and let her continue to blow on you."

"Ok," he muttered.

Ffffffffff... Lori watched in fascination as the knob throbbed and twitched as she blew on it. Ffffffffff...Ffffffff.

"Good, excellent job, Tori. Let's move on to the next part of the test. Billy, your mom and I are gonna run the tips of our nails all along the flesh of your penis and testicles. You are not to back away, do you understand?" Lora said sternly.

"Yes, but what if I need to...you know..."

"If you get close to orgasm, you let us know. We Moms have special techniques that will stop you from cumming," she explained.

The two women began to gingerly trace their long painted nails all over his cock and down around his balls. They were teasing the flesh with just enough contact to send pleasure coursing through his young body. It was enough to drive any guy insane.

"You like that, sweetheart?" Tori asked, smiling up at him as she grazed her nail-tips around his tender knob..

"Yess," the boy sighed.

The Moms smiled, their eyes darting back and forth, from his cock to his face, gauging his level of pleasure.

The excited teen gasped and started to step back, but Lora grasped on to his nuts and pulled him back. "Do you feel like you're gonna cum, Billy?"

"Yess, soon," the boy muttered with a shaky voice.

"Tori, do you know how to apply the squeeze technique?" the doctor asked.

"Around the base of the head, right?" the mother asked. "Correct. Let's go ahead and use it."

Billy watched his mom place her thumb on the frenulum of his dick and her forefinger up around his knob. She applied a tight, but tender squeeze.

"Perfect. Billy, your mom has closed off the tube of your urethra, so your ejaculate won't be able to escape," Lora explained, "Doing this will allow us to continue to touch and squeeze your dick without you cumming."

"Ok," the boy gasped.

Tori cupped one of his large smooth nuts with the fingers of her free hand. "I can't imagine how big these would be if he didn't masturbate as much

as he does," she said.

"Let's massage them," Doctor Lovejoy said, reaching under and grasping the other testicle.

Billy gasped as they squeezed and pulled at his nuts, their long nails digging in to the tender meat of his sperm-filled balls.

Both women watched his face grimacing in pleasure as they worked their magic with their hands.

They brought his nuts back together, cupping his scrotum between their hands and rolling his balls back and forth to each-other through his sack. Billy sighed and smiled in delight.

"Ohh my God," the lucky teen muttered. If his mom didn't have a snug clasp around the tip, he'd be pouring out cum right now.

"You're doing fine Billy. Most young men are unable to make it through the first time without cumming, you have nothing to be ashamed of," Lora said, then popped the cap off her bottle of lube with her thumb. "Now

your mother and I are going to apply heated lubrication to your boner."

"With your hands?" he asked.

"Yes, your mom and I will work together to masturbate your erect dick to orgasm. Don't worry about how quickly you cum. Your mom and I have had lots of experience giving handjobs, so you probably won't last more than a minute. Just go as long as you can," she said.

"Ok."

"Here you go, Tori," the doctor said, squeezing some lube onto the mother's hand, then applied some to her own. "You can release the squeeze technique. Let's coat him really good, then we'll figure out how we wanna position our hands to milk him."

Their pretty hands made lewd creamy sounds as they slicked up his cock by stroking all over it.

Tori was in absolute awe. "Oh my God I don't think I've ever felt a dick this hard," she confessed.

"Mmm, IT IS quite an erection," Lora said, squeezing her fist tightly around the base. "They say that a boy's hardon is like a building. The real strength and power of the overall structure is in a strong foundation. Tori, bring your hand down and feel all the bulging muscle down here at the base."

Tori slipped her fist down to the root of Billy's fat prick. "Jesus, I can't even get my hand around it," she said blushingly.

"The foundation of his erection is incredibly strong. It'll be able to sustain the force of some very intense and very deep intercourse," Doctor Lovejoy said.

Billy looked down, watching their pretty hands squeeze up and down his meat, their big wedding rings sparkling. The women took turns on the knob, squeezing and pulling wetly on it's shiny purple surface.

His mom peered up at him and fed him that big warm motherly smile that could have mad him cum in a second.

"Have you ever measured your prick Billy, while it's fully hard like this?" Lora asked.

"Yes, once," he muttered. "And??"

"A little over nine inches," he said.

Tori's nipples stiffened beneath her bra. "Good Lord, that is like...three inches bigger than my husband," she said, absolutely awestruck.

"Well just a friendly warning, Billy. A dick this big is gonna get you laid," Lora said, then peered up at him lustfully, "a lot."

"You really think so?"

Tori smiled up at him, eager to confirm the doctor's warning. "Oh sweetie, trust us, we know so."

Doctor Lovejoy adjusted her positioning, preparing for some serious dick- milking. "Ok, mom why don't you pump at the base and I'll milk the upper half."

"Ok..um..." Tori said, starting to stroke, "how's that?"

"I don't know. Billy, how Is that?" the doctor asked, smiling up at him. "Amazing," the teen gasped.

"Mmmm, look how our hands are working you in unison, pulling and squeezing with perfect corkscrew strokes," Lora said, pumping the top- half of his cock with her slippery fist.

"Ohhh man yeah," he sighed, then looked at his Mom's monster cleavage. The plunge-fitting bra was giving him a look at more jiggling tit-meat than he'd ever seen in real life.

Tori gazed in his eyes and smiled. "Does that feel good sweetheart? Do

you like the way we're stroking your big dick? "Ohhh yess!" he muttered, feeling his knob tingle.

"Isn't this amazing Billy?" Lora asked, "Being jerked off by two sexy Moms while you stare down at our cleavages?"

"Yesss, I'm feeling really good."

"I want you to close your eyes. We're going to do a visualization exercise that will make you cum harder that you ever have," Lora said.

Billy did as he was told, clenching his eyes closed.

"Good, now I want you to imagine that your just getting home from school. You open the door and your mother is standing there waiting for you and she's COMPLETELY NAKED."

The boy's body trembled excitedly. Seeing this thrilled Tori tremendously and she placed her free hand against his lean lower abdomen. Her tongue slithered slowly across her top lip as her eyes drifted hungrily up his hot young chest.

The Moms continued to beat his meat with steady, slippery strokes as the doctor continued the visualization exercise.

"You look your mother's smooth sexy body over. Her enormous breasts are hanging down and her nipples are thick and hard, ready to be sucked on," Lora said, feeling his cock flex in reaction to her words.

"She takes you by the hand and leads you to her bedroom. Then you watch her crawl onto her bed and spread her pretty legs sooo wide you can hardly believe it," she continued, as her and Tori exchanged a smile.

"Her sexy pussy is spread open. It's ready for you, Billy. It's ready to be sheathed around your fat cock," Lora said thrillingly.

"Ohh, geez," the teen muttered, his heart nearly pounding out of his chest.

"Feel it, Billy," Lora continued, "feel her pussy squeezing and sucking you, bathing your boner in her hot juices!"

"Ohh, I'm gonna shoot!" the boy groaned suddenly.

The women intensified their stroking. Lora had jacked enough cocks to know that she had about ten seconds. "Fuck her, Billy! Fuck your mother's pussy hard and fast!" she shouted.

"Ohhhyess!" he hissed, his knees shaking.

Lora quickly looked at Tori. She knew she only had a few second before he erupted. "Wanna avoid a messy cleanup and share this load with me Tori?"

"Swallow it?" Tori asked, "Ohh um sure, I mean why create a mess if we don't have to right?"

"Ohhh I'm cumming!" the boy cried out.

Tori leaned forward, still stroking tirelessly, "Ok, here we go..." she said, fitting her rounded lips over his knob just as the first big stream of jizz squirted out.

"Mmmnnghh!" the mother whimpered, feeling her mouth instantly fill with sweet ball-juice.

"Uuuhhggh!" her son groaned, shooting out more cream.

His knob popped from her mouth, jizz seeping out the corners of her lips as she tried to swallow it all.

Before Lora could take over, a rope of spunk flew out Billy's piss-slit and splashed down onto his Mom's cleavage, running down into the canyon between her milk-filled tits.

Lora sucked with greed, her pierced tongue looping around and around his knob, scrubbing his glans and letting his cum squirt down her throat.

The doctor sensed that Lori had brought her face back up next to hers. "Can I get more?" the mother asked in lustful need.

Tori replaced the doctor's mouth with hers, finished him off. For a full two minutes she sucked hard on his knob, lashing her long strong mommy- tongue all around it.

"Oh man that was so good," Billy gasped. The doctor was right. It was the strongest cum he'd ever had..

Lora smiled at him. "You did well, Billy. You both can get dressed now," she said.

After they were clothed, Doctor Lovejoy sat back down across from them.

"Based on my observations and test results today, I'll be creating a treatment plan for Billy to follow daily. Tori it will require your help as well, so I suggest you do it when the two of you are home alone together."

"That's usually right after school," Tori said.

"Perfect. I will see you back here in one week and w'ell check on Billy's progress," Lora said.

"Wonderful. I can't thank you enough for seeing us today," the happy mother said.

"Mmm, it's been my pleasure."

"And mine," Billy said with a smile, making both Moms giggle.

"Dr. Lovejoy's Clinic for Mothers and Sons" - Part 2 By Klrxo

"So tell me how it's going with you two?" Doctor Lovejoy asked as Tori and Billy sat down for their follow-up appointment.

Tori had a big smile and glanced at her boy. "It's gone well. We've been following the treatment plan. I've been sucking Billy's boner twice a day for the past week."

"Are you enjoying that, Billy?" The doctor asked, looking at him with her pretty eyes. "Uh-huh," he answered with a timid smile, making the mothers giggle.

"Has your Mom been swallowing all your cum?" Billy nodded.

"Every drop, right, sweetheart?" His beautiful blonde mother said proudly. "And you've been in only your bra while doing this, correct, Tori?"

"Yes, every time," Tori said.

"Billy, today your mom will be unfastening her bra for you for the very first time," Doctor Lovejoy said, gazing him in the eyes, "isn't that exciting."

"Yes," the boy muttered, his heart racing.

"It should be, since you have such a fascination with her big breasts. You'll also be sliding your boner inside your mom's pussy today."

"Really?" the teen asked, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Yes, but you won't be doing any pumping. I just want you to feel what it's like to have your hardon fully sheathed in a woman's pussy," the doctor explained.

"Oh wow, ok," the boy gasped, so anxious he could hardly stand it.

"First of all though I want to discuss what it was like for you having your cock sucked by your mother."

Billy looked at his mom, who was smiling cutely back at him awaiting his opinion of her cock- sucking skills. "It was incredible," he muttered.

"Tori, why don't you rub his penis through his pants while we talk."

"Sure," Tori said, fondling Billy's prick as the doctor continued to speak.

"Excellent," Dr. Laura said, watching the pretty mother massage the boy's prick. "We'll need Billy's cock to be nice and hard for penetration."

"It certainly doesn't take it long to become a boner," Tori said proudly, feeling it thicken and harden in her hand.

"It usually doesn't with boys this age," Dr. Laura explained. "With a little stimulation their dicks become as hard as rocks. Do you know why it's important to have a rock-hard erection, Billy?"

"Um, so you can have sex?"

"That's correct. It takes a nice stiff hardon to pierce a woman's twat and plow her pussy correctly. It's the natural way of things."

"Is that why my dad takes Viagra?" Billy asked. "So he can still get hard?" Tori giggled, a tad embarrassed. "Billy!" she chided.

"Sorry mom. I saw the bottle on his nightstand."

"Yes, your father takes Viagra, which is quite common for men to take when they reach his age," Tori explained.

"Young men like you have healthy blood-flow, Billy. Even older men who take medication for erectile dysfunction, like your father, will never achieve erections as stiff as yours," Dr. Lovejoy explained.

"I can personally attest to that," Tori said, stroking her son's hard prick through his pants. "Even taking the little blue pill, you father gets no where near this hard."

Dr. Laura grinned lasciviously. "Women LOVE hard dicks, Billy," she assured him. "Isn't that right, Mom?"

Tori looked into her son's eyes and smiled. "Yes we do," she agreed.

"Billy, why don't you stand up and show us how hard your cock has gotten," the doctor said.

Billy complied, standing up and pulling down his pants. The women's eyes widened as they studied the tubular bulge beneath his briefs.

"Keep going, Billy. Show us your hardon," Laura said.

The boy peeled off his briefs and his big dick sprung up in the air, fully hard and pointing at an upward angle. The women's eyes traveled up it's length, starting at the thick base, moving along the lengthy shaft with it's bulging veins and pausing on the fat purple knob at the tip.

"Ohh, isn't that beautiful," the doctor said in awe.

"I still can't believe how big it is," Tori said, staring lustfully at her son's boner. "Take off your shirt too, Billy. You can get fully naked."

The boy shed his shirt and stood there awkwardly, watching the two Mothers admire his hard cock.

"Tori, one thing I noticed during your first visit and again today is Billy's erection is at a perfect thirty-degree angle," Dr. Lovejoy pointed out. "Only a small percentage of males can boast about having that strong of an erection."

"That'll definitely give him an advantage during sexual intercourse, right?" the proud mother asked.

"Absolutely. Boys who's dicks rise to this angle have incredible muscle strength and tone at the root of the penis," the Doctor explained.

"Yeah, you can actually see the muscle and ligaments along the base, it's amazing," Tori said, studying her son's boner.

"And their pulled tight, which will help sustain the force of his cock allowing him to pound through a woman's vagina incredibly hard and deep."

"Ohhh," Tori muttered, feeling her cunt-tube clench and her nipples harden. She pointed at the his coronal ridge with her long pink fingernail. "He's very sensitive in through here. I noticed that while sucking on him."

"That's normal. The neck of the glans contains a high concentration of nerve endings."

"I believe it," Tori giggled. "I was twirling my tongue around and around the entire ridge of his knob over and over, making him weak at the knees, wasn't I, sweetheart?" Tori asked, smiling teasingly up at him.

"Uh-huh," Billy said with a smile.

"Well, I'm sure he found out this past week how much we Moms love giving blowjobs, right, Billy?" Dr. Laura said.

"And how good they are at it too," the boy added, making them giggle.

Doctor Lovejoy stood up, setting her clipboard aside. "Now your mom and I will get undressed also, that way we can all be naked together," she said.

Billy gulped excitedly, watching his mom stand from the sofa and both her and the doctor began unbuttoning their blouses. They removed them completely and the boy's eyes got big

as he studied their sexy bras and the huge mounds of tit-meat that were pushing the beautifully embroidered cups out.

"Whoa," the boy muttered.

This drew a smile from the doctor. "Are you liking what you're seeing so far, Billy?" she asked. "Uh-huh."

"Have you ever unhooked a girl's bra before" "No."

"Tori, why don't we teach him how to unfasten yours," Laura suggested. "Sure," the mother said, turning her back to her boy.

"See how thick the straps of her bra are, Billy?" they doctor asked. "They're build like that to support the immense weight of her thirty-eight H cup tits. Pull the straps together and you'll be able to unfasten the hooks easily."

With shaky hands, the teen unclasped Tori's pale-pink bra.

"Excellent job. Now, mom, turn around so your handsome boy can see the unveiling of your breasts."

Tori turned to face him, then slipped the cups from her chest. Her enormous Mommy-melons sprung free and joggled around heavily.

Billy's eyes were wide with desire. Her boobs were even better looking than he imagined. He couldn't believe how thick and wide his Mom's areola were and her nipples looked like big rubbery nubs that were made to be sucked on.

"Mmm, aren't they beautiful, Billy?" the Doctor asked.

"Yes," the entranced boy muttered. His mom's amazing udders jiggled back and forth delightfully as she shimmied her skirt over her wide hips, making them fall to the floor.

Tori's dainty pale-pink panties were a mere tiny triangle of silky cloth hugging her pubis, with thin straps crossing her naked hips.

"Tori, I'd like Billy to strip your panties off, right after he unfastens MY bra," Dr. Laura said, turning her back to the teen.

Billy happily pulled at the straps of her black bra, just as she taught him and undid the four hooks holding them together. The doctor was peeking over her shoulder watching him. "Billy, I have forty-four triple D cup tits. Not quite a big as your mother's breasts, but still VERY large."

"That's so cool," the teen muttered excitedly, watching her turn and slip the shoulder straps off.

The beautiful brunette Doctor peeled the cups away and two enormous tear-drop shaped boobs wobbled free. Like Tori, the puffy pink rings of her areola were as big around as baseballs, dotted with Montgomery glands. The nipples sticking from their centers were thick and protuberant.

The site of such big motherly tits around him made Billy's hardon flex as it branch out from his crotch in full hardness.

"Tori, I'd like you to sit back down on the sofa and lean back. Spread your legs slightly so Billy can crawl between them," the Doctor said.

The pretty blonde mother did as she was instructed, her big naked knockers slightly wobbling off the sides of her chest as she reclined back. Her smooth tan legs opened slightly, welcoming her son between them.

"Go ahead, Billy. Get down on your knees between her legs." Dr. Laura said and after he did what was asked, she continued speaking. "When you're about to fuck a girl, this will be the most likely position you'll be in. Grab the straps that are around her hips and peel your mother's panties off."

Billy grasped the straps of Tori's dainty panties and peeled them from her crotch. His eyes feasted on the site between her thighs as he pulled her panties down her legs and off her sexy bare feet.

Now completely naked, Tori gazed over her jutting rack and down sexy midriff, watching her boy stare in awe at her shaved pussy.

"Billy," he heard the doctor say and turned to see her sitting in the chair across them, in the same manner his mother was. "Now mine," she said, glancing down at her panties.

The boy crawled over, taking position between Laura's parted thighs. As he reached up to grab her panties, the doctor threw her strong naked legs around his back and pulled him on top of her. Before the kid could react, her mouth was fused around his, her wildly-skilled tongue lashing through his mouth.

"Get my fucking panties off," Laura panted lustfully between kisses.

Billy excitedly attempted to slide her panties off, but with her clutching and kissing him and his boner pressed up against her puffy crotch, he was finding it difficult. He tried to back away a little, but her strong legs held him in place.

Laura finally broke their passionate kiss. "You're doing fine, Billy, take your time," she said. "Sorry, I'm trying," the boy said with excited heavy breath.

"Billy, look at me," Doctor Laura said.

The boy looked up into her beautiful eyes and she smiled patiently. "It's ok, your learning," she said. "Most girls will be so horny that they'll wanna cling to you and kiss like this while you strip them. That's why you need to learn how...and there's no better way to learn than through role-play"

"So you mean like you pretending your my girlfriend?"

"Of course," she giggled, "why do you think I'm kissing and clutching you this way, silly boy?" Laura looked across at Tori. "Mom, do you wanna coach him through this."

Tori smiled eagerly. "Certainly," she answered, coming over and kneeling beside her son. "Are you ready to try again, Billy?" Dr. Laura asked.

"Sure."

She forcefully yanked him back down against her and kissed him deeply, her jutting breasts mashing against the weight of his chest. Caught off-guard once again, the boy fumbled with the straps of her panties, trying to slide them down. His mother stroked his shoulder as she hovered closely. "Keep kissing her honey. You don't need to stop kissing a girl to get her panties off," she said patiently.

Dr. Laura scratched her long red nails down the boy's back, her lovely legs gripping around him tightly. "Come on baby...fuck me!" she whimpered, then bit the flesh of his shoulder passionately.

Tori leaned in and brought her lips near her son's ear. Her big hanging tit-melons hugging his side. "Keep kissing, but reach under

her ass and grab the waistband of her panties," she said.

Billy did as she told him, then was able to slide them off Dr. Laura's ass with relative ease.

"There, see how easy that was?" Tori asked. "Now hook your arms under her legs and push her knees back to her shoulders so you can pull the panties down her legs."

"Ok." He did exactly what she told him, propping Laura's knees back, so he was able to slide her thong panties the rest of the way off.

"Yaaay, you did it!" Tori cheered.

Dr. Lovejoy quickly sat up. Still kneeling on the floor, Billy found himself inches from her huge jiggling tit-mounds. "Nice work, Billy," she said, gazing down at him. "As a reward for doing such a good job, would you like to rub your boner, while your mom and I sandwich you between our tits?"

Billy swallowed hard. It was a big "YES," but he was too fucking turned-on to answer.

The doctor was fully aware of his answer and looked at Tori. "Mom, there's a stool there beside you. Put it right back by his ass so you can sit on it and cling on to him from behind," Laura said.

Billy watched eagerly as his busty mother sat behind him. Dr. Lovejoy scooted to the very edge of the cushion and her big squishy boobs bumped up against the teenager's face. Before he knew it, his head was pulled into her cleavage and he was sandwiched between the boobs of both mothers, in sort of a three person embrace.

"Mmm, that's a heavenly spot to be, isn't it, Billy?" the Doctor asked.

"Mm-hm," his voice answered, muffled by tit-flesh. He didn't hesitate reaching down and squeezing his hand up and down his erection.

Laura and Tori's mammoth jugs were pressed together around the boy's head, so it literally looked like the top of his hair was surrounded in a ring of bulging breast-meat. Their long fingernails clawed at his lower torso teasingly.

"While we smother you with our tits and you jerk your horny cock, I want you to imagine that you're fucking a pretty girl, do you understand?" Laura said. "I want you to imagine that she has big luscious boobs, just like your mother and I and your face is pressed between them."

Laura looked at Tori and nodded, as if wanting her to continue the vocal fantasy.

Catching on, the mother smiled, then spoke. "She's sliding her wet pussy up and down your boner, honey, and it feels sooo good."

Both women's voices drove him crazy with lust, but especially his mother's. He wasn't used used to hearing her talk this way, so it was an incredible thrill.

"She's squeezing you with her cunt-muscles, Billy." the Doctor said, 'soaking your erect cock with her hot slippery juices."

"And she's doing this because your boner is just sooo big," Tori said convincingly. "It's stretching her pussy and going deeper than any other boy's boner has ever gone."

The teen's body shuddered in delight as he beat his dick to their words. He had never been more turned on in his life.

"Would you like your mother and I to help you beat your dick, Billy?" Dr. Laura asked. "Sure," he sighed, his heart nearly beating out of his chest.

The Doctor reached down and clutched his balls, while Tori wrapped her hand around his thick meat, right behind her son's hand.

Together, they worked in unison, jerking his cock up and

down.

"Ohhh yess," the boy's voice quivered.

Laura squeezed her tits between her arms, smothering the boys face between them even tighter.

Billy's lips were kissing her breastbone, the soft monstrous melons pressing against either side of his face in a spongy tit-mask. "Her big soft tits are bouncing on you, Billy. Her nipples are throbbing to be sucked," Laura said.

"And you wanna suck them, don't you, baby?" Tori asked. "You wanna latch your lips around her nipples and suck hard, don't you?"

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered, his cock twitching excitedly in their jerking hands.

"Fuck her harder, Billy!" Laura said, rolling his balls in her hand. "Make her pussy cream on your big cock!"

"Yess!" Tori agreed, gripping her tiny fist around his dick as tight as she could as she stroked, "such a big, thick, pussy-pleasing cock."

"I would ask you how her pussy feels, but you don't know, do you Billy?" the Doctor said. "You don't know because you're a virgin. You're never had your cock inside a girl, have you, darling boy?"

"Hhm-mn."

"Would you like to, honey?" Tori asked. "Would you like to feel your dick buried inside a warm wet pussy?"

"Yesss," the boy hissed, wanting nothing more.

"Would you like your mom to spread her sexy legs for you, Billy? Would you like to slide your dick inside her pussy?" Laura asked.

"Hmmnghh," the boy whimpered, beating his cock even faster. Tori kept pace with him, her hand wrapped just behind his, beating his boner steadily.

The doctor smiled at his mother. "I think that's a yes," she said.

"I think so too," Tori smiled, releasing his cock and getting up from the stool.

By the time Billy dislodged his face from Laura's tits and turned around, his mother was on her back on the sofa across from them, with her luscious legs scissored wide open. It was a site that would be forever etched in his mind.

Dr. Lovejoy stood behind the teen and whispered in his ear. "She ready, Billy. Go slide your

hardon inside her."

Billy stepped over to his mother. Her sexy legs formed a wide V in the air, her dainty little bare feet flexed and pointed back at the wall behind her. The boy knew she went to Yoga class religiously, which was probably why she had such an amazing, limber spread.

He had never seen a woman's pussy in this amount of detail. Protruding out from her smooth outer lips, her inner labial meat was splayed apart like pink fleshy butterfly-wings. Her marble- sized clitoris protruded from it's elongated hood, making the boys eyes widen with wonder.

Tori patted her smooth inner-thighs with her hands, feeding him a reassuring smile. "Come on, honey. You don't have to be afraid," she said lovingly.

Billy stepped up to her crotch. Dr. Lovejoy was still hovering behind him, peeking over his shoulder. "Do you see the flaps of flesh below her clitoris, Billy?" she asked.

"Yes."

"That's where you're going to line your dick up for penetration."

The boy clutched his rock-hard erection and slipped the bulbous cock-knob up her pussy slit until he had the tip securely embedded in the buttery socket of her cunt.

Tori's heart was racing as she looked down at the long hard muscle preparing to squeeze inside her. She knew without a doubt it would be the biggest dick she'd ever taken. "Push it in, honey," she said softly.

Billy slowly fucked his cock into her velvety cunt tunnel, feeling the wet walls of her pussy wrapping tightly around the meaty thickness of his cock. He paused when he got all of his prick inside her and felt his knob touch bottom. "Ohhh man!" he sighed, making both Moms giggle.

"How does that feel, Billy?" The Doctor asked. "Ahh-mazing," he answered.

"You have such a big dick, so it must feel amazing to your mom as well," she said, looking at Tori.

The mother smiled back, clearly loving the feeling of being packed so full. "If he were any longer he would be sticking in to my cervix. Are there pleasure zones back there?" she asked, not used to having a cock so deep.

"Cervical stimulation isn't everyone's favorite pleasure zone, but for some moms, it's unquestionably the best," Dr. Laura explained.

"I think I might be one of those moms," she sighed, her face flush with pleasure. "I can already

tell if he starts digging around back there, I'm gonna be screaming and flopping around all over this couch."

Dr. Lovejoy giggled. "Not to worry. Billy's not pumping this session. I just want him to feel his cock in full penetration."

Billy's eyes drifted from his Mom's genitals, up her sexy midriff, to the two huge round mounds spread across her chest. They looked so soft, squishy and suckable. He wished he could dive right in and suck to his heart's content.

"Aren't they beautiful, Billy?" the Doctor asked as she noticed him gawking at Tori's tit-melons. "So big and warm and soft."

"Yes," the boy muttered.

"Why don't you reach up and squeeze them."

Billy looked at his mom and she smiled, showing her approval. "It's ok, honey, you can squeeze my boobs."

The boy reached to grasp her jugs and his fingers sunk into them like they were soft bread dough. He squeezed the nipples between his fingers, watching them puff up and harden even more.

He was snapped from his tittie-trance by his Mom's strong cunt muscles as they squeezed around his deeply-embedded cock. "Ohh man," he muttered, clenching his fists on her squishy tit-orbs.

"Is she squeezing your dick, Billy?" Dr. Laura asked. "Yes, it feels really amazing."

"I played the role of girlfriend earlier. Would you like your mother to play that role now?" Billy exchanged a anxious smile with his pretty

mother. "That would be awesome."

"Drop down on top of her, but remember, no pumping," the Doctor reminded him. "Keep your cock all the way in."

"I will," Billy said, lowering himself on to Tori's lush curvy frame. His mom got into her role and started kissing him, wrapping the boy in her arms as she tugged him the rest of the way down on top of her.

"Mmm, yess!" Tori whimpered between wet smooches.

Billy felt his Mom's strong legs wrap smoothly around his back as her thick tongue spun through his mouth. He did his best to keep his cock buried to his balls as she squirmed around

beneath him.

"Ohhh, baby!" Tori cried out, while smooching him, "you fuck me sooo good!" Kiss, kiss, kiss.

The sexually-excited mother pressed her crotch up around his cock-base as hard as she could, mashing her puffy outer-lips around the root, taking in every little bit of dick he had to offer.

"Ohhh!" Ricky groaned. Even though he was on top, his mom was fully in control. She clutched his ass with her long pink nails, and gyrated their hips up and back together. Her big melons sloshed again Billy's chest and the couch beneath them rocked and creaked as they writhed frantically in full penetration.

"Ohhh yes, such a strong dick!!" Tori cried out.

Billy felt his Mom's cunt-tube squeeze and quiver around his prick, making it flex inside her. The head of her cervix was in the shape of lips puckered in a kiss. The boy's fat knob dug against it as they wrestled it full penetration, his glans smeared in a mix of their hot slippery secretions.

"Yessss!" Tori's sexy mommy-voice sang, as she felt the virgin pleasure-zones deep in her vagina stimulated for the very first time. The hot pink tissue of her birthing-tube contracted wildly around the boy's cock-muscle, yearning to feel his big hard dick plunging up and down her horny fuck-hole.

"Your girlfriend's over here now, Billy," he heard the Doctor say.

He peered over and saw her reclined back on her chair with her knees propped back nearly to her elbows. She was spreading her shaved cunt open with two fingers, showing him her juicy pink pussy-hole.

The boy climbed off his mother, his wet dick exiting her cunt with a creamy lewd-sounding "FLLUUP!"

His boner wagged stiffly as he moved over between Laura's widely splayed thighs. "Slide it in," she instructed.

For just a moment, he stared at her cunt transfixed, admiring her deep coral slit and the pouting, flowering shape of her pussy lips. He wondered how many boys had worked their cocks off inside this tight cunt and how skilled her cunt muscles must be.

He fit his knob to her cunt-lips and split her twat as he pushed forward, working his lean ass cheeks, slowly pushing until his huge rod was all the way inside her, buried to the balls in the tight, clinging sheath of Dr. Lovejoy's cunt.

She locked her legs around him to keep him all the way inside, pulling him down onto her. "Fuck me, Billy!" she cried out.

Billy sprawled flat on top of her, feeling her stiff nipples poking into his chest as he crushed her huge tits under his torso. Her chair rocked as they ground their pelvises together in full penetration.

Laura lashed her licker through his mouth, impressed by how incredibly good the boy's cock felt in her pussy. Yes, she'd had a lot of young pricks in her cunt hole, but very few were as long, thick and hard as Billy's.

She squeezed her muscled inner ring's around his boner, showing her skill.

"Ohhhshit," Billy sighed, his cock flexing in response to being to exquisitely gripped. He instinctively began to pull it back and start thrusting, but she clutched his ass with both hands, stopping him.

"No pumping, Billy," she reminded him.

He was content with staying deeply embedded, while rocking and pushing his prick against the rubbery back-wall of her pussy. "Mmm, yess! Stretch your horny girlfriend's pussy, Billy!" she cried out. "Show her what a fucking stud you are!"

Dr. Laura gasped with lust, running her nails down Billy's back, thrilled to have such a big- dicked teen on top of her. "Call to him Tori," she shouted.

Tori was still sprawled out on the edge of the sofa, her knees back and her thighs spread open widely. "Fuck meeee!" she shouted.

Billy took this as a hint that it was time to move back to his Mom, which he did, laying back on top of her and driving his boner in as deep as it would go.

"Yessss!" Tori cried, throwing her lovely legs around him. Like before, they kissed passionately while rolling their hips together in deep penetration. Billy loved the feel of her huge squishy tits and hard rubbery nipples crushed beneath him.

His knob tingled and he knew he'd be cumming soon if he kept this up. His mom beat him to the punch. "Ohhhgghshit, I'm gonna

cummm!" she cried out, clinging to her teen like her life depended on it.

Having his body clawed at by his big titted mother, while she writhed beneath him was too much for the boy to endure. Fused together, their naked bodies rocked violently and the teen could feel hot girl-cum gushing around his prick, making his knob tingle exquisitely.

"Do I pull out?!" he asked in a panic, panting heavily.

"Nooo!" Tori screamed, her eyes rolling back as she gripped his young ass, so he remained fully sheathed inside her.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Billy grunted, squirting a huge rope of cum from his piss-slit. It was followed

by more hot blasts, hosing the back of his mother's vagina.

Dr. Lovejoy gave them all the time they needed, watching their twisted bodies rock and tremble in sexual pleasure. Finally, after a few minutes, their bodies went still. "Ohh my God," Tori sighed, as if she'd just had the greatest orgasm of her life.

Dr. Laura handed them each a towel. "Thanks," they both said as they sat up, still catching their breath.

Billy pulled his soaking-wet hardon from his Mom's pussy, then watched some of his jizz ooze out of her fuck-hole.

"How did you like that, Billy?" Laura asked. She knew it was a dumb question, but wanted his input.

"That was incredible," he answered, watching his Mom slip the enormous bra-cups back over her breasts. "I hope I didn't get Mom pregnant though."

"Oh honey, I'm here to help you. I'm not worried at all about that," Tori said.

"Did you like your mom and I pretending to be your girlfriend, while your dick was inside us, Billy?" Dr. Lovejoy asked.

"Yeah," Billy smiled, "I liked that a lot."

"Good, because I have an assignment for the two of you this week. For one hour each day, I want you to pretend that you're girlfriend and boyfriend. You can kiss, get naked, roll around and even stick your cock inside her, but NO PUMPING."

"It's hard not to pump," Billy timidly confessed.

The mothers both giggled. "I agree totally, sweetheart," Tori said.

"Don't worry, Billy. Pumping a woman's pussy with your cock is something you'll get to do in our next session," the Doctor explained," but until then, I need you to exercise restraint. Either squirt your load deep inside your mother, like you did today, or pull out and cum on her tits."

"That doesn't sound so bad I guess."

Dr. Lovejoy smiled as she noticed Billy hadn't put a stitch of clothing back on yet. He was too busy watching the mothers get dressed. "So are you getting dressed, Billy, or are you going home naked?" she joked.

Billy blushed and picked up his briefs. "Oh, yeah, sorry," he muttered.

Laura and Tori looked at each other and giggled at how cute and naive he was.

"Welcome back!" Dr. Lovejoy said, sitting down across from Tori and her son Billy. "How did the assignment go?"

Mother and son looked at each other and smiled dreamily. "It was incredible! I mean, it went really well," Tori answered. "For a half-hour each day, Billy and I were girlfriend and boyfriend. We got naked. We kissed. He put his hardon all the way inside me...and held it there, in full penetration. It was hard, but there was no pumping!"

"Excellent! Did Billy cum inside you or on your tits?" The doctor asked.

"Three of the days inside me, the other three days he pulled out and came on my boobs." "Billy, how did you like that?"

"It was amazing! I really liked watching my cum run down her boobs." His mom giggled like an amused schoolgirl.

"Billy, where did your sessions take place, in 'your' bed or on your parent's mattress?

Billy glanced at his mother as she smiled back at him knowingly. "Both places," he muttered.

"How did it make you feel having your penis buried deep inside your mother, right there on your parent's marital bed?"

"It was really fun!" Billy answered, his heart racing from just the thought of having wrestled in a sexual embrace with his mom, right where his father slept.

Tori, was Billy in the dominant top position each time?" Laura asked.

"Yes, but we tried my legs in different positions. Sometimes thrown back as far as I could spread them. I even propped them up on his shoulders a few times, right honey?"

"Yes," the boy answered.

"Billy, did you like that? Did you like having your mother folded in half beneath you, while you fully penetrated her?" the doctor asked.

"Oh yeah, I liked that alot."

"Good. Billy, today you'll be on' 'YOUR' back and you'll be engaging in full sexual intercourse, with lots of pumping!" Laura said.

"I can't wait!" the boy muttered.

"First I'd like the both of you to stand up and get completely naked."

Tori and her son stood from the couch and began shedding their clothes. The boy marveled at

the way his mom stripped out of her bra and panties shamelessly. He gazed at her big naked mommy melons as they shimmied from side to side, heavy with milk.

His mother took equal interest in the erection jutting from her son's crotch. Her eyes were transfixed on the big purple knob capping his shaft. She couldn't help but remember how good it felt squashed against the back wall of her vagina.

Dr. Lovejoy observed how they lustfully watched each other. She smiled with satisfaction as she saw how Billy was gawking at the naked meaty buttocks that was crowning Tori's smooth luscious legs.

"Good, now that you're both naked, I'd like you to face one another and take each other's hands."

Billy and Tori stepped up close to each other, smiling naughtily as they gazed into each other's eyes and joined hands.

"Excellent! Billy, your mother is going to be placing her arms around your neck, then she'll spring from the floor and wrap her legs around

your waist. When she does this, I want you to grab hold of her thighs and hold her up," the doctor explained.

"Yes, ma'am," the boy answered with an anxious gulp. "Tori, go ahead."

The beautiful mother stepped forward, throwing her arms around his neck. She gracefully leaped from the floor and folded her strong lovely mommy-legs around his midsection. Billy did his part by grasping her soft thighs as the doctor had instructed him to.

His whole body shuddered excitedly at the feel of her whole curvy body clutching onto him. Her warm spongy tit-mounds felt beyond amazing squashed against his young chest. The feel of her strong clasping thighs was a close second.

Tori gazed into his eyes with a look of sexual excitement. "Hi!" she said cutely. "Hi," Billy said back.

"Good," Dr. Laura said as she looked at Billy hardon sticking out from behind Tori, with the mother's fleshy ass resting on top of it. "I assume the two of you did lots of kissing this week, am I right?

Billy and his mom looked at each other and smiled knowingly. "We most certainly did," Tori answered.

"Show me," the doctor said.

The couple locked lips, kissing passionately while the doctor silently observed.

After a few minutes of tongue-fluttering kisses, the doctor had another request. "Now take turns sucking and licking each other's necks."

Tori went first, kissing, licking and sucking on her boy's neck sensually. Billy was in heaven, sighing delightfully as his mom

showed her skill.

"Billy, now you!" the doctor said.

Billy's big breasted mother squirmed and whimpered as her boy gave her neck the same type of treatment that she had given his.

"Excellent! Let's move on to something different," the doctor said.

"Do we have to?" Tori sighed jokingly, clearly wanting her son to continue giving her neck attention.

The doctor giggled. "Billy, you can put your mother down. I'd like to take a few minutes to speak to each of you individually. Tori, I'll start with you."

"Sure," the mother answered, back on her feet. She noticed how wet her son's chest was from her leaking breast milk. "Sorry honey!" she said sweetly.

"I'm not complaining," her boy answered.

His mom giggled. "I'm sure you're not!" she said playfully.

"Billy, don't worry, you'll be nursing on this big leaking nipples later," Laura said. "First I need to talk to your mom...alone."

"Ok, um, so where do I go?" Billy asked.

"While I'm talking to one of you, I'd like the other to go into the next room over. Once inside, I'd like you to close the door, lie down on the bed and masturbate. Billy, go ahead into the room. I'll call you when we're finished."

Billy did as she asked. Unlike the window lit office he'd just been in, this one was much smaller and windowless. A large bed consumed most of the dimly lit space and the soft subtle beat of sensual music

sounded from overhead speakers. Billy sprawled out on the bed on his back and began masturbating his erection.

"The reason I like to meet with mothers and sons individually is so they can communicate anything they may feel reluctant to share around each other," Doctor Laura explained.

"That does makes sense."

The doctor clicked on the large monitor on her office wall. It brought up an image of Billy laying on the bed, taken by a hidden camera at the foot of the bed. "Now there's a yummy sight!" she

said.

Tori smiled and nodded in agreement. "Yes! Very yummy!"

The doctor stepped out of her dainty heels and peeled off her panties. "Why don't we rub our clits while we watch him and talk."

"Sure!" Tori agreed. They both leaned back, side by side on the couch, then brought their knees up and spread their thighs wide like only moms can.

Their pussies were both clean-shaven, their smooth outer folds puffy and engorged. Their fleshy clits protruded out from beneath their domed hoods, eager to be fingered. The women began to rub them, while lustfully staring at the monitor.

"So, how are you 'personally' doing?" The doctor asked.

"Aside from being horny twenty four seven, I'm fine!" Tori giggled. "I know you're married as I am. Any feelings of guilt?"

"Maybe, a little, here and there, but I keep reminding myself that I'm doing this for Billy," the mother explained.

The doctor smiled over at her. "You know, it's alright to be doing it for 'YOU' also." "For me?" Tori asked, looking over at her.

"Yes, there's nothing wrong with being sexually attracted to your son and wanting to fuck him, all day every day."

Tori laughed at the doctor's candor. "Is it that obvious?" she said.

"Yes, I work with lots of mothers who have handsome, well-endowed sons. You didn't bring him here to seek help. You brought him here to seek validation that the lustful feelings you're having for one another are normal. The answer is, yes they are."

"I've never felt this sexually aroused by someone. Not even my husband. Billy just makes my whole body tingle when I'm around him," the mother explained, rubbing harder on her clitoris.

"Go on!"

Tori stared at the monitor, gazing at her son's cock as his hand slipped up and down it's length.

"When he was inside me...his dick was so incredibly hard I could feel his heartbeat. All I could think about was him pounding the fuck out of me. Making me cum so fucking hard my toes would curl."

The doctor looked at her and smile. "He will. Very soon!"

"Oh my God, I don't know how much longer I can wait!"

"Why don't we stroke our clits until we cum! That'll take the edge off." "Sure," Tori said and the two of them stared at the monitor.

Soon they were tossing their pretty heads around, rubbing their juice slicked nubs frantically. They thrust their hips up and down, humping their horny cunts against their hands. Both sets of legs were bowed

open impossibly wide, their sexy little feet with freshly painted toenails flexing and hovering in mid-air.

Their beautiful faces began contorting into wild masks of intense pleasure as orgasms began to surge through their mature big breasted bodies.

Billy was stroking away when the door opened. His mother smiled and walked in, her big milkers bobbling as she moved.. "Your turn," she said.

He hopped up and they nearly ran into each other as he attempted to go out. They both giggled. "Sorry!" Billy muttered.

"I'm not!" Tori said, then bounced her ballooning tits off his chest playfully. "I like running in to you!"

"I like it too. Especially when you're naked."

She gazed at him with her beautiful eyes. "Well maybe I better be naked at home more often then," she said.

"I won't complain."

"So when it's just us at the house we'll make a new rule, clothing is optional," Tori said, half joking.

"And we have to bump in to each other a lot," Billy added. "I'm sure we'll be doing A LOT more than that."

"Like what?" Billy asked, even though he had a pretty good idea.

His mom fed him a flirty smile. "Rhymes with bump, but starts with an h." "Oh, I like that word!" Billy said excitedly.

She shared his lustful gaze. "Me too!"

Doctor Lovejoy strolled over to the door, smiling as she watched the flirty exchange. They noticed her standing there. "Sorry, we got a little distracted," Tori said.

"No, no, these are good distractions. I'm just observing. Please continue," Laura said.

Tori looked back at her boy with a playfully smile. "Hey, at least when I bumped into you, I didn't soak your chest with breastmilk again!"

"I wish you had," her son said.

The mother quickly hefted her jugs, one in each hand. She pinched the pink flesh, just below each thick rubbery nipple, sending long streams of tit-milk gushing over onto her son's chest. "There you go then!" she said, giggling like a horny girl Billy's age.

"That was cool!" the teen said with wide-eyed.

Tori teasingly slid past her son, letting her big tits drag against his chest as she passed, leaving wet marks. "Go visit with the doctor. It's my turn to masturbate."

"I know you were masturbating earlier too. I could hear you guys in there," Billy said. "Well, you might have been able to HEAR me, but I could SEE you!"

"You could? How?" her son asked.

Tori pointed out the door. "Check out the monitor on the wall," she said.

Billy peeked out at the monitor and saw his mom on it, sitting at the edge of the bed. She waved cutely. "Oh, I guess you could see me."

"Of course! Why do you think I came so hard?" she said with a wink.. "So I get to watch YOU masturbate now?"

She fed him a naughty smile.. "It certainly looks that way...as soon as I'm done teasing you!." Tori said.

"Cool," the boy sighed as Dr. Laura giggled and closed the door.

Billy moved over to the monitor, already pulling on his erect pecker as he watched his mother sprawl back onto the bed. She curled her silky tan legs up teasingly, looking right at the camera as she bowed her legs open, displaying her impressive spread.

The boy's boner flexed in reaction, slipping through his circled fist. Precum drooled from his meatus, lubricating his strokes.

Doctor Lovejoy stepped up next to him.

"You'r lucky! I'm sure any boy would think your mom is quite the MILF," Doctor Laura said. "All my friends sure do!" Billy confessed.

The boy's eyes widened as he watched his Mom crawl up onto her hands and knees, pointing her thick buttocks back at the camera.

"Oh Billy! She's displaying her sexy ass for you now!" Laura said..

"Sexy is right!" Billy muttered, watching his mom wag her naked buns back and forth. Billy could see her large tits hanging down, rocking back and forth to her movements, like big fleshy pendulums. The half-moons of her ass were slightly spread apart and he could see the puckered ring of her butthole. There wasn't a single thing his shameless mother wasn't putting on display for his horny eyes.

"Would you like to know what your mother and I discussed while you were in the room masturbating?

"Sure," he answered.

"First, she talked about how hot you are and how much she's intrigued by your big cock." "Intrigued?" Billy asked.

"Yes, curious. Curious about what it would feel like if it was pounding through her mature cunt." "Really? So you mean like..."

"Uh huh. Your mom wants you to fuck her!" "Whoa! Um, so what about my dad?" he asked.

"What your father doesn't know won't hurt him. You just act as you normally do when he's around and he'll have no idea you're fucking his wife behind his back," the doctor said.

"Ok."

The boy watched his mom rub her clitoris with one hand, while squeezing her big tit with the other. "Billy, you're dealing with a mature woman here, with an experienced cunt. You'll need to fuck her long and hard, giving her multiple orgasms to keep her coming back for more."

"Ok, um, I'll do my best!" he said.

Dr. Laura looked at him with an anxious smile. "Are you ready? Are you ready for some VERY intense sexual intercourse?"

"Most definitely yes!"

Laura took him by the arm and they went back into the tiny room. Tori stopped masturbating a moment, looking at her son with curious lust. "That was a quick chat," she said.

"Mom, I think this boy is ready to feel a pussy pumping up and down his cock," Laura said.

Tori smiled and patted the spot on the mattress beside her. "Come on over!" The teen crawled over and sprawled out on his back.

Doctor Lovejoy used a remote to tilt the bed, so that Billy was more reclined instead of laying flat. "Billy, your mom is going to be fucking you in what's called the cowgirl position. This will give her control over the rhythm and pace of your intercourse.

"Oh, um, ok," the boy said anxiously, his cock throbbing with anticipation. Tori gazed down at her boy with eager eyes. "Ready, sexy?"

"Definitely!"

Tori threw a leg over him, straddling his loins and planting her knees astride his hips.

"Oh wow!" Billy muttered as her big wobbling melons brushed softly against his face, while she reached under and grasped his hard cock-muscle.

The mother wasted no time greedily cramming the flaring knob of his cock between her juicy shaved folds, feeding it into her love pit. They both sighed loudly as she dropped her ass, spearing his meaty erection up her smothering cunt tube.

The boy's eyes went wide as Tori sat up, burying his cock to the root. "Oh my God!" she cried out in fuck-lust, feeling her vagina crammed full.

Billy's looked down at their joined genitals, which looked like they were fused together. His eyes traveled up her sexy midriff, which still had a little pudge from her recent pregnancy. His gaze continued upward at the enormous mammaries that jutted out over him.. Her thick erect nipples reminded him of spires standing proudly atop two twin towers. He could see tiny beads of milk forming on the pink rubbery nubs.

He began to comment, but paused and gasped as his mom started fucking him. It was the first time he'd felt a cunt-sleeve traveling the

length of his cock and it felt amazing.

"Yes!" Tori gasped, fucking her son's hardon, feeling it plunge through the spongy pink tube she had once squeezed him out of. Billy had come full circle and it wouldn't be long before he was laying his seed inside this beautiful woman, just like his father had.

"Billy, how does that feel on your boner?" Laura asked, sprawled out on her side near them.. "Incredible!"

Laura then looked at Tori. "Mom?"

The busty mother sighed in delight. "His dick feels amazing! I never want it to leave!" she said, her voice shaking from the rhythm of her hump.

The boy was being treated to quite the boobie-show. His mom's mammoth tit-melons were leaping up and down her chest, rising so high on the upward swing that the huge rounded undersides of her tits displayed themselves for the boy's ogling eyes. When her boobies smacked back down on her tummy, the layers of milk and fatty flesh made them ripple delightfully.

"Billy, are you enjoying that view?" the doctor asked. "Yes!" he sighed.

Lewd wet smacking sounds filled the tiny room as Tori's bare vulva beat against her son's cock- base repeatedly. His nine inch spear flexed excitedly as it plunged through the juicy sheath of her clutching vagina.

"Oh man!" the teen whimpered, arching his head back in ecstacy as he felt his Mom's pussy tighten even more around his big pink cock. His knob was already tingling like crazy and she had only just started fucking him.

Tori stopped pumping and rolled her hips up and back, grinding the spongy walls of her cunt with the unyielding hardness of her son's horny love muscle.

"Oh wow, that feels really good too!" the boy sighed.

Tori squealed with unbridled passion, feeling her boy's massive boner plow around every inch of her inner sex chamber. Along the back of her vagina, she felt never-endings sizzle exquisitely.

He was touching pleasure-spots she never even knew she had. "Oh sweet Jesus!" she cried out.

The beautiful brunette mother went back to bouncing her ass, fucking his hardon intensely with her cunt. The big bed rocked as Tori used all her energy to pound his dick through her tightly clutching hole.

For nearly ten sexually-charged minute Billy's mom rode him like a sex queen . His wide eyes gazed up at her bouncing milkers and her pretty, pleasure filled face the whole time.

"Billy, pull her down on top of you and fuck up into her!" Laura said.

Billy happily obliged, grabbing his Mom's arm and tugging her down. Of course Tori came willingly. The whimpering boy found himself with his face wedged in the canyon between her wildly jiggling boobs. "Oh God!" he exclaimed. This was the place he'd dreamed about being.

"Thrust your hips from the mattress! Fuck her!" Dr. Lovejoy instructed.

The teen savagely drove his cock up through her cunt, his hips working like a well oiled machine.

His mom cried out with passion, her vagina tightening up like a velvet vice as an orgasm surged through her naked body. She suddenly screamed out in rapture, soaking Billy's pistoning cock with liquid-love.

"Billy, latch on to her tit!" Laura shouted.

The boy gladly did, dragging his tongue along the big meaty contour of her boob until he found the leaking nipple. His mind swirled with delight, as he slurped the engorged nub into his mouth and sucked greedily.

Tori cried out even more intensely than before. Her boy groaned into her boob. It felt like her cunt tube was folding inside-out around his boner, like cock and cunt were hotly melting together. Even so, Billy continued punching it through.

Billy's body trembled beneath the writhing flesh of his busty mother. His face was pressed deeply into one of Tori's huge melons, his face masked in soft fatty flesh. He had a large mouthful of breast meat, so his Mom's entire nipple and most of the surrounding areola were compressed between his tongue and the roof of his mouth. He nursed greedily, gulping down all the sweet nectar his Mom's tit was providing.

He heard his mother let out yet another trembling scream and felt a warm sensation wash over his humping boner. More of his Mom's girl cum was running down across his balls. His big twitched and flexed, triggering a torrent of jizz to rocket up his cunt-tube.

Billy's young body jerked beneath his mother, his back arching as he hosed her hot inner sanctum with thick rich seed. He buck delightfully, shooting out was felt like a gallon of cum..

For several minutes, they humped and cried out in sexual bliss. Billy groaned sloppily around the rubbery pink flesh of Tori's papilla, the

milk-ducts surrounding her puffy nipple still pulsing out thick trickles of tit-nectar.

"That was beautiful," Doctor Lovejoy said as mother and son lay there breathlessly in a naked heap.

"It was amazing!" Tori added.

"Feelings of sexual desire shouldn't be repressed, they should be acted upon. The two of you have crossed that bridge and now must decide when, where and how often those desires will be acted upon."

Tori lifted her head and looked down into her son's eyes. "How often would you want me?" she asked sweetly.

"Billy, during your first visit, how often did you tell us that you masturbate?" Laura asked. "Three to five times a day."

The doctor looked at Tor and smiled. "I think you have your answer."

45: Drive-in Mom

by klrxo

Chapter 1

I had never been so pissed. I really thought that tonight was the night I was going to score. Her name was Tami Johnson. She was a cheerleader with long legs and probably the biggest breasts at our school. We had plans to go to the drive-in, where I was sure to be balls deep in her sweet little pussy, but she stood me up. That bitch!!! I arrived back home and entered the house with my head hung low. I had just turned 18 and it looked like I was gonna be the worlds oldest virgin. Mom and Dad were watching tv in the livingroom. I passed them without a word and started upstairs.

"Sweetie, what happened? I thought you had a date tonight? Mom inquired.

"Yeah, I thought so to. Guess she changed her mind." I answered.

I went to my room and lay on my bed. It wasn't long before there came a gentle tap at my door. Mom peeked her head in with a look of worry.

"Kevin, can I come in?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said in a dejected tone.

Mom came in and closed the door. Her presence made me feel all the more disappointed. Mom was beautiful, like Tami, only much older.

She had long milky-white legs and boobs that were probably even bigger that Tami's. Mom was 40 and had taken very good care of herself. Imagine an older Liv Tylor with bigger boobs. That's mom. She sat at my bedside.

"I take it your date didn't fly?" She said.

"No. It didn't even get off the ground." I answered.

"Well, no 18-year-old should spend a friday night without a date. Where were you going to take her?" She said.

"The drive-in." I muttered.

"The drive-in huh? She smiled. "No wonder your so upset. It just so happens that I know a girl who might go out with you tonight."

"You do?" I asked.

"Yep, she's a little older than you, but I think you might enjoy her company." Mom said.

"Who is she?" I said excitedly.

"Me, silly boy, now what time does our movie start?" She asked.

"Mom, you don't have to feel sorry for me." I said.

"Don't you tell me what I can or can't feel young man. I asked you a question." She said sternly.

I smiled at her.

"It starts at 8." I answered.

She looked at her watch and jumped up.

"Then I better get ready or we're gonna be late." She said.

"What about dad?" I asked.

"Your father has to be at the office early in the morning, he'll be off to bed soon. Besides, you're my date, remember?" She said with a wink.

I waited for mom downstairs and made small talk with my father as he watched the game. Mom finally came down the stairs and she looked stunning. She was in a white mini-skirt and a matching halter-top that made her boobs look huge. The tap of her dainty high-heeled sandals clicked against the floor. They were nothing but a six-

inch heel and thin strap crossing her pretty little toes. Mom's legs were gorgeous. Long and lanky. She threw a tiny sweater over her shoulders and kissed my father.

"Well, don't you look stunning." Dad said.

Mom took my arm and smiled.

"Gotta impress my young date." She said.

Dad looked at me jokingly.

"Just have her back before midnight, son, otherwise her father will worry." Dad said. We all giggled.

"We may not make that curfew, pops, so don't wait up for us." Mom said.

"You two have a good time." Dad said as mom and I headed out the door.

Mom let me drive her car, just like in a real date. As we drove to the movies on the outskirts of town I couldn't help but glance at my mother's fabulous legs and imagined, as I often did, what it would

be like to have them wrapped around me. What would it be like to be my father and have that pussy to fuck every night?

"What are you thinking about?" Mom said with a smile.

"Me, oh-uh, nothing much." I answered.

"You have to be thinking about something." She said.

"I was just thinking how pretty you look tonight." I said.

"That's sweet of you to say." She said with a glowing smile. "Know what I'm thinking?" She asked.

"What?" I said.

"I'm thinking that girl is crazy for passing up such a handsome date." She said.

"Oh, thanks." I said bashfully.

We arrived at the drive-in just before 8 and began to drive around, looking for a spot. Mom pointed to a dark area off by itself where no other cars were parked.

"What about over there?" She asked.

I parked us in the darkened area near the back corner of the lot. We were pretty much all alone and a ways back from the nearest vehicle. I shut off the engine. I put the audio-box in the window just as the movie started.

"Do you want any popcorn?" I asked.

"No, get you some though if you want." She said.

"I'm okay." I said.

Mom let her sandals fall from her feet and slipped out of her sweater. Her enormous boobs rocked from side to side under her top and I felt my cock begin to harden.

"Care if your date moves over for a snuggle?" She asked.

I shook my head and mom scooted over next to me. She brought her legs up on the seat and rested them against me. She unfolded the blanket she had brought with her and threw it over the both of us. Then she snuggled closer, until I could feel her pillowy breasts squashed against my side.

"Put your arm around me." She said.

I did so and mom melted against me, her giant breasts flattening against my chest. She threw her long legs over my lap and ran her hand across my neck staring at me as I tried to concetrate on the movie.

"You've never been to a drive-in with a girl before, have you?" She asked.

"Why?" I asked nervously.

She giggled. "Because everyone knows you don't come to a drive-in to watch the movie, silly boy." She answered.

"Oh...what do you do at the drive-in then?" I asked, even though she was wrong, I did know.

Mom smiled wickedly and unhooked the audio-box from the window. It fell out and she rolled the window up.

"Guess old mom's gonna have to teach you a thing or two about drive-in dating." She said.

Chapter 2

It all seemed so surreal. Here I was at the drive-in theater with my own beautiful mother snuggled up next to me. We were parked in a dark corner at the rear of the lot with no other cars around. It was like we were in our own little private world for two hours. Being Mr. inexperience, I started to watch the movie, but mom had other ideas. She had just tossed the audio-box out and rolled up the window. Her long, milky-white legs were thrown across my lap and her enormous cans were pressed against my side as she snuggled.

"You haven't had much experience with drive-in dating, have you?" Mom asked.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Well, traditionally drive-in theaters are a place a guy can bring his date to make out. And chances are, if things go well, he'll get to test the shocks on his car before the movie's over." She said.

"Did you go to drive-in's when you were my age?" I asked.

Mom gave me a suprised giggle.

"Are you kidding? I was here about every weekend. Believe me, knowone's had as much drive-in experience as your mother." She answered.

"What if I'm with a girl I hardly know?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter. She'll know why you brought her here. So who was the bitch that stood you up tonight?" Mom asked.

"Her name's Tami." I answered.

"Is she pretty?" She asked.

"Yeah, she's really pretty." I answered.

"As pretty as your mother?" Mom asked with a curious smile.

A smiled bashfully.

"Well, not quite that pretty." I confessed.

"You're scoring points." Mom said with a giggle. "Scoring points is a very important part of getting what you want in a date." She said.

"I'll try to remember that." I said.

"So what's pretty about me?" Mom asked with a flattered grin.

"Well, I don't know...you're just beautiful." I answered.

"We've established that much, silly boy. What's beautiful about me?" She asked.

"Well, um...you have a pretty face..." I confessed.

"And?" Mom asked.

"You have a great body." I said.

"Okay, and what's so great about my body." Mom smiled proudly. "What are your favorite parts?" She asked.

"I don't know...you have beautiful legs." I said.

Mom pulled the covers up over her milky-white legs. Her skirt had ridden-up so that her long, naked legs were completely exposed for our viewing pleasure.

"So my boy like these legs huh?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

"What do you like about them?" She asked.

"I don't know, their just so long and smooth looking." I answered.

"They are smooth... Wanna feel?" She asked.

"Are you sure?" I asked, excited by the invitation.

Mom smiled.

"I think you've earned enough points so far to diserve it. Give me your hand." She said.

Mom took my hand and guided it across the smooth, soft skin of her amazing legs. I was suprised when she ran our hands up her thigh. She watched my reaction as we traveled up her skirt, until my thumb brushed against the crotch of her panties. I could feel the heat of her snatch.

"Do they feel as smooth as they look?" She asked.

All I could do was nod. I was in heaven and she knew it.

She gently scratched the top of my hand with her nails and then removed her hand, leaving my hand on the inside of her thigh.

"So what else about your mother's body do you like? She asked.

"Well...you have pretty feet." I told her.

Mom smiled and lifted her feet from the seat, pointing her beautiful little toes. Her toenail's were painted blood red, and speaking of blood, my cock by this time was full of it. It was the most painful erection I think I had ever experienced.

"These feet?" She asked in a cute tone.

She brought a leg back effortlessly, until her knee was bent at her side. With relative ease, she brought a foot to my face and gently brushed her pointed toes across my cheek. I was amazing by her limberness.

"You're scoring some serious points with me, young man." She said with a smile.

All I could do was smile as she brought her leg back down on my lap.

"Any other parts of me you feel like expressing your admiration for?" She asked.

My eyes went staight to the bulging cleavage spilling out the neck of her halter-top. She glaced down at it too, then looked back at me with a smile.

"I think there's a part of me you like better than my legs or my feet." She said. "Does Tami have big one's?" She asked.

"Yeah, they're pretty big." I answered.

Mom used her arms to press her breats together, causing the enormous cans to ballon outward, stretching against her sexy top.

"Surely their not as big your mother's." She said confidently.

"No, not that big." I smiled.

"Well, I had no idea my son was a big breast man. " She stated. Mom smiled at me, looking into my eyes. "Wanna cash in some of those points you've scored with mom?" She said.

"Sure." I said.

"Just remember, a guy's not suppose to talk about the ways he cashes in his points. To anyone! That's between him and his date. Break your trust and she may not be willing to drive-in date you again, understand?" She said.

"Yeah, I understand." I responded.

"Let's get in the backseat where there's more room." She said.

Mom and I got in the back and closed the doors. It was dark back here. Even if someone were right outside the vehicle they probably could see inside. Our car was completely by itself. My mom and I were now in the back seat, mother and son in our own little cozy world, and we were all alone.

I couldn't believe my eyes as mom slipped out of her skirt.

"Take off your shirt, and your shorts." She commanded.

I did so and sat there in my underwear. It was dark, so I knew mom couldn't make out much of my bulging cock, straining within my briefs.

"Scoot to the edge of the seat." She said.

I did so, sliding my ass to the edge of the seat. Mom scooted up next to me and gently forced me to lay back.

"Sit back, sweetie." She said.

I was now slouched down in the back seat and watched as my mother straddled me. It was an amazing sight! My own gorgeous mother mounting me as if I were a pony, her breasts swaying under her top. She threw the blanket over the top of us and looked down into my eyes.

"Sure you wouldn't rather watch the movie?" She said teasingly.

"No way." I said.

Mom came down on top of me and I think I could have cum right then. She rested her wieght against me, her pillowy tits squashed against my chest. My bulge sunk onto her panty cover snatch. She ran her hands through my hair and let out little moans as she

rubbed her body against mine. I put my hand on her back on the fringe of her top. Mom moved her lips to my ear.

"Pull it down." She whispered.

I did so and her halter-top slid down to her waist. I could now feel her lacy strapless bra rubbing against my skin. Her big tits oozing over the sides.

"There's clips in the back. Pull them together." She said.

I did as I was told and felt her bra unfasten and her tits spill out onto my bare chest. She pulled the bra out from between us and our nipples came together. Hers were as big around as a braclet and had hard fat tips that looked like they were just made for sucking.

"See what scoring points will get you?" She asked.

For a good ten minutes mom and I squirmed and rubbed against eachother. Mom smothered my cock with her cunt, grinding our genitals together in a nice slow dry hump. She ran her hands across my chest and neck, scratching me with her long nails. We were both breathing heavily and moaning. It was like being in our own little sauna under the blanket and soon our bodies were glistening with sweat.

"Mom...how do I score more points." I asked.

Mom brought our heads out of the covers and looked at me with a curious smile.

"Well you should know by now, silly boy. Flattery will get you all the points you want." She answered.

"How many points do I need to...you know?" I asked.

"No I don't know. Tell me." She said.

"To...have..."

"Sex with me?" She finished.

"Yeah." I said.

"Well, I am your date tonight, but I'm also your mother. For a teenaged boy to fuck his married mother, well, that would be a pretty hefty amount of points. Are you sure you're up to paying the price?" She asked.

"I'll do anything. I'll say anything. Anything you want." I pleaded.

"Anything? You're sure?!" She asked sternly.

"Positive."

"Well, tiger, I hope for your sake this is a double-feature. You have a lot of points to score and this could get pretty intense."

Chapter 3

Mom smiled as she still lay on top of me. We were alone at the drive-in and she had just agreed to help me score enough points to have sex with her.

"Let's switch positions." She said.

Mom unstraddled me and got in the same position I was in, laying on her back, with her ass at the edge of the seat. I started to straddle her as she had me but she stopped me.

"No...get between my legs." She said.

She threw her legs back and I climbed between them. Again our genitals met and she pulled me onto her chest. Her soft breasts melted against against my chest as she wrapped her long legs and arms around me.

"This is where my baby boy wants to be isen't it?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

"I thought so. Score enough points with me and we'll be back in this position before you know it. Only next time, there won't be panties and briefs between us." She said with a smirk.

"Okay." I said.

She gave me a nice sexy kiss on the forehead.

"Get on the floor." Mom commanded.

I did so, kneeling on the floorboard. Mom put her feet up on the seat and with her ass still at the edge of the seat, spread her long legs, exposing her panty covered muff to me. She was laying it all out right in front of my face.

"I want you to smell it." She said.

I moved to her snatch. The smell hit me before I was even close, but I didn't stop until my nose struck the crotch of her panties. The pungent pussy-smell was so strong it burned my nostrils. It was intoxicating! Mom ran her fingers through my hair as she watched me sniff.

"That's it, sweetie. Take your time. I want you to get a really good whiff." She said.

And that I did. The smell was so strong it was making my head spin.

Using her foot under my chin, she lifted my head so that I was looking up into her face.

"So...what do you think?" She asked.

"It's amazing." I replied.

"Bet you've never smelt it that strong before." She said with a smile.

I shook my head and smiled back. Mom lifted her ass alittle.

"Reach under and grab the waistband, I want you to take my panties off." She commanded.

I did so and in one fluid motion, moms panties slid up her legs. She kicked them off and taking them in her hand, sat up in the seat. I tried to look at her cunt, but suddenly her panties were in my face. She held the crotch of them at my nose.

"Sniff!" She said.

I again found myself breathing her sex fumes.

"That's it, sweet baby, breathe it in." She said.

I felt her fingers slide the moist crotch of silk between my lips.

"Now taste. I want you to suck on the crotch." She said.

I did so, tasting my own mother's pussy-juice for the first time. She stroked my forehead.

"That's it. Suck out all the juice for me." She said.

She finally removed them from my mouth and tossed them onto the floor.

"Did you like that?" She asked.

"You taste delicious." I said.

She smiled, brushing the hair from my eyes.

"There you go, scoring more points again." She said.

She caught me glaning towards her cunt.

"Something down there you wanna see?" She asked.

I nodded with a smile.

"What? What do you wanna see?" She asked teasingly.

"Your...you know..." I muttered.

"No, I don't know. Tell me. Tell me what you want to see." She said.

"Your vagina." I said.

Mom giggled.

"You mean my pussy?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

She continued to stroke my hair with a big grin.

"I thought a little boy wasn't suppose to see his mommy's pussy." She said.

I shrugged my shoulders and mom just giggled.

"A mommy pussy isn't like those young high school girl pussy's you know. A mommy pussy is big and fat and hairy. It's a mature pussy, that's had lots and lots of experience. Boys your age don't get to see those types of pussy's very often." She said.

"I know." I said.

"Bring your head down here close to the seat." She told me.

I did so and found myself staring at mom's belly. I could see the top of her pubic triangle and knew I was in for a real treat.

"Are you ready?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said.

Mom sat back in the seat and kicked her legs back as far as they could go. There, inches from my face, was my own mother's hairy cunt. She thrust her muff up towards my face and I could see her fleshy lips and fat clit.

Chapter 4

I was on my knees on the floor of the back seat. Inches from my face was the most beautiful pussy I had ever beheld and it belonged to my own mother. It seemed so large and intimidating. Peering down between her legs, mom smiled at me as she watched me study her amazing muff.

"Would you like me to open it up for you, sweetie?" She asked.

I nodded and mom used two of her fingers to splay apart her large fleshy cunt-lips. Mom's twat opened up like a shiny pink blossom coming to full bloom.

"Wow." I muttered.

Mom smiled at my reaction.

"Lots of peeping boys might get a good look at their mother's snatch, but you're one of the lucky ones. Not to many sons get to see under mom's hood." She said.

She held it open with her fingers as my eyes feasted on this delicious sight.

"Don't get too excited, tiger, you haven't seen the best part yet." She said.

With that, she pulled apart a second fleshy layer of pink and I could actually hear a creamy sound as she peeled apart her inner lips. As she pulled back the pink curtain, I found myself staring down into her gaping fuck-hole. The walls within her sex-cave were so soft and warm looking.

"Hard to believe I squeezed you out that little hole, isn't it?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said.

"Well...having you back shouldn't be as difficult." Mom said with a grin. She glanced towards my crotch. "Unless you've got something down there larger than I'm accustomed to." She said.

"I don't know." I said. I began to wonder if perhaps I was bigger than my father. From the locker room at school, I knew my cock was pretty large for my age. Last time I had measured, it was nearly 8 inches and that was when I was 16. I was sure it had grown an inch or so since then.

"Well whatever size it is, I'm sure old mom can make it feel right at home." She said lovingly.

I studied her steamy twat again and she watched me proudly.

"You must have questions. This is new territory for you." She said.

"How deep is that hole?" I asked.

"It's about 7 inches back to the head of my cervix." She answered.

"What's a cervix?" I aksed.

"That's where mom's eggs are produced. When your father ejaculates, his sperm will swim into my cervix and try to fuck one of my eggs." She said.

Mom ran her sexy toes through my hair.

"That's how I got my beautiful baby boy." She said.

"So that's where I was for nine months. Your cervix?" I asked.

"Well, kind of. When the sperm and egg became you, you attached yourself to the wall of my uterus, then I produced a womb-sack around you to keep you warm and safe while you developed." She said.

"Can a woman have sex when she's pregnant?" I asked.

"Sure she can. In fact, with the hormonal imbalance, most women need more sex when they're pregnant than when they're not." She answered.

"Does dad like it?" I asked.

"Are you kidding? Most men would kill for the chance to fuck a pregnant woman... Tell you what, if mom ever gets pregnant again, we'll wait until I'm about eight or nine months along, then we'll have another one of these drive-in dates. How's that?" She asked.

"Sounds good." I said.

I looked back at her cunt.

"My clit fascinates you, doesn't it?" Mom asked.

"Your what?" I asked.

Mom brought her finger up and pinched the fat nub at the top of her cunt, making it stick out like a swollen thumb.

"This plump little girl. She's momma's clit and you've been staring at her." She said.

"I have?" I asked.

"Yep, you have. If you want to score enough points to go back to the womb, tiger, you're gonna have to go through her." Mom said.

"How?" I asked.

"I'll give you a hint." Mom said as she took my hand. She opened her mouth, peeked her tongue out and taking one of my fingers, began to flail her pink snake around it in little butterfly licks. Then she slipped my finger into her mouth and began to suck for a few minutes. Finally, she took my finger out and glanced down at her clit invitingly.

"Get the picture, love?" She asked.

I got the picture all right and dove in head first. I wrapped my lips around mom's fat clit and began to nurse. I licked and sucked like a baby at its mother's breast. Mom moaned, grinding her hips and running her fingers through my hair.

"Oh yeah, that's it, sweetie-pie, suck your mother's little love-button." She groaned.

For a good 10 minutes I worked her nub, savoring the feel of her meaty cunt-flesh against my face and the pungent smell of her matronly twat.

"Oh God, baby, you are scoring some serious motherfucking points with me." She grumbled.

Finally, mom lifted my face from her muff and sat up. She pulled me to her swaying tits, throwing her legs under my arms and around my back. I suddenly found myself smothered in tit-flesh.

"Oh baby, come to momma's titties." She cried.

I started to kneed and suck. I was like a kid in a candy store, overwhelmed and surrounded by soft, tasty flesh. I worked my tongue on her enormous nipples, then sucked and squeezed like a baby. Mom held me to her bussoms, clawing the back of my head with her long nails.

"That's it, love on momma's big soft boobies, baby." She said.

After a few minutes, mom sat back a little.

"Come back up on the seat." She commanded.

I did and she grabbed the waistband of my briefs and let it snap against my skin.

"Get 'em off!" She said with a grin.

In a flash, I had them off and my big dick slapped against my stomach.

"Oh my!" She said with a giggle. "You're bigger than I thought."

"Bigger than you're used to?" I asked.

"By a few inches, at least." She said. "But I wasn't just refering to your length. Look at how fat and meaty that monster is."

"Is that good?" I asked.

She licked her lips hungrily.

"Bet your fucking ass it is." She said. "Had mom known you had such an an enormous baby-maker, she may have kicked your father out long ago, and made you man of the house." She said.

"Really? So I'd have been sleeping in your bed?" I asked.

"Well, we'd share the same bed, but I don't know how much sleeping we'd do." She said with a wink.

"That would be awesome." I said.

Mom stared at my giant erection and giggled.

"Well, lover-boy. If that thing rubs me the way I think it will, you may get your wish." She said.

I couldn't believe my ears. Would my mom actually divorce my dad and take me as her perminant love-partner. Would I have a chance to fuck mom again and again on her own marital bed? The very thought took my breath away.

"You know, tiger, we may have a problem here." She said.

"What?" I asked.

"Well, I think you've scored too many points." She said.

"Too many?" I asked.

"Too many for just a fuck." She said.

Mom pushed me back and got on her hands and knees on the seat.

"I think you've scored just enough for a nice deep blow-job as well." She said. Mom looked into my eyes with a teasingly seductive smile. "If your interested?"

"God yes!" I said excitedly.

Mom began to tickle the head of my dick with the ends of her nails.

"Are you sure? I mean, you may not be able to handle your cock sliding down mom's throat. The feeling of your own mother's tongue

dancing across your purple nob might just be too much for you." She teased.

"No, I want it, please!" I pleaded.

"Does my baby want it?" She said. "Does my sweet baby wanna feel his mother's lips wrapped around his swollen meat?" She asked in a baby voice.

"Yes...please!" I said.

"Then we need to make a decision. Cause once mom starts, she's not stoppin'. Do you wanna cum down my throat or do wanna pull it out and cum on my tits?" She asked.

"Your throat, but I thought we were gonna...you know?" I answered.

"You're a teenaged boy, silly. I'll bet you anything after mom swallows your load, you'll bounce right back and be ready for the main event. Besides, with one out of your system, you'll be able to fuck long and hard, making your mother cum in buckets." She said.

"You think so?" I asked.

"Well, if you wanna take your father's place in my bed, you better." She said sternly.

"Okay." I said confidently.

Mom pulled her hair back into a bun, getting it out of her face, preparing for her descent on my cock and balls. She gave me a soft peck on the lips, staring into my eyes.

"This is gonna be pretty intense for you. I want you to just sit back and feel my love, okay?" She said.

"Okay." I answered.

She gave me a big warm motherly smile and I felt her soft hand glide down my engorged pecker and forcefully pin my balls down against my ass. This made the skin on my fleshy pillar stretch tightly and my mushroom tip balloon even bigger. A trickle of bubbling jism seeped from the tip.

"Ready, tiger?" Mom asked.

I nodded and watched as mom's head sunk to my lap. Her lips descended right to my cockhead and about an inch before she reached it, her lovely mouth opened wide, and with her lips and tongue, she formed a nice round fuck-pouch for the giant pole she was about to swallow.

My rod was suddenly surrounded in wet warmth. I could feel mom's lips stretched tightly around my shaft as they sunk towards my balls. The head of my dick glided past her tongue and into her throat. I felt her gag, then swallow, taking me deep into her gullet. It was like a soft, heated vaccum pouch surrounding the meat of my cock. She clamped her fingers around the base of my shaft. Her nails dug in to the soft skin of my balls as her lips traveled back up my fleshy pillar. Mom drug the tip of her tongue against the underside of my cock, forcing a stream of pre-cum out my tip and into her mouth. She rolled her pink snake around my giant nob a few times, then swallowed the mouthful of syrup she had taken.

"Oh God that's good. You might have a hard time keeping mom away from this big sugar stick." She said, again taking my prick into her lovely mouth.

This time mom worked her mouth up and down my thick shaft like a pro. Her lips squeezed and pulled against the flesh of my spear, her tongue dancing and flailing around my big purple plumb. The sight of my own mother's head moving up and down on my lap was almost too much for me to bare. By this time, the windows of mom's

car were all fogged up. The sound of lewd slurping and sucking filled the vehicle as mom went at it.

For a good ten minutes mom fucked my cock with her mouth. Every dozen, ball bumping strokes mom would take my dick from her lips and bath my cock-head with rapid butterfly licks. She worked her fist up and down my member making my balls slap against my legs again and again. It felt amazing! Then once again I was devoured and she sucked and pulled at my cock with everything she had. I could feel and hear mom humming as she sucked and the vibration felt amazing against my meat.

For another ten minutes mom orally fucked me without rest. Up and down and up and down she worked her magic. My God, she was increadible! I couldn't possibly imagine getting a better cock-sucking from anyone, anywhere. While she sucked, her tongue had gone nonstop, rolling and wiggling across my pecker relentlessly. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, I sunk deeper and she began to deep throat me with short, rapid strokes. I could feel the slimy flesh of her gullet milking me hard. I began to buck my hips, literally fucking mom's throat. My balls tightened. This was it!

"Oh, mom, I'm gonna cum!" I groaned.

She worked harder and faster, slurping up and down the length of me, her tongue going into overdrive. Mom tightened her lips, loudened her humming. She was like a cocksucking machine on overdrive. I jerked as the torrent rocketed up my shaft until I delivered my first long rope of semen straight down mom's throat. She choked a little, but didn't miss a beat as the second jet splashed against the back of her mouth. My nob slid through the pool of semen as she sucked me back into her throat where I released another huge deposit of jism, then another on my way out. Mom gaged and I removed my dick from her mouth. Again she gagged, regurgitating an enormous amount of spunk back into her mouth, but with one big gulp she sent it back down her throat. In those few

seconds my cock sent a thick geyser splashing against her lips. Mom was back to sucking in a flash and my nob followed a river of sperm into the depths of her throat.

I could feel an almost constant stream of fuck-cream flowing from my piss-hole, cascading down my mother's throat and into her tummy. Mom jerked and pulled at the skin of my dick, nursing more and more of my milk into her loving mouth. I had never cum this hard. Never felt the jism flow from my cock as it was now. For one full minute my dick continued to spasm, spitting a bubbling gob of spunk each time for mom to swallow.

Finally, after mom had squeezed the last drop from my shriveling member, my cock-head popped like a cork from between her lips. She sat next to me and looked into my exhausted eyes.

"Don't wimp out on me, sweetie-pie. Our drive-in date isn't over yet. You have more points to cash in, remember." She said.

Mom gently squeezed my giant ball-sack.

"Besides, it feels to mom like you have another load you needs delivered." She said with a wicked grin.

Chapter 5

I gazed down at my cock. It was sticking straight up, still bone hard and coated with mom's saliva.

"So, son of mine...still upset that your date stood you up?" Mom asked.

"No way." I signed.

Mom smiled, her big tits giggling, as she ran her fingers through my hair.

"Top or bottom?" She asked.

"What?" I asked.

"Time to cash in all those points, sweetie-pie. Top or bottom?" She smiled.

"Bottom." I said.

Without hesitation Mom threw one of her long legs her leg across my lap and straddled me. I gazed up at her enormous chest as it hovered above my face.

"Scoot down to the edge of the seat." She said.

I did what she asked so that I was now slouched down in the seat beneath her, like I had been when we dry humped earlier. She reached around and grabbed my big boner, giving it a few slow strokes.

"So you think you can handle having this monster buried inside another warm wet hole?" She teased.

"Yeah." I sighed.

"You know, it's not every day a boy gets to visit his mom's most secret place. No drive-in date is complete though unless a young guy gets to pound him some puss. The things I do for you." She smiled.

"For me? Yeah right, mom. " I teased, knowing full well she wanted to fuck my brains out.

Mom giggled, then looked down at me with those big brown eyes, clasping my rod tightly.

"I'm gonna scream. A lot. Just don't panic okay. When a girl screams while you're fucking her, it doesn't mean you're doing anything wrong. It means you're doing everything right." She smiled.

"Okay." I said. Mom gave me one last smile.

"Ready slugger?" She asked.

I nodded and mom dropped her ass to my cock. It was time! Still clasping the base of my meat tightly she drug my cum drooling knob across the soft lips of her outer labia, then crushed it against her "plump little girl" as mom called it.

I suddenly felt a pocket of warmth swallow my bell-shaped tip as mom began to feed the first inch of cock inside of her. She released her grip on the base as I continued to sink. Those few seconds seemed like minutes as I felt myself being swallowed inch by meaty inch.

As my dick reached a certain depth I heard mom gasp and felt her love pocket contract. Somehow I instinctively knew I had just passed

my father's deepest point. I smiled inside, knowing I had almost three inches left to give her.

"Oh God." She sighed.

My meaty invader wormed further into mom's creamy depths until I felt my tip nudge snuggly against her cervical ring.

"Oh my God, sweetie, you just kissed your mother's womb." She sighed.

"Wow, this feels incredible, mom." I gasped.

"Oh honey, it gets a lot better." She smiled.

Mom brought her massive chest down onto mine, sandwiching her tits between us. She gazed down into my eyes with a look of shear pleasure.

"I'll bet I could milk an orgasm out of you without even moving." She bragged.

I suddenly felt her pouch flex, applying massive pressure against the meat of my shaft. My breath quivered as my eyes rolled back in my head.

Seeing my reaction, mom giggled, then relaxed her cunt muscles. No sooner did I sigh than mom tightened them again and laughed as I winced and closed my eyes.

"Oh God." I exclaimed.

"No...Oh Mom!" She said.

The pleasure was so intense I felt like crying. Mom started to rapidly tighten then relax her love muscles. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. I let out a little whimper, resting my head back. Mom was all smiles, enjoying my reaction.

Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax.

"Oh baby, look at you and we haven't even started fucking yet." She said lovingly, her pussy still working its magic.

"Oh, it feels so good, mom." I moaned.

"Oh sugar-bear...are you ready for momma to ride you?" She asked.

"Yeah." I muttered.

Mom started to move her hips and I felt my cock slip part way down her channel, but then, all at once, it got swept right back into her depths. She repeated this and soon her pussy was gliding up and down my boner.

Each time I hit bottom my cock head popped into mom's fornix and kissed the spongy swell of her cervical opening. Lewd slapping began to fill the vehicle as her ass began to bounce on me.

Mom's eyes were closed now, her face filling with pleasure. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

"Oh yeah!" Her voice quivered.

She shifted so that she could rest one of her big soft breasts on my face. My tongue went to work, rolling across her giant areola.

Mom and I set into a rhythm now, making the car rock back and forth. After about every ten dick-milking strokes mom would plant my cock as deep as it would go and grind our genitals together. I could feel my cock-head digging at the entrance to her womb.

"Oh yeah, baby, cock me good!" She groaned.

Our incestuous union became violent now as she began rolling her hips like a mad woman.

"OH GOD, SWEETIE, YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME CREAM!" She panted desperately.

"OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING HARD!" She shouted.

Her words were like a trigger to my balls, opening the floodgates. Mom's face began to contort and her entire body began to convulse. I saw her mouth open but nothing came out. Her eyes rolled back. Her hips were rocking so fast that I felt as though her cunt were going to rip my dick right off.

"FFFFFUUUUUCCCCKKKKK!!!!!!!" She screamed so loud I thought for sure that everyone in that drive-in parking lot had to hear it.

Mom let out a series of animal-like grunts. I could feel squirts of orgasmic juice pulsing against my cock and cascading down my balls. Mom's nipple popped from my mouth, her boob still molded around my face, as my first orgasmic grunt escaped.

It felt as though the end of my cock blew off as jism erupted from my piss-hole. A second rope of hot cum splashed against the back wall of mom's vagina and she continued stirring her pot with my cock-spoon.

"GODDDD, I'M CUMMINNNGGGG MORE!" Mom let out a grunting scream..

Mom and I were a sweaty heap of bucking, grinding, backseat love as we both came in buckets, our juices creating a buttery froth that oozed from mom's cunt.

We continued like this for minutes before we were both completely spent and lay there catching our breath. Mom finally lifted her head and gazed down at me.

"So...how's that for your first drive-in date?" Mom asked.

"Cool." I sighed.

She giggled and flex her cunt muscles.

"Cool huh? You're so cute." She said.

"You're still hard. Wanna cash in more points." She asked naughtily.

"Sure." I said.

Mom fell to the side onto the seat, taking me with her. She slid onto her back, her big tits rolling off the sides of her chest. I situated

myself between her legs. My ass started to rise and fall as my cock went back to work. Mom's wrapped her long gorgeous legs, the legs

of my dreams, around me and rested the heels of her pretty little feet on my ass.

"Oh, that's it baby, fuck your drive-in date. Make her cum some more." She gasped.

Soon the car was rocking again and filled with more screams.

"I didn't even hear you two get home last night. How was your date?" He asked.

Mom looked at me inquisitively, waiting for my answer.

"Great. We had fun." I said.

"What movies did you see?" He asked.

"How should we know? We were too busy making love in the back seat." She said.

Everyone got quiet and my heart starting pounding in my chest. Did mom really say what I think she said. Dad's face was blank for a moment, then, he suddenly started laughing. Mom laughed to and so did I.

"That's a good one." He chuckled.

I felt one of mom's bare feet glide up the back of my calf beneath the table.

"I know...I'm such a joker." She smiled.

THE END

46: Eskimo Mom

Eskimo Mom

By Klrxo

My name is Malina, derived from the Inuit word for "Sun Goddess." I am a proud Inuit wife and mother, deeply connected to my heritage and the customs of my ancestors. My roots are firmly planted in Eskimo tradition, and I carry those values with me every day.

But let's talk about something else that brings me immense joy: fucking. It's a topic that still makes some of my people uncomfortable, but not me. I embrace my sexuality wholeheartedly and thankfully, my husband shares a similar appreciation for it. Although, I must admit, there are times when his desire doesn't match mine, which leaves me feeling a restless longing.

But that longing is quickly soothed by the familiar comforts of my culture, the smell of burning wood from our traditional qulliq (oil lamp), the sounds of drumming and throat singing echoing through the walls of our home. These are the moments when I feel most connected to my roots and understand the true beauty and power of our traditions

My husband, Kali, is a staunch protector and provider, adhering to the ancient ways of our people. He's a skilled hunter, able to bring home seals, walruses, and caribou for our sustenance.

My daughter, Nanook, is a spirited young girl with a fire in her eyes that reminds me of myself in my youth. She loves to listen to the

elders as they share stories of our ancestors and teach her the ways of our people. Her laughter fills our home with warmth and light, a beacon of hope for the future of our community.

Then there is my son, Anik, with his striking features and easy charm that draws in both boys and girls alike. He radiates youthful energy,

just on the cusp of adulthood, still transitioning from boyhood into manhood.

My son became the subject between my mother and I as we sat in the flickering glow of the qulliq, sewing sealskin garments for the coming winter. My mother, with her weathered hands and wise eyes, had been a source of guidance and comfort since I was a child. As we worked side by side, the rhythmic sound of her bone needle piercing through the skin filled the silence between us.

"Malina," she began, her voice like a soothing breeze on a summer day. "Anik is blossoming into a fine young man, but he will soon encounter new experiences that will mold his future."

"What kind of experiences do you mean?" I inquired.

"Experiences of a sexual nature," she replied, her tone soft but unyielding. And then she reminded me of something that had almost slipped my mind. "It is traditionally a mother's duty to prepare her son for the voyage into his own sexuality." Her words hung heavily in the air and I couldn't help but feel a sense of responsibility settle over me like a heavy cloak.

I had grown familiar with the tradition over the years, knowing that one day I would have to initiate my own son into the world of sexual pleasure. It was an essential rite of passage, ensuring that he would be able to satisfy his future wife and produce strong, healthy offspring. My husband, having gone through this himself, was surely aware of the tradition, but I also couldn't help but wonder if it was

something that a father dreaded, knowing his wife would find pleasure in the hardened penis of their son.

"I'm prepared to fulfill my motherly duties," I stated, "but I would imagine it is a responsibility that husbands don't think fondly of, even though they once experienced it themselves."

My mother nodded in understanding. "It is a difficult role for fathers to accept, but they must understand the importance of it for the continuation of our people. Our ancestors knew the value of sexual satisfaction and propagation, and they passed on that wisdom through the generations. As a mother, it is our job to guide our sons into manhood, and this initiation is a crucial step in that journey."

"Shall I seek counsel from Kali on this matter, and inform him that the time has arrived for me to perfom this tradition?" I inquired, referring to my husband.

My mother's response was swift and decisive. "This is a tradition that requires no consultation with one's spouse," she stated firmly. "It is a private matter between you and Anik, and while Kali may be aware of its inevitability, he need not know the specific details of when and where this tradition will be carried out."

Her words were like gentle but firm hands guiding me in the correct path. It was a long-standing tradition, passed down through generations, and it was not to be taken lightly or discussed flippantly with anyone outside of our immediate family circle. My decision would be made discreetly, without any input from outsiders.

"I'll begin preparations for the task right away," I declared confidently. I was completely devoted to my husband. But the mere thought of tutoring my son, who was much younger than me sent a rush of excitement through my body. My heart raced with anticipation as I imagined Anik's body intertwined with mine, our limbs entangled in a passionate embrace. Images of him bucking like

a wild stallion between my cradled thighs, experiencing the heat and grip of his very first pussy, flooded my mind.

My mother looked at me with concern etched on her features. "It is an important task, so be sure to prepare yourself mentally and

physically," she cautioned, her eyes searching mine. "Especially after your recent accident."

I chuckled at the mention of my "accident" that had occurred almost a year ago now. "Mother, you worry too much. I've fully recovered from that slip on the ice," I reassured her.

"I know, but sometimes the mind and body need more time to heal from such traumatic events," she reminded me with a gentle hand on my shoulder.

The incident she spoke of was a terrifying blow to my head that resulted in total amnesia for months. It was only recently that all of my memories had resurfaced, and I finally felt like myself again.

As the days ticked by, my mind was consumed with a barrage of questions about how and when I should begin my son's sexual education. How should I even broach the subject? What were the fundamental lessons he needed to learn? Of course, knowledge of the male anatomy and female genitalia were vital, but what about sex positions? Which ones were appropriate for him to know? And how could I teach him techniques and allow him to practice them safely?

My thoughts inevitably drifted to my own experiences and preferences with sex. Missionary was always my favorite position, with its intimate connection. But would it be appropriate to pass down this information to my son? My mind whirled with uncertainty as I contemplated how best to approach this delicate task.

As my mind raced with questions, one in particular stood out above the rest. Would his penis respond to me? Would it become erect? I had seen him aroused before, the bulge of his young cock evident through his clothing, but the real question was... would I, his own

mother, be able to elicit that response from him? For the sake of learning at least, could Anik see me in a sexual light?

My intuition told me yes, based on all the times I had caught him admiring my body. Without trying to sound boastful, I knew I possessed a certain beauty that many found irresistible. My curves and proportions were often praised by others, particularly the size of my enormous breasts. The thought made me blush slightly, but also sent a flutter of excitement through my body. All these years of being a mother and suddenly I wondered if my son saw me as a desirable woman. It was both unnerving and exhilarating.

As I pondered my thoughts, my mind was consumed with a question that I had never considered before: how would Anik make me feel sexually? Would his touch arouse me, igniting a fire within me that would manifest by creating slick wetness between my legs? Would our union be a combination of learning and passion, creating an experience that I would never forget? Despite his handsome appearance, I had always viewed my son in a purely maternal light. But in a private and intimate setting, where sexual instruction was being imparted, could those perceptions shift?

As I approached my husband, my heart raced with excitement and nerves. "My mother has kindly offered to take care of Nanook tomorrow so Anik and I can join you on the hunt," I announced.

"We're going with father on a hunt?" Anik asked, looking up eagerly from his meal.

Kali's brows furrowed in concern. "The hunt may last for hours, perhaps even days. What will you and Anik do to pass the time?"

I could feel my cheeks flush as I quickly tried to come up with a suitable answer. Any response other than the truth would betray be suitable.

"We'll talk and bond, Kali. It'll be good for him to spend some quality time with me," I replied smoothly, hoping to hide the butterflies fluttering in my stomach as I smiled over at my son.

In that moment, I felt both guilty and determined. Guilty for deceiving my husband, but determined to see this through without hurting anyone.

The conversations and bonding between Anik and I on the trip would not occur in the way Kali had envisioned, but it was best to keep that information to ourselves.

"Suit yourselves," Kali stated with a resigned tone, "I'll have to prepare an igloo for the both of you to stay warm."

"I can help, father," my son offered eagerly. "My friends and I have crafted more than enough of them."

"I'll see to gathering the necessary supplies for our journey," I added, grateful that my husband saw the value in having us accompany him. The thought of venturing into the cold wilderness filled me with both excitement and trepidation.

Before embarking on our journey, I meticulously prepared my body for the upcoming sexual instruction. In my Inuit culture, this was a ritual of shaving essential parts – my legs and private area – with sharpened ivory and lubricating them with animal fat. Once smooth and bare, I indulged in a warm bath, washing my dark, full mane and pampering my skin with essential oils. I knew that the days ahead would be filled with intense lovemaking and instruction, and I wanted to give Anik nothing less than a perfect canvas to work with. It was a

sacred duty for me to present myself as fully ready and willing for this intimate experience.

The journey to the hunting grounds was a grueling one, taking hours to navigate through the harsh, unforgiving landscape. The frozen air seemed to bite at our skin, but the heavy furs we wore offered much needed protection.

As we finally arrived at our destination, Kali and Anik wasted no time in working together to construct the perfect igloo. Each block of snow was carefully placed, intricately carved, and reinforced with ice to create a strong and beautiful structure. As I watched them work, a sense of pride swelled within me for my son. He was growing into a capable man, finding his place in this world. The only thing he lacked now was sexual prowess, but I knew that would soon change with my help.

"I will set out on the hunt first thing in the morning," my husband declared with determination etched into every line of his face. I nodded, silently agreeing to his plan. "Very well, Kali, we'll stay in the igloo and spend our time bonding. Anik and I will have much to learn from each other during this time ." As I spoke, a smile crept onto my lips as I looked at my son. His cheeks were tinged pink and he met my gaze with excitement in his eyes. It was a well-known to boys that they would be trained by their mothers at some point, and I could tell that Anik was aware that this would be his special moment. I felt grateful to see eagerness rather than apprehension in his expression.

"Perhaps Anik should join me on the hunt," suggested Kali, his deep voice rumbling through the igloo.

A sense of unease settled in my stomach at the thought. I quickly racked my brain for a reason to dissuade him. "While it may benefit

Anik to learn hunting at some point, I would hate to be left alone for too long. If I had known you wanted to take him along, I would

have brought Nanook along as well to keep me company."

Kali's expression softened as he considered my words. "You're right, my dear," he admitted with a sigh. "Next time then."

Anik nodded eagerly, clearly pleased with his father's change of heart. "Yes, next time," he repeated, flashing me a relieved grin.

Despite my intense desires, I resisted my husband's advances for lovemaking that night as we lay nestled beneath the thick fur blankets. "Anik might hear us," I whispered.

But in reality, my reluctance had little to do with him overhearing us. In fact, a small part of me wanted Anik to hear the sounds of pleasure on the eve of learning how to fuck a woman.

The real reason behind my rejection of my husband's advances was that I didn't want his cum planted inside me. My pussy needed to be clean and free from any mess for Anik's exploration the next day. It was my son's special moment and any release inside me should come solely from his own cock.

As I lay in bed, on the cusp of slumber, my mind began to wander towards my son's knowledge of sex. Had he already experienced it, or was he still a naive virgin? Despite his charm and popularity with girls, I couldn't shake the feeling that he hadn't yet dipped his manhood into the depths of a woman's core. Perhaps he hadn't even shared a kiss with a girl yet. The uncertainty gnawed at me as I drifted closer to sleep, knowing that in the morning, all would be revealed. My nerves were tingling with a mix of anxiety and anticipation for what the dawn would bring.

"Wish me luck," my husband said with a slight smile as he prepared for the big hunt. I could see the excitement in his eyes, knowing that this was something he truly loved and took pride in. He meticulously checked his gear, making sure everything was in perfect working order for the task ahead.

"Be safe," I said softly, feeling a twinge of guilt in my stomach. By the time he returned, I would have had another man's penis inside me and who knows how many loads of sperm soaking in my womb. Of course, that man just happened to be our son, and it was for the sake of learning, but it still felt like a strange form of infidelity.

"Have a successful hunt, father," our son Anik declared as we watched Kali step out of the igloo and into the tundra.

The chill in the air nipped at our noses and I knew we needed to find a way to keep warm. "Why don't we snuggle beneath the blankets," I suggested to Anik, wanting to ease any tension before we delved into the intimate discussions that lay ahead.

We both crawled under the thick, woolen layers and my son let out a contented sigh as we settled in, his eyes widening as we lay on our sides facing each other. I pulled him closer, feeling the warmth of his body against mine and the pressure of his embrace mashing up against my oversized tits.

Taking a deep breath, I spoke nervously. "Anik, you're on the cusp of leaving your boyhood days behind and entering into a world full of sexual experiences," I told him gently. "As your mother, it is my duty to prepare you for these encounters with women."

He shifted awkwardly, clearly unsure of how to respond to such an open conversation about sex. "Um...alright," he finally answered.

"How much do you know about your own body?" I asked, figuring this was a good place to start.

"About my penis you mean?" he replied.

"Well, yes…that. We should talk about the different parts of your penis and how they function."

"I already know all that stuff, mother" he confidently replied. "My dick is comprised of the knob, the shaft and the balls, and it needs to get erect before doing anything sexual, so that I can pierce a woman's vagina. The nuts are where sperm is stored for making babies."

I was taken back at his detailed answer. "That's impressive," I stated, looking into his piercing blue eyes. "What about the vagina?"

"I know all about that too," Anik bragged. "There's the outer lips and inner lips, the clitoris, the vaginal opening, and the hymen. And when a woman is turned on, her clitoris becomes engorged. Oh, also…her vagina can stretch wider to accommodate a man's dick."

"Well, it's clear that you've educated yourself on sexual body parts," I stated proudly. It was obvious that Anik knew his stuff when it came to the human body, but there was still so much more for me to teach him.

"Okay, let's start with the basics," I said, taking a deep breath. "Sex is not just about penetration, but also about foreplay. Do you know what foreplay is, darling?"

"Yes. It's all the kissing, touching, and pleasuring that happens before you penetrate a woman."

As I lay there with my teenage son to give him "the talk" about sex, I didn't expect the level of knowledge he possessed. As I explained the importance of ensuring a woman is properly aroused and lubricated before penetration, he interjected with a suggestion of his own.

"Instead of just touching or rubbing, you can also use two fingers to stimulate her G-spot," he informed me confidently. I couldn't help but chuckle at his eagerness to share this information, especially since I, as a woman myself, was well aware of the G-spot's location. It was clear that Anik had done his research on pleasuring a woman,

impressing me with textbook answers to every question I had for him. "I'm glad you took the time to educate yourself on this topic," I praised him. "Remember, knowledge is power when it comes to understanding and pleasing a woman."

"Yes, mother," he nodded.

My heart raced with anticipation and excitement as I realized that the time had finally come for us to go hands-on. "Why don't we start with some foreplay," I suggested, my voice barely concealing my eagerness. "That way, I can answer any questions you may have as we explore."

Anik's face lit up with a mischievous grin, his eyes shining with an eager curiosity. "That sounds like fun," he replied eagerly.

"Just remember, these practice sessions are not just for pleasure, but also for learning and growth in your sexual knowledge," I reminded him.

"I understand," he nodded, then confidently placed his hands on my big breasts and gently squeezed. Instantly, I was flooded with pleasure and surprise at how skilled and confident his touch was. It had been a long day without much attention towards my body so Anik's touch ignited a fire within me that I didn't expect.

A gasp escaped my lips as his fingers found their way to my hardened teats, applying just the right amount of pressure around my swollen buds. I couldn't help but moan as he expertly tweaked and pinched the peaks of my jugs. A wave of pleasure washed over me, tingling in my pussy and making me ache for more.

"Anik," I said between heavy breaths, "have you been doing this with other girls in the village?"

He looked at me, confusion evident on his face. "No, why?"

"Because you're surprisingly skilled at this for someone without much experience," I replied, suspicion creeping into my mind. Had he been practicing on other girls? The thought both aroused and unsettled me. After all, I had been with his father for years and Kali had never squeezed my tender breasts this well before.

"I'm arousing you then, mother?" he asked, his voice deep and seductive. I could feel the warmth of his breath against my skin.

My cheeks flushed as I felt the evidence of my arousal coating my thighs. I wanted to hide my desire, but I knew that honesty was important in this moment. "Yes, my dear," I admitted, trying to steady my breathing. "You've certainly made my vagina plenty wet by the way you're using those skilled hands."

He seemed pleased with his effect on me, his smile dark and alluring. "Should I kiss you and touch your pussy now?" he asked, his words dripping with desire.

A wave of heat washed over me at his boldness. "Well, yes…I suppose that would be another form of foreplay," I replied, surprised by how eager he was to explore other ways of inciting pleasure. "Go ahead." My anticipation grew as he leaned in closer, his lips hovering just inches from mine. I had to remind myself that this wasn't how I was suppose to be feeling. I was merely the teacher allowing the student to learn and practice.

When our lips met, his tongue gently probed my mouth, teasing my lips and sliding between them. I couldn't help but moan into the kiss, the sensation of his tongue playing against mine sending shivers down my spine.

As our kiss deepened, his hands continued to explore my body. His fingers sliding down my sides, grazing the skin just slightly above my waistline. He traced circles around my navel, his touch feather-light and yet electrifying.

I began to lose myself in the moment, the feelings he was stirring in me completely consuming my senses. But then, I remembered where we were, and who I was with.

"Anik," I whispered hoarsely, trying to regain my composure. "We can stop now. You did excellent."

"But we can't stop yet. I was just getting ready to rub your pussy," he boldly stated.

Part of me wanted to let him, eager to see if he was as skilled at that as he was everything else he had done so far, but I was afraid that if he got me too excited, I'd lose control and cross a line I shouldn't. "I appreciate your enthusiasm, but we need to stop for now," I insisted.

Anik seemed disappointed by my decision, but he nodded quietly. "Okay," he murmured, sliding back and giving me some space.

I took a deep breath, trying to gather my thoughts and emotions. "Anik, I'm here to help you learn, but it seems like your skills are already very advanced for someone your age. I'm impressed, truly."

"Thanks," he grinned. "I imagine doing these types of things so often that I guess they just come naturally for me."

My curiosity piqued, I pressed him for more details on this intriguing topic. "When you imagine those sorts of things, do you physically pull on your penis?" I inquired.

His response was a simple nod.

"Imagine that sensation multiplied by a hundred," I continued, trying to paint a vivid picture for him. "That's how much better it feels inside the warmth and tightness of a woman's vagina."

"It sounds incredible," he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is," I chuckled, recalling the exquisite pleasure myself. "No more tugging or self-pleasuring necessary, just thrusting and letting a woman's pussy take care of the rest." My words were met with a look of amazement and eagerness from my adorable son.

"I think now would be a great time to introduce you to the female form," I stated, slipping out from beneath the blanket.

"Your gonna get…naked?" he asked, sitting upright.

"Well, yes…you can't very well learn about the female body if mine is covered."

It felt strange but exciting to remove my gown in front of him. The only person who had ever seen me nude was my husband so this was a new and thrilling experience for me.

Anik's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked up at my heavy, naked breasts. I could see the hunger and desire in his gaze, a lover of giant breasts who could easily get lost between them. His eyes roamed over the wide rings of my areolas, their texture thick and soft like rose petals. The pink hue of my nipples stood out against my skin, hard and erect with anticipation.

"Wow, um...those are something," Anik finally managed to utter, his voice filled with awe.

"As you may have noticed," I said coyly, "all the women in our family are blessed with generously large breasts." My hand lightly grazed over one melon, drawing his attention back to them. "A woman's

boobs play an important part in the lovemaking process, so I'll be teaching you all about that."

"I'll definitely be looking forward to that part," Anik confessed, a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"I know you will," I replied with a sly wink. "I can tell you're a serious breast enthusiast."

I let him take in my body as I stood before him, his eyes exploring every curve and contour. I wondered how familiar he was with the female form, so I gave him this opportunity to fully appreciate it.

Unable to resist any longer, Anik's eyes drifted down to my pubis. A small gasp escaped his lips as he took in the sight of my perfect cleft, glistening with excitement. I could see the hunger in his eyes and knew he was craving hot, wet pussy.

Our gazes met and I gave him a reassuring smile, letting him know it was okay to gawk at my body, at least for today. "Take your time, darling," I whispered seductively, knowing just how much he needed this.

It was then I saw something that made my heart swell with pride. The bulge of Anik's erection tented his loincloth, a clear indication of just how aroused he was by my body. He couldn't hide his excitement, and for a moment, it was hard not to smile.

"Anik," I breathed, trying not to betray how quickly my heart was racing. "Why don't you remove the loincloth now so that we can both be naked and continue your sexual instruction?"

I couldn't help but stare as he complied with my request. His erection stood tall and proud, like a statue of hard ivory. In the dim light, his penis seemed to glow, the veins pulsing beneath the pink skin. It was uncircumcised, but his foreskin was pulled back, revealing a perfect bell-shaped head.

I must have looked foolish standing there with my mouth hanging open, shamelessly gawking at him. But how could I not? Anik's cock was a work of art.

Thick and veiny, it protruded from his body with a confident grace. His balls hung low, full and heavy with desire. I couldn't help but imagine what it would feel like to have such a large, meaty tool inside me, those plump, hairless balls beating relentlessly against the ring of my asshole. It was a shameful thought, I knew, but I couldn't ignore the fact that he surpassed his father in length and thickness.

"Anik," I whispered, trying to keep my voice steady as my eyes roamed over his perfect length. "You're very lucky to be so well endowed."

He chuckled proudly. "Thanks. I've had girls tell me that before."

"Oh, you have have you?" I teasingly asked, my curiosity piqued. How much experience did he really have? His confident grin told me it was probably more than I expected.

"Yes," he replied with a proud grin. "They say that not too many boys can reach their wombs like I can."

His words made my heart lurch in my chest. Despite my recent bout with amnesia, memories flooded back of my own first experiences at his age, with a well-endowed Inuit boy who showed me the incredible pleasure that could be unlocked deep within my vagina. Anik's father, Kali, was close in size to that boy, but sadly not quite enough to fully reach that magical spot. Still, he knew how to bring me to climax, though not quite as intensely as I was capable of through the deepest sort of penetration.

As the wind howled outside, a reminder that my husband was out there braving the elements to find us food, I shook off my thoughts and focused on the present.

"We should continue our lesson," I said, trying to regain my composure. Taking Anik by the hand, I led him back to the bed where we lay side by side beneath the thick blankets once again. "Come closer to me," I whispered. "Let's embrace."

Our bodies melted together, radiating warmth and desire. With his erection nestled between my legs and his tip pressing against my rounded buns, I could feel myself beginning to grow wet with anticipation. My labial flanges spread out around his veiny stalk and I couldn't help but moan softly at the sensation.

His eyes gazed down at the pillowy mounds smothering his chest and the abundance of creamy cleavage squashed up near his chin. "This is nice," I whispered breathlessly. This felt like the perfect place for sexual exploration and learning. His intense gaze met mine and I could see the curiosity and desire in his eyes.

"Yes, your body is so warm," he nodded in agreement.

"Show me how you kiss," I whispered. I wanted to see how he performed in this area before providing him with helpful feedback.

Little did I know that Anik would require no advice from me. When our lips met , he took me by surprise with his skill and passion. His tongue gently probed my lips, and I could feel the heat of his breath on my face. As his mouth opened, our tongues met and danced together, exploring each other in a way I had never experienced before. It was as if our bodies were communicating in a language that only they understood.

I could feel the throbbing heat of his cock nestled between my tender labial folds, our arousal causing a surge of blood to engorge both of our genitals and secrete slick, sweet oils made to lubricate the union of flesh. Our kiss deepened, igniting a powerful current of electricity that coursed through my entire body. My skin prickled with anticipation as I pulled away to catch my breath.

"That was quite skilled," I managed to say, my heart still racing. "Surely you didn't learn to kiss like that on your own?"

Anik chuckled in response, his eyes sparkling with desire. "Kissing is one of my favorite things." His lips grazed mine once more before

we continued exploring each other's bodies with fervent passion.

Gently, I rolled us beneath the soft, warm blankets, letting him take position on top of me as we kissed with a fervent passion. My instinct was to part my thighs and envelop him between them, but I held back, wanting to savor each moment and provide guidance before our ultimate coupling. For now, I kept my legs tightly together, his hardness trapped between them like a sacred offering.

Determined to push his kissing abilities to their limits, I plunged my tongue deep into his mouth, inviting his own to join in a dance of carnal desire. Our moans mingled and echoed off the walls as our hunger for one another grew more intense with every stroke of our tongues. Anik must have loved the way my soft tits were mashed against his lean chest, my nipples prodding into his skin.

My hands wandered over his chiseled body, tracing the contours of his sculpted muscles as we continued our passionate embrace. He felt different than my husband, his skin smoother and perfectly defined in all the right places.

As our kiss deepened, I could feel Anik's cock pulsing and hardening even more against my sex, aching for entry. It was evident that soon we would take that next step, but for now we focused on the simple act of kissing and the gentle rocking motion of our bodies that mirrored the rhythm of sexual thrusting.

Wrapped in the warmth of soft fur blankets, our lips met and melded, rolling and twining together with an intense passion that seemed to consume us both. Time slowed as we explored each other's mouths, our tongues twisting and tangling like vines in a secret garden. It was

unlike any kissing I had ever experienced before; it was intoxicating, exhilarating, and I couldn't get enough of it.

As our lips finally parted, Anik gasped for air and asked breathlessly, "Can I put it in you now?"

The primal part of me wanted to say yes, to give in to the raw desire that pulsed through my body. But the more practical side of me, the one that desired a true connection with this boy instead of just a physical release, held back. "Not quite yet," I responded, trying to keep my voice steady. "Part of lovemaking is learning to control your body. To build up to the moment of penetration so that both partners are completely in sync physically and emotionally."

"Emotionally?" Anik questioned, his eyes filled with curiosity and desire.

I smiled at him, grateful for his eagerness but also wanting to make sure that our encounter wasn't just another sexual conquest for him. "Yes, emotional synchronization is just as important as physical," I explained. "And that can only be achieved through communication during foreplay. It takes time and restraint, but it can also be incredibly pleasurable."

With Anik resting comfortably on his back, I crawled above his body and straddled his neck beneath the thick blankets. My bare knees pressed against the soft fabric as I positioned myself just inches above his face, my hot, wet pussy tantalizingly close to his eager mouth.

"Tell me what you smell, Anik," I purred, my voice low and seductive in the darkness.

His response was a gasp, followed by trembling beneath me. "P...pussy," he managed to say.

A smirk crossed my lips as I ran my fingers through his hair, knowing he could feel my wetness so close to him. "Do you enjoy the aroma of hot, wet pussy?" I asked, my tone teasing and playful.

"Oh, yes," he breathed out, clearly aroused.

I leaned closer to him, feeling his arm wrap around my hip and his hand hesitantly searching for his own throbbing cock. "Tell me, darling," I whispered in his ear, "what do you like to do to it? Do you like to lick pussy?"

His breathing grew heavier as he stroked himself with increasing urgency. "Ohh," he gasped in response.

"Go ahead," I encouraged him, "pull on your flesh. There's no shame between us today."

As he began to stroke himself more firmly, I returned to my earlier question. "So tell me, Anik," I said as I rocked my hips slightly over him, "do you like to plow your tongue through the slit of a dripping cunt?"

The response came in a shaky, almost desperate hiss. "Yes."

I couldn't believe I was asking him this question, my stomach churning with both excitement and guilt. "Do you enjoy sliding your tongue inside a woman's warm, wet folds and tasting her sweet nectar?" I asked, my voice low and breathy.

"Uh-huh," came his moaned reply, sending shivers down my spine.

My fingers tangled in his hair, holding his head firmly in place as I teased him. "I'm going to lower myself now, very close to your lips. If you stick your tongue out far enough, you may just get a taste."

I could feel Anik anxiously extending his tongue as far as he could, eager for the promised reward. With a firm grip on his head, I slowly lowered myself closer.

"Here it comes, my love. Here comes my pussy," I whispered seductively.

A wave of intense pleasure washed over me as I felt his tongue just barely graze my throbbing folds.

"Oh, did you get a little taste? Did it leave you wanting more?" I taunted, unable to hide the satisfaction in my voice.

"Yes," Anik panted, the sound of his hand moving rapidly up and down his erection filling the air.

Eager anticipation burned within me as I whispered more naughty things to him. "This time I'm going to peel my hood back." My voice was barely a whisper, but I knew he could hear the desire and longing in it. "If you're lucky," I continued, "you'll get to taste the most sensitive part of my body - my clitoris."

With steady hands, I pried my flanges apart and peeled back my fleshy prepuce, revealing my juicy clit. It stood out like a fat, pulsating nub, begging for his touch. Slowly, I lowered myself onto his waiting tongue, allowing it to make full contact with my exposed pleasure center. The sensation of his wet tongue swiping along the length of my clit sent shivers of pleasure coursing through my entire body. "Oh, yes," I murmured, unable to contain the pleasure building inside me. My hips instinctively bucked against him, seeking more of his skilled touch. "Good boy," I praised him, reveling in the feel of his warm mouth on me. "Do you want to suck it?" I asked breathlessly. "Do you want to nurse on my clit like a big, fat nipple?"

I felt his eager nod before he eagerly suctioned my love-nubbin into his mouth. His tongue immediately went to work, attacking it with quick, skillful butterfly licks that had me groaning and arching against him. I shouldn't have been surprised by his expertise after the incredible kisses he had given me earlier, but I couldn't help being amazed once again at just how good he was at pleasuring me.

As Anik's hand continued to stroke his throbbing cock, he wrapped his free arm around me, pulling me closer and positioning my wet cunt right against his eager mouth. His lips immediately latched onto

my swollen clit, sucking it greedily while his tongue flicked and probed at the sensitive flesh. I let out a moan of pleasure as he expertly pleasured me.

"You have me exactly where you want me, Anik," I gasped between breaths.

He responded with a low growl, his mouth still occupied with my dripping pussy. I could feel him eagerly exploring every inch of my fragrant slit, savoring the taste and scent of my arousal.

I couldn't resist teasing him even in this intense moment, whispering dirty words and encouraging him to keep feasting on my cunt. It was a delicious game of give and take, and we were both enjoying the ride.

"Mm, see how wet it gets?" I panted between moans. "Do you see the way my pussy drips and throbs for your cock?" Anik's lips curled into a feral snarl, reminiscent of an arctic predator devouring its prey.

My body trembled with pleasure as his skilled tongue and hands worked me into a frenzy. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced before, even from Kali, who loved to perform oral on me. Anik was like a sexual prodigy, and I couldn't help but wonder if his skills were equally impressive when it came to fucking.

"Oh, Anik…you're gonna make me gush all over you," I cried out, a mixture of excitement and warning. My orgasms were known to be intense, and I didn't want to shock him with the amount of ejaculate that might shoot from my body onto his face. But at the same time, I knew that someone as young and horny as Anik would probably love nothing more than to be drenched in hot, female juices.

As I felt the waves of my impending orgasm building up, I reached down and grabbed a handful of his thick hair, pulling his face deeper into my pussy. His teeth grazed my clit as he licked and sucked at it,

causing a flood of wetness to gush from my core. I gave a throaty moan, arching my hips up to meet his eager mouth.

With each suck and lick, the sensations grew more intense, until I could no longer hold back. I screamed out his name as my body shook in ecstasy. My juices gushed out in a torrent, coating his face and chest in a sticky mess. My hips bucked and twitched as I came, an intense pleasure coursing through my entire body.

Exhausted and panting, I finally made my way back down from the peak, collapsing on top of him in a sticky, sweaty mess. Our hearts beat rapidly in unison and I could feel Anik's erection, now freed from his grasp, pulsating against my leg like a slab of hot flesh.

"I don't know where you inherited your skills from," I remarked breathlessly, "but any woman lucky enough to experience your silver tongue should consider herself incredibly fortunate."

"Thank you," Anik responded with pride glinting in his eyes. "Can I enter you now?"

A giggle escaped my lips at his eagerness, but I also knew he must have been eager to make love. "Yes, but please remember, Anik...I am doing this with the intention of helping you become the best lover and producer of babies that you can be."

"I understand, mother, and I am grateful for it," he replied sincerely. Then, his eyes lit up with excitement. "Can we practice with me on the bottom first?" he asked eagerly.

"That must be your favorite position," I teased.

"Yes...I love cowgirl!" he exclaimed.

"As anyone who is obsessed with big, bouncing breasts would," I added playfully.

"I will admit...that aspect is definitely a perk," he confessed with excitement. "And yours are so…enormous that when they bounce...they must be quite a sight to behold."

I let out a playful giggle as I imagined the view from below, with my huge bouncing breasts hanging over a man's face. "I have a feeling you'll be more than pleased when you're laying there looking up," I purred, excited at the thought of mounting another Anik's cock.

As I straddled him, it felt strange yet thrilling to be in this position with a young man who just yesterday was a boy under my protective wing. Now, he would feel the heat and tightness of my core against the fruit of his manhood. He would see the primal side of his mother, the one who birthed him, as I let go of all inhibitions. He would bear witness to my wild sexual desires, and I could only hope that I didn't overwhelm him too much with my passion.

My heart pounded eagerly in my chest as I sat up, reaching back to grasp Anik's cock firmly at its thick base. With a gentle upward motion, I guided it towards the heat of my swollen entrance, imagining the slick pre-cum that must be dripping down his swollen knob. A delicious mix of our juices would provide the perfect lubrication for the merging and grinding of our flesh.

I peeked down over the swell of my ballooning tits into his anxious eyes. "Oh, Anik…I wanna make this experience so good for you," I cooed.

As his swollen bell pressed against my outer lips, I felt them part eagerly to welcome him inside. With a gasp, Anik bucked upwards, stretching the walls of my vagina as his bulb entered my vestibule. I responded by pushing downward, enveloping half of his erection in the snug confines of my most intimate place.

A guttural moan escaped me as I felt his length fill every inch of me, reaching territories that had long gone untouched since my youth. Anik had boasted about how he had touched the womb of every girl

he'd been with, and now I was no exception. His knob pressed deliciously against the puffy ring guarding my cervix, sending shivers of pleasure through my body. It felt so right - so incredibly perfect.

"Before our bodies begin to fuck together," I whispered, feeling his cock filling me, "let's take a moment to savor this intimate connection."

I gazed down at him, my breasts heavy and enticing above his eager face. Anik's eyes were fixated on my ample assets, but I could feel the intensity of his gaze on my core as well. The sensation of his thick, pulsating member buried inside me, the veins along its cunt-smothered stalk pulsing with blood was almost overwhelming. With a subtle flex of my inner muscles, I tightened around him, enveloping his shaft in tight, slick warmth that elicited a guttural moan from Anik.

He responded in kind by flexing his own youthful erection, showcasing its power and causing my delicate walls to stretch even further, awakening every nerve ending. It was time for me to guide him into manhood, to unite our bodies in the ultimate act of pleasure.

Cowgirl was not my preferred position, but it was one in which I had honed my skills. Over the years, I had acquired a repertoire of tricks and techniques that I was eager to unleash on Anik, determined to show him just how exhilarating this position could be.

Without further delay, I set my hips in motion, gyrating and grinding against him in a steady rhythm, my eyes never leaving his. My breasts swayed hypnotically, their weight and bounce captivating Anik's gaze.

His eyes flickered from my tits to my face, and back again, mirroring his eagerness. As I rode him, our bodies melded together in a tempest of desire, our moans and gasps harmonizing with the rhythm of our lovemaking.

The way his fat dick scrapped against my nerve-rich lining and the way his swollen tip beat against the back of my vagina made me come to the sudden realization that this would be the best fuck of my life. I already felt like my orgasmic coil was being wound tight and that soon I would experience a release that put all others in my life to shame.

"Are you feeling as good as I am, Anik?" I asked my son.

"Yes," he gasped. "This feels amazing."

"A woman has many purposes, but chief amoung them is to make a man's cock feel good," I breathed. "To draw up cum from his balls and to make it flow from his piss-hole."

I transitioned from bouncing to grinding, pressing my bare pubis against his and swiveling up and back in full penetration, my hair swinging wildly as it framed my face. The sensation of his cock stirring my pussy was electrifying, making me feel as if I was right back in the heat of adolescence, when I was first discovering my sexuality. It was a feeling I never wanted to let go of and now, here I was with my own son, experiencing the most intense pleasure I had ever felt.

His hands gripped my hips tightly, pulling me closer as our bodies melded into one, our skin slick with a mixture of our sweat and passion. I could see the pure lust in his eyes, the hunger and desire that mirrored my own.

My body tingled exquisitely as our movements grew more frenzied, our breaths labored. I felt the rising tide of my orgasm, the waves of pleasure crashing against my core like a storm at sea.

"Fuck," I screamed out, "I'm gonna cum!"

Anik's eyes widened as he watched his my face transform into a picture of pure ecstasy. He increased the pace of his thrusts, each

one driving him deeper into the warm, tight embrace of my spasming feminine core.

My body convulsed and my throat belted out a primal scream, the intensity of my orgasm taking me by surprise. I had never felt such powerful waves of pleasure before, each one crashing against me with a force that shook me to my core.

Anik sat up, his strong arms reaching out to steady my flailing upper half as I continued to ride him, my hips swaying wildly in a frenzied dance. His hands found my breasts and he buried his face between them, kissing and nipping at the soft flesh of my cleavage with an eagerness that showed just how much he had been anticipating this moment.

Wrapping my arm around his neck, I pulled him closer to me, the sensation of his hard, youthful body pressed against mine only adding to the overwhelming pleasure coursing through me. As my first climax subsided and a second one began to build, I couldn't help but let out another scream as I surrendered myself completely to the ecstasy.

Anik continued to hold me tightly, his face engulfed between my quivering mounds as we sank back onto the soft blankets. My hips never stopped their rhythmic movements as I expertly worked his cock from base to tip, my body instinctively knowing how to please him as a good woman should. The sensation of my full, supple tit-

flesh pressing against his face and my tight pussy clenching around his member drove him wild with desire.

To my surprise, instead of slowing down, Anik's movements became more primal and urgent as he pumped into me with a ferocity that was almost animalistic. Our bodies were slick with sweat as they collided in a frenzied dance, the sounds of our flesh smacking together filling the air.

I had never been fucked this hard before, especially while being in a dominant position. It both thrilled and slightly intimidated me, wondering what Anik would be capable of once he took control. Despite feeling a bit foolish for thinking I could teach him anything about sex, it was clear that Anik needed no guidance - he was a master in his own right.

While he fucked feverishly and I did my best to keep up, I felt his lips kiss their way across one of my rippling breasts, then latch on to one of my swollen nipples. The sensation of his sucking, paired with the way his cock slammed through my cunt quickly brought me off again. "Oh, Anik!" I gasped, my entire body trembling with lust.

As I reached my peak, I felt my orgasm rippling through me, engulfing me in pure pleasure. I could hear my own moans echoing in the igloo, the sounds of our sweaty bodies slapping together filling the air. It was pure animalistic lust, raw and unfiltered. Anik's cock was pistoning in and out of me, hitting my G-spot with each powerful thrust. I arched my back, my hair wild around my face, as I enjoyed the ride.

"Fuck, Anik!" I screamed, my voice echoing off the walls. "Fuck me, hard!"

Still latched to my nipple, Anik's eyes locked onto mine, his gaze fiery with desire. He continued to pump his hips, his face contorted with

pleasure. I was amazed that he had lasted this long, since it had to have been at least an hour since we started fucking.

I could feel his grip tightening around me, his cock swelled and pulsed inside me, and I knew he was close to climax. I tried to match his rhythm, pushing back against him with all my might, feeling his cock fill me up completely. The sensation of his thick, veiny shaft sliding in and out of me was driving me wild, and I knew I was going to cum again.

"Oh, Anik!" I cried out, "Keep going…keep fucking me hard!"

His eyes, dark with passion as they peeked over my jiggling tit, never left mine as he continued to thrust into me, his breaths ragged and shallow. His teenage hips bucked wildly, each thrust more powerful than the last, driving me closer and closer to the edge.

"I'm gonna cum!" I screamed, my body trembling and convulsing with pleasure. "Fuck, fuck fuck…cum with me, Anik! Don't stop!"

His face twisted into a primal, almost feral expression of pleasure as he pushed deeper, his cock pulsing and throbbing inside me as it pushed through the puffy ring at the back of my tunnel, threating to pound right into my cervix. A rush of warmth spread through my body, igniting every nerve ending with a tingling fire. The intensity of his thrusts matched the rising heat within me, building and building until I could feel my own orgasm approaching like a tidal wave about to crash down on me.

"I'm...I'm cumming!" Anik's voice was muffled against my breast, his body shaking with uncontrollable release.

His cock twitched and jerked inside me, releasing hot ropes of cum that coated the walls of my womb. As each pulse sent a shock of pleasure through me, I couldn't help but think about the possibility of getting pregnant from this passionate encounter. The thought sent a

shiver of excitement and fear down my spine, fueling our already intense passion.

"Yes, fill me completely, Anik," I moaned, feeling every throb and spasm of his cock as he emptied himself inside me. With one final thrust, he stilled and we both lay there in blissful satisfaction, our bodies intertwined in the afterglow of our lovemaking lesson.

"How did I do?" my son finally asked, his breath still coming in ragged gasps.

"You were amazing, darling," I replied, gently sliding off of him. My body was buzzing with pleasure, but I couldn't let him know just how incredible he had been for fear of it going to his head. The truth was, he had just given me the most mind-blowing fucking of my life. His cock had pounded into me with an intensity that left me dizzy and gasping for air. But I had to keep up appearances and pretend there was still something for him to learn. Maybe we could explore different sex positions later on. I knew from experience that when I was on my back, legs wrapped tightly around a man's waist, I could push him to his limits of sexual endurance. "In a little while, we'll try it with you on top. How does that sound?" I asked, running my fingers through his damp hair.

"That sounds great, but why 'in a little while?' Why not now?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, darling, we just went at it pretty intensely. Don't you need some time to recover?" I asked.

"No way," he abruptly replied, throwing back the blanket, exposing his still-hard cock. "I'm ready if you are."

I was taken back by seeing his penis this way. I knew young men had short refractory periods, but Anik's cock had clearly not softened at all and was eagerly ready for round two.

"Well…" I grinned, my pussy tingling in anticipation. "I suppose you are ready, aren't you?"

We moved into the missionary position like dance partners who had practiced this a thousand times. When Anik entered me, I was surprised to discover that his cock still felt just as good as it had during our first bout. It was as if it had never left me at all. As he thrust into me, our bodies moved in perfect rhythm, each movement

calculated and precise. My hands gripped his back, tugging him closer still, while his lips found their way to mine in a passionate kiss.

For a moment, as we lay there, our bodies intertwined, the world seemed to fade away. It was just him and me, lost in the pleasure of the moment.

As our panting breaths mingled in the air, I couldn't help but feel a sense of deja vu wash over me. The way his body pressed against mine, the rhythm of our movements, the familiar scent of sweat and desire...it all felt so incredibly familiar, yet I knew this was our first time together. Anik paused his thrusting and gazed down at me with curiosity and concern shining in his intense eyes.

"Is every thing ok, mother?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

I struggled to put my feelings into words, still lost in the intense pleasure coursing through my body. "I don't know...I know this sounds strange, but I feel like we've done this before, but I know we haven't. Does that make any sense?"

He chuckled softly, brushing a strand of hair away from my face. "Maybe I just remind you of someone else you've been with," he suggested with a small smirk.

I laughed and shook my head. "No, it's not that. It's something else...something deeper."

"Well, whatever it is, I'm glad it feels familiar to you," he said, leaning down to kiss me deeply.

I melted into his embrace, forgetting my earlier thoughts as we continued our passionate lovemaking in this beautiful moment.

I felt the hard, powerful thrusts of Anik's cock as it plunged deeply into my tender, wet pussy. Each movement hit me with a jolt of

pleasure that seemed to radiate through my entire body. Even though this was all for the sake of learning and experimentation, I couldn't deny the intense pleasure I was feeling from being fucked by someone who could match my own sexual energy.

I wrapped my legs around him in a tight, possessive grip, enjoying the feel of his perfect male body as he worked his cock vigorously inside of me.

My thoughts briefly wandered to Kali, my husband, whom I loved dearly but often left me frustrated with his lack of sexual stamina. But in this moment, I pushed those thoughts aside as Anik showed me just how satisfying sex could be when both partners were equally enthusiastic.

"Do you like it, mother?" he asked, looking up at my face as he fucked me with wild abandon. "Do you like how hard I'm fucking your pussy?"

"Yes," I gasped. "I love it, darling. Your performing so well."

Anik seemed to anticipate my desires, moving seamlessly from one motion to the next. When I thought about how much I wanted him to suck on my nipples while we fucked, he leaned down and began doing just that. It was as if he could read my mind and knew exactly what would drive me wild with pleasure.

My legs stretched out into the air, toes pointed and muscles tensed as he pounded me with an almost savage ferocity. His youthful body

moved rapidly, like a wild animal in heat, between my thighs, his firm buttocks rising and falling with each thrust. The rhythmic slapping of his balls against the crinkled lips of my asshole added to the intense pleasure coursing through my body. I held onto him tightly, my fingers digging into his back as I felt another powerful climax building within me, ready to explode at any moment.

"I'm cumming, Anik!" I cried out, my entire body shaking like an earthquake. "Oh, fuck, you're so good!" My pussy clenched around his cock, pulling him deeper inside me, his thrusts becoming more urgent and unrelenting.

"Cum for me, mother!" he groaned, his voice husky with desire. "Let it all out!"

I closed my eyes, riding the wave of ecstasy that washed over me, feeling my orgasm cresting and then crashing down upon me. My body trembled and shook uncontrollably, every muscle taut with pleasure. My pussy contracted around his dick, milking him for every drop of intimacy he could give me.

As my orgasm subsided, I felt him shudder and then thrust deeply into me again. His own climax was imminent, and I knew that if I could hold on just a little bit longer, I could join him in that moment of transcendent pleasure.

"I'm...I'm so close," Anik gasped, his breath coming in ragged gasps. Every ounce of energy he had was poured into the raw, animalistic act. I could feel his cock pulsing inside of me, a powerful weapon that seemed to have a mind of its own as it pounded into me with relentless force. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room, punctuated by Anik's grunts and my moans. It was a primal dance between two bodies consumed by desire and pleasure.

"Come inside me, Anik," I begged, knowing that feeling his hot cum filling me up would push me over the edge.

He groaned and felt the walls of my pussy spasming around his dick, a signal that I was on the brink of another orgasm. The animalistic lust in him was overpowering, and he began to thrust faster and harder, his cock a blur against my sensitive flesh.

With a final, powerful thrust, he erupted inside of me, filling me completely with his hot cum. The sensation was overwhelming, and

I cried out as my orgasm exploded within me. My pussy clenched around his cock, milking him for every last drop of his seed.

We lay there, our bodies entwined and slick with sweat, the aftermath of our passionate lovemaking.

"So, do you think I'm ready to provide pleasure to other women, mother?" Anik asked, his voice tinged with cockiness and satisfaction from knowing he had pleasured me so thoroughly.

"Yes, my dear, you are more than ready," I replied, still catching my breath.

I couldn't help but wonder who had gotten to him before I could; someone with experience who had taught him how to satisfy a woman in every way possible. Despite my curiosity, I was content in fulfilling my maternal duty.

My only disappointment was that Anik had taken me to heights of pleasure I had never experienced before and once his father returned from hunting, the sex would have to come to an end. But for now, as we lay there in each other's arms, nothing else mattered except for the blissful moment we shared together.

The night was a whirlwind of passion, with Anik fucking me in the igloo in every way imaginable.

We spent hours exploring every possible position, our bodies tangled together like a puzzle, perfectly fitting into each other's embrace. The feeling of his strong arms wrapped around me and his thick, teenage cock sliding in and out of my wet, pulsating pussy was beyond anything I could have ever imagined.

We shifted from the classic missionary position to the primal doggy style, our bodies moving in sync as we found a rhythm that drove us both wild. Then came the intimate spooning position, our bodies intertwined and pressed together like puzzle pieces. But my favorite

by far was when Anik lifted me up, my legs wrapped tightly around his waist, and he plunged deep inside me with an intensity that left me breathless. We spent hours lost in each other's embrace, his mouth hungrily exploring every inch of me as we moved together in a passionate dance.

Our bodies seemed to merge into one as we fucked tirelessly, unable to get enough of each other. And as I clung to him with all my might, I knew that this was where I belonged - tangled up in his arms, completely consumed by our desire for one another.

As we moved in rhythm, our bodies sweating and glistening, I couldn't help but think about how much I loved him. I was so proud of the man he was becoming, and I knew that he had so much more ahead of him. Yet the strange feeling I had earlier persisted, gnawing at me like a thorn in my side. Anik's prowess in bed was undeniable, but there was still something about his movements that felt oddly familiar. It wasn't just his movements, but the way we interacted, the way he looked at me, the way he kept searching my face for something.

We rolled and writhed, our bodies intertwined like two wild animals in a dark, primal cave. The only light was the faint glow of dawn seeping through cracks in the stone walls. Anik's lips were almost constantly latched onto my full breasts, his head buried in their

softness as he gorged himself on my pink peaks. Our movements were frantic and passionate, our bodies slick with a mixture of sweat and cum. When we weren't lost in the pleasure of our physical connection, our lips were fused together in a heated kiss, our tongues dueling like they had minds of their own. As the first rays of sunlight illuminated the cave, Anik showed no signs of slowing down, his incredible stamina driving him to continue pounding into me with relentless force while I lay folded in half, my ankles resting on his shoulders.

His cock felt like a hot brand against my sensitive flesh as it slid in and out of me, my pussy throbbing with each thrust. I arched my back, pushing my hips upward to meet his every move, my nails digging into his back, leaving red marks in their wake.

"Oh, Anik!" I cried out, my voice hoarse from hours of passionate lovemaking. "Please, I need more!"

He complied, increasing his pace and using his hips in a rhythm that felt like a thrusting motion against my G-spot. I could feel my orgasm building, my body trembling and shaking, my pussy clenching around his invading cock like a vise.

"I'm gonna cum, Anik!" I gasped, my voice barely audible over the sound of our bodies slapping together. "I'm gonna fucking cum!"

A guttural groan escaped his lips as he thrust harder, pushing into me with a ferocity that matched my own mounting pleasure. My body arched and trembled as I was consumed by waves of intense sensation, my breaths coming in ragged gasps. Anik's movements became more urgent, driving himself deeper inside me until I could feel the pressure of his stiff cock in my belly. With a deep roar, he released his hot seed, filling me with yet another load of baby making nectar that made my whole womb quiver.

Our bodies remained intertwined, our hearts pounding in perfect synchronization as we rode out the aftershocks of our powerful release.

"I love fucking you this way," Anik gasped the next morning as he pounded me again doggy style. I could see the thrill in his eyes as he watched my big, rippling buttocks beat against his sweaty crotch.

"You're so good at it, darling," I panted, savoring the feel of his rock hardness filling me up completely with every thrust of his long, sinewy cock.

As if showing off, Anik grasped my hips and started pounding into me with ferocity, his tongue hanging from his mouth like a wild dog. He leaned across my sweaty back, reaching down to squeeze my swinging udders while he fucked. When he licked at my neck and nibbled on my earlobe, I could feel my body tremble in response.

Time seemed to slow down as he increased the intensity of his thrusts, his hips smacking against my naked buttocks with a wet, slick sound. I could feel his erection throbbing inside me, pulsating with each downward plunge. I reached down to massage my swollen clitoris, my body yearning for release.

"You're so fucking tight," Anik groaned, his voice low and husky. "I can't get enough of you, mother. You're the best."

"I love it when you say that," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper. "But I'm not the only one you've been with, am I? You must have had some practice."

Anik's body moved against mine with rhythmic precision, his fingers gripping me tightly as he continued to fuck me. The warmth of our small igloo was in stark contrast to the frigid air outside, and I could feel beads of sweat gathering on my skin. But our pleasure was

suddenly interrupted by the sound of someone digging through the fresh snow piled inside the doorway.

We both knew it was Kali and quickly scrambled beneath the blanket just before he crawled inside. "I'm back," he announced cheerfully. "Are you two sleeping?"

I poked my head out from under the covers, trying to smooth down my tangled hair and hide any evidence of our activities. "Welcome back, Kali," I forced a smile.

"I have good news," Kali said excitedly. "The hunt went well. I came across a herd of caribou and was able to take down a few. There will

be plenty of meat for everyone."

"That's great, Kali," I said, trying to sound genuinely happy instead of relieved that he didn't seem suspicious of us.

"Is there anything we can do to help with the meat?" Anik asked, his voice strained with effort as he peeked from beneath the blanket.

Kali shook his head. "No need, I can handle it. I just wanted to let you know that I'm back and everything is okay."

As he turned to leave, Kali made a strange comment that left me completely confused. "You two bring me good luck," he stated. "I had much success when you both accompanied me last year as well."

"Last year?" I asked puzzled, not recalling any memory of that.

"Yes," Kali replied with a knowing look in his eyes. "Perhaps it's a memory that has yet to resurface due to your accident. But you and Anik were with me on the hunt last year as well, and we had similar results."

As Kali left the igloo to continue his task of preparing the caribou meat, my mind raced with questions. Anik had never mentioned

anything about a hunt with Kali last year, and I couldn't recall any memory of it either.

My voice trembled as I turned to Anik, my heart racing with confusion. "Anik, what is he talking about?" I asked, struggling to make sense of the words that had just been spoken.

"We did come with him last year," my son answered, his own voice tinged with nervousness.

As if a floodgate had been opened in my mind, memories of our past trip came rushing back to me. The sights and sounds of that journey were now vivid in my mind's eye. But what stood out the most was the moment when I had given Anik a sexual education, teaching him all that I knew about pleasure and intimacy. "We've done this before," I uttered, my face filled with shock and disbelief. "No wonder you're so amazing at sex, Anik. You've already been taught by me."

My son hung his head in shame, his silence confirming what I already knew. "I'm sorry, mother," he finally spoke, his voice heavy with regret. "I should have told you."

My thoughts raced as the memories flooded back, recalling our time together on that trip. Anik, once a timid virgin, had transformed into a confident and skilled lover thanks to me. The amount of times we had fucked and cum on that first trip made me dizzy with arousal just remembering it. But why hadn't he mentioned this before?

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked, my mind whirling with questions.

His voice was quiet but honest as he confessed. "I loved the sex with you so much that I didn't want it to be a one-time thing. I hoped it would happen again."

A mix of emotions swirled inside me at his words. I felt a twinge of betrayal that he had kept this hidden from me, but also flattered that he had cherished our experience together.

As I reflected on his admission, I couldn't help but wonder what it was about me that had made him come back for more. Was it my expertise in pleasure? The way our bodies fit together seamlessly?

Anik's gaze met mine, his eyes filled with both guilt and longing. "I know it was wrong, but I couldn't resist," he said huskily. "You're my mother, yes, but you're also the most beautiful and desirable woman

I've ever known. I couldn't deny myself the pleasure of being with you again."

I sighed, trying to calm myself. "I can understand why you didn't tell me, Anik. The chemistry we share sexually is so intense, I can blame you for wanting more."

He nodded, his lips still pressed into a tight line of regret. "But I should have been honest with you. I'm sorry."

A heavy silence hung between us, broken only by our own racing thoughts. The tension in the igloo was palpable, and I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. Finally, unable to bear the weight of the unspoken words any longer, I spoke up.

"Look, Anik," I said, my voice trembling slightly. "There's no denying the intense chemistry between us. And I can't deny that our bodies fit together perfectly when we fuck." My cheeks flushed as I spoke the words, feeling a mix of desire and guilt wash over me. But then reality set in and I knew what had to be done.

"But you're my son," I continued firmly, my eyes locking with his. "And you're clearly ready for whatever sexual adventure comes your way." A pang of disappointment shot through me as I realized that this was truly the end for us. "We can't do this again, Anik," I stated

firmly, trying to mask the sadness in my voice. It was the right thing to do, even if it broke both of our hearts.

As we made the journey back home with Kali, my mind was consumed with the memory of how Anik had ravished me, his massive, unrelenting cock plundering every inch of my body. Guilt gnawed at my conscience, but desire burned even hotter within me. Every glance exchanged between us spoke volumes about our mutual craving for one another.

The next day, I sat with my mother in her humble hut, the air thick with the scent of herbs and incense. My body still tingled from the extraordinary pleasure I had experienced with Anik. I couldn't believe how intense it had been, how he had made me feel things I never thought possible.

As I explained everything to my mother, she listened patiently, her wise eyes taking in every detail. She nodded understandingly as I told her about training Anik twice, my cheeks flushing with embarrassment at the memory.

Her response surprised me. "The fact that he made you feel so good the first time is a testament to your skill," she said, a small smile gracing her lips. "You must have trained him well and left a powerful impression on him."

I thought back to the way Anik had eagerly followed my every move and whispered praises in my ear. It was hard not to feel a sense of pride and satisfaction at his response.

My mother's next words jolted me out of my thoughts. "And now you desire more," she stated matter-of-factly.

I hung my head, feeling ashamed of my feelings for Anik. "Yes," I admitted softly. "But I know it's wrong and disgraceful."

My mother reached out and squeezed my hand reassuringly. "Love knows no bounds, my child, nor does lust," she said gently. "It is not something to be ashamed of."

"Yes, but what about Kali? I do love him, but—"

"But you're not IN LOVE with him the way you are with Anik," she finished the sentence for me, her eyes sparkling with understanding. "I see it in your eyes, my dear. You selfishly desire your son, and there is nothing wrong with that."

I looked up at her, surprised to hear her say such a thing. "I thought you would condemn me for it," I admitted hesitantly.

My mother smiled, her expression fierce and proud. "As your mother, I wish to protect you. But as a woman who has lived and loved, I prefer to guide you. I want you to experience the same ecstasy you've given to others, and more."

I blinked rapidly, overwhelmed by her words. I looked down at my hands, remembering Anik's touch, the way his fingers caressed my skin, the way his cock filled me so perfectly. The memories flooded back, and I felt a shiver of desire run down my spine.

"So, I'm not wrong by wanting to have more sex with him?"

She shook her head, her eyes filled with kindness and understanding. "No, my dear. You are not wrong. The desire to explore one's carnal urges is a primal instinct that is alive within all of us. It's a force that cannot be tamed, and it is through fulfilling that desire that we grow and evolve."

Encouraged by my mother's words, despite the pangs of shame and betrayal, I couldn't help but scheme ways to continue my forbidden affair with Anik behind my husband's back. The following day, I put a plan into action without hesitation. My senses were heightened, my body thrumming with anticipation for what was to come next.

As we sat in our humble hut, I couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by the bounty of meat my husband had acquired. Kali was hard at work, expertly carving and cooking some of it over the fire. My gaze wandered over to my son, Anik, who stood nearby watching with curious eyes.

"Looks like we'll need to make some room for all this new meat," I stated, trying to sound nonchalant. A mischievous smile tugged at my lips as I turned to Anik. "Would you mind helping me clear out some space in the storage area?"

His face lit up with eagerness. "Of course, mother. I'd be glad to help."

We disappeared behind a thick curtain that separated the living quarters from the storage area. I led Anik into the cramped crawlspace behind some supplies where I had stashed a soft fur blanket earlier in anticipation of our secret rendezvous.

Without a moment's hesitation, I turned to Anik and pulled him into a passionate kiss while frantically removing our clothing. The air was thick with anticipation and excitement as we both knew what was about to happen. As I looked into his eyes, I could see the desire burning brightly in them.

"Are you sure, mother?" he asked, his voice trembling with eagerness.

"I'm sure," I replied confidently. In that moment, there was no doubt in my mind, no hesitation or fear.

With determination, I pulled Anik down on top of me, my strong legs wrapping tightly around his young, naked back. I couldn't believe how quickly he became fully aroused, his hard member eagerly pushing against my slick folds and finding its way inside my warm vagina. It felt like it belonged there, filling me up and igniting a fire within me.

There was no shame or guilt in our coupling, only raw passion and desire as we moved together like animals in the wild. Our tongues tangled together in a dance of ecstasy as Anik's muscular body thrust up and down between my cradling thighs, driving his delicious cock deep inside me with each powerful movement. My large breasts bounced and swayed between us, caught in the intense rhythm of our lovemaking. This was primal and consuming, nothing else mattered in this moment but our bodies joined together in pleasure.

As we collided in a frenzy of passion, we managed to knock over several canisters that were stored beside us. The loud clanging echoed through the room, disturbing the stillness around us.

"Everything OK, dear?" Kali's voice called out from the other room.

I struggled to hold back my moans as I answered, trying to keep my voice steady despite the intense pleasure coursing through me. "It's fine, Kali," I managed to say, hoping he wouldn't come investigate any further.

But as Anik continued to ravish me with wild abandon, I couldn't help but wonder how I would keep from crying out in ecstasy, especially if it was anything like the dozens of orgasms he had given me while we were in an igloo together. Every touch and thrust sent waves of pleasure crashing through my body, threatening to take control of my vocal cords. But I knew I had to remain quiet, or risk getting caught in the act by Kali. So I bit down on my lip and focused all my energy on containing the intense pleasure within me.

"You fuck me so good, you beast," I whispered into Anik's ear, driving him to fuck me even harder.

My son's lips captured one of my rubbery, erect nipples and buried his face against the soft, rippling flesh of my tit-melon as he sucked hungrily. The intensity of his sucking reflex sent waves of searing heat coursing through my body, igniting every nerve ending in a fierce frenzy. I could feel my own climax edging closer with each passing second.

With relentless force, Anik continued to pummel my swollen, wet pussy, his thick, pulsating member threatening to bore a hole in my womb as it relentlessly stabbed against the sensitive ring at the back of my vagina. I couldn't tell if I was in agony or ecstasy - all I knew was that I needed more.

"Fuck me harder!" I gasped into his ear, my voice barely above a whisper even though it felt like he couldn't thrust into me any faster or deeper than he already was.

The wooden floor beneath us groaned and creaked from the intense pressure of our bodies colliding in a primal mating ball. Our glistening skin slid and rubbed against each other, muscles flexing and straining with every movement as we writhed violently in our shared lust and desire. In that moment, nothing else mattered except for the fiery passion propelling us towards our impending mutual release. Nothing could have pried us apart or stopped us from reaching the ultimate peak of pleasure together.

A muffled squeal left my mouth as I bit into the flesh of Anik's shoulder, my pussy contracting in a powerful climax around the pummeling shaft of his cock. I felt his body tense and his thrusts become more eratic, reaching that point of no return as he too let out a low, animalistic grunt. His warm, thick cum pumped into into

me, coating every inch of my inner walls and mixing with my own ejaculatory juices in a carnal explosion.

As our orgasmic bliss subsided, we lay still in each other's arms, our heartbeats slowly returning to normal and our ragged breaths calming down.

Despite the shame and guilt that still lingered between us, we couldn't help but bask in the afterglow of our illicit affair. We knew it would be risky to continue this way – the danger great and the consequences could be disastrous. But in that moment, we were just two people who found solace in each other's arms.

Slowly, we dressed ourselves again, wiping away the sweat and cum that had mingled together. We emerged from the storage area like nothing had happened, our minds already plotting the next time we could sneak away for more forbidden pleasures.

"Everything organized?" my husband asked.

I smiled over at Anik knowingly. "Yes, everything is just perfect," I answered.

As Kali resumed his work, Anik and I exchanged sheepish glances, both knowing what secrets lay between us.

In that moment, all we could hold onto were the electrifying memories of our intimate encounters. The lingering warmth of Anik's cum inside my pussy sent shivers down my spine as I recalled the heat and passion of our time spent in the igloo and storage room. It was a sensation that lingered long after our physical encounter had ended, like a burning ember slowly fading but never truly extinguished.

THE END

47: Focused on Mom

Focused on Mom

by klrxo

Brian was watching TV with his dad when a group of girls in bikinis came up on the screen. Tom glanced over at his 18 year old son with a smile. "There's some hotties for you son," he said.

"Nah, I kinda like bigger boobs on girls," Brian muttered.

"You don't say. Well, nothing wrong with that."

"I guess that makes two of us, huh dad?" Brian asked.

"Oh, you think so?" Tom said with a chuckle.

"Well, Mom has big boobs...REALLY big, so you must like 'em too," Brian said.

"Yeah, uh...your mom's are pretty big," Tom said, feeding his son a weird look.

"They're always so warm and soft. It's amazing," Brian said, smiling af the TV as if reflecting back on a something exciting.

"Warm and soft, huh...And how would you know that, Mr. Boob Expert?" Tom asked.

"She lets me feel them sometimes," he answered candidly.

"She lets you feel them?" Tom asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, after I get home from school and get my homework done."

"You mean you feel them when she hugs you?" Tom said, trying to make sense of his son's comment.

"Well, yeah, then too, but then she takes me upstairs and...uh, maybe I shouldn't be telling you this," Brian said, suddenly seeming a bit unsure.

Tom got up and came over to sit by his son. "No, I'm glad you are. I like that we can be honest with each other. So she uh...takes you upstairs and...what?"

"Well, I follow her upstairs. She doesn't like to play downstairs."

"Play?" Tom asked, his stomach sinking.

"Yeah, that's what Mom and I do, when we're naked and stuff." Brian confessed.

"Naked...the both of you are naked?" Tom asked, a sick knot forming in the pit of his stomach.

"Well, yeah. Mom usually lets me watch her get undressed. Then sometimes she undresses me...and we play around," Brian explained, blushing a little.

"Play around?" Tom asked, his mouth falling open, "Can you be a little more specific?"

"Well, she calls it playing mommy and daddy."

"Brian?" A female voice called from the kitchen.

"Yeah, Mom," he answered.

The CLICK, CLICK, CLICK of Jen's high-heeled mules became louder as the middle-aged mom sashayed into the living room, extending the phone to her son. "Telephone. And you'll have to make it fast, sweetie. The table needs set for dinner," she said.

Brian took the phone and headed upstairs. "Okay, Mom."

Tom looked at his wife of twenty-years, his jaw still lowered in disbelief. He was still trying to get a grasp on what his son had just told him.

"You okay, hon? You look like you've seen a ghost," Jen said with concern.

She circled the sofa, her big breasts trembling beneath the thin cotton top. Her legs were shapely, long and bronze...almost completely exposed beneath her short denim skirt. Her feet were propped on 4-inch heels, a tiny strap crossing them, just above her pretty painted toes. She sat on her husbands lap, her soft, meaty buttocks smothering his cock. "What is it?" she asked, gazing through a curtain of beautiful brown hair.

"Can I ask you something?" Tom said.

"Of course you can," she said.

"This might sound weird, but does Brian ever see you naked?" he asked.

"Our Brian? Of course not," she giggled, her gleaming white teeth peeking from between big pouty lips.

"Does he ever touch you, or try to touch you?"

"My God, Tom. Whatever would possess your mind with such thoughts," Jen asked.

"Well, he did actually. He said that you like to take him upstairs and play mommy and daddy. Whatever the hell that means," Tom explained.

"Mommy and daddy huh? Well, boys will be boys. Sounds like our son has a case of the Oedipus complex. I'll have a chat with him," Jen said reassuringly.

On the weekend, Tom took his son out fishing. As they sat on the boat the father's mind couldn't help but wander back to their previous discussion. "So, did your mother talk to you, about the conversation we had the other day?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"What did she tell you?"

Brian seemed a bit reluctant. "Mom told me not to talk to you about anything her and I do."

"Did she tell you to stop with the story-telling?"

"No, she told me to keep what her and I do a secret," Brian said.

"So have you and her played mommy and daddy, since we talked last?"

"Yeah, after school yesterday, but I'm really not suppose to talk about it dad," Brian said.

"No, listen, it's okay, we can talk about it. I won't say anything to your mother this time, I promise," Tom said, wondering if his son was actually being honest with him.

"You swear? She'll be really pissed if she finds out I told you more things."

"You have my word. What's said here in the boat stays in the boat, ok?"

"Alright," the teen muttered, still seeming a bit reluctant.

So what exactly do the two of you do when you play mommy and daddy?" Tom asked. It was a question a part of him was afraid to ask.

"Well, we usually do that on the bed. Mom likes to wrap her legs up around me. God and they're always so smooth and soft. She must shave them everyday, huh?" Brian asked.

"So are the two of you naked when you're on the bed?"

"Yeah, we usually only bounce around on the bed when we're naked." Brian said.

"Bounce around? Brian, are the two of you having... Are you having sex with your mother?" Tom asked, his stomach sinking.

"Sorry dad, she tells me to put it in there. She says I have a really big one," Brian said a bit shamefully.

Tom hung his head for a second, taking it all in.

"Dad, can I ask you something? Mom's always telling me to slap her ass when we do it. Is that normal?"

"No...no it's not normal. None of this is normal, okay! How often do the two of you do this?" Tom asked sternly, his face full hurt and anger.

"Sometimes twice a day, but if Mom's in a hurry she'll just suck on me," Brian said.

"Jesus, she's giving you blowjobs too?" Tom asked.

"Well, we do all sorts of things actually...lots of things she says that you don't like to do," Brian said.

"Like what?" Tom asked, his face red with anger.

"Are you sure you want me to tell you dad? Mom would kill me if she knew I told you this," Brian said hesitantly.

"Brian I wanna know...and I told you, I'm not saying anything to your mother this time, so you don't have to worry about it."

"Well, ok, mom really likes it in her butt, dad. So, a lot of times I'll slide it in there and she'll bounce on my lap. And I gotta say, I have no idea why you don't like that. It feels incredible," Brian explained.

"Your mother knows why I don't like it and that's all that matters," Tom said.

"I know, she told me. That and other things."

"What other things...and why the hell is she telling you, I'm her husband," Tom said angrily.

"I know, but you're not doing it for her dad. At least that's what she told me." Brian said.

"Listen to me, alright? The next time your Mom asks you to go upstairs, the next time she wants to bounce on your lap, I want you to tell her no, do you understand?"

"All right, I'll try." Brian said, barely sounding convincing.

Later that night Tom sat next to his wife in bed. Jen was thumbing through one of her glamour magazines. She was wearing a white flyaway baby doll and matching g-string panties. She rested on her side, with her legs curled up beneath her. Tom's eyes traveled up the curves of her body. Her smooth bronze skin looked so soft and

inviting. He imagined that for a teenaged boy like Brian, having such a body clutching onto his on a regular basis must be absolutely exhilarating.

Tom wanted so badly to begin an in-depth interrogation, but knew he had made a promise to his son. He decided on a different approach. "Honey, are you happy, with our sex life I mean?"

"Of course I am hon. Why would you ask me that?" Jen said.

"No reason. I just wanna make sure I make you happy...and, well, that you'd never need to go elsewhere to get what you need," Tom said.

Jen smiled, setting her magazine aside. "Has Brian been telling you stories again?"

Tom couldn't help himself. He really needed his wife to help him process the information he received. "These stories he's telling, they just keep getting stranger. I mean, now he's telling me that the two of you have sex, sometimes anal sex...here on our bed and that sometimes you suck on him. It's outrageous, isn't it?" Tom said, forcing a smile.

"Oh you poor thing. He must be confusing you so much with these stories." Jen said, stroking his shoulder.

"He is. I mean...why would he suddenly start making stuff like this up? I don't understand," Tom said.

"Oh sweetie..." Jen said, pulling her husband to her breasts and rubbing the back of his head. "Fantasies, that's all they all. It's quite common for a boy Brian's age to want his Mom to have sex with him. I'll have another chat with him tomorrow," she said.

"No, I'll talk to him. I'm gonna put an end to this nonsense," Tom said.

"Go easy on him, sweetie. He is just a boy," Jen reminded him.

The next morning Tom showered and shaved. On his way downstairs Brian called from his room. "Dad, I gotta problem," he said.

"Well...it's nice to see you're finally admitting it."

"Mom stopped by my room while you were in the shower. She wants me to stay home from school today," Brian said worriedly.

"Brian, I've had enough of these bullshit stories," Tom said sternly.

"I tried to tell her no, but she's making me stay home. She said she wants me in her ass this morning dad."

"Alright, enough! Any more of these crazy stories about you and your mother and you're grounded, do you understand," Tom shouted.

"Yes sir." Brian said, lowering his head.

At work that day it was all Tom could do to keep himself from thinking about what might be going on at home. He kept getting these fucked up imaged in his head, like his wife's big tits flying up and down her chest, like they did when they had sex sometimes. He pictured his wife and son's tongues flailing and rolling together wildly as their nude glistening bodies bucked and clutched together on his sweat and cum soaked marital bed.

"What the fuck is wrong with me?" Tom thought, shaking the images from his head. He wanted to believe his wife, but wondered why in the hell his son would make up such twisted lies.

"Hi Rachael, this is Tom Anderson...did my son Brian make it into school today?" Tom asked, holding the office phone to his ear.

"No Mr. Anderson. Your wife called this morning and said that he was ill," The receptionist answered.

"Thanks, Rachael." Tom muttered as a sinking feeling reentered his stomach.

Tom dialed his house number, but got no answer, which added to his uneasiness. He tried Jen's cell, but.still no answer.

"Hi Dottie, this is Tom Anderson," He spoke into the phone once again.

"Well hey there neighbor, how are you?" she replied.

"I'm good, have you heard from Jen this morning?" Tom asked.

"Well yeah, we usually hang out today, but she called and said she had some things to do. Why, is everything okay?" Dottie asked.

"Uh yeah...um, could you check and see if her car's in the driveway?" Tom asked.

"Sure, hold on a sec, dear...yep, looks like she's home," Dottie said.

"I'm just having a hard time getting through," Tom said.

"Well I'm looking at the house now and it looks like your bedroom shades are down upstairs. Maybe she's laying down for a nap," Dottie said.

At this point Tom's stomach was dragging on his office floor. All the evidence was pointing in a direction he didn't even want to think about. "Thanks, Dottie...I'll try her back a little later," he muttered.

A few minutes later Tom's cell went off. He was surprised to see It was his son's cell phone. "Dad, it's Brian," his son said.

"Brian, what's going on? Why hasn't anyone been answering the phone?" Tom asked.

"Well...um..."

"Where's your mother?" Tom asked.

"She's in the shower. Dad, since you won't believe me I wanna send you something. I took it without mom knowing," Brian said hurriedly.

"Took what? What are you talking about?" Tom asked.

"I have to send it quick, mom's calling me. She wants me to come get into the shower with her," Brian said.

"Bullshit...get your mother on the phone," Tom demanded.

"Check your texts, dad," Brian said.

"I want your mother on the phone, right now!" Tom demanded.

"Hold on," Brian muttered.

After a few moments Tom could hear a shower running. "It's dad," Tom heard his son say, followed by some whispering back and forth, which was too soft for Tom to make out.

"Hey hon, everything ok?" his wife's loving voice finally answered.

"Jen why the hell haven't you been answering the phone?" Tom asked.

"Well I didn't hear it sweetheart, the ringer must be off," she said.

A text message suddenly popped up on Tom's phone. His heart was racing as he clicked to open it. It was from Brian and read:

"Hey Dad, now maybe you'll believe me."

There was an attachment. With shaky hands Tom clicked to open it.

It was a picture, taken from the foot of his marital bed. It took a second for him to realize what he was looking at. In the forefront was a big meaty ass resting against a large hairless scrotum. It was fairly obvious that you couldn't see a pecker because it was buried to the root inside the woman's pussy. The female in the picture was straddling the male, her long tan legs and sexy feet curled at his sides. The photo was taken at such an angle that you could see the side of the woman's massive breast as it rested against the slouching male's face. With tit-meat literally oozing around his face Brian stared at the camera, his body and the woman's glistening with sweat.

Reaching the woman's head, Tom realized that his horrible suspicions had come true. It was Jen, his wife. Her head was arched back, mouth agape, as if she were staining through and extremely intense orgasm.

"Tom, are you there?" Jen said.

"Yeah." Tom muttered as he felt nausea kick in and leaned over his garbage can.

"Honey, I need to go, okay. Don't worry about a thing, Brian and I are fine," Jen said.

They said their goodbyes and Tom looked again at the picture, just to make sure his eyes hadn't deceived him. Once again he took it in. It was a sweaty heap of intense mother-son sex.

That evening Tom stood in front of his wife in the kitchen. "We need to talk," he said, not sounding the least bit happy.

Jen was dressed in a pair of low rise jeans, white strapless high heeled sandals and a sexy tank top. She looked fresh and clean, not like a woman who fucked hard all day.

"What is it, sweetie? Is it work?" Jen asked.

"No, it's not work. It's this," Tom said, handing his wife the picture he had printed off.

"Oh...um, where did you get this?" Jen asked calmly, looking over the picture.

"Brian sent it to me at work today. His stories were all true weren't they?" Tom asked.

"Sweetie, that's not me. I mean, he's obviously taken my head and attached it to a woman on one of those porn sites or something," she said.

"Jen how could you say that? That's you...and look at the kid, that's definitely Brian," Tom insisted.

"You don't know that," Jen said as she ripped the picture in half, "Brian has obviously just photoshopped some pictures together to make it look like him and I."

"Why? Why would he do something like that?"

"Can't you see that this is your son trying to live out more of his fantasy? He created that picture, Tom," Jen said.

"Then why didn't you answer the house phone...or your cell today? And when I called the neighbor Dottie, why did she say you were home and the bedroom blinds were closed?" Tom asked.

"So you have the neighbors spying on me now?" Jen asked defensively.

"I was worried.I wanted to make sure you were ok." Tom said.

"Bullshit, Tom. You weren't concerned about me. Your only concern was whether or not Brian and I were getting it on," Jen said, then

abruptly marched off.

"Jen..." Tom called after her.

"You fucking disgust me!" He heard her yell as she stormed upstairs.

Brian heard a knock at his bedroom door and his father stepped inside. "Hey dad," the teen said.

Tom walked over and sat on the bed next to him. "Hey."

"That picture...was it real?" Tom asked.

"Of course. I wanted you to believe that I wasn't lying," Brian said.

"So how many times did the two of you...you know?" Tom muttered.

"Bounce on the bed?" Brian answered.

"Yeah, that."

"Are you sure you want me to tell you dad, you don't look well," Brian said.

"I'm sure. How many times?" he asked again.

"Well, it's kinda hard to say. We spent most of the day on the bed. There was the first time when Mom rode me hard, that's when I took the picture, but then we did it in the shower after Mom talked to you on the phone. After the shower I carried Mom back to the bed and we laid in the sixty-nine position for a long time...another thing she said you don't like to do," Brian said.

"Okay, then what?" Tom asked in a defeated tone.

"Then I rode Mom's butt soft and slow, you know, anal sex for like two hours. We slept some, but then we bounced once more before you came home."

Tom let out a frustrated sigh, putting a hand on his forehead.

"Sorry dad, I tried to say no, but she was all over me." Brian said.

"Look son, it's not that I don't believe you. It just that...well, I'm gonna need more proof. More than just a picture." Tom said.

"How about audio?" Brian suggested.

After cooling down Tom went downstairs to find his wife sleeping on the couch. Her mature body looked so beautiful stretched out on the fluffy sofa. Tom shook off the thought of that sexy body clinging to his son like a sex-crazed animal. "Jen, you coming to bed honey?" Tom asked.

"Is that okay...or should I get your permission first?" she said sarcastically.

"Look babe, I'm just really confused by all this. I'm just trying to sort things out," Tom said.

"Well then you sort away. I'm going to sleep." Jen said, turning her head.

Tom slept alone in his bed that night.

The next morning he came downstairs ready for work. Jen was no longer on the couch so Tom carefully crept up the stairs. Opening his son's door he found his wife cuddled up next to Brian, her head laid on his chest.

Tom hovered over them for a minute. His wife looked so content snuggled next to their son. Brian's eyes fluttered open. "Oh hey dad," he said.

"What time is it?" Jen said as her eyes popped open and she rose from her son's chest.

Tom noticed his wife was wearing a thin satin and lace babydoll nightie, revealing an obscene amount cleavage. "It's almost eight. Just thought I'd come in and say goodbye," Tom said.

Jen climbed out of bed, her big boobs bobbling beneath the nightie. Tom followed her to the door. Her meaty buttocks swayed invitingly, barely draped over by the gown. Tom could tell she wasn't wearing any panties. "What happened to sleeping on the couch?" he asked.

She turned towards her husband, her huge fat nipples clearly protruding. "It got uncomfortable."

"You could have come to bed," Tom said.

"I wanted to sleep somewhere where I knew I was welcome," she said, then turned and sashayed into the bedroom.

Tom walked over and sat next to his son on the bed. "So...did the two of you uh...?"

"No, we didn't bounce, but she did suck me off," Brian said.

Brian slipped an cell phone out from under the blankets.. The two of them shared an awkward smile. "I can text you the audio I recorded."

At work Tom hesitated for hours before deciding to play it. After closing his office door he pushed play on the audio recording his son had sent.

"Hey, are you sleeping, handsome?" a voice whispered. Tom recognized it as his wife.

"No, I'm awake." Brian's voice answered.

"Mind if Mom shares your bed?" Jen asked.

"Are you sure we should, with dad home?" Brian answered.

"Don't worry about your dad," she said.

Tom heard his son sigh, then his wife giggle. "Do you want me to?"

"Yess."

Tom heard the blankets ruffle, then his wife pur. "Mmmmnnn."

"Ohh wow, that feels really good, Mom."

Tom listened but could hear much besides his son's heavy breathing.

Jen's voice spoke up. "Mnn, do you like that, sweetheart?"

"Yeah!" Brian sighed.

As he continued to listen, Tom sensed someone at his office door. He swiveled around and discovered his wife Jen standing in the doorway. She looked so beautiful in her light colored sundress and matching high-heeled sandals. "I brought you some lunch," she smiled lovingly, batting her eyelashes.

The door closed behind her as she strode over to her husbands desk. She glanced at the cell, then at her husband and smiled a smile that could melt steel.

"Oh yess, Mommy likes to make you feel good," they heard Jen's voice say.

"Is that true?" Tom asked.

Jen got a little smile and nodded her head. "Of course. I love to give Brian back rubs. I've done it since he was little."

"Back rubs huh?"

Jen slipped her tiny bare feet out of her heels and sat down on his lap. Her full meaty ass felt amazing, even against his flaccid prick.

Tom sighed as he felt her soft voluptuous body against his. "Yes, back rubs. Wait...you didn't think I was..."

"You told me this morning you were sucking him," Tom said

"Ohh, that kid. I can't believe he told you that's what we were doing."

"How could you Jen?" Tom said.

"How could I what? I just told you I was giving him a back rub." Jen said, her big brown sparkling eyes gazing down into his.

"Ohhh yes, Mom," they heard Brian whimper.

"Come on, that sounds like a whole lot more than a back rub, Jen."

Jen let out a frustrated sigh. "Why did he even record this? Can't you see he's just playing out another one of his fantasies. He wants you to believe that's what was going on."

They listened to her recorded voice. "Mmm, I'm glad you like this, sweetie. Mommy just loves doing it for you."

"I saw what you were wearing this morning. Hardly the attire for an innocent backrub."

"Give me a break, Tom. I always wear those kinds of things to bed."

"You weren't in your bed, you were in your son's bed and don't think I didn't notice that you weren't wearing panties either."

Jen shook her head and stood up. "Why do I feel like I'm constantly under attack here lately?"

"I don't know. Why do I feel like your doing things you shouldn't behind my back?"

"A horribly photoshopped picture and an innocent backrub. I did nothing wrong," Jen said defensively.

Brian's voice moaned on the audio recording. "Ohh, Mom, that's so good the way you do that."

"Sounds hardly innocent to me," Tom said.

Jen grabbed her purse and started for the door. "If you hadn't been such a jerk I wouldn't have been in Brian's bed to begin with. But, whatever, I'm leaving."

Brian's breath became heavier on the recording. "Uh, Mom, I think I-

Jen stopped and glared at her husband as the recording went quiet. "Oh what a convenient place for the recording to stop. If I was blowing him, he'd be squirting off about now, but he didn't record an orgasm because it didn't happen."

"Jen, what reason would he have to make all this up. It doesn't make any sense."

She glared at him from the door. "YOU don't make any sense. I'm going home. And oh...you're welcome for the lunch," she said, glancing at the bag of food she brought him.

"Jen..." Tom called out, watching her disappear. "Shit," he muttered, clearly frustrated.

Tom left work a little early that day. He thought about going home to possibly catch his wife and son in the act, but then he thought it might be better to go somewhere and clear his head.

He walked the beach for an hour, but couldn't help but rethink the bizarre events of the past week. Jen had always been a wonderfully loving and supportive wife. The idea of her doing such a thing with

Brian seemed unthinkable. However, the evidence certainly worked in their son's favor.

Tom knew there was only one way to know for certain and that was to actually catch them in the act.. How he would do that without looking like a completely paranoid asshole was going to be a challenge.

Upon arriving home, Tom noticed his wife and son sitting on the couch. They hadn't seen him come in and they looked to be having a serious discussion. He snuck through the kitchen, hoping to get close enough to listen in on their conversation. Unfortunately, he only caught the tail-end of it. "Are you clear on what needs to happen, Brian?"

"Yeah," Brian muttered, not seeming too happy.

Tom stepped out of the kitchen. "So I missed it. What needs to happen exactly?"

Jen quickly stood up. "What do you think, Tom. He needs to stop telling stories. I don't know what's more annoying, his story telling or the fact that you're actually believing him."

"Brian, your mother said she was just scratching your back last night, is that true?" Tom asked.

"I've already been through this with him, Tom. He's assured me there will be no more outrageous stories, right Brian?" Jen said.

"Yes ma'am," he muttered.

"Good. I have to get dinner started. Stacey's picking me up for palettes class in an hour," Jen said, leaving the room.

Tom stepped over and sat next to his son. There was an awkward silence.

"So is that all this has been, one ridiculous story after another?" Tom asked.

Brian reluctantly looked back at the empty doorway. "Every bit of it was true, dad. I swear," he said in a hushed tone.

Tom rolled his eyes. "Brian, come on, we're going in circles here."

"I'm not the one who said it didn't happen. Mom said that."

"So there was more than just back scratching last night? Tom asked.

"Lots more. Didn't you hear the audio I recorded?"

"Well, yes, but I can't tell just from audio what a person's doing. She could have been scratching your back or she could have been doing everything you said she was. I'm gonna need more than just audio. If I see your mother doing something inappropriate then I'll know for sure that the things your telling me are true."

"I could take video, without Mom knowing," Brian suggested.

"And how the heck would you pull that off?"

"Well, sometimes we do that position, where she's facing away from me. You know the doggy position."

"Yeah, yeah, I know what it's called," Tom said, that sick jealous feeling returning in full force.

"Well if we were doing that and she was facing away from me, she wouldn't know I was recording us."

As much Tom hated the thought of his son's penis inside his wife, he knew it would be the easiest way to unquestionably catch her in the act. "I need to put an end to this nonsense. Let's do it," Tom said.

Tom's productivity at work lately had been horrible. The next day was no exception. Time seemed to drag as he waited for his son to call. It seemed like he was checking his phone every minute just to make sure he hadn't missed the planned call from his son. Finally at close to 11, his phone rang. It was a video call from Brian.

Tom looked at the screen, hesitating to answer. His heart was pounding out of his chest. He wanted to answer the call, but he also didn't. He loved his wife and didn't want it to be over between them. The thought of her seducing their son and what he might see when he answered the call absolutely sickened him.

With shaky fingers, he answered the video call. It was Brian, from the waist up. His shirt was off, a light sheen of perspiration covering his lean torso. He gave an awkward silent wave to his father and Tom returned one uncomfortably. It was obvious that Brian's hips were in motion and the jealous father knew exactly why.

Brian turned his cellphone, scanning his bedroom until the camera pause on the female knelt in front of him. Tom let out a sigh of defeat, his stomach completely sinking. His heart burned with jealous anger. The woman on her hands and knees, thrusting her ass back was unmistakably his wife.

He could only see the back of her head in this position, but he recognized the beautiful mane of dark hair right away. The smooth tan unblemished skin of her back was something Tom always admired. It narrowed at the waist, then flailed into wide motherly hips and the most luscious meaty ass that he had ever seen. The other telltale sign was the small kissy-lips tattoo on one of her ass-cheeks. It was her only tattoo and she got it when she was younger.

"Son-of-a-bitch!" Tom muttered, watching his cheating wife's ass thrust back against her son's midsection.

Too make the scene ever more horrible, Tom could see his son's long sturdy erection slicing through her shaved cunt. The dick was much

bigger than his own and glistened with pussy-juice as it plowed through Jen's stretched lips with steady thrusts. He felt nauseous. It was a wonderful 20 years, but he knew his marriage was over.

Brian tried to turn his phone around, but it fell out of his hand, bouncing onto the bed. "Oh, shit!" the teen said.

The camera was pointed at Jen. She turned and looked back at Brian. "What happened?"

Tom's jaw fell open. The woman wasn't his wife. It wasn't Jen at all.. It was a girl a little order than his son who lived down the street.

"What the fuck?!" Tom said out loud.

"Shit, turn it off, Brian. Hurry!" the cute girl said, scrambling out of picture.

Tom's son disconnected and the father sat there fuming. "I'm gonna kill him. Jen was right, he made this whole thing up. I'm gonna absolutely kill him," he said out loud, quickly dialing his wife's phone.

After speaking to his wife, Tom went directly home to confront his son on his lies. Jen and Brian were sitting on the couch. Jen was turned towards her son with her arms folded over her large breasts. As expected, she didn't look happy.

"Help me understand why you would do something like this, Brian," Tom asked.

The boy's head was lowered in shame. "I don't know. I guess I thought it would be funny."

Jen glared at him. "You could have broken up our marriage, Brian. Is that funny to you?"

"No ma'am. I'm sorry."

"Getting that girl from down the street involved in your sick prank wasn't funny either," Jen said.

Tom nodded in agreement. "Which reminds me...how did you know your mother had a tattoo back there?"

Brian gave his mother an uncomfortable look.

Jen answered for him. "I asked him the same question. Apparently he snuck a peek through my door while I was getting dressed one morning."

"Jesus, kid. Don't you get how wrong that is?" Tom asked.

"Yes," he muttered.

There was an awkward silence as the parents looked at their shamed son. Tom finally broke the silence. "Well I hope you understand how much trouble you're in. Telling you you're grounded is putting it lightly. There'll be no phone, no computer, no friends, nothing."

"And if you think you're gonna just lounge around and sleep all day, you're wrong. I'll have plenty of work for you to around here this summer," Jen said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I gotta get back to the office. No more of this bullshit, Brian. Understood?" Tom said sternly.

Brian glanced at his father and nodded.

Jen stood up and walked her husband to the door. They spoke privately for a moment. "I'm not making apologies for him, but I'm sorry you had to go through that. I'm sure it wasn't easy," she said.

Tom smiled as he enjoyed a soft hug. "Honestly, I knew he had to be lying. The idea of you doing the things he said you were was ludicrous."

"I know."

"See you tonight," Tom said, kissing her goodbye.

Jen closed and locked the door behind him. Brian had gotten up from the couch and was walking towards her. Jen turned and looked at him with a mischievous grin. "Nice acting job, Brad Pitt."

"Ugh, Brad Pitt's dad's age, Mom. How about Robert Patterson?"

"Mmm, he's cute too," Jen said, raising an eyebrow. "You got a little stumped when he asked you about the tattoo though," she said.

"I wasn't expecting that."

"Good thing your mom's quick on her feet. At least he didn't ask how she got the kissy-lips tattoo on her ass," Jen giggled.

"Admit it, Mom, you enjoyed kissing her ass with red lipstick and putting it there."

Jen slid her hands onto his chest, gazing naughtily. "Not as much as you enjoyed watching me do it."

"That's true."

She folded her hand around his neck, pulling him in. "Speaking of kissylips...gimme yours," she said softly, then planted a series of soft wet kisses on her son's lips.

"Mmm, no phone, no computer, no friends. Plenty of time to focus on, Mom," she said, planting another tender kiss.

"I know. Being grounded's gonna suck." Brian said sarcastically.

"And don't forget, I have lots of HARD work for you to do around here," she said between kisses. "In fact, you can start right now by getting my panties off," she panted.

"Yes ma'am."

Tom's boss called as he drove down the interstate. "Hey, the guys said you left in a hurry," his boss said.

"Yeah, sorry, I um, had a situation at home. I'm on my way back now though."

"Oh ok, everything alright?"

Tom smiled, more sure than he'd been in days. "Yeah, everything's just fine."

Back at the house, Brian had his Mom pinned against the door in the standing fuck position. Jen's skirt was hiked up around her waist, her strong, smooth mommy-legs wrapped tightly around his midsection. Her little feet with painted toes hovered near his bucking ass as Brian drove his cock in and out of her cunt with long desperate thrusts. "Ohhh yess, fuck mee!" the horny mother cried.

Jen's big naked tits sloshed against her son's chest as she clung to him. The hugeness of his prick thrilled the mother, while Brian loved the slick grip of her cunt tunnel. "Ohhh damn, Mom," he whimpered, speeding the tempo of his fuck-thrusts.

His hands were under her, cupping and kneading the supple meat of her wiggling ass-cheeks.

"Ohhh, Brian!" she cried as he felt her hot cunt tighten even more. Her lovely brown eyes were soft and dreamy as she stared back into his. "I'm gonna fucking cuuuuumm!" she sighed.

She squeezed him tightly in her arms and between her trembling, shapely thighs, her pussy lips slurping noisily at his plunging cock meat. . Her fat, hard nipples poked into his chest. Jen was overtaken by the jolts of obscene ecstasy that were shooting through her quaking, sweating flesh. "Cuuumminnggg!!" she cried out, echoing through the house.

"Meee too," Brian said with an excited shiver.

"Uugghh!" he groaned loudly, ramming his spurting cock all the way to the back of her vagina. Hot cum splattered against the head of her cervix, intensifying the mother's own cunt-creaming orgasm.

Mother and son kissed deeply, their tongues dueling. Both of them were completely thrilled and overjoyed by the power of their mutual climax.

THE END

48: FRANKENMOM

FRANKENMOM

By Klrxo

It all happened so fast. In one moment I was watching mom scramble towards the car in the pouring rain. In the next moment there was a bright flash of light and a deafening popping-sound from a lightning strike.

Mom was barely hanging on when they hauled her away in the ambulance. I felt a bit ashamed staring at the way her rain-drenched clothing clung to her voluptuous body. However, I was always a bit of a pervert when it came to my beautiful mother. She had platinum-blonde hair and a natural sandy skin color that gave her a stunning complexion. Her breasts were enormous and her ass perfectly rounded, which fueled a good share of my masturbatory fantasies growing up.

Mom barely survived the lightning strike, but was in coma for nearly a week. It was scariest week of my life, as I'm sure it was for my father also. The doctor's simply didn't know if we'd get mom back. She could come out of it like nothing happened at any moment, or remain in a coma forever.

As I mentioned, a week went by before mom's eyes suddenly popped open and she came back to life. However, never in my wildest dreams did I expect the changes that the incident had caused in her.

"It's alive! ALIVE!" the mad scientist exclaimed on the hospital room TV. I was watching an old Frankenstein movie, when I heard a voice from inside the room.

"Reid?" Mom asked, looking over at me. Dad was down in the cafeteria, so I was in the room alone with her.

"No, it's me, mom…Andy," I answered, rushing to her bedside.

"Very funny!" mom smiled. "What the hell happened to me? Why am I in the hospital?"

"You got struck by lightning," I answered. "The doctors say it's a miracle you even survived."

"Oh my God!" she sighed in disbelief, then suddenly yanked me down onto her. Mom locked lips with me and began planting passionate kisses. That was weird enough, but when her tongue slipped into my mouth I knew something wasn't right.

"Um, happy to see you too," I awkwardly muttered.

"Where are the kids?" Mom asked. "Are they ok?"

I must have looked completely stupefied as I stood there staring at her for a moment. "Well, um…Julie's in school, but I took some time away from my classes, so I could be here with you."

"You mean from work?" Mom asked.

"Huh?"

"You said 'classes.' You meant to say you took some time away from work."

"I um…don't really have a job right now, remember?" I asked her.

"Oh my God, Reid. You lost your job?" Mom asked. Once again she had referred to me by my father's name and it was genuinely confusing me. I was about to question her about it when my dad walked in.

Mom beamed when she saw him in the doorway. "Hi!" she sang, holding her arms open for a hug.

"Tricia, you're awake!" dad exclaimed, rushing over to embrace her. "Thank God!"

"Yes! The last thing I remember is coming out of the house to take you to school. It was pouring rain and then, suddenly, everything went dark."

"You mean, um…when you were taking Andy to school?" Dad corrected, motioning over at me.

"Yes, taking YOU to school and then suddenly the lights just went out."

Dad looked over at me in confusion, then back at mom. "Honey, I was already at work when this happened. I met you guys at the hospital."

"Wait, why did you call me honey?" Mom giggled, while staring at Dad.

"I always call you honey."

"No you don't. You call me mom," she said to dad.

"Honey, I think you're just a little confused right now," Dad muttered, then looked over at me. "Andy, maybe we should get a doctor in here."

"On it!" I answered, then began leaving.

"I'm not confused," I heard mom say. "It's you guys that are acting so weird, not me."

A little while later Dad and I met with Doctor Franklin in his private office.

"Physically, Tricia's fine, but I'm afraid that the incident has caused some trauma in her brain. She's suffering from some form of delusional misidentification syndrome, where she thinks you're her husband," the doctor explained, while looking at me. Then, he looked over at dad. "And you're her son."

Dad shook his head. "Well, can't you just explain to her that she's clearly had some head trauma and that she's confused?" he asked the doctor.

"We did try that, but she's still determined that what HER mind is telling her is accurate."

"So, what do we do?" I asked, shocked by what the doctor was telling us.

"My suggestion would be to go along with it for now," he replied. "She's just experienced a major traumatic event. We don't want to overburden your mother by asking her not to trust her brain right now. We'll run some more tests and perhaps with the right type of therapy she can get back to seeing things as they actually are."

The ride home the next morning was awkward to say the least. Mom was up front with dad, like normal, but looked back at me through her visor mirror. "I'm actually surprised that you're letting your son drive the car," she stated.

"Oh, um…why's that?" I asked, playing along as the doctor asked.

"You never let Andy drive the car," mom replied, then looked over at dad. "I don't think your father believes you're a very good driver,

sweetheart," she told him.

Dad glanced back at me, clearly uncomfortable by all this, but also doing his best to follow the doctor's suggestions. "I think I'm a good driver…mom," he replied.

Mom reached over and patted his shoulder. "I do to," she stated. "Maybe I'll talk your father into letting you use the car, so you can start dating some of those girls from school that you talk so much about."

When we got to the house, Mom hugged my little sister gleefully. While they chatted, I took dad aside. "So, I'm suppose to be you, right?" I asked him in a hushed tone.

"I guess…until the doctors can get her head straightened out."

"What does that mean? That you're using my bedroom and I'm using yours?"

Dad shrugged his shoulders. Clearly he hadn't thought that far ahead yet. "Yeah, I um…I guess. Just, uh…try to be YOU still, when it comes to certain things though. Do you catch my drift?" he asked.

I knew that essentially what dad was saying was to not do anything sexually inappropriate with her. "Yeah, I got it," I replied.

We ate dinner that night and it felt strange sitting in my dad's spot. What was even more surreal, however, was cuddling with mom on the couch, like dad usually did, during a family movie.

Going into my parent's bedroom with mom that evening felt weird, but also incredibly thrilling. It was hard to wrap my head around her new mental delusion, but I knew I needed to play the role of husband the best I could, until she got her head straight.

"Do you need anything?" I asked. "Is there anything I can get you?"

"Funny you should ask that," mom replied, turning towards me with a naughty gleam in her eye. I could see the erect nubs of her teats protruding out from

beneath her blouse. She slowly stepped over to me and draped her arms over my shoulders. "It um…has been a week after all."

"Since the accident?"

"Yeah, that…and it's been a week since you made wild passionate love to your wife," she stated, staring right into my bewildered eyes.

My heart was beating out of my chest. This all seemed so surreal, yet wonderful. Part of me would feel guilty making love to mom, knowing that dad was just down the hallway, but the other half had been dreaming of just this sort of scenario for years. I quickly thought of something that dad might say in this situation. "What about the kids?" I asked.

"Julie's leaving to go to dance practice and Andy's probably already on that gaming device of his. He might as well be miles away," she answered, then brought her lips to mine and fed me three sensual kisses on the lips. "Let's lock the door and have some fun," she suggested.

Mom went over, closed the bedroom door and locked it, while I just stood there in disbelief at what was happening. She gave me a strange look. "Are you ok, babe? You don't seem yourself," she pointed out.

"No, I'm, uh…fine. Are you sure you wanna do this? I mean, you just got out of the hospital."

She fed me a naughty smile, while unbuttoning her blouse. "Oh, trust me…I'm sure," she whispered, then looked me up and down wantonly. "Get naked and get into bed. I'm gonna grab a quick shower, then I'll be out to play."

I watched mom's buttocks sway teasingly beneath her denims as she made her way into the bathroom. It was the most awkward, yet thrilling situation I had ever found myself in. I had my clothes off in a flash and crawled under the covers of mom and dad's big marital bed. When I heard the shower finally turn off, the butterflies in my stomach were almost out of control.

"God, that shower felt amazing!" mom stated as she stepped from the master bathroom wrapped in a flimsy white towel. Her blonde hair was still damp and slicked back. "I'm sure the nurses did a laughable job at cleaning me while I was in that coma."

"Probably," I nervously agreed, my eyes drifting down her smooth, sleek legs.

"Did you take a pill?" she asked, gazing down at me.

"A pill?"

"Yeah, babe, a pill. A Viagra. I have a job for you to perform tonight, remember?" she asked.

I didn't realize my father depended the help of a blue pill to get it up. I knew that I needed to play along though. "Oh, that pill. Yes, I took one, just a little bit ago," I lied.

"Mmm, good," mom purred, then removed the towel and let it fall to the floor.

My eyes widened at the sight of her naked body. It was just as wonderful as I always imagined it would be. Her tits were absolutely huge, hanging heavily from her chest. She had big puffy nipples and wide rings of pinkish-colored areola. Her sexy torso tapered down, then flared out into wide hips, showing her true hourglass shape. Then, my eyes became fixed upon her most private place. Mom's pussy was completely shaved, with inner labia that protruded slightly from her thick outer lips.

"I hope you're ready for you wife to rape you," mom sighed as she crawled under the covers and immediately blanketed me with her warm curvy body. We kissed like a passionate married couple, while I shuddered from the feel of the her tits, squashed between us like warm, overfilled water-balloons.

"I need you to fuck me so hard, baby?" mom mewled between wet, tender kisses. "I know sex feels so good that you usually don't last terribly long, but do you think you could go at least a half-hour this time?" she pleaded. "I really need it!"

I inwardly laughed at her statement. Apparently dad didn't have much stamina in the bedroom, but luckily for mom I didn't have that problem. "I'll last as long as you need me to," I replied.

Mom stopped kissing me and gazed into my eyes. "Really?!" she asked, as if she couldn't believe her ears.

"Of course."

"And what if I wanted you to last for three-hours?" she asked with a teasing smile.

"Then three-hours it is," I answered confidently.

Mom started laughing. "Oh, Reid, please…don't make a promise you can't keep, honey. You've never lasted for three-hours. Not even half that," she stated. "That's ok though. If you can fuck me for a half-hour I'll be over the moon."

Mom reached down and grasped my cock, then she gasped in surprise and stared into my eyes inquisitively. "What?" I asked, sensing something was wrong.

"Did you take TWO pills?" she asked. "You feel bigger…and harder than usual."

My heart swelled with pride. "Nope, just, um…like you said, it's been five days since we did it last, so I'm feeling REALLY horny," I replied.

"Oh, baby!" mom squealed with excitement, then maneuvered my prick to the entrance of her pleasure-pit.

I wanted to jump right out of my skin when I felt the fat tip of my penis snugly encapsulated by the wet warmth of her honeyed hole. Mom gasped sharply as she took the long, satisfying stiffness of my cock inside of her.

My erection flexed wildly and my eyes nearly rolled back as my tender man-muscle squeezed up the slick, pleated sleeve of mom's vagina. Mom's eyes suddenly widened once again as she let out sharp whimper. "Are you alright?!" I asked.

"Yes…VERY alright!" she breathed. "I think that lightning strike must have affected my lady parts somehow."

"Why's that?"

"Perhaps it made my vagina shrink some," she speculated. "Your penis has never touched my back wall like this before."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes, don't you think the both of us would have noticed this feeling before?"

I, of course, was used to the feeling she spoke of. My cock had pounded the cervical head of every girl I had dated, so it was a sensation I had grown accustomed to. However, dad apparently didn't have the length to take mom this deep. "True. Maybe you did shrink up just a little," I agreed.

"Who would have known that something good would have come out of being struck by lightning," mom giggled, then began to slowly

ride me. She fused her lovely lips on mine and we made out, our tongues dueling wildly inside my mouth for several minutes nonstop. It was wildly thrilling to have my own beautiful mom's long, thick tongue dart skillfully through my mouth. I did my best to impress her with kissing skills of my own.

"Good-grief, Reid!" Mom gasped. "What, did you take a coarse in kissing while your wife was in a coma?"

"No, why?"

"Because you've NEVER kissed my this amazingly before, that's why," she replied.

I was beginning to see that perhaps my dad was just an average performer in bed. Today my mom would get a taste of what a real man could provide sexually. I began to pump my ass from the mattress, matching mom's thrusts with one's of my own.

"Oh, yes!" she whimpered, rising up on extended arms that rested on the bed, astride my head. This gave her giant, stiff-nippled breasts room to move around. I sighed excitedly at the view I had of them swinging and rippling above my face. It was a vision of mom I NEVER thought I'd get.

After a few minutes, the temptation became too great and I latched on to one of her swollen nipples. I sucked like a baby who hadn't been fed all day. Mom lowered just a little, while continuing to hump on me tirelessly. This made my entire face sink into the spongy softness of her fatty tit.

"Mmnff!" I whimpered, pounding up into her hot cunt, while gorging myself on the cap of her breast. My cock flexed powerfully and I felt mom's cunt-tube clench up around me in reaction. I had fucked plenty of hot pussy, but most of them belonged to girls my own age. Mom's vagina was the same, but different.

Her slippery secretions seemed hotter around my prick and her vaginal tube was lined with rows upon rows of thick-textured ribs that created amazing sensations on my penile flesh. I could feel powerful muscles along her pelvic floor tighten, making the tube of her vagina constrict around my dick like nothing else I had ever felt before.

"Oh my God, baby…you're gonna make me cum!" mom declared. "I've never cum this fast before!"

I released mom's nipple and positioned my head down between her bobbling peaks. I wanted to stare up the canyon between her breasts and watch her pretty face contort in ecstasy. I wasn't disappointed. Mom squealed and shook with orgasm.

"Ohh, damn!" I sighed, feeling her pussy contract around me. She took me to my balls, then began grinding in full penetration. My blood-engorged cock must have felt like an iron crowbar stirring around inside her. I heard a lewd wet squelch and suddenly felt the root of my erection being warmed in female ejaculate. Her juices ran down my balls, dripping onto the bed.

I wrapped my arms around mom, pulling her back down on top of me. Then, I began pumping up into her with savage thrusts, fucking her as hard as I could.

"OH MY GOD!!" Mom gasped, clearly not used to this type of treatment. The heated flesh of our naked bodies beat together as we went at it like this for several mind-blowing minutes. My face was lodged in the nap of her neck, feeling her boobs slosh crazily on my upper chest. Once again she went into an orgasmic fit, squealing and trembling from the climax coursing through her plush body.

"How the hell did you do that?" she asked breathlessly. "And how haven't you cum yet?"

It had been well over the promised 'half-hour' at this point. I smiled up at her pretty sex-flushed face. "Are you complaining because I haven't cum yet?" I teased.

"No, why the fuck would I complain about that? I'm just shocked, that's all," she answered. "I come out of a coma and suddenly my husband is fucking me like a porn star. Maybe we should take a week off from having sex more often."

"No way!" I teased. "I think we should at least do it a few times a day."

"Jesus, Reid, what has gotten into you?!" Mom asked with a giggle. "It was always ME who wanted sex multiple times a day and you showed no interest."

"Well, I'm definitely interested now!" I answered, then quickly rolled her onto her back. The look on mom's face was priceless as she stared up at me with complete, cock-lusting adoration.

I set my hips back in motion and began plunging into her. I could tell that sex was mom's passion by the way she latched her freshly-shaved legs around me and used them as leverage to hump her rounded ass from the mattress and beat our engorged pissers together. She raked her long nails down my back, huffing and heaving as she did what mother's bodies were made to do.

"Shit!" I gasped, while beating my steely-hard dick through the grip of her slippery pink walls. My big nuts beat against her bobbing ass, making a repetitive clapping sound reverberate through the bedroom. My penis twitched excitedly as I let my eyes drift down our writhing bodies. Just the sight of mom's silky thighs splayed open, the muscles beneath her flesh tensing and straining as she cradled my humping frame, was enough to make me hose out a gallon of cum. I looked back over my shoulder at her dainty feet with their painted toenails, hovering over my back and bobbing to the force of my fuck-thrusts.

"Oh God!" Mom gasped, giving off a pre-orgasmic shudder. "Oh, Reid!"

Her back arched, lifting us both up. I quickly reached under and grasped her shoulders, so I could continue to pull my thrusts into her at this angle. Her cunt clenched up impossibly tight as she grunted in a powerful climax. I continued to sock my prick through, hammering the head of her cervix on every thrust. One thing I'd learnt about girls is they loved to be fucked hard, straight through their orgasm. Even if she did think I was dad, I wanted to blow mom's socks off.

I knew that once mom's back hit the mattress again I was in for a serious sexual wrestling match. Our bodies writhed wildly, humping and jerking as if we trying

to fuse our flesh together. My parent's big bed rocked and whined like it probably never had before. Mom gushed all over my cock for several mind-boggling minutes before we suddenly heard a knock at the door.

"Andy, is that you, honey?" Mom asked, still panting as she stared at the bedroom door.

"Yes. Can we talk for a minute?" My dad's voice asked.

Mom threw on her robe and went to her door. It was weird seeing dad outside in the hallway glaring in at us. "Honey, what's wrong? Are you ok?" she asked in a way I was so used to hearing.

"I'm fine. What are you guys, um…doing in there?" he awkwardly asked.

"Oh, well…we were just…spending some intimate time alone together," mom awkwardly answered. "I'm sorry…were we being too loud?"

"A little, yes," dad answered, feeding me an evil glare.

"Oh, well…why don't you put your headphones on, sweetie, or go over to Dillon's house for a couple hours. That way you don't have to listen to your father and I making love in here," mom blushingly suggested.

"Actually could I talk to dad, just for a minute…in private," my dad requested.

"Oh, um…sure," mom muttered, suspiciously looking over at me.

I threw mom's towel around my waist and joined dad in the hallway.

"What the hell do you think you're doing in there?!" Dad fumed in a hushed tone. "I told you there were certain things you shouldn't do with her, did I not?"

"She wanted it, dad. What was I suppose to tell her no and cause a fight?"

"I don't know. Tell her you pulled a back muscle or…that you couldn't get it up. Something! The reality is she's your mother. You're NOT me, and you shouldn't be having sex with her, end of story," Dad muttered irately.

"Fine!"

"I mean it, Andy," dad chided, "if I hear the bed rocking again or your mother…having what clearly sounded like an orgasm, you'll find another bedroom to stay in. I don't care if it causes a fight between the two of you."

I went back in to my parent's room and closed the door. Mom slowly stepped towards me, her big breasts bobbling beneath her robe. "What was that all about?" she asked.

"Nothing. Just um…asking for an advance on his allowance, so he could go out with some friends," I lied.

"I didn't realize we were being so loud in here," mom giggled, stepping up and embracing me. "But I guess it shouldn't surprise me, since I was getting some of the best sex of my life tonight."

"You think so?" I asked, smiling with pride.

"I know so," mom answered. "What did you do, take some sort of sexual super-power pill instead of your Viagra?"

"Maybe I did," I teased

"Mm, well take another one, baby," mom requested in a seductive tone, then let the robe slip off her shoulders. "I'm ready for round two."

As much as I didn't want to, I did just what dad suggested. "I would like to, but I think I pulled a muscle in my back or something. It's really hurting."

Mom took my hand and led me to the bed. "Oh, my poor baby. You lay right down here on the bed and let wifey make it better," she requested, then pulled my towel off.

I sprawled onto the mattress on my back, then watched mom climb onto the bed and begin licking my cock, while gazing up at me lustfully. "Mmm, I'll suck all the pain away," she cooed.

I watched my own beautiful mother begin sucking on my boner, mesmerized by the sight of her huge dangling tits. The ring of her obscenely-stretched lips traveled half-way down my shaft, then back up. Then, her long pink tongue flickered around on my swollen bell tip, making my boner throb wildly.

Her mouth made throaty, gurgling noises as she bobbed her head up and down on my prick. One of her hands was wrapped around the base of my stalk, beating my penis into her mouth while she sucked. After a couple cock-tingling minutes of this, my dick popped out of her mouth. "I swear to God your dick has grown at least two inches since I had it last," she marveled. "How is that even possible?"

"I'm not sure," I answered, shrugging my shoulders while watching her circled fist slowly stroke it from balls to knob and back down.

"I'm tingling so much down there," mom whimpered, while rubbing her crotch with her free hand. "Will you eat my pussy while I suck you, baby?"

I glanced at the door, remembering what dad had told me. However, as long as the bed wasn't rocking and mom could control her orgasmic cries there was no way he'd know what we were doing in here. "Sure I will. Just, um…be sure and control how excited you get. We don't need dad…uh, I mean, Andy pounding on the door again," I reminded her.

"That's true," mom giggled. "That was a bit…awkward."

She straddled my head, so we were in the sixty-nine position. The view as I gazed up nearly took my breath away. I barely had time to admire her pussy before mom lowered her heated crotch to my face and went back to sucking my cock.

I laved my licker between the fragrant folds of her labial flesh. Her juices were sweet and tangy and there was plenty of it drooling from her fuck-hole. I found her clitoris and was shocked by how round and plump it was. I sucked it into my mouth and whipped my tongue around all over the nubbin, making mom's body shudder on top of mine.

The feel of my mother's mouth plunging on the column of my cock was divine. I could hear her gag as I felt her trying to take it's entire

length down her snug throat. She finally came up for air. "God, I think that lightning strike enhanced my senses somehow," mom gasped. "Your cock is so much tastier than I remember."

"Mm, your pussy is pretty tasty too," I added. Mom shivered in delight as I pressed my mouth down into her vestibule and began making out with her cunt-hole. My tongue darted in and out of her juicy orifice, exploring the entrance to her most wonderful place.

For nearly a half-hour mom gorged herself on my cock, while I licked and slurped at her juicy vagina. Despite my father's warning, I wanted to fuck mom again so bad it was killing me. "Wanna fuck in the shower?" I boldly asked her, knowing it was a place my father was less likely to hear us.

"What about your back, babe?" Mom asked in concern.

"It's feeling better now," I answered, while crawling from the bed and pulling her by the hand towards the bathroom.

"Someone's eager to get his penis back inside me," mom giggled, her giant tits bobbling around heavily as she followed my lead.

Once we were in the bathroom, I turned on the water in the shower. Mom and I embraced under the hot spray and began making out as the water soaked our naked bodies. Our kissing gradually became more feverish and mom slipped her leg up around my waist to facilitate penetration. I grabbed her other leg and lifted her off the shower floor, jabbing my cock into her welcoming cunt at the same time.

"Oh, Reid…are you sure?!" Mom gasped. "You could hurt your back."

"I got you!" I answered, then pinned mom against the shower wall and began fucking her with steady thrusts. My fingers dug into her meaty ass-flesh as I held on to her, while pounding between her smooth circled thighs.

"Oh, yeah!" I moaned, feeling mom's warm vaginal sleeve milk at my cock as I thrust it through her. I loved the feel of her silky legs clutched around me and her big boobs sloshing wildly between us. Her fat rubbery teats prodded against my chest, reminding me of how bad I wanted to suck them again.

She broke our kiss and stared into my eyes, clearly on verge of a mind-blowing climax. "I'm gonna cum!" she panted in a hushed tone. "Oh my God, baby…you're gonna make me cum all over you! How?!"

"What do you mean how?" I asked.

"You've NEVER been able to pick me up like this and make me cum this way!"

"Well, I guess things are different now!" I boasted, making my dick flex as I pumped it through her juicy with exuberant confidence.

Mom huffed and moaned before finally giving off a violent shudder. Her vaginal contractions were more than I could handle, making my burrowing prick tingle with wonderful pre-orgasmic sensations.

"Oh, fuck…take my dick, baby!" I groaned, doubling the speed of my fuck-thrusts as semen began blasting from my piss-slit. Over the next five minutes, mom and I humped and jerked in the standing fuck position, extracting out as much pleasure as we could. It honestly felt like I had hosed out a gallon of hot cum inside her.

The next morning I found myself laying next to mom on the bed. Despite the risk of being heard by my father, the night had been a whirlwind of hot raunchy sex, in every wild position imaginable. The bed sheets were covered in splatters of female ejaculate.

Mom's eyes popped open and she looked over at me with a strange expression. "Sweetie? What are you doing in my bed?" she asked.

"Well, we, um…came back to bed last night, remember?"

Mom sat up, holding the sheet over her breasts. "Where's your father?" she asked, looking around the room. Then she gazed at me laying there next to her. "Why don't you have any clothes on?"

It was at this point that I realized that mom was no longer seeing me as dad and I had some explaining to do. "Dad was um, feeling sick last night, so we switched beds," I lied.

"That's weird, he seemed fine all night. I better go check on him," she stated, getting out of bed and throwing the towel over herself blushingly. I could see a stream of my spunk running down the inside of her leg.

Mom glared over at me. "Do me a favor. The next time you and your father decide to switch beds, be sure and wake me up first, so I can put some clothes on."

"Got it, mom," I acknowledged.

Mom's eyes seemed to linger on my cock, which was bulging from beneath the sheet.

"Are you ok?" I asked, snapping her from her trance.

"Fine," she answered.

As I watched her leave the room, I felt a bit bad for her. With things back the way they were suppose to be she'd have to settle for mediocre sex with dad again. However, at least I got to live out my fantasy and mom got to experience a long night of mind-blowing intercourse.

49: Haunted by Mom

Haunted by Mom By Klrxo

It was a morning like most other mornings. I was running late for school, like usual. Mom waited by the door with my lunch in hand, a patient smile spread across her pretty face. She was dressed for the gym. The way her tight yoga pants clung to her sculpted legs, never failed to get my attention.

"Andy, are you sure you don't want me to drive you to school? It'll be quicker," she said sweetly. "No, because then you'll be late for your workout class," I responded.

"I don't get detention for being late to my workout class," she giggled.

"Well, that's true," I said. Mom had a point. I had been tardy so many times, that I was told any further incidents would land me in a half-hour detention after school. "You don't mind?"

"Of course I don't mind. Let me get my keys."

When dad was around my age, he had landed a real looker. As the story goes, Mom had actually dated my uncle Phil, who was a year older than dad, but she quickly took a liking to my father instead. It was no mystery that my dad was more handsome, and had less of a temper than my hot-headed uncle.

During the ride to the High School, my eyes drifted over to the beauty in the driver's seat. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't attracted to her. Yes, I was a sucker for my own mom. I had been since I

reached puberty. I had never been fortunate enough to see her naked, but hoped that my luck would change before I moved off to college.

My friends and I followed soccer religiously, and they all agreed that Mom looked remarkably like the soccer star Alex Morgan. She had long brownish-blonde hair, piercing blue eyes and a smile that could make you melt, if you gazed at it for too long. As I mentioned before, Mom was in tip-top shape, but it was obvious there were places on her body where fat refused to burn off, and those, of course, were the spots that fascinated me the most.

My eyes drifted to one such spot as she drove. Well, technically TWO spots, if you count each tit individually. Even under the confines of her sports top, they seemed to quiver from their tremendous weight. Like she had many times, Mom glanced over and caught me staring. She reacted like she always did, with an almost understanding smile.

"How are things going with you and Sasha?" Mom asked.

"They're not. She decided she doesn't want a boyfriend right now."

"Well, that's too bad. Her loss," Mom said. "Yeah, I suppose."

Mom pulled up in front of the school. "Probably for the best though. You'll be graduating soon, and be going off to college. Long distance relationships are never easy," Mom said.

Mom reached over and placed her hand on mine tenderly, staring at me with those beautiful eyes. "Long distance family relationships are never easy either. I'll miss you," she said softly.

"I'll miss you too, but hey, it's probably not for another few months or so," I reminded her. "I know, and you'll get to come home for visits...hopefully often."

"Of course," I said, leaning over and giving her a quick kiss. "Thanks for the ride." "Love you!" she said.

"Love you too!" I said, exchanging a quick smile. It was the last time I would see mom alive.

I've had some dark days, but none were a dreadful as that one. Dad pulled me from school. I knew just from looking at him that it was something serious, but wasn't prepared for the news he'd give me. Mom had toppled down the stairs leading to the basement, while carrying some laundry, and had taken a deadly blow to the head. She was gone.

The days that followed seemed surreal. Like some freaky nightmare that I couldn't wake up from. Her funeral was an incredible tribute to the wife, mother, and all-around incredible person who we had lost so tragically. Mom and dad both had big families, and they were all there offering their love and support.

My older sister Tami smiled and hugged me lovingly. Even though she was married, and lived in the next town over, her and Mom were especially close, and I knew the loss must have crushed her the very most. "We have to be strong," she whimpered, the tears flowing. "Mom would want us to be strong."

"You doing OK, kid?" My Uncle Phil said, putting his arm around me. He was a burley guy, but despite his reputation for being hot-tempered, he always seemed like a gentle giant to me.

"As good as can be expected I guess," I said, trying my best to control my emotions.

"I'm just across town, so if there's anything you need, anything at all, just reach out, ok?" he said.

Uncle Phil had moved away when I was ten, but after going through a nasty divorce, he moved

back home to be closer to family. "Thanks, Uncle Phil."

Dad didn't talk much about mom's death, which I found quite strange, but I chalked it up to him dealing with the loss in his own way. Home felt like a house, and not a home at all, without mom there. A home was a place where love abounded, but the driving force behind that love was gone forever, leaving only memories behind.

Three weeks passed, and even graduation seemed more gloomy to me than celebratory. I wanted to believe that mom was there in spirit, but honestly, I wasn't raised religious, and didn't really buy in to any of that 'afterlife' nonsense. I always thought they were just stories people told, to give themselves a false sense of hope.

A few weeks later, before dad left for work, we had a chat that kind of took me by surprise.

"Andy, I know this past month has been hard on both of us, and this probably isn't what you wanna hear right now, but...well, I'm seeing someone," Dad confessed.

"Seeing someone?" I asked stupidly, even though I knew damn well what he meant.

"Yes, well, we were just friends before...but we're gonna be spending a lot more time together, so you might see her around the house here and there."

I must have put on the ugliest scowl dad had ever seen. "Mom's only been gone for a month. You're already fucking seeing someone else?!" I spouted.

Dad had never heard me swear like that before, and I think he was a little taken back. "It's been a difficult time. She's helped me get through it, and in the process, we've become very close.

I'm sorry, maybe it is a little soon, but the reality is, we have to move on."

I was fuming. I understood the 'moving on' part, but it seemed much too soon for dad to be chasing another woman. I was certain that mom would be rolling over in her grave if she knew dad was already in a relationship, only a month after she passed. My emotions boiled over, and I glared at him in disgust. "You're an asshole!" I screamed.

Dad attempted to talk his way out of it, but I turned and stormed to my room. I locked my door, pounced onto my bed, and pounded my fists into the mattress, the tears flowing. I was angry, but most of all, I was sad. I missed mom, and would have done anything to have her back.

Dad knocked on my door. "Andy?" "Go away!" I shouted.

"Can we just talk, please," dad said.

I wasn't in a place to talk rationally. "Dad, not right now! Just please go away!" I said, in a little calmer tone.

"See you tonight," he said, heading off to work.

Since I hadn't been sleeping well at night, I drifted off for a long nap. It must have been noon when I finally woke up. I had some college prep work to do. Honestly, the thought of furthering my education really didn't excite me all that much since mom died, but I knew that's what she wanted for me, so that was my motivation.

I went to my dresser to get a shirt, and when I opened my door, I gasped in surprise, taking one step back. There, displayed neatly on top of my clothes, was a pair of panties, and a bra. I recognized them right away. Though I never got to see Mom naked, I had on occasion snuck a bra, or pair of panties from her hamper, to

masturbate with. Ironically, the ones I was now looking at in bewilderment, just happed to be my favorite ones.

"Howthehelldidtheygethere?"I asked myself. As far as I knew, moms things had been packed up, and put in storage for now.

Out of curiosity, I lifted the lacy black bra from my drawer, and looked at the tag. It read 38 G. Just as I suspected, it was mom's bra. The panties were hers also. It was a matching set. It seemed a bit wrong, but I couldn't help myself, lifting the panty gusset to my nose, and taking a whiff. The sweet pungent aroma swept through my nasal passages, as if they'd been left there seconds before their discovery.

"Holyshit!"My brain shouted. The smell was so ripe it made my eyes roll back in there sockets. I had enjoyed some amazing panty whiffing while she was alive, but nothing like this. The aroma of musky pussy-nectar, and sweet perfume about made me pass out.

"Andy?"

I spun towards my door, in the direction of the voice. It was mom's voice! Of that I had no doubt! There door was still closed, so I went over and opened it, looking out into the empty hallway.

"Whatthefuckisgoingon?!"I thought, standing there with what had to be a look of utter confusion.

"Hello?" I called down the hallway, loud enough for anyone in the house to hear me. "Is anyone there?"

There was no answer. The voice had been so clear, I was ninty-nine percent sure I hadn't imagined it. Then there were the bra and panties. They certainly wern't a figment of my imagination, nor had they been there earlier in the day, the last time I opened my drawer.

I wanted to talk to someone about what had happened, but I was still upset with dad, so I decided to call Tami, my older sister. "Hey brat, what's up?" she said, answering her phone.

"I just needed to talk to someone," I said.

"You okay?" she asked sweetly, probably assuming I was having a hard day, with thoughts of losing mom.

"Yeah, I'm good. I just...well, some really weird stuff just happened earlier." "What do you mean weird stuff?"

"Promise you won't think I'm crazy?" I said, knowing I had a history of exaggeration.

"I know you're fucking crazy!" my sister joked, "but I always have an open ear, you know that." "I went to my drawer, and there was a pair of mom's panties, and her bra in there," I explained.

There was silence for a moment on the other end. "Um...ok," Tami muttered, clearly surprised by what I was telling her. "How...do you think they got in there?"

"I have no clue! That's why I'm calling you. It's weird, right?"

"Andy, are you sure you just didn't have them in your dresser, from before mom died, and just forgot about them?" my sister asked, which made my stomach sink a bit, wondering if she knew about my fascination with Mom's underwear.

"Why would you think that?" I asked curiously.

"Ok look, I know you used to sneak mom's things into your room sometimes, which is no big deal. A lot of guys do that."

"Wait, how would you know that?" I asked her. It was a legitimate question. My sister had been out of the house for nearly four years,

before I even started sneaking whiffs of mom's panties.

"Mom and I would talk. You know we were like best friends. She told me that she knew you were taking her bra and panties into your room, and using them to masturbate with."

My heart must have stopped for a moment in embarrassment. "Well, I wasn't really..."

"Andy, it's ok. Mom didn't care," my sister said. "She knew you were fascinated by her body. It's not uncommon for boys to feel that way about their moms."

I was speechless for a moment, but happy that my sister was having such an honest conversation with me. It was true that mom and her were close. She was here nearly every day, working on recipes, sharing gossip, and apparently information about me and my naughty habits.

"Are you still there?" she asked. "Yeah, I'm here."

"Look, sweetie, you don't have to be embarrassed. Honestly, I think mom thought it was cute. We all have our naughty little perverted secrets," Tami said. "Even mom had them."

"She told you her perverted secrets?"

"Mom and I shared everything, but I really think that's all I should say."

"No wait, so...you can't tell me what her secrets were?" I asked, desperately wanting to know. The idea that my own sexy mom had 'perverted secrets' when she was alive was absolutely fascinating to me.

"I'm not gonna go into detail, but let's just say this... Mom wanted to get closer to you, Andy. Closer than you realize."

"What do you mean closer?"

My sister giggled. "That's all I'm saying."

"I heard her voice!" I muttered, followed by a short silence, as my sister registered my words. "I hear her voice all the time too...in my head."

"This wasn't in my head," I said. "I swear to God, Tami, it was real. Like she was in the room with me."

The was a pause in the conversation, before my sister spoke again. "I'm seeing a really good therapist. She helping me work through the loss. Maybe you should see her too," she suggested.

I couldn't blame my sister for not believing me. If it hadn't happened to me, I wouldn't have believed it myself. "I'll be ok. It'll just take some time I suppose."

"Have you met the new bitch yet?" my sister asked, changing the subject. "Oh, dad told you about her too?"

"Yep, he did," Tami said. "I can't believe that he's moving on this fast."

"It seems almost disrespectful...to mom. Do you think him and this lady had something going on before mom died?"

"I would like to think not, but you never know. I'm sorry you have to live there, and see her face. Hopefully dad won't bring her to the house much, at least not for awhile," Tami said.

"Yeah, I hope not."

"Call me if you need anything. Love you!" Tami said.

"Love you too!" I said, then hung up.

It made me feel better having talked to my sister. Honestly, if I had mentioned the bra and panty thing to dad, I'm not sure how he would have reacted. There was still two unanswered questions though. How did mom's underwear get into my dresser, a month after her death, and why did I hear what sounded like her voice so vividly?

Two days later, I would meet dad's new female "friend." She was nothing like mom, especially in the beauty department. Her name was Maxine, and she was as fake as they come. Fake tan, fake tits, fake blonde hair. Even her teeth were too perfectly fake-looking to be real. She did

her best to pour on the sweetness.

"So your dad tells me you like soccer?" she asked, with an obvious forced attempt to get to know me.

"Yeah, I don't play it much, but my friends and I follow the games." "My nephew plays in a youth league. He really loves it!"

"Mmn," I muttered, showing that I clearly didn't give a shit.

"Andy, I'm gonna be straight up with you," she said, looking at me through he big fake blue contact lenses. "I really like your dad a lot. We've known each other from work for awhile. I know I'll never replace your mom..."

"Truerwordswereneverspoken,"I thought.

"...But I hope you'll give me a chance. I think we could have a lot of fun, the three of us," Maxine said.

"Yeah, ok," I said, trying to be civil. I was usually a pretty good judge of character. Something gave me the distinct impression that this lady was hiding some secrets, and that she had a true bitchy side, that perhaps even my father hadn't seen. Then again, it could

have been just me projecting the 'bad guy' image onto her, since she was the one replacing mom in dad's life.

The following day, something woke me up in the middle of the night. I sat up to find my door wide open. I usually closed it before I went to bed.

I crept out into the dark hallway, but there was nothing out of the ordinary. I went to dad's room, and could hear him snoring lightly. Suddenly, from back down the hallway, I could hear the shower in the bathroom turn on. I stood there for a moment, frozen, but not in fear; more like cautious curiosity.

I wandered back down the hall. The bathroom door was cracked open, and the light was on inside. I slowly opened it further and peered in.

"Shit!" I muttered, seeing the silhouette of someone in the shower, through the steamed-up

glass.

Rather than hurry away, I walked in. What drew me inside, was the fact that I knew that "someone." I had studied the form of their body enough times to know exactly who it was.

"Mom?" I muttered, but the silhouette didn't respond to the sound of my voice.

It was rinsing off, like a person who'd just come home from a working out, and was having a hot shower. Logic kicked in, and I quickly wondered if it could be someone else. Dad's new girlfriend Maxine perhaps.

"No!"my brain said, without the slightest doubt. "That'sMom!"

There seemed to be a mysterious pink glow around her, which is perhaps what caused her body to be silhouetted in such detail. Her form was unmistakable. As she rinsed her hair, she thrust her chest, and her enormous tits jutted out obscenely. I could even see the the shapes of her big fleshy nipples protruding out from her boobs. It was a remarkable sight! My eyes drifted down her torso, to the mouthwatering form of her meaty half-moons. Mom had an incredible bubble-butt, and the sexy silhouette allowed me to see it's true shape in side profile, crowning her luscious legs.

"Wow!" I muttered, stepping closer to the glass with a major stiffy.

The figure paused and turned towards me. The sight of her mammoth melons wobbling back and forth, from her sudden movement, made me sigh in excitement. Now I wondered if she could see me too, or at least sense if I was near.

We both stepped up to the steamed-up glass, literally only a foot apart. She put her hands against the glass. It smeared the steam away enough to see that those hands were truely real. I could see her pink palms. I placed my hands over hers, wishing I could feel them, and not the shower door that separated us.

The figure's face moved closer to the glass. I'll call her mom, because I knew it was. It had to be. The form of her body...the way she moved, it WAS my mother!

I saw her reach down, just a little below our heads, and carved a little X through the steam of the shower door, obviously trying to draw attention to that very spot. I stooped down slightly, to get a closer look at it, then was startled, as her huge melonous tits hit the glass.

"Holy shit!" I muttered breathlessly, staring at my mother's naked tits for the very first time.

Her breasts were capped with huge wide areola. Those, along with her rubbery-looking nipples, were slightly distorted, as they mashed against the glass from the inside. In utter fascination, I moved in a bit closer, watching them slide around on the glass. I could even hear the wet squeaking sound they made, rubbing up against it.

"They'rehuge!"I thought to myself. "Andsoreal-looking!"I added, still not completely convinced that this wasn't just a big wonderful dream.

Mom drug her boobs downward, showing the huge rounded undersides of her tit-flesh, and a cleavage that was even more tremendous than I ever imagined. It was as if she was sharing every detail of her incredible rack for me to see.

I followed her boobs down, then she suddenly pulled them away from the glass. I moved in even closer, to see if I could peer up at all of her, but before I could, her thick naked ass struck the glass door, right in front of my face.

"Fuckme!"my horny mind screamed. Now on my knees, I fished my cock out and squeezed up and down it's length. I simply couldn't help myself.

The wet buns of Mom's luscious ass squeaked against the glass. It was an unbelievable sight, especially since my face was literally only a foot away. The pressure against the door caused her meaty mounds to spread apart, exposing the crinkled ring of her asshole. I could see it throbbing wildly as it mashed up against the glass, then moved away.

My eyes followed it, wanting it to watch it further. Her ass swung back towards the glass, but this time it was her cunt-lips that mashed against the door. I literally whimpered out-loud, as I witnessed my own Mom's shaved vulva slide across the glass. The pressure caused her outer lips to peel open, exposing a deep coral slit.

I squeezed and pulled at my knob, imagining it sinking down into that hot mommy love-pit. "Christ!" I gasped, more fucking turned on than I'd ever been.

Mom pulled her cunt away from the glass, and I stood up, looking in at her shadowy figure, surrounded in a pink hue. She seemed to be staring back at me too.

"Mom?" I muttered.

She moved her face to the glass, and mashed her other set of lips against the door. I watched her big pink pucker open slightly, and her long thick tongue squirmed out and began whipping around against the glass. I couldn't move I was so mesmerized. Mom had always joked about having a long tongue, even amazed my sister and I by touching the tip of her nose with it once. Now I was seeing it in all it's glory, moving around against the glass in the most obscene way possible. The way her licker curled and flailed wetly was absolutely spellbinding, and I simply couldn't imagine being on the receiving end of it, in a sexual way.

I was suddenly startled out of my skin, as I heard dad call to me from down the hallway. "Andy?"

I quickly stood up and tried my best to conceal my erection. Unfortunately, I didn't get to the door before dad did. He opened it and looked in at me, groggy-eyed. "What's going on?"

I looked at the shower. Mom's figure was gone. Only the weird-looking design her body had made against the steam glass remained. "I was just um...gonna get in the shower," I mumbled awkwardly.

"It's three in the morning."

"I know, I know I just um, couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd go out for an early morning run or something."

Dad laughed. "Aren't you suppose to shower AFTER the run?" he asked. He had me there. "Yeah, I suppose you're right."

Dad came inside, staring at the smeared-up shower door, probably wondering what the hell I'd been up to. He would shit if he knew I'd been gawking at Mom's naked body. He crouched down and looked at one design in particular, that mom had made in the steam-up glass. "What is that?" he asked.

I crouched down next to him, also noticing that it was some type of distinctive drawing. "Is that a drawing of a video camera or something?" he asked.

Dad was right. It looked like a crude image of a video camera, made in the steamed glass. Why mom had made it had me baffled, but I couldn't very well share that with dad. "Yeah, I was just farting around, doing stupid drawings on the glass."

Dad and I stood back up and looked at each other. "You ok?" he asked, clearly referring to how I was coping with Mom's loss.

"Yeah, of course." "You sure?"

"Yeah dad, I'm fine!"

"Maxine said you guys had a good chat the other day," dad said. "I guess. If you wanna call a few sentences a good chat."

"Thanks for giving her a chance," Dad said, patting me on the shoulder.

I was anxious to call my sister the next day, to tell her what had happened, but before I could, I had a detective knocking at the front door. "Hi," I said, wondering what this was about.

A handsome, slightly balding guy in a suit flashed me a smile. "Hi Andy, I'm detective Bronson. I was wondering if I could come in,

and ask you a few questions?" he asked.

"Sure," I muttered, ushering him to the living room. I sat across from him awkwardly. "First let me say, I'm sorry for your loss."

"Thanks."

"Were your parents having any difficulties in their marriage, that you noticed?" Bronson asked. "Difficulties?" I asked, even though I was sure I knew what he mean.

"Yeah, fighting...arguing, before your mother's death?"

"No, they seemed to get along fine," I said. "What would that have to do with anything though? I thought mom slipped going down the stairs?"

Bronson seemed to hesitate a moment. "Andy, I'm gonna be frank with you. Some of the bruising your mother sustained wasn't consistent with just an accidental fall down the stairs," he said.

My stomach suddenly felt like it was tied in a knot. "Are you saying...that you think someone killed her?" I asked, cringing at the very thought.

"What I'm saying is based on the evidence, we haven't ruled that out as a possibility just yet."

My mind was suddenly buzzing. "Whothefuckwouldkillmom?"I wonde red. I certainly didn't think my dad would do such a thing. "I know my dad was at work that day. Can't you guys just verify that?" I asked.

"Oh we have. You're father WAS at work, but according to security footage, he was out of the office for about an hour, during the time in question," Bronson said.

"No, my dad wouldn't do this," I said, immediately jumping to his defense.

"No one is saying he would. We're merely trying to establish his whereabouts during that time, so we can rule that out. Did he contact you at all during his lunch hour that day?"

"No. He usually takes his lunch to work, but maybe he went out to get a bite," I suggested, grasping at straws trying to provide an explanation for my father. "Did you ask HIM where he was?"

"Yes. He claims he was out to lunch...with a coworker." "Maxine?"

Bronson got an uncomfortable expression. "Yes, that's right."

"I fucking knew it," I muttered, "he was seeing that bitch before mom even died."

"Not to throw fuel on the fire that you're experiencing right now, but we believe your father lied to us about where he and Maxine were that day. We have yet to find proof of them having lunch at the establishment they claimed they were at," the detective explained.

"So you think they killed my mom?"

"Again, I'm just trying to establish where they were that day, so I can rule them out as suspects," Bronson said.

Just when my jets had began to cool, regarding my dad and his new love interest, I suddenly felt myself even angrier than before. Essentially, what the detective was saying was that my dad and Maxine were hiding something. Either they had killed mom, or were probably in the back of dad's car fucking somewhere at the time she died.

I wanted to leave the house, and run somewhere far away. My sister Tami was in just as much disbelief as I was, as I called and gave her

the details of the Detective's visit.

"Even if dad was fucking this bitch somewhere, he'd have to be crazy to lie to a detective about it," Tami said.

"Tami, you don't think dad killed her, do you?" I asked candidly.

"My gut tells me no. Dad may be a cheating asshole, but I really don't think he's capable of doing such a thing."

"I'm sure that's what the family members of most convicted killers tell themselves too," I muttered, wondering if there was yet another side to dad, or maybe even this fake bitch he was with, that we didn't know about.

"If it wasn't dad though, then who? Everyone loved mom to death," Tami said.

There was a short silence, as my mind shifted to the incident in the bathroom. "Please don't think I'm crazy, but I saw Mom," I muttered.

"What?!"

"In the middle of the night, in the bathroom. She was in the shower. I swear on my life it was her."

"Andy..."

"Please, Tami, you have to believe me. I wasn't dreaming...I wasn't imagining it. She was real! It was her!"

"In the shower?" My sister asked skeptically. "Yes, she was..."

"She was what?"

I was a bit hesitant, but having learned the things I already had from Tami, I felt comfortable telling her. "She was showing me her

body through the glass," I said.

There was a long awkward silence that I finally broke. "Say something!" "Showing you, by pressing herself against the glass?" My sister asked.

"Yes! That's exactly what she was doing. How did you know that?" I asked, curious to know how my sister would know that major detail, without me mentioning it.

"Ok, you're telling me some pretty unbelievable stuff here, and asking me to trust you. So I'm gonna tell YOU some pretty unbelievable stuff also, and ask you to do the same," she said.

"Fair."

"Mom knew about how fascinated you were with her body. She once joked with me, that if you ever came into the bathroom, and she was showering, that she would press all her sexual body parts against the glass shower door, and give you a show you'd never forget," Tami explained.

"Mom said that?" I asked, my heart pounding excitedly in my chest.

"Yes, and it...well, from what you're telling me, it sounds like she made true on her word." "So is this what it seems to be?" I asked. "Am I being haunted by mom?"

"I was never one to believe in that kinda stuff, but yes, that's exactly what it sounds like. Did she say anything? Try to communicate with you in any way?" Tami asked.

"She didn't say anything, but she did draw something on the steamed-up glass." "What was it?"

"A camera. A video camera," I answered, still trying to make sense of that. "Strange. Why would mom's spirit draw a video camera?"

"Maybe she wants me to record her, to show you, as proof that her spirit is really visiting me," I answered. My theory was a stretch, but really the only thing that made sense to me.

"You haven't told dad about this, right?"

"No. Even if I wanted to, I would feel really awkward doing that. 'Oh hey dad, by the way, mom's spirit visited me last night, and showed me all her naked body parts.' I don't think so," I said, making my sister giggle.

"Good. It's probably best that we don't mention anything about what you've been seeing, not just to him, but to anyone."

"Got it!" I agreed.

"If you see her again, and do get some video, call me right away," Tami said. "I will."

Two nights passed, and nothing out of the ordinary happened. I kept my phone handy, and set to video, just in case. I felt a bit like one of those paranormal investigators, on the ready for any late night apparition to appear. Finally, just when I thought I may never see mom's spirit

again, I woke up to a bright pink hue above my bed. I could see a female form emerging from it, slowly lowering towards me. It was mom! Just like in the shower, she was completely naked!

"Shit!Ineedtorecordthis!"I thought, reaching over and pressing record on my phone, which sat on the bed next to me.

Mom looked absolutely angelic! Her body was horizontal, as it hovered above me.. Her enormous melons hung down, and her nipples looked thick and erect. Her brownish-blonde hair floated behind her, so I could see all of her beautiful face, as she gazed

down at me with those piercing blue eyes. I couldn't dream of her looking any more perfect.

"Can you hear me?" I asked, hoping she could.

Mom answered with a heart-melting smile. "Yes," she whispered sweetly. My heart skipped a beat. "I've missed you!" I said.

"And I've missed you," she answered back.

Before there was a chance she could disappear, I threw out a question that only she could answer truthfully. "Mom, how did you die?"

She looked confused. "That's...foggy," she said. "Do you remember anything?"

"No..." she muttered, staring into space, as if visualizing something, "but I do see something." "What is it?"

"A flag. A tattered flag," she answered.

"Tattered flag? You mean an American flag?" I asked.

"Yes," She answered, then I watched her naked curvy body do a graceful roll through the air. She reached down and peeled the blanket back over my crotch. "You're so hard!" her heavenly

voice whispered, sending shivers through my body.

"I'm sorry, you're just naked...and so beautiful!" I confessed. As she hovered there, gazing at my erection, her luscious legs were splayed wide open, giving me the most incredible view of her shaved pussy.

She peeked down into my eyes. "Can I...feel it?" she asked, with lust-filled eyes.

If mom only knew how I felt about her, she'd realize that it was the dumbest question ever. Of course I wanted her to feel it! "Yess!" I muttered, with nervous excitement in my voice.

Mom floated closer to my cock, wrapping her hand around the base. I wasn't sure that I'd be able to feel her spirit form, but wow could I feel her! Her hand felt unlike anything that had ever touched my body before, and sent a magical tingling sensation through my groin. The only

way I could describe it would be to imagine a heated vibrator being wrapped around the base of your cock. That's exactly what her hand felt like

My boner now pointed straight up, and I watched mom's eyes widen, as they traveled up the length of my muscular shaft. I was proud of what I had. I knew eight inches was nothing to scoff at, and I could tell by the look on mom's face that she was impressed. She tugged at the base, pulling the remaining foreskin back, exposing my big purple knob in all it's glory.

I saw her tongue peek out, licking wetly between her lips. "Let me stroke it!" she whispered, then gazed into my eyes again. "Let mommy beat her baby off!"

My heart about beat out of my chest with excitement. "Sure," I muttered, watching her gracefully flip over once again, then lower towards me.

I've had some pretty thrilling times in my young life, but having my own beautiful mom's naked body drop down beside me on the bed, took the cake, no contest. Like her circled hand, the rest of her body was like a warm vibration again me. Mom was positioned beside me, propped up on her elbow, so she could gaze down at my cock while she stroked.

She started gently at first, grazing her fingers all around my boner tenderly. "Mmm, it's such a long and incredibly stiff dick," she whispered.

She gazed down into my eyes, and gave me that absolutely heart-stopping smile. Her beauty was stunning enough, but it was also framed in by that celestial pink aura, which made her absolutely ravishing.

"Did you find my gifts?" she asked. "The bra and panties?" I asked. "Yes," she whispered with a smile. "I did...thank you."

Mom bit her body lip cutely, then gave me a hungry stare. "Did you like the way they smelt?" she whispered.

"Very much!" I answered, and that was an understatement. "Good. I wanted you to smell what you do to me."

"Holyshit!DidMomjustsaythat?!I thought. I began to wonder if this was just an awesome dream, if I was gonna wake up any moment, alone in my bed.

"Would you like Mom to tell you what she'd like you to do to her, while she beats your big erection?" Mom asked, with a naughty little grin.

"Heck yes I would," I sighed breathlessly.

Mom took a firm grip around my boner and started stroking it up and down. Not surprising, I was leaking a lot of precum, which lubricated her cock-strokes. For a few moments, we both looked down, and watched my boner glide through her fist, my big bell tip was shiny with leaking pre-jizz.

Mom looked back at my face, and I gazed up into her eyes, wishing this moment would never end. I found it interesting, that even though she was vigorously beating me off, she seemed as calm as

when she used to sit and drink her morning coffee. I began to wonder if spirits didn't experience physical exhaustion like humans did. If that was the case, I was really in for an unworldly cock-beating.

"I used to fantasize about you fucking me from behind," Mom confessed. "Seriously?" I asked, so amazed I could hardly breathe.

"Yes, seriously. I used to imagine that after your father left for work, you'd come over to the sink, where I was doing dishes. Then, you'd reach under my skirt, yank my panties down, and slam your cock into me hard and fast, and made me cum like crazy!" she explained with an excited look.

My mouth must have fallen open in awe "Holy fuck!" I muttered, never imaging that my mom would make such a confession.

"Can you imagine, baby?" Mom said, then looked down again at her whipping fist. "Can you imagine how good that would have felt on your cock?"

"Ohh yess, soo good!" I replied. It was easy to imagine, because the sensations I was experiencing on my dick right now were out of the world, no pun intended.

"Would you have carried me to my bedroom, Andy? Would you have fucked my ass off on my marital bed?" Mom asked, seeming eager to hear my response.

I couldn't help but notice how her ballooning tit-meat was quivering like crazy, from the motion of her stroking. "Ohh yes, Mom! I would have done that all day long."

Mom noticed the way I was gawking at her tits. "Oh I bet you would have, baby boy! You have what it takes, don't you?" she cooed. "You have what a boy needs to take his mommy to paradise!"

"Shit, Mom!" I snarled. The way her hand beat me off with warm tight, vibrating strokes was intense enough. Then factor in her hot sex words, and it was enough to make me explode with pleasure. My hips rose from the mattress, as I squirmed with delight.

"Fuck me, baby! Fuck my hot pussy!" Mom said, in a lustful tone.

She didn't let up one bit, rolling her body part-way on top of mine, pushing me back down to the bed. Now her spongy-soft tits were resting across my upper chest, and her sexy leg was thrown over mine. Her hand didn't miss a beat, stroking tirelessly, with perfect twisting squeezes, making my nuts jump around in my ball-sack. "Yess, baby! Push mommy's legs open around you! Smash my big soft titties between us!" Mom cried out.

"OhhGod!" I gasped, putting some motion in my hips.

"That's it! Make me cling to you, Andy!" Mom cried out, beating my boner relentlessly. "Make me gush my fucking cum all over your cock and balls!"

"Ohhdamn, this is so good!" My voice trembled.

As I pumped my hips, mom held her fist still for a moment, watching my cock fuck through the grip of her hand. I looked up to see her eyes wide, and her mouth open in awe. "There you go, baby boy! Show mommy how you'd fuck her!" Mom said. "Show me how you'd pound your boner through my hot pussy!"

She started stroking again. "Mmm, mom would hump her horny twat right back at you baby! We'd meet in the middle! Make our bellies beat together, while our crotches meet in the middle, just like that!" she cried, pumping me from balls to knob, her tightly clutching fist smacking against my cock-hilt on every stroke.

"Ohhhyess!" I whimpered, enthralled with how sexually aggressive she was being.

Both my cock and balls were tingling, as I writhed beneath her. I tried to fight it off the best I could, wanting to impress the shit out of her, but her hand-job just felt too fucking heavenly. "Ohhh mom, I'm gonna cum!" I grunted.

"Andy?" I heard her whisper.

I fixed my wild eyes on her face, which hovered closely to mine. She tilted her lovely head and lowered her lips to my own. The contact of our sensual kiss was electric! "Uuuhhh!!" I groaned,

against her mashed lips, feeling a rope of spunk splatter up across my chest.

"Uhhh!" I launched another milky geyser, and watched through the corner of my eye, as it struck the side of mom's boob, which was plastered against my chest and bulging out between us. "Uhhh! Again my jizz splashed against the side of her tit-melon, running down it's rounded meaty contour.

Mom pried my lips open with her tongue, and slipped her long snake into my mouth. My hips jerked and trembled. I couldn't think straight. Never in my eighteen years had I experience pleasure this intense! Her hand was like a vibrating milking machine, pulling out my load, while our tongues rolled and flickered together passionately.

"Gimme all your fucking sweet nectar, baby!" Mom cooed between kisses.

I could feel her enormous boobies squishing and sloshing softly against my chest, and her rubbery nipples were puffy and erect. "Ohh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!" my voice trembled, as I pumped my cock up into her jacking hand, imagining it was mom's pussy.

"There you go! Get my pussy good, Andy! Mmnn, make me crave your big dick inside me!"

After a few minutes of this, Mom's spirit had milked me dry, and I went limp on the bed. My body suddenly stopped tingling, and I opened my eyes to find mom gone. "Mom?" I said, looking around my darkened bedroom.

I looked down at the big streaks of gooey cum on my chest, just to confirm that it actually happened, and it wasn't some wild dream. My slimy boner was still twitching from having cum so hard. "Wow!" I sighed out loud, still trying to catch my breath.

I could hardly wait to call my sister the next morning. 'I saw her again! This time, I really saw her! She floated down through the ceiling of my bedroom," I blurted out.

"Did you get video?" Tami asked. "Yes, and no," I answered. "What's that mean?"

"I recorded the whole thing, but she didn't show up in the video," I said. "She didn't show up at all?"

"No, it was just me, reacting to her," I said, hoping my sister would still believe me. "Damn!" Tami said disappointingly.

"I'm not sure I would have showed you the video anyway though, at least not all of it. It got

kind of um...sexual." "Sexual? In what way?"

I knew my sister and mom were close, but I didn't wanna take a chance of weirding Tami out by explaining what mom did to me. "Maybe it's better if we just leave it at, I saw Mom last night, ok?" I suggested.

"She jerked you off, didn't she?" Tami asked.

"What the hell? How do you know about all these things that happen, before I even tell you?" I asked, confused by how she

would even know without having been there.

"Were you not listening the last time we had this conversation. Mom and I talk...ABOUT EVERYTHING. I knew she wanted to show her body off to you when she was alive, and I also knew that she thought it would be cool to jerk you off," Tami said.

"Mom told you that?"

"Yes! Andy, mom was infatuated with you! I'm the only person she trusted to tell that to. Do you see what's happening here?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Mom's spirit-self is crossing back over, and living out the darkest desires that she had when she was alive...and those desires are ALL DIRECTED TOWARDS YOU."

"Oh," I muttered, wondering what other naughty desires mom was gonna try to live out with me next. "I was actually able to talk to her this time. She was speaking right back to me. It was unbelievable!"

"Did you ask her about the day she died?"

"Yeah, she said that the time period around her death was foggy, but then she said she saw something. A tattered American flag."

"What does that mean?" My sister asked.

"I'm not sure. I don't even think Mom knew. I think it was just an image that was popping into her head."

"Like the video camera she drew on the door?" "Yes," I said.

"Do you think they're clues, to maybe what really happened to her?" "Honestly, I'm not sure what to think," I said.

"Well, the detective seems to think mom's death wasn't an accident. I dug up some pretty interesting dirt on this bitch dad's dating. I think it's time we had a chat with him." Tami said.

After talking to my sister, I went down to my room and sprawled out on my bed. Dad was at work and I had the house to myself, so I felt free to look up and talk to the ceiling, as if mom were listening. "Mom, are you there?

"Mom??"

"I really wanna know what happened to you. If it wasn't an accident, I need you to remember what happened."

I would have given anything to see her spirit lower from the ceiling, as she did the night before, but after awhile, it became obvious that it wasn't happening. "Maybeghostshadhoursof operation?"I thought, "Ormaybeshewashavingaghostsnooze?"For a few minutes, I amused myself with such speculation. The very fact that such a spirit realm existed boggled my mind, but after what I'd recently experienced, I was definitely a believer now.

I took a short nap, then went in and had a shower. After toweling off and stepping back into the hallway, I heard the sound of clattering dishes from the kitchen. "Dad, is that you?" I called out, but got no answer. It was much too early for him to be home anyway, so I stepped down the hallway to investigate.

As I neared the kitchen, I heard the water running in the sink. Someone was defin in there. I hoped it wasn't Maxine, the bitch dad was dating, but both dad and my sister were working, so I couldn't think of anyone else it could be. Unless it was...

"Yes!!Itwasmom!!"I cheered inside, spotting her standing at the sink. She wasn't naked, like the two other times I'd seen her, but damn did she look stunning. She wore a pink mini skirt and a snug white cami top. The backs of her silky bare legs looked stunning, flexing

from her feet being propped up in five-inch pink mules. He entire being was surrounded in that beautiful pink hue, accentuating that sexy outfit she was wearing.

She suddenly turned and spotted me in the doorway, her long silky hair brushing across her shoulders. "Hi sweetie!"

"Hi," I muttered, in just as much awe as the first time I'd seen her.

Mom's eyes drifted down to the towel wrapped around my waist, then back up into my eyes. "Your father just left for work," she said, with a naughty smile, then turned back to do more dished.

I stood there confused for a moment. Dad had left a few hours ago. Then, it suddenly stuck me what was happening. I remembered while mom was jerking me off, she said something

about this scenario. In fact, I remembered her words exactly. "Iusedtoimaginethatafteryour fatherleftforwork,you'dcomeovertothesinkwhereIwasdoingdishes.Then,you'dreach undermyskirt,yankmypantiesdown,andslamyourcockintomehardandfast,andmade mecumlikecrazy!"she had said.

"Tamiwasright!Momwaslivingouthernaughtydesireswithme!"I excitedly thought. I decided to play along. "I guess we're all alone then," I muttered.

"I guess so," Mom said, with a cute little wag of her ass.

I took that as an invitation, and slowly stepped over behind her. I was nervous as hell, but this was no time to be timid. Mom had made it clear what she wanted, and it was my duty to follow through. "Herewego!"I thought, taking a courageous breath.

I placed my hands on her wide hips, and she froze. I could feel that familiar warm vibrating sensation moving through my hands as I

touched her. "I know this is what you want," I said. "It's what I want too!"

I brazenly pulled up her pink skirt, then grasped her dainty pink panties at the waistband, and "yanked" them down, just as she had requested. My towel had somehow fallen off, but I didn't bother retrieving it. My big boner drug across mom's naked ass, as she leaned over and gripped the edge of the countertop.

Bravely, I mounted her haunches, grasping my erection and dragging it up and down the split of her twat. "OhmyGod,I'mabouttofuckmom!"my brain screamed excitedly.

Mom looked back at me over her shoulder, with look of horny desire. "Stick it in me!" she said pleadingly.

I happily obliged, spearing my hard cock up her pussy-passage. Her vagina was hot...and juicy...and vibrated exquisitely. "Ohh shit!" I moaned out load, letting her know just how amazing she felt.

I grasped her hips again, setting my own hips in motion, and slammed my cock into her hard and fast, just like she wanted it. A lewd repetitive smacking sound filled the kitchen, as my crotch clapped against mom's naked ass.

"Yess! Just like that!" Mom cried out, pleased with the way I was fucking her.

I had fucked a few girls this way, but none with an ass quite like mom's. Her glutes flexed, while the fatty outer layer of butt-meat rippled every time my midsection beat against her. She pumped her rump back against me, intensifying our rhythm.

My whole cock tingled in the exquisite grip of her vibrating cunt. I wasn't sure how a spirit could secrete bodily fluid, but mom was definitely getting my dick wet. Her slippery vaginal

nectar allowed my dick to glide as smooth as butter, along the pink ribbed walls of her cunt.

I went at her pussy at slightly different angles, seeing which one she reacted to the most. Without a doubt, she was the most vocal when I pumped at a slightly downward angle. I knew it was because I was digging my cock against her G-spot.

Satisfied with my angle of attack, I leaned down against her back and wrapped my arms underneath her, across her belly. This gave me just the right amount of leverage to really go at her pussy hard.

"Ohh God, Andy!" Mom cried out, as I doubled the pace of my fuck-thrusts, hammering my hard cock through her gradually tightening pussy. I knew it would take every ounce of will-power I had to keep from cumming to quickly at this pace.

"Oh my God, you're fucking my pussy so good!" she cried out..

Luckily, it didn't take long before mom's body was trembling in orgasm. Her cries of passion rang through the entire house, mixed with the sound of my crotch beating against her meaty rump. She came so hard her knees got weak, but my arms were around her, and I held her up and continued fucking savagely. I was king of the fucking world right now!

"Ohh shit yeaah!!" I sighed, pumping my cock through the juicing sleeve that had birthed me out eighteen years ago.

I hadn't had a ton of sexual experience. I knew if you made a girl cum once while fucking her, you were awesome, but if you made her cum more than once, you were a fucking Rockstar! I wanted to be mom's Rockstar!

I clenched my ass-cheeks to fight of my own orgasm, that had been slowly brewing in my nuts.

"I'llsqueezehertits!"I thought, thinking surely that might trigger orgasm number two for mom.

I was right. The moment my fingers sunk into those big jiggling melons, Mom started crying out, and shaking uncontrollably again. Her boobs felt amazing through the shirt and bra. I could only imagine what it would be like to squeeze them while they're naked. I'm sure I would find out soon enough.

Through her clothing, I could feel the thick hard nubs of her nipples poking out, so I clamped them between my fingers.

The way her vibrating cunt muscles squeezed my meaty muscle, while her cum-juice spurted around it, provided way too much pleasure for me to fight off any longer. "Ohh! Ohh, God damn, I'm gonna cum, Mom!!" I groaned.

"Yes, baby! Cum in my pussy!" she gasped.

And did I ever cum in her pussy! It must have been quite an eruption of hot white spunk going

off in mom's cunt-hole. I probably sounded like a dying animal, gasping and grunting, as I pumped out what had to be a massive load of cum inside her.

I thrust in as deeply as I could, feeling the head of mom's cervix squeeze up against the underside of my bulbous knob. "Uhh!" I snarled, flexing my cock and blasting a finally oozing gob of jizz inside her.

My cock made a wet popping sound as it slipped out of her pussy. Mom turned around, embraced me, and dove straight for my lips. We kissed like long lost lovers. Mom's long tongue darted around inside my mouth. It was unbelievable!

"Do you remember what you're suppose to do next?" she asked between wet kisses. "Carry you to your bedroom," I answered.

"And?"

"Fuck your ass off on your marital bed," I said, with an excited thrill. How on earth could I forget something like that.

"Are you ready?" she asked, continuing to kiss me, as she hooked one leg up around my waist and tightened her arms around my neck.

"Yes!" I answered, knowing what was coming next.

Mom's other leg sprung from the floor. My hands went down and cupped her thighs, so I could help support her weight. I carried her out of the kitchen, her legs wrapped snuggly around me. As I stepped down the hallway, mom uncoiled her arms from around my neck and shed her cami top. The sexy pink bra could barely contain the enormity of her monster-sized melons.

Without hesitation, she reached back and unclasped her bra, then slipped the cups off, making her massive mammaries bobble free. "Damn you have big breasts, Mom!" I muttered, stating the obvious.

"Is that why you always stared at them so much?" she asked with a giggle. "Yes! It was hard to keep my eyes off them!"

"Did you like to imagine that your head was stuffed inside my bra with them all day?" she asked.

"God yes!" I exclaimed.

"That your lips were clamped around mommy's aroused nipples?"

"Oh my God, yes! I wanna suck your tits so bad!" I answered, beside myself with lust. "Mmm, take me to bed then, baby."

We entered mom and dad's bedroom and my excitement level nearly went through the roof, as we moved to the bed. Countless times over the last several years I had heard my parents screwing in here, and every time, I wished more than anything that I could switch spots with my father. Now here I was, about to make my dreams come true.

Mom gazed at me, her pretty blue eyes glazed over with excitement. "Throw me on the mattress baby! Suck my big titties while you fuck me better than I've ever been fucked on this bed!"

It was a tall challenge, but one I gladly accepted. I clutched mom at the waist, as she loosened her grip on me, then I tossed her onto the big bed with relative ease. She let out a playful scream, landing on her back, so her oversized tits teetered up and down from the impact.

She splayed her sexy thighs, spreading her legs open wider than I ever imagined she could.

Her wonderful pink aura matched the same color of the horny wet slit between her legs. Mom held out her hands. "Come on! Come stick your cock in me!" she said, in that same loving voice I had grown up hearing.

I pounced on top of her, like a hungry lion. Mom immediately wrapped her lovely legs around me, high on my back. My cock sunk to heaven, while I gobbled up as much tit-flesh as I could, pressing my face down into the spongy meat of mom's jiggling boob.

"Oh Andy! Yess!" Mom cried out passionately.

"HOLYFUCKINGWOW!"my horny brain screamed, as I fucked and sucked at the same time. Mom's entire lush body vibrated exquisitely beneath me. The grip of her legs felt warm and welcoming around me. Every day since I hit puberty I would stare at her sculpted legs and wonder what it would be like to be between them. Now here

they were, spread wide open, doing what a mom's legs were made to do.

I felt her long nails clutch my bobbing ass. "Yess! Fuck me harderrr!" she cried out.

I put some extra speed and force in my thrusts, pumping my boner through the snug rubbery sleeve of mom's vagina. I could tell she liked my tempo, by the way she was panting breathlessly and tightening up. Our crotches smacked together wetly, and mom and dad's bed rocked and creaked from our wild fuck-rhythm.

"Yess! Just like that! Ohh your boner, baby!!" Mom cried out, clearly impressed with what my cock was doing to her.

I could hardly breath, my face was plastered so deeply into her tit-flesh. My mouth was gorged with as much tit as I could possible take in. I was pretty sure it was at least her entire areola. Her nipple was huge and engorged, and I swathed my wet tongue all over it, snarling like a dog as I sucked at the mouthful of distended flesh.

Mom suddenly threw her arms back against the mattress and arched her back from the bed. "Ohhh fuck yess!" she screamed, clearly reaching the peak of another mind-blowing orgasm.

Mom's nipple popped from my mouth, wet and swollen. I learned a trick from watching porn, and decided to try it out, hooking my arms under mom's arched back, moving upright into a crouched position and thrusting at her that way.

Mom let out a loud ear-piercing cry, and I felt her pussy start to cream around my cock. Apparently she was liking the adjustment as much as I hoped she would. I watched her toss her pretty hair around, gasping and whimpering as she came. With her chest still thrust up, her giant boobies rolled all around wildly from our humping motions.

She reach up and pulled me back down on top of her, bowing her legs wide, giving me plenty of room to work. We kissed, and our tongues twirled together frenziedly. I grasped her

shoulders, giving me more leverage, so I could really spear my boner deep. I wanted her to feel it fucking her deeper than any man ever had.

"Ohh baby, right there!" she gasped, feeling engorged bell knock on her cervix.

Whether dad or any other guy had ever hit the back wall of her pussy, I didn't know, but obviously that was as deep as I could get. Now I just wanted to pound my initials into it.

"Ohhh yeah!!" I sighed, fucking her with everything I had. I could feel the big purple bell of my cock kissing the pouting lips to the entrance of the womb that once held me. Her cunt-tube became tighter and tighter around me, making the sensations around my cock even more intense.

"Oh my God, you're amazing!!" Mom cried out, which was music to my ears.

I lifted my head and looked down at her pretty face. I had never seen it like this...masked with sexual pleasure. Our eyes communicated our love for each other, and how magical this moment was. Mom tightened her cunt muscles, and I flexed my cock in response. She did it again, and so did I, making my cock swell and stretch her lining out even more. It was like we were communicating back and forth with our genitals.

"Your bigger than I ever dreamed you'd be," she gasped. "Do you like it?" I asked with pride, still fucking steadily. "Do I ever! Your father never packed my pussy this full!"

I smiled back at her. Feeling confident and anxious to show her just how hard I could pound her. "Wanna cum again?" I asked.

Mom looked into my eyes adoringly. "Uh huh!" she muttered innocently. "Will you hook my legs over your shoulders?"

"Gladly!" I said.

Mom propped her lovely legs way back limberly, and I rested them against my shoulders. Now

I literally had her folded in half, and began to double the pace of my fuck-thrusts. I looked up to see her sexy, dainty bare feet pointed back toward the headboard, and bobbing around from the power of my thrusting. A lewd smacking sound filled the bedroom, from my balls beating steadily against her ass. The feel of her squeezing, vibrating cunt-tube was beginning to resonate through my cock, and even my nuts.

"Ohh I love it! I love it soo fucking much!" my mother cried out beneath me.

I looked over and saw a family picture on the bedroom wall. It was taken while we were on vacation, when I was only thirteen. Even my sister was in the picture, since she hadn't moved out yet. Mom and dad knelt on the floor, and we stood behind them, all looking happy as a family unit. My hand was on mom's shoulder, and her hand tenderly resting on mine.

This was about the time I began lusting after mom sexually. I vividly remembered looking at her that day and wondering what she would be like in bed. How would her body move? What would she sound like? Would I be shocked at some of the nasty things I would see her do and say?

I looked back at her beneath me. Here she was. In spirit form yes, but it was still mom. Still the one in the picture, holding my hand.

Those questions from my youth were now being answered.

"Howdidshemove?"I asked myself. "MorewonderfulthanIcouldeverimagine.Shemoved withtheskillandexperienceofamiddle-agedwoman,pumpinghermeatybunsoffthe mattress,tomeetmyeverythrust.Momknewhowtofuck! Howtouseherstronglegs,her pussy,herfattits,togiveamanultimatepleasure."

"Howdidshesound?"I again asked myself. "Likeasexualangel.Iwaslisteningtohermake themostprimitivesoundsawomanmakes,andeveryscreamandcry,whimperandgasp,was absolutelybeautiful."

In just five years I had gone from that silly curious boy, to a man. Now I was showing mom what that man could do. And even though, I was fucking this beautiful curvy woman, like only a man could, and our bodies were sweating and writhing, and humping passionately, I knew I was still her little Andy.

Mom legs left my shoulders and scissored open into a huge wide spread-eagle, with her sexy feet still pointing back. "Oh my God!" I muttered, gazing up with dreamy eyes at the way her incredibly luscious legs were spread so far apart.

Mom placed her hands on my cheeks lovingly, gazing up at me. "Do you like the way they spread for you baby? Do you like the way I spread my legs way open, so you can mount me like

a man, and fuck me hard?! "Oh God yess!"

Mom gazed at me pleadingly, her huge round tits rolling up and down her chest. "Ohh Andy, give it to me as hard as you can! Make me gush my love-juice on your cock again!" she panted.

My balls beat against her upturned ass like crazy, as I fucked her with every ounce of energy I had.

This times when mom came, I did too. "Ohh shit! Fuuuuck!" I cried out, feeling my cock swell so much that I thought it might pop off my balls.

For five mind-blowing minutes, Mom and I sang an orgasmic duet of grunts and whimpers and cries, as we squirted out our cum-juices together, bathing my plunging boner in the hot liquid product of our passionate union.

"I love you!" Mom's voice whispered.

I suddenly felt as though I was somehow melting into her body, then found myself alone, face down on my parent's mattress. I lifted my head and looked around. "Mom?" I called, but got no response. She was gone again.

I stayed there for a few minutes, replaying in my mind the awesome experience I'd just had. When I got up, I paused suddenly, and looked at the mirror of my parent's dresser. Something big was written across it in red lipstick. It was clearly a big W, but had a peculiar design to it.

"What does it mean, mom?" I asked out loud, but knew that perhaps it was just another image that had popped in her head, and even she didn't know what it meant.

I took a shower, then got dressed again. I was so consumed with putting the clues mom had given me together, and trying to make sense of them, that I completely forgot it was time for dad to come home.

"Who's the girl?" he asked, startling me as he stood in my doorway. "What?" I asked, confused at first by what he meant.

"The girl you had sex with...in my bed? You could have at least straightened up after, washed the sheets maybe," he said.

This felt completely awkward.
"Yeah,sorry,dad...Ijusthadsexwithmom!"I thought, amusing myself.
"Sorry, I was gonna clean up in there," I said, a bit embarrassed.

"Yeah, well, feel free to still do that. It looks like you guys had a water fight in there. It wasn't the girl you dated a few month ago, was it?"

"No, it wasn't her," I said, referring to the girl who got caught shoplifting, and I promised my parents I wouldn't date again.

"Well who was it then? Do I know her?" Dad asked.

I answered without thinking. "Yes. I mean, no! No, you don't know her." "Well, she has good taste in perfume," dad said.

"Perfume?"

"Yeah, I can still smell her perfume in there. I don't remember what it's called, but I'm pretty sure your mom used to wear it," dad said.

"Oh, um...interesting." I muttered, laughing my ass off inside. "So what's with the big drawing on the mirror?" he asked.

Along with the mess on the bed, I'd forgot about the drawing also. My mind quickly scrambled for an explanation. "Oh, yeah that, um...sorry, we were playing some pictionary after," I lied.

I could tell dad knew I was full of shit. "Pictionary huh?"

"Yeah, she drew that design on the mirror, and I had no clue what it was." "Yeah, I've seen it somewhere before," dad muttered, making my eyes light up.

"You have? Where?" I asked, hoping dad could give some insight to the clue mom left. "I can't recall off the top of my head. It'll come to me though," he said.

"When it does, will you let me know?"

"Of course. So um, since I APPARENTLY let you use my bed, I have a favor to ask of you," dad said.

"Ok," I muttered curiously.

"Maxine's coming over in a little while. We're gonna order some Chinese, and watch a movie on demand. I'd like you to join us."

"Join you? Why?" I asked, not liking this idea at all.

"Just as an act of good will. She thinks you hate her, so by you joining us, and being a little cordial, it would show her that's really not the case," dad explained.

I was more than a little pissed that dad asked me to do this, but then again I did just fuck his diseased wife's spirit, in their marital bed, so I couldn't be too upset.

Dad continued to try to sell me on the idea. "Look, I don't expect her to be your favorite person, but could you at least be civil, and spend some time in the same room as her?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I guess, but don't expect me to be Mr. sociable around her." "Fair," dad said.

As promised, I cleaned up the bed in dad's room, and washed off the mirror. I was in the living room with a big fake smile when Maxine arrived. My demeanor soon changed though when I saw what she was wearing. Her blouse was an American flag design, and the bottom hem had that torn, tattered-look, like some cheesy eighties rock band t-shirt.

"AtatteredAmericanflag!"I thought, looking at her suspiciously. "OhmyGod,itwasoneof mom'sclues.DidthisbitchhavesomethingtodowithMom'sdeath?"

This definitely made for an even more awkward evening that it would have originally been. Of course, dad's new 'motor-mouth' girlfriend was constantly trying to engage me in conversation, but I mostly gave simple, one-word answers, hoping she'd get the hint.

The movie they chose was a boring drama, but I endured it the best I could. Near the end of the film, as I sat there on the opposite end of the couch as them, I sensed a presence next to me. "Where's 'YOUR' date?" I heard mom whisper in my ear.

This time I couldn't see her, and with good reason, since dad and Maxine were sitting right there. "Sounds like she just arrived," I whispered.

"What?" Dad asked, as him and Maxine peered over at me.

"Sorry, I was just talking to myself," I said, realizing If I was gonna stay here, I'd have to let mom do all the talking.

"She looks a bit nerdy, doesn't she?" Mom asked, referring to Maxine. "And your dad always loved my big tits. I'm surprised he would settle for such a downgrade."

I started snickering, and dad and Maxine looked over at me again. "Sorry," I muttered, "this part just reminds me of a comedy I saw once."

Mom whispered in my ear again. "Wouldn't it be something...if I sucked your cock right here in front of him," she said.

I was amazed, and terrified at the same time, as I felt mom reach down, unzip my pants and begin massaging my cock. I quickly

grabbed the blanket that was draped across the back of the couch. "It's a little cold in here," I said, quickly covering my crotch.

"Ohh, I can feel it getting so hard!" Mom whispered. "A nice stiff boner to stuff down mommy's throat."

I sighed excitedly, trying not to draw attention to myself. Mom's hot words wern't helping any.

"Mmm, you want me to run my long tongue all over thar big juicy knob, baby?" she whispered. "Drag it all the way down your thick boner, and across your big cum-filled balls?"

I didn't speak this time, just gave mom a subtle nod. The way she was massaging my cock was amazing. I didn't know how the hell she was gonna pull off a blowjob, without dad and Maxine noticing, but apparently mom had a plan. "Slouch so your ass rests near the edge of the couch. I'm gonna suck your dick and swallow all your cum!" she whispered.

I did as mom asked, trying to adjust myself as naturally as possible, so it didn't appear as though I was up to something. The blanket was still draped across my lap and legs. It was a good thing it was, because I felt my shorts and briefs being pulled down to my ankles.

In order to avoid her head being seen bobbing up and down beneath the blanket, Mom tilted my boner down between my legs, so she could give me head in a horizontal manner, with raising suspicion. Her mouth felt exquisite, as it shrouded nearly half my cock in wet warmth.

I did my best to stay quiet, but as mom started fucking her mouth on my cock, and twirling her tongue around my nob, I couldn't help but let out a vocal response. "Wow!" I sighed.

Dad and Maxine both looked over at me, and I glanced at them. "Sorry, it's just a really good movie!" I lied.

"It's ok," dad said.

"I have a feeling it's gonna just get better and better!" I said, of course, referring to mom's blowjob, and not the movie.

My feeling was correct. I felt my cock slip into mom's throat and she let out a few lewd gurgling sucks, as her lips mashed up against my cock-hilt.

Maxine must have heard mom's throaty sounds, because she looked over at me weirdly. I looked back at her, acting a bit embarrassed. "Sorry, that's just my stomach growling. I guess I didn't get enough to eat."

Mom continued to suck earnestly on my boner, and this time dad looked over. "You're not kidding! Your stomach IS making some weird sounds. Go eat some more take-out, there's plenty left in there," he said.

"AssoonasIshootawaddownmom'sthroat,dad!"I wickedly thought.

That moment wasn't far away. Mom now had her hand wrapped around the base of my boner, and was beating my meat into her mouth. It was hands down the most intense blowjob I had ever gotten, and I had no idea how I was gonna stay quiet once I started cumming.

"Oh shit!" I suddenly said out-loud, feeling my balls tighten up.

"What's wrong?" Dad asked.

"I think I'm getting a cramp in my leg!"

"Stand up and and walk it off!" he suggested, but I didn't dare.

"Hold on!" I sighed, with a shaky voice, feeling mom's tongue lash wildly on my knob, as she sucked relentlessly. "Ohhhh shit!" I cried

out, hoping they'd see pain on my face, and not pleasure. "Ohhh!"

"Are you ok, Andy?" Maxine said, reaching over and touching my shoulder in concern.

"Yes, just feels good!" I grunted by mistake, feeling the hot pulses of cum being pulled out by mom's warm sucking mouth.

"Feels good?" she asked.

"No, I mean hurts, but it's getting better!" I muttered, feeling mom suck the final few squirts of jizz from my cock.

"Your dad's right! Maybe you should get up and walk it off. We can pause the movie," she suggested.

"No, no, it's ok. I'm good now!" I sighed, slumping back against the cushions of the couch and feeling mom's mouth slip off my cock.

A few seconds later, mom's lips were back at my ear. "Did you like that baby? Did you like the way mommy sucked your big fat cock, right here in front of your father, and his nerdy new girlfriend?" she asked seductively.

"Uh-huh," I muttered, not really caring at this point if dad and Maxine heard me or not.

"Next time you'll cum in my hot wet pussy, with my big titties swinging in your face," her voice hissed in my ear.

I nodded, showing that I liked that idea very much.

"Will you suck my tits when we fuck, baby? Will you suck mommy's thick nipples, like you did when you were a baby?" she seductively asked.

"Yess!" I sighed.

"Yes what?" Dad asked, looking over at me.

I decided to be a smart-ass. "Yes, I wanna do some things I did when I was little. You know, take a trip down mammary lane," I said.

"You mean, um, memory lane?" Maxine asked, trying to correct me.

I just giggled and didn't respond.

"Are you sure you're Alight tonight?" Dad asked. "Oh yeah, dad, I'm just fine."

I felt Mom's wet tongue lick all over my ear teasing, then it suddenly went away, as the movie ended and the credits began rolling. I was happy to see that mom didn't leave any trace of my jizz behind for them to step on. That would have been a tough one to explain. She had swallowed every drop, just like she said she would.

The next day my sister came over, and we had a serious family sit-down with dad. If there was something him and Maxine were hiding, we wanted to know, before we witnessed dad getting hauled off in handcuffs.

"Look, I know there's been detectives asking a lot of questions, but I can assure you guys, that both myself and Maxine had nothing to do with your mother's death," dad assured us.

My sister clearly wasn't as convinced as I was. "Dad, how much do you really know about this Maxine lady? If she's psycho enough, she could have killed mom just to be with you," Tami said.

"She didn't kill, mom, ok?! Maxine doesn't have a mean bone in her body."

"Oh really?! Are you aware she was arrested several years ago, for the domestic assault of her ex-husband?" Tami said.

I looked back at dad, waiting for his response. That was something pretty incriminating. My sister threw another good point at him.

"If she'll overpower a grown man, then what makes you think she wouldn't overpower mom?" she said.

"First of all, I knew all about that. Maxine was honest about her past, and told me there was a lot of abuse it that relationship. It doesn't excuse physical aggression, but she does feel bad about what happened."

"Ok, that still doesn't mean she couldn't have done something to mom," Tami pointed out.

"Secondly, Maxine couldn't have attacked your mother, because she was with me at the time of the accident," dad said.

"You keep saying 'accident' dad. They're saying that this was no accident. That mom may have been killed," I reminded him.

"I know, all I'm saying is that Maxine and I were together at the time, and had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, that's right, 'together' on the mysterious lunch break," my sister said. "The one the detectives can't seem to find any proof of you two taking together."

Dad lowered his head shamefully. "I was...dishonest with the detectives at first, I'll admit. Maxine and I wern't out to lunch...but we were together," dad confessed.

"In the back seat of your car right? So you didn't kill mom, but YOU WERE cheating on her?"

"Look, all I can say is I'm sorry. I'm sorry I cheated, and I'm sorry you guys had to find out this way, but THAT IS why I lied to the

detectives at first...to try to keep you two from finding out," dad explained.

"How kind of you!" My sister said sarcastically.

"Were things that bad between you and mom?" I asked, not ever remembering my parents fighting at all.

"No," dad answered. "Maxine and I just hit it off, and...one thing led to another."

Tami glared at my dad. "I don't know much about the afterlife, but I certainly hope there's a guy right now giving mom all the attention she deserves," she said, then looked over at me and winked knowingly.

Dad was done hanging his head in shame and looked up at us. "So I want you both to know, that we are cooperating with detectives, and I'm just as determined as you are to find out what really happened to your mother," he said.

Tami peered over at me and rolled her eyes as dad got up.

"I have to do a conference call for work, but I'm really glad we had this chat," dad said. He started to walk off, but stopped suddenly and looked at me. "Oh, and before I forget...Wyden Brothers!"

"Wyden Brothers?" I said back, confused by what he meant.

"The design your lady friend wrote on the mirror yesterday. It's a W...for Wyden Brothers lumber yard across town. They went out of business a couple years ago, but I think they still rent out space in the building," he explained.

"Oh, um...thanks," I answered, then looked at my sister. I could tell we were both thinking the same thing.

"Wanna take a drive?" Tami asked.

"Let's do it!" I answered.

We got in her car and drove across town, to an old industrial area. Before long we pulled up in front of the old Wyden Brothers Lumber yard. There, on the building, was the same logo mom had drawn on the mirror. "That definitely the same thing she drew. It's even red, like the red lipstick she used," I pointed out.

"We should go in," my sister suggested. "Go in? Can we do that?"

"Let's just see if the door's open. Dad said they're renting out parts of the building. Maybe there's someone in there we can talk to," she said.

"And say what, that our dead mother drew the old company logo on the mirror, after she had sex with me?" I said.

My sister looked at me and laughed. "Mom clearly wanted us to come out here. Let's go find out why," Tami said, then got out of the car.

Surprisingly, we found the door open, and went inside. There were several doors along a long eerie hallway. We could hear the sound of someone using a table saw, from somewhere in the building. "Ok, this is definitely starting to give me horror movie vibes!" I said.

My sister giggled. "Would you relax. Let's just snoop around a little," she suggested.

I had always been the skittish one in the family. My sister was like mom...scared of very little. The sawing sound seemed to get louder the further we went. Suddenly, I saw something that made me stop dead in my tracks. "Holy shit!" I exclaimed.

"What?" she asked.

There, displayed above the door at the end of the hall, was an old tattered American flag. We both looked at each other, realizing we were most definitely on the right track. My sister waisted no time going over to the door and opening it. "Coming?" she asked, looking back at me.

Inside the room was a workshop area, with a lot of old tools scattered about. The table saw was pretty loud now, clearly coming from somewhere within the large workspace. My sister and I nosed around. It didn't take me long to find the third piece of the puzzle...A VIDEO CAMERA. It was laying there among all the junk tools, like it had been discarded.

"Tami, I found it!" I said, perhaps a little too loudly.

She rushed over, and the table saw suddenly shut off in the other room.

"Let's take it and get out of here," my sister suggested. I think her imagination was getting the

best of her as well. Like me, she probably imagined a Michael Myers type character barging in from the next room and chasing us with a chainsaw.

"We got as far as the door, then heard a rough male voice. "Can I help you?" he asked.

Tami and I froze in our tracks, and gazed across at the figure of a man as he entered the light. "Tami? Andy? What are you guys doing here?" The figure asked. IT WAS OUR UNCLE PHIL. "Uncle Phil?! What are YOU doing here?" my sister asked.

"When I moved back to town, I rented out some space here...for my cabinet making," my uncle said, then looked at the video recorder in my hands. "Why do you have that camera?"

"What's a camera doing here...with all these old tools?" Tami asked in a suspicious tone.

My Uncle looked like he was at a loss of words. "Why don't you let me have that, ok?" he said, stepping towards us.

We watched him slowly creep towards us. Never in my life had I felt intimidated by my uncle, until now.

"Andy, play the tape!" my sister said.

"Andy, no!" my uncle said, closing the distance between us. "The camera's broken, just hand it over!"

I pushed play on the camera, as my sister suggested, and my uncle froze suddenly. The monitor of the camera lit up, showing a familiar image. It was my parent's bedroom, and my mom was being secretly videotaped undressing, from someone in the doorway. She suddenly noticed the individual peeping in on her. "Phil, what the fucking are you doing?" Mom asked, trying to cover herself.

We heard Uncle Phil answer from behind the camera. "I was just...um, this isn't what it looks like."

"Like hell it's not!" Mom said, moving towards him. "Give me the fucking camera!"

There was an obvious struggle, as mom tried to wrestle the camera from my uncle. It must have gotten ugly, because we heard my mom scream, and caught a flash of her smacking violently against the wall, before the recording stopped.

Tami glared at my uncle Phil in disgust. "And then you threw her down the stairs...to make it look like an accident, right?! she asked.

My sister's word registered in my brain, and I glared at Uncle Phil. "HOLY SHIT! YOU KILLED MY MOM!" I exclaimed.

"Your mother and I were in love!" my uncle shouted. "Your father stole her from me!"

"That was over twenty fucking years ago!" my sister shouted back. "And my father didn't steal anyone! My mom left you!"

"Yeah, she left me...for my own brother! Do you realize how shitty that was?!" My uncle asked, then he picked an iron bar up off the junk table, and held it in a threatening manner. "I can't let you leave here with that camera!"

Then, my sister surprised both of us by pulling a handgun from her purse, and pointing it at my uncle. "Come get it...I fucking dare you!"

Realizing he wasn't taking the camera without taking a bullet, my uncle threw the bar down, then dropped to his knees and began weeping. My sister looked over at me, without the least bit of sympathy for him. "Call the police!" she said.

They say love makes a man do crazy things, and my uncle Phil was proof of that. His obsession for mom led to his demise, and he would soon be spending his remaining days in prison.

A week later, I was suppose to meet dad and Maxine for dinner at a restaurant, but my favorite lady showed up at the house, so I decided to stay home. There were two enormous boobs swinging around my face when dad called. "Hey dad!" I answered, putting him on speaker phone.

"Hey, I though you were meeting us for some Italian tonight?" he asked.

"Yeah, sorry, I should have called. My girlfriend popped by for a visit," I said, looking up into Mom's beautiful smiling face. It was framed in by that brilliant pink hue, and she looked like a Goddess.

"A visit huh? In YOUR bed I hope? Seems like every time I come home lately the two of you have completely wrecked MY bed," he said.

Mom and I giggled. It was true we had done some serious lovemaking in dad's bed, but it technically still belonged to mom also, so I didn't feel so bad. The truth was, we hadn't played in just in their room. By now, Mom and I had fucked all over the house.

"Don't worry, we're on MY bed this time," I answered. That was the truth. I was on my back sprawled in the center of my bed, and mom was riding me in the cowgirl position. I loved looking down and seeing her shaved crotch mashed against mine, grinding up and back.

"Yeah, I can tell. That damn squeak has been waking me up at night here lately," dad said, referring to my squeaking bed frame, and mom and I's late night humping.

Mom's huge dangling boobs were still brushing softly on my face, swinging heavily from our steady fucking. I licked across her fat nipple playfully, making her smile down at me. "Sorry, we'll by some grease for it or something," I said, even though I had no intention of doing such thing.

"Thanks," dad said.

Mom sat upright, and put on a pouty face, rubbing the fake tears from her eyes as she mocked dad. This made me snicker. My eyes traveled up her rocking torso, to the two enormous melons jutting from her chest. Just the sight of them, especially from this angle, made my tongue nearly hang out of my mouth. Her nipples were big and erect, protruding from the rings of her wide puffy areola. I could search every college campus in the country and probably never find a girl with knockers like these. "Damn!" I muttered out loud.

"So when do I get to meet this mystery girl?" Dad asked.

"This is no girl dad. 'THIS' is a woman," I said, looking up into Mom's eyes, while I reached up and sunk my fingers into her fleshy tits.

"Ohh, a woman! Chasing an older lady, are you?"

"Well, actually, she's kinda been chasing me," I said, making mom smile and nod as she stared down at me over the swell of her big bobbling boobies.

"Awe, so you have a cougar pouncing on you, do you?" Dad joked.

His words made mom drop down on top of me, mashing her squishy knockers against my bare chest. She brought her lips down and made a sexy growling cougar sound in my ear, then bit the lobe playfully.

"Ohhh!" I sighed, then pumped my cock up into her dreamy cunt, feeling her inner rings squeezing and sucking on my dick.

"Sounds like I should let you two love-birds go. I'll be staying at Maxine's place, so I won't be home tonight," my father said.

"Perfect!" I muttered, "bye, dad!"

I hung up the phone and mom lifted her head enough to look into my eyes, with a quirky smile. "Your girlfriend huh?" she asked. "Is that what I am now, your sex-hungry spirit-girlfriend?"

"I know I'm good with that title...if you are?"

"Well, I still want you to go to college, but I could certainly make it worth you making that hour drive to class everyday, if you chose to stay living here," she suggested.

It definitely took no convincing, but I wanted to play a little hard to get, so I could hear mom

sell me on the idea. "And how would you make it worth it?" I asked.

Her lips curled into a naughty smile. "By letting you fuck ALL my holes, that's how," she said. "Even your ass?" I asked, eager for more details.

"Especially my ass!" she said, her eyes lighting up. "Wow! Tami didn't tell me you liked anal sex."

"Well, a woman doesn't share all her secrets, at least not with her daughter," Mom said, then flexed her cunt muscles around me. "But with her sexy big-dicked son, there's NOTHING I won't share."

With that, mom lifted her pussy from my cock. I could feel her wet secretions dripping down my boner. She lifted herself slightly from my chest, reaching back and grasping my hardon with her fingers.

Her mammoth boobs were dangling teasingly close to my face, so I tilted my head up, burying my face deep in her creamy cleavage. I felt her drag my sensitive knob back and forth across the ring of her butthole, wetting her anal lips with my precum. Then, she squeezed me inside her, and I felt my foreskin pulled all the way back as I slipped into her tight vibrating rectum.

"Ohh damn!" I groaned in sheer delight, feeling her anal walls expand around my thick meat. "Ohh, baby, you feel so good in my ass!" Mom whimpered.

I felt her ass squeeze and pucker around me, as it adjusted to my size. I backed out a couple inches, then speared forward, determined to bury all of my boner inside her exquisite ass.

Finally, I felt her stretched asshole nuzzle snuggly against my cock-hilt. "Ohh, mom! Ohh damn, that's all of you," I sighed, flexing my cock inside her.

She responded by squeezing the muscled ring of her anal sphincter around me. "Mmm, yes, baby...and now mommy's gonna ride you, and pump your cock off with her ass," she said.

Mom humped her meaty buttocks up and down, spearing my cock through her ass-tube. It felt insanely good! I kissed the insides of her cleavage, loving the way her big knockers bumped around softly on both sides of my face.

"Come on, baby...fuck my ass!" Mom shouted, clearly wanting some hard, boner-grinding anal sex.

I complied by pumping my butt off the mattress, beating my crotch against mom's naked bubble-butt. My dick plummeted through her gripping ass-tunnel, feeling the rubbery inner lining mold to every contour of my prick, as it plunged through her.

"Ohh damn your ass feels good, mom!" I muttered, with an excited shiver in my voice.

"Do you like it, baby?" she panted. "Do you like having your cock buried up the ass that you like to always stare at so much?"

"Yes, it's like a dream come true," I confused, continuing to pump my cock steadily into her.

"Mm, fucking my asshole, while your face is buried between mommy's titties!" Mom giggled. "You must be in heaven baby!"

I gave the inside of one of her spongy melons a big wet kiss. "Yes!' I sighed.

It was true. I couldn't imagine heaven being much better than this. Speaking of heaven, I wondered if this was mom's 'heaven,' having sex with me, and living out the naughtiest sexual fantasies she had when she was alive. Something told me it was.

"Roll over on top of me!" she panted.

I did as she asked, rolling mom over onto her back and keeping my cock deeply imbedded in her ass. She hooked her lovely naked legs high up around my back, tilting her buns up, giving me a good angle to keep pounding away at it.

"Ohhh yeah!" I whimpered, plugging away at her fleshy ass, delighted by the new friction this placed on my prick, as it dug through her ass-tract.

"You like it baby boy? You like what my ass is doing to your cock?" Mom asked.

"Do I ever!" I muttered, feeling her anal walls squeeze and vibrate around my meaty boner, making my knob tingle.

"Ohh me too!" Mom cried, with a cute quivering voice. "You're gonna make my pussy cum, with your cock up my asshole!"

"Yess!" I muttered triumphantly, boring into her even faster, determined to make her scream and cum hard.

Seconds later, I got my wish, feeling mom's big-titted body tremble beneath me. I could feel her shit-tube contracting around my cock, making it impossible for my not to explode as well.

"OHHFUCK, MOM, I'M CUMMING!!" I announced, humping frantically. "Yess! Ohhh yesss!! Cum up my ass!" she cried out.

"Ohhh!!" I moaned, feeling my cock hose out big gobs of cum deep inside her rectum.

Mom and I milked this one out as long as we could, humping and writhing together for what had to be ten mind-blowing minutes. I loved feeling her lush body clutch onto me, her big boobs sloshing around between us

We kissed passionately, while continuing to hump together in a steady butt-fucking rhythm. I should have been completely drained, but I wasn't. I wanted to keep fucking her, and I could tell mom wanted the same.

My cock slipped from her ass, and mom reached down and greedily shoved it in her cunt. She gazed up at me with her beautiful blue eyes, her face beaming with sexual excitement. "I wanna fuck you forever!" she said, making my cock flex inside her.

I nodded, eager to accept her wish. "Deal," I muttered.

Mom pulled me down and we made-out like two long lost lovers. I set my hips in motion and fucked the royal shit out of her, cumming twice more before we were finished that night. I couldn't count the number of times mom came, soaking my cock each time.

"Oh Andy, I love you and your big cock so much!" Mom cooed, as we held each other in post orgasmic bliss, her giant spongy tits plastered against me.."Thank you for figuring out the mystery of my death, but most of all, thank you for being such an incredible lover."

"My pleasure, Mom," I said.

"Yes,mypleasureliterally!"I thought. Of course I missed mom in her physical form, but her spirit self was pretty fucking amazing, and would allow me to live out MY wildest fantasies, as well as hers...foverer!

THE END

50: How Made made him State Champ_1

by klrxo

The angry roar of screaming spectators filled the auditorium as they watched Jacob's opponent throw him to the mat.

Jacob fought to get out from under the other boy. He pushed and squirmed, but couldn't budge under the weight of the other wrestler. The ref dropped to the mat beside them, watching for the pin. Jacob knew he was in trouble.

The boy's parents jumped to their feet as they looked on. "Get up, Jacob!" his mom shouted. Even screaming, her soft little voice drowned out by the crowd. "Get up!"

Struggling like crazy to get out from under his opponent, Jacob peered over at his mom in the stands. She seemed to be doing a nervous little dance as she looked on, and Jacob couldn't help but notice how her big oversized boobies bounced heavily beneath her thin cotton sweater as she did this.

"Whatatimeforaguytohavehismom'sboobsonthebrain," he thought.

It was true, eighteen year old Jacob Little was obsessed with big boobs and his mom had the most enormous rack of any mom he knew. Strangely, as he lay there, nearly pinned, he thought back on all the mornings that he sat at the breakfast table gawking at his mom's big wobbling wonders His mother's big braless tits under her

thin silk robe, with their thick protuberant nipples poking out from beneath the fabric, were the source of many a morning hard-on.

SLAP!!! Jacob was suddenly jarred back into the present as the ref slapped the mat, announcing his defeat. The crowd sighed in disappointment. It was another lost match for the boy who wanted more than anything to be state champ...well, almost anything.

After the competition Jacob walked across the parking lot with his head hung low. His mom Michelle had her arm around him as they walked side by side.

His dad was nearby also, as they all walked towards the car somberly. "You'll get 'em next time, son. Keep your chin up," his father Bill said.

The four-inch heels of Michelle's sandals clicked daintily against the payment, drawing her son's attention. Jacob was in love with his mom's feet. He felt his cock stiffen at the mere sight of them. They were soft and dainty, with cute squatty little toes that were always freshly painted.Today they were painted bright red, to match his team colors. Michelle's high-heeled sandals consisted of a couple of tiny straps that crossed the foot, just above the toes. There were no straps in the back, leaving her sexy arched heels on open display.

Michelle wasn't oblivious to her son's fascination with her body. She had discussions with other moms, who's boys also seemed to take a strong interest in their curvaceous motherly bodies. They all dismissed it as just a normal phase that teenage boys go through.

While Jacob's father got in and unlocked the doors, Michelle stood facing her son. She left her hand on his shoulder, rubbing it tenderly. Even with her heels on, Jacob was few inches taller. "Hey," she said softly.

Jacob looked up into his mom's big brown eyes, which seemed to gleam with love as she gazed out from between a silky curtain of

long dark hair. "Would a big hug help any?" she lovingly asked.

It was like candy to Jacob's ears. "Sure," he muttered.

Michelle stepped forward and gave her son a great big tit-squasher. Jacob's let out a quivering sigh as he felt his mom's huge meaty melons flatten against his chest.

The mother was no dummy. She knew her son was fascinated with her "little girls," as she liked to call them, although there was nothing "little" about them. She knew that by crushing their warm spongy softness against his chest as they embraced, she would be helping to sooth the disappointing loss.

As they broke their embrace, Michelle fed her son a knowing little smile, silently acknowledging how excited that just made him.

Jacob said very little the rest of the evening. He went straight to his room, where he became absorbed into the world of video games, to help take his mind off his embarrassing defeat.

Downstairs Jacob's father was watching a ballgame. Michelle tidied up the kitchen as she spoke to her big sister on her cellphone. "I don't know, I feel so bad for him, Gail. I mean, all he does is talk about wanting to be a state champion wrestler, but he hasn't won one match so far this year," she explained.

"Well, maybe he's just not motivated enough, sis. I mean, the accomplishment of being state champion is long term. Maybe he needs some short term rewards, to keep him motivated," Gail suggested.

"I could try that I suppose, but if doesn't involve video games he probably won't work for it," Michelle joked.

"Is there anything else you think he'd be willing to work for?" Gail asked.

"Well, he IS a teenager. A hot bubble bath with a big breasted cheerleader might do the trick,"

Michelle said with a giggle.

"Well, of course. What boy wouldn't work hard for something like that."

"Yeah, well, I might have a tough time arranging something like that for him," Michelle said.

"Maybe not. We both know how obsessed he is with YOU. Tell him that if a wins his next match, you'll take off your bra and show him your tits," Gail said in a matter-of-fact way.

"Are you crazy! Jesus Christ, Gail, he's my son!" Michelle giggled.

"Yes, and he's also a hormonal teenage boy who can't take his eyes off of those big boobs of yours. You told me so yourself," Gail said.

"Yes I did, and I fail to see how unclasping my bra in front of him is gonna help remedy that obsession any."

"We're not talking about providing a 'remedy' for that right now. Right now we're just talking about what you can do to provide some motivation for him to win," Gail said.

"Gail, I can't show him my tits."

"My God, sis, you are such a prude! They're just boobs. Do you want your son to win or not?" Gail asked incessantly.

"Of course I want him to win."

"Then think about it, Michelle. Most boys his age would crawl through a field of cactus to see a set of tits like yours, and if you don't show him yours, then maybe someone else will show him

theirs." Gail said mischievously. "You're not the only one with big boobs you know?"

"No, you won't show him anything. I can handle this situation, thank you very much." Michelle said sternly.

"We'll, then handle it, little sister. Just try it and see if it makes a difference. If it doesn't, you can add it to my long list of bad ideas," Gail joked.

It wasn't until later that evening that Michelle decided to have a chat with her son. She had thought long and hard about what her sister had said, going back and forth in her mind. She finally arrived at a decision. "IalwaystellpeopleI'ddoanythingtoseemysonwin.Maybeit's ti metoputmymoneywheremymouthis,"she thought.

Jacob was still engrossed in video-game-land when he heard a light tap at his door. His mom poked her head in."Hey, sweetie, can I come in?" She asked.

"Yeah, sure, mom," Jacob said, pausing his game and sitting up. He watched his mom step into the room on bare feet. Michelle had changed into a short white silk robe, and he could tell by the way her breasts were gently bobbling, that she wasn't wearing a bra beneath it.

Michelle sat on the edge of the bed next to her son and Jacob took a second to admire her strong silky-smooth legs. "So when's your next match?" she curiously asked.

"This Friday at seven, but..." he started to say, then paused. "But what, sweetie?" she asked.

"I'm think I'm gonna quit the team."

Michelle reached out and took his hand, setting it on her lap. "No, you're not gonna quit the team," she said reassuringly.

"But, mom, I'm no good! I haven't won a single match this year. I used to want nothing more than to be state champ. Now I'd be happy if I could just win once," he said, hanging his head.

Michelle's heart was breaking for her son. She squeezed his hand in hers. "Sweetie, look at me," she whispered.

Jacob forced himself to look at his mom. Her big brown eyes and fell ruby lips sent shivers up his spine as she spoke to him. "Right now you're a diamond in the rough. You want the reward of being the best, but being the best is still too far away. You need to take this one match at a time. Do all that you can to win that match, and then reward yourself for winning," she said.

"Reward myself. How do I do that?" he asked.

"Well, that's where mom might be able to help," she said, then took a second to formulate her words.

"Help how?"

"Believe it or not, your mother knows you a little better than you think she does. For example: I know that you keep a few pairs of my panties in your pillow case," she confessed, giving him a sly little smile.

Jacob began to blush a little. "How did you know that?" He asked.

"Mom's just know these things, honey," she said. "I also know that when a boy goes through puberty, any girl that crosses his path is eye candy...even his mom."

Jacob's face was getting redder by the second. His mom was reading him like a book, and there was no denying it.

Michelle smiled at him reassuringly. "I know there are parts of me that fascinate you...and they should. You wouldn't be a normal

teenager if they didn't," she giggled understandably. "I want to see you win more than anything, but I'm just simple homemaker, with not much to offer, except what's under this robe."

Jacob glanced down at the swell of his mom's enormous breasts and took a big anxious gulp as her comment lingered in the air.

Michelle gazed him in the eyes and smiled. "And a look at what's under this robe may not seem like much of a reward to some, but I have this feeling that you, Jacob Little, will do just about anything to see this robe slip off my shoulders. Am I right?" she asked.

"Yeah," Jacob muttered, nodding his head honestly. .

"So here's the deal. You do whatever you have to do to prepare for that fight on Friday. If you win, the robe comes off," she said.

"No bra either?" Jacob asked, his heart starting to race excitedly.. "No bra...no panties...just me, completely naked. Deal?" she asked.

"Yeah, deal, but...but what if I win the next two matches?" he asked, anxious to see how far she'd go.

"One match at a time, buster. Focus on the goal. Don't let yourself get distracted. I know you can do this," Michelle said confidently.

"God, mom, you're the best." Jacob said, his face beaming with anxiousness.

"One other thing," Michelle said. "This is private deal, between you and I. No one else needs to know about it, especially your father, understood?"

"Yes!" he muttered, then moved in for a hug and he was given another feel of his mother's squishy boobies.

"You better get to bed now. One part of being a successful athlete is proper rest," she reminded him..

"I know, goodnight, mom," he said.

"Good night, honey," she said as she stood up.

Jacob watched the meaty sway of her buttocks as she strode towards the door. Feeling his eyes on her, Michelle turned her head and smiled back at him.

"Thanks, mom.... Thanks for helping me," he said.

"Don't thank me yet. You have a match to win," she reminded him.

"Yeah, I know," he said, staring at the ceiling, wondering for the first time if he can truly pull off a victory this next match.

"Jacob," Michelle's soft voice said.

He looked over to find his mom still in the doorway. She was in a sexy little pose, resting her arm against the doorframe, which caused her enormous stiff-nippled tits to balloon outward. She stared back at him with confidence. "Be my champion!" she said.

Nothing else was said the next few days. Things went their usually way, but the only difference was Jacob trained his ass off. He impressed the hell out of the coach, working twice as hard as the other team members. He just hoped the extra effort would pay off come fight day.

When he got home his mom was busy doing housework. He watched her as he sat at the table eating a snack. Michelle had on a tight short-sleeve turtle neck that accentuated the enormity of her mommy-melons. Jacob could clearly see the outline of her bra and the bulging mounds of tit-flesh that were spilling out the tops of the cups. She also wore a sexy pair of low cut jeans that molded around

the contours of her lush peach-shaped ass.. On her feet, of course, were a matching pair of dainty high heeled mules.

"Jacob, could you take your laundry up, honey," she asked.

"Sure, mom," he said, grabbing his basket of clean laundry and heading upstairs. While removing the clothes from the basket, he was surprised to find one of his mom's bras amongst his own laundry. He lifted it from the basket by one of it's thick straps. The white cups were huge and adorned with delicate lace. There was a sticky note inside one of them. Jacob took it out and read it. "Work hard and believe in yourself! Love Mom."

Jacob felt the bulge begin to form in his pants, as he studied the delicate silk detail on the bra. Then he looked at the tag, which read 38 GG. He smothered his face with one of the wonderfully large cups. He could smell his mom's sweet perfume. He couldn't help beating his dick to orgasm, imagining his mom's mammoth tits around his face.

Friday finally arrived and the day seemed to go by slowly for Jacob in anticipation of his fight. He started warm-ups with the team about 6:30pm, and soon after the fans began to trickle into the gymnasium. His parents arrived and took their usual seats on the bottom row of the bleachers. Michelle gave her son a smile and a cute little wave.

There were three matches before Jacob's, but finally the time came. As Jacob came to the center of the mat to face his opponent, he threw one last look his mom's way.

Michelle was looking at him intently. She gave him a little nod that said, "you can do it, baby.

Kick his ass!"

The ref yelled "fight" and in a matter of moments a body was thrown to the mat. The ref followed the wrestlers to the ground, and in only a few seconds, he slapped the mat and the fight was over.

The crowd roared as Jacob leaped to his feet...victorious!

Michelle's mouth hung open and she giggled and clapped in disbelief. She hoped her son would win, but didn't expect him to do it in such decisive fashion.

After the competition, Jacob's mom was the first fan on the floor. She practically ran to her son and threw her arms around him proudly. At that moment, Jacob was the envy of every cock-swinging male in that gymnasium.

"Oh honey, I'm so proud of you!" Michelle exclaimed.

"Thanks, Mom," her son said, all smiles as he shared a knowing look with her.

They went out for ice cream afterwards. Michelle sat in the backseat with her son and held his hand the entire ride. She was the proudest mom in town. When they arrived at the ice cream shack, Jacob's father asked what they wanted and got out to go get the ice cream. This left Jacob and his mom in the car alone.

"Hey, mom?" Jacob said. "Yes, honey?" she answered.

"Do you think you could show me now?" he asked, glancing down at the gaping cleavage bulging from the V-neck cotton top she was wearing..

"Here?" She asked, glancing out the window at her husband as he walked over to get in line. "Yeah, while dad's gone."

"He'ssoanxious,it'scute!"Michelle thought to herself. "ButIcan'tpossibleshowmynaked

bodyhere.Thisisprobablytheworstpossibleplacetogetnaked."

She looked at him and answered. "Well, you can have about thirty seconds now...or thirty minutes tonight after your father goes to bed."

Even though he was incredibly excited to see his mom nude, he made the smarter choice. "I'll wait," he said, sitting back in his seat.

Michelle patted his leg. "That's what I thought you'd say," she giggled. She felt a little naughty, so she decided to provide her son with a small sampling.

"Don't worry, honey. It'll be worth the wait," she said, then tugged at her cotton top, making the

V-neck pull away from her chest, giving her boy a quick teasing look at the tops of her bra- encased tits.

"Wow!" he muttered, staring at all the bulging tit-meat spilling out the top of her bra. "Consider this an appetizer, before the main-course later," she said.

After arriving home Jacob hung around downstairs, as opposed to retreating to his room and playing video games, like he normally did. His father watched the end of a ballgame as his mom tidied up the kitchen.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, his dad got up from the couch. "Well, I'm gonna hit the sack. Long day of fishing tomorrow," Bill said.

"Good night, dad," Jacob said. "Good job tonight! Keep it up!"

"Thanks, dad," Jacob answered, feeling a little guilty knowing he was about to see his dad's wife naked.

Michelle met up with her husband at the bottom of the stairs. "Good night, honey," she said to Bill, giving him a peck on the lips.

"You coming up?" her husband asked her.

"No, not very tired. I think I'll stay up with Jacob for a while," she said.

When he heard his mom say this Jacob's cock began to fill with blood. His heart raced with excitement as he realized his mom was setting the stage for them to be alone, so she could expose her naked body to him, as promised.

Michelle came around and sat next to Jacob on the couch. "Wow, I'm not used to having you downstairs like this. You're usually consumed with those video games," she said.

"I'm just a little anxious I guess," he confessed.

Michelle giggled. It made a part of her feel wonderful knowing her son was that infatuated with her. "Well, I'm glad we were able to find something that motivated you to work so hard."

"Me too."

They heard the door close to the master bedroom upstairs. Michelle stood up and took her son's hand. "Looks like your wait is over. Let's go down to the guest bedroom," she said.

The busty mother led him downstairs to the basement. They entered a small bedroom at the

bottom, and Michelle closed and locked the door behind them.

The guest bedroom had a queen-sized bed and a contemporary looking chair and ottoman in the corner.

"Go over and sit in the chair. I'll be over in just a sec," Michelle said.

Jacob complied, sitting down in the chair and watching as his mom turned on some soft music. It had an erotic beat to it, like porn music. With a sexy sway of her hips, Michelle slowly sashayed over to her son and sat on the ottoman just in front of him.

"I want you to know how proud I am of you. You not only won today, but you impressed the hell out of me," she confessed.

"Thanks."

She leaned forward, looking straight into his eyes. "Are you ready to see me in just my tits and ass?"

"Definitely ready!" the boy said eagerly.

"I want you to enjoy this. You earned it," Michelle said as she stood up and slowly began to roll her hips with the beat of the music. Jacob's mouth fell open as he gazed up at the most erotic thing he had ever seen in his life.

His mom stepped out of her heels and began to slowly un-tuck her blouse, peering down at her son. Once un-tucked, Michelle began to teasingly undo the buttons, starting at the bottom and working her way up. As the blouse parted, her massive bra-covered tits began to work their way out.

"Seen enough yet?" she teased.

"No way!" Jacob gasped as his mom's bra-clad breasts came out to greet him. Her tits were slung snuggly together in the beautifully embroidered black bra, creating a deep dark canyon of cleavage, the site of which made Jacob's cock thicken in his pants.

Michelle began to slowly unzip her skirt. All at once, it dropped to the floor, exposing her tan curvy legs and panty-covered crotch. She put her hands on her hips and thrust her mammoth chest out, so it looked as through her meaty melons could split the bra right in two.

"Good grief!" Jacob mumbled, his eyes wide in desire.

"Don't let your eyes bug out of your skull just yet, honey!" she giggled. "I haven't even got my bra and panties off!"

Jacob watched with anticipation as his mom reached around and unclasped her bra. She pulled the straps off her arms as the weight of her boobs began to pull the bra away from her

body. All at once, Michelle pulled the lacy sling away, and her two enormous tit-melons sprung free, wobbling around like two wild animals just freed from their cage.

The sight of his mom's tits took Jacob's breath away. He couldn't believe how big they were. Her areola alone were as big around as grapefruit, and were dotted with tiny Montgomery Glands

"Wow! So big," he muttered.

A little thrill coursed through Michelle's body, as continued watching her son gawk at her, while she rocked her hips to the rhythm of the music. Her big fleshy boobies rocked gently form side to side as she danced. She reached down and began to slowly slide her dainty panties off, revealing a neatly trimmed pubic mound.

As the panties moved down her legs Jacob gawked at his mom's sexy snatch. He could clearly see her thick outer labial folds and protruding hood of her clitoris. The sweet pungent smell of her pussy nectar filled his nostrils, causing his bone-hard cock to flex in his shorts.

Now completely naked, Michelle kicked her panties aside and began really get into the beat of the music. The matronly mommy slowly turned around, giving her son a view of her plump peach-shaped ass.

"Is it everything you hoped it would be?" she teasingly asked.

"And more," her son said with a nod. The sight of his mother dancing nude was enough to make Jacob nearly cum in his pants. He felt a steady trickle of pre-cum leak out the tip of his cock, as he stared at the most amazing ass he had ever seen. Michelle thrust her meaty half- moons out, moving them to the beat. Jacob watched her buns spread just enough to see his mom's asshole wink at him lewdly.

"You did say I'd get a half-hour, right?" he asked, reminding her of what she told him earlier.

Now that she was naked, a half-hour seemed like a dangerously long time, but she couldn't go back on her word now. "I did say that, yes!"

"Cool!" Jacob muttered, his eyes traveling hungrily all over his mother's body.

The mother's eyes traveled down and lingered on the bulge of his crotch. "He'smostdefinitely hard!"she thought, as her eyes lingered longer than they should have. "He'sadmiringmybody, sowhycan'tIadmirehis?"she told herself, justifying her unmotherly gaze.

Her eyes finally came back up to see her son watching her tits like a hungry Lion from afar. "Do you like the way they move?"

"Heck yes!"

Michelle stuck out her hand for her son to take. "Come here," she said, taking his hand and

walking him over to the bed. "I'll give you a better angle."

She gently nudged him onto the mattress. "Lay down on your back," she said softly..

Jacob sprawled back on the bed. Michelle joined him, crawling on her hands and knees, so that her big dangling mommy-milkers hung heavily from her chest. She brought her face over, so it hovered above his. Jacob watched her lower herself down and plant a few soft butterfly kisses on his neck and cheeks. His body tingled each time her soft sensual lips made contact.

Michelle moved forward a bit so that her big drooping breasts hung just above his face. "How 'bout that view?" she asked with a naughty grin.

"Damn, mom!" the teen muttered excitedly, staring straight up the deep gaping crevice between her breasts.

"My girls wanna dance for you," she said. "They do?"

"Uh huh," Michelle muttered, then began to slowly move her chest from side to side, so that her huge knockers began to swing back and forth like fat pendulums. Jacob was in heaven, staring up at a cloud of rocking tit-meat. Michelle's thick pink nipples stared down at him like big demon eyes.

Her tits swung in unison, back and forth, back and forth, throwing her son into a literal tittie- trance. Jacob nonchalantly pushed at his cock, applying some much needed friction. Taking notice, Michelle smiled down at him.
"Ifyournotencouraginghimtorubhiscock,thenyou're justtorturinghim,"s he told herself.

"Thedealwasseeingmenaked,notBEATINGOFFwhileseeingmenaked,"s he reminded herself.

"Visualstimulationandmasturbationgohandinhand.Itjusthowaboy'swir ed.GivingJacob blue-
ballsbymakinghimjustlaythereandgawkisjustdownrightmean!"the mot her's more dominant inner-voice said.

"Honey, I know this a lot of stimulation," she said, then glanced at his crotch. "If you need to rub your um, boner, I understand," she said.

Despite being a bit timid, Jacob didn't need to be told twice. His hand flew into his shorts and he brazenly fished out his raging hardon.

Michelle's eyes widened as she saw the size of her son's cock. The large pillar of hard thick flesh pointed up past his belly button. The knob looked like a fat plum capping his muscular shaft. The mother felt her whole body tingle wickedly at the site of it.

She quickly sat up on her knees, placing her hands on her hips as she stared down at his dick

with wonder. "Wait, how is that even possible?" she asked. "How is what possible?" her son asked.

She pointed at his cock. "That! Your father's only like...half that size. Are you taking some sort of miracle drug or something?" she asked.

Jacob laughed.."No, no miracle. It's just me."

She cutely glanced up to his eyes, then back at his cock in adoration. "So, when it gets hard, do you get light headed or anything?" she asked.

"No, why?"

"It must take an extraordinary amount of blood just to fill that thing," Michelle said, feeling an overwhelming sense of pride that she had been a part of creating such a handsome young man with such an extremely large lady-pleaser. "It's really quite something," she blushed.

"Oh, thanks," Jacob said. He always knew he had a big cock, but to hear his mom say it was the ultimate compliment.

Michelle lowered on all-fours again, then ever so slowly began to drop her breasts towards her son's chest. The sight of her son in such a state, pulling at his cock as it stuck from his fly- hole excited the busty housewife, and she felt her fat clitoris began to tingle, and her nipples harden.

She moved her shoulders, causing her dangling boobs to rock gently back and forth again. When her thick rubbery nipples made contact on Jacob's chest, his cock twitched and throbbed excitedly in his hand, causing him to gasp out loud.

"You like that, honey?" Michelle asked, smiling down at him. "They feels really nice," he muttered.

"A woman's fat nipples are made to feel nice," she said. "You used to suck on those as a baby you know?"

"I wish I could still suck on them," he bravely confessed.

"Maybe we can add that one to the list of things that motivate you to win," she said with a wink.

After letting her puffy teats lick across her son's chest for a few minutes, she turned her head and watching him beat his boner. "You're really good at that. I assume you've had lots of practice," she giggled.

"Yes, quite a lot I guess!" he confessed, stroking his cock at a steady rhythm. The way his mother was turned slightly made her juicy jugs balloon out even more, and her nipples were so

completely engorged they looked like they could pop off the ends of her tits.

"Well, if you get as good at wresting as you are at stroking your hardon, you should have no problem becoming state champion."

The mother felt more wicked than she ever had, hovering above her boy naked while he beat

his boner to the site of her. "MyGod,hisknoblookssohugeslippingthroughhisfistlikethat.I can'tbelieveI'mactuallywatchingthis!"she thought.

She looked back up into his eyes and watched him stare at her huge pendulous boobies. "Oh honey, your're beating your dick so good," she cooed.

"I'm gonna cum really soon," he panted, jacking his fist even faster.

"I wanna move to a different spot, so we can watch how high your cummy-ropes squirt into the air," Michelle said, crawling up towards his head. She smiled as she watched his eyes follow her teetering mommy-milkers. "Don't worry, honey. I'm not taking them away. Just giving you a different angle to look at."

Still on all-fours, Michelle was now facing the opposite way, with her tits dangling above his face again.

"Oh dang!" the boy gasped, gazing up at the huge rounded undersides of his mom's breasts. This was definitely an angle of them he'd never dreamed he'd get to see.

Michelle's heart beat a wild pitter-patter in her chest, as she watched Jacob's ass thrust from the mattress, while his fist whipped up and down his hard cock. "There you go, honey! Get it! Pump it out!" she said encouragingly.

The feel of his squeezing hand, the sound of her sexy voice, and the sight of those mammoth tits was too much for the teen to endure any longer. "Ahh, shit!" he groaned, thrusting his pecker up and

leaving it there, suspended in mid-air as a huge fat rope of cum blasted three feet upward.

"Oh, Jacob!!" Michelle exclaimed, astounded by the site of the long milky cord, which seemed to hang there in the air for a moment, before splashing down onto her son.

No sooner did the fist cum-blast splatter down, than another one of equal size exploded into the air. The stream of jizz seemed to broaden as it rose up about three feet, forming a thick contorted gooey peak that splashed down onto the boy's young body. The wide-eyed mother's mouth hung open as she listened to her son groan in ecstacy, and watched him choke out more and more creamy pearlescent-colored cream from his boner.

She cheered him on, just as she had in the bleachers earlier that night. "Oh honey, yes! Pull it all out, baby! Come on!"

Jacob's body trembled as he squeezed out every drop of pleasure he could from his meaty dick. "Oh God, Mom, that was incredible!" he finally sighed, releasing the grip on his boner.

"I could tell," she giggled. "I don't think I've ever seen a penis ejaculate that much sperm." "Thank you!" the boy muttered, still staring lustfully at her hovering melons.

"Don't thank me. You earned it, kiddo!"

"So how did it go with Jacob?" Gail asked her sister on the phone the next day "Well, it didn't go exactly the way I thought it would," Michelle answered.

"Did you show him your tits?"

"Well, the deal was, if he won, I'd take off all my clothes," Michelle explained. "Holy shit, Michelle, he saw your snatch too?" Gail asked with surprise.

"That was the agreement." Michelle said, feeling just a tad guilty for doing it behind her loving husband's back.

"Last time we talked, you were acting like Mother Theresa, hesitant to even remove your bra, now you're telling me he saw you COMPLETLY naked? I bet he about creamed his pants," Michelle's sister giggled.

"Well...he did actually." "No sir!" Gail exclaimed.

"Look, Gail...If I tell you what happened, you have to promise me you won't tell anyone about this," Michelle said in a serious tone.

"Have we not kept secrets all these years, little sister?" Gail reminded her.

"I know we have...this is just..." Michelle muttered, searching for the right words. "Super-naughty?" Gail said, finishing her sentence.

"Yeah, you could say that. It wouldn't exactly make me 'mother of the year' if people found out."

"Relax. Secrets have always been safe between us, now what happened?" Gail asked. " I let Jacob beat off in front of me," the mother confessed.

"Oh my God, Michelle...did you fuck him?" Gail asked.

"NOOO! He just looked at me and masturbated, that was it. Nothing else."

"Well, what's the big deal then? You're acting like you reached down and beat him off yourself," Gail asked.

"No, I didn't but..."

"But what?" Gail asked.

"Never mind," Michelle muttered, trying to dodge the question.

"Don't 'never mind me! Tell me. Since when haven't we been able to tell each other everything?"

Michelle sighed. "Fine! No, I didn't reach down and beat him off, but...part of me wanted to," she confessed.

"But you didn't, and that's what matters. That means you have more to bargain with," Gail said. "What do you mean?" Michelle asked.

"What I mean, dear sister of mine, is that your son still has lots of wrestling matches left. You're going to have to keep providing rewards if you want him to stay motivated."

"Well, what do I offer next then?" Michelle asked.

"You have to go one better this time. I'm thinking like actual physical contact." "Oh boy, how did I know you were gonna suggest that,"" Michelle sighed.

Jacob got home from his friend's house Saturday afternoon and found that his father was still gone on his fishing trip. He rushed inside the house. "Mom, are you home?" He called out.

"I'm up here, honey!" She answered, from upstairs.

The boy hurried upstairs to his mom's room and peeked inside. He found her laying on her stomach in the middle of her big fluffy marital bed. "Whatcha doing?" he asked.

"Just thumbing through some old pictures. Come lay down next to me," she said, patting the mattress next to her.

Jacob came over to his parent's bed. He noticed that Michelle was wearing a skimpy pair of tight cotton boy shorts that fit snug around

her meaty ass, like a second skin. The backs of legs looked so smooth and sexy.

"Should I take off my shoes?" Jacob asked, knowing that his mom's bedding was pure white and would likely show any dirt he had on his sneakers.

"Probably a good idea," she answered.

"Should I take off my shirt too?" He joked brazenly.

Michelle got a playful little smile. "Not today, Goof-ball," she said.

Jacob settled on his stomach next to his mom and began looking through the pictures with her. One of the pictures was of his mom on family vacation at the beach. Her bikini top barely contained her massive tits. "I like this one," Jacob said.

"I wonder why?" Michelle peeking over with sly smile..

Michelle showed Jacob one of him when he was a little boy. He was naked, holding his little weenie in his hand. "I like this one," she giggled.

"Oh God," Jacob blushed.

"See, even then you couldn't keep your hands off of it," She joked, making them both laugh. "At least there's a little more to hold onto now."

"A little more? More like a lot more!" Michelle said, peeking over at her son with a peculiar little smile. "If you win your next match, maybe you won't have to hold it. Maybe someone else will do all the holding for you."

Jacob's heart skipped a beat. "Really?" he muttered.

Her big hypnotizing brown eyes stared into his. "Do you think you'd like that? Do you think you'd like mom to masturbate your erect penis?" she asked.

"Hell yeah!" Jacob said excitedly.

Michelle giggled at how excited he seemed. "Well, I guess you better focus on winning that next match then," she advised.

"Will you be naked again?"

"I don't know if I should get naked this time, honey. Being naked was the reward for your last fight. Don't worry though. I'll be sure and wear something that I think you'll like," she said.

"Awesome!"

Her smile softened. "Once again, I can't emphasize enough the importance of keeping this just between us. If your dad ever found out we were doing this, we'd both be in real trouble," she warned.

"I understand. I won't say a word, to anyone."

"Good," Michelle said, satisfied that her son could keep her rewards discreetly between the two of them.

"Could I get a hug?" Jacob asked.

"Of course. You don't have to win fights to get hugs," Michelle said, as she climbed up onto her knees. Jacob noticed that she had on a skin tight tank top. The neck was too high to show much cleavage. Her tits were just two big pillowy mounds beneath the cloth. Our shirts have to stay on this time," she winked teasingly.

"Okay," Jacob said, then surprised his mother by plopping down onto his back.

She smiled down at him naughtily. "Oh, you want another one of those un-motherly like hugs, huh?" she asked.

"If that's okay?"

"Why not," she said, climbing over and lying down on top of him.

Michelle's boobs flattened out against her son's chest as she lay directly on top of him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and Jacob's arms went around her waist. His breath quivered, feeling her lush body against his and smelling her sweet perfume, as they embraced for a good half-a-minute.

She rose up, resting her elbows on his shoulders as she gazed down at him with those big gleaming brown eyes. "You're liking this, aren't you?" she asked.

"What makes you say that?"

"I don't know, could be the big boner that keeps poking me in the vagina." she joked. "I can poke right back you know?" she said, pressing her puffy vulva against his cock, sandwiching it between them.

"I don't mind your poking," the boy admitted.

She gazed adoringly into his eyes. "I never said I minded yours either," she said.

"Then I'll poke some more," Jacob said playfully, using his hips to jab his erection against her pussy mound.

"And so will I," Michelle said teasingly, bumping her pubis against her boy's fat dick. They looked into each other's eyes and giggled as their clothed genitals gently thumped together steadily.

"GoodLord,he'ssohard!Itfeelslikeatreebranchinhispants,"she thought. Every bump of their crotches seem to intensify their feelings of lust. Both their minds began to wonder what it would be like to have his prong plugged in to her socket. Michelle knew she had to stop it

before things got out of hand.

"Okay, enough poking I think," she finally said.

Suddenly, Jacob rolled them over, so that he was now on top of his mother. She let out a playful scream as they change positions.

"What are you doing, young man, practicing your wrestling moves on me? she asked. "Maybe! You did say I should focus on winning. That means practice, right?" he joked.

"I don't know...right now I think you're more interested in practicing how to get between a girl's legs, " she teased, feeling his stong young frame between hers.

Michelle rubbed his shoulders, gazing up at him like a young cheerleader beneath a big strong sexy football stud. Or in Jacob's case...a wrestling stud. "WhythefuckamIgettingsoturned onbythis?!He'smysonforGodsakes!"she thought.

Jacob thrust his hips, jabbing his aching cock against her crotch again. He looked at his mom and she raised an eyebrow. "Jacob?" she warned.

"What? I'm just poking you. You said you didn't mind."

"Poking me...or dry-humping me?" she giggled, sliding her legs up around him, and widening her thighs just a tad, as if giving him some room to work.

"Just innocent pokes," Jacob lied, his cock flexing in his pants as it bumped against the puffy bulge of her outer labium.

"Innocent huh?" Michelle asked, gazing him in the eyes. "I doubt that." "Mom...can we um, kiss...just a little," he bravely asked.

She fed him an odd look. "I'm assuming you mean 'kiss' in a way that we don't normally kiss?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Oh honey, no...we can't," Michelle said, even though there was a good portion of her that really wanted to..

"Just one kiss and I won't ask for anything else, I promise."

Her mind swirled confusingly. "Imean,ifhewinsthenextmatchI'llbebeatinghimoff.Isone kissallthatbig ofadeal?"she asked herself.

She looked at her boy with sudden resolve. "One kiss and then we're done for today."

"Okay," he said, his heart thumping wildly.

Jacob lowered himself down and felt his mom's little hands run through the back of his hair. Michelle tilted her head slightly, positioning her big pouty pucker. Their lips slowly met and began to rub together gently in a sensual kiss. After a few seconds their mouths parted and their tongues met for the very first time.

"Mmnn," the mother hummed, as tingling arousal shot through her heavy-titted body.

Michelle had a long pink snake that began to curl around her son's. Jacob was amazed at how his mom's tongue moved, and he soon found his mouth full of slithering love. With Michelle taking the lead, their tongues began to wrestle, twirling and flailing wildly in Jacob's mouth.

The mom sensed her son's lack of air and slipped her tongue out for a moment, her lips still smacking at his as he gasped. "Breathe through your nose," she whispered, giving him a quick lesson on sucking face.

No sooner did the words leave her mouth, then her tongue crept back into Jacob's mouth and continued its assault. They were no longer just "poking." Now their genitals were pressed together, humping in a steady grinding motion. The sexy mother brought her luscious legs high up around her son's back, interlocking her ankles.

Following his mom's advice, Jacob found air through his nose, which allowed his tongue to duel with his mom's for longer. They snarled and whimpered as their coiled tongues wildly lashed together for two full minutes. It was like they were taking out all their pent-up sexual aggression with their tongues.

"He'sanamazingkisser,butIneedtostopthis,RIGHTNOW!"her brain frantically screamed. Michelle reluctantly broke the kiss. "Honey, we have to stop!" she gasped.

"Why?" Jacob asked breathlessly.

"Because the deal was one kiss, remember. I think we've overdid it already." "When I get my next reward, can we kiss like that too?" he asked

"If you win then yes, we can kiss like that while I get you off," she said. "You can do both at once?"

Michelle giggled a little."You might be surprised what your mom can do," she confessed. Jacob laughed a little.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"I don't know. It's just weird to hear my own mom talk about masturbation and getting off," he

admitted.

"Well if you want me to be technical, what I'll really be giving you is a handjob," she said. "So what do you call what we were just doing?"

"That would be called 'grinding' or 'dry humping," she answered.

"What about when a girl...you know, puts a guy's thing in her mouth?" Jacob already knew the terms for it, but it turned him on hearing his mom explain it..

"Well, the technical term is oral sex. You may have heard the boys at school call it a 'blowjob' or refer to it as 'getting head.' Your Aunt Gail and I used to call it a 'sausage in the gullet.' We had nicknames for everything," Michelle giggled.

"What about when a guy goes down there...on a girl?" Jacob asked.

"It's called 'going down on a girl' or 'eating pussy.' Aunt Gail and I always liked the guys who would 'smooch with the pooch.'

"So what was you and Aunt Gail's nickname for actual sex?" Jacob asked.

"Well, whenever we got vaginal sex, we'd say we'd had our 'pipes plunged' and when we had anal we'd say we had our 'rumps ridden," she explained, feeling wicked that she was even having this conversation with her son.

"Does dad do that to you?" Jacob brazenly asked. "What, ride my rump?"

"Yeah."

"Occasionally. Some guys aren't too into that," she said..

"I would be," Jacob admitted, imagining what it be like to bury his cock in his mom's juicy ass.

"Oh darling, I'm sure that big monster in your shorts would be quite the rump rider. Your penis, and a big bubbly butt like mine would make quite the pair." Michelle winked.

"Hey um, maybe if I win state, that could be my reward," he bravely suggested. Michelle giggled. "Oh, you think so huh?"

"IT IS something I would work really really hard for."

Michelle gazed her son in the eyes and smiled mischievously. If it was one thing she loved it was a hard cock in her ass. "I can just see it now. You with that gold medal around your neck, your arms out, flexing your muscles, with your big penis buried deep inside your mom's hot

tight rectum like a true champion!" she said gleefully.

"God yes!" the boy said, flexing his cock against his mom's mound, which she still had resting snuggly against it.

"Hello, I'm home!" Jacob's dad called from downstairs. Michelle calmly glanced at the door, then back up at her son. "Do you really want him to catch us like this?" Michelle joked. "No." Jacob said, rolling off his mom.

Jacob's next tournament was an away match, in a town three hours from home. Jacob was doing warm-ups with the rest of his team as local fans began to enter the gym. He lit up as he noticed a familiar face walk through the entrance. It was his mom, Michelle.

Jacob quickly rushed over as she gave him a cute little wave. "Mom, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"What, a mom can't drive three hours to watch her son kick some ass?" she asked.

The boy quickly took a look at what his mom was wearing. Michelle was dressed to the nines, in a short sexy white mini-skirt and pink long-sleeve snug blouse, with a V-cut neckline, showing off a substantial amount of creamy cleavage. Her dainty feet had pink toenails, to match her top and were arched in a pair of four-inch mules..

"Is dad with you?" Jacob asked.

"Nope, just me. In fact, after the match I thought we'd grab a bite to eat and maybe get a room here in town somewhere. How's that sound?" she asked with an eager grin.

"You mean like...a motel room?" he asked, thrilled at the thought of sharing a room with just his mom.

She shrugged her shoulders cutely. "I figured depending on how many orgasms it takes to tame that monster of yours, we might be up most of the night masturbating that penis. I don't quite think we could get away with that at home, do you?" she asked.

"No, probably not." Jacob said. With a promise like that, a loss tonight would be the biggest defeat ever, and he couldn't possibly let that happen.

Jacob's fight was near the end of the tournament, and unlike the previous fight, he struggled a little bit. The sweet prize, however, was on the forefront of his mind and motivated him to eventually win the fight. An hour later Jacob and Michelle entered a cheap little motel room

outside of town. It was a cozy little room with a queen-sized bed.

Michelle locked the door and Jacob crawled onto the bed and flipped on the television set.

"Wonder if they even have cable in this place?" he said, as Michelle put her bag over on the dresser.

"I don't know, but I really need to get out of this bra," she boldly said.

Jacob watched as his mom began to unbutton her blouse. Her back was to him, but he was still fascinated nonetheless. The top slipped off, then Michelle reached back and unclasped the strap of her bra. As she pulled the cups away, Jacob could see the backside of one of her huge sloping breasts, as it wobbled from side to side.

Next came the skirt, then he watched as his mom slid her dainty panties down her legs, revealing her big soft luscious ass. Now completely naked, Michelle let her hair out of its pony tail as she strolled around the bed towards her son.

Even though he'd already seen her naked once, Jacob's eyes about bugged out of his head as he watched his mom sashay towards him. Her huge melonous boobs quivered like jello with each step. Her sexy torso flared out into wide motherly hips, giving her a voluptuous hourglass figure. Her pubic fuzz was neatly trimmed, crowning her puffy outer labium, which came together to form a nice cuntal cleavage.

"Come on, let's go get in the shower," she whispered, extending her hand. "We need to wash all that stinky dried sweat off you."

Michelle led her son to the tiny bathroom and closed the door. She started the shower, then came over and took hold of the bottom of her son's shirt. Jacob just stood there, a massive erection pushing at his shorts as his gorgeous mom lifted his shirt up over his head and tossed it aside.

She gave him a teasing smile, looking into his eyes as she undid the button to his shorts and unzipped them. Michelle squatted down, pulling his shorts and boxers down to Jacob's ankles. The boy's cock was about eight and three quarter inches, fully erect. A dribble of pre-cum oozed from his piss-hole and they watched it string towards the floor.

"You're leaking," the mother giggled, as she eye-balled her son's meaty cock and hairless
scrotum. "GodGod,ifheisn'tthemosthandsomeguyI'veeverseen!Iknow he'smyson,but let'sbefuckinghonesthere,"she thought, licking her lips.

She stood up and took her son's hand again, stepping into the shower. Michelle faced her son as the water splashed against her back. She tilted her head back, running her fingers through her soaking hair. As she did this, she thrust her massive chest forward and Jacob watched the water cascade down her jutting breasts.

Michelle put her hands on her son's shoulders and began dragging her long nails against his tender flesh as she gazed into his eyes.

"Another amazing win," she said.

Jacob was almost breathless. His mom looked so incredibly sexy with her hair wet and slicked back and a little bit of mascara running from her eyes. "Yes," he muttered.

For a good ten seconds the mother just gazed into his eyes. Then she broke the silence. "Kiss me, Jacob," she whispered.

Jacob didn't have to be told twice. As they moved together, Michelle wrapped her arms around his neck and Jacob let his hands rest on her hips. Michelle tilted her head as their lips came together for an intimate kiss. She opened her mouth slightly and let them close on his, smacking her lips hungrily.

There was only one thing that felt better than huge boobs pressing against his chest, and that was HUGE WET BOOBS pressing against his chest. The fact that they were his own mom's tits just made it even more special.

Michelle reached over and grabbed the little bar of soap. She unwrapped it and began lathering up her hands. As she did this she studied Jacob's reaction. She could tell he was nervous and excited at the same time. "Ready for your handjob?" she asked.

"Yes."

Finally, the moment came and Jacob felt his mom's tiny hand encircle his throbbing cock- meat. Michelle got a tight grip and began to slowly glide her soapy fist up and down the length of his dick.

"Does that feel good, honey?" she asked in sexy voice. "Oh yeah!" Jacob's voice quivered.

With her other arm around his neck, Michelle pulled him closer to her, so that her fat tits kissed his chest. She buried her face in his neck and began to give him rapid little butterfly licks.

"Ohh damn, mom!" the exclaimed, so aroused he could hardly stand it.

Jacob's felt his knees start to go weak. If there was a heaven, he couldn't image it being any better than this. Alone and naked with his mom, hundreds of miles from home.

Michelle's hand moved beautifully, with the skill of an experienced middle-aged woman, creating a nice little fuck-ring for her son. It slid down to his balls, then back up, circling his fat bell-shaped cock-head with her palm, before continuing a path back down his shaft.

"Ohh, honey!" the mommy cooed, feeling her son's muscular girth flex in her hand.

Jacob felt his mom's tongue digging and flailing at the tendons in his neck, sending shivers down his spine. "I know all your special spots," she whispered between her wild tongue lashing.

Her hand began to speed up, soap and pre-jizz creating a creamy froth in her hand. She focused on the bulb for a moment, giving it a series of tight rapid strokes, pulling hard at her son's pecker, making his balls jerk around in their sack.

"Ooohhhh, God." Jacob groaned, feeling the cum begin to boil in his nuts.

Michelle alternated her technique, giving Jacob ten or so long dick-milking strokes, then focusing the next dozen or so wanks on the top third of her son's cock.

"Oh mom!" Jacob muttered, as cock-milk suddenly shot up through his pecker.

"Oh yes, honey!" Michelle cried out, feeling her son's meat begin to pulse as ropes of thick teenage spunk began to splash against the butt of her tits. She pulled at his phallus relentlessly and Jacob's knees began to tremble. She gave his neck a rest and mom and son searched each others eyes passionately as she continued to slowly milk his boner.

"That's it, cum up hard for momma, baby!" she cooed encouragingly.

The loving mother took her time, massaging her boy's boner with long tender squeezes, milking out every ounce of sperm he had to offer.

She finally released her son and gave him a sensual peck on the lips. Michelle switched spots with Jacob, so he now faced the shower. She

stood behind him, her tits squashed against his back, her hands reaching around and washing his chest.

Jacob felt his mom tongue flicking at his ear. He felt her bite at the lobe teasingly "Let's wrestle," she whispered naughtily.

"Wrestle?" he asked.

"Yeah, you know, that thing two people do down on the ground," she joked, then took his hand and pulled him down onto the floor of the tub. Michelle then maneuvered herself so that Jacob sat between her legs, with his back to her chest. She wrapped her arms and legs around him and pulled him back forcefully. Jacob giggled as he found himself laying back against his mom's lush body.

"What the matter there, stud...mom too strong for ya?" Michelle joked.

Jacob struggled, but Michelle pulled him back like a clutching spider. "Uh-uh, you're not getting away from me, Jacob Little!" she said.

"You don't think so?" he asked.

"I know so. Now gimme that monster!" She said playfully, reaching down and grasping her son's erection.

Michelle began to stroke Jacob's dick again, coiling her legs around his to keep him in place. Now laying flat on the tub floor, their wet bodies struggled and squirmed like two fish in a pot. Jacob's mom licked at the back of his neck as she worked his cock. He tried to sit up, in a playful attempt to escape, but she still clutched him with one arm and pulled him back down against her tits. "Get back down here, you!" she teased.

The boy humped his hips and they both looked down to watch her beat his cock from balls to tip. "You're no match for me and my mommy-moves!" Michelle exclaimed..

Jacob used his legs to scoot them back, up the side of the side of the tub, into more of a sitting position. Michelle still had a tight grasp on her son, holding him to her sloshing chest. Her hand still flew up and down his fleshy rod, not missing a stroke.

"You're not gonna win this one, Jacob Little, so stop trying," she teased. "What if I do win this one? What do I get?"

"Why don't you try to find out?" she said in a naughty tone.

"I will...right after I blast my cum all over us!" he gasped, feeling incredibly close to cumming.

"Mmm yes! Let mommy beat it out of you!" Michelle cried out, her hand flying up and down her boy's soapy boner.

He bucked as she worked his dick until it was soon squirting geysers of cock-cream into the air.

"OH GOD, MOM!" Jacob grunted as a cords of hot love-juice shot three feet into the air and seemed to hang there for a moment. On its way down another thick cord of cum sliced through it.

"Oh, that's my baby!" Michelle said, milking another half-dozen ropes from her son's balls. The teen writhed and whimpered, as he had his prick milked dry.

Suddenly Jacob flipped over and settled down between her wet warm thighs. His mom let out a playfully screamed, bringing her knees up as she widened the spread of her legs. Her strong teen pinned her ams back against the tub and sat up slightly. "Looks like your getting pinned!" he joked, then looked down at the big round fleshy tit-pillows spread across her chest.

"Yes it does! And it looks like someone's getting another reward," she said breathlessly.

Jacob's naked cock was squashed right up against the folds of her labium. He drug his dick down through the juicy furrow, lining his fat purple knob up with the pink mouth of her vagina. Michelle gave him a stern smile. "That's not the reward I meant, so don't even think about it,

mister," she warned.

"Jeez, I can't even 'think about it' either" he asked.

Michelle giggled. "You can think about getting back to the place of your conception, but that doesn't mean you're going to any time soon," she said..

"What do I get then?" he asked anxiously.

"What you get is handjob number two. The reward WAS handjobs, remember?" "Yeah, I remember," Jacob said, wishing they could do more.

"Don't worry though, honey! Mom's gonna beat you off in a way I guarantee you've never had it before. Let's get up and rinse off."

They stood back up and Michelle washed her son off, then led him out of the bathroom. Both of them were still completely naked when they arrived at the foot of the bed.

"Go crawl into bed. I'm gonna put some panties on," she said. "Why do you need panties?"

"Need I remind you of what almost just happened in there?" she said with a sly smile. "Yeah, I remember."

"Me too. I nearly got my pipe plunged by that big hammer," she joked, gazing over at her son's still-erect cock.

Jacob crawled beneath the covers. He watched as his mom reached into her bag and pulled out a tiny pair of black thong panties. She slipped them on and the thong fit snuggly between the

globes of her buttocks. She took a tube of lubricant out from her bag and crawled onto the bed with her son.

"So, this time while I masturbate your penis, I'm gonna massage your prostate. It'll be the most intense experience you've ever had, trust me," Michelle said.

"What's a prostate?" Jacob asked stupidly.

"It's a gland, up inside your rectum. Do you want me to show you?" she asked. "Sure."

Michelle straddled her son so that her ass was facing him. She opened the bottle of lube and squirted some on her fingers. Jacob felt his mom's fingers begin to butter his butthole.

"This might feel a little odd to you the first time, so I want you to just relax, okay?" his mom said.

"Okay," he answered, nervous but anxious at the same time.

Michelle inserted her middle finger into her son's ass as began to gently massage her son's gland by wiggling her finger against it. "Honey, how does that feel?" she whispered, gazing back at him.

"Really good, mom," he groaned, staring up at all that wonderful ass-meat.

"Well it feels even better when it's paired with a good handjob. Are you ready?" she asked in a loving tone.

"Yeah."

Michelle wrapped her free hand around her son's cock and began to slowly work it up and down. After giving it a few good strokes her slippery hand slid down to his big hairless sack. "OhmyGod,thoseballs!"Michelle thought, admiring how big they were as she began to squeeze and pull on his sperm-filled nuts, her nails digging at the tender meat.

"Oh honey, your scrotum is so soft! You just relax and let mommy drain these big balls," she said.

As Michelle squeezed his testicles, the finger of her other hand continued to work its magic on his prostate, wiggling gently against it.

"That feels really really good!" the boy gasped.

She peeked back at him. "Yeah? Are you ready for me to start beating your hardon again?" she asked.

"Yes!, Jacob answered, lifted his head from the bed, finding himself face to face with the kind of ass that fuels boy's dreams. The cheeks looked so big and soft, and between them Jacob could see the strip of fabric pulled tight across the ring of his mom's butthole. Through the semi-sheer gusset, he could also see the puffy contours of her labial meat coming together to form a nice fat shaved pussy-clamshell.

He felt his mom's hand work up and down his dong tenderly, with long corkscrew strokes. "Oh, mom, that feels really good!" Jacob sighed.

"Of course it does, sweetheart. Us moms are pros at stroking dicks," she said, then twisted a fist a certain way, so that she could dig her thumb wetly across his frenulum. "We know all the most sensitive spots."

Jacob's ass rose and fell on the mattress as he was hit with exquisite pleasure..

Michelle's hands were like a cock and prostate milking machine, gliding up his dick, circling his cock-head, then traveling back down to his balls, over and over and over again. She stared lustfully at her boy's hard cock as she worked him over.
"Goodfuckinghell,thisisthemost amazingcockI'veeverstrokedoff.Thefactthatit'smyson'sisirrelevant.It'sstillthemost amazing!"she thought.

She gazed back at her boy and smiled. "I bet you're thinking about pussy right now, aren't you, honey?" she asked.

"Yes!" the boy gasped.

"Do you want me to make it easier for you to envision?" "How?" he asked curiously.

"Pull the gusset of my panties aside," she said invitingly.

Jacob reached up and did so, exposing her thick cuntal lips to his gaze. "Just because you can't stuff your dick in there right now, doesn't mean you can't look at it. Look at it and imagine," Michelle said.

"Imagine?" the boy muttered, even though he knew what she meant.

"Uh-huh. Imagine that it's a pussy like mine sliding over your cock, and not my hand," she said, keeping a steady stroke-rhythm, while wiggling her finger non-stop against his prostate gland.

She stared back at his muscular cock with lustful eyes. "A nice wet pink pussy squeezing up and down your long hard dick," she said in a teasing tone.

Jacob's body tensed up, as his mom's words made him tingle all over.

Michelle smiled with the satisfaction of knowing she was driving her son absolutely wild. "Oh honey, you like the sound of that, don't you? You like the sound of pushing that tender meat- stick up into a woman's love-glove, don't you baby?" she asked.

"Ohh shit, mom!" the boy asked, feeling the surge of an impending orgasm.

"It's okay! Close your eyes and feel the pussy, honey!" she cooed, stroking his erection tirelessly. "Feel that magic hole squeeze and quiver around your dick!"

"Oh, wow, mom!" his voice quivered.

Michelle slowed down a bit to let his orgasm subside. The experienced mom knew her son's body better than he did. She could read Jacob like a book and not only knew exactly how to turn his screw, but how to keep it turning for long periods of pleasure. "There, Jacob. Let your cum just linger there, right on the edge, honey."

When she knew his orgasm had subsided, she began to beat his dick with vigorous strokes again. "Ok, back to fucking, honey! Beat that pussy up now, baby!"

After about thirty minutes of alternating between cock and balls, working him to the edge and back down, Michelle's hand began to speed up and her cock-beating went into overdrive.

"Oh, mom!" Jacob cried out.

"Uh-huh." Michelle's voice cooed encouragingly. "Mommy's here, baby! Fuck the pussy!" "Oh God!" he groaned, his hips jerking off the mattress.

"That's right, honey-bear, make the pussy cream on you!" she said. "Make it squirt on your fat dick!"

As she felt his body tense, nearing an orgasm, Michelle dropped her naked cunt down on her son's face. Jacob suddenly found himself kissing his mom's smooth outer lips, inhaling the aroma of her sweet nectar.

Michelle's hand moved faster, squeezing and pulling at Jacob's meat, her finger digging at his prostate gland.

Jacob let out a deep grunt, with his face smothered against Michelle's vulva. The pungent aroma was intoxicating. His tongue squeezed out from between his lips and began to plow between his mom's fleshy layers, lapping up all the fuck-juice seeping from her vagina.

His hips suddenly rose from the mattress and an enormous geyser shot into the air. It was followed by six long successive ropes that Michelle let squirt along her face and tits.

"Oh honey! Shower mommy with your seed!" she cried out, delighted by the feel of his hot spunk running down her body.

The cock-stroking mom never missed a beat, pulling the baby-batter from her son's cock. The last few streams of jism just sort of oozed from Jacob's pisshole, squeezed out by his mom's tight fist. Michelle's eyes were wide with lust, swiping a gob of cum from her lips with her tongue, while watching her boy's fat bell squeeze slowly in and out of her circled fist, making the last bit of bubbling jizz ooze out of his meatus.

"God!" Jacob gasped, as his body went limp.

Michelle lifted her ass from her son's face and he watched her juicy coral slit rise up away from him.

His mom released his pecker and slipped her finger from his ass. She turned around so that she was now laying the same direction, on her side against her son, looking down at him. "Feel

better?" she smiled, rubbing his hair.

"Yeah," Jacob sighed shocked by all the cum dripping down his mom's face. "Oh man, you're covered," he said.

Michelle giggled. "Covered in cute little spermies!" she teased.

Jacob had pools of sperm all over his chest too. Michelle scooped a little up with her finger and sucked it into her mouth.

"Yummy little spermies too,." she said, smiling ear to ear. "Gross!" Jacob giggled.

"What's the matter, shocked that your mom would swallow something that comes out of your penis," she asked.

"A little."

"Well, get used to it, kid. You keep winning matches like you have been and I'm sure I'll be gulping down a gallon of it," she informed him.

"You mean if I win the next match, you'll put it...in your mouth?" he asked. "As me and your Aunt Gail would say...I'll have your sausage in my gullet."

"Do we get to...you know...do it?" Jacob asked, anxious to know if that's where he'd get eventually.

"You mean 'do it,' as in have intercourse?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Well, horn-dog...you're not state champ yet," she teased.

"So if I win the state championship, we get to have sex?" he asked bluntly.

Michelle paused for a moment and thought this through. She didn't want to make any promises she knew she might back out of. "WhoamIkidding?Sexualintercoursehastobe

theendreward,itjusthastobe.It'swhathereallywants,andwe'vealreadycomethisfar,"she thought.

She looked her son in the eyes. "If you win state championship, this fat nob right here..." Michelle said, grasping Jacob's cock-head with the tips of her fingers. "This fat nob won't be seeing the light of day very much. The only thing it'll be seeing is the head of my cervix."

Jacob's heart did somersaults in his chest. He was so thrilled he could hardly stand it. "Damn! I'm gonna be state champion...guaranteed!" Jacob said with confidence.

Michelle rested her chin on her palm, gazing into her son's eyes, impressed by his determined attitude. "I guess your mom better get back on the pill then. My egg won't stand a chance against all this," she said, making reference to the goo that was covering her.

"So how was the handjob?" Gail asked her sister, as they spoke on the phone the next day. "You mean handjobs?" Michelle answered.

"You got him off more than once?"

"I got him off twice in the shower, twice in bed last night, once this morning and twice on the car ride home. I believe that makes seven, if I'm not mistaken," Michelle said proudly.

"Holy fuck, Michelle! Seven orgasms? Are you serious?" Gail exclaimed.

"He's like the energizer bunny. He just keep going and going and going." Michelle giggled. "Oh my God, Sis, I want him," Gail said.

"You're married!" Michelle reminded her.

"Yeah, and so are you! There's nothing wrong with his Auntie getting in on the reward giving." "Well, funny you should say that. Guess where his next match is?" Michelle asked.

"Get the fuck out!" Gail said.

"Yep, Coleville High. Right down the street from you," Michelle said.

"Oh my God, that's so cool, Michelle. You guy's have to stay at the house," Gail exclaimed.

"I don't know, Gail...if he wins we're gonna need some privacy. Maybe it would just be better if we got a room again," Michelle said.

"Don't be insane. I'll get rid of Steven and the girls for the night. It'll be just the three of us," Gail said.

"Fine, but remember, he can't fuck either one of us. Not yet. This time it's blowjobs only," Michelle explained.

"Can he ride my rump?" Gail asked.

"No anal sex either, it's blowjobs only, Gail. Remember, you're the one who's been preaching to me about setting limits, and as hard as it's been I think I've done a pretty damn good job not letting things get out of control," Michelle reminded her.

Jacob arrived home from school and found his mom in the kitchen preparing dinner."Hey, mom," he said.

"Hey, handsome. How was practice?" she asked.

"Good. Coach taught us a few new moves. Can I try one on you?" Jacob asked. "Sure, why not." Michelle said, turning to face her son with a playful smile.

Jacob moved slowly towards her and threw one of his arms around her waist.

"You move towards your opponent and get an arm around them like this," he said. "Uh-huh," Michelle said, playing along.

"Then, you pull them against you, like this." He said, tugging his mom forward until her big squishy tits bounced against his chest.

"Okay, then what?" Michelle asked teasingly, sliding one of her bare feet up the back of Jacob's calf.

"Then I give them a big kiss on the lips," Jacob said.

"Well...I guess you better make your move then," Michelle said, gazing into his eyes.

Jacob gave his mom a slow sensual kiss on the lips. Their tongues flailed together for a few seconds before Michelle broke it off. "You're getting good at that," she said, her heart racing. .

"I had a good teacher."

"You better be careful. Mom may have a few moves of her own," Michelle said seductively. "Will you show me one." Jacob asked curiously.

"Well, first...I'll wrap my arms around my opponent's neck, like this," Michelle said, throwing her arms around Jacob's neck."Then, once my big mommy-boobs are squashed against his chest..." she stated, then sprung off the floor, wrapping her legs around Jacob's waist.

"...I'll wrap my strong legs around his waist, trapping him between them.".

Jacob's hands went to his mom's thighs to help support her weight. Michelle had on a three- quarter length sundress, which had now ridden up, exposing most of her strong silky-smooth legs, as they folded around Jacob's waist.

"Wow, that's a pretty good move, mom," the boy said.

"I'm not finished." "You're not?"

"Now that I have my opponent right where I want him, I move in slowly and whisper sweet nothings into his ear," she said, moving her lips to his ear. "Win this week, so I can suck your sweet dick," she whispered in the naughtiest tone Jacob had ever heard.

Michelle's words made Jacob's knees go weak and he stepped backwards. When the back of his legs hit the chair, he quickly sat. Michelle let out a playful yelp as she went down with him, the swell of his boner now crushed against her twat as she straddled him.

"Well now, Jacob Little, I believe your mom just got the take-down," she joked, gazing down at him.

"Yeah, but haven't pinned me yet."

"Oh I haven't, huh?" she asked, grabbing his arms.

Michelle slowly tucked Jacob's arms behind his back, crushing the big fatty flesh of her melons against him, Jacob marveled at the way her boobs were now pancaked against his chest. He could even feel her hard rubbery nipples through her dress and bra.

"I do believe, dear son of mine, that your mom has this match won," she said. "I think you're right," Jacob muttered.

"So what do I get for winning a match?" she asked naughtily. "What do you want?"

She wasted no time answering. "I wanna sit on your face," she said in a serious tone. "Seriously?" Jacob muttered, gulping anxiously.

"Seriously. All those orgasms I've given you the past few weeks, I think I deserve at least one. So what about it, handsome, wanna smooch with the pooch?" she asked.

"Heck yes!" Jacob muttered, his heart pounding in his chest.

Michelle slid off her son and held her hand out. "Come on. I wanna teach you something first," she said.

Jacob took her hand and Michelle led him into the living room. He couldn't take his eyes off her big bubbly ass, as it swayed invitingly beneath her skirt.

Michelle stopped in front of the sofa and faced her son, taking both his hands in hers. "Now that you're getting older, you need to learn that the entrance to a girl's heart is between her legs. A lot of young princes may knock at the door, but only a few come with that glass slipper," she explained.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What I mean is most boys grow into adulthood without knowing the slightest thing about a woman's vagina. You're not going to be one of those boys, which, my dear, is going to give you the advantage," she explained.

Michelle reached under her skirt and peeled off her dainty thong panties. Jacob watched them fall down her legs, and one of his mom's cute little bare feet kicked them aside.

Michelle sat on the center cushion of the couch. "Come over here and kneel down in from of me," she said.

Jacob did as his mom asked, and Michelle sat back on the sofa, with her ass still resting on the edge of the cushion.

"Are you ready? I want you to watch this," she said, peering down at him. "Okay," the boy muttered..

Michelle brought her knees together, then lifted her feet from the floor and didn't stop until her knees rested just under her chin. The dress fell loosely at her midsection revealing everything from the waist down.

Jacob gawked at his mom's puffy outer cunt-lips. They were as bald and as smooth as a baby's ass. Her crinkled butt-ring winked at Jacob, as if to say "someday you'll stuff me with your meaty hardon."

Michelle extended her legs upward so that her toes pointed at the ceiling, then, slowly, she let her curvy legs part and the gates of heaven opened before her son's eyes.

Jacob was amazed at how limber his mom was. Her legs were spread completely apart, slightly thrown back into an almost impossible position. Her cute little toes were pointed in completely opposite directions.

"Do you like that, honey? When a woman does this, it's called 'spread eagle," she said.

Jacob eye's traveled down one of his mom's bare legs, which seemed to go on forever. When his eyes met her snatch he literally gasped.

"Wow!" he muttered.

Michelle was shamelessly displaying her pussy. The thick inner and outer lips were slightly

splayed, giving him a peek at her coral slit. Jacob could also see the protruding hood of her clitoris..

"Those things that look like lips, those are called the labia. Your Aunt Gail and I call them our 'meat-curtains.' When you peel them apart..." Michelle said, parting her curtains with two fingers. "You can see the vagina. Come up close to it so you can see down inside. It's not gonna bite, honey," she giggled.

Jacob came close, so he could peer down into his mom's creamy fuck-hole. The pink spongy walls collapsed in on themselves, and Jacob could only image how good it would feel to squeeze his dick in there.

"Keep in mind that if you win state, that's where you're gonna put your hard penis, right down deep inside that hole, so all those pink walls can squeeze on it," she said, smiling down at him warmly.

Michelle peeled the fleshy hood back over fat blood-engorged clitoris. "This is a woman's clitoris. It's very very sensitive, just like the nob of your penis. If the vagina is the door to a woman's heart, this little thing is her door-knob. Turn it just the right way and you're in," she winked.

"Turn it?" Jacob asked.

"Uh-huh, with your tongue. Wanna give it a try?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Do you remember what my tongue was doing to yours, when it was in your mouth?" she asked. "That's what your tongue needs to do with my clitoris, okay? Go ahead, mom will guide you along."

Jacob brought his face against Michelle's vulva and began to work his tongue clumsily across her clitoris. The sweet pungent aroma

was making his head spin.

"There you go, honey That's it! Roll your tongue across the clit," his mom said encouragingly. Jacob's chin sunk into Michelle's steamy groove as he lapped at her cunt.

"Right under my clitoris, where the labia meet, there's a little hood. Work your tongue down underneath it," she said..

Jacob found the spot his mom was talking about and he felt her body react instantly by giving out a little shiver. "That's it. Right there! Ohhhh, honey, you found mommy's hot spot. Now attack it with your tongue!"

The boy loved how he was looking straight across her pubis and up her naked torso. When his mom saw where he was looking she pulled the dress up over the swell of her tits. Jacob's eyes widened as he stared at the huge mounds of bra-encased tits. The mesh fabric was sheer enough that he could see the deep canyon between her boobs.

Jacob found that he had the ability to flutter his tongue really fast. He soon felt right at home working his mom's little engorged love-button. He gasped for a second, coming up for air, but like a wild animal feasting on fresh meat, he went quickly back to work.

"Remember what I taught you when we were making out. Breath through your nose, honey," she sighed.

Jacob followed her instructions and his tongue flailed wildly against her magic spot. He dug it down through her fuck-slit, plowing his licker through all that labial goodness, dipping the tip into the mouth of her vagina.

Michelle legs began to convulse a little. " You are a quick learner!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Put my meat curtains into your mouth and suck on them!"

Jacob did as he was told, sucking and pulling on them like a labial lollipop.

"Now while you do that, let your tongue snake between the lips, so you can lap at my hole again," Michelle said.

Jacob was a natural, He kept his mom's labia tucked next to his cheeks as he dug his tongue along Michelle's vaginal opening. She ran her fingers through his hair. "Oh, honey, you're doing so good! Keep working that tongue. Don't let up!"

Jacob lapped at his mom's honey-pot relentlessly, savoring the taste of her sweet secretions. "Oh God, lick my butthole now, Jacob!" Michelle moaned, arching her chest from the sofa.

Without hesitation, her son fluttered his pink snake across Michelle's puckered anus, digging at the hole with the tip. His heart raced faster than it ever had. He simply couldn't believe he was licking his own Mom's asshole.

"Clit! Lick the clit again!" Michelle squealed, feeling herself rise towards a climax..

Jacob responded, going directly back to her fleshy clitoris. As he ate the pussy of his dreams, Jacob peered up and saw that his mom had her head tilted. Her eyes were rolling back in her head and her mouth hung wide open, panting desperately.

"Meat curtains!" she cried out with a shaky voice.

Jacob responded in a flash, sucking her fleshy cuntal lips into his mouth, his tongue already diving for her heavenly hole. After a minute or so of this, his mom gasped her next request.

"Butthole!"

Jacob's tongue began to lash sloppily at his mom's butt-ring. Michelle reached down and rubbed her hot clitoris at the same time. It wasn't long before her son noticed how her body began to quiver uncontrollably.

Oh God, honey, you're gonna make me cum!" Michelle squealed.

"Mmnnff!" Jacob whimpered, making out with her asshole as she rubbed her clit frantically. "OH GOD, CLIT...HARD AND FAST!!!" she yelled, moving her hand.

Jacob's tongue went right to her sweet-spot and went into overdrive. He peered up one of his mom's legs and saw her clinching her cute toes together.

Michelle's gasp caught Jacob's attention and he gazed up to see that his mom's beautiful face was red and contorted wildly. She grunted, her legs quivering, as she was struck with a massive orgasm.

"OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING!" she screamed, her cunt bucking against Jacob's face.

She wrapped her legs around her son's head, trapping his face against her spasming cunt. Jacob couldn't breathe at all now, his mouth and nose was buried in pussy meat. His tongue never stopped. He kept it flailing like a madman and his mom's body reacting as it beat against her clit.

Jacob had no idea how long she kept going. It seemed like forever. His mom finally released her grip and Jacob fell onto the couch beside her, gasping for air.

"Wow! That was awesome," Jacob said as he fought to caught his breath.

"You're telling me!" Michelle said with a satisfied sigh.."You're a quick learner, honey. I do believe my son is a natural pooch-

smoocher."

"Hell yeah! I could do that all day.".

Michelle fed him a wide-eyed smile.."Oh God, I've created a little sex hound. Like mother, like son I guess," she giggled.

"So you're a sex hound too?" Jacob asked.

"Haven't you figured that out yet? There's only one person I know of that's as sex crazy as your mother and that's your Aunt Gail."

"She's pretty like you too," Jacob confessed.

"Well, I'm glad you think so, because if you win this week you'll probably have HER LIPS wrapped around your penis along with mine," Michelle said.

"Really?" Jacob's face lit up and his rock-hard cock flexed in his shorts.

"She's gonna get rid of your Uncle Paul and the girls, and we can stay at her place after the match. Think you can handle being smothered by two big breasted sisters all night?"

"Are you kidding?! Sounds like a blast!" Jacob exclaimed..

"It'll be a blast alight!" Michelle said,. "You blasting hot loads down our throats!"

Michelle noticed her son's raging bulge. She reached over and ran her long nails along the top of it, sending an electric jolt to Jacob's balls. "Oh, does my handsome boy have a big boner? It wants to snuggle somewhere wet and warm, doesn't it?" Michelle asked in a cute sexy girl voice.

"Yes," his voice quivered.

She rolled onto her side and gazed at him with her pretty eyes.."It wants to pound into mommy's throat like it's a pussy, and squirt all sorts of baby-making syrup into her tummy, doesn't it, honey?" she asked.

"Mom, are you sure it's not too big to go all the way into your mouth?" he asked.

"Oh, baby, don't you worry. You don't have anything your mom can't handle," she winked.. "Yeah, but won't it choke you...I mean, if it goes all the way into your mouth?"

"You really don't believe me, do you?" she asked, giving him a naughty smile.

Jacob had gotten several blowjobs from girls his age, and none of them were able to get even half his lengthy cock into their mouth. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I don't know. I just..."

"Pull down your shorts," Michelle said.

Jacob was quick to comply. In one motion, he pulled his shorts and boxers down to his knees. His cock was big and meaty. A spider-web of bulging veins ran along his lengthy shaft as it stuck straight up his torso, like a meaty flagpole.

Michelle brought her legs onto the couch and knelt beside her son. He watched as she tied her hair back into a pony-tail and then lowered her face to his lap. "Consider this a sampling of what you get if you win your next match," she said.

The boy watched in awe as his mom opened her mouth and lowered it down over the head of his cock. The first two inches disappeared before he felt the side of his pecker sliding along the top of her tongue and her cheeks collapse around him, shrouding his tender boner in wet warmth. "Ahh!" he sighed, as he felt his bell-shaped

head kiss her soft palate, worming right past it. Michelle let out a quick gagging sound as her son's cock popped into her larynx.

"Ohh, man!" the lucky teen sighed, watching his mom's stretched lips travel lower and lower towards his crotch..The final three inches of meat disappear between his mom's big pouty lips, then they reached the base of cock, creating a tight seal around the hilt.

Michelle tilted her head a little so she could peek up at her son. She looked into his bewildered eyes and winked, as if to say "I told you so."

She brought her hands up, letting her full weight come down on Jacob's dick, which caused her to swallow another meaty inch. Jacob could hear her gagging on his dick as her lips stretched over the root, kissing his pubic bone.

"Damn, Mom!" Jacob's gasped and his knob ballooned as the skin on his shaft was pulled tight, stretching it to its maximum length. Pre-cum trickled from his piss-hole.

Suddenly, Jacob heard the garage door open. He knew it was his father, but his mom didn't seem to budge. "Uh, mom, I think dad's home," he warned.

Michelle still didn't move. She kept her son buried to the balls and began to hum softly. The vibrations it caused on Jacob's cock was absolutely amazing.

"Oh God!" he muttered, feeling the warm oral sheath squeeze and vibrate exquisitely..

He heard his dad's car door close in the garage and began to panic. "Mom, dad's in the garage!" he again warned her..

Still Michelle didn't budge. She kept her son's manhood trapped in her throat and continued humming. Jacob's felt like his cock was

encased in warm vibrating butter.

He heard the door in the kitchen open. "Hello, I'm home!" he heard his father announce.

For a few seconds more, Michelle didn't move as if savoring every cock-gobbling moment. Then suddenly, she rose from her son's lap, making a regurgitating sound as his nob slid from her gullet. Her lips rose from his dong and a stream of cum ran from her mouth, She broke the oozing spunk-sting with her lips and swallowed what was left. She gave her son a quick kiss on the cheek. "Yum!" she muttered.

"Anyone home?" Jacob's dad asked as he walked through the kitchen.

The teen quickly pulled up his shorts as his mother rushed in to greet his father, just as she had every other day. He just sat there, afraid to get up because of the raging erection he had..

"Hey, son...how was practice?" his dad asked as he walked into the living room.. "Good dad," Jacob said.

"He's ready for another big win this week, right honey?" his sexy mom asked.

"I'm gonna do my best!"

"Well you better!" Michelle said. "Especially if you want all those 'special perks' that come with being a winner."

"Special perks, huh?" her husband Bill asked. "You must be talking about the attention he'll get from girls if he wins?"

Jacob and his mom looked at each other and smiled, knowing that his dad was exactly right. It just wasn't gonna be the "girls" he was thinking.

"Oh yeah! If he wins that match, I'm sure he'll have a least two girls dying to get at him," Michelle said, giving her son a wink..

"I'm gonna head up and get a shower," Bill said.

"There's clean towels on the bed, dear." Michelle said as she stopped behind the couch and watched her husband climb the stairs.

As soon as Jacob's father disappeared he felt his mom's long nails slide across his chest as she bent over the couch behind him. She brought her lips to her son's ear.

"So, do you still question whether you're mom's capable of handling that big monster of yours?" she whispered.

"I take back what I said early. I don't think you'll have any problems," he admitted.

Michelle whispered seductively into her son's ear. "Better win that match then, so I can put you back in my mouth and run my tongue all over your dick."

She gave him a quick kiss, then Jacob watched his mom climb the stairway to the second floor. Michelle put a little extra sway in her hips, making her mommy-buttocks undulate as she peered down at her boy with a teasing smile.

When she joined her husband in the bedroom, the feelings of guilt flooded in. "Iletmysoneat mypussy! Thatwasdefinitelyaselfishmove.I'mahorriblewife!"she thought.

Even though she was feeling bad about herself for letting her son eat her out, she couldn't deny that it was the best orgasm she'd ever received while receiving oral sex.

Jacob was doing warm-ups when he saw his mom and Aunt Gail enter the auditorium. The sight of both of them together nearly took

his breath away. His Aunt Gail was four years older than his mom and equally as striking. Both women wore knee-length skirts and form fitting sweaters, which accentuated the swell of their enormous breasts.

The excited teen could hear the clicks caused by the four inch heels of their dainty high-heeled mules, as the women strode towards the stands. They found a place on the bottom row and took a seat, crossing their smooth-shaven matronly legs.

Michelle and her sister spotted Jacob as he did his stretches. Mom blew him a kiss and Gail fed him a cute little wave. They were like a couple of sexy groupies, drooling over a young rockstar.

Jacob felt his cock begin to stir and tried to focus on his warm-ups. A hard dick beneath wrestling tights wasn't something he wanted.

"Oh my God, Michelle, he is so adorable!" Gail said, gazing at her nephew. "Don't you just wanna eat him up?" Michelle asked.

"I wanna get him between my legs, that's what I want." Gail said, staring at Jacob with goo-goo eyes.

"Remember, we can't fuck him...not yet. It's blowjobs only tonight," Michelle reminded her sister.

"He better win, damnit, 'cause I am so craving some big strong teenage cock." Gail said, letting her tongue do a little wiggly dance between her lips.

"Well it is 'big and strong,' I can definitely attest to that," Michelle said. "How big do you think it is?"

"If I had to guess, I would say between eight and nine inches," Michelle said. "Oh my God, that's the perfect size!"

Jacob couldn't help but get a boner after he had defeated yet another opponent and he found himself being escorted across the parking lot by two sexy middle-aged moms. His mom and Aunt each had an arm as they ushered him to Gail's car.

"So what is that, like three wins in a row now, Jacob?" Gail asked. "Yeah, I'm on a pretty good win streak."

Stopping at the vehicle, Jacob's mom moved around to the front of him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Pretty impressive, huh, sis?" Michelle asked.

Gail stepped up behind Jacob, resting her chin on his shoulder. She let her big melonous breasts kiss his back and brought her hands around, running them up his chest.

"Damn impressive! He was making my heart flutter the whole time," she said softly. "Mine also," Michelle said. "He made me flutter other places too."

Gail laughed. "Uh-Oh, Jacob...I think you're giving your mom a serious case of puppy-love," she said.

Gail was right. Michelle smiled and bit her bottom lip, staring straight into her son's eyes like a smitten teenage girl. "I'm not gonna lie. He definitely has my attention."

"So I heard them say the coach is taking the team out to eat. Do we wanna go, or should we just head back to the house?" Gail asked.

"No, I think we need to get him home. Is that okay, honey? Michelle asked, anxious to suck his cock.

"Yeah, I'm cool with that," he said, just as anxious to have his cock sucked. "Well then let's get him home. He has a long night ahead of him," Gail said.

Jacob and his mom sat in the back seat of his Aunt Gail's car as they drove to her house a few blocks away. As she sat close to him Michelle gently grazed Jacob's cock and balls through his pants with the tips of her nails. It was if she priming him for what was to come.

51: How Made made him State Champ_2

Gail's house was dark and empty when they arrived. She didn't even bother turning on any lights as they moved through the kitchen. "I convinced Bill it was a good weekend to go fishing, so him and a buddy are staying up at the camp," Gail said.

"What about the girls?" Michelle asked.

"Spending the night with friends, which they most likely would have been doing anyway tonight."

Michelle held her son's hand as they followed Gail up the steps to the second floor. Jacob's mom smiled as she caught him staring at his Aunt's big heart-shaped ass, as it swayed seductively with each step.

Once in the room, they stripped the boy naked. Gail's eyes widened as she saw her nephew's big boner stick way out at an upward angle, bobbing stiffly on his loins. "Oh damn, that is a beautiful dick!" she anxiously exclaimed.

"Told you so,"her sister said, unbuttoning her blouse.

Jacob massaged his hardon as he watch his mom and Aunt Gail strip out of their clothes. When they got down to their sexy bra and panties, he really started to get excited.

The women wasted no time unclasping their bras, pulling the cups and letting their enormous

milkers spring free. His Aunt Gail's boobs were just as large, if not larger than his mom's. They hung down and teetered back and forth heavily, like big udders as she peeled her panties off.

His mom's thong hit the floor as well, and she pushed them aside with one of her sexy bare feet. Both mom's pussies were completely shaved, with a well defined cuntal cleavage. "You shaved down there!" Jacob said to his mom with a smile.

"I did. Do you like it?" his mom asked.

"Of course," he muttered, making both moms giggle. "So you prefer a shaved pussy, Jacob?" his Aunt asked. "Yeah, I think they're sexy!"

Michelle strode up to her boy and pressed her big jutting boobies against his bare chest. She rose up on her tip toes and they shared a few sensual kisses.

"Mmm, can I get a few of those?" Gail asked.

Michelle moved aside and her sister replaced her. Jacob sighed excitedly as he felt his Aunt Gail's king-sized rack squish softly against his chest. They kissed just like he and his mother had, then Gail back him to the bed. "Lay down," she said softly.

Minutes later, Jacob found himself in the middle of his Aunt Gail's big fluffy marital bed. His mother's head bobbed up and down on his lap, his big dick gliding in and out from between her big pouty lips as she provided him the blowjob he earned.

The hard-dicked teen could feel her wet tongue rolling across his juicy bell-tip. Michelle's big pendulous tits hung from her chest, gently rocking from side to side as she gave her son an expert blowjob.

Gail knelt beside her nephew and leaned over, so her soft tit-melons were pancaked against Jacob's chest as they kissed like horny

teenagers. Their tongues flailed together wildly inside Jacob's mouth, with animal-like lust.

"Oh, HE IS good, sis." Gail said, between kisses, having already been given a heads-up on what a great kisser Jacob was.

Michelle's fist had a tight grip at the base of her son's cock, beating his dick into her mouth, as she sucked sloppily on his shaft. Every dozen or so mouth-pumps, she would take his cock out and whip her strong tongue all over his shiny knob. Then she would go back to earnestly sucking.

Gail smacked her lips against Jacob's as she gazed down at him, her big beautiful green eyes glazed over with lust. "Mmmmm," she softly moaned. The boy loved the way her big titties were spread out on his chest while they kissed, with her engorged rubbery nipples poking into

him.

"Your mom's a good cock-sucker, isn't she, baby?" Gail asked between kisses. "Yes," the boy sighed.

"See what happens when start to become a wrestling star. You have girls wanting to kiss you, and blow you and rub their big tits all over you," she said.

Soon Gail moved down to join her sister, both women were now on their knees beside Jacob. She moved her lips down close to Michelle's, watching her sister suck hungrily on the meaty pecker.

"Okay greedy-butt, time to share," Gail joked.

Michelle's head continued bobbing up and down in traditional blowjob fashion. It was like nothing else existed accept the big teenage hardon between her lips.

"Huh-uh!" she hummed, refusing to give it up. "Come on, let Aunt Gail have a turn," Gail giggled.

Jacob's cock popped from Michelle's mouth, swollen and glistening with saliva. With her hand still wrapped around the base, she tilted his shaft, moving the big bulbous head towards Gail. Before her sister could get it between her lips, Michelle giggled and stuffed Jacob's dick back into her own mouth, nursing on the big juicy nob.

"You fucking bitch! Gail said playfully.

She circled her hand around the shaft just above Michelle's and pulled gently, bringing her lips down close to her sister's. "You've been down here twenty minutes, now it's my turn," she said.

.

Jacob peered down at the two gorgeous moms as they fought over his cock. As the plum- sized nob began to slip from Michelle's mouth, Gail was already wrapping her lips around the shiny surface. It literally slipped from one mouth to the next.

Gail wasted no time, stuffing her nephew's meat down her throat. She gagged a little as she worked half his cock into her gullet, fucking it with her lips and tongue.

"Ahh, yes!" Jacob sighed, feeling his glans tingle delightfully.

Michelle still had a tight grasp on her son's cock, watching jealously as her sister worked it up and down. Within seconds she found herself pulling at it, eagerly wanting more.

Pre-cum drooled from Jacob's cock-head as it was passed from one mouth to the next. Two

long pink tongues attacked it from both sides, rolling and flailing wildly up and down the hard cylinder of flesh..

For the next twenty minutes, Michelle and her sister took turns on Jacob's cock. While one sucked, the other would nurse on his big tender balls. The boy's body trembled excitedly, feeling his nuts being pulled and slurp on at the same time his cock was.

Michelle let her sister finish him off. Gail was like a cock-sucking machine and once she fell into a rhythm there was no stopping her. Her head bobbed up and down tirelessly, letting Jacob's meat worm back and forth past her soft palate and into her larynx. With each down- stroke her lips would bump against his soft scrotum as she deep-throated him.

Meanwhile, Michelle had both her son's big balls crammed in her mouth, bathing them in a hot pool of saliva. Her tongue fluttered like the wings of a butterfly, battering his young balls from every direction.

"Oh God, I'm gonna cum!" Jacob finally announced.

He felt as if his entire soul was firing out his pisshole as the ropes began to erupt down Michelle's throat. She swallowed them up like a true cock sucking champion.

Michelle came up and snuggled up against her son, watching his facial reactions as her sister milked him dry.

"I think our little wrestling star is lost in heaven," she cooed, stroking his hair. "Ohh! That was amazing!" he sighed breathlessly..

"Mmmm, I think YOU'RE amazing." Michelle said softly, gazing at him with her beautiful eyes.

Staring into each other's eye's, mother and son became lost in the lovers trance. Rising from Jacob's lap, Gail broke the spell. "Yum!" she moaned, licking the cum from her bottom lip.

Gail noticed the private little moment that they seemed to be sharing. "Do you two wanna be alone for awhile?" she asked.

"Do you mind?" Michelle asked her sister. "Promise you'll save some more for me?"

"Don't worry, he's not going anywhere, sis," Michelle giggled.

Jacob watched his Aunt slip from the bed, her big breasts flopping across her tummy. Her ass was meaty and absolutely gorgeous. It swayed invitingly as she strode towards the

door."Don't wake the neighbors you two," Gail said playfully as she closed the door behind her. Michelle fed her son a sly smile. "So do you like you Aunt Gail's big boobies?"

"Yeah, they're awesome!" Jacob muttered.

"Hers may be a little bigger, but they aren't nearly as soft and squishy as mine." Michelle said, pushing her spongy orbs against her boy.

"Your boobs are the best, mom," Jacob said.

"You'll like them a lot better when they're rolling up and down my chest," she said. "What do you mean?"

"Well, that's what happens when you thrust into a woman. You make her boobies dance," Michelle said.

"I can't wait to see that," Jacob muttered.

"Oh, you will, honey. My state champion's gonna make his momma's boobies roll and swing and dance all over her chest," Michelle said. "But until that day comes, they won't wander far," she winked.

"I hope not."

She looked him in the eyes yearningly. "Do you care if mom spends some time loving on you?" she asked.

"Are you crazy? Of course I don't care."

"We are naked, so we're gonna have to be careful that the monster down there doesn't wander into any caves that he shouldn't be in," Michelle warned. "Not yet anyway."

Jacob laughed. "Nice analogy, mom, but yeah, I understand," he said.. "Good, now roll over on top of me," Michelle whispered.

The busty mother moved onto her back and Jacob followed, taking position between her parted legs. Her labial meat felt slick, warm and smooth pressed against his tender boner.

Jacob watched in fascination as his mom's boobs drooped slightly off the sides of her chest as she positioned herself comfortably beneath him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down on top of her.

Michelle's lips parted and her pink snake began to peek from it's hole as Jacob's lips descended onto hers. He felt a sudden jolt of arousal surge through his young body as his mom's strong silky-smooth legs rose up and circled his waist.

Time seemed to stop, as mother and son began to float on a cloud of love. They closed their eyes and let their tongues dance as Michelle ran her long nails across the back of Jacob's head.

Jacob's cock flexed with erectness between them, crushing against her swollen clit. Her son began to instinctively rock his hips and mom helped him along by pushing his ass with the heels of her pretty little feet.

"Careful, honey," the lusty mother warned, feeling his knob nearly jab into the mouth of her vagina a few times..

They kissed passionately, while engaging in a steady dry-fuck. "Squeeze my titties," the mother whispered between kisses.

Jacob's hands moved between them and found his mom's squishy boobs. He was amazed at how soft and spongy the were. The fatty flesh literally oozed between his fingers. The big rubbery caps of her areola were covered with milk-glands and stretched against her son's grasp.

Michelle tilted her hips back slightly and the length of Jacob's fuck-stick carved a trail between the slick folds of her labium. Jacob signed as he felt his teenage dick sink down between his mom's soft labial meat, sliding up and down against her warm slick cleft and throbbing clitoris.

Like she had several times before, Michelle came to her senses. "WhatthefuckamIdoing?"

she asked herself.
"He'smysonforGodsake...andthiswasn'tpartofthedealatall!"

The feel of his rigid manhood plowing at her in a steady dry-hump changed her tune real quick.

"Ohshit,butthisissuchathrill...andhiscockfeelssofuckingamazing!"her brain screamed.

The naughty little dry-hump make-out session went on and on. I was like their own little sexual wrestling match. Michelle's legs were now up so far that her feet were locked high around Jacob's back.

Jacob's hands still had a tight grip on Michelle's tits, his fingers digging into their pillowy softness. The boy's dick slid a little too far and popped down between his mom's ass-cheeks. He continued grinding, his love-muscle now pointing down towards the mattress. The nob was wet with vaginal secretions and it plowed against his mom's butthole. With every downward motion it would momentarily

get caught in her butt-socket, kissing the big puckered ring of her anus before traveling down between her soft cheeks.

Michelle let her son plow at her ass a little bit, then reached down and grasped his rod. "Sit up, love," she said breathlessly.

Jacob released his mom's tits and sat up on his knees. He watched as she bent her knees back further, in the birthing position. Her cunt was splayed completely open, like a big pink flower in full bloom. Still grasping his penis at the root, she began to slap her son's bell-tip against her clit playfully.

"Damn!" the boy sighed at the sight of his cock and her pussy together..

They exchanged a wonder-filled smile, as Michelle's big beautiful brown eyes stared up at him seductively, continuously beating his boner against her steaming genitals. She drug the tip between her fleshy labium, watching her son's reaction.

"I'm gonna put just the tip in, ok? No thrusting!" she said.

"Uh huh," Jacob sighed as he felt his sensitive knob sink in to her warm wet hole. The mouth of Michelle's vagina stretched around the broad cock-tip, letting it sink inside her.

"Oh shit!" the boy sighed. It felt like the tip of his peter was being dipped in a pool of warm butter. Reacting to this, his cock flexed and his bulbous head ballooned with more blood.

Michelle's body reacted also, as her birth canal expanded and released the slippery lubricant from it's hot pink walls, preparing itself for intercourse.

"This isn't the first time you've stretched that little opening. You were a big baby, Jacob Little," Michelle said with a smile.

"It feels so good, mom," Jacob confessed

"Oh honey, you haven't even begun to experience good," she said, clasping his fat bell even tighter, coating it with her hot fuck-juice.

"Can I go just a little deeper?" he asked..

"Be my state champ, then you can go all the way to my womb," Michelle said.

She popped his cock from her creamy furrow and sat up. Jacob was still on his knees, straddling his mom's legs. His big boner now pointed directly at her chest.

"Here," she said, hefting her giant tit-orbs.. "Put it between them."

Jacob moved forward and Michelle sandwiched his cock between her tits, so that only his purple plum stuck out the top. She reached over and took a bottle of lubricant from her sister's nightstand, then squirted some on and they watched it coat his knob and run down between her tits. "Pussy fucking is reserved for a State Champion, but you can fuck my titties if you want?"

"I'm definitely good with that!" Jacob said excitedly. His mom was offering more than he expected, so he was grateful.

Michelle squeezed her tits together, smothering her boy's boner even tighter with tit-flesh, and worked her boobie-cleavage up and down her son's cock. Jacob let out a quivering sigh as his cum-drooling cock slid through the slippery channel between his mom's tits.

"Does that feel good?" Michelle asked in a sweet motherly tone. "Oh God yeah!" he sighed.

"You like momma's big soft titties, don't you baby?" she asked, thrilled by his reaction. "I sure do! They're amazing!"

"Well then fuck 'em, honey! Come on, bounce with me!" Michelle said, moving her chest up and down.

Jacob placed his hands on his mom's shoulders for leverage and began a thrusting bounce on the bed. His long cock thundered through the smothering crevice of oily tit-flesh. His bell-tip emerged from Michelle's cleavage, big and shiny, before slipping back down into the deep canyon.

"Oh that's such a big dick!" Michelle cooed, feeling her boy's muscled prick squeeze between her titties.

Jacob's balls boiled as they beat against the butt of his mom's tits. Beside's the cock-sucking he had received earlier, it was the most amazing thing he had ever felt.

Michelle worked her tits on him like a pro, watching his blood-engorged cock-head peek out from between her breasts. Each time it did, she could see his meatus yawning, bubbling out more pre-cum.

"That's it, honey, fuck those titties!" she shouted encouragingly. "Oh God, mom!" Jacob sighed.

"Jacob, look at me!" Michelle said.

Jacob looked up from her boobs to see his mom staring up at him. The tops of her jugs rippled like jello each time his balls struck them from beneath. Her compressing palms made the ends of her stiff-nippled boobs bulge out obscenely.

Yet despite all the sexual eye-candy it was her eyes that got to him the most. Her big gleaming brown eyes staring back at him with nothing but pure love pouring out of them. Michelle's tongue peeked out and slithered across her teeth, as her mouth curled into a devilish little smile. "Come on, blow that hot fucking load between mommy's tits!" she cried out.

That was all it took for young Jacob. Hot boiling cum rocketed up his shaft and fired from his piss-hole. Michelle felt the warmth of the first rope between her tits.

When Jacob's knob peeked from her cleavage, it blasted a second milky cord into the air. Michelle saw the geyser travel up past her face before it splashing down onto her tits.

"Oh, honey! Cum on mommy!" she said encouragingly.

Jacob grunted with pleasure and his next creamy cum-blast splashed against Michelle's chin and across her lips. Her tongue instinctively cleaned it from her top lip.

The next one erupted deep down inside the smother pocket of tit-cleavage. Jacob's knob peeked out, and just after it disappeared back between the pancaked breasts, rope number five spurted out. Cock-cream bubbled from the dark crevice, forming a small pool on top of Michelle's boobs. A half a second later, Jacob's fat purple tip rose like a creature from the deep, bursting through the spooge-puddle and sending another long milky strand rising into the air.

"Ahhh shit!" he grunted, as yet another pulsing cord squirted between his mom's boobs.

As his orgasm subsided, Michelle pulled him back down on top of her, as she lay back on the bed. She stroked the back of his head as he rested his face in the soft of her neck. Her sexy bare feet trailed softly up the back of his calves as the boy rested against his mom's squishy cum-smeared boobies.

A little while later Michelle stepped from the shower just as Gail entered the bathroom. Her eye's traveled from the sleeping teen on the bed to her sister. "You didn't!" Gail said.

"I did...but just with my tits," Michelle said with a naughty smile.. "Poor baby...you wore him out," Gail said..

Michelle laughed. "I strongly doubt that," she said.

"So do I get some time alone with him now?" Gail asked, walking over to her sister. "No...I don't trust you," Michelle said teasingly..

Gail threw her arms around Michelle, stepping in close so that her bare breasts pressed gently against her sister's.

"I'll be good...I promise," she said.

"Yeah, a good lay. The answer's still no. I barely trust myself with him, let alone my cock- hungry sister," Michelle said.

"Well, then we should share again."

Some time later, Jacob woke up with his head resting on his mom's lap. She stroked his hair as she looked down at him over her huge jutting tit-melons.

"Hi, handsome," she said with a smile.

The boy could feel his cock being sucked to life and he peered down to see his Aunt Gail kneeling between his legs, worming his hardening cock in and out of her lovely mouth. Her huge droopy breast hung from her chest, wobbling back and forth as she sucked.

Michelle cradled her son's head and lifted it to one of her breasts. He sucked her nipple into his mouth and began rolling his tongue across her big rubbery areola. The soft spongy melon molded around Jacob's entire face as she rested it's full weight on him.

"Suck mommy's tittie, honey," her voice said softly.

Jacob felt like he had died and gone to heaven. Here he was smothered in breast-meat, chewing and nursing on his own mother's nipple, while feeling the warm wet sensation of having his cock deep-throated by his Aunt.

As his tongue dug against bumpy surface of his mom's areola, Jacob opened his eyes and stared into smooth fatty flesh resting warmly against his face. He could hear himself breathing through his nose, his mom's breast molded around his face like a big spongy mask.

"Mmmnff," he whimpered, working her puffy nipple between the roof of his mouth and his tongue.

Jacob felt his cock pop from his Aunt Gail's mouth. He felt her big tits drag up his chest. His mom's nipple was pulled from his lips as Gail's mouth crept under Michelle's breast and found Jacob's. The two of them kissed hungrily twirling their tongues together.

Jacob heard his mom giggle and he peered up to see her looking down at them. "Does baby like all these big boobs all over him?" she asked cutely.

"Uh-huh." Jacob muttered as he made out with his Aunt Gail.

Gail broke the kiss and Michelle's breast wobbled back across Jacob's face. He swept his tongue across it as it bobbed heavily back and forth, smothering half his head. Gail adjusted herself, so that one her giant boobs bumped against her sister's, and Jacob found himself staring at two breasts instead of one.

Like his mom's, Gail's areola were enormous and Jacob's mouth was drawn towards it like a magnet. He sucked and chewed like a hungry baby, watching his mom's nipple slide down his nose and rest between his eyes. He tilted his chin up and went to work on Michelle's nipple, then he reached up and maneuvered his Aunts breast so that both their giant areola were side by side.

Both big caps fell onto his face and Jacob found himself in big breast heaven. Smothered in pounds of breast-meat the teenager worked both nipples into his mouth, chewing, pulling and sucking greedily.

Gail smiled as she slouched over face to face with her sister. They glanced down at their

joining boobs, which completely covered Jacob's face. "Oh, I think we've created a little boobie

-monster, sis." Gail said.

"Watch out, this monster likes to eat poochie to Michelle said.

"Mmm, well maybe my cunt-licking nephew can come show his Auntie what he can do."

Jacob felt his Aunt Gail's nipple slip through his teeth as she sat back on the bed. He peeked out from beneath his mom's breast and watched as his Aunt Gail rested her hands back on the mattress and threw her knees back into the birthing position. Her big udders drooped slightly off the sides of her chest as she glared down at him, with widely parted thighs. "What about it, hotshot? Wanna smooch with Aunt Gail's pooch?" She asked, slapping the meat of her

genitals with her fingers.

Jacob sat up and his mom climbed onto her knees and leaned against him, so that her face was beside his, the weight of her tits against his back. "Go on, honey, make her scream like you did me," Michelle said..

Jacob laid down on his stomach between Gail's legs and began to feast on her bald cunt. She caressed the back of his head as he sloppily licked along her coral gash..

Michelle took one of the bed pillows and stuffed it under Jacob's tummy so she could elevate his hips. Then she crawled behind him, pulled his boner out from beneath him and milked it, while leaning down and licking his asshole.

"Ohh Jesus, Mom!" the boy gasped, looking back too see her face buried between his buns. He could feel her strong mature tongue whipping across his butt-ring.

"Come on, Jacob," his Aunt said in a horny tone, hooking her sexy bare foot around his head and guiding him back to her cunt. "Eat me!"

Clit, meat curtains, butthole. Jacob had remembered what his mom had taught him about eating pussy, and soon he had his Aunt Gail's eyes fluttering. Through the corner of his eye, he could see her tiny foot, hovering beside him since her knees were back so far. It began to quiver and her cute little toes with their painted nails began to clench.

"Oh my God!" Gail's voice shook.

Jacob's tongue went into overdrive, beating against his Aunt's big fat clitoris. He was amazed that he could concentrate with his mom licking his ass and stroking his cock the way she was.

"Oh God, Michelle!" Gail exclaimed as if communicating to her sister just how intense her son was going to make her cum.

Michelle kissed her son's butthole wetly and giggled. "I told you!"

The mother then took a long wet lick down her son's perineum, licking and kissing that bare

spot between his nuts and ass, while continuously beating up and down the length of his cock. She heard her boy react with a whimper..

"Oh shit, I'm gonna cum!" Gail sang.

Her pretty face became contorted and Jacob felt her hips begin to jerk. Both Gail's feet were throw back a foot further, her sexy toes

with their pale-pink painted toenails clenched tightly as an orgasm rippled through her..

"OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!!!" she screamed out, like a teenage girl popping for the very first time.

Under Jacob's chin, the head of Gail's urethra pushed forward, peeking out her twat. A long stream of girl-cum squirted from the opening, splashing against Jacob's neck. It was followed by a second, then a third.

"OH FUCK!" Gail screamed, writhing wildly as she sent a fourth strong blast of pussy-cum erupting all over the cunt-munching teenager. Jacob just kept going until Gail pushed his face away.

"Holy shit!" she panted, glaring at Jacob as if he were some sort of pussy-eating God.

Michelle released his cock and crawled over the top of him, letting her big soft tits drag against his back.

"Awww, did my baby make his Auntie Gail squirt?" she asked.

"Oh my God, Michelle, I haven't been eaten like that since college," Gail said, her voice still quivering.

Michelle lowered her lips to her son's ear, licking and teasing it, as he rested on the bed. "Don't get lazy on me, honey-bear. You have more pooch to smooch," Michelle said.

Michelle crawled over onto her sister laying flat against her, so their tits were smashed together. Gail smiled up at her. "Wicked minds think alike," she giggled.

Michelle looked over her shoulder as Jacob rose to his knees. Right in front of him were two shaved matronly cunts, one piled right on top of the other.

"Come on, Romeo. Now you're gonna make us both scream," his mom said. "I only have one tongue, mom," Jacob joked.

"I know, and it belongs to me. With your Aunt Gail you're going to do something you haven't done yet, it's called finding the G-spot," Michelle said, then put the two fingers of her hand together and pointed them out with her palm up.

"You're going to put these two fingers together and slide them inside her. When they get all the way in, you're going to bend them up like this and scratch the upper wall of her vagina. It won't take you long to find her little G-spot. Ready to try?" Michelle said.

"Okay," Jacob said, moving in close.

His fingers sunk down into his Aunt Gail's pussy-hole and turned up just as his mother directed, scratching along the upper surface of her birth canal.

"Bring your fingers back just a little, sweetie" Gail said, guiding him to her sweet spot. Jacob drug his fingers into an area where her lining felt rougher.

"Oh, right there! That's your Auntie's 'G' baby!" Gail said.

"Come on," Michelle said, giving her ass cheek a pat, directing her son to start eating her.

Jacob buried his face in his mom's juicy cunt, putting his tongue to work, while he stared at her crinkled butthole. His fingers dug at his Aunt Gail's G-spot and soon he could feel both women squirming.

Michelle's face hovered over her sister's, both women were panting excitedly. "Ohhhhh!" Michelle cried out.

"Oh, God!" Gail followed.

Jacob felt a rush of adrenaline. He was about to make two beautiful middle-aged sisters cum at once. Two moms with over twenty years of sexual experience and nearly fifty-thousand orgasms between them, were about cum at the hand and tongue of a teenage boy.

"Oh God, Michelle! He's working my fucking G-spot so good!" Gail squealed. "Oh fuck, my pussy's feeling really good too! He's amazing!" Michelle cried out.

Soon Jacob had both moms crying in passion, as their pussies began to quiver. Their high- pitched squeals sounded like two college girls getting their cherries popped.

After he made his mom and his Aunt Gail cum, Jacob found himself on his back again, while his mom and Aunt Gail took turns gagging on his cock. Both their tiny hands were wrapped around the meaty base, their long painted fingernails grasping at the tender cock-flesh.

Working together, the two hands jerked at the stalk, causing Jacob's big ball-sack to bounce wildly.

Jacob was in absolute paradise watching two grown women take turns on him, their huge drooping mommy-melons flopping all around.

"Oh, I love wrapping my lips around this sweet little sugar stick," Gail said as she popped the

mushroom-shaped cork from her mouth and rolled her tongue across its glistening surface.

Michelle nipped at its girth with her puckered lips, probing its vein-covered surface with the tip of her tongue. "LITTLE sugar stick? You ARE kidding, right? There's nothing little about my honey-bear's cock...In a few weeks it's gonna be mommy's big pussy-pounder!" Michelle said.

Both Gail and Michelle continued to beat Jacob off as they came up and lay on either side of him. Their boobs were so fucking enormous that they met in the middle on his chest, so that all Jacob saw when her looked down was tit-meat. "Well just don't forget I want my pussy stretched too...then I want it fucked hard and fast!" Gail said.

Michelle kissed her boy's lips sensually. "Did you hear that, honey? Your Aunt Gail wants your big dick inside her too. Isn't that exciting?" Michelle said, then went back to kissing him..

"Yeah," he sighed, then shared a few wet smooches with his Aunt Gail..

"Not as exciting as having it inside your mommy though," Gail said, between kisses. "There's no pussy like mommy's pussy."

"Ohh!" the boy gasped out loud, turned on beyond belief as the two beautiful moms smothered him with their voluptuous bodies, while showering him with kisses and beating his hardon with their hands.

"You're gonna make me scream with that big baby-maker aren't you, honey?" Michelle asked with a naughty smile, then kissed his lips again.

Gail squeezed his hardon tight while jerking it. "Is that what that is down there, Jacob, a baby- maker?" she asked while taking turns kissing him. "Are you gonna pump babies into us?"

"Ohh shit!" the boy gasped, feeling his hardon tingle in their steadily stroking hands.

Michelle slid both tits up onto her boy, running the long nails of her free hand through his hair, while planting a series of moaning kisses on his lips. "Ohh, is that what you want, honey? You want mommy big n preggers?" she cooed.

"God!" the boy snarled, humping his hips from the mattress and fucking up into their stroking hands.

"Mm, so she can smother you with her big pregnant ball!" Gail said.

"And you can suck on my big milk-filled titties!" Michelle added, then smooched him again, only this time it was a deep tongue-twirling french kiss.

At this point the two sisters were fighting for position on him, pushing back and forth. They both wanted to rub their hard rubbery nipples on him while they kissed him. Jacob felt like he was being sexually attacked by two dueling cougars, and he loved it! Everywhere he looked, huge sloshing boobie-melons were rubbing all over him. His mom would kiss him, then Gail

would move in. When there was the slightest pause in their smooching, his mom would move back in on his lips. They were both incredible kissers, and the boy was over the moon.

"Just imagine it, sis," Michelle said breathlessly, "being fucked by a State Champion wrestler."

"Yess! Imagine how hard he could fuck us!" Gail answered. "Pound the fucking cum out of our tight pussies!"

"Ohhh!" Jacob moaned, feeling on the verge of blasting his hot wad into the air.

Now rather than kiss him, both mom's had moved up slightly, burying the boy's face in tit-meat.

They beat his dick relentlessly, their big wedding rings sparkling, and Jacob continued to pump his hips up and down.

"He could pin us to the bed, like he does his opponents," Michelle said, "then he could hold our silky legs back while he ravages us like

a fucking horny animal!"

Gail could see her nephew peeking up at them over their tits. "Is that what you want, you beast? You wanna pin us down and pump babies into us?" she shouted.

"Ohhh shit!" Jacob whimpered, feeling his whole body give off a mighty pre-orgasmic shudder. His mom's next word sealed the deal.

"Fuck us, Jacob! Give us your babies!!"

A mix of colors flashed before Jacob's eyes as he was struck with the most powerful cum of his life.

The mothers both looked back at his cock, not wanting to miss the fireworks show. The first milky rope blasted nearly four-feet into the air. "Holy shit! What a geyser!" Gail exclaimed.

"He'll have lots more!" Michelle said proudly, and that he did. Nearly a dozen cords of hot jizz were shot from his piss-slit, as the women milked him dry.

The three of them slept like a babies the rest of the night, with Jacob snuggled comfortably between the two mothers, their tits draped across his chest, and smooth matronly legs resting on his.

"So how many fights does he have left until state?" Gail asked over the phone.

"Three I think," Michelle said, sipping on a glass of water, "and he'll need to win every one of them."

"Hopefully he will, as long as he stays properly motivated," Gail giggled.

Michelle was wearing pale-pink two-piece string bikini. The bottoms were so skimpy they just

barely covered her ass and vulva. The top was also risqué, showing off a lot of boob-flesh.

"So you've sucked his cock and balls, he's humped your tits and smooched with your pooch, what the hell's left. The only thing you two haven't done is fucked." Gail said.

Michelle watched out the sliding glass door as her husband and son played in the pool. Of course, she mostly kept her eyes on Jacob, checking out his lean physique.

"I have a couple ideas," Michelle said, gazing out at her son's glistening body as it splash about.

"Here's an idea...how 'bout I come stay with you for a couple of days. We can keep him home from school and drain his balls," Gail said.

"Thanks, but I think I can handle this one on my own, sis."

Jacob got out of the pool and ran inside, toweling himself off. "Having fun out there, handsome?" Michelle asked.

"Yeah. I thought you were gonna come swim?" Jacob asked, checking out his mom in her sexy bikini. He particularly liked the way her oversized tits spilled out of the top.

"I'm just chatting with Aunt Gail. Here, say hi," she said, handing him the phone. "Hi Aunt Gail," Jacob said.

"Hey there, stud. Heard you enjoyed your little rest stop this morning," Gail said.

"Yeah, it was cool." Jacob said, recalling how his mom had stopped at a rest area on the way home to blow his dick and lick his balls.

As he spoke on the phone, Michelle stepped up behind him, bumping her bikini-clad knockers against him, while gently rubbing his shoulders with her soft hands. She was finding it more and more difficult to keep her hands off of him.

"I had fun last night. You're a hard one to resist, sweetheart." Gail said. "Thanks," he said blushingly.

Michelle glanced out the window at her husband as he swam laps across the pool. She pulled Jacob away from the sliding glass door, against the kitchen counter, so that her husband couldn't see them if he were to look in. Her tits mashed against Jacob's back as she wrapped her arms around him and began running her long nails along his muscular chest. "Goodgrief,I can'tkeepmyhandsoffofhim!He'ssofuckingirresistible!"she thought.

Jacob's Aunt Gail continued speaking to him. "You know, I was thinking...I know after you win state you're gonna be pretty busy hammering away at your mom's cunt, but if you can pull

yourself away from her, I'd like you to come stay with me for a week."

Michelle began to plant light sensual little kisses along her son's neck. Her hand crept down beneath the waistband of his shorts and she combed her long nails through the pubic fuzz along the base of his cock..

Jacob felt one of his mom's bare feet begin to gently slide up his calf as she bathed him in unmotherly affection..

"Yeah, maybe," he answered his Aunt, barely able to focus on what she was saying.

"The girls are always gone, and your Uncle Ron works long hours, so it would just be the two of us most of the day. Would you like that?" Gail asked.

"Yeah, that would be fun."

"I'd let you fuck my pussy, my tits, my ass, whatever you wanted," Gail said. "Really?"

"Of course!" she said. "Just, don't go announcing that to your mom."

"Oh OK," he muttered, his mind drifting back to his mom and her big rubbery erect nipples that were poking into his back.

"I heart you, Jacob," Gail said softly. "I love you too, Aunt Gail."

As Michelle was handed back the phone, she moved around to the front of her son, facing him. Her hand grasped the waistband of his shorts, holding it like a harness, and she brought the phone to her ear. "Making plans are we?" she asked her sister.

"I just thought Jacob might like to come spend some time with his Auntie after he becomes state champion," Gail said.

"Why, so he can plunge your pipes?" Michelle joked. "Maybe!"

"Well I have a strange suspicion that when Mr. Jacob wins the state championship he won't wanna wander far from home for a while." Michelle said, giving her son a wink..

Michelle heard her husband come in the sliding door and let go of her son's shorts. She continued to gaze at him for a moment. Her mouth fell open slightly and Jacob could see her tongue roll across her top teeth teasingly.

"Honey, do we have any sandwich meat?" her husband asked her.

"I better go, sis. I have two hungry boys to feed," Michelle said.

After lunch, Jacob and his father became engrossed in the Saturday afternoon baseball game. Michelle was still in her skimpy bikini and her horny son hadn't been able to tear his eyes away from her since

she sat down. She finally got up from the sofa and moved towards the sliding glass door.

"Well, boys, I think I'm gonna go out for a swim," she said.

Jacob watched her sashay towards the door. The cheeks of her thick mommy-buttocks peeked from beneath the skimpy bikini bottoms, and undulated gently from side to side. Jacob knew it was an open invitation for him to come out and play.

"Actually, dad, I'm not too into the game. I think I'll go back out and swim with mom," Jacob said.

"Suit yourself," his father said, chomping on his popcorn. "You're gonna miss a good one though."

When Jacob got outside Michelle was already in the pool. She was over on the deep end with only her pretty little head poking out of the water. "Hi!" she said, in a flirty little tone.

"Hi." Jacob said as he walked down the steps into the water. "Did you miss me that much already?" she teased.

"As a matter of fact, I did," Jacob said, as he swam over to the deep end. His mom latched on to him, throwing her legs and arms around him. Jacob kept them both afloat as Michelle clung to her boy, with her big fat jugs squashed against his young naked chest. Hovering slightly above him, Jacob's mom brushed the wet hair from his eyes.

"Mm, mommy's big strong wrestling stud. You gonna hold me, and show me what a man you are?" she asked with a big beautiful smile.

"I could hold you forever," Jacob said..

She stared straight into his eyes. "Careful what you wish for," she said softly. "I may never let you go."

"So what do I get if I win my next match?" Jacob asked. "I've been wondering about it all day."

"It's a surprise this time," she answered with a sly look. "I will tell you this though...if you win, that big boner in your shorts is gonna be very, VERY happy."

Jacob snickered a little.

"What's so funny?" Michelle asked.

"It's just funny to hear my own mom say the word 'boner' that's all," he said.

"Yeah, well it wasn't so hilarious this morning, when your own mom had her lips wrapped around your 'boner' at the rest stop, now was it?" Michelle asked.

"No, there was nothing funny about that. I loved it!"

Michelle glared into his eyes with a naughty little smile. "Did you like how I curled my wet tongue around the head of your...BONER," she said, watching his reaction.

A naughty little shiver shot through Jacob's body, and he felt his 'boner' wedged against his mom's puffy vulva, as her legs clung around him beneath the water. "It's definitely sexy when you say it," he confessed.

Michelle giggled at his reaction, then got a serious look. "Watch my lips then...are you watching?" she asked.

Jacob nodded as he watched his mom's big pouty lips slowly part. There was a long pause before Michelle spouted it out. "BONER!" she said in the sexiest tone she could.

She giggled as she felt her son's reaction in his groin.. She hugged him even tighter, making her boob-flesh bulge out from between them. She brought her lips to his ear. "Boner, boner, boner, boner, boner, boner, boner, BONER!...My Boner!" she teased, pressing her camel toe against it.

Jacob suddenly slipped out of her arms, playfully dunking under the water. Michelle let out a little yelp as she tried to hang onto him.

He resurfaced near the shallow end, laughing at her.

"You come back here, young man!" she said, starting off after him.

When she got near him, Jacob dove under again, going right between his mom's legs. Michelle screamed playfully as she was lifted out of the water on her son's shoulders. She squeezed her thighs tightly around her son's head, her big wet boobs wobbled around, nearly popping

out of her bikini top.

"You little shit!" she squealed.

Michelle glanced at the house to make sure her husband wasn't watching."You bad-boy! You just wanted your head between my sexy legs, didn't you?"

"You got it!" Jacob said.

"Try facing the other direction next time, so I can rub my pink taco against your face!" she teased.

"I love tacos!"

"Mm, well mommy has one. All you can eat!" she said, clawing through his hair with her nails. He spun around in the water, nearly throwing her off his shoulders.

"Oh, you wanna play naughty, huh? Does my boy like playing naughty with his mommy?" she asked, then quickly slid down her son's back and grasped onto him from behind, clutching her arms and legs around him like she was taking a piggy-back ride.

Jacob dunked then under water and Michelle's hand slipped into her son's shorts, grasping his cock. With a tight grip at the base she immediately started jerking him off, pulling the loose skin up and down his shaft. "I bet you'd like this part of you between mommy's legs too!" she said.

"I especially want that part of me between your legs," the boy confessed.

"I bet you do," she said. "So you can feel me squeeze and drip my mommy-juice all over it." "Oh God yeah," the teen sighed, feeling her jerk on his cock underwater.

"Is my baby horny...huh? Is his big dick all hard and horny for his busty mom?" she asked seductively.

"It always is when I'm around you," Jacob admitted.

"Swim to the other side with me," she said, leading him to the more private end of the pool..At that end there was a built-in seat about half way down the side wall of the pool. A place where a person could sit yet still be neck deep in the water.

"Take off your trunks," Michelle said with an excited thrill. "But what about dad?"

"Even if he did pull himself away from the game, he can't see this part of the pool from the back door. If he comes out we'll hear him, now are you gonna take off those trunks, mister, or do I have to?" Michelle asked anxiously.

Jacob slid his shorts off and Michelle reached under and untied her string bikini bottoms. "Sit over here now," Michelle said.

Jacob situated himself onto the contoured pool-seat. He sat back so that only his head poked out above the water. Like a floating Goddess, Michelle's swam up over Jacob's legs. He saw her naked ass peek from the water, then he watched as his mom straddled him, her bare crotch resting right against the underside of his rock-hard shaft.

With her knees astride him, Michelle lowered right up against her son, throwing her arms

around his neck. Her mammoth, barely contained tit-melons squashed like soft bread dough onto his chest as she brought her face up close to his. "See, he can't even see us," she whispered reassuringly.

It was true. The seat was tucked down into a private area of the pool, surrounded by ledge, so that a person would have to actually be in the pool or standing at the other side to see them.

"You've had girls over to swim. You can't tell me you've never hidden over here and made-out with them." Michelle said curiously.

"Naw, those girls were too scared to do anything like that.".

"Unlike your mother who can't keep her hands off of you," Michelle said. "So let's say I am one of those girls, but a brave horny one who's just crawled on top of you. What do you do next?"

"We'd probably make out," he answered.

A big naughty grin formed on the mother's face. "Then let's make out," she suggested.

Michelle tilted her head a little as she brought her lips to Jacob's. The two of them began to kiss sensually. Their tongues slipped from their mouths and began a slow intimate dance. "Mmm," the mother whimpered lustfully as she smooched with her teenager.

Jacob's cock flexing against his mom's cunt as she began to gently move her hips, crushing the meat of his spear into her genitals. Now Jacob could feel the flesh of his mom's labium dragging up and down the length of his rod.

"Does that naked pussy feel good on you, baby?" she whispered between kisses. "Very good!"

Gradually their kissing became deeper and more intense. They whimpered lustfully and their tongues lashed wildly together. By now Jacob was getting used to how fast his mom's tongue could move. In the beginning Michelle's pink snake could flutter circles around his before he even had time to respond. Now, from all the practice, Jacob was becoming a little make-out specialist. When her tongue rolled, his rolled with it. When her tongue flailed, his was right there battering back at it.

Of course Michelle took notice of this. "Holyshithe'sgettinggood!"she thought, as she felt the strength of his tongue twisting with hers. "AndIcan'tbelievehowfuckinghardhisdickis!"

She gazed him in the eyes, like a sexually excited girlfriend grinding her hot cunt against his rigid cock-muscle. "Careful not to slide in,' she warned. "You're not state champion quite yet."

For twenty solid minutes they went at it with tongues wrestling, hips swiveling and tits wobbling. By now Michelle's clitoris was throbbing and tingling like crazy as she was brought to the edge of a hot climax.."Oh, Jacob!" She quietly squealed, her face beginning it's cute little

contortion.

The mother's hips went into overdrive as a huge clitoral orgasm began to overtake her. She buried her face in her son's neck, which muffled a series of cunt-quivering screams.

As his mom used his body like a fuck-post, Jacob smiled to himself. He wondered how many other boys were spending their weekend making their moms cum.

After a few minutes, Michelle came back down from her orgasmic cloud. Her hips had slowed, but continued to roll up and back tirelessly.

"Oh my God!" she gasped. "How do you make me cum so hard!"
"Mom," Jacob muttered, horny beyond belief.

"Yes, love?"

"Can I please just put it inside you?" he asked desperately.

"I think you know the answer to that, honey," Michelle said, finding it cute that her handsome son wanted to fuck her so bad.

"I'll win state, I swear to God. If I don't win you can ground me for a year!"

Michelle laughed. "Ground you for a year?! Why, so you can stay home with me. Like that's a punishment," she said, her hips still swiveling up and back plowing her mommy parts again him.

"You won't let me, just once?" he asked.

"No. Jacob Little, when you and I finally make love, it's gonna be more than just a little frolic in the pool," Michelle said, then put her face up against her son's so their foreheads were touching. She stared straight into his eyes, her hips still working their magic, grinding up and back, teasing his cock with her pussy-fissure.

"It's gonna be absolute magic!" she explained, in a seductive voice. "It'll happen the morning after your big night. It'll start like any other morning. Breakfast at the table with your father, you and I sharing our secret little glances. One thing will be different though. You're father will leave for work, but you won't be going anywhere. I'm afraid the big fight has left you soar...to soar to go to school," Michelle whispered.

Jacob's heart began to pound with excitement as he listened to his mom's voice, staring straight into those seductive brown eyes as she continued speaking.

"After I see your father out and lock the doors behind him, you'll be waiting for me at the foot

of the stairs. You'll be naked and your cock will be iron-hard and pulsing with excitement, like it is now. As I turn to you, I'll let my little robe slip off my shoulders, and I come to you as naked

as the day I gave birth to you," she said..

Jacob could feel his balls begin to boil, and his dick tingle between their grinding crotches, as his mom's voice sent electric jolts of arousal through his body. Her cunt smothered his dick, gliding up and back tirelessly as she continued speaking.

"When I meet you, and our hands come together, sparks will fly. As I look you in the eyes I'll say to you five simple words. JACOB, TAKE ME TO BED!"

"Oh yes!" he muttered.

"Then you'll carry me upstairs and fuck me, honey! You'll fuck my hot pussy and blast a hot load of cum inside me!"

It was all Jacob could take. He felt the flood gates open and a torrent of sperm rocket through his shaft. "OH GOD, MOM, I'M

CUMMING!" he groaned.

Once again Michelle's hips went into to overdrive, grinding on her son's manhood with her gates of paradise. She brought her lips to his ear as she felt his cock pulse, crushing her stiff- nippled knockers against him even more. "We'll fuck hard and deep, baby...we'll fuck on mommy's big soft bed!" she cooed.

This time it was Jacob who planted his face against his mom's neck, grunting with each powerful cock-blast. Michelle wasn't far behind him. Her body began to convulse against his with clitoral orgasm number two.

"Oh, honey!!" Michelle's voice squealed.

Time seemed to stand still and all that existed were throbbing, pulsing genitals. Jacob could feel the warmth of his mother's excretion as his own organ squirted thick clouds of potent baby-batter into the pool. Together they rode the wave of orgasmic bliss for what seemed like forever.

They didn't even hear Jacob's father as he came back outside and walked over by the pool. "Dodgers are up by three points!" he said, as he glanced over at them.

Michelle quickly got off her son. They were both still naked from the waist down, but luckily her husband couldn't see that. "Oh hey, honey!" she said breathlessly, trying to act as normal as she could.

"You guys been swimming laps or something, you look out of breath?" her husband asked.

Michelle glanced at her son. "Yeah we were just um, racing each other across the pool, but I had to stop because my bikini bottoms flew right off. So if you see them floating around over there somewhere, don't panic," she said.

He husband started swimming around and searching. "Well we better locate those bottoms.

I'm sure your son doesn't wanna see his mom nude from the waist down."

When her husband dove under to look for them, the mother gave her boy a quick kiss. "Oh, I'm positive that you're wrong about that, isn't he, baby?" she said, looking her boy in the eyes.

"He sure is," Jacob said with a smile.

Things were certainly different now between Jacob and his mom. Even during their day to day routine Michelle would do little things like squeeze Jacob's cock through his shorts or purposely rub her big tits on him.

"How's my penis?" she'd ask. "Is he anxious to fuck?" she'd inquire candidly.

One time as they sat at the table eating, with her husband upstairs, Michelle brazenly said, "After you win state, we should fuck doggy-style too. I think you'd really like that one."

Often times Michelle would give her son little flashes of her ass or pussy, even with his father in the same room. There were tons of tit-squashing hugs, many slow sensual kisses and lots and lots of flirty little winks.

A couple nights before his next fight, around midnight, after her husband was fast asleep, Michelle slipped out of bed. She threw on a sexy little silk robe and tip-toed down to her son's room. Once there she peeked inside and found Jacob on his bed completely naked and stroking his big boner.

His eye's were closed, and he had headphone's on. Michelle could hear the beat of a rock tune. She slipped inside his room and quietly

wandered over to the foot of his bed watching him. "MyGodthatissobeautiful!" she thought, as her eyes traveled down the big meaty fuck-stick, admiring it's impressive length. It looked so young and powerful. Jacob's big hairless balls bounced as his fist flew up and down his pre-cum-slickened teenage hardon.

Michelle's knees quivered at the thought of having such a big strong boner inside of her, hammering away at her hungry cunt. Jacob's eyes suddenly flew open and his hand stopped as he stared at his mom. "Holy shit, mom, you scared me!" he exclaimed.

"It's a little past your bedtime there, horn-dog," she teased. "Sorry, I was practicing something," he said.

"Yeah, I can see that," his mom giggled.

"I read in a magazine how a guy can go longer without cumming."

"Really?" Michelle said with interest, coming over and sitting at the foot of the bed. Jacob could tell she was braless beneath the robe by the way her boobs seemed to wobble heavily

beneath the silk fabric. "Show me," Michelle said.

Jacob's cock was still glistening with pre-cum. He grabbed it and started stroking forcefully again. "The article said if you think about something else while your doing it, you can go longer."

"Yeah, maybe, but when you look up and see tits swinging above your face you won't be think about something else, trust me," his mom said.

Michelle reached over and grabbed the lotion Jacob had sitting by his side. She squirted some onto her hand.

"How 'bout I teach you a better way." she said.

"Okay," he gulped anxiously, watching her scoot over next to him..

"I want you to pin your balls back against your ass, so the skin on your penis gets nice and tight," Michelle said.

Jacob slid his fist down and squashed his scrotum against his ass. His cock was now a perfect fuck-stick jutting straight upward, capped by his fat purple helmet. "Like this?" he asked.

"Perfect!" Michelle's tiny hand clasped her meaty target. She gently began to stroke up and down the length of his hardon as she spoke to him.

"There are two things you need to remember when you fuck a girl. You pump until you get close. You grind until it subsides. Simple as pie," she said.

"What do you mean by grind?" Jacob asked.

"When your penis gets close to orgasm, you go as far inside the vagina as you can, hold it there and do a little grinding motion back and forth. If a woman's on top she'll usually do the grinding for you, kinda like I was the other day in the pool," Michelle said.

Jacob watched his mom's hand, like the hand of a seasoned professional working her magic on his cock with perfect corkscrew strokes.. Michelle was a lefty and Jacob chuckled to himself as he watched his mom's shiny silver wedding ring glide up and down. She squeezed hard on his cock being cautious not to jab him with her long painted nails.

"Oh wow, I feeling really good already!" he announced. "Fuck my hand as long as you can, honey," she said.

After a half-dozen dick-milking strokes, Michelle felt Jacob's cock flex. She watched the blood

-swollen knob slip through her fist.
"Fuck,thisissohot!Stokinghimoffandteachinghimhow tobecomeaskillfu llover!"she thought.

"Okay, I'm really close now!" Jacob gasped..

"Grind!" Michelle said, sliding her hand to the base of her son's cock and keeping it there.

The boy's hips rose from the mattress, squirming up and back as he felt his mother's grasp holding back the torrent of cum.

"With your length, you'll probably be able to plow the head of a woman's cervix. It'll feel a little like this," the mother said, lowering her lips to Jacob's cock. Michelle kept her lips tightly closed and pressed them against the tip of her son's cock-head. She rubbed his helmet back and forth across the rounded pucker of her lips. Her tongue peeked out and swiped away the bubbling precum seeping from his piss-slit.

"Better?" she asked.

"Yeah," Jacob muttered, feeling his orgasm drift away. .

Michelle sat back up and began stroking again. "Okay, time to fuck again," she said, beating his boner with full-length strokes.

"Come on, honey! Bounce your hips! You should be meeting my hand stroke for stroke, like it's a hot pussy!" she instructed him.

Jacob's ass began bouncing on the mattress as he fucked his cock up into his mom's fist. "That's it handsome. That's my soon-to-be state champion!" she cheered.

Jacob fucked his mom's tiny hand for a full two minutes, staring up into her big beaming eyes, before he felt that familiar orgasmic sensation. "Oh God, I'm getting close again!"

"Grind!" Michelle said, lowering her lips to his tool.

One again, the mother knelt, with her fist around the root of her son's cock and her lips against his bell-tip, simulating her hot cervical head. Her robe had parted enough for Jacob to peer down and see her big pendulous breasts hanging there.

"Fuck me again!" His mom said, pumping his meat up and down with her fist. "Oh damn, mom! The way you said that was so wild!" the boy confessed.

"I know, baby and you're really beating that pussy up!" she cooed. "Fuck me harder!"

Jacob fucked up into her hand the best he could. This time he went almost five minutes. By this time, Michelle's hand was a creamy little fuck ring of lotion and pre-cum."Are you gonna fuck me like this, honey? Are you gonna fuck mommy this long and hard on our special night?"

"Yess!" the boy hissed.

For fifteen more minutes Jacob held out as his mom worked her hand and lips on his horny teenage love-muscle, alternating between strokes and grinds. "Oh sweetie you've done so well. Are you ready to squirt that cream out of your fucking nut bag?" she said lustfully, speeding up her cock-strokes.

Seconds later Jacob was grunting like crazy, as rope after rope of thick jism blasted into the air, splashing down against his chest. Michelle milked him dry, squeezing every once out of him. Finally, she leaned down and gave the gleaming purple head of his cock a big closed- lipped kiss.

"Mm. My big strong penis," she said, giving it a few more long slow strokes.

The night of Jacob's next match finally came and he won easily. After the tournament Michelle went searching for her son. She looked stunning as usual, wearing a black stretchable tube- top dress which left plenty of bulging cleavage on open display. The heels of her strapless

high heeled mules clicked against the tile floor as she moved out of the gymnasium and into the hallway.

Michelle found there, alone with a girl his age. The two of them giggled flirtatiously. "Honey?" Michelle called, not looking the least bit pleased.

Jacob walked towards his mom and the girl followed behind him. "Hey, mom! Mom, this is Lisa," he said introducing her.

"Hi," Michelle said with a forced smile.

"Jacob told me a lot about you. You're really beautiful," Lisa confessed. "Would you excuse us a minute, Lisa?" Michelle asked.

"Sure, I'll just be outside." Lisa said uncomfortably.

Lisa walked off and Michelle fed her son a perturbed look. "What the fuck are you doing?" she asked.

"She's just a friend. A bunch of them are going out tonight and they want me to go," Jacob said.

"So that bitch can pop your cherry before I do? I don't think so. You're not going," Michelle said without hesitation.

"Fine, I'll just ask dad...he'll let me go," Jacob said, walking past her defiantly. "Excuse me?! Jacob Little, get back here right now!" Michelle demanded.

Jacob stopped dead in his tracks. He knew better than to fuck with his mom. Michelle strolled

over and took his hands, staring lovingly into his eyes. "She can't fuck like I can. I promise you that," Michelle said.

"Mom, we didn't even really have plans to do that."

"Honey, I wasn't born yesterday, and I saw the way she was looking at you. Getting you into her panties tonight is EXACTLY what she has planned for you," his mom said.

Lisa poked her head through the gym doorway.

"Jacob, we're leaving. Are you gonna come?" she asked.

Jacob looked back at his mom who was still staring at him meaningfully. "Get rid of her," Michelle whispered.

"Will you keep me home from school and fuck me tomorrow?" He asked bravely. "You know we can't do that yet."

"Why not?" Jacob asked.

"Because the whole reason for me to let you fuck me is to motivate you to win state!"

"So, you can just keep me motivated by promising to let me fuck you some more," Jacob said. "Please, mom?"

For a moment, the wheels in Michelle's brain were turning like crazy. "No more girlfriends, understood?" she asked.

"Understood!"

"Jacob?" Lisa called, wondering what he and his mother were going on and on about. Michelle stared into her boy's eyes. "Get rid of her."

Jacob looked at Lisa, who still stood in the doorway, glaring impatiently. "I'm tired. That fight took a lot out of me. I think I'm just gonna go home tonight," he told her.

Lisa glanced at Michelle who was glaring back at her with an evil little grin. "Fine!" Lisa said disappointingly, then stomped away.

Jacob hardly slept that night. At breakfast the next morning he couldn't stop looking at his mom as she sat across the table from him. He simply couldn't believe he was finally going to spend the day making love to her.

Several times during breakfast, Michelle stared back at him, her eyes searching his. She too was eager and a little nervous. She knew her son had a big strong dick and the ability to

hammer her mommy-pussy like it had never been hammered before. She knew she was in for a day of intense toe-curling orgasms.

"You two are quiet this morning," he husband Bill commented.

"I'm OK, but Jacob's not feeling too well. I think I'll keep him home from school today," Michelle said, smiling over at her boy knowingly.

"Well, be sure to get plenty of liquid and rest, son. It's the best medicine," Jacob's dad said.

Jacob felt his mom's soft toes trail up his calf under the table. "Oh, he'll definitely be spending most of the day in bed, won't you, honey?" Michelle asked her son, winking secretly at him..

"Yes," Jacob muttered, smiling back at his beautiful mother.

The teen thought his father would never leave for work. His heart began to pound in his chest as he heard his mom close the front door and lock it.

A few seconds later Michelle strolled back into the kitchen, her pretty little bare feet gently tapping the tile floor as she walked. She was still in her short silk robe and her big braless tits did a little wobble, with her thick erect nipples poking out from beneath the fabric, as she stepped near her son.

Jacob was still seated at the table. He watched as his mom sashayed over and sat on his lap, her meaty mommy-ass smothering his hard penis. She gently brushed the hair from his face. "Hi," she said seductively.

"Hi." Jacob answered with an anxious smile. "Nervous?" she asked.

"A little."

She let out a deep breath, seeming hesitant. "Honey, I know you wanna fuck me, but we have a problem."

"What?" he asked.

"Well, number one, I'm not on the pill and getting pregnant really wasn't on my agenda this week."

"I don't mind if you get pregnant, I mean, if you don't," he boy admitted.

Her lips curled into a naughty grin. "I'm sure you don't, but there's another problem. You're not state champ yet, and that was the deal, remember?" she asked.

"But. Mom, you said I could fuck you today."

"You are fucking me today, but just not in the pussy. Do you remember me commenting on how I thought that your big monster of a penis and my big bubbly butt would make quit the pair?" Michelle asked.

"Yeah."

"Well today we get to find out if I was right," she said.

"You mean we're gonna..." he muttered, his face lighting back up..

"Uh-huh! Think you can handle this big ass beating against you all day?" Michelle asked, pushing her thick globes against her son's groin..

"Hell yeah! Jacob said excitedly.

Michelle giggled at his anxious answer. "Well then my little rump-rider, let's get busy, shall we?" she said, standing up. "Upstairs, Cowboy!"

Jacob followed his mom up the stairs. He couldn't take his eyes off the swell of Michelle's peach-shaped behind, as it swayed teasingly beneath her robe.

The mother led Jacob into her bedroom and made her way towards the master bath. Glancing over her shoulder, she gave him a naughty little look as she stepped into the bathroom. "Get naked," she said.

Jacob threw off his t-shirt and boxers. His big teenage boner bobbed eagerly as it stuck out long and erect from his crotch.

A minute later, Michelle stepped from the bathroom with only a bath towel tucked around her waist. Her big pendulous mommy-boobs, with their thick protuberant nipples, trembled gently as she stepped towards her son. In her hand Michelle had a big bottle of lubricant. She squatted down in front of Jacob and squirted an ample amount across his cock. "The key to a good anal fuck is a nice oily boner," she said, stroking the lube across his shaft with her tiny hand, coating it entirely.

"Without proper lubrication you're gonna fight it the whole way. You could even hurt a girl, especially with something this massive," she explained, while coating his boner.

Jacob's cock was now dripping with lube. His mom even coated his dangling scrotum, his big hairless balls slipping through her oily fingers. "Are my balls going in your ass too?" the teen joked.

"No, I just didn't want them to feel left out." Michelle said, gazing at his iron-hard dick, while rolling her tongue across her lips. "Mm, primed, lubed and ready to fuck!"

"Do you put any on you?" Jacob asked.

"Already done. Mommy's butthole's all oiled up and ready for her baby," Michelle said as she undid the towel and threw it aside.

Her boy's eyes were drawn to her shaved mons pubis, getting a good look at his eventual prize. . Michelle slowly turned and struck a cute little pose, with her hands on her waist and the thick unblemished half-moons of her ass sticking out towards her boy.

"Sure you wanna pump this rump?" she asked teasingly.

"Are you kidding?" Jacob asked with heavy excited breath. "Of course I do!"

She slid her hands onto her smooth buns and slowly pulled them apart, exposing her oil- smeared ass-ring. "Are you sure you wanna go in there? It's awfully tight and hot inside that little hole," she continued in a cute sexy girl's voice.

"Damn, mom, you're turning me on like crazy!" he exclaimed.

Michelle giggled, then leaned over and placed one hand on her mattress. She spread her feet slightly apart and stuck her lovely ass

out, giving it a little inviting pat with her hand. "Come on," she whispered. "It's time for less teasing and more fucking."

Jacob stepped up behind his mom, his aching boner leading the way. Michelle watched over her shoulder and his cock lined up perfectly with her ass as he mounted her haunches. "Put that big juicy tip right up against my butthole," she said.

Jacob grasped his cock and place it snuggly against Michelle's anal ring, and her asshole began to expand like an elastic band around him..

"Now push, honey," Michelle whispered.

Jacob pushed his hips forward and watched in awe as his mom's asshole stretched over his cock. The top two inches of his boner was now sheathed in her hot snug ass, stretching out Michelle's anal glands.

"That's it, baby," she sighed, "now just let your boner sink into heaven."

Jacob pushed forward again, squeezing more of his cock into Michelle's butt. He could feel the steamy walls and muscles of her sphincter greeting his thick cock-meat with a snug squeeze.

"Oh God, mom!" he muttered.

"Keep going, honey. Let mommy have it all. All the way to your balls," she whimpered.

Jacob thrust forward again and he felt his tender knob squeeze through the small circular rings surrounding her clasping anal canal. His boner sunk into the depths of his mother's rectum. It seemed to just keep going, inch after vein-covered inch until he finally felt his balls

bump against his mom's pussy and her butt-cheeks press against his abdomen. "Oh God you're big!" Michelle gasped, as her ass adjusted to his massive sex organ.

"This feels incredible!" Jacob sighed, feeling his entire cock encased in his mom's hot smothering ass-tube.

Michelle looked over her shoulder at him. "Don't pop too soon, honey..Remember the drill. Fuck until you get close, grind until it subsides," she said.

"Got it!"

Jacob began to slowly saw his boner up and down her ass-pipe. Before long he fell into a nice rhythm and his mom's thick ass began to beat against him. "Oh, that's it, honey-bear, fuck my ass!" Michelle cried out, now gripping the mattress-sheet with both hands.

Jacob watched as a few inches of his penis appeared, then disappeared, gliding back through the anal ring stretched around it. Michelle's strong glute muscle were superimposed by a thick layer of fat, making her naked buttocks ripple delightfully each time it stuck her son's midesection..

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

He could feel his big hairless scrotum rap against her shaved outer labium each time their bodies met. It was only a couple minutes of pumping before he felt his balls begin to boil.

"Oh, Mom!" his voice quivered, feeling her rubbery rectum gnaw at his muscled cock. "Grab my hips and grind!" Michelle shouted out.

Jacob thrust his penis in as far as it would go, through the diverging walls of the distal rectum. Gripping onto Michelle's hips he began to stir her bowels with his fleshy spoon.. He could feel her rectal

ampulla, the deepest part of her ass, squeezing at his blood-swollen knob. It felt amazing!

"Ohh shit!" he whimpered.

After his cum settled, he began to fuck his mom's ass again. He watched Michelle's tits from behind as they hung heavily from her chest, swinging up and back, up and back in a steady motion.

The aroused mother peered back at him, her breath heavy, her face red and excited. "Havin' fun?" she asked..

"Definitely! Are you?"

"Are you kidding? I love getting fucked up the ass!" she exclaimed. "Let's move onto the bed!"

They stayed joined as Michelle knelt up on the mattress on all fours. Now on his knees, Jacob began thrusting again. This time his mom threw her butt right back at him. "You don't have to do all the work this way. Mom can fuck her ass right back at you!" Michelle said.

"Ahhh!" the boy sighed, as he felt slippery rings of her ass-lining glide wetly across the tender pink meat of his dick.

"Guess what? You're about to make me cum," his mom announced. "Really?"

"Fuck me faster and harder!" she cried out.

Jacob doubled his efforts, pistoning his big thick cock in and out of her hungry ass. Their hot flesh beat together in a frenzied pace.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Just the site of her thick juicy mommy-ass rippling delightfully as it beat back against him made his cock tingle exquisitely. "I think I'm gonna cum too!" he muttered.

"Yess! Slap my fucking ass!" Michelle cried out.

Jacob obliged, taking a sharp strike at her wildly swiveling derriere, making her fatty butt- cheek jiggle.

Michelle felt her orgasm sweep outward from the core of her cunt. Her big boobies did a shivering wobble as they hung down, and she let out a girly little shriek. Hearing his mom scream like horny college girl sent a wild tingle through Jacob's body and opened the sperm- gates.

"Oh God!" he groaned.

Thick fat ropes of potent teenage cum began to pulse from his piss-hole as he hammered his hardon through the grip of his mom's butt-tube. Michelle's ass cheeks were now a constant ripple as they beat against her son at a frantic rhythm.

The mother's rectum squeezed and contracted around her boy's cock, her strong sphincter muscles tightening her anal ring, causing intense friction around his vein-covered shaft, helping to squeeze out his hot load.

After a couple minutes of whimpering and digging around deep in his mom's ass, Jacob pulled his satisfied cock out. He blasted his load so deep inside her ass-guts than none of his spunk came out with his cock. He sighed with a wicked thrill, watching his own mom's anal ring clench closed.

Michelle turned and embraced him, making her huge bobbling tit-knockers rub all over his

chest as she began kissing him passionately.

The day seemed to pass like an erotic dream. Ten minutes after cumming in his mom's ass for the first time, Jacob again found himself plowing her tight anal cavity. This time he was on the bed,

laying on his back. Michelle was mounted on top of him, with her knees astride his hips and her massive breasts pancaked between them.

"Ohh God, I love it in my ass!" the mother groaned.

Jacob laid there as his mom did all the work this time. Michelle's bubble-butt rapidly rose and fell, fucking it's meaty guest in wild desperation. The room was filled with quivering grunts and lewd oily slapping as Michelle's ass beat down on her son.

As soon as Jacob announced that he was getting close, Michelle lifted her chest from his. Her butt squashed onto his groin and his dick sunk so deep up her ass that only his big balls were left, pressed snuggly into her ass-crack. .

The horny mother rocked her hips, stirring her bowels with her son's unyielding hardon. "Yess! Fuck that hot cum into my ass!" the mother cried out in total fuck-lust..

Jacob gazed up at the undersides of Michelle's huge ballooning breasts as they jutted out over his face. He was mesmerized by the way they moved, flopping heavily, as his mom humped on his cock.

Michelle threw her little fists in the air cutely, her pretty face contorting as she threw her long mane of dark hair back . "EEEEOH GOD!" she screamed out.

Jacob watched her body convulse, her tits rocking around wildly as she came. It was an awesome sight, and pressure of her ass squeezing around his cock was insane.

Once off her orgasmic high, Michelle brought her chest down onto Jacob's face and began to work his cock in and out of her ass again.

Jacob rubbed his face between her squishy jiggly jugs, then he sucked and chewed on one of her nipples and areola, so that his

face was buried in the soft-dough-like flesh of her breast.

"Mmnnff!" he whimpered, feeling her ass-tract pump up and down his prick.

Inside Michelle's ass, his teenage erection glistened with a slippery combination of lube and pre-ejaculate, allowing Michelle's tightly-clinging butt-ring and the pleated tube of her ass to glide up and down his pole with relative ease. Mother and son were both in mindless ecstacy.

For a good ten minutes she bounced on his cock, alternating between pumps and grinds, until her baby muttered his orgasmic intentions, then she sat back up, her slobery distended nipple popping from Jacob's mouth.

Again she rocked those beautiful matronly hips, grinding Jacob's cock as deep as it would go. "Fuck my asshole, honeyyy!" she cried out, reaching down and rubbing her clitoris at the same time.

"Holy shit!" she sang out as she again started cumming. "Holy shit, Holy shit, HOLY SHIT!! CUUUMMMIINNG!!

Again, the pretty mother came, harder than before. Jacob smiled with pride as he watched his own mom quiver and cry. Knowing that his dick was making this beautiful grown woman cream again and again was an absolute rush.

Michelle quickly rolled them over on the bed, so that she was now on her back, with her son between her legs. A third of Jacob's cock remained tucked in her ass as they fell into their next position.

"Cum in me this way! You can imagine that you're pounding my pussy!" she said.

Jacob brought his chest down onto Michelle's and stared down into her wanton eyes as he began to saw his cock up and down her anal

pipe. He felt her soft feet slide onto the backs of his legs as she lifted her knees.

The adorable mother looked up at him with dreamy eyes. "Fuck me, honey! Fuck my asshole!" she exclaimed.

The entire bed began to rock beneath them as they found a nice steady rhythm. Michelle slowly coiled her arms around Jacob's neck and pulled his face down to hers. Their lips met and their tongues began to dance. Gradually their kissing became sloppy and their bodies began to thrash together at a frantic pace. They were no longer mother and son, but two sweaty animals butt-rutting wildly.

Jacob grumbled as he hammered his mom's ass hard and deep. "OH SHIT!" Michelle squealed, digging her heels into his ass.

The boy fucked with everything he had and watched his mom's face as she began to show signs of another orgasm. He was beginning to get good at reading her. First her face would go red, then her eyes would roll back in their sockets...then, right before she popped, her cute

little eyelids would begin to flutter as her head tilted backwards.

Jacob felt her ass-muscles tighten around his pecker and her face began it's cute little contortion. It was a pre-orgasmic expression that all moms make, but few sons would ever get to see. Jacob was one of the lucky ones.

Michelle let out a shrieking scream that echoed through the entire house.

If it was one thing that made Jacob pop it was hearing his mom howl. Before he started

fooling around with Michelle, he'd heard her do lots of things...laugh, cry...even scream sometimes when she was mad. This sound was

different though. This was the sound of his mom screaming in intense pussy-pulsing pleasure. He wondered if even his dad, with his much smaller dick, had ever heard her scream with this much intensity.

The flood gates opened and now it was Jacob's turn to howl. He fucked with long savage pumps, hammering Michelle's ass into the mattress. His thick meat flew up and down her anal cavity, smothered by its diverging spongy walls.

"UUUUUGGGHHH, GOD!" Jacob groaned.

Michelle could feel her son's cock flex each time he sent a blast of hot cock-milk into her bowels, digging the knob of his stiff cock as deeply as it could go up his mom's ass. After a full minute of orgasmic heaven, Jacob collapsed onto his mom's chest, exhausted.

Later that afternoon, Jacob's cock moved like a well-lubed piston plunging up and down Michelle's anal cavity. The muscled walls of her butt-canal smothered the thick teenage boner, the subtle ridges of her inner lining causing added friction to his prick.

Jacob moaned as he felt his mom on his lap. She was facing away from him. They were on the sofa in the living room. Michelle was dressed, but her skirt was hiked up to her waist as she bounced on her son's dick.

Jacob's shorts were down to his ankles. His arm was around Michelle's waist, his head resting on her back as her big bubbly ass-cheeks slapped against his groin.

"Fuck, mom!" the boy snarled, ready to shoot another wad up her asshole.

As his cock tingled Jacob heard the garage door open, announcing his father's arrival.

"Relax and cum, honey... We have time," Michelle said softly as she worked her ass on his spitting prick, not the least bit panicked by her husband's arrival.

It would be the seventh time young Jacob had cum in his mom's ass that day and at this point he felt like a blubbering ball of dough, as he felt semen blast up inside her ass-guts.

The mother glanced toward the door, listening for her husband's car door to close inside the garage.

"There you go, baby! Squirt all that hot fuck-juice into mommy's asshole!" she cooed.

When Jacob's cock was through pulsing, Michelle lifted her ass from his lap and his big boner popped from her asshole. A strand of jizz clung to his cock like a string of melted pizza cheese connecting to her asshole as it rose from his lap.

Jacob watched his mom's sphincter tighten, and her anal ring close up, severing the milky rope. Her buns were covered with red hand prints, where her boy had slapped her sexy ass a couple dozen times that day. The skirt fell, covering the big beautiful ass that he had spent the entire day pounding.

Michelle smiled back at him. "My little rump-rider's all pooped out. Rush upstairs and get a shower," she said.

Hearing his dad's car door was extra motivation for him to get his ass off the couch and upstairs.

As he washed himself, Jacob reflected back on his most amazing day. For every one orgasm he had, his mom had three. He remembered the look on her face as she came, the way she would stare into his eyes, like a helpless college girl, cumming on the dick of a well-hung stud.

Later that evening Jacob was at the kitchen table studying when his mom stepped into the room. She had on nothing but a big silk pajama top. Her hair was still wet and slicked back from her shower."How goes the studying?"

"Okay I guess. Some of these words are a pain in the ass," he said. "Need some help?"

"Sure, if you want," he said, watching his mom's obviously braless tits shift about as she sat down next to him at the table. He took a second to her admire her tan silky-smooth legs and adorable little feet with their painted toenails.

"See something down there you like?" she teased. "As a matter of fact, yes," he answered.

"Let's have a look at these," Michelle said, and as she looked over the spelling words Jacob noticed that her pajama top was unbuttoned nearly half-way and her long gaping cleavage was peeking out.

"Wow, some of these are tough," Michelle said. "Tell you what, how 'bout I use these in a sentence and you give me the definition, okay. Let's start with this one... inevitable," she said, then used it in a sentence. "Once Jacob sunk his boner into his mom's hot ass, a hard cum was inevitable."

"Eventual," Jacob said.

"Very good," his mom said, then moved on. "Substantial... One things I love about my son is that the length of his cock is quite substantial," she said, looking into his eyes and winking.

"Large," Jacob smiled with a tinge of pride.

"You got it. Large, strong and yummy!" she grinned. "How 'bout this one... revelation. Discovering how amazing my son was in bed and

how hard he could make me cum was quite the revelation."

"A surprise.".

"Yep... Insignificant... My boy is starting to make the other cock in my life seem quite insignificant," she said.

"Unimportant," he answered, knowing that she must be talking about his father.

"Very unimportant!" Michelle said, staring back at him, then she went to the next word. "Consequence... A son making his mom feel so incredibly fucking good, can have a very orgasmic consequence," Michelle said.

"Result," Jacob said.

"Right again. How 'bout 'attentiveness.' When a mom without panties sits down and spreads her legs..." Michelle said as she brought her foot up and rested her heel on the chair. This caught Jacob's attention and he got a birds eye view of her bare vulva, as her shirt rode up above her waist. "It can surely gain her son's attentiveness," she said.

"You can say that again," the boy muttered. Michelle giggled.

She brought the other foot up too and scooted her butt to the edge of the seat, exposing both her cunt and her butthole. Jacob gawked lustfully. Between the folds of her puffy outer labium, he could see the thick domed hood of her clitoris.

Michelle ran her fingers down onto her pussy and spread apart her labial lips, revealing her pink inner slit. "I'm gonna get a sign put right here, that says 'this spot is reserved for my FUTURE state champion," she joked.

"Dad might not like that sign too much," Jacob pointed out.

"Tough fucking tittie! Then he can go find another spot," she said, obviously joking.

Suddenly, the phone rang and Michelle jumped up to answer it. Jacob watched as her tits rocked beneath the thin silk night shirt.

"Hello?" Michelle answered.

"Is Jacob there?" A soft girl's voice asked. "Who is this?" Michelle asked.

"Lisa," the voice answered.

Michelle got a perturbed look about her."Look, Lisa, my son's not interested in you," Michelle said in a snotty tone.

Jacob got up and reached for the phone. "Mom, just let me talk to her," he said. Michelle turned from her boy keeping the receiver to her ear.

"Can I just speak to him please?" Lisa asked.

"No, you cant. Don't call here again!" Michelle said sternly, hanging up the phone. "Jesus Christ, why are you trying to run my life!" Jacob said angrily.

He grabbed his homework and marched out of the kitchen. "Jacob," Michelle said.

Jacob ignored her and headed straight upstairs. Michelle trailed behind him and as she moved through the living room her husband peeked over the couch.

"What's up with him?" he asked.

Michelle fed her husband an annoyed look at she headed for the stairs. "It's none of your concern. It's between him and I," she said.

52: How Made made him State Champ_3

Michelle's husband went back to his TV show. He knew better than to persist when his wife was pissed.

Michelle found Jacob sitting on the edge of his bed staring at the floor angrily. She closed the bedroom door behind her and locked it. Then she stepped over and crawled onto his bed.

Jacob could sense her moving up behind him. This was confirmed when her smooth naked legs began to wrap around him from behind.

The boy watched his mom's dainty feet slide onto his legs and felt her soft hands slip under his shirt and drag up his chest. He was pulled back gently and sighed as he felt Michelle's large jutting tit-melons flatten against his back.

Michelle began to plant soft wet little butterfly kisses on his neck."You don't need her," she whispered, "Everything you want is right here."

"So how would you feel if I told you to get rid of dad?" Jacob asked. "It's not the same, honey."

"Why is it not the same? You told me downstairs that his cock was insignificant compared to mine," Jacob pointed out.

"And it is...but there are other things that your father does that we should appreciate. Look at today for example...he goes to work, so

that you and I can stay home and fuck. That big bed down the hallway that you and I spent the day romping around in...he paid for that...along with everything else we have."

Michelle slipped out from behind her son and pushed him back onto the bed. She quickly straddled him, hovering over the teen on her hands and knees.

Jacob peered through the half-unbuttoned nightshirt, at the big pendulous milkers hanging from her chest. Her tits were gaping so wide he could see straight through her cleavage and down her sexy torso. He looked back up and saw her smiling down at him.

"I know you're anxious for pussy, but honey your cock wasn't made for someone young and inexperienced," she said, then brought her lips down close to his. " It was made for mommy- pussy. A nice plump experienced twat that can meet it pump for pump," she explained.

Michelle lowered her body onto Jacob's, mashing her pillow-like bosom against him. "Trust me...you'll see. I'll fuck you longer and harder than you could ever imagine. You'll cum so hard when we fuck that you'll go out of your mind!"

"Damnit, mom!" Jacob muttered, his cock throbbing so bad from her words that it hurt. "You're driving me crazy here!"

The teasing mother giggled. "Ohhh, does my honey wanna fuck his mommy?" she asked, then brought her full weight on him and attacked with butterfly kisses.

"Yess'" he hissed.

"Two more victories!" she said between kisses. "Two more victories then you'll fuck the hottest pussy on the planet. Until then, you ignore all the other girls, understand?"

Jacob was willing to do so, but had one more request. "Alright, no more girls, but when I get to be state champ, I wanna get you pregnant."

Michelle giggled. "Pregnant, huh?" she said.

"Yeah, I've seen what being pregnant does to a woman's body and well, I'd love to see yours like that."

"So you wanna see my belly get huge and round, my tits grow twice the size they are now from being swollen with milk, AND see me be even hornier than I am now, is that what you're saying?" Michelle asked.

"Yes! I'd love to see all those things!"

She giggled at how eager he was. "Let me think about that one."

Twenty minutes later Michelle's husband Bill came upstairs. He stopped at Jacob's door and

knocked. "You two in there?" he asked.

Jacob's bed rocked as Michelle's big bubbly ass bounced on his cock, swallowing it from nob to root. She turned her head to the door and her fat pink nipple popped from Jacob's mouth as he peered out from under her big melonous boob.

"Be right there!" Michelle said, trying to contain her excited breath as she spoke.

Their bodies were glistening with sweat from having engaging in a half-hour of vigorous butt- humping. Michelle lowered her ass, so that only her son's hairless scrotum lay nestled in the crack of her ass. She wiggled her hips, letting Jacob's nob soak deep in her hot rectum.

After giving him a big smacking kiss on the lips she jumped off of him. His dick popped like a cork from her butthole, and Jacob sat up and covered it with blankets.

In a flash Michelle buttoned her shirt and opened the bedroom door. Her husband gazed in curiously. "Everything okay? You two aren't killing each other up here, are you?" he asked.

Michelle and Jacob laughed, glancing at one another.

"No,butyoursonISfuckingtheshitoutofmyass,darling,andWAYbetterthanyouever could!"Michelle wickedly thought.

"No, we're fine. We had a little chat and I think we're seeing things eye to eye now, aren't we honey?" Michelle asked her son.

"Yeah, definitely on the same page!"

Bill fed them a satisfied smile. "Good, well I think I'm gonna hit the hay," he said.

"Go ahead, honey...I'll be down in a few minutes," Michelle said, eager to suck her son's cock some more.

They said their "good-nights" and Michelle closed and locked the door again. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Jacob watched as his mom stepped over and knelt between his legs.

"I want your cock in another one of my holes," she whispered in a naughty tone.

Michelle moved the blankets aside, uncovering her son's meaty boner. She stroked it in her dainty hand, then leaned down and began rolling her tongue all over his hairless balls.

"Ohh, yess!" the boy sighed, feeling her strong licker wiggle around all over his nuts.

Jacob leaned back on his elbows watching her. Michelle stuffed both his testicles in her mouth and used her lips to pull on his sack, as her tongue probed all around sperm-filled nuts.

After giving his balls some tongue action, the lusty mother ran her licker up the length of his boner, while looking straight into his eyes. "You like mommy sucking your cock, don't you?"

she asked, speaking into his dick as if it were a meaty microphone. "Better than anything...that we've done so far that is," he answered.

She took him deep in her mouth, so his cock-head was slipping past her larynx, into Michelle's throat. Like a blowjob queen, she fucked his cock with her mouth. She clutched his balls with one hand. They were still coated with saliva, allowing her fingers to stroke and knead them delightfully.

Michelle throat let out lewd gurgling sounds, as her head bobbed up and down. She used her skills to make him cum fast. Jacob threw his head back and grunted as he felt his cock blast for the eighth time that day. Michelle swallowed every creamy drop, then gently nursed on his prick until it began to soften.

"Oh God, mom. How are you so good at that?" the boy sighed as his body went limp on the bed.

"Remember that. Young Lisa from school could never suck your cock the way I can," she said with pride.

At school the next day Jacob did his best to ignore Lisa. After practice he saw a familiar car in the parking lot. It was his Aunt Gail's. He went to the passenger side and opened the door.

Gail smiled at him from behind the wheel, looking gorgeous as usual.. "Hi sexy!." she said. "Hey, Aunt Gail. What are you doing here?"

"Came down for the day to do some shopping with your mom. Wait until you see the hot outfit she picked out to wear for you. You're gonna love it!" Gail said.

"Cool, so are you heading home now?"

"Maybe," she said, glancing down at his bulge, "unless you had something else in mind for me? "Like what?" he asked stupidly.

"Hop in and find out."

Jacob got in her car and closed the door. He couldn't help but notice how skimpy his Aunt's shorts were. Her legs were strong and gorgeous, just like his moms. She was also wearing a form fitting t-shirt and he marveled at how big and wonderful the swell of her boobs were.

"So I heard your mom drained those balls pretty good yesterday. There's still some left in there for me I hope," she said with an anxious grin..

"Of course," Jacob said.

"So, um...where do the guys from school take the girls to park n fuck?" Jacob's heart skipped a beat. "We're gonna fuck?" he asked.

"Well, I promised your mom that I wouldn't let you fuck my pussy. Apparently pussy is off limits, until Jacob Little wins state. However, she also tells me that you are quite the little butt- fucker, is that true?"

"I guess so," he muttered. "If she says so."

"Well it just so happens that your Aunt Gail has a big juicy ass that loves to be filled with hot young cock. You interested?" Gail asked.

"Yeah, um, there's a place in the woods outside of town. That's usually where guys take their dates."

Gail handed him the keys. "Take me there," she said.

On the ride out of town, Gail sat with her back to the passenger-side door. She stretched her luscious legs out and slid one of her cute little bare feet onto Jacob's lap, clenching the tip of his cock with her toes through his shorts.

"Oh I should have had a boy," she sighed, feeling her nipples harden.. "What do you mean?" Jacob asked.

"I love my girls, but it sure would be nice to have a strong teenage cock around the house. Maybe I'll have one for a couple weeks this summer...if I can pull you away from your cock- hungry mother," Gail giggled.

"So do you think she plans on letting me fuck her more than just the one time, if I'm state champion?"

"I'm sure once she feels that big hammer plunging through her pussy she'll be begging you for it all the time," Gail said. "I know I would."

"Really?"

"Yep, and she told me about how bad you'd like to get her pregnant too." "Yeah, that would be super-cool. Do you think she'll let me?" Jacob asked.

"I think it's not the 'being pregnant' part that scares her. It's the idea of having another child that she's not sure about," Gail explained. "You've been her only baby for so long. It's a big decision for her."

"Yeah, I suppose your right," Jacob muttered. He'd been so focused on being able to fuck his mom while she was big and pregnant, that

he hadn't considered the reality of having a little brother or sister around, and knowing that it was technical his kid too.

Gail looked over at him and smiled. "But if you're really itching to pump some seed inside someone, and see her body swell up big and juicy, I'd be more than willing to let you get me pregnant. Your Uncle and I want more kids anyway," she said.

"Sweet!" Jacob said. If his mother refused, having his Aunt big and pregnant to fuck as often as he wanted would be the next best thing.

The mini-van winded down a long dirt road through the woods, until it arrived in a small vacant spot tucked in some bushes.

"The seats lay down in the back and I brought an air mattress that we can pump up. More cushion for the pushin', she said, kissing him on the cheek.

A few minutes later the air mattress was full and in place. Gail closed the back door and went straight for Jacob's cock, fishing it from his shorts. "Gimme that big sugar-stick!" she said, plunging his hard dick into her mouth.

For about five minute Jacob watched his Aunt Gail's pretty head bob up and down as she sucked his cock with gusto. It was absolutely mesmerizing for the young teen to lay there and watch her run her tongue all over his dick and balls, just like his mother had.

Gail got on her knees and threw off her t-shirt. She quickly unclasped her big pink bra and her huge naked jugs sprung free.

"Get those fuckin' shorts off! I want that big dick in my ass!" she exclaimed.

Jacob pulled his shorts off and watched his Aunt peel hers off too. As she slid her dainty panties down her legs Jacob got a good look

at her beautiful bald pussy. It please him to know that it would be available to him all summer to pound his cock into.

Gail had a small bottle of lube and squirted a fair amount onto Jacob's cock. She straddled the hard-dicked teen, planting her knees astride his hips on the air mattress, then grasped onto his dick, licking her butt-crack with his slippery knob.

"Ready for this tight juicy ass, hotshot?" she asked. "Hell yes!"

As Gail lined him up against her butt-ring for penetration, Jacob gazed up at her enormous milkers as they hung down and wobbled back and forth above him. He felt her oily ass-ring slip over his knob and drop straight to his balls.

"Holy shit!" he gasped as he felt the heat of Gail's anal cavity encase his shaft.

"Ohh yess, fuck!" Gail cried out. "Definitely the biggest cock I've ever had up my ass!"

The horny 'older version of his mother' brought her pillowy chest down against his, squashing her tits between them. Her lips met Jacob's and their tongues began to dance intimately.

While kissing, Jacob's horny Aunt bobbed her buns up and down, spearing his hard cock up and down the exquisite grip of her ass-tube. There were so many similarities, Jacob felt like he was fucking a his mom, only a different version. This one was a little rougher. A little wilder.

Like his mom, Gail knew how to work her ass. She had hips that moved like a machine, working her thick buns up and down tirelessly.

Jacob wondered if his Grandma could fuck like this in her younger days. He knew his Grandma Jean was built like her daughters,

especially in the breast department. Then his mind began to wonder if she too could get horny for him, like his mom and Aunt were.

The little mini-van rocked as Jacob plowed the depths of Gail's bowels. It wasn't long before Jacob had his Aunt Gail shuddering with a mind blowing climax.He watched her face contort, just like his mom's. Gail screamed her ass off. She was in the middle of nowhere and could completely let loose.

While her enormous boobs bounced all around his face, Jacob could feel a stream of juice cascading down his balls as Gail's orgasmic cream began to squirt from her urethra.

Michelle stepped into Jacob's room and set his clean clothes down on his dresser. She walked over and sat on the edge of his bed. Just being in his room made her horny. She bounced a

few times, making the bedsprings squeak just as they had the night before.

"What the hell was I thinking. He could be in MY ass right now, not Gail's," she said out-loud. Michelle sprawled back on his bed and dialed her cellphone.

Gail was now on her back with Jacob between her legs. His big cock hammered at her, his balls beating against her ass. Her arms and legs were wrapped around him as she panted on his shoulder delightfully.

Gail's cell phone rang and she reached over and looked at it, recognizing the ring tone. "It's your mother," she sighed..

Gail answered the call.

"Bad timing, Michelle," she said breathlessly. "Is he in your ass?"

"Is he ever! Oh my God, he's so good!" Gail cried as her beautiful heavy-titted body trembled from the force of Jacob's thrusts.

"He had a good teacher," Michelle said proudly, then reached down under her shorts and panties, rubbing her smooth pussy. "Put me on speaker."

"Hi, mom," Jacob panted.

"Hey there, handsome. Having fun?" "Oh yeah!" his voice trembled.

Michelle could hear her sister squealing in orgasm. "Sounds like your making Auntie Gail cum, honey!"

"Yesss! Fuck!!" Gail cried out, her luscious curves trembling delightfully.

Michelle could hear her son emit a sharp breath with each ass-churning pump of his hips. "Oh that's it, tiger...fuck her hard! Come on!" Michelle cheered while rubbing her own clitoris.

Jacob hooked Gail's legs over his shoulders and began pounding her ass with even longer and faster butt-humps. The stay-at-home mother let out a serious of orgasmic cries, the tube of her ass squeezing and pulsating around the boy's plunging boner.

Michelle was jealous as hell. She wanted it to be her asshole that was being pounded. "Yes honey! Fuck us!" she cried out, feeling her own pussy throb and leak with secretions. "Fuck our assholes!"

Jacob growled as he fucked like a sex-crazy rabbit. Gail had been fucked thousands of time,but never like this. She felt like a little fuck doll beneath a big strong monster of a man, only it wasn't a man, it was a teenage boy who knew how to fuck.

She threw her head back again, and let out a scream that nearly shattered the windows. Her back arched off the mattress, her giant

fatty tits squashing out from between their bodies as she trembled delightfully. Jacob could feel the blasts of hot orgasmic girl-cum squirt against his cock, his balls, everywhere! It felt amazing, especially on his cock. "Oh fuck it's good!" He exclaimed.

Michelle bucked around on her son's mattress, her jumbo-sized boobies wobbling around beneath her blouse and bra. Her knees were pulled back, so her smooth mommy-thighs were spread wide-open. He hand whipped around beneath her sexy panties, rubbing her engorged clitoris frantically while listening to her son and sister cum. "Yess! Cum with us! Cum with our pussies!"

Cum blasted from Jacob's piss-hole. His young body shook and writhed as he hosed out hot cords of baby-batter inside his Aunt's hot ass. Gail's body was still quivering. "Oh Jacob!" her

sexy voice cried out.

Together, the three of them grunted and cried out in orgasm, feeling their genitals throb and tingle for what seemed like an hour, but it was only several minutes.

The Eastern finals was the next day and Jacob was getting nervous. He was beginning to go up against the best of the best, guys who had kicked his ass before and could easily do it again.

This time the match was four hours away and the plan was that his parents would meet him there. After the match, it would be another hour drive to Jacob's Grandparent's lakeside cabin, where they would spend the weekend for their annual family reunion.

Because it was such a big day for Jacob and family were in the area for the reunion, he saw lots of familiar faces at the match. His mom was as stunning as ever of course, wearing a sexy pair of low cut jeans, a cami top and matching high-heeled mules.

Aunt Gail was there with her clan. She wore a strapless dress with matching stiletto thong-slide sandals. Jacob's Uncle Ed was a big dude. Little did he know that his big dicked nephew was pounding his wife's ass the day before.

Jacob's Grandma Jean was there too. For a sixty-five year old woman she looked pretty fucking yummy. She wore a sleeveless turtleneck sweater-dress and a sexy pair of cork-slide sandals. She had a little more meat on her than Michelle or Gail, but more meat meant bigger curves and some of the biggest tit-melons Jacob had ever seen.

Jacob's Grandfather was at home. He was suffering the later stages of Alzheimer's and didn't get out much.

Finally, there was Aunt Trudy, who Jacob hadn't seen for a couple of years. At forty she was the oldest of the three sisters and was nine months pregnant. With a huge round baby-orb, she was a little meatier, like Jean and looked to be just behind her in the tit-size department. Trudy had flowing blonde hair and a deep copper-tone tan.

Trudy had a daughter name Laura who was Jacob's age. She had beautiful dark hair and milky- white skin. Her tits weren't nearly as big as the older women in the family, but still larger than any girl at Jacob's school.

Taking a break from his stretches, Jacob went over and said hello to everyone. He hugged Aunt Trudy and the feel of her mammoth belly and milk-filled jugs felt amazing pressed against him. "Kick some ass today, kid!" she said encouragingly.

It was the hug from his Grandma that sent the blood rushing to the boy's cock. Never before had he felt boobs so huge and soft. He literally felt like his skinny chest was being swallowed up between them. "Make me proud, honey!" his Grandma said.

Jacob thought about something besides his Gran's tits, trying to keep from getting an erection.

Despite trying, he couldn't help but follow Jean's wobbling tits as she sat next to Michelle in the stands. He imagined how big her areola and nipples must be. What it would be like to be smothered in breasts so large. Jacob had gotten good at working some jumbo jugs recently and

wondered if his Grandma would give him a shot at working hers over. "Hi, Jacob," A sweet girl-voice said.

Jacob turned to face his cousin Laura. "Hey, Laura." "It's been a long time," she said, moving in for a hug.

She had a different feel than the other woman in the family. She was young and fragile. Jacob felt so big and strong with her in his arms. She pressed plump tits against him, mashing them against his chest. Jacob though about how much he'd like to nail her against the wall.

Jacob's fight was a nail-biter, but in the end he got the decision and became the Eastern Regional champion. As the ref held his hand up in victory, the boy looked over at his cheering female family members and their heavy boobies flopping up and down as they celebrated his victory.

After having a shower, Jacob came out of the locker room and found his mom, Gail, Aunt Trudy and Grandma waiting for him. "There's our winning boy!" Jean said.

"Where's everyone else?" Jacob asked.

"They already left for Grandma's, honey," his mom answered. "During the ride there, we kinda figured if you had enough steam left, you might wanna wrestle with three grown women in the back of Aunt Gail's van."

Jacob looked around as the women stared with anxious smiles. "You mean like..."

"A sexual wrestling match!" his Aunt Trudy exclaimed, her hands rested on the big round shelf of her pregnant tummy.

"Ohh!" the boy muttered, his eyes lighting up. The women burst out laughing, amused by his innocent reaction.

"He's so damn cute." Jacob's Grandma said, taking his arm.

"He's even cuter with his clothes off," Michelle said, taking her son's other arm and they led him out into the parking lot. The group all piled into Gail's fancy travel van. Gail took the driver's seat, Michelle, Jacob, Grandma Jean and Trudy in the back.

The air mattress was already blown up, spread out and ready for their boy. Jacob sat in the center of the mattress and found himself surrounded by big breasted relatives. He watched as they began slipping their sexy feet from their heels.

"Good gracious, I feel like a randy little teenager girl again," Jean said, as she began undoing her sweater-dress.

"He's gonna have you screaming like a teenage girl here in a minute, mom." Michelle said, unbuttoning her own blouse.

"Wait until you see how enormous his cock is, momma," Gail said from the driver's seat..

By the time they got out of the parking lot the women had stripped down to their bras and panties. Jacob just sat there with his mouth agape. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine he'd see this much cleavage in one place.

"Take it slow now, Gail." Trudy reminded her sister. "You don't wanna get pulled over and have to explain why three grown women are

raping a teenager in the back of your van."

The women crowded in closer around him. "I told you're Grandma how much you like big boobies, so she thought it only appropriate that we let you take off our bras." Michelle said to her son. "Here, you can start with mine."

Jacob sat up on his knees as Michelle moved around to the front of him. His Aunt Trudy kneeled behind him lifting his shirt up and over his head. Michelle was wearing a strapless bra so as soon as Jacob unclasped it her big oversized titties sprung out heavily.

He brazenly reached around and cupped her big soft udders, lifting them from her tummy. "Feel familiar?" she asked, smiling back at him.

"Oh yeah," He sighed, letting his fingers sink in to the meaty flesh of his mom's boobs. "My turn," Trudy said from behind him.

Jacob turned around and Trudy's back was already to him. Michelle sat back and peeled off her thong panties, getting completely naked.

Jacob unclasped Trudy's big pink maternity bra and slipped the strapped over her shoulders. As the cups fell, he reached around for a feel. His hands were swallowed by huge melons of spongy tit-flesh.

"Oh my God," he sighed, peeking over her shoulders at her enormous rack. "Big huh?" Trudy asked with a naughty grin..

"And heavy," Jacob added.

"They're full of milk for the baby. Pull on my nipples. Feel how big a puffy they are."

The boy latched on to her engorged teats and stretched the skin of her tits out by pulling on them. Big trickles of breast-milk squirted

between his fingers. "Wow!" he muttered.

As marvelous as they felt, he couldn't wait to get his Grandma's bra off. He turned to her and she had a big smile. A roll of bulging tit-meat was literally oozing over the top of the huge white

cups of her bra. "My Grandson's about to find out where the women in this family get their big boobies from," She said, crawling around so her back was to him.

Trudy sat back and pulled her panties over his hips.. The orb of baby-meat was so big on her tummy that she just sort of rocked back and forth as she slid her panties off. Her shaved pubis was already wet with arousal.

Jacob crawled up behind his grandma and unfastened the five hooks that kept her titty-cage closed. It was more hooks that what the other women had on their bras, but he knew that more clasps meant bigger, heavier tits. When Jacob reached around he about creamed his shorts as he hefted the biggest, softest tits he could have ever imagined existed.

"Holy shit!" he sighed excited, getting a giggle from the women. "I used to get that same reaction from your Grandpa," Jean said. "They're so...so soft," Jacob muttered.

"Oh, it's been so long since they've been squeezed like that." "Momma, sit back," Michelle suggested.

Jean sat down and Michelle whispered something into Jacob's ear. He got a big smile and followed his Grandma down to the mattress.

The excited teen watched his Grandma's enormous jugs roll slightly off the sides of her chest. Her areola were massive, as big around as a softballs and had a rough engorged texture.. As Jean leaned back on her elbows Jacob lifted one of her drooping udders. His face sunk into the melonous flesh, and his tongue went to work. His

Grandma's nipples were like elongated cherries, thick and rubbery. He sucked one into his mouth, whimpering like an excited child.

Trudy moved behind the teen and cupped his big hairless balls. "Oh, my, my, my," she sighed, "just look at those big yummy balls."

Jacob was really going to town now on his Grandma's breast. He had slipped over into animal mode, sucking, chewing and pulling on her pink papilla, his tongue flailing away at her spongy softness. He could have spent all day on her boobs, but found himself licking his way down between her legs. Jean brought her knees back, spreading her thick thighs wide open.

The boy was surprised to find very little hair on her crotch. The fat fleshy hood of her clitoris protruded out from between her puffy outer labium. Jean reached down and peeled back her clitoral sheath with two finger, exposing a juicy pink marble-sized clitoris. Jacob wasted no time leaning down and beating his tongue against it.

"Oh good heavens!" Jean gasped, her body jerking from the contact of her Grandson's tongue. Remembering the skills he'd been taught, Jacob first dug his face down between her fleshy

outer layers, then plowed his tongue back and forth across her juicy vaginal opening and her urethral meatus. The pungent aroma of her sweet nectar made his head spin in delight.

"Ohh Lord!" the Grandmother bucked as her Grandson tongue-fucked her pussy.

Jacob sucked her fleshy labia into his mouth and let his tongue roll about all over them. He wondered how long it had been since his Grandma had her pussy eaten like this.

He worked his licker on her big wrinkly butthole, knowing it wouldn't be long before it was stretched around the root of his cock.

When he went back to her clit, Jacob inserted two fingers into her cunt-hole and found her sensitive G-spot. He dug at it as his tongue fluttered away at her fat love-nub.

"Oh Sweet Jesus!" she moaned, tossing her head around in ecstacy.

Jacob was relentless in his assault. He soon had his Grandma bucking and squirming as she entered a realm of orgasm she had seen in many many years. Her body bounced, her extremely fat milkers wobbling around like big fleshy waves across her chest. She cried out in orgasm, and Jacob stayed with her, his tongue and fingers working together like an amazing pussy-pleasing machine.

His Aunt Trudy was spreading some clear lubricant all over his erection.. Jacob knew it was time to be on his back.

"Oh my God, what a beautiful cock," Trudy said, licking her lips. . "A beautiful, well trained cock," Michelle said with pride..

Jacob fell over onto his back watching his mom and Aunt Trudy reach back and smear their assholes with lube.

"Your Aunt Trudy likes it hard and rough, sweetie. Are you up for the task?" Michelle asked.

"I can do hard and rough, but I don't wanna hurt the baby" Jacob said anxiously, flexing his boner.

Trudy gazed down at the meaty cock-spike. It was throbbing, glistening and ready to fuck. "The baby's nice n safe in the womb. You're not gonna hurt her one bit. .

Jacob watched as his Aunt mount him. Her tits were insanely big.. She didn't have to lean down very far for them to be hanging just above Jacob's face. He squeezed them roughly from the sides, making the fatty and glandular meat inside them expand them out

even more. Breast-milk began to lightly trickle out of several different milk-ducts surrounding her nipples.

He felt her gasp his boner and fit his nob against the oily ring of her anus..

"Oh God!" Jacob muttered as he felt her anal ring slip over his tip and her sphincter muscles greet him with a snug squeeze.

Jacob's horny Aunt lowered her ass, cramming his thick cock-meat into her ass. She began to bounce on his hard pecker, plunging him deep into her hot slippery rectum. Now straddling the teen, her huge pregnant belly and milk-engorged tits wobbled and bounce right above his ogling eyes.

"Oh Jesus that's a big dick," Trudy panted, not used to having one that large in her ass. "I told you," Michelle giggled.

For a good five minutes the back of the van was filled with a steady repetitious SLAP as Trudy's thick ass beat down on her nephew's thick meaty cock, screwing it up and down her anal-cavity.

Jacob was growing accustomed to having big spongy tits smothered against his face while he fucked, but Trudy's pregnant tits had a different feel to them. Her melons were much firmer from being swollen with milk and her nipples and areola were obscenely engorged.

"Mmmnnfff!" the boy grumbled, his lips sealed around the fringe of her pinkish-purple rings, elongating her rubbery teat inside his mouth and making milk spray out like crazy.

At the center of Trudy's bobbing ass, her asshole contracted around Jacob's thick cock-muscle and her body began to convulse.

"OH GOD I'M CUMMING!" she screamed.

Jacob pumped his hips from the air mattress, slicing his cock up through the grip of her ass as she came. With his head smothered in a big ball of tit-meat, Jacob let out a milk-slobbering sigh, feeling the glans along his coronal ridge tingle delightfully as his tender pink boner was stroked by the slippery ribbed sheath of Trudy's ass-tube.

He felt his nuts tighten up, fighting off the urge to cum. Jacob was proud of how he could fuck a woman hard through an orgasm. With the help of his mom he had learned by now how to pace himself.

"My turn, greedy butt," Michelle said, pushing at her sister's side.

Jacob's cock slipped out of his Aunt Trudy's ass, but within seconds it was slipping though his mom's anal ring.

"Hi handsome," she smiled, gazing down into his eyes as she pushed his cock deeper and deeper into her ass.

"Hi mom," he said breathlessly.

"Another big win," she said proudly, squeezing her boy's cock-nob with her rectal muscles. "Getting close to the state tournament," he said.

"Then, with one big win, you'll be fucking my pussy," she said. Michelle's ass slapped against her son's balls as her beautiful stretched butt-ring glided up and down his shaft.

Jacob's Grandma leaned over, staring down at the teen with her daughter. With their faces together, Jacob could see the resemblance. One's face was just a little wrinkled than the other, but they both had those beautiful sparkling eyes and big pouty lips.

"Oh the sexual vigor of a teenage boy. Makes me wish I was young again," Jean said. "Oh don't worry, mom, he'll make you feel young again," Michelle said breathlessly.

Trudy joined them, peering down at the lucky teen on her hands and knees, with her ginormous hanging breasts bumping softly up against him.. "You can say that again. I haven't cum that fucking hard since college," Trudy said.

Jacob was now surrounded by six of the biggest breasts he ever imagined existed. Michelle's tits drug against his chest as they rocked up and back from her butt-thrusting. Trudy's and Jean's boobs just sort of hovered there near his face, bumping him softly as they all doted over him.

"Yep, my Grandson's gonna have three cock-hungry ass's to take care of all weekend," Jean said. "Four," Gail shouted from the driver's seat.

"Four hungry ass's. Sorry, baby," Jean said to her daughter.

Trudy watched in amazement as Jacob and Michelle's bodies seemed to move as one. After every dozen butt-churning pumps Michelle would grind her ass for about ten second, stirring her bowels with her son's dreamy cock. Then she would go back to bouncing. She knew just how to keep her baby going.

"God, look at you two. You're amazing together," Trudy said.

"We've had a little practice at this, haven't we, honey?" Michelle said, smiling down at her son. "Yep."

"If he can last that long in your ass, imagine what he can do to your pussy, Michelle," Trudy reminded her.

"Well after next week I won't have to imagine anymore," she said, her voice quivering. "That's right," Jean said. "You'll have a studly state champion to fuck."

"Are you excited, Jacob?" his Aunt Trudy ask, gazing down with her beautiful eyes. "Are you excited to fuck your mom up the pussy?"

"Yes!" the boy hissed, incredibly aroused.

"Better be careful, she'll end up big n pregnant like me," Trudy said. "I wouldn't mind that at all," the boy confessed.

His Grandma's eyes lit up. "Oh really. So would the baby be my Grandson, or my great Grandson?" she teased.

"Grandson," Michelle answered. "Because as far as everyone else is concerned the baby's dad would be my husband."

Trudy and Jean smiled at each other. "Hm, clearly she's thought this pregnancy idea through," Jean said.

"Well if Jacob and I are gonna be having unprotected sex together, it is a possibility that I could end up pregnant."

"Aww, you guys should totally do it. Your baby would be adorable," Trudy said. "I think my eager honey here wants to do it for other reasons," Michelle said.

Trudy rose up onto her knees, making the huge ball of her pregnancy and her milk-engorged tits jut out over the boy's eyes. "I think I know what those 'other reasons' might be," she teased.

"Uh-huh," Jacob agreed, gazing up at her extraordinary curves.

"He wants a pregnant mommy so she can smother him," Trudy said, dropping her enormous tits onto his face.

Jacob rubbed his face delightfully all over his Aunt meaty mammaries.

While Trudy smothered him, Jean's spoke to Michelle, who continued to pump her son's cock through her ass. "Such a strong boner!" the Grandmother said, watching the veins and tendons at the base of

Jacob's prick pop out, sustaining the force of his deep anal penetration.

"Unbelievably strong," Michelle gasped, humping tirelessly.

"And his balls or so full," Jean said, combing her long nails across her Grandson's swollen nuts. "If he doesn't give you a baby next week it'll be a miracle," she said, peeking up at her daughter. "Does he ejaculate a large volume of sperm?"

"I would say ten to twenty ropes of semen, depending on the intensity of his orgasm," Michelle said.

"Well better be careful with those Kegel grips when you fuck him. You make him cum too hard and your egg won't stand a chance."

Michelle shrugged her shoulders. "Oh well, then I guess I get pregnant. Winning State is a huge accomplishment, which means this mom's pulling out all the tricks with her reward, Kegel grips and all."

"Oh damn, Mom. I'm feeling really good!" Jacob moaned, feeling his balls tingle with the sensation of a hard orgasm.

"So am I, baby, so I want you to cum with me. When we're done the three of us will suck you to another hard-on, then you can hump you're Grandma the rest of the trip, okay?" Michelle said.

"Mm, sounds good to me." Jean said with a big smiled.

Michelle laid down flat on her son's chest, squashing her bobbling knockers between them. Jacob watched as her gorgeous mommy-ass rose and fell rapidly, plunging his cock through her ass. He then gazed up at the two other sets of huge hanging udders floating over him.

"Michelle, I think my nephew's got a titty-fetish," Trudy giggled.

She let one of her massive milkers hang down just above Jacob's face. Jacob looked straight up at the leaking nipple as it wobbled teasingly. He was like a little boy being tempted with an ice- cream cone.

"You wanna suck that milky nipple while you cum, baby boy?" his Aunt said, then dropped her boob-melon onto his face, smothering it completely.

"OH JACOB!" Michelle squealed, her ass hammering him relentlessly. A hard cum shot through her heavy titted body like an electric current.

The boy sucked hard on Trudy's nipple and the tit-nector flowed into his mouth. He felt his mom's body begin to quiver delightfully against his. That's when his cock exploded!

"Hhhmmfff!!" he moaned, his tongue rolling wildly across Trudy's milky engorged teat.

The first cum-rope to blast from Jacob's cock had to be his biggest ever. The long fat steam of spunk hosed into Michelle's bowels. Even the humping, orgasming mother could feel the first few squirts of jism and her son's cock-head balloon against the walls of her cuntal-cavity.

Their bodies wrestled through their respective orgasms, not seeming to want it to end.

Jacob didn't know if he black out from the intense pleasure for a few minutes or what happened, but when he opened his eyes he was looking straight up into his Grandma's smiling face as she peered down over her giant stiff-nippled knockers. Jean had his head in her lap, stoking it lovingly as her two daughters worked on Jacob's cock and balls in the form of a hot juicy blowjob. "There's my handsome Grandson. Back with us?" Jean asked lovingly.

Michelle and her pregnant sister Trudy lashed their long tongues all over the boy's hard dick, while taking turns sucking his big cock back to a full hard-on.

As Jacob lay back, enjoying the amazing sensations of having his rod sucked on my two grown women, he gazed up at the underside of Jean's incredibly large tits. He knew that as soon as his cock was back at full mast he'd be smothered in their love. Between the wonderful eye-candy and the way his mom and Aunt sucked cock, it wasn't long.

Michelle popped the dick from her mouth, giving it a little wiggle. "There...hard as a flagpole," she said.

Trudy took one last lick down across his balls. "Mm, I could suck this cock for hours," she said in a sexy tone..

"Thank you, girls." Jean said, crawling down to take her turn at mounting him.. "Be gentle with her, honey," Michelle said, giving his stick a few final strokes. "Oh nonsense. I may be older, but I can still handle a hammering." Jean smiled.

Jacob's tongue hung out as he watched his Grandma's huge fat udders loom over him, like fleshy watermelons. They way they teetered back and forth from their immense weight was spellbinding.

Michelle crawled up and got in the passenger seat of the van, while Trudy moved up between the two front seats. Jacob could hear the girls giggling as they whispered between each other.

"Sure you wanna hump this old body?" Jean asked, grasping her Grandson's cock.

"I wanna make you feel good Grandma. I wanna make you feel like a young lady again," Jacob said.

"Oh, you are quite the charmer." Jean said, fitting his tapered nob between the cheeks of her big naked buttocks.

Jacob thought it would take some work to get into his Grandma's ass, but his oily boner slipped right in and sunk all the way to the hilt.

"Oh shit!" he moaned, feeling his erection encased in the hot tube of her ass. Jean leaned down and buried the teen's face between her monstrous breasts, then began to pump her matronly derriere up and down on his cock.

"Oh my that is a big one!" She said as she felt her Granson's long thick cock-muscle squeeze into her rectum.

There was so much wonderful tittie-meat that all Jacob could was sigh delightfully as he rubbed his face all around the deep pocket of squishy cleavage. Jean's boobs were so ridiculously

massive and so spongy soft that the boy just wanted to roll his tongue across every inch while she fucked his cock with her asshole..

The girls peeked back and saw their mom's big bubbly buttock rising and falling at a nice steady rhythm. Jacob's boner looked so thick and strong with her wrinkly little butt-hole stretched around it's girth. "It's probably been awhile since mom had something like that up her ass," Trudy whispered.

"I bet she loves the attention her boobs are getting too," Michelle said.

Gail peered back through her rear view mirror. "And she'll keep enjoying it as long as she doesn't smother him to death with those huge things," she said, making her sisters giggle.

Jacob found her engorged teat and clamped his lips around it. The other women had big thick areolas, but he could still pull them into his mouth, along with their stiff nipples. This wasn't the case with his Gram. The rubbery-textures rings surrounding her nipples were just too big around to suck into his mouth. Still, he made a valiant effort, gorging himself greedily with distended hunk of fatty flesh.

He heard his little whimpering sounds. Even though she was 62 years old Jacob felt like he was fucking a young woman. He wanted nothing more than to fuck her silly and make her cum.

The strong teen grabbed his Grandma's ass and began to jerk his hips upward, meeting her down stroke. He began fucking so hard that she couldn't keep up. All she could do was hang on. Ohh my God!" Jean cried out.

Lewd slapping filled the vehicle as Jacob's scrotum thumped against Jean's bouncing ass.

Michelle and her sisters couldn't help but watch, mouths agape, as the teen assaulted their mother's ass.

"Holy shit, Michelle, he's like a fucking porn star!" Trudy exclaimed. "I told you he's a fucking stud." Michelle said with a proud smiled.

Jacob snarled in lust, with his tongue rolling all around against the puffy nipple inside his mouth and the meaty mound of her smothering tit swashing all over his face. He felt his Gram's rectal muscles squeeze at his tender prick as it thundered through her ass-tract.

Jean suddenly cried out and shook as her body exploded with orgasm. Jacob didn't let up. He continued to pump his cock up his Grandma's ass for about two more minutes, until he felt her come down from her orgasmic cloud. Then, like he was reversing one of his opponents, he rolled her over on her back.

His cock stayed lodged in her rectum and Jean's thick strong legs instinctively coiled up around his waist as he began to fuck hard again. The boy made animal-like grunts, fucking like a mad-

man as he settled his full weight down on top of Jean, singing down between her tits.

The horny teen was going at it so hard that Michelle began to feel concern for her mother. "Jacob, maybe you should slow down, honey," she suggested..

"Don't you dare slow down, love!" Jean shouted breathlessly. "You just mind your own business over there, young lady." .

Trudy smiled at her sister. "Don't let age fool you, little sister.

Jacob lifted himself off her chest with extended arms, while he continued fucking. He wanted to see how his Grandma's giant knockers moved while being fucked in this position. He wasn't disappointed. Jean's milkers were spread out across her chest like big round pillows of flesh, "Ahhh, shit!" the boy's voice quivered, flexing his cock at the site of her rolling, rippling boobs.

For ten solid minutes, Jacob's body thrashed against his Grandma as he lay against her massive breasts. Every few minutes he would hear a little whimper and feel her body quiver and her butt- tube clench up even tighter around his plunging meat. Finally, it was Jacob's body that shook as fat ropes of hot semen surged from the tip of his penis.

"Ohh damn!" he groaned. It seemed like they'd never stop as for two minutes he continued grinding and pumping more and more cum into Jean's ass.

Catching their breath, their bodies now a sweaty heap, Jean held her Grandson to her soft bosom, gently running her fingers through his hair. "Oh...my Grandson. My sweet, sweet baby," she sighed.

Gail pulled the van over to the side of the road. "What are you doing, sis?" Michelle asked.

"Giving you the keys. It's my turn," Gail said said with an anxious smile..

"Good God, you must be crazy, Gail. He just had two orgasms, the poor boy must be spent." Trudy said.

Michelle peered at Jacob as he rolled off his Grandma and onto his back.

"Is that true, Jacob? Are you too tired to fuck one more ass?" she asked naughtily..

Jacob's cock twitched, still fully erect. The women up front noticed it and smiled. "Teenage cock, tired? HA!" Gail said, handing her sister the keys.

Jacob's Grandparents had a beautiful lakeside log cabin tucked in a private little cove. The family met there every year for their annual reunion.

It was pretty spacious inside the two-story cabin, with more than enough room for everyone. Jacob slept on an air mattress in his Grandma's sewing room on the second floor. Exhausted from both his fight and his butt-humping in the van the night before, the boy slept in until almost eleven in the morning.

After laying there for a little bit, listening to the birds outside chirp, he sensed someone standing in the doorway. Michelle smiled at her son as she struck a cute little pose in the doorway, with her hands on her hips. She was completely naked, her hair pulled back in a pony. "Good morning, handsome," she said sweetie. .

It still seemed surreal that he was looking at his own mom nude. He figured everyone must be out of the house for her to be so brazen.

Hi, mom," he muttered.

Michelle's sexy bare feet tapped lightly on the wood floor as she stepped over and crawled under the blankets with him. Jacob slept in only his boxes and he had the usual morning tent- pole. After snuggling up against him and mashing her tits against a portion of his chest, Michelle fished out his prick and began to gently stroke at it.

"Mm, nice n hard, just the way mommy likes it," she cooed. "Where is everyone?" Jacob asked.

"All the boys and kids took the pontoon out fishing for the day. Your Aunt Trudy and Aunt Gail are out sunbathing on the dock, and Grandma's downstairs cleaning, as usual." Michelle said.

"Aunt Trudy's daughter Laura's kind of a tomboy, isn't she?" Jacob asked.

"She always has been, and speaking of Laura, your Aunt Trudy tells me she's not on the pill, so don't get any bright ideas, Romeo," Michelle teased.

"Do you think she'd let me stick it in her ass?" Jacob asked.

"Well if she's anything like her mother there won't be an issue. Trudy doesn't want her knowing about any of this though, so if decide to get into her panties, you're on your own," Michelle said.

Michelle crawled onto her son, planting her knees astride his hips and letting her pendulous tits drag softly against his chest. Still clutching his hard-on, she lowered her ass and ran the fat bell tip through the moist folds of her vagina. "One more match," she said, gazing adoringly. "One more win and my baby will be a full-fledged motherfucker."

"It's hard waiting," he sighed..

"I know it is, and it's been such a long wait hasn't it, honey?" "Long and hard," Jacob giggled.

"Like your cock." Michelle said, rubbing his cock-tip around in the slick mouth of her vagina. She

climbed to one side of him, the squashed her big mommy-melons against him as she brought her lips down to his. "Why don't you reach down and beat your dick while I love on you," she suggested.

Jacob reached down and stroked his erection while he lay there while his mom loved on him, fluttering her tongue against the sensitive spots on his neck. He wondered how many other boys in the world were getting this same treatment. How many other guys were laying in bed with their big breasted moms showering them with affection..

"Now just look at you two," his Grandma Jean said from the doorway. Michelle peered back and smiled. "Hi, momma," she said.

Jean came over and sat beside them. Jacob noticed that his Grandma was wearing a big flowery robe. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her huge boobs wobbled when she sat. "You're just like a couple of horny little bunnies," she smiled as they all giggled.

"Can you blame me for being horny? Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?" Michelle said, gazing down at her son with goo-goo eyes.

Jean stared down at Jacob, softly running her long nails across his cheek. "He reminds me of your father when he was younger. So strong and tender, always eager to crawl between my legs," Jean confessed.

"You miss that, don't you momma?" Michelle asked.

"I'd be a fool if I said I didn't. I may be old, but I am still a woman." "You're a beautiful woman, Grandma," Jacob told her..

"Oh I'm glad you think so, sweetie-bear." Jean said.

"Do you wanna love on him with me, while he strokes his boner?" Michelle asked her mother. "I'd love to. I may be a little overdressed though. Let me get rid of this robe."

Jacob watched her Grandma's robe slip off her shoulders. She knelt on the opposite side of him as her daughter and they began planting kisses all up and down his upper half of his young body. "Mm, do you like, honey?" Michelle asked, licking at one of his nipples while her mother kissed

his neck. "Do you like the way we're kissing and licking on you while you stroke your big cock?"

"Yes!" the boy sighed, extremely aroused as he felt their jumbo-sized titties drag all over his chest.

"What do you think about when you stroke like that, sugar?" Jean asked, while sensually smacking her lips against his neck. "Do you think about wet pussy?"

"Yes ma'am," he sighed, loving the feel of both his mom and his Gram's big mammaries laying on his chest.

"Wet, hot experienced pussy squeezing around your big hardon?" Michelle asked in a lusty voice, tenderly kissing her way down his abs.

"Ahhh!" the boy sighed, feeling their wonderful lips and tongues probe his upper body.

"While a woman's big bouncy breasts swing and beat against your handsome face," Jean said, then kissed his lips sensually.

Michelle drug her thick tongue up his torso, as Jean and her son began kissing passionately. "Ohh, he loves big boobies, don't you, baby?" she sang, then planted kisses on his chest. "He loves to squeeze 'em," kiss, kiss, "and kiss 'em," kiss, kiss, "and suck and nibble on the juicy nipples," kiss, kiss, kiss.

Jean lifted her lips from Jacob's and gazed dreamily into his eyes. "Ohh, Grandma's little boobie- bear," she cooed, then sprawled across her Grandson's face tits-first, smothering him between her huge fat udders.

Jacob thrust his hips from the bed from the thrill of having his entire head wedged in his Grandma's monster cleavage. To make things even better, he felt his mom's hand wrap around his cock, along with his own, and her tongue whip wetly all over the nob of his boner..

"Mmmnff!" the boy whimpered, mashing his face into one of Jean's colossal tits.

"Mm, mommy will suck his hardon and make it feel like a wet pussy," he heard his mother say, then she began sucking his cock vigorously.

Jacob moaned in delight, muffled by all the squishy tit-flesh around his face.

"Yes, honey! Suck that young beautiful dick," she cried out. "Show him what mothers do best!"

The lucky teen kissed all over his Grandma's buxom boob until he finally found her huge pink cap. He slurped her thick rubbery nipple into his mouth and sucked like a starving infant.

Michelle's pretty head bobbed up and down tirelessly, providing her son a hot sloppy blowjob, while beating the base of his cock with her hand.

Jean pushed part of her fat tit down so she could watch her cute Grandson suck her nipple. The boy looked his Grandma in the eyes, his lips forming a tight seal around the center of Jean's massive areola. She grinned at him in a naughty manner. "That's my tit-hungry boy. Sucking on Grandma's big nipples like a pacifier," she said.

Jacob watched her eyes get big as he drug his teeth down the fat tender nubbin.

"It's ok, sweet boy, be as rough as you want," she sighed, "those nipples were made for boys to

suck and chew on."

Now that he was given the green light, Jacob did just that, sinking his teeth into the engorged papilla, making his Grandmother's eyes roll back. "Mmmff!" he whimpered, chewing on her flesh while feeling his mom suck his cock exquisitely.

While Michelle's husband captained the pontoon boat at the far side of the lake, he had no idea that at that moment, his wife was sucking on their son's big teenage cock. Michelle felt completely justified in doing so, although she would never dare divulge to her hubby what her and her son had been up to. Her only problem was that she was becoming mindlessly addicted to her son's penis. All she could think about was stroking it, sucking it, wrapping her tits around it and shoving it up her ass. She knew that once she had it in her cunt, she'd be determined to fuck him again and again.

She felt her son's hips jerk and his boner give off a mighty throb inside her cock-stuffed mouth. She was convinced now that part of being a mother was to use her mouth like a pussy-hole for her boy to blow his wad into.

"Ggnnggfff!" she gagged, feeling a fat rope of jizz shoot straight down her throat. She knew this is when her big-dicked boy needed

her the most. He needed her lips to tighten around his muscular meat. He needed her to suck her cheeks in, tightening her oral sheath to imitate the snug ribbed walls of a smothering vagina. He needed tongue to do something special, looping around and around his plunging erection, swirling his hot semen inside the warm confines of her mouth like mixer whipping batter inside a bowl.

She heard her teen grumble beneath the weight of her mother's tit. Her hand squeezed and jerked at his thick girthy cock-base, pumping out more and more hot ball-juice. Sucking her own son's ejaculate out of his penis seemed so primal and wonderful. He was hers after all. She had carried him, and squeezed him out of her cunt. In a way, his cock belonged to her, and so did whatever was in his balls.

After completely milking him off, the two mothers laid there snuggled against him, Scratching their nails teasing on his body.

Finally, Jacob's Grandma stood up and started for the door. "Well, I'm gonna leave you two love- birds alone and go back to my cleaning," she said.

After she left the room Michelle gave her son a serious look. "I'm gonna go back out and lay in the sun. Will you do me a favor, honey?" she asked.

"Sure. What?" Jacob inquired.

"Will you please go down there and fuck the shit out of my mother?" Michelle said with a grin. "With pleasure." Jacob said, not questioning her.

"Jacob," Michelle said. softly. "Yeah?"

"I know I said no pussy until you win state, but I think a big dick cleaning the cobwebs out of her cunt is what your Grandma really needs right now," Michelle explain.

"As long as you're sure it's ok," the boy said with his heart beating wildly.

"If it were anyone but my mother I'd say no. Look at it as though it were a practice fight, to get you ready for your match next week with your fiercest opponent...mom," she said with a smile..

"What about Grandpa? Isn't he downstairs?" Jacob asked.

"Oh, honey, you're Grandpa's lost his mind. He'll hear what's going on, but won't remember it for more than a few minutes," Michelle explained.

"Ok then," Jacob said with an eager smile.

"Oh, and if you think that's gonna be a 'lifeless fuck' waiting for you downstairs, you're probably gonna be shocked."

"Cool," Jacob said with a grin, eager to see what a fuck-hound his Grandma was in the sack.

Jean was dusting the bookshelf. Her old feeble husband sat in his wheelchair watching a baseball game.

"Whatcha doing, Grandma?" Jacob's voice asked.

Jean's Colossal melons rocked back and forth beneath her flimsy gown as she turned. She saw her Grandson walk into the room. He was still in his boxers and his big boner made the material tent way out, making her eyes go wide.

"Well, hello. I suppose you've come down here to find a warm place to put that thing?" she asked, looking back up into his eyes.

"Yeah," Jacob answered.

"Well I think I know just the place. Come down to my bedroom."

Jean stepped over and grasped her Grandson's boner through his boxers, then lead him towards her bedroom. Jean fed her husband a wicked little smile as she passed. Jacob felt a little guilty as he saw his Grandpa sitting there, but knew the old man wouldn't remember anything he saw more than a couple minutes anyway. The boy's heart swelled with excitement, knowing that he was going to pop his Grandma's cherry all over again.

Michelle sashayed into the room, still completely naked. She leaned down in from of her father and patted his cheek as he eyeballed her big dangling tits.

"Looks like they're about to get naughty," she said, glancing in the direction of the bedroom. "You'll get to hear her moan and scream just like she used to, daddy. Look," Michelle said, turning his wheelchair, so he could see into the downstairs bedroom.

His wife crawled back onto the mattress of their bed and lifted her knees back, spreading her thick thighs. Jacob followed her, taking position between her legs. "Here they go," Michelle giggled, then moved towards the back slider. Her father's eyes followed his daughter's thick swaying buttocks as she went outside.

"Ohhh!" his wife squealed, announcing her and Jacob's union.

Jean's pussy awoke from it's slumber as it stretched around the girth of Jacob's hardon. With three mighty thrusts, Jacob's monster was balls deep. With one more little nudge he felt his purple nob squash against the head of her cervix. "Oh God, yess!" he groaned. His Grandma Jean's cunt-tube had an exquisite tightness from being without sex for years.

"Oh Lord, it's been so long," Jean sighed. "I can tell. You're really tight, Grandma."

For a good five minutes Jacob lay flat against his Grandma's body, with her tit-melons sandwiched between them, while he slowly dug

his cock in and out, stretching her inner lining at different angles, savoring the place he had never been.

He gradually picked up the pace and the old rusted bedsprings whined with each thrust.

For the first time in his life, Jacob was ready to pound some pussy. Holding her sexy legs back in a wide spread, he started to bob his ass between her cradling thighs. His big hairless scrotum rapped against her ass as his cock plunged in and out of her gaping fuck-tunnel.

"OH! OH, YOU LOVELY BOY!" she cried out in delight.

Jacob kept a steady pace for about two minutes, feeling his cock getting soaked with fuck-oil. He felt Jean's heavy-breasted body begin to tremble in orgasm. "Uungghh!" he pretty voice cried out. Her quivering cunt-tube clamped down around his cock, but still he kept pushing it through her tight grip, sending her through the moon..

The spongy head of her cervix felt like a tongue dragging against Jacob's nob as he plowed the back of her vagina. The bedsprings were now a steady repetitious squeak that filled the downstairs.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak!!

Jacob's Grandfather listened to the fuck-song as he observed. His wife of forty-two years had

her lovely legs scissored back high in the air as his Grandson's lean naked ass bobbed up and down between her thighs..

"OH YOU BEAUTUFUL WELL-HUNG BOY!" Jean's voice quivered as she cried out..

Moments later, she was squealing once again, her little toes curling as her pussy began to cream around her Grandson's cock for a second time.

Even though Jacob was in hog-heaven, he really wanted more than anything to make his Grandma cum again and again. Little did he realize that before they were through Jean would have twelve of the most powerful orgasms of her life.

She had a few hard cums while on her back, but once she was riding her young stallion, her orgasmic juices would begin to flow like she'd never experience before. The teen's eyes were wide with wonder, hypnotized by the heavy bouncing of his Grandma's enormous knockers as she rode him.

"Ohh damn," he sighed, feeling her pussy muscles massage his stiff prick with skilled squeezes. Yes it had been a while for her, but now it was all coming back, just like riding a bicycle and Jean was moving her body like a sexually-talented thirty year old.

Jacob felt like King of the universe! Here he was on his back, his cock being royally ridden by the matriarch of the entire family. She had leaned forward, and now his face was smothered in the world's biggest, softest tits, and he sucked and chewed on their big rubbery crowns. His big cock, that never tired, was about to make this mature Goddess scream again.

Jean peeked back and smiled at her husband through the doorway. She knew he used to love smothering his face between her massive mammaries, just like Jacob was now. Seeing them this way was probably giving him bursts of wonderful memories.

After Jean creamed on the boy's cock she climbed off him and pointed her thick naked rear back at him. "Take me from behind," she said pleadingly, wagging her ass at him.

"Gladly!" Jacob said, climbing to his knees and mounting her haunches.

The older beauty's fat peach-shaped buttock smacked rhythmically against Jacob's midsection as he fucked her from behind. He grasped her by her soft wide hips, really jamming it into her, making her gigantic hanging melons swing heavily like big fat pendulums.

"There you go, sugar!" Jean's shaky voice cried out. "Show your Grandpa what a man you've become!"

Jacob and his Grandma were facing Jean's husband as he sat in the living room watching through the open doorway. "Watch this, Grandpa!" the humping teen shouted, then started fucking away as fast as he could. Lewd SMACKING sounds amplified from the bedroom as Jean was hammered extremely hard and fast from behind.

The Grandmother cried out in ecstacy, her huge cannons moving about wildly as they hung from her chest.

"Oh fuck yess!" Jacob gasped, feeling his knob tingle while fuck her doggy-style, watching her fleshy round bun ripple delightfully with every strike of his crotch.

Jacob pounded his Grandma for nearly an hour before he blew his nuts, then he lay there against her soft sweaty flesh, resting his head on one of her pillowy breasts as they both caught there breath.

"Oh...I have a feeling you're gonna make me lots of great grandbaby's with that beautiful thing," she confessed.

"Do you think mom will let me get her pregnant?" Jacob asked.

"Well, if it's something you really want, she can probably be persuaded," Jean answered. "In case you haven't noticed, you're

mother's priority right now seems to be giving you things you want, as long as you work hard for them."

"True," Jacob said.

53: How Made made him State Champ_4

A little while later, Jacob stepped from the house down to the water. He was still naked, his cock and balls flopping between his legs. He figured what the hell, they were all sunbathing out here, why couldn't he. Besides, the women in the family had all seen him naked anyway. The cabin was on thirty secluded acres, so privacy certainly wasn't an issue either.

He got in the water and swam out to the floating dock where his mom, Aunt Gail and Aunt Trudy were all laying on their tummies, soaking up the sun. He could hear them talking and giggling.

The sight of three voluptuous MILF sisters, completely naked, laying on their stomach's side by side, had Jacob's cock hard before he even reached the dock.

"Is it just me or do I hear a horny teenager trying to sneak up on us," Gail said.

They all looked back as Jacob arrived at the dock, resting his arms on it, while staring up the backs of their sexy shimmering legs and the half-moons of their meaty mommy-asses.

"Did you fuck your Grandma hard, honey?" Michelle asked. "Oh yeah!" Jacob said with a satisfied grin.

"And...how was your first pussy?" Gail asked her nephew. "Awesome! Grandma said I can fuck her again later."

"Wow, you must have made quite an impression." Trudy said.

"With that dick I guarantee he made an impression." Gail said, making them all giggle.

Jacob noticed their legs were all slightly spread, giving him a good look at the clamshells of their shaved vulva's. The plump cunnies were puffy and glistening with perspiration..

"So are you gonna come up here and let these three horny moms oil you down, so you don't burn?" Michelle asked.

"Sure." Jacob said, lifting himself up on the platform.

There was a lounger float laying on the dock and Jacob crawled onto it and lay on his back. His big dick stuck up like a flagpole as he found himself surrounded by the three heavy titted sisters.

Gail squirted baby-oil all over his cock and balls and she and Trudy latched onto his shaft. Even with both their sexy fists around his greasy dong they couldn't cover all of it. They began to stroke the vein-covered sperm-cannon, coating it with slippery oil.

"Oh I love this big fucking dick!" Gail said with adoration.

"And his balls are so fucking smooth and soft," Trudy said, kneading his scrotum. Michelle squirted more baby oil onto her son's chest and began to gently message it in, gazing down lustfully at his young muscular frame.

"Mmm, so fucking sexy," she cooed.

Jacob's eye's were drawn to the six huge drooping breasts as they wobbled and quivered

around him. They each glistened with a combination of baby-oil and sweat and their areolas and nipples were all plump and swollen from

the heat of the noonday sun.

"I think our baby wants us to fuck him with our big oily titties, don't you, honey?" Michelle asked teasingly.

It amazed the boy how his mom was able to read his thoughts like a book sometimes."Yeah, I definitely wouldn't mind that," he confessed..

Jacob's cock was trapped between Gail's dangling udders and she squeezed them together, sandwiching his slippery hard-on in her cleavage. "It spent all morning in Grandma's pussy and now it wants to get between some warm titties," she said, in a cute sexy voice.

Gail and Trudy tag-teamed Jacob's cock with their melonous boobs. His fat bell tip bubbled with pre-cum as it split the top of Trudy's cleavage, emerging from her creamy tit-cleavage.

"Oh, my big tits usually swallow a dick whole, but not this big beautiful thing," Trudy confessed.

"That's okay," Gail said, leaning over. "Aunt Gail can wrap her lips around the big juicy head so it doesn't feel left out."

Jacob shuddered in delight as her felt mouth drop over his peter-tip and her hyperactive tongue flutter across his nob. She made a lewd sucking sounds, causing her mouth to vibrate around the tip of his tender dong.

Michelle straddled her son's chest, squashing her naked twat against his chiseled abs. She brought her lush body down onto his, so her squishy boobies rested on his shoulders.

"I wanna suck on my baby's tongue," she whispered, bringing her lips to his for a sensual kiss.

Mother and son began to make out, their tongues rolling and twisting together in a wild frenzy inside Jacob's mouth. The boy wrapped his arms around his curvy mom. She felt so fucking good against him, as did the oily boobs that were humping his cock.

Gail bounced her tits on Jacob's dick, fucking it's muscled hardness between her oily boobs As she did this Trudy massaged his balls, digging her long nails into the tender flesh of his nuts.

"Does that feel good, baby?" Gail sighed. "Does it feel good to have your big dick smothered between Aunt Gail's titties, huh?"

"Uh-huh." Jacob hummed as his mom's pink snake flailed away inside his mouth.

His Aunt Trudy's hand traveled down further between his legs, rubbing his taint and his asshole. "Mmm, getting worked over by the hands of three naughty moms," she said.

Things continued this way for a good fifteen minutes before Michelle rose from his chest. "How's my dick girls? You taking good care of it?" she asked her sisters.

Gail's tongue was sliding up the shaft as Trudy nursed hungrily on the spongy tip of his cock..

"It's yummy!" Trudy moaned as she looped her strong tongue around and around the juicy cock- head.

Michelle moved down to assist, and now the boy had two experienced mommy-lickers whipping all over the glans of his penis. "Mmm, lick the piss-slit, Michelle. There's so much fucking pre- cum seeping out," Trudy told her sister as they tongued him.

Gail joined them, letting her luscious lips flute up the boy's hard shaft. "So fucking hard and muscular," she cooed, squeezing her mouth around the thick cylinder of meat.

Michelle stuffed her mouth full and her pretty head bobbed up and down on her boy's boner. Then Trudy took a tuned, pumping the ring of her stretched lips around the cum-drooling prick, whipping her wet tongue all around it.

"Oh, shit," Jacob muttered, feeling his crotch get worked over by the three beautiful women.

Gail grasped the hardon around the base and pulled the loose skin up and down his shaft a few times to meet her sister's lips. "That's it sis, suck that big pussy-fucker," she said.

Trudy and Michelle's tongues worked in unison fluttering away at the crown of Jacob's lucky cock. "Big strong boner felt so fucking good riding my rump last night," Gail said lustfully.

"Mm, I loved the feel of it sliding through my asshole," Trudy added. "Shooting out all that hot ball-juice deep in our rectums," Michelle sighed..

"How bout it, stud? Wanna stretch some horny mommy buttholes again today?" Gail asked in a sexy tone..

"Oh fuck yeah!" Jacob sighed, enjoying the amazing sensations on his dick.

A few minutes later the three sister's were on their hands and knees, side by side, their big tits dangling beneath them. In the middle was Michelle, and Jacob was already kneeling behind her, hammering away in a deep anal fuck.

"Oh God that's so good!" his mother cried out.

His sweaty balls slapped against her puffy vulva as he plunged his thick penis in and out of her ass. All three woman were reaching between their legs and rubbing their fat horny clits.

Gail wagged her luscious derriere, her big pink pucker of her ass-ring pulsing anxiously. "Fuck me!" she pleaded.

Slipping from his mom's ass, Jacob quickly moved to Gail's and popped his shiny cock-head into her steamy ass-socket. With one long thrust he sunk all the way to his nut-sack.

"Oh my God!" he groaned, feeling her hot slippery ass-tract sheath his tender erection..

He set his hips in motion and watched his Aunt Gail's ass-meat ripple as he thrust into her with long ball-bumping strokes.

"Oh fuck, I love that cock!" Gail cried out, feeling his strong boner pump through her throbbing rectum.

"That cock's gonna fuck mom's pussy next week, isn't it, honey?" Michelle asked proudly, winking back at her humping boy.

"Uh-huh," Jacob answered breathlessly.

"Have you got back on the pill yet, sis?" Trudy asked.

"No, I have an appointment with my doctor on Tuesday." Michelle said, glancing back at the disappointment in her son's eyes. She knew how bad he wanted to knock her up.

"Don't let her try to talk you into using fucking condoms. Some doctor's can do that you know," Trudy said.

"Oh fuck that! I'll let Jacob get me pregnant before I make him wear a condom. That's just cruel," Michelle said.

Jacob loved the sound of that. He continued to rhythmically hammer his Aunt's ass, which created a lewd slapping sound across the water, as the sister's spoke.

Gail chimed in, her voice shaky from being hammered from behind. "They have the pill contraceptive now that you take just before sex. It adjusts your PH levels, so Jacob can pump gallons of sperm inside you without you getting preggers," she said.

Jacob's face lit up. "Yeah, that way you can still easily change your mind if you decide to get knocked up."

Michelle giggled and spit her tongue back at him. "Nice try!" she said.

"OH FUCK this cock feels good!" Gail cried out, thrusting her rippling ass back, meeting Jacob pump for pump.

"That's it, baby. Fuck Aunt Gail's sexy ass," Michelle said encouragingly.

"HUH! HUH!" OH FUCK YEAH, I'M CUMMING!" Gail screamed out, which echoed across the lake..

Jacob felt her asshole tighten around his phallus as her body began to convulse. He rode her hard straight through her orgasm, making her butt smack loudly against his crotch over and over.

"My turn!" Trudy's said excitedly, her persperation-sheened buttocks ready and waiting. Her hungry ass-ring slipped easily over Jacob's crown and his cock sunk straight to the root.

Jean stepped outside onto the porch in a halter gown. Her tits were obviously braless beneath the top as they ballooned way out with stiff nipples protruding from beneath the thin fabric..

She looked out towards the floating dock to see Jacob pounding her oldest daughters ass. She could see Trudy's big round belly, and her tits rocking wildly beneath her as the vigorous teen fucked with all he had. It was quite the sight...three grown women, each with their butts cocked back eager to be pounded by a handsome teenage boy.

She was tempted to swim out there with them, and bend over in front of her Grandson and be one of the girls, but she knew she'd have his cock in her ass, all to herself, soon enough.

For a good half-hour Jacob moved from one woman to the next, riding their mommy-rumps and making each of them scream as they rubbed their juicy pussy while getting a serious anal pounding.

"Oh God, I'm feeling good!" Jacob groaned, slamming his prick deep inside Michelle's ass. His bell tip tingled as it pumped into the slippery grip of her rectal ampulla, the deepest part of her ass.

"Cum on our tits, honey!" Michelle said, pulling her asshole off his cock. His boner bobbed stiffly, sticking out from his loins at an upward angle.

The three women turned around and quickly formed a little circle on their knees, cupping their big mammaries and holding them up.. Jacob jacked his cock right above the oily cluster of melonous flesh.

"Ahh fuck!!" He grunted, as big fat ropes of jism erupted from his piss-slit. "Oh yeah, cum all over our big tits, stud!" Gail shouted.

"Yess! Hose us with your fucking cum!" Trudy added.

The women's tongues rolled lustfully out of their mouths as they watched the creamy ball-juice being pumped out of Jacob's dick and splashing onto their swollen tits..

After cumming hard, Jacob did a canon-ball off the side of the dock. The three women screamed and giggled playfully as they were splashed with water.. Gail dove in after him and soon after Jacob surfaced so did she, and threw her arms and legs around him.

"Get back here you sexy stud!" she said playfully.

Like a horny young couple Jacob and Gail started making out. Jacob kept them afloat as Gail hung on, her tits squashed against his chest. Jacob could feel the underside of his still hard shaft resting against the warm folds of her labium.

"Mmm," Gail hummed as her tongue wrestled with her nephew's.

Trudy and Michelle dove in and swam over to them. Trudy had a couple of those long floating water noodles.

"Here, sexy," she said, giving them to Jacob. "Put these floats between your legs. It'll help you hold the three of us horny old gals up."

Jacob put the water noodles down between his legs so him and Gail could straddle them like a horse. This allowed them to float effortlessly. Gail adjusted herself so that she was now pretty much sitting on Jacob's lap, with her legs wrapped around him.

Trudy straddled the noodle also, coming right up behind the teen so her huge wet boobs and enormous pregnant belly were pancaked against his back. She rested her legs on top of Gail's so that she too could coil them around her nephew. She reached around and drug her nails on

the tender flesh of his chest. Jacob was now pressed between two curvy women, with Gail's tongue still squirming against his, while Trudy began fluttering her pink snake against his neck.

Michelle swam up beside them and climbed on board, twisting her legs in through her sister's, so she could straddle her son from the side. This caused the four of them to sink to their necks, but they still managed to float without kicking.

"This it what you call a mom sandwich." Michelle said with a giggle.

"A meaty teenage boy smothered in mommies," Gail said between kisses.

Jacob moved from Gail's lips to his mom's and Gail moved from Jacob's lips to his neck. The lucky eighteen year old now had two woman working each side of his tender neck and his gorgeous mother exploring the inside of his mouth with her tongue.

Jacob's cock was trapped between the float and Gail's pussy. He could feel her soft fleshy labium squashed against it and as they bobbed in the water Gail's genitals gently slid back and forth across his shaft.

The boy felt like his body was encased in tit-meat. Their oversized tits rubbed buoyantly all over his chest and back. "Holy shit, this is so cool," Jacob muttered, making the three sisters giggle.

"Oh, Michelle, our baby likes it." Gail cooed, fluttering her tongue against Jacob's ear. "Do you like getting loved on by us, honey?" Michelle asked.

"Oh yeah," Jacob sighed.

"You mean you wouldn't rather be out fishing with the boys, baby?" Trudy asked. "No fucking way."

"Naughty boys would rather stay back with the moms, so their dicks can get special attention," Gail said, as she paused from licking his neck a moment.

"Is that true, honey. Would you rather be here feeling our naked bodies around you?" Michelle asked.

"Squishing our big fat titties all over you?" Trudy added.

Gail ground her fleshy pussy on his boner. "Grinding our horny cunts against your big manly cock, smearing our slippery juices all over it,"

she moaned.

"Oh my God, you guys turn me on so much!" Jacob gasped, making the mother's giggle.

"Oh my God I felt that!" Gail announced, her eyes slightly rolling back. "His cock just flexed against my pussy. It's so fucking hard!"

"I wanna feel it!" Trudy shouted, like an anxious girl at a carnival ride. "I wanna feel it throb!"

The women moved around so that Trudy was now in front and Gail was behind him. "Jesus!" Jacob gasped excitedly, watching his pregnant Aunt straddle his loins . Trudy's giant orb of ripe baby-meat pressed against Jacob's lower torso, bulging out from between them. Her big milkers rested softly on his shoulders, so his head peered up while wedge into her doughy-soft cleavage.

He felt her pussy sink onto his his cock and her juicy vestibule hug his hard tubular shaft.

Trudy made out with him passionately, while the other women stroked his young aroused body.

For a half-hour they floated like a big bobbing squirming mass of naked flesh. Three gorgeous big breasted moms against a handsome teen with a huge rock hard penis.

Jacob's sucked his Aunt's milk-squirting nipple, while he felt his mom and Gail's hand jerking him off beneath the water.

"Mmmnnff!" he whimpered, Trudy's tit-nectar slobbering from his tit-stuffed mouth.

"Ohh yess, Jacob! Shoot out all that hot baby-making cream!" his Aunt encouraged. "Shoot it against my pregnant pussy!"

He felt his mom clawing at him from behind, pancaking her huge melons against his back, while reaching around and beating his boner with Gail. She knew the words that would make him cum the hardest. "I wanna feel that hot seed blast against my cervix!" she cried out in his ear lustfully. "Make my belly swell with your baby!"

Jacob's body shuddered, and he grunted loudly, as Michelle and Gail's experienced hands worked together on his cock, bringing him to a toe-curling orgasm. For several minutes the horny mother's worked him off, feeling his young body jerk and tremble between their smothering bodies.

That night as they sat around the fire-pit it struck Jacob just how wickedly naughty he was. Here were these wife's, cuddling with their loving husbands after they had spent the day fucking and sucking him.

It was only early evening and Jacob knew he'd be getting his cock worked at least a couple times that night. He just didn't realize it would be so soon.

Michelle snuck away from the group as one of Jacob's uncles was telling a boring hunting story. Jacob watched her sashay on bare feet towards the door, her braless tits bobbling beneath her thigh high gown. Before she stepped inside she gave him a naughty little look.

"Come on," she mouthed, nudging her head for him to follow her.

Jacob got up and trailed her inside. Gail and Trudy looked at each other and smiled. They knew their sister was hungry for cock. So we're they, but they knew they couldn't all bail out on their husbands.

Not a word was said as Jacob followed his mom upstairs and into the bathroom. She closed and locked the door behind them, then, like an animal in heat, began tearing her son's clothes off of him.

"We have to be quick," she whispered as she reached under her gown and slid her dainty black thong-panties down her luscious legs.

By now Jacob's confidence level was high so he felt right at home being the aggressor. As they began to kiss he reached around and squeezed her thick bubbly mommy-ass with both hand, letting his fingers sink into the delightful flesh..

He slid his hands down the back of her thighs and Michelle knew exactly what he wanted. Throwing her arms around his neck she sprung from the floor and wrapped her strong shimmery-soft legs around his waist.

"We need lube," she gasped as her lips smacked against her son's, feeling his big tapered nob squeezed up against her butthole.

Jacob walked his mom over to her bag which sat near the bathroom sink. As she reached down and thumbed through it he took a good look at the both of them in the bathroom mirror.

"Wow!" he muttered out loud, looking at the way his mom was clinging onto him, with her tan silky-smooth legs wrapped around his midsection.

"Quite a sight, huh?" the mother smiled as they looked at each other in the mirror. "Unbelievable!"

He could see his mom's sexy feet with her red painted toenails tucked behind him, her heels resting on his ass. Her shapely mommy-rump hovered over his iron-hard cock as she reached around and applied lubricant to his cock-head and shaft.

His heart fluttered excitedly as he realized that this was his own mom he was holding, the one who gave birth to him and read him stories at night when he was a little boy. Now he was a big boy, with a large penis and Jacob was seeing a side of his mom that sons don't usually get to see.

"What's wrong," she asked, her eyes glowing with lust.

"I was just thinking back when I was a boy," he muttered. "Yeah, what about when you were a boy?"

"Just how beautiful I always thought you were, you know, before I even knew about sex and all that," he confessed.

Michelle smiled as her mind drifted back several years. "Then you learned that there were other parts to mommy, didn't you? Parts that made you dickie get all stiff," she whispered.

"Yes," he agreed.

She gazed into his eyes. "Parts that jiggle and sway. Parts that mommy can wrap around you make your boner spurt off in pleasure," she said seductively, making the boy's huge erection flex against the crease of her ass.

"Ohh damn, mom," he sighed, so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it.

Michelle moved her hips, making her boy's cock slide along the groove between her lovely butt- cheeks. "Mom's ass was one of those jiggly spots that fascinated you, wasn't it?" she asked. "You used to watch those big mommy-buns sway and jiggle around the house, didn't you, honey? I bet you were over the moon when you found out there was a hole between those bun-cheeks that boys could squeeze their peckers into."

Jacob just gasped and nodded.

"Well," she said, giving him a lusty gaze, "here you are. Shove it in, so your mommy can show you how fucking good it feels."

Michelle guided her son's cap to its pink puckered target and slipped it inside. She lowered her ass and with one long thrust Jacob sunk to

his balls. "Ohhh!" he sighed.

"Oh yeah, there's my boy!" Michelle moaned, squeezing her anal muscles around his muscled cock.

Michelle kissed his lips. "Pin me against the wall and pound my fucking ass!" she hissed.

Jacob pinned her against the wall and began to hammer away. With each of his upward strokes Michelle pushed her ass down, sending his oily meat into the deepest, darkest regions of her bowels.

"Oh God!" his voice quivered, as his mom used her strong legs to pump her aas up and down on his cock. Her unfettered breasts bounced against his chest through the thin top of her gown.

"You're taking such good care of momma's rump, aren't you baby?" Michelle whimpered. "I love your ass, mom!" Jacob confessed.

"My ass loves you, honey!. It loves to bounce up and down on that big monster, smothering it with warm love!" she panted.

Jacob fucked with everything he had, shaking Michelle's fragile body with each powerful thrust.

She held on tight for the ride with her strong gorgeous mommy-legs wrapped tightly around him.

"Oh my God, you're getting good at this!" She moaned, her body on the brink of orgasmic bliss. She pushed her inner muscles outward, as if trying to shit out her son's cock, making the cock- milking friction around his plunging hardon incredibly intense.

"Oh Mom, that's too good," he squealed, trying not to be too loud.

"I know it is," she whimpered back, feeling a hot cum swell inside her busty body. "Uh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Jacob muttered.

"Oh baby, me too!" Michelle cried.

As Jacob felt the lava rise from his balls he planted his cock as deep up his mom's shit-hole as it would go and held it there, then grunted, firing a hot blast of teenage spunk into her guts.

Michelle was right behind him. She let out a muffled little scream into the soft of his neck as her body began to tremble.

"Huh-ah-ah-ah-ah!!" the boy's voice quivered, as he felt the root of his prick bulge out, stretching the ring of his mom's snug butthole even more as he pumped more semen into her.

For two full minutes they rode the wave together, grunting and quivering as Michelle's anal ring slowly slipped up and down her son's thick muscled butt-fucker.

"Oh baby, you rock my fucking world," Michelle said breathlessly, collapsing against him.. "I love rocking your world, mom," Jacob said.

"We better get back downstairs before your father figures out you're rocking my world." Michelle joked.

Having been gone no longer than twenty minutes Michelle and Jacob rejoined the family on the porch. The mother felt wicked sitting back down next to her husband, feeling some of her boy's spunk seep out of her ass.. The sisters all exchanged a knowing smile.

Having had a long day, the whole house was in bed by ten. About midnight Michelle slipped out of bed and snuck down to the room her son was staying in.

When she cracked the door open and peeked inside Michelle found her mother and Jacob making love on his mattress bed. Jean was riding him at a nice slow steady pace. Michelle could see her son's

cock slipping in and out of the soft fleshy folds of her mother's vagina.

Jacob peeked over along the side of Jean's huge swinging tits and saw his mom watching from the crack in the doorway. He smiled and gave her a thumbs-up.

"I love you," Michelle mouthed, then gently closed the door.

Trudy stepped up the hallway on bare feet in a flimsy pink nighty. He big pregnant belly poked out a slit in the gown and her dark pink areolas were barely visible through the silky fabric. "Is he alone?" she asked her sister quietly.

"No, he's fucking mom again," Michelle whispered.

"Well, that's good I suppose, but I was hoping to get some more anal," Trudy confessed. "Why do you think I came down here," Michelle asked, making them both giggle.

"We're such deprived sluts," Trudy joked. "For him, yes," Michelle said.

"How long do you think mom will go at him?"

"Not sure, she may just spend the night in there," Michelle said. "I'm checking back in an hour," Trudy said.

"Not if I do first," Michelle said to her sister competitively.

Jacob and his Grandmother's bodies writhed together as he fucked her in the missionary position on the mattress. Her sexy curvy legs were wrapped high around his back as he pumped into her ass deeply as he could. "Fuuuck, Grandma!" the boy snarled, feeling her ribbed walls milk his cock as he lay sunken against her pillowy tits.

"Ohh, Jacob!" she squealed, squirting out hot girl cum around his burrowing prick. "Ohh, cumming!" the boy grunted, hosing out hot ropes inside her.

A little while later, Trudy came back, finding the boy alone and nearly asleep. She came in a closed the door. "Hey sexy," she whispered, reaching under her big belly and slipping her dainty panties off. The boy's heart pounded excitedly as he watched his hot pregnant Aunt crawl into bed with him.

Michelle was about ten minutes too late. She peered into the room and saw her sister in the same position her mom had been in on top of Jacob. This time, however, Jacob's cock was crammed up a meaty ass, and Truely humped on it tirelessly.

Milked trickled out the corner of the boy's tit-stuffed mouth as he spotted his mom in the doorway again. Michelle's short robe was untied and hung wide-open, with her big tits hanging out and her beautiful dark hair flowing down over her shoulders.. Jacob's eye's traveled down to the V of her shaved pubis. She gave him a cute little wave, then reached down between her legs and split her cunt with two fingers, exposing fully the thick hood of her engorged clitoris.

This made the boy's eyes go wide and his cock flex inside Trudy's humping ass.

Michelle smiled, pleased at her son's ogling reaction. She wanted to excite him so much that he came quickly, so her sister would leave and she'd have him all to herself.

While sucking his Aunt's milky tit, Jacob watched his mom turn around and bend over, pointing her meaty mommy-buttocks at him. Her puffy outer labium came together to form a dark cuntal cleavage. She used the same two fingers to peel them open for her boy's watching eyes, revealing a juicy pink slit.

With her free hand, Michelle reached up and squeezed one of her huge hanging melons, while peering back into her boy's eyes. She rolled her tongue across her top lip in a sexy manner, then mouthed the words "fuck me" to him.

"Ohhh shit!" the boy gasped, slobbering breast-milk all over the place as a strong cum hit him out of no where.

Feeling his hot semen scorch her bowels, Trudy started cumming also and for several minutes they bucked and whimpered in passion..

Michelle felt wicked getting pumped up the ass with her husband snoring just up the hallway, but it was worth the risk. She sighed in ecstacy, as her and her boy's heads poked from the covers. Jacob was laying flat on her back, pumping his hardon through her cushioned butt- globes. It was a new position that she had suggested, and he was anxious to explore every single one with her.

Having came so much that day, he was really able to pound his mother's ass off with savage thrusts. Michelle came so many times over the next hour that she'd lost count. She was shocked that her boy was still able to hose out a monster load of cum in her ass.

"OhmyGod!Where'sitallcomingfrom?"she asked herself. "Hemusthaveanamazingsperm factoryinthoseyoungballs!"

Jacob woke the next morning around ten. He was surprised to see his cousin Laura sitting in a chair across from him. What was even more surprising was that she was in a skimpy pair of panties and a wife-beater t-shirt. She was listening to music on Jacob's phone, with her cute little bare feet propped up on the chair. Her long toned legs were slightly spread and Jacob could clearly see the bulge of her vulva through the fabric.

"I like your music," she said, looking down at him. "Thanks. Where is everyone?" he asked.

"They all went into town for breakfast. Won't be back for a while," she said.

Jacob laid back and tucked his hands behind his head. His muscular bare chest was exposed and his morning wood made an impressive tent in the sheet.

"So...do you have a boyfriend?" he asked.

"Yeah, he's a wrestler like you. Not as good though. So, do you always wake up like that?" Laura asked, glancing at the bulge in the sheet.

"Yeah, pretty much."

"You must be pretty big for it to stick way up like that," Laura pointed out.

"Yeah, it's pretty big, at least that's what all the girls I've been with say." Jacob said with pride. "Like my mom, you mean?" she asked with a smile.

"Well, no, I..."

"I know you've fucked her. She left her panties in here," Laura said, lifting up her mom's dainty thong with her fingers. "Plus the bed wreaks of raunchy sex AND her perfume."

Laura got up and pranced over to the window. Jacob watched her braless tits jiggle beneath her top and as she looked out at the lake he got a great view of her plump teenage ass. Her panties were bunched up in her ass crack, exposing a lot off cheek.

"It's so beautiful here," she said staring out the window.

"It sure is." Jacob said, staring at the backs of her smooth shapely legs.

Laura turned and looked down at him. "I know we're cousins and all but...do you wanna fuck?" she said, matter of factly.

"Sure," Jacob muttered, his heart racing.

Laura peeled off her panties, revealing her cute little bald pussy. "I sort of have this problem though." Jacob said.

"What kinda problem?" she asked.

"Well, I promised my um...my girlfriend that I wouldn't have sex with anyone else," Jacob said, speaking about the promise he'd made to his mother.

"That's not a problem. I promise my boyfriend the same thing, but I have sex with lots of other guys. Your secret's safe with me," Laura smiled.

"Well, she is okay with me doing other kinds of things with girls," Jacob said. "What kinds of other things?" Laura asked curiously.

"Well, she's okay with me going down on them and having anal sex."

"Wow! So she'll let you eat other girls pussies and butt-fuck them? This girl must be so cool. Does she go to your school?" Laura asked, lifting her shirt off.

Jacob could barely answer as he caught sight of her big plump titties. "No, uh...she's a little older than I am," he said..

"How much older?" Laura asked. "Oh, about twenty years."

"Holy fuck! Does your mom know?" Laura exclaimed. "Well, yeah actually she does," he answered.

"My boyfriend and I do anal, but he's not very good at it.... I bet you are though." Laura said, gazing at the tent in the blankets.

Jacob slowly slipped the sheet off his body revealing his long thick big butt-fucker in all its glory. Laura's eyes got big and she gasped as her mouth curled into a naughty little smile. "Oh my God, I sooo want that up my ass!" she exclaimed.

At the restaurant the three sisters and their mother Jean sat in a booth talking while the men were outside shooting the shit with a couple other local guys.

"I was so jealous when you two went inside last night, I could have killed you." Gail said, gazing at Michelle.

"You could have taken him inside. I just beat you to the punch." Michelle said. "Like I did to you last night?" Trudy said, smiling at Michelle.

"I got fucked again too, so na-na-na!" she said, spitting her tongue out playfully at her sister. "Yeah, well we'll see who's punching first tonight." Gail said.

"Now wait a minute I think if anyone gets laid again tonight it's me. You two are gonna be the one's tag-teaming him all summer," Trudy said. "Besides, I'm giving birth any day and won't be able to have sex for at least a couple weeks."

Jean chimed in on the conversation. "Now girls, why don't the three of you take him down to the boat house tonight and take turns on him like you did yesterday. In fact I may just join you this time," she suggested..

"Jesus, mother, you two fucked for an hour last night. Let us have some time with him." Trudy said.

"Oh dear, an hour's not nearly enough. Your mother may be old but she still has a healthy sexual appetite. Where do you think you girls got it from?" She asked, making her daughters giggle.

"I wonder if Laura's starting to crave sex like I do?" Trudy asked.

"OH FUCK!" Laura cried as she was nailed to the mattress.

Her strong legs were wrapped around Jacob's waist, her heels resting against his bouncing ass as his cock plunged in and out of her gaping butthole.

Jacob fucked her hard as he lay flat against her, savoring the feel of her young, firm tits against his chest. She let out a high-pitched squeal and her body began to convulse as yet another orgasm wracked her fragile teenage body.

Back at the restaurant, the women still chatted. "Well I for one refuse to sit there and watch my mother get her pussy pounded unless I can too," Trudy said.

"I agree, Michelle. State-Champ or not this "ass only" thing's getting a little old, don't you think?" Gail said.

"Hold on sec. Who was preaching to me when I first started this about giving him little rewards at a time...and saving vaginal intercourse for when he won state?" Michelle asked.

"That's great, so save YOUR vagina, but don't deprive the rest of us," Gail said. The four of them got quiet as Michelle looked down in thought.

"I guess... well, call me selfish, but I guess I just wanted his cherry, that's all," she said in a sweet little tone.

"Newsflash, sis. Your mother gobbled that cherry up yesterday," Trudy reminded her. Michelle and Jean exchanged a look. "Hey, you told him it was okay," Jean said.

"I know I did, but I did that more for you than him. I wanted you to remember what it felt like to

have a big dick inside of you. To be fucked hard like you used to be." Michelle said.

Jean reached over and took Michelle's hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. She searched her daughters eyes. "First of all, daughter of mine, there is no "remembering." That WAS the biggest dick and that was the hardest fuck I've ever had," she said, making her daughters giggle.

"Secondly, that gorgeous boy of yours could fuck every single pussy on this planet and it still wouldn't be his momma's pussy. I've seen the two of you move together and...no offence to my other girls, but it's like nothing I've ever seen,"" Jean explained.

Michelle knew what her mother was talking about. She had been with many sexual partners in her lifetime, but when her and Jacob were together, it was like an intricate dance in which they both knew instinctively just how to move. He was her perfect sexual partner.

Jean continued speaking. "Next week he'll be your state champion, and the two of you will be floating on your own little sexual cloud. I promise you, when he makes love to his mother it'll be like nothing he or you have ever experienced."

Michelle felt a surge of overwhelming excitement shoot through her body. She pressed her cute little toes hard against her sandals, flexing her long matronly legs. She felt her labial meat peel apart and vaginal juice trickle down into the crack of her ass. She felt her big breasts give out an excited quiver and her nipples harden into huge rubbery knots.

"Yes...I know it will," she whispered, her lips curling into a devilish little grin.

"So...is that a YES?" Gail asked, anxiously wanting to get back to the subject of Jacob fucking her.

Michelle peered over at her and Trudy with a smile. "That's a yes," she said.

Gail and Trudy let out an excited cheer, like two little horny teenage girls, bouncing in their seats and making their huge mommy-boobs jump.

The men outside heard them and smiled in through the window, shaking their heads. Little did they know that the source of their wives excitement was a big teenage dick that would be hammering their pussies and making them cream.

Speaking of big teenage dick, Laura's plump ass rested against Jacob, his tool buried so far up her shitter that only his big hairless scrotum was left tucked snuggly in her crack. She shifted her hips, up and back, up and back, digging his cock-head into the depths of her bowels. A froth of butt-butter escaped from her hole and ran down across Jacob's testicles.

"OH GOD!" Laura cried as her little legs began to shake.

She was leaning against Jacob, who was in his favorite position, on his back with his mouth stuffed full of breast-meat. He let his teeth scrape against her areola as he felt her young body convulsing.

"Fuuuck!" she screamed out. It was a good thing there wasn't anyone else in the cabin or they would have surely heard her..

Laura's sexy teenage buns bounced on Jacob's dick for a little over twenty minutes before he before he blew his nuts in her tight snug ass.. His meaty cock had made his cousin cream at least a dozen times and her young body shook yet again as he as the ropes of jism blasted from his cock-head.

"Holy shit, I envy the hell out of your girlfriend," she panted, laying flat against her big-dicked cousin.

This brought a huge smile to Jacob's face. "Yeah, she gets it pretty fucking good," he said.

Most of the family hung around the cabin that day, swimming and socializing. In the early afternoon Jacob decided to take the boat out to do some fishing. With five horny pussies floating around him like vultures, there was no fucking chance of him going alone.

Any of the women would have jumped at the chance, however, they all knew Michelle was the "alpha-female" so to speak. Jacob was hers, which always gave her first dibs.

"Hey, handsome, Going fishing?" She asked as Jacob prepared the little boat. "Yeah, I thought I'd try my luck for a few hours," he said.

It didn't take Jacob's mind long to wander far from the fishing. Michelle was standing near the bank in a pair of cut-off Daisy Duke shorts and skimpy bikini top. She had her hands on her hips and with all the tit-flesh oozing out of her bikini-sling, Jacob felt his cock begin to rise to salute.

"Need some company?" She asked. "Sure," he muttered.

"Be right back. I'm gonna let your father know we're going out."

Jacob watched her sashay away, her luscious ass-cheeks spilling from her shorts and swaying naughtily. He let his eyes travel down those long silky-smooth legs, the muscles flexing as she walked. Then there were those sexy bare feet. God-damn how he loved his mother's cute little feet with her painted toenails. He could already feel them resting on his ass.

When Michelle came back she was carrying a inflatable mattress that hadn't been pumped up yet. She stepped into the boat and set it down.

"You're bringing that?" he asked.

"Of course I am. It's MY bait. That's how I'm gonna catch the big one," she said, reaching back and rubbing his cock through his shorts.

"The big one huh?" Jacob smiled.

Michelle turned and looked into his eyes with this cute little smile. "Yep. The big juicy one. It won't be able to resist jumping on my hook. You'll see," she said.

Michelle and her son set off in their little boat. They traveled for about twenty minutes before they found a nice private little cove.

Jacob threw over the anchor and set up his fishing gear, while Michelle used the automatic pump to blow-up the mattress. It wasn't long before it was fully inflated. It was a large water- mattress, about the size of a full-sized bed mattress, with built-in pillows.

"Mmmm, doesn't that look comfy enough to fuck on," she said teasingly.

The mattress had a tie-on which Michelle securely fastened the end of a rope to. She tied the other end of the rope to the boat and threw the mattress out into the water.

Leashed to the boat, the water mattress floated off about thirty feet away. Knowing she had her son's attention, Michelle undid her shorts. With her back to him she slowly slid them down her big bubbly bare ass and kept going until they fell to her pretty little feet.

Jacob squeezed the knot in his shorts as he stared at the butthole peeking out from between her meaty cheeks.

Michelle reached around, untied her bikini top and let it slip from her breasts. Jacob could see the sloping breast-bulge jutting way out.

Now naked, Michelle dove into the water and swam over to the mattress. Jacob watched as his mom gracefully slipped up onto the float and resting on her knees, squeezed the water out of her hair, making her wet boobs jut out obscenely.

The boy picked up his fishing pole and cast it out, deciding to play hard to get. After a few minutes, the water mattress floated back behind the boat.

"Jaaaaccccooobbbb." Michelle sang teasingly. He smiled, trying to ignore her.

"Jaaaaccccoooobbb." Her sexy voice called out..

Despite how he tried, Jacob couldn't ignore her. He peeked around and saw his mom laying down on her tummy, resting on her elbows. Her body was still wet and glistened beautifully in the noon day sun. Her big mommy-boobs were all spilled out onto the mattress beneath her and she had a warm smile as she stared back at her little boy.

"Put the pole down and come out here,." she said in a soft, loving tone, patting the cushion beside her.

"I can't catch fish from back there, mom," Jacob said, playing hard to get.

"So you're gonna to just ignore that big boner in your shorts?" she asked candidly. "I guess so," he said, trying to keep a straight face.

"Jacob Little, get your ass back here, right now!" she said, in an authoritative tone. "But mom I wanna fish," he lied.

"Yeah, right. I think I know you better than that, young man." "Obviously you don't," he joked.

"Well that's too bad then. I guess you'd rather fish than spend the day fucking your mother's pussy," she said.

Jacob quickly stood up and turned around with a look of surprise. "Wait! You'd let me fuck your pussy today...seriously?" he asked.

Michelle got a cute little look, cocking her head to the side. "Well, you could come out here and we could talk about it," she said.

In a split second, Jacob was naked and diving into the water. Moments later he was pulling himself onto the mattress with Michelle. She giggled at how eager he was.

With Jacob on his back Michelle crawled up next to him. Letting her big pendulous tits drag onto his chest, she reached down and curled her fist around his dong, giving it a few gentle strokes.

"See, I told you my big juicy one would take the bait," she teased.

"So are you serious about letting me fuck you or were you just kidding?" he asked.

There was a short pause as Michelle gazed down into his eyes and reflected on her feelings. "You know, when I first started loving on you a month ago I really didn't expect things to turn out the way they did," she explained.

"With us messing around so much you mean?" he asked.

"Yeah, that and well, I guess I just didn't expect that I'd feel the way I do...about you...and about us."

"How do you feel?" Jacob curiously asked.

"Well, judging by the fact that I can't keep my hands off of you, it's pretty obvious how I feel, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes."

"In case you haven't noticed your mother is a VERY sexual women, and she's been with a lot of guys in her life...but you're the only one, YOU, who's ever been able to keep up with me. I guess what I'm trying to say is at some point along the way this not only became about you...but about me too," she confessed.

"I can't ever imagine being with someone who makes me feel the way you do," Jacob admitted.

"Oh, honey, I haven't even scratched the surface of how I could make you feel." Michelle said, her eyes lost in his. Jacob's heart skipped a beat. Here was this matronly Goddess, her tits hanging down and resting lightly on his upper chest, her hand still stroking his cock. Her hair was all slicked back and wet while she stared down at him with those big beautiful brown eyes. It was like a wonderful wet dream.

"I can make you feel pretty good too," he confessed.

"I know you can," she said softly. "So are you ready to fuck your mother?" "What about winning state?" Jacob asked.

"I'm so proud of how far you've come, but honestly, at this point, love, it doesn't really matter. Win or lose next week, you'll still be between mom's legs and inside her pussy."

"Wow!" he muttered with excited eyes. "So...ready for some pussy, cowboy?" she asked. "Fuck yeah," Jacob answered.

Michelle slipped down onto her back and motioned for Jacob to follow her. "Come on, crawl on top of me and let's fuck our asses off," she whispered.

Jacob watched his mom's knees draw back, and her thick thighs splay open widely like only a mother's can. He moved down between his mom's cradling limbs, his mighty spear creeping towards the bald

flower. As he came down on her chest, Michelle reached between them and

positioned his cock for vaginal penetration.

"Jacob," she said, loving looking up at him. "You're my champion."

She fit his throbbing nob in her cunt-socket. "Push," Michelle whispered.

Jacob thrust forward and held his breath as he felt his cock encased in Michelle's warm buttery fuck-sheath. Her soft vaginal walls molded around every vein as they expanded to accommodate his meaty girth.

"Ohh God yes!" the boy gasped Jacob muttered, as he slid inside the warm smothering place of his conception.

Michelle's eyes got big, a cute little gasp leaving her mouth as her smoldering cuntal walls expanded around the longest meatiest dick she had ever taken.

Finally as Jacob's balls hugged the crack of his mom's ass, he felt his fat cum-drooling tip bottom out inside her.

"Oh God!" she gasped. " I can feel you against my cervix." "Is that okay?" Jacob muttered.

"Oh honey, it's dreamy!" she moaned. "I've only had one guy hit my cervix and that was in college."

"Dad doesn't hit it?" Jacob asked. "Not even close."

Jacob put his face right against his moms and they both stared deeply into each other's eyes as they felt their genitals flex and contract together. Michelle squeezed her cunt muscles around Jacob's cock, smothering it with warm tight love. "Oh, wow!" he

sighed. "I thought Grandma's were strong, but your pussy seems even stronger."

"You like that, love?" Michelle asked.

Jacob didn't have to answer. It was obvious by the way his cock was flexing that the teenager was in pussy heaven. For a good five minutes he just lay there moaning as Michelle did a little squeeze and release around his manhood.

"Oh, that's my baby. He just needed his momma's pussy, didn't he?" she said in a sexy tone.

Slowly and gradually, they set in motion as Jacob began to saw his cock up and down her birth canal.

"Oh, honey, you're doing it! You're fucking my pussy!" Michelle gasped. "God, it feels so good!" Jacob muttered.

Jacob reached between them and squeezed Michelle's big tits, his fingers sinking down into the pillow-like flesh.

At a nice slow steady pace Jacob's cock wormed in and out out Michelle's warm clutching vagina, his bulbous purple mushroom sank against the soft spongy head of her cervix with each downward thrust.

"Oh yeah, that's it, baby... just like that. We're in no rush!" Michelle moaned.

He brought his chest back down onto her and slowly gyrated his pumping hips, between her cradling thighs, spearing his cock nice and deep inside her. He felt his mom's lovely legs folding around the back of his own as they rocked their genitals together on the water float.

Normally Jacob could fuck for a long while before blowing his load, but not this time, even while grinding. The feeling of his mom's hot secreting pussy around his raging boner was too much.

Michelle's orgasm was building towards a peak also. It didn't take a pussy-stretcher as big as Jacob's very long to make a mother squeal.

Michelle cried out in ecstacy, her sweet voice echoing across the water as a sweet cum shot through her wet naked body. Their bodies were so in sync that the second Jacob's cock-head started to ballon, Michelle's back began to arch from the mattress with a second powerful orgasm.

"OH FUCK, JACOB, CUUMMINNG!! Michelle announced, her face contorting with pleasure.

Jacob kept his slow steady pace even as his prick was spitting rope after rope inside his mom. He grunted passionately, clinging tightly to her heavy titted body as they fought against each other frantically. It was as though they were engaged in their own little sexual wrestling match, each one using the others body to intensify their orgasm.

"Fuck! Shit! Ahhh!" the boy's voice trembled as he felt his mom's long nails grasp his ass and pull his cock in as deeply as it would go. Michelle's knees were pointed in opposite directions she was splayed open so wide, accommodating he boy's wild humping.

Their bodies were a glistening ball of sex, thrusting and quaking on the water-mattress in the heat of the noon-day sun. Michelle's long silky-smooth legs slid up around her son's back, like the fleshy strap holding them together.

It was two full minutes before mother and son came back down to earth. Jacob sighed as he lay against his mom's sweaty tits. "Oh, God. That was incredible," he said breathlessly.

"Incredible, my dear, is an understatement, " Michelle admitted..

"Mom?" Jacob said, laying there on her warm naked body. "What is it, lover?".

"Did I do something I shouldn't have?" he asked. "What do you mean, honey?".

"Well, I mentioned getting you pregnant, and I heard you tell Aunt Trudy yesterday that you haven't gone on the pill yet and I just...you know," Jacob said.

"Yes, you did, didn't you. Well, can't cry over spilt milk, now can we? Cock-milk that is," she said, making them both giggle.

"Beside's if you win state, you might enjoy spending your summer at home with a pregnant mother riding your dick," she said, gazing up at him.

"So if I win state, you'll let me get you pregnant?" he asked excitedly.

"Well, the initial plan was to let you fuck me, but since we just did it, I have to offer SOMETHING that will motivate you," she said with a giggle.

"Oh man, I wouldn't mind that as a reward at all."

Michelle gazed into his eyes. "A big baby-ball sandwiched between us. Huge milk-filled tits swinging and beating against your face while we bounce on my bed all day. No, I don't think you'll mind," she teased.

Jacob's cock flexed att the very thought of it. Michelle smiled as she felt it still packed inside her cream-filled cunny. "I think someone liked the sound of that alot," she smiled.

"I think so too." he grinned anxiously.

Michelle gently rolled Jacob over onto his back. He watched as his mom got onto her knees and swung her leg over his waist, taking the top position. Her silky hair and her big boobies dangled above Jacob's wide eyes as she reached down and fed his cock back inside her..

"Oh God!" Michelle moaned, as she lifted her arms and gyrated her hips as if she were doing some sort of fuck dance.

Jacob gasped as he gazed up at his beautiful mother. Her eyes were closed, mouth slightly open in an obvious state of arousal. Her hair was still half-wet and strung down her face. This was the sex crazy animal behind all that motherly sugar coating. Behind all those lacy bras and panties. Behind all those high-heeled sandals and cute little hairdo's. This was Michelle in the raw and he fucking loved it!

Michelle was so deep that Jacob couldn't even see their genitals. All there was was her bald pubic bone grinding against his as if they were fused together..He moaned as he felt his cock- head battering back and forth across her spongy cervical door. It felt almost like a tongue licking delightfully at his bell-tip..

"Fuck yes!." Michelle whimpered, squeezing her tits together and making her nipples puff out.

Gradually, she increased the speed of her gyrations until finally she settled on a consistent up and back motion, rolling her hips with desperate intensity.

"Holy shit, look at mom go!" Jacob thought as he watched use her his cock to scratch her itch.

In the sack, everyone had a primitive side. Jacob was seeing his mom's and he loved it. Her tits were going wild, flopping all around. Her breath was heavy, almost gasping. Her cunt muscles were

massaging his cock, her tight pink walls soaking him in the secretions of her arousal.

Michelle's body stiffened and her neck arched. She screamed, her voice howling across the lake.

As his mom's hips continued on overdrive he felt the head of her cervix push against his cock so hard he swore he was going to pop inside her womb as she ground him against it.

Jacob was feeling pretty confident at this point. Despite all the excitement his balls weren't even stirring. "I'm gonna be able to fuck the shit out of you this time, mom," he gasped.

Michelle collapsed onto her son's chest. Instead of grinding, now her bubbly behind began to frantically bounce on his groin. "Do it then! Show me how a state champion fucks his mother!" she cried out.

Jacob pumped up into her, his big balls swinging up and down as their wet genitals slapped lewdly together. His lips clamped around her nipple and he sucked while he eagerly fucked her.

For ten cock plunging minutes Michelle's ass slapped against her baby as she worked his teenage dong with her slippery tight sheath of her mommy-pussy.

"OH GOD, JACOB!" She cried as her body shook with yet another mind-blowing orgasm.

Jacob was in pussy-fucking heaven! He peeked out from under his mom's quivering breast as it laid on his face, her entire areola stuffed in his mouth. He could see the beautiful muscles in her hips working tirelessly as she bounced on his dick.

"Holy shit, you can fuck, mom!" he moaned.

"So can you! Like mother like son!" she gasped..

By this time their genitals were making a lewd creamy slap. Jacob's cock glistened with a

buttery fuck-froth that seeped down and dripped from his balls.

Stretched around his girth Michelle's vaginal lips puckered as they slid up and down every juicy inch of her boy's rock-hard shaft.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

At a steady pace they fucked like porn stars, their sweaty naked flesh glistening in the sun. It was another five minutes before Michelle popped again, letting out a desperate squeal and squirting hot girl-cum from her throbbing urethra.

To Jacob, there was nothing quite like having a matronly woman's body trembling against his, especially knowing it was his own mom. Making her cum harder than his father could made his head swell with pride..

As one orgasm subsided, Michelle's body was already pulling her towards the next one. When it came to sex, she was relentless, and her butt just kept bouncing against her teen's crotch.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

At this point Jacob's nob was getting used to be smothered in the depths of some sort of juicy orifice. It seemed as if lately it was spending more time plummeting up and down a warm hole than in his own pants. He certainly wasn't complaining. Fucking was the greatest thing ever, especially with his hot stacked mother.

"Oh my God, your cock's a dream!" Michelle's voice trembled, as she continued her plunging cunt assault on his unyielding hardon.

Jacob smiled confidently. He knew that he not only had the size, but the staying power to please even the most sexual of women, and his

mom was as sexual as they come.

Five more minutes of ball-bumping intercourse and Jacob was making his mom scream again. He felt like King of the Universe, watching her huge fat melons dance before his eyes.

Michelle had been on top for nearly forty-five minutes and her body was getting tired, but still her desire for more cock pushed her on. She slid down a little and began to make out with her son. They feasted on each others faces like hungry animals, their genitals still rapping together, refusing to be broken.

No sooner did she recover from one, than another toe-curling orgasm stuck her. Jacob watched his mom throw her head back, her eye-lids fluttering as she let out the most primitive grunt he had ever heard. He was floored when he saw a little tear run down her cheek.

"Yeah, mom, that's it! Cum on my dick," he encouraged her..

Even though he had already made her cum more times than he could count, he had this overwhelming desire to make pop again.

Using the mattress beneath him Jacob bounced his ass from the air mattress, thrusting his cock up into his mother's cunt, meeting its downward fall. Soon it was he that was doing the work and Michelle ass was just along for the ride.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

His big hairless scrotum jumped wildly, thumping against Michelle's butt-hole as Jacob hammered away tirelessly. Their bodies were dripping with seat and she was slick to hold onto. Her wet boobies were jostling all over the place, slipping and sliding all around on her son's sweaty chest.

"OH, BABY!! OH, HONEY!!OH, LOVER!!!" Michelle cried as she felt him shake her inner core. Her body suddenly shuddered violently,

and Jacob heard his mom start to sob on his shoulder her orgasm was so incredibly intense. As her pussy-spasms went crazy, and her juices squirted everywhere, Michelle literally wept like a little girl. They weren't tears of sadness, but of shear ecstasy. Michelle was having the most intense orgasm a woman could experience. A super- orgasm, brought on by the skills she had taught her son.

Hearing his mom sob only made Jacob fuck harder. He giggled to himself pridefully. Oh how wonderful to have such a big pussy-pleaser and to know how to use it. He owed it all to his mom and now he was rewarding her for her efforts.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Finally he felt his nob tingle exquisitely and his balls clench up. "OHH YESS, MOM!" the boy grunted out. It felt like the tip of his cock had blasted off into orbit he came so hard. He held her hot curvy body to his, as he pumped what felt like a gallon of hot spunk into her unprotected pussy.

Nearly ten months passed, and Jacob sat outside by the pool in his back yard. He heard the gentle tapping of bare feet move up behind him.

"The baby's really kicking today," Michelle said, feeling her big round pregnant tummy.

Jacob turned to see her standing there in a sexy white micro-bikini. The nine month pregnant mother might as well have been completely naked. The only things not showing were the rings of her areola and the puffy lips of her vulva, and they themselves were barely covered by tiny patches of fabric. Everything else was on open display. Her boobs had grown ridiculously enormous, wobbling heavily with her slightest movement.

Jacob sat up and felt his mom's smooth baby-orb as she stopped in front of him. "Do they really

have to induce you tomorrow?" he asked disappointedly The last ten month had been a whirlwind of wild ball-busting sex between him and his mom, and he knew he'd miss her belly being so swollen.

Michelle giggled. "Baby, I have to give birth sometime. I'm already overdue," she said, patting her smooth beach-ball-sized tummy.

"I know," he muttered.

"Hey," Michelle said, gazing down at her teen over the huge jutting melons of mostly naked flesh. "At least my boobs aren't going away," she said, shaking he huge milkers back and forth, "and that's your favorite part right?"

Jacob got a big smile. "Definitely!" he said.

"Wanna go upstairs for some pussy?" she asked teasingly.

Jacob quickly got up and scooped his mom off her feet. Michelle squealed playfully as her strong boy held her in his arms. "My bed or yours?" he asked excitedly.

"Yours this time! If we end up breaking my bed we'll be in real trouble," she said.

Jacob carried her upstairs to his room. His mattress was on the floor. A few days before, he and his mom had been going at it so hard that they broke his bed-frame. Now, with his mattress on the floor, they could be as rough as they wanted.

He set his mom down and peeled off his trunks. His boner wagged up and the air, stiff and ready to pound through some wet pregnant pussy.

Michelle slipped off her bikini top easily and tossed it at her boy, her giant milk-filled boobies reeling back and forth. As her tits had gone through a serious transformation so had her nipples. They were now

a dark crimson, thick, engorged and dotted with Montgomery glands for her soon-to-be nursing infant. "Got milk?" she said teasingly, shaking her udders back and forth.

"No, but I want milk," her son said with a smile.

She untied her bottoms and pulled them away from her crotch. Her belly was much too big for him to see her mons, but he knew there was a hot shaved pussy under there that loved to be stretched around his boner.

He watched his sexy pregnant mom slip onto his mattress and rest back on propped elbows, so that her boobs rolled slightly off the sides of her chest, crowning the enormous round swell of her pregnancy. Still as limber as ever, Michelle scissored her lovely legs open and threw them back into a huge spread eagle, with her dainty bare feet pointed at the wall behind her.

She glanced down towards her steamy crotch and raised an eyebrow. "Come get in!" she said in a naughty tone.

Jacob wasted no time crawling down into her waiting saddle, and squeezed his muscled cock into her cunt. Despite having hammered into her pussy at least five times a day, she still felt as snug as ever.

"There's that big cock I adore so much!" the mother cried out, feeling her son's weight press down against her. His mom was right, their baby was kicking a lot today. He could feel their daughter moving around inside the womb, sandwiched between their naked bodies.

"You gonna fuck me hard baby?" Michelle said in a sexy tone. "You gonna fuck your girl hard n fast?"

The boy began pumping his cock into the pussy of his dreams, making his cum-filled nuts beat against her upturned ass. The

mother's dainty feet bobbed from the force of her son's cock-thrusts, as he began to pound her savagely.

"Yess! That's how mommy likes it!" Michelle screamed out, her mammoth boobs rolling like big milk-engorged watermelons of flesh, warm tit-nector leaking out her rubbery nipples, onto her boy's chest.

On the shelf above his bed was a huge shiny trophy. On the front were etched the words: Jacob Little - State Champion!"

THE END

54: Hurricane Mom_1

Hurricane Mom (Revised Edition)

Chapter 1.

Fierce winds battered the Thompson's island cabin as they quickly loaded the back of the jeep with their belongings. It was a vacation cut short. There was a hurricane approaching quickly and things on this tiny tropical island would soon turn from bad to downright nasty.

Susan Thompson rushed from the cabin with a handful of belongings, her long honey-blonde hair tousling in the wind. She passed her eighteen year old son Jason, who was making a return run back into the house.

"Sweetie, do a quick walk through the cabin to make sure we didn't forget anything," she shouted.

"Will do, Mom."

Susan's passed off the items to her husband, who shoved them in the back of the jeep. Her young daughter Shauna gazed around, fascinated by the strong gusts.

Susan guided her daughter into the back seat. "Sweetie, get in and get buckled up," she said. "Is the cabin gonna blow away?" the young girl asked.

Her father answered. "Not a chance, baby girl. This place is built like a rock. It's survived hundreds of nasty storms."

Susan hurried off again." I'm gonna get Jason and lock up," she shouted.

Inside the cabin, Jason scanned each room for anything they may have forgotten. When he arrived in his parent's room he noticed something sticking out from under the bed. He recognized it right away. It was the small blue cum-rag he brought from home, the one he blew all his cum-loads into. "Why'sthisinMomanddad'sroom?"he asked himself.

Looking down, he noticed something else peeking out from under the bed. It was a pair of his mom's panties that she had forgotten to pack. He looked them over, a tinge of excitement jolting through him. While at home, Jason had often snuck into his mom's laundry and sniffed and sucked the crotch of her worn panties. Yes, he was a bit of a pervert, but he didn't care.

He lifted the delicate pale pink thong up and looked it over. "Wouldbesocooltobethestringof herthong,justforaday.TobetuckedbetweenMom'sthickass-cheeks,rubbingupagainsther butthole,"he wickedly thought.

Next, he brought gusset to his nose.The pungent scent made the room around him spin and his eyes roll back in his head. He had never smelt panties with an aroma this strong before. His

mom must have literally just changed out of them.

In a split-second, he felt as if every drop of blood in his body was rushing to his cock, causing his bulge to strain against his shorts.

"Smell good?" a voice from the doorway asked, startling him.

Jason quickly lowered the panties and spun around. Susan stood in the doorway with her arms folded across her big breasts. She gazed at him with a slightly amused smile.

"Mom...uh, I was just...um..." "Smelling my panties?" Susan asked.

Jason was speechless. He'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Susan moved towards him. She wore sexy pair of gray yoga-pants, showing off her strong sculpted legs. A pair of wedged heeled sandals displayed her sexy little bare feet with bright red toenails, matching her long manicured fingernails. Her top was a snug white cami with spaghetti straps. Her enormous tit-swells jutted from her chest and Jason could see then shuttering with each step.

She stopped in front of him, her emerald-green eyes searching his. "Do you do this at home too?" She asked softly.

Jason was so damn nervous he could hardly put his words together. "No...I...it's just..." "Susan??" A voice called from the front door. It was her husband.

Jason looked at his mom in a panic. "Mom, please don't tell dad." he begged.

She continued staring at him patiently. "Jason Thompson, I need you to be honest right now. Do you smell my panties at home?" she asked.

Jason lowered his head shamefully, knowing he better answer before his father showed up. "Yes," he muttered.

"Susan, are you back here?" her husbands voice asked, getting closer.

Susan stuck her hand out towards her son and Jason gave her the panties. "And the cum-rag," she said.

He quickly handed them over and she wadded them up in her closed fists just as her husband entered the doorway.

"There you are. What's going on?" he asked.

Susan turned and looked at him. "Nothing, we're just chatting," she said.

"How 'bout you two chat when we're on the plane. In case you haven't noticed there's a hurricane

on its way," he said, then disappeared.

Susan turned back to her son, looking him in the eyes again. "I guess when we get back home you and I have some things to discuss," she said.

"Okay," Jason said, just thankful at that moment that she didn't tell his father what she discovered.

Heavy rain pelted the jeep as it made its across the tiny island. The terrain was lush and tropical, the kind of setting that's usually considered paradise. Not today.

After a ten minute ride, the Thompson family arrived at the gate to the tiny airport. A single small airplane sat nearby, it's engines roaring.

"Are we too late momma?" Shauna asked from the backseat. "I don't know, sweetheart. I hope not," Susan answered..

"Maybe he's just warming it up for us," Susan's husband said, hurrying out of the vehicle.

Jason sat in the back seat next to his sister. He looked towards the front and found his mom staring back at him through her visor mirror. He could tell the "panty incident" was still heavily on her mind. He looked away, ashamed and intimidated by her beautiful stare. "IknowIhadher

panties,butwhydidsheaskforthoseANDmycum-ragtoo? Whatwasitdoinginherroom?"he wondered.

After talking to the Captain of the airplane, Jason's dad struggled back to the jeep through the wind and pelting rain.

"What did he say?" Susan asked as he got back in.

"There's already a couple people inside. He's only got room for two. He won't risk another trip. The wind's getting too strong." Susan's husband explained.

"What are we gonna do, momma?" Shauna asked.

Susan felt an excited tingle in her cunt. She looked at her husband decisively. "You and Shauna get on the plane. Jason and I will go back to the cabin and ride out the storm," she said.

"Don't be crazy, Susan. It's a hurricane," her husband exclaimed.

"And the cabin has survived years of them, you said so yourself. It's sits on high ground and it's boarded up. There's enough food and firewood in there for weeks. Jason and I will be just fine," she said.

"It should really be me that stays," her husband said, trying to play the hero.

"You have to be back to work on Monday and Shauna has ballet. This storm's likely to last a

couple days or even longer. Go," she said.

"You okay with this, sport?" John's dad said, peering back at him.. "Yeah, fine." Jason said, glancing at his mom.

She was looking back at him, her big pouty lips curled into a tiny smile.

After saying their quick good-bye's, Jason's dad and sister boarded the plane and he and his mom set off back towards the cabin.

"This wind's getting brutal," Susan said, gripping the wheel tightly.

"I can see why the pilot of the plane said he won't come back,"Jason said.

Half-way to the cabin, Susan pulled up next to the small island store."I hope they're still open. We need a few last minute supplies," she said.

They rushed into the tiny store and were greeted by a small native woman. She spoke broken English. "Oh, ma'am. Lucky you catch me. Store 'bout to close," she said.

"Hi Gina...so much for our sunny vacation, huh?" Susan said with a giggle.. "You no catch plane?" Gina asked.

"There wasn't room. Jason and I are gonna stay and hunker down in the cabin."

Susan looked at her son as she threw a few items into a hand basket. "Sweetheart, can you get a couple gallons of milk," she asked.

"Sure, Mom."

Jason rushed to the back of the store. His mom made her way to the check-out counter and Gina began bagging her items. The teen stopped dead in his tracks as he heard his mom request something unexpected. "I need latex condoms, Gina. Do you have them?" she asked.

The boy's heart began to pound hard in his chest. "DidIjusthearthatright?Condoms??"he thought.

Gina found some hanging behind the counter. "Yes, mum. Have boxes." "Oh excellent," Susan said, "how many condoms come in a box?"

"Six, mum." Gina answered.

"Great. Give me six boxes please, hun." Susan said, getting out her checkbook.

Jason couldn't believe his ears. He quickly did the math in his head. Thirty-six condoms. That was enough for a fucking football team. He brought the milk up to the counter. Gina glanced at

the condoms, then at Jason with a little smirk. "Handsomeyoungmangonnabebusy,"she thought, then started bagging their items..

By the time they arrived at the cabin the wind was howling and the rain was coming down in sheets. They grabbed their bags and rushed inside.

The previous day, Jason and his dad had boarded up all the windows, to prevent damage to the tiny vacation-home. Susan slammed the big wooden door and bolted all the locks. "Wow, I think we're in for a doozy," she said, catching her breath.

"Looks that way," Jason said.

Susan took the back to the tiny kitchen area and began putting stuff away. "Sweetie, why don't you get a fire going. Warm it up in here," she said.

"Good idea," Jason said, then set to work. He was glad his father had enough foresight to stack a huge pile of dry wood next to the fireplace.

After putting away the kitchen items, Susan disappeared into the back bedroom. It was the only sleeping space in the cabin, besides a cozy loft, where Jason and his sister crashed. A small bathroom was situated between the kitchen and bedroom. The place was compact, but cozy and charming.

By the time Susan emerged, Jason had a roaring fire going. He sat on the big fluffy sofa just in front of the fireplace. "Wow, it's warmer already," Susan said as the rounded the sofa.

Susan had changed into a white silk babydoll robe. It was cut just below her crotch and Jason's eyes couldn't help but be drawn to her stong silky-smooth legs. Her cute little bare feet tapped against the cold wood floor as she neared the sofa. The robe had three-quarter length sleeves and a deep V-cut neckline leaving exposed a substantial amount of cleavage.

Jason could tell his mom didn't have a bra on by the way her big boobs jostled heavily beneath the thin silk covering. Susan had a big bowl in her hand that was nearly overflowing with individually wrapped condoms. She set it down on the coffee table, then plopped down next to him on the sofa.

She curled her naked legs up onto the cushion, sort of sitting sideways facing her teen. Jason glanced at her enormous creamy cleavage, mesmerized by the way her tit-mounds wobbled from side to side as she got comfy.

"Sweetie, I want to thank you for being honest with me earlier...about the panties. It took a lot of courage. That's all I expect of you is honesty," she said.

She reached out and took his hand, holding it on her lap. They could hear the faint sound of the storm wreaking havoc outside, but they were nice and cozy, in front of a crackling fire, in their own little safe-haven. "We're gonna be all alone together, for at least a few days. It'll be the

perfect opportunity for us to work through this," she said

Jason glanced at the rubbers. His mom looked down at them too, then back at her him, smiling tenderly. "There's thirty-six latex

condoms in that bowl and over the next few days they'll all be sliding onto your penis. Where they go from there is up to you," she said..

Jason's heart was nearly pounding out of his chest. He couldn't believe this was actually happening.

"Are you ready to be honest with me?" Susan said, gazing meaningfully.

Jason opened his mouth, but nothing came out, so he nodded. This made Susan giggle. "So how long has my son had his little panty fetish?" she asked almost teasingly..

"Um, I don't know...a couple years I guess."

"You guess? You mean you don't know?" she asked.

Jason eyes lowered towards the floor timidly. "Yeah, it's been a couple years." "Hey..." she said, squeezing his hand, "look at me."

Jason look up into those piercing emerald-green eyes. They were big and beautiful and her little smile told him everything was fine. "Do you love me?" she asked softly.

"Yeah, of course."

"Do you trust me?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Yeah." Jason said, taking a big anxious gulp.

Susan smiled. "I want you to stand up and take off your shorts." "My shorts?" Jason asked, making sure he heard her right.

"Mm-hm, stand up and take them off."

Jason slowly stood up, undid his shorts and let them fall to the floor. His cock was incredibly hard, causing his briefs to tent way out obscenely.

"Briefs too, kiddo," Susan said. "But, mom...I..." Jason sputtered.

Susan quickly rose to her feet and took her son by the hands. "Hey..." she whispered lovingly, "Look at me."

Jason looked back at her nervously.

"Relax," she said lovingly, "it's just you and me here.

"I'm sorry, mom. I'm just a little nervous," Jason confessed.

"I understand," Susan smiled, the glanced down at his undies "Do you want me to help?" she asked.

Jason nodded and Susan squatted down in front of him until she was face to face with his bulging erection. She carefully hooked her fingers along the elastic waistband and pulled at his briefs. Jason's boner was pulled down as it caught on the elastic. It finally sprang free and catapulted upward, slapping against his stomach.

Susan's eyes went wide as she gazed at his impressive length. His thick erection was at least eight inches, with thick pulsing veins criss-crossing up the shaft. Jason had a big fat helmet that was sure to make the women drool with lust.

His mother slid his briefs the rest of the way off, then reached for a condom from the bowl. She tore it open and Jason watched as his mom shamelessly fit the latex ring over his cock-head.

He was amazed at how matter-of-fact she was being as she rolled the condom onto his dick, sliding her soft tiny fingers down his thick hard muscle. "You're definitely gonna need a bigger- sized condom, but this will have to do for now," she said, as she unrolled it all the way, which still left a couple inches of his cock unsheathed.

Susan stood back up and smiled at her son. "Sit back down," she said.

He did so and watched as Susan reached under her robe and slid her panties over her wide hips. She slipped them down her strong smooth legs until they dropped to her feet and she stepped out of them. The busty mother picked them up, placed them in the pocket of her robe, then sat back down. "Lay your head down here on my lap, sweetie." she said.

Jason sprawled out on his back on the sofa and rested his head on his mom's soft lap. From this vantage point the swell of her tits were absolutely amazing. It looked like there were a pair of large protuberant watermelons sticking out from her upper-frame.

The mother ran her fingers through her son's hair, smiling down at him. "I want you to tell me what you think about while you sniff my panties."

Jason's heart pounded nervously. If he shared that, she'd know all his secrets. "I...I don't know really..." he muttered.

"That's too bad," she said disappointedly.

Susan quickly reached over, grabbed the condom by the receptacle tip and yanked it off Jason's cock with a SNAP, then threw it aside.

"Stand up!" she said sternly.

Jason quickly got up and his mom squatted down in front of him again. Like before, she opened one of the condoms and rolled it onto his cock.

She sat back down, her tits bobbling beneath her robe, then patted her lap. "Come on," she said.

Jason sprawled back down on the couch and again rested his head on his mom's lap, just like before.

She gazed down at him with a piercing stare. "Now, Jason Thompson...I want you to tell me what you think about while you sniff my panties," she said, "And don't say you don't know."

Jason took a brave deep breath. "Sex," he muttered.

"So while your sniffing my panties, you're imagining that your with a girl and that you're getting laid?" Susan asked.

"Yeah," he said.

"Who is this girl?" Susan asked.

The fact that her son stared back at her made the answer a dead giveaway. "Is this girl me, Jason. Be honest. Do you fantasize about having sex with me?" she asked.

"Yeah," he muttered.

Susan smiled and stared off into space for a moment. "Mysonwantstofuckme.Thisisgoing tobeaveryinterestingfewdays,"she thought.

Jason was unsure what to make of the silence "Are you mad?" he asked.

She smiled down at him, putting him a bit at ease. "No...you were completely honest with me. That's all I asked for. How could I be mad?" she said.

Susan glanced at her son's throbbing condom-covered cock, letting her eyes linger a moment. ""Ready to fill that condom?" she asked.

Jason gulped excitedly. "Sure," he muttered

She fished a tube of lubrication, along with her panties, from her pocket. Jason's boner pointed in an upward arc and Susan squirted some lubricated gel on the tip.

She set the tube aside and started to massage the gel onto her son's erection. Jason groaned as he felt his mom's tiny hand squeeze and pull at the length of his cock.

"Mmm, bet that feels better than your own hand, doesn't it, sweetheart?" she asked.

"Yess," he hissed, watching his Mom's experienced hand milk his prick up and down in a perfect corkscrew motion. She squeezed and pulled at his knob, igniting his sensitive cock-glans.

"Here baby," she said, handing her son her panties with her free hand, "show mom what you do with them."

Jason brought the panties to his nose and that familiar pungent aroma filled his nostrils.

His mom's hand felt amazing as it traveled the length of his fuck-pole. Every third or forth stroke Susan's slippery fingers would travel down and massage her son's big hairless scrotum, her

long nails digging into the meat of his nuts.

"Ohh wow," the boy sighed, so aroused he could hardly stand it.

As Jason held the panties to his face, sniffing her womanly scent, he watched his mom's hand fly magically up and down his dick. He noticed that her robe had started to open and he could see more and more of her jiggling boobs and sexy midriff.

Susan began to speed up a bit, her hand working tirelessly while staring dreamily into her son's eyes. "Close your eyes, baby," she said softly. .

Jason complied, feeling his cock flex and throb in Susan's hand as she beat his meat with juicy rapid strokes.

"Do you see us, baby? Are we naked?" She asked. "Yesss," he panted.

"Where are we baby? Tell me where you're fucking mommy in your naughty fantasy?" "The loft," he muttered.

"We're in the loft? Are you on top of me? Are my sexy legs thrown high in the air, Jason?" she asked seductively.

Jason buckled beneath her as she made his knob tingle delightfully.

Susan giggled. "They are aren't they. Mommy legs are wide open and you're burying your hard boner deep, aren't you baby boy?"

"OH GOD MOM!" Jason yelped, helplessly feeling the love-lava shoot through his fuck-tube. "Yesss! Cummm, baby!" Susan shouted as she felt the ropes begin to fire from her son's penis.

She didn't ease up on his dick one bit. Jason's ass lifted from the sofa, his hips quivering as he fired more and more cream from his cock. "Uuuunnhhgg!" he grunted. The tip of the condom became a big pearly-white bubble of cock-cream..

The winds outside howled. Thirty-four condoms remained in the bowl. Like the hurricane outside,

the storm of passion inside the cabin was only beginning.

Chapter 2.

"That was really great," Jason confessed, snuggling with his mom on the couch. She'd just given him his very first handjob. The contents of his nuts now sat on the coffee table in front of them, tied off in a latex ball.

"Did I do a better job than those girls at school that jerk you off?" Susan asked. "Actually that was my first time."

Susan sat up a bit and looked at him in shock. "THAT was your first handjob?" "Yep."

"You've never been jerked off...like during a date?" she asked. "Nope."

"Given a blowjob?"

"Uh-uh," he answered, shaking his head.

She sat up even more, staring at him inquisitively. "Fucked a girl??" "No, none of those things."

"You're telling me that you're a complete virgin?" she asked, looking as though she could hardly believe it.

"I've touched a girl's breasts, that's about it."

"Jason, your technically an adult. Sex should be a regular part of a person's life at your age," Susan said.

"I know, but I haven't really had a serious girlfriend yet...and I don't go on many dates."

Susan scowled at him. "So you just sit at home, sniff my panties and jerk off into a cum-rag," she asked, "that's your idea of a healthy sex life?"

Her son laughed at her candor.

His mom didn't see the humor in her comment. "It's not funny. You're suppose to be sexually active at your age and hopefully using those things," Susan said, pointing at the bowl of unopened condoms.

"Today was the first time I ever had one on, honestly," he confessed. "Hey, since you brought up my cum-rag, that reminds me. Why was it in you and dad's bedroom? I don't even remember bringing it."

Susan's big boobies jostled beneath the robe as she straightened her posture and tucked her legs up on the couch comfortably, seeming reluctant to answer. "We can talk about that later. Right now I need to know why you're not having sex yet? There must be some reason?" she asked.

The teen shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, I just..." "You just what?"

"It's really not a big deal mom," he muttered uncomfortably.

Jason was still naked from the waist down and despite having just blown his wad, his cock was still hard. Susan reached over, grabbed a condom from the bowl and ripped it open. The teen watched in wide-eyed wonder as she rolled it onto his boner. "What's that for?"

"What do you think it's for? In case you haven't noticed honesty can get you places. So unless you wanna waste a perfectly good condom, I suggest you tell me why you're not having sex yet?" she said.

Jason hesitated a second then answered. "Wasn't the reason obvious?"he said. "Obvious when?"

"When you were jerking me off. I squirted my stuff out in less than a minute. It's embarrassing," he said timidly. .

This brought a big smile to Susan's face. "Ok, first of all sweetheart, it's called cum, not 'stuff.' And secondly, cumming that quickly when you first start out is perfectly normal," she explained, "Do you remember when I first taught you to ride a bike. You could only stay on for a few seconds, but how did you get better?"

"Practice."

"Exactly. So you just need to get a girlfriend and practice having sex, even if it causes a little embarrassment at first. As time goes on,

you'll be able to go longer and longer the more you learn to control it," Susan said.

"I guess I just haven't had any experience, so the thought of doing sexual stuff excites me, but makes me nervous at the same," Jason confessed.

"Hmm, put another log on the fire. I'll be right back," Susan said, getting up and moving towards the kitchen.

"You want me tend to the fire...like this?" Jason said, looking down at his condom-sheathed cock..

"Of course, just don't throw the wrong 'wood' in the fireplace," she joked, making her son giggle. "Funny, Mom."

Jason threw another log on the fire, listening to the violent wind and rain outside. He sat back down about the same time Susan came back. She was carrying another bowl, some sticky- notes and a pen. "What's all that for?" he asked.

She set the bowl down, handed him the other items and plopped down beside him. "On each sticky note, I want you to write down a sexual act that you're curious about. It can be anything, no matter how kinky or dirty. One act per sticky note, then fold them up and put them in the bowl," she said.

"Why am I doing that?"

"First write them all down, then I'll explain," Susan said.

Jason spent the next five minutes writing down all the sexual things he ever wanted to do on the sticky notes. He even wrote the crazy kinky stuff that he realistically thought would probably never really happen. "I think that's everything," he finally said.

"You're sure?" Susan asked with a smile.. "Yes."

There were quite a few folded sticky notes in the bowl. Susan mixed them up using her fingers.

"I said before that honesty will get you places and THESE are the places I was talking about. You were truthful with me about why you're not having sex yet. That was brave, so pick one," she said.

Jason gulped anxiously. "Really?" "Yes really," she said.

He didn't need to be asked twice. He stuck his hand in the bowl and pulled out one of the notes. He quickly unfolded it and a huge smile formed on his face.

"Oh boy, what have I just gotten myself in to?" she asked playfully as she took the note and read it. "Well, it's an interesting way to start, but let's do it," she said, standing and reaching down for his hand.

Susan grabbed to bowl of condoms and led her son into the downstairs cabin bedroom. The boy's heart pounded with a wicked thrill. He wore nothing but a rubber and his Mom was in a baby-doll nighty, leading him into the bedroom where normally only his parents went.

"Here," she said, pulling the lube back out of her robe pocket and handing it to him, "You'll need plenty of that."

Jason applied heated lubrication to his boner while watching his mom climb up onto the bed. She paused in the center of the mattress, remaining on all fours and peeking back at her boy. "Make sure to coat your entire erection," she said.

"I got it all," he said.

"Good, hand me the bottle."

Jason moved to the edge of the bed and handed the lube to his mom. He watched in wide-eyed awe as Susan lifted the robe up over her hips, exposing her thick peach-shaped ass. Then she squirted a little lube on her fingers, reached back and oiled up her asshole.

The mother was completely shameless and hoped that her son was experiencing the same comfort level. "OhSusanyouareSOnaughty,"she told herself. She loved having a dick in her ass and the fact that her husband would only do anal occasionally frustrated the hell out of her. For this reason, she had bought herself a butt-plug and often kept it in as she went about her daily routine. Having something so thick shoved up her ass, so that she could grip and squeeze it all day had resulted in some very strong rectal muscles.

The pretty mom gazed back at her boy. "Come stick it in," she said.

Jason was so nervous he couldn't move. Susan finally sensed his anxiety and got up from the bed. "Honey, don't be nervous. Remember, ever guy has a 'first time' and I guarantee that most of them performed horribly," she said.

"Probably true," the boy muttered.

"Absolutely true. Here, lay down on your back," she said, guiding him onto the bed, "I'll take the lead this first time."

Jason sprawled out on the mattress. Susan climbed onto the bed, crawling along side him. The boy stared in fascination, watching her huge braless jugs bobble around beneath the robe. The plunging neckline allowed him to see an absurd amount of creamy tan tit-cleavage.

"You just lay back and relax for now," she said, mounting him in the reverse cowgirl position, "let mom do all the work."

Susan bunched the robe up around her waist and reached down, grasping her son's hard cock

by the root. The boy watched in lustful awe as she rubbed his knob through the crack of her ass.

He could see the thick outer folds of her shaved snatch and couldn't help but wonder if she'd really let him take her vaginally as well.

The eager mother fit his fat tapered knob again her asshole. Holding his boner sturdy, she pushed her buns down. She exhaled a sharp gasp as the rubbery ring of her ass swallowed.just the tip of his dick.

"Ohhh man," the boy sighed, feeling the clutching heat of her ass on his glans.

Susan's rested both her knees astride his hips, positioning herself for a good ass-pounding.

Jason could hardly believe what he was seeing. He had a front row seat to the show and better yet, he was an active participant. Their bodies were now joined at his Mom's ass, her clasping butt-hole fit snuggly around the ridge of his corona.

Susan peeked down at him over her shoulder. "Ready, honey?" she asked.. "Yeah."

She lowered her hips and Jason felt his cock sink into her ass-tract. Even though he wore a condom, the latex was very thin, allowing him to feel the slippery tissue squeeze along his tender dick exquisitely. "Ohhh God," he muttered.

"Mmm, you like that honey?" Susan asked. "Yes."

Susan raised up just a tad, then pushed down again, burying more cock up her ass. She began to bounce her buns on his crotch, making his flexing boner sink deeper and deeper. "Ohhyess!" the hot

mother sighed, feeling his meat push into her rectum. "OhmyGod,hisdickfeels incredible!I'vediedandgonetoheaven!"her mind screamed.

For Jason also, the feeling was out of this world. Better than he ever imagined. His dick began to throb and tingle as he basked in the sensations of having his young cock milked by her mature ass.

"Ohh man, I gotta stop," he whimpered, raising to his elbows. His cock was already close to spurting hot cum.

"Not yet, honey. You're almost all the way in," Susan said, "a little deeper!"

The mother used her strong hips to push her butt further down his erection. The thick lips of her butt-ring stretched obscenely around his thick cock-base, then screwed up against the root of his erection. Her ass had swallowed all of him. There was nothing left to take.

"Ohhhh!" she sighed, feeling her ass crammed full.

Susan's eyes were wide with pleasure. If was easily the biggest cock she'd ever had in her ass. A soon as she squeezed her shit-muscles, Jason squirmed beneath her in delight. "Ohhh mom," he groaned, feeling like he could cum any second.

"Relax, sweetheart," she said in her calm motherly tone. "Breath and relax." "It feels too good. I gotta pull it out," he muttered, on the verge of popping.

Susan giggled. Her thick ass-cheeks were spread out against his crotch, swiveling up and back as she plowed his dick deep in her bowels. "No you don't. You're fine just where you are," she said calmly, but with a gentle gasping.

Jason fell back on the bed in ecstasy, his body stiffening up like a board and his hands clenching the sheets as jizz began to fire from

his piss-slit. "Uuuhhggh! Ohhh yess!" he cried out, feeling the snug inner lining of Susan's ass squeeze and massage his cock, from knob to balls.

His mother was so fucking horny that she couldn't resist reaching down and rubbing her fleshy clitoris. Within seconds she was shaking and whimpering right along with him, as a juicy orgasm shot through her pussy and ass. "Yesss!" she hissed.

The pressure of her climax caused her holes to clench up. Jason writhed in delight. It felt as if her hot ass-tube was gonna squeeze his dick right off and the feeling was exquisite.

"Sorry, I did it again," the teen said as his body returned to earth..

Susan peered back at him with a warm reassuring smile, her ass still smothering his groin. "What do we do when we fall of the bicycle?"

"We get back on," he answered.

She lifted her ass off his cock. It popped from her butt-hole with a wet FLOP and he watched her asshole retract, clenching closed. The rubber was full of his milky load. Susan turned and carefully removed it from his boner. As she had with the one in the living room, she tied the condom into a cum-ball and set it on the nightstand.

Jason watched as she ripped open another condom. "You're young and resilient," she said, rolling the latex onto his still-erect dick. Then the mother turned, facing away from him on all fours, her thick tan mommy-ass pointed back at him. "So get back on," she said, peeking back at him.

He crawled to his knees, his heart began pounding again with that same wicked thrill as before. He was slightly more confident this time, fitting his knob to her ass-socket and pushing it in.

Susan loved watching his eyes widen in pleasure as he stared at her sexy derriere."Remember, sex isn't a race," she said, "When you feel yourself getting close, it's ok to slow down, just don't stop."

"Ok," Jason said with a sigh and a more confident smile.

The teen sunk his boner in as deep as it could go, then started fucking with steady humps. Watching his cock glide in and out of his own Mom's ass was enthralling, especially when her fatty outer-layer of ass-flesh began to ripple with every strike of his mid-section.

"Ohhh man!" the boy sighed. His mom had relaxed her rectal and sphincter muscles, providing him a snug smooth tunnel to pound his dick through.

Susan's phone suddenly started buzzing. "It's your father," she said, grabbing her cell. "Should I..."

"You're fine, just keep humping," his mom said as she put the phone on speaker. "Hey hon," she said.

"Well, we made it back alive. It was one crazy flight though," her husband Randy explained.

"I bet. I'm glad you guys flew out when you did," Susan said, "the wind has just gotten rediculous here."

Jason felt a little odd, plugging his dick through his Mom's ass while she spoke to his father. It was surreal, but exciting. He quickly slowed down as the feeling of an orgasm came out of nowhere. "Ohh shit," he murmured, trying his best to control cum.

"The news is saying the eye of the storm should be over you early in the morning," Jason's father said.

The boy pulled his dick out of his Mom's ass, feeling as though he could cum any second. Susan looked back at him patiently. "Honey

no, come on, put it back in," she said patiently.

"Too close," her son whispered, holding his cock as he stood from the bed. "What's going on? You guys doing alright?" he heard his father ask.

"We're fine, Jason's just um...he's just helping me in the kitchen," she said, crawling off the bed. "He doesn't have much experience at this, but he'll get better."

She moved over in front of him, turned and backed her thick half-moons against him. Jason watched excitedly as his mom reached back, grasped his cock and squeezed it back inside her ass.

"I take it you guys haven't lost power there yet?" her husband asked.

Susan was too focus on pushing back against her son's boner to answer. She had backed him to the wall and was humping her ass back on his cock, her big knockers bobbling beneath the robe. A lewd smacking sound began to fill the room, but she wasn't at all trying to hide it. "Come

on honey, just keep at it," she said.

"Susan, can you guys hear me?" Hubby asked, through the phone in her hand.

"Yes, we can hear you, sorry, Jason's just helping me stir something," she said with heavy breath, gyrating her ass against her son's cock.

Jason gasped and held on to her soft hips, feeling his boner move around in her tightly gripping ass-canal.

"Well, a great time to learn new skills I suppose," her husband said.

"That's what I told him. Being stuck in the cottage for God knows how long, we'll have plenty of time to practice," the mother said, repeatedly throwing her ass back at him again.

"SLAP, SLAP SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP."

"That sounds like some pretty serious stirring," they heard Randy say. Little did he know he was listening to his wife's sexy ass beat against their son's crotch.

"SLAP, SLAP SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP." Jason buckled from the pleasure of being steadily humped back on. He winced in delight, laying his head on his Mom's shoulder.

"It is," Susan answered her husband, "but I think it's about to result in some VERY thick batter."

Jason's mother peeked back at him, grinding his cock deep in her squeezing rectum. "Am I right, honey, are we gonna get a lot of thick yummy batter out of this?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered.

"Don't tell me I missed out on chocolate-chip pancakes?" Randy said with disappointment.

Susan's mind suddenly spun wildly as she crested towards her own orgasm. She reached down and rubbed her soaking-wet clitoris. "Hhnnnnaahh," her sexy voice whimpered, her body starting to shiver.

"What happened. Did you spill something?" Randy asked.

The mother's sexy naked legs began to shake as she felt a powerful anal-orgasm rush through her..She knew there was no way she could keep from screaming out, so she quickly hung up on her husband and dropped the phone to the floor.

"Ohhh, God, Jason, I'm cuuuming!" Fuck meeeee!" She grimaced in ecstasy as the spasms of cumming bored through her pussy and asshole. She could feel his cock swelling and knew he was right there with her.

"Unh shit," Jason gasped. "Unh… there… unh…"

The thick load of his jism burst from the purplish knob of his cock as the boy worked his spurting prick through his mother's clenching asshole. There was so much cum that Susan could actually feel the latex condom bulging out inside her ass..

She ground her ass against him, feeling his thick boner throb and spurt for nearly two minutes. "You went longer that time," she said proudly.

"A little bit longer," he sighed.

"And next time will be even longer," she said, lifting her ass off his cock. "Before long you'll be humping ass like a pornstar," she said.

"Yeah right," Jason said with a giggle.

"Oh my God, honey, look at how much you filled that thing."

Jason looked down at the condom. There was so much cum inside it that they could barely see any of his cock from the cream that was surrounding it. "Dang, that IS a lot," he agreed.

"I'll have to be careful not to lose any," she said, easing it off his boner. "Why? Are you saving them for something?"

She peered at him with a mischievous smile. "Uh-huh." "What?" he asked.

She tied the condom off and went to her nightstand. "You'll have to wait and see," she said, then picked the other cum-ball up and held

them side by side. "Look at how much more you squirted out this time."

"I love how you told dad we were working in the kitchen," he said with a smile.

Susan giggled. "Well I didn't completely lie. You WERE helping me stir something to make batter," she said, then dangled the big latex ball of cum, "baby-batter."

Jason laughed.."So I really wanna know...What could you possibly do with condoms full of my sperm, mom" Jason asked, extremely curious.

"Well you're just dying to know aren't you?" she teased.

They heard a ROARING gust of wind outside and suddenly the room went completely bitch-black. "Well, there goes the power," Susan said.

"Dang, I can't see anything," Jason said. "It should be brighter out in the family room, with the fire going."

"If I can find the damn door," Susan said, trying to feel her way to the closed doorway.

"I'll help you," the teen said, carefully getting up from the bed.

"Ouch, I just stubbed my toe on something," Susan said in a playful tone. "Damn that hurt." "I think I'm about there," the boy told her, then ran directly into his mother. "Oops!"

Susan giggled and latched onto him, "I'm not the door, silly boy," she teased, then pulled him in tight, mashing her tits up against him, "but you can turn my handle if you want?" she said seductively, running her long nails across his back.

"Turn your handle huh?"

"Uh huh," she said, kissing his neck tenderly. "Do you really wanna find that lantern right now?" kiss, kiss, "or do you wanna lay in here in the dark and let Mom bathe you in affection?"

"The affection sounds better," he sighed.

"I agree," she said between kisses and slowly pushed him towards the bed.

Jason and his mother fell back onto the mattress. Susan squealed playfully as she landed on top of her boy, her braless knockers bobbling all over him. She wasted no time attacking his neck with wet tender kisses. "Untie my robe" she whispered, then went back to kissing.

Jason reached down and untied the sash to her robe. Susan quickly sat up, straddling his midsection. He felt the robe drop off her body, onto his legs. "Mmm, now we're both naked, Jason," she said, clawing at his chest. "Are you ready to feel your mom's big soft naked tits against you?"

"Yess," Jason hissed, so excited he could hardly stand it.

"Ready for me to show you some of the wonderful things girls can do to you?" "Uh huh."

The big titted mother lowered herself back against him, going straight for his neck again. The boy's body shuddered with the thrill of her warm mammoth tits squashed against him. "Mmmm," Susan moaned, planting soft wet kisses all over his neck.

She gradually worked her way up his face and his lips, smooching him with tender pecks. She let out horny little whimpers that drove her son crazy. Over the next several minutes, their kissing became

longer and more passionate. It wasn't long at all before they were making out like newlyweds..

"Mmmm," the mother moaned, as their tongues danced inside his mouth.

Jason's hard cock was now rising up between his Mom's legs, the top of his shaft pressed against her shaved lips of her vulva. She writhed against him with little humping motions,

clutching and clawing at his young frame.

They rolled over so that Jason was now on top and Susan tossed her her sexy legs around him, clutching him as they made out, like her life depended on it.

The boy had never experienced passion this intense. He could hardly believe that the thick strong tongue lashing through his mouth was that of his own mother's. The huge tits sloshing against his chest were the same ones he'd secretly lusted after for years. "Thisisamazing!"he thought. "Ineverwantittoend."

Susan's mind was also swirling on a whirlwind of impulsive lust. Like most married women, she'd had secret fantasies of having a hot young lover for years now, so this unbridled passion with her handsome son was a dream come true. "IloveRandy,Ireallydo.He'smyhusband.I shouldbefeelingguiltyrightnow,butI'mnot.Nottheleastlittlebit."

They rolled and kissed and rolled and kissed some more. Their bodies were so hot and horny it was a wonder they hadn't started fucking impulsively. "I think it's time for you to pick another piece of paper from that bowl," Susan finally said.

"Ok," her son muttered breathlessly, as eager as she was to see what was coming next. "Do you think we can find the door this time?" Susan asked with a cute giggle.

"We can try."

Together they found their way through the darkness. The family room was filled with the warm glow of the crackling fire. Jason threw another log on, then suddenly remembered that his mom was now naked like he was and he hadn't really gotten a good look at her yet..

Susan was prepared for his curious eyes. When he turned towards her, she was in a cute little stance with one silky leg kicked slightly out in front of the other. Her boobs were absolutely massive, hanging heavily on her chest. Jason marveled at the size of her areola and thick rubbery nipples. They looked like they were made to be latched onto and sucked for hours.

His mom fed him a curious smile, watching him gawk at her tits. "Do they look better naked?" she asked.

"Absolutely," he answered. "You're body's amazing, mom."

"Thank you," she said, letting her eyes drift down to his pointing erection. "Yours is pretty amazing too."

Jason's eyes traveled down her sexy midriff, to the tantalizing V of her pubis. Her mons were mostly shaved, except for a small, neatly trimmed patch of pubic fur. She leaned over and picked up the bowl with the folded paper, which cause her big oversized melons to wobble around enticingly.

Susan held the bowl out towards her son. "Let's see what other kinds of naughty things you've been wanting to do with a girl," she said.

Jason chose from the bowl and handed it to Susan, who eagerly unfolded and read it. "Oh my!" she said with a little smile, then looked at him naughtily. "YOU ARE a curious one, aren't you?"

"Which one is it?" asked.

"Grab that lantern and meet me back in the bedroom, then you'll find out," she said with a wink.

The boy stood there for a moment, mesmerized by the swaying half-moons of her naked meaty behind as she sashayed back to the bedroom.

He hurriedly went up into the loft and fetched the emergency lantern. He got it lit and headed down to the bedroom.

Susan was on the center of the bed waiting for him with her legs curled under her. Her king- sized jugs protruded from her chest like two overfilled water balloons. "Come lay down on your back," she said softly, patting the mattress beside her.

The boy set the lantern down on the side table. It shrouded the bedroom in a soft romantic glow. Jason complied with what his mother had asked, sprawling onto the mattress. His boner hadn't softened one bit, eager for whatever was coming next.

He watched Susan unwrap a condom and roll it onto his prick. "Ready to wow each other with our oral skills?" she said with a cute grin.

The teen's body tingled excitedly. "Shemusthavepicked'sixty-nine.'OhmyGod,I'mgonnaeat mom'spussy.Shegonnasuckmydick!Holy shit!" his brain screamed.

"I'm ready," Jason muttered, trying to sound as calm as possible.

His Mom straddled his body, facing the opposite direction. Seeing her on all-fours, hovering above his body was a site he'd never forget. The way her huge tan boobs hung down was sexiest thing he's ever seen.

Her pussy lowered towards his lips, her fleshy folds slightly splayed, exposing the domed hood of her clitoris and her creamy coral gash.

It suddenly felt as though his cock was dipped in a smooth pocket of wet warmth. Susan's rounded lips stretched obscenely over his cock-meat, letting nearly half his impressive length sink into her mouth.

"Hhuhhmm," the teen whimpered as his own lips were smothered by the tissue of her hot mature pussy. He started licking her horny pussy as if he'd been doing it for years. He squirmed on the bed beneath her, thrusting his tongue deeply into her fuck-hole and pumping it in and out. He found her thick stiff clit and sucked it deep into his mouth.

"Mmmnn," the mother purred, her head bobbing on her son's crotch. Precum was oozing from his slit and Susan wished it wasn't being captured in the condom, but instead dripping onto her tongue. "It'sok,Ihaveplansforallthatyummyjuicelater,"she thought.

Susan imagined she was lapping it up and made a wet gulping sound around the fat head of his meat. She grasped the shaft of his hard-on in her fist and stroked it up and down, at the same time, she continued the slurping, cheek-puckering pressures of cock sucking.

"Ahhhyess," the boy whimpered against her pink inner pussy-folds. The smell, taste and feel of her juicy mommy-cunt against his face, along with the exquisite blowjob he was receiving was driving him insane.

Jason ran his tongue around the periphery of her cunt, licking and tugging the fragrant

lips. Being a sci-fi movie buff, he couldn't help but think about the "Alien" movie and the "face- hugger" creature from that film. Right now his Mom's cunt was a "face-hugger," smothering him in wet fleshy pussy.

His mom clasped her thighs around his head, bucking and humping her ass, as the pressure building inside her cunt rose to the bursting point.

"Mmmyesss!" Susan cried out, her body trembled, struck by an orgasm brought on by her son's oral skill. This, of course, juiced Jason's face up even more. She nursed and whimpered on his peter-tip as her naked body writhed for several minutes.

The hot mother now set her full attention on milking the cum from her son's nuts. This time she tried to take more of his dick in. Her pouting lips stretched obscenely around the thickness of

his meat. She gagged, then made lurid, gulping sounds as she forced his rubbery shaft down her throat.

"Ahhh fuck," Jason groaned, throwing his head back in pleasure. "Howthehellissheswallowing thatmuchcock,"he asked himself.

"Ummfffff," Susan gurgled. Feverishly, she bobbed her head up and down, fucking her mouth with her boy's big hard-on. Her strong tongue darted wetly all over his cock head.

With his face still mashed against the juicy flesh of her pink pussy, Jason shut his eyes and let his body fall slack onto the mattress. Susan was really working on his dick now. She was jacking off the shaft hard and fast while slurping around the head.

The pressure in his balls was growing more and more intense..

"Ohh shit! Ohhh wow, I'm gonna cum, mom!" the teen announced. He felt the familiar tingling sensation throbbing through his cock and balls.

Susan jerked him off violently, pumping his prick into her mouth. Slurping sounds burbled out of her throat as her lips clasped and milked the pink flesh of his dick.

"Unghh!...Ungghhh!" Jason grunted. He grimaced and began to rock his hips on the bed, fucking his throbbing cock into his mother's mouth as the cum pulsed into the condom.

The next ten minutes were filled with moans and whimpers as mother and son rubbed their faces against each others genitals. Jason felt his Mom slip the cum-filled condom from his cock and tie it off.

Susan reached over and shut off the lantern, then guided her teen under the blankets with her. Not a word was spoken as they snuggled under the blankets together.

Jason loved the feel of his Mom's soft warm breasts pressed against him as they listened to the violent wind and rain outside. Finally, they drifted off to sleep.

Several hours later, Susan woke up. Her nipples were hard, her cunt soaking-wet. She was itching for a hard fuck, but knew she had to be patient. Her boy's thick cock would be thundering through her cunt soon enough. "Ijustneedtotastehim.Ijusttotastehiscum!"her horny mind shouted.

She reached over and grabbed all three of the cum-filled condoms she had tied off, then rolled onto her back beside her sleeping son. She held one of the cum-balls by the knot of the latex, letting it drag all over her pretty face. "Mmmm," she moaned, savoring the sloshing feel of it's milky contents.

She played with it against her lips before slipping inside her mouth. "Mmmnngghh," she whimpered, sucking it like the juicy knob of a cock. Her thick tongue flew around it's elastic surface, like a hungry creature trying desperately to feast on what was inside. "OhmyGod!"her mind screamed, "freshyoungcum!Iwantitall!"

The lusty slurping sound that came from her mouth woke Jason up. He could tell his mom was next to him rubbing her pussy, but it was

too dark for him to see anything.

Susan dug her tongue on the elastic ring above the knot, scrubbing off the dried residual spunk. She squeezed one of her big tits and rubbed her clit frantically savoring the taste of her son's spunk.

She grabbed another latex cum-ball, then brought it down and rubbed it against her overheated vagina. Panting heavily now, Susan rubbed the ball of spunk against her wet throbbing clitoris, then shoved it inside her cunt as deep as her fingers could get it.

Inside her pussy, the pink ribbed walls of her birthing-tune squeezed and sucked on the milky ball. She wanted desperately to pop it open and feel all that rich boy-spunk soak into her cervix.

"Nn-mm-nnn-mm," Jason heard his mom moan. He could tell she was sucking on something, but couldn't imagine what.

Susan quickly snatched ball number three from her chest. She desperately wanted this one in

her ass, so she reached down and shoved it against her butt-ring. She nearly popped that one open getting it up into her ass-tube. When her sphincter walls squeezed around that fat ball of jizz she squealed with delight. "Yessss!Ihavehiscuminallmyfuckingholes!"her excited mind cried out, rubbing her engorged clit again in a frenzy of lust.

She began chewing at the ball in her mouth, her teeth clamping down hard on the latex over and over, determined to break it open. "Comeon,fuckinggiveittomee!!"her mind screamed.

While eating away at the ball inside her mouth, she clenched her cunt and ass-muscles, wanting desperately to pop the ones down there as well. To feel her son's thick young sperm soaking her insides.

"POP!" The lustfully mother finally pierced the one in her mouth with her teeth, releasing a pool of fresh semen. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets, her chest heaving off the mattress. "Fuuuuuuuckyesssss!!"she inwardly shrieked, her tongue flopping frantically through her son's sweet ball-juice as a hot orgasm ripped through her naked body.

"POP!" The one in her clenching, spasming ass exploded also, spraying her shit-tube with cum.

Despite being squeezed by her cunt-walls, the latex ball in her pussy held strong, but was being absolutely soaked by the burbling juice of her girl-cum.

Jason just laid as still and silent as he could in utter disbelief. His mom was writhing around next to him, panting and moaning and squealing. He wished he could see her getting herself off, but hearing her was enough to make his cock as hard as concrete.

"Mmmnnhh," Susan's shaky voice hummed, as she sucked and swallowed the contents of the condom in her mouth. When it was sucked dry, she snatched the one from her ass and shoved it in her mouth also. "Ohhh,stillsomecumleftinthere!"she thought cheerfully, sucking and swallowing whatever spunk was left in the pierced rubber.. "Iwonderifthisisfromaloadhe squirtedinmyass...orfromtheblowjob,"she wondered.

As she continued to suck every once of "baby-batter" from the pierced condom, she pulled the soaking-wet ball from her pussy and brought it up between her tits. "Yess,popyourload betweenMommy'stits!"her mind said as she squeezed her giant boobs around it.

Squashed between her bounteous tit-meat, the latex cum-ball bulged out at the sides, nearly bursting. The two condoms in her mouth were both completely sucked clean of their milky contents and she desperately needed more.

"Fuckit!"she thought, grabbing the condom and biting into it, ripping off the receptacle tip like a hungry tiger tearing apart the flesh of it's kill.

"OhhhGodyesss!!"her mind howled as cum poured out all over her tits. When the bulk of the spunk had drained, she shoved the condom into her mouth and rubbed her boy's sperm like

lotion all over her tits and pussy.

Before long, Jason felt his Mom cuddle up next to him again. She felt very wet and sticky, but he guessed that she'd probably been sweating from all the attention she'd been giving herself.

55: Hurricane Mom_2

Chapter 3.

Because all the windows had been boarded up, it was hard to tell that morning had come, other than by looking at his phone. Jason laughed to himself, thinking he could have just used his cellphone for light when they needed it the night before. Then again, everything had played out pretty well and he wouldn't have changed a thing about last night.

Shining his phone to the spot next to him, he noticed his mom wasn't in bed. What was there, however, were three deflated condoms. "Where those the ones Iwas wearing?Where's all the..." he asked himself, suddenly realizing that his mom had sucked the spunk out of them.

He wrapped a towel around himself and went into the family room. His Mom was also wrapped in only a tiny white towel, her hair still wet from just having showered. "Good morning," she said in a sweet but naughty tone.

"I could hardly tell with all the windows boarded up."

"I know," she said, flipping a pancake she had going on an emergency gas burner, "it's still going strong out there this morning. Hungry?"

"Sure," Jason said, sitting at the table.

His mom brought the food over and sat next to him. They made small talk as they ate. "I just got off the phone with your father,

gave him an update on the weather," Susan said.

"Did he ask you why you hung up on him last night?" Jason asked with a smirk.

"Yes, he asked what happened. I told him it was probably a bad signal and we got cut off because of the storm."

"Oh yeah, good thinking."

Susan smiled. "I can be a crafty liar if I need to be. I couldn't really tell him I was about to cum all over your big cock, now could I?" she joked.

"No, that probably wouldn't have gone over too well," Jason giggled.

She stared into his eyes. "You don't think your father would like the idea of you fucking me in the ass?"

Jason gulped excitedly. He wasn't used to hearing his Mom talk this way, but he loved it. "I

would say definitely not."

"Speaking of doing naughty things behind your father's back," Susan said, reaching for the bowl of papers she had waiting on the table,"ready to put another condom on?"

"Can I ask you something first?" "Of course."

Jason nervously asked her about the noises he heard last night and finding the empty condoms this morning.

"Yeah, I suppose I should explain that," she said, hesitating for a moment. "There's really no easy way of putting this honey, so I'm just gonna come right out and say it...I'm a slut for your cum."

"Umm, ok," Jason muttered.

"Just like you have a fetish for my panties and do whatever you do with them when you're home, your mom has a fetish for your cum," Susan explained.

"Really?"

She giggled, a tad embarrassed. "Yes really. In fact, in my suitcase in there is your cum-rag from home," she confessed. "Remember you found it near my bed yesterday?

"Yeah, the blue one that I masturbate into?" "Yep, that's the one," she said.

"Why did you bring it?"

"For the same reason you'd probably bring a pair of my panties. To smell...to taste. When we're at home, I obsess over keeping track of when you masturbate. I like your cum-loads best when they're still warm, so getting that cum-rag as soon as you've left for school is my top priority every morning," she confessed.

"Are you joking with me?" Jason asked, feeding her a doubtful look.

Susan smiled and picked up her phone. She clicked her screen a few times and a video popped up. Jason could hardly believe what he was seeing, even though his mom had just confessed to it.

In the video, Susan was laying on his bed back home. She was completely naked, his blue cum- rag shoved in her mouth while she masturbated frantically. Her big breasts were spread out on her chest, jiggling from her jerking movements. "Does that look like I'm joking with you, honey?" she asked, a tad embarrassed.

"Wow, so you record it?" the boy muttered, watching his mom crane her head back and scream

in orgasm, her entire naked body shaking violently.

"Sometime's yes," she said, then shut it off. "I'm a cum addict, Jason and not just any cum...your cum."

"So you're not addicted to dad's cum?"

Susan snickered and scowled. "Ugh, fuck no. Your dad's cum is gross. He only squirts a little bit out and...ugh, it's just fucking disgusting," she said, "your cum is different, probably because you're so young. It's sweet...and it's thick and potent. I could seriously drink it by the gallon," she confessed.

"Damn, mom...I never knew."

She smiled sweetly. "Well now you do know. I guess we both have secrets that have recently come to light."

"I'm glad you shared yours," her son said.

Susan looked at the bowl full of her son's fantasies and decided to share one of her own.."I wanna get back to this bowl full of naughty ideas, but before we do, can we do one little thing that I'm dying to do?"

"Of course, what is it?" Jason asked.

"Well, I've sucked a lot of your cum out of your rags, but like I said, I like it best when it's warm. I think I'd like HOT cum even better. Would you mind if I gave you a blowjob...without a condom, and ate the cum as it poured right out of your cock?" she asked candidly.

"Hell no I wouldn't mind," Jason said, "To be honest, it's one of the things I had written in the bowl."

Susan giggled. "I figured it was..I was just craving your cum and didn't wanna be disappointed if you didn't chose that this morning," she said.

"I guess we can just take that one out, since we're doing it now."

Susan gave him a playful glare, "We most certainly will not take it out. It stays in there, until you pick it, then I get to suck your dick and eat your cum again," she said. "Now stand up and lose the towel."

Jason did as he was told and Susan shed her towel also. The site of her big naked tits had the boy's dick quickly rising to attention.

She squatted down in front of him and wasted no time gobbling his boner right up. "Ohh man," Jason sighed, experience to feel of a warm mouth directly on the pink flesh of his boner for the very first time.

Susan dropped her head onto the swollen, throbbing cock. The knob passed through her mouth, and she squeezed her lips wetly around the shaft, sighing with pleasure as she felt the tip of his prick slide deeply into her throat.

"Mmmm," she purred and began to bob her head up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

Jason stared in awe at the spectacle of his own sexy mom giving him a blowjob. Susan's lips were spread luridly apart around his meaty cock. She looked like she was actually feeding on his stiff meat, like there was nothing more she wanted than to suck the hot spurting jism out of his hard young dick.

The boy winced in pleasure feeling her thick tongue loop around and around his pinkish-purple cock head, while her mouth fucked his cock exquisitely.

The mother's body trembled lustfully. The taste of the pre-cum oozing from her boy's piss-slit was getting her more and more excited for those big creamy spurts that would soon fill her mouth.

"OhhhmyGod,sogood!Hisdickstastessofuckinggood!"she thought, sucking vigorously.

Wet, gurgling sounds came from the back of her throat as she tried to cram his entire boner in. She moved her hand between his thighs and fondled the sac of his bloated nuts as if weighing the load he had inside them. She was so eager for the squirts of his cum that she could hardly stand it. The lusty mother began to bob her head wildly up and down on his cock.

"Ohh damn, Mom, I'm gonna cum!" Jason announced as his cock and balls tingled from.the skilled cock-sucking.

"Mmm-hmmm!" Susan hummed eagerly, sucking his cock as fast as she could.

Huge pearly-white gushers of jism shot violently out of his cum slit, squirting hotly into his Mom's mouth and down her throat. Susan was over the moon. A spontaneous orgasm shot through her naked mommy-body from just the taste of her son's hot creamy spunk.

Jason jerked and whimpered as Susan squeezed and sucked every ounce of his load from his tender dick. Minutes past since he'd cum and she was still licking and nursing on his peter-tip. He backed away from her. "Jesus, Mom, sorry but it's way too sensitive."

Susan stood up and put on a pouty face, slowly following him. "But I want more cum," she said in a cute girl's voice.

"Dang, you do like it alot," the boy said.

"I told you, I'm addicted. Your cum is all I think about some days." "Really?" Jason asked in disbelief.

"Uh huh. Sometimes when I see you I just wanna crawl inside you balls and live there, bathing in

your cream and eating up all your sweet juice as fast as you balls can produce it," she said lustfully.

Jason laughed backing to the sofa, his mom was slowly closing in on him. "It's super-sensitive. I just need a minute," he said.

Susan smiled, her eyes darting from his dick to his face. "No you don't. You're young. You're still hard and your balls are full. You need more head and I need more cum," she said, reaching out and grasping his cock.

Jason watched her crouch back down and swallow his prick again. "Ummfffff," she gurgled, lowering her lips to the base of boner.

"Ohh God, mom!" the boy moaned in delight, feeling his prick soak in her throat.

The cock-sucking mother, bobbed her head a few times, plunging his hardon through her loving lips.

The boy backed up and his pecker POPPED from her mouth, then wagged stiffly back and forth. "Hot damn, that feels too good," he exclaimed, his knob twitching.

Susan giggled as she stood up and followed after him again. "Then why stop? Bask in the pleasure honey," she said, "don't run from it."

"I will I just...need a minute," he sighed.

Susan noticed a big stringy gob of pre-cum ooze from his piss-hole and lower towards the floor. She reacted as though he were about to throw away a gold bar. "Hold on, don't move!" she shouted, then lunged forward, dropping to her knees.

She captured the cum-strand in her mouth and followed it up to his knob, shrouding the boy's cock-tip between her lips. Her tongue

flickered on his piss-hole, then looped around and around his glans, making his cock flex in horny pleasure.

She gripped his cock around the base and began to beat his meat into her mouth. "Give it to me!" she gasped desperately.

"Fuuuck," Jason muttered, watching his mom jack his boner and suck it at the same time.

Susan wasn't the least bit gentle with his hard meat. She knew what she wanted and how to get it quickly. She intensified the sucking pressure of the blowjob, every muscle of her mouth and throat working feverishly around the blue-veined stiffness of his cock.

Jason's knees began to shake. "Ohhhshit, here it comes!" he announced.

"Mmmnn," the mother whimpered anxiously. Susan heard her phone chime across the room and knew it must be her husband. It made her wonder for a moment what her he would say if he

could see her now, with her mouth and hand milking their son's cock while his hot cum poured down her throat.

She couldn't help but laugh inwardly as she imagined the shock on Randy's face. "Yournaughty littlewifey...suckingthecumfromarealdick!"she thought. Susan loved her husband, but the fact was, she was addicted to eating their son's cum. She spent her days dreaming about a hard young prick spurting in her mouth, just as it was at that very moment.

Once again, Jason had his balls drained by his beautiful mother. "I need a shower," the boy sighed as his spent cock popped from Susan's mouth.

She stood up. "There's some hot water left in the tank, but FYI, if any of those little papers in that bowel have anything to do with

'shower-play,' we better do it now. With the power out, we won't be able to generate any more hot water," she explained.

Jason thought about the naughty requests he'd placed in the bowl. "Well, actually..." Susan giggled. "I had a feeling there was," she said, then extended her hand. "Come on."

A few minutes later they were making out in the tiny shower, their naked bodies glistening with water and suds. Jason absolutely loved the feel of his Mom's soft wet tits against him as they held each other close. "How much time do you think we have?" he asked between kisses.

"Before we lose hot water?" Kiss, kiss. "Yeah."

"Not sure, but let's not waist precious moments talking," she said, then engaged him in a deep fiery French kiss.

Jason squeezed her big melons, his fingers sinking in to their dough-like flesh. He pulled and pinched her thick fleshy nipples. He wanted so bad to suck on them, but knew that special moment was coming very soon.

After a few minutes more of kissing and groping the water turned cold and the mother screamed playfully, "Oh shit, shower time's over," she shouted, hopping out and toweling her voluptuous body off.

"Since I had my shower fantasy cut short, can I substitute it with something else?" Jason asked, drying his body.

"Another blowjob?" Susan asked with a wink, craving his cock-meat in her mouth again.

"No, I mean, don't get me wrong, Mom, your blowjobs are amazing. There's just something I forgot to put in the bowl, that I'd love to do."

"And what would that be?"

A minute later they were back in bed. The lantern illuminated the room. Susan was sitting comfortably, with her legs curled beside her. Jason was sprawled back on her lap, sucking at her big boobies like a hungry infant.

His mom.gazed down with a playful glare. "You forgot to put breast-play in the bowl," she teased, "what were you thinking?"

Her distended nipple popped from his mouth. "I wrote one for putting my dick between them, but not sucking."

"Well then suck away, baby boy," she said.

Jason did just that, pressing his face into her squishy tit and slurping her entire nipple and areola into his horny mouth. "Mmmnngghh," the teen whimpered in delight, lashing his licker against the hard nub of her nipple.

He felt his Mom's long nails stroking his chest, inching her way down to his hard cock. His face explored every part of her big titties, letting the flesh of her heavy jugs press against his face while his kissed and licked every inch of them.

He felt his Mom slip a condom onto his cock and began jacking him off with long tender strokes. "Mmm, you like mommy's big soft boobies, honey?" she asked lovingly..

"Mm-hmm," the boy answered, his face pressed against the soft underside of one of her tits. "Makes it so much more exciting when I stroke your dick at the same time, doesn't it?"

"Mm-hm."

Susan watched her hand squeeze up and down his stiff pecker. "Mmm, that big fucking dick that I love so much," she said. "The one

that I dream about while I'm home alone, laying on your bed, sucking on your juicy cum-rag."

Jason's body shivered from the thrill of sucking her boobs while she yanked his prick and talked dirty to him at the same time.

Susan felt his beefy cock flex in her stroking hand. "Mmm, big hard dick. You're gonna get sooo much hot pussy with this thing."

"Mmm," Jason responded, with his mouth stuffed full of Susan's thick pink mamilla.

The cum-hungry mother stared straight at his cock as she spoke. "All those girls with their big tits and their sweet asses, begging you to prop their sexy legs back and pound their horny little pussies," she said in a naughty tone.

Jason was so turned on that he began to slowly thrust his hips on the mattress, meeting his

mother's slippery corkscrew strokes. "Mmm, yes, fuck that hand baby," she said, "thrust that dreamy dick up through Mommy's cock-stroking grip."

"Mmmnnff," the teen whimpered. His face was masked in soft breast-meat and he was dragging his tongue all over the tip of her boob.

"I'm glad I'm left handed. I can see my wedding ring while I jerk you off. It reminds me how absolutely naughty I'm being," Susan said.

She continued her thought.."It's his own fault. He should have known he married a cum-slut for a wife and that his smaller dick and disgusting sperm just wouldn't do it for me," she said.

Jason's thrusts were in perfect sync to his Mom's cock-beating fist, rising his hips to meet her long downward stroke, over and over.

Susan smiled wickedly. "That's ok though, because I have you baby. A younger, hotter, bigger- dicked version of him, with sweet cum-loads that can squirt down my throat whenever I need it."

Her wet slobbery nipple popped from his mouth, "Oh shit, mom. It's so hot when you talk like that," he said, his voice muffled from the bulging tit-meat squashed against his face.

Susan giggled. "You like that honey? Does it turn you on knowing your helping me cheat on your father?"

"Yess," the boy muttered, pressing his face down into her massive cleavage.

"Sticking your dick up his wife's ass, letting her milk your cock with her tight asshole," she said in a seductive tone, "little did he know he was leaving his wife and son behind so they could live

out their perverted fantasies."

Susan twisted her fist around his knob, jerking it hard and fast. Her son moaned in delight, his hips rising from the mattress. "So you could have me in every nasty way you've ever wanted," the mother said, "and I could satisfy my unquenchable thirst for your hot cum."

"Unnghffuck, mom! I'm gonna cum!" the hand-humping teen announced.

His mom's hand was a blur it flew up and down his cock so fast. "Yess, hot cum! All for me, baby, come on!" she shouted encouragingly.

"Ughh!...Ughhh!!!" Jason grunted as cum shot out his piss-slit.

His mom loved watching the thick pearly-white cream fill the rubber as her son groaned and writhed in pleasure. She slowed her stroking, but didn't stop until she knew she had milked every drop. "Ohh, wow, that's one full condom."

"Will you show me what you do with them?" Jason asked breathlessly.

"What I did last night, you mean, with the condoms?" "Yeah."

"I'll show you, if you let me clean your cock once the condom's off? Deal?" she asked with an eager grin..

"Why would I not agree to that deal?"

"Good point. It's a win-win for both of us," she said with a cute giggle.

Susan removed the latex sheath from his prick. She wasn't as careful this time about losing spunk. She knew it would leave more spunk remaining on his dick when she cleaned him. She tied the condom in a ball and placed it on her son's chest, climbing to her knees.

Jason clenched the sheets, looking down and watching his hot busty mother give him the most sensual dick-sucking he could ever imagine receiving.

Susan sucked and licked her boy's boner clean. The residual cum left on his dick, that was now sliding down her throat, just left her wanting more. Gallons more. "Mmm, yummy," the mother sighed.

She crawled up on top of her boy, her mammoth boobies dangling heavily right over him, making his eyes go wide with lust. "Your boobs look even bigger from down here, Mom," he muttered.

His mom smiled and rocked her chest, making her tit-cannon swing from side to side. "Put it in my mouth," she said.

"What?"

"The condom full of your cock-juice. Put it in my mouth," she said.

Jason lifted the full condom-ball and did as she told him, placing it inside her wide-open mouth. Susan closed her mouth and smiled, swishing the spunk around inside the ballooning condom.

"OhmyGod,it'sstillwarm.Ifuckingloveit!"she thought. "That's hot," her son said with a smile.

His mother made the rubber bulge out from between her lips, then she shook her head, making the spunk slosh around. Her son watched in wide-eye fascination as she pulled as the knot out of her mouth, stretching the latex way out, but keeping the ball of spunk tightly in her mouth.

"Jesus, Mom, you're gonna break it," Jason said with an excited giggle.

The cum-ball popped from her mouth. "Oh and then I'd have to swallow all that sweet dick-juice. That would just be horrible," she said facetiously.

She brought it back to her lips and attacked it with her long tongue, beating and slithering her mommy-licker all around it, giving her son quite the show. She sat up, straddling him and crushing her pussy lips against the underside of his still-hard prick.

Susan placed to spooge-ball between her tits and used both hands to press her jugs from the sides, crushing it inside her smothering cleavage.

Her boy smiled, allured by her lewd actions. The fact that she was grinding her smooth naked pubis against his boner was an added thrill.

"Look at that...a whole load of your cum right between my tits," Susan said, then ran her tongue along her top lip teasingly. .

"Where else are you gonna put it," the boy asked.

"Where do you want it?" she answered, giving him a naughty look. "Will you rub it against your pussy?"

Susan brought her knees up, so her feet rested flat on the bed, propping herself back on one extended arm, making her huge titties roll and hang slightly off the sides of her chest.

"Holy shit," the teen muttered as he watched his mom bow open her sexy legs as far as they would go.

She rubbed the condom-ball against her soaking-wet labia. "Like this?" she asked. "Yes," the boy muttered, mesmerized by her lewd display.

Susan felt his cock flex between her smothering ass-cheeks. "Mmm, your dick is throbbing baby," she said, then peered down to see the top few inches of his prick sticking out below her cunt. She wet her fingers in her dripping slit and rubbed his knob with her slick fingers.

"Ohhh," the boy sighed, feeling her juicy fingers rub all over his nob.

His mom smiled, delighted by the pleasure that was spread across his face. "I wanna rub my pussy for you, but do you wanna bury your dick up my asshole first, without a condom on?"

Jason could hardly breathe he was so fucking turned on. "Yes," he managed to mutter.

His mother scooted back just a tad so that his entire cock was exposed. Using her hips, she drug her juicy pussy folds along his shaft. "We'll get it nice and slick first with my juices," she said.

"Ohh God," the boy sighed, feeling the juicy heat of her cunt-slot glide along his rock-hard cylinder.

Susan paused her hips, gritting her teeth in ecstacy as she pushed her fleshy clitoral nub against

the flared knob of her son's cock, gently gyrating so she could rub all over it. "OhhGod,Iwant thatmeatinmycunt!Iwannateachhimtofuckmyassoff!"her brain screamed.

She clutched his cock as the root, squeezing the firm prick tight in her hand, while lifting her buns from his crotch.

Jason peered down and witnessed the lewdest, sexiest site he'd ever seen. His own mom had her thick tan thighs spread wide. The wet fleshy layers of her pudendum were were topped by the grape-sized nubbin of her crown jewel. She had a tight grip on his boner and was cramming it through the ring of her asshole.

"Uuggh!" the boy's voice trembled as he felt the sleeve of her ass-tube slip down his cock.

The hot mother wanted all of him, resting her meaty buttocks against his midsection and spearing the tender pink flesh of his hardon into her bowels. "Ohh God, I love your cock in my ass," she cried out, then leaned back and began rubbing her cunt with the condom-bubble again.

She slapped her big clit with it over and over, rocking her hips and churning her son's cock like a gear-shift inside her ass. She tightened her skilled rectal and sphincter muscles, making it all the more intense for him. She simply loved seeing her baby toss his head back in pleasure.

"Do you want me to shove the cum-ball in my cunt?" she asked, "Do you want mommy to have your load in her pussy?"

"Heck yess!" he sighed.

The horny mother shoved the cum-ball into her pussy, pushing it back with her fingers as far as she could. "Ohhh yess!" she cried out, rubbing her thick clitoris frantically.

She planted her knees astride his hips and bobbed her lovely mommy-ass up and down on her son's hard prick. Every three or four thrusts, she would just push all her weight on him and grind his boner through the soft tissue of her rectum.

"Ohhhh," Jason sighed, feeling the inner workings of Susan's ass squeeze and suck the sensitive flesh of his glans.

"Mmm, your load feels so good inside my pussy Jason," she whimpered, "I love squeezing my cunt-muscles on all that creamy cum."

"Oh mom, you turn me on so much," he sighed, watching her huge jutting knockers wobble heavily above him from her humping movements.

She smiled down at him. "I know I do baby. That's what we Moms are suppose to do. Get our boys excited and let them bury their boners inside us," she said.

"Ohh, yeahh," her son sighed, her hot words getting him more and more worked up.

Susan felt her son's knob flex deep inside her ass. "Ohh yess, make your cock throb in my ass, Jason. Make my asshole cum on you."

Jason wasn't sure that was possible, but he liked the sound of it. He began to thrust his hips from the mattress and meet her humps. Susan threw her head back in delight. "Yesss, fuck my ass honey!"

The bed began to jerk around. Susan lengthened her butt-humps, pumping him from balls to knob. The feel of her ass-tube squeezing along the length of the boy's prick was just too much for him to endure any longer..

"Ohhhshit," he cried out as he felt his cum rising from his nuts.

"Yess, baby, cum in my ass!" Susan said. She quickly reached down and dug the cum ball out of her pussy. She dropped flat on top of her boy, her ass still humping up and down. "I'm gonna cum with you!" she gasped, feeling her own orgasm swell.

"Ohhh fuck!" the boy cried out, now with the added sensation of those ginormous breasts sloshing against him. He watched his mom rip a chunk of the condom-ball apart with her teeth and shove the dripping latex in her mouth.

Her ass-walls squeezed him tight as it relentlessly pumped up and down his prick.

One look at his Mom's pleasure-grimace and her eyes rolling back as she sucked on his milky jizz send the boy over the edge. "Ohhhfuucck!" he groaned, hosing her ass-walls with cum.

"Cummming! Ohhh fuck me I'm cummmmingg!!" the mother screamed out, shaking and humping and creaming on her boy.

Like two rutting animals, the mother-son duo writhed in intense pleasure, their naked bodies rocking and squeezing and humping against each other for the next several minutes.

When it was finally over they just laid there in a sweaty heap. Jason fell asleep with his mom on top of him, his cock still wedged in her ass. Susan took some time to recover, laying on her boy until she also drifted off for a nap.

Chapter 4.

"Not to jinx it, but did you notice how much longer you lasted earlier?" Susan said as they lounged on the couch that afternoon. Jason was just in shorts and his mom was in a pair of booty shorts and sexy tank top.

"Yeah, I was surprised, especially since I wasn't wearing a condom."

"I told you you'd get better with practice," she said, munching on a carrot. "You're becoming a literal sex-machine."

Jason laughed. "Well, technically, we haven't even really had REAL SEX yet," the boy pointed out.

"Yeah, what's up with that? You were suppose to pick that one out of the bowl first, then all the kinky stuff after."

Jason and his mom looked at the bowl on the coffee table. There were three slips of paper left and they both knew what they were. "Well, we know one is a blowjob and you said earlier that tittty-fucking is in the bowl," Susan pointed out. "And that means the third one is fucking," she said, then slid her sexy bare foot over onto his crotch. "Shall we just skip the formalities and get busy."

"I have a crazy idea," the boy said with a smile. "Mmm, I love crazy ideas. What is it?"

"We should have sex outside in the storm," he said.

"That IS a crazy idea," she said with a giggle, "maybe too crazy." "Come on, Mom, it could be fun."

"It could also be dangerous, honey. It's a hurricane out there," Susan said, although the more the idea sunk in, it seemed thrilling.

"It's just wind and rain Mom. It's not like we're gonna be blown away and no one will see us, because they're either inside or left the island."

She massaged his dick even more with her foot, feeling it harden. "I beg to differ about the being 'blown away' part. Once you get that big yummy cock inside my pussy, I'll be 'blown away,' for sure."

Jason smiled. "Can we?" he asked.

Susan quickly got up, her braless boobs jostling beneath her snug cotton top. "What the fuck. Let's do it!" she said anxiously.

Behind the house was a rocky ridge, with a path leading down to a beautiful private beach. Although on a day like today, it could hardly be considered beautiful. The rain was heavy with seventy-five mile-per-hour wind gusts.

Susan and her son hurried hand in hand down to the beach, the mother's long hair tousling in the violent wind. "Oh my God, this is crazy!" she shouted playfully.

By the time they reached the beach they were soaking wet, their clothes clinging to their bodies.

Luckily, because of the warm tropical nature of the storm, they were hardly cold at all..

They stopped suddenly and Susan locked lips with her boy. Their tongues lashed together, their lips fused in a open oval. She shed her top and her huge wet tits pressed on his chest as she went back to kissing him..

"Pull off my shorts," Susan said between kisses, "then get yours off."

Jason didn't need to be asked twice, stripping off the rest of their wet clothing, getting them completely naked. His mother pulled him down onto the soft sand, spreading her sexy legs and cradling him between her thighs as they continued kissing passionately.

"We forgot the condoms," the boy said, realizing he was about to fuck his mother's unprotected pussy.

"Fuck the condoms," Susan said, still planting kisses, "we'll have plenty of time to fill those later." "But what if I get you...um..."

Susan giggled. "You can be Mr. Responsible with the girls at home, but not with me," she said then pressed their lips together, "Fuck me," she whispered lustfully.

The boy was fully hard and his boner prodded at her cunt-lips before finding it's target, sinking inside her hot wet vagina. "

"Ohh man!" he muttered, feeling his cock sheathed in hot pussy for the very first time. It was better than he dreamed it would be.

"Ohhh, Jason!" Susan whimpered, feeling the lining of her cunt-tube stretch to accommodate his long beefy cock.

The teen thrust his erection in as deep as it could go, crushing his knob against the back wall of her pussy. "Holyshit,I'mfuckingmom!I'mreallyfuckingher!"he thought. For years he thought sniffing her panties was as far as he'd ever get. He never imagined he'd be fucking her on the beach behind the family cottage, in the middle of a hurricane.

It was a surreal moment for Susan as well. Although her secret fantasies were comprised mostly of eating his cum, she often imagined her and her son fucking their asses off in various parts of the house. If there ever was to be a time they screwed, she never dreamed it would be in such an unusual setting.

Jason brought his body down on hers, mashing her tits between them. His hips set in motion, spearing his horny cock through the pussy that gave birth to him.

Susan flexed her well-practiced cunt muscles around his boner, adding to her son's pleasure. Her lovely tan legs wrapped high around his back, trembling from the force of his fuck-thrusts.

"Mmm, yess! So fucking good!" the mother sighed, then locked lips for more tongue twisting smooches.

Sheets of wind and rain swept across them, not deterring the couple one bit from the task at hand. They were merely a ball of humping flesh on the sand, surrounded by chaos.

Their wet bellies beat together as Jason hammered his hardness through her tightly sheathed pussy. Her mouth, hand and ass had all felt amazing, but the boy realized quickly that there was nowhere like a mother's cunt. He fucked hard and deep clutching at the warm wet voluptuous body beneath him.

He felt her flesh quiver against him. "Ohhh Jason, I'm cumming!" she cried out.

Her mere announcement made his knob tingle, but he wanted to make it an orgasm she would never forget, so he kept a steady rhythm going, fighting off his own urge to cum as best he could.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Susan's orgasmic wail mixed with the howl of the wind as she did indeed experience a powerful toe-curling orgasm.

Her grasping, juice-spewing cunt made it impossible for Jason to go much longer without coming. "I'm getting close!" he announced.

His mom suddenly rolled them over, taking the top. "Not yet!" she said, sitting upright and bouncing on his cock.

Now on his back, Jason gazed up at the incredible site. From this vantage point, his mother looked like some naked Goddess of the storm. Her wet stringy hair tousling in the wind, her enormous

mommy-boobs bouncing up and down wildly. Her tan flesh was covered in a wet glossy sheen. It was a breathtaking site.

"Fuck your beautiful!" her son shouted on impulse.

Susan just smiled down at him and increased her cock-humping tempo. Their crotches beat together wetly, her thick ass clapping against his tingling nut-sack.

It wasn't long before Jason was cresting on the edge of a juicy orgasm again. His big tender dick was being smothered by experience pink pussy and it was pretty impressive that he lasted as long as he had. He threw his head back in ecstacy. "I'm cumming! Oh God, Mom, I'm cuuuming!" he exclaimed.

"Yesss, cum baby! Cum in my pussy!!" Susan shouted, humping and squeezing and milking his plummeting boner with everything she had.

Susan's body shook with another powerful cum. "Eeeeiihhh!" She threw her arms in the air and clenched her fists, squealing in delight.

The chaos outside was nothing compared to the wild storm going on in the mother's pussy. Jason's cock was pounding through their hot spewing juices, smothered by the squeezing pink walls of Susan's skilled cunt.

After a few minutes more of deep bone-grinding, the mother collapsed on top of her teen and they kissed tenderly. She gazed down at him a smiled. "You're right, this was a crazy idea...and I fucking loved it," she said.

"Me too," Jason agreed.

They grabbed their clothes and headed back to the house naked. There were no neighbors close by and most everyone had

abandoned the island the day before anyway, so they weren't worried about being seen.

After coming in and toweling off, they were ready for more, falling onto the bed and feasting on each other's lips. "Fuck me doggy-style!" the lusty mother requested, climbing on all-fours and pointing her thick ass back at her boy.

Jason mounted her haunches and fucked her from behind, watching her tan fleshy ass-cheeks beat back against him. His mom looked back over her shoulder with wild-eyes. "Yess baby, just like that! Slap my fucking ass!"

The boy gladly complied, striking each rippling half-moon with his hand. SLAP!! SLAP!! "Yess...again!!" she cried out excitedly.

SLAP!! SLAP!! Jason loved her request. To him, slapping his Mom's ass represented ownership of her body, at least while they were here. He gave her two more strokes for good measure.

SLAP!! SLAP!!

"Ohhhhh!" his mother shrieked in delight. "Grab my hips! Pound the shit out of meee!"

Jason clutched his Mom's wide soft hips and pumped his cock through her cunt-tube. His prick swam in her silken, oiled cunt. It was tugged and squeezed by the shivering muscles of her tight, motherly pussy, which made him groan in pleasureful bliss.

Susan felt herself rising towards another orgasm - a mighty one, strong and crushing. She pumped her thick naked buttocks back on Jason's plowing cock, making their flesh SLAP lewdly together. "Harrrder!" she cried out.

The boy fucked will all he had, bringing his mother off in a shrieking pussy-clenching orgasm that nearly made his balls explode inside

her.

She popped his cock wetly from her cunt and dropped onto her back, throwing her legs up in a huge spread eagle. Jason's reached down and stroked his boner, his tongue hanging out lustfully as he watched his Mom's silky strong legs scissor back so far that her sexy little bare

feet pointed at the headboard.

Susan reach out for him. Her eyes were glazed in lust with only one thing on her mind. "Fuck meeee!" she cried out needfully.

Jason climbed down between her splayed thighs, fitting his knob down between labium and into her creamy fuck-hole. He thrust his hips. Her pussy was slick and tight, incredibly silky and smooth around the tender meat of his prick. It quivered all up and down its muscular length, smothering his boner with her hot ribbed lining. Her cunt-mouth gripped the root of his prick

and squeezed, sucking inward, milking and shivering around his cock-base.

"Ohhh fuck yess!" the teen groaned, pounding his hips against hers as he started fucking.

He lay against her soft motherly body, feeling the squishy, fatty roundness of her jiggling jugs He pounded his hips against hers, and loved the way she lifted her twat up to meet every stroke as she whimpered and gasped.

"Yaaah, fuck me hard!" she cried.

He leaned further downward, mashing his lips against hers, letting their tongues frantically beat together.

Their crotches slapped together as Jason pounded his boner through her with savage thrusts. The teen's skill and staying power was becoming delightfully apparent to the cock-hungry mother. "Ohhhhyesss!OhhmyGod,I'minlove!!"her mind screamed.

The humping teen felt her clamp down around his cock and shudder with the violent pulsations of a sturdy, tit-shuddering orgasm that swept all through her supple naked body.

"Uuuunnhhggyesss!!" Susan cried out, pulling his head into the hollow of her shoulder, clutching her quivering body against him.

"Mmnnggfff," her boy snarled, pounding the juicy knob of his flexing cock against the head of her cervix. He felt Susan's strong, but silky-soft mommy legs lower and wrap around his wildly humping frame, tightening like a fleshy fuck-harness around him.

His big balls beat against her upturned ass and the bed began to rock and CREAK from their wild fucking. "Ohhhfuck, Jason!! his mom screamed out as one orgasm rolled into another one, even more juicy and powerful than the ones she'd had previously.

She felt his spearing cock answer with pre-orgasmic throbs. Jason screwed deep and she felt his cock dance at the back of her cunt. She heard his deep groan and felt the driving plunges of his divine cock-meat as he poured his steaming load into her cunt.

"Ahhhhhhhgh!" he yelled throatily, his young body quaking with pleasure..

His cock bucked and lurched inside her juice-spewing pussy. His sperm boiled up through the

tube of his prick and splashed against her smothering walls, foaming and bubbling.

Chapter 5.

Later that evening, Jason's dad was on speaker phone with them once again. "So how are you guys holding up?" he asked.

There was no answering for a moment and Randy could hear a sharp repetitive thumping sound on the other end of the phone. "Susan, are you there?"

Jason held his Mom up against the wall, fucking the shit out of her. The beautiful mother had her legs coiled around him, tits mashed on his chest and bulging out at the sides. They were kissing hungrily, but Susan stopped long enough to answer her husband. "We're here," she said with a gentle gasp.

"Are you guys holding up ok?" Randy asked again.

Susan clawed her nails down her son's strong lean back. "Ohh, we're holding up just fine," she sighed. "Ifyouonlyknewhowwonderfullyyoursonisholdingmeup,"she thought. "He'sa hundred-timesthemanyouare!"

"So what have you guys been doing to pass the time?" her husband asked.

Susan giggled. "Let'ssee...fucking,sucking,kissing,licking...drinkingloadsofcum!"she t hought. Before she answered, she thought about how wonderfully wicked it would be to get her husband wondering. To play with his mind and maybe just hint around the fact that she was letting Jason fuck her.

"We've just been doing...stuff," she answered. "Stuff?"

She could barely conceal her short-breath, "Yeah...stuff." "Stuff separately? Stuff together?"

Susan smiled. "Oh definitely stuff together," she answered.

Jason was barely listening to the conversation. He was on a euphoric cloud, holding his Mom up against the wall, gripping her hugging thighs while driving his hard pecker into her cunt with

rapid thrusts. His face was resting against the nap of her neck, her melon-like titties sloshing between them.

"Well there can't be much to do in that tiny cabin," Randy said.

"Ohh, we found some things to keep us occupied," his wife answered with a little giggle.

"Oh ok, so where's Jason at?"

"He's right here with me," the mother said, tightening her silken legs around him.. "Oh, he's awfully quiet. What's he doing?"

"He'sDOINGme,youcluelessfuck.He'slayingclaimtoyourwife'spussy!"Susan thought. She decided to push the game a little further. "He's holding me," she said.

"Holding you?"

"Yes, holding me. We've gotten pretty close the past couple of days," she said.

"Well, that's good I suppose. So you guys are just hanging out by the fire?" Jim asked.

"No, we're in the bedroom," she said, smiling wickedly as she waiting for Randy's response. She wished she could see his face and knew he must be wondering why they were in the bedroom. It had always been a private space for just her and her husband while they were at the cottage.

"Why in the bedroom?" her husband asked.

"Why not?" his wife answered, "we've spent most of our time in here actually," then she let out and audible gasp as she felt a climax quickly build inside her.

"You ok?" her husband asked..

Susan couldn't answer because once again she was locking lips with her son. "Mmnn," she moaned softly, lashing her long wet tongue through his mouth.

Randy could still hear that wet repetitious thumping sound. He knew what it sounded like, but told himself it was rediculous to let his mind go there. "Susan you there?" he asked.

Susan broke their kiss. "Can I call you back?" she asked her husband breathlessly.

"Why? What's going ok?" Randy asked, then he heard what sounded like two bodies landing on the bed. He recognized the sound from the times he and his wife had spent in it.

"Susan?" he asked, listening intently. He heard what sounded like a deep throaty male grunt, then the bed frame let out steady whine. "Eeeh-uhh, Eeeh-uhh, Eeeh-uhh, Eeeh-uhh!"

"Susan are you there?" the curious husband asked, then he heard the muffled sounds of someone fumbling with the phone, when suddenly the line went dead.

He tried to call right back, his heart beating fast, wondering what the fuck the two of them were up to. "Hi, it's Susan, leave a message," his wife's sweet voice said as her voicemail answered.

Susan and her son fucked like animals, bouncing and humping all over the bed. Jason loved the

way his Mom's cunt-sleeve felt as it squeezed on his cock, gushing her hot vaginal honey all over it.

Susan was over the moon. She arched her spine and made her mammoth tits mash nakedly against his chest, feeling the sensations tingling through her thick hard nipples. She hoped that she had provided her hubby with just enough information to have his mind wondering if their son was between her thighs, hammering her to the mattress right now.

"That'sexactlywhathe'sdoing...andIfuckingloveit!"her mind shrieked with a wicked thrill.

Inside Susan's pussy, juices flowed, making a sea of lubrication for Jason's throbbing prick. He moaned, plunging his fat cylinder of meat with womb-crushing thrusts. "Ahhhh, God, Mom, it's so good!"

Susan pumped her ass from the mattress, meeting his every thrust as she clung to him desperately. "Yess, mommy knows how to make it so fucking good for you!" she cried out.

Their bodies were a sweaty sticky mess, laying in a humping fuck-heap in the center of the creaking bed. "Thrust your cock in deep and hold it there!" Susan moaned.

Jason dug his cock into her as deep as it could go, the veins and tendons at the root of his erection jutting out, sustaining the force of his engorged knob, crushed against the head of Susan's cervix. Some little mouth in the back of her shivering tunnel nipped at the head of his boner and drove him wild. "Ohh shit, Mom, that feels insane!" the boy croaked.

Susan giggled and panted. "Told you mommy knows how to make it good for you," she said, then rolled him on his back.

The lustful mother rode his cock like a pornstar, bouncing her sweaty naked ass against him, making their flesh SLAP together wetly. Her

big ballooning mammaries leaped up and down her chest, the thick hard nubs of her nipples protruded from the centers of her large areola as if just asking to be sucked on.

The boy pulled his mother forward and did just that as she rested on extended arms that were planted on the mattress astride his head. "Yess, suck those titties baby!" the hot mother cried out.

"Mmmnn," Jason whimpered, plastering his face against one of her giant boobs and sucking at her papilla like a starving infant. There was nothing quite like sucking at your mom's tit while having her fuck your cock at the same time. He was in heaven!

Susan leaned down even more, wrapping his head in his arms and mashing it down into her tit- orb even deeper. "Ohh fuck baby, you're gonna make me cum on your cock again!" she moaned.

Susan skillfully pushed their crotches together and swiveled her sexy hips up and back, digging her son's juicy knob against those newly touched pleasure-zones at the back of her vagina. She

felt her boy's big cock give off a mighty flex, which was paired with a muffled pleasure-groan, deep in the meat of her tit.

A hot rope of jizz spurted along the back of her cunt, igniting her own juicy cum. "Ohhh God, fuck yesss!" the cute motherly voice screamed out.

Susan's cunt shrunk around Jason's big cock and milked it exquisitely with the muscled rings of her cock-grinder. Their squirting juices blended together to form a hot creamy froth, bathing the tender pink flesh of the boy's boner, while Susan's pussy gave it a squeezing cock-massage.

The next day the clouds had parted and sunshine once again greeted the battered tropical island. The storm was finally over.

Inside the Thompson cottage, Susan was kneeling next to the couch, between her son's legs, pressing her big jugs around his cock and giving him an intense tit-fuck. It was after all, the last thing remaining in the bowl.

The condoms in the bowl were more than half-gone. Susan and her boy were up pretty much all night filling several of them. By the early morning hours they had seven cum-balls tied off, all bulging with milky spunk.

For their final session of the night, Susan shoved four of the balls in her cunt at once and crammed three in her mouth, while Jason fucked her in the ass. The teen planted his face in the pocket between the soft jiggling flesh of her titties, spearing his cock up through her ass-ring.

They had their orgasms timed perfectly and Susan chewed on the latex , popping all the cum- balls in her mouth, cumming intensely while thick boy-cream poured down her throat and Jason's cock hosed more hot ball-juice deep in her rectum.

When they were done, she pulled the latex balls from her pussy and drank the contents of those also. Every milky ounce was sucked from them. She even kept the big wad of used rubbers in her mouth for an hour after they were finished, swallowing every single little tasty swimmer she could suck out.

Despite their all-night fuck-fest, mom and son were eager for more. As Susan watched his juicy cock-knob appear and disappear through the top of her cleavage, she licked her lips lustfully, her pussy and asshole were throbbing with the need to be fuck hard and deep again.

"Do you like my titties around your cock baby?" Susan asked. "Hell yes," the boy sighed.

"Does it make you wanna fuck my pussy again?" she asked teasingly. "Again and again," he answered.

Susan giggled. "Well we better enjoy it while we can. This may be the last day on the island you get to pound mommy's cunt-mount with your big hot cock," she said.

"So...we won't be doing this at home?" Jason asked, seeming a bit disappointed.

"Notice I said 'the last day on the island.' Of course we'll be doing this at home," she said. "Awesome," he sighed, feeling his slick cock glide through the pocket of warm boob-flesh. "We can fuck all you want at home, on one condition," she said.

"Anything you want," Jason answered willingly.

"Anything?? You haven't even heard what the condition is yet," she said, "wait, actually there are two conditions."

"Ok."

"The first is, you have to let me suck your cock and eat your cum at least once a day," she explained, "Remember, mom's your cum-slut now, which means no more cum rags. If you need to get off, you come find me. We'll find a nice private place for a hot juicy blowjob, got it?"

"Yeah, so um...what's the second thing?" he asked.

Susan got a mischievous smile. "The second thing is...I want you to pump a baby into me," she said excitedly.

"A baby? You mean..."

"Yes, I want you to get me pregnant. Your dad and I have been trying, but honestly his pathetic little trickles of nasty cum aren't

gonna do the job," she said, then ran her nails up his thighs, "I need a real man to impregnate me."

Jason's heart was pounding. He could hardly believe what he was hearing, but then again, after the events of the past two days, nothing surprised him. "Are you sure you're gonna be able to save some sperm for me to do that, mom?" he asked, referring to her unquenchable thirst for his cum.

"Maybe just a couple little spermies...the rest I'm eating," she joked, then did a sucking sound with her mouth. "Sslurrp, sslurrp, sssluuurrrp!"

She squeezed her boobs tightly around his cock and humped them up and down. "Speaking of hot little spermies, let's see if we can make them squirt from your dick and up into my mouth."

Susan opened wide and put her mouth down close to her son's rapidly emerging knob, beating his dick with her soft titties.

"Ohhh fuck yes, Mom!" the boy sighed, his toes curling up as that farmiliar tingling pressure

swelled inside his groin. "Here it comes!"

A big strand of pearly-white jizz shot up into Susan's mouth and she swallowed it down, then lowered her face to her cleavage. Now each time his shiny cock-head peeked out, it was greeted by her lips and tongue.

"Ahhhh!" the boy sighed, feeling her lovely lips slide over his glans and her licker dart all over the head of his cock.

After several times of this, Susan released her smothering tits, but kept her mouth around his peter-tip. Her tongue slithered around against his meatus, feeling the pulses of hot bubbling spunk come oozing out. She wrapped her hand around the base and gave his

boner several long tight strokes, milking every ounce of ball-juice into her cum-starving mouth.

Her phone, which sat next to them, started ringing. "It's your father. You answer it this time," she said with a smile.

"Me?"

"Yeah, tell him I'm busy giving you attention," she said. "I'm not gonna tell him that."

"Come on, I dare you. It'll be fun," Susan said.

"Fine," Jason said, then pushed speaker phone. "Hey dad."

"Hey son. How are things? Did you guys survive the storm?" Randy asked. "Yeah, we're still here."

"Where's your mom?" his father asked.

"She's um...busy giving me attention," Jason said, feeling her tongue whip back and forth on his frenulum, strumming it with the tip of her strong licker like a guitar string, while gazing up into his eyes.

"Attention huh? What kind of attention?" Randy asked with a bit of suspicion in his voice.

Susan could tell his son was backed in a corner, so she popped his knob from her mouth. "Motherly attention," she told her husband. "The kind dads wouldn't understand."

"Ohh, well maybe I would, you never know," Randy said. "What do you need?" Susan asked a bit impatiently.

"Well, first to say good morning, is that ok?" Randy asked.

"Yes, but if there's nothing else, I need to go. Jason and I are kind of busy right now," she said, jerking her son's cock slowly between

her soft titties.

"Ok, I'm afraid I have some bad news. It appears that you guys might have to be there a couple more days. I found out a few minutes ago that there was some damage to the runway on the island," Randy explained.

Susan threw her arms in the air and shook her boobs back and forth silently, as if she'd just won the lottery. "Oh you're right, that's horrible news," she said facetiously.

"Hopefully they'll have it up and running soon," he said.

"No worries, honey, it'll give me a couple more days to give Jason more of my special motherly attention," Susan said, winking lustfully at her boy.

After ending the phone call, the busty naked mother led her son back to the bedroom. "Since the bowl of ideas is empty, maybe I should get a turn now and fill it with some of my own kinky ideas. What do you say?" she asked.

"I'll get the pen and paper," Jason said eagerly.

56: Intimidating Mother

by klrxo

Intimidating Mother Ch. 01

There was somthing about pregnant women that just made my cum boil within my nuts. So much so that even my own mother, now eight months pregnant, was feuling my fantasies. As an 18 year old, I was wanking to thoughts of my mother long before my dad knocked her up. Now, with her large, swollen tummy, it was almost too much. My mother always reminded me of the actress Andy MacDowell, except my mothers boobs were much bigger. I couldn't help but marvel at how much larger they had gotten since her pregnancy. They seemed to have a life of their own, rocking, almost as if in slow motion, under the light sun dresses she wore. God knows what they must do when freed from the confines of her enormous maternity bras. So here I was on a Saturday afternoon secretly watching my mother as she sat on the livingroom sofa. Her and my lucky bitch of a sister-in-law where giggling like school girls as they felt the baby kick within moms massive tummy. As my brother's wife listened for the unborn baby's heartbeat, mom looked over and caught me staring. My eyes quickly went from mom's tits to her eyes and she gave me a warm smile.

"Sweetie, why don't you come feel your little sister kicking." She said.

I froze. This was the first time I had recieved such an invitation and I could already feel the blood rushing to my cock.

"Uh... Okay, I guess." It was all I could mutter.

As I moved to the couch, my sister-in-law got up and said she was going to check on my dad and brother, who were outside.

Mom patted the cushon next to her invitingly.

I sat down and emmediately, a surge of intimidation ran through me. Here I was, inches from such a beautiful, experienced matronly figure. Her long legs and sexy feet, gigantic boobs resting on a belly that looked like it could pop anytime - it was all too much. I jumped to my feet.

"I...I need to go." Was all I could say.

She watched me scramble up the stairs and called after me in concern.

"Sweetie?"

I ran to my room and lay on my bead. My cock was throbbing in my pants. Just as I was regaining my composure, there came a gentle tap at my door. My mother poked her head in.

"Josh, can we talk?" She asked.

I knew there was no getting away from her so I relented.

"Yeah, I guess so." I answered.

She came in, closed the door and walked to my bed. I could see her breasts rocking back and forth as she walked, and hear her high-heeled sandals clicking against the floor. She sat at my side and took my hand. With her other hand, she gently brushed the hair from my face and looked into my eyes. My dick was on the rise again.

"I know what your feeling." She said.

I returned her stare.

"You do?" I asked.

She spoke softly. Tenderly. "Yeah, I do. I may be your mother, but I know a thing or two about how teenaged boys think... I also know a thing or two about you. Things you like to do."

Still holding mine, my mother ran our hands gently across her pregnant belly. "And things you like to think about."

Oh my God, how did she know? Was I that obvious?

"There's parts of me that fascinate you, aren't there?" She asked.

All I could do is nod.

"I think I intimidate you too though. The same parts of me that fascinate you, they also intimidate you." She said.

Mother lifts her foot from her sandal and runs her toes across my ankle.

"My cute little feet."

She parts the slit in her dress, revealing her olive-colored legs.

"My long, long legs."

Mom squeezes her knockers between her arms, causing them to ballon outward. I can't believe what I'm seing.

"My large breasts, swollen with milk."

She runs her hands across her tummy.

"And of course, my pregnant belly. But it's more than that. It's much more than that, isen't it? I intimidate you because I'm a muture

woman. An experienced mother, wife and lover, who's carried three babies in her womb, including you. A women who carries with her 20 years of sexual experience, which means I know how to be pleased AND I KNOW HOW TO PLEASE."

Mom runs her finger gently across my face, staring into my eyes.

"And here you are, my sweet innocent little baby boy. So young and inexperienced. So verile and eager." She giggle a little. "So curious and horny."

Mom grabed my hand again.

"I think what you need is for someone to take your hand and show you the way. Someone to show you how to love... and how to be loved. Someone to take you to that place you've never been. I think you need your mother now more than you ever have." She said.

Intimidating Mother Ch. 02

Mom picked me up from school on monday. We hadn't talked much about our discussion the other night. She drove us out of town and into the hills. I asked where we were going, but she just smiled and said "you'll see."

We drove deep into the woods for about a half an hour. I couldn't help but glance at my mother's body. Her long beautiful legs peeked out of the slit in her dress and her pretty little feet in those high-heeled sandals looked so sexy. What really got me of course were those huge tits, resting on a pregnant belly that barely fit behind the wheel. Mom caught me looking and fed me a warm smile.

We turned off on a narrow dirt road and drove for another 15 minutes, winding through nothing but thick forest. Soon the road ended and mom pulled the car under a cluster of dense trees and brush. She shut the car off and looked at me.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"Your father and I used to come here before we were married. The nearest house is about 10 miles from here. It's the perfect spot for two people who want to be completely alone." She answered.

Mom opened her door.

"Let's get in the back, it's more comfortable." She said.

I got out and climbed through the brush to the back door. The car was completely hidden under the dense brush. Even if someone were to venture this far, they would never even see our car through the foilage. I got in the back seat with mom, wondering what she had in store. Mom slipped off her sweater and sandals and placed her legs up on the seat. Leaning against her door facing me, she held out her hand.

"Come here." She said lovingly.

I scooter over closer to her. She patted the seat at the base of her pregnant belly.

"Closer." She said.

I moved over and she placed one of her legs behind my back and the other over my lap. Her dress had ridden up revealing almost her entire bare leg as it arched over my lap. She nudged in close to me and I could feel her pregnant belly pressed against my side. My breathing got heavy and I tried to move away, but mom latched onto me.

"Jason, no, just relax! She ran her fingers through my hair. She was holding me close, her pillowy boobs squashed against me.

"That's it, sweetie, just relax and breath, mommy's here." She said softly. My breathing became normal and mom loosened her squeeze.

"Okay now, baby, I want you to look at momma's belly, and don't take your eyes off it until I say, do you understand?" She asked.

I knodded and gazed down at her enormously round tummy, stetching against her dress.

"Are you ready?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

Mom suddenly lifted the dress up over her stomach, revealing her naked pregnant belly. I gazed at its enormity. The soft skin was stretched almost to the bursting point.

"Give me your hand." She said, in a motherly tone.

I did so and for the next 15 minutes, with hers guiding mine, we explored every contour of her pregnancy. She watched my face, smiling at my every reaction. My dick swelled as she took me so low under her tummy that our fingers traced the top of her silk panties. I could feel her pubic bush through the thin fabric. I almost blew my load however, as mom guided our hands up underneath her heavy, bra clad boobs to the top of her stomach. I could feel the weight of her milk filled breasts, straining against the lacy bra as our hands lay sandwiched between tits and tummy.

She took her hand off of mine and threw her arms around my neck. We were face to face, six inches apart and mom was staring into my eyes.

"I want you to do it on your own now and with both hands." She said.

Using both hands I continued to roam her pregnant belly. Again I went underneath her baby-filled orb and brushed my fingers across her panties. She gave me a warm, motherly smile as she gazed into my eyes.

"You're doing wonderfully, sweetheart." She said.

My hands glided across her swollen skin, stopping at her boobs.

"It okay, go unnderneath them." She said.

I moved my hands beneath the giant roll of tit-flesh, amazed at their depth and enormity.

"Bring your legs up on the seat." Mom said.

I did so and she threw both her legs over mine so that we were both in the same position facing each other, our chests touching. Again she threw her arms around my neck and pulled me in close. She put her hand on the back of my head and guided my ear near her lips. My rock hard cock pressed tightly aginst the underneath of her belly. We were so close she was practically straddling me. I could feel moms breath on my neck.

"Reach around and unclasp my bra." She said.

I couldn't believe my ears. I did as she said and traced the tight strap to her back. My fingers fumbled with the giant clasp. Suddenly the strap came apart and the swell of moms boobs dropped about 3 inches.

"That's my boy." She said.

She quickly lifted her dress up over her head, removing it completely. She pulled her straps over her arms and let the bra fall to the floor. My eyes just about popped out of my head as I gazed at mom's breast. They were huge! The deep canyon of cleavage must have been have been about a foot long, from her chest to her nipples, which themselves were enormously round and pink.

She grabbed my shirt and removed it, then threw her arms around my neck and pulled me close. The soft pillowy flesh of her tits

pressed tightly into my bare chest and I could feel the heat of our genitals as they rested against each other. Mom looked me in the eyes.

"Is my baby boy ready for some tender lovin'?" She asked.

Intimidating Mother Ch. 03

While my friends were home doing their homework and dreaming of tits and ass, I was with my mother, in the back seat of her car, in the middle of the woods. Her naked tits and enormous pregnant belly were pressed against my chest and I could feel the heat of her panty-covered pussy nudged against my rock hard cock. If there was a heaven, this had to be it!

Mom fumbled with the buttons on my pants.

"Take them off." She said.

I did so, stripping down to my underwear. Mom guided me into a normal sitting position on the seat and she carefully straddled me. The sight of her long legs taking position on both sides of mine and her swollen pregnant belly and giant knockers rocking back and forth as she moved towards me will forever be etched in my mind. It was the most ball busting site I had ever seen. Her panty covered nest came to rest against my 9-inch bulge and I could feel my shaft sink into a warm damp groove. I was slouched a bit and as mom sank down on top of me I was smothered in tit-flesh and the swell of her pregnancy. She stared into my eyes and gave me that melting smile.

"How are you doing?" She asked.

"Okay, I guess." I answered.

"I want you to relax and enjoy the wieght of my pregnancy." She said.

Mom began to slowly roll her hips and I could feel the deep groove in her panties glide up and down the length of my cock.

"I want you to rock with me." She said.

I knodded and rocked my hips with hers. My cock pressed tightly against the cleft of her love-nest, like a hot dog surrounded by a warm, smothering bun. The smooth roundness of her baby-filled stomach slid up and down my own and the softness of her milk-filled breasts were almost flattened out against my chest as she rested all her weight against me.

"That's it sugar, rock with me, feel me surrounding you." She whispered.

Mom rested her head on my shoulder and we rocked for about 10 minutes before she unstraddled me. She gracefully removed her panties but her tummy hung so low that I couldn't see her pussy. She grabbed the waist of my underwear.

"Let's get these off." She said.

She slid them off and my cock spang into the air. Before I knew it mom was straddling me again, her muff moving right down onto my rock hard dick. Again, the length of it was tucked snuggly into deep fleshy groove. She began to rock again and her wet sex lips traveled up and down the length of my shaft. Mom arched her hips a bit and the head of my cock became surrounded in warmth as it nudged down into a warm hole. Then it struck me. I was about to fuck my own mother! She paused and looked me in the eyes.

"Are you ready?" She asked.

I knodded and she smiled and watched my face as her big matronly pussy swallowed my cock to the balls. I could feel the tip of my knob crushed up against her cervix, only inches from where my baby

sister lay. Again mom rested her weight on me and brought her lips to my ear.

"Let's fuck." She whispered lovingly.

And that we did. Words cannot discribe the feeling as my cock traveled up and down moms pouch. She worked her cunt like a pro on me, knowing when and where to apply just the right pressure. She must have had a very large clit because I could feel it grinding against my pubic bone. Somehow mom seemed to know when I was about to cum and slowed her movement to make me last a lot longer than I thought I would. Up and down and up and down...grind!!! Up and down and up and down...grind!!! For a good hour, mom worked her magic. Every five minutes I could feel mom's body quiver as she let out a long moan and my balls were soaked in a stream of hot liquid. I couldn't believe I was making my own mother cum.

After about her sixth orgasm, mom got off me, lay on her back and brought her knees to her chest, spreading her long legs as far as they could go. As she reached out for my hand I gazed in awe at her giant sopping pussy, her large inner and outer lips splayed open around a creamy fuck hole.

Her enormous pregnant tummy looked ready to burst and her jugs hung off the sides of her chest like big rolling sacks of milk. Mom took my hand and smiled.

"Come on, back in mommy's cunny." She said.

I lay down on her best I could with the swell of her stomach against me. My cock easily met its target, sinking into her depths once again.

"This time I want you to go fast and hard." She said.

My instincts took over and I began to spear my mothers cunt, humping it wildly. My balls beat against her ass as I jackhammered in and out. I was in heaven. Moms legs were wrapped tightly around my waist and my eyes were feasting on her boobs as they rolled violently across her chest.

"Squeeze and suck them!" Mom demanded.

I buried my face in her breasts and licked and sucked her giant nipples as we continued our incestuous hump. For a good half-hour we went at it. Mom came three more times with me on top and screamed so loud, I thought the windows would shatter. I couldn't believe the things that came out of her mouth. During our sex, she screamed things like:

Fuck me, fuck me, harder!!!

Deeper!!! Fuck your cock deeper!!!

Oh, you're fuckin' your pregnant mother so good!

Finally, my cock erupted, bathing mom's cunt with rope after rope of boiling cum. It seemed like I came forever until I finally rested exastedly against mom. She rans her finger through my hair, catching her breath.

"That's my baby, you lay there and rest a few minutes, then we'll start again." She said.

I couldn't believe my ears. This was going to truely be one hell of a dream day.

57: Keeping Resolutions with the Aid of Mom and a Vacuum Cleaner

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

By Klrxo

"YES! FUCK MY PUSSY YOU DARLING MOTHERFUCKER!"

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

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

ONE MONTH EARLIER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"New Years resolutions?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mom, I wrote one down!"

"Show me the paper then!"

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

"What's it say?" Casandra asked.

"Why do you need to know?" her son asked nervously. "It's MY goal."

"I know, but what's wrong with sharing it?"

"It's personal, that's what," Jeremy replied.

"Honey, you can share your resolution with people. I'll tell you mine."

"You don't have to," said the teen, wanting more than anything to change the subject.

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

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

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

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

"In my butt and boobs mostly," Casandra stated, looking down at her jutting tits. She was a triple d before her pregnancy, but now her tits had swelled to and H cup. Jeremy's eyes widened at the way his

mom's heavy mammaries ballooned out beneath the romper. Her creamy cleavage spilt from the unbuttoned portion of the outfit, threatening to pull the other buttons apart. Her nipples were turgid and prominent, sticking out from underneath the fabric like two stiff marshmallows. "Now that I've told you about my goal for the coming year, you can help keep me motivated to accomplish it."

"Sure!" the boy nodded.

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

"I'd rather not, mom." Jeremy replied, putting it back in his pocket.

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

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

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

"I'm not showing you!"

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

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

Casandra's expression softened as she took it from him, then read it out loud. "MY GOAL FOR THIS YEAR IS TO FUCK MOM."

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

"Yes," she whispered, unsure of what else to say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jeremy could hardly speak as he stood there watching his mom's derriere bob up and down in a stretching exercise. The fabric clung her crotch, molding to the outline of her tumescent outer folds. This created a clearly defined cuntal slit, the sight of which made the

boy's cock harden beneath his pants. "Damn..that's fucking hot!" he thought, with his tongue nearly hanging out in lust.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh…well, um…what good is working on it if it'll never happen?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sure, honey, what's up?" she asked.

"I was wondering if you'd, um…let me give you a foot rub?"

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

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

"Are you asking me, or telling me?" she giggled.

"Do you mind doing it in my bedroom?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You're the masseuse," Casandra uttered, sitting on the edge of his bed. "However you wanna work me over, honey."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yep."

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

Jeremy marveled at the way his mom arched her neck, so her big silky mane of red hair hung down towards his mattress. While she

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

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

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

"A few," his mom smiled mischievously.

"What are they?"

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

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

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

"I um…didn't wanna get oil on my pants."

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

"Both I guess."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah, I'm good," her boy replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Probably?" his mom asked.

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

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

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

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

"Or YOU tired out!"

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

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

"All day and all night!"

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

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

"Yes!"

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

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

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

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

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

"It sure does!"

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

"Do I ever!" Jeremy excitedly replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"DAMN!" the teen uttered, feeling his tender cock meat sink along his mom's hot corrugated walls. He struck her cervical head with still an inch to go, so he pushed forward. Jeremy's firm knob sunk into

the spongy ring of Casandra's external os, until his cock-root was pushed snug against her crotch. He let out another gasp as he felt the wonderful suction-seal around his cunt-sheathed cock.

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

"So this is only partly considered sex?"

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

"I sure wish I could do it now," Jeremy expressed.

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

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

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

"What's that?" Jeremy asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll be right back!"

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

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

"YES! FUCK MY PUSSY YOU DARLING MOTHERFUCKER!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jeremy's cock and balls tingled in delight. His mother's pussy was squelching out hot girl-cum around his pummeling meat. The way her muscles contracted caused her pleated inner lining to chew at

the stiff, tender meat of his cock. With a guttural grunt, ropes of cum began spurting from his cunt-smothered piss slit. Jeremy growled in delight, pounding into his mother's beautiful body with savage thrusts, giving her a second mind-blowing climax.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ohhh, all right!" Jeremy sighed.

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

58: Late Night Surprises

Mommy File – Late Night Surprises

By Klrxo

"Mom, you're naked!" Simon exclaimed, his eyes widening in shock as he came downstairs just after midnight. Sharon's back was towards him as she leaned over, searching for something in the fridge. Her smooth, bare skin glowed under the dim light of the kitchen, and her thick, naked ass was pointed right at him, slightly spread apart to expose the pink ring of her butthole. The sight alone was enough to make Simon's heart race, but then he noticed the hairless labial flanges puffing out from between her legs and his pecker instantly turned as hard as stone.

Sharon straightened up quickly, the motion causing her oversized boobs to wobble in unison. The blonde-hair beauty spun around with a look of evident embarrassment on her face, but made no effort to cover her nudity.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sweetheart," she stated. "I came down to get a drink of water and didn't expect anyone to be up at this hour."

"So that's why you're, um…naked?" Sharon's lusty-eyed son asked.

The mother glanced down at the tremendous rack ballooning from her chest, then back at Simon blushingly. "I suppose I should have slipped on a robe or something." The warm flush of embarrassment spread across her cheeks as she realized how exposed she was in front of her own son.

Simon felt his stomach flutter nervously, unsure of how to react to the sight before him. Sharon was his mother, after all, and yet there was something undeniably erotic about the way she stood there,

unabashedly naked in the kitchen at midnight. He couldn't help but notice the way her thick pink nipples protruded out from the huge soft mounds of her breasts.

"Uh, it's okay, Mom," he stammered, trying to keep his voice from cracking. "I mean, I've seen you like this before."

Sharon's eyes widened in surprise. "You have?"

Simon looked away, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. "Well, not...not like this...but you were changing clothes in your bedroom. It's just...different seeing you like...like this."

"Well, you're not a little boy any more," Sharon pointed out. "You should be able to handle seeing a female naked, even your own mother."

"So, it's not wrong if I get, um, you know…hard?" he asked, glancing down at his rising crotch.

Sharon's eyes widened in surprise as she looked down at his bulging briefs. She bit her bottom lip and stared at him for a moment before finally shaking her head.

"I suppose not," she whispered, her voice barely audible. "But it's probably not something we should be discussing in the kitchen. Why don't we finish this conversation in your bedroom."

With a slow nod, Simon's eyes followed Sharon as she ascended the stairs. Her hips swayed seductively, each step causing her round, meaty buttocks to jiggle deliciously. He couldn't help but feel a surge of arousal, his gaze fixed on her bare form as she moved with confidence through the quiet house, unbothered by the sleeping

figures in the rooms they passed.. Her skin glowed in the moonlight that filtered through the windows, casting her in an ethereal light.

She was like a blonde-haired goddess, completely uninhibited and irresistible. As they reached his bedroom, Simon could barely contain himself as he closed the door behind them, his mind racing with anticipation for what was to come.

"Curl up in bed, and I'll tuck you in just like I used to," Sharon suggested, her voice soft and soothing.

Simon eagerly complied, sliding under the covers and watching as his mom leaned over him, her massive breasts dangling and swaying enticingly in front of his eyes. They hung heavily, seemingly defying gravity, with deep cleavage that resembled a gorge of creamy flesh. His eyes fixated on the wide areolas and turgid nipples crowning her melons, and his tongue unconsciously gliding across his lips in desire.

"Looks like you're getting quite an eyeful tonight," Sharon winked as she tucked the blankets in around him.

"Your body is just so…"

"So what, sweetheart?" the pretty mother asked, eager to hear his assessment of her naked form.

"Curvy and beautiful."

Sharon chuckled at his visible arousal. "A woman's body is meant to be admired," she said with a knowing smile. "Just because I'm your mother doesn't mean you have to suppress your natural instincts to appreciate it."

Simon's curiosity got the best of him as his gaze returned to her pendulous udders "Why do moms boobs seem so much bigger than the ones on girls my age?"

Sharon chuckled softly. "Well, sweetheart, as women age, their bodies change. Hormones and genetics play a significant role in how our bodies develop over time. My breasts are much larger now than when I was your age, and that's perfectly normal."

Simon's eyes widened with curiosity. "But, why do they get so much bigger?"

Sharon ran her hands gently over her own jutting slopes, her fingers brushing over her rubbery teats. "As women age, their bodies produce more estrogen, which affects the size and shape of our breasts. It's just part of the natural process of growing older."

Simon stared at his mother's chest, mesmerized by the sight of her huge breasts and how close they were to him. "Can I… touch them?"

"Oh..." Sharon uttered, taken aback by his bold question. Her mind raced as she tried to come up with a response. "I'm not so sure that's an appropriate thing for you to do, sweetie."

"But you told me not to suppress my natural instincts," Simon responded, reminding her of their previous conversation. "And what if my instinct is to touch your boobs?"

Sharon hesitated, unsure of how to respond. "Yes, I did say that," she admitted, "but we also have to consider societal boundaries. You know, like what's appropriate or not appropriate for a mother and son, in terms of touch."

Simon's expression fell slightly, disappointment clouding his features. "But why? They're just boobs. If you wanted to touch my penis, I would totally let you."

A spark of interest ignited in Sharon's eyes at Simon's words. "You would let me touch your…penis?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity. "Really?"

"Of course," Simon replied confidently. "You could touch it all you want, and if you wanted to put it in your mouth, I wouldn't tell a soul."

Sharon couldn't help but giggle at Simon's brazen offer, causing her dangling breasts to sway playfully. "Put it in my mouth, huh?"

"Yeah, you know, like a blowj—"

"I know what a blowjob is, sweetie," she giggled mischievously. "Is that something you've fantasized about?"

"Are you sure you want my honest answer?" her son asked, his voice tinged with hesitation and a hint of excitement.

Sharon reached out to gently rub her son's cheek, the softness of his skin soothing her nerves. "Of course, I want you to be completely honest with me, sweetheart. We've always had a relationship built on openness and trust, haven't we?" Her words were gentle and reassuring.

"Well, yes…but it might be kind of embarrassing to tell you all of the things I've imagined doing with you," Simon blushed, his cheeks turning a deep shade of red.

A small smile tugged at the corners of Sharon's lips as she looked at her son's bashful expression. "Well, how do you know that I haven't thought of doing some of the same things with you?" She whispered, raising an eyebrow playfully, her full lips curling into a mischievous smile.

Simon's eyes widened in surprise and disbelief. He couldn't believe his mother was suggesting that she might have similar fantasies about him.

"Like what?" he whispered, unable to contain his curiosity. "What types of fantasies do you have?"

Sharon leaned closer to him, her voice dropping to a whisper as well. "If I share one thing, one time that I had a naughty thought about you, do you promise that you'll share something with me too?" Her eyes gleamed with mischief and anticipation.

Feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness, Simon nodded eagerly. "Yes, I swear I will."

"I'm feeling a bit cold," Sharon shivered dramatically, causing her tit-melons to jiggle enticingly. "Do you mind if I crawl under the blankets with you first?" She gave him a sly wink.

A grin spread across Simon's face as he peeled back the blankets invitingly. "No way, I don't mind at all." He could feel his heart racing with anticipation as his mother crawled into bed beside him.

Sharon could feel the heat of his body next to hers, and she could see the outline of his arousal through his boxer shorts as she threw the blanket back over them. Her heart raced with excitement and a tinge of guilt as she thought about what she was going to say next.

"Remember last month when your father was working those long hours to finish up his business deal?" Sharon asked, her voice low and seductive.

"Yeah, I remember," Simon replied, his eyes flickering with curiosity. "We hardly saw him at all that week."

"That was the same week that I went to your away baseball game, the one that I drove you home from afterwards," Sharon continued, her hand running lightly over Simon's chest.

"Yeah, I remember that too," Simon acknowledged, feeling a sense of anticipation building in his gut.

"Well, I'll admit, since your father didn't have enough energy for sex, I was really horny and sexually frustrated that week," Sharon

confessed, her cheeks turning a light shade of pink.

Simon's eyes widened in surprise at her bold admission. His mind raced with possibilities as he waited for her to continue.

"On our way home, I had a sexual fantasy... that you and I pulled over to a rest area, climbed into the back seat of the car and had hot, nasty sex together for several hours," Sharon whispered, her words sending shivers down Simon's spine.

"Wow, you really fantasized about that?" the boy asked, his jaw lowered in disbelief.

"Yes," she whispered. "See, moms think about naughty, sexual things just like boys do."

"I would have totally been down with that!" Simon confessed, his heart racing at just the though of sharing such an experience with her. "You know, having sex with you at a rest area."

"Sweetie, they're called fantasies," Sharon giggled. "They exist in our minds only and they're not meant to be a reality," Sharon explained, her voice soft and soothing.

"Wait, that can't be right," Simon stated incredulously, his eyes wide with surprise. "I've dreamt of seeing you naked for a long time and tonight MY fantasy finally came true."

"Yes, I suppose it did, didn't it?" Sharon responded coyly, a hint of amusement in her voice. "But it was all by accident. I had no idea you'd be coming downstairs at this hour."

"Yet…when I did, you didn't seem to mind being exposed," Simon pointed out with a mischievous grin.

Caught off guard by the undeniable truth in his words, Sharon shrugged her shoulders sheepishly. "Well, I guess I unknowingly

fulfilled one of your naughty fantasies then, didn't I?"

"You certainly did," he replied, his gaze lingering on her alluring figure. "And now it's only fair that I return the favor."

"Return the favor?" Sharon echoed playfully, arching an eyebrow in question.

"Yes, you made one of my fantasies a reality, so it's only fitting that I make one of yours come true as well," Simon clarified with a mischievous glint in his eye.

"No, sweetheart, you don't have to—"

"Come on, mom… I won't tell anyone that you crawled into bed with me naked, and I'll keep whatever fantasy of yours you want me to make come true a secret," Simon offered.

Sharon shook her head even though it was clear that she was seriously considering the offer.

"I don't know, Simon," she sighed, her eyes drifting to the ceiling as she weighed her options. "I'm not sure if this is such a good idea."

Simon shifted closer to her, draping an arm over her shoulder in a comforting gesture. "How can it not be a good idea if only you and I

know about it?" he whispered softly. "And if you trust me with this, it'll make the fantasy that much sweeter, I promise."

Sharon looked down at him, studying his face and the sincerity in his eyes. She knew that he'd keep his promise, but she wasn't sure if she could take such a risk. "Alright," she finally agreed, the words barely escaping her lips, "but just this once and after we're done we have to act like it never happened."

"Deal," her son nodded eagerly, his eyes full of mischief. "Now what naughty fantasy of yours can I make come true?"

Sharon hesitated for a moment, feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness at the prospect of confessing her deepest desires to her own flesh and blood. But she couldn't resist the opportunity to finally experience pleasure in a way she had always yearned for.

"Alright," she sighed, steeling herself to share something she never expected she would. "First of all, not to sound mean, but…your father…isn't very gifted down there," she whispered, eyeing Simon's crotch with a hint of disappointment. "I mean, he's not small by any means, but he's just not long enough to completely fill me either."

Simon's face flushed with embarrassment and a sense of hopefulness. He couldn't believe his mother was confiding in him about such an intimate matter. But as he thought about it, he couldn't help but feel a surge of determination to fulfill her desires.

"Oh, um…sorry," Simon uttered, trying to suppress a grin at the thought of being able to satisfy his mother in ways that his father had not been able to. "That must be really frustrating for you."

"It is. My favorite position has always been doggy style, but he just can't seem to reach far enough to really hit the spot I need hit,"

Sharon continued in a soft tone, her cheeks turning pink with arousal.

Simon couldn't deny the rush of pride he felt at hearing this admission from his own mother. And as he thought back on his recent sexual experiences, he realized that he might just have the perfect solution to her problem.

"Okay then," Simon murmured slyly, "so your fantasy is for me to, um…do you that way?"

"I've been watching you try to conceal your erections from me since you were thirteen," Sharon confessed, a mischievous glint in her eye. "And judging by what I've seen over the years, I think you have just the right length to, um…hit my bullseye."

Though Simon blushed at his mother's boldness, he couldn't deny the thrill that shot through him at her words. Just a month ago, he and a friend had indulged in some wild sexual escapades with a group of cheerleaders after school, experimenting with various positions and techniques. And among them was doggy style, which he had quickly become adept at.

"I can make that fantasy come true, no problem," he said with an anxious grin. "I'll show you what this "perfect" length can really do."

"Perfect length, huh?" she teasingly asked.

"That's what I've been told."

"Well, sweetie…sometimes a girl can just tell a guy what he wants to hear."

"Were you telling me what I wanted to hear a minute ago?" he asked. "When you said that you thought I could hit your bullseye?"

Sharon chuckled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Oh no, I wasn't just guessing," she said coyly. "We women have a keen eye for sizing up a man, especially one we've lived under the same roof with for years."

Simon's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "So you're saying you know the length of my penis, even though you've never actually seen it since I was little?"

A wicked grin spread across Sharon's face as she leaned in closer to him. "I'm pretty confident I could accurately guess your size within an inch."

"Okay then, go ahead and try," Simon challenged.

Sharon pretended to ponder for a moment before giving her answer with a smirk. "I would say…fully erect, your penis is about 9 ½ inches. Does that sound about right?"

Simon's jaw dropped in shock. "Wow, that's impressive. It's actually just over 9 ½ inches, but not by much. You are amazing."

Sharon winked mischievously at him, her lips hovering dangerously close to his. "You may be surprised at what us moms are capable of," she teased. "If you think my cooking is good…wait until you see me fuck." Her voice was low and seductive, sending shivers down Simon's spine.

"Do you wanna see my cock now?" he candidly asked.

"Well, I suppose I should see my assessment was wrong and if you truly were over exaggerating your cock size," she replied with an anxious wink.

Simon quickly pulled back the covers and shed his boxers, exposing a thick, veiny erection. His mother gasped, her eyes widening in a mixture of arousal and disbelief.

"That's quite the... instrument, sweetheart," she managed to say, her voice husky with desire. "Not only long…but wonderfully thick."

"I've bottomed out inside every girl I've been with," Simon bragged, his gaze full of confidence and desire. "So I have no doubt that you'll be just as satisfied as they were."

Sharon's eyes were still drawn to his cock, her own desire mounting with each word he spoke. "Well, that's certainly something to be proud of," she praised, unable to tear her eyes away from his throbbing hardness. "Would you mind if I…um, felt just how hard you are?"

Simon's attention shifted to her heaving tits, his own desire intensifying at the sight of them. "As long as I get to feel how soft your boobs are," he answered eagerly.

With a playful giggle, Sharon moved closer beneath the blanket. "Go ahead. I know you've been wanting to touch them since you caught me in the kitchen earlier."

"I've wanted to touch them for far longer than that, mom," Simon confessed, his voice filled with longing and excitement.

Both of them sighed in unison as their hands met their desired destination.

Simon ran his fingers over the slopes of her tit-melons, feeling their supple texture against his fingertips. His mom, in turn, wrapped her hand around his shaft, marveling at the thickness and length of it.

As she ran her fingers over his blood swollen veins, Sharon felt a tingle of arousal course through her body. She imagined what it would feel like to have those veins sliding along her slick inner lining, and her desire only grew stronger.

"It feels so powerful," she cooed, tracing the outline of his veins with her fingertips. "I can see why the girls all crave it."

"I always make sure to give them a good, long fucking," Simon stated proudly. "I want to make sure they're completely satisfied."

Sharon's fingers moved towards his bell tip, feeling the warmth radiating from it. "Your knob is so plump and full," she whispered, marveling at its size. "I can only imagine how incredible it must feel inside a wet, tight pussy."

He groaned at the sensation as Sharon began to slowly stroke him, while he cupped her breasts, gently kneading and caressing their fatty meat. Their eyes locked, conveying a mix of lust and longing.

"I used to wash this penis when you were little," she snickered reflectingly. "I never dreamed that it would get this big and I'd have it shoved inside my pussy one day."

"I'll let you wash it again," said Simon, "but with your cum this time."

"Is that a promise?" she asked, staring into his eyes seductively while gently yanking his pre-cum slickened shaft. "Are you gonna make me soak your cock with my nectar?"

Simon nodded, his eyes alight with determination. "I'll have you cumming so hard you'll be screaming my name, mom."

Sharon shuddered with excitement, her thick teats hardening against her son's hands. "Well, don't make me scream your name too loud,

sweetie. The last thing we wanna do is wake every one up," she stated.

Simon let out a wry chuckle. "Yeah, if dad walked in on us, that would certainly put a swift end to your naughty fantasy," he acknowledged.

"Along with my entire marriage," Sharon chimed in dryly.

Simon's eyebrows shot up mischievously. "Well, WE could always get married and then we could have doggy style sex every night."

Sharon couldn't help but laugh at his suggestion. "Oh really? Is that another fantasy you'd like to see come true?"

"I'll admit," Simon confessed, his tone turning serious, "I've imagined making love to you in every place and position imaginable."

A sly smile spread across Sharon's lips as she leaned in closer to him. "Well, maybe we can discuss those places and positions another time," she winked playfully. "For now, the only place I want to be is here on your bed with you pounding me from behind."

Simon wasted no time in taking her lead. "I'm ready whenever you are."

Sharon shifted her naked body onto her hands and knees, her heavy tits flopping back and forth as she thrust her lovely, naked ass back, presenting her soaking wet pussy to him. Her heart pounded with anticipation as she glanced over her shoulder at Simon.

"Come on, sweetheart," she whispered, wagging her ass-globes hornily. "Come hit that bullseye."

His excitement matched her own as Simon crawled up behind her, his raging, teenage erection bobbing with every motion. She could tell how much he wanted this, just as much as she did, and it only fueled her desire even more.

Simon lined up the head of his cock with Sharon's entrance, feeling the warmth and wetness of her waiting pussy. More pre-cum formed at the tip of his cock, glistening in the dim light.

"Ready or not, here I come," he said, wedging his spongy knob between her slick labial lips.

"Oh, I'm definitely ready," Sharon replied, her voice shaky with desire.

He slowly began to thrust, sinking deeper and deeper into her, feeling the full length of his cock slip inside her hot, wet pussy. Sharon gasped at the sensation, her hips moving in rhythm with his.

"Oh, god, Simon, you're so big!" she moaned, her voice strained with pleasure.

"I'll go easy, mom," he reassured her, his cock sliding in and out of her at a gentle pace. The ribbed lining of her vagina stretched to accommodate the thick meat of his slab, coating it in a slippery layer of secretions.

But Sharon wanted more. She wanted to feel him plunge into her harder, to be filled completely by her son's thick erection. "Don't you dare go easy," she panted, then reached back and grabbed his hips, pulling him deeper into her.

Simon groaned at the sudden change in pace, his cock sliding in and out of her faster now, his hips slapping against her rippling ass with every thrust. Sharon cried out with each impact, her pussy clenching

around his cock in a welcoming embrace, stimulating his sexual nerve endings.

"Oh, God, you're gonna make me cum already!" Sharon whimpered, feeling his knob strike the ring of muscle at the entrance of her womb.

"That's the goal, mom," Simon groaned, his lust-crazed eyes locked on her. "I'm gonna make you cum so hard you'll forget your own name."

With that, he surged forward, his cock penetrating her pussy like a battering ram. Sharon let out a loud, guttural moan, her hands clawing at the sheets beneath her. She knew she wouldn't last much longer; her body was already reacting to the intense stimulation.

Simon continued to pump away, his cock sliding in and out of her with a wet, sloppy sound. He felt his blood swollen knob hit the "bullseye" ring at the back of her baby-chute, smearing pre-cum at the entrance to the womb that once held him. Each thrust brought a new wave of pleasure, causing their minds to cloud with passion.

"Fuck, Simon, you feel incredible," Sharon gasped, her voice hoarse with emotion. "I can't believe how good you feel inside me."

Simon could only grunt in response, his eyes glued to her bouncing, rippling ass as he plunged into her from behind. The sight of her naked body, her gigantic tits swinging wildly with every thrust, was almost too much to bear.

"I'm cumming, Simon," Sharon's pretty voice announced.

She panted, her skin flushing with heat, her pussy pulsating around his cock as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. "Oh, fuck, yes! Oh, god, Simon!" she cried out.

The teenager's heart raced as he pumped harder, faster, his cock throbbing with each powerful thrust. The orgasm hit him like a freight train, coursing through his body, making his legs tremble.

"I'm cumming, mom," he gasped, his voice hoarse. "I'm cumming inside you."

Sharon let out a guttural moan, her orgasm peaking as she felt his hot, sticky cum filling her pussy, coating her cervical head. Her walls clenched around him, milk him of every drop.

They continued to fuck, their bodies moving in harmony, sweat pouring down their flesh, their groans and moans echoing through the room, despite the danger of being overheard by others in the house.

As the last throbbing pulse of his orgasm subsided, Simon pulled out of his mother, watching as his cum dripped from her soaked pussy lips. Sharon collapsed onto her elbows, her heavy tits bouncing and jiggling as she caught her breath.

"Oh, sweetheart," she panted, "I've never felt anything quite like that before."

Simon just smiled, proud of himself for giving his mom such an intense orgasm. He couldn't help but gaze at her still naked form, her body slick with sweat, her breasts heaving as she recovered. He hoped during the next "fantasy come true" that he'd get to suck on her swollen nipples.

"That was amazing," he agreed.

"You were incredible, Simon," she continued, her voice still breathy. "I can't believe how good it felt to have you inside me."

Simon leaned down, his lips brushing against her earlobe as he whispered inside of it. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, mom. I'm glad we could each make a naughty fantasy of ours come true tonight."

She looked into his eyes mischievously. "We did, sweetheart. We definitely did."

59: Learning all about sex...from Mom_1

Learning all about sex...from Mom

By Klrxo

"She's pretty isn't she?" Monica asked, squeezing her son's hand tenderly.

Derek had been sitting in his wheelchair eyeballing a girl at the basketball game. "Yeah...she's ok," he

said, a tad embarrassed that his mom had noticed.

"Well she must be more than ok, you've been checking her out the whole game," Monica teased.

"No I haven't," he giggled.

The loving mother fed her boy a sympathetic smile, showing her gleaming white teeth. Her pretty face was

framed by dark wavy hair and brown eyes gazed through long fluttering lashes. Friends had often told her

she looked like a 38 year old brunette version of the actress Connie Britton. "Honey, it's ok, you're allowed

to check out girls bodies. That's what boys do."

"He's so adorable. All these cute teenaged girls floating around and he can't help but drool. He's no

different that any other boy his age. Why not tease him," Monica thought.

Monica leaned over, coming close to his ear. Derek couldn't help but notice how her tan cleavage bulged as

she inadvertently squashed both her boobs together between her arms. He could smell her sweet perfume,

feel her hot breath at his ear. "Bet you'd love her long tan legs locked around you."

Slightly embarrassed, he giggled and shook his head.

Still at his ear, Monica smiled naughtily, savoring his reaction. "Clutching you while you bury your face

between those big fucking tits, " Monica's voice said teasingly as she her own areola hardened beneath her

silk bra.

"Mooom!" Derek blushed. It wasn't very often he heard his mom say the F word, especially in that context.

Monica giggled. "What? You know it's true. You should ask her out on a date."

"Are you kidding? Brandi is captain of the cheerleading sqaud and I'm in a wheelchair. She would never

even think about going out with me."

"Hmmmnn, Well just so you know, I was captain of the cheerleader squad and if you had asked me out in

high school, wheelchair or not, I would have said yes," Monica said.

"Yeah, out of pity."

"No silly, out of attraction. Sweetie, you are a VERY handsome young man and not only would I have let

you take me out. After our date...I would have wheeled you somewhere private and let you fuck the shit out

of me," Monica said with a cute giggle.

"Oh my God Monica, what the fuck has gotten into you?" Monica thought, as shocked at her word as her

son was.

"Geez, Mom!" Derek said timidly. He couldn't help but think about his beautiful mom as a cheerleader,

picturing her his age, throwing her luscious legs way up into the air limberly, like cheerleaders do.

Monica giggled at his timidness. "I'm gonna go check on your little brother. I expect you to stop being a

chicken and ask Miss Brandi out on a date before I get back."

Monica gave her boy a peck on the cheek, then stood from the bottom bleacher and strode away. Derek

took a second to admire his sexy mom as she walked off. The buxom brunette was wearing a short skirt,

which left her silken tan legs on display. Her little tan bare feet with pink painted toenails were propped

sexily in a pair of high heeled flip flops. The swell of her mommy-buttocks was full and meaty, swaying as

she walked.

"Damn, I bet Mom was a hot cheerleader, "Derek thought, trying to imagine her big boobs swinging around

in a cheerleader's uniform.

Monica peeked back over her shoulder and smiled when she saw her son's eyes glued to her swaying ass.

"All these cute girls and my boy is staring at MY ass. Monica, you still got it girl," she thought.

Derek looked back over at Brandi, finding her standing alone. This was his chance. He wheeled up to her

bravely. "Hey Brandi."

The tan blonde peeked over her shoulder, eyeballing Derek pathetically. "Hey."

"Good game, huh?"

"Yup," Brandi said, doing her best to ignore him.

Derek could smell her sweet perfume. Her strong bronze legs rose from sexy feet like his moms. They were

propped in pink high heeled flip flops. "Damn, i bet she can prop her sexy legs back sooo far," he thought.

He mustered up all the courage he could. "Hey, um...I was just wondering if you'd umm...I don't know, like

maybe wanna go out sometime, catch a movie or something?"

Brandi gave him an amused look. "You're kidding right?"

"Uh no, not really."

"You're in a fucking wheelchair. You're a loser. Why would I date you?" she said with an ugly scowl.

Derek's face turned a shade of red. This wasn't the outcome he was hoping for. "I don't know, I just

thought..."

Brandi's two friends arrived, both hot girls and also cheerleaders. They looked at Derek

questionjngly. "What the fuck is this?" one of them asked.

Brandi smiled wickedly at her friends. "Wheelchair boy here is trying to ask me out."

Both girls burst out laughing. "Oh my God, are you fucking serious!" one said.

"I know right?" Brandi said, her big ripe tits jiggling as she laughed.

One of the girls glared nastily at Derek. "Honey, you shouldn't be asking anyone out. You should just be

parked in a dark corner somewhere jerking your pathetic dick off."

"If he can even feel it," Brandi said, making them giggle. "Get me away from this fucking worm."

The girls strode away. One of them looked back and extended the middle finger. "Fuck off, loser!"

Near the bleachers Monica stood next to her husband, who was chatting with another dad. She watched her

four year old run about crazily. "PJ, don't swing on that honey."

Brandi and her friends wandered over and just happened to stand near Monica. "I can't believe that crippled

actually thought he'd have a fucking chance with me," Brandi said.

"Total fucking loser," one of her friend said.

"He couldn't possibly think any girl in her right mind is ever gonna go out with him, let alone fuck him."

Overhearing this, Monica's stomach sunk. She clenched her fists angrily. It was all she could do to go over

and slap the bitch. "That fucking cunt!" She thought.

"Hey Brandi," a cute guy in basketball uniform said, stepping up to the blonde.

"Hey Steve. Nice job out there."

"Thanks."

Brandi gazed up at him adoringly, stroking his cheek. "Wanna hang out later? Maybe take a drive out to

Thompson Pond?"

Monica scowled. She knew Thompson Pond well. It was where high school kids would go to fuck. "That

fucking bitch," she thought.

When she met back up with Derek, Monica didn't ask him if he had asked Brandi out. She knew the

outcome and didn't wanna embarrass him further. The mother was still fuming the next day while having

coffee with her friend Kathy.

"Maybe it's a good thing, Monica. I mean, do you really want some snot-nose bitch teaching Derek to

fuck?" Kathy said.

"No, I suppose your right, it's just so unfair. Derek deserves to fuck just as much as any other boy his age,

but with his disability, he may never get a piece of ass."

"Oh Monica, yes he will. Derek's adorable."

"I know he is...and can you imagine if he was good in bed? He'd have girls beating down my door to fuck. I

have a good mind to say screw it all and teach him to fuck myself."

Kathy smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Why don't you? It's not that uncommon you know. Gail

Thompson was fucking her son before he went off to college."

"I know, my sister Theresa took her son to Boys Sexually Training Camp last summer. She came back

pregnant. The problem is they were doing it behind her husbands back," Monica said.

Kathy giggled. "It's only a problem if you get caught."

"If I'm gonna teach Derek to fuck, I would rather do it with Ken's blessing."

Kathy burst out laughing. "Good luck with that one."

"It can't hurt to try," Monica said.

In bed that night Monica gazed over at her husband with concern. "I'm worried about Derek."

Her husband Ken looked up from his laptop. "Why, what's wrong?"

"He's eighteen years old and I'm pretty sure he's still a virgin."

Ken laughed. "Monica, there's nothing wrong with being a virgin at his age."

"Ken, you know that's not true. Our son should be getting fucked, just like all the other boys his age."

"Jesus, Monica, do you have to make it sound so crude?"

She rolled her eyes. "Fine, he should be getting laid, made love to, whatever. The point is he's not...and he

should be."

Ken smirked sarcastically. "Fine, we'll hire him a call girl or something."

Monica slapped her hubby on the arm playfully. "Ken, gross, no! I don't want my son's first time to be with

some diseased whore."

"Okay, then he better get a date with one of the girls at school I guess. Maybe there's one that could show

him the ropes."

"Ok,.here goes. Be brave, Monica." the mother thought.

Monica looked at her husband innocently. "I actually have a better idea, that I wanted to talk to you about,

but I need you to promise first that you'll keep an open mind."

"Ok, I can be pretty open minded. What's your idea?"

Monica took a deep breath. "We both know that since the accident Derek is at a serious disadvantage when

it comes to getting girls. However, even in a wheelchair, he has the potential to be an amazing lover. If he

learns the skills he could have girls lined up to fuck him."

"Monica."

The housewife rolled her eyes. "Sorry, have sex with him."

Ken fed her a confused look. "Ok, so where are you going with all this?"

"We both agree that Derek needs is a sexual education, someone to teach him control, stamina, all the tricks

to pleasuring a woman. Summer vacation is coming up next week. PJ will still be in preschool every day

until noon and you'll be working, so Derek and I will be here alone every morning."

"So what is it you're getting at?" Ken asked.

Monica took a deep breath. "I'd like to let Derek use my body this summer, to practice on."

"Your body?! Monica, have you lost your mind?"

"No, think about it, it makes perfect sense. Educational sex isn't the same as real sex, you know that...and

right now what Derek needs is a warm place to put his erection. A place that's safe and he can take his time

and really practice," Monica explained.

"NO...No fucking way, he's your son for fucks sake," Ken said, in disbelief that his own wife would make

such a request..

"Yes, he is my son and what kind of mother would I be if I didn't help him out with this?"

"Fine, if you're that concerned, we'll find someone to teach him," Ken said.

"Ken, No!"

"Some how-to videos then."

"NO! He needs experience."

"Not with his mother, that's just wrong. Jesus, Monica, you should be ashamed of yourself for even

suggesting it.

Monica slipped her naked body out of bed, throwing on her silk robe. "Damn you. I knew you were gonna

be a selfish fuck about this."

"You would be too. The idea's insane. Where are you going?"

"Fuck you, Ken!" Monica said, marching out the door.

Monica slept on the couch that night. Around 2am she heard her son cross the hallway to use the bathroom.

After he was finished Derek wheeled himself back towards his room. He stopped mid-hallway as he heard

his mom's sweet voice. "Derek, sweetie?"

He saw Monica standing at the head of the hallway. The way she was posing made his heart about leap out

of his chest. The curvy mother had one naked leg fully exposed out the slit of her silk robe. It was cocked

foward, slightly bent at the knee so that her tiny foot was arched, resting on squatted toes. The boy

marveled at how strong her coppertone legs looked and how they gave off a soft silken sheen. The robe had

slipped down one shoulder, exposing the upper slope of her pendulous breast. "Holy hell...I can almost see

mom's boob." He thought.

"Is everything ok?" Monica asked lovingly.

"Yeah, Mom, just using the bathroom. Are you sleeping on the couch?"

Monica frowned. "Yeah, you're father's being a jerk."

"Oh...sorry."

Monica strode towards him gracefully, her king-sized tits bobbling freely beneath the thin robe. "For what?

You didn't do anything. Let me help you back to bed."

"No, it's ok, Mom, you don't have to."

Monica leaned down and kissed him on the forhead. Her robe had parted slightly showing off the large

canyon between her hanging tits. She wheeled him into the bedroom. "Would you stop and let me be a

mom."

The gorgeous housewife helped her boy into bed. She leaned over and stroked his cheek and as she did the

neck of the robe fell open again, lewdly exposing the type of cleavage that teenagers dream about. Even in

the darkened room Derek could make out the huge hanging bulges of exposed tit-flesh and the way they

came together to form deep canyon of creamy cleavage.

"Holy fuck," he marveled to himself.

Monica took notice. "I should probably tighten my robe, but you know what, fuck modesty right now. I'm

not going to." she thought.

Monica looked into his eyes, full pink lips curling into a knowing smile. "Forty-four triple D."

Derek looked up in suprise. "What?"

"Your mom's a good mind reader. And you, young man were wondering how big my boobs are," she said

candidly.

"I was?"

She fed him a teasing grin. "Uh huh, you were...and now you know."

She reached down and pulled the blankets up his legs, then over the huge protruding tentpole in his boxers,

her eyes lingering a moment. "Ohh my," she thought.

"Mom, can I ask you something?" Derek said.

"Of course, sweetheart."

"It's about something you said to me at the game."

"Oh, while you were checking out all the big boobed cheerleaders?" Monica teased.

Derek blushed. "Yeah. Were you being honest when you said you would have dated me if you were my

age?"

Monica smiled. "Of course I was. I would be crazy to pass up a date with a hot stud. Would you have dated

me?"

"Well, yeah, you were probably the hottest girl in school mom."

Monica giggled, then stroked her son's cheek, hovering over him adoringly. "What would we have done on

our first date?"

"Whatever you would have wanted."

"Mmmnnn, whatever I wanted huh? What if I would have wanted you to take me to bed and fuck me to the

stars?" Monica whispered matter of factly.

"Sounds cool to me, although I'm not sure I could have pleased you as well as the other guys."

"What?! Why do you say that?"

Derek smiled. "Look at me Mom, my legs are useless."

"Ok, but what about that big thing hanging BETWEEN your legs, is it useless?"

"Well, no, I guess not."

"Of course it's not...and as long as you have the skills and a strong erection you can please a girl just as

good as any other guy."

"I guess your right."

Monica smiled. "I'm a mom, of course I'm right," she smiled with pride and gave him a final pat.

"Goodnight."

The teen watched the meaty swell of her undilating buttocks as she sashayed back across the room. Monica

stopped in his doorway, kicking a bare foot back as she did a sexy half-turn gazing at her teen. "Better not

let the girls see that thing."

Derek gazed at his mom's standing pose. The light in the hallway shined straight her flimsy robe,

silhouetting her curvy body as if she were naked. "What thing?" Derek muttered.

"That big boner," she said, glancing at the protrusion in his lap. "They're be lining up down the street to

fuck you."

Monica disappeared from the doorway and Derek's heart raced with excitement.

Between school and his physical therapy Derek saw little of his mom the next day. However, at every

opportunity he was drooling over her curvy body. He loved the way her buns swayed and her tits jiggled as

she strode gracefully through the house. Today Monica wore a pair of faded hipster low rise jeans which

seemed sculpted around her strong legs and succulent ass. Every time she bent over Derek could see the

waistband of her pink thong and it seemed like her rounded ass globes were going to split the denim down

the seam.

"Wow, mom's wearing a pink thong. That's so cool," he thought.

The four inch heels of her leather mules CLICKED daintily on the floor, her little toes with their pink

toenails peeked out the flaring bottoms of her jeans. Her cream colored cashmere sweater was form fitting,

accentuating the swell of her enormous mommy-tits.

"Who wants more pasta?" Monica asked as she stood up from the dinner table.

"I'm good," Derek said.

"I'll take a little more babe," Ken said.

Derek peeked at his mother as she strode towards the stove, trying not to be too obvious in front of his

father. The meaty mounds of her denim covered ass swayed seductively as she moved, in a way that

seemed meant to draw the teen's attention. Dainty heels tapped against the tile floor and Derek gawked at

her tan bare feet arched in the heels, her pretty painted toes peeking out the bottoms.

"Damn, mom's body is out of this world." he thought.

Almost as if their minds were connected, Monica looked over her shoulder at her boy, gazing straight at

him with her alluring brown eyes. Her lips peeked open, forming a little smile, then she gave him the

sexiest wink Derek had ever seen.

"There is he is, staring at his mom again. So cute." Monica thought.

Several times during dinner their eyes met and just seemed to gaze for a few moments. It was clear that

there was something magical going on between them. Derek couldn't help but marvel at how dreamy his

mother looked, her hooded eyes sparklingly seductively, her entire being oozing with mature feminine

beauty.

Monica too was fascinated by her boy. His lean pubescent frame and curious innocence made her big

clitoris throb between her labia. What better than a mother to show her cub the pleasures of the body and

instruct him in the ways of pleasuring a woman. "He needs me this summer and my selfish husband is not

getting in my way." she thought.

That night Derek overheard part of a conversation she was having with his father as he was leaving. She

didn't sound happy. "Well you better think about it because I'm not backing down."

"Well neither am I."

"Do you truely not give a shit about our son because that's what it's sounding like here," Monica shouted.

"Give a shit about me or PJ? Who was mom talking about?" Derek wondered.

"They're waiting for me at the office. I really gotta go." Ken said, then Derek heard the front door close.

A little while later Derek heard a tap at his door. "Honey, can I come in?"

"Sure, Mom."

Monica stepped inside his room on bare feet. She wore a short satin white robe, which fell a couple inches

past the swell of her buttocks and was striking against the dark tan of her soft curvaceous legs. She carried

a box over to her son's bed and sat it down. As she did the swell of her tits shifted, showing their immense

size as they wobbled beneath the fabric.

"Oh wow...mom must not be wearing a bra." Derek thought.

"Your dad had to go into the office for a while, so I was going through my closet and found something that

might interest you," Monica said.

"What is it?" Derek asked.

Monica opened the box and took out a sleeveless red and white sports top that read SPARTANS across the

top. "Tah-dah! It's my old cheerleaders uniform. Remember I told you I was captain of the cheerleader

squad in high school?"

"Oh wow." Derek said, watching as his mom also pulled out a matching pleated miniskirt and pompoms.

"What do you think, should I see if it still fits?" she asked.

"If you want to," Derek said with a smile.

"Be right back," Monica said, feeding him a mischievous smile.

A few minutes later Derek heard her voice from the hallway. "Now, before you laugh, keep in mind I

haven't worn this thing in twenty-years."

"Let's see," Derek said anxiously.

Monica stepped back into her son's room in her old uniform. The skirt still fit perfectly, showing nearly all

her silken mommy-legs, the top however was more than snug. Packed inside, the huge swell of her middleaged

tits stretched the material nearly its bursting point. Derek noticed she had thrown her hair back into a

pony. "Wow, you look great, Mom."

"Thank you, sweetheart. The top's a little snug, but these boobs are alot bigger than they were in high

school, " she said with a giggle.

"I think the top looks good."

"I'll bet you do," Monica said with a teasing wink. "Are you ready for a cheer?"

"Go for it."

Monica picked up the pompoms and straightened her posture, thrusting her big mature tits out. She

suddenly threw her arms into the air one at a time. "LET'S GO SPAR-TANS!"

Derek clapped five times, just like the fans in the bleachers would at a game.

"LET'S GO SPAR-TANS!"

Five more claps.

"GOOO SPARTAAAANS!" Monica cheered, bouncing lightly on her little bare feet.

Derek mouth hung open in fascination as he watched her huge jugs bounced heavily beneath the top. "Ohh

wow, look at her boobs!" he thought, watching them bounce.

"WOOOO!" Monica cheered, throwing one of her shapely tan legs into the air limberly. It was just a quick

kick in the air, but enough to excite the teen as he caught a peek of the white crotch of her panties.

"Wow...that was cool, Mom!"

"As cool as when Brandi does it?" Monica asked playfully.

"Waay cooler," Derek answered, making her giggle. "That's neat how you can still throw your legs up like

that."

"Well if it wern't for yoga I wouldn't be as limber as I am. Watch this," Monica said as she dropped the

pompoms and lifted one leg. She reached out and grabbed the foot of that leg as she extended it high into

the air. "This is called a heel stretch."

Derek's mouth fell open as his mom held that pose. Rising like a fleshy pillar into the air, her tan leg looked

so strong and sexy as it flexed, her cute naked foot pointed towards the cieling. Whether Monica realized it

or not, her white panties were practically sheer and her teen could clearly see the smooth puffy folds of her

hairless vulva.

"Holy shit..that's Mom's pussy!" Derek thought, his tongue nearly hanging out.

"I used to be able to do all sorts of crazy stretches when I was your age. In fact..." Monica said, lowering

her leg and moving back to the box.

Derek watched her dig through the box and pull out a disc. "What's that?

"Video of my girlfriends and I showing off during a slumber party. We were all cheerleaders so I'm sure

there's some footage of me doing stretches on here. Wanna watch?"

"Hell yeah, I've never seen you at my age. Well, only in pictures."

Monica looked a bit reserved. "Now promise you won't get embarrassed watching this with me. We were a

crazy group of girls back then."

"I promise," Derek said.

"Ok,.load the disc in. I'm gonna check on your little brother then get out of this crazy uniform."

Derek loaded the disc and sat back on his bed, with the computer on his lap. A few minutes later Monica

came back in and closed the door. "You didn't start it without me did you?" she asked playfully.

The teen couldn't answer for a moment as he took in what his mom was wearing, which was practically

nothing. Monica had on a pair of semi-sheer bikini panties and a snug white camisole with spaghetti straps.

He could clearly see the protruding nubs of her fat nipples and the dark triangular shadow of pubic fuz

through the panty fabric. She padded over to her son's bed. "Let's snuggle while we watch this," she said,

crawling into bed with him.

The big titted mother scooched over beside her son, her braless boobs wobbling beneath the thin top until

they finally rested one stacked on top of the other, exposing a ten inch crack of cleavage. "You comfy?" she

asked with a smile, showing her perfect, gleaming white teeth.

"Yeah. Want me to start it?" The teen asked, clearly aroused by her close proximity.

"As long as you're sure you don't mind seeing your mom when she was young and silly. I think this was

taken my senior year," Monica said.

He clicked the video on. "Of course not."

The screen lit up to a scene of high school aged girls. "Hi biiitches, I'm filming!" the girl behind the camera

announced.

The three other girls glared at the camera. "Bite meee!" one girl said.

Derek recognized the hot younger version of his mom right away. She gazed playfully as the camera

focused on her. Monica was wearing a clingy pair of pink boyshorts and a tank that said SPOILED

ROTTEN. The camera panned down her curvy young body stopping at her ass as she turned and stuck it

out. "Nice booty!" the camera girl said.

The young Monica slapped her ass hard a few times making the globes quiver as they spilled out of the

hems of her boyshorts. She gazed back at the camera. "Jillyyy, fuck my aaasss!"

Monica put her hand over her eyes, embarrassed. "Oh God, I'm sorry honey."

"Mom, it's ok...really. That's how alot of the girls at my school act."

"I know, but still...I'm your mom."

"It's no big deal, really." Derek said.

"This is interesting. My son watching the hot teenaged me." Monica thought.

Monica gazed at the monitor in horror. "Oh fuck, I didn't," she said outloud.

Derek looked back at the monitor. The camera was still focused on Monica's ass and her fingers were

tucked under the waistband, slowly peeling them down her meaty buns, exposing her crack. Halfway down

her luscious ass, young Monica yanked them back up. "Worship my fucking ass!"

The young Monica sprung up, then did a forward cartwheel, her luscious legs scissoring through the air. On

her feet again she looked back and gave the camera the middle finger.

"Nice Monica wonderbitch!" The camera girl said.

"Wow, you made that look easy, Mom, " Derek said.

"Well, honey, it was just a cartwheel."

"Just a cartwheel? You say that like it's easy to do, Mom."

Monica smiled cockily and slid off the bed. "It is. Watch."

She lifted her arms up, took one graceful step then did a complete revolution forward. Once back on her

feet, she turned and did another cartwheel back, her strong naked legs scissored in perfect form to the bed.

"Easy fucking peasy."

Derek pointed at the monitor where the young Monica was on the floor doing a straddle hold. Her palms

were on the floor between her legs, which were scissored open an hovering above the floor. "Yeah but this

one doesn't look so easy."

"Oh God, a staddle hold into a press handstand. I haven't done one of those for a while." Monica said to her

son.

They watched the young Monica's sexy legs rotate back as she easily moved into a handstand. Monica

knew it gave her son a thrill to watch her younger self with her legs splayed open.

"Alright, let's give it a try," Monica said, lowering herself to the floor. "Are you watching?"

Derek leaned over so he could peek off the side of his bed. "Yup."

To his amazement, Monica started by rolling onto her back, tilting her ass up and throwing her legs open

into a huge spread eagle. The teen's heart about raced out of his chest as he stared at the amazing spread of

his mom's tan legs, her little bare feet pointing in opposite directions. "Oh my God-damn." he marveled.

What was even more fascinating, however, was that the gusset of her panties were practically see-through,

lewdly displaying the folds of her shaved snatch. He could even see her fat clitoris poking out from under

its hood. "I know my panties are sheer, but Derek's eighteen now...he can handle this." she thought.

She rolled forward, keeping her legs open. "Here we go."

Monica's planted her palms against the floor and lifted herself into a straddle hold. Her legs were scissored

open and hovered above the floor.

"Oh my God, Mom's legs look amazing pointed out like that." Derek thought, his dick throbbing in his

shorts.

Amazing was an understatement. Monica's strong tan legs were pointed out in perfect form. Her tits were

pressed between her arms, making them distend outward.

"Now the tricky part," Monica said as her ass slowly rose up. She kept her legs perfectly straight as they

rotated back and finally rose into the air like golden brown spires of lusciousness.

"You did it!" Derek said, eyeballing her ass.

"Yaaay! Watch this," Monica said.

Now in a handstand, her legs scissored completely apart, her toes pointed in opposite directions. "This is

called a straddle split."

Derek's mouth hung open. "Whoa!" he muttered, his eyes traveling across the silken tan curves of her

splayed legs. Her meaty buttocks might as well have been naked. He could see the crack between her tan

globes straight through the fabric. "Ohhh wow!"

Monica was fully aware of her son's eyes on her as she peeked up at him. "Pretty cool huh?"

Derek took a big gulp of air. "Amazing."

"I wonder how many boys are lucky enough to see their mom's legs open like this? I bet he has a throbbing

hardon," she thought.

Monica's legs came together and arched back until her feet hit the floor. She rose up quickly and let out a

playful scream as she fell forward onto her son. Derek felt her spongy tits slosh against his back. "Geez,

mom." he teased.

Monica giggled. "Sorry, honey."

Monica looked at the computer screen in horror. "Oh fuck, seriously?!"

"What?"

Derek looked back at the monitor and saw his young mom and another girl with their tits out, flashing the

camera. It reminded him of those Girls gone wild commercials.

"Holy damn, Mom!"

Monica smiled inwardly. "You think they were big then...you should see them now honey," she thought.

"I'm sorry, sweetie. I guess I forgot how wild and uninhibited I was back then."

"Back then? Have you seen what you're wearing, Mom? I think you still are."

"Oh, um...I'm sorry, sweatheart. I'll go put on some pj's or something, " Monica said, starting to get up.

"No Mom, you don't have to. I mean, you can if you want, but...it really doesn't bother me." Derek

confessed.

She looked at him sweetly. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, you're fine." Derek smiled, taking a moment to enjoy the sensations of the soft mature tits plastered

against his chest.

Monica traced her nails across his cheek.. "When I went to change earlier I was gonna put my robe back on,

but then I thought, you know, my son's eighteen now...there's nothing wrong with him seeing his mom in

her panties, even if they are a little sheer. There's nothing wrong with that, right?"

"Right, Mom."

"But only when your father's not around. I'm pretty sure he wouldn't agree." Monica said with a laugh.

"That's true."

The gorgeous mother grazed her nails up along his neck, making Derek quiver. "He's not agreeing with a

lot of great ideas I have here lately."

"What kind of great ideas?"

They looked at the monitor where Monica was still shaking her big teenaged tits around playfully. "Oh, the

kind I think you would like alot. So what do you think of the younger me?"

"You were pretty."

"Prettier than Brandi?" Monica said with a sideways stare.

"Of course, you still are Mom."

"Oh you handsome darling. Fuck Brandi, he's got someone much hotter to look at," she thought. "Well if

I'm that pretty why don't you ask ME out on a date?"

"Funny, Mom."

Monica poked his ribs. "I'm fucking serious."

"I didn't think sons were suppose to date their mothers," Derek said.

"You might be suprised at some of the things mothers and sons do together."

"Like what?"

"Fuck eachothers brains out," Monica thought. "Like....go on dates."

"Won't dad think that's a little weird, if you and I go on a date together?"

"Oh God, who fucking cares what he thinks," Monica thought to herself.

"Well, if you're worried about that, then we'll go on a daytime date, while he's at work. He'll never even

know about it. Come on, you'll get to stay home from school, it'll be fun," Monica said.

"Ok sure."

Monica got a big smile. "Goodie. We'll go tomorrow, sayyy...elevinish?"

"What about PJ?"

"Kathy can come over and watch him for the afternoon. Are we gonna do this?" Monica asked, just to be

sure.

"Yeah. Sounds fun."

"Mmm it will be."

That night Derek dreamed the he was laying alone in the grass of a secluded field. Soon the grass began to

take the form of thousands of naked girls, squirming and moaning hornily. He was laying on a surface of

writhing nakedness. All around him were sexy legs and big jiggling tits. He turned his head and found

himself face to face with the most succulent ass he'd ever seen. The buns wagged invitingly, a crinkled

butthole at it's center.

Suddendly, he felt a set of hands slide onto him, their long nails cratching up his chest. Somehow the arms

turned Derek over onto his stomach and he could feel the wiggling bodies beneath him. The arms belonged

to a woman who rose up slitheringly from the others, her huge boobs emerging first and squashing like big

fleshy spong-melons against his chest.

At the same time, her legs were emerging...strong, tan and silky smooth, topped by tiny bare feet with pink

painted toenails. The legs closed in, wrapping smoothly around his frame. Derek watched as lastly her face

emerged. It was Monica, her eyes closed..mouth slightly agape. She was beautiful.

Derek felt their bodies rise up into the air above the sea of flesh. It was like some invisible force was

pulling the two of them away. His mom's eyes popped opened and Derek saw the her pupils were no longer

round, but were in the shape of pink hearts, staring back at him. He felt her body tighten around him as they

floated off, her nails digging into his back. Monica's head crooked back, her long dark mane hanging down

as she wailed like a roaring lion. "FUUUCK MEEEE!!!"

Derek woke up suddenly, drenched in sweat. Suprisingly, he was in Monica's arms. She hushed him

lovingly. "Shhh, it's ok honey. You just had a wet dream, that's all."

It was true. He could feel the semen oozing from his prock. "Mom, uhmm, what time is it?"

"It's just after nine. I was making PJ some breakfast and I heard you moaning in here, so um, I thought I'd

come check on you."

"Oh..sorry, just a wierd dream."

Monica smiled as she eyeballed the lumpy wet spot beneath the covers. "Do you wanna talk about it?"

"Naw, that's ok."

"You sure?"

"Yeah...I'm fine really."

"Ok sweetheart. Well you better get yourself cleaned up. You have a hot date in a couple hours,

remember?" Monica said as she slid off the bed.

Derek noticed that his mom was wearing a sexy cami top and a pair of matching boy shorts. The shorts

were snug on her ass, leaving nearly half the cheeks exposed. The teen gulped in awe as he watched the

rounded globes of her buttocks jiggle and sway with each graceful step.

"Those shorts are pretty hot, mom."

Monica stopped in sidways profile in the doorway, leaning one hand against the doorframe. Her silken legs

were flexed, the heel of her back foot arched. Derek could see the shape of one of her huge boobs slopping

down through the cami top, the fat nipple protruding out the front. The mound of her shapely ass formed a

perfect half-circle.

Smiling naughtily Monica fed him a cute little wink. "Thanks."

After a shower and getting dressed Derek wheeled himself into the livingroom. Kathy, his mom's best

friend looked him over with a smile. She was a sexy redhead with long shapely legs. Derek couldn't help

but noticed how they were exposed beneath the hem of her miniskirt. "Well, don't you look handsome," she

said with a bright smile.

"Thanks," the teen answered, blushing a bit.

"Are you excited for your date?"

"Sure," he smiled.

"He better be!" Came a voice from the hallway.

Monica strode up the hallway from her bedroom in a sexy black tube dress. Her king-sized tits pushed the

top out, leaving an almost obscene amount of cleavage exposed. From wide motherly hips, her silky tan

legs tappered down into slender ankles and sexy little feet propped up in 6 inch black heeled mules. Her

make-up was done and her brown wavy hair hung past her shoulders. In one word: Stunning!

Derek just sat there with his tongue nearly hanging out. "Holy fuck, she's sooo...gorgeous!" he thought.

"Does my date approve?" Monica said, spinning around to show off her lucsious body from every angle.

"Uhh yeah," the boy muttered, unable to peel his eyes away.

Monica and Kathy looked at eachother and giggled. "He's so cute," Kathy said.

Monica's eyes traveled up and down her son's body like no mother should. Her lips curled into a

mischievous smile. "Mmmm yes he is."

Kathy rubbed Derek's shoulders. "Go easy now, Monica. Derek may not wanna fuck on the first date," she

giggled.

Monica peered down at her blushing teen, over the swell of her stiff-nippled tits and gave him a wink.

"Well if he's anything like his mother he will."

"True," Kathy said.

"Holy shit, I know they're joking but...damn! he thought.

"Now try not to let PJ nap for more than 2 hours, Kath or he'll never get to bed tonight," Monique said.

"I know the routine, just go have a good time."

"We should be back by five. Love you," Monica said, giving her friend a peck on the lips.

"Love YOU. Have fun, Derek." Kathy said, almost as if she knew something he didn't.

Monica drove down the street in her new Mercury SUV. Derek sat awkwardly. He sneaked a look over at

his mom's legs. The dress had ridden up a bit leaving them exposed.

"Like your mother's legs?" Monica asked with a quirky grin.

"Why do you say that?" Derek asked knowing he'd been caught.

"Because you're always looking at them...amoung other things." Monica said, giving him a wink.

"Sorry if I was staring. You just look really nice Mom."

Monica spoke as she looked out at the road. Despite the resistance from her husband, it was time for Derek

to learn and she was going to teach him. "A woman prides herself in her legs. She likes to keep to keep

them strong and smooth. Her legs are her love harness."

"Love harness?"

Monica thought for a moment. "Well, you're a young virgin so you probably don't know this yet, but when

you fuck a girl she'll wrap her legs around you, using them to clutch you. So if you think about it, her legs

are like a harness...a love harness,securing her partner between her thighs."

Just the thought of being clutched between his Mom's strong legs made his heart race excitedly. "Oh I see,

well that makes since then."

"Sweetie, I hope I didn't just embarrass you by saying you're a virgin. You um, are a virgin, right?"

"Yes, I'm pretty sure I'll always be a virgin."

"Stop! You will not," Monica said.

"Easy for you to say, Mom. You probably lost your virginity way before you were eighteen."

Monica glanced at him in concern. "Yes, but honey girls almost always almost get fucked at an early age. I

was a very sexually active teenager, but that doesn't mean that's the norm."

"Yeah well, I don't really fit the norm either. With my disability I doubt that I'll ever get it."

"You most definately will, sweetheart, I'm not concerned about that. What I am concerned about is will you

have the skills to set you apart from the other boys."

"Oh, you mean like knowing how to please a girl?" Derek asked.

"Exactly. Remember, every boy has a dick, but the dicks with skill are the ones girls flock to. A female

body is like a car, it has all these different parts and nobs. Learning how to master them will make you a

much better driver."

"Sorry Mom, I probably won't be driving any time soon either."

Monica giggled. "Smart ass."

Monica fed him a serious look. "If I ask you something personal, just between us, will you answer

honestly?"

"Of course."

"Do it! Just break the fucking ice Monica." she thought to herself.

"If I was to somehow convince your father to let me teach you how to fuck this summer, is that something

you think you'd be interested in?"

Derek swallowed the lump in his throat. His heart was beating like a base drum in his head. "You

mean..you and me, we would we be?"

Monica giggled, feeding her teen an inquisutive smile. "Uh-huh. Would that seem weird?"

Derek had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. "Wow, uhmm..."

"Remember yesterday I told you that you might be suprised at some of the things mothers and sons do

together. Well, that's one of them."

"Having sex together?"

"Yes, but for educational purposes. We moms love you boys and we want to see you succeed at becoming

amazing lovers. So...it that something you'd consider?"

"Um, yeah, I mean, it would be really cool actually, but Mom, I doubt dad would ever agree to something

like that," he said.

"Oh he can be stubborn, that's for sure, but in the end I usually get what I want. And what I want is to teach

my son how to really rock a girls world."

Derek's mom took him to a nice restaurant. She helped him out of his wheelchair into a cozy booth where

they sat side by side. "This place is nice. Do you and dad come here alot?"

"Sometimes, but let's not talk about your father and I. Let's talk about you and me. We seem to be getting

closer here lately. I like that. It's like we're forming this special bond, above and beyond the whole mother

son thing." Monica said.

"Yeah, I think I know what you mean."

Monica squeezed his hand. "It's good that we feel that way, since we're both on same page with the

educational sex ideus.Beyond that, I'm not really sure where it will take us, but I like the direction it's

heading."

"Me too," he blushed.

"So...dating 101. Touching. Girls loved to be touched, so it's a very important thing to do when you're on a

date. I'll guide you this first time, but on our next date you're on your own buster," Monica said with a grin,

then guided her son's hand onto her knee beneath the table.

"How's everything here?" the waitress said.

"Wonderful. Can I get another glass of wine please," Monica said.

"Absolutely. How are you doing sweetie?" the waitress asked, looking at Derek.

Derek felt his mom slowly slide his hand under her skirt against her soft inner thigh. "I'm good, thanks," he

gulped.

"No dessert sweatheart?" Monica asked.

"Hmm I don't know."

"Will you share the berries and cream with me?" Monica asked.

"That does sound kinda good."

Monica looked up at the waitress with a smile. "We'll have the berries and cream."

After the waitress left, Monica smiled and squeezed Derek's hand. "She's in to you. Did you recognize the

signs?"

"What signs?"

"Well...first of all, her nipples are hard. You can see them poking out through her shirt, which is an obvious

sign of arousal in a woman. I'm suprised you didn't notice, Mr. Boobman," Monica joked.

"Maybe she's just cold, Mom."

Monica giggled. "Nope, it's far from cold in here and besides she was giving you the 'come fuck me' stare.

She also called you sweetie, which is an obvious term of endearment."

"Well, you call me sweetie sometimes."

Monica smiled slyly. "I know I do...that's because I absolutely adore you."

"Yeah, but not the same way you think she adores me right?"

"I don't know...are there any other signs on me that you haven't noticed yet?"

Derek looked down at his mom's massive tits. Even through the fabric of her strapless bra and dress he

could see the fat protruding nubs of her nipples.

"Oh, hard nipples."

"Which means?"

"Arousal."

Monica smiled and squeezed his hand. "Your learning fast."

Their dessert was delivered and Derek noticed the girls protruding nips, just as his mom had said. Monica

spooned out a big strawberry covered in whipped cream and fed it to her son. "You don't have to feed me

one sweetie. I realize you're right handed...and right now your right hand is exactly where it should be."

"Ohh man, moms legs are sooo soft," he thought.

Monica guided her son's hand higher up her inner thigh until the side of his hand bunped the silky gusset of

her panty crotch. Derek could feel the heat radiating from her genitals. He watched his mother scoop some

cream onto a strawberry and feed it into her luscious mouth, her eyes on his the whole time.

She scooped out another and fed it to her boy. A big gob of cream remained on her finger. "Ooops," she

giggled, the brought it to her mouth.

Derek watched as her long thick pink tongue snaked out of her mouth and swipped the cream from her

finger. "Holy wow, Mom...I never knew you had a really long tongue like that."

"Well look at that, you learn't something new about your date," Monica said, then gazed at her son and spit

her tongue out playfully. The housewife made just the tip of her pink snake wiggle around, then she giggled.

"That was pretty rad," Derek blushed, his prick now rock hard.

"You're pretty rad," Monica said, gazing adoringly. Turned towards him, she rested a hand on his shoulder

and brought her lips in close to his ear. "Is your hand melting yet?"

Derek smiled. "It is pretty warm down there."

"So I have to know....has your hand ever been this close to a girl's pussy?"

Derek softly gasped. "No."

Monica removed her hand, leaving her son's hand where she had placed it. "You're on your own now, so

you have a decision to make. You can leave it where it is or let it wander up even further."

"But if I go any further, I'll be..."

"On your mother's pussy? Yes, you will. I realize this is new and exciting territory for you sweetie. You're

learning here, so just relax and let me walk you through it," Monica said softly.

"Ok," Derek muttered.

"Gently slide your fingers on to the crotch of my panties."

Derek did as directed and felt the puffy bulge of her outer lips. His mother's sweet soft voice cut to his

core. "That's called the mound of venus. It's one of two folds of flesh surrounding the mouth of a woman's

pussy. When she spreads her legs, the fleshy lips peel open."

"When they open..is that where the clitoris is? I heard some guys at school talking about it." Derek said,

trying to show a bit of knowledge.

Monica whispered softly at his ear. "Well if you want...slide your hand into my panties and I'll show you

just where it is. But be careful, darling...we don't want to draw attention to ourselves."

Derek reached inside the hem of her little panties and his hand slid along the fuzz of her pubic triangle. "Oh

my God, am I really inside mom's panties?" he thought. "Wow, you don't have much hair down there."

"Just a tiny little patch, otherwise my pussy is complely shaved and smooth."

Derek's fingers slid across a knot of flesh and his mom gasped softly. "There. Can you feel my clitty

peeking out of its hood?"

He gently stroked the fat pebble of flesh, which made his mom's breath quiver. "So that's the clitoris?"

"Yes. It has sensitive glans, just like the head of your erection. Do you know how the tip of your dick will

leak precum when you stroke it?" Monica asked.

"Yeah," ther tits.muttered, still in awe that he was even having this discussion with her.

"A woman's pussy does that too. Dip your fingers down between the lips and you'll see."

Derek's fingers slid down into the groove between folds of labial meat, into a pocket of juicy pink. "Ohh

man, Mom, you're really wet down there."

"Told you I was aroused. A woman produces lubricant that helps prepare her pussy to fuck. Do you wanna

dip a finger inside?"

"Ohh hell yeah," Derek said, a little to loudly.

Monica smiled, her lips mashed against his ear as she peeked across the restaurant to make sure no one was

watching. "Shhh, careful honey. We don't need to be arrested today."

"Sorry."

"That's ok sweetheart...go ahead and finger me."

Derek found his mother's gooey fuck-socket and his middle finger slipped in easily. He felt her soft cunt

walls clasp at his finger, squeezing and sucking as if trying to pull it deeper inside.

"Ohhh man, that's amazing," Derek muttered. He could feel his mom gently rocking her hips as if trying to

fuck his finger.

"Move it around. You're not gonna hurt it honey."

Derek stirred his finger in her cunt, feeling the spongy ridged lining of her birth canal. The slippery walls

nipped and contracted. "There you go. Look at you, feeling a girl up for the very first time," Monica

whispered proudly.

Monica let out a cute little whimper as her knees buckled in, her little painted toes clenching in her high

heeled mules. Derek looked at his mom's face and saw her eyes shut, her mouth slightly open. Keeping his

finger inside, he used his thumb to strum her clit.

"Ohhhh!" Monica muttered as her eyes popped wide open, staring straight through him. "Holy shit!" she

thought.

"You ok, mom?" Derek asked, his fingers still moving.

"Yess...very ok. Wh...what you're doing, where did you learn to do that?"

Derek smiled sheepishly. "I just um, figured it out."

The look on his mom's face was one he'd never seen before. This was a grown woman, horny as fuck. He

beat his mother's clit mercilessly. He strummed the thick pulsing nub until it burned and throbbed. "Holy

fucking shit..this boy," Monica thought.

"Do you like it?"

Monica gasped. "Too much. Do you wanna see me cum?"

"Yeesss...I mean, if you want to."

Monica held their faces together, her lips against his ear. Her big tits were mashed against his arm. "Get

ready!" she panted softly.

Derek looked down to see his hand digging beneath her panties. "Oh man, this is a rush. Feeling up my

own mom's pussy," he thought. He could see the taut muscles in her tan legs beginning to tremble.

"Yesss...right there," she gasped sharply.

"Don't stop!" she hissed softly.

Her thick pink tongue swiped across his ear, then she bit at the lobe. "Don't you dare fucking stop!"

"Oh woow, mom's gonna cum. Is this really happening?" the teen wondered to himself.

Derek kept at it until her body suddenly stiffened up like a board. "Fuuuck!" Monica cried softly.

Derek found it harder to move his finger inside her as her pussy-tube compressed tightly. A long powerful

stream of hot girl-cum shot out of her urethra, soaking the teen's hand.

"Holy shit," the teen muttered, not sure what to make of it.

Monica's free hand shot down between her legs, trappping her son's hand there. "Keep going," she gasped.

Her pussy was doing things to his finger that young Derek never knew a pussy could do. He could feel it

squeezing and rippling, shooting out hot juice. "Damn..imagine what my dick would feel like in there," the

teen thought.

"Here's your bill," the waitress said, setting it down.

"Thank you," Derek said awkwardly, his hand clearly up to something..

The waitress looked at Monica who was still clinging to her boy, panting against the side of his face in post

orgasmic bliss.

"Thank YOU," the waitress said, giving Derek a knowing smile and a wink before stroding away.

"Wow...that was intense, darling." the hot mother sighed.

Derek brought his hand up out of her panties. It was shiny and dripping with juices. He could smell the

aroma of wet pussy. "Yeah, Mom...that was really something. Damn!"

"I think we both better head to the bathroom and freshen up," Monica said.

"Good idea."

Derek washed hands, then went into the handicap stall. He lifted himself onto the toilet for a piss.

Monica freshened up and exited the ladies room. The big titted mother passed a couple of men that were in

route to the bathroom. Her long heels clicked against the tiles as she passed by them like a curvy Goddess.

"Holy shit man, I know that broad," one of them said.

They entered the bathroom.

"Who is she?" the other asked.

"I think her name's Monica. She went to school with my older brother."

"Damn, well she sure has some tits on her. Did you see those fuckin things?"

From the stall, Derek listened to the two men talk at the urinals. They were clearly unaware that he was in

there.

"My brother said she fucks like a porn star. Best he ever had."

"No shit. Is she single?"

"Naw, I heard she's married...has a couple kids."

"Hell that don't matter. Woman like that probably can't get enough."

"My brother used to go on and on about how this broad sucks dick. She's so good she'd any guy off in about

5 seconds."

"No fucking way!"

"Seriously, man. He said they used to call her 'the gobler' in college."

"The gobler?"

"Yup...didn't matter how big your dick was, she could swallow it all, right down to the hilt."

"No shit?"

"And not only that, apparently she was so good she could cram a guys cock AND balls in her mouth all at

once."

Derek's mouth fell open. "Mom?" he thought to himself, "Was it really her they were talking about?"

As they pulled out of the restaurant parking lot, Monica shot her boy a smile. "So, what do you think of

your first date so far?

"What's there not to like?"

"That's true, lunch was awesome AND you got to feel a girl up for the very first time," Monica said.

"Hey Mom, could I ask you something kinda personal?"

"Of course?"

"Did they used to call you 'the gobler' in college?" Derek asked

The mother"s mouth fell open a tad. "Where did you hear that?"

"There were two guys in the bathroom talking. I think they were talking about you."

"Oh boy." Monica thought. "Oh...well, what else did they say?" she asked.

"One guy said you dated his brother and that you were really wild at sex. So is it true...about the gobbler

part?"

Monica seemed a tad reluctant to answer. "Well um, honey...there's no doubt I was wild when I was

younger, I mean, you saw how I acted on that tape. I had a few nick names back then, but I was young and

silly."

"Sounds to me like they only called you that because you had some special talents at...you know..."

Monica glanced with a sly smile. "What, sucking dick?"

Derek giggled timidly. "Yeah...that."

"Well, I never minded the nicknames. I guess I was just suprised to here my son of all people bring one

up."

"What else did they call you back then?"

"Ohhh let's see...well, the 'screaming demon-princess' was a big one," Monica said with a smile.

"Why did they call you that?"

"I guess because not only am I a screamer in the sack, but apparently my whole body goes into some kinda

shaking fit, like I'm being fucking possessed or something," Monica giggled.

"Yeah but you had an orgasm in the restaurant, you didn't scream...and only shook a little bit," Derek said.

"That's true, but that was a different type of orgasm sweetie and this is important for you to know. The one

in the restaurant was called a clitoral orgasm. The ones where I become this screaming demon-princess

from hell are deep vaginal orgasms, brought on by VERY intense fucking."

"Wow, that's so cool. Any other nicknames?"

Monica got a big smile. "Apparently 'Clapping Bobble-tits' was a big one too. Your mother's boobs were

quite the spectacle back then."

"Why, just because they're really big?"

"Not only that, but I guess my tits have a unique way of swinging and slapping together when I fuck,"

Monica said.

"Well, that doesn't sound so bad," Derek said timidly, trying to imagine it.

"No. I didn't take offence to any of my nicknames. They were all sort of compliments in a way I guess."

Derek frowned."Yeah, unlike my nicknames at school like 'wheelchair boy' among other things."

"Oh honey, you have lots of friends who adore you at school. Don't listen to the jerks who say those

things."

"Like Brandi you mean? What a bitch. Did you know Brandi would reject me? I did try to ask her out like

you said I should."

Monica glanced at him sympathetically. "I know you did. I overheard her and the other girls talking about it,

but I didn't wanna bring it up because I knew you must have been feeling rejected. After hearing her I

realize now she's a bitch anyway. You don't need a girl like that."

"Yeah, guess I should just accept the fact that because I have legs that don't work...I'm never gonna get a

date with a hot girl."

Monica got a quirky grin, raising an eyebrow. "Excuse me?! Are you saying I'm not hot? I am your date

today...in case you've forgotten already."

"No, no..you are hot mom, waaay hot. I'm just talking about dates with girls at school and stuff."

Monica giggled playfully. "I know what you meant darling. So you think I'm 'way hot' huh?"

"Well yeah, Mom...any guy would think so," Derek said.

"Well then let me ask you something. Suppose your 'way hot' date wanted to park somewhere and give you

your first handjob. Would you let her?"

Derek's mouth hung open. "Well I um...."

"Good?" Monica said, then Derek noticed his mom had turned off on a remote dirt road.

"Why did you turn here?"

"Why do you think?"

The road winded through the trees for a few miles until Monica parked. "So this is Thompson Pond? I

always hear the kids at school talking about it," Derek said.

"Yup, this is the place. Come on, we'll hike down to my favorite spot."

"Hike? Mom, you're kidding right."

Monica got out. "Nope, I'm not. Better kick that fucking wheelchair into four wheel drive mister because

we're getting down there one way or another."

Once he was out and in his chair Derek noticed his mom had a big beach bag and a blanket. "What's all that

stuff?"

"I call it my Thompson Pond kit. Your dad and I come down here sometimes. This place isn't just for horny

teenagers you know," she said, making Derek laugh.

Monica had her son hold the blanket and bag while she wheeled him through the rough terrain. In some

spots she had to tilt the chair back on only the two bigger wheels so he could keep going. "Jesus Mom,

where are you taking us."

"Don't worry, it's the best spot out here, you'll see."

After about a ten minute walk they came out of the brush onto a tiny sand beach. "Oh wow," Derek said.

A small waterfall crashed down into a pool of crystal clear water. Surrounded by rocks and trees the spot

was as private as they get. "Was I right or was I right?" Monica asked.

"You were definately right."

"Not many people know about this spot. The stream continues down into the main pond, which is where

most couples go to fuck."

"It's like a private paradise," Derek said.

Monica dropped to her knees on the soft sand and dug some things out of the bag."That's right and today

it's our private paradise."

Derek watched as she spread out a full sized air mattress and began pumping it up. "Wow, Mom...did you

bring a tent and some smores too?"

Monica laughed. "Noo, mister smarty pants, I didn't. I just want us to be comfy."

The battery operated pump had the mattress inflated in under a minute. Monica spread the blanket out on it.

"Come lay down, honey."

Derek lowered himself out of the chair onto the mattress. He sat back on his elbows and watched as Monica

took off her heels. "Ugh, these things were not made for nature," she said.

"Probably not," Derek chuckled.

"Will you be a dear and grab that towel out of the bag for me?"

"Sure Mom," the teen said, digging through the beach bag.

"I was a little younger than you when I first came down here."

"With dad?"

"No, I had two other steady boyfriends before him."

Derek found the towel and when he turned back towards Monica he saw only a pile of clothing on the

sand...dress, bra and panties. He made a sharp gasp as he watched his naked mother step towards the water,

her luscious tan buttocks undilating sexily as she walked.

"Hoooly shit, Mom's naked," he thought.

Monica gracefully dove into the water and swam to the far edge of the tiny pond. "Mmm the water feels

great," she sighed.

"Well don't drown, Mom. It's not like I can jump in and rescue you," Derek joked.

Monica smiled at him, her dark hair wet and slicked back as she floated in the water. "Oh but then you'd

have to give me mouth to mouth. That could be fun."

Derek blushed a little. "I guess."

The teen watched as his mother swam back and waded from the pool, shamelessly exposing her voluptuous

body. First, her king-sized tits emerged, bobbling heavily on her chest. Thick nipples protruded from large

areola. Derek gulped hard as he stared a the enormous mommy-melons.

"Oh my God...so big." He marveled.

Monica continued towards the beach, the water dripping down her glowing tan body. Her thick shiny pussy

lips puffed pinkly at the bottom of her pubic V, which was crowned only by a tiny patch of thin pubic hair.

As the gorgeous housewife stepped from the water she reached back with both hands and rung out her hair.

Doing this made her big boobs thrust out, exposing the huge rounded undersides. Derek looked up at them

in awe, judging that the mammoth cleavage could probaby smother his entire head.

"Thanks sweetie," Monica said shamelessly as Derek handed her the towel.

The teen excitedly watched his mother towel off, marveling at every sexy curve of her middle-aged body.

"So what do you think...think mom looks pretty good naked?"

"More than pretty good Mom."

Monica glanced down at the boy's crotch. "Good enough to give my date a hardon?"

Derek blushed. "Definately."

Monica finally tossed the towel aside and knelt between his legs, acting a bit spunky. "Wanna show me?"

"Um...ok."

She reached under and pulled off his trunks and boxers together. His boner sprung up and slapped against

his tummy. The big titted mother smiled hungrily as she surveyed his package and how its meaty column

rose way up past his belly button. "Wow, did I do that?"

"Yeah," Derek smiled bashfully.

"Well, honey, you were certainly blessed with a big dick. Have you ever measured that beautiful thing?"

Monica said, gazing at the swollen plumb-sized head.

"Yeah...once or twice, when I was bored I guess."

"And?"

Derek glanced down at the bloated cock-head, pointing up at him purple and angry. "Well, the last time I

measured it was a little over nine inches."

Monica bit her bottom lip, trying to contain the thrill. "Ohh boy. Mmmnn, that's way above average."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. I bet very few boys at your school have a dick that big. And despite what you may hear size

DOES matter to most girls."

"Really, cuz I heard one girl say that it doesn't matter the size...as long as a guy knows how to use it,"

Derek said.

"Well, that's true too, but any experienced girl will tell you that size and technique go hand in hand. Deep

in a woman's pussy, near the head of her cervix are powerful pleasure-glans that only a really long dick like

yours can reach."

"So, is dad able to reach your pleasure glans?"

"Hhmmp, no, not the ones that deep. Your father has a nice dick, but when I want deep vaginal orgasms

like that I have to use my dildo."

Monica leaned down and combed her fingers through her son's scrotum. Her long nails scratching tenderly

against his nuts felt exquisite. "Your balls are really soft. Do you shave them or do they just stay smooth

like this?"

"They just kinda stay that way."

She squeezed his nuts in her hand as if measuring the volume of cum they contained. "Ohhh God, so full,"

she thought.

"Your balls are really full," Monica said grasping the loose skin beneath his balls between her thumb and

forefinger, making the testicles form a huge ball bulging out obscenely. "Do you drain them with regular

masturbation?"

"Yeah, I try to."

Monica released her grip and her hand slid smoothly up his shaft. "I can't tell you how happy this makes me.

You may not be able to use your legs, but you're still able to achieve a strong erect dick and that's gonna

serve you well in life."

"I hope so," Derek said awkwardly.

The marveling mother took a strong grip on her son's pole, feeling its bulging veins against her soft circled

fist. "Oh fuck, this thing's going to feel soo good tearing through my cunt." she thought.

"Reach in the bag and get me the bottle of heated lubricant," she told her son.

Derek gulped as he did as his mom asked and handed her the bottle. Monica kept one hand around his dong

and opened the cap of the bottle with the other. She pointed his boner out and squirted a big gob of lube on

the fat barbed tip.

"Oh wow, such a nice big dick." she thought.

Setting the bottle aside, she smiled at him reassuringly. "Now just relax...I'm gonna jack on your dick for

awhile."

All Derek could do was nod as he settled in for the handjob of his dreams. Monica began to skim her fist up

and down on his thick, heavily veined cock, lightly at first, merely brushing her palm and encircling fingers

up the tube. "Mmm that feels good on your dick doesn't it sweetie?"

"Uh huh."

The jacking mother tightened her grip and as she pumped back toward the hilt, the flushed slab flared out

huge and glowing. "Ohh honey, your dick is sooo hard."

Monica's eyes crossed as she stared inwards at the throbbing cock-knob, yearning to watch his teenaged

slime come spurting from the gaping pisshole. "Does that feel good, darling...mom's hand around your hard

young cock?"

"Ohh yeah," Derek sighed, his face masked with pleasure.

Monica stroked his prick expertly, twisting and squeezing her little fist in a perfect corkscrew, up and down

the meaty column. "Feels so much better when a girl does it for you, doesn't it sweetheart?"

"Uh huh," he muttered watching her fist slide up and down.

On every stroke Derek's mom slipped her thumb wetly across his frenulum sending jolts of pleasure

vibrating through his boner and down into his tightening balls.

"Mmm...mommy's hand knows all your secret pleasure spots."

The teen glanced down at his mom to find her staring back up at him dreamily. His cock stuck straight up

from his loins. He watched in fascination as his mother's slimy fist, with her long red nails and sparkling

wedding ring, had a tight grip as it stroked fluidly up and down the meaty slab. "Mmm, my big dicked

sweetheart," she said, feeding him a dreamy smile as she was watched his reaction.

"Ohhhh man!" his young body shuttered.

"That's it sweetie, thrust your hips into mommy...fuck my hand like a pussy."

The lewd words from his mom's mouth got the teen even more excited as he rocked his hips, fucking his

hard cock through his mother's greasy grip. "Ohh damn Mom I think I'm gonna cum!"

"I know you are, darling.I can feel your boner starting to throb in my hand."

"Ohhhh shit!" Derek whimpered as the first blast of hot cum erupted from his piss slit.

"There it issss." Monica sang as she watched the ropes of spunk sail high into the air.

The experienced mother never broke her pace as she jacked the teenaged dick with tight steady strokes,

feeling the tube of flesh pulse and flex in her hand. "Ohh sweetie, soo many cummies."

Derek's face contorted with pleasure as his mom's expert hand milked every drop from his lance.

Monica slid up onto her son so that both their naked bodies were pressed together. Her warm naked tits,

smeared with cum, felt exquisite against his lean chest. She stroked his face with her nails as she smiled

down at him. "I take it that was your fist handjob?"

Derek was still catching his breath. "Uh huh."

"And...how was it?"

"Intense!"

Monica gazed adoringly. "I'm not gonna lie and I'm not just saying this because I'm your mother... You

have a really nice dick."

"Thanks," Derek said with a nervous smile.

The huge titted housewife stared into her son's eyes, her own big brown eyes glowing with lust. "So are you

sure you like the idea of practicing sex with me this summer?"

Derek gulped. "Yeah, I mean...if dad lets us."

"Well if he does, we'll have all summer. We could take our time and I could teach you how to REALLY

fuck a girl."

Derek felt light headed, as if he could pass out with excitement. "I am...I mean, yeah, I'd like to learn."

Monica smiled. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah. Are YOU sure?"

Monica smiled naughtily. "Of course, you're my son. What kind of mother would I be if I didn't teach my

son how to handle the onslaught of women coming his way."

"So do you think Dad would be upset, if he knew what we did today?" Derek asked.

Monica fed him a little smile. "What did we do today that was so bad?"

"Well, Mom....you just gave me a handjob."

Monica faked a look of confusion. "Handjob? I didn't see anyone get a handjob, did you?"

"Nope," Derek said with a smile, catching on.

Monica giggled. "Well then there you go."

"You're funny, Mom."

"Know what else I am?"

"What?"

Monica gazed through hooded eyes. "I'm a really good kisser."

Monica sat up, strandling her boy. She reached back and clutched his erection, giving it a a few

rejuvenating strokes. Derek gazed up at her huge mommy-tits as they bobbled heavily on her chest inches

from his eyes. His tongue literally hung out the side of his mouth.

"Ready to learn?" Monica asked, peering down over her tits.

"Sure," Derek muttered.

She lowered her upper half back onto her son's chest and Derek sighed as her boobs flattened against him

like big sponge melons. Monica gazed into her boy's eyes as her luscious lips slowly dropped to his and

planted a series of slow wet kisses. Her full, red lips opened over his in a firey, french kiss which Derek

returned with equal passion.

"Mmmmnnn," the mother moaned. Her naked body was pressed full-length against Derek's, and he was

aware of every wonderful inch of it. Her soft tits were crushed between them, the hard, pink nipples drilling

into his chest.

They broke the kiss, but only for a second. "Good, now let your tongue dance with mine," Monica said.

Derek couldn't believe how long and thick his mom's tongue was. It spun through his mouth, lashing

around his own tongue aggressively, showing her experience. The teen whipped his tongue the best he

knew how so that their wet pink snakes tangled wildly in his mouth.

While making out with his mom Derek could feel his rock hard boner sticking straight up between

Monica's legs. The top half of his prick rested between the split of her quim, like a big Italian sausage in a

bun. He could feel the heat of her cunt-slot radiating against his slab.

Monica's lips slid against her boys as she spoke. "Make sure even after the tongues have seperated a

moment, that you're still sharing wet kisses...like this," Monica said, then let her full lips smack wetly over

her son's again and again.

"And sometimes our tongues can play outside our mouths," she said, then their lickers flailed around

together outside their mouths.

The middle-aged mother feasted hungrily on her son's face, bathing him in wet lip smacking kisses before

darting her tongue back into his mouth for more deep french kissing. Fully aware of the position of their

genitals, Monica closed her thighs around her boy's dong, enclosing it in a sheath of feminine curves.

"Thrust your hips, honey. Fuck it like a pussy," Monica said between kisses.

Derek gently rocked his hips on the air mattress, his cock gliding through the hot pocket of flesh his mother

had created for him. The feeling was out of this world.

A short distance away, two college aged boys stopped and peaked out of the brush. "Oh dude, there's

another couple."

The second kid fished out his phone and began taking video. "Damn dude, look at the body on that broad.

She built like a brick shit house," he whispered.

"She not young either. She's a fuckin MILF!"

The cameraman shook his head. "And that kid's gotta be younger than us. Lucky fuck."

"Oh my God, man look at the way her tits are squashed out against him. They must be huge," the other

whispered.

"That kid's gotta a dick on him. Look at how it's rising up from between her legs."

"We gotta send this one to Randy, show that sorry ass what he's missing," the cameraman said.

60: Learning all about sex...from Mom_2

Randy worked at an office building in the center of town. His mouth hung open as he and a co-worker

watched the video that was just sent to him. "Ohh man, that's hot."

A third guy stepped into the office. It was Ken, Monica's husband. "More of those pervy videos huh?"

Ken's coworker smiled. "These guys got a good one today. Man, you gotta see this."

Ken stepped up to the group and watched on Randy's phone. The camera kid had zoomed in on the globes

of Monica's tan buttocks, which was jiggling up and down, aiding the thrust of Derek's big dick as it

disappeared and reappeared at the base of her ass. Engorged with blood, the barbed head of the teen's dick

stretched way out, glowing with secretions.

"Damn, imagine how good that must feel to that guy," Randy said.

Suddenly, Monica's persperation-sheened ass flexed, then quivered...her meaty buns shaking like jello.. The

men gasped. "Holy shit, man that bitch just came hard! Did you see that?"

One of the coworker jaw had dropped. "Yeah she did, did you see the way she was shaking. Oh my God

that was the coolest thing I've ever seen."

The camera zoomed back out to a wide shot. "Wait a sec...is that a wheelchair?" Ken asked.

"Yeah, the kid must be crippled or something."

"No way, how does a crippled kid get a gorgeous cougar like that?" Randy said.

Ken watched with growing interest as Monica and Derek continued making out like horny newlyweds. "I

know that spot," he said.

"Yeah, my friend said they're out at Thompson Pond. They always get the best fuck videos out there,"

Randy said.

Ken's stomach sunk as he watched the curvy tan beauty, her lush body layed out on top of the thrusting teen.

"No, no,no, that can't be..." he muttered.

"Can't be what?" Randy asked.

Ken looked truely stupified. "Nothing uhh...could you send me a copy of that?"

The other guys laughed. "Ken wants to add it to his stroke collection."

"Sure, no problem buddy," Randy said.

Ken retreated to his office where moments later he continued watching on his phone in sick fascination.

His naked wife shamlessly swung her meaty tan ass up and down again and again, slamming against her

teen's loins. Derek's erection looked strong and sturdy, thundering through Monica's twat crease like a

midevil battering ram.

The camera kid moved over so he could capture the couple from the side. Ken could hear them whispering.

"Holy shit, they're really going at it."

"I wanna get a shot of them kissing. Fuck that's hot," the camera kid said as he zoomed in for a close-up.

Any doubt in Ken's mind had now been all but disolved as he watched Monica and their son make out

hungrily. His wife's hair was still half-wet and stringy. Her eyes were closed as she made out and she

looked like she was in absolute uphoria as she lashed her tongue through Derek's mouth. This certainly

wasn't the sweet innocent wife he left are home that day.

"What the fuck! Unbelievable," Doug muttered, his mouth hanging open in absolute shock.

The camera panned down her lush body showing the sides of her tits, which were flattened against Derek's

chest. "Ohh man, that kid must be loving that," one of the pervs said.

They heard Derek let out a quivering moan and panned back up to his face as their kiss had broke. His head

was cranned back in pleasure, the tendon's in his neck straining. Monica's face was buried in the other side

of his neck, licking and sucking on his flesh. "Uuughhh!!" the teen's body quivered.

"The kid's gonna cum. Pan back down dude, get his dick spurtin off!"

Ken couldn't believe what he was watching as the shot moved back down to a semi-close-up of Derek's

cock rising and falling at the base of Monica's wildly gyrating buttocks.

"Holy fuck, she milking the shit out of that kid's dick. Look at her go!"

Suddenly Derek whimpered and a long thick rope of jism rocketed from his piss-slit. A second one

followed, sailing four feet into the air before splashing down onto Monica's back. The teen's young body

shuddered beneath his mother's nudity as more jets of cum spouted from his dick in big gooey guysers.

"That was fuckin hot. Let's get the fuck out of here before they see us," Ken heard one of the pervs whisper.

The video ended leaving Ken dumbfounded. He could hardly believe what he had just seen, that his wife of

twenty years would do such a thing.

Monica squeeled with pleasure as she threw her big titted body back down against her boy. She quickly

coiled her arms around his neck then, clutching tightly, rolled them over so that Derek was now on top.

"Holy shit!" Derek sighed with suprise as he felt her strong silken tan legs bow open and his body settle

between them. It was like his wet dream, only better.

Monica threw her legs around her son's lean body, gripping him in a velvet vice and interlocking her ankles.

"Do you feel that, darling? I just fastened my love harness around you."

"So you...are we???"

"FUCK YES WE ARE!" Monica thought.

Monica clawed his ass with her long nails, setting them back in motion. "Use your hips, honey...I need it

inside me!!"

"Inside? Are you sure. We..."

"Yess I'm taking your cherry. Fuck me!" Monica whimpered.

Slowly Derek lifted his hips and felt his rod line up with her socket. The teen peered down to see the crack

of her womanhood. The spongy pink inner folds distended and jutting in a wet pout from the center of the

outer folds. Her big clit stuck out from its hood like a stump in a swamp, wet and throbbing. "Ohh my hell,"

he thought, heart racing.

He thrust foward slowly, watching the barbed head of his dick split her quim and sink into the juicy slot.

"Ohhh damn!" the boy muttered as it felt like his dick was being dipped in warm honey.

Animal instict took over and the teen started to fuck.

Monica heaved her ass frantically off the air mattress, rhythmically pumping her tight pussy onto his cock.

"Ohh yess! Sooo good!! Fuck me!!"

Her tender, clasping cunt had begun to suck and contract around his cock as if it had a will of its own,

wetly nursing the thrusting shaft of his hard-on. Her soft squishy mommy-tits quivered and sloshed beneath

his chest. With her curvy sweat soaked limbs clutched around him the teen felt as though he were melting

into the soft flesh of his mother's curvy body. "Ohh my God!" he whimpered.

Monica moved her luscious naked body in rhythm with her son's hot fucking. She arched her back and

ground her curvy hips against him making his dick grind hard against her sensitive inner flesh.

"Yess darling, just like that!!"

The hot mother gritted her teeth and clenched her eyes shut, feeling her son's boner penetrating the deepest

depths of her pussy. She wrapped her silken legs tighter around his back, getting every square inch of cock

that she could. "Yes! YEEESSS!"

"Oooh shit, Mom!" the teen whimpered as he bucked up and down on her upraised assflesh, burrowing his

fuck meat deep into her pussy. They bucked intensely. Both shrieked with the thrill of a good fucking.

Suddenly Monica's cunt tightened. Her body spasmed. "Ohhh, Derek, you're making me cum!" she cried.

She rammed her crotch upward hard, and the gripping lips of her shaved cunt closed around the base of her

son's cock, sucking with rippling greed. The muscles of her flat stomach rippled as she came, her beautiful

face contorted as if she were being tortured.

The teen squeeled with pleasure as he felt his mom's cunt tighten up as if it were trying to squeeze his dick

off. Despite the resistance the hard slab sliced through the hot sponge grip, packing her cunt with steady

thrusts. The sensations on Derek's cock was amazing!

The boy looked at his mom's face, which was red and cotorted with pleasure. As a hard cum surged through

her big titted body, Monica arched her back literally lifting her son off the mattress. Derek heard her let out

a primitive groan, unlike any noise he had ever heard from her before. Her body convulsed. It was the

screaming demon-princess!

Just seeing her this way and the sensations of her juicy cunt as it shrunk around his pole made his balls

jump in their sack. "Ohh shit, I'm cumming, Mom!"

Hot rockets of thick gooey cum paste exploded from the head of Derek's prick, igniting the walls of

Monica's pulsating fuckhole. She shivered with pleasure as her son came in her, her cunt gripping his

massive cock, spuming around it. Their naked sweaty flesh writhed together. "Ohh baby, we're cumming

together!!" the mother cried.

Derek's boyish behind flew up and down, his rock-hard prick plunging like a piston in the snug, juicy

mommy cunt, spewing out long milky ribbons of spunk. Monica let out an orgasmic scream that echoed

through the woods, her curvy body arched upward a second time and hung there briefly, her bowed torso

supporting the insignificant weight of her slender son while the perspiration-sheened globes of her buttocks

did a quivery dance in midair before she collapsed back to the bed with the boy on top her,

Derek's prick gave a mighty throb, its head expanding to the limit inside her sqeezing cunt tube. "Ohhh

daammn, mom!"

They clung to one another like no mother and son should, their naked bodies shaking and humping together

as if they were throwing the juicy orgasm back and forth between them. The pleasure went on and on for

minutes before Derek callapsed against his mother in a sweaty heap.

"Ohh wow, that was....soo cool," Derek muttered, gasping for breath.

"I'll say. Whhhew, you had me seeing stars just now sweetie," Monica gasped.

Derek smiled with pride. "That's a good thing, right?"

"Yes. Any time you can take a girl to the stars it's a good thing."

The teen lifted himself up on his elbows and gazed down at Monica's enormous sweat soaked tits as they

hung off the sides of her chest. He licked his lips, marveling at the huge round circled of thick areola and

the fat nubs protruding from their centers. "Maybe if I get good I can take you farther than the stars. I can

take you to another universe."

Monica giggled at his eagerness. "Another universe huh? Don't think I've ever had a stud take me that far

before."

"Bet I could." Derek said with a cocky smile.

Monica giggled. "But honey, you only just starting to learn how to fuck. There's other positions and

techniques that I haven't even taught you yet.

"Well if you say I'm good now, just think about how good I'll be after you teach me."

"Ohh, I know...dangerously good," she said with a look of admiration and worry.

"Probably."

"Sweetie, I know we just broke the rules, but I still need to get your father's ok...if we're going to start

regular sex lessons."

Derek frowned. "Can't we just do it when he's not around, like today?"

"We could, but what if he comes around unexpectedly...catches us in a wild fuck. Honey, it would break his

heart. I do love your father. He's a great provider, but your sexual training is equally as important to me.

Give me another day or two to convince him."

"Ok Mom."

Monica and Derek drove home and were surprised to see Ken's car in the driveway. "What's dad doing

home so early?" Derek asked.

"Good question," Monica said curiously.

Ken was on the couch watching a game as his wife wheeled their son inside. He glanced at his curvy

housewife, trying to shake the images of her naked body bucking hornily atop their teen.

"You're home early?" Monica said curiously.

"Yup. Where have you two been?"

"Ohhh, just out spending some time together."

"At Thompson's Pond?" Ken got up and walked towards the bedroom as Derek's mouth fell open.

"Does he know? How could he know, Mom?" Derek whispered in a panic.

Monica moved towards her bedroom. "I have no idea. Keep an eye on your brother for me."

Monica came in and sat on the bed next to her husband. Ken was watching the video on his phone. Derek's

big dick stuck straight up through the grip of her thighs, her meaty mommy-buttocks bobbing up and

downn milking its shank. "I can't believe you two," Ken muttered.

"How did you get this?" Monica asked.

"That's not important. How the fuck could you Monica?"

Monica was somber. "I'm sorry you had to see this. I was just doing what was necessary."

"What was necessary? Are you crazy?! That's our son."

"Exactly Ken, our son...who's sexual well being we should care about. You may not, but I do...and that's the

whole fucking reason we did that."

"It's wrong!"

The video ended abruptly. "Wait, that's all there is?" Monica asked, a bit surprised.

"Yeah, why...was there more?"

"No, of course not, just what you saw," she lied.

Ken shook his head. "Which was bad enough. For fucks sake, the way you two were kissing! Are you

kidding me!?"

"I was teaching him to kiss!" Monica said sternly.

"And the way you were shaking on top of him. Teaching him how to make his mother cum too

apparently?!"

Monica nearly cracked a grin. "That's a natural reaction to body friction. You know I had no fucking

control over that."

"Ohh bullshit, Monica!"

She decided to use what he didn't see in her favor. "You said no sex and there was no penatration. We did

nothing wrong."

"Damn right there was no sex...and there won't be, EVER. Our son will learn sex like every other boy his

age."

Monica stood up angrily. "Every other boy his age is already fucking, Ken! The best chance Derek has at a

successful relationship is by becoming a better lover than all the rest of the boys. The only place he can

learn that is right here at home."

"That's not true," Ken muttered.

Monica gave him a glare that could scare even the toughest of men. "All these years I assumed you wanted

what was best for our son. Apparently I was wrong. You fucking disgust me!"

Monica marched out of the bedroom.

"Oh and you don't think you disgusted our son...his own mother flopping around on top of him naked like

that?"

Monica stopped and smiled back through the doorway. "Did you happen to notice the big hard on sticking

up from between my legs? Oh trust me, he was far from disgusted."

Things were pretty quiet the rest of the evening. Once again Monica slept on the couch, not wanting to be

around her selfish husband. Try as she may she couldn't shake the naughty thoughts of her son from her

mind. All she could think about was his lean youthful frame locked between her strong motherly legs. His

cute teenaged ass flying up and down as he fed his impressive dong deep inside the tight juicy grip of her

cunt. "Fuck!" the mother hissed, tossing and turning as the burning heat of desire wracked her mature frame.

"Such a good fuck. Why did it have to be such an amazing fuck?" she thought.

Derek too couldn't sleep. His dick had been erect for hours, flexing and throbbing as visions of his mother's

lush body swirled through his mind. Being wrapped in her warm silky flesh, smelling her sweet fragrance

as she clung to him. Feeling her slippery cunt squeezing and rippling around the sensitive flesh of his penis,

spewing its hot juices around the slab. His whole body shivered at the memory still ever so fresh in his

mind.

Suddenly his door opened slightly and he saw his mom peek inside. Derek sat up slightly. "Mom?"

Monica sashayed acrossed the room to his bed wearing only a short white babydoll nightie. Her lush tan

body looked as smooth as silk. She glanced down at the bulge of her son's hardon.

"You can't sleep either?" he asked.

"Shhhhh. Come with me," Monica whispered, then helped her son off the bed and into his wheelchair.

Derek wheeled himself out of the room following his mom like a puppy dog up the hallway. Monica strode

gracefully on bare feet, leading the way. She seemed nervous, but determined. The globes of her thonged

buttocks undilated from side to side, crowning the naked sheen of her strong tan legs.

The gorgeous mother peeked over her shoulder, feeding her boy a mischievous smile.

They moved through the dim light of the kitchen and down a side hallway. Monica opened the pantry door.

There were shelves inside and a small floor space no bigger than a closet.

"Back in," she whispered.

Derek wasted no time backing his wheelchair into the space. It just barely fit inside and no sooner was he in

position than the pantry was shrouded in darkness as Monica stepped inside and closed the door. The teen

felt his mom forcefully yank his boxers down to his ankles and release the locks on the sides of the

wheelchair, lowering them

"There'll be lots of time for learning. Right now I just really need you back inside me."

Shamelessly, the big breasted mother climbed onto him, straddling her teen. Her lips collided with his and

their tongues spun together in a wild frenzy. The kid's heart about beat out of his chest with a wicked thrill

as he felt huge spongy tits flatten against his lean chest through the nightie.

"Mmmmnnn." Monica hummed, her thick pink tongue twisting and flailing, showing it's experience.

She felt her boy's naked cock flex against her mons, crushing against her swollen clitoris. Monica broke the

kiss quicky and slightly rose up. "Get my panties off, " she panted desperately.

Derek helped best he could and the sweet smell of wet pussy filled his nostrils. They glided the panties off

her silky legs and Monica lowered her twat back down against the hardened muscle. She whimpered as she

felt the hard head of his cock battering her tender pussy, seeking entrance to her body. "Show me what

you've learnt so far," she said.

As their kissing resumed it wasn't long before the fat nob of Derek's prick got lodged in the mouth of his

mom's fuck-hole and slowly sunk inside.

"Ohhhhh God!" Monica moaned in ecstasy as his thick hard cock slid to her womb, throbbing against every

inch of her greedily sucking cunt.

The horny housewife scooted her boy up a few inches in the seat, then hooked her strong legs around him,

clutching him like no mother should. Her meaty buns began to clap against his loins as she fucked her cunt

on the boner, screwing her cunt to the base of his cock on every downward thrust.

"Oooh woow!" Derek groaned. His mom's cunt was on fire, sucking and tugging at his cockmeat, soaking

it with searing cunt-juices.

Monica broke the kiss and bounced up and down as she rode his driving cock, her heavy ripe tits wobbling

crazily, her face contorted with pleasure. "Such a...perfect...dick."

She threw her head back, tossing her big mane of dark hair. Her mouth fell open as the first orgasm began

to rip through her body. "Ooohhnnnnggfuck I'm cumming!" she cried out.

Derek felt her cunt steadily tightening around his pistoning cock, the shaved mons slapping against his

cock-base over and over. Hot girl-cum gushed from their tightly joined genitals, pouring over his ballsAs

good as his dick felt he fought off his own cum. He didn't want it to be over this quickly.

"That's it sweetheart, don't cum yet. This is when the woman needs that rock hard cock the most. Ooohhh!"

Monica squeeled in ecstasy as violent pleasure-convulsions wracked her mature body. Derek giggled with

disbelief as he felt the big titted beauty cling to him, her tit-flesh quivering like two overfilled waterballoons

against his chest as a wild orgasm shot straight through her naked body, right down to the tips of

her cute little toes.

She threw her cunt down his pleasure-pole in grinding gyrations, stirring her insides. "Ohh God you have

such a nice dick. Suck on me darling."

"Suck?"

Monica lowered her chest. Catching on, the big dicked teen crouched a little and wrapped his arms around

Monica, pulling her big bouncing tits to his face.

"Lick up into my cleavage," Monica instructed.

He smothered his face right down inbetween the soft bobbling boobies, smelling her sweet perfume. As

hard as he tried, there was no way in hell he could fight off his the sensations on his dick.

"Mmmnn latch on to my tit and suck haaard!"

The teen's face sunk down into a spongy tit and lapped at one of Monica's thick nipples.

"Yesss baby, just like that," Monica cried softly.

Derek fucked his cock-loving mother harder than ever, moaning into her squishy boob as his milky white

spunk rained up into her cunt. Eagerly, Monica flexed her fucking muscles around his cum-squirting cock,

helping her boy shoot all of his goo into her cunt. "Yesss!" she hissed.

Right as she milked the last drop, they heard a voice in the kitchen. "Monica?" It was her husband.

"Ohhh shit," Derek whispered.

He felt his mom's lips at his ear as she rested against him. "Shhhhhh."

They listened as Ken stepped into the side hallway. "Monica, you down here?"

The naughty mother flexed her cunt muscles tightly around the meaty column of her son's still-hard prick,

making him gasp with pleasure. She whispered to him. "What's the matter, baby, mommy's pussy too

strong for you?"

Derek smiled and flexed his dick, making the cockhead mushroom with blood. At the same time he tilted

his pelvis, sinking inside the juicy cunt as far as he could go.

Monica let in a sharp in breath and bit her bottom lip as she felt the engorged nob mash against the head of

her cervix, igniting places her husband could never reach. "Noo fair," she whimpered.

They heard footsteps outside the door and Derek's heart raced nervously, wondering if his dad would

seriously think to check the small pantry.

"Ohhh just go away," Monica whispered, her cunt nipping and throbbing around her son's hard slab.

Derek slowly swiped his tongue down into the valley between Monica's tits. He knew if his dad opened the

door he'd get the shock of his life. He fought to contain his gasp as his beautiful mother gently glided her

hips, plowing his cock-tip back and forth against the head of her cervix.

They heard Ken walk back through the hallway and across the kitchen, then he heard his mom whisper at

his ear. "Do you wanna fuck me all night?"

"Yeah," the muttered.

"He'll be back. We need to find another spot," Monica said.

"Where though?"

"We need to get to my cellphone. It's back in the livingroom," Monica said, opening the door behind them.

Derek wheeled them out. It was quite the site. Middle-aged, naked mother straddling her teen, strong sexy

legs circled around his frame, his balls nestled at the base of her meaty buttocks as he wheeled them both

across the kitchen.

As they neared the hallway Monica leaned out and peeked around the corner. She noticed her bedroom

light was on but no sign of her husband. "Ok," she whispered, tapping her son's shoulder.

Derek wheeled them across the hallway, mother clinging to son. Monica's lips curled into a naughty little

smile as she stared at her lighted bedroom doorway, her heart racing with the thrill of her forbidden actions.

At the side table she found her phone and typed out a text. "Come on...be awake," she whispered.

"Who are you texting?"

"Shhhh," Monica answered as they heard a noise from down the hallway.

Her phone vibrated a response. "Take us out front," Monica whispered.

"Out front? Mom, are you crazy? What if..."

"Sweetie, just trust me. Out front ok...hurry."

As Derek wheeled them toward the door Monica looked back over his shoulder and saw her husband in the

hallway peeking into Derek's room. She smiled wickedly and kissed her son's neck. Derek could feel the

walls of her vagina fluttering around his beefy dick.

The neighborhood was dark and quiet. Just as the wheelchair reached the driveway Monica's best friend

Kathy's blue Audi pulled up. She hopped out, in only a robe and high heeled slippers and quickly opened

the back seat door. "Oh God, Monica," Kathy giggled, shocked that her friend would be this brazen.

Monica's ass rose from Derek's lap, his big wet dick exiting her cunt with a juicy THHRUP!! "Help me get

him inside," the mother said, climbing in first.

The two women pulled the teen from his wheelchair. Monica backed further into the back seat, her naked

legs splayed open lewdly as her boy crawl between them. Frazzled, Kathy closed the door and pushed the

wheelchair to the side of the driveway. Her heels CLICKED against the cement as she giggled and

scrambled back inside her vehicle. "This is fucking crazy."

The Audi raced off. Moments later Ken opened the door and gazed down the street to see it turn a corner.

"What the fuck?"

Inside the car, Kathy glanced back at the backseat and saw Derek sink on top of his fuck-hungry mom,

crushing her big tits under his chest. He rammed his huge prick all the way up her pussy, moaning as her

tender-lipped cunt sucked in all of his prick, right down to the nutsack. Like a rutting animal his ass began

to bob up and down. Monica's curvy tan legs folding around him. "Ohhh God honey, pound the fuck outta

me!!"

. "Oh my God you two!" Kathy giggled.

Monica humped her ass in a frantic rhythm off the seat as Derek settled into a hard, driving fuck. He

couldn't believe how incredibly erotic this was. His mother's lush body was every mans dream and here he

was with it clutched around him, fucking back at him with equal passion.

"Where are we going?" Kathy asked.

Monica's face was twisted in pleasure. "Just drive!" she panted.

Monica's cell phone rang as it lay on the floor. She knew it was her husband and completely ignored it. She

clutched Derek's ass with her long red nails. "Haaarder!!" she instructed.

Derek quickened the speed of his humping, gasping as he slammed his enormous cock deeper and harder

into the gushing sheath of the mother's cunt. He pushed up on his elbows, watching his mother's fat tits

jiggle and roll with her wild movements. "Ohhh damn!" he gasped.

Monica's face was masked with excited pleasure. "You like that, darling. You like the thrill of fucking a

girl?!"

"Ohhhh yeah," he gasped.

The boy could hardly believe the delicious tingle that was racing up and down his quivering dong as it slid

back and forth against the hot sucking tissues of his mom's grasping fuck-hole.

"Ooohh shit, honey!" Monica screamed as her fuck-hole spasmed violently, spewing juice around her teen's

hammering cock as her fuck muscles contracted uncontrollably around his prick.

Soon, Derek was ramming her hard, making her gasp and moan and whimper again as his heavy balls

banged her ass. His eyes darted from his mother's huge quivering tits to her face, watching her reactions to

his every movement. "This is so fucking cool!" he thought.

"You see how quick you're learning?! You see what you're doing to this girl?!" Monica panted, gazing in

adoration.

"Ohh hell yeah!"

Derek fucked the horny, naked mother as fast as he could, guiding her through the intensity of another cum.

Then he dropped on top of her soft big titted body, spearing his prick to the hilt in her cunt. His cock felt

longer, harder and thicker than ever as it sliced through the tight pink birth canal.

"Mmm yeah, fight off your cum, baby. Fuck me as long as you can!" Monica directed.

On each plunge Monica felt his balls beat against the hot cheeks of her ass, the base of his cock smashing

her knotted clitoris and throbbing between her stretching cunt lips. "That's it darling...don't you fucking let

up."

Derek felt his glans send waves of pleasure through his body as he fucked his hard peter through the juicy

tunnel of mature pussy. "Damn mom, if I don't stop...I'm gonna explode!"

The mother's excited eyes gazed up at her boy. "Slow your thrusts and tighten your ass, it'll help the cum

settle back in to your balls."

The boy did as his mom directed and felt the cum subside The head of his prick still tingled with pleasure

he never thought possible. He looked down at Monica's beautiful face as she scratched her long nails across

his back. The loving mother smiled patiently. "That's it, let it settle, we have all night."

Derek wondered if this was all an amazing dream as he looked down at his own mom underneath him. She

gave him that same warm loving look when she taught him to drive or helped him study for a test. This

time though she was naked, her ernormous tits spread out across her chest like big pillowy orbs. "Better?"

she asked.

"Yeah," he sighed.

She pulled him down onto her, licking and biting his ear. "Gooood, fuck me hard again."

Again Derek really started laying the dick to Monica, bouncing in the comfort of her mature saddle. He

could feel those strong silky legs around his back, clutching him, locking him between her soft splayed

thighs. "Ooohh yeeeahh!!" his voice quivered as he punched his erection through the sucking grip of

Monica's cunt.

The mother's eyes rolled back as she felt a juicy orgasm shoot out of nowhere, making her naked frame

arch and shake. "OHH FUCKINGNNSHITTT!!"

She felt her boy's body tremble and the nob of his plowing prick swell deep in the grip of her juice-spewing

fuck-tube. "Mom!!" Derek groaned.

"Oh my baby!!"

Hot, frothy, white prick-juice streamed up from his balls, making his giant fuck-pole buck and pulse as it

spewed its sappy contents deep into Monica's cunt. The housewife whimpered with fuck-passion as she felt

his cum rushing into her cunt, bathing the inner walls of her pussy with spurt after spurt of cream. Hornily,

she flexed her cunt around his gushing cock, helping the sturdy hardon shoot out every drop of jism.

Kathy's cell phone rang and she looked at it. "Shit Monica, it's Ken. Should I answer it?"

The backseat beauty was catching her breath, her face red and flushed from a hard cum. "No...ignore him."

For minutes the mother lay there with her young cub resting between her silken limbs. She combed her

nails through his hair as his head rest on her shoulder.

"Sorry Mom, did I cum too quick again?"

Monica smiled. "Yes, but that's ok..I'm gonna teach you how to fight off your climax. By the end of

summer you'll be a little fuck-monster."

Kathy smiled back at her, knowing that the youthful stud must be in absolute heaven and imagining that her

friend's talented cunt must still be squeezing and sucking on his tender prick. She was right.

"You're lucky Bill's still away on business. He would have wanted to know why I rushed out of the house

in such a fucking hurry," Kathy said.

Monica smiled up at her friend. "Thank you."

Back at the house Ken dialed his wife for the fifth time, but still no answer. This time he left her a

voicemail. "Yeah, I wish you'd let me know what's going on. I know you're mad at me, but I would think

that you'd still have the desency to let me know if you're going somewhere this late. Call me back. Bye."

He wandered over to the pantry door finding it partly open. He swung the door open and found a pair of

thong panties on the floor. "What the fuck?" the annoyed husband said. He lay awake for hours wondering

where they were.

Outside of town, down a long remote side-road and tucked between a cluster of tall bushes, Kathy's Audi

was parked. The car rocked slightly and the beat of music escaped the back windows, which were cracked

slightly. "Yes-yes-yes-yeeesss!!! Fuck meeee!" A woman cried.

That woman was Monica's friend Kathy. What was taking place in the back seat was what could best be

discribed as a Derek sandwich. The teen sat reclined in the seat against his mom who sat behind him. Kathy

straddled him, riding his loins, her juicy cunt sliding up and down his rigid prick.

The three of them were a glistening ball of naked flesh. Monica whispered naughtily at her boys ear, her tits

pancaked agaist his back, while her best friend fucked like a porn star, her big hanging titties bouncing and

bobbling against Derek's face.

"Mmmm she likes your dick baby! That big hard teenaged dick. You feel her squeezing you darling,

milking your dick with her pussy?" Monica whispered in a sultry tone.

"Yeeeaah," Derek whimpered.

"Fuck us darling. Fuck our pussies hard!" Monica cried in his ear.

Ken woke up the next morning to noise in the kitchen. He walked down the hallway and found his wife in

her robe making breakfast. He sat down next to their son PJ who was at the table playing.

"So were you out all night?"

Monica smirked defiantly. "Maybe."

Ken seemed defeated. "So I'm not gonna win...on this sexual training issue, am I?

Monica shook her head as she washed a dish in the sink. "No, you're not."

Monica's husband let out a frustrated breath. "So how long is this process gonna take?"

"It'll take as long as I need it to, Ken. Until I feel he's fully trained."

"Jesus, Monica, you make it sound like he's a boxer training for a fight," Ken half-joking.

"He's a young man, training to be the best he can be under the sheets."

"Two weeks...that's it," Ken said.

Monica turned, drying her hands. She looked at her hubby in almost disbelief. "My rules?"

"That depends on the rules I guess," Ken said.

"I sleep in Derek's bed with him on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays."

Ken laughed. "He'll be here during the day. Isn't that enough?"

"If I'm suppose to squeeze his sexual training into two weeks then you have to work with me here. Derek

and I will need those three nights, in addition to the time he's here with me during the day AND if we need

to disappear suddenly, say on the weekend or during the evening, they'll be no questions asked."

"Monica, come on...don't you think that's a little much?"

"It may seem that way, but you're the one who's only giving me two weeks to get this done," she said.

"Fine and speaking of getting things done...he uh, will be wearing condoms right?"

Monica shook her head. "No, absolutely not."

"Well, then you should most definately be on birth control, don't you think?"

Monica reluctantly rolled her eyes. "Fine."

"You seem annoyed by that. Have you not considered the possibility of him getting you pregnant?"

"Yes, ok, I get it, alright. I'll make an appointment with my doctor today," she said.

"And there's one last thing. I think as his father, I should get updates, maybe be able to peek in once in

awhile, check on his progress."

Monica fed her husband a strange look. "Peek in...on him and I? Ken, I don't think that's such a good idea."

"Monica, I survived watching that video without completely freaking out. I think I can handle it."

His wife fed him an odd smile. "Fine, once in awhile, but no interuptions. I want Derek to be able to

concentrate on what he's doing and not feel uncomfortable."

"Ok, fine."

Monica padded over on bare feet and gave her husband a hug. "Thank you, I mean it. You made the right

decision."

"It wasn't an easy one."

Monica smiled. "I know, but when this is all over we'll have a son who's proud and confident. Isn't that

what we both want more than anything in the world?"

"Of course. So now that we have that settled. Where were you guys all night?"

Monica laughed. "Oh this again?"

"Well, since we're being honest and out in the open, I figured I'd ask."

Monica smiled guiltily. "Fine. We were in Kathy's car."

"So you guys drove around in Kathy's car all night?"

"Well, Kathy was doing the driving. Derek and I were...."

"Were what?" Ken said.

She seemed a bit uncomfortable making her confession. "We were in the backseat fucking"

Ken sighed and shook his head. "Monica, can you use a different word, please."

"We were having sex. He was...practicing."

"The entire night?"

She got a quirky grin, seeming almost too embarrassed to answer. "Pretty much."

Ken felt so much jealousy, he was almost sick to his stomach, but he still had unanswered questions. "And

the panties I found in the pantry. What the hell were you doing in the pantry?"

"Derek and I were fu... we um, we had sex in there last night too."

"Jesus, Monica!"

"I didn't wanna wake you up," she said sweetly.

"More like you didn't wanna get caught, so the two of you decided to have your first romp in a damn

closet?"

"That um, wasn't really our first romp," Monica confessed, a bit reluctantly. "I wasn't completely honest

with you about what happened at Thompson Pond. Right after the video that you saw stopped, well, Derek

and I had sex together. That was the first time though, I swear."

Ken's stomach sunk, but he fought threw his jealousy. "So I guess as the concerend father...I should ask

how he's doing, with all this sex training?"

"Derek is doing...really well." Monica answered, doing her best to suppress her smile.

"Well his mom must be doing 'really well' too...being on the recieving end of things?"

Ken could tell his wife was smiling inwardly. "Sweetie, this isn't about me. It's about Derek."

"Even so, I'm sure there's a great deal of pleasure being had by everyone involved." Ken said, jealousy

boiling at just the thought of his wife and son going at it.

"And I know that's hard for you to think about, but try to look at it this way. My level of pleasure is a direct

result of Derek's performance sexually. My orgasms mean I'm creating a successful lover, which is what we

both want Derek to be, right?"

Ken nodded. "Yeah I suppose."

Monica stroked her husband's cheek. "I'm a screamer in bed, you know that. So whatever you hear the next

two weeks, try not to think of it as your wife cumming, but your son succeeding."

"Gee thanks, I feel so much better about it now.." Ken said sarcastically.

Derek was up late, exhausted from fucking his mom and her friend most of the night. Monica drove him to

school. She wore a sexy tank top and short yellow denim shorts with matching high heeled flip flops. The

boy couldn't stop staring at her silky tan legs and remember how good they felt wrapped around his body.

"Sorry we're running late, sweetie. After our late night out I wanted to give you a chance to sleep in,"

Monica said..

"No problem, Mom. It's the last day of school, so not much happens anyway."

Monica raised an eyebrown as she peeked over at him with a smile. "Well you'll be happy to know that we

don't have to sneak around anymore."

"Dad said yes?"

Monica fed him a beaming smile."He did. So we'll OFFICIALLY be starting your sexual training when you

get home."

Derek's penis twitched, starting to harden with anticipation. "Oh wow...sooo cool."

"The bad news is, we only get two weeks," she said, then went on to explain the rules she agreed to.

Monica stopped at the school and helped her son out of her SUV and into his wheelchair. The teen couldn't

help but gawk at the big busted mother. His tongue nearly hung out of his mouth as he watched her prance

around him, swinging her lush hips. This was the body that every guy dreamed about and he was being

given an all access pass for the next two weeks.

"Hey mom, can I kiss you real quick?"

Monica smiled. "Ok, but nothing too naughty. We don't need people talking."

Monica stepped over, leaned down and fed her son a sensual peck on the lips. They gazed into each others

eyes. "I gonna give you a word that I want you to think about today," Monica whispered.

"What is it?"

Monica's lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Blowjob."

Derek's heart did somersaults in his chest. "Sounds like a good word to think about."

Monica winked. "Mmm, I know."

After dropping her boy off Monica went to Kathy's for coffee. The two friends smiled as they rehashed the

events of the previous night.

"I can't believe Ken actually gave you the ok," Kathy said.

"Well, I think he was starting to realize I was doing it with or without his consent."

"At least he finally got smart. He had no right to keep you from teaching Derek about the joys of sexual

pleasure."

Monica sipped from her mug. She seemed heavy in though. "I can't believe how nervous I am. Two weeks

just doesn't seem like enough time."

"Yeah but Monica remember, Derek has already fucked. He spent all night going at us and did amazing.

The learning process has already started for him."

"I know, I just wanna teach him everything...leave no stone unturned. He may have a disability, but when

I'm through with him I want him to be the best cocksman on the planet."

Kathy smiled. "Then you'll have to be thorough. Teach him every trick, every method and every position

there is to pleasuring a woman."

"I wonder how he'll respond to anal. You think he'll be grossed out by it?" Monica said.

"God no, he's a teenager. He'll stick his dick anywhere you want him too. Besides, he needs to learm about

the pleasures of anal sex."

"I just hope Ken doesn't peek in and see Derek's dick in my ass. That might send him into freak out mode

again."

"Too fucking bad. He'll have to deal with it."

"Yup, and if he can't deal with it, he'll just have to fuck off," Monica said.

"Mmmn, you know that's gonna feel good girl, a big teenaged dick up your ass."

"I know, but I want the real focus to be on Derek's pleasure."

Kathy laughed. "Oh shut up girl. Just think about all the orgasms you're gonna have the next two weeks."

Monica got a cute anxious smile. "Probably hundreds."

"Your son may be in a wheelchair, but after you're done with him, he'll have girls lined up down the street

to fuck him."

Monica frowned, a bit sad at the thought. "Yeah."

For young Derek the next morning seemed like it would never arrive. At first the routine was much the

same, Monica moving about the kitchen getting breakfast ready and dishes done. Of course Derek's eyes

followed her every move, watching her heavy breasts bobble around beneath her robe as she sashayed

gracefully around the kitchen on bare feet.

Returning the juice to the fridge, Monica peeked over at her boy and fed him a mischivious smile. The look

immediately formed words in Derek's mind, as if his mom was communicating telepathically..."it won't be

long now, sweetie."

"You be a good boy today," Monica said, giving her four year old PJ a kiss goodbye.

"Thanks for dropping him off," The housewife said, giving her husband a quick peck.

"Well, it's along the way so it saves one of us a trip." Ken said as he was ushered to the door.

They stopped and looked at one another in an awkward silence. "So where's the first day of training take

place, our bed or his?" Ken candidly asked, part of him not really wanting to know the answer.

Monica laughed. "You're so funny."

"What? I'm just curious."

"Well, I'm sure it will be on our bed mostly, but as things progress, it's hard to say where we'll end up,"

Monica said a bit uncomfortably.

"Back in the pantry?"

Monica giggled. "No, I think we'll skip the pantry today."

Derek listened from the kitchen as he heard his mom say goodbye then close and lock the front door. He

heard his father's car pull away. "Sweetie?" he heard his mom call out. Curiously, he wheeled himself out

of the kitchen and spotted Monica sashaying up the hallway towards her bedroom.

The mother peeked over her shoulder, gazing back at her teen. As she kept walking, Derek's mom untied

her robe and let it fall to her bare feet. She wore only a pair of white panties, transparent mesh with a heartshaped

cutout on the center of the ass.

"Ohh man," he muttered his heart pounding ferociously in his chest.

He watched his mom comb her fingers through her long hair, thrusting her meaty buns out for his oogling

eyes. His tongue lagged out of his mouth as he stared at tan ass-flesh oozing out the heart-shaped cutout

and the deep dark split of her ass-crack down the middle.

Monica peeked back over her shoulder and fed Derek the naughtiest look he'd ever seen. He could see her

enormous naked breast sloping down in side profile.

The lusty brunette reached down, hooked her thumbs under the elastic waistband and slowly wiggled the

dainty panties down, exposing her buns. She slid them down her silky soft legs. Her little feet stepped out

of them and she continurd to her bedroom now completely naked and closed the door.

As Derek started down the hallway his phone rang. He was suprised to see it was his mom. "Hello?" he

answered.

Monica's soft voice spoke back. "I had a heart on for you, now you get a hardon for me. The panties are for

your arousal. I want you to feel how soft they are. Smell the wonderful aroma sweetheart, taste the juice I

left inside for you."

"Ok," The boy muttered, so aroused he could hardly stand it.

Monica continued. "The lessons you'll learn today will require youthful energy and the hardest erection

you've ever had. Come on baby, show mommy what you can do," she said, then hung up.

Derek quickly wheeled over and picked up the panties. As he brushed the soft mesh up his face he

experienced everything his mom spoke of at once. There was the silky softness, still warm from hugging

his mother's flesh. The panty gusset was moist and the taste of juicy pussy tingled across Derek's tongue.

Then there was the smell, so potent that for a moment it made the boy's eyes roll back.

Blood rushed into Derek's cock so fast he felt like a monster was rising from his loins.

After a couple minutes Derek's phone rang again. "How are you doing love? Are you ready for what's

coming next?"

"Yeah." Derek muttered.

"Turn away from my door," Monica said, then hung up.

Derek turned so he faced the livingroom. He heard his mom's door open and the soft beat of R&B music

inside, then came the clicking of heels against the wood floor.

He smelt his mom's sweet perfume, then felt her hands slide under his t-shirt, nails grazing across his chest.

Her hot breath was at his ear. "Soo...how is that young hunk of meat? Is is hard and throbbing yet?"

"Yess."

Monica smiled proudly as she peeked over his shoulder and saw the hard cylinder of flesh pointing up at

her.

"Mmm yummy," Monica said. She blew her hot breath across the back of her son's neck as she moved to

the other ear. This made Derek's body shiver excitedly. "Rule number one...don't ever be affraid to show a

woman what you have for her. Do you know what will happen if you do?"

"What?"

Monica whispered sensually in his ear. "She'll show you what she has for you."

Derek suddenly felt himself being wheeled backwards into his parent's bedroom. As he was turned, he

noticed a pillowy chair resting on the floor. "It's for you, darling. Climb down into it." Monica said.

As Derek climbed down from his wheelchair the music in the room changed and got louder. He recognized

the song. It was S & M by Rihanna. When he sat back on the pillow chair his eyes about popped out of his

head as he saw that Monica had closed the door and was starting to dance. The sexy mother was wearing a

black crochet halter bodystocking and looked absolutely stunning.

"Ohh wow!" the teen muttered as he took in how the snug tight lace hugged every lucsious curve of

Monica's big titted body. He noticed that the stocking was crotchless leaving her pussy mound exposed. He

also noticed that her snatch was now completely shaved, forming a baby-smooth V down into her mons.

Taking it all in, Derek's cockhead throbbed and a bead of precum leaked out.

Monica's body moved sexily to the beat, thrusting her chest making her huge boobs bounce around under

the thin transparent covering. The stocking was a footless style and her little feet were arched in a pair

black sandals with 4 1/2 inch stiletto heels.

"Nanana come on!....Nanana come on!" The music sang.

The young teen watched in excited fascination as his nearly naked mother turned, swinging her meaty ass

to the music. Just watching her fleshy tan buttocks rocking back and forth to the beat of the music made his

hardon throb.

"Knock, knock," came a voice at the bedroom door.

Derek was startled for a moment, but then realized it was only Kathy, his mom's friend.

"Heyyy," Monica said with a big smile.

"What are we running a strip club in here?" Kathy joked.

"You know it girl." Monica said, still rocking her body.

"Well, I guess I better strip then," Kathy said, then looked down at the teen. "Ewww lala!!"

Kathy and Monica took a moment to look the boy up and down, their eyes widening as they traveled up the

length of his enormous teenaged erection. They smiled at eachother excitedly, their cunts fluttering hornily.

As Kathy started undressing, Monica continued dancing. She moved over to her son, swiveling over him,

with one foot to each side of his torso. Derek gazed up between her towering legs in awe, watching the

huge rounded undersides of Monica's tits bounce around wildly beneath the fishnet. "Ohh damn...they're

soo big," he thought.

Derek also had a perfect view of her shaved pussy. The outer lips of her vulva were puffy and smooth,

seperated only by the swollen hood of her clitoris. "Ohh wow," he muttered.

He took a moment to look down at Kathy's progress. The middle aged beauty reached back to unclasp her

big bra, letting her tits spill out onto her chest. Her boobs wern't as big as Monica's, but still an impressive

size...easily a double Dcup. She peered over at the boy and gave him a cute little wink as she hooked her

thumbs around the hem of her panties.

Taking a huge gulp Derek watched Kathy slide her daity panties down her smooth naked legs and step out

of them. Her pussy was trimmed into only a tiny little triangle of pubic fuz. He could see the groove

between her shaved mons and the hood of her clitoris. "Ohhh man...beautiful." He marveled.

The two shameless mothers danced to the beat, towering over the boy as he watched their luscious curves

swing and jiggle. It was most erotic moment of his life. Monica squatted down limberly, swaying the

globes of her buttocks close to her Derek's face. Doing this made the cheeks of her buns spread slightly,

exposing the crinkled pucker of her butthole.

He looked up to see her peering down over her shoulder at him, mouthing the words to the song...

"Cause I may be bad, but I'm perfectly good at it. Sex in the air, I don't care, I love the smell of it."

She pivoted her ass a few times to the beat, watching her son's reaction as her rounded ass jerked and

jiggled.

Monica stood back up and her and Kathy danced face to face. Derek let his eyes wander over their curvy

bodies, his tongue hanging out. He loved the way they both still wore strapless sandals, their little feet

arched on 4 inch heels. Their toes were so pretty, freshly painted in red. He scanned up their smooth legs.

They had such a silky sheen and yet exibited a powerful feminine strength.

Another song with a much slower beat started and Derek noticed that both his mom and Kathy were pulling

their hair back into ponytails. "That was fun," Kathy said.

"It was, but time for the first official lesson in Derek's sexual education," Monica said.

Kathy smiled at the teen. "And the best part about this lesson is YOU don't even have to do anything,

handsome."

"What is it?" Derek asked anxiously.

"Do you remember the word I told you to think about all day yesterday?"

"Yeah...blowjob."

"That's right, sweatheart and one of the things you'll discover about girls is that they love to give blowjobs,"

Monica said.

"Mmm yes we do," Kathy added, glancing as Derek's erection.

"Oh yeah, I have heard the boys at school talk about that." Derek said.

"Well the reason they talk about it is because boys love to have their dicks sucked on. A blowjob, given the

right way can bring a boy more pleasure than he ever imagined possible."

"That's what I heard too...I just never really had a girl do it to me."

"Well I want your first blowjob to be special. That's why I invited Kathy over for this first lesson. The only

thing better than the blowjob skills of one mother...is the blowjob skills of two mothers, giving your dick

and balls the royal treatment."

Derek's cock twitched as he squirmed in his seat. "Sounds good to me."

Both mom's giggled. "He's so adorable," Kathy said.

Derek watched as both moms took position on either side of his torso. The women each took a portion of

his cock in their hand and softly stroked it up and down. "Mmm so beautiful," Kathy said, then squeezed

her delicate fist around the meaty base. "Fuck, feel how hard it is."

Monica pulled the loose skin down making the tip stretch out, shiny and throbbing. "Oh trust me, I have,"

she said, then gave the head a sensual kiss.

The women took turns giving the tip of Derek's dick wet kisses, their lips smacking sensually all over the

bloated bell-shaped head. Kathy kissed the frenulum, letting the tip of her tongue wiggle on it's surface. She

felt the boy's peter flex. "Mmm... sensitive glans," Kathy whispered.

"Mmm good, it'll make the pleasure that much better for him," Monica said, then whipped her tongue

across the surface of the nob. Kathy's tongue followed suite so that now both their thick pink tongues were

lashing at the boy's glans.

"Ooohhhnnmmm!" the teen whimpered, his ass tightening as he watched the two long pink tongues flail

against the tip of his peter.

Kathy's tongue wiggled across his piss-slit, swiping up a gob of precum. The semen sizzled on her taste

buds. "Oh my God, it's soo sweet."

Monica squeezed her circled fist up the dong making a dollop of cum emerge. She swiped it off expertly

with the tip of her tongue and brought it into her mouth. "Ohh wow, you're right."

She glanced up at her teen. "Your cum is really sweet, darling."

"Is that good?" Derek asked.

"Mmmnn hmmnn," Kathy hummed, sliding her lips along the underside of Derek's shaft.

Monica smiled naughtily. "It'll make girls wanna suck your big dick even more."

The gorgeous mother sucked the head into her mouth, giving it a few bobbing sucks. Derek gasped as he

felt her tongue circle it twice. "Ohhh man!"

The wet tip popped from Monica's mouth and she giggled. "You like that honey?"

"Uhhh. Uhh huh."

This time as she sucked him in Monica turned her head so the she could look up at him and watch his

reaction. Derek sat there dumbfounded as he saw his own mom's pouty lips stretched over his dick. They

formed a perfect oval, hungrily nursing on the head of the teenager's peter. Monica's eyes sparkled as she

gazed into her boys, watching his reaction as she scrubbed his glans with her tongue.

Derek's body tensed as pleasure shot through his frame. "Sshhhllluuppp! Shhhlluuppp! Monica clamly

sucked the peter-tip, winking up at her boy.

Kathy's face was buried in Derek's soft scrotum. Her long tongue hung out of her mouth, waving around

wetly against his balls as she took in his scent. "Ohhh God," she mewed.

She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth sucked greedily on it's ovaled surface.

Monica slid more of her teen's cock into her mouth. Up and down, her head bobbed on his crotch, lightly

fucking her face with his prick. Her tongue swirled constantly around his rosy cock head, lapping up the

fuck-juices oozing continually from his piss-slit.

"Oh wow that feels good, Mom!" Derek sighed, watching her stretched lips travel lower and lower around

his prick.

Monica's right hand clutch his dick at the base and whipped up and down his hardened fuck-pole,

shamelessly beating his cock into her mouth. Meanwhile, Kathy was giving the boy's nuts a tongue-bath.

The beauty spun her pink snake in circles over the surface of his balls giving them a sloppy tonguemassage.

Derek watched in fascination as his mother's lips dropped lower and lower. "Oh my God I think I'm in

mom's throat," he thought.

Monica's eyes were closed as she sucked the length of her son's boner, feeling the thick slab pulse between

her lips. "Ohh my God, such a good dick," she thought.

The cocksucking mother's lips dropped even further, taking his prick to the hilt. Derek's eyes went wide as

he watched his mom's lips nuzzle against his pubes at the base of his dick, her throat gurgling with cockmeat.

She came up for air and Kathy joined her, taking turns sucking and slurping on the teenager's boner.

While kathy sucked dick, Monica crawled up onto the cushion next to her boy, laying sidways with her

boobs stack right up against him. . "Feels good when a girl sucks your dick, doesn't it sweetheart?"

"Oh man yeah," Derek sighed.

"I wanna teach you something. While Kathy sucks on your big boner I want you to reach down and grab

hold of her ponytail."

"Ok," Derek said, then did as his mom directed.

"There you go...got a good grip on it?"

"Yeah."

"Good, now hold her head firm and start thrusting your hips so you can fuck her mouth like a pussy,"

Monica said.

Derek jerked his hips on the cushion as Kathy's head bobbed on his groin. "Good, just like that. How's he

doing Kath?"

The dong tip popped from Kathy's mouth, wet and shiny. "Stronger grip on the hair, hon. You need to show

a girl that you're in control of this."

Derek tightened his grip on her ponytail, jerking her head back as he pulled her hair. She giggled and

Monica smiled wickedly. "There you go!!"

Derek forced her face down onto his prick and glided it through the ovaled lips of her experienced mouth.

"Now, pull her head down, honey, make her take all of you." Monica said.

Derek felt his hardon sink into Kathy's throat as he pulled her head tight against his groin. Throaty,

gurgling sounds escaped her lips as they pressed around the girthy cock-hilt

"There you go...hold it...hold it. She'll let you know when she needs to come up."

Kathy's throat gagged a little, then she tapped his thighs. His big prick slipped from her mouth all slimed up

with saliva and pre-cum. After an excited gasp, she swallowed his dong in one long swoop, until her lips

were again mashed against his pubic bone. "Ohh man," the teen whimpered.

"Hold her tight. You're not gonna hurt her."

"Ohhh shit that feels good," Derek sighed.

Derek fucked his cock through Kathy's tight gullet as her mouth and tongue nursed on his blue-viened shaft.

When she came up for air Monica slid back down to join her. "Good boy. Try me now."

The pleasure struck teen grabbed him mom by the pony tail and slid his prick through her rounded lips. Her

tongue slid ceaselessly around the shiny-skinned tip of his fuckmeat, greedily lapping up the cock sap that

continued to dribble up from his balls.

It wasn't long before he sunk into the heat of his mother's throat. He pulled her head hard against his groin

and felt her soft lips spread out around his cockbase. "Ohhh damn," his voice quivered as it felt like his dick

expanded another inch inside the warm tunnel of Monica's throat.

He heard her gurgle and felt her gullet vibrate exquisity around his sensitive glans. He couldn't believe how

long his mom was spending gorged on his big prick. He gazed down and the site almost seemed surreal as

he forcefully held his own mom's pretty head between his legs. He could see her luscious lips mashed

against his cock-hilt. "How the fuck do they take all that dick?" he thought to himself.

Finally Monica tapped and rose up, trapping his meat at the base between her thumb and forefinger. She

rose only slightly above the nob and after a gentle gasp, her tongue spun around the tip, lashing it with a

looping wet lick.

In one wet smoop, she shoved her head onto his crotch, jamming the swollen prick shaft past her tonsils,

deep into her buttery, sucking throat. "Ohhh mom," Derek wailed, thrusting his pecker in as deep as it

would go.

Kathy giggled, then leaned over and gave the teen a series sloppy French kisses. "Fuck her throat, Derek.

She's there for your pleasure," she said between kisses.

Holding firmily to her ponytail, the horny teen slowly thrust his cock. He didn't know how her tongue had

room to move around but it was....twisting and slithering along the underside of his shaft. He could hear his

cock gliding through her gullet.

Monica gasp as she finally came up for air. "Ready to see why they called your mother the gobbler?"

"Sure," Derek muttered.

The cock-hungry mom gave his boner a few long nursing sucks, looking straight up into his eyes. The

bulbous tip slipped from her lips and she spoke into like a fleshy microphone. "Ok, here we go..."

Monica wrapped her pretty hand around the base of Derek's scrotum, which made his nuts bulge up

alongside his shaft. She fed his prick into her mouth and Derek watched as her lips stretched obscenely

over his nuts. With a mouth stuffed full of cock and balls somehow Monica was able to press her lips

against the hilt. "Ohhh my Goddd!" Derek sighed, his body letting out a shiver.

Kathy giggled as she stooped down and buried her face between his buns. The teen let out an audible

whimper as he felt her strong mature tongue lash against his butthole.

The bedroom was filled with lewd slurping as both moms worked the boy over, one on his cock and balls,

the other on his ass.

Monica gurgled as she allowed the throbbing erection to slip through her warm throat. Her long tongue

wrestled with his nuts, slithering around and around their ovaled surface as they sat cradled in her mouth.

Kathy's tongue flailed against Derek's butthole, intensifying the plessure. She ran her tongue up onto his

smooth taint, then gobbled up one of Derek's nuts that had slipped from Monica's sucking mouth.

Monica gasped as the big dick popped from her mouth, wet and shiny. She stroked on Derek's cock with

her pretty hand as she joined her friend to lick his balls. Derek watched with his mouth wide open in

fascination. His mom and Kathy were doing things he'd only seen in porn movies

SLLUUUP! SLUUUUPPP!! Each of them had a nut in her mouth, nursing wetly, tugging them in opposite

directions.

"Ohhnngod," Derek whimpered as they licked and sucked his nuts.

While one woman worked the balls, they took turns sucking his big dick. Monica wrapped her fist around

the root of the cock and stroked it with a perfect corkscrew as her ovaled lips rose and fell on the top half.

Every ten or so slurps the nob would emerge and she would swirl her thick pink tongue around it.

"Ohhh man," Derek's voice quivered, watching his mom work her magic.

Kathy scrathed at his thighs, gazing up with a naughty smile. "Do you like that, sweetie. Do you like the

way your mom is sucking your big dick?"

"Uh huh."

"She's teaching you hon. Teaching you what a girl can do for a boy." Kathy said.

Kathy took over, letting the steel-hard prick glide through her mouth.

Monica crawled up next to her son, her huge ripe tits jiggling as they pushed heavily against the fabric. She

fed him a dreamy-eyed gaze. "You just wait until you see what I have planned for you the next two weeks.

More pleasure than you can possibly imagine."

The big busted mother dropped her lush body across her teen, mashing her soft boobies against his upper

chest. She buried her face in his neck and whimpered softly as her tongue began to whip against his

sensitive flesh.

Derek's body stiffened up as it was struck with even more pleasure. "Hhuuuooohh!"

The boy was now buried in mommies. Hungrily Kathy's tongue swirled around his cock, skirting the flared

tip to lap up the prick juices bubbling up from his balls. Her fist tightened around the root of his cock then

jacked fast and hard, beating his meat into her mouth.

Derek grimaced as pleasure shot through his frame. He sunk his face into the side of his mom's fishnet

covered breast. "I'm cumming! Ohhh God, I'm cumming!!" he announced.

Monica whimpered with delight, her tireless tongue digging against the pleasure spots on her boy's neck.

Gulping noisily, Kathy tightened her lips and fist around the gushing shaft of his prick. Then she wantonly

swallowed down all of his load, working her throat muscles in a frantic effort not to miss any of his

delicious milky cum.

For what seemed like minutes Derek writhed as he recieved the type of pleasure that few boys his age get

to experiend. His face was plastered in spongy side-boob and he let out a muffled pleasure-groan.

As Kathy milked every drop, Monica rose up and watched her boy's pleasure-filled face. Derek's eyes

peeked open, looking up through the big bulging cleavage plastered against his upper chest. His mom's

eyes sparkled through fluttering lashes radiating pure love. This was teenaged boy heaven.

"There you go, sweetie. Let Kathy pull out all those cummies," Monica said.

After nursing on the boner, Kathy rose up and smiled, taking one last gulp of milky jizz. "Damn, that was a

load."

"Yummy too, huh?" Monica said.

"Fuck yeah, I could drink that shit all day, milk him dry."

Monica stood up. "Sound good to me, but why don't we use something else to milk him this time. After all,

I did promise to teach him how to really fuck a girl, right sweetie?" she said, peering down at him.

"Yeah," Derek muttered, still catching his breath.

Both ladies turned and reached down to unbuckle their heels. Derek stared in awe at the meaty globes of

their naked buns crowning their long legs. Below their jiggling booties the boy could see the smooth folds

of their shaved pussies. They were both aroused and slighted open, revealing juicy coral slits.

As she untied her heel strap, Monica peeked back at her teen. "What do you think of the view from back

there?"

Derek shook his head and smiled excitedly. "Damn!"

Both moms giggled. Monica wagged her tan buttocks back and forth teasingly. "Ready to learn how to fuck

like a rockstar?"

"Hell yeah."

Derek watched as Monica and Kathy stepped out of their heels and Monica began peeling off her

bodystocking. His mom's heavy tits wobbled free, unrestrained as she pulled the fishnet off. She grinned

wickedly at the teen as he watched her slowly wiggle them down the cheeks of her firm, rounded ass and

her long, tapering legs. Then she was completely naked.

Both mother's reached back and took off their hair ties, shaking their heads to fluff their beautiful manes of

hair. Like Derek they were now naked and ready to fuck.

Monica waisted no time stepping over, kneeling down and straddling her teen. Kathy came over and knelt

beside them.

"This position is called woman on top," Monica said as she reached back to grip her son's erection. She

grazed her nails across his glans, giving it an extra jolt.

Derek felt her run the flared head of his prick through the hot gooey mouth of her pussy slit. "The women

does most of the work in this position, but we're gonna teach some things a man can do to make this

position even more pleasurable."

"For both of you," Kathy said with a smile.

"Ready?" Monica asked, her lips curled anxiously.

"Yeah," Derek answered as he felt his prick fit securely into her opening.

Monica's ass sank. "Unnnggghhhh!" the mother shuddered as she felt the meaty inches of his cock shaft

squeeze into her wet pussy tunnel.

"Ohh shit," Derek whimpered as he felt the spongy ridged lining of her cunt stretch around his brick-hard

meat tube.

"Mmm, yes...feel that hot cunt around your cock, Derek," Kathy said, hovering beside them.

The shameless mother began to pound her creamy cunt on his prick, the stretched ring of her moist pussy

lips beating against his cock hilt. She sat up, her hands down on his chest and began to grind on her son's

boner, pivoting her wide matronly hips.

Derek looked down see his mom's shaved mons grinding against his pubis. Mother and son were joined at

the genitals. He could feel her cunt gripping his meat, his cockhead licking wetly back and forth across the

mouth of her cervix.

"Hhhuuuuggghhh!!" Monica cried, her strong wide motherly hips moving like a well-oiled machine.

Derek looked up at the busty beauty. Her boobs swung pendulously, hard nipples protruding from large

crinkled areolas. Her eyes were closed, head cocked to one side and through a curtain of long hair Derek

could see a look he rarely saw on his mom...pure pleasure.

Kathy leaned over him, glacing up at Monica. "Do you see what you're doing to her Derek? See the

pleasure you can give a girl when you have a long hard dick like yours."

"Oh my God, yesss. It is sooo hard!" Monica shouted, stirring her hungry cunt on the stiff peter.

"You'll know you're making a girl cum when you start to feel her pussy tighten up around your cock."

Kathy whispered.

And no sooner did Kathy say this than Derek felt just that. He saw his mom's eyes pop open and roll back

in their sockets. "Yesss!!" she screamed.

Her hips rocked with greater intensity. Her pussy tube felt like it was shrinking around his dick. Her

cervical lips flared as they squeezed tightly against his glans. "Yeeesss! Oh fuckingshityesssss!!" Monica

wailed.

Derek felt her tight gripping cunt spew girl-cum around his slab, then wash over his balks. The feeling was

amazing, but because he had cum not long ago, he was able to fight off his orgasm.

Monica leaned forward, clawing her boys shoulders as she began to ride the length of his dick. Her meaty

buns beat against his nuts, making a wet slapping sound that filled the room. Derek sighed excitedly. Right

before his eyes swung the biggest softest tits he had ever seen. The hanging mommy-melons beat softly

against his face. "This is fucking awesome!!" Derek thought.

Kathy slapped his mom's ass. "Yeaaah Monica wonderbitch, ride that cock girl!"

Monica bounced with more intensity, throwing her juicy cunt up and down the rigid peter. Now her huge

tits were going wild swinging and beating together. Derek's tongue literally hung out as he watch the giant

boobies dance. "It' clapping bobble-tits!!" he thought, remembering one of her nicknames that she had

shared with him.

Derek felt his mom's cunt shrink around his slab and knew she was close to another cum. "Ohhh shit," he

sighed, as Monica stong cunt muscles pressed around his peter like a clutched fist.

"Ohhhnyesss!" she shouted, her pretty mouth falling open Shamelessly, the mother of two continued

bouncing, showing her skill. "FUCK FUCK FUCK YESSS!!"

Derek could see and feel her rising towards her peak. He knew this was going to be a big one.

Monica felt her son's big cock trigger electric-like jolts of orgasm through her body. Her beautiful legs

began to tremble and her face contorted in a look of pleasure that Derek never dreamed he'd see.

"OHHHFUCKINGCUMMMINGMOTHERFUCKERSSSS!!" she screamed.

Her announcement reminded Derek of the video of Monica in her younger years. How cocky and selfish

his mother was and rightly so...she had a hot teen body that could get any guy she wanted. Now in this

moment, she was that same sexy self-centered little girl, using Derek's big dick to ignite the type of orgasm

she rarely got with her husband.

Hot girl cum shot around Derek's prick. He could feel it trickling down his balls and across his asshole. Her

pussy slot squeezed and rippled around every inch of his prick as it continued slithering through the hot

sponge grip. Derek was helpless. There was no way in hell an inexperienced teen could get this type of fuck

without blowing his nuts.

"Ugh! Cumming, Mom!!" He whimpered, arching his back.

A huge ribbon of hot spunk erupted from his pisshole, splashing againt the head of Monica's cervix. His

organ pulsed as six more shots of cum squirted out coating Monica's cunt tube with goo. The juicy orgasm

seemed to go on and on until the boy literally passed out from the pleasure.

A little while later Derek woke to a fog. Half-conscious he could see someone riding him and feel the warm

snug sensations on his dick. Over the huge rounded undersides of her tits, Derek saw Kathy peer down at

him, her face masked with pleasure. "Ohh God, such an amazing dick!" she sighed.

"Ohhhh yeeeaahh." he muttered, as he felt her cunt-socket compress around his shaft.

"Uuugghhh!!!" he heard Kathy's girlish voice scream and felt her cum washing along his prick.

Again he lost consciousness. His eyes peered open somewhat later to feel Monica laying on top of him, her

sweat soaked tits pancacked against his chest. He could hear the beat of music and feel her cunt squeezing

slowly up and down his shaft. "Ooohhh woow!" he moaned, wrapping his arms around her soft frame.

Hearing this Monica lifted her head and peered down into his eyes. She fed him a sensual kiss, tightening

her cunt on his rigid love-muscle. Gazing, she whispered softly. "Mmm, mommy's hot young fucker."

Her words made Derek shutter. His mother's lips curled. "You see darling...you see how the pleasure can

just go on and on?"

She smiled warmly and the last thing Derek remembers was her soft whisper as he felt his dick start to

spurt. "That's it, sweetie, cum with mommy."

61: Learning all about sex...from Mom_3

Derek woke up later on his own bed. He was suprised to find that he'd been showered and dressed. He must

have really been out of it because he hardly remembered them doing that. "Fuck, how long did I sleep." he

thought.

He looked at his clock and saw that it was just after two-thirty. He heard a tap on his door and was suprised

to see his dad step in. "Hey sport, how you doing?"

"I'm ok, just took a little nap I guess," he muttered.

Ken stopped at his bedside. "So did you and your mother start your sex education today?"

"Yeah, we uhmm, we started this morning."

"That's good...and uh, you sure you're ok with your mom doing this?" Ken asked awkwardly.

"Yeah dad, totally," Derek said, trying not to sound too eager.

"Ok good, just wanted to make sure. So your fist day...I'm assuming your mom covered how to hold a girls

hand, maybe how to give her nice hug."

"No, she didn't, but I already know all that stuff anyway."

"Ohh ok, so what types of things did she cover with you?" Ken asked.

Derek blushed. "I don't know, I feel kinda funny sayin."

"It's no big deal, son. I told your mom that, as your father, I'd kinda like to be a part of this too. Maybe give

you some manely advice here and there....answer any questions that you may not wanna ask your mom."

"Oh, well that's cool. Actually I do have a couple questions then, dad."

Ken smiled and sat at the edge of his bed. "Of course...shoot."

"Ok, um, all those sexy things that girls wear. Is a guy suppose to buy them for her, or does she buy them?"

"You mean like robes, nightgowns, those sorts of things?"

"Yeah kinda, well after you left and she knew I was watching, mom took off her robe in the hallway. She

had on these super-cool see-through panties with a heart cut out of the butt part.

"Oh really?" Ken asked, his stomach sinking. He never knew his wife owned such panties, but imagined

what her luscious ass would look like in them..

Derek looked over at his wheelchair. To his suprise the panties were still on the seat. "Wait, that's them

right there."

Ken picked up the dainty panties and looked them over. He was suprised at how skimpy they were and

pictured the heart cutout stretched over the globes of his wife's ass. "No, I didn't buy these. She was

wearing these in front of you?"

"Well for a few minutes, then she took them off."

"In front of you?" Ken asked.

"Of course, she doing my sexual training, so of course she's gonna get naked dad."

"Yeah I umm...suppose so." Ken asked, trying to shake the jealous anger that was creeping in.

"So there's this other thing I've noticed, .that I'm really curious about."

"What's that?"

"While mom was giving me a blowjob, I noticed she spent alot of time swirling her tongue around on the

tip of my, you know, my penis. I was just wondering if all girls like to do that?"

"Wait a minute, you're mother gave you a blowjob?"

"Derek, you don't have to answer that," Came a voice from the doorway. Monica stepped inside in

terrycloth robe and bare feet. "What are you doing home so early?" she asked her hubby, seeming slightly

annoyed.

"Well, thought I'd come home and see how things were going. Clearly, a little different than what I thought

I agreed to."

"You agreed to a sex education and that's what I'm giving him."

"Blowjobs? Really Monica?" Ken asked in a disappointed tone.

"Don't you dare question the way I choose to go about Derek's training. You agreed to whatever I needed to

do for two weeks, remember? That was the deal," Monica said sternly.

"Do you even have a plan, or are you two just fooling around all day?"

Monica put her hands on her hips defensively. "Fooling around?! Really, Ken?"

"I'm just curious...is there a training plan at all?"

"Of course I have a plan, Ken. Do you really think I haven't put some thought into this?"

"Ok, so what's the training plan for the rest of the week?"

Monica glared at him. "That's between Derek and I."

"See, just what I mean, there IS no plan."

"Ken, why are you doing this? We had a two week, no questions asked, agreement, did we not?"

"No one ever said anything about no questions asked. In fact I thought you agreed to me being a part of this

to a certain extent. I was just curious about how you were going as about all this."

"Fine, you want the plan, here it is. Today and tomorrow, blowjobs and intercourse. Wednesday and

Thursday, cunnlingus and intercoarse. Friday and Saturday is anal sex. We follow the same routine next

week."

Ken's face sunk. "Wait just a fucking minute. Anal sex? You can't be serious Monica?!"

"I told you I was teaching him everything and that's what I intend to do."

Derek's heart raced. He tried his best to keep from getting hard. "Holy fuck, anal sex? I'm gonna fuck her

ass. Mom's really gonna let me fuck her ass." he thought.

Ken gazed at his wife furiously. "Yeah, but anal sex?! Seriously?"

"Anal is a common form of sexual pleasure and it requires a different style of penetration, you know that,"

Monica explained.

Ken just stood there and shook his head. Monica stepped up to him. "Now if you'll excuse us, we have

some afternoon training to get to."

"I wanna watch."

Monica glared at him. "No Ken, absolutely not."

"You told me I could, that was part of the agreement, remember?"

"I said you could peek in once in awhile, not sit in and observe. Go!" Monica said.

"I'll sit in the corner, won't bother either one of you."

Monica rolled her eyes, then looked a Derek. "Sweetheart?"

Derek swallowed the lump in his throat, amazed that his dad was even serious about watching them.. "Up

to you, Mom."

"Can you pretend like he's not there?"

Derek glanced awkwardly at his father. Yes it would seem weird, but clearing it was one of the conditions

to them being able to do this in the first place, so he couldn't object. "Yeah, I think so."

Monica looked back at her husband with a serious glare. "Not a peep...I mean it. We so much as hear you

breath and you're out."

"Fine," Ken said, backing into the corner and sitting on Derek's desk chair.

Monica strode over and sat on her boy's bedside. "Hi," she said with a cute smile.

"Hi."

Monica glanced annoyingly at her husband. "Sure you're ok with that?" she whispered so only her son

could hear.

"If you are."

"Yeah...might be a little wierd, but it was one of the conditions to the agreement. If he keeps his mouth

shut, we can just zone him out. How did you like your morning?" Monica asked.

"It was awesome. I got to see the screaming demon-princess."

Monica giggled. "You did, didn't you? You'll be seeing her alot these next two weeks."

"Sounds good to me."

Monica smiled naughtily. "Me too. Wanna get naked and roll around on the bed?"

"Sure," Derek gulped, trying to ignore the fact that his dad was in the room.

Ken could see his wife and son whispering this whole time, but couldn't hear them. He saw Monica get up

and pull Derek's t-shirt off, followed by his trunks. Without looking at him, Monica walked over by her

husband and turned on Derek's stereo. The soft sensual beat of R & B filled the room.

Stepping back to the bed, Monica untied the sash to the robe. It slipped off her shoulders and to her pretty

bare feet, exposing her naked body. Ken watched in disbelief as his wife of twenty years shamelessly

crawled into bed naked with their boy. "Holy shit," he whispered.

His head filled a mixture of emotions...anger, jealousy and suprisingly arousal. He watched his wife drop

on top of their teen, her enormous tits flattening out against his lean chest. She planted a series of kisses

along his neck...his chin, and finally his lips.

Ken's mouth fell open as he watched their tongues swirl together. Monica tilted her head and plastered her

lips against Dereks. Ken could tell that she was giving him a deep french kiss and it just went on and on

and on. For minutes their lips were locked as the busty mother spun her tongue through Derek's mouth.

Ken gasped as he watched their bodies roll over so that Monica was now on her back. Her knees were

raised, silky thighs splayed open with her son's nude frame resting between them. They kissed like

newlyweds, Monica's nails combing through the back of her son's hair.

Ken saw them break the kiss, gazing at eachother like no mother and son should. Monica whispered

something and Derek's ass rose up a little. He knew there was penatration when his wife gasped and arched

her head back in pure pleasure. "This is fucking crazy!" Ken thought, fighting the urge to march out.

Ken watched his wife's tan legs wrap snuggly around Derek, crossing her ankles above his ass. He watched

her wide motherly hips start to swivel, pushing her cunt up and down the length of Derek's big hardon.

"Ohhh God!" Monica whimpered, loud enough for her husband to hear.

Ken never dreamed he'd see his wife doing something like this with anyone but him. He marveled at how

strong and soft her tan legs looked wrapped around their son. She looked every bit the mature teacher,

supporting the young student's full weight as he writhed in the saddle of her soft thighs, pushing his dick

deep inside her sexual core.

Ken could barely hear her speaking to Derek. "Ohh yes, you're doing good darling. I wanna teach a new

position. We stay this same way, but I throw my legs up so I can wrap my feet around your neck. It's called

the butterfly."

"Wow, you can do that?"

"Of course I can sweetie," Monica answered, then easily threw her curvy legs back, wrapping her little bare

feet right up around Derek's neck.

"Ohh wow," Derek said excitedly.

"I'm gonna teach you all the great positions," Monica said with a giggle.

For ten minutes Ken sat and gawked at the site in front of him. Derek had propped himself up with his arms,

looking down at Monica as their genitals grinded together. He marveled at the site of his mom's round

pillowy boobs rolled out on her chest. The tit-flesh swayed and rippled from their rhythm. His dick swelled

even more as Monica caressed his check with one of her soft bare feet.

"Ohh fucking hell, mom's sexy," he thought.

For what seemed like hours their eyes were locked. Derek loved the look on his mom's face. As she stared

at him, her lips were peeked open, slightly curled into a seductive smile. She was merely showing the thrill

of having her own baby boy's big dick buried to her womb.

After a while Monica's legs slid back down against Derek's midsection, her little feet pushing at his ass to

get as much of his cock as she could. Ken heard his wife whimper and saw her body quiver.

"Aaanngggnghhh shit, I'm cumming!" her cute voice rang out.

Derek and Monica had moved about on the bed and Ken could see his son's big dick slicing steadily

through his wife's pink pussy. It was almost obscene the way her hairless labia was stretch around the

girthy meat of Derek's erection. Hot girl cum was oozing out, creating a creamy froth of mother son

ejaculate. "Ohh Jesus Christ." Ken muttered to himself, shaking his head.

Mother and son made out hungrily. Coiled together, their nude bodies rolled over so that Monica took the

top. Ken watched her tan buns bounce atop their boy, feeding his big dick in and out of her motherly twat.

They rolled again, Derek on top...Monica's luscious legs folded around him. She scratched her nails down

his back, biting his shoulder. "Ohhhh fuck yeaaaaahhh!!" she cried, cumming once again.

The perfume of hot pussy and girl cum was permeating the bedroom. Ken could tell by the grimace on her

face she was creaming hard on their son's cock.

He was jealous, but pleased to see that Derek could ride a girl straight through her orgasm. Despite having

his mom's hot cum shot around it, the long hard peter continued a steady in and out rhythm, coaxing the

sensitive nerve endings along the spongy ridged lining of Monica's birth canal.

"Oooh soo good, honey!" Monica whimpered and as she recovered from one orgasm she found herself

being pulled towards an even stronger one. "Oh my God, don't stop!"

Ken watched his wife grip onto their son's shoulders. Their persperation sheened bodies almost seemed

fused together as they humped with desperate intensity. Derek's full-sized bed rocked back and forth,

thumping against the wall as mom and son fucked harder and faster. "Ohhh Derek, just like that. Don't you

dare slow down!!"

Ken swallowed the lump in his throat. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He doubted that he'd ever

fucked his wife this hard and he couldn't deny that their bodies humped together like they were made one

another. His wife looked on the verge of orgasmic uphoria. "YES! YESSSS! OHH MY FUCKINGSHITYESSSSS!!"

It was all Ken could take. He rushed out of the bedroom and down to the livingroom. However, he couldn't

escape the sounds of Monica's orgasmic scream echoing down the hallway.

Monica and her son fucked in earnest.Their bellies slapped together and his balls beat on her ass. Derek's

cock hissed up her fuck hole. Her cunt sucked on his cock voraciously, clinging to the contours as he jerked

up and back. "Ohhh I love it! Oh God Derek, I fucking love it!" Monica cried.

Derek felt a wave of cunt cum breaking around the wedge of his knob. Monica flexed her cunt muscles,

testing his willpower. "Auugghh fuckin Christ, Mom!" the teen whimpered.

"Keep going darling. I'm cumming again. Don't break your rhythm!"

"I'll try...but it feels too good. I don't think I can," Derek gasped.

"Yes you can, sweetheart. Clench your ass until you feel your balls tighten up."

"Ok," Derek said, doing as instructed.

"Better?"

"A little bit."

He fell back into pace with her. "Good, fuck me hard for a few more minute and we'll cum together."

For five more minutes their glistening bodies moved together in the heat of a very intense missionary-style

fuck. "That's the way to fuck, baby!" she screamed, clutching frantically to her handsome son's lurching

body.

Derek's bed whined as it rocked violently. "HARDERRR!!!" Monica cried, clutching her son's ass with her

nails to pull as much cock as she could get.

Their sweat soaked genitals beat together as Derek's throbbing hardon pounded through Monica's mature

pussy. "YESSS, BABY, JUST LIKE THAT. FASTERRR!!" she screamed.

Derek fucked with everything he had, his ass now a blur as he punched his dick home. He lifted his head,

gazing down at his mom's face. Her eyes were wide, lips open in a desperate pant as she stared back at him.

"Ready?" she cried.

"Ohh Godd yeah," he whimpered.

Monica arched her head back as Derek felt her lush body strain. "Oohh fuckingshit let's cumm!!" she

squeeled.

Their bodies crested at once, exploding in mutual orgasm. On and on their tangled limbs jerked and

trembled as if they were throwing the juicy pleasure back and forth between eachother. When it was over

Monica rolled Derek onto his side, but kept her strong legs around him and his prick tucked deep inside her

swampy cunt.

For minutes they said nothing, just gazed into eachothers eyes lovingly. Derek dug seeing his mom freshly

fucked, her hair tangled, her faced masked with persperation.

"Did I do ok?" he asked.

Monica kept staring and it wasn't excactly a motherly stare. She bit her bottom lip. "Uh-huh."

It was only when Derek began slowly moving his cock back and forth in her pussy that she was suddenly

aware that her son hadn't lost his erection. She couldn't believe it when his rigid boner began thrusting in

and out of her pussy with the same gusto as before his ejaculation. "Hang on, Mom, here we go again!!"

Monica's eyes lit up with an excited thrill. "Ohh honey, YESSS!!"

Derek's pleasure was doubly intensified by the feel of his cock swelling thicker and harder as it pistoned in

and out between the soft fleshy folds of her hotly squeezing cunt. The exquisite sensations tingling up and

down the length of his throbbing boner were almost blowing the young man's mind. "Ohhh shit, Mom," he

whimpered.

He rose onto his elbows so he could watch his mom's tits roll on her chest while he fucked. "Oh damn your

tits are soo big, mom."

Monica smiled proudly, her huge pillowy breasts with large thick areolas wobbling around like big fleshy

waves. "You like these big ol boobs darling?"

"I'd be crazy not to."

"Why don't you lean down here and give them some attention while you fuck," Monica urged.

As he continued thrusting, Derek leaned over and buried his face in a mound of soft tit-flesh. Spongy breast

meat oozed around his face as the teen lashed his tongue acrossed her thick hardened nipple.

The shameless mother's eyes rolled back, her mouth open with a smile and her tongue hung out lustfully.

"Ohhh that's it honey. Girls love to have their titties chewed and sucked on."

Derek sucked the tip of Monica's boob, stuffing as much into his mouth as he could get. His tongue

fluttered back and forth on her nipple, battering it like a speed ball punching bag. He let his teeth sink into

the rough texture of her areola and emmediately felt her cunt tighten up around his thrusting peter. "Oh

wow, mom's liking this," he thought.

"Ohh yes baby, chew on those big titties!"

The more he chewed the tighter her pussy shrunk around his pole until it finally turned to cream. "Ohhhhh

fuuuuckingshit!! Monica squeeled, arching her back off the bed.

"Mmmnnnpphh," Derek giggled into her boob pridefully as he continued laying his dick into her in a slow

steady rhythm.

The teen looked up at his mom as he felt her sweaty naked body convulse. Monica's big boob hung by it's

nipple from the teen's mouth as he continued to suck.

"Ohh yeah! I'm pleasuring the shit out of her," Derek thought as he watched his mom's sweet face contort.

The boy was caught by suprise as the buxom beauty clutched onto him and rolled them over, taking the top.

"Ooonngod, you amazing motherfucker!" Monica whimpered before locking lips for a deep french kiss.

Derek's heart raced excitedly as their tongues wrestled. "Holy wow! Mom's really starting to get nasty," he

thought. His cock had slipped from her cunt and he could feel the girl-cum dripping off of it.

Monica raised up and Derek could see the desperate lust on her face. This wasn't the mom he knew before.

This was his mom the sexual animal. She reached down, clutched his rod and drug its barbed tip back and

forth between her soaking labial folds. "Ohh honey, look how wet my pussy is. Do you see what you're

doing to this girl?"

Both of them sighed as Derek's boner sank into the slippery hotness of Monica's pussy. "Ohh mom, it's so

hot and juicy," the teen muttered.

Finally feeling his lusty balls against her bare ass, she looked down at him with adoration through her halfclosed

eyes. "And your dick is soo long, thick and hard, darling. It's every woman's dream."

Leaning forward, Monica braced her hands on his broad shoulders and began fucking her cunt up and down

over his throbbing boner.

Looking at his mother's excited face with her long brown hair swirling around it, Derek couldn't get over

how unbelievably sexy she was. Staring at her loveliness as she lustily fucked over him, he noted her

flawless tan skin as her big luscious tits obscenely bounced to the tempo of her lurching body. "Oohh

man!" he muttered.

Monica smiled down at him as she bounced on his loins. "What?" she said with a smile.

"You're just soo hot, mom."

"Am I? Is someone getting a crush on his naked mommy?" she teased.

"Well, uh..yeah."

Monica giggled, flexing her cunt around his young peter. "Well good, cuz his naked mommy's getting a

naughty crush on him too. Big time."

Derek smiled. "Really?"

"Yeahh, swinging that big dick around...stuffing it inside mommy and impressing the hell out of her."

"I'm getting better, right?"

"That you are, but in case you haven't noticed, mommy's on top now and it's time for her to show you what

SHE can do."

Monica lush body rode her teen like a pornstar, really showing her skill. Derek's cock thundered up and

down her creamy twat, stroked and squeezed by the tight sponge-ridged lining of her cunt-tube. "Oohh hell

yeah!!" the teen sighed, watching her huge tits flop up and down.

Carried away by heavenly excitement, Derek began thrusting his hips up to meet every downward plunge

of his mother's overheated cunt.

"Oohhh fucking hotshot huh?! Monica shouted, then stopped bouncing and grinded on his erection, her soft

motherly hips swiveling up and back. "Well take that, hotshot.""

A jolt of pleasure shot through Derek's dong as he felt it being stirred in the hot juicy grip of Monica's cunt.

He felt his nob slipping back and forth over the spongy head of her cervix, so close to the womb that once

held him. "Holy shit! OOOH WOW!" he sighed, arching his head back in pleasure.

"Oooohhh is it throbbing baby-boy? Is mommy's pussy setting that big dick on fire?" Monica said, then

went back to work bouncing on his dick, her meaty tan buns jiggled as they struck his balls over and over.

Derek tongue hung from his mouth as he looked up at his mom's sweaty tits. The pendulous twin mounds

swung around wildly and beat together, persperation dripping from the teets. Derek always hoped he'd get

to see them, but never dreamed he'd see them this way.

He suddenly felt the sting of a sharp slap at his leg. Monica glared at him through gritted teeth. "Set those

hips back in motion. Fuck it right back at this girl!" Monica commanded.

Derek pushed his hips up to meet her thrusts and it wasn't long before they found a rhythm. "There you go,

baby. That's the way we girls like to get fucked," Monica panted.

"Well however you want it, mom."

Monica giggled. "You're so cute. Sit up here."

"What?" Derek said, raising to his elbow.

"Come on sit up here, you're like this," Monica said, pulling him upright into the sitting position. Still

riding his prick, she wrapped her arms around him, pulling him in for a tit-squasher. Derek's face sunk

down between her wet squishy breasts as she embraced him. "Now, look up here," Monica said softly.

His head now tucked in her massive cleavage, the teen looked up into his mother's hovering face. She

smiled down at him lustfully, her cunt still slipping up and down his erection. "Mmm tucked between

mom's tits, just where you belong," she said.

"You have the nicest tits in the world, mom."

Monica used her arms to compress her boobs around her boy's head so only Derek's face peeked out of the

massive cleavage. Her big brown eyes gazed down at him, lips curling into a possessive smile. "Tomorrow,

mom's gonna take these nice tits and wrap them around your big cock...teach you how to tittie-fuck a girl."

"Ohhh damn, bet I'll love that."

Ken sat in the livingroom, his hands still shaking. It had been a little while since he heard his wife's orgasm

and now curiosity was once again getting the best of him.

He crept down the hallway and took a peek inside Derek's room. He was a little suprised to find them still

going at it. It had been well over two hours since he had left the bedroom and his wife and son were still

fucking like bunnies.

His wife was facing the door riding Derek reverse cowgirl. He had a clear view of Monica's twat, her cunt

lips splayed out against the root of Derek's prick, his balls mashed against her clit. He watched his wife's

matronly hips swivel skillfully up and back, over and over, stirring her core with stiff teenaged dick.

Monica's naked body was coated with a sheen of sweat, her hair wet and disheveled. Ken noticed that her

tits were huge and engorged...even more so that usual. Her nipples were so big and swollen they looked

ready to pop.

"Ohhh yeeaaahh," he heard his son whimper. Ken knew his wife had a skillful pussy, with strong cunt

muscles that must have been giving Derek's cock exquisite pleasure.

Ken's eyes traveled up to discover his wife looking back at him. Despite being observed Monica didn't miss

a beat, her hips swiveling like a well oiled machine, grinding her juicy cunt on Derek's erection.

Ken forced a smile, but Monica was all business, returning only a tiny, almost defiant little grin. She

reached down and combed her long nails across Derek's hairless scrotum, stroking his nuts a few times.

"That's it, you're doing good, sweetie," she said.

"It feels so good, Mom," Ken heard his son say.

Monica peeked back at her boy. "I know it does, love. Ready for mom to go a little faster?"

Derek lifted his head and peered down at the straddling beauty. The sweaty globes of her tan buttocks

rested on his loins and he could see her buns flexing as she glided on his cunt smothered peter. "Sure...if

you want."

Monica peered back, feeding her boy a mischivious grin. "When I do you're probably gonna be ready to

spurt off pretty quick...and what do you do if you start to feel all those cummies getting anxious?"

"Tighten my ass, until my orgasm goes away."

"That's right, love. The longer you fuck the more girl cum you'll get to feel squirting along the shaft of your

hardon." Monica said as she picked up the tempo.

The buxom beauty glanced at her husband as her body grinded twice as fast as before. One thing Ken knew

for sure is that his wife knew how to fuck. Monica could move her body like a pornstar and right now she

was showing her skill.

"Hhhuuuuggghhh!" Derek groaned, feeling his tender cock stirring around inside the hot squeezing cunt.

Monica peered back at him again, hips still swiveling wildly. "Tighten!" she instructed.

"Ooohhhh."

"Keep tightening honey!"

"Ohhh God, mom...it feels too good," Derek whimpered.

"I know it does sweet baby. Keep tightening and let the pleasure subside."

"I'm trying. Ohhh God damn!" Derek moaned, his head twisting with pleasure.

"That's my baby, get that pussy...GET IT!!" Monica shouted encouragingly as she felt her orgasm building.

"Ohhh yeahh...shit you're tightening up again!" Derek sighed, rising onto his elbows.

Suddenly Monica grinded frantically. "Uuughgggoood!" she cried.

Ken saw his wife's beautiful body stiffen up like a board. She clinched her fists, raising them up slightly

and let loose an orgasmic scream that shot through the house.

Her knees trembled raising up so her feet were now flat on the bed and she was literally sitting on her son's

dick, still fucking it frantically. Monica reached back for her boy's hand and pulled him up into the sitting

position behind her. Her body shook and she thrust her tits out so far it looked like they could shoot off her

chest.

Derek's cock dislodged from her cunt and a jet of girl-cum skimmed acrossed it and onto the bed.

"OHHHHFUCKINGSHIIIT!!" Monica cried as her lush hips trembled and she splayed her thighs open

lewdly shooting another gush of juice towards her husband.

Ken's jaw dropped. It was the most obscene, yet amazing thing he had ever seen. He looked at his son's

dripping cock as it pulsed with excitement, the shiny barbed head pointed straight at him. He saw his wife

grab the dick frantically and stuff it right back in to her greedy cunt.

Derek felt more cunt juice break along his cock-wedge as his big dick sunk into the hot grip of pulsing

pussy. Monica now held his hands which were were wrapped around her tightly, squashing her big tits in a

vice-grip.

Ken watched his wife crane her head back towards Derek's face. Her long pink tongue snaked out of her

mouth, then wagged up and down hornily, searching for Dereks. The boy was quick to respond, providing

his mother with his own tongue for her to whip hers around on.

Ken watched their pink lickers wrestle. Monica was still shaking, still grinding her cunt on Derek's dick.

Ken had never seen her act like this. It was like she couldn't get enough.

The busty mother tightened her cunt muscles, expertly milking her son's long peter. Ken's saw his son's

balls suddenly jump in their sack. "Ooohhhhhnnngggod!!" Derek groaned as huge ropes of hot spunk

squirted out his piss-slit.

"Ohhh cum my baby!" Monica squeeled, still trembling from her own juicy orgasm.

The youth grunted and growled as his orgasm tore through his tense young body. He wrapped his strong

young arms around his mother's body and held her tightly to him. Her warm silky tits oozing between his

arms as he filled her cunt with his cock-cream.

After watching their bodies collapse in a sweaty heap Ken retreated back to the livingroom and watched

part of a game. It took his heat about ten minutes to stop racing and for his own erection to go down.

"Are you ok?" Derek asked as his mom lay against him.

She lifted her head and fed him a little smile. "I'm not really sure."

"I didn't hurt you did I?"

Monica giggled. "Oh honey no...God no. Quite the contrary."

"What is it then?"

"I..... no, never mind. I should get a shower, get dinner started." She said, sliding off the bed. Derek still

had her hand and she stopped and looked down at him. Her big tits were sweaty and heaving as she stared

down with lustful eyes. As they gazed, she bit her bottom lip, then smiled naughtily. "Stop!' she said,

slipping out of his grip.

"Stop what?" he asked, watching her big titties bobble around as she picked up the robe and slipped it on.

"You know what."

"I do?"

She smiled as she looked at the cum drenched matress. "Your bedding is soaked. I'll be back in a little bit to

throw it in the wash."

"Ok."

Derek watched her step to the door, the swell if her meaty behind swayed teasingly. Monica stopped at the

door and fed him serious look. "I'm suppose to be teaching you, not falling in love with you."

Derek smiled back, his cock twitching with excitement. "Holy shit! Is mom really falling in love with

me," he thought.

The next morning Derek's dick hardened as he heard his father's car pull out of the garage. He knew he was

dropping his little brother off at preschool, leaving him and his mother home all alone.

The teen got himself out of bed, washed up and was combing his hair when Monica arrived in the bedroom

doorway. "Good morning," she sang sweetly.

Derek gasped when he caught site of what she was wearing. Monica's hands were on her hips, her big tits

thrust out beneath a pink wife-beater tank top. Her bottoms were a pair of Daisy Duke denims, which were

so skimpy they looked like a pair of booty-shorts.

The odd part of her attire was the his father's tool belt she had fastened around her waist, a hammer

hanging heavily from it. Derek's eyes traveled down her smooth tan legs to her cute little feet, which were

adorned in pink flip flops. "Ready to help me build something?" she said, her dark hair back in a pony.

"Build something?" Derek asked.

"Yep, I wanna build something for you...well, for us. Come on."

Derek followed his mom down the hallway, his eyes glued to her undilating buttocks. The shorts were so

skimpy he could see the luscious ass-cheeks spilling out the bottoms. "Damn, just when I thought she

couldn't get any sexier," he thought.

Monica stepped down into the garage and Derek watched her work from the doorway. "So what on earth

are you making us Mom?"

She flashed him a teasing smile, lifting a two-by-six board from the woodpile. "You'll see."

She plopped the board down on her husband's miter saw. "This one should do Just have to cut it into

pieces."

"Don't hurt yourself, Mom."

"I know how to work these things. I'm pretty good at working your tool, aren't I?" she said with a cute

wink.

Derek giggled. "Yeah, that you are."

"Fifteen inches should do it," she said, then made her cut. "Now, seven more just like this."

"Seven more? What's this thing gonna be?"

"I'll give you a one word hint and that's all," Monica said.

"Ok."

She smiled slyly. "Doggy."

She sawed her boards as Derek was left wondering. "Doggy? Like...doggy-style?" he thought.

"Ok, now we just have to stack these things and nail them together," Monica said.

The busty mother fumbled with the hammer, tapping at the first nail awkwardly. "Oohh, come on!"

Derek giggled and wheeled himself over to assist. "Mom, let me help you."

Monica gave him the hammer. "Thanks, honey. Guess mom's not quite as good in the workshop as she is in

bed."

Derek stacked the boards, nailing them together easily. "There, now what?"

Monica unclipped the belt and set it down. "All finished. Now we take it to the bedroom and try it out."

"Ok, but I still have no idea what this thing is."

"Well then, darling boy...you better come along and find out," Monica said, carrying her creation into the

house.

Derek followed her down to her bedroom and watched her set the block of boards onto the bed. "Ok, the

first thing we need is a pillow," she said, then lay her husband's pillow length-wise across the top of the

boards. She turned and gazed at Derek. "Now we just need a naked teenager."

Monica helped Derek to the bed and stripped off his clothes. "Now there's just one more thing we need....a

nice hard erection."

The eager mother nudged her boy so he laid back on the bed. Derek rose up on his elbows and watched her

slip her bare feet from the flip-flops and crawl onto the bed with him. Kneeling beside him, Monica slipped

his rising peter into her mouth, pulling at it with deep slurping sucks.

"Oh wow," he muttered, watching his mother's ovaled lips glide up and down, from root to nob.

Then she began licking the shaft of his hard prick up and down. Her tongue curled around the dripping

head of his cock, tickling the supersensitive underside. "Ohhh man, mom!"

While sucking his dick, Monica clutched his nuts, squeezing them tenderly. His prick slipped wetly from

her mouth, rising slowly as it swelled with blood. Her long pink tongue lashed across the tip, scubbing his

glans. "Ohhh shit," Derek's body shuttered, his cock rising into a hardon.

"I'm gonna take you deep in my throat. Remember what to do?" Monica asked.

"Uh huh."

Monica sucked his dick, her pretty lips lowering until they were pressed against his cock-hilt. Derek

grabbed her ponytail and held her head tight against his groin. He could feel his cock throbbing wildly in

her throat. Monica let out a throaty gurgldd sound, which startled the teen, so he let go of her head.

He looked down at his mom, but she didn't come up for air. Her big brown eyes gazed up at him, lips still

plastered around the root of his prick. "Huh-uhhmm!" She hummed her displeasure at him letting go.

Derek grabbed her pony again and pressed her head into his lap. He rocked his hips slightly, fucking his

hard prick through the ring of her gullet. After what seemed like forever, his mom tapped and came up for

air.

"Jesus, mom, .how do you do that?"

Monica giggled. "Oh honey, it's just what we moms do. Ready to try out our new creation?"

"Sure."

"Ok, I want you to think of it like a horse saddle. You're just gonna straddle it, like you're riding a horse."

Derek shook his head, still not understanding its purpose. "Ohhh k."

Monica helped him straddle the wood block so that the pillow rested firmly between his legs. "Now just

scootch to the edge, sweetie."

Derek did as she told him, scooting to the edge of the wooden block. Monica rose to her knees, with an

elated expression as she saw how his hard dick stuck straight out. "Oh my God, that's perfect. Do you feel

steady, honey?" she asked.

"Yeah, perfectly steady."

"Holy shit, it's perfect! We did it!" she cheered then fed his a few wet kisses.

Derek giggled. "Did what, mom? What now?"

Monica jumped from the bed and whipped off her Daisy Duke shorts. "Well, what was the one-word hint I

gave you?"

"Doggy?"

Derek watched her slide her black thong panties down her smooth legs, stepping out of them. She quickly

crawled back onto the bed, taking a position on her hands and knees in front of him. She peered back with a

smile, the naked globes of her meaty behind wagging anxiously. "That's right...doggy. I told you I was

going to teach you every position and I meant it."

Derek's heart about leaped out of his chest with excitement. "Holy hell...I'm gonna fuck Mom doggiestyle."

he thought.

"Derek..." the mother said with a sultry smile as she slowly crawled backwards, "I'm comin' back."

The teen watched the crack of her juicy slit as it moved back towards his perfetly alligned hardon. The

shaved folds stretched around the tip of his prick and Derek watched his boner slowly disappear inside her

wet coral slit. "Ohhh man," he whimprred.

Finally, his prick was completly buried and Monica's soft tan buns pressed snuggly against his abdomen.

"Ohh Mom," The teen muttered, encased in the hot grip of her cunt.

"Welcome back," she giggled, watching his reaction as she flexed her cunt muscles, gripping tightly around

the long brick-hard cylinder of cock-meat inside her. "I missed you," she said loving.

Derek gazed down. He loved his mom's mature ass and the way her naked hips flared out sexily. Her

mommy-buns felt so soft and warm squashed against him.

Monica continued to peer back over her shoulder, pleasingly watching her boy gawk. "You can squeeze my

ass honey. It's not gonna bite."

Derek reached down and ran his hands all over his mom's lush behind. He dug his fingers into the soft yet

firm flesh.

"Feels nice, doesn't it, sweetie?" Monica asked.

"Hell yeah it does."

"Think you can handle watching that ass beat against you all morning?"

"Ohhh yeah," he muttered, so turned on he could hardly breathe.

"Then I guess I better set these hips in motion, teach you how to really fuck a girl doggy-style."

Monica moved first, her clinging pussy dragged halfway up his cockshaft, then slid back to the root.

Her pussy was working like a squeeze box, driving him wild. He tightened his grip on her ass and began to

move with her, in counterpoint. As her loins slid down he thrust his cock up to meet her, and as he

withdrew she rolled her pelvis, winding her cunt hole on his prick. "That's it, darling...goood," Monica

sighed.

Soon mother and son were moving in perfect doggy fucking rhythm. Derek loved hearing his mom's ass

slap against him and his tongue hung out as watched her buns ripple, striking his abdomine over and over.

"Ohh God, mom...this is soo cool!"

"You like this position, honey?" Monica asked.

"Holy wow yeah!"

Monica giggled, clutching his prick with her experienced cunt as she looked back at him. "Grab my hips

now baby, it'll give you more leverage so you can really start laying it into me."

Derek gripped his mom's soft hips firmly and she threw her ass back at him with greater intensity. With a

nice hold, the teen thrust his hips, laying his dick in with deep powerful thrusts. "Oooh yeah," the teen

sighed.

"There you go my baby, just like that!" Monica shouted excitedly.

Derek's cock thundered up and down her cunt, his swollen cock-head pounding against her back wall. The

rubbery ridged cunt walls began to shrink around the assaulting hardon, preparing to soak it with orgasmic

juices.

"Ohhh my God... Oh God my yes! YESSS!!" The gorgeous mother threw her head back, letting loose a

scream of pleasure that rang out through the house.

Hot girl cum broke along the wedge of Derek's nob and squirted along his thrusting slab as it fucked

steadily. A pleasurable jolt shot up his cock and into his balls. "Ohhh fuck!!"

Still gasping, Monica shouted back instruction. "Tighten!"

The teen tightened his ass, making his own orgasm subside while keeping a steady cunt fucking pace. He

could feel the juice dripping off his swinging balls and see his mom's body trembling. "I'm controling it,

Mom...not gonna cum."

"Ooohh that's my baby," Monica sang, swinging her ass back to meet his thrusts. "Come on, let's test that

willpower!"

The bed began creaking as they engaged in a heated fuck. Monica lifted her tank to her neck, letting her big

naked mommy-tits swing on her chest. She glared back at her boy, pounding her ass back against him.

"Come on baby, keep giving this girl a nice hard doggy fuck!"

Derek was almost hypnotized by the repetitive beat of his mom's buns against his midsection. He wanted

nothing more than to impress the hell out of her, so he kept at it. Even as Monica's body was struck with

one juicy orgasm after another, the hard-dicked teen kept up a steady fuck.

The proud mother looked back at her teen, watching him thrust. He looked up at her and she smiled sweetly

back at him. "Do you like fucking, sweetie? Do you like the way a pussy feels around your cock?"

"Oh hell yeah!"

"You keep fucking this good babe and you'll have more pussy than you can handle."

"Huh, ok by me," Derek said confidently.

As they kept a steady pace, Monica's gave her son an impressed gaze, her eyes traveling wantonly up his

lean sweaty chest. "Look at you, mister king of the universe...mounting his mom's ass and giving her a nice

long doggy-fuck."

Derek suddenly slapped his mom's ass, making her scream and giggle. "Ohh yeah, slap that ass you fucking

stud!"

Derek stuck her ass again. "Come on, Mom, let's go!" he said, thrusting his peter deep into her cunt with

authority.

Monica fed him an evil grin, her tongue flicking between the teeth of her open mouth. "Ohhh, you are in

trouble mister!"

She tighted her cunt muscles and swung her ass back with greater intensity. Derek slapped it again and she

let loose an excited girl-scream.

The bed whined as it rocked beneath them. Pleasure shot through Monica's naked body as she shamelessly

pounded her ass back against her thrusting teen. "Oh fuck yes! Ohh Derek! Oh Shit, grab my hips and fuck

the shit out of me!!" she cried, rising towards another orgasm.

It wasn't long before she screamed as her pussy turned to cream.

After a solid hour of hardcore doggy-fucking the proud mom peeked back at her boy. "Oh baby, let's make

you cum. You earned it," Monica said.

Derek panted heavy as felt his cum building.. "Mom, can I cum on your ass?"

"Of course you can, baby."

"Sweet!" he said, grabbing her hips and really laying it to her.

It seemed almost surreal the way the perspiration-sheened globes of his own mom's luscious tan buttocks

was being thrown back at him. The way the meaty ass-flesh would ripple each time it struck him was one

of the most amazing things he'd ever seen. Hot cum rose quickly from his nut-sack. "Ohhh Goddamn!!"

"Come on honey, paint Mommy's ass with your cum!" Monica shouted.

At the last second Derek slipped his big wet dick from her cunt and stroked it furiously."Ohhhnnnshit!" he

wailed as huge hot ribbons of spunk fired from his cannon, splashing out in slimy strands across Monica's

ass.

Monica smiled naughtily, wagging her buttocks as her teen milked out every drop of cum from his lance.

"There you go, sweetie...jerk out all the yummy pleasure."

After Derek squeezed out ever drop Monica guided him down on top of her, sprawling out on her stomach

on the bed. "Slip it back inside my pussy and lay down on me," she said.

Derek sprawled against her sweaty backside and his still-hard prick wormed deep inside her cunt as he lay

his head on her shoulder. "Damn...feels so good laying against mom's ass like this." he thought.

She lifted her head and smiled. "Comfy?"

"Ohh yeah."

She squeezed his cock with her cunt, making him gasp.

Monica giggled. "Never knew your mom's pussy had such skill, did you?"

Derek and Monica lay there for at least an hour, her cunt squeezing and nipping at his big dick. The lucky

teen finally fell asleep and when he woke he was still in his parents bed, but Monica had slipped out from

under him.

He heard the shower in the master bath running. He looked through the open doorway and realized he had a

perfect view of the shower from where he was laying. The glass shower door was completely clear,

allowing him to watch his mom wash in full HD.

Monica used a luffa to soap up gorgeous tan body. Her huge mature breasts bobbled heavily on her chest as

a river of suds ran down into the canyon between them. She tilted her lovely head back, her hair wet and

slicked as she rinsed her curvy body. Her unblemished skin glistened and Derek confirmed once again that

his mom was truely a Goddess of a woman.

He watched her dry off and sashay back into the bedroom completely naked. "Well hello there,

sleepyhead."

"I didn't even hear you get up," the teen said.

"Wanted to sneak away and get a shower, get my body nice and clean for your next lesson."

"Nice. Do we have to make something for this one?"

Monica laughed. "No, not this time. In fact, your already in the perfect position for this lesson. Close your

eyes."

Derek did as she asked and could feel his mom slipping onto the bed. "Ok, open them up."

He opened his eyes and gasped as he lifted his head. Monica's shaved pussy was inches from his face, her

labia splayed open like butterfly wings. Her legs were bowed apart, knees way back into the birthing

position. Her big boobs hung off the sides of her chest and she smiled down at her boy, resting on her

elbows. "It's time for you to learn how to eat pussy."

Ken had a hard time concentrating at work. It seemed all he could think about was his wife and son. He

wondered what they were at home doing at that moment, knowing it must be something sexual. Part of him

was angry. Part of him was jealous, but of part of him was also extremely aroused by what they were doing

together. He wondered what was going on at home at that moment. Were they fucking? Was his wife of

twenty years sucking their son's dick?"

Curiosity got the best of him and he decided to swing by the house during his lunch hour. Sneaking inside,

he wasn't at all suprised to hear his wife moaning and panting from down the hallway.

Ken peeked inside the bedroom to see Derek eating away at Monica's pussy. At this point, he had been

going at it awhile and from the looks of things was getting pretty fucking good at it. Monica's tan legs were

practically wrapped around the teen's head, her back arching from the bed as jolt of pleasure shot through

her lush body. "YESSSS!" She screamed.

Young Derek was hooked. His head spun as he experienced the taste and aroma of wet pussy. His tongue

plowed through her folds, lashing furiously across the fat nub of her clitoris. "Oh baby, just like that...up

and down the crack of my cunt!" Ken heard his wife gasp.

Derek ate at her pussy like a starving dog, his whipping tongue laving in her dripping juices.

"Ungghh, unh, oh fuck, unh, unh, unh, cuuummmiiiinnnnggg!"" The mother's ass heaved a full half-foot

off the bed as the spasm swept through her nakedness. She clawed her son's head. Fuck juice gushed out of

her cunt hole and Derek lapped it all up, alternating between flicks on her clit and slurps in her pussy.

Ken watched in aroused fascination as his skilled son brought his wife off two more times.

"Oh, that's it sweetie. Stiffen up your tongue now and plow it across my clitoris," Monica cried.

Derek followed her instruction and once again had her shaking. "Ooonnngooddnnnfuckingshittt!!" Monica

howled, her naked body trembling as jolt after jolt of pleasure shot through her. She reached down and

held the kid's head tightly against her orgasming cunt.

Monica moved onto her knees and rolled her boy over onto his back. "Damn mom, I like that alot," he

gasped, his face drench in girl-cum..

"I did too, in case you couldn't tell," she giggled, "We're gonna try it in a different position that I guarantee

you'll like even more."

"Why do you think I'll like it more?"

"Well, you'll still get to eat pussy, but also have your dick sucked at the same time. It's called the sixty-nine

position."

The busty mother straddled her son's head, her juicy cunt resting right on top of his waiting lips. Derek

whimpered in delight, wasting no time putting his tongue back to work. Monica smiled pleasingly, wrapped

her tiny fist around her boy's hard-on as she leaned down and started sucking.

Ken was mesmerized as he watched his wife greedily suck their son's dick. Monica's eyes were closed as

the ring of her stretched lips glided up and down the tender dong. Ken watched them lower to Derek's balls

as she deep throated him.

Her lips pulled at the fleshy column as they rose to the tip, then lowered once again to his nuts. Ken

watched his wife's lips sink into Derek's scotum feeding on the root of his prick. He knew from experience

that the real magic was taking place inside her mouth, with her skilled tongue and throat.

Having no gag reflex allowed the mother to use her gullet to milk her son's cock like a pussy. Her long

strong tongue worked tirelessly, giving long drags along the blue-viened shaft and scrubbing the head with

looping wet licks. This made Derek's body shutter with pleasure and made him give her cunt whimpering

licks.

It wasn't long before Monica spotted her husband in the doorway. When their eyes met Derek's cock slid

from her mouth and her tongue lashed quickly, almost defiantly on the tip.

Monica rose up slightly reaching back and stroking the hair of Derek's head, which rested below the

weight of her smothering ass. "You're doing good, sweetie...just like that."

Derek's tongue slithered and wiggled through the folds of labial meat. It sunk down into her cunt-hole as far

as it would could and he felt his mother hump and buck, fucking her wet, throbbing pussy all over his face.

He latched onto her clit and Monica squeeled as a cum hit her out of nowhere. "Hhhoooo God!!!" She

shouted as the buxom beauty creamed on her boy's face.

The trembling mother eagerly beat his meat as she sucked on the head, encouraging the cock juice to come

squirting out between her lips.

"Mmmmnnnffff!!" Derek let out a muffled whimper.

Monica made a lewd gurgling noise and hungrily started swallowing her boy's load.The initial blast was

followed with long, syrupy ribbons of milk-white cum. Endlessly it poured out of Derek's throbbing prick,

as if the naked teen had been holding back his load for months.

Ken watch his wife nurse on the spurting dong, milking out every drop. Monica unstraddled their son and

crawled on her hands and knees, planting a series of wet kisses up his body. Her huge hanging tits drug

across his chest as she kissed her way to his neck and attacked it with wild flailing licks.

"Ooohhh shit, mom!" Derek muttered, as she plowed her tongue on the most sensitive spot on his neck.

She raised up and gave him a sultry gaze. "Hey big boy, wanna fuck now?"

Derek smiled, heart pounding. "Of course I do."

"Let's sit you up then. There's a really cool position I want to teach you."

Derek sat up and Monica climbed on board. "Hook your legs in sweetie and I'm gonna sit on your lap and

wrap my legs around you. This is called the lotus position"

The mature beauty clutched his erection and fed it inside her creamy cunt, then wrapped her arms around

his neck as their bodies came together, her big boobs mashed against his chest.

"This is nice," the boy sighed.

"It is. It's a very intimate position. We can do lots of kissing and licking and the best part for you...you'll get

to feel these great big titties bouncing around on your chest," she said with a giggle.

"I like the sound of that."

Joined at the genitals, mother and son began to make out passionately. Gradually, Monica's curvy body set

in motion and soon she was grinding rhythmically on her son's loins, stiring her cunt with his cock. "Ohh

baby yes! YES! Just like that!!" she panted.

Ken was still at the doorway, watching them in sick fascination. His wife rested her forehead against her

sons', gazing lustfully into his eyes. She was whispering something to him...something naughty. Suddenly

her head snapped back and like a howling bitch in heat she let loose an orgasmic cry. "Unnnggghhhh!!!"

Derek felt hot girl cum squirting along his shaft. He could feel her cunt throbbing and pulsating, squeezing

his prick with her strong slippery pussy muscles. "Ohh shit," he cried out.

The pleasure-struck mother suddenly shot forward, latching on to her teen in a tight embrace. With arms

tightly coiled around him, her soft tits were now flattened out against his chest. With silky legs bowed

around him she dug the heels of her pretty feet into his ass, pulling even more hard dick up into her.

"YES...FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUUUUCK!!" She shouted, her motherly hips swiveling like a well

oiled machine, fucking the buried prick with mini-thrusts.

"Ohhh damn," Derek sighed, kissing and licking the upper slope of Monica's breast as his face sunk into it.

Her cunt shrunk around his pole.

"Cuummmmiiiinnngggg!!" Monica sang and Derek felt her body tremble from it's core.

Ken shook his head as he watched his wife writhe and shake, clutching their son like no mother should. He

had never seen her cum this much, already at least a half-dozen times, just since he'd been home. At that

moment he knew his sex life and probably his entire marriage was doomed.

Derek tightened his ass, making his own orgasm subside. He loved that his mom was pretty much using his

body for her pleasure and had an idea of how it could be even more mindblowing for her. Because Monica

was supporting them with her arms and legs, the teen reached around and sunk his fingers into the meaty

globes of her pivoting ass. "Bend down here, Mom. Let me lick your neck."

"Ohhh," Monica responded, leaning over and letting Derek lap at her neck the same way she lapped at his.

"Oohhh baby!" she whimpered, shivering excitedly.

While doing this, Derek pulled her ass into him cramming another inch of cock-meat deep inside her.

"Ooohhh God yes!!" Monica shouted, her eyes rolling back as she felt his big dick bumping at her uterus.

"Fuck me! Oh God baby, pull me in hard!!" Monica cried.

Derek's fingers sunk in to her ass as he pulled her in so close he could feel her fleshy cunt-lips spread out

around the root of his prick. His enflamed nob plowed against the soft head of her cervix and he suddenly

felt it shift, tightly clamping around him.

"Ohhhh baby, I'm cummming! I'm fucking cuuuming again!" The mother announced.

He felt his mom's long nails dig into his back as every muscle in her body tensed. Monica saw flashes of

light and knew she was the verge of strongest orgasm of her life. All at once, the pleasure shot through

every part of her naked body. It was so fucking strong she couldn't even scream. Her eyes rolled back in

their sockets. Her little toes clenched and her nipples swelled against Derek's chest.

The mother's cunt-tunnel shrunk around the pole, so tight that it couldn't even budge. In an instant, Derek's

prick was soaked in hot cream. The feeling was so intense that the boy was helpless in stopping his own

cum. Ropes of boiling spunk erupted from his piss-slit, washing Monica's cunt with cum.

"Hhhhuuuooohhh!!" Derek howled.

The mutual orgasm went on and on.

Finally, after minutes passed, their bodies relaxed and Derek heard his mother sniffling. "Mom, are you

ok?"

A tear streaked down her cheek as she stared dreamy-eyed at her son. She smiled and nodded, still catching

her breath.

Seeing his wife crying Ken awkwardly rushed over. "Monica, are you ok? Are you hurt?"

Monica didn't take her eyes off her son. "No, I'm fine, Ken. Please, just...go."

"Why are you crying babe?" he asked in concern.

She glared at him. "PLEASE! Just leave us alone."

"Ok," Ken said, backing out of the room.

Ken went down and sat in the livingroom, trying to take it all in. He knew he had to put an end to this

madness. It was clear this was becoming more that just sexual training. The sex they were having was

much to intense and passionate..

"Are you sure you're ok Mom?" Derek asked her as they still cuddled on her bed.

Monica continued to gaze. "Oh sweetheart...I'm crying because that was the most intense orgasm I've ever

experienced. And we women...well, we can get very emotional at times like these."

"Well, I'm glad I didn't hurt you."

"No honey, you didn't hurt me, you pleasured me. I grew up a very sexual girl. I've had alot of dick in my

life. Your father and I, we've had a pretty active sex life...and he's done his best to keep up. I've enjoyed

alot of pleasure over the years, but NEVER anything like this."

"Sounds like I'm doing ok then," Derek smiled proudly.

"Oh darling, you're doing better than ok. Truth is, the longer we go on with your training, the less this has

become just about you. It's become about us. I've fallen in love with you Derek."

"Really?" Derek answered, his head spinning. He knew the feelings she was having were similar to what he

himself was experiencing. She was truly the woman of his dream and he doubted any woman could ever

compete.

"Yes. I'm sorry honey, I didn't mean for it to happen...I just..."

"I've fallen in love with you too, Mom." He muttered, their eyes locked.

Monica sniffled and a tear ran down her cheek. "I knew it. The past few days, I could feel your love...feel it

with every thrust of that big beautiful dick. So we've come to a crossroad...do we go on as just mother and

son, or do we let love take us further."

"What do you want, Mom?"

"I've already made up my mind...but you sweetheart, you have a whole life ahead of you. You may not

really want what I want for us."

"What is it you want for us?" he asked, curious to know.

Monica gave him a sultry smile. "I want us to fuck, every day for the rest of our lives. I want us to fuck and

cum and fuck like there's no tomorrow. I wanna be yours, sweetie. I wanna give you babies and make our

lives together a living paradise."

Derek heart was racing. He knew that such a life would truly be like living a dream. There was only one

thing that stood in their way. "What about dad?"

Monica thought for a moment. "I'll ask your father for a divorce. He'll move on with his new life just like

we'll be moving on with ours, but only if that's what you want too?"

"I don't wanna hurt him, but I don't wanna be without you even more. If that makes sense?." Derek said.

Monica smiled, a tear rolling down her cheek. "It does. Trust me, I feel exactly the same."

Monica gently nudged her new lover onto his back and crawled down on top of him. For the next two hours

they engaged in passionate lovemaking. Down the hallway all Ken could do was listen to his soon to be ex

wife cry in orgasm.

Later Ken heard the door open and Monica stepped from her and Derek's bedroom. He stood up and she

stepped up the hallway in her flimsy silk robe. "You're still here," she said.

"Yeah, I um, decided to take the rest of the day off."

Ken couldn't help but marvel at how beautiful she was, just like the day they married. Even in a skimpy

robe with hair dishoveled this woman was a thing of beauty. She fed him a disappointed smile. "This isn't

easy for me to say, but I have to. We've had twenty great years together...but it's over Ken."

"Wait, what? You're divorcing me?" Ken asked in shock.

Monica faked a frown. "Yeah, I am."

Ken's heart sunk. He knew the sexual stuff was getting more serious than it should, but he didn't expect

this. "Monica why, we have a great life together. I mean, we hardly ever fight."

"Honey, this isnt about that. You're a great man and I will always have a love for you, but I'm moving in to

the prime of my womanhood. What I need, you couldn't give me...not even if you tried," Monica explained.

"Let me try."

Monica smiled at him pathetically. "Ken, no, I'm sorry, hon...I'm leaving you."

Ken's mouth fell open as he realized what she was getting at. "For Derek?"

Monica nodded. "Yes, for Derek."

"For our son? Have you lost your mind? he asked in disbelief.

"I've fallen in love with him. Think what you want, but I truly believe that Derek and I are the perfect

couple. We're getting married as soon as the divorce is final."

Ken shook his head. "I don't believe this. Monica you can't marry your son."

Monica stood her ground. "Yes, I can...and the days of you telling me what I can and can't do are over."

"You'll be a disgrace to everyone."

Monica smirked. "Oh fucking well. Let them talk, let them fume! Meanwhile I'll be in bed with my new

man, getting more pleasure than you could ever think of giving me."

"I don't believe this," Ken said lowering his head. "This isn't right."

"I've called and booked a room at a resort for Derek and I...we'll be leaving in a few hours. PJ is going to

stay with my parents until we get back. That'll give you plenty of time to get your things moved out."

Ken looked completely defeated. "This is insane," he muttered.

Monica stepped over and gave him a final peck on the lips. "Goodbye Ken."

Hours later, six inch strapless heels tapped daintily on the tile floor of the resort lobby. Propped up inside

them were beautiful tan bare feet with ruby red toenails. Monica was in a form fitting tube dress, as she

pushed her son's wheelchair across the lobby. Her king-sized tits trembling as she sashayed to the front

desk.

"Hi, we have a reservation for Monica Tracy."

The clerk typed into her computer. "Yes, here we are...the lovers suite."

"Yes, my boyfriend and I are celebrating our engagement."

The clerk smiled. "Oh, congratulations. You two must be thrilled. Here's your key. Someone will bring

your luggage right up to you."

"Oh, could they leave it by the door. We'd like to not be disturbed for a few hours," Monica said, winking

at her son.

Huge double doors opened into the spacious lovers suite. A massive heart-shaped bed, adorned in white

lace sat in the center of suite. "Wow, what a room," Derek said, gazing around.

The teen wheeled over to the window and parted the silk curtains looking out over the city. "Man, we must

be on the very top of the building. I can see the entire city from up here."

"Derek..." his mom said softly.

Derek turned to find her out of her dress, big naked mommy-melons hanging heavily from her chest. She

peeled her little panties down her silky legs and stepped out of them on bare feet. Monica got onto the bed,

her meaty buttocks pointed back at her boy as she crawled towards the center. Derek gulped as he watched

her tan buns sway. He could see the pucker of her butthole and the crack of her shaved snatch below.

"Mmm such a soft bed for me and my man," she said.

The shameless mother rolled onto her back and threw her luscious legs back, scissoring them wide open so

that her little feet pointed in opposite directions. "So much room for me to SPREAD out."

"Oh damn Mom," he muttered, marveling at her amazing spread.

"Mmm I need my sexy teenaged, soon to be husband up here so I wrap these strong legs around him."

"Sounds good to me," Derek said, wheeling to the edge of the bed.

Monica crawled over to him, her huge tits wobbling as they hung from her chest. She fed him a sultry look

as she started to undo his belt. "I love you, Derek."

"I love you, Monica," he muttered.

She smiled. "I like that, but I'd rather you call me Mom," she said with a naughty grin.

"Can do."

"There's so much more I want to teach you, but now we have all the time in the world for that now," she

said, then gazed at him with a loving motherly look. "Right now I just want you to fuck your dreamgirl

hard."

Derick smiled, his heart beating hard as if it were his very first time. She guided him onto the bed and in

between her wide splayed thighs.

THE END

62: Lights, Camera, Mom!_1

by klrxo

Katie was in Victoria's Secret looking at panties when she saw someone she recognized. "Beth?" she said.

A short-haired blonde turned and suddenly got a big smile. "Katie? Oh my God, how are you?" she said, sharing a hug.

"I'm great, what's it been like..three years now?"

"Yeah, I think so. The boys were playing little league. Seems like just yesterday," Beth said, shaking her head.

"I know. So how are things with you?"

"Not bad," Beth said, "Not sure if you heard, but David and I divorced about a year ago." "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," Katie said with a frown.

"Ha, don't be. I found out he was cheating with a co-worker. Kicked his ass straight to the curb." "Good

for you," Katie said, "Are you still working at the Insurance Firm?"

"Nooo, I quit that place shortly after the divorce. I started doing some stuff online and it sorta turned into a full time gig? Beth explained.

"Insurance stuff?"

"No, no, no. I left that world behind," Beth said, then looked around to make sure no one else was listening, "I'm a porn-actress now," she said proudly, raising her eyebrows.

Katie giggled. "A porn-actress? Seriously?"

"Yeah, there's this really cool site that I heard about, they let you post your own content..! figured, what the fuck, I have great tits and a sweet ass, maybe there's some guys out there who could get into me. Speaking figuratively of course," she said, making them both giggle.

"And you make money doing this?"

Beth gave her a smirk. "Money? Honey, this girl is bringing in high five-figures right now. Whoever said 'sex sells' knew exactly what they were talking about."

"Wow," Katie muttered, "do you have to fuck all sorts of weird guys though?"

"No, right now I'm just a solo act. I would love to find a co-star with a big dick though. From what I've heard, a hot MILF performing with a big-dicked young guy can make some serious bank," Beth said.

"Well, it doesn't sound like you're doing too bad in the meantime.. Marty must be getting ready for college about now?" Katie asked.

"He is," Beth responded, "how 'bout Zack?"

"Yup, just turned eighteen and is THANKFULLY sticking with the local University. He'll be starting this next semester," Katie said.

"That's awesome. Jesus seems like yesterday we were sitting in the bleachers watching them run around the baseball field, now they're officially men."

"I know, now if Zack would just start acting like one," she joked, making Beth laugh.

"Oh trust me, I know exactly what you mean," Beth said, "we should get together one day for lunch, bring the boys, it would be fun."

"For sure," Katie said, pulling out her phone, "let me get your number." The mothers exchanged numbers and said goodbye.

Katie paid for her new panties and left the store. At thirty-eight years old, she had long dark hair and a damn nice body. It would best be described as voluptuous, with strong curvy legs, a succulent ass and enormous thirty-eight H-cup tits. Today she wore her usual, a floral printed sundress, with thin straps holding up a peekaboo front, leaving an impressive cleavage on display. Her feet were propped in dainty

five-inch heeled sandals, with just a thin leather strap crossing her foot, just above her pretty painted toes.

As she strode through the mall, a small group of teens gawked at her big jutting melons, which seemed to tremble with each delicate CLICK of her heels.

Katie's cellphone chimed and she looked at it. It was an email alert from her bank. It read "YOUR SAVINGS ACCOUNT IS AT $0. PLEASE CONTACT US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION."

"That'sstrange.H/e haveoverthreehundred-thousandinthataccount.Itmustbesomemistake,"she

thought, then dialed her husband's cell.

It went straight to his voicemail, so she left a message. "Hey hon, it's me. I just got a weird alert from the bank, was wondering if you got the same thing. Give me a call back. Love you," she said.

'k'k'k

Zack looked up at his girlfriend's hefty knockers as they swung above his face. Taylor was a cute red-head, a year older than him. She had a curvy body and smooth alabaster skin. Her thick

peach-shaped ass bounced up and down, plunging Zack's hardon through her pussy. "Fuck yesss!" she cried out. The long fat hunk of meat inside her stretched the pink lining of her pussy, igniting her pleasurable never-endings.

Zack leaned up and sucked the tip of her boob into his mouth. He licked and pulled at the nipple, which got him even more and more excited. Zack was a true tit-lover who obsessed over big boobs. He was ashamed to admit it, but it was one of the main reasons he got together with Taylor in the first place. When he found out she wore a triple-d sized bra, he knew he had to suck them and stick his big cock between them for a nice tittie-fuck on a regular basis.

Between his deep boning and rough tit-play the teen had her cumming in no time. The cute girl shook and squealed, soaking Zack's brick-hard erection with her juices. He sat up and easily flipped her over on her back, quickly slipping between her splayed thighs.

"Fuck me hard!" Taylor mewled. Horny as hell, she humped her ass off the mattress, fucking her aching cunt up at Zack's cock. Her naked thighs closed around his hips. The big-dicked teen savagely rammed all of his stiff dick up her pussy and started fucking her with it, pumping his blue-veined hard-on through the slurping wetness of her cunt hole.

"Yesss, fuck meee, Zacky!" she whimpered..

The horny teens fucked fast and hard, their bellies slapping obscenely together with every juicy hump.

Zack dropped his head to her bouncing tits and sucked her nipples, tugging the rubbery stiff tips into his mouth like a sucking baby. As big as his girlfriend's tits were, he secretly wished they were bigger. He wished she could bury his entire fucking head between them and get smothered to.the point of nearly passing out.

Downstairs, Zack's mother Katie had just got home. She called out to him, but got no answer. She

slipped out of her heels and went upstairs, making the mistake of entering her son's room only after a quick knock.

The first thing she noticed were two humping bodies on the bed. Then she saw Zack's swollen prick pounding brutally into Taylor's cunt slit, his big balls slapping against the crack of her ass with every thrust. "Cumming now, ahhhh, God, I'm cumming!" Taylor cried out.

Gasping with shock and embarrassment, Katie quickly closed the door, still unable to escape the girl's orgasmic cries."Fuck meeeee-awww, awwwww, yes, I'm cuummmiiinnnggg!!"

"Damnit, Zack," Katie muttered, frustrated by how many times she'd asked him to lock his door when taking care of personal business. It was only a month ago she had walked in on him beating his meat, while watching a video of huge naked tits bouncing around.

Not much was said about the incident, other than her admonishing him to lock his door next time.

Katie went to her bedroom, checking her phone for any missed calls. She was beginning to worry a bit. It wasn't like her husband not to call her back. Tom had a busy job as an investment banker, but he always made time for communication with his wife throughout the day. She shot him a text. "Hey, everything ok? Did you get my voice-message?" she texted.

She stripped out of her sundress, unveiling a sexy pale-pink bra and panty set. The silky bra had delicate lace embroidery and fit snug on her body, barely containing the heavy flesh of her boobs. Bulging

tit-meat was spilling out all over the place. She went into the bathroom and started the shower. As she leaned over, the thong of her panties crept further between her thick ass-cheeks.

She grasped the panties by the waistband and peeled them down her smooth coppertone legs. Katie had a succulent ass. The kind of bubble-butt most women work tirelessly to achieve. The unblemished half-moons had strong gluteal muscles and a thick outer layer of fat, giving them that erotic sway and jiggle as she walked.

The beautiful mother stood upright, reaching back with both hands, pulling at the thick bands of her bra and unclasping her hooks. The straps slipped off her shoulders and she peeled the silky cups away, releasing her enormous melons. Katie had always been a busty girl. She wore tripled bras in high school and through the years, her tits just grew to ridiculous proportions.

She stepped into the shower, soaking her body in the hot spray. Then she applied a series of soaps and exfoliating that always kept her skin soft and perfectly unblemished. As she rinsed it away, the suds cascaded down through the canyon between her mammoth tits. The thick nubs of her nipples stood erect, protruding from the wide pink areola that were as big around as grapefruits.

After a quick shave, eliminating any stubble on her legs and pubis, the mother washed and conditioned her beautiful straight mane of dark hair. Finally finished, she got out, toweled off and lotioned her body. Her strong legs shimmered with smooth sleek softness.

After throwing on a fresh bra, panties and a cute matching outfit, consisting of shorts and a tank -top, the mother went back

downstairs to start dinner. The downstairs area was an open concept, so Katie

was able to see Zack and his girlfriend as they came downstairs. "Bye, Katie," Taylor said, heading for the front door.

Katie flashed her a smile. "Bye hon," she said, then looked at her son "Please tell me she's on the pill," the concerned mother said, rinsing a few dishes.

"Umm, hello to you too," Zack joked, opening the fridge.

"I know you guys were fucking in there and I know you weren't wearing a condom." "How do you know that? Maybe I was," Zack said with a smug grin.

"I know that because you didn't lock your door again, so I walked in and got an eye-full."

"Mom, you gotta stop doing that. Knocking twice then coming right in is like pausing at a stop sign. It's a stop, not a pause. If my door's closed, there's probably a good reason," Zack said.

Katie rolled her eyes, drying her hands off. "Well, thank you for that wonderful analogy, Mister Einstein. Start wearing condoms or your room is off limits when she comes over," she said sternly. "Fine," Zack said, taking a swig of orange-juice from the jug.

"And please use a glass, that's gross," she said. Zack answered with a belch.

"Zack!" Katie said with a glare. "Sorry."

"You're gonna be sorry when I kick you out of my kitchen. Have you heard from your father?" she said, checking her phone again, "he hasn't been answering his phone."

"Maybe he's having an affair," Zack said, watching his Mom cut vegetables on the center island. Katie peeked up, glaring at him. "That's not even funny," she said.

Zack giggled, th eye-balled his Mom's jugs, entranced by how they stretched her cotton tank top. He loved the way her tits pressed together in the snug top, forming a mile-long cleavage that was on open display above the scooped neck. Being a big tit expert and having a mother with such a huge rack made it hard for him to focus on anything else sometimes.

Katie wasn't blind to his obsession. The way he constantly stared at her chest, along with the fact that he had a busty girlfriend, made it fairly obvious that she had a horny tit-hound for a son.

She spoke up, breaking his tittie-trance. "Maybe there's something wrong with my phone. Can you try texting him on yours?" she said..

Zack was in the middle of texting his father, when they saw the front door open. Rick flashed them a somber look as he closed the door behind him.

"Hey hon, did you not get my calls?" Katie asked him.

"I did, sorry. I was just in the middle of something," her husband muttered.

She could tell right away something was up. "Is everything ok? What's wrong?" she asked..

Rick stood there looking at the floor. He shook his head, almost like he was in a state of shock and disbelief. "I fucked up. Seriously fucked up," he said, then started up the stairway.

Katie and Zack looked at each other, confused. Rick was usually very happy-go-lucky, so his behavior was extremely unusual. "Maybe he did have an affair," Zack whimpered.

"Hush," Katie said, then followed her husband upstairs.

She found him in their bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed. She came over and sat beside him. "What's going on? You didn't answer my calls and I've never seen you like this. You're starting to scare me," she said.

Rick glanced up into her eyes, then looked away, as if he was ashamed to look at her for two long. "Do you remember last week, when I was told you about some good stock tips that I got and that I was thinking about investing?"

"Yeah, that medical company, right?" Katie asked.

"Yes, well I did invest some money, but unfortunately, it turned out to be a very bad deal. The company just liquidated. The assets were used to pay administrative expenses first, then the claims of the secured creditors. By the time they did that, the shareholders like myself were pretty much out of luck," Rick explained.

Katie sighed, preparing to hear the damage. "How much did we lose?"

Rick shook his head and looked at the floor. His silence made Katie's heart pound nervously. "Rick...how much did we lose?" she said again, with more panic in her voice.

"We lost everything," he muttered. "Our entire savings."

Katie let out a fake snicker. "Please tell me your joking," she said. "I wish I was."

She abruptly stood up. "Wait a minute. Is that why I got an email alert from our bank? So you really bet all our savings on a stupid stock tip?"

"It looked solid," Rick said. "Even the guys at the office said it was a sure bet. I was only gonna hold onto it for a short time. I thought it could double, maybe even triple our investment."

Katie looked as though she could burst out crying. "That money was our future," she exclaimed. "That was Zack's college, that was our retirement. You had no right to do that!"

"Babe, I'm sorry, my only intention was the help us."

"Help us?!" Katie shouted. "You just fucking destroyed everything we've worked our whole lives for. You might as well have just went to Vegas and blown it all playing blackjack."

"Katie, I never would have done it if I didn't thing it was gonna pay off," he said.

"Well, guess what? It didn't!" she said. "I never would have agreed to that. I never would have let you wager our entire life savings on some stupid stock," she said, then suddenly got choked up as the reality of the situation sunk in,"YOU SELFISH BASTARD!" she screamed, the stomped out of the room in tears.

The rest of the evening was very awkward for everyone in the house. Katie secluded herself in the guest bedroom in the basement, locking the door and ignoring her husband's requests to talk. Zack was curious as hell, but also kinda pissed at his dad for upsetting his Mom. The teen was afraid that if he found out his dad was cheating that he would do something stupid, like punch him. So he decided to play it cool and not pry into what was going on.

He remained in the dark until the following afternoon when he arrived home from school. He saw his mom sitting on the couch with her laptop, so he joined her.

"So was I right?" he asked.

Katie looked up from her computer. "About?" she said, raising an eyebrow. "Dad cheating on you?"

She shook her head and forced a smile.. "No, your father's not cheating on me."

"So what did he mean when he said he fucked up and why aren't you guys talking to each other?"

"Your father made a very bad investment," she said..Katie explained the situation and how their savings account was drained due to a lack of judgement on Rick's part.

Zack could hardly believe it. "Damn, I can't believe dad would be that stupid," he said..

"Me neither, so that's why I've been looking for a job all afternoon," she said. "To help earn some of that money back."

"Mom, it was three-hundred thousand dollars. You're gonna have to work until you're like eighty to make that back," he said, making her giggle.

"Well then I'll work until I'm eighty," Katie said," I've been telling you all these years that we're paying for your college and that's what I intend to do."

Zack smiled. "Well what if I just didn't go to college, then you wouldn't have to worry about it." "What, so you can lounge around here and watch big boob videos all day?" she teased.

Zack was a bit embarrassed. He knew his Mom was referring to the time she'd caught him beating off while watched some naked milf tits swing around on his computer screen.

"I don't watch that stuff anymore," he lied.

Katie could read him like a book. "Uh-huh," she muttered teasingly. The discussion made her think of the conversation she'd had with Beth at the mall.. "Guess who I saw a the mall yesterday?" Katie asked.

"Joanna Bliss?"

Katie gave him a weird look. "Who?" "Never mind," he giggled, "who'd you see?" "Remember Beth, Marty's mom?"

"Oh yeah, she was damn hot," Zack said.

Katie gave him a playful swat on the shoulder. "You were fifteen," she said. "Ok, well she was still damn hot," he said.

"Yeah, well, you'll like this next part then. Apparently she makes a ton of money doing porn online," Katie said.

Zack's mouth fell open. "Shut the front door!"

"That's what she told me...and NO, she didn't tell me the name of the site, so don't ask, mister."

Zack laughed. "Well, that's one way you could earn that money back in a hurry," he bravely said. "What way? Porn?" Me?!" Katie asked with a quirky smile.

"Of course you. I mean, I probably shouldn't say it, but I'm going to anyway. You have the kind of body that every guy on the planet would be throwing their money at," Zack said.

Katie blushed, "Stop," she muttered..

"Mom, seriously. Not only are you beautiful, but there are uh..." he said, glancing at her huge rack, "...certain things about you that a lot of guys couldn't get enough of seeing, trust me."

Katie gave him a playful look. "If you're trying to butter me up for a bigger allowance, forget it. I'm broke, remember."

"Well if you do the porn thing that Marty's Mom's doing, you wouldn't be broke for long. I guarantee it," he said. "You'd probably make those three-hundred G's back in a year."

Katie shook her head timidly. "Sweet of you to say, but I'm no porn star, honey." she said. "What if I helped you?"

"Helped me?" Katie said, feeding him an odd smirk. "That would be...a little weird."

"No really, I know what guys like. I could help you attract an audience," Zack said, "Beside's, you'd need someone behind the camera. Let me be your guy."

Katie laughed. "Honey no, we can't."

"If you're worried about what dad would think, then we just won't tell him. We could record while he's a work," Zack said.

"No, I'm not concerned at all about that. Your father created this mess. He has no right to tell us how we can and can't fix it. Just the idea of doing things like that, in front of a camera, knowing other people are watching, knowing that YOU'RE watching... it would just be weird," Katie said.

"At first maybe, but after you got used to it, it would be just like exercising in front of someone. No big deal at all."

Katie sighed, seriously thinking it over. "Let me talk to Beth, see what this site she's on is all about, then we can go from there," she said.

Zack could hardly sleep that night thinking about whether this plan would actually pan out. Like every other acquaintance with a

swinging dick, he'd been lusting after his Mom for years. He often lay in bed, beating his dick while thinking about what Katie must look like completely naked. She had boobs the size of most of the big tit models he followed online. Hers were the types of tits that fueled his fantasies and he'd been trying to sneak a peek of them since he hit puberty.

Katie slept with Rick that night, but continued to show her displeasure by speaking to him as little as possible. At one point, he tried to bring up his mistake and apologize once again.

"What's done is done. We just need to focus on earning that money back," his wife said coldly. **'k'k'k**

When Zack arrived home the next day he was surprised to see his Mom sitting at the table with Marty's mother Beth. They had a laptop in front of them, watching something on the screen. Zack heard a woman moaning and knew it must be some type of porn. Katie quickly clicked out of it and smiled at her boy. "Hey honey," she said.

Beth got up and threw her arms around the teen. "Wow, little Zacky all grown up," she said, pulling him in for a tit-squashing embrace.

Beth's body was plush and she smelt amazing. She'd always reminded him of a more shapely Kate Hudson. From the feel of them pressed on his chest, Zack guessed her boobs were easily a large double-d. He was usually pretty accurate about such things. The short-haired blonde gazed at him with her piercing green eyes. "So your Mom tells me you wanna be the Steven Spielberg of the porn industry," she said, making them all giggle.

"Well, I don't know about that. I think SHE would do well though," Zack said.

"I wholeheartedly agree," Beth said, "In fact,we were just getting ready to set up her profile on the site," "Really??" Zack asked with

big excited smile.

Katie looked over at her son. "Just trying it out for now," she said. "I'm not going full-out porn Queen just yet," she said with a giggle..

Beth sat down at the laptop. "Ok, username. Something fun and sexy," she said. "Oh, I don't know..." Katie said timidly, thinking it over.

"How about Katie-Cushy-tits," Zack boldly suggested. Beth burst out laughing. "Zaaack," Katie said, giving him a playful smile.

"What, I like it."

Beth smiled. "It IS catchy," she said. "I'll put it down. You can always change it later." "Fine," Katie said. "If I remember correctly, you're the same age as me, right? So thirty-eight?" Beth asked. "Yep."

"Ok, I need your dimensions?" Beth asked.

"Forty-five, twenty-seven, forty-three," Katie answered and Beth quickly typed them in.. "Height and weight?"

"Five-seven, a hundred and forty-five pounds." "Breast size?" Beth asked.

"Thirty-eight H cup," Katie responded, peeking over and getting a smile from her son.

"Now we need a profile picture. It should be one of you posing in something sexy," Beth said. "Can I go pick something out?" Zack asked.

"What? Noo," Katie said with a smile. "Knowing you, you'll go straight for my lingerie drawer." "Well she did say something sexy," Zack said.

Katie's reluctance softened. "Anything from my closet, how's that." "Fine," Zack said, rushing upstairs.

His mom had a ton of outfits. Many he'd never seen her in before. He searched through the clothing, looking for the sexiest outfit her could find. He finally deciding on one that looked amazing. He picked out some heels to go with it and left the full outfit there on his parent's bed. "All picked out," he announced, once he arrived back downstairs.

Katie fed him a quirky smile. "I'm nervous about what I'm gonna find up there," she said. "It WAS in your closet," Zack said with a smile.

"Oh boy," she said in a worried tone, making Beth giggle. "You'll look awesome," her son assured her.

While she was gone, Beth gave Daniel a quick tour of the website. It was called "GRADE-A MILF," and she explaining how it worked. "So, you'll click here to post a video and don't forget to give it a title. Viewers pay a fee to watch each video you post. The longer the download, the more money they have to pay to view it," she said.

"Got it. Is that avatar for your profile?" he asked, pointing up to the corner of the screen.

"Yep, that's me," she said, clicking on it. Her profile name was "Breathless Beth" and her profile picture was extremely naughty. She was bent over a chair in nothing but a pair of black thong panties, pointing her thick ass towards the camera. "As you can see, I would have let you pick something from the lingerie drawer," she said with a wink.

It wasn't long before they heard a voice at the top of the stairway. "I haven't worn this thing in years," Katie said, her heels clicking on each step..

The busty mother wore a black lace-up bodycon dress, which had a halter-style top. Through the gaping laces running up the side of the entire gown, Zack could see his Mom's sexy bare midriff and the side of one of her massive breasts. The hem of the haltered top could barely contain the enormity of her knockers and they quivered with each of her delicate steps. Her tan legs were displayed, nearly to her crotch and they looked gorgeous. Her feet were arched in five-inch stiletto heels.

"Damn, that looks even hotter than I imagined," Zack said.

"Thanks, honey," Katie said with a smile. "So how do we wanna do this picture?"

Beth jumped out of her seat. "I say with you sitting on the couch, legs crossed, chest thrust out, giving the camera a serious 'come fuck me' stare," she said.

Katie looked at her son and he pointed to Beth. "What she said," he said excitedly, making both Moms giggle.

Katie sat and Zack watched her boobs wobble heavily from side-to-side. She crossed her smooth sexy mommy-legs and puts her hands on cushions on each side of her hips, then she thrust her chest, making her ginormous boobs balloon outward. Her son could see her thick.fleshy nipples protruding through the fabric.

"You're up, Mister Spielberg," Beth said.

"Oh, right," Zack muttered, too busy staring at his Mom's boobs to remember that his job was to take the picture.

He pointed the camera and Katie gave him a sultry stare. He took a few pictures as his dick hardened..

"You guys will wanna purchase a high definition video camera, so your audience gets the sharpest images possible," Beth suggested.

Zack was too anxious to wait. "We should do a video now though, just to give the audience a taste of what's coming," he said, clicking the phone over to video.

"Good idea, Zack. Pour on the sexy, Katie," Beth said..

"Ohh," Katie muttered, going into sultry stare mode again. She gently moved her upper torso, making her big milkers wobble back and forth..

"That's perfect," Beth said, "I can help you put some music over this first video, so you won't hear our voices. Remember, the camera guy is your audience. Flirting with him is like flirting with your viewer."

Zack smiled. That's just what he wanted to hear. Katie gazed into the camera with a lustful stare, then curled her long pink tongue across her top lip. "Ohh wow, that was good, Mom," he said with an excited quiver in his voice.

Katie giggled, then did it again, in the reverse direction, gliding her pink licker back across her lip. She stuck her arm out and gave Zack the sexy 'come hither' motion with her finger.

Her son moved forward, crouching down to get an amazing lower angle of her. Katie noticed Beth waving to get her attention as she sat at the table. The off-camera assistant opened her legs, showing her panty-covered crotch, as if urging Katie to do the same.

Zack filmed on, watching as Katie began to trace her hands along the top of her legs. Then they slowly peeked open and her fingers slid down along her smooth inner thighs. Zack could hardly believe what he was seeing. He kept the shot fixed on her sexy legs as they slowly splayed apart, revealing her

panty-covered pussy. Even more amazing was the fact that they were completely transparent, giving the audience a clear view of her shaved pubis.

The boy took a big excited gulp as he moved the camera down between her open legs, getting a closer shot. Her smooth tan thighs were now spread wide, her knees pointing at opposite ends of the room. Her spread caused the outer layer of pussy-flesh to peel open beneath her panties, exposing the thick petals of her inner labellum and the domed hood of her clitoris.

Zack eyes got big, his breathing heavy from the thrill of seeing his own beautiful mom's pussy. He scanned the camera up her body so that the swell of her jutting tits loomed above the lens. Katie peeked down over her mammoth mounds and gave the camera a cute little smile.

"You should send your viewers away with a little kiss, Katie," Beth suggested.

The sexy mom did just that, puckering her lips in an air-kiss, then blowing it toward Zack's phone. The excited teen stopped the recording and Katie closed her legs.

"Damn, that was amazing," Zack confessed, making the ladies laugh. "Look at that. You got your first follower, Katie," Beth said.

She helped them lay a nice track of sensual music over the video they'd just shot, then post it on the website. Katie was now officially a porn actress.

Now she had to have that difficult, but necessary conversation with her husband. She was still upset at him and probably would be for awhile, but she knew that mistakes happen and it was time for her to

move on in a civil manner.

That night they went out to dinner and she decided to approach the subject in the car after they ate.. "Can we just talk for a minute, before we go back home?"

"Of course," Rick said, shutting the engine off.

Katie knew she had to proceed delicately. "I've been thinking a lot about how to move forward after what happened. It was a lot of money to lose, but we can get it back fairly quickly and I have a plan on how to do that," she said.

"Hon, this was my fuck up. I'll make it up somehow, get money back into our account." "Rick no. No more buying and selling stocks. It's just too risky. We may have lost our savings, but we're not in debt, which is exactly what we could be if you start throwing money around again," she said.

"Ok, so what are you suggesting?"

Katie took a deep breath. "I found a way to make money. Lots of money and I can do it without ever leaving the house," she explained.

"Ok," Rick said, showing interest.

"I'm gonna be performing. Posting videos online," she said. "Performing?" Rick asked.

"Yes, showing my body. Doing...sexual things. I have an old acquaintance who does it and she says I can make a lot of money, very quickly," Katie said.

"Katie no, you're not gonna expose yourself to a bunch of perverts online, that's ridiculous," Rick said with a scowl.

"No, what's rediculous is you wagering ever penny we had on a stupid stock tip. I'm not asking your permission to do this, Rick. I'm telling you that this is my plan for getting our money back," Katie said.

"Katie, I'll get some sort of side-job. Put everything I make back into savings," he said. "No, you're already doing sixty hours a week. We'd never see you AND with a silly side-job it would take you forever to make up what we lost. I posted one short video on this site earlier today. Zack texted me and told me that we've already made almost three-hundred dollars off of it," Katie explains.

"Wait a minute, Zack knows you're doing this?" Rick asked.

"Zack is very tech savvy. The videos require some camera work and editing. Things that I can't do."

Rick shook his head. "Katie, he's your son. He shouldn't be seeing you that way," he said. "I'm sorry, I'm just don't like this idea at all."

His wife looked at him patiently. "You don't have to. I'm not asking you to like it. I'm telling you that this is the way I've chosen to fix your mistake and I'm going forward with it," she said.

When the got back home, Zack seemed anxious to talk to Katie, meeting them at the entryway. "How was dinner?" he asked.

"Was good," Rick answered, still seeming a bit perturbed by the earlier conversation. "Hey Mom, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"If it's about the whole online video thing, she told me about it," Rick said, "so you don't have to keep me in the dark."

Zack looked back at his dad, seeming a tad uncomfortable. "Oook, um, well good news," he said, shifting his attention to Kristen. "I just got a great deal on an HD camera and a couple lights for our production setup. Only fouteen-hundred, for everything."

"And how did we pay for this?" Rick asked.

"Relax, I let him use my credit card," Katie said, then smiled at her boy. "That's awesome honey." "What's awesome about spending

that much money?" Rick said with a scowl.

Katie glared at him. "Says the man who just lost three-hundred grand. We didn't even get to spend it. You just practically gave it away," she said..

"Ohhh, burn," Zack laughed. "Sorry dad, but she's right. Okay, two things... We should take the guest bedroom in the basement, set it up as a little studio. We'd have our set, our lights, even a bathroom for you to change and do your make-up. Everything we need would be right in one place."

Katie nodded. "That makes sense. It's certainly the most private area of the house," Katie said. "The second thing is, we're getting tons of messages on the site. Viewers are begging for more content. I don't think we should wait for our equipment. I think we should post another video..like tonight," Zack said.

Katie looked over at her husband. "It's money in the bank," she said.. "I still don't like it," Rick sulked.

Katie fed him a sarcastic smirk. "I don't like seeing my bank account at zero either," she said, then looked at her son. "I'll meet you downstairs in a few minutes."

"Cool," Zack said, rushing off to prepare.

Rick followed his wife to their bedroom. "Katie, have you thought through this completely? What if anyone we know found out you two were doing this, they'll tell everyone...our friends, our family. We'd be a disgrace," he said, grasping at straws to change his wife's mind.

"Then we keep it between the three of us and if we're doing all our recordings in the basement, like Zack suggested, then we won't ever have to worry about being happened upon," she said. "But still there's always that chance. Is it worth it?"

Katie rolled her eyes. "Rick, are you gonna be a help or a hindrance? Because if all you're gonna do is bitch all the time, then please just stay out of our way," she said, then headed upstairs to her bedroom.

On the way there, she got a text from Zack. "Bring down a sexy outfit! Viewers will wanna see you barely wearing something," the message read. Katie giggled, thinking about how cute it was that her son was getting so into their new plan.

By the time she got downstairs, her son was going crazy with anticipation. "What did you pick out?" he asked, eyeballing something white and skimpy-looking in her hand.

Katie giggled and headed to the bathroom. "You'll see," she said, the gave him a teasing smile, "Why does it seem like you're as eager as the viewers are?"

She closed the door and Zack was forced to wait a little longer. When she emerged from the bathroom, he discovered it was well worth the wait. "Holy shit, Mom," the teen exclaimed, checking out her outfit.

Katie was wearing a white sheer mesh teddy with spaghetti straps. It left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Zack always wanted to see her tits and there they were. He could see every juicy detail, right through the thin stretchy mesh fabric.

"Well, you said they wanna see me barely wearing something. Her you go," she said cutely.

"Yeah, I think that's definitely in the 'barely nothing' category," he joked, his eyes drifting down to her shaved pubis.

Katie looked at him anxiously. "So I have an idea for this one," she said. "It's something I saw Beth doing in one of her videos."

"What is it?"

"You start filming when we're both at the bathroom doorway. Since you're the viewer, it'll be like I'm leading you to the bed. Then you can stand at the foot of the mattress while I um, do my thing," she explained.

"I like it. We should play some sexy background music to set the mood."

They did as suggested, walking over to the bathroom doorway, then starting a sexy R&B tune on Zack's phone. The teen stood behind her, preparing the camera. "Ready?" he asked.

"Nervous, but ready," Katie whispered.. "Action!" he shouted, making her giggle.

The hot mother sashayed toward the bed and Zack followed, filming every jiggling move she made. His heart pounded with excitement as he captured the sway of her meaty buttocks through the transparent fabric. The twin tan half-globes were divided by the well-defined split of her ass-crack.

The way she gazed back at the camera teasingly made her son want to reach down and squeeze the hard bulge that had formed in his shorts. He did his best to restrain himself, but as he watched the way

she crawled seductively onto the bed, it became more and more difficult not to touch himself.

With her ass pointed back as she rested on all fours, her buns spread slightly and Zack could see the pink crinkled ring of her butthole. "Oh my God," he softly muttered in fuck-lust.

Katie gracefully sat on the mattress and lifted one of her naked legs, curling it away from the other. Zack captured her thighs bowing open, flanking the upside-down triangle of her puffy crotch. Just like the sheer panties he'd filmed earlier that day, the crotch of the mesh

teddy stretched over her mons, allowing her to tease the viewers with a clear view of her pussy.

Now she rested on her ass with her knees bent back and spread apart. She was reclined back, resting on extended arms. Her massive protuberant breasts stretched the gauzy fabric, her nipples thick and erect. She did a sexy little rocking motion to the beat of the music,making her knockers heave slightly from side to side. Zack couldn't help but reach down and adjust himself, giving his knob a little squeeze in the process.

His mother's eyes followed his hand down, watching his fingers squeeze the tip of his hardon through his shorts. "Well,ifI'mturningmysonon,thensurelyImustbeturningontheviewersto o, "she thought.

She lowered onto her elbows, reclining back even further. She opened her splayed thighs up even more, propping her knees back nearly level with her shoulders. Her cute tan bare feet with painted toes looked so sexy hovering in mid-air. Zack sighed in utter fascination. He never dreamed he'd see his mom this way, with her legs spread open as if she were preparing to get fucked. He was having a hard time fighting the urge to rub himself.

"Hold on," he sighed, lowering the camera.

"Is everything ok?" Katie asked, even though she knew exactly why her son was struggling. "I know this is bad, but...would you care if I..."

"Would I care if you what, honey?" she asked.

Zack knew his request might be ridiculously crossing the line. "Never mind, it's stupid."

Katie continued to hold her pose with her legs spread wide open. "Zack, I think we both know, if this is gonna work, we have to have

open communication with each other. Tell me what's wrong."

He decided to play the 'concern for production quality' angle. "I'm afraid the way I'm squirming around, turned on by all this, is making the camera work a little shaky. Would you care if I um, stroked on myself while I film?"

Katie sighed, thinking it over a moment. "OhmyGod,ishereallyaskingmeifwecanjerkoffwhilewedo this?"shethought. She thought about how she could justify saying yes. "Well, you do represent the viewer and I'm sure the viewers at home will be stroking themselves..."

Zack smiled. "I KNOW they will be," he said.

"And we don't want crappy camera-work, that would be unprofessional. So I suppose if it helps you, then

do what you need to do," Katie said.

"You're the best," Zack said excitedly, then pointed the camera. "Ok, back to the action."

Katie giggled, then got in sexy mode again. She stared at the camera longingly, while moving her strong naked mommy-legs around in a teasing manner.

Zack unzipped with his free hand and fished his boner from his shorts. A big gob of precum was smeared across the knob and he waisted no time using it as lubrication to stroke his dick while he filmed.

Katie's eyes widened as she was reminded of the sheer size of his meaty pecker. She watched his hand jerk around the fat purplish knob. Zack's erection was like a sturdy pikestaff jutting from his pubescent crotch. It was the biggest piece of manhood she'd ever

seen in person, but she tried not to make her fascination that obvious.

She closed and opened her spread legs a few times teasingly, showing their limberness. Then, to really get a thrill out of her viewers, Katie scissored her legs back in a huge spread-eagle.

"Hot damn, Mom!" Zack said excitedly, his fat knob tingled at site her wide-open legs. Her little bare feet were pointed back and her legs looked amazingly strong and sleek. His eyes followed the twin spires of tan flesh down to where the rounded cheeks of her buttocks met the mattress. Crowning those buns was the protuberant lips of her most secret place.

Zack zoomed in on her mound of Venus. He marveled at how the thick petals of her inner labium were peeled apart, revealing the fleshy domed hood of her clitoris and the creamy coral slit of her

cock-grinder.

He glanced up into her face and she smiled back, as if she'd been watching him gawk. She looked down at his crotch and watching him pull on his Peter, then humped her rump up and down a few times, as if meeting his thrusts from a distance.

"Wow," the aroused teen hissed, out of his mind with lust.

He moved the camera up, capturing the meaty mounds of her tits spread out on her chest. He wanted nothing more than to bury his face between them for days.

Upstairs, Rick sat in bed struggling to focus on some of the computer work. His mind kept drifting to what might be going on downstairs. He felt angry, yet helpless, since he knew that he was the cause of it all.

It wasn't long before curiosity got the better of him. He crept down the long narrow stairway leading to the basement guest bedroom. When he peeked the door open, the first thing he noticed was the beat of sensual music and the sound of his wife moaning and gasping.

He looked over and saw Katie positioned on her back at the edge of the bed. He knees were propped back and she was masturbating furiously. Her body shivered with pleasure, her hand was tucked through the leg-hole of the teddy, her finger frantically stroking her clitoris.

As if this wasn't shocking enough, he saw his son looming over her, pointing the camera down, capturing every juicy detail while beating his hard dick. Their lewd uninhibited behavior gave him a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. Since his son clearly had a pecker much bigger than his own, Rick experienced a bit of jealousy as well. However, what he felt the most, as he watched in disbelief, was intense anger and it was about to boil over.

"Yess!" his wife cried out, her body squirming and writhing as she worked to bring herself to the peak of climax.

Zack had a bird's eye view of the 'Mommy masturbation show' and his dick throbbed in his stroking first, threatening to blow a wad of cum down onto her. His phone camera captured a nice close-up of her fingers digging through her cunt-slot. He was so close he could see the juice burbling from her fuck-hole.

He scanned up sexy midriff to her big tit-cannons, capturing how they wavered on her chest from her wild humping motions. He could watch them for hours, but he wanted to get a shot of Katie's pleasure-filled face. The pretty mother's hair was fanned out around her. The muscles and tendons in her neck were straining as she arched her head back in pleasure, her mouth wide open, gasping

Having seen enough, Rick spoke up. "All right, time out!" he shouted.

Zack stopped stroking himself and hit stop on his camera, while Katie sat up looking annoyed as hell. "Rick, what hell?! We're filming!" she shouted back.

"Ok, well, this wasn't the type of 'performance' I thought you were talking about," he said. "Seriously. I told you I'd be performing sexually. What part of that was confusing to you?" she said.

Rick looked at his son, who stood there with his big boner hanging out. "Ok I get that, but why is he jerking off?"

"All of Mom's viewers are likely jerking off while they watch her, so I'm just doing it to help her out and remind her of who she's performing for," Zack said.

Rick rolled his eyes. "I'm pretty sure you just made that up," he said.

Katie huffed irritably, "What difference does it make?! We're working hard to earn back what YOU lost. You have no right to come in here and start criticizing the way we're doing that," she shouted.

"I just don't think it's appropriate," Rick said.

"Yeah was neither was gambling our savings away without my knowledge, but that didn't seem to stop you, did it? You did what you felt was right, now I'm doing the same. Unfortunately our part requires a lot more hard work, so please, just go back upstairs and leave us alone," Katie said sternly.

"Whatever," Rick muttered, leaving the room.

Katie looked back at her son. "I'm sorry, sweetheart. What a jerk," she said, glaring toward the door. "Not your fault, Mom. Wanna try filming from a different angle?" Zack asked.

She smiled playfully. "Sure," she said, "what did you have in mind?"

"I was thinking a shot with the camera pointed straight up your belly, letting the viewers see the undersides of your boobs," Zack suggested bravely. "That would be super-hot."

"You think so huh?" Katie said. "How the heck would you even get that angle? You'd have to be on your back and I'd have to like, straddle your neck or something."

Zack heart pounded in his chest. "I'd be fine with it," he muttered, making Katie giggle. "Somehow I don't doubt that," she said, "but if you think viewers will like it, let's give it a go."

"Sweet," her son said, plopping on his back on the bed. His big cock still protruded from his shorts, still hard as a rock.

He watched his Mom's big boobs bobble beneath the confines of the see-through mesh as she crawled up and threw a leg across him, straddling his neck and resting her thick ass on his upper chest. His prick flexed at the site of her shaved mons resting only a few inches from his face. Through the sheer fabric, he could see her outer folds puffing out on either side of the furrow of her pudendal cleft. Jutting from the top of that gash was the thick domed hood of her clitoris.

"Is this gonna work ok?" Katie asked, gazing down at him.

"Yeah, it's perfect," Zack said with an excited gasp, pointing his phone-camera up at the looming clouds of tit-meat. "Ok, I'm filming."

Katie got back into her 'performing' role, rocking her body to the beat of the music. Of course, Zack also wasted no time reaching down and jerking on his boner again, while filming her every juicy motion. From his phone, he changed the music to something with a sexy techno dance beat.

Katie started laughing. "Ohh boy, am I suppose change into dance-club mode now?" she asked. "That's the idea," Zack answered.

Her gentle rocking became more of a gyrating boob-thrust, making her big knockers bounce heavily, back and forth and up and down, to the beat. The pretty mother threw her arms in the air, really getting into it..

Zack's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he enjoyed a view most guys his age only dream about. Sure his girlfriend had danced for him, but it was nothing compared to this. Even under the mesh covering Katie's melons stuck out from her chest so far she could barely peek down over them.

The teen was mesmerized by the smooth rounded undersides of her tits. He felt like he was watching two large heavy watermelons of flesh, rock and bounce and ripple. Katie's crotch raised and lowered on his chest, wafting the musky aroma of wet pussy into the boy's nostrils. "Oohh damn," Zack muttered, his knob tingling in his juicy grip..

Sensing her boy's arousal, Katie peeked back over her shoulder and saw his fist clasping the crown of

his prick. Her eyes widened as she watched his meatus yawn and a thick bubbling stream of hot spunk ooze out across the shiny purple dome of his knob.

"Thisisagoodsign,"she thought, "ifmyZackylikesit,thentheaudiencewillalso."

"Hey, mom, you should touch yourself again, like you were doing before dad came in," Zack said, eager to see her rubbing her hot clit again.

Still grooving to the beat, Katie peeked down over his big wobbling boobies. "Ohh, did my baby like having a partner in pleasure?" she

winked.

Zack watched her slip a hand back into the leg-hole of her teddy, then use two fingers to stroke the fat nub of her clitoris. He pointed the camera at her genitals, getting an extreme close-up. "Wow, that is sooo cool," he sighed, thrilled at her lewd display.

Katie peered back at his cock again, watching him beat his meat. Zack had a unique way of masturbating. While most guys simply let their hand do all the work, he would rapidly pivot his hips, humping and jacking at the same time. "Have you always masturbated that way, honey?" she asked.

"What way?"

"The way you're working your hips like that while you stroke," she said, watching intently, "that's really amazing."

"Oh thanks, yeah it's the way I've always done it," he said, then decided to wow his mom by beating his dick as hard as he could non-stop for about thirty seconds.

Katie was absolutely enthralled. His impressive size and sexual exuberance was exciting her immensely. It's something she wasn't used to with her husband. After his display, she peeked down at his face with a smile. "You showing off?" she giggled.

"Why not," her son said, smiling back.

The masturbating mother sat on his upper chest and brought her legs out from astride him, planting her feet on the mattress. "Two can play that game," she said teasingly.

Zack about blew his nuts as he watched her bow her smooth thighs wide open and rub the crown of her pussy-slit furiously. Her torso was reclined back, propped by an extended arm. She arched her

sexy feet, her strong naked mommy-legs flexing as she frantically strummed at her juicy love-button.

"Holy shit, Mom," the teen said excitedly, beating his cock to the site of her raunchy, shameless display.

From this angle, he could capture her entire upper-half in the camera shot, from her hot cunt-slit, all the way up to her pretty face, peeking from the curtain of her dark silky mane. At the moment, her eyes were closed with a look of sheer pleasure-filled concentration. Her hand was a blur as she stroked her pussy frenziedly.

As they rubbed their genitals, their hips rocked steadily and in unison. It was as if they were somehow connected, pairing the movements of their masturbation. "Hhohh," Katie's pretty mommy-voice quivered,

feeling the heat swell in her vagina.

She turned her head, looking down at the hardon jutting from her son's body. Zack slid his circled hand down to the base and held it there, allowing his Mom's eyes to linger on the hard tubular muscle and the bulging veins running up it's length. He flexed his dick, making the fat bulbous knob twitch and throb. He heard her react with a gasp.

Katie turned again and gazed down at him. Now it was her turn for show and tell. She thrust her hips forward, pushing her cunt out so it was two-inches from the camera. Then she used two fingers to splay her cunt-lips open, exposing the mouth of her creamy fuck hole.

Again, she started masturbating, rubbing two fingers across the thick swollen nub of her aroused clitoris. Her hand was a blur as she worked her pussy, gasping and shivering.

Her head suddenly jerked back. "Uuuunnhhgg!" she creamed out, hitting the peak of a hard cum.

Zack looked on in wide-eyed fuck lust, watching her hips jerk as if she were fucking her cunt against her fingers. Her big meaty tit-mounds rolled and shuddered as the hot orgasm shot through her gorgeous body. "Yesss!" she loudly whimpered

"Ohh fuck," the teen moaned as his knob tingled delightfully. Before he could even slow his own strokes, a huge wad of cum shot out the tip of his peter and splashed against Katie's reclined back. More hot ball-juice soaked her backside as he bucked and whimpered.

After they had both come down from their orgasmic high, Katie plopped down on her tummy next to her son. Her back was a glossy sheen of gooey cum-juice. "I wonder how many millions of spermies are swimming across my back right now," she said jokingly.

Zack laughed. "Sorry about that."

"Maybe I should get to cum on YOU next time," she teased.

"You should do that. I definitely deserve it," he happily agree, making Katie laugh.

The mother went upstairs to shower, then crawled into bed with her husband. Zack meanwhile, did a quick editing job on the new content, adding a track of sexy music, then posted it on the site.

Katie's phone buzzed and lit up. It was a text from Zack that read, "Our latest masterpiece has been posted."

Rick watched his wife giggle and text back. "Do you think we'll win the Academy Award? " she typed.. "And the best orgasm goes to...." her son texted back.

Katie laughed, then rolled onto her tummy and texted back, like a young girl with a hot new boyfriend. "What's so funny?" Rick asked, watching his wife type something out on her phone. "Just something Zack said," she answered, the returning a message to her son that said," Well you should certainly win an award for the messiest cum lol.

Rick scowled. "You should remind him it's after midnight. Some of us would like to sleep," he said.

"Turn over and sleep then. I'm not stopping you," Katie said coldly, the read her son's next text. "Sorry, didn't mean to paint your back with cum ," it read.

"No worries. Maybe we can find a better place to point that cannon next time ," she messaged back. "Have any places in mind?"

"A few ," she texted back.

"Send me a picture of one," he messaged back, making her snicker.

Katie glanced over at her husband. She knew he'd hear her camera go off, but she really didn't give a fuck. She rolled onto her side, making two huge bulging mounds of tit-cleavage spill out the top of her nightie. She gave the camera a seductive dreamy-eyed gaze.

Just as she thought it would, the sound of the camera clicking on her phone got Rick's attention. He looked over at her. "What are you getting pictures of this late?" he asked.

"Just sending one to Zack," she answered.

After sending it, she got a text back from her teen. "Pretty big targets " it read. "I'm sure the viewers would love watching me use those for target practice."

Katie giggled as her husband still looked on in annoyance. "Can I ask why you're sending a picture to him this late?" Rick said, trying to tread lightly.

Before answering, Katie shot off a quick text yo her son. "Do I get a picture? " She texted.

Then she looked over at Rick, clearly perturbed. "We're just talking," she said, then brushed him away with her hand. "Just...roll over and go to sleep."

Rick caught a quick look at the picture Zack sent before he rolled over. His son took a picture of himself laying on his bed with no shirt on. His wife turned the other way, sitting up slightly as she texted her son back.

"Rrrraawrrl! ," she messaged him, studying her son's hot lean physique. "Nice kitty lol," he texted back.

"No kitties here...only cougars! Better be careful. I'll leave claw marks." "I can handle a cougar," he messaged back.

"So I've noticed. I guess I raised a little tomcat, didn't I?" "Yup!" he messaged back.

"And I didn't mean 'little.' You're far, far from that lol. haha!"

"I've never had any complaints," her son texted.

Katie knew she was headed down a very naughty path with her son, but the thrill she was experiencing by doing so, kept her wanting to wander further and further down that path. She typed out her next message.

"I'm not gonna lie..The way you were moving your hips while you jerked off really intrigued me. Do you thrust like that when you fuck Taylor?" her text read.

She got a return text. "Haha yes. That's why she nicknamed me Thumper ."

Rick heard his wife let out a naughty giggle. He tried to brush aside his jealous irritation.

Katie typed her reaction. "Lmao! Omg, that is so funny," she texted, then decided to brazenly message him with a question. "So how long can you go for?"

"I've trained my muscles to control when I cum, so I'm able to go for a loooong while."

Katie adjusted her position on the bed, her nipples were rock hard and her pussy tingled with moisture. "Even while doing the Thumper thing??" she texted.

"Yes ."

Katie pressed her boobs together between her forearms, making them bulge out. "Jesus Christ,I can only imagine what that must feel like,"she thought. Then she texted back.

11! Taylor must cum like crazy when you do that," her message read.

"She does, it's nuts! After about the third orgasm she has me stop. They get too intense I guess."

Katie smiled as she texted back. "She's young. Women my age are different. We don't tire out so quickly. "

"So you have multiple orgasms?" Zack bravely texted.

Katie smiled and sighed excitedly. The fact that she was having this exchange with her hot young son was thrilling her to the core. She texted back. "Yes. In college I had stacked orgasms, which were

much more frequent and intense, but it's been awhile since I've experienced anything like that,".

"Wow, maybe I need a girlfriend your age," Zack messaged.

"You better if you want some REAL pleasure! I better get some rest to I can give a killer performance tomorrow. Love you!

63: Lights, Camera, Mom!_2

The next afternoon, Katie went to her son's door wearing only a short silk robe. She wasn't expecting to see Taylor in there with him. The two looked like they'd been up to no-good.

Katie flashed the girl a jealous glare, then looked at her son. "I need your help with something

downstairs," she said, then walked away.

Zack knew exactly what she meant. "I'm gonna need to help her out with something, sorry," he said to his girlfriend.

Taylor huffed. "You haven't fucked me in like three days. I feel like you're blowing me off." "I'll call you later, ok," he muttered.

"Whatever," she said, quickly leaving.

Katie was waiting for Zack in the downstairs bedroom in nothing but a skimpy bikini. She had some sexy music going. "Is she gone?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Good. Let's do some filming," the mother said, then paraded around the bedroom, posing and swinging her thonged ass for the camera.

Of course, while filming, Zack beat his hard dick to her every move and his mom could hardly take her eyes off of it.

"How bout on the bed now," Zack said, following her to the mattress, where she gracefully sprawled out on her tummy.

Katie's huge melons pressed on the bed, bulging out at the sides. Zack was at the foot of the mattress getting a shot from her sexy bare feet, up the silky backs up her tan legs to the meaty mounds of her exposed buttocks.

She peeked back over her shoulder and gave him a flirty wink, then kicked one of her feet up playfully.

She rolled over, making her mammoth tits wobble back and forth, nearly popping out of bikini top. She brought her knees back, bowing her thighs and making the crotch of her bikini bottom mold to the puffy lips of her vulva.

Zack was turned on as hell and when his mom gave him the come-hither finger, he got even more excited. He crawled up and knelt between her legs and for a long moment she laid there with wide-eyed fascination, watching him beat his boner.

She playfully folded her naked legs around him, tugging him down on top of her. "Set the camera down," she said with a look of thrill in her eyes, "Let's play.

"Both of us? The viewers wanna see YOU, not me, Mom."

"That might not be true. Beth told me that women who perform with hot young guys make the most money," Katie said.

"Really?" he asked.

"That's what she said, and since THIS IS all about making lots and lots of money, I say we make a video

of us, see what the viewers think," Katie said.

Zack smiled. "Well, I'm certainly not gonna debate that idea," he said.

The boy reached over and set his phone on the side-table, pointing the camera at them.. "Do you want me to put my dick back in my shorts?" he asked.

"I don't mind it out, if you don't."

"Since I'm showing something, will you show something too?" he asked. Katie smiled. "I can play fair. My top or my bottoms?" she asked.

"Top," he muttered.

Without hesitation, Katie reached under and untied her bikini. She pulled it away and her massive tit-orbs sprung free. Both her areola and nipples were stiff with arousal and Zack could hardly peel his eyes away from them..

Katie reached up with both hands and stroked his chest as their hips began to rock to the beat. "Maybe we should kiss," the hot mother suggested.

"Seriously?" her son asked with an anxious smile.

"Yeah, I mean, I'm sure the viewers don't suspect that we're mother and son. If we're a hot couple, then we gotta sell it, right?" she asked.

"Let's sell it then," he said, lowering himself down on top of her.

Her lips brushed his as both of them shivered, then the tender kiss of passion turned into something hot and sensual. Zack's tongue jabbed into Katie's mouth and probed deeply. She sucked lustfully at his delightful tongue as she pulled it deeper and deeper into her throat, sucking it like a hot cock.

She reached for his hands, pulling them to her heaving breasts. Zack's body shuttered as he felt her soft naked tit-flesh. He sunk his fingers into them, feeling the spongy meat of her jugs.

"Your nipples are hard, like my cock," he whispered between passionate kisses. "They get like that when they need to be sucked on," she said.

"Is that an invitation?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, "but I'm not through kissing you yet."

They smooched some more and their hips continued to undulate. Zack's hard cock was pressed up against her pussy-mound and he could feel the heat radiating from her cunt-hole.

As their kissing became more passionate, so also did their dry humping. Zack's hard muscle dug against the groove of her creamy sheath. Katie tossed her legs around his ass-cheeks as her thighs

widened.. She locked her bare feet together, then pulled him tighter against her body. The busty mother was becoming hotter and hotter with forbidden desire as she writhed delightfully beneath her handsome boy.

Even though his cock was already out, she unbuttoned his trunks and slipped them off him while they kissed, getting him bare naked.

Now she was eager to shed her own bottoms, untying the strings of her thong bikini. She tugged the tiny bottoms out from between them and the hot flesh of their genitals pressed together. They were both now completely naked, clutching, kissing and whimpering.

Zack raised his head and looked down at her pretty face. Their eyes gazed together, sweltering with lust. "Are we gonna fuck?" he asked innocently.

Katie fed him an anxious smile. "I think we are," she said, "and I have a feeling the viewers will love it.

"I know I will," the boy said excitedly.

"Aren't you glad you sent your girlfriend away?" Katie asked, "Now you get to see what it's like fuck a real woman."

There were a few experiences that would forever rate among the top in Zack's life. Splitting his mother's twat with his cock was one of them. He felt his prick slide smoothly into her hot pussy, her ribbed

inner-lining moulding to the contours of his boner. He felt her claws on his back and her mouth on his, and as they shared a long, passionate kiss.

Zack felt her lift her hips up and tighten her strong mommy-legs about his waist. She locked her ankles at the small of his back and each time he withdrew his prick from her hot cunt, she pulled him to her strongly, making him bury his cock even deeper than before..

His head felt dizzy with lust as he looked down at his mother's lovely face, contorted now in passion. He kissed her again, and their tongues spun together in a wild frenzy.

"Put your arms under my legs," she gasped between wet kisses, "push them back and fuck me hard!"

He locked his arms behind her knees and pushed her legs back. He watched her tits squashed flat beneath her own thighs as he thrust forward again, burying his cock to the hilt.

"Uggghhhnnyesss!" Katie cried out, feeling her entire juicy vagina stuffed full. Her husband Rick couldn't even come close to stretching her cunt like this.

"Ohh shit," Zack sighed, feeling her squeeze him with her cunt-muscles. He shoved his hands under her churning buttocks and gripped firmly. Then he started fucking into her hard and fast, stuffing her horny cunt and plowing clear to her womb. Katie dug her nails into his sweaty shoulders, loving every second of their incestuous fuck. "Uhhhhh, yessss!" she moaned. "Fuck me good baby!"

Zack's young toned ass bobbed and jerked between her thighs as he rammed his big swollen cock into her with lightning speed. Her cunt was so deliciously tight, juicy and hot that he was gonna need every

ounce of skill he had to keep from cumming. "Uunngg!" he grunted through gritted teeth as he gave her a steady hammering with his long rigid prick.

"Yess, yess, yeesss!" his mom cried out, as her pleasure climbed towards that golden summit.

For Zack, fucking his mom was a huge rush. He buried his face against one of her jostling titmounds, sucking her thick nipple delightfully. It was something he'd always dreamed of doing and now, here he was.

Impressing the fuck out of her was his top priority, so he pulled out all stops, fucking into her hot juicy sheath like a pile driver. Their bellies met with loud smacks, and his big smooth balls beat against her ass.

Katie's body suddenly jerked, then stiffened up like a board," Ahhhhhh, God, yes, fuck... I'm cumming!"

Zack didn't let up one bit. Even with hot girl-cum swirling around the tender flesh of his boner, he continued fucking. Because of his incredible stamina, he was able to see what his mom meant by being able to 'stack' her orgasms. No sooner did one juicy cum fizzle out, than another was knocking on her doorstep.

"Ohhhgod, yesss, again!!" she cried out, her entire beautiful frame writhing and trembling with pleasure..

The bedsprings began to creak from the power of Zack's fuck-thrusts.. The boy's thick hard cock made obscene sucking sounds as it reamed the thick pussy juice from her clasping cockgrinder. Katie's pretty face was masked in pleasure. "Unngghh!" she cried out, feeling another delicious explosion deep in her cunt.

Her curvy body shook violently beneath him, and Zack felt her gushing cunt going tight as a vise around his cock. There was no level of skill that could he keep from coming now. Her spasming cunt was sucking the juicy cum out of his prick, whether he was ready or not.

"Uuuhhggh, fuck yess!" he shouted, feeling like he could pass out the pleasure was so intense..

Katie felt the searing flood of his jizz inside her cunt, which triggered her into another howling climax. They fucked at each other like animals, humping, clawing, and whimpering. It took a good twenty minutes for the pleasure to completely subside, but they continued to lay naked together, milking it for all it was worth..

Later that evening, Zack excitedly brought a box in from outside. "Hey Mom, our equipment's here," he said.

"Yaay!" Katie said, drying her hands from doing dishes..

"I'm gonna go down and set this is stuff up Can we do another recording tonight?"

"Most definitely," she said, "I need to go up and talk to your father about what we discussed earlier." Zack giggled. "Good luck with that discussion," he said.

"Hopefully I can get through it without him murdering me," she joked.

Katie went upstairs to where her husband was working on his laptop. He was on the phone with a coworker, but she waited around for him to finish. "Damn clients have no idea how to invest their money," Rick muttered.

His wife snickered, "Are you sure YOU'RE the one who should be investing for them?" she joked.. He gave him an embarrassed scowl. "Thanks," he muttered.

"I'm kidding," she said cheerfully. "I do have some amazing news." "Ok, let's hear it."

"First, promise me you won't freak out until you've heard everything I have to say," she said. "Why would I freak out?" he asked, "I thought you said it was good new?"

"It is. It's wonderful news, but there's a bitter pill you have to swallow that kinda goes along with it," she said.

"What's the bitter pill?" Rick asked.

"I'll explain, but first I have to say we've made a lot of cash on the solo videos, but my friend Beth said the real money is in doing couple performances."

"Whoa, wait, Katie, couples? I'm not gonna be in front of a camera," he said, shaking his head. "You don't have to," she said, then took a deep breath, "Zack and I will be performing together." "And by 'performing,' you mean having sex? Katie, there's no way I'll be ok with that happening."

She looked at him, with just a tid-bit of shame. "It pretty much already has," she said. "Pretty much?" You and Zack had sex together?"

"Yesterday and this morning, but before you get mad, look at this," she said, handing him a paper she had printed. "We posted our first video together yesterday and look at what it's made in only a little over day," she said.

Rick was incredibly impressed by the numbers, but the fact that his wife and son had fucked gave him a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"See how much more we made posting a video of me AND Zack. If we can keep doing that, we'll have the money you lost back in the account before you know it," Katie said.

"Yeah, I suppose," he muttered, knowing this was all his doing. The only thing he had to do was support his wife and son's efforts, but that wasn't as easy as it seemed. "So when you do hit that amount, this 'performance' nonsense will stop, right?"

Katie hesitated a moment. "Well, yes, but... in order to achieve the goal, we need something else from you." 'What?1

Twenty minutes later, Rick was in the basement, behind the camera. Their new unit was a high definition hand-held. Katie was already naked on the bed, anxious to get her hot mommy-pussy pounded to oblivion. Zack was preparing to join her. "Ok dad, we're ready," he said.

Rick clicked record. "It's going," he said reluctantly.

"Come on dad, this is a production. You gotta yell 'action' when you're ready for us to start." Katie giggled at shook her head at how clueless Rick was acting.

"Ok, fine...action!" he shouted with not much enthusiasm.

He watched his wife throw her sexy naked legs up in a huge spread-eagle. Zack began removing his clothes eagerly. When he was finally

naked, he climbed onto the mattress and crawled up to her.

Katie's heart raced with an anxious pitter-patty. "Closing in on this tasty piece of meat, like a hungry tomcat," she said with a smile.

"I'm about to pounce!" he said, rising up on knees, making his big cock jut outward from his crotch. He heard his mother gasp at it's sheer size and hardness.

Even Rick, as sickened as he was by it, was incredibly impressed. His son had a whopper of a dick! The idea that his wife was getting hammered by suck a colossal phallus made him even more remorseful about losing their fortune.

"Mmm pounce away!" Katie said, doing an anxious little humping motion with her hips.

Zack clutched his rod and drug his big barbed tip through her juicy layers of labial meat. "Get a close-up on this dad," he said.

Rick used the camera's powerful zoom to zero in on the action. His wife's marble sized clitoris protruded from it's hood like a stump in a swamp. Zack plowed his peter-tip across it, making her body jerk with pleasure. He fit his knob it her the mouth of her creamy love pit, then pushed his hips forward.

"Ohhh yess!" Rick's lovely wife gasped as she felt her son's spear sink to her cervix.

Rick zoomed back out as his son fell forward, holding himself over Katie on extended arms. He jabbed his cock home with full-length thrusts, making his Mom gasp and throw her head back in pleasure.

"Get a good shot of her tits, dad," the boy said. Zack's humping caused his Mom's enormous milkers to roll and slosh across her chest and Rick did his best to capture their movements.

Zack glanced over at his dad. "Ok, she's gonna like this. Make sure you get a good shot of her face," he said, then jabbed his cock in as deep as it would go and held there.

The teen was right. Katie reacted just the way he thought she would, arching her head and gasping in sheer delight. Still deeply embedded inside her, Zack brought his body down onto hers and gobbled up a

mouthful of tit-meat.

Rick watched his son move from one breast to the other, slurping on his wife's thick nipples. He couldn't believe they had actually convinced him to do this, or that this lewd forbidden behavior was happening in the first place. Yet he knew this was his doing and the faster they made the money, the faster this nightmare would be over.

Zack got to work, shoving hard and plunged his rigid cock all the way to her womb. The slick gripping walls of Katie's fuck-hole were juicy, satiny, and searing hot around his pulsating cock. It was clear that she knew how to squeeze a man's prick with her muscles and it felt a thousand times better than his girlfriend's pussy.

Katie stared up at him with big adoring eyes, thrilled by the fact that a cock could stuff her so full. Zack fucked her with steady thrusts, pistoning his thick hard-on deep and hard in her horny pussy. Katie's legs lowered and twisted around him, strapping him between the cradle of her thighs.

"Ohh shit, yess!" the boy moaned, savoring the feel of her warm flesh and the way she clutched him. Right now, his mom was his personal sexual vehicle and he was gonna give her the ride of her life.

He shoved his hands under her hot round ass and fucked into her harder, faster, plowing his hardon along the lining of her her upper-

wall..He saw his Mom gasp and grit her teeth, stifling a cry of ecstasy. He hammered even harder and his unyielding spike of cock-meat thundered through the delicate pink tissue of her vagina.

Writhing in pleasure, Katie's eyes rolled "Unnnnhhhhhh!" she moaned. "She's cumming, dad. Get a good shot of her face," Zack said..

Rick saw his wife clawing at the blanket and whimpering in ecstasy while she helplessly drenched their son's pistoning prick with molten pussy juice.

"Ohhh fuck!" Zack groaned, feeling his sheathed knob tingle with delight..

The cocky teen kept fucking in earnest, bringing his Mom to the peak of another hot orgasm. He sat up and pulled his cock out. "Ride me, Mom," he said, the plopped down next to her.

He watch excitedly as she mounted him. The way her giant melons loomed and bobbled over him as she took position got him even more amped up for hot fucking.

Katie reached down and cammed his stiff cock back into her aching cunt, squealing with pleasure as she felt the sleeve of her birth-canal slip over his long thick baby-maker.. She didn't bother to hide her wild arousal. What was the point? "Rick'sprobablysteamingwithjealousyandangerrightnow,butwho fuckingcares.Hecausedthis!Nowhecanlivewiththeresultofhismistake,"s he thought.

Her smooth bubbly ass bounced up and down on Zack's crotch, fucking his meaty manhood from knob to balls on every lustful plunge.

The teens eyes were wide with desire as he watched his Mom's king-sized boobies swing around heavily

right before his eyes. He craned his neck and crammed the tip of one breast into his mouth, devouring as much tit-meat as his mouth would hold.

"Yesss! Suck my titties baby!" Katie cried out delightfully.

Even though he didn't like it one bit, Rick couldn't deny what an absolute thrill it must be for his son to suck on those huge tits while having his rock fucked by an experience pussy. He zoomed in on Zack's face, what little of it he could see.. A good portion of the boy's face was sunk down into the squishy meat of Katie's tit-melon.

"Mmmnnghh," Zack whimpered, sucking and slurping and lashing his tongue on the engorged flesh of her pink papilla.

Her cunt-socket felt exquisite gliding up and down his thick prick. He could feel the ridges along her inner walls, stretching and shaping itself to every contour of his jutting penis. The snug muscled tube slipped wetly over his glans, bathing his boner in her hot slippery secretions.

"Ahhh, fuck," the teen gasped, coming up for air. He licked his way down inside her massive cleavage, savoring the feel of her milkers brushing softly on either sides of his face. He kissed and licked her breastbone, proud of the fact that his head was wedged in a place that most guys only dream about getting.

Katie stiffened her hips, pressing her shaved crotch against Zack's cock-hilt and grinding on rock-hardness. "Ohhh my God, that feels so good," she whimpered.

Zack laid back flat on the mattress and watched her. Katie was sitting up straight now as if riding a horse. Indeed she had a stallion beneath her and she was prepared to ride him into the sunset.

After a few minutes of intense bone-grinding, the mother started to really show her skill, riding her son's cock like a true pornstar. "Ohh

damn," Zack muttered, watching her boobs bounce around above him like two big buoys in a rough sea.

"Yess! Ohh fuck!!" Katie cried, panting in short rapid breaths as she neared the peak of a climax. "Come around and get her face, dad. She's gonna cum," Zack said.

Rick moved around and filmed his wife from another angle, just as she starting crying out in passion.

Her body jerked and trembled as she threw her arms up in the air as if unable to control her cum-engulfed body movements.

"Ohhh yes,' the teen smiled, watching her writhe in pleasure, tossing her long silky hair around,. He loved how her pretty face was masked in pleasure as she used his stiff cock to keeping cumming and cumming.

She finally looked down at him, breathlessly, her eyes glazed in lust. "I need Thumper!" she whimpered. Rick looked at his son, but kept filming. "Who?" he asked.

Zack gave his father a cocky smile. "Hold my beer, dad. I got this," he said.

Like he did when he masturbated for her, Zack rapidly pivoted his hips, plunging his boner through her cunt at lightning speed. "Ohhh God!" Katie cried out. It felt just as good as she thought it would, maybe even better.

The teen kept his poise, moving with wild, but precise humping, while watching Katie's big ballooning jugs bobble and shudder.

His big hard cock was like a well-oiled piston driving through a crank-shaft. Rick could hear the lewd juicy sounds of his wife having her cunt plunged. "Sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup!!"

He watched her gasp sharply and throw her eyes back in their sockets. "Ohhh God, I'm cuuuming!! "Sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup!!"

The sexy shuddering mommy let out a loud girlish shriek. "Uuuunnhhgg!!"

Zack quickly sat up and grabbed her upper torso, squashing her hooters to his chest, while continuing bounce his ass as quick as he could to keep his cock plugging away at her juicesquirting pussy.

She clung tightly to him, her curvy body still convulsing in orgasms. Her cute mommy-screams were music to Zack's ear, fueling his desire to fuck her longer and harder than any guy had. The fact that he was doing it in front of his father was an added bonus.

Rick was almost shocked by the way his wife screamed and humped. He'd never seen her this horny. Sure he'd given her orgasms before, but to see them occur this powerfully, one right after another was nothing he ever imagined his wife was capable of.

He could see the girl-cum gushing over his son's balls. How the boy was able to hold off without cumming seemed impossible. He watched them kiss passionately, panting into each others mouths while their tongues played wildly.

Katie went for her son's neck, lashing her licker all over his erogenous zone. Zack sighed with delight, his tongue literally hanging out of his mouth. His cock flexed and was met with the hot squeezing gyrations of his Mom's skilled pussy.

"Mmnn, do you like it baby," she asked between licks, "does it make you wanna squirt that hot fucking load in me?"

"Yesss!" he gasped, his knob tingling like crazy, wrapped in the tight juicy grip of her twat. "Ohhhfuck!" his voice trembled, his hips shivering.

"Yess, pour it in!" his Mom said lustfully.

"Uhhh! Uhhhyeah, shit!!" Zack moaned as his cannon went off inside her. Like a fat corndog being dipped in batter his boner sludged through his own hot spunk, smothered on all sides by the tight pink sheath of Katie's vagina.

They writhed and kissed and writhed and kissed some more, their grappling genitals sending out wave

after wave of intense post-orgasmic contractions.

Rick finally spoke up. "Are we about done here?" he said.

"You're suppose to say 'cut' dad," Zack joked, making his mother giggle.

When Zack got home from school the next day, he found his mom in the kitchen baking some brownies. "Hey, Mom," he muttered.

"Hey honey. If you hang around a sec. I'll cut you a brownie," she said, taking them out of the oven. "I'm ok, thanks."

She looked at him in concern. He was never one to refuse her baking. "Zacky, what's wrong?" "Nothing."

She stepped over to him, her big boner-makers jostling beneath her black cami top. "Nothing? I'm not buying that for a second. Sit down here, let's talk."

She sat near him at the table, placing her hands on his thigh. "Tell me what's going on," she said. "Taylor thinks I'm avoiding her. She threatened to break up with me if I didn't hang out with her today" he explained. "It's hard because I can't really explain what's going on to her, you know, about the whole video thing."

Katie thought about what he said for a moment. "Thatbitchneedstobegone,"shethought.

"Let me ask you something about Taylor," Katie said, "is she really someone you see yourself with long term, or is she just a fuck-toy right now?"

Zack gave his mom a guilty smile. "If I'm honest, I guess more of just a fuck-toy," he said. "Mm-hm," Katie hummed with a smirk, "that's what I thought."

The mother removed her hands from his legs and replaced them with her sex bare feet. Doing this had caused her skirt to ride up her legs, exposing her panty-covered crotch. The black panties were sheer mesh and Zack could see the smooth puffy folds of her outer labium beneath the fabric.

She draped her legs over his, scooting forward to the edge of her chair. She reached with both hands and massaged her son's shoulders, her huge breasts jutting out between them. "So what's your favorite thing she does to you?"

"My favorite thing?"

"Yeah, what do you think she's the best at sexually?" Katie asked.

"Well, she has really big boobs. Not as big as yours, of course, but she's really good at using them to get me off," he said.

"Oh, so you mean, like a tit-fuck?" "Yeah, exactly," Zack said with a smile.

Katie smiled inwardly. "I'llshowthisfuckingbitch,"she thought.

"Ok, so here's what you do. Let Taylor come over and wrap her tits around your cock. After she leaves later, we'll go downstairs,

bringing our camera-man along of course, then I'll give you a tit-fuck like you've never had," Katie said.

"Really?" the boy asked, his heart racing.

"Really," she nodded, heaving her cannons outward subtly, "And after you see what THESE tits can do to you...after you see that I'm a thousand times better than she is, you'll discover that it's probably best if you just break up with her. Send her packing and focus all your attention on someone else," she said with a naughty wink.

Zack smiled slyly. "Well, I gotta warn you though, Mom, when it comes to sex, well I'm..."

"Insatiable??" Katie asked, then smile. "Me too. Like Mother, like son and that's a good thing, know why?" "Why?"

"Because your father's a fucking idiot that lost us a lot of money and we have a chance to make it all back. But the best part is, while doing that, you and I can have the wildest fucking sex we've ever had," she said, her eyes wide with excitement.

"That, I like the sound of," Zack muttered.

She gazed in his eyes with a sultry stare. "There's nothing I won't do, Zack. Tit-fucking, blow jobs, hard anal sex, you name it. The question is, are you ready to really focus on that?" she asked.

Zack gulped,"Yeah, totally."

"Good," she said, slipping her legs off him and patting his knees. "Then have your last little bit of tit-humping fun with Taylor, and then come to Momma."

An hour later, Zack was in his bedroom with Taylor's hot young tits wrapped around his pole. She squeezed her mammaries together, forming a nice tight pocket for him to screw his dick through.

"Yess, fuck my titties baby!" she cried out.

Taylor was beautiful girl with a plush body, there was no denying that. During their four months together, Zack had pounded every hole she had, squirting gallons of hot spunk inside and outside her body.

However, he could honestly say that after being with his mom, Taylor's body and skills paled in comparison. When he looked at her, it was his mom's face he saw.

"Ohh yess, take my fucking cum!" he gasped, hosing her neck and chin with jizz as he thrust his cock with long ball-bumping thrusts.

"Mmm yum," Taylor said, watching the cock-milk run down her chest. "Can we cuddle now?" "I don't really have time. I have some other things going on tonight."

Taylor huffed and climbed from the bed,"Whatever, Zack," she said in an annoyed tone. He watched her thick naked buttock undulate as she stepped across the room to her pile of clothes. He smirked, remember the endless hours he spent watching that sweet alabaster ass beating against his midsection.

He had a better ass now to focus on and he knew the pleasure it would give his cock would be absolutely divine.

Taylor glared at him as she slipped her panties on. "We're clearly not working, Zack. To be honest, Brian wants to get back together."

Zack giggled. "Brian? The guy with the tiny dick?" he asked.

"Yeah, but he has a huge heart. He said if I got back together with him, he'd do anything for me, even buy me an expensive engagement ring," she said. "I'm gonna commit to being his girlfriend tomorrow."

This didn't make Brian jealous at all. He knew Taylor, like most girls, craved big dick, so the chances of her being sexually satisfied with short-dicked Brian was extremely unlikely. Also,

Zack knew he'd be boning his Mom so much that he wouldn't miss the sex with Taylor at all. The only time he wouldn't be able to enjoy his Mom's body was when he was at school, so perhaps there was still a use for Taylor after all.

"You're still gonna suck me off after gym class ever day, right? "Zack, I just told you. I'm gonna be with Brian."

"So then be with Brian and ALSO suck my dick after gym class. I'm not gonna tell him," Zack said.

The pretty redhead looked over at the long thick snake resting against his abdomen. Zack could see her will-power melt away. "Fine," she muttered softly, almost helplessly.

The boy smiled. He knew even with that pretty engagement ring, she'd be providing him with sloppy head whenever her wanted. He was pretty confident he'd still be occasionally boning her also.

Later that night, Katie shouted to her husband. "Rick, let's go," she said.

She was in her bra and panties, with a towel and baby-oil in hand. Zack snuck past her, getting ready to head downstairs. "Is that for me?" he asked, looking at the oil.

She smiled naughtily. "What do you think?" she asked.

He found out for sure a few minutes later as Katie lubed up her son's boner with her pretty hand. She knelt on the floor and her son sat on the edge of the bed. Her bra was now off, her massive jugs glistening with oil. She looked at her husband, who was filming and

snapped her finger, getting his attention. Then she pointed at the empty space next to her and Rick moved over to that spot.

Zack's cock was as hard as concrete, sticking straight up from his crotch. Katie wrapped it between her boobs and started tit-humping. "Ohh yess," her boy sighed.

Rick shook his head as he filmed the action, still unable to fully wrap his head around the fact that he

was doing such a thing.

The hot mother squeezed her jumbo jugs tight around the hot hunk of meat, sliding it through her slippery cleavage. Zack's fat purple knob rose up from between her tits, swollen and shiny. She grabbed the oil and doused his cock-head. A pool of lube formed around it, then was suddenly sucked down into the tit-crevise, along with his hard pecker.

She gazed into his eyes and smiled. "Better than Taylor?" she asked. "Fuck yess," he answered.

Rick scowled. "You shouldn't really be comparing your mother to your girlfriend," he said in an annoyed tone.

Katie glared at her husband. "This has nothing to do with you. Focus on your camera work and mind your own business," she said sternly.

"She's not really my girlfriend anymore anyway," Zack added, which made his mother smile from ear to ear. "My focus is on other things now," he said, staring at his Mom's glossy tits.

Katie looked back at her husband, while bouncing her boobies around on Zack's cock. "You should appreciate Zack and I's commitment to earning this money back. After all, it is your fault that we have to do this."

"I'm helping out aren't I? This isn't exactly an easy thing for me to watch, you know," Rick said.

Katie and her son flashed each other an amused smile. She wasn't the least bit hesitant with what she said next. "I'm sure it doesn't help that he's so much more handsome than you are." "Gee, thanks," her husband muttered, even though he knew it was true.

"I'm just sayin'" Katie giggled. "And I'm sure something we've both noticed is he certainly didn't take after you in cock size."

"Yeah, thanks for pointing that out, Katie." Rick muttered.

"Oh honey, don't be mad," she said, looking over at her hubby. "Some guys are built to pleasure women...and others are built to hold the camera," she teased, making her son laugh.

She gazed at the tip of his cock-meat, amazing that his entire dick could fit between her massive cleavage and peek out the top. "We should be proud that our son has such a big juicy cock," Katie said, "he'll be getting grade-A pussy his whole life."

"Like yours," Zack said, smiling at his mom, watching her jack his cock with her mammoth tits. "That's right, baby. Pussies like mine were made to be hammered by big dicks like yours," Katie said with a wink, then looked at Rick, "No offence to you honey, but we both know that performance in the bedroom has never been your strong-point."

"I guess I didn't realize it was that bad," Rick asked, feeling defeated.

"Well..." she said with a pathetic scowl, "now you know. I don't say that to make you feel bad. I mean, not every guy a be a Michael Jordon in the bedroom. I just think it's important for you to know that you've never really had what it takes to please a woman like me."

"How do you figure that?" Rick said, his stomach burning with jealous anger.

"Well honey, first of all, look at you. You're older...kinda pudgy and never been nearly as attractive as a guy like Zack. I know it sounds harsh, but if he wasn't my son and I met him twenty years ago, I probably would have married him and not you," she said frankly.

"We would have had a cool wedding," Zack said.

"And fucked our brains out on our wedding night," Katie said with a playfully giggle. "We had sex on our wedding night," Rick said defensively.

Katie looked at her son and rolled her eyes. "What? We did," Rick said.

"Rick, you made me cum once on our wedding night. I've been averaging ten to twenty orgasms each time with Zack," she said, "but you know what, that's ok, you know I still love you, even though you are just a regular guy."

"Well, hooray for us 'regular guys,' right?" Rick said.

"And you should pride yourself in the fact the you're the co-creator of the perfect male specimen," she said, gazing up at her teen, while humping him with her tits, then she glanced at her hubby. "How a guy like you played a part in his creation, I have no idea."

Zack laughed.

Katie eyes were blazing with lust as she gazed right at her boy. "Our son's a gorgeous alphamale, superior to you in every way," she said.

"Wow," Zack muttered with a cocky smile.

She gazed at him like a girl with a crush, "you're fucking hot," she said, then looked at her husband, "you're not."

Her eyes went back to Zack."You're lean and fit," she said, feasting her eyes lustfully on her son's

well-toned chest. Then she looked a Rick. "And you're...well, you're out of shape and to be honest, lately your not really that attractive to me at all," she said with a disgusted scowl.

"Good to know, thanks," Rick said, naturally, a little crushed to hear his wife say that.

Katie looked at him and smiled almost as if in pity. "Now honey, don't be mad. These are just things you need to hear. I do love you, but you're not this," she said, pointing her finger at her son.

She released his cock and ran her nails up his chest. Her tits were shiny with baby oil and precum and

brushed against her boy's erection as they dangled over his crotch. "This is what we women want, right here. Charming, handsome," she said, then gentle stroked a fist up and down his cock, "incredibly

well-endowed."

She pointed Zack's dick at her husband. It was rock hard and jutted out of his crotch obscenely, "I mean, just look at this thing. Do you honestly think you could compete with that?"

Rick just huffed and rolled his eyes.

"And since we're on the subject of 'capable cocks,' I'll bring something else up. I've been wanting a baby for years and still nothing. We've talked about going to a fertility Coach, but it's pointless, really. We both know the reason I haven't gotten pregnant is because you're incapable."

"I've tried. We're still trying, so never say never," her husband said.

"Rick, please. You're barren. All the little workers in the sperm factory have quit, and they're not coming back," she said, making her son laugh.

"It's true," Katie giggled. "I want a baby and you're father's not man enough to give me one. It's sad."

She took her son's balls in her hand and hefted them. "Look at this Rick, take a good look. Do you see how full those balls are? Yet another reason why he's so much better than you. Those are breeding balls. Their whole purpose is to impregnate women and I wouldn't at all be shocked if by the end of all this, I'm carrying Zack's baby," she said.

"Then he needs to start wearing protection," Rick said.

Katie sneered at him. "Absolutely not. Viewers don't wanna see a cock sheathed in latex. No, if he gets me pregnant, then it's your doing. You fucked up, so you're responsible for everything that comes out of this situation," she said, wrapping her tits back around her son's boner.

She looked at him and smile. "I'm sorry honey, I stopped tittie-fucking you. You ready for more," she asked.

"Uh-huh," Zack said with a smile.

She squeezed her jumbo jugs together and humped them around his cock. Both her and her teen watched his juicy knob peek from her cleavage each time she bounced her tits down the length of his hardon. "Ohh that feels good," he sighed, feeling his glans sizzle as the slipped through the smothering pocket of flesh.

Katie got a good tittie-humping rhythm going, beating her son's dick between her squishy knockers. "Yess, that's my Zacky. Fuck

Mommy's tits like a pussy baby," she said.

"Mmm, that's one hot pussy, Mom," he gasped.

"I told you it would be baby. I told you I'd be better than her," Katie said. "Rick, get down here and get a close-up. I want you to see how much cum shoots from his dick."

Her husband moved closer, watching his knob rise up between her boobs over and over. "Ohh shit, I'm gonna cum!" Zack announced.

"Yess, paint my tits with your spunk baby!"

"Uuuhh! Uuuhh!" the boy groaned as big gobs of juicy jizz shot up along Katie's chest and neck.

"Look at the Rick. If that doesn't show you how absolutely worthless your cock is,I don't know what would," Katie said.

She grasped her son's cock and stroked it's meaty length with her pretty hand, pressing and rubbing his twitching knob up against her nipples. "Mmm so much cum," she said lustfully.

After she had milked him dry, she looked at her husband. "The best part about a young hot sex partner is I can give him an amazing tit-fuck and he doesn't go soft after. He's still rock-hard and ready for more action," she said.

Katie released his dick, then crawled onto bed on her hands and knees. She pointed her big thick mommy-ass back and wagged it invitingly. "Come on baby. Mount your naughty mother!" she said to Zack.

The boy didn't have to be asked twice. He crawled up behind her and fit his dick into her creamy cunt-socket. "Ohhh!" Katie sighed delightfully, feeling his hard muscle squeeze through her vagina.

He grabbed her hips and started pounding her in a nice steady doggy-fuck. "Ohh hot damn!" the boy exclaimed, watching her bubbly buttocks beat against his cock. Beneath the smooth tan skin of her buns, the fatty outer layer of ass-flesh bounced and rippled each time they struck his mid-section.

"Yess, fuck mee hard!" Katie gasped, her big breasts swinging like pendulums as they hung from her chest.

The horny mother threw her ass back as him, screwing her cunt to his cock-base on every thrust. At this rate, it wasn't long before she was shaking and howling in orgasm. Just as her cum subside, Zack sped up his thrusts again. "Watch this, dad. I'm gonna give her another one!" he panted.

His groin beat against her cushy ass. "Smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack!!"

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Katie cried out, struck with another intense cum. The next one wasn't far behind and her body throbbed and quivered as she started 'stacking' her orgasms.

Soon their naked bodies were glistening with a sheen of perspiration. Zack licked his lips, watching the meaty half-moons of Katie's ass beat against him relentlessly. She peered back over her shoulder, giving her boy a lustful look while rolling her tongue across her top lip.

He lowered his chest against her sweaty back, reaching under and taking big handfuls of spongy

tit-meat. He squeezed at her jugs and pulled at her nipples, feeling the thick cheeks of her heinie grind up against his crotch, providing his erection with little cunt-strokes.

"Ohhh," her son moaned, feeling his cock being squeezed and sucked by the juicy sleeve of her cunt.

"That feel good baby?" Katie asked.

"Hell yess," he said, returning to the upright position and pounding her hard again..

"Ohhh God!" his mom cried out as she felt her slippery cunt-walls melt around his spearing cock. Within a minute she was writhing and gasping like a bitch in heat, soaking her son's organ with hot girl-cum.

"Ohh man, that feels good," Zack sighed in sheer ecstasy, feeling his cock throb as it thundered through the juicy grip.

"Too much for you baby?" she asked, panting heavily as she thrust her ass back against him. "Smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack!!"

"Ohhh shit," Zack gasped, his knob tingling in the hot grip of pink pussy. "Ohh fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

"Yess, cum deep inside me!" Katie shouted, throwing her cunt back as fast as she could. "Fuck a baby into my womb. Show your sperm-less, short-dicked father how it's done!"

"Uuuugghh, yeaah!!" the boy cried out, hosing the back of her pussy with thick potent baby-seed. Her cunt-muscles tightened and his boner flexed in response. "Hhhnnggff!" the teen snarled as his prick swelled even bigger, blowing out another big wad of cum..

Their thrusts gradually became slower as Katie used her skilled pussy-muscles to squeeze and milk out ever drop of spunk that he had.

'k'k'k

The next day at school, Zack stood in the bathroom stall, checking his phone. Taylor was on her knees in front of him, sucking fast and

hard on his cock. Slurping, gurgling sounds came from the back of her throat as she worked with shameless hunger on her ex-boyfriend's prick. Taylor cupped his nuts as she rolled her tongue all over the rosy knob.

He was exchanging texts with his mom, talking about how much their latest video had generated on the website.

"Are you enjoying this?" Taylor whispered teasingly around his saliva-slicked cock-head. "Of course," Zack said, "Just keep sucking."

He pulled her head back onto his crotch and she popped the spongy crown back into her mouth. She sucked harder than ever, her cheeks reddened obscenely, as if she were intent upon tugging the meat of his prick out of its root. "There you go," the boy sighed.

The pre-cream oozed from his cum slit, and Taylor hungrily slipped her fat tongue all over the knob to lap up every drop. "Ohh man, such a good cocksucker," he sighed, tugging at her head.

He got another text from his mom that read: "I have a big surprise for you when you get home

"I can't wait," he texted back.

They heard the first bell go off and Taylor increased her cock-sucking tempo.

"Shit, if I'm late for class again I'll get detention," Zack said, then grabbed her head and held it to his crotch while he thrust his hips, spearing his cock down her throat.

Taylor gagged and gurgled, but held in there like a champ as the boy used her mouth, throat and tongue like a hot pussy. He winced as he felt his knob begin to tingle and swell. "Hmnn...Ohhh damn," he gasped.

The girl let out a gurgling squeal as hot spunk shot from Zack's piss-hole, straight down her throat. The boy bucked and whimpered, plugging his boner through the ring of her lips, using her hole to milk his load.

His boner finally popped from her mouth and bobbed around wetly. Taylor stood up and wiped her face. Zack noticed the shiny engagement ring on her finger. "Nice ring," he said with a cocky smile.

She looked at it guiltily, then flashed him a glance. "Thanks," she muttered, then rushed out.

The boy could hardly wait to get home and see what his surprise was. "Mom?" he called out as he entered the house.

"Down here sweetheart," she shouted from her bedroom.

When he reached his parent's oom, his heart skipped a beat. Sprawled out on the bed waiting for him was his mom and her friend Beth. Both women were naked and ready to be fucked. "Whoa!" the boy muttered, making the Moms giggle.

He noticed the camera was set up on a tripod and pointed at where the action would soon occur. "Beth thinks a threesome video could be the most popular one yet," Katie said.

Zack shrugged his shoulder. "She's the expert. Who are we to argue," he said.

A few minutes later the teen was on top of Beth, pounding her pussy hard and fast. The shorthaired blonde panted and whimpered, her fat tits rolling up and down her chest. Zack ran his hands along the outsides of her strong shapely thighs, savoring the feel of her smooth legs around him. "Ohh shit yeah!" he moaned.

The big thick muscle of his cock throbbed wildly as it slipped through her cunt-tube hard and fast. The boy winced as her cunt clasped more tightly around his cock with each driving stroke.

Their bodies moved in rhythmic unison, rocking and writhing and pumping together like a pair of horny animal. Her enormous tits jiggled on her rib cage as they fucked, sloshing against his chest. He kissed her lustfully and their tongues swirled together in a wild frenzy of passion.

Katie slithered onto her son's back, sandwiching him between her and Beth. He speared his prick as deep as it could go, crushing his knob again the mouth of Beth's cervix and holding it there, while he was showered in kisses and licks. "Ohh damn," the teen sighed in delight, surrounded in mommy-flesh.

A memory of his days playing little league flashed in his head. He remember the two sexy moms sitting together in the bleachers. He recalled how both stood up and cheered when he got a hit, the huge swell of their tits bouncing up and down beneath their tops. Now here he was sandwiched between those same big boobies, with those two hot Moms showering him with sexual affection.

Katie giggled as she was thrown onto her back. Zack closed in quick, sprawling down between her thighs and cramming his cock inside her. "Yesss!" she cried out, throwing her legs around him as he jackhammered his cock through her horny cunt.

He fucked relentlessly and she howled from the thrill of such a deep hard boning. He felt his Mom's body writhe and shiver as she stacked three powerful orgasms, one right after another. "Let me ride you!" Beth said, hovering near them.

Zack's cock plopped from Katie's shaved snatch, dripping with juices. He dropped onto his back and Beth was on top of him in a split-second. He felt his hardon get quickly sheathed and the blonde

mommy bounced up and down on him. "Ohh my God, you're soo fucking big," she cried out, squeezing her big bobbling tits.

The boy looked down and watched his cock slice through the thick splayed lips of Beth's shaved pussy. There was something so magical about fucking a Mother's cunt. They were pussies that had experience years of sex and birthed babies, resulting in strong cunt walls and an abundance of hot slippery fuck-oil. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, enjoying the incredible sensations on his dick.

She leaned down and he sucked her jiggling tits, then rubbed his face in her gaping cleavage. "Show her Thumper baby!" Katie said.

"Thumper?" Beth asked with a curious smile.

"Sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup!!" The hot blonde squealed in ecstasy as she had her cunt plunged.

Zack rocked his hips wildly, fucking her pussy with rapid plunges, which caused her to have a screaming, quivering orgasm..

Katie wasn't one to be left out. She anxiously traded places with Beth and enjoyed her own toecurling ride. "Sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup!!"

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Ohhh, fuck meee!" she screamed, bouncing and grinding and creaming all over the cock of her dreams. Zack just laid in awe, watching her jugs swing around like crazy and her bare pubis bounce and grind on his cock-hilt, their crotches wet with spurting girl-cum.

He fucked them both from behind, watching their meaty rumps swivel up and back on the stiffness of his prick. Their ass-mounds jiggled with each wet SLAP against his midsection.

He leaned down onto Beth sweaty back, hefting her fat swinging tits. He sighed as he cupped them, feeling their spongy weight and the stiffness of her nipples on his palms.

"Ungghh!" Beth squealed dropping her head onto her folded arms, so Zack could get his cock in even deeper. Eagerly, she gyrated her ass, bucking and humping, meeting his thrusts. "Ohhh yess, fuck mee harder!" she cried out.

Zack panted as he intensified the rhythm of his fuck-humps, pounding his cock into her as hard as he could..

"Ohhhyes, I'm cumming!" Beth shrieked, helplessly clawing at the bedsheet. She clamped her cunt muscles around the length of his pistoning cock.

Her climax lasted nearly a minute, pumping so furiously back on the boy's stiff prick that Beth thought she'd pass out.

Katie was on her side, with one leg lifted up, her sexy bare foot pointed at the ceiling. She reached out and guided her teen over onto her. Zack slipped his juice-soaked dick inside her and held the spire of her leg as he pounded away. "Ohh fuck yess," he sighed, feeling his tender dick surrounded in juicy heat once again.

They humped and panted like dogs, the entire bed rocking and squeaking beneath them. Katie brought her foot down and caressed her son's cheek with her painted toes. He slipped them into his mouth and sucked on them, making Katie's cunt-tube shrink around his pole.

"Hhhmmmuuh!" the mother cried out as an orgasm shot through her lush body, making her big titties tremble like jello.

Her clamping cunt and burbling juice was just two much for Zack's young cock to endure. "Ohhh fuck, I'm gonna pop!" he announced.

"Cum on our faces," Beth said and Katie quickly crawled up and joined her, so both women were on the hands and knees, side by side.

Zack tightened his ass to keep the impending cum-flow back, so her could get into position in front of them. He stood up, then squeezed his prick up and down as it hovered down near the women. "Ohhh fuck yesss!" he cried out, blasting creamy cum-ropes all over their pretty faces.

Beth and Katie took turns sucking on his juicy, pulsing knob. They rolled their long lickers all over his glans, collecting the spunk that still oozed from his piss-slit.

The boy watched in wide-eyed disbelief as the two sexy mommy's licked and sucked his knob together, their tongues looping around and around his peter-tip.

"Mmmnn," Katie hummed, tracing the ridge of his crown, while Beth whipped her tongue against the sensitive band of his frenulum. It was enough to make the kids cock about shoot into orbit. **'k'k'k**

Over the next month, Rick had the unfortunate task of filming hours and hours of intense sexual activity. Blowjobs, tit-fucking, wild sixty-nine's and, off course, hot vaginal fucking in positions he never even knew were possible. He had never seen his wife cum so much in his life. He knew that in this short time

period she had probably cum more times than she had in their entire twenty-year marriage.

Needless to say, when they had finally reached their financial goal, he was extremely thankful it was over.

"So, now that I've done my part and the money's back in the account. I guess things can get back to normal around here," he said.

Zack and his Mom looked at eachother. It was clear they had other plans. "Actually, Zack and I were discussing something before you got home," Kate said.

"What's that," Rick asked.

"Well, the reason you made that bad investment to begin with, is because you wanted wealth right?" "Yeah, I suppose," he muttered, having a pretty good idea where this was going.

"Ok, that's what we thought. And we want that too. So um, Zack and I have a plan," she said with an eager smile.

64: Locker Date…with Mom

By Klrxo

"Have you fucked that cute girl Abby yet?" Jake's mom Lisa asked him as they sat having breakfast.

"No, her parents are super protective. They make her come straight home after school."

"Well...fuck her DURING school then," Lisa suggested.

"How am I suppose to do that, mom?" Jake asked. "There's hall monitors all over the place."

"That's easy. Fuck inside your locker."

Jake burst out laughing. "Inside my locker?! Very funny!" he stated.

"I'm serious. The lockers at the high school are plenty big enough for a hard romp. When I was a senior, I used to fuck guys all the time inside those lockers," she confessed.

"Wait...are you serious?" her son asked, giving her a skeptical look.

"Absolutely serious! I mean, in such a confined space, you're limited to only a couple positions, and you have to be carefully to not scream out when you cum, but otherwise it's a great place to fuck, in a pinch," she explained.

Jake shook his head and went back to eating his breakfast. "I think you're just screwing with me," he told her with a mouthful of cereal.

"Honey, I am not!" Lisa giggled. "Try it and you'll see...it's completely doable."

"Two people...in one locker...going at it? I highly doubt that, mom."

"Do I have to show you that it's possible?" she asked, smiling across the table at him mischievously.

Jake gave her an inquisitive look. "Show me...how?" he inquired. "How do you think?" his mom giggled.

"Wait, are you talking about having sex with ME?"

"Well, yeah...that would be the only way to show you it's possible, wouldn't it?" answered.

Jake's heart did a crazy dance in his chest. He'd been lusting after his blonde, heavy-titted mother since early adolescence, but never dreamed he'd get this sort of invitation. "What about...dad though?" he asked.

"What does this have to do with him?" she questioned.

"Wouldn't that be cheating on him?"

"Well, technically no. It's not like I'm meeting some guy for sex, just for kicks. I'm doing this this to prove a point, and help my son realize there's a place he can take girls during school hours to get some pussy."

"So, you're telling me dad would have no problem with that?" Jake giggled.

"No, I'm not saying that. Of course your father would have a problem with it, but this isn't something we'll be discussing over family dinner...or AT ALL for that matter, got it?" she sternly asked.

"Got it," her boy agreed.

"So that's a yes then?" asked Lisa, raising an eyebrow curiously. "Are we doing this?"

"Are you talking about us doing this during school?"

"Well, no. Not that we'll get caught, but if we did, the consequences for both of us would be pretty severe, if we were doing it during school hours."

"True."

"How about after school today, once all the other students have gone home?" Lisa suggested.

"There are still students there for after school-sports," the teen pointed out.

"Yes, but they'll be busy out on the field. We'll still have to be incredibly careful, but I think it'll be the best time for my little demonstration," the busty mother giggled.

"True. So what do we --"

His mom quickly cut him off. "Shhh! Your father's coming," she warned in a hushed tone.

"Honey, have you seen my brown dress shoes?" Lisa's husband Tony asked, straightening his tie as he walked in.

"In the shoe basket, by the front door," she replied.

He gave her a kiss on the forehead. "What would I do without you," he commented. "Which reminds me, don't forget to stop by the dealership for your oil change this afternoon."

"Oh shoot, I forgot that was today?" Lisa said with a scowl.

"Is it still doable?" asked Tony.

"Well, I'm taking Jake to an appointment today after school. It's a pretty important one, that might require us to be there a couple hours at most. Can we reschedule it for tomorrow?"

Jake could hardly believe his ears. He was imagining their locker-romp would be a quick in-and-out, but his mom was making it sound like it would be a nice long marathon fuck they'd be doing.

"Yeah, no problem...I'll call and reschedule," his dad said, then looked over at him. "What's this appointment? Everything ok?"

The boy glanced at his mom in a speechless stupor. Lucky for him, Lisa was quick on her toes. "He's fine. It's more of a school-related training thing, nothing's wrong with his health at all."

"Oh good," his father said in relief. "Well, I'm outta here. Busy day at the office ahead."

After seeing her husband out, Lisa retuned to the kitchen to find her son giggling. "What's so funny?" she inquired.

"School-related training, huh?"

"Well, technically I wasn't lying," Lisa said. "I'll be TRAINING you to fuck girls in your locker at school."

"So, what do I say if dad asks me how it went?"

His mom leaned over, grabbed a blueberry out of his bowl and popped it into her mouth. The neck of her robe had opened substantially, exposing a huge gaping cleavage for her boy to gawk at. "Hopefully you tell him it was the most incredible 'training' you've ever gotten," she responded flirtingly.

Jake could hardly focus in school that day, and rightly so. His mom was a beautiful woman who he swore resembled the singer Kellie Pickler. She had a thick round ass that he loved to stare at when she

walked, but by far her best physical feature was her giant-sized tits. He had overheard her once talking to his aunt about how she had to order special J-cup bras from the UK to fit her chest. He couldn't help but wonder if part of his after-school "demonstration" was to get to see them naked.

During his third hour, he got a text from his mom. "Your locker's not dirty and stinky is it? " it read.

"No, I just cleaned it out a couple days ago," he texted back.

"Oh, good! You'll have to find a place to put your backpack and anything else that could get in our way," her next text advised.

"Got it," Jake responded.

"Oh, and what's your locker combination? I guess I'll need that, haha ."

Jake texted his mom the combination to his locker, still in disbelief that this was actually gonna happen.

Next, his hot mom sent him a picture of her entire naked silky leg extended out, with her toes pointed out across her bedroom. He noticed that her toenails were freshly painted a deep maroon, which was his school color. Under the picture, the text read: "Since I'm gonna be hanging on campus today, I figured I better show some school spirit."

Jake stared at the photo, admire the way his mom's tan leg gave off a silky sheen. "Looks like your legs are freshly shaved too," he texted.

"Yes, those…and SOMETHING ELSE, " she texted back.

The boy's heart did a somersault in his chest as he tried to imagine his mom's hot pussy completely bare.

The rest of the school say seemed to drag, but probably because Jake was checking the clock every fine minutes.

Finally, the bell sounded and students scrambled to get the hell out of there as quickly as possible. Jake wandered down to the corridor where the lockers were, lingering for a few minutes as he waited for his fellow scholars to dissipate.

He looked over at his own locker, trying to wrap his head around the fact that his mom could actually be in there waiting for him. As a Senior, he had one of the big lockers. The smaller ones around his were for Juniors and Sophomores. Finally, when no one else was around, he stepped over, quickly spun the dial around to the numbers of his combination, then popped the door open.

Lisa was leaning against the back wall of the locker, dressed in a snug tank-top, shorts and cute little wedged-heeled sandals. "Hi!" she whispered cutely, smiling at him.

"Hi," he answered, his heart pounding faster than it ever had. His mom's hair and makeup was done up to the nines. She had even applied a light coat of pink lipstick, which he'd never seen her wear before.

"Is there anyone out there?" she asked in a hushed tone.

Jake gawked at the enormous bulging cleavage clearly on display and framed in by the neck of her tank top. This certainly wasn't something his mom had ever worn at home.

"Honey?" her sweet voice asked, breaking his tittie-trance.

"Oh, yeah, sorry, um..." he muttered, looking around. "There's just one person."

"As soon as they're gone, come in," Lisa told him.

Ironically, the "one person" out there was a hot blonde that Jake was dying to sink his boner into. One of the ones who's parents were super-protective. She closed her locker door and flashed Jake a flirty smile before walking off, making her young plump buttocks wag as she disappeared down the corridor.

"Is she a CILF, honey?" his mom giggled, noticing how distracted her boy was.

"CILF?" her son asked.

"Classmate I'd like to fuck?"

"Oh, yeah...definitely one of those," he laughed. "Unfortunately she's one of the girls who has super-strict parents."

"Well get in here and I'll show you how to bone her in your locker."

Jake stepped into his locker, closing the door behind him. He was now chest to chest with his mom, her ballooning boobies pressed softly against him.

"See...fits two people, no problem," his mom pointed out.

"Yeah, but two people having sex? That's another story."

Even inside the closed locker, light from the outside still streaked in from little slits along the door, allowing Jake to see his mom's smiling lips and beautiful hazel eyes. "Get your shorts and briefs off," she whispered.

The boy complied and his lengthy boner spunk upward and rubbed against his mom's belly. He gulped nervously. "Shit, I left the condoms in my backpack," he blurted.

"Good. Throw them out when we're finished here."

"Throw them out?"

"Yes, Throw them out, burn them, I don't care...just get rid of them," Lisa demanded. "If a girl wants to fuck you, she better be on birth control. It's not real sex unless you can feel her vagina wetting and squeezing your glans bareback."

"So YOU'RE on birth control?" Jake asked.

"No, but I'm old enough to be in tune with my cycle. I'm not ovulating right now, so you can't get me pregnant," she explained.

"Oh, I see," Jake nodded, staring down at the huge dark split of her cleavage.

"If you can make this work with me, you can make it work with any girl," Lisa remarked.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because my boobs are ten times bigger than those on any girl you go to school with," she giggled. "If there's room enough to fuck me in here, there's certainly room enough to fuck any of them."

"I'm still not completely convinced it's even possible. I can hardly even move in here," complained the boy.

"I'll show you how, but the first thing we need do is create some lubrication," Lisa instructed. "Men and women create that naturally through sexual arousal."

Jake gasped sharply as he felt his mom's hand grasp his erection near the base. She pumped her thumb against the bulge of his urethra. "Your lubricant will flow up through your urethra and out your piss-slit," the mother explained, then took his hand and guided up under the leg of her stretchy shorts.

The boy's body shuddered with arousal as his hand landed on her shaved pussy. "You're not wearing panties?" he asked.

Nope, and loose-fitting shorts for easy access. A woman self-lubricates from glands just inside her vagina. Run your middle finger up through my cunt-slit and you'll see how wet I am," she breathed.

Jake did so, feeling hot slippery cuntal-nectar soak his finger. "Wow, you're um...super wet!" he observed, smelling both her sweet perfume and the pungent aroma of aroused pussy.

Lisa squeezed her hand all the way up her boy's steely hard prick, feeling the pre-ejaculatory slime ooze from his meatus. She thickly coated his knob, then brought her hands up on his shoulders and slipped her dainty bare feet from her sandals. "OK, honey...we're lubed up and ready. Like I told you before, you're limited in the number of positions you can do in here, but I'll show you a few of the easiest ones."

"Alight," the teen breathed excitedly.

"I'm gonna hook my leg up around you, and pretty much sit against your crotch. You hold my ass and you'll be able to guide your thrusts, ok?"

"Got it!" the boy whispered.

Lisa steadied herself by placing a hand against the locker wall, while lifting her smooth lovely leg and curling it around her boy's midsection. This made her monstrous mommy-melons flatten even more against her son's chest.

"Ahhh!" the teen moaned, feeling her soft pundendal folds drag against his knob as his mom lined herself up on the crown of his cock. Lisa lowered onto him, splitting her twat with the shiny bulb of his erection.

"Mmnnff!" the boy grunted, feeling his boner slide through the remnants of her hymen and sink up into the wet smothering heat of her fuck-tube.

His mom also gasped in delight, as her cuntal lining stretched around his thick invading cock-meat. Her husband's penis was fine, but she knew there was nothing like a huge muscular teenage cock, and that she'd probably be squealing her ass off in orgasmic delight.

Jake's peter-tip mashed against the pursed ring of her external o's, just as her hairless outer labia met his cock-base. The mother could feel the excited pulse of his heart through his engorged knob as she squeezed it tenderly with her slippery secreting walls. "There it is, honey," she whispered with thrill in her voice. "There's the pussy. Show mommy what you got."

The boy began to work his hips beneath her, plunging his boner through the snug sleeve of her exquisitely-ribbed vaginal tube.

"Hot damn, mom...your pussy feels incredible!" he softly gasped, pumping his big prick through her mature coital grip.

"And you didn't think fucking in here was possible," she teased, working her wide hips to meet his steady fuck-humps.

Jake peered down and watched her jiggling tit-cleavage in wide-eyed fascination. "I had my doubts, but you proved me wrong," the boy said. He loved the way his mom was letting out cute little "huffs" of pleasure from his rhythmic fucking. When his eyes returned to her to her rippling bosom, she realized she could do something to make this even more special for him. "Would you like me to take off my top and bra...so my tits can bounce around on you?" she teasingly inquired.

"Would I ever!"

Lisa quickly shed her tank top and dropped it to the floor.

"Oh wow!" the boy wondrously exclaimed as he was greeted by more pounds of tit-flesh, which seemed to jostle around inside the overflowing cups of her sexy bra. The cock-humping mother reached

around and unhooked the four clasps holding back her mammoth rack.

When her bra sprung free of her frame, Jake's eyes nearly popped out of his skull. "Holy hell!" gasped the boy as Lisa's huge mommy-melons began leaping and rippling against his upper body.

"There, is that better, honey?" his mom giggled.

"Much!"

She tugged his head towards her bouncing udders. "Stuff your face down between them while you fuck me," she said breathlessly.

The teen's wicked dreams were all coming true. He delightfully pushed his face in the squishy jiggling canyon between his mom's breasts. "Holy fuck!" he hissed, his voice muffled by fatty tit-flesh.

Lisa giggled, knowing just how much her baby always wanted to be smothered between her wonderfully-large melons. She felt his cock flex powerfully, stimulating some of the most pleasurable areas of her vaginal tract, especially the ones along the upper wall, back by her cervical cap, in an area her husband simply didn't have the length to touch.

For ten minutes Jake pounded into her, while kissing, licking and sucking on the jiggling inner slopes of her tits. He always knew when a girl was about to cum on him, by the way her pussy began to tighten around his cock. Those pussies felt incredible, but the sensations his mom's cunt-tube was providing was on a whole other level.

"Goddamn, mom!" the boy gasped, peeking up from between her smothering tits,

feeling the muscles in her pelvic floor contract, compressing the slippery pink pleats of flesh lining her vaginal walls around his entire

boner as it dug through her.

"I'm gonna cum on you, baby!" she mewled as her curvy flesh began to tremble in pleasure against her boy.

Jake mashed his lips against her breastbone, feeling all the doughy-soft flesh slosh around his face. "I'm gonna cum too!" he announced.

The frantically humping mother felt her boy's knob swell even bigger inside her and his first grunt coincided with a hot splash of ejaculate that struck her back wall.

Her pussy-tube suddenly contracted wildly around the unyielding hardness of Jake's prick. The boy groaned and whimpered as he pumped; his dick tingling with more pleasure than he'd ever felt as ropes spat wildly from his piss-slit.

His mom used her arms to squeeze her giant tits even tighter around his head, while squealing in a juicy climax. It was all she could do to keep from screaming out as her orgasm swept through her busty body like an electric current.

Jake was on cloud nine...grumbling against his mom's tit-flesh while feeling his dick get yanked off by the gushing grip of her vagina. Lisa's bulging cuntal meatus beat against the root of her boy's strong penis, making her hot liquid love-juice spurt around his thick stalk and drip down off his clenching nuts.

Mother and son were certainly in no hurry to stop. They beat their cum-soaked pissers together for nearly ten mind-blowing minutes, riding the orgasm-train all the way to the end of the track.

"Well!" Lisa sighed, completely out of breath. "Now I remember why I liked locker dating so much."

"I'll never doubt you again," her boy promised, letting out a long, satisfied sigh.

"And I also remember now why I loved getting fucked so much when I was younger," she confessed, squeezing her son's still-erect cock.

"Why's that?"

"Because teenage boys have short refractory periods, meaning your dicks don't go soft and you're ready for more vigorous fucking in a matter of minutes."

"I certainly wouldn't mind going again," Jake admitted.

"Good, because there's one other position I wanna show you," said Lisa, lifting her cunt off his cock. Jake's prick was a gooey mess. It wagged around stiffly as his large-chested mother carefully turned around, so her back was now turned to her boy.

"This time you're gonna fuck me from behind," she informed him, peeking back over her shoulder.

"Ready when you are," the boy eagerly said, giving his cock a few rejuvenating strokes, while rubbing his knob up through her luscious ass-crevice.

"I was born ready, baby," his mom purred, pushing her bare buttocks back teasingly to encourage him to plunge it back inside her. He got the hint and squeezed his hardon through her snug cunt-tube, sheathing his tender meat in delightful mommy-pussy.

Together they pumped their hips, finding a nice satisfying fuck-rhythm. The rounded cheeks of Lisa's naked ass slapped repetitively against her son's crotch, making the fatty outer layer of her fanny-meat ripple wonderfully.

The panting, sexually excited mother peeked back at her teen. "Hold my hips!" she demanded. "Pound the fuck out of me!"

Jake happily complied, grasping his mom's wide hips and beating his dick through her birthing tube with tit-jarring force. "Yes! Like that!" Lisa gasped, reaching down and rubbing her engorged clitoris while her son fucked her.

The teen loved looking down and watching his meaty cock thunder in and out of his mom's body, glistening with her secretions. He pulled her buns apart slightly while he fucked, so he could see the pink elastic ring of her asshole wink up at him. "Oh, yes!" he sighed, feeling her powerful pelvic floor muscles squeeze around his plunging love-muscle, massaging it skillfully.

The way she was slightly leaned forward against the locker wall allowed Lisa's dangling perspiration-sheened boobies to swing around wildly. "Reach around and squeeze my fucking tits!" the horny mother groaned.

Her boy grasped on to her dancing titties, sinking his fingers into their squishy meat. Her nipples felt fat and rubbery against his squeezing hands. Lisa stood up straight, turning her head and gazing into her teen's eyes in absolute fuck-lust, while his crotch continued to slap against her rounded butt-cheeks. "Fuck me harder!" she pleaded, her pretty hazel eyes glazed with desire.

Jake upped his tempo, hammering his boner through his mom's vagina, hitting her back wall with his flaring knob on every thrust.

"Do you always fuck your dates without kissing them?" Lisa's shaky voice whispered.

"No."

"Kiss me then," the mother told him, moving her lips up towards his. The oval of their mouths fused together as they engaged in a

passionate French kiss. The mother's long pink snake whipped about inside Jake's mouth, dancing wildly with his.

The horny mother felt her boy's cock flex with excitement, so she tightened her cunt muscles around it in response, increasing the mind-blowing cuntal friction on his sensitive teenage glans.

"Fuck!" her boy groaned, feeling his dick tingle as his mom pounded her sweaty ass back against him with greater intensity.

"Ohh, my boy's such a good fucker," the mother cooed, gazing into his eyes. "He's making mommy's pussy melt around his hot dick."

"Feels incredible," the boy breathed, not slowly his frantic pace one bit.

"You're gonna make me cum on you again," she giggled with pleasure, stroking his cheek tenderly with her hand. "Your gonna make me blast my hot fucking girl-juice all over your hard fat cock!"

Jake watched his mom's eye's roll back and her mouth drop open as she gasped over and over. He felt her birthing tube contract around his pounding cock and her body began to tremble delightfully against him.

The great thing about having one cum out of the way, was it allowed the teen to fuck his mom longer and harder this time without blowing his load. He leaned back against the locker wall, lifting his mom up so her back rested against his torso. Lisa's dainty bare feet, with their school-color-painted toenails dangled above the locker floor, bobbing around from the force of her son's fucking. Her meaty buttocks continued to slap against Jake's humping crotch as he hammered away at her cum-gushing pussy. For a good ten minutes he fucked her this way, making their hot flesh drip with sweat.

Lisa turned her head and looked at her son with wild lustful eyes. "Put me down! I wanna suck you off, so you can cum down my

throat," she said in a sexy tone.

The heavy-chested mother quickly turned and crouched down, grasping his juice-glistened boner at the base and dragging her long pink mommy-licker up and down it's length.

"Ahhh!" the boy sighed, gazing down and watching his mom's tongue curl around his knob, scrubbing his glans with skilled oral affection. She plunged his cock into her mouth and began bobbing her head in traditional blowjob fashion, while gazing up at him with her pretty eyes.

Lisa's heart was practically beating out of her heavy-titted chest. She felt like a young high-school-aged girl again, sucking off one of the hot guys inside his locker. Yes, she loved her husband, but she also got an insatiable thrill by acting as her son's cum dispenser, and letting him beat his young dick through her hot motherly holes. Lewd, slurping, gurgling sounds filled the locker as the mother lovingly gorged herself on her boy's thick prick. She flared her nostrils, taking in the warm, musky smell of his teenage cock-flesh.

"Ahhh, shit, mom!" the teen whimpered, feeling her plunge his juicy prick down her throat and mash her lovely lips around his cock-hilt.

"Ggnnuhhfff!" the mother gagged, pre-spunk spewing out the sides of her cock-stuffed mouth. This time when she sucked, she grasped his boner around the base and beat it into her hot plunging mouth, making her oversized knockers bobble around heavily.

For five more mind-blowing minutes, the teen was treated to the best blowjob he'd ever had. In fact, none of the girls who'd sucked his cock could even hold a candle to

his mom's oral skills. "Holy shit!" he exclaimed wondrously, watching her pretty blonde head bob tirelessly up and back on his cock, using her mouth, tongue and throat like a hot pussy.

"Ah, God!" Jake exclaimed, then bit his bottom lips and humped his hips, meeting his mom's rhythmic sucking.

Beating his boner with one hand, the mother reached up and played with his balls with the other. She dug her long, painted nails into the tender meat of his nuts, teasing them exquisitely.

"Oh, God, mom, I'm gonna cum!" the boy softly groaned.

The wanton mother sucked her son's boner as hard as she could, rolling her tongue around on the fat pinkish-purple knob, cleaning the pre-spunk from his weeping piss-hole. She felt his entire dick swell inside her mouth.

"AHH, MOM!!" the teen grunted out, grabbing the back up her head and jabbing his cock in as far as it could go down her clasping throat. "HERE I CUM!" Hot ball-goo erupted from his peter-tip, spraying down his mother's throat.

"Mmmnppff!" Lisa gurgled, diligently gulping down all the spunk that was pouring into her throat. For a long while, the boy sighed in pleasure as his mom nursed out every drop of spunk, rolling her teasing tongue all over his quivering dick. She finally lifted her head, licking any remnants of cock-cream off her lips while gazing up at her son with shamelessly lusty eyes. "Pretty good locker date, huh?" she asked.

"The best," her son replied.

After they were dressed, Jake opened the locker door and peeked out to make sure the coast was clear. "We're good," he said to his mom, then they both hurried out.

"Need a ride home?" Lisa giggled.

"Yeah, I guess a ride would be good. Let me grab my bag."

"I'll meet you at the car," the mother told him, not wanting to take a chance at being questioned by any wandering school officials.

"Hey, mom?" Jake called before she could wander far.

"Yeah, honey?"

"Thanks for the training."

"Anytime," she winked.

"Really? Anytime??" he asked with an inquisitive smile.

"It's a figure of speech, but…yeah, we'll see…" she answered with a mischievous glance down at the bulge beneath his shorts.

Jake watched her lovely round ass sway teasingly as she stepped up the corridor.

THE END

65: Long Arm of the Law, Mom-syle_1

Long Arm of the Law, Mom-syle

By Klrxo

"Let's get started!" a firm-voiced female said, making most of the police officers in the room quiet up. There were a few though who kept chatting.

The female lieutenant conducting the meeting LOUDLY cleared her throat, silencing the rest of the group.

"Ok, as you can see, there's rain out today," she said, "which means we should expect slippery conditions and some accidents out there, so be on alert. Officer's Tanner and Crosby will be on patrol near the park. There will most likely be peaceful protesters there today, let's just make sure it stays peaceful."

Lieutenant Liana Monk had worked her way up within the ranks of the department. Even in her uniform and peaked hat, she still looked strikingly beautiful. Many of her friends and colleagues would comment on how much she looked like the actress, Mary-Louise Parker.

Indeed she did, but with noticeable differences. Liana was VERY well endowed and had a body that was overall voluptuous. Even in a tight bra and modest button-up blouse, her bounteous boobs looked

like they could pop the buttons right off her uniform and wobble out into the open for everyone to gawk at.

She continued to address the group. "Officers Daily and McFay will patrol the outdoor market on the west side. There continues to be reports of petty theft there, so be on the lookout for anyone that looks suspicious. Any questions?" she asked.

A male officer near the back of the room raised his hand. "Yes, Tanner?" Liana asked.

Officer Tanner did his best Bill Paxton impression. "How do I get out of this chickenshit outfit?" he said, making his comrades laugh.

Liana was only slightly amused. "Just make another smartass movie reference at the conclusion of tomorrow's meeting, then I'll fire you. Does that answer your question?"

His coworkers mocked him, like someone who had just been roasted."Ohh, burn!" one of them joked.

"Let's get to work!" Liana said with a giggle.

She walked out into the hallway, but didn't get far. "Lieutenant...a word?" Captain Braxton asked, peeking his head from his office.

Liana walked into his office and out of respect, took her peaked hat off. Her shoulder length brown hair was back in a ponytail. "Sir?"

"Have a seat," he said, sitting back at his own desk.

Her boss watched the way the swell of her knockers shimmied when she sat. Liana wasn't oblivious to his wandering eyes, but it was her boss, so what was she gonna say?.Besides, Captain Braxton had a long decorated career in the force and was five month from retiring. If he wanted to gawk at her tits and flirt some, so be it.

"Where are we at with the Perfume Bandit? Any leads?" he asked. "Perfume Bandit?"

"Yeah, the outdoor market thief?" "You gave her a name?" she asked.

"I give all our serial crooks names. It's what they pay me to do," he said. "Wait, you said 'she.' How do you know it's a she?"

"Well, just a hunch I guess. If she was a he, wouldn't 'he' be stealing cologne and not perfume?"

"Not if 'he' has a girlfriend to impress, by bringing her expensive stolen perfume," the Captain said.

"True, but...if the girlfriend likes to smell good, wouldn't she want 'him' smelling good also? Yet not one bottle of cologne stolen, to my knowledge. Only expensive perfume."

"Hm, see that's what I love about you, Monk," he said, then stopped and glanced down at her tits. "Well, maybe not all I love about you, but you're always thinking things through. I respect that."

Liana smiled at him knowingly. "Thanks, and in answer to your question, I have two officers patrolling the west end market all day. I think it's just a matter of time and we'll nail her!"

"I hope you're right," her boss said.

Later that day, Fritta Lawson ripped opened a new bottle of perfume and gave her neck a few sprays. "De Lalique - Plume...fantastique!" she said in perfect French.

Will sat across from her, watching her fat tits wobble beneath her skimpy top. He was only eighteen, but old enough to legally fuck her, if she'd let him. He wasn't too concerned about the legalities though, since he and Fritta were already wrapped up in the world of

crime. He'd been stealing perfume for forty-two year old Fritta for months.

In exchange for his skills as a thief, she would give him the best blowjobs he'd ever had. She

loved expensive perfume! He loved blowjobs! It was a win-win arrangement. "Baccarat Rouge?" she looked at him and asked, raising an eyebrow.

"They had it locked up," he answered, shaking his head. "Rats! Flowerbomb Haute Couture?"

"That one too!" he muttered. "Damnit!

"I suspect because of all the times I've stolen from them, they're starting to lock up the most expensive perfumes," Will said.

"Or they're just mocking you." "Mocking me?" Will asked.

"Yes, mocking you! They think you're an amateur thief, so all they have to do is stick the perfume behind a glass case and that will detour you."

"Well, I can't just..."

"But you're NOT an amateur...and it's NOT detouring you....is it?" Fritta asked, staring straight at him. She worded it more like a statement, rather than a question.

"Fritta, here's the thing...The cases are locked. I can't just snap my fingers and..." "I know what you want, Will." Fritta said, interrupting him..

"Huh?"

"You up the risk, I up the reward," she said, standing up, then bent over the chair, pointing her thick ass back at him. "That's how this

arrangement works, remember? Now, do you want it or not?"

She was right in that respect. Will had started by purchasing her cheaper perfume. In exchange, she would rub his cock through his pants. When she started asking for the more expensive varieties, she began rewarding him with blowjobs or letting him play with her naked tits. Now it was time to up the ante once again.

The redheaded forty-two year old pulled down her shorts, exposing her ass to him. "Do you wanna stick your cock in me? Fuck me from behind?" she asked.

"Well, um, yeah," he muttered, gawking at her lovely ass and the puffy shaved lips of her pussy below it.

"Figure out a way to get me that perfume and I'll let you work your cock off inside me. How's that for a deal?

"You would really do that?" he asked.

"I just said I would, didn't I?" she asked, "but not until the perfume is in my hand, got it?" she asked.

"Yeah ok, but what about today?" "What about today?"

"Well, I did bring your SOME good perfume. Can I get a blowjob or something?" he asked.

"Ugh, fine!" she said, standing up straight. "You need to be quick today though. My husband will be home soon."

The boy stood and shed his shorts. The busty redhead knelt in front of him and grabbed onto his package, giving him a few long dick-hardening strokes. "Come on, get hard for Aunt Fritta!" She said encouragingly.

She wasn't his Aunt, but Will loved the kinky sound of that.

It didn't take any time at all for the teen to get completely erect. Fritta whipped her long pierced tongue around the shiny gourd of his cock-tip, teasing his glans.

The teen watched in delight as she plunged her rounded lips along the length of his boner. She couldn't quite take him to the balls. None of the girls who had blown him had been able to.

That's because Will's cock was nearly ten inches long and VERY thick.

He placed his hands behind her head and forced his boner even deeper down her throat. She gurgled and precum spewed out the corners of her mouth. When it became obvious that the teen was trying to cram all his cock in, she quickly brought her mouth up off his cock, like she was speaking into it, like a meaty microphone.

"Easy!" she gasped, "you'll choke me to death with that fucking thing!" "Sorry!" Will said, watching her gobble it back up and suck at her own pace.

Her throat let out lewd gurgling sounds as she fucked his cock with her mouth. "Can you take your tits out?" he asked.

She glared up at him. "Next time! You need to cum! If my husband sees me blowing you he'll freak out!"

Will focused on the feel of her lips and tongue working his cock. It was a good blowjob, but would have been even better if he could watch her fat tits move around.

Fritta was his next door neighbor. It had been several weeks now that she had talked him into stealing expensive perfume for her, in exchange for sexual favors. Most of the time she had jerked the boy off or blown him, like today. Now, with the promise of actual sex, Will knew he had to step up his game and put his real skills as a petty crook to the test.

Fritta could feel his cock flex and throb in her mouth. She knew he was close to cumming, so she intensified her cock-sucking, making it even more intense.

"Fuck!" Will gasped. "Fuck! I'm gonna cum!"

Thick ball-juice began erupting from his piss-slit, pouring straight down Fritta's throat. She sucked frantically, while doing her best to swallow his massive cum-load. Up and back her head bobbed, working his spewing cock off inside her mouth.

"Damn! That was nice!" he confessed as he watched her lick the final few drops of jizz from his erection.

"Get me that perfume and it'll be even nicer!" she said, standing back up. "Well, I've wanted to fuck you for a long time, so it'll be worth the effort."

When Will left, he didn't have far to travel, since his family only lived next door. He went inside to find his mother busy in the kitchen making dinner.

Liana was still wearing her police uniform, without the cap. With a husband and two children, she had a busy life-style, juggling her career as a police lieutenant and her duties as a mother.

"Hi," Will said, peeking in the kitchen.

"That's all I get is a 'hi,' I don't get a hug?" Liana asked, busy at the stove stirring vegetables.

Will stepped over and Liana gave him a nice tight tit-squashing hug. The boy secretly liked her hugs for that very reason. His mom had the biggest boobs of any woman he knew and one hug never failed to harden his cock.

"What's her name?" Liana asked. "Her name?"

"Yes, I can smell her perfume all over you. Who is she?"

Will's brain scrambled for an answer. "Oh, um, just a girl from school." "Does this 'girl from school' have a name?"

"We're not really serious. We're just hanging out," Will said.

"Fine, I'll stop prying then," Liana said, "just make sure, if you're getting as close as I suspect

you are, that you're wearing protection."

"Mom..." Will muttered, embarrassed by the subject of condoms..

"Don't 'mom's me! We've had this discussion before. You start playing sexual Russian Roulette with these girls and you'll end up a father before you've even graduated from High School."

"I'll play safe. You don't need to worry about it," Will said, then headed to his room.. "Dinner in twenty-minutes!" Liana shouted to him, before he could get too far.

Will's father Lou worked in commercial real estate and as a Lieutenant his mom delt with mostly the managerial side of law enforcement. This made for some very boring dinner time discussions as his parents went back and forth on work issues they were presently dealing with.

"Well, hopefully those things can get resolved," Dad said, "sounds like managing the police officers in this city can be just as challenging as finding crooks."

Mom laughed. "Actually much harder if you want the truth. Especially since most of what we deal with are stupid petty thieves and occasional drug dealers."

"Speaking of petty thieves. I was reading in the paper about your mysterious perfume bandit," dad said, making me look up at Mom.

"That'll be old news in about a week," mom said. "We're breathing down her neck."

"PerfumeBandit?"Will thought. "Theygavemeaname?Sweeet!" It gave Will some satisfaction in hearing his Mom refer to the thief as 'her.' That meant that they still had no idea who they were chasing. In the back of his mind, he knew he had to stop. He knew damn well that if he continued, he'd eventually be caught. "OnceIfuckStella,thenI'llstop.Onemorebig score,thenI'mthrough,"he resolved.

After dinner, Will and his sister did the dishes, then retreated to their rooms.

It wasn't long before Liana knocked, then popped her head in Will's door. "You're dad's still up in the office working, so be sure to keep the noise down," she said.

It was the same dialog every night. "Nextshe'llthankmefordoingthedishesandtellmeshe's goingtogethersh ower,"Will thought.

"I appreciate you and your sister doing the dishes," Liana said. "No problem."

"I'm gonna take a shower and relax for a bit. Goodnight," Liana said, then closed his door.

It was music to the boy's ears. About two weeks ago he had drilled a peep-hole from his closet

to his parent's bedroom. It allowed him to see just a portion of the room, near his mother's vanity. Up until now, he had only gotten to

see her in her bra and panties. He excitedly hoped that this would be the night he'd see MUCH more.

He smiled with pride. Not only was Will a damn good thief, but he was also a peeping Tom.

The teen rushed to his closet, fished out his cock and peered through the hole. His heart beat rapidly in his chest as he saw his mom step within his view. "Showtime!"he anxiously thought.

Liana stood there facing the hole, slowing unbuttoning her uniform. Her mountainous tits were snuggly contain in a delicate floral-laced black bra. "Lookatallthatfuckingcleavage!"the boy marveled, his ogling eyes fixed on her tits. He could even see a hint of the large dark circles of areola through the semi-shear fabric.

His mother unbuckled her belt, then slowly removed her pants, revealing a dainty pair of black panties. As she leaned over, pushing her pants down her legs, the boy got a good look at her creamy mile-long cleavage. Her tit-cannons were so large and heavy that they looked as though they could wobble right out of the cups of her bra.

Liana picked her pants up and folded them neatly. She turned around to grab her top, giving Will a terrific look at her thonged buttocks. The mother had thick meaty ass-globes that completely swallowed up any trace of her thong. If you didn't notice the silky triangle at the top of her buns, or the thin gusset stretched across her vulva, you would think her ass was completely naked.

Will watched her turn back around, reaching up and removing her hair-tie. She arched her head back and shook it in a sexy manner, making her beautiful silky dark hair spread out across her shoulders. "Damn!She'ssofuckingbeautiful!"the boy thought, squeezi ng his cock, marveling at the way she had her gigantic melons thrust out..

She reached back to unclasp her bra, then lightly held the cups to her breasts, as if hesitating.

"Thisisit!Comeon,takeitoff!Please!"he thought. Then the boy was disappointed to see her walk out of site, into the bathroom. "Damnit!Everytime!"he frustratingly thought.

Over the past two weeks, every time his mom had gotten to that point, she walked away and he was left with a throbbing erection in his hand. Of course she would walk back by after her shower, but would always have her robe on by then. He wished that just once she would break that routine.

The next day, at the precinct, Liana was conducting her morning meeting. "I'd like Officer's Daily and McFay on the outdoor market again. Question anything that looks suspicious. Does anyone have any questions?"

Officer Tanner, the Bill Paxton impersonator, raised his hand. Liana fed him a testy look. "Are you sure you have a question, Tanner?" she warned him. He scowled and lowered his hand, making his comrades giggle.

"Let's get to work!" Liana said with an amused smile.

Officer Brenda McFay rushed over to Liana. "Lieutenant. A quick question," she said. "What is it McFay?"

Brenda was a beautiful thirty-four year old blonde, with a curvy body that fit snuggly in her uniform, much like Liana's did. She looked much like the actress Julie Bowen. "I was just thinking that rather than patrol the market, maybe we should hang back," she suggested.

"Hang back?"

"Yeah, sort of stake the place out. Obviously, if the thief sees us there, they'll be less likely to steal something. We can take the unmarked car and when we see someone rush out of the market suspiciously, we'll nab him."

Liana nodded. "Worth a shot." "Thanks!" McFay said with a wink.

She began to walk away, but Liana noticed there was no else around, so she stopped her. "Brenda..."

McFay turned back around. The two of them were friends outside work, so she knew when Liana used her first name at the precinct it was something super serious.

"Nab this fucker today, will you?" Liana said.

"Liana, you know you can count on me," she said, patting the Lieutenant's cheek playfully.

A few hours later, McFay and her partner were staked outside the main entrance of the west end outdoor market.

"I'm not sure about this bright idea of yours," her partner, Officer Daily said. "We've been sitting here for three hours. At least inside we can get some exercise."

"This isn't about 'getting exercise,' Daily, it's about catching a thief and the sooner we do that the sooner we can get a different assignment."

"A different assignment would be nice too," he agreed.

Within the crowd exiting the market, McFay noticed a teen in a hoodie. The kid had a pretty

good whip in his step. She started the car and followed him. "Where are we going?" Daily asked.

"When you think of someone who steals perfume, describe who you picture.:

Daily shrugged his shoulders. "A young woman, nicely dressed, a big designer bag to stuff all her stolen goods in," he said.

"Me too, but what if we have the profile all wrong? Maybe that's why we haven't caught the thief yet."

Daily laughed a bit. "So you think it's a kid in a hoodie?"

The kid glanced over at them, his face obscured by the hood of his sweatshirt. He suddenly quickened his pace and McFay put the car in park. "Yep, I do!" she said, quickly hopping out.

Her partner followed and they hurriedly crossed the street. Seeing their foot-pursuit, the hooded figure went into an all-out sprint down the sidewalk.

"STOP!" McFay shouted as they made chase.

A healthy young kid outrunning a lady cop decked out with a heavy gunbelt was feasible. A healthy young kid outrunning a six-foot-six African American, ex track star, like Officer Daily...forget about it.

The officer caught up easily, trapping the kid in an alley-cove. "Get on the ground before I tase you!" Daily shouted.

The kid complied without a fight, dropping onto his stomach. McFay arrived and thrust her knee against his back. She quickly brought his hands around and cuffed them. "Why are you running, huh?" she asked, out of breath.

The kid said nothing. They lifted him to his feet and patted him down. McFay pulled a tiny box from his sweatshirt pocket and looked it over. "Well, well, well...Baccarat Rouge, huh? Bet my left tit you

don't have a receipt for this. Get that fucking hood off!" she said, pulling it off his head.

McFay froze as she stared at him in shock. "Will?"

Liana's son Will looked back of her shamefully, but said nothing.. "You know this guy?" Daily asked.

"Yeah, you could say that," McFay answered.

A short time later, back at the precinct, Liana was busily working when Officer McFay arrived. "Lieutenant," she said.

The Lieutenant seemed surprised to see her. "McFay? Shouldn't you be at the..." "We caught him!" McFay said.

"You got the perfume thief?" "Yes, but there's a problem."

"What's the problem? Book him and we'll put him in a holding cell. Awesome work!"

McFay moved up close to her, glancing around so that no one else could hear. "Liana, it's Will."

Will was sitting in the interrogation room when the door suddenly flew open. Liana gazed down at him in disbelief. "Will!"

He son look at her in shame. "I know, I fucked up," he muttered.

Liana stepped back into the hallway with McFay. "Who else knows about the arrest?" she whispered.

"Just me, officer Daily and..." McFay answered, glancing over at Captain Braxton's office.

"The Captain? Fuck!" Liana said, then went back into the room with her son and closed the door.

Will's head was lowered in shame. Liana stepped over and hovered over him with her arms folded across her large breasts. "Who have you been stealing the perfume for?"

"Me," Will muttered.

"Will, bullshit! Tell me who you've been stealing it for," she said angrily. "No wonder you've been coming home smelling like a French whore lately."

"Mom, I'll take the heat for this. I was the one doing the stealing."

Liana squatted down and looked him in the eyes. He'd often got in trouble for silly things, but rarely did he see her with this serious of a stare. "Look, I'm gonna do my best to work this situation out, but if you're not completely honest with me, RIGHT NOW, I'm just gonna book you and throw your ass in a holding cell, just like I do all the other thieves that walk through that door."

"Fine," her son muttered. "Fine, what?!"

"Fine, I'll tell you."

After a prolonged silence, Liana cleared her throat. "Well, I'm waiting," she asked impatiently.

"I was stealing them for Fritta."

"Fritta? Our neighbor Fritta?" Liana asked. "Yes! She likes expensive perfume."

"That's great, but why were YOU stealing for her? Was she threatening you?" "No, nothing like that. Can we just skip the why's please, it's embarrassing."

"NO, WE CAN'T!" Liana shouted. "Tell me why you were stealing perfume for her!" Will sighed in frustration. "For sexual favors," he

muttered.

"Sexual favors?"

"Yes, in exchange for me stealing perfume for her, she agreed to do sexual things with me." "Such as?"

"Mom, please, do I have to go into detail?"

"What was she doing for you?" Liana asked adamantly.

"Sometimes blowjobs. Other times handjobs, or letting me play with her boobs."

"Good grief, Will!" Liana exclaimed, standing back up. "She's not even that pretty! Are you that desperate that you'd be willing to do time in jail just to be sexual with a mutt like Fritta?"

"Obviously," he answered.

"How many times have you done this?" "I don't know...ten maybe."

Liana let out a deep worried sigh. "Yep, you're definitely our guy. Stay put! I'll be back," she said, then left the room.

Captain Braxton was doing some paperwork when he heard a tap on the door. He was pretty sure he knew who it was. "Come in, Lieutenant," he said.

Liana came in and closed the door behind her. "Well, you were wrong about it being a she," the Captain said, watching her sit down.

"He's been stealing the perfume for a neighbor of mine. She's a complete psycho, I've known her since high school."

"Will IS eighteen, correct?"

"Yes, but only by couple months and sir, she's a manipulative bitch. He's young and he just got caught up in her web and did something stupid."

"Something stupid?" he asked, then looked at his notes. "I believe he did something stupid eleven times, over the past month and a half. That's a whole lotta stupid."

"I'll understand if it's a no, but is there any way we could handle this, without charging him?" she asked. "Maybe requiring him to do some things for the precinct?"

"Go on," the captain said, listening intently.

"I could work out on patrol with Officer McFay this week. We could bring Will along. The back of the patrol car could act as a jail cell in a way."

"A jail cell on wheels. There's an idea," Braxton said.

"McFay and I could personally see to it that he's makes amends for what he's done, by serving the community. We can even give him assignments to fulfill throughout the day."

Captain Braxton thought it over a moment. "Liana, I've arrested crooks for over thirty years. I've seen 'em go to jail, only to come right back and repeat their crimes again and again.

There's nothing in a prison cell that's gonna benefit your son, so if he gets something out of sitting in the back of that patrol car all day, then I'm all for it, " he explained.

"Thank you, sir."

"I'm sure I can't emphasize enough how much trouble this little arrangement would get us in, if people found out. It would cost us our careers and that would just be the start of it..Keep a tight lid on

this and make sure your son and Officer McFay do the same," he said.

"You have my word, sir."

"Good, then as far as we're concerned, the Perfume Bandit just mysteriously stopped stealing. Maybe she finally saw the error in her ways."

Liana smiled. "Yes.Thank you, sir," she said.

"I'll admit, it a risky arrangement, but I'm only a few months from being retired, so what the fuck," Braxton said, then glanced at her breasts. "Even so, I've offered quite a lot. Is there anything else YOU'D like to throw in on the deal?"

Liana smiled knowingly, then stood up. The captain's eyes widened as she started unbuttoning

her shirt. Big bra-clad mounds of tit-flesh began to seep out between the parting fabric.

The ride home was awkward for both Liana and her son. Will was thankful, but also still extremely embarrassed.

"So I talked with Officer McFay. You'll be riding along doing patrol with her and I starting tomorrow."

"What about school?"

"I'll take care of that. Your priority right now is making amends for the dumb things you've been doing."

"So I'll just be sitting in a patrol car, that's it?"

"Yup, pretty much! We may let you out occasionally, to find ways for you to assist us in our duties. In situations where we respond to a call though, you have to stay in the car, got it?" she said.

"Got it! So um, is dad gonna know about all this?" he asked, knowing his father would have his own form of punishment, in the form of a month-long grounding.

"I see no reason why we have to involve your father. I'll call the school tomorrow and let them know you'll be out the rest of the week," Liana said.

At dinner, Lou noticed his wife and son were unusually quiet. "Everything, ok? You two are quiet tonight." he said.

"I'm good," Will answered, putting on a smile. "I'm fine too, just been a long day," his wife said.

"Well how 'bout we go out for ice cream? It'll liven everyone up?" Lou suggested.

His eleven year old daughter Nancy was all about it. "Yess! Please, Mom, please, please, please!" she pleaded.

Liana giggled. "Fine! Let me get changed first."

The family drove across town to their favorite ice cream place. It had a good-sized pond outside with some wild ducks. After getting their ice cream cones, they walked down close to the water.

"Dad, can we feed the ducks?" Nancy asked. "Sure, sweetpea."

"Mom, wanna come with us?" the girl asked.

"You and dad go ahead, honey. I'm gonna stay here and talk to.your brother."

Will was sitting on a bench overlooking the water. Liana joined him, sitting down at his side. The boy definitely preferred what she was wearing now to the police uniform that seemed to conceal her true beauty. The busty mother wore a light thigh-length summer dress

and her dark hair was down and fanned over her shoulders beautifully.

Liana crossed her lovely tan legs, making the hem of her dress creep up even higher. Will's eyes peered over, traveling down her silky limbs, down to her dainty feet. She wore a pair of wedged-heeled sandals and her feet looked so sexy, just as tanned as her legs and with red painted toenails.

"So why Fritta?" she asked, then casually took a lick of her ice cream cone. "I don't know. She's not that bad."

"No, but you could certainly do better." "She just..."

"Just what?"

"Well, she started flirting with me a lot and then we started messing around," Will explained.

"She wasn't flirting. She was grooming you. Getting you to agree to do her dirty work, in exchange for a peek at her mediocre body."

"She does have nice boobs," Will confessed.

"Seriously? What's nice about them? They're not even all that big." "Mom, they ARE pretty big."

Liana rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Apparently someone needs to school you on what are considered big boobs," she said.

"What, like yours?" Will bravely said.

"No, my boobs fall into the next category up...huge! There's a difference," she said with a smiling, swiping her thick tongue across her ice cream cone.

Will glanced at his Mom's knockers, delighted at the cleavage that the dress left exposed. "Is there category greater than huge?" he

asked.

Liana giggled. "Doubt it," she said.

"Well, maybe someday I'll get lucky enough to see 'huge' boobs."

"Not if it means breaking the law you won't," Liana said. "If you ever pull a stunt like this again, I'll kill you. Rewards are suppose to come as a result of doing something positive."

"Even a sexual reward?" Will asked.

"Any type of reward," she answered. "Why do you need sexual rewards from some bimbo like Fritta anyway? You're a cute guy. Why not just get a girlfriend and have HER do those things to you."

"I guess I prefer mature women. Ones with thick bodies and..."

He looked over to see his mom peeking over at him, with a mischievous little grin. "Big tits?" she said, finishing his sentence. He watched her thick pink tongue swipe a big mouthful of ice cream from the cone. He imagined what it would feel like having such a licker lashing around the knob of his cock.

"Yeah, those," he said. "Plus they have experience and can do things in ways that girls my age can't."

"All valid points, but I'm sorry...you can do much better than Fritta."

When they got home, they went about their nightly routines. Will and his sister retreated to their rooms and Lou to his study to finish up some work items. Like clockwork, Liana popped her head into her son's room. "You're father's doing some more work, so.."

"I'll keep it down," Will said, finishing her sentence.

"Thanks. I'm gonna take a shower and relax for a bit. Goodnight," she said.

Will had decided that just seeing his mom in her bra and panties was more than worth the effort of peeping in on her every night. He still thought it was strange how she never got completely naked until she was in the bathroom, out of his site.

He pulled out his cock and gazed through the peep-hole. His mother arrived at her vanity and took off some earrings that she had worn to go out. Will watched in fascination as she lifted the summer dress up and off her body. She was wearing a sexy white bra and panty set, which looked amazing against her tan skin.

Like usual, Liana turned and faced her son's ogling eyes, then reached back to unfasten the bra. "Sosexy,butinafewseconds,it'sexitstageleft,"he thought, knowing he would once again be disappointed.

His mother placed her hands over the cups, lightly holding them in place. This is where the

show usually ended, but not tonight. Liana pulled the cups from her enormous boobs and they sprung out heavily onto her chest.

"Holyfuck!"Will's mind screamed as he stared in lusty disbelief.

Her massive mammaries were even more amazing than he imagined. They were huge and plump, sloping down like a pair of full-sized fleshy watermelons. Capping the ends, were the largest areola he'd ever seen. They had a thick bumpy texture from being covered in Montgomery glands. Liana's nipples were puffy and engorged, making her boy lick his lips in lust.

The site of her naked tits alone would have fueled a dozen of Will's yank sessions, but his mother wasn't through. She placed her thumbs beneath the hem of her dainty panties and slid them over her wide hips.

"Whoa!" the teen muttered, as the panties peeled off his mother's crotch and down her sexy legs. For a moment, the view of her cunt was obscured by her dangling udders as she bent over and slipped the panties the rest of the way down her legs. When she straightened back up, however, Will had an unobstructed view of her naked pubis. He marveled at the way it was completely shaved. Below her mons, he could see her thick outer lips, forming a fringe along the crevice of her cunt-slit.

Will's cock was fully erect and he whipped his fist up and down it's length to the site of his beautiful mother.

Now that she was completely naked, he thought for sure she'd head straight to the shower, but she didn't. Instead, she sat down on the stool to her vanity, with her luscious legs together and slightly propped to the side. She looked like she was in a sexy busty pin-up girl pose. Her milkers wobbled heavily as she slid her fingers up her silky legs teasingly.

When Will's eyes traveled up from her legs to her face, he was shocked to find her staring right at the hole...right into his eyes. He quickly backed away from it, praying she didn't see him or the tiny peep-hole he'd carefully drilled through her wall.

After a minute, he bravely returned to the peep-hole, but found her gone and could hear the shower running. His heart was still pounding in wild arousal when he retreated to his bed and beat his boner to orgasm. Even after he'd cum, the image of his mother's naked body swirled through his sleepless mind for hours.

The next day, Will was standing on the street corner when a police cruiser zipped up the street and stopped beside him. His mom stepped out of the passenger side and opened the door to the backseat for him. They had arranged to meet him here, so there would be no questions asked by fellow officer.

Once Will was in, she closed the door, then got back in herself. Officer McFay was behind the

wheel and glanced back at him in the rear view mirror. "Well, well, well...the Perfume Bandit!" Will flashed her a smile. "Hi, Brenda," he muttered.

"A jail cell would have probably been more comfortable than that back seat, but we did make sure to clean off all the piss and vomit stains for you."

"Gee, thanks," Will said. The backseat did feel like being in a tiny cell, with a hard plastic seat and a steel bars and reinforced glass separating the front seats from the back. For the first time, Will felt like a criminal. His mom passed a note back to him. "Here's your first assignment," she said.

"Assignment?" he asked.

"Yes, you'll have a lot them this week. One for every box of perfume you stole. You'll be making up for your criminals acts by doing something positive in the community," Liana explained.

"Like what? Can I look at it?" he asked. "Go ahead."

Will looked at the paper. It read "help an old lady across the street."

"So all I have to do is what's written on the paper and one offence will be forgiven?"

"Yep, and remember what I said about how every good deed should be rewarded?" Liana asked. "Yeah."

"Well, along with a forgiven offence, you'll also receive a reward." "What kind of reward?"

Liana and McFay looked across at each other and smiled. "We don't talk about rewards," McFay said. "We just give them when the time's appropriate."

His mom looked back at him and winked. "Trust me, you'll want these rewards."

McFay found a busy intersection and parked near it. They watched as pedestrians crossed. "What if no old lady who needs help crossing shows up?" Will asked.

"I suppose we'll let you help someone else cross then, as long as it looks like they need the assistance," Liana said.

An obvious homeless man slowly crossed the street, having a conversation with himself. "Well, he obviously needs help," Liana said.

"Yeah, mental help," McFay added.

"How 'bout her?" Will said, drawing their attention to a middle-aged women in tight spandex out for a run. "She's out of breath. Looks like she could pass out."

The two Moms in the front seat giggled. "She'll be fine," Liana said.

"I'm sure the only thing you wanna help her with is getting her clothes off," McFay added..

Liana spotted someone who was better suited to receive her son's help.."There you go. How 'bout the guy with all the groceries. He'll be crossing soon."

"How the heck is he carrying all those?" Will asked "I'll feel bad handing them back to him once we've crossed the street."

"Offer to help him carry them wherever he's going then. We'll follow you," Liana said, then got out and opened her son's door.

The officers watched the boy rush over and relieve the man of some of his grocery bags.

"So how in the world did you talk the Captain into letting you handle things like this, anyway?" McFay asked..

"Gentle persuasion...and by giving him a really good look at my tits," she said, making her partner giggle.

"Thank God for big boobs. They can definitely get us out of some pretty tight spots."

The cruiser kept it's distance as it followed Will along the sidewalk. Liana watched her son walk. "He has a cute ass," she said.

McFay giggled. "He has a cute everything! I'm surprised he doesn't have girls flocking around him."

"Me too, but I'm glad he doesn't. I'd have to beat them away with my baton," Liana said, then looked over at her partner. "I still can't believe he was getting blowjobs from my neighbor.

She's a skank!"

McFay giggled. "I'm sure he closed his eyes and imagined it was you blowing him." Liana gave her partner an amused look. "Gimme a break!"

"Seriously. I've seen the way he looks at you."

"Yeah, ok. Are you sure you don't mind helping me out with these rewards?" "Of course not. It'll be fun."

They continued following until they saw them stop in front of a tiny restaurant. "Oh my God, I wonder if that guys owns this place? My

husband and I eat here all the time," McFay said.

They watched Will disappeared inside. "Speaking of husband, how's that going? Liana asked..

"No sex again last night. It's become a once a week thing. It used to be a once a night thing. It's really frustrating."

"Thank goodness for vibrators," Liana said, making her partner giggle.

When Will emerged from the restaurant he looked at the women and waved them over. McFay put the cruiser in park. "Oh, maybe we're getting free sweets. The carrot cake here is divine."

The officers got out of the patrol cruiser and crossed the street. "He wants to make us something," Will said.

"I said help someone out, not make friends and have them cook you a meal," Liana teased. "He offered."

The little man came out and greeted the women. He had an Italian accent and was all smiles. "Oh hello beautiful lady officers! Come in, I make you something."

"No, no, it's fine, you don't have to," McFay said.

"Don't be silly. I no open for another two hours. I make you early lunch." the old chef said. "That's so sweet of you," Liana said.

They went inside and ordered something to-go. "You make yourselves at home. I finish your order in twenty minutes," the chef said, disappearing into the kitchen.

Will and the two women walked into the dining room and looked around. "This place is so quaint," Liana said.

Will looked at his mom. "So, I helped all the way to his restaurant. I should get an extra-special reward."

"You are.. in the form of a free meal, need I remind you," Liana said. "Oh I get it. You guys set this up, didn't you?" Will asked.

Both women giggled, stepping up to the teen. "We had nothing to do with this, honest," Liana answered. "Let it be a lesson to you though. Good deeds don't go unnoticed and sometimes get rewarded."

McFay smiled at the teen. "And don't worry, you're still getting OUR reward too," she said. "Cool."

"The first time you stole for Fritta, what did she offer you?" Will's mother asked.

"The first time? Just kissing and she said she'd rub my dick," Will answered. "Did she rub your dick?" his mom asked..

"Yes."

McFay and Liana took off their peaked hats and set them aside, then they stepped up close to the boy, backing him against a countertop. McFay stared at Will with her beautiful blue eyes. "Was her shirt unbuttoned, so that you could see her cleavage?" she softly asked.

"Yeah," the boy muttered with an excited gulp.

The two women began to unbutton their uniforms, exposing their creamy cleavages. They stopped and looked at him inquiring. "This far?" his mom asked.

"A little further," Will answered.

They undid a couple more buttons, making the tops of their massive mounds protrude from their uniforms. "How 'bout now?" McFay

asked.

"That's about right."

"So she kissed you, huh?" McFay asked, then moved her lips to his. "Like this?"

The blonde officer locked lips with Will and kissed him sensually. When McFay's lips back away, Liana's were moving in to replace them. "Or like this," she said, fusing her mouth around her son's in a slow sensual French kiss.

"Holyshit!Mom'sFrenchkissingme!"the boy's brain screamed.

Suddenly, he felt her hand on his cock. Of course, by now it was fully hard and his Mom traced her long nails up it's length through his pants. She broke their kiss and gazed into his eyes, watching his reaction as she stroked her fingers around his hard muscle. "Is that how she touched you?" his mom asked.

"Yess," the boy sighed.

McFay moved back for another series of tender lip smacking kisses. Will felt her hand join his Mom's, squeezing his bloated nuts. "Did she squeeze your balls too, Will?" she asked, then kissed him again. "So she could feel all the hot young cum sloshing around in them?"

"She didn't rub my balls, but that feels really good," he confessed.

Will's mom locked lips with him again. The same thick tongue that he'd watched swipe icecream from the cone the night before was now flailing around inside his mouth. He put his own tongue to work and their lickers wrestled around lustfully inside his mouth.

McFay buried her face against his neck, bathing his flesh with sensual butterfly licks. Both

women's bodies were now crushed up against him. The feel of their big spongy tit-melons against his chest, even through their bras and uniforms, felt divine.

Their pretty hands squeezed and groped his big cock, feeling it flex and throb in their hands. "Whoa!" the boy muttered between his mother's kisses.

"Mm, do you like it?" his mother said softly. "Do you like the way our mature hands feel around your long cock?"

Will couldn't believe it was his mother who was doing and saying these things. His heart was racing so fast he thought it might pound out of his chest. "Yess!" he gasped.

"It is LONG, isn't it," McFay agreed, squeezing his veiny shaft. "Women love these kinds of dicks crammed up their pussies."

"Yes they do," Liana said, kissing her boy's neck. "Big and thick and rock-hard."

The two women continued to take turns kissing him, while stroking the boy's cock through his pants. "Oh my God," Will whimpered, thrilled beyond delight. He began to slowly pump his hips, meeting the rhythm of their cock-milking grips.

Liana's face was close to his, watching his pleasure-filled eyes. "There you go, honey. Fuck our pretty hands. Fuck them while they stroke your cock!"

The women's skilled hands milked the boy's erect penis through his pants exquisitely, not letting up one bit as he humped and squirmed.

The two mothers purred like kittens as they kissed and licked his neck, face and lips, smothering the boy with their lush horny bodies.

"Ohh shit," Will cried out breathlessly, his body shivering with delight, watching their fleshy cleavages jiggle against him from the rhythm of their cock-beating.

He felt one of their hands clasp his knob and dig their long fingernail against the sensitive frenulum. This cause his already lingering cum-load to rocket up his shaft.

The boy whimpered in rapture as big gobs of cock-milk began to erupt from the meatus of his engorged knob, splattering against his briefs.

The women weren't satisfied until they knew they had squeezed out every drop of sperm. "How was that for a reward?" his mother asked with a proud smile, buttoning her top. "Unexpected...and good," he said breathlessly.

McFay put her hat back on. "Who knew making up for your crimes could be so much fun, right?" she said.

They thanked the gracious restaurant owner and ate their lunches back in the patrol car. "My God am I glad we don't live closer to that place. I'd weight three-hundred pounds," Liana joked.

McFay giggled. "I told you their food was good."

"Maybe I could help a car dealer cross the street next," Will said, "he could get me some new wheels for free."

His mother laughed. "Don't count on it."

A call suddenly came over the radio and the officers listened. It was an accident nearby. "We should take that!" McFay said, starting the car and turning on the lights and siren.

They raced off and Will's adrenaline was pumping as they weaved through traffic. "Awesome!" he shouted.

"Remember, you're staying in the car," his mom reminded him. "Got it!"

It wasn't long before they arrived at the scene of an accident. McFay and Liana hopped out and checked the scene.

Will watched out the window with interest, thankful there was no carnage. There were just a few banged up vehicles and people with minor injuries. One of the ladies involved in crash had a small child that was whining annoyingly as the officers tried to process their mother's account of the accident.

Will knocked hard on the window, so his mom could hear him. "Mom!" he shouted.

Liana heard the pounding. "Excuse me a moment," she said to the victim, then walked over to the car. "Will, what do you need? We're trying to process this accident."

"I can help," he said.

"No, I told you, you need to stay in the car." "I can help with the kid."

Liana knew there was no harm in that, so allowed him to come out and help. Will went over and began entertaining the young child so his mother could continue to process the scene.

The girl's mother watched with an uneasy smile. "I saw you get him out of the back of your cruiser. He's not like...a criminal or anything, is he?"

"No, he's my son. It's 'bring your kid to work day,' so he's just riding along."

"Oh, he's cute," the young woman said blushingly.

Liana looked at her son and smiled. "Yes, he is, isn't he?" she said.

After the ambulances arrived and the scene was secure, Will and the officers left. "Wow, that was crazy!" the boy said.

"You were so helpful with that little girl, Will," McFay said.

"He sure was. I guess we should count that as a forgiven offence," Liana said. "I agree," her partner said.

"Wait, that means I get a reward too, right?" Will asked.

"What did Fritta let you do the second time you stole for her?" Liana asked. "She let me reach under her bra and feel her boobs."

McFay and Liana looked at each other and smiled.

66: Long Arm of the Law, Mom-syle_2

A few minutes later they were parked in an old abandoned industrial area. McFay opened the rear door. "Come on out," she said.

Will stepped out the vehicle and McFay turned around and backed him against the car, so the boy's crotch was smothered against her meaty ass. She untucked her shirt, then glance back at him. "Go ahead," she said, inviting him to grope her tits..

The teen gladly accepted her invitation, reaching up and cupping her enormous bra-covered knockers. "You can go under my bra," she said.

Liana leisurely walked over and watched her son feel her partner up.

The boy's hands squeezed under her bra, feeling the dough-like softness of her tits. Her nipples were thick and rubbery, perfect for latching on. "Damn, these are nice!" he confessed.

"That's the most attention they'e gotten in a week," McFay said, "except from me, of course. I squeeze them all the time."

"Your husband doesn't suck on them?" "Not very much lately."

"Dang, if l was your husband, I would suck them all the time," Will said.

She looked back at him with her beautiful blue eyes. "I would happily let you," she said. "My turn," Liana said, untucking her shirt.

Will slid his hands from McFay's top. His mom took her partner's place, backing her lovely derriere against her son's protruding boner, then glanced back at him. "Squeeze away!" she said with a smile.

The boy did just that, prying his hands up inside her big bra and taking overflowing handfuls of spongy tit-flesh. "Whoa!" he muttered, astounded by the true enormity of his mother's boobs.

"See what I mean by them being in the 'huge' category?" she asked.

"Huge is right," Will agreed, letting his fingers sink deeply into the soft fatty flesh of her tit- melons.

Liana loved the feel of her son's boner pressing against her ass-crack. "While we're on the subject of size...how big are you?"

McFay smiled as she lingered next to them. "Something tells me he's in the 'huge' category also."

"It certainly felt that way when we stroked him off earlier," Liana said, then pulled her son's hands from her bra and turned to face him. "But we haven't actually seen it yet, so it's hard to know for sure."

"What do you say, Will?" McFay asked. "Wanna show us your cock and satisfy our curiosity?" "Of course he does," his mother said. "Get your hands in the air!" she commanded.

"I'll show you," Will giggled.

"I said, GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!" his mom shouted as if she were about to arrest him.

The teen went along with her request. The two sexy officers crouched down and worked together to pull down his pants and briefs.

"Oh my God! Wow!" McFay exclaimed, staring at his sturdy boner in wide-eyed awe.

Liana's mouth fell open as she gazed at her son's whopper. "Yeah, um, I'd say if there was an extra-huge category, you definitely be in it," she admitted.

"Jesus, Liana, what are you feeding this boy?" McFay asked. "Please let me know, so I can start making it for my husband."

The Officers were so entranced by his enormous cock that they almost didn't acknowledge the car approaching.

"Get your pants up! Quick!" she told her son, adjusting her boobs in her bra.

Moments later another patrol cruiser pulled up next to them. Officer Tanner was behind the wheel and looked at them out his window. "Hey Lieutenant, what are you doing out here?" he

asked.

"I'm doing some patrol work with Officer McFay this week," Liana explained. "Oh, everything ok here?" Tanner asked, looking at Will.

"Yeah, we just got a report of someone doing some graffiti back here, so we thought we'd check it out."

McFay chimed in. "This isn't our guy though," she said.

"Well, you better pat him down again," Tanner said. "Looks like he's hiding the can of graffiti in his pants."

Tanner and his partner laughed, eyeballing the obvious erection protruding from under Will's pants.

"Thank, will do."

"Hasta la vista, babies," Tanner said, driving off. Will fed his Mom a puzzled look.

"Tanner's a big movie buff," she explained. "Obnoxiously so," McFay added.

They stepped back over to the boy. "Can of spray paint huh?" McFay asked. "Well, you heard him, let's pat him down," Liana said.

It wasn't much of a pat down, more like a jerk-off session. This time, rather than making the boy cream in his pants, they fished his cock out and used their pretty hands to beat his boner in a steady rhythm.

"Whoa!" Will gasped, looking down and watching them skillfully beat his hard cock-meat. He loved the way the two officers would stop and spit into their hands, to provide lubrication for their boner-beating.

It wasn't long before the teen was squirming breathlessly. "I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

The women watched him squirt out big ropes of cum, making the jizz splatter down onto the pavement. When they were finished, they all looked down at the streaks of spunk on the ground.

"You could have at least painted something cool," Liana said, making them laugh. "It's an abstract graffiti piece, very hip!" McFay added.

The next morning, Will met them on the same street corner. After Liana let him in, she handed him back a piece of paper. "Here's your assignment today," she said.

Will looked at the paper. "Identify a road hazard," he read.

"Yep, if you see something on the road that could be a hazard to the public, then point it out to us," McFay said.

"Sounds easy enough."

"And sweaty female joggers wearing tight shorts ARE NOT a road hazard!" his mom informed him.

"They would be if I was driving. I'd probably be staring and smash into the car in front of me," Will said.

'That's true," Liana said with a giggle.

Over the next couple hours, Will saw lots of little hazards on the road, but he wanted to identify something really significant, so he could get an extra special reward like he did yesterday.

"Stop the car and let me out!" he suddenly said.

McFay pulled the car over. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I see a hazard. Mom, let me out!" he said, staring through the front window.

Liana got out and opened her son's door. Will rushed over to a construction crew doing some paving and picked up one of their "caution" roadsign's that had fallen over. They thanks him and the boy came back to the cruiser and got it.

"Good one, Will," McFay said. "Without that bright caution sign someone might wandered over too far and hit one of them."

"Thanks! Another offence erased," he said. "So is it reward time now?"

The officers looked at each other with a smile. "Take us out to Smithfield Park," Liana told her partner.

"You got it!" McFay responded.

Smithfield Park was an eighty-acre wildlife preserve outside of the city. If was a maze of hiking trails and scenic viewpoints.

"Why the heck are we way out here? They didn't find a dead body in the park, did they?" Will asked.

Both women giggled, but didn't answer his question. "Pull off over there, behind those bushes," Liana said, pointing away from the secluded roadway.

Once the cruiser was parked in the spot she had in mind, she looked over at her partner. "You ready?" she asked..

"Definitely!" McFay said, turning on the car stereo.

The soft sexy beat of R&B filled the vehicle. Will sat up and looked through laminated glass window. "What's going on? What are we doing?"

"You're staying right where you are...and enjoying the show," his mom said with a mischievous grin.

The boy watched as the women took off the peaked hats, then unbuttoned their tops. They pulled them off completely, treating Will's eyes to the site of their huge bra-encased tits. Next, the women unfastened their gun-belts and also their pants.

"Holyshit,aretheystrippingnaked?"the teen thought as his cock achieved full-hardness.

McFay and Liana took off their shoes and socks, then the excited teen in the back watched them slide their pants down their sexy legs. Both women turned and knelt of their seats facing him, their huge tits jutting out beneath their lacy bras. "What next?" Liana asked, "do you want us to take off our bras and panties?"

"Yes, please!" Will answered excitedly.

The moms reached around and unclasped their big bras..They slid the thick shoulder-straps off, then removed the cups, making their huge ballooning knockers wobble on to their chests.

"Goddamn!Wow!!"the boy's brain exclaimed. They were two sets of the biggest tits he'd ever seen, right there under one roof.

"So, Will, do you like our big motherly tits?" McFay asked, rocking her shoulders, making king- sized knockers swing back and forth teasingly.

The boy couldn't believe how big and puffy both sets of nipples were. "They're amazing!" he responded.

Liana squeezed her tits together between her arms, making them distended even further outward. Her rubbery nipples were fully-engorged and pointed at her son. "Why don't you pull your boner out and squeeze on it, while we take our panties off," she said.

Will happily complied, fishing his hard cock out and gently stroking to the site of them. "Mm, it looks so big and hard!" McFay said, squeezing on her meaty melons.

Will stroked as he watched the two officers sit back on the seat, lift their meaty asses and tug their dainty silk panties off their crotches. Just the site of the two beautiful women sliding their panties down their lovely legs and stepping out of them made Will's excitement level go through the roof.

The two women were now completely naked. They reclined back, their huge boobs wobbling as they brought their knees up, splaying their smooth thighs open. Will could clearly see their shaved mons, the thick fleshy domes of their clitoral hoods protruding up from between the fringe of the puffy cunt-lips.

The officers adjusted their visor mirrors, allowing them to watch the boy stroke his cock. This also provided Will with another angle of

their pretty faces and the breasts that were spread out on their chests. "Honey, we're gonna rub our cunts for you...as a reward for what you did earlier," his mother said.

"While you stroke your hard boner, you can imagine that you're in the front seat with us, pounding our holes," McFay added.

The two officers went to work, rubbing their hot fleshy clits frantically, their lush big titted body squirming lustfully on the seats.

Will couldn't believe his eyes. Both women were amazingly beautiful, but the site of his own mother masturbating took his breath away. The moms began to squeal and pant. The beat of the music made it even more erotic.

"Whoa!" Will muttered, beating his dick with full-length strokes..He looked in his Mom's visor mirror and saw her eyes fixed on his cock, watching with a lustful look as it slipped wetly through his fist.

Her seductive eyes drifted up and met his, gazing wantonly. Her thick tongue curled up and slid across her top lip, making Will's cock flex excitedly.

Liana's head suddenly arched back, her eyes clenched closed. Her tit-cannons shimmied back and forth. "Fuck meeee!" she cried out, frenziedly rubbing her fat clitoris.

"JesusChrist!"Will's mind exclaimed as a wave of pleasure pulsed through him. He adjusted his strokes accordingly, trying not to cum..

What McFay cried out next didn't help the situation any. "Fuck my pussy, Will!"

He looked in her visor mirror to see her staring back at him with pleasure-filled eyes. "Pound the fuck out of meee!" she squealed, extending her legs out into a spread eagle.

His mom also did a complete spread, so now both sets of tan curvy legs scissored wide open, their dainty bare feet pointing as they hovered back near the roof of the cruiser.

Will's tongue lustfully wagged from his mouth as he beat his boner and stared down at their writhing naked bodies. Both women began screaming and whimpering in sexual delight.

"I'm cummmmmming!" Liana cried out.

"Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuuuck!!" he partner squealed, her body jerking in orgasm.

Will's mom's bare foot slammed against the glass barrier, near his face, her pretty painted toes squatted back, pushing against the glass as her lovely mommy-legs trembled with pleasure.

"Holy fuck!" the boy muttered out loud, his cock giving off a mighty throb.

He looked in his Mom's visor mirror and could see her face twisted in a wild pleasure-grimace.

Liana and McFay finally lowered their legs and clasped their knees together from the pleasure that was still rippling through their bodies.

"Ohhh!" the both sighed.

Then both mommies got on their knees on the seat and brought their faces together near the glass, watching the boy jack his precum-slickened dick. "Will, bring your cock up here, close to the glass," his mom said.

Will brought his boner up by their pretty faces, stroking rapidly. The two women brought their mouths close together by the glass and

opened them wide. They wiggled their wet pink lickers against the glass, turning the boy on even more.

Now his fat twitching knob was only an inch from their mouths, with only the glass separating them. "Ohh shit!" the teen cried out, feeling his dick tingle, signaling his rapidly approaching orgasm.

While whipping their tongues on the glass, both women stared at his bulbous knob, waiting for the cum to erupt from the slimy slit. They were both still rubbing their juice-slickened pussies, imaging the big blood-engorged knob thundering through their fuck-holes.

"Oh! Ohhh!" the teen cried out, then he emitted a guttural grunt, sending a big milky blast of cum splashing against the glass barrier. Then he squirted another, then another. If the glass wasn't there it would have gone straight into their open mouths.

The cum-spurting teen squirted out every drop he could, even rubbing his wet knob against the glass, right in front of the squirming wet tongues. The two mother's thick pink lickers twisted and wiggled against the glass, as if rolling all over his peter-tip.

Finally, he reclined back on the seat, catching his breath. "Wow!" he said, looking at the women smile back at him..

McFay watched his jizz dribble down the glass. "Now that's one mess I can't wait to clean up," she said, making them laugh..

Dinner at the Monk's house that night was magic. Liana and her son couldn't keep their eyes off each other. As Lou talked about work, his wife's attention was elsewhere. She smiled and spit her tongue out at her boy playfully, rubbing her toes against his calf beneath the table.

Lou asked her something, but she didn't even hear him.

"Liana?" he said, snapping her from her flirty exchange with Will. "What?" she said, seeming almost annoyed by the interruption.. "I have to do a conference call in five minutes," he said.

"Fine, go ahead."

The mother helped her children clean up, seeming anxious to move on with the plans for her night. Will and his sister went to their rooms and as she had every night, his mom soon knocked at his door.

"Hey!" she said, like a flirty high school girl. "Hi," her boy answered back.

This time, instead of staying in his doorway she came in and sashayed over to his bedside. Will was laying on his bed, so when his mother stopped beside him, her ginormous milk- cannons jutted out, looming over him beneath her top. "Did you enjoy being the ride along today?" she asked.

"What do you think?" he asked, still beaming from the experience.

She giggled. "I think tomorrow's gonna be even more exciting, that's what I think."

She stared down at him and Will could tell that something was weighing heavily on her mind. "What?" he asked.

"Nothing, it's ok."

"You look like you have something to ask me," Will pointed out.

She sat on the edge of her bed next to him. "Did you fuck Fritta? Be honest." "No, she never had sex with me."

"Well, that's selfish of her."

"Well, it turned out to be a good thing, because like you said, she's not a nice person," Will said.

"Well, her loss," Liana said, then let her eyes drift up her son's body. "Can I just say something?" she asked, seeming a tad embarrassed.

"Of course."

"And don't let this go to your head, ok." "Sure."

She placed her hand on his chest and gazed down at him. "I know I'm your mother, but I think you'd be an amazing fuck!" she said bravely.

Will's heart skipped a beat. "Really?" he asked.

"Yes, especially after what I saw today. You have a whopper of a dick, you didn't cum in five seconds like your father does and well, I could really see a woman my age cumming like crazy with you!"

"Wow, thanks," the boy said, surprised by her confession.

"You're welcome," she said, then reluctantly stood and moved towards the door. "I guess I should get my shower."

"Ok," Will muttered, watching her thick buttocks sway beneath her shorts.

Liana stopped in the doorway and gazed back at him. Her cunt was throbbing and her son could see just how aroused and erect her nipples were as they protruded through her clothing. "Do you wanna take a ride with me?" she asked.

"A ride?"

"A car ride," she said.

"Sure," the boy muttered, quickly getting up.

Not a single word was spoken as Liana drove them out of the city, to Smithfield Park. She drove to the very spot they'd parked the cruiser earlier that day, then shut the vehicle off, got out and closed the door. Will got out also and climbed into the backseat. It was at this point he knew that he was about to fuck his mom.

Still without so much as a peep, Liana began getting undressed. Will followed her lead by stripping off his clothes also. Within a minute, they were completely naked.

Liana leaned over and kissed him. They made out tenderly, like a young couple on a date. Will's heart raced. Never in his life had he been so aroused and excited.
"I'mgonnafuckher!I'm reallygonnafuckher,"he thought.

Kissing passionately, his mother guided him down on top of her. His knob pierced her aroused vagina, her slippery secretions allowing his boner to glide through the spongy grip of her inner lining.

"Ohh my God!" the busty mother whimpered, wrapping her smooth lovely legs around her boy's midsection.

They wasted no time engaging in a deep cock-grinding fuck. "Ohh, yeah!" Will cried out, humping against the warm saddle of her spread thighs. He smiled triumphantly, feeling his knob press up against the back wall of her vagina. He'd filled her completely, just like he'd hoped he would.

His mom acknowledged his depth of penetration. "Oh, Will! You're so deep!" she squealed.

The teen brought his full weight down, crushing her tit-mounds between them. He grasped her smooth outer thighs and pumped his hips, plunging his boner through her hot juicy love-grip.

This is what it was all about. Their every lusty action was driven towards this one thing. The connection of boner and vagina, the bolt

and the nut, their most exquisite pleasure-centers clustered along an area of blood-engorged pink flesh that fit perfect together.

Their bellies beat together as they fuck. Liana's legs were locked around boy, the muscles in her thighs and calves flexing as they hugged his humping frame.

"Oh Will!" she cried out. "Oh God, I'm gonna cum!"

The boy propped himself up on his elbows, watching his mother's pretty face contort as she came on his cock. "Yess!!" Liana screamed in delight, soaking his son's plunging erection with hot girl-cum.

Liana's round tits-mounds were spread across her chest, rolling up and down as she writhed through her climax..Will's eyes peered down at at her rubbery protuberant nipples. He dipped his head down and latched on, sucking like a hungry infant.

The boy couldn't imagine it getting much better than this. His cock was sheathed and his face was plastered against her soft jiggling tit-meat. He fucked and sucked to his heart's content.

A short time later, Liana craved being on top of her son. "I wanna ride you," she said with sweet desire in her voice.

Will sat on the seat and his mother straddled him, planting her knees astride his hips. "Holy wow!"the boy thought, watching her enormous stiff-nippled boobies wobble around right in front of his face. He felt his Mom grasp his boner and fit the tip inside the mouth of her vagina.

"Ohhhh!" they both moaned in unison, as Will's long thick babymaker sliced up through the ribbed lining of her cunt.

His smooth plump balls wedged up between her meaty ass-globes as Liana ground his cock in as deep as it would go. The feel of his big barbed tip stretching the back wall of her cunt felt exquisite.

As good as it was, the mother yearned to feel his muscled prod plunging through her birth canal. She began to skillfully propel herself up and down, humping on the unyielding hardness of her son's cock.

Will's eyes about bugged out of his head as his Mom's huge melons bouncing and rippled heavily all over his face. His head soon all but disappeared between her smothering boobs. He kissed the inside of one of her spongy tits, his face masked in it's dough-like softness.

"Thisiswhereit'satrighthere!"he blissfully thought, feeling his Mom fuck her horny cunt up and down his pleasure-pole.

Liana intensified her cunt-pumping as she felt her toes begin to clench in ecstacy. "Oh my God, Will!" she cried out.

The boy could tell from her voice that she was seconds away from soaking his cock. The way her cunt-tube was tightening up was only confirming this fact. "Ohhh shit!" the boy sighed against the smothering flesh of her jiggling boobs.

Despite the exquisite resistance of her tightly-clasping cock-sleeve, the teen's meaty spike continued to hammer through her. However, the feeling on Will's glans were out of this world, making his dick tingle with pre-orgasmic throbs. "Ohh, Mom!" he cried.

"Ohh, Will!"

Their naked humping bodies crested at once, their hot orgasmic juices pulsing out, mixing together inside the mother's sex-chamber, creating a milky cocktail for Will to plunge his boner through.

The mother's vehicle rocked as their bodies fucked and trembled and writhed together. Will's balls clenched tightly, over and over, each time he pumped a hot rope of cum into his Mom's squeezing boner-grinder.

For nearly ten minutes they rocked and kissed passionately in post-orgasmic bliss. "I was right," Liana gasped breathlessly, "you are an amazing fuck!"

Her phone was on the floor buzzing, so she leaned over and picked it up. "It's your father. Jesus, he's called three times. How long have we been out here?" she asked.

"An hour I think."

"Well, he's already wondering where we are. Might as well make him wonder a little longer," she said, smiling wickedly. She leaned back down and they kissed sensually.

The next day Will was standing on the street corner, when the police cruiser screamed up next to him. His mom hopped out and grabbed his arm. "Hands behind your back!" she commanded him.

Will giggled, doing as she asked. "What's this?" he asked.

"Shut up! Don't speak!" McFay said as she helped Liana cuff him behind his back.

"You have the right to remain silent and lick our cunts! If you do a good job, you have the right to a hot sloppy blowjob, by both my partner and I," his mom said with a straight face.

McFay explained his other rights. "You also have the right to fuck the shit out of both of us, but YOU BETTER make us cum!. Do you understand these rights?"

Will began laughing at how rediculous, yet incredibly hot this was.

"Stop laughing before I stick my baton up your ass!" McFay said. "I asked you if you understand your rights?"

"Yes, I understand," he giggled.

They opened the door and shoved him in. "Get in there!" Liana said.

They drove him to a secluded Industrial area and parked. Will watched as the officers removed their shoes and socks, then their pants and panties, leaving their upper-half clothed. They even kept their peaked hats, then stepped out of the vehicle.

Each of the back doors opened, his mom on one side, McFay on the other. "Get on your back! Now!" his mother said in a commanding tone.

The teen complied, eyeballing her shaved pussy as she crawled inside with him, then quickly and forcefully stripped off his pants.

McFay climbed in the other side and straddled the boy's head. Will hardly had time to react before her bare-cunt landed on his face. "Eat me good, you bad boy!" she said.

"Mm," he muttered, feeling his Mom's warm mouth slide over half his cock. He plowed his tongue through McFay's cunt-slit, lapping up her juices.

"Holyshit,thisisamazing!"he thought. He never dreamed he'd be eating pussy while having his dick sucked by a different girl, especially with his hands cuffed behind his back.

Liana's cap fell off as her pretty head bobbed up and down in traditional blowjob fashion. She clutched her son's hard cock at the base and lashed her licker around the sensitive glans surrounding his knob. Then she sucked with all she had, beating his dick into her mouth with

her circled hand.

Will's tongue found McFay's pink pearl and attacked it with wet licks. "Yess! Suck that clit!" she cried out.

He slurped the fleshy nub between his lips, sucking and pulling, while continuing to beat his licker against it. "Ohhhh!" McFay shrieked, having a strong clitoral orgasm.

The two women switched spots. Will's head swirled with arousal as he smelt the fragrant folds of his mother's pussy. His lips sunk between her labia and his licker plowed all over her creamy pussy, slurping up her sweet nectar. "Ohh fuck yess! Lick my clit!" she cried out, squeezing her tits through her top.

Will happily complied, lapping at her fat clitoris, delighting in the pungent taste of his mom's fuck oils.

McFay suddenly uncuffed him and the boy thrust his hands behind his mom, squeezing the cheeks of her succulent ass as he loudly ate out her cunt.

Up and down McFay's head bobbed, lightly fucking his boner down the back of her throat. She pushing her hand between his thighs, cupping the sac of his bloated balls, rolling the cum- filled nuts between her fingers.

She gave his erection a few more throat-plunging sucks, then popped his cock from her mouth like a cork from a bottle. The hot MILF officer climbed up and straddled his loins, shoving his meaty cock inside her. "Fuck yess!" she screamed out, feeling the thick muscle stretch her cunt-tube as it slithered to the back of her vagina.

Her thick ass beat down against his crotch in a steady fuck-rhythm, plugging his hard peter. Even under the confines of her bra and uniform, McKay's large boobs jostled heavily, putting on a show for the boy below.

The women switched spots so Will's mother could ride his boner. McFay kissed, licked and bit the boy's nipples as he squirmed delightfully beneath the both of them.

"Fuck meee!" Liana cried out, driving her son's sturdy erection through the slippery tube of her vagina. She quickly unbuttoned her top, parting it, then pulling her big bra up over her massive jugs.

The cruiser rocked steadily from the wild humping going on inside.

Without warning, Will sat up, clutched onto his mother and lowered her onto her back. She immediately lifted her curvy legs way back, wiggling her ass beneath him as she positioned her cunt for more of his prick. "Fuck me! Fuck Mommy's hot cunt!" she cried out.

Will worked his hips, staring down at her, watching her huge tit melons swing around as he fed

her his prick. He backed his cock out part way, then felt the suctioning pressure of her cunt muscles wetly drawing his prick back into her. "Fuck me harderr!" she squealed.

Will let his weight fall, flattening her stiff-nippled melons beneath his chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and fucked every inch of his boner into the slick warmth of his mother's wet cunt.

"Ohhhyeah, shit that's good!" he groaned.

His fuck strokes became more and more forceful, driving his boner savagely through the gurgling sheath of her cunt tunnel. His cock was really pounding into her, seeming to sink into her womb with every plunge. Liana gasped and panted, overwhelmed by intense sensation sizzling along the walls of her cunt-sheath..

She hooked her sex tan legs up over his shoulders, her dainty bare feet hovering and bumping against the window from the force of their wild humping.

McFay shamelessly slapped Will's ass, spurring him on. "That's it, fuck her hard!" she shouted..

Will's mother's legs suddenly suddenly shot back down around him and she clenched her toes as a juicy orgasm shot through her big titted body. She let out a guttural groan, squirting hard on her son's deeply boring erection.

The feel of her wet tightly-clinging cunt lit the boy's glans on fire. He snarled with lust as shuddering blasts of ball-juice pulsed from his piss-slit. He humped as hard as he could pounding out what felt like a gallon of hot cum inside his Mom's dreamy pussy.

Once they became motionless, they heard McKay trying to open the door. "Fuck, we have a problem!" McKay suddenly said.

Liana sat up as her son crawled off her. "What's wrong?" "I closed the door. We're locked back here!"

The lieutenant gazed at her in a panic. "Please tell me you're joking!" she said. McFay laughed and opened the door. "I'm joking!"

Liana playfully nudged her partner with her foot. "Soo not funny!" she said in relief..

A few days later when Will got home from school, he was stepping up the walkway when he heard a familiar voice. "Hey, Will."

He looked over to see Fritta standing in her yard watching him.

"Hey!" the boy answered.

"So um, what happened to you? You disappeared. I thought we had an arrangement." "What arrangement was that?"

"You know, Baccarat Rouge for a sweet piece of ass," she said.

"Sorry, I met another girl and she has a MUCH sweeter ass than you," he said, then walked away.

One thing that frustrated the hell out of Liana was the fact the she couldn't pursue criminal charges again Fritta. She knew that by doing so it would implicate her son as well and expose the special deal she'd made to handle things her own way.

It didn't much matter, however. Fritta cooked her own goose. Unable to find another horny- dicked young guy to do her bidding, she decided to try her own hand at stealing. On her first attempt, she got caught and ended up spending a few months in jail.

Frustrated by her husband's lack of sexual desire, Officer Brenda McFay decided to divorce him and date other men. Sexually, none of them compared to young Will and his huge cock. She began meeting the teen for wild fuck-sessions. Soon McFay became pregnant with Will's baby and the two of them decided to marry. Their sex life was beyond amazing!

Liana was thrilled for her son and his new bride. They all shared a naughty secret and Brenda let her young husband continue to pound his mother's cunt whenever they had the chance.

Liana's career in law enforcement continued to flourish. When Braxton retired, she was promoted to Captain of the precinct.

Will kept his nose clean, never to steal again, but he'd never forget his run-in with the law.

THE END

67: Lost in Space…with Mom_1

Lost in Space…with Mom (Revised & expanded edition)

By Klrxo & Sci-fi Mommy

Adam circled the family spacecraft around the moons of Orion. He had just gotten his operators license and was feeling a little cocky. He couldn't wait to have a ship of his own to impress the Intergalactic chicks with. Perhaps if he wowed them enough, he'd be able talk them into landing on a private moon somewhere where he could fuck them silly.

His family's spacecraft wasn't exactly an interstellar hotrod. The forward portion of the ship contained a control room and hyper-sleep chamber, while the rear consisted of a living area to provide comfort during long intergalactic trips.

As Adam sped just above the moon's surface, the voice of the onboard computer suddenly startled him. "Adam, you have an incoming call from...."

"Mom," a pretty female voice announced.

"Hey, mom," Adam answered with a tap on the control screen.

"Hey, handsome, I'm done shopping down here. Wanna come get me?"

"I'll be there in a flash," Adam replied, tapping another button on the screen.

"Take your time. If you get stopped by flight patrol again your father will kill you," his mom warned. "Roger that!"

"Changing course to...Orion Intergalactic Mall, docking port 313," the female computer voice announced.

The spacecraft quickly ascended from the moon's surface and blasted towards the colorful planet of Orion. Within minutes it dropped towards the planet's surface, disappearing into the body of an enormous manmade superstructure. Orion had more food, shopping and lodging options than any planet in all the solar systems that had been explored and settled by humans, making it a popular destination.

The family craft quivered slightly as it made contact with docking port 313, the jets hissing as they cooled. "Voice recognition please," the computer voice said.

"Heather Renee Collins," a sexy, motherly voice answered. "Thank you. Performing Security scan on Heather Renee Collins."

Just outside the ship's entrance, a fine blue laser-scan struck Heather's dainty feet, which were arched in a pair of six-inch stiletto-heeled boots. Heather's choice of outfits today was a woman's body glove space-suit, which most all females wore during their shopping excursions in deep space. It was a dark-blue neck-to-floor suit that was made of a pliable fabric, fitting a woman like a second skin.

The laser traveled up Heather's strong matronly legs. Because the suit looked as though it were literally painted on, it molded snuggly against the V of her tumescent crotch, creating a nice deep camel toe. Outside her suit, was a light blue stringed accessory, which consisted of thin straps crossing her lush hips, with a single strap branching off in the front and back. The back strap disappeared

between the crack of her large round ass. The front strap was connected to the hip strap by a pretty pink heart-shaped buckle and stretched down,

wedging between her puffy outer labia.

The laser continued upward, along her trim torso, then struck the giant swell of her enormous breasts. Each of Heather's tits was snuggly encased in her outfit, so it appeared as if the fabric were literally shrink wrapped around her gigantic boobs. The ends of the breast portions were capped in pink, which allowed Heather large puffy areola and thick rubbery nipples to protrude out clearly. This was an age in which the majority of moms had evolved to develop breasts that were ridiculously oversized, much to the delight of young men everywhere.

The laser scanned over Heather's beautiful facial features, beneath the round bubble-looking space helmet she had on. She looked like the actress that was once popular on Earth, many hundreds of years ago, named Angelina Jolie. Her eyes were brilliant blue, and like most moms in this time period, she had big pink bee-stung lips. Her silky brunette hair flowed down past her shoulders.

"Security scan confirmed," the computer announced.

The ship's hatch door hissed open and Heather strode forward like a futuristic space Goddess. Her dainty stiletto heels tapped against the cold steel floor, as one sexy leg moved gracefully in front of the other. The upper portion of her space suit was built to provide support, however, even under it's snug confines, Heather's tremendous bosom shifted about and quivered with every confident stride.

"Your approach was beautiful. I'm impressed," she told her son, setting her flashy shopping bags down.

"Thanks. Maybe that means I'm ready for my own starship now," Adam proudly suggested.

"Well, I'll be sure and tell your father how well you handled the ship, but you know I can't promise you anything." "I know," replied the teen. Adam was a tall, lean young man, who had just barely turned 18 a week ago.

Despite how his body was maturing, he still exhibited some of that boyhood clumsiness.

"He looks more and more like his dad every day," Heather thought as she stared at her boy.

"I'm gonna go prep for hyper-sleep," stated Heather, then slipped her bubble-helmet off and fluffed her long beautiful mane of dark hair. "Get us out of orbit, and set our coarse for home."

"Yes, ma'am," Adam replied, jumping back into the captain's seat. He gazed back for a moment, watching his mom's big round bubble butt sway atop her sexy legs. The skin tight space suite fit so snuggly around her jiggling derriere, it looked like she was wearing nothing at all and someone had simply painted her rounded butt cheeks blue.

Adam maneuvered the spaceship up away from the planet Orion, following the flow of other rockets as they raced towards their various planetary destinations.

As his mom had instructed him, the boy set the ship's coordinates for planet Earth, then hung his headset on a little piece of equipment above the control screen. He then left to join his mom.

The hyper-sleep chamber consisted of a row of beds that closed up when activated, to make capsules that were automated to care for humans during space travel. Heather was sitting on the edge of her bed, removing her stiletto-heeled boots.

"Ready when you are, mom," Adam informed her, entering the chamber. He watched the boots slide off her sexy feet, then she stood and removed her gloves.

"Great, honey. Will you store my shopping bags in one of the overheads for me?"

"Sure thing," answered the boy. One of the flashy shopping bags said "Astra's Naughty Negligee" on the outside, so he peeked in. He couldn't tell what is was in the bag, but it look extremely tiny and skimpy.

"No peeking, Mr. Snoopy pants. That's for your father," his mom warned with a sly smile.

"From what I saw…it doesn't look like something dad would wear," Adam joked.

"Ha-ha, very funny," his mom teased back. "You know what I meant."

The mother strode towards her son on bare feet. Wrapped in the snug material, her gigantic breasts moved as if they were bare, bobbling from their immense weight. She stepped right up to her teen and smiled warmly. He was only slightly taller than her and shared the same dark-brown hair color. Despite being the opposite sex, their genetic similarities were blatantly obvious.

"Good gracious, I just can't get over how handsome he is," the mother thought. *"How does he not have a girlfriend yet?"*

"I sure am proud of you, my little space pilot," she cooed, gazing at him adoringly. Her eyes were so big and brilliant blue that he felt like he could melt just staring back at them.

"Thanks," Adam blushed.

"You've gotten so handsome, it just makes my tummy tingle just looking at you. It won't be long and girls will be chasing you all across the galaxy."

"I would certainly like that."

"I'm sure you would," Heather giggled, "and I bet you'd like what they'd do to you once they caught you," she

winked.

"Yes."

"I wonder if he's a virgin?" Heather thought, then threw her arms open. "How about a big hug before we sleep?"

"Sure," the boy gulped, staring over at his mom's heaving monster-sized melons, with their engorge papilla protruding out beneath the ends of the suit.

Heather stepped forward, curling her arms around her son's neck as she pulled him in against her. Adam's chest sunk down into the squishy canyon between her giant mams, making his prick harden faster than it ever had.

The mother loved the feel of her young, strong boy mashed up against her colossal tits. It made her feel connected to him, in the same way she had when she carried him in her womb. Heather accepted her son's fascination for her giant boobs as just a natural part of his growing up. To her, finding her undergarments coated with teenaged cock cream was just part of being a mom.

Heather led her son by the hand over to her hyper-sleep bed and lifted herself up onto it. Adam watched as his mom brought her pretty bare feet up and laid down, so that she was flat on her back. He couldn't help but stare at her big fleshy orbs as they rolled slightly off the sides of her chest. She gazed up at her son, still

holding his hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Take us home, Captain," she declared.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, closing her hyper-sleep bed. With a sharp hiss, the capsule emitted a sleeping gas and within seconds Heather's eyes were rolling back and gently closed shut.

With his mom now in deep sleep, Adam took a second to scan her gorgeous body through the clear glass, as it lay there limp on the bed. He couldn't get over how long and sexy her legs were, and God how he loved his mother's dainty bare feet. The truth was, Adam was in love with every inch of his mom, and wanted to fuck her so bad it drove him crazy just thinking about it. What fascinated him the most were her huge oversized tits. He swallowed hard as he gazed down at the shrouded udders, wondering what it would be like to have his head sandwiched between them.

"Fuck it," he said out loud, then hit the button on the screen and the glass top lifted back off the capsule. His hand crept over and rested on top of one of her massive rounded tit-slopes.

As he gently squeezed, his fingers sunk into the spongy flesh. Adam felt his knees quiver with excitement and his already-hard cock throbbed almost painfully in his space suit. For a good five minutes he played with her breasts, savoring their immense softness. He felt their hefty weight in his hands and pulled on her thick rubbery nipples through the thin fabric.

His attention shifted to her camel-toed crotch. His horny mind suddenly realized that he could do much, much more without her knowing. The gas she had inhaled was enough to keep her out for the entire three-hour trip back to Earth. He knew that in that time he could strip her naked and fuck her like he always dreamed of doing.

"Okay, I'm gonna do this," the boy stated out loud in a determined tone. He began peeling off his mom's suit.

"Oh, fresh!" he sighed, which was a popular expression for young men his age. He had just pulled Heather's suit down over her gigantic knockers and was gawking at them in their naked state for the very first time. Her tumescent nipples stuck out from the peaks of her fleshy mountains like fat cherries on top of a sundae.

He squeezed her bulging breasts at the sides and beat them together, making the fatty flesh ripple obscenely. He could have played with her humongous udders all day, but he was dying to smell her pussy. Adam shucked the rest of her body suit off like a corn husk, then stared lustfully at his mom's mons pubis. A cute little pubic landing strip crowned the shaved folds of flesh that came together to form the gorge of her pudendal cleft.

Adam's heart beat so fast he felt like he might pass out. He leaned down until his nose rested against the fleshy hood that peeked from her labium. He inhaled deeply and felt his entire body quiver with forbidden arousal as his lungs filled with the smell of warm musky pussy.

His tongue split her quim and plowed up through the grotto of her most secret place. He felt the searing heat of her vaginal furnace scorch his licker as it traveled in between her fragrant folds and across the plump fleshy bulb of her clitoris.

"Mmngff!" the teen gasped, taking a breath of air before digging his face down into the vestibule of her cunt and gliding his tongue across her creamy pink center. Like a lapping dog, he repeated this again and again, his snake sinking a little deeper with each swipe. Finally, he was literally tongue-fucking her. His head swirled with delight as he tasted his mom's sweet cuntal nectar. With an excited whimper, he kissed his way down, across his mom's perineum, then spent a full minute licking the pink crinkled ring of her butt-hole.

By this time, Adam's cock was about bursting through his space suit. It was so hard it almost hurt. He reached down and unzipped his

suit at the crotch, releasing an absolute beast of a cock. It branched out stiffly from his loins as he stood, nearly ten-inches long. A spider web of thick bulging veins were popping out along the thick penile stalk. The knob was purple and engorged, like a spongy oversized plumb. For boys his age, it was typical to have a monster cock. Over the years, human males had evolved that way. Their dicks got smaller the older they got into adulthood.

Possessed by lust, the horny teen crawled up onto the bed, prying his mom's gorgeous legs apart. He knew the best part of this was the fact that his mother was in a deep hyper-sleep so she didn't have to feel the initial

pain of having his giant dick cramming its way inside her. He knew for him, however, that process was gonna be immensely pleasurable.

He sunk down between the saddle of her silky thighs and dug his cum-drooling helmet into Heather's love- socket. The heat of her vaginal pit scorched his glans as he stretched his mom's cuntal opening with the huge knob of his cock.

"Ahh, mommy!" Adam squealed as his broad knob popped into his mother's treasure box.

He pushed forward and sighed as the corrugated ribs of his mom's pink cuntal lining stretched around the contours of his prick. His boner slowly inched its way to the bottom. The teen shuddered with wicked delight as he felt the wonders of having his meat fully sheathed in cupid's glove for the first time in his life.

Back in the control room, the little headset that Adam unwisely hung above the control screen came loose, as the craft blasted towards it's assigned destination. The headset fell down against the screen on it's side, in a way that accidentally modified their position of travel.

"Please confirm the change the coordinates to A310825?" the computer voice asked.

The headset then fell flat, hitting the confirmation button. It was a freaky mishap, that had probably rarely happened in space travel. Unfortunately, for Heather and her son, their destination had been substantially altered.

"Thank you. Changing coordinates to A310825," the autopilot announced.

Back in the hyper-sleep chamber, Adam was pounding his mom's dreamy cunt-mound with long ball-bumping thrusts. He held onto Heather's silky-smooth legs, which he had sort of twisted around him the best he could. He watched in spellbinding fascination as he made the huge round orbs of her tits roll up and down her chest, like big rippling pillows.

With exquisite resistance, his fat prick plunged along the delicate tube of her snug vagina. His thrusts were lubricated by the steady flow of pre-jizz that seeped from the cunt-smothered slit of his cock. With each downward thrust, he could feel his spongy knob lightly kiss the head of her cervix.

"Ohhh...ohhhh...oh, shit!" his voice trembled, more sexually excited than he'd ever been in his life, which made his dick tingle with magical sensations…ones that could only be created by the clutch of a mother's cunt.

He looked up at his mom's beautiful face. Her mouth was slightly parted as her head gently nodded from the vaginal assault she was receiving. He was struck with how incredibly beautiful she looked… like a matronly sleeping beauty, completely unaware of the strong blue-veined battering ram that was plowing through her sacred garden.

Adam's cock flexed powerfully, the muscles and tendons at the root of his boner bulging as they sustained the force of his frantic humping. "Hnngghh!" he snarled, fucking his mom like a lusty animal, making their crotches beat together. He trembled in delight, feeling his cunt-shrouded cock swell up even bigger, then it began spitting thick ropes of cock-milk, soaking Heather's birth canal. His grunts and groans echoed through the sleep chamber as his lean young ass bobbed up and down between Heather's splayed thighs. It was the first orgasm he'd ever had inside a woman's pussy and it felt incredible.

Adam suddenly panicked as the reality of what he'd just done kicked in. If his mom even suspected that he had fucked her while she slept, there would be hell to pay. With shaky hands, he frantically covered his tracks, putting his mom's suit back on the best he could and tucking his satisfied pecker back into his suit.

He closed her sleep capsule, then retreated to his own bed and prepared for the long trip home. Little did he know that 'home' was far from where they were going.

Heather's eyes fluttered open as she heard the familiar beeping and a flashing blue light that announced the end of their journey. As her capsule opened and she sat up, the mother looked inquisitively at a display, which tracked the time they slept by hours. It read: 443.

"Four-hundred and forty three hours... Oh shit!" she shouted in a panic, jumping to her feet. The mom paused to adjust the sleeves of her suit in which her mammoth breasts fit in, thinking it a bit odd that they were positioned incorrectly.

"Are we home?" Adam asked as he sat up groggily.

"I don't know. I think something's wrong," Heather replied as she rushed towards the control room. "What do you mean something's wrong?" Adam fearfully asked as he followed quickly after her.

"The display says we've been in hyper-sleep for four-hundred and forty-three hours. The journey back to earth was only three. Are you sure you entered those coordinates correctly?" Heather worriedly asked.

Before he could answer, the huge breasted mom discovered the headset on the ground and jumped into the captains seat to take action.

"Computer…give me our present coordinates please," she asked in a commanding tone. "Present coordinates are A310825," the computer voice answered.

"No…" Heather muttered, shaking her head in disbelief. "No, that's wrong! Those aren't the coordinates for earth. Where are we?"

"Destination A310825," The computer answered.

"No, I want the fucking system! What system are we in?" Heather shouted impatiently.

Adam's heart was racing nervously. He'd never heard his mom use the F-bomb before. He realized by the way she was acting that their situation was serious.

"System unknown. Warning... fuel cells at low level," answered the computer.

"Of course they're low. We've been traveling for almost three weeks!" Heather exclaimed, then peered over at

her boy. "Adam, honey…are you sure you entered the right flight code?" "I know I did. The computer even confirmed it," he answered.

"Something must have happened. Computer…play back recorded footage from the control room, after the coordinates were entered,"

commanded Heather.

A holographic recording of the control room came up in front of them. Around it were smaller scenes taken at different parts of the craft around the same time. Heather fast-forwarded the footage, until she saw the headphones fall onto the control display.

"There! The headset must have fallen onto the display when the drives kicked in, and somehow altered our coordinates. Adam, that was a stupid decision. When you're piloting a ship, you have to pay attention to every move you make in the control room," Heather preached, glaring back at him.

Adam's eyes were drawn to movement on one of the smaller holographic screens. The mother noticed his sudden look of panic and turned to see what he was looking at.

"You've gotta be kidding me!" muttered Heather as her mouth fell open in shock. One of the smaller recordings was of the hyper-sleep chamber and her son banging the shit out of her.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed, horrified by what she was watching.

"He fucked me! He fucked me while I was sleeping! How could he do such a thing?!" she thought.

Adam's stomach sunk in dread and fear. "Mom, I....I, um…" Unable to formulate an explanation for what they were watching, the boy embarrassingly rushed out of the control room. He was screwed, and he knew it.

Situated at the rear of the family craft was the cozy living quarters, which included a tiny bunkroom for Adam. The boy sat there worriedly on his bunk for an hour before he heard his door slide open.

Heather stepped into his room. She had changed into a long white maxi dress, featuring a haltered top and double high slits, which allowed her beautiful legs to peek out as she walked. Her dainty bare feet gently tapped against the floor as she stepped over and sat down on the edge of Adam's bunk next to him.

"Hi," she awkwardly muttered in a sweet voice.

"Hi," Adam responded in a shameful tone, glancing at the tremendous swell of her tits pushing out the fabric of her dress. He also couldn't help but notice how much of her silky smooth legs were exposed through the slit of her dress as she sat there. They looked so strong and soft.

Heather could see the look of remorse on her son's face. *"He knows he did wrong. I'm not gonna sit here and*

lecture him about it. We have more serious issues to deal with," she told herself.

"Well…here's our situation," Heather stated. "Our fuel cells are nearly spent, so even if we tried to get home...well, we wouldn't get far. I can't get a communication signal, which means that wherever we are…it's far away from any other human-inhabited planet or spacecraft."

"Can someone find us out here?" Adam asked.

"Finding someone in the depths of space is like finding a needle in a haystack. It's unlikely," Heather somberly answered.

"So, what are we gonna do?"

"Well, the good news is we have everything here we need. These ships are equipped with enough food, water and power-cells to last ten lifetimes. Unfortunately, since we're low on fuel and can't contact anyone…there's only one thing we can do."

"What?"

"Close the outer hatches and set the ship for drift," Heather explained.

"Wow, I really did screw up, didn't I?" Adam admitted.

Heather reached over, took his hand and gave it a squeeze, like any loving mother would. "I'm not gonna lie, Adam. This WAS a major screw up, but you're young...and you were thinking with the head in your pants and not the one on your shoulders," she giggled.

"Yeah, um…about that. I'm really sorry that I…" he started, but Heather cut him off.

"Careful what you apologize for, honey," she warned.

"What do you mean?"

"If you apologize for being neglectful in the control room, then that's fine, but if you're gonna apologize for fucking me in the hyper-sleep chamber, just don't."

"Why?"

"Because you're not sorry, that's why," she smiled. "I'm sure it was much to big of a thrill and WAY too pleasurable for you to feel any regrets."

"True, but it was still wrong to take advantage of you like that. If you decide to tell dad…I'll completely understand."

There was a short silence, then Adam looked over to see his mom sniffling, with a tear running down her cheek. "First of all, I don't need your father's help in handing down some discipline, but secondly…honey, we could be billions of miles from home, which

means there's a good chance that we may never see your father again…ever."

"I'm sorry," the boy sighed in dread, then shared a hug with his mom. Given what had just happened, he tried to ignore the two giant squishy mounds crushed against his chest.

"Come on…you can help me power down the ship," she said, keeping his hand in hers as she stood up.

The two of them went back to the control room to power down the engines and set the spacecraft for drift mode. "What are those?" Adam asked, looking out the windows and watching huge metallic coverings enclose around the entire craft and lock into place.

"Those are the emergency hatches that will protect us from any space debris while we drift. We'll basically be just another rock floating through space, unless our distress signal reaches someone," she pointed out.

"What a helpless feeling."

"Yes…but we're together and we have everything we need to stay alive. That's something," Heather reminded him.

"True."

"You must be hungry. Let's get you some lunch and we'll talk about an appropriate punishment for what happened earlier," his mom suggested.

In the small galley of the spacecraft, Adam watched his mother make him a meal. His eyes feasted on the oversized mounds of breast-meat wobbling around on her chest as she worked.

They both ate without saying much…somber by the fact that the were lost…and didn't have the power to try to

find their way back. Heather finally broke the silence.

"You took advantage of a situation, Adam, and that was wrong. I figured out what I want your punishment to be."

"What?" he asked.

"I want you to watch the footage with me."

"The footage?"

"Yes, the recording of you in the hyper-sleep chamber, going about your naughty business. I want you to watch

it with me."

"Oh come on, mom…it's embarrassing," Adam blushed.

"There's no getting out of this, Adam. You agreed that there should be consequences," Heather reminded him. "Get something comfy on and meet me in the great room."

Adam went back to his room and changed into shorts and a t-shirt. Heather was waiting for him in the great room when he got there. It was a cozy little space, with a big fluffy lounge the size of a king-sized bed.

Heather was sitting in the center of the lounge with her gorgeous legs curled to the side. She patted the cushion in front of her.

"Come sit," she said softly.

Adam crawled onto the lounge and sat in front of his mom. Heather got up onto her knees behind him, tucking his hips between her open thighs. She leaned down against his back, resting her hands on his shoulders.

Adam let out an audible sigh as he felt her gigantic tits squash softly against his back. Braless beneath the thin gown, Heather's udders felt like soft warm bread-dough rolling out against the teenager's body. Her face now hovered over his shoulder and Adam could smell the sweet perfume she'd just applied.

"Playback, please," Heather loudly said.

Just in front of them, a huge holographic image appeared. It was the footage from the hyper-sleep chamber, starting with Heather taking the sleeping gas, with her capsule closed.

"So, how long had this naughty little plan been brewing in that handsome head of yours?" she asked. "A couple days," Adam confessed."

"Wow, that long? Waiting must have been the hardest part."

"Yes," the teen answered, feeling awkward and embarrassed having to confess these things in front of his mom.

They watched the footage of Adam opening his mom's capsule and feasting his lusty eyes on her voluptuous body. His gaze followed Heather's legs down to her sexy bare feet.

"Your adrenalin must have be pumping about now. Did you enjoy looking at my legs and feet?" Heather asked

him.

"Yes," Adam blushed.

In the footage, Adam's attention was now fully on Heather's bountiful breasts. "Not as much as you liked staring at other things obviously," she teased.

They watched as Adam's hand bravely wandered to his mom's tits and began gently kneading their spongy flesh.

"Those big breasts have always fascinated you, haven't they, sweetheart?" Heather whispered, fully aware of her boy's naughty fetish.

"Uh-huh," Adam muttered.

"I suppose that's my fault. Your father always said I should have weaned you off breast feeding a lot sooner."

In the footage Adam spent some time squeezing Heather's massive mammaries. As he awkwardly watched with his mom, Adam could feel his cock rising in his shorts as he recalled how thrilling the experience had been. His mom's squishy tits against his back and her sexy breath at his ear wasn't helping.

"You were really enjoying yourself, weren't you?" she giggled, watching her boy handle her knockers.

"They felt nice," he admitted.

"I'm surprised you're not sucking on them by now," Heather whispered, gently massaging her son's shoulders

with her hands. "Or that you didn't crawl on top of me and put your hard dick between them for a tittie-fuck."

Adam couldn't believe his mom had just suggested that. She had never really initiated sexual discussions with him before. He was simply too nervous and turned on to respond, so he watched himself continue to squeeze and shake her fatty mounds of breast-meat.

"I think you could you could have spent the whole three-hour trip playing with those big things," Heather

giggled.

In the footage Adam shed his mother's outfit, then leaned over and smelt his mom's fragrant pussy. "Smelt a little stronger and fresher than all those panties, didn't it?" she asked.

"What panties?" Adam asked.

"Don't 'what panties' me, buster. We moms aren't that stupid you know," she playfully scolded. Heather was quite used to finding her delicate undergarments painted with her boy's spunk.

They watched as Adam's tongue ran down Heather's quim and flailed at her butt-hole.

"You little ass-kisser!" Heather joked, giving him a peck on the cheek and making him laugh. In the footage, Adam released his monster cock and gave it a few eager strokes.

"My God, his dick is so big!" her mind gasped. *"How did I even take all that."*

"Your poor prick. It must have been really throbbing after playing with my tits and licking my pussy for that long," his mom cooed. She was so close he could feel her breath in his ear, while her hands continued to kneed at her boy's strong shoulders. Together, they watched as Adam crawled up onto the bed between his mom's legs and worked his cock inside of her.

"So I have to know, Mr. Naughty-pants...was this first time you ever penetrated a woman?" she asked. "Yeah," Adam answered, a bit embarrassed to be admitting that.

"Well, look at that...I got my son's cherry and didn't even know it," Heather smiled.

In the footage, Adam started to fuck away at Heather's limp, sleeping body, bringing her legs up around him.

"Well, one thing's for sure, you wouldn't know it was your first time. You're in pretty good form there, Romeo," said Heather, watching her son take long deep thrusts.

"Thanks," Adam blushed.

"Wow, there's no doubt that would have felt amazing…if I was awake for it," she thought.

"One thing you could have tried here is hooking my legs up over your shoulders. It would have given you a little more control, and allowed you to have a greater depth of penetration," the mom advised.

"I don't think I could have gone any deeper, honestly."

Heather looked at him with surprise, her tummy tingling. "You were hitting my cervix?" she asked. "I think so. All I know is I couldn't push it in any deeper."

"Good grief! I can't remember the last time I had one that big," she thought..

The beautiful mother stared at him a moment in wonder. She hadn't felt a man plunder the back wall of her vagina for as long as she could remember. Her husband simply didn't have the size for it. When her eyes looked back at the holograph, she saw her tits roll up and down her chest as Adam shook her body with the power of his fuck-thrusts.

"Look at my big girls go!" Heather cheered. "That was definitely fresh," confessed her son.

"Yeah, I bet it was, you little breast-hound," Heather teased, watching her boy's young toned ass bob wildly between her legs. Her nipples hardened in arousal.

"You know, for your first-time in the saddle, you're really lasting a long time. That's impressive," Heather praised. "Did I feel really tight?"

"Yes," the boy answered, his boner flexing as he thought back on the exquisite grip of his mom's hot juicy cunt. "Well, when you're having sex a woman who's AWAKE, she can squeeze your erection with her pussy muscles

and make it even more pleasurable for you."

In the footage, Adam's body quivered as he squirted his load deep inside Heather's juice-box. "Well, I suppose it was a good thing our trip was three hours. Any less and I might have had all that goo running down my legs," Heather giggled.

"Sorry, I should have at least pulled out."

"Well, pulling out's no fun at all," his mom confessed, watching her son struggle to get her suit back on. "I'm

sure getting that suit back onto my body was no easy task."
"Another detail I didn't consider when I took it off," Adam admitted.

"Lay your head down here on my lap, honey," said Adam's mom invitingly.

Adam sprawled onto his back, with his head resting on Heather's lap. The way her beautiful face peered down over the giant swell of her breasts made his heart race excitedly. His mom tenderly stroked her fingers through his hair as she spoke. "What you did in that video was wrong, but it's also made me realize something."

"What's that?"

"Even though we're lost in deep space, and may never be found, I'm gonna be OK, and so are you…because we have each other."

"I'll do whatever I can to take care of you, mom…I promise."

Heather smiled while gazing down at him. "Yeah…I guess we found that out didn't we?" she giggled. "Yes."

"Well, if someone doesn't find us, I'm gonna be in the market for a new man," she winked. "Keep that in mind." "I most certainly will."

"Good. Come up here and give me a hug."

Adam got onto his knees and as his mom moved forward, then playfully pushed him down onto his back. She followed him down, until she was laying on top of him with her big squishy tits sandwiched between them.

"Not so big and bad when mom's awake, are we?" she teased.

Adam quickly rolled them over so that he was now on top, with Heather on her back. "You were saying?" he asked confidently.

She gazed up at him adoringly.

"This may not be so bad," Heather muttered.

"What?"

"Being lost aboard a ship, billions of miles from home, with my strong, horny teenaged son."

"I'm always that way when I'm around you, mom. I can't help it," he admitted, pressing his erect cock against Heather's snatch through their clothing.

"Well, in a typical mom-son relationship that may be a little weird, but given our current situation it may actually turn out to be a good thing," she said, while brushing the hair back from his eyes.

"Really? Why's that?" Adam asked.

"Well, we may be family, but we're still man and woman after all. We get urges…and lucky for us, we both like to fuck."

Adam's insides tingled as he realized what she was suggesting. "True…at least I know I do," he admitted. "Well, where do you think you get all your horny tendencies from?" Heather smiled. "Certainly not your father." "Dad doesn't want sex all the time?" he asked.

"He wants it fair amount, but it can still be frustrating for a spouse that wants it all day, every day, like I do." "I guess we're the same that way then," Adam confessed.

"It's a little too early yet for us to be acting like sex-crazed newlyweds , but if it does turn out that we'll truly be spending the rest of our lives together aboard this ship..." Heather said, then lowered her head to whisper in his ear. "We're gonna fuck our asses off."

Adam's heart about leaped out of his chest. Not only was the f-bomb leaving her mouth a huge turn-on, but the idea that he could be beating his own tender dick through his mom's willing pussy was enough to make him jump out of his skin with excitement.

Heather knew that despite how horny she was, jumping right into bed with her son wasn't the most responsible thing to do. After all, by now they had been reported missing back home and there was likely a thorough search going on for them. It was a stretch, but there was still a tiny possibility that they could be located.

"It's only been three weeks. I have to give my husband more time…I owe him that. I can't just go throwing my legs open for Adam just

yet," she told herself.

Days turned to weeks, and even the glimmer of hope they had of being found began to fade away. Adam and Heather's relationship began to take a journey down a different path. They continued to act like mother and son, for the most part, but there was also a lot of flirting and sexual tension.

Sitting at the table eating together, their eyes met and lingered in a gaze for the longest time. There were a

million things going through their minds at that moment, but most of all…desire.

"I'm becoming obsessed with him," Heather told herself.

The mother spit her tongue at her boy playfully, and he stuck his out in return.

"Need a place to put that tongue?" she teased, running her toes up his calf beneath the table. "Sure."

"Maybe I have a tasty little place you can put it," she suggested in a sensual tone, as she stood up from the table.

"Really?"

"Yeah…if you can catch me that is."

Heather ran out of the room giggling, her huge breasts leaped up and down and Adam got up and chased after her.

She made it to the bathroom before he could catch her and the door slid closed and locked. Arriving soon after, Adam gave it a few playful pounds.

"You cheat!" he exclaimed.

"Do not."

"Open the door then."

"Why? So you can fuck me?" Heather giggled. "Maybe," the boy answered.

"Don't you think you should ask me to be your girlfriend first." "Fine! Will you be my girlfriend?" he asked.

A hologram display lit up next to the door. It was his mom's image from inside the bathroom. Adam watched her smile into camera. "Let me take a shower, then I'll come out and give you my answer."

"Oh, all right...I guess I'll go play some hallow-games or something." Adam frowned.

As he started to turn, he heard his mom call him in a naughty tone. "Aaaaddddaaammmm," her sexy voice sang.

Adam looked back at the hologram to see his mom's back to the camera as she slowly unzipped her gown. Heather peeked back over her shoulder teasingly as she continued to peal her outfit off, all the way down to the crack of her meaty ass. She slipped her arms from the sleeves and Adam could make out the drooping contours of her enormous tit-melons.

Heather gazed straight into the camera with a look that could turn any guy to mush. "All joking aside, are you

serious about wanting to be my new boyfriend?" she asked. "Of course."

"I'll be right out," she said in a sultry tone.

It was nearly a half-hour later when Heather emerged from the bathroom. Adam was in the main living area playing a holographic

game. He couldn't help from being distracted when he noticed what his mom was wearing.

Heather sashayed across the room in a white terry-cloth halter-wrap. It quite literally looked as though she had nothing but a flimsy little towel wrapped around her, which fell only two inches below her crotch and left all of her long golden-brown legs exposed.

"Are you playing that silly game again?" Heather asked as she sat on the edge of the cushion beside him. "Yeah, you wanna play?"

"You'll have to show me," she smiled.

Adam scotched over beside his mom until their hips touched. She smelt divine. He handed her the controller.

"It's pretty simple really. These buttons control you're ships steering and this is you're blaster," Adam explained. "Oh, my blaster huh?" she giggled.

Heather began playing the game and as she did Adam's eyes wandered to her gigantic breasts. The halter top had slipped down a bit, leaving the top eight inches of her boobs exposed. The site of her long deep cleavage made Adam's cock drool with pre-cum.

Each time Heather would move her tits would wobble heavily, which was a real treat for Adam to watch.

The mother laid down on her back beside him, slightly turned as she continued to play the game. She rested one of her bare feet up on his shoulder, curled her other leg, bowing it open teasingly.

When Adam looked down her could see her pussy clearly displayed as the wrap had bunched up at her waist. Her vulva was now completely shaved. Protruding from her puffy outer lips was the thick fleshy hood of her clitoris.

"Enjoying the view, sweetheart?" Heather asked with a flirty smile. Sorry," Adam blushed, looking away.

Heather handed him the controller and placed a foot on her son's thigh. "I wasn't asking for an apology, silly. I

just wanted to know if you liked what you were looking at."

"Yeah, probably more than I should," Adam confessed.

"Aww, poor baby...trapped aboard a tiny ship with his huge breasted mom," she teased, squeezing her breasts between her forearms and making them balloon obscenely.

"I'm not complaining," the boy admitted.

"Neither am I," she sensually said, gazing into his eyes. "It could be fun spending my days with a little boobie- monster."

"I like spending my days with you."

"Do you?" asked Heather, staring into her son's eyes adoringly. "Enough to start spending your NIGHTS with me

also?"

"Sure!" Adam blurted, his tummy tingling with excitement.

Heather stood up and reached down for his hand. "Come on…I wanna show you our bedroom," she softly said.

Adam took her hand and the matronly beauty led her son across the great room. Her big meaty ass swayed seductively as she strode towards her bedroom on bare feet.

"Lights!" she shouted, making them dim to darkness behind them.

"It feels kind of funny, going to you and dad's room," Adam shared, pausing as his mom pulled him towards her bedroom.

Heather turned towards him.

"Your dad's no longer a part of our lives, Adam. He's just a memory now," the mother softly stated.

"I'm sure he's still searching," Adam speculated.

"Probably, yes…but he'll most likely never find us and eventually tire of trying. He'll find another sweetheart and remarry, and his life will go on without us. So, I guess that makes this MY room now. My room to share with my new sweetheart," she said with a cute little smile.

Heather stepped towards her son, curling her arms around his neck as she moved in for a hug.

Adam's knees shuddered as he felt her colossal udders kiss his chest. His mom rested her forehead against his, staring into his big blue eyes. "Do you wanna be mom's new love interest, honey?" she whispered.

Adam's cock was pulsing with excitement. His boner was causing a big tent in shorts and pressed lightly against Heather's tummy as they hugged. "Yes, please," he muttered back.

"I think being alone with mom, a billion miles from home has gotten somebody excited," she teased, pressing her belly a little harder against his boner.

She rose up onto her tippy-toes, her silky-smooth calves flexing as she brought her lips to her son's ear. "I'm excited too. I couldn't have asked for a more gorgeous boyfriend," she told him anxiously.

"Thanks, and I never dreamed I'd have a girlfriend as pretty as you," Adam replied.

"I'm flattered," she blushed. Ready to check out our bedroom?" "Let's do it!"

They went inside and the door slid closed behind them. Heather led him though a short corridor and Adam's eyes got big as he caught sight of a huge fluffy bed. "Wow, that's the largest bed I've ever seen," he exclaimed.

"It's no fun sleeping in it alone. It'll be nice to have a bed buddy," she smiled. "I won't snore…I promise."

"The drawers at the base of the bed on that side will be yours, but no rush moving your stuff over." "True, I'll have all the time in the world."

Heather nudged him teasingly. "Not with a sexually demanding girlfriend you won't," she teased. "I have one

more mission for you, captain cutie-pie, then we'll get into bed and snuggle." "What's my mission?" he eagerly asked.

"Do you remember that day you dropped me off at Orion Intergalactic Mall, I had a bag from a negligee shop

that I asked you to stow away for me?" "Yeah, I remember."

"The item that was in that bag was something I bought for the man in my life. Since I haven't worn it yet…and YOU'RE my man now, why don't you go get it and I'll try it on for you," she flirtingly suggested.

"On it!" Adam blurted eagerly, then rushed back out of the room.

It had been nearly a month now since he'd been in the control room. It felt weird being there…like he was on a dark abandoned vessel that may never be flown again. He quickly retrieved what he was there to get, then headed back to the bedroom. "Got it!" he announced, handing the shopping bag to his mother.

"Get undressed and climb into bed. I'll be right out," Heather told him, stepping into the adjoining bathroom.

Adam stripped naked and climbed into the bed as his mother directed. He anxiously waited for the beauty to return.

"What do you think?" his mom's sweet voice asked as she stepped from the bathroom.

"Fresh!" Adam gasped, his eyes widening at the sight of her. Heather was wearing a skimpy white crisscross style bralette and matching panties. The top featured a halter neck, with sheer straps of floral lace that crisscrossed over her humongous breasts. This created a wonderful triangle of exposed tit-cleavage right in the center of the mother's chest. The peek-a-boo style panties had much the same design in the back. There were two lace straps crossing Heather's rounded butt-cheeks, leaving an exposed triangle of ass-flesh. She swung her rounded derriere around to give her son a look at the back. "Do you like it, baby?" she asked sweetly.

"Seriously, mom? You have to ask?"

Heather giggled. "Well, no…I guess that bulge beneath the blanket should have told me all I needed to know,"

she said, glancing down at his tented crotch.

"It's almost always this hard when I'm around you," Adam confessed.

"Well, that's a good thing now," his sexy mom told him as she stood at the edge of the bed. "Because you'll DEFINITELY need that dreamy dick of yours to be hard, since it's our first night together."

Adam noticed she was wearing a mysterious wrist band. "What's that thing?" he asked.

"OFF!!" the mother shouted, and the thick blanket covering Adam suddenly flew upward, sticking against the ceiling.

"Whoa, that was fresh!" the boy gasped as he laid there naked.

Heather giggled, placing her hands on her waist and making her tits balloon outward. "You haven't seen

anything yet. Are you sure you wanna be mine, baby?" she asked.

"I'm sure."

She fed him a satisfied smile. "BRING HIM TO ME…FACE FIRST!" the mother shouted.

68: Lost in Space…with Mom_2

by klrxo Sci-Fi

A mysterious invisible force lifted the teen from the bed and zipped him down near his mom. "WHOA!" he reacted, hovering there in the air with his face pointed at Heather. He had heard of this fancy new technology that allowed couples to manipulate their environment, but he had no idea his parents had purchased one to put inside the family space craft.

"The gas in the hyper sleep chamber allowed you to have your way with me, remember?" she asked, bringing

her face close to his.

"Yes," he answered.

Heather lifted the bracelet for him to see. A bright powerful-looking glow emanated from inside of it. "This is MY

sleeping gas…and now I get to have my way with you. RECLINE HIM!" she commanded.

Adam quickly flipped over in the air, in a position that had him reclined back. Heather gazed lustfully at the huge column of cock-meat sticking up just part his belly button.

"Am I suppose to be able to move?" the boy asked, a bit alarmed by the fact that he was suspended there, unable to move an inch.

"No…not for awhile anyway," Heather giggled. "LET ME FLOAT!" she shouted.

He watched her float up high into the air, like some nearly nude Goddess, smiling down on him. It was as if the air in the room had suddenly switched to zero gravity. "Mommy's going to show you what it means to be hers," she stated.

Heather stripped away the negligee and her giant naked tits bobbled around on her chest, making Adam's cock stir. He also had a birds-eye view the shaved snatch crowning her long gorgeous legs. He could clearly see the thick pink hood of her clitoris peeking from the cleft of her pudenda.

Her bare foot pushed off his chest and her body flipped gracefully, like a female diver in slow motion and she gradually lowered back down towards her son, head first. "You had your way with mommy… and now mommy's gonna have her way with you," she smiled, grazing her nails along his chest. "SPRINKLE HIM WITH EDGING DUST!" she commanded.

"Edging dust?" Adam nervously asked.

"It'll allow you to get to the brink of orgasm, but won't allow you to come…until I'm ready for you to."

Heather's legs were flexed, her sexy feet pointed straight up as she pushed off her son's chest. Her gorgeous body floated up away from his, her legs gradually swinging into a huge spread eagle, so her toes were pointed towards opposite ends of the room.

Adam's eyes about bugged out of his skull as he stared up at her wonderful cunt. He could even see her puckered butt hole between the big rounded cheeks of her ass.

Heather slowly did a back flip, rolling her voluptuous body until she was literally doing a handstand on her son's chest. Her big knockers

gracefully danced as she moved. Now, her legs were dropping again and as they fell, her face lowered down to within six inches of Adam's.

The look on her face was amazing. Adam had never seen that look before. It was the look of lust and the thrill of watching her boy's reaction as she performed for him. "LUBRICATE HIS PENIS!" she said loudly.

Adam heard a hissing sound and felt his dick suddenly become wet with lubrication. Heather bent her knees and kept her legs bowed open as she slowly lowered onto her teen.

"Ahhh!" gasped Adam as he felt his mom's puffy vulva rest against the underside of his shaft. Now straddling him in mid-air, his mom leaned down, squashing her oversized jugs against his lean chest.

"Baby, we'll do plenty of passionate love making, but this isn't one of those time. This time is about mom working month's worth of sexual frustration out on you," she whispered sensually, then began attacking his neck with tender licks. He felt his mom reach down and grasp his erection, fitting the knob to the split of her twat.

"Ahhh, Goddamn!" the boy's excited mind exclaimed as felt his manhood sink into his mom's tight creamy sheath.

The heavy chested mother hooked her arms around him as she prepared to fuck the hell out of her young new boyfriend. "Here we go, baby!" her voice quivered anxiously.

Suddenly, Heather set her wide motherly hips in motion. It was like someone just started a fuck-engine inside of her. Her big round buttocks began rising and falling, steading humping her pussy around the satisfying stiffness of Adam's cock.

The sound of flesh beating together filled the bedroom as the mother found a rhythm. "SMACK! SMACK!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!"

It was clear by his mom's words and actions that this wasn't one of those bonding moments. Right now he was just a piece of meat for her own sexual gratification. He winced as his mom dug her long nails into his back, clutching onto his lean body in mid-air, while hammering his steely hard dick though her vagina.

Adam couldn't believe this was happening. It was a surreal moment realizing his own mom was harnessed around him, using his body for her own personal needs.

"YES! OHHH!!" the busty beauty cried out, feeling her boy's sturdy boner plunge through her most secret place.

"Ahhh!" her boy whimpered, feeling the wonderful inner-workings of her snug mommy-vagina around his glans and shaft. Lubricated by their pre-ejaculate, their genitals pumped together like a piston of pink vaginal and penile flesh.

Motionless and helpless to her assault, the boy felt his mom intensify her fuck-thrusts as she worked towards a powerful climax. He could feel her tits sloshing as they lay squashed between them. Within minutes she was screaming out in orgasm, shaking, grasping and humping on top of him shamelessly.

"Holy shit!" the boy's mind exclaimed wondrously as she smacked her wet crotch against his cock-hilt and held it there, grinding up and back in full penetration.

"BRING HIM UPRIGHT!" Heather shouted in a pleasure-stricken tone. She continued to cling and grind on her boy as the mysterious gravitational force followed her command.

Now Adam was upright, like he was standing there, suspended in mid-air with a his busty mom clinging to him. She tightened her powerful silky legs around his hips. The muscles in Heather's

perspiration-sheened body were flexing and straining as she fucked her boy with all her might. "YESSS! RIGHT THERE! RIGHT THERE!!" she cried out, jabbing his cock in as deep as it could go, stretching out her uteri.

Adam's back was covered with log red scratch marks as his mom continued to claw at him. She clamped her pretty white teeth on the flesh of his neck, biting him hard as she squealed with another mind-blowing climax. Even though it hurt some, the boy knew not to complain. His mom needed him to be her sexual scratching post. Besides, the exquisite sensations around his boy-meat far surpassed the pain he felt from her biting and scratching.

Hot female ejaculate trickled down onto the bed below as it burbled out from between their humping crotches. Still working her hips, Heather leaned back, separating their chests, but still holding on to her son's shoulders.

Adam was mesmerized, watching her giant tits wobble back and forth, while his mom rocked her pretty head back in ecstasy. Her long beautiful mane of hair hung down and she gazed at her boy a moment in wild-eyed lust.

"This is amazing!" Adam whispered.

It was clear that his mom too absorbed in her own pleasure to answer. "MOVE HIM TO THE PRONE POSITION!" she shouted.

As Adam fell forward, the limber beauty folded herself in half beneath him, propping her ankles on his

shoulders. "LET HIM HANG ONTO ME!"

"Hold my legs, Adam!" his mom gasped as she began humping her ass up at him, smacking it against his crotch. "Ohh, God, yesss!" the mother's voice quivered.

Each time his mother had an orgasm, her pelvic floor muscles would tighten up, causing even more intense friction on his tender peter. If it weren't for the edging dust, he would have cum a long time ago. He held on to his mom's lovely legs while she swung her ass up over and over, beating it against his crotch, jabbing his unyielding boner through her vaginal grip.

"Ahhh!" Adam gasped, feeling the wonderful sensations surround his penis. By this time it had been nearly two hours since his mom had started fucking. The hypersexual mother was tireless in her assault, going at her boy heatedly, like a huge titted sexual athlete.

"You're not tiring out on me, are you, lover?" his mom asked, gazing up at him. "No way!"

"Good, because I'm not even close to being finished with you," she panted. "LAY HIM DOWN FLAT!" she

shouted.

Heather held on to her son as he was flipped over. She let her silky legs hang down astride him, straddling him like a horse as they continued to hover in the air fucking. She bounced against his crotch and young Adam gasped as he watched her colossal tits leap up and down. Heather's oversized knockers swung in a hypnotizing pattern, moving out from her chest in wide circles and smacking together, making the spongy flesh ripple delightfully.

His eyes drifted up to his mom's beautiful face. Her eyes were closed and her bee stung lips slightly parted as she panted in ecstasy. It made his heart swell knowing he was giving his mom extraordinary pleasure.

Heather leaned down, grasping on to her son's shoulders and hooked her feet up over his thighs for stability. Then the mother bobbed her thick ass up and down, continuing to plunge his rod through her snug birth canal.

"Ahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her soft warm tit-melons brush against his face as they bobbled around to her steady humping.

Adam's boner flexed in the tight pink grip of his mom's vagina. It was soaked in secretions, allowing it to plow through her love-hole at just the pace she desired. It wasn't long before the boy's pipe of pleasure brought his

mom off again. Heather trembled, screaming out in divine ecstasy, spewing hot girl-cum all over the steely hardness of her boy's cock.

SLOW OUR MOVEMENTS!" the mother shouted.

Heather began to quickly sit up, but as she did everything seemed to suddenly move in slow motion.

Adam watched his mom's chest rise. Everything inside his head was moving at normal speed, but the world around him was moving very slowly. *"Whoa, this is crazy!"* he thought. *"I didn't know the technology could do this!"*

Right before his eyes, his mom's pendulous wonders separated from Heather's tummy gradually swinging up higher and higher above the teens ogling eyes until they finally reached their highest point and he was staring at the huge melonous undersides of his mom's fat tits.

"Holy shit, look at that!" Adam's brain screamed as he watched the weight of her huge jugs began to shift downward.

He could actually see the rippling waves of fatty flesh moving along the undersides of Heather's huge breasts as they fell back towards her tummy. The mother had a naughty smile on her face, her eyes glazed with delight and fixed on her son's, watching his reaction.

The plummeting udders finally collided with her tummy again and shuttered like jello jiggling in slow motion. An action that should

have lasted a few seconds had become one full minute of cock-pulsing enjoyment.

Time suddenly returned to normal and Adam gasped with excitement. "Wow!"

"I take it you enjoyed that?" Heather giggled. "That was amazing!"

"Well, if you liked that...you're gonna love this," she said, giving him a quick peck on the lips. "SLOW OUR

MOVEMENTS FOR ONE HOUR!" she commanded.

"Oh my God!" Adam wildly thought as his entire cock was gradually sheathed in a way he'd never forget. Moving this slowly, it took an entire pleasurable minute for his boner just to travel the length of his mom's vagina. This gave him a chance to enjoy every wonderful ridge of her cuntal lining as it slowly slipped over the meat of his tender pink boner. He felt his cum-drooling knob land against the rubbery head of his mother's cervix.

Heather's fleshy meat curtains parted as they spread out against her son's cock base.

"OHHHHHHH SHIT!" Adam thought as his eyes rolled back a little. In slow motion, he could really feel the back of his mom's pussy in wonderful detail. Female evolution had caused a woman's external o's to elongate, forming a big fleshy ring at the entrance to her womb. Bottoming out had caused Adam's knob to completely disappear inside the cervical head, where hot slippery mucus sizzled on his glans.

Heather's lips began to curl into a naughty little smile as she studied her son's reaction. She was glad she had sprinkled him with edging dust. It allowed him to achingly ride on the edge of an orgasm for hours without cumming.

She squeezed her cunt-muscles expertly, clutching her new man's prick in her greedy cunt. *"It's so big and thick...and it's all mine,"* she thought.

As they continued humping in slow motion, Heather quickened her fuck-rhythm, so that, in slow-motion, one power thrust lasted about fifteen seconds, before their crotches smacked together in an wet echoing THUD!

Adam watched his mom lower one of her huge breasts to his mouth. It was quite the sight watching her wide thick areola and fat nipple slowly descend to his mouth. *"Holy fuck, I'm gonna suck mom's tits!"* his brain excitedly shouted.

As Heather's papilla slipped into her boy's mouth, his wonder-filled face sunk into spongy flesh of her tit.

"WHOA!!" the teen's brain gasped as he became masked in warm tit-meat.

Over the next hour, Adam felt his mom's meaty melon slosh against his smothered face as he sucked at her nipple to his heart's content. All this, while feeling his cock slowly swallowed by her juicy cunt over two-hundred times.

Having his beautiful curvy mom cum on him in slow- motion was something he'd never forget. Her screams were long and drawn out. The feel of her trembling flesh at that speed was unlike anything he ever imagined experiencing. Then, there was the feel of her cunt-sleeve contracting around his cock, the rows of corrugated ribs along her lining sucking wetly at his glans and shaft. In slow-motion, feeling her female ejaculate blast from her urethral meatus and swirl hotly around his prick was mind-blowing. Every squeeze, every cry, every thrust was accentuated a thousand-fold at this speed. The hour seemed to last forever and they both loved it.

As soon as the hour was up, their bodies suddenly continued fucking vigorously at normal speed. His mom's nipple was yanked from Adam's mouth and replaced by her lips. They kissed passionately, their tongues dueling in an excited frenzy for several minutes. The mother continued to pump her cunt on her boy's prick ceaselessly. "Are you ready to cum, baby?" she gasped between kisses. "Are you ready to shoot a juicy load inside your girlfriend?"

"Yes!" the boy excitedly answered.

"REMOVE HIS EDGING DUST, THEN SLOW US DOWN AGAIN!" the mom shouted.

Once again, time moved in slow-motion. The teens ogling eyes watched his mom's boobies put on a show, swinging and rippling slowly, above his lustful gaze. After ten minutes and nearly forty juicy cunt-plunges, he felt his orgasm begin to swell. At this speed, his climax was greatly intensified. His entire body shuddered in reaction to the most intense cum he'd ever experienced. Huge ropes of hot semen blasted from his cunt- smothered piss-slit, splattering against his mother's walls. Adam could never have imagined that he'd experience a ten minute orgasm, but that's exactly what happened and his mind was blown by every second of it.

"Wow!" he gasped breathlessly, as time returned to normal and they lay there holding each other in mid-air.

Heather lifted her head and gazed down into her boy's eyes. "So, do you think you're gonna enjoy being lost in space with mom?" she teased.

"Immensely," Adam answered.

They lowered to the bed and drifted off to sleep, holding each other's naked bodies the entire time.

Adam woke up surrounded in moms. "WHOA!" he exclaimed in shock, quickly sitting up in bed. This cause all the clones of Heather to giggle. There must have been thirty of them, all exactly the same and all completely naked. Some where in bed with him, others floated in various parts of the room. They all gaze at him like a flock of hungry vultures.

Adam rubbed his eyes, thinking he must be dreaming, but they were all still there when he brought his hands down. "Which one of you is my real mom?" he asked.

"Over here, baby," Heather answer, standing in sexy pose in the corner, with her tits thrust out.

"How many of you are there?" "There can be a few," she answered.

"Or there can be hundreds," the mom sitting next to him whispered with a mischievous smile.

Adam looked around at the multitude of sexy moms all around him. They all looked exactly alike, big tits and all, and they all gazed at him in pure lust.

"Holy shit!" he muttered, making all the moms giggle at his reaction.

His real mom hovered over the bed, looking down at him. "So you see, my love...I can give you that wonderful one-on-one loving, like we had earlier," she said.

Another mom leaned over, squashing her enormous jugs against him. "Or, I can bury you in mommies," she whispered.

She fell onto his chest and began licking at his neck. A mom's body suddenly appeared beneath him, so he was now trapped between two sets of huge boobs. Each mom flailed her thick tongue against his neck, while others began clawing at him.

He felt soft hands pulling and groping at his cock and balls. He felt what had to be four, five...maybe even six tongues twirling against his fat cock-head. Of course by this time his dick was rock hard again.

"You can spend all day smothered in big-breasted moms," Heather's sweet voice whispered at his ear.

"Sucking and chewing on their titties," the voice at the other ear said.

The mothers piled on the bed, determined to kiss, lick and suck the boy's flesh. Adam threw his head back, gasping in delight as he felt dozens of lips and whipping lickers shower his body with lusty affection.

His mom's face almost magically emerged from between two of the dangling breasts, her mouth moving right up against his and kissing him passionately.

"Can you smell it, baby?" One voice asked, while he made out with his mom-clone.

"All the hot horny pussy," another added.

A mouth appeared above his eyes as he continued to suck face with another. "They all wanna be fucked by that big strong cock. To pull all the cum out of those big baby-soft balls," the mouth whispered.

Adam could feel the fingers of multiple hands squeezing his scrotum with their long painted nails, digging into the tender meat of his nuts.

"Can you feel it, baby?" One of the moms asked.

"Can you feel the hungry pussy swallowing you?" Another finished.

Adam felt his cock sink into the hot juicy grip of a tight pussy. He would have answered, but the mom at his lips was sucking his tongue like a cock. His erection glided up and down the warm clutches of a mom-clone's cunt. Oddly, he could still feel the half-dozen tongues fluttering against his manhood as well.

"Ohhhh, that's what you want, isn't it, sweetheart? You wanna spend your day fucking pussies...." one voice said.

"And fucking mouths..." another continued as Adam felt the wet warmth of his mom's mouth plastered around his own.

"And fucking buttholes..." the voice at his ear hissed. The cunt suddenly became the tight searing heat of Heather's ass. He could feel her elastic butt-ring pulsing and squeezing around the base of his shaft, while his fat knob soaked deep in her rectum.

"Blowing load after load of hot creamy cum into your mother," another voice said.

That was about all Adam could take. The huge soft titties...the lashing tongues…and now the warm grinding feel of his mom's humping ass was just too much for him. His lean body gave off a few involuntary jerks as his cum-load rocketed up his cock.

He let out a guttural grunt, which was muffled by a meaty boob that drug across his face.

The ass in his lap was rocking wilding as Heather's clone stirred her bowels with her Adam's big spoon. Hot blasts of cum splattered against the walls of her shit-chute as Adam came with furious intensity.

The moms giggled as they heard Adam groaning beneath the pile of smothering breasts.

As his super-orgasm subsided, Adam became aware that there were no longer copies of his mom piled on top of him. There was just one...the one who had been watching all along as she floated majestically in a standing position above him, her cute little toes pointed downward. Her monstrous tits jutted way out from her chest, with fat aroused nipples at their peaks

"Is it my turn now?" She asked lovingly.

As if diving beneath the ocean, Heather's body rolled forward and moved face-first towards her son. Her little bare feet fluttered behind her, propelling her body down to his, where she stopped just short of his face.

Adam felt his mom's hands touch his chest as her lips moved in for a slow, soft kiss.

His eyes traveled past his mom's head, gazing up at her long matronly frame. His body shivered as he looked at the swell of her rounded bubble butt and the backside of her long silky-smooth legs as they pointed straight up at the ceiling.

Heather bent one of her legs back playfully, clenching her cute little toes, making her boy's cock flex back to full hardness.

The mother tilted her body up so that her humongous tits dangled above her son's eyes. She moved her shoulders a little, making her ballooning mammaries swing from side to side teasingly.

"Do you like your new girlfriend's tits, baby?" she cooed.

"Heck yeah!"

Adam was so fucking aroused he was at a loss of words.

Heath brought her lips down to her son's ear, letting her squishy chest flatten out against his. "Adam," she whispered.

"Yes?"

"Fuck me!" She hissed in an almost unworldly voice.

Adam groaned as he woke in his bed alone. *"Had it all been a dream?"* he thought.

The door to his room slid open and Heather strode inside. She wore only a short silk robe that molded around the contours of her voluptuous frame.

"Well, hello there, lover. Welcome back to the world of the living," she beamed, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Mom?" he said.

"Yes, love?"

"Was all that floating around the room and multiple mom stuff real… or was I dreaming that?" he asked. Heather giggled and brushed the hair from his eyes. "Yes, my young sweetheart...it was all very real," she said. "There were so many of you," he muttered.

"You liked being buried in mom-flesh, didn't you?" she smiled. "Did I ever!" Adam answered.

"Well, maybe after you eat something, we'll come back to the bedroom and let my man take on a group of mommies here on the bed. How's that sound?" she asked.

"Can we just do it now. I'm not all that hungry," he eagerly asked.

"You really think you can handle five or ten of me on an empty stomach?" she asked. "Healthy boys fuck longer and harder...and you won't be a healthy boy if you don't eat."

"You're so cool mom." Adam said adoringly.

"Why, because I've agreed to be your girlfriend and let you fuck the shit out of me?" she grinned.

"Well, yeah...that too, but...I don't know...I just can't imagine spending the rest of my life with anyone else," he confessed.

Heather smiled as tears welled up in her eyes. "Funny you should say that, because...I feel the same way about you. I mean, how lucky am I to be stuck aboard this ship with someone so young and handsome. Someone who has the biggest, dreamiest dick a girl could ever want. I can think of no one else I rather wrap my legs around," she admitted, tracing her nails across his chest.

"Thanks," Adam sighed.

"You know...I think you and I need to do something...before we even bring more of me to our bed again. "What's that?" Adam asked.

"We need to make love," she whispered.

Adam's heart skipped a beat. He wondered how it would differ from the incredible sex he'd already experienced with her.

"Isn't that what we were kinda doing?" Adam asked.

"No...earlier we fucked, but here, on the bed, without the aid of modern technology, this is where we make love. Do you want me to explain the difference to you, sweetie?" she asked.

"Sure."

"Lay down," she whispered, pushing her son's chest until he lay flat on his back.

Heather scooted onto the bed and curled her legs to the side. She rested her hand on the other side of Adam, so she was now leaning over him, her big oversized breasts kissing his chest through the thin silk material. She gazed down into his eyes, brushing her long dark trusses off her face.

"Sometimes, when a man and a woman have sex, they let their primitive sides come out and they look more like two sweaty animals attacking each other than two people making love," she giggled. "When two people get wild like that and they buck, claw and grind...that's called fucking."

"I see."

"When you were hovering above the bed and couldn't move. When my ass was beating against you like that...I was fucking my baby's cock."

"Your 'baby' really liked that," Adam admitted.

"My baby better have...because his momma's big butt's gonna spend a lot of time beating against him that

way," she informed her boy.

"You're butt felt really good too, mom."

"You liked those soft plump ass-cheeks did you?" "Oh yeah!"

"Those aren't the only things big and soft you like," she reminded him, making her tits wobble back and forth a little.

Heather's robe had parted enough for Adam to see her long gaping cleavage. He couldn't believe it was all his. "Tell me about making love," he said.

"Well, unlike fucking, when two people make love it's like a slow intricate dance. You spend lots of time exploring your lover's body...searching for every little nerve ending. And after you find their sweet spots you make them cum again and again and again," she said, lowering her face to Adam's.

"I like the sound of that," he sighed.

"I hope so, because you're stuck aboard this ship with a girlfriend who really likes to make love."

Adam's eyes were drawn to her boobs, half-flattened against his chest as she leaned over him. Her fat orbs oozed from the slit in the robe, squashing out against his chest like soft warm bread-dough.

"Adam?" Heather said, drawing his eyes back to hers. "Make love to me," she whispered.

"Here?" Adam asked nervously.

"No...I have a better spot in mind," she answered, leaping to her feet.

Adam climbed off the bed and stood in front of his mom, his big boner wagging lewdly in front of her. "Turn around," Heather said playfully.

When Adam turned, his mom jumped on his back and wrapped her arms and legs around him for a piggy-back ride. She let out a cute little scream and giggled as she clung onto him.

"Mmmmm, my strong sweetheart," she said, clawing at his chest.

Adam reached down and grabbed her thick thighs, holding her up. He gasped when he felt how soft and smooth they were.

"Straight ahead, loverboy!" she ordered.

Adam carried his mom out of their room and across the main living area, her strong copper-tone mommy-legs coiled around his waist. He could feel Heather's soft breasts sloshing heavily against his bare back as they moved.

"The elevator," she whispered excitedly.

Adam carried his mom inside the small elevator and the door closed. Turning to face the door, he felt his mom's little feet slide up his thighs as she planted sensual kisses to the side of his face.

"You gonna let mommy spend some time on you...finding your little sweet spots...hhhhhmmm?" Heather cooed between kisses, in a sultry voice.

"Yeah…all you want."

"All I want, huh? Are you sure you can handle all I want?"

"I can try," he boy replied.

The door opened and Adam carried his mom into the control room. "Put me down, baby," she whispered.

Heather slipped off of Adam's back and before he could turn around she already had the tie to her robe undone. He watched the thin silk covering slip off her shoulders and fall to the floor. Her huge drooping tits teetered gently from side to side as they sprung free. Her nipples were engorged and throbbing to be sucked on.

Adam's sexy mother took his hand and led him over to the big oversized control chair. Heather sat on the edge of the seat and Adam stood between her legs. With the flick of a switch the chair lifted higher into the air until it was at waist level. She coiled her arms around her baby.

They both looked down and could see that Adam's boner was now pointed straight towards his mother's squeezebox, only a few inches away from the cleft of her pudenda.

They both lifted their eyes at once and Heather fed her son a naughty little smile. "I thought this was a fitting place to christen the new captain of my love life with some passionate lovemaking," she explained.

Using her feet on the back of his thighs, Heather pulled her son closer until his big bulbous knob sunk between the pedals of her labial meat, splitting her twat.

"Come on, baby…blast your rocket into the warm wet clutches of mommy's cuntal universe," she mewled, pulling her son's rock-hard cock up her fiery birth canal.

Adam groaned as he felt his penis being swallowed by hot MILF pussy. Deeper and deeper it plunged as Heather took his impressive length all the way to his nut-sack. Just as his pubic bone squashed against her swollen clit, Adam felt his fat pinkish-purple bulb turn slightly upward as it met the spongy head of Heather's cervix.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, as Heather tightened her fuck muscles around his girth and the puffy ring of her external o's shrouded his knob with slick suction.

"No…not 'oh, God…Oh, Mom," Heather teased, acknowledging the fact that she was now the matronly Goddess of his young world. She would be the one constantly milking his cock off.

Heather slowly moved her lips to Adam's, tilting her head as they met for a long sensual kiss. Their tongues met and began a slow twisting dance. Heather's long pink snake fluttered circles around her son's, showing it's experience.

As they kissed, the mother used her cunt muscles to squeeze the meat of her son's spear, smothering it within warm exquisitely-ribbed lining of her vagina.

"You like that?" she whispered between kisses. "Yeah," Adam's voice quivered.

"I'm gonna spoil my baby's dick with this pussy," she cooed, digging her heels into his thighs so that his cockhead was crushed against her cervix.

Heather fell back onto her elbows arching her back so that her big ballooning tits rolled slightly off the sides of her chest. Adam took hold of her wide birthing hips and gazed at the trimness of her belly and her cute little naval. His eyes traveled down to her shaved pubis and the swollen clit that bulged from her prepuce. The fact that he was seeing his own mom this way, with the pussy that had birthed him now stretched around the meat of his manhood, made his knees go weak.

The teen's instincts took over and he began slowly sawing his cock in and out of it's new sheath. Heather rocked a bit, meeting her son's downward strokes, so their crotches beat together.

"That's it, sweetie...feed me that big cock!" her voice gasped.

They fell into a nice steady fuck-rhythm and Adam stared in awe at Heather's huge round tits as they rolled up and down her chest. The mother brought her legs up into the birthing position, allowing him more room to thrust between her thighs.

The boy watched half his boner emerge, glistening with her cuntal juices, then he hammered back inside her, making his mom gasp sharply.

"That's it, baby...long deep thrusts, just like that." Heather sighed.

"Oh, it feels so good, mom," Adam moaned, feeling her ribbed walls chew at his tender penile flesh.

Heather quickly sat up again and wrapped her arms and legs around him, crushing her fat tits against his chest.

"Oh, my baby!" She cried out burying her face into the soft of his neck as she began having a tit-quivering orgasm.

Adam continued fucking steadily and now Heather's strong motherly legs were assisting him. It was quite the site…a thirty-nine-year-old

big breasted mother of two, clutching her eighteen-year- old son like a cock-hungry whore as he held her, thrusting into her with his big oversized dick. If there could ever be a perfect picture of mother/son ball busting this would surely be it.

Adam was in complete euphoria as he felt his mom's tongue plow against the sensitive tendons in his neck. Then there was the feel of her humongous boobs sloshing against his chest. However, the best part was her skilled squeezebox clasping and milking his engorged sex organ as it burrowed in and out.

"Oh, God, Mom...I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

Heather whimpered, resting her head on his shoulder as one powerful climax rolled into another. "I'm cumming again too, baby. Cum with me!" she cried out.

She grasped his ass, digging into the tender flesh with her long nails and pulling her son in deep with every inward thrust. "Adam...look at me!" she exclaimed, as they both traveled to the brink of orgasmic bliss.

Adam looked into his mom's eyes as their bodies continued to thrash together. There was a look about her that he had never seen before. With her mouth slightly open and her eyes beginning to roll back, it was that pre- orgasmic glow and he fucking loved it.

"OOOHHHHH, GOD!!!!" she screamed out, gushing all over his fat cum-spewing prick.

The boy held her body against his as she convulsed. Spewing his own hot ball-juice into his mom's pussy seemed so primal. Thick milky ropes splashed against the back of his mom's vaginal cavity, mixing with her own female ejaculate that squelched around Adam's pink boner.

For two full minutes the cum-squirting couple bucked and thrashed their pissers together until at last they had milked each other's orgasms completely.

As they held each other and caught their breath, a voice suddenly came from the corner of the control room. They both instantly recognized it.

"It's you're father!" Michelle stated in disbelief.

The pair dislodged, their creamy ejaculatory cocktail oozing out onto the seat. Together, they walked over to the ship's radio.

"Heather or Adam...if you can hear me...please respond or switch on your homing beacon!" the voice said.

"He found us," Adam muttered in disbelief.

"No...he didn't. He could still be millions of miles away. Only if we respond will he find us," Michelle stated. "So...should we respond?" Adam asked.

Heather took her son's hand and stared up into his eyes.

"Last night, when I was fucking you...I discovered something," she told him. "Discovered what?"

"That I had found my new love, and that nothing in this universe was going to change that...not even your father, if he eventually happened along," she confessed.

"Wow," the boy muttered.

"I'll understand if you wanna go back," Heather stated, "but if you stay...I'll promise you this...you'll get more sexual pleasure than you would ANYWHERE else, EVER!" Heather promised, clutching Adam's balls in her tiny hand.

"How can I turn my back on that?" the boy sighed.

"Heather and Adam, can you hear me?" Adam's dad's voice asked.

Heather smiled at the radio. "Sorry, honey...I have a hot young cock to take care of now," she said jokingly, squeezing her son's still-hard prick.

"Don't worry, dad, I'll take care of mom's pussy for you." Adam stated, making his mom giggle.

Heather threw her arms around his neck and kissed her new love. "Damn fucking right you will!" She teased.

The beautiful mother took hold of his boner and led him from the control room. Adam watched her naked bubble butt sway seductively and the sloping sides of her tits wobble heavily with every step.

"I think somebody needs to spend the rest of the day buried under a pile of mommies," she suggested, gazing back with a wink.

"I think you're right." Adam agreed, his heart racing with excitement. ONE YEAR LATER

Adam and Heather's spacecraft was like a spec of sand drifting in the star-dotted sea of deep space. Inside the craft, the rooms were still and silent, except for one.

Adam's favorite music blared through the couple's bedroom. It had a deep erotic beat. Perfect music for fucking to. Joining the tune was a chorus of beautiful whimpers and screams, all in Heather's voice.

Floating in the center of the room was a huge mass of naked female flesh. It was nearly a hundred Heather look-a-likes, rubbing their cunts frantically while trying desperately to get to the boy at the center of the pile. Their bodies glowed with perspiration, liked they been at it tirelessly for hours.

Hovering on his back, at the nucleus the flesh-heap, was Adam's young body. The boy was encapsulated on all side by silky tangled limbs, giant squishy tits and dozen of beautiful, pleasure-filled faces that matched his mother's. The one on top of him seemed to be the Queen Bee. Her thick rounded ass rippled delightfully as she pounded their crotches together in sexual intercourse. Unlike the other surrounding clones of Heather, this one had a huge pregnant belly that bulged out as it lay sandwiched between her and her son.

"FUCK!" Adam gasped, tit-milk spewing out the corners of his mouth as he peeked out from his mom's humongous milk-engorged boob, gasping for air.

His lips weren't left unattended for very long. One of his mom's clones swooped in and began kissing him passionately. He could feel women beneath him, kissing and licking his flesh, while rubbing their fatty tits against him. He could feel tongues…LOTS of tongues licking various parts of his body. One mommy had her pretty face buried between his buns, worming her flailing licker into his asshole. More moms were nursing on his nuts, pulling them in opposite directions, tugging on the cord of his vas deferens.

"Hhmmff!" the boy whimpered as he basked in pleasure. This had become the norm for Adam over the past year. Sometimes, he just had his mom clone one of herself, for a wild threesome. Other times, like today, he wanted to be buried in mommies.

Everywhere he looked was flesh that looked just like his mother. His real mother, however, looked a little different these days. Heather had just reached her ninth month of pregnancy and she was packing twin boys in her womb. This didn't stop the pretty mother from being an absolute fuck-hound. If anything, she was even more hyper-sexual, due to her hormones being out of balance.

"God, mom!" the boy gasped, throwing his arms around her as she dropped down, burying his entire head between her milk-swollen

udders.

Heather pushed her cock-stretched cunt-lips down, making them mash around the root of her boy's hard muscular erection. She did a wonderful hula-gyration with her hips, stirring his fuck-spike deep in her clasping cunt.

"Ohh my God, baby!" She cried out. "I love your dick so fucking much!"

Adam thrust his hips beneath her, socking his prick inside her with powerful pumps. He was rewarded by feeling her prenatal body shudder and a stream of hot girl-cum cascade down over his nuts.

The boy kissed his way up the quivering inner contour of one of her giant breasts until he found her engorged nipple. The caps of Heather's tits were more pronounced and a dark shade of purple from increased blood flow. Warm tit-nectar shot into the boy's sucking mouth as he gorged himself on as much tit-flesh as he could. His entire face sunk deep into the spongy meat of her oversized breast.

"Wow! This is so fresh!" the boy thought, fucking up into his mom's snug pussy, while sucking on her thick nipples and swallowing down her flavorful breast milk.

"SLOW US DOWN!" Heather shouted, then things went into slow-motion mode. Every thrust was intensified as they continued to hover through the air and fuck. It would have taken about twenty more minutes for Adam to cum at normal speed, but because his mom had slowed things down, that twenty-minutes became two more hours of exquisite sexual bliss.

After sleeping from sheer exhaustion, Heather made her boy breakfast. She always wore something sexy for him around the ship, whenever they weren't naked and fucking. Today she was adorned in a white sheer lace and mesh teddy that had open cups, allowing

her monster tits to hang free, framed in by stretched ruffled straps. Her nipples and areola were covered by matching semi-sheer pasties in the form of hearts. The sheer bodice was stretched way out by the mother's huge pregnant tummy. "How is it?" Heather asked, gazing at her teen adoringly as he ate.

"Delicious," he replied.

"I'm surprised you were still hungry after all mommy's breast milk you consumed last night," Heather giggled.

"Me too," Adam agreed, looking at the massive bulge of her cleavage as she leaned against the table in front of him."I'm hoping to get some more of that soon."

"That can be arranged," the mother smiled, turning and walking toward the doorway. The negligee had a crotchless design, with a fully exposed rear. Heather peeked back at her boy and wagged her thick bubble butt teasingly. "Maybe you can nurse on mommy's nipple, while your cock is buried in her ass," she suggested.

"Sounds awesome!" her boy replied.

"You can even invite a few friends," she winked.

A few minutes later, Adam and his "friends" were surrounding the naked mother in the bedroom.

"Hi boys," the mother smiled, eyeballing the three huge erections that were pointed at her. Surrounding Heather was her son and two of his clones. Adam had learnt use the technology in the room to make carbon copies of himself, just as Heather had of herself for him.

"LIFT HER UP AND SPREAD HER LEGS!" Adam shouted.

Heather screamed playfully as the invisible force suddenly jerked her from the floor, facing her upward in mid- air and forcing her legs back in a huge spread eagle.

Adam sprung from the floor, maneuvering himself right beneath her. He reached around with one hand, squeezing one of her monster melons, while using the other hand to fit the knob of his boner to the ring of her asshole.

His two clones quickly flew into position also. One landed flat on top of Heather, squashing her baby orb between them. He split her cunt with his cock and rammed it inside, just as Adam's prick sunk into her tight sphincter.

The other clone hovered up near Heather's head, where she eagerly tilted her head back and stuffed his cock inside her mouth. The cock-filled mother whimpered from being triple-penetrated. The boys clung to her squishy pregnant body, humping wildly as they each found a ball-bumping rhythm.

"Goodness gracious, I've died and gone to heaven!" the mother's mind squealed. She felt one cock plunge down her throat. She had learnt to control her gag reflex, allowing her son and his clones to really use her mouth and throat like a pussy.

In her genital region, she could feel the boys hard dicks rubbing together through the wall that separated her vaginal and anal cavities.

"Ahhh!" Adam sighed, pushing his erection deep into his mom's rectum. Fucking her snug ass was so wonderful it had become a daily routine for him. Sometimes Heather would lay face down, allowing her boy to sprawl out on her back and pound against her meaty rump for hours. Other times she would simply bend over and let him fuck her ass from behind.

The clone on top of the mother hissed against her arched neck in pleasure as he pumped his steely hard prick through her cunt tube. Increased blood flow to Heather's genitals, due to being pregnant, had caused her vaginal rugae to engorge. This resulted in rows of exquisite ribs that gripped the boy's dick and created mind- blowing friction. The mother's gigantic milkers were crushed against his chest and sloshed wildly between them, tit-milk seeping from her engorged teats.

Adam loved squeezing onto his mom's lush body, while fucking up into her ass. The feel of her elastic ass-ring squeezing snugly up around his cock-root, while he buried his boner deep in her shitter was beyond amazing. Over the next hour, the boy would make his mom scream in sexual ecstasy over and over this way.

"AHH, SHIT!" the teen exclaimed, smacking his crotch against her lovely ass cheeks repeatedly. "SLOW US

DOWN!" he shouted as he felt his prostate swell.

Adam loved slowing down time just before he came. It would draw out his orgasm and give twenty to thirty minutes of body quivering pleasure.

In slow motion, his pleasure-groan sounded like a long deep growl. "AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!"

Heather loved experiencing three cocks spurt off inside her at once, especially with time slowed down this way. She could really feel the rigid meat of their boners flex and contract, within the clasping walls of her throat, pussy and ass as they hosed out fat ropes of creamy cum.

"LOWER ME TO THE BED!" Heather commanded, as time returned to normal and her son's clones disappeared.

Adam's cock popped from his mom's pink asshole and he watched it clench closed. She slowly lowered to the bed, resting on her back, with her giant boobs and belly orb ballooning from her beautiful frame. She gazed up at her young lover and smiled. "You gonna stay up there staring?" she asked, then drew her knees back, bowing her thick, smooth thighs open. "Or are you gonna come down here and fuck mommy solo?"

Alan's heart beat wildly as he lowered down between his mom's cradling legs. He rammed his huge cock in all the way, making them both gasp and roll their eyes back in pleasure.

"Pound the fuck out of me, baby!" the mother whimpered, rocking her hips to set her son in motion.

The boy's ass flew up and down wildly between her thighs as he fucked her pussy savagely. Heather threw her long lovely legs up high around his back. Her dainty bare feet bobbed around in mid-air from the power of his fuck-thrusts. Her beach ball-sized belly bulged out at the sides, sandwiched between her and her humping boy. The lewd wet clapping sound of Adam's balls beating against her thick ass filled the room.

"OH, GOD, I'M GONNA CUM, ADAM!!" the mother squealed. She clenched her pretty white teeth together and arched her back from the mattress, lifting her boy.

Adam threw his arms around the center of her raised back, squeezing her body tightly while hammering his hardness inside her. This caused his mother to convulse and scream out, gushing her female ejaculate all over his pumping prick.

"Ahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her spongy pelvic floor contract around his prick, while watching her fat jugs swing around on her chest wildly.

He jabbed his boner in deep, feeling his bell tip become shrouded inside the flesh of her partially-dilated cervical entrance. His cock flexed, his knob mushrooming even bigger as it was swathed in hot slippery mucus. "FUCK!" he groaned as he felt his nuts clench in their sack.

Heather could tell her son was close to popping. "Cum in me, baby!" she sang in her beautiful motherly voice. "YESS!!" Adam grunted, his hips jerking wildly. "UGH!!"

Thick geysers of pearlescent baby-makers blasted from the boy's meatus, painting his mom's fuck-tunnel. For several minutes they bucked and writhed together in orgasmic bliss.

Finally, Adam became motionless and rested atop his squishy mother in satisfied exhaustion. "That was…amazing!" he sighed, catch his breath.

"Isn't it always?" Heather asked, stroking the back of his hair with her long nails.

"Yes," the boy answered, feeling his mom's teats leaking beneath his chest. "And it always will be…forever and

ever."

THE END

69: Mile High Mom

"Mile High Mom"

By klrxo

"So, how big is it?" Carol's sister Angela asked as they spoke on the phone. "How big is what?"

"Mitch's cock?"

"How would I know?" Carol giggled.

"Do you not remember the conversation we had a week ago?" Angela asked, "the one where you said he ALWAYS has boners in front of you and you think he's at least ten-inches fully erect?"

"Ok, yes, I remember that, but how would I just suddenly know my son's cock size?" "You said you were gonna ask him."

"I said that?!" Carol said in shock. "Yes!"

"Angela, I obviously had one too many glasses of wine that night," Carol said, "I don't remember saying anything about asking him that."

"Oh whatever, if you're scared to ask him, just admit it."

"I'm not scared to ask him, I just don't know why it's so important to know." "Oh SHUT UP! You're just as curious as I am and you know it," Angela said.

Carol eyeballed her son, who was looking out at the plane they were about to board. Mitch was just a tad taller than her, a handsome dark-haired teen, who was well-toned and nicely dressed for the trip. She let her eyes drift to the sizable bulge in his pants. "Ok, maybe I am a little curious, but I'm not gonna come right out and say 'hi son, how's your day and oh, by the way, what size is your cock,' that's crazy."

"Well duh, I know that, but I'm sure you can think of a way to ask him tactfully."

A woman's voice suddenly came over the loudspeaker overhead. "Ladies and Gentlemen, we'll now begin boarding for flight three thirty-eight with service to Sydney, Australia. We do have a low number of people booked on this flight, so all passengers are welcome to board at this time."

"We're boarding, so I better go," she said to her sister. "See you in twenty-two hours."

"You better have an answer to my question by then." "Byyye!" Carol sang, then hung up.

She stood from her seat. The beautiful thirty-eight year old had long dark tresses that fell below her shoulders. Her tits were so obscenely enormous that they wobbled heavily from side to side, even under the confines of her blouse and bra, as she picked up her carry-on bag. "You girls ready?" she asked her two young daughters.

"Don't forget your carry-on bags, girls," her husband Jon added.

The busty mother stepped over to her son, her shimmering legs moving smoothly beneath the hem of her mid-length skirt. The dainty four-inch heels of her black slip-on sandals CLICKED against the hard floor as she stepped over to her boy and took his hand. "Ready to do this, sweet-pea?"

"I guess so," the boy muttered reluctantly.

She gazed at him with her beautiful green eyes. "Stay close to me. Everything will be just fine, ok?"

He nodded and she led him arm in arm, following her husband and daughters down the jetway. Mitch loved that his mother doted on him, especially since she was so busty and beautiful. He could feel her mountainous breasts pressing against his arm as they walked.

Theyfeelsowarmandsquishy,"the boy thought. Being such a 'momma's boy' definitely had its perks.

They arrived inside the plane and were greeted by three beautiful stewardesses. Two of them looked to be in their 20's, but the third was dirty-blonde Carol's age. "Welcome aboard," she said with a pretty smile.

"Hi," Carol answered back, sharing her own white-toothed smile.

Carol's husband Jon made good money, allowing them to fly first-class whenever they traveled. They found the two rows that were reserved for them. "Hon, why don't you keep the girls in this row with you. I better sit in the next row back with Mitch. You know nervous flying makes him," Carol said.

"Good idea, hon."

She took a seat next to her handsome son, Mitch, who sat on the aisle. Their row was at the back of first class, with nothing but a wall behind them. The seats were large and Carol couldn't even see the heads of her husband and daughters, who were in the row in front of them. This, along with the fact that they were the only ones in first class, made Carol and her son Mitch's row the most private on the airplane. This satisfied the mother a great deal. She wanted nothing

more than to comfort her son privately.

The plane left the ground around midnight. Sitting in the middle seat next to her son, Carol held her sweet-pea's hand tightly and rubbed his shoulder as the jet rocketed into the air. Ever since she could remember, Mitch had been afraid of flying and like a good mother, she wanted to be there to comfort him.

"Heneedsmenowmorethanever,"she thought to herself, squeezing his tense hand in hers tenderly.

When the plane reached flight altitude and the fasten seatbelt sign came off, Mitch felt a little more at ease. Carol looked her boy in the eyes and smiled warmly. "How are you doing, sweet- pea?" she asked.

"Okay, I guess."

"Why don't you undo your seatbelt and lay your head on my lap," she said lovingly, undoing her own belt and moving over to the window seat.

He happily complied, sprawling on his back across the seats and looking up into the loving, sparkling eyes of his mother. From this vantage point, he had a great view of his Mom's huge jutting tit-mounds. Carol's enormous melons stretched the fabric of her blouse, hovering like two water-balloons over her son's face. "Dang!Sobig!"the boy marveled.

Her pouty lips formed a satisfied smile as she peered down, watching her boy gawk at her big wobbling wonders. She ran her long nails through his hair. "Soadorable,"she thought.

Mitch zero'd in on the lumps of her erect nipples protruding beneath the fabric. Of coarse, he was just like most teenage boys who dream of being smothered to death by such gargantuan titties.

The boy wasn't the only one with wandering eyes. Carol let her gaze wander to her son's crotch. Just as she expected, a large tubular lump had formed, tenting his pants obscenely. "MyGod,it looksmonstrous!DidIreallytellAngelaIwasgonnaaskhimhowbigitis?"she wondered.

As Carol stroked her baby's head, the beautiful stewardess, about Carol's same age, arrived at their row. "Everything okay here?" She asked, studying the boy laying on his mother's lap..

"Fine. My son just gets a little nervous whenever we fly," Carol answered.

The stewardess smiled, looking the young man in the eyes. "It's okay, sweetheart. I have a boy about your age who feels the same way about flying. Like you, he knows there's no safer place than his mother's arms," she said, winking at Carol.

The two mothers shared a meaningful smile. They both understood a mother's sacred duty to her son and that secret bond that only a mother and son can share. They looked at his jutting

erection, studying the shape and size. Mitch glanced at both women, seeing the lustful curiosity in their eyes as they stared a moment, mesmerized by his big cock.

Even though the stewardesse's uniform was modest, Mitch could tell she had some enormous tits packed in there, ones that could possibly rival the size of his mother's cannons.

"I'm Amy," the Stewardess said, smiling as she noticed the boy staring. "Mitch," the boy muttered timidly.

"Hi Mitch. The captain's gonna be turning off the cabin lights here in a few minutes. Would the two of you like to use the skycouch to sleep comfortably?"

"Skycouch?" Carol asked.

"Yes, the airline just introduced them. Your row of three seats folds out into a bed, just big enough for the two of you," she explained. "Let me show you."

Both mother and son got up and at the push of a button, their seat became the base of the couch. "Ok, now we'll just throw this thin top-matress on," Amy said. "I'll get you some pillows and a blanket and you'll be all set."

In a few minutes, the lights shut off, nearly darkening the first-class cabin. Carol and Mitch's row was now a dark private corner behind a sea of mostly empty seats. The stewardess returned with a blanket and a stack of pillows. "Here you are," she said.

"Thank you so much," Carol said kindly.

"Of course. I take it that's your husband and daughters in the next row up?" the stewardess asked.

"Yes."

"Looks like they're already starting to doze off. I'll get them set up with the skycouch as well." "They'll love that, thank you," Carol said.

While the stewardess helped Jon and the girls, Carol slipped out of her sandals and spread the blanket out on the bed. "Why don't you take off your sneakers, sweet-pea. We'll get comfy," she said.

Mitch did so, while watching his Mom's huge knockers jostle beneath her top, as she fluffed a couple pillows by the window, then adjusted the air shooting down on them from the overhead console.

"Apparently we picked the right airline," Carol's husband Jon said, watching his wife and son get comfy while Amy set up him and his daughter's skycouch.

"I know right? I never even heard of these skycouches, but they're certainly gonna be more comfortable than trying to sleep on a seat."

"You got that right."

"You're all set," Amy said."We'll just pull the curtains to give everyone their privacy."

"Wow, curtains too. I'm impressed," Jon said giving his wife and son a quick wave. "Love you guys."

"Love you too. Goodnight, hon," his wife said.

Amy pulled a privacy curtain, draping it across the opening above the seat-backs between their two rows. Then she slid one closed at the opening to Carol and Mitch's row, shrouding them in complete privacy. She remained inside and climbed onto the edge of the bed with them. "How's that?"

"Perfect," Carol said with a grateful smile. Their voices were somewhat muffled by the RUMBLE of the airplane engines, so nothing could be heard beyond their own little private area.

"I''m the stewardess assigned to what's been dubbed the 'Cuddle-Class' and you'll only see me if you need me. So don't be afraid to shed some clothes and get comfortable."

"Ugh, I would love to get out of this bra. Would that bother you, sweet-pea?" Carol asked, looking at her boy.

Mitch gulped excitedly. "No," he muttered, making the women look at each other and giggle.

Carol unfastened her skirt, unveiling her crotch, which was adorned in a skimpy pair of pale-pink panties. The V of he mons was clearly defined and the silky fabric fit snugly in the groove of her pudendal cleft..

Mitch continued to watch in awe as she slipped out of her blouse. Her beautifully embroidered bra could barely contain the enormity of her gigantic melons. Creamy tit-meat was spilling out all over the place, making the boy's eyes go wide with desire.

"Ohh, what a beautiful bra," the stewardess said.

Mitch couldn't agree more. When his mom reached back to unclasp it, he felt like his heart beat ten times harder. The straps sprung apart and Carol peeled the silky cups from her boobs, causing them to wobble free. They were even bigger than the teen imagined, capped with broad areola and fat protuberant nipples.

"Would you like us to help YOU get more comfortable, handsome?" the stewardess asked Mitch. Mitch shrugged his shoulders timidly. "Sure, I guess."

Carol positioned herself with her back to the window, her luscious tan legs slightly spread open and fully exposed. "Scoot back and lean against me, darling," she said.

Mitch scooted back until his hips were lodged between Carol's thighs and her big round naked melons hugged his back. Amy pulled his legs open and crawled between them, resting her knees together on the mattress pad, close to his crotch. He now sat between two sexy Mommies and together, Amy and Carol peeled his shirt off.

"Ohhh," Amy sighed, hungrily looking over his well-toned chest. "You're so handsome. I bet your mother has to beat the girls off with a stick, doesn't she?"

"They're starting to swarm around," Carol said.

"I bet," Amy said, then began to gently scratch her long nails on his chest. "Do you mind if I feel?"

"No," Mitch muttered, staring at the swell of her massive tits, straining for release inside her uniform.

"He likes it when I scratch my nails on his bare chest, don't you, sweet-pea?" his mother asked, joining Amy with her own hands.

"Yeah," the boy timidly muttered.

"My son likes it too," Amy said. "He also likes it when I lick and bite on his nipples." "We haven't tried that one yet," Carol said, looking at her son with a raised eyebrow.

"Do you want me to show you what it's like, handsome?" Amy said. "Then maybe your mom can do it some more while you're relaxing together."

"Sure."

Amy pushed him back so that he reclined against Carol's spongy tit-mounds. Then she brought her face down and flicked the tip of her thick tongue against one of the boy's nipples. She slipped it into her mouth, pulling at it with wet suction. While doing this, Mitch could feel her warm squishy boobs pressing down against his rock-hard boner.

Amy then moved to his other nipple, attacking it with lashing licks, then she clamped her perfect white teeth around it, sending a jolt of pleasure through his young body. "How was that?" she asked with a naughty smile.

"That was really cool," the boy panted, so turned on he could hardly stand it. Amy looked at Carol. "Should we get his pants off next?"

"Absolutely!" Mitch's mom answered.

Amy unbuttoned the boy's pants and both ladies helped with peeling them off. The shape of his

enormous hardon was clearly evident, pushing up through his briefs. "Ohh my!" Amy muttered delightfully. "You ARE a big boy, aren't you?" "You think so?" he muttered.

"Ohh, I most certainly do," Amy answered, clawing her nails up his thighs.

Carol stroked his lower abdomen, her nails raking just beneath the waistband of his briefs. "It's ok to be BIG down there, sweet-pea. Girls love that."

"We most certainly do," Amy added, gazing down at his meat-bulge with desire.

Even Carol bit her bottom lip as she stared in wide-eyed lust. While they scratched their nails on his flesh, her son was slowly rocking his hips up and down on the mattress pad, as if there was an imaginary pussy he was humping up into.

"Ohh, sweetheart. It looks sooo hard," Amy said in awe.

"It looks like it might rip right through those briefs," Carol said, making her and Amy giggle.

"Do you see the way you're humping your hips like that, sweetheart?" Amy asked. "That's instinctual. That's your body showing sexual desire."

Mitch felt his mother's hot breath at his ear. "Your hips are going through the motion of sexual intercourse," she said, transfixed on the up and down motion of his erection.

"Mmm, which I could sit and watch all night, but I should get back to work," Amy said. "And leave you two to enjoy your snuggle time."

"Thanks so much for everything, Amy," Carol said in a grateful tone.

Amy pointed up toward the attendant button on the overhead console. That's why I'm here. Just push the button if you guys need anything at all," she said, then slipped out, securing the curtain.

"Come on, sweet-pea, let's get some rest," Carol said, her heavy boobies wobbling around as she guided him under the large white blanket.

Mitch didn't expect to be in bed with his mom on the plane and he especially never imagined that he'd be nearly naked with her as they rested face to face on the skycouch. "Not the most comfortable place I've ever rested, but I'm certainly not complaining," Carol said, then reached up and shut off the overhead light, shrouding them in almost complete darkness.

The boy sighed in delight as his mother took him in her arms, squashing her fleshy melons against his chest and sliding her leg around his hip. "Mmm, this is nice," she said softly, nuzzling her face into her teen's neck.

"Yeah, it is," Mitch sighed, his dick twitching with the thrill of having his mother's nude body

against his. .

"Amy's pretty, isn't she?" Carol asked. "Yea, not as pretty as you though."

"Ohh, honey, that's so sweet," the mother said, kissing his neck. The light sensual peck made Mitch's body shudder with excitement. "Ohh, baby, I'm sorry. I should have kissed your cheek. I forgot that the neck is an erogenous zone," Carol said.

"Erogenous zone?"

"Yes, that means it's very sensitive to pleasure." "Oh."

"I bet your body tingled like that when Amy licked and bit your nipples too, didn't it?" Carol asked. "Yes, I never had that done before."

"Mmm, the nipples are a big erogenous zone. They're VERY sensitive," his mother explained. "Would you like to take turns licking and sucking and biting on each other's nipples?"

Mitch's heart skipped a beat. "You mean...I could put YOUR nipples in my mouth too?"

"Of course you can, sweet-pea. A mother's nipples were made to be sucked," she said, sitting up so the rested on one elbow. "Roll onto your back. I'll go first."

Mitch did as she asked. He could only see his Mom's shadowy figure in the darkness as she got up on her hands and knees, with one arm propped across him. "You ready?"

"Yess," Mitch gulped excitedly.

Carol lowered her head and Mitch felt her silky hair spread out across his bare chest. He also felt her enormous spongy jugs hug his lower torso as she dropped her mouth to his chest..

"Mmmnn," she whimpered lustfully, lashing her long pink licker back and forth on his nipple.

"Ohh wow," Mitch sighed, then felt her luscious lips form a seal around his nipple, sucking and pulling at the tender pink ring of flesh.

After spending a moment sucking, the hot mother sunk her pretty white teeth around the nub, clamping down hard on it and making her boy writhe in delight.

Carol kissed her way across his chest, to his other nipple, then repeated the process of licking, sucking and biting erotically. Even though it hurt having his nipple clamped between her teeth, it was good kind of pain and Mitch found himself wanting more.

"Do mine now," his mom said softly, dragging her boobs up his chest.

Mitch had never sucked a girl's tits before, let alone mature ones that were monstrous in size like his mother's. Her heavy hanging jugs jostled softly against his face, before he felt her huge puffy nipple drag across his lips. He beat the tender pink nub with his tongue, until Carol lowered her mound onto him, smothering his entire face in a spongy tit-mask.

"Hhhnnfff," the boy groaned, muffled by the nipple and areola he had sucked inside his mouth. Mitch's sucks were more instinctive than Carol's were. He had spent a great deal of time nursing on these tits as an infant, so subconsciously, the ability to really latch on was all coming back to him.

"Yess, like that, baby. Suck my nipple," the mother squealed softly, feeling her cunt tingle inside her panties.

Carol let him take his time at her tit and the teen was swept away into boobie paradise. Her thick distended nipple was battered by her son's tirelessly tongue. He clamped his teeth down hard around the fleshy nub and pulled, stretching her pink flesh.

The mother let out an excited gasp. "Yess, I like that!"

He began to chew at her tit like a horny animal, realizing he could be as rough as he wanted. Mommies were made for boys to be rough with. "Mmnnfff," he whimpered lustfully gnawing at the mound of distended tit-meat he had shoved inside his mouth.

His actions were met by the excited panting of his nearly naked mother, hovering over him. "Ohh thisfeelssofuckinggood!"Carol inwardly moaned. "Jonneversucksmytitsthisway!"

Her slobbery papilla popped from her boy's mouth and he gasped for breath. "Suck the other one now," she whispered, dragging her tit-mounds across his face.

For a moment, Mitch's face got lodged in her gaping cleavage. He reached down and squeezed his hard prick through his briefs, basking in the sensation of having his face wedged between two mammoth tits.

"Sooosoft!"he delightfully thought, kissing his way around inside the squishy pocket of smothering tit-flesh.

Finally, he licked his way to her other nipple and latched on, giving it the same treatment he did the other one.

"Good boy," his mother sighed, feeling his tongue worm back and forth against her engorged teet. He sucked and chewed and licked and chewed some more, biting down hard on her thick nipple and pulling hard, as if trying to rip it from her boobs.

"Ohhhh!" Carol moaned, her eyes rolling back in their sockets. She could feel the hot juice of her

arousal lubricating her fuck-tube and smouldering out between her shaved cunt-lips. "Ohh, sweet-pea, you suck me so good!"

As Mitch squeezed his prick, he felt his mother's hand rest on top of his, so they were grasping his boner together. Her nipple popped from his mouth and she brought her face down, so her forehead rested against his. "Your dick is soo horny, isn't it?" she softly asked.

"Uh-huh," he muttered, thrilled by the feel of her bounteous breasts laid out against his upper chest.

"Like your nipples and your neck, your boner has erogenous zones also," she said. "Do you want me to put my hand in your underwear and show you?"

Mitch was breathing heavily with excitement. So much so that he couldn't speak, so he just nodded in response.

Carol slipped her hand beneath his briefs, onto his big hot cock. "DearGod,it'sfucking enormous!"her mind exclaimed as she squeezed the hard fuck-muscle.

Mitch's body shuddered as her hand grasped his boner and gently stroked it up and down. "Ahhh!" he moaned, slowly humped his hips from the mattress-pad, fucking his cock through her loving grip.

Carol marveled at the sheer size and hardness of his erection. As it slid through her tight grip, she could feel the blood pumping through the big bulging veins along the shaft. Her son's fat knob slipped through her hand, coating it with slippery precum. "Mmm, that feels good, doesn't it, baby?"

"Yess!" Mitch whispered.

"Especially on that big juicy knob," she said seductively, focusing her strokes on just the slippery tip of his prick.

Mitch writhed beneath her, his entire body tingling exquisitely. "Hnnff!" he whimpered, feeling her milk his knob..

Carol kissed his neck, her hard rubbery nipples digging into his chest. She squeezed her thumb beneath his juice-slickened frenulum, pressing it up and down. "Ohh, yes, sweet-pea...there's those magic pleasure-spots. Mommy knows where they are."

"OhhmyGod,thatfeelsincredible!"Mitch's mind screamed. "Ican'tbelieveMomisactually squeezingmydick!

"Oh, Mitch, you're so horny, darling! Do you want me to beat your dick for you?" Carol asked lovingly.

"You mean jerk me, um, off? You would do that?" the teen panted.

"As long as you don't tell your father."

"Of course I won't. Will you say naughty things to me while you do it?"

"Naughty things?" Carol asked, rising up and kneeling beside her son, still with a firm grip on his manhood. "You like to hear Mom say naughty, dirty things?"

"Ohh, yess."

"Let me sit behind you. That way my lips can be really close to your ear while I jerk on your dick."

Carol slipped behind him and Mitch reclined back against her ballooning tits, crushing them against his back. He could feel his mother's hot breath at his ear as she started rhythmically beating his boner up and down.

"Ohh, honey, your hardon is so incredibly long and thick," she said, giving it full-length strokes. "I can only imagine how intensely girls are gonna cum on this thing."

"Ohhh!" Mitch sighed. There wasn't much light in their little first-class cocoon, but he could still see his Mom's hand traveling up and down the length of his erection tirelessly.

Carol was watching also, amazed at how stiff her son's prick was. Because she was a lefty, she could see the little glimmer of her diamond wedding ring rising and falling on her finger. "Iknow thiscountsassomeformofinfidelity,butIdon'tcare.It'snotlikeI'mfuckinghim.It'snotthe sameatall,"she told herself.

Mitch was beginning to hump his hips and she brought her lips back to his ear. "Come on, sweet

-pea, that's it...show me how you would fuck a girl," she said in a sexy tone.

"It'snotapussy,butitfeelsdamngood!"Nick thought, spearing his hardon through his mother's precum-slickened grip.

The cock-stroking mother felt his dick flex in her hand, which made her cunt-tube clench in desire. She jerked his cock with perfect corkscrew strokes, squeezing his glans through her tight fist, making his cum-swollen balls clench and tingle.

Carol squeezed her fist even tighter. "Yess, fuck her pussy hard and make it tighten around you!' she moaned. "She's got cream for you, honey! Get it!....Get it, baby! Make her cream on you!"

"Ohh damn, Mom," the boy groaned, squirming in her arms as he felt his knob tingle with pre- orgasmic rapture.

"There it is!" Carol said, sliding her hand all the way to the base and holding it there. Mitch's hips were arched and suspended in mid-air, his jutting hardon sticking straight up like a rocket ship preparing to blast off. His fat knob twitched and throbbed, a gob of bubbling cum oozed from his piss-slit and ran down the underside of his cock, all the way to his nuts.

Then his mother resumed her vigorous cock-milkkng, this time beating his boner hard and fast, determined to make the cum spurt out. "Give it to her, baby! Fuck your spermies into her!" she hissed in his ear.

Mitch clenched his eyes closed, tossing his head to the side in ecstacy as he felt the torrent of cock-juice spurt from his prick, up into the air and all over his mother's milking hand.

"Ohhhgghh!" he softly grunted, trying his best not to be loud. He would have growled like the Hulk if he could have, it felt so fucking good.

He bucked and humped up into his Mom's cock-smothering grip, until every ounce of milky spunk had exuded from his pulsing penis.

It had been an hour since Amy had left the mother and son's row when they pushed her button on the overhead console, calling her back. "Hey guys," she said, peeking inside the curtain.

Carol was sprawled beside her son and they were snuggled together, her big naked boobies pressed against him. "Hi Amy. Could we get a towel and a washcloth please? she asked.

Amy glanced at the tent in the blanket from Mitch's still-hard cock. "Of course. Be right back."

A few minutes later, she returned with two wet wash cloths and a towel. "Can I help you clean him up?" she asked Carol.

"Certainly," the mother said with a smile.

The busty stewardess joined them on the Skycouch and the women knelt on either side of the boy, each with a washcloth. Amy turned their overhead light on, then peeled the blanket back, uncovering his rock-hard erection and the huge splatters of spunk surrounding it.

Her eyes lit up as she took in the true enormity of his teenage cock-muscle. "Ohh my!" Amy muttered.

"Sorry about the mess," Mitch said.

"Yes, sorry," Carol added, "we should have asked you for a towel beforehand." "It's ok. This is one of those messes that needs no apology."

Mitch watched the two mothers clean the pools of cum on his chest and around his cock, then they tenderly swabbed his dick and balls. "Oh there's just so much of it," Amy said with wide- eyed wonder. "You teenage boys can sure produce a lot of sperm."

"They sure can," Carol added, her eyes traveling up the length of her boy's erect dick. "MyGod, hisdickisstillcompletelyerect!Howisthatevenpossibleaftercummingsoh ard!"she thought.

Mitch watched the two women squeeze the washcloths around his hard cylinder, while staring

lustfully at the fat barbed knob that pointed straight up. The washcloths were warm and felt amazing around the tender pink flesh of his peter. "And their big pricks stay so incredibly hard, even after ejaculating," Amy said, her big fleshy clitoris throbbing in her panties as she stared at the boy's cock-tip.

"Is that normal?" Mitch asked.

"For boys your age, yes," Carol said, staring intensely at his manhood, "and it's absolutely wonderful!"

"My friends say that most girls are afraid of big dicks."

"Well, that may be true for younger girls, but for women your mom and I's age, big dicks are divine," Amy said, giving his shaft a gentle squeeze. "Oh and you DO have a whopper, don't you? It must be at least ten inches long?"

"I think so," the boy said timidly. "Very thick too," Carol added.

"So I'm curious, Mitch," Amy asked, gazing at him with her beautiful eyes, "has your boner ever been sheathed in a hot pussy?"

Mitch shook his head, her sexy words making his dick twitch excitedly.

"Ohh, we have a virgin on board," she said, sharing a smile with Carol. "Well, a boy as handsome as you won't stay a virgin very long."

"Sweet-pea, do you need to use the bathroom before we crawl back into bed?" his mom asked. "Sure."

"Here, throw on your briefs and you can use the crew restroom up front," Amy said.

After Mitch left, the two Mothers smiled at one another. "I have some complementary condoms I could give you, but I honestly don't think they would fit him," Amy said, making them both giggle.

"It's fine. I"m not sure an airplane would be the best place for our first time anyway?" "Why's that, hon?" Amy asked.

"To be honest, I'm not used to something that size. My husband is maybe six inches, at his hardest. I haven't had anything even close to Mitch's size since college...and I don't EVER think I've taken a cock nearly as thick. I mean, I can't even get my hand around it," Carol explained.

"It IS one of meatiest I've ever seen," Amy agreed. "So you have reservations about doing it here, because you think it'll have you screaming?"

"I KNOW it'll have me screaming, especially the first time," Carol said. "The plane engines are loud, but not loud enough to drowned that out."

Amy giggled. "Well give me a little time, maybe I can come up with a solution. After all, it is my job to look after the needs of those flying with us," she said with a wink.

Carol gave her a friendly smile in return. "Thank you, you've done so much already."

"Well, we Moms have to look after each other, especially when we're trying to play with our husbands in such close proximity," Amy said, glanced at the backs of the seats in front of them.

"True. So I take it you have a son and the two of you are sexually active?"

"Ha! Sexually OVERACTIVE more like," Amy giggled. "I have free family flight benefits, so sometimes I'll have my son fly to a destination, meet me there and we'll fuck our brains out for twelve hours before I get on my next flight."

"Wow, seeing the world and having great sex. What a life!" Carol said.

Mitch returned and the women's eyes were drawn to the tent in his briefs. "Feel better?" Amy asked.

"Much."

"Ready for more snuggles?" his mom asked. He looked into their little cave and saw her sitting in a sexy manner. Resting upright, the beautiful, long haired brunette's legs were under the blanket, but her upper half was fully exposed and her huge stiff-nippled knockers dangled heavily on her chest.

"I'm ready," Mitch answered, crawling back onto the Skycouch with a fully hard erection..

"Let me know if there's anything else I can get you," Amy said with a smile, then closed the curtain.

Mitch joined his Mom under the blanket. She turned and faced away from him and he got a

good look at the meaty mounds of her half panty-shrouded buttocks, before she reached up and clicked off the overhead light. "Spoon me and we'll get some rest," she said.

Mitch laid on his side and Carol snuggled back against him, pressing his boner into her butt- crack. She took his hand and guided it around her waist. "Goodnight, sweet-pea," she whispered.

"Goodnight," Mitch said back, more content than he'd ever been in his life. "IfIcouldonlysleep withmydickinsideher.Thatwouldbeperfect!"he thought.

Carol's mind was also swirling with possibilities. "It'sscaryhowmuchIlovethis.Hisharddick feelssoogoodagainstmyass.Itjustfeelsso....natural.I'msofuckinghornyrightnowIcan hardlystandit!"

Before long, the lustful mother was gently grinding her ass against her son's cock-muscle. Their breathing became heavier as Mitch's knob dug through her ass-crack, rubbing exquisitely back and forth across the crinkled ring of her asshole.

The boy felt his mother gently take his hands and guide them up to her bounteous breasts. Since Carol was resting on her side, one massive melon was stacked on top of the other. Mitch grasped her boobs and his fingers sunk into the spongy flesh as he squeezed and kneaded them, just the way she hoped he would.

"Yesss," he heard her softly whisper. "Take off your briefs."

Mitch didn't need to be asked twice. Even if his mom kept her panties on, the feel of his naked boner digging between those plump, silk encased buns would feel so incredible.

"I'llkeepmypantieson!"the mother thought. "WithJonandthegirlssoclose,thisisn'tthetime

orplacetobesplitintwobyhismassivecock.Thatdoesn'tmeanwecan'tdry-fuckthough,I justcan'tgetcarriedaway."

"Ahhh!" Mitch sighed as they went back to spooning and he felt his naked cock squeeze between her silky, meaty mounds.

Carol's asshole throbbed against her boy's stiff prick as he dry-humped his boner through the smothering cleft between her sexy mommy-buns. As good as it felt to her, what she really wanted was to feel his manhood pressed against her overly-horny cunt.

She brazenly reached down between them, grasped her son's cock and repositioned it between her legs. Now his muscled slab was pushing up against the moist folds of her vulva, carving a path between her puffy outer lips and scraping delightfully across her engorged clitoris.

"Yess! Ohh, baby!' she softly squealed, rocking her hips and meeting his steady dry-humps.

Even through his Mom's panties, Mitch could feel the heat radiating from her pussy-slit, warming the top of his boner as it dug against her juicy twat.

Over the next five minutes they humped together in the spooning position, with Mitch squeezing away at her enormous tit-orbs. Carol turned her head and somehow in the darkness she found his lips and began to plant soft sensual pecks.

"Mmmnnn," the mother moaned as the smooching became heavier and heavier. It was, however, a difficult position to kiss in, so she finally crawled up on her hands and knees, pushed him back on the mattress and straddled him..

Incredibly aroused, Carol went straight for her son's lips, fusing their mouths together in an open oval. Their tongues dueled and she humped her cunt up and back against the stiff length of his prick.

"You like it, baby?" she whispered, between kisses, "You like me to hump my pussy against your boner like this?"

"Yess!"

"I know you'd like me to take my panties off, wouldn't you?" "Only if you would want to?"

"I would love to...more than anything, but I can't sweet-pea. Squeezing your big dick inside my cunt would make me lose my mind," she said, then planted a few more kisses. "If your father heard me squealing in pleasure, we'd both be in trouble."

"True."

"I'll take my panties off, but we can't let my naked pussy ANYWHERE near you monstrous boner," she said. "Even though you can't fuck me tonight, I would straddle your face and let you eat my pussy. How does that sound?" she asked.

It wasn't the hot fuck Mitch wanted, but the idea of devouring his Mom's lovely cunt was something he wasn't about to turn down. "Sounds really great!" he answered eagerly.

"Mm, sounds great to me too," Carol said, peeling off her crotch-soaked panties and straddling her boy's head without hesitation.

Suddenly, a wave of hot, tingling pleasure coursed trough her pussy as her son's tongue swiped wetly up her cunt-slit. Her puffy nipples hardened even more on the mounds of her tits. Her freshly aroused clit protruded from its fleshy domed hood.

Mitch's moans were muffled, buried between his Mom's soft thighs and shaved cunt. He wantonly licked up the pungent juices oozing from the fragrant folds her fuck-slit.

"Yess, baby! Eat my pussy!" she softly cried out.

Her husband was only a few feet away, but Carol didn't give a fuck. She began to lustfully buck and gyrate her hot ass, fucking her pussy all over Mitch's face.

"Suck it," she whimpered shamefully. "Suck my fucking pussy and make me cum!"

Eagerly obedient, her boy's tongue lapped smoothly up her hot pink slit, darting into the inner sheath of her fuck tunnel and feeling her pussy-hole squeeze on his wiggling licker.

Carol gasped and threw her head back in pleasure, squeezing her fat jiggling tits and pinching her nipples, trying to draw out as much bodily pleasure as she could get.

Mitch sucked her marble-sized clitoris into his mouth, slurping and pulling on her tender love- button. "Ohh baby, you're soo good at this!" she whimpered.

"Holyshit,Iloveit!"the boy's mind screamed, as he devoured her creamy cunt, savoring the feel of her smooth, slippery folds smothering his face.

Showing absolutely no shame, Carol's ground her wet pussy frantically against her boy's tongue, climbing higher and higher towards a mind-blowing climax. "Yesss! Of fuck, Mitch, you're gonna make me cum all over you!" she softly cried.

"Mmmnnff!" the boy muttered, lashing his tongue all over the fleshy nub of her clitoris. "Fuuuck!" the mother shrieked. "Fuuck yesss!"

Mitch's cunt-smothered face was suddenly soaked by a blast of hot girl cum that shot from Carol's urethra. He swallowed a big mouthful, savoring the taste and smell the hot orgasmic juice. For several minutes he licked and sucked like a starving dog as his mother used his face like a fuck stool, humping and grinding while her lovely body trembled with force of a powerful cum.

"Wow, Mom, you really soaked me!" he boy said as she finally let him come up for air.

"Would you like to soak ME now?" she whispered. "Squirt what's in those big beautiful balls right down Mommy's throat?"

"Sure, if you would want me to?"

"Yes I want you to," she giggled. "I wanna choke on that hunk of meat."

Carol knelt beside him, leaned over and slipped his cock inside her mouth. She forced her head down until she had nearly half of his gigantic cock between her stretched lips. The knob nearly blocked her throat passage, making her gag a little.

Slowly, she began to bob her head up and down on his rock-hard shaft. The slurping, gulping sounds of a good blow job burbled out of her mouth as she plunged Mitch's prick in and out like a skilled cocksucker.

"Ohhh, damn!" the boy muttered, feeling the hot wet oral sheath plunge up and down his boner.

"Imaynotbeabletofuckhimtonight,butIcangivehimthejuiciestdeepthroatblowjobhe'll getanywhere!"Carol thought, lashing her long wet licker all over the surface of his knob.

She plunged his oversized cock down her throat, fighting to control her gag reflex as her lips sunk lower and lower, finally resting against the root of his cock.

"Ohhshit," her son sighed in sheer delight.

She came up for air, then sloppily rolled her tongue all over the purple knob of his cock, darting it into the open cum-slit. Then she

clamped her lips in a tight circle around the center of his rod and sucked voraciously, fucking his cock-tip deep into her throat.

"Ohh, mom!" the boy panted, overwhelmed by the pleasure of her vigorous cock-sucking.

"Iwantthathotfuckingload!"Carol thought, closing her tight fist around the base of his cock shaft. Urgently, she began to jack him off, rhythmically milking his dick into the clinging warmth of her sucking mouth.

There was only so much of this type of skilled cock-sucking that an inexperienced boy could take. "Ahhh!...Oh yes, Mom! Ohh shit!" he whimpered as he felt his knob tingle and the impending surge of cum rocketing up his shaft.

Carol was rewarded with spurt after hot salty spurt of cum. The milky ropes skipped across her tongue and she lapped it all down, working her throat muscles to gulp down every last tasty drop.

Carol and her son woke to her husband's voice. "Honey, you guys awake?"

"Shit," the mother said with panic. She quickly covered her boobs up just as Jon peeked in their curtain.

"Good morning, sleepyheads! You guys must have been beat!" he said.

His wife was clearly laying half-way on top of their son, which struck Jon as a little weird, but he didn't say anything about it. If he knew there were two completely naked bodies under that blanket he probably would have been compelled to ask questions.

"What um...what time is it?" his wife asked.

"A little after eight. They're gonna be bringing out breakfast soon." "Oh wow, ok, um...give us a few minutes and we'll be up," she said.

Her husband disappeared and they quickly got dressed, not feeling the least bit guilty from all the sexual play they'd engaged in.

After folding up the Skycouch, they sat side by side in their normal seats and Amy arrived with their breakfast.."Did we get ANY sleep at all?" she asked with a mischievous smile.

Carol looked at Mitch playfully as he sat in the middle seat between her and Amy. "Some, yes."

Mitch noticed that both women had a hand resting on his thigh, very close to his crotch. This and the sight of their deeply exposed cleavages had his pecker erect in no time.

"So I think I came up with a solution to your problem," Amy said. "Problem?" Mitch asked, chomping on a muffin..

"The one I was mentioning to you earlier this morning, sweet-pea," Carol said, "We both wanna fuck each other, but your dick is so big that I'm probably gonna be a little loud the first time I squeeze you inside me."

"Oh yeah, that problem."

Amy patted the boy's thigh. "I know the perfect spot,, but we only have one problem and that's getting there without your husband noticing," she explained.

"Where is this spot?" Carol asked with interest. Amy pointed toward the ceiling "Right up there."

Mitch looked up at the overhead compartment. "In with the carry-on bags?"

Amy giggled. "No, further up. This section has a upper deck with some private crew bunks. It's where we take shifts sleeping on these longer flights."

"Wow, I had no idea crew bunks even existed on a plane," Carol said.

"Most people don't. It's through a secret hatch only accessed by the crew. The bunks are cozy, soundproof and my three hour sleep shift is coming up soon. If we can get there without anyone seeing us, it's the ideal spot for some VERY intense intercourse."

Carol got a big beaming smile, squeezing her son's thigh. "Oh my God, that would be prefect." "Ok, here's my plan," Amy said, he face flush with excitement.

A short time later, after Amy had collected the breakfast trays, she gave the secret nod to Carol and Mitch. They got up from their seats and paused at Jon and the girl's row. "Guess what, honey?"

"What?" Jon said, taking out his headphones.The girls were busy watching their own shows on their devices.

"You know how Mitch has always had such an interest in airplanes?" "I never knew that," Jon said, looking at his son.

"Yeah dad, um, since I was little," Mitch said, looking at his mom, who smiled back in agreement. "I've always been interested in them."

"No kidding?"

Carol chimed back in. "Anyway, we told the stewardess that and she said the Captain has agreed to let us sit in the cockpit for awhile."

"Wow, I didn't think they even allowed that type of thing on planes anymore."

"Well, apparently they think it's ok for Mitch and I."

"Well awesome," her hubby said, "take some pictures if they'll let you."

"Will do. See you guys in a bit." Carol said, guiding her son to the front of the cabin.

Amy was alone in the crew area. She picked up the phone to call the back of the plane. "Hey Joyce, everyone in first class is all set. I'm going up to rest."

"We got you covered, girl. Have a nice nap," Joyce said back. "Thanks."

Amy hung up, then led the mother and son to an area by the plane's entry door. She pulled a

level and a secret compartment popped open that led up a tiny stairway. "You guys go ahead up. I'll close and lock the hatch behind us," she said.

Carol led her boy up the peaked stairway to a landing at the foot of two big bunk compartments. They were cozy-looking and warmly lit. "I never would have guessed these were up here," Carol said.

Amy removed her scarf. "My son and I have used this area more than once, so I'm used to sneaking someone up here. Which reminds me. I do have an accommodation fee."

Carol looked at the st with a smile, having a pretty good idea what the fee was, but asked anyway. "Which is?"

Amy looked Mitch in the eyes with dreamy-eyed lust. "Of course your Mom will take your virginity, but then I want you to fuck ME, just as deep and hard."

"Ok," Mitch eagerly agreed, gulping nervously..

Amy turned a knob on the wall and a sexy R&B tune thumped from overhead speakers. "Shall we do a little strip-tease for him?" she asked Carol.

"Mmm, absolutely!"

Mitch watched in awe as the two mothers began seductively swinging their hips to the beat, while slowly unbuttoning their tops. By the time their bra-clad tits were exposed, his cock was painfully erect. Their enormously round jugs wobbled heavily in their sexy, silky bras as they circled around the gawking teen.

"Do you wanna take your dick out, sweet-pea?" Carol asked. "Do you wanna beat your boner while you watch us strip?"

Mitch nodded, then immediately removed his pants and briefs. His large, fully erect cock bobbed up and down a few times as it jutted out at a perfect thirty-degree angle from his crotch. He

wasted no time squeezing his fist around it, while watching the mother's skirts drop to the floor.

"Mmm, how lucky are you, Mitch," Amy asked, "to have two hot mature pussies to pound into this morning?"

"Very lucky," the boy answered, watching the big meaty mounds of Amy's thonged ass sway and gyrate seductively. She placed her thumbs under the tiny waistband and teasingly shimmied her little white panties down her smooth curvy legs.

Mitch's mother did the same, slowly inching her panties down her sexy mommy-legs, so the boy now had a clear view of the mons of their shaved pussies.

"Dang!Thatissoosexy!"he thought. "AndIgettofuckbothofthem!"

Both women paused in front of the teen, still rolling their hips provocatively, while reaching around and unclasping their bras. "Mmm, look at that huge hard cock," Amy said, gazing hungrily at it, while slipping her shoulder-straps off.

"Trust me, I have a hard time not looking at it," Carol giggled.

Both women peeled their bra-cups away at the same time and their mammoth, stiff-nippled melons came bobbling out onto their chests.

"Whoa!" Mitch muttered, jacking his dick even harder to the site of their ballooning breasts.

Together, the mothers peeled his shirt off, so that they were all now completely naked. "Go ahead, sweetie, you go in first," Amy said, nudging the boy towards one of the bed compartments.

Mitch crawled inside. With walls on three sides, it seemed roomy enough for three. The thick cushy pad beneath him was nearly as big as a full-sized bed mattress. He watched the two women crawl in after him, their big dangling knockers jostling around heavily as they crept around to either side of him like prowling cougars.

Carol locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss, while Amy leaned across the boy, licking and biting his nipples sensually.

"We mothers have a VERY naughty side," Amy said between licks. "Yes we do," Carol agree," planted more wet kisses.

"We become wild aggressive sluts around cocks like yours, sweetheart," Amy said. "Like ferocious slut animals desiring nothing more than to have our cunts fucked hard and deep."

Carol smacked her luscious lips off of her sons. "Can you do that for us, sweet-pea?" she asked, gazing into his eyes with deep-seated desire. "Can you pound our slutty cunt-holes and make us scream with passion?"

Mitch was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it. "Yes," he sighed, looking back into her beautiful eyes.

Her pussy clasped and her body shuddered as she stroked his cheek, letting out a horny gasp. "Get me on my back!" she said with frantic desire.

Mitch rose to his knees and watched his beautiful mother drop down onto her back, her titties wobbling like big fleshy round pillows across her chest. She lifted her knees up nearly to her elbows and bowed her smooth shapely thighs open, creating a nice comfortable fuck-saddle for him to lower himself into.

He felt Amy's tits press softly against his back as she embraced him from behind. They both looked down as the moistened folds of Carol's shaved cunt. Between the pink slabs of labial meat was the creamy opening to her fuck-hole. Crowning her genitals, her thick clitty looked like a shiny pink pearl, protruding from it's protective hood. "You're gonna fuck her, sweetheart," she exclaimed excitedly. "You're gonna fuck your mother!"

Carol fed him a dreamy smile, extending her arms, taking his hands and guiding her boy down in top of her. She reached down and lined his boner up for penetration, gazing at him anxiously the whole time. "Fuck me, sweet-pea!"

Mitch thrust his hips forward and watched the knob of his cock spit her twat and slowly squeeze inside.

"Ohhh!" Carol gasped, feeling his mighty spear stretch the delicate pink walls of her pussy right away. "Ohh,DearGod,thisisgonnahurtsooofuckinggood!"her mind screamed excitedly.

Amy knelt next to the boy, watching him enter his mother. "Slide it in slowly, Mitch. Let her adjust to your size," she coached.

The teen felt the rubbery-ribbed walls of her pussy-tube spread out over his hard cock as it sunk deeper and deeper inside her. "Wait," she gasped, pressing her hand against his crotch to stop him.

"Are you ok?" he asked.

"Ohh, God yes! I just...I just need you to ease it in slowly the rest of the way. I've never been taken any deeper than this."

Mitch looked down and noticed a good four-inches of cock-meat still left to push inside her. Amy noticed as well. "Oh baby, your boner is gonna be pounding parts of your mother's pussy that has never been touched before. Isn't that exciting?!" she asked.

"Yess."

"Go slowly at first. Once she's gotten used to all that wonderful dick, then you'll really be able to

pound her like an animal."

Mitch heeded their direction and slowly eased his rock-hard prick the rest of the way in. "Ohhh, yesss!" Carol gasped, feeling his knob mash against the head of her cervix.

"Ohh, I think you've hit gold, handsome," Amy said. "Slowly start fucking her now."

Mitch started out with slow inching thrusts, deep inside her. His marveled at the way his Mom's eyes were closed and her mouth hung open, relishing every little move his cock made. She finally peeked down at him though long fluttering lashes. "All the way out, then all the way back in now, sweet-pea," she instructed.

The teen watched his boner slide out of her pussy. It was soaked with her secreting fuck-oil. When only his knob was still inside her,

he pushed forward, sinking it all the way to his nutsack in one juicy swoop. "Ohhh my God!" Carol cried out. "Again!"

He repeated the thrust, delighted by the feel of her hot squeezing fuck-tunnel and the way it smothered every contour of his hard prick.

After a few ball-bumping ins and outs, he settled into a slow steady fuck-rhythm.

Amy kissed the boy sensually while he fucked and brought his hand to her fat tear-drop-shaped melons. He sunk his fingers into the squishy meat, loving the feel of her puffy, rubbery nipples against his palms.

"Mmmm," Amy murmured, lashing her thick strong tongue through his mouth, battering the boy's own licker from every direction. Like he was with his mom, Mitch was amazed at what an incredible kisser the sexy stewardess was.

When their kiss finally broke, he looked down to see his mom smiling lustful up at him. Her huge melons were spread out across her chest and rolled and rippled up and down from the motion

of their fucking. "Are you ready to fuck me hard, baby!" she said candidly. "Come down on top if me."

Mitch lowered down on top of his Mom, trembling excitedly as she cradled him between her smooth thighs. He pushed his cock all the way in and held it there as he lowered his body flat on top of hers, crushing Carol's tits between them..

She lunged for his lips and they kissed passionately in full penetration. The boy felt her strong cuntal muscles squeezing around his cock. Her lovely legs suddenly hooked high up around his back. "Fuck meee!" she cried out, without the worry of being heard.

The teen set his hips in motion, spearing his boner through her birth canal. Carol's inner lining was dripping with hot secretions, which easily lubricated the meaty prick as it plugged through her.

"Ohhhyesss!" the horny mother screamed out, feeling the virgin areas, deep inside her pussy, finally stretched exquisitely by her son's hammering hardness.

Their bellies beat together in a wild uninhibited fuck. Mitch's big balls slapped lewdly against her ass as he humped his cock through her pussy with full-length thrusts.

"Ohh fuck, Mom!"

Carol would normally scold him for using the 'f" word, but not today. Today was all about the 'f" word. Today she was finally fucking her son's big cock, so he could do and say pretty much anything he wanted.

"OhmyGod,itfeelsofuckingamaziiing!!"her brain screamed. Now that she was over the pain she initially experienced from his thick meat stretching her inner-walls, she realized that he had exposed more nerve ended than she knew she had. Her fuck-sheath squeezed and quivered around him, already feeling like could explode in orgasm.

Amy squeezed her big nipple with one hand, while rubbing her clitoris with the other, while watching the mother and son fuck.

Mitch's young ass bobbed up and down between her thighs as he plunged his juicy pecker deep inside the pussy of his dreams. He loved the feel of being against her warm naked body, while she clutched him with her arms and legs and her stiff-nippled jugs sloshed around between them.

His mom suddenly threw her head back, craning her neck in pure ecstasy. "Eeeiiee, I love it!" she screamed out, her voice quivering in

orgasm. She was thrilled with the fact that she could cum as hard and loud as she wanted and her husband couldn't hear her.

Mitch's cock flexed inside the hot, juice-spurting grip of her pussy-tube, his big purple knob carving the way through the squeezing, quivering cuntal tissue.

Carol was delighted by the way the tip of his boner would slam against her cervix on every downward thrust. The entrance to her womb was like a round set of puckered lips that kissed his knob, coating it with hot cervical mucus.

The sexy mother's expression contorted with the intense pleasure of their fucking. She could feel her juice-oozing cunt-hole sucking and contracting around her son's fat prick. She tightened her arms around his shoulders, clawing his back in a desperate attempt to make him shove his boner even harder and deeper inside her. "Fuck me haarder!" she cried out.

Mitch obliged and after a dozen cunt-hammering thrusts, he felt her entire curvy body writhe and tremble beneath him. "Cuuuming!" she gasped, then clutched him as hard as she could. "Ohhh God, baby, I'm cuuumingggg!!"

Mitch's knob tingled in her juicy cunt-grip. "Ahhh!" he moaned, announcing his own impending

orgasm. "Ohhyeaah!"

He suddenly rammed his prick to the hilt in her cunt, shuddering as his balls vented a huge load of thick, hot cum. Feverishly, his mom wiggled and humped beneath him, flexing her fuck- muscles around his cum-squirting prick, helping him to drain out every droplet of cock-cream.

Downstairs, one of Jon's daughters looked over at him as they hit a patch of turbulence."I hope they're not letting him fly the plane,"

she said.

Jon laughed. "You never know, honey."

"Is that what you think him and Mom are doing in there this whole time?"

"Could be," he joked. "Your brother could be sitting in the Captain's seat, with your mother as his copilot."

Little did Jon know, that directly above him, in a cozy little bunk, his wife and son were indeed flying high. Carol was straddling their teen, her sexy naked ass bouncing on his crotch as she plunged her pussy-tube up and down the length of his cock. Her hips worked tirelessly, propelling her juicy twat on the unyielding rock-hadness of her son's boner.

"Yesss!: she shouted, her long hair waving around as she fucked with youthful vigor.

Mitch's eyes were as big as saucers as he lay there watching his mom's gigantic tit-melons swing and dance right above his face. He wanted to just bury his face between them and never come up for air.

Carol shamelessly ground her shaved crotch into his, stirring her creamy pink pussy-tube with his massive erection, feeling it stretch her in every dreamy way possible. "Ohh, my God, sweet- pea, you fuck me so good!" she panted.

She clutched his chest with her nails and really laid into him, swiveling her hips up and back in a vigorous deep grind. Mitch watched her bite her bottom lip in ecstacy, her boobs were trapped between her forearms, ballooning outward. Her puffy pink nipples were so erect, they looked like they could pop right of the ends of her wobbling tits.

"Unngggh!" the mother cried out, her face grimaced in pleasure as she was struck with another intense climax. Her hips moved faster in faster in a frenzied, grinding fuck. The feel of her son's flexing cock stirring inside her juicy baby-chute was the most intense feeling she'd ever felt.

"Unngggh fuck yesss!!" he girlish mommy-voice quivered. If she had screamed like that down in the cabin, it would have alerted every passenger on the plane.

Mitch loved watching her cum. It was the most fascinating and erotic thing he'd ever seen. This was his Mom. The one who'd given birth to him and lovingly brought him up.. Now she was

naked, squirting her love juices all over his deeply embedded penis while crying out like a horny slut. He loved it!

Carol looked at Amy with smile and let out a big satisfied sigh. "Wanna turn?" she asked. "Absolutely!" the busty stewardess answered.

Mitch watched his mother switch spots with Amy. The beautiful dirty-blonde mounted his loins, her fat jutting breasts bobbling back and forth as she reached down and slipped his boner inside her aroused cunt.

"Ohhh, God, sooo fucking big!" she cried out as Mitch's stiff cock-meat sunk through her pussy- tube.

"How's her pussy feel, sweet-pea?" Carol asked her son, leaning over and planting tender kisses on his neck.

"Really good," he sighed, feeling his knob hit bottom.

Amy started fucking him, showing her true experience, as she bounced steadily, grinding and squeezing her strong pussy-muscles,

making it an incredibly intense fuck for the boy. "Yess! Fuck my pussy!!" Amy cried out, humping up and down on his hardon.

Like his mom's tits, Amy's big mommy-knockers were amazing to watch in motion. They lept heavily up and down, bouncing and rippling and beating together as she rode Mitch's cock like a skilled porn actress.

"Hump your hips!" Carol said to her boy. "Fuck her hard baby!"

Mitch bounced his ass from the mattress, spearing his boner as deep as would go. Amy fell forward from the power of his humps, rested on extended arms. Now her swinging, oversized titties were close enough for the teen to latch onto. He slurped in as much tit-meat as would fit in his mouth and sucked like a hungry infant.

The harder he slurped and chewed, the tighter her pussy got. "Ohhh! Oohhh!! "Uhhhngg!!" Amy grunted through gritted teeth, her face red and masked in pleasure.

Mitch felt her hot girl-cum spurt around his plunging boner and run down over his balls. His face was buried in boobie-meat, his teeth clamped around her rubbery nipple, tugging like a horny dog playing tug of war with it's owner.

"Ohhh fucking Christ!" Amy cried out as one juicy orgasm rolled into another. She swiveled her hips up and back in rapid humping motions, stirring her twat with a dick even bigger than her own son's.

Mitch let her gasp and grind and tremble until her cum finally subsided and she let out a deep sigh. "Holy fuck, that was good!" she panted, still trying to catch her breath.

Carol stroked his cheek, leaning over next to him with her enormous tits dangling down. "Wanna fuck us from behind now, sweet-pea?" she asked.

"Heck yeah," he answered eagerly.

The mothers crawled on their hands and knees, pointing their meaty ass-globes back at the boy. Their buns were slightly splayed and he could see the throbbing pink rings of their buttholes.

Below their peach-shaped asses, their pussies glistened like wet meaty clamshells.

"Holyfuck,whatasight!"he excitedly though, crawling up behind them.

He slipped his wet bobbing erection inside his mother's pussy first, then fucked her from behind, making her luscious naked ass beat against him. "Yesss, fuck mee!" she gasped.

After a couple dozen crotch-slapping thrusts, he pulled out and moved over to Amy's rounded ass. He sunk his cock inside her pussy, feeling the spongy ribbed lining slip wetly along his tender pink hardon. "Ohh damn," the boy muttered, feeling her tighten her cunt-muscles, swathing his cock from knob to balls in a hot velvet vice.

He started fucking and the resistance felt absolutely incredible on his glans. Just as Carol's ass had, Amy's half-moons beat against Mitch's humping midsection, the fatty outer layer of flesh causing her buns to ripple just beneath the skin, turning the boy on even more.

For ten cunt-humping minutes he went back and forth between them, fucking their cunts and slapping their asses, bringing them both off at least twice.

"Ahhhh!" his voice trembled, feeling his own hot orgasm rise from the pit of his balls. "Ohhh shit!"

"Yess, cum inside us, baby!" Carol cried out. "Give us both your hot cum!" Amy added.

"Uhhggh!! Ohh, shit! Uhhggh!!" the boy cried out as hot ball-juice pulsed from his piss-slit, hosing deep in his Mom's pussy.

Mid-orgasm, he slipped his twitching boner from Carol's cunt and buried it inside Amy. She thrust her ass back over and over, milking out the remaining cum with her smothering twat..

"Ohh man," the boy sighed, collapsing onto the mattress. The two mothers joined him, kissing and stroking his body, while rubbing their big soft boobies all over his chest.

"Mmm, you fucked us soo good," his mother said, then kissed him tenderly on the lips..

"I wish my sleep-break was longer than three hours, I'd say let's fuck some more," Amy said. "Just being able to fuck hard and scream my ass of was exhilarating, thank you, Amy," Carol

said.

"Thank YOU!" Amy said with a smile.

"The flight crew has immerged!" Jon said, as his wife and son stepped back up the aisle. "How was it?"

Carol and her son smiled at each other. "It was...INCREDIBLE!" the mother said. "Wow, so do tell. What did you guys do up there all that time?"

Carol got a beaming smile. "Oh God, what didn't we do? Well, technically, there were some things we DIDN'T do," she said, looking at her boy meaningfully. "but we're definitely gonna do those things too...VERY soon!"

"So did it make you wanna become a pilot?" Jon asked his son. Mitch shrugged his shoulders and smiled at his Mom.

Carol answered for him. "I don't know about that, but on our return flight home, I'm sure he's gonna wanna spend as much time as possible in the COCK-pit, am I right, sweet-pea?"

"Uh-huh," Mitch answered with a giggle.

For the next couple of hours, Carol and her son snuggled in their row. They shared a lot of long lingering gazes, gentle stroking and squeezing and even some occasional kissing. After they ate lunch, Amy sat next to them. "You know Mitch, you're not a true Mile High Club member until you've fucked in the Lavatory."

"Lavatory?" Mitch asked.

"The bathroom, sweet-pea," Carol giggled.

"Oh. There's hardly room to stand in there," he said, "how the heck do two people go in there and have sex?" he asked.

A few minutes later, Mitch and his mother had locked themselves in the lavatory and were fucking like newlyweds. Mitch was standing with his pants and briefs at his ankles. Carol was clinging on to him, her arms wrapped over his shoulder and her sexy smooth legs around his waist.

"Fuck meee!" she cried out, even though it was her doing the fucking. Mitch held her legs while she pumped her hot cunt up and down his meaty hardon.

"Ohh wow," the boy's voice quivered excitedly, "so this is how you do it in here."

His mom had pulled her bra up over her tits and they bobbled around to the rhythm of their fucking. "Kiss me!" she gasped, then locked lips with him for some passionate smooching.

Carol cocked her thighs higher, scissoring her ankles together high across his back, while humping and wiggling in a frenzy of fuck-passion, tirelessly thrusting her juice-slickened pussy up and down the length of his cock.

Mitch's hardon thundered through her horny vagina, her vulva smacking wetly against the root of his cock on every downward plunge. "Ohh God!" she cried out, feeling her juicy cunt packed to the brim on every fuck-thrust. "Ohh God, baby, I'm gonna fucking cum!"

She fucked frantically, as a hot orgasm shot through her big titted body like an electric current. Her pussy erupted in a series of uncontrollable spasms, milking and nursing around his hard fucker, juicing all over it. Mitch's cock throbbed with intense pleasure, triggering his own mind blowing orgasm.

"Ohhhman, I'm cummming!" the boy grunted almost incoherently.

A load of cum gushed out of his stiff prick, spraying and spewing non-stop into the gooey depths of Carol's well-fucked cunt.

"Yess, cum with me! Spray your hot cum in this slut! Your slut!" she panted lustfully, flexing her fucking muscles around the long, fat, cum-squirting cock, helping to milk out every single drop.

An hour later the plane was landing in Australia. The Stewardesses stood by the door, saying farewell to the passengers as they filed out.

Amy shared a hug with Carol as the mother prepared to exit behind her husband and daughters. "Thanks for everything!" Carol said.

"It was my pleasure...LITERALLY!" Amy said with a meaningful wink.

Next, she hugged Mitch, making sure he had a moment to enjoy the feel of her big stiff-nippled jugs against his chest one last time..

"Welcome to the Mile High Club, Mitch," she said.

"Thanks," the boy responded, then walked arm in arm with his mother up the jetway.

When they arrived at the Gate, Jon and the girls were already sharing hugs with cousins who were there to greet them.

"There's the less attractive version of me!" Carol's sister Angela joked, greeting them with a beautiful smile. There was reason she said this. Carol and Angela were identical twins. Every little detail of their physical appearance was the same, right down to their huge jutting breasts.

Mitch took a second to look his Aunt up and down, amazed that she looked so much like his

mother. If they weren't dressed differently, he wasn't sure he could tell them apart.

"Fuck!She'sjustasstunningasMomis!"he said, letting his eyes linger on her gaping cleavage. He suddenly became aware of the hard lump in his pants.

"Last time I saw you, you were a little boy, now look at you, not so little at all, right sis?" Angela said, flashing Carol an inquisitive look.

Carol smiled, recalling the conversation they were having before the flight. "No, far, far from little," she answered back.

Angela stepped up and gave her nephew a big tit-squashing hug. "Sounds like it's gonna be a great visit," she said with a mischievous smile.

Each mother took an arm and walked side by side with Mitch towards baggage claim. The boy's heart raced excitedly, wondering what the next two weeks had in store for him.

TO BE CONTINUED....

70: Mom and the ‘67 Travelaire

By Klrxo

"You're gonna miss it, aren't you?" Veronica asked her son, startling him from the doorway of the old travel trailer.

"Is it that obvious," her son Chase answered as he sat in the tiny dining area, reflecting on memories of his childhood. "I can't believe dad sold it." Chase was an attractive kid, with a chiseled jawline and well-kept blonde hair. He shared a lot of his features with his mother. He was a bit on the timid side so he hadn't dated much, but lots of girls certainly had their eye on him. "I thought we'd keep this thing forever," he uttered, clearly saddened.

"Yeah, well...he knows a guy who knows a guy who restores old trailers and resells them for a mint apparently. I still can't believe he offered your father five-thousand for this old thing."

"Dad couldn't of at least waited until I moved off to college? That's only a few months away."

"I'm sorry, hunny. He wants to make room for a boat he's buying and doesn't wanna pass up on the money they're offering him," said Veronica.

"I have a lot of memories in here," Chase whispered in deep reflection. Over the years the old trailer had served as childhood Fort and teenage hangout spot for the boy. He felt like an important part

of him was being given away and there wasn't a thing he could do about it.

"And memories are something that no one can ever take from you," his mom consoled. "Remember that."

"I know."

Veronica stepped inside the trailer, wearing a V-cut sundress that revealed a tremendous amount of creamy tit-cleavage. Even under the support of her top and bra the blonde-haired mother's oversized tits shifted heavily to her every step. She was a bra and panty model for a popular retailer in her younger years, before she had her kids and being a mom consumed all her time. She attempted to go back to modeling for them part time, many years later, but by that time her breasts had grown so much that she outgrew what the retail made in cup sizes. Veronica could only find bras in specialty stores online that fit her enormous rack.

"I still remember bringing you and your friends cookies and lemonade out here on those Friday or Saturday nights," she reflected as she had a seat across from him at the table.

"You always begged us to walk back with you because you were afraid of the dark," Chase added with a teasing smile.

"I have no idea why your father always kept it parked way out here behind the old barn. I begged him more than once to park this thing closer to the house."

"It's probably because he knew how noisy my friends and I could get."

"True," Veronica giggled. "Noisy and obnoxious."

"Yeah, we had some good times out here."

The boy's blonde-haired mother fed him a mischievous grin. "Your friends weren't the only ones you brought out here. I seem to remember you dragging a date or two out to this old Travelaire," she teased.

"Yeah, a few."

"Testing out the old, rusty suspension on this thing, were you?" the mother winked, bouncing her buns up and down on the seat, making the old steel springs squeak beneath the trailer.

"I wish. I never got that far, unfortunately. I did always think it would be cool to lose my virginity out here though, since I spent so much time in this trailer as a kid."

Veronica already knew her son was still a virgin. Moms could just tell such things. "Well, if that's what you want, there's still time, hunny," she reminded him. "They're not coming to haul it off for a couple of days."

"I know, but Bella and I just broke up, and I don't really have anyone else I'm dating right now."

"What about that dark-haired girl who lives at the end of the road? Hannah, was that her name?"

"Yeah."

"She seems to like you. Maybe she'd just be interested in hanging out, no strings attached, and having a little fun with you out here."

"I doubt it. Her family is pretty religious, and rumor has it she's waiting until marriage to have sex."

"Oh, that's just ridiculous," the mother expressed, rolling her eyes. "There's nothing wrong with premarital sex as long as you use protection."

"I wish she thought that way."

Veronica reached across the table and took both his hands in hers. Her alluring blue eyes stared across at his. "Well, I think it would be special if the last thing you remember about this Travelaire was how you became a man, right here on these cushions," she expressed.

"It WOULD be pretty cool," Chase agreed, "but unlikely at this point."

"It needs to happen!" concluded his mom, squeezing his hands. "You need to get laid, right here in this little trailer."

"Yeah, but how am I gonna make that happen in two days, mom?"

"I'll talk to your dad. Maybe he can put the sale off for another week or so. That would give you more time to hook up with someone."

"Maybe."

"Just...try to choose someone who at least means a little something to you," Veronica suggested. "Losing your virginity is a special moment in a young man's life. It shouldn't be with just any random person."

"I'll try to think of someone."

Later that evening, Veronica sat in the Jacuzzi with her husband, which was on the patio, just outside their bedroom. "Honey, I have a question," she blurted, cutting off his complaints about work. "Is there any way we can put off the sale of the old trailer for a week or two?"

"A week or two? Why?" Pat asked.

"Well...you know what a sentimental place that is for Chase. It's been his clubhouse, where he experienced so many of his childhood

memories."

"Yeah, but, babe...he has the great room above the garage to hang out with his friends. Not to mention, he'll be going off to college after he graduates. We'd be stupid to pass up selling the trailer for such a deal."

"I'm not asking you NOT to sell it," she replied. "I'm just asking for a little more time. A week...maybe two."

"And you think he's gonna be any less attached the trailer then?"

Veronica took a moment to formulate a case in her brain. "I know you're gonna think this is sappy, but there's something I think would be very special for Chase to experience for the first time inside the Travelaire, before you get rid of it."

"And that would be what?"

"Sex," his wife answered. "More specifically, loosing his virginity."

"Chase is still a virgin?" Pat asked in surprise.

"Yes, and wouldn't it just be perfect if the one place where he performed his 'rite of passage' was somewhere so special to him, where so much of his life's memories were made growing up?"

"Yeah, maybe, but Veronica, I can't just put off this sale so Chase can have time to find some girl to get his jollies with. If the buyers change their mind, we could be missing out on a lot of money."

"Can you just...make something up and try to put it off for a week? It would mean so much to Chase, Pat, and it would mean a lot to me too," said Veronica, giving her husband her sexiest pleading look he'd ever seen.

"I'll see what I can do," he muttered, "but ONE WEEK tops!"

"Thank you, hunny!" Veronica smiled, then leaned over and gave him a grateful kiss.

Several days passed and Veronica was getting tremendously frustrated that her son wasn't finding anyone. When she heard him come home, she eagerly rushed to his bedroom doorway to see if things had changed. "Hey, Chase, how did school go?" she asked.

"Boring, like usual," he answered, plopping down on his bed. His mom looked so sexy standing in his doorway. He would have given anything to have a girlfriend with the voluptuous body she had. Veronica wore skimpy Daisy Dukes and a snug, purple tank-top that clung to her huge breasts.

"Did you talk to any girls who might be interested in coming over?" Veronica asked.

"There is one girl named Trish who I really like, but I think it might be a little early to ask her to be sexual with me."

"Well, not to rush you, hunny, but the buyers are arriving in four days to pick up the Travelaire. Do you think you'll feel comfortable asking her for sex before then?"

"Yeah, but I'm just a little nervous though because I think she's had sex with a few other guys, and well...I have NO experience."

Veronica stepped across his room on bare feet and sat down next to him on his bed. She reached over and took his hand tenderly in hers. "When you're a virgin, anticipating your first sexual experience can be exciting but nerve-wracking too," she explained.

"That's definitely true."

"You're probably wondering about everything from how long you last in bed to what positions to try. Don't run away from these questions, hunny. They're important and I'm here to help you."

"Thanks," Chase blushed.

"It doesn't matter how many guys a girl's been with. Honestly, most of those guys have probably been lousy lays anyway. You just focus on being the best YOU can be in that special moment."

"What if the ones she's been with are bigger than me though? You know...down there?" Chase asked, glancing in the direction of his bulge.

"Penis size is a common concern for most men, and it should be. I would be lying if I said that the size of a man's package isn't that important to most women, because it is. Even if you are just 'average,' or under, there are plenty of other ways you can compensate to make sure a girl receives the best sex possible."

"How do I know if I have an average-sized di—,uh...I mean, penis?"

Veronica began laughing. "It's ok if you wanna call it a 'dick,' honey," she assured him. "Or a cock. I'm not gonna scold you for using those words in the appropriate context."

"Oh, ok...I wasn't sure. So, how do I know if I have an average-sized dick?"

"Well, um...have you ever measured it?"

"A couple times when it was, you know...stiff."

"Recently?"

"A few months ago, yes."

"Would you think I was being too nosy if I asked what the length was?" Veronica boldly inquired.

"No, I wouldn't think that. It's just over eight inches long. I was hoping it would grow a little more, but it doesn't seem to be."

Veronica's heart swelled with pride. "Well, hunny, it doesn't need to get any bigger. Eight inches is a wonderful size! That's actually a few inches larger than the average dick-size. It'll give you lots of advantages over shorter-dicked guys," she explained.

"How so?"

"Well, first of all...to a woman, there's something primal and arousing about seeing a really long, thick, erect dick. Looking at it alone might just give your partner an orgasm."

"Really?!" Chase smiled.

"Yes, and when it comes to the act of sex, a big penis like yours gives you lots of options for positions. There's no risk of it slipping out, especiallyif it's really deep in there, AND I've been told that the parts of a woman that feel the best on a man's penis is at the back of her vagina. Back near her cervix."

"Yeah, but...do girls like that area too?" Chase asked.

"Oh, yes they do, trust me...along with the G-spot."

"G-spot?"

"Every woman is capable of having something called a G-spot orgasm. With a larger dick hitting that area, G-spot orgasms are more likely. If the guy knows how to elicit them, that is. Still, having a big penis will guarantee access to a woman's big G."

"Nice. At least maybe I'll have that over some of the other guys."

"As long as you can keep from having performance issues you'll do fine."

"What do you mean by 'performance issues?'" Chase asked.

"Sometimes, due to overexcitement or nervousness, a guy can have issues such as impotence or premature ejaculation during sex," his mom explained.

"Oh, you mean he finishes way too early?"

"Exactly. Just remember, hunny, slow and steady is the key to a fulfilling sexual experience. You aren't getting any prizes for being the first to hit the finishing line, and you'd only be cheating yourself out of a more pleasure."

The next day, Veronica and her sister, Jodie spoke as they floated in the pool. "Well, virgin or not he's certainly well equipped," Jodie stated. "Did you see it?"

"No, I didn't see it!" Veronica giggled.

"Well, I'm only asking because you know how boys love to over exaggerate. If you ask one what size his cock is, he's likely to add on a couple inches."

"Chase isn't like that. If he says his cock is eight inches then I believe him."

The beautiful blonde-haired sisters shared a float in the center of Veronica's swimming pool, sunning their hourglass figures. Their suntan-oiled cleavage glistened in the sunlight, their engorged nipples protruding from beneath the fabric of their tops.. "So my next question is, why is a boy with such a nice-sized prick still a virgin?" Jodie asked her sister.

"I don't know. Maybe he's just timid around girls and hasn't really made the right moves."

"Well, he better learn 'the right moves' quick. If he wants to get his first fuck before that 'fort on wheels' of his rolls away for good, that is."

"I known. I really wanted his first go at sex to be in the Travelaire, but if he can't find a girl to sink his cock into then that idea might go right out the window."

"What about my niece, Stacey? You've met her before, right?" Jodie asked.

"Yeah, we met at the party last month."

"She did comment to me once how cute she thought Chase was. Stacey's a couple years older than Chase, but as far as I know she doesn't have a boyfriend right now. "

"Well, it's probably good that she's a little order than him. Chase's first time should be with someone who's had a little sexual experience and can guide him along."

"Well, I wasn't gonna mention it, but she has had more than just 'a little sexual experience.' I hope that's not a problem?"" Jodie asked.

"How do you know how much experience she's had?"

"Veronica, the girl is like an open container, and every time I'm around her everything, and I mean EVERYTHING spills out!"

"Dare I asked then just how many guys she's been sexual with?"

"At least thirty, but—".

"Thirty guys!? Veronica exclaimed. "Forget it! Chase is already self-conscious enough. I don't need him concerned about how he rates among the thirty other guys your niece has fucked."

"You just said he should have someone with experience, did you not?"

"Yeah, experience with a few other guys, not an army of them."

"I hate to say it, Veronica, but it's a little late in the game to be so particular. If you're wanting Chase to fuck someone in the Travelaire, that is."

"I'm still holding out hope that he'll ask a girl at school that he really likes. One who's had a little experience, but is not a complete slut."

Unfortunately, the mother's wish didn't come true. It was two days before the trailer sale (Saturday) and Chase still hadn't found a girl to have sex with. Some of his extended family was having a barbeque at the park, but he didn't feel much like being social. "You don't seem yourself today, hunny. What's wrong?" his mother asked, even though she had a pretty good idea what was getting him down.

"I'm alright, mom...just a little tired."

"Come take a walk with me," said Veronica, extending her hand for her son to take.

A short distance down the sidewalk was spent in silence before Veronica spoke up again. "You don't have to be down on yourself because you haven't found someone to take your virginity, hunny. The fact of the matter is that most guys have no idea what they are supposed to do to take things to a "physical" level with a woman."

"So, it's not just me being a failure."

"No, you're not a failure at all. You just lack the knowledge and skills that it takes to get a girl into bed with you. I can't do it for you, but I CAN teach you what to do to charm a girl's panties off, if you'd like?"

"Sure!"

"There are lots of techniques that get us women sexually excited. One of them is as simple as sharing a whisper," Veronica explained.

"Sharing a whisper?"

"That's right. You may not have realized this, but the ear is one of the most powerful erogenous zones on the female body. Why not use it to your advantage?"

"In what way?" Chase asked.

"Well, instead of trying to awkwardly kiss a girl, just get close to her so that you can whisper something into her ear. In can be anything - a few words of something romantic-sounding, a special secret, a little joke, it really doesn't matter. Just get real close to her ear and whisper something exciting."

"That's it?"

"Yes, but make sure that your voice is soft and soothing and have your lips gently brushing against the skin of her earlobe. Try breathing softy while uttering your special words. Girls love that, and it'll definitely send shivers down her spine."

Veronica stopped and faced her boy. She was wearing form fitting jeans and snug sweater that accentuated the melonous swell of her tits. Chase was certainly beginning to recognize what a true bombshell his mom was. Just the sight of her clothed was beginning to harden his penis.

"Let me try it on you so you'll see what I mean," she offered.

"Try what?" Chase asked.

"Whispering something in your ear the way I was talking about, so you can get the idea."

His mom stepped forward, then leaned into him, brushing her squishy breasts against his chest as she brought her lips to his ear.

"You're gonna get pussy by tomorrow, and it's gonna feel amazing!" she softly whispered.

"I hope so," said Chase, his heart racing just hearing his mom uttered those words.

"Did you see how I did that?"

"Yeah."

"Now you try," directed Veronica.

This time, Chase leaned forward, bringing his lips to his mom's ear. "You look especially beautiful today," he whispered.

His mom smiled, her heart fluttering inadvertently. "Thanks...and good job, hunny. That was perfect!"

They began walking again, arm in arm this time. "Another great way of building anticipation and creating sexual tension is to tease a girl," said Veronica .

"Tease her how?"

"Tell her something in a flirtatious way, while bragging on yourself in the process."

"Like how?"

"Say something like...'I know you're a nice girl and everything, but you should really be careful of bad boys like me."

"Oh, I see what you mean," said Chase.

"If she's interested, she'll flirt with you in return by saying something like 'I have nothing to be scared of, Chase, because I'm only twenty-percent nice and eighty percent naughty," Veronica role-played, giving him a wink.

Chase gave it some thought for a moment. "How about this one. "I thought I was in great shape, but you have a SUPER-NICE body!"

Veronica got a big smile. "That was perfect, hunny! Creating anticipation and building the right mood for a night of hot sex is all about pushing her to the hilt by teasing her with your words, your eyes and the sensual use of your hands," she explained.

"My hands?"

"Well, sure. Touch is one of the most powerful ways to make your intentions known to a girl. It's a challenge, but rather than talk about it why don't we practice."

"Practice...touch?"

"Sure, why not? How about...right over here," said his mother, leading him to a private park bench. She sat as close as she could next to him so they looked more like lovers having a tender moment rather than mother and son. "Now, look deep into my eyes, and lightly stroke my hair and caress my face. This gets a girl extremely turned on, Chase."

The teenaged gazed into his mother's beautiful eyes, while reaching over and nervously brushed his fingers through her silky blonde hair. "That's good, hunny...take your time," Veronica advised. "Important moments like these should never be rushed."

The boy let his shaky fingers trace down his mom's neck, making Veronica's insides tingle wickedly. "If a girl is prepared to be kissed, and responds with enthusiasm, chances are she'll also be willing to take things to the next level, which means she'll spread her thighs for you, Chase. She'll let you fuck her."

"Ok," the boy nervously gulped.

"You're doing excellent so far. Lightly brush your lips against mine now for a sensual kiss," Veronica directed, leaning in and bringing her lips to his. They shared a series of tender smooches. "Yes, that's perfect. Don't go all out and stick your tongue in her mouth at first. They'll be plenty of that when you fuck her. Right now, you're just teasingly getting her worked up and soaking her panties."

Veronica continued to allow her boy to practice kissing, surprised at how aroused it was making her. She kept speaking each time their lips paused. "While kissing a girl, slowly take her hand and place it high up on your thigh, teasingly close to your penis."

Chase gently placed his mom's hand on the spot she described. "That's perfect, hunny," whispered Veronica as she continued to share in his oral affection. "Don't be surprised if she takes things to the next level from there."

"Next level?" asked Chase.

Suddenly, he felt his mom's hand slither on to his hardened cock, squeezing it firmly through his shorts while they continued. "By feeling your manhood through your pants, and don't worry, hunny...we're not doing anything wrong. I'm just demonstrating how things should go," explained Veronica. "This is called 'foreplay. Do you know what foreplay is, Chase?"

"Isn't that like...sucking on a woman's breasts?"

"Yes, that's part of it. Foreplay can include things like making out, fingering, hand jobs, oral sex and even mutual masturbation. Most people need some or all of these activities to make sexual intercourse enjoyable, so don't think just because it's called 'foreplay' that you only do it BEFORE you fuck a girl."

"Got it!"

"Put your hand on my breast," Veronica advised. "Squeeze it gently. Not too rough though."

Chase placed his palm over the peak of one of his mom's jugs, getting a sense of its delightful weight and suppleness. "Like this?" he asked.

"Yes. If you've aroused them the right way, most girls will have erect nipples by now. A good way to get them even more worked up is to lightly trace and pinch their nipples through their blouse and bra."

Chase considered this an invitation and began tweaking with Veronica's engorged treat through the fabric. He could tell by how thick and stiff it was that his mom was turned on by what he'd been doing. "Just like that?" he asked, still enjoying the way her hand was massaging his prick.

"Yes," his mom gasped. "That's really nice. Do the other one. Use both hands now."

While her son gave gentle attention to her boobs, Veronica looked around nervously. She was only teaching him, but they were in a public park and if any one else saw her son with his hands on her tits, and her squeezing on his cock-bulge, it would look extremely improper. "We'd better stop now, hunny. If anyone sees us, they might get the wrong idea," she warned.

"True," her son answered, drawing his hands back as she stopped touching his prick. "Thanks for showing me how it's done though."

"You're welcome, and now you shouldn't have any reservations about what to do leading up to sex. So if there's a girl you've been hesitating about because of your lack of experience, you should definitely make your move now."

"I will!"

Chase had never considered his mom in a sexual way until recently, especially after the discussions they'd had over the past week. All evening he kept replaying their time together in the park that day, especially when he had squeezed the peaks of her giant tits and tweaked with her teats through her clothing. He knew she had been turned on and was probably dripping the juices of her arousal into her panties the entire time. A wicked idea suddenly came to him. It was one he knew if he got caught engaging in he'd get in the worst trouble of his life. However, the reward, if he could succeed, would be the sweetest ever.

Nearly an hour later, he heard what he'd been listening for...his parent's shower running. Chase snuck down the hallway, first peeking into his parent's bedroom to make sure his father was still downstairs. Lucky for him, he was, otherwise the boy would have had to abort his naughty mission before it even got started.

Chase snuck across his parent's bedroom to their en suite bathroom and carefully crouched by the closed door. He knew that once his mom shed her clothes and got into the shower he could make his move. Carefully, he peeked open the door to find out where she was. His heart skipped a beat and he nearly gasped too loudly as he saw Veronica standing in the middle of the bathroom with her back to him. Her bra was already off and she was in the process of removing her panties. Chase watched in wonder as they slid down her smooth, luscious legs and onto the floor.

His mom had the most delicious female ass he'd ever seen. Her meaty derriere was set atop her silky legs and for a moment he wondered what such an ass would feel like beating against him in the doggy position. The sneaky boy was so damn anxious to fulfill his mission that as soon as his mom started for the shower he reached out, snatched her black panties then quickly slid back out of the bathroom.

Veronica heard a dull thud behind her. She paused for a moment and looked back at the door suspiciously. *"That sounded like the door closing,"* she thought, then Veronica looked down at the floor and noticed her panties were missing.

Chase hurried to the Travelaire, and once there, he couldn't get his pants off quick enough. His cock was already fully hard and slapped back against his abdomen as he quickly sprawled out on the bench that folded down to convert into a full-sized sleep cushion . He didn't waist another second, quickly bringing his mom's panties to his nose with one hand, while grasping onto his leaky erection with the other.

"Ohhh, shit!" the teenager sighed as he inhaled the sweet, musky aroma of Veronica's cunt. He'd never experienced the smell of pussy and it was the most wonderful scent he'd ever had sweep through his nostrils.

Even though he was still a virgin, one thing Chase had done many times is masturbated, and quite often it was right here in the trailer. In fact, if he had engaged in sex as often as he beat off, he'd surely be considered a male slut. This time his masturbation session was extra special, since he had the added thrill of smelling his mom's panties, while stroking his cock. Little did the boy realize that HE was now being spied on.

Veronica was wrapped in her bathrobe and looked through a crack in the Travelaire doorway, watching him stroke his teenage cock, while holding her panties to his face. *"I knew it!"* she thought. *"He's using my panties to masturbate with! What have I done?"* she thought as she began to realize that perhaps giving him a 'hands on' lesson in foreplay that day may not have been the best idea.

The mother didn't stop him, nor did she leave. She just continued standing there outside the door watching her boy yank on his erect pecker. *"Well, he wasn't lying about his dick-size,"* she told herself. *"It DOES look to be around eight inches."*

She found herself becoming mesmerized and aroused just watching her teen yank vigorously on his boner. *"He may be a virgin, but he's certainly good at beating off,"* she wickedly thought. Her nipples throbbed on the peaks of her jugs and her cunt-tube tingled with horniness as she stared at Chase's tremendous boy-cock. It look so long, thick and unyielding in his hand. Her husband's prick had never captivated her this way, even when they first began dating.

"My husband!" she reminded herself, quickly peering out into the darkness. Their evening routine was fairly predictable and she knew if he didn't find her in the house then he might come looking outside. If Pat caught her peeking through their son's door like a pervert she'd certainly have some explaining to do.

Veronica peered back in at her masturbating teen. *"Come on, hunny...CUM!"* she thought, wanting nothing more that to see her boy blast his hot ball-goo into the air. She was shocked and a bit ashamed at how incredibly aroused this was making her. The sight of her young, handsome son pulling on his virgin cock, while basking in the scent of her panties was making it difficult not to reach between her legs and stroke her clit.

Harder and faster Chase tugged his cock, moaning delightfully into the silky panty-cloth as he felt the blood swelling into the shaft of his prick. Pre-jizz was drooling out his cum-slit, providing slippery lubrication for his tightly pumping fist. His expression began to twist with lust. "Oh, fuck, mom...that really feels good!" he gasped, loud enough for Veronica to hear him.

"Oh my God!" the mother exclaimed to herself. She could hardly believe what she was hearing.

"Auugh, yes...I'm fucking you so hard, mom!"

Veronica's knees went weak. Her hand inadvertently crept up and began squeezing on the peak of her tit through the towel. *"Do it,*

hunny! Fuck mommy, and milk all that teenage cum from your beautiful cock!" she found her mind exclaiming.

The gasping, quivering teen began to writhe on his bed mattress, pumping his hips up and down steadily as if his hand was a tight pussy he was fucking up into. He imagined that it wasn't just any pussy. It was his mom's pussy. "Ungghh! Oh ... oh fuck ... unh, unh, unh ..." he grunted.

Veronica's eyes widened and her entire heavy-titted body trembled with the thrill of watching her own son beat himself to orgasm. *"CUM, CHASE! CUM GOOD AND HARD, HUNNY!"* her brain cried out.

As if she had beckoned the sperm-load from her son's love-organ, Chase's cum began to gush and spurt from the purplish knob of his dick. It was like he hadn't cum in a year as pearly-white geysers sailed into the air above him, then splattered back down onto his chest.

Veronica was shocked as her body reacted with its own climax. She could count on one hand the number of times she had cum in her life just from watching something, and this was one of them.

A few minutes passed as the boy lay there catching his breath. "Feel better?" he was startled by his mother's voice and looked up to see her staring down at him.

Chase quickly covered himself and tried to conceal the panties. "Mom, I um... I was just..."

"Masturbating, I know?" Veronica said, amused by his embarrassment.

"Uh, were you watching me?" Chase asked.

"Yes, but I figured that makes us even, since you snuck into my bathroom and snatched my panties," Veronica answered, reaching down for them.

Chase handed her the thong, his face red with embarrassment. "You didn't...hear what I was saying, did you?"

The mother sat down on the edge of the bed, trying not to look at the ribbons of spunk covering his chest. "It's not uncommon for a boy to jerk off while thinking about his mom, and I'm glad you got some excitement out of using these," she told him, looking at the panties in her hand. "However, masturbation is for boys, Chase. You're a man now and it's time to get laid, remember?" she reminded him.

"I know," he answered in a pathetic tone.

"Chase, if you wanna lose your virginity in the Travelaire, you have one day to do it. The buyers will be here Monday morning to take it away forever."

"I'm working on it, mom."

"I hope so. In fact sometimes I think I want you to lose your virginity in this old trailer worse than you do."

"I doubt that," Chase grinned.

"Well then get busy, young man. If you have a girl in mind you need to make your move...like, soon!"

"I'm going to, but..."

"But what, hunny?"

"What if the girl I wanna have sex with turns me down?"

"Well then she turns you down, but at least you tried. It's better to make the attempt and be shot down than always wonder if that girl would have had sex with you if you'd only asked," Veronica answered.

"True, I guess....but I don't wanna get in trouble for wanting to have sex with someone that I shouldn't."

"What do you mean 'shouldn't?'" the mother enquired. "Is the girl you have in mind underage or something?"

"No, nothing like that. It's just... Never mind, mom...I'll figure it out."

"Just remember to pour on the charm. Utilize all of those things we went over to increase your chances of getting fucked."

"I will, thanks, mom."

Veronica glanced at his cum-coated chest. "You should probably come in and get a shower. You look like a glazed donut laying there," she giggled.

The next day Chase hung out in the Travelaire, since it was the last time he'd ever get to. He only wished he had a girl with him so he could experience sex for the first time before his boyhood hangout went away forever. His cell phone chimed with a message. It was from his Aunt Jodie. "Has my hot nephew lost his cherry yet?😉" the text read.

"Hi, Aunt Jodie. No, not yet," he honestly answered.

"You're such a cutie, Chase. I'm honestly surprised you don't have the ladies lined up to fuck you.💖"

"Oh, thanks. I did have a girlfriend, but we broke up."

"Her loss. I bet she's kicking herself about now for passing up the opportunity to have sex with you.🤫"

"Maybe."

"Well, I know I'm your Aunt, but if you're interested and can keep a secret, I think I have something you might want😈," her next message read.

"What's that?" Chase asked, playing stupid.

The next thing to pop up wasn't a message, but a photo attachment. It was a selfie taken by Jodie and she was completely nude. Chase's heart raced as he stared at her huge jugs. They were certainly on par, size-wise, with his mom's breasts, and her pussy was shaved.

"Interested?😘," she asked.

He was about to answer, but was suddenly startled as his dad poked his head in. "Hey, do me a favor and clean it up in here today, alright? The guy will be here first thing tomorrow morning to pick it up," Pat requested.

"Yeah, alright, dad."

Pat lingered for a moment. "So, your mom mentioned that you've been trying to get a girl in here to make some magic happen? Have you had any luck with that?" he asked.

"Not really."

"You're getting off to a pretty late start, don't you think, kid?"

"Late start?"

"Yeah, well...I lost my virginity when I was sixteen."

"With mom?"

"No, I hadn't even met your mother yet. It was with some girl from school who couldn't keep her eyes off me. She had a boyfriend at the time, but that didn't stop me," Pat chuckled.

Chase perked up. "You didn't feel guilty about that at all?" he asked.

"What, having sex with someone who was in a relationship?"

"Yeah."

"Nah! In fact it was kind of a thrill knowing she was being sneaky and having sex with me behind someone's back, even if it was only that one time."

"Maybe her boyfriend really wasn't giving her what she needed anyway," Chase added.

"Exactly. In which case she was probably justified in stepping out on him. So let me guess... you have your eye on someone who's already in a relationship?" Pat asked.

Chase glanced at his phone. "Yeah, you could say that."

"Do you know the guy she's with?"

Chase could hardly look his father in the eyes. "Yeah, um...very well in fact," he answered.

"Is he a good guy or an asshole?" Pat asked.

"He can be both at times."

"Well, look at it this way...you're just borrowing something of his that he'll probably never realize was missing. And if the girl's willing to take the risk then you obvious have something the other guy doesn't, which makes you more of a man than him."

"So I shouldn't let the fact that she's married stop me?" Chase asked.

"Whoa, married, huh? I didn't realize we were talking about a girl older than you, who's already hitched," his dad stated.

"Is that bad?"

"Well, no, I suppose the same rules apply. Who she's tied down to is no concern of yours as long as you're being careful not to let him catch you. Although I wouldn't recommend boning too many married women, son. That could get messy."

"I'm only interested in the one. She's pretty hot."

"Oh, yeah...blonde?" Pat asked.

"Yep, and she has great big hooters!"

His father laughed. "Well, sounds like we both have the same taste in women. Whether she's married or not this sounds like an potential encounter that you definitely don't wanna pass up."

Chase nodded in agreement. "Thanks for the advice, dad."

"No problem, and good luck with that," Pat winked, then looked around the trailer, "and if you plan on bringing her in here tonight your mom and I will stay out of your way. Tomorrow morning though I need you and your things out of here first thing, understood?"

"Got it, dad."

Chase went to the mall to buy himself a sharp new outfit. He also picked out a few other things he thought his date would like. As the day passed he grew more nervous, but the advice his mom had given him provided the confidence he needed to follow through with his plans.

"Did you see anyone pull up to the house?" Veronica asked her husband as she peered out the window that night.

"No, why?" Pat asked as he lay in bed watching TV.

"Chase said he had a date tonight, but I haven't seen him leave or any girls pull up to the house."

Her husband smiled. "Veronica, just come to bed. I'm sure Chase has got things all figured out, and if he doesn't...well, then he'll have to figure out another place to lose his innocence for the first time."

"I hope he didn't lie to me about having a date, just to tell me what he knew I wanted to hear," the mother stated, crawling back into bed.

"He told me the same thing. Apparently, it's an older woman."

"An older woman?" Veronica repeated, glaring over at her husband. "Did he say who?"

"Nope, just that she was older and married. A blonde with big tits."

"Married?! And you encouraged that?"

"Hunny, what people do and WHO people do is their own business. I just told him to be careful."

Veronica mind speculated obsessively over who it might be. *"Does he have a date with the mother of one of his friends? A mom from the neighborhood, maybe?"* she wondered, thinking of all the women she knew who were blonde and had heavy boobs. *"Why wouldn't he have told me about her?"*

A short time later her cell phone rang. It was Chase so Veronica answered. "Hey, hunny, is everything ok?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine, mom. Why?"

"Well, you just said something about having a date over, but I haven't seen anyone pull up. Do you have to go pick her up?"

"She'll be here soon," he replied. "Say, um...could you come down to the Travelaire? I wanna show you something."

"Sure. Let me throw something on and I'll be out."

Veronica hung up then threw on some shorts and a snug-fitting tank top. "I'll be back in a bit," she told her husband, then made the short walk in the darkness to the back of the barn, where the trailer was parked.

"Knock, knock," the mother shouted, stepping into the Travelaire. The first thing she noticed was the sweet swell of a burning candle, and the flickering flame gave the trailer interior a warm, romantic glow. The bed was covered with white sheets and red rose pedals were scattered all over it. "Oh my goodness," she smiled. "Hunny, it looks so incredible in here!"

"I'm glad you like it."

"Your date will too. Girls love this sort of thing. When is she arriving?" Veronica asked, seeming a tad bit jealous.

"Actually, she just got here."

"Oh!" the mother blurted, looking back at the doorway. "You mean...she just drove up?"

"No, she just stepped into the Travelaire."

It took the mother a moment to realize what he was saying. "Oh, Chase...um, no," she uttered, shaking her head.

"I know you're in great shape, like I am, but aren't you really tired from running through my mind all day?" he flirted, just like she had

taught him.

Veronica couldn't help but laugh. "That's clever, but, hunny...you and I can't—"

"Sure we can! Even dad told me it was OK to have sex with a married woman as long as I'm safe."

"Yes, but...I doubt he knew that 'woman' you were referring to was his wife."

"Does it matter? Why would it be ok for a young guy to sleep with someone else's wife, but not his?" he pointed out.

"True, but...Chase we're mother and son. If we had sex, that would be incest, which is against the law."

"So are a lot of things people do without getting caught, mom. You were the one who told me that if I had a girl in mind, no matter who it was, that I should go for it."

"Yes, hunny, I did tell you that, but that doesn't mean that its right or that the woman would be willing to go along with it, especially if she's related to you."

The boy picked up a box with a beautiful ribbon and handed it to her. "I bought you something today," he said.

Veronica shook her head, clearly frazzled. "Thank you, but, hunny, I can't accept this," she whispered.

Chase stepped up to his mom, getting as close as he could so their chests met. He gazed into her eyes for a moment then brought his lips to her ear. "Well, the universe just fulfilled my heart's wishes. You're finally here to take my virginity," he whispered, letting his lips tenderly drag against her earlobe.

Veronica gasped and her insides tingled uncontrollably. Her son brought one hand up and began tracing along her neckline lightly. He slowly moved his lips towards hers as they shared a transfixed gaze. "Oh, Chase...hunny, we can't," the mother whispered, then proceeded to share a series of soft, sensual kisses with him, despite her protest.

The confident teen slid his hand down and began squeezing her fat tit through her top. With the other, he gently took his mom's hand and placed it on his growing cock-bulge. "Feel what you're doing to me, mom," he softly said.

Mustering up all the willpower she had, Veronica grabbed his groping hand then backed away. "Hunny, you're doing everything right, you really are...and I'm proud of you for that, but I can't be the one. I'm sorry," she explained in the sweetest tone possible.

"I won't finish too early, I promise," said the boy. "You tell me how long you'd like to have sex for and that's how long I'll go without cumming."

She shook her head, backing to the doorway. "Chase, I'm sorry...no," she answered.

"I guess I'll have to go with the other busty blonde who made me an offer then."

"Yes, you should do that and enjoy yourself," the mother nodded.

"Aunt Jodie."

Veronica's mouth fell open. "Your Aunt Jodie offered to fuck you? I don't believe that," she uttered.

Chase brought up the picture Jodie had sent him on his phone. "Do you believe me now?" he asked. "She's family too, but that's

certainly not stopping her from helping me out. Or maybe she just wants the pleasure she knows I'll give her."

"Fine...fuck whoever you want, but it'll never be me!" his mom spat, then slammed the door to the Travelaire. It wasn't until she got back to the house that Veronica realized that she still had her son's gift in her hand. She sat on the couch and curiously opened it, letting her nerves calm.

Inside the box was a hand written gift tag that read "Don't expect this to stay on long, mom. There's eight inches of me that's eager to explore the inside of you." This forced her to smile blushingly.

From the box, Veronica removed a beautiful piece of sheer, black negligee. *"Oh my God, he's so thoughtful!"* her mind sighed. She began feeling guilty about lashing out at him. *"He deserves to lose his virginity with someone like Jodie, even if she is my sister. She'll give him one incredible fuck."*

Veronica quickly texted her son. "Sorry I overreacted, Chase. Have a good time tonight. I love you!😗💖"

Her son soon replied.

"Mom, I mentioned Aunt Jodie just to try to get you jealous. I'm not fucking her tonight or ever! You were the one I wanted to share this special time with, not her. Like you said though, it was better to get shot down by you than to chicken out and always wonder if you would have said yes and slept with me. Goodnight."

Veronica wandered up to her bedroom, stopping in her doorway and peering over at her snoring husband. Rarely did Pat make her heart go pitter-patter like her son had over the past week. If she were honest, her hunger for hot, nasty sex with Chase was equal to her determination for him to lose his virginity in such a sentimental place as the Travelaire. The busty mother realized that this was the only

moment in time which she could make both her desires and his happen at once.

Chase lay in bed for the last time in his childhood hangout spot. He turned from the door as he heard it open, then gently click closed. "What do you want, mom?" he asked, knowing it must be her coming explain her decision to not have sex with him.

"I want YOU," Veronica's sensual voice answered.

Chase quickly turned over and saw her standing there, hovering over him in the skimpy negligee he'd bought her. The fabric was sheer mesh, allowing him to see her wide areola and hardened nipples. "What do you mean?" he asked.

She smiled naughtily. "Ok...if I have to be more specific than 'I want you,' then I will. I want you to fuck me, Chase...all night long," she clarified.

"All night long?" he gulped, his heart bouncing around like a pinball in his chest.

"Well, you did say you'd last as long as I needed you to right?"

"Well, yeah...but I don't know if I can—"

"I don't mean go that long without cumming, hunny," Veronica giggled. "What I mean is...fuck me until you cum, then fuck me again. We can fuck and cum and as many times throughout the night as we want."

"Now that's an idea I like, but won't dad come looking at some point?"

"Ha! Your dad sleeps like a rock. Trust me, he would be the last person to bother us on this special night," the mother assured him. She began removing the skimpy top. "I love this negligee you

bought me, but you were right what you said in your note. It wasn't meant to be worn for very long."

Chase gasped as his mom's heavy tits came spilling out onto her rib cage. He watched her remove the bottoms, exposing her shaved vulva. "Damn, mom!" he muttered, completely overwhelmed by the sight of her beautiful naked body.

"Get your briefs off, hunny. It's time to become a man," said Veronica, pulling back the blanket.

Chase quickly shed his underwear. His virgin cock was fully erect and ready to fuck pussy for the first time. Veronica sprawled out onto the bed next to him. Her fat mommy-mammaries slightly drooping off the sides of her chest. Her dainty feet with their painted toenails hovered from the mattress as she spread her thick thighs open. Chase moved to his knees and she sensed his nervous tension so she reached out for him. "Don't be nervous, hunny. I'll guide you along every step of the way."

Veronica pulled her boy down on top of her and gasped as she felt his thick hunk of boy-cock press against her cuntal flanges. "Before we fuck, why don't you have a smell and taste of me. I guarantee it'll be a thousand times better than my panties were last night," said the mother.

Chase immediately stretched out between his mom's lush thighs and buried his face against the pungent aroma of her shaved vulva. "WOW!" he whimpered, his voice muffled by cuntal flesh. Eagerly, the teen darted his tongue between the swollen lips of her labia, tasting the juices that flowed from her heated orifice.

"Yes, that's good, Chase! Suck on my clit now!" the mother breathed.

The boy worked his licker beneath her flesh hood and found her grape-sized love-nubbin. He sucked it into his lusty mouth and his

mom's delicious body immediately jerked as if she'd been poked by a cattle prod.

"Oh, Chase...I'd let you eat my pussy all night, but we have other business to attend to. Let me see how hard your dick is before you bury it inside me," his mom directed.

The boy blushed, making his mom giggle. "Oh, hunny...you don't have to be shy with me. Looking at your big, young dick will get me even more turned on, which means you'll slide through my tight pussy perfectly."

Chase rose up on his knees so his long erection pointed at an upward angle. The pinkish-purple knob was fully engorged, like a ripe piece of fruit, and the purple veined shaft looked strong and unyielding, jutting from his hairless crotch. "It's beautiful!" his mother doted, staring at it adoringly.

Their eyes met and lingered a moment, expressing each other's need in nonverbal way.

Chase watched his mom pat her pussy invitingly. "Time to fuck, hunny," she softly stated.

Chase hunched over Veronica, supporting the weight of his torso by digging his hands into the bedsheet to either side of her shoulders. He arched his back and pushed his spongy knob against the opening of her cunt. Watching his reaction, Veronica wiggled her ass until his knob was securely embedded in the clinging grip of her pussy lips.

"Oh, wow...that feels really good!" the boy gasped.

"It's suppose to feel good, hunny, but it'll feel even better once you're buried to the root," she told him. "Move your hips and push it in."

Chase thrust forward, burying half his erection into the clasping sheath of her vagina. His eyes bulged as he felt her cunt tunnel wetly encase the flesh of his cock. "Damn!" he gasped.

"Don't stop there!" his mom sighed, humping her ass beneath him eagerly. "Give me all of it!"

The teen jabbed his prick the rest of the way in, making both of them shudder and gasp in unison. His bulbous tip slipped past her cervical head, stretching the recess of her fornix.

Veronica felt his steely cock flex excitedly inside her. She tightened her pelvic floor muscles, allowing him to feel the strength of her vagina. "Do you like it, hunny?" she asked.

"It feels incredible!"

The mother lifted her legs and pulled her knees back even further, until they nearly touched her shoulders. "Fuck me, Chase," she seductively urged, rocking her pelvis beneath him.

The teen responded to his mom's rhythm, clumsily but steadily heaving his ass up and down between her thighs. He shuddered at the amazing friction of his mom's slippery cunt-tube as it squeezed on his gliding shaft and glans. It only took him a few minutes to catch on to the tempo she wanted, and soon he was fucking her like a pro, ramming his big, muscled cock in and out of her corrugated birthing-tube. The little Travelaire rocked on its axles, squeaking to the rhythm of their union.

"You're doing it, baby!" his mom cheered. "You're not a virgin anymore!"

"Do you like it?" he asked, while fucking. "Am I doing ok?"

"You're doing wonderfully! Why don't you try positioning yourself up on your knees while you fuck, so you can watch my boobs roll on my

chest," she suggested, knowing how much her boy loved big tits.

Chase did just that, not missing a single thrust as he positioned himself upright. His mom's huge milkers were spread out on her chest and careened up and down like stiff-nippled waves of jutting, fatty flesh. The sight of them moving around that way was absolutely fascinating to the inexperienced teen.

His blood-engorged prick sawed steadily through the slippery grip of her vagina, oozing out clear pre-cum with every stroke and smearing it against the puffy ring at the back of her fuck-tunnel.

Every once in a while, he would lose his rhythm, but Veronica luscious leg would curl around him, nudging his ass with the heel of her foot to get him back on track. "There you go...long, deep thrusts, hunny. You're gonna make me cum soon," gasped Veronica. "Come back down on top of me."

Chase lowered back down, crushing his mom's jostling tits between them. He nuzzled his face between her neck and shoulder, smelling her sweet perfume. "Fuck me harder!" his mom breathed, clearly on the fringe of a powerful climax. "You're about give me a G-spot orgasm, Chase!"

She clawed at his shoulders with her long fingernails, her pretty eyes slowly rolling as she felt his thick, tubular meat plow through her delicate pink walls. Her pussy muscles contracted, making her cuntal lining suck juicily around her boy's pistoning shaft. "I'm cumming, Chase!" Veronica squealed. "Fuck me haaaard!"

The teenager moaned, his body shivering as it bucked furiously between his mom's warm, splayed thighs. "CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!!" his mother screamed out, bucking violently beneath him. He grasped onto her quivering outer thighs to keep from being thrown off, plowing his throbbing prick to the balls inside the slippery heat of her pussy. The boy delighted in how her

climax cause her encapsulating tube to chew at the length of his penile flesh.

His inexperienced cock could only take so much of this exquisite friction. "Auugh, I'm cumming too, mom!" he gasped, making their crotches beat together heatedly as he frantically fucked her.

Veronica locked her silky mommy-legs high around his back, harnessing his violently-jerking frame against her. "CUM IN ME, BABY!" she cried out, her legs flexing and quivering as orgasmic contractions continued to surge through her heavy-breasted body.

Thick, pearly-white cream jetted torrentially from Chase's cum-slit. He clenched his teeth and beat his spurting dick quickly through the tube of her pussy. It was easily the most intense ejaculation that he'd ever experienced.

Two hours later, the full moonlight shined down magically on the rundown barn. Behind it, the soon-to-be sold Travelaire rocked rhythmically to the furious fuck going on inside.

"OH, YES...I FUCKING LOVE IT!" Veronica cried out, riding her son's erection skillfully. Her knees were planted astride his hips on the mattress, humping her rounded ass up and down like a cowgirl on a mechanical bull.

Chase was reclined back with his face sunk so deep into the meat of his mom's boob that it was hardly seen. His mouth was stuffed full of her nipple and areola, his cheeks billowing as he suckled, licked and lightly chewed on the rubbery cap of Veronica's tit. "Uuughfff!" he snarled, feeling his mom fuse their crotches together and grind on his stiff, tender boner.

Even after two mind blowing orgasms, the boy's prick was as hard as ever. It stirred through Veronica's tightly-grasping cunt, its engorged, barbed tip and blue-veined shaft stimulating every single pleasure-nerve in her smoldering vagina. In two hours, the hard-

humping mother had cum more times than a years-worth of fucks with her husband. Just moments ago her and her teen had erupted together while going at it doggy-style.

Chase was simply blown away by how many times his mom had gushed on his prick, making her ejaculate run down his balls. It seemed like every few minutes she was screaming and writhing in a body-trembling climax, washing his achy prick with the orgasmic body-fluid the erupted from her urethra.

Veronica's elongated teat popped from Chase's gasping mouth. His hands slid up her belly and firmly clenched the large, pendulous globes at their squishy undersides, holding up their weight. "Oh, damn, that feels good, mom!" he sighed, feeling her scalding hot juices swirl around the root of his cock and run down along his clenched up balls. He looked between their perspiring bodies and stared at her pussy, watching as the thick, glistening shaft of his cock disappear through the stretched flanges of labial flesh and up into her cunt-socket.

"You feel so good!" Veronica squealed like a bitch in heat as she felt her cunt ravaged by her teenage boy's hard, delicious cock.

Her cheeks blushed pink as she realized how well her son was performing, especially given it was his first time. "You're doing amazing, Chase! Girls love to be fucked hard like this," she panted.

"I'm loving every second of it, mom," he replied, then licked his lips as he watched Veronica's enormous tits sway and ripple before his eyes. He leaned his head forward, burying his face in the creamy canyon of her tit-cleavage.

Veronica intensified her fuck-rhythm so now they were humping together so fast and hard that the Travelaire was jerking and squeaking violently with the intensity of their thrusts. Their bellies slapped together lewdly, wet with perspiration as Veronica's wide, mature hips moved like a well-oiled machine.

"Auugh!" Chase moaned, his voice muffled by tit-meat. He felt his huge prick twitching and jerking as it was milked by the ridges that lined his mother's slippery vagina. He grasped his mom's bobbing butt-cheeks with both hands, sinking his fingers into the layers of fat and smooth muscle. Then, he pulled her to him, ramming his drooling cock into her pussy as far as it would go. "FUCK, MOM!" he whimpered as the two of them writhed wildly together like two wild animals in the heat of an intense rut.

Veronica squealed, pushing her twat-lips against the root of her boy's prick and grinding with everything she had, determined to pull another creamy load from his teenage balls. She grimaced luridly as her fat clit throbbed and tingled on the upper side of his stirring cock.

Buried in quivering boobies, Chase's face began masked with pleasure. His teeth clenched and his eyes rolled in their sockets, feeling his mushrooming glans push and drag wetly all over the bloated ring of Veronica's cervical head. He let out a guttural grunt as jism exploded from his piss-slit, splattering through the squeezing sheath of his mom's pussy.

"That's it, hunny...lose that load inside me!" Veronica cried out. Her son's balls were tucked between her plump butt-cheeks and she could feel them jump in their sack each time a big jet of cum was being pumped into her.

For several wonderful minutes she milked her teen's pleasure-pole with the strong coital muscles of her cunt, listening to him whimper between her breasts in ecstasy. Finally, his body went slack and the mother slid down a little a gave him a tender kiss. "Welcome to manhood," she whispered.

The following day, Chase and Veronica held hands as they watched the old Travelaire disappear down their long dirt driveway. They were both exhausted from a long night of fucking their asses off.

They had made memories that couldn't be sold...ones that would last a lifetime.

"You guys are gonna love this boat I bought," Pat stated, snapping both mother and son from their wicked thoughts as he counted the cash in his hand. "It's got a beautiful deck and the coziest cuddy cabin you've ever seen."

"Cuddy cabin?" his wife asked, squeezing Chase's hand.

"Oh, yeah, with a nice little bunk area. Incredibly comfotable."

"Really?" the mother stated, smiling from ear to ear. "And you're keeping it parked behind the barn?"

"Yeah, why do you think I wanted that old trailer out of here so bad."

Veronica turned towards her boy and smiled, speaking at a level that only he could hear. "See, hunny, you didn't lose your hangout spot. You just got an upgrade, that's all."

"Nice!" Chase smiled

She bumped her fat tits against his chest, bringing her lips to his ear. "Mom can bring you cookies, lemonade...AND pussy," she teased, then licked his earlobe, making her son's knees tremble excitedly.

THE END

71: Mom Like's Things that Buzz With Epilogue-1/2

Mom Likes Things that Buzz

By Klrxo

"I do like you, Asher. I just wish your dick was bigger."

It was a comment that Asher had heard more than once as he navigated the dating scene. Like many "unlucky" boys his age, Asher had a penis that was under five inches, even when fully erect. He heard many a boy brag about how incredible it felt pushing their bell glans against a girl's cervical head and he wished he had the length to at least experience it one time. It seemed like the most beautiful girls at his school were size queens who wanted their tight pussies stretched by a huge, rigid cock.

"Can I get your opinion on something, mom?" he asked Maxine, his beautiful, dark-haired mother as she drove him home from school.

"What is it, darling?"

"What size penis do girls prefer?"

It was a question that Maxine was not expecting but could certainly understand why her son would ask. Like most mothers, she had discreetly examined his crotch-bulge through his pants, particularly when she could tell it was erect. She did feel a little guilty doing this, but she brushed it off as just as something all moms did to determine how their boys were developing. Through her visual

assessment, Maxine had determined that her son's penis was somewhere between four and five inches. "I can't speak for all women, darling, but I will say it's not the size that matters, but how you use it," she answered.

Asher rolled his eyes. He'd heard that line a million times but was smart enough to know that it was what girls probably told a guy with a short prick in order to give him false hope. "So, are you saying that girls might not mind a guy with a small dick?" he asked.

Maxine fed her boy a scolding glare. "Asher, please don't use that word. It's called a penis."

"Sorry."

"And yes, that's exactly what I'm saying."

"Why do you have such large dildos then?" he brazenly asked.

Maxine gasped. "Asher, that's not a question you should be asking me! And how do you know about those? Have you been going through my closet?"

"I was looking for some batteries one day and happened upon your toy collection," he admitted. "I couldn't help but notice how big your dildos were."

As angry as she was at her son for invading her space, Maxine knew he had a point. Here she was telling him it was alright to have a small penis when every dildo in her collection was seven inches or larger. Maxine's husband had died four years ago. Since then, she had accumulated quite a toy collection. Even after meeting and marrying her current husband, Gary, she engaged in toy play daily, giving herself raging orgasms. It wasn't that Gary was bad in bed. He just couldn't make her feel the way her toys could. "Asher, I'm not having a conversation with you about my personal items. Please stay out of my closet!" she warned.

"Sorry," he uttered. Along with several fake dongs, the boy noticed his mom also had an assortment of vibrating toys in her collection. He couldn't help but ask another question that had been lingering in his inquisitive brain as he imagined his mom's vibrators shoved up her hot, dripping pussy. "Do women like things that buzz?"

"Buzz?"

"Things that vibrate?" he clarified.

Maxine sighed in frustration. "Darling, what did I just tell you?!"

"It wasn't a question about you specifically, mom. It just seems like women enjoy those sorts of things."

There was silence between them for a moment as Maxine considered his comment. While she wasn't keen on talking about her own sexual kinks with her son, she wasn't against having a general discussion on the matter

with him. She knew that boys were curious, and it was better that he learns from her than some nasty porn site. "One of the most important relationships a woman has is with her vibrator," she confessed.

"Really?!"

"Yes. I know that's not what you were expecting to hear, but it's true! A vibrator is more than just a sex toy. It's a tool that a woman uses to cultivate a deep, pleasurable connection with her body."

"So, it's better for a woman to use than just using her hand?"

"Well, while we do enjoy using our hand, or a partner, no one makes a woman orgasm more than her vibrator does. We become quite dependent on it."

"Whoa!" Asher uttered, then took a moment to gaze down at his mother's crotch, imagining her rubbing it furiously with one of her pulsating toys. Normally, he would stare at her oversized breasts or rounded ass, which would usually result in him being scolded on how inappropriate it was. He couldn't help it though. His mom was built like a brick shit house, and she had a strikingly beautiful complexion to boot. His friends always told him she looked the actress/singer, Jessica Lowndes, but with a much curvier body. As proper as she seemed, he knew his mom could probably like a whore.

As usual, Maxine caught him staring at her in an inappropriate manner and cleared her throat loudly, snapping him from his trance.

"Why is a woman's orgasm so much better with something that vibrates?" the teen asked.

"Asher, we should really talk about something else now."

"Yeah, I guess I could try to find some websites when I get home that might tell me."

It was the last thing Maxine wanted, so she decided to continue their Q&A. "Vibrators can increase feelings of sexual pleasure, when used on certain parts of the body."

"Which parts?"

"Darling, didn't they teach you all these things in sex education class?" Maxine asked.

"No…the teacher talked mostly about making babies and preventing STD's. she didn't discuss sex toys at all."

"There are places on a woman's body called erogenous zones. These are areas that are extremely sensitive to stimulation, like the clitoris,

vagina and nipples. If a vibrator is used on these areas, it can be extremely pleasurable to a woman."

"More pleasurable than a man's penis?"

"Well, I didn't necessarily mean that a vibrator is better than a penis…they're just 'different' when used on certain 'sensitive' body parts."

"Wow…too bad a man's penis can't vibrate, huh? Women would really go crazy then!" Asher expressed.

Maxine giggled. "Yes, I suppose that would be the best of both worlds for most women," she admitted. She almost added "me included," but stopped herself. She didn't wanna divulge that her favorite toy was the ten-inch dong that vibrated; a recent purchase.

When they arrived home, Maxine couldn't help but notice how hard her nipples were. She didn't wanna admit it, but having a discussion that was sexual in nature with someone who looked so much like her deceased husband was incredibly thrilling. Even though she was married to Gary, Asher's biological father would always be the love of her life and her son was a striking image of him.

At school, Asher volunteered to join a group of other students working at the local food Bank. He liked helping those in need, but the real reason he was doing it was so he could be around Bonnie Chapman. Bonnie was one of the hottest girls in school and someone he'd give his left testicle to sleep with. The only problem is she dated mostly jocks, and while Asher was a

handsome kid, he was more of a nerd who liked astronomy and video games.

"Can I help you guys cut some vegetables or something?" Asher asked Bonnie and her friend, Ginger.

"We're good," Ginger answered, "but I'm sure Justin could use some help doing dishes."

"I'm on it!" stated Asher, joining Justin at the dishwashing station.

Ginger gave Bonnie a sarcastic smirk. "The last person we need help from is a geek with a tiny dick," she uttered so only the two of them could hear.

"Ginger, that's so mean!" Bonnie stated.

"There's nothing mean about the truth. Asher is kinda cute, but he doesn't play any sports, and I've heard from more than one girl that he's a pimpledick."

"Well, a 'pimpledick' is better than no dick, which is what you've been getting lately."

"Don't remind me."

"Seriously…you really should make a move and ask a guy out that you're interested in," Bonnie urged.

"I'm just waiting for one of THESE to come along!" Ginger said loudly, getting the boys' attention as she held up a huge cucumber.

"That thing would split you in half!" Bonnie giggled.

"And I'd love every second of it!" Asher heard Ginger say as he watched the two sexy girls stare at the giant cucumber. "Admit it, girl…you'd go crazy if you had a dick shaped just like this inside you!"

"Fine, you're right. Now chop that thing up before you hurt yourself with it."

"Fuck that…I'm taking this one home!" Ginger exclaimed, sticking the vegetable aside. "He's gonna be my new best friend."

Justin glared over at Asher and smiled as he did dishes. "That poor cucumber. It's gonna get an STD," he joked.

"Yeah, even if I was that big and completely desperate, I wouldn't stick it inside her," Asher stated. "Bonnie, on the other hand, is a different story."

"Ha, get in line, buddy. Every guy in school wants to get in HER panties," said Justin.

A brief time later the group of classmates was out in the dining room, helping serve food to those in need. Asher happened to look across the room at the right time and noticed a shady character snatch an old lady's purse when she wasn't looking. "HEY!" the boy shouted, getting the thief's attention. The hoodlum made a quick escape into the back room and Asher quickly rushed after him.

Once they were both in the back, Asher quickly got him cornered. He picked up a rolling pin and drew it back. "Drop the purse, man! I don't wanna have to hurt you!" Asher warned.

"YOU…hurt ME?! Who the fuck are you fooling, kid!" the homeless crook spouted.

Asher took a warning swing. "I mean it! Drop it and get outta here!"

When the thief saw Asher's classmates enter the back room to see what was going on, he threw the purse down, then quickly raced out the back door.

"What happened, Asher?" Bonnie asked him as her and Ginger stepped up to him. "Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. That guy stole a lady's purse."

"I'm that lady!" an old crackly voice stated as a tiny gypsy-looking woman moved into the back room. She peered at Asher through

droopy eyes. "That, young man, was the bravest thing I've ever seen!"

"Thanks, ma'am," Asher uttered, handing her the purse. "I'm just glad I looked that direction before he got away with it."

Ginger rolled her eyes. "Alright, the excitement's over…back to work!" she stated, tugging Bonnie back to the dining area.

The gypsy looked at the boy and smiled, showing a row of half-rotten teeth. "I haven't any money to give you…but perhaps there's another way I can show my gratitude," she stated.

Asher immediately thought she meant something sexual. "No, um… that's ok. It's really not—"

"What's your name, brave one?" she asked, cutting him off.

"Asher."

The old mysterious-looking woman stared into his eyes meaningfully. "My name is Esma. Tell me something you want more than anything else in the world, Asher."

"No, really. I don't expect you to—"

"A larger penis, perhaps?"

Asher stared back at her, a bit shocked and speechless.

"Oh, yes…that struck a chord, didn't it?" Esma grinned. "Would you like me to increase the size of your member, Asher? I'm sure it would make you VERY popular among the girls."

"How would you, um…do that exactly?"

"I have my ways."

"What are you…a witch or something?" he asked.

"I prefer the term, 'enchanter,' myself. The only one who referred to me as a witch was my ex-husband, so I turned him into a snail and placed him in the middle of a busy highway."

"Really?!" Asher nervously asked.

"I'm kidding," she cackled. "I can only grant wishes, not place curses. So, when my ex told me he wished he was far away from me, I was more than happy to make that happen for him. I just hope for his sake that he was a good swimmer."

"If you can grant wishes, why don't you just wish yourself more money, so you don't have to come here and eat?"

"My power is limited to assisting others, not myself, unfortunately," the gypsy answered.

"So, I could really ask for a bigger…?" inquired the boy, glancing down at his crotch.

"Penis? Oh yes and trust me…it wouldn't be the first time I granted such a wish."

Asher suddenly grabbed Ginger's huge cucumber that she had set aside to take home. "Could you make me THIS size?" he asked, holding it up for Esma to see.

She reached out and took it from him. "Goodness…you do want quite the weapon, don't you?"

Asher's eyes lit up, as if an idea had just formed in his horny brain. "Along with being huge, can it, um…have a 'special' feature?" he asked, remembering the discussion he had with his mom a day ago.

"A special feature?" Esma curiously asked.

Esma had explained to Asher that the changes wouldn't happen right away, and when night came and his cock remained the same, Asher was beginning to have his doubts. "I'm such a sucker!" he said to himself. "She's probably just some crazy old lady who thinks she has magical powers."

He fell asleep, accepting the fact that he was destined to have a smaller penis that would hardly get any pussy at all.

"Asher, you're gonna be late for school!" Maxine shouted as she ushered her other two children out the door to catch the bus.

"Don't forget to drop my suits off at the dry cleaners," Gary told his wife, then gave her a quick kiss before leaving for work.

"I'll do it before I meet Erica for coffee this morning. Have a good day at work," the wife stated, then closed the door. She looked up the stairway and called to her son again. "Asher!"

"Coming, mom!" he shouted back.

She watched him step down the stairway and her eyes immediately drifted to the obscenely large bulge in his jeans. "Asher, darling…" she blushed, looking away.

"What?!"

"You need to remove whatever you have shoved down your pants."

"What do you mean?" he asked, playing stupid as he reached the bottom of the stairs. The boy was elated when he woke up to a HUGE surprise.

"I think you know what I mean," Maxine answered. "You can't just go shoving a large sock or whatever that is down there into your pants to try to impress girls. They're smarter than you think, and they'll know it's fake."

"What if it's NOT fake though?"

"Asher, you don't have time for this nonsense," said Maxine as she stepped towards the kitchen. "Put the sock back in your drawer and come eat some breakfast."

The teen admired his mom's swaying bubble butt beneath her robe as he followed her into the kitchen. "Alright, I have something to confess though," he stated.

"I'm listening," said his mom.

"I woke up this morning and my penis was a lot bigger than it normally is."

Maxine rolled her eyes, recalling their discussion from a couple days ago. "Darling, I told you, there's nothing wrong with being just the size you are."

"I'm being serious, mom. I woke up and it was huge! It's been doing this other thing too."

"Asher, I'm not going to discuss your penis with you!"

"ON!" Asher said loudly. Suddenly, there was an obvious BUZZING sound coming from his pants.

Maxine's eyes widened as she stared at her boy's protruding crotch. It sounded just like one of her favorite vibrators was stuck down his pants. "Alright, mister…take that sex toy out of your pants, right now!" she demanded.

"It's not a sex toy, mom. It's just…ME, but I'm a lot bigger, and it's vibrating now."

"What do you mean 'it's vibrating?'"

"My penis is vibrating. Remember how I told you that I helped that old lady who had her purse stolen yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's a lot more to the story."

"Ok," uttered Maxine, staring intriguingly at her son's BUZZING crotch. "I'm listening…"

"She told me she was an enchanter or something and that since I helped her she would grant me one wish. I asked her for a bigger penis…one that vibrates, just like a woman's vibrator does."

Maxine burst out laughing, shaking her head in disbelief.

"Mom, I'm being serious! I thought the lady was crazy, but this morning I woke up to…THIS," explained the boy, looking down at his crotch.

"Asher, joke time is over! You gave me a good laugh, now what do you want for breakfast?"

"I swear on the Bible, mom…it's not a joke. I can even prove it by showing you, if you want?" he stated, unbuttoning his pants.

"NO!" Maxine shouted, looking away. "You don't need to show me your penis."

"Then will you believe me?"

"Fine, I'll believe you. If what you're saying is true though, we need to take you to the clinic this morning. Whatever's going on down there IS NOT normal."

"I just told you…the old lady at the food bank did it."

"Asher, listen to what you're saying! She granted you a wish and made your penis like a giant sex toy?? That sounds ridiculous! I'm gonna call the clinic and get you in to see the doctor this morning."

"Fine! OFF!" he shouted, making the vibration stop.

His mom fed him a perplexed look as she dialed the clinic.

An hour later Asher was sitting in an examination room with his mother. Doctor Stacey Rhodes, his family physician, entered and gave him a smile. She was ten years older than Maxine and quite pretty, with shoulder-length blonde hair and good-sized breasts. "Alright, Asher, your mother said you're having an issue in your genital region, is that correct?" she asked, putting on her latex gloves.

"Yeah, I just woke up this morning and it was, um…different."

"Different in what way?"

"It was much bigger."

"Let's have a look and you can show me what you mean. Go ahead and get undressed from the waist down."

"I'll just turn my chair this way, darling," said Maxine, moving so she faced away from her son. "I want to give you your privacy, but it's important that I hear what the doctor has to say."

Asher did as Stacey asked, removing his pants and briefs. Even flaccid it was clear that the boy had a cock that was extremely oversized. "Oh, my goodness!" the doctor exclaimed.

"Is everything ok, doctor?" Maxine asked, resisting the urge to look.

"Yes, he's just, um…much larger than the last time I gave him a personal exam, and that wasn't that long ago."

"Like I said…it just changed overnight," Asher reiterated.

"Have you had any pain or discomfort down there recently?" asked Stacey.

"No, not really."

As the doctor lifted his massive appendage, Asher couldn't help but become aroused. He had often had fantasies of his family physician sucking his cock during a medical appointment. His pecker quickly became erect in her hand as Stacey studied it. "Sorry," he blushed.

"No need to apologize. It's just your body doing what comes naturally," the doctor stated. Her eyes widened at the sight of such a tremendous dick. It was as long as a Pringles can and nearly as thick. The meaty stalk was encrusted with streaks of blue veins and the knob was the size of a small apple. "It must take a tremendous amount of blood to fill a penis this large. Are you feeling lightheaded at all, Asher? Do you need to sit down?"

"I'm alright," said the boy, even though he was feeling a bit dizzy.

"Could he have had a sudden, overnight growth spurt, doctor…a spike in hormone levels possibly?" Maxine asked.

"I've seen boy's get growth spurts, but nothing that sudden. Do you have any allergies, Asher? This could be your body having an adverse reaction to something."

"Not that I'm aware of. I guess now would be a good time to mention…that there is something else my penis started doing."

"Something else?" Stacey asked. "Something you haven't told me?"

"Yes. On!" he loudly stated. Suddenly, his giant penis began vibrating.

The doctor gasped, staring at the pulsating sex organ as the BUZZING sound filled the exam room. "My goodness…your penis is… vibrating!" expressed the doctor, with shock on her face.

"Yeah, it started doing that since last night."

"Wait…you're able to turn it on and off with your voice?"

"Yes."

"Make it stop and then start again."

"Stop!" the teen shouted, then his penis suddenly went still and silent. Then, Asher spoke up again. "On!" he loudly said, then the room filled with buzzing. "See?!"

Stacey shook her head, staring at the abnormal dong. "I've never seen anything like this!" she uttered.

"There has to be a medical explanation though, right doctor?" Maxine asked. "I mean, the human body doesn't just change drastically like that overnight…or EVER for that matter."

"Asher, if it's alright, I'd like to bring in a few of my associates to get their opinion," stated Stacey.

"Sure," said the boy as he continued to stand there with his giant, pulsating hardon jutting out in front of him.

"We'll get this figured out, darling," Maxine assured him, while the doctor was gone. "I'm sure there's someone, somewhere who has a similar condition."

"Mom, I know the doctor will think I'm crazy too, but it REALLY WAS the old lady at the food bank who made this happen."

"Asher don't even start in with that nonsense again! Between the group of them, I'm sure the doctors will get this figured out."

Stacey returned with three other lady physicians. Their jaws dropped as they surrounded the boy, staring at his oversized organ, while listening to it hum. "How in the world is it doing that?!" one physician uttered, brazenly

reaching out and running her fingers along the surface of Asher's vibrating prick.

The other women followed suite, so that the teen suddenly had four pretty hands roaming his cock. "He claims that his size and the mysterious vibration literally came about overnight," answered Stacey.

"Goodness…that is certainly what you'd call a homewrecker!" one doctor joked, making the others laugh.

Her comment only annoyed Maxine. "You're joking, but should I at all be concerned? I mean…this ISN'T normal, right?"

One of the physicians chimed in. "The structure of your son's penis, while the largest I've ever seen, appears to be normal. There's not any suspicious swelling or abnormalities, other than the fact that it… vibrates."

Stacey looked up at the teen. "Asher, your penis responds to the words 'on' and 'off.' Has it reacted to anything else you've said out loud?"

"No, just those two things."

The doctor, like most all women, was remarkably familiar with the functions of a sex toy vibrator, so she went on a hunch and made a request. "I'd like you to say the word 'high' for me."

"High," the boy repeated. Suddenly, his prick started BUZZING even more loudly. Asher struggled to retain his balance as his prick tingled wildly.

"MY GOD!" exclaimed one doctor as she and the other three gasping women felt the boy's cock vibrate with even greater intensity.

"What is it? What's wrong?" asked Maxine, struggling to stop herself from just taking a quick peek. She wanted so bad to look but knew it would be highly inappropriate to fixate on her own son's cock like the doctors were doing.

"Now say the word 'low' for me," the doctor instructed.

After following her request, Asher's dick quieted down to just a dull pulsating sound. "It's incredible!" said Stacey. "Maxine, your son's erection is functioning like a female vibrator with three distinct speeds."

"You don't suppose it can…?" one physician began asking.

"What?" Stacey asked.

"You don't think it engages in different patterns of vibration, do you?" she asked, then looked at the boy. "Try saying the word "pulse" for us."

"Pulse!" Asher repeated. Suddenly, his prick began to engage in periods of vibration, separated by short gaps.

"It worked!" exclaimed the doctor. "This is extraordinary! Now say the word 'escalating.'"

"Escalating!" the boy said loudly. This time his dick vibrated in a continuous sequence of changing patterns and speeds. "Whoa, that's so cool!"

Maxine wanted to peek over so bad it was killing her, but she didn't wanna embarrass her boy any further. "What does all this mean, doctor?" she asked impatiently.

"It means your son is something we refer in this field as 'a medical marvel,' Maxine. He has a condition that is clearly amazing, and unlikely anything any of us have ever seen before."

"I don't even know how it's possible," added one of the other doctors.

"But will he be ok?"

Stacey shared a naughty grin with the other female doctors. "Oh yes, I think he'll be just fine," she replied.

"A medical marvel?" Maxine's sister, Jolie, asked as they spoke by phone.

"That's what the doctor said, yes."

"In what way? Does he have a third eye somewhere or something?" Jolie joked.

"It's his, um…penis. He woke up yesterday and it was…different."

"Different?"

"Jolie, you can't say anything to anyone."

"Hello, this is your sister you're talking to! Haven't we been sharing secrets and keeping them our whole lives? Tell me what's going on."

"You're not gonna believe this, but Asher's penis has become incredibly huge and it, um…vibrates," Maxine replied.

"Vibrates?"

"Yes, it vibrates…just like a sex toy. It's the craziest thing I've ever seen."

"You've seen it?!"

"No, of course I haven't seen it, I'm his mother, but the doctor confirmed it yesterday, and I heard the thing buzzing in his pants."

Her sister began snickering. "Maxine, are you joking with me right now?!"

"This is no joke; I swear on my life!"

"How is such a thing even possible?" Jolie asked, trying to imagine a lean, handsome boy like her nephew with an enormous, vibrating cock.

"I don't know, but people are already starting to call the house. Medical people. They wanna interview him…run tests. I couldn't send him to school today. If word of this spreads among his classmates, which it might have already, he'll be teased relentlessly."

"Or be the most sought-after boy in school," Jolie giggled.

"You know I can't let that happen. I won't let my son get treated like he's part of some freak show or something."

"Maybe the two of you need to get away for a week or so," Jolie suggested.

"I have two other kids. I can't just—"

"You know mom will let them stay at her place. She's always begging to have her Grandkids come visit. In fact, why don't we have mom watch my kiddo too and we can stay up at the mountain cabin, just the three of us, until the news of his weird condition blows over."

"I guess that's not a bad idea. I'm sure it's only matter of time before more people start showing up on my doorstep."

"Josh is out of town at a work conference this week," said Jolie, speaking about her husband. "I certainly won't complain about having to spend some time up at the cabin."

"Are you sure we wouldn't be a bother?"

"Maxine, you're my sister. Of course, you wouldn't be a bother. In fact, it'll be fun."

Maxine was never one to run away from her problems, however, this issue wasn't her own, but her son's. She felt protective as a parent and didn't want Asher being bombarded with questions and relentless teasing. Perhaps escaping their day-to-day routine for a week up at her sister's cabin would allow him to avoid at least the worst of it.

After awkwardly explaining the situation to her husband and dropping her other two children off at her parent's, Maxine and Asher made the two-hour drive to Jolie's mountain cabin.

"I really don't get why we have to stay with Aunt Jolie," Asher expressed, during the car ride. "Do you really think that many people are gonna find out about my condition?"

"Yes, I do, and unfortunately, once news of something spread, it'll draw all sorts of unwanted attention."

It was more the 'wanted' attention that the boy was focused on. He was looking forward to the news of his size and ability spreading among the girls at school, so he'd be up to his ears in pussy. However, now he knew it was something he'd have to wait for a little longer.

Asher peeked over at his beautiful mother. Perhaps it was his imagination, but she looked especially radiant today. His horny eyes traveled up the smooth, tan legs that were exposed beneath the hem of her sundress. His attention paused at her jutting breasts,

admiring their immense size. Her dress had a V-cut neckline, highlighting her extraordinary cleavage.

Maxine wasn't blind to the lascivious attention her son was giving her during the long car ride. Another obvious fact was the result his wandering eyes were having on a 'certain' part of his anatomy. Her eyes lingered a

moment on the obscenely large slab of his prick, the outline of which was clearly visible through the fabric of his pants.

"Asher, please try to remember that I'm your mother. I shouldn't be making you erect like that," she blushingly stated.

"I'm not erect, mom," he answered.

"You're not?" she asked, glancing down at his bulge again.

"No, I'm just bigger, remember? So, I guess it may just look like I have a hardon, but I don't."

"Even so…I've seen the way you look at me sometimes. It's not the way a boy should be looking at his own mother."

"Well, I could say the same thing about you. I've seen the way you look at ME sometimes too, and it seems different than the way you usually do."

There was an awkward silence as Maxine stared out at the road ahead in heavy contemplation. "Your father's been gone for a few years now and I really miss him," she softly confessed. "The older you get, the more you remind me of him."

"Are you happy with Gary?" Asher asked, speaking about his new stepdad.

"Of course. I love Gary, but…"

"But what?"

"When you lose a spouse…no one can ever really replace that person," she answered. Then, she peeked over and stared at her son for a moment. "But if there's one human that reminds me of your father the most it's you."

Asher could relate to what his mom was saying because his Aunt Jolie reminded him of her. She was a slightly younger, dirty-blonde version of Maxine, but wasn't nearly as wholesome minded. In fact, she greeted them wearing a skimpy bikini top and Daisy Duke denim shorts. "Oh my God, it's

so good to see you guys!" she exclaimed, not hesitating to take a good long look at her nephew's crotch.

"Jolie, why are you dressed like that?" Maxine asked.

"What do you mean? I always dress like this here at the cabin."

Asher certainly wasn't complaining. His Aunt had giant, meaty tits, just like his mom. The fact that he was seeing them for the first time in a skimpy bikini top made the blood quickly rush to his oversized sex organ. He could even see her fat teats protruding out beneath the fabric. "I think you look great!" the boy smiled.

Maxine rolled her eyes. "Of course, you do!"

"Seriously! Why don't YOU ever wear something like that around the house, mom?"

"Because I clearly have a little bit more self respect than my sister does, that's why."

"Don't let her fool you, Asher," Jolie giggled. "When your mom was your age, she was the biggest slut around."

"I was not!" Maxine stated.

"You were so! You're still the biggest closet whore I know."

"Jolie!"

"Wait, what's a 'closet whore?'" Asher asked. "I've never heard that term."

"Never mind!" his mom replied. "Just ignore her."

Jolie replied anyway. "A closet whore is a nice, sweet, and seemingly decent girl who pretends to be proper and wholesome, but in reality, she's constantly fantasizing about getting fucked and sucking dick."

"Jolie, that's NOT true!" Maxine shouted with a stern glare.

"It is so, and you know it! How many hours a day did you tell me that you masturbate?"

Asher looked over at his mom with a curious smile, waiting for her to answer.

"I told you that in confidence," said Maxine.

"Oh, come on…it's just Asher, sis. I'm sure whatever we tell him can be kept confident, right, kiddo?" Jolie asked, looking over at her nephew.

"Sure!" Asher agreed.

"Besides, it sounds like he's certainly had to a talk about a personal little issue of the past few days," Jolie pointed out, looking down at her nephew obvious bulge.

"Not so 'little' actually. More like a 'big' issue," Asher joked.

"So I can see! Waking up to a bigger dick is one thing, but your mom told me it vibrates too?! That's phenomenal!"

"Jolie, we came here to escape the limelight, remember?"

"Yes, sorry. I have the guest bedroom all ready for you. The couch in the living room is available too if you find the sleeping arrangements in the guestroom…awkward," said Jolie.

"I think we'll be fine," Maxine replied.

"Uh-huh," her sister grinned knowingly. "I'm sure you will."

After unpacking their things, Maxine and her son came back into the living room to watch a movie with Jolie. Asher sat between the two of them on the sofa, which was quite exciting, especially since the women smelt so amazing and were showing so much cleavage. Through the corner of his eye, he caught both of them stealing peeks at his crotch several times.

"I don't know about you guys, but this movie just isn't doing it for me," Jolie admitted half-way through.

"It is pretty bad," her sister confessed. The truth was the movie wasn't bad at all. They were just three restless, hypersexual creatures who would much rather be having sex than watching a TV.

"Asher, you don't mind if we find something else, do you?" Jolie asked.

"No, I don't care if you see what else it on. I—"

Suddenly, there was a loud BUZZING sound coming from Asher's crotch. Both woman's eyes became fixated on his groin area. Their cunt-tubes clenched instinctively to that 'all too familiar' sound.

Asher blushed. "Sorry…whenever I say the word 'on,' it activates my…"

"That's so fascinating!" his aunt sighed, staring at his cock-bulge.

"Asher, turn it off, please," his mom directed, recognizing that the longer she listened to it the hornier she got. Suddenly, she remembered that she had rushed out the door so quickly that she forgot her sex toy. "Damnit," she uttered under her breath.

"Off!" shouted the boy and the buzzing abruptly stopped. He smiled over at his wide-eyed aunt. "That was only normal speed. It has high setting too as well as a variety of vibrating patterns."

"Asher, we ARE NOT having a discussion about your penis!" his mother sternly advised.

"Oh, come on, sis…we can't just ignore the elephant in the room," said Jolie, then she began snickering. "Or shall I say, 'elephant trunk' in the room."

This drew a laugh from Asher, but not from his mother. "Fine…let's get this discussion over with. What would you like to know about it?" Maxine asked.

Jolie suspected that this was her sister's way of getting more info also, without coming across as an inappropriate mother. "Are you sure a few questions won't make you feel uncomfortable, Asher?" she asked.

"No…I don't have any issues talking about it."

"Alright. Well, your mom told me it got larger overnight. How much larger?" Jolie asked.

"A little more than double the size it was before, and A LOT thicker."

The two sisters gave each other a stupefied look. "How many inches would you say it is now…when it's fully hard?" asked Jolie.

"It's nearly as long as a ruler."

"T…twelve inches?!"

"Yes…close to that."

"Holy fuck!" Jolie exclaimed, getting a scolding look from her sister. "I mean, that IS extremely large for a dick. Your mom and I can relate. As I'm sure you've noticed…we both have really big breasts."

"I have noticed," the boy confessed.

"Trust us, darling, we know you have," added his mom with a slight smirk.

"I am a guy, mom. Guys are supposed to admire big boobs."

"Not when they're attached to family members."

"Women with huge tits often get treated differently and attract a lot of attention, just as you will with your overly large, vibrating cock," Jolie pointed out.

"Does having more sex make your boobs bigger?" Asher asked, making both women laugh. "One of my friends told me it does."

"No, darling," his mother answered. "Sex has nothing to do with the size of a woman's breasts. It's all about hormone levels inside her body."

"Also, sometimes I notice a girl's nipples are poking out from beneath her shirt. Does that mean she's horny?"

"A woman's nipples are a sensitive erogenous zone, Asher," Jolie answered. "Sometimes it's physical stimulation, such as having them

squeezed or sucked on that makes them erect. Most often it happens while a woman is fantasizing about something hot and heavy, like fucking. Thoughts trigger certain parts of a woman's brain that cause those muscles in her nipples to become erect, similar to the effect that aroused feelings can have on a boy's dick."

"That's really cool. No one has ever explained it like that before. So, is that why the two of you have erect nipples right now?"

Jolie laughed as both her and Maxine looked down at the giant breasts. Sure enough, their teats were clearly turgid, poking out from beneath the fabric of their tops.

Maxine was quick to provide a possible answer. "Sometimes, it means nothing sexual, darling. It's just a reaction to the room temperature being too cold, that's all."

"Yeah, but…it's not exactly cold in here right now, mom."

"Well, I could ask you the same question," his mother awkwardly stated, glancing at the boner that was tenting his pants. "Why on earth are YOU so hard right now?"

"Sorry. All this talk about boobs and nipples got me a little horny," Asher confessed.

"A little?!" his wide-eyed aunt exclaimed. "You look like you're growing another arm under there."

"Jolie!" Maxine chided.

"Have you masturbated recently, Asher?" his aunt asked, ignoring her sister.

"Jolie, please!" Maxine shouted.

"What, all boys masturbate…it's not a big deal! I just wondered with his increase in cock-size if he needs to jerk off more than usual."

"I haven't got off since the morning, so I am feeling pretty horny."

"Well, you need to take care of that before we share that guest bed together," his mother chimed in. "They'll be no funny business in the middle of the night, young man."

"I guess maybe I'll, um…take a shower then," the teen stated, standing from the bed. The women's eyes widened as they stared at the obscenely large bulge tenting his pants.

"I'll grab a towel and bring it in to you, Asher," said Jolie.

Maxine stood from the couch also. "I'll go in and unpack our bags. Don't be long in the shower, Asher. I need one also."

A few minutes later, the teen was jerking off under the hot spray. He had hoped he'd be getting pussy by now, but since his mom felt the need to isolate themselves for a while, he knew he'd have to settle with just plain old masturbation. He loved how huge and powerful his new cock felt in his hand and he could not wait to pound it through a hot cunt.

He was suddenly startled by his aunt's voice. "Here's a towel, Asher," she stated, standing right outside the shower door.

"Oh, thanks."

"You know, I'm not such a prude like your mother," Jolie stated, opening the door. "If you wanna show me your dick, you can. I know you must be proud of having one that size."

"I don't mind showing you. Don't tell my mom though. She might get mad."

"I promise, I won't. In fact, I'll even sweeten the deal and let you see my tits. How's that sound?" Jolie offered.

"Amazing!" the boy answered, turning towards her. When he paused his giant, stiff cock continued to wag back and forth, drawing a fascinated gasp from his busty aunt.

"Holy fuck…that's the biggest dick I've ever seen!" she exclaimed. "Will you make it vibrate?"

"On!" Asher said loudly.

A BUZZING sound filled the bathroom, causing Jolie's mouth to lower in awe. "Damn!" she uttered.

"High!" Asher blurted. The pulsating noise became even more boisterous, increasing his beautiful aunt's arousal-level. Her fat clit was throbbing beneath its fleshy hood.

"It has three speeds," the teen bragged.

The boy's eyes widened as Jolie shed her bikini top. Her huge, stiff-nippled tits bobbled heavily onto her rib cage. They were capped with the widest areolas he had ever seen. "Wow, those are nice, Aunt Jolie!" he expressed.

"Thanks. Can I touch your boner, Asher?" she asked, still fixated on his delicious-looking cock.

"Sure."

Jolie reached out and grasped on to her nephew's steely prick. Her body shuddered and her nipples tingled at the feel of it vibrating powerfully in her hand. "Fuck, Asher…I have one of the best vibrators that money can buy and even it isn't THIS powerful," she shared.

"Does Uncle Josh know that you have a vibrator?"

"Yes," she answered, continuing to fondle his prick. "He goes out of town on business a lot, so he knows I depend on my toys while he's gone.

"Mom has a lot of sex toys too. I found them in her closet one day, while I was looking for batteries."

"Yes, I know she does. Your mom and I have always been extremely close as sisters and we talk all about our sex toys."

"You do?!"

"Yep, including what we like to do the most with them."

Asher was delighted with how his aunt continued to run her hand all up and down the length of his shaft. Not only was it fun to watch, but it felt amazing. "Will you tell me what my mom likes best?" he asked.

"Why…so you can make a move on her tonight?" Jolie asked with a mischievous grin.

"Maybe."

"Alright, but you didn't hear this from me."

"Got it!" Asher agreed.

"Your mom likes the feel of a vibrator rubbing through her ass-crack. She has a super-sensitive asshole and the feel of something pulsating against it makes her cum like crazy."

"Wow, are you serious?!"

"Dead serious. Like I told you when you got here, she's a complete closet whore. She has the nastiest fantasies you can imagine, but

unfortunately that's as far as it gets, because she's settled for a boring sex life with your stepfather."

Asher let out a pleasurable gasp. His Aunt's hand had gone from fondling to gently stroking his prick. Just looking at her dangling tits rock pendulously as she slowly pumped his prick only increased his excitement level.

"It feels a lot better when someone else does it for you, doesn't it?" Jolie asked.

"Yes!"

"Would you like to spray your cum onto me, sweet nephew?"

"That would be awesome!"

"We need to hurry. If your mom suspects I'm in here with you she'll kill me," Jolie stated, increasing her cock-stroking tempo.

"Alright."

"So, how long have you been wanting to fuck your mom's pussy, naughty boy?" his aunt asked, beating his oversized prick with long, twisting strokes. The water, along with Asher's leaking pre-cum, made it nice and slippery.

"A few years, I guess."

"Well, you have three things going for you that may increase your chances of that happening."

"Really…what?"

"First of all, you look just like your biological father, who was your mom's first true love. She adored him, and the sex they had was amazing!" Jolie explained, while tirelessly pumping on his horse cock.

"It was?"

"Yes, trust me…I would get every dirty detail. Since you're a carbon copy of him, when they first met, if you pour on the charm like he did, you may be surprised at how quickly you get into her panties."

"So, what's the second thing?"

"She's away from your stepfather for at least a week and trust me, she's never gone that long without fucking. Not only that but she told me a little while ago that she may need to borrow one of my vibrators because she forgot hers."

"Really?!"

"Yes, and when I said earlier today that your mom masturbates a lot, I wasn't kidding! The fact that she'll have a 'human vibrator' laying right next to her in bed may just become too much temptation for her as the week goes on."

"You think so?" asked Asher, watching his aunt's wet fist travel the length of his cock. He was amazed out how skilled she was at giving a hand job.

"Trust me, I know my sister better than anyone," she answered. "That takes me to the third thing. If anyone can convince her of the benefits of using your cock it's me, but I'm gonna expect a little something in return."

"What's that?"

"There's only one person who likes to fuck as much as your mom does and that's me. We're cut from the same cloth she and I. If she gets to feel that remarkable dick of yours inside her, then so do I."

"You want me to fuck you?" Asher asked in disbelief.

"When the time is right, and only if I live up to my end of the deal and get you inside your mom's panties."

"Do you really think she'd do something like that with me?"

"Don't expect to get this magical dick sheathed in pussy tonight, but she'll become more and more vulnerable as the week goes on, and if we play our cards right, she may just break down and indulge you in a fuck you'll never forget."

As the beautiful, dirty-blonde MILF lowered her face closer to the boy's throbbing cock, her nostrils flared, taking in the delightful musky aroma that was rising from his loins.

Asher was stunned to see Jolie's thick tongue come out and swipe wetly across the fat, pinkish-purple knob of his prick. Her hand was still tugging the thick root of his shaft as her long, pink licker wetly lashed at his blood-swollen crown.

"Whoa…are you gonna suck me off, Aunt Jolie?" Asher excitedly asked.

"Well, I can't walk out of here covered in cum," she answered, "but if your load is in my tummy, your mom will never suspect anything."

"True."

Asher watched his aunt's lips stretch obscenely around the crown of his cock. With her eyes closed in rapture, Jolie rhythmically bobbed her head up and back, her luscious, wet lips gliding over the first few inches of his thick cock. She affectionately squeezed and rolled his balls around in her hand, feeling how full they were. Jolie struggled to take more of his delicious, monster cock deeper into her throat, but because he was so fucking huge it was nearly impossible. Even so, Asher was delighted at the way she was sucking and nipping at the tip, while thoroughly washing his prick glans with her tongue.

"Damn, Auntie…you're an amazing cocksucker!" the boy sighed as he began to slowly rock his hips back and forth, fucking his mammoth cock in and out between her sucking, grasping lips like it was a tight pussy.

Jolie loved sucking cock! Her husband was the lucky recipient of many a spontaneous blowjob. Something she had never experienced though was

the challenge of shoving such a monstrous sinewy dick down her throat and the way it was vibrating in her mouth made it even more thrilling.

"God, I love your dick, Asher!" she gasped, then quickly went back to sucking.

"Hot fuckin' damn this feels good!" the teen gasped, driving his fleshy rod through the ring of her lips.

The sight of his gorgeous aunt gorging herself on his meat, and the thought of boning his own beautiful mother, made the cum boil up from the boy's nuts. "Oh, shit, I'm gonna cum, Aunt Jolie!" he moaned.

"Hose your spunk down my throat, Asher!" she encouraged, beating his super-sized cock as hard as she could. Her slippery lips began sucking rhythmically up and down his shaft, while staring up into his wonder-filled eyes adoringly.

"Shit! I'm cumming!!" he gasped, while unconsciously thrusting his hips forward to meet every plunge of her hot, slobbering mouth. With a guttural grunt, the teen began spurting out long juicy cords of cum, making his hot wad swirl through her cock-greedy mouth.

Jolie was over the moon. There was nothing in the world that she loved more than the taste of a man's jism, and her nephew was producing more than she could keep up with. "Mngff!!" she gurgled

around the thick meat of his prick, struggling to swallow all the creamy sperm that was bursting from Asher's cockhead.

"Wow, I can't imagine a pussy feeling any more amazing than this does!" groaned the boy. When his cum finally stopped squirting into her mouth, his Aunt Jolie continued sucking, wanting to swallow every drop of his slippery boy-nectar.

When Asher finished showering, he climbed into bed, anxiously waiting for his mom to take her shower and join him. He hoped she'd at least wear something sexy to sleep in.

"I called your stepfather earlier, while you were showering. There's been several magazine reporters and numerous females knocking on the door of

the house this evening," his mom stated as she stepped into the room. Maxine wore snug cotton pajamas that clung to the outline of her curves. Asher could tell her humongous breasts were unfettered by the way they bobbled around beneath her pajama top as she dried her hair off. "It looks like we made the right decision to come here."

"True."

"Hopefully all the public intrigue will be over in a week, and we can go back home," Maxine said, crawling under the covers with her son and clicking off the light. There was an awkward silence for a moment as they each got comfortable. "Do you feel better after your shower?" she asked, curious if he had masturbated or not.

"Much better," her son answered. "What about you?"

"What about me?"

"Did you, um…'take care of yourself,' in the shower?"

"Darling, that's nothing you need to be concerned about."

"Why not? You were concerned with me. Isn't that why you suggested that I take a shower and relieve myself? Why can't I worry about you that way?"

"Fine," Maxine sighed. "If you must know the answer is yes, I took care of myself in the shower. Now go to sleep."

"It couldn't have been the same as at home though, right? You did say that vibrators play a special part in the female orgasm process."

"Yes, I did say that, but there are times when a woman just has to settle with using her fingers. Tonight was one of those times."

After a short silence, Asher spoke up again. "You know, you're welcome to use it…if you need to. I really don't mind."

"What do you mean 'use it?' What are you talking about?"

"You can use my vibrating penis…since you forgot your toys. I really don't mind helping you out."

Maxine sat up, glaring down at him. "Asher, that's NOT happening! I'm your mother, and we are not having sex together, end of story!"

"I didn't say anything about sex, mom. I thought maybe you might just want to rub up against it or something. I don't mind turning it on and letting you do that."

Asher's cock began to vibrate beneath the blanket. "Sorry, I accidentally said the 'on' word again," he said.

Maxine's insides tingled excitedly as she listened to the tempting BUZZING sound beneath the blanket. "It's fine, just…please shut it off," she requested as her nipples began turning to stone.

"Off!" Asher said loudly and the noise stopped.

"Asher, there's a difference between me using a piece of plastic and something that attached to my own son's body. I do appreciate your concern for me, although I'm sure you had your own selfish motives in mind as well."

"Well, I'm not saying I wouldn't enjoy it," he blushed.

"Do me a favor and don't worry about my sexual well being. I'll be fine," urged the mother. Then she rolled over, facing away from him. "I'll see you in the morning."

Asher could hardly sleep. His mom smelt so Goddamn good and just the fact that there was a hot sexual creature with huge tits and a tight pussy laying next to him was driving him insane.

Maxine woke up several times in the night. She was horny as fuck and frustrated that it wasn't her husband laying next to her so she could get a hot round of sex. To make things worse, the one that was laying next to her was a near clone of the man she was passionately in love with for sixteen years. The fact that he had a giant cock that vibrated furiously only added fuel to the fire that was growing between her legs.

"Just lay back down and go back to sleep!" she told herself in the early morning hours as she hovered next to her son, watching him sleep. Her hungry eyes drifted down his lean, naked torso. The blanket almost pulled

down over the boy's crotch and it was more than obvious that Asher was sporting morning wood.

"He is just so beautiful," Maxine wickedly thought. "Ever better looking than his father was…and probably more endowed. Who am I kidding…of course he's more endowed than his father was! His penis is extraordinarily huge!"

Her sultry eyes lingered on his cock-bulge, resisting the urge to lift the blanket and have just one peek. Even though she knew she shouldn't partake, the mother was fully aware of how such a freakish cock would make her cum like a depraved slut.

Asher's eyes suddenly popped open to the glorious sight of his mom sitting next to him, staring at the obscenely large bulge of his morning wood. He had the perfect view of her ballooning tits, covered by the snug cotton fabric of her pajama top. Her thick nipples were clearly turgid, and he wished he could clamp his lips around the fat nubs right through the material. He could tell his mom was having a mental dilemma so decided to just lay there quietly and see how things played out.

Convinced that her son was still sleeping, Maxine slowly reached out to touch him. "Just one feel…for curiosity's sake, then I'm getting up to take another shower," she thought. Her clit was throbbing so much she could hardly stand it.

Asher shuddered inside as he felt his mom's fingers clutch around the knob of his prick through the blanket. He couldn't believe that his own self-righteous mother was getting a feel of his erection. Maxine traced the outline of his dong, her long nails grazing against the tender meat of his boner.

"I wish I could make it vibrate right now," Asher thought. "It would fascinate her even more if I could turn it on."

Suddenly, his cock began to vibrate in Maxine's hand, making her release it for a moment in a panic. She looked up at her boy's face to see if there was any sign of him being awake.

"Holy shit…I just made my dick start vibrating by just saying 'on' in my head," Asher thought.

Confirming that her son was still sleeping, Maxine reached back out and felt her son's dick BUZZ away in her grasp. Her body got even

more sexually excited, and she suddenly came to her senses and got up off the bed.

"You're up early," Jolie stated to her sister as she stood in the kitchen making coffee. She wore only a skimpy night shirt.

"Do you remember what we were talking about yesterday? You know, about me borrowing your vibrator?" Maxine asked.

"Yeah, I remember."

"Do you think I could use it in the shower? I promise I'll clean it thoroughly when I'm through."

"Yeah, um…about that… I thought it just needed batteries, but when I replaced them last night it still wasn't working. I mean, you're welcome to still use it, but I'm afraid the vibration function is fried," Jolie lied.

"Shoot! I don't suppose the general store at the bottom of the hill sells women's sex toys, do they?"

Jolie burst out laughing. "Beer and worms, yes. Vibrating sex toys, probably not. I can't believe you forgot yours. You practically live with that thing inside you."

"I was in such a hurry to get Asher out of the house that it just slipped my mind."

"Well, not for nothing, but I do know of another certain something in the house that seems to have recently acquired a vibrating function," Jolie teased.

"Good grief, Jolie…you sound just like Asher. He offered up his penis last night because he was concerned that I wasn't pleasuring myself."

"Aww, that's so sweet!"

"Sweet?! My God, what is wrong with you two?! I'm not using my son's penis for my own sexual gratification!"

"It wouldn't be for just you. He could get enjoyment from it too. You'd be killing two birds with one stone," Jolie suggested. "All I know is you two are gonna drain the fucking well on our property if you keep taking those hour-long showers."

"I'm gonna take a ride into town then…see if I can find something."

"Jolie, you're not gonna find a store in town that sells a vibrator," her sister laughed. "You'll be lucky to even find condoms in that sad little building they call a drug store. You're gonna have to figure something else out."

Maxine retreated into the bathroom to masturbate. Like the night before, she resorted to just using her fingers, but it seemed hardly satisfying at all.

72: Mom Like's Things that Buzz With Epilogue-2/2

"Who wants to play adult Jenga?" Jolie asked later that day.

"Adult Jenga?" repeated Maxine.

"Yeah, we each take turns taking a block from the tower. Each block has either a question or a dare written on it. When you successfully take a block from the tower without making it collapse, you can assign a player of your choice to answer the question or take the dare."

"That sounds like a blast!" Asher stated, joining his aunt at the table. "Let's play!"

"I'm not so sure I agree, but I suppose I'll give it a try," said his mother.

Once Jolie created the tower using wooden blocks she smiled over at her nephew. "Youngest player goes first," she told him.

Asher had played Jenga with his friends, so he confidently removed one of the blocks from the tower. He read from it silently so he could decide who he wanted to assign it to. "This one's for you, Aunt Jolie. Where is the craziest place you've ever had sex?"

"Hmm, the craziest place? I'd say on a public bus…on a seat at the back, under a blanket," she replied.

Her sister giggled. "That must have been with Donnie Richardson. I remember he didn't have a car, so you two had to take the bus everywhere."

"Yep. It certainly wasn't the best place to fuck, but it worked in a pinch. Your turn now sis."

Maxine successfully removed a block and read what was written on it. "Alright, Asher, this one's yours," his mom grinned. "Tell everyone playing the game what your favorite porn site is."

"Well, you should know, mom. Remember that time you found it on my laptop and grounded me for a week?"

"THAT dirty site is your favorite?! The one with women as old as your aunt and I, dressed in all sorts of slutty lingerie?"

"Yep. They all had really big boobs like you guys too," Asher confessed, making his aunt laugh.

"If your favorite porn site had woman who DIDN'T have big breasts, I'd be shocked," said Maxine.

"Poor boy," said Jolie, making an exaggerated frowny face. "Stuck in a cabin with two huge sets of titties all week. It must be torture."

"He'll survive," added Maxine.

"My turn!" Jolie announced, carefully slipping a block from the stack. "Alright sis, this one's for you. For everyone playing the game to hear, recreate the sounds you make during sex."

Asher looked over at his mom with a huge, anxious smile.

"I AM NOT doing that!" Maxine snickered blushingly.

"Oh, come on…it's all in good fun. Just do it!" her sister urged.

"Yeah, come on, mom!" Asher pleaded. "I had to admit what my favorite porn site was."

"Which you seemed very proud of; I might add."

"You're not proud of the way you sound during sex?"

"I didn't say that. I like the way I sound during sex. I'm just not so sure it's something I want my son to hear," Maxine replied.

"Like he hasn't heard you and Josh going at it down the hallway," Jolie pointed out. "I'm sure any sexual noise he hears you make isn't one he hasn't heard before."

"It's true, mom…you are pretty loud when you orgasm," Asher added.

"Fine!" Maxine blushed. "I just hope the next one I draw is a dare so I can get one of you back." Then, she suddenly got an erotic look on her face and began sensually moaning. "Yess!" she whimpered as if in the middle of passionate sex. "Oh, yess…that feels so good! Yes! YESSS!!"

When she was finished creating sex sounds that made Asher's cock as stiff as a crowbar, both her sister and son stood up and clapped at her performance. "Bravo!" shouted Jolie.

"Wow, what a great performance, mom!" Asher admitted.

"I can put on an act when I need to," the mother stated with a sly grin.

Asher stepped up and carefully removed a block. "Mom, feed one of the other players something using only your mouth," the boy said.

"It DOES NOT say that!" Maxine blurted. Her son handed her the block, proving that he wasn't making it up. "Damn, IT DOES say

that," she sighed.

"I have the perfect thing for this dare," said Jolie, rushing to the fridge and taking out a bottle of whipped cream.

"Wait a second…whipped cream?! Don't you have anything more solid?"

"Don't be a fuddy dud, sis."

"Fine!" the mother replied, then squirted a fair amount of cream into her mouth. She stepped over to Asher and awkwardly locked lips with him.

"Mmm," the boy moaned as his mom's thick tongue slithered lewdly into his mouth, transferring the whipped cream the best she could. He added his own tongue in on the mix and their lickers wiggled around together as if engaging in a juicy French kiss.

"That's hot!" exclaimed Jolie, watching her sister and nephew practically make out as Maxine seemed to take her time making sure all the cream was transferred from her mouth to Asher's.

"Can we do that one again?" the boy gasped after they had separated.

"No!" his mom playfully replied. "We shouldn't even have done it once."

Maxine carefully drew a block, making the stack wobble a moment precariously. "This one's for you, Jolie," she stated, then read the question aloud. "If you could only do one sex position the rest of your life, which one would you chose?"

"Oh, damn…there are so many good ones," Jolie answered, "but if I had to pick one it would be doggy. I love being fucked from behind!"

"I thought reverse cowgirl was your favorite position?" Maxine asked.

"It was when I was younger, but now I just love being on my hands and knees and having a guy mount me from behind like a fucking animal."

"And by 'a guy,' you mean your husband, right?"

"Of course," her sister answered with a guilty smirk, sharing a secret wink with her nephew.

"What's YOUR favorite position, mom?" Asher boldly asked.

"I don't have to answer that," she replied. "It wasn't my question."

"Yes, but the point of the game is also to open up an honest, candid discussion on these topis," said Jolie.

"I can honestly say that my favorite is one I haven't even tried yet," Asher shared.

"And which one might that be?" his mom asked curiously.

"Woman on top."

"It's called the cowgirl position, darling."

"Asher, you've never had a girl ride you during sex?" Jolie asked.

"Well, I've only had sex once, and that was with me on top of her."

"You're gonna love it, Asher…trust me!" his aunt assured him, secretly hoping she would be the first to take him that way.

"Especially if you're the boob lover you claim you are," his mom added.

Jolie cautiously removed a block from the stack and read it silently. "Hmm, this should be a fun one!"

"Oh, God…what does it say?" her sister nervously asked.

"Pick one player to be blindfolded and see if they can accurately choose which player is which, by feeling a sexual body part of their choice."

"Well, given that we're both females, I guess we know who that player will be," Maxine stated looking at her son.

Asher was shocked that his mom was even entertaining the dare. It was clear that she was loosening up a little. "So, once I'm blindfolded, I can pick any body part to feel?" he asked. "Does it have to be through your clothing?"

"YES, it does!" his mom replied, giving him a scolding look.

"Hold on, that doesn't make any sense though," said Jolie. "We're both wearing different outfits, so if he feels us through our clothes, he'll know exactly who's who."

"Jolie, we're not—"

"Come on, don't be such a Betty-be-gooder, Maxine…it's just a game!" Jolie reminded her. Then, she smiled over at her cute nephew. "Which part of us do you wanna grope?"

"Feel, not grope," her sister stated.

As much as Asher was dying to get his hands on their naked tits and feel those erect nipples, he made an even bolder choice. "How about your vaginas," he answered.

His mom began to object. "Darling, I don't think—"

"Vaginas it is!" blurted Jolie, cutting off her sister. "Once your blindfolded, you can stick your hand into our panties and see if you can tell which one belongs to who."

"Do you even have a blind fold?" her sister asked.

"I can just pull my shirt up over my head," Asher stated. "I won't be able to see a thing."

"That'll work," said Jolie. "Once your vision is obscured, give your mom and I a few seconds to decide who's going first, so we can try to fool you."

Asher drew his t-shirt up over his head, covering his face so he couldn't see a thing. The two sisters came together for a moment and Jolie whispered into Maxine's ear. "Since you're the more reluctant one, you should go first, since he won't be expecting that."

Asher didn't have to stand there waiting long. He felt one of the two mothers take his hand and guide it down her silky panties. He was delighted when his fingers traced along the puffy outer lips of a pussy that was completely shaved. The skin felt baby-smooth, making his cock quickly harden beneath his pants. The boy brazenly slipped his digits down into the slit of Maxine's cunt, gliding them through the slippery lubricant that had secreted from her fuck-hole.

Maxine bit her tongue, knowing that she couldn't object to the prolonged groping for fear of giving away who she was. Her body shuddered as her boy pried his fingers under her fleshy hood and rubbed on her fat, juicy clit.

The teen quickly figured out it was his mom when she grasped his forearm and guided him back out of her panties. "It's gotta be mom," he thought. "Aunt Jolie would probably let me feel her up as long as I wanted to."

Jolie stepped forward and did exactly what her sister had done, maneuvering her nephew's hand down her panties.

Asher marveled at how his aunt's vulva felt much the same as his mom's did, but it was crowned by a thin landing strip of public hair. Her cuntal slit

was just as juicy as his mom's had been. He ran his fingers along her thick, slippery flanges, then pried them beneath her prepuce so he could rub her engorged love-nubbin.

"Can I look now?" he asked once he was finished feeling her.

"Yes," his mom answered.

"I think the first one was my mom."

The sisters looked at each other and smiled. "What makes you so sure?" Maxine asked.

"You were the only one who stopped me, so it was a dead giveaway, mom."

Jolie fed her sister a victorious smile. "See, it pays to not act like such a prude."

"In my defense, I just let my own son put his hand down my panties. I'm being far from a prude today."

She then looked over and saw Asher smelling his fingers. "Asher, that's gross!"

"What's gross about it? I'm a guy. Aren't I supposed to like the smell of pussy?"

"Not when it belongs to a family member."

"Maxine, he was just touching our pussies, so what does it matter? Let him enjoy our scent," said Jolie, winking over at Asher.

"My turn again," Asher stated, removing another block from the pile. For a moment, he thought it was gonna topple over. "Damn, that was close!"

"It looks like our tower is barely hanging in there," his aunt pointed out.

Asher read from his block. "Pick one player to take beneath a blanket and have your way with them for one minute."

"Have your way with them?" Maxine asked. "What's that suppose to mean?"

"Just what it sounds like," replied her sister. "Asher can take one of us into my bedroom, crawl under the blanket and do anything he wants for one full minute."

"Sweet!" the boy grinned, his cock flexing in anticipation. "Don't worry, mom…I'll pick Aunt Jolie, since I know you'll probably refuse anyway."

"I think I've been pretty open-minded today, have I not?" Maxine pointed out. She secretly felt a little jealous that her son would pick Jolie over her.

"Are you saying that YOU WOULD go under the blanket with me?"

Maxine looked over at her sister, still a little hesitant, but also horny as hell. If she were honest, the idea of submitting to her son's uninhibited attention for one full minute was quite thrilling. Jolie nodded over at her sister encouragingly, even though she herself would die to be the one chosen. "Sure, why not. It's only one minute, right?" she replied.

"And I can do anything?" Asher asked.

"That IS what the block said, so yes."

"Anything you want, Asher, but only for a minute," his aunt winked. "I'll be the timekeeper."

"Wait, so…the time doesn't start until mom, and I are underneath the blanket, right?" he asked, not wanting any second to go to waste.

"Yes, once you two are beneath the covers, I'll start the timer."

Moments later, Asher and Maxine were on Jolie's bed with the large comforter draped over them. The moment the teen heard his aunt's timer beep, he hurriedly lunged on top of his beautiful mother. It was dark beneath the blanket, so they were going solely on touch. Not a word was spoken as the horny teen stripped her shorts off as quickly as he could. Then, he frantically ripped off his pants and briefs. They said he could do 'anything', so he was going for the naughtiest thing possible. So far, his mom wasn't stopping him.

Maxine raised her luscious ass off the bed, allowing her boy to peel her dainty panties off as quickly as he could. Her heart was nearly beating out

of her chest as she heard his boner suddenly begin vibrating at its highest speed. "OHHH, GOD!!" she gasped as his giant erection drug up through her fleshy folds, stimulating her clit even through the shroud of its fleshy hood.

Asher's cock reared back, like a king cobra ready to strike. The pulsating knob of his prick slipped along the mouth of her vestibule, aligning itself for penetration. Then, all at once, he buried his giant prick inside his hot mother as deep as it could go. Maxine let out a sharp gasp, like she just had the air knocked out of her lungs. She was packed with more cock-meat than she'd ever had inside her

before, her boy's knob pushing at her very womb. The powerful hum of his cock sent ripples of ecstasy up and down her hot, sweet pussy as she locked her sexy mommy-legs legs around him.

"God, mom!" the teen gasped, holding the outsides of her smooth thighs as he began to buck savagely between her cradled legs.

The top of his hard, vibrating shaft was sawing deliciously against the nub of her engorged clit, making the mother's eyes roll back in their sockets. The myriad of tingling nerve-endings lining her cunt-tube were being wildly stimulated by his rampant thrusts. The feel of her son's huge cock-tip threatening to smash right through the head of her cervix was driving Maxine absolutely wild!

It was a supreme thrill for both of them knowing they were sharing one wicked minute of unbridled passion. Maxine clung tightly to her handsome teenager as he continued fucking his oversized erection into her hot, slippery slit like a sex-starved animal. His deep, frantic thrusts were bouncing her lovely, half-naked body all over the bed, filling her with an ecstasy she'd never felt before. Using her clasping legs as leverage, she rhythmically pulled her ass from the bed, pumping her cunt around the steely stiffness of her boy's fucker.

Asher snarled in lust as he felt his mom flex her fuck-muscles around his rapidly pummeling cock. Her slippery fuck oil accentuated the friction of every wonderful pleat that lined her hot, clasping vagina.

Because of the size and vibration of her boy's prick, Maxine was being drawn towards a mind-blowing climax much quicker than she normally would. Asher could tell by her rapid breathing that she was seconds away from cumming on his cock.

"Times up!" shouted Jolie from her bedroom doorway.

"NO…DON'T STOP!" Maxine squealed. "Please…I'm gonna cum!!"

The fuck-crazed teen obediently drove his huge, slippery shaft deeper and harder into his mom's writhing fuck-hole. His mother squealed loudly as the liquid heat of her female ejaculation exploded around his pile-driving cock.

The friction around Asher's penile meat was exquisite; too much for him to take any longer without cumming himself. He delivered a few more quick, savage thrusts, then collapsed on his mom's voluptuous body, ramming his cock as far up her tightly contracting cunt-tunnel as he could.

"AUUUGHH, WOW!" the boy gasped as he deluged his mom's snug pussy with a huge load of creamy cum. For another full minute they writhed in wonderful ecstasy, drawing out their mutual orgasms for as long as they could.

"That went…a little longer than it should have," Maxine panted as her son rolled off of her.

"You did tell me not to stop, mom," he pointed out.

"I'm sorry, I just got caught up in the moment," said Maxine, getting up and putting her panties back on. "It WON'T happen again!"

Asher got a good look at his mom's thonged ass as she shamefully rushed past her sister and down to the guest bedroom. Jolie came over and sat on the edge of the bed, staring hungrily at Asher's huge, wet dick as it rested against his midsection. "See…I told you it wouldn't take long for her to crack," she said with a mischievous grin.

"I know, and it was amazing!" Asher shared, "I just wish it could have gone on for longer…like all afternoon."

Jolie laughed. "Look at it as an ice breaker. She may retreat to her prudish ways again, but now that she's had a taste of you, she'll know exactly what she's missing."

"Well, you did help me get into her panties, just like you said you would."

"Yes, I did, didn't I?" Jolie grinned. She stood up and began getting undressed. "And now I suppose you owe me, just like we agreed."

"Yep," Asher uttered, reaching down to give his boner a few rejuvenating strokes. He said the word 'on' inside his head and suddenly his cock started BUZZING away.

"Wait…I didn't even hear you say anything," Jolie pointed out.

"I don't have to say anything. I figured out that all I have to do is think the control words and they happen."

"That's incredible! So, do you take requests?" she teasingly asked.

"Sure."

"Make it pulsate. That's the function that I use the most on MY vibrator. I nearly shake out of my skin; it makes me cum so fucking hard!" Jolie pointed out, reaching back to unclasp her bra.

Asher's boner began vibrating in a rhythmic pattern. His cock jumped excitedly at the sight of her enormous, naked tits. He watched his aunt peel the panties away from her crotch and down her luscious legs. "Jump on board," he said invitingly.

"Oh, I plan to, but first I want it my favorite way," said Jolie, kneeling on the bed in the doggy-fuck position. Her heavy tits dangled down like big udders and Asher licked his lips as he stared at her naked, rounded ass.

"Damn…women look so sexy positioned that way!" the boy stated as he climbed to his knees.

"Come on, sweet nephew…fuck me with that huge horse cock of yours," she urged, wagging her meaty derriere teasingly.

Asher loved the way she squealed as he sunk his monster cock straight to the back of her overheated pussy. He grasped on to her fatty ass-cheeks and began ramming his tool through her encapsulating vagina.

"Wow, Aunt Jolie…your pussy feels tight!" he stated as her ass began to beat against his midsection. Jolie's humongous jugs swung freely back and forth, the fat, stiff teats brushing the sheets of her bed every time her nephew rammed his cock into her pussy-tunnel.

With one big load recently pumped inside his mother, the boy felt like he could fuck for hours without cumming again. His fingers sunk into Jolie's ass-meat as he began fucking her from behind feverishly. Because his uncle's penis dwarfed the size of his own, Jolie's pussy was incredibly snug around her Asher's hammering cock.

"Do you like my big dick, Aunt Jolie?" he asked.

"I love it!" she panted, throwing her ass back at him like a whore. "It's so fucking huge…and that vibration is… Oh God, it's just amazing!"

Asher loved looking down and watching her rounded butt-meat ripple as it SMACKED against his lean midsection repeatedly. He could see his thick, sinewy cock straining at its root as it stabbed through her buttery vagina with unyielding hardness. His erectile flesh was glossed with slippery secretions that had leaked from Jolie's Skene Glands, providing wonderful lubrication for their horny genitals to fuck fluidly.

Jolie's breathing increased as she felt the humming slab of meat thunder through her with greater intensity. The mattress creaked noisily with the strength of their rhythmic humping. Her cheeks blushed and her lips drew back across her teeth in an animal-like

expression of exquisite pleasure. Then, Jolie felt the familiar tingling spasm of an orgasm shooting through her cock-stuffed pussy, but this was clearly a harder cum than she ever experienced before.

"Cumming now! Oh, yes, yesss! Fuck meeeee!" Jolie cried out, pounding her peach-shaped ass back on her nephew.

"Oh, fuck yesss!" the boy gasped, thrusting his hips relentlessly. The spongy-hot friction increased around his long, tender shaft as his aunt's

cunt-tube contracted in a gushing climax. He knew his bulbous knob was plowing against sensitive nerve-endings at the back of her vagina; ones that hadn't been touched by a human cock in years, if ever.

It suddenly occurred to Asher that he had fucked both his mom and Aunt, but hadn't yet even touched their tits, his favorite part of a woman. He leaned down against her back, reached under and cupped her giant, dangling knockers, rubbing his palms against their stiff teats. The boy shuddered with excitement as his fingers sunk into their supple flesh.

"They're just as soft as I imagined they'd be!" he stated, mauling his aunt's huge, hanging hooters.

"Squeeze all you want, just keep fucking me with that beast of a cock!" Jolie panted.

Down in the guest bedroom, Maxine was fully aware that her sister was getting fucked in her bedroom. She could hear them like they were just outside the doorway. Her insides were fuming with jealousy. She had only gotten two minutes with Asher and her sister had been getting royally boned for nearly an hour now. "She shouldn't even be fucking him in the first place!" Maxine thought. "Neither one of us should!"

Despite her feelings on the matter, her pussy was throbbing with desire. While the orgasm her son gave her was the most amazing that she'd ever had, it only left her wanting more and more.

"Finally!" she said aloud as she heard her son grunting in orgasm. She pictured the virile ropes of boy-sperm erupting from his piss-tip and filling her sister's unprotected pussy. This made her reach down and begin rubbing her own dripping pussy furious, bringing herself to a very unsatisfying climax.

"I can't believe you fucked him!" Maxine exclaimed. She was alone with her sister while Asher was in the shower.

"You fucked him too. Why are you pointing the finger at me?"

"I did it because it was part of the game."

"Oh, bullshit, Maxine," her sister snickered. "You've been wanting to get his dick inside you since he told you what happened to it."

"I have not!"

"Whatever…it doesn't matter now. What's done is done."

"Yes, that's true, but it doesn't mean it should happen again," Maxine stated. "In fact, we should all sleep in separate rooms tonight."

"Look, we're both away from our husbands and without functioning vibrators. Why don't we agree that what happens at the cabin stay at the cabin and take advantage of the 'medical marvel' that's dangling between your son's legs."

"I AM NOT fucking Asher again…and neither are you!"

"Fine…no more fucking, but there's no reason why he still can't help us."

"Help us how?"

"Maxine…your son practically has a sex toy attached to his body. We have clits that need stimulation, or we'll go crazy! Do we both agree on those two things?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then why can't we just, at the very least, rub against him?" Jolie asked, cutting her sister off.

"Rub against him?"

"Yes…rub our clits against the shaft of his cock, to get ourselves off."

"You're talking about dry humping?" Maxine stated.

"Well, there won't be anything dry about it, but yes, I'm talking about sex WITHOUT penetration. Remember when we would sit on the washer in the laundry room together when we were in High School, during its spin cycle?"

"So, the vibration of it would get us off. Yes, I remember."

"Same concept."

Maxine thought it over for a moment. She knew that without her vibrator she'd be unsatisfied sexually for as long as they needed to be there. "I suppose it won't seem QUITE as depraved as real sex," she stated, "and it will take care of our vibrator dilemma."

"Exactly."

"And I do go along with what you said earlier. What happens at camp stays at camp. Our husbands better not ever find out about this!

"I wholeheartedly agree," said Jolie.

Asher was surprised to see his mom and Aunt in the guest bedroom when he finished showering. They had pulled the blanket of the bed back and were laying out some towels on the mattress. "Hey, guys!"

"How was your shower, darling?" his mother asked, smiling at him guiltily.

"It was good. Why are you laying towels out on the bed?"

"Asher, sit down here with us for a minute."

The boy sat between his mom and Aunt on the bed. Their vaginas were so worked up that he could smell a hint of sweet pussy coming from both sides of him. Maxine looked over at him and smiled. "I think it's clear from what's happened today that we all have needs… sexual needs. However, we can't just do whatever we want to satisfy that hunger. We're family, and it's important that we exercise at least SOME restraint."

"I understand."

"Your Aunt and I are sort of in a pickle."

"A pickle?"

"Yes…I rushed out the door to get us here and forgot my vibrator, and hers is broken. You remember how important I told you that vibrators were to women, right, darling?"

"Yeah, you told me it's a tool that a woman uses to cultivate a deep, pleasurable connection with her body," Asher answered.

"Wow, I'm impressed that you remembered that, and yes, that's absolutely accurate. Without a functioning vibrator, a woman's life can be incredibly miserable."

"The bottom line is, moms need orgasms, Asher," his aunt added. "Lots and lots of orgasms."

His mom nodded in agreement. "Since you were suddenly gifted with such a 'vibrator-like' penis, we thought maybe you might be interested in helping us get pleasure."

"Well, yeah…of course!"

"NOT like you did earlier today! I'm not talking about sex, darling. Well, I am, but not the kind we had earlier. This would be sex… WITHOUT penetration."

"You mean…without me sticking it inside you?"

"That's correct. A woman can have strong multiple orgasms just through clitoral stimulation," his aunt answered.

"So, we can still kiss and things like that, right?" Asher asked.

"I suppose so," his mom agreed. "You just CAN'T stick it inside us. We would be cheating on our husbands if you did that."

"I understand," Asher uttered, then looked at them awkwardly. "So, um…who's first?"

"We thought we'd both crawl into bed with you together," Jolie answered. "You could just sit back, and your mom and I can take turns dry-fucking you. How does that sound?"

"Amazing!"

"I thought so," his mom giggled, "judging by the fact that you're so hard already."

Asher quickly shed the towel, exposing his obscenely rigid cock. "Oh, you mean this?" he asked teasingly.

"Yes, that beautiful thing!" his mom giggled, staring at it adoringly. It stuck out like the sturdy limb of an oak tree, its shiny, pinkish-purple crown pointing right at her.

"Well, I suppose it is a little hard," the boy said, rocking his hips so that his boner wagged back and forth like the exited tail of a dog.

"More like 'A LOT' hard!" Jolie exclaimed, shedding her top and exposing her embroidered bra. "You could knock a baseball out of the park with that thing."

Asher crawled into bed, throwing the blanket over his foot-long appendage. It still stuck up beneath the fabric, like a beast rising from the deep. When his cock started loudly vibrating the women's eyes lit up, and there seemed to be an increased urgency to be naked.

"Ready when you are, ladies!" said the boy, his eyes fixated on their huge, naked tits. The sisters' melons seemed much the same in appearance; fat and heavy, with wide areolar caps and thick, erect nipples. Their boobies bobbled deliciously as they crawled onto the mattress with him.

"Moms go first," Jolie said, smiling at her sister as they slipped beneath the blanket.

Maxine wasted no time straddling her rigid dicked teen. She planted her knees securely astride his hips, bringing her naked cunt down against the shaft of his fuck-muscle. "SHIT!" she gasped as the powerful vibration of her boy's dick sent jolts of pleasure shooting through her big titted body.

"Whoa…you're warm down there, mom!" the boy stated as the moist heat that radiated from her cunt-slit simmered against his peter-meat. "Our pussies are hot and horny, darling," she naughtily admitted, then surprised her boy by diving straight for his lips.

"HOLY FUCK!" Asher thought as his own mom's lips fused against his. Maxine scooped her son's tongue up and began lashing her licker around it in a frenzy of lust.

The teen arched his back in ecstasy as her huge tits softly smothered his young, hairless chest. Maxine humped her horny cunt-slit against the

hardness of her boy's dick, letting the strong vibration stimulate the plump, pink pearl that crowned her vulva. Her birthing tube quivered, and she struggled to resist the urge to let her boy split her twat with his tool.

To Asher, making out with his beautiful mother, while she dry-fucked his oversized cock was the next best thing to real sex. The hum of his penis took on a deep grumbling sound as it ground against the meaty flanges of her pussy. He could feel the juices of her arousal burbling up around his cock-shaft.

Maxine's wide, motherly hips swiveled frantically up and back as she ground her overheated pussy against her son's vibrating dong. Her fatty tits sloshed between them; their rubbery nipples prodding against her son's flesh delightfully. "Dear God…this feels ten times better than any vibrator I own!" she deliriously thought.

"Make it pulse!" his mother whispered between kisses. "Please!!"

Asher's prick began to engage in periods of vibration, separated by short gaps. This had an immediate effect on his mom, making her squeal and writhe on top of him.

"Come on, mom…soak my dick," the boy urged, joining her thrusting rhythm. He could tell she was enjoying the hell out of what they were doing, just as much as he was.

Maxine intensified the speed of her dry humping as she felt a big cum mounting steadily in her loins. "I'm cumming, Asher!" her voice

squealed, whipping her fatty ass-globes up and down as quickly as she could. Her wet pussy spasmed against the shaft of Asher's cock and hot female ejaculate began to squirt uncontrollably from her urethra, soaking the boy's prick.

Asher was both surprised and delighted when he suddenly felt his cock sheathed in hot, quivering pussy. He expected his mom to pull her cunt off him, but she did the opposite, sitting up slightly and burying his boner to its root.

"Please don't judge me, baby…I just can't stand to not have it inside me!" the mother lustfully expressed.

"No judging here, mom. I love fucking you!"

"Fuck me then!" she cried out.

Asher rocked his hips, letting his fat glans dig against her cervical ring like the head of a vibrating wand. He looked up past her bobbling breasts, at his mother's radiant face with her dark hair waving around it and her full red lips parted in ecstasy. To him, she was truly the hottest MILF on the planet.

"OH MY GOD, I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!" Maxine cried out, stirring her son's huge, pulsating prick around inside of her.

Asher's eyes doubled in size as he stared up at his mom's jutting tit-melons. They jumped and quivered to her every gyrating movement. Her rubbery teats stuck out from the rings of her pinkish-purple areola, aching to be sucked on.

"I knew that 'dry humping' thing wouldn't last," Jolie laughed, rubbing her own hot pussy as she lay next to them watching. "Cum on his fucking cock, sis! Fuck him!"

"Yeah, mom…soak my giant dick!" Asher added, pivoting his hips beneath her so he could meet her downward fuck-plunges.

Suddenly, his mother let out a loud scream and her hips shuddered wildly. The teenager sighed in pleasure as her vagina became extremely tight around his throbbing cock. It contracted around his penile meat, soaking it with her dripping wetness.

The tit-loving teen guided her back down against him; this time so he could suck on her big titties, while she continued to cum mindlessly on his dreamy cock. The boy's whole body shuddered as his face sunk against the peak of Maxine's squishy tit. He suctioned in as much of her giant areola as he could, drawing her fat nipple into his mouth like a lozenge.

The hot bodied mother squealed in ecstasy as her teen's hard boner drilled up through her slick, gripping fuckhole. His spongy, blood-engorged tip slammed against the very end of her horny pussy, mere inches from where he was once held in her womb. "Oh baby, what a cock you have!" Maxine whimpered, screwing her cunt flanges snuggly around the root of his pecker-shaft, packing every magical inch inside of her.

She drew her lovely, peach-shaped ass upward, letting all but the tip of her son's cock slide out. "Oh yes!" she moaned as his thick, pulsating boner sunk through her pussy-tunnel once more. Then, it rammed through her repeatedly in a clit-tingling rhythm. The mother was out of her mind from the intense pleasure that was spreading through every tingling nerve in her overheated vagina. Sure, she had used plenty of vibrating toys, but a real, giant dick that vibrated was unlike any she ever experienced.

Ten minutes passed before Jolie got her turn, climbing on board her handsome nephew. It was clear that the silly idea of merely dry humping was squashed, so she squeezed his teenage prick up inside the liquid heat of her vaginal orifice.

"Yesss!" the boy hissed, feeling his cock pumped divinely as his Aunt Jolie bounced like a whore on his flexing boner. The middle-aged

mother's naked ass-globes bobbed up and down, beating again her nephew's ball-sack as she fucked his prick with long, womb-crushing thrusts.

Asher was mesmerized by the sight of her oversized tits leaping up and down on her chest as she fucked him vigorously. He adored the way her meaty mammaries rippled every time they struck her ribcage. The boy began humping his hips up to meet every downward plunge of his aunt's cock-slurping cunt.

"Do you want me to make it oscillate, Aunt Jolie?" the boy asked.

"Ohhh…yes please!" she answered, gasping with ever thrust of his cock. "That'll really make me squirt all over you!"

Now, instead of just a buzzing sensation, she felt a deep thrumming. This set her into a wild fit of passion, and she began fucking up a storm, making their naked bodies slap obscenely together in wanton abandon.

Jolie fell forward so the boy could suck on her titties while they fucked. She frantically pumped her hips up and down like a rodeo queen, giving the young man a wild fuck while he licked and sucked on the rippling flesh of her bouncing tits.

"Oh, sweet fuckin' shit…I'm almost there!" she shrieked, feeling her body tense up for a mind-blowing climax.

"I'll make you cum extra hard!" the boy uttered; his voice muffled by tit-flesh. He bucked his ass from the mattress, brutally slamming the length of his blue-veined boner all the way up her cunt. His heavy-titted aunt clutched at his shoulders and screamed as he pounded his young cock into her with all his virile strength.

"Yes…YESSS!!" Jolie shrieked, tossing her long, dirty blonde hair around in ecstasy. She could feel her climax building, and just as she

exploded into a body-trembling orgasm, she felt her nephew's cum begin gushing into her hot, sucking pussy.

"I'm cumming!" Asher's shaky voice announced. "Ohhh, fuck yesss!!"

Their shuddering bodies writhed wildly together for several marvelous minutes as they shared the same level of spine-tingling pleasure.

When his aunt finally rolled off of him, Asher looked over and saw her mom on her hands and knees with her ass pointed at him. Maxine peeked back at him and wagged her plump, rounded ass-globes back and forth hornily. "Don't go soft on me, darling. I need you to give your mother some doggy sex," she stated.

"No problem, mom," the boy grinned, giving his cum-drenched cock a few reviving strokes. Even though he just shot a huge load inside his aunt, Asher's pecker didn't lose one bit of hardness. He crawled up behind her, then grasped his boner at the base, so he could plow it through her cunt slit just like his mom did with her vibrator.

"Oh-h-h-h, fuck that feels divine!" Maxine moaned as her boy's buzzing prick plowed against the fat, juicy bulb of her clit. Asher got her right to the brink of a clitoral orgasm, then nudged his prickhead up between her slippery cunt-lips and pushed forward, sinking his boner inside of her quivering hole so he could start fucking.

"GOD, ASHER!!" his mother cried out, beginning to convulse as he pounded her from behind. Her huge, dangling tits swung and quivered wildly as she rhythmically thrusts her ass back to meet every plunge of his fiery cock.

"Slap her fucking ass, Asher! Fuck the cum out of her!" Jolie shouted, taking position beside her sister, and pointing her own rump back eagerly.

The boy SMACKED his mom's ass-globe sharply, making her tush-meat ripple as he provided full length thrusts of his teenage cock. He could see her tight little asshole winking at him while he fucked, adding to his thrill-level. The way her wet corrugated walls were clinging tightly to his pummeling prick reminded him how much she must be enjoying it.

"Does this feel better than any of your toys, mom?" he asked.

"Does it ever! I may never go back to using a sex toy again."

"That's fine with me," said Asher. His cock flexed as he imagined fucking his mom like a savage on her marital bed back home.

Having blasted a heavy load inside his aunt, Asher felt like he could really fuck up a storm without cumming again. "Watch this!" he stated, grasping his mom's hips. "Pulsate!" he said aloud.

Maxine's pretty eyes rolled up in their sockets as she felt like she was on a pleasure Rollercoaster. Her boy's strong dick vibrated in a rhythmic, high frequency pattern, providing intense friction along the slippery walls of her cunt. Humping against him, she could feel every bulging vein and ridge of his blood-engorged fuck-shaft squeezing along the sensitive membranes of her cunt. She braced herself, clinging to the sheet, knowing such a glorious fuck would result in an earth-shattering orgasm.

"Oh, yesss…fuck me hard and fast, darling!" her voice squealed.

Asher began screwing his mom at a feverish pace. He could hear the lewd creamy sound of her birthing tube sucking at his pile-driving prick. Maxine loved the brutal way that he was fucking her. He was, without a doubt, putting every other fuck she ever had to shame. She shuddered and mewled as the powerful youth relentlessly pounded his magical prick into her sizzling hole.

"OH…MY GOD!!" Maxine gasped as the orgasm of her life began to engulf her entire naked body. "CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

Asher delivered another sharp strike on her ass, leaving his red handprint as he felt his climaxing mother's pussy tightening and quivering wonderfully around his pounding prick. He fought off his own climax, wanting nothing more than to draw his mom's cum as long as he could.

When he finally pulled it out, his boner was soaked with female ejaculate. It dripped from his penile meat onto the bed sheet as he took position behind his Aunt Jolie.

"Pound the fuck outta me!" she lustfully demanded. Asher's eyes drifted down her rounded booty to the plump, hairless clamshell at the junction between her thighs. He moved forward, grasping his boner near its base and teased her pink pearl with the vibrating tip of his prick.

"Oh, fuck...yess! Shove it in my hole, you sweet fucker!" she squealed, aching to be royally fucked. Asher eased his tapered tip through the hot, tight opening of her fuck slit, sighing in pleasure as the spongy liquid heat of her lining encapsulated his glans and shaft.

"Damn, Aunt, Jolie…that's one hot pussy!" he sighed.

"You make it that way!" she confessed, her face grimacing as she felt his thick cock stretch her cuntal passage. "You'll never need for pussy with a cock like that!"

Crazed with lust, Asher grasped her fatty ass-meat and thrust his hips, determined to give her a good, hard doggy fuck, just like he had his mom a few minutes ago.

Maxine crawled up behind her boy and hugged him from the back. Her enormous, squishy-soft tit-melons flattened out against his back as she looked over his shoulder and watched him fuck her sister.

"Look at her asshole, darling," Maxine cooed. "Look at how it's throbbing."

"That's so cool!" replied the boy, staring at his Aunt Jolie's crinkled butt ring.

"Have you ever had your dick up a girl's ass before?"

"No…I haven't done that yet. I can't wait to do that though."

"Well, maybe your wait is over."

Jolie peeked back over her shoulder at him and smiled, while pumping her cunt on his unyielding prick. "Lots of girls love being fucked up the ass, Asher, including your mom and I."

"Would you like to pound our asses, baby?" asked Maxine, watching her boy's eyes light up. "I think a huge, vibrating dick like yours would feel out of this world squeezing through my asshole."

"I would love it!" the teen exclaimed.

"Mmm, pull it out and fuck my ass, Asher," Jolie eagerly requested.

The boy complied, sliding his juice-glossed prick out of her cunt. Then, he eased the hard knob of his prick up against Jolie's tiny anal opening.

"Enter her ass slowly, darling," his mom urged, watching her son's thick cockhead trying to force its way into her sister. "You have a huge penis…so it'll take a second for a woman's ass to adjust to your size."

Under the insistent pressure, Jolie's tight elastic ring suddenly gave way and her nephew's enormous tool began sinking into her shitter.

"Goddamn!" the boy gasped, feeling the tight, slippery pressure of her ass-walls slip along the flesh of his thick slab.

"Oh, yesss…I love it!" Jolie cried out. "Give me all your cock, Asher!"

She could feel his giant cock throbbing wildly as it continued filling her. Eager to engage in a feverish butt-fuck, Jolie began humping her ass back onto the stiffness of his pole.

"Grab her hips, darling! Fuck her ass!" Maxie urged, reaching around, and teasing her boy's nipples with her nail-tips.

Asher began to thrust his boner through the ring of Jolie's asshole. He had never felt anything so deliciously hot and tight in his entire life. With each hump, his massive rod completely disappeared up between her rippling butt-cheeks.

"Oh, God, Maxine…this feels SOOO fucking good! My God!" Jolie groaned. They shared an equal love for anal sex, and this was the ultimate in back door delight.

Asher's cock BUZZED powerfully as it glided along Jolie's smooth anal walls, stretching the tissue, so that her anal nerve endings were stimulated in ways they never had been before. His swollen knob dug deep into her rectum, filling her belly with powerful, rumbling vibes.

Maxine turned her boy's face towards hers, forcing him to stare into her beautiful, lustful eyes. "Is this what you wanted, darling? To be smothered in attention by sexy females?"

"Yes!" he nodded.

"That's why you asked that 'enchanter' you rescued at the food bank for a big cock, wasn't it? A huge, horse cock that vibrates, so you could make our pussies drip when we're around you."

"I love your dripping pussy, mom!"

"You're gonna love the feel of my tight asshole even better," she winked. Then, she moved her lips to his and they shared a series of sensual kisses.

"Aaaaahhhh!" Jolie frenziedly moaned, humping her ass back on her nephew as the intense pleasure steadily increased in her cock-stuffed asshole. "You're gonna make me come!"

Maxine stopped kissing her boy so he could focus on making her sister climax. "Give her full-length thrusts of your cock, darling."

The ecstasy in Jolie's ass burned all the way up to the tingling nipples that protruded stiffly on the peaks of her wildly swinging tits. Her anal tube chewed at the boy's cock as she writhed and squealed through an ass-rippling climax.

"I want you to do me up the ass in a different position," Maxine stated as she plopped down on her back, making her mammary meat spread out across her chest like rounded pillows.

Asher slipped his meaty rod from Jolie's ass and watched her gaping asshole clench closed. A long, gooey string of pre-cum lowered from his piss-slit and onto the mattress as he maneuvered over between his mom's spread legs. He loved the way she was staring at his monster-cock as it jutted out from his lean, hairless loins in full hardness. His boner seemed a bit blurry from buzzing on high speed.

Maxine drew her knees back, to her shoulders, spreading her thighs and tilting her butt up from the bed. Asher didn't know what looked hotter…the engorged flanges of her vulva or the pink ring of her asshole. He hoped he'd get to spend plenty of time inside both.

"Come bury that beautiful thing in my butt," his mom eagerly requested, reaching out for him.

Clutching him tightly in her arms and pulling him down on top of her, Maxine felt her boy's leaky bell tip nudge against her butt-socket.

"OHHHHH!" her voice quivered, her circled legs shuddering around her teen's hip as his peter-tip rumbled against her ass-lips. The teen remembered his aunt telling him how much his mom liked this, so he spent a few minutes dragging his cock through her ass-crack.

"Oh, darling," his mom finally gasped' "bury your boner in my ass!"

Asher sunk his lusty hardon into her scalding anal fuck-hole, sighing from the feel of her sphincter collapsing his bell glans. Every thick ridge and vein on his rock-hard pole scraped deliciously against the tingling nerves of her hot, grasping ass-tube as it traveled deeper.

Soon the mother was filled with a huge hunk of vibrating meat. She pulled him down, harnessing her legs around his back and crushing her fat tits between them as they began engaging in an anal rut.

Feeling the soft hotness of her juicy ass squeeze his dick, the boy became perfectly still for a moment, luxuriating in the deliciously hot depths of his mom's ass. Not only that, but her silky-soft legs felt divine wrapped around him, and her tits felt so Goddamn big and warm squashed against his bare chest.

Maxine could feel her boy's excited heartbeat through the blood-engorged cock-bulb that was wedged in her tightly clutching rectum. "Do you like this, darling?" she asked, clawing her nails down his back. "Do you like the feel of mom's ass around your magic wand?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped. "Very much so!"

"Why don't we see just how hard you can make me cum this way."

Jake thought he'd go out of his mind when his mom began rotating her ass beneath him, while her ass-ring squeezed and sucked at the base of his deeply buried shaft. Unable to control his excitement any longer, the boy began drilling his stiff boner in and out of his mom's deliciously tight ass.

Maxine pulled his head to hers and fused their lips together. Their tongues wrestled wildly inside Asher's mouth as their bellies beat lewdly together. On and on they humped, neither of them able to comprehend the intense joy and pleasure they were feeling. With every thrust inside Maxine's tight ass, this newfound ecstasy was building and building.

"Oh, baby!" the mother whimpered, on the verge of an unbelievable orgasm. "You have just what I need!"

Asher's young, taut ass bobbed up and down rhythmically as he took long, sweeping strokes up his mom's ass. He wasn't familiar with the inner structure of a woman's bowels, but whatever his mushrooming knob was digging into, deep in her rectum, felt out of this world!

Maxine prepared herself for what could be the most intense cum of her life. Her son's pounding fuck-muscle, with its relentless vibration, was sending delicious sparks streaking to every screaming nerve in her heavy-titted body. No cock had ever fucked her this good! Not even close!

That's it, Asher!" squealed Maxine, clutching his naked body tighter in her arms. "Make me cum!"

The boy doubled the speed of his thrusts, wanting nothing more than to impress the shit out of her. "Auugh, damn!" he gasped, suddenly feeling her hot ass clamp around his cock. His mom's tangled limbs grasped him so tight it felt like she was trying to pull his entire body inside hers.

"OOHHH, FUUUCK!!" Maxine screamed, echoing through the cabin. The unbelievable pleasure was so intense that it felt like her body was going to explode. She was so carried away by such wild euphoria that Asher couldn't believe the sounds that were coming from her mouth. The way her butt-tunnel was chewing on his boner made his toes clenched in delight.

"Mmm, you're fucking her ass so good, Asher!" said his aunt. He peeked over to see her sitting next to the, her legs spread wide open as she lewdly rubbed her wet cunt right in front of him. "See how wet you make my pussy?!"

Asher raised up on his elbows so he could watch his mom cum. Her pretty face was masked with a look he had never seen before. It almost looked like she was in pain, but he knew it was the farthest thing from that. His eyes widened even more from the sight of her ballooning tits. They swung and rippled wildly, up and down her ribcage, like two huge, overfilled water balloons.

The teen leaned down and captured one of her rubbery nipples, suctioning it into his greedy mouth as he continued to feverishly fuck her ass.

Asher performed amazingly, fucking his mom's ass non-stop for nearly another ten minutes, while gorging himself on the succulent peak of her tit-melon. He had never felt anything more enjoyable. It was if he was made to do this.

Suddenly, and without warning, Maxine felt her son's hot jizz gushing up into her bowels. The strange feel of such powerful jets of sperm-juice spewing out against the slippery walls of her ass triggered yet another orgasm in her loins.

Asher could feel his mom's hot ass-muscles involuntarily contracting tightly around his shaft, sucking his cum-spewing dong like a milking machine. He moaned with joy as he felt the wonderful release of cum gushing into her shitter.

"You guys sure can suck dick!" Asher stated, sometime in the middle of the night. Maxine and her sister were leaned over the boy's midsection,

whipping their long tongues all over his giant cock. At some point in their day-long fuck-frenzy they had moved to Maxine's bed. Her

sheet was soaked with female ejaculate; a mess that Asher had created, while savagely fucking the cum out of their pussies.

"It's one of the things we moms are best at," Maxine replied, winking up her boy as she nibbled on his tender cockhead.

"It sure is," her sister added, lashing her licker down against her nephew's scrotum. "We have a unquenchable appetite for a big young dick like yours."

Thrilled by the strong male odor of his lusty rod, the two mothers continued to provide him skillful oral affection. Maxine licked up the drops of seminal fluid that were oozing from her boy's meatus. She ran her wet tongue up and down the entire length of his foot-long shaft, tracing the fat blue veins that bulges out beneath the pink skin of his cock.

Jolie nursed on one of his cum-filled testicles, while rolling the other one between her fingers. She had never sucked on a set of balls so big and the idea that they were creating sperm at that very moment that would be blasted into her or Maxine's unprotected womb excited her tremendously.

Asher stared down his torso and watched his mom's sweet tongue flicker all around the sensitive ridge at the base of his big mushroom-shaped knob. Her pretty eyes shared his gaze the entire time, adding to the magic.

Maxine opened her lips wide and slipped the whole of his big meaty crown into the hot moistness of her mouth. She could feel her boy trembling with excitement as her wet clinging lips slid down over his shaft. Her rounded, obscenely stretched lips tightened around his juicy boner, taking it deeper and deeper into her mouth until his knob was nudging the back of her throat.

"Ohhh, damn, mom!" he gasped. He watched her pretty head begin to bob up and down, pumping her mouth and throat like a pussy

around his boner. Even though he had spent the entire evening fucking them both in the wildest positions, this was the first time his mom had sucked his cock.

Maxine struggled to control her gag reflex as she plunged her mouth around his rod vigorously. She made sure to drag her wet, wiggly tongue all over his boner while blowing him to provide greater friction around his tender penile meat.

"That feels SO good!" the boy gasped.

"Your dad used to love my blowjobs," Maxine stated, curling her tongue around her son's glans.

"Gary?"

"No, not your stupid stepdad. Your real dad. The one you look so much like. I think that's another reason why today's been so special for me."

Asher's testicle popped from Jolie's wet mouth as she looked at her sister in a deeply sympathetic manner. She knew she was experiencing a deeply sentimental moment. "You know what…I should go out and let you two make love."

"Isn't that what we've been doing?" Asher asked.

"No," his mom replied. "We've been fucking, which has been incredible, but it's different than lovemaking."

"How so?"

"Well, as soon as your aunt leaves, I'll show you."

"I'll be on the couch," said Jolie as she grinned and climbed off bed. Asher watched her boobies bobble and her bubble butt sway

deliciously as she sashayed out of the bedroom, closing the door behind her.

"You know, darling…it's important that you not talk to anyone about what happened today," his mom reminded him. "Jolie and I have been cheating on our husbands with you and they'd be crushed if they found out."

"I won't say a word, mom," he assured her.

"In that case, let's make love to each other," she smiled, crawling on top of her boy like a busty cougar.

They began kissing like fuck-hungry newlyweds with Maxine rubbing the turgid nipples of her spongy tits all over her boy's chest. Then, the mother let out a squeal of delight when her son's fat, mushroom glans slipped through the remnants of her hymen and up inside her wanton pussy.

"Oh, Asher…I love you so much!" she gasped, feeling her boy's super-sized cock glide up her juice-slickened birthing tube.

Asher's eyes rolled back in delight as the knob of his cock gave the back of her cunt a big, sticky kiss. His mom's pelvic floor muscles flexed, increasing the tightness of her hot, corrugated sheath around him. "Let's take it sweet and slow this time. That's what lovemaking is all about," she said.

Maxine felt like she was reliving a scene from her youth, when her and Asher's late father had made passionate love together. However, with her son, it seemed so much more intense. Not just because of the size of his cock and its ability to vibrate. The whole forbidden element of it made it all the more thrilling. She also knew that years of experience had mad her VERY adept at sex, allowing her to give her big-dicked boy the fuck he deserved.

"Do you like having your dick inside me, darling?" she asked, riding slowly and sensually.

"I sure do!"

"Does my pussy give you a good, hard cum!"

"Yes!" he gasped.

She stared into his eyes dreamily. "Would you like it to last forever?"

"Seriously?!"

The mother giggled at how excited it got him, and how it made his juicy knob mushroom against her fornix, at the back of her vagina. "Don't think because I'm saying that that I'm divorcing your stepdad. However, I would throw all my toys away and start coming to you when I get horny, if that's something you think you'd like?"

"Of course, I'd like it, mom."

He felt her pussy tighten in response to his answer. Inches from his eyes, Maxine's heavy milkers hung down, gently swaying to her fuck-rhythm.

"My pussy is unprotected, and I have no intention on going on birth control," she explained. "That means you'll probably end up planting a couple of babies inside me. That won't bother you?"

"Not at all. I'd love to see you pregnant!"

Her lips curled into a mischievous grin. "When I'm pregnant is when I'm at my horniest…just to forewarn you."

"I can't wait!" The thought of boning his own mom when she had a huge pregnant belly and ginormous, milk swollen udders made him giddy with excitement.

Asher slowly and rhythmically fucked his mom, gliding his steely pecker up through her tunnel of love. It suddenly struck him just why she wanted it this way. Earlier, he'd screwed with only his prick, but now for the first time in his life he was fucking with his heart and soul as well as his cock.

Gracefully, the boy rolled his mother onto her back, continuing to fuck in the cradled of her warm, smooth thighs. He found that by having sex with her at a slower, lovemaking pace, he could enjoy the wonderful sensations her body was giving him even more.

On and on they screwed, kissing and licking each other's bodies as one hour turned to two. By now their bodies were sheened in slippery sweat and they both panted like they'd just run a marathon. "Thrust hard now, darling…I'm about to cum!" Maxine gasped.

Asher knew he'd be joining her by the way his cock tingled. He began fucking her tightening pussy as hard as he could, making the big bed rock wildly. The limber mother spread her luscious legs in a wide V, giving her boy all the room that he needed to fuck the hot cum out of her pussy.

"Yes! YES!!" his mother squealed, her cunt-passage squeezing tightly around the root of Asher's cock as a violent orgasm exploded throughout her entire body.

"I'm cumming too, mom!" the boy announced. The ejaculate had already begun racing up his cock-shaft. He continued fucking her spewing pussy hard and fast as a load of hot cum splattered along the walls of her vagina. They writhed like two animals, pounding their sex organs together and exchanging hot body fluids.

Minutes later, when their mutual climax had subsided, they continued to cling to each other in a lover's embrace.

"I talked to your stepdad when we took that short break earlier, after you fucked our tits," said Maxine. After Asher had eaten their

pussies, her and her sister had taken turned humping their spongy, stiff-nippled hooters around his buzzing boner, giving Asher a toe-clenching cum.

"What did Gary have to say?"

"He said there are still people showing up at the house asking questions and wanting to interview you."

"Damn, news sure spreads fast, doesn't it?"

"Gary said there's been a girl stopping by. Someone named Bonnie. She told him she's one of your classmates and that she really hopes you're ok."

This news caused Asher to smile from ear to ear, knowing he'd get some hot, teenage pussy when he got back home. "That was nice of her," he uttered.

His mom guided his lips to hers for a slow, sensual kiss. "I know you're gonna be fucking lots of girls. Just don't become such a sexual hotshot that you neglect your duties at home," she whispered.

Asher felt her cunt-muscles tighten around his still-erect cock as it remained embedded in her pussy-tube. "And you do know what 'household duties' I'm referring to, right?" his mother seductively asked, sliding her silky legs back up around his back.

"I sure do!" said the boy as his cock came back to life. "ON!" said loudly.

"BUUUUZZZZ!!!"

EPILOGUE

Asher's cock pulsed with arcane energy, the enchantment that had transformed it into a supernatural pleasure device still raging strong after a full year. The initial media frenzy had finally subsided, though he couldn't walk through town without catching the predatory gazes of desperate housewives who'd heard rumors of his throbbing, vibrating gift—women who'd whisper explicit offers as they passed, their hungry eyes fixed on his crotch.

Despite the tempting offers, the teen preferred to be buried deep inside his mother Maxine's swollen, pregnant pussy. At this very moment, his oversized organ vibrated rhythmically on her favorite setting - pulsate. The constant sensation of pleasure was mind-numbingly delicious, and Asher knew that she was addicted.

Maxine, now in the later stages of her third trimester, lay on top of her boy, her rounded mommy-ass bobbing up and down vigorously. Her enormous tits and stretched-out belly molding around her son, creating a warm, squishy cocoon of maternal flesh.

Her eyes were half-lidded as she enjoyed the sensations her son's vibrating cock was providing her, her swollen belly a testament to the fruits of their taboo union. The room was heavy with the scent of musk and arousal, a heady mixture that only served to heighten their forbidden passion.

The television droned on in the background, but neither of them paid it any mind. Their world had shrunk down to the space between their entwined bodies, their illicit love affair reaching new heights with every passing second. Asher's cock continued to vibrate, its magical power relentless in providing Maxine with the stimulation she so desperately craved in her advanced state of pregnancy.

The teen peeked his head up from between his mom's sweat-slicked cleavage wedged tightly around his cheeks. "Mom, I have a surprise," he grinned mischievously, "I think my cock has a turbo function I never knew about before."

Maxine's eyebrows raised with intrigue. "Oh really? Well let's see what this turbo cock can do, baby."

"TURBO!" Asher shouted. Instantly, his enchanted cock buzzed to life inside her, vibrating with the intensity of the most powerful massaging wand imaginable.

Maxine giggled at first, amused by her son's enthusiastic shout that sounded like a superhero cartoon character unleashing his special powers on her pussy. But her laughter quickly turned to gasps and moans as the intense vibrations from Asher's enchanted cock suddenly skyrocketed in power, buzzing against her sensitive walls with a ferocity she had never experienced before.

The mother threw her head back and let out a wanton moan as the turbo vibrations instantly liquefied her pregnant cunt, her juices gushing out around Asher's shaft.

"Oh fuck yes! That's it baby, turbo fuck mommy's pussy!" she cried out, her body shaking and quivering from the relentless stimulation. Her massive tits bounced and wobbled, droplets of milk leaking from her swollen nipples, coating her lucky boy with hot, sticky tit-nectar.

Asher angled his wildly buzzing cock head directly against the puffy, engorged ring of muscle guarding the entrance to Maxine's womb. As soon as his vibrating glans made contact with her highly sensitive cervix, the muscular ring began to quiver and spasm uncontrollably from the intense stimulation. He could even feel their fully-developed baby shift inside her womb from the intensity of his buzzing cock.

Maxine let out a primal scream as a mind-shattering, full-body orgasm exploded through her. Her cunt clamped down like a vice around Asher's shaft as a torrential gush of fem-cum squirted out, flowing like a river down over his swollen balls. Her entire body convulsed, back arching as the orgasmic waves crashed over her again and again.

"That's it, cum for me mom! Cum all over my turbo cock!" Asher growled, holding his vibrating knob firmly against her cervix as Maxine thrashed and

wailed in ecstasy beneath him. He could feel her ring of muscle fluttering wildly, the vibrations seeming to penetrate deep into her core.

Maxine sobbed and shook as the devastating orgasms continued to wrack her body, the buzzing pressure on her innermost depths sending her to heights of pleasure she never dreamed possible. Milk sprayed from her bouncing tits as her eyes rolled back in bliss. Her pregnant belly heaved and rippled with aftershocks.

Finally, the intense orgasms subsided, leaving Maxine limp and panting, drenched in sweat and girl-cum. Asher slowed the vibrations and began to gently thrust, building her back up as his magic cock prepared to make her cum again and again.

Maxine's gigantic milk-laden breasts enveloped the teen's face as he nuzzled into their soft, pliable flesh. Each massive tit was significantly larger than his head, the skin stretched taut and shiny over the incredible volume of milk swelling her mammary glands. Thick blue veins crisscrossed under the surface like rivers on a fleshy continent.

Asher zeroed in on one fat, turgid nipple, already leaking creamy drops of breastmilk. The teat and surrounding areola were a deep brownish pink, over four inches in diameter. The nipple itself protruded nearly half-an- inch, engorged with blood and maternal need.

Opening his mouth wide, Asher engulfed as much of the meaty nub as he could, swirling his tongue around the bumpy surface as his face sunk against the meat of her melon. He began to suck, his cheeks hollowing with the force. Immediately, jets of warm, sweet tit-milk flooded his mouth as the milk ejection reflex was triggered.

Maxine gasped and quivered, electric tingles radiating from her ultra-sensitive nipple straight to her core as Asher nursed with loud, hungry gulps. Milk overflowed his slurping lips, running in rivulets down his chin and neck. The flow increased as Asher sucked harder, greedy for more of his mother's essence.

"That's it baby, drain mommy's big titties," Maxine purred, cradling his head against her breast. Asher groaned in delight around the fat nipple

plugging his mouth as he feasted on the endless supply pouring forth. His hands kneaded and massaged the heavy globe, coaxing out even more creamy goodness.

Maxine's milk-swollen boobs bobbed and swayed heavily with Asher's movements as he continued to suckle, utterly lost in nursing bliss.

Ever since Asher's cock had been magically enchanted with its vibrating powers, he had experimented with other pussies, curious to see how they compared. He even managed to fuck Bonnie, the cute girl from school he had lusted after for months. With a few whispered words, his cock was buzzing inside her tight teenage snatch as she writhed beneath him.

But as good as it felt, it just couldn't compare to the exquisite sensations of his mother's MILF cunt. Maxine's vaginal muscles were strong and well-trained from years of sensual experience. Her inner walls undulated along his shaft with expert precision, milking and squeezing him in all the right ways. The way her slick, velvety folds clenched and rippled was unlike anything Asher had ever felt before.

More than that though, was the deep, loving connection he shared with his mother. Their forbidden union, the taboo thrill of incestuous passion, heightened every touch, every caress to new levels of erotic bliss. Maxine's body was so familiar, so attuned to Asher's every

need and desire. She knew instinctively how to drive him wild with pleasure.

Bonnie had been an exciting conquest, but she was just a shallow imitation, a pale shadow compared to the real thing. No matter how many pussies Asher plumbed with his magic vibrating cock, none could ever live up to the sheer ecstasy of his mother's heavenly hole. Her cunt was his home, his sanctuary, the only place he truly belonged.

As Asher pummeled in and out of Maxine's sopping wet pussy, savoring the exquisite sensation of her inner muscles fluttering and clenching along his vibrating shaft, he knew without a doubt that this was the only pussy for him. Forever and always, he was meant to be buried balls-deep in his mother's succulent cunt, gifting her with mind-blowing pleasure as she had once gifted him with life.

The very essence of his being, his magical cock, existed for the sole purpose of fucking his mom. With every thrust, every shared orgasmic crescendo, their carnal bond grew stronger, unbreakable. Two halves of one whole, mother and son, joined in the most intimate way imaginable.

Asher knew he would never tire of the rapturous paradise between Maxine's thighs. Let other men chase the variety of different sluts and whores - his enchanted cock had found its one true home, its reason for being, and it would never leave the warm, welcoming depths of his mother's perfect pussy. He would make her cum again and again and again, for all eternity.

Maxine began to come apart again, her body wracked by another intense orgasm. She thrashed and writhed uncontrollably, crushing her son beneath her. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she clawed at him desperately, lost to the overwhelming pleasure consuming her.

Asher couldn't help but chuckle, even as his mom's wild bucking threatened to suffocate him. Her massive, spongy breasts flopped against his face, smothering him in their soft, sweaty flesh. Milk sprayed from her nipples, coating his cheeks. He was in heaven!

Maxine wailed and convulsed, her pussy clenching like a vise around Asher's vibrating shaft. A gush of fem-cum squirted out, splattering Asher's groin and thighs. The warm, slippery fluid just kept coming as her cunt rippled over and over, coating them both in her essence.

"Fuck yes, Mom! Drench me!" Asher growled, holding on tight as Maxine rode out the devastating climax. He angled his cock head to maintain pressure on her swollen, throbbing cervix, knowing it would prolong her orgasm.

Maxine could only sob brokenly in response, utterly undone by the relentless stimulation. Her eyes rolled back in her head as aftershocks jolted through her. She collapsed on top of her teen dynamo, smashing him into the mattress under her quivering bulk.

Asher's magic cock never let up, continuing to buzz and pulsate against Maxine's most sensitive spots.

Through the haze of Maxine's climax, Asher gazed down to where their bodies were joined. He marveled at the sight of his enchanted cock plunging in and out of his mother's stretched, puffy pussy lips. His bulbous knob was a blur as it vibrated rapidly against her nerve-rich walls, the magic keeping the pleasure constant and unyielding.

The buzzing head stimulated every inch of Maxine's vaginal canal, from the sensitive ring of muscle at her entrance, to the textured ridges and folds, all the way to the depths of her fluttering cervix. Asher knew he was hitting all the special spots that made his mom come completely undone.

Maxine's labia were swollen and flushed a deep pink, glistening with her juices. They clung to Asher's cock-root, clasping him tightly as if

trying to hold him inside. Her clit was hugely engorged, peeking out from under its hood, quivering from the intense vibrations resonating through her pelvis.

Asher couldn't tear his eyes away from the erotic sight of his cock sawing in and out, glistening with Maxine's endless flow of honey. Her vaginal muscles rippled along his length, massaging him in undulating waves. It was like her pussy had a mind of its own, expertly milking him in perfect rhythm with the vibrations.

He knew she had at least a few more earth-shattering orgasms in her before she'd be completely fucked stupid. And then he'd just keep going, worshipping her divine body with his enchanted rod.

Maxine's sweat-slicked tits engulfed Asher's head, blocking out all light and air. Asher opened his mouth, suckling on whatever part of her breast flesh his lips found. He was rewarded with a spraying mouthful of tit-milk, which he gulped down greedily.

He thrust up into Maxine's cunt, his pubic bone grinding against her engorged clit. The added stimulation made Maxine shriek, her pussy instantly clamping down even tighter, as if trying to fuse their flesh together.

"Mmmphh, yeah, cum on my cock, Mom! I'm gonna make you cum so fucking hard, over and over, you'll never want another cock inside you!"

Asher's voice was muffled by Maxine's massive mammaries, but she heard him loud and clear.

"Yes, baby, yes! Fuck me forever with that magic dick!" Maxine babbled, lost in a haze of lust.

With a sudden surge of strength, Asher rolled their entwined bodies so he was on top, Maxine's plush form sinking into the mattress

beneath him. Her legs wrapped around his waist instinctively as he began to jackhammer into her with savage, relentless thrusts.

His pubic bone battered her engorged clit with each slam of his hips while his vibrating cock head hammered mercilessly against her cervix. The brutal, ceaseless stimulation sent Maxine hurtling over the edge into a series of mind-breaking orgasms that seemed to melt into one continuous state of electrifying ecstasy.

She screamed herself hoarse, convulsing uncontrollably, fingers clawing at Asher's sweat-slicked back. Her head thrashed from side to side, tears streaming from her unfocused eyes. Explosions of light and color burst behind her eyelids as she squeezed them shut, transported to another dimension of pleasure that obliterated all rational thought.

Asher grunted with effort as he rutted into Maxine's quaking pussy, determined to wring every last drop of orgasmic bliss from her quivering flesh. Her cunt was a pulsing, suctioning vice around him, so tight it was nearly painful, but he never slowed his manic pace.

Maxine's huge, pliable tits jiggled and bounced wildly with each impact of Asher's body slamming into hers. Her massive, taut belly rippled and quaked, the vibrations resonating deep in her core. Milk sprayed from her nipples in arcing streams, painting Asher's chest as he loomed above her.

"FUCK...FUCK...AHHH FUCK!" the mother babbled incoherently, her voice a hoarse, guttural rasp. Her eyes rolled back, showing the whites, as drool leaked from the corner of her slack mouth. Her entire body was as taut as a drawn bow, muscles straining and quivering.

Asher could feel her pussy fluttering wildly, clenching and unclenching erratically as orgasm after orgasm tore through her. Her fem-cum squirted out in gushing spurts, soaking his groin and

thighs, the bed sheets beneath them, as he bottomed out over and over.

He lowered his chest, mashing Maxine's engorged, pulsating clit between their pelvises. The direct pressure made her shriek, back arching almost painfully as she came apart at the seams, thrashing and wailing beneath him like a woman possessed.

Asher captured her mouth in a brutal kiss, swallowing her screams and sobs. He pounded into her harder, feeling his own orgasm approaching, the tingling ache in his heavy balls signaling an impending release.

Asher's swollen balls clenched and pulsed as thick ropes of semen erupted from his cock in powerful jets. The vibrating head of his shaft flared and throbbed against Maxine's cervix as it pumped her full of his hot seed.

Inside her tight, clasping sheath, Asher's cock became like the whisk attachment of a stand mixer set to the highest speed. The rapid vibrations whipped and frothed their combined fluids - the endless gush of Maxine's fem-cum and the spurting deluge of Asher's semen - into a thick, creamy froth.

Asher's cock churned relentlessly, the bulbous head spinning and beating the bubbly mix of their essence into a fine, uniform consistency. Globs of the blended sex fluid sloshed out around the pummeling shaft with obscene wet squelches, overflowing Maxine's stretched labia and running down the crack of her ass.

The enchanted vibrations liquefied Asher's spunk, transforming it from viscous ropes to a thin, runny cream. The watery jizz was whipped to stiff peaks by the spinning cock head, filling Maxine's vaginal canal with a fluffy mousse of semen and pussy juice. The frothy cum bubbled and foamed, expanding like whipped egg whites to pack her pussy full.

With each thrust, Asher's cock forced the whipped spunk deeper, injecting the airy sperm foam directly into Maxine's pulsing womb. Her already pregnant belly expanded even more, growing taut and heavy with the

sheer volume of fluffy cum being pumped into her. It seeped out to coat her rippling inner walls, filling every crevice.

Maxine was lost to the overwhelming sensations, only able to moan and quiver as her son's semen-load was churned to a froth inside her most intimate depths. The vibrating pressure against her battered cervix kept her suspended in a never-ending orgasmic haze, her body rocked by aftershocks.

The mother's pussy contracted in fluttery spasms, clenching around the relentless vibrating intruder, trying instinctively to milk every last drop of Asher's seed. Each clench of her vaginal muscles just whipped the foamy spunk to an even stiffer consistency, until it overflowed her slit in gloppy, frothy spurts to pool on the sheets.

Asher groaned in ecstasy, drowning in the exquisite sensation of his pregnant mother's magical pussy milking him for all he was worth. His hips stuttered and jerked erratically as he spilled what felt like gallons of cum into her hungry hole, the whipped semen filling her to the brim and squirting out the sides with each uncontrolled thrust.

"Low," Asher gasped breathlessly, his chest heaving. Instantly, the intense buzzing of his cock inside Maxine's fluttering pussy decreased to a gentler, rhythmic thrumming. The perfect speed to draw out the lingering aftershocks still jolting through their joined bodies.

Maxine let out a low, satisfied moan, going limp beneath Asher's weight. She twitched and shuddered with each pulse of his slowly vibrating cock, aftershocks of pleasure still sparking along her nerve endings. Her pussy clenched weakly around him, instinctively trying to keep him hilted deep.

They lay entwined in a sweaty, panting heap, too blissed out to move. Asher's face was smushed between Maxine's heaving breasts, rising and falling with each labored breath. He could feel her heart pounding, gradually slowing from its frantic race.

The room was heavy with the ripe scent of sex - sweat, musk, spunk and feminine arousal. The humid air felt electric against their over sensitized skin. Maxine's inner thighs were sticky and wet with the frothy mixture of

their mingled juices, as it slowly leaked out around Asher's softening shaft to soak the rumpled sheets.

Time seemed to stretch and warp as they drifted in the warm afterglow, their flesh still intimately fused. Asher could feel his mom's slick inner muscles fluttering gently around him with the echoes of her climax, massaging his semi-erect cock. His own member throbbed in time with his heartbeat inside her clasping heat.

Maxine lazily stroked her fingers through Asher's damp hair, nails lightly scraping his scalp. The soothing caress made him hum with contentment against the soft pillow of her breasts. He nuzzled deeper into her cleavage, relishing the salty taste of her sweat-sheened skin.

They savored the closeness, the sensation of their bodies melding together in the aftermath of such intense passion. Asher never wanted to withdraw from Maxine's perfect pussy. He wanted to stay buried to the hilt in her warmth forever, vibrating gently, feeling her quiver and milk his cock for eternity.

Maxine's pussy spasmed lightly around him and Asher felt his cock give an answering twitch. The movement made Maxine gasp, aftershocks ricocheting through her body. Her nipples pebbled against Asher's cheeks as she shivered with pleasure.

"Mmmm, keep that magic cock in me forever, baby," Maxine purred, echoing Asher's thoughts. "It feels so good, buzzing away in mommy's pussy. I never want it to stop."

73: Mom M.D._1

Mom M.D.

By Klrxo

"Fuck me, Lane!" whimpered his beautiful date as she sprawled out naked on his back seat. Sara was the sexiest girl at his High School, with platinum-blonde hair and a body straight out of Playboy Magazine.

As the plumped-titted cheerleader drew her knees back, spreading her thighs for the boy to crawl between, Lane's oversized erection flexed excitedly on his loins. His engorged pinkish-purple knob was already leaking a heavy amount of pre-cum. Not only was he one of the most attractive males in town his age, but he also had the biggest cock. At least that's what he was told.

Lane crouched over his cock-hungry date, holding his erection in his hand and aiming the puffy tip at the juicy lips of her well-trimmed pussy. Sara lifted her head and eagerly watched his huge sex organ push into her. Her expression contorted with intense pleasure as she felt her hot little pussy stretching widely to accommodate the thickness of Lane's fat prick. "Unngghh! Oh, God, Lane…it's SO big!" she gasped, throwing her well-tones cheerleader legs around him.

Too excited to restrain himself, Lane thrust downward, slamming every inch of his throbbing prick into the creamy tightness of Sara's pussy. He began to thrust with long, skewering strokes, already beginning to feel his cock tingle with an impending ejaculation. "Not

again…shit! I need to go longer this time, damnit!" the boy told himself, slowing to nearly a stop.

"Are you ok?" whispered Sara, hoping she hadn't done something wrong.

"I'm fine."

"Fuck me then!" she urged, humping her hot ass from the seat-cushion, pumping her cunt up onto Lane's horny stiffness.

The boy felt her pussy sucking wetly around his cock-shaft, stimulating his sexual nerve endings beyond what he was able to bear. Sara heard him grunt and felt his milky-white load spouting deep inside her pussy, hosing her clasping inner-walls with a soothing shower of boy-jizz. She bucked

from cushion, hoping to join him in orgasmic rapture, but he hadn't fucked her nearly long enough for that to happen.

"Sorry," uttered Lane, pulling his gooey cock out. "It just felt too good."

"Well, I guess feeling good isn't a bad thing, right?" she stated, but with obvious disappointment in her voice.

Lane should have been elated by having a strong cum in such a hot girl, but he wasn't. He knew there was more to sex that just nutting off. A girl's pleasure was important too, but it just wasn't the type of thing he had the staying-power to provide. He had a serious 'early-release' issue, and he knew it. It didn't help that every kid in school knew about his problem also, since girls loved to gossip.

"What's up, two-pump chump?!" his friend, Clarence, teased the next day.

"Fuck you, man!" Lane scowled.

"I'm kidding! But seriously, that is the rumor going around. You better fix that, man or the pussy-well will dry up…at least for you."

Even though he was defensive about it, Lane knew his friend was right. If word started going around that he was a premature ejaculator he might be hard-pressed to find a girl who was willing to go out with him, let alone be his girlfriend.

Ironically, he knew his mom, Heidi, was a doctor who worked with young men his age who were experiencing sexual issues. He was happy about that, since she was about the only person he trusted talking to about such personal information.

"Hey, mom…could I um, talk to you for a few minutes?" he asked her as his brunette-haired mom stood at the sink doing a few dishes.

"Of course, you can, Ducky. What's up?"

Lane's mom had nicknamed him 'Ducky' when he was little as a term of endearment. He didn't mind her using it, unless his friends were around, then he became embarrassed if she called him that.

"You work with guys my age…who have issues 'down there,' right?" he asked, glancing at his crotch.

"Yes, why…is everything ok?" Heidi asked, drying her hands in concern.

"Not really. I just, um…have this issue that I thought I might discuss with you."

Heidi was a beautiful brunette with a voluptuous body that never failed to get the attention of her horny eighteen-year-old. She glanced into the living room where her two daughters were playing with their Barbie's. "Why don't we go up to your room and talk… where it's more private," she suggested to Lane.

After following him upstairs, Heidi closed his bedroom door behind him and sat next to her boy on the bed. The swell over her overly large boobs jostled up and down a moment as her ass hit the mattress. "Tell me what has you concerned," she lovingly requested.

"I think there's something wrong with my penis."

"Alright. Can you describe what you think may be wrong with it?"

"I mean…it's not deformed or anything. It's just that…well, whenever I have sex with a girl, I don't last very long at all," he confessed.

"Well, penile sensitivity is common for boys your age. Once you're inside a girl, how many thrusts do you take before you ejaculate? Be honest."

Lane was a bit shocked that his mom would ask for such specifics but was happy to answer. "It's usually just a few."

"Would you say that you finish in under a minute?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any pain or discomfort down there…in your genital region?"

"No, not really."

"Do you feel a sense of nervousness when you have sex with a girl? Performance anxiety is one of the leading causes of what you've discribed," the mother asked in concern.

"Well, no…I'm not afraid to have sex if that's what you mean?"

"I'm not talking about a fear of sex. What I mean is do you worry about how you'll perform when you're with a girl?" Heidi clarified.

"Lately, yes."

"Hmm, it sounds to me like you have common sexual dysfunction called 'premature ejaculation.' I think I'd like you to stop by the clinic this afternoon after school for an examination. We need to rule out any underlying health problems that may be contributing to this issue. After that, we can formulate a plan to help you. Does that sound alright?"

"Sure, you're the expert so whatever you think is best," said Lane as they both stood up. His mom moved in for hug, squashing her huge, fatty breasts against his lean chest. "

"I don't want you to worry, Ducky. Premature ejaculation is a problem that thirty to forty percent of all men deal with so you're not alone. The good news is that it's completely fixable. You were wise in asking me for help rather than letting this continue."

"Here comes your one-minute man!" Heather joked to Sara as they saw Lane coming up the hallway at school.

"Heather, that's cruel!"

"Not as cruel as a guy who can't control himself long enough for you to cum," said her friend before sneaking away before Lane could arrive.

"Hi, Sara," smiled Lane.

"Hey," replied the girl, getting some books from her locker.

Lane could tell she was still disappointed from the 'brief' sexual encounter the night before. It was difficult because he really liked the girl and could see himself having a relationship with her, but he knew he had some things to fix first. "I was wondering if you'd maybe…wanna go out again tomorrow night?" he asked. "That new horror movie is playing at the drive-in."

Sara fed Lane a half-smile. She really liked him a lot too. He was smart, polite and probably the cutest guy at their school. She had always heard that sex with a boy got better the second and third time so Sara was willing to give Lane another shot. "Sure, I'd love to go out with you again," she replied.

"Nice! I'll pick you up around six."

"Sounds good," she smiled, then leaned towards him, giving Lane a quick peck on the lips.

"Well, what did she say?" his friend, Clarence, asked as they walked to class together.

"She agreed to go to the movies with me tomorrow night," Lane replied.

"Righteous! Hopefully it's not the sequel to "Gone in 60 seconds," Clarence joked, then burst out laughing.

"Not funny, man!"

Even though it annoyed him being reminded of his issue, Lane knew his friend was right. If he performed poorly the second time it would show a pattern of lousy sexual performance and Sara might not let their relationship continue. Lane was holding out hope that his doctor Mom could help him.

"There's a familiar face!" stated Evelyn, his mom's assistant as she greeted Lane in the waiting room of the clinic. "Come on back!"

Lane followed the short-haired redhead, finding it difficult not to stare at the swaying meat of her perfect ass. Not only was Evelyn his mom's long-time assistant, but also her best friend. She led him down to an examination room and closed the door. "Your mom gave me a heads-up that you'd be coming in. Let's get your vitals and I'll let her know you're here."

They made small talk as Evelyn checked his pulse, respiration rate and temperature. Her medical scrubs had a V-cut neckline revealing an obscene amount of creamy tit-cleavage. "Your respiration rate is high," the middle-aged assistant stated with a knowing smile. "Is there a reason for that?"

Lane smiled back, glanced down at the rounded swell of her jugs. "Maybe," he replied, getting a giggle from his mom's friend.

"Alright, handsome. Get undressed and get into the medical gown. I'll go get your mother," Evelyn advised.

After she left, Lane stripped naked, then put on his procedural gown. A few minutes later there was a tap at the door and both Heidi and Evelyn came in and closed the door. "Hey, hunny…how did school go today?" his mom asked.

"It was alright," answered her nervous son.

Heidi could sense the awkwardness. Even though they were in a medical setting, she was his mom after all. "I don't want you to be nervous, ok? Evelyn and I work with boys your age every day with conditions just like the one you described to me this morning. We're professionals and want you and your partners to have a satisfying sexual experience. Just put your trust in us and we'll do everything we can to help you."

"Alright," the boy nodded.

"How long have you had this problem, Ducky?

"About a year, I guess."

"Does your premature ejaculation issue happen at every sexual attempt?" asked his mom. Evelyn was taking notes in the computer as he answered.

"Unfortunately, yes."

"What about when you masturbate?"

"Yes, then too."

"Do you have trouble maintaining an erection?" Heidi asked.

"No, I don't think so."

"I'm not talking about 'getting' an erection. What I mean is…does your penis stay fully rigid while you're having sex with a girl?" she clarified.

"Yeah, it does. I don't have any issues with that at all."

"How many erections, on average, are you getting a day, hunny? Between one and five, five and ten or more than ten?"

"More than ten… Is that bad?"

"Not at all. Boys your age achieve erections on average eleven to fifteen times during the day so you're right where you should be. In addition, most boys will experience between four to six 'nocturnal erections' each night, lasting between twenty and thirty minutes. However, this is dependent on the quality of your sleep, so it might not happen every evening."

"Wow, I didn't realize I get them while I sleep."

"Yep, there are actually three different types of erections that you achieve. Psychogenic erections, which occur as a result of a reaction to stimuli or sexual arousal because of a fantasy. These trigger impulses to the penis from the brain. So, for example, this would be the type of erection you'd get if you imagined seeing a pretty girl naked."

"Oh, I see. Well, I probably get those a lot then," confessed the boy, making both women giggle.

"The second type are called reflexive erections. These occur as a physical response to stimulation of the penis or any form of tactile stimulation which sets off your nervous system."

"Tactile stimulation?"

Evelyn chimed in. "A good example of that would be if a girl pressed her big breasts against your chest or licked at your neck. Those are things that would cause you to become erect, right?"

"Definitely!"

Evelyn smiled and winked at him after he glanced at her tits.

"So that would be a Reflexive erection," said his mom. "The third type, as we mentioned before, are nocturnal erections, which are erections that happen while you're sleeping. Your morning wood would fall under that category, and I live with you, so I certainly know you get those."

"True," the boy blushed.

"So once you become erect, how long would you say that you maintain that erection? Under ten minutes, between ten and twenty minutes or longer than twenty?"

"Longer than twenty minutes, but not by much."

"Do you have any pain or discomfort when you ejaculate?" Heidi asked.

"No, none of that."

"This next question is very important so I need you to be as accurate as you can. Once your erection is sheathed inside a vagina,

how many thrusts would you say you take on average, before you cum? Under ten? Between ten and twenty or more than twenty thrusts?" Heidi inquired.

"It depends. Probably between ten and twenty, but sometimes under ten."

"Never more than twenty?" his mom asked.

"No," he blushed.

"It's ok, Ducky. You don't have to be embarrassed. There's no shame in getting help for your sex life. There are tons of boys who need sexual treatment and that's why we get paid to do what we do."

"And you should know that whatever goes on here, with regard to your treatment, is completely confidential," Evelyn added.

"That's right," Heidi agreed. "Only the three of us know what takes place in this office. I don't disclose patient information with anyone, hunny, even your father."

"I trust you guys," the boy stated.

"Good, because the second part of this initial consult is VERY PERSONAL, but necessary in diagnosing the true source of your problem. We need to perform a thorough penile and scrotal examination so we can identify any abnormalities, discomfort, or medical conditions affecting your penis or testicles that may be contributing to your condition," Heidi informed her son.

"Ok, um…whatever you need to do, I suppose."

"Stand up and slip out of your robe for me," his mom requested.

Lane awkwardly stood from the examination table as Evelyn wheeled a chair beside the Doctor, so they were both seated right in front of

the standing teen. The boy slipped off his hospital gown, so he was standing before them as naked as the day he was born.

"Normally, Evelyn and I would wear gloves for this examination, but since we know you, the use of gloves really isn't necessary," Heidi explained, looking over at her son's dangling penis. "I'll start by doing something that might be a bit awkward, but I'll explain after I'm through why it was necessary."

"Alright," her boy agreed.

Heidi grasped her son's flaccid penis, wrapping her hand around it, then used her thumb to stimulate his frenulum. Lane let out a gasp as he felt his mom rub the band of tissue that connected his knob and shaft.

"Starting the timer," said Evelyn, as her stopwatch let out a BEEP.

The two women looked on as Lane's cock began to harden in his mother's hand. "He seems to be achieving normal penile tumescence," Heidi stated as she felt his prick thicken in her hand. Within seconds, Lane's cock had enlarged to a fully erect boner.

"Ok, stop the clock. His penis has achieved full rigidity," the doctor stated, letting go of her son's dick, which stood at attention.

Evelyn clicked off her stopwatch the read it out loud. "Thirty-three seconds."

Heidi smiled up at her hard-dicked son. "We do that little test to rule out any form of erectile dysfunction, which you clearly don't have. I also wanted to show you an example of a 'Reflexive erection,' achieved through stimulation to the frenulum of your penis."

"Frenulum?" Lane asked.

"It's the band of tissue that connects your foreskin to your glans. It's a highly sensitive area, which is why you got hard so quickly."

"Oh, I see."

"Examinations are much easier to perform when a patient is fully erect," Evelyn added moving back to her computer a moment as Heidi measured the length of her boy's prick using a flexible measuring tape.

"His length is nine and one-quarter inches," she stated in a professional tone, then wrapped the tape around the shaft. "Girth is five point six."

As Evelyn inputted the data, Heidi moved to one side of her son, studying the angle of his erection. "Angle of rigidity is between one-hundred-and thirty and one-hundred and forty degrees."

"Is that good?" Lane asked his mom.

"Perfect!" she smiled, showing her gleaming white teeth.

She noticed her son's cock was pulsing excitedly as she began to study its details. Evelyn had a seat next to the doctor and also examined Lane's cock in earnest. "The overall structure is VERY robust," she observed.

"Yes, and the veins along the shaft are well-pronounced and blue, denoting healthy blood flow. His coloring is a natural pink, and the glans are smooth and have the perfect mushroom-shaped structure."

Lane watched his mom reach out and take a firm grip around the base of his cock. She squeezed her first hard around his fleshy rod as if measuring its rigidity. Then, she moved her hard up a few inches and did the same thing. The warm vice-like tightness of her

fist felt amazing around Lane's meat. "He has strong erectile tissue. The tunica seems to be functioning exactly as it should."

"Tunica?" the boy asked.

Heidi looked up at him and smiled, still grasping his cock. "I'm sorry, hunny. The 'tunica' is a band of fiber near the base of the penis that constricts during an erection, compressing the veins that would normally allow blood to flow out of the penis. This is what keeps you hard."

"Oh, I see."

Evelyn offered her two cents. "The primary purpose of an erection is for vaginal or anal penetration so without the tunica having sex would be kind of like pushing on a rope. You wouldn't get very far."

Heidi moved her hand up, gripping the tip of her son's cock and squeezing it tightly. She adored how fat her boy's knob was, knowing that girls would go out of their minds feeling such a cock-tip plow through the walls of their vagina. "Wow, Ducky…in terms of penile rigidity there's certainly nothing wrong with you. In fact, your erection is more engorged than most, which is a good thing. It's a sign of healthy blood flow. Let's focus on your testicles now."

The boy's body shuddered as his mother grasped onto one of his cum-swollen nuts. "Would you like me to do the other?" Evelyn asked the Doctor.

"Sure," replied Heidi.

Evelyn took the boy's dangling nut in her hand so now each woman had one of Lane's balls, squeezing it tenderly. "This one feels normal, like a firm, smooth egg with no abnormalities," his mom stated.

"Same with this one," said Evelyn, slightly tugging on his spermatic cord.

Heidi explored along the underside of the scrotum to find a little bunch of tightly curled tubes sitting at the back of the testicle. "The epididymis feels normal. Is there any pain or discomfort when I squeeze, hunny?" she asked her son.

"No…none at all."

Heidi and Evelyn switched balls so they could compare the size and feel of both his nuts. The teen sighed in delight as they rolled his testicles between their fingers. His mom drug her fingernails along the side of his gonad, while looking up and watching his wincing reaction. "Is that pain or pleasure you're feeling, hunny?" she asked.

"Pleasure."

"Good. Certain parts of the scrotal sack and the testes are full of nerve endings and are considered an erogenous zone. The sensitivity is comparable to the vulva and labia, the outer folds of skin around a woman's vagina."

Evelyn slipped her fingers back onto the teen's perineum, between his balls and anus and began lightly massaging it. "What about there, Lane? Any discomfort?" she asked.

It was unlike anything the boy had ever felt before. "No…that spot feels really good though."

"That's because this area stimulates a boy's prostate gland. By massaging the perineum, you can stimulate the gland and produce an intense orgasmic release of semen."

"I never even heard of that before," Lane confessed.

"Your prostate gland is directly linked to your nervous system, Ducky," his mother explained. "When stimulated, the gland releases a combination of semen and other sexual secretions. The resulting orgasm can be longer and more intense than a typical ejaculation, making it a sought-after experience for many boys your age."

"So, a girl just has to rub that spot?"

"Perineum ejaculation occurs when the prostate gland is stimulated either internally or externally," Evelyn answered. "You can certainly do it yourself, but it's MUCH more enjoyable when you have a partner do it for you."

"Do you guys do that kinda stuff here?" the boy asked.

Evelyn and Heidi looked at each other and smiled. "Your mom and I are experts in prostate massage. We use tools and techniques that can make a boy cum harder than he ever imagined possible," said the Doctor's assistant.

"Whoa!"

"And on that note…" said Heidi, releasing her son's nuts, "we have one procedure to perform and then we'll have all the information we need to recommend treatment."

"Procedure?"

"Don't worry, baby…we won't be cutting you open," Heidi giggled. "Premature ejaculation is defined by three levels of severity…mild, moderate or severe, which is determined by the time it takes you to ejaculate. The way we need to decide this is by stroking on you until you cum."

"You mean…jerking me off?" the boy asked, his heart rate increasing.

"That's exactly what I mean," Heidi grinned. "Not with my hand though. We have heated sleeves that perfectly replicate the feel and snugness of a real vagina, which is important because we need to see how you perform during real sex."

"That makes sense, I guess," said the boy.

"It also captures your sperm so we can measure the volume of your ejaculation and test your sperm-count," Evelyn added.

"Who's the girl you're seeing now?" Heidi asked.

"Sara."

"When you and Sara have sex, has there been a certain position that you've been engaging in?" his mother asked.

"You mean a sex position?"

"Yes. When you have intercourse with her, do you guys usually do it doggy-style, missionary? Does she ride you? How does it go?"

"Me on top, most often."

"Alright, then that's the position we'll need to masturbate you in."

"How do we go about doing that?" Lane asked, knowing it was an awkward way to be jerked off.

"Leave that to us, Lane," Evelyn giggled as reclined the examination table down flat. "We do this sort of thing every day."

He watched as his mom took off her lab coat, hanging it up. Then, he was shocked as Heidi removed her heels and her skirt, setting them aside. Lane had only seen her in her panties once before by accident when walking past his parent's doorway. His mom wore a top that was snug, hugging the enormity of her breasts. Now she was only in this and her panties.

Meanwhile, Evelyn was preparing the heated sleeve for his cock. She had several to choose from but picked the one that most replicated the texture and tightness of teenage pussy, since she knew that's what the boy had been experiencing. She squirted a fair amount of heated lubrication just inside the mouth of the cuntal orifice, duplicating the sex oil that would secrete from a girl's Skene's glands.

His mom put her hair back in a ponytail, then climbed up onto the table on her back. The exam table was much larger than your traditional one, easily able to hold the full length of two people's bodies. "Alright, hunny…I want you to pretend like I'm Sara and climb up here on top of me," she candidly stated.

Evelyn draped a small towel across the Doctor's tummy and handed her the sleeve. Then, she stood beside the table and watched the boy take position between his mother's legs. "Just relax, sweetheart and perform like you normally would," Evelyn encouraged.

"I'm placing the sleeve right here against my mons, Ducky. It's only slightly above where a girl's real vagina would be. You can come down on top of me and thrust as hard and fast as you normally do. I have an expert grip on this thing, so I'll be able to take every stroke you give."

Lane's heart pounded excitedly as his mom bowed her sexy thighs open. Her black panty-crotch clung to the outline of her puffy vulva. Resting above it, the outside of the vaginal sleeved looked like a real naked pussy with thick flanges crowned by a rubbery clit. The mouth of the fuck-hole shimmered, providing a slippery target for him to slide his cock into.

The boy maneuvered down on top of his beautiful mother, prodding the tip of his prick against the sleeve in search of the entrance. "Auugh!" he sighed as his cock slipped into the tight, warm sleeve.

He heard the BEEP of Evelyn's timer starting as he took his first thrust.

"Fuck me, Lane!" his mother cooed in a sweet, innocent voice, imitating a girl his age. She wrapped her naked, velvety mommy-legs high around his back, harnessing him against her and felt the sleeve bulge in her hand as his thick tool filled the inside completely.

Overcome with lust, the boy began to fuck at the sleeve with savage thrusts, his taut, young ass rising and falling rapidly between Heidi's legs. He felt like he was fucking his own mom, which excitedly him even more than usual.

Heidi grasped her free arm around him, holding him to her luscious body as the examination table began to jerk and squeak beneath them. The muscles in her sexy legs flexed as she used them to cradle his humping frame against her. Her dainty feet with painted toenails hovered near his shoulders.

"Auuugh, damn!" the boy moaned, spearing his throbbing prick through the sleeve. It felt remarkably like Sara's pussy, with smoldering heat and wonderful pleats that lined the interior and scraped deliciously around the flesh of his boy-cock. Two things that were different though was the smell

of his mom's familiar perfume and the mammoth tits that were crushed softly against his chest, with only the thin layer of cloth separating their skin. He felt the delectable meat of her breast rippling against him as continued to thrust his cock.

He was only thirty-seconds in and felt that familiar tingle in his balls. He yearned to go for longer, wishing he could lay against his heavy-titted mom for an hour and pretend that he was pummeling his cock through her actual pussy. However, the nerve endings along his penile flesh were on fire and he began to buck wildly from an impending orgasm.

"Auugh, cumming!" his teenage voice squealed as his jizz because pouring into the sleeve with power contractions. He heard the BEEP of Evelyn's timer as she stopped it.

From her years of experience, Heidi knew how to turn a boy's toe-clenching cum into something out of this world. She clutched his ass with the long nails of her free hand, holding him all the way inside the sleeve, then she writhed beneath him as if she were cumming herself. The doctor applied a squeeze and release technique on the outside of the sleeve, imitating the orgasm of a vagina. This made her boy buck and tremble with a squeal as he had his cock exquisitely milked off.

"Forty-seconds," Evelyn stated, then typed the results into the computer.

"See what I mean?" said Lane breathlessly as he pulled his cum-soaked cock from the sleeve. He couldn't help but notice how hard his mom's nipples were as they protruded from beneath her top. "I wanted to go for longer, but just couldn't stop it."

"Your premature ejaculation issue does fall under the severe category, yes, but the good news is I don't think it's caused by anything emotional or psychological," his mom stated as she put her skirt back on. "I think you just have a penis that's extra sensitive to stimulation."

"Can that be fixed?"

"Yes, but it'll required what's called 'behavior therapy.' We need to teach you different methods that will help delay your orgasm."

Evelyn chimed in. "The goal is to help you control your mind and body so you can turn forty-seconds of hot sex in forty minutes of or even longer."

"I'll see if we can do some shifting around in our schedule tomorrow," Heidi stated. "I'd like to start your behavior therapy as soon as possible."

"Me too!" Lane blurted. "I have another date with Sara tomorrow night, and I'd really like things to go better than they did the last time."

"Conquering an issue like premature ejaculation isn't gonna happen overnight, Ducky," Heidi stated. "We can teach you the techniques to delay you ejaculation, but they often take lots and lots of practice before you begin to see results."

After the boy left, Heidi and her assistant remained in the office to consult with each other. "Poor, Lane. It's such a hard issue to deal with when you're trying to impress a girl," Evelyn stated.

"Yes, and even after a good session of behavior therapy tomorrow, it's likely that he'll cum prematurely again when he fucks her," Heidi added. "Maybe I'll suggest a few things to him tonight that he can do that'll at least keep this Sara girl interested in him."

"Good thinking. He can certainly still make her cum…even with his tongue or fingers, until he's learned to delay his ejaculation. By the way…good job today. I hardly ever see you taking things off and getting on your back like you did earlier," Evelyn expressed with a sly grin.

"Well, Lane isn't just any old patient…he's my son. I want to make sure we give him the most realistic experience as possible during his treatment so this can quickly become a problem of his past."

"Oh, so you're saying we can pull out all the stops then?" Evelyn asked with a mischievous grin.

"I refuse to have a son who's labeled by all the girls in town as someone with a short sexual fuse, so yes, we're pulling out all the

stops with him."

"Well, not for nothing, but Lane is incredibly handsome and well-endowed, so you won't hear any complaints coming from this girl's mouth."

"Mine either," giggled Heidi. "I can't believe my own son is nine inches. That's so impressive."

"Thick too! Dicks like that are fucking home wreckers!"

"I know he probably got us both a little wet in the panties today, but let's try to keep things professional," advised Heidi.

At dinner that evening, Lane was amazed that his mom just acted as she normally did, even though they had shared such an erotic sexual experience earlier in the day, at least for him. It shouldn't have surprised him though. His mom was a professional who dealt with things like that every day. However, it certainly got the wheels in his head turning, making him wonder how many other guts his age she'd stroked off that way.

He decided to breach the subject, while helping her do dishes after everyone else was out of the kitchen. "So, what happened today…do you do that with every kid you see at the clinic?" he asked.

Heidi glanced around to confirm that they were alone. "I do, but not in the same way I did with you. Normally, Evelyn or I will stimulate a patient's penis with a sleeve, using a masturbation technique. However, we have been trained to use our bodies in a manner that simulates real sex, in order to make treatment more affective. Since we obviously know who you are, we decided to take that route. Why…were you uncomfortable with the way I helped you?"

"No, not at all. In fact, I thought it was super-cool!"

"I'm glad. You're my son, so of course I'm a little more invested in your treatment than I would be for the average patient. Which reminds me, Ducky…I'm a little concerned about this date you have lined up for tomorrow night."

"Concerned why?"

"Because you'll only have one treatment session under your belt. If you go into that date expecting to give her the sex of her dreams, you're likely to be VERY disappointed. I have no intention of setting you up for failure, so I thought I might mention a couple other things for you to try, instead of having sex with her tomorrow."

"No sex?"

"I just don't think penetration is a good idea for you, until you've had at least a few days of behavior therapy practice."

"Yeah, but…what if she wants it? What do I tell her?"

"You tell her that you wanna spend some time focusing on just her, and her pleasure only."

"Then what?"

"Then you give her stimulation…with your fingers. The clinical term is 'digital vaginal penetration,' but you've probably heard it referred to as 'fingering.' I think you should finger her and make her cum that way. Have you ever fingered a girl's vagina before?"

"Well, not really. I've touched a girl's clit a few times, but never stuck my fingers inside her."

Heidi knew that if done the wrong way fingering his date could be just as disastrous as if he were to try and fuck her. Her son was clearly inexperienced with such things, and she felt obligated to give

him some direction so he didn't embarrass himself again. "Meet me at the car," she stated.

"The car?"

"We're gonna take a ride. I just need to go upstairs and let your father know."

They rendezvoused at Heidi's car a few minutes later and got in. "Where are we going?" Lane asked as they drove down the street.

"You'll see when we get there," his mom replied, glancing over at him. "Getting back to fingering; it needs to be done well in order to produce good results. Bad digital stimulation isn't just a huge turn-off to a girl, it can also be uncomfortable, or even painful. A boy has more control over how to use his fingers than a toy or penis. They're full of nerve endings, which makes them very good at feeling where things are and touching the vagina in specific ways."

"I guess I didn't realize girls liked it so much," said Lane.

"A woman's vulva and vagina contain thousands if nerve endings. If you learn to stimulate those nerve endings with your fingers, like playing keys on a piano, you'll make her scream with toe-curling orgasms."

"You mean she'll like it as much as sex?!"

"Well, maybe not quite as much as sex, but trust me, the last thing she'll do is not go out with you again because you fingered her good instead of fucking her."

Heidi pulled the vehicle down into a private, empty lot behind the town's water tower. "What's down here?" Lane asked.

"I'm not sure where you guys take your dates nowadays, but when I was in High School and two people needed a place for privacy, this

was the spot."

Heidi parked the car, turned off the key and opened her door. "Let's get in the backseat," she told her son.

Lane anxiously followed, getting into the backseat of his mom's car with her. "Alright, you clearly know very little about fingering a girl. I'm not about to have you experience another nightmarish date that leaves your girl unsatisfied, so I wanna teach you a couple techniques that she'll love."

"Alright," Lane nodded anxiously. He couldn't believe that his mom drove him out to a dark spot so she could show him how to feel a girl up properly.

"To start, let's pretend that I'm Sara and we're on our date. We'll begin kissing, then I want you to reach into my panties and start feeling me up. I'll provide instruction from there."

"Seriously?!"

"Yes, but, hunny…this is all role-playing. I'm just advising you on sexual matters, just like I would at the clinic, but letting you practice on me so I can make sure you're properly applying what I teach you."

"Got it!" he nodded.

"Alright…let's start," said Heidi, leaning in for a kiss. Their lips began to share tender kisses that gradually became longer and more passionate. Heidi's tongue slithered inside her son's mouth, and they began thrashing their lickers together as if they were on a hot date.

Lane's heart skipped a beat as his mom nuzzled in closer, mashing her oversized breasts against his chest as they kissed. Even through their clothing her melons felt soft, warm and wonderful. She gave

him yet another surprise by placing her hand on his cock, feeling it harden beneath his pants.

"Damn!" the boy gasped, his body shuddering.

"Relax, hunny…I'm just doing what a date would normally do to you, nothing more."

With that fact in mind, the teen reached between their bodies and grasped onto his mom's squishy tits. Heidi didn't panic and certainly wasn't surprised given the attention her son had given her big boobs over the years. Of course, her purpose was for him to get his hand in her panties, but she wasn't rushing that. She wanted their role-playing to flow naturally.

Lane shouldn't have been shocked by what an incredible kisser his mom was. She was, after all, an expert in all things sexual. Her tongue whipped through his mouth like a slippery eel. Her hand squeezed and tugged at the rigid meat of his cock through his clothing.

Just so things didn't get too awkward, he continued with the purpose his mom set out for him, reaching under her skirt. His shaky hand snaked beneath the hem of her dainty panties and onto the fleshy smoothness of her shaved vulva. He fumbled with the puffy lips, clearly clueless about what he was doing. "Oh, Lane…finger my pussy!" his mom purred as she continued in the make-believe 'Sara' roll.

When it was clear that her son didn't have a clue, Heidi transitioned back into doctor mom. "Find my clit and rub it, Ducky," she whispered.

The boy's fingers pried beneath her fleshy prepuce and found the bulb of her clit. He rubbed on it with his fingertips, marveling at how wonderful her pussy felt. "There you go…rub it up and down and

from side to side. That'll REALLY get a woman's juices flowing!" the mother advised.

"Like this?" the boy asked, stimulating her love-nubbin from different angles.

"Yes, use a combination of light and intense pressure as well as fast and slow rubbing. Pay attention to how a woman's body reacts and what it's telling you she likes."

Just as Lane got the hang of things his mom continued to impart her wisdom. "Stroking her from the bottom of her vagina to her clit is also an effective technique to pleasure a girl. It's a great way to cover your finger in her natural lubrication, making stroking her clit easier. Again, you need to

try varying your technique here, changing how much pressure you're using and how fast you're moving your finger."

Lane loved how his mom was still massaging his cock-rod through his pants as he rubbed on her pussy just as she suggested. "Get my panties off!" Heidi requested, leaning back and lifting her feet from the floor so her boy could rip her panties down her legs.

Lane panted excitedly as he grabbed the waistband of her dainty panties and peeled them off her crotch. He yanked them down her freshly shaved legs while staring at her delicious-looking vulva.

"Now, take the four fingers of your hand and rub it over my clit, labia, and vagina in a circular motion. Use my natural lubrication on your fingers to make it much wetter and more pleasurable."

Lane stroked his mom's naked pussy just as she told him to, stimulating the nerve-rich flesh of Heidi's cunt. "Like that?" he asked.

"Yes, that's excellent!" she panted. "Always build a woman's arousal up to its highest possible level before slipping a finger in."

As Lane rubbed on her, Heidi dove for his lips, engaging in more tender kisses as to make to simulation as realistic as possible. "I'm dripping wet," the mother gasped. "I wanna teach you how to finger-fuck now."

"Alright."

"There are a few areas that I wanna teach you to focus on. The first one is the most important and it's called the G-spot. Put your two middle fingers inside me, and about two-to-three inches up the front wall of my vagina, you'll feel some rougher-textured flesh."

Kneeling on the seat beside her, Lane penetrated his mother's pussy with two fingers, having no trouble finding her G-spot. "I think I found it," he breathed.

"Good. The way to stimulate this spot is by doing the 'come hither' motion. You'll curled your fingers upwards repeatedly, while your palm rubs against my clitoris."

"Like this?" the boy asked, perfectly performing the motion she described.

"Excellent, Ducky!" she gasped, humping against her boy's hand. "Speed up as you see a woman get more and more turned on. You'll feel her g-spot start swelling up and putting more pressure on your fingers."

"I can definitely feel you tightening up," stated the teen as he continued stimulating her sweet spot.

"Increase the speed and pressure slightly, with your come-hither motion hooking around my g-spot!"

"Like that?" the boy inquired, pumping at his mom's cunt hard and fast with his hand. It was beginning to make a wet, squishy sound.

"Oh, God, yes! You're a natural at this! KEEP GOING!!"

He continued his assault on her G-spot for another minute, delighted in hearing his mom pant and squeal in pleasure. He also loved watching her big titties jump around beneath her blouse. Lane felt her cunt-tube clench up around his fingers and his mom's pretty eyes rolled back in their sockets as her face became masked in ecstasy.

"I'm cuuummmiiinnngggg!!" Heidi cried out, her body trembling as her pussy turned to cream around the boy's hand.

Lane continued to finger-fuck his mom's G-spot through her entire orgasm, fascinated by the lewd, creamy sound her pussy was making around his plunging fingers. Heidi finally let out a long, satisfied sigh, pulling his hand from her super-sensitive cunt. "You're a quick learner, baby. If you do that to Sara tomorrow night, I promise it won't even matter that you didn't have sex with her."

She guided him down, so he settled between her legs, stroking his hair as she caught her breath. Heidi was still shaking her climax had been so fucking strong. She could feel the bulge of her boy's fuck-muscle against her quivering vagina. She knew he must be aching for release, and it wouldn't take much to coax an ejaculation from him.

"Bring your full weight down on top of me," she whispered, widening her spread on the backseat so her son could sprawl comfortably between her naked legs. "Rest your head right here on my shoulder and nuzzle into my neck."

Lane sighed excitedly as he felt his mom circle her legs up around him, just as she had early that day at the clinic. She began to gently rock them on the seat, causing his boner the hump against her pussy-mound with delectable friction.

"Oh, wow…that feels good!" the boy sighed, feeling his mom's warm breasts slosh against him through their t-shirts.

"Tomorrow we'll start working with you on how to delay it, but right now I want you to focus on ejaculating nice n hard," his mom encouraged.

Lane's prick was already slimy with pre-cum beneath his underwear, wedged against his mom's dry-humping pussy. Even through his clothing he could feel the heat of her sex-pit as it warmed his prick.

The teen lifted his head and looked down into her beautiful eyes. "Can I kiss you again?" he brazenly asked, drawing a smile from Heidi.

"Sure," the mother whispered, "but let's just consider this part of your treatment." Their lips locked, skipping the short smooches and going straight for a deep French kiss. Lane's orgasm hit out of nowhere as his mom's long, skilled tongue whipped wildly through his mouth.

"Mghfff!" he whimpered as the cum-ropes began to splatter out his piss-hole. Heidi began to buck her naked ass from the car seat like a whore in heat, violently humping her twat up against his spewing hardness, while tightening her legs to intensify her dry humps.

"AUUUGHH, SHIT!" Lane gasped, overcome with pleasure. He hardly had time to say such words before his mom yanked his lips back to hers and practically plunged her tongue down his throat.

For several dreamy, cock-milking minutes they writhed on the back seat, and Lane's young body shuddered with orgasmic contractions as he filled his underwear with boy-goo. His lips were fused to his mom's the whole time and their wet, pink tongues squirmed and twisted inside Lane's mouth like two overactive snakes stuck in a jar together.

"Damn, mom…you must be the best kissing female on the planet," the boy breathlessly expressed.

Heidi giggled. "You're not so bad yourself, Ducky. Once we fix your issue, Sara won't know what hit her. You'll be quite the sexual sensation!"

"I hope so."

"Let's get up and get home so we can both get a shower. We've made quite a juicy mess of each other."

The next day seemed to drag for the anxious teen. If he were honest, he was just as excited for his first behavior therapy session as he was for his date with Sara.

"Behavior therapy involves trying different methods to delay your ejaculation, hunny," his mom explained once he arrived at his appointment. "The goal is to find the perfect technique for you to control your body."

"How many methods are there?"

"There are several, but we'd like to focus on two that have shown the most success with boys who've had the same issue as you. The first is called the start and stop technique. With this method, Evelyn and I will be stimulating your erection to the point of orgasm, then stopping the stimulation for about thirty-seconds, until you regain control of your response. We'll be repeating this 'start and stop' approach for about an hour before we allow you to ejaculate."

"Wow, an hour? I can't promise that I'll be able to hold out for that long."

"Evelyn and I will help you out with that. Whenever we pause, one of us will squeeze on the neck of your penis, where your shaft meets your glans. This will stop the flow of ejaculate."

"How?"

Evelyn answered. "The squeeze technique works by causing one of several muscles in your pelvis that are involved in erection and ejaculation, to contract. This suppresses your urge to ejaculate and allows you to fuck a girl for longer before reaching orgasm."

"Damn…that would be cool if that worked."

"I'm hopeful that it will," said his mom. "Along with the two methods that we'll be teaching you, there's a third thing that you can do that'll delay your

ejaculation during sex, and that's masturbating thirty-minutes before every date."

"Masturbating?"

"Yes, there is evidence that suggests that masturbating before sex can help desensitize the penis enough to make you last longer in bed."

"If anything, masturbation will prepare your body for peak physical performance," Evelyn added. "Kind of like an athlete warming up before a big game."

"That makes sense," Lane nodded.

"Let's get back to the start and stop technique," said his mom. "I explained to you yesterday that Evelyn and I will do everything within our power to treat your condition effectively. This includes doing things that we normally wouldn't do for other patients."

"That's right, Lane," Evelyn continued, "but just as we keep the details of your treatment confidential, we'd ask you to do the same and not tell anyone what goes on inside this office."

"That's no problem at all," agreed the boy.

"If that's the case, we'd like to help you practice this first method by stimulating you orally," Heidi stated.

"Orally?" the boy repeat, his lips curling into an eager smile.

"That's right, Lane. We'd like to suck on your penis and testicles. Not to sound vulgar, but your mom and I are both skilled cocksuckers who know your every sweet spot."

"It's true," his mom agreed. "We know a boy's dick like the back of our hands. We know every part of your penis, Ducky, inside and out. The knob, the shaft, the root…"

"And the balls," Evelyn continued. "We know the location of every single sexual nerve-ending you have and how it like to be stimulated."

"A woman's warm, wet mouth can feel just like a pussy," his mom added. "It'll be an effective way of edging you and applying the squeeze technique."

"You guys are the professionals. Whatever you think is best," Lane responded. He wanted to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this.

Heidi walked over to a side-door and opened it. "Go inside and get undressed, Ducky. We'll join you in a few minutes," she said.

Lane stepped inside the small windowless room where there was a large, specially made lounge bed with wedge pillows created for engaging in various sex positions. The space was dimly lit, and the slow, erotic beat of music resonated from overhead speakers. It was obvious that this was a room created for one purpose…sex.

74: Mom M.D._2

The teen quickly stripped off his clothes, just as his mother told him, then sat on the lounge bed waiting. A few minutes later, the door opened and Heidi and her assistance came in and closed the door behind them. Lane's eyes about bugged out of his head as studied the white mesh bodysuits they were wearing. They were transparent in design with spaghetti straps, allowing him to see their heavy breasts in extraordinary detail. Fat, rubbery teats protruded from the centers of their wide, pinkish-purple areolas. "Lay on your back and get comfortable, Lane," Evelyn instructed.

The boy's cock was already fully erect in anticipation of what was coming. His thick slab rested against his abdomen as he sprawled back on the lounge bed.

Heidi reached back, putting her hair in a ponytail. "Before we get started, you'll need to choose a word to alert us when you're on edge and about to cum. That way we'll know when it's time for us to apply the squeeze technique," she informed him.

"Any word?" Lane asked.

"Yep…you chose."

"Hmm, how about 'upsurge?'"

Evelyn giggled. "That seems like a fitting word."

"Let me guess…from one of your video games, right?" his mom teased.

"Yep," the boy answered, staring at the darkened cleft of her vulva through the sheer fabric of her bodysuit. He quickly peered over at Evelyn's crotch

and marveled at how he could see her clitoral prepuce peeking out from between her labial flanges. Unlike his mom's pussy, which was completely shaved, Evelyn had a neatly trimmed landing strip, which matched the red hair on her head. The horny teen instinctively reached down and began squeezing on the tip of his prick, but then he came to his senses and stopped himself.

"You can stroke on yourself, hunny. When we're in this room, it's important for you to let your body do what comes naturally," said his mother.

"That's right," Evelyn agreed. "There are no inhibitions here. This room is where a person's inner sexual animal can be completely free."

"Alright," Lane answered, then began massaging the tip of his prick to the sight of their beautiful, mature bodies. The two women watched him for a moment, fascinated by how his hand was squeezing around his fat knob. Pre-cream bubbled from his piss-hole, making them lick their lips unconsciously.

The two women lowered onto the lounge bed beside the boy and began stroking his body tenderly. They grazed their long nail-tips on his flesh stimulating his erogenous zones. Strong, teenage pheromones wafted into their nasal passages, hardening their plump teats beneath the gauzy fabric.

Lane continued to pull on his cock, but knew he had to be careful, because the affection they were showing alone could make him cum very quickly. His mom gently pulled his hand away and replaced it with her own. She curled the loose skin of his prick over his bell-glans, then stroked downward, causing to his crown to expand, like

a meaty, pinkish-purple mushroom sprouting from the earth. "It's so hard!" the mother proudly cooed.

Heidi leaned over and lightly brushed her lips across his rigid prick. The musky aroma of teenage cock-flesh swept through her nostrils and made her cunt-tube clench with desire. She probed her tongue-tip around his bell-shaped knob, tracing its meaty outline. Meanwhile, Evelyn did the same, but from a lower area. Starting at the boy's nut-sack, she drug her wet licker all the way up the underside of Lane's enormous boner, making his body shiver in delight.

"Remember to use your word when you get close," she reminded him. Evelyn joined the boy's mother at the tip, wrapping her hand around Lane's cock-base and taking a firm grip so she could point it upward towards their mouths.

The lucky teen gazed down his torso and watched the two grown women lick on his peter-tip, while staring up at him with their alluring eyes. Their tongues were long and thick, whipping all over his swollen glans with meticulous skill. Evelyn's pink snake flickered up and down against the band of his frenulum, making his entire dick flex with excitement. What thrilled the boy just as much as their licking was the way the randomly kissed his leaky knob, making lewd smacking sounds with their luscious lips.

"You have such a nice prick, Lane," Evelyn stated between licks. "I'm surprised you haven't fucked tons of girls by now." She tugged gently at the base, pulling the loose, pink skin tight along his thick, sinewy shaft, making the maze of blue veins bulge out obscenely. She'd seen a lot of young dicks in her profession, but none were quite as delicious looking as Heidi's son's prick.

The doctor wrapped her soft, warm lips over his knob and lasciviously moaned as she began licking and sucking ravenously on the big, tasty bulb of his prick.

"Oh God, mom!" the boy shuddered, feeling her tongue scrub his throbbing glans. Meanwhile, he could also feel Evelyn nibbling gently along his cock-shaft with her teeth. The doctor's assistant gnawed on his erectile meat like a dog on a hambone, pinching and pulling at the pink skin of his cock.

Heidi's head began to bob up and down in a steady blowjob rhythm. The rounded ring of her lips skidded up and down over the flesh of her son's big, flavorful prick.

Lane was at the mercy of a professional cocksucker so it wasn't long before his toes were clenched and he blurted the word he had decided on. "Upsurge!"

The two women stopped sucking and his mom clamped her thumb and forefinger around the neck of his penis. "Good job, Ducky. Breath in and out now…let your pelvic muscles relax," she said in her sweet voice.

"It usually takes about thirty seconds for your ejaculation to subside and then we'll start sucking your dick again," Evelyn explained.

When the time had expired, the two women went back to work. Lane's hips began giving shallow thrusts, countering his mom's bobbing head. Her wet, warm mouth worked his dick like a pussy, rhythmically plunging down his tubular stalk, sinking further and further towards the base.

"Oh my God!" the boy shuddered, feeling Evelyn's tongue whip around on his bloated balls. The assistant pushed her face against his scrotal sack and inhaled deeply, delighting in the warm muskiness of his teenage scent. She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth, nursing on its egg-shaped meat, tugging exquisitely on the cord of his vas deferens.

Heidi moaned with delight as she sucked her son's cock in earnest. Even though she didn't suck the pricks of other young patients,

she'd still had a lot of experience with cock-sucking. Her boy's boner was one of the nicest, tastiest dicks she'd ever had. "Your dick is delicious, Ducky!" she gasped, then went back to sucking.

"Thanks!" the teen uttered, feeling his arousal-level quickly rise from the divine friction on his genitals. "Upsurge!"

Lane watched wondrously as his mom crawled over and propped herself directly over him on her hands and knees so she could stare down into his pleasure-filled eyes. This time it was Evelyn who had her fingers clamped around his prickhead, stopping him from cumming.

"Don't you worry, hunny…all that cum will come blasting out eventually. Your focus though should be centered around becoming an endurance-beast in bed and making a girl soak your penis in female ejaculate."

Heidi lowered down against him, crushing her fatty tits against his bare chest. She brought her lips to his ear and nibbled teasingly. "I'm so proud of you," the mother whispered. "You're doing such a great job so far."

"Thanks!" the boy hissed.

"You'll be able to fuck a girl so hard once you've mastered this technique," she softly stated, gazing magically into his eyes. "Ohh, and you do like to fuck pussy hard, don't you, my Ducky?"

"Uh-huh!" he gasped, aroused beyond words.

This time it was Evelyn who began sucking his rod, while his mom slowly kissed her way down his chest. She paused at each of his nipples, nibbling on the tips with her teeth and flicking her tongue across them, while gazing up at him as he watched.

The nerves in the crown of Lane's cock tingled as Evelyn's tongue teased and tormented the spongy bulb with every wet plunge of her lips. He'd gotten a few blowjobs before, but those paled in comparison to the way his mom and her assistant were sucking his cock.

Evelyn fucked her face on the unyielding spike of his prick, lowering her obscenely stretched lips to his cock-root and holding it there. She heard the teen groan as she let him soak in the smoldering tightness of her mouth and throat.

His mom was dragging her tongue against his chiseled abs, then she licked further down until she joined her assistant at the root of her boy's prick. While Evelyn gave him juicy head, Heidi clamped her lips around as much of the thick stalk as she could, lightly chewing at its strong, rigid meat.

"Upsurge! UPSURGE!!" the boy exclaimed, his toes clenched as he squirmed in ecstasy, right on the fringe of a hard cum.

"Breath, hunny," his mother coached, stoking his chest as she watched him fight off an orgasm. Evelyn lightly kissed on his engorged knob, which was a deep shade of purple between her tightly clamped fingers. Pre-goo seeped from his meatus, and she slowly swiped it off with her tongue.

"Mmm, scrumptious," she purred.

The boy looked up at his gorgeous mom hovering over him. Her massive tits ballooned from her ribcage, stretching the gauzy fabric outward so he could see their huge, rounded undersides. She smiled down at him lovingly over the melonous swell of her bosom. Then, she looked over at her assistant. "He's handling this well. Let's include stimulating his prostate," she suggested.

There was a lubrication dispenser on the wall and Evelyn used it to squirt some on her fingers. "We're gonna position you a bit

differently now, Ducky," his mom said. "I'll be laying on top of you and sucking your cock, while Evelyn massages your prostate. Once I climb onto you, I'll need you to bring your knees back as far as you can and hold them there."

"Alright," agreed the teen, his heart racing so fast he could hardly breath.

His mom climbed on top of him, straddling his head. The sight of her naked pussy, seen clearly through the fabric that hugged it, made him gasp out loud. He brought his knees back, then felt his mom's tongue flail around on his peter-tip.

Evelyn buried her pretty face between the boy's slightly upturned ass-cheeks and began licking his asshole. She heard him let out a pleasurable sigh as she dug her licker against his rosebud. "Damn… you guys are making me feel too good!" stated the teen, feeling his balls clench up close to his body.

"Fight it off, Ducky…you can do this!" his mom coached, then went back to gorging herself on his delicious cock.

"You might feel some slight discomfort down her, Lane," Evelyn warmed, lubing his ass-ring up. "Down, worry though…it's just temporary and will quickly become VERY pleasurable."

Evelyn squeezed two fingers inside his asshole. She knew from experience that a boy's perineum was firmer near the front of the penile bulb, which was the inner ending of his shaft. It felt softer and fleshier toward the back. This is the area she was aiming for. She knew several prostate milking techniques but decided to use the 'come hither' motion with her fingers, working her digits against the gland.

"Auuugh!" the boy moaned arching his back in pleasure. His mom's pussy hovered inches above his face as she blew his cock. He could

swell her sweet cuntal aroma and see the coral slit peeking from between her thick labial lips.

He brazenly raised his head up, kissing her hairless flanges through the fabric. As his head rested back on the cushion, his mom's cunt followed, smothering his young face with pussy. Now the smell was so ripe that it made him almost dizzy. He sucked at her fragrant folds through the fabric and dug his tongue through its juice-slickened cleft, tasting her delectable nectar.

Heidi sucked her boy's cock with vigor, her rounded lips plunging tirelessly up and down the vein-encrusted muscle of his hardon. She felt his body shudder as she plunged her mouth to his hilt and held it there, with her

lips sealed to the root of his cock. She felt his organ swell in her mouth and throat and knew this was partly due to having his prostate exquisitely milked by her assistant.

"Upsurge!" the boy whimpered; his voice muffled by cunt-flesh. His cock popped wetly from his mom's mouth, and she sat upright with her cunt still smothering her boy's face as if it were the saddle on a horse.

Evelyn stopped stimulating him but kept her fingers inside the boy's ass. "It looks like he's having some ejaculatory leakage," she told Heidi as they watched pearly-white cum ooze from the boy's meatus.

"Yes, that's definitely ejaculate and not pre-cum," Heidi agreed, then stroked her hands down her boy's torso. "Relax and breath, hunny. Let the cum settle back into your testicles."

After a half-a-minute, the two women resumed the task of providing him pleasure. Heidi worked her mouth around his meaty tool, her wet tongue battering the tender flesh of his knob before every downward plunge. She adored the succulent flavor of his pre-ejaculatory ooze. A young prostate always created rich semen that

tasty like sweet ambrosia. Even though she was married, it delighted her that she could help her son this way. The fact that he had a huge, delicious cock made it even more satisfying.

Several more times over the next half-hour they would edge the boy to the brink of orgasm. The pleasure was unlike anything Lane had ever experienced before and he wished it could go on and on forever. His mom's mouth and throat felt like an unimaginable pussy, encapsulating his erectile meat and pumping it with divine friction. Evelyn's skilled fingers made him feel like his whole body was being consumed in sexual euphoria.

It had been just over an hour since they began and Evelyn felt a tap on her shoulder as she sloppily licked and kissed the boy's hairless taint, while milking his prostate with her tireless fingers. She looked up to see Heidi peering back at her, her mouth stuffed full of wet, glistening dick-meat. The doctor nodded, signaling that it was time to milk the boy's ejaculation.

Both of them went back to task purposefully, sucking and fingering as masterfully as they could. Lane's legs began to tremble, and his toes clenched tightly. "Upsurge!" his cunt-smothered voice announced. By this time his face was soaking wet from the cuntal secretions that had saturated

the crotch of his mom's bodysuit. To his increasing delight, his mom and Evelyn only intensified their actions. "Upsurge!!!" his voice trembled, his hips beginning to jerk involuntarily.

Heidi felt the knob of her boy's prick mushroom as it fucked through the tube of her throat. She swallowed the last few inches of his boner, wanting her boy to feel completely consumed when he came.

Evelyn felt the familiar tightness in his rectum and continued pumping her fingers, while rubbing the boy's clenched-up balls with her other hand.

Lane saw flashes of light go off before his eyes as his body arched from the cushion and he let out an animal-like grunt.

Sucking frantically, Heidi was gulping and swallowing the delicious fluid as fast as it spurted out of his virile, young cock. Because he was having his prostate milked, her son produced an abundance of prostatic seminal fluid, which burst scrumptiously through her mouth and down her cum-hungry throat.

The boy writhed with euphoric pleasure and the two moms had no intention of letting up until they had drained every drop. Finally, after several minutes, his pecker sprung from his mom's mouth and Evelyn's fingers slipped from his asshole. Feeling the boy shaking with exhaustion, Heidi rested her face on his leg, her hand still caressing his softening, wet prick. "You did amazing, Ducky!" she cooed.

"It's true," Evelyn agreed. "Most guys don't make it an hour during their first session, especially when having their prostate milked."

"I never dreamed it could feel that good," the boy said, still catching his breath.

"Alright, Ducky. We have other patients to see, so you need to get dressed," his mom advised.

"Lucky them," the boy stated as he sat up.

"No, lucky you. You're the only one who gets his cock sucked like that," Heidi winked as her and Evelyn strode towards the door.

Lane could see their luscious bubble butts through the sheer fabric of their bodysuits almost as clearly as if they were naked. "Will you guys wear those things for my next session too?" he asked.

"Maybe," his mom smiled, then wagged her meaty derriere teasingly. "Or maybe we won't wear anything."

"I'm down with being naked," Evelyn added.

"Righteous!" the teen exclaimed.

Heidi and her husband, Felix, had been married for nearly twenty years. Despite seeing boys' cocks on a daily basis, and stroking many of them off at the clinic, Heidi had never once cheated on her husband. They had a good marriage, with regular sex, that resulted in three children.

"Lane has been coming to the clinic for some issues," Heidi stated as they sat in bed together.

"Issues? Is he ok?" Felix asked.

"He's fine. We're working with him to get them resolved."

"What are the issues?"

"Hunny, you know I can't tell you that. I know he's our son, but he's technically an adult so that information is confidential," Heidi reminded him.

"Come on, Heidi. You don't have to go into details, but at least tell me what's going on."

"You don't have to worry about a thing. He's in good hands and that's the important thing," the wife assured him.

"If it's a sexual issue, are you sure that YOU should be the one treating him? I mean, couldn't that make you and Lane's relationship a bit awkward?"

"No. In fact, if anything it's brought us closer," Heidi answered. "He feels safe talking to me about issues that are extremely personal AND he goes along with a treatment plan that is…how shall I say this, licentious, but necessary."

"Licentious in what way?" Felix asked curiously.

"Hunny, just as I can't tell you what Lane's condition is, I also can't divulge how we're treating it. All you need to know is he's doing great."

The last thing Heidi wanted to do was tell her husband that she had sucked their son's cock today. Even though her method was extremely naughty, it was for her son's benefit, so Heidi didn't feel a drop of guilt for anything she had done during Lane's behavior treatment. In fact, she felt she could completely justify taking things even further sexually, if she needed to.

Meanwhile, across town, Lane and his date were at the Drive-in, but they weren't watching the movie. Instead, they were on the back seat of Heidi's car smooching hot n heavy. The boy thought it was ironic that he was getting ready to feel his date up at the same spot on the back seat that he had fingered his mom a couple days ago.

"God, you have me so horny!" Sara gasped, placing Lane's hands on her plump tits.

The boy knew he had to make his move now before she asked him to fuck her. It wasn't that he didn't wanna have sex, he was just afraid he would ejaculate too quickly again and completely ruin things between them.

With one hand, he reached down into her panties and began feeling her up. Sara began to whimper and melt in his arms as she felt two fingers plunge inside her and begin stimulating her G-spot. "OH MY GOD, LANE!" her quivering voice cried out.

The boy put his newly learned skill to the test, finger fucking her, while rubbing her clit with the palm of the same hand. In under a minute, Sara was howling and trembling in climax. Her pussy tightened around Lane's fingers and began soaking them with her orgasmic juices.

Lane was prepared to make her cum again, but Sara had other ideas. "Fuck me now!" she hornily hissed, quickly stripping off her panties.

"Fuck you?" he asked, inwardly panicking.

"Yes, fuck me. I need you so bad!"

It was then that Lane remembered that he had forgot to heed his mom's advice and masturbate thirty-minutes before his date. "Shit," he uttered under his breath.

"What? Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm good."

"Fuck me then," said the girl, pulling him down on top of her. Lane's rigid cock squeezed through her tight pussy, easily reaching her back wall.

"Fuck me, Lane! Fuck me hard!" she screamed, clutching at his ass and pulling him more violently into her cunt.

The boy's tender meat slid smoothly against the hot fleshy ridges of Sara's sucking cuntal walls. He squeezed on her plump tits, while pumping his prick in a steady rhythm. He lasted nearly five minutes this time, pausing a few times just as his mom and Evelyn had shown him. However, he still hadn't given Sara a climax this way.

"Sorry," the boy sighed as the last few drops of jizz oozed from his prick. "It feels really good inside you."

"Well, I'll admit it was better than our first time. The way you fingered me was amazing, but…"

"But what?"

"I don't want you to think I'm shallow. I REALLY do like you, Lane, but…"

"Go on," said the boy.

"I just LOVE sex and would really like to have a boyfriend who could fuck me for longer," she confessed.

"I'm working on it, I really am," Lane told her. "Will you give me one more chance?"

"Of course, I will," she replied with a pretty smile. "The fact that you cum so quickly isn't a deal breaker, Lane. I guess I just have high expectations when it comes to sex."

"I really like you too…so I'll do everything it takes to meet those expectations."

"How did it go with Sara?" his mom asked at the clinic the next day.

"Well, I fingered her like you showed me and she really liked it, but then she wanted sex and I failed miserably again."

"How long did you last?"

"Only about five minutes."

"Five minutes?! I certainly wouldn't say that's a failure!" Heidi stated.

"Mom, I didn't even make her cum."

"Ducky, that doesn't matter right now. You said the first time you fucked her you ejaculated in under a minute. Lasting five minutes this time is real progress! With more practice, you'll be able to go ten, twenty, maybe even a whole hour without ejaculating."

"I guess your right…I did make some improvements."

"And it's important to focus on those," Evelyn stated. "Improving one's staying power doesn't happen overnight."

"Hunny, today we'd like to introduce something called 'Sexual Sensory Stimulation,'" said Heidi.

"Sexual Sensory Stimulation??"

"Try saying that one ten-times fast," Evelyn joked.

"Sexual Sensory Stimulation is a treatment technique in which all five senses are stimulated at once. It helps heighten arousal, which is important when you're learning to control your orgasm," Heidi explained.

"Why is that important?"

Evelyn answered. "Let's say you're having sex with Sara and you're doing great stamina-wise, then suddenly she licks your neck, or she says something nasty to you, like 'oh, Lane, your cock feels so good!' Those things can easily trigger what's called a 'spontaneous orgasm,' which is something we're trying to prevent."

"It's not that we're attempting to keep those things from arousing you, we just wanna try to prevent it from raising your excitement level to the point

that you lose control and cum," Heidi added. "That's why I think it's important that we integrate that technique into your treatment."

Lane smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever you guys think is best."

"Let's start with sound," said Heidi, clicking on a recording from a nearby laptop. Suddenly, the sound of two women moaning and panting filled the room.

"Is that you guys?" Lane asked, already becoming aroused by the erotic sounds of their sexually stimulating voices.

"This is a recording of Evelyn and I masturbating, yes," his mom answered. "We recorded it to provide audible stimulation."

"I like it!" the boy confessed.

Evelyn moved in close to the boy and brought her lips near his ear. "Is it making your cock hard?" she whispered in a sensual tone. "Is it making you think about hot, wet pussy?"

"Uh-huh!"

Heidi giggled. "Dirty talk is also a form of audible stimulation, which can certainly test a man's endurance when he's trying not to ejaculate," she explained. The doctor noticed that her son's cock-bulge was tenting his pants, straining for release. "Why don't you pull your shorts down, Ducky, so you can stroke on your penis."

"Alright," said the boy, slipping his shorts and briefs to his ankles. His big erection burst from his underwear like it was spring loaded. He squeezed on the swollen tip of his rod, while listening to the sexy recording of them masturbating.

"Next is the sense of sight," Heidi said as her and her assistant began unbuttoning their lab coats. "A boy can easily become overly-aroused by looking at a woman's naked body."

Lane's eyes widened as he realized they were wearing nothing but panties beneath their lab coats. Evelyn took hers off completely and her huge, naked tits bobbled deliciously on her rib cage. The boy began stroking his prick extra hard as he gazed over at his mom's naked melons. Her areolas

were extra-wide, and the nipples protruded from centers looked like pink marshmallows set on end. "Damn…you guys are sexy as hell!"

the boy expressed.

"Thank you, Lane. Is looking at our bodies making you wish that you could fuck a girl right now?" Evelyn asked, continuing her audible stimulation.

"It sure is!"

"Or maybe you're wishing that could have your dick sucked on," his mom added, moving over close to him, "that you could jab that big teenage cock of yours down a woman's throat?"

Lane felt his rod tingle in his hand. "You guys are right. Hearing a woman talk dirty IS a huge turn-on!" he stated.

"Which is a good thing," said Heidi, "as long as you can enjoy it without having a spontaneous ejaculation."

"So, we've covered sight and sound. Let's move on to touch," said Evelyn squirting some heated lubrication from a bottle into her hand. She knelt in front of the teen and replaced his hand with hers. Her first made a lewd creamy sound as she slowly stroked Lane's fully erect cock from knob to balls and back again. "A boy loves the feel of having his cock jacked off."

Lane sighed as he looked down and watch Evelyn's slimy hand travel the length of his jutting erection. He loved the way her heavy breasts jiggled to every stroke of her hand.

His mom stepped up to him and lifted his shirt, exposing his torso. "They also love the feel of a woman's big, soft tits against their bare chest," she stated, then brushed her squishy boobies against his naked flesh. Her hardened teats scraped teasingly against his chest.

"I like that a lot!" said the boy.

"The question is…can you control your ejaculation when a woman's tits are smothering you?" his mom asked. "Something like this, or even the sight of big breasts bouncing around, while you're screwing a girl, can be a potential pitfall for someone with premature ejaculation issues. You have to learn to become a master of your own body, using the pause technique that we went over yesterday. We want you to practice that…but first we have two more senses to discuss."

Evelyn released his cock and stood up. "Which are the sense of smell and taste. The scent and flavor of a woman can be a huge trigger for a boy and can certainly contribute to him cumming prematurely," she said, nudging him back onto the stool.

Lane watched the two women reach into their panties and finger their cunt-slits. Heidi brought her hand out first and moved it to her son's nose. Her fingers were glistening with juices. "The sweet smell of pussy can make your cock throb for release," she softly stated.

The boy inhaled, letting his mom's pungent aroma sweep through his nasal passages. Evelyn brought her hand up also, letting the teen smell her feminine scent. "The aroma of a woman's cunt can heighten a boy's arousal-level, causing the cum-ropes to ejaculate from his piss-slit much too early."

The assistant leaned down, bringing her lips to the boy's ear. "Would you like to taste my hot pussy, Lane?" she asked in the naughtiest tone he'd ever heard.

"Sure!"

She peeled her thong panties down her legs, then stepped out of them. Lane expected that she'd pick them up and bring them his nose, but instead Evelyn moved up close to him, turned around and bent over.

"Whoa!" the boy uttered, staring at her big, rounded ass-cheeks. Her buns were slightly spread, exposing the crinkled pink ring of her asshole. Bent over the way she was, Evelyn's shaved pussy flanges looked like a puffy clamshell.

"Go ahead, Ducky…go taste it," his mom urged.

Lane lowered to his knees and eagerly buried his face against Evelyn's twat. He wormed his tongue into the pungent hotness of her juicy fuck-hole. He could feel his cock throbbing stiffly between his legs as he feverishly feasted on her cunt-slit, deeply inhaling the horny aroma of her female arousal. The boy used his lips to spread her moistened cunt-lips apart lashing his licker against the grape-sized bulb of her clit. The sound of the masturbation recording in the background only heightened the experience.

"How does it taste, hunny?" his mom asked.

"Amazing!" he answered, his voice muffled by Evelyn's wet cuntal folds.

"Why don't we let you experience all five of these senses now, while we stimulate your shaft and glans. Sit back on the stool," his mom instructed.

The teen complied, still licking the tangy juices off his lips. Evelyn fetched a silicone vagina from the drawer and lubricated its entrance. "This sleeve is equipped with heated vibration, Lane. I'm going to be using it on your cock like a real pussy. Do you remember your signal word from yesterday?" she asked.

"Upsurge."

"That's right. When you get close to cumming, use your word and I'll ease up on my strokes. The goal today is a half-hour."

"Alright," he anxiously nodded, watching her kneel and fit the sleeve over his dong. It felt just like a hot, tight pussy with added pulsation.

Evelyn twisted the sleeve in a corkscrew motion as she stroked the boy's tender prick with it.

"How does that feel, Ducky?" asked his mom as she stood near him. "Does it feel like a girl's on top of you, riding your big dick?"

"Yes!" he excitedly nodded.

"Buck your hips and meet my strokes," instructed Evelyn. "There's a nice, soft ring at the back of that'll feel wonderful kissing your cock-head."

His mom's assistant was right. As the boy met her strokes, he could feel the soft ring at the back of the sleeve, which simulated the head of a woman's cervix.

"Not all boys can reach that far back, hunny," his mom stated. "It means you have a long, strong dick that can pack a woman's pussy completely full."

The incredible friction paired with the sight of his mom's bobbling tits and her dirty words made his cock begin to tingle. "Upsurge!" he blurted.

Evelyn pushed the sleeve all the way down to the root of his cock. "If this were real sex, you'd wanna slide your cock all the way in and keep it there.

Let her feel your throbbing manhood inside her, while you pause," she advised.

Once they continued, Heidi stepped behind her son. She leaned over, mashing her oversized hooters against his back and brought her lips

to his ear to provide more verbal stimulation. "Can you picture me beneath the dinner table, on my knees, sucking your cock?" she whispered.

Lane was too fucking turned on to answer so he just listened.

"Dragging my tongue all over your tasty dick with your father only a few feet away."

He had never heard such suggestive film spout from his mother's mouth, but he loved it.

Heidi reached into her panties and ran her fingers through the juicy slit of her cunt. "I wish I could control myself when I'm with you," she whispered, then brought her pussy-soaked fingers to her son's mouth, "but you make my pussy SO fucking wet!"

Lane's heart skipped a beat as he tasted his mom's flavorful cunt-oil. The pungent aroma was driving him crazy. The pleats along the slippery tube of the fake vagina stimulate the nerves along his pink boner divinely. "Upsurge!" he sighed.

"Excellent job!" his mom coached. "You're doing so well, hunny!"

When Evelyn began stroking again, the doctor continued to verbally stimulate him. "Do you want me to scream your name the next time I cum?" Heidi sensually asked. "While I'm writhing in pleasure, I can imagine that it's YOUR cock that's buried deep inside me, Ducky."

"Damn, mom!" the boy gasped, trying his best to fight off the urge to cum.

"How would you fuck me, baby?" she candidly asked. "Would you dick me from behind and give your mommy a good hard doggy-fuck?"

"Upsurge!" shouted the boy, his body jerking as he clenched his toes.

"Deep breaths, Lane," Evelyn advices. "Let the cum settle back into your testicles."

This time when the doctor's assistant resumed stroking, Heidi removed her lab coat completely, then her panties and straddled her son. She made sure his cock was sticking out from beneath her bubble butt so Evelyn could continue stroking on it. The mother quickly peeled off her son's t-shirt, then locked her arms around him for a deep, passionate kiss.

"Mmnff," the boy whimpered as his mom's thick tongue whipped through his mouth. Her huge tit-mounds were sandwiched against his chest, her erect teats poking into his skin as they made out like two kids on prom night.

"Squeeze my big tits, Ducky!" Heidi panted between smooches. "Pinch my hard nipples!"

The boy obliged, prying his mitts between them and sinking his lusty fingers into the pliable meat of his mom's breasts. He felt like he was having one big wet dream!

Keeping a professional demeanor, Heidi peeked back at her assistant. "Remove the sleeve for a few minutes," she instructed.

Ducky's erection slipped wetly from the fake fuck-hole, the lube making his boner shimmer, accentuating its bulging, blue veins. His mom dragged her cunt-flanges along the top of his shaft, allowing him to feel the moist warmth that was emanating from her sexual pit.

While making out with him, Heidi glided her twat up and back along the top of his shaft, feeling the hard stalk pulse with blood. "Mmm,

do you like the way a girl's pussy feels along the top of your boy-cock like that?" she mewled.

"Yes!"

Heidi slid all the way back off his prick, then tilted her hips, pushing her pussy against the underside of his glans until his erection was trapped between his belly and her heated vulva. "What about the underside of your dick?" she asked, grinding her wet twat along the length of his boner. "Do you like having it smothered and soaked with pussy-juice?"

"Oh, wow, yes…. UPSURGE!!!" he cried out, but unfortunately the boy had already passed the point of no return. With a wonderful tremble and a

guttural grunt, he squirted a huge ribbon of spunk up in between their writhing bellies.

"Oh, yes, hunny, cum all over us!" his mom cheered, then dove for his neck, kissing and licking all his sensitive spots as he bucked beneath her big-titted body in a toe-clenching orgasm.

The boy had simply never cum this hard before in his life. The feel of his mom's warm, giant mammaries sloshing around on his chest as she squeezed him tight and humped her wet pussy against his cock only intensified the power of his ejaculation.

Heidi took her time, making sure she drained every drop from her boy's penis. She loved the feel of his oversized love-organ flexing in a pulsating manner against the slit of her tightly compressed vulva.

"FUUUCK!!" lane grunted the very next day as he experienced yet another session of behavior therapy. This time he was in the back room, sprawled across the lounge bed. Heidi and Evelyn were laying on either side of him, completely naked, their hands working in unison to stroke his big cock.

"Bounce your ass from the mattress! Fuck our hands, Ducky!" his mom coached.

The boy bucked on the bed, driving his big, muscled dick through the grip of their slippery fists. Heidi and Evelyn each had one big tit draped across the teen's chest as they skillfully beat him off. They each took turns moving to the boy's lips where Lane would stick his licker out and engage them in sensual tongue-play outside their mouths.

Heidi had certainly noticed a difference in her son but didn't wanna jinx it by bringing it up. He would still use his signal word but was able to be stimulated for longer periods of time before having to use it. She gripped the top half of his boner tightly, her and Evelyn's fists making lewd creamy sounds from the mixture lubricant and the pre-cum that was constantly leaking from the boy's cum-slit. The teenage cock felt huge and powerfully stiff in their hands, the muscle and sinew straining beneath their greasy grips.

Heidi used her thumb to stimulate his frenulum as she stroked, pressing against the band of tissue that connected his knob and shaft. She could tell it was really getting to him by the way his body writhed. "You got this, baby!" she whispered encouragingly. "Fight it off!"

Evelyn dripped two fingers inside her wet cunt, then brought them to the boy's mouth so he could smell and taste her juices. During the session they attempted to stimulate all the boy's five senses, even by providing audible stimulation.

"Fuck me harder!" his mom gasped in his ear, as if it was her pussy that he was driving his cock through. "Make my hot pussy squirt on your cock, Ducky!"

"FUCK, I'M CUMMING!!" he announced, arching his back in ecstasy. His orgasm was well deserved. They had been beating his cock

tirelessly for nearly an hour and he'd only needed to stop a handful of times.

"Yesss! Fill my pussy with your sticky cum-load!" Heidi cheered, jerking his prick at a rapidly-increasing tempo. Huge cords of virile boy-spunk erupted into the air and splattered down onto their naked bodies.

The teen groaned and quivered as the two beautiful medical professionals milked every single drop of slimy sperm from his quivering cock.

"I'm looking forward to our next date," said Sara as she spoke to Lane by phone that night. "Just laying here thinking about it is making my pussy wet."

"I'm excited too," said Lane, squeezing his cock-bulge through his pants.

"If that's true then how come you haven't asked me out again?"

Lane didn't wanna tell her it was because he was getting treatment so he could learn to fuck her silly. He quickly came up with an excuse. "I think I've been coming down with a cold or something and I didn't wanna give it to you."

"Aww, that's so sweet. We could just fuck though…we wouldn't have to kiss."

"I know…I'm hoping I should feel better by tomorrow," he told her. The boy knew he'd have to see her again soon. There were plenty guys with cocks out there who'd love to feel her tight pussy sheathed around them.

"Good, so let's plan on sometime soon. You told me last time that you were fixing your issue, so I'm anxious to see if that's true."

"What time is Lane coming in today?" Evelyn asked the doctor the following morning.

"He'll be here at three," Heidi answered, typing some notes on her laptop.

"His treatment seems to be going exceptionally well. I don't think I've ever seen a patient go from ejaculating in under a minute to nearly an hour in such a short period of time."

"Yes, he certainly appears to be a success story. The question is though, will he last that long while fucking this new love-interest of his?"

"True. Hands and toys in a simulated environment are one thing. Fucking a hot female on a mattress is quite another."

Heidi fed her assistant a sly smile. "Maybe I should see him alone today," she suggested.

"Maybe you should fuck him, you mean?" Evelyn teased.

"Isn't it better that he's tested here, in a controlled environment, than the real world? I wanna see for myself how he's gonna handle it before I sign off on his treatment."

"Well, even if you are his mom, I don't think he'll have any issues with giving you dick. The question is…will you want more after he's through?" Evelyn teased.

"Well, as long as we only keep it here at the treatment center, he may require occasional follow-up visits," Heidi giggled.

Lane was leaving school when he got a text from his mom. "Make sure you masturbate before you come to the clinic today," it read.

"I thought you said to masturbate before a date?" he messaged back.

"I did ," she texted back. "See you at 3."

The teen went home and yanked on his cock. Instead of cumming right away though, he focused on edging his cock for as long as he could. He was proud to have made it thirty-minutes before blasting his sticky load into his cum rag. Behavior therapy at his mom's clinic was certainly starting to pay off.

"Is mom seeing another patient?" Lane asked Evelyn as she led him into the examination room right at 3pm.

"Nope, just you. She canceled all her afternoon appointments."

"Oh, well…where is she?"

"You'll find out soon enough," said the redhead with a mischievous grin. She opened the door to leave. "Have fun!"

After she exited, Lane stood there for a moment, confused. Then, he looked over at the door to the back room. Curiously, he went over and opened it.

"Hey there, superstar," his beautiful mother smiled as she lay sprawled out on her back on the lounge bed, completely naked. Her arms rested on the cushion up over her head, so her heavy tits were jutting up from her chest. Her legs were spread widely as she gazed at her handsome son. Her vulva was splayed and looked like an exotic pink flower in full bloom.

"Wow, I certainly didn't expect to see this when I walked into your office."

"Well, you've made such progress. I felt like it was time that you put that newly learned staying power to the ultimate test."

"You mean…?" the boy uttered, glanced down at her shaved pussy.

"Yes. Let's see how you perform in a real pussy," she answered. "But not just any pussy. A pussy that really knows how to fuck."

"Righteous!" blurted the teen, then closed the door and quickly stripped naked. His long, horny boner bobbed on his loins, fully rigid and eager to be encapsulated in his mom's cuntal flesh.

Heidi drew her knees back, motioning him forward with her fingers. "Come get in me!" she urged.

The boy knelt between his mom's widespread legs, and she pulled her knees back almost to her shoulders, offering her wet slit to him as he slowly advanced his dick toward her waiting fuck-hole.

Lane prodded his tip against the puffy lips of her vulva, smearing it with slippery pre-cum. His mom grasped his cock and rubbed its tapered tip against her fat clitoris, pressing their tingly sex-bulbs together. "Your dick is so hot. It's easy for a girl to get wet when she's around you," Heidi confessed, dragging her boy's crown down through the creamy slit of her cunt.

"This is gonna be fun!" the boy confessed.

"I agree," his mom smiled, then forcefully pulled him down on top of her.

His cock-meat sunk into her vaginal orifice, squeezing past the remnants of her hymen, which had been torn open by a huge teenage cock when she was sixteen. "OH, DUCKY!" the mother squealed, throwing her lovely legs around him as she felt the thickness of his cock stretch the warm walls of her cunt-tunnel.

Lane's hips began to undulate as he drove his cock to its hilt inside his mom, then back it out. He sighed as he felt her tight slippery pleats suck wetly at the meat of his boy-boner. "Oh-yeah!" the teen

gasped, giving her smoldering birthing-tube a few more cock-tingling thrusts. He loved Sara's tight little teenage pussy, but his mom's vagina felt a hundred times better. Maybe it was because she knew how to work her cunt-muscles on him or maybe it was just because she was his mom, and he was slamming his love-muscle through the cunt that had once squeezed him out.

Even though she was 'technically' giving him treatment, Heidi was equally thrilled to be sharing a fuck with her son. Feeling the virile, young body of the boy she raised on top of her, cradled between her soft thighs was wickedly exciting. The feel of his long, meaty cunt-hammer thundering through her mommy-pussy, caused Heidi to feel arousal on a whole other plane than she ever had before. There was a sense of pride and ownership in way for an incredible hunk of cock that she helped create, and one she had recently trained to pound the piss out of a girl.

The muscles in Heidi's sexy legs flexed around her son as she used them to pump her rounded ass from the mattress. This allowed her to meet her boy's thrusts, causing his rigid dick to carve its way to her womb on every exquisite thrust.

Not wanting to shoot his wad off too son, Lane slowed his thrusts, letting his cock soak in the encapsulating heat of his mom's cunt. "Shit!" he whimpered, feeling her pelvic floor muscles tighten, causing her walls to squeeze in around his cock.

"Did you think I wouldn't test you?" his mom giggled.

"That feels so good though," the teen gasped, feeling her pussy-tube chew wetly at his penile flesh.

"Fight it off, Ducky," she whispered. "You got this!"

"I got this!" he confidently repeated.

"There's my boy!" The mother smiled, stroking his cheek and tightening the grip of her legs. "Fuck me hard!"

Lane leaned down, crushing his mom's squishy, oversized tits against his chest, Then, he reached under and grasped onto her meaty butt-cheeks with both hands, setting into a savage fuck-rhythm. His big ball-sack beat lewdly against his mom's ass, making a reverberating SMACKING sound echo through the walls of the tiny room.

Heidi scissored her legs open in a huge spread eagle; her sexy bare feet pointed towards opposite sides of the room as she gave her boy all the space that he needed to ravage her vagina. Her Ducky's steely cock flexed powerfully inside of her, the veins bulging beneath the cunt-smothered skin of his prick. The strong muscle and ligaments strained at his root, sustaining the force of his hammering cunt-thrusts.

The busty mother was struck with a body-trembling climax as the boy fucked the hot, female cum right out of her pussy. Her contracting vaginal walls made Lane slow his thrusts nearly to a stop to keep from cumming himself.

While taking a moment to let his cum-load settle, the teen drew his cock back until only the tip of his knob remain in her as he contemplated his next angle of attack. "FUUUCK!" his mom's pretty voice squealed as he

drove his hard meat into the scalding hotness of her moistly clinging twat. His balls slapping sharply against the soft flesh of her ass as he crushed his fat, cum-drooling knob against the head of her cervix in full penetration.

"Cum on my big cock again, mom!" the boy grunted, rising on extended arms as he swung his hips, fucking her pussy with perfect fluidity. He had never seen such rapturous ecstasy on a woman's face before. The boy's eyes drifted down to her huge, pillowy udders, watching them roll and ripple to his every thrust. He loved

his mom's tits. They were like two oversized watermelons with the biggest Goddamn tit-caps he'd ever seen.

"Are you gonna stare at them or are you gonna suck on them?!" his mom panted.

He lowered himself so he could latch onto to one of her sweet, swollen cherries, suctioning it in and making it distend inside his mouth. His face sunk against the softness of her rippling tit-meat as he gorged himself on as much areolar flesh as he could get into his mouth.

Heidi was thoroughly impressed by her boy's performance. He'd been fucking her for nearly a half-hour now with no signs of ejaculating pre-maturely. Going into this session, she knew he would do well, given the progress he'd made, but Heidi certainly didn't expect this to be the fuck of her life, which it was quickly becoming.

She needed to get him on his back, where she could be in complete control, putting his will power to the ultimate test by riding his dick like the cock-fucking professional she was. Her nipple popped from Lane's mouth as she quickly rolled him over, taking the top.

The teen licked his lips in lust, watching his mom's big boobies bobble around in front of his face as she began humping on his fuck-organ. He knew his dick had never been so fucking hard as it was now, slicing through the tube of cuntal flesh with ease. Hot, lubricating oil that secreted from Heidi's Bartholin's Glands soaked her boy's prick, making the friction of the genital union incredibly glorious.

"Now we'll see what you're really made of," Heidi breathed.

The boy was about to witness a true demonstration of how a girl should ride a cock. His mom bounced rhythmically on his prick, setting a pace that she knew would have her cunt gushing in under a minute.

The teen clenched his teeth together in lusty delight, watching his glistening, teenage hardness plunge up into his mother's body. He loved the way his thickness splayed her cuntal folds open obscenely and her wet, swollen clit stuck out from beneath its fleshy sheath like a stump in a swamp.

Suddenly, Heidi slapped her fleshy crotch against his cock base and rolled her hips like a well-oiled machine, grinding on her boy's dong. "Auugh, shit!" the teen moaned, feeling his boner get stirred around inside his mom's tightly clutching vagina.

Heidi's luscious body trembled in pre-orgasmic delight. Her son's virile, young cock was agitating every tingling nerve along her pink cuntal walls. Even as a sex-doctor, she never dreamed that a prick could induce such intense sensations. The feel of her boy's big, muscled shaft rubbing deliciously against every nerve in her hot sucking fuck-hole was almost blowing her mind.

"Cuuuummmmiiinnnnggggg!!" Heidi cried out, her beautiful, brown hair swinging around her pretty face, which twisted in a passionate pleasure-grimace. She collapsed onto her teen, slapping her huge, dangling tits around his face. Her meaty ass-globes continued to bob up and down as her body shook with powerful orgasmic convulsions.

Lane snarled like a lusty fuck-hound, humping his ass from the bed and driving his cock-shaft up into his mom's spewing pussy. She was soaking his steely prick with squirting secretions. It poured down the sides of his scrotum, dripping from his balls. He kissed and licked his way through the sweaty canyon of her cleavage, finding her lips and sharing a passionate French kiss.

"Oh, Lane!" Heidi squealed as his driving rod tore deeper and deeper into her scalding cunt. "You're amazing!"

The boy's erection slid deliciously against the soft squeezing ridges of her quivering fuck-tunnel. His pleasure was soon heightened

when her cunt muscles began squeezing and milking his quivering cock.

"Oh, Mom…shit!!" he sobbed, thrusting his prick faster and harder up into her plunging cunt. "It's so fuckin' good!"

"Cum up my fucking hole, Ducky!" she cried out, grinding her hips up and down to meet every stroke of his stiff young cock.

The boy wrapped her in his arms and fucked with renewed fury, feeling the fatty meat of her oversized tits jostle softly around his face. They'd been at it for just over an hour and their bodies were sheened with sweat.

"I'll cum alright…but then I wanna take you for a second round, doggy-style!" panted the boy.

"The afternoon is all yours!" his mom assured him.

Their pissers beat together obscenely, splattering sexual juice everywhere. Excited by his mother's cries of passion and the wild sensations racing through his boy-cock, the lurching youth set his hips into overdrive, pummeling savaging up into his mom's dripping pussy. With a primitive grunt, Lane began hosing out a heavy load of jizz inside the hole he once squeezed out of. He could tell that Heidi was cumming again too by the way her body quivered, and her pussy walls squeezed and released around the spurting meat of his cock.

Ten minutes later, sweat dripped from Lane's brow as he fucked his mom from behind. She was on all-flours on the lounge bed, her dangling tits swinging wildly as she bucked back against her son, meeting his full-length thrusts.

Lane grinned as he watched his glistening rod pump into his mother's crotch. Her rounded rump slapped obscenely against his chiseled midsection, making the meat of her ass ripple upon impact.

His dick had been getting a lot of attention lately and he loved every second of it. The feel of his spongy knob and rigid shaft plunging wetly through his mom's tightly clutching pussy was out of this world!

"Look at you, hotshot!" Heidi stated, peeking back over her shoulder as she slammed her twat back on his sturdy meat. "Doggy-dicking a hot pussy and you haven't stopped once."

"What can I say…you fixed me!"

"We'll see about that," said Heidi, tightening her pelvic floor muscles around her boy's plunging prick.

"Oh, God…how do you have such a tight one, mom!" the boy gasped, feeling her vagina squeeze and release his cock repeatedly.

"Well, for one, my pussy is used to your father's cock, and you have a lot more meat on your dick than he does. Secondly, I guess I'm just a sexy mom with a hot, tight pussy."

"You can say that again!"

Lane grasped onto his mom's fatty buttocks, sinking his fingers in as he drove his hips faster.

"Slap that fucking ass! Pound my hole like you fucking mean it!" Heidi cried out, delighted by the feel of her boy's rigid teenage meat hammering through her sex-hungry vagina.

Lane slapped his mom's ass hard, making her ass-flesh ripple.

"Again!" Heidi shouted. "Come on…fuck the cum out of me!"

Lane had no issues doing that, slapping her ass-cheek until it was cherry red, while socking his huge juicy prick through her tunnel of

pleasure. His hot, erectile flesh tingled as it rubbed against rippling ridges of her inner lining.

His tirelessly pumping prick was beginning to make lewd, wet sounds as Heidi moaned with ecstasy. She suddenly started climaxing loudly, letting out squeals of cock-loving delight that echoed through the room. Her luscious mommy-buttocks trembled and bucked back against him. Her cuntal walls were spastically grasping at his thick meaty cock as it plunged in and out.

"Auuughshit, that's too good!" the boy gasped. "I'm gonna cum!!!"

Unable to hold out any longer, a flood of thick, potent cum gushed out of his cunt-smothered meatus, splattering hotly against the grasping walls of her convulsing cunt. Their orgasmic sex-juices were mixed, creating a frothy cocktail inside Heidi's pussy.

After dredging out their hot orgasms for nearly two minutes, Heidi collapsed onto the cushion and her son followed her down, sprawling out on her sweaty backside. "Damn, mom…that was fantastic!"

"You were amazing, Ducky!"

"Does that mean my treatment's over?" he asked in a disappointed tone.

"No…I'll need you back for a follow-up tomorrow, and probably the next day too," she answered, squeezing his still-erect cock with her vaginal muscles.

"Whatever you suggest…Doctor Mom!"

That night, two girls Sara's age stopped in their tracks as the passed a car at the drive-in. They had gone to the snack bar during the middle of the movie. Both girls could hear hot, wet flesh smacking together. "Oh my God…is that Sara and that guy, Lane?!"

"I think so!" the other girl replied. They stared through the car window in awe. Lane and Sara were on the back seat and the boy was fucking the shit out of her. His raging cock was pounding savagely through her tight fuck-hole, his big balls beating against the ring of her asshole. Sara's legs were fastened up around his back and began trembling as she cried out in a tit-quivering climax.

"Look at how hard he's fucking her!" one girl outside whispered to the other as they watched Lane's huge cock thunder feverishly through Sara's pussy-hole.

"But I thought I heard that he was a premature ejaculator?"

"Apparently not!" the other girl answered. "I wish I could find a guy that could fuck me that way."

The two females rushed away, and Heidi's car rocked and rocked as Lane fucked his new girlfriend's ass off.

THE END

75: Mom Rocks the Boat

Mom Rocks the Boat

By Klrxo

"Mom, are you home?" Rich hollered, tossing down his backpack in the foyer of their home.

"In here, darling," came Tabitha's sweet voice, from the workout room.

Rich hurried to the doorway and froze for a few seconds, watching his brunette-haired mother walk on the treadmill. Her back was to him, allowing the boy to watch the rhythmic undulation of her rounded bubble butt as she walked. Her derriere was shrouded in the snug fabric of her yoga pants, displaying every wonderful jiggle of her ass-flesh as she walked.

Rich had often fantasized about spreading his mom's fatty ass-cheeks apart and licking the ring of her asshole. He also wondered how good it would feel to have his boner buried to its root inside the smoldering tube of her ass, having his shaft milked by her rectum.

Tabitha's long hair whipped to one side as she peered back at her gawking teen. "Sorry…I had an appointment earlier so I'm late getting my workout in today," she explained.

"Can you stop early and take a ride with me?"

"A ride?" she curiously asked.

"Yeah, not far. I have something I wanna show you."

"Um…alright," she muttered curiously, shutting the machine off, "I'll finish when we get back from…wherever."

The pretty mother got into her son's car with him and rode across town towards the local marina. "Rich, we're not going on an excursions or something, are we, darling? I'm still in my workout clothes," she reminded him.

"Maybe…but that's ok. On this excursion you can wear whatever you want. You could even be naked if you wanted to be," Rich joked, even though it was wishful thinking. He'd been wanting to see his hot mother's curvy body in the nude since grade school, especially her humongous tit-melons. Packed inside her snug top and sports bra, they jiggled deliciously with every bump in the road.

"Oh, God…what are you getting us into?" Tabitha giggled as they parked at the marina. She got out and followed her son along the wharf, where various sea-worthy crafts were docked.

Rich finally stopped in front of one of them. "With all that money dad 's been paying me to help him out at the office, I bought a sailboat," he announced. "What do you think?"

Tabitha's eyes widened as she studied her son's new craft. It was a thirty-four-foot sloop sailboat, equipped with all the sails and rigging. "You bought a new sailboat?" his mom asked in disbelief.

"Well, it's not new. It was built back in the 80's, but it's in great shape. Come aboard," said Rich, climbing over onto the deck of his new craft. He gave his mom a quick tour, starting at the cockpit area. "It was updated with a whole list of new items a few years ago. Check out this cabin."

Tabitha followed her son down into the galley and navigation station. The cabin had lots of natural light from its tiny windows, making it

seem like a bigger space than it actually was. "My goodness…it's so cozy down here," she observed.

"Check this out," her boy stated, leading her forward into the V-birth, where there was comfortable-looking bed area that followed the triangular shape of the stern. "Talk about sailing in luxury, huh?"

"Honey, this is amazing, but…do you have enough sailing experience to handle a boat this size?"

"I'm on my friend's dad's sailboat all the time. He's taught us all about sailing and being out at sea. I feel confident enough to handle it on my own. In fact, I've already been out a few times since I purchased it."

"Rich, you took a boat out on the ocean alone and didn't tell anyone?" she scowled. "Clearly we're gonna have to set some ground rules here."

"Fine…I won't go out again without letting you know. Speaking of that…do you wanna go out for a quick cruise, right now?"

"Um…sure, I suppose," Tabitha replied, in shock that her son had actually made such a bold purchase.

As the made their way out of the docking area, the mother peeked over at her son, impressed by the way he handled his new craft like a seasoned sailor. She peeked down into V-birth and its comfortable-looking bed. "I bet he brings a ton of girls out here and fucks them," she thought.

Soon they were out in the open bay, enjoying the cool ocean breeze.

"All right…you sold me on sailing. This is amazing!" Tabitha beamed, taking in the stunning surroundings.

"Now you know why I fell in love with it," Rich added, while steering the boat's wheel. He became distracted by the beauty of his mom, watching her long dark hair tousle in the wind. She had a natural beauty that didn't require a whole lot of make-up. The teen's eyes drifted down to the tremendous melons jutting from her chest. He constantly listened to his friends talk about his mom's huge tits, and even though it bothered him, he shared their fascination with her king-sized rack, and the way they seemed to move independent of the rest of her curvy body.

Tabitha wasn't blind to her son's fascination with her, but never really became overly-concerned about it. She was very close to her mother, who once revealed that she had taken Tabitha's younger brother, Jeff, to a place called 'Boys Sexual Training Camp,' where she assisted with his sexual education. For this reason, the idea of incest wasn't exactly foreign to her or something that sickened her at all. She let her beautiful eyes travel down to her son's cock-bulge, her pupils tracing its tubular outline. "I wonder how many girls he is fucking right now?" she wickedly thought.

Their cruise through the bay was all the mother could talk about, bragging to her friends about her son's new boat and his sailing skills. "We're going out on the water again today, after Rich gets home from school," she eagerly shared, making the other moms a bit envious. It wasn't so much the sailing part they were jealous of, but the fact that Tabitha would be alone with her son in such an intimate setting. Rich was a lean, handsome teen that all the neighborhood housewives fantasized about, while furiously masturbating their hot pussies to orgasm.

Soon, cruises with her son became so frequent that Tabitha began to take on a fascination with sailing herself. Rich taught her how to hoist and tighten the main sail, gauge the winds speed and avoid the swinging boom, while moving about on deck. It seemed like every other day they were exploring a new cove or just cruising the open sea. They were mindful to never get too far from shore, since

they were technically still beginners. They often flirted and held each other as they watched the sunset. Then, Phoebe entered the picture.

"Hey, mom…tomorrow, do you mind if I bring my new girlfriend out on the boat?" the teen asked as they headed back in from a trip.

"I didn't know you had a new girlfriend," Tabitha stated with a curious smile .

"Yeah, well…we've been seeing each other off and on for awhile, but recently we decided to stop dating other people and get more serious."

"Well…um, that's great, honey. What's her name?"

"Phoebe. We met in science class."

"An appropriate place to find some 'chemistry,' I guess," Tabitha joked. "Were you planning on introducing us?"

"Could I invite her to dinner tomorrow, after her and I do a little sailing?"

"Of course, honey."

Tabitha took an immediate disliking to the girl, and it wasn't just because she had replaced her as Rich's boat-buddy. Phoebe was a beautiful redhead, but came from a very affluent family. So, it seemed like every story Rich's new love-interest told at the dinner table the next evening was eye-roll worthy. It wasn't that Phoebe was a bad girl, she was just clearly spoiled, and a bit socially awkward.

"My dad's sailboat was made by a famous Swedish yacht maker. We sail it all the way over to our summer home in the Cayman Islands every year," she bragged.

"Well, that's quite a trip," Rich's dad, Tony, stated.

"It sure is," Tabitha added, forcing a smile. "It'll be awhile before we let Rich venture out that far."

"That's ok," Rich interjected, "I'm not feeling that adventurous quite yet. Would it be alright is Phoebe and I cruised down the coast a little further tomorrow though? The sea is suppose to be really calm."

"I don't see why not," his father answered, glancing over at his wife, who didn't seem as happy about the idea at all.

"Yeah…um, that should be fine," Tabitha uttered, even though her demeanor said otherwise.

"You guys don't have to worry," Phoebe stated. "I've been sailing all over the world since a was three. He'll have no issues while he's with me."

Tabitha wanted to puke.

The next day, the mother vented her frustrations to her own mom, Michelle, as they sat having coffee together, "I was going out on the water every other day with him, then Rich suddenly got this girlfriend and now he's all about her."

"Well…these things do happen, honey," Michelle uttered.

"Thanks for reminding me."

"Is it the sailing part you miss or just being with Rich?" the busty, blonde-haired woman asked.

"Both. I mean…I really felt free and relaxed out on the water, and I also felt like Rich and I were getting some quality time together, as mother and son."

"Sometimes the hardest part of being a mom is watching our children grow up and start relationships of their own," Michelle shared.

"I know, and I'm not wanting to prevent Rich from doing that, but I just don't think this girl's the right one for him."

"What makes you say that?"

"She comes from a rich family; definitely spoiled and not afraid to brag about it," answered Tabitha.

"Well, then perhaps you should offer him some incentives, to taking you out on the boat with him instead of her," Michelle suggested.

"Incentives?"

"Yes…especially if you feel she isn't a good match for him. Get his attention focused less on her and more on you."

"Ha…like you did with Jeff, when he was younger?" Tabitha chuckled.

"The Boys Sexual Training Camp I did with Jeff when he was Rich's age was all about getting him a proper sex education."

"Come on, mom…that week-long trip wasn't the only time you fucked Jeff."

"I'm not saying it was. The point I was trying to make was…I never stood in the way of your brother pursuing a relationship, but I certainly WOULD HAVE if I felt like the girl wasn't good for him."

Tabitha smiled at her mom's confession. "You and Jeff had a place in the attic, didn't you…where you would go to screw each other?" she bravely inquired.

"You knew about that?" Michelle asked in shock.

"I did," Tabitha knowingly smiled. She was nineteen at the time, a week from starting college. It was a typical Saturday; she was hanging out in her bedroom, and her father was toying around in the garage. While laying on her bed, the young woman heard a THUD on the ceiling above her and the sound of a faint, feminine SQUEAL.

Curiously, Tabitha wandered up to the attic, crawling quietly behind some boxes to avoid detection. There, in a cozy nook in the corner of the attic was her mom and brother, fucking savagely on a small mattress. The scene was lewd and surreal, but utterly fascinating. Jeff was on top; his young muscular ass bobbing wildly between splayed thighs. Her mother's strong, smooth legs were harnessed high around her brother's back. Their sweaty bellies beat together as they fucked in a furious tempo. The sight of Jeff's long, rigid cock pounding sloppily through her mother's shaved cunt was obscene, but mesmerizing. Jeff's cock was soaked in her secretions and made a slick, meaty sound as it tirelessly fucked into their mother.

"Your brother and I did some fooling around, after the training camp, yes," Michelle confessed. "Like I said though…that didn't keep me from allowing him to get involved with the right girl. In fact, he's still married to her today."

"If I outright told Rich this girl wasn't good for him, he'd probably shut me out. So you're right…maybe the best way is to steer his attention from her and onto me," Tabitha concluded.

"And secure your spot as his sailing buddy as an added bonus," her mother smiled.

"Exactly. Now, the question is…how to get his attention without shocking him to death."

"Well, I do have a suggested…if you're open-minded."

"Sure…let's here it."

"Why don't you pay a visit to a place called Marla's Lingerie and Bikinis. They're across town in that cute strip-mall," Michelle suggested. "When it come's to getting Rich's attention, I'm sure they could spark some ideas."

The following day Tabitha paid a visit to the shop her mother spoke of. Nearly a thousand dollars later she was walking out with an assortment of naughty negligee. Sheer bra and panty sets, babydoll nighties and chemises, along with stockings and garter belts. She also purchase two of the skimpiest micro-bikinis she'd ever owned. The heavy-titted mother knew she'd have to keep the items hidden away so her husband didn't ask questions. None of what she bought was for his eyes anyway…only her son's.

"I'm only dressing sexy for him," she told herself. "I'm not letting Rich fuck me, like mom did Todd."

"Rich, is that you, honey?" he heard his mom ask from her bedroom as he arrived home from school that day.

"Yeah, just me."

"Could you come in here a second? I need your opinion on something."

"What's up?" the teen asked, stepping into his parent's bedroom.

His mom wore a sexy gray, half-button lounge romper that captured his attention right away. It looked as though it were a size smaller than what it should have been, clinging to her curves. He especially liked the way it molded to her luscious ass-cheeks. "Your father and I have that wedding to go to this weekend…for one of his coworkers, and I'm torn on hich set I should wear with my blue dress."

"Set?"

The mother motioned to the bed, where there were two bra and panty sets laid out side by side. "Bra and panty sets," she clarified motioning to the lingerie on the bed. "Which one do you like better?"

Rich was taken back for a moment. His mom had never asked his opinion on her attire, especially her underwear. "Well, um…they're both really amazing-looking," he muttered.

"I think so too," Tabitha giggled, "which is exactly why I'm torn. Maybe I should try them on. That might help make the decision easier."

"Probably."

Rich turned to leave, but his mom's voice gave him pause. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Oh, just to um…let you try those on."

"Rich, what I meant by 'trying them on'…is trying them on for you, so you can help me decide."

The boy took another look at the skimpy sets. "You want me to see you in those?" he asked, just to make sure he was hearing her right.

"Look, I know they're a bit…revealing, but if you could put on your big boy shoes for me, at least for a little while, I could really use your opinion."

His mother certainly didn't have to twist his arm. "Sure, um…not a problem."

"Thank you, honey," the mother smiled, then snatched up the first set. "I'll try them on in the bathroom, then come out and you can tell me what you think."

Rich sat on the edge of his parent's bed waiting. He could hardly believe his mom was about to model her underwear for him, but he certainly had no objections. It was nearly ten minutes before Tabitha emerged wearing the first choice.

"Here's the first set," she stated, her stiletto heels clicking as she entered the room. Tabitha wore a white lace lingerie set, featuring sheer embroidered-lace cups with strappy detailing and satin bow accents. The set included a high-waist garter belt with frilly straps connected to matching silk stockings. Her dainty feet were displayed in 6-inch platform sandals.

"Whoa!" Rich muttered, shocked that the triangular-shaped, embroidered panels covering her huge breasts were so Goddamn sheer. This allowed

him to make out the wide, darker-pigmented rings of her areola. "I, um…love it," he admitted, barely able to pry his eyes away from her body.

"Is it too much?" his mother asked, spinning around to display the backside of her outfit. "I mean, I'm not the bride. I feel like maybe this is something SHE should be wearing…not me."

Her son gulped in disbelief, staring at his mom's thonged ass. He never dreamed he'd get to see this much of her body, and it turned out she had the most luscious, meaty ass that he'd ever laid eyes on. He was simply too flabbergasted to answer, and Tabitha finally broke the awkward silence. "I'm sorry, honey…I know this isn't normally something a boy should see his mother wearing. If you want, I'll just have your father help me decide," she stated, even though she had no intention of doing that.

"No, I'd um…like to see the other one too."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I don't mind helping you."

"So you'll give me your honest opinion, after I try the other one on for you?"

"Of course."

"Are you sure? This next one is a little more…revealing."

Rich couldn't imagine a set 'more revealing' than the one she had on. He was certainly not passing up on an opportunity like this. "I don't mind, mom. My 'big boy' shoes are on, remember?"

She giggled sweetly. "Wait right here then…big boy," she winked.

The next set consisted of just a sheer, mesh bra and thong. Rich's boner flexed in his shorts as he stared in disbelief. First at the skimpy mesh sling, which could hardly contain his mother's tremendous tits. He could see her round areolar caps through the fabric as clearly as if she were naked. They stared back at him like big demon eyes, with thick, rubbery nubs for pupils. The only thing that could possibly pry his eyes away was the sheer, mesh thong. The sight of his own mom's bare vulva literally took his breath

away. Her crotch looked so smooth and soft and the details of her vulvar folds made the teen lick his lips with desire.

"Definitely that one!" he blurted.

Tabitha burst out laughing. "So, this is the one I should wear this weekend…are you sure? You haven't even see the back yet."

The mother gracefully spun around, making her boy's heart skip a beat as her stared at her juicy bubble butt, clearly on display through the transparent fabric.

"Oh, yeah," Rich adamantly nodded, "definitely that one!"

"Well, I hoped you'd make my decision easy and you certainly did. Thanks, honey."

"Happy to help."

Rich didn't wanna seem too much like a perve, so he headed for the door, trying to conceal his raging boner.

Tabitha already planned how she would link these sexy outfits to them being on the boat together. "Oh, before I forget…" she blurted, stopping him in his tracks. "I purchased a new bikini today too. An afternoon out on the sailboat would give me the perfect opportunity to wear it. Would you mind if I joined you and your girlfriend tomorrow?"

"No, not at all," Rich answered. The boy had high hopes that the time out on the ocean, alone with his girlfriend, would result in some hot, nasty sex. However, Phoebe had yet to put out, despite his attempts to get in her panties.

"Are you sure you don't mind? I don't wanna impose," asked the mother, while subtly squeezing the sides of her breasts between her forearms, making them balloon out even further.

"You won't be imposing at all, mom," he replied, not willing to pass up seeing his mom in a bikini for anything. "Just meet us at the marina at three."

"Three-o-clock," Tabitha smiled, standing there shamelessly in the skimpiest bra and panties imaginable. "Thanks again for your opinion, darling."

With her son's eyes still fixed on her, Tabitha turned and strode into the bathroom, knowing the sight of her swaying ass through the sheer panty-fabric was sure to get a rise out of him.

Since he started going out with her, normally, Phoebe was all Rich could think about during the day, while at school. Today was different though. After seeing his mom in such skimpy attire, he had a tough time thinking about anyone else. He wanted to hammer his mom so fucking hard that she shattered every window in the house with her orgasmic screams. The final bell seemed like it would never ring.

"Are you mad at me or something?" Phoebe asked, noticing her boyfriend was especially quiet during the ride to the marina.

"No…why would you think that?"

"Because you've hardly said three words to me today. Are you thinking about another girl?" she asked snottily.

"No, of course not," the boy answered, even though he absolutely was. His mom was hardly a girl though…she was all woman. One-hundred-percent, grade-A MILF with giant tits and a cushy ass.

"Look, I'm sorry I haven't had sex with you. I just think something like that should wait for marriage. Are you bitter about that?" Phoebe asked.

"No," said Rich, shaking his head. "I mean…I'd love to have sex, but I respect your feelings, and I'm not bitter about it."

She peered over at him with batting eyelashes. "Well if you REALLY respect my feelings, and care for me enough, maybe you should pop the question," she suggested.

"Pop the question?"

"Yeah. We don't have to get married tomorrow, but there's nothing wrong with being engaged, Rich."

"We've only been going out for like a week," Rich reminded her.

Phoebe let out a frustrated huff. "I knew it…you don't really like me!"

"I do…I just think we don't need to rush into things…especially something as serious as getting engaged."

Phoebe rolled her eyes, while gazing out her window in a sulking manner. "I'm sure any other guy would have been down on one knee, proposing to me by now."

With the obvious tension between him and his girlfriend, Rich was especially happy to have his mom on board the boat today. "Trouble in paradise, honey?" Tabitha asked, noticing that her son and his girlfriend were hardly speaking to each other.

"No…we're good," her boy answered while steering the boat away from the docks and out into the open bay, "just a little disagreement."

"She's not mad that I came along is she?"

"No…it's nothing like that. She likes you, mom. We both just have different ideas on how fast our relationship should progress, that's all."

"Let me guess…she's pressuring you for sex, but my wholesome boy wants to wait he's married to be all hot n nasty?" she teased.

"Good guess, but it's actually the other way around."

"Of course it is," Tabitha giggled, hugging him from behind, "I was joking. Not for a second did I think my horny son had any reservations about getting his penis wet."

Rich was surprised, yet delighted by his mom's choice of words. She'd never teased him sexually before and he liked it. Her breasts felt so big and squishy crushed against his back. Tabitha wore her new bikini beneath a cover-up, so her boobs were supported much

differently in a bikini top than they would be in a bra. This allowed her boy to experience their fatty

meat against him in a much different way than her usual hugs. He could even feel her turgid nipples through the fabric, poking into his back.

"Well, you can't knock a guy for liking sex," Rich smiled.

"Like mother, like son," Tabitha whispered, then kissed him on the cheek. "I love it too. Especially when it gets hot n nasty," she whispered, then playfully bit his earlobe.

"Good to know," he smiled.

"I'm gonna go over and work on my tan."

The mother moved to the roof of the hull, where Phoebe was already laying out in her modest bikini. "Is there room enough for two to bask in the sun up here?" Tabitha asked.

"Sure," Phoebe answered, scooting over to one side to make room for Rich's mom. She watched enviously as Tabitha removed her bikini cover-up. "Wow…are you sure you're OK wearing that in front of Rich?" the girl asked when she saw how skimpy Tabitha's bikini was.

"Of course. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because it's certainly the most revealing bikini I'VE ever seen," Phoebe confessed, her eyes fixed on the mother gigantic boobs, which were encased in only two triangular-shaped patches of fabric that comprised her micro-bikini top. The bottoms were equally as skimpy, with just a heart-shaped patch of silky fabric hugging her crotch, and thin strings crossing her wide hips.

"Oh, I don't think Rich will be bothered by it at all," confessed the mother as she began rubbing suntan oil on her shoulders. She

glanced back at her boy and gave him a wave as he smile back, unaware of the discussion they were having. "He'll love it in fact," she thought.

"What's it like having boobs that big?" Phoebe brazely asked as the mother sprawled out on a towel beside her.

Tabitha began laughing. "Now there's a question I don't hear every day."

"Sorry, I was just curious. I mean, mine aren't huge, but I still get guys staring sometime. You must get that all the time though."

Tabitha smiled in amusement. "Yes, and I don't mind it. Guys love big tits," she answered.

"That's not what I've heard. I've always heard that guys think that more than a handful is a waist," said Phoebe, glancing down at the double-d's slung in her bikini top.

"Well, if his girl has small tits, I could see a guy telling her that to make her feel better. The truth is though, men love huge hooters. Why do you think all these women are getting implants these days?"

"Yuck…I would never do that to my body."

"Yeah, well…lucky for me and you we were already born with big boobs," Tabitha expressed, thrusting her fleshy melons out so they looked as though they could burst right through the flimsy top.

The teenager glanced back to make sure Rich was still at the boat's wheel. "I'd like to have my boobs sucked on some day, but to be honest…I'm kind of scared to."

Tabitha looked over at the girl curiously. "Scared to?"

"Well…not just to be sucked on…the whole idea of sex scares me, especially with someone like Rich."

"What do you mean 'especially someone like Rich?'"

"Well, you're his mom…you live in the same house as him, so you must know?"

"Know what?"

"About Rich's size. I mean, I guess I just assumed you knew, since you probably see him in boxers and stuff like that, around the house," Phoebe shared.

"No…actually I don't," Tabitha replied, but she was very intrigued. "What about his size?"

"Well…I haven't seen it yet, but rumor has it that his penis is…um, really huge. At least that's what the girls at school are saying."

"Is that so?" Tabitha asked, her heart beating rapidly. "If that is the case…why would you be scared of it?"

"Because I'm still a virgin, and to start with something that size… well, it could be quite painful, couldn't it?"

"Yes…but it's a good pain. Kind of like when you have a sore back and get a massage. It hurts…but in a good way, and certainly after you get used to it, the pleasure you'd get from a large, meaty penis would be immense," Tabitha explained, speaking from experience.

Rich's mother knew that her husband was only slightly above average, so chances were that her son had a similar-sized cock. "Inexperienced girls can certainly over-exaggerate the size of a man's penis, I'm sure," Tabitha thought. Even so though, she couldn't help but be extremely curious if her son was indeed hung.

After laying in the sun for a bit, Phoebe went down into the cabin. Rich lowered the sails and acted as if he was sweeping off the deck, in order to watch his mom lay out in the sun. He marveled at how stunning she looked in her red micro-bikini, and how her oil-slickened tit-flesh glistened in the son.

"Working hard, honey?" Tabitha asked as she sat up, spreading her legs apart in front of her.

"Yeah. You look like your getting some good sun. Your tan looks amazing!" he complimented, staring between her legs. The gusset of her bikini bottoms had bunched up in the crack of her cunt-slit, exposing the flesh of her puffy outer labium. He suddenly heard a knock and looked at the cabin window to see his girlfriend waving out to him. He waved back, feeling a little guilty that he was out here lusting after his mother's gorgeous body.

"I need to lay on my tummy now and sun my backside. Would you mind rubbing some oil on me, so I don't burn," Tabitha asked.

"Sure, um…no problem," the teen replied.

His cock turned to stone as he watched his mom sprawl out on her tummy. Kneeling down beside her, he marveled at her naked, rounded ass-cheeks. The thong of her bikini bottoms were tucked so far between her meaty buns that they practically looked naked.

"Will you rub some on my ass for me, darling?" she asked.

"Sure," answered Rich. He squirted some suntan oil on his hand, then began lathering it on his mom's cushy buttocks. The marveling teen sighed as his fingers sunk into her fatty ass-flesh. Each time he pulled her buns apart he could nearly see the ring of her asshole, barely obscured by the red thong.

"I think I know why Phoebe's not having sex with you, and it has little to do with saving herself for marriage," Tabitha informed him.

"Why…did she say something to you?"

"Yes, but please don't tell her I told you. I think she's really self-conscience about it."

"Alright, I won't. What did she say?" Rich asked, continuing to rub his mom's butt.

"Apparently some of the girls at school have been telling her that you're quite large down there, and she a little scared."

"Quite large?" Rich asked, his face masked with confusion.

"Yes, honey…your dick. Girls have told her that it's unusually large and she's afraid you'll hurt her."

"Oh…I see now."

The mother peeked back. Her boy had certainly spent more than enough time oiling her ass-meat, but she let him continue. Her eyes drifted to the bulge beneath his shorts, which seemed sizeable. "So, is it true…are you that well endowed, honey?" she boldly asked.

"I'm not sure."

"You're not sure?" his mom asked. "Well, how many inches is it? Have you ever measured?"

"No, but everyone I've been with told me it was huge. They could have just been saying that to make me feel good though."

"So, you don't feel like you've ever received an 'honest' assessment…of your package?"

"I mean, I may have, but who knows. If I do scare Phoebe, with my size, it would sure be good to know."

"I agree. Tell you what…if you want an honest, unbiased opinion, I would be happy to give you one," the mother offered.

"You mean…show it to you?"

"Well, yes, honey," she giggled. "I couldn't very well assess it if I couldn't see it. I know I'm your mom, but…I've seen a lot of hard dicks in my day, and could certainly give you an accurate idea of how you rate, size-wise."

"Sure, I um…wouldn't have any issues showing you. I mean…you tried on those bra and panty sets for me yesterday. You were pretty close to nude in those, weren't you?"

"I most certainly was, and your opinion was much-appreciated. Let me return the favor."

Rich looked around, feeling a bit awkward. "Here?" he asked.

"No…not with your girlfriend on board. Tell you what…why don't we come out again tomorrow, just you and I. We can drop the sails and just float, like we're doing now."

"Yeah, I'll just tell Phoebe that I have an appointment or something tomorrow," Rich nodded.

Tabitha rose up on her forearms, staring into her boy's eyes. "We can go down into the cabin, lay you down on the bed, and mom can do a little…assessing. How's that sound?" she teasingly asked.

"I would appreciate your expert opinion."

"And I'll gladly give it," she giggled.

"How did things go on board the boat today?" Michelle asked as she spoke to her daughter by phone.

"Well…according to Rich's girlfriend, the real reason she hasn't fucked him is because he has an extremely large penis, and she's scared to."

"Is that true? Is Rich that well hung?"

"I'm not sure. Unlike some moms, I haven't seen my son's cock," Tabitha teased.

"A large dick certainly wouldn't intimidate one of us moms, but to virgin I could see where a huge cock could be somewhat overwhelming," Michelle stated. "That's great news for you though. It gives you an excellent opportunity to talk her out of being with him, so they'll break up."

"Well, first I have to find out how true it is," said Tabitha. "Rich has agreed to going out on the boat alone with me tomorrow so I can 'assess' his situation down there."

"Well, aren't you generous," Michelle joked. "So what are you gonna do if it's as big as she says it is…besides salivate?"

"Well…I, um…haven't really decided yet."

"I have a feeling that you HAVE decided, and it involves having him fuck the shit out of you…am I right?"

"Mom…come on! Just because you fucked your son when you were younger doesn't mean I'll fuck mine."

"Or perhaps…because I did fuck your brother when I was younger you've always wondered what it would be like to fuck Rich," Michelle suggested. "I know you better than you think I do, honey."

"When I said I wanted to get his attention that WASN'T what I was talking about."

"You can only tease him by wearing sexy clothes for so long, Tabitha. If you don't give him a piece of your pussy he'll eventually move one…maybe even back to her."

"No….I shouldn't have sex with him," Tabitha stated, in a unconvincing manner. "I could maybe give him head or a handjob, while we're out on the boat together, but no sex."

"I'm not gonna talk you into it by any means, but let me just say this. Before I took your brother to the Sexual Training Camp, there were areas deep inside my vagina that had never been stimulated before. When Jeff hit those areas with his hard cock, I experienced greater sexual pleasure than I ever had in my life, to that point," Michelle explained. "Don't miss out on an opportunity to indulge yourself, honey. You won't be sorry."

It was another bright, sunny day and the sea was calm. Rich took them to the same spot they had stopped the previous day, off shore about a half-mile with a sweeping view of the coastline. "I'll be waiting in the cabin, darling," Tabitha told him as Rich hurriedly lowered the sails.

"Alright…I'll be down in a few minutes, mom."

When Rich finally arrived below deck he stopped suddenly and gasped. His mom was sprawled out on the bed, on her back, completely naked, her arms draped above her. Her huge, pillowy tits jutted from her chest, her erect teats pointing up at the ceiling. Tabitha's silky legs were slightly spread, giving her teen an unobstructed view of her shaved pudenda. "I figured if one of us is gonna be naked, the other one might as well be too," Tabitha stated.

"Makes sense to me," he replied, his heart beating a mile a minute.

Tabitha's boobies wobbled deliciously as she rolled to her side and padded the spot next to her. "Take off your clothes and come lay down, darling."

Rich quickly stripped naked. Her heard his mom let out a gasp as his teenage erection sprung free of his briefs. He sprawled onto the bed next to her and Tabitha crawled to her knees between his legs. "Good grief,

Rich…how could you even question whether your penis was oversized or not? It's huge!" his mother stated.

"I suspected so, but it's not like I go around looking at other guys' dicks in the locker room, mom."

Tabitha took a moment to study his appendage. The fully-erect dong pointed up his torso, reaching just north of his belly button. Her eyes drifted up the bulging tube of his urethra, following it to the engorged knob, which was nearly as big around as a juicy plumb. The girth of Rich's cock was just as impressive as its length. The shaft was packed with strong erectile tissue, supported by a network of bulging blue veins crisscrossing the length of his meaty stalk. His balls were big and smooth, swollen in their sack with billions of sperm aching to blast from piss-slit.

"Well…dick-size certainly doesn't run in the family…I know that now," Tabitha expressed.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you're probably four to five inches longer than your father, that's why," she answered, her nipples hardening on the peaks of her tits. "And your girth…you're probably three times as thick as he is."

"You're not just saying that to make me feel good, right?"

"Honey, I promised you an honest assessment and this is exactly what I'm giving. I feel confident in saying that you're bigger than probably ninety-nine percent of the guys out there."

"No wonder Phoebe's scared of it then," he frowned.

"What about the girls you have fucked. Have they had any problems taking you?"

"Well…now that you mention it, yes. One girl made me stop, and the other one cried the whole time. I felt horrible after I had sex with her, and I seriously doubt that's how you're suppose to feel after sex."

"It's not…but you did nothing wrong, Rich. You can't help how big you are."

"So, how am I ever gonna be able to do it without scaring a girl to death?"

"You won't, and that's just the reality," she replied, staring in adoration at his boner. She wondered what such a mighty cock would feel like thundering through her cunt-tube. "I've been with a lot of 'bigger' guys when I was younger, but even so…I'm a little intimidated by that thing you're packing."

"Well, that doesn't make me feel any better."

"Once a girl gets used to it though, you have something that'll give them extraordinary pleasure. They'll never want anything smaller."

"Really?!"

"Yes, really. Ask any woman my age and they'll tell you…the bigger the dick the better."

"Maybe I need a girlfriend your age then," Rich chuckled.

"Maybe you do."

After an awkward pause in the conversation, Tabitha crawled over the top of him, on all fours. She paused when her face hovered over

his, her tits hanging down like giant udders. "It just so happens that I know someone who's looking," she told him.

"You do?"

"Uh-huh," the mother answered, staring deeply into his eyes. "She has a husband, but she doesn't have a boyfriend…YET."

Rich peeked down at the cavernous cleavage between his mom's dangling milkers. "Do I know this woman?"

"Well, you should…she gave birth to you," Tabitha winked. "Now she wants to give you a chance to go back to the womb," she whispered, then peeked down in the direction of his cock. "Well…part of you, and I have little doubt that you'd have trouble reaching that womb either."

"So, you're talking about you and I, um…having sex together?" Rich asked in disbelief, his heart beating so fast he felt short of breath.

Initially, Tabitha had no intention of fucking her son today, but after seeing his huge fuck-muscle and realizing what it could do to her, she quickly changed her mind.

"Would that be so bad?" she whispered. "Floating out here at sea and fucking your mom."

"Not at all."

"We couldn't do any funny business at home. That would be extremely risky. If your father caught us it would break his heart. So, how about when we're home, we're mom and son, but when we're out on the boat…we're boyfriend and girlfriend, and yes, that means having lots of hot, nasty sex together."

"I'm definitely down with that idea," Rich gasped, his erection flexing at the thought of it. "I guess I should break up with Phoebe, huh?"

"Not necessarily. Your father's my side-gig now. If you want her to be your 'side-gig,' that would only be fair."

"Side-gig," Rich chuckled, "I like that."

"Hopefully she'll be understanding of all the times you go out onto the boat with me instead of her."

"I'm sure she won't be, but oh well."

"I guess I really rocked the boat in that relationship, didn't I?" Tabitha asked, making them both laugh.

"Speaking of 'rocking the boat,'" Rich uttered, staring up at his beautiful mom with an eager smile.

"Oh…is someone wanting to take our 'maiden voyage of love' right now?" she asked.

"I am if you are?"

Tabitha lowered down on him, spreading her fat tits across his chest like warm bread dough. Her knees were astride his hips and Rich felt her puffy

twat hug his super-sized erection, making heat from her smoldering fuck-pit radiate across his dick. "Sweep me away, captain," she whispered.

They latched lips and began sensually kissing. They were certainly in no hurry. Rich had lowered the anchor and they were free to spend endless hours in consummation of this new chapter of their mother-son relationship.

They rolled and kissed…kissed and rolled, clinging tightly to each other. Their pink tongues whipping wildly together inside Rich's mouth, and their overheated genitals ground eagerly between their

tangled lower-limbs. Finally, Tabitha gazed at her boy with beautiful, lust-filled eyes. She could feel her vaginal tube clenching with desire; her spongy, corrugated lining coated with hot juices, ready to host their torrid union. Hungry to lubricate and squeeze the oversized fruit of her boy's loins. "Put it inside me, darling," she hissed. "Let's fuck."

Rich lowered comfortably against his mom's warm, splayed thighs, then took a few stabs at her vulva with his horny cock, until he found his target. His flaring knob fit into the socket of her vestibule, stiffly lining up for penetration. His mom's body jerked, as if struck with a branding iron, as her boy slammed his swollen meat all the way in with one mighty thrust, taking her breath away.

"Oh my God!" Tabitha gasped, feeling her boy's fat, swollen dick flex inside her.

Eager to engage in a shameless fuck, they wasted no time on formalities. The teen began to work his lean hips between her thighs, slamming his tubular meat through the tightly-clasping pit of her vagina. "Yesss! Oh, God…just like that!" his mother squealed, flinging her legs high around his back. She used her clasping limbs to pump her pelvis up and down, meeting her son's cock-thrusts with ones of her own.

Rich's mind swirled euphorically as he beat his oversized boner through his mom's squeezing cock-grinder. He could feel the skills she possessed as Tabitha tightened her pelvic floor muscles, compressing her slippery sleeve around his cock-flesh delightfully. Her labial lips were stretched open

lewdly by her son's thickness and beat wetly against his cock-base. Rich couldn't keep his eyes off her huge jugs as they rolled hypnotically to the rhythm of his fuck-pumps.

"Damn…it's so good, mom," he sighed, lowering his head to her cleavage so he could feel their fatty flesh ripple against his face,

while he reamed out her pussy. He pumped his steely prick in as deep as it could go and held it there in full penetration.

"Yessss," the mother cried out, her eyes fluttering back in their sockets as she had her throbbing vagina packed full. She could feel the pulse of her boy's excited heartbeat through his jutting cock-veins and the bulbous knob as it pushed against her cervical head.

Rich reared back again, drawing his cock out until only the tip remained sheathed. Then, he socked it back again, encapsulating his erect dong in hot flesh. He gave her a series of a two-dozen deep thrusts, stabbing his cum-drooling erection through the sopping tunnel of his mom's cunt.

"OH MY GOD, DARLING…YOU'RE MAKING ME CUM!" the busty mother announced, arching her back in ecstasy. She bit into Rich's shoulder as the heat of a powerful orgasm exploded inside her pussy. "OH YES…THERE! FUCK ME HARD, RICH! I'M CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!!"

The teen shuddered with the thrill of having his own mom quiver and squeal in climax beneath him. While her vagina gave off a violent series of squeezes, spewing hot ejaculate around his plunging dong, it was all the boy could do to keep from cumming himself.

"Aaauugghh!" he snarled, flexing his sinewy cock and sending it home on every powerful thrust. He winced, clenching his teeth, as her hot, cuntal cavity chewed at the length of his pecker-meat. They were fucking in rhythmic unison and soon their bucking bodies became sheened with perspiration.

"Suck my titties, darling," the mother gasped.

Rich certainly didn't object, diving for one of her melons as it rolled spongily up and down her chest. He engulfed her wide, dusky-pink

cap, doing his best to suck it all inside his mouth. He bit into her supple flesh,

making Tabitha squeal as he chewed at the meat of her papilla. Her nipple grew stiffer against her son's lashing tongue as the pleasure in her heavy tits merged with her pulsing, cock-stuffed vagina.

Rich could tell his mom was cumming again by the way her birthing tube shrunk up around his cock, sucking lewdly at its pink meat. She bucked upward, sinking her cunt to his cock-root and grinding frantically. "CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG AGAIN!!" her voice trembled.

"SHIT!!" the teen gasped, her distended nipple popping from his mouth as he hooked his arms around her arched back. Their pelvis's did a frantic dance, grinding their fully-joined genitals as more girl-cum squelched from Tabitha's contracting pussy. She let out a wonderful orgasmic scream; the loudest Rich had ever heard. It was wonderful fucking in a place where it didn't matter how loud she wailed. They were all alone, far from shore.

The boy giggled in excited pleasure, watching his mom's voluptuous body buck and strain against the implement of his cock. Her oversized mammaries leaped and rippled wildly, her areolas still huge, but crinkled with arousal. Popping from their rubbery center, his mom's teats jiggled from her frantic movements.

Rich's big, smooth balls beat against the ring of her asshole as he commenced thrusting. His ego swelled with pride as he realized he was giving his mom a savage fucking, probably the best she'd had in a long time. "Dad would die if he could see what we were doing right now," he thought. They'd been beating their engorged love-organs together for over and hour and he was finding it harder to control his tingly cock.

"Prop my legs up on your shoulders," his mom breathlessly suggested.

"Gladly!" he smiled.

Tabitha demonstrated her limberness by the way her teen folded her in half and continued humping into her. Rich shuddered in lust watching his mom's sexy feet with their red-painted toenails bob in midair to his steady tempo as they pointed towards the bow of the boat. His mom gyrated her ass beneath him skillfully, milking his vein-encrusted erection with the spongy pleats of her cunt and the powerful muscles beneath them.

The teenager's pre-spunk mingled with the juice produced by the mother's Bartholin glands, creating a wonderful, frothy lubricant that resulted in magical friction on the meat of their engorged genitalia.

The busty, brunette housewife had experienced some pain when her son first squeezed his oversized meat inside her. Now that she'd grown used to his length and thickness, it was pure, raw pleasure, unlike anything she'd ever experienced with her husband. "How could I ever possibly go back to being pleased by Tony," she thought, swept away by not only the size, but the breathtaking hardness and stamina of her boy's teenage cock. It pounded through her tirelessly, like a battering ram of flesh. The thickness of his glans and shaft created more tug on her clitoral root, creating greater than normal pleasure as she fucked. "Oh God, darling…I'm gonna cum on your fucking cock again!" her pretty voice cried out.

His mom's dramatic climax lasted more than a minute, making the teen's cock and balls tingle with pre-orgasmic excitement. He loved seeing her face masked in pleasure, wincing obscenely as he fed her his fat prick. "Ohhh, shit," he gasped, feeling her cunt-sleeve contract, sucking and gnawing at his pumping dick.

His penis-meat swelled even stiffer and his balls throbbed as he prepared to fire his first load ever inside his beautiful mom. "Oh, wow, mom…I'm cumming!" he finally announced. The jism blasted from his cunt-smothered meatus with furious intensity, splattering

along his mom's pink walls. He stabbed his prick in deep and held it there, growling like a grizzly bear as he painted the rounded head of her cervix with hot, sticky goo.

Exhausted and sweaty from their nearly two-hour romp, Rich and his mom held each other and made out just like new lovers do. They were girlfriend and boyfriend now, after all…at least while on the sailboat.

"Why don't we take a quick dip and cool off, then we'll come back down here and fuck some more," Tabitha suggested.

"I won't argue with that idea," her son agreed.

They went out onto the deck naked and jumped off the boat, taking a quick swim to cool their sex-heated bodies. Rich playfully slapped his

mom's rounded ass as she climbed onto the boat above him. "Mmm, you like to slap mommy's ass, you naughty boy?" she giggled.

"I sure do," he replied, then climbed up onto the rear of the boat with her. His mom grabbed onto him, smacking her wet, melonous tits against his bare chest and planting another deep French kiss. "You can slap it all you want while I ride that dick," she naughtily stated, then pulled him below deck for another romp.

Five minutes later, Rich was on his back, gazing up his mother's torso, watching her super-sized tit-melons leap around wildly above him as she rode his steely cock. "Yesss!" his mother cried out, fucking earnestly. "Your dick feel sooo good, darling."

She meant every word. Her mother, Michelle, was right. Never in her life had she had a dick so hard and divine-feeling than her teenage son's. It was long, thick and unyielding, pummeling through her fuck-socket; slipping exquisitely along her cuntal nerve-endings.

It wasn't easy peeling his eyes from her huge, rippling tits, but Rich let his attention drift down her sexy belly to her shaved crotch as it pumped up and down the glistening pole of his cock. He loved how her juicy flanges were splayed lewdly around its girth, and how her fleshy prepuce had retracted back, exposing the engorged bulb of her glans. It beat wetly against his cock-root on every rhythmic plunge.

Tabitha mashed her twat-lips against his cock-base, then swiveled up and back in full, delightful penetration. Her boy gasped and clenched his teeth in a pleasure-stricken grimace, feeling his tender cock stirred by the surface layers of juicy mucosal tissue lining his mom's vagina. Muscles bulged along her pelvic floor, tightening her pussy-passage like a velvet vice around him.

"You like that, darling?" she asked, swiveling her wide hips up and back.

"Yes…a lot!" Rich answered.

While continuing her boner-grinding, Tabitha leaned forward, resting her hands on the mattress to either side of her boy's head. This placed her swinging tits right down around his face, and Rich gasped excitedly as he

found himself being battered by fatty boobie-flesh. "Damn!" he excitedly blurted, staring up the gaping canyon of his mom's cleavage.

"Don't be shy, darling. I'm your girlfriend now so they're all yours," she told him.

He tilted his head up and began kissing and licking his way up his mom's tittie-trench. Soon his entire head disappeared between her bobbling mamilla. Tabitha felt his prick flex with excitement. She was completely consumed by the feel of his mighty slab stretching her cunt walls, digging against every nerve ending. Her arousal-level

increased when her son latched on to one of her swollen nipples and began to suckle. Crazed by the feel of his big dick plowing relentlessly, she began bouncing on his prick again, her rounded ass-cheeks bobbing up and down and smacking obscenely against his nuts.

"Mmnn," Rich whimpered, his face smothered in fatty tit-meat. It gave him a sense of primal satisfaction knowing he was providing pleasure to the one who'd birthed him all those years ago. Digging his fruit through the orchard from where it was plucked and sewing seeds that could breed life once again. Feeling her fuck-sheath quiver around his sex-organ, while his mom's secretions trickled down across his nuts was the greatest sensation on earth. He was able to withstand her heated humping for nearly twenty minutes before his own orgasm built to a violent crescendo.

"Ahhh, Goddamn, mom!" the boy grunted, humping his ass from the mattress as a huge cum-load streaked through the tube of his urethra. A torrent of baby-making goo splattered up through his mom's tightly-squeezing cunny. Tabitha trembled in her own violent climax, mixing the juices of their ejaculation as she used her matronly hole to milk out every ounce of cum her son could provide .

She finally collapsed into a wet heap of warm, trembling flesh on top of her son as they both caught their breath. "Oh, you gorgeous, big-dicked darling…that was the best fuck I've ever experienced," Tabitha confessed.

"Me too. I never imagined sex could be that good, mom."

"Get used to it, honey. Mom will let your dreamy cock sail through the sea of her cunt anytime it wants. As long as we're aboard the boat, that is."

"So, I should probably ditch Phoebe then huh?"

"Not necessarily," his mom replied. Since her candid chat with the girl, Tabitha found herself feeling a bit bad for the girls. However, that still didn't mean she didn't want the bulk of her son's attention. "Like I said before. Obviously I have to be with your father, so if you want a side thing with her, just to see where it goes, I have no objections to that. Just as long as it's not done here. This 'love boat' is mine and yours."

"Got it."

Over the next couple of weeks, Tabitha and Phoebe became a lot closer. So close, in fact, that the mother entrusted her with the secret that her and Rich were fucking almost daily on his sailboat.

"Wow…I've heard of mothers and sons having sex together, but have never known anyone who was actually doing it," the girl expressed as they sat on Phoebe's bed, while Rich as at work.

"Oh, I'm sure you have. It's a lot more common than people think."

"So, was it painful…taking Rich's big penis?"

"At first, yes, but after becoming adjusted to his size it's the most incredible feeling in the world now," the mother answered, then took Phoebe's hand and squeezed it. "He makes me cum so much. Do you feel like you're ready?"

"Ready?"

"Yes…for Rich to fuck you."

"I suppose I could try it. I'm just afraid he's gonna be disappointed. I've never even sucked on a guy's penis before."

Tabitha reached over and opened the drawer to her side-table, pulling out a sizable dildo. "I think I can help you out with that too," she smiled.

Over the next few days, Tabitha taught her new greenhorn how to suck cock. She instructed her on all the detailed ways to give a body-trembling blowjob. The young woman even took the dildo home with her so she could practice her technique for hours, while in bed every night.

"I finally took the whole thing down my throat!" Phoebe happily announced as they spoke by phone over the weekend.

"That's great, hon. Rich's cock is only a couple inches longer than my dildo, so you should be able to suck on most of his length now. Are you ready to put your skills to the test on a real cock?"

"I think so."

"You don't mind sharing, do you?" Tabitha giggled. "I've sucked Rich's big dick quite a few times now, but would love to surprise him with a double blowjob."

"You mean you and I…sucking his dick together?" Phoebe asked, her eyes going wide with excitement.

"If you're comfortable with that? I think some hot, sloppy head from two skilled cocksuckers would blow Rich's socks off."

"That does sound really fun!"

Rich was certainly shocked the next day. Not only because his mom allowed Phoebe to join them on the sailboat, but when they each took one of his hands and led him below deck, he simply couldn't believe his good fortune. They eagerly stripped him naked, then began undressing themselves.

"Don't look so shocked, darling," Tabitha giggled, unclasping her embroidered bra and letting her huge mommy-mammaries spring free.

"How could I not be? I have two hot girls getting naked in front of me."

"Two hot girls that lust after your cock," Tabitha winked.

Phoebe shared an anxious smile with him. "Don't worry…your mom told me about your…arrangement with her, here on the boat. Your secret is safe with me," she assured him.

While Phoebe's boobs were no where near the size of Tabitha's, she still had fat, juicy titties that were at least a double-d cup. Rich watched their naked knockers wobble deliciously as they stripped off their dainty panties, exposing their shaved pussies.

Phoebe's eyes bulged as she saw his erect cock twitch, wagging lewdly like a stiff tree branch in the wind. It was every bit as monstrous as she imagined. "Wow!" she uttered, staring in fascination.

Rich's mom stepped up beside her and smiled, while gazing hungrily also. "Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered.

"Yes."

"Let's give him some juicy head. Lay down on the bed, darling," his mom instructed, as her and Phoebe tied their hair back in ponytails.

Rich sprawled onto the mattress, watching them follow him on all-fours like a hungry team of wolves. His mom tilted his cock upward and began giving it tender oral affection, kissing and licking its hot pink flesh. She'd sucked some huge, wild loads from his balls the past week so he certainly knew what she was capable of. He was eager to watch the two of them work together as a cock-sucking team.

His knob popped from Tabitha's lips and she tilted it Phoebe's direction. Holding his cock-shaft firmly, the girl snaked her tongue

out and lightly darted it over the knob of his cock. Rich gasped in delight, watching her pink licker probe his peter-tip. His mom joined the action and now he had two pink snakes slithering around on his twitching, leaky knob.

"Ahhh, yeah! I love that!" he hissed.

After licking up and down his steely erection, the duo began taking turns sucking his young cock. Phoebe performed like she'd been sucking dick for years, when this was actually the first time she'd given head. She whimpered at the feel of his fleshy rod pumping through her mouth and into her clasping throat. She thought she might gag at the taste of his leaking pre-cum, but she was actually surprised at how much she liked it. The pretty, redhead had all the makings for a cock-sucking slut.

Not to be outdone, Tabitha took over, letting the circled ring of her lips glide up and down the boy's meaty shaft. She lowered her head all the way down, demonstrating her ability to swallow him balls-deep. Phoebe made an attempt herself, but she couldn't quite get there. Someday she would…perhaps on her own son's cock.

Lewd, creamy gurgling sounds filled the cabin as the women took turns giving him a sloppy blowjob. Rich loved watching their dangling tits wobble around to their rhythmic sucking, especially his mom's gigantic jugs.

"Let's work his balls," Tabitha suggested as her boy's fat bell popped from her mouth, wet and shiny.

"Both of us?" Phoebe asked.

"Boys have two balls…one for each of us," the mother teased.

They maneuvered down between his legs and began sensually licking and slurping on his cum-swollen nuts. The each slurped a testicle inside their mouth, whimpering like kittens as they squeezed

the ring of their lips around the loose skin of Rich's scrotum. Each woman battering the meat of the boy's nut with their tongue. They sucked at his sensitive gonads, pulling them lustfully in opposite directions with the heated warmth of their mouths, tugging at his spermatic cord.

"God, I really like sucking you, Rich," Phoebe hornily confessed, moving back up and going to town on his dick again. He loved watching her pretty head bob up and down, while feeling his mom give his nuts a royal work over.

Phoebe sucked his cock like a woman possessed; thinking about nothing but Rich's huge, swollen cock and how to please it.

"Do you like the way we're sucking your dick and ball's, Rich?" his mom asked.

"Fuck yes!" he sighed, feeling his mom's licker go back to town on his scrotum, wagging sloppily all over his nuts and even down across his asshole.

Phoebe applied a different technique that Tabitha had taught her, jacking the boy's prick at the root, while frantically sucking the meat of his knob and shaft. After nearly five minutes of this, Rich squirmed in cock-tingling delight. "I'm gonna cum!" he announced. "OH, GOD!"

"Let's beat him off together!" Tabitha suggested, wrapping her hand above Phoebe's on Rich's boner. "Let's make him cum on our faces."

The lucky teen fucked his ass from the mattress, pumping his prick through their slick cock-stroking hands. The women's cunt-tubes clenched and their assholes puckered in anticipation of his hot, gooey load spraying all over them. "CUM, DARLING! FUCK OUR PRETTY HANDS!" his mom cried out.

Pearly-white streams of spunk began to spurt from his piss-slit, splattering across their beautiful faces. "Oh, wow!" Phoebe exclaimed, in awe of the ejaculating cock. A creamy jet splattered across her lips and onto her tongue.

For several minutes they milked every wonderful drop of his hot jizz with their twisting, tightly-clasping hands. His gooey load dripped from their faces, down onto their heaving tits.

"Mmm, that was some load, darling," his mother cooed.

"It actually tastes pretty good," Phoebe confessed, swallowing a big gulp of spunk that had blasted inside her mouth. "I didn't think I'd like the taste of cum, but I do."

Rich quickly sat up, giving his dick a rejuvenating stroke. "You guys lay down now," he directed.

Tabitha and Phoebe smiled at one another, then sprawled onto their backs in front of Rich. "Spread 'em open…and draw your knees back," he requested. When they did so, Rich gazed lustfully at their swollen, shaved snatches. He licked his lips, then dropped down between Phoebe's thighs first.

"Ohhhh!" she gasped, as she experienced having her cunt devoured for the first time.

The sweet aroma of cunt juice filled his nostrils as Rich rummaged into Phoebe's cunt with his lashing tongue. The lusty teen gazed up past her smooth, hairless mons, across her squirming belly, watching her fat, round tits heave around wonderfully. He slurped her love-nubbin into his mouth and battered the spongy bulb with his tongue, quickly making her squeal in orgasmic pleasure.

Next, he moved to his mother. This certainly wasn't the first time he'd eaten her out. Since spending time alone in his sailboat with her, he'd feasted on Tabitha's hot cunt several times. She smelt as

ripe of warm pussy as Phoebe had, making him dizzy with desire. The teen laved his licker through her fleshy cunt-folds, swiping along her juicy slit. Both women tasted a bit different to him, maybe because of their age difference. However, the tang of their cuntal secretions was extremely pleasant and made his cock throb in anticipation of being coated with it.

While eating his mom out, Rich was treated to the same view up her torso as he enjoyed with Phoebe. His mom's boobs though were much fatter and heavier, and he marveled at their huge, rounded undersides. He pried his tongue beneath the sheath of her clitoral hood, battering her grape-sized bulb with the tip of his tongue. When he sucked it into his mouth, his mom began bucking from the bed, writhing in orgasmic ecstasy.

Rich held her legs as her warm, trembling thighs clamped around his head. He stayed with her pussy as it writhed up and down in sexual pleasure.

After his mom settled, the boy quickly scrambled between her legs, and Tabitha let out a squealing huff as her son's bulbous tip slid past her plump, trembling cunt-lips. Rich pushed his rod hard down her birthing passage, his breath hissing at the feel of her smoldering grasp.

The busty mother looked up into her son's pleasure-contorted face. It was the same look she'd seen on her brother, Todd, all those years ago, when he was ramming his rod through their mother. "God, you're tight, mom!" he groaned pressing his mushrooming glans against her back wall, smearing it with his pre-slime.

Rich set his hips in motion. Yes, Phoebe was sitting there watching in awe, but the cat was out of the bag, so he really didn't care. The boy lowered onto her jiggling tits, feeling them squash against his chiseled chest, while he fucked. His mom pulled his head down to hers and planted a passionate kiss. Soon their tongues were

entwined as they humped their horny love-organs together in a rhythmic fuck.

Within minutes, Tabitha was bucking and writhing on the bed, gushing on her teen's pummeling prick in a powerful female ejaculation. Rich had a rough ride keeping his pounding cock inside her, but managed to do it, and enjoyed every second. After he knew his mom had reached the end of her orgasm, he pulled his cock out and scrambled over to Phoebe.

"Wait!" the girl blurted, staring at his giant cock. Juices from his mother's squirting climax were still dripping from its blue-veined meat.

"We don't have to…if you're not ready," Rich assured her.

"I am. Can you just go slow though…until I get used to it."

"Of course."

Tabitha rose up and sat at the girl's side. "Just fight through the pain, honey. It'll quickly pass…I promise," she assured her.

Rich maneuvered down on top of her and wasted no time easing his cockhead into her cunt. Fuck-oil had oozed from her Skene glands, making the entrance easy to slip into. Still, she winced as his plumb-sized knob tore through the thin piece of tissue at the opening of her vagina.

"It's ok, Phoebe. Rich just had to break your hymen. It's all part of getting your virginity taken," Tabitha assured her.

"Ok," the girl nervously breathed.

Tabitha looked at her son. "Nice and easy, darling. Let her get used to that big horse dick," she urged.

The teen slowly squeezed a few inches in, marveling at how tight it was.

"OH, RICH…PLEASE GO SLOW!" Phoebe squealed, feeling the strong shaft of his cock stretch her inner lining.

Rich placed his lips against her, feeling her vagina clench around him so it seemed impossible for him to go any deeper. "Let me in," he whispered, then pushed a couple inches further, clenching his teeth at the warm, snug sensation of her spongy, collapsed walls slipping wetly around his glans.

"Pull back until only your knob's inside her, honey," Rich's mother directed. "That'll better coat your cock with her natural lubricant, for deeper penetration."

Rich followed his mom's advice, rearing his dick back, until only his fat knob remained sheathed in Phoebe's cunt-hole. Then, they both gasped as he slithered his slippery prick up her fuck-channel. This time he buried it to his nut-sack.

"Oh my God!" the young woman whimpered, squirming beneath him, a tear running from her eye.

Rich grasped her sexy legs and folded them around his back, then peeked up at his mom, who fed him a smiling nod, silently urging him to start fucking her.

Phoebe let out a gasping scream as the boy began humping his ass up and down, pounding his cock through the tight, velvety tube of her cunt. The friction afforded by her super-tight pussy, aided by her slippery secretions made Rich's eyes roll back in delight. It was a brand new pussy and he was steadily working it in. He latched on to one of her jiggling tits, while fucking savagely, suctioning his cheeks and lips around her swollen, young flesh.

The fluids seeping from Phoebe's cunt-tube as pain turned to pleasure were frothing up around Rich's cock-base. Some of it slid down and pooled around her jiggling ass-cheeks.

"Oh yeah…take my fucking cock!" the boy snarled, then resumed sucking on the pink cap of her rippling breast. He reached down, grasping her ass-cheeks and began fucking as hard as he could.

"Fuck-fuck-fuck!" Phoebe cried out, her heels drumming against his bobbing ass. When her orgasm struck, her legs shot straight out, quivering with the obscene thrill and pleasure of her first deep, cuntal orgasm.

Rich found it hard to thrust his cock, she was clamping up so tight. He only needed a few more lengthy thrusts to make his cum start pouring out of his cock. He mashed his peter in all the way, pressing their hairless crotches together; trying to pack her cervix with his meat. "AAAAUUGGGHHH!" he grunted, his body jerking as he began hosing out hot goo.

It was a satisfying cum for the boy, but not nearly as thrilling and pleasure-filled as the ones he'd had with his mom over the past week or so. He knew that even if things didn't work out with Phoebe, relationship wise, that he'd still be getting the best piece of cunt that a boy could ask for, while out cruising on his new boat.

"Wow, look at me…captain of the ship!" Rich's dad, Tony, shouted as he steered the sailboat nearly a year later.

Down in the cabin, Tabitha was bent over, with her bikini bottoms at her ankles, getting fucked vigorously from behind by her son. Her husband's words made her smile back at her boy. "Certainly not captain of MY ship," she panted at a level that her husband couldn't hear.

"That would be me, right?" Rich asked, holding his mom's hips while he fucked; watching her ass-flesh jiggle every time it struck his

crotch.

"You got it, darling. You know just how to throw that big anchor through mommy's porthole," she joked. Some things had changed about the pretty mom and it wasn't just her hairstyle. Her belly was huge, round and pregnant; pack with twins that belonged to her and Rich. They fucked so hard and often that it didn't surprise her when she got knocked up.

"Are you two almost finished getting our drinks ready down there? I'm parched," Tony asked.

"We'll be right up, honey."

Tabitha's body shuddered with the wicked thrill of fucking her son, with her husband so dangerously close. She knew they were safe though because

Tony knew better than to take his hands off the steering wheel, especially with the water being as rough as it was today.

Rich leaned over, slipping his hands beneath her bikini top and squeezing her milk-swollen tits. His mother's jiggle-jugs had become obscenely huge as they swelled with breast-milk for their soon-to-be child. The boy took every opportunity to gorge himself on them; tugging and chewing at her thickened teats, while enjoying all that warm sloshing flesh smothering him constantly.

Tabitha's cunt had gone through a few prenatal changes as well. Increased blood-flow to her genitals made her cuntal lining thicken. The ribs that lined her vaginal tract were more pronounce, causing toe-curling friction around her boy's erectile tissue. Rich was pumping several loads a day inside her and even then they just couldn't seem to get enough.

The humping teen slapped his mother's rounded ass, letting her know he was close to cumming. Tabitha quickly pulled her cunt off

his cock and let her hand take over. She retrieved a wine glass with the other hand, getting it ready to catch her boy's spunk.

"What was that?" he husband asked, having heard the hard ass-slap.

"I just dropped something, honey. We'll be right up," Tabitha answered.

A few minutes later her and Rich emerged from the cabin, drinks in hand. "Alright…drinks are ready!" Tony's wife announced.

Rich took a swig of his, watching his mom hand a cocktail to his father. "Took you long enough," Tony stated. "It looks delicious though."

He took a sip of his drink, while watching his wife drink from her wine glass. It was only an eighth of the way full with a thick, pearly-white beverage. "What are YOU drinking?" her husband curiously asked.

"It's a new cocktail. I've been drinking a ton of it here lately," she stated, sharing a knowing smile with her son.

"Well go easy. You're pregnant, remember?" Tony reminded her.

"I know I am, and it's funny because being pregnant makes me crave it even more. You could say I'm addicted," said Tabitha, then gave her son a smiling wink.

The sailboat continued across the water. Rich had recently renamed the vessel and had the new name painted by a talented sign artist across the back of the vessel. It read simply "The Love Boat."

THE END

76: Mom wants a Fuck Doll

Mom wants a Fuck Doll

By Klrxo

"Hi, honey…how was your baseball practice?" Ruby asked as she stood in her son's doorway.

"Excellent!" David replied, his eyes drifting up his mom's voluptuous body. She wore a short, black maxi dress, which showed off a good portion of her legs as well as the creamy bulge of her enormous tit-cleavage.

"Oh good…I can't wait until your games start so I can CHEER you on from the bleachers!" Ruby expressed, throwing her arms into the air like a cheerleader, making her huge, fatty melons jostle heavily.

"Me too," her boy agreed.

"Can we, um…talk for a few minutes?" Ruby asked, suddenly seeming and anxious and serious.

"Sure."

"Good…let me close and lock your door. We don't need your nosy sister snooping in on our private conversation."

"True."

Ruby closed her boys door and locked it, then stepped towards him on bare feet. "There…let's sit down on your bed together," she

requested. Her delicious bubble butt landed softly on the bed, making the heavy breast-meat beneath her blouse and bra jostle as she sat next to her teen. She gazed over with her beautiful sapphire eyes, flashing him a warm, adoring smile.

"Honey…I have an 'issue' that I'm trying to get resolved and I think you might be able to help me out with it. First, let me just say that I know your eighteen now, so I feel like I can talk to you about anything, " Ruby stated, then gazed deeply into David's eyes. "Especially 'sexual' things."

David gulped anxiously. "Sure, mom. Is everything all right with you?" he asked with concern.

"Yes…everything is fine with me, honey. My issue has more to do with my…'sexual' well being," she answered. "I'm 38 now, which means I've just hit my sexual prime."

"What's that?" David stupidly asked.

"You don't know what 'sexual prime' means, honey?" the mother giggled. She never considered that her cute boy may not know much about the subject of sex.

"No."

"Well, I'll be frank with you. A person's sexual prime means that they wanna fuck…more than any other time in their life. It's pretty much all they think about," the mother confessed, her fat clit tingling beneath its fleshy hood.

Ruby noticed her son was becoming a little red in the face, probably because she had just used a word she hardly ever had around him, especially in a sexual context. "Why are you blushing? Is it because I used the word… 'FUCK?' she giggled. "Oh, honey…you don't have to be embarrassed. I like that I can finally use those 'grown up' words with you."

"Yeah…I like it too," he admitted. Since David was a young boy he had admired his mom's beauty. Like many boys his age he dreamed of being wrapped in mommy-flesh, smothered by her enormous tits, while beating his horny boner through the tube that birthed him.

His beautiful mom stared him in the eyes as she continued. "Now when I talk to you, I can say words like 'fuck, cock and pussy'… those are all words we should be able to use and discuss with each other."

"True," the boy agreed, his heart racing.

His mom reached over and took one of his hands in both of hers, resting them on her soft lap. David could feel the heat radiating from between her legs. "Hey, I have an idea. Why don't you tell me your favorite dirty word and I'll tell you mine."

"My favorite dirty word?" David awkwardly asked.

"Yeah, don't be shy, honey. It's ok for a mother and son to talk nasty when they're alone together. It's all part of that special, secret connection that we have."

"Ok."

"Now tell me…what naughty word to do think the most about?"

"Probably boobs," he timidly answered.

"Ohhh, 'boobs' huh? Let me guess…you like REALLY big boobies, don't you?" she asked, then giggled when he nodded, making her own huge mounds quiver. "I thought so. Have any of the girls at school let you suck on their fat titties?"

"Yes…some."

"Yeah? Did you like masking your face in all that squishy flesh, while you suckled and chewed on their teats?"

"Yeah, a lot," the boy replied. He glanced at his mom's mams, knowing he had never seen boobs anywhere near the size of hers. Ruby's nipples were completely engorged from arousal, creating fleshy protrusions in her dress. "So what's, um…your favorite dirty word?" David bravely asked.

"Hmm…well, it has to be 'dick.' I probably think about dick more than anything else throughout the day. Big, hard, juicy dick!" the mother answered, lustfully licking her lips as she glanced down at her son's

crotch. "Which reminds me…you know how I said I was in my 'sexual prime?" Do you wanna hear something cool?" the busty mother asked.

"Sure."

"You and I are 'peaking' at the same time. We're both at the age where we crave hot, nasty sex constantly, it just the way human sexuality works. Isn't that really cool?"

"Yeah…I never knew that."

Ruby squeezed his hand in hers. "Which brings me to my issue. I'm afraid your father's just not doing it for me anymore. He tries, I'll give him that, but he's older now, and…well, I'm just not really that physically attracted to him anymore. It frustrates the hell out of me that he can't keep up with me sexually, and his erections aren't nearly as hard as they once were."

"Couldn't he just take one of his blue pills?" David asked, knowing his father had a prescription for erectile dysfunction.

"Yes, I know he could take Viagra, honey, but to be honest…I've always kinda thought that men who need those drugs to get hard are really fucking pathetic," Ruby giggled, then stared her son in the eyes. "I don't need a wimpy-dicked loser trying to please me in the bedroom. What I really need is someone who can take me to the moon and back. Someone with a strong, rigid dick and tireless sexual energy. What I need…is a fuck doll."

For a moment, David contemplated exactly what his mom meant. "Do they make sex dolls for women?"

"Yes, they make them for women too. I actually looked in to purchasing one a couple weeks ago. It was a fake male torso, with an eight-inch dong attached to it. You know…for women to take their sexual aggressions out on. I was gonna buy it, but then I changed my mind," Ruby explained.

"Why did you change your mind?" David asked. He noticed that his mom's mini skirt had bunched up near her waist, leaving all her luscious legs for him to look at. He often imagined her powerful, silky legs harnessed tightly around him while he pounded his muscular cock through the tight,

juicy grip of her pussy. He tried not to let his mind wander there, but to remain focused on what his mom was saying.

"While I like the whole concept of having a doll at my disposal, whenever I need it…I just don't think I'd be completely satisfied with something fake, not to mention an object that requires ME to do all the work," Ruby told him.

"I see. That makes sense," the boy replied.

"That brings me to the issue I wanted to discuss with you; a question actually. If you say no I'll understand…and I promise, I'll never bug you about it again, alright?"

"Um…ok."

Ruby seemed a tad bit reluctant, but continued anyway. "I know this isn't a question a mother would normally ask her son, but…we've always had a close bond, haven't we?"

"Yeah…of course," David replied.

"Even though we've never talked about it, I think its obvious that there's always been sort of a 'sexual' attraction between you and I. An infatuation," the mother whispered, staring yearningly into his eyes. "A hunger."

"Yes," her boy agreed. He was amazed that his mother was confessing a desire for him.

"When I was shopping for sex dolls and I saw all those fake, young-looking male torsos with their big erections attached, I couldn't help but think about how ironic it was that I already had one of those living under the same roof as me, only he WASN'T fake. I realized, from a little spying, that someone has a REALLY nice dick, and could give me greater sexual pleasure than any of those toys," Ruby expressed, then gazed into her boy's eyes deeply. "Of course, that person I'm talking about…is you. Honey…would YOU be interested in being mommy's fuck doll?"

David's heart was beating so fast in his chest that he could hardly spit his response out. "Yes!" he blurted.

"Well…that certainly didn't take any convincing!" his mom giggled. "Are you sure you don't wanna hear what I'll be requiring of you first…before you take on that responsibility? I wrote a list down in my phone, just in case you wanted to know what your role as my 'sex toy' would entail."

Ruby thumbed through her cell phone to find the list she was referring to. She desperately wanted a toy that she could sexually

ravage on a daily basis. One that that could make her cum so fucking hard that it would set off an earthquake of convulsions inside her and make her pretty, sapphire eyes roll back in their sockets. "Maybe I should read it to you, before you fully agree to making this commitment," she told her boy.

"Sure, I'd like to hear it!" David replied.

"This would be our…daily schedule, except on weekends, of course, which we'd have to modify, since your father and sister would be around the house more," Ruby informed him, then read from her list. "Every morning at 8am, just after your father leaves for work, we could lock ourselves in here and fuck our asses off on your bed. We'd be doing this in various positions, but you should know that doggy-style is my favorite, so I would be expecting you to pound my shaved pussy from behind quite a lot."

David let out an excited sigh, his cock hardening beneath his jeans.

His mom giggled at his reaction. "Oh, you like that position too, huh?" she asked in a sultry tone. "You like to watch a nice, meaty ass beat against your midsection?"

"Heck yes!" he blurted, envisioning his mom's fatty ass cheeks rippling as they steadily smacked against him.

"Would you be willing to slap my ass a lot, while we fuck that way? Yeah? Oh my God, honey…that'll be perfect then!" said Ruby, excitedly, her heart going pitter-patter in her chest. "So…I was thinking…two to three hours of sexual intercourse every morning, then maybe a late breakfast or early lunch."

"Ok," David nodded, wanting to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this.

"From noon to 1pm you'd be eating my pussy and giving me clitoral orgasms," she informed him in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm not

apposed to extending that time to include engaging in the sixty-nine position, since I do enjoy sucking cock."

"What about my baseball?" David asked, licking his lips with anticipation of eating his mom's sweet, fragrant cunt. He had smelt and sucked on the crotch of her panties so many time that he couldn't imagine how thrilling it would be to experience it from the source.

"I can give you a couple hours in the afternoon for baseball practice, but as soon as you're home and showered I'll need you back between my thighs. Hopefully we'd be able to get in another hour or two of fucking before your father gets home."

David could hardly believe his ears. Being buried to his nutsack inside his mom was a long-time dream of his. His excitement level grew the longer he listened to her talk. "Wow, mom, you DO like sex a lot," he stated.

Ruby giggled, squirming hornily. "Yes, I know that's a lot of sex, honey, but like I told you, you're mom's a complete hypersexual slut for dick right now. If there was a way for me to fuck or suck cock twenty-four hours a day, I would."

The boy's eyes widened at her admission. "How will the evenings work?"

"The evenings will be tricky," Ruby warned. "Anything we do will have to be done discreetly, but IF AND WHEN the opportunity presents itself in the evenings, I will expect you to be ready to savagely fuck me, in a moments notice."

"Whatever you would need me to do, mom," the teen offered, hardly able to breathe he was so fucking excited.

Ruby smiled at his eager willingness to fuck her. To have a young, energetic teenager tirelessly digging at her cervix with his steely-

hard erection made her giddy with desire.

"One other thing I wrote down here," Ruby added, reading from her phone. "I'd like Wednesdays to be 'anal' day. Not all day, since my pussy

will still need SOME of your attention. Maybe just two to three hours of deep anal pounding."

"I've never done that before, but I'm anxious to try it!" David replied.

"What?! You've NEVER had anal sex? Oh my God, honey, you're gonna love it!" Ruby stated, feeling the ring of her asshole throb. "I can't believe you've never done that with one of your girlfriends. How selfish of them to not give you their assholes!"

David's cock flexed beneath his jeans as he dwelled for a moment on how incredibly good it would feel to have his boner encapsulated inside the hot tube of his mom's ass-tract. He imagined that her rubbery rectum would feel divine squeezing around his tender glans, and that the ring of her butthole clasped tightly against his cock-root would be unlike anything he ever felt.

"Now, do you have ANY questions about what your expectations would be as my fuck doll?" his mom asked him.

"Will we always do it here...at the house?"

"No, not always. Sometimes…especially if your father's home, we can drive somewhere private and fuck in the back seat of my car," Ruby suggested. "We have that cool beach tent we bought last summer. We could camp out at the beach sometimes and suck and fuck the day away, giving each other tremendous, body-trembling pleasure.

The teen peered down at her gigantic mammaries. "Will I be able to suck on your breasts too?" he asked.

"Of course you'll be sucking on my breasts, honey. Kissing and squeezing them, sucking and chewing on my nipples…that's just all part of doing the nasty," she replied, stroking his back gently with her long nails. She smiled salaciously. "I know that you have boobs on the brain a lot, but are you sure you won't mind these forty-eight double-H cup boobs smothering you all day?"

"No way…I won't mind at all!"

His mom giggled at his excited response. "I didn't think so. I see the way you sneak little peeks at them every time you're around me. Watching them tremble beneath my top and bra whenever I move. I also know you steal my panties. Do you like the way they smell?"

"Yes…are you mad about that?" her boy replied.

"Of course I'm not mad, honey. Boys are suppose to steal their moms panties…it's just normal sexual behavior. So also is smelling them and tasting them…" Ruby expressed, then reached over and tenderly grazed the tubular shaped lump in her boy's pants. "Then rubbing the silky fabric around your glans until you cum. Trust me, I've cleaned a lot of your sticky ejaculate out of my panties over the years," she confessed.

"Sorry about that," David blushed, loving the sensation of his mom's fingers on his cock.

"Don't apologize, baby. I've never brought it up because it's never really bothered me. In fact, since we're being honest, sometimes I'll lick out a the goo that you leave in them."

"Really?!"

"Yes, really," Ruby giggled. "Your young cum is really sweet and yummy…kind of like pineapple juice, which you know I love. I'll slurp your creamy love-lava into my mouth and swirl it around, playing with all that slimy spunk with my tongue, then swallow it right down. I'd venture to say that I've probably swallowed several gallons of you ball-nectar over the years."

"Wow," David uttered, trying to process what his mom just shared.

The horny mother continued to tease his cock bulge with her nail-tips, contemplating its length, while gazing at him dreamily. "Are you a good kisser, honey? Yeah? Do you like deep French kisses?"

"Yes."

"Oh, wonderful! One thing I want in my fuck doll is one who loves to make out as much as I do. We'll let our tongues duel WILDLY, while we beat our horny love-organs together, doesn't that sound nice?"

"Yes."

She felt her son's cock twitch against her fingers in reaction to her words. It made her cunt tube contract; hot, liquid secretions forming along its tightly-clenched walls. "Any other questions?" Ruby asked.

"Will there be blowjobs too?"

"Yes, I did plan on working deep-throat blowjobs into our routine, but you have to remember, honey…you're MY fuck doll, so I'd only be giving them to you because I love to suck dick, and it turns me on tremendously!"

"Understood. I was just curious about that."

The mother smiled wickedly. "You can count on me working in some oral affection on your cock and balls periodically throughout the day,

and yes…I do swallow. I'll probably even wanna bury my face between your ass cheeks and lick your asshole."

"Oh, wow…can I do that too?"

"Of course you can do that to me too! Mommy loves to have her ass eaten. I need to know though, that even if I let you pour your cum-load down my throat, that you'll stay nice n stiff for me. I know that boys your age can retain their erections after cumming, and that you have short refractory periods, which makes you the perfect fuck doll for a sex-hungry mom like me."

"I'll do my best, mom!" David promised.

"So, there's one other important thing we should probably discuss, honey."

"What's that?"

"Well…you ARE NOT wearing condoms with me, first of all. All of our fucking will be done bareback. I'm also not on any form of birth control either, and I don't plan to be. Which means, if you and I are gonna beat our bellies together every day, you're probably gonna end up getting me pregnant at some point this summer."

"You really think you'll get pregnant?" David asked, unsure on how he felt about that.

"Yes, I do. We're gonna be fucking so much that it's gonna be impossible for me not to get knocked up. It's not a big deal though, since your father and I have been talking about wanting another child anyway. He'll think it's his, and you'll just be a big brother again. I just wanna make sure you're cool with that, since you'll be the one impregnating me?"

"Yeah, I mean…as long as you're good with it, I don't mind."

"OK, good. You should know though that once you do pump a baby into me, my hormones will be going CRAZY! I may have to modify our schedule to include more fucking throughout the day. Don't worry though, honey, once you see how big and round my belly gets, and how my breasts swell up with tit-milk, you won't wanna be anywhere else but wrapped in your mommy, enjoying the pleasures that my pregnant flesh can give you."

"Sounds incredible!" the boy blurted anxiously, his erection about ready to rip through his pants.

"We'll definitely have to make sure your sister is at her friends house alot while I'm pregnant, since you and I will be on my bed or yours, fucking and cumming all day long."

David felt delirious with sexual excitement. The thought of beating his hardon through all his mom's fuck-holes was making his cock swell with so much blood it was almost painful.

Ruby could feel her boy's dick throb beneath her kneading fingers. "Wow honey, that's quite the bulge you have going on. Has all this talk about being your mom's fuck doll got you excited? Has it gotten you all horny and eager to bury your boy-cock to the root inside my warm, juicy pleasure-hole?"

"Uh-huh!" David replied, too fucking excited to formulate words in his brain.

Ruby glanced back at his mattress. Her nipples were erect and her cunt-tube was quivering and smoldering with desire. She simply couldn't wait

to be pounded by a real cock. One that could smash through her needy pink pussy like a fucking battering ram! "Well…since you are 'officially' my fuck doll now, and your father's still at work, why don't kiss a little bit. Mommy can unzip your fly and hold onto your hot

dick, while we kiss. We might as well start becoming sexually acquainted, right?"

"Sure."

Ruby unzipped his fly and shoved her hand into his briefs, grasping the meat of his naked erection. She brought her lips to her boy's for a series of sensual kisses. "Oh, baby…you are good with those sweet lips," she whispered between kisses.

"Mmm, and your young dick is so rigid," she sighed, her hand circling the bulging flesh of his prick. "Mommy can feel all that blood pulsing through those fat veins. Oh, it's so long n thick n ready for pussy. You're just gonna be the perfect doll for mommy to take her raging sexual aggressions out on."

Ruby dove back to her boy's lips, this time for deep French kissing. She whimpered in delight as their tongues dueled wildly inside David's mouth. Her hand began to make lewd, creamy sounds as it slowly stroked his cock, using his pre-spunk as lubricant.

"Ohh, listen to that. Baby boy's pre-cum is making mommy's hand all warm and creamy," she cooed between kisses. "Getting it all slick, just like a wet pussy. Do you like mmomm's fist squeezing you up and down… pumping up that long teenage shaft and across your swollen glans?"

"Yes!" David hissed.

Ruby stared down at his pecker as she pulled it from his fly-hole. "Mmm, my new fuck doll has a penis-tip that looks just like a perfectly-formed bell…and mommy's gonna make it go ring-a-ding-ding, deep inside my wet, smoldering pussy."

David shuddered and Ruby fed him several more wet smooches. She guided him back on the bed so should could lay against him while they kissed, spreading her giant tits across his young chest.

"Do you promise you'll fuck me hard, David?" she mewled between sensual pecks. "Do you promise you'll be the savage, cunt-humping motherfucker that I need you to be?"

"Oh, God yes!" the teen hissed.

"Oh fuck…I'm gonna love being pounded by your young dick," she whimpered, squeezing her fist up the length of his long, muscular boner.

"I'll love it too," her son assured her, marveling at how huge and squishy her boobs felt on him.

Ruby suddenly sat up.."Mommy needs fucked," she gasped. "I think I'll strip naked and let you give me some dick. It would be a shame to see this beautiful boner go to waist."

"What about Wendy?" the boy asked, worried that his sister might hear them.

His mother stood up and shed her dress. David could see the slit of her shaved cunt right through her sheer, white panties. "Oh…don't worry about your sister," Ruby replied. "She's downstairs and probably on the phone with one of her friends. Take your pants off, honey."

David stood up and quickly stripped naked, watching his beautiful mother do the same. It wasn't the first time he'd seen her huge, naked tits. On several occasions he'd peeked in on her taking a shower. This time was different though because she wanted him to see them. Not only that, but she gave him the ok to squeeze, lick and suck them also. It was his wildest fantasy come true!

Ruby stared at his jutting erection, licking her lips with desire. "Oh, baby…you ARE a big boy, aren't you?! Wow, that long, thick cock-shaft, with all those bulging veins will feel so fucking yummy inside me! Mmm, the skin is pulled back so fucking tight, and that pink

knob is so fat and juicy-looking. It looks like it could pop right off the top of your dick, honey," she cooed, then crawled back on his bed, spreading open her smooth, thick mommy-thighs. "I think I picked out the perfect doll. Prove

me right, baby. Come down here and slam that cock through me like a battering ram. Let's fuck!"

David took just a moment to stare at his mom's shaved vulva in it's aroused state. He marveled at how engorged her labial lips were, making them a darker shade of pink. They were unfurled, allowing him to see the juicy coral-colored slit of her vestibule. Below it, just beneath her perineum and tucked between her meaty buns, was the pink elastic ring of her asshole.

He anxiously scrambled down onto his mom's warm sex-saddle, jabbing his long, muscled cock around her cuntal opening before finding the entrance. The boy's body shriveled with a wicked thrill as he felt his bulbous crown swallowed by the spongy, heated tissue of his mom's vaginal threshold.

"OH, HONEY! OH, YES…SLIDE IT ALL THE WAY IN!" his mother urged, pulling him down, locking her freshly-shaved legs around him and humping her ass from the mattress in mindless fuck-passion. "My God, your cock is big! … Fuck!!"

Together, they began to engage in a feverish fuck, making the boy's bed rock and squeak violently. The teen's dick-piston pummeled through the socket of his mom's vagina like it was a fleshy crank shaft. The rigid pink flesh of David erection was quickly coated with lubricating oil. It was a cocktail of secretions from both him and his mom's accessory sex glands, making the slippery friction of their union exquisitely pleasurable.

"OH GOD, YES…THAT'S A GOOD FUCK DOLL. FUCK MY PUSSY… MAKE ME FUCKING CUM!" Ruby squealed, meeting her son's thrusts,

so that her stretched cunt-lips beat wetly and lewdly against the base of his cock.

David whimpered, and his young body let out a wonderful shudder. His young penile erection was encased in hot, slippery pussy. He could feel the muscles of his mom's pelvic floor bulging, which tightened the pleated mucus membrane of her cuntal lining around his pecker. "OHH, WOW, MOM!" his quivering voice shouted as he pumped his cock into her.

"HARDER! FUCK ME FASTER AND HARDER!!" Ruby cried out, squeezing her humping teenager even tighter to her curvy body as if trying to draw him back inside the womb that once held him.

The boy did his best to keep his horny hardon thundering through her, while rising up slightly on extended arms so he could watch her oversized tit-melons roll wildly up and down her chest. He lowered back down and latched onto one, showing her how he could suck and fuck at the same time.

Ruby bucked and writhed beneath her boy passionately, throwing her aching cunt up at him as she felt him carry her to the peak of her climax. Due to engorgement, the fat nubbin of her clitoris had retracted from beneath it's hood and was throbbing immensely as it was repeatedly struck by David's pubic base. Suddenly, the muscles around her vagina and anus began to spasm rhythmically. She let out a delightfully orgasmic mommy-scream as her body trembled in orgasm. "OH YES! OH FUCK…I'm CUMMING! YES-YES-YES…FUCK MEEEEE!" Ruby wailed.

David grunted in reaction to his mom's cuntal sheath squeezing and spewing around his cock. The way Ruby's vagina chewed and pulled at his peter-meat in a milking motion made his head spin. His vas deferens, prostate and seminal vesicles began a series of powerful contractions that forced his built-up semen into the bulb of his urethra. His cunt-smothered knob mushroomed with even more

blood as hot, baby-making boy-lava rocketed up his pisser and splattered out into his mom's fuck-tube.

Ruby was hit with more rhythmic contractions, making her clutching flesh convulse around her teen. She felt her boy's big peter twitch over and over, while coating her walls with sizzling ball-nectar. For several body-trembling minutes they compressed their love-organs deeply together, drawing out as much pleasure as they could. David was still latched to her nipple, his lusty lips spread out around the fringe of her areola.

"Oh, honey," Ruby gasped, "you ARE a little fuck-monkey, aren't you? I definitely picked the right boy for the job. Mmm, mommy's new big-dicked sex toy! Her handsome little cunt-fucker! My fuck-toy forever!"

Her teat popped from her boy's mouth, wet and distended. "That felt amazing!" he gasped.

His mom cradled his cheeks with her hands, staring into his eyes. "I'm gonna go check on your sister, then I want you to meet me down in my bedroom. I want a nice, hard doggy-dicking before your father gets home."

"Yes, ma'am!" her boy anxiously replied, which made her giggle.

"I didn't think you object to that, and even if you did…too bad, you're MY fuck doll now, and I'll use you whenever I want. Kiss me, baby."

The two of them engaged in a series of sensual smooches. "Mmm, I want hours and hours of your sweet kisses," Ruby requested. "Don't even bother putting your pants back on. I'll see you in my bedroom in a few minutes," she instructed, then brought her lips up to whisper in his ear. "Keep that dreamy dick hard for me."

77: Mom with Benefits

"Mom with Benefits"

By Klrxo

"Honey, I thought you were going out with Tina tonight," Mom said as she folded my laundry. "I was suppose to, but she's not feeling well."

"Oh, that's too bad. You don't have someone you can call as a backup?"

"Well, Tina's kinda my girlfriend now, Mom, so I probably shouldn't," I said, although the idea did cross my mind.

"Oh, I see," Mom said. Even though I had committed to Tina, she didn't seem too enthused about it. My eyes were mesmerized by the jostling of Mom's enormous boobs beneath her top as she folded my little brother's clothing. Mom was a beautiful, short-haired brunette and if she wasn't married to dad, could probably have any guy she wanted.

"Well, your father's working late. I could get a sitter for your brothers and WE could go out if you want?"

"You don't have to do that, Mom."

She fed me a sly smile. "What if I want to? Your father's been so busy on that new work project, I haven't been out on a proper date in weeks"

Even though she was my mother, the idea of going out with her, as if she were a girl my own age, was really exciting, so I didn't debate it too much. "Ok, what time should we go?"

"Let me make a call, get a shower and and all primped up. I gotta look beautiful for my new love- interest," Mom teased with a wink.

"Funny, Mom

"Does an hour sound ok?"

"Sure," I said, my excitement growing at the thought of being alone with her. With two younger rambunctious brothers, Mom and I rarely got time alone, so this would certainly be something fresh and special.

I threw on the outfit I had in mind, then greeted the sitter as she arrived to watch my brothers. She was a pretty girl from down the street, but I didn't focus too much on her. I was too damn anxious to see what mom was wearing for our date.

"Mandy, thank you so much for coming on such short notice," Mom said to the sitter as she sashayed into the living room, looking absolutely stunning. Her dainty four-inch slip-on heels

CLICKED on the hardwood as she stepped towards me, wearing a tan-colored tubed mini dress. She had applied a little makeup, even though she didn't need it, and her sweet perfume smelt incredible.

I'm sure it was impossible for Mom not to notice me staring at her breasts as they trembled with every step she made. Other than her occasional bikini, I couldn't remember an outfit she'd ever worn that showed off this much creamy cleavage. "Ready to do this?" Mom said with an anxious smile.

"Sure," I said, taking her hand as she extended it out to me. She led me out the door to my car. Her ride was much nicer, but I went

along with her desire to take mine. I went to get in, but then mom cleared her throat, standing on her side of the vehicle and giving me a quirky little smile. "Are you forgetting something?" she asked.

"Oh," I muttered and like a fool rushed back over and opened her door for her. I was rewarding with a great view of her smooth tan legs as she sat down in the seat and her mini dress crept up nearly to her crotch.

"If you wanna keep a girl impressed, you really should clean this thing out once in awhile," she said half-jokingly as I took a seat at the wheel.

"Yeah, you're right. It is getting pretty bad in here. So where are we going anyway?"

Mom shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "I don't know. What did you and Tina plan on doing?"

Before I answered, I reflected a moment on my relationship with Tina. See, we weren't really boyfriend and girlfriend, more like fuck-buddies or friends with benefits. Mom would see her at the house or us walking somewhere together and therefore must have assumed we were a couple, but we really weren't. The "commitment" part was that we both basically agreed not to fuck other people. I decided that the weird arrangement was bound to eventually bring up more questions from mom, so I should just be honest with her.

"Well, we um, didn't really have plans to go anywhere and spend money," I said.

"Oh," Mom muttered in surprise, "is there a restaurant in town serving free food I didn't know about?"

"No mom, nothing like that, it's just, well...Tina and I aren't really a couple. We don't really have a boyfriend, girlfriend thing going on, we just..."

Mom's eyes lit up as she realized what I was getting at. "Ohh!" "Yeah."

"So, the two of you were just planning on going somewhere and screwing?" she asked candidly. "That WAS the plan."

Mom looked at the pile clothes, sports equipment and other junk in my backseat. "Please don't tell me you expected her to have sex with you on that backseat?"

I laughed. "No, we have another spot we go." "Another spot huh? And where might that be?"

I was a bit reluctant to tell her. My buddy Trey bought an old travel-van and parked it in the woods on his parent's property. It was kind of a cool, tranquil spot, overlooking a small pond, but very private. After explaining this to her, she still seemed curious.

"So did you have to make a reservation?" she joked.

"No," I answered with a giggle, "I just had to text them and let them know I'd be using it tonight. Which, reminds me...I guess I should text them again let them know I won't be needing it."

"Why would you do that?"

"Well, because Tina and I were gonna use it, but now...well, you and I will probably go out to dinner or something, right?"

Mom seemed heavy in thought for a moment as she looked out the window. She finally looked over at me decisively. "Take me out there," she said.

"To the van?"

"Yeah, I wanna see it."

It seemed a bit strange, but I didn't argue. "Um...ok," I muttered, setting a course for my friend's parent's property.

Their land was outside of town and luckily had a small dirt road leading out close to the spot where the van was parked. "Well, you guys certainly picked a private spot," Mom said, her humongous boobs wobbling around every time we hit a big bump.

"Yeah, we used to fish in the pond out here."

Mom fed me a naughty smile. "Until you moved on to luring in bigger fish?"

"Yeah, I guess," I blushed, pulling my car off the wooded road, down into a small clearing where the van was parked.."Here it is!"

Mom and I got out and she seemed unsteady on her heels. "Ok, not the best place for wearing heels obviously," she giggled, then took them off.

We gazed out at the tranquil pond. "Beautiful spot though," she said, then looked over at the van. "Show me the inside."

I opened up the back doors. The full-sized bed was still pulled out, but thankfully my friends had taken their cum-stained sheets off. "Looks like your buddies stripped the bed. Must have had quite a messy adventure," she said, making us both laugh.

"Well, we each have our own set of sheets we use." "Smart idea. So...where's your set?" she asked.

I looked over at my car. "In my trunk." "Clean I hope?"

"Yes."

A little smiled formed on Mom lips. "Go get them. We'll lay here and look out at the pond."

Of course I didn't object. After getting the sheets, Mom helped me put them on the mattress. "Well, at least the van is clean and smells nice," she said.

I was so busy checking out her gaping cleavage as she leaned over, I forgot to answer. The way her boobs wobbled heavily from side to side as she pulled at the sheet was absolutely mesmerizing. Mom crawled onto the mattress and sprawled on her side, with her head resting on her hand and her elbow propped on the cushion. "Not the most comfortable mattress in the world, but still not bad," she commented.

It felt a little weird laying down next to her, on a bed that me and my friends had fucked countless girls on, but Mom was beautiful. She had a killer body, way beyond the ones of those I'd fucked, so it was exciting at the same time.

"It's a great spot, but you and your friends don't really come out here for the view I suppose? So how many girls have you fucked on this bed?" she asked candidly, looking over at me.

My heart skipped a beat. I rarely heard my mom say the F-word and usually it was because she was mad about something. She sensed my shock right away. "Honey, it's just a word and appropriate for this conversation. I mean, that IS what you do here, right? These girls aren't your girlfriends, so you're not making love. You're fucking them."

"Right," I muttered, my heart thumping faster than usual. "So how many have there been?"

"A few," I confessed, even though I knew there had been at least five, counting Tina. "A few, as in three?" she asked.

"Five, actually."

Mom's eyes lit up. "Five is more than a few."

"I know."

"So why did you say 'a few?' Were you afraid I was gonna think you're a man-whore or something?" she giggled.

"Maybe."

"You're a cute guy, so am I surprised you have so many girls wanting to fuck you? No." "A couple of them weren't really planned...they just happened," I said.

Mom giggled. "So you just brought them way out here not knowing there was gonna be any sex involved? Yeah right."

One thing about Mom, she could always read through my silly lies and exaggerations.

Her next question caused quite the stir in my pants. "Are you gentle with them...or do you fuck them hard and fast like a savage beast."

I let out deep excited breath before answering. "Depends on what they want I guess."

Mom rolled from her side to her stomach, staring right at me. She bent her knee, kicking one of her sexy bare feet up teasingly. Her massive jugs looked amazing squashed against the mattress. I could only imagine what that must feel like against a guys chest. "Well you've had quite a bit of experience. You must be quite good at it by now?"

"You'd have to ask them I guess."

"Did you make them all cum?" she asked, making my dick flex. "Yeah."

"Then I don't need to ask them. You know what you're doing.," she said, gazing into my eyes. "I suppose it's a great place to fuck. You

could go at it like animals out here, without worrying about other people hearing you."

"That's true. The girls do get loud sometimes."

Mom giggled. "Well, we're wired that way, honey. If a guy's hitting all the right spots, it'll make us girls scream in pleasure. It's been awhile since I've fucked somewhere where I could REALLY let loose," she said, gazing around the van.

A threw out a stupid suggestion. "Well, I could ask Trey if maybe you and dad could use the van sometime."

Mom smiled in a flirting manner. "That's not what I had in mind." "Oh, um...what did you have in mind?"

"Well, we're here...and I AM your date. Why don't we go at it."

I was so shocked and thrilled that I could hardly speak. "You mean you and I...?

Mom shrugged her shoulders. "Why not? You're good at it. I'm VERY good at it. It would be one incredible fuck, don't you think?"

"Yeah. I do," I said with an excited sigh.

Mom sat up and so did I, more anxious than I had been with any date that I had brought out here. She leaned over and planted a sensual kiss, her lips softly lingering on mine a moment. "Ice breaker," she giggled, then got up on her knees, pulling my shirt up and off.

I watched in wide-eyed wonder as she pulled the tube-dress down over her her enormous tits, which were wonderfully encased in a beautiful, white lacy bra. Through the sheer design, I could clearly make out the dark circles of her wide areola.

Mom slowly draped her arms over my shoulders, pressing her cushy chest against mine. She gazed at me with the wildest look of desire I had ever seen. "Show me what you do," she said softly.

If ever there was a time to fumble, this wasn't it. I reached around and unclasped the hooks of Mom's bra, then pulled the straps and cups away, releasing her fleshy bobbling tits. Just the site of them naked took my breath away. They were huge and fat and wonderful and her nipples were thick and rubbery, so much sexier than the ones on the girls my own age. "Damn, Mom, those are incredible!" I muttered.

She smiled proudly, then rocked her shoulders, making her naked boobies swing back and forth in a way that caused my dick to throb delightfully. She pulled her dress off, then rested back on her ass, long enough to peel her tiny white thong down her smooth tan legs.

I could hardly believe I was looking at my own mom's pussy. It was shaved all over, except for a tiny triangle of thin pubes crowning her pubis. Her mons were thick and puffy and the thought of them spread open, revealing her precious inner labium made me dizzy with anticipation.

"Your turn," she said with an anxious smile, climbing back to her knees and unbuckling my belt.

I wasn't shy about showing my cock. I knew from seeing other guys in the locker room that I was above average in size. When mom slipped off my briefs and my erection wagged up and down stiffly, I could tell by the way her eyes widened that she was pleased by what she saw.

"Ohh, honey!" She muttered, staring at it while sprawling back onto the mattress. Watching your own beautiful mother take position on her back and spreading her thick thighs for you to crawl between had to be the greatest site ever for a guy my age.

Her boobs spread out on her chest like big pillowy orbs, her nipples thick and erect. She tilted

her head up, looking over them at me. "Come fuck me!" she sexy in the sexiest tone I'd ever heard her use.

It was go time! I'd rocked this van plenty of times, but I knew this time would be different. Mom had experience at fucking and would probably be doing things that would blow my mind. With the knowledge of how many girls I'd fucked, I knew she was expecting a lot out of me as well. This had to be my greatest performance yet.

I crawled forward, in awe that I was seeing mom in a whole new way. She was naked and her legs were shamelessly bowed open in a way that probably only my dad had seen. I licked my lips, staring down at the split of her quim and the round clit that protruded from it's fleshy hood.

I adjusted my angle, lining my cock up, and fitting my bell-shaped knob into her creamy cunt- hole. Mom suddenly did something unexpected, reaching up, grasping onto me and pulling me down on top of her. "I need it hard!" she cried out, tossing her legs around me.

Her tugging had caused my boner to sink inside her, making me gasp from the warm, slippery snugness that surrounded my cock. I wasted no time pumping in and out. I knew that's what Mom wanted.

"Yesss!" she screamed out, as my hardon plunged deeper and deeper with every thrust.

I felt like I won had climbed Everest. Conquered the hottest girl on the planet as the tip of my cock struck the back of her pussy. I had accidentally seen dad's cock a couple time and knew for a fact that he couldn't do that. Mine was much bigger!

As we fell into a nice steady rhythm and the van rocked beneath us, I started doing other things to mom that I knew girls liked, kissing and squeezing her breasts as they sloshed around between us. As a result, I felt her pussy muscles tighten around my cock, which about blew my mind. "Ohhh shit!" I sighed.

"Yesss, honey! Fuck this girl! Show her what a stud you are!" Mom cried out.

Despite the resistance in her tightening pussy, I hammered my cock through, struck by the exquisite feel of her mature inner flesh, squeezing and milking my big cock.

"Ohhh! Ohhhyess!" Mom cried out deliriously, humping her ass from the mattress and meeting my every fuck-thrust.

It seemed almost surreal that I had once slipped down that same tube I was feeling around my cock, when she had given birth to me. Of course I had no recollection of that, but the feel of her birth canal squeezed around my thrusting cock was one I would never forget.

Our bellies beat together, as did my balls against her ass, as we fucked on and on. I latched on to one of her nipples, gobbling up as much tit-meat as I could, stuffing my mouth full, sucking and pulling at her big tit. I knew from my experience that this would make a girl reach that

golden summit in no time.

"Ohhhbaby!" Mom cried out, her voice quivering in pre-orgasmic delight. "Ohhhhbaby, you're gonna make me cum on you!"

"Mmnnff!" I whimpered, my cock tingling upon her announcement. I tried every trick to keep hammering away without cumming. I wanted to bring her off hard and fuck her steadily straight through her orgasm.

Mom had other ideas, tightening her cunt like a velvet vice around my plunging boner. "Cum with meee!" she shrieked out pleadingly as her body began to tremble beneath me.

Feeling my own mom cling to me while I fucked her big titted body and made her cum was an absolute trip. Her hot juices squirted around my dick and her entire being shuddered in ecstacy. If you're a guy who was able to continue fucking without cumming, while experiencing such a thing, I congratulate you. I knew I'd be good to go for round two shortly after, so I let my cannon fire.

"Ohhhhshit!!" I moaned, feeling that first blast of jizz erupt out with greater force than it ever had. More and more pulsing blasts of cock-cream followed in rapid succession, mixing with Mom's juices, creating a creamy frothy cocktail that I imagined was oozing out of her fuck-hole.

"Kiss mee!" Mom blurted out, almost incoherently as she continued to writhe beneath me.

We kissed passionately, lashing our tongues together as we continued to rock and hump, cumming together in pure incestuous delight.

"Phew!" Mom sighed as I finally rolled off her.

"Now THAT was the best fuck I've ever had," I blatantly confessed. "Me too!"

I looked over at her, a bit surprised. "Seriously?"

"Are you kidding? Of course. You were unbelievable."

My heart swelled with pride. I imaged all the ways I could fuck her. Not to mention experiencing what I'm sure were some AMAZING cock-sucking skills. "Wanna go again?"

Mom's face looked as eager as mine probably did. "Dumbest question ever!" she said sarcastically.

"Will you be on top this time?"

"Why, so you can look up and watch these big tits bounce around all over you?" she teased. "Hell yeah!"

"Get on your back, young man!"

I sprawled back and watched mom climb on top of me. Her king-sized melons hung down and dangled right above my ogling eyes as she reached down and stuffed my erection back inside her. "Ohh damn!" was all I could mutter as she sat up and her tight slippery cunt sheathed my entire cock in one long plunge. Now our pubis's looked fused together, my boner was balls-deep in a snug love-grip.

Mom gazed down at me over her jutting boobs. "You got to impress me. Now it's time for Mom to showcase her skills at fucking," she said.

I placed my hands behind my head, preparing myself for more wild action. "I'm ready!" "Looks like you made a new fuck-buddy today," she winked.

"A mom with benefits," I added.

She giggled, then ran her long tongue across her top lip lustfully. "Ready to see just how fucking good those benefits can be?"

"Sure!" I answered, my heart hammering away with excitement.

Mom let out an almost animal-like pant as she fell forward, resting her extended arms astride my head. Now my face was wedged between her spongy-soft jugs and I could tell she was positioning herself to fuck the shit out of me.

She thrust her hips up and my dick squeezed wetly up her cunt-tube, until only my knob remained inside her. Then, all at once, she plunged her juicy pussy down my cock, flexing her coital muscles at the same time. "Ohhfuck!" I cried out, throwing my head back in rapture as my rock-hard boner sliced through the muscled ribbed lining of her vagina.

She ground our pubis's together, stirring my meaty muscle inside her most secret place. My knob plowed against the puckering gates to the womb that once held me.

I mashed my face against the inside of one of her boobs, masking myself in soft dough-like tit- meat as I prepared myself for what I knew would be the most intense fucking I'd ever recieved. I had seen my mother in many roles and this was a brand new one - Mom, the uninhibited sexual animal.

Best date ever!

THE END

78: Mom'll-fuck-zine

Mom'll-fuck-zine By Klrxo

"Introducing, 'Mom'll-fuck-zine,' a revolutionary new drug for boys to use on their moms. Just one dose will make your mother hornier than you've ever seen her. Just pop open the capsule, discreetly pour its contents into her beverage, and watch her become a complete dirty-talking slut for your cock. Get ready for the best sex of your life, since specially formulated blockers focus your mother's uncontrollable lust on ONLY YOU, her son."

"Do you really think it'll work or is it just a gimmick?" asked Tanner as he and his friend Lane sat on his bed looking over the bottle of 'Mom'll-fuck- zine' that they had ordered off the internet.

"There's only one way to find out and that's to try it on our moms," answered Lane.

"If it works on OUR self-righteous mothers it'll work on anyone."

The boys came from religious families and both their mothers were active at the local church. "That's true," said Lane. "I've never even heard my mom swear before. She's as wholesome as they come."

"We have to go about this at the right time. If it does turn our moms into sexual zombies, we can't just give them a dose when other family members are around."

"True. Maybe we can both fake being sick and stay home from school tomorrow. That way everyone's out of the house except for us and our moms."

"Wait, our moms are best friends though. Won't that seem suspicious if both of us stay home on the same day?"

"Okay, then one of us stays home today and the other one stays home tomorrow. Since I know both of us are dying to try this out, let's flip a coin

to see who goes first," suggested Tanner, grabbing a quarter from his side table. He flipped it in the air. "Call it!"

"Heads," said Lane.

Tanner scowled in disappointment as the coin landed. "Heads it is! I guess you're going first."

"Can you imagine if this actually DOES work, like it claims it will? Dude, we could actually be fucking our moms!" Lane exclaimed with an anxious smile.

"Or kicking ourselves for actually being naïve enough to pay eighty-bucks for a bottle of sugar-pills."

Sloane Richards was at the stove cooking dinner when her son, Lane, walked in the door. She glanced back at him, her long, fiery red hair brushing across her shoulders. "There you are. I was just about to call you to come home and set the table," said Sloane.

"Why can't Amy do it?" Lane asked.

"Your sister has a history exam tomorrow so she needs to focus all her energy on studying."

Lane actually didn't mind helping out in the kitchen too much. It gave him a chance to take sneak peeks at his beautiful mother. Today she wore a Bohemian-style sundress with a V-cut neckline that showed off a surprising amount of tit-cleavage, especially for a mom who was so prim and proper. Sloane's tits were the type that

most boys dream about snuggling up between; huge and all-natural. Even under the confines of a snug bra, her mammary meat would tremble and wobble heavily with her every step.

"I think I might be coming down with something," said Lane, already setting his plan in motion. "My throat's starting to get scratchy."

"Oh, you poor thing," Sloane cooed, fetching a thermometer from the kitchen drawer. "Let's take your temperature and make sure you don't have a fever."

Her breasts trembled beneath her gown as she stepped over to the table near her son. "Sit down here for a second, sweetie," she directed, pulling the chair out from the table for him to sit on.

Lane's cock began to harden even faster beneath his jeans as his mom leaned over, placing the thermometer in his mouth. This allowed him to see the deep canyon between her dangling tits. He had a difficult time prying his eyes from her fat melons even as Sloane straightened upright.

"It would be a shame if we had to keep you home from school tomorrow," said the mother, hovering over her boy as she waited for his temperature to be taken.

Lane stared straight at the crack of her cleavage, imagining that he was being smothered by her huge bra-busters. His mom snapped him from his tittie-trance by clearing her throat. "Sweetie, you really shouldn't be looking at me that way. It's inappropriate," she sweetly scolded.

"Sorry," he blushed, looking away.

It wasn't the first time she had scolded him for gawking. Sloane knew her boy had a fascination with her body, but she just hoped it was a phase that he would quickly get over as he dated girls his own age. She removed the thermometer from his mouth and looked it

over. "Well, your temperature's normal. After dinner you should probably lay down. Rest and plenty of liquids is probably the best thing for you right now," she advised.

The 'rest' part didn't come easy for the boy. He was simply too damn anxious to try out the new drug on his mom. However, he knew that if he did get to fuck her, he'd probably need all the rest he could get to have plenty of sexual energy the next day.

He wasn't sure about Tanner, but he himself had been preparing for the possibility of fucking his mom for weeks. He knew it would take plenty of skill and stamina to wow the hell out of such a beautiful woman, who'd been having sex longer than he'd been alive. First, he started a L-arginine supplement, which he learned played an important role in increasing the diameter of blood vessels, which promoted blood flow in his cock, making it as hard as it could possibly be. Then, Lane put himself through a daily regimen, tying a weight to his erection and lifting it up and down with just the strength of his boner muscles. He wanted his dick as strong as possible, especially at its root, so he could send his mom to the moon if he finally got to fuck her. Lastly, he worked on his staying power, edging his cock for over an hour, each time he masturbated, so he could develop the type of stamina that the guys in porn movies had, and make his mom cum like an absolute whore.

"How are you feeling…any better?" Sloane asked from his doorway, wearing a silky robe.

"Not really," Lane answered, still laying in bed. "A little worse actually." "I'll call the school and let them know you're taking a sick day."

"Perfect!" Lane blurted, then realized he seemed a little to anxious. "I mean…not perfect, but I really shouldn't go to school feeling this way."

"I agree," Sloane stated. "I'll bring you in some breakfast once I get your dad and sister out the door."

Now that the first part of his plan was accomplished, Lane focused on how he'd slip the 'Mom'll-fuck-zine' to his mother without her suspecting anything. He knew her morning protein shake was the best chance he had, since she rarely drank a full cup of coffee. *"How the hell am I gonna get it into her shake though?"* he thought.

Lane knew he had to get to the kitchen before he blew his chances of getting the drug into her system. He took a capsule from the bottle and looked at it confidently. "All my nasty hopes and dreams are counting on this little pill," he said out loud. He waited until he knew his mom was the only one home, then headed to kitchen.

"Can I help you out, mom?" Lane asked as Sloane stood at the stove scrambling him some eggs.

"No, sweetie. You should really be in bed. I got this."

"You do enough around here," he stated, heading for the fridge. "Let me at least make your morning protein shake for you."

"Actually, I'm skipping my shake this morning. Me and a bunch of other moms from church are going out for breakfast so I'll just get something there."

Lane's stomach sank with disappointment. His whole plan had just been foiled. *"Back to the drawing board,"* he thought to himself, hanging his head.

"If you need anything though, just text me. I'll only be across town," his mom stated.

Lane's phone vibrated in his hand. It was a text from Tanner. "How's it going? Have you tried the drug on her yet??" it read..

"Not yet. I was gonna put it in her shake, but now she's going out to breakfast with the ladies from church ," Lane replied.

"Looks like I might be the first one to try it out after all ."

"Don't count me out yet. I just thought of something," Lane texted. The teen knew his mom was trying to shed a few extra pounds and was always looking for the easy-fix when it came to weight loss.

"Thanks for making me breakfast, mom, although I may not eat it after taking my pill," stated the boy.

"Your pill?" she curiously asked.

"Yeah, it's an appetite suppressant pill and it works amazing. I just take one in the morning and I don't feel hungry at all."

"Lane, sweetie…why are you taking pills like that? You don't have an ounce of fat on you."

"Yeah, but if I wanna STAY trim, I definitely gotta watch what and how much I eat. These pills I take totally make that easy."

"What are the pills called? I may have tried them before," said Sloane, scooping his breakfast onto a plate.

"I don't recall, but from what I've heard they're the best on the market. Do you wanna try one?"

His mother thought about it for a moment. "Well, I know I'll be tempted to get a big breakfast when I'm out with the ladies so maybe I should," she answered.

Without thinking, Lane held out the mom'll-fuck-zine capsule that he had in his hand. "Here you go," he eagerly stated.

"You had one with you?"

"Oh, yeah…um, I figured I better take it now, while it's still early, but I can get another one for me. I have a whole bottle of them in my room."

He got his mom a glass of water, eager to watch her down it. Sloane smiled at him gratefully. "I'm always willing to try something different when it comes to shedding a few extra pounds," she expressed, then popped the tablet into her mouth, washing it down with a few gulps of water.

Lane's heart rate increased excitedly. He didn't think his mom needed to shed an ounce. She was wonderfully voluptuous, and the only place Sloane seemed to carry a lot of extra weight was her tits, and he certainly didn't want her losing those. *"Now, I wonder how long I wait?"* the boy thought

to himself.

After showering and getting dressed, Sloane shouted down the hall to her son's bedroom. "I'll be back in awhile, sweetie. I might do some shopping after breakfast. Text me if you need anything."

"Bye," Lane answered, frowning in disappointment. *"I knew it!"* he thought. *"I knew those pills were a sham."*

It had been nearly an hour since his mom had gulped it down and she wasn't exactly begging him to fuck her like the ad claimed she would.

"Dude, I think we got scammed ," he texted Tanner.

"Why, what happened? Did you give it to her?" his friend texted back.

"Did I give her the pill, yes. Did I give her my dick, no! I watched her take the capsule an hour ago and not a damn thing happened."

"Maybe it takes more time to kick it ," Tanner suggested.

"I hope you're right, but I have a feeling we got bamboozled."

Lane got up and took a shower. He certainly wasn't gonna waist the day in bed dwelling on how his hopes had been dashed. After a long, hot soak beneath the spray, he dried off, wrapped a towel around his waist and headed to his room.

Startled, he nearly collided with Sloane as she stood out in the hallway. He felt like he had Déjà vu. Only a week ago his mom had almost collided with him as he tried to spy her taking a shower. For a moment, he wondered if she were trying to peek in on him. "Mom, you scared me! I thought you were going out for breakfast?" Lane asked.

"I was, I just…felt really strange, so I thought I'd come home and lie down."

Lane could tell there was something different about the way she was looking at him. Almost like a fan girl who staring at her favorite, sexy movie star. "Oh, um…alright. Do you need anything?" he asked, trying to show concern.

"Yes," she whispered as her eyes traveled hungrily down his chest. "I mean, no…I just need to lie down for a bit and shake this off."

Lane watched her sashay to her bedroom, her bubble butt undulating deliciously beneath her dress. Sloane gave him a teasing look from her doorway. "You look sexy in that towel, by the way," she stated, then gave him a blushing wink. "Sorry, I shouldn't have said that."

After his mom closed the door, Lane stood there a bit shell-shocked. His mom had never made such a flirty comment to him before. "It's working," the boy whispered under his breath. "Holy shit, it's starting to work!"

He went to his room, combed his hair and sprayed some cologne on. Lane didn't bother getting dressed just yet. He decided to stay in his towel, since there was still a chance he could be getting laid. After waiting a short time, he began to have doubts again. *"Maybe she really wasn't feeling horny for me,"* he thought. *"Damn, what if she's having side effects from the drug that are making her sick?"*

Just when his mind began racing with "what ifs," he heard his parent's door open down the hallway. A moment later, there was a light tap at his door.

"Sweetie, can I come in?" asked Sloane, slowly pushing his door open. "Sure, mom."

Lane gasped as he saw his mom step inside his room wearing a black,

semi-sheer teddy. She closed the door behind her and locked it, letting her boy's eyes feast on her rounded ass-globes. He licked his lips, staring at the dark fissure that separated her butt cheeks, clearly visible through the transparent fabric. He knew then and there that his dream of screwing his mom was about to come true.

"Lane, I've been thinking about you and I all morning," she confessed as she turned towards him, making her heavy, braless hooters wobble on her ribcage.

"You have? What about us?" he asked, staring at the fat melons that stretched the fabric of her teddy to its bursting point. He could just make out their dusky-pink caps beneath the mesh fabric.

"I've been thinking that we should be closer…a lot closer," she stated. "Maybe even have sex together."

"Really?!" the boy grinned, his heart pounding a mile a minute. He could see his mom having an inner conflict so he realized nothing was a done deal quite yet."

"No, I didn't mean sex," Sloane regressed. "What I meant was…well, maybe sex. Yes, sex would bring us a lot closer, wouldn't it?"

"You think so?"

"No…I mean…yes!" she nodded, staring at him lustfully. "You're so young and, um…wonderfully handsome. I'm sure you could fuck me really hard and make me cum."

Lane gasped in shocked. He had never heard his righteous mother say a single swear word, letting alone the F-bomb. "I could do that… if you want me to," he stated.

"You won't think I'm horrible?" she asked, her blushing face still showing signs of reluctance. "Cheating on your father and fucking my own son?"

"I won't think you're horrible at all, no matter what."

Sloane shook her head; still conflicted as she backed to his door. "No, I shouldn't…that would be incest, the ultimate taboo," she reminded herself.

Lane knew he had to keep encouraging her. She was like a fish hooked on his line that he just needed to continue reeling in. He pulled his towel open, exposing his rigid boner. "Are you sure you don't want to?" he asked.

Sloane gasped, squeezing her tits between her forearms and making them balloon out obscenely. Her areolar rings were clearly visible through the sheer fabric, as were the hardened teats that protruded from their centers turgidly. Her pretty eyes fixated on her boy's long teenage erection, following the bulging, blue steaks of cock-veins, which ran down the length of his stalk like bolts of lightning. His knob looked like a juicy plumb that was made for deep cuntal exploration. "You're so…beautiful!" she sighed

as her tongue inadvertently peeked from mouth, slowing swiping across her top lip. "Your cock is so big!"

"Thanks!" Lane replied, making his boner flex on his loins, grabbing her attention even more.

"What is happening to me?!" Sloane asked herself as the last bit of conscious she had slowly dissolved. She reached back and touched the door handle, but made a lousy attempt at turning it. The mother quickly thought of her loving husband and their marital vows. "David, I won't betray you," she whispered to herself, still staring at her boy's erection wantonly.

Lane leaned back again some pillows, which rested against his headboard. He gazed across the room at his conflicted mother, peering over the huge, meaty spike of his cock. "Come let me take you, mom," he stated as if he was a hypnotist who had her under his spell. "I can give you lots of pleasure."

Still leaning against the door, Sloane began to peel off the teddy as if her body and mind were on two different teams. "I want you!" she whimpered as a shameful tear ran down her cheek. "I need you…so fucking bad!"

"I'm right here," Lane chuckled. "Come get me."

Sloane shed the teddy quickly, and slowly strode towards her son like she was still engaged in a mental tug of war. Her eyes traveled his young, lean body hungrily as she crawled onto his bed; her huge udders heaving and wobbling as she mounted his midsection. "I can't resist you," she helplessly whispered.

"Then don't resist," answered Lane. The boy took a big nervous gulp as his mom reached down and grasped his boner at the base, pointing it upward. His eyes widened, staring at her motherly pubis. A tiny, neatly trimmed patch of fiery red pubic hair crowned her

vulva. Sloane's labial lips were engorged with arousal, splayed open slightly like a flower just coming to bloom.

"Auuugh!" the teen gasped, watching her squeeze the crown of cock into the moist entrance to her inner sanctum. Quickly, his eyes darted up to the huge tits jutting out from her chest above him. *"Damn…I'm gonna get lost between those motherfuckers!"* he wondrously though, staring up through the huge canyon of Sloane's cleavage.

His eyes returned to the action as he felt the hot snugness of her middle- age pussy begin to sheath his erection.

The last bit of guilt and hesitancy all but melted away with the feel of her son's fat cock squeezing into the depths of her vagina. "Does it feel like home, sweetie? It should. You spent nine months up there," mewled the mother as she pushed the leaky tip of his dong against the small donut- shaped head of her cervix, mashing her outer labium against his cock-hilt.

"Oh my Gosh, I love it!" the boy answered, flexing the muscle and sinew at the root of his cock, just like he did while doing his penile weight-lifting.

His mom whimpered in delight, feeling the strength of his teenage boner stretch her uteri.

Sloane rolled her hips up and back, feeling her boy's spike plow inside her clutching tube like a sturdy stick-shift with a nice, rounded handle. "You lay in here at night and dream about fucking your mom, don't you?" she asked her boy.

"Uh-huh."

"Well, here I am, baby. No more dreaming."

Sloan began to plunge her horny cunt up and down on the meat of her son's cock-shaft, finding a nice steady fuck-rhythm. The rounded buns of her naked mommy-ass quivered each time they smacked against his crotch. Lane was seeing her tits in a way he'd only fantasized about as they leaped wildly to her tempo, swinging like buoys in a rough sea.

"I don't think I've ever felt a cock so fucking hard!" the mother panted. Her boy's penis felt like a rigid slab as it pumped through the hot tube of her vagina, stimulating her most sensitive nerve-endings.

Lane's cunt-smothered glans tingled as they glided along the encapsulating snugness of her slippery pussy-flesh. His mom's vaginal lining had well- pronounced pleats, causing exquisite friction on his penile flesh. Particularly his flaring coronal ridge as it carved its way through her pink collapsing walls, bumping the ring of her cervical head on every plunge.

"Yes, Lane…fuck me like an animal!" the horny mother cried out, riding him like a cock-hungry slut.

The boy's bed whined and jerked as their bodies danced in heated intercourse. Sloane felt a burning, exquisite heat blooming in her pussy. Quickly, the pleasure spread through her entire heavy-titted body so her nipples throbbed, her asshole pulsated and her engorged pussy lips sucked tightly around her son's cock.

"Oh, God, Lane…I'm gonna fucking cum!" she shrieked. "I'm gonna cum on your fucking cock!" Feverishly, she bucked and shuddered on top of him, fucking her cunt down on his unyielding hardness as fast as she could. "Ungggghhh, yes! Aww, God, yes! Fuck me! I'm Cuummiinng!"

Lane was treated to quite the spectacle as his mom gushed on his

oversized penis. Her huge breasts were bouncing and rippling, and her face was red and contorted with pleasure as she experience a tremendous, full body climax.

For Sloane, if was one of the greatest orgasms of her life. The wonderful cuntal friction her boy's steely cock was creating, compounded with the

thrill of fucking such a handsome teen stud was causing her pussy to ejaculate girl-cum for the very first time.

Quickly, Lane grabbed his mom's arms, tugging her upper-half down against him. Because he was reclined and not laying flat, his face was level with her giant, bobbling tits. He sank into her squishy cleavage, while he bucked his ass from his mattress, meeting her frantic fuck-thrusts with one's of his own.

The boy's testicles jumped up and down in his nut-sack as he pounded his meaty pecker up into the contacting tube of his mom's pussy. Having his grimacing face wedged in her squishy, quivering cleavage only added to the thrill he was experiencing. In fact, if it weren't for the conditioning he'd done over the past few weeks, Lane would certainly be spurting his wad inside his mom as she gushed her sweet, hot fuck-oil on his tireless prick.

Next thing he knew, the boy was sprawled on top of Sloane as she quickly rolled them over so they could screw in the missionary position. "Fuck me this way now, baby," his mom's excited voice requested. The teen settled down on top of her, crushing her fat jugs under his chest, his cock was still buried deeply in her smoldering, vaginal grip. Then, he started fucking his naked mother, moving his hips with skillful rhythm, pummeling his fuck- organ in and out of her juicy cunt. Sloane met his rhythm immediately, showing her sexual mastery as she shamelessly pumped her rounded booty off the bed, frantically fucking her pussy onto her son's fucker as hard as she could.

"Oh, shit, yes…you REALLY know how to fuck a girl, don't you?!" Sloane exclaimed, harnessing her luscious legs around his waist, using them as leverage to lift her quivering buttocks off the bed even faster.

Their naked bodies thrashed together on the bed like a well-choreographed horizontal tango. Sloane's sexy legs were wrapped up around her boy's young frame like a fleshy harness, the muscles in her thighs flexing and staining from their furious sexual union.

Determined to make his mom cum again, Lane pried his hands down beneath their humping bodies and grasped onto to her ass-cheeks, his fingers sinking into their fatty flesh as he intensified his savage thrusting. His cum-filled nuts slapped against her asshole, and several minutes of hard-core fucking this way got just the results he was hoping for. Sloane squealed beneath him and her fuck-slit erupted in orgasm, sucking spastically around her boy's pounding boner as delicious orgasmic contractions shot through her entire body.

"Oh, damn!" Lane gasped, as the intense cuntal friction caused the hot jizz to pulse through his spermatic cords, rocket up his urethra and spout out

the pinkish-purple crown of his cunt-smothered prick. He continued driving his cock into her, draining his balls inside the sucking, pulsating wetness of his mother's cunt.

Their writhing bodies gradually slowed to a stop, still intimately entwined. "You have to keep it stiff so you can fuck my horny pussy again, baby," Sloane breathlessly pleaded, then fused her lips against his for a deep French kiss. The duo were far from being satisfied. They were both sexual athletes in their prime that could certainly spend hours beating their bellies together in a raging fuck.

"Can I fuck you from behind this time?" the boy asked raising to his knees. His still-erect cock slipped wetly from her cunt, glistening

with their love- juices.

"Oh, God, yes…I love it that way!" his mom answered, quickly getting on all-fours and pointed her rounded ass-meat back at her boy.

"Damn, mom…you have the hottest ass on the planet!"

"Come make it beat against you then!" she grinned, wagging her buns invitingly.

Lane certainly hoped the 'mom-fuck-zine' drug didn't wear off any time soon so he could continue fucking his beautiful mom all day. He crawled up behind her, grasped his cock and rubbed its spongy knob up and down her juicy fuck-slit a few times, teasing her pussy and clit.

"Oh, baby…I need it!" his mom shuddered, wagging her ass anxiously. "Fuck me!"

Lane obliged, jabbing his prick to the hilt inside her clinging vagina. He grasped onto the rounded contours of her derriere and began thrusting like a fuck-hound, ravaging her doggy-style. The lewd sound of Sloane's thick ass beating against the boy's midsection filled his bedroom.

The mother's tits dangled from her chest like udders and swung to the rhythm of their deep, steady thrusts.

Lane was shocked at how quickly he made his mom cum this way. She bucked her ass back on him like a bitch in heat, while her cunt-tube

chewed at the flesh of his pummeling penis. He spread her ass-globes, exposing the crinkled ring of her throbbing asshole. Then, he stopped thrusting and just let his mom beat her ass back against him, fucking his rigid dong with her horny sex-sheath. He grinned

and panted lustfully, watching her fatty ass-meat ripple every time it smacked against his cock- hilt. "Oh, Lane…I just love that big fucking dick!" she cried out, staring back and watching his vein-encrusted pole jab into her. "Slap my fucking ass and make me cum again!"

The boy could never deny a request like that. He drew his open hand back, then smacked her delicious ass, making it ripple wonderfully. For nearly a half-hour he beat his dick through the tube of his mom's pussy, doggy- style. Finally, after his mom had cum for a full minute on his cock, he felt his nuts draw up close to his body. "I'm gonna cum again, mom!" his shaky voice announced.

"Yes…gimme that fucking nut-batter! Blast it into my unprotected pussy!" Sloane squealed.

Gritting his teeth and letting out a primitive grunt, Lane fucked his mom's pussy as hard as he could, exploding out a sticky load of hot cum that coated the inside of her quivering cunt.

"I don't know what came over me, Lane, but we can NEVER do this again!" exclaimed the mother as the drug finally wore off. By this time they had fucked without a break for several hours and the mother had cum more times on her boy's sweet cock than she could count. "I mean it. What we did today was pure evil."

"Whatever you say, mom," he answered, knowing full well she didn't have a choice in the matter. There were plenty more mom'll-fuck-zine pills in his bottle and he planned on using all of them. The teen watched her snatch up her clothing and hurry out of his room in shame.

"Dude, I can't believe it worked! She actually fucked me!" Lane exclaimed as he spoke to his friend by phone.

"How did her pussy feel?" Tanner asked. "Did you suck on her big titties?"

"Hell yes, I sucked them…they were bouncing around all over the place, and her pussy felt incredible. She let me fuck her for like… three hours!"

"Three hours…seriously?! Damn, I can't wait to try it on MY mom this morning!" said Tanner.

"You have to be patient. It takes a bit to kick in, but once it does she'll be all over your cock."

"That's great, but I have one big problem, unfortunately." "What's that?" asked Lane.

"I found out my dad's working from home today. How the heck am I gonna give my mom the horny pill and fuck her ass off if he's here?"

"It's simple…just get her out of the house. Go for a car ride or something," his friend suggested.

"I'm suppose to be sick, remember?"

Yesterday, the two boys had flipped a coin to see which of them would be trying the drug on their mother first. Lane won and ended up ejaculating three times inside his mom's horny cunt. Now, it was Tanner's turn.

"Look, just slip your mom the pill," Lane urged. "Once it's kicked in, she'll figure out a way for the two of you to be alone together, trust me."

"Any suggestions on how to get her to take the pill?"

"Actually, yes. I told my mom it was a new diet pill. You know how moms are always searching for the quick and easy solution for weight loss."

"Our moms have perfect bodies, dude!" Tanner expressed. "Beside that, my mom's pregnant. She's probably not thinking too much about diet right now."

"Tell her it's a nutritional supplement then and that it might be good for her AND the baby."

"That's a great idea. My mom takes all sorts of those and might be open to trying something new."

"Well, you wouldn't be lying to her," said Lane. "It's a fuck-supplement, something to help her get more cock."

Both boys laughed. "I'll let you know how it goes," Tanner stated, eager to get this wicked plan in motion.

On his way to the kitchen, the boy paused by his parent's doorway, which was cracked open slightly. Often times he'd get lucky enough to see his mom in a partial state of undress. Lucky for him, today was one of those days.

Destiny Jenkins was a thirty-six-year-old blonde. She'd gotten pregnant with Tanner during her senior year in High School and her and the boy's father, Lenny, had married just after graduating. Since then, the stay-at- home-mom had two other children, and number four was due within a matter of weeks. Tanner could see his mom near her vanity, brushing through her long mane of platinum-blonde hair. She was only wearing G- string panties, which were wedged deliciously between the cheeks of her meaty derriere.

Tanner reached down and squeezed his blood-engorging pecker through his pants. Even though his mom's back was to him, her tits were so Goddamn big that he could still see their creamy contours sloping down off her chest heavily. Her pregnant belly was perfectly round and ripe, making it look as though she could pop a baby from her pussy at any moment.

Destiny belt over to fetch something from the floor, making her G-string all but disappear between her rounded ass-globes. The panty-gusset

stretched around her pubis so snugly that it formed a wonderful camel toe, and her hairless flanges began to bulge out the sides of the hem. The sight of this made Tanner gasp much too loudly, startling the mother and causing her to quickly lift a towel to her body.

"Tanner, come back here, this instant!" she shouted a moment later, then stepped from her bedroom. Her son was attempting to make a quick escape down the hallway but wasn't fast enough.

"I was just heading downstairs, mom," he answered, trying to conceal his erection.

"Come over here…and don't make me ask you a third time, young man!" she patiently demanded.

As her son shamefully made his way over, Destiny could clearly see that he was hiding a fully erect cock-bulge beneath his pants. It wasn't the first time he'd had erection around her, so she certainly wasn't shocked, however, the fact that he was peeking through her doorway deeply disturbed her. "Were you peeping through my doorway just now…be honest!"

"No, I was, um…just passing by."

"Would you like to tell me the truth or would you like the two of us to go down to your father's office and bring him in on this conversation?" Destiny sternly asked.

Tanner knew that he was more likely to be grounded if his father found out, so he decided just to fess up. "I did look through your doorway, but I didn't know you were getting dressed, sorry."

"Was that so hard to admit?" his mother asked. "I'll not have a peeping Tom living in this house, understood?"

"Yes."

"I thought I asked you to stay in your room today. You're sick. If you need something just text me and I'll bring it to you."

"I was just getting some water…to take my pill," the boy stated, holding his hand out and showing his mother the 'mom'll-fuck-zine' tablet.

"Pill? What type of pill?" Destiny curiously asked.

"It's a vitamin supplement. Some of my friends take it and they say it makes them feel incredible."

"Hmm, what's the name of it?"

"Mom-ll-fu…" he blurted, then stopped himself as his face turned a shade of red. "Um…I forgot the name actually."

"Well, I suppose it certainly can't hurt you, especially since you're sick and could use all the nutrients you can get," Destiny stated.

"The guys tell me a lot of their moms take it too. It's for men and women. Wanna try one?"

"No thank, hun…I've already taken my supplements this morning, and your father just made me a protein smoothie. Get your water and head back to your room, ok?"

"Alright, mom."

Tanner hung his head in disappointment. He was hoping his mom would be willing to try something new, but it didn't appear that she was at all interested. When he arrived in the kitchen, his hopes were revived as he saw her half-consumed smoothie sitting on the

counter. Without hesitation, he rushed over, popped open the capsule and mixed it into the remaining liquid she had left.

"How is it going? Any luck yet?" Lane texted as Tanner lounged anxiously in his bed a half-hour later.

"I slipped it into her protein shake, but I'm beginning to think she didn't drink the rest of it," he messaged back.

"Give it more time. Trust me, she'll be all over your dick soon."

"What if she did drink it, but noticed how much different it tasted?! Dude,

if she found out I put something in her drink she'll ground me for a year!" "Trust me, she'll be too fucking horny to even care ," Lane texted.

"I hope you're right."

Tanner was about to give up all hope. He had nearly fallen asleep when he sensed someone inside his bedroom with him.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, baby," said his mom. "I thought I'd come collect your laundry and tidy up your room a bit."

"Alright," the teen answered, his eyes widening as he took in what she was wearing, which was a black sheer mesh bodysuit. The fabric clung obscenely to her pregnant, heavy-titted body, showing off its every

luscious detail. Tanner was flabbergasted beyond belief as she stopped at his bedside and hovered over him. Destiny's huge, pregnant tummy and giant, milk-engorged tits ballooned beneath the fabric, stretching it tightly around their contours. Tanner's eyes fixed on the wide, pinkish-purple caps of his mom's tits, clearly visible through the sheer fabric. They were thickly textured and

dotted with Montgomery tubercles. The nipples protruding from their centers were the fattest he'd ever seen.

Destiny peeked down over her swollen rack and smiled at her fascinated teen. "How are you feeling?" she lovingly asked, then bent over, resting her huge, soft udders on his chest as she felt his forehead.

"I'm, um…ok," the teen answered, peering down at the enormous canyon of her cleavage that was clearly visible through the fabric.

"You feel a little warm. Why don't you take off your shirt," Destiny suggested, then helped her son slip off his t-shirt.

She immediately brought her tits down against him again, sandwiching their fatty softness between them. Tanner couldn't believe how warm and

soft her breasts felt; even better than he imagined they would. Her rubbery teats poked stiffly against his chest showing his mom's arousal-level.

"That's better," Destiny whispered, gazing at the boy with her radiant green eyes. "Is there anything else I can do to help you feel better?"

Even though he was thinking it, Tanner certainly wasn't gonna ask his mom to fuck him, especially with his dad home and his door wide open. "I like being this close to you," he confessed.

"Do you?" his mom asked adoringly.

"Yes," the boy replied as their lips drifted closer.

"Then maybe mom should crawl under the blanket with you…and give you some sick day snuggles," she suggested, her lips closing in on his.

"I'd love that, but should we, um…close my door first, since dad's working from home?"

"Good idea. We don't need your father interrupting us," said Destiny. She gave her son a quick peck on the lips. Then, she stood up and sashayed towards the door. Tanner's erection flexed on his loins, tenting the blanket up obscenely as he watched his mom's undulating ass-meat. He licked his lips lustfully, imagining his face wedged in the deep crack that separated her curvaceous buns.

After closing the door, Destiny made her way back over to her son. Her humongous tit-melons quivered heavily with her every step. She paused, gazing down at the obvious protrusion in the blanket. "Oh, baby…you have boy-wood! Has mommy made you all rigid?" she wickedly asked.

"Yes, um…sorry. I just REALLY like what you're wearing."

"Well, it's natural for a boy your age to get hard. We haven't really had our mom and son, birds and bees chat yet, have we?"

"No."

"Maybe we'll do that while we snuggle. We can't have you walking around with a big love-hammer and not know what to do with it."

"True," the boy answered. He already knew a lot about sex, but certainly wasn't gonna tell his mom that.

"Why don't you take your underwear off that way you can be naked and comfortable for our chat," Destiny suggested.

She certainly didn't have to ask the boy twice. Tanner quickly removed his briefs, causing his cock to tent the blanket even higher.

"That's better," Destiny grinned, rubbing her baby-orb with her hands through the mesh fabric. "Now you can push it against my

pregnant belly while we talk about sex."

"Alright," Tanner gulped, his heart rate increasing by the second.

"Have you ever had a girl kiss your neck, baby, and grind her body against yours?"

"Not really."

"Well, perhaps that's a good place to start then," said the mother as she pulled the foot of the blanket up and began crawling underneath it, onto the bed.

Tanner's breath quivered as he felt his mom's lips give his bulbous knob a tender peck as she slithered up his body. He felt his pecker glide between her meaty mounds and across her baby-swollen belly, the mesh fabric accentuating the divine sensation against his tender cock-meat.

Destiny brought her heavy-breasted body right down on top of her boy and immediately went for his neck, showering it with butterfly kisses. "Auugh!" the teen gasped, aroused tremendously by the feeling she was providing.

His mom's fat, squishy breasts and prenatal belly felt unlike anything he had ever experienced mashed up against him. She might as well have been naked the way her breasts were sloshing around between them.

Destiny went from kissing to light passionate licks on his boy's neck. She marveled at the heat and rigidity of his erectile meat as it pressed against

the contour of her belly. She engaged in tender neck licks without a word for several wonderful minutes, letting her boy enjoy being blanket by pregnant female flesh.

"Do you feel your sister's fetus crushed between us, Tanner?" Destiny asked between kisses to his neck.

"Yes!"

"That's what boys dicks are made for…to create babies. Have you ever pumped a hot load of seed inside a girl?"

Tanner knew that normally his mom would be upset if he confessed to such a thing, but since he used the pill on her, these weren't exactly 'normal' circumstances. "Yeah…I have few times," he admitted.

"When you do that, you create billions of little microscopic hunters that swim up inside a girl's body in search of her egg," Destiny explained. "Once they find it, one of them will pierce her ovum and you'll create an embryo together."

"Sounds like a fun process," the boy admitted.

His mom brought her face up, so it hovered over his, which slid her body up some too, so his boner resting snugly against her mons. "It's the most wonderful thing that a man and woman can do together. It's called making love, and it makes your body experience unimaginable pleasure."

"Not just MY body. Women love it too, right?"

Destiny got a huge smile, her pussy throbbing as she put more pressure against her son's cock. "Oh yes, we do! If a woman could have it her way, she'd be with a man that could give her sex all the time. Even after a woman gets pregnant, she loves to feel a hard, throbbing dick thrusting rhythmically through her hot pussy."

Tanner couldn't help but blush at the filth that was spouting from his mother's mouth. Never in a million years did he imagine he hearing her say such nasty things.

"You don't have to blush, baby," Destiny whispered as she began subtly grinding her vulva against her boy's hardened cock. "There's no shame in talking about something so natural."

"Alright."

"There's also nothing wrong with a mother showing her boy just how hot and wet a pussy can get," she added, drawing the length of her son's penis into the moist slit of her cunt with only the thin layer of fabric separating their genital flesh.

Tanner winced and threw his head to the side, focusing on the amazing sensation his mom was giving his hard prick. Pre-cum bubbled from his piss-slit, smearing onto the gauzy fabric and mixing with the juice that had saturated the gusset of Destiny's body suit.

"Ohhh, you're so hard!" the mother cooed, her eyes also closed as she concentrated on the delightful rigidness of her son's teenage cock-muscle. His erection pried her fleshy prepuce back with every dry-hump and scraped exquisitely against the nub of her grape-sized clit. She fought to resist the growing urge to reach down, tear a hole in the crotch of the

fabric and let her boy bury his fruit to its base inside the smoldering hunger of her vagina.

"That's only the outside, baby," Destiny whispered. "This inside of my pussy is where the real pleasure is."

Tanner snarled in lust as his mom went to work on his neck again, darting her pink tongue all around his erogenous zones. His body began to writhe hornily beneath her, his ass rising up and down as he countering his mom's fluid humping motions.

"Oh, Tanner," Destiny gasped between kisses, feeling his hunky cock dig against the dripping mouth of her vagina. "You're gonna be SO good at making babies!"

"Thanks," he replied. Then, his mom said something that he never expected to hear.

"Maybe I'll let you pump baby number five inside me. Would you like that?"

Tanner's heart skipped a beat. "Really?!"

"Yes, after I give birth to your sister, maybe you and I could start trying to make another."

"What about dad?" Tanner stupidly asked.

"Fuck your father!" she answered, feeling his organ pulse stiffly against her smothering pussy. "I think you've clearly shown me who the alpha-baby- maker in this house should be."

"Damn, that would be hot, mom! Maybe we should start practicing now," he brazenly suggested.

Destiny giggled and looked into her son's eyes. "Yeah? You think we should start letting you blast your ball-goo into my pregnant pussy?"

"I sure wouldn't mind. That way we'll be really good together once it's time to get you pregnant again."

The mother grinned from ear to ear. "Yes, I think you're right. Long, passionate sessions of lovemaking can produce healthy loads of ejaculate, giving us a smart, healthy baby."

She showered him with a barrage of sexual kisses. "Are we really gonna do this, Tanner? Are we really gonna fuck each other, right here on your

bed?" she breathlessly asked. "Uh-huh…we are!" he answered.

Destiny suddenly sat upright, straddling her boy like a horse. "Damn!" gasped Tanner as he stared up the huge, jutting breasts

resting atop his mom's pregnant belly.

"Do you see a couple things you'd like to suck on, baby?" she teased, then rocked her shoulders, making her udders swing back and forth beneath the fabric.

"I sure do!"

"Then you'd better get this tit-candy out of its wrapper. Rip it off of me!" the mother eagerly stated. Her son wasted no time tearing open the thin

body suit, unwrapping her like a Christmas gift. Destiny rose up, so he could peel the fabric from her crotch. Tanner's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he stared at his mom's naked, shaved pussy hovering over his cock. He could see the fat bulb of her clitoris bulging lewdly from its fleshy prepuce.

As soon her shredded body suit hit the floor, Destiny lifted her boy's steely prick from his abdomen, pointing it up and aligning his fat knob with her slit. "Holy shit!" her boy hissed, squirming anxiously at the thought of his own mom sheathing his boy-cock with her tight, dripping pussy.

"Let me show you how fun and pleasurable baby making can be," said Destiny.

Tanner watched her puffy vulva lower to the tip of his pole, so his glans split her vulvar lips open. "Oh, yes!" he gasped, feeling his crown slip past the remnants of her vaginal membrane and into the scalding heat of her cuntal pit. His mom's pleated lining smeared her slippery fuck-oil along his shaft, lubricating it for their maiden union.

"OH, TANNER!" Destiny squealed loudly, feeling the fat meat of his cock stretch the lining of her pussy. The overly horny mother took him all the way to the base, fully penetrating their love-organs together. Tanner's engorged knob mashed against her cervical head,

allowing his mom to feel his excited heartbeat through the throbbing tip of his prick.

"Wow, baby…I don't ever think I've had a cock this big inside me," Destiny confessed.

"It feels great!" sighed Tanner, enjoying the slippery heat of her encapsulating vagina around his erectile meat.

Suddenly, they were both startled by a knock at his bedroom door. "Hunny are you in there?" her husband asked.

"What the fuck does he want?" Destiny huffed, making sure all but her and her son's heads were covered by the blanket.

Before she could answer, Lenny opened the door and saw his wife laying on top of their son beneath the blanket. "What's going on in here?" he

asked as his wife and son looked at him like deer caught in a vehicle's headlights.

"I was just talking to Tanner about the birds and the bees," his wife answered.

"While laying on top of him?"

"Yes, it's important for a mother to feel close and bonded to her boy during such a discussion," Destiny answered, tightening her fuck-muscles around Tanner's stiff cock.

Lenny noticed his son's eyes roll up in their sockets. "Are you alright, Tanner?" he asked, unaware that his boy's dick was buried to its root in his wife's tight cunt.

"Yeah, I'm fine, dad."

Lenny drifted over to the bed and stood next to them. "Do you have any sex questions that maybe your mother couldn't answer? Perhaps a male's view on the subject would help you too," he asked.

This drew a giggle from his wife. "Hunny, I know WAY more about sex than you do. Just go back to work."

"All I'm saying is—"

"Lenny, if you want to learn to play piano, you're not gonna go to a drum instructor. Tanner needs to learn how to fuck hard and create babies. Only a woman can teach that."

Lenny was a bit taken by his wife's language. He had never heard her use the F-word in their eighteen-year marriage. "Well, you don't have to be so crude about it," he stated.

"There are times to be crude and one of those times is when you're teaching boy how to fuck pussy and get a girl pregnant."

Lenny was baffled by his wife's choice of words. He noticed the shredded bodysuit on the floor and could almost smell his wife's sexual secretions on it. His boy's shirt and briefs lay next to them. He looked at the lump of their stacked bodies beneath the blanket and began to become suspicious

of why only their heads were peeking out. "Are you two dressed under there?" he asked.

"Lenny!" his wife blurted loudly, glaring at him sternly. "Go away!"

The husband knew not to fuck with the woman of the house. He went to the door then turned to see them still staring back at him. He could tell by the position of his wife's ass, bulging from beneath the blanket, that she was straddling their son's midsection. "We could have discussed this first you know," he stated.

"Lock the door, please!" his wife answered. "I'll be out before the kids come home."

Tanner looked over at the clock on his wall. It was only noon, which mean his mom intended on fucking him for three hours before his siblings got home from school. After his dad closed the door, he smiled up at his beautiful blonde-haired mother. "That was awkward," he uttered.

"Naturally. Maybe if HIS mom had taught him right, he wouldn't be such a lousy fuck," Destiny stated.

"Dad's no good in bed?" Tanner snickered.

"He makes me cum with his fingers much more than he does with his dick. Unlike yours, your father's cock is only averaged-sized so he never makes me cum as hard as I'd like to."

"Damn!"

"He couldn't even pump a baby into me the proper way," Destiny confessed. "We had to go to a stupid lab to get me implanted."

"Well, if you give me the chance, I'll implant you the right way."

"Mmm, I know you will, baby," Destiny smiled. "You'll put plenty of healthy seed inside mommy's sweet, tight cunny. You'll knock this woman up the right way."

"For sure!" the teen added.

"Why don't we start practicing that right now," suggested Destiny, raising her tits off his chest. "You can pound your big penis through the hole who came out of and make me soak your cock in girl-honey."

Crazed by the effects of the drug and the feel of her boy's deliciously big cock, Destiny began bouncing her twat on his throbbing tool.

Staring down beneath her rounded belly, Tanner could see his thick rod sliding in and out of his mom's widely stretched labium. Her cuntlips were sucking against his slippery pink dick as the pregnant mother's juices coated the length of his raging boner. The lewd sound of her hot swollen slit pumping up and down over his rigid fucker only added to their excitement.

Tanner took a moment to admire his gorgeous mom as she rode his cock. The way she was gasping as his sex organ stabbed up into her tight pussy allowed him to see her in a whole new way. Her huge tits quivered as they leaped up and down, streaks of blue mammary veins running just beneath their skin. Over the past nine months, Destiny's melons had become a literal milk factory and soon delicious nectar would be erupting from her swollen teats.

The mother flexed her pelvic floor muscles, compressing her vaginal sleeve around the thick slab of her boy's prick.

"Damn, mom…your pussy feels even better than a slippery fist jerking me off," the teen confessed.

"There's nothing like pussy, baby," she answered, plunging her fuck-sleeve up and down over the glorious, youthful hardness of his prick. Being this pregnant provided both her and her son a higher level of pleasure.

Destiny's vagina was enhanced due to the increase in vascularity and nerve supply in preparation for childbirth. For her, this meant stronger, full body orgasms and for Tanner, a tight, pinkish-purple pussy-sleeve with well- pronounced pleats along its lining, sucking wetly around every ridge and vein of his cock as it glided along its length.

Tanner humped his ass from his mattress, watching his mom's big, oversized tits bounce and jiggle wildly as she rode his lurching loins. He'd certainly never fucked a pregnant girl before either and the sight of his mom's huge, round belly looming right in front of him was a giant turn-on. He reached out and rubbed the soft fetus-packed orb, knowing that some day soon he'd have his own baby growing in there, one that he and his mom's orgasmic love-juices had created together.

"Oh, wow…that feel crazy-good!" the boy gasped, looking down and watching their crotches grind together as Destiny swiveled her hips fluidly in full penetration. He wasn't sure what the fuck he was feeling deep inside there that was slipping wetly across the knob of his cock, but it sure felt amazing.

"I'm cumming, Tanner!" his mom's voice squealed with tit-quivering intensity.

Over the next minute or so a violent climax shook his mom's prenatal body. Destiny did her best to suppress her screams, since her husband was just across the house working. Even if Lenny did suspect that they were

fucking, she certainly didn't wanna announce it.

"Auugh, damn!" groaned the boy, feeling his mom's cuntal walls contract tightly around his cock. His meat made a lewd creamy sound as it pumped through her juiced-up pussy-tunnel. He had somehow managed to ward off his own orgasm and fuck his mom steadily through hers.

"Can I suck on your titties, mom?" he brazenly asked, licking his lips as he stared at her giant jugs.

"Of course, baby…that's part of lovemaking."

As Destiny began fucking her son again, she leaned forward, grasping his strong shoulders and letting her dangling milkers swing around her boy's wonder-stricken face. Tanner kissed and licked on the warm softness of her breasts, stuffing his face up into her gaping cleavage. He let his lips drag along the soft underside of her left tit then latched on to the swollen nipple before it could brush past his mouth.

"Mmnnff!" the teen whimpered, spreading his lips around the middle of her giant areola, suctioning her rubbery teat deep into his mouth. His face completely disappeared into the meaty melon of her tit as he sucked like a baby at its nipple.

Destiny's naked bubble butt bobbed up and down, her ass-meat rippling as she fucked her son earnestly. She couldn't explain her sudden explosion of horniness today, but she felt no regret, no shame as she fucked her experienced vagina on the satisfying stiffness of her son's teenage cock.

After a few more minutes of cunt-pummeling sex, Tanner felt his mom's pussy tighten up like a velvet vice around his prick. The fatty flesh of her tit began to ripple around his face as his mom convulsed on top of him in a powerful climax.

He snarled like a pleasure-induced animal, feeling her birthing tube chew at his penile meat. His mom's pussy let out an obscene SQUELCH and he felt her female ejaculate splatter out along the base of his prick, running down over his hips and onto the bed.

His own cum-load quickly boiled up from his balls from the divine friction of her slippery ribbed walls squeezing along his tender dong. There was

certainly no shame in him cumming. He'd been fucking his mom like a porn star for nearly a half-hour now and given her two mind-numbing orgasms.

"SHIT!!" he gasped, slobbering around her swollen areola as a raging jet of cum hosed from his meatus and splattered through his mom's quivering vagina. His tit-smothered voice grunted with every pulse of his cum- spewing prick as he delivered a huge, creamy load inside his mother.

Satisfied that she had drained every drop of Tanner's cum with her cunt muscles, Destiny rolled him over on top of her. The mother's soft naked legs wrapped securely around his body. "Fuck me this way now, baby" she whispered, then locked lips with her boy for a fiery French kiss.

Despite having just cum, Tanner's cock was still fully erect. He was a healthy, hot blooded teenager after all. He began to thrust it through her vagina, while Destiny threw her crotch up to meet every plunge of his stiff cock. The friction of his raging boner against her blood-engorged clit was driving the mother absolutely wild. "Oh my God!" her voice quivered between kisses.

The fact that he was giving his own mom such tremendous pleasure boosted the boy's confidence. He knew with one cum out of his system he'd be able to fuck his heavy-titted mother like a savage. "I'm gonna fuck you hard and deep, mom!" he panted.

"Yes please, baby! That's just the way I like it!"

Tanner drilled his cock through her slippery hole. His torso felt like it was melting into the squishy softness of her giant breasts and pregnant belly. His mom's turgid nipples were digging into his flesh as her huge, luscious boobs rippled wildly under his heaving chest. "Go faster!" his mom squealed, clawing her long nails down his back. "Fuck me faster!"

The teen gave her a barrage of violent thrusts, his big balls beating on her upturned ass. His entire bed was rocking and creaking wildly, and he hoped to hell his father couldn't hear them going at it this hard.

Destiny let out a sharp huff as her son thrust his cock all the way in and held it there. The boy whimpered in ecstasy as he felt her tightly pleated pussy tunnel grasp and suck around the throbbing meat of his member.

"Oh God, I'm gonna fucking cum on you!" his mother groaned, frantically clinging to her boy. She arched her back beneath him and tossed her head from side to side, whipping her pretty blonde hair around in ecstasy.

Tanner began humping like a madman again and Destiny tightened her naked thighs around her son's body as her handsome boy increased both the tempo and depth of his heavenly thrusts. He raised himself up on extended arms while he fucked, so could watch his mom cum for a third time. He loved how her beautiful face was distorted with wild pleasure. He could tell she was trying to suppress her screams, so his father didn't hear her cumming mindlessly.

"You like that, mom?" he asked. "You like how I'm fucking your pussy?" "I love it!" she panted.

The teen's eyes drifted down to her breasts and watched her tremendous melon-meat roll and ripple crazily. "Goddamn, those are big tits!" he blurted, then plopped right back on top of her, crushing those huge hooters between them. He locked lips with his mom so she could squeal into his mouth while he continued to skewer her with his rigid meat.

Destiny wormed her tongue deep into Tanner's mouth, delighting in every rhythmic thrust of her boy's hard, sinewy cock. The pleasure in her loins intensified with every powerful plunge of his prick. She loved the animalistic way her son was grunted and panted into her mouth as his lean, virile body bucked against her, making her hot mommy-pussy ripple and gush with unbelievable pleasure.

On and on they fucked, their naked bodies becoming slippery with perspiration as they beat their bellies together tirelessly. "Suck my

titties, baby!" the mother urged.

The boy was more than eager to oblige. He loved masking his face in the dough-like softness of her oversized breast and gorging himself on the peak of her tit. As Destiny neared another orgasm, she extended her lovely legs into the air in a wide V, so her dainty feet were pointed to opposite sides of Tanner's bedroom. "Oh, baby, I'm cumming again! How are you making me cum again so fast?!" her frantic voice quivered.

Destiny clenched her toes, and her legs began to quiver as a full-body orgasm began to sweep through her mature frame.

With his mom's pussy rippling wetly around his pummeling cock, Tanner began thrusting into her with all his strength. He clamped his teeth around her rubbery teat, grimacing as he felt his ejaculation start up through the length of his shaft.

Destiny wrapped her silky legs back around her boy, locking him in a fuck- harness as she bucked lustfully from the mattress. Their bodies writhed like two wild animals fused together in a furious fuck. The mother's climax carried her to a pinnacle of exquisite ecstasy that she had never experienced before, even with some other the other hot guys she had fucked in High School.

As hot ropes of teenage cum gushed into her spasming fuck-hole, Destiny screwed her cunt-lips up around the root of Tanner's spurting cock so he could wash the head of her soon-to-be-dilating cervix with his virile cream. "That's it, you dreamy cunt-fucker…fill me with your baby-makers!" she squealed.

For several glorious minutes they wrestled in body-trembling ecstasy; the world around them seeming to vanish away as their minds focused only on the magnificent friction of their ejaculating genitals.

Finally, Tanner rolled off his mom, his soaking wet cock flopping back against his abdomen. "Wow, that was quite the lesson, mom!" he sighed.

She rolled over against him, letting her squishy boobies crush against his chest. Then, she gave him a sensual kiss and looked him in the eyes pleadingly. "Do you think you'd be able to go again?" Destiny asked.

Tanner reached down and gave his youthful cock a few rejuvenating strokes. The drug had made his mom even hornier than he imagined it would. "I'd love to go again!" he smiled.

As he climbed to his knees, the boy watched his mom position herself on all-fours in front of him, pointing her rounded ass back for a doggy-fuck. Her creamy, pink flanges were splayed, ready to be stretched open by his cock again. Tanner wasn't sure when the 'mom'll-fuck-zine' drug would

wear off, but he planned on taking full advantage of his mother sexually until it did.

"Here I come, mom!" said the boy, then mounted her meaty haunches, spearing his eager prick to its hilt inside snug furnace of his mom's pussy.

79: Momma's Little Snuggle-Bear

by klrxo

"Flight number three-thirteen is now boarding through gate eleven." The loud speaker announced.

"Well I guess that's me guys." Matt said as he turned towards his wife and son.

Bonny stepped towards her husband, her nine-month pregnant belly leading the way. Her tummy stuck out so far it looked like she was hiding a beach ball beneath her skirt. She gave Matt a quick hug and kiss.

"Have a safe flight, hon." She said.

Their son Gabe hugged his father. He was tall, slender and about as enthusiastic as any 18 year old.

"See ya, dad." He muttered.

"You're sure you don't mind taking the week off school to help your mom?" Matt asked.

"Of course he doesn't mind." Bonny said, taking her son's arm.

"This is probably the last week he doesn't have to share my attention with a little brother." Bonny smiled.

A few minutes later Bonny and her son watched Matt's plane back away from the gate. She gave Gabe's hand a little squeeze.

"Well, guess it's just you and me, sweetie." She said in a soft motherly tone.

As they walked back through the airport Gabe found himself being aroused by the sound of his mom's tiny heels clicking against the tile. He peered down at her sexy little feet, arched perfectly in her dainty little high-heeled sandals. The nails on her squatty little toes were a beautiful teal-green, matching her long fingernails.

Gabe's eyes traveled up her long silky-smooth legs which were only partially exposed beneath her three-quarter length dress. The giant orb of baby-meat obstructed most of the view, but that was okay, what Gabe really wanted to see was the mound of tit-flesh resting atop her pregnant tummy.

The U-shaped neckline of Bonny's dress left exposed the kind of cleavage that fuels boys dreams. Gabe's mom had big heavy breasts that just sort of trembled with each step.

On the car ride home young Gabe couldn't help but sneak little peeks at his mom's tummy. He felt almost ashamed of the fact that something a natural as a pregnant belly could make the cock in his pants as hard as iron.

"Are you gonna miss dad?" Gabe asked.

"I'll miss having someone to snuggle with at night. I hate being in that big bed all by myself." She said.

"I was kinda hoping that I might find somebody to take his place, be my little snuggle-bear for the week. Know anyone who might be interested?" She asked, gazing at her son with a little smile.

"I would." Gabe said.

"I thought you'd be up for the job. After all, your father did ask you to stay close to me this week." Bonny winked.

After arriving home Gabe went up to his room to play video games. About a half-hour into it his mom tapped at the door.

When she stepped inside, Gabe's jaw about hit the floor. Bonny was in a long wrap around skirt and a pale-pink top that fit like a sports bra. Her huge pregnant tummy was completely naked protruding out in front of her. Her long brown hair was slicked back, still wet from having just gotten out of the shower.

"Hey there, snuggle-bear, mind if mom comes in and hangs out?" She asked.

"No, not at all." Gabe said, his cock slowly rising in his shorts.

Gabe was sitting on the edge of the bed and Bonny climbed up behind him, kneeling on the mattress. She threw her arms over his shoulders and rested her weight against his back, pancaking her baby-ball between them.

Resting her head on his shoulder she watched the TV screen as her son tried to concentrate on the game.

"Can I ask you something?" She said softly.

"Sure." He answered.

"Are you getting laid?" She asked candidly.

"What do you mean?" He muttered.

"Come on now, sweetheart, do I really have to explain what getting laid means?" Bonny smiled.

"No." Gabe said.

"So are you?" She asked.

"Well, no...not really." He answered.

"Not really meaning not lately...or not really meaning I'm a virgin?" She asked.

"Not really meaning...not ever." Gabe said.

"I'm sorry, baby. A boy your age should be getting his weenie wet at least once a day." She said, staring into his eyes.

For a moment they became locked in a stare. Bonny's big brown eyes had the cock-hard teen in a trance. She looked at the TV and smiled.

"Can I play?" She asked.

"Sure?" Gabe said with surprise.

Bonny climbed off the bed and came around to the front of her son. Gabe took a sec to marvel at huge jutting enormity of her breasts as they stretched the thin top.

"Scoot back." She said, then turned and planted her big soft ass between his legs.

Gabe moved back against the wall with his legs on the bed. His mom scooted back against him, she too bringing her legs up on the bed and planting her bare feet flat on the mattress.

Bonny's skirt rode up a bit, exposing the bottom half of her silky-smooth legs. Gabe could feel his cock at full mast as he reached around to help his mom with the controller.

"So how do you work this thing?" She asked.

"These buttons here are the gas and break. These arrows control your steering." He said.

"Seems easy enough." She said, setting the controller down on the peak of her pregnant orb. She took her son's hands.

"I'll play the game. You play with your brother." She said, placing his hands on the sides of her mountainous swell.

Bonny began to play the racing game while Gabe slowly ran his hands over her belly, feeling the smooth naked swell of her pregnancy. Looking over her shoulder he had a birds-eye view of her gaping cleavage.

Bonny made a little yelp and leaned to one side, getting into the game. As she did this Gabe watched as her tit-meat wobbled from side to side. He let out an audible sigh, his cock flexing in his shorts.

Bonny glanced back at him.

"You okay back there cuddle-bear?" She asked in her cute little tone.

"Yeah." He muttered.

Her skirt had now crept up over her knees and her legs were slightly spread.

Gabe's hands wandered down beneath his mom's swollen belly. His fingers sunk right up into the soft pliable flesh. His hands were getting a bit rough and he hesitated for a moment.

"Go ahead, sweetheart. You're not gonna hurt him." She reassured him.

Bonny rested hear weight back against her son, leaning against him. She could feel his throbbing erection against her ass.

Gabe decided to test the limits. His fingers snuck under the top of her skirt and began rubbing her lower belly. Wandering further he felt the tips of his fingers slide against the hem of her silk panties. It wasn't long before they crept underneath.

"And just where do you think you're going?" Bonny said, glancing back at him.

"Sorry, mom." He smiled, sliding his hand back onto her belly.

Gabe ran both hands up along the top of Bonny's pregnancy and soon found them sandwiched between the baby-ball and his mom's huge, spongy-soft tits.

Bonny slowly got up and handed her son back the controller.

"That's enough gaming for me. You take over." She said.

Gabe took over the game as Bonny crawled back behind him again. He soon found himself sitting between her legs, leaning back against her softness.

"My turn." She said, slipping her hands under his t-shirt.

Gabe felt his mom's soft hands roaming across his chest. Her long nails drug up his abs and across his nipples. Soon Bonny's hand slipped under the hem of his boxers and her fingers combed through his pubes.

"Fair's fair." She teased.

"Yeah, but I had to stop." Gabe said.

"Oh...interested in spending more time in Mom's panties are we?" Bonny teased.

"I wouldn't mind." Gabe blushed.

"Sounds like I have a naughty bear to snuggle with this week." She said, kissing him on the cheek.

A couple hours later Gabe sat at the table watching his mom in the kitchen preparing dinner. She was still in her cute little wrap around skirt and sports bra. He couldn't take his eyes off her enormous baby-ball.

"You're awfully quiet over there. Something on your mind?" She asked with a little smile.

"No, I just can't believe you're dressed this way." He said.

"Are you complaining?" Bonny asked.

"No, it's just that you never dress this way when dad's around." He said.

"You might be surprised what I'll do when dad's not around." She smiled.

"Would you get naked?" Gabe asked.

Bonny gazed at him while she stirred her vegetables. A slight smile crossed her lips.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" She said.

"Yeah, I think you have a great body." Gabe said.

"You just like my big boobs. All boys your age like big boobs." She said.

"And all women your age like big penis's." Gabe said.

"Are you trying to tell me something." Bonny said, cocking an eyebrow.

"Maybe." Gabe smiled.

"Maybe I don't believe you." She said.

"Maybe I should prove it." Gabe said.

"Maybe you should wash your hands for dinner." Bonny smiled.

Bonny could feel her son's eyes on her at dinner.

"I don't think you could handle a girl with big boobs." She said.

"Why do you say that?" He asked.

"I don't know...I think you'd pop too soon." Bonny said.

"I think you're wrong." Gabe said.

"You sound so sure of yourself." She smiled.

"I've seen girls with big boobs before." He said.

"What, D-cups. Sorry, sweetie D-cups aren't big. E-cups are big." She said.

"Is that what you are, mom...an E-cup?" He asked.

"What do you think?" She said.

"I don't think you can handle a guy with a big penis." He smiled.

"Oh you don't do you?" She said.

"No, I think you'd pop too soon." He said.

"Well, for your information I can pop over and over so it doesn't matter. And yes I've had guys with big penis's." She said.

"What 7 inches. Sorry, mom 7 inches isn't big. Ten inches is big." He said.

"Is that what you are, Gabrial...Ten inches?" She asked.

"What do you think?" He smiled.

"I think it's bedtime." She said.

"Bedtime? It's only six-o-clock." He said.

"So that's a NO?" She asked.

"No, I'm ready for bed." Gabe smiled.

Bonny held his hand as he trailed her up the stairs. Gabe stared at her heavenly ass as it swayed invitingly.

The pregnant mom led him into her lair, a place where boys dream of going when dad's away.

"Get undressed and crawl into bed. I'll be out in a few minutes." She said, stepping into the bathroom.

Gabe stripped down to his boxers and hopped into his parents bed. It was so fluffy with all those soft pillows and all that white down.

Bonny stepped from the bathroom in a pale-pink baby-doll. Her tits bobbled with each step, like braless tits do.

As if Gabe's cock wasn't hard enough, Bonny reached under and slid her pale-pink panties down her long legs before slipping under the covers.

"Where's my cuddle bear?" Bonny said in a soft little voice.

"Right here." Gabe said.

Bonny snuggled up against him. Gabe literally gasped as he felt her huge milk-filled breast rest against the side of his chest. She lifted her head, gazing down at her son.

"I can't believe you've never been laid." She said.

"Why's that so hard to believe?" He asked.

"Because you're so handsome ." She said, letting her nails drag against his chest.

"I wouldn't lie to you mom." He said.

"No, sweetie, I didn't say I didn't believe you...it's just kind of sad that's all." She said.

"That's funny. Most mom's would praise their kids for not having premarital sex." He said.

"True, but most moms wouldn't snuggle half-naked in bed with their son while their husband's out of town either. Guess I'm not like most moms." She smiled.

"True. So do you think dad would be mad...if he knew I was laying here?" Gabe said.

"Oh most definitely. That's why I'm gonna keep my little snuggle-bear a secret." She said, kissing him on the cheek.

"Sounds good to me." Gabe said.

"EEEEEUUUWW!!!" Bonny squealed, putting a hand on her belly.

"What's wrong?" Gabe asked.

"You're brother's kicking. Wanna feel?" She asked.

"Of course." Gabe said.

"Tell you what, why don't I lay on top of you. That way we can both feel him play while he's sandwiched between us." She suggested.

"Okay." Gabe muttered, his heart racing with excitement.

Bonny straddled her son and as she moved into position Jacob could see straight down the neck of her baby-doll nightie. His cock flexed as he gazed at her huge gaping canyon between her milk-filled breasts. The hanging udders teetered back and forth as they descended towards him.

The swell of Bonny's pregnancy flattened against Gabe's stomach and her soft tits rested against his chest. He felt her nest of love snuggle softly against the swell of his boner.

Gazing down at her son she smiled lovingly, gently running her fingers through his hair.

"Mmmmmm, my little snuggle-bear." She said softly.

Gabe could feel his unborn brother squirming around in his mother's womb. It felt weird pressed against his stomach.

"I think your brother's as excited to be nestled against me as you are." Bonny said, giving Gabe's cock a gentle little nudge with her bare muffin.

"So what was I like when I was a baby?" Gabe asked.

"Hmmmm, You were my boobie-baby. Always wanted to suck on his momma's big swollen nipples. Even when you weren't sucking you liked to just rub your little body up against them." Bonny explained.

"I have a strange suspicious that not much as changed." She said with a giggle.

"They do feel good." Gabe said, glancing down at all the breasts meat oozing out from between them.

Bonny glanced at her tits too then fed her son a naughty little smile.

"Sometimes, after your dad left for work, I'd bring you back to bed with me. I'd lay on my side and wrap your little body between my breasts. It's not surprising that you became such a boobie-lover, as much as I used to smother you with them." She smiled.

"Smother me how?" Gabe asked.

"Well, I used to do this thing when you were little where I'd take off your shirt and lay you down on your back. Then I'd take off my bra, crawl above you on my hands and knees and let my big boobs dangle above your face." Bonny said.

"Wow, I bet I liked that." Gabe giggled.

"You were little and still nursing. Your momma's boobs were a big part of your world. You were so cute. I used to love to watch your little eyes light up while those big breasts hovered over you, especially when I'd start to make them swing." Bonny recalled in a loving motherly tone.

"Back and forth they'd swing, little drops of milk dripping from the teats. Then after a while I'd let them drag against you. I used to love watching your little body shiver while those big soft sacks licked your chest." She smiled.

"Holy Cow. What I'd give to be that age again." Gabe said, his cock drooling onto his tummy.

Bonny giggle, patting his cheek lovingly.

"Think you'd like being momma's boobie-baby again?" She asked.

"Would I ever." Gabe answered.

Bonny rose up into the upright position, still straddling her son. This put more cunt-smothering weight on his cock and it felt amazing.

Gabe gazed up at his mom's top half as it now towered above him. Her beach-ball sized belly stuck way out over his stomach and the swell of her breasts resting against it looked absolutely massive.

"And just what if I decide to take you up on that offer, buster. What's in it for me?" Bonny smiled.

"I don't know. What do you want?" Gabe smiled nervously.

"Well, we are talking about my boobs here. Big boys aren't suppose to see their mother's boobs. Maybe in return I should get to see a part of you that I'm not suppose to see." She said with a sly little smile.

"You mean my..." Gabe started.

"Well, fair's fair right?" She said.

"I guess." Gabe answered.

"Besides, I've been a little curious ever since you made that "ten-incher" comment." She said.

"Well now I guess I get to prove it, right?" Gabe said.

Bonny fed him a peculiar little smile, staring down into his eyes.

"Yeah, I guess you do." She said.

Gabe's mom moved into a sitting position beside him, tucking her long legs underneath her. She eye-balled Gabe's erection as it made his boxers stick way up.

"Wow...looks like a circus tent. Must be quite the pole under there holding that up." She said.

They both giggled at her comment.

"You're sure you want me to do this?" Gabe asked, tucking his thumbs under his elastic waistband.

"Are you sure you wanna play boobie-baby?" Bonny questioned.

"Yeah, I'm sure." Gabe answered.

"Well then I guess you better get those boxers off, mister." She smiled.

Gabe lifted his ass as he slid his shorts down his legs. His big boner sprung free and bobbed around under Bonny's stare.

"Wow!" She said, her mouth slightly agape.

"Told you it was big." He said, smiling proudly.

"Oh, sweetie it's.... it's beautiful." Bonny whispered.

"Thanks." He said.

"And you're telling me that this big thing has never been inside a vagina?" Bonny asked.

"Sad but true. Can I see your boobs now?" Gabe answered.

"Patients, your-horniness, my boobs aren't going anywhere and I'm not through looking at you yet." Bonny said.

"Sorry, mom. Just anxious I guess." Gabe said.

Bonny slouched down next to Gabe for a moment, looking down into his eyes.

"I know you are, sweetheart, but lets just take our time and enjoy this, okay. We have all night...all week for that matter." Bonny said.

"Alright." Gabe smiled.

Bonny glanced down at her son's erection.

"So...ten inches huh? We'll see." She said, reaching over towards the bedside table.

Bonny opened the drawer and pulled out a large black dildo.

"Holy crap, mom, is that what I think it is?" Gabe smiled, his eyes getting big.

"What, a mom isn't allowed to own a dildo?" She asked, making it bob back and forth.

"You didn't actually think that all your mom did around here all day was housework, did you?" She asked.

"No, it's just kind of weird that my own mom is showing me her sex toy, that's all." Gabe said.

"Well in case you've forgotten, goof-ball, we're laying here looking at your penis. I really don't think showing you my sex toy is that big a deal, do you?"

"No, I suppose you're right." He smiled.

"For your information, this dildo is exactly ten inches. It said so on the box when I bought it, which means, Mr. Ten-Incher, that unless you were over exaggerating, it should be your twin." Bonny said.

"Should be." Gabe said.

"So lets prove it. Make it stick straight up." She said.

"How do I do that?" Gabe asked.

"You can't be serious." Bonny said, then giggled at how naïve her baby was.

"Reach around and pinch the loose skin on your scrotum." She said.

Jacob followed her directions.

"Now pull it down." She said.

Jacob pulled on his sack and his bone-hard shaft rose up until it pointed up at the ceiling.

"Tah-dah." Bonny giggled.

She reached down and placed the base of the dildo on his pubic bone. It hid his cock from their view, accept for his bulbous cock-head, which rose a bit higher than the fake one.

"Newsflash, sweetheart, your shaft is ten inches. If you count that big pink battering ram it's capped with, you're more like eleven." She said.

"Well, it was last year when I measured it." Gabe said.

"Looks like you've sprouted an inch since then." She said.

"Gee, how cool is that? I even have my mom's dildo beat." Gabe grinned smugly.

"Yes, but no matter how hard you try, you can't make yours vibrate." She giggled.

"Yeah, but I have an extra inch, which means that I can go deeper." Gabe said.

"Deeper yes, but I still think you'd pop before you got there." Bonny said.

"I bet you're wrong." Gabe said defensively.

"You know, you're awfully confident for a virgin. Are you sure you've never been laid?" She asked.

"Trust me, mom, I'm completely cherry." He said.

"Cherry meaning you've never even been sucked on?" Bonny asked.

"Completely cherry, mom. Why, is that so hard to believe?" He asked.

"Yes, it is! How does a handsome eighteen year old with an eleven-inch penis go this long without getting it wet?" She asked.

"I don't know, maybe we should call Guinness. I could have broke a record or something." He said.

Bonny slapped him on the leg playfully, making his cock jump.

"Smart ass." She said.

"So do you think eleven inches is bigger than average?" Gabe asked, know full well the answer.

"Sweetie, given that the average penis is six inches, I'd say, yes, you're well above average." She said.

"So I have a big penis then?" He asked, wanting to hear her say it.

"Yes, sweetheart, you have a very large penis." She said with a quirky little smile.

"Larger than dads?" Gabe asked.

"Gabe." Bonny whined, as if her son had just said something cruel.

"What, it's just a question? How many inches is dad? " He asked.

"Big enough to make me happy. How's that?" Gabe said.

"So how many inches does it take to make you happy?" He asked.

"You're just not going to leave this alone, are you?" She said.

"Nope." He smiled.

"Fine, anything over seven inches makes me happy." She confessed.

"So dad's only seven inches then?" Gabe smiled.

"I know where you're going with this, so stop right now." Bonny said, trying not to crack a grin.

Bonny leaned over him, staring down into his eyes.

"Look, sweetie, you're in my marital bed and I'm not gonna kid you, if things keep going like this, you're probably gonna get laid." She said, making Gabe's heart pound in his chest.

"So do me a favor and let's not talk about your dad anymore, okay Boobie-Baby?" She smiled.

"Okay." Gabe smiled.

"Do me another favor. Go into the nursery and get the pacifier that's in the crib." Bonny said.

"Okay." Gabe smile, reaching for his shorts.

"No...leave those off." She said.

Gabe crawled out of bed and rushed out the door, his big boner flouncing up and down.

When he returned a minute later his jaw about hit the fucking floor. There, standing at the foot of the bed was his mom, completely naked. Her tits were massive and rested against the huge nine-month swell of her pregnant belly. Beneath her baby-orb he could just make out the neatly trimmed mound of her womanhood.

"Hi." She said, in a sweet teasing tone.

"Hi." Gabe sighed, staring at her milk-filled udders.

"Come here." She smiled.

Gabe walked over to his mom and she stepped forward and threw her arms around his neck. The teenager let out an audible sigh as her big tits and belly kissed his chest. He felt the tip of his cock drag against Bonny's pubic fuzz and stop against her engorged clit.

"If you wanna stop now, we can...I'll understand." She said, looking into his eyes.

"I don't wanna stop." He muttered.

"Good, then lets get back in bed." She said, taking him by the hand and leading him around to the side of her bed.

Bonny had a cute little waddle when she walked from carrying all that extra baby-weight. This made her pendulous breasts just sort teeter back and forth across her belly.

Gabe watched her meaty ass sway seductively as she led him around the bed. Those beautiful cheeks crowned the silky-softness of her long shapely legs. As Bonny crawled onto the bed her cheeks parted slightly and Gabe could see the big wrinkly pucker of her

asshole. His breath quivered as his eyes caught site of her bald clamshell.

Bonny turned towards him, resting on her knees near the center of the bed. She smiled at Gabe and patted the spot in front of her. Gabe noticed that there was a big bottle of baby-oil sitting next to her that she must have gotten while he was fetching the pacifier.

"Come lay back down on your back." She said.

Gabe moved into position next to his beautiful pregnant mother and she gazed down hungrily at his young teenaged body, taking a second to admire the large, beefy fuck-stick rising all the way to his belly-button.

"What do you want me to do with this?" Gabe asked, lifting the pacifier.

"What do you think, Boobie-baby?" She smiled naughtily.

Gabe smiled as he stuck the nipple in his mouth and began to suck. Bonny giggled as she watched him.

"Awe, look at my adorable little baby boy." She said, in a cute little mommy-voice.

Bonny got onto her hands and knees and crawled over above her son. She gently grazed his chest with her long nails as she smiled down at him.

Gabe stared at her heavy tits as they as they dangled right in front of him.

It wasn't long before Bonny crawled right over the top of him so that her hanging milk-sacks could droop right above his face. Gabe studied her massive areola. They were covered with bumpy little milk-glands, which made them look so thick and rubbery. The teats

themselves were as big around as AA batteries had little indentations where the milk secretes.

"Does my sweet little boobie-bear wanna watch momma's titties rock?" She asked.

Gabe nodded his head.

"Yes, he does, doesn't he. He wants to watch her boobies dance." Bonny said.

Bonny began to slowly move her chest and Gabe gazed up with delight as her drooping breasts began to gently swing from side to side. They were like big pendulums swaying back and forth hypnotically.

"While you watch them move I want you to think about how it would feel if they were squashed against you. Think about what it would be like to have the big soft sacks crushed against your chest." She said.

Gabe sighed excitedly at the very thought of it. He was so aroused by his mother's words and the sight of her massive jugs moving in unison that his hand instinctively went to his cock.

"That's right. It makes baby wanna stroke his big beautiful boner, doesn't it, sweetheart?" She asked.

Again, Gabe could only nod as he sucked on the pacifier, imagining it was one of his mom's engorged nipples. He used his drooling pre-cum to twist his first around the enormous cock-head.

After letting her tits flounce for a few minutes Bonny sat up, straddling her son's tummy. Gabe could barely see over her mammoth pregnant swell and gazed up into the butt of her tits.

Bonny took the baby oil and began to squirt it onto her breasts. Her son watched in awe, stroking madly at his cock, as she rubbed the oil into her flesh. She peered down at him over her matronly mounds with a naughty smile.

"Enjoying the view." She asked, rubbing the oil down onto her swollen belly.

Bonny got back on her hands and knees above her son, her tits and tummy glistening with oil.

"Okay, I want baby to stop stroking and bring his hands up and rest them on my waist." She said.

Gabe reluctantly let his cock go and followed his mom's directions. He knew something magical was coming.

"That's my good boy. I don't want you to pull all that sperm out before momma's had a chance to smother you." She smiled.

"You wanna be smothered, don't you baby?" She asked, staring down at him.

Gabe nodded, his eyes glued to the drooping knockers and their huge demon eyes.

"My baby-boy wants to be smothered by all this soft mommy-flesh, doesn't he?" She asked in a soft warm tone.

Bonny slowly let her body decend onto her son. The first thing to make contact was her huge greasy baby-ball. The spongy swell hugged his enormous hard-on as Bonny's pregnancy began to flatten against her son's tummy.

Her tits began to spill onto his chest, rolling out like soft dough. Gabe let out an audible moan as his body became blanketed in voluptuous flesh.

Bonny coiled her arms around her son's neck and began to move her body against his. Her big slippery tits glided easily up and down his chest and Gabe could feel the rubbery nipples licking his flesh.

His cock was trapped between his belly and the spongy softness of his mother's baby-ball. The friction it caused againt the underside of his shaft felt amazing.

"Mmmmm, my baby likes that." She smiled.

Bonny buried her face in the soft of her son's neck and began to flutter her long tongue against the areas she knew were the most sensitive. The entire bed began to rock as the experienced mom ground her body against the handsome teen.

Gabe was breathing heavily as the pressure on his cock intensified. He slid his hands back and dug his fingers into Bonny's big meaty ass.

"Uh-huh...oh, that's where mommy likes her titties...crushed right up against her baby." She said between licks.

Gabe was in absolute euphoria. He could hear the light thumping of the headboard against the wall as his mom rocked up and back against him. His young body shivered with a rush of excitement.

"HHHHHNNNNNNMMMMM!!!" He hummed.

"Oh that's it, sweetie. Come on." Bonny said lovingly as she felt his cock balloon against her smothering tummy.

Gabe felt the floodgates give way and his penis began to spit it's potent milk.

"UUUNNNGGG!!!!" He groaned, still sucking on the play-nipple.

"Oh, there you go, baby-boy. Let it squirt!" She said.

Squirt it did and it seemed to never stop squirting. Little trickles of semen seeped from between their bodies, running down the sides of Gabe tummy and onto the mattress.

With his head thrown back the nipple fell from his mouth as his cock continued to pulse.

"OH, GGGOD, MOM!" His voice quivered.

Bonny just kept working her slippery body against her baby, gazing down at him with a loving smile.

"Oh, that's my baby. Come on, get it all out of there." She said.

When Gabe finally relaxed Bonny stopped rocking and just laid there against him.

"I bet I could make him pop again." She smiled.

"Right now." He asked.

"Yep." She said.

"I don't know, mom. That was pretty intense." Gabe sighed.

"So that's a challenge then?" She said, raising an eyebrow.

"Sure, why not." He smiled.

Bonny scooted up a bit until she slid off her son's cock. She lifted herself off his chest and Jacob watched her tits wobble. Sliding onto her knees she reached back and took hold of his still throbbing member, positioning it at the entrance of her honey-pot.

Her inner lips stretched around the bulbous head and with one big cock-swallowing lunge her ass dropped all the way to his balls.

"OH GOD!!!" Gabe groaned as he felt the heat of her furnace surround him with it's soft wet warmth.

Bonny gasped a little, her eyes getting big as she felt her vaginal walls expand around the eleven-inch guest. She felt her son's spongy mushroom push against her cervix.

"So, you still think I can't make it pop again." She smiled.

"Nope." Gabe smiled, knowing full well should would.

"Prop the pillows up behind your back." She said.

Gabe did as she asked so that he was sitting a little more upright, but still reclined backwards. This allowed his mom to fall forward and rest her tits on his chest.

"I'm gonna prove you so wrong, mister." She grinned, knowing that in this position she could really work his cock with her cunt.

Her big meaty ass rose, her juices dripping down Gabe's shaft, then it dropped suddenly, swallowing it up again. It was like a steam locomotive, strating slowly and gradually speeding up so that within seconds her big matronly bottom was beating against his balls.

It was the perfect union. Big sloppy pregnant pussy stuffed to capacity with beefy teenaged cock. Their genitals made a lewd throaty slurping sound as they slapped together.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

"So, mom...am I touching places dad's never been?" Gabe asked.

"You've got four inches on him, what do you think?" Bonny said, a little out of breath as she continued to work her ass.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

"I think he only wishes he could touch bottom. It feels amazing." Gabe said.

"Well maybe you should call him, tell him what he's missing." Bonny joked.

"I bet I make you cum harder than he can." Gabe persisted.

"Well in about ten more seconds, sweetie, we're gonna find out." Bonny voice quivered.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

Gabe was front row center to the orgasm show, staring his beautiful mom. Her body suddenly convulsed making her big titties jump as she threw her head back.

"OOOOHHHHH, GGGGGOOOOODDDD!!!!!" She groaned.

She pushed herself up a bit crushing his cock against her cervix. Her hips went into overdrive as she stirred her pot with her son's big spoon.

"OOOOHHHH, OOOOHHHH, YEAH, OOOOHHH, GABRIAL!!!" She shrieked, her cute little voice echoing through the house.

Her body did it's final little shiver, the dropped back against her son and her ass resumed bouncing.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

"Was I right? Did I make you cum harder than dad can?" He asked.

"You have to ask." She sighed.

"Bet I could do it again." He smiled.

"Easy for you to say, boobie-baby, I'm doing all the work." She said, her voice trembling with each thrust.

"I know. All I meant was that I could go a long time in this position without cumming." Gabe said.

"Well then I guess it's gonna be a long night, isn't it?" She smiled.

"Don't worry, sweet-baby, when momma's pussy's ready for you to cum, you'll cum. It doesn't matter what position you're in." She said.

"How's that?" He asked.

Suddenly , Gabe felt his mother's birth canal flex against his cock, creating ball-busting friction as his pecker continued to plow in and out.

"OH, GOD...OH, MOM!" He moaned.

"That's how." She smiled, relaxing her cunt-muscles.

"Oh wow...that felt amazing." He said.

"Well, unlike some people, I've been doing this awhile. How does it feel to be in bed with a woman who knows just how to make you squirm?" Bonny asked.

"Awesome." Gabe answered.

Bonny flexed her cunt again and the soft hot walls of her vagina squeezed hard around his cock-shaft.

"OH, MOM!" Gabe sighed.

"Good answer." She giggled.

After relaxing her cunt again Bonny noticed that Gabe was staring at her tits, which were bouncing around on his chest.

"Big and soft, aren't they baby?" She asked.

"They sure are." Gabe said.

"Are you ready to suck?" She smiled.

"On your boobs?" Gabe asked.

"No, on my pinky-toe. Of course my boobs, goof-ball." Bonny teased.

"Okay." He said excitedly.

"Slouch down a little." She said.

Gabe adjusted his position so that Bonny's boobs now hung above his face. Bonny's ass never missed a beat. It just kept bouncing.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

Gabe watched as her hanging breasts fell to his face. One of her huge swollen nipples fell right into his mouth and as soon as his lips closed around it he felt his mom's body begin to convulse.

"OH, GOD, I'M CUMMING!" She squealed as her face began to contort.

For fun, when no one else was home. Gabe sometimes liked to fill two water balloons with warm water and tie them together. He liked to rest the weight of one balloon on his face and imagine it was his mom's breast against him. He loved the way the balloon would mould around his face, completely smothering him.

Now, here he was, his face completely buried under the wieght of the boob he had always dreamed about. This balloon had a nipple and areola and he was nursing and chewing like a hungry infant. Despite being wracked with another mind-blowing orgasm, Bonny showed no signs of tiring. She was a hungry pregnant slut. Hungry for big teenaged cock.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

The big bed shook as mom and son drank from the fountain of forbidden lust. They fell into a steady thirty-minute rhythm with Bonny reaching a screaming climax about every five minutes.

Bonny sat up a bit and her breasts lifted off her son's face, her cap popping from his mouth.

"Hey there, my boobie-baby. Are you ready to cum?" She asked, grinding his dick.

"How did you know I was getting close." His voice shivered.

"Moms just know these things." She smiled.

"I don't want it to end." He muttered.

"It won't...we have all week." She said, leaning down against him and staring into his eyes.

"And you and I my little cuddle-bear are gonna do nothing but fuck." She said, matter-of-factly.

As soon as the word "fuck" left her mouth Bonny flexed her cunt muscles, forming a vice-like seal around her baby's cock.

"OH GOD! OH, MOM!" He groaned.

"COME ON, BABY-BEAR!" She said, in a sweet, motherly tone.

Gabe groaned as he popped hard, sending the biggest load of cum that ever squirted from his balls into his mother's secret chamber. It seemed to never end as rope after rope of hot white love-lava was pulled from his piss-hole from his mom's clutching sheath.

Bonny calapsed onto his chest and for a few minutes they kissed like lovers, their tongues twisting together wildly.

"Well, this may have been your first lay, but it's obvious this isn't the first time you've had your tongue in a girls mouth." She teased.

"No, I've done that a few times." He said.

"I can tell. You're pretty good with that little snake. I think I see a really long make-out session in our future." She smiled.

"Was I good with the big snake too?" Gabe smiled.

"Well, you made me scream seven times. I'm pretty sure that qualifies as good." She said.

"Was I better than dad?" He asked.

"Yes, my sweet-baby, you were better than your dad." She grinned, patting his chest.

Bonny clenched his bone-hard shaft as it still remained tucked inside her warm vagina.

"You still have a boner." She smiled.

"It doesn't go away easily." Gabe said.

"Well then I guess we'll have to fuck until it goes soft, won't we?" She asked.

"As turned-on as I am, that could be tomorrow morning, mom." Gabe smiled.

"So, I'm a big girl...I can certainly go at it all night... Can you?" She said, raising an eyebrow.

"All night? Ha, I could go all week." Gabe said.

"Yeah but are you sure this is where you wanna spend your week, in this soft bed pounding your beautiful big breasted mother?" Bonny

asked teasingly.

"Hell yeah." Gabe smiled.

"Yeah, that's how my boobie-baby wants to spend his week, isn't it, fuckin' and suckin' his horny momma?" She said in a sweet tone.

"Wow, mom that's such a turn on when you talk that way." Gabe said.

"I know, I can feel your penis flexing. Do you know why it's flexing, baby?" Bonny said, gazing down into his eyes.

Gabe nodded, wanting to hear his mom say what he was thinking.

"It's flexing because it wants to fuck pussy." She said.

Gabe sighed as the head of his cock ballooned with more blood.

"See, sweet-baby, you've got a big strong teenaged boner that's ready to spend the whole week inside mommy." She said.

Bonny climbed off her son, letting his pecker slide out of her steamy cunt.

"Go downstairs and get me the phone. We're gonna do something I think you'll like." She said.

Gabe got a big smile as he jumped from the bed, his big dick bobbing up and down.

A few minutes later...

"Hi, sweetie, how was your flight?" Bonny asked, holding the phone to her ear.

The pregnant mom was straddling her son, who was sitting on her padded vanity stool in the middle of the bedroom. Her tits and

massive baby-orb were sandwiched between them and Bonny's long legs were wrapped around his waist, her heels resting on the edge of the stool behind Gabe's ass.

Gabe's cock was buried to the balls in Bonny's warm clutching birth canal. His bulbous cock-head was sunk right down into the soft mouth of her spongy cervical head.

His head lay right up against his mom's soft titties as he felt her stir her pot with his big fuck stick.

"How's the hotel room they put you up in?" She asked.

While Bonny's husband Matt answered, Bonny lifted her son's face from her tits and they began to kiss softly.

"That's good, hun. Do you wanna say hi to Gabe, he's right here." She said.

"Okay, hold on, I'll put you on speaker-phone." She smiled.

Bonny put the phone on speaker-phone and set it down beside them.

"Hi, dad." Gabe said with a grin as his mom began to lick and suck on his neck.

"Hey, sport, what are you up to?" Matt asked.

"Awe, nothing' just hangin' out here with mom." He said as he felt his mom's cunt grind his cock.

"I appreciate you watching out for your mom this week. It means a lot." Matt said.

"Don't worry dad, I'm gonna take good care of mom and the baby this week." Gabe said, his voice quivering a little.

"Uh-huh." Bonny hummed as dug her tongue against the tendons in her son's neck.

Gabe let out a little sigh as he felt the tip of his cock dig against the entrance to his mother's womb.

"You okay son?" Matt asked.

Bonny and her son started kissing hungrily, their tongues twisting together. "Hello, anybody there?" Matt asked.

"We're here, sweetie." Bonny said between kisses.

"You guys in the middle of a good TV show or something, you seem a little distracted." Matt said.

Gabe and Bonny giggled, staring at each other naughtily.

"I think Gabe's just enjoying his mother's undivided attention tonight." She smiled.

"Well, Gabrial, you just don't let your mom do anything overly strenuous. She needs to spend lots of time on her back this week." Matt said.

"Don't worry, I have a feeling she'll be spending plenty of time on her back dad." Gabe grinned.

"And while I'm on my back I'm sure my baby will be right there taking care of all his mother's needs." Bonny smiled, staring into her son's eyes.

Bonny leaned in and continued making out with her baby. Their tongues danced wildly together.

"I knew I could count on you, son. If mom goes into labor you call me first thing, okay?" He asked.

Gabe and his mom were going at it hot and heavy now. Bonny's hips were gliding up and back, causing Gabe's cock to plow against the bottom of her honey-pot. Gabe tried to break the kiss to answer his father, but Bonny wouldn't allow it.

"Huh-Uh." She hummed, twisting her long pink snake around his.

"Gabe? Is anyone there?" Matt asked.

Overwhelmed with wicked incestuous lust, Bonny couldn't pull herself off of her baby. Her hips were gliding wildly now.

"Hello?" Matt called out.

Without breaking her wet, tongue-twisting fun the horny mom reached over and turned off the phone, hanging up on her husband.

About ten seconds later the phone rang, but Bonny's body was quivering with orgasm so she just let it ring.

"OOHH G-GOD, I'M CUMMING SO HARD!" Bonny cried.

Jacob smiled with pride as he felt his beautiful mom use his big cock to bring herself off.

"Oh shit I love that dick?" She said between kisses.

"Did you enjoy the phone call?" She asked.

"That was awesome." Gabe muttered, the phone continued to ring in the background.

"Sorry, honey, can't answer the phone. I'm too busy taking care of my big-dicked baby boy." She said playfully, her ass hammering down against Gabe's balls.

The bedroom echoed with that familiar creamy fuck-sound...

THFFRUP!! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

"Do you think he'll worry?" Gabe asked.

"I've got an eleven-inch penis inside me. Does it look like I really fucking care?" Bonny giggled, her eyes wild with lust.

"Wow, with one out of my system I could sit like this all day." Gabe said.

"Good, in the morning I'll suck you off , we'll turn on some soft music and I'll spend the rest of the day bouncing on your lap. Sound like a date?" She asked.

"Oh yeah." Gabe sighed.

"Right now I want my snuggle-bear to follow daddies orders and get me on my back. Then, once I'm on my back, I want you to nail me to the mattress." She said naughtily.

"Yes, maam." Gabe said.

Gabe grabbed hold of his mom's meaty buttocks and stood up. Bonny let out a surprised little scream, throwing her arms around her baby's neck.

"Oh my God my babies a fucking stud." She said, gazing down into his eyes as he carried her over to the bed.

"Right on the edge, sugar bear." She directed him.

Gabe set his mom down softly so that her ass was right at the edge of the bed and he was still standing on the floor. She threw her legs back into the birthing position, Gabe's cock still buried inside her moist folds.

"There you go, baby. Long hard strokes now, come on." She said.

Gabe slid his dick in and out and in and out, falling into a nice rhythm. He watched in fascination as Bonny's huge milk-filled breasts rolled like big rippling waves up and down her chest. Even her enormous baby-ball seemed to be wavering up and back from the force of his thrusts.

"Oh yeah, there's my baby-boy." She said as she felt the tip of his battering ram knock at her cervix.

Gabe looked down and was amazed by the sight of his mother's splayed cunt. There was a neatly trimmed triangle of dark hair crowning an enormous marble-sized clit. Her big beefy labial peddles were stretched around the girth of his rod.

"HARDER!" Bonny requested, a little pre-orgasmic whine in her voice.

Gabe gave his mom all he had, fucking her matronly cunt with deep, ball-slapping strokes.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

Bonny's back suddenly arched from the mattress, her face going into a cute little contortion. Gabe eyes got big as he watched her huge belly balloon upward.

"Holy shit." He muttered, still hammering away.

"UUUUGGGGNNNNHHHH!!!!" Bonny grunted.

"UUUUUUGGGGNNNNHHHHHH!!!!" She continued, her body, quivering.

Gabe noticed that his mom's cute little toes were pointed. How he loved her sexy feet.

"Oh God I want you on me." Bonny whined, grabbing Gabe's hand and pulling him up onto the bed.

Moving to the center of the bed her long legs twisted around Gabe as she pulled him down on top of her. Gabe felt the meat of her pregnancy squashed between them as he now lay flat against his mother.

"Oh baby, fuck me hard!" She hissed.

As directed Gabe started to fuck, his ass rising and falling. He felt his mom kissing and licking at his neck.

"Oh yeah, just like that. Feed me that big pussy-fucker." She said.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

Gabe balls were like a door-knocker, slapping against Bonny's buttery asshole. Bonny dug her heels in his ass, pulling him deep. She wanted to feel his bulbous head lick her cervix with each down stroke.

"You doin' so good, baby boy. Takin' such good care of momma's pussy." She panted.

Gabe's fingers sunk into Bonny's big sweaty breasts, savoring their spongy softness. Never in a million years did he think he's ever be cupping his own mom's boobs.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

At about one pussy-packing stroke per second Gabe fell into a nice ten minute rhythm. It felt so good thrusting against his mom's voluptuous body. Her arms were curled around him and even though he seemed to need little coaching, like a good mother, she encouraged him along.

"Oh, you have such a nice strong boner don't you baby boy?" She said.

"Uh-huh." Gabe muttered.

"It's gonna stay big and hard for momma all week, isn't it boobie-bear?" She asked in a cute little voice.

"Oh, yeah." He sighed as he felt his shaft glide up and down Bonny's velvet pouch.

"That's right. We'll keep it nice and stiff so momma can suck it...and fuck it...and wrap her big soft titties around it." Bonny said.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

"Can you feel it, sweetie? Can you feel momma's pussy pucker?" Bonny moaned.

"Yeah." Gabe's said.

"That means you're about to make it cream." She whined.

"Oh yeah." Gabe said, picking up the pace a tad.

"Oh that's it sugar, make your momma howl." Bonny said, thusting her cunt up to meet his downward thrust.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

"OH FUCK! OH SHIT! OH GABRIAL! OOOOHHHHNNNGGGGOD!!!!!" Bonny cried, curling her head back.

Gabe smiled and just kept feeding his mom dick. He loved the way she squirmed beneath him as she just kept cumming and cumming for what had to be a full two minutes.

Bonny was in absolute euphoria. Here was a pregnant middle-aged woman in her sexual prime with the dream dick inside of her.

"He's like the energizer bunny and I fucking love it." She thought.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

Ten more minutes passed and about this time sweat was dripping from their bouncing bodies.

"Do you want to me to cum, mom?" Gabe asked.

"Do you need to, sugar?" She asked.

"No." He said.

"Then don't. Prop my legs back." She gasped.

Gabe held Bonny's legs to the sides of her chest. This allowed his cock to go a little deeper. His cock-head curved upward as it slid along the head of her cervix.

"Bet dad's never fucked you this long before." Gabe said proudly.

"Most men can't go half as long as you have, sweetie-bear. I think you're momma's finally met her match." Bonny said.

Bedsprings whined as their bodies bounced for yet another ten minutes before Bonny screamed again. Gabe had been fucking his mom over an hour since his last orgasm and he could the beginnings of a strong one.

"Oh, mom I think I'm gonna cum." He cried.

"OH SWEETIE, FUCK HARD!!!" Bonny shouted.

Gabe did fuck hard. His cock was literally a blur as he hammered Bonny's sloppy cunt with everything he had.

"OH GODDDD, MOM!!!" He cried, as his penis began to spirt.

"Oh, that's it baby...lay into that pussy!" She said, fucking him right back.

Bonny could feel the hot ropes of teenaged spunk splashing against the door to her womb. It seemed to never stop until her son rested, finally still on top of her. The loving mom ran her fingers through his hair as she held him against her softness.

"My little cuddle-bear." She said softly.

80: Mommy needs your sperm

Mommy needs your sperm By Klrxo

"Hey sweetheart, Mommy needs to talk to you about something," Violet stated, stepping into her son's bedroom. She wore a silky kimono robe and her son, Rin, could tell she was braless beneath it by the way her ballooning udders wobbled and jiggled with every step. "Can you put your phone down for a minute and come sit next to me on the bed?"

"Sure, mom," Rin answered, then sat down beside his beautiful mother.

"There we go, that's better," she smiled, patting his knee. "So, I want to talk to you about something that's a bit on the grown up side, but I think you are old enough and mature enough to handle this conversation."

"Ok."

"I'm not sure if you are aware of it or not, but your father and I have been trying to get pregnant for quite some time now."

"Oh, really?"

"Unfortunately, we HAVE NOT been successful," she continued, leaving her hand on his knee. "We've been having a lot of sex, making sure to do it when I'm most fertile."

"Damn," Rin sighed, thinking about how damn lucky his father was to be laying pipe inside such a curvy beauty.

"Oh, hunny…don't blush. Sex is a natural thing, and it's necessary to have a baby. I really don't want to have to keep trying, I want to get pregnant now! And I think you can help me with that," Violent told her son.

"Really? What can I do to help?

The mother shifted a bit on the bed, turning towards him. "So, we had your fathers semen tested, and it seems that even though he has some swimmers in there it's a bit on the low side," she explained. "You see, son…as you get older the sperm count in your cum gets lower and lower.

In order for me to successfully get knocked up, I need semen from a younger male. Well, when the doctor told me that, I immediately thought of you!"

"Me?!" Rin blurted, his heart doing a summersault in his chest.

"Don't look so shocked, sweetheart," Violet giggled. "You are a healthy, virile young man, with lots and lots of sperm in your semen. And I believe that with your help, I could get pregnant very quickly, maybe even on the first try."

"I'd love to get you pregnant!" the boy gleefully confessed.

"Mommy just took her ovulation test, and I am very fertile right now. It's the right time to have semen injected into my womb. Now I need you to be a good boy, and let me get that young baby maker out of your pants."

"Be my guest, mom," the boy offered, tilting his hips to make his hardening bulge stick out.

"I need to get you nice and hard, and build up a good amount of cum in those hot young balls of yours. What do you think, would you like to help mommy?"

"Fuck yeah!"

"Mmm, you would huh?" she smiled, gazing deeply into his eyes. "I was hoping you would say that. Mommy is gonna need all the semen she can get out of you."

Rin looked at the door worriedly. "Isn't dad here now though?" he asked.

"Don't worry sweetheart, your dad is asleep in his chair as he usual is at this time of night."

"It's ok?" Rin asked. "What's that?"

"It's ok that we do this?" he inquired, wanting to be sure. It wasn't every day that a boy was asked to fuck a baby into his mother.

"Of course its ok that we do this, baby. Its perfectly natural for a son to supply his fertile load to help get his mother pregnant. And it will be our little secret! When I finally have a baby inside me, OUR baby, then your dad will just think he is the one that knocked me up."

"True," Rin snicked. He was so thrilled to be taking his dad's place as baby- maker of the house. Yes, that meant he'd be fucking his wife, but his mom was perfectly fine with it, so who was he to protest.

"Are you ok with all of this?" Violet asked. "Fuck yeah…it'll be a blast!"

"Mmmm, ok good. Let's go ahead and get your pecker out of your shorts, mommy needs to rub it and get it nice and stiff in order for you to fuck me."

"I like how that sounds," said Rin, watching his mom unbutton his shorts and pull down the zipper.

"Yes, honey, that is how your semen will get inside me. Now, I'm going to reach into your shorts," she whispered, then fished her boy's young, thickening cock from the fly-hole. "Oh, my…look at that, it seems you are already half way to being hard enough for me!"

"I'm pretty turned on right now, mom," the boy admitted.

"I see my boy is turned on at the thought of his mother rubbing his cock, getting it ready to slide it inside her hot love-tunnel."

"Oh, he'll yeah…that's gonna feel amazing!" Rin had already fucked nearly a dozen girls at school. Everyone from hot cheerleaders with fat, young tits, to shy book-worm, virgin-types who he just wanted to savagely pound

his cock into. He had experienced some really good pussy, but never a hot, mature cunt like his mom's.

"That's a very good boy," Violet cooed, feeling her boy's prick-meat harden in her hand. "Oh, don't you feel nice in my hand! I brought a little bottle of lube with me, just in case, and I'm glad I did! I'm going to squirt some on you now, and start rubbing you. Ready?"

"I'm ready! Go for it, mom," he nodded.

"Ok here we go," Violet tenderly whispered, then poured some lube on and began to slowly stroke her teenager's cock. "Mmm? you like how mommy's hand feels on you, baby?"

"Oh shit yeah…that feels amazing!" he gasped.

"The way my long pretty fingers wrap around your young meat, sliding up and down slowly. I can tell how much you like it, son. Your dick is throbbing against my palm with each stroke."

"Oh, you're getting me that way…by the way you're stroking me," he told her, listening to the lewd sound of her stroking as she pumped his growing organ up and down.

"Mmmm, oh that's such a good boy! I love how easily and quickly you get so thick and hard for me!"

"Looking at you always gets me stiff like this," he boldly confessed.

"Yes, sweetheart, lean back a little and let mommy really get you rock hard. I can feel every single vein swelling up."

"Oh, your hands feel so incredible around my dick," Rin panted.

The mother wild eyes stared at her boy's fully-hard cock. She could feel the three rigid erectile columns bulging up and outward, making the blue veins bulge obscenely along his long cock-shaft. The lube she was using made

his bulbous tip glisten beautifully, like the shiny skin of a fat, purple plumb. "You really do have a beautiful cock, baby," she meaningfully expressed.

"Thanks."

"Mmm-hmm, mommy REALLY likes it!" Her tightly-circled hands continued to travel its meaty length. "I have to tell you something. It's bigger than your father's.

"Sweet!" Rin snickered, his heart swelling with pride that he was more endowed than his dad. He knew his mom must be thrilled also, since she was about to be bred by a whopper of a dick.

"Shhh, we won't say anything though. That'll be our little secret," Violet winked.

"Ok."

"I'm going to have a little taste," she whispered, which made his cock flex excitedly. "Oh, my!" she giggled. "That made your cock twitch."

"It did?"

"Yeah, it did. That really turned you on thinking about sliding between my lips. Mmmm, that excites your mother. I'm going to lean down now, and take you into my hot, wet mouth, but just for a minute or two. I don't want you getting too excited and shooting your cum ropes into my mouth, instead of my pussy."

"True. I can't get you pregnant through that hole," Rin joked.

"Mm, are you ready?" his mom asked, staring into his eyes for a magical moment.

"Uh-huh."

"Here comes my mouth," Violet whispered, taking the head of her son's

tool between her lips and sucking it tenderly. "Oh, baby, you taste so good, I could lick and suck your throbbing knob for hours."

"I sure wouldn't complain about that," Rin sighed.

His gigantic hard-on seemed to plunge endlessly down his mother's throat, as if there was no limit to the depths of her mouth. Violet gurgled shamelessly as she sucked more and more of his hot, teenage prick down her buttery throat. Her lips closed in a tight suctioning circle right at the root, deep throating him. Furiously, the cock-gobbling mother gorged herself on his prick, sucking and caving in her cheeks to increase the pressure around his pinkish-purple cock meat.

Violet came back up for air, watching pre-cum bubble from her son's meatus. "Oopsie, looks like you have some pre-cum leaking out of your piss-slit, and its dripping down your mushroom head."

"Yeah!"

"Mmmmm yummy, yummy…tastes so sweet to me," she mewled. "Let me lick that up for you."

Rin sighed in delight as he felt his mom's thick tongue swirl around his knob, licking clean the ball-goo that had formed on the tip.

"Let me check to see how full those balls are," said his mom. She reached down and combed her fingers through his scrotum, feeling his cum-swollen nuts. "Oh, yes…they are getting nice and firm, filling up with your young, hot sperm-filled semen. Kiss me, sweetheart, I want to taste your mouth."

"Sure!" blurted Rin, then he leaned over and smooched passionately with his mom.

"Oh, you're such a good kisser, I had no idea!" she whispered between kisses. "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"I've had plenty of dates lately, mom. I do a lot of kissing." Oh, yeah…practicing on the girls at school, huh?"

"Yep!"

It was certainly no lie. For every girl he had fucked there were two more he'd made out with. Many times he'd get to third-base, sucking on their tits and pussy, then getting some magnificent head.

"Well, its working," Violet confessed. "You're getting your mother all wet and juicy in her very fertile love-tunnel."

"Nice!"

It was a huge rush to be kissing his mom this way. Even his father didn't get lips service this good anymore.

"I want you to slide your hands inside my silky robe and feel my big boobs son," Violet requested.

"Oh yeah, gladly," said Rin, undoing the sash to his mom's robe and slipping his hands inside.

"Oh yeah, just like that!" the mother gasped, feeling her boy's hand touch her stiff-nippled tits.

"Oh, shit those are big, mom!" Rin exclaimed, sinking his fingers into her huge, squishy mammaries.

"Can't you just imagine them full with milk for our baby that you are going to put inside me?"

"Oh, yeah…I love that!"

Oh, you love that, huh? Well, If you're a very good boy, mommy will let you suckle on them every day, but you have to promise to save some milk for the baby, ok!"

"If I have to," he teased.

Violet laughed, leaning back and propped on extended arms. "Why don't you have a little taste now, that's right, spread my robe open and wrap those young eager lips around one of moms hard nipples."

"Fuck yeah!" the boy sighed, moving up between her splayed legs and swooping his face down to get at her jugs. Not only did his mom have the biggest tits he'd ever seen, her areolas were huge also and her nipples stuck up turgidly, begging to be sucked. He quickly latched onto one.

"Oh, yes…that feels so amazing!" Violet whimpered. "Use that talented licker and flick it over the tip! Fuck, that is making your mother so horny for you, baby!

Violet still had a monster grip at the base of her boy's erection, feeling it throb with anticipation. "And from the feel of your swollen sausage, you are so horny for your mother as well," she noted.

"Yeah I am!" he gasped between sucks. He mashed his wonder-stricken face down into the meat of her tit, locking his lusty lips around the fringe of her areola while he sucked fervidly .

"I want you to push my robe over my shoulders and slip it off of my sexy thick body," Violet requested.

"Oh, damn!" Rin excitedly uttered, staring at his mother's naked frame.

"That's right, baby, take it all in, just look at my beautiful heavy tits, my soft plump belly, ripe and ready for a baby," said Violet. "Oh, son…kiss me again."

They heavily kissed; their tongues dueling feverishly inside Rin's mouth. He felt his mom slide her crotch down further and draw her knees further back as she prepared for breeding.

"Mommy is so ready for your thick hard baby-maker to slide inside my hot, wet hole," Violet breathlessly expressed, letting his cock go. "I'm going to lie back and spread my thick thighs nice and wide so you can have a good view of the pussy you are about to breed."

Rin's eyes widened as he witnessed his mother in a position he'd never seen her in before. Violet was limber from doing yoga regularly, giving her an extraordinary spread so her thick thighs splayed completely open. Her sexy, dainty feet with their red painted toenails hovered in the air, raising the boy's excitement level into the stratosphere.

"Oh, yeah…can I touch it?" he asked, staring at vulva. "Of course, baby, you can touch it!" she smiled.

Rin's tongue hung from his mouth in lust as he ran his fingers along his mother's pink flanges and over the rounded swell of her clitoral prepuce. "Mmmm that's it, slip those young fingers between the folds and learn what a woman's wet clit feels like."

Rin did just as she said, making her hood peel back like foreskin, exposing the grape-sized nubbin of her clit.

"Do you like that, my sweet horny boy?"

"Fuck yeah. I'd rub your pussy all the time if you let me!"

"Ohh, your mom likes it too," Violet moaned, her ass writhing on the mattress. "Yes, slip them around, explore my wet, sticky crotch-candy."

Rin rubbed all over her pussy, just like he'd done to many girls he'd dated. "You like that, mom?" he asked.

"Ohh, yeah! Slide them inside my baby-cannon, feel how wet and ready it is for your hot, throbbing teen meat to slide inside!"

"I'd love to taste it," he hungrily confessed, licking his lips. "What's that, sweetheart, you'd like to have a quick taste?" "Can I?"

"Of course, my dirty boy. Lean down and taste the sweet musk of your mother's cunt."

Rin didn't need a second invitation. He swooped his head down and buried his face in her crotch, gluing his lips to the fragrant folds of her pussy. "Oh, fuck, son, YES, just like that! Lick inside my hairy lips, spread them with your fingers and taste my swollen love-bud!"

He pried his hands under his mom's meaty buttocks then began to eat out her juicy mommy-pussy like a wild man. He fucked his tongue deep between the pulsing, pouting lips of her labium, tasting the delicious juices that seeped from her fuck-cavity.

"Oh my God, I need you to fuck me now son!" Violet's voice quivered. She needed his big, steely cock inside her so Goddamn bad it was killing her. "I need you to fuck your mother!"

"I'm ready too!" blurted Rin, rising up on his knees so the huge branch of his cock bobbed up and stiffly.

The sight of that huge, purple-headed love warrior looming over her took the mother's breath away. She knew she was about to get the most satisfying fuck she's had in a long time. "Guide that throbbing cock into my slit," she urged.

Rin crawled into position between her spread-eagled thighs, holding his throbbing prick in his fist. He watched his mother's body stiffen, her fat tits reeling on her chest as she felt the plump, barbed knob of his boner press between the buttery folds of her cunt. Already his prick felt enormous, and she took at quick look down at the rock-hard cylinder of

cock-meat looming between her legs, all lined up and ready to spear inside her overheated fuck-tunnel.

Violet squealed as her son's fat cock squeezed down into the sheath of her vagina.

"Oh, shit!" Rin gasped, feeling her hot, corrugated walls collapse in around his cock. "Shit, it's so fucking tight!"

"Ohhhhh, sweetie, you fill mommy right up, don't you?!" his mother sighed.

"Fucking right I do, and it feels SO hot and tight…damn!" He thrust further, causing her erectile flesh to become even more deeply embedded in his mom's cunt.

"Now pump those hips for me, slow and steady," his mother directed, humping her mound up onto his steely hardness, showing her boy that this wasn't her first rodeo. She was a well-skilled fuck-hound just like him.

"Good?" Rin asked, pumping his hips and slowing working his prick into the churning tightness of his mom's cunt-tunnel.

"Uh-huh, that's a good boy! Grab your mother's knees and slide them up towards my chest. Oh, there you go…fuck your mother with the cock that I made!"

The teen fucked her rhythmically, reaming out her creamy pussy with long, driving strokes of his blood-swollen cock."Ohhh, shit that's good pussy, mom," he gasped, feeling his slippery knob carve through her cunt, mashing against that rounded, pink donut at the back of her vagina. This was the place he was determined to unleash his steamy load of swimmers so they could rush in and pillage his mother's baby-factory.

Violet was taken back to her college days, where she had her share of huge, young cock. They type of cock that could turn her to mush from churning so hard and deep inside her body, making her climax more times than she could count. She flexed her coital muscles, demonstrating the strength and skill of MILF pussy to her son. "Ohn yes, oh, yeah…,can you feel my pussy-muscles tightening on your shaft as it slides in and out of me?"

"Yes! It feels amazing around my dick," her boy answered. He wasn't just saying that. His mom easily had the best piece of pussy that he had rammed his cock into. Her vaginal chamber was like a variable milking- machine, tugging his cock up from its root in tight, rippling

squeezes, while permeating his teenage penis with the slippery fluid excreted by her sex glands.

"Mmmm, kiss your mommy, while you fuck her, sweetheart," Violet requested, then locked the harness of her silky legs high up around his back as he brought his full weight against her. They kissed like lovers, their bellies beating together with greater intensity.

"Yes! Yes…just imagine watching our baby grow in my beautiful belly," Violet panted. "Imagine my big, beautiful, bouncing tits, heavy and full of milk for you and our baby."

The mental image made Rin's cock flex powerfully as it pumped through his mom's birthing chamber. He began fucking even faster. "Oh God, I'm gonna love sucking on those!"

"Oh, yeah, oh, fuck yes, son, that's it, fuck the hole that you came out of!"

He loved seeing her this way. The horny, slutty side of his mom was something he knew existed, but it wasn't a thing he wasn't suppose to see. Boys weren't suppose to bury their dicks inside their moms. They weren't suppose to use their young sperm to plant babies inside them, but here he was and he certainly wasn't regretting it. Rin yearned to make her pussy gush around his young, stiff pecker. He wanted to witness his mom going out of her fucking mind, wailing violently to every thrust of his blood- engorged pecker. "You want it harder?"

"Oh, yeah, fuck me harder, and faster!" she replied. The oversized globes of her spongy tits bounced and rippled between as she humped feverishly up and down, meeting her son's rapid cock-thrusts. "Yes, that's it my perfect mother fucker, you're going to breed your mothers pussy aren't you?!"

"Yep!" he answered, overwhelmed by his mother's heavy-titted body beneath him, and the clinging tightness of her pussy as the narrow,

pleated fuck-tube sucked and secreted on his cock. He wished he could get his whole body in there, just like when she birthed him out so he could become lost in the spongy, quivering tightness of her vagina, breathing in the strong, musky cuntal aroma, while her walls swathed his body in hot fuck-oil. He didn't wanna go back to the womb. He just wanted to feel his whole body worming around inside her tight mommy-cunt, feeling it clutch onto him.

"That's it don't stop now, give your mommy all of that young fertile seed that's been building in your tight balls," Violet cried out. "Keep fucking me, harder, faster! Oh God, don't stop, son, you're going to make your mother cum all over your young hard cock!"

"Cum on my dick, mom!" Rin snarled, beating his boner through her pussy at a desperate pace, making his cum-churning balls beat against her asshole.

Violet had become scared by her husband's low sperm count and his inability to fuck her like she really needed to get fucked in order to get pregnant. Now, all was well with the world. Her handsome son was taking over the reins of baby-maker. He would be filling her fertile womb with hot, sticky milt. She would be taking her own boy's sexual body fluid and letting his hundreds of millions of virile sperm do what his dad's couldn't. "Oh, God, that's it my big boy, fuck a baby into your mom, pump me full of your hot ball goo!" Violet cried out.

Her son's dreamy dick was like the friction-stick that was lighting her nerve-endings on fire. Her clit protruded from its fleshy hood, chafed raw

by the root of his prick with every thrust. She felt her climax swelter, deep in the core of her cunt, slowly building to a mindblowing crescendo. "Oh fuck, baby, mommm's going to cum on your dick!" she announced.

"Oh shit, I feel really good!" added Rin, feeling his mom's ribbed-lined walls chew and smolder around his erectile meat.

"Cum with me son! Shoot your seed into my womb! Fill me up with your baby-gravy!"

Rin's dick tingled and his nuts clenched up closer to his body. "Oh fuck, I'm cumming, mom!" he grunted.

"Don't you dare stop fucking me until every last drop is drained from those balls!" The spasms quivered exquisitely through her throbbing cunt-tunnel, making her teats throb on the peaks of her tits and her asshole pucker as she gushed female ejaculate all over her son's dick.

The teen grimaced, seeing colored lights flash before his eyes as more blood rushed from his body, into his raging fuck-muscle, making his cunt- smothered knob mushroom obscenely. A torrent of cum blasted open his piss-hole and splattered through his mom's contracting vagina.

"Oh, sweetheart I can feel your hot jizz hitting my cervix!" Violet squealed, writhing wildly in mutual climax. "Yes! Yes, fill my tunnel, pump all that baby juice into my fertile pussy! BREED YOUR MOTHER SON!!! Fuuuuuck yes!"

"Auuugh, fuck!" Rin groaned through gritted teeth, feeling her spewing pussy suck more and more cum from his prick. For a good minute they wrestled in ecstasy, their pleasure-stricken bodies slowly descending from that golden climactic peak.

"Oh my sweet boy that was amazing!" Violet sighed, holding her teen tight. "Ohhh, yeah it was," her son agreed.

I'm going to lie here for a moment to let all that juice absorb and take hold inside my baby-cannon.

"Do you think we did it?"

"I have no doubt that you got your mom pregnant just now! You shot so many cummy-ropes into my pussy! You did such a good job sweetheart, I'm very proud of you!"

"Thanks."

"Now, if for some reason it didn't work this time, that's ok. We can try again and again until you've successfully planted your seed."

Rin's body shuddered at the idea at fucking his mom over and over again. He hoped she would keep him home from school so they could beat their horny pissers together in baby-making intercourse all day. "Mmm yeah, whenever you need me mom," he offeredm

"Give your mom one more kiss," Violet whispered. They shared a passionate smooch. "Such a good boy!"

81: Mommy-Claus

Mommy-Claus By Klrxo

In a large workshop, nearly one hundreds elves scrambled to prepare children's gifts for the big night that was only a day away. One particular elf, that looked wise in age, rushed in from outside. This was Tiberius, the lead elf.

"Mrs. Claus is coming!" he anxiously said to a few, who quickly spread the word around to the other elves.

As the news spread, the army of workers scrambled to look as busy as they could.

The whistle of the North Pole wind swept through the factory as a figure entered from outside, wearing a huge white hooded coat. Several elves were more than willing to help her remove it.

A collective gasp hissed through the workshop as all eyes momentarily gazed upon the beauty of Natalia Claus, Santa's wife. Her platinum silver hair was put up in a bun. Her striking facial features showed a woman who looked to be in her forties, even though her age extended much beyond that. Her hazel- green eyes surveyed the familiar faces, her full pink lips curling into a warm smile. "Good evening!" her pretty voice said.

"Good evening!" Came the collective response. "Have you seen my husband?"

Like a group of awe-struck idiots, they all pointed towards a large door at the far side of the room.

"Thank you!" Natalia said, then sashayed across the factory floor. Her long strong legs moved fluidly beneath her modest brown dress, making the tremendous swell of her motherly bosom judder heavily beneath it's covering.

The horny elves faked like they were working, while watching the voluptuous matronly figure cross the room. Even the loyal foreman Tiberius fell victim to her charms, as he followed behind her, watching Natalia's well rounded buttocks sway hypnotically beneath her dress.

A fat, bearded Santa Claus was trying on a new big red Christmas coat he'd had custom made for this year's busy night.

"I like it!" his lovely wife said as she entered the room. "Better not let any of those sexy mothers lure

you away with more than milk and cookies," she teased.

"Ho, ho, ho!" Santa laughed. "I wouldn't think of it, dear."

"And speaking of that…" Natalia said, running her soft hands over his shoulders. "Since this is the final night before your 'busiest day of the year,' I was hoping you'd slide something down MY chimney later."

"Now Natalia, you know that I need to conserve all the energy I have for tomorrow. The children are all

counting on me."

"Oh I know," the mother said understandably, but with a tinge of disappointment. She knew never to put her own needs above her husband's obligations to the children of the world. Even so, not a day went by that her pussy wasn't throbbing with desire.

Santa brushed his hands down his new coat seeming pleased with the way it fit. "There's still much to do, and only a short time to do it in. I need all hands on deck," he said. "Be a dear and let Jack know I need him down in the factory to help the elves."

"Right away, hon," Natalia said, rising up on her tip-toes and giving her chubby husband a kiss on the cheek.

Jack Claus lay on his bed, repeatedly throwing a red ball up in the air, then catching it. He was a handsome boy, with dark shaggy hair and a thin build. He had just turned eighteen this year, and hoped that his father would finally let him become more involved in 'Santa-type' responsibilities, and not just helping out in the factory with the elves. People aged differently in the land of the North Pole. One year of life for them, equaled a hundred years of life for people in the rest of the world. This meant that Jack had a century of being a 'rookie adult,' and he was anxious to see what opportunities it would bring.

There was a gentle tap at his door. "Jack?" his mother's sweet voice called.

He quickly sat up on the edge of the bed and ditched the ball. He knew if he wanted his parents to treat him like an adult, he had to start acting like one. "Come in, Mother," he answered.

Natalia opened the door and stepped into her son's room. Like every other Christmas-land creature with a swinging dick, Jack was enchanted by his mother's beauty. She had just the type of curvy body, especially with her thick ass and jumbo-sized boobies, that he hoped to find in his own wife someday. He often wished his mother would wear less around him, so he could really admire what was going on under those clothes.

She plopped down on the bed next to him. "Your father would like it if you'd come help out in the factory. You know the next twenty-four hours are the busiest of the year around here," Natalia explained.

"I know," the boy muttered, seeming a little forlorn.

"What's wrong, sugarplum?" his mom asked, taking his hand and holding it on her lap.

"I was hoping dad would let me help out in the sleigh room this year. You know, take on more

responsibility."

"I'm sorry, Jack. I know it's hard to be patient, but just remember that some day you'll be taking the reins of this operation, and then you'll have more responsibilities than you'll know what to do with," Natalia explained.

"I know, it's just that right now I feel like I have more to offer," he said. "There must be some way I can step up to a bigger role and make things easier for dad."

His mother squeezed his hand tenderly. "I'll tell you what. You help out down in the factory for now and I'll put more thought into this matter while I'm doing some baking."

Jack nodded in agreement. "Ok, mother," he said.

While the men were busy in the Christmas factory, Natalia assisted with baking in the kitchen. There were lots of mouths to feed, especially this busy time of year. The Claus's assigned this important task to a female elf named Vanora.

Vanora was a master chef and baker, and was very close with Natalia. The two of them spoke about everything, and were practically best friends. "Jack is so anxious to take on more responsibility, but my husband doesn't seem in any hurry to 'bring him up the ladder' so to speak," Natalia explained, while rolling out some bread-dough.

"Well, we both know how stubborn Santa can be. And what he can't do himself, the elves are quick to step up and take care of," Vanora said, removing cookies from a giant oven.

"I know, and that's another thing that has me worried. I certainly don't want Jack stepping on any toes and causing any contention with the senior elves in the factory."

"Perhaps if you spoke to Santa about it, in a way that was more… personal," Vanora suggested.

"Personal?"

"Yes, well, if Jack were to take on some of the more important responsibilities, that would free up more time for Santa to take care of YOUR needs, in the bedroom."

Mrs. Claus giggled. "Oh, Vanora, I do like the way you think, but unfortunately there's nothing more important to Santa than meeting his Christmas deadline, and not letting down the children of the world," she explained.

"That is most certainly true," the female elf agreed.

"My sexual needs will simply have to wait until Christmas is over, and he's well rested again," Natalia

said, seeming somewhat sad by that fact.

"Not necessarily," Vanora said, her lips curling into a naughty smile.

"Oh?" Natalia asked, stopping what she was doing and looking at her besty curiously.

"Forgive me for suggesting it, Natalia, but there MAY be a solution to everyone's problem, albeit a very unconventional one," her elf-friend said.

"Do continue," Mrs. Claus said, listening intently.

"As we've discussed before, your son Jack IS quite handsome, and every bit a man now. Perhaps his desire for greater responsibility can be best utilized outside the factory, and inside your bed chamber," Vanora suggested.

Mrs. Claus burst out laughing. "Oh my dear Vanora, such a naughty suggestion, and VERY

'unconventional' indeed."

Vanora continued scooping freshly-baked cookies off the platter. "But one that would remedy both YOUR lack of affection, Jack's desire to step in and fill his father's shoes in a MAJOR way, and allow Santa to focus on what he does best. Delivering Christmas joy to families everywhere."

The beautiful mother silently pondered the idea a moment. It was true that her only son was quite handsome. Her husband looked the same as Jack so long ago, hundreds of years by normal human time. Surely getting affection from her son would make her feel so young again, and she was sure the sex would be amazing. However, it was her child they were talking about, and she'd never cheated on her husband before, not once.

"Even if I were to consider your idea, how do I know Jack even desires me that way. He could be completely sickened by the idea, then I'd feel like a complete fool," Natalia said.

"I've seen the way your son looks upon you, staring at 'certain parts' of your body with desire," Vanora said with a smile, gazing at Mrs. Claus's enormous rack. "If you wanna be sure, however, perhaps you should simply gauge his interest first."

"Gauge his interest," Natalia repeated.

"Yes, try to…"

"No, I know what you mean," Mrs. Claus said, "and it does make sense, but doing such a thing would

seem so selfish of me."

"Perhaps in meeting your own needs, yes, but remember, you're also meeting the needs of your

husband and son as well. It's a win/win for everyone really," the elf chef reminded her.

Jack was busy in the factory, when an elf who's job it was to deliver messages approached him. "Mrs. Claus would like to see you back in your bed chamber right away," he said, with what seemed like a bit of envy.

"Thanks," Jack muttered, then headed out of the factory, trudging through the snow, to the large victorian-style home he shared with his parents. Beautiful white lights adorned the house, giving it a magical glow.

Once inside, he kicked off his snow-covered boots and went upstairs to his bedroom. His beautiful silver-haired mother was waiting, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Everything OK, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, everything's fine, sugar-plum. Just need to speak to you is all. Close the door and come sit next

to me," she said, patting the spot next to her on the mattress.

Jack obeyed and had a seat beside her. He was delighted to see that she was wearing a somewhat scandalous-looking red gown, that left her bare legs partially exposed as they were crossed in a sexy manner. What also made the gown a bit naughty was the fact that it had a plunging neckline, revealing a substantial amount of tit-

cleavage. He could tell his mom had spent time putting on some make-up and her sweet perfume smelt divine.

"You look really nice," he said. "Do I?"

"Yes, smell good too."

"Well, thank you," she said, pleased that her son was already impressed by what he was seeing. She often wondered if he saw her as more than just 'mom,' but as a sexual creature also. Now was the time to find out, as she contemplated Vanora's suggestion. "Vanora said that she often catches you staring at my big breasts, is that true?"

The boy got a look of surprise. "Oh, I, um…"

"It's perfectly alright if you do, you know," she said. "I realize that the North Pole isn't exactly full of

girls your own age to look at." "That's true," the boy agreed.

She reached over and took his hand, holding it on top of her leg. "So is that a yes?" she asked. "Yes, you do look at my breasts?"

"Yes, um, sometimes," he blushed.

Natalia smiled over at her teen, squeezing his hand reassuringly. "Do you wonder what they look like naked, Jack?" she asked candidly.

"Naked?" he repeated timidly.

"Yes, naked…with my big nipples poking out."

Jack took a nervous, but excited gulp. He certainly wasn't used to answering these types of questions from a girl, especially one as gorgeous as his mother.

Natalia sensed his uneasiness. "Darling, I assumed from our discussion earlier today that you'd really

like to be treated like a man now, and given manly responsibilities, is that accurate?" she asked him. "Yes," the boy muttered.

"Well, part of being a man, is being able to have open and honest conversation about all sorts of 'adult-type' things, including body-parts and sex. If you feel you're not ready for a conversation of that nature, I'll understand."

The last thing Jack wanted was for his mother to keep treating him like a boy. He knew to get treated like a grown-up, he had to act like one, even if it meant talking about embarrassing stuff, like how he lusted after her. "I do think about your breasts naked a lot," he brazenly confessed.

This brought a pleasant smile to his mother's pretty face. "Was that so hard to admit?" she teased.

"You have the biggest boobs of any woman I know, so it's really hard not to stare at them and wonder what they look like, you know, without any clothes on," he further admitted, glancing down at the creamy cleavage of her mammoth mounds.

"Just what they look like, or what they feel like also?" Natalia asked.

"I do wonder what they'd feel like. I would imagine they're probably as soft as fresh mounds of morning snow," Jack said.

His mother giggled. "Yes, but MUCH warmer though. Like fleshy mittens, with thick pointy nipples," she said, gazing into her son's eyes.

"Father must love them," the boy said.

"Not this time of year unfortunately," Natalia sadly admitted. "He's busy during the day and much too exhausted at night to give them any attention at all."

"Oh," Jack muttered, thinking his father must be absolutely nuts not to make such a wonderful thing a daily priority.

"My boobies are definitely the happiest when they're bouncing up and down," the mother confessed, bobbing her thick ass on the soft mattress a few times, making her giant milkers heave up and down heavily beneath her gown.

Jack's eyes about popped out of his head. He watched his mother thrust out her chest, making her stiff-nippled tit-melons balloon outward. "Or when the nipples are being sucked or nibbled on. I really like that a lot also," his mother added.

"You do?" the boy asked dumbfounded, still staring at her jutting orbs.

"Yes. Since you've decided to be so honest, like the grown young man you are, are there any other parts of me that you like to admire regularly?" she asked with a sly smirk.

"Well, yes, like…EVERY part of you," he answered. "Every guy in Christmas-land thinks you're beautiful, mother, even me."

Natalia raised an eyebrow. "Is that so? Even my legs?" she asked, extending one of her lovely legs out and pointing her sexy toes.

Rarely was the boy treated to the sight of his mother's bare legs. They were so soft and silky-looking, yet exhibited a feminine strength that could probably squeeze the life out of him. "They're incredible," he sighed, feeling his cock rise to a full erection inside his pants.

"They love being spread wide open in the air. They're going to miss that so much during this busy

season," she admitted. "They are?"

"Yes," his mom whispered, then brought her knees up, lifting her dainty bare feet from the floor. Jack watched with mouth agape as her gown slid up, exposing her thick thighs as she splayed them open. "I'll miss having a man right here," she said, sliding her hands up the saddle of her open legs.

Her gown had ridden up so far that her boy could see the crotch of her Christmas-red panties. They mounded perfectly to the shape of her puffy vulva, even showing the groove of her cuntal cleavage and the exposed split of her bulging ass-cheeks.

"Father will sure have a lot of catching up to do," the boy said with heavy breath.

"At least HE'LL be busy in the meantime," Natalia said, lowering her legs. "Me on the other hand, I'll just

be alone in that big bed all night."

Jack would have gladly volunteered to take his place in the bedroom, but despite his mother's confessions, he still hadn't caught on that it was possibly what she wanted also. He decided to turn the conversation around on her. "Do you ever stare at parts of me?" he asked, already convinced that she had glanced down at the bulge in his pants a few times.

Natalia smiled, showing her perfect white teeth. "All the time," she admitted. "You have the cutest butt

in the whole world."

Jack blushed. "I'm sure you're just saying that because I'm your son," he said.

"Were you saying I have the nicest sweater-puffs because I'm your mom, or because you really mean it?"

"I meant it of course," Jack answered.

"Well I meant it too. Your butt is the sexiest ever!" she said with a teasing grin. "Are there any OTHER parts of me that you admire?" the boy asked bravely.

"Are you referring to those morning boners you like to show off so much? They haven't gone

unnoticed," she said with a cute wink.

"Oh," the boy sighed, his cock flexing excitedly.

"The one you have in your pants right now hasn't gone unnoticed either," his mother said, gazing into

his eyes.

"Sorry," he blushed, "the conversation just got me a little excited I guess."

Natalia giggled. "A little excited?" she said, then looked down at the hard cylinder beneath the fabric of

his pants. "If that's a little excited, then I can't imagine what 'a lot' excited looks like." "I'll um, try to get it under control."

"Don't worry about it, sugar-plum. I've been watching you get boners since your balls dropped. Besides, mommies get erections too," she said, then thrust her tit-cannons out, clearly displaying the thick engorged nipples sticking out from beneath the fabric.

"Yes, true," the boy gasped, staring lustfully at her 'erections.'

A mischievous grin crossed his mother's face. "And they've gotten erect for the same reason. The conversation got ME a little excited too I guess," she admitted.

They were both startled by Santa's unmistakable voice from downstairs. "Ho, ho, ho!" he called out in

his jolly way.

Natalia stood up, her eyes lingering down on her son's boner-bulge, as if trying to measure it's length with her eyes. "Sounds like your father's home. I should get him supper," she said.

Jack watched his mother sashay gracefully towards his door. Her silky gown was molded around her swaying buttocks and he could clearly make out her panty lines through it, making it obvious that her dainty panties only covered half her luscious ass.

"I forgot to mention a part," he said to her.

When she stopped and looked back curiously, he went on to explain. "Another part of you that I like to

look at," he said.

"Let me guess," she said, then reached back with both hands and clutched her meaty cheeks with her long red nails. "This part?"

"Yes," he hissed excitedly.

"Well then, I suppose mommy will have to put a little extra sway in her hips when she's around you from now on," she teased, then let go of her ass and slowly wagged her jiggly bun-cheeks back and forth teasingly.

She stepped out of his room, leaving her boy with a aching erection.

Even though she was so horny she could go out of her mind, Natalia didn't pressure her husband into sex that night. She knew he needed his rest and strength for the day and night ahead.

As she lay there in bed watching the big bearded guy snore away, her mind drifted back to the conversation she had with Jack. It was clear that he lusted after her, and would probably jump at the chance to take his father's spot between her thighs on Christmas night.

"I couldn't possibly cheat on poor Santa," she thought. *"He adores me and it might crush him if he found out Jack was pounding my cunt on the eve of Christmas."*

Then, her naughty side chimed in. *"But if he cared as much about giving me pleasure as he does about*

delivering Christmas gifts around the world, I'd be the happiest woman alive."

She tossed and turned restlessly; her mind conflicted. *"Jack's my son. My little sugar-plum. I couldn't possibly let him plunder my cunt and pump his seed inside me, could I?"*

"But Vanora did make a good point. Jack wants more responsibility, and what greater task than helping his mother quench her insatiable sexual appetite," she thought. *"I just know Jack would be UP for the Job. He's probably upstairs right now beating his boner at the very thought of it."*

Curiously, Natalia slipped out of bed, snuck out of her bedroom and made her way upstairs, wearing only a skimpy snow-white nighty.

The mother's dainty bare feet tapped lightly on the old wooden floor as she crept to her son's doorway and put her ear to the door. Sure enough, she could hear the repetitive squeak of his bedsprings, announcing the fact that he was masturbating his penis.

Her fat nipples hardened beneath her nighty at the mere thought that her son may be thinking about her while furiously beating his dick.

"I just wanna take a peek," she thought. *"One quick peek and that's it."*

She opened the door just a crack and peered inside. Her beautiful hazel-green eyes widened as she spotted her son on his bed, stroking his erection. His shaft looked so long and thick and his fat pinkish- purple nob glistened in the moonlight as it slipped through his fist.

Natalia's heart raced excitedly as she watched her boy's young energetic hips thrust from the mattress. A voice suddenly startled her.

"Is he stroking his pisser?" the voice whispered. It was Vanora, the female elf. Natalia sighed in relief. "Vanora! You about startled the life out of me," she said.

They spoke at a whisper, so Jack couldn't hear them at his doorway. "My room's directly downstairs and I've been listening to the bedsprings," Vanora said, kneeling down and peeking in. "He's been going at it for over an hour."

"An hour?" Mrs. Claus said in disbelief.

"Yes. That's how long he usually beats off at night."

Natalia joined her friend in watching her son masturbate is erect cock. "He must have amazing stamina,"

the mother whispered, in awe of her son's sexual vitality.

Their eyes watched the pillar of cock-meat slip through the boy's jacking hand. "It must be at least ten

inches long," Natalia said.

"And as thick as a rolling pin," the elf added. "Surely such a penis would make a suitable replacement in

the absence of his father."

"Oh, I have no doubt of that," Natalia agreed. "I just don't know if I can."

"Can or should?" Vanora asked, peeking up at her. "Because I have little doubt that you can."

Mrs. Claus's eyes drifted up to her son's pleasure-filled face. His eyes were clenched closed and she could tell he was thinking about something wonderful. "The fact that he's so handsome, and his penis is so large, isn't making my determination to be a faithful wife any easier," she confessed.

"You're not contemplating a secret love affair, Natalia," Vanora reminded her. "You're merely giving your son an important task to fulfill. A way to assist his father with his manly obligations until the holiday has past by."

Natalia knew her friend was right. Requesting that her son meet her sexual needs was just a temporary assignment. This was no different than asking him to polish the sleigh, feed the reindeer, or some other important task that would make her husband's job easier. Once Santa was back and well rested, her sex life would return to the way it was before and Jack would be off the hook, until possibly next Christmas.

"I still don't know for sure if Jack would even entertain the idea," Natalia muttered. Even after having the sexually-charged conversation with her son earlier, she wasn't completely convinced that he would have full-blown sex with her.

"Perhaps you need an ice-breaker," Vanora suggested.

"Ice breaker?"

"Yes, something to steer the two of you in that direction, to see if he's a willing participant," the elf

explained. "Then you'll know if he'll except the assignment to have full-on intercourse with you."

Mrs. Claus gave her friend a thankful smile. "Dear, Valora, where would I be without you," she said.

"Frustrated and horny perhaps?" the elf teased.

Natalia looked in on her son, still unsure how he'd react. "Well, that still may be the case." "Somehow I doubt it," Valora said, watching the boy beat his hardon.

"Ok then," Natalia said bravely, "let see about that ice-breaker."

Jack heard the floorboards creak and his eyes popped open to see his beautiful mother standing at the foot of the bed watching him beat off. He quickly covered his erect prick with the blanket. "Mother!" he gasped embarrassed by being caught doing such a thing.

"I see your 'handling' your horny desires well in here," she teased. "No, I um…I was just…"

Natalia giggled. "I know what you were doing, darling. I do the same thing when I have horny desires,"

she confessed.

"You do?"

"Of course. I don't have a penis like you do, but women have sexual body parts, just like men do."

Speaking of 'sexual body parts,' Jack's eyes traveled down to the swell of his mom's unfettered tits. Covered only by the top portion of her nighty, without the support of her bra, his mom's monstrous melons looked so big and heavy that the boy's excited heart nearly beat out of his chest. Once again, he could tell that her nipples were erect, just like his cock.

His gaze continued downward to her crotch. The skirt portion of the frilly white nighty was transparent, allowing him to see her dainty panties, and the V of her motherly pubis. "So women rub themselves down there, like men do?" the boy curiously asked.

"Why don't I lay beside you. We can masturbate together and you'll see the difference," she boldly

suggested.

Natalia inwardly sighed in relief as her boy pulled the covers back, inviting her to lay beside him. *"Thank goodness! He's clearly on board with my suggestion,"* she thought.

Jack watched his mother's giant tit-orbs bobble delightfully as she stepped over, then crawled into his bed and laid beside him.

They bright moonlight illuminating off the snow outside created a blue magical glow, than shined through the window and onto their nearly naked bodies.

The mother turned her head, smiling over at her boy. "Would you like to take my panties off, Jack?" she

brazenly asked.

The boy gulped anxiously. "Take your um, panties off?" he muttered, making sure he heard her right.

"Yes, just like how you don't wear underwear while you're masturbating, women don't wear panties while they masturbate either."

"Oh, well, that makes sense."

She reached over and rubbed his shoulder reassuringly. "Pull them off for me," she softly whispered.

The boy climbed to his knees and Natalia gazed lustfully at his fat cock as it pointed out at an upward angle. She brought her knees together, then to her chest, so her lovely legs were folded in half.

With nervous hands, her son reached up and grasped the elastic waistband of her dainty white panties, then pulled down her legs and off her bare feet. The boy then paused there for a moment, waiting for her legs to part.

Natalia knew her son was bravely showing off his manhood, and that she should do the same by exposing her vagina. Her knees parted, her thighs bowing open.

Jack let out an audible sigh, staring at his mother's naked vulva. The puffy folds of her labium were crowned by a thin neatly trimmed patch of silver pubic fuzz. The fleshy dome of her prepuce protruded from her cuntal-crevice, shrouding the engorged clitoris beneath it.

"Lay back down and we'll rub our genitals in mutual masturbation," Natalia said softly.

Jack was on his back in a split-second and they both began stroking themselves side by side. Each of them gazed down at the other's crotch, fascinated by what they were watching.

Natalia's eyes were wide with desire as she witnessed her son's hard boner fucking through the grip of his fist. His big juicy bell bulged with blood as it stretched up towards her gaze with every pump of his hand. She couldn't help but wonder what such a large young cock would feel like thundering through her fuck-hole.

Jack's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he watched his mother's middle finger rub her fleshy clitoris. He could tell the folds of her vagina were wet with arousal.

"Look at me, Jack," her voice said.

The boy turned his head and looked straight into his mother's beautiful eyes. "I wanna tell you a story,"

she whispered.

"A story?"

"Yes, the story of a King, his Queen and their Prince," Natalia said, while her and her son continued masturbating. "The king was a man that was well respected throughout the land. Everyone knew his name, and counted on him at a certain time of year. His royal obligations required him to be away from the castle for a period of time, which the Queen, his wife, didn't like, but understood that it had to be," she explained.

"Didn't like because she missed him?" Jack asked.

"Yes, and because she had strong sexual needs that he provided for, but was suddenly unable to because of his obligations to the kingdom."

"Oh," the muttered, stroking steadily. "So, what did she do?"

"She did the most logical thing that could be done. She invited her son, the prince, to come to her bed chamber, to meet her sexual

needs while the king was away," his mother explained.

"Whoa!" Jack muttered, beginning to see where his mother was going with this.

"The sex they had was incredibly intense," Natalia said, gazing into her boy's eyes meaningfully. "The entire night they kissed and sucked, and pounded away at each other's flesh, bringing each other the most exquisite pleasure imaginable."

Jack's cock flexed and tingled in his hand. He now realized that the story that his mom was telling was one that she wanted to play out between the two of them, while his father was out bringing the rest of the world joy.

"The prince must have loved it," he muttered.

This brought a beautiful smile to his mother's face. "He did. His mother had the largest tits of any woman in the land. All night the Queen's breasts swung and beat against the young prince. Her nipples were large and fat, and he sucked and pulled at them with the joy of a child on Christmas morning," his mother said.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed, his hips jerking with delight.

"The prince's hips would thrust just like yours are now, pounding his hard tender penis into his mother's most sacred place," Natalia said in a sexy voice, her face flush with desire. "The Queen would match those thrusts with one's of her own, squeezing on the prince's boner with her wonderfully experienced vagina, and locking her powerful legs around his frame, clinging to him with desire."

"Ohh, damn, mother!" the boy whimpered, his cock about ready to spout off from her naughty words.

Usually, Mrs. Claus would scold her child for using such an obscenity, but not in this situation. In fact, she decided she would turn him on

even more by using some obscene language of her own. "The handsome Prince fucked his mother hard and fast!" she said in a sexy exaggerated tone. "She wanted it this way. She loved having a hard cock pound through her hot velvety pussy!"

"Oh God, mother!" Jack cried out, as big ropes of ball-juice began erupting from the tip of his prick.

"Yes! Cum for me, sugar-plum!" Natalia squealed, rubbing herself frantically. "Mommy's cumming too!"

Together, their bodies writhed on the mattress, their hips jerking as jolts of orgasmic pleasure shot through them.

"Auughh, yesss!" Mrs. Claus shrieked, her lush body trembling. Her big cushy tit-mounds rolled and rippled on her chest beneath the thin layer of fabric, her excited nipples poking through like plump rubbery marshmallows.

Jack's bed creaked steadily for several minutes as mother and son rubbed and stroked out every ounce of sexual pleasure their orgasms would provide.

There was no post-masturbatory discussion. Jack was so exhausted that he fell right to sleep. Natalia knew she had to return to her marital bed. If Santa woke up and saw her gone, he would think something was wrong and come looking.

Christmas Eve day was the busiest day of the year here in North Pole land. Everywhere you looked elves were scrambling to prepare toys for girls and boys everywhere.

Santa had surprised his son Jack by asking him to assist the team in preparing his sleigh. Perhaps the old man was beginning see purpose in providing his son with greater responsibility after all.

Jack saw little of his mother that morning. He knew she must be busy helping the team of women in the kitchen, cooking up meals and goodies for the army of worker-elves in the factory. His mind dwelt heavily on the mutual masturbation session they had shared the night before, although he felt like he could have possibly dreamed the whole thing.

Finally, around noontime, he spotted his mother, as her and Santa came in to inspect the progress on the sleigh. The way she looked at her son and smiled, let Jack know that it wasn't a dream at all, and that their naughty time together was still playing on her mind as well.

"I see your father's given you a greater task to achieve today," Natalia said to her son, with her husband

standing next to her.

"Yes," Jack answered. "It's always been a dream of mine to help out in the sleigh room," he said.

His mother gazed in his eyes with a hint of naughtiness. "Are there any other ways you've ever dreamed of helping out?" she asked.

Jack smiled at her knowingly. "Certainly," he answered.

His father chimed in. "I'm not sure why I haven't asked for his help in here before now. His work this morning has been exceptional," he said.

Jack's mother continued gazing him in the eyes. "Splendid. Let's just hope his performance in the rest of the days 'responsibilities' are just as impressive," she said, giving her boy saucy wink.

Jack was over the moon. He knew exactly what responsibilities his mother was referring to, and still couldn't believe she'd allow him to do such a thing.

"Lunch is ready and waiting," Natalia said. "See you both back at the house."

Last night Jack's mother had promised to put a little extra sway in her hips, and she did just that, making her buttocks undulate for her boy's ogling eyes as she strode from the room.

Hosting lunch in their home was always chaotic, but it gave Natalia a chance to lure her son away without her husband noticing. After giving Jack a little "follow me" motion with her head, she moved out the back door.

Jack stepped outside and watched his mother move hurriedly in her big white coat towards the toy factory. She peeked back quickly to make sure he was following, smiling at him mischievously.

The boy arrived at the factory, finding it unusually quiet and empty. He knew it wouldn't be for long.

"Mother?" he called out.

He heard a door within the factory close. It was the sleigh room. He quickly headed that direction. Moments ago, the room was full of people, including Santa, but now it was just him and his mother.

Natalia sat in the sleigh with her stocking-covered legs together and propped up in a sexy pin-up girl style pose. Her coat was now open, revealing a white mini-skirt and red blouse with a scooping neckline, exposing an obscene amount of creamy cleavage. "Wanna take a ride?" she asked in a sexy tone.

"That might be tough without the reindeer hooked up," Jack said.

His mother spread her legs apart, giving him a good look at her naked pussy. "Maybe that's not the type of 'ride' I'm talking about," she teased.

"Dang, mother! You're not wearing any panties," Jack said, pointing out the obvious.

"True, and my pussy is starting to get a little cold. Maybe you should come rub your hot cock up against

it," she said.

Jack couldn't believe how naughty his mother was being, but despite the danger of being caught, he decided to play along.

"Well, I wouldn't want you to get frostbite down there," he joked, stepping up into Santa's big sleigh with her.

Natalia moved one leg just long enough for her boy to maneuver between her thighs. The mother eyes widened at the swell of his erect cock bulge. "Better be careful how hard you rub me with that thing. You make me too wet and I'll soak you so much it'll look like you peed yourself," she said.

Jack's heart was thumping excitedly as he gazed down at his mother's bare pubis. Her labial lips were smooth and plump, separated by the dark furrow of her cunt-slit. "Do you really want me to rub against it?" he asked, still in disbelief that he was being this naughty with his own mother.

"Yes, you rub and I'll sing you a wonderful Christmas song," she said with a smile.

The boy stepped up and their crotches met. He began to move his hips and rub his dick against her vagina. Their bodies began to gently rock together, making Natalia's boobies roll up and down heavily. As promised, the mother's beautiful voice started singing.

"Dashing through the snow In a one-horse open sleigh O'er the fields we go 'humping' all the way

Balls on my-baby swing

While he grinds his mommy right What fun it is to fuck and sing

A sleighing song tonight! Oh!

Jingle balls, jingle balls, Jingle all the way.

Oh! what fun it is to fuck

In a one-horse open sleigh. Hey! Jingle balls, jingle balls,

Jingling mommy's way;

hump her hard and make her scream In a one-horse open sleigh."

Natalia took her boy's hands and interlocked their fingers together, while humming the second verse. Their bodies rocked in a steady dry hump, the underside of her boy's thick muscled cock plowing between her puffy labial lips.

Jack watched his mom's bulging tit-mounds jostle up and down. He could only imagine what they would look like doing that while naked. His mother gazed up at him with excited eyes. "Would you like to come down on top of me, sugar-plum? Mommy can whisper sweet nothings in your ear, while you keep warming her camel-toe," she said.

Jack looked at the door nervously. "What if they come back from lunch and catch us?" he asked.

Natalia looked back towards the rear of the sleigh. A mountain of gifts were piled, and tied under a huge red Christmas tarp. "I have an idea," she said.

Ten minutes later, the room was full of elves hard at work. Santa was overseeing the final preparations of his sleigh and the harnesses that his reindeer would soon be attached to.

Meanwhile, under the giant red tarp, Mrs. Claus and her son Jack had carved out some wrapped gifts, to create a private little section at the back of the sleigh for them to play on. Some gifts had even collapsed in around them, creating a colorful cave of Christmas boxes.

Young Jack was flat on top of his mother with his head resting beside hers. Natalia's stocking encased legs were thrown around her boy, cradling his humping body between her warm thighs. His hard muscular cock throbbed wildly at it dug against her panty-covered crotch, finding the groove between her outer labium and plowing through it.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed softly, feeling his mother's warm squishy tit-melons crushed against his chest. His mother was also panting softly, moving right along with him in their steady dry-humping rhythm. "Tonight," she whispered in his ear, "your manhood will be sheathed in hot pussy."

"Ohh damn, mother," the boy sighed, more sexually aroused than he'd ever been in his life.

"We'll BOTH be naked," Natalia said. "And we'll both be joined together at the genitals."

The mother's body shivered with a wicked thrill at the sound of her husband's voice. Santa was busy, completely unaware that his wife and son were in the same room, engaged in sensual dry fuck.

"I need you to drill me all night," the mother hissed in her son's ear. "I need you to take me to

wonderland."

Jack snarled into his mother's neck, feeling his cock flex and tingle exquisitely. He ran his hands along the outsides of her nylon covered

legs. The stockings ended at mid-thigh and he felt the smooth silky skin of her flesh above the elastics.

Natalia's wide motherly hips rocked fluidly, like a well-lubed machine, countering her son's thrusting grinds, creating exceptional friction against his long meaty boner.

"Make me scream tonight," she whispered in his ear. "Make my toes curl and I'll make you cum so fucking hard your jizz will flow like tears of ecstasy out my eyeballs."

"Ohhh, mommy!" the boy whimpered, feeling like his cock could explode at any moment.

The crushing friction of her son's cock against her clitoris was making the mother rise towards that golden climax as well. Her heavy breathing was becoming more frequent, and her movements more desperate.

"Come on, darling! Make me cream on you," she panted in his ear.

They bodies humped wildly now as both their orgasms were about the crest. Natalia wonderful mommy- legs were clamped around her boy, her giant tits sloshing between them.

When they both popped at once their bodies went into a shaking, writhing fit. The entire sleigh rocked beneath them as they went at it like two wild animals in a frantic rut.

The crotch of Jack's pants immediately became saturated with both the ball-juice that was pulsing from his cock and the girl-cum that was squirting from his mother's urethra.

They heard Santa's voice nearby. "Did ya'll see what the sleigh just did?" he asked his elves. "I think we may have just experienced a little Christmas earthquake."

Concealing themselves before Santa and the elves arrived was the easy part. Sneaking out from under the collapsed gifts and straightening themselves up presented more of a challenge.

Santa was surprised to see his wife and son come out from behind the sleigh. "Ho, ho! I had no idea you two were even in here," he said in his jolly tone.

Natalia's big knee-length coat was held closed, concealing the fact that she was wearing a naughty top and mini-skirt. "Yes, Jack was just showing me the work he accomplished today on the back of the sleigh," she said.

"They boys worked hard today," Santa said. "He should rest well tonight."

His wife giggled and looked back at Jack. "Oh, I doubt he'll get any rest at all tonight actually," she said. Jack fed her an awkward look, and Santa seemed a bit confused by her comment.

"You know how boy's are on the eve of Christmas," Natalia said. "They hardly sleep a peep."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho, that is true!" her husband said, then looked down at the shop towel his son had wrapped around his waist.

Jack provided an explanation before his father could ask. "I'm out-growing my pants, I guess. The back of them just ripped when I bent over," he said.

All the elves burst out laughing, and Santa got a kick out of it too. Little did he know that his boy's pants were really soaked with his wife and son's orgasmic juices.

The hours passed, getting closer to go-time. Natalia and Vanora were in the kitchen preparing Santa's food and beverage to take with him on his long journey.

"Jack's penis is so big, Vanora," Natalia exclaimed. "If he made me cum that hard during a dry hump, I can't imagine how hard I'll cum when he's inside me tonight."

"Young Jack may just ruin sex with your husband forever," Vanora giggled.

"I know this is suppose to be a naughty 'one time thing' while Santa's gone, but what if you're right? What if he puts his father to shame in bed and I just enjoy it WAY too much?"

"Well, if that's the case, I suppose that 'one time thing' might become a daily thing," the elf woman said.

"Mrs. Claus!" a voice called out from the front door. "Mrs. Claus, come quick!"

The rushed to the next room to find the messenger elf in the doorway. "What is it? What's wrong?"

Natalia asked.

"It's Santa. He's hurt!" the elf answered.

They arrived in the factory to find Santa on his ass, with several elves looking over his leg.

"Darling, what is it?" Mrs. Claus asked, rushing over. "What happened?"

"It's my leg. I took a misstep coming off the sleigh," he explained, then winced in pain. "I think it's

broken."

"Let's help him back to the house," Natalia said to the elves.

"No!" Santa said loudly. "The children of the world are counting on me. I'll just have to suck it up and do the best I can."

"Suck it up?" his wife asked. "Darling, you can't even walk. How do you expect to slide down chimneys and deliver presents all night?"

"It's true," Tiberius, the lead elf said, "Christmas will need to be canceled this year."

The factory erupted in gasps and bewildered chatter. Jack's voice silenced the factory workers. "I'll go!"

he shouted bravely.

Tiberius fed him a scowl. "Impossible," he muttered.

"Not impossible," the boy said. "I can do it."

"I'm afraid Tiberius is right, son. You've never directed the team of reindeer before," Santa said.

"But I have," his wife said. "Jack and I will go together. Working as a team, we could still make Christmas

happen."

"Natalia, you've taken the reins on short trips, yes, but never around the world," Santa said. "It's much to great a task for even you AND Jack."

"Let us try," his wife said. "If we fail, then we fail, but at least we've tried to make the dreams of children come true this Christmas."

"Please, father, let's us do this," Jack pleaded.

Santa knew he wasn't getting any younger, and there would come a time in the, not so distant future, when his son would become the person to spread Christmas joy throughout the world. If anything, it

would be a good test for the boy. "Very well," the white-bearded fat man said, "but be careful over Nevada."

"Nevada?"

"Yes, there's always lots of strange things flying over that area, so watch yourselves," he warned.

"Got it!" Jack said, smiling over at his mother.

An hour later, it was time to set off on their journey. Every soul in North Pole land was in the town square, surrounding Santa's sleigh and the eight reindeer who were ready for flight.

Natalia was dressed in a traditional red coat and Santa hat. Jack of course, was wearing his father's magical Santa suit. They stepped onto the sleigh and sat down next to one another. Mrs. Claus took the reins and smiled over at her handsome teen. "Not at all what I expected to be doing tonight," she said.

"Me neither, but maybe after we make the children of the world happy, we can make ourselves happy

too," he suggested.

"Now you're talking," she said with a wink.

Santa stood nearby on crutches. "Remember, son, don't spend too much time on the milk and cookies. In and out quickly."

Natalia squeezed her boy's arm and smiled. "Mmm, I like in and out quickly," she whispered, so only her son could hear. "Especially when my legs are propped back on your shoulders."

"You have a lot of stops to make," Santa continued, "so don't spend too much time in one place."

"Unless 'that place' is inside me," his mother whispered, discreetly squeezing Jack's cock-bulge through his pants.

"Got it, father!" the boy said confidently, acknowledging his father's admonition.

"Are you ready?" his mother asked, smiling over at him.

"Let's do this!" her son answered.

Natalia looked out at the team of reindeer. "Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet, on Cupid, Doner and Blixen! To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!" she shouted, then shook the reins.

The reindeer began quickly pulling the sleigh through the snow and within a short distance they were taking off into the air, to the cheers of those below.

Mrs. Claus snuggled next to her son as they raced through the sky. "Well, you wanted some extra responsibility. Looks like you got it, darling," she shouted over the rushing breeze.

"Well, I never expected this," Jack said back to her.

She rubbed his cock through his pants. "Just don't forget your most important delivery of all tonight,"

she reminded.

"No chance I'd forget that."

Natalia directed the team of reindeer like a seasoned pro, and with the aid of the magic Santa suite, Jack transported himself, and the wonderful gifts they'd brought, into each and every home they came across.

They made excellent time, and at one point, the mother latched on to her boy and gave him a big sensual Christmas kiss.

"Mmm, that was nice!" the boy blushed.

"You'll be getting a lot more of those pretty soon, including a nice hot piece of ass!" she teased.

"I can't wait!"

"Once Jack got used to using the magical Santa suit, he was popping in and out of homes in record time. Even Santa, in his prime, had never completed this task with such efficiency.

"So, I've handled to sleigh before, but your father's never let me go into a home with him," she said, latching on to Jack and gazing at him pleadingly. "Will you let me try it once just once?"

"With me?" Jack asked.

"Yes. Your father's a fat ass, and you're drowning in that big suit. There's definitely room for both of us in there."

"Alright," the boy said anxiously, opening his big Santa coat for his mother to step inside of.

They suddenly morphed into a cloud of magical blue Christmas dust and swept down through the chimney of a home at lightning speed.

Once inside, they morphed back into their physical forms. "Wow! That was absolutely exhilarating," Natalia exclaimed. Then she remembered she was in someone's living room and she'd been much too loud. "Oops," she whispered with a giggle.

Jack started placing gifts, while Natalia looked at pictures on the mantle. "Wait," the mother said, picking up a note that was left for Santa.

"Dear Santa," she read out loud. "Sorry we couldn't be here, but we hope you visit us at our vacation home tonight. There are cookies on the counter and milk in the fridge. Merry Christmas!"

"Looks like an empty house," Jack said, backing the gifts back up. "That's happened quite a few times tonight already."

"Do you wanna eat a cookie they left for you, sugar-plum?" his mom asked.

"Naw, I'm already full from the others I've eaten."

"I guess we know now why your father gets so darn fat," Natalia said, making them both giggle.

"Since there's no one home, and we're ahead of schedule…" his mother said, then slipped off her coat, making it drop to the floor. "Is there anything else you'd like eat right now?"

Jack's eyes about popped out of his head. His mother was wearing a beautiful red bodycon gown, with a sexy tubed-top portion that had a hem of delicate white Christmas fur. She had an extraordinary amount of tit-flesh exposed, and her mommy-melons looked even bigger that Jack had ever imagined.

"I can think of some things I'd like to eat right now," he confessed.

She turned and walked into a dimly lit bedroom. The back of the gown had a scooping hem-line, that left all of her back and half of her naked buttocks exposed. The boy watched her jiggling buns sway teasingly as he followed her into the bedroom.

She turned back towards her boy and slowly lifted the gown up her lovely legs. Her feet were adorned in dainty four-inch red mules, her toenail painted a sparkly holiday red to match her dress.

She lifted the gown, so it bunched up at her waist, exposing her bare pubis. Jack noticed that her little patch of silver pubic fuzz had been trimmed in the shape of a heart. Below it, her puffy shaved vulvar lips came together to form the slit of her cuntal cleavage. "I suppose since the dress is up this far, I may as well take it completely off," she said. "Any objections?"

Her son shook his head, staring intently.

Mrs. Claus continued pulling the gown up, over the giant melonous meat of her tits. As she shed her dress completely, the boy gasped out loud, seeing his mother's massive milkers for the very first time. They were huge and heavy-looking, with dark pink areolas that were as big around as Christmas ornaments. Thick erect nipples protruded from their centers, the site of which made Jack's fully erect cock flex beneath his Santa suit.

Wearing only her sexy stiletto heels, Natalia turned and crawled up into the big bed. Jack squeezed his excited cock through his pants as he watched his mother crawl on all forwards towards the center of the mattress. The way her thick naked ass pointed at him, and her knockers wobbled heavily as they hung on her chest made the teen so fucking horny he could hardly stand it.

The silver-haired Christmas Goddess rolled gracefully onto her back, making her wobbly mammaries droop slightly off the sides of her chest. She drew her knees back, splaying open her soft thick thighs.

Jack dropped onto the bed, diving his face for her pussy like a kid after a candy cane. His nose nuzzle up in between her fleshy cuntal folds, inhaling her intoxicating aroma. He laved the slit of her pussy with his tongue, dragging it across the swollen nubbin of her clitoris, making his mother's entire body jerk with delight.

"Oh, darling! I want you to devour my pussy like you haven't eaten in weeks," Natalia whimpered.

Her son was happy to oblige, licking and sucking at the sensitive flesh of her sweet tasting pussy. He didn't know much about giving oral sex, but knew that licking a woman's clit would have her trembling in a juicy climax.

With this knowledge, Jack went to work with his tongue, lashing it against Natalia's excited love-button. Every dozen licks, he would scoop his tongue through her creamy coral slit, tasting the sweet pungent nectar that was oozing from her fuck-slit.

He sucked her fleshy naughty bits into his mouth hood and all, making his mother writhe in pleasure on the bed, her giant boobies rolling all over the place.

"I'm cuuuminng!!" she cried out, flopping around in ecstasy, like a fish out of water.

Once she had settled down, Mrs. Claus climbed up on her knees, grabbed her boy by his coat and throwing him down onto his back. "Your turn," she said, stripping off his pants.

Jack big boner slapped against his lower abdomen. He watched his beautiful mother grasp it at the base, bringing his fat nob to her lips and speaking at it as if it were a meaty microphone. "Mommy's gonna suck you like a candy cane," she said seductively.

The boy watched in wide-eyed disbelief as his mother drug her thick pink tongue up the entire length of his erection. Her licker swirled around his bulbous tip, then she crammed his cock in her mouth and began sucking.

"Ohhhh!" the teen moaned, feeling his tender hardon encased in the wet warmth of his mother's oral sheath. She peeked up at him with her pretty hazel-green eyes, while her head bobbed up and down, fucking his hard prick through her heavenly mouth.

His nob popped from her lips like a cork. "Do you like Mommy's lips around your big dick?" she asked.

"Heavens yes!" the boy gasped.

"I like it too…a lot!"

She went back to sucking, and Jack watched her huge hanging tit-melons rock back and forth to her cock-gobbling movements .

Lewd wet sucking sounds filled the bedroom as the horny mother gorged herself on the longest fattest cock she had ever sucked on. Having her boy's penis in her mouth and tasting his weeping pre-spunk was making her so horny she was about to go out of her mind.

"Good Lord, Jack!" she gasped, popping his rod from her mouth and licking all over it. "I need fucked so bad, I'm about to go crazy!"

The teen's heart skipped a beat. "I'm ready when you are," he muttered excitedly.

She smiled seductively through a curtain of long silver hair. "That's just what I was hoping to hear," she said.

The heavy-titted mother straddled her teen, planting her knees astride his hips. She grasped his rod and gazed down at him, with his fat nob kissing the mouth of her creamy fuck-hole. "Merry Christmas, darling!" she said, then lowered her hips, slipping his meaty erection inside her.

Jack's eyes rolled back as he felt his manhood sink into the hot ribbed tube of his mother's snug vagina.

"Merry Christmas indeed!" he sighed, feeling his fat nob kiss the puffy head of her cervix.

"Oh dear Lord, you feel just as amazing I thought you would," Natalia sighed, mashing her pubic lips against her boy's cock-base in full sexual penetration.

With his mom sitting upright, Jack gazed up with ogling eyes at the colossal boobs looming over him. He knew he'd probably never see such tremendous jugs on a woman so beautiful.

"Are you ready to fuck the Queen to the edge of her life, you darling Prince?" she asked, reminding him of the story she told while they were masturbating.

"I'm ready," he answered confidently.

Natalia wasted no more time with conversation. The moment had come to scratch her itching desire for hot nasty fucking. She began bouncing her ass up and down, plunging her boy's dreamy cock through her neglected fuck-tunnel.

"Yesss!" she cried out, letting her teen know that she was pleased with the feel of his blood-engorged cock-meat spearing through her.

If Jack's tit-ogling eyes weren't big before, they certainly were now. His mother's mammoth melons were leaping up and down heavily from the steady rhythm of her fucking.

"Mother, your breasts are…simply amazing!" the boy gasped, watching them bounce up and down hypnotically. Each time her massive mams beat against her lower torso, the fatty meat would ripple delightfully, providing a visual feast for the boy's eyes.

"You'll think they're even more 'amazing' when your face is smothered between them," she said, then lowered her squishy tits onto her boy's face.

"Ohhh yesss!" he hissed, as her cavernous cleavage swallowed his entire head, smothering him in jostling tit-flesh.

Jack's unyielding hardon pumped through his mother's juicy twat, igniting the sensitive erogenous zones along her pink inner lining. This made her already snug sleeve clench even tighter around plunging muscled cock.

"Ohhh damn, mother!" the boy gasped. "I don't know what you're doing down there, but it feels divine."

"Your boner is just so incredibly hard, Jack!" she shouted with a shaky voice. "It's making my pussy melt around you!"

The sexually experienced mother alternated from ball-smacking pumps, to deep steady grinding, plowing Jack's throbbing bell tip against the furthest rubbery-regions of her vagina.

The big bed rocked and creaked from the frantic moments of their passionate fucking. The mother dropped her pillowy bosom against her boy's chest and made out with him like a girl on prom night, while tirelessly bobbing her thick ass up and down, fucking her wet pussy on her boy's sturdy prick.

"Look at you!" Natalia gasped between wet kisses. "Performing ALL Santa's wonderful duties this year." "I especially like this one," the boy said, then shared a deep tongue-lashing French kiss with his mother.

"Good, because it'd the one task you'll probably be performing the most of tonight," she said then let her tongue play lustfully with his outside their mouths.

"Fine by me!"

The silver-haired Christmas Goddess gazed down into her son's excited eyes. "Roll me onto my back, so I can feel Santa-Jack's big cum-filled ball-sack beat against my ass!" she said in a naughty tone.

The boy rolled his mother over and pumped into her with everything he had, feeling her smooth bare legs wrap snuggly around his mid-section.

The mother moved her body beneath him, humping her cock-stuffed honey-hole right back at him, so he could drive his fleshy spear all the way in on every thrust.

Jack latched on to one of her engorged papilla, sucking hungrily and pulling as much fleshy tit as he could into his mouth while he fucked.

He felt his mother respond to his oral attention by gasping sharply and squeezing her strong motherly cuntal muscles around his deeply pumping cock.

"Fuck, Jack!" the mother cried, reaching the peak of a monster climax. This triggered a switch in the boy's on nuts, opening the flood gates.

"Uhhgghh!" the boy grunted, bucking frantically between her cradling thighs. Uhhgghh!" Huge fat ropes of hot spooge splattered along his mother's birth canal as he came harder than he ever had before.

Natalia's body trembled beneath him as her own orgasm pulsed through her heavy-titted body. Her vaginal vestibule bulged out beneath her clitoris, squirting hot girl-cum from her urethral opening, all around her boy's cum-spurting cock.

For several pleasurable minutes their naked bodies wrestled in sexual delight, clutching and humping and shaking together, before finally collapsing in a sweaty heap.

"Wow!" the mother said breathlessly. "You've truly outdone your father in EVERY way today." "You were amazing too!" her boy gasped.

The mother rolled him over playfully and showered him with kisses, her fat squishy tit-knockers smothering his chest like soft-gingerbread dough . "As much as I'd like fuck you until the sun comes up, we should probably make the rest of our deliveries."

"True," Jack muttered. "We don't wanna let the children of the world down."

"Don't worry though," Natalia said. "I'm sure we can find ways to find sexual pleasure between stops." "Yeah?" Jack said eagerly. "Like how?"

Later, in the moonlit night over the beautiful lights of some other city, Santa's sleigh zipped through the air, the bells Jingling.

Natalia bent over the front of the sleigh with her naked ass pointed back against the thrusting midsection of her son.

Jack's tongue hung lustfully from his mouth as he fucked his mother from behind. The fleshy cheeks of her meaty ass-globes rippled delightfully from every thrust of his rock-hard cock.

"Any more deliveries, before we move on to the next city?" Jack shouted as he humped.

She gazed back at him lustfully, her beautiful hair fluttering in the wind. "Just one!" She shouted back, squeezing muscled inner rings around her lover's cock. "Deliver that load, darling!"

That he did, hosing her hot pussy with yet another load of jizz. "Meeerryy Christmasss!! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

the boy shouted as they sailed off into the night.

THE END

82: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin_1

The Thompson's raced down the country back road, their Dodge Ram Quad-Cab pulling a 30ft. 5th Wheel trailer behind it.

"Mom, Alec's being a dick back here," Claire complained from the backseat of the Dodge.

"Claire, please...watch the language," her Mom Kate scolded.

"What am I doing? I'm just mouthing the words to a song." Alec said defensively.

"This is a long ride kids...I suggest you two suck it up and start getting along back there," their dad Jim said as he drove.

"Honey, why don't we pull over at the next station. I think we could all use some fresh air," Kate said.

"Yeah ok, I probably need to fuel up anyway."

A few miles down the road Bill pulled into a mom and pop service station and they all piled out.

"I hope this place has a bathroom or I'm gonna wet my pants," Claire whined.

Alec wandered out behind the station and down a short path, which led to a river. Like a typical 18 year old, he pulled out his cock and peed into the rushing water. As the last of it trickled from his peter he heard a voice behind him.

"There you are," came his mom's cute soft voice.

He turned to see her carefully stepping down the trail in her pink high-heeled flip-flops. Kate looked like a 39 year old Eliza Dushku. She wore a short denim mini-skirt. Her naked legs were shapely and luscious, with a deep dark tan. A pink tank top completed her upper half and the fabric looked as though it were sculpted around her large breasts.

"What are you doing down here?" She asked almost playfully.

"Peeing," he answered.

"They have a bathroom, silly-head," Kate giggled, stepping up beside him.

"Yeah, but knowing Claire, she'll be in there for a week."

"Sorry, I know it's a pain traveling with your sister. Just...try not to kill her ok?" Kate said jokingly.

"Ok, she just aggravates me sometimes," Alec muttered in frustration.

"Well, big sisters are good at that, but I do know something that might help take your mind off of it," Kate said, turning towards him.

"What's that?" He asked.

"A big hug from Mom," she said, batting her eyelashes, as she gazed at her son with those big brown seductive eyes.

"Okay," he smiled, feeling his heart melt.

Kate stepped forward and curled her delicate arms up around his neck. She was a few inches shorter, but moved in close, squashing her soft tits against his young chest. Alec rested his hands on her

lower back and could feel where her body began to flare out into full meaty buttocks.

As they embraced Alec felt as though the breath was being sucked from his lungs. The soft supple flesh of her middle-aged body and her sweet lingering perfume was absolutely intoxicating.

"Was I right?" She whispered into his ear.

"Uh-huh," He muttered, making her giggle.

At the truck Claire climbed back into the rear seat. Her father was in the front waiting.

"Where's your mom and brother?" Jim asked.

"How should I know?" She said.

"Well can you go see what's taking 'em so long?"

"Ugh, fine!" Claire answered in an annoyed tone.

Back at the river Kate leaned back slightly, looking up into her son's eyes.

"So that helped then?" She smiled.

"Yeah, definitely."

"When you were little and you were upset I used to lay you down on your back. I'd crawl over the top of you on my hands and knees and I'd stare down into those cute little brown eyes," she said, raking the long painted nails of one hand through the back of her son's hair.

"Then I'd slowly lower my lips towards you. It was so cute...you'd get sooo excited because you always knew what was coming."

"And what was that?" Alec asked, his heart thumping excitedly.

Standing on her little tip toes, Kate moved her face in close to his, their eyes locked in a stare.

"Kisses...lots and lots of kisses," she said dotingly, giving him a slow sensual peck on his kisser.

"On your lips...and on your cheeks..." she continued, planting a second soft kiss on his right cheek.

"...and on your neck," Kate whispered, then tilted her head and landed another tender wet kiss on her son's neck.

Between kisses their eyes met. Kate's face was masked with a look Alec had been seeing a lot lately. Her eyes were set in a dreamy, stare, her lips curled slightly with a mischievous smile. It was as if she were savoring his reaction to her almost un-motherly-like affection.

She planted yet another kiss on his cheek, closing the wet of her lips against his skin., then repeated with another on his forehead, then one on his neck. Alec's hot mom was showering him with wet, lip-smacking kisses.

"Jesus, get a room you two!" Claire said as she stood at the top of the trail watching them.

Kate and Alec, still embracing, turned their heads towards Claire, like deer caught in someone's headlights.

"If you guys are done making out, dad and I would like to leave," Claire said, stomping away.

"God I hate her," Alec muttered.

Back at the truck Claire climbed in the rear seat and slammed the door. Kate and Alec entered soon after.

"Did you two get lost?" Jim asked.

"No, they were down by the river...kissing," Claire announced.

"We were not kissing...we were hugging," Kate said, flashing her daughter a dirty look.

"Mom, you were kissing his neck," Claire said defiantly.

"Claire...grow up!" Her Mom said with an evil glare.

"Amen," Alec added.

"Fuck you, Momma's boy!" Claire spouted.

"CLAIRE ANN THOMPSON!!!" Kate shouted.

"What?? He is, Mom!! You were kissing on him and he looked like he was getting off on it."

"Alright, that's it...I don't wanna hear another word from you, young lady. Do you understand?!" Kate said sternly.

"Fine!" Claire said in a pout, placing her ear buds in.

The family set off on the road again, each sitting quietly as the miles passed. It wasn't long before Alec got a text message on his phone. It was from his mom.

MOM: U OK? SORRY ABOUT YOUR BIG MOUTH SISTER

He glanced up front and noticed his mom's visor was down. She looked backed at him through the mirror and gave him a warm reassuring smile. He smiled back, then typed a response.

ALEC: I'M USED TO IT BY NOW

Moments later, he saw his mom look down at her phone and then she began typing.

MOM: WELL I'M NOT GONNA LET HER SPOIL OUR FUN ON THIS TRIP. SO....WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU AND I HERE LATELY?

Alec looked towards his mom, but she was turned towards his father.

"Did you say this RV park we're staying at has a swimming pool?" She asked.

"Yup, pool, showers...you name it. It's one of the best in the state," Jim answered.

Alec typed his answer into his phone.

ALEC: I'M NOT SURE WHAT U MEAN???

Kate got the text then typed her response.

MOM: OH I THINK U DO KNOW WHAT I MEAN. HAVE U FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE FOOTBALL GAME THE OTHER NIGHT?

Alec smiled to himself as he reflected back on the game his mom was talking about. It was a Friday night football game at the High School. The family went, as they often did. On this particular occasion Claire was off with her friends and Jim was down by the field bullshitting with other men his age. This left Alec and Kate sitting near the top of the bleachers alone together.

"Wow, am I glad I brought this blanket. It is chilly tonight," Kate said, unfolding a giant throw-blanket.

"Sure is," Alec said.

"Scootch over here, you can share it with me."

"That's ok mom...I'm good," Alec said.

"What, afraid your friends might see you snuggled under a blanket with your mom?" Kate asked teasingly.

"No...of course not."

"Then quit being a goof and slide over here. I need you to keep me warm," Kate said.

Alec moved over so that he was hip to hip with his beautiful mother. Kate wore a three-quarter length summer skirt and thin cotton top.

They spread the large blanket out and huddled underneath it. Kate started giggling.

"What?" Alec asked.

"We must look like a couple of monks up here, with everything but our heads covered," Kate giggled.

Alec quickly threw the blanket over their heads.

"Now we look like a couple of ghosts," he joked, making his mom laugh.

Kate turned her upper body, brushing her large spongy breasts against her son's arm.

"Well, any girl would love being haunted by a ghost as handsome as you."

"Thanks," he smiled as his mom grazed her nails across his cheek and looked up into his eyes.

Kate kissed his other cheek, then pulled back a little and shared a gaze with him. Looking into his moms dreamy eyes nearly made Alec's heart stop. The fact that they were all alone under the blanket made it all the more exciting.

Their eyes were locked for so long that it was clear to both of them that there was something magical going on. This was more than just the traditional look a mother and son would share. Kate's stare became one of deep curiosity and the ROAR of the crowd snapped them from their revere.

They uncovered their heads to find the home team on the field celebrating a touchdown and crowd going wild. Mother and son joined the cheers.

Back in the truck, Alec was snapped from his thoughts as he got another text from Kate

MOM: THERE WAS SOMETHING GOING ON UNDER THAT BLANKET THAT NIGHT...AND I THINK YOU AND I BOTH KNOW IT

Again Alec reflected on the football game, him and his mom cuddled under the blanket. In a weird way, it was like their own little unobserved world under there. Their own little cocoon. He remembered her tiny little hand creeping onto the top of his, her fingers interlacing with his fingers.

"God these bleachers are uncomfortable," Kate said, then turned sideways, throwing her strong tan legs over her son's lap.

Her legs were bent at the knees and she slipped out of her high-heeled sandals, placing her cute little bare feet on top of Alec's leg. She snuggled in closer, resting her head against her son's shoulder.

"That's much better," she whispered.

While one hand still gripped his, Kate let her other hand wander under her son's shirt and gently stroke his lean chest with her long, well-manicured nails.

After a few minutes Kate sensed that her son was watching the cheerleaders below. Indeed he was...watching their tits bounce as

they threw their legs into the air.

They're pretty aren't they?" She asked.

"Yeah, probably the prettiest girls at our school."

"Which one's your favorite?" Kate asked.

"Umm, uh...I don't know," Alec said awkwardly.

"I bet I do." Kate said.

"Okay, which one then?"

"The big breasted blonde is your favorite...isn't she?" Kate asked, poking her son in the ribs and making him squirm

"She's ok I guess," he answered, feeling his arm sink a little further between his own mom's big bra-busters.

"You know...your mom used to be one of those big breasted cheerleaders down there," she said.

"You used to be on the Bunny squad?"

"Yep, captain of the team. I can't believe it's been almost twenty years," she said.

"Wow, you could do all those moves huh?" Alec asked.

"Still can sweetheart."

"Are you serious?" Alec exclaimed, his eyes lighting up.

"Have you forgotten that I go to yoga class every day?" She answered with a proud smile.

"Yeah, but those are some pretty crazy moves they're doing down there, Mom."

"What...you don't believe me?" Kate asked challengingly.

She lifted the leg closest to him and Alec watched it slowly creep out from under the blanket. Inches from his face, her silky tan leg extended high into the air. In awe, Alec's eyes traveled up the back of her thigh and up her strong, smooth-shaven calf to her sexy bare foot, which was flexed and arched, pointing up at the sky.

Her leg lowered and slid down his back. Kate rested her foot against the bleacher so that Alec was now sitting between her legs.

"See," she grinned smugly.

"Wow!" He muttered, making his mom giggle at his reaction.

In the truck, a text snapped Alex from his thoughts. It was from his Mom again.

MOM: TRUTH OR DARE? HEHE

Alec got a big grin and glanced up front again. Within seconds his Mom gazed back at him. She had a cute mischievous little smile and cocked an eye-brow, as if waiting for an answer.

ALEC: TRUTH I GUESS LOL

A minute later came the response.

MOM: DID YOU LIKE MY LEGS WRAPPED AROUND U LIKE THAT?

Alec typed his answer.

ALEC: YEAH, IT WAS PRETTY AWESOME

Kate smiled and texted back.

MOM: GOOD. I LIKED IT TOO. I FELT SOOO CLOSE TO YOU THAT NIGHT

Alec recalled his mom sitting that way, with him between her legs, for quite some time. Whenever the home team made a great play she seemed to squeeze him tightly between her silky legs.

At one point he remembered peaking under the blanket. His mom's skirt was bunched up around her waist and sure enough, her smooth naked mommy-legs were locked around his waist.

Alec typed, remembering it was his turn.

ALEC: TRUTH OR DARE?

MOM: DARE LOL

Alec thought for a second, wondering what he should ask her to do. Cramped in a truck with his dad and sister didn't leave him many options. He liked that they were acting flirty with each other, but didn't know how far he should take it.

ALEC: I DARE YOU TO BLOW ME A KISS IN THE MIRROR

Alec watched as his mom got his message and smiled to herself. It wasn't long before she peeked up at him through the mirror. For what had to be ten cock-throbbing seconds she stared hard into his eyes...ten seconds of pure magic. As she continued her gaze, Kate puckered her pouty pink lips and softly blew a sensual kiss at her son through the mirror.

Alec's heart raced. His cock was already brick hard and he felt it flex, straining against the fabric of his boxers.

MOM: TRUTH OR DARE?

ALEC: TRUTH

MOM: CHICKEN! LOL

ALEC: HAHA

MOM: YOU ENJOYED WATCHING ME IN YOGA CLASS...DIDN'T YOU??

Alec got a big embarrassed smile. He remembered the next day after the football game, his mom tapping on his bedroom door and inviting him to yoga class with her. He said he'd go...just to watch.

At the class, Alec sat in the corner, watching the six grown women, but mostly his mother, going through her routine.

Kate wore nothing but white nylon micro-fiber boy-shorts and matching halter-top, which looked as though they were spray painted on. The middle-aged mom of two had a voluptuous hourglass figure...big jutting breasts, a narrow waist flaring out into wide birthing hips and long shapely legs which seemed to go on forever.

Alec watched in awe as she went through various stretches with the group. A few positions in particular literally took his breath away.

One position was called the straddle-split, where Kate split her legs completely apart against the floor so that they were pointing in opposite directions. Seeing his mom's strong tan legs spread out like this and her tiny bare feet flexed and arched made Alec's cock turn to steel almost instantly.

As she held this position Kate swung her arms up gracefully, then back down. Again she swung them up, like a beautiful ballerina. Her chest was thrust out, her huge tits jutting out almost obscenely.

Alec adjusted himself as Kate peeked over her shoulder, glanced at his bulging crotch, then gave him a cute little wink.

Snapped from the recent memory, he answered her question.

ALEC: YEAH I DID...I ENJOYED IT A LOT ACTUALLY LOL.

MOM: I THOUGHT SO

ALEC: TRUTH OR DARE?

MOM: TRUTH THIS TIME

ALEC: DO U AND DAD STILL HAVE SEX A LOT?

Alec watched as his mom read his text and seemed to giggle to herself. She texted him back.

MOM: YOUR DAD WOULD SAY YES...I WOULD SAY NO. TO HIM, TWICE A WEEK IS ENOUGH. TO ME, TWICE A DAY WOULD STILL LEAVE ME WANTING MORE LOL

Kate heard her son SIGH excitedly from the back seat as he got her text. This made her giggle, like a teasing schoolgirl.

"What's wrong?" her husband asked.

"Nothing," Kate smiled. "How are you doing?"

"Good, just enjoying the open road. Pretty country out here?" Jim said, gazing out the window.

Kate took a second to admire the scenery as it passed them by. Up to this point her mind seemed more preoccupied on the handsome boy in the back seat.

"It's beautiful," she said.

It didn't take her mind long to drift back to her and her son's naughty little game.

MOM: TRUTH OR DARE HANDSOME?

ALEC: WHAT THE HELL...DARE THIS TIME LOL

He watched his mom as she appeared to be thinking of something good to dare him to do. Then, she began to type.

MOM: IS YOUR SISTER ASLEEP?

Alec looked over to find Claire slouched against the door. Her eyes were shut and her headphones blaring. He texted back.

ALEC: YEAH LOOKS LIKE IT...WHY?

MOM: I WANT U TO TELL U'R FATHER THAT U HEAR A NOISE, BACK BEHIND THE RV. WHEN HE STOPS TO GET OUT AND CHECK I WANNA KISS U AGAIN, LIKE I DID EARLIER

Alec couldn't believe what he was reading. Was she serious?? He felt a nervous twinge in his stomach as he looked towards his dad.

"Hey dad," he said.

"Yeah, what's up son?"

"I'm hearing a strange noise. It sounds like it's coming from the back of the RV," Alec said, trying to sound convincing.

"What sorta noise?" Jim asked.

"I don't know...it's strange. You should probably check it out though."

"You're right, might be the chain dragging," Jim said, pulling off to the side of the road.

The vehicle stopped and the second his dad stepped out Kate unbuckled her seatbelt and climbed onto her knees on the front

seat. Alec just sort of sat there a moment, as if in disbelief that this was actually happening.

His mom smiled and waved him forward, then glanced to make sure her daughter was still in a slumber.

Alec leaned forward and Kate quickly placed her hands on his shoulders, giving him a sensual kiss on the lips. Just as she had at the river, the gorgeous mother planted a series of wet smacking kisses on her son's cheeks, then on his neck. She felt him shiver as she let her tongue peek from her mouth and do a rapid little flutter against the flesh of his neck.

She brought her face back up and they gazed deep into each others eyes. He was excited...she could tell...and what boy wouldn't be. A young man, barely 18, being showered with flirty affection by his curvaceous middle-age mother.

Kate could see her husband coming back. As Jim walked along the side of the truck, she gave her son another wet peck on the lips, then another...then another.

Alec started leaning back as he sensed his dad nearing, but his mom seemed to be following him, leaning over her seat, planting those wet kisses, like she never wanted to stop. It was only the tint of the windows at this point that was keeping them from getting caught.

The door opened.

"I didn't see anything," Jim said.

Kate quickly sat like she was before he left. She heard her son SIGH excitedly from the back.

Jim sat down and the slam of his door woke Claire.

"What's going on?" She asked groggily.

"Your brother thought he heard a noise," Kate answered.

"I'll keep my window down for a few miles...see if I can tell what it is," Jim said.

Kate glanced back at her son in the mirror, the excited rush still showing on their faces as they shared a secret smile.

After a few miles, it was playtime again. Alec got a text from his mom.

MOM: THAT WAS FUN!

ALEC: FOR SURE

MOM: MY TURN FOR A DARE

It was pretty obvious at this point that he and his mom had crossed a line and he was anxious to see how far she'd let it go. He decided to press his luck.

ALEC: CAN I SEE YOUR BOOBS?

Kate got the text and burst out laughing.

"What?" Her husband asked.

"Oh nothing, one of my girlfriends sent me a joke. I'll show you later."

For a few minutes Alec was nervous...worried that he'd crossed the line and that his mom was going to put an end to their fun. Finally he got a text.

MOM: AND JUST HOW AM I SUPPOSE TO PULL THAT ONE OFF YOUNG MAN?? LOL

ALEC: SORRY I GUESS I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT THAT HAHA

Kate gazed out the window a moment as if formulating a plan in her mind. Finally, she gave her husband a worried look.

"Honey, I'm really worried about this noise. What if it's something serious?" She said.

"I kept my window down for awhile, but I didn't hear anything," he answered.

"I know, but it would probably make us both feel a lot better if you pulled over at the next station and checked it out again...just to be safe."

"Alright," he said.

Alec knew his mom was up to something, but wasn't sure what it was. It seemed like forever before they pulled into the next back-road service station.

"I'm gonna go back to the RV and grab some sandwiches out of the ice chest. Claire, honey, what do you want?" Kate asked.

"Tuna fish...and a Diet Pepsi," Claire answered.

"Honey, what about you?" Kate asked her husband.

"Bud lite and a steak...well done," he smiled.

"Cute," Kate giggled.

"I'll pass for now...not really hungry," he said.

"Alec, sweetie, wanna help me?" Kate asked, slipping out of the truck before he even had a chance to answer.

Alec got out and followed his mom along the RV as Jim began doing another inspection of the trailer's exterior. Jim's 30ft. 5th Wheel was his pride and joy, outfitted with all the bells and whistles.

Kate stepped inside the camper and Alec followed.

"Lock the door," she said softly.

Alec closed and locked the door to the trailer, then Kate took her sons hand and led him to the back bedroom, which had a large queen-size bed. She closed the door, then turned and coiled her arms around his neck.

As she had twice that day, the gorgeous mom began planting wet kisses on her son's lips, cheeks and neck. Several times Alec felt her tongue slide, twist and flutter against his skin.

"Does that feel good?" She whispered seductively.

"Yeah," he sighed.

"Wanna make out with me for a few minutes?" She asked, gazing up into his eyes.

"Um...sure," he said awkwardly.

Kate embraced him, crushing her squishy tits against his chest. She tilted her head as her lips moved towards his and all at once they were making out like a horny young couple.

"Mmmmm." Kate moaned as she twisted her tongue through her son's mouth.

Alec was amazed at how strong and fast his mom's tongue was. It seemed to be doing circles around his own, twirling and fluttering.

"Nice rig you got there," They heard a man say as he spoke to Jim, just outside the window.

"Thanks, we call her Katherine's Getaway. Named it after my wife Kate," Jim said.

"Nice. I wouldn't name a pile of shit after my ex-wife. Came home from work one day to find her fucking the shit out of the neighbor boy. Eighteen years old...can you believe that shit?" The man said to Jim.

"Sorry to hear that," Jim said.

"Ahhh, women like 'em young now days I guess. You'd be surprised how many women our age are chasing these young boys," the man said.

Kate smiled to herself as she listened to the conversation while making out with Alec. Their lips were plastered together and their tongues wrestled with desperate hunger.

"Seems kinda silly, doesn't it?" They heard Jim ask.

"Well to me and you maybe, but these women...there seems to be something about these young boys they like," the stranger answered.

"Maybe it's the laziness," Jim said, making them both laugh.

"Well I hear lots of things...rumors of a new generation of boys with dicks that are bigger and harder and their ability to out-fuck us older guys. All bullshit if you ask me," the man said.

"Well, I guess I'm lucky to have a good wife then. A wholesome, good old-fashioned American girl," Jim said.

Jim's comment made Kate giggle and gently pushed her son into a sitting position on the bed. Without hesitation she lifted her pink tank top up over her head, peeling it off and tossing it aside.

She was wearing a thin pale-pink bra with a delicate floral design. Her tits were packed so tight that they were literally oozing over the

hems of the gigantic cups. Giving her son a sweet quirky little smile, she reached back and unclasped it.

For the longest time Alec had only known about the types of tits that were in Playboy...semi large, firm...sometimes fake. Then his friends showed him a Juggs Magazine and it shed a whole new light on the world of large breasts.

As Kate pulled the cups of her bra away, her son was greeted with the kind of tits that fuel boys dreams. Straight out of Juggs Magazine...huge sloping, bobbling tits, capped with thick areola and large protruding nipples.

"See, whatever it is...us mom can always pull it off," she said with a proud smile.

"Literally," Alec sighed, making them both giggle. "Wow...they're beautiful mom."

Kate leaned down and placed her hands on her sons knees. She brought her face to his, gave him a peck on the lips and looked into his eyes.

"Lay back," she whispered.

Alec laid back on the bed and Kate crawled above him, her big mammaries hanging down, nearly touching him as they gently swayed back and forth. She gazed at him with a smile.

"There's my baby boy, just like when you were little." She said.

She crawled up a little further so that her pendulous tits hung directly above his ogling eyes. She rocked her chest, making her drooping tit-flesh swing in unison back and forth.

"Holy shit!" Alec muttered.

Kate slowly lowered her lips. Alec's breath quivered and his mom giggled.

"Someone's excited," she said with a smile, showing her gleaming white teeth.

As she started planting kisses, her spongy breasts began to flatten out like soft dough against his teenaged chest.

Kate paused a moment as she saw her husband's shadow move into the window.

"Thank goodness for curtains...not sure we could explain our way out of this one," she said with a giggle.

"Probably not," Alec added.

"Now...where was I?" Kate said, lowering her mouth to his.

They kissed, soft and sensual, then gradually it became heavier as their tongues twisted together wildly.

Suddenly they heard a knock on the trailer door. Kate didn't budge, just kept making out with her son.

"We better get up," Alec said between kisses.

"He can wait...we're busy," she said, then kissed him again.

"Funny, Mom."

"Are you okay with all this?" She asked.

"All what?"

"What do you mean all what...what do you think? All this...naughtiness. You would tell me if it made you feel uncomfortable...right?" Kate said.

There was another pound at the door.

"Yeah, I'm cool with it...are you?" Alec asked.

"Do you really think I'd be laying on you topless, making out with you if I wasn't?" She smiled.

She gave him one final peck on the lips.

"Tell him I'm in the bathroom," she said.

Moments later, Alec let his father in and relayed the message. He sat down quickly on the sofa, trying to conceal the bulge of his erection.

"Is she feeling alright?" Jim asked.

"Yeah, just peeing I guess."

"Well I checked the outside of the trailer and I have no idea what was making that noise you heard." Jim said.

Kate came out with her bra and top back on.

"Hi honey," she said, giving her husband a quick kiss.

"I changed my mind...maybe I will have a tuna fish," Jim said.

"Will you do me a big favor then? I forgot to buy chips and they would sure go good with our sandwiches. Can you see if they have any inside?" Kate asked.

"Barbeque right?" He asked.

"Yup...thank you, hun." Kate said with a sweet little smile.

Jim left and she closed the trailer door behind him.

"Truth or Dare?" Kate asked, turning towards Alec.

"Umm...uh..." Alec muttered as he was caught off guard.

"I wanna see it," she said softly, glancing down at the bulge in his crotch.

"S-s-see it? See what?" He asked.

"You know what...do I really need to tell you?" Kate responded with a little grin.

"Oh you mean..." Alec started as he glanced down at the obvious protrusion.

"Yes...I mean Mr. Cock and Balls. I dare you to show me."

"Geez, Mom." Alec blushed.

"Oh don't 'geez Mom' me...I know what you boys call it, and it certainly isn't penis and testicles. I think that man who was talking to your father outside was right. Boys your age are bigger and harder than the generations before, but I wanna find out for myself." Kate said.

"Well, I don't know, Mom...I..."

"I just unclasped my bra for you, buster. Don't you start whimping out on me. Come on, let's see it," she said, waving for him to stand.

Alec reluctantly stood and Kate impatiently walked over, sat on the soft and turned him to face her.

Now eye-level with his crotch, Kate unbuttoned his shorts and peered up at him with a naughty smile as she unzipped him.

"I have this feeling that this thing is a little bigger than the last time I saw it."

As the shorts fell to his feet, Kate stared at the shape of his protrusion, which leaned to one side, stretching his briefs out obscenely. It looked as though he were concealing a banana beneath his undies.

"Well it certainly looks like something substantial is hiding under there," she said, her eyes big and wide.

She grab the waistband and began to pull them down. As she did this Alec's erection tilted downward until the brief cleared it's length, then the teenaged dong sprung upward, slapping his abdomen, then just sort of bobbed up and down.

"Oh my!" Kate said, staring at the long strong pillar of meat, perched only a foot away.

"Sorry, I guess just looking at your breasts and everything made it kinda hard."

"Kinda hard? Sweetie that thing looks like it's...throbbing," she said, her face flushed.

"Yeah, you could say that," he muttered.

"It's a wonder you don't pass out from all the blood it must take to fill that big monster," she giggled, wetting her lips as her eyes traveled down to his large hairless scrotum.

"I do get light headed sometimes...when it get this way."

Kate was mesmerized. Her own juices began to trickle as her eyes traveled down every veiny inch of her son's long thick barrel of love. She tore her eyes away, looking up into his with admiration.

"It's beautiful," she said softly.

"Thanks," he answered.

"You know...they say when a man presents a woman with a pearl, that he's showing his desire for her."

"Oh." Alec said, a bit confused.

"Is that why your giving your mom a pearl?" Kate asked.

"What pearl?" Alec asked.

Kate's eyes traveled back down to her son's cock and gazed at the big bell-shaped helmet. There at the tip, forming on his piss-hole, was a big bubbling gob of pre-cum. It looked just like a pearl.

"That one," she said.

Alec watched as his mom took her middle finger and slowly swiped the jizz from the tip of his rod. She stood and brought her hand up so they could both look at the gob of milky semen.

"Sooo thick...soo potent..." she said, then slowly sucked it off her finger. "..And as sweet as honey."

"Wow!" Alec said under his breath.

They both noticed his cock as it sprung up to full attention like a divining rod. It twitched and throbbed, the plumb-shaped tip turning a deep purple as it expanded with even more blood. This made Kate giggle.

"Don't you pass out on me," she said.

"I'll try not to," he sighed.

They were both slightly startled by a loud knock at the door.

"I better pull 'em back up," Alec said, glancing down at his shorts.

Kate gently traced her nails across his cheek. Her eyes were locked in a stare with his.

"Stay close to me on this trip...okay?"

"Okay," he answered.

Jim stood outside with the chips. Claire walked over to her dad as he pounded on the door again.

"What the hell's taking them so long...I'm starving," she said.

"Well, if they'd answer the Goddamn door, I could find out," Jim said.

"She's probably making out with him again."

"Claire, come one, enough of that nonsense," Jim said.

"Seriously dad, you should have seen them down by the river...it was sick."

"Honey, they're mother and son...they're allowed to show some affection." Jim said.

"Jesus dad, you're so blind. Haven't you noticed the way mom's been looking at him lately. Moms do fall for their sons sometimes you know...it does happen," she said.

"Alright, enough okay?" Jim said.

"Dad, you have to listen to me. You're not around half the time. You haven't seen the way Mom's been acting around him lately while your at work. I think she has a crush on him,"

"I think you have an overactive imagination," Jim said as the door opened.

"Is my sandwich ready yet?" Claire asked as her and Jim entered the RV.

"I'm working on it honey," Kate said, busy at the kitchen counter.

"You've been working on it for awhile. What have you two been doing back here?" Claire asked, glaring at Alec, who sat on the couch.

"Well I certainly didn't hear you volunteering to help," Kate said.

"That's because you snatched Momma's boy before I even had a chance to," Claire answered.

"Stop calling me that!" Alec snapped.

"It's true."

"Claire if you don't have anything nice to say then you need to go sit back in the truck," Kate said.

"Alec, help me get some of these windows open...it's stuffy as hell in here," Jim said.

"Oh...um...okay Dad," he said, standing awkwardly.

It's was clear as the sun that he was hiding an erection and Claire, of course, was the first to pick up on it.

"Oh my God...you are sooo sick!" She said with disgust.

"Claire!" Kate scolded.

"He has a boner, Mom!"

"So...big deal," Alec said, awkwardly defending himself.

"You're back here alone with Mom and you have a fucking boner...that is just sick," Claire exclaimed.

"That's enough!...Jim please," Kate said, pleading for her husbands help.

"Alright Claire, outside or back in the truck. Let's go!" Jim scolded, ushering her out.

Kate looked at her son and sympathetically mouthed "Sorry."

"I think I'll just go for a quick walk or something," Alec said, squirming out the door.

Jim came back inside and stood by his wife as she worked on the sandwiches.

"That girl...if her brother doesn't kill her on this trip, it'll be a miracle," Kate said.

"Well, not to defend her, but Alec shouldn't be getting erections like that in front of his mother and sister either," Jim said.

"Oh Jim, you know how 18 year old boys are...they have perpetual hard-ons."

"While watching his Mom work in the kitchen? You don't think that's a bit odd?" Jim asked.

Kate got a flattering smile.

"All boys crush after their Moms when their young...and don't tell me you didn't."

"I didn't," he said.

"Yeah right," Kate answered, putting chips on the plates.

"Well, Claire sure seems determined that there's something weird going on with you two."

"And you believe her?" Kate asked.

"I didn't say that...this whole erection thing is just a little strange, that's all."

Kate turned towards her husband.

"Look, he's young...he gets erections and he has an innocent crush on his mom. I'm adult enough to handle that...maybe you should be too," she said, then walked past him with the sandwiches.

Once they hit the road again things cooled down between Alec and his mom, with the exception of a few flirty winks in her rear view mirror.

Alec's hard-on continued to rage in his shorts, yearning for more attention. It didn't help things when his mom put her feet up on the dash. When she followed with a wink in her rear view, he knew she was putting her sexy legs on display for him.

Kate had gorgeous tanned legs that were always freshly shaven and seemed to shimmer with silky softness. She stretched her tiny feet out making her cute little toes, with their ruby-red toenails, part slightly.

Alec's heart thumped wildly in his chest. His cock was so hard as it pushed against his shorts that it was almost painful. Surely there could be no bigger rush that having your own moms strong matronly legs wrapped around you, clutching onto you while you fucked the pussy of your dreams. With all that had happened, Alec couldn't help but wonder if things would eventually get that far.

There was only one text Alec got before they arrived at their RV park. It was from Kate and simply said:

"I LUV U"

Shady Pines was a deluxe RV park, with a clubhouse and swimming pool. It was a summertime Mecca for upper-class families. They arrived there mid-afternoon and situated "Katherine's Getaway" in the spot they had reserved.

"I hope there's hot guys at the pool...and not just a bunch of ugly old men," Claire griped.

"Well I left my tanning bed behind for a week...so as long as there's sun I'm a happy girl," Kate said.

"I guess I know where you two are spending the afternoon. I think I'll just walk around, get to know our neighbors a little bit," Jim said.

Kate looked at her son. "Sweetie, wanna come down to the pool with us?"

"Uhh, I don't know, Mom. I um..."

As Claire and Jim both disappeared, Kate wrapped her arms around Alec's neck and moved in for a big tit-squasher.

She whispered into his ear softly. "You're suppose to be staying close to me on this trip...remember?"

Ten minutes later Jim stepped inside the trailer as his wife was coming out of the bedroom in a skimpy yellow two-piece string bikini.

"The kids said they'll meet you down there. WOW!" Jim said, staring at his voluptuous wife.

"Do you like it?" Kate asked, spinning around.

"Yeah, but it's uhhh...a little revealing, don't you think?"

"Oh Jim, don't be such a prude. I can't tan in a fucking trench coat," Kate replied..

"Well that's far from a trench coat...closer to dental floss if you ask me."

"I bought something else you'll like..." she said, throwing her arms around her husband's neck. "But I'm saving that for later."

As she strode towards the door he gave her a little slap on the ass, making her cheeks ripple.

"Brat!" Kate said playfully.

Alec and Claire swam in the pool, doing their best to avoid each other. Besides a few old ladies sunning themselves nearby they pretty much had it to themselves.

"Hey kids, how's the water?" Kate asked, as she she strode towards the pool.

Alec's mouth fell open, unable to answer as he watched his barefoot bikini-clad mom sashay towards them. Her big, gourd-shaped tits trembling as she walked.

"Holy shit," he mumbled.

"The water's perfect...so much for the hot guys though," Claire said, then dove under.

Kate set her towel and baby oil down on a lounge chair , then gracefully dove into the water. She came up near her son.

"Wow, that feels good," she said, her hair wet and slicked back.

"Sure does," Alec said.

"Has this cold water helped ease some of the pressure down there?" Kate said playfully, gazing at her son as she floated with only her head above the surface.

"Yeah, until you came out with that bikini on," Alec said, being careful so his sister didn't her him.

Kate giggled, then swam up to him.

"Are you standing on the bottom?"

"Yep," he said, with only his head above the water.

"No fair...you're taller. If we're gonna hang out this deep, I guess you're gonna have to hold me," Kate said, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Kate brought herself in close to her son, her doughy-soft tits flattening out against his bare-chest. She coiled those gorgeous mommy-legs around his waist and held onto him.

Claire surfaced near them. "I should have known you two would be all over each other...with dad not around."

"Claire, don't start," Kate said, flashing her daughter a nasty glare.

Claire dove under and saw her mom's strong tan legs clutched tightly around her borther's midsection. She also noticed the way her massive tits were plastered against his chest.

Claire surfaced on the other side of them. "Jesus Mom, have sex with him why don't you."

"Young lady...go away!" Kate said, splashing her daughter with water.

"Gladly," Claire said, swimming off, then getting out of the pool.

Kate looked into her son's eyes. "You may not have to kill your sister...I just might."

"She is annoying, that's for sure," Alec said.

Claire sprawled out on a lounge chair, out of site of Alec and Kate. She had a body much like her mothers, only twenty-years younger.

"So I have to know something...does it feel as good as you thought it would?" Kate asked.

"What's that?" Alec asked.

"My legs wrapped around you. That is what you were thinking about in the truck, wasn't it? Wondering what it would feel like." She said, with a perceptive little smile.

"Well, I..."

"Come on, give us moms some credit. We know a lot more than you think we do," Kate said.

"Yeah, they do feel good," Alec smiled timidly.

"You can hold onto them you know...they're not gonna bite."

Alec placed his hands under his mom's velvety thighs. They felt amazing.

Kate tightened her grip, hugging him snuggly, clutching his toned young body against her voluptuousness.

The hot-bodied Mom rested her head on his shoulder. "You're soo strong"

They were both startled as one of the big old women jumped into the pool. Mom and son giggled as they were overcome by the wave.

Kate released her son, but held his hand as she swam for the side of the pool. "I need to get some sun. Come lay with me."

Kate and Alec climbed from the pool and moved to the lounges. As they grabbed their towels and dried Alec couldn't help but admire every curvaceous inch of his mom's nearly naked body.

"That bikini is really hot, Mom."

"Thanks sweetie. Your father thought it was a little too revealing, but you know how old-fashioned he is," she said.

"Yeah," Alec giggled.

"Pedicures, Brazilian bikini waxes, anal bleaching...all the things I get done on a regular basis he thinks are ridiculous."

"Anal bleaching?" Alec asked.

"I'll show you later," Kate said with a naughty little smile.

Placing her hands on her hips Kate turned around, displaying her meaty buttocks for her son. Half her ass-cheeks were spilling out of her bikini bottoms.

"Do you like it? It's called a scrunch butt bikini."

Alec stared in admiration. "It's sexy."

Kate got a gleaming white smile as she peeked over her shoulder, watching her son stare. "My ass or the bikini?"

"Both," Alec blushed.

Kate giggled, took her son's hand and led him towards a sunny area back behind the lounge chairs. "Come on my Romeo."

They spread their towels out in a small private little grassy area. Kate sat down, squirted some baby oil onto her hands and began rubbing it on the smooth tan skin of her arms and chest.

Alec watched his moms tits jiggle as she rubbed oil into her cleavage and around the contours of her big bulging breasts.

"Better put some on you too sweetie," she said.

Alec put on some oil, but had a difficult time tearing his eyes away from his Mom. Kate rubbed oil down her shapely legs and onto her little feet. It gave her tan a wet glossy sheen that made Alec's cock stiffen in his shorts.

Kate turned over onto her belly, propped up on her elbows and spread her gorgeous legs slightly. Alec remained sitting down by her feet, his heart racing with wicked cock-throbbing excitement.

Kate reached around and untied her top. "So how's the view from down there?"

"Amazing," Alec muttered breathlessly.

Kate giggled and laid her head down on the towel.

Alec wasn't kidding. The view he had would make any cock as hard as concrete. He stared straight up the backs of his Mom's shimmering golden brown legs to the meaty mound of her half-exposed buttocks. The tiny patch of yellow fabric between her legs moulded around her snatch, revealing the pouty folds of her outer labia and the furrow of her cleft of venus.

With her top now untied Alec could see the sides of his Mom's breasts distending outward as they lay flattened against the towel.

His peter flexed in his shorts. A long strong cylinder of teenaged cock-meat aching for attention.

Kate peeked back at him and giggled. "Are you close to passing out again?"

Alec's face was flushed. "Uh-huh."

"Well, if it's that hard maybe you should pull on it a little bit," Kate said, raising an eyebrow.

"Here...now?" Alec asked.

"Well, you could put the towel over your lap and try not to be too obvious about it."

Alec pulled his beach towel over his protruding trunks. "Yeah, I could try I guess."

Kate offered the bottle of oil to him. "Here, once you have it out...get it nice and slippery. That way you can really jerk on it."

Alec fished his cock from his trunks and coated it with oil. The slick fist gliding acrossed his glans felt amazing. He gazed back at his Mom and saw that she was still peering back watching him, her head propped up on one hand. "How's that feel?"

"Incredible," he muttered.

Kate spoke to him softly. "So what sort of things do you like to think about, while you jerk off you cock like that?"

Alec sighed excitedly and shrugged his shoulder.

"Big tits?" Kate asked and Alec nodded.

Kate gazed into his eyes seductively. "Warm slippery pussies?"

Alec's fist squeezed and pulled at his dong. "Uh-huh."

Kate stared dreamily into his eyes. "Do you like to think about loooong smooth legs wrapped tightly around you...clutching you...guiding you?"

Alec gasped, his body quivering. "Oh God, Mom!"

Kate fed her baby a warm smile. "I bet you think about what it'll feel like when that big beautiful slab of manhood squeezes down inside a warm wet hole."

Alec's eyes traveled down to his mom's bikini camel toe. He imagined the cock-gobbling feminine treasure that lied just beyond that thin piece of fabric. He stroked furiously on the slippery cock-head.

Kate smiled as she watched him gawk. He was completely hers, and she knew it. "I want you to imagine what all that pretty pink's gonna feel like when it stretches around that tender dong...sucking you in deeper and deeper and dripping all that warm honey on your stinger."

"O-o-oh shit, Mom!" Alec muttered excitedly, her words making his cock throb and leak.

"And that feeling when you touch bottom is gonna be out of this world... And believe me, with a dick as big yours...you will touch bottom."

Alec's heart was racing. His cock was now coated with hot oil and slippery pre-cum. He milked it with fast furious strokes.

Kate glanced over her son's shoulder. "And you better slow down, because your sister's coming this way."

Trying not to be too obvious, Alec stopped beating off and slipped his hand back out from under the towel.

Claire walked over behind him and gazed down at the way her mom was spread out lewdly before him. "You can't be serious."

Kate glared at her daughter defensively. "What?"

"Are you kidding me? Mom, look at you. Your ass is hanging out of your bikini and I can practically see your cunt," Claire said.

"Claire, you know I don't like that word," Kate scolded.

"Oh please...don't play Miss Modest with me, Mom. It's pretty obvious what you're up to."

"Oh and what would that be?" Kate asked.

"Well lets see...making out at the gas station, dry humping in the pool, locking youselves in the RV and doing God only knows what...and now this."

Kate shook her head. "Young lady, you have no idea what you're talking about."

Claire quickly ripped the towel off of Alec's lap. "Don't I, Mom?"

All eyes were drawn to Alec's cock, brick-hard and glistening as it stuck way up past his belly-button.

"Then what the hell's that?" Claires asked angrily.

"Claire!" Kate scolded, as Alec snatched the towel back and covered himself.

Claire started marching away. "Oh I'm sure dad's gonna love to hear about this."

"Shit!" Alec said, watching his sister stomp out of the pool area.

Kate stood up, tying her bikini top behind her. "Don't worry about it, sweetie. Your father knows the way she is...he won't believe her."

"Maybe we should go back to the camp, just to make sure he doesn't flip out," Alec suggested.

Kate stepped up to her son and rubbed his cheek gingerly. "Honey, it's okay...he trusts me. You heard what he said to that guy at the station. I'm his wholesome bride. He believes that."

"Okay," Alec said.

Kate took her son's hand and began leading him towards the clubhouse. "Besides, we have some unfinished business to attend to you and I."

Inside the clubhouse a few old men were playing checkers, otherwise it was quiet and empty. Through the door came the barefoot bikini clad mom, leading her son by the hand.

"Excuse me, where are the bathrooms?" Kate asked.

"Bathrooms and showers are in the back." One of the old men answered, ogling the big nearly-naked tits bobbling on Kate's chest.

Kate led Alec towards the back of the clubhouse. "Thank you."

As they neared the women's room the door opened and out came another barefoot bikini-clad Mom, leading her teenaged son from the bathroom. The buxom blonde gave Kate a knowing smile in passing. "Hi."

"Hi," Kate smiled as they passed.

Kate and Alec moved into the women's rest room and Kate closed and locked the door behind them. She then turned towards her son

and smiled as she stepped up to him, planting a soft sensual kiss on his lips.

For a few a long moments they stared into each others eyes. Alec felt his heart leaping as the woman of his dreams gazed at him with those big almond-colored eyes. As she stared, Kate had little smile of excitement. Being alone and naughty with her son thrilled her to the core and the fact that they were doing it just under her husband's nose made it even more exhilarating.

Alec looked across from them at their reflection in a large floor to ceiling mirror. A handsome teenager facing a gorgeous middle-aged woman built like a brick shit house. They smiled at one another.

"What a site we are huh?" Kate said.

"Yeah," Alec muttered.

"Get down on your knees. There's something I promised to show you."

"There is?" Alec asked.

Kate gave him a peck on the lips. "Yes, there is."

"What is it?" Alec asked.

"Well, you were asking about anal bleaching...so I thought I'd show you my butt-hole. But if you don't wanna see it..."

Alec dropped quickly to his knees. "No I do, I do."

Kate giggled and turned around watching her son lower himself eye-level with her meaty buttocks. "Pull my bikini bottoms to one side for me."

Alec pulled the bottoms aside, revealing her sexy ass-crack. Kate placed her hands on the cheeks of her buttocks and gently pulled

them apart, revealing the cute puckered ring of her butt-hole.

Alec's cock twitched in his shorts. "Wow!"

"Isn't it pretty?" Kate asked and her son immediately nodded.

Kate stepped away from her son and strolled behind him to the sink. She lifted herself up and sat on the edge of the counter. Alec found himself being pulled back between her legs until his back rested against her spongy chest.

Without saying a word, Alec's mom reached around and undid his shorts. They fell to the floor and his cock, still rock hard, stuck straight out at an upward angle, bobbing up and down.

Kate gave him a sensual kiss on the cheek. "Now....where were we before your bitch of a sister interrupted us."

Alec grasped his big baby-maker and started stroking as his mom planted little kisses on his neck.

Jim was visiting with his nieghbor when Claire arrived. "Dad I need to talk to you."

"Claire, I'm visiting right now honey, can it wait?"

"She turned and stomped towards their own RV. "No, it's important!"

"Excuse me, " Jim said to the other guy, clearly embarrassed.

Jim entered the RV to see Claire sulking on the couch. "Dad you have to do something about them."

"About who?" Jim asked.

"Mom and Alec...God Dad it's sick!"

Jim rolled his eyes. "What this time?"

"Well, first Mom was practically riding him in the pool and then she was tanning with her legs spread wide open, letting the little perv sit behind her and masturbate."

Jim shook his head and sighed. "Claire, come on...I'm sure that wasn't the case."

"He had his dick out of his shorts, dad...and believe me, it was hard."

"I'm sure your mother would never let something like that happen," Jim said.

"She was letting him do it dad. If you don't believe me go down there and see for yourself...it's disgusting."

Jim threw his arms in the air, then exited the RV to go investigate.

Alec's fist stroked furiously at his cock, making a lewd creamy sound from all the lubricating precum. Kate's tiny hand clutched his large hairless scrotum, her ruby-red nails digging into the tender balls, gently kneading them.

Her other hand caressed his strong toned chest. Her lips were to his ear. "That's it, sweetie, stroke it for me. Stroke it for Mommy."

"Agh, yeah!" Alec groaned.

Kate stroked on his nut-sack with her slippery fist. "Ohh, that's my baby...pull all that cream out of those big beautiful balls...come on."

Alec gazed in the mirror at a site that seemed almost surreal. There he stood completely naked and jacking his big jutting dick, while his own beautiful mother sat snuggly behind him, urging him on.

"What a fucking rush," he thought.

"My poor little sweetheart's been suffering this whole trip, hasn't he," Kate said in a seductive mommy-tone.

Alec stared at his mom's tan shapely legs. They looked so strong and smooth, still glistening with oil as he stood between them. He pictured them propped back into a huge spread eagle, those tiny bare feet flexed and pointed in opposite directions.

His balls boiled within Kate's clutching grip. "Oh-h-h shit Mom!"

"Mmmm, does that feel good, sweetie?"

"Oh yeah," he sighed.

He pictured her tits and what they must do when she fucks. Large pillowy mounds jumping up and down her chest. Those nipples and large thick aroela descending towards his mouth.

"OH WOW, I'M GONNA SQUIRT!" Alec cried.

"That's it baby...cum for Mommy!" Kate implored.

Alec growled as the first powerful rope shot out of his piss-hole. "GGGRUUUHHH!!!"

The huge stringy gob sailed across the room and splashed against the mirror. It was followed by a second milky rope, then a third.

"Ohhh sweetheart...that's my boy!" Kate exclaimed.

"UNGHH, GOD!" Alec groaned as he milked smaller strands of cock-cream from his dong.

Jim entered the clubhouse and saw the two old men playing chess.

"Excuse me, did you see a woman come through here with a teenage boy?"

The two men looked at each other and laughed.

"Women come through here all day with teenaged boys," one of them said.

"Well this woman was wearing a yellow bikini," Jim said.

The same man answered, pointing toward the back of the clubhouse. "Oh yeah...they're uhh...they're back there."

"Thanks," Jim said.

Jim checked the mens room first, but it was empty. He went to the women's room and knocked. "Kate?"

There was no answer, so he knocked again. "Kate, you in there?"

"I'm ok hun...just taking a shower," her voice said from somewhere behind the door.

"Have you seen Alec?" Jim asked.

"He met some boys out by the pool, probably wandered off with them somewhere."

Jim tried the door, but it was locked. "Can I come in?"

Kate answered in an annoyed tone. "Jim, no...this is the ladies room. What do you need?"

Kate was still on the sink, Alec remained between her legs. His head was tilted back onto her shoulder as he fought to catch his breath. His cock-rod still stuck straight out, dripping with stringy gobs of orgasmic bliss.

"I just wanted to make sure you two were okay, that's all," Jim's voice said.

"Honey we're fine...I'm fine, and I'm sure Alec is too," Kate said, then gave her son a loving peck on the cheek.

She looked towards the door. "I need to dry off and I'll meet you back up at the RV okay?"

Jim moved away from the door. "Alright, so you a little bit."

He stopped back at the entrance next to the two old men. "Are you sure the lady in the yellow bikini had a teenager with her?"

"Oh yeah, following along like a love-struck puppy dog," one of them answered.

Jim looked around for Alec and his new friends, but wasn't able to find them, so he headed back to the RV. He didn't want to admit it, but he was actually starting to wonder if maybe his daughter was right. The idea that his wife of twenty years would be doing such things and with their own son made him almost sick to his stomach. He remembered the words of the man at the station.

"Ahh women like 'em young now days I guess. You'd be surprised how many women our age are chasing these young boys."

Later that evening the family was invited for a barbaque with their friendly neighbors in the park. Jim had already met Tom. Kate was surprised to discover that Tom's wife Ashley was the blond that was leading her son from the bathroom, just before her and Alec got there.

Ashley was 39, just a year older than Kate and looked a lot like a middle-aged version of the actress Jennifer Lawrence. Like Jim, her husband Tom made a lot of money and they were owners of large, spacious RV.

While the men prepped the grill outside, Ashley and Kate stood side by side in the kitchen preparing the food. Both women wore a thin,

thigh-length summer dress, Kate's was a white tube-top style and Ashley's was pink, with thin little straps. Like Kate, Ashley had gorgeous legs and sexy little tanned bare feet with pink tonails.

Kate glaned down the hall and into the bedroom, where Alec and his new friend Tim lay on the bed playing the play station. "Well the boys seemed to be getting along."

"And I'm sure we won't be seeing much of them. Boys and their video games," Ashley said, making them both giggle.

"Oh I know...getting Alec to do his chores is like pulling teeth sometimes."

"He's adorable. Does he have a girlfriend yet?" Ashley asked.

"Yeah, sweet girl, but kind of controlling. You know how young girls are."

Ashley smiled. "That I do. Sometimes I have to remind Tim that him and his girl aren't married...he doesn't need to be with her twenty-four seven."

"So it's tough getting Tim to stay home then?" Kate asked.

"Well, if his dad's not around, it's never a problem," Ashley said, sharing a mischievous smile with Kate as she walked the plate of burgers outside to the men.

Jim watched his wife step out of the RV behind Ashley. She looked so fresh and beautiful and her dark tan in contrast to her white summer dress looked amazing. The tube top made the swell of her breasts look absolutely enormous and left about five inches of cleavage exposed.

Kate smiled at him lovingly and shared a kiss. She loved her husband, despite her growing infatuation with her new young

sweetheart.

In order to ease suspicion, she had her son come back to the RV twenty minutes after she did. She knew that Jim would just assume that Tim was who she was talking about, when she said that Alec had met another boy.

Tom was obviously in the middle of spinning a tale before the wives showed up." Yeah so that bass nearly got away from me...it took three of us to drag that son-of- bitch in."

Ashley rolled her eyes. "Oh please, Tom, not that story again."

"Honey, you saw the picture. You think reeling that thing is was a walk in the park?" Tom asked.

Kate looked at Ashley with an amused smile. "Oh believe me, Jim has his share of fishing stories too and he's always eager to share."

"Well then we better go back inside and let the men do what they do best...bullshit and barbaque," Ashley said, making her and Kate giggle.

The wives stepped back into the RV and each took a chip from the bowl, muching it down as they gazed down the hallway.

"That's okay, I think I'd rather go back and hang out with a couple of handsome teenaged boys anyway," Kate said.

Ashley sashayed towards the bedroom. "I concure."

Tim and Alec were on the bed leaned up against the headboard playing their video game, which was being displayed on a 52-inch flat screen across from the bed.

83: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin_2

Kate and Ashley strolled into the room and Kate swung the door almost all the way closed behind them.

Ashley knelt down on the bed. "Look at these two gorgous hunks in here trying to ignore us."

Kate followed, sitting down and curling her sexy legs up on the bed in front of them. "You boys don't care if we lay in here and watch, do you?"

Both boys muttered "NO," slightly distracted, as the two Moms sprawled out on their tummies. Kate and Ashley stretched their long legs out behind them and propped themselves up on their elbows, watching the TV screen.

Over the roar of machine guns the two Moms began to talk about hairstyles, as if they were alone in the room.

The women's legs were slightly spread and Kate kicked one of hers up, flexing her sexy bare foot as she just sort of waved it around a little, which she knew would command her son's attention.

Alec glaced down to the site just in front of him. His Moms dress had bunched up so much that he could even see the backs of her silky thighs.

He tried to focus on the game, then found himself glancing over at Tim's Mom, who now had both legs bent at the knee, kicked up and flexing her little feet. Like his own Moms, Ashley's legs looked strong tan and silky-smooth.

Alec and Tim both sensed that the other was gawking and they gave each other a quick look, both smiling excitedly.

Keeping one leg kicked up, Kate brought the other down and began to gently rub her soft bare foot against Alec's calf.

"Oh, dude, my guy's getting his ass kicked," Tim said.

Alec tore his eyes away from his Mom's legs. "So's mine."

Ashley rolled slightly sideways, looking back at them. "I'm sorry boys, are we distracting you?"

Kate rolled over onto her back, gazing back at her son. "I don't know how we could be...we're just laying here."

Ashley joined Kate on her back. She tucked her dress down into her crotch, leaving almost all her naked legs exposed and her knees scissored apart. "Oh but you know how boys are Kate...there's certain things that can always make their eyes wander."

Kate turned her head and her and Ashley looked at each other as they lay a few feet apart. "You mean like Mom's sooooft smoooooth legs?"

Kate extended one leg straight out and slowly slid the tiny little bare foot of her other leg across the top of it.

Ashley slipped one of her feet up the leg of Tim's shorts. "That's exactly what I mean."

Kate drew her knees back, brought them together, then parted them again, widening her spread. "They'll pretend like they're not, but we Moms know better."

Like magnets, Alec's eyes were drawn away fron the screen and down between his Mom's legs. The dress was now bunched up at

her waist and he drew in a sharp breath as he caught site of Kate's panty covered crotch.

The gorgeous Mom had on a pair white sheer V string panties. Her pussy was almost completely shaven and a big strip of labial meat pressed up against the nylon fabric.

"Holy shit!" Alec thought.

His eyes traveled up to his Mom's face to find her staring back at him. She fed him that naughty little smile and gave him a cute little wink.

"They'll pretend like they wanna sit there and sneak little peaks at our legs..." Ashley said, sitting up and grabbing her son by the shirt.

She pulled Tim down on top of her. "...When where they really wanna be while they play is down here between them."

"Mom!!" Tim giggled, still struggling with the game controller as he now lay against his Ashley's soft chest.

Ashley wrapped her strong mommy-legs up around him, criss-crossing her little feet, right above his ass.

Kate sat up, just in front of her son. "Is that so?"

"Well then I guess we better not disappoint them," she said, then grabbed Alec by the shirt and pulled him down on top of her.

Alec giggled as he struggled to continue playing with his hands up above Kate's head. Her big titties bobbled against his chest and like Ashley, Kate brought her naked legs up and wrapped them around her son.

Outside, Tom and Jim still stood at the grill.

"Well, I'd say these burgers are just about done," Tom said.

Jim looked over at Claire who sat in a lawn chair flipping through a glam magazine. "Hun, why don't go inside...let everyone know it's chow time."

"Tuh!" Clair rose in a tiff, then went into the RV.

She strode down the hallway and heard her mom and Ashley giggling from behind the door, which was cracked open slightly.

Without opening it, Claire peeked inside. What she saw was quite a site...two middle-aged Moms laying side by side, clutching their teenaged Sons between their strong tan legs.

The Boys snickered as they continued playing the game, all the while Kate and Ashley had their faces buried in the boys necks, giving them wet kisses and flailing their experienced tongues against muscles in their necks.

"Fuck me!" Claire whispered to herself.

Flabbergasted, she watched as her Mom kissed up Alec's chin, running her long nails through the back of his hair. Kate tilted his head down and they started to kiss.

Their kisses became longer...more intense, until finally their tongues began to duel.

Claire's eyes traveled to Tim and his Mom who were already making out like a horny young couple.

Aghast, Claire noticed her brothers hips rocking slowly, dry humping his rock hard erection against Kate's genitals. She could see her Mom's heels digging into his ass, the muscles in those smooth dark tan legs flexing as they clutched and pulled.

"OH MY GOD!" Claire muttered under her breath, backing away from the door.

Ashley turned her head toward the door and noticed a shadow disappear from the doorway.

Claire stomped from the RV up to her father. "You don't fucking believe me...go in there and see for yourself."

"Believe you? What are you talking about?" Jim asked.

"They're down in the bedroom making out Dad...all of them!"

Jim ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. "Claire, NO...you gotta stop this!"

"STOP THIS?? OH MY GOD, YOU ARE SOO PATHETIC!" Claire shouted as she turned and marched towards their RV.

Jim fed Tom an embarrassed glance. "I'll go see what the hell she's talking about."

By the time Jim got in the trailer Kate and Ashley were standing in the kitchen innocently munching on chips.

"I keep telling Tom we need two trips like this a year...not just one long one in the summer," Ashley said.

Jim gazed down the hall and saw the Boys sitting against the headboard playing, just as before.

Kate turned towards him. "Hey sweetie, how are those burgers coming?"

"Good uhh, everything's ready," he muttered.

"Perfect. Boy's dinner," Ashley announced as she moved out the door.

Kate moved towards her husband and tenderly rubbed his cheek. "You okay?"

"We really need to have a talk with Claire," he said.

"Oh no...what this time?"

Jim shook his head, clearly frustrated. "These stories...they're just getting outta hand."

"I'll go talk to her," Kate said.

"Maybe I should come too."

"I can handle it...you and Alec stay and eat. We don't wanna be rude," Kate said.

Claire sat on the couch inside the RV sulking. The door opened and Kate stepped inside and sat down next to her daughter.

Claire gazed hatefully. "What do you want?"

"To talk," Kate answered.

"About what...how I'm making shit up?"

Kate kept her cool. "No. I wanna talk about what you saw...about what you've been seeing."

"All just innocent affection between mother and son right?"

"If you wanna keep acting like a child...I'll keep talking to you like a child," Kate said sternly.

"I'm not a child, Mom...I'm almost twenty."

"So then you want me to talk to you like a grown woman?" Kate asked.

"Yes."

Kate took her daughter's hand. "Grown women can share secrets. Are you sure you're ready for that?"

Claire thought for a moment, then looked trustingly back at her mother. "I am."

"Okay then...what do you wanna know?" Kate asked.

"What's going on with you and Alec?"

Kate didn't hesitate to answer. "We flirt. We fool around. It hasn't gone any further than that yet."

"Yet?...Are you gonna have sex with him?"

Kate looked down at her lap for a moment, then back up at her daughter. "Yes."

Claire wasn't angry, but curiosity. "Why?"

"Because we're both sexually attracted to each other. " Kate said.

"But Mom, it's Alec...he's your Son."

Kate smiled. "Don't you think I know that?"

"I mean, I've heard that sometimes guys have those thoughts about their Moms, but..."

"But what? Moms can't have those thoughts about their Sons?" Kate asked.

Claire thought it through for a moment. "Well I guess, but...but what about Dad?"

"Well if it weren't for you, young lady, your Dad would be oblivious to everything that's going on between Alec and I. And what your father doesn't know won't hurt him."

Claire got a sad expression. "But don't you feel bad at all? He's your husband."

Kate giggled and moved in closer to her daughter, squeezing her hand. "Honey...if a wife is attracted to her Son, then she cheats on her husband...it's just what we women do."

"But I thought it was wrong to cheat."

"When if it's with another grown man yes...maybe...but this is different. A Mother and Son have a unique bond, that your Father could never understand. Someday...when you have a Son...you'll understand what I mean." Kate explained.

"So you think I'll be attracted to my son...like you and Ashley are to yours?"

Kate smiled and nodded. "Yes I do...but whether you decide to act on it will be completely up to you."

Claire appeared in deep reflection...almost smiling at thought. "Well if I feel the same way about my Son as you do Alex...I probably will."

Kate got a quirky little smile. "You have to admit...your bother IS a hottie."

Ashley giggled. "Well, all the girls at school certainly think so."

Kate squeezed her hand. "And what do you think?"

"Yeah, he's cute...I guess," Claire muttered.

"Took all you have to admit that..didn't it?" Kate smiled.

Claire got a bashful expression. "Okay fine...he's a hottie okay?"

"He's king of the hotties, sweatheart...he's an absolute hunk."

Claire excitedly gazed at her Mom. "I guess if I'm honest, I did get sort of a thrill when he took his shirt off at the pool."

"Oh, I know, wasn't he gorgeous?! Those strong arms...that lean chest...that bulge in his shorts...Mmmmm, yummy!!" Kate said bringing her knees together and fanning herself with her free hand.

Both her and her daughter started giggling, like young girls giddy over the cute guy in school.

"Damn, Mom!" Claire exclaimed.

"What, I can't help it...I'm in love with him, alright...and it's not the innocent motherly kind of love either. "

"Well one thing's for sure...he has a big dick," Claire said, making her Mom burst out laughing.

Kate's face was aglow. "Yes, your brother has a very large penis."

"Mom, I'm a woman, remember? You don't have to use little girl words."

"You're right...I'm sorry. Your bother is hung like a fucking stallion...that better?" Kate exclaimed.

Claire laughed. "So you were letting him stroke it...out by the pool?"

"Yes, but after YOU ruined our special moment, we forced into the clubhouse...and had to finish off in the girls bathroom."

"What do you mean finish off?" Claire asked.

"Well your brother needed to stroke himself to an orgasm. A boy Alec's age needs to masturbate his cock at least three to four times a day...sometimes more," Kate explained.

"Really? That much...I mean, I know Alec masturbates...but..."

"Your brother's balls are constantly producing sperm and if he doesn't get relief he'll devolop something called blue balls," Kate said.

Claire shared her Mom's look of concern. "I've heard of that. Lots of girls joke about it at school."

"Well, it's no joke," Kate said.

"I know...so is that what you and him did in the RV, when we stopped at the station?"

"No," Kate giggled.

"Well what then? You guys had the door locked. You must have been doing something."

Kate smiled a little in reflection. "Your brother wanted to see my boobs....and...I wanted to see his cock and balls."

Claire's eyes got big. "Ohh...well, you must have been surprised to see how big it was huh? I know I was."

"Alec is a very lucky boy. Most grown men wish they had a cock that big," Kate said.

"I thought my boyfriend was big, but Alec's cock looks way bigger."

"He's bigger than your father too...much bigger." Kate said.

Claire's face filled with excited wonder. " How big do you think Alec's cock is, Mom?"

"Well, I don't know...but I'm guessing close to ten inches."

"Wow! My friend Melissa got fucked by a guy that big. She said size does matter," Claire said.

"Well your friend Melissa is right...a big cock makes a huge difference and boys like Alec with the big dicks usually get all the pussies they want."

"Yeah, even their Moms pussies," Claire smiled.

Kate smiled back, squeezing her daughters hand. "Yup, even Moms pussy."

Jim opened the door and stepped inside. "Everything alright in here?"

"Yup, we're fine...in fact, there's something Claire would like to tell you," Kate said, looking at her daughter.

Claire looked at her mom questioningly for a moment, then remembered all they had talked about. "Dad I...I'm sorry. I was upset at Alec and umm...I made all that stuff up about him and Mom."

"Well, I hope you've learned your lesson young lady."

Claire squeezed her Mom's hand. "I have. I definitely have."

"Sweet, now the two of you better get out here before Tom and I finish off these burgers," Jim said.

Alec and Tim moved along a wooded trail near the park. The sun had just gone down and Tim's flashlight was all that lit the way in front of them.

"So how much farther to this campsite?" Alec asked.

Tim was carrying two sleeping bags. "It's right up here."

Alec was hauling a tent and a small ice chest with soda and snacks.

Arriving at a primitive camp site the boys began setting up their tent.

"Bet you'll be glad you don't have to sleep in the RV around your cock-bag sister," Tim said.

"That's for sure...although, this IS kinda weird dude. You're not gonna go Brokeback Mountain or anything on me, are you?"

Tim burst out laughing. "Oh my God, no way bro...I'm not a queer...hell no! This was my Mom's idea actually."

"Your Mom's idea??"

"Yeah, she's contantly thinking of ways that her and I can get away from my Dad. She's coming up here with your mom in a bit, so we gotta get this shit set up," Tim said.

Alec looked surprised. "They're coming up here?"

"Yeah, your Mom didn't tell you?"

Alec shook his head, confused.

"Yeah dude, they're gonna be up in a little bit to suck on our dicks," Tim said, matter-of-factly.

Alec's heart began to thump hard in his chest. "Are you serious?"

"Of course I'm serious. That's why we....wait a minute, has your Mom even given you head before?"

"No...we only just started messing around about a week ago. The only thing I've really done is jerked off in front of her," Alec said.

Tim continued working on the tent. "Wow, tonight is definitely your lucky night bro! I mean, your Mom is smokin' hot. I thought my Mom's tits were big."

Alec started helping him. "So how long have you and your Mom been fooling around?"

"Since right after I turned 18. She started wearing less and less around the house, especially when my Dad wasn't around."

"So what's it like...having sex with your Mom?" Alec asked.

Tim fed him a beaming smile and shook his head. "Out of this world dude!"

Back at the trailer camp Jim and Tom sat around the fire having beers and sharing exaggerated fishing stories. The women sat inside the RV chatting.

"I wonder how those boys are coming along?" Ashley said.

Kate eagerly stood up. "Shall we go check on them?"

"Definitely, but we'll have to be careful. The last time I gave Tim a blowjob Tom nearly walked in on us. What a site that would have been."

"Well, you don't think they'll come up the trail looking for us do you?" Kate asked.

"Well, I certainly hope not. If we're in the tent sucking on the boys dicks we'll never be able to hear our husbands coming."

Kate gazed in at her daughter, who sat in on the bed texting. "I think I have an idea."

A short time later Kate, Ashley and Claire arrived at the boys camp.

Ashley hit the tent with the beam from her flashlight. "There they are."

"Mom, is that you?" Came Tim's voice from inside the tent.

"Yes sweetie, it's us."

Kate turned towards her daughter, as her and Ashley tied their hair back in a ponytail. Claire knew why they were doing this. She often did it herself before giving her boyfriend head.

"We'll be just a little bit. Remember if you hear or see anyone coming up the trail..."

Claire had an unhappy look. "Mom, I don't wanna stay out here with the fucking bugs. Just let me go inside and peek out the tent. I won't watch you guys."

Kate looked at Ashley, who smiled back. "I'm fine with it, but it's really up to you Kate."

"Please, Mom. Little girls wait outside, but you were gonna start treating me like a woman...remember?" Claire said.

Kate looked at her daughter with wonder. "Wow, look at you. You went from tattle-tail to moms little side-kick, just like that."

"Are you proud of me?"

"You bet I am. Come on." Kate said, then the three of them strode towards the tent.

Tim and Alec were lounging on their sleeping bags. Both rose eagerly onto their elbows as the tent unzipped and Ashley and Kate climbed inside.

"Well what have we here? If it isn't a couple of gorgeous teenaged boys." Kate said.

As the ladies crawled towards them Alec saw his sister climb in behind them and zip the door closed. "What the hell's she doing here?"

"It's okay, sweetie. Claire and I had a chat and she's not gonna act like a little girl anymore."

"I'm here for mom and Ashley...to be their lookout...and don't worry, I'm not gonna watch," Claire said.

Alec still looked concerned. "But mom, she could tell dad."

"Were you not listening to what Mom said, dweeb? Mom explained to me what's going on between her and you and I'm on her side now. Got it?"

Alec gave his Mom another baffled look and she gave a him a nodding smile in return. "Ok I guess."

Claire peeked out a little slit she left unzipped. "Good, so just...do your thing and I'll watch the trail."

Ashley turned the flashlight off, leaving the tent barely illuminated from the moonlight outside. Claire heard the Boys and Moms start to kiss and MOAN.

Alec sighed as he was smothered by his Mom's voluptuous body. He felt the spongy softness of her braless tits flatten against his chest as they began to make out like horny newlyweds.

This was new and exciting territory for Alec and Kate, but Ashley and Tim were in their already in their established element. Their tongues rolled and twisted together wildly as Tim rolled his mom over onto her back, the sizeable bulge in his shorts settling down between her legs.

Claire knew she promised not to look, but couldn't help but take a peek. Besides, she knew it was dark and they wouldn't know if she was watching.

Against the side of the tent, she could see the sillouttes of their bodies, entwined with lust. She could see the shadow of her Mom's head bury itself into Alec's neck and heard her bother GASP as Kate began to flail her strong experienced tongue against his flesh.

Claire saw the silloutte of Ashley's naked legs as they slid up and wrapped tightly around her Son's frame, clutching him as their bodies rocked, grinding their genitals.

"Holy shit!" Claire thought, as her heart began to thump with unexpected excitement.

After their five minute dry-humping makeout session the two Moms slid beside their Sons and pulled their shorts off. Their big jutting dicks sprung free and stuck straight up long and proud.

Alec felt his Mom clutch his rod and gently stroke it's length. He gazed down and watched the shadow of her head descend towards his groin. His body reacted with a spasm as Kate planted wet little kisses alond the girthy underside of his shaft. She continued all the way down to his baby-smooth balls.

Kate nuzzled her face into the soft of his scrotum, his nuts bulging against the side of her cheeks. The loving Mom inhaled deeply and her eyes rolled back with delight as the young verile aroma filled her lungs.

"Mmmmm." She moaned.

She drug her tongue along the bulging vein along the base, then up and over his bell-shaped head. Alec felt her hot mouth consume him, her pink tongue probed the end of his peter, tracing it's shape as it circled the engorged bulb.

Alec shuttered as her tongue went into flutter-mode. As it did, her mouth dropped further and further, feeding on his rod. The lucky

boy's heart raced as he felt his entire length sink into his Mom's throat. Amazingly, Kate's lips sank all the way to his scrotum.

Before long both Moms sucked greedily on the straining young pricks. Claire stared on in awe as she saw the silloutted heads of both women bobbing up and down. It was hard to believe it was her own Mom and Brother.

The tent was filled with wet slurping sounds as both mouths sucked hungrily on the pulsing slabs of flesh.

Alec's cock leaked and throbbed in his Mom's mouth. His hips worked up and down, meeting her sucking strokes. The heat of her mouth and twirling tongue was out of this world.

"Oh Mom!" He groaned.

With her lips pressed around the base, Ashley made a lewd throaty GURGLING sound as she felt her son's bloated cock in her throat. She whimpered softly as she fed on his throbbing meat with desperate hunger.

As she listened to the Boys GROAN and watched the cock-starved Moms work their magic, Claire felt her pussy throb between her legs. Almost with a mind of its own, her hand crept inside her panties and her middle finger began to do little circles against her quivering clit.

Alec gazed down to see the shadow of his own Mom's head rise and fall vigorously. He could feel her tiny hand now clutching the base of his cock, jerking that portion, while she fed on the rest. His boiling balls flopped up and down from the power of Kate's clutching hand and mouth.

Ashley's cheeks hallowed as she provided a suction tight seal for her Son to fuck. Up and down she worked, using all the hot tricks she knew to make her sons prick throb and quiver against her circling lips.

The Boys could smell the strong pungent aroma of wet pussy. All three women's cunts were hot and swampy, craving the strong slabs of teenaged fuck-meat.

Tim whimpered, thrusting his loins and forcing his cock deeper and deeper into his Mom's hot throat. Ashley sucked harder, enveloping every inch of his thick member.

"OH MY GOD!" Tim groaned as hot bubbling jism began to erupt from his cock and down his Mom's throat.

Kate too was moving with such a deep steady rhythem that she literally sucked her Son's cum right out of his balls.

"OHH YEAH!" Alec cried as rockets of cock-milk began to pulse from his peter.

Claire's mouth fell open and a quivering orgasm ripped through her. She imagined the intense sensations her Brother must be feeling against his glans as she watched her Mom suck like only an experienced women could.

Long thick ropes of hot jism pulsed from their piss-slits, soaking their Mother's throats. The Boys bodies bucked and quivered as the hot lips and tongues milked their quivering organs, sucking and pulling at their young dongs.

Even after they were drained dry, Kate and Ashley nursed on their cocks tenderly, feeling the quivering meat deflate slightly in their mouths.

"Mmmm...yum!" Ashley finally said.

Both her and Kate crawled up and gave them a few quick kisses, then turned and moved towards the exit.

"Goodnight boys," Kate said seductively as the ladies made their way out.

The women returned to the trailer camp about an hour after they left. Their hair was back down and they giggled, chatting as they walked.

"There you girls are," Tom said.

Ashley stepped up next to her husband. "The boys have their tent all set up. Sure is buggy up there though."

Tom smiled at Jim. "Well I'm sure they feel better now that their mommies have checked up on them."

"I think so...what do you think Kate?" Ashley said, sharing a smile with the other Mom.

Kate winked back at Ashley. "I think they seemed very releaved by our visit."

Claire began to snicker and Jim watched her move towards the RV.

"Well it's nice to see her a little happier. Your chat must have worked."

"True...I don't think you'll have to worry about her making up those silly stories anymore." Kate said.

"Well thank God for that. Imagine her hating her brother so much that she'd make that shit up about you and him."

Kate shared a meaningful smile with Ashley. "I know, right."

Ashley rubbed her husband's shoulder. "Honey, Kate had an idea that I really liked. Since we've all become such good friends, maybe we can travel and spend the rest of our vacation time together."

"It's okay by me," Jim said.

Tom patted his wife on the leg. "Well it does sound like a good time....and if that's what everyone wants, then who am I to spoil the fun."

Late that night, Alec woke to a text message. He opened it to find a picture sent from his Mom. It was taken at waist level, with her peeking down at the camera over the swell of her mountainous breasts. Her nipples poked out, huge and engorged. Her hair was slightly disheveled, like she had just gotten up to use the bathroom. The dreamy look of love in her eyes was unmistakable.

"I WANT U," it said beneath the picture.

Alec's cock immediately stiffened.

The next morning Tim and Alec made their way back to the RV camp.

"Im gonna get a shower dude," Alec said.

Tim headed towards his family's trailer. "Yeah, me too. See you in awhile bro."

Alec enetered the RV and saw his sister sitting on the sofa reading her glam magazine. She flashed him a look and couldn't help but smile.

He noticed that Claire was wearing nothing but a pair of skimpy boy shorts with pink polka dots and a wife beater t-shirt. She was built a lot like their mother...shapely tan legs, a full luscious buttocks and large teenaged breasts. And although her tits weren't nearly as big as Kate's, they were large enough to turn the heads and harden the cocks of just about every guy at her school.

"Where's Mom and Dad?" Alec asked.

She faked concentration on her magazine page. "Mom's in her room...Dad's next door."

Alec moved towards the bathroom. "I need a shower."

His parents bedroom door opened and Kate stepped out, meeting her Son near the bathroom entry. The big busted mom was wearing a pale pink silk button-up nightshirt. It fell just below her ass, leaving those gorgeous legs on display.

She fed her son a flirty little smile. "Hi."

"Hi." Alec answered, feeling a tad bit uncomfortable due to the events of the night before.

"Headed into the bathroom?" Kate asked.

"Yeah."

Kate glanced at his chest, then back into his eyes. "Me too."

"Oh, go ahead, Mom...I'll wait."

She smiled lovingly, revealing her gleaming white teeth. "That's ok...you go first."

"No really, Mom. I don't mind waiting."

Kate giggled, then fed her son a playful gaze. "We could go in together," she said, raising an eyebrow.

Claire's mouth fell open as she peeked over her magazine, listening in to their conversation.

Alec giggled. "Mom, that bathroom's tiny, there's no way."

Kate moved in close to her Son, placing her hands against his strong shoulders. "Well, once we're in there you could lift me up and I

could wrap my legs around you. Then we'd have plenty of space to do...whatever."

She rose up on the tip-toes of her cute little bare feet, her smooth legs flexing, then gave her son a soft peck on the lips.

Kate dropped one of her hands and Alec felt it gently take hold of one of his. She looked over at her daughter, who was blatantly staring at this point. "Claire?"

"I know, I know...I'll watch for Dad," Claire said.

"Thank you," Kate whispered, then led her son into the tiny bathroom.

Once inside, she closed the door behind her. There wasn't much floor space between the toilet and tiny shower. For a moment Mom and Son just stood there facing each other.

"Take off your shorts," She whispered as she reached under her nightshirt and slid her dainty little pale-pink panties down her luscious legs.

Alec dropped his shorts and and his big bobbing peter stuck straight out hard and proud.

Kate gazed down at it. "Well, there's certainly no room for that big thing out here. Guess you'll have to put it inside me."

Alec's mouth fell open, his heart racing with excitement. "S-s-seriously?"

Kate gazed at him, bit her bottom lip and nodded willingly. Just the site of this doting brown-eyed beauty made Alec's cock flex, arcing at an upward angle. It's big blue veins bulged obscenely along the meaty cock-shaft. The shiny bell-shaped head expanded as it ballooned with blood.

Claire quickly moved to the bathroom, sticking her ear to the door. She heard some movement coming from inside, but it was impossible to tell what was going on. Impatiently, she cracked the door just a tad and peeked in on them.

Alec was holding Kate up off the floor. Her gorgeous tan legs were wrapped around him, her arms thrown around his neck as they kissed hungrily.

Unsteadily, Alec took a few steps sideways then turned, pinning Kate against the wall. Claire saw her Mom reach down between them, grasping her brother's quivering rod.

Claire heard her Mom's voice quiver. "I need you."

The young teen felt his cock being guided to Kate's juice-slickened hole, his nob prodded and slipped through the steaming fleshy layers of labial meat until he felt it pop into the scalding mouth of her vagina.

Claire watched her brother's throbbing dong slowly disappear inside their mother, Kate's shaved pubic lips stretching around it's girth.

"Ohhhhh God!" Kate moaned.

Her inner rings contracted around the stalk, molding to its contours as the strong teenaged erection slithered deeper and deeper along her coital walls.

Kate pushed her pelvis forward and Alec GROANED in delight as he felt the rest of his cock sink into the throat of hot pink fleshy love. Her cuntlips were now plastered to the hairless hilt of his cockshaft, Alec's balls resting snuggly under his mom's ass.

For a long moment they remained still, locked and clinging in full penetration. Alec's cock was so fucking hard that Kate could feel his excited heart beat pulsing through his organ. She tightened her

spongy box around his fat prod, gripping it and smothering it with hot slippery fuck-oil.

"UUUNGHH!" Alec whimpered.

Somehow, he knew that his Mom was communicating to him through her cunt. By her squeezing this way, it was as if some primitive maternal signal was being sent through his cock to his brain, saying "it's okay now...you're home."

"Fuck me!" Kate whispered desperately.

Alec set his hips in motion, sawing his big peter up and down his Mom's birth canal. His hands tightened on the soft warm flesh of her thighs as he held her up, lodged against the wall.

Kate rocked her experienced pelvis into her son, meeting his thrusts. "OHHH YEAH!"

She ripped her nightshirt open. Buttons flew everywhere as her big mommy-tits began to bounce and slosh against her son's lean young chest.

Alec groaned, as he felt her warm voluptuous softness clutch onto him, urging him to fuck the shit out of her. "Oh God, Mom!"

Claire watched their bodies pound together. She could see her brother's balls swinging wildly as he thrust his big peter in and out of their Mom's hot sucking hole.

Kate's strong silky legs were grasping at his young body like a mother-spider clutching onto its prey. Their bodies bucked and thrashed, writhing in the heat of the fuck.

"Holy shit!" Claire thought, as her hand crept inside her boy shorts.

Alec GASPED in pleasure. His whole world was centered around his cock and balls. His fingers sunk into the smooth firm flesh of her thighs. Kate churned and ground her hips, fucking every inch of her Son's strong quivering pecker deep inside boiling cunt. Her outstretched pussy-lips smacked against his hairless hilt as beads of fuck-honey lathered his phallis and dripped from his swinging scrotum.

The young teen could feel his Mom's tight coital walls squeezing and rippling, her pink soft inner flesh smothering the sturdy battering ram as it carved through the velvety pocket, packing it full of long beefy dick.

"Ohhhh sweetie, I'm gonna cum! Don't stop! Oh please don't stop!" Kate whimpered.

Hearing that his mom was going to cum on his dick gave Alec a sudden surge of overwhelming confidence. He wanted nothing more than to impress the shit out of his gorgeous Mom, so he increased his tempo, bucking his hips wildly.

"OHHHHH SHIT!" Kate screamed, startling Claire as she crouched at the doorway frigging her clit.

The girl was in awe of her younger brother. He held their Mom up with ease and like a porn star, was fucking the hell out of her.

"OH, OH, OH, GOD...I'M CUMMING! OH BABY!" Kate cried.

With a loud wail Kate flexed her cunt around her son's cock as she began to cum in a shuddering wave of rippling flesh.

The increased friction on Alec's penis sent him to another level of wild euphoric pleasure. His Mom's love-box seemed to be pulsing against his glans in a tight bubbling grip.

Alec GRUNTED and Kate felt his prick swell as wave after wave of orgasmic bliss rocked her body.

"OH MOM, I'M GONNA SQUIRT!" Alec grunted.

Thick ropes of jism churned inside Kate's clutching sheath as they spewed hot and milky from Alec's deep thrusting lance.

Even Claire's pussy quivered with orgasm as she watched her Mom and Brother's bodies shiver and thrash almost violently.

"Ohhh fuck!" She whimpered.

After a few minutes of kissing and grinding, Kate stroked Alec's cheek tenderly. "Oh sweetie, your body's shaking. You better put me down."

Alec eased his Mom onto the floor and leaned against her as they embraced against the bathroom wall. She caressed the back head with her her long nails as he lay his head against her neck, catching his breath.

Alec's softening pecker slithered from Kate's twat making a creamy, throaty plopping sound as it slipped out the gooey mouth of her vagina. It was followed by a thick frothy stream of fuck-cream.

"Wow, that was...uh...amazing," Alec muttered.

Kate gazed at him, with hearts for pupils. "YOU were amazing."

"No, I mean it mom...I've done it with my girfriend a couple times, but it felt nothing like that."

Kate smiled, stroking his head. "Well, your girlfriend is still young, love"

Alec let out a long drawn-out SIGH. "The way you were squeezing and making it ripple around me...how did you do that?"

"Years of experience, sweetheart. Ask any guy and they'll tell you...no one can fuck like a middle-aged Mom can."

Claire pulled opened the door. "Not true!"

"Well...not always," she said, standing in the doorway awkwardly.

Alec did his best to cover his cock with his hand. "Geez, ever hear of knocking?"

"Give me a break...I saw the whole thing."

"What are you a perv or something?" Alec asked.

Claire giggled. "You're one to talk...motherfucker."

"Claire!" Kate chided.

"I may not be your age Mom, but I have had a lot of experience. In fact, I've had guys tell me I'm the best cocksucker they're ever had."

Alec laughed. "Yeah and I'm sure they say that to every girl."

"I'm sure you're wrong," Claire glared, placing her hands on her hips.

Alec noticed the way his sister's large breasts were jutting out. He could clearly see her protruding nipples and the pink circles of areola through the tight wife-beater top. "Bet I'm not wrong."

"What, you think just because you have a big cock and that you've had Mom suck on it that you know everything...well you don't."

Kate put her hands on her hips and glared at her daughter defensively. "Well it seems to me, Claire that I've been sucking cock for over twenty years. I don't wanna burst your bubble, sweetheart, but I'm pretty sure that I can out suck a 19 year old girl."

"Okay, then prove it," Claire said.

Claire's eyes got big, as if she couldn't believe what just came out of her mouth. Kate too looked surprised, but Alec most of all.

Kate folded her arms under her huge drooping breasts, looking at her daughter defiantly. "Ok...you wanna challenge me...fine, come in and close the door."

"Fine!" Claire said, doing as her mom asked.

Alec looked at his Mom like she was crazy. "Wait a minute, Mom are you sure we..."

"No, it's okay, sweetie. We'll let YOU be the judge of who's better at sucking dick...me or your sister."

Both women knelt in front of Alec, who stood there looking down at them in disbelief.

With a little hesitation, Claire reached out and wrapped her tiny hand around the base of her brother's dong. His entire cock still glistened with fresh fuck juice.

She gulped nervously as she stared at the massive barbed head, huge and engorged. She slowly slipped it into her mouth and let her tongue slither around on it's smooth sweet-tasting surface.

Alec felt her tongue twist up underneath his bulb and wiggle against his frenum. This caused him to shiver and SIGH with excited plessure.

Kate rubbed his leg tenderly, gazing up with a smile at the pleasure washed across his face. "Well, little miss hotshot, I think you're doing something right already."

"Umm-hmm," Claire hummed, pushing her ovaled lips down around the throbbing prick-shaft.

Kate looked on as her daughter sucked hungrily on the meaty dick, while jacking the bottom half with a nice tight grip. Alec's big hairless scrotum swung back and forth as his sister clutched and tugged on the hardening phallus.

Alec watched his sister's face as she fed on his prick. Her eyes were closed and she let out hungry little whimpers as she sucked, like a starving baby nursing on a bottle.

He could feel her soft tongue slipping up and down the underside of his shaft. She relaxed her throat and GURGLED obscenely as she took him as deep as she could.

"There's still some left. Come on, Claire...take it all," Kate urged.

As hard as Claire tried she couldn't take all of the massive peter into her mouth, leaving about two inches unswallowed.

When she removed the dick to catch her breath, Kate moved in, taking one long wet lick along the length of the bulging pipe. When she reached the flaring head, the tip of her tongue began to wiggle wildly against the glans.

Alec's legs went weak. "Holy shit."

The blowjob Alec got in the tent was in darkness, but now he was watching his own Mom lick his big horny cock and it was the most amazing site he'd ever seen.

She wrapped her hand around the root and fed his peter into her mouth, which felt boiling hot. Kate gave it a few quick stroking sucks, then let it POP from her mouth.

The horny Mom gazed at the big purple tip with hungry eyes, then let her long pink tongue flail around it. Again, she stabbed the meat into her mouth and sucked greedily. "Mmmmmm."

Claire looked on, in awe as she watched her Mother's mouth drop further and further with each stroke of her brother's shaft. Kate's lips slid up to the head, then drove forward until his entire dong disappeared.

Claire's mouth fell open as she watched her mom's lips become plastered against Alec's hairless hilt, his balls resting against her chin. The boys knees buckled.

"Ugghh!" Alec sighed.

"Holy shit!" Claire whispered, realizing she was being completely outdone.

Kate bobbed her head up and back, sucking the big throbbing boner with deep slobbery strokes. Alec groaned. "O-h-h-h wow, Mom!"

The giant prong throbbed and oozed between her ovaled lips. Again she took him deep, making lewd gurgling sounds as she pounded her lips repeatedly into his crotch.

Alec whimpered with pleasure as he felt his rod plunging in and out of his Mom's throat. All at once Kate pulled the glistening rod from her mouth and offered it to her daughter. "Give up already?"

Claire rolled her eyes. "No fucking chance!"

She grabbed the dick at the root and sucked it into her mouth. The cock-hungry 19 year old stroked and fed on its girthy meat.

"That's my girl," Kate smiled proudly.

Alec peered down to find his mom smiling up at him. "You ready to have those big beautiful balls sucked on?"

He was in too much pleasure to speak and could only nod.

While her daughter face-fucked her Son's dick, Kate buried her face up between his legs, attacking his scrotum with her tongue. Alec felt her suck one of his testicles into her mouth, swirling her hot pink snake around it.

The lucky teen looked towards the bathroom door as he heard the front door to the trailer close. "I think that's dad."

Despite the warning the horny mother-daughter duo continued to feed on Alec's genitals. Even as a KNOCK came at the door their heads remained buried in his crotch. They were savoring the taste of cock and balls and nothing was gonna pull them away.

"Kate, you in there?" They heard Jim ask.

Alec tried to keep his voice from quivering. "No, just me, Dad."

"Where's your mom and Claire?" Jim asked.

Alec heard his sister let out a throaty GURGLE and looked down to see his entire shlong completely enveloped...her lips stretched obscenely around the root of its shaft. He felt both balls and his entire scrotum sack sink into his Mom's warm slobbery mouth and her lips press up against his taint. He put his hands behind both womens heads and let out a shivering sigh.

"I don't know. I think they went down to shower at the clubhouse."

"Well when you see them tell 'em to come next door. Tom and I are making breakfast." Jim said.

"Will do, Dad."

As Claire deep throated her brother's cock a stream a spit and precum burbled from her lips and ran down her chin.

With her Son's nut-sack stuffed in her mouth, Kate attacked the tender eggs with her tongue, battering them with strong wet licks. She let out a long drawn-out moan, "Mmmmmmmmmmmm!" Alec felt the vibration of her circled lips around the base of his scrotum.

Claire's head bobbed up and back, rolling her tongue along the thick throbbing hardness.

Before long, Alec felt his balls plop from his Mom's mouth and she joined his sister at his phallis. "Come on gready-butt, share your bother's dick."

The glistening rod slipped out of Claire's mouth and she let her lips drag down the side of its girthy shaft. Kate took hold of it by the root and slid her lips and tongue along the other side so both mother and daughter were washing the boner with long wet licks.

"Mmmm, such a yummy dick!" Claire whimpered.

They took turns nursing on the big barbed cock-head. Kate sucked and slurped on his knob, scrubbing it's smooth plumb-shaped surface with her tongue. As soon as Alec's cock POPPED from one mouth, the other mouth was there to gobble it up.

"That's it, sweetie...suck on that big throbbing baby-maker," Kate urged.

As they gorged on the quivering peter, Kate and Claire would look up into Alec's eyes, savoring his reaction. As they did this it struck him how truly similar they were. Their gleaming brown eyes, their facial features. Even the pouty pink lips circling his meat looked the same. One was just a young, less experienced version of the other.

"Soo fucking big...soo fucking juicy!" Claire whined, sliding her lips across the creamy head.

Both women were blowing his socks of with their cock-sucking skills, but he knew that Kate, hands down, had his Sister beat. His Mom was sucking his cock in a way that he never imagined possible. He could feel the maturity and experience in her mouth and tongue so that each time her lips sunk to his balls he felt as through his meat was melting in her mouth.

He felt his sister squeeze and tug at his balls with her tiny hand. "Do you like that little Brother? Do you like to have those nuts squeezed and pulled?"

"Claire, keep stroking your Bother's balls with your fingers. I'm gonna get him close and then we'll share his load," Kate said.

"Okay, Momma," Claire answered.

Kate smiled up at her son. "Ready for Mom to bring you off, hotshot?"

He gulped anxiously. "Okay."

Kate planted a soft kiss against his piss-slit, reared her head back alittle, then drove her mouth forward. Her luciuous lips stretched in a perfect circle as they lowered down the vein-encrusted rod, stopping against her hand, which was still clamped around the base.

Alec's knees buckled as his mom went to work on his teenaged prick, her gripping, tugging hand and hot fucking mouth working in unisone. Even Claire was awestuck as she watched her mom hungrily feed on the big dick.

"GGGNNNNFFFFF!!!!" Lewd throaty, sluping sounds escaped from Kate's mouth as her lips moved back and forth over three-quarters

of her son's length. She flexed her strong tongue, letting it drag along the underside, plowing back and forth across his frenum.

"Oh yeah, Mom, suck me off!"

The middle-aged mom slowly increased her tempo until she was sucking at an unbelievable pace. Her long dark hair was flying. Saliva and bubbly precum oozed from the corners of her mouth and dripped from her chin.

"OHHHH GODDAMN!" Alec groaned, throwing his head back.

His peter throbbed and twitched as his mom literally fucked it with her hot mouth. It sent an electric jolt to his balls and Claire felt them jump between her fingers. "Mom, I think he's gonna cum," she said, feeling the scrotum tighten in her tiny hand.

Alec's legs began to tremble as he reached the edge of climax. "OHHH S-S-S-SHIT!"

Kate felt his cock flex in her mouth and the fist long rope of milky semen squirt from his piss-hole, straight down her throat.

She slipped her mouth from his pulsing pecker and Claire's lips dropped over gooey cock-head just as a second blast erupted, splashing across her tongue. The cock-hungry teen sucked with everything she had as two more long bubbling strands of spunk fulled her mouth.

Alec GROANED as his body reeled with intense pleasure. "OHH, OHHH FUCK, EAT MY LOAD!!"

With her hand still squeezing and tugging at the root, Kate pulled the erupting dong from her daughters mouth. "I WANT MORE CUM," she cried as she gobbled it up.

Alec's body trembled as Kate milked his lance, pulling what seemed like a never ending stream of fresh spunk from his nuts.

Mmmmmmmmnnnffff!!" Kate whimpered.

For a good two minutes mother and daughter took turns washing the teenaged dong with their mouths, nursing every fucking drop of cum they could get.

Kate finally smiled at he daughter. "Well, I think it's pretty obvious that you and I work much better as a team than against each other, don't you, young lady."

Kate smiled back as they both stood up. "I think you're right."

Kate's hand still slowly stroked his deflating prick. "And what do you think mister?"

Alec could hardly speak. "Whatever you say, Mom."

Both women giggled.

Later that morning the two families hit the open road, pulling their luxury RV's behind them. With the exception of sharing a few flirty looks, Kate and Alec behaved themselves for awhile.

Alec was listening to tunes when he got a text from Tim.

TIM: HEY DUDE, I THINK YOUR MOM AND MY MOM ARE UP TO SOMETHING

ALEC: WHAT DO U MEAN?

Alec looked up front and could see his mom texting someone, presumably Ashley.

TIM: NOT SURE BUT I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL BE GETTING OUR DICKS WET HERE SOON

About a half-hour later the families pulled their rigs into a small station for filling.

Jim was topping the tank off when his wife approached. Kate wore a white pleated mini-skirt with matching platform thong sandals. Her upper half was covered by a blue V-neck tank top, leaving plenty of bulging cleavage exposed.

"Honey, I think the boys are bored out of their minds."

"Well, not much I can do about that," Jim said.

Kate gingerly rubbed his shoulder. "What about letting them hang out back in the RV while we travel...play some video games or something?"

"Kate, you know that's dangerous....not to mention against the law."

Kate rolled her eyes. "Ohh spare me, Jim, what are the chances of something happening...or us getting caught with them back there...really?"

"Honey, you know I don't like..." he started, but then Kate cut him off.

"Ashley and I will ride back there with them and make sure they don't get into mischief."

"I'm not concerned about that, I just..." Jim started.

"Well I am. I work hard to keep that RV clean. I don't want them going back there and messing it up. Besides that'll give you and Claire a chance to talk. She really feels bad about making up all those lies yesterday."

Jim laughed. "Oh thanks, stick me with the cranky teenaged girl for the next three hours."

Kate moved in and pressed her tits against her husbands chest. What man could resist her charms.

"Jim, she loves you...and I love you to," Kate said, giving him a sensual peck on the lips.

"Well, make sure you tell the boys no horeplay back there...I mean it."

Kate rubbed him reassuringly. "Sweetie, just relax. Ashley and I will keep them in line if we need to, but I'm sure they'll be quite preoccupied the rest of the ride."

The boys and Claire came out of the store to find their moms waiting by the open door of the RV. Kate and Ashley whispered to each other and giggling like excited school girls. Ashley was wearing a pair of denim hipster shorts, a blue tube top and cute little flip-flops. She looked at the goods her son had bought. "Oh my God, you and that nasty Red Bull."

"It gives me wings," Tim joked.

Ashley fed him a naughty grin, showing her pearly whites, as her and Kate sashayed towards them. "Good, you're gonna need those wings."

"What do you mean?"

Kate stepped up to her son and gently drug her nails up his arm. "What she means is, you two cuties are riding with us Moms back in the RV for the next few hours."

Alec's heart began to thump with excitement. "We are?"

"Yup, you're going back there to play...and we're keeping an eye on you," Kate said, with a mischievous grin.

Tim got a cocky smile. "Sweet"

Ashley pointed at the RV. "Now get those cute little butts in there."

Tim and Alec flashed each other a smile and hurried inside the trailer.

Claire stepped up to her mom. "What about me. Can I ride back there with you guys?"

"Sweetie, Ashley and I want some alone time with the boys. Sit up front with your dad and keep him company okay?"

Claire frowned, "Mom, it's not fair...you guys are gonna have sex with them back there, aren't you?"

"Claire, come on now...I think I've been pretty fair about you being involved up until this point. Your brother and I need some time alone."

"But you won't be alone...Ashley and Tim will be in there," Claire said.

"You know what I mean," Kate said, loving yet sternly.

Claire lowered with sadness. "I know."

Kate planted a kiss on her daughters forehead. "I'll see you in a few hours, sweetie."

The rigs pulled out onto the open road as they continued their journey.

Inside the RV Kate and Ashley found the boys in the bedroom, spralled out on the bed drinking their sodas.

"Get those sodas off my bed you little Rugrats!" Kate playfully scolded.

"That's right, OUT! We need to get ready," Ashley said.

Tim said as he and Alec scrambled out of the room. "Fine."

Kate gave her son a playful swat as he passed. "And get those fucking clothes off. We'll be ready in a few minutes."

Inside the truck Claire sat up front with her dad. Jim glanced over at her. There was an oldies tune on the radio and he patted his hand on the stearing wheel to the beat.

"So you uhh..still feeling guilty about yesterday?"

Claire giggled under her breath. "I guess."

"Look, honey, it's normal for a brother and sister to fight. Hell I came close to killing my sisters countless times growing up."

Claire seemed to have something else on her mind. "Dad, can I ask you something?"

"Of course you can."

"And you won't think it's weird that I'm asking this?" Claire said awkwardly.

"Well that depends on what your asking I guess," he said.

"Were you and Grandma close...when you were growing up?"

Jim smiled. "Well of course we were close, she was my mother, honey."

"Did she ever fool around with you?"

Jim got an awkward expression. "Fool around?"

"You know...stroke you...or suck on you...when Grandpa wasn't around?"

Jim let out a surprised chuckle. "Oh Claire, we're not going down that road again, are we?"

Claire seemed to be sulking as she stared out the window. "Well I suppose if she did, you wouldn't tell me. Probably because you still see me as a little girl...even though I'm almost twenty. Mom's starting to talk to me like an adult. It would sure be nice if you would too."

Jim glanced across at his daughter. He took a second to admire the long tan legs which were folded up on the seat beside her. Her cute little bare feet with pink painted toenails. The large swell of her developing breasts. She was truly a younger version of the love of his life.

Back in the RV the boys sat naked on the sofa waiting.

"BOOOYYYSS!" Ashley's sexy voice called out seductively.

Tim and Alec quickly sat up, gazing towards the bedroom. "Yeah??"

Again, they heard Ashley's voice from behind the closed door. "Come to the door, but don't open it."

The anxious young men rushed acrossed the trailer, their big hard-ons bobbing up and down with anticipation.

They stopped at the door, "Now what?" Tim asked.

This time it was Kate's voice they heard. "Here's how this works...

When we say peek in, you open the door, but don't come inside. We'll let you jack your cocks for one minute, then you close the door again...understand?"

Tim shared an eager smile with Alec. "Ummm, okay."

"Peek in," Kate said.

Tim opened the door and the boys both gasped with excitement as they found their moms standing at opposite sides of the room, at the foot of the bed. They were both completely naked, standing in identical poses, with their hands on their hips, big tits thrust out proudly.

One sexy leg was cocked out in front of them, slightly bent at the knee. The foot of that leg was arched, their sexy little toes squatting against the foor.

"Holy shit!" Alec said as he and Tim began stroking the heads of their leaking peters.

Alec looked his mom in the face and she smiled and winked back at him. His eyes traveled down her huge slopping breasts and across her thick round areola and nipples. He then lowered his sites on the flat of her tummy, across her navel and paused at her mound of venus, which was covered by just a tiny of patch of thin pubic fuzz.

Her pussy looked so cute and delicate, yet he knew that between the swell of her outer lips was layers of pink flesh and a wet slippery hole that could swallow his big dick to the root.

Ashley smiled hungrily as she watched them stroke. "That's it boys...pull on those big dicks."

Even though there was another naked woman in the room Alec couldn't tear his eyes away from his own voluptuous mom. He beat his meat with hard fast strokes.

Kate wet her lips with her tongue as she watched the fat shiny bulb slip through her son's hand. His long vein-covered shaft looked so strong and sturdy as it stretched way out from his hairless abdomen.

"Time's up...OUT!" Ashley said with a giggle.

The boys backed out of the doorway and pulled the door closed.

Tim leaned back against the wall, still pulling on his rod. "Holy fuck, dude!"

"I know right," Alec answered, nearly out of breath.

They didn't have to wait long.

"Ok sweethearts...peek in." Kate called out.

Tim opened the door and he and Alec's eyes got big as they saw the moms on the bed, facing away from them, on their hands and knees. Each was displaying her meaty buttocks, the cheeks of which were slightly parted so the boys could see the puckered ring of their butt holes. Both snatches were completely shaven and slightly splayed open, revealing layers of pink pussy-meat.

The sexy moms looked back over their shoulders, watching the boys gawk and pull on their throbbing dongs. "Oh Kate, just look at those hot teenaged dicks."

"Mmmm, aren't they beautiful," Kate said, watching her son's rod slip through his cum-coated fist.

Ashley giggled, shaking her ass. "I think they like what they see."

Tim watched his mom's sexy bare bottom swing back and forth teasingly. "Oh damn!"

Alec could see the backs of his mom's huge hanging tits, which seemed to bobble slightly as they dangled.

"Well we didn't lie to our husbands about the boys being back here playing with their joysticks," Kate said.

Ashley giggled. "And we did say we'd watch them close, which wasn't a lie either."

Kate winked at her son. "Time's up boys."

The two excited teens backed out of the entry and closed the door. Both continued stroking, looking at each other and shaking their heads as they waited for the next invitation.

"Peek in."

This time both moms were on their backs, their legs pulled back, bent at the knees. Alec's mouth fell open as he gawked at his mom's spread. Her smooth tan inner thighs looked so soft and inviting. Her fleshy labial curtains were folded open, revealing the mouth of her creamy pit.

Ashley arched her back, thusting her tits up, which were rolled slightly off the sides of her chest. She bit her bottom lip as she gazed into her son's eyes naughtily. "You boys can come in this time. Stand at the edge of the bed and keep jacking your dicks."

Tim and Alec stepped over to the foot of the bed and gazed down at the middle-aged beauties. Their relentless stroking created a lewd creamy sound as their peters were naturally lubricated by all the slippey pre-cum.

Keeping her knees thrown back, Kate used her forearms to scoot towards her son. She slid her ass right to the edge of the bed so that he was now between her legs, masturbating over her. Their eyes locked together and she smiled mischievously as she studied his arousal. "Well Ashley, I think these handsome boys like being alone in the RV with their mommies."

Ashley legs unfolded slowly as she threw them back into a huge spread eagle. Her little bare feet were flexed and pointed to opposite

ends of the room. This made Tim SIGH excitedly and increase his cock-stroking tempo. "I think you're right."

As Kate and Alec remained lost in each others eyes, Kate rested the heels of her feet against his ass, trapping him between her strong silky legs. His dick was directly above her drooling cunt and a bead of precum dribbled down and struck her inflamed clit.

"Our poor baby boys have been suffering on this trip. Boys their age need to stroke their hard cocks as often as they can," Kate said.

Ashley gazed at her son from between her outstretched legs.

"That's why they have loving moms...to make sure they pull on those hard dicks and keep those balls drained, right sweetie."

Tim's voice was shaky from the force of his strokes. "Uh-huh."

"And there's just soooo many ways we can drain them too," Kate said.

"With our hands," Ashley said, as she did a stroking off motion with her tiny hand.

Kate rapidly fluttered her pink snake between her ovaled lips. "Or our lips and tongues."

"We can use our pussies," Ashley said, spreading her fleshy flower open with her fingers.

Tim's body shuddered as he gazed down into her gaping fuck-hole.

Kate used her hands to slap her huge tits together. "Or our big soft titties."

Alec's cock twitched and throbbed in his fist as he watched the soft warm flesh of Kate's breasts ripple each time they struck together. "Oh Geez!"

"And even our asses," Ashley said, rubbing her fingers across her cute little puckered butt-hole.

Tim jacked furiously. "OH DAMN, I'M GONNA CUM!"

"ME TOO!" Alec announced.

Ashley spung onto her knees and backed her meaty buttocks up to her son. "Oh baby, make that hot cum splatter across mommy's ass!

Kate sat up and trapped her son's cock between her tits. "Come on sweetie, let mommy help you squirt!"

The room soon filled with the sound of GRUNTING and GROANING as huge ropes of hot semen erupted from the boys piss-holes.

Tim sent huge ribbons of spunk splashing across his mom's ass. He squeezed her cheeks around his lance, making another gob of milk ooze out and cascade down across her butt-hole. "O-H-H-H SHIT!"

Alec removed his fist from his cock as his mom's squishy tits took over. Kate pressed her breasts tightly together, smothering his rod. Her handsome teen rocked his hips, fucking his huge hard-on through all that soft gooey tit-meat.

"Oh Alec, you're doing it sweetie! You're fucking your mom's big tits," She said as she felt a stream of warm cock-cream run down across her belly.

Kate watched as her son's cock-head emerged from between her tits and spit a thick rope up across her lips and chin.

"OH GOD-DAMN, MOM!"

She used her tongue to swipe the spunk from her lips. "That's my boy!"

Back inside the truck Claire unbuckled her seatbelt and slid over next to her father. She curled her smooth tan legs up on his lap, looking up at him as he fought to concentrate on the road.

"You can tell me you know, it'll be our secret."

"Tell you what honey?" Jim asked.

"About you and Grandma. You must have been horny when you were young. Mom told me that boys Alec's age need to cum at least three to four times a day to keep from getting blue balls."

Jim got an odd look. "Well that's a strange thing for your mother to tell you."

"She said that her and Alec have a special bond and that someday when I have a son, that I'll understand what she means. I know that you and Grandma must have had that bond too."

Jim glanced at her uncomfortably. "Well, I was close to your Grandmother yeah."

"Did you ever see her naked?"

Jim hesitated, but Claire rubbed his leg reassuringly. "It's ok daddy. I won't tell anyone...I promise."

"Well yeah, there were a few times that I saw my mother without any clothes," he confessed.

Claire got a big satisfied smile. "I bet she wanted you to see her that way."

"Well...I..." Jim muttered.

Claire looked at her father. "I bet she wanted to see YOU naked too, Daddy."

"I don't know about that honey."

"I think she did. I think that moms enjoy looking at their sons cock and balls...to see how big they are. I bet Grandma saw yours...didn't she?" Claire asked.

Jim seemed a little speechless. "Honey, I don't think..."

"I bet she sucked on it too...didn't she, Daddy?"

Jim gazed at his daughter, then back at the road...flabbergasted.

"It's ok if she did you know. You and Grandma were attracted to each other and fooled around. Grandpa never knew what you guys were doing while he was at work, so nobody ever got hurt. It's only natural, Daddy."

There was a moment of silence as Jim seemed to be heavy in thought. "So you're saying that you still think..."

Jim peered into the rear view mirror at the slightly rocking RV behind him. He felt his daughter rest her head on his shoulder.

"I love you, Daddy."

Back in the RV the boys were on their backs on the bed. Kate and Ashley were riding them, bouncing up and down on their big dicks.

Alec groaned as he felt his rock-hard pecker being milked by his mom's warm slippery fuck-pocket. He watched her heavy tits bounce and ripple wildly as her ass SLAPPED against his balls.

Kate whimpered as she felt the strong sturdy teenaged erection stretch her birth canal. "Unnnh, baby...fuck my pussy!"

Alec watched his thick, blue-veined boner slam up inside her. Her juices made his girthy rod glisten. "Oh damn, Mom, it feels soo good!"

She stopped bouncing and with her smooth outer lips plastered against her son's balls, she glided her hips up and back. "Such a big fucking dick."

Alec felt his rod being tugged back and forth, stiring his mom's hot clasping cunt. Dripping with fuck-oil, the pink spongy ridges of her vagina gripped his strong teenaged phallus, smothing its throbbing girth. "Oh baby, you're doing it! You're making me cuuuuuuuuum!"

Kate HOWLED and Alec felt her cunt quiver around the unyielding hardness of his spear.

Alec heard Ashley SCREAM too and gazed over to see her big mommy-tits flopping around on Tim's chest. Her legs trembled as Tim bucked his hips, driving his long rock-hard cock deep into her warm slippery hole.

"OH SHIT, TIM..HARDER! HARDER! I'M CUMMING!

The boys smiled at one another as their moms cried and shook on top of them. Two big-dicked teenaged boys fucking the shit out of their own voluptuous mothers.

Kate gazed into her son's eyes with wild lust. "MORE!"

Ashley whimpered, clinging to her boy. "LOTS MORE."

The boys smiled and rolled their moms over onto their backs. Their hips set in motion and their big sturdy erections went back to work.

They felt their moms silky, tan, mature legs wrap up around them and their sexy little bare feet rest against their bucking asses.

As Alec fell into a steady hump, he reached under and gripped on to his mom's ass. His fingers sunk into the meaty cheeks as he felt his cockhead pop in and out of the mouth of her cervix.

"Oh, damn, Mom. Sooo fuckin good!"

"That's it baby," she sobbed, "fuck the shit out of me!"

Each deep hard thrust was ecstasy to the cock-hungry housewife. Kate clawed at the bedspread as her son pounded his cock inside her.

Alec fucked like an animal and it wasn't long before he felt that familiar tightening sensation around his cock.

"OH GOD, ALEC...FUCK HARD! FUCK ME HARD. I'M CUMMING!!!"

As the RV wobbled slightly from the uneven road the boys big flopping balls beat against their moms asses. Kate body shook beneath her son as her pussy squeezed and sucked at his meat.

"OHHH MOM!" Alec moaned as he slammed his prick through the clasping heat of Kate's aching cunt.

"OOOHH BABY!" Kate cried, still cumming as she gyrated her ass, bucking up into every penetrating thrust.

Cock-cream oozed from Alec's piss-hole and mixed with his mom's juices. This created a buttery froth which lubricated the massive slab of prick-meat as it relentlessly pumped in and out of the cunt that gave birth to him.

Face to face, Alec gazed into Kate's loving brown eyes. She was panting from her orgasm and from the power of his thrusts. "Having a fun vacation loverboy?"

"The best ever," Alec replied.

She tightened her velvety legs around him, letting him feel the strength of a mother's clutch. She felt his cock flex inside her slippery grip and tightened her cunt muscles in response.

"HHHHOLY SHIT!" Alec's voice quivered, as he felt his pistoning dong smothered in warm slippery love.

Kate moved her lips up to meet his. "Rock my world," She whispered.

Alec increased his tempo, driving his dick deep. Their lips met and their tongues danced as their bodies thrashed together. Alec felt as though nothing else existed at that moment... nothing but him and the woman of his dreams.

He felt himself being swept away with his Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin.

84: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin'_1

Chapter 1: Gemini Man

"I get my kicks...on Route...Sixty-Six!" Jewel sang, shifting her lush mature body about.

Her eight year old daughter Ann looked at her like she was crazy. "Mom, you shouldn't do that. Your boobs are way too big," she said.

Jewel put on a playful frown. "Oh so what, girls with big boobs aren't allowed to dance?"

Her husband brought out a few bags from the house. "Did I just hear something about big boobs?" he ask.

"Just our daughter making fun of her old mom again," Jewel said.

"Dang, if you're an 'old mom' that means 'old dad' must be ancient," Martin said, referring to the fact that he was forty-five, six years older than his wife. He looked good for his age, reasonably fit with just a bit of gray.

Ann stuck her nose up and walked off. "I'll come visit you both in the rest home soon." "Cute, Missy. Where's your brother at?" Jewel asked. "He should be out here helping." "Probably playing his game, like usual."

The mother rolled her eyes. "Of course he is. I don't even know why I bother to ask," she said to her husband. "I'll go make sure he has his things ready."

"Tell him he'll have plenty of time to play games once we're on the road," Martin said.

Jewel stopped and looked back at her hubby as if she had a sudden revelation. "You know what, screw that. I propose we make this a 'GAMING DEVICE FREE' family vacation," she suggested.

Martin laughed. "Oh yeah, that'll go over really well," he said.

"I'm serious. We're traveling the historic Route Sixty-Six. There's gonna be so much to see and experience. Would it kill him to take a break from the video games for a few weeks?" Jewel asked.

"Mom, please don't sing that stupid song again," Ann said from not far off.

Jewel giggled and rocked her hips, "I get my kicks...on Route...Sixty Six," she sang, making her jutting breast wobble back and forth.

"Gross!" Ann shouted, plugging her ears.

Of course Jewel Anderson was far from "gross." She looked like a thirty-nine year old version of

the 70's actress Natalie Wood, with sharp beautiful facial features and long silky brunette hair. What truly set her apart from other women, however, was the shape of her body. Her legs were strong and shapely and her ass was like the plumpest, juiciest Georgia peach you'd ever sink your teeth into. By far her most notable feature was the size of her breasts. To not notice the two bowling ball-sized mounds beneath her snug fitting tops was like looking a tree in full bloom, without noticing the leaves.

Her husband responded to the video game recommendation. "You know me, I'll support the idea of no games on this trip," Martin said, "but I'll let you break the news to him."

Cory was sprawled out on his bed with his gaming device, so zoned-in that he didn't even hear the tap at his door. "Cory?" Jewel said as she stepped inside his messy room.

"I'll be down in just a minute, Mom. I'm just about through this level," he said.

"Cory, I need to talk to you. Turn it off, please," Jewel said, in a stern enough tone to let him know she was serious..

The teen huffed, then lowered the device to his bed. "Ok, it's off," he said, "what do we need to talk about?"

Jewel stepped over to his bed, placing her hands on her hips and gazing down at him. With any other male, this sort of stance would create an immediate glance at her huge jutting breasts, but not with her son. She found this strange and a bit troubling. "Nottheslightestpeekatmytits.

That'ssobizarre.Maybehe'sgay,whichisabsolutelyok.Iwouldneverdiscriminatedagainst someone'ssexualpreference,Iwouldlovetojustknowwhatmakeshimtick, besidethose damnvideogames," she thought.

She answered his question. "Well, first off, we're about an hour from leaving on a three week vacation. You really should be downstairs helping out."

"Yeah, ok," he said, sitting up, "I planned on coming down once I got through this level."

Jewel plopped down next to him before he could get off the bed, "And secondly, I have a question. A very PERSONAL question."

"Oh boy," he muttered, unsure of what was coming next. "Do women interest you?" Jewel asked candidly. "Women?" he asked.

"Yes, you know those humans walking around with vaginas and boobs," she joked. "I know what women are mom," he blushed.

"Ok then, back to my question. Do they interest you?"

"I guess so, why?"

"Well honey, it's just that most boy your age are showing more interest in girls than video games. They have posters in their bedrooms of half naked women, not, um..." Jewel said as she tried to discern one of his colorful video game posters, "not whatever those things are."

"That's the Interplanetary Army, Mom," Cory said.

"Yeah, well, that's great, but honey, you're technically a man now," she said, "there are so many other wonderful things you should be experiencing."

"Oh, you mean like a job?" he asked, reminding her of the recent urging of his father.

"Well, jobs are important, yes, but I said wonderful things," she said, "things that create special feelings...inside you."

Cory shrugged his shoulders, not having the slightly clue what she mean. "If you say so," he said.

Jewel smiled at him. "How 'bout we make a deal. You leave the game device at home and I will personally see to it that you have an incredible time on this trip."

"Three weeks without games? Are you serious, Mom?" "Yes, it'll be great," she said.

"We'll be traveling hundreds of miles a day. Without my games I'll be bored out of my skull," he said.

"No, you'll just have more chances to enjoy other things, things you've been missing out on." He snickered doubtfully. "Oh boy, I can't wait."

Jewel placed her hand on his. "Tell you what, since you like games so much, let's play our own game," she said, "a road game."

"A road game?"

"Yeah, how 'bout every day you pick the first letter from the licence plate of the first car we pass on the road. Sometime during that day, I'll pick something new and exciting that starts with that letter to show you," she explained.

"No offence, Mom, but that game sounds really corny," Cory said.

"It won't be corny. It'll be super-awesome! Will you please just give it a chance?" she asked sweetly, gazing through long fluttering lashes.

"Fine," her son muttered.

Jewel bounced her ass on the mattress a few times excitedly, making her big boobies jostle around beneath her top. "Yaaay! We're gonna have a blast."

Martin was a doctor by profession, which meant a healthy salary and the means to purchase a brand new top of the line 5th wheel trailer. The "fiver" was decked out to the hilt. When it came to luxury travel, it didn't get much better.

To pull such a beast required some power, so Martin had purchased a spacious crew cab truck. It would be a three week adventure ridden in style for the four of them.

"Route Sixty-Six, here we come!" the anxious husband said as he pulled the rig out of their driveway.

Five minutes into the ride, Cory was already bored. He checked his phone, scrolling through social media. It wasn't but a minute before he heard his mom clear her throat and he looked up to see her watching him with her hand extended out, wanting him to hand her the device.

"What, I don't have any games on here," he said. "Hand it over," Jewel said patiently.

"So I don't get my phone either?"

"Occasionally, for communication purposes," she answered.

Cory handed over the device, not liking this at all. Jewel put it in her purse, then exchanged a smile with her husband.

Ann looked over at her brother, "Did you get grounded or something?"

"I might as well have," the boy muttered, which made his Mom look back at him and smile.

Martin drove them onto the highway, getting used to the feel of pulling such an expansive load behind him. "We'll connect with Route Sixty-Six in about an hour, kids," he said.

"What's so special about this road anyway?" his son asked.

Martin glanced in his rear view as he explained, pleased that his son was already showing some interest. "It was the nation's first all-weather highway, linking Chicago to Los Angeles. So naturally, it became very popular for motorists wanting to cross the country back then."

Jewel added a part that might actually sound interesting to Cory. "There are lots of points of interest along the way that became

familiar landmarks, like charming roadside diners, National Parks, cool caverns," she said, "I think you guys will love it."

"Will there be ice cream?" Ann asked., making her parents laugh.

"I'm sure there will be honey," her mother answered.

About five minutes later, Jewel made an announcement from the front seat, that was totally meant for Cory. "Ohh, look at that, passing our first car..." she said, feeding him a little smile.

Her son rolled his eyes, then played along, getting a good look at the car's license plate as they passed it. He then looked back at Jewel to find her waiting with an curious raised eyebrow.

"Did you get a letter?" she asked. "L," he muttered.

"A letter?" Martin asked his wife curiously.

"Just a road game Cory and I are playing," his wife explained. "Ohh, can I play," Ann asked with annoying excitement.

"No honey, this is just a game for your brother and I."

"Why does he get a game?" the girl whined, peering out her window sulking.

Jewel fed her a stern look, "Ann, pouting won't get you ice cream, just sayin'," she warned.

Once they pulled off the interstate, Martin decided to top off the tank. Jewel and her kids took a bathroom break while he fueled up. Ann got her ice cream, so she was happy, at least for the moment. "Honey, why don't you sit up front with your dad. I'm gonna get in th he back with Cory for awhile," Jewel said to her daughter.

"Cool," the girl answered, happily being able to "one-up" her brother by getting the front seat.

Rather than sit on the opposite side of the rear bucket seat, Jewel opted for the center cushion, so she could sit hip to hip with her son. This also allowed her to see out the front window better, although that had little to do with her decision of where to sit.

She unfolded a big colorful map of Route Sixty-Six, which including brief info of all the roadside attractions. While doing this, the busty mother turned slightly sideways and propped her luscious bare legs up on the back of the seat in front of Cory. "So according to the map, our first stop is the Gemini Man, about twenty-two miles from here."

Her husband Martin glanced back at the big map covering half her body. "You know babe, you probably could have got all that information on these little things they call cellphones," he teased.

"Hey, don't make fun of me," she said, "I wanted to use an actual map so I could feel nostalgic," she said.

Cory noticed his Mom's sexy legs. It was impossible not to, since they were displayed so

blatantly in front of him. Jewel wore a pair of denim booty shorts, which meant every inch of her tan mommy-legs were exposed, right up to her crotch. Strong smooth thighs tapered down to sleek calves and slender ankles. She could model her tan bare feet in magazines, they were so perfect. They were dainty tootsies with cute toes and toenails painted scarlet-red.

Jewel was pleased when she peeked over and saw her teen looking at her legs. "Ok,thisisa goodsign,"she thought, "heseems...intrigued."

Indeed he was. He'd seen some sexy legs on the girls at school, but nothing like this. His mom's gams looked so strong and powerful, yet incredibly soft at the same time. Freshly shaved and lotioned,, they gave off a subtle sheen and smelt absolutely wonderful.

Jewel's pouty lips curled into a mischievous little smile as she peeked over, watching her son stare. She slowly extended one of her legs out completely, flexing her foot and pointing her toes. She studied her boy's reaction the whole time, trying to gauge his excitement level.

There was another "thrill meter" she knew never lied, one that was difficult for a boy to hide. She peeked down to his crotch, curious to see if there was any activity. At first, she didn't notice any, but as she began to look away, a tubular bulge forming down the inside thigh portion of Cory's shorts caught her attention.

The mother's eyes widened, watching an impressive looking trouser-snake beneath the fabric begin to harden. "Goodgrief,Iguess'intrigued'isanunderstatement,"she thought, watching his cock grow larger right before her eyes.

The flabbergasted mother, peeked up at her son's face, watching his eyes gawk, his mouth open and his tongue quickly lick his lips.

Her eyes darted back and forth from his lust-filled face to his growing cock-bulge, her own heart fluttering excitedly in her chest. The cloth-shrouded lump had now completely taken on the form of a fully erect hardon. It's size seemed almost impossible.

"Hecan'tbethatbig!Canhebethatbig?!Howcanhisdickbethatbig??"Jewel 's mind screamed.

Her eyes were transfixed on the shape of his swollen knob. Wanting nothing more that to see it react, she parted her legs slightly, lifting her knees up as if she was gonna prop them back in some lewd fuck position, but then paused with her feet hovering mid-air.

She heard a gentle gasp leave her son's mouth, which paired with the flex of his boner, tenting the shorts up even more. Jewel's mouth fell open in absolute awe, her thick nipples hardening

beneath her bra. "GoodLord,that...wasincredible!"she thought, wanti ng nothing more that to see the tube of his prick flex again.

It was clearly obvious to Cory at this point that his Mom was deliberately trying to capture his

attention with her legs. They made eye contact for a short moment. It was a bit awkward, but Jewel smiled sweetly at her boy, as if reassuring him that this was ok.

Cory's eyes went back to the display in front of him and this time his mom extended both legs out, pointing her feet so her toes touched the window. This made her son's eyes widen even more. Jewel watched his boner contract with more blood. His fat knob was pushed so tight against the fabric that she could even see the rounded ridge of his corona.

Cory could hear his mother's excited breath and peeked over to see he staring down at his cock- bulge. Whether she was aware of it or not, Jewel's tongue was peeking out and slowly dragging across her parted lips.

Cory's eyes darted down to her mammoth tit-orbs, noticing right away the hard protuberant nipples at their centers, poking through the layers of both her bra and cami top. The fleshy nubs were as big around as double-A batteries and made his heart speed up even more than it

already was.

In the rear-view mirror, Martin noticed part of his wife's legs extended out, hovering in the air. His voice broke her from her trance. "What are you doing back there babe?" he asked curiously.

She still had the map up hiding her face. "Me?? Oh, um...just stretching," she said, caught off- guard. She brought her legs back down.

"Well, we should be just about there and we can get out and stretch. Keep a watch out so I don't fly right past it," he said.

A few minutes later they were pulling into the attraction. After parking the rig they got out and walked over to the iconic thirty-foot statue. The Gemini Man held a silver rocket ship in his hands, while sporting an astronaut's space helmet that resembles a welding mask.[

"Why's he holding that rocket?" Martin's daughter asked.

"He was named after the Gemini Space Program, that existed back in the nineteen sixties, honey," Martin explained. "Let's get a picture."

Martin recruited the help of a fellow tourist to get a picture of him and his family. "Who's hungry? I could go for a burger," he said, looking at the charming diner that was on the same lot. .

"I am," Ann said, "I want French fries."

"How bout you guys?" Martin asked, looking at his wife and son. "I'm ok," Cory said.

"Yeah, me to. You guys go ahead, honey," Jewel said, "Cory and I will just hang out until your finished."

Martin and his daughter went inside, leaving Cory and his Mom standing there gazing up at the statue. "I'm guessing this Gemini Man was created by a guy with a really small penis," Jewel said, making her son bust out laughing.

"Are you serious, Mom?" he asked.

"What, look at it. Thirty-feet high and I don't care what you say, that is not helmet, it's a penis-tip," she said, "And what's he holding in his hands? His big hard 'rocket,' that's what."

Cory blushed and laughed even more. "Oh my God," he muttered.

"You laugh, but it's probably true. Made by a guy with a puny three-incher, who's probably never fucked a girl," she said.

Cory shook his head. He wasn't used to hearing his usually prim and proper mother talk this way, but he liked it. "If you say so," he said.

"So 'L' huh?" she asked. "What?"

"You got the letter ' L..' Using that, have you figured out what that 'new and exciting' thing was I showed you today?" she asked.

"Legs," he son answered timidly.

"Ding, ding, ding, ding! Correct answer," Jewel said. "So do tell...how 'new and exciting' were they?" she asked, peeking over into his eyes with a curious smile.

"Well, um...they WERE new, because I've never really been that close to a girl's legs before..." "And?" his mom asked.

"And...they were exciting too."

"I could tell," Jewel said, "YOUR rocketship looked even bigger than his does," she teased,

looking up at the statue. "For awhile there it looked like it could blast off through your shorts and into orbit."

Her comment made them both laugh. Of course Cory was embarrassing, but also thankful his mom was being so cool with it. She peered over at him with a playful little grin. "Maybe we should start calling YOU the Gemini Man," she joked.

"I don't know about that," he said timidly.

"So you liked my legs a lot then huh?" she asked. "Yeah."

She looked at him dreamily, with her beautiful hazel colored eyes. "Wanna feel them?" "Your legs?" Cory asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Um, now?" he asked.

Jewel looked back at the diner and could see her husband and daughter waiting in line. "We have time," she said, then looked back at her boy, "let's go to the trailer."

Cory and Jewel stepped inside the 5th Wheel and closed the door. The inside was roomy and luxurious, with the kitchenette, TV area and dining table all in one large space. "Looks like nothing shifted around too much," Jewel said, slipping out of cute wedged flip-flops and heading to the bedroom on bare feet.

Cory followed her to the rear of the trailer, marveling at how incredibly sexy the backs of her tan legs looked. Crowning those smooth gams was a sweet meaty jiggle-butt. Jewel's shorts were so snug that they created some nice ass-cleavage and Cory could see some of that thick butt- meat seeping out from under the hems of her shorts.

They entered the bedroom at the back of the trailer. A huge king-sized bed filled most of the space and a big rear window let in lots of natural light. Jewel sat down on the edge of the bed and patted the spot next to her. "Come sit down, honey," she said.

Her son sat right next to her and she took his hand in hers. "It wouldn't be much of a game if you didn't get a little reward for getting the answer right," she said, then placed his hand flat against the top of her leg, near the knee.

Cory took a nervous gulp as she guided his hand along the top of her thigh. "How's that feel?" she asked softly.

"Like silk," he muttered in absolute fascination.

"Have you ever touched a girl's legs this way?" Jewel asked. "No."

"That's why girls keep their legs so soft and smooth. We know guys to touch them."she said, guiding his hand down to her inner thigh. They continued up, stopping incredibly close to her crotch. Cory could feel the heat radiating from her genitals.

"It's warm down there," he blushed.

"We girls have something down there that kinda heats things up," she said with a cute little wink. The boy was looking down at her lap, watching their exploring hands, while Jewel's attention

was focused between her son's face and the growing bulge in his shorts. She ran their hands back up to the top of her thigh, then crossed one leg over the other, accentuating the strong smooth outer thigh of her leg. She guided her son's hand across it, letting him experience the feel of the soft unblemished skin as well as the powerful feminine muscles of her quadriceps.

"They feel so strong," the teen said.

"They are," his mom purred back in response.

Jewel turned, bowing her legs open, placing one behind her son, the other in front of him, resting her bare foot on his knee. She removed her hand from his. "Go back to my inner thighs," she said softly. "Take your time and enjoy how they feel."

Cory didn't need to be asked twice. He was now sitting sideways between her widely spread legs and ran his hands up and down them. His mom meanwhile was enjoying the sight of his obvious erection, watching it flex and throb through his shorts. "Would you like me to feel your legs too honey?" she asked him.

"Sure," Cory sighed, beyond thrilled at the idea.

Jewel ran her hand straight up the leg of his shorts, nearly to his nut-sack, then scratch back down his inner thigh with her long nails, making him gasp and tense up like a board. She gazed at him, both of them sharing a look of equal thrill. "Mmm, you like that honey?" she asked.

"Yeah, that feels good," he muttered as she continued to comb her nails against his flesh.

She gazed down at his dick-bulge lustfully, wetting her lips with her tongue. "MyGod,itmustbe atleasteightincheslong,"she thought. "Iwonderhowthick?"

Cory peered down between her legs. His mom's shorts were snug against her mons, outlining the puffy outer lips of her vulva and a prominent cunt-cleavage.

Her clawing fingers swiped back up his thigh, this time crossing the border of his underwear. Her long nails dug under the elastic leg, barely grazing his bulging nut-sack.

Cory reacted with a whimper and a thrust of his pecker. Jewel watched his fat knob push out so far it looked like it could burst through his shorts. "Ohhh honey!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Holyshit,Momjusttouchedmyballs!"the boy thought in wide-eyed disbelief.

Before he could recover, she repeated her actions, up his thigh until her fingers crept under his briefs, clawed along the base of his balls then back down. "Ohhh man!" his voice shook as he squirmed in pleasure. He never had a girl touch him this way.

His mom giggled and hung on to him with her free arm. "I got you sweetie, just relax," she said, then her fingers traveled the same

route again. Cory was incredibly aroused by her actions and the fact that he had free rein to run his hand all over her sexy legs was an added thrill.

Every time Jewel's nails grazed the flesh at the base of scrotum, his hips reacted by giving his prick a little thrust upward, towards her hovering gaze.
"That'sright,babyboy.Tryfindinga videogamethat'lldothisforyou,"Jewel thought,
"NostupidIntergalacticArmywilleverbeable totouchyoulikeagirlcan."

After a steady dose of thigh stroking and ball-bumping, Jewel noticed a wet spot on her son's shorts where his knob was pushing out. It was clearly precum that had drooled from his piss-slit from all the arousing stimulation.

"Yuuum!!"Her mind screamed. Sure he was her son, but that didn't matter. If she knew it wouldn't freak him out, she wouldn't have hesitated to stretch her lips around that knob and suck that juice right out of his shorts. "Hotyoungball-
batter!Ibetittastessooosweet!"her mind whimpered lustfully.

A voice suddenly startled them. "Jewel, you guys in here?" he husband said from the front door.

Her and Cory stopped stroking and quickly adjusted themselves. "Yeah honey, um, just fixing some things that shifted around while we were driving," she lied.

"You gotta try this burger. It's unbelievable."

"Ok, be right out," she answered, trying to remain as calm as possible, even though her heart was still racing.

"We'll be over at one of the outdoor tables," her husband said, closing the door.

Jewel and her son sat in awkward silence for a moment. The mother let out a deep breath, regaining her composure as her thrill-meter began began to return to normal. "So honey, was that 'new and exciting' enough for you?" she asked, patting his knee.

"I would say so," Cory answered, holding his hands over his cock-bulge, which was still fully hard. "Better than a silly video game right? she asked.

"Maybe," Cory said jokingly.

Jewel tickled his ribs, making him squirm. "Maybe??!" she exclaimed playfully.

Not long after, they were back in the truck and off to their next stop. Jewel was back up front with her husband, who was still rambling about how great his burger was. Her mind, however, was on juicy meat of a different type. The site of her son's bulge had intrigued her cock- obsessed mind. It's not that Jewel was a slut, but she was definitely a nymph. Sex was a daily ritual with her husband and intense clit-rubbing masturbation was even more frequent.

She was proud that as sex-minded as she was, she had never once cheated on Martin in their nineteen year marriage. However, if fantasizing counted as cheating, then she was a VERY unfaithful housewife. The fuck-partner of her dreams was young and virile, with a giant cum-

drooling cock that could pound her cunt mercilessly, sending her to the stars and back. It wasn't that Martin wasn't a good lover, or didn't have a decent-sized cock. It's just that the thought of having her thighs squeezed around a young innocent big-dicked stud thrilled her to her core. "I needashowerandsomehotsex,"she thought, her mind switching to how she was gonna get away with raping her husband in the trailer that night.

It took a long while for Cory's cock to become soft again. The thought of what had just happened and how absolutely thrilling it was kept the blood pumping to his crotch. When it came to sexual experience, the teen was pretty much a virgin. He had kissed a girl once in Junior High, but that was about the extent of it.

Jewel was spot on when she suspected that due to his video-game obsession he was missing out on other "wonderful things" that should be important to a guy his age. Cory's mind had been so wrapped up in the gaming world that girl's boobies and asses were the farthest things from his mind. Even masturbation, something that should be a daily part of his life, was nonexistent.

So what made this little experience with his mother really special was that it was so new. The site and feel of her legs made his heart pound faster with excitement than it ever had. The feel of his dick getting hard and throbbing in his shorts was exhilarating. It was stirring up brand new thoughts and desires that he'd never really dwelled much on before. One thing he knew for sure...he wanted more.

Golden Ridge RV Park was a clean, convenient place to park the rig overnight. The great thing about traveling in such luxury was that everything you needed was right there in your own travel- trailer. There was a place to cook as well as a place to pee and have a nice hot shower. It was truly a home on wheels.

"Who wants more pasta?" Jewel asked, standing at the stove. "I"m good babe," Martin said.

Ann was too busy playing with her dolls to answer. Jewel looked at her son. "Cory?"

"No thanks, Mom. That was really good though, thanks," he said.

"You're welcome," she said sweetly. Their eyes lingered a moment as if both silently reminding the other of the erotic experience they'd

had earlier.

Cory could hardly take his eyes off the mature beauty, watching her gracefully work in the kitchen area. The site of her strong tan legs was thrilling, but he also began to wonder about other parts of her body as well.
"Ibetshehasbiggerboobsthananyofmyfriend'sMoms,"he thought, watching the enormous swell of Jewel's melons jiggle and wobble as she moved about

the kitchen area.

Jewel wasn't oblivious to her son's attentiveness. It was something she wasn't used to, but also exactly what she was hoping for.
"Finally,he'sstartingtoshowsomeinterestinsomethingmore ageappropr iate,"she thought.

While she soaked in the attention, she also knew discreetness was a must. If Martin suspected that her son was lusting after her, or her him, he would completely freak out. Treading with caution during this new naughty adventure was paramount.

Martin was looking over the map that his wife had in the truck earlier that day. "Tomorrow we're gonna see the Gateway Arch in St. Louis, sixty-three stories high kids and we're taking the ride straight to the top," he said, pointing to the picture on the map.

Jewel smiled at her husband, "You know babe, you probably could have got all that information on these little things they call cellphones," she teased, imitating how he mocked her earlier.

"Ok, so I kinda like doing things the old-fashioned way too," he said.

At bedtime, Cory and his sister refused to share the bunk at the front of the trailer, so Cory took the fold-out sofa in the main living area. His parents, of course, had the bedroom at the rear. The teen

could hardly sleep, unable to shake the look and feel of his Mom's luscious legs from his mind.

At some point, he became aware of heavy panting coming from the direction of his parent's bedroom. "Ibetthey'rehavingsexinthere,"he thought.

The idea of his own beautiful Mom being naked and having sex made his heart thump wildly in his chest. He couldn't help but think that even being a fly on the wall, watching her in the lewd act, would be absolutely incredible.

The boy bravely got out of bed and snuck over to his parent's closed doorway. He put his ear to the door and was able to hear the heavy panting and gasping much better this way. Not completely satisfied with the muffled fuck-sounds, he decided to take a risk, so he cracked opened the door and peeked inside.

The bedroom was dimly lit, allowing him to only faintly see his parents going at it on the bed. What was immediately apparent was that his father was on top, his ass bobbing between his Mom's splayed thighs.

"Yesss!" Jewel whimpered, between sharp gasps.

Cory could see her legs, glowing with silky softness, wrapped high around his father's back. They were the same strong legs that he got to feel earlier in the day and were now clutching his father, pulling him deeper between her cradling thighs. He could see her muscles and sinews flexing powerfully, using her strong gams to bounce her thick naked ass off the mattress,

meeting his father thrust for thrust. "Fuck me haarder!" he heard his mother whimpered.

Jewel's eyes were clenched shut. Even though it was her husband fucking her, she was imagining someone much younger. Someone

with a monster cock. Someone who was pounding through the delicate pink walls of her cunt and making her want to shake and scream out in absolute rapture.

It was a completely ironic then, that as her eyes peeked open, she saw a young, big-dicked cutie peeking in her doorway. "OhmyGod,ishe....he'swatchingushavesex,"she thought. "Ok,stay calm.ThelastthingweneedisMartinseeinghim."

The mother was amazed at how much more aroused she was suddenly feeling. Knowing her son was watching made her whole body tingle with a forbidden thrill. "Mmm,hewantstosee moreofMommy.Moreofhersexylegs!I'llshowhimwhatmylegscando,"she thought.

Cory gasped as he watched his mother suddenly throw her legs back, scissoring them wide

open and pointing her sexy bare feet back at the headboard. "Holyshit!Lookathowfarbackthe go,"he said to himself, staring at her legs, while fishing his hard cock from his briefs.

He watched her claw at his father's thrusting ass. "Fuck meee! Fuck me haaard!" he heard her cry out. Cory took that as words of encouragement to begin stroking his own cock.

His father propped himself up on extended arms above Jewel as he fucked, giving Cory his first look at her huge naked tits. Because of the dim lighting, he couldn't see much detail, but what he could make out were enormous mounds of sloshing tit-flesh rolling up and down her chest.

His father gasped in pleasure. "Ohh shit, I'm feeling good, babe!"

His mom responded by bringing her legs together and propping them on his father's shoulders. Cory imagined the pleasure his father

must be feeling and the thrill of having such a lush body folded in half beneath him.

Jewel couldn't take her eyes off the doorway. She was feasting on her son's reaction. She could tell he was stroking on his dick and it was killing her that she couldn't see more. She wanted to see him jack his cock. She wanted to see the hot potent cum shot out his pisshole. "Beatthat dick,honey!OhhhGod,beatthatbigfuckingjuicydick!" she screamed inwardly, her mind swirling with fuck-lust.

She bucked her hips in a wild frenzy, screwing her hot pussy against her husband's thrusts, making him groan in delight as he was struck with a hard cum.

She screamed out something she wouldn't normally say, which was meant for Cory of course, as she reached the peak of her own juicy climax. "Gimme that hot fucking cum!" she squealed.

Cory's dick tingled and without warning started cumming in big milky ropes as he listened to his mom gasp and whimper in orgasm. The boy's mind swirled, envisioning his Mom's sexy legs

wrapped around him tightly, her cute bare feet hovering above his back. He let out an audible gasp, not really considering the fact that his spunk was splashing against the outside of his parent's door.

His mind swirled with arousal, the likes of which he'd never experience before, making him unsteady on his feet and bumping into his parent's door.

Martin quickly pushed himself off his wife, looking toward the noise. "Cory?" he said.

Jewel knew she had to act and act fast. "I'll check him honey. Just relax," she said, getting up from the bed and throwing her robe on.

She stepped outside the door into a pool of hot spunk. She could feel it oozing between her toes and she knew exactly what it was the moment she stepped in it. She looked over and could see her son laying back on the pull-out sofa, facing away from her.

She turned and looked at her husband. "It looks like Cory got sick...didn't quite make it to the bathroom."

"Oh shit," Martin responded.

"I'll clean it up, then check on him. Just stay put. I don't want you stepping in this," she said, then closed the door behind her.

Cory's heart was racing, partly because of being nervous of his parent's finding his load on the floor and partly because he had just experience the strongest orgasm of his life.

He heard someone, his Mom presumably, rinsing something off in the sink. "Ohshit,shemust havefoundit.Shemustbecleaningitup,"he thought.

Jewel went back to her bedroom door with some paper towels. She crouched down, then peeked over at her son to make sure he was still turned, before dipping a finger into the slimy spunk. She brought it to to her nose and sniffed. "OhmyGod!"her mind whimpered. Then she stuffed it into her mouth greedily. "OhhmyGod,ohmyGod,ohmyGod,OHMYGOD!!"she screamed inwardly, savoring her son's sweet ball-juice.

She quickly scooped up more cum off the floor using three fingers and stuffed it into her mouth. Her taste-buds sizzled, making her eyeballs flutter backwards. Her clit throbbed as she felt the gooey jizz run down her throat. She scooped up even more, lapping off a big mouthful from her fingers. This time she played with the cum in her mouth, letting her tongue curl through it.

As she did this, she peeked over to make sure her son was still turned, then she scooped again. This time she brought the pool of spunk up between her legs and rubbed it like lotion against the thick shaved lips of her pussy.

"Ohhhnnff," she softly moaned, massaging his slippery spunk against the big engorged nub of

her clitoris.

She swiped some from the door and applied more to her pussy, this time deep into her gash and up inside her fuck-hole, clenching her eyes shut and biting her bottom lip in ecstacy. There was some left on her fingers, so she reached down between her buns and rubbed it against the pink ring of her asshole. She simply wanted to feel his young cum everywhere!

Cory waited nervously. Strangely, all he could hear were lewd creamy sounds and his mom's heavy breathing. He slowly turned his head to peek around and saw his Mom crouched down, resting on the balls of her feet, with her heels arched, her naked legs spread slightly. One hand was in her robe, massaging her nipples, while the other was to her mouth as she sucked on three fingers hungrily. Her eyes were closed and the look on her face was absolutely euphoric.

Suddenly, her eyes popped open and they found themselves staring at each other. Jewel quickly stood up and rushed into the bathroom. Cory heard the shower come on.

"Shewaseatingmycum,"the boy told himself in disbelief.

As he mulled over what he'd just seen, Jewel was slumped against the shower wall masturbating furiously. Her huge wet naked tits ballooned out, their thick areola and nipples protruding like big demon eyes. She rubbed her clit frantically, her three fingers shoved back in her mouth, sucking off every bit of sweet baby-making juice that was left.

"HARDYOUNGDICK!!!BIGHARDJUICYCUM-SQUIRTINGDICK!!"he mind screamed out as her wet curvy body began to tremble from a hot climax. Her knees buckled and she lowered to the shower floor in a ball of glistening, shuddering tan mommy-flesh.

Of course Cory was still awake when she emerged several minutes later. He listened to her

clean up whatever was left of his mess, then heard her feet tap across the floor to where he was laying.

He felt her sit down on the mattress behind him. "Are you still awake?" her sweet voice whispered.

He bravely turned his head to find her looking down at him. Her hair was still damp and slicked back from the shower and she smelt amazing.

She smiled lovingly. "It was obvious to me that you enjoyed what you saw going on in there," she said.

Her son nodded timidly.

"And I'm sure it was obvious to you that I liked what I FOUND out here," she said, referring to him seeing her eat his spunk.

"Yes," he muttered.

"So I think we'd both agree that we should probably keep what we saw between us," she said. "Yeah, I agree."

She leaned down and kissed him on the forehead. "Goodnight my Gemini Man," she whispered with a wink.

Cory smiled. "Goodnight," he said,, then watched her get up and sashay back to his parent's room. The backs of those strong silky tan

legs looked amazing, as did the undulating swell of her robe-covered buttocks. Jewel paused at the door and gave him one last lustful look before going into her bedroom.

Cory's heart was pounding so hard he thought it might thump right out of his chest. What looked like another boring family vacation in the beginning, was now looking like it might be the time of his life.

Ch. 2 - Kinda like a Date Almost

"F," Cory said from the backseat, as they traveled down the roadway, passing their first vehicle. Jewel looked back at him. "What honey?" she asked.

"My letter today is F."

She smiled naughtily. "Hmm, ok." "That'saverydangerouslettertobeplayingasexualgamewith,"she thought. An hour later they were arriving at their stop.

"Here we are...Gateway Arch!" Cory's dad announced as they pulled into the lot.

His wife and kids were busy gazing up at the steel and concrete monument as it towered overhead. "Oh my God, it's enormous!" Jewel exclaimed.

Martin flashed her a smile. "That's what she said," he joked. She playfully slapped him on the arm. "You wish!"

"Ok, let's find a place to park this rig," Martin said.

After finding a spot, the family made their way to the entrance of the attraction. "We're going all the way up there?" Ann asked as the little girl gazed up at the top of the six-hundred and thirty foot arch.

"Sure are," Martin answered, "There's a tram that takes you to the top. You're gonna love it honey."

"What's a tram?"

Jewel answered. "It's like if an elevator and a train had a baby." "Gross," Ann scowled.

Jewel giggled, "Don't worry, I saw pictures and it doesn't look scary at all honey," she assured her.

"I hope not."

As Martin paid for their tickets, Jewel stepped over and took Cory's arm, making sure to press her soft breasts against his side. "This should be a little more interesting than 'hard dick man, oh I mean Gemini Man" she joked, making them both laugh.

They explored the displays on the ground level, reading about the history of the area and the monument. Jewel wore a sexy blue mini-dress. It had plunging neckline, showing of her huge succulent cleavage. Cory had a hard time not staring at her boobs. Also her luscious tan legs, which were fully exposed since the skirt fell just below her crotch.

His fascination didn't go unnoticed by his Mom. "IfIhadadollarforevertimeCory'slookedat myboobstoday,Iberichbynow,"she giggled to herself, "Iwonderifhehasahardon?"she thought, sneaking a look at his crotch.

Cory and Jewel were on opposite sides of a display, which was about the size of a table. She leaned down and pointed through the display glass. "That looks really old," she said, referring to the Indian artifact on display.

Jewel was providing her own display for her son and his eyes widened as it captured his attention. Squeezed between her arms,

her enormous tit-melons ballooned outward, forming a long deep canyon of cleavage. Her engorged nipples were so hard that they clearly protruded out through the fabric.

"Yeah, real big...uh, I mean real old," Cory muttered.

Jewel giggled and he looked up to see her watching him gawk at her tits. For a moment they shared a prolonged gaze, before Martin snapped them from their lustful trance. "I bought us tickets to the film. They have one that starts in ten minutes," he said.

"Film?" his wife asked.

Cory's interest was peaked. "They have movies here?"

"Sorry, it's not the next Avengers film, son," Martin said. "It's a documentary on the building of the arch. It's only about thirty minutes, but we better head in and find our seats."

They followed Martin to the Museum Theater. Cory brought up the rear, enjoying the sight of the backs of his Mom's strong, smooth legs. Her sexy tan feet were propped in sandals with dainty five-inch heels that CLICKED delicately on the hard cement floor.

"When are we going to the top?" Ann asked impatiently. "After the movie, honey," Jewel answered.

The mother looked back at her teen, pleased that he was still more focused on her voluptuous body than the surrounding displays. She quickly glanced down at the bulge in his shorts. "Good God,Iwannasqueezehisyoungcocksofuckingbad,"she thought, "Iwonderhowdarkit's gonnagetinthistheater...wonderifIcouldcopafeel?"

She gave her meaty mommy-buttocks a little extra sway as she walked, knowing her son's eyes would be transfixed.

They entered the dimly lit auditorium, which was just like the theaters they knew back home, with rows of seats facing a giant screen.

"I wanna sit in the front row!" Ann shouted. "Can we sit in the front row daddy?" "Oh, that may be a little too close sugar," Martin answered.

"Pleeeeease!" the girl pleaded.

Jewel spoke up. "Take her up front, hon. Cory and I will sit back here in the back." "Yaay!" Their daughter cheered, rushing to the front.

"Gee, thanks," Martin joked, smiling at his wife.

Jewel's husband joined his daughter up front. "Where do you wanna sit Mom?" Cory asked, looking out over the empty rows of seats. There were only a few people scattered here and there.

"Let's sit in the back row," Jewel said, leading him to the rear of the theater.

They went to nearly the end of the row, in the most secluded part of the auditorium and sat down. From here they could see the entire theater.

Ann waved to her mother from the front. Jewel giggled and waved back. "She's such a little clown," she said.

"Yep," Cory agreed.

Jewel took her son's hand and squeezed, placing their hands on her lap. "This is nice, isn't it?" she asked, "kinda like a date almost."

"Almost, but not quite," her son said.

"True, if it were a real date we'd be making out," she said candidly, "then you'd get to fuck my pussy after the movie."

Her words were like a punch of excitement, straight to Cory's solar plexus. "Geez, Mom," the boy blushed in surprise.

Jewel smiled playfully. "What, it's true. I mean, isn't that what you're suppose to do on a real date?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"You were going out with that Hannah girl for awhile. Is that what you guys would do after you'd saw a movie...fuck your asses off?" Jewel asked, gazing right at him..

"Not all the time."

The movie started and the lights dimmed. Jewel leaned over, snuggling against her boy. She slowly slid their hands onto her bare leg, then under her skirt against her inner thigh.

Cory stiffened up like a board. His heart was racing. Like yesterday, his Mom was taking him on a tour of her legs and he was loving it. The feel of her smooth inner thigh was amazing.

Jewel didn't stop at her leg. She guided her teen's trembling hand all the way to her panty covered crotch. Cory could feel the heat coming from her hot pussy. His fingers wandered along the silky gusset, feeling the puffy folds beneath.

The horny mother brought her lips to his ear. "Do you wanna make it like a real date? Do you wanna fuck me when the movie's over?" she whispered.

Cory's excitement level was through the roof. If it weren't for the events of the night before, he would think his Mom was just teasing

him, but he knew that they were already sharing some VERY naughty secrets, so maybe she was serious.

"Fuck? Really?" he asked.

"Yes. F is for fuck," she said. "That is the word you were hoping I would use for your letter, right honey?"

"Yes, but um...where would we do it?" he softly muttered.

She whispered in his ear again. "I have a place in mind, but we won't have much time," she said, "do you think you can cum in under three minutes?"

"Threeminutes?"the boy asked himself, wondering why only such a short time. Yet he knew three minutes with his prick soaked in hot pussy was better than nothing.

"I could try," he muttered.

Jewel left his hand on her crotch and moved her hand over onto the bulge if his erection. She traced it's length through her son's shorts. He could feel her hot breath at his ear again. "Promise you'll fuck me as hard as you can?" she whispered.

He nodded anxiously. The feel of his Mom's fingers squeezing his dick was incredible. It was like they were starting up where they left off the day before, when they had touched each other inside the 5th wheel. "Thisisunbelievable.Man,whenmomsaidshe'dshowme'newand exciting'thingsonthistrip,shewasn'tkidding.AmIreallygonnafuckher?"h e wondered.

Jewel unzipped her boy's shorts and snaked inside his fly, wrapping her hand around his thick cock-meat. Her heart was racing with forbidden passion. "OhhmyGodITISbig!Andincredibly thick!Fuck,fuck,fuuuck,Ijustwannasquirtmyfuckingjuicesalloverit!!" her horny mind screamed.

Her clitoris throbbed between her cunt lips. It needed her son's touch badly. She shameless whispered her request. "Put your hand in my panties, honey. Feel how wet my pussy is," she said.

The boy didn't need to be asked twice. He shoved his hand beneath the waistband of her panties, down onto the shaved mound of her pubis. His head was spinning with wicked lust. Neither he

or his mother had focused on one second of movie so far. Yes their eyes were on the screen, but their minds were on each other's crotches.

Jewel's cunt-slot was soaking wet and her son dug his fingers down into the groove of her smooth labium. "Holyshit,that'smom'sfuck-hole!"he excitedly thought.

At the same time, the hot mother was tugging on her son's hardon, feeling it flex and squeeze through her circled fist. "Suchayoungharddick!Ifuckingloveit!Ineeditinsidemesooo fuckingbad !"her mind screamed.

"Rub my clitoris!" the mother whimpered, clamping her hot thighs around her boy's hand. Cory found her thick juicy love-button and strummed on it like a base guitar string. This sent

Jewel's body into a shaking fit and she turned sideways, tossing her naked leg across his lap.

The boy gasped in wide-eyed disbelief. His wildly-horny mother was now halfway on top of him, mashing his face against the swell of her huge boobs while she fisted his cock up and down. If anyone else in the audience turned around, it would have been completely obvious the two were going at it.

Jewel had a tight squeeze on his cock, tugging the loose skin and folding it halfway up his purple knob on every upward stroke.

Slippery precum oozed from his piss-hole, lubricating her cock-stroking fist.

She licked her son's ear lustfully, then bit his earlobe. "Finger me!" she hissed, "fuck my hole with your fingers!"

Cory obliged, digging two fingers inside her hot tight hole as deep as they would go. She writhed in delight, nearly straddling him. It was all she could do to keep from crying out in fuck-lust. She grasped her son around the back of his head and stuffed his face down into her cleavage..

"Mmnngghh," Cory whimpered delightfully. Having his face surrounded in warm spongy tit-meat was something he hadn't experienced until now. This, while having his cock beaten off at the same time was absolutely euphoric.

The boy's fingers plunged in and out of her slippery cunt, feeling the warm ribbed lining clasp at his fingers, as if trying to draw them deeper inside.

Jewel humped her smouldering pussy against his digging digits, wishing it was his big teenage cock that was slamming into her instead.

"Fuuuck!" she hissed, just loud enough for her son to hear. She bucked her ass up and down like a bitch in heat. "Fuuuckyess!"

Cory was overwhelmed. He never expected to have a hot older woman using his body like a fuck

-post while beating his boner. He especially didn't expect that person to be his own mother. One thing was for sure, she definitely knew how to stroke a cock. Her fist squeezed up and down his erection as if she were trying to yank it right off his body.

He could hear the juice squelching from her cunt-slot as he fingered her. Her female excrement was soaking his hand and dripping down his forearm.

Jewel's mind was a whirlwind of lust. She wanted to climb the rest of the way on top of him and bury his cock in the deepest regions of her cunt. She wanted to feel his hot hard manhood pulsing inside her. If they weren't in public, there would have been nothing stopping her.

Her huge jiggling breasts heaved around her son's face, her nipples so hard and aroused she felt like they could pop from the ends of her tits. She felt the strap of her bra straining for release, pulling at the four hooks that barely held it on as those huge melons distended outward.

"Holyfuckingwow!!"the teen thought as he felt his knob tingle. He knew he was close to cumming and looked up between her cleavage to see her mom's pretty face wincing, the muscles in her neck straining with intense pleasure. She increased the cock-milking pressure around his cock, dipped her head and let out a deep feminine snarl. Cory knew this wasn't his Mom, the sweet loving woman. At that moment it was his Mom the cock-loving sexual animal.

He felt her cunt tighten and suck at his fingers as her sexy middle-aged body began to tremble in orgasm. His face was tucked so deeply in her cleavage he was kissing her breastbone. The huge mounds of spongy tit-meat began jiggle around his face, causing him to lustfully thrust his pecker up into her stroking hand.

"He'scumming!!"Jewel's mind screamed as she felt his cock lurch and throb.

In a split second, she slid off him, onto the floor between his legs. She stuffed his juicy prick into her mouth and began bobbing her pretty head up and down.

Cory's knees shook and he winced in pleasure as the hot cum began to pour from his dick, into his Mom's plunging mouth. It was all he could do to keep from crying out the feeling so intense.

The stretched ring of Jewel's pouty lips fucked up and down her son's rigid pole, milking the hot ball-juice from his cock, sending it cascading down her throat. "OhhmyGod!"her brain cried out, "hotfuckingcumm.Mmmm!"

The cock-sucking mother had a long strong tongue and she looped it around and around her son's knob, lighting his sensitive glans on fire.

"Ohhhshit,"the boy cried out internally. It was the most intense cum he'd ever had. He felt his

Mom's tongue drag down his long shaft, dragging wetly around the rounded surface of his nuts, then traveling back up to his tip.

"Mmmnn!" she whimpered hungrily, nursing on his big juicy cock-head.

Jewel loved sucking cock and prided herself in the fact that she was a skilled blowjob artist. She took the tip of her licker and dug beneath the head of his prick, where that band of skin met his knob.

Cory trembled and threw his head back in utter delight. "Holyshit,Ican'tfuckingbelieveshe's suckingmycock!"he thought.

When the lights came back up, so did the mother, plopping her sexy ass back on the seat beside her boy. They both quickly straightened their clothing and Jewel licked the cum that lingered on her lips..

They were both still a bit out of breath and flying high from the thrill of doing such a naughty thing in such a public place. As Jewel's husband and daughter approached, she fed her boy one last dreamy

eyed look. "Yum," she muttered, giving her lips one final lick to erase any evidence.

"What did you guys think?" Martin asked.

"Oh it was um..."Jewel muttered, then swallowed some residual sperm that was still in her mouth, "it was amazing."

"Can we go to the top now?" Ann asked.

"Alright, to the top it is. Let's go find that tram," Martin said.

Cory was amazing how his mom went right back into wife and mom mode as they made their way back across the museum. It was as if nothing inappropriate had even happened between them. "ThatwasincredibleandIcan'tbelieveshe'ssocoolwithallthis,"he thought.

The tram to the top was a tiny five-seat compartment, with a sort of egg-shape interior. The family all rode to the top together, which only took about four minutes.

"That was an interesting little ride," Jewel said as they got out and began to explore the upper level.

Ann was all smiles as she gazed out one of the tiny windows lining the peak of the arch. "Wow, we're so high up!"

"See that big river down there? That's the mighty Mississippi, the second largest river in America," Martin said.

While his dad was busy giving a geography lesson, Cory was across the way, looking out at the city in the opposite direction. Peering out the tiny window required him to lean forward slightly.

After a few minutes of gazing, he felt a pair of soft squishy breasts press against his back. Jewel leaned against her boy, her pretty face

hovering over his shoulder as they looked out the window together. "How's my hot date?" she asked softly.

"Good," he said with a satisfied smile.

"Did you like the way my lips felt around your cock?" she asked candidly. "Of course," the boy blushed.

"Mmm, I didn't have to scrape it off this floor this time," she said with a giggle. "True."

"Are you ready to fuck me?" she asked matter-of-factly. "You were serious about that?"

"Of course I was serious," she answered, "I think I proved that in the theater, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"We'll have exactly three minutes," she said. "Why only three minutes?"

"You'll see," she said, then gazed at him with her big beautiful eyes. "Do you promise to fuck me as hard as you can?"

Cory was finding it hard to breathe. He was so fucking turned on and flabbergasted at the fact that his mom was serious about fucking, he could hardly stand it. "I promise," he muttered.

Jewel lifted herself off him, standing upright and taking his arm. They stepped over to her husband, who was still busy pointing out landmarks to their daughter.

"Honey, Cory and I are going back down," she said. "Already?" Martin asked.

"Yeah, I think the heights have got me feeling a little light headed," she said, "I should be ok once I'm back on ground level."

"Ok babe, we'll be down in just a little bit."

"Take your time," she said, then turned and led her son to the tram.

Both mother and son waited anxiously for their car to arrive. "Is it hard?" Jewel asked, squeezing his arm as she stood beside him.

"What?" Cory asked stupidly.

"Your dick honey. Is your dick hard?" she said. "Oh..um, kind of," he answered.

"We won't have much time, so we need your dick to be rock hard and ready to go as soon as we enter the tram.

"Ok..um..." the boy muttered, looking around awkwardly. "Hug me."

He looked at his Mom. "Hug you?"

She smiled back. "Yes, hug me. Don't worry about these people, they don't even know us," she said.

Cory embraced his mom, feeling her spongy tit-orbs flatten against his chest. She brought her lips to his ear. "As soon as we get inside I'm gonna take my panties off," she whispered.

"Ok."

"I'm gonna sit down in one of the seats while you quickly get your cock out," she said softly, "Then I'm gonna lean back, hook my legs around you and cradle you between my thighs."

Cory's cock was fully hard before she could finish her sentence. "They'll be no time for talking. No time for bullshit. Just slip it in and fuck me as deep and as fast as you can," she said.

She clutched him tighter. "If you do a good enough job, you'll make me squirt all over your fucking cock," she said in a sexy tone.

"Jesus, Mom," the boy sighed excitedly. Now not only was his cock hard, it was throbbing eagerly.

"You like the sound of that honey?" she asked, "Are you gonna help me soak your boner in hot mommy-cum?"

"Yess."

She brought her head back and gazed lustfully nose to nose with him. "Are you gonna stand between my sexy legs and pound my hole with your big handsome cock?"

"Definitely," he muttered, his heart pounding a mile a minute.

They could hear the car arrive behind them. Cory felt like a fighter about to enter the ring for his shot at the title. He was all nerves, but knew he wanted to fuck his mom just the way she described.

The car stopped and they heard the door open. Jewel smiled eagerly at her boy. "Here we go," she said, pulling him into the tram.

By the time the door closed, Jewel's panties had already hit the floor. Time seemed to move in slow motion as Cory watched her do just what she said she would. In no time flat, his mom was sitting on the seat with her skirt bunched to her waist as she threw her strong sexy legs back.

"Get your cock out, honey!" she shouted anxiously.

Cory snapped to it, fishing his hard dick from his shorts. Before he even had it fully out, Jewel had her lovely tan legs around him, pulling him towards her crotch. She pressed her hands on the rounded walls for support, gazing down at her son's boner as it wagged towards her waiting cunt-hole.
"Yess!OhmyGod,I'mreallygonnafuckhim!"her mind exclaimed delightfully.

Cory's eyes widened as he saw his Mom's splayed pussy right there in front of him. There was something so lewd and incredibly thrilling knowing that he was gonna split his own mom's married twat. The very cunt that gave birth to him..

He stepped forward and groaned as the spongy knob of his dick pressed between the pouting lips of her wet cunt. Then he thrust his hips forwards, gasping as he slipped the whole length of his pulsing dick into the buttery warmth of Jewel's fuck hole.

He held it there a moment, enjoying the sensation of being fully sheathed. Jewel tugged his ass with her bare feet, setting his hips in motion. "Fuck me Cory!!" she cried out, not wanting to waste a second.

The boy's lean, slim hips humped between her naked legs, hammering the length of his blue- veined cock deeper and deeper into her pussy tunnel. "Ohhh yess! Haaarder!" his horny mother cried out.

"He'sfuckingme!" shethoughtgleefully."Ohfuckyes,he'sdoingit,he'sfuckingmehard!Ican feelhisdick…it'ssobigandstiff…somuchfuckingbiggerthanMartin's!"he brain screamed.

The big titted mother squeezed her smooth legs around his back and pumped her ass off the seat, grunting as she thrust up her cunt to meet his strokes. "Come on, honey, faster! Fuck the shit out of meee!" she cried out.

Cory fucked as fast as he could. Her pussy was so juiced around his throbbing prick that it made slurping, gulping sounds every time he thrust it her. He moaned as he felt her strong cuntal walls sucking around his cock. His strokes became faster and deeper.

"Ohh man, yess!" he sighed, watching his juice-soaked boner slide in and out of her. "Grab my legs!" she said, straightening legs out along

his upper torso. "Pound me!'

Cory did just that, hooking his arms around her sexy mommy-legs and spearing his hard prick

deep into her pussy-tube. His crotch beat against her naked buttock. "CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!"

"Ohh shit, Mom!" the boys groaned, feeling his cock rocket through her tunnel of love. Even under the confines of her bra and dress, her big titties jostled up and down her chest.

With her legs hugging him this way, the spires of her sexy little bare feel hovered slightly above his face, providing another visual treat for the humping teen to enjoy as he fucked.

"I'm gonna cum, honey!… ungggghhh!" the mother cried out with a cute girlish scream.

Cory pulled his hips back again and again, delivering hard, savage thrusts, burying his cock balls- deep into the sucking grip of her juice-spewing pussy-hole. "Oh damn, I'm getting close too!" he announced.

Suddenly, the tram car jerked and seemed to slow down. "Ohh shit, pull it out. Hurry honey!"

Cory's hardon popped from her cunt-hole, soaked with girl-cum. He slipped it back in his pants and his mom sat up and straightened her skirt, just as the car came to a stop. There were people outside the window waiting.

Jewel giggled. "Phew! That was close."

"Damn, I wish we could have another three minutes," her son said, his cock twitching excitedly in his shorts.

"Oh but we can...only longer this time," Jewel said with a wink, taking him by the arm and exiting the tram. "Give me your phone."

Cory handed his Mom his cellphone. "Don't you have yours?"

"No, I misplaced it somewhere in the museum," she said, dialing her husband on her son's cell. Cory giggled. "Mom, it's right there in your hand," he said.

Martin's voice came over the speakerphone. "Hey babe, did you guys make it down alive?" he asked.

"Yes and feeling better at the moment, but we have another problem." "What?" her husband asked..

"My phone's missing, that's why I'm calling you on Cory's," she lied. "Oh great. Did you leave it in the theater maybe?"

"Honestly, I can't even remember if I brought it in, so Cory and I are headed to the truck to see if it's in there."

"Oh shit, I hope so," Martin said. "What do you need me to do?"

"Wait around there and I'll call you back," she said, "if it's not in the truck I might have to have you retrace our steps...see if we can find it," she said.

"Got it. Let me know," her husband said.

Mother and son exited the building, hurrying towards the parking lot. "There. I just at least bought us an hour."

"You think that long?" Cory asked.

"I'll call him in a bit and tell him he needs to look. He won't come all the way to the rig until he knows we've found it."

"True."

There was a sense of urgency as they walked back to the 5th wheel. The experience in the tram had only wetted their appetite for an even hotter, longer fuck.

"I know what you were thinking when you were beating off in mine and your father's doorway last night," she said.

"You do?"

"Yes," she said with a smile, "you were thinking you wished it was you on that bed with me, fucking me hard while I clung to you. I'm not wrong, am I?" she asked.

"No."

"You wanted to squirt all that hot cum into my pussy and not on the floor, didn't you honey?" "I was imagining that, yes," he honestly answered.

"I'm glad, because I have to be honest too," she said, "I may have been fucking your father last night, but it was YOUR cock I was thinking about."

"Really?"

"Yes and now we're gonna both get our wish," she said.

They arrived back at the rig, locked themselves inside the 5th wheel and shed their clothes faster than a couple on their wedding night. Cory's eyes about bugged out of his head when his Mom unclasped her big bra and her mammoth boobies sprung free.

The horny naked mother latched on to her teen, locking lips in a fiery French kiss. Before the boy knew what hit him, she had climbed onto his cock, with her strong tan legs circling his waist.

Cory awkwardly held her up, holding on to her silky thighs. They bumped the counter in the kitchen, sending items crashing to the floor. This didn't slow them one bit. They kissed passionately, their tongue dueling.

"Fuck meee!" Jewel panted lustfully, reaching down, grasping her boy's cock and cramming it into her horny vagina.

Cory turned her around, pinning her to the wall while humping between her circled legs. Her big jiggling tits sloshed against his bare chest, her erect nipples poking into his flesh.

"Ohhh!" he sighed excitedly, feeling his tender pink dick prod deeper and deeper into the juicy grip of her baby-chute.

She clawed at his young ass with both hands, pulling him in as deep as he could go. "I need your cock!" she whimpered, shaking with overwhelming arousal, "Ohhh God, I need your fucking cock!"

Cory bucked forward, ramming his dick completely up her fuck hole, stretching the lips of her pussy around the thick muscular base of his cock. He feverishly worked his hips and met her humping strokes, pumping his prick rhythmically through the slippery ribbed lining of her cunt.

"Ohhhh damn, Mom!"

"Squeeze my titties!" Jewel pleaded, bobbing her ass on his crotch, desperately trying to get more of his satisfying cock inside her snatch. "Pull on my tits while you fuck me honey!"

Cory wrapped his palms around the swaying, mammoth globes of her spongy breasts. He squeezed and kneaded and pulled them, making her nipples ache with their hardness against his palms. At the same time he caught the tempo of their humping rhythm, reaming out her pussy with long wet strokes of his swollen cock.

"Get us to the bed!" she panted between kisses, "I wanna ride your fucking cock!"

The boy stumbled into his parents portion of the trailer. They fell onto the big mattress and Jewel took the top position, straddling her handsome son. Cory stared up in wide-eyed wonder at his mother's huge jutting tit-melons. They way they bounced and jiggled heavily was absolutely mesmerizing.

Jewel gazed down lustfully, swiveling her wide hips. "I'mgonnafuckhimsooGodDamngood!"

she thought, "Iwannaeelthathotcumpourintomypussythistime!

She bounced her ass on him, spearing his cock up her rubbery sheath. She was practically beside herself with lust, making cunt tunnel contract and squeeze around his pumping prick..

Cory squirmed beneath her in ecstacy. "Ohhh damn, Mom, you'll make me cum that way!" he sighed.

Jewel got a wild-eyed grimace, stirring her twat with her son's big meaty fucker. She could feel his juicy knob plowing through areas that her husband could never reach. "Ohh Cory honey, your cock feels so fucking good! I love it!" she panted.

Her phone rang in the next room. "That's probably dad," Cory muttered.

"Do you give a fuck? I don't," his mother said selfishly, then dropped her upper half down on top of him.

Cory rubbed his face between her bobbling jugs, feeling their smooth spongy contours bump and rub against his face. His mom's cunt slipped up and down on his boner, fucking it with steady pumps.

The boy's dick bathed in the flow of her juices, feeling her hot secretions run down across his smooth full nuts. His long strong boner dug up through her pink pussy tube, her spongy walls sucking and squeezing on his cock-muscle. On every upward thrust, his knob kissed the rounded lips of cervix, smearing it with his slippery precum.

"Cummmminnnggg!!" Jewel shouted, bucking her ass on him in an animalistic frenzy of incestuous lust. She panted and gasped as the hot juices exploded in her pussy.

Such a hard orgasm was partly due to the fact that Cory's face was pressed deeply against one of her mammoth tits, sucking hungrily at her nipple..

Even if the boy were a skilled pornstar, there's no way he would have lasted a second longer. "Mmmnnggfff!" Came the muffled cry.

Repeatedly the gushers of jism spurted from his peter-tip, inside his mother's clasping pussy. Cory moaned and worked his hips steadily off the bed, draining his cum into her cunt while nursing on the nipple of her smothering tit-orb.

When all of his jism was drained the boy sighed with pleasure, his face still wedged deeply in her squishy cleavage.

"Ohhh honey, I could fuck you ten times a day," Jeweled sighed. "Maybetwentytimes!"she thought.

"I wouldn't mind," he said.

She rose up slightly, letting her tits dangle as she smiled down at him. "Mmm, really? You want Mommy to be your sneaky little cock-whore on this trip?" she asked.

"As long as you don't mind cheating on dad."

"Does it seem at all like I mind cheating on your father?" she asked with a naughty smile. "I love

him, but when it comes to sex I'd rather have your big fucking cock ripping through my cunt." "I like the sound of that too."

They heard her phone go off again. "Speaking of Mr. dull-fuck, there he is now," Jewel said, making her son laugh.

"You're funny mom."

"What? It's true. You saw how quickly he came last night. It's fucking pathetic." "Well, you have an incredible pussy," he boy confessed.

She smiled lovingly. "And I guess it takes an incredible cock like yours to tame this wild pussy, doesn't it honey?" she asked.

Cory looked in the direction of her phone as it still rang. "We better get that," he said. "Why?" She asked, "my phone's still missing, remember?"

"He's probably been calling mine too."

"Tough titty. You're still hard and I'm still horny, so I say ignore the calls for now, roll me over and fuck me again," Jewel said with a naughty smile.

Cory smiled and rolled her onto her back. With his cock still deep in her pussy, he rose up on extended arms, gazing down at the beauty below him.

Jewel gazed up at her new lover with lustful eyes, her long hair fanned out on the bed around her pretty face. Her huge tit-mounds were spread out across her chest, nipples erect and throbbing from the centers of wide areola.

His eyes traveled down her sexy midriff to her shaved pubis. Her large fleshy clitoris stuck out like a tiny cock-head, the lips of her pudenda stretched obscenely around the root of his massive hardon.

"Fuck me Cory," she said softly, squeezing the walls of her pussy around him. "Fuck your cock- whore."

He reacted by flexing his boner inside her, making the big purple helmet of his cock-head swell even larger. He was ready to use it like a battering ram. To pound through her castle walls, crumbling her defences, fucking her in ways that his father couldn't, right here on their bed.

"Here we go, Mom," he said excitedly, tearing his cock back for his first big thrust.

Outside the trailer, the mother could faintly be heard squealing in delight. The big "fiver" began to gently rock and squeak from the wild humping inside.

85: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin'_2

Ch. 3 - Earning it

"Sorry, it's gonna be a boring day on the road," Martin said as they ate breakfast. "The next attraction we wanna check out is well into Oklahoma, about three-hundred and eighty miles away."

"That's ok," Jewel said, " Cory and I wanna ride back in the 'fiver' today. I need to get a workout in, the we have a project we wanna start."

Cory and his mom exchanged a smile. "Aproject?"he thought.

"Honey, we talked about this. You know how dangerous it can be riding back there," Martin said. "What if I need to break suddenly?"

"Martin, that's highly unlikely. Beside's you just spent thousands of dollars on the air-ride suspension system. The ride will be as smooth as butter back there."

"I wanna ride in the camper!" Ann whined.

"That's a no, young lady, but you will have that whole backseat to yourself. You can sprawl out, watch movies and keep your father company."

"Fine," Ann said with a frown.

"No pouting," the mother said, which seemed to bring a playful smile to her daughter's face. A half-hour later, the rig was headed down the highway, with Mom and Son in the 5th Wheel.

Cory lounged in the main living area, while Jewel got changed for her workout. He was a little surprised, but a lot excited, to see her emerge from her bedroom in the skimpiest exercise attire he'd ever seen.

"Wow, Mom,' he muttered, looking her up and down.

The beautiful mother wore a pair of white scrunch back micro shorts, which showed more ass- cheek than it covered. For a top, she wore a snug micro sports bra, with spaghetti straps. Her massive tits stretched the gauzy fabric way out and Cory could see the fat nub of her nipples poking out beneath the top. It was really more like a bikini than workout attire.

Jewel threw a smile his way, her hair pulled back in a pony. "Wow, Mom, what?" she asked, even though she already knew.

"Those workout clothes are...well, they're hardly clothes at all." "Are you complaining?"

"Hardly," he said, watching her start her palates workout routine on the TV. She put a mat

down on the floor and sat down on it.

Cory watched his mom follow along with the workout coach. "Okay ladies, here we go!" the workout Instructor said. "Let's start out with the criss-cross.".

Jewel rested on her butt, with her hands behind her head, lifting one knee at a time. Cory marveled at how strong and smooth her legs looked and the way her sexy bare feet flexed and pointed downward in perfect form made his hard cock flex in his shorts.

"Wanna workout with me?" Jewel asked her son. "No, that's ok. I'll just watch."

"I bet you will," she said with a knowing wink.

"Now let's move into the Shoulder Bridge," the Instructor said.

Jewel kept her shoulders on the mat, but arched her back and hips. One leg was bent with her foot flat on the floor, while the other remained perfectly extended swinging up and pointing at the ceiling, then back down. She repeated this movement over and over.

Cory fought off the urge to touch himself as he watched her gorgeous curvy body. The lycra material moulded snuggly around her crotch, outlining the puffy lips of her snatch. It gave Jewel satisfaction knowing she was turning her son on and making his cock as hard as concrete.

"Switch legs," the Instructor said.

The busty mother followed along, now throwing her other luscious leg up in the air. She gazed over at her boy as she exercised, winking at him teasingly and blowing him a kiss. "How's that 'watching' going?" she asked, glancing at his crotch.

Cory blushed, feeling a bit awkward just sitting there staring. "You make that look easy, Mom," he said.

"I like being so limber,"she said. "It allowed me to do what I did yesterday, when you propped my legs back in the tram and I wrapped my feet around your neck. Not many moms can do that you know."

"That WAS awesome!" Cory confessed.

"Did you like the feel of my pussy on your cock?" she asked candidly. "Did you like the way my juices were squirting all over you?"

"Ohh damn,' Cory muttered, so turned he couldn't help but reach down and squeeze his boner. Jewel giggled as she watched her son

touch himself. "Oh honey, do you need to beat off?" she

said sympathetically.

"Sorry, it's just the way you talk...and that outfit you're wearing. It's super-hot!" "Let's turn over now for the swan position," the Instructor said.

Cory watched his mom flip over onto her belly. With her legs together and pointed out straight, Jewel arched her back and extended her arms in the air, so they pointed straight up. This move caused her enormous tit-melons to jut out lewdly, threatening to rip the tiny micro

sports top right down the center.

Her son's eyes about bugged out of his head. His hand squeezed his fuck-tube through his shorts as if trying to ease the pressure. Jewel watched her boy struggle. "Why don't you beat your boner while you watch me, honey? You seem to really be struggling to keep that thing contained."

"You wouldn't mind if I did that?"

"Of course not. I like that we can be free around each other."

Cory accepted her invitation, prying his cock from his shorts. Even though she had already seen it a couple times, Jewel's eyes widened at the site of his enormous cock and balls. She simply couldn't believe how big and meaty it was.
"God,Ican'twaittohavethatfucking monsterinsidemeagain!"she thought lustfully.

The horny teen squeezed his fist up and down the length of his cock, while staring at his Mom's straining tits. Her protuberant nipples distended out, aroused and engorged, making Cory's heart race even faster.

"Mmm, I bet that feels wonderful, doesn't it?" Jewel asked. "Yes," her son responded, shamelessly beating his boner.

"It's kind of like when I rub my clitoris, while thinking about your big boner. It gives me tingles all over," she confessed.

"Now, let's transition to our hands and knees for the cat-cow stretch," the palates Instructor said.

Cory watched his mom get into position. Even in the snug confines of her sports top, Jewel's huge boobs jostled around heavily. Now she was on all-fours, with her meaty mommy- buttocks pointed back at her boy.

Cory quickened his cock-strokes, his eyes widening even more as he gazed at Jewel's mostly exposed ass-globes. She peeked back over her shoulder, watching him jerk-off while she did the stretch. "Are you imagining that you're fucking me from behind?" she said with a cute wink.

Cory was too turned on to answer, so he just nodded.

Jewel wagged her ass back and forth teasingly. "And that my smooth shaved cunt-lips are beating against the base of your cock," she said in a seductive tone.

"Ohhh!" Cory sighed. His precum was lathering his strokes and he imagined that his fist was Jewel's hot pussy, smothering his prick.

"Mmm, you'd like that wouldn't you, honey?" she asked, then swiveled her hips, making her half

-moons move up up and back in a fucking motion."You'd love to take Mommy from behind and watch her ass thrust and jiggle back against you."

"Damn yess!" he boy responded, beating off in a steady rhythm.

"I cum alot in that position. I would absolutely soak you!" Jewel teased. "I wouldn't mind that at all," Cory panted.

"Come get behind me," Jewel said, "Rub your dick against my cunt and ass while you jerk off."

Cory happily dropped down behind her, continuing to beat his cock from the base, while rubbing his purple knob against his mother's genitals. He could feel the heat of her vagina even through her shorts. "Mmm that's it honey, touch me with your dick."

He ran the tip along the groove of her ass-crack, then back down into her pudendal cleft. The mother's eyes rolled back as she felt it slide up against her engorged clitoris. "Ohh yess!" she moaned.

Cory plowed his hard cock back up her labium, digging past the pouting ring of her asshole. Jewel pushed her buns back against him, trapping his big cock between her ass-mounds. She looked back and saw only the tip of his throbbing prick sticking up through the split of her ass.

"Mmm!' she hummed, licking her lips as she stared at the underside of her boy's knob and the elastic band that connected it to his foreskin. "Feel me smother that big meaty cock with my ass," she said seductively.

"Ok, ladies, on the floor and legs back now for the Jack knife," the Instructor said.

Jewel continued following her routine, rolling onto her back. With her arms flat against the floor, the mother brought her legs back over her head, parallel to the floor. Her back was curved, so that her weight was on her shoulders and not on her neck.

Cory was amazing and incredibly aroused by her limberness. He went back to beating his dick, staring at the twin spires of his

mother's sexy tan legs as they extended. Her sexy feet were pointed in perfect form.

Jewel noticed him staring at her sexy little feet. "I know something you'll really like," she said.

"What?"

"Come around and put your dick between my feet."

Cory didn't have to be asked twice. With her legs thrown back, his mom's pretty bare feet were level with his cock as he stood. He slid his erection between them, feeling her soft soles cradle his boner on both sides.

Jewel had a great view of the action as she peer upward. "Good, now thrust your hips while I squeeze my pretty little feet around your big manly cock," she said.

Cory always had a thing for his Mom's feet. They were tan like her legs and her toenails were always painted the prettiest colors. He could hardly believe she was letting him slide his cock between them.

It thrilled the mother to see the excitement in the boy's face. "Do you like that, sweetheart?" she asked. "Do you like me using my sexy feet to masturbate your hard dick?"

"Yess, feels great!" he sighed, thrusting his hips and slowing spearing his cock between the squeezing arches of her feet.

"Mmm, there's not a single inch of me that I won't let you rub your dick on."

She slid one foot up and clutched his knob with her toes. Cory watched in awe as she rubbed her big toe all over it, through his

weeping piss-slit, slathering his slippery precum on his sensitive glans.

"Mmm, squeeze that fat knob with my toes, while you imagine it plunging up and down my hot wet pussy," she said seductively.

"Yess," her boy hissed, his heart nearly pounding out of his chest.

. Jewel smiled wickedly, watching her boy's pleasure-filled face. She slipped one foot across the top of his boner, sandwiching it between the other, while digging her big toe against his sensitive frenulum. "Ohhhshit," the boy sighed, his knees shaking.

"I told you I'd show you new and exciting things on this trip," she said with a smile. "We Moms are cock-whores, we know all about you boys. We know where your magic spots are...and we know just how to work them."

Jewel continued to tirelessly stroke her big toe just under his juicy cock-head. She could feel his knob twitching and swelling as more and more pre-jizz oozed out. "Ohhh mom!" the teen shuddered.

"What you experienced yesterday was only just the beginning, honey. A mother has sooo many exciting places for you to put your dick."

Cory whimpered as her watched his mother's sexy grasping feet working their magic.His eyes traveled down the naked backs of her silky legs to the meaty mounds of her almost completely exposed buttocks.
"Fuck,thisisunbelievablyhot!I'mgonnacumifshedoesn't stop!"he thought.

His mother had no intention of stopping.
"Ifhecumslikethishe'sgonnablowhisloaddown ontomyface.OhmyGod,IwouldfuckingLOVEthat!"the toe-stroking mother told herself.

"Ohh, you're close to cumming, aren't you, baby?" she asked, feeling his knob puff-up even bigger.

"Uh-huh," he sighed.

"Don't hold back. Make your dick spray down all over me," she said lustfully, "paint my face with your thick young cum!"

"Oohhshit, I'm cuuuming!" the boy's voice tremble. "Soak meee!" Jewel cheered.

He did just that, as big thick ropes of jizz erupted from his meatus, splashing down onto Jewel's lovely face. "Uhhggh! Uuuhhggh!!" the boy grunted savagely. His mother's big toe didn't let up one bit, digging tirelessly at his knob and milking the cum from his balls.

"Ohhh yess, cum on meee!" she cried out as big gooey gobs of spunk splashed across her pretty face. When she swiped off some jizz with her tongue, she felt her cunt melt in it's own mini-climax.

"Wow," Cory panted as she released his prick and lowered her legs. His cock was still twitching with excitement as he just stood there a moment watching his Mom get up.

"My God," Jewel giggled, as big gobs of spunk ran down her face. "Are you sure you don't have an extra set of balls down there, honey. I've never seen this much cum in one ejaculation."

"Really?"

"Oh wait, I take that back, yesterday I had cum seeping out of my cunt for hours after you fucked those three loads into me," Jewel said.

"Sorry about that."

"Don't be, I'm not. I fucking loved it," his mother said. "You know what a thrill it was talking to your father last night with YOUR cum running down my leg?"

"Well if you liked it so much, I'd gladly do it again."

Jewel giggled, watching his long thick erection wag back and forth stiffly, ready for more

action. "Yea? You wanna pound another load into my pussy, hotshot?" "Yes please," he sighed excitedly.

"Uh-uh, not yet," she said, shaking her head. "You're gonna earn this pussy today." "How?"

"By doing exactly what I say, exactly when I tell you to do it." "Ok."

She fed him a naughty smile, then gave him the "come hither" finger. Cory stepped over to his mother and she placed her hands on his shoulders. "I'm gonna jump up and wrap my legs around you. I want you hold me while I clutch on to you."

"No problem," Cory said anxiously.

"Get your shirt off," she said, helping him lift it over his head and off.

Jewel immediately sprung from the floor and wrapped her strong naked legs around her son's midsection. Her huge lycra encased boobies flattened against her boy's naked chest. Her sparkling eyes gazed into his, radiating pure lust. "I want us to lick and suck each other's necks...like this," she said, then buried her face in Cory's neck.

"Ohhyes!" the boy sighed, feeling the tip of her licker lash around on the sensitive flesh of his neck.

"Mmmm," the hot mother whimpered, then sucked and bit his neck, before going back to rapid licking.

"Ohhh wow!" Cory muttered, taking a couple steps backwards, reeling in pleasure. Jewel kissed his lips sensually. "Now do me," she panted between kisses.

Cory gave his Mom's neck the same treatment she gave his, licking and sucking and kissing. His mother sighed in delight, squeezing his body even tighter. "Yesss, oh my God I fucking love it!" she cried out.

Once again, Jewel went back to her son's neck, sensually licking what she knew were some of his most sensitive spots. "Ohhh!' the boy's voice trembled, feeling his Mom's strong experienced tongue whip around tirelessly.

Several times they went back and forth, giving sensual affection to each others necks. Cory wasn't the most experienced boy on the block, but he had made out with girl's enough to know a couple things for sure. First, his mother was amazing with her tongue. Second, that his mother had most likely given him at least a couple hickeys

Jewel heard her phone ring. "It's probably your father," she said. "I better pick up our he'll be pulling over wondering if something's wrong."

Cory reached down and retrieved her phone as his Mom continued to cling to him. Jewel put the phone on speaker. "Hey hun," she said.

"Hey, how you guys doing back there. How's the ride?" he asked.

"Oh my God, so smooth," Jewel answered. "I think the air-ride system was a great investment." "Glad to hear it. You guys need a bathroom break or anything? You doing ok?"

Jewel combed her long nails through Cory's hair and smiled at him. "We're doing great. Cory's working hard to earn something VERY special," she said, sharing a knowing smile with her son.

"Something very special huh?"

"Yep," his wife answered, giving her son a wink. "You've had it before, so you know how special it is?"

"Oh man, I hope it's that peanut butter and chocolate fudge you make once in awhile. THAT was pretty special," Martin said.

"Mmm, that was special, but this is even more special than that."

"Well, I hope whatever it is, Cory's willing to share some with his old man."

Jewel and her son could hardly contain their laughter. "I'm sure he'll share. Not today though. Today it's just his...but he has some work to do. Like I said, he has to earn it," she said, staring into her son's eyes the whole time.

"Well tell him to work hard...make it happen!"

Jewel smiled naughtily at her boy. "Oh I'm certain he will. He's done a pretty good job so far."

The naughty wife brought her lips to her son's ear. "Lay me down on the mat and dry fuck me," she whispered.

Martin rambled on about something while his wife and son sunk to the floor. Jewel was now on her back with Cory cradled between her thighs. He thrust his hips and dug his meaty boner against her crotch.

"Yess, like that," his mother hissed in his ear, rocking her ass on the floor, meeting his humps. Her husband was saying something, but

her mind was a million miles away. "MyGodhiscock issooofuckinghard!I'mlikeacatonascratchingpostrightnow,"she thought.

For Cory, having his curvy mother's body clutch around him while she squirmed and humped beneath his was exquisite. Her smooth legs tightened high around his back and the fatty flesh

of her jugs sloshed between them. The teenager's boner flexed with the thrill of digging at her vulva while his dad was on the phone with them.

"You still there, hon?" Martin asked.

"I'm here," Jewel panted, "Sorry, Cory and I are just....doing something." "Sounds like he's working hard today."

"Very hard," his wife said, crushing her engorged clitoris against her son's horny hardness, "very, VERY hard!"

"Well, hopefully he learnt the value of hard work from his dad," Martin said with pride.

"OhMartin,hedefinitelyhasyoubeat,"she thought. "Hesomuchharder!Somuchbiggerand somuchmoreattractivethanyou!"

"Let me know if you guys need a rest stop," Martin said. "Will do honey."

After saying their good-byes and hanging up, Jewel and her son looked at each other and laughed, their genitals continuing to writhe in a steady dry-fuck.

"You heard your father...work hard and make it happen! Make me cum!" Jewel said.

Cory doubled his efforts, reaching down and grasping his Mom's thick buttocks, while digging his boner through her steamy cunt-groove.

"Yesss! Kiss meee!" the horny mother cried out.

Their lips fused together in an open oval and their tongues dueled wildly inside Cory's mouth.

While they made-out, Jewel humped her cunt frantically on her boy, matching his dry humping with powerful thrusts of her own. "Mmmnnhh!" she cried out in his mouth, then went back to smooching.

She suddenly rolled them over, taking the top and ground her overheated pussy against her son's naked cock. "Soo FUCKING haaard!" she shrieked with passion, humping her horny pudendum against Cory's thick manhood.

She clutched her boy's face against her spongy breasts, working her wide hips like a bitch in heat. "Yess, making me fucking cum!" she screamed.

Cory panted, so fucking aroused he could hardly stand it. At this point, he was basically like a male fuck-doll for his Mom to squeeze and hump against. Her boobs weren't naked, but the thin lycra material was like a soft second skin so he could feel every squishy, fatty jiggle of her smothering tits around his face.

Jewel's pretty eyes rolled back in their sockets. "Eeeeeeiiiee!!" she shrieked as her pussy creamed in her shorts. For another several minutes she milked her body-shaking climax atop her handsome teen, before suddenly standing up.

Cory looked up and watched his mom peel off her workout shorts. From this angle, he had a clear view of the juicy coral slit between the shaved lips of her outer labia. He could even see the fleshy

domed hood of her clitoris protruding out. He licked his lips lustfully as she sunk back down on top of him.

"See what you did to me," the mother said softly as she brought the crotch of her workout shorts to her son's nose.

Cory inhaled deeply and the fragrant musky aroma of his Mom's pussy swept through his lungs.

"Ohhfuckinghell!"the boy thought, like a pot addict that had just taken a long hit. The smell of his Mom's pussy was completely intoxicating.

With the shorts still resting on his nose, Jewel sat upright with her knees astride his hips, squashing the underside of his throbbing boner in the groove of her twat. She slowly lifted the sports top, slipping the hem up the huge rounded undersides of her tan melons.

Cory watched in awe. His Mom's stiff-nippled tits were so fucking big it seemed like it took them forever to pop from her sports top and wobble heavily onto her chest. She gazed down at him, then shook her her shoulders around, making her enormous mommy-udders swing back and forth for his viewing enjoyment.

"Ready to get back to work?" she asked teasingly. "Absolutely."

She suddenly stood up and began walking away, her meaty buttocks undulating atop her sexy legs. "Your next task is in my bedroom. Better get there before the door closes though," she said.

Cory sprung to his feet and pursued, his long sturdy boner waving up and down.

Jewel screamed playfully, rushing to her room before her boy could catch her. Her big oversized boobies bobbled crazily as she rushed in her and her husband's room and closed the door before her son could catch up with her.

"Oops, too late!" she joked, latching the door. "That wasn't fair. You got a head-start."

"Ohh poor baby," she said through the door, "I'm the one who's missing out. I was really looking forward to having my asshole licked."

Cory's heart pounded excitedly. He reached down and gave his cock a few strokes at the very thought of licking his Mom's ass.

"While you were down there, I might have even let take a few tongue-swipes at my pussy-slit. Ok, maybe more than just a few," Jewel said with a naughty giggle.

He had no intention of leaving, but Cory decided to give his mom a taste of her own medicine. "Well, I guess I'll go get my clothes back on then," he said.

Before he could turn around, the door flew open and his Mom yanked him inside the room. "You'll do no such thing, young man!" she said, tossing her arms around his neck and locking lips with him.

Jewel fell back onto the big bed, bringing her boy with her. She crushed her jostling tit-orbs against his chest, then wrapped her lovely soft legs up around him, hugging his lean young frame to her curvy body as they made-out like a couple on their wedding night.

"God I love kissing you," the mother gasped between wet smooches.

"I love it too," Cory panted, beyond aroused at this point. His cock and her big fleshy clitoris were mashed together, both throbbing with horniness. Jewel's tit-mounds were like two fluffy round pillows sandwiched between them, her rubbery papilla digging into Cory's chest.

Inside the boy's mouth was where the fiery passion was at it's most intense. Jewel's long experienced tongue was looping and fluttering

wildly inside her son's mouth. Her licker was like it's own wiggly entity on a frenzied mission to beat her son's tongue into submission with licks.

"Holyshit,Momisacrazygoodkisser!"the boy thought, trying his best to to reciprocate her intense tongue-lashing.

"Lick my asshole," she panted between kisses.

Cory started that direction, but his mom stopped him a moment. "Wait! Kiss your way down my body. Always kiss your way down a woman's body before you lick her down there."

Cory happily obeyed, planting a trail of kisses between her breasts and down her sexy midriff, before arriving at the puffy outer lips of her vulva.

"Keep going baby. Kiss me all the way down," his mother said.

The boy planted soft smooches down the fragrant folds of her labium, finally arriving at the rosy crinkled ring of her butthole. He nudged his face between her buns and drug his to tongue back and forth across her puckered ring.

"Ohhh yes, lick my fucking ass, honey," the mother moaned, arching her back, making her big round boobies roll around on her chest.

Cory felt her asshole throbbing against his tongue. He stared hard at her pussy, seeing the way the pouting, swollen lips glistened with fuck juice. His Mom's pink marble-sized clitoris had emerged from under it's fleshy hood, creating a second target that was impossible to resist.

Feverishly, he dug his tongue up through the cleft of her cunt, lapping up her pussy cream.

"Ohhshit,sogood!" he thought, delighting in the pungent taste of his mom's fuck oils.

Jewel reached down with both hands and dug her fingers into the back of his hair, moaning and gasping as his tongue fucked deep inside her pink pussy tunnel. "Yess baby, eat my wet pussy! Good boy!"

Cory peeled apart her fleshy labia, exposing the fullness of her swollen clit. His mother gasped as she felt his tongue sliding across the aroused nubbin, making her entire big-titted body tingle.

"Ohh God, Cory, that's so good," she whimpered. "Suck my clitty!"

Her clit looked like a mini-version of his own cock-head and he wrapped his lips around it, sucking hard. Immediately, his mother bucked and gasped, as if she'd been shot, squealing with delight as she fucked her shaved pussy all over her teen's face.

"Yesss! Oh my God, just like that! Don't stop!"

Cory sucked harder on her quivering love-button, flicking his tongue on it's rounded sensitive surface.

"I'm cumming, Baby!" Jewel gasped as she shuddered and bucked, deliriously humping her thick ass-cheeks off the mattress. "Cuuummmiiiinnnngggg!" she screamed.

The beautiful mother's back arched and hung in mid-air, the fatty jutting flesh of her enormous melons quivering as a hot climax shot through her nakedness like an electric current.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Jewel screamed, so loudly that if she were outside someone could have heard her from a mile away.

Hot girl-cum gushed onto Cory's face and in his mouth and the boy swallowed it up as quickly as he could, while plowing his tongue

through her quivering cuntal flesh.

"Ohhh baby, oh fuck that was good!" Jewel panted, lowering her blushing ass back to the bed. "You really squirt a lot, mom."

"Ha, not usually. Your father kinda sucks at giving oral sex quite frankly."

"So did I earn some pussy?" he candidly asked, anxious to pound his cock deep in her fuck- hole.

"Yes, you certainly did, but it might have to wait a bit longer," she said. "Knowing your sister she'll have to stop somewhere and use the bathroom soon."

"I'm actually surprised she hasn't already."

Jewel sat up, kissing him some more. "If you're gonna pound my hole, I want at least an hour uninterrupted." Kiss, kiss.

"Yeah, me too."

"Mmm, you taste like pussy," his mother said with a giggle. "I wonder why that is?" he joked.

She fed him another sensual kiss, gazing into his eyes. "Imagine how wet you're dick's gonna get," she said.

"I can't wait."

A short time later, Martin pulled the rig into a large filling station, parking at a pump next to someone else's beautiful 5th wheel. The family all emerged and Cory and Jewel were fully dressed. "I might as well top the tank off," Martin told his wife.

"We're gonna use the little-girl's room," Jewel said, hugging her daughter from the side as they moved towards the facilities.

Cory followed and took a piss in the men's room. He could still smell his Mom's pussy on his face and he loved it. Once outside, someone's football rolled over to his feet, so he picked it up.

A blonde boy, Cory's own age, came running over to retrieve it. Cory threw it back to him before he could get there.. "Nice throw!" the boy said.

"Thanks."

"You play football?" the boy asked.

"No, I tried out, but didn't make the team," Cory answered. "Me too. Wanna throw a few passes?"

Cory glanced over at the pumps and saw his father still filling the rig. "Sure, why not."

Jewel and her daughter immerged from the bathroom. When Ann saw her brother out in the open grassy space playing catch, she wanted to run around also. Her mother could read her mind. "Go ahead," Jewel smiled.

A short distance away, another mother stood watching her children play. She had long blonde hair and a body much like Jewel's, big tits and all. "Your daughter's adorable," the woman said kindly.

"Thanks. I wish she acted 'adorable' more. Are those your kids?" "Yes, I have three. You?"

"Just the two...and trust me, two's enough." Jewel said, making the woman giggle. "I'm Brenda," the woman said, extending her hand for a shake.

"Jewel."

"I saw you guys pull in. Are you on vacation?" Brenda asked. "Yeah, doing the whole Route sixty-six thing this year."

"Us to. What sites have you guys seen so far?"

"Well, we saw the Gateway Arch yesterday, which was amazing...and then some silly statue with a penis helmet on his head the day before," Jewel said, making Brenda laugh.

"The Gemini Man. Yeah, you're right, he does sort of look a big dickhead." "It's been fun so far though," Jewel added.

Brenda hit her with an unexpected question. "So how long you and YOUR son been fooling around?"

Jewel looked at her awkwardly. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, your husband is driving your rig and YOU have a fresh hickey on your neck." "Ohh shit, really?" Jewel asked, covering the spot with her hand.

"Don't worry, I have three on my neck. I'm on vacation, why hide them?" "Are your hickeys from your husband?"

"Ha, oh God no. He knows not to touch my neck. These are from Jackson, my son." "Ohh."

Brenda smiled shamelessly. "You should see the underside of my tits...covered in hickeys. It's his favorite place to suck."

"And your husband doesn't question you about those?"

"No, he knows they're from Jackson. I take it your husband's unaware about you and your son's escapades?"

"Yes, well, Cory and I only just started fooling around on this trip."

"See, my situation is a little different," Brenda explained. "My husband is a cuckold. He likes his nice car, his big house and RV, but my parents are the wealthy ones who pay for it all. He knows to get what he wants, he has to give me what I want, which is a sexual relationship with our son."

"Wow, convenient for you."

"Convenient for us both," Brenda said, "It's a win-win really."

The wives and children regrouped at the gas-pumps, where their rigs were refueled. The ladies were pleased to find that their husbands had met also and were chatting when they arrived.

After the proper introductions, Don, Brenda's husband looked at Jewel. "I was telling your husband there's a great RV park we're staying at tonight. Swimming pool, nice clubhouse. They even have some hiking trails. You guys are welcome to park your rig right beside ours."

"Oh, I love that idea," Brenda said.

"Yeah,that sounds nice," Jewel said, looking at Martin, "alot better than the place we reserved online."

"I can probably still call and cancel that place," Martin said.

Brenda looked at Jewel and smiled. "Since we're both going to the same spot, you and Cory should ride in our fifth-wheel with Jackson and I."

"Sounds fun," Jewel said, then looked at her son, "right, honey?"

"Sure," Cory lied, forcing a smile. He was really looking forward to being alone with his mom and sinking his cock inside her.

"Well then, let's get this show on the road," Don said.

Ann looked at her mom pleadingly. "Can't I ride in their trailer with you guys?"

Jewel smiled, "Trailers aren't for little girls while they're on the road. Adults only, but only a couple more hours, ok Angel?"

"Since the RV park has a pool, can we swim once we get there?" Ann asked. "That's a definite yes!" Jewel answered.

"Yaay!" the girl cheered, then headed to their rig with her father.

The two Mothers faced their boys, their huge jutting breasts wobbling heavily as they turned. Of course the teens took notice, staring at the fat nubs of Jewel and Brenda's erect nipples, which protruded from beneath their blouses.

"Ready to hang out with us boys?" Brenda said sweetly, gazing at her teen through long fluttering lashes.

"Sure," the boys responded in unison, shifting their attention to the mother's thick meaty behinds, which swayed teasingly as the women stepped up into the fifth-wheel.

The boys followed their mothers inside, their dicks already fully erect and throbbing eagerly.

Ch. 4 - Souvenirs

The vacationing Andersons had just made some new friends and together they pulled their 5th wheels along historic Route sixty-six.

Inside the Dalton family's luxury trailer, the mothers Brenda and Jewel were sharing a private ride with their sons, Jackson and Cory. They were all snuggled together on the sofa, watching the movie "Blockers" on Jackson's laptop.

"Oh my God, he DID NOT just do that!" Jewel exclaimed as they all laughed at the scene in the film.

"How else is he gonna keep his daughter from having her brains fucked out on prom night?" Brenda said.

"True."

"Did you have YOUR brains fucked out on prom night, Mom?" Jackson brazenly asked, exchanging a quick smile with Cory.

Brenda rested comfortably at his side, with her lovely legs curled up and big matronly boobs squashed against him.. "I most certainly did. Why, are you jealous that it wasn't YOU who fucked me?" she teased.

"Well, that might have been tough seeing as I hadn't even been conceived yet, Mom."

"Hmm, well maybe you were conceived that very night, you never know," Brenda suggested.

"Well I know you've told me you didn't go to the prom with dad, so if you did get pregnant with me that night, that would mean that my real father is still out there somewhere."

Brenda giggled. "You have a point, but before you go on some crusade you should know that I DID NOT get pregnant with you on my prom night."

"What about you, Mom?" Cory asked, looking his snuggling mother in the eyes. "Did you get laid on prom night?"

"Well, I grew up in a religious family, so I was constantly being cock-blocked, even on prom night," the mother confessed.

"God, that must have been soo frustrating!" Brenda said.

"It was, but then I moved away to college and trust me, I more than made up for all the times I didn't get any," she said, making them both giggle.

"So now it's your turn, boys. Fess up and be honest. Did you get in your prom date's panties?"

Jackson's mom asked.

"I know I did!" her boy said without hesitation..

"Me too," Cory said, with a guilty smile directed towards his mom. "Oh really?! With protection I hope?" Jewel asked, half-sternly. "She was on the pill," he answered timidly.

"Good answer," his mother said, teasingly poking him in the ribs. "I'm not Grandmother material quite yet."

"Ugh, me either!" Brenda said. "In fact I wouldn't mind popping out another baby of my own before I'm forty."

"Forty?!" her son asked. "Didn't you like...just turn thirty-nine, Mom?"

"Yep...guess I better get busy!" she said, then gazed into his eyes lustfully. "Wanna get busy with me?"

"You mean BUSIER? When it comes to fucking, we have been pretty 'busy' here lately, Mom," he reminded her.

"True," Brenda said, winking at Jewel, "I might just have a bun in the oven already."

They all laughed, then continued watching the movie. Jewel rested her head on her boy's shoulder and her hand on his thigh, incredibly close to his cock.

The cuddly, touchy-feely session went on for quite some time before both mother-son couples moved on to even more serious intimate contact, like groping and kissing.

"Mmmm," Jewel purred, engaging her son in a deep sensual French kiss.. Both mothers had adjusted their bodies so the swell of their enormous breasts pressed softly against the boy's chests.

Now instead of simply resting their hands on their boy's thighs, the mothers were squeezing and tugging on their hard cocks through their shorts, while squirming lustfully against them.

"Holyfuckingwow,thisisamazing!"Cory thought, feeling his mom's long thick tongue flutter through his mouth, dancing with his own.

The boy brazenly grasped the fat distended sides of her tit-melons, giving them a good squeeze.

Jewel suddenly stopped kissing him. "You're Beautiful!" she exclaimed. Brenda giggled as her and her son broke their kiss. "Well thank you!" she said.

"No, 'you're beautiful' by James Blunt. That was the final dance at my prom. Oh my God, I just remember that and it was sooo fucking romantic."

Brenda looked at Jackson. "Play it on your phone," she said.

Jackson found it on his streaming app and the the romantic guitar melody began to play on his phone.

"Yess! Oh my God, we have to dance!" Jewel said, pulling her son to his feet..

Brenda led her son off the couch also and the mothers draped their arms around their teen's necks, moving in close for an intimate dance.

The boys glanced over at one another and smiled blissfully, feeling the mom's squishy tit- mounds flatten against their young chests. The barefoot mothers gently rocked their bodies to the romantic music, gazing up into the eyes of their handsome teens.

The Dalton's 5th wheel suddenly drifted slightly, making the four of them giggle playfully as they sidestepped to get their balance. "Your father better keep this rig under control," Brenda joked to her son. "Doesn't he know that we're trying to have a romantic slow-dance back here."

Cory looked down into his mother's beautiful sparkling eyes. She returned a dreamy-eyed gaze that about made his heart melt. "You're a good dancer, honey...and WAY hotter than my prom date was," she says.

"That's good, because you're alot hotter than my date was also."

"Am I? Jewel asked as they stared into each other's eyes lustfully, while the chorus to the song played.

"You're beautiful You're beautiful

You're beautiful, it's true!"

Jewel felt like a young woman again, her heart going pitter-patter in her chest. "OhmyGod,I'm absolutelyenamoredbymyownson!"she thought, then rose up on her tip-toes, tilting her

head and fusing her lips against his in a passionate kiss.

The two couples made out like lovers for the remainder of the song, then the Moms pulled their boys by the hands back over to the sofa.

"Mmm, I could use a good foot massage. How 'bout you, Jewel?" Brenda asked. "Mmm, that does sound nice!"

As the mother's sat, the boys knelt on the floor in front of them and began massaging their

pretty bare feet.

"Yess! Momma likes!" Brenda said, smiling down at her boy. "You're doing such a good job, boys!"

"Yeah, they are. It feels divine!" Jewel said, smiling down at her teen.

Both boys loved their mother's dainty bare feet. They were always so soft and pretty, with beautifully painted toenails. They especially liked the way their Moms would spread their gorgeous legs and point their feet back like sexy ballerinas while they plunged their cocks through their juicy holes.

"Would you like to suck on our toes boys?" Brenda asked.

Without even answering, Cory and Jackson slipped their mother's big toes into their mouths and sucked on them.

"Ohhh! I love it!" Jewel purred, squirming on the couch and thrusting her big tit-melons out.

As they sucked, the teens were delighted in the position of their moms hot curvy bodies. The women's tits jutted out teasingly beneath their tops, their fat nipples clearly erect. They both wore thin cotton booty-shorts, so their silky legs were fully bare. One extended out, so the boys could suck their toes, while the other leg was bowed open, their knee raised nearly level with their shoulders.

While sucking earnestly, the boy's eyes traveled to their mother's crotches. The snug fitting material was moulded around their puffy vulvas, showing the pronounced furrow of their horny cunt-slits through the fabric.

"Damn,that'smega-hot!"Cory thought, slurping and lapping at his Mom's toes.

The boys were on their knees, so the women could plainly see their hardons tenting their shorts out shamelessly.

"Mmm, those yummy pricks look sooo hard! Why don't you take them out and show us, boys," Brenda suggested.

The teens proudly slipped out of their shorts and briefs. Their enormous meaty hardons sprung free and bobbed up and down stiffly as they resumed their toe-sucking.

"Ohh, look at those dicks!" Jewel exclaimed, excitedly licking her lips. "What are you gonna do to us now, boys?" Brenda asked.

Her son smiled and leaned over to whisper something to Cory. "What should we do?" "Not sure, what do you think?" Cory whispered back.

"Let's kiss and lick their legs...get them super worked up."

Jewel leaned over to whisper something to Brenda. "What do you think they're whispering?"

"I don't know, but don't be surprised if they rip our shorts off and fuck us," Brenda whispered back excitedly.

The Moms watched as their boys began to plant a trail of kisses down their curvy legs. They breathlessly dug their long nails into the couch cushion as they watched their sons sensually kiss and lick their legs.

Cory was so turned on he could hardly stand it. His mom's naked legs were splayed open and he was working his way down between them. Her tan skin was so smooth and soft and smelt wonderful.

"Mmm, so that's your plan...to tease us, boys?" Jewel asked. "Uh-huh," her son said with a smile, kissing her inner thighs.

"That's ok," Brenda said, "the farther we spread our legs back, the farther they'll have to climb on top of our bodies to kiss them."

Jewel giggled. "That's true," she said, widening her spread even more.

Now both big titted mommies had their thighs spread wide, their dainty bare feet hovering in the air. This was the position they had birthed these boys out eighteen years ago and now they were yearning to have their birthing-tubes stuffed once again, only this time with just the boy's cocks.

"Why don't you kiss our lips now," Jewel suggested, as the boys settled on top of them.

"Nice idea!" Cory said, excitedly bringing his full weight down on top of his Mom, crushing her tits between them.

The two couples kissed passionately, their lips sensually smacking together and their tongues dancing wildly. The women peeled off their son's shirts, getting them completely naked, while continuing to plant sensual pecks on their reciprocating lips.

"Mmm, can you feel how hot you're making our cunts, boys?" Brenda asked. "Can you feel the heat against your boners?"

"I sure can," her son sighed, mashing his erect cock against her puffy crotch.

"Me too," Cory added, flexing his manhood as it rested in the cloth-covered crevice of Jewel's cunt..

"I bet you'd like to fuck us, wouldn't you?" Brenda asked, planting more wet kisses on her son's

face. "Pound our juicy holes with those big dicks and blast all that hot cum in there."

"Ohh damn, Mom, it's so hot when you talk like that," her son sighed, kissing her right back.

Jewel giggled. "You boys can tease us, so we can tease you right back," kiss, kiss. "Tease you with our dirty mouths," she said, then locked lips with Cory for a fiery French kiss.

Brenda threw her strong lovely legs around her boy, interlocking her ankles behind his back. "Wrap our sexy legs around you and talk dirty, while you press your dreamy dicks against us!"

"Ohhh!" her son sighed, aroused as hell.

Jewel broke her passionate kiss and brought her lips near her son's ear. "And while you're doing it, you can imagine that you're fucking us. Pounding our pussies with your dicks, like we're your own personal Mommy-sluts," she hissed.

Both women continued with their naughty talk, while smooching with their boys passionately. "Fucking really hard and deep!" Brenda said sensually.

"Sucking on our big squishy tits!" Jewel added, then planted a couple wet pecks, "licking and pulling on our hard fat nipples!"

"Ohhfuck!" her son whimpered, out of his mind with horniness.

"Making those cum-filled balls beat against our asses!" Brenda panted.

"Forcing us to CRY out in ecstacy and squirt our cum on your incredible cocks!" Jewel said with passion, tossing her own luscious mommy-legs around her teen.

"Ok, if we can't fuck you guys now, I think I'm gonna go crazy!"

The two Mommies giggled. "Fuck us then! We're not stopping you!" Brenda said excitedly. "Strip our panties off and TAKE those pussies!"

The boys glanced at each other with equal thrill, then quickly reached for the hem of their mother's booty-shorts. With throbbing dicks, they shucked the shorts down the women's legs, then reached for their dainty panties.

Jewel's eyes were full of lust as she excitedly watched her boy peel her thong down her sexy legs. "OhhmyGod,lookhowfuckingexcitedheis!WhoamIkidding?!I'mjustasea gerashe is!Fuuuck!"she thought.

The boys both squeezed their hard pricks, watching the mothers open their thighs up again, shamelessly displaying their shaved pussies. Their big fleshy clits stuck out from beneath their hoods, crowning their splayed labial folds. Like an animal, Jackson dove face first for his mother's cunt, immediately putting his tongue to work.

"Uhhhnggyess!" Brenda cried out, arching her back with delight, making her wobbling tits balloon upward.

Cory moved forward and devoured Jewel's horny pussy, inhaling the fragrant folds as his face sunk down through the fleshy layers and his tongue found her clitoris. "Yesss! Oh my God!" the mother shouted.

Brenda grimaced feverishly, shaking her head back and forth, gasping and whining with pleasure. She humped her ass rhythmically, overcome with desire, fucking her cunt all over her son's face. "Ohh fuck yes! Eat our pussies!"

Cory lapped up his Mom's juices like a hungry dog, looping his licker from her fuck-hole, up across her fleshy pink pearl, then back again,

repeating this process over and over.

"Eeeeiiioohhh!!" Brenda cried out, as an orgasm hit her out of no where. "Fucck!" Jackson said with wonder as her pussy started squirting.

Cory paused and looked over at his new friend. Jackson was spreading his Mom's cunt open with his fingers. Orgasmic juice was burbling out of her fuck-hole and her body was shaking. "Look at that shit!" he exclaimed, glancing at Cory.

"Wow!" Cory muttered, then watched his friend bury his lips back against his orgasming mother's gushing cunt.

Jewel squealed with bliss as her teen went back to eating her pussy. Her husband didn't eat her cunt nearly as much as he used to, so it was refreshing to have such a hot young stud devour her precious flower. Even when Marty did eat her out, she felt like he was doing it more out of a husbandly duty, rather than because he really wanted to. With Cory it was different. He feasted on her cunt like an animal that hadn't eaten in days.

The teen lashed his licker back and forth across her clitoris, making her back slowly arch from the cushion. "Ohhhmy God, don't stop!!" she gasped, on the verge of a juicy climax.

Cory held her hips and didn't let up one bit, determined to make his mother cum harder than ever. He didn't have to wait long.

"Yeess-cummminggg!" the busty beauty cried out, flopping around like a fish out of water as an orgasm swept through her nearly naked body.

The boy kept his tongue going into overdrive, watching his mother writhe around in ecstacy. With his face against her crotch he had a terrific view up her midriff to the swell of her large breasts. Even

under the confines of her bra and top, her colossal knockers wobbled heavily back and forth as she jerked around in pleasure.

"Will you suck our dicks now?" Jackson brazenly asked, getting a big smile from both his mom

and Jewel as they sat up.

Brenda looked over at her new partner in crime. "I don't know, what do you think, Jewel? Do you think we should suck these big hunky dicks?" she teasingly asked.

"No, I don't thing we should," Jewel said with a mischievous grin, "but I also don't think that should stop them from trying fuck our mouths like pussies."

"Mmm, I like the way you think," Brenda said and they both got up from the couch. "See ya boys," Jewel said playfully as her and Brenda stepped towards the bedroom.

"Goddamn, look at those asses!" Jackson said to Cory as they stroked their boners, while watching their mothers sashay away on bare feet. The women's luscious legs were crowned

by the meaty half-globes of their bare buttocks'. Both moms put a little extra sway in their hips, making their unblemished booties undulate seductively.

Brenda whispered something to Jewel and they paused for a moment and slipped off their shirts. Both their huge sets of tits were encased in delicate-laced bras and straining for release.

"Fucking sexy!" Cory muttered to Jackson as they gawked at the huge creamy cleavages spilling out the tops of their bra-cups..

The Moms reached back and pulled on the thick straps of their bras, releasing the hooks. Next came the shoulder straps, then they

peeled the cups away, releasing their huge milkers. The boys intensified their cock-strokes, watching both sets of naked tits shimmy around heavily on their chests.

"Shit, dude, your mom's tits are as big as my mom's," Jackson commented. "Yeah, they both have big puffy nipples too."

"Look at how they're standing there watching us...thrusting those tits out like that," Jackson said lustfully, his eyes as wide as silver dollars.

Both Jewel and Brenda were in a sexy pose, with one lovely leg cocked forward, resting on the squatted toes of an arched foot. The size of their jutting breasts were absolutely tremendous and their rubbery nipples were fully erect, puffing out from wide areolas.

Their pretty eyes peeked out from their trusses, watching the handsome teens stroke their big baby-makers. "Are you gonna stand there and beat off, or are you gonna plunge those cocks down our throats, boys?" Brenda asked..

Cory and Jackson stepped across the trailer, their erection bobbing up and down. They stopped in front of their naked mothers, then boldly reached out and squeezed the women's oversized melons, making their fingers sink into the squishy flesh. They tweaked and pulled at

their nipples, watching the mothers purr in ecstacy. "Suck on them!" Jewel said lustfully.

Both boys ran with the suggestion, leaning over, hefting one of their big tits and latching on, all while continuing to stroke their hard cocks.

"Yess! Suck those fucking nipples, boys!" Brenda cried out, feeling Jackson's tongue batter her engorged nipple.

The mother's replaced the boy's cock-stroking hands with those of their own, reaching down and jerking their tender hardons while they had their titties sucked.

"Mmmnff!" Cory whimpered. His face was pushed into Jewel's squishy boob while he sucked, masking it in tit-meat.

"Mmm, I love how fucking hard those dicks get!" Brenda said. "Which reminds me...we're suppose to be sucking on those monsters, remember?"

Brenda crouched down, grasping her son's cock at the root. She slowly opened her mouth and began sinking it inside, making an obscene gurgling sound as she slowly stuffed her son's prick down her throat.

"Ohhh shit yess! Suck my dick, Mom!" her son sighed..

Jewel also crouched down, taking a long wet lick up the underside of her son's hardon. She then grasped his cock and beat her flickering tongue around on the large purple knob.

"Ohhh wow!" Cory muttered, watching his own mom lick his dick like a lollipop.

Wet slurping, smacking sounds filled the trailer as the horny mothers began to give their boys hot sloppy blow jobs, compressing their lips tightly around the stiffness of their cocks.

Up and back their pretty heads bobbed, fucking the stiff boners down the back of her throats. "Hhmmnff!" Jewel gagged, but just kept suck like a champion cock-sucker.

Brenda too sucked with gusto, while inhaling the cunt warming aroma of Jackson's prick and balls. She stroked the base of his cock with one hand, while cupping his bloated balls with the other, rolling the cum-filled nuts around between her fingers.

"Ohh damn, that feels good," her son sighed..

Hungrily Jewel's tongue swirled around her boy's cock, looping over the flared knob to lap up the prick juices bubbling up from his balls. She grasped his prick around the root and jacked hard and fast, beating her son's meat into her mouth.

Jackson's cock was beginning to tingle when his mom abruptly stopped sucking and stood up.

"We're slowly down!" she said.

"What? Who?" he son asked, confused by what his mom meant. "You're father's slowing down. I think he's stopping."

Jewel stood back up also. "At a stop sign maybe?"

"No..." Brenda said, then looked out the window," we're pulling over! Get dressed, boys. Hurry!" Quickly, the four of them scrambled to get their clothes back on..

Outside, both rigs had pulled over to the side of the highway. The husbands had both hopped out and met at the rear of Martin's trailer. One of his back tires was shredded, exposing the rim.

"Now THAT is one hell of a blowout!" Don said.

"The tires are pretty new. I must have ran over something," Martin said.

"It happens!" Don reminded him. "Grab your spare and your jack, I'll help you fix this baby right up!"

By the time the Moms and sons arrived, the husband's were already jacking up the rear of the rig.

"Oh my God, what happened?" Jewel asked..

"My guess is we hit a nail or something...punctured the tire and it blew," Martin said.

Don began jacking up the rear axle. "Not that uncommon. Luckily you guys weren't riding in this trailer or you would have had a nice little jolt."

"Honey, where are the kids?" Brenda asked her husband.

"Told them to stay in the truck and play their games. They don't need to be out here with these cars going by."

"True."

Jewel looked at Martin. "What about Ann?"

"She's sleeping in the truck. I didn't wake her," Martin said.

While the husbands worked hard at changing the tire, their beautiful wife's stood and watched, with the boys directly behind them. Brenda and Jewel reached back between their bodies discreetly and began rubbing their boy's cocks through their shorts. They were delighted to find both pricks still fully hard.

"Fuck,IwantthisinsidesoGoddamn,bad!"Jewel thought, her thick rubbery nipples hardening beneath her bra.

The boys stood there breathlessly, trying to remain steady on their feet as the mom's skilled hands stroked their cocks through the fabric. The women rolled the boy's nuts through their fingers, then slid their hands exquisitely up their shafts and massaging their fat leaking knobs.

"So how's the ride back in the fiver?" Martin asked them as they removed the blown tire.

Jewel and Brenda looked at each other with knowing smiles. "Good, we were just sucking down a couple of shots when we noticed the rig slowing down," Jewel said.

"Shots huh? her husband asked, "Now you got me jealous."

"They were your favorite shots too, honey, blowjobs," Jewel said. It was all the Moms and sons could do to keep from laughing.

"Damn, I love blowjobs!"

Don laughed. "Who doesn't, right?" he joked.

"Well, yes, those kind of blowjobs too," Martin said, making the two men laugh.

"Mmm, they were soo yummy!" Brenda added, gripping her son's man-meat tightly in her hand. "I could suck them down all day."

"Me too," Jewel said. "We figured the boys are old enough and we're on vacation, so we gave them blowjobs too."

Brenda couldn't help herself and burst out laughing. "Oh God, I'm sorry."

The two husband's were also amused at the way she phrased it. "Jesus, honey, that sounded really bad."

Jewel glared at her husband. "We're talking about shots, Martin. Get your head out of the gutter."

"Sorry, just sayin'.

Cory inwardly laughed as he listened to the conversation. If his dad only knew that his mom had been giving him a real blowjob only minutes before. He carefully looked down and watched his Mom's pretty hand continue to massage his protruding boner. Her big

diamond wedding ring sparkled in the sunlight, reminding him of how she was shamelessly breaking her wedding vows.

Touching her son's big cock was getting the mother hornier and hornier. Jewel could feel her fuck-juices secreting from her pussy-walls, lubricating her vagina for intercourse. Her big

clitoris throbbed and her oversized tits felt heavy with arousal. "OhmyGod,IwantCorysobad Icanhardlystandit!"her mind screamed.

"We should go find a cool rock or something," she said, looking back at her boy and reluctantly releasing his cock.

"A cool rock?" he asked.

"Yeah, a souvenir. Remember we said we were gonna find one on every stop?" she lied, but Cory caught on when she winked and went along with it.

"Oh yeah, a souvenir."

"We'll come with you guys," Brenda said.

"We'll be back on the road in ten minutes," Martin said as the wives and sons disappeared. "Ten minutes, got it!" he heard his wife say.

The Moms led their horny boys through the tall brush along the side of the road. They were in

a remote area with nothing but vegetation and only an occasional car going by on the highway. "I bet there's some cool rocks right through here," Jewel said, leading the way on a path through the brush.

"Mm, I bet you're right, or at least SOMETHING rock hard," Brenda said, making them giggle.

As soon as they were concealed from the road, the mother's attacked their boys with kisses, quickly unbuttoning their shorts. They were both horny as hell. "Wanna fuck me?" Jewel lustfully asked her son.

Brenda's son's shorts dropped to his ankles, exposing his stiff erection. The women had left their panties in the trailer, but quickly removed their shorts. "Bend us over and fuck us, boys! Get your dicks inside those hot wet pussies!"

The busty moms bent over and their boys mounted their haunches from behind. Cory's heart pounded with excitement, from the depraved act they were committing right there just out of site from their fathers.

He quickly squeezed his cock into Jewel's pussy, delighted at the way her cunt was already naturally lubricated and ready for his big cock.

"Ohhhyess!" he sighed, feeling his tender dong sink along the warm spongy walls of her pussy, further and further until it was completely sheathed.

"OhhmyGod!!Hisdickfeelsamazing!!"Jewel's mind squealed lustfully. She peeked back at him like a helpless slut. "Pound mee!" she pleaded.

Cory happily obliged, spearing his cock through her quivering cuntal flesh.

The boy's crotches beat wetly against the women's naked asses, making a duel smacking sound.

"SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP....

As they fucked, the teens looked over at each other with wide-eyed smiles, then gazed back down at the action.

The site of his mother's naked buttocks pushing back at him made Cory's excitement level enter the stratosphere. He marveled at the way the fat of her meaty mounds would ripple beneath the skin every time they struck his midsection.

"Ohhh!" Jewel sighed, feeling her boy's thick cock flex with arousal, stretching her gripping walls even more as it thundered through her fuck-tube. She reacted by tightening her own fuck

-muscles, making her pussy even more pleasurable for her well-hung son.

"Yess! Fuck usss!" Brenda whimpered, impressed as usual by the way her son was pounding her hot mommy-pussy like a pro.

Even in the confines of their bras, the women's huge knockers jostled around on their chests to the rhythm of their fucking.

They suddenly heard Martin's voice, reminding them of how dangerously close they still were to the road. "Ok, let's roll!" he shouted.

Rather than stop, both mothers worked their hips with greater intensity, pounding their cunts- slits back on their boy"s stiff dicks. "Come for us, boys!" Jewel said.

"Cum in our pussies!" Brenda added.

The teens lustfully drove their boners with full length thrusts through the hot spongy grips of their mother's cunt-flesh. Both pussies were tightening up, which let the boys know that they weren't the only ones close to cumming.

"Jewel?" Martin called from the road. "Cuuummmmiiiig!!" his wife cried out.

Within seconds of each other, as if there was an orgasmic current connected their bodies, the four of them began climaxing.

They struggled to contain their delightful squeals as they humped with everything they had.The boys blasted their hot creamy loads, while scalding girl-cum squirted from their mother's urethras, soaking their plowing, spurting boners.

"Mmnnhhff!" Jewel whimpered, biting her bottom lip in ecstacy.

"Ohhhhh!" he son sighed, blown away by the intense feeling of having his cock milked by such a strong, skilled pussy.

"We better go!" Brenda whispered, hurriedly putting her booty shorts back on.

Jackson's cock was soaked with their juices. He tugged his own shorts back up, concealing it's stiffness.

Cory's boner slipped from his Mom's cunt, making a lewd wet popping sound as it made it's exit.

"That's quite the hammer you got there!" a old mysterious voice said from behind them.

Startled, they all spun around. "What the fuck?!" Brenda exclaimed, gazing at the old bearded geezer behind them. "Who the fuck are you?"

The tiny, creepy old man had his tiny penis hanging out of his fly, stroking it shamelessly while staring straight at Jewel. The name's Sid. Care if I have a lick?" gazing at Jewel's shaved snatch.

"Let's...get back to the road," Jewel said, sliding her shorts back up her luscious legs.

Of course the old pervert watched her every move, gazing at her jiggling tits and her shaved, well-fucked pussy before she could cover it. "I bet your pussy is like the ripest piece of fruit I ever tasted," his gruffly voice said.

"Go back to your cave, you creepy fuck!" Brenda said with a scowl, making her way back to the road with her son.

"Just let me have a taste!" the creeper said to Jewel as he followed her towards the road. He set his site on her thick swaying buttock. "Ohh that plump sweet ass!" he snarled, pumping his tiny peter even harder.

"You're disgusting! Why are you following us?" Jewel asked.

By the time they got back to the road there was no sign of Sid anywhere. "Everything ok?" Martin asked.

"Yes, will you just get us back on the road please," Jewel answered as they filed back into the Anderson's 5th Wheel.

Martin and Don looked at each other. "Okay then!" Don said. "Lucky Luke's RV Park, here we come!"

Martin headed around his rig. "Let's do it!"

The two families pulled back onto the road and continued their trip. Sid stepped out of the bushes onto the side of the pavement His penis was back in his grease-stained pants and he glared at the convoy of 5th wheels as they disappeared down the road. "Lucky Luke's, huh?" he muttered to himself, then smiled sinisterly, showing a mouthful of half-rotted teeth.

"That was the creepiest guy I've ever seen!" Brenda said as they sat back down together on the sofa.

"It wasn't even a guy. It was more like Gollum from Lord of the Ring, with an ugly beard," Jackson said.

"And a really small penis," Cory added, making the four of them laugh.

"It was so gross...and the way he was stroking it, while he staring at me...disgusting!" Jewel said.

"I wonder if he was watching us the whole time?" Jackson asked.

Brenda comforted her new friend with a hug. "I have an idea," she said, "to get our minds off the piece of shit we just left in our dust, why don't we all go into the bedroom and have a little fun."

Jackson quickly raised his hand. "I second that thought!"

The mothers giggled like horny schoolgirls, pulling the boys into the bedroom, where once again they all stripped naked.

They couples embraced, kissing and groping passionately. The Moms rubbed their big stiff- nippled milkers all over the boy's chests, get them hornier and hornier. Finally, they all fell back onto the large bed.

"Fuck us, you hot studs!" Brenda exclaimed, then locked lips again with her boy.

Laying side by side on the bed, the two big titted mothers splayed their thighs open, cradling their horny-cocked teens between their legs. Cory plunged his hardon into his mother's pussy, crushing her spongy tits against his chest as he brought his weight against her.

"Yesss! Fuck me really hard, baby!" she cried out.

With their cocks fully sheathed, both boys began to work their hips, fucking their mom's pussies with long tit-jarring thrusts. "Ohhhh!

Fuck yess!" Brenda shrieked.. "Hit that pussy, honey!"

The big bed rocked and creaked beneath them, sustaining the force of two hard-humping couples. The panting mommies locked their stong silky legs around their boys, like tight fleshy

love-harness's, holding their humping frames between their wide-open thighs.

The mother's pink, ribbed cunt tubes clasped tightly around the hammering cylinders of meat, soaking them with slippery fuck-oil meant to lubricate such an intense union.

"Ohhh shit yeaaah!" Cory moaned. His body fit his mother's like a glove. Everything about her, from her sloshing tits and warm cradling thighs to to her dainty bare feet, pushing at his ass to aid in his thrusts, seemed custom-made, just for him. Even their tongues seemed completely in sync as they thrashed together frenziedly inside his mouth. "She'sfuckingincredible!"his mind exclaimed.

Jewel was having similar thoughts about him. Simply put, Cory was making his father seem like a sexual amateur in her eyes. "Thisishowawomanissupposetobefucked!"she thought,feeling her climax build, nearing the peak.

The boy's balls beat against their mother writhing ass cheeks and their long stiff cocks didn't soften one bit as they tirelessly pounded through their mother's creamy pink pussy-holes.

"Goddamn, Mom!" Jackson groaned, feeling her pelvic floor contract upward, creating added tightness around his boner, causing it to throb and leak delightfully.

"Mmm, you like that, baby? You like mommy making her hot pussy as tight as she can for you?"

"Hell yess, I love it!" her boy answered, continuing a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Ohh my God, you boys are absolutely amazing!" Jewel shouted lustfully, her voice shaky from being fucked so hard and also from cresting on the edge of a monster orgasm. "I'm gonna fucking cuuuuum!"

"Meeee toooo! Fuck me harrdeer!" Brenda shrieked. "Ohhh, God, yesss! Yesss! OHH FUUUCCK!!" Her sexy voice rang out. Her and Brenda's voices screamed out in an orgasmic mommy-duet.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!!"

"Oohhhyessss! My pussy's cuuuming!! "Yesss! YESSSS!!

The boys marveled at the trembling beauty's beneath them. Hearing their own mothers cry out in passion turned them on just as much as the feel of the smothering juice-spurting cunts around their cocks.

"Ohh shit, I'm gonna shoot!" Jackson moaned, feeling the torrent of hot cum surge up his fuck- tube.

"Ohhhh! Ohhhdamn!!" Cory whimpered, as big milky gobs of jizz began hosing from his piss- slit.

All four of them trembled and writhed, using each others bodies to draw out as much of the intense pussy-proding pleasure as they could. This went on and on for several minutes, before the boys rolled off their panting mothers in exhaustion.

"Wow Jewel, we really raised a couple of fuck-hounds," Brenda said.

Jewel giggled, making her big tit-mounds tremble as they lay spread out across her chest. "Yes we did!"

She rolled over against her boy, giving him a soft sensual kiss while gazing endearingly into his eyes. "Mommy's fuck-hound," she whispered.

Cory smiled contently. "We forgot to collect rocks for souvenirs," he said.

Jewel giggled. "You guys can have our panties for souvenirs, how's that?" she asked. "Better than a stupid rock for sure," Jackson chimed in, making them all laugh.

86: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin'_3

Ch. 5 - Lucky Luke's RV Park

When the family's rigs arrived at Lucky Luke's, they pulled into spots side by side. While the husbands went through the process of setting up the 5th wheels for their stay, the kids got into their swimsuits and rushed across the park to the pool.

"Wait for us before you jump in the water!" Brenda shouted to her children.

The two mothers changed into their bikinis. They made sure to wear cover-ups for the walk over, in order to avoid a lecture from their husbands about how their bikinis were too revealing. Both Jewel and Brenda had the types of bodies that would have made ANY swimsuit seem inappropriate. Tiny slings of fabric wern't made to contain their enormous mommy-tits and thick meaty asses, but they loved wearing them.

Today, the cocks they were teasing belonged to their handsome son's, Cory and Jackson. The boys got to the pool just before their mothers did and sat waiting. "I'm hope my mom's

wearing her black micro bikini," Jackson said, glancing in the direction of their vehicles eagerly. "Micro bikini?" Cory asked.

"Yeah, it's like a normal bikini, only only a lot more revealing." "Oh cool. I wonder if MY mom has one of those?"

The boy's moms entered the pool area, wearing sunglasses and their bikini cover-ups. With no bras on, their tit-mounds trembled with

every step.

"Can we jump in now?" One of Brenda's kids asked. "Go ahead. Just be safe!"

"Ann, let's put some sunscreen on you," Jewel said to her daughter.

After the mother lathered her daughter up and watched her join the other kids in the pool, Jewel and Brenda wandered over to where the boys were sitting. The teens had strategically placed themselves behind a section of loungers, hoping their moms would choose to lay out in front of them. They wern't disappointed.

"Hi boys! Going swimming?" Brenda asked.

"Maybe in a little bit," Jackson answered, eager to see some skin first. "We're just gonna chill here for awhile."

"I wonder why?" Jewel joked, looking over at Brenda and winking knowingly.

"Couldn't have anything to do with THIS, could it?" Brenda asked, lifting her cover-up off her body, exposing her bikini-clad flesh. While it wasn't the micro bikini that Jackson was hoping

for, the skimpy red two-piece was still extremely revealing. He knew his mom couldn't wear the one he wanted her to with all the kids around.

"My guess is yes, it does have something to do with this," Jewel said with a giggle, shedding her cover-up also.

Cory's eyes widened when he saw the sexy number his mom was wearing. It was a traditional string-bikini, but even in that her delightful curves could barely be contained. The amount of cleavage bulging from the bikini top made Cory's cock rise in record time.

The aroused teens watched their mother's breasts and asses jiggle as they spread their towels out on the lounge chairs. The women then applied suntan oil to their sexy bodies. Jewel looked over at her son and gave him a teasing wink as she rubbed oil on the creamy flesh of her exposed tit-meat. When she bent over to hit her legs, her mammoth jugs dangled in the bikini sling, exposing a huge gaping cleavage that made her boy stare in wide-eyed lust.

Brenda was putting on a show for her boy also. As she applied oil to her body, she bent over like Jewel did, but with her buttocks pointed at her teen. Jackson sighed in awe, while staring at her meaty buns, which were sticking half-way out of her bottoms. Not only that, but he could clearly make out the puffy lips of her vulva, bulging out the sides, and the groove of her pudendal cleft through the fabric.

"See anything you like?" Jewel asked the boys.

"I know I do!" her son muttered, still gawking at her wobbling tits. "Me too!" Jackson added.

"Uh-huh, I bet you'd love to stuff your meat inside that camel-toe, wouldn't you?" Brenda asked her boy with a naughty grin.

"You got that right!"

"What about you?" Jewel said, staring back at her son. "Got mommy's camel-toe on your mind too?"

"Yes! That and other things," Cory said, gazing at her jutting tit-melons. He could clearly see the tips of her rubbery nipples through the fabric.

Jewel thrust her giant boobies out even further, making it look as though her oiled melon-meat could split her bikini top right in two. "You mean like THESE things?" she said, playing stupid.

"Yes," her son answered with an excited gulp.

"Well if you came over and shared this lounge chair with me, mommy could let her boulders roll all over you," she suggested.

"Share the lounge chair?"

"Yeah, I think we could squeeze the two of us together on it. We can't be too naughty though. Remember, there are kids around."

Jackson looked at his mom, as if waiting for her invitation. She smiled back at him knowingly. "No frisky business!" she warned.

"I'll be good," he assured her.

The boys joined their mothers on the loungers, sprawling out on their backs, hip to hip. Being this close to his mom, with her glossy, nearly naked body displayed next to him, made Cory get even more worked up.

Of course his mother sensed his arousal. "You're looking pretty stiff down there!" she said. "How could I not be stiff? Look at you!" he said.

Jewel giggled, fully aware of her son's lust for her. "I like it when you're stiff," she said. "It shows me that you have what it takes to split my cunt whenever I need it."

"I enjoyed splitting it earlier!"

She reached down and took his hand, squeezing it tightly. "And you did such an amazing job. You felt incredible!"

"So did you," he confessed.

"You didn't mind watching your Mom scream and gush all over your hard cock like a shameless whore?" she giggled.

"No way! I didn't mind. I loved it!"

Jewel looked towards the pool and suddenly sat up. "Ann, stay in the pool. No running around, it's dangerous!" she said.

While she spoke to his sister, Cory gazed up at her, struck by his mom's beauty. He was much to young to remember the actress Natalie Wood, but since people had often compared his mother to her, he had Googled some pictures of the actress. He could definitely see the similarities between her and his mother. Their striking facial features, their big dreamy brown eyes and their long dark trusses were very similar. The thing that set his mom apart, however, was her voluptuous body. Jewel had at least five times the tit-meat as the 70's actress and twice the ass.

The pretty mother looked down at her boy, feeling his eyes on her. Her hungry gaze drifted down his well-toned chest, then pause on the outline of the throbbing boner beneath his

shorts. Cory watched her bite her bottom lip with horny desire, then gaze back up into his eyes.

"What?" she asked, like a cute timid schoolgirl. "I just like looking at you," her boy confessed.

"Recline the seat back all the way. We'll turn on our sides and look at each other all we want."

The teen did as his mom asked and they laid down on their sides, facing each other. Cory breathlessly gazed at her tit-cleavage. The way his mom was laying with one melon stacked on top of the other, created a long deep crevice between her milkers, that could probably swallow his entire head. Her fat nipples were clearly erect, straining beneath the fabric of her bikini top..

"How's that?" she asked with a smile. "Great!"

They could hear the whispering and giggling of Jackson and Brenda next to them, but neither couple could hear what the other was

saying. "So was I right about this trip?" Jewel asked her son. "Are you experiencing lots of new and exciting things?"

Her boy nodded. "Most definitely!"

"It is kind of like one of your video games though, right?" "How so?"

"Well, we're like duel players...a team, trying to fuck whenever and wherever we can, without your dad finding out."

Cory laughed. "Yeah, I guess it's kinda the same."

His mom slid her smooth lower-leg up onto his, and drug her pretty painted toes against him. She gazed at her boy, her own big brown dreamy eyes radiating pure motherly love. "I love fucking you!" she softly confessed.

The teen's heart skipped a beat. "I love it too," he said with heavy excited breath.

"I know you do. Your love-muscle gets so incredibly hard that I can feel every vein popping out."

"Really?"

"Oh yes! Why do you think you make me cum so fucking hard?" she giggled. "You stick that long hard pussy pleaser up there and I just melt around it."

Cory was so turned on by her words that he could hardly contain himself from reaching down and rubbing his dick. His mother, like all mind reading moms, slid her knee forward and pressed it against the bulge in his shorts. Cory's cock throbbed delightfully,
trapped between

her knee and his lower abdomen. Ohh!" he softly moaned.

"You want mommy to milk it off?" she asked, gazing in his eyes. He nodded affirmatively.

"We have to be careful. The kids are in the pool and can't see us right now, but if they get out, we have to stop."

"Alright."

The mother slowly stroked up and down his meaty boner through his shorts, applying just enough pressure with her knee to make his cock flex with pleasure.

"Feels good right there, doesn't it? Mommy can feel your big cum-tube along the bottom of your shaft. The one all that thick milky ball-juice travels through," Jewel said softly.

"Ohh, yess! I like it," her boy gasped softly, staring back into her dreamy eyes.

"Do you like me stroking you right up to that fat juicy tip, and hitting that sensitive little banjo string," Jewel asked. "You know the little banjo string I mean, don't you baby? The little piece of elastic skin that connects your foreskin to the base of your bell tip."

"Yes," the boy hissed.

"You know why it's called a banjo string?"

Cory shook his head, feeling her knee continue to stroke him exquisitely.

"Because we moms love to strum our tongues across it," Jewel said, fluttering the pink tip of her tongue between her lips for her son to see.

"Oh damn, that's hot!" her boy gasped, his cock flexing.

Jewel giggled and watched him squirm beside her. She ran her fingers through the back of his hair, pulling his head to her tits. She lifted her own head for a moment, making sure all the younger kids were still in the pool and out of site.

Cory whimpered, his face now wedged deeply in his mom's squishy, oily cleavage. He was amazed at how his mom could keep such a steady stroking rhythm with her knee, along the underside of his boner.

"That's the spot you like, isn't it?" she said in a sexy tone. "Tucked right between mommy's big milkers."

The boy grumbled in response, his face sandwiched between the fatty flesh of each tit.

"That's the best place for your face to be when you nut off, isn't it?"

She felt her son's body tremble and his erection twitch beneath her stroking knee. "Ohh, that feels so good I bet!" her voice cooed. "Mommy knows how to treat a boner right, doesn't she?"

Cory loved fucking his mom, but having her squeeze him off, while talking dirty, with his face lodged between her soft jugs, was a close second. Her squishy boobie contours felt amazing smothering his face. Sure he could hardly breathe, but he didn't give a damn. He kissed and licked the spongy flesh, wondering how many guys had dreamed about doing the same to his incredibly stacked mother.

"You'll be fucking me again soon. You'll be feeling the muscled rings of mommy's pussy squeezing and tugging on your rock hard boner, soaking it with her hot secreting juices," Jewel said.

Her boy snarled, his balls swelling up with a big load of spunk.

Jewel added just a little extra pressure with her cock-stroking knee, intensifying his pleasure. "I'll be wrapping my soft shaved legs

around you, pulling your body into my big swinging tits!"

Cory let out another grunt, feeling his knob tingle and his inner glands tighten up, in preparation for a mind-blowing orgasm. Jewel's next words made the flood gates burst open.

"You'll make mommy squeal, while you pump it into her so fucking hard and deep!"

The boy grumbled in bliss, seeing flashes of light, as his cock hosed out big ropes of cum beneath the fabric of his swim trunks.

Jewel just kept a nice steady tempo with her knee, feeling her teen's peter flex and release, flex and release, as the cum pulsed through his organ. "Yes! Shoot your cum in me! Come on, let mommy get it all out!"

Cory's orgasm was so intense, he felt like he could pass out. Being smothered between his Mom's fleshy breasts didn't help, but he wasn't about to come up for air.

By now his cum-juices had soaked through his shorts and were wetting Jewel's knee, as she milked her boy's balls for every drop. For a good five minutes, she continued her gentle knee- strokes, grinding along the underside of the twitching tubular muscle. "Oh, honey, you always cum so hard for me!" she cooed.

She didn't rush her baby. They were certainly in no hurry, and she loved how he seemed so content licking and sucking at her boob flesh. She giggled just a little, amused by the way her giant sideways-distorted melons had swallowed up almost all of her baby's head, nearly pulling her bikini top down over her nipples. If her husband suddenly appeared, he would be absolutely shocked and disgusted.

To Jewel, the danger was worth the thrill. Her pussy was wet and throbbing for attention!

Cory finally slipped his sweaty, oily face from the pocket of cleavage and his mom giggled. "You look like you just crawled out from under a boobie avalanche."

"That was great!" he sighed.

"Would you like to sneak off somewhere more private and bring mommy off?" she asked. "Yeah, like where?"

"Let's go look for a spot," Jewel said, then got up. Her titties jostled as she readjusted her bikini top. "Brenda, would you mind watching Ann for just a bit?"

The mother smiled knowingly, engaged in her own intimate snuggle with Jackson. "Of course not, as long as you return the favor when you get back," she said, eager to find her own private spot for her son and her to disappear to.

Cory and his mom held hands as they rushed around the building. "Should we go in the bathroom?" he asked.

"No, gross! It probably smells in there." "Where then?"

Just then, an elderly woman emerged from the bathroom, drying her hair. "Cold showers only, sorry. We're having the hot water fixed tomorrow."

"Thanks," Jewel answered with a friendly smile.

The old woman paused and looked at them. "You two look like you need somewhere private to hide out for awhile?"

Mother and son looked at each other, a bit freaked out that the woman hit the nail on the head so perfectly.

"I know, I know, you're mother and son, hush-hush!" the woman said, "I raised four horny boys. Need I say more?"

Jewel giggled. "No."

"Follow me!" the old woman said.

Around the side of the building, she unlocked a small empty broom closet with not much space at all. "It's small, I know, but there's enough room to bump your uglies. You'd be surprised how many moms and boys have used this closet. Just make sure the door's closed and locked when you're done."

"Thank you!" Jewel said, then guided her son inside.

It was standing room only, and as Jewel closed the door, they were shrouded in darkness. The closet wreaked of pussy. This was not just the smell of any pussy. It was the distinct pungent aroma of mommy pussy. By now, the boy knew the difference.

If a room could talk, these four tiny walls would have quite the stories to tell. The space had seen dozens upon dozens of horny moms, pulling their teens inside and letting them fuck them senseless, out of their father's sight. Hundreds of orgasmic screams had reverberated between the cum painted walls. Countless heavy breasted mothers had soaked the floor with their gushing vaginal juices. It was like an orgasmic shrine.

The horny mother backed against her boy, grabbed his hand and shoved it down her bikini bottoms. "Rub my pussy!" she said anxiously, mashing her meaty ass-globes against her boy's still-hard cock.

Cory's heart beat excitedly as he cupped his mother's shaved pubis, digging two of his squirming fingers between her meat curtains, finding her thick clitoral nub. "Wow, you're wet!" he said.

"Of course I'm wet. I got so fucking aroused stroking your big cock!"

She grabbed his free hand and placed it on one of her big boobs. He began squeezing. "No...go under my bikini!" she said, anxious to feel his hands on her bare tits.

Cory gladly complied, slipping his hand up under her bikini cup and taking a big overflowing grip of heavy tit-meat.

Horny beyond belief, Jewel thrust her big chest out, bringing her hand up and combing her long nails through the back of her son's hair. She humped her naked cunt against her boy's fingers. "Come on, feel me up! Rub mommy's clitty!"

Cory did his best to finger her aroused pussy. He loved the way her buttocks pushed back against him, plowing his upturned cock through her plush butt crevice. "Yes!" she gasped, then grasped the hand that was on her boob and move it to the peak. "Squeeze my fucking nipples! Pull them hard!"

The boy excitedly did as she asked, pinching the hard fat nub and and tugging it out from the surrounding areola. "Yes! Like that! Ohh, fuck yess!" she gasped, delighted by the way his fingers strummed her wet clit, and the throbbing ring of her butthole humped against his boner.

She tilted her head back and pulled her son's down towards hers. "Kiss me!" she hissed.

Cory followed his mom's lead, engaging in a few wet lip smacking kisses before their tongues started dueling wildly outside their mouths. He could hardly believe this was his own mom, so

wild and incredibly horny.

She suddenly shrieked out, bucking backwards so that her boy reared against the wall, feeling his mom gush on his hand. Her lips fused against her boy's, darting her long thick licker through his mouth while trembling in his arms.

She reached back between them, shoving her hand in his trunks and grasping on to his thick manhood, using his slick precum to pump it up and down. "Get it out!" she gasped between kisses, "I need it out!"

While one hand pumped,, her free hand untied her bikini bottoms, all while engaging her son in passionate French kisses.

Cory stopped rubbing his mom's soaking wet pussy long enough to tug his shorts down to his ankles. His mom's jacking hand had slid down to the root of his cock, still giving subtle pumps while pressing his fat knob down between her meaty cheeks. She rubbed the juicy purple bell against the throbbing ring of her asshole.

"Ohhh!" Cory sighed, feeling the crinkled elastic ring pucker against his peter-tip, over and over, planting cum-smearing kisses all over his glans.

His shiny knob got lodged on the mouth of her butt-socket and he began to feel the rubbery ring slip around his helmet. Jewel desperately wanted her son to pound her asshole, but there would be a time and place to introduce the joys of anal sex. Right now she wanted to feel her cunt sheathed around it.

She slipped his knob down her butt-crack and into her other waiting hole. Both of them whimpered in ecstacy as they felt lengthy boner travel up Jewel's fuck-tube.

"Fuck me!" the mother gasped between their locked lips, setting her hips in motion, pumping her hot cunt back on her boy's stiff prick.

Cory met her frantic thrusts with one's of his own, punching his twat-hammer through the squeezing grip of his mom's experienced vagina. His wet crotch beat against her ass, filling the tiny closet with the repetitive sound of a lewd heated fuck.

The warm space had quickly caused their bodies to become soaked with perspiration. The musky aroma of cum and wet pussy wafted through the air, making Cory head spin.

Her felt his mother's cunt-tube clench, the back two inches pursing up juicily around his burrowing knob like a set of tightly circled lips. "Ohhh shit!" he whimpered, knowing there was gush of hot juice about to soak his erection.

Jewel cried out in another orgasm, pounding her thick ass against her teen's crotch in a frantic pace. Girl-cum pulsed from her urethra washing the underside of Cory's prick and dripped

from his dangling scrotum.

"Jesus, Mom, I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

"Not yet!" she said, popping his boner out of her and turning around. She immediately locked lips with him, her strong aggressive mommy-tongue searching for his once again.

Now the boy was backed in the corner, pinned between the wall and his horny busty mother. He wasn't sure whether her boobs had slipped from her bikini top or if she had removed them, but what he did know was there was two massive naked tit-melons with erect nipples crushed against his chest.

"Hold meee!" his mother whimpered in the sexiest tone he'd ever heard, twirling her arms around his neck and springing from the floor. Cory had fucked her standing up before, so he knew just what to do, grasping her thighs while she tossed her naked legs around him, locking his boyish frame between her thighs.

Before he could do anything else, his mom was grasping his cock and shoving it back inside her greedy cunt. "Ohhh!" the teen sighed, feeling the tender meat of his hardon swallowed by the slick rubbery-ribbed walls of Jewel's hot vagina. The two of them were

the perfect fit for each other. When his knob stuck bottom, her shaved outer labium was mashing against his crotch at the root of his prick. For a moment, they ground together in full penetration, the boy's purple bell being smeared in the hot cervical mucus that drooled from his mother's unprotected womb.

She showered him with more fiery kisses. "Fuck me as hard as you can!" she panted.

Cory was up for the challenge...literally. He gripped his mother's warm outer thighs and started pounding his cock in and out of her pussy as hard as he could.

"Yess! Like that!" Jewel screamed out, holding on for dear life.

The boy's body shuddered in delight, overwhelmed by the sensation of being clutched by such a beautiful big-titted mother. Her warm, soft, sweat-soaked body folded around him felt absolutely divine. Her enormous stiff-nippled melons were mounded against his bare chest, tit

-meat bulging out at the sides. Cory could feel their soft fatty and glandular tissue sloshing around against him.

"Ohhh!" he groaned, delighted by the feel of all that pink cuntal tissue slipping across his glans, moulding itself to every tiny contour of his muscular cock.

"Oh baby, you're gonna make me cum so FUCKING hard again!" the mother cried out. "I'm feeling good too!" Cory gasped, his nuts clenching as hot cum boiled inside them.

Their wet crotches beat together from their frantic fuck-rhythm. Cory's cock moved through

his mom's birthing tube like a supercharged piston pounding through a well-lubricated cylinder.

"Ohh, baby!!" Jewel squealed, her body trembling. "Hit that pussy hard! I'M CUMMING!!"

Cory's cock was already tingling with an approaching orgasm. When his mom's cunt-tube tightened up and girl-cum swirled around his penis, the trigger went off in his ball-sack and he began hosing his mother's vagina with hot ball-juice. "Ohhmom!" he grunted, firing a big gobs of spunk on every thrust. "Ohhh!!"

For two full minutes they bucked and trembled and whimpered, milking each other's sex organs. Jewel finally slipped back to her feet and kissed her son passionately. "Jesus, honey, are you sure you wern't a porn star in your previous life?" the mother joked.

Cory laughed. "Maybe, who knows! That was really amazing!"

"It was. I don't know about you, but I could really use a dip in that pool."

A few minutes later, Cory and his mom returned to the pool area, surprised to find the two fathers there as well. "There you two are!" Martin said. "How was your walk?"

"Our walk?" Jewel asked, looking over at Brenda who smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Oh, the walk was great! Amazing actually!"

"Well it must have been quite the trek. You guys look like you just hiked through the Sahara." "Yes, well we worked up quite a sweat, didn't we??" Jewel said, looking at her son.

"Uh-huh," Cory nodded.

She took her son's hand and headed for the water. "Who's up for swim?" "We are!" Brenda said, getting up and pulling her own son along. "Come on!"

Martin and Don looked at each other, then shrugged their shoulders and headed towards the pool themselves. After they all dove in, the two families swam for quite some time before returning to their 5th wheels.

At the entrance to the park, an old beat-up pickup truck pulled in and stopped. Sid, the creepy old man that had spied Jewel and Rachel fucking their sons along the road, gazed out his window, searching for a farmiliar-looking trailer.

On the filthy seat beside him was rope, a knife and a roll of duct-tape. Unable to see anything familiar from where he had stopped, he turned his old shitty truck and because to slowly drive along the first row of 5th Wheel trailers.

The families ate dinner together at a couple picnic tables situated between their parked rigs. Martin set up the cornhole boards and began a competitive game with Jackson's father Don. "I think I'm gonna take a shower, wash all that nasty chlorine off," Jewel said.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea," Brenda added, winking at her son.

"Hey dad, can I borrow your phone?" Cory asked his dad, since he hadn't been allowed to bring his along on the trip.

"Hold on there, kid. I thought you and your mom agreed to no electronics on this trip?" Martin asked.

"Yeah, but Jackson was just telling me about this cool app. I just wanted to check it out." Martin looked at his wife. "Up to you? I'm not getting involved in this arrangement," he said. "A half-hour and that's it!" Jewel said, looking at her boy with a quirky grin. "Sound fair?" "Yeah, thanks, mom!"

Cory got his dad's cellphone and him and Jackson sat next to each other, facing their fathers, as Martin and Don continued their

cornhole game. About a minute passed before the video chat was ringing on both boy's phones.

The teens flashed each other an eager smile, then answered their video calls, turning down the volume.

The videos that appeared on their screens were from their mom's cell phones. Jewel and Brenda had situated their phones in the tiny bathrooms inside their trailers, so the boys could watch them strip off their bikinis and shower.

Cory's eyes widened as he watched his mom pull the bikini top away and her big naked tits bobbled out on to her chest. Next, she untied her bottoms, pulling the patch of fabric away from her crotch in a sexy manner.

Cory licked his lips, staring at her shaved V-shaped pubis. He could hardly believe that he had split the fragrant pink petals of that flower earlier and made it gush all over his cock and balls.

Jewel started the shower, then got in and began rinsing her beautiful curvy body off.

For the next several minutes, the boys watched their heavy-titted mothers cover their bodies with bodywash. They wanted desperately to pull on their hard pricks, but that was something they certainly couldn't get away with only a short distance away from their fathers.

"So what's this new app all about?" Martin asked his son, seeing how enthralled he was by what he was watching.

"Oh, um, it's a...fan app. Extreme water sports!" Cory answered.

Jackson laughed. "Very extreme!" he added, watching the suds cascade over his mom's jutting tit-melons.

"Water sport, huh? Something I'd like?" Martin asked.

"I'm sure you'd like it," Cory answered, watching his mom's huge wet tits wobble teasingly as she washed her hair. "Not as much as I like it though."

"Yeah, this stuff's geared more towards younger guys, like us," Jackson added, his eyes drifting from the thick wet half-moons of his mom's ass, up to the huge sloping contour of Brenda's side-boob, as she too washed and conditioned her silky hair.

Inside the Anderson's trailer, while Jewel showered, the front door opened and Sid, the creepy old man, snuck inside. He gazed around a moment, seeming out of place, like a turd in a jewelry box. When he heard the shower running, he crept that direction.

The bathroom door was open just a sliver and he perved in on Jewel, just as she shut the water off and reached for a towel. "Mm, sweet as a peach!" he whispered to himself, his eyes drifting down the mother's huge-breasted body.

Outside, Cory was watching the same thing on his father's phone. He loved how his mom would occasionally peek over at the camera and smile teasingly, as she toweled off.

"Ok boys, let's go! fathers against sons!" Don said as he and Martin finished their game. "Not right now dad. We're really into this app," Jackson said.

The two fathers looked at each other. "Just what I thought. They don't want their old men to show them up."

The boy's looked at each other and rolled their eyes. "I'm sure we'll see more of THIS later," Jackson said, referring to what they were watching on their phone. "We should show the geezers how to play some cornhole."

Cory took one last look at his mom's bobbling tits, then shut the feed off. "Let's do it!" he said, setting the phone down.

The boy's got up and joined their dads for a game.

Jewel opened the bathroom door and let out a startled SHRIEK as she saw Sid standing there. She secured the towel around herself. "What the fuck are you doing in here? Get the fuck out or I'll scream!" she exclaimed with fear in her voice.

Sid had a sizeable knife tucked in his pants. He removed it, pointing the blade at Jewel. "Go ahead, scream! I'll stab you a dozen times before anyone comes to your rescue," he said, showing off a mouth full of half-rotted teeth.

"What do you want?" the terrified mother asked.

Sid licked his lips, looking down at the swell of her tits. "I want my pecker inside you."

"Um, that's NOT happening!"

He gave her a creepy grin. "Bitch, once I have you tied up, it WILL happen! That, and a lot more!"

"Tied up?" Jewel gulped nervously. "That's right. You're coming with me!"

"If you just leave now I won't call the police, I promise."

Sid jabbed the blade at her in a threatening manner. "Move your pretty little ass to the door, before I cut you like a fish."

Jewel looked at her phone sitting there, knowing that her son must still be watching her through the video feed. She tried to look alarmed, without drawing too much attention to what she was doing.

"Move!" Sid hissed, swinging the blade again, this time missing her by only a few inches. "I'm moving!" the scared mother replied.

Sid followed her to the front door, eager to stuff her inside his truck and find a secluded spot where he could have his way with her.

Outside, the fathers and sons continued their game, completely unaware of the situation that was unfolding, not far away.

Chapter 6 - The Blue Whale of Catoosa

"Move!" Sid snarled, swinging his knife in a threatening manner, as he forced Jewel out of her family's trailer.

"I'm moving!" the frightened mother answered, struggling to keep the towel wrapped around her freshly showered body.

"If you scream, or try to run, I'll jab this here knife into that sexy little body of yours!" he warned.

As he exited the 5th Wheel, Sid was met by the barrel of shotgun. "Drop the knife, jackass!" It was the elderly woman-manager of the park, the same one who had shown Jewel and her son the secret closet to fuck in.

She glared at Sid in disgust, as he dropped the knife to the ground. "You think your ugly ass can drive around MY PARK, in that piece of shit truck for an hour, without attracting my attention?!"

"This don't involve you, bitch!" Sid snapped back.

Her expression softened, and she began lowering the rifle. "You're right. I'll just stand back, and let you abduct this pretty lady," she said.

Jewel looked at the old woman in a questioning manner.

Clearly not serious, the old woman pointed the shotgun with greater intent. "The fuck I will!" she shouted. "Get in your truck, and piss

off! I ever see you in this park again, and I'll blast a hole the size of Oklahoma in that ugly-ass face of yours, GOT IT?!!

Sid glared over at Jewel. "This ain't over! I WILL make you mine!"

The old woman thrust the weapon, jabbing Sid on the center of his head. "Get! Now!!" The perverted old man got in his truck, and tore off, leaving a cloud of dust in his wake.

Alerted by the noise, the men rounded the trailer and arrived on the scene. "Mom, are you ok?" Cory asked.

"Other than almost being abducted, I'm fine," Jewel answered breathlessly.

"Abducted?" Martin said, coming over to his wife, and putting his arms around her. "Are you serious?"

"Yes! It was the same crazy old fuck that we saw along the roadside earlier this morning," Jewel said, then looked at the old woman who came to her rescue. "Thank you!"

"He's not the first inbred creep I've chased off this property," the old women said. "I doubt he'll be a problem again tonight, but just in case, I'd lock your rig up tight before ya'll retire."

"We will, thank you!" Martin said, comforting his wife as he led her back inside.

Jewel wanted desperately to sneak out of bed, and fool around with her son that night, but she knew, because of what happened, her husband would be on high alert. She decided not to risk it.

She did send one selfie to Cory, with her making a sexy kissy-face, and showing plenty of cleavage.

The text simply read. "You're fucking me extra hard tomorrow, mister! XOXO This brought an excited smile to her son's face. "Yes ma'am!" he texted back..

The next morning, after breakfast, the two families pulled their 5th wheels out of Lucky Luke's, continuing their road trip along Route 66. While driving, Martin happened to look over, and catch his wife blowing their son kisses through her visor mirror. "Hey, I want some of those," he said.

"You got plenty of those last night," she said, recalling their session of lovemaking the night before.

"Nothing wrong with wanting more kisses though, right?"

Jewel was surprised to find herself cringing at her husband's question. Yes, Cory was her son, and not her husband, but she selfishly wanted to give her boy every ounce of her affection.

Even during the quick lovemaking session she had with Martin, she found herself thinking of Cory, and his big wonderful cock.

Jewel got a text from Brenda that read: "OK, I was reading up on this Blue Whale attraction. It looks incredibly boring! BUT... there's a nice long hiking trail back behind it. A perfect place for us to disappear with the boys!"

"Sounds like a great plan to me! As long as there's big hard cock involved," Jewel texted back.

The anxious mother texted her son, who was in the backseat, gazing out at the passing scenery. Cory read her text. "Up for a hike?"

"When?" he texted back. "As soon as we get there."

"Ok, a hike to where though?" he asked.

"A place called Between." "Between?"

"Yep 'between' my legs hehe!" she texted back, winking at him through her visor mirror. "Sounds like a great destination," he texted back.

"Best destination ever!" Came her reply. "All you need is a hard cock, and lots of energy!"

They again made eye contact through her mirror. This time, Jewel's tongue snaked across her top lip in a seductive manner, making the blood rush to Cory's cock.

The Blue Whale of Catoosa was a charming roadside attraction. The big blue concrete mammal was half-submerged in a small pond, with picnic tables and a quaint gift shop. "Can we go climb around on the Whale, daddy?" Ann asked, pulling her father towards it.

"Brenda and I are gonna hike the trail with the boys," Jewel told her husband, as the two fathers were forced toward the Whale by their youngest children.

"Ok, babe," Martin said, "have a good hike."

"We'll be here hanging on the humpback!" Brenda's husband Dan said.

"It's a sperm Whale, honey!" Brenda said, as they disappeared down the trail.

Jewel giggled. "First we stop a big metal man that looks like a penis, and now a 'sperm' Whale. I'm beginning to see a theme here!" she joked.

Brenda smiled mischievously back at their boys, who trailed behind them. "The only SPERM I want is right back there in those big teenage balls."

Cory and Jackson smiled at each other, eager to dump another load of "sperm" inside their mothers, sooner rather than later. With the shorts the moms were wearing, it was hard to not be sporting a major hardon. Brenda's shorts were skimpy Daisy Duke denims, while Jewel wore pair of pink athletic booty shorts. Both pairs allowed plenty of bulging ass-flesh to seep out the hems. This, along with the way they were swaying their meaty mommy-buns, made the teens gawk with desire.

"Dude, the way those fucking asses sway like that drives me crazy!" Jackson said, in a hushed tone.

"I know! Our moms have the sexiest asses ever!" Cory added.

"Hey, Mom, why did you bring a backpack?" Jackson shouted. "It's not like we're gonna be gone for half a day or anything."

"I have my reasons," Brenda said, glancing back teasingly.

"Which are?"

"Which ARE between us moms...until we feel like it's time to share that information with you," the mother answered, exchanging a knowing smile with Jewel.

"Maybe they packed us a big picnic lunch?" Cory suggested.

Jewel looked back at her boy and smiled. "Maybe WE ARE the picnic lunch," she said with a wink.

"Even better!" he said excitedly.

They were surprised not to discover another person, as they continued along the trail for about five more minutes, reaching an area of extremely tall marsh-like grass. "Time to stray from the trail," Brenda said, as her and Jewel continued to lead the way, through the tall thick vegetation.

"Do you guys have any idea where you're going?" Jackson asked. "We'll know the spot when we see it," his mother answered.

"Oh, I think this might be the perfect spot right up here!" Jewel said, as she discovered a tiny clearing set amongst the tall grass.

They arrived at the area, and Brenda took off the pack. "Ok, boys, we have a job for you!" "A job?" her son asked.

"That's right," his mom said, pulling a deflated air mattress and battery-operated pump from her backpack. "Pump us up!"

"Seriously? You brought an air mattress out here?" Jackson asked.

"Yeah, unless you'd rather lay on the ground and eat our pussies?" she said teasingly.

Jackson and Cory smiled at each other. "Well, no, I mean...what I meant to say was, good thinking, mom!" the boy said excitedly, making the mothers giggle.

Working together, the boys had the big mattress pumped up in no time. They stood back up to see their beautiful moms standing there watching. "So you're probably wondering why we're still dressed?" Jewel asked.

"Yes," her son muttered.

"It's because we want YOU GUYS to strip us naked! Then, throw us onto the mattress, like wild beasts...and devour us!"

"But before you do that... you have to catch us first!" Brenda said, then her and Jewel took off

into the tall brush.

The boys hurried after them, listening to their moms giggle playfully as they were chased.

It took Cory no time at all to catch his mother. He forcefully shed her blouse up and off her body, then crouched down, as he yanked off her shorts and panties together. Jewel put on an act of helpless resistance. "No! Please, Mister...Stop!" she shouted in exaggerated tone.

Cory pulled his mom against his chest, reached back and unclasped her bra. He quickly shucked it off, and Jewel's oversized boobs sprung out in the open, wobbling heavy. "No! Please! I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Cory picked her up, and threw her over his shoulder, so her thick naked buttocks pointed upward. She was completely nude now, except for her cute little pink sneakers. Her son carried her like a caveman, back to the air mattress, then rolled her onto her back.

Jackson arrived with his mother. Like Jewel, Brenda had been thrown over her son's shoulder, and was butt-naked, except for her sneakers. He tossed her down, and her big boobies careened up and down her chest, from the impact.

Now both mommies were laying side by side, gazing up in wide-eyed excitement at their boys. They spread their thighs wide, bringing their knees nearly level with their shoulders, as their cunt-hungry boys lunged face-first for their pussies.

"Ohhh!" Jewel squealed with delight, as her son began to devour her vagina like a starving dog.

The boy inhaled the pungent aroma of his mom's wet, musky smelling pussy, while plowing his tongue up and down her moist slit. The taste and smell of her sweet cunt-nectar was absolutely intoxicating, making him whimper in delight.

Jackson's hands were thrust under his mom's meaty ass-cheeks, squeezing the globes, as he sluiced his tongue up and down her glistening pink fuck-furrow. He rolled his licker all over her engorged

clit, then sucked the fleshy nubbin into his mouth, making her writhe with pleasure. "Ohh fuck yess!" she cried out. "Eat me, baby! Eat mommy!"

Next to them, Jewel humped her rounded ass off the bed, wildly fucking her wet pussy all over her son's face. As he frantically licked, Cory plunged two fingers into her pouty-lipped vaginal opening, stretching the pink-walled tunnel of her cunt.

"Ohh yess! Finger my fucking hole baby!" the mother cried out, humping her buns high and hard, grinding her shaved cunt relentlessly onto his tongue and fingers.

The boy found her G-spot and dug his digits against the rough-textured surface of her inner lining, fucking them in and out of her cunt, like a horny double-barreled cock.

Meanwhile, Jackson had found his mother's sweet spot. "Oh, shit, I'm cumming! Cuuuummmiiinnngggg!" Brenda screamed, her body convulsing in orgasm, making her jiggling melon-meat ripple obscenely across her chest.

Jewel's cunt-tube spasmed around her son's fingers. She cried out in passion, as her chest arched from the air mattress, thrusting her ballooning wobblers into the air. "Fuuuck!" she squealed, spewing fuck-juice from her ravished slit, lubricating the passage of Cory's fingers, as he continued to plunge them in and out of her juicing cunt.

For several minutes the mothers flopped around in ecstacy, while having their pussy's prodded and devoured.

"Good grief, boys!" Brenda said breathlessly. "Is there anything sexual that you're both not AMAZING at?"

"If we say yes, does that mean we get to practice whatever we need to get better at, right now?" her son asked.

Brenda giggled. "Sure! So what is it you need to get better at, baby?" she asked eagerly, her heavy milkers heaving with her excited breath.

"Sucking your tits, and fucking you at the same time!"

Brenda smiled lasciviously. "Top or bottom?" she asked invitingly.

"Top!" Jackson said, dropping down onto her, and slipping his erection in her heated pussy- sleeve.

Jewel looked up at her boy with dreamy eyes. "What about you, honey? What can mommy help you get better at?" she asked, then gazed down at his cock-bulge and bit her bottom lip.

"So I um...saw this position in a porn once, and always thought it would be cool to try someday," Cory confessed.

Jewel's lips curled into a big curious smile. "And I thought all you did at home was play video games," she teased.

"Well, video games mostly, but some porn."

"Ok, do you remember what this 'mystery position' is called?" she asked with a anxious playful grin.

"No, it's like what 'they're' doing," he said, motioning to Jackson and his mom, as they fucked in the missionary position. "But I'd be upright on my knees, and your hips would be in the air."

"Oh! That one's called 'the bridge' I think," she said. "Yeah, I haven't done that one in forever. Let's try it!"

With her sneakers flat on the mattress, Jewel lifted her hips into the air, keeping her shoulders on the cushion. Cory crawled on his knees between her legs, and grasped on to her wide hips. He squeezed his

boner inside her shaved cunt, listening to his beautiful mother let out a sharp gasp, as his erection slipped up her birthing-tube.

Like the couple next to them, they engaged in their own fuck-rhythm, making Jewel's enormous mommy-melons roll up and down her chest. The position was every bit as thrilling as Cory expected it to be. He could tell by the excited look on his mom's pretty face, that she was enjoying it also.

"Is this the one, baby? Is this the position you wanted to try fucking me in?" she asked in a sexy tone, her voice panting from the force of their humping bodies.

"Yes! I love it!"

Their bodies moved in perfect sync, with Jewel rocking her pelvis, while her son gripped her hips, helping to guide his womb-crushing thrusts.

"I love it too! But then again, I love any position you fuck me in," she said, swiveling her hips, meeting her son's deep ball-bumping pumps.

Meanwhile, on the mattress next to them, Jackson was getting plenty of "practice," fucking his mother, while leaning down and sucking one of her huge jiggling titties. The way she was squeezing his cock with her skilled ribbed walls, made his engorged knob tingle delightfully.

"Mmnnff!" he whimpered, his mouth clamped around his mom's thick rubbery nipple and areola.

Both mothers sighed and mewed, singing a beautiful pleasure-filled mommy-duet..

The top of Jewel's head had bent back so far, that it now rested against the mattress, her back arched, and her mammoth stiff-

nippled melons teetering back and forth, to the rhythm of their union. Cory watched his thick boner slice steadily through his mother's splayed crotch, laying into her with nice deep thrusts.

The boy's long muscular cock was like a mighty ship at sea, reeling and pounding through slick pink waves of hot pussy flesh.

His eyes traveled up the sexy arched curve of her torso, to those two monster-sized melons reeling up and down her chest.

"Fucking beautiful!" he muttered, laying into her with even greater intensity.

"Yesss! Ohh fuck!" the mother cried out, her birthing-tube quivering around her son's pounding meat, as she creamed hard on him. She yanked him down on top of her, and they kissed with lustful passion. Now her legs were tossed around his midsection, clinging to her boy, as she

felt the power of his manhood dig through her spewing cunt.

Back at the Blue Whale, Martin and Don watched the kids play, waiting for their wives and sons to return from their walk. It had been nearly an hour since they left, and five minutes since Martin had texted his wife, but still received no response.. "You know what. I think I'm gonna go check on 'em."

Don knew that wasn't such a good idea. He was fully aware of his own wife and son's naughty escapades, and he suspected Martin's wife and son were up to something similar. "I'm sure they're fine, bud. Probably headed back, even as we speak."

"Even so, after that incident last night, I really should take a walk up the trail, just to be sure. Do you mind keeping an eye on Ann for me."

"No problem. I got you covered!"

Martin walked quite a ways up the trail, but saw no sign of his wife and son. Frustrated, he finally reached a point where he decided to turn back, and that's when he heard it. From the tall grass, a short distance off the trail, came the sound of two women, panting and squealing. At first, it didn't register that it could possibly be his wife and son, but then Jewel's pleasure- filled voice became horribly familiar.

"No, it couldn't possibly be," he muttered to himself, trying to dismiss what he was hearing.

Against his better judgment, the curious husband crept through the vegetation, in the direction of the voices. One thing was blatantly obvious, and that was that there were two women out here, getting fucked extremely hard.

The closer he got to the action, the more details he could hear. The sound of juicy flesh beating together, and the gasping and whimpering of two couples was becoming dangerous close.

Martin suddenly noticed a bunch of women's clothing scattered on the ground in front of him, as if a pack of wild beasts had ripped them from their bodies, and made off with them. He got a dull sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, as he recognized Jewel's shorts and blouse. The fact that her bra and panties were there too, gave him an even worse feeling.

Then he heard something that put all doubts to rest. "Yess! Oh my God, baby! I'm cummming!" his wife's voice screamed. As her husband, Martin had heard her say it hundreds of times, but this time was different. The shaky intensity of her voice was an element he'd never heard before. He knew his wife was having a monster orgasm, the likes of which he had never given her.

In utter disbelief, he listened to his wife of twenty-years, cry out in passion. He couldn't

remember the last time he'd heard her this sexual vocal.

Devastated and angry, Martin decided not to confront them, but instead to head back to the trail.

The walk back to the Blue Whale allowed his overactive imagination to fill in the juicy details. Try as he may, he couldn't shake the thought of his wife and son's naked bodies engaged in hot mind-blowing intercourse.

Back at air mattress, the boys were now on their backs. Jewel and Brenda were straddling their loins, their knees planted against the mattress, to either side of their hips. The beautiful moms humped their wet pussies up and down tirelessly, grasping the rigid meat of Jackson and Cory's boners, with the experienced muscled walls of their cunts.

Jewel was leaned forward, with her arms extended, and resting astride her boy's head. Her huge dangling tit-knockers swung around wildly, just above Cory's ogling eyes. He was mesmerized by their movements, staring at the giant set of stiff-nippled boobies, as they swung in unison, like huge fleshy pendulums.

"I could lay here all day and watch your boobs," he said with a delightful sigh. "Wouldn't you rather sit up, and stuff your face between them?" she asked teasingly.

"You read my mind," he answered, sitting upright, pressing his face down between her squishy bobbling jugs.

His mom then went from fucking up and down, to grinding her cunt up and back, at a steady pace. She wrapped him in her arms, staring down at him with overwhelming lust. "Fuck me, baby!" she cried out.

The boy reached around, and clutched her buttocks, sinking his fingers into her fatty ass-flesh, assisting with her frantic cunt-

grinding. "Ohh shit, Mom!" he gasped excitedly, feeling her spongy tit-mounds jiggle and slosh all around his face, as they engaged in a desperate fuck- dance.

His stiff boner throbbed delightfully, as it stirred around inside the deepest regions of her smothering vagina, stretching her inner lining. No matter how much stamina a boy's cock had, there was no fucking way he could endure this type of feverish bone-grinding for very long.

"Ohh, shit! I'm cumming!" the teen announced, as he felt his knob swell even bigger.

"Let's cum together!" Jewel cried out, feeling her own climax peak at the same time her son's was.

Their naked bodies shuddered in unison, their hips jerking and swiveling, as they both emitted deep guttural grunts of orgasmic ecstacy. The mother's vagina was flooded with fuck-juice, as

their cum created a creamy pearlescent cocktail, within the gripping pink walls of her sex- chamber.

Next to them, Jackson had rolled his mom onto her back, and was pounding her with savage thrusts. His big balls beat wetly against the ring of Brenda's upturned asshole. "Fuck me, fuck me, FUCK ME!!" she screamed, her luscious legs propped back, and her entire curvy body shuddering from the impact of her boy's thrusts.

"Here it comes, mom!" Jackson gasped. "Take my fucking cum! Ohhh shit!!"

The hard-humping teen began to paint the ribbed walls of her clasping vagina, with big gooey ropes of hot spunk. It was so intense, the boy felt as though he'd never stop cumming, as he fucked on and on, flexing his cock and digging it's bulbous tip against the rubbery back wall of her quivering vagina.

"Damn! That was crazy incredible!" Jackson sighed, laying flat against his mom, in a naked heap, as they caught their breath.

Jewel and Cory were also basking in post-orgasmic bliss. Her huge tits were mashed against Cory's chest, distending out at the sides, as she lay directly on top of him. She pinched her boy playfully. "You're gonna have me pregnant before this trip's through, you know that?"

Brenda giggled. "I tell Jackson the same thing. I think we're pretty much expecting it at this point," she said.

"That wouldn't be a bad thing, if it happens," Jackson said.

"Easy for you to say, young man. You're not the one who has to swell up enormous, and give birth."

"Yeah, but I sure would enjoy the part where you 'swell up' big and pregnant." "I'm sure you would," his mom said with a naughty smile.

"The problem with ME getting pregnant is that Martin had a vasectomy, shortly after I gave birth to Ann," Jewel said, then looked at her son. "Which means if I suddenly end up pregnant, I'd have some serious explaining to do."

"Well, you don't seem too worried, since we haven't really been using condoms at all," Cory reminded her.

"Ugh, condoms...gross! Honey, sex with a condom IS NOT sex. Just like kissing through a glass window is not kissing!" Jewel said.

"I totally agree!" Brenda said. "I fucking hate condoms!"

"Wow! If that's true, then I was a virgin when I first fucked you, mom. All the girls I had prior, I

wore condoms with," Jackson pointed out.

Brenda extended her neck up, and gave him a sensual kiss on the lips. "Well...look at that, Mommy got your cherry," she said.

"So WHAT WOULD we tell dad then, mom? If you ended up pregnant?" Cory asked.

"I'd just tell him that our stud muffin son has been fucking me bare-back, pumping all that yummy hot seed inside me...and that he got me all preggers!"

They all laughed. "Yeah, let me know how that goes over," Cory joked. "I'll probably move somewhere VERY far away, before you have that conversation with him."

"Speaking of your dad, we better get going before him and Dan have helicopters overhead looking for us."

They all stood up, naked and glossy with perspiration. "Shit! I hope you guys remember where you stripped off all our clothes?" Brenda asked.

They all peered around at the tall grass surrounding them. "Um??" Jewel muttered, looking confused.

"You're not serious?" Brenda said, in a panic, looking at the boys, who also seemed like they didn't know.

"No, you're right, we're just kidding!" Jewel answered, as her and the boys laughed. "They're through here!" she said, leading the way through the tall grass.

As Don sat on the picnic table watching the kids, he could tell something was up with Martin, as he came back over and sat next to him. "Everything ok?" Don asked.

"Yeah, fine," Martin said, obviously lying.

After a short pause in the conversation, Don spoke up again. "Don't worry, it gets easier, pal." "What gets easier?"

"Knowing what they're up to. I didn't wanna believe it at first myself, but then it started to happen so often, that I just accepted it as the new norm," Don explained.

Martin shrugged his shoulders, trying to play stupid. "I'm not sure what you're talking about," he muttered.

"My guess is, you saw something you shouldn't have on the trail. Maybe you heard some familiar sounds out there. Sounds that you're only used to hearing in the bedroom. The problem is, it wasn't YOU and your wife that was creating them, am I right?"

The confused father softened a bit. "Yeah," he muttered, "you're right." "If you want my advice...just play stupid."

"What, why?!" Martin asked. "Why shouldn't I just confront them?"

"She'll just deny it, make you feel like you're crazy, and perverted by even suggesting such a thing. Plus, there's this other wacky component..."

"What other component?"

"Well, it's like this...women feed off emotions. If your wife even suspects that you know something, she'll start to experience what's call 'the thrill,' based off your jealous feelings, and thing"ll get ten times worse from there, trust me, I know," Don explained.

"Why? You would think if she knows I'm on to her, if I knew what they were doing, she'd stop."

"Trust me, that's not how women work," Don said.. "I don't even begin to understand the psychology of it. It's almost like there's a sick part of them, deep down, that wants us to know. And knowing

that we're suspicious starts to create that 'thrill' inside them, and pretty soon she'll be flaunting all sorts of things in front of you."

Martin shook his head. "Maybe I was confused. Maybe it was just someone who sounded like her. I mean, I heard noises, but I didn't actually see them doing anything," he said, ignoring the fact that he'd seen his wife's clothing on the ground.

Dan patted him on the back. "There you go, pal. Probably just your mind playing tricks on you." Martin finally got a text back from his wife. "On our way back," it read.

For ten more minutes they waited, until finally their wives and sons appeared, fully dressed, like nothing had happened. "There you are!" Dan said. "We were beginning to wonder if we should call search and rescue."

"Just enjoying nature!" his wife answered, with a big satisfied smile. Dan could tell by the way his wife looked at him, that she'd been enjoying something else as well..

Jewel stepped over and gave her husband a kiss. "Good to see the Whale didn't eat the children," she joked.

"Right," Martin muttered, amazed at how his wife could be so normal acting, after engaging in such a deprived act. He quickly reminded himself that it may not have actual been her, even though his better judgment told him otherwise.

Jewel sensed there was something wrong, and gazed into his eyes curiously. "You okay hon?" she asked.

He heeded Dan's advice, and played stupid. "Yeah, fine!" "You don't seem fine."

"No I'm good, really..After what happened last night, I was just a little worried, that's all," Martin said.

"Sorry, we um..." she said, glancing at her son with a sly smile, "we traveled a little further down the trail than we probably should have."

Jewel smiled inwardly, realizing just how profoundly true her statement was. Her and Cory had traveled down a forbidden trail, and had gone further than what's appropriate for mother and son, but she was loving every fucking second of it, and had no intention of stopping.

87: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin'_4

Chapter 7 - Mischief in Tucumcari

After a day's drive through most of Oklahoma and a portion of Texas, the traveling families arrived in New Mexico. "Here we are in Tucumcari, kids," Martin said, as he drove them through the old historic town. "Back in nineteen-o-one, Tucumcari got its start as a rowdy railroad camp, filled with saloons and outlaws. It's a real piece of route sixty-six history!"

"Is there ice-cream here?" Ann asked, not caring the least bit about the town history, and all that nonsense.

"Oh I imagine somewhere in town they have some ice-cream, honey," Martin said, then his eyes lit up as he spotted a building of interest. "Look, Tee-Pee Curios! That's a famous shop. Should we check it out?"

"Sounds good to me," Jewel said. "I think we all could use a break to get out and stretch our legs."

After parking the rigs, the two families interacted with each other. Brenda noticed her little ones rushing off down the sidewalk. "Hey, don't go too far, kids! Wait for us," the mother shouted.

Cory and Jackson stepped over by their moms, looking their sexy bodies over. It was a warm day in the southwest, so the mothers were wearing as little as possible, without revealing too much. "Did you guys see it?" Jackson asked the mothers.

"See what, honey?" Brenda asked her son.

"The sex shop. We passed it about a block back that way."

"I missed it, but I doubt that's on your dad's list of 'must-sees' in this little town," Brenda joked, making them all laugh.

"No, but WE could still go, just us four, couldn't we?" Jackson asked.

Jewel and Brenda smiled at one another. "We're game! Right, sweetie?" Jewel asked, taking her son's arm.

"Yeah!" Cory replied, checking again to make sure his father was too far away to hear them.

"Ann was wanting some ice-cream. Maybe the guys could scout some out for the kids, while we go down and check out this sex shop," Jewel suggested.

"Perfect idea!" Brenda said, then she shouted to their husband's, who were following the little ones towards the tee-pee shop. "Honey, the boys wanna check out a shop back this way! See if you can find the kids some ice-cream. We'll be back in a bit!"

Arm on arm, the four of them made their way back down the street, towards the flashy little sex shop, that seems extremely out of place in the quaint historic town.

"Are you sure you're OK with being seen in a sex shop with your mother's boys?" Jewel asked jokingly.

"I'm OK with it," Cory answered, sharing an eager smile with his mom.

"Yeah, me too!" Jackson said. "Besides, it's not like we have to worry about seeing anyone we know in there."

They stepped into the tiny shop to find several aisles lined with toys, videos and novelties. The guy at the counter was flipping through a

tittie magazine. He had wild dreadlocks and tattoos, but looked only a few years older than Cory and Jackson. "Greetings folks!"

"Hello!" the four of them answered, naturally feeling a bit out of place. "If you have any questions, just yell," he said.

Brenda was quick ask one. "Do you have any sexy panties that have route sixty-six printed on them?" she asked.

"No ma'am, but that's a great idea. I'll bring it up to the owner."

Jewel and her son stopped in front of a assortment of colorful dildos. The mother picked one up, that was long thick and black. "I like this one. It's the perfect length and girth," she said.

"It is?" Cory said, feeling a tad embarrassed looking at fake dicks with his mom. "Do you wanna buy it?"

"No way, why would I?" she said, setting it back down and looking into her boy's eyes dreamily. "I have access to one just as long and meaty, and it's attached to you," she said with a smile.

Cory pointed at another dong. This one was ridiculously thick and as long as his forearm. "Yeah, but I bet you wish I had one like that," he joked.

"Oh my God no, you'd rip me apart if you were that big. That King Kong dildo would wreck my tight pussy forever," Jewel giggled.

They moved on, and came to an assortment of lubes and flavored gels. "What are all these?" Cory asked curiously.

"These are gels we'd use if we wanted each other to taste like a yummy popsicle," Jewel said. "Oh, they have Pina colada, my favorite!"

Brenda looked over at Jewel from the next aisle. "Maybe everyone should pick out their favorite flavor, and we could have a naughty lick-fest in the 5th Wheel, while we're on the road

tomorrow," she suggested.

"Mm, I love that idea, Brenda!" Jewel exclaimed, then looked at Cory, while snatching up a bottle the Pina colada flavored gel. "I know which one I wanna lick off your cock and balls," she said with a saucy wink.

"I think I want the strawberry!" Cory said.

"Aww, baby!" Jewel cooed, giving her son a sensual kiss on the lips, while mashing her tits against him. "Are you gonna give your mommy a strawberry-flavored pussy?"

Cory smiled excitedly. "Sure am!"

She stared into his eyes lustfully and whispered close to his lips.."You can drip some right down in my cunt-slit, then lick and suck on my fat clit like a lollipop."

Cory shrugged his shoulders. The idea excited him tremendously, but he tried not to show it. "If I have to," he joked.

Jewel laughed and poked him in the ribs. "Yes, you 'have to,' you brat!" she said playfully.

They all heard the voice of the shopkeeper as he wandered over near them. "So I have to ask," the young man said, "are you guys like...mothers and sons?" he asked, seeming anxious to know.

Jewel and Brenda fed each other a hesitant look. "Maybe, why?" Brenda asked..

"Oh no reason, just curious is all. It's no big deal if you are," he said, then motioned to the shop around him. "I mean, come on, do you really think I'd pass judgement working in a place like this?"

"True," Brenda said, looking over a crazy bondage-looking leather outfit. "I'm sure you get all sorts of kinky couples in here!"

"And now you can add two pairs of kinky mother-son couples to that list," Jewel said with a smile.

"Oh trust me, we get moms and sons in here all the time," the shopkeeper said. "Really?" Brenda asked, seeming surprised.

"Hell yeah! In fact, I've got something you need to see!" the young man said, rushing off toward the register..

Jewel gave her son a look, not quit sure what to expect. "Oh boy," the pretty mother muttered nervously.

The shopkeeper was quick to return. "Check this out!" he said, holding an item in his hand. "An

original VHS copy of the classic movie 'Taboo,' signed by the queen of mother-son smut herself, Kay Parker."

"Wow!" Jewel exclaimed, faking like she was impressed. The truth was, she'd never heard of "Taboo," or Kay Parker, but could appreciated that it meant so much to the young man. "That's a real collectable! So I'm curious, what's your hottest selling item in the store?"

Brenda chimed in. "Yeah, these mothers and sons that come in. What's the most popular item that they purchase?"

The shopkeeper got a big knowing smile. "I'm glad you asked. The answer is right over here," he said, leading them to a display at the back of the store.

"Here it is! The wearable Bluetooth vibrator," he said. "Wearable?" Jewel giggled.

"Bluetooth?" Brenda asked, intrigued.

The vibrator was shaped like a pink whale, that would hook against a woman's crotch. The shopkeeper went on to explain how it worked. "It's meant to be worn inside the vagina, to stimulate the G-spot. It's quiet enough to be used discreetly in public, though I'm sure it works just as well in a private setting. The best part, it's astonishingly responsive to any adjusting your partner does, using the remote app."

"So if these things are inside our moms, we can control them using our phones?" Jackson asked.

"That's right, just like a set of Bluetooth headphones, man!"

The boy's eyes lit up as they looked at each other with big smiles.

"So if it's vibrating like crazy, how does it stay inside us?" Jewel asked.

"The external 'tail' does a good job of keeping it anchored inside, and also provides some clitoral stimulation, which if you're a woman, I'm sure is an added bonus," the shopkeeper answered.

"You got that right," Brenda said, as her and Jewel smiled at one another. "Can we get one, mom?" Cory asked pleadingly.

"Yes, but we'll have to load the app on my phone. We kept yours at home remember? Because YOU WEREN'T suppose to be playing phone games on this trip," she pointed out.

"Yeah, but this one's different. It's like an 'adult phone game,' and you did say I should act more like an adult, remember?"

Brenda giggled and looked at the shopkeeper gleefully. "Sounds like you just made a sale. Two sales, actually. I'll take one also!" she said.

The boys both did fist-pumps in the air. "Yes!!" Jackson exclaimed, making his mom giggle.

An hour later the two families were wandering through the Dinosaur Museum. Jewel was holding her daughter Ann's hand, marveling at the skeletal display of the T-rex. "Wow, it's so cool!" her daughter shouted.

"Ann, keep your voice down, honey. Museums are kinda like libraries. You shouldn't be too loud," Jewel said to her daughter.

Cory and Jackson were off together by themselves, but had their mothers in sight. Each of them had their phone in hand, studying their new app. "Dude, this is so cool!" Jackson said, fidgeting with the controls.

"I know. Our moms said they put the vibrators in while we were back at the trailer. Should we try them out?" Cory said.

"Hell yeah. I can't wait to see them squirm, right in front of our dads." "I know," Cory laughed.. "What setting do you wanna try first?"

"How about this one, called the 'pulsing leg-trembler.' Let's try it first, see what happened," Jackson suggested.

The boy's both hit that setting on the app, then looked in the direction of their moms.

Several feet apart, Jewel and Brenda's body's suddenly jerked and their luscious legs trembled in reaction to their vibrators coming to life inside their cunt-tubes. Brenda let out a tiny shriek that echoed through the museum, then threw her hand over her mouth.

"Jesus, are you two okay?" Martin asked, as both him and Don noticed their wive's sudden mysterious reactions.

Jewel looked at her husband, trying her best not to let the pleasure she was experiencing read on her face. "I'm fine!" she smiled, letting out a couple deep breaths.

"Me too!" Brenda assured her own husband. "Really, fine!"

"Are you sure? Your legs are shaking," Martin giggled, looking down at his wife's bare legs and how they seemed to be quivering slightly.

"Yes, just don't mind me...I'm fine," she assured him. "Let's just keep moving." Wedged between the mother's clasping cunt-walls, the egg-shaped vibrator rumbled

powerfully, stimulating her G-spot exquisitely.

The two mothers glanced back at their boys with cute looks of wild arousal, as they began walking again. Cory and Jackson kept their distance as they continued to follow. They didn't want their fathers to see them using their phones like remote controls.

"They're definitely feeling that. Did you hear my mom shriek?" Jackson giggled. "Um, yeah, I think the whole museum heard it," Cory said.

"Let's try the next setting. The one that says 'screaming fireworks' next to it," Jackson suggested.

"Got it!" Cory said, anxious to see how his mom would react to this one.

Jewel and Brenda both stopped suddenly, and their mouths fell open. Their breathing became sharp and shallow. "Oh my God!" Brenda muttered, her voice trembling.

"Shit!" Jewel sighed, feeling her entire crotch pulse intensely. She quickly looked in the direction of her husband. "Honey, you guys go ahead. I have to sit down a minute," she said to Martin.

"Mommy, it's the Dino-birds!" Ann said, rushing towards the next exhibit.

"Mommy will be along soon, honey!" Jewel answered, as her and Brenda sat down side-by-side on a bench.

"Good grief, this is way more intense than I thought it would be," Brenda muttered, feeling the vibration surge like an electric current through her inner cuntal flesh.

"It feels incredible!" Jewel added, looking over at her son as he stood nearby watching her. "Maybe too incredible!" Brenda said, already feeling her cunt rise towards an orgasmic peak.

Cory made an adjustment on his phone. "I'm gonna change the pattern on mine. Make the vibrations pulse," he said.

"I'll change mine too," Jackson said, then looked over to see how their moms would react to the new setting..

Brenda snapped her knees together, feeling the egg-shaped vibrator BUZZ with sporadic pulses in the tight grip of her juicy throbbing cunt. "Fuck me!" she softly hissed, her eyes crossing as she quickly began to crest on the edge of a hard cum.

The moms reached over and took each other by the hand, as their lush bodies were wracked with exquisite pleasure. Their free hand was fidgety, and their bare mommy-legs trembled as they moved around in restless motions.

Their boys watched with growing fascination. "Look at their legs shaking! Holy shit!" Cory whispered over to his friend.

"Dude, they're gonna cum so fucking hard!"Jackson said, wanting nothing more than to reach down and squeeze his hard cock through his shorts.

"Let's amp it up to full blast. This one's called 'full-body shaking earthquake.' Let's see what it does," Cory said, pressing another setting on his phone app.

"It might blast them through the fucking roof!" Jackson giggled, changing the setting on his also.

Jewel suddenly clasped her thighs together, gasping out-loud as her eyes rolled back in their sockets. She heaved her chest forward, making the swell of her tits balloon out, so it looked like they might burst from her top.

Brenda was reacting much the same way, and the observing teens watched as their mom's big bulging tit-melons shuddered with rippling delight, as pure pleasure surged through them from the core of their cunts.

"Houston, we have liftoff!" Cory joked, making reference to Jackson's "blast them through the roof" comment.

"I can't do this out here!" Jewel suddenly whimpered, as she stood up and made her way in search of the ladies room. Brenda followed along, and so did their boys, keeping their distance behind them.

"Where are they trying to go?" Jackson giggled.

"The range is about thirty-feet, so we can't let them get too far," Cory said.

The boy's hearts pounding excitedly as they watched their moms rush awkwardly towards the ladies room, listening to their dainty heels click frantically on the tile floor. "Let's hit 'em harder!" Jackson said, switching his settings back to steady deep rumbling.

"Got it!" Cory said, switching his also.

"Ohh!" he heard his mom Jewel moan, alarmingly loud. He watched her thick swaying buttocks give off a sudden jerking motion, making her stop and reel back and forth on her feet unsteadily.

Brenda too could hardly seem to walk straight, as pleasure shot through her heavy-titted body uncontrollably.

A female museum worker stepped over near them. "Are you ladies ok?" she asked with concern.

"Yes, where's your bathroom please!" Jewel asked with a desperate look. "Right over there behind that display," the woman answered.

"Thank you!" Jewel gasped.

It was all the pleasure-sticken mothers could do to make it to the ladies room. The boys paused outside to door. "Should we go in?" Cory said, looking around to see if anyone was watching.

"Fuck it. Let's do it!" Jackson said, leading the way.

Inside, was a row of stalls, one of which, their moms had disappeared into. Since there was no one else in the bathroom, it must have been the one with closed door. "Can we come in?" Jackson asked, in a hushed tone.

The door quickly opened, and the boy's hurried in. "Have you boys lost your minds," Brenda giggled. "This is the ladies room!"

"We wanna watch you cum!" her son responded.

"Well you won't have long to wait. Do you have them on full blast or something?" Brenda asked. "I think so."

Both moms were standing against the stall wall, their legs still unsteady. The boys knelt in front of them, watching their motherly

hips slowly gyrate back and forth from the intense sensations they were feeling.

Cory looked up into his mom's wild eyes. She was gasping like crazy as she stared back at him helplessly, clenching her little fists.

"Feels good, huh, mom?" the boy asked. "Ya think?!"

"Can we pull your panties down?" Cory asked.

Jewel continued to peek down over the swell of her shuddering knockers. "Go ahead," she gasped, her eyes seeming to go crossed for a moment from the extraordinary pleasure emanating from her birthing tube.

Both boys waisted no time yanking down their mom's shorts, then their dainty panties. "Oh wow!" Cory muttered, looking at the pink stem of the vibrator, protruding up from between her shaved cunt lips.

"Is that end vibrating against your clitoris?" he asked.

"Yes!" the mother hissed, unable to put too many words together.

"Fucking awesome!" Jackson said, gazing between his own Mom's pleasure-swaying cunt and Cory's mom's. They could hear the deep juicy rumbling of the egg-vibrators, trapped in their mom's horny fuck-tubes.

"Do you like seeing your mothers like this boys?" Brenda panted. "While you control us like horny and willing fuck-toys?"

"Hell yes!" her son answered, brazenly fishing his cock from his shorts, while staring at his mother's gently swaying mound of Venus.

Seeing Brenda's son stroke his cock made Jewel peek over at her own boy. "Where's your dick, hotshot? Get it out, and beat that

boner for mommy!"

Cory did so gladly. He wetted his hand with saliva and stroked his long brick-hard meat to the sight of his mother's pleasure-swaying body.

His lusty mom squeezed the swell of her tits together, making her hard rubbery nipples distend from beneath the fabric. "That's it baby! Squeeze that dick like a hot pussy-hole!" she cooed.

The boy's tongues hung from their mouths like horny dogs as they watched the women's shaved pussies reel back and forth. Along with the deep rumbling vibration of the cunt- smothered egg, Cory could also hear the buzzing of the stem rubbing against his mom's thick engorged clitoris.

"Ahhh!" she sighed wonderfully, which echoed through the ladies room.

"Do you boys wanna lick our assholes," Brenda said breathlessly, "and make us cum even harder?"

Jackson and Cory looked at each other and smiled, both beating their dicks with steady strokes. "Fuck yes!" Jackson answered for both of them.

The mommies both turned and thrust their meaty bubble-butt behinds towards their boys. Cory's phone app was still set on full vibration, as he put the device aside and focused all his attention on his mom's thick rounded ass. He spread her buns apart, exposing the crinkled ring of her butthole, and watched it throb wildly from the pleasure that was surging through her.

"Damn, mom. Your asshole is really throbbing," he muttered.

"It wants your attention, baby!" Jewel said yearningly, then wagged her lovely bottom. "Come on, honey-bear! Eat mommy's ass!" .

He leaned forward, wedging his face in her butt-crevice and attacking her pulsing pink ass-lips

with his licker.

"Oh yess, like that! God, you're gonna make me cum so fucking hard!" Jewel squealed, her knees trembling.

It was quite the site. Two teenagers kneeling down, with their faces buried in their mom's deep ass-slits, while beating their hardons frantically.

"Mmnff," Jackson hummed, feeling his own Mom's asshole pulsate against his wildly lapping tongue. He could smell the sweet pussy-nectar seeping from her cunt-slit, making his brain spin wildly.

"That's it, you naughty studs! Licks those anal rosebuds, while you beat those hot young cocks!" Brenda cried out, her eyes wide and lusty as she watched her son's hand fly up and down his meaty prick.

Cory continued his oral assault. It was like he was making out with Jewel's asshole, kissing and licking lewdly. His tongue wandered down across her perineum, tasting the sweet cuntal juices that had burbled from her vibrator-stuff cunt. "Oh damn!" the boy muttered, so thrilled he could hardly stand it.

His knob tingled, and pre-jizz bubbled out onto his hand, lubricating his strokes.

His mom's hips suddenly jerked wildly. "Plow your tongue on my asshole!" she gasped. "I'm gonna cum!"

No sooner did her son comply with her request than the hot mother began to cry out in orgasm, her entire body convulsing wildly. "Yess! Fuck!! Cumming!!" she squealed, her voice echoing through the ladies room.

Brenda was only about ten seconds behind her, and their sexy voices cried out in a wonderful orgasmic mommy-duet.

The boy's pricks throbbed in their jacking fists, as they continued to lap away, while listening to their mom's voices HOWL in cunt-pulsing delight, reverberating through the ladies room.

Inside Jewel's cunt, her pink ribbed walls tightly encapsulated the rumbling egg, squirting hot secreting juice all around it. Her strong coital muscles flexed in a vice-like kegel-grip, making the buzzing egg pop wetly from her twat, soaking her son's face with her orgasmic juices.

Brenda's vibrator also erupted from her skillfully muscled cunt-tube, squirting out a big spray of hot girl-cum. Both mommies trembled in ecstacy, as the juice continued to burble from their horny urethras, pooling onto the floor.

Jewel turned back around, and guided her boy up, so they were both standing, and he was pressed against her. She locked lips, and hungrily spun her long hyper-active tongue through

his mouth. Cory thought maybe after she had come so hard, his mother would be anxious to get out of the bathroom..Jewel had other ideas.

"I need your cock!" she whimpered lustfully.

Her dainty slip-on heel fell off as she folded her silky leg up around her son's midsection. One of her arms circled his neck, and the other reached for his cock. "Fuck meeee!" the mother cooed, grasping his boner around the thick shaft, and running it's hard bell tip through her slick outer-folds.

Having fucked her this way before, Cory was prepared for what she did next. As Jewel's other leg sprung from the floor and she hugged

her son's midsection between her thighs, the teen grasped her thick mommy-buttocks and propped her against the stall wall.

"Ahh!" he sighed with a shaky voice, feeling his boner sink up the hot spongy sheath of her vagina.

"Mm, you always have the best ideas, Jewel," Brenda said, turning and pulling her son up against her also. She hopped up onto his cock, and wrapped Jackson in her thick thighs, burying his long tender penis inside her.

"Ohh yeah, take it straight to the balls, honey!" she squealed.

The two boys snarled with fuck-lust, pumping their fat pricks into their mother's pussies, while holding them up against the stall wall. "Oh shit!" Cory gasped, feeling his blood-engorged knob hit bottom, and the slick sleeve of Jewel's vagina nuzzle tightly around his thick muscled shaft.

"Oh God, you feel me so fucking full," Jewel gasped, while wetly kissing her son's lips.

Besides the hot grip of her pussy, what thrilled Cory the most about fucking his mom was the way she cradled him with her voluptuous body. No matter what position they were in, his mom had a way of getting her warm curves around him, so it seemed like his young body was melting into hers.

Even now, he could feel her wonderful motherly legs clutched snuggly around him, moving with his every thrust, while her arms were thrown around him, and she embosomed her boy in a tight fuck-hungry embrace.

"Ohh that's it, Cory, baby, make me feel it!" Jewel gasped. "Give mommy your long hard boner!"

They suddenly heard two ladies enter the bathroom, chatting as they went to the sink. This didn't stop the mothers from gasping and whimpering as they had their cunts steadily fucked.

The ladies at the sink suddenly got quite, then one spoke up, offering words of encouragement. "You go, girls!" she said, making the other woman giggle.

"Sorry!" Brenda said back to them. "We were just so horny. We needed our boyfriends to come

in here and fuck us!" she confessed, then French kissed her son.

"We don't blame you one bit! If we had boyfriends we'd be doing the same," one girl said. "Have fun!"

The girls left, and the two couples really started going at it. Jewel and Brenda clung to their teens. Their four-inch heels had fallen off their sexy bare feet, and their circled legs did a steady up and down motion as the boy's humped between their soft splayed thighs, boring their hardons deep inside the pussies that gave birth to them.

"Yess baby! Come on! Fuck me hard!" Jewel hissed, reaching down and clutching her son's ass with her long red nails, aiding his deep thrusts. "Pound that cock straight into my fucking cervix!"

"Fuuck!" he boy gasped, as their bodies started rocking at a frantic fuck-pace. The stall wall jerked back and forth from the force of the two humping mother's backs being pushed against it.

"Hhmmff!" Jackson snarled, as he too began fucking like a wild-man. Even through her bra and cotton top, he could feel his mom's round pillow-like tits sloshing against him.

Cory's boner flexed as it pumped through the tight juice-slickened walls of Jewel's cunt. His huge purple knob plummeted through spongy surrounding wall of pink cuntal flesh, doing a wet crushing

squeeze along the head of her cervix on each thrust. "Fuck! Fuck!" he growled sharply, then a big fat blast of milky jizz erupted from his meatus, hosing out against the lining of his mom's vagina.

"I'm cumming too, baby!" Jewel cried out, squeezing him with all her might.

The two of them grunted and groaned as they milked out each other's hot genital cream.

Jackson let out a guttural grunt, as he started blasting his own creamy hot cords inside his mom's honeyed hole. Brenda's powerful climax was right behind his, and the mother screamed out in delight, feeling her pussy-tube pulsate around her son's thick squirting fuck-organ.

What followed, was an almost five minute hot sexual bump and grind, making their tangled bodies jerk and writhed in hot passion.

Cory looked down at the pool of cum-juices on the floor that the four of them had created. . "Wow! Should we leave a tip for the janitor or something, for having to clean this up?" he said.

The mothers giggled. "Maybe one of the dinosaurs might sneak in a lick it up," Jewel joked. Jackson nodded. "Dino-might!" he shouted, making them all laugh.

After they were put back together and cleaned up, they joined the husbands and children back

in the museum. "There you guys are? Did you get lost?" Martin asked. "Nope! We just all needed a bathroom break," his wife said.

"Mm, and I feel so much better!" Brenda added. "How 'bout you, boys?"

The teens both nodded. "Yeah, much better!" Cory said, smiling knowingly at his mom.

Martin found his mind wandering somewhere it shouldn't. The last time his wife and son had wandered off, he saw what looked like her clothes on the ground, and heard what sounded like her voice crying out in orgasm.

Don patted him on the shoulder. "Come on bud. Let's go check out this next exhibit," he said, reeling Martin's mind back in on the present.

"Do you think they have ice-cream here?" Ann said. "Maybe with Dinosaur-shaped marshmallow chunks!"

The parents all laughed. "We'll ask before we leave, honey," Jewel said, looking at her son and winking.

Chapter 8: A Day on the Road

Martin was suspicious of his wife and son's behavior the past few days. The red flags, especially on the hiking trail, where he had found Jewel's clothes on the ground, were too obvious to ignore. He decided to delicately express his concerns, to see how his wife would react.

"You and Cory seem to be getting especially close on this trip?" he commented as they shared a private moment at breakfast.

Jewel peeked over at him. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. It just seems like the two of you are wandering off a lot." "Wondering off?" Jewel asked with a half-guilty giggle.

"Yeah, just, spending a lot of time alone together, that's all."

"Well, if you recall the 'deal' him and I had before we left, he agreed to give up his gaming device in exchange for my promise to show him an amazing time on this trip," Jewel explained. "I'm just doing my best to keep my word."

"Yeah, well, it's that 'amazing time' part that has me worried," Martin confessed.

"Has you worried?" Jewel asked, with a confused look, even though she had a pretty good idea where he was going with this. "Why would that have you worried?"

Martin seemed reluctant to continue, but did anyway. "I wasn't gonna say anything, but um, the other

day on the trail, I went looking for you guys and…"

Jewel's heart pounded nervously. *"Oh God, please tell me he didn't see Cory and I having sex,"* she thought. "And?" she asked, horrified by how he might respond.

"And…I saw some clothes on the ground in the bushes, that looked a lot like yours. I heard two couples

having sex nearby…and, one of the women sounded just like you," he explained.

Jewel froze in horror for a moment, trying not to show her guilt. *"Just fucking great!"* she thought. *"Ok,*

time for some damage control. He didn't actually say he saw us."

"So you just assumed that it was me?" Jewel asked.

"All I'm saying is that I couldn't find you, then I happened upon that scene by the trail, and I just got incredibly confused."

She rolled her eyes in an exaggerated manner. "Clearly you were confused, yes, especially if who you thought you heard was Cory and I," she said.

"It was just a little too ironic to ignore, that's all, and then I thought back on all the stops we've made on the trip, and it turns out that every attraction we've stopped at, you and Cory have wandered off somewhere together."

Jewel was horrified that her husband was beginning to put the pieces of the puzzle together. She thought her and Cory had been careful to hide their naughty escapades, but clearly they'd been sloppy enough to raise suspicion. She was smart enough to know that the best way to counter his concern was by acting aggravated by his obvious mistrust. "So let me see if I have this straight. You think Corey and I are 'wandering off' places so we can have sex together?" she asked.

Martin was clearly a little embarrassed by suggesting such a thing. "I don't wanna think that, no, it's just

that…"

His wife cut him off. "Then don't! That's sick, Martin!" she said with a scowl. "He's our son. How could you ever think we'd do such a thing?! If that's what you really think's been happening, then you should really get you head checked."

Her husband lowered his head. Once again his wife had caused him to question whether he was overreacting. The truth was, even though all the clues pointed in the direction of his wife and son being inappropriate, there was still reasonable doubt. He hadn't actually seen them in the act, nor had he caught them engaging in any type of flirtatious behavior around him. *"Maybe there truly was a logical explanation for what I saw along the trail,"* he thought, *"and if my wife and son really weren't having sex, I must look like such a rotten asshole even suggesting it."*

"Look, hon, I'm sorry I even brought it up, alright?" he said, trying to save-face.

Jewel stood up and headed for the truck, clearly pouring on the innocent act. "You should be," she

muttered in a perturbed tone.

Martin's wife put on her best sulky-face as they traveled down the road. Of course, her son Cody could tell his parents were at odds about something, but he would never have guessed that it was because his dad suspected them of having sex together.

For lunch, the two families stopped their rigs at a roadside burger joint. Jewel found a private moment with Brenda before they hit the road again.

"Martin's getting suspicious," she said. "Apparently he saw my clothes on the ground, near the trail the other day, when we were letting the boys fuck us at the blue whale."

"Damn, and we were trying to be so careful. What did you tell him?" Brenda asked. "That he was over exaggerating, and perverted for even letting his mind go there."

Then the mothers looked at each other and burst out laughing, with the knowledge that THEY were the ones who were being perverted, not their husbands.

"Don's known about Jackson and I for quite awhile, and he aware that I know that he know what's going on," Brenda explained. "I suppose I'm lucky that he's just accepted it and never really had the balls to talk to me about it."

"Has Don ever caught you two in the act?"

"No," Brenda said with a smile, "but I'm pretty sure he's heard Jackson's balls beating against my ass on more that one occasion, when he calls from work in the afternoon."

"You guys didn't stop fucking when he called?" Jewel asked with an amused giggle.

"Shit no. Nothing stops my baby boy from pounding his mommy's hole," Brenda said.

"You're lucky that Don's never said anything. Unfortunately, Martin's never really been the quiet one about ANY issue," Jewel said. "And now that he suspects this, he's gonna be watching Cody and I like a hawk."

"Makes it more of a challenge," Brenda said, with a thrilled look on her face.

"That's for sure."

Brenda raised an eyebrow. "You said Cody likes video games. Maybe treat it like he just got to a higher level, and the game of fucking mom behind dad's back just got more difficult."

"That's gonna be tough. Any time Martin sees Cody and I wandering off together now he's gonna be suspicious. He might even try to follow us."

"Then don't wander off."

Jewel fed her a curious look. "Huh?"

"There are two ways to go about this now. The first is to take advantage of every opportunity that your husband may be distracted, and doesn't even realize that you and Cody aren't around. The other way is…"

Thirty minutes later, Jewel and her son were in the back seat of the truck. Ann was up front with her father. There was a throw blanket Jewel and Cory were sharing that was spread across their laps.

Beneath the blanket, the mother had her boy's hard cock out of his pants and was stroking it tenderly. She replayed Brenda's voice in her head from earlier.

"The other way is…to do things secretly, but right in front of your husband. Things he'd never believe that you'd dare do with your son, with him around."

Jewel tried to seem as normal-acting as possible, while stroking her son's boner. Her tender full-length strokes were lubricated by the slippery pre-cum seeping from his piss-slit.

"Anyone need a rest stop?" her husband asked, peering back in his rearview mirror.

"I'm ok," Jewel said, in a little better mood now that she had her son's cock in her hand. She looked over at Cory knowingly. "How about you, honey?" Are you gonna need to get some relief soon?"

Cory looked back in his mother's eyes, his breath becoming heavier and heavier. "No, I think I can hold

off for awhile," he muttered.

"Are you sure about that?" she asked, doubtful he could last very long by the way his cock was throbbing and leaking in her hand. "We wouldn't want you to soak your shorts."

"That's right," Martin giggled from the front seat, "you're too old to pee your pants, kid," he said,

assuming that that's what his wife meant.

"I'm ok," Cory sighed.

"Well, if you do feel like you can't hold out any longer, let us know," Jewel told her son. "Maybe I can

find a cup or 'something else' for you to pour your stuff into," she said with a naughty wink.

"Yeah, but just um, be careful not to leak on the seat, alight?" his father added. "Ok," Cory answered with a nod.

His mom's hand felt amazing on his cock. Sure, he had been stroked off by a few girls from school before, but never anything like this. His mother's hand moved expertly all over his prick, squeezing with perfect corkscrew strokes. Her palm swiped over his nob again and again, using his pre-jizz to keep his erection nice and slippery. It was a good thing his father had the radio on or he'd hear the lewd creamy sound of his wife's hand beating their son's boner beneath the blanket.

Jewel looked up at her hubby as he concentrated on the road. She felt wicked giving their son a handjob only a few feet from her unknowing husband, but that just added to the thrill of it all and made her nipples harden with arousal. *"Look at that, hubby-bear. I don't need to disappear to be naughty with my boy's cock. I can do it right in front of your face!"* she wickedly thought.

Convinced that her husband was distracted, at least for a moment, Jewel peeked back over at her boy. When he looked back at her she could tell he was loving the attention her hand was giving him. Gazing lustfully, the hot mother mouthed the words "fuck me," which made her boy's body shudder in sexual excitement.

Her thumb slipped wetly back and forth across the elastic band of his frenulum, then up over the glans surrounding his piss-slit.

"Ohhh!" the boy audibly muttered, luckily not too loudly as he watched his sexy mom roll her wet tongue across her top lip in a sensual manner.

She guided her boy's hand between her legs beneath the blanket. Cody caught on, cramming his hand inside her shorts and panties, and cupping her shaved pubis. He rubbed two fingers down between her cuntal folds, finding the big fleshy nub of her clitoris and stroking it.

Mother and son looked over at each other lustfully, their eyes communicating how bad they wanted to fuck the shit out of each other.

Jewel whipped her fist around on the juice-slicked head of her son's cock. She saw his eyes roll back slightly and felt the familiar throb of his cock that let her know he was close to cumming. She knew she had to act fast.

"Shit!" she suddenly said, so even her husband could hear. "What's wrong?" Martin asked.

Jewel was touching her ear with her free hand, while continuing to beat her son's boner with the other.

"I lost an earring," she said, looking down at the floor of the back seat.

"One of the ones I just bought you?" Martin asked, unaware that she was getting fingered by their son.

"Yes. Hopefully it just fell onto the floor," she said, crawling down onto the floorboard between Cory's legs. Now it was impossible for her husband to see her at all.

The teen watched in wide-eyed disbelief as his mom buried her head beneath the blanket. He felt the soft ring of her lips slip over the nob

of his cock, while her hand tirelessly pumped up and down his shaft.

"Mmm," Jewel hummed, delighted by the taste of her boy's pre-cum slathered prick-tip. She traced the coronal ridge with the tip of her tongue, smothering his bulbous bell in her hot mouth.

"Did you find it?" she heard her husband ask.

She slipped Cory's peter-tip from her lips, but only long enough to answer her husband. "I'm looking,"

she said.

The teen felt her mouth sheath the tip of his boner again, but this time her licker whipped all over his tender nob, battering it with wet strokes of her tongue, while beating his cock into her mouth. It was all he could do not to gasp out loud and he tried not to let his face show the pleasure he was experiencing, so not to raise suspicion from his father, who kept glancing back in the mirror.

"You don't think it could have fallen off back at the restaurant, do you?" Martin asked, but this time his wife didn't answer. Cory was seconds away from blasting a load down her throat and she wasn't ruining the moment for her boy by pulling her mouth off his cock again.

The teen clenched his eyes closed as he felt his nob tingle delightfully and a long fat jet of cum pour into his mother's sucking mouth. His legs trembled as she pumped him off with her tightly clenched fist.

"Mmnnn!" Jewel whimpered, feeling her boy's meaty helmet swell in her mouth with each pulsing squirt of hot semen. She rolled her thick tongue around, all over the engorged gourd of flesh, swirling the fresh hot ball-milk around inside her mouth before greedily swallowing it down.

"You okay?" Cory's father asked him, as Martin noticed the slight grimace on his son's face through the rearview mirror.

"I'm fine, just um, stretching my legs out a bit." "Sure you don't me to stop so you can stretch?" "No, that's alright, dad. I'm good."

Little did Martin know how "good" his son actually was, as the cum pulsed out of Cory's cock and down his Martin's pretty wife's throat. Jewel sucked and pumped out every drop of semen, gulping it down like a good cock-milking mother. Once finished, she lifted her mouth from Cory's dick. "I found it!" she announced.

"Oh, your earring?" her husband asked.

"Of course 'my earring.' Why else would I be down on the floorboard," she said, giving her son a wink

then licking her lips clean.

A few hours later they were pulling their rigs into a roadside RV park. Since Martin was showing some suspicion, Brenda agree to keeping him distracted, so Jewel and Cory could sneak off somewhere for a good hard fuck.

"Jewel tells me you make a scrumptious lasagna, Martin. Do you wanna team up with me for dinner

duty tonight?" Brenda asked him.

"Well, I don't know how 'scrumptious' is it, but if everyone's in the mood for some Italian, I'd be happy

to make it," he said.

"Sounds good to me, buddy!" Don said.

"Oh yes please, honey!" Jewel said. "Your home-cooked lasagna would be divine, especially after all the take-out we've been

consuming the past few days."

"We should have everything we need here," Martin said, pulling items from the cupboard.

"Well, if there's anything you're missing let me know. Our kitchen's pretty well stocked," Brenda said, looking over at Jewel and nodding, as if to say, "Go. I got this."

Jewel took Cory's hand and discreetly slipped out of the trailer. The sun had already set and the RV park was shrouded in darkness, save for a few security lights here and there.

"Where are we going?" Cory asked, as his mom led him along the side of their rig.

"You got my pussy all worked up while I sucking out your cum today. Where do you think we're going?"

she asked naughtily.

"Well, I figured that, but WHERE though?"

Jewel opened the back door of the truck. "Same spot I got you off earlier," she said. "Get in and get your

shorts off."

Cory didn't need to be asked twice. He climbed into the back seat and shed his shorts. If he wasn't erect before, watching his mom climb in beside him and slip out of her own bottoms certainly did the trick.

"Once again, this can't be a marathon fuck, but at least we can cum together," Jewel said, slipping her

dainty black panties down her smooth legs.

Cory heart raced excitedly. He could smell the aroma of his mom's aroused pussy as she climbed on top of him.

Planting her knees astride his hips, Jewel reached down between their separated crotched, grasped her boy's long muscular cock and placed the nob at the juice-slickened mouth of her vagina. "Ready, baby?" she whispered. "I need you bad!"

She lowered herself on to his prick, feeling his thick manhood squeeze up her horny birth-canal. "Ohhh, yess!" she mewled.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed, feeling the slippery heat of her inner walls mold around his tender sex organ.

They certainly weren't worried about anyone seeing them. The truck was nearly pitch-black and even if someone were standing right outside, they wouldn't be able to make out what was going on in the back seat. Even though Cory preferred fucking his mom in the light, where he could see her body, there was something really cool about having her on top of him in the dark. Blindingly feeling her voluptuous body hump and claw at him seemed in a way to intensify the sensation of touching and fucking.

Jewel mashed her shaved vulva against her son's cock-base in full penetration, feeling his blood-swollen bell-tip push against her ectocervix.

Cory's meatus and the small opening of Jewel's cervical head met in a kiss, his pre-cum and her leaking mucus smearing together, forming a slippery juice that would lubricate their wicked union.

The mother raised herself back up, causing the boy's hardon to slip back down the tube a few inches, making her pink vaginal walls collapse in together where his cock had just been. Then she pumped back down, making his fat barbed nob slice back through the slippery passage until it was kissing her womb again.

"Ohh yess!" the boy hissed, as she began repeating this process, fucking her mommy-pussy on his big dick.

"Yesss! Hold me and fuck meee!" Jewel cried out, making her meaty ass beat against her son's nuts.

Cory wrapped his arms around his mom's back, pulling her against him. Jewel's boobs were covered by her blouse and bra, but still felt heavenly pressed against his upper chest. He could feel the meaty orbs sloshing around inside her bra.

"God I love your cock inside me!" the heavy-chested mother whimpered.

Jewel found a steady fuck-pace, pounding her juicy cunt down around her son's pleasure-pole, feeling it's thick unyielding hardness thunder through her horny twat.

"See, your father can't keep us apart," she panted. "He can't keep your cock outta me!"

"No," Cory gasped, feeling his mom's strong pelvic muscles squeeze at his burrowing cock, her ribbed walls swathing his tender prick in secreting fuck-oil.

"He can't always have his eyes on us," Jewel said breathlessly. "We'll fuck when he sleeps, we'll fuck

when he's making dinner. Every time he turns his back, I want your cock inside me."

The suspension in the truck began to steadily rock as the mother fucked her boy's hardon with everything she had. She rose towards the golden peak of her climax, panting and tossing her pretty hair around.

"Fuck!...Fuck, fuck, fuck, I'm cuummiinngg!" Jewel's shaky voice cried out.

Cory just held on for the ride as Jewel's body went into a shaking, grunting, cock-humping fit. His eyes rolled back as he felt her quivering pussy cumming on him. It felt like her snug inner walls were turning inside-out around his cock.

"Ohh my God!" the boy's shaky voice exclaimed, the glans around his pinkish-purple helmet sizzling exquisitely.

What Cory was feeling was her inner muscles flex and pulsate around him, giving her lining a more pronounced texture around his meat, making the friction even more intense. The power of Jewel's climax had also swelled inward, causing her urethral sponge to engorge, quickly resulting in the expulsion of hot liquid girl-cum around the boy's cock.

"Uuughhh!" Jewel's pretty voice squealed, as she sent more mommy-love-nectar cascading over her

son's big balls.

Cory's boner tingled and flexed, enjoying the sensation of her quivering juice-drenched cuntal-sleeve squeezing up and down his prick. He placed his hands between their bodies and squeezed at her breasts.

Seeing her boy's need, Jewel sat completely upright and quickly threw off her blouse. Their snug, fully- penetrated genitals were so engorged with blood, they could feel each other's excitedly heartbeats through their throbbing cuntal and penile flesh.

"You want at Mommy's titties, baby?" Jewel said, reaching back and unclasping her big bra.

It was too dark to be treated to a strip-show, but Cory knew his mom must be releasing her big milkers for him to enjoy.

Jewel stayed on her baby like a rodeo cowgirl on a horse, as he lifted his ass from the cushion and slouched, plopping back down at the edge of the seat. She knew he was doing this so her titties would bounce around all over his face, while she continued fucking him.

"There you go, baby boy. You've got your mommy as naked as a whore," she said.

Confirmation that his mom was naked came when she dropped back against him and her big wobbling wonders struck Cory's face. He gasped in delight, shoving his face down into her gaping cleavage, as she ground her juicy vagina on him, crushing her clit on his pubic bone.

"Your father's so stupid thinking he can keep us apart," Jewel said. "A real man's cock has found my cunt

now, and if he thinks I'm giving it up he's insane."

"Oh my God, I love you, Mom!" the boy confessed, his voice muffled in surrounding tit-meat.

"Oh, baby, I love YOU!" she said back, tightening the muscles of her pelvic floor, smothering her boy's rod in a tight cuntal hug.

"Ohhh!" the boy whimpered, his hips jerking, lifting her from the cushion. Jewel's cuntal sleeve immediately pulsated with a mini-orgasm and Cory felt her sudden vascular engorgement and the hot arousal fluid that secreted from the walls and bathed his cock.

"Jesus!" he snarled, then dropped them back down, but suddenly started pumping up into her.

"Yess! That's it, baby! Fuck me like a whore!" Jewel shouted.

Their naked flesh beat wetly together as the boy pumped his cock up into her with full-length thrusts.

This made his mommy's heavy boobies bounce and ripple all around his face.

"Ohh Goddamn yess!" Cory cried out, like he was king of the universe. He kissed and licked at the dough-like flesh of his mother's cleavage while pounding up into her as fast as he could.

Many women couldn't keep up with this type of ball-bumping pace, but Jewel could. She was a horny sex-crazed mother, and sexually talented mothers like her knew how to keep up with these young

hunks. They know how to move their hips and match a horny son's movements, thrust for thrust. "That's

it! Like that!" the busty mother squealed. "That's how mommy likes it!"

Cory's muscular cock thundered through the pink walls of his mom's smoldering vagina. It was like they were a well-lubed machine, but made of two parts of pink pistoning flesh, that were build for each other.

Cory's big nut-sack swung up and down from the frantic rhythm of his fucking, beating wetly against the throbbing ring of Jewel's butthole.

"I'm gonna cuuuum!" Cory grunted, from somewhere deep between his mom's huge melonous tits.

His mom was already there, and hot female ejaculate was spurting from her urethral slit. She let out a series of guttural grunts,

cumming hard for a second time, washing her son's balls and cum-squirting cock in her female love juices.

The lucky boy pressed his face into the squishy flesh of one of his mom's fatty tits, which muffled his grunt as he hosed out another long milky rope of ball-juice deep in her humping pussy.

For several minutes they rocked and writhed on the back sear, like nothing else existed in the world except their joined genitals and the pleasure they were providing each other.

When they finally returned to earth, Cory was the first to speak. "Hey mom…" "What is it, honey?" Jewel answered breathlessly, still laying on him.

"You said a little bit ago that dad can't stop us from having sex. Does that mean he knows something?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," she answered. "He suspects that we're having sex together, but don't worry, I think I guilted him into thinking it's all in his head."

"So, that's why you guys were fighting. I suspected something was up this morning," Cory said.

"Yes, but everything's fine now. Brenda has agreed to help keep your father distracted here and there, so we can still sneak off and play."

"Ok good," Cory said with relief.

"I mean what I said a little bit ago. I'm not giving up your cock for anyone," she said, then squeezed his still-embedded boner with her love-muscles. "It's mine. Mine, mine, mine!"

A voice from outside the truck suddenly startled them. "Mom?" the young voice called. It was Jewel's daughter Ann.

"Shit, that's your sister," Jewel whispered.

"We better lock the doors," her son suggested.

"No, we can't. She'll hear the locks click, and then she'll know we're in here."

"Yeah, but if she opens the door and sees us like this we're screwed." "Oh fuck, you're right," Jewel said in a panic. "Lock them."

Cory did so and a few seconds later they heard a knock at the door. "Mom?" Ann called. Lucky for them she was too short to climb up and peer through the window.

She knocked again as both Jewel and her son scrambled to get their clothes back on. "We'll be right out, honey. Just hold on a second," the panicked mother answered.

A minutes later the truck door opened and Jewel and Cory emerged looking guilty and disheveled.

"What are you guys doing in the truck?" Ann asked.

The mother knew she had to come up with the lie of all lies, so that word didn't get back to her husband. "Well, we um…" Jewel muttered sharing a look with her son. "We bought a gift, at the gift shop, for your father…and we um, we were wrapping it, weren't we, honey?"

"Yeah, just wrapping the gift for dad," Cory said, going along with it. "In the truck?" Ann asked suspiciously.

"Well, we can't very well wrap it in the trailer, since it's a surprise, now can we?" the mother asked.

"What is it? Can I see it?" the young girl asked.

"You'll see it soon enough, honey, but remember, it's a surprise. You can't tell your father that you

found us in the truck wrapping it," Jewel admonished her.

"Oh, all right," the girl muttered with a pouty face.

Dinner was a big hit. Martin's lasagna was just as yummy as his wife had made it out to be. After they had eaten and were sitting around inside the 5th Wheel talking, Ann blurted out something that made her mother's heart stop.

"Can daddy open his gift now?" she shouted. Martin looked at his wife. "Gift?" he asked.

"Yeah, mommy and Cory were in the back of the truck with the doors locked wrapping a gift for you,"

Ann said.

"Ann!" the mother said in an annoyed tone, then looked at her husband. "Sorry, it was suppose to be a surprise."

Just hearing that his wife and son were alone together behind locked doors made Martin's stomach sink. He knew he'd feel a lot better if they could actually produce the gift his daughter was speaking of.

"Well, you know how little girls are with keeping secrets," Martin said. "I guess you might as well give it to me now."

Jewel exchanged a panicked look with her son. Of course, there was no gift, although she had plans of producing one the next day to save face with Ann. She didn't think her daughter would end up giving the secret away, at least not so soon.

"Sure, um, let me go get it," Jewel said, giving Brenda a look as she walked out. "It's still in the truck."

Brenda could tell something was up and stood suddenly. "I'll go with her. I noticed the lighting in this park sucks, and you remember what happened to her the last time we were at a creepy old RV park, she nearly got abducted," she reminded the two husbands.

"True, uh, thanks, Brenda," Martin said, anxious to see this mysterious gift, so that his suspicious mind could be put at ease again.

88: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin'_5

Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' – Chapter 9: Brenda and Jackson

"Cigars!" Martin exclaimed, unwrapping his gift.

"No, a box of cigars!" his wife said, then her and Brenda flashed each other a smile.

Don whispered softly to his wife. "Aren't those the cigars I just bought?" he asked.

"Shush," she whispered back sternly. If they were Don's cigars, they certainly weren't any more. Jewel needed to produce a gift in a hurry, so Brenda had rushed back to her trailer and snatched the first thing she could think of.

"Thanks, babe," Martin said, kissing his wife. He suddenly felt silly again that he had suspected his wife and son were screwing around in the truck. The truth is, they had been, and Jewel could still feel her son's cum seeping from her vagina.

When they got back to their own trailer, the first thing Brenda did was hug her boy. Jackson loved being the object of his mom's affection. She was blonde, beautiful, and her enormous knockers always felt so incredible squashed against his chest. Family members had always said that Brenda resembled the Canadian actress Natasha Henstridge, but with more pronounced motherly curves.

The teen thought back to six months ago, when he had just turned 18, and his mom had started to make her intentions known. After

his birthday gathering, when all his friends were gone, Brenda tapped on his door.

"Yeah?" he said.

"Honey, I need your help with something?" she said, fully dressed and wearing her coat.

"Sure, Mom, what is it?"

"Put your coat and shoes on," she said, "I need you to take a quick ride with me."

Before he could ask any further questions, his mom disappeared. She was waiting for him out in the car, and once he was inside, she sped off.

"Where is it we're going?" he curiously asked.

She smiled over at him. "You'll find out when we get there. I told you, I just need your help with something," she said.

"It's snowing pretty hard. It's not the best night to be out." "We're not going far," Brenda assured him.

Brenda pulled into a hotel parking lot, just outside of town and parked the car in a spot.

"What are we doing here?" Jackson asked. "This is where I need your help."

"At a hotel? Doing what?" he asked.

"Bringing our bag in," she said with a wink, opening her door. "It's in the trunk."

Jackson grabbed the overnight bag, then followed his mom into the hotel, where she checked them in. It wasn't until they were moving

down the hallway towards their room that he asked more questions.

"So why are we staying at a hotel in the same town we live in, mom?"

"I've been so busy with your three younger sisters that I've neglected my oldest child. I felt that you and I could use some time alone together, to connect," she said looking over at him with a sexy little smile.

"Alright."

When they arrived at the room, Jackson was a bit surprised to see there was only one big bed. "Do they

have a sleeper-sofa or something?" he asked.

"Why, do we need one?" Brenda responded. "Are you too cool to share a bed with mom?" "No, that's um, fine, I guess."

"Good, because the floor looks awfully uncomfortable," she teased. "True."

Brenda plopped the overnight bag on the bed and zipped it open. "I brought you an extra outfit, and some swim trunks. Word is that they have an awesome hot tub here. Wanna try it out with me?" she asked.

"Sure, why not," her son answered.

"Get changed then. I'll go throw my bikini on," Brenda said, snatching a few items from the bag and heading for the bathroom.

Jackson got in his trunks and waited for his mom to emerge from the bathroom. She finally did, dressed in a sexy white bikini cover-up that tied like a robe in the front. "Ready to go soak?" she asked.

"At least we don't have to go out in the cold. The front desk girl said the Jacuzzi's inside the building." "Good, it's freezing out."

They went down to the hot tub area and were pleased to find no other customers using it. Jackson got in first, then watched his mom shed her cover-up. His eyes about popped from his head when he saw how skimpy her bikini was.

"Like it?" she asked, standing there a moment with her hands on her hips. The two-piece yellow bikini set consisted of a tiny bandeau top and micro thonged bottoms. Jackson knew his mom had big boobs, but they looked even more enormous almost completely exposed like this.

"Wow! It's um… tiny," he muttered.

"You are talking about the bikini and not my boobs, right?" she asked with a quirky smile. "Definitely just the bikini."

"I thought so. My boobs and the word 'tiny' would NEVER be in the same sentence together," she said with a giggle, then stepped into the Jacuzzi.

"Oh my God, this feels divine," Brenda said, sitting down next to Jackson and taking his hand beneath the water.

"Sure does. I still can't believe you got us a room for the night."

"Like I said, I've been spending so much time wrapped up in the world of your three little sisters that I've

been neglecting my oldest child," she said, smiling over at him.

"I know they require a lot of time, and I understand," Jackson said. "I don't feel neglected at all."

"Well, that's fine and dandy, but it's still my job as your mom to make sure your needs are getting met." "I have everything I need, mom. Food, friends, a place to live," Jackson said.

"Those aren't the needs I'm talking about, honey," she said, squeezing his hand in hers. "Ok, well what needs do you mean?"

"Your sexual needs," Brenda said. "I talk to other moms who have boys your age. We all know what your needs our boys have?"

"You do?"

"Of course we do. So, are you getting those needs met?" she asked candidly. "Are you asking me if I'm having sex?"

"Well, I know sex is important to boys your age, so I guess I am."

"Well, I don't really do it as much as I'd like, but I still do it sometimes," Jackson confessed.

"Sometimes? Is your girlfriend April not putting out?"

"Well, unfortunately her parents are religious, so she's doing the whole 'I gotta wait until marriage' thing," he explained.

"Oh no, really?!" Brenda scowled. "So no sex at all with her?" "Well, we have done it orally a few times."

"A few times? Honey, you've been with this girl for almost three months," his mom pointed out.

"I know, and I really like everything about her, except that part."

"That's a pretty BIG part," Brenda said. "Sex is so important at your age." "Well I do still take care of myself. You know, the way guys can."

"By masturbating? Honey, masturbation is for boys; you're a man now. You're eighteen," the mother

said sympathetically. "You need a woman, not a hand to jerk with."

Jackson started laughing. He wasn't at all used to hearing his mom talk this way.

"I'm serious, it's not funny," Brenda said, trying to keep a straight face.

"I know. I like April, but I'm certainly in no hurry to marry her. Are you saying I need a new girlfriend then?" he asked.

"I'm saying you need to be sexually active. How you go about that is up to you."

"Maybe you and dad should up my allowance, so I can afford to pay for a hot call girl to have sex with,"

Jackson joked.

Brenda giggled, then slid up onto his lap, sitting sideways and wrapping one arm around his shoulders.

"You're not paying for it, that's not what I meant."

Jackson was delighted by the feel of her plush rounded ass smothering his groin, and his mom's mostly naked tits were now out of the water, looming just below his eyes. His wide-eyed gaze traveled along the massive split of her wet shimmering cleavage. "How do your boobs even stay in that tiny bikini top, mom?" he brazenly asked.

"I have to do a lot of adjusting, honey," Brenda said, using one hand to pull the bandeau-style top up, as it was slowly creeping down and about to expose her areolas. "Gravity's a bitch."

Jackson loved the way her boobies jostled like big mounds of jello as she adjusted them. He still couldn't believe she was wearing something this revealing in front of him. "If my girlfriend were more sexual, and I could attach your boobs to her, I'd be the happiest guy on the planet," he confessed.

Brenda burst out laughing. "What's wrong with these boobs attached to me?" she asked, gazing him in the eyes.

"Well, not a thing, other than you're my mom."

"Well that's not a bad thing. Since we live together, you get to look at them all the time," she said with a

wink.

"Yeah, but not the same way I would if they were attached to my girlfriend." "Oh, you mean that 'I wanna reach out and squeeze them' kinda way?" "Yeah, exactly."

"Well, you could always close your eyes while you squeeze on them, and imagine they're attached to

your girlfriend," Brenda said suggestively.

"Seriously? Wouldn't that be a little weird?" he blushed.

"They're just boobs, honey. You used to squeeze and suck on them all the time when you were little."

"Yeah, but I'm not really 'little' any more, mom."

He suddenly felt his mom use her glute muscles to squeeze her ass-cheeks around his growing bulge.

"So I noticed," Brenda teased, giving him a naughty smile.

"Sorry about that," her son said, embarrassed that his cock was hardening beneath her smothering buttocks.

"Don't apologize. I'm sure this isn't the first time mom has made your penis hard," she said, "or you wouldn't be stealing my panties from my hamper as much as you do."

Jackson fed his mom a guilty look and she smiled, rubbing his shoulder reassuringly. "We moms are a lot smarter than you think we are."

"Apparently so," the boy blushed. "So you can admit it… it's ok." "That I sniff your panties?"

"Yes," she said, smiling wickedly as she gazed into his eyes. "And that my boobs aren't the only things

you wish were attached to your girlfriend."

Jackson didn't answer. His smile told his mom all she needed to know. Brenda brought her lips to his

ear. "Do you wanna see mom's pussy, honey?" she softly whispered.

He nodded, his heart racing a mile a minute. His mom continued to whisper "Do you wanna stick your nose between the folds of my labia and smell my sweet motherly aroma?"

Brenda felt his erection flex against her flanking butt-crevasse. She responded with another tender squeeze.

"You would let me do that?" the boy said with heavy excited breath.

"As long as I could smell you too. Fair's fair." "Smell me?"

"Yes, your sperm-filled balls put off a wonderful aroma, just like my pussy does," she said. "I wanna

nuzzle my face into that soft, smooth scrotum and inhale all that warm manly seed."

"Jeez, mom, are you serious?" he asked, astounded that he was even having this conversation with her.

"Does that shock you, honey?" she giggled. "That your mom likes to do naughty perverted things just

like you do?"

"Kind of I guess, and that you wanna do them with me."

"Well, someone has to get the job done when your girlfriend won't. Might as well be mom, right?" "I certainly won't complain. Here though?" Jackson asked, looking around uncomfortably.

Brenda noticed a video camera mounted to the wall looking out over the Jacuzzi area. She knew if her and her son got touchy-feely, it may not be the best place to do it. "Let's go back to the room," she said.

Jackson watched his sexy mother step from the hot tub. Her thonged buttocks might as well have been completely bare, since the string of the bottoms disappeared between the thick jiggling cheeks of her ass.

They quickly toweled off, and Brenda took her son by the hand and led him up the hallway towards their room. The busty mother hadn't bothered to put her bikini cover-up back on, much to the delight of the

old man that passed her in the hallway, watching her huge mommy-boobs bobble around with each sexy step she made.

"Wanna get in the shower with me? Wash off this nasty chlorine?" Brenda asked as they entered the room and the door closed.

"You mean like… naked?"

"Well we can't very well shower with our clothes on, honey," she giggled, then glanced down at his

trunks. "You go first." "Go first?"

"Take your trunks off."

"Oh… right," the boy said, then removed them, getting completely naked in front of his mother.

Brenda's eyes widened at the sight of his big pointing erection. It was capped with a knob the shape, size and color of a fat juicy plum.

"Wow! Have you ever considered the real reason your girlfriend won't have sex with you is because

she's scared of that thing?" Brenda asked, staring at his cock.

"Scared of this?" her son asked, moving his hips and making his big boner wag back and forth.

"Yes, not in a bad way though, honey. If she's a virgin, the thought of being broken-in by someone with a huge dick like yours might actually scare her."

"Yeah, but it's not MY fault I'm the size I am," Jackson said.

"Of course it's not your fault. Maybe you should talk to her about it though, and assure her that you'll go slow and easy the first couple of times," Brenda suggested.

"I can do that," he said, staring at the hard nipples poking out from beneath the fabric of her bandeau bikini-top.

The mother fed him a teasing smile. "Are you undressing me with your eyes right now?" she asked. "Maybe," he blushed.

"Let me help," she said, then reached back and unfastened her top.

Jackson's boner jumped at the sight of her naked tits. He had never seen a woman with such wide areolas and thick protuberant nipples. "Damn, mom. Those ARE amazing!" he exclaimed.

"Still make you wish they were attached to your girlfriend?" Brenda asked.

"Yes."

"Sorry… they're stuck on mom," she said with a smile, then moved her shoulders, making her big ballooning bosoms rock heavily back and forth. "You're welcome to come give 'em a squeeze though."

Jackson didn't need to be asked twice. He stepped up to her, reached out with both hands and grasped her huge naked tits, making his fingers sink into their dough-like flesh. "Dang," he gasped, feeling their immense weight.

"Pull on the nipples, honey. Feel how hard they are," his mother whispered.

The boy grasped her engorged papilla between his fingers and tugged, stretching them out from the huge pink rings of her areola. "Am I being too rough?" he asked, glancing up to his mom's face.

"No, that's fine." Brenda said reassuringly. "It might be too much for girls your age, because their boobs

are young and tender, but a mom's boobs are different." "How so?"

"Our flesh becomes more conditioned through the years to being tugged and sucked and chewed on. It's just how our mom-bodies

develop."

"Oh wow, so can I um… slap them together?" Brenda giggled. "Sure, go ahead," she said.

Jackson took a firm grip on both her boobs, then started beating them together over and over, causing her cleavage to make a lewd clapping sound as each fatty melon met the other.

"That's so cool," he said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Cup the undersides while you do that, honey. Feel how heavy they are," Brenda suggested, watching delightfully as her son played with her boobs.

Jackson slid his mitts along the soft elongated undersides of his mom's melons, feeling their weight and spongy softness. He dug his fingers into their fatty flesh, making her rubbery nipples puff outward like two pink marshmallows begging to be sucked on.

He suddenly froze as he felt her hand on his dick, tracing her nails gingerly around the big barbed tip. She stared into his eyes while doing this, gauging his reaction.

"That feels great," the boy whispered.

Brenda smiled at him lovingly, dragging her nails across his broad coronal ridge. "Oh honey, your big dick's gonna visit places so wonderful that you can't even begin to imagine what 'great' feels like," she said.

"My dick will love that."

"I know it will," Brenda agree, running her fingers down his muscled boner, amazing at the feel of the big bulging veins running along her son's shaft. "Right now though it needs a shower, to wash all that nasty chlorine off. Come on."

The heavy-titted mother led her son by the boner into the adjoining bathroom. The shower was huge, with a big glass door. She reached in and turned on the water.

"I think one of us still needs to finish undressing," she said, turning towards her boy and untying the strings of her bikini bottom. She pulled the tiny piece of fabric from her crotch, exposing her naked pubis.

Jackson's heart skipped a beat as he gazed at the upside-down triangle of his mom's mound of Venus. The thick folds of her outer labium formed a perfect cuntal cleavage, which was crowned by a neatly trimmed stripe of pubic fuzz.

Brenda watched her boy's boner twitch excitedly as he stared at her pussy.

"Dang, mom. Your hair doesn't grow in that way down there, does it?" "No, honey. I trimmed it that way," she said. "It's called a landing strip."

"Landing strip? You mean like at an airport? Why's it called that? What's landing down there?" Brenda giggled, then glanced down at his cock. "Take a guess."

"Oh, yeah, right," he said, looking down at his prick and suddenly getting what it meant..

The boy watched his mom step into the shower and the water spray her naked body. He always dreamed about seeing her this was, so he was utterly fascinated.

"Coming in?" she asked, with an mischievous smile.

He joined her in the shower and closed the door. Then he stood there in wide-eyed wonder as his mom lathered him up with suds.

Every time her soft stiff-nippled boobies brushed against him, his body would shudder in delight.

When her soapy hand stroked the length of his erection, he about came on the spot. Not only his dick, but his balls also were gently lathered by his mom's hand.

"Wanna wash Mommy's boobs for her?" she asked, gazing up into his eyes seductively. Her honey- blonde hair was slick back from being wet.

"Sure," Jackson said, then spent the next several minutes lathering her big milkers with slippery suds.

The fascinated teen ran his hands all over her tits and nipples. At one point his mother giggled. "This mom's gonna have the cleanest boobs around," she joked, watching her teen maul her wobbly jugs, squeezing to his heart's content.

"Sorry. They're just way too much fun to play with," he confessed.

"Take your time, honey. You can keep playing," Brenda said. "Unless you'd like to dry off and sniff my

pussy, like we talked about earlier."

Jackson released her boobs. "That sounds like even more fun," he confessed. He could have groped his mom's slippery tits all day, but was super-anxious to bury his nose in her crotch.

They stepped out and dried off. "I'm gonna blow-dry my hair. Go in and get the bed warmed up for us," Brenda said.

"Ok, mom," he said.

Brandon assumed they were gonna stay naked, so he crawled into bed with nothing but a hard cock. After a few minutes, he heard the

blow-dryer shut off and his bare naked mother stepped into the room, her huge mommy-melons juddering heavily.

"Ready to make that cute nose come in for a landing?" she said, reaching down and running her fingers up her thin 'landing strip' of pubic hair.

"Ready," the boy said, his heart thumping excitedly.

The blonde beauty slipped onto the bed and her boy watched her every move as she crawled towards him like a prowling cougar. Her tits hung down off her chest, teetering back and forth like big udders as she closed in on him. "You can smell my pussy one of two ways," she explained. "I can drop onto my back, bow my legs open, and you can come down between them, or I can straddle your face like a saddle and you can smell it that way."

Both ways sounded beyond heavenly to the teen, but the idea of having his own hot mom plant her cunt on his face sounded greater than anything he ever dreamed.

"You can straddle me," he said.

"Ok… here I come," the mother said with a mischievous grin.

Brenda knew that she also had a choice to make. She could straddle her boy's head in the direction of a 69, or she could face the other way, allowing him to stare straight up her pubic mound and midriff, to the huge rounded undersides of her tits. She decided on the later.

Jackson's eyes were wide with wonder, watching his heavy-breasted mother crawl over him. She started by partially squatting over his face, letting the boy gaze up at the matronly pussy that was about to smother him.

"Dang!" the teen sighed. He'd already seen his mother's pubis, but this was a whole different view of her genitalia that he never

dreamed he'd see. Except for the cute landing strip, his mother vulva was as bare as a baby's ass. The outer lips had partially splayed apart, reveal a second, inner layer of blood- engorged labial meat. Crowning it all, was a thick prepuce, that had peeled back to reveal the fleshy pearl of her clitoris.

Brenda kept her mommy-nmuffin hovering there above him for a second. "Ready, honey?" she asked.

The boy could hardly speak. His mom was shamelessly exposing her most private parts to him. Even the pink crinkled ring of her butthole budded out obscenely above his gaze. "I'm ready," he managed to whisper.

The next thing Jackson knew his face was smothered in cunt-flesh. His mom had landed just right, so his nose sunk down into her juicy grotto, nuzzling into her vulvar vestibule.

"Holy damn! It smells incredible!" the boy's horny mind buzzed as he inhaled her fragrant folds. Yes he had snuffed her panties plenty of times, but to smell it directly from the source was a thousand times more powerful and exciting.

He had closed his eyes upon contact, but now when he opened them he found himself staring straight up his mom's upper-half, from her cunt to the base of her jutting breasts. *"Good grief, what a sight!"* he thought.

He saw his Mom peek down over her giant knockers, smiling at him. "Smell a little better than the crotch of those panties?" she asked.

"Mm-hm," he hummed, his lips pressed against her perineum.

"There's only one thing missing now, isn't there? she asked. "I'm sure when you sniff my panties you

have your hand around your boner. Do you wanna beat your erection while you sniff me, honey?"

Since Jackson couldn't answer, he merely reach down and began stroking his hard penis as she suggested.

Brenda peeked back over her shoulder, watching her son's fist pull at his long brick-hard prick. "There

you go, honey. Stroke on that big pink pickle. Make it feel good," she cooed.

He brazenly slipped his tongue from his mouth, and drug it across the elastic ring of his mom's butthole, making her shudder suddenly and gaze down at him again. "Oh, you naughty, naughty boy!" she squealed.

She began to move her cunt on him, plowing it across his wiggling licker. "You trying to tell me

something?" she asked. "You trying to tell mommy you wanna eat some pussy?"

"Mmn-hmn," the boy answered, delighted by the taste of her sweet nectar, as he dug his tongue down into her juicy coral slit.

"Ohhhh!" Brenda gasped, her eyes rolling back as she felt him plow his licker across the swollen nub of her clit. He sucked it into his mouth, nursing on it like a nipple. "Oh my God, you do that and you'll make me gush all over you!"

Despite her warning, Jackson continued his oral assault on his mom's fleshy love button. He felt her warm thighs squeeze even tighter around his head as he kept his face firmly planted against her gyrating pussy. His cock was now slick with pre-cum, allowing him to beat off in a steady rhythm.

"Ohhh fuck!" his mom panted.

Her pubic landing strip looking like it was rising from the bridge of Jackson's nose. He peered up her mons, along her swiveling underbelly, and watched her huge mammaries wobble around on her chest. He could see the hardened peaks of her nipples, distended out from the centers of her thick-textured areola. It was the most wonderful sight he could ever imagine gazing up at.

His mom suddenly peeked down in a wild-eyed gazed. "Honey, I'm serious. I WILL cum on you if you don't stop!" she warned.

Jackson wasn't about to. He knew he was probably about to be squirted all over, but he didn't care one bit. He just continued sucking and laving his tongue through her tender folds.

Seeing that he didn't mind, the horny mother began to rock her hips, fucking her son's face. For a full two minutes, she gyrated like a workhorse as she rose towards a golden orgasmic peak, before finally screaming out in orgasmic rapture.

Still gazing up her torso, the teen saw his mom's boobs do a big jumping bounce of her chest as she threw her arms in the air and clenched her fists together in rapture. This time when she screamed, a big quivering squirt of hot girl-cum splashed across his chin. It was followed by another, then another, completely soaking him.

For another minute the mother humped and trembled and squealed, overtaken with pleasure. Finally she lifted off her son's face and giggled as she knelt down next to him, surveying the mess she'd made. "I did warn you," she said teasingly.

"I know you did, and I'm fine with it."

"I see that," the mother smiled, then leaned over, letting her warm spongy-soft boobies drag against his bare chest. She stared into his

eyes with a sexy look. "Would you be fine with me squirting it all over your dick too?" she brazenly asked.

The boy couldn't believe his ears. "My dick?" he asked, even though he knew exactly what she meant. "Yeah," she whispered, her eyes glazed with lust. "You wanna fuck me, Jackson? You wanna fuck

mommy?"

"Wow!" he gasped, unable to say much more than that.

"You wanna hammer that hard prick up that birthing- tube you slid down eighteen years ago?" she sensually asked. "You want mommy to milk out all those little baby-makers with her experienced pussy?"

"Yes," he hissed.

Brenda wasted no time throwing her sexy leg across her boy, planting her knees astride his hips. She reached between them, grasped on to her son's erection and place the fat plum-sized tip into the mouth of her vestibule.

A thrilling jolt traveled through the teen's body as he felt his tender bell sink into the hot slippery sheath of her vagina. Despite his tremendous size, the mother lowered her outer vulvar lips straight to his cock- base.

She let out a cute little squeal as she felt his broad tip crush against the back wall of her vagina. "Oh my God, honey, you're so fucking big!" she cried out, squeezing her inner pleats around the hard cylinder of meat.

"Oh, baby! Mommy's gonna fuck you so hard!" she whimpered, then set her hips in motion, riding her son's erection.

Brenda's thick ass beat against his balls lewdly as she pumped her pussy up and down his cock. "Yesss!"

she cried out in fuck-lust.

Jackson's eyes, of course, were fixed on his mom's tits, watching the big fatty knockers swing and beat around all over him wildly. Looking further down, he could see their crotches smacking wetly together, his hard dick following the path of her pubic landing strip, slicing through her engorged labium and up into the smothering tube of her cunt.

"Fuck, mom!" the boy snarled, feeling his glans tingle as it glided inside the tight ribbed tube of her cunt.

"I told you you're dick's gonna visit wonderful places, didn't I?" she asked breathlessly. "Yes, I love it!"

"You want mom to make you 'love it' even more?" she asked, then tightened her cunt-muscles. "You

want her to make your balls clench so fucking hard that you cum harder than you ever have?" "Uh-huh," the boy answered, pressing his face down between her swinging boobs.

Brenda clenched her inner muscles powerfully, making her entire pelvic floor collapse around her boy's boner in a hot velvet grip. "Ohh fuck!" he groaned, feeling his nuts clench, just like his mom said they would.

"Cum with meee!" the busty mother shrieked, feeling her own orgasm crest from the feel of her boy's hard dick pumping inside her.

Lights flashed before their eyes as a wild mutual orgasm shot through their naked bodies like an electric current . Thick pulses of ejaculatory fluid blasted from their genitals, mixing together inside Brenda's cunt to form a creamy mother-son cocktail.

When they finally came back to earth, Brenda rested atop her boy in a sweaty heap. "Wow!" the mother said breathlessly.

"Yeah, wow," Jackson said, his dick still twitching with post-orgasmic contractions.

"I think this could be the start of something good," the mother said. "I hope so."

She lifted her head and gazed down at him dreamily. "Wanna go again?" she softly asked.

Brenda and her son would get little sleep that night as they consummated their new sexual relationship by fucking their asses off in every position they could think of. This WAS the start of something good, and even after Brenda's husband Don suspected that his wife and son were fucking, she was determined not to let that stop them.

Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' – Chapter 10

"Daddy, is there gonna be bats down there?" Ann asked her father as they made their way to the

entrance of Grand Canyon Caverns, a famous stop along Route 66.

"No bats, hon... just lots and lots of rats!"

"What?" Ann said, stopping dead in her tracks with a horrified look.

"Yep! Really hungry ones, with razor sharp teeth," Martin teased in an exaggerated tone. Ann looked over at Jewel. "Mommy?!"

Jewel giggled. "He's joking, honey. Their teeth really aren't that sharp," the mother said, then lunged at her daughter playfully. "But their claws are!"

The little girl screamed and took off, with Jewel chasing after her.

"What are you boys whispering about over there?" Brenda asked Cory and Jackson as they trailed the group.

"Just wondering what other caves we might get to explore today," Jackson said, making Cory giggle.

The mother's lips curled into a naughty smile. "If you're lucky you'll get to wander down some caverns you'll really enjoy," she said with a wink.

Her husband Don heard the exchange as he walked along side her. He was no dummy and knew exactly

what "caverns" she was referring to.

After paying for entry, the two families entered the caverns. They split in to two groups, to take turns riding the elevator twenty-one stories underground into the caverns. Brenda and Don went down with their kids first, then Martin and Jewel went down with Cory and Ann.

Standing behind her husband, who was busy reassuring Ann that there were no rats, Jewel sneakily reached over and fondled her son's prick through his shorts as he stood next to her.

Cory peeked over at his beautiful mom, who was gazing back at him with a mischievous little grin. Her hand felt amazing squeezing at his rapidly hardening meat. She slid her tongue across her top lip, while gazing at him lustfully.

Her husband's voice caused her to move her hand quickly from her boy's cock. "I heard that because the caverns are so deep underground, the temperature is always fifty-six degrees down here, with zero humidity. Isn't that cool?" Martin asked.

"Very cool," Jewel answered with her mind clearly on other things. When the elevator stopped, Martin and his daughter stepped out. "Shoot, I think I left my phone up there," Jewel exclaimed.

"Up where?" Martin asked.

"Where we paid for admission. I must have set it down and completely forgot it was sitting there."

"Do you want me to go back up and grab it?" her husband asked.

"No, that's alright, I'll go," Jewel said. "I'm not riding in this creepy elevator all by myself though. Will

you go with me, honey?" she asked, looking at her son. "Sure," Cory answered.

Jewel pushed the button and the elevator door began closing. "Be right back," she quickly said to her

husband.

No sooner did the door close than the busty mother clutched on to her boy and began attacking him with sensual kisses.

"Did you really forget your phone?" Cory asked, loving how he was pinned in the corner, trapped

between the steel wall and his mom's huge soft tits.

Jewel lifted her cellphone from her pocket. "What do you think?" she said with a sneaky smile. "That's what I thought," he giggled.

"Don't waist time talking," she hurriedly said, then began kissing his lips again. "Just kiss me!"

Cory engaged his mother in a fiery French kiss, their tongues dueling wildly inside the boy's mouth. He could feel her thick erect nipples digging into his chest, even through her blouse and bra.

"God I wanna fuck you so bad right now," the horny mother gasped, running her hands under his shirt

and up his chest.

"I wish we could," her son said, reaching both hands around her and squeezing the cheeks of her meaty

ass through her shorts.

"Do you, baby?" Jewel cooed, then kissed him some more. "Do you wanna pump some hot semen in mommy's pink coochie?"

"Yes please!"

They heard the elevator shudder and knew they were close to arriving at the top. Jewel stared into her

boy's eyes with lustful hunger. "I wanna suck your dick on the way back down," she said. "Do we have time for that?"

"Sure we do. It'll be the quickest blowjob ever," she giggled, then stepped away from her boy just as the

door opened.

As soon as it closed again and she hit the button to go back down, Jewel crouched down in front of her son and fished his hard cock from his shorts. The lusty mother wasted no time cramming it into her mouth and began sucking in earnest.

"Oh damn," Cory muttered, his knees going weak as he watched his mom's pretty head bob up and back on his rock-hard dick. He felt her tongue twisting around his boner delightfully while she sucked.

Normally his mom would pop his dick from her mouth and lash her tongue around the juicy head, but not this time. The entire minute it took to drop to the cavern she spent plunging the ring of her lips along the length of his erection, giving her boy a nice oral fuck.

When the elevator hit the bottom with a thud, Cory's pecker popped from his mom's mouth like a cork and she quickly stood up. He

barely had enough time to get it back in his shorts before the door opened. His dad was standing just outside waiting with Brenda and Don.

"I found it!" Jewel exclaimed, showing her phone as she stepped from the elevator.

Martin looked at their guide. "Alright, I guess we're ready to tour some caverns," he said eagerly.

The two families followed the tour guide through the maze of lighted caves, marveling at the eerie, sixty-five-million-year-old walls.

The boys of course were just as interested in looking at something else on the trail. Both their moms wore sexy cotton shorts that molded around their meaty derrieres. Knowing their boys were behind them, and staring, Jewel and Brenda put a little extra sway in their hips, making their mommy-rumps sway seductively.

"Are you enjoying the view, boys?" Brenda asked, smiling over at Jewel.

Their husbands were oblivious to the specific view she was referring to, but the boys weren't. Cory and Jackson fed each other a knowing smile. "It's amazing!" Jackson answered.

Jewel chimed in. "I bet you two would love to be able to squeeze down into some of these crevices, and

explore some of these smaller caves, wouldn't you?" she asked, peeking back at her son with a smile.

"Definitely," Cory said, his cock throbbing at the thought of it.

The guide stopped them and pointed over at a wooden deck structure with furniture on it. "And here we have the deepest, darkest, oldest, quietest hotel room in the world," he said.

"Hotel room?" Jewel asked. "Seriously?"

"Yep. The underground suite is completely furnished with two double beds, a living room area, tons of books, and even a TV, with a nice little DVD collection."

"Hardly private though, with tours walking by all day," Brenda said.

"Yes, but once the tours stop, you have it all to yourself down here, with just an attendant topside in

case you need anything," the guide explained. "Oh my God, that would be so cool!" Jewel said.

"Before you get too excited though, I will mention that there's only one suite, and it's booked every night for the next six months, sorry."

"Damn!" the mother said, stomping her foot disappointedly.

"Oh well, there's always next time," Martin said. "I guess we'll just settle for staying in your RV park tonight."

They continued the tour through the maze of tunnels, checking out all the cool exhibits along the way.

"God, what would you do if you ever got stuck down here?" Brenda said to Jewel as they walked side by side together.

"I don't know. I guess that depends on who I got stuck down here with," Jewel said, peeking back at

Cory mischievously.

"True," Brenda giggled. "The boys look so board back there. We should flash them our tits," she playfully suggested.

Jewel looked over at Martin and Don, as the rounded a corner of the cavern with the kids, disappearing from sight. "Let's do it," she whispered anxiously, turning around.

Brenda also turned towards their sons, and both moms lifted their tops and bras up together, making their huge naked titties flop out and bobble around teasingly. "See anything interesting, boys?" Jewel asked, watching her son's eyes go wide.

"I do now," Cory muttered, his lips curling into a big smile.

"Me too," Jackson said, his eyes darting back and forth between the two mother's jutting breasts.

"And what might that be?" Brenda asked flirtingly, rocking her shoulders and making her fat knockers shimmy back and forth.

They suddenly heard Martin's voice from around the corner. "Did you guys get lost back there?" he

called out.

"We're coming," his wife shouted back.

"I WISH we were cumming," Brenda said jokingly, so only Jewel and the boy's could hear. "Me too," Jewel agreed, stuffing her huge boobs back inside her bra.

After the tour, the two families ate at the "Grotto Restaurant," which was perched on a wooden platform overlooking one of the cave's largest rooms.

Half-way through the meal, Jewel noticed her husband was looking a little anxious. "Are you ok, hon? You look a little pale," she said.

"I'm fine, I think I'm just feeling a little claustrophobic," he admitted. "Been down in this cave a little longer than I anticipated."

"Oh, do you wanna take our food back up to the surface?"

"No, no, you guys enjoy your meal. I think I'm just gonna head up to the trailer and lay down a bit."

Before Martin could leave, their tour guide rushed over and stood near the two families. "Hey, I just wanted to let you guys know, if you're still interested in the suite, we had a cancelation for tonight," he said.

"Oh my God, really?!" Jewel asked excitedly.

"Yeah, but I'm sure it'll sell fast. The good news is if you guys are interested, I can get it reserved for

you."

"What's the bad news?" Brenda asked.

"Only four of you would be allowed to stay down there."

Jewel and Brenda flashed each other a look, both thinking the same thing. "We'll take it!" Brenda said without hesitation.

"Whoa, hold on just a sec," Don said. "Honey, I know it's a neat idea, but we don't even know how much this room cost for a night."

They all looked at the guide for an answer. He forced a smile. "For four of you, it's about twelve-hundred

dollars a night," he said.

"Oh, is that all?" Martin asked facetiously.

"But the room includes a cavern tour, so we can deduct the price you guys paid for the tour today," the

guide said.

"Okay, that leaves us at about a thousand. Jewel and I would both be up for staying down here, so that's five-hundred each," Brenda said, then looked at her husband. "We could swing that, right, honey?"

"Yeah, but honestly, I'm not so sure sleeping in a cave is for me," Don admitted.

"Well, we all know sleeping in a pitch-black cave would freak the little ones out, and Martin's feeling claustrophobic, so he's definitely a no-go," Brenda said, then turned and looked over at Jackson and Cory. "I guess that leaves you boys."

Jewel smiled over at her son. "What do you say, boys? Wanna be cave dwellers with your moms

tonight?" she asked.

The two teems looked at each other and smiled. "If we have to, I suppose," Jackson joked.

"Yes, you have to," Brenda said. "Your moms are both brave women, but not brave enough to sleep in a

big creepy cave alone."

"No way," Jewel agreed, making an exaggerated scared face.

"Don't worry, we'll protect you guys from all those scary cave monsters," Cory said.

An hour later, Martin was on his bed in their 5th Wheel, watching his beautiful wife throw some things into an overnight bag. "I don't even know what to bring," Jewel said. "I'm sleeping in a cave. How often does that happen? Do you think it gets cold down there?" she asked.

"Nope. Always fifty-six degrees, zero humidity, remember? You'll probably have the best sleep of your

life."

"More like no sleep at all," Jewel thought, thrilled that she'd be sharing the suite with her handsome son.

"Well, I'll take a sweatshirt, just in case," she said, stuffing it into her bag.

With his wife and son sharing an underground suite for a night, the incident from the Blue Whale trail several days before was still heavy on Martin's mind. Despite what he'd seen and heard, whether Jewel and Cory were screwing that day in the tall grass beside the trail was still a big question mark. He had certainly spent a lot of time trying to convince himself that they weren't, but little red flags he'd seen since then, had kept him wondering. If they were fooling around, catching them tonight would be impossible, since they'd be two-hundred feet underground.

"Just remember, there's nothing living down there. It's a dry cave, so it's just you guys," Martin

reminded her.

"Yeah, but once the lights are off and it's pitch black, I'm sure my mind's gonna imagine all sorts of

creepy things crawling around down there."

"Well, if you guys don't come up tomorrow morning, we'll just assume you've been eaten, and Ann and I

will continue the trip without you," Martin joked.

His wife playfully slapped him on the leg. "Brat!" she said.

Jewel, Brenda, Cory and Jackson were taken down the elevator and given a quick tour of the suite, which consisted of two double beds, a small kitchen and living room area, all situated on a wooden platform perched in the cavern.

"No more tours today, so the caves all yours until tomorrow morning," the attendant said. "I'll be

topside, so if you need anything just use the phone there in your suite. Enjoy!" "Bye!" the four of them said, waving as he disappeared down the cave trail.

"Oh my God, I can't believe that we're actually sleeping down here!" Brenda said.

"Ha! Sleep? I seriously doubt there's gonna be any of that going on down here tonight," Jewel joked.

"Who wants to cuddle and watch a movie?" Brenda suggested. "Avengers?" her boy asked, snatching it from the DVD shelf.

"Jewel and I wanted to watch Goonies," the mother answered, putting on a cute little pouty face.

"Tell you what," Jewel said. "If you boys watch Goonies with us, we'll fuck your brains out tonight." Cory smiled. "I have a feeling we'll get out brains fucked out, even if we don't agree to watching

Goonies," he predicted.

Jewel and Brenda looked at each other knowingly. "True," they both said at the same time.

"But…" Brenda added. "If you agree to watching OUR movie, we'll go put on something super-sexy, then

we'll snuggle the hell out of you."

"And if you don't, we'll just stay dressed and sulk the whole time," Jewel teased.

The boys smiled at each other. The decision was a no-brainer. "Goonies it is!" Cory said.

"Good choice. Get it ready. We'll be out in a minute," Jewel said, as the two mothers disappeared into the tiny bathroom.

The teens got the film going on the TV, then sat down on the sofa across from it and waited for their moms to reappear.

"Ready snuggle-bunnies?" they heard Brenda asked.

The two gorgeous mothers stepped from the bathroom wearing sheer mesh knit lingerie bodysuits. Jewel's was white and Brenda's was pink.

"Damn! You guys look hella fine in those," Jackson exclaimed, gawking at the women's mammoth boobs and the way they were stretching the thin gauzy fabric out. The bodysuits were so sheer they could see their mom's tits almost as well as if they were naked.

"Well, we were gonna wear nothing, but then we realized that probably wouldn't be the most appropriate way for our sons to see us," Jewel said, turning slightly and cocking her hip, displaying her clearly visible buttocks for her son to see.

"You're right. A much more modest choice," Cory said with an amused, yet aroused giggle.

"Snuggle time," Brenda said, as they stepped over to join their boys on the couch. Even the crotch

portion of their negligee was see-through, allowing their teens a great view of their shaved vulvas.

The mothers snuggled up to their boys on the sofa as the movie started. They each draped a leg over their son's lap, reaching down and fondling their hard muscular cocks through their shorts.

"Mmm, I found a cave monster," Jewel teased.

"I have one over here too. A big strong cave monster," she said, gazing seductively into her son's eyes while squeezing her pretty hand around his cock.

"Your monster likes to explore all of mommy's pink caves, doesn't it, baby?" Jewel asked her son. "Yes," the boy answered, so turned on he could hardly stand it.

"Our caves love being explored by these big hunks of meat," Brenda said sensually. "And we love squeezing on them with our strong pleated walls."

"Mm, and soaking them with our slippery cuntal honey," Jewel added. "Damn, you guys are sexy as hell when you talk like that," Cory confessed.

"You like it, boys?" Jewel asked. "You like us being your filthy-mouthed mommy sluts?" "Oh hell yeah."

"You like us sheathing your hard cocks with our warm holes," Brenda said, gazing deeply into Jackson's eyes. "Letting you pound us like fuck dolls?"

"I could pound you right now," Jackson said confidently, eager to have more nasty forbidden sex with his pretty mom.

"I bet you could," his mother said with wanton smile. "I bet you could fuck me so hard that we just might cause a cave- in down here," she joked.

"Well, at least we'd be buried alive happy."

"Don't think that you're getting hot slippery pussy around your glans quite yet boy," Jewel said. "We're gonna slowly work our way to the mattress tonight. But don't worry, once we get there, and turn out all the lights, things are gonna get really fucking crazy down here."

Both women locked lips with their boys and they began making out. Their earlier debate over which movie to watch was pointless, since they weren't really watching the movie anyway.

Cody still felt like he needed to pinch himself to see if this was all real. His own beautiful mom had her huge, nearly naked tits pressed up against him, while they made out like newlyweds and she fondled his hard dick through his shorts.

Jackson loved the way his mom kissed him. Her lips were succulent and her tongue was long and thick, lashing around against his own in a frenzy of passion.

The teens could tell their moms were aroused by the way their engorged nipples pressed against the flesh of their chests. It wasn't long before the moms were straddling their hard-dicked boys, making out like a double date on prom night.

"I wonder how many couples have screwed on this couch?" Jackson wondered out loud.

"Probably a lot," his mom answered between giving him wet sensual kisses.

"I wonder how many of them were mother and son?" Cory said, making the mothers giggle. "Probably still a lot," Jewel answered.

"True, we moms love getting boned by our handsome sons," Brenda said. "It's the sweetest taboo."

"We went through a lot of pain to squeeze you out. We deserve to have you back, only this time to give

us pleasure," Cory's mom said as she licked his neck.

"Well, you won't hear any complaints out of us," the boy sighed, feeling his mom's skilled tongue flicker against his erogenous zone.

Jewel and Brenda ground their shaved crotches against their boy's boners in a slow but steady dry hump, feeling the stiff power of their young dongs digging against their aroused clits.

The boy's bell tips were throbbing like crazy as they plowed through puffy folds of cuntal flesh. Even through their thin layers of clothing they could feel the heat radiating from their mother's fuck holes, causing pre-jizz to seep from their piss-slits.

"Shall we play a little game, boys?" Brenda asked. "What kinda game?" her son said.

"The kind where we all get naked and play hide and go seek, moms against sons." "You mean run around the caves naked?" Cory asked, looking at his smiling mom.

"We should probably wear our sneakers to protect our feet, but otherwise yes, naked. WE ARE the only

ones down here after all," Jewel said.

"True," Jackson said. "I'm game if everyone else is." Cory nodded excitedly. "Let's play!"

After stripping naked, the mothers decided to hide first, rushing off the platform and down the lit cavern trail in nothing but their cute sneakers. Both Cory and Jackson squeezed their erect dicks as they stood side by side watching their mom's bare asses jiggle atop their sexy legs as they scrambled off to hide somewhere.

Brenda gazed back with an amused smile. "You're suppose to be turned around and counting to fifty,

cheaters," she shouted, her voice giving off a little echo along the stone walls.

"I know, I know," Jackson said, as he and Cory turned and started counting.

"I say we take some water with us and soak them both when we find them," Cory suggested. "Fuck yeah. It'll be like a wet t-shirt contest, without the t-shirts."

"Exactly."

After a minute, the boys had reached the count of fifty, and both grabbed a cup full of water before setting off in search of Jewel and Brenda.

Even though there were a million places to hide, the moms weren't very good at it, and we're found

easily, crouched behind a giant boulder just off the trail.

"Got you!" Cory shouted, then doused his mom with ice-cold water.

Jewel let out a playful shriek as the water ran down her huge bobbling tits. "You brat!" she shouted,

then took off chasing after him.

Meanwhile, it was Jackson chasing Brenda as she tried to avoid being soaked as well. The mother giggled, her big oversized melons bouncing up and down as she ran, but her boy easily caught up to her. "Nooo! Don't you dare do it!" she playfully warned him.

Despite her plea, Jackson soaked her upper half with water, making her naked body glisten in the lighted cave.

"We just thought we'd make it more fun," Jackson said.

"I'll show you fun," Brenda said, grasping his boner and jerking it a little.

"We found you guys, and now you belong to us!" Cory said, lifting his mom from the ground and up over his shoulder. Jackson did the same to Brenda, so that their moms were draped over their strong shoulders, with their sexy bare asses pointed in the air.

The boys carried them back down the trail towards the suite.

"What, do you two think you're a couple of horny cavemen or something?" Jewel asked. "Taking us

helpless girls to the back of the cave, so you can have your way with us."

"That's right! That's what us cavemen do," Jackson said, his long stiff boner leading the way.

"At least we're not dragging you by your hair like you always see pictures of cavemen doing to their women," Cory pointed out.

"No, only soaking us with ice-cold water," Jewel said, reaching down and slapping her son's ass. "My nipples are already hard enough just being around you. I don't need you making them any stiffer, thank you very much."

"Speaking of stiff. Look at the boy's shadows, Jewel. Look at how big and stiff their dicks look," Brenda

pointed out.

Jewel peeked over and looked at the shadows that were being cast against the rock wall. Just as Brenda said, the silhouette of the boy's hard dicks looked enormous. They looked like big wooden clubs that cavemen supposedly carried around.

"You know, boys, guys your dads age pay a lot of money to get hard dicks like that," Jewel pointed out. "And even then, they don't stay erect nearly this long," Brenda added.

"Well, that's why you're not up there in bed with them, right? You're down here with us." Jackson said.

Brenda and Jewel giggled. "That's right, honey. Down here where us moms know we're gonna get fucked just the way we like it, with two incredible dicks that get hard, and stay hard, all night long," Brenda said.

When they got back to the suite, the boys put their moms down. "Now, time for you two to run along and hide," Jewel said.

"And that doesn't mean climbing a half-mile down into some unexplored cavern, boys," Brenda said.

"Go easy on us."

"Wow, that's the first time I've heard you say to go easy on you," Jackson pointed out.

"I'm not talking about fucking, honey. I would never say 'go easy on me' during sex. I'm talking about

not hiding somewhere that takes us all night to find you."

"I know," Jackson laughed. "We won't make it too tough on you."

The two boys rushed off.

"We're already at twenty!" Jewel lied, causing the boys to rush down the trail even faster.

"When do you wanna do it?" Brenda asked with a mischievous smile. "Let's let them get a little further away," Jewel answered.

"We're so mean," Brenda said, as if they were about to do something the boys weren't expecting. "Hey, they threw cold water on us. It serves them right."

Jackson and Cory stopped suddenly as all the cave lights went off, leaving them in complete pitch

blackness. "What the fuck?!" Jackson said in surprise. "Why did the light go out?" Cory asked.

They both heard their moms laughing their asses off in the distance. "Oh dude, they just got us bad,"

Jackson said, as he realized it was a joke they were playing on them.

"Looks like you have to feel your way back, boys!" they heard Jewel shout.

"Make sure it's the hard walls your touching and not something else," Brenda joked, making the Jewel laugh.

"Dude, it's so dark I can't even see my hand in front of my face," Cory said.

"They're right. We're just gonna have to feel our way back," Jackson pointed out as he began down the

trail, using only his sense of touch.

"Follow our voices, boys!" Jewel said. "We'll be waiting for you… in bed." "That's right. Eager to feel your balls beat against our asses!" Brenda added.

As they inched along back towards their suite, the boys heard their mothers both sighing and whimpering, as if they were already getting fucked.

"Oh my God, they are torturing us so bad, dude," Jackson said. "I know. This is WAY worse than freezing cold water."

"Oh baby! Come pound your cock in me!" Jewel cried out, her voice reverberating through the cave walls.

"Yes! Suck our big titties while you plunge your hard dicks in us!" Brenda cooed.

"Oh, Cory, baby, come let mommy wrap her legs around you. Let me clutch on to you and squeeze your pink dick with the hot pleated walls of my pussy!" Jewel sang out.

Along with listening to their moms, Cory and Jackson could hear each other's excited breath. They both had received more than a taste of what was waiting for them, and they knew it would be even more intense than how their moms were making it sound.

"I think we're turning that corner that leads into the room with the suite," Jackson said to Cory as he led the way, creeping along against the wall.

"Yeah, their voices are getting louder."

The "voices" were actually horny gasps and moans from the two mothers rubbing their horny pussies,

priming them for the big cocks that would soon be thundering through them.

After another five minutes, the boys finally arrived at the suite and climbed up the stairs of the platform.

"Now you guys are gonna get it!" Cory warned.

"Oh, is that a promise?" his mother asked anxiously, her voice incredibly close now.

Carefully, the teens felt their way back to the bedroom. "Mmm, come on, you studs. Come ravage us,"

Brenda said with a thrill in her voice.

When Cory's foot hit the bed, his heart nearly skipped a beat he was so damn excited. He kicked off his sneakers and practically jumped on to his mom. Slipping beneath the blanket, he felt her pull him up between her widely parted thighs. Her warm naked body felt incredibly soft as he brought himself down against it, mashing his long boner against her cuntal crevice. It sunk down between her shaved labium, like a sausage in a bun.

"That was incredibly mean of you guys," the teen sighed, feeling her pillowy tits squash against his chest.

"Oh, um, Cory, wrong mom, sweetie," Brenda said awkwardly, realizing it wasn't her son on top of her.

"Oh shit, sorry!" the boy exclaimed, climbing off of her.

The two moms burst out laughing. "I'm over here, baby," Jewel said.

"Yeah, man, stop trying to make it with my mom," Jackson joked.

"Sorry," Cory blushed, then found his way over to Jewel. She wasted no time pulling him down on top of her and throwing the blankets over them.

"I missed you," she whispered, sharing a series of sensual kisses.

"I could have been here sooner, but somebody turned out the lights."

"Mm, mommy will make it worth the effort you had to make," Jewel said, throwing her soft feminine legs high up around his back, interlocking her ankles. "Push it inside me."

Cory didn't need to be asked twice. He thrust his hips and felt his plum-sized tip squeeze through the hot socket of his mother's hymen. His glans tingled as they were surrounded in a slippery velvet grip.

"Oh God, yesss!" Jewel whimpered as her ribbed walls allowed her vagina to be stretched like an accordion around the contours of her boy's long fat cock.

The two of them were equally anxious to begin engaging in a heated fuck. Cory bucked his hips like an overly excited stallion, and his mom grasped his lean ass with both hands, digging her long nails in, aiding in his cock-plunging thrusts.

"Fuck, mom, I want you so bad!" the teen moaned, trembling from the feel of her warm cradling flesh beneath him.

"Take me, baby! I'm yours all night," she cooed, humping her hips from the mattress, screwing the slippery pink socket of her cunt up around the meaty cylinder of her boy's prick. This made her puffy outer folds smack against his cock-hilt over and over.

The old bedframes squeaked and whined as the boys pounded their mother's cunt tubes with their strong teenage dicks.

"Yess! Fuck meee!" Brenda cried out, her voice echoing along the cave walls.

With it being so dark, Cory could really focus on the feel of his mother's vagina as he fucked it steadily. He sighed in delight, feeling the rugae along her inner lining create a ribbed-like texture around the

meat his erection. Her cunt was secreting slippery fuck-oil, and the muscles along her pelvic floor assisted in creating the perfect sleeve for him to pound his prick though.

"Ahhhh!" he moaned, delighted by the sensations her pussy was providing.

"Yes! Fuck me, honey!" his mom gasped. "Make me gush on your cock."

The way her giant boobies were sloshing and quivering against his bare chest reminded him of how bad he wanted to suck them. Without breaking his rhythm, the boy tilted his head down and latched on to one of her swollen nipples with his mouth. He pressed his face against the mound of fatty tit-flesh, masking it in squishy meat, and sucked her entire nipple and areola into his mouth, gnawing at it like a greedy infant.

Providing this type of attention, along with his steady pussy-prodding, brought his beautiful mother to the brink of a hot orgasm.

The boy felt her body began to tremble at it's core, while her pretty voice gasped and whimpered.

Brenda was just as vocal, clearly skirting the edge of a juicy cum as Jackson pumped his cock into her with tit-jarring thrusts.

"Ohh, ohh, Ohhgghh!" Jewel's pretty voice screeched out as her back arched from the bed, lifting her humping boy up with her. Her curved frame remained suspended there as a powerful surge of pleasure shot through her like an electric current, making her entire big-titted body quake.

"Ohhhgghh, yesss!" Brenda screamed out as she too arrived in orgasm-land, her strong mommy-legs trembling delightfully around her teen.

The way the two beautiful mother's cries of pleasure echoed through the cavern walls was like pure magic. They were all alone, in their own wonderful world down here, twenty-one floors underground. All

that existed in that moment was the feel and sound of their hot flesh beating together.

"Mmnnfff," Cory snarled, his face masked in tit-flesh, as he continued sucking and tugging on Jewel's rubbery papilla, while feeling hot girl-cum swirl around his pistoning boner.

His erection flexed excitedly, swelling with even more blood, digging relentlessly through his mom's squeezing cuntal tissue. Pre-jizz wept from the slit of his meatus, smearing against the puffy head of her cervix.

Jewel's powerful climax caused her vaginal walls to pulse around her boy's meat-sword, milking his glans in a tight juicy grip.

"Fuck, mom!" the teen exclaimed, her distended nipple popping from his mouth. Her exquisite grip on his cock sent a signal to his balls that it was time to blow his wad.

"Hose me down, baby!" Jewel whimpered, still trembling with her own drawn-out climax.

Cory frantically pumped in and out as deep as he could go. "Yes! I'm gonna shoot!" he groaned.

After a few more ball-bumping thrusts, he stabbed his prick in as deep as it could go, stretching his mom's uteri with his big bell tip. With a deep guttural grunt, his body shook, and a huge fat rope of

semen spread out across his mom's back wall in an explosive splatter. It was followed by another, then another, until the back of her vagina was drowning in his hot cream.

Jewel was right about what she had said earlier. Even though they were sleeping in a cave that night, they didn't really "sleep" in the cave that night.

The moms and sons fucked their asses off, cumming shamelessly, so many times they lost count. Jewel rode her son's cock longer and harder than she had with anyone else in her life. The fact that his dick could stay so hard for so long absolutely astounded her. Her big knockers beat together wildly as she pumped her pussy on her boy's unyielding hardon, gushing on it so many times she thought she might pass out from exhaustion.

The next morning Martin and Don were waiting outside the entrance when their wives and sons came

back up. "Well, well… the cave people have emerged. How was it?" he asked.

Jewel and Brenda both smiled at each other. "It was terrific," Martin's wife said with a big satisfied smile.

"Are you sure? Because you look like you had the worst sleep of your life."

"Well, yeah, to be honest… the sleep wasn't the best," Jewel said, peeking over at Cory, "but the overall experience of being in a cave for the night, and…"

The mother struggled to find the right words, since all she could think about was the mind-blowing sex she'd spent the night engaging in.

"And enjoying each other's company," Brenda said, finishing her friend's sentence for her.

"Yeah, that. We all had a great time, right boys?" Jewel asked, smiling over at them. "It was awesome," Cory said, trying not to look to guilty. "I would do it again."

"Me too," Jackson said, sharing a smile with his mom. "Lots of time if I could." "Alrighty then. Money well spent," Martin said, giving Don

a fist-pump.

"Yes, indeed," Don said.

"Well, what do you say we get some breakfast and hit the road?" Martin suggested. "Sounds like a plan to me," his wife said.

Brenda nodded in agreement. "Me too. I'm not sure why, but I feel like I just burnt a million calories. I'm starving," she said, sharing a mischievous little smile with Jewel.

89: Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin'_6

Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' – Chapter 11: "What's a treesome?"

By Klrxo

"Hey babe, it's me," Martin said into his cellphone as he drove down the historic route.

"Everything ok?" Jewel asked, seeming slightly out of breath. Her and Cory were back in the 5th Wheel, leaving her husband and daughter Ann in the truck as they traveled.

"Yeah, everything's good. Don just called. I guess they were able to get an upgrade on the houseboat."

"Oh, that's excellent news. The kids will love being out on the lake," Jewel said, then she took a long lick up the length of Cory's blue-veined erection, curling her long tongue around his coronal ridge.

Jewel and her son were in the bedroom at the rear of the trailer, laying on the bed in the sixty-nine position. The mother lifted her aroused pussy from her son's face, gazing back at him. "Sounds like we're going house boating today, honey," she informed her son.

"Awesome!" Cory responded, his face glistening with fuck-juice.

"The bad news is we still have another two-and-a-half-hour drive," Martin said.

"Oh, well I'm sure Cory and I can find ways to entertain ourselves back here," his wife said, planting her

smoldering cunt back on her boy's face. "Just take your time and get us there safe."

The lucky teen loved eating his mom's shaved pussy. Smelling her intoxicating cuntal aroma, while laving his licker through her folds made his cock so hard it felt like it could blast off his crotch like a rocket ship.

The boy locked his lips around her grape-sized clit, pulling it out from beneath it's fleshy hood with his suctioning cheeks.

"Oh, yes, Cory! Eat my pussy, baby!" the mother whimpered, feverishly humping her wet, throbbing cunt all over his face.

"Mmnff," the boy grumbled, his mouth smothered in her juicy vestibule. He darted his tongue all around her flowery folds, and in and out of her fuck-hole.

Sprawled out on top of him, the hard-nippled mother sucked his cock vigorously, plunging his knob into her throat. She was delighted by the taste of his pre-jizz as it leaked from his piss-slit, sizzling on her taste buds.

"Fuck I love this cock!" she thought, acknowledging her addiction to her son's huge appendage. *"I just can't get enough of it!"* She suddenly felt her asshole throb and an urge to feel her son's meat deep in her rectum.

"Do you wanna fuck my ass, baby?" she asked. "Do you wanna pound your boner through mommy's

tight asshole?"

"Uh-huh!" he answered, with his face still plastered in cuntal flesh.

Jewel rolled off him, then positioned herself on her side, making her big naked mommy-boobies wobble all around. She reached down

between them, grasping his erection and cramming its fat tapered head through the elastic ring of her sphincter.

"Ahhh!" they both gasped in unison, feeling Cory's steely cock slither up the smothering walls of her ass- tube. The teen pushed his dick deep into the rubbery sleeve of his mother's rectum.

"Oh my God, you feel so good!" the mother mewled, pumping her thick meaty ass back onto the satisfying stiffness of Cory's cock.

The boy reached around her, taking great big handful of jiggling tit-flesh as his mom fucked back against him.

"Wow!" he sighed, feeling his tender pink dick slip exquisitely through the snug grip of her ass.

Cory giggled with pleasure and his mom smiled back at him. "What's so funny back there?" she asked. "I was just thinking how dad would react if he walked in on us like this."

"Oh God," the mother exclaimed, shaking her head. "There's nothing funny about that. He'd kill us." "You think so?"

"Your dad comes from a religious family, so we were married a long time before he came around to the idea of trying anal sex," Jewel said. "Even today he still thinks it's dirty, so imagine his shock if he saw your hard muscle stuffed up my asshole."

"He would freak," Cory agreed.

"Even though I'm married to him, I do think you and I are a better sexual match," the mother confessed, smiling back at him while feeling his prick glide through her rectal grip. "You like kinky nasty sex, just like your mother does."

"Hell yeah, I'd try anything with you," the boy said, then felt the muscles of her rectum squeeze his glans tenderly.

"What about a threesome?" his mom asked raising her eyebrow.

"Sure, um…who's the third person?"

"Brenda's brought up wanting to join us a few times now. I told her I'd mention it to you."

"You mean like…having sex with both of you, at the same time?" Cory asked, his heart rate increasing.

Jewel giggled. "Well, yeah…that is why they call it a threesome, honey. Do you think you'd like getting the attention of two horny moms at once?" she asked.

"Would I ever!"

"You can't tell Jackson though. Brenda doesn't wanna upset him." "Alright. So, um…when were you guys thinking about doing this?"

"Well, first thing's first," she said, beating the lovely cheeks of her ass back against him. "You need to pound my ass some more and make me cum like a whore, then we'll discuss a time and a place for you to get a double dose of pussy."

"I can do that," he said confidently.

"So roll me onto my stomach and do it then," she teased.

Cory followed his mom's request, laying against her back. He felt his mother shudder with desire beneath him as he burrowed his massive fuck-pole deep in her bowels.

"Oh, yes!! Pound me, baby!!" the mother gasped, humping beneath him.

Pre-jizz oozed from the tip of his prick, oiling the way for the rest of his pounding meat. He quickly fell into a rhythm, sprawling flat on

her sweaty backside, while pumping against the luscious half-moons of her fatty ass-cheeks.

"Ahhh, yes!" the teen groaned in delight, feeling his mom's buns hump up and SLAP against his cock-hilt, meeting his steady thrusts.

Jewel reached down between her body and the mattress and rubbed her clit frantically.

"Oh fuck, Cory! You're fucking my asshole so good!" she cried out.

The boy's boner tingled from the feel of the tight ring of her sphincter slipping along the length of his meat. His cum-drooling knob dug deep in the rubbery grip of her rectal ampulla, making his glans sizzle delightfully.

Harder and harder, the huge titted mother thrust her hips from the bed, gasping and squealing as a powerful orgasm swelled deep in her inner core.

"Pound my fucking ass off!" she cried out shamelessly, strumming her engorged clit like a guitar string.

Cory pumped into her ass with everything he had, then his mom's body went into a sudden shaking fit beneath him.

"Uhhnngghh!!" Jewel's pretty voice screamed as pussy juice spurted out onto her fingers.

Her quivering legs curled up behind her, the toes of her sexy feet spreading apart in ecstasy as they pointed at the ceiling. "OHH FUCK!!" she squealed as the mind-blowing climax continued to shoot through her.

The skilled mother tightened her sphincter muscles, as if using them to push her boy's boner out of her ass. This created friction around

Cory's erection that was so intense he immediately started blasting cum from his piss-slit.

"OH MY GOD, I LOVE IT!" the mother's voice trembled as she felt her boy's love-organ flex and squirt deep in the tunnel of her ass, painting her rectal walls with gooey strands of spunk.

"If it's not yours, don't touch it!" Brenda said, glaring at one of her small children from the front seat.

They were following Martin and Jewel's rig down the road, passing old Route 66 roadside relics as they went. The mother suddenly got a text from Jewel.

"Just got some AH-MAZING anal sex! " it read.

"I'm jealous! My ass is itching for some," she texted back.

"Isn't it incredible how strong the boys dicks are, " Jewel commented.

"Yes! Makes a mother wanna do nothing but think about hard teenage dick all day long," Brenda texted

back.

"Cory is all-in for a hot threesome," Jewel's next text read. "Martin is pulling over at the rest stop so we

can stretch."

Brenda glanced over at her husband Don. "Martin's pulling over so everyone can get out and stretch." "Great idea. I was just thinking we needed to do that soon," her husband said.

"I'm gonna be riding with Jewel in their 5th Wheel until we get to Havasu," Brenda said. "We're gonna go over some recipes on things to make while we're on the house boat."

"Sounds good. Maybe Jackson and I will catch some fish out there," Don said, looking back at his son through the rear view mirror. "We can have a feast, compliments of Lake Havasu."

His son gave him a thumbs up, even though he secretly hated fishing.

Don glanced over at his wife and saw her gazing lasciviously back at Jackson through her visor mirror, while slowly curling her tongue across her top lip. She suddenly noticed her husband watching and fed him an evil glare. "Don, watch the road," she scolded.

At the rest stop the families got out to stretch, and the kids ran around played for a bit.

"Sure is a hot one!" Martin said to Don as they watched the small children chase each other.

"You're not kidding," Don said. "In a few hours we'll be able to leap right off the side of the house boat and cool down."

"Sounds great, which reminds me…thanks again for upgrading to a larger craft," Martin said. "Just let me know what I owe you and we'll settle up."

"Ah, no worries, we can talk numbers later while we're sipping beers and enjoying the Arizona sunset,"

Don said.

Their wives were a short distance away, dressed in shorts, wedged heeled sandals and snug-fitting cami tops. They could feel the perspiration forming beneath their big tits as they stood there in the baking desert sun.

"Poor Jackson's needing some sexual release…I can tell," Brenda said, looking over at her son.

"I'm surprised the two of you weren't back in the trailer fucking this morning, like Cory and I were."

"That was the plan, but the girls were being a pain and I didn't want them to distract Don while he was driving," Brenda explained. "It's ok though. I just promised Jackson a sloppy blowjob once we get to the lake."

Jewel saw her own son headed towards the rest rooms. "I told Cory to sneak back into the trailer so Jackson doesn't see him," Jewel whispered. "I assume you don't want him to know Cory's fucking us, right?"

"He probably wouldn't care…but I wouldn't want to risk him feeling jealous that Cory's getting a hot threesome in your trailer and he's not," Brenda said.

"Boo!" Ann shouted, as she snuck up behind the mothers and poked Jewel.

"Watch it, young lady!" Jewel teased as Ann hurried away.

"God, I hope she didn't hear what I just said," Brenda said with a giggle.

"No worries, I don't think 'threesome' is part of her vocabulary quite yet," Jewel joked.

"I think I'll go to the vending machine and get a water," Brenda said, starting toward the building. "Want anything?"

"I'm good."

"Youre NOT good," Brenda teased, then winked back at her. "You're a naughty, slutty mommy just like me."

"That's true," Jewel giggled.

Cory went into the rest room to take a leak. When he emerged, Brenda was standing nearby sipping her water. "Hey Casanova," she said teasingly.

"Hey, Brenda."

"Come over here a minute," she said, stepping back into a cove with a couple of vending machines.

The teen stepped over in front of her, admiring the huge jutting swell of her breasts. His eyes traveled down to her strong smooth mommy-legs, his heart-rate increasing at the thought that they'd soon be circled around him.

"I hear we're doing a minajatwa here in a little while?" she asked him. "Minajatwa?"

"Yeah, a threesome."

"Oh, yeah…if you still want to?"

"Yeah, I do," Brenda said, stepping up to him, placing her hands on his shoulders and mashing her

spongy boobs against his chest. "As long as you can fuck me hard and make my eyes roll back." "I think I can manage that," he said confidently.

"So I've seen," she said, gazing at him through her curtain of blonde hair. "Have you ever had two moms

work you over at once?"

"No," the boy answered, shaking his head, "but I always thought that would be cool."

She came in close to his lips, staring at him with her smoldering blue eyes. "It's gonna be VERY pleasurable for you, and that big dreamy

dick of yours," she whispered.

"Sweet," the teen muttered, his heart racing.

They suddenly heard a voice from nearby. "Uh…hon?" Don said as he stood there watching his wife have an intimate conversation with Cory.

Without moving, Brenda looked over at him in a slightly annoyed manner, "What?" she asked.

"We're ready to hit the road."

"We'll be along in a second," she answered.

Don stood there for a moment, looking at the way his wife's tits were pushed up against the teen's chest. Brenda fed him a impatient glare. "Was there anything else?" she asked.

"No," he answered.

"Then shoo!" she said, motioning him away with her hand.

Her husband walked away and Cory giggled. "Jackson told me that your husband knows you guys fool around, is that true?" he asked.

"Yes. He's a cuckold," Brenda said. "He doesn't watch Jackson and I fuck, but he certainly knows he's not top dog when it comes to pleasing me sexually."

"Damn, that sure wouldn't fly with my dad. He'd probably kill me if he knew what mom and I were doing," Cory joked.

"I think your dad suspects the two of you have bumped bellies on this trip, but he can't really prove it." "Thank goodness," the boy muttered, looking down the jumbo-sized tits pancaked against him.

"We'd better get going, handsome," Brenda said, then reached down and squeezed his bulge through his shorts. "This mom has a dick cram inside her."

Jackson didn't notice his friend slipping into the trailer with the two mothers, but the husbands did, and were a bit suspicious of course.

They hadn't got a mile up the road before the Jewel and Brenda were completely naked and stripping off the boy's clothes back in the bedroom.

"Since our husbands think we're back here inventing new recipes, maybe we should start with a mom

sandwich," Jewel suggested.

"Mm, squashing this teen between our big fucking tits! I love that idea," Brenda agreed, watching Cory's huge boner spring free as she yanked off his briefs.

Jewel pulled her boy onto the bed, guiding him onto his back between her legs and against her huge cushy breasts. Brenda followed, draping the big comforter over the three of them as she climbing down on top of the excited teen.

"Oh wow!" the boy's voice quivered with a thrill as he found himself smothered in mommy-meat.

While his mom kissed and licked one side of his neck, with her boobies squashed against his back, Brenda did the same to the other side. Her warm fatty melons were crushed on his upper chest, with her thick rubbery nipples prodding against him.

"Mmm, you wanna fuck us, honey?" his mom asked between kisses, while reaching down and running

the nails of both hands around the base of his cock. "You wanna pound our hot pussies?" "Yes," the boy gasped, so aroused it was killing him.

"Well, then why waist time," Brenda said, planting her knees firmly astride his hips, while reaching down and grasping his rigid boner. This put her soft hanging boobs up around his face.

"Oh, damn," the boy muttered, kissing the inside of Brenda's spongy cleavage. He suddenly felt his leaking knob sink into the hot juicy pit at the mouth of her vagina. Then, all at once, the horny mother lowered her hips, burying his steely prick all the way inside her cuntal chamber.

"Ohhh, God yesss!" the mother gasped. Her son Jackson's cock was big, but this was most certainly the longest, fattest cock she'd ever had in her life. Cory's bell tip was crushed against her back wall, and her ribbed inner lining was molded to the outline of his meaty column.

The two mothers continued applying tender kisses and licks while Brenda pumped her snug, well-lubed cunt up and down his pink dong. "Oh Cory, your cock could wreck any woman's marriage," she gasped, feeling his cock flex with hardness as it sliced through the tight collapsing walls of her cunt.

"Mm, it's already destroyed my wedding vows, and I love it," Jewel lustfully confessed.

The teen moaned as he felt his glans slip along the hot pink pleats of Brenda's birthing tube. They mashed their crotches together and their genitals did a grinding dance in full penetration. The teen could feel her secretions melting around his tender pink meat like hot slippery lubricating oil.

"Oh, fuck I love this dick!" the blonde mother gasped, tightening her skilled vaginal muscles around it in a kegel grip.

The boy was over the moon. He felt like a piece of meat pressed between two sets of enormous tit- mounds that sloshed around him. The smell of sweet perfume and aroused mommy-pussy wafted into his nostrils as he felt their experienced lips and tongues working each side of his neck. His mom brought her lusty lips to his ear. "Does that feel good, baby?" she mewled. "Does your cock feel good crammed inside her hot pussy?"

"Yes," the teen answered, slowly thrusting his hips on the mattress, spearing his dick up into Brenda's smoldering cunt.

Brenda moaned and gasped as their crotches smacked lewdly together in a heated fuck. Her juices oozed over his prick like melting candle wax as she was brought to a body-trembling climax.

"Fuck!!" her pretty voice cried out, riding the teen like her life depended on it. "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, YES!!"

After trembling and squealing through a powerful orgasm, Brenda lifted herself off the boy. His mom slipped out from under him and took her friend's place on top of the lucky teen.

"Ahhh!" Cory sighed, feeling his boner sheathed in the familiar grip of his mom's cunt.

The way Jewel's huge melonous boobs ballooned out from her chest and loomed over him while she fucked was a sight the boy could never tire of seeing. Her udders leaped up and down as she bounced on his cock steadily.

His view was obscured by Brenda's mammoth tits as she brought them down on his face, while kneeling beside him. He kissed and licked his way around their wonderfully spongy contours before latching on to one of her engorged nipples.

"Oh yes…suck me!" the mother gasped as she felt the peak of her tit sink into the warm suction of Cory's mouth.

Jewel worked her wide hips up and back frantically, stirring her boy's stiff dick inside her inner sanctum. "Ohh yess! I love this fucking dick!" she cried out, reaching up with both hands and squeezing her bobbling knockers. "You fuck mommy so good, baby!"

"Does he eat pussy as good as he fucks?" Brenda asked, making her distended nipple pop from the boy's

mouth as she lifted her chest from his face.

"Mmm, you bet he does," Jewel answered.

The mother at his side smiled down at him through her huge gaping cleavage as her melons hung down over his face. "Well then, that's something I don't plan on missing out on," she said.

Cory watched in wide-eyed delight as Benda straddled his head, facing his cock-humping mother. He licked his lips, staring at her shaved pudendum as it lowered to his mouth.

"Hhmmff!" he whimpered, wedging his lips between her outer folds and plowing his tongue along the mouth of her vagina. He lashed his licker all around her pink vestibule, savoring the sweet taste of her juices as they seeped from her fuck-hole.

The two mothers smiled at each other, feeling the pleasure course through their naked bodies. "Jesus, if Don ate pussy this good maybe I wouldn't have to cheat on him so much," Brenda said, making Jewel giggle. "Wait, I take that back. I'd still cheat on him, but whenever Jackson's cock wasn't stuffed in there, he'd be doing a lot of pussy munching."

Jewel continued to grind her and her son's crotches together, feeling his muscled cock stir around inside the snug clutches of her birthing tube. "Well, Martin can try all he wants, but he'll never fuck me this good," she confessed. "His son has him beat on every level."

Cory whipped his licker across the swollen nub of Brenda's clit, then sucked it into his mouth, feeling the face-straddling MILF give off a delightful shudder. He tongued and slurped all around her cunt, as if he were starving for the pungent juices that flowed out.

Meanwhile, his mother began plunging her pussy up and down the length of his cock. The fatty flesh of her bare buttocks rippled wonderfully as her buns smacked down against her son's balls in a heated rhythm.

Both moms gasped and moaned as they had their cunts worked over by the skilled teen. Brenda suddenly cried out in delight and ground her gushing pussy all over Cory's face as she started cumming like crazy. As soon as the busty beauty was through having her orgasm and climbed off him, Jewel plopped her heavy melons down on her son's chest and rolled them over, so he was on top of her. She gazed up at him in fuck-lust. "Let's make this trailer jump all over the fucking road, baby!" she said, throwing her sexy legs wide open.

Cory was still buried deep inside her and began pumping with full-length thrusts, making his big balls beat against her ass. He brought his weight down against her, crushing Jewel's wobbling tits under his chest. He felt her silky legs circle his back, splaying her thighs wide, just like she did the day she gave birth to him.

"Oh fuck, Cory, you feel so deep!" the mother squealed, tossing her pretty head from side to side. She humped her apple-bottomed ass from the mattress, meeting his thrusts like a bitch in heat.

The boy's rock-hard boner plugged through the pink ribs of her slick cuntal lining, feeling the muscles along her pelvic floor grip his cum-drooling dong exquisitely.

Brenda plopped down beside Jewel and threw her knees back, bowing open her own sex-saddle. The boy's tongue hung out lustfully as he gazed over at her pussy flesh, which was splayed open like a blooming pink rose and ready to be crammed full of

cock-meat. "Mm, give me some of that hot dick," Brenda mewled, rubbing her swollen clitoris.

Cory backed his pecker out of his sexy mom, crawled over between Brenda's legs and buried his boner in her cunt hole. The two of them began humping lustfully, making their pissers beat together lewdly. The boy had his extended arms resting astride the blonde-haired beauty, so he could watch her huge mommy-udders roll up and down her chest while he fucked her. "Damn! Your boobs are just as fun to watch as my mom's are," the teen panted.

"Yeah? You like making our big tits bounce around all over the place, hotshot?" Brenda breathlessly asked.

"Hell yeah!"

"Well when you're done drooling, lay down against me, so you can reach down, clutch my ass and

pound my pussy hard!" she suggested.

The eager teenager did just that, crushing her boobs between them, reaching down and taking two big handfuls of meaty ass-flesh. He fell into a hard brutal rhythm, working his ass furiously between Brenda's clutching thighs. He gasped excitedly, punching his prick as deep as it could go on every thrust.

"Yes! Just like that! Fuck me hard!" the pretty blonde cried out.

Her pussy sucked and pulsed like it had a mind of it's own, constricting around steely length of his prick, soaking it in secreting fuck-oil. Cory's bell-tip plowed against her thick-textured G-spot, along the wall of her vagina, bringing the hot mother to an explosive climax.

"Unngghh!!" Brenda screamed out in toe-curling ecstasy, gushing hot girl-cum all over the boy's burrowing cock.

"Fuck me now, baby!" Jewel said in needful desire, with her strong, clean-shaved mommy-legs scissored wide open, ready to accept her big-dicked boy between them.

Cory backed his soaking-wet cock out of Brenda's cunt, crawled back over and settled down between his mom's warm cradling thighs. He plunged his prick through her fuck-hole with authority, slamming his fat knob against the puffy head of her cervix.

"Whoa!!" the mother gasped, feeling his meaty boner stretch her so full it literally took her breath away.

Her son wasted no time working her in a heated fuck-rhythm, beating his throbbing rod from knob to balls through her grasping cunt-tube. "Oh, damn!" he sighed excitedly, feeling the pink textured lining of her vagina squeeze around the meat of his glans like a stroking fist.

His balls beat again her peach-shaped ass-cheeks, making them jiggle delightfully every time he rammed his cock-shaft to the hilt inside her. The ring of Jewel's asshole was pulsating in and out with every powerful thrust of Cory's erection.

"That's it, Cory…fuck the cum out of her!" Brenda cheered, watching the boy feed his mother savage thrusts.

For ten solid minutes they fucked like their lives depended on it, making Jewel's flattened jugs slosh around between them. They kissed frantically, their tongues dueling in a frenzy of passion.

"OHH, FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM!!" Jewel cried out, her eyes rolling back as a climax swelled deep in her loins.

Amazingly, their mutual orgasm was timed perfectly. Hot cum erupted from Cory's piss-slit at the very moment that a blast of girl-cum squirted from his mother's urethral meatus.

Jewel threw her legs around her boy, so they looked like one big knot of writhing naked flesh beating their genitals together in orgasmic delight.

Ann rode in the front seat with her father and fed him a bored look. "Daddy, can I drive?" she asked

candidly.

Martin fed her an amused smile. "Honey, you're six, not sixteen," he reminded her. "And even if you were sixteen, driving a rig like this isn't the same as driving a car. That's a pretty big trailer we're pulling behind us."

"Mommy would let me drive," the girl said with a sulking frown.

"Your mom would most definitely not let you drive," Martin objected. "She'd probably even kill me if

she knew I was letting you sit in the front seat."

After a minute of silence, Ann spoke up again. "What does treesome mean?" "Treesome?" Martin asked with a confused look.

"Yeah, Brenda told mommy that Cory's getting a 'treesome' in the trailer with them."

Martin's stomach sunk as he glared back at his daughter. "A threesome?" he asked, without thinking.

"Yeah, that…a threesome."

"Hold on, just…forget I said that, ok," Martin said, with his stomach turning in knots. "That's not a word

you should be using."

The confused husband looked back at the trailer through his rear-view mirror. *"Jewel wouldn't possibly be doing something like that, would she?"* he asked himself, wondering once again if his wife and son were fooling around. He knew if there was ever a chance to catch them in the act, this might be the perfect opportunity.

Back in the trailer, Cory was reclined back against a pile of pillows making out with the two mothers. Jewel and Brenda knelt on either side of the teen, leaned over, so their huge fat tits rested on his upper chest while they smooched with him.

"Mm, he's still so big n hard," Brenda cooed, gazing down at the teen's long boner, which was wrapped in one of their tenderly stroking hands.

Jewel gazed down at it, biting her bottom lip lustfully, while squeezing the thick hot meat in her hand. The sight of the sparkling wedding rings on their fingers reminded the moms of how delightfully wicked this was. "Looks like it's ready for a nice hard doggy-fuck to me," Jewel said.

"Is that true, Cory?" Brenda said, then kissed his lips tenderly. "Are you ready to pound us doggy-style?" "Sure," the boy said excitedly, gazing at the huge mounds of tit-meat staring him in the face.

"Mm, fuck us from behind, so you can feel our round jiggling asses beating back against you," his mom

added while gazing down with her beautiful eyes.

They suddenly felt the trailer jerk as it slowed down. "A stop- light you think?" Brenda asked, looking

over at Jewel curiously.

"No, it feels like we're pulling over," she said in a panic, quickly getting up.

As soon as Martin came to a stop, he hopped out of the truck. "Daddy?" Ann said, curiously watching

him round the truck.

"Hang tight, honey, I'll be right back."

Even though Don had pulled their rig up behind him, Martin didn't waist time offering an explanation for the unexpected stop. He went straight for the trailer door, horrified by what he might find going on inside.

He was surprised, but relieved when he stepped inside the trailer and saw the two wives, fully dressed,

sitting at the table going through recipes. "Hey, hon, everything ok?" his wife asked him.

"Yeah, um…where's Cory?" he asked, noticing his son wasn't in the room. "He's in his bunk napping, why?"

"Could I um…have a private word with you?" Martin awkwardly asked.

"Sure," Jewel answered, giving Brenda a nervous glance before following her husband into their

bedroom. "What's going on?" she asked, once they were alone.

"Ann said she heard you guys making plans to do a threesome back here," Martin said.

After a short, panicked pause, Jewel burst out laughing. "Martin, you're joking, right?" she asked.

"No…I'm not. She asked me if I knew what a threesome was," the frazzled husband explained. "She said she heard you guys talking about it."

"Well, clearly she was confused about what she heard us talking about," his wife said, still trying to act amused.

Martin looked over and noticed the bed was a mess. "Why does the bed look like this? I made this thing myself this morning," he asked suspiciously.

"I um…laid down for a few minutes," Jewel lied. "After that rest stop, I kind of had a headache."

"A headache?" Martin asked, then noticed his wife's thick rubbery nipples poking through her snug top.

"She's not wearing a bra. Why the hell would she not be wearing a bra?" he asked himself.

"Yes, a headache. Martin, why are you acting so weird?"

Her husband reached down and pulled the comforter off the mattress, revealing two sets of bras and panties, as well as Cory's white briefs strewn across the bed.

Jewel's stomach twisted with panic. Before she could conjure up an explanation, the trailer suddenly

jerked. "What the hell was that?!" the wife asked.

"Shit, we're moving!" Martin said, rushing out of the room.

His wife shouted after him. "MARTIN, WHERE'S ANN??"

Brenda was near the open door, but they were already traveling too fast for her to jump out. She looked

at Martin in a panic. "Um, Martin, who's driving your rig?"

Inside the truck, Ann was smiling from ear to ear as she made her dream come true by taking the helm and driving the vehicle. "Look

at me drive, bitches!" she shouted, barely able to see over the steering wheel.

Back in the trailer, Cory emerged from his sleeping quarters, joining the confusion. "What's going on?"

he asked.

His mom was too busy glaring at his father to answer. "How could you leave her in the truck alone...with it running?!" she shouted.

"Wait, Ann's driving?" Cory asked, with a look of horror on his face.

"What are we gonna do?" Brenda asked.

Martin looked out the doorway, but knew jumping out would do them no good at all.

"Martin, do something!" his wife shouted. "Do what, Jewel? We're stuck back here!"

"Look out!" Cory said, pushing his dad aside and sticking his head out the doorway. He looked up toward the roof of the trailer, then back at his father. "Give me a boost, dad!"

Martin rushed over and provided a boost in the doorway that allowed Cory to reach the roof of the trailer.

"Cory, be careful, honey!" his mom shouted.

The teen pulled himself up onto the roof of the trailer. Then, like out of some Indiana Jones movie, he scrambled to the front, then leaped down into the truck bed. He pounded on the cab ceiling. "Ann, stop the truck!" he shouted, but to no avail.

He suddenly spotted a sharp curve ahead and knew his sister was traveling way to fast to maneuver it safely. Thinking quickly, he slid

across the cab roof, reached precariously over the edge and opened the driver's side door.

Startled, Ann let out a sharp scream, then abandoned the driver's seat, sliding back across to the

passenger side of the still- moving vehicle.

As they continued to race towards the deadly curve, Cory jumped down into the driver's seat and pressed on the brake pedal, slowing them down quickly. Once they were pulled over and stopped, he glared over at his sister breathlessly.

"What the hell, Ann?!" he exclaimed.

"I finally got to drive!" she cheered, not yet realizing the deep shit she was in.

A few minutes later they were all gathered beside the trailer. Jewel had her arms folded over her breasts, giving her daughter an evil glare. "You are in huge trouble, young lady! Do you realize how dangerous that was?" she said in scolding manner.

"I just wanted to show daddy I could drive…while he checked on you guys' threesome," she said. Jewel and her husband looked at each other uncomfortably, as did Brenda and Don. "Threesome?" Don muttered.

"Shush," his wife said back.

Martin looked at his daughter. "First of all, honey…don't use that word again. It's an adult word," he said. "Secondly, what you did was VERY dangerous, and could have got everyone seriously injured, do you understand?"

"Yes," she muttered with a pouty face.

Jewel stroked her son's arm tenderly. "Honey, that was very brave what you just did," she said in

adoration.

"Yeah, man, that was some real Captain America shit you just pulled," Jackson said, making the other

adults giggle.

"Thanks. I'm just glad we were able to get the rig stopped somehow," Cory said.

"Well, now the adventure's over, shall we get back to our recipes," Brenda asked, looking at Jewel with an eager smile as she stepped back into the trailer.

"And I can get back to my nap," Cory said, following her inside.

"Let's hit the road, kids," Don said, motioning his children back towards their own rig, leaving Martin and Jewel alone with Ann.

"Ann, go get back in the truck please. Back seat…and NO TOUCHING ANYTHING!" the father said.

Ann somberly obeyed her father, who looked awkwardly at his wife. "I guess I'll let you get back to your threesome," he said.

"Martin, stop it," Jewel said calmly.

"Stop it?! Ann clearly heard you and Brenda talking about it, Jewel. Then I find three people's underwear, including you and Cory's, in a bedroom that clearly wreaked of sex," he exclaimed.

"Are you finished?" Jewel asked patiently.

"Yes," Martin said in clear frustration.

"Good. Can you do me a favor and please not leave our daughter alone in a running vehicle again," she

said, stepping into the trailer and slamming the door closed.

"Sorry, I guess your daughter did hear us talking at the rest stop," Brenda said as she sat at the table

with Jewel.

"She snuck up on us. It's no one's fault," Jewel said. "Unfortunately, Martin saw our little mess in the bedroom though, which…I couldn't really explain away."

"Well, he didn't actually catch you with Cory's cock up your cunt, so my advice is…just keep playing stupid."

"Speaking of Cory…did you see the way he just sped into action?" Jewel asked, clearly impressed.

"It was amazing! Now THAT'S a man!"

"A man I wanna rape," Jewel joked with an evil little grin.

"Can't rape the willing…and I bet he's laying in there…MORE THAN WILLING right now," Brenda said,

sharing a naughty smile with her friend.

Cory was on the upper bunk at the front of the 5th Wheel when he heard the door open. "Hi, baby," he heard his mom say sweetly.

"Hey," Cory answered, laying on his back in the bunk.

"We heard there's a really cute guy with a huge dick in here, that likes to fuck hot moms, is that true?"

Brenda asked teasingly.

Cory smiled. "Very true," he responded.

"Oh good," Cory's mom said as she climbed up onto his bunk naked, "because these two moms are VERY

horny."

"Yes, we are," Brenda agreed. She was also nude and climbed up and joined them on the top bunk. They unbuttoned the boy's shorts and pulled them off, their big boobies wobbling around heavily. "Horny and wet…and ready to suck and fuck."

Cory watched his mom lean over his crotch and wrap her hand around the base of his cock, pointing it upward. "Mm, look what I found," she cooed, then flicking out her tongue, she laved her licker around the crown of his cock.

"Two tongues are better than one," Brenda said, joining Jewel by lasher her long pink snake around the boy's bulbous tip.

Cory looked down in wide-eyed fascination and watched the heavy-titted mothers scrub his glans with their wonderfully- long lickers. Soon their oral affection extended down the length of his prick and back up, traveling every inch of his meaty cannon, wetting it with their saliva.

"Mm, I just wanna smother my face between those big balls," Brenda mewled, doing just that, leaning over and mashing her pretty face into the boy's soft scrotum. Her tongued extended out and rolled around against his tender nuts.

Meanwhile, Jewel opened her mouth and slipped the first several inches of her boy's blue-veined dick- meat through her circled lips. "Mmmnn!" she moaned, suctioning her cheeks and slurping on her boy's boner like a cherry popsicle.

Cory gasped in delight, feeling his mom's tongue loop around and around the pink tip of his prick, while it basked inside her oral furnace. She bobbed her head a few times in traditional blowjob fashion, plunging the tip of his rod past her tonsils.

Finally, his dick popped from the ring of her lips and she slowly crawled up towards his face, dragging her huge spongy boobs along his bare chest. Kneeling at his side, she leaned across him, squashing her tits just under his chin and attacking his neck with light sensual butterfly licks.

"Fuck!" the boy gasped, as his body shuddered with arousal, savoring his mom's affection while feeling one of his nuts get sucked inside Brenda's mouth.

"I wish I had YOU in my bed every night," Jewel whispered to him between sensual kisses as she gazed into her baby's eyes.

"You do?" the boy asked.

"Uh-huh. Oh my God, the lovemaking we could do," she answered, kissing him like she simply couldn't

get enough.

Jewel smooched her way back down his body, joining Brenda at his balls. One of his nuts was stuffed inside the blonde mother's mouth as she slurped on it's oval-shaped meat.

Cory felt his mom suck the other testicle into her mouth and the two mothers proceeded to play tug-of- war with his nut-sack. Their hot wet mouths nursed on his testicles, scrubbing them with their tongues while pulling on the cord of his vas deferens, making him squirm with delight.

"Stroke your dick, baby," Jewel said as his distended nut popped from her mouth.

Cory was happy to comply, pulling on his pecker, while his balls got the royal treatment. Jewel licked down across his perineum, then began rimming his asshole with her tongue.

"Oh, yeah!" the boy moaned, in absolute ecstasy as he had his balls and ass sloppily devoured while he stroked his big dick up and down.

Jewel wanted to be able to take her time and work every erogenous zone his young body contained, but knew they'd be arriving at their destination within the hour. This was only a problem because she desperately wanted enough time to fuck and gush her hot mommy-juices all over her son's cock some more.

"How bout some of that doggy-sex we talked about early…before we were so rudely interrupted by your annoying father," she asked, watching him slowly beat his long thick love-stick.

"Fuck yes, I'm down with that," Brenda said, crawling up on her hands and knees and pointing her lovely bare buttocks back at the teen. Jewel did the same, kneeling beside Brenda, so they were side-by-side with their rounded rumps thrust back and their heavy stiff-nippled tits hanging pendulously from their chests.

"Come on, baby. Come fuck us!" Jewel said lustfully, wagging her lovely derriere while gazing back at her teen.

Cory mounted her haunches first, prodding the tip of his pecker through her slick outer folds before burying his piss-pipe deep inside her vagina. "Ohhh, yes! Pound the fuck outta me!" his mom gasped, thrusting her ass back to quickly get a rhythm going.

Her thick fatty ass rippling as it beat against his midsection was a sight that Cory could never tire of seeing. He grasped her motherly hips and beat his horny hardon through the snug grip of her vaginal tract.

After several minutes of cock-plunging action, he saw Brenda wag her ass, which was right next to his mom's. Her pudenda looked like a fleshy clamshell, ready to be cracked open by a strong teenage erection. "Fuck my pussy," she lustfully requested, gazing back at him over her shoulder with a sultry stare.

The boy pulled his juice-slickened cock from his mom's cunt and fed it inside Brenda's snug cock-grinder. She twisted and pumped her rounded ass to meet his fuck-thrusts, gasping as she pounded her vulvar folds against his cock-base. "Yess! Pound it in me!" she cried out. "Fuck me as hard as you can!"

Their flesh clapped lewdly together as he screwed the blonde beauty from behind, making her giant knockers swing wildly from her chest. Up and back and in big circles her titties swung, smacking together and making her fatty tit-orbs ripple like gelatin.

After a few minutes of intense doggy-fucking the mother's curvy body convulsed in orgasm, and she squeezed the boy's prick in a velvety vice-type grip, nearly milking him off.

"Come on, baby! I need your cock back in me!" his mom said lustfully, shaking the half-moon- shaped cheeks of her naked buttocks.

The teen's cum-drenched dick slipped from the gooey pink socket of Brenda's cuntal vestibule, bobbing like a stiff tree branch in the wind as he maneuvered over, rubbed his knob between his mom's labial flesh before splitting her twat.

"Ohh, so fucking good!" Jewel mewled, feeling her pink inner lining stretch out around his thick slab of meat.

The tit-loving teen leaned down, so he could reach under and grasp his mom's huge milkers while he fucked her. His fingers sunk into to the spongy meat of her tits and he pinched her thick rubbery nipples between his fingers.

"Oh, baby, fuck me hard!" the aroused mother moaned, dropping her shoulders low, resting her cheek on the mattress.

Their hot flesh beat together as Cory fucked his mom savagely from behind, just as she requested. After a few minutes, the middle-aged beauty's pussy contracted sharply around the pounding spike of her boy's pecker. "UUHHGGHH!!" she cried out, as pussy juice gushed from her fuck-slit, making her blood- swollen cunt lips slurp loudly as her cunt clung to his prick.

"Fuck, mom!" the teen gasped, feeling her ribbed sleeve shrink around his prick, sucking his glans like a tight wet mouth. His dick flexed excitedly, making his angry knob swell even bigger. A huge gob of pearly-white ejaculate blasted from his piss-slit, then another and another, filling his mom's sex chamber with rich potent baby-making goo.

He pulled out mid-orgasm, splattering a rope across Brenda's back before plunging his boner back inside her hot vaginal sheath, pumping out more hot jizz against her back wall.

Martin tried to call his wife to let her know they were about a half-hour from their destination, but she didn't answer. He knew there were only three times Jewel didn't pick up her phone. When she was sleeping, showering or having sex. He had this strange feeling that in today's case it was the latter of the three.

His mind swirled with a mix of emotions. Jewel was his high school sweetheart and when it came to sex, her libido had always been off the charts. He was jealous and upset yes, but also oddly happy for his son. He knew Cory was getting the best piece of pussy a man could get. By physical standards, his wife was a sexual athlete that could fuck for endless hours and still want more. He imagined his son must be in seventh heaven, enjoying his mom's huge squishy tits. He strangely wondered if his wife's enormous melons were

leaping up and down her chest at that very moment, swinging above his son's wide

wondrous eyes. Or perhaps Cory had his face buried deep in his mom's cleavage, feeling her warm fatty flesh squish around his face.

"Do they kiss?" Martin wondered.

"How often are they doing it?"

"What position do they like the best?" "Does she suck his dick?"

"Good grief, are they using protection?"

All these questions screamed through the husband's mind as he pondered what might be going on behind his back.

Speaking of back…just as Martin was having those thoughts, Jewel's back slammed against the wall of the trailer. She was held off the floor by her strong son, with her sexy legs circling his waist. They kissed frantically, like they were trying to crawl inside each other's mouths. Cory pummeled his hips between his mom's clutching thighs, beating his steely meat through her tireless cunt.

"Fuck me harder!" the mother gasped, using her ankles to shove at her son's ass, urging him to pound her with everything he had. The mother showed no shame. Unlike Martin, her marriage was the farthest thing from her mind. It wasn't that she didn't love her husband…she did, but she clearly loved fucking her son just as much, if not more. Brenda was right. They were mommy-sluts, constantly hungering for their son's cocks.

"Ohhhh!" her beautiful voice whimpered, as she felt her boy's hammering hardness stir up another climax deep in the core of her cunt.

"Ahhh shit!" the teen sighed. Holding his mom off the floor and fucking her hard, while she clung to him with her warm curvy body was a wicked thrill. Feeling her flesh quiver and her cunt-tube shrink up around his tender dong was almost too much to endure.

Jewel squealed in delight; her pretty face masked in exquisite pleasure. She came hard on his cock, making girl-cum drip from his balls.

"Mm, did she gush hard on your big cock, Cory?" Brenda asked as she stood nearby watching. She was stroking her horny clitoris with one hand, and the way her arms were positioned, trapped her tit-melons between her biceps, making them balloon out from her chest obscenely.

"Yes…felt amazing!" the boy answered breathlessly.

Jewel slipped her feet to the floor, but kept her squishy tits against his chest while gently kissing the teen's neck in post orgasmic bliss. "Why don't you pick Brenda up now, Baby. Show her what a cunt pounding stud you are," she said breathlessly between kisses.

Brenda stepped toward them on bare feet, her peach shaped buttocks swaying and jiggling with every step. "Oh, I already know what a fucking stud he is, but he's welcome to remind me," she said.

Jewel stepped aside and let Brenda's soft milkers replace hers against Cory's chest. Cory was amazing at how stiff her nipples felt. The blonde mother folded her arms around his neck and sprung gracefully from the floor, wrapping her strong motherly legs around him. Cory's erection missed it's target at first, sticking out from between the backs of her sexy legs, crowned by her thick meaty ass. She sealed her lips against Cory's for a deep French kiss, while reaching down and feeding his fat prick inside her slippery vagina.

"Mnnff!" the mother squealed into his mouth, feeling her cuntal walls mold to the outline of his thick cock.

Just as he had his mother, Cory began pounding his hips between Brenda's clutching thighs. He felt her giant tits quivering against his chest as she heaved to meet his fuck-thrusts. He loved listening to her groan every time his super-hard prick sunk inside her.

She raked her long nails down his back. "Fuck me harder!" she mewled, pulling against him so she could pump her cunt on his cock in the rhythm she desired.

Their crotches beat wetly together. Cory's dick was like a pink piston plunging tirelessly through the snug socket of her cunt. They both groaned, feeling the boy's fat bell tip dig through the deepest recesses of her cuntal sheath. Her ribbed-textured vaginal rugae secreted its slippery juices, keeping the union of their engorged sexual organs well lubricated.

"Oh fuck, you're gonna make me cum!" Brenda cried out, her face contorting with pleasure as an intense orgasm pulsed through her big titted body.

It was all Cory could do to fuck her through her orgasm without blowing his wad. "Ohhh!!" he finally

whimpered, signaling his impending climax.

Brenda quickly slipped off him. "Cum on our titties, Cory!" she said, kneeling down in front of him. Jewel joined her, so they both knelt side by side, watching the boy stroke his sensitive prick, while they held their ginormous boobs up for him to cum all over.

"Ohhhh, fuck, fuck, fuck!!" the boy gasped, watching the mothers gaze up at him with their pretty eyes while teasingly rolling their tongues outside their mouth. He moaned loudly as spurt after spurt of hot ball-juice erupted from his aching cock, painting the bulging shelf of tit-flesh they had created for him.

"Wow, what a wonderful mess," Brenda said, making Jewel giggle as they examined the huge gooey stands of spunk that began to run down into the canyon of their cleavages.

"Well, since we can't shower right now, I guess we'll have to eat it off each other," Jewel happily suggested.

"Mmn, you always have the best ideas, Jewel."

"This I have to see," the teen said, then proceeded to watch the two moms sensually lick each other's breasts clean. His eyes widened in fascination, watching their tongues play in his creamy jizz before scooping and slurping it into their greedy mouths.

"Mm, yummy!" Jewel cooed, cleaning the final remnants of cum from her lips with her thick tongue.

"That was hot," the boy confessed, slowly stroking his still-hard boner again.

His mom watched his long dreamy dick slide through the grip of his hand, creating an itch deep in her rectum. "We probably don't have much time, but do you wanna fuck our asses real quick, honey?" she asked, bending over and pointing her rounded mommy-buns at him.

Brenda did the same. "Mm, best idea ever!" she said, squeezing one of her big boobies as it dangled heavily from her chest.

The teen gawked lustfully at the rosy buds of their throbbing anal sphincters, sticking out from between the cushy cheeks of their wonderful mommy-asses. He licked his lips and stepped forward, fitting his knob to his mom's butt-socket.

Jewel peeked back at him and winked. "Give it to us good, baby! Fuck our asses hard and deep!"

Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin' – Chapter 12: "Do it in a teepee"

By Klrxo

"One…two…three!" Jewel and Brenda anxiously shouted, then rushed with their boys off the top of the boathouse. The four of them dove twelve-feet and splashed into the water of lake Havasu.

The moms screamed and giggled when they surfaced, clinging onto their teens in unmotherly ways.

"See, I told you I wouldn't chicken out!" stated Jewel as she mashed her bikini-clad knockers against Cory's chest.

"Yeah, right. I had to practically pull you off the top of the boat."

She playfully slapped him. "Excuse me?! More like the other way around, baby," Jewel reminded him.

"We should find some good-sized cliffs to jump off of," Jackson suggested. "Then we'll see who chickens

out first."

"I have a better idea," Brenda said, gazing into her boy's eyes. "Why don't we just find a nice private spot for you boys to dive your dicks into our pussies."

"Now THERE'S a suggestion I like," Jewel giggled.

The horny mothers pushed the mounds of their vulvas against their boys erect cock-bulges, while floating in the water.

"Mm, baby, that feels so good," Jewel gasped, feeling Cory's fat knob dig against her clit.

"It does, but not quite as good as it felt inside you and Brenda's asses yesterday," confessed the boy in a hushed tone.

"Yeah, well maybe mommy will beat your dick off with her butt again today then," she offered.

"I'd love that."

"Would you?" she whispered gazing at him lustfully. "Would you like to feel you glans buried deep in my hot rectum, while the ring of my asshole squeezes tightly around the root of your erection?"

"Damn, mom!" the teen gasped excitedly, his boner throbbing against the grinding motion of her bikini- covered pudenda.

Martin was having his morning coffee. He looked off the side of the houseboat and saw the two mom- son couples floating a little distance away. He watched his wife and son for a moment, his stomach sinking in disgust.

Jewel and Cody's foreheads were together and they gazed into each other's eyes, while giving each other sensual kisses on the lips. Not only that, but the water was crystal clear enough for him to see exactly what was going on below the surface. Martin decided it was time to speak to his wife about her inappropriate behavior. "Jewel, could I speak to you a minute?" he called out from the boat.

Brenda giggled. "Uh-oh…sounds like someone's being called to the principle's office," she teased.

Jewel let out a huff and swam over to the craft. She climbed up onto a small rear deck, where her husband was waiting.

Martin was almost embarrassed by the skimpy white micro bikini she was wearing. Wet bulging tit-meat was spilling out all over the place. "What's up?" she asked, although she had a pretty good idea what his beef was.

"First of all, where on earth did you get that 'dental floss' of a bikini you're wearing?"

"Brenda and I went into a cute little boutique near the dock, while you guys were paying for the boat.

We both got one," Jewel grinned. "You don't like it?"

"Well…of course I like it, but that's not the point. It's hardly the type of bikini you should be wearing around Cory."

"Oh, come on, Martin. He's not a child," Jewel protested.

"No, but he's your son…and while we're on the subject of your behavior around him, what exactly IS

going on with you two?"

His wife rolled her eyes and sighed impatiently. "Please, Martin… we're not going down this road again,

are we?" she questioned.

"It sickens me to say this…but I'm not an idiot. I know the two of you are doing sexual things together," the concerned husband boldly confessed.

His wife giggled. "Honey, can we please just finish out the last two days of this vacation in peace, and try to enjoy ourselves?"

"I AM trying to enjoy myself, but every time I turn around my wife and son are acting like they can't keep their hands off each other."

"There's nothing wrong with a mother and son being affectionate. I'm sorry if that bothers you." "Jewel, I saw the way you were just grinding on him," her husband noted.

"Grinding on him?"

"Yes, grinding on him. The lake water is a lot clearer than you think it is."

"Maybe the ripples in the water made it seem that way, but we certainly weren't grinding," his wife lied.

Martin knew that unless he caught them in the actual act of sex, it was a battle he'd never win. The best he could hope for was that the escapades would cease once they got back home. "Look, if the two of you wanna have your fun…fine! Can you at least just promise me it ends when we get back home?"

Jewel could hardly believe her ears. She fed her husband a quirky smile. "Hold on! A second ago you were lecturing me that our behavior was inappropriate, now all of the sudden you're encouraging it?" she curiously inquired.

"I never said I was encouraging it. I just want you to assure me things will go back to normal between

you two, once we get home."

Jewel hesitated for a moment, wondering if this were just a trap to get her to confess something. "And you won't question a thing that goes on the next two days?" asked his wife.

"No…as long as whatever goes on the rest of vacation…stays on vacation, got it?" he insisted.

"Got it," Jewel agreed, still in shock that her husband was basically giving her the green light to fuck their son.

"Hey, pal?" Don said, peeking out the doorway. "I found some fishing poles and some tackle gear on

board. Wanna cast a line out?"

"Sure, I'll um…be right there," Martin replied, then looked back at his wife. "I have just a couple more questions, and I promise I won't mention another thing about it."

"Alright?" his wife replied, feeding him a slightly uncomfortable look. "How many times have you and Cory, um...you know?"

His wife got an embarrassed smile and shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not sure…probably around thirty- times maybe."

"Jesus, Jewel! You two have had sex thirty times?!"

"Martin, we should be happy that he came out of his shell. When I took his phone before we left, I promised that I'd make this trip fun and memorable for him," explained his wife.

"Yeah, I remember you told me that. I just didn't think having sex with him was what you had in mind." "It's not like I planned it…it just sort of happened."

When was the first time it happened?" her husband asked in sick curiosity.

"Come on, Martin," Jewel replied, rolling her eyes with embarrassment.

"I have a right to know."

"Fine," his wife huffed. "It was in the tram elevator…at the St. Louis arch." "Good hell! You had sex in the elevator!? Are you serious?!"

"Yes, then again when we got to the 5th wheel," she confessed.

"Oh, you mean where you were suppose to be looking for your phone? It was never lost, was it?" "No," Jewel confessed. "I lied to you. I'm sorry."

"So where else did you two have your sneaky sex?"

His wife looked at him shamefully. "At the side of the road, while you and Don were changing the

blown-out tire," she admitted. "Where you saw the creepy old guy?"

"Yes. Then again in the 5th Wheel, while we were traveling that day," she said.

"What about at the blue whale, along the trail. It wasn't someone else I heard having sex in the tall grass. You and Cory WERE the ones going at it, weren't you?"

"I'm sorry for trying to make you look stupid…I just really didn't want you to feel hurt," his wife

answered.

"So where else?" Martin asked. "Where else what?"

"What other sneaky spots have you two done the nasty?"

"Martin, do we have to do this?" his wife blushed. "It's embarrassing." "At Lucky Luke's RV Park?" he asked.

"Yes, we screwed in the janitors closet." "At the Dinosaur Museum?"

"In the bathroom stall," she confessed. "Grand Canyon Caverns?"

"What do you think? We were down in the dark, in bed together. Of course we had sex down there," his

wife answered with a guilty smile.

Martin was a little heartbroken, but satisfied that his suspicions were correct. "So, it was a 'threesome' that you guys were doing in the fiver yesterday, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Brenda and I WERE doing a threesome with Cory. I'm sorry I lied to you." "Have you um…let him do anything else to you?"

"We've had anal sex a handful of times…and oral."

Martin let out a big frustrated sigh, taking it all in. "Well, at least with those things there's no chance of you getting pregnant, otherwise he's been pulling out I hope?"

Jewel's face filled with guilty embarrassment. "Well, no…not exactly." "Not exactly?!

"You and I have talked about possibly wanting another baby anyway. Would it be the worst thing in the world if I was to get pregnant?" she asked.

"By your son, yes. If you guys are continuing this nonsense the next two days, he's gonna have to start

pulling out," Martin demanded. "Martin, no…he's not pulling out."

"Then he needs to be wearing condoms."

"Absolutely not!" Jewel blurted, sickened by the mere mention of them. "Those fucking things will take away all his sensitivity."

"Jewel, I didn't have to agree to letting you two do anything. At least meet me in the middle here. We don't need Cory getting you pregnant."

"Brenda has a fertility monitor I can borrow. It'll show me any signs of ovulation the next two days. If I have started my cycle, I'll have Cory pull out when we have sex, otherwise it's just not happening," explained Jewel.

"Fine," Martin said, still wondering why he was actually allowing her to continue until the end of vacation. He realized that perhaps was because of what he wished had transpired between his own mom and himself, when he was younger.

His beautiful wife reached out and rubbed his shoulder. "Thank you for this," she sighed. "I know finding out your wife and son are

screwing is probably the last thing you expected on this vacation. If it's any consolation, it HAS truly helped Cory a lot. I promise I'll hold up my end of the deal, as long as you turn a blind eye to anything you may see or hear the next couple of days."

"It was the deal I proposed. I fully intend to fulfill my half of it," Martin confirmed.

He joined Don on the upper deck of the houseboat, where they cast their fishing lines out. He did his best to make that his focus, even though he was still partly fuming due to his wife's confession.

"You're not gonna believe this," Jewel whispered to Brenda, once her and the boys were back on the boat drying off. "Martin gave me the green light to fuck Cory as much I want the next two days."

"What?! You're kidding?! Brenda said back in a hushed tone.

"No," the mother giggled. "As long as I promise that it ends when our vacation does." "Wait…you think you're actually just gonna stop having sex with Cory once you get back home?"

"No, of course I'm not gonna stop, but obviously at home it'll be easier for Cory and I to fuck without Martin finding out about it. So, as far as he'll be concerned, we've stopped."

"Oh my God. You know what that means?" Brenda gasped, then looked over at their handsome boys as Cory and Jackson dried off. "It means we can pretty much fuck as much as we want today, as long as we can keep the other kids distracted."

"I'm sure we can find ways to do that," Jewel assured her.

"How's the fishing going?" Jewel asked Martin and Don as she arrived on the upper deck. The younger children followed behind her, then Brenda climbed up. The moms wore cover-ups to conceal their lewd bikinis.

"Nothing but a few nibbles so far," her husband answered.

"Do you mind if the kids hang out with you guys up here?" Brenda asked her husband, even though it

was more of a request than a question.

"No problem," Don agreed. "You guys wanna try some fishing?" he asked to the children.

"I do!" Ann shouted.

"Come over here, hon. You can take my line," said Martin.

Jewel pulled her husband aside as their daughter gleefully held the fishing pole. "Please make sure she stays up here…for at least an hour," she insisted.

"Got it," Martin answered, knowing full well why his wife was making the request.

The two moms climbed back down to the cabin and Martin and Don looked over at one another knowingly. Martin knew his son must be thrilled by all the MILF pussy he'd been getting. If he himself hadn't had an experience with his own mother, when he was younger, he'd be much less willing to tolerate such behavior. He reflected back to the day of his eighteenth birthday, twenty-two years prior.

"Martin, I thought you had a date tonight for your birthday?" he remembered his mother Peggy asking him.

"Nah, she said she's feeling sick," Martin answered from his bed.

Martin's blonde, heavy-titted mom came over and sat beside him on the mattress. "How disappointing, especially on your birthday," Peggy sympathized.

"I'll be alright."

"Of course you will," she giggled, rubbing his shoulder tenderly, "but you should be MORE THAN ALRIGHT on your special day. Here's an idea… Your father just left for his overnight at the factory. Why don't you come down and sleep with me tonight," the mother suggested.

"In you and dad's bed?"

"Yeah," she answered, gazing at him with her deep blue eyes, "we can do some birthday snuggles."

Like most boys his age, Martin was secretly obsessed with his sexy mom, and wasn't about to refuse such an offer. "Alright," he agreed.

When they got to his parent's bedroom, his mom closed the door and locked it behind them. He had a little brother and sister who often got up and wandered throughout the night.

"Before we crawl into bed…pick you out something from the bottom drawer of my dresser," said Peggy. "Pick ME out something?"

"No, it's for ME to wear, silly goose, but you pick out your favorite," his mom giggled.

Martin went to the dresser and opened the bottom drawer. It was full of colorful dainty nighties and sexy lingerie. His heart thumped wildly in his chest as he explored the drawer, imagining his mom in each one of them. "I pick this one," he finally blurted, handing his mom a red lace nightie.

"You do realize that this one is completely see-through, right?" she questioned with a flirty little smile.

"Well, you said I could pick any of them."

"I know I did," she giggled. "I just wanted to make sure you knew what you were in for."

Martin smiled from ear to ear and nodded eagerly.

"Get into bed then. I'll be out in a few minutes," Peggy told her son.

"This is where all the wonderful stuff happens," the teen wondrously thought as he crawled into his

parent's big bed. *"This is where mom spreads her legs."*

Peggy emerged from the bathroom wearing the red nightie her boy had picked out. Just as she warned, it was completely see-through.

"Dang!" the teen gasped in wide-eyed delight. His mom had the biggest softest-looking bosoms he'd ever beheld, and he could see them in cock-hardening detail, right down to the fat nipples protruding from the wide rings of her areola.

His eyes drifted down her torso, to her mound of Venus, which was crowned by a thin triangular-shaped patch of pubic fur.

Peggy crawled into bed with her boy, her giant boobies wobbling heavily as she turn off her bedside lamp, then sliding over next to him. "Eighteen-years-old!" she softly exclaimed. "How does it feel to be a man?"

"Honestly, it doesn't really feel much different."

"It will," she replied, running her hand across his chest tenderly, "once you start doing manly things with

girls on a regular basis."

"I'm not really sure that's gonna happen with the girl I've been seeing," said Martin. "Her parents are pretty religious."

"Well, there's lots of fish in the sea, honey."

"There is one girl I really like. She's super-beautiful, so I'm not sure if she'd even go out with me or not." "Does this 'super-beautiful' girl have a name?" Peggy inquired.

"Jewel."

"Well, with a name like Jewel, she'd have to be beautiful."

"She's on the cheerleading squad, and I'm not really a jock, so that might be a problem," Martin said

worriedly.

"Well, you'll never know until you try," the mother admonished. "What do you like best about her?"

Martin glanced down at the massive cleavage bulging from his mother's grown, making her giggle

knowingly. "Oh, her boobies. She must have big ones?" Peggy guessed.

"Yes," the boy blushed.

"Breast-obsessed, just like your father," Peggy laughed. "Shall we snuggle and get some sleep now?"

Martin remained on his back, while his mom threw her arm and leg across him, cuddling in the sweetheart cradle. His stiff dick throbbed for the longest time, while he felt his mom's soft unfettered bosom mashed against the side of his chest.

Just when he thought she had fallen asleep, he felt the tingling sensation of her long fingernails teasing the knob of his hardon through his boxers. The boy sighed and squirmed on the mattress, feeling her nails scrap tenderly over the sensitive glans of his cock.

"Ohh, mommy," he bucked, feeling his scrotum tighten.

His mom said nothing, just patiently continued her gentle knob-stroking, staying with his every pleasure- stricken movement. She brought the nail of her forefinger down over his engorged bell and began gingerly stroking it against his frenulum.

"Ahhh!" the teen groaned, feeling his dick quiver. He suddenly began spraying out the milky contents of his nuts into his boxers. His mom continued to gently milk his peter-tip until she knew he was completely spent.

Peggy kissed his cheek. "Happy birthday, honey. Goodnight," she whispered.

"Daddy, I got one!" Ann announced, snapping Martin back to the present. He helped her reel it in, but his daughter felt bad when she saw the small fish flopping around.

"Can we let it go? I don't want it to die," she pleaded. "Fine, honey… let me just take this hook out."

After throwing the fish overboard and casting her line back out, Martin looked over at Don. "Hey, would

you mind monitoring her for a few minutes? I'm gonna go down and get a beer out of the fridge."

"Are you sure you wanna do that, pal?" Don asked, giving him an indirect warning as to what he might

find going on down in the cabin.

"I'm good," Martin answered, smiling back.

"Well in that case, grab me another too, would ya?"

"Sure thing," said Martin, then went over and climbed down to the lower deck. Truth was, this was more about satisfying his curiosity

than getting another drink. The reflection on his one-time experience with his own mom was making him desire a glimpse at what could have been, if he and his mother Peggy had ever gone further.

When he opened the slider, he could hear his wife and Brenda gasping and panting from the back room. He snuck back and peeked inside. In this portion of the houseboat, there were two bunks across from each other, both with the curtain pulled, concealing the vigorous fucking going on inside.

Martin's chest beat heavily, partly from heartbreak, but mostly by a feeling of vicarious thrill for both his wife and son. Against his better judgement, he peeked inside the curtain and his eyes widened by the

lewd sight in front of him. His view was from down by their feet. Cory was on top of his wife and he had a graphic view of his son's erection pounding through her shaved cunt. Martin knew when it came to cock size, he himself was no Ron Jeremy, but he was utterly taken back by the size of his son's prick and the way it stretched his wife's vaginal opening. The muscles and tendons at the root of Cory's boner bulged obscenely, sustaining the force of his deep thrusts. His long thick shaft was glistening with Jewel's secretions, which lubricated their heated fuck.

"Good grief!" Martin's bewildered mind exclaimed as he saw the way his wife was humping her thick rounded ass off the cushion, cradling their son between her sexy tightly-circled legs.

"Ohh, baby, it's so fucking good!" the mother grunted.

Their bodies humped and jerked violently, as if they were engaging in a wild sexual wrestling match. Martin watched in sick fascination as his wife's pussy swallowed Cory's entire dong and she ground their pelvis's together in full penetration.

"Ahhh!" Cory whimpered, feeling his mom squeeze his excited cock in the hot spongy grip of her vagina. It was made even more pleasurable by a deeper layer of cuntal muscle that encased the boy's boner in snug juicy flesh.

Cory latched on to one of Jewel's jostling boobs, sinking his lips around the engorged cap and attacking the teat with his tongue.

While his wife and son continued to beat their genitals together, Martin decided he better stop gawking in order to not be caught. He could hear Brenda and Jackson in the other bunk, going at it with equal passion, but resisted the urge to peek in on them.

When he finally arrived on the upper deck with the two beers Don smiled over at him. "There you are. I thought maybe you had to swim all the way to the brewery to get these," he joked.

As he continued to help his daughter fish, Martin reflected on what he'd witnessed downstairs. He started out by having feelings of anger and jealously by the idea of his wife and son fucking, but it soon transitioned to a profound sadness that he'd never had similar experiences with his own mother. By this time, his mom Peggy was in her early sixties, and still just as busty and beautiful as ever.

"Hey, would you mind watching her for a few more minutes," Martin said to Don. "Sorry, I just need to make a quick phone call."

"Go ahead, pal. We're all good here," Don replied.

Martin climbed down onto the rear deck of the houseboat and nervously dialed a number on his phone.

After a few rings, a pretty voice answered. "Hello?" "Hey, mom…it's Martin."

"Hey, honey…what a nice surprise. Are you guys still on vacation?" Peggy asked.

"Yeah, we're at Lake Havasu in Arizona, on a houseboat…having a great time. Tomorrow's the last day of the trip, then we'll hit the interstate for the drive back."

"How's my granddaughter? Behaving herself I hope?" Martin's mother asked. "Tell her grandma can't wait to see her when she gets back."

"I will," Martin answered, then mustered up all the courage he had. "Say um…I was wondering if I could ask you a question, mom?"

"Of course you can, honey. What is it?"

"Do you remember my eighteenth birthday? My date stood me up and you let me sleep in your bed with

you?"

"I remember," Peggy giggled. "You picked out that see-through red nightie for me to wear, and your eyes about popped out of your head when you saw me in it."

"Yeah, that was great."

"Well, I'm glad you thought so," his mother giggled.

"I never told you this…but that was a VERY special moment for me, especially what you did for

me…before we went to sleep," he admitted.

"Well…you had just become a man, so I wanted to do something you'd always remember."

"Which brings me to my question," Martin said with a nervous gulp. "Why did we never do anything

more than that?"

After a short silence, his mother answered. "Funny you should ask, because I've often wondered that

myself."

"Really? So do you think you would have ever…"

"Had sex with you?" his mother said, finishing his sentence. "Yes."

"Most definitely," her soft voice answered.

Martin's heart did somersaults in his chest. It was the most wonderful, yet tragic news he'd ever received. Like his own wife did with Cory, his mother had that same type of forbidden desire for him at that age, but sadly, they never acted on it.

"Are you still there, Martin?" Peggy asked. "Yeah, I'm here."

"Did you ask me that…because you think you think you would have liked it?" his mother asked. "Yes…I would have," he confessed without hesitation.

"Well, we are a little older, but you'll always be my little man, Martin. And I'll always be your mommy. Which means it's never too late to fulfill fantasies we wish we would have when we were younger."

Martin's entire body tingled with excitement. "You mean you'd…"

"Let you between my thighs?" she teasingly asked. "I most certainly would. Perhaps once you get back, we could manage a little time alone together somewhere. I'll bring the red nightie. I do still have it, you know," she giggled.

"I'd love that."

"Me too," Peggy uttered.

After his conversation with his own mother, Martin was convinced that what his wife and son were doing was perfectly natural. He gave them all the space they needed to create passionate memories together.

The next morning the two families said their goodbyes, with the promise of keeping in touch. Martin drove his family to their final destination, arriving there in the late afternoon. The Wigwam hotel was a series of rooms, built in the shape of authentic teepees.

"Do it in a teepee," Jewel read from a large weather-beaten sign displayed beside the Motel. "Oh, I plan to," she continued, looking lustfully into her son's eyes as she held his arm.

"OK…here we go," Martin said, emerging from the Motel office. He handed his wife a key. "One teepee for you two, and one teepee for Ann and I."

"Splendid!" Jewel beamed, mashing her boobies up against her boy. "See you guys bright and early?" "It's still early. Ann and I might have a swim. Are you sure you two don't wanna join us?"

Jewel gazed into Cory's eyes as she answered. "No, I think we'll just head to our teepee, for own little private powwow, right, baby?"

"Sounds good to me," replied her son, feeling a little funny at appearing so anxious to fuck his mom, while standing right in front of his father.

The room itself was nothing special. It was small and outdated, but the draw was the novelty and charm of staying in something that resembled a traditional wigwam.

After plopping her bag down beside the bed, Jewel embraced her boy and engaged him in a sensual French kiss. "Wanna shower with me?" she lustfully asked.

"Do you actually think I'd say no? Can I ask you something first?"
"Of course."

"Does dad know we're fucking?"

"What makes you say that?" Jewel giggled.

"Well, for starts…he let us sleep together last night in the houseboat and…we weren't exactly quiet," answered Cory. "Then he just lets us share a room like this…without even questioning it."

"Well, let's just say your father's turned a new leaf," Jewel implied, "but there's a chance he'll be back to the old side of that leaf once this trip's over, so we might have to go back to being sneaky again."

"It should certainly be easier to be sneaky when we're back at home."

"I agree," his mom said, then pulled him teasingly towards the bathroom. "Now, about that shower…"

Once in the bathroom, they shed their clothes as quickly as a bride and groom on their wedding night. Jewel started the shower and they hopped in together, kissing and fondling each other's wet naked bodies under the hot spray. "Are you gonna pound my cunt, baby?" the mother cooed between kisses. "Are you gonna pound mommy's hot dripping pussy under the teepee, with that big meaty totem pole between your legs?"

"Fuck yes!" the teen sighed, feeling his mom's hand grope his cock and balls. The way she clawed the meat of his genitals with her long nails was driving him insane.

"Fuck meee!" Jewel purred, throwing her lovely leg up around him. "Pin me to the wall and fuck the hell outta me!"

Cory happily complied, lifting his mom from the shower floor and pinning her up against the wall, crushing her wet ballooning tits between them. She guided his steely-hard cock into her horny cunt, squealing in delight as he plunged up her fuck-tube.

Their wet flesh slapped together in rhythmic passion as they engaged in a heated fuck. The feel of his mother's curvy body clinging on to him was out of this world, and Cory beat his throbbing prick up into her as deep as he could, while they fervently made out.

"Ohh!" Jewel gasped, gazing her boy in the eyes. "You're gonna make me cum again, aren't you? You're gonna make mommy's pussy gush all over your fat cock!"

"Yes!" the boy replied, continuing to hump at a steady pace.

They snarled lustfully, beating their wet sex organs together. Cory's fat dick thundered up and down his mom's pink pussy-tube, striking bottom on every powerful thrust. Jewel's pelvic floor muscles gave off wonderful pre-orgasmic contractions, smothering her boy's penis in the juicy ribbed lining of her vagina.

"Ohhbaby, I'm gonna cum!" the beautiful mother cried out.

"God!" Cory gasped, feeling her strong cuntal muscles contract around him. He felt his mom's body tremble wonderfully and the heat of her climax swept over the plunging meat of his prick, lighting his glans on fire. "AH, FUCK!!" the boy groaned, feeling his prostate swell and a raging torrent of hot semen rocket up the tube of his urethra. "UGGHH!!" he grunted, hosing out a big fat rope that splattered along his mom's cock-smothering walls.

Cory's dick stirred their orgasmic juices together, creating a thick frothy creamed that marinated his tender pink dick as he continued to push it through her twitching hole.

After he pulled out, they giggled playfully as they washed each other down. Cory's mom looked at him with her sexy smoldering eyes. "Ready to take this girl to bed and do it all over again, mister?" she softly asked.

"You bet," he eagerly replied.

After drying off, Jewel led her boy by the boner back into the bedroom, her thick nipples throbbing stiffly on the peaks of her huge bobbling tits.

Cory watched her crawl onto the mattress, pointing her thick naked ass back at him and wagging it invitingly. "Come take me from behind," she insisted.

The teen mounted her haunches and split her twat with the spear of his cock. For a good hour, he pounded her from behind, watching delightfully as her thick rounded mommy-ass beat against his midsection, making the fatty cheeks of her buttocks ripple.

Several times, Jewel would peek back at her teen in cock-lusting adoration, cheering him on. "Yeah, that's it, baby! Fuck me harder!"

"Mommy and Cory must really be tired," Ann told her father as they swam in the pool, while the set over the California desert.

"Probably, hon," Martin asked, looking over at his wife and son's teepee, knowing exactly what was going on inside. His heart swelled excitedly, knowing something similar could be soon happening with him and his own mother, Peggy.

Jewel and Cory fucked their asses off all night, cumming so many times they lost count. The teen spent hours under his mom doughy-soft tits, sucking and chewing at her engorged nipples, while she pumped her juicy cunt up and down the satisfying stiffness of his young prick.

By morning they were exhausted and looked like they'd just survived a shipwreck as they emerged from their room. "Well, aren't you two a site for sore eyes," Martin giggled. "Did you um…get any sleep at all?"

His groggy-eyed wife peered over at him. "What do you think?" she sarcastically asked.

"By the looks of you two…I'd say probably not. I hope you had a good time at least?" Martin asked, looking at his son.

"Yeah it was um…a pretty active night," Cory answered, sharing a gaze with his giggling mom.

"Yes it was," Jewel agreed, "and after a good breakfast and some coffee, we'll be ready for an 'active'

day in the 5th wheel, won't we, baby?" she winked.

Martin interjected before his son could answer. "Well, this IS the last stop on our trip, remember? So

the vacation's pretty much over," he commented, indirectly reminding her of their agreement.

"Martin, that's not true. We still have that long ride back home on the interstate. The trip's technically

not over until we're back home and we pull into the driveway," she argued.

"I suppose you're right," he huffed.

"Can I have ice cream for breakfast?" Ann asked, making the family laugh.

"Why the hell not," her father said, taking her hand and leading her towards the rig. "Let's go get ice cream."

Jewel took Cory's hand and they followed her husband and daughter. She spoke to her boy in a hushed tone. "When I used Brenda's fertility monitor yesterday, do you know what I found out?"

"What?" he inquired.

"That I'm starting my ovulation cycle today."

"Oh," Cory muttered, smiling mischievously as he looked over into his mom's sultry eyes.

"Feel like using that big dreamy dick to fuck a baby into mommy today?" Jewel asked in a sensual tone.

"That would be wild."

The heavy-titted mother giggled and gave him a quick smooch on the lips. "Then let's get fucking wild,"

she softly declared.

Cory was over the moon, knowing he'd soon be up to his ears in passionate 5th Wheel lovin'.

90: Mom's 12 Naughty Days of Christmas

Mom's 12 Naughty Days of Christmas

By Klrxo

"Since you're going off to college this next year, I wanna give you a Christmas that you'll really remember this time" said Bailey as she hovered over her son in the kitchen while he ate breakfast.

Carl was struck by how sexy his dark-haired mother looked in her red Christmas robe and Santa hat. The neck of her attire was peeked open enough for him to admire her gaping tit-cleavage, and what a tremendous cleavage it was! Bailey had breasts that could put most other women her age to shame. The same could be said about her ass, which was perfectly thick and rounded, just like a juicy peach.

"So, you bought me a car for Christmas?" Carl asked, half-jokingly. "That would certainly make it one to remember."

"You'll have to talk to your dad about that one. I wanna do the twelve days of Christmas with you…but in a way I think you'll love."

"The twelve days of Christmas?" the boy asked with a confused look.

"Yes, you know how it goes," his mom said, then started singing. "On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, a partridge in a pear tree!"

"Yeah, I know the song, mom. So, you're just gonna sing to me for twelve days?"

"No," she giggled, "but there are some other things I have in mind. I have twelve naughty gifts I'll be giving you; one for each day leading up to Christmas."

"Naughty gifts?" Carl asked, his interest suddenly piqued.

"Yep, starting with this one," Bailey replied, handing him what looked like a large Christmas colored gift tag.

Carl read it aloud. "DAY 1 – LET IT SHOW.

MOM WEARS A SANTA HAT AND NOTHING ELSE. "

When Carl looked up to get an explanation, his mom's robe had slipped off her shoulders and onto the floor so all that remained on her body was her Santa hat. "Holy smokes, mom…you're naked!" he exclaimed.

"Are you complaining?" she sheepishly asked. "Certainly not!"

Carl's lusty eyes roamed his mom's naked body. Her tits were just as huge as he always imagined, hanging heavily against her ribcage.

Spread across their peaks were the most delicious-looking areola and

nipples he had ever seen. His gaze drifted down her tapered torso to her pubic mound. Her lick labium formed a delightful camel toe and the plump clitoral hood peeked from between her puffy flanges.

"Goddamn, mom…you could model for a porn magazine!" the boy exclaimed.

"Thanks, hunny!" she laughed, making her bosom ripple. "I knew you'd enjoy seeing my naked body, since your eyes seem to be

undressing me every morning."

"Well, I'll admit…I have fantasized about this moment."

"That's why I added it to your list of naughty Christmas surprises," Bailey grinned, showing her perfect, sparkling-white teeth. "It's like I'm helping you spell Santa. You just need a little T and A."

Her joke made Carl laugh. "That's a good one, mom!"

"Oh, and my birthday suit does come with something extra." "Something extra?" the boy eagerly asked.

"Yes, it comes with a tight hug, before you rush off to school."

Carl watched her step towards him. Her melon-meat bobbled

deliciously, like mounds of figgy pudding, and he knew they would feel divine crushed against his young chest. "Can I, um…"

Baily paused just in front of him. "Can you what, hunny?" "Oh, never mind," he blushed.

"Carl, if there's something you want, just ask me. This is YOUR special gift."

"Can I take off my shirt for our hug?" "Of course, you can."

The teen quickly shed his t-shirt, and no sooner was it off than his mom was clutching onto him. Her fatty tit-mounds spread out across his lean, hairless chest, lewdly bulging out at the sides between them as they embraced for a tight hug. His mother whispered into his ear in a sultry tone. "Is that a candy cane in your pocket or are you just excited to see me naked?"

"The second one," he answered. His mom's body felt incredibly luscious, and her sweet perfume was intoxicating. Her thick teats were just as erect as his cock was as they poked against his chest.

This told him that she was enjoying giving his gift as much as he was receiving it.

"What are my other gifts? Can you give me a hint?" Carl asked.

"Nope, but let's just say that Santa won't be the only one 'coming' this Christmas," his mom whispered. Then, her pretty voice hummed the chorus to "12 Days of Christmas" in his ear while they hugged.

Carl could hardly focus during school that day. His mom's enormous, naked jugs had felt so squishy and warm against him that it was an hour before his dick went soft. If the other eleven gifts were just as

wonderful as his first one was then his mom was right, this would be

a Christmas he would remember forever.

It seemed like the following morning would never arrive. His dad and two siblings rushed out the door like they normally did, leaving Carl and his mom alone in the foyer. "This is for you," Bailey, handing him a Christmas tag.

Once again, Carl read it aloud. "DAY 2 - SANTA'S SEXY HELPER. YOU AND MOM HELP EACH OTHER OUT OF THOSE CLOTHES AND

INTO THE TUB. "

The boy looked at his mother anxiously. "We're taking a bath together?!"

"It sure sounds that way," she replied, with a Grinch-like grin. She took his hand and led him upstairs to the private bathroom she shared with her husband. The water to the tub was running and a cloud of bubbles was nearly overflowing.

Carl started undressing, but his mom moved over to help. "The tag said to 'help each other out of these clothes,' remember?" she

reminded him, tugging off his t-shirt.

The boy watched his mom squat down, unbutton his pants and pull them and his briefs off in one swoop. Carl had gotten hard before they even got up the stairs, so his boner sprung upward rigidly. The knob on the tip of his vein-encrusted shaft was shiny and bulbous, like a round, pink ornament on a Christmas tree.

Bailey's eyes widened in delight as she stared at her boy's erection for a moment. It was the length of one of those thick candy canes she had sucked on as a young girl and looked just as tasty. "Mmm, the stockings are 'hung' and so are you," she teased, licking her lips.

"Thanks," Carl proudly uttered.

"Your turn now," she smiled, standing back up. "Unwrap your mother

like a Christmas gift."

Carl slipped off his mom's robe, revealing a bright red Christmas bra and matching panties. "Keep going, baby…I'm not naked yet," his mom said.

Her silk-shrouded hooters brushed against him as he reached around to unclasp her bra. He pulled the cups away from her oversized milkers, making them wobble delectably. "Now my panties, hunny," whispered Bailey, guiding her boy's hands to the waistband of her dainty thong.

Carl's heart about beat out of his chest as he peeled her panties from her crotch and down her silky legs. He involuntarily licked his lips, staring at her hairless vulva. It was also a moment of lusty reverence, knowing that he was gazing at the pussy that had once birthed him.

Bailey led her son by the hand into the bathtub and they sunk into

the fluffy suds together. "Let me give my boy a scrub-a-dub-dub," she said in a sultry tone, kneeling between his legs. She got a sponge nice and soapy, then began washing her boy's youthful body.

"Mmm, mom's gonna wash every inch of you," Bailey whispered as she scrubbed her son's shoulders. Her giant tits dangling only a foot from Carl's face, and he stared wondrously at her gaping wet cleavage.

"Your tits sure are big and beautiful, mom," he commented, marveling at the way they hung so heavily from her chest and bobbled to every move she made.

"You've been wanting to see my tits naked for a long time, haven't you, naughty boy?" Bailey asked with a knowing smile.

"Yeah, but I never thought I'd actually get to see them."

"Well, someone's Christmas wish came true this year, didn't it?

There's another sponge sitting there. Do you wanna wash mommy's boobies, while I give your penis some scubby-lovin?"

"Definitely!" the boy blurted, reaching for the other sponge.

Still kneeling between his legs, Bailey leaned forward, draping one arm around her boy's neck. She put the other hand beneath the sudsy water and began to wash his prick and balls. "Mmm, I'm dreaming of a white Christmas," she whispered, staring into her son's eyes, "and I'm not talking about snow."

Carl gasped as he felt the soft sponge swathe his throbbing cock in a delightful up and down motion. He reached up and cupped her dangling udders, letting his fingers sink into their squishy meat.

"Mmm, how do they feel, handsome? Like warm, soft gingerbread?" his mom's sweet voice asked.

"Uh-huh."

"You can pull on the nipples…you're not gonna hurt them," urged the mother.

Carl tugged on her wet, rubbery teats, wishing he could slurp one inside his mouth and suck like a baby.

"Close your eyes, hunny. Let mom tell you a warm Christmas story," Bailey whispered with her lips to his ear.

Carl clenched his eyes shut, focusing on the stroking sponge, the squishy feel of his mom's boobs and the sweet sound of her voice. "Once upon a time, there was a boy named Jarvis. Jarvis wanted lots of toys for Christmas, but his family was extremely poor. This saddened his mother, June. She wanted to give her son a special Christmas, but she simply didn't have the means to buy him anything that he really wanted. Then, the mother realized that she could make his holiday special after all, and that it wouldn't cost her a cent."

Bailey began to increase the friction around Carl's cock by squeezing

the sponge with her hand as she continued speaking. "Jarvis's mother had great big boobies, with thick, delicious nipples that he could suck on all he wanted. She also had a nice tight, skilled pussy that could pump and soak his young cock for hours!"

Carl gasped and his body shuddered from both the feeling his mom was giving his boner and the naughty words that were spouting luridly from her mouth. Bailey continued her story. "June snuck into her son's room early Christmas morning and fucked his virile boner, making his jingle bells ring as he pumped all his warm, creamy eggnog up into her dripping hot pussy."

Carl was unable to hold off his own load as Bailey tugged his tingling pecker exquisitely beneath the water. He let out a guttural grunt as

his semen load began to hose from his piss-slit, into the smothering sponge. Bailey's pretty voice began to hum a Christmas son as she listened to her boy gasp and grunt in orgasm.

"OHH, GOD, MOM!" the boy groaned, writhing beneath her, and mauling her fatty tits as she stroked him off.

Carl loved how his mom acted just like her normal self that night, giving no indication that something naughty had happened between them that morning.

"Have a good day, son!" said his dad as he rushed for the door the next morning. "Oh, your mom told me to tell you to come upstairs. She wants to talk to you about something."

"Thanks, dad. See ya!" said Carl, closing the door behind him. He anxiously went upstairs to his parents' bedroom and peeked inside. "Mom?"

"Dim the lights and turn on some music, hunny," she said from the

bathroom. "I'll be right out."

Carl did as she asked, then watched as his mom stepped from the bathroom. She wore a beautiful red Christmas gown that clung to her luscious curves. It had a haltered neckline, showing off an obscene amount of tit-cleavage. Her sexy, shaved legs peeked from slits that ran from her waist down, and her pretty feet were propped in six- inch mules.

"This is for you," she said, handing her boy a red Christmas tag.

Carl read it aloud. "DAY 3 – JINGLE BELL ROCK OUR BODIES TOGETHER. "

TELL EACH OTHER YOUR NAUGHTY CHRISTMAS WISHES, WHILE YOU AND MOM SLOWLY DANCE TOGETHER."

Bailey grasped on to her son, joining their horny bodies for a slow dance. The dim lights and erotic music created the perfect atmosphere. "Tell mom what you want for Christmas, hunny," she whispered to her son.

"Honestly, there's only one thing I can think of right now," he confessed.

"And what might that be?"

"By the way you've been teasing me, you should have a pretty good idea, mom."

"Well, it sounds as if we both want the same sort of Christmas gift," she stated.

"You think so?"

"Well, let me tell you what I want…and you can tell me if it's the same gift idea that you had."

"Alright."

His mom embraced him even tighter, crushing her spongy tits against

him as she brought her lips to his ear. "I want a nice, deep Christmas fuck," she whispered, making him gasp in arousal. "I wanna feel your chestnuts roasting by the open fire, while they beat against my upturned ass."

Carl was too shocked to answer for a moment, but finally he blurted something. "That's exactly what I want!"

"Oh, my baby wants hot Christmas pussy!" she cheered, squeezing him even tighter. "He wants to shimmy up mom's chimney and make us have a 'not so silent' night together, doesn't he?"

"Yes!"

The mother reached down and squeezed his rigid member through his pants. "On Christmas day, let's pretend we're presents and 'get laid' under the tree," she seductively whispered.

"That might be a risky place to do it."

"Yes…risky and thrilling! Can you imagine the look on your father's face if he saw our naked bodies entwined and slapping together beneath the Christmas tree? Imagine just how shocked he'd be when he saw how your balls were beating against his wife's ass, he might think you're the little drummer boy," the mother snickered, squeezing on the knob of her boy's rod.

"That's a not something I'd want him to see. He'll kill us!"

"At least I'd die with a satisfied pussy, getting fa-la-la-la-la-laid!" sang Bailey.

She tugged her boy's cock through his pants as they slow danced, wishing she could tear of his clothes and squeeze that hard slab of dick into her dripping cunt. After a few minutes of intense cock-fondling she heard her son begin to grunt as hot jizz began to erupt from his piss-slit, filling his underwear with sticky goo. Bailey

hummed the chorus of the 12 days of Christmas as she squeezed her

son off through his pants.

Twenty-four hours later, she was humming again, while grinding against his lap in a wonderful lap dance. Carl had been given another tag that read:

"Day 4 – WINTER WONDERLAND LAP DANCE

LET MOM SIT ON YOUR SUGAR-STICK AND MAKE YOU SPURT BETWEEN HER HONEY-BUNS. "

Carl was doing just that as his mom ground her delectable bubble butt on his rigid prick. The G-string that stretched across Bailey's asshole was the only thing that separated their grinding flesh. Her boobs were barely contained within a snowflake-patterned bikini top and jiggled around lewdly as she gyrated on her boy's lap. "Santa's lap isn't the only place wishes come true," Bailey stated, winking back at him.

"True!" Carl replied with an excited gulp.

"I bet you wish my booty was a stocking, so you could 'stuff' it right now, don't you, hunny?!"

"Uh-huh!" the boy moaned as a hot load of teenage jizz began splattering between his mom's butt cheeks.

"Mmm, mom's ass is like a bunch of warm Christmas cookies, isn't it?" Bailey cooed. "You just needed to add your warm milk."

"Ohhh, mom!" he gasped, tossing his head back as strong ejaculatory spurts erupted from his butt-smothered penis-tip. Bailey made sure she had milked every drop before she stopped.

"Speaking of Christmas goodies…you even helped mom with her

holiday baking this year, hunny," said the mother as she raised off his lap. "Look, we made some yummy sticky buns together."

Her plump, rounded butt cheeks were shiny and 'sticky' with his boy-goo. Carl couldn't help but stare at her meaty ass-globes. The G-string was wedged so far up her ass-crack that that she might as well have been naked.

"DAY 5 - A VERY MERRY MAKE-OUT," read the boy as he looked at the tag his mother had given him. "KEEP THINGS NICE AND SLIGHTLY SPICED WITH SOME SWEET HOLIDAY SMOOCHING WITH MOM."

"Lay back on your bed," Bailey said, nudging him back, so Carl sprawled on his mattress, wearing only his underwear. He had been late for school every day this week, but his mom didn't seem to care, so neither should he.

Bailey glanced up at her son's ceiling as she crawled onto him. She had come to his room wearing only a crotchless fishnet body stocking. "What's that I see up there…mistletoe?" she lustfully asked.

"Yeah, a bunch of it," said the boy, playing along.

"Well…a guess we'll have to do a 'bunch' of smooching then, won't we?"

"You won't hear me complain any," her son replied, staring at the melons that were pushing against the sheer fabric.

Bailey blanketed her horny teen with the heavenly softness of her luscious body as they began kissing. Having his mom's tongue slither into his mouth like a slippery Christmas eel and lash around with his own licker was completely surreal.

The mother planted her bare cunt firmly against his sinewy fuck-

muscle, marveling at his youthful hardness. As they made out like two lovers on Christmas morning, Bailey ground her vulva against him in a subtle dry fuck.

"I'm gonna start calling your bed my one-horse open sleigh," Bailey whispered between kisses.

"Why's that?"

"Because I bet it's really fun to ride in."

Carl had never been with a girl who could kiss as well as his mother. He could tell that she loved it and really knew what she was doing. "You're really good at kissing, mom," the boy gasped.

"Imagine what else I'm good at," she answered, while planting enthusiastic kisses on his lips. Bailey gazed into his eyes longingly. "Are you anxious to feel me from the inside, hunny?"

"I sure am!" he nodded, still in disbelief that she was asking him such questions.

"Unlike Santa, you WON'T be wrapping your package before you shove it down my chimney. Your hard penis will be simmering in my oven, like warm, honey-glazed ham."

"Oh, shit, mom!" the boy gasped as she began kissing and licking his neck. He writhed his hips beneath her, sharing the rhythm of her swiveling crotch. The heat that escaped her fuck-slit was beginning to warm his penis immensely, and the friction she created made him feel like he was having his dick stroked off.

"Oh, I think mom's on the naughty list this year," said Bailey. "Cheating on your father with you and being a ho ho ho bag for the holidays."

"It's so fun though!"

"It is fun, isn't it, hunny? Having mom spread her Christmas cheer all

over your cock," Bailey stated, 'spreading' her love-juices all over her boy's underwear as she humped against him.

"You can spread as much of that cheer as you want." "Oh, don't you worry…your cock will be soaked in it." "That's gonna feel incredible."

"You know…your Christmas gift today mentioned smooching my lips, but it DIDN'T really specify which ones," the mother pointed out as she slid up his body, then straddled his head. "Maybe THESE were the lips it was talking about."

Carl squeezed on his cock through his briefs, while staring up at his mom's shaved pussy, which hovered just above his face. The labial folds were swollen with desire and his mom's plump, pink clit protruded from its fleshy hood. "Maybe so," he replied. "I'd love to kiss those lips."

Bailey lowered her sopping slit onto her boy's face. Carl began licking her cunt like a starving dog, lapping up the cream that seeped from her vagina, delighting in the pungent taste and aroma of his mother's secretions.

"Oh, baby," Bailey moaned. "If my pussy were a snowman, you'd have it melted into a puddle by now."

Bailey's grape-sized clit protruding from the top of her pussy slit. Carl wrapped his lips around the nubbin, sucking it like it was a swollen nipple. Immediately his mother bucked and squealing as she fucked her shaved pussy all over her teen's face. "Yes…eat me like Christmas dinner!" she gasped.

The mother peered back and watched her boy fish his boner from his underwear and begin stroking its horny length. She licked her lips, her eyes fixed on the slippery pre-goo that seeped from the slit of his

knob. "Mmm, the only 'package' that I want for Christmas this year is

that one, hunny."

Carl sucked her clit even harder, his face masked by the hot flanges of his mom's cunt. "I'm cumming, baby!" he heard her whimper as she shamelessly fucked his face.

The teen was so enthralled by the feel, smell, and flavor of his mom's quivering cunt that the milky jism began to spurt out of his cock-slit. He made a point not to wash his face after he was finished, so he could smell the sweet, intoxicating aroma of his mom's pussy while he was at school.

The next day was Saturday, but that didn't stop Bailey from playing Santa. She invited her son to go shopping with her, but instead of visiting the store, they parked off a quiet dirt road just outside of town.

"DAY 6 – THE 'SOUTH' POLE," Carl read from the tag his mom brought.

"LET MOM GIVE THE GIFT OF A LITTLE EXTRA LOVIN' TO YOUR

LOWER REGION. "

Bailey peered over at her son's crotch a grinned lasciviously. "Mmm, you've already got a hardon, Carl!" she stated, reaching over to unzip his pants. "Have you been thinking about my tight pussy all morning?"

"Uh-huh!" the boy nodded, watching her fish out his cock.

She pulled his pants and underwear to his ankles, then doted over his erect sex organ, hungrily licking her chops. "It's so much longer and thicker than your father's. I can tell you're quite the 'elf-a-male,' aren't you?" she teased, making her son laugh.

"Does my boy like to get his dick stroked and sucked on?"

"I love it!"

"I hope so, because Mrs. Clause has a hot, sloppy blowjob in store for you today," said Bailey, climbing onto her knees on the seat and lowering her head to his crotch. "Mm, leaky boy," the mother cooed, then fluttered her tongue on the tip of his prick, swiping off his tasty pre-jizz.

Carl could hardly believe his eyes as he watched her long, thick licker whip all over his shiny bell glans. His mom opened her mouth wide and wormed his meaty cock shaft into throat. His swollen crown brushed past her tonsils, nearly causing her to gag on his tool.

"Damn, mom…that feels amazing!" the teen confessed, while watching her pretty head bob up and down on the turgid stiffness of his prick. Lewd gurgling sounds filled Bailey's vehicle as she gorged herself on her son's delicious boner.

"Mmm, even Santa can't make candy as sweet as your dick is," the mother mewled between sucks. Her tongue curled around his glans, tracing the collar of his coronal ridge, then flickering against the band of his frenulum. She clamped her hand around the base of his boner and beat his meat between the rounded ring of her lips, making her boy writhe in pleasure.

"Mommy's mouth does it best, doesn't it, sweet boy?" Bailey asked. "We moms know just how to suck a young, tasty dick."

Bailey knew his balls would spurt up a big load any second and she was eager to taste his virile nectar. She thoroughly enjoyed the flavor of sperm and knew Carl's potent baby makers would be especially sweet sizzling on her taste buds.

"Oh, Mom! You're gonna make me cum!" the teen announced.

The heavy-titted mother sucked him feverishly, while jacking his cock

at its root. Her hand was a blur, she was stroking his meaty stalk so fucking fast. Then, torrential ropes of hot cum began splattering through the inside of her mouth, and she gulped it down as quickly as she could.

The lucky teen squirmed on the car seat as he felt his beautiful mother milk every drop of cum that he had to offer. "OK, mom…ok!" he winced as his boner became extremely sensitive between her lips.

Despite his urgency for her to stop, Bailey continued sucking, gliding her rounded lips up and down his rod with long, sweeping sucks. Her fist remained tightly clamped around the throbbing root, and she dragged her hand slowly upward to pump out the last toe-clenching drops of his ejaculation.

"Damn, mom…that was the best blowjob I ever got!" the boy sighed.

"You shot off such a big load, hunny," she cooed, licking the residual spunk off her lips. "Teenage boys have such tasty ball-juice."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"Your knob is so shiny and red after that, it looks like Rudolph's glowing nose," Bailey giggled as she continued to milk his throbbing prick with her fist, staring intently at the bulbous, shiny-skinned crown.

Late the following night, the living room was illuminated with the magical glow of Christmas lights. Near the tree, two completely covered figures were writhing beneath a big blanket on the floor.

"This is SO cool, mom!" Carl whispered, laying on top of his gorgeous mother as they made out. Bailey wore only a skimpy, white baby doll nighty allowing her son to enjoy her delectable curves. Earlier, she had given him a Christmas tag that read:

"DAY 7 – CANDY CANE CUDDLES

"SNEAK IN SOME SNUGGLES WITH MOM ALONGSIDE THE

CHRISTMAS TREE. "

It was risky with Bailey's husband upstairs sleeping, but also incredibly thrilling. Sprawled on her back, she had her strong, naked mommy-legs harnessed securely around her boy's back, fastening him against her voluptuous body. This time she allowed Carl to be naked so he could dig his raging cock-flesh against the heated, panty-covered mound of her pussy.

"Mmm, you like our naughty reindeer games, don't you, hunny?" Bailey whispered between wet, sexual kisses.

"I sure do!"

"You've got a special toy from Santa's workshop, just for mom, don't you?" she asked, feeling his muscled slab plow against her overheated pubis. "One that makes me wanna Scrooge!"

Bailey grasped onto her boy's taut, naked ass with her long nails, guiding his delightful dry humps. Her pussy was so wet that it had completely saturated her panty-crotch. "Yes…push that yule log against me, baby," she softly whimpered. "Show me how you plan on taking me Christmas day."

Carl was on cloud nine. His mom's huge hooters felt so Goddamn good against his chest with the silk of her nighty only accentuating their squishy suppleness. He slid his hands up beneath the skirt of her nighty and onto her smooth belly as their wiggly tongues dueled inside his mouth.

Bailey knew that her tit-obsessed boy was dying to get his mitts on her giant G-cups again. "Go ahead, angel," she whispered between kisses, "reach up and squeeze those jiggle jugs."

The boy eagerly slid his hands up onto her fatty mams. Bailey's tit-

caps were crinkled in arousal, and her teats protruded stiffly, like tiny erections. Carl pinched them in his palms as his fingers sunk into the meat of his mom's breasts.

"Mmm, don't they feel titilicious, hunny? Big holiday hooters for my tit-starving boy!"

Even though there was no penetration, the depraved couple looked as though they were fucking beneath the blanket. Their bodies writhed passionately together in a feverish dry fuck, while feasting on each other's lips. "Do you hear what I hear?" the mother panted, gazing up at him. "It's the sound of sparks flying between us."

Soon their nearly naked body were dry humping violently. Bailey clung to her hard-thrusting teenager, squeezing her strong legs around him to keep their horny crotches pressed together. "There you go, baby!" she excitedly squealed. "Move that body like you're fucking the piss outta me!"

Bailey was delighted by how her son's eyes lit up as his penis began ejaculating between them. She could feel the blood and muscle in his thick shaft flex and strain, each time he shot a gooey cord of cum between their hugging crotches.

The next morning, Bailey was in the kitchen, writing out the next tag to give to her son. "DAY 8 – HOLIDAY SWEET TREATS

"USE YOUR FAVORITE SWEET TREAT TO 'SPREAD' THE HOLIDAY

CHEER – ON EACH OTHER," she wrote. Then, she looked over at the bottle of whipped cream and chocolate sauce, smiling mischievously.

"What are the ingredients for?" asked her husband as he stepped into the kitchen.

"I'm just, um…doing some baking this morning," she lied.

"I bet it'll be yummy," said her hubby.

"Oh, it will be!" grinned his wife. *"Chocolate covered flesh, topped off with whipped cream,"* she thought, then licked her lips anxiously. She couldn't wait for her husband to leave so she could rush upstairs.

Ten minutes later, Carl was on his back, on the middle of his parent's bed, staring up at his mom's naked, ballooning tits. "I hope you're hungry for something sweet this morning, hunny," his mom giggled, making her fatty mammaries jiggle.

"I am!" he replied, shifting his gaze to their crotches. Since his mom was straddling him and they were both naked, their genitals were smothered together. He marveled at the way his horny boner was sandwiched between his abdomen and her vulva, resting in the moist slit between her cuntal flanges.

Carl looked back up as his mom popped open the chocolate sauce. She had heated it up, so it was warm and liquid-like. Bailey began pouring it all over her huge titties, smiling down at her son's excited reaction. Then, she doused her heavy hangers with whipped cream. "How's this for a holiday sweet treat, hunny?" she asked,

"It looks delicious!" he answered, his eyes nearly bugging out of his skull.

"Speaking of holiday food," said the mother, "have I mentioned that I can wait for you to pound the gravy out of my biscuit with your sausage?"

Her words made the boy's heart skip a beat. "I can't wait either. I hope THAT'S coming soon!"

"Oh, it is, but in the meantime, let's enjoy licking and sucking these Christmas yummies off each other," said Bailey, lowering her bobbling boobie-treats to her son's face.

Carl's body shuddered from the feel of his mom's chocolate and

whipped cream covered breasts wobbling around his face. He licked his way up into her soft, gaping tit-cleavage, cleaning off as much of the sticky sweets as he could and enjoying every second of it.

Bailey held her boy's head between her bounteous bosom, while grinding her fleshy clit against his cock-shaft. "If I was the Grinch, I wouldn't steal Christmas. I'd steal you, and grind on your fucking cock every day," she whimpered.

Carl licked his way around the creamy contour of his mom's tit, like it was a huge, yummy ice cream cone. He found her chocolate covered nipple and greedily suctioned it into his mouth, spreading his lips across her wonderfully wide areolar ring. Bailey leaned down further, letting her cute tit-elf feel the delightful weight of her breast against his face.

"HOLY FUCK!" the boy's brain exclaimed as his face sunk into the soft, fatty, and glandular tissue of his mom's warm tit-melon. He sucked hard at her rubbery teat, chewing at it lightly with his teeth. He could stay there all day if she weren't providing such exquisite cuntal friction on his boy cock, grinding him towards a powerful ejaculation.

"Is this how you like it, sweet boy? Bailey naughtily asked. "Do you want mom to fuck your hot dick cowgirl style?"

"Mm-hmm!" Carl replied while battering her nipple with his slobbery tongue.

"You'll forget all about those High School sluts. Mom will show her boy how girls can REALLY fuck!"

Bailey was also nearing a hot climax. Her boy's slippery pre-cum was providing wonderful lubrication for her to hump their engorged sex bulbs together. "Is this black Friday, baby?" she panted. "Because you're about to get me one hundred percent off!"

She heard her boy squeal against the sloshing flesh of her breast and

felt his knob mushroom against her humping cunt-lips. Her inner labia flanked his blue-veined stalk and drug up and down its legth like two wet tongues. Struck with an orgasm, Carl's young ass rose from the bed, lifting his mom up as his legs shivered. His grunting, ejaculatory cries were muffled by pounds of tit-meat.

Bailey's climax crested also, and her luscious body began to convulse in a orgasmic fit. Carl wrapped his arms around his busty mom to keep her from bucking right off him. He feasted on the pink, fleshy peak of her breast, while they both writhed in sexual delight.

"DAY 9 - SANTA'S TOY SHOP

STROKE ON YOUR CANDY CANE, WHILE YOU WATCH MOM GET OFF USING HER FAVORITE GIZMOS," Carl read.

"You get to be a kid in Toyland today, hunny," Bailey stated, shucking off her robe. "Get yourself naked, while I fetch my favorite sex gadgets."

Carl quickly stripped down to his birthday suit. He was already rigid from just the anticipation of what was coming, but the sight of his mom's bare-naked body sent exquisite tingles through his meaty appendage.

Armed with a couple of sex toys, Bailey plopped down onto the bed in front of him and shamelessly spread her lovely legs apart. "I've got two vibrating love-eggs here, one for my pussy and one for my ass," she explained.

"Your ass too?!" the boy asked in fascination.

"Yes, angel. We moms love things that vibrate shoved up our asshole while we masturbate."

"That's the coolest thing ever!" the boy commented, stroking on his

cock, while watching his mother lube up her toys for penetration. She quickly slipped them inside her holes, so there were only tiny pink stems sticking from her cunt and ass-ring. Then, Bailey grabbed her vibrating wand and clicked it on high. She immediately began using it on her engorged clit.

Carl loved the way his mom was staring hungrily at his cock, while furiously rubbing her love-nubbin with her wand. "You like what you see, mom?" he boldly asked.

"Uh-huh!" she gasped, dragging her tongue across her lips as she stared at his scrumptious-looking dong. "Christmas candy isn't the only thing sweet and hard I wanna enjoy this holiday season."

The mother's clit tingled, the walls of her cunt and ass humming with delightful vibration. She watched her boy's fat, juicy knob slip through his fist, imagining what that pink, fleshy bulb would feel like burrowing against her cervical head, smearing it with pre-cum. She knew her boy had the cock-length to hit every sensitive nerve in her vagina and make her cum so fucking hard that the neighbors would hear her scream.

"Call me a Christmas candle," said the mother, gazing into his eyes, while rubbing her hot clit, "because my pussy is burning for you."

Carl marveled at how wide his mom's legs were scissored open. Her dainty bare feet with their toenails painted Christmas red, were pointing to opposite sides of her bedroom. Her giant jugs lurched on her chest, rippling to the violent strokes she was giving her clit with the sex toy.

They shared a magical stare, reading the pleasure on each other's faces. "Let's cum together!" the mother stated, her voice shaky from an impending climax.

"I'm ready when you are!"

"Not yet…I'm almost there!" shouted Bailey as she rubbed her clit

frantically. "Don't cover your dick when you cum. Frost my body with your cock-glaze!"

Carl's eyes widened as his mom's beautiful frame began to quiver, and she squealed lewdly. "NOW!" Bailey shrieked. "HOSE ME WITH YOUR HOLIDAY GOO!"

Carl grunted and his boner pulsated, delivering a long, milky rope of jizz onto his mom's writhing body. More cream erupted from his meatus in rapid succession, splattering obscenely onto Bailey's tummy, tits, neck, and face. It was two minutes before the two of them stopped cumming, and what a merry two minutes it was!

"Mmm, mommy has a bunny rub for her baby!" Bailey exclaimed, slapping her meaty breasts around her boy's boner as he sat at the edge of his bed.

Only a minute ago, Carl had read from his Christmas tag. "DAY 10 – O TITTIE-TEASE, O TITTIE TEASE!

BUST YOUR LOAD BEWEEN MOM'S BIG SQUISHIES AND GIVE HER A PEARL NECKLACE FIT FOR A CHRISTMAS QUEEN."

"Oh, your dick is SO hard, Carl!" Bailey cooed, squeezing her boobs together as she humped them around his steely stiffness.

"You have a way of making it that way, mom," said the boy, watching his knob emerge from her cleavage on every downward stroke.

"You've given your mother the best gift of the season…this big fucking teenage dick!" she stated pumping his cock steadily between her tits. "Good tidings aren't the only thing I'm giving you on Christmas day!"

"Oh yeah…what else do you plan on giving me?" Carl asked, playing

stupid.

"Let's just say that the Christmas tree isn't the only thing that's going to have an angel on top of it."

Carl watched his mom pause for a moment and let saliva dribble from her mouth, down into her cleavage. This provided wonderful, natural lubrication, so his cock could continue to slip fluidly through her squishy tit-furrow.

"Mmm, am I jingling your bells, baby?" his mom asked in the sultriest tone he'd ever heard. "Are you gonna give me a white Christmas?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Have you got something special in the sack for me, Santa?" she asked, reaching down, and fondling his cum-bloated nut-sack.

"Damn, mom…you're so hot!" he gasped, his rod tingling between her spongy tits.

"Oh yeah? You want mom to 'jingle bell rock' your world on Christmas day?"

"Yes, please!"

"I'll be mom and you can be Santa. We'll make our own Christmas magic right up inside my hot, dripping hole," Bailey mewled, tirelessly pumping her boy's blood engorged cock.

"God, you're gonna make me cum if you keep talking like that!" the boy sighed.

"Mmm, you wanna empty your sack good, hunny, just like Santa does?"

"Oh, God, mom!" the boy whimpered, bouncing his ass from the bed so he could meet her tit-strokes.

"Ahh, that big hard, teenage dick!" Bailey cooed. "So virile and horny

for hot, creamy pussy! I've got it for you, baby. Mom's gonna sleeve that tender meat in first-class pussy and fuck you so hard you'll be begging to come home from college!"

"I can't hold it, mom! Oh fuck!" the boy's shaky voice exclaimed. A powerful load of jism bursting from the tip of Carl's tit-smothered prick and splattered up his mom's cleavage. Repeatedly, cum erupted from his throbbing cock shaft, sending ropes of pearly-white semen up around his mom's neck, giving her that necklace she dreamed of.

Bailey continued to turn on the dirty talk as she used her monster-melons to drain his balls completely of fuck juice. "You'll like the sound of our naked bodies beating together, while we have a very merry fuck-session on your bed."

After draining him completely, a lewd feeling of contentment coursed through her sexy body as she felt her boy draw his prick out from between her cum-soaked tits.

"Hey, Aunt Gina. Hey, Aunt Renee, what are you all doing here?" Carl asked the next morning. His mom's twin sisters were slightly younger than Bailey was and incredibly beautiful. They had matching honey- blonde hair and sparkling green eyes.

"We're here to help your mom with your naughty gift today," Renee answered.

"Here you go, baby," said Bailey, handing her boy his tag.

Carl read it aloud. "DAY 11 – THREE MAIDS A-MILKING…YOUR COCK

WHAT BETTER WAY FOR A BOY TO ENJOY THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS THAN TO BE BURIED IN FEMALE FLESH."

He looked over and watched all three women slip their tops off. "We

love big dick," said Gina, "and we hear you have quite the whopper, Carl."

Renee looked at her nephews cotch, which she could tell was hardening beneath his pants. Then, she smiled over at Bailey. "I'm not a weatherman, but I can tell already that you can expect more than a few inches tomorrow," she joked.

Bailey laughed then looked at her son. "Much more than a few, trust me. Get naked, hunny," she urged, "Show them how long and fat your cock is."

Carl shed his clothes, while watching them do the same. Normally, his two aunts would have tits the size of his mother's, but they had both recently given birth, so their breasts were incredibly milk engorged.

"Shit!" the boy gasped as Gina and Renee's milkers burst from their bras. They were some of the biggest Goddamn tits he had ever seen, especially on such seemingly fit frames. Their huge areolar caps were deep shades of purple in color and dotted with Montgomery tubercles. The nipples that protruded from their centers were fat and rubbery.

"I hope you like breastmilk, sweet nephew," Renee grinned, cupping her heavy hooters. Tit-nectar began squirting out of several milk-ducts surround her two thick teats. "Because WE have a lot of it!"

"It looks delicious!" the boy replied, licking his chops. He watched the three of them remove their dainty silk panties, sliding them down their lovely shaved mommy-legs. The boy marveled at their hairless crotches.

"All three of you are shaved down there," he noted.

"That's because we like to fuck…a lot," Gina replied. "It's easier just

to be bare down there and not have to worry about pubic hair getting in the way of anyone's tongue or cock."

Both his aunts gasped as the boy removed his briefs, exposing his erect prick. "You were right, Bailey...the 'South Pole' does look like a wonderful place to spread our holiday cheer," Renee stated, her tongue nearly hanging out with lust.

The teen anxiously watched the three of them crawl onto the bed with him, their heavy, wobbling melons hanging down nearly to his mattress as they crawled towards him like a herd of hungry reindeer. "Do you girls know what my son and a Christmas tree have in common?" Bailey asked.

"What?" asked Gina.

"They both stay 'up' for as long as you want them to, they have cute balls, and they look good with the lights on or off."

"That funny, and true!" Gina giggled.

"Damn, kid," gasped Renee, grasping her nephew's boner and slowing stroking its rigid length. "The horse down the street just called. He wants his cock back."

"Too bad…it's mine now!" Carl said proudly.

"That's debatable," his mom protested. "I seem to be using it more than you do the past eleven days."

Hungrily, the three sisters milked and squeezed his thick, pulsing prick, making clear cock juice ooze out of the cum-slit.

"Mmm, fuck, Carl," his Aunt Gina hissed, lusting after him with her sultry green eyes, "the only reason I'd kick you out of MY bed is to fuck you on the floor."

"Wow, I've never had three hands wrapped around my cock at once,"

the boy sighed. He humped his ass on the bed, fucking his prick through their tightly stroking fists. Overwhelmed with lust, the mothers frantically started giving him a hand job, pumping their pretty hands wildly, up and down his erect cock-shaft.

Carl brazenly reached over and squeezed their dangling tit-melons. His hands sunk into their fatty mounds, pinching their supple teats between his fingers.

"Do you need one to suck on, sweet nephew?" asked his Aunt Gina. Then, she crawled over and planted one of her milk-swollen tits directly on his face. The teen began suckling like a boy in Wonderland, drawing her tumescent boobie-tip deep in his mouth.

"Mmnnff!" Carl gasped as breastmilk burst into his mouth and down his throat like sweet ambrosia.

Gina's wet pussy throbbed and hungered for young cock as her nephew gorged himself on the creamy peak of her tit. After a few minutes, she popped one leaky nipple from his mouth and replaced it with the other.

"It's SO big and fat!" Renee exclaimed, admiring the swollen crown of Carl's boner as it slipped through her fist. "Can I take a picture of it, so I can show Santa what I want for Christmas?"

"Sorry, sis," said Bailey as she played with her son's balls. "I'm afraid he already has a reservation inside someone's else's pussy on Christmas day."

"Lucky them," Renee said with a wink, "I bet she really gets the juices fucked out of her."

She jacked her handsome nephew's cock exquisitely, eagerly anticipating the eruption of hot cum-ropes from his leaky slit.

While one twin sister jerked him off and the other let him nurse,

Bailey softly kissed her way up her son's torso, letting her dangling tits drag teasingly against his abs. When she reached Carl's neck and started showering it with butterfly licks, the boy felt his orgasm coming on quickly.

"Oh, Carl…I wanna fuck you so bad!" his mom whispered, making his body shudder. "I can't wait to feel you ravaging my hot pussy with that huge fucking cock!"

Carl's teeth clamped down on Gina's nipple and milk spewed from his mouth as he let out a guttural pleasure-groan.

Long sappy ribbons gushed out of his piss-hole and sailed into the air, making his Aunt Renee squeal in cock-pumping delight. "Oh, look at all that liquid love!" his aunt cooed, pulling and tugging at the blue- veined hardness of his cock as she emptied his balls of their heavy load.

"Hunny, Carl wants me to come up to his room and play that new video game we bought him," Bailey told her husband. "It requires two players."

"Alright, hun," uttered her husband, half asleep on the couch. Bailey was right, the game did require two players, but one 'joystick' would be buried inside of her.

"Ready for your final Christmas gift, hunny?" Bailey asked as she stepped inside her son's room and closed the door.

"I sure am!" answered Carl, waiting anxiously at the edge of his bed.

"I've checked twice, and you're definitely on Santa's naughty list," his mom winked as she sashayed over on bare feet and handed him his twelfth Christmas tag. He read it aloud. "DAY 12 - SLEIGH RIDE WITH MOM

MOM TAKES THE REINS AND GIVES HER BOY A RIDE HE'LL NEVER

FORGET. MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Wasting no time, they both began throwing off their clothes. Carl loved that his mom seemed just as anxious as he was to fuck their asses off. "Get on your back!" said Bailey, stripping off her panties.

Carl sprawled back on his mattress and his mom turned on some Christmas music to drown out the cries of pleasure that she knew would soon be filling his bedroom.

"Are you looking for a tree topper, baby?" asked Bailey as she crawled up and straddled him. "Because I've been told I'm a star on top."

"Sure!" he anxiously replied, staring at her bobbling tits as she lifted his cock, pointing it up towards her naked crotch.

Bailey loved wrapping her fingers around his oversized cock. It was intensely hard, and she yearned to have his thick, sinewy shaft pounding away at her horny twat. She pulled his thick foreskin

down, making his shiny knob mushroom and nudge against her freshly shaved cuntal flanges.

"Merry Christmas, Carl," she whispered, then she split her twat with his rod, sinking him inside of her.

"Oh, wow!" the boy gasped, feeling his tender erection plunge into the hottest, tightest pussy he could ever imagine screwing.

Bailey squealed as her son's teenage boner squeezed up through the slippery, corrugated tissues of her fuck-hole. The fact that Carl's cock was so much bigger than her husband's sent tingles through her groin as he stimulated nerve endings that she hadn't had touched in years. "Oh, shit, Carl…you're so fucking big!" she gasped. "You're making my Christmas dreams come true!"

Once fully impaled on his cock, Bailey remained completely still for a moment, enjoying the sensation of his meaty slab filling her

completely. Carl's thick stalk was stretching her cuntal lining and his

knob was pushing delightfully against the very back of her vagina. "Damn…now that's what I call a stocking stuffer!" the mother sighed.

"It feels incredible, mom!"

"We're only getting started, hunny," Bailey added as she set her hips in motion. "It's about to get a lot better!"

Throwing her head back, the pretty mother began humping up and down on his shaft, making his steely-hard cock rub deliciously against the tingly walls of her cunt-tunnel. Carl's blood-swollen knob pounded against the rounded ring of her cervical head, smearing it with his leaking pre-cum.

There was never a more beautiful sight than the one in front of him. His mom fucked him shamelessly, making her gigantic tits leap around wildly. The way her breast-meat rippled each time they slapped against her rib cage made the boy giddy with desire. Her lovely face was thrown back, and there was wild sexual excitement in her beautiful eyes that Carl had never seen before. The way her long, dark hair whipped wildly around her face and shoulders made her look like a true Christmas Goddess.

"It's so good, hunny!" she panted, bouncing rhythmically on his stiffened cock. "Your dick feels so fucking good!"

"So does your pussy!" the boy gasped, listening to her ass beat against his thighs and her pussy slurp and squish around his meaty boy-cock.

They fucked for ten minutes this way before Bailey planted her crotch against his and swiveled up and back in a steady grinding motion. "Oh, Carl!" she whimpered, stirring his sinewy dong around inside her love-chamber, stimulating her sexual nerve-endings. The way her fat clit scrapped against the root of his cock gave her feelings of pleasure that flashed like electricity through her heavy-breasted body.

"Carl! Oh God, hunny!" she squealed as her excited cunt muscles

involuntarily began sucking at the length of his pummeling shaft. Her pretty face suddenly contorted with ecstasy. "I'm cuuummmiiinnngggg!"

Carl did his best to fight off his own orgasm, wanting nothing more in the world than to fuck his beautiful mother for as long as he could.

When Bailey leaned forward, causing her big, soft boobies to swing around his face, he found it even more of a challenge not to spill his seed.

Bailey's rounded bubble butt bobbed up and down tirelessly as she rode her son like a Christmas whore. Her thick cuntal flanges beat wetly against his cock-root as she pounded her son's huge, muscled dick through the spongy pink sleeve of her vagina. "God, baby…I just wanna fuck you all day long!" her voice quivered as she slipped her buttery baby-chute up and down the entire length of his deliciously stiff prick.

Carl captured one of his mom's nipples, suctioning it deeply in his mouth so his lips stretched out across her wide areola. He pushed his face up into the quivering squishiness of her boob, masking himself in tit-flesh while he sucked. The tit-gobbling teen whimpered as he

felt his mom's pummeling pussy react to his oral affection, tightening exquisitely around his lurching penis.

Bailey could hardly control her humping movements as her excitement increased. There was simply nothing more thrilling than ravaging her own son's cock with her husband right downstairs. The fact that Carl was so much younger, cuter, and leaner than her husband, and had an enormous cock that was bursting with rock-hard stiffness, made it even more wicked and satisfying.

The nipple popped from Carl's mouth and his mother covered his lips with hot, wet kisses. The boy clenched his toes as he felt the spongy

tube of her cunt squeeze wetly up and down his dick. His wide

coronal ridge flared along the cap of his cock, rubbing snuggly along the slippery ridges that were lining his mom's encapsulating pussy.

Whenever she flexed her pelvic floor muscles, Bailey's spongy pink walls would chew delightfully on his erectile meat, stimulating his

sensitive glans. "Goddamn, mom!" the boy gasped. "You're gonna make me cum!"

"Let's cum together, baby!" she panted, skirting on the edge of another tremendous climax.

Carl wrapped his mom in his arms, squeezing their bodies together and making her squishy tit-melons spread out around his neck. He humped his ass from his mattress, meeting her thrusts in counterpoint as they beat their horny pissers together.

"Do you want me to pull out or fill you with Christmas cream?" the boy asked with growing intensity in his voice.

"Fill me up, Santa! Empty that sack inside my hot pussy!" his mom replied, her meaty buttocks flying frantically up and down as they fucked up a storm.

"Here I cum, mom!"

"I'm cumming too!" Bailey sobbed as the glorious waves of a tit-trembling orgasm surged through her wildly humping body. "Fuck, baby, fuck…I'm cumming on your cock! Cumiiiinnnggg!!"

The two of them writhed with unbelievable passion as their sex organs pumped and contracted intensely. Their ejaculations splattered together between the hammering heat of their crotches, spraying all over Carl's bed.

For nearly five minutes they rocked and trembled in a tight orgasmic embrace, grinding their fully penetrated genitals together and squeezing out the last of their cum-fluids.

Bailey's husband knocked at their son's door an hour later. The only thing he could hear was the song "Rockin' around the Christmas Tree" blaring from inside the bedroom. "Bailey?!" he called out, knocking a second time.

Carl's big balls beat against his mom's rippling butt cheeks as his raging cock pounding savagely through her fuck-hole. Her lovely legs

were propped on his shoulders, her quivering tit-mounds crushed against his lean chest as he fucked her from the top. Their naked bodies glistened with a sheen of sweat, showing that they'd been at this for quite a while.

The mother lifted her head and slid her quivering legs down her son's back as she heard her husband's voice outside the door. "What is it, hunny?! We're in the middle of a video game," she shouted.

"Still?! You guys have been in there over two hours," said her hubby.

"What can I say," Bailey breathlessly replied, raking her long nails down her son's back. "This game is just as addictive as I thought it would be."

Carl wasn't even listening to their conversation. He was too focused on the glorious sensation around his cock. Cradled between his mom's sweaty thighs, and sprawled flat against her, he had boner

pushed all the way inside her snug pussy, feeling its wet heat squeeze and secrete hot fuck-oil around his fully engorged boner. His leaky, mushroom head was crushed against her vaginal fornix, and he could feel her lewdly stretched cunt lips sucking wetly around the root of his cock.

"Give me just a little while longer and I'll be out, ok, hunny?" Bailey told her husband. She drew her knees up, widening her spread so she could give her fuck-bear all the room he needed to really pound the fuck out of her. "OK, my little elf…where were we?" she whispered.

Carl's muscular ass began to rise and fall as he quickly found a fiery

fuck-rhythm.

Happy Holidays! K

91: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.1-2

Chapter 1: Spousal Resistance

"Daniel seems so down today," Rachel said as she sat with her mother-in-law Sara having coffee. "Yeah, the breakup was really hard on him."

"Breakups are never easy. I had my share at his age. So many jerks," Rachel said with a frown.

The two beauties sat across from each at the round pub table in Sara's kitchen. Rachel wore skimpy shorts, while Sara was still in her short robe, both outfits leaving their sexy crossed legs exposed beneath the table. Both sets of luscious legs were strong, tan and mature, giving off a silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Their bare feet dangled, their ruby red toenails freshly painted.

Sara fumbled with her coffee cup. "Breaking up brings so many changes. It must be really tough to go from full time sex, back to masturbation."

"Oh God, that's so true. Poor Daniel," Rachel said.

"I know," Sara muttered. Her robe had crept open a bit, revealing an enormous cleavage.

"You know, they have those things call 'assturbation sessions' now. Have you thought about getting him involved in it?" Rachel asked.

Sara giggled. "Assturbation?"

"Oh my God, you haven't heard of assturbation? A lot of Moms are doing it now, for their sons, during those periods in between girlfriends."

Sara seemed curious. She brushed her long dark hair off her face. "Ok, you have me curious. What is it?"

"It's like a form of masturbation, but instead of a guy using his hand, he would use his Mother's ass."

"Really?" Sara asked with a quirky smile, "Mothers are actually doing this?" "Yeah, lots of them apparently."

"So wait a minute, your telling me that Moms are helping their sons get over breakups, by letting them give them anal sex?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, but, drop the sex part. It's not really sex. It just a boy using his Mother's asshole to drain his nuts. Think of it as an object, like a juicer," Rachel said, pointing to the one on the counter. "A juicer has no feelings. It's only purpose is to squeeze the juice from the fruit. Your ass would basically be doing the same thing."

"So I'd just be...sticking my ass out there and let Daniel do his thing, no feelings attached."

"Exactly. It would provide so much more excitement and pleasure than just him beating his dick all the time."

Sara went back to fumbling with her cup. "Hm, I see the logic in it, unfortunately, I'm not sure Dan Senior would. In fact, he might even divorce me for even considering it," she said, making the both giggle.

"It's unconventional for sure, but husbands have to understand it for what it is. There's no need for jealously or anger, any of that bullshit.

Daniel would just be using your ass, like he uses his fist when he masturbates. There's no emotional connection there. It's just an object used to draw pleasure."

"Dan doesn't even take my ass anymore. I think it's been like five years. Not sure what he would be jealous about," Sara said.

"Well, it might be worth asking him."

Sara looked steadfast in her resolve. "Okay, I wanna do it," she said. "Really?" Rachel asked excitedly, bouncing in her seat.

"Yeah, I think it would really help Daniel."

"I know it would. They have a starter class that one of my girlfriends went to. She said it wasn't creepy at all, just very clinical and informative. We should talk to our husbands, then take Daniel to a few classes."

"Wait, WE?

"Yeah, I could help out..I mean, unless you don't want me to?"

"No, no of course I do. I just...I just don't want this to cause any issues between you and Michael."

"Ohh, Michael will be fine, so will Dan. They're both big boys, so they'll have to understand. Daniel needs our help."

"I think it would..."

Rachel's phone went off. She looked at her screen. "Hold that thought," she said to Sara then answered. "Hey Jane. Hi, thanks for calling back."

While Rachel spoke on her phone, Sara became lost in her thoughts for a moment, staring off into space...

Daniel stepped towards her naked meaty ass, his lengthy erection shiny with lube. He fit the knob against the rubbery ring of her asshole. He heard her gasp and felt his big prick pushing

into her ass-tract, stretching the muscled ass walls. Finally he had it all in and felt his thickness fully sheathed.

He backed his cock out until the muscled ring nipped at the very tip of his prick. He thrust his cock back in again, burying his prick to the balls between her jiggling half-moons. He began to thrust in and out, falling into a steady ass-fucking rhythm.

"Oooh,shit," he whimpered as he felt the walls of her ass licking his glans. "Sara?" Rachel said, jarring the Mother from her thoughts.

"Yeah," Sara muttered as she returned to reality. She felt her asshole twitching and throbbing.

"Sorry, that was the lady who does my nails. You ok?" Rachel asked with a smile, noticing her Mother-in-law's heavy, excited breathing.

"Yes, I'm fine. Sorry, I just zoned out for a minute," Sara said, her hard nipples poking through her robe.

"Ok, so I think we should definitely talk to the guys...like, tonight." Sara nodded. "I agree," she said.

Later, in the living room, their husbands looked bewildered.

"Are you both fucking crazy!" Michael exclaimed. The two couples were gathered in the living room. Michael's Mother and wife had just explained the "assturbation" concept and their desire to try it with Daniel.

Emily was quick to jump to their defence. "Would you stop overreacting, Michael. Your younger brother just lost his girlfriend. Why don't you try showing some empathy," Rachel said.

"I feel bad for him. I do. We've all been there. I just don't know how him sticking his dick in you and my Mom's ass if gonna solve anything."

Rachel scowled. "Really, Michael, were you not just listening? Assturbation is designed to give a guy a higher level of excitement and pleasure, rather than just beating off all the time."

"There's nothing wrong with normal masturbation. We've all had to do it at one time or another," Michael said.

Dan looked at his wife with surprised. "Sara, are you actually serious about this idea."

She seemed a little embarrassed, hardly looking her husband in the eyes. "I had my reservations at first, but the more Rachel explained the idea of assturbation, the more it really started to make sense."

"Make sense? You're...you're talking about anal sex with your son. How could you..."

Rachel cut him off. "Technically dad, it's not the same as anal sex AT ALL." "He's putting his dick in your ass, Rachael," her husband said.

"Ok, just hear me out. Here's an example. You work on cars, right, Dad? Rachael asked her father

-in-law.

"Yeah."

"Occasionally, when a car's battery goes dead, you use those jumper cable thingies to restart it, right? The cables are just an object, that's all. They're there to assist in getting the job done, when it can't be done the right way."

"Yes, but how is that.."

"Daniel is like a dead battery right now. He's without someone to have normal sex with. Mom and I would just be using our asses like jumper cables, to keep him going until he finds another girlfriend."

Dan and his son looked at one another and laughed.

Sara finally scowled at them. "I'm glad you two find this funny."

"I'm sorry, it's just...well, it's probably the most ridiculous idea I've ever heard, Sara..Honesty, I don't know that I'm ok with that at all," Dan said.

"Me neither," Michael added, annoyed that his own wife would even consider such a deprived act with his younger brother. "It is ridiculous."

Rachel glared at her husband. "So essentially what you guys are saying is you don't care at all that Daniel is suffering?"

"We do care. Of course we care, but your idea that all he has to do is stick his dick in your ass and everything is fine is preposterous." Michael said.

"I'm not saying everything would be fine. Did I say that?" "No, but you.."

"He'll still have to find a girlfriend, no one can do that for him. But we all know that sometimes being single is sad and lonely. Self masturbation is sad and lonely and depressing. All Sara and I are proposing is let's give the boy some hope. Let's offer him an exciting alternative to jerking off, during this very unexciting period in his life."

Dan looked at his wife and her eyes drifted away shamefully.

Michael looked at his Mother. "Mom, If he wants something new and exciting, buy him one of those sex toys.. One of those fleshlight

masturbation toys or something," her oldest son

suggested.

Sara shook her head. "It's not the same thing, Michael."

"Of course it is. If he closes his eyes, he could imagine he's in some hot girl's tight ass. There you go, something different and more exciting than beating off," Michael said.

Dan Senior shook his head, clearly the old-fashioned one in the group. "Quite frankly, I can't believe we're having this discussion at all."

Michael looked back at his wife. "I'm just saying, they have toys now for these kinds of issues."

This drew in evil glare from his wife. "I have a better idea. Why don't we buy YOU a sex toy. You don't wanna respect and support mine and you Mother's ideas, then you can see what it feels like to be sexless for awhile. Maybe then you'll start to understand what Daniel's experiencing right now."

"Really? You're gonna refuse to have sex with me because I won't let my little brother stick his dick in your ass."

Her hardened glare didn't soften one bit. "It certainly looks that way, doesn't it," she said.

Sara looked at her own husband bravely. "I stand behind Rachel. Daniel's going through a tough time and until you get on board with our plan to help him, there won't be any sex for you either."

Daniel groaned in ecstasy, enjoying the squeezing pressure of her shit muscles rhythmically contracting around his thrusting prick. Her meaty tan buns rippled each time they struck his midsection.

His engorged knob leaked out it's own lubricant as sliced through the slippery pink walls of her ass. His entire thick boner throbbed in pleasure as it slipped through the rubbery grip of her bowels. "Sara," Dan Senior's voice said over the sound of slapping flesh.

"Sara, are you ok," she heard her husband say as she was snapped back to reality. She was laying in bed next him.

"Yes, I'm fine, why?" she asked, her breath heavy. She was clutching her ass-muscles over and over, like she had an imaginary cock inside her.

"I was talking to you and your eyes were glazed over. You seemed a million miles away." "I'm sorry, what did you need?" she asked.

"I was just saying how ridiculous this is," Dan said as he just sat there in bed looking at her. "We haven't had sex in a week."

"Mm-hm, how do you think Daniel feels?" Sara said.

"Obviously like I do, but it's not my fault he doesn't have a girlfriend, Sara."

Sara returned to her back and looked at him. "No one said it was your fault. We're just the parents and have an obligation to comfort our son in times like these."

"Comfort him by allowing him to penetrate you anally," Dan said, with clear frustration, "youre my wife and his Mother."

Sara's face softened a bit. "Look honey, I get it. I'm your wife and I'm sure you feel a bit territorial when it comes to my sexual parts, but we're not talking about me giving it out to some stranger here. This is Daniel, our son. What kind of parents would we be if we didn't help him through this hard time?"

Dan looked at the swell of his wife's big tits through her nightshirt. Her engorged nipples poked out, making him even more eager to get his hands on them.."Isn't there some other way we can help him. I mean, I don't mind spending the money. Whatever he needs, we can get it."

"Dan, assturbation is what alot of Mothers and Sons are doing right now. It's a growing trend. If it didn't work, it wouldn't be a thing."

Dan shook his head. "How can it work if it's morally wrong? If you did this, do you realize how embarrassing it would be if people found out?"

Sara burst out laughing.

"What? Why's that funny?" Dan asked.

"I know how to be discreet, Dan. It's not like I'm gonna make an announcement at the PTA meeting, hey everyone, guess what, I'm letting my son fuck me in the ass."

Dan rolled his eyes. "Do you have to make it sound so crude?"

"Do you have to try to guilt-trip me? I'm a grown woman. I think I can decide what's 'morally' right and wrong when it comes to my relationship with my son."

"Ok, but as your husband and his father, I think I should be able to weigh in on that decision."

"You are, clearly weighing in, otherwise Daniel and I would have already started by now," Sara said. "You don't even take my ass anymore, Dan. What's there to be jealous about?"

"You're seriously gonna ask me that?" he said, looking at her emphatically.

"Yes, I am. My ass is not getting used. I don't see the harm in letting Daniel get some enjoyment out of it."

Dan's mouth fell open as he shook his head. "You're unbelievable." "So are you," she said.

"I'm sorry, I think the idea's sick."

"That's too bad," Sara said, rolling back on her side facing away from him. "Goodnight." "Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously. Shut off the light," she said coldly.

Daniel groaned, a light sheen of sweat forming on his lean naked body. He continued a steady thrust, plunging his cock through the stretched ring of her asshole. He felt his knob tingle as it dug up and down the smothering ass-tube.

Even the women's buttock's now glistened with perspiration as they jiggled with every strike of his midsection. He reached down and dug his fingers into the supple ass-flesh, gripping the women's ass as he thrust his hard pecker in ass deep as it would go. "Oohhfuckyea," he snarled.

"Aiieee!" Rachel's four-year-old daughter screamed, snapping Rachel from her from her trance as the child was chased by her father through the kitchen. The Mother threw her arm across her chest, hiding the hard nipples poking through her robe.

"Bella, not so loud, honey," Rachel sighed, squeezing the counter for support as she realizing how much her butthole was throbbing in her panties.

"Sorry, my bad," Michael said, watching his daughter run off, "the tickle-monster's on the prowl this morning."

He tried to tickle his wife, but she wasn't having it. "Don't," she said in an annoyed tone. "Here's your lunch," Rachel said, handing a paper bagged lunch to her husband as she made her way out of the kitchen. Her asshole was still twitching and her cunt was sopping. She desperately needed to get to her bedroom.

"Thanks, hon... Hey," he said.

Rachel stopped and turned. She wore a short red robe, that left all her tan legs exposed. She exercised daily, which gave her strong muscular legs, which tapered down to slender ankles and cute little tan bare feet with ruby red toenails. "What?" she asked.

"Do I get a kiss?"

She glared at him, clearly still upset. "No," she said decisively, then walked away, the swell of her big buttocks undulating beneath the thin silk covering.

"Rachel..." Michael said, following after her. "Hey, stop. Can we talk a minute?"

She stopped suddenly "oh my God, what the fuck," she muttered under her breath, then turned, just as before. This time she folded her arms across her big breasts.

"I don't..." he said, then paused to find the right words. "I don't understand why we have to do this."

"Do what? You have something to say and I'm listening," she said facetiously.

"I'm talking about everything else. We haven't even kissed or hugged in over a week. This isn't fair to me."

"This isn't fair to you?" she asked with a scowl. "Well excuse me while I shed great big fucking alligator tears for you."

"Why do you have to be so mean?"

"Why do you have to be so selfish?" she shouted. "How am I being selfish?"

Rachel faked a cry. "This isn't fair to me," she said, then got straight-faced. "Really, you feel like I'm being unfair? How do you think Daniel feels? The stupid bitch dumped him and now he has to beat his own dick to get release. You have a wife for that, so please, tell me how your life is so fucking unfair."

"So I have to feel guilty for having a wife, is that what you're saying?"

"No Michael, it's not what I'm saying. What I'm saying is stop thinking about yourself and think about someone else who's going through a rough patch right now. Your Mom and I are trying to help your brother. We're trying to brighten his life a little bit and provide a way for him to get a little well deserved pleasure. Is that so bad?"

"The way you're proposing to help him is bad, yes."

"According to you and your Father. Your Mother and I both think it's a brilliant idea. Apparently thousands of other Moms do too."

Michael hushed his voice, so his daughter would hear him from the next room. "I'm sure if the rolls were reversed and it was me wanting to put my dick in some girl's ass, you'd have something to say about it," Michael said.

Rachel threw her arms in the air, making her big braless tits bobble underneath her robe. "Oh my God, you're completely missing the point. YOU, have a wife. YOU'RE BROTHER, has no one right now." Then, she hushed her own voice. "So why the fuck would YOU be asking me to put your dick in some girl's ass."

"Forget it, this conversation is going no where," Michael said, heading for the door. "Ha. It's been going no where for a week."

"Well don't plan on that changing," he said.

His wife shouted back, as she stepped down the hallway. "Enjoy your sexless marriage."

Daniel grasped her wide hips as he squeezed his dick through her tight asshole, then down into the heat of her spongy fuck-hole. He whimpered from the pressure of her tight sphincter as her shitting muscles gripped and sucked his prick. He pulled his cock back, feeling her jelly- slickened ass tunnel drag around his receding cock.

His big knob popped from her asshole, the sphincter retracting back into a wet crinkled ring. "Ohh damn," he muttered, stroking his cock a few times.

He pressed the knob back against her anal lips and they spread open, slipping wetly over the big bell-shaped helmet of his cock. He sighed as his hard peter sunk into the heat of her ass.

"How's Daniel doing?" Rachel asked, as her and Sara sat having coffee.

"What, sweetie?" Sara asked, as if her mind had been on a journey somewhere. Rachel smiled knowingly. 'Was you mind drifting again?"

Sara looked a tad embarrassed. "Yes, sorry."

"Well if it's anything like mine, it's drifting somewhere extremely naughty. How's Daniel?" "He says he's fine, but I can tell he's not," Sara said.

"Lots of painful erections, I'm sure," Rachel said.

"A ton of erections, nearly every time I see him it seems like."

Rachel sighed in frustration. "That poor sweetheart. Have you seen signs of masturbation?"

"Yeah, based on how often he disappears to his room, I'm pretty sure he's jerking off about three to four times a day."

"This is so aggravating. Why do our husbands have to be so fucking selfish?" Rachel asked.

Sara looked like her mind was working. "You know, I've been thinking. We wanted to be honest with the guys, because we felt like letting Daniel fuck our asses would be borderline infidelity. Is it though?"

Rachel thought it out for a moment. "Go on," she said.

"Well, what's our intent here. Is it to seduce a hot guy and get mutual pleasure, no. If it was, THAT would be infidelity. Our only intent is to let Daniel use our asses to get release. That's not cheating."

"True," Rachel said. "the whole theory around assturbation is to just treat the ass like an object."

"Exactly, so if it's not the same as cheating, then why do we even need our husband's permission. We'd be doing nothing wrong."

"My God, you're right. I guess I never really thought about it that way."

"Still though, we know how they are. If we told them this wasn't cheating they would disagree with us a hundred percent."

"So we don't tell them," Rachel said.

"Correct. We give Daniel assturbation sessions behind their backs."

"Do you think they'll get suspicious, if we just all of the sudden go back to having sex with them again?"

"They might, so we could make a slow transition back to marital sex, but if they seem to be suspicious, and we have to start sneaking around like cheating sluts, then I guess we will," Sara said.

Rachel smiled. "I like this plan. I mean, I'm sure Dan and Michael both masturbate occasionally without telling us, all married men do, so what's the difference?"

"What they don't know won't hurt them."

"We should start gauging Daniel's interest, right away. I'll call my friend Tonya and find out when the next assturbation session is," Rachel said.

Sara jumped up and down a few times, making her heavy tits bounce. "Oh my God, I'm excited. We're really gonna do this."

Both women were so thrilled they could hardly sleep that night.

Daniel watched his lubed cock sliding in and out of her tight ass. The wet, slurping sound of her ass-tunnel pumped up and down over his stabbing meat. He loved watching her big cheeks jiggle from the power of his thrusts. He suddenly slapped one of her meaty buns, which made a loud smacking sound.

The woman screamed playfully, then giggled as she reached back to rub her ass. The wedding ring sparked on her finger. "Daniel, careful. I don't need a handprint on my ass."

"Sorry, Mom," he said as he began to pump her ass even harder. Sara threw her buns back. "Ohhh yess!" she whimpered.

Dan Senior woke up as heard his wife's voice. He clicked on the light and saw her squirming, a light sheen of perspiration covering her

nearly naked body. Her big tits were spread out on her

chest and rocked beneath her nightie. She panted, gently lifting her pelvis up and down. "Yess...like that," she gasped.

Dan smiled, imagining that she was having a dream about him. The Mother's breath became heavier. "Yess. Ohhh God, yess, just like that, Daniel," she cried out.

"What?!" Dan said loudly, "Sara," he shouted, jarring her awake.

Sara stared up at her husband in horror, catching her breath. She realized what he'd heard her say. "Oops," she muttered.

Chapter 2: Gauging Interest

Sara knelt next to her husband in bed. She rubbed Dan's shoulder as he sat there quietly. "I can assure you, it was YOU in my dream, not Daniel," she said, feeling a tad guilty.

"You said his name, Sara. You said Daniel."

The beautiful Mother shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know why I would have. It was very much you in my dream, honey. We were making love," she said, turning his face a giving him a soft kiss, "and it was wonderful."

"Hm, I wouldn't know. It's been awhile," Dan joked.

She slapped his shoulder playfully. "Oh stop, it's only been a little over a week."

"Yeah, well, when you're used to doing it every night, a week can seem like a year," he said.

"Well, I have been a little harsh. I wanted to give you a little taste of what your son's been going through, but now that I have..." she said, crawling onto her knees and peeling her panties off.

Dan watched his wife slip her little panties off her bare feet and toss them aside. She pointed the meaty globes of her ass back at him and swayed them invitingly. "...maybe I'd let you take me from behind."

Dan reached down and rubbed his cock, helping it get all the way hard. "You're not just teasing me, right?"

She gave him a sultry stare. "Get your dick up here and find out."

Dan hurried to his knees and fed his cock inside Sara's cunt. They fucked doggy-style, thrusting and panting. Sara's big milkers swung heavily in her nightie.

"Yess, ohh God, yess, baby," she whimpered, throwing her ass back and meeting his thrusts.

After about two minutes, Dan groaned. "Ohhh, It's been so long, I'm feeling really good," he announced.

"Wait, wait, wait," Sara said, pausing her gyrations.

"I promise I'll finger you after. I'll make you cum, I just need to..." She pulled off his dick completely. "No, it's not that, I just..."

"What? What's wrong?" Dan asked, stroking his dick to keep it hard.

She seemed a little hesitant. "I just wondered if...well, if you might wanna put it in my ass?" she asked.

"Oh well, maybe we could do that another night. Is that ok, honey. It's been a week, so it's just uh, super-sensitive tonight."

Sara seemed a bit sad. She dropped back on her elbows, pointing her ass. "Ok, put it back in and finish," she said.

Dan scrambled back inside her cunt. A half a minute later, he was blowing his load. "Wow that was good. Let me finger you," Dan

Senior said.

"No, I'm fine. I think I just need to get some sleep," Sara said, kissing her husband goodnight. The next day, Daniel got home from school and took off his shoes in the foyer.

"Daniel, is that you, honey?" his Mom's voice said from the kitchen.. "Hey, Mom," he answered, tossing his backpack down.

"How was class? Come in here and talk to us for a minute."

Daniel entered the kitchen and saw his Mom and sister-in-law Rachel busy doing some baking. "Oh hey, Rachel," he said.

"Hey handsome, how's school going?" Rachel asked.

Daniel was surprised by how they were dressed. His Mom wore a pair of pink booty shorts that half her ass-cheeks hung out of. Rachael was in a yellow bikini, her big tits and meaty ass barely covered. "School's going ok. You guys going to the beach or something?" he joked, making them both giggle.

Rachel joked back. "It's 'dress skimpy' day today, you didn't hear?" "I didn't get that memo."

Rachel struck a cute little pose, leaning back against the counter and thrusting her big tits out. "Well, now you know, so if you wanna take something off, feel free," she said with a wink.

"That's ok, I might get you ladies too excited," he said, making them laugh.

"You've already done that by just walking into the room," Rachel teased.

His Mom peeked back as she took some cookies out of the oven. Her shorts crept up her ass even more as she bent over. "But feel free to

get us even more excited if you want," she said, half-joking.

"Only if a get a cookie. Are those chocolate chip?"

"Of course, you're favorite. I'll give you one, but we need your opinion about something first," Sara said.

"Ohh, an opinion? Well that might cost you two cookies."

Sara smiled. "Deal, two cookies it is. So Rachel and I were debating on who has the bigger ass. What do you think?"

His sister-in-law stepped up beside his Mom and they placed their buns side by side. Both choices of attire providef plenty off ass-flesh for Daniel to admire. Sara's booty shorts and Rachel's bikini bottoms were so snug, he could clearly see the creases of their butt-cracks, which stiffened his dick right up.

"Hmm, I don't know..." he muttered, clearly wanting to stare as long as he could. "Now come on, I clearly have your Mom beat," Rachel said.

"You're dreaming, Rachel," Sara barked back, shaking her meaty buns, "you know how many men I catch staring at this derriere."

"What do you think, Daniel?" Rachel asked, looking back at him teasingly, while making her own buttocks jiggle.

Daniel rubbed his chin, mesmerized by both their asses. "I don't know I mean, they're both really nice."

The girls glanced at each other and smiled. "But which one is bigger?" Sara asked. "Which one would you wanna spend the night snuggled up against?" Rachel added.

Daniel was clearly embarrassed by having to make such a decision. "Well, I don't know...you both were pretty blessed in that area."

Sara giggled. "Well, we know that, honey, but which one do you like best? Come on, earn these cookies, Daniel."

Rachel chimed back in, "hmm, maybe this is a decision that can't be made on site alone, Mom," she said, "Maybe Daniel will need to feel our asses against him to determine which one's best."

"True. I suppose a woman's ass is like a cookie. It may look good, but you have to put it in your

mouth to appreciate it's true deliciousness," Sara said. Daniel laughed. "Cheesy analogy, Mom."

Sara giggled as she stepped over with a cookie in her hand. "Shut up," she joked.

She put it up to Daniel's mouth for him to take a bite of. "Mmm, that is a good cookie."

She handed him what was left of it, then turned and backed into her Son, letting her meaty buns press up against his midsection. Daniel sighed as he felt his cock-bulge press down into her soft butt-crease. "What about that? Is that good too?" Sara asked, peeking back with a mischievous smile.

"That is...um, definitely good," the teen muttered, feeling his dick tingle as it pressed into her pliant ass-flesh.

"Are you sure, honey. Maybe I should press my ass back just a little harder, just so you can be sure," Sara said, then did just that. Her luscious half-globes squashed against Daniel's loins, the protruding lump in his shorts sinking deep into her ass-crack and kissing the crinkled ring of her butthole through her shorts. "That better?" she asked.

"Much," Daniel said with a gulp. His cock flexed, pushing against the fabric of his briefs.

Sara could feel the big cock-knot straining for release, the angry knob pressing against her ass- lips. She could feel it pulse and throb through both layers of fabric.

Suddenly, a voice startled them. "Smells like cookies in here," Dan Senior said as he entered the kitchen and set his briefcase down.

"Jesus, Dan, I didn't even hear you come in," Sara said.

"Oh," Dan muttered, watching his scantily clad wife step away from their son. It was impossible not to notice Daniel's enormous bulge, before he casually covered it with his hands. "Hey dad," the teen muttered uncomfortably.

"Hey, so um...what's with the outfit?" Dan said, looking at his wife's attire.

Sara faked a strange look. "I don't know. What's with the outfit. Is there a problem?" she asked. "Well, your ass is kinda hanging out of it. And Rachel's in a bikini," Dan said, looking a Rachel.

Rachel fed him an odd look as she chewed on the bite of a cookie. "Ok, um...I always wear bikinis when I'm home baking," she said.

"You and Michael have an apartment. This isn't really your home," Dan said.

Sara jumped to her daughter-in-law's defence. "Um, excuse me, she's our daughter, this is just as much her home as it is yours. If she wants to wear a bikini around while she's here, she has

every right to."

Rachel scooped up a cookie with a spatula. "Here, relax and have a cookie, dad. They're still warm," she said.

"No, thanks, I'm good."

Daniel crept towards the exit. "Thanks for the cookie, guys. I'm gonna um...start on some homework."

Rachel glanced uncomfortably from Dan to his wife. "I'm gonna go pee. I'll start on some dishes when I get back," she said, then sashayed out.

Dan seemed a tad bit embarrassed by his outburst. "Sorry, I wasn't trying to be an ass, but..." "But, you just decided to be one anyway?"

"I didn't wanna embarrass him, but Daniel clearly had an erection, Sara. It was sticking right out, plain as day."

Sara giggled. "Newsflash, Dan. He's a young man. Young men get erections, all the time."

"Then he should have went to his room, not stood there in front of his Mother and sister-in-law. It's inappropriate."

"Why don't you just relax, clearly you're the only one bothered by it." "How can you not be bothered by it?"

Sara faked an ignorant look as she scooped the cookies off the baking pan. "I didn't even see it. How do you expect me to react to something I didn't even notice," she lied.

"You were up against him when I walked in here. How could you not..." "I was taking him a cookie."

"You were right up against him. It was sticking out. How could you not feel it or see it," Dan said.

"Alright fine, maybe I did notice it, but like you said, I didn't wanna embarrass him, especially in front of Rachel. I figured he'd just get a cookie and go off and take care of himself."

Dan looked again at her skimpy attire. "Hardly likely with you two dressed like that. Do you even realize how much of your ass is hanging out of those shorts?"

"Dan, please...stop. I don't need a lecture on how to dress while I'm in my own home. Daniel only just got here. It was us girls for most of the day," Sara said.

"Well maybe you should remember to put on something more appropriate before your Son gets

home."

Sara glared at him. "Are you done?" she said in an annoyed tone.

Daniel heard a tap at his door and Rachel peeked in. "Hey, can I come in?" she said in a hushed tone.

"Yeah," Daniel said, sitting on the edge of his bed.

He watched his gorgeous sister-in-law step into his room and close the door behind her. He always thought she was hot as shit. She had a great tan and her honey blonde hair fell past her shoulders. His friends told him she looked like the porn actress Nicolette Shea, but with big, all natural tits.

She walked over and stopped in front of him in a sexy stance, with one knee cocked out and her arms folded over her jugs. "Not fair, you know."

"What's not fair?"

"You still need to make a decision about our asses. Your Mom got to rub hers up against you and I didn't. She has an unfair advantage," she said.

Daniel smiled. "Well, my dad walked in..." "So..."

"So I couldn't really let you come over and...

"Well, duh, we had an unexpected interruption, but he's in talking to your Mom now. You and I are here and...the door's locked, so I think I should get my turn now."

Daniel glanced down at her wide motherly hips, naked except for the tiny string holding her bikini bottoms in place. "Your turn to..."

"My turn to press my ass against you," she said, "That way you can make a fair decision. You still have to earn that second cookie, you know," she giggled.

"Ok, um..do you want me to stand up?"

"No, stay right there. I'll sit on your lap," she said, turning and plopping her soft bikini-clad ass on him.

The bed creaked from their combined weight. "Hope my bed doesn't break," he laughed. She peeked back. "I'm sure it's handled more stress than this," she said with a wink. "You look great in a bikini, by the way."

"You've seen me in a bikini before." "I know, I'm just sayin'."

"Oh, well...thanks. I know young men your age love seeing girls in bikinis. It's the closest thing to seeing them naked right?"

"This is true," Daniel sighed, feeling his erection dig up into the crack in Rachel's ass.

His sister-in-law wiggled her ass slightly, burrowing the protruding lump in his shorts deeper between her buns. "Have you seen lots of naked girls, Daniel?"

"A few. Mostly online though," he confessed.

"What about your ex girlfriend. You must have seen her naked a lot?" "Yeah, she looked really good naked."

"I'm sure. Did you guys have sex a lot?" Rachel asked. "I don't know. Define a lot."

Rachel smiled back at him. "Well, I guess that's subjective. Did you guys fuck once a week, once a day, five times a day? How often?"

Daniel giggled. "Well it wasn't five times a day. Probably just a few times a week, sometimes more."

"Did she ever let you put it in her ass?"

Daniel seemed a tad embarrassed by the question. "We tried," "Oh no, what happened?"

"It just, didn't work."

Rachel fed him a sympathetic smile. "Didn't work? You can tell me, you don't have to be embarrassed. Anal sex is natural and it's more common than you may think."

"I know, it's just, well I think I may have been too big for her. She told me to pull it out." "Oh, so you just got the head of your dick in and she changed her mind?" Rachel asked. "Pretty much."

"Did you use lube?"

"Yeah, lots of it. We even tried it in a couple different positions, but no dice."

She reached back and rubbed his shoulder, giving the teen a good look at the slope of her mostly-naked side-boob. "I'm sorry, Daniel. For some girls, it just takes more time."

"Not that it matters now anyway," he said, which is exactly what Rachel was thinking.

"Most girls love anal sex. You just wait, your next girlfriend probably won't be able to get enough of your cock being buried deep in her ass," Rachel said, wiggling her meaty buns on his lap.

"Do you and my brother Michael do that," he bravely asked.

"Not as often as I'd like, but yeah. We love having anal sex. Your parents on the other hand. Did you know you dad hasn't put his dick in your Mom's ass in over five years," Rachel said.

"She told you that?"

"Yeah, in case you haven't noticed, your Mom and I are really close. We're like best friends, even though she's like twenty years older than me," Rachel said with a giggle.

"That cool though, that you guys are like that."

"It is cool. I mean, I have other friends, but your Mom is different. She's someone I'd share secrets with," she said, then looked back into his eyes, "are you someone I could share secrets with, Daniel?"

"Yeah, I can keep secrets." Daniel said with an excited gulp.

"Good to know," she said, "so have you decided who has the biggest, softest ass, or do you need more time?"

To say Daniel was enjoying having the buxom blonde on his lap would be an understatement. Having his bulge wedged deep in her ass-cleft felt amazing. "Just a little longer maybe," he said.

Rachel giggled. "Take your time." she said. "Here, put your arms around me. It'll give you some leverage."

With his arms circling her waist, Daniel was able to pull her ass even tighter against him. The sexy blonde gyrated her buttocks, savoring the feel of his bulge grinding against her asshole. A big round wet

spot had formed on Daniel's knob, smearing precum on her thin bikini bottoms as he ground deep in her crack, digging against her puckering hole.

Rachel gasped, holding his hands in place, while grinding against him, her lush hips working tirelessly. The bed creaked steadily from their gyrations. Rachel shamelessly dry-humped his cock-bulge, her movement becoming almost desperate and erratic. "Ohhh, shit," Daniel sighed, loving the feel of her curvy ass mashed against bulging, throbbing muscle.

Suddenly, a knock at the door startled them. "Daniel?" his father's voice said from the hallway.

Rachel jumped off Daniel's lap. "Shit," she whispered in panic.

After adjusting herself, she answered the door. Dan Senior, seemed a bit surprised to see her in his son's room. "Ohh, hi," he muttered, glancing at the stiff nipples protruding out of her bikini top. "I thought you were using the bathroom," he asked.

"I was, I just needed to ask Daniel something," she lied. Pulled loose from humping, the string on one side of her bikini bottoms suddenly came all the way undone, nearly exposing her crotch. "Oops," she giggled, quickly tying it back.

Dan looked over at his son on the bed. It was fairly obvious that Daniel was hiding an erection. He looked back at his father uncomfortably, then at Rachel. "Yeah, so I'll um...I'll think about it, Rachel," he said.

She looked back at him. "Huh? Oh, yeah right. Think about it," she winked, then sashayed from the room.

Dan Senior stepped into Daniel's room. "Look um...I know guys get erections sometimes. I'm a guy, so I get it. Just...well, getting them around your Mother and brother's wife...probably not the best idea."

"I understand, sorry," Daniel said.

"Yeah, well, Rachel's a pretty girl. I'm sure her parading around in a bikini like that doesn't help, but if you start to get hard, just come to your room, alright."

"Got it," Daniel said.

"I think Daniel and I are good to go for assturbation?" Rachel whispered to Sara as she joined her back in the kitchen.

"Oh my God, that's great. What happened?" Sara whispered back, glancing at the doorway for any sign of her husband.

"He let me sit on his lap. We were ass-grinding pretty good before Dan Senior knocked on his door."

Sara rolled her eyes. "My God, he's annoying. He wasn't suppose to be home this early."

"It's ok, I saw enough to be fairly confident with our plan going forward. Daniel told me he's tried anal, but his ex couldn't handle his size."

Sara sighed in frustration. "That bitch. She clearly didn't know what she was doing."

"Or just scared to take all of him. Dicks the size of Daniel's can be quite horrifying to young inexperienced girls," Rachel said.

"That's exactly why he needs older, more experienced women for assturbation. We're not intimidated by a big dick like his." Sara said.

Rachel got a naughty, curious smile. "How big did he feel to you? Just from sitting on it, I can already tell he's bigger than Michael."

"Dan too. From what I felt...he's gotta be at least nine."

"That's what I was thinking. Felt like he had some pretty impressive girth too. It was like I was grinding on a fucking baseball bat," Rachel said, making both of them giggle.

"Well, if we can get that thing out of his briefs, I'd certainly let him try to hit my ball out of the park," she said, making Rachel laugh loudly.

"Shhhh," Sara said with snicker, peeking towards the door.

Rachel shook her head. "I can't believe he's an anal virgin. Can you imagine the pleasure he can get from sessions with asses like ours."

"From what you told me, it sounds like you're a sure thing, but you're not his Mother. He may not be as eager to use my ass as he is yours,," Sara said.

"Don't be so sure. I've seen the way he stares at you, Mom...and the big hardons he gets from doing it."

"Yes, I know, but I need to be sure," she said. "I have an idea."

Sweat dripped from Daniel's lean chest as he thrust his hips forward. Sara's meaty buns beat against him as his long glistening cock slipped in and out of her luscious ass. "Ohh Goddamn, I love it. I love it so fucking much," he muttered, feeling his knob tingle.

Sara peeked back as she continued to rock her Mommy-buns, her hanging boobs swinging to the rhythm of their humping. "See, it's not so bad not having a girlfriend, is it, sweetie."

"No way. I don't miss her at all," Daniel said, squeezing Sara's ass and making his fingers sink in to her tan globes. He watched his throbbing cock glide through her stretched butthole. "Ohh God, I'm about to blast a gallon of cum in there."

"Yess, pour it in, Daniel."

Sara suddenly lifted her head from her bed pillow. She let out a long sigh from having such an intense dream. When she heard Dan's light snore, she crept of bed and slipped her robe on.

The busty Mother tip-toed from her bedroom, being careful not to wake her husband.

Daniel's bedroom door peeked open, revealing his Mother's curvy silhouette. Sara stepped inside his room and closed the door behind her. She moved quietly across her son's room on

bare feet. "Daniel," she whispered, rubbing his shoulder tenderly.

"Hey Mom," he muttered, reaching over and clicking on his bedside lamp. "Everything ok?"

Sara smiled down at him. "Everything's fine. Your Father's snoring just woke me up. Some nights it can get pretty bad."

"What time is it?" Daniel said, rubbing his eyes.

"Just past midnight. Would you mind if I laid in here with you for a little while?" "No, Mom, not at all," Daniel said, sitting up and giving her room.

The next-door neighbor, Margaret stood near her bedroom window taking off her earrings. She gasped loudly as she looked out and spied Sara through Daniel's window. The Mother had slipped out of her robe and was wearing a thin baby-doll nightie. The top was so transparent that Margaret could clearly see Sara's big pink areola and the thick nipples popping from their centers. "My God!" she shouted.

Bob, her husband sat in bed and looked up from his men's magazine. "What?"

Margaret continued watching as Sara crawled into bed with her son. Seconds later, the light clicked off. "What an unbelievable slut," Margaret said.

"Margaret, what are you talking about?"

"That floozy next door. She just crawled into bed with her son, wearing slutty lingerie." Bob went back to reading. "Stop spying on the neighbors and come to bed."

"I wasn't spying. I just happened to look out and that's what I saw. I wonder if her husband knows she's sneaking into her son's bed in the middle of the night."

"It's none of our business."

"When they don't close their shades, it becomes our business." "They're in their home. There's nothing we can do about it," Bob said. "Ha, wanna bet?" Margaret said with an evil smirk.

92: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.3-4

Chapter 3: Preparing their asses

"Spoon with me, sweetheart," Sara said, backing her thonged ass to her son's midsection.

"Sure," Daniel muttered, feeling her big meaty buns press against his erect penis. He had briefs on, but the contact was electric.

"That's better. Comfy right?" she asked. "For sure."

"You're lucky. I'm sure a lot of boys would like to be in bed spooning with their Mothers right

now." Sara said, then peeked back at him with a naughty little smile. "Pressing their erection right between her soft ass-cheeks, just like you're doing."

"It feels good," Daniel blushed, his heart hammering away in his chest.

"Imagine how good it would feel if you didn't have briefs on," Sara said, letting her eyes linger on his. "And I got that thong out of your way."

Daniel's breath shivered with excitement. "That would, um...yeah, that would definitely feel great."

"You know, Rachel and I have been talking and...well, she knows about a program that helps young guys like you to cope with not having a girlfriend," Sara explained.

"To cope?"

'Well, yeah, you know, cope sexually. I'm sure the idea of using your hand and going back to draining your load into a cum-rag isn't the most exciting thing to look forward to."

Daniel blushed a bit. "No...not as fun as the real thing, that's for sure." "So you'd rather have the real thing...while you're single?"

"Yeah, I wouldn't complain," he muttered.

"So instead of doing it the old fashioned way, how would you feel about Rachel and I letting you use our asses to keep your balls drained?"

Daniel's mouth fell open. "Seriously?"

"Yeah, it's called assturbation and apparently it's pretty common now among Mothers and Sons."

"So, it's like butt-sex or something?"

"Or something," Sara giggled. "It's not the same as getting intimate. We'd have to keep the

sessions very clinical and as dispassionate as possible. Do you think you could do that?" "I could try. Would dad or Michael know what we're doing?"

"Well, that's the other thing we'd have to be cautious about. It's not that we'd be doing anything wrong. Like I said, we're not getting intimate, so it's not the same as cheating on a spouse, but you know your father, he's very old fashioned. I could explain the logic in this

to him until I'm blue in the face, but it would be falling on deaf ears."

"So he won't know about it?"

"No and neither will your older brother. Our sessions have to be very discreet."

"I can do that?"

Sara's face lit up. "So it's a go?" "Yeah, I'll do it," Daniel said.

She reached back and stroked his cheek. "Oh honey, that's wonderful."

"Should we hug?" Daniel asked.

Sara smiled. "Should we?" she asked.

"Well, that's usually what two people do, when they're excited about something."

"True, but...I don't have a bra on and this babydoll nightie is VERY thin. If we hug, it's gonna feel like my boobs are almost naked against your chest. I'm just forewarning you."

"It's just a hug, right. Not like we'd be doing anything wrong."

"Oh, I know honey, it's just...well, they're really big, I don't want things to get awkward," Sara said. "I'm aware that you have big boobs, Mom."

"'I'm sure you are," she said teasingly, "I just want to make sure we don't wander into dangerous territory. Dispassionate, remember?"

Daniel smiled. "It's just a hug, Mom."

"Oh I know, you're right. Come here," Sara said, sitting up and pulling him to his elbows. She rose up on her knees, then leaned forward, hugging him. Daniel gasped out loud as he felt her huge Mommy-melons flatten like soft dough against his bare chest. "Whoa," he muttered, making her giggle.

He felt her hot breath at his ear. "You ok?"

The gauzy fabric was so thin, she might as well have been wearing nothing at all.. "Yeah, it's

just... they're so squishy and warm." Sara giggled some more. "I warned you."

"Can I lay back?" Daniel asked, "onto my back?"

"Go ahead."

"You'll keep hugging me?"

"I'm not going anywhere," she answered sweetly.

Daniel lowered himself onto his back. Sara followed, spreading her curvy body out on top of him. He could feel the thick nubs of her hard nipples through the nightie. The smell of her sweet perfume was intoxicating.

Her soft voice whispered in his ear. "Do you like this, sweetheart?"

"Yeah, a lot," he muttered, wondering if his Mom could feel his excited heartbeat.

"Hug me tighter, Daniel. Put your arms around me. Squeeze my body really tight against yours."

He didn't have to be asked twice. He wrapped her in his arms and squeezed tightly, mashing her tits even more against him. His cock

flexed against her panty-covered mons. "Ohh my God," he muttered, "best hug ever."

Sara lifted her head, looking down at him. "I agree, but staying this way for too long, could get a Mother and Son in real trouble. Our business will be done from the back, with you behind me. So, why don't we spoon again for awhile, that way we can get acquainted with each other that way," she said.

"Ok," Daniel muttered, following his Mom back into the spooning position. They snuggled in tight beneath the blankets, Sara's meaty half-globes smothering the bulge of Daniel's erection.

"Here, slide your arm under me," she said.

Daniel brought his arm under and the Mother interlaced her fingers with his as she held his hands against her soft bare tummy. He pressed his cock deep in the crack of her ass, rubbing the strip of her thong that ran across her asshole.

Sara reacted, gyrating her ass against his prick. Soon their bodies rocked and jerked in steady dry hump. Daniel's bed creaked repeatedly from their heated movements. "You made the right decision, sweetheart," Sara panted. "Do you see how good it feels already and your boner isn't even buried inside me yet."

"Ohh my God, I'm gonna love it," he gasped, digging his erection into the crack of her ass. His plumb-sized knob was throbbing like crazy beneath his briefs as it pushed against the

crinkled lips of her asshole. Precum was beginning to seep through the fabric as it weeped from his aroused piss-slit.

"I know you'll love it sweetie. Rachel and I will tighten our asses and make it so good for you," Sara said, rocking her buttocks back, meeting his thrusting motions. "You'll squirt load after load."

"Ohh damn, Mom," the teen muttered, backing off before he came in his briefs. Sara followed him, thrusting her butt back against his dick. "Ohhh, you're liking that aren't you sweetie-bear?"

"Jesus, yesss," he whimpered, rolling onto his back. "If we don't stop, I'll cum."

Determined to milk him, Sara slid her ass up onto his lap and continued grinding. Her back was now against his chest, rocking her hips, continuing to rub his cock-bulge between her soft buns. Her big fleshy tits rocked beneath her nightie as she humped against her son. "It's normal to feel good, sweetie. Just squirt into your briefs, it's ok."

Daniel was about to cum when they were both suddenly startled by the doorbell. "Who the hell?" the teen gasped.

"Good question," Sara said, climbing out of bed and slipping her robe back on.

The doorbell chimed again before the busty Mother could get to it. She peeked out the peephole, then opened the door to find the neighbor, Margaret standing there. The scowling woman spouted out before Sara could even speak. "I know what you're up to in there. Disgusting."

"Excuse me?" Sara answered, glaring at Margaret as if she were crazy.

"Next time you crawl into bed with your own son, wearing sleazy lingerie, maybe you should pull the shades closed first."

Sara opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out but "Ugh."

"Maybe your husband is the one I should be speaking to. I bet he has no idea you're sneaking into your son's bed like a depraved slut."

The stairway light clicked on behind her and Sara looked back to see Dan Senior at the top of the stairs. "Honey, who's at the door?"

Sara looked back at Margaret and faked a sweet voice. "Ok, well thanks for letting me know. Goodnight," she said loudly, then closed the door.

"Who was that?" Dan Senior asked.

"The neighbor lady. I guess um...one of our empty garbage cans rolled into their yard again," Sara lied.

"She couldn't tell us that in the morning? It's one a.m."

Sara started up the stairs. "I know, right? Rude!" she said, shaking her head.

Daniel peeked out his doorway as his parents passed by his bedroom. "Everything ok?" "Oh yeah, just the neighborhood do-gooder doing her midnight rounds," Dan Senior said.

Sara smiled at her son. "Everything's fine, sweetie. Go back to sleep," she said with a wink. "Oh ok, um...goodnight," Daniel said, watching his Mom a moment.

Sara trailed her husband to their bedroom. After he disappeared inside, she paused at the door and gazed back at her son. Daniel watched his Mom reach down and casually lift the hem of her robe, exposing her thonged buttocks. Her thick tan ass crowned her smooth curvy legs and looked so sexy and inviting. He marveled at the way the fabric of the thong disappeared between her buns. Sara blew him a quick kiss before disappearing inside her bedroom.

Rachel was cooking breakfast when Michael walked in looking over a small empty box. "What's this. I found it in the trash. Crystal beads?" he asked.

"Maybe a better question is...why are you going through the garbage?" Rachel asked, her heart pounding nervously.

"I wasn't going through the garbage, I just saw it laying there on top, so I was curious." "They're just beads, Michael. Here, grab some eggs before they get cold."

Micheal pulled instructions from the box and read. "Let your sexual pleasure linger with this extra long set of crystal beads."

Rachel huffed, then stepped over and snatched the items from her husband, throwing them away. "You're gonna be late if you don't hurry and eat something."

"Pleasure beads huh? You usually tell me when you buy new toys." "I was gonna tell you, I just forgot this time."

" Can I see them?."

"No," Rachel said..

"Why would you buy pleasure beads?"

"Women buy them all the time, it's not that big of a deal," Rachel said. "Can I just see what they look like. I'm curious."

"No, you can't. Just...I'll show you later, Michael. Please, just eat something."

"I will. I just wanna check 'em out. Are they in your dresser?" "No, they're not," Rachel answered.

"Well where are they?"

"They're in my ass, alright. I'll show you later tonight."

Michael fed her a strange look. "They're in your ass, like right now?" "Yes, right now."

"Rachel, why would you be walking around with beads in your ass?"

"Because that's what you do with beads. You put them in your cunt or your ass, then you go about your day."

"Ok.." he said with a snicker. "How the hell do you get them out when you're finished?" Rachel giggled. "Are you serious? You've never seen a set of anal beads before?"

"Well I've heard of them, but..."

Rachel reached under her robe and peeled off her little pink panties. "I'll show you, but then you need to go or you're gonna be late," she said, then sat down and reclined back. She threw her legs back in the air, scissoring them open. Michael's wife exercised daily and he was amazed at how limber she was.

The thick lips of her shaved cunt were baby-smooth. Her meaty butt-cheeks were slightly spread and Michael saw a tiny string attached to a ring, sticking from her butthole. "When you're ready

to take them out, you just grab the ring and pull the string. Then one by one, out they come." "How many beads are in there?" Michael asked, fascinated by what he was seeing.

"Six."

"Make one come out," he said. "Michael no, you've seen enough."

"Just one. I wanna see what they look like."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Fine, just one. The rest are staying in there. Pull the string," she said.

Michael awkwardly grabbed the ring and tugged. Rachel's asshole bulged out, then slowly opened, squeezing out a ping-pong sized

glass ball from her ass. "Jesus, you have six of those in there? he asked in disbelief.

Rachel giggled. "Well, five now."

"Promise me this doesn't have anything to do with what we talked about the other day." "Which was what exactly?" Rachel asked.

"You know, the whole 'assturbation' thing, with Daniel."

Rachel laughed.."I can see how it might look like that. I mean, women do use anal beads to help their ass-muscles get prepared for vigorous anal sex."

"And that's not what this is right? I mean, we put that whole ridiculous idea to bed?"

"I promise, when your brother is NOT finished fucking your Mother in the ass today, he IS NOT coming over here to ram his dick up my ass too," she joked.

"Rachel, come on, I'm serious..

"Relax, I'm joking. Slip the bead back inside my ass and get to work. You're gonna be late," she said.

Michael shoved the bead back into her. Her butthole closed hungrily around it. "I can't believe you have six of those beads crammed in there."

Rachel stood to her feet. "We can buy another set for you if you want?" she joked. Michael shook his head. "Oh hell no," he said, making his wife laugh.

Later that morning, Sara and Rachel were out having their morning walk along the park. Both Moms wore snug tops and sexy yoga pants, showing off their luscious curves.

"What a nosy bitch. I can't believe she was looking in Daniel's window," Rachel said.

"I know and she had the worst timing. Daniel was seconds away from cumming in his briefs. We had a pretty steady dry hump going."

"That's so awesome. I mean, not that he didn't get to cum, but that he's completely on board with getting his dick in your ass."

"Well, yeah, I know he's ready. The question is am I? It's been five years since I had anal and I've never taken a cock as big as Daniel's in my ass," Sara said.

"Sara, you'll do fine. Did you try your eight-inch dildo yesterday?" Rachel asked.

"Yeah, it took a little time...and lots of lube, but it went all the way in," she smiled proudly.

"See, you got this. These vibrating bullets will help too," Rachel said, feeling the bullet buzz away deep in her bowels as they took their walk. "They'll relax our sphincter muscles and prepare our asses for penetration."

Sara pulled the remote to her bullet from her pocket. The tiny wire ran down into her yoga pants, between her butt-cheeks and through the tight crinkled ring of her asshole. She gripped the bullet tightly in the tube of her ass-tract, feeling the vibration along her inner walls. "What do you have yours set on?"

"Right now I have it pulsing," Rachel said, then looked at her phone.

Sara tried that setting, making the bullet pulse repetitively in her ass. "Not sure why I didn't buy me one of these a long time ago. It feels amazing," Sara said.

Rachel finished reading a text. "Ok, Heather texted back. We're good to go for this afternoon. Two-thirty, at her house."

Two young guys in a truck slowed down as they prepared to pass by the Mothers. The yoga pants were stretched across Rachel and Sara's meaty behinds and the guys watched their thick buns undulate sexily as the women walked.

The driver honked and the other guy let out a wolf-whistle. "Sounds like our asses are getting someone's approval," Rachel said with a smile.

Sara sighed nervously. "Oh my God, I can't believe we're actually gonna do this. I hope it feels good for Daniel, I really do."

"How could it not, we've both been doing like a million ass-kegals the past two days. He probably won't even last a minute," Rachel said, making them both laugh.

"Probably true," Sara said. "I'm gonna text him to let him know."

"Hey sweetie, appointment for our first session at 2:30 today. Better be ready mister! " she texted.

A half-a-minute later she got a text back. "Session?" it said. It was from Dan Senior. Sara looked at it in horror. "Oh shit," she muttered, as she stopped walking.

Rachel stopped also. "What's wrong?"

"I accidentally sent the text to Dan," Sara muttered. "Husband Dan? Oh God, you didn't, Sara. What did you say?"

"I told him we had a session. He's asking me what session. What should I say?" she asked in a panic.

"You can't tell him the text was meant for Daniel. He may figure out something's up."

Sara thought about it for a moment. "Wait, I know. I'll tell him it was meant for you...that we have a nail session at 2:30," she said, texting her husband back.

"Good thinking."

Sara got a return text from her husband. She read it out loud "Since when is Rachel a Mister?

"What? Sara, what did you text him," Rachel said, taking the frazzled Mother's phone. "Oh my God, Sara. You said 'better be ready, mister' in your first text. How could that be meant for me?"

"Oh Jesus, I don't know, I wasn't thinking. What do I do?" she said, reaching for her phone.

"Just..." Rachel said, turning away with Sara's cell, "let me handle this. I'm clearly a better liar than you are.

Sara looked on nervously, as Rachel and her husband shot a couple messages back and forth. "There, it's fixed, just don't say anything else to him," Rachel said, handing her back the phone.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him you meant 'sister' not 'mister,' and blamed it on auto-correct," Rachel said.

"Ohh, smart thinking. Now let's see if I can text the right person this time," Sara said as she messaged her son.

Later that day, Sara's neighbor, Margaret and her husband were out front of their house planting flowers. "No, the red ones go over there, white ones over here by me," she bitched.

"Does it really matter?" Bob asked.

Margaret snatched the flower container from him. "Yes, it does."

As she planted the flower, Margaret watched Sara and Daniel walk out onto their driveway to get in Sara's SUV. The busty mother was wearing a sexy black halter-dress and high heeled mules.

They stopped for a moment and Sara took her son's hands. "Don't be nervous, ok. You're gonna do great and it's gonna feel amazing," Margaret heard Sara say.

Sara looked over to see the nosy neighbor watching her. She guiltily let her son's hand go and flashed Margaret a dirty look as her and Daniel got in the SUV.

"Did you hear what she said to him? They're up to something," Margaret said.

Her husband looked up from what he was doing to what his wife was focused on. "Margaret , just mind your own business and plant your flowers."

Margaret stood up and brushed the soil from her hands, watching Sara's vehicle back from the driveway. "She's dressed like a floozy. They're up to something and I'm gonna find out what."

Bob watched his wife march towards her own vehicle. "Where are you going?" "I'm following them."

"Come on, Margaret, don't be crazy," Bob said.

"She's the crazy one, not me," Margaret said, then slammed her door and backed out of the driveway.

Once on the road, Margaret caught up to the Mother and Son and followed at a cautious distance. "Where are you two sneaking off

to?" she said out-loud.

She followed them across town to Rachel's house. Margaret watched the hot blonde get in to Sara's vehicle. Like Sara, Rachel was in a sexy dress and heels. Margaret shook her head. "An accomplice. She's probably fooling around with him too. Disgraceful," Margaret said out-loud as if she had someone in the car with her.

She continued to trail them through a maze of neighborhoods, until they finally pulled into a driveway. Margaret stayed in her car, a few houses down and watched them all go inside.

"Hey," Rachel said, hugging her friend. "Heather, this is Sara and her son Daniel." Heather and Sara hugged. "Welcome," Heather said sweetly. "Come in, come in."

Heather was a tall thick Mother with short brown hair and big boobs. She led them from the

foyer, into the living room where her own son was playing a video game on his phone. "Nick, we need some privacy, honey."

"Sure thing, Mom," he said, jumping up. "Hey, man," Nick said, passing Daniel. The two weren't friends, but recognized each other from school.

Daniel noticed birthday decorations everywhere, balloons and banners in the living room and the foyer. "Is it someone's birthday today?" he asked.

Heather giggled. "I hope not," she said.

Daniel looked at his Mom, confused, as he sat on the sofa between Sara and Rachel. They each took one of Daniel's hands and held it on their laps. Heather sat across from them. "So, Daniel, what do you know about assturbation?"

He answered timidly. "Only what my Mom told me, that it's like anal sex and takes the place of masturbation."

Heather smiled. "Exactly right. Don't mistake it for sex though. Rachel and your Mother are merely providing you with what I call objects of penetration."

"Alright," the teen nodded.

"I hear you're pretty much an anal virgin, is that right?" "I tried it once, but didn't get very far," Daniel said.

"Well, girls your age are rarely willing to endure a little pain so that a guy can get his nuts off. Women our age are different though. We don't shy away guys who have big dicks," Heather said.

Daniel felt both his Mom and Rachel squeeze his hands tightly. Heather gazed at him with her alluring chestnut-brown eyes, her full lips curling into a naughty smile. "Is that what you are, Daniel? Are you a guy with a big dick?"

Daniel felt all the women's eyes on him as they waited for his answer. "I um..I guess so," he muttered.

"Would you mind if we rubbed your dick and balls through your pants, to get it nice and hard before you show us. When you take it out, we want it to be at its absolute hardest."

"Sure, no, I don't mind," he said, making the Moms giggle.

Heather knelt down between his legs. Sara and Rachel turned towards him and they all began to feel his teenage cock through his pants. Daniel sighed as he looked down and watched the three pretty hands with their long painted nails and sparkling wedding rings fondle his dick and balls.

Rachel squeezed his knob with her fingers. "It's growing," she said with a mischievous smile. "I would be worried if it wasn't," Sara giggled.

Heather and Sara both massaged the expanding stalk at the base of his shaft, their fingers kneading the tender meat. "Feel the muscles expanding?" Heather said to Sara.

"My God, it's hardening so fast," Sara said in awe as she felt the big bulging veins began to pop out. Daniel shared a quick look with her and she smiled proudly.

Heather fondled his nuts as if measuring the amount of cum they contained. "They're so full. It feels like he needs a serious assturbation session."

"Probably well overdue," Rachel said, as her and Sara rubbed the thick cylinder of meat beneath his pants.

Heather looked at Sara. "Mom, why don't you unzip him. Let's get this thick young dick ready for penetration."

Daniel's heart pounded with excitement as he watched his Mom unbutton his pants. She unzipped him and Heather quickly tugged them down. Before she could pull them off his legs, Sara and Rachel were hurriedly pushing off his briefs. Daniel's big hardon sprung out, the knob purple and angry.

"Ohhh," Sara sighed, as she stared wide-eyed, her asshole throbbing in her panties. "My God," Rachel muttered, gazing at the long sturdy erection..

Heather pulled at his scrotum, making his dick stick straight up hard and proud. Big protruding veins criss-crossed up the thick hardened muscle. "I was right, he is a big boy," she said.

Unlike Sara, Rachel didn't hesitate to circle her fist around it and squeeze on the rigid prick. She glanced at Sara in awe. "Feel how fucking hard he is," she said, her voice filled with wicked thrill.

Sara joined her, wrapping her tiny hand around her son's stalk. "Oh my...," the Mother said in complete adoration. Even with the two fists circling him, Daniel had a good portion of his cock sticking out. Heather added her fist to the group, so there were now three stacked on top of each other. "Wow, he's a three-fister," she said, then reached over with her free hand and grabbed a big bottle of lube. She used her thumb to pop the cap off. "Shall we lube him up," she said.

Outside, Margaret continued to sit there in her vehicle, growing more restless by the minute. "This is nonsense. I can't just sit here and let those bitches take advantage of that young man," she said out loud, then looked at her phone. "Fuck it," she said, then dialed a number.

A person on the other end picked up. "Nine-one-one, what is your emergency?"

Chapter 4 - A tight slippery detour

A sexy short-haired blonde named Stephany sat in her vehicle across the street from Heather's house. Her son Bobby sat next to her, playing on his phone. "How long do we have to sit here?" he asked.

"Until they're finished, darling. You know how this works," Stephany said. "We don't use lookouts during our sessions."

"That's because we've been doing it for awhile. We're a little better than the newcomers when it

comes to being discreet."

Bobby laughed. "Except that time when dad almost caught us," he said. She fed him a half-smile. "You just had to bring that up, didn't you?"

Back inside Heather's house, Daniel was now standing. The Mothers were circled around him,

their slippery hands coating his hard cock with a substantial amount of lube. The teen looked down in awe as three pretty hands slithered, squeezed and stroked all over his prick as it stuck out, straight as an arrow. "Ohh wow," he muttered, feeling his glans tingle.

"Lots of lubrication is the key ingredient to great assturbation, Daniel," Heather said, coating the thick base, then squeezing her lubed hand over his smooth nut-sack. "I think he's ready ladies, if you wanna strip and lube your assholes."

Sara and rachel began undressing. Heather spread a large white towel out onto her carpeted floor. "Stroke your dick while you watch them strip, Daniel. Keep yourself nice and hard," she said.

Daniel's squeezed his slippery knob while watching his Mom and Rachel remove the skirts. He marveled at the sexy panties they were wearing. His Mom's panties were black bikini-style that moulded around her snatch. Nearly a third of her tan meaty ass-cheeks seeped out from under the lacy hems. Rachel wore a tiny white thong, which left little to the imagination. She slipped the thin straps over her hips, down her curvy legs, then stepped out of them. Daniel got a good look at the V of her shaved mons, before she turned slightly, presenting her big naked ass for his wide eyes. "Daaamn," the teen muttered..

"You ok over there, Daniel?" Rachel asked, peeking back as she unbuttoned her blouse. "Yeah, I'm good." he sighed, beating his boner to the site of her.

"You're good huh? We'll see about that," Rachel said with a wink.

His attention turned to his Mom as she peeled her panties off. He watched them slip down her strong mature legs and drop to her little bare feet. A neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair crowned the smooth plump folds of her pudenda . She smiled at him sweetly as she turned to give him a terrific view of her smooth meaty Mommy-ass.

Daniel shivered with arousal, his dick flexing in his slippery fist. He knew if he didn't ease up, he'd be cumming before he even got his cock in their asses.

Rachel shed her halter dress the rest of the way off and both her and Rachel stood there in just their bras. Daniel eyes got even bigger. Both women had huge tits and there was an obscene amount of tit-meat spilling out the cups of the bras.

Sara smiled at Rachel. "Here we go," she said, a bit nervously. "Who's first?"

"You are, of course. You're his Mother. Get into position and I'll help lube you up," Rachel said.

Sara dropped down to her hands and knees, thrusting her naked ass back towards her cock- stroking son. Daniel's heart was about beating out of his chest. His own Mom's hot ass was pointed back at him, the pink crinkled ring of her butthole clearly throbbing between her ass- globes.

Rachel knelt down beside her and spread some lube over Sara's butthole. She smiled up at Daniel who was watching and stroking at the same time. "She's ready for you, sweetheart," Rachel said, pulling open Sara's butt-cheeks.

With her ass spread open, the sexy brunette Mother peeked back at her son through long fluttering lashes. From Daniel's vantage-point, her pretty face hovered just beyond her big tan ass-cheeks. With her

buns spread apart, the teen watched the rubbery ring of her asshole pulse

with anticipation. Rachel look at it, then smiled at him. "It's throbbing. Her asshole is throbbing for your big dick, Daniel," she said.

Heather stepped up behind the teen, her fat tits brushing against his back. Daniel felt her hot breath at his ear. "Mount it, Daniel. It's yours. Assturbate as long and as hard and as fast as you want," she said, pushing him forward.

The teen knelt down, almost beside himself with lust. He crawled back behind his Mother, mounting her haunches. His eyes traveling between her eager face and rounded ass. The next time he looked up at her she fed him a tender Motherly smile. "Take your time and enjoy yourself, sweetie. It's all for you."

His cock throbbed, his breath heavy and excited. He slid forward, grasping his prick and positioning the fat juicy knob right up against his Mom's puckered butt-ring. Rachel let go of Sara's ass, but continued kneeling there beside him. She watched the teen look over at her bra- clad breasts and gaze down at the immense canyon of cleavage.

He set his sights back on his Mom's ass, then slowly pushed his hips forward, watching the rubbery ring of her asshole expand as it began to slip wetly over his bulbous tip.

Heather's phone rang, breaking the tense silence. "Wait!" she said, putting her hand on Daniel's shoulder, then answering her cell. "What is it?" she said.

Stephany, the Mother parked out front, answered from the other end. "It's a police car, right out front.."

"Shit," Heather muttered. "Initiate surprise birthday party." "Got it," Stephany said.

Outside, the two officers, a male and female stepped up to Margeret's window. "Hi, were you the

one that called?"

"Yes, that house there," Margaret pointed. "I'm as almost certain there's a group of women having sex with a young man in there," she said.

"This...young man. Is he underage?"

"No, I think he's eighteen, but one of the women is his Mother. As far as I know there are laws against incest, am I right?" Margaret said.

The two officers looked at each other, the woman cop rolling her eyes. "We'll check things out, ma'am," the male officer said.

The two cops crossed the street, went to Heather's door and rang the bell. They were about to ring it a second time when Heather answered. She wasn't alone. The two other Moms and all their sons were grouped by the door, adorned with balloons and birthday hats. "SURPRISE!" they

shouted.

Heather quickly faked a confused look. "Wait, um, hi...can I help you?"

The two officers glanced at one another, feeling completely awkward. The female cop spoke up first. "No, sorry, there was apparently a misunderstanding," she said.

"What type of misunderstanding?" Heather asked, then suddenly looked passed the officers. "Shit, they're here," she said.

The officers turned and saw Stephany and her son Bobby walking up the driveway. The male officer quickly looked back at Heather. "We won't spoil the surprise. Have a nice day," he said.

The cops crossed the road, listening to the group shout "SURPRISE" a second time. "Well?" Margaret asked, watching the officers approach.

"Birthday party, ma'am. That's all that's going on in there," the male officer said.

"No, you don't understand. I heard her tell him he'd feel good when he got over here. I saw her the other night, in her son's bedroom, crawling into bed with him, wearing next to nothing," Margret exclaimed.

The female cop glared at her. "Ma'am, we're through here. Have a nice day," she said sternly. Back in the house, Heather, Sara and Rachel stood at her window looking out at Margaret . "Bitch," Sara said.

"Cunt," Rachel added.

"Who is she?" Heather asked.

Sara answered. "My neighbor. She...she saw me through the window, getting into bed with Daniel the other night. Now, apparently, she's determined to prove that we're doing something inappropriate," she said, then noticed that the other ladies were smiling at her. "Ok, which we are. We are doing something inappropriate, but it's none of her fucking business."

Heather smile reassuringly.."It's ok, Sara, this is why we have lookouts. Ladies, this is Steph and her son Bobby. They've been

doing assturbation sessions for about a year. They were parked up front today as lookouts for us, in case just such a thing were to happen. Although usually, it's to watch out for a husband coming home early, I've never actually had the cops show up before," Heather said, taking another look out her shades.

"I'm sorry, it's my fault," Sara said, "I guess we should probably try this again sometime at a more discreet location maybe?"

Heather nodded. "Let me think on that. My brother has a beach cottage, just outside of town.

There's never anyone there. Let me see what I can do for tomorrow."

On the way back, Rachel was fuming in the backseat. "I can't believe she flowed us there. Crazy stupid stalker bitch," she said.

"I know. It's hard enough doing this behind Dan's back. Now I have to worry about my nosy fucking neighbor too?" Sara said as she drove.

As they griped, Daniel looked over at his Mom's sexy tan legs. Her dress had bunched up as she sat, nearly to her crotch. Her legs looked so strong and smooth.

Sara noticed him staring. She looked down at the protruding lump in his pants, then her and her son's eyes met. A sympathetic frown washed across her face. "Ohh honey, I'm sorry," she said.

"It's not your fault, Mom."

"I would say let's have an assturbation session at my place, but Michael should be home soon," Rachel said.

"I know, Dan too," Sara said with a frustrated sigh.

They pulled up to Rachel's place. "I'll text you the second I hear back from Heather about tomorrow," Rachel said.

"Thanks, Rach, love you," Sara said.

Sara glanced over at her son in concern as they started home. "Are you ok, honey."

"Yeah, just bummed..That's the second time our neighbor lady has interpreted just before...well, you know."

Sara squeezed the steering wheel. "Damnit, this isn't fair at all," then she made a sudden left turn.

"Where are we going?" Daniel asked.

"To Katie's Cove. There's some private parking spots there along the beach. We can have an assturbation session just fine in the back seat."

Daniel glanced back second row. "Katie's Cove? Didn't they just build a big resort there?"

"Oh shit, you're right. Well, we'll just have to find another spot. We need lubrication first," the Mother said, pulling in to pharmacy parking lot.

A few minutes later Sara stepped up to the register with her son and a big bottle of lubrication. The cashier picked it up to scan it, smiling suddenly. "Hi...Sara right?"

Sara gave the woman a blank stare. "Do we um...know each other?"

"Our husbands work together. We met at the company Christmas party," the cashier said. "Oh right, um...yeah... Diane, right?"

"Joanne. How have you been?"

Sara glanced at the bottle in Joanne's hand, then at her son uncomfortably. "Good, just busy being a Mom and doing um, Mom things."

A line began to form behind them. "Hi Daniel," a lady close to his Mom's age said as she stepped up behind them, setting her hand-basket down. It was his English teacher. She had long dirty- blonde hair and an amazing rack.

"Oh, hi Misses Davis," he said uncomfortably.

Sara glanced at her awkwardly. "Really? Are you fucking kidding me right now?"" she thought to herself.

Joanne started laughing. "Remember that drunk idiot Dave at the party that kept making a spectacle of himself?"

Sara forced an impatient smile. "I do," she said. "That was...crazy."

Joanne lifted her arms up and down in an exaggerated way. ""He kept throwing his arms around like he was Mr. Macho," she said and as her arms came down, she smacked the cap of the bottle off. Slimy lubrication went everywhere.

Sara let out a quick startled scream, watching the lube splatter across the sales counter. "Oh shoot, sorry..." Joanne said, scrambling around for some towels.

"No, it's ok, it's just..." Sara said, scooping some up with her fingers without thinking. "Oh God," she muttered.

Misses Davis stepped forward to help. "Here, I have some tissues," she said, handing some to both women.

"Thank you," Sara smiled awkwardly, wiping her hands.

"This stuff is so slippery," Joanne said, wiping it off the counter.

Daniel slowly snuck away. "Mom, I'll be in the car," he muttered. "Ok hon."

"See you tomorrow, Daniel," Misses Davis said, flashing him a pretty smile. Misses Davis looked at Sara's boob. "There's a big gob of it on your dress."

"Thanks, I'll get it later. I don't wanna hold up the line," Sara said, her face red with embarrassment.

Joanne looked over a nearby stock-boy. "Ralph, can I get another bottle of..." she said, the read from the label. "Backdoor Anal um...lubricant."

Sara glanced at Misses Davis with an embarrassed smile, then over at Joanne. "No, it's ok, really, I'll just pay for what's left in this bottle."

"Are you sure? He can get you a full one," Joanne said. "It's fine," Sara said, forcing a smile. "What do I owe you?"

A few minutes later, Sara got in her SUV and slammed the door. "What the actual fuck," she said in

frustration.

"That was awkward," Daniel said.

"Ya think," she said, the started her vehicle. "Now that everyone at the local pharmacy knows what we're up to, shall we get going?" she said.

She drove them outside of town. "Do you even know where you're going Mom?"

Sara was scanning the sides of the roads for any spots that looked promising. "I'm just winging it. Keep your eyes peeled for any small

side-roads."

"There's one," Daniel pointed.

Sara skidded off the pavement, onto the dirt road. "Hold on, honey,"she said.

Her SUV kicked up a cloud of dust as she tore down the wooded road. "Do you know where this leads?" Daniel asked.

"It doesn't matter. I have four-wheel drive. We just need a private spot off the road somewhere," she said, scanning the trees.

"I hope this isn't private property out here," Daniel said.

Sara suddenly, jerked the steering wheel, taking them off road. The SUV bounced wildly.

"Jesus, Mom," Daniel said nervously, watching them race down in between a bunch of trees. Her truck roared up a small slope, nearing the top. "Mom, you gotta slow down," Daniel said, finding something to hold onto.

"I got this," she said.

The truck reaching the peak of the slope, catching air, sailing down the other side. They raced into a cluster of tall brush and the thin limbs beat against the sides of the vehicle. "You're gonna

scratch your car," Daniel said.

The SUV hit a patch of mud, sinking in and spinning around. Sara gunned it, but they only sunk deeper. The tires spun, flinging mud everywhere. She took her foot off the accelerator and turned off the key. "Well, here we are," she said calmly, looking over at Daniel.

"Mom, we're stuck." Daniel said.

"Well, at least we're stuck somewhere private." "Yeah, but how are we gonna get out of this mess?"

"Let's just...focus on the task at hand. We'll worry about that later," she said crawling back into

the second row.

Margaret was back to planting flowers when she saw Dan Senior pull up next door. "Oh Good, you're home," she said to herself.

Dan got out of his vehicle, briefcase in hand. "Excuse me," he heard Margaret say as she walked over to him. "Dan right?" she asked sweetly.

He pointed at her. "Marge?"

She put on a fake smile. "Margaret." "Right, sorry."

"You didn't get invited to the birthday party?" she asked.

"I'm sorry?"

"Your wife and son are at a birthday party, or so I was told."

Dan shook his head, confused by where she was going with this. "I really didn't know anything about it."

She fed him a snooty smile. "Of course you didn't. I know where it's at. I can take you over there if you'd like."

"No, that's ok. I can call her. Thanks," he said, starting to walk off.

"Oh, Dan, also, sorry about ringing your doorbell so late last night. I told your wife she really should pull your son's shades before she crawls into bed with him. Especially if she's gonna be next to naked like she was," Margaret said.

"Oh, um, ok," he said, processing what she just heard.

She fed him a shit-eating grin. "Have a nice evening," she said, returning to her yard.

Sara's sexy feet slipped from her heels. Her toenails had a fresh coat of hot-pink. Her cell sat next to her feet, buzzing steadily, Dan's name up on the screen.

Her and Daniel were hurriedly undressing, not with the need to rush through the experience, but more out of a desire to get his horny dick inside her ass as quickly as they could. He peeled off his shirt and she quickly shed her dress. He watched her big tits wobble inside her bra and she quickly unbuttoned his pants and started to tug those and his briefs off at the same time.

Both their breathing was rapid and excited as Sara stared at his erect dick, while pulling his clothes off of him. "Ohh, Daniel, you're throbbing, aren't you sweetheart?"

"Yess," the teen muttered, lustfully staring at his Mother's nearly nude body.

"Let me get my panties off," she said, staring at his sturdy erection while hurriedly wiggling her panties over her hips.

Daniel watched her slide them down her sleek tan legs and she kicked them aside onto her phone.

She continued staring at his dreamy hardon for a moment. "Lubricant," she said, then crawled onto her center console, reaching into the front seat for the half-full bottle she'd just purchased. This gave Daniel an amazing view of her meaty half-globes. Her knees were together on the console, her buns hovering over the soles of her tan bare feet as she leaned forward.

"Ohh my God," Daniel muttered, his hand instinctively moving to his meat and stroking to the beautiful site. With her cheeks spread slightly, he could clearly see round crinkled ring of her asshole and the smooth folds of her outer labia.

"Got it," she said, returning to the seat next to him. "Coat it all over," she said, squirting a big gob on his flared purple tip.

Daniel coated his entire cock, making his big dick glisten. Sara rose to her knees on the seat, reaching back and massaging some lube on her ass-ring. She turned quickly, resting on her hands and knees, then cocked her thick ass back at him. "Get behind me," she said, peeking back.

He tried to mount her, but his head hit the ceiling. "Not sure if it'll work this way in here."

Sara spun around. "Ok, um, you sit down...I'll climb on top," she said, gently pushing him back onto the middle of the seat. It wasn't every day a guy got to watch his beautiful, big titted mom crawl on top of him..

Sara straddled her son, planting her knees astride his hips. Her big bra-clad melons brushed against Daniel's face. He sighed excitedly at their close proximity. The strapless black bra had a sheer lace panel across top of cups, adding to the almost obscene amount of cleavage she had exposed.

The Mother excited reached down and grasped his hard cylinder of cock-meat, sliding the knob down in between her buns. He felt it nudge her slippery butt-socket.

Sara looked at him. "Here we go. Are you ready honey?" she asked. "Yess," he muttered excited, his heart pounding.

Sara pushed her ass down and her butthole expanded, slipping wetly over the bulbous knob.

Daniel sighed with delight as it sunk a couple inches into the mouth of her ass. "You're in. Oh my God, Daniel, you're in my ass," Sara sighed excitedly.

Sara felt his cock flex, his knob throbbing inside her ass-tract. "Ready to go deeper?" she asked. "Uh-huh," he muttered, staring in to her immense cleavage.

She pushed down with her ass and and her asshole widened, stretching along his thick slippery pole. "Ohhh shit," the teen whimpered, feeling her internal sphincter slip along his glans.

Sara kept pushing more and more of him into her butt, feeling him stretch deep into her rectum."Oh-h-h-h," her voice quivered, pausing for a moment.

"You ok," Daniel muttered.

"I'm fine. You're just big honey," she said with a giggle. "Do you need to pull it back out?"

"No, no, no, I'm fine. I'm gonna back out slightly, that'll spread some lubrication along my inner

walls, then we'll go nice and deep. Don't worry, I'm gonna be able to take every inch of you," Sara said.

Daniel's cock slipped back a couple inches, then Sara pushed down again, making it slowly spear deeper into her bowels. Finally, he felt her ass-ring screw tightly around the thick base of his boner. "Ohh my God, Mom," he whimpered.

Sara used the nearby controller to recline him back slightly. Now, rather than press against him, her big Mommy-melons could lay on him, spread out on his upper chest. She gazed down at him. "Before we start humping let's just lay here a few minutes and I'll squeeze on you, ok."

"Sure," Daniel's muttered.

The busty Mother rested her head on his shoulder, his entire dick soaking in the hot tight furnace of her ass. Muscles in her abdominal wall contracted, increasing the pressure in the rectum. A loop of muscles squeezed around Daniel's meat, moulding to the shape of his cock. "Ohhh," the boy sighed, his knob tingling..

"Do you like it, honey? Does my ass feel good on your dick?" Sara asked.

"God yes," he said.

"You can squeeze me baby. I have to keep my bra on, but you can wrap your arms around me and squeeze me as hard as you want," she said.

He didn't need to be told twice. "Okay," he muttered, throwing his arms around her, pulling her voluptuous body up against his as hard as he could.

She felt his cock give off a mighty throb in her ass as his face sunk down into her gaping cleavage. His Mom's warm curvy flesh felt amazing against him as he inhaled her sweet perfume.

His hips instinctively began to rock, worming his cock through her ass. "Are you ready to hump, sweetheart? Are you ready for some assturbation?" Sara asked.

"Yess," he sighed, kissing the big mound of tit-meat wedged against his face.

Sara's meaty buttocks began to glide up and down his slippery cock. He felt felt her hot breath at his ear. "It's yours, Daniel. Thrust your hips and go as hard and as deep as you need to. I won't stop you."

"Ohh man," he muttered, picking up his tempo just a bit. Sara stayed with whatever fuck-pace her son chose, her thick buns bobbing up and down to match his speed.

"Jesus, that feels so good, Mom," the boy moaned, arching his head back from the intense friction on his cock.

"I know it does honey. That's why I wanted this so bad for you," she said, pumping her ass on him like a pro.

"If I'd have known I could do this, I probably would have broken up with my girlfriend, instead of the other way around," he said, making Sara giggle.

"You'll find someone special, love, but until then my ass will be available, as often as you need it."

"Just warning you, Mom. That might be pretty often," he said with a sigh.

"I know all about you teenage boys. Mom's prepared to help you drain your nuts several times a day if she needs to," Sara said.

"Oh damn yess," he muttered.

Daniel's cock slipped through the grip of her ass-tube, the lube and his precum creating a slippery froth for his meat to slice through. The spongy walls of her rectum spread along his burrowing knob and felt like wet mouth sucking his glans.

"Ohhh, I'm feeling really good," he whimpered.

Sara tightened her shit muscles, meeting him thrust for thrust. "Ok baby, let's make you pop hard. You need it," she said.

Their flesh began to beat together as their humping intensified. Sara's SUV rocked to the rhythm of their thrusting bodies. The hot

Mother clung to him, looking down at his pleasure-filled face, which was wedged between her jiggling bra-clad knockers. "Ohhhh fuuuuck," the teen shout, arching his head back.

"Gimme all of it baby, come on," Sara said as she felt the first hot rope squirt along the walls of her rectum.

"Uugh! Uuugh!!" Daniel grunted, shooting out more and more cum in his Mom's gripping ass.

Sara stopped their thrusting and held her asshole firmly against the root of his boner. She pushed her rectal muscles, as if she was having a bowel movement. Her slippery inner walls milked the tender Peter with their hot rubbery ridges. His smothered knob squirting out more and more creamy jizz.

When she felt his dick stop pulsing, Sara knew she had pulled out every drop. "Feel better?" she asked softly.

"Oh God do I," he muttered, making her giggle.

"So you think this assturbation thing is gonna work out ok for you?" she asked. "Ha, yeah," he muttered.

She sat up, his cock still embedded in her ass. "Wanna watch it slide out?" she asked.

"Sure."

Sara remained on his cock, but instead of kneeling, she planted her feet on the seat, then leaned back, bowing her curvy legs open. Daniel marveled at the way she was shamelessly displaying her nearly shaved snatch, the thick hood of her clitoris peeking out. He could see her asshole stretched around his meat. Sara slowly backed his glistening pole out. It made a wet throaty sound it popped from her ass and sprung up, slapping wetly against his lower abdomen.

Daniel's watched the rubbery ring of her asshole close up, squeezing out some jizz as it clenched tight. "Damn, that's hot," he said.

A short time later, a tow truck driver trudged through the mud next to Sara's vehicle. He arrived at her window and she was sitting there waiting. Her and Daniel were now fully dressed. "Looks like someone tried to do some four-wheeling out here," the driver said with a laugh.

Sara stuck out her credit card, faking a sweet smile. "Can you pull us out please," she said sweetly.

93: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.5-6

Chapter 5: A Perfect Sleeve

"He's about to leave. Be ready. We only have time for a ten minute session," Daniel's mom texted him.

The teen jumped out of bed excitedly, slipping out of his briefs. He jerked on his big knob, hardening his peter up.

Sara ushered her husband out the door, practically pushing him out. "I'll text you later ok, honey." Dan Senior gave her a strange look. "So, hold on, who's birthday was it yesterday? he asked. "Birthday?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, the neighbor lady said something about seeing you at a birthday party."

"Oh God, don't listen to her. She's fucking crazy."

"So you weren't at a birthday party?" Dan asked, confused.

Sara was pushing the door shut behind him. "No...I mean, yes, we were, but can I just tell you about it later, I don't want you to be late for work."

"Sara, I have plenty of time to get to work."

"Ok, but Daniel has ten minutes before he has to leave. I still need to give him some...I mean make his, um...lunch."

"Ok, fine. We'll talk later then. Love you," Dan said, backing down the walkway.

Sara blew him a quick kiss. "Love you," she said, then closed the door and locked the deadbolt.

Dan moved to the driveway and stopped suddenly as he saw Sara's SUV sitting their completely caked in dried mud. "What the hell?" he said out loud.

Sara gave two quick knocks on her son's door before barging it. "Oh good, you're hard," she said, glancing at his boner. "We have to be quick or you'll be late for school."

"I can be quick," Daniel said, standing there staring at the swell of her swaying buttocks through her robe as she moved to the window.

Sara peered through window, which had a partial view of the driveway. "Did you see him back out of the driveway yet?"

"I wasn't watching."

The mother looked across at the neighbor's window and saw Margaret standing there staring right back at her as she folded a towel. "Are you fucking serious?!" she said, then quickly closed

the shade.

."What?"

"That nosy bitch from next door is gonna make me lose my mind," Sara said.

Her phone started buzzing in her hand. She saw it was her husband. "Oh for fuck sake," she said, rolling her eyes, then answered sweetly. "Hi."

"Did you enter an off road race yesterday or something, your truck is covered in mud," Dan Senior said with a chuckle.

"Oh yeah that, um...we got...re-routed. They made take a um, one of those detour thingies, on the way home, up some stupid muddy dirt road. It was ridiculous," Sara lied.

"I guess. Well, I switched vehicles with you. I'll run it through a car-wash for you on my way to work."

"You're an angel. Call you later. Love you," Sara said, then hung up. She set her phone down, then quickly reached under her robe and peeled her panties off.

Daniel watched her climb onto his bed on all fours and pull her robe up at the waist, pointing her meaty bare buttocks back at him. Sara peeked back. "We don't have much time," she said, then wagged her ass back and forth, "Come mount me, honey."

"Yes ma'am," he said excited, his big boner bobbing and crawled up behind her. "Where's the lube? You'll need to lather some on," she said.

"Oh, I don't have it."

Sara's eyes got big. "What? I thought you brought it in from my truck?" "I thought you brought it in."

Sara sat up with a look of horror. "Oh my God, Daniel. Please tell me it's not still in the truck. The truck that YOUR FATHER is driving right now," Sara said.

"Oh...damn."

"We've gotta go get it out before he sees it."

"What? Mom he's probably miles away by now," Daniel said.

"No, he said he's running my truck through the car-wash. There's always a line of cars at that place. Take his car. You'll have time to catch him if you leave now."

"Can't we just do this real quick first."

She crawled off the bed and straightened her robe. "Daniel no, you don't understand, if he finds that bottle, we're both dead, get it? D. E. A. D, dead."

Daniel sighed with frustration as he pulled his briefs back on. "Which now gives me zero time before school. If I'd have known this was gonna happened, I would have just masturbated this morning."

"I'm sorry, just get that bottle back and I'll let you miss your morning classes. We can have a nice long assturbation session when you get back."

Daniel's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Yes, really, but honey you need to hurry."

Daniel quickly threw his shirt and shoes on. "If I get i get the lube before he sees it, will you let me see your tits?"

"Daniel," she said, giving him a stern look.

"What, Nick's mom let him see her tits during their sessions." "Heather? Really?"

"That's what he told me," Daniel said.

"Honey, you need to focus on my ass, not my boobs," Sara said. "Nick could be lying, just to try to impress you."

"I bet Aunt Michelle would show me her boobs."

"Daniel, you're wasting time," she said, pushing him out of his bedroom.

"Come on, Mom. What's the harm in showing a little skin. It's not like I'm gonna tell dad." "Well I should hope not," Sara said.

"You'll do it then, just a peek?" Daniel asked as she steered him towards the front door. "Come on, Mom, please."

Sara sighed impatiently. "Fine, a peek, just get that bottle back." Daniel smiled big. "On it!" he said, then rushed out the door.

Dan Senior sat at the car-wash waiting. As the car ahead of him went through, the attendant

came to his window. "Damn, bud, looks like you need a wash bad," the young guy said, eyeballing the mud caked all over the vehicle.

"Yep, hopefully I don't have to go through more than once. I'll do the deluxe," Dan said, handing

the attendant his credit card.

"Do you need a vacuum today? It's free with the deluxe," the attendant said.

Dan looked around on the floor. "No, I don't think so," he said, then looked back at the second row, "she keeps it pretty clean in here." He noticed the bottle sitting on the back seat, but couldn't tell what it was.

"Here's your card back, dude," the attendant said, then handed it back to Dan. "Have a good day."

"You too," Dan said, putting his card away, then turning to look back at the bottle. He leaned back between the seats, reaching back to get it. He fumbled with it with his fingertips, trying to grasp it.

A knock at his window suddenly startled him. He saw Daniel standing there. "Hey dad, I have your car," his son said through the window.

Dan Senior rolled down the window. "What are you doing here? I told your Mother I'd just take her car today."

"She was afraid there'd be a wait at car-wash and you'd be late for work," Daniel said, glancing back at the bottle on the seat. "I can take it through the wash, so you can get going," he said, opening the door.

"You sure?"

"Yeah dad, mom doesn't need it this morning. She said I could take it straight over to class."

"Perfect," Dan said, grabbing his briefcase. "Oh, where's that muddy detour your Mom took? I wanna try to avoid it on my way to work."

"Oh...that detour? I wasn't really paying attention, sorry," Daniel lied.

"No worries. Have a good day, son," Dan said, moving toward his vehicle.

"Oh I will," Daniel said with a smile, thinking about how he'd spend half the 'good day' in his Mom's ass.

"Hey! I just dropped the kid off at preschool, here for my morning coffee and gossip," Rachel said, sitting down at the table with Sara, who sipped on her own cup of Joe.

"I'm just sitting here waiting to see if I'm gonna be divorced soon," Sara said. "Uh-oh, that doesn't sound good," Rachel said.

Sara explained what happened that morning. Rachel smiled back at her reassuringly. "Just relax, a woman can lie her way out of any situation. What I really wanna know is, how was the assturbation session yesterday?"

"Well, we were in the car, so it was awkward. Daniel did seem to get a lot of pleasure from it though, so I'd say the maiden voyage was a success," Sara said, making them both giggle.

Rachel fed her a naughty smile. "How did it feel in your ass? I'm curious," she said. Sara smiled back slyly. "Big," she said raising her eyebrows.

"Like, bigger than your dildo big?"

"Let's just say it's a good thing we stopped and got the lube, otherwise there's no way he would have got that thing in my ass," Sara said.

"I talked Michael into fucking my ass last night, but after using those beads the past few day, it was a complete letdown. I could hardly even feel him, it was pathetic."

"They're both my sons and I love them equally, but I could always tell from their bulges that Daniel was a lot larger than Michael. In fact, I'm pretty sure you could combine Michael and Dan's dicks together and still not equal Daniel's length and girth," Sara confessed.

"He has your genetics. It's like he's a carbon copy of you, only in male form," Rachel said. Sara giggled. "How do you figure?" she asked.

"You're gorgeous, Daniel's gorgeous. You have huge tits and a thick ass. Daniel's dick is the same. It's like you were physically made for each other, the perfect genetic pair."

"I don't know about that," Sara blushed, sipping her coffee.

"I do," Rachel said, "in fact, I'd bet you a thousand bucks that his cock and your vagina are the perfect fit," she said.

"Oh Rach, come on."

"No, hear me out. I read about this in one of my women's magazines. They said that the penis's of some sons are fashioned genetically after their mother's cunts and asses. It's like their orifices provide a perfect sleeve, unlike that of any other woman," Rachel explained.

Sara laughed. "Jesus, what kinds of magazines are you reading, Rachel?"

"Well, the article sounded a bit more clinical than I did, but that's basically what it was saying."

"That's fine, but we'll really never know about this 'perfect sleeve' theory because we all understand that my cunt is off limits. So is yours. Assturbation is about just that, ASS-turbation. And Daniel is only using our asses until he gets a girlfriend," Sara said.

"You'll feel his heart-beat?" Rachel said. "What?" Sara said with a baffled look.

"In your ass. They say if it's a perfect fit, you'll feel a guys heart-beat through his knob." Sara started laughing. "Where do you read this stuff?"

"I'm serious. When he's all the way in your ass and his knob is throbbing to his heartbeat and you can feel it, you'll know I'm right. Hey, and speaking of assturbation, Heather wants us all to come out to their beach cottage tomorrow," Rachel said.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," Sara said skeptically.

"Right, but her husband love paddle-board. If he takes our husbands out with him, that'll leave the boys at the cottage with us. It'll be a day of surf, sand and hot ass-sex," Rachel said with a big smile.

They heard the front door open. "Daniel?" Sara called out.

"Yeah, just me mom," he answered, then stepped into the kitchen, holding the half-full bottle of lube for them to see. "Mission accomplished," he said.

"He hadn't seen it?" Sara asked.

"It was still laying on the back seat," Daniel said. "Thank God," Sara sighed.

"Why does it look half-empty? Exactly how much assturbating did you two do last night?" Rachel asked.

Sara and Daniel smiled at each other. "The half-empty bottle is a long story. We were..."

"Speaking of assturbation..." Daniel said, cutting her off. "Can we do some now. Sorry, I'm just like...super-horny," he confessed.

The two women looked down at his crotch, which confirmed his statement. "According to your boner-meter, I'd say that's accurate," Rachel said with a giggle. "Should I call Heather, see if

she'll drive over and be a lookout for us?"

"No need," Sara said, picking up one of the kitchen chairs.

They followed her to the front door and watched her wedge the back of the chair against the door-handle. "There, now even if they have a key they're not getting in," she said, then looked at her son, "shall we get busy?" she asked.

"Wait," Rachel said, "I have an idea."

Five minutes later, Daniel's mouth hung open as he sat on a stool in his parents bedroom, watching Sara and Rachel dance in front of him. Sara's Bose stereo blasted the song "Bonita Applebum" by A Tribe Called Quest. Both women wore a pair of cheeky boy-short panties and

cropped cami tops. Daniel was naked and sat there shamelessly stroking his boner to the site of them.

Both women had their backs to him, swiveling the globes of their asses back and forth to the beat. The fabric of their panties were made of translucent floral lace and Daniel could clearly see the cracks of their asses as they swayed them hypnotically back and forth.

His ogling eyes traveled down their smooth curvy legs to their sexy bare feet with painted toenails as they stepped around gracefully. Just the site of their sexy feet made him pull his prick even harder.

"Wooo!" Rachel sang, swiveling around, rolling her long thick tongue across her top lip lustfully as she gazed down at Daniel's cock.

Sara turned also, her curvy body rocking to the beat as she eye-balled her son's cock slipping through his fist. Daniel could tell they were both braless beneath their tops, by the way their

large heavy tits were jostling around. Plus, both women had thick stiff nipples that protruded out beneath the fabric.

Rachel was the first one to begin peeling her panties over her buns. She slipped them off seductively, like a professional stripper would, letting them shimmy down her legs to her bare feet, them stepping out of them.

Sara was next. Daniel's tongue hung out as he watched the panties slide off her thick swaying mommy-ass and down her sexy legs. The women continued dancing, only this time naked from the waist

down. The teen beat his dick lustfully, watching the two bare buttocks's rock and sway teasingly to the beat.

Whenever his mom or Rachel bent over, even slightly, he was greeted by the site of their smooth hairless pubic clamshells.

Sara looked back at her boy and he returned her gaze. "Can I get that peek now?" he asked. She giggled and shook her head.

"Oh come on, you promised."

"Fine," she said. Her back was still to him as she lifted her cropped top and her big naked jugs sprung out. Even behind her, Daniel could see the huge slopping meat of her tits hanging down and bobbling on her chest.

"Holy shit," the teen muttered, squeezing his cock even harder as he stroked. Sara pulled her top back over her boobs.

"That's it?" Daniel asked.

"I said a peek and that's what you got," Sara said, continuing to swing her ass.

Rachel turned towards him, quickly removing her top. "I'm not shy," she said, as her big thirty- eight triple d's bobbled across her chest. Daniel's heart pounded with desire as he stared at his sister-in-laws huge milkers. "Ohh fuck yeah," he muttered, watching her thrust her chest, making her cannons bounce to the music.

Sara glared at her daughter-in-law. "I'm not shy either, clearly..." she said, rocking her naked ass back and forth. "I'm just trying to keep his focus on our asses, not our boobs."

"Oh come on, Sara, they're just tits," Rachel said, making her ballooning jugs rock on her chest for Daniel's enjoyment.

"Yeah mom, just tits. And don't worry, your ass will get plenty of my attention today," Daniel said, just as the song ended.

"Well the song's over, so let's get to it, young man."

Rachel fed him a naughty smile. "Pick us up and throw us on to the bed, Daniel." Daniel looked at his Mom, as if for approval. "Seriously?" he asked.

Sara smiled back at him. "Would that turn you on, honey? Picking us up off the floor and

throwing our bodies onto the bed before you assturbate?" "I wouldn't mind it," he said with cocky smile.

"And I don't mean scooping us up into your arms like a gentleman. I mean tossing us over your shoulder like a fucking caveman," Rachel said.

"Like this," Daniel asked, lunging forward, grasping Rachel around the waist and throwing her half-way over his shoulder. The young mother screamed playfully, her feet and silky legs dangling and her meaty ass pointed in the air. "Yess," she said with a giggle.

The strong teen carried her over and threw her onto his parent's big bed. Rachel giggled, scrambling on to her hands and knees, pointing her thick ass back and wagging it lustfully. Daniel could see her the undersides of her big udders hanging off her chest, ready to swing.

"Your turn, Mom," Daniel said, his big sturdy boner pointed straight at her.

Sara stood there in a cute sexy pose, watching her boy move toward her. "Ohh, is my strong boy gonna pick his mommy up and throw her onto the bed like a rag-doll?" she said seductively.

"You got it," Daniel said, lifting her easily, the same way he did Rachel. The busty mother was tossed onto the bed, screaming playfully. Like Rachel, she rebounded quickly, crawling to her hands and knees and pointing her naked "applebum" back at her boy. "Lube up, captain caveman," she said, peeking back at him.

Daniel squirted an ample amount of lubrication on his erection. He slowly stroked his pole, oiling it up, while staring at their eager asses with fuck-lust. His eyes moved down the cracks of their buns to the smooth puffy folds of their shaved pussies.

"Mount Rachel's ass first, sweetheart," Sara said.

Rachel watched eagerly as the boy crawled onto the bed behind her. She thrust her ass out, her smooth buns spreading, creating an easy target for his cock.

Daniel squeezed his knob through the puckered ring of Rachel's asshole. She sighed in ecstasy as she felt his thick hard muscle ease it's way into her ass. "Oh my God," she groaned.

Daniel clutched on to her wide hips, watching the meat of his erection slowly disappear inside Rachel's ass. "Ohh man that feels good," he muttered.

"That's it, Daniel, give me all of your hard cock," she sighed, feeling his knob squeeze through her rectum. Finally, her buns kissed his midsection and he let his hardon soak in the hot grip of her ass.

The lucky teen looked over at Sara's meaty half-moons, which hovered right next to Rachel's. Her crinkled rubbery butt-ring was visibly throbbing. He looked up from her ass to see Sara gazing back at him with the horniest look he'd ever seen.

Daniel slowly eased his cock out of Rachel's butt-socket. His plump knob popped out and her oiled asshole clenched closed. He gave his

brick-hard rod a few strokes as he turned towards his Mom's posterior.

Rachel rose up on her knees beside her mother-in-law, watching Daniel fit the tip of his prick against the puckering lips of Sara's ass. The ring expanded like an elastic band, stretching over the oily bulbous tip of Daniel's member. "Ohhh," Sara sighed in delight, feeling his hard phallic muscle sink in to her shit-chute.

Kneeling beside him, Rachel placed her hands on the teen's toned chest, watching his erection slowly disappear. "Ohh yes, that's right, pack her ass with your cock, sweetheart," she said.

Daniel tore his eyes away from his Mom's ass and looked at his sister-in-law's huge naked jugs hanging there in front of them. Her pink round areola were as big around as baseballs, with thick engorged nipples protruding from their centers.

Sara's stretched asshole kissed the hilt of her son's boner. She flexed her rectal muscles, squeezing the tender meat in the hot oily confines of her anal-canal. "Ohh shit," Daniel whimpered, flexing his cock between the smothering walls.

The elastic band of Sara's asshole was acting like a snug cock-ring, making the huge veins along his shaft pop out, swelling with blood. Daniel's big purple knob expanded even larger, throbbing and leaking. His mother responded, using her bowel muscles to squeeze her son's

glans.

"Ohh my God, Mom," he whimpered, closing his eyes and turning his head to the side in ecstasy.

Rachel stroked his cheek tenderly and he opened his eyes to see her staring into his with her big baby-blues. "Is she squeezing on your cock, sweetheart? Is she making it throb?"

"Uh-huh."

Sara's ass had never felt so full. She could feel the blood pumping through the living limb she had fully stuffed inside her ass. She could feel the knob twitching in a steady rhythm. It wasn't long before she realized that what she was feeling was her son's excited heartbeat. Her own

heart skipped a beat as she realized that Rachel was right. Her ass was made for her son's cock. It was the perfect sleeve.

Chapter 6: Grade-A Pleasure

Margaret answered her front door and found a professional-looking woman in her 40's on her doorstep. "Hi..Margaret?"

"Yes," Margaret said suspiciously.

"I'm Sam, the private detective you talked to online." "You're a woman?" Margaret said with surprise.

"Yes, well, Sam is one of those names that can go either way. I'm sorry, if you prefer a male

detective, I can refer you to someone," Sam said.

"No, it's fine. Come in," Margaret said, leading her into the living-room.

"Beautiful home. Are these your children?" Sam asked, looking at the photographs on the wall.

"Yes, they are. Look, I'll just cut to the chase, Sam. The reason you're here is because I believe my neighbor is having sex with her son."

Sam looked a little shocked. "Oooh.Ok," she said, "you're fairly confident of this?"

"I am absolutely confident. They're engaging in sexual acts and it's an absolute disgrace, not to mention against the law."

"And on which side of you do they live?" Sam said, pointing in both directions.

"Number forty-eight. I suppose next you're going to ask me why I even care?" Margaret said.

Sam shook her head. "No ma'am, I'm not. Why a client cares is none of my business. My focus is on providing you with the proof you need to confirm your suspicion. Once I do that, what you do with that proof is up to you," she said.

Margaret smiled. "Just what I wanted to hear. I think this will go quite well," she said, then looked out the window at Rachel's Volvo parked on the street. "Oh, and also, her oldest son has a wife who I suspect is in on the action. That's her car there. It wouldn't surprise me if they're doing something highly inappropriate in that house, even as we speak," she said.

In Sara's bedroom, Daniel dug his fingers into his Mom's fleshy ass as she threw it back at him. His groin clapped lewdly against her rippling rump as he fucked her ass with steady thrusts. "Ohh shit," the teen whimpered as his cock thundered through the squeezing tube of pleasure.

Sara peered back over her shoulder, her eyes traveling up his lean chest. "Are you feeling good, honey?" she panted.

"Fuck yesss," Daniel moaned, watching her meaty mommy-buttocks bounce against him.

"Don't go popping a nut too soon," Rachel said, rubbing her ass against his hip, "You haven't pounded my hole yet," she said.

Daniel slipped his prick from his Mom's ass, a big stringy gob of precum oozing from his piss- slit. He watched the rubbery ring of her asshole close up, then turned, feeling Rachel's warm buns press against him.

His horny sister-in-law gazed back, biting her bottom lip as she pressed the length of his upturned boner up and down along the crack of her ass. Daniel just looked down and watched his cock slide around between her cheeks. He looked up to see her smiling at him. "Put it in," she said with wild eyes.

The teen grabbed his erection and brazenly rubbed his knob up and down between the split of her twat. Rachel gasped as she felt his hot tip squeeze back and forth against the fat nub of her clitoris. They gazed at each other and she giggled. "Naughty boy," she said playfully.

"What is he up to?" Sara asked with a mischievous smile.

"He just took a little detour across my clitoris, that's all," Rachel said. "Ugh, Daniel," Sara said.

"Sorry, I'm a bad aim," he said, slipping his cock into Rachel's ass.

Sara fed him a stern look. "Uh-huh, right. Pussies are off limits, young man and that includes our clits."

"Fine," Daniel sighed. He grabbed Rachel's soft hips and began punching his cock through her ass. He was mesmerized by the site of his brother's wife's big mature tush as it struck his midsection over and over. Even though he was much younger at the time, he remember how stunning she looked on her wedding day. How thick and juicy her ass-globes looked in her wedding dress.

Now, here they were, those same fleshy tan cheeks, but now naked and rippling with every strike as his slick boner as it speared through

the clasping ring of her asshole. "Daamn, Michael must love doing this to you," Daniel said.

"Ha," Rachel said, smiling over at Sara. "He does, but your brother isn't really built for anal sex." "Oh, you mean he has small dick?"

Rachel laughed. Sara looked at her son, nearly laughing herself. "Daniel, be nice."

"Well, that's the reason, isn't it?"

"Yes, but he's your brother, so don't be mean," Sara said.

"Michael loves anal, but he just can't get in very far," Michelle said with a smirk.

"That sucks for him, I think the best spots are further back," Daniel said, thrusting his cock in as deep at it could go. He was greeted by the squeeze of her muscled rectum.

"Sucks for me too. A woman loves to feel a cock digging deep in her ass and your brother just doesn't have what it takes," Rachel said. "Wanna try a different position?" she asked.

"Sure," Daniel said.

"You don't even have to pull it out, just follow me down and lay behind me," Rachel said.

Daniel took position behind her, so they were both on their sides. He was tempted to reach around and grasp on to her big naked tits, but he knew his mom wouldn't have it. Rachel curled her silky leg into the air as Daniel fucked her ass from behind, holding on to her waist. "Oh man, this is awesome," he sighed.

Sara hovered over them, watching her son hump. "You like it that way, sweetheart?"

He stared at his Mom's hard nipples as they protruded from huge swell of her tit-orbs, out the thin fabric of her cami top. "Yeah, I like it that other way too though, how we doing it in the truck yesterday."

"Oh, right, with me on top of you?" she asked,

"Yeah," he sighed, feeling his hardon slip through Rachel's ass.

Sara watched in awe the bulging muscles and veins at the root of his prick, as he sliced his hard cylinder in and out of Rachel's back door. "We can do that one again too sometime, but why don't you try this one with me.," she said.

Rachel slipped away from Daniel and Sara quickly took her place. The boy sighed with a thrill as he felt his Mom reach down, clutch his boner and slip his knob into her asshole. "Push, honey," she said, thrusting her butt back at him. They quickly found a rhythm. "Ohh yeeaah," the teen

sighed, feeling he sphincter-muscles squeeze around his thick burrowing meat as they humped.

Sara turned her head and watched her son's face, thrusting her boobs out and extending her strong motherly leg straight up into the air. "Ohhh wow, this is a good position," she sighed.

"I told you," Rachel said, kneeling there watching them butt-fuck.

Daniel loved the feel of his groin bumping up against his mom's cushy naked ass. He gazed up the silky spire of her sexy leg as it pointed straight up at the ceiling . Her flexed bare foot with it's pretty painted toes was like the cherry on top.

Sara panted and smiled, watching her son's reaction as she clenched her asshole, increasing the resistance around his gliding meat. "Ohhh, man," Daniel whimpered.

"Do you like that, honey?" she asked. "Do you like it when I squeeze your dick like that?" "God yes," he replied.

"It makes not having a girlfriend a little easier, doesn't it?" Sara asked.

"Uh-huh," he muttered, feeling her squeeze again, using her strong shit-muscles to clamp around his erection. "Ohh my God," he groaned.

Sara and Rachel looked at each other and giggled, delighted by the extreme pleasure they were providing him. Rachel moved over and laid behind the teen, pressing her big warm melons against his back. She reached between the two of them and clawed at his chest with her long painted nailed, hovering over his ear. "Just imagine that your on a date, fucking the pussy of some hot big-titted cheerleader," she said.

Sara was propped on her arm, still looking at her son. "Do you feel your cock inside her, honey," she said sweetly, then clenched her ass, "do you feel her hot pussy gripping you?"

"Fuuck, yess'" Daniel said, thrusting through her tight grip.

Rachel clutched him snuggly, mashing her tits on him. She brought her knee up, running her pretty toes up his thigh. "Squeeze her Daniel. Squeeze her body and feel her soft tits against you while you fuck," she said in a sexy tone.

Daniel pulled his Mom's body even closer, sandwiching himself between the two curvy women. "Mmm," Sara hummed, then bent her leg at the knee and propped it back, providing easier access for him to continue pushing his cock up into her ass. He was beginning to pant and thrust earnestly, fueled by their hot words. "That's it, fuck her, sweetheart," Sara said softly.

The teen dug his hard prick through his Mom's ass, savoring the feel of the warm curvy bodies squished against either side of him. Both women whimpered and stroked his cheeks tenderly, their wedding rings sparkling. Rachel continued to hiss at his ear. "Mmm, you're fucking her so good, Daniel. Come on, make her shake and scream you hot fucking stud," she moaned

seductively.

"Hoohh' Daniel sighed, his knob tingling as it slipped through the juicy grip of Sara's tight rectum. Both moms used their sexiest voices to drive him wild with fuck-lust.

"Do you feel it, baby? Do you feel it on your big hard dick?" Sara said, humping back on him.. "Her hot horny pussy," Rachel whimpered, rubbing her big sloshy tits against his back.

"And her big soft titties," Daniel's mother added, pulling his hand to the swell of her breasts. His fingers sunk into the tit-flesh through the fabric. "Swinging and bouncing while you fuck her hard," Sara said.

"Ohhh shit," Daniel moaned, on the edge of a monster cum. "Cum in her, baby-boy. Give her that sweet hot load," Rachel said.

Sara flexed her rectal muscles, sending her boy over the edge. "Ogghhhhh!" he groaned, firing a creamy shot deep into her bowels. "Ogghhh!" he moaned again, his young body straining between the writhing women. They whimpered and moaned, squeezing his lean body between them, driving him insane as he poured what felt like a gallon of spunk into his Mom's slippery anal sheath.

A few minutes later, Sara slipped off the bed. "Shower time, for both of us. You gotta get to school, honey," she said, looking down at her son.

Rachel laid there on her tummy, looking sexy as fuck. She was gazing down at Daniel's hard dick. "How the fuck are you still hard?"

"It'll go back down, in about an hour, unless..." Daniel said, looking at his Mom as she stood beside the bed, her big boobs stretching her top.

Sara placed her hands on her naked hip. "Unless what?"

"I still have an hour and a half before the afternoon classes start." "And?" Sara asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You said we could do that position we did in the car yesterday," Daniel said. "I said we'd do it again sometime."

Daniel smiled slyly. "Well, now is sometime," he said, making both women giggle.

Rachel rose up on her knees, her big melons bobbling heavily. "Get your shower, Sara. I got this." Sara glared at her son. "Stay away from her clitoris," she said teasingly.

Daniel's mom disappeared into the adjoining bathroom. Rachel flipped open the bottle of lube and squirted some on Daniel's cock. She brazenly clutched on to his boner and lathered it up with a few full-length strokes. "Fuck, you're big," she said, gazing at his dick lustfully.

She leaned over and kissed the purple knob, then gave it a long sexy lick, making Daniel's body shudder. "Don't you dare tell your mom I did that," she said in a flirting manner.

Daniel's big titted sister-in-law planted her knees astride him as she mounted his loins. She sighed as she fit his knob through her asshole. "Ohh my God," she whimpered in delight as she lowered her buns, sliding his stiff cock up her ass. Daniel's tongue hung out lustfully as he watched her big knockers hover over him, while

feeling his cock sink into her tight anal cavity. Rachel propped herself on extended arms, lifting her ass up Daniel's meat a few inches as she adjusted to his size, then pushed her globes back down, making his cock-meat sink all the way inside.

"Ohh shit," the teen sighed, feeling the grasping heat of her ass-walls around his boner.

Rachel began to rise and lower her ass, humping his stiff dick. "Ohh fuck, this feels so good," she sighed.

Daniel's focus was on her huge hanging jugs as they swung in unison to her humping motions. Rachel winked at him. "You like my big tits, Daniel?"

"Yeah, they're amazing," he said.

"Not as amazing as your moms, but they're still pretty nice huh?" Rachel said.

"Uh-huh," he muttered, watching them bounce. "Can I suck on them?" he brazenly asked. Rachel giggled. "You trying to get us both in trouble?"

He glanced towards the bathroom door. "She's in the shower. I won't tell her." Rachel smiled at him. "I suppose I got to kiss and lick your cock, so it's only fair."

Daniel buried his face against one of her jiggling tit-mounds, sucking the entire cap into his mouth. "Mmmnn," he whimpered, tonguing the fat rubbery flesh of her nipples and areola.

Rachel steadily fucked his cock through the grip of her ass, feeling his plump knob squeeze through her rectum on every plunge. "Mmm, this feel so good, but I know how to make it so much better," she said.

Her wet distended nipple popped from Daniel's mouth. "How?" he asked.

She smiled mischievously, still bouncing her buns. "I'm gonna try to push you out, like I'm shitting, but you're not gonna let me," she said.

"I'm not?"

"Nope, you're just gonna keep fucking and pushing through no matter how tight it gets. Are you ready?" she asked excitedly.

"Yeah," he said, nuzzling his face into her cleavage and kissing the inside of one of her wobbling breasts.

Rachel closed her eyes and Daniel could tell she was pushing. He felt the spongy lining of her anal walls collapse around his boner and her strong rectal muscles tightening around him. "Ohh wow," he muttered as he felt his cock pushed down her tube.

"Push it through. Fuck me hard," Rachel moaned, pushing her ass, while Daniel bucked from the mattress at the same time. "Ohh God yesss," she cried out, feeling his boner spear back through all the slippery muscled lining of her anus.

"Ohh, fuck, that feels so good," Daniel moaned.

"I told you it would. Your mom and I know all the tricks," she said with a shaky voice. She plopped her trembling body down onto his and Daniel could tell she was cumming. He wrapped his arms around her, feeling her big warm melons slosh around on him as he continue to buck his hips and drill his cock up into her ass.

Rachel arched her head, tossing her hair back. "Uuuhhggh," she grunted, shuddering in orgasm as she continued to tighten her shit-muscles around him.

"Ohhh fuuuck," Daniel moaned, feeling his glans sizzle as they slipped through her tightened bowels. He grabbed her buttocks and sat up. Rachel knew what he wanted, quickly unfolding her legs and wrapping them around him, so she was now sitting on his lap facing him, with his cock shoved all the way up her ass.

"Cum in my fucking ass," she cried out lustfully, pulling his face to her jiggling knockers and rocking on his cock frantically.

"Ohh shit yeaahh," the teen sighed, his face smothered in tit-flesh.

Daniel's parent's bed rocked with the intensity of their movements as the pair clung to one another, grinding in a deep frantic butt-fuck. Daniel couldn't believe how wild and horny his brother's wife was being and he fucking loved it. His entire boner tingled as it jerked through the hot grip of her ass. "Ohh fuck, I'm gonna cum," he groaned.

"Yess, fill my ass, Daniel," she cried out, rocking her hips at a frenzied pace.

"Ooogghhh!" the boy grunted as his knob erupted with big gooey ropes of hot jizz. Rachel continued rocking on him, milking every ounce of cum.

They collapsed in a heap. "Holy fuck. I'm gonna feel cum dribbling out of my ass for a week," she

said with an exhausted sigh, making Daniel laugh.

Sara came out of the bathroom, with nothing but a tiny white towel draped around her voluptuous body. She looked down at her son and daughter-in-law, giggling at the way Rachel was clinging to him with her big tits laid out across his chest. "Look at you two love-birds."

Rachel nuzzled her face in Daniel's neck. "Tweet-tweet," she said cutely.

Daniel marveled at how sexy his mom looked standing there with her long dark hair damp and slicked back. His eyes paused on the enormous cleavage that peeked out the top of the towel.

Sara looked down at him and smiled. "You, young man, need to get a shower and get going."

"I know, I know," he said, sitting up on the edge of the bed. "Can I get another peek at your boobs first?" he asked, making both women giggle.

"I think we have a boob-man on our hands, Sara," Rachel said.

"Trust me, I know. He's been feasting his eyes on them since he was thirteen," she said, winking at her son.

"You did promise me a peek at them." "Which I gave you earlier today."

"With your back turned. I only saw part of them," Daniel said.

"I could be wrong, but isn't that the definition of a peek?" Sara teased. "Oh come on, Mom, just a quick flash."

Sara looked at Rachel and laughed. "Now he wants a flash. You have a half-hour until class starts, so get your cute little ass moving," she said, pointing at the door.

"Fine," Daniel said, heading for the door.

Rachel sprung from the bed, her big milkers bobbling heavily. "I'm gonna use your shower."

Daniel moved out into the hallway. Sara followed him, stopping just outside her doorway. "Hey..." she said to her son.

Daniel stopped and turned around. His mom stood in a cute little pose, with one sexy leg bent at the knee and cocked slightly forward. The foot of that leg was arched, her cute little painted toes squatting against the floor. She gazed at her un-tucked the towel and held it open, giving him a clear view of her full naked body.

"Holy shit," Daniel muttered, staring at her enormous rack. Her big meaty melons hung down heavily. The thick round circles of her areola and fat protruding nipples looked like big angry

demon eyes glaring back at him.

His eyes drifted down her sexy midriff to where her mommy-hips flared out wide, framing her pubic V. Where that V came to a point was a thin, neatly-trimmed patch of pubs and just below that was the crown jewel of her womanhood. Daniel could see the protuberant dome of her clitoral hood peeking out. He couldn't help but grasp his cock.

Sara let him stroke his dick a few times before she closed the towel and smiled. "How's that for a flash," she said, then disappeared back inside her bedroom.

Twenty minutes later, the teen was rushing off to school. They only lived a few blocks from the high-school, making it a short walk.

Sam, the private detective, sat in her sports-car, watching Daniel head down the street. "You must be Daniel. Running a little late, aren't we?" she said to herself, out-loud, then clicked a few pictures of him with her camera.

She started the car and kept her distance, following him to school.

Daniel grabbed a book from his locker, then closed it. A few lockers over, a beautiful young brunette smiled at him, showing her perfect white teeth. "Hi Daniel," she said sweetly.

"Hey Candy," he muttered, a bit timidly. The truth was Candy was the hottest girl in school, a star cheerleader, who looked like the young soap actress Lacey Chabert.

"I heard about you and Lisa breaking up," she said.

"Yeah, about a week or so ago," he said, glancing at the swell of her plump young tits pushing out her sweater.

"Are you doing ok?" she asked sweetly.

"Yeah, things are going ok. Are you and Chad still together?" he asked.

"Yeah we are, but he's been kinda busy with football and stuff. Seems like there's ton of road games here lately," she said.

"That must get lonely for you?"

She smiled sweetly. "Yeah, totally," she said, gazing at him with her beautiful green eyes. "That's why I um, wanted to talk to you...see if you wanted to hang out sometime, after school maybe?"

Daniel's heart raced. "Sure," he muttered excitedly.

"My parents don't get home until like 6. So we'd have a couple hours to like...Netflix and chill maybe," she said.

Daniel knew those were code-words for 'fuck their asses off. His eyes drifted down her body.

She had a narrow waist that flared out into wide hips. She wore pink shorts and her dark-tan legs were smooth and strong-looking, just like his Mom's. Her cute little tan feet with dark painted toenails were displayed in a pair of white wedged-heeled flip-flops. "Absolutely," he said, then exchanged numbers with her.

"Bye, Daniel," she said, walking off. Her thick young buttocks filled out her shorts deliciously and swayed in a way she knew would draw his attention as she walked away. It was all the boy could do to reach down and squeeze his growing cock.

Daniel had a hard time focusing in class as he replayed the morning's events in his mind. The click, click, click of Misses Davis's heels snapped him back into reality. The tall dirty-blonde sashayed past him towards her desk, the big meaty swell of her buttocks undulating beneath her snug skirt.

She rounded her desk and looked directly at the teen, giving him a little smile.

When the bell rang, Daniel's classmates filed out. Misses Davis looked his way before he could get up. "Daniel, can you stay put a moment, please."

The teen sat there as the rest of the class disappeared. Misses Davis got up and moved towards him, her dainty heels clicking on the floor. Daniel couldn't help but notice how the swell of her tit-mounds trembled under her blouse with every step.

Misses Davis sat on top of the desk in front of him, crossing her strong nylon-encased legs. "So Daniel, how was the anal sex yesterday?"she asked candidly.

"Anal sex?" he asked with a nervous gulp.

"Yes, the anal sex you and your mother had, using the anal lubricant that you bought at the store yesterday. I was there, remember?"

"Oh yeah," he muttered.

She leaned forward, gazing at him with her piercing gray-blue eyes. "You don't have to be shy with me, Daniel. I know all about this new

'assturbation' trend that's going on with mothers and sons. Most women do," she said.

"Oh," he muttered.

"Unfortunately, I only have two teenaged daughters...and a husband who thinks anal sex is disgusting."

"Do you think it's disgusting?"

"No..."she said gazing at him lustfully, "I crave it," she said. "I see," Daniel said, his heart racing.

Misses David tossed a note-card onto Daniel's desk. It had a big "D" written on it in black marker. "That's your grade in my class right now. You may be the cutest student I have, but you're clearly not the smartest. But that's ok, cute boys don't need to be smart, not when they can better their grades in other ways," she said.

"Other ways," Daniel asked.

"Yes," she said, leaning forward. Daniel noticed the top two buttons of her blouse were open, revealing a deep canyon of cleavage."If you keep going like you are, you may fail my class and not graduate," she said, then turned the card over. Written on this side was an "A."

"But there is way, we can turn that D into an A," she said. "What do I need to do?" Daniel asked.

"Oh..." Misses Davis said, standing up and turning around. She bent over the desk, pointing the

big thick half-moons of her matronly buttocks at him, "I think you know what you need to do," she said, her pretty face peeking back at him.

Sam sat in her car in the parking lot of the school, waiting for Daniel to emerge. She had a plan to extract the information she needed to continue her investigation. She saw Misses Davis walk down the sidewalk and get into her SUV. A minute later, Daniel took the same path, then peered around suspiciously before jumping in the passenger side of Misses Davis's vehicle.

"Ohh, you are a naughty boy, aren't you, Daniel," Sam said outloud. She clicked a few pictures of the SUV as it pulled out of the parking lot. "Now, let's see where you're going," she said, carefully following after them.

94: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.7-8

Chapter 7: Bending the Rules

Daniel's slippery cock-head throbbed as it squeezed through the deep grip of Misses Davis's rectum. "Ohh shit," the teen whimpered as he felt her rubbery walls tighten around his boner.

They were in the back-seat of Misses Davis's SUV. The pretty middle-aged teacher was straddling the teen with his big cock shoved up her ass. "Ohh yes, Daniel... Fuck my asshole," she gasped, pushing her buns down to get as much cock into her butt as she could.

The teen reached down and gripped her bobbing ass, his fingers digging into the flesh of her big cheeks. Misses Davis had pulled the cups of her black bra up over her large tits, letting them bounce around Daniel's face.

"Damn Misses Davis, your boobs are really big," he muttered, pressing his face inside the deep jiggling cleavage.

"You can suck them if you want. Just don't leave any marks," she said.

Daniel latched on, shoving as much tit into his mouth as he could get, while his hot teacher bounced her ass up and down his slippery erection.

Misses Davis's SUV sat in the corner of an abandoned parking lot. Nearby, Sam, the Private Investigator hired by Margaret, sat in her

sports-car with a clear view of the teacher's vehicle. She clicked a few pictures. "Just as I suspected," she said to herself, then got a big smile, "and oh how your little backseat fun will play to my advantage."

"Ohh yess, this feels sooo good," Misses David panted, beating her big sexy ass against Daniel's crotch.

"Mmnn," the teen whimpered in agreement, slurping on the fleshy tip of her boob. Her nipple popped from his mouth and he wiggled his face into the squishy pocket of meat between her jugs.

Daniel's cock flexed inside her ass, feeling her thick inner lining squeeze and suck his tender meat. Misses Davis reached down and rubbed the large clitoris protruding from her cunt-mound. "Ohh my God," she panted, on the verge of a hot orgasm.

Daniel sensed the urgency of her cum and bucked his hips off the seat, spearing his slippery boner through her oily ass-tube. The vehicle was filled with the sound of lewd smacking as her fleshy buttocks beat against the teen's loins. "Yesss, just like that. Screw my ass hard you horny little fuck!" Misses Davis cried. "Ohhh!... Ohhh, yes make me cum... Yeeesss!"

The boy watched her pretty face contort with pleasure and her lush body tremble as she screamed a whimpered through a powerful orgasm.

"Can I fuck your pussy?" Daniel asked brazenly as she came down from her orgasmic high.

"Fine, but be quick about it, we've already been out here too long," she said, looking out the window uncomfortably.

He slipped his dick from her ass and lifted her up, then positioned her on her back on the seat. The horny teacher brought her knees up, splaying her thick thighs open. Daniel licked his lips, staring

lustfully at her well-groomed cunt. He lowered himself against her and planted his prick against the pink fleshy folds of her labium. "Push it in," she sighed, rocking her hips up and down eagerly.

Daniel's knob found her creamy fuck-socket and sunk into her hot vagina. "Ohh God," she whimpered feeling his thick meat stretch her inner lining.

The boy gave her the entire length of his cock, then held it there, with his knob crushed against the head of her cervix. He brought his weight down on her and felt her strong silky legs wrap high around his back. "Jesus you're big," she gasped, squeezing her married pussy on his cock.

She clutched his ass with her long nails. "Fuck me as hard as you can," she said.

Daniel obliged, setting his hips in motion and finding a frantic rhythm. His hard dick speared through her pussy-tube, lubricated by her juicy walls. He squeezed her curvy body, feeling her big boobs slosh around between them. "Ohh, yeeeaah," he sighed, fucking her as hard as he could.

Sam got out of her car and carefully snuck over to Misses Davis's SUV. The vehicle rocked back and forth from the wild humping going on inside.

She peeked through the window of the second row and was greeted by the site of Daniel's young naked ass bobbing up and down between his teacher's splayed legs. Sam watched in fascination as the teen's big hard cock sliced through her cunt, her labia stretched obscenely around it's girth.

"Yesss, ohh!... Ohhhh!" Misses Davis panted.

Sam felt her nipples harden and her own clitoris tingle. "Focus," she whispered to herself, fighting off the urge to squeeze her own tits.

She pointed her camera and took a few pictures.

With such deep savage thrusting, it didn't take long for Misses Davis's cunt to tighten up and soak Daniel's boner with orgasmic juice. "Uuuunnhhgg!" she cried out, writhing beneath his young body.

"Ohhh shiiit," the teen whimpered as his knob swelled and tingled, thundering through her twat. "Ohhh fuck, I'm gonna shot off!" he groaned, thrusting like a madman. "Ooggghhh!!"

Thick ropes of spunk jetted from the tip of his cock, hosing the inside of her vagina. The next two minutes were absolute bliss for the boy. He bucked and writhed, using the hot teacher's

hole to squeeze out every drop of cum he had.

Meanwhile, Sam had rushed back to her own vehicle to avoid being seen.

Misses Davis dropped her student off at a laundromat around the corner from the school. "See you Monday, Misses Davis," Daniel said, hoping out.

"Bye, Daniel," she said, flashing him a flirty look.

Before Misses Davis's SUV could pull back onto the street, Sam's sports-car blocked her exit. Sam got out and walked over to the teacher's window. "Is there a problem?" Misses Davis asked.

"Driving a student to an abandoned parking lot and having sex with him, yeah that's kind of a problem," Sam said.

"I don't know what your talking about," Misses Davis said nervously.

"No? Should I show you the pictures I took? Would that refresh your memory?" Misses Davis glared at the woman for a second. "Pictures?

Who the fuck are you?"

Sam faked a smile. "Relax, sweetheart, I'm not your enemy. I have no interest in ruining your career or wrecking your marriage," Sam said, eyeballing the teacher's big diamond wedding ring, "As long as you're willing to cooperate, we can keep your naughty little fuck-session a secret."

"Cooperate?" Misses Davis asked, clearly confused.

Sam drew her attention to Daniel as he disappeared down the sidewalk. "Daniel, right?" The teacher glanced at her student. "Yes," she said.

"Clearly you and Daniel have developed some trust and secrecy in your relationship. Perhaps he would confess to some things to you, if you questioned hard enough," Sam said.

"Things? Where is this going exactly?" Misses Davis asked.

"I need him to share some information with you," Sam said. "Once you've secretly recorded him sharing that information, then I delete those photos and YOU go about your merry life, like we never met."

Misses Davis glared at the PI. "This is ridiculous," she said.

"Or I could stop by your bosses office right now and ruin your fucking life. In fact, you know what.." Sam said, moving away from the vehicle, "maybe that is the right thing to do."

"Wait!" Misses Davis shouted, causing Sam to pause. "Just..tell me what you need."

That evening, Daniel sat at the dinner table with his parents. As his Mother and Father discussed

a situation at Dan Senior's work, the teen stared at Sara's big tit-mounds. She wore a thin sweater that fit snuggly over her mommy-boobs and all her son could think about was how she exposed herself fully in the hallway and how absolutely luscious her body was.

He heard his Mom clear her throat and looked up to see her glaring at him uncomfortably. Her eyes peered over at her husband, then back to her son, as if reminding him that his Father was right there.

"So what was it that you were saying about the beach tomorrow?" Dan Senior asked his wife.

"Oh um, Rachel's friend Heather, the realtor, has a beach house. She invited us all over tomorrow. She said something about a cookout and I guess her husband really wants to take you and Michael out paddle-boarding," Sara said, then glanced at her son.

"Jesus, I haven't been paddle-boarding in ages. Sounds fun," Dan Senior said, then looked at his watch, but right now I gotta get in there. The game's about to start," he said, hopping up and giving his wife a quick kiss.

"I'll help you clean up, Mom," Daniel said, flashing her a smile, then glancing at her tits.

Daniel's Father went into the living-room and planted himself in front of the TV, while Daniel helped his mom clear the table. Sara noticed the bulge in her son's shorts. She stopped beside him, reached down and clasped the tip of his boner through the fabric. "Am I seeing things, or are you hard right now?" she whispered.

"Yeah, I am," Daniel blushed. "How could you expect me not to be when you're wearing a snug top like that?" he said.

"You're suppose to be obsessed with my ass, not my boobs." Daniel smiled. "Why can't I be obsessed with both?" he asked .

She gave him a flirty look as she move to the sink. "Because it's call 'assturbation' not 'tit-n-

assturbation," she teased.

Daniel moved over to the sink and stood behind her while she did dishes. Sara felt his boner push against her buns, which were covered by a short white-denim skirt. She peeked back and gave him a stern but playful look. "What are you up to?" she asked.

"Nothing," Daniel said, slowly pulling up her skirt.

His Mother slapped his hands and tugged her skirt back down. "Have you lost your mind? Your father's in the next room," she reminded him.

"Can we do a session?" Daniel asked, his boner flexing with horniness.

Sara turned to face him, the big swell of her jugs protruding out beneath her sweater. "Of course

we can, but if you think you're gonna hike up my skirt and slide it in my ass, right here in the kitchen, you're crazy," she said with a smile.

"Can we go to my room then?"

Sara giggled at her son's eagerness. "Daniel, we need to clean this kitchen, then...maybe we can sneak upstairs."

"Ok, sorry, I'm just really horny I guess," he blushed.

"Oh really, I hadn't noticed," she said teasingly. "We can..play around a little...while we clean, but nothing too naughty, in case your father walks in."

"Thanks, Mom," the teen said, stepping forward for a tit-squashing hug. He wrapped her in his arms and squeezed his Mom's curvy flesh in a prolonged embrace. Sara ran her long nails across his back, while he nuzzled his face between her shoulder and chin. "Man you feel good," he said with a horny sigh.

"I do, huh?" Sara asked, staring at the doorway, praying her husband didn't come walking in.

Daniel brazenly planted a few soft kisses on her neck. He could feel her hard nipples on his chest, even through their clothing. He felt one of her silky legs curl around him, grasping even tighter. Her body shuttered as he flicked his tongue on a sensitive part of her neck. She quickly moved her neck away, yet they remained embraced. "Daniel, no, not that," she sighed, then

gazed in his eyes. "Sorry," he muttered.

"No you're not," she said with a giggle.

"Ok, I'm not," he said, sharing her lustful gaze. His bulge was pushed up against her crotch and she could feel in throbbing through their clothing.

For a long moment, their bodies squeezed together while engaging in a lustful stare. Sara let out a cute little nervous giggle, like a cheerleader about to get pounded by a hot stud. She glanced at the doorway hesitantly as her son's lips closed in on hers.

Daniel was a bit surprised to see her share a sensual kiss with him. She seemed to be a tad reluctant to continue. "Ok..." she said between kisses, "we need to be," kiss, kiss, "we need to be careful," she whispered, then kissed him again.

Their smooching intensified, becoming more passionate. "Sweetheart," Sara gasped, glancing at the doorway again. Before she could continue, her son had locked lips with her again and was

squeezing one of her big tits. Their lips fused and just as their tongues touched, they heard Dan Senior's voice approaching. "Gonna be a great game," he said.

Mother and Son quickly parted and Sara straightened out her clothing, just as her husband

walked around the corner. Both her and Daniel leaned against the counter and watched him grab a beer from the fridge. Dan Senior noticed his wife standing there, giving him that deer in the headlights look. "You ok?" he asked.

"Me? Uhm, yeah, of course...we were just, um, cleaning," she said, clearly lying.

Dan Senior noticed his the large nubs of her hard nipples protruding from the fabric of her sweater. "Ok, I was just grabbing a beer," he muttered.

"Ok, well, um...enjoy your beer," Sara said, as she acted as incriminating as hell. "And your game."

"Thanks. Are you sure you're ok?"

She fed him a fake smile. "Fine," she said sweetly.

"You guys should come watch this game when you're through. It's gonna be a good one," Dan Senior said, disappearing from the kitchen.

Sara rushed over to the fridge and grabbed the tub of butter. She took her son's hand and led him over to the doorway, peeking out to make sure her husband had settled in the living-room.

Daniel paused behind his Mother and watched her peek back at him. "Get my panties off," Sara whispered.

The teen didn't hesitate, hiking up her skirt and grabbing hold of her little panties. He crouched down, panting excitedly as he peeled her little pink panties over her buttocks and down her smooth legs. As soon as they dropped to her sexy feet, Sara used her toes to slide them aside.

Daniel's tongue about hung out as he stared at the cheeks of her thick meaty ass. His mom quickly turned, giving him an even bigger thrill as he came face to face with her sexy pubis.

He marveled at the tiny triangle of pubic hair pointing down at the crack between the puffy folds of her vulva. It was clear that his mother kept her pussy waxed and just the site of it made his dick swell even bigger. "Get your dick out," he heard Sara whisper.

He stood up and pushed his shorts and briefs to his ankles in one motion. His big erection bobbed up and down eagerly. Sara scooped some butter out of the dish with her fingers and coated some on his boner. Daniel watched delightfully as she slowly stroked her buttery fist up and down his hard-on, completely coating it. "It should work the same as our lube," Sara whispered.

"Can I take your boobs out?" he asked.

She fed him a look. "Daniel," she said impatiently, then took a quick peek around the corner again at her husband.

"I won't touch them, I promise. I just wanna see them move around," he said.

Sara let out a big sigh, then hiked her sweater up, revealing her huge bra-clad tits. "Fine," she said, then grasped the bottom of her bra-cups, pulling them up the big bulging undersides of her boobs. Her jugs were so massive it seemed like forever before the enormous mounds of tit- meat sprung out and bobbled heavily on her chest.

"Holy shit," he son muttered, his eyes as big as saucers.

Sara turned and stuck her ass out at him. His boner rubbed against one of her half-moons, smearing butter on it. "Get it in my ass," she whispered.

Daniel heart beat a mile a minute as he grasped his erection and positioned it between her sexy butt-cheeks. He found her crinkled booty-hole and squeezed his greasy knob through.

Sara gasped as she felt her son's thick cock-muscle sink up her ass. She leaned forward a bit more, to peek out at her husband. "Ohhh yeaaah," her son sighed behind her as he grabbed her soft hips and started humping her rump.

Daniel's dick flexed as he felt her walls clasp him and his purple knob sink into her rectum. "Ohh man," he gasped, feeling his knob already start to tingle.

Sara peeked back at him with a warm motherly smile. "Mmm, there you go, honey," she said, knowing she was satisfying his craving. The boy's eyes were glued to her tits, watching them hang off her chest and swing up and back to the rhythm of his thrusting.

Daniel's fingers dug in to the layer of fatty ass-flesh, squeezing her tan cheeks and watching them ripple as they slapped back against his crotch. "Hey Mom, can you stand straight up," he asked.

"Will that help you cum faster?" she asked, standing upright.

"It might," he said, wrapping his arms around her tummy and punching his cock inside her with little mini-thrusts.

Now the teen could look right over her shoulder at her jutting knockers as they jumped around on her chest. The lewd sound of their bodies beating together filled the kitchen. Sara turned her head

and smiled at her teen, watching him stare at her boobs and hump away against her cushy ass. "Are you getting close, honey?"

"Yess, sorta. If I can squeeze your boobs I'll cum real quick," he said. She giggled. "Nice try," she said.

Her husband's voice startled them. "Sara, can you bring me another beer when you come in?" he said from the living-room.

"I'll be right there, honey," she answered back.

Daniel felt her asshole tighten, trying to increase the friction and make him cum. "Hhhuhh, shit," the teen gasped.

"There you go, honey, let it pump out," she said, thrusting her mommy-ass back, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"I'm trying," he muttered, watching her boobs bounce.

Sara took his hand and guided them up to her breasts. Daniel gladly latched on, his fingers sinking in to the spongy flesh of her tits. "This is a one time thing, ok. Now cum for me," she gasped.

The teen felt like the King of the rodeo, lengthening his thrusts to propel as much shaft through his Mom's ass as he could, while groping her big naked melons. "Ohh shit, yeaaah," the teen sighed.

He got so aggressive that his cock popped from her asshole, dug along her slit, then stuck out the front of her cunt. Their bodies continued humping, rubbing her juicy slot along the top of his shaft. "Get it back in," she gasped, reaching down and grasping his knob.

Daniel's cock dug past her clitoris and popped inside her fuck-socket. Sara gasped as she felt his meat stretch her quim and begin to sink inside her aroused vagina. "No," she said, rising up on her cute little tip-toes, pulling her cunt off his cock, "wrong hole, honey."

The boy's eyes rolled back in delight as he felt the juicy mouth of Sara's fuck-socket nip at his tender knob, just before it popped free. His Mom's tiny hand grasped his boner and guided it back into the right hole. "Yess, that's the one. Shoot your load in there, sweetheart," she said.

Daniel snarled as he set his hips back in motion, working his erect cock deep into her bowels. Sara took his hands and slid them down to her tummy. "Hold me up," she said as she leaned forward, putting her weight on her son's arm. Her feet left the floor and she bent her knees, tucking her legs back behind her son, so that they humped in a position much like the wheelbarrow position, except her chest was more upright.

"Ohhh shit, Mom," the teen sighed, holding her up and watching her thick ass beat against him. Sara tightened her rectal muscles, smothering his spearing pecker in the hot slippery lining of her ass-tract. She peeked back at him. "Come on my naughty boy, fuck Mommy's ass and give her your cum," she whispered seductively.

Her words sent a shudder through Daniel's body. It was all he could do to keep from crying out as big ropes of hot spunk erupted from his piss-hole, hosing the inside of his Mom's ass. "Hhmmfff," he sighed feeling his cock flex and pulse as Sara used her shit-muscles to extract as much cum as she could.

Daniel helped his Mother finish cleaning and took a shower. When he got to his room he noticed a few text messages on his phone. One was from Candy, the hot cheerleader from school. It simply read "Netflix n chill tonight? My parents are gone until late."

"Definitely! " Daniel texted back..

The other text message was from a number he didn't recognize. It read "Hi Daniel, it's your favorite teacher. Are you up for some more hot fucking tonight? I had so much fun today...I want lots more ASAP.

Daniel found himself in a situation he'd never been in. He was dying to sink his boner into Candy. She was the hottest cheerleader in school and looked just like Lacey Chabert, but much curvier. Misses Davis though was a sexy MILF that knew just how to bring the pleasure to a young guy. Daniel knew he'd probably only seen a few of the skills she possessed. The question was, which one did he wanna bone tonight?

After thinking about it for a few minutes, the old saying entered his head, "there's only one thing better than pussy....new pussy." He had just fucked Misses Davis and although there was a ton of other positions he wanted to fuck her in, he had yet to experience a tight cheerleader cunt..

He quickly texted Misses Davis back. "Sorry, I already made plans with someone tonight, but I had fun today and can't wait to do it again," he wrote..

Moments later, his phone rang. It was Misses Davis calling him. "Hello," he answered. "Blowing me off for another girl, Daniel?" she asked.

"No, we made plans a few days ago, sorry," he lied.

"Mmn, who is this lucky girl?" "Candy Martin," Daniel said.

"Ohh, a cheerleader, well lucky Miss Martin. Unless I'm mistaken, she has a boyfriend, on the football team, does she not?" Misses Davis asked.

"I think so," Daniel muttered.

"Oh, how naughty," she said, "but being a married woman, I suppose I'm not one to judge. We did have a deal though, did we not, Daniel? You give me that hot young dick and I give you an A on your report card, remember?"

"Yeah, I remember," he said..

"Besides, I know you'd much rather fuck an experienced pussy. One who knows just how to turn your screw. So, shall we meet back at the car-wah where I dropped you off, in an hour?" Misses Davis asked.

"Sure," the boy responded.

He texted Candy again apologetically, telling her something had come up.

Daniel went down to the living-room. His father was still watching the game and his Mom sat there scrolling through her Facebook. "I'll be back later. I'm just going out with a friend."

Sara looked at him, seeming a bit surprised. "A girl?"

"Yeah, um, just a girl from school," he answered. Technically, he wasn't lying. "Have a good time," his dad said..

"Wait," Sara said, getting up and walking over to her son. "Honey, you haven't really been single

that long. You're not just jumping right back into a relationship, are you?"

"Sara, he said she was a friend. Let the guy go have a good time," her husband said from the couch.

Daniel looked at his Mom. "We're just gonna hang out. Nothing serious."

His Mom fed him a jealous smile. "Hang out?" she said, "what is that code-word for have sex?" Dan Senior glared back at his wife. "Jesus, Sara, are all questions really necessary. Let him.."

"Yes, Dan, they are," Sara snapped, then looked back at her son, "honey, I just don't wanna see you rush into to something you might regret a week from now... or two weeks from now," she said, then glanced at her husband, who was glued to the game.

Sara led her son by the arm into the kitchen. Once they were out of site from her husband, she continued speaking to him. "Is this 'hang out' date because you're horny. If it is then we need to discuss it. We have a plan for that now."

"Yeah, I know and I AM horny, but..."

"But what, sweetheart? Talk to me," Sara said.

"I like assturbation and all, but the girl I have a date with...well, she'll let me have real sex with her. You know, in her vagina and not just her ass," her son said.

"I see," Sara said, the wheels in her head spinning. "I'd like to help you. I've bent the rules a lot, but not sure I should bend them that far."

"I know and I understand, that's why I'm gonna do THAT thing with another girl." "Ugh, no, this isn't how this was suppose to work," Sara said in frustration.

"How what was suppose to work?"

"Me helping you, to cope with your sexual urges while being single. Assturbation was suppose to fix everything, but instead it's just made you want other things that I'm not suppose to give you," Sara said.

"Mom, it's ok. I still wanna do assturbation, it's awesome, but I can just go to someone else for those other things," Daniel said.

"You shouldn't need to. The whole idea of assturbation was that a young man should have everything he needs right here at home," she said.

Daniel felt kinda bad. "There's some things a Mom can't do, I get it. That why..." "What if.." Sara said, the wheels in her head turning..

"What if what?" Daniel asked curiously.

Sara looked in the direction of the living-room, clearly having an inner conflict. "Ohh, I don't know," she said as if retracting what she was going to suggest.

"She's waiting for me, so I should probably go," the teen said. "What if I let you stick it between my boobs?" Sara suggested. Daniel gazed in disbelief. "You mean..."

Sara smiled cutely. "A tittie-fuck. Would that be enough to entice you to stay home?"

Daniel's heart thumped excitedly. "Sure," he said with an anxious smile.

The teen retreated back to his room and texted Misses Davis. "Sorry, my parents won't let me go out," he wrote.

"I want you inside me this weekend, Daniel. You have an A to earn," she texted back. Misses Davis knew if she didn't record Daniel confessing soon, that her job, her marriage, her entire reputation could be destroyed.

Sara lingered in the living-room a moment. "How's your game going, hon?" she asked her husband.

"Not as well as I hoped," he muttered.

"So your team's not getting any field-goals?" she asked naively.

"Field-goals is football babe. This is hockey. They're just called goals...and in answer to your question, no, we haven"t scored one damn point this entire game," Dan Senior said.

Sara looked at the timer. "So period three, so it's got what, another half-hour left?

"Yeah, half-hour, twenty-minutes, which is hopefully enough time to score three goals and at least even this game up," he said, his eyes glued intensely to the screen.

"I think I'm gonna go up and take a shower," Sara lied, pointing upstairs. "Alright, I'll be up in a bit."

Moments later, Sara's big bra was unclasped and her cups pulled from her jugs. Daniel's eyes widened as his Mom's king-sized tits bobbled heavily on her chest. "Damn," he muttered, amazed at how they ballooned outward. "Can I rub my face around on them?"

Sara giggled. "Honey, I'm already bending the rules more than I should," she said.

"Just for a minute, Mom," he said. His briefs were already off and he was stroking his pecker to the site of her enormous melons. "It'll help get my dick really hard."

Sara gazed down at his boner as it slipped through his fist. "Your dick already looks really hard, sweetheart," she said.

"If you let me suck your nipples, it'll get even harder," Daniela said.

"Oh, now it's sucking my nipples," she said with a giggle. "What happened to rubbing your face around on them?"

"I can do both," he answered. "Come on, Mom, just for a minute."

She fed him a scolding, yet playful look. "You have one minute, as in SIXTY SECONDS before we slick that boner up."

"Yesss," Daniel hissed, lunging forward and smothering his face between her boobs. He kissed and licked and rubbed his blissful face all over her big meaty tit-orbs, then latched on to one of her thick nipples, pulling and slurping.

"Times up, honey," Sara said, snapping the cap off the lube and squirting a big gob on her son's hardon.

Daniel's mouth was stuffed full. His tongue beat against her huge distended nipple. He sunk his face even deeper into her tit-flesh, feeling the spongy melon mask his face. "Mmmnnggff," the boy snorted, his teeth sinking in to the thick pink cap of her areola.

"Mmhh," Sara gasped, her nipple hardening inside her son's mouth. She stroked his hard pecker up and down, coating it with lube. "Ok, boob-monster, time to fuck Mommy's titties," she said.

Her nipple popped from his mouth, wet and swollen. "I haven't sucked the other one yet," he said, then latched on to her other boob.

"Ohhh, honey," Sara said a bit worriedly, looking at her son's bedroom door, wondering how

much time they had. Her son's mouth covered both her nipple and the areola, so that he sucked much like a baby, his tongue and lips trying to massage the milk out of her milk glands.

She used her sexy voice to further things along. "Do you wanna fuck 'em now baby? Do you wanna fuck Mommy's cleavage while she says naughty things to you?" she asked.

Sara's nipple popped from his lips. "Hell yess," he gasped.

Daniel sat on the edge of the bed and his Mom knelt down in front of him, squeezing her knockers around his cock-muscle. She bounced her big boobies up and down, thrusting his slippery boner through her immense cleavage. "Mmm look at that, my tits just swallow that big hot dick right up," she said lustfully.

The teen reclined back, resting on his elbow and watched in fascinated pleasure as his fat knob emerged from his Mom's cleavage over and over, stretching up towards her neck. "That is so hot," he sighed.

"You don't need some slutty girl's pussy to make you happy, honey. Everything you need is right here," Sara said, fucking his cock between her breast at a steady pace.

He felt his knob tingle. "Ohh damn, Mom. This feels so good," he panted, watching his dick appear and disappear over and over.

Sara tirelessly bobbed her chest up and down, while pressing her jugs together with her hands, beating her son's glistening meat with her big mommy-tits. "Come on, baby. Give Mommy that ball-juice," she said.

"Ohhh shit, here it comes," the teen muttered. "Ohhhgggh," he grunted as the first big milky blast squirted up along Sara's neck. "Ohhggh!" Another big gooey rope of jizz bubbled out the split at the top of her cleavage. Another shot up and splashed against her chin.

"That's it, honey, cum all over me," she said, using her chest-meat to pull out as much cum as she could. When she was finally done, she released his cock from between her boobs and

giggled at the big mess he'd made. "My God, there's so much of it," she said, watching a big gob of spunk run down chest. "I really do need that shower now."

Daniel watched her stand back up, her jiggling melons shimmering with lube and his hot teenage cum. "You might as well finish getting undressed in here," he muttered.

She smiled down at him mischievously. "Why, so you can get all worked up again?" "Sure, why not," he said, stroking his pecker.

"Your father's game is gonna be over any time. Do you really want him to see me covered in all

this cum?" she asked.

"Just tell him it's a new kind of lotion."

Sara laughed, making the flesh of her knockers jiggle. "You're terrible," she said, then pulled off her skirt and panties in one swoop, "and I love it," she said, still gazing at him.

"Can I take a picture of you?" he asked bravely. "Nooo, why do you need a picture of me?" she asked. "Just one," he said, "do a sexy pose."

She put her hands on her hips and shook her head, "Daniel."

"Come on, Mom, please."

"Fine, one picture and for YOUR EYES ONLY," she said. "Of course."

Sara struck a sexy pose, with one leg cocked slightly forward and bent at the knee. She brought

the thumb and forefinger of each hand together on her tummy to form the shape of a heart. The way she was standing with her big naked breasts ballooning out and the cute V of her pubis crowning her silky mommy-legs made her son's heart skip a beat, "Hot damn," he said,

snapping a picture.

"Wait, I wasn't ready," she giggled, then fed her son the most seductive look he'd ever seen, curling her tongue inside her slightly open mouth. "Damn," the boy muttered, snapping another picture.

The naughty mother watched her son's erection flex in reaction to him seeing her pose. "Let's get a selfie together," she said playfully, moving over to her son's side.

She snuggled up against him, her shimmering tit-orbs pressing up against the side of his chest. Daniel held his camera up so it pointed down at them. Sara gave it a sexy smile, doing a cute "hang loose" sign with her hand.

"Now a goofy one," she said, crossing her eyes and sticking her long thick tongue out the side of her mouth. Daniel did a silly face as well, then snapped the picture.

"Can I get one of you holding my dick?" Daniel asked brazenly. "Oh God, Daniel," she giggled. "Why do you wants one like that?" "It would just be cool," he said.

"Fine, one more and I gotta scedattle outta here," she said, crouching down and grasped her son's erection. She snuggled his boner up next to her face and smiled up at the camera, like she was posing with a cute puppy.

"Wow," her son muttered, snapping the picture. "That's hot."

Sara stood up. "They're for YOU ONLY, got it? If those pictures show up on the internet I'm gonna kill you," she said.

"Don't worry, Mom," Daniel said. He pointing his phone at her swaying buttocks as she sashayed to the door and took another shot. "I won't show them to anyone."

Sara opened the door and peeked out to see if the coast was clear. She gazed back at her son with a playful smile. "One more," she

said, straightening her legs and cocking her meaty ass back, while giving him a sultry stare through her curtain of long dark hair. He took the picture, then she blew him a kiss and rushed out.

Chapter 8: Beach Bums

"Hey, welcome, come in," Heather said, ushering her guests into their family's beach cottage.

Husbands and wives filled the tiny living-room, chatting and laughing. Heather introduced the new arrivals. "Everyone, this is Kristen and her son, Garrett. They just bought a beautiful new home from this lady right here," Heather said, pointing to herself pridefully.

Kristen smiled, showing her perfect white teeth. "And we love it," she said.

Heather's husband grabbed a brownie from a platter on the counter. "Now whether or not she'll sell you on these rock-hard brownies is another story," he said, making the other husbands laugh.

Heather glared at him. "I'm gonna give you a rock-hard something up your ass," she said, then looked back at Kristen, "welcome to the zoo. Just ignore the primates," she joked.

The couples, Sara and Dan Senior, Rachel and Michael, as well as Sara and Heather's boys, all introduced themselves to Kristen and her son.

"So Kristen, when are you expecting?" Sara asked, glancing down at Kristen's huge pregnant tummy.

"My due date is next Wednesday, but honestly I feel like it could be any time," Kristen said.

Daniel did his best not to stare at the swell of the massive rack beneath Kristen's beach gown. "Do you have a name picked out?" he

asked.

Kristen and Garrett looked at each other. "We like Tucker, but there's a few other names at the top of our list."

"Nick's a cool name," Heather's son Nick said, "you should name him Nick."

Heather poked her boy playfully. "When they see how YOU act I'm sure that's the last name they'll pick for their baby," she joked.

"I'm gonna get some chicken and burgers started, hope everyone's hungry," Heather's husband said.

Heather smiled at the ladies. "Are we all up for a walk on the beach while the men cook?" "Let's do it," Sara said.

Ten minutes later the three boys, Daniel, Garrett and Nick followed their Mother's along the beach. The boys were far enough back that the Moms couldn't hear them. That's some hot fucking booty right there," Nick said. The fours Moms, Sara, Heather, Kristen and Rachel walked side by side ahead of the boys. They each wore a skimpy bikini, which left a good portion of their swaying asses exposed.

"I won't argue with that," Daniel said, then glanced over at Garrett. "Dude, did you really knock your Mom up?"

Garrett laughed. "Yeah, she wanted another baby and my dad wasn't really able to give it to her, because of his disability."

"Damn, I wish my Mom was pregnant like that," Daniel said. "I can't imagine how much bigger her tits would get."

"So you guys are just having anal sex with your moms right now?" Garrett asked.

Nick nodded. "A couple times a day, yeah, but I'm hoping to cross that bridge into vagina-land real soon."

Daniel laughed "Me too, I actually slid it into my mom's cunt yesterday 'accidentally' during our assturbation session," he said.

"Accidentally my ass," Nick joked.

"No, it really was, but now I might start having more of those little 'accidents' while I fuck her ass," Daniel said, making the boys laugh.

The mothers had their own conversation going as they strolled side-by-side. "So Kristen, you and Garrett have been having sex together for awhile now I take it?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, it pretty much started after my husband's injury and once Garrett and I began sharing a bedroom together," Kristen said, her enormous boobs, gently swaying beneath her bikini top as she waddled.

Heather smiled. "You can't share a bed, night after night, with a gorgeous eighteen year old and expect nothing to happen,"

"True, it became very difficult to keep my hands off of him," Kristen said.

Heather wore a sexy red strapless bandeau-style bikini. The top only covered half of her fat knockers. She looked over at Sara. "So Sara, do tell...how's the assturbation going with you and Daniel?" she asked.

"I'm actually a little concerned. It was going well at first, but now he's getting offers for sex from someone else and...well, I'm having to bend the rules a little, just to keep him happy," she said.

"Nothing wrong with bending the rules. The problem is, how far can you bend them until they break?" Heather said.

'Exactly," Sara said. Her large jugs jostled as she adjusted her bikini top, "I mean, I know Daniel loves the anal sex, that's not really the issue. What worries me is how long before he's satisfied with nothing less that full vaginal intercourse," Sara said.

Rachel chimed in. "So then let him fuck you" she said, making the other Moms laugh. "No seriously, it's not like there's some mysterious 'order of assturbation' that you're gonna be excommunicated from for life for breaking the rules. Make your own fucking rules," she said

"Dan would absolutely kill me if he found out I was fucking Daniel." "Ha! Sara, you're letting your son fuck you in the ass.Your

Heather smiled. "Rachel's right, I mean assturbation is just a general short term solution for giving pleasure. Our sons see our pussies and our tits every time we get them off. Them wanting to explore other parts of our bodies is inevitable," she said.

"Tell me about it," Kristen said, patting her big naked baby-ball, making the other Moms burst out laughing.

Heather looked back and noticed how the boys were gawking at their swaying half-exposed asses. "Eyes back in your heads, boys," she shouted back.

One of the boys wolf-whistled. "Yummy-yummy!" Nick shouted, watching his Mom's buttocks undulate atop her smooth curvy legs.

The mothers paused and waited for their boys to catch up. Daniel's erection flexed in his shorts as he surveyed all the lush mommy-meat in front of him. He marveled at the size of Kristen's baby-orb and the huge milk-filled boobs resting along the top. He could see her thick swollen nipples protruding from her skimpy bikini top. Their eyes met and she smiled at him sweetly..

"Nice boners," Rachel said, eyeballing the bulges in their shorts. "Thanks, I can introduce you if you want?" Nick joked.

Heather glared at him. "Nice try. If you're horny, you can park that thing in MY ass, young man,"

she said.

The Moms stepped up and embraced their sons, pressing their big squishy boobs against their bare chests. Kristen gave her boy a beaming smile, placing his hands on the smooth orb of their baby. "How lucky are we, to have such hot studs walking behind us, staring at our asses," she said.

Daniel was sandwiched between his mom and Rachel, cushy boobs plastered against him on both sides. "Getting our attention with those hard young dicks," Rachel said.

Sara smiled at her boy, pushing her crotch against his pecker. "Mm and I bet they like it when their hard dicks get our attention," she said.

Heather wrapped her arms around her teen, giving him a squeezing embrace. Her big tits pressed against him, bulging out from the sides. "Is that true, sugar?" she asked. "Does your dick like the attention Mommy gives it?"

"For sure," Nick muttered, enjoying her soft curves smothering his chest.

Heather looked at her son, but spoke loud enough for the others to hear. "After we each lunch and your fathers go out paddle-board, us moms are gonna take off our bikini bottoms and let you handsome studs squeeze your hard dicks into our assholes," she said.

"And pound our sexy asses nice and hard," Rachel said.

Sara gazed at her teen. "You like the sound of that, honey. You like the idea of Mommy's big ass beating against you?"

"Hell yeah," Daniel gulped.

Kristen and Garrett gazed into each other's eyes. "What do you think, hotshot? You wanna give this anal sex a go?" she asked.

"You expect me to say no?" Garrett asked.

"Knowing the way you are, I would be shocked if you said no," she said with a giggle.

The couples made their way back to the cottage, hand in hand. The men had the feast prepared and everyone talked and laughed as they ate.

Heather looked at Kristen. "I'm so sorry the cottage couldn't accommodate your husband, Doug. I feel horrible," she said.

"Don't, it's fine. He's never been big on social gatherings anyway," Kristen said.

"Well maybe the next cookout we could do at the park, or better yet, that beautiful mansion you just bought," Heather suggested.

"That would be perfect," Kristen said with a smile, "there's plenty of entertainment space."

Sara took a sip of her drink, then looked at Kristen. "When do you guys move into the new place? Do you need some help?"

"Oh that's wonderful of you to offer, Sara," Kristen said "but we hired a moving company to do all the heavy lifting. Garrett and I have actually already kinda moved in."

Heather raised an eyebrow. "Mmm, do tell," she said. "Have you christened the bedroom yet?" she said with a wink.

"Actually, we have," Kristen said. "Let's just say last night was a very, very long night and I don't know how that fucking air mattress didn't pop," she said.

The other Mothers giggled.

The boys could hardly wait for their fathers to disappear and when the men finally announced their departure to hit the waves, dicks began to harden. Heather looked out the window with a smile, satisfied that their husbands were far enough down the beach.

"Ok boys and girls, let's get this beach-side assturbation session rolling. Into the bedroom boys," Heather said, pointing the boys towards her room.

The bikini-clad moms followed them into the bedroom and the three boys sat on the edge of the bed, squeezing their dicks as they watched the four beauties come inside and close the door. "Get out of those trunks boys," Heather said, untying her bikini bottoms.

Removing his trunks, Daniel licked his lips as he watched Heather peel her bottoms off, revealing the puffy triangle of her shaved pubis. He looked up to see the short-haired blonde gazing back at him. She shared a flirty wink.

Rachel and Sara also removed their bikini-bottoms and Daniel gawked at their well-groomed love-gloves. He could see the fleshy domes of their clitoral hoods, peeking from the puffy folds of their shaved outer labium.

All three boys were jerking on their naked boners as they watched the Moms prepare themselves.

The women watched the boys pull on their peckers. The lewd display of absolutely fuck-lust by the boys, didn't phase the mothers at all. They knew that lusting after women and jacking their cocks was just what boys do in these situations.

Heather handed a bottle of lubricant over to Sara. "Wait until you try this stuff, Sara. Heated anal lubricant imported from Brazil. It is absolute magic," she said.

Daniel watched Kristen's big milk-jugs bobble heavily as she stepped out of her bikini bottoms. She had the sexiest bare feet with painted toenails just like his Moms. Her belly was so big he couldn't see her cunt. She flashed him a cute little smile.

The eager teen whispered over to Nick. "Ask them to show us their pussies," he said. Instead of doing so, Nick put Daniel on the spot. "Daniel has a question," he said. "What, me?" Daniel asked uncomfortably.

"What is it, sweetheart?" Sara asked.

"Oh um... I was wondering if you guys would, um...show us your pussies," he asked. Heather giggled. "What were we saying earlier about rules being bent?" she said.

Nick pointed his prick at his Mom. "We're showing our junk. Only fair, right?" Heather and Rachel looked at each other. "He does have a point," Rachel said.

Heather looked over at the other two women. "Girls? Any objections?" Kristen smiled. "I'm fine with it," she said.

"I suppose I am too. How do you want us, boys?" Sara asked.

The teens smiled at each other excitedly. "What about on the bed with your legs spread," Nick said, "Sound good guys?" he asked the other two boys.

The both nodded in agreement.

Heather smiled. "Well if you want us spread there's only gonna be room for two Moms at a time on that bed."

Kristen and Sara looked at each-other. "Wanna go first with me?" Sara asked. "Let's do it," Kristen said.

Still jerking their dicks, the boys moved aside and watched Sara and Kristen crawl onto the bed.

The two busty mothers moved onto their backs and propped their sexy legs in huge spread eagles. "Hot damn," Daniel said, jacking his boner and looking down between Kristen's splayed legs. He was amazed that being as pregnant as she was, Kristen was still able prop her luscious legs back so incredibly far.

He was so turned on by all that big round baby-meat and the way her ginormous milkers hung heavily of the sides of her chest, barely covered by the tiny bikini sling. He looked up at her pretty face to see her watching him beat his hard penis. She peered up into his eyes and smiled. "You can come closer, Daniel. I'm not gonna bite," Kristen said.

Sara smiled over at Kristen as they lay side-by-side. Her legs were scissored open also, Nick and Garrett gawked down at her naked cunt as they stroked their dicks. "He's far from timid, trust me," Sara said, making both Moms giggle.

Daniel wanted to get as close as he could to Kristen's pussy, so he could really see it in detail, so he knelt down and brought his face about a foot away. He was mesmerized. He could see her coral slit through thick folds of labial meat and the faint aroma of moist pussy.

"Peel your hood back, Sara," Rachel said as her and Heather stood nearby. "Let 'em see your clitoris."

Sara pulled her fleshy dome back and the nub of her clitoris stuck out like a stump in a swamp. "Fuck, that's hot," Nick muttered, beating his dick even harder.

Kristen used two fingers to pry her thick cunt-lips open. "See my little fuck-hole, Daniel?" she asked him cutely.

"It's so sexy," the teen responded.

The boys switched spots and Daniel marveled at his Mom's cunt as it was spread out in all it's glory. Her thick flaps of labial meat were splayed open, revealing the creamy mouth of her cock- tube. Rachel knelt down behind the teen, pressing her soft boobs against his back while whispering in his ear. "Isn't it amazing, Daniel?" she whispered.

"Uh-huh," he muttered.

"Look at how big and thick your Mom's clitoris is. Can you imagine putting it in your mouth and sucking on it," Rachel whispered. "Rubbing your tongue up against it while you make her scream and shake."

Daniel peered up her midriff to see Sara smiling at him wickedly.

Heather now stood behind her son, whispering to him as he beat his dick to the site of Kristen's pussy. "Mmm you wanna fuck her, don't you, Nicky?" she whispered.

"Yess," he son hissed.

"Fuck her hot pregnant pussy and make her squirt her juice all over your dick?" "Wow, fuck yeaah," Nick sighed, his cock flexing in his fist.

"You want Mommy's pussy too, don't you? You love Mommy's ass, but you wanna bury your dick in

my other hole, don't you, Nicky?" she said softly.

"Yess," the boy muttered, stroking his cock at a steady pace.

Heather continued whispering. "Do you wanna see my pussy? Are you ready for me to spread my pretty legs for you," she said seductively.

She said it just loud enough for the others to hear and Kristen sat up and slid off the bed. Heather quickly took her spot, watching her son's face with an naughty smile as she pulled her

knees back nearly to her shoulders and spread her thick thighs open. "Fuck yeah," Nick sighed, gazing down at her bare pussy.

Kristen walked over and embraced her son and they started kissing like lovers, her big pregnant

belly sandwiched between them.

"Ohhh, naughty, naughty," Heather said as she watched them make-out.

Rachel was still whispering the nastiest shit imaginable into Daniel's ear while he stared at Sara's cunt. "Mmn, it could squeeze and cream on you, bathing the glans of your dick in hot juice while you pound the fuck out of it," she whispered. "Mm that would feel so good to your young hard dick, wouldn't it baby?"

"Ohh, shit yess," Daniel muttered, steadily beating his meat.

Sara lowered her legs. "Ready to switch?" she asked her daughter-in-law.

Rachel took Sara's spot, throwing her legs back in a huge V, pointing her sexy feet. Protruding

from her smooth outer labia were the thick juicy petals of her nymphae. Rachel used two fingers to peel them open, exposing her wet pink slit.

"Ohh man," Daniel muttered, beating off to the site of it.

"No, I'm not a man," Rachel giggled. "I'm very much a woman, Daniel. Watch me rub my clitoris." Rachel began masturbating, rubbing the thick nub of her clit. "Ohh yess," she hissed.

Heather joined in, frigging the swollen flesh of her hot pussy. "Ohhh, look at it, boys. Watch us rub our hot pussies,' she cried out.

The teens mouths fell open in disbelief. Daniel looked over at Kristen. She stood there watching him jack off, while rubbing her own love-button. "Ohhh yess," she cried out, joining the whimpering coming from the other women.

"Come on, Sara," Rachel said. "Everyone else is getting off. Don't be shy." "I'm hardly shy," Sara said with a smile.

"Prove it," Rachel said.

"Fine, I will," the mother said, then latched on to her son, pulling him to her tits. She grabbed on to his dick and began stroking his cock for him. Daniel went for her tits, but she guided his hand down between her legs. "I do you, you do me. That's how we're gonna roll right now," she said.

"Wooo!" Rachel cheered, watching the mother and son jerk each others genitals. She quickly got up and embraced Daniel from behind, bringing his hand to her pussy. He rubbed her clitoris the same way he was Sara's and Rachel helped her mother-in-law jerk his cock. "Yesss," she cried

out lustfully, "rub our pussies!"

Heather got up and pulled Nick over to the masturbating threesome. "We wanna join. Come on, Kristen," she said, mashing her body up against Daniel from the side. Nick stood behind her and brought his hand to her pussy, while she reached back and stroked his cock.

"Ohhh yess," Sara cried out in horniness.

"Fuck uuuus," Rachel whimpered, humping her cunt against Daniel's hand.

Kristen pressed herself into the group opposite Heather, so Daniel now had four hot moms surrounding him. Garrett was behind his Mom, rubbing her clit while she stroked him, just like the other couples were doing.

"Ohh shit," Daniel sighed, looking around at all the jiggling tit-meat pressing up against him. Rachael and his mom were working in unison, their hot little hands jerking up and down on his boner, lubricated by his precum. "Ohhh God, yess, fuck meee," Heather cried out.

"Ahhhhh!" Kristen squealed. Daniel was only six inches from her pretty, pleasure-filled face and could clearly hear every whimper. "Yess, rub our cliiiits," she sang, her eyes closed. Just the sound of her whimpers alone drove Daniel wild. He shared at quick look with Garrett. Both their faces were full of excited concentration.

"Uhhggh, yess, make us cum!" Rachel cried.

It seemed like the group was pressing tighter and tighter together, their bodies mashing against Daniel as if trying fuse with him, to become one flesh. All the teen could see now was huge bulging cleavages and the pleasure-stricken faces of gorgeous mother's and their big silky manes of hair.

He felt Rachel's body tense up and tremble against his back, she squeezed him tight, as if literally trying to climb onto him. "Uhhggh, yess fuck me I'm cumminggg!" she cried out.

Heather's face was literally a few inches from Daniel's. She stared at him with her big seductive eyes, a hard cum clearly building inside her. "Hhhoohh, my God," she shouted. Like Rachel, she threw her

free arm around Daniel, clutching him in a tight embrace as she screamed out in orgasm.

"Ohhh wow," the lucky teen sighed, feeling the mother's warm trembling body squeeze onto his, her fat squishy jugs flattening against his bare chest. He heard his Mom panting heavily, like she too was about to pop.

"Ohhh fuck, ohh yesss, ohh my fuck, I'm cuuummiing'" Sara cried out and somehow managed to worm her way around her son, her boobs and Heather's sharing his chest. "Ohhh Jesus," Daniel muttered, turned on so much he could pass-out as his Mom buried her pretty face against his neck, between his chin and shoulder. "Uuuhhggh!"

He felt his Mom's body tremble, her hard nipples poking at him and her hot pussy-cum gushing around his fingers. Sara and Rachel's hands were still beating his meat skillfully, slipping over his knob again and again, coating it with slippery secretions. He felt another Mom scratching her nails along his abs. Since Rachel and Heather both had their free arm wrapped around him, he guessed it must be Kristen's hand.

Even though he'd fucked plenty of times, he'd never seen women quite this horny. He had hot Moms crying and whimpering at his neck, while smothering his young body with their curvy flesh. He could feel their thick aroused nipples, smell the musky aroma of their wet horny pussies. Squeezed tightly together, their bodies jerked and writhed. It was like one big mating- ball of flesh. For Daniel, It was absolutely euphoric and it was about to get even better.

That little hand scratching his abs suddenly slithered around him, pulling him towards it's owner. Kristen's pretty face suddenly slid up next to Sara's, masked with pleasure. "I'm cumming,

Daniel," she cried out, her beautiful brown eyes rolling back.

Heather slithered around to the boy's side and Sara drug her boobs to one part of his chest, making room for Kristen to lunge forward. "Ohh fuck I'm cumming really hard," she shrieked, crushing her massive orbs against his chest.

"Holy shit," Daniel sighed as she whimpered into his neck. "Uuuunnhhgg!" Kristen cried out in ecstacy, her pussy creaming on Garrett's hand.

"Ohhh, fuck usss," Sara moaned as her body let out another orgasmic shutter.

"Ohhggh!" Garrett groaned as he began to cum around Kristen's jerking fist. "Ohhgghshit," he whimpered.

Rachel's hand slid from Daniel'scock, down onto his balls, squeezing and massaging his big tender nuts as Sara continued stroking tirelessly.

Satisfied that they had cum completely, the teen removed his hands from their pussies and began to let hit paws brazenly explore other parts of their bodies. He moved from one set of boobs to the next, bravely squeezing and kneading, sliding his hands beneath their bikini tops and pulling on their thick hard nipples.

"Ohhhh fuck!" Nick groaned as he popped off and his mom milked the cum from his throbbing boner.

"That's my Nicky, cum hard baby," Heather said, peeking back at him..

Daniel felt Kristen's body shutter against him, her big milk-filled breasts sloshing around on his chest. He sunk his fingers into Sara's big soft udders, feeling their immense weight as she continued to whimper at his neck..

The wonderful sensations sent a tingle to his knob. Sara knew he was close by the way it flexed

in her slippery grip. She lifted her pretty face and gazed into his eyes. "Come on baby, fuck Mommy hard. Fuck Mommy faster and harderrr!" she cried out.

Rachel slipped her hand down and rubbed his taint, to make him cum even harder than he normally would. "Ohhh shit," Daniel groaned in pleasure.

"Yess baby, yess, cum hard!" Sara cried.

"Fill our pussies with your hot cum, Daniel," Rachel hissed at his ear.

Just before he exploded, he peeked at Kristen's face and she gazed back at him with her big alluring eyes,"Yess, squirt out your spunk and get all your mommy's pregnant with your babies," she said seductively.

"Hoohhff! the teen snarled, his body shuddering as cock-milk erupted from his peter-tip. He writhed between the surrounding flesh, squeezing his Mom's jugs as hard as he could as more and more jizz jetted from his prick.

After he was milked dry, their bodies peeled apart. "Well," Heather sighed, "that was interesting."

Rachel smiled. "Yeah, so I'm wondering. When it comes to the rules, was that a bend or a break?" she said, making the women laugh.

"Who cares," Kristen said, "it was fun. Although I'm kinda bummed that I still haven't gotten that dick up my ass yet."

Heather smiled. "Well, I'll check on where our husbands are, and if the boys can keep those

dicks hard," she said, turning and wagging her big sexy ass, "maybe they'll still have time to fuck some beach bums."

95: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.9-10

Chapter 9 - A Vacancy

The sound of slapping flesh filled Heather's bedroom as the boys pounded their hard dicks through the mother's asss's. Heather, Sara and Kirsten where side by side on all fours on the bed, their luscious mommy-rumps hanging over the side of the mattress, getting skewered by their son's erections.

"That's it, boys, fuck those asses," Heather panted, throwing her big naked buttocks back at her son.

Nick, Daniel and Garrett watched in fascination as their mothers swiveled their wide hips, thrusting their mature half-moons back tirelessly. The three teens had chiseled abs and cocks that looked like they were carved from stone. Their lube-slickened boners jutted from their crotches, slicing through the rings of their mother's assholes.

"Goddamn that's sexy," Nick said, eyeballing all three luscious rumps as they beat back against them.

Daniel marveled at how Sara's meaty half-moons swiveled up and back, the fatty outer layer of flesh rippling each time it struck his midsection. "That's so cool how they jiggle like that," he said to the other boys.

"Their asses aren't the only things jiggling," Garrett said, gazing delightfully at the big hanging milkers swinging freely on the mothers chests.

"I know, right," Daniel said, watching Sara's melons rock up and back in the same motion as their anal humping..

Heather smiled back at the teens. "Just eye-candy to keep those dicks hard boys," she said.

The other two Moms giggled and looked back at their sons also, their eyes running up their lean handsome chests. "Better than masturbating I bet," Sara said, smiling back at Daniel.

"I won't argue with that," he said, making the Moms giggle.

Heather set her eyes upon Garrett, watching him rock his hips, meeting Kristen's backward plunge with fuck-thrusts of his own. "Garrett you have such great form, sweetheart," she said.

"Thanks," the teen blushed.

Kristen smiled proudly. "We fuck a lot doggy-style, so he's had plenty of practice at this, right babe?" she said.

"Definitely,," he said, smiling back at her. She tightened her sphincter muscles making her ass- tube squeeze and suck his tender meat. "Ohh damn that feels good," Garrett muttered as he continued thrusting his pecker.

"Good," Kristen sighed, feeling his thick fucker squeeze through her ass-walls, making her incredibly erogenous pudendal nerve throb with pleasure. "It feels good to me too."

Heather looked at Daniel and her son Nick. "Push your dicks all the way in boys. Let us squeeze on your knobs with our rectums," she said.

The boys weren't about to object. They buried their boners as deep as they would go, feeling Heather and Sara's rectal muscles suck at their glans.

"Ohhh shit," Daniel whimpered, grasping Sara's hips, pulling her fleshy ass against him and soaking his prick deep in her bowels.

The pretty mother peered back, staring lovingly at his eyes. "Mmm yes, enjoy that ass honey, it's all for you," she said.

Heather set her hips back in motion. "Ohhh, that's right, now grab our hips and pound our asses. Show us you have what it takes, boys," Sara cheered.

The sound of flesh beating against flesh filled the room again. Daniel still couldn't believe he had his dick inside his own sexy mother's ass. His father was down in the water paddle- boarding, unaware that his son's cock was plugging away at his wife's derriere. His wife was milking their son's big horny penis with her strong rump-muscles.

Heather and Sara shared a gasping smile. Both their asses were tingling with pleasure, their clitoris's thick and pulsating. Kristen too was starting to feel super pleasurable sensations, even a buildup of pressure that segued into contraction-like waves.

"Ahhhh! Ohhhyess fuck usss," Heather cried.

"Hardeeer!" Sara screamed, throwing her ass back at her boy as she began to climax. "Yessss!" Kristen shouted. The mothers began cumming within seconds of each other,

squeezing the unyielding hardness of their son's meat. The women screamed and shook, their butt-rings puckering and throbbing around the tubular hunks of slippery flesh.

"Ohhh hot damn," Daniel whimpered. Sara was pushing with her shit-muscles, providing maximum resistance. Heather was doing the same to her son. "Ahhyes, thar's it, don't let our asses push you out, boys," she gasped, "keep pounding them through."

The boys did just that, spearing their young hard cocks through the tightened anal cavities, feeling the grip of hot slippery tissue and muscle.

Garrett was the first of the three boys to pop off. His lean ass jerked as he started pumping his seed into Kristen's bobbing ass. "Ahhhh!! Ahhshit yess," the boy cried out.

Daniel's dick flexed as he felt his balls clench up in delight. "Fuuuck," he hissed as a load of jism squirted violently from his piss-tip, up his Mom's shit channel. "Ahhhhshit!" he cried out as

again and again cum erupted from his cock, hosing Sara fuck-hole.

Heather stared back at her son, screwing her asshole up against his hairless cock-hilt with every thrust. "Come on, baby boy, pour that cum into meee," she cried out.

Nick speared his boner as deep as it would go and held it there, his knob swelling with so much blood it felt like it could pop off the end of his dick. "Ohhhyess, take my fucking cum, Mom!" he groaned as a big milky rope shot from his piss-hole.

The boys whimpered and snarled with pleasure. It was as if they'd rammed their dicks into milking machines, and their Mom's assholes wouldn't stop squeezing and throbbing until all of the cum had been sucked from their balls.

"Ohh man," Garrett sighed, "that was intense."

Kristen smiled back at him. "Uh-oh, I think he's found a new toy," she said, making the other Moms giggle.

Garrett drew his prick out of her ass with a wet popping sound. He was still brick-hard, his dick bobbing like the sturdy limb of a tree in the wind. "Damn," he muttered, watching the ring of Kristen's butthole clench closed.

He looked up to see her smiling at him. She slipped off the bed and turned to face him, her milk- swollen tits wobbling along the top of her huge protruding ball of baby-meat. His boner slid up against the orb, smearing it with cum as she hugged him. "Kiss me, you hunk," she said,

brushing her dark hair out of her face.

They locked lips and their tongues danced, her big pregnant boobies spreading out against his young chest.

Daniel looked at Garrett and Kristen enviously, then at his Mom as she too stood up. "Can we do that?" he asked.

Sara giggled. They were still connected, but only by the tip of Daniel's peter. Her asshole was clenched around the crown of his knob. "Hey, give me some credit. We've bent the rules a lot lately, young man," she said.

"Not with kissing we haven't," Daniel replied.

"My tongue was in your mouth last night. Forgot already?" she said. "No, I just love kissing, that's all."

Heather got off the bed and embraced her son Nick, sandwiching his upturned cock between

them. "Oh come on, Mom, it's just a kiss," she said, giving Nick a few sensual pecks.

Sara threw a smile at Heather. "I thought you were suppose to help us play by the rules?" she

joked.

"When I break them myself?" she said, "that would make me a hypocrite."

"Fine," Sara said, popping his knob from her ass and turning, "but don't go expecting this all the time."

She moved in for a boob-squashing embrace and their lips came together for some sensual kissing. It didn't take long for their tongues to begin to play.

Rachel came into the bedroom from having been the lookout for the group. She too was still naked, her big knockers bobbling on her chest. She smiled when she saw the couples engaged in a makeout-fest. "Wow, did you boys find some new girlfriends?" she joked.

The Moms paused their kissing and giggled, stroking their boys lean chests, gazing at them like horny school girls at the prom dance, while pressing the squishy meat of their tits against them..

"I think Garrett and I have progressed beyond that stage. We're more like husband and wife at this point, right babe?" Kristen said.

"Well, I hate to rain on your smooch parade, but it looks like our husband's are getting out of the water," Rachel said..

Sara still clutched her teen reluctantly. "Oh boy, I suppose we better put some clothes on," she said, then broke their embrace.

Rachel was quick to replace her, throwing her arms around Daniel. "But only after I get a turn at those sexy lips," she said, pancaking her tits against him. Their lips fused in an open oval as they engaged in a long fiery French-kiss.

Linsey Davis (Misses Davis) was sitting by her swimming pool reading. She wore a sexy black bikini, which allowed her voluptuous

body to get some rays. Her husband and daughter goofed around in the pool, enjoying their sunny Saturday.

"Beautiful day," a voice said, startling the teacher. It was Sam, the Private Investigator. She came over and sat in the other lounger.

Linsey look at her in disbelief. "What the fuck are doing here? This is my home, you can't just..."

"What are you gonna do, call the police? Go ahead. Then I'd have to explain why I'm here... to them...to your husband. And of course, they'd wanna see proof that what I'm telling them is true. I think we could both agree, that would be a real mess for you," Sam said.

Linsey knew she had a point. "What do you want?" she asked.

"You know what I want. Do you have it?"

"I tried to meet him last night, but his mother wouldn't let him go out," Linsey said. "Ha, I wonder why," Sam said, "she probably had his cock shoved up her cunt all night." Linsey glared at the PI. "So what if she did? What is it to you?"

Sam smiled back at her, surprised by her question. "It's nothing to ME. Personally, I think a boy fucking his mother is incredibly hot. For whatever reason though, my client wants proof and I don't ask questions. I get them what they need and they write me a check, all personal feelings aside."

"So someone hired you to do this? To blackmail me to get the information you need?"

"They hired me to get information. You inserted yourself into the equation and the blackmail, well that just how I roll."

Linsey lifted her drink and took a sip, smiling slyly. "Are you sure this isn't something else?" Sam raised an eyebrow. "Something else?"

"Yes, a horny soccer mom has her eye on a cute teenage kid, then suddenly discovers he's fucking his hot teacher maybe?"

Sam giggled, "Oh please."

"I can't blame you for being jealous. Daniel's a very sexy young man and my God that dick is absolutely huge. You have pictures apparently, so you must know?" Linsey said.

"Yes, his dick is quite large, but if you think I'm just a jealous mommy-whore looking to move you aside so I can have my turn, you're wrong," Sam said, getting back up.

Linsey rolled her eyes. "Well, it wouldn't matter if you were. I'm sure there are plenty of other women Daniel would rather fuck, including me," she said, then looked Sam up and down. "No offence, but you're a little too Tomboy-ish to harden the dick of a horny teenager."

Sam glared at her. "Just get me my fucking recording. You have until Monday night," she said. "I'll need your card," Linsey said.

"What?"

"Your business card. I'll call you and meet you somewhere. I don't need you showing up at my house again," Linsey said.

Linsey pulled a business card from her pocket and tossed it onto Linsey's lap. "If I haven't heard from you by Monday night, then I WILL show up here again, only this time to speak to your

husband," she said.

Sam left and Linsey's hubby Stan swam over to the edge of the pool. "Who was that?" he asked.

Linsey smiled. "Avon lady. She stopped by the other day, but I was busy. She's has some great product I'm purchasing."

Stan chuckled, "Don't you have enough make-up?"

"Oh you know me, darling. Always wanting to look my best for you," she said, blowing him a kiss.

Stan swam off and Linsey picked up her cellphone, getting on social media. She looked at the PI's card and did a search for "Sam Jenkins." Sam's profile came right up, showing her in a photo with her husband and two small children. "Oh, how adorable," Linsey said sarcastically.

Daniel got out of his father's vehicle, watching his Mom retrieve her items out of the backseat. While reaching in for something, Sara stuck her thick ass out, pointing it at her boy. She had on a bikini cover-up, that clearly showed off the shape of her derriere. Dan Senior was busy unloading the ice-chest, so the teen brazenly pressed his crotch against his mother's shapely rump..

Sara quickly looked back at Daniel, then over at her busy husband, then back at Daniel again, shaking her head emphatically.

Seeing his father was busy, Daniel placed his hands on her hips and dug his boner into the crease between her buns, determined to get a quick feel.

"Disgusting!" a voice behind them said.

Sara and her son turned to see Margaret glaring at them from her yard. "Excuse me?!" Sara said, straightening her cover-up.

"What kind of Mother allows her son to put his prick against her like that?!" Margaret said with a

scowl.

"Why don't you just mind your own damn business," Sara said.

By now, Dan Senior came around to see what was going on. Margaret directed her next

comment to him. "And what kind of husband allows this sickening behavior to go on right under his nose?" Margaret said.

"I'm sorry??" Dan asked, confused by what she was going on about.

"Your son, grinding on your wife, right here in your driveway. They're acting like a couple of sex fiends," his neighbor said.

Sara looked at her husband. "We were doing no such thing. She's clearly out of her fucking mind," she said, stomping away. Daniel followed her.

Dan looked at Margaret uncomfortably. "Look, thanks for your concern, but we're ok here," he said.

Margaret scowled. "Whatever Cuckold."

Dan ignored her, walking around to get more items from the trunk. Margaret continued to troll him. "Weak little man who can't please his wife. You're probably a two-pump chump, aren't you?"

Dan gave her a perturbed look. This got a delighted smirk in return. "Oh, what's wrong, does the truth hurt you sad little pansy? I told you the other day that I saw your wife bedding your son and I bet you did nothing about it, did you? You're pathetic!" she shouted.

"Look, I'm not gonna-"

"If they're doing it every day, while you're at work, which I'm sure they are, he'll likely have her pregnant soon. You'll be the father to some bastard child, who you know deep down isn't yours," Margaret said, "but you'll accept it, like the sad little cuckold bitch you are."

Dan slammed the back door and walked away. "Have a nice day," he said. "Fucking wimp," she shouted back.

Sara and Daniel were just inside the entryway kissing. Daniel had his Mom backed against wall.

Her arms circled his shoulders and she kissed his lips passionately. "Daniel, we can't," kiss, kiss, "you're father's gonna be in any second," kiss, kiss, kiss.

She brought one leg up off the floor, wrapping it up behind him and used it to pull the hard bulge of his cock against her.

The boy sighed, feeling his hard meat push up against her twat, while their tongues wrestled. The door suddenly opened and they quickly separated.

"Well, the neighbor lady's in rare form today," Dan said. He saw his wife and son standing there looking guilty as hell. Sara finally said something. "She's clearly out of her mind."

Dan noticed one of his wife's big boobs was nearly out of her bikini top, with one nipple fully exposed. It must have popped out while her and Danial frolicked. "Umm, hon," he muttered, drawing her attention to it.

Sara quickly adjusted, shoving her big tit back inside the top.."Ohh, Jesus," she said, embarrassed.

"So what set this lady off?" Dan said, then looked at Daniel. "You weren't touching your Mom, right?"

Daniel glared at him. "Really, dad?!" The teen stomped off, heading to his room. Sara put her hands on her hips, leering at her husband. "Nice job," she said.

"It was just a question," Dan said defensively.

"Yeah, a really dumb one."

"What reason would this lady have to make this stuff all of the sudden. A couple days ago she told me she saw the two of you crawling into bed together and that you were wearing practically nothing," Dan said.

"You never told me she said that?" Sara asked in an annoyed tone.

"It was the same day she told me you guys were at some birthday party together," Dan said.

"Anything else she told you that I don't know about?" Sara said, " What did you guys go out for fucking coffee together."

"Sara, she stopped me outside, ok."

"Just stay away from her. She has no idea what she's talking about," Sara said. "So she made it up then, you weren't getting into bed with Daniel?"

Sara threw her arms in the air, clearly frustrated. "I don't know, maybe. I don't remember," she

said.

"Sara, how could you not remember. This would have only been like three or four nights ago" "Fuck, Dan, what's with all the questions?" she asked, "who's side are you on here?"

"I'm not on a side, I'm just trying to sort out everything she's been telling me."

Sara gave him a cold glare. "Not on a side?? Really?! Wrong answer! You're suppose to be on your wife's side, asshole!" she shouted, then stomped off.

Upstairs, Daniel stopped his Mom in the hallway. "Mom, can I hang out with a friend later tonight?"

"A friend??" Sara asked.

"Yeah, my friend Candy from school."

Sara sighed in frustration. "So really, what you meant to say was 'can I go fuck my friend Candy from school,' right?"

Daniel smiled awkwardly. "Well, um..."

Sara threw her arms in the air and continued towards her bedroom. "Whatever, Daniel," she said frustrated tone.

Sara went to her bedroom, took a shower, then laid on her bed, wrapped in a tiny white towel. She felt frustrated and jealous. She was angry at her husband for taking a neutral stance. She knew that she was doing things behind his back that would break Dan's heart, but she gave him the chance to know about...to accept the plan of their son's assturbation and he didn't. He chose to be selfish and heartless, while her only intention was to help Daniel through the tough time of being single.

Then there were her feelings of jealousy and frustration that what she was providing wasn't enough for her son. Assturbation was suppose to be the answer, but her son was wanting more. He was clearly wanting pussy. Candy's pussy.

"Ibetthebitchcan'tfucklikeIcan,"she thought to herself.

She knew that Dan Senior would soon come through the bedroom door, wanting to explain himself and try to get her to see his side. She wasn't interested. In fact, she felt herself wanting to think less and less about her husband and more about Daniel.

"Godhefeltsogoodinmyass,"she thought, her heart going pitter-patter as she replayed the events at Heather's beach house in her mind. She found herself wondering what his cock would feel like thundering through her cunt.

"Ughh, stop it, Sara," she muttered out loud, rolling over onto her tummy.

A vision of Daniel's muscular chest and lean torso entered her head. She imagined his thick long dick, fully hard and sticking out from his hairless crotch. Her tongue rolled through her mouth lustfully as she pictured the big juicy knob capping his shaft. It was throbbing, shiny and purple, with precum weeping from the slit of his meatus.

"Jesus,whatthefuckiswrongwithme,"she thought.

Now on her tummy, Sara's clitoris throbbed and she clamped her thighs closed, kicking the lower portion of her legs up, flexing her feet and spreading her pretty painted toes apart with delight as she imagined Daniel's cock sheathed in her pussy.

"It would be for him, not me," she said out-loud, justifying the mindless sex that was swirling through her brain. "He'ssufferingwithoutagirlfriend,"she thought to herself. "Assturbationis good,it'sjust....it'sjustnotenough."

She heard the door open and her husband say her name. It made her wanna scream and run as far away as she could, taking Daniel with her. "Onlyfortonight,aone-timething,she thought. She loved her husband, but tonight was one of those nights where she didn't wanna see his face. She didn't wanna hear his voice. She only wanted one thing and that was to be alone with Daniel.

"I think you should go stay with your parents tonight," Sara said. Dan sat on the edge of the bed. "Can we just talk about this?"

"No, we can't. I think it's best, just for tonight, if we give each other some space."

Dan got back up. "Ok, that's fine, I can sleep downstairs, give you all the space you need," he said.

"No," Sara said, looking back at him. "I really need you out of the house tonight." "Fine," Dan said, "I'll grab a few things and head to my parents place."

"Thank you," she said, then wondered why she just thanked him.

Dan Senior collected a few items, throwing them into his bag. Still in just her towel, Sara sat on the edge of the bed quietly. Internally, her heart was racing. It was really happening. She was about to be all alone in the house with her son for the night.
"OhmyGod,whatshouldIwear?
ThatlittlewhiteLaceything.Yes,Danielwouldlovethat,"she thought.

"Ok, I guess I'm going," Dan Senior muttered sadly. His wife didn't respond and he could tell her mind was on something else.

"Candles...yes,candleswouldbeperfect.Ishouldreallycreatearomanticsetting,"Sara thought. "I'm leaving," Dan said a little louder, snapping his wife from her thoughts.

"Oh, um..ok," Sara said. A little guilt trickled in, knowing she was about to get royally pounded by their son in her marital bed. She immediately smothered those thoughts with justified ones. "I'm doingwhatIneedtodoforDaniel.I'mhelpinghim,"she thought.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Dan asked.

"Yes," his wife said softly, without hesitation. She was never more sure of anything in her life.

She slipped on her robe and walked her husband down to the front door. He turned just before leaving and she fed him an awkward look. "See you tomorrow I guess," he said.

"Yes," she nodded, "See you tomorrow."

Sara closed the door behind him and locked it. She let out a big sigh, like a weight had just been lifted. She was so nervous her hands were shaking. She quickly retreated back to her bedroom and dialed Rachel on her messenger.

"Hey, what's up, girl?" Rachel said as her face popped up on Sara's phone. "Hey, are you alone?"

"Yeah, Michael just went down to get a few things at the store. Are you ok?" she asked, seeing the anxiousness in her mother-in-law's eyes.

"I'm gonna let Daniel fuck me," Sara said, matter-of-factly.

Rachel's mouth fell open. "Oook, that's awesome. Where's Dan?" she asked.

Sara explained how they were fighting and she sent him to his parents for the night. The conversation soon shifted as Rachel began to help Sara prepare for the big night. "Too much lipstick?" the mother asked, pursing her lips together.

"No, that's perfect," Rachel said, "how are you gonna wear your hair?"

"I'm conflicted on that. I kinda wanna put it in a pony, because I know we'll be doing a lot of kissing, but the other part of me just wants to go natural and wear it down. What do you think?" she asked.

"Daniel's gonna see you completely in the raw tonight. You should wear it down," Rachel said..

Sara modeled two different pieces of sexy negligee she had in mind and Rachel helped her make a decision on which one to wear. "I love the pink one, but that white chemise is legit sexy," Rachel said.

"I agree. I think he'll love it," Sara said anxious.

"With those Marabou heels, Oh my God, girl, you will blow his mind," Rachel said, making Sara giggle. "So inquiring minds wanna know, what positions are you guys gonna do?"

"Hm, let's see..." Sara said, acting as if she were thinking it over, when she already knew the answer. "All of them."

Rachel laughed. "Well I expect to hear all of the juicy details tomorrow," she said. "You will. Love you," Sara said hanging up then taking a deep brave breath.

Daniel was watching a movie on his phone when he heard a knock at his door. Sara peeked in. "Can I come in honey?" she asked.

"Sure, Mom," Daniel said.

His eyes widened as Sara stepped into his bedroom in a short white kimono robe. It was incredibly thin and snug, accentuating her curves and had delicate embroidered detail around

the edges. It fell just below the crotch, leaving her smooth tan legs bare. "CLICK, CLICK, CLICK." The dainty five-inch stiletto heels of her Marabou slippers tapped against his wood floor as she made her way to the center of his bedroom. He could see her sexy painted toes peeking out the bottoms, just beneath the Marabou feathers.

Daniel's eyes traveled up her strong silky legs, across the swell of her curves to her pretty face, which peeked from the parted curtain

of dark hair. "Dang, you look beautiful," he said.

"Thanks," she smiled, showing her pretty white teeth.

She stopped mid-room, standing in a hot pose, with one knee cocked slightly forward. "So, um...I just thought you should know. You father...he's, well, he's gone for the night."

"Oh, where'd he go?" Daniel asked curiously.

"He's at your Grandparents. I asked him if he would go, because we weren't really getting along. You know, with the whole neighbor situation."

"Well, SHE WAS right, but I still think she's a crazy bitch," Daniel said, making them both laugh.

"I agree," Sara said, then spent a silent moment sharing a gaze. "So um, with your father gone, there's a vacancy...down there, in my bed, if you're interested?" she asked cutely.

"Oh, yeah, I'd like to, but I told Candy I was coming over," he said.

"Ok, but just so you know, that 'vacancy' comes with accommodations," Sara said, "ones that I think you'll really like alot."

Daniel took a big excited gulp. "Oh, well, I suppose I could fill that vacancy, instead of going to Candy's," he said.

Sara gazed with her alluring eyes, the swell of her breasts heaving. "You won't be sorry," she said. Daniel hopped from the bed. "Do I need to bring anything?"

Sara giggled, taking his hand. "Just you," she said.

The mother led her cub down to her bedroom and closed the door behind them. There were several candles surrounding the marital bed, creating a warm ambiance. Daniel crawled onto the mattress

and sprawled out. "I've always wanted to sleep in you and dad's bed," he said.

"Well, I'm not sure how much sleep we'll get," Sara said, untying the sash to her robe, "but you'll certainly be able to test the bed out in other ways."

The robe dropped to her feet and Daniel gasped as he caught sight of what she was wearing. It was a gorgeous white chemise, featuring a high neckline with cut-in shoulder straps, sheer lace and mesh cups. It had a sheer fishnet and lace bodice, cut just below her crotch. Her huge

meaty tits stretched the material out, clearly visible through the sheer fabric in every juicy detail. Daniel's eyes traveled down her midriff and rested up the mound of her shaved pubis. At the base, just under the fleshed domed hood, was her prized pearl and it throbbed with anticipation.

"That is so sexy," Daniel said, looking over her skimpy negligee..

Sara smiled, thrusting her big mommy-boobs out, making her hard nipples protrude like tiny boners. "Enjoy it. It won't be on me for long," she said with a wink.

Chapter 1 0 - One-time thing

Being a handsome, well-endowed teen, Daniel had split lots of twats with his cock. None of those experiences, however, would even compare to this one.

When Sara shed her negligee and pulled him down between her strong splayed thighs, Daniel knew this was gonna be one incredible fuck. Holding himself above her with one arm, he reached down with the other, grasping his long boner, then plowed his fat tapered knob through her juice-slickened labium.

'Ahhhh," Sara sighed, her body jerked, making her big tit-mounds jostle on her chest. Daniel dug his knob against the fleshy nub of her clitoris. He wanted to prime her pump before he stuffed her creamy fuck-hole full of cock-meat. He loved watching his Mom quiver as he focused on all the right places. Her cunt-slot burbled with juice, the pungent aroma of aroused pussy wafting up into Daniel's nostrils.

He marveled at the way she was laying there, naked and shameless, ready to take his meaty manhood. Gasping lustfully, she gazed up with those alluring eye. "Fuck meee," she softly whispered.

The teen fit his throbbing knob into the mouth of her vagina. He felt the hot tissue stretch over the tender dome of his bulbous tip as it sunk into her well-lubricated pussy. Daniel loved hearing the girls he fucked gasp as they felt the size of his manhood and the way it stretched their cunt- tubes. Hearing his Mom react the same way the other did was a big head-rush.

Sara's eyes widened. There was an area of her pussy where she was used to having her husband's cock stop and Daniel's long dick slipped right past it. She had only felt the gate to her womb touched once by a cock and that was when she was her son's age, so when she felt the tip of Daniel's boner bottom out in her pussy, her eyes rolled back with delight. "Ohh my God, so big," she gasped.

That was music to Daniel's ears. He felt her vaginal vestibule screw around the root of his cock and then he held it there, letting his rock-hard meat soak in the heat of her furnace. "Ohhh wow," the boy muttered as he felt Sara tighten her skilled cunt-muscles.

Sheathed to the balls, Daniel's cock throbbed eagerly, his fat knob squashed against her ectocervix. The lining of her vagina clung to the thick cylinder of meat, soaking it with secreting fuck-oil.

Daniel reached under her back and clutched her shoulders, watching her tilt her head back, her

eyes clenched shut from the pleasure. He squeezed his ass and flexed his cock, letting her feel the power of his manhood. "Ahhh," Sara whimpered, rocking her hips while snaking her sexy legs around her son's legs.

Joined at the genitals, the mother-son duo began to writhe in full penetration, like two animals grinding through some pre-mating ritual. Sara's big marital bed rocked, the headboard thumping on the wall from the motion of their grinding flesh. "Hhnuff," Daniel snarled, moving his hips, following his Mother's gyrations.

Sara clutched his ass, her long ox-blood-colored nails digging into his flesh. "Fuck me, honey!" she pleaded.

Daniel obliged, setting his hips in motion. Like a well-oiled piston, his hardon began to plunge through her fuck-tube with powerful thrusts.

"Yesss!" Sara cried out, tossing her strong motherly legs up around him, high on his back.

Their bellies began to beat together repetitively, Sara's big jugs sloshed and jiggled between them from the motion of their frantic humping.

"Ohh damn this feels good," Daniel panted, spearing his cock from balls to knob, feeling his Mom flex her coital muscles, squeezing his tender prick exquisitely.

"Ohh baby, yes it does," she panted, arching her body and jerked her hips up and down, meeting her son thrust for thrust.

Daniel's long meaty cock was igniting never-endings inside her vagina that she'd never felt before. She was used to the basic low-end model tool and her son's penis was the newer high-performance super-charged version.

The boy's smooth hairless balls beat against her upturned ass as he sliced his boner through the juicy grip of her cunt. "Harder, fuck me harder!" Sara chanted.

Daniels responded to the urgency in her voice. The speed of his in-and-out hunching increased, and his breathing intensified. "Ohh shit," he sighed, feeling the cock-milking friction on his peter.

Sara's nails clawed up his back, then cradled his head, bringing his lips to her. Their mouths fused and their tongue spun together in a wild lustful frenzy.

The teen's boner flexed with excitement as it thundered through her hot juicy punani. Precum seeped from the tip of his swollen knob, smearing her back wall each time it squeezed against it.

They broke their kiss for a moment and gazed needfully into each other's eyes, panting heavily. Sara let out a wide-eyed pleasure-giggle at the very though that she was fucking her son in her marital bed. It was an absolute thrill and that made her thick protuberant nipples tingle.

"What?" Daniel asked.

"You're really fucking me," she said with a panting smile.

He smiled back, not slowing his thrusts one bit. "I am," he said. "Do you love it as much as I do?"

"More," he said with a smile.

"Doubt that," she said, rocking her buns from the bed. "Pump my pussy as hard as you can. I wanna cum on you," she said.

Daniel picked up the pace, his strokes became more frenzied, and so did Sara's. They were climbing the steep mountain that would bring them to the high, sweet peak of climax together. The busty mother

was the first to reach the golden summit. "Ohhh God, Daniel I'm cumminggg!!" she screamed out.

He pounded his big fat cock deep in her pussy, and she whimpered and shook, squeezing her lovely legs around his humping ass. The teen felt her hot fluid gush around boner, bathing it in girl-cum.

Their writhing bodies were fused and Sara's cushy breasts flattened against her son's chest. Daniel squeezed her lovely curves and could feel her trembling from her core. Her cunt was sucking and spewing on his cock and his knob was tingling like crazy.

"I'm gonna cum!" he sighed sharply. "Uuuhhggh!" Daniel grunted, squirting out a huge milky rope of spunk.

"Yesss!" his mother gasped, still wrapped up in her own mind-blowing orgasm.

They bucked and moaned in harmony as her juice flowed and mingled with his jizz. The room whirled around them dreamily and they whirled with it, until their orgasms finally subsided and brought Daniel's shuddering body to a sudden standstill.

He dropped his face between her fleshy breasts and fought for breath. Sara"s body was still shivering with post-orgasmic contractions. "Ohhhh," she quaked, arching her back. Her legs were still coiled around Daniel's back, clutching tightly.

The teen lifted his head and watched her pretty face pant softly, her eyes clenched shut and her mouth wide open. Her pussy gave one final squeeze and she sighed heavy. "God, I can't remember the last time I was fucked like that!"

"Really?" Daniel asked with a proud smile.

"Really," she answered, gazing at him with adoration. "Will you ride me now?" he asked brazenly.

Sara giggled. "Oh, you wanna see what Mom can do now, huh buster?" "Yep."

She fed him a naughty smile. "Roll me over," she said.

Daniel rolled them over so that Sara took the top, mounting his crotch. His cock was still fully hard and buried to his nut-sack. His eyes widened as he stared at the enormous bobbling milkers hovering in front of him, fascinated by the big pink circles of her papilla and the hard fleshy nipples that protruded from their centers. "Ohh damn," he muttered, anxious to have his face stuffed between them.

Sara smiled. "A little overwhelmed, baby?" she asked.

"I've had some boobs in my face, but never anything like these," he confessed.

This made Sara smile big with pride. Every guy she came across lusted after her knockers, which at this moment, made her son the luckiest guy on earth. "Enjoy," she said, then fell forward, resting her extended arms astride his head.

Daniel now found his face tucked inside her gaping cleavage. He sighed with excitement, his cock flexing. Sara felt it swell with blood and grasped it in a deep vaginal grip. Now it was her turn to take the lead and show her son the moves of an experienced cock-grinder.

Her thick mommy-ass began to rise and fall, feeding his juice-slickened hardon up and down her fuck-tube. Her hanging melons danced to her humping motions, the spongy meat bumping and jiggling around her son's awe-stricken face.

"Ohh God, yess!" Sara hissed, picking up the pace. She couldn't believe how hard her son's dick was, especially since he'd blown his

nuts only a few minutes ago. She grasped him tightly in her vagina, whimpering lustfully as she felt the unyielding girth of his fucker.

After every dozen ball-bumping humps, Sara would grind her cunt on his cock. Daniel loved this. There was something so primitive and nasty about feeling his Mom's hot pussy tug his boner up and down like a gear-shift. Maybe it was how his fat knob squeezed back and forth across the head of her cervix, not far from where her grew in her womb for nine months.

For Sara, it was something she didn't get to experience with her husband. He simply wasn't long and hard enough. So to feel a young pulsing organ as hard as concrete, dragging and probing unexplored depths of her vagina was absolutely euphoric. She was using Daniel's stiff muscle to find pleasure spots she never knew existed.

"Ahhhh!" she moaned, as his boner dug past one such spot.

Sara began to propel her ass up and down again, riding her son's cock in a steady rhythm. Daniel stuffed a nipple into his mouth and sucked like a nursing infant. His Mom lowered her chest, so

his face could sink into the squishy meat of her tit. "Hhmmnnff," the boy whimpered excitedly.

The bedroom filled with the sound of sighs and whimpers, along with the steady wet SMACKING sound of Sara's naked buttock beating against her son's crotch.

Daniel's cock speared through her fuck-tube, the big bulging vein beneath his shaft pulsing with beat of his heart. Moulded to his contours, Sara felt it throbbing and tightened her cunt walls even more around the thick plug of his cock. The huge bell-shaped head of his glans pressed erotically into her most delicate membranes, lighting her cunt on fire.

"Ohhh my Goddd!" she cried out as she felt the pleasure crest inside her.

Her entire body trembled like a leaf in a wind. She could feel the flush of impending orgasm spreading out from her cunt, into her ass, making the ring of her butthole pucker and throb. . She was like a fish out of water, gasping and moaning. She continued to beat her ass down against him, skewing her cunt on the spike of his cock. "Ahhhh!" she shrieked, her mouth wide open as she tossed her long beautiful hair around.

"Hhmff," Daniel snarled, his face masked in tit-meat. Sara's big wet teat pressed sideways on his lips. His tongue slipped out and thrashed back and forth against it, attacking the fat nub with licks. His licker extended, looping wetly all over the bumpy milk-glands covering her areola.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Sara screamed out, as a powerful orgasm surged through her big titted body.

Daniel looked up through her jiggling cleavage, wanting to watch her get off. He didn't know

what turned him more, the warm, gripping sheath of cunt or the sight of her pretty face, masked with pure pleasure. He knew that only a real man could make a woman look this way.

He could smell her arousal and hear the sound of his prick sucking in and out of her tight pussy. That sound became creamier and creamier as he felt her hot liquid love pulse around his pecker and run down along the base of his nuts. "Ohhh shit," the teen whimpered, his knob tingling delightfully.

Sara sat up straight, her wide hips swiveling up and back, grinding Daniel's boner-tip against the soft back wall of her vagina. Daniel just laid there and watched her draw out her orgasm. It was an incredible site. She looked like a woman possessed, her long hair

strung over her face, her huge jutting breasts rocking back and forth on her chest. The way her hands were on her son's chest made her tit-cannons squeeze together between her upper arms, ballooning out above her son's eyes like clouds of breast-flesh. "Uuughh! Uughfuuuck!" Sara cried, using her son's unyielding boner to extend her cum.

Daniel flexed his cock and Sara immediately reacted, throwing her head back and letting out yet another orgasmic shriek.

"Ohhh," the boy sighed, feeling her fuck-tube tighten as and more juice burble around his

erection.

Sara suddenly dropped down on top of him and locked her lips around his. Once again, her

tireless buttocks bounced up and down on his crotch, fucking her pussy with desperate plunges. "Nothingintheworldcouldeverfeelthisgood,"Daniel though as he felt his mother's strong tongue whip through his mouth. Her big tits were spread out on his chest, squashed between them.

He bounced his ass, fucking right back at her. His hips corkscrewed his prick all the way up into her softly yielding cunt. The squishing noise became louder, her pussy was frothing with a mix of their juices. He could hardly contain the tide of jism any longer. "Ohhh damn Mom!" his cried out, his voice filled with urgency.

"Fill my pussy with your cum!" she panted, then buried her face in the nap of his neck, attacking it with licks.

"Ohhhh shit," Daniel cried out, his toes clenching.

Like a stick of dynamite buried up her pussy, he exploded. Spurt after body-shaking spurt of gooey cum spattered into Sara's tightly-

gripping cunt. Daniel arched his back, his neck straining as he grunted and shot out more cum. He nearly passed out he came so hard.

And when both of them had finished, they lay in each other's arms, with Sara still still on top of him. They slowly caught their breath, lost in post-orgasmic bliss.

The night was a literal fuck-storm, with Daniel pounding Sara's cunt in every way imaginable. They fucked on the bed and on the floor, in the shower and against the wall. All around the room were splatters of cum juice, marking were they'd fucked.

The horny mother had cum so many times she lost count. Even now, in the bathroom, high up against the wall, sitting up on Daniel's shoulders as he devoured her pussy, she continued to cream.

"Uuuhhggh!" her cute scream rang out, her thighs trembling around Daniel's head. Her sleek legs curled down his back, shivering with pleasure, her feet flexed and her toes pointed towards the floor far below. It was near 4am and their libidos hadn't slowed one bit. With good reason. They were both in their sexual prime and this was exactly what their bodies craved.

"Take me back to the bed," the mother said with a sigh.

She slipped off his shoulder, but twined her legs around his waist before her feet hit the floor. Her arms circled his neck and she clutched on tight. "Carry me,' she whimpered, like a young horny schoolgirl.

Daniel took her back to bed, lay her down on her back and speared his cock back into her. He stuffed his mouth full of tit-meat and sucked on her big fleshy nipples. One juicy nub popped from his mouth and he moved to the other, moaning with delight as he sucked greedily on the swollen pink cap of her tit-melon..

He threw his arms under her legs, pinning them back as he started pounded the shit out of her. Sara's legs slipped up onto his shoulders, her feet pointed back at the headboard. Their bodies were glistening with perspiration, Sara's flesh quivering with every powerful thrust of her son's hardon.

"Ohhh yeeaah," the boy sighed, hammering his cock-meat through Sara's experienced pussy. He simply couldn't get enough.

"You like fucking this hot girl?" she asked, clenching his cock with strong pussy-muscles.

"Hell yess," he answered, thrilled by how her sexy bare feet hovered so closely to his face with her legs propped up on his shoulders this way.

"It doesn't make you miss having a girlfriend one bit, does it?" "No way," he gasped, not slowing his fuck-pumps one bit.

"You don't need that Candy girl from school," she panted, "you've got Mom. She'll keep those balls drained twenty-four seven."

"Except when dad's around," Daniel said.

"Fuck him," Sara said, "he has no right to get in our way. I'm doing this to help you and he should appreciate that."

"So does this mean I've officially graduated from ass to pussy?" Daniel asked. Sara giggled. "Don't push it young man. Tonight was a one-time thing," she said. "Yeah right."

Sara gave a playful, yet stern gaze. "Hey! You start getting cocky and I'll keep the ass-sex from you too," she warned

"I'll show you cocky," the teen said, then started pounding her as hard as he could.

"Uughshit," Sara's voice screamed out cutely, her body was folded in half, jerking and bouncing on the mattress from her son onslaught.

Daniel's ass was a blur as it bobbed rapidly, punching his boner through her juicy cunt-slot. He smiled as he watched her head tilt in pleasure and her eyes roll back as she let out a series of sexy gasps.

"Ohh yess, cum on my dick, Mom,' Daniel muttered, fucking like a porn-star.

"Yesss! Uhhggh God!" Sara cried out, creaming once again on his cock. Having cum so much himself, Daniel was able to fuck her straight through multiple orgasms.

He smiled with confidence, feeling her cunt melt around his hammering boner. "Onetimething, myass,'he thought to himself.

"Tell me when you're about the cum, Sara said. "I'm close," he sighed.

"How close?" she asked.

"Like 'explode in about five seconds' close," his voice shook. "Get on your back," Sara said, pushing him off.

Daniel's erection popped from her vulva, soaked with juice. He quickly plopped onto his back, his

man-meat slapping up against his tummy. Sara was on her knees hovering over his crotch in a flash. She quickly grasped his boner at the base with one hand and dropped her mouth over the upper half of his dick.

"Ohhh shit, Mom," the boy gasped, watching her beat his meat and suck his cock at the same time. Her mouth felt amazing. It was no where near the pleasure of her cunt, but still exquisite.

She sucked like only an experienced mother could, slurping on his fat hardon and spinning her tongue around his knob. Her big jugs hung down and swung around from her ambitious dick- sucking.

"Ohh, hell yess," the boy sighed, bouncing his hips and thrusting his cock up into her circled hand and sucking mouth.

"Mmmnnn," the hot mother whimpered, sucking his cock with gusto. The ring of her lips stretched obscenely while gliding up and down his stiff pecker Her mouth made a serious of lewd gurgling sounds as she plunged his fat knob into her throat.

"Ohh God, here it comes!" her son announced. "Uughhshit!!

Hot spunk erupted from Daniel's meatus, hosing straight down Sara's throat. She kept sucking like a true champion cock-sucker, squeezing his meat, beating him off into her mouth. "Ohhhh!" the teen groaned. He thought he'd never stop cumming and his mom somehow swallowed every milky drop without coming up for air.

Even after Daniel finished cumming he was amazed to see his Mom still nursing on his boner. She slowly looped her tongue around his glans, probing his piss-hole with the tip of her licker. She ended with one long wet lick from his balls all the way up to the tip.

"Damn, Mom, that was the hottest blowjob ever," Daniel sighed.

"Glad you enjoyed it," she said, crawling up and snuggling against him.

"You do realize we've been having sex for like five hours right?" Daniel asked. Sara giggled. "Are you complained?" she asked.

"Hell no."

She tenderly kissed his lips, then crawl back on her knees, turning and ointing her thick ass back. "Then shut up and fuck me again,"

she said playfully, wagging her meaty half-moons.

Daniel quickly got up and mounted her, as excited as when they first started.

By the time the duo stopped fucking they were absolutely exhausted. So much so that they didn't wake up until they heard Dan Senior's car door close in the driveway.

Sara lifted her head from the mattress. Her hair was a tangled mess of dried sweat and crusty cum. Her son was sprawled against her, barely awake.

The mother panicked when she realized it was a closing car door she heard. She looked at her cellphone. It was 11:15am and she had four missed calls from her husband. "Shit!" she shouted, making her son fully alert.

"What?!" Daniel asked.

"I think your father's home," she said, jumping up.

Daniel rushed to the window and saw his father's car in the driveway. "He IS home," he said in a panic.

They looked around the room. It was a wreck. Blankets and clothes were everywhere and half- dried body-fluids marked every area they'd fucked in.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Sara exclaimed, looking around in a panic. "It's a mess in here. What do we do?" Daniel asked.

They suddenly heard Dan's voice from down the hallway. "Sara?" he called, clearly looking

through the house for her.

The mother rushed to her bedroom door, quickly locking it only seconds before her husband tried the door-handle. Dan knocked. "Sara, you in there?" he said.

The mother and son were so frazzled they just stood there, bare naked, staring at the door. Daniel moved over next to her. "What the hell do we do?" he whispered.

"I'm thinking," she whispered back.

"Think faster."

Her husband knocked again, harder this time. "Sara?" he called. The mother's heart was racing. She needed a plan...and fast.

96: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.11-12

Chap. 1 1 - The House on Hidden Pond Road

Sara peeked out her bedroom door at her husband, her robe just barely on. "Sorry, honey, I'm feeling like shit today," she muttered, silently hoping he didn't notice all the dried spunk in her hair. "Do you think you could make me some tea?"

"Oh, um...sure," Dan said, "anything else you need?"

"Just tea," she answered, knowing that would buy some time for her and Daniel to clean up the remnants of the fuck-storm they created last night..

While Dan was downstairs, Sara and her son straightened up and she gave him a quick kiss,

then sent him to his own room. Her husband returned with her tea and poured on the sweetness. "It made me sad knowing that you felt like you needed space last night," Dan confessed.

The busty housewife felt a tinge of guilt. She had been up all night letting her son fuck the hell out of her after all. However, she didn't feel too bad. She was doing it to help her boy, so in her mind, she could completely justify it.

"Sometime a little separation is just what the doctor ordered," she said..

"I'm sorry if it seemed like I was taking the crazy lady from next door's side," he muttered.

Sara smiled. She wasn't sorry it happened. It gave her a good excuse to expell him from the house for a hot night of sex with their son. "Thanks hon, I just like to know I have your trust and support," she said.

"You do," he answered, "You absolutely do."

He gave her a quick hug. "How bout some shopping and Italian food later...if you're feeling better?" Dan said, trying to make up for pissing her off.

"Sure," she said with a smile, "I'll have a little nap, then see how I feel."

She was anxious to shew him out of the room, before he noticed the cum-stained sheets.

Across town, Heather was primping in the bathroom in preparation to show a house to some new clients. Her job as a real estate agent often required her to spend days on the weekend showing properties.

Her husband came into the bathroom, dressed for a day of golf. "Mmm, you sure you're showing a house and not rendezvousing with some hot young guy?" he asked, looking over her sexy

outfit.

She fed him an "oh brother" smile. "You know, you should really find a new line. You're wearing that one out," she said.

"I gotta run," he said, giving her a quick peck on the lips, "tee-time in a half-hour. Give me a text when you're done showing the property, so I know you weren't murdered by some psycho ok?"

"No need. Nick's going with me," she said, "apparently it's only costing me lunch. There's a burger place over that way he likes," she said.

Since they started practicing regular assturbation, Nick often joined his mother in showing properties. Heather kept a big tube of lubrication in her glove compartment, so that they could spend time in her backseat, or in the empty house she was showing, letting Nick pound her asshole.

It was during the car ride over that her son got a brilliant idea. "You should have another baby," he said, out of the blue, as they drove down the freeway.

Heather laughed. "Wow! Where did that come from?" "Nowhere in particular. I just think you should."

"Uh-huh," she muttered, flashing him a knowing smile. "You don't care anything about another sibling. You just wanna see me big and pregnant. I saw the way you were looking at Garrett's mom yesterday."

She was right. The site of Kristen's huge big baby-ball tummy and those milk-swollen tits made him envious of Garrett. "That's crazy that the baby she's carrying is his," Nick said jealously. "He told me SHE WANTED him to get her pregnant."

"Oh, is that where this is going? Are you just wanting me to beg you to get me pregnant? Does Nicky want a mommy with big milk-filled tits to fuck, is that it?" Heather teased.

"Well I'll be honest, looking at her did make me envious of Garrett. Did you see how huge her tits were?"

Heather giggled. "Those were kinda hard not to notice. That's what happens when women get knocked-up. I went up two cup sizes when I got pregnant with you and your sister."

"Damn, dad must have loved that," Nick said, glancing at Heather's sweet mile-long cleavage. "Your dad's more of an ass man than he is a boob man."

Nick flashed her a cocky smile. "Wouldn't he be pissed if he knew how much of that hot booty I was getting," he said.

"Yes, he would, but HE WON'T...because he'll never find out," she said with a stern look. "I wonder if she'd let me fuck her," Nick said.

"Who? Kristen?"

"Yeah, her due date isn't for another week. Maybe I could score with her before then," Nick said. Heather giggled.."Are you that desperate to fuck a pregnant woman?"

"Desperate?? She's beautiful, Mom," Nick said, "What guy wouldn't wanna fuck her?"

*Heather felt a tinge of jealousy. Of course Kristen was a gorgeous woman with a huge rack, but so was she. "No,mytitsaren'tswo**l**enwithmilk,butthey'resti**l**alargedouble-d,withplentyof bouncetodriveayoungguywild."she thought. The idea of getting pregnant at forty scared her to death. Not the 'being pregnant' part, she loved carrying babies. It was starting over, raising another child that scared her. Her oldest daughter was in college and Nick had just turned eighteen. She loved her children, but her days of raising kids were over. She was ready to focus*

on her career and enjoy some quality "me time."

"Well I hate to disappoint you, darling, but my days of being pregnant are over," Heather said.

"I figured that, Mom. We're only having anal sex anyway, so it's not like you could even get pregnant."

Heathered giggled, "True, wrong hole for that. Your swimmers have probably been very frustrated hunting for that egg," she joked.

The house on Hidden Pond Road was a well kept property with some wooded acreage. Heather greeted the young house-hunting couple, guiding them inside. Nick just sort of wandered in behind them, so Heather introduced them. "Oh and just so you don't think there's some strange kid following us, this is my son Nick," she said.

The couple were in their mid-twenties. Lance, the husband reached out a shook Nick's hand. "Must be 'bring your kid to work' day?" the clean cut guy joked.

Nick faked a laugh. "Yeah, something like that."

"This is my wife Tanya," Lance said. His pretty red-headed wife extended her hand and a heart- melting smile. "Hi," she said sweetly, her eyes gazing into Nick's a bit longer than what was appropriate for a mere introduction.

Nick had this affect on alot of women. He was cute guy, lean with a dark complexion. Like most young married women, Tanya loved her husband, but had been craving some dick on the side.

The cute teen was immediately a potential suitor.

Nick's eyes lowered to the swell her tit-melons. The jutting mounds stretched her thin fitting sweater. They were nearly as big as his mom's jugs and the V neck displayed a luscious creamy white cleavage.

The couple followed Heather on the tour of the house. "As you can see, the kitchen's been

completely renovated. Granite counter tops...all new appliances," Nick's mom said.

Tanya wore a pair of sexy low-rise jeans, showing off her thick meaty jiggle-butt. Nick could hardly take his eyes off her ass as it showed a little extra sway for his benefit.

"So there are three bedrooms in this house. Plenty of room for a growing family," Heather said, "Do you guys have kids?"

Tanya and her husband glanced at each other uncomfortably. "No, um, we'd like to, but I've had a series of miscarriages, so we've decided to stop trying for now," the young women said.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that," Heather said sympathetically.

"Thanks. We're exploring some alternatives, so we're hopeful that something will work out."

Heather was curious what she meant by "alternatives" and so was Nick. "Alternatives?" Heather asked.

Lance chimed in. "We're searching for a surrogate couple. The doctors don't know what's causing the miscarriages. It could be Tanya's egg, it could be my sperm. So, to be on the safe side, we wanna find a surrogate couple that'll go through the whole conception and birthing process with the agreement that we adopt the child as soon as he or she is born," he explained.

Nick looked at his mom with a big smile. She tried to ignore it, yet she knew what he was thinking. "Well, sounds like you have a plan. I hope it all works out, children are wonderful," she said, flashing Nick another smile.

She continued the tour of the house. It seemed a bit spacious for just a single couple, but Heather was skilled at her job and was quickly convincing them that this was the home they wanted.

Nick meanwhile, was busy watching Tanya follow his mom through the house. Several times, she would smile back at him, aware of his

lustful gawking. Her eyes drifted down to his crotch, admiring the sizable bulge.

"Are you a craftsman, Lance?" Heather asked.

"I wouldn't say a 'craftman,' but I dabble in some woodworking here and there," he said. "Well wait until you see this workshop," Heather said, stepping through a side-door.

Tanya paused as her husband followed Heather. "I'm gonna stay in here and look around a bit more, honey. A workshop's more your thing," she said.

"Ok, babe."

The young wife turned and looked at Nick. "Can we look at that upstairs bedroom again?"

"Oh, sure," the teen said, leading her up the stairway.

The master bedroom had big vaulted ceilings and lots of natural light. Nick stepped into the room and just hung there as Tonya wandered over to the walk-in closet. "So much room for my clothes in here," she said.

The young women stepped inside the closet. "What's this thing?" Nick heard her ask. He wandered over curiously, peeking in. "What thing?"

Suddenly, her hands grabbed his shirt and yanked him into the closet. He found himself up

against Tanya as she backed against the wall. Her lips devoured his, her long aggressive tongue lashing through his mouth. He reciprocated and their lickers flailed together wildly. "This thing," she said between kisses, grasping his cock through his shorts..

"Holyfuck!"the teen's mind gasped, struck with sudden delight. Tanya grabbed his hands and stuffed them up her sweater. His fingers sunk into the squishy meat of her large bra-clad jugs. While he groped and kissed, her hand flew into his shorts, grasping his hardening cock. "Damn, thisgirlisfuckin'horny!"Nick thought as he felt her squeeze and yank on his peter.

"Go under my bra!" she hissed, "suck my fucking tits!"

He yanked her bra cups up over her boobs, dropping his face to them at the same time. Her

huge fleshy tit-orbs bobbled free, jiggling around his face as he planted a wet lustful kiss deep in her tit-cleavage.

The cock-hungry young woman felt his prick harden in her hand as she beat his meat with rapid strokes. "Ohh God yess, your dick is big," she gasped, clawing at his back with her free hand. "Put you hand in my panties...finger me while you suck my tits!"

Nick was quick to oblige, popping open the buttons to her jeans and squeezing his hand down inside her dainty panties. He was met by a nearly trimmed pussy mound and smooth layers of soaking wet labial flesh. "Ohhhyess!" she shrieked, biting her bottom lip.

Her big round boobs wobbled back and forth, but he finally zero'd in on one of her thick protuberant nipples, stuffing it greedily into his mouth. "Fuckingawesome!"his mind shouted, as he slurped in more tit, making her nipples and areola distend inside his sucking mouth. He whipped his tongue against the bulging mamila, which made her hump her horny pussy against his hand.

"Mmnnngghhaah!" she gasped out in fuck-lust, feeling Nick's fingers strum her fat naked clitoris like a base guitar string.

The boy dug two fingers into her cunt-hole, rubbing her inner ribbed lining. Her pussy-tube sucked and squeezed at his fingers, yearning

to be stuffed with his big teenage cock.

Nick now had a fully hard boner with leaking precum. Tonya used used his slippery fuck-oil to lubricate her strokes. "Mmnnggff," the boy whimpered, while sucking at her tit like starving dog. This girl's hand had some experience at stroking hard dick and he was enjoying it immensely.

They suddenly heard her husband's voice. "Tanya, you up there?" he called out.

"Fuuuck!" the girl hissed softly in a half-angry tone, pulling her hand out of Nick's shorts.

Her nipple popped Nick's mouth, wet and swollen and she quickly pushed her bra back down over her jugs. "Take down my phone number," she whispered.

Nick quickly pulled the cellphone from his back pocket.

A minute later, Lance's wife emerged at the bottom of the stairway. "There you are," he said.

"Yeah, sorry, was checking out that gorgeous master bedroom again," she said, "what did you think of the workshop?"

"Amazing...and there's still plenty of garage space for our two vehicles," he answered.

Heather looked at the young woman suspiciously. Tonya's face seemed flush and her nipples were as hard as pebbles, clearly protruding from her clothing. "Can we see the back yard," the girl said, clearly still a little short on breath..

"Of course," Heather said, trailing behind them. Before stepping out the back door, she saw her son arrive downstairs with an obvious erection..She fed him a scolding glare. "Get that thing under control

before you come outside," she said, so only the two of them could hear.

Nick nodded.

After the couple had finished touring the house and left, he had some explaining to do. "Ok, what the fuck were you two doing upstairs?" Heather asked, her hands on her hips as the stood in the empty livingroom.

"Hey, she came on to me. I was only showing her where the bedroom.was," he said defensively. "What do you mean came on to you?"

"She pulled me into the closet, told me to finger her and suck her tits," he explained.

"Right and I'm sure she just twisted your arm and made you do those things," Heather said. "She's a pretty girl. I'm certainly not gonna say no," Nick said.

"Honey, she was here with her husband. Do you realize how bad that would have been if he caught the two of you, not to mention it would have cost me the sale of this house," Heather said.

"Mom, relax, you and I have assturbation Sessions all the time with dad in the house. It's not like I don't know how to be sneaky," Nick said.

"Just please, from now on, keep your hands off of my client's boobs and vaginas, okay. You could have cost me my license," Heather said.

"Speaking of clients, I think we should help them," Nick said Heather smiled, "Of course you do.

"No really, we could be surrogates for them," he said.

"Nick..."

"Mom, think about it. It's the perfect solution. I wanna fuck a pregnant girl, you like BEING pregnant, but don't wanna raise another kid and they want take over the parent duties once the child's born. If you and I help them out, it's a win-win for everyone," Nick explained.

"Woah! Hold on. Back up just a second. You and I haven't even had real sex yet," Heather said.

Nick loved how she threw the "yet" in there. It made it clear that regardless of how this went, he'd still probably be fucking her pussy at some point.

His Mom continued. "You've only been in my ass. And what do you think your father's gonna say if I just come home one day and announce that I'm knocked up."

"What do you mean? He'll just pat himself on the back and think the baby's his."

"Yeah, until I have to explain that it's not his...or mine, it's theirs. How well do you think that's gonna go over?" Heather asked.

"Yeah, I guess I really didn't think about that part," her son said disappointedly.

"Look, I know you'd like to see my belly big and round and my boobs all huge and swollen with milk, but I just don't see that happening. I'm sorry."

"I get it," Nick said understandably, hanging his head a bit.

His sound of his Mom's heels against the floor slowly came towards him, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. She stood in front of him with a mischievous smile. "That being said, what I do see happening, is me

bending over and letting you pound that big cock up my ass. You interested?" she asked, although she knew the answer.

"Of course," he said with a smile.

"Go to the car and get the lube. I'll be ready for you when you get back," she said teasingly. Nick hurried out to the vehicle. Even if he couldn't impregnate her, he would never take for

granted being able to fuck her juicy ass on a daily basis. Many boys would never get that far with their moms, so he felt special just having that privilege.

When he got back inside with the lube his mom wasn't downstairs. "Where are you?" he called out.

He heard her answer from upstairs. "Up here," she said.

When he got to the base of the stairs he saw a trail of clothing leading up the steps. Heels, blouse, skirt, bra and panties, leading to the master bedroom. When he arrive in the doorway, he saw Heather sprawled out naked on her tummy on the carpet in the center of the room..

He immediately grabbed his dick and squeezed it through his shorts. Her smooth shapely bare legs were slightly splayed open, the juicy half-sphere's of her bubbly mommy-buttocks waiting to be pounded. She rested on her elbows, her large tit-melons spread out against the carpeted floor. The short-haired brunette peered back at him over her shoulder. "You gonna stand there squeezing it, or are you gonna come stick it in?" she asked.

Nick shed his clothes in a hurry, then squirted a big gob of lube on his bobbing erection. He lowered down onto his Mom and rubbed his knob through her ass-crack. He inadvertently went lower than he should, plowing through her fleshy cunt-slit. "Sorry," he muttered.

She smiled back at him. "You can rub it through my labia, just don't let it go in pussy," she said. "Really?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes, I'm wet, so it'll help lube it up."

"Sweet," the boy muttered. This was one step forward in his quest to have his dick sheathed in her cunt.

He plowed his fat knob through the hot juicy folds, amazed at how wet she was. Like Tonya, Heather's arousal made her genital blood flow increase, so that her vulva and clitoris swelled and her vagina was drolling with fuck-oil. With all that natural lubrication, plus what he had already applied, Nick's cock was slickened and ready for deep anal penetration..

Heather bobbed her meaty buns up and down a few times. "Come on, fuck my ass, big boy," she said playfully..

He loved watching her tight little butt-ring stretch over his knob as he popped his tip inside. Then he enjoyed holding it there for a second with the elastic band of flesh clasped around the ridge of his corona.

Heather peeked back watching him as he first entered her. She could see the thrill in his eyes and his heart about beating through his chest. She knew squeezing his tender cock through the tight grip of her ass must be extremely thrilling and pleasurable for the teen.

Nick lowered himself forward, resting on his forearms, then thrust his hips, spearing his cock through her snug ass-tract. "Ohhhmm!" Heather groaned, feeling her anal fuck-tube stuffed full.

Nick started fucking his cock into her asshole, slowly sinking his prick deeper and deeper into the luscious grip of her shitter. He could feel the constant pressure of her asshole muscles around his prick, milking his cock deep inside her body. He whimpered in delight. The boy had never fucked a tighter fuck hole.

The empty room echoed with gasped and the lewd slapping sound of Nick's crotch beating again the thick jiggling flesh of Heather's naked ass. "SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!"

The short-haired brunette mother humped her hips lightly off the floor, pushing out her butt-ring to make it pucker tightly around her son's plunging boner. "Yess! That's it Nicky, fuck my asshole!" she cried out.

The pressure inside Heather's rectum was stimulating the internal ends of her clitoral nerves, making her climb towards a juicy climax.

"SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!"

"Damn your ass feels good, Mom" Nick sighed, his knob tingling with delight as it slipped through rubbery rectum. He brought his body flat down on top of her, not slowing her thrusts one bit. "Can we kiss?" he asked.

They'd shared sloppy kisses of passion before, so there was no sense in saying no. Heather craned her head back and made out lustfully with her son. Their tongues were like pink snake tails whipping and twisting together frenziedly.

Heather's fat tits were squashed on the rug and Nick wedged his hands underneath them and squeezed, letting his fingers sink into the spongy boob-flesh.

The teen intensified the speed of his ass fucking, violently plummeting his brick-hard cock into the rubbery depths of his mother's ass-tunnel...SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!"

The sucking, squeezing pressure of her rectum around his tender meat intensified his pleasure. "Ohhh shit!" he moaned, his knob tingling like crazy.

Heather too was panting heavily as her own orgasm crested. "Ohhh God, Nicky, I'm gonna cum!" she cried at a volume that echoed through the vacant home..

"Ohhh! Ohhhfuck!!" her son groaned, his hips shuddering as a load of jism squirted violently up her shit channel. Their bodies writhed and humped, as if Nick's cock was an electrical prong plugged in to Heather's socket and they were sharing the same electric jolt.

It was minutes before their bodies became a motionless heap and they recovered like two sprinters that had just ran a thousand yard dash. "That was awesome!" Nick muttered.

"Mmm, yes," his mom agreed.

"I still think you and I should help that couple out."

Heather giggled. "Nick I doubt you care anything about helping them out. You just wanna fuck my pussy and see me pregnant."

"Maybe you could convince dad that YOU GUYS could help them out, but I would still be the one to get you pregnant of course," Nick suggested..

"Oh of course," Heather said in a mocking way. "So we can?"

Heather laughed. "Noo, we can't! Now get up so we can put our clothes back on."

A lewd feeling of contentment coursed through Heather's big-titted body as she felt her boy drawing his prick out of her ass with a wet popping sound.

Chap. 1 2 - A piece of Candy

Daniel was jealous of his parents going on a date. He knew it was rediculous to feel that way. His mom and dad WERE married after

all, but he'd gotten a bit possessive of Sara lately and after a night full of wild vaginal sex, he just wished he could fuck his mother all the time..

Despite being left at home, he knew there was still a way to get some sweet pussy and make his mom think twice about not spending time with him, but instead going out with his dad..

"Hey Candy, it's Daniel," he said, putting her on speaker phone.

"Hey Daniel. I thought maybe you were ignoring me," she said sweetly. "I know, sorry. I've just been really busy the past few days."

"Oh really?" Candy asked, "What's the lucky girl's name? Do I know her?"

"No, it's not that. I just.. I.had to help my mom out with some stuff," he said, not completely lying. "It's ok, I understand. My Mom can be a pain in the ass sometimes to," Candy said.

Daniel laughed to himself.
"Howboutsomepleasureinthatsweetassthen,"he thought. "So, what are you doing right now?" Daniel asked, "wanna come over?"

"To your house?"

"Sure, my parents are out for awhile, so I got the place to myself," he said.

"Oh wow um, well, I'd have to make something up to tell my parents. They know Chad's my boyfriend...and they really like him a lot, so if they knew I was hanging out with a different guy they'd kill me" Candy said.

"Well, just tell them you going to hang out with Chad," Daniel said. "Ok, that could work. What's your address?" she asked.

Daniel knew the hot teen wouldn't be the same caliber fuck as his mom. For one, Sara's body

was a little more plush than Candy's, with bigger tits and a little bit thicker ass. Then, there was the experience factor. While he was sure Candy had been fucked, probably more than most girl's her age, she was still a rookie compared to his Mom. Sara's sexual skills were developed over years of experience and he had learned first hand, from their long night together, that she knew exactly how to drain a guy's balls.

Still, besides for obvious pleasure, there was something else to be gained by having Candy over for a wild fuck. First, he had some ideas on some things he wanted to try out on Sara the next time the opportunity presented itself. They were kinky sexual things and Candy could be his practice doll in seeing how effective they were.

Second, he planned on making sure he was still fucking the girl hard when his parent's got home. He knew this would spark a fit of jealousy in his mother, which would work to his advantage.

Sara was a very possessive and competitive person and Daniel knew he'd get quite the ball- draining from her, as she attempted to outdo the young Lacey Chabert look-alike.

"Hey!" Candy said with a smile, showing her perfect white teeth as Daniel answered the door. "Hey, come in," he said, leading her inside.

"Oh my God, I had no idea you lived on this street. My Grandparents literally live right next door to you," she said, obviously a little nervous..

Daniel's mouth fell open. "You're kidding? Like...on that side?" he asked, pointing towards the bitch's house.

"Yes, my Grandma Margeret is soo sweet," Candy said, then hesitated, "Well, sometimes. I'll have to introduce her to her."

"That's ok, we've actually already talked a couple times." "Oh cool," Candy said cheerfully, "she probably loves you." "Well, I don't know about that."

The pretty teen peered around curiously. "Can I see your room?" she asked, eager to get there. "Sure," Daniel answered, then led her up to his lair.

Once up there, Candy slipped out of her cute sandals and looked at all the band posters on his walls. "I love those guys! I totally wanna see them in concert."

Daniel watched her like hungry tomcat stalking it's kill. Her legs looked smooth and strong from being an actively engaged in cheerleading and just the site of that sweet meaty ass was making Daniel's cock harden right up. She turned towards him and smiled mischievously. "You can fuck me if you want?" she said innocently.

Daniel returned a lustful grin. "Can I get rough with you?" he asked. "Be as rough as you want, I don't mind."

It was just what the boy was hoping to hear. After shedding her blouse, he practically tore her bra off..Candy's young tits sprung free and jiggled around as he literally ripped her panties in half. She giggled at his excessive display of aggression.

"Mmm, yes, I love it," she said will a thrill.

Now naked, Candy was thrown onto the bed. She brought her her knees back, bowing open her thighs and displayed the she smooth shaved lips of her snatch.. "Yess, fuck me big-boy!" she shouted excitedly.

Daniel shed his shorts and briefs in a hurry.

Candy's eyes widened when she saw his his huge jutting erection.. "VERY big boy," she exclaimed.

Daniel got on the bed and slid down her voluptuous body, not showing any reservations as he left a trail of kisses on her girlish belly. Then he stretched out between her legs and dove his face into her crotch. "Aaoohhh!!" the girl cried out excitedly as she had her shaved pussy devoured savagely.

"Mmmnnngghh," the boy groaned as he slurped up the sweet nectar oozing from her fuck-hole. He grabbed hold of her legs and pried his face even deeper in her slit, lapping at her fuck-hole and breathing in the sweet pungent aroma.

He pushed two fingers into the slippery pussy, then started finger-fucking her as he steadily licked her fleshy clit.

"Ohhh God, wow!!" Candy's voice shook..

Her backed arched from the bed in ecstacy, her young ballooning tits jostling around on her chest. "Yesss, ohh fuck yes, I love it!" she cried out. She pulled his hair and started humping her buns hard, grinding her juicy cunt relentlessly onto his tongue and fingers.

"Mmmm, I'm gonna pound you so fucking hard," Daniel said as he looked up over her pubis at her large wobbling tit-mounds. His face glistened with pussy-juice and the sweet pungent

aroma of her teenage pussy made his head swirl with desire.

Candy licked her lips as she stared down his lean, muscular body and bobbing erection. He crawled up into a good fucking position between her widely spread thighs. "Yess, fuck me with your big cock," she said lustfully.

Daniel braced his weight on outstretched arms to either side of her shoulders. He looked down at her huge, jiggling tits, as he nudged

his cock tip into her syrupy slit. All at once, he thrust his spear in as deep as it would go, causing the breath to expell from her lungs as she shrieked with delight.

He collapsed onto her stacked body, crushing her huge, stiff-nippled tits under his chest.. The star cheerleader let out a girlish whimper as she felt every strong, throbbing inch of his cock- meat plow between her cunt lips,.digging deep into her tender clasping flesh. "Ohhyess, fuck me hard, Daniel!"

Clinging to him tightly, with her legs twined securely around his back, Candy started to bounce her blushing ass cheeks off the mattress as hard and fast as she could, meeting his thrusts.

Daniel's bed-springs whined as he slammed his cock in again and again with all the strength he could muster. WHACK!!! He slapped her ass hard, making her ass-cheek ripple, while fucking her pussy with brutal force. "Fuck yeaah, take my cock!" he shouted..

For ten minutes straight the two youngsters fucked, conscious only of the wet, driving rhythm of Daniel's hard-on hammering in and out of Candy's juicy cunt-hole..

"Ohh Daniel, I'm cumming!" she cried at last, arching her hips off the floor. "Oh my God!ohmyyygod...Cuuuuummmmmunnnnnggggg!" her cute voice cried out in ecstacy.

"Ohhhshit yeah, that's good pussy!" Daniel muttered, feeling her squeeze his dick and soak it in girl-cum. He lay flat on top of her, his head nuzzled in her neck as he plowed his pecker inside of her.

After a few minutes of deep bone-grinding, he lifted her young, fuck-doll body off the bed and she continued to cling to him as he went at her in the stand fuck position. WHACK!! WHACK!! He slapped each ass-cheek hard, leaving big red hand-prints on her tan jiggling buns.

Then, he backed her to the wall, pinning her against it. He grabbed her hair and yanked her head back, making her chest thrust upward. His face dove for one of her tits and latched on, sinking his teeth into a mouthful of boob-flesh. "Aaaaauuuggghhh, yess!" she squinted and cried out as Daniel chewed and sucked roughly on her tit.

His hands slid up on her neck and squeezed. Her pretty little face turned red, gasping for breath, but from the look in her big excited eyes she was loving every second of it.

"Hhnnnn!" she shrieked, her naked body struggling. Daniel hung on to her, not letting her squirm

out of his grasp. With her airways blocked, she was close to passing out and her cunt shrunk up around his pole, making his knob tingle. "Ohhhshityess!" the boy sighed.

He bucked his hips in a frantic hump, her mostly docile body jerking around in his arms, her big round boobies bobbling against him. His crotch beat between her sweaty thighs. SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!"

"Aaahhh fuuuck!" he grunted, releasing her neck and hosing her delicate pussy-tube with hot potent ball-juice.

Candy choked and gasped as he squeezed her soft body in a monster clutch, while pumping his hot seed inside her. "Ohhhman, are you ok?" he asked. It was the first time he'd gotten that rough with a girl. He loved it, but wanted to make sure he didn't hurt her.

"Oh my God, yes," she said, gazing at him adoringly, "no one has ever choked me like that during sex. I fucking loved it!"

Things were a little better between Sara and her husband after their night out. As promised, Dan had treated her to a romantic dinner and some shopping. He poured on the compliments about how

beautiful she looked and apologized up and down for the things he may have said that upset her.

Sara also apologized for her recent snappiness, expressing her frustration of the neighbor lady and her "rediculous" accusations. She immediately squashed any feelings of guilt she had in her mind. Daniel had been pumping gallons of sperm inside her yes, but she was allowing it for no other reason than to help him. "IsntthatwhatweMother'saresupposetodo?"she thought.

When they arrived home, Sara headed upstairs. "I'm gonna peek in and say goodnight to Daniel," she said to her husband as he headed to their bedroom.

"Peek in" she did, but probably should have knocked first. Daniel and Candy were on his bed fucking doggie-style. Sara froze in place, watching the sweaty teens go at it energetically..

Daniel held on to Candy's hips, hammering his throbbing cock into her burning asshole as fast as he could, jarring her pelvis with every fuck stroke. "Ohh yess, Nick. It feels so good in my ass!" the girl whimpered.

"Hell yes," the boy gasped in agreement, watching her persperationed-sheened ass-globes beat against his crotch. Daniel's tongue nearly hung out with lust as her watched her throw her young naked fanny back at him. Her tan buns were covered with his red hand prints. WHACK!! he

added another to the collection, making her fatty outer layer of ass-flesh ripple from the force of his strike.

Sara watched in jealous fascination as Daniel plowed every inch of his hardon into the girl's stretched sphincter. For several seconds he held her rounded ass in place against him, feeling

the rhythmic contractions of her ass-walls sheathed around his prick.

"Ohh yes, so fucking tight," he sighed, then started humping again, fucking his rigid dick in and out of her ass.

The mother stayed in the doorway, her own asshole throbbing, yearning for the meat of her son's cock. She shamelessly reached back, bunching up her skirt and prying her hand into her panties. She slipped her digits down into her ass-crack and rubbed the ring of her wildly clenching butt-hole.

"Ohh Nick, I'm cumming!" Candy cried out, "My asshole's cuummiinnggg!"

Her tender pink asshole spasmed violently in orgasm, the rubbery walls rippling as they sucked juicily around Nick's spearing cock.

As turned on as she was, Sara found herself silently scrutinizing the girl's movements. "Push backonhimharder,youstupidbitch!OhmyGod,thisgirlisclearlyanamateur "her mind screamed out.

The mother watched Candy's large tits swing around as they dangled from her chest. "Mytits arebigger.Youcan'tsmotherhimthewayIcan,"she thought, then her eyes drifted to the teen's meaty butt-cheeks. The way her sweaty naked jiggle-booty pounded against her son's midsection made Sara's asshole itch even more for a deep hard ass-fucking.

*"Myassisbe**t**ter.It'sstrongerandmeatier.Ibetshecan'tsqueezeandsuckon hispricklikeI can...stupidamateur."Daniel's mother told herself.*

She'd finally had enough. She was so horny and jealous she could hardly stand it. She pulled her hand out of her panties and cleared her throat.

"Oh shit," Candy said, spotting Daniel's mother in the doorway. Daniel's dick popped wetly from her ass as she pulled his sheet up to half-cover her breasts.

Sara glared at her son. "Playtime's over. She needs to leave," the mother said sternly. "Fine," the boy said, smiling inwardly.

Candy quickly got dressed and flashed Daniel an uncomfortable smile. "See you at school

tomorrow," she said, then rushed past his scowling mother.

"I agree to give you my pussy last night and this is the thanks I get?" Sara said, glaring at her son.

"That was last night. This is today," Daniel said, " I needed some release, but you chose to go out with dad."

"Daniel, we're a married couple, we're aloud to go out on a date."

"I agree and I'm a single guy. I'm aloud to have a girl over," the boy said, standing up. He was still naked. His wet boner jutted out obscenely and Sara couldn't help but stare down at it's meaty hardness. She knew her son was right. It was inevitable that he'd start seeing girls again and that her "assturbation" routine would no longer be needed. But that didn't mean she had to be happy about it..

"She's cute, but she's not as pretty as I am," the mother said. "I agree."

"There's no way she's as good at fucking as I am either," Sara added.

"That's true, but I doubt I'll ever find a girl who's as good at it as you are, Mom," he confessed, pouring on the compliments.

"You didn't get to finish, I'm sorry," Sara said, drifting from his face to his crotch. "I was just...a little envious."

"I can finish it myself."

"No," she said, coming in, closing the door and locking it,"there's a place for your cum and it's not in your cum-rag."

Daniel watched her reach under her skirt and slide her dainty black thong down her legs. "Can you be quick?" she asked.

When ten minutes had gone by without her return, Dan went looking for her. He wandered up to his son's bedroom and tapped on the door. "Sara?"

Daniel had some rock music thumping on his stereo. He and Sara were standing, tucked in the corner of his bedroom..Her back was to him and they both stood completely upright, her body shuttering as he fucked her up the ass. Her held her tightly against him, one hand clutching her throat, while the other cupped her crotch, two finger digging at her pussy.

Her thick jiggling mommy-ass beat against his groin. "CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!"

He looked at her beautiful red face, gasping for breath as his hand clutch her throat. "Too tight? he asked, afraid he was hurting her.

She shook her head, her eyes clenched closed. "Do you want me to squeeze harder?" he asked.

She nodded, intrigued by her son's desire to be rough with her. She could tell he was growing in skill and confidence. Daniel tightened his grip, feeling her air-supply close off completely. He lifted her up and her cute bare feet dangled above the floor. "CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!" he continued to pound into her, feeling her rectum tighten on his humping boner.

He suddenly heard a knock at his door. He knew his Mom was in no condition to answer. "She'll be out in a minute, dad. She's helping

me with something," Daniel said. Technically, he wasn't lying.

If Dan could have opened that door he would have died of shock. His wife was being held up off the floor like a ragdoll, choked to the point of nearly passing out, while being ass-fucked and finger-fucked at the same time. One of the buttons of her blouse popped off from the bulging swell of her mammoth tits straining for release.

She squirmed in delight, the lack of air intensified the pleasure of her son's actions a hundred fold..Daniel held her in place, feeling the hot slippery tube of her ass tighten more and more around his cock. His tender boner flexed. "God damn!" the teen muttered in pleasure, feeling her squeeze the hell out of his cock, making his glans tingle.

Their orgasms were timed perfectly. Sara gasped and trembled, soaking her son's cunt-digging fingers with cum-juice, while Daniel hosed the inside of her bowels with the milky contents of his balls.

They both did their best to keep from whimpering too loudly, in case Dan was still lingering around outside the door. The boy released his Mom's neck and she gasped, the blood and oxygen returning to her lungs. "Oh..my God..." Sara gasped, "that was...amazing!"

Daniella smiled, glad to see his Mom was as pleased by the rough sex as he was.

The following day, Sara and Rachel were having coffee, discussing their sexual encounters with Daniel in great detail. "It's gotten a little rediculous. I mean, I can't even look at him without craving his cock," Sara confessed.

"Rediculous maybe, but also understandable. Daniel's cute, he has a big dick AND he's getting VERY good with it. What women wouldn't crave that? I know I do.," Rachel said.

Sara sighed in frustration. "I know, but it wasn't suppose to be like this. It wasn't suppose to be about US wanting his dick all the time.

It was just suppose to be assturbation...temporary relief by letting him use our asses until he finds a girlfriend. Now, not only am I wanting sex with him all the time, I'm jealous of every girl I see him around."

Rachel took a sip of her coffee. "Maybe you should back off for awhile, Sara, let ME take the driver's seat. I mean, I love fucking Daniel, but I don't have to live with him. Just sayin'.

Sara smiled over at her. "I'm sure you'd love that."

"Not gonna lie. I absolutely would," Rachel confessed, "Michael's great in bed and all, but he's no Daniel."

"That's the other thing, I don't even crave sex from my husband anymore. In fact if I'm honest, just the thought of it kinda disgusts me," Sara said.

"Don't worry about it Sara. I'm sure all this is just temporary infatuation. In time things will be right back to the way they were before."

"That's kinda my point though. I think I'm liking this too much," Sara said, "do I really want things to get back to normal?" Normal is just so...fucking boring."

Rachel laughed. "So how serious do you think it is between him and this girl?" "I don't know, I'm hoping she's just a 'fly by night' fuck."

"I'm sure she is. He's likely to get a lot of those before he settles on just one girlfriend again," Rachel reassured her.

"Yeah, that's what bothers me. I'll admit, I'm a selfish, greedy, horny bitch, who wants him all to herself. But I'm also his mother. Jesus, this is so complicated," Sara said.

They both heard a knock on the door, so Sara got up to answer it. "Expecting someone?" Rachel asked.

"Not that I know of," Sara answered, then opened the door.

It was Misses David, Daniel's teacher. "Hi," Sara said, looking at her inquisitively. "Can I help you?"

"Yes, Sara, right? I don't know if you remember me. I'm Linsey Davis, one of Daniel's teachers at the High School."

"Oh, yes, ok...I thought you looked familiar," Sara said, "did you come here from the school? Is...everything ok with Daniel?"

Linsey smiled uncomfortably. "Everything's fine, I actually took the day off today. Can we speak?" she asked.

"Yes, of course, come in."

Linsey sat at the table with Sara and Rachel, spilling her guts and confessing to fucking Sara's son. What came as an equal shock to the mother though was the information that the neighbor bitch, Margeret, had hired a private detective to expose her and her son's naughty activities.

"She said if I didn't have proof to her soon, she would expose the pictures of Daniel and I," Linsey explained. "Having my career and marriage disroyed is something I'd very much like to try to avoid."

"What a fucking cunt! Hiring a private detective? Are you kidding me?" Rachel said furiously, "I

should march over there right now and slap the bitch."

Sara was glaring at Linsey. "What makes you so sure that I'm fucking my son. Maybe YOU'RE the only guilty one here," she said questioningly.

Linsey smiled. "I was in line behind you and Daniel the day you made the mess in the supermarket, Sara. Anal lubrication was it?"

Sara glare suddenly softened. "Ohh," she muttered, suddenly realizing that she was in no

position to point fingers, when she herself was regularly engaging in the improper act of fucking her son.

"Look, I could care less what you and your son do behind closed doors," Linsey assured her, "Clearly, I'm not one to judge, but I'll be damned if gonna let this bitch blackmail me into exposing ANYONE'S indiscretions," Linsey said.

"So what do we do then?" Rachel asked. "This "Karen" next door wants her proof."

"It's simple. We make sure she's convinced that THERE IS NO PROOF.. This noisy PI will report back to her that there's absolutely no evidence of Sara fucking her son. She'll destroy the pictures of Daniel and I and we all live happily ever after," Linsey said.

"And how do you propose we do that?" Sara asked.

"This Private Investigator seems to have the perfect little life, with the perfect little family..." Linsey said, drawing a curious look from the other ladies. "I stalked her social media accounts," Linsey said with a wicked smile.

"Ok, but how does that help us?" Rachel asked.

"She's is a woman, which means, like us, she has secrets. Let's find out what HER secrets are. She wants to blackmail us...we'll blackmail her right back," Linsey said.

97: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.13-14

Chapter 13 - Confession

"Yess! Fuck my asshole honey!" Sara whimpered, feeling the stiff meat of Daniel's manhood plunging deep in her ass.

Her husband had just left for work and she was bent over the kitchen table, giving her boy his morning Assturbation Session.

"Ohh damn that feels good," the teen muttered, feeling her squeeze her strong rectal muscles around his big hard dick.

The beautiful mother gazed back at him with her alluring eyes, pounding her thick naked buttock back, making it beat against his crotch. "So big up my asshole!" she panted, "So fucking big and stiff!"

Spurred on by his mom's obscenities, Daniel started reaming her tender shit-tunnel with deep, pelvis-jarring strokes. His mother's bowels were stretched deliciously by the repeated thrusts of his cock.

"Knock, knock!" A female voice announced from the front entry. "In here," Sara responded breathlessly.

Rachel peeked around the corner "Ohh, I'm just in time. I saw Dan driving down the street. You two certainly didn't waist any time going at it," she said with a giggle, them removed her shorts. "Mind if I join?"

"I'm sure someone won't mind at all," Sara said, smiling back at her teen.

Within seconds, Rachel's panties were off and she was leaning down against the table next to her mother-in-law. She squirted some lube on her fingers and applied it to her asshole. Daniel slipped his drooling cock from Sara's ass. He loved watching his big purple knob pop out and her puckered butt-ring clench closed.

He moved to his sister-in-law's meaty behind and crammed his cock inside her ass. She sighed in delight and gazed back at him dreamily. "Ohh God, you make your brother seem like a sexual wimp, you know that."

Sara giggled in agreement, gazing at her teen. "How does that make you feel honey, knowing your dick can go deeper than your brother's AND your father's can?" she asked.

"Awesome," he hissed, grabbing Rachel's soft hips and feeling his boner sink deep into her ass.

"Does it make you feel like a big man knowing you pound our holes better than they do, Daniel?" Rachel asked.

"Ohh shit yeah," Daniel sighed, feeling her ass-tube tighten around him.

The boy set his hips in motion, pumping his rock-hard erection through the firm slippery grip of Rachel's ass-tube. SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!! Her fatty

outer-layer of ass-flesh made her half-globes ripple for Daniel's viewing enjoyment

Rachel looked over at Sara as they rested side-by-side against the table.."Any word from the teacher?"

"She texted me last night...wants to move forward with our plan this morning. We have to meet her at eleven."

"So what happens if the Private Investigator bitch doesn't have a secret we can threaten to expose? What if she's squeaky clean?" Rachel asked, panting lightly from the force of the steady ass-fuck she was receiving.

Sara shrugged her shoulders. "Then we moved to plan B." "Which is?"

"I don't know. I'm assuming she has a plan B," Sara said.

Rachel frowned worriedly. "Something tells me there is no plan B."

"WHACK!!" the two women were startled as Daniel smacked his sister-in-law's ass. They gazed back at him and he smiled like someone who'd just fired a gun without warning. "Sorry," he muttered.

Rachel smiled mischievously. "You have two hands and I have two ass-cheeks...shouldn't I get another one?" she asked.

"Ohh..true," the teen answered, then gave her other humping butt-cheek the hardest strike he could muster. "WHACK!!!"

"Fuck yesss!" she screamed. "Spank me again you naughty fucking stud!" "WHACK!! WHACK!!"

"Fuck yeah!" the teen sighed excitedly, slapping each cheek again and watching that big juicy buttocks pound back on his cock.

He peeked over to see his mom wagging her ass, her crinkled ass-ring throbbing as it peeked out from between the smooth twin mounds of ass-meat. His eyes drifted up to see her peeking back at him lustfully. "Come on," she simply said.

He slipped his cock from Rachel's ass and fed it back into his mother's derriere, sighing in ecstacy as he felt his slippery glans sink into a hot spongy grip of her bowels. "That's right,

honey. Fuck that ass!" she said shamelessly, throwing her buns back against him.

Daniel speared his cock through her asshole at a steady pace. Rachel brought a chair around behind him and sat on it. It was a pub-style chair, so it's height allowed her to cradle his ass between her naked inner thighs. She reached under his shirt and clawed his chest with her long nails, then kissed and licked his neck while he continued fucking.

"When I married your brother you hadn't even gone into puberty yet," she said with a giggle between licks, "now here you are with a big dick, fucking our assholes."

"Yess and I love it," the boy sighed.

Sara looked back at her son, her body shuddering from the rhythm of their humping. "Did you ever think you'd have Mom's naked ass beating against you like this honey?" she asked.

"No way!" he said, shaking his head.

"I bet he thought about it though...all those times when you were by yourself on your bed, beating your dick," Rachel said, gazing at him with her pretty eyes. "I bet you were imagining your mom and your brother's wife bent over in front of you, letting you pound their horny asses with your hot cock."

"Is that true honey? Did you imagine fucking us while you jerked your cock?" Sara asked. "Yess."

Rachel ran her long licker up his neck to his ear. "Were you squeezing our big bouncing tits, Daniel?" she said.

"Mmm and sucking on our fat nipples?" Sara added.

"Oh my God, you guys are driving me crazy with that dirt talk," the boy sighed, feeling his knob tingle in the grip of his Mom's rectum.

The two women giggled, satisfied that they were having that affect on him. Sara threw her cock- humping ass back against him at an even faster pace. "You like that baby? You like it when we talk about you pounding your young hard cock inside us?"

"Shit, yess."

The meaty boner thundered through her stretched asshole, making Sara's slippery shit-tunnel contract even more tightly around her son's cock. Daniel feverishly reamed his mom's tingly ass as hard as he could, moaning as the cum churned in his balls.

"Yess, fuck her ass hard, Daniel. Give her that thick load!" Rachel cheered. "Ohhhfuck, cuuuming!" the teen announced.

Sara almost screamed as she felt his hot cock-juice spewing up her ass "That's it honey, ohhh so good. Give me all that hot cream!" she said in a sexy tone.

Shamelessly, she flexed her shit-muscles around his throbbing, gushing cock, her sucking asshole drawing out every drop of her son's cum. "Ohhh!" the teen moaned, meeting his mom's humps, spearing his cum-spewing boner from balls to knob.

"Damn, Mom. That was mega-good," he sighed, letting his cock soak in her gripping ass-tube a little longer.

"I'm glad honey, now pull your dick out and get your handsome little ass off to school." "Roger-that," Daniel said, slipping his cum-slimed boner from her asshole.

Later that morning, Sara and Rachel met up with Lindsey at a local parking lot. "So what's the plan?" Sara asked as they stepped up to the open window of Lindsey's vehicle.

"I know where this Private Investigator lives. I say we follow her today...see if we can catch her doing something shady. If we have some ammunition to use against her, it may be our way out of this mess," Lindsey explained.

"I'm gonna be pissed if we just end up following her around aimlessly all day," Rachel said.

Sara shared her reluctance, but knew the potential consequence of doing nothing. "That may end up being the case, but what choice do we have?" she reminded her.

"We don't have a choice," Lindsey reiterated, "the bitch said if she doesn't have recorded proof from me by tonight, all of us are fucked."

Sara and Rachel got in the back and the sexy teacher drove them across town, to a row of new condos, where they parked and waited. Only a half-hour had passed and Rachel was again second-guessing their plan. "This is stupid. What if she doesn't even come out of her house today, let alone do something shady," she said.

"We just...have to be patient, Rach," Sara answered.

Lindsey looked back at Daniel's mother through her rear view mirror. "So, since we clearly have a little time to chat, I'm curious..."

"About?" Sara asked.

"About how you and Daniel even started this sexual relationship of yours?"

Sara and Rachel glanced at each other, both knowing the answer. "Daniel had just broken up with his girlfriend and Rachel and I heard about the Assturbation Sessions and thought we'd try it out."

Rachel chimed in. "We both thought it would be good for Daniel to have sort of a...sexual outlet, until he could find another girlfriend," she said.

"So the 'sexual outlet's was daily anal sex with you?" Lindsey asked. "Pretty much," Sara answered, "me or Rachel."

"Nothing vaginal?"

Sara seemed a tad embarrassed to make her confession. "Well, we have bent the rules a few times, but vaginal sex is nothing that happens routinely."

"But it...does happen?" Lindsey asked. "Yes."

"With both of you?" she asked, looking back at Rachel.

"Why so many questions?" Rachel asked suspiciously, " I thought you said last night that you could care less what we're doing with him sexually."

"Your're right, I really don't care," the teacher said, then lifted a small recorder and clicked it off, "but unfortunately someone does."

Lindsey dialed a number on her cellphone, lifted it to her ear and spoke into it. "It's done. You can come out and get your stupid recording," she said, then hung up.

Sara and Rachel looked at each other, their mouths hanging open in disbelief. "What the fuck?" Rachel muttered. "Did you just..."

"You recorded us?" Sara asked with a shocked look.

"Sorry, I had to. Having my life destroyed was not on my agenda this week," Lindsey said.

"So this was your plan all along?" Sara asked, "Fake being chummy with us, so you could get a confession and save your own ass?" Sara asked in disbelief.

Lindsey shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "It worked, didn't it?"

They saw Sam emerge from her driveway and walk towards them. Rachel glared at Lindsey. "Bitch, you better give me that recorder before I climb up there and claw your eyes out!"

Lindsey quickly got out and the two other women followed. Before Rachel could snatch the recorder from her hand, Lindsey passed it off to Sam. "Whoa! Easy there Tigress!" Sam said, shielding it behind her back.

"Give us that fucking recorder, now!" Sara snapped back.

Lindsey too was focused on Sam, worried only about herself. "I want my pictures! We had a deal," she said.

Rachel gave Lindsey an angry shove," fuck your deal...you lied to us, cunt!" "Don't fucking touch me!" Lindsey shouted back..

Sam raised her voice over the heated exchange. "Ladies, ladies...everyone just CALM the fuck down!!"

Lindsey extended her hand towards Sam. "Pictures!" Sam handed her a scan-disk.

"There better not be copies," Lindsey said.

"Are you questioning my integrity?" Sam asked.

Lindsey opened her car door. "Fuck all of you!" she muttered, then slammed her door and tore off, leaving Sara and Lindsey standing

there in the street with Sam. The PI smiled at them, like they'd been friends for years.

"We want that recorder!" Rachel demanded.

"Of course you do," Sam said, "I mean, we all want something right? The question is...what price are we willing to pay to get it?"

"What's that suppose to mean?" Sara asked.

"I'm more than a Private Investigator, Sara. I'm a deal maker," Sam said, "Yes, I care about satisfying my clients, but at the end of the day, it's more about satisfying myself."

"By blackmailing people?" Sara asked.

"By requiring that the guilty pay for their wrong actions. They can go to jail and have their personal lives destroyed, or they can pay me and spare themselves the mess. I'm merely giving them a logical alternative."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Oh, how charitable of you," she said, "So what are you asking from us?" Sam smiled and held the recorder up for them to see. "Make me an offer."

Sara and Rachel looked at each other, a bit baffled, but able to see a possible light at the end of this nightmarish tunnel. "A thousand dollars," Sara said.

Sam burst out laughing. "What's so funny?" Sara asked.

"A thousand dollars? Seriously, Sara?" Sam asked. "Twenty-five hundred," Rachel added.

Sam still seemed amused. "Your neighbor, Margaret ..she's determined to prove that you're fucking your son," she said, looking at Sara. "She was willing to pay quite handsomely for my services.

You'll have to agree to at least double her fee for me to even consider giving you this recorder," Sam explained.

"How much?" Sara asked. "Ten thousand."

Rachel's mouth fell open. "Ten thousand dollars?"

"No, ten thousand donuts. Yes, ten thousand dollars," Sam said, "all cash, by tomorrow night." "That's fucking crazy!" Rachel said.

Sam lowered the recorder. "Is it? Fine, then you can visit your mother-in-law in prison then. I believe ten to twenty years is the sentence for incest nowadays."

"Fine!" Sara shouted. "Fine what?"

"Fine, I'll get you the money."

Sam glared her in the eyes. "No tricks, no bullshit. If that cash isn't in my hands by tomorrow night then YOU don't get this recorder. Your nosy neighbor does, understood?"

"You really are an evil bitch, you know that?" Rachel said.

Sam giggled, then turned and looked at her condo. "Look at that building there. What do you see?" she asked.

"What?" Rachel scowled.

"I'll tell you what you see. It's a million dollar condo, honey. That car parked there in the driveway, that's an eighty-thousand dollar Tesla. It was all paid for by cheating wives and husbands, scummy thieves and con-artists. Law breakers, like yourselves, who thought they could out-fool everyone. Everyone but ME...and guess what, it cost them," Sam said.

Rachel glared at her. "Not impressed."

Sam scowled back. "Get me my money or I'll show you an 'evil bitch' like you've never seen," she said, then turned and walked back towards her condo.

Sara cleared her throat. "Um, excuse me, one other thing to ask you," she said. Sam stopped and looked back at her.

Sara smiled sweetly. "Do you think we could um...get a ride back across town by chance?" she asked.

Sam fed her a pathetic glare. "Seriously?!" she asked.

"Well, we could walk it, but the sooner we get back, the sooner I can get your money." "Ha!" Sam said, then continued towards the house, unconvinced. "Call an uber."

"Bitch!" Rachel muttered, then looked over at her mother-in-law, "Sara, where the hell are you gonna get ten thousand dollars? I know I don't have it, do you?"

"In savings, yes...but not much more than that. Dan would definitely notice it missing." "So what the fuck do we do then?" Rachel asked.

Suddenly Sara seemed as light-bulb went turned on inside her head. "I have an idea. It's a crazy idea, but it just might work. The best part is, it won't cost US a fucking penny."

Later that day after school, Daniel was nearly home when a car full of girls pulled up beside him. Candy quickly got out and rushed around the vehicle. "Daniel, wait up," she said, her big boobies bouncing beneath her blouse as she hurried up to him.

"Hey Candy, what's up?" he asked. "Guess what?" she asked cheerfully. "You're pregnant?"

She giggled and slapped him on the arm. "No, I'm not pregnant, but I AM single," she said with a smile.

"You and Chad broke up?"

"Well, he broke up with me, but that's ok. He has a small dick and I was kinda getting bored with him anyway," she explained.

"Wait, why did HE break up with YOU?" Daniel asked curiously, knowing she was easily the hottest girl in school.

"Let's just say that I found out that hand-prints from an ass-slap, don't really go away overnight." "Ohh...oops, sorry," Daniel said, laughing inwardly, knowing he was the guilty culprit.

"It's ok, I loved how you slapped my ass," she said, then coiled her arms around his neck and gazed up at him, "I loved how you did a lot of things."

"You did?"

"Yeah and it, um, got me thinking..." "About?"

She gazed at him adoringly. "About how I'd love for you to fuck the shit out of me again," she said, "and again...and again."

The boy smiled. "That could be arranged," he said.

"But more than that...I was thinking how maybe you and I...well...are meant for each other." Daniel got a surprised look. "Meant for each other?"

"Yeah, you know, as a couple, boyfriend and girlfriend. What do you say?" she asked, feeding him "fuck me" smile.

Daniel loved being single and fucking his beautiful mother, but passing up the opportunity to be the boyfriend of the hottest girl in school would be madness. "Well, uh...yeah...sure," he said with an excited smile.

Candy let out a cute celebratory scream and hugged him tight. "I'll be the most amazing girlfriend you ever had," she said, then locked lips in a passionate kiss.

Daniel gasped as they finally broke their smooching. "Well, your kisses are pretty fucking amazing," he commented.

"So is my sucking," she said in a naughty tone, "and my jerking and my licking, but you'll find out more about all that later."

She pulled him by the hand down the sidewalk. "Right now through, we have to tell my Grandma Margaret . She'll be absolutely thrilled."

"Umm, wait, maybe we shouldn't...just yet," the boy said reluctantly.

"Nooo, she's always wanted me to date someone clean-cut and wholesome. She'll love you."

Daniel laughed, "wholesome?" he asked, as Candy continued to lead him to Margeret's. "I can pretty much guarantee your Grandma won't think I'm wholesome."

Chapter 14 - A Plan Gone Better than Expected

Heather sat on her son's lap in the backseat of her car, pumping her ass up and down on his erection. Nick sighed with delight, feeling his tender cock-meat spear through her shit-tube, smothered by the soft pink lining of her ass. "So have you put any thought into helping that couple from yesterday?" he asked.

"The ones who bought the house?"

"Yeah, the ones who want the baby," Heather's son said. "Nick, I'm not getting pregnant...end of story."

"Fine," the teen said,"I'll just help them out myself then."

"And how do you plan on doing that exactly?" Heather asked, grinding her son deep in her motherly rectum..

"Her husband's probably just shooting blanks. She needs to have sex with someone who can knock her up."

Heather peeked back and smiled at her boy. "And let me guess, you want that 'someone' to be you?"

"Well, she is pretty fucking hot Mom."

Heather looked at him scolding manner. "And married!" "Oh, you mean like you?"

Heather smirked, knowing he had a point. "Look, I just don't think it's a good idea that you fuck her, that's all."

"You don't want me fucking anyone Mom. I mentioned going after Garrett's mom, but you think it's a bad idea. I wanted to have vaginal sex with you...again, bad idea. Now I wanna help a couple out, by giving them something they can't make themselves...Once again 'bad idea," Nick explained..

"Nick, fucking an asshole is one thing, but once you start fucking pussy it can get you in a whole lot of trouble, especially with married women." Heather explained.

"Maybe I should just ask Jan to be my girlfriend then."

Heather gazed back at him, slightly annoyed. "Who the fuck is Jan?"

"A girl from school. She's been wanting to go out with me this whole semester," the boy explained. "If I agree to be her boyfriend, then I won't have to hound you for sex anymore. I can start fucking her. We won't even have to do this Assturbation stuff anymore."

Heather felt her son's cock flex deep in the grip of her bowels. "Hold on a second, I've never once complained about giving you my ass, have I?" she asked.

"No and it's been awesome, but we both knew it wasn't a forever thing. Maybe it's time for me to get a girlfriend and experience pussy again." Nick said.

Heather sighed in frustration. The truth was she had become quite addicted to her son's cock. Having it shoved deep in her ass had become the best part of her day. She wasn't ready to give that up quite yet. "Tell Jan you're not interested," she said.

"But I AM interested Mom.

"Yeah, interested in getting your dick wet."

Nick smiled. "Not gonna lie. That would be amazing," he said. "Tell her you already have someone."

Nick looked at her inquisitive. "Someone?"

Heather's inhibitions were crumbling quickly. She knew the threat of losing her son's cock would motivate her to agree to just about anything. "If I agree to let you fuck me, you have to pull out," she said. "Understood?"

Nick's cock throbbed in reaction. Even though she had agreed to fucking, he wanted to use this situation to get exactly what he wanted. "Pull out? Seriously?"

"Yes, either that or wear a condom. I'm not on birth control."

"Mom, I really don't get it. You said yesterday you loved being pregnant and you know my ultimate fantasy is fucking a pregnant woman. Why can't we just do this?"

"Nicky, I'm offering up my pussy with one simple condition, take it or leave it," Heather said. "I guess I'm leaving it."

"What?! Heather said, staring back at him in shock, "so you're really not gonna fuck me?" "Not unless I can cum inside you."

"And get me pregnant?" she added.

"Yes," he said. "Come on, Mom, would it really be that bad?"

Heather thought about it for a moment. She had because so addicted to the ass-sex, that her biggest concern, even more than carrying a baby, was that her son would lose interest in butt- fucking her. "If I agree to getting pregnant, I still want my anal sex, at least twice a day.

Nick laughed. "YOUR anal sex. I thought this Assturbation stuff was for me, mom."

She fed him a guilty smile. "It is for you, but does that mean I can't like it too," she said, squeezing her ass-tube around his deeply embedded boner.

"So am I hearing this right, you're gonna let me fuck you AND get you pregnant?"

Heather giggled, amused by his obvious eagerness. "As soon as we talk to the couple who just bought the house. I'm not having a baby pumped inside me without making sure it has a home first."

"Of course it has a home. You heard what they said, they're looking for a proxy couple right now."

"Nicky, I know you're anxious to get me in the backseat and fuck my brains out, but I can't let that happen until we've spoken to them first."

"Ugh, fine, I'll wait," Nick said, knowing he'd have his cock buried inside her baby factory soon enough. "Can I at least get you in the backseat, fuck your ass and pretend like I'm pumping a baby inside you?"

Heather laughed. "Sure," she said.

"Good," he said, lifting off her blouse. The hot mother giggled playfully as he unfastened her big bra. "Turn around and cling onto me, Mom."

The busty short-haired mother let his cock slide from her ass. She turned around on the seat and planted her bare feet astride his hips, thighs spread wide open. Nick licked his lips with lustful desire, staring at the big fat jugs ballooning out from her chest in front of him. Her thick erect nipples protruded like bulls-eyes at the centers of her wide pink areola.

Heather reached down and gasped his throbbing boner, then rubbed it's thick flared tip against the crimson flaps of her labial meat. Nick could see the large nub of her clitoris peeking out from beneath it's fleshy hood. It looked just like a tiny version of his own cock-head.

She smiled down at him and gently rubbed them together, smearing his precum against her fat little love-button. "Your cock-tip has a tiny twin," she said, making them both giggle.

Heather rubbed his knob along her slit, pausing at her creamy fuck-socket. She looked at him and smiled naughtily. "Soon," she muttered.

Heather brought his cock to the split between her buns and squeezed his boner back inside her ass. The boy's eyes widened as he watched his Mom's asshole expand and stretch over his

purple knob. She grabbed the seat-back with both hands and bounced her luscious ass up and down the length of his erection.

"Ohh shit, yesss!" Nick sighed, feeling the exquisite tightness of her asshole slip along the length of his tender meat.

"Come on baby, thrust your hips," she panted, "fuck my asshole!"

Nick bounced his buns from the car-seat, spearing his big teen cock up into the snug grip of Heather's ass-tube. A repetitive SLAPPING sound filled the vehicle as the flesh of her ass and her son's crotch collided over and over.

Nick's eyes were transfixed on his mother's huge fat tits. The oversized knockers bounced heavily up and down. The site of the swinging, rippling orbs made the boy's cock flex with lustful desire.

Heather felt his cock harden even more, increasing the friction again the fragile pink tissue of her ass-tract. She tightened her sphincter around his hammering muscle, making the pleasure even more intense for him.

"Ohhhhshit!"Nick moaned in delight.

"Mmm, is it good Nicky? Does my ass feel good squeezing your hot cock?" the mother asked, her voice shaky from her repeated fuck-thrusting.

"Yesss!"

The teen opened the car door, then hooked his Mom's smooth legs under his arms.."Hold on to me Mom, we're moving to the backseat."

With his boner deeply embedded in her ass, he slipped out of the car and carried her to the back door. She opened it and he placed her on her back across the seat. "Come on Nicky, pump that baby inside me!" Heather said, her eyes traveling needfully up her son's chest.

Her naughty words, especially ones that made reference to him impregnating her, spurred her son on, making him hump her naked ass as fast as he could. "SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!"

"Yesss, fuck meeee!" the mother cried out, her lovely strong legs scissored wide open.

Inside her ass, the boy's cock plummeted wetly through the muscled shit-tube, the inner lining moulding to it's veiny muscled contours. The snug fit provided intense cock-milking pressure around his erection.

"Uuhyess," the boy whimpered, his lean ass bobbing frantically between her widely-splayed thighs as he punched his cock through her asshole. The feel of his Mom's smooth strong legs and her big sloshing titties pressed between them was amazing.

"Suck them," she pleaded, cupping one fat tit in her hand and raising the swollen nipple to Nick's mouth. "Suck my titties hard, baby!"

Greedily, Nick opened his mouth and engulfed her crimson nipple. "Mmmnn," He whimpered into the soft flesh of her tit-meat and rolled his tongue sloppily all over the fat, rubbery cap.

Heather's nipple swelled stiffer and stiffer, and the pleasure in her tits seemed to merge with the pulsing heat deep inside her ravaged asshole.

The hot mother's ass was stuffed so full she could feel the swell of his thrusts in her neighboring cunt-tube. It was enough to quickly bring her to a mind blowing cum. "Ohhhfuck, cuummiinnggg!!" she cried out, her big titted body trembling beneath her son as pleasure shot through her like an electric current.

Nick clamped his hands on her tits and fucked her asshole as hard as he could, furiously pounding his throbbing cock into the rubbery sheath of her ass-tunnel.

"Haaaarderr!" Heather squealed in ecstasy as the burning passion mounted in her ravaged asshole. Frantically she met his strokes, making her sweat-sheened asscheeks jiggle as she pumped her butt up onto his cock.

"Fuck meee, Nicky!!" she cried out,. "I want your baby!"

"Oh God!" Nick shuddered, feeling his nuts tighten as the prepared to send his jizz through his piss-tube.

Heather clung to him passionately, holding him against her warm lush body. "I'm coming again! Ohh God Nicky, fuck me haaard!" Heather gasped. Wantonly she thrust her hand between their slapping bellies and finger-fucked her dripping cunt, rolling her hard clit under her forefinger as her son's dick rammed deeply up her ass. "Impregnate meee!" she cried out.

"Uuuunnhhggfuuck!!" the boy grunted as his cock swelled and burned with rising cum.

Heather's free hand grasped around her boy's back, her nails clawing his flesh, the big diamond in her wedding ring sparkling..

Nick slammed his throbbing dick all the way up her asshole as the hot spurts of jism cascaded out of his knob. Their twisted naked bodies humped and writhed together on the backseat as Nick filled her ass with ball-juice.

"Cuummiinnggg!!" Heather squealed, feeling her pussy and asshole tingle and throb.

The orgasm-quaking mother felt his jism burbling out of her asshole and dripping onto the car- seat as he continued to hose her ass-

walls with hot baby-makers. Their persperationed-sheened bodies rocked and shuddered for several long minutes.

"Ohh honey, that was...wow!" the mother sighed, still feeling his boner throb and leak in the grip

of her rubbery rectum.

The boy panted on top of her, kissing her neck and savoring the feel of her naked mature body clinging to him. "I can't wait to get you pregnant," he sighed.

Heather giggled and ran her fingers through the back of his hair. "Why, so you can watch my boobs grow even bigger than they are now?" she asked.

"Yess, I'm gonna love that part."

"Well, if the baby goes to the couple and I'm left with big lactating tits, I'm gonna need someone to be on nursing duty constantly," she explained..

"I'm definitely the man for that job," the boy said, his cock flexing at the very thought of nursing on his Mom's mammoth milk-swollen boobs. "I could lick and suck on every sexy inch of you, Mom, even your pussy."

"Mmm, are you a skilled little cunt-licker darling?" she asked, her clitoris throbbing as she thought about what it might feel like to have her boy eating her out.

"Wanna find out right now?"

She fed him a quirky smile. "You're seriously wanting to give me oral sex right now?" "Hell yess, are you kidding me?!"

"Honey, these session are suppose to be about giving YOU pleasure, not me," she said.. "Don't you think we've kinda move past that at this point," he reminded her, "I wanna lick you." She smiled, unable to pass up such an offer. "Go ahead."

"Awesome!" the boy muttered. His slimy cock slipped from her asshole as he rose to his knees, kissing his way down her sexy tummy.

Then he buried his mouth into the splayed lips of her shaved cunt, hungrily sucking up the juices that oozed from her slit.

"Awwwww, Nicky!" Heather shrieked, then grabbed his hair and humped her ass off the seat, locking her thighs around his ears. "Suck it, baby, ohh yes,suck my pussy, you'll make me cummmmm!"

Nick laved his tongue up and down her juicy slit, the site, feel and smell of her most secret place was making his head spin with wild lustful desire.

"Mmnn," the boy muttered, fastening his mouth around her fat stiff clit and pulling it hard between his lips.

"Ohhhh!" the mother moaned, arching her chest from the cushion, making her jiggling boobies balloon upward.

Nick really knew what he was doing. The heat mounted inside Heather's aroused pussy, making her clit stiffen even more and the moisture pour through her cunt tunnel. She winced and lifted her ass, shamelessly thrusting her horny slit into his mouth. "Ohhhfuck, yesss!" she hissed.

Nick ran his tongue around the periphery of her cunt, licking and tugging the fragrant lips. He slowly worked his way back to her clit, fastening his lips around the stiff bud and attacking it with rapid wet licks.

'Yessss, fuck!" the hot mother gasped. She grimaced and bucked her ass on the seat-cushion. "Oh God… yess… suck off my pussy!" she pleaded breathlessly.

The cunt-licking teen decided to get her even more worked-up. He thrust his finger into the rubbery grip of her ass and pumped it in and out while sucking her cunt.

"Cumming, yesss, fuck it! Finger-fuck my ass while you suck my pussy!" she cried passionately. "Yes… suck it – cumming!" the hot mother cried as she humped her ass feverishly off the cushion.

For a full minute she bucked and moaned and grunted. Nick kept his mouth pressed tightly to the throbbing slit of her pussy, drinking up the juices that oozed from her tunnel.

Then the spasms of cumming finally subsided. Heather shuddered and let her naked mommy- ass fall back onto the seat.

"Did you like that, mom?" her son asked, his face glistening with her juices. "Oh my God yes!" she sighed. "You ARE a skilled cunt-licker."

The busty mother climbed to her knees and pushed him back on the cushion. "Now, how 'bout I return the favor and suck that big juicy cock," she said.

Nick could hardly answer her was so excited. He secretly hoped she would suck him off sometime and was anxious to see her motherly cock-sucking skills put to the test on his big dick.

Heather kissed his juicy knob all over, then switched from her lips to her tongue, looping her long licker around and around his peter-tip, then teasing his piss-slit.

"Ohhhyes, Mom," the boy whimpered in delight.

Her luscious lips slipped over his knob and sunk down his meaty shaft. She tried to take all of his dick in at once, her pouting lips stretched obscenely around the thickness of his cock.

Heather gagged, then made lurid, gulping sounds as she forced his rubbery shaft down her throat.

"Ahhh fuck," Nick sighed, watching as his Mom's lips mash around the root of his hardon. He was amazed that she could take all his cock. No girl had even been able to do that.

Heather's pretty head began to bob up and down on his crotch in traditional blowjob fashion.

"Ummfffff," Heather gurgled. Feverishly she humped her head up and down, fucking her mouth with Nick's throbbing hard-on. Her tongue licked wetly all over his cum-soaked cock head, darting beneath the tip, against his sensitive frenulum.

"Ohh fuck yes, Mom, that feels amazing!" he son encouraged her.

The experienced mother clasped on to his dick with her hand, jacking off the shaft hard and fast, and slurping her mouth around the meaty muscle of his cock.

Heather's skilled cock-sucking mouth felt like the hottest pussy her son had ever sunk his dick into. "Ohhhshit, Suck it hard Mom!" he commanded. He bucked his ass frantically off the seat cushion, fucking her mouth like a pussy-hole. "Oh fuck, I'm cumming! Ohhh shit!"

Heather's circled lips slipped up and down his fuck-stick. She was dying to taste his cum and knew it was about to explode in big juicy spurts down her throat.

She fucked his cock with her mouth, while furiously jerking off the base of his aching prick. "Auuugghh!" Nick moaned, hosing big ropes

of cum straight down his mother's throat.

Heather sucked like a champion cock-sucker, milking out ever body-shaking drop of jizz from Nick's pulsing prick. "Mmmnn," she whimpered, nursing on his hardon for several long minutes before it popped from her mouth.

"Damn, Mom. I've gotten blowjobs before, but never anything like that," Nick confessed.

"Mm glad you enjoyed it, honey," she said. "Your cum is sweet and yummy! It's just what girls like."

Before going home, they stopped by Lance and Tanya's apartment, so the couple could sign the papers on the house. "Behave yourself in here," Heather said to her son after knocking on the door..

"I will," he lied.

Lance opened the door. "Hey guys, come on in."

"Heey, thanks!" Heather said with a professional smile, "we're here to make you guys official home owners."

"Ohh my God, I'm so excited!" Tanya shouted in her cute girlish voice as she arrived from the kitchen. "Hey Nick," she said, gazing at him longingly.

"Hi," the boy respond. It was impossible not to let his eyes wander down her lush body. The red- head wore a snug fitting t-shirt. The fabric moulded nicely over the swell of her big jutting breasts. She also had on a tiny pair of shorts, which left her strong silken legs on display. The teen could only imagine what they'd feel like squeezed around him in a tight fuck-hold.

They all sat at the table and Heather explained each document before having them sign. Beneath the table, Nick felt a bare foot

slide teasingly up his leg. He looked over to see Tanya gazing lustfully, with a mischievous smile.

The boy inconspicuously adjusted himself, peeking down at his lap. Tanya's bare foot now rested on his crotch, her pretty painted toes massaging his hardening cock. He was amazed that she was doing this while sitting so closely to her husband.

"Well congratulations you guys," Heather said after they signed the final document.

"Yaay!" Tanya cheered, then kissed her husband, all while squeezing on Nick's erection with her toes.

Heather smiled at her son. He nodded back at her, clearly trying to prompt her to start the baby- making conversation. Before she could bring it up, Tanya began speaking. "So, Lance and I got some news yesterday," she said.

Nick's stomach sunk, thinking for sure that she was gonna announce that she had already gotten pregnant and ruin his plan. "Ohh?" he muttered.

"It sort of took away some of the mystery as to why I haven't gotten pregnant. It appears Lance has a VERY low sperm count, so we've spent the morning discussing our options again," Tonya said. Lance seemed a tad ashamed that he wasn't packing a potent punch.

"Did you decide on something?" Heather asked.

"Well, I brought up an idea that I think we both agreed on," Tonya said.

"That one of us agreed on," Lance said reluctantly, "I haven't really agreed on anything just yet." Tanya looked at Nick. "The idea would actually require Nick's help, if he was willing?"

Nick's heart began to race excitedly. He hoped this was going where it sounded like it was. "My help?" he asked.

"Yeah well, if we have a baby, I think it would be cool if it could have at least have one of our DNA in it, mine or Lance's. In this case, it would be mine. If you'd be willing to step in for Lance and get me pregnant, then we'd not only have a new home, but a new addition to the family on the way as well," Tonya explained.

Lance looked at his wife unpleasantly. "But again, this is an idea that we haven't fully discussed yet," he said.

Tonya faked a smile. "What's there to discuss? We want a baby. You can't give me one. Getting Nick's help makes perfect sense to me."

"Yes, but doing that would require the two of you to have sex." Tonya giggled, "well, duh, that IS how babies are made honey."

"Ok, well...as your husband, I'm just not so sure I'm ok with that," Lance said. Nick and his mother looked at eachother uncomfortably.

Tonya fed her husband a scowl. "You were the one who said you'd be willing to explore any and all options...well, THIS is an option and it makes perfect sense."

"You...having sex with another guy doesn't make sense..AND it's unfair to me," Lance said.

"Unfair?! his wife shouted, "Are you fucking kidding me right now?! You wanna talk about unfair? Unfair is the fact that I unknowingly married a guy who's sperm is as worthless as snot. That's unfair! And given that this is all YOUR fault, I think you should be a little more open minded when it comes to solutions, don't you?" Tonya scolded.

Lance just lowered and shook his head. Tanya looked at their company, at tad embarrassed. "Sorry," she said innocently.

"There's also another solution that we...um, my husband and I, wanted to offer up," Heather said. "Ok?" Tonya said, all ears.

"Well, you guys had mentioned you were looking for a couple who could go through the process of conception and giving birth for you. I just wanted to say that my husband and I spoke and would be willing to do that for you."

Lance's face lit up. "See, now there's an idea that makes sense."

Tonya rolled her eyes. "That's sweet of you to offer Heather, but if there's a chance I could carry this baby myself, I'd really like to experience that," she said passionately.

Once again Lance offered objection. "So what if it doesn't work your way? We still don't know if YOU have issues conceiving a child. Maybe I'm not the only one who's unable to make a baby," he said.

"Ok, then we use Heather and her husband as a back-up plan," Tanya said. "Back up plan?"

"Yes, Heather and her husband can try to get HER pregnant, while at the same time, Nick and I try to get ME pregnant," she said, "the first one of us to conceive is the plan that we'll move forward with."

Nick's heart skipped a beat. His plan was turning out better than he ever dreamed it would. Now he'd be fucking two sexy older women, dumping loads of hot cum inside them in an effort to get them pregnant. He was so excited he could hardly stand it.

Being a successful business woman, Heather had that competitive edge. "There'snofucking wayI'mgonnaletthisgirlgetpregnantbeforeme!"she thought. "Idon'tcareifIhavetofuck Nicktwentyfourhoursaday...I'mgettingpregnant!I'mcarryingthisbaby!"

Even though she had agree to the "backup plan," Tonya was equally determined to have the handsome teen get her pregnant. "Idon'tgiveadamnifLanceobjects,noguywith'goodfor nothing'spermshouldhaveasayinhowithappensanyway,"she thought to herself, "Igonnalet thiskidfuckmyassoff.ThenwhenIgetpregnantwithhisbaby...I'mgonnafuckhimsome more!"

Everyone went away from the meeting pleased and determined, except poor Lance. A handsome young man was about to start fucking his wife regularly. Sure he could flat out demand that it not happen, but then he'd look like a big selfish douche, especially, as his wife pointed out, since this was his issue to begin with.

"You're gloating," Heather said teasingly to her son as they drove home. "Am not," he said, with a big cocky smile.

"It's ok to gloat. You should," she said, then gazed at him, "you're about to get you some serious mature pussy."

"I know, which is awesome, don't get me wrong, but if I was fucking you both while you were big and pregnant already, it would be even better," he commented.

"Well, only one of us is getting pregnant honey and you're looking at her," Heather said with a cute wink.

"Well, if you're gonna win this one Mom, we better get started soon."

Heather signaled and pulled into the driveway of a large hotel building. "Don't you worry, we're gonna do just that," she said with an anxious smile.

98: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.15-16

Ch. 15 - The Locked Room

"Grandma, this is Daniel," Candy said, introducing her new boyfriend. Margaret glared at the teen and Daniel smiled back awkwardly.

"Yes, of course, the neighbor boy," Margaret said, forcing a smile. "You two are...friends?" "Daniel's my new boyfriend," Candy said proudly.

"Boyfriend??" Margaret asked, inwardly horrified.

"Yes, pretty ironic that he lives right next door to you, huh?"

"Yes, well I've been seeing Daniel a lot lately," Margaret said, then glared menacingly at the boy, "him AND his mother...together."

Daniel panicked, quickly changing the subject. "Your flowers up front look really great this year." "I don't suppose Daniel's told you what Momma's boy he is?" Margaret asked her Granddaughter. Candy looked at Daniel. "No, but that's great, right? A guy should be close to his mom."

"Oh he and his mother ARE close, aren't you, Daniel?" Margaret asked. "that's why she crawls into bed with you at night, isn't it."

Candy looked at Daniel questioningly.

The boy awkwardly responded. "Well, we don't really.."

"You don't really what...fool around in front of your father?" Margaret asked. "Yes, I suppose he would be upset if he found out you put your penis inside your mother, wouldn't he?"

Candy looked at Margaret in shock. "Grandma!" she muttered.

"Honey, I just think it's important for you to know who you're with," she said, "and that you'll be sharing his affection with another woman."

"I should probably go now," Daniel said, backing to the door.

"Hold on, Daniel, I'm coming with you?" Candy said, glaring at her Grandmother in disappointment.

"Thanks for stopping by, sweetheart," Margaret said, smiling sweetly at her granddaughter.

Once outside, the young couple stepped down the walkway. "Was she right, Daniel? Are you really fucking your mom?" Candy asked.

Daniel looked at her awkwardly, searching for an explanation.

Before he could answered, a wicked smile formed across Candy's face. "Because if you are that's INCREDIBLY hot!"

"Really?" Daniel asked, a bit surprised by her confession.

"Are you kidding? Of course it is. Your mom is gorgeous," she said. "Oh my God you must cum so fucking hard having sex with her.:

Daniel smiled, "Uh, yeah."

"Does she suck your cock too?"

"Yeah, well, she um, has a couple times."

"What else has she done to you?" the curious girl asked. "Well, we mostly just have anal sex."

"Anal sex, seriously?!" Candy excitedly shouted, then started planting kisses. "Oh my God, Daniel I'm falling more and more in love with you ever second we're together."

"Have you ever been fucked in the ass?" Daniel asked.

"Noo and that's definitely on my bucket list," she said. "When can we do it? It's got me incredibly hot just thinking about it," Candy said, squirming against him.

Daniel looked up at his bedroom window. "I think my parents are both gone. Wanna go up to my room?"

Candy took his hand and yanked him towards the door. "Dumbest question ever!" she giggled.

Margaret glared nosily out the window, watching the couple rush towards Daniel's front door. "Disgusting," she snarled out-loud, dialing a number on her cellphone, "I'm not about to allow that perverted mommy-humper to deflower my Granddaughter."

A voice on the other end picked up. "Who are you calling to complain about this time?" her daughter Matty asked.

"Why didn't you tell me Candy was dating the boy next door to us?" "What? Since when? I thought she was with Chad?"

"Apparent not," Margaret said. "She just stopped by and introduced Daniel as her new boyfriend. Matty, that boy is a pervert. You CANNOT allow them to be together."

"Mom, I haven't even met the boy yet," Matty said, "this is the first I've heard of him."

"Well FYI...they both just went into his house together. I'll bet you anything they're going upstairs to lock themselves in his room."

Matty let out a deep frustrated huff. "Alright. I'll be right over," she said.

With a sigh of pleasure, Daniel watched his thick cock sink slowly into Candy's ass.

"Ohhyess!" the girl cried out as her ass-tube expand around the meat of Daniel's lube-slickened cock. "Ohh God, that feels REALLY good!"

The boy felt some resistance as he entered her rectum, but continued pushing forward. The sensation around his glans was amazing. "Ohh shit, so tight," he sighed.

"Well I AM an anal virgin, Daniel. The only thing that's ever been in my ass is my finger," Candy said.

Daniel held her soft hips and pumped his boner through her asshole, going a little deeper with each thrust. Candy peeked over her shoulder through a parted curtain of dark hair. She started humping her ass back at the same rhythm he was thrusting, desperately trying to help plow every inch of his cock up her ass.

"Fuck the shit out of my asshole, Daniel!" she cried out.

Daniel groaned in ecstasy, pumping his hips and savoring the pressure of her shit muscles contracting around his rock-hard prick. He started reaming her asshole even faster, nailing his pulsing prick to the hilt with every stroke.

"SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!"

"Yess, fuck my ass hard! I love it!" the girl cried out, pounding her ass back against Daniel's crotch, making the fatty meat of her thick rounded ass ripple delightfully.

Daniel leaned over, reached beneath her and slipped his hands inside the cups of her bra. He squeezed her fat melons.

Candy thrust her own hand under her belly, moaning as she found her stiff, swollen clit with her fingertips. Shamelessly she rubbed her fat nub as her boyfriend pounded her ass with his cock.

They suddenly stopped humping as they heard the doorbell. "We're ignoring that, right?" she asked, panting heavily.

"Yes, definitely ignoring it," the boy agreed, setting his hips back in motion.

Sara and Rachael arrived at the house and saw Candy's mother Matty at the front door. Matty was a beautiful thirty-nine year old blonde who was nearly nine-months pregnant. Her mammoth

tits wobbled from side to side beneath her snug top as she turned to see the other two women coming up the walk.

"Can I help you?" Sara asked curiously.

"Hi, I'm Candy's Mom, Matty. Apparently, she's dating your son, Daniel," the mother explained, "I just wanted to see if she might be over here."

"Oh um, well they're not dating," Sara answered, "I believe they're just friends." "Well, I've been told otherwise, but don't worry, it was news to me also."

"WhattheFUCK,Daniel?!?!"Sara thought fumingly. "Well he should be home," Sara said, "why don't we go in and get to the bottom of this mystery."

The three ladies stepped inside the house and were immediately greeted by the sounds of butt- humping upstairs. Candy's cries of ecstacy were unmistakable..

Rachael couldn't help but snicker. "Well, sounds like mystery solved," she joked. "I'll go up and tell them to get their asses down here," Sara said.

"Mind if I come with you?" Matty asked. "Not at all."

Rachael climbed the stairs behind them. "I might as well be the supportive third wheel here," she said.

Sara was so pissed she didn't even knock. She just barged right in, giving the humping teens the scare of their lives. "Jesus Christ, Mom!" Daniel exclaimed, quickly pulling his cock from his girlfriend's ass. Candy shot upright, straightening her bra and looking at her mother in horror.

"What the fuck is going on up here?" Sara asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Daniel answered awkwardly. "A little privacy would be nice."

"I thought you were with Chad?" Matty said, glaring at her daughter. "You never told me you had a new boyfriend."

"That because we only made it official today."

"Well, you certainly didn't waist any time getting his dick inside you I see," Matty said, then peered over at Daniel's stiff wagging cock.

Candy huffed. "Mom, I'm eighteen, I'm old enough to make decisions about boyfriends...AND my sex life," she stated. "How did you even know I was over here anyway?"

"Take a guess."

"Grandma!" Candy said with a frown.

Sara looked at Matty questioningly. "Grandma?" she asked. "My parents live next door to you."

Sara and Rachael looked at each other in disbelief. "That bitch next door is your mother?" Rachael brazenly asked.

"She didn't mean bitch..." Sara said apologetically, "It's just that..."

"My mother IS a bitch. In fact she's Mayor of Bitchville, always has been," Matty stated. " I take it she's constantly nitpicking about what bad neighbors you are?"

"Um, well, it actually goes a little further than that," Sara said reluctantly.

"She hired a Private Investigator to follow Sara and Daniel, because she's convinced that their having sex together," Rachael explained.

"Ohh," Candy's mother muttered, looking at Sara, "ARE you having sex together?"

Sara seemed a tad embarrassed to answer. "Yes, but I don't see how that's any business of hers," she said.

"And now this Private Investigator cunt is trying to blackmail Sara out of ten-thousand dollars. She says she'll give your mother the evidence she has unless we pay up," Rachael explained.

"I can't believe Grandma would do that," Candy said.

"I can," Matty said. " She's not the sweet, innocent old lady you think she is, honey."

"She definitely hasn't been sweet to us much," Daniel said, drawing the eyes of all the women to the huge cock still jutting out from his crotch.

"Daniel, maybe you should put your dick away now, honey," Sara suggested. "Oh, yeah sorry."

"Don't put it away on my account," Rachael smiled, watching the big cock wag around lewdly. "Mine either," Candy said lustfully.

"Candy!" his mother said chidingly.

"What? He has a nice dick," Candy told her mother. "You must think so too, since you've been staring at it since you walked into the room."

Matty rolled her eyes blushingly. "I wasn't staring!" "Yes you were, just like the rest us, mom, admit it."

"You didn't seem too shocked when I told you I was sleeping with my son," Sara asked Matty, "why is that?"

Matty smiled. "My sister-in-law, who's also my best friend, is carrying her son's baby. She took him took him to a place call 'Boys Sexual Training Camp' and came back pregnant," she explained. "Trust me, I know how common this mother-son thing is."

"If only YOUR mother was as open-minded as you are," Rachael said.

"My mother is like every other woman on the planet. She has her secrets," Matty said. "The locked door!" Candy asked, looking at her mother.

"The locked door?" Sara asked curiously.

"In her basement. When I was Candy's age she left it unlocked one day. Wasn't I shocked," Matty said. "Since then she's kept it double-locked."

"So what's in there? Don't tell me she's a creepy serial killer or something?" Rachael said.

"Ha, no, but let's just say my mother has a kinky little secret I'm sure she'd like to be kept from all her self-righteous church friends," Matty said. "Making it her mission to expose someone else's transgressions makes her a hypocrite and I fucking hate hypocrites."

"So what can we do?" Sara asked, "about OUR situation."

"Call this PI and tell them that you DON'T have the ten thousand," Matty said. "Leave the rest to me."

Sara moved over and gave Matty a hug. "Thank you so much for helping us. I wish there way we could show our gratitude," she said.

Matty peered over at Sara's son, then glanced down at the still-hard cock tenting his shorts out. "Actually, there is, but you and I can discuss that after this is over."

Matty then glared at her daughter. "It's unfortunate that this is the way I had to meet your new boyfriend," she said. "You should bring him over tomorrow for dinner, so your father and I can get to know him better."

"Cool," Matty smiled. "Sounds good, right, Daniel?"

"Sure," Daniel muttered, glancing at his Mom. It was more than obvious she was jealous as hell. Candy wasn't blind to the hostile looks she was getting from Daniel's mom. She felt like she

was being treated like a competitor, rather than a possible future daughter-in-law. After her mother left, Candy asked Sara if she could speak to her in private.

"I really love Daniel, but I know you guys have something special going on," the girl said.

"It's something I need to get over," Sara said. "All the sex we've been having was only meant to help him get release, until he got a girlfriend. Now he has one...so I should be happy for him."

"But you're not totally happy for him and I understand that. I've been to bed with him also, so I know what an AMAZING fuck he is."

"He is pretty amazing," Sara blushed.

"And I wouldn't want that kind of sex to end either, so..."
"So...what?" Sara asked.

"So I understand if you wanna keep letting him pound your ass off. I won't be jealous. In fact, I think it's kinda hot."

Sara giggled. "You do, huh?"

"Yeah, I mean, you're gorgeous. Daniel must love fucking you."

"You're beautiful also, Candy. Beautiful and sweet and obviously a good lay or I'm sure Daniel wouldn't have agreed to be your boyfriend."

"Thanks," she blushed. "So, I was thinking... Every guy's fantasy is to have TWO hot girls sucking his cock, so maybe we could team up together, give Daniel a blowjob he'll never forget."

Sara was a bit surprised by the girl's brazen suggestion.

"Well, um, if you're talking about doing this right now, it might have to be a triple blowjob," Sara said, "his sister-in-law Rachael is here and she's just as hot for his cock as we are."

"Oh my...a triple blowjob! He'll go nuts!"

Sara giggled. "Speaking of 'nuts,' don't forget to suck his balls. He loves that."

"Really? I didn't know that. You and I are definitely gonna have to sit down and talk later."

Ten minutes later, Daniel was laying in the center of his bed with three naked women kneeling around him. "Ohh daaamn'" he muttered, lifting his head and peering down at his Mom's pretty head as it bobbed up and down on his cock.

"Hhm-mn-mn-mn-mn!" Sara whimpered as she sucked, her big full mommy-lips wrapped half- way down the meat of her son's hardon.

Candy and Rachael had their mouths stuffed full also. Each one nursed on one of his big bloated balls, tugging them in opposite directions. "Mmnn!" their mouths mewled, their strong wet tongues battering the round surface of his cum-filled nuts..

A saliva-soaked testicle popped from Rachael's mouth and she rubbed her face again his soft nutsack lustfully. "Yess, such big fucking balls," she hissed.

His other nut slipped from Candy's lips and she lashed her sexy licker around on it. "With hot cum," lick, lick, "ready to squirt into our pussies," she said seductively.

His purple knob popped from Sara's lips like a cork and she fluttered her tongue all over it's shiny bell-shaped surface. Candy took a long we lick up his thick shaft, then joined the boy's mom and together they whipped their long lickers all over his glans.

"Ohh my God!" the boy sighed as his entire body tingled in pleasure. "Mmm you like that honey?" Sara asked, between licks.

"Oh yeah!"

"You like the feel of our tongues on your big dick, Daniel?" Candy asked, then kissed the underside of his cockhead tenderly.

"Feels incredible."

Rachael was wagging her tongue all over his nut-sack. She kissed her way up his boner and joined the other women at the tip.

The boy looked down in wide-eyed wonder. The three tongues formed a shroud of pink slithering flesh over his knob. He sighed as he watched them roll and flutter and probe the tip of his prick.

Sara drug her tongue just under his knob and dug the tip of her licker against his sensitive frenulum. Her son squirmed in delight, arching his back. "Ohhhyes!" he sighed.

Rachael fit her lips around the shaft, so she looked like a dog with a bone. She lightly chewed at the thick meat of his boner. "Mmm, such a thick fucking cock," she panted.

Candy sucked on his peter-tip, her cute rounded lips dropping further and further down his shaft with each bob of her head. "Ohhh yeahh'" the boy sighed, feeling her tongue continue it's assault around his tender pink hardon.

His pretty girlfriend gave his cock a dozen throat-gurling sucks before letting Sara take over.

"Mmmnn!" the hot mom moaned, spearing his erection through her cock-hungry mouth. She plunged his knob into her gullet, lowering her lips to his cock-base. "Hhnnggff!" her throat gurgled, holding him there as long as she could.

Daniel gasped and writhed from the pleasure of having his hardon deep-throated.

"Oh my God, you're taking all of it!" Candy cheered, watching the mother gag on Daniel's cock.

She finally lifted her mouth from his prick, a mix of saliva and pre-cum dripping from her lips. Candy knew she didn't have the skill to take him as deep as Sara did, so she decided to try something different. The hot teen shoved his cock in her mouth as deep as it could go, then wrapped her fist around the base of his prick and beat it into her mouth.

"Ohhyess, I love it!" Daniel gasped, watching his girlfriend's lips and fist meet in the middle of his boner as she sucked and beat him off at the same time.

Meanwhile, Rachael had crawled up on her hands and knees, propping herself across his body, licking and biting at the boy's nipples, as her huge soft tits drug softly on his bare chest. "Mmm, you like that, don't you, Daniel? Having your big cock sucked by three horny women?" she asked.

"Yess!" he answered.

Sara and Candy continued to take turns sucking his dick like porn-stars. Their long dark hair waved around as their cock-sucking mouths plunged up and down his hardon.

Daniel put his hands on his Mom's head, curling his fingers in her thick, dark tresses, holding her face in position as she sucked and slurped greedily on his tasty prick. 'Ohhhshit," he muttered.

The knob of his prick throbbed on the roof of her mouth, and Sara's pussy tingled as she realized that he was about to spurt a huge load down her throat..

She tightened her lips around the pulsing cock-shaft, then began pumping her fist up and down his cock meat. Her cheeks puckered as her circled lips flew up and down his pole like a tight wet pussy. Even though she was sharing, she really wanted to show Candy a master cocksucker in action.

"Ahhh, Mom!" he cried out.

Thick, milky ball-juice started spraying out of Daniel's cock-tip in long, gooey gushers, splattering all around the interior of Sara's mouth, shooting past her tonsils.

Whimpering happily, the naked mother began sucking and swallowing at the same time, feeling the jizz flow from his twitching knob. She could have been greedy and swallowed his whole load herself, but decided to let Candy finish him off.

"Mmmnnn," his girlfriend hummed as she eagerly sunk the ring of her lips on him, jacking the spurting dick, trying to make more cum spurt out of the tip. She loved the feel of his hot spunk rushing into her belly.

After a few minutes she had milked him dry.

"Did we do ok, Daniel?" Candy asked. "No," he sighed, "that was torture."

Sara slapped his arm playfully, licking the residual spunk from her lips. "Smart ass!" she said.

Ch. 16 - Baking

Heather looked at herself mirror as she stood in the hotel bathroom. "It'sbeenalongtimesince I'vebeenpregnant.AmIsureyouwannadothis?"she short-haired brunette asked herself.

She shook her naked tits back and forth, knowing once she got knocked-up they would go from huge to absolutely ginormous. "IwasalwayssofuckinghornywhenIwaspregnant,"she thought, squeezing one of her nipples.

She knew that there was no way she could count on her husband to satisfy her pregnant sexual hunger, so It was gratifying to know that her son Nick would be there to pound her cunt multiple times a day when she needed it.

Heather had a feeling her egg had been released that morning. She always got a funny itch in her uterus when her ovulation started. If this were truly the case, there was no better day of the month for Nick to get her pregnant than today.

"We'remakingthatbabytoday,"Heather thought with selfish determination. "Nickwon'teven haveachancetofuckTanya.Hewon'tneedto.I'llbepregnantbytomorrowmorning."

Nick was sprawled on the big bed in the center of the sumptuous hotel room. He too was naked and his cock was fully erect, pointing up towards his belly button. His boner flexed at the site of his mother emerging from the bathroom.

"Hotdamnshelooksamazingnaked!"he lustfully thought, watching her fat tits bobble with every step.

Heather gave him a little smile as she rounded the bed. She knew he must be absolutely thrilled to be finally cramming his cock in her cunt.

Nick's eyes zero's in on the V of her shaved pubis. Her outer lips were smooth and puffy, separated by the dark groove of her cunt-slit. Nick licked his lips, knowing that very soon he'd be splitting that juicy twat with his big love-hammer.

"I still don't know how much of this is really about you helping that couple out, or fucking my pussy, which I know you've been wanting to do for a long time," Heather said, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"Can't it be about both?" he responded, which brought a big smile to his mother's face.

"So, I don't know how much you know about baby-making, but we need deep penetration, which brings the sperm closer to the cervix and my egg from the moment of ejaculation."

"Sounds like torture," Nick joked.

Heather playfully slapped him on the thigh. "So here's the plan. I wanna start off on top of you," she said. "It's been a long time since I've had a cock that size inside my pussy. I'll need some time to adjust to it, at my pace."

"Ok."

"Once I'm feeling comfortable with your big cock inside me, then you can roll me onto my back and nail me to the mattress, got it? she said.

"Got it."

"There are two positions that maximize my chances of getting pregnant, you on top and you behind me fucking me doggy style. We need to make sure you're in those positions when you cum," Heather explained.

"Understood," the boy responded. His mom's words were making him more and more anxious to get started.

"But before we do anything, I need to call you father. He expected us home awhile ago," Heather said.

"I thought dad was hanging out at the bad with his buddies tonight?"

"He is, but we'll still need to explain why we're not home, especially since he'll probably be back before we are," Heather said as she climbed up onto the mattress beside Nick.

The mother was on her knees, with her ass resting back on her heels, while she spoke to her husband. "Hey, honey....yeah, the couple closed on the house. It's a done deal," she said into her phone, then reached down and began to gently stroke her son's cock.

"OhmyGod,Daniel'scockissooohard!"she thought, completely ignoring what her husband was saying to her.

"What? Yeah, I'm here," she said, "Sorry, I got distracted."

Nick smiled with pride, knowing it was his big meaty dick that was distracting her. He gazed at her huge heaving knockers, then brazenly reached up and sunk his fingers into their dough-like flesh. His mom looked down with a flirty smile. "So this couple I sold the house to...they need help with something, so Nick and I won't be home until later."

Mother and Son gazed at one another anxiously, keeping their hands busy as Nick's father inquired about what they were helping with.

"Baking," Heather answered. "You know how good I am at baking and there's a little something they needed help making."

She suddenly smiled at her boy, her hand still squeezing up and down his boner. "Yes, Nick's helping too. He's helping me create the batter. We'll mix it all up and it'll be in the oven baking and growing in no time," Heather said with a wink.

Nick felt wicked squeezing his Mom's soft boobs while she spoke to his father.

After saying goodbye and hanging up, both her and Nick burst out laughing. "Well I wasn't lying," she pointed out.

"We better get started then. We have a lot of BAKING to do."

Nick watched his mother throw her leg over him, straddling his midsection. She still had ahold of his cock and positioned his flaring knob at her vulva. "Ready to squirt that batter into me and put a sweet little bun in Mommy's oven?" she said in a sexy tone.

"Fuck yes."

She lowered her crotch and Nick sighed as he felt his rock-hard boner sink inside her hot slippery vagina.
"I'minsideherpussy...finally!'he thought.

"Ohhh my God, you're so big," Heather moaned. "Remind me again how I've been fitting this thing in my ass."

"Very nicely, that's how," Nick answered.

Inch by meaty inch, the boy's prick sunk all the way to the back of her smouldering cunt and kissed the gates to her womb. He looked down to see their crotches fused together, Heather puffy mons spread out around his cock-base.

The sexy mother closed her eyes and began gently swiveling her hips, stirring his boner inside her in full penetration. Nick put his hands behind his head and watched as his mother got used to the size of his big cock inside her. He simply loved watching her enormous Mommy-melons wobble around on her chest, her erect nipples protruding from her wide, puffy areola.

"Ohh Jesus, that feels sooo good!" she whimpered, grinding his knob against the back wall of her pussy. It's a feeling she hadn't experienced since her college days.

"Feels incredible to me too," Nick sighed.

Heather suddenly dropped down on top of him, crushing her tits on his chest and kissing him passionately. At the same time, the thick rounded half-moons of her ass began bobbing up and

down, slipping her boy's prick through the horny grip of her cunt-tube. "Yess! Fuck meee!" Heather cried out between kisses.

Nick happily obliged, pumping his hips from the mattress and spearing his cock through her clasping pussy with authority. "Ohhh wooow!" the boy moaned in delight, feeling his tender dong slip along the hot ribbed lining her juce-slicked cunt.

Their overheated crotches smacked together obscenely. "SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Heather lifted herself slightly off her boy, so her big jugs swung to the rhythm of their fucking, right over Nick's wide eyes.

"Ohh shit, that's sexy!" he panted, watching the meaty orbs move around crazily.

"Fuck me hard, Nicky!" Heather said, pounding her cunt on him with greater intensity. "Gimme that fucking baby!"

The teen pumped his cock faster, trying to keep pace with her. Fuck-oil oozed from his Mom's aroused pussy-hole, helping to create a wet smacking sound each time their crotches beat together.

"FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

As he fucked, Nick pressed his face between his Mom's jiggling jugs, smothering his face in all that soft squishy tit-meat.

"Roll me over!" Heather shouted.

The teen rolled his Mom on to her back, where he knew he could fuck as hard as he wanted. He began to hump his ass violently between Heather's spread thighs. They both gasped in unison as Nick buried his dick so deeply up her pussy that his juicy knob stretched her uteri.

The busty beauty was hit out of nowhere with a toe curling orgasm. "Uuuunnhhggyesss!" she screamed, squeezing her strong vaginal muscles around her son's driving cock.

Nick dropped his head onto her spongy jug and sucked the engorged nipple into his mouth, nursing on her breast as he savagely fucked her cunt.

"Eeeeghh!!" Heather shrieked, bucking and humping off the bed like an animal in heat, as her lush body trembled in orgasm. Her creamy thighs were scissored around Nick's back, her tiny bare feet with their sexy ruby-red toenails clenching in ecstacy as a hot cum shot through her naked body.

"Mmnnggff," the teen whimpered, battering her big rubbery nipple with his tongue while feeling

her cunt squirt hot girl-cum around his humping boner. "Ohhfuck,thatfeelssogood,"he thought, feeling his cock throb. "Ican'tcumyetthough.Thisistoofuckinggreattocumso soon!"

He lifted his head from her stiff nipple and looked at her pretty face. Her eyes were clenched closed and her expression was masked with an intense pleasure-grimace.

The boy started fucking her much harder, his swollen prick pounded brutally into her tightly- sucking cunt-slit. His balls SLAPPED against the crack of her ass with every thrust. He lowered his head back down and pressed his face beneath her chin, then reached under, cupping her meaty ass while he fucked.

"Yess, pound that fucking baby into meee!" Heather cried out.

Nick wasn't satisfied with just fucking his mom. He was determined to give her the best fuck she'd ever had. His jutting erection thundered through her birthing tube, crushing against the head of her cervix with every powerful thrust. Her cum had formed a creamy, slippery froth, lubricating the blue-veined cylinder as it plunged along the spongy ribbed lining of her vagina.

"Cumming again! Ahhhh, God, I'm cumming!" Heather cried out, flinging her arms around his shoulders and wantonly bucked her hips, attempting to match his frantic thrusts.

"OhhhmyfuckingGod!"Nick excitedly thought, so excited by the feel of his mother's soft clinging body that he could hardly stand it.

His mom grunted and whimpered, writhing and humping beneath him. Her cunt closed around his prick like a velvet vice, but he continued fucking...continued punching it through, despite the tight cuntal resistance. This, however, meant more pleasure on his glans and he knew there was no way he could keep from cumming at this point.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna cum!" he announced, not slowly his thrusts one bit.

"Yesss!" she gasped, still in the middle of a mind-blowing orgasm herself. "Fuck me deep!!"

Her son pounded his angry knob against head of her cervix as the potent white cum squirted out, gushing furiously into Heather's pussy. "Ahh!... "Ahhhh!!" the boy groaned, his body shaking right along with his mother's as they were both met with a powerful climax.

For the next five minutes not a word was spoken between them as their twined bodies rocked and jerked and trembled in sexual

pleasure.

Finally, Nick lifted his head and looked down into her eyes. "Wow, that was the best time baking I've ever had," he sighed, making his mom giggle.

"Me too," she admitted. "Hopefully we're doing it at just the right time to get a baby brewing in there."

"I can't wait until you're big and pregnant. That's gonna be so fucking hot." "Well there's only one problem with me being pregnant," Heather said. "What's that?"

"I get super-horny."

"THAT'S a problem??" Nick joked..

"I mean ridiculously horny. Like, I'm gonna need you to fuck me five times a day horny," she confessed.

Nick's heart skipped a beat and Heather felt his cock flex back to life in her pussy. "Damn, Mom, that IS horny."

She reached up, combed her nails through his hair and smiled warmly. "You gonna be able to keep your horny pregnant mother satisfied?" she asked, tightening her cunt tube around his cock.

"Fuck yes."

"I'm not giving up my anal," she said. "On top of my five pussy-poundings, I still want my ass fucked twice a day."

Nick swallowed hard. He could hardly believe his ears. "So we're gonna go at it seven times a day?"

Heather gazed in his eyes, gripping his meaty manhood with her skilled cunt-muscles. "Is that gonna be a problem."

"No, no...no way!"

"And just because I'm big and pregnant doesn't mean you have to go easy on me," she said. "I wanna be fucked hard, Nick, straight through my pregnancy."

Her son just nodded anxiously.

"You won't have time for any other girls," Heather giggled. "You'll be too busy giving ME that big yummy cock."

"That's ok," Nick muttered. "I'm perfectly good with that."

He was giving her a blank stare of disbelief. "Are you ok?" she asked. "Yeah I just...never expected you to want all that."

"Well, it's kind of like the responsibility that comes with knocking a girl up," Heather explained.

"Our hormones go crazy and it's the daddy's job to satisfy our cunts and asses while we're pregnant."

Nick smiled. "Trust me, I'm not complaining one bit." "Good. Ready for round two?" she asked sweetly. "Definitely."

Round two found Heather on her hands and knees with her son mounting her haunches and fucking her doggy-style. Nick's crotch beat against her big fleshy ass as she thrust it back.

"SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!"

"Yess! Pound my pussy from behind!" the mother cried out.

Nick's tongue hung from his mouth as he watched the fatty flesh of her buttocks ripple from every thrust. He was used to watching his cock pound through her asshole, but not today. This time his hard peter was slicing through her hot pussy, that wonderful "other hole" that he's gotten to look at for months, but not penetrate.

"Ohh, feels good!" he panted, pumping his hips with the same steady tempo that his mom was throwing her pussy back at.

Heather gazed back at him lustfully. "You like stuffing my cunt this way?" "Yess."

"Bending me over like your little slut and SLAMMING that big cock into me?"

Nick felt his knob tingle. "Damn, Mom, you keep talking that way and I won't last long," he sighed. Heather giggled. "Ohh, am I making my baby boy's balls tingle?" she teased.

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"Does it excite you knowing you're taking your father's pussy?" she asked. "Fucking it harder and deeper than he ever could and pumping a baby into his wife's belly."

"Ohhh shit," Nick muttered, pausing his thrust as he felt on the verge of popping.

Heather giggled and continued to throw her ass back, spearing his boner through her fuck-tube. "Don't you stop! You grab my hips and keep feeding me that cock!" she said sternly.

Nick did as he was told and fell back in rhythm with her.

"Baby's don't get made when you stop," she said, still looking back. "Babies get made from fucking hard and blasting hot cum nice and deep."

"Ohh shit," Nick whimpered. Her hot words were driving him wild.

Heather tossed her cunt back even harder, tightening her cuntal walls around his hard muscle. "Come on, Nicky! Show Mom you have what it takes to make her pussy surrender to you.

Surrender to your big hard cock!" she said. "Ohhh!"

"Make it yours!" Heather panted. "Make my juicy mommy-pussy crave your hot young dick!" "Ohh shit, I'm cumming mom!"

"I'm almost there too!" she gasped. "Pound me hard Nicky!!"

The boy fucked with everything he had, watching his Mom's enormous milkers swing heavily from her chest to the rhythm of their frantic humping.

"Yesss! Cuummiinnggg!!" Heather shrieked.

Nick was right behind her and grunted in exquisite pleasure as he pumped his seed deep in her spasming pussy.

They humped through their mutual orgasms for several minutes before collapsing forward, so that Nick was laying on her back. After catching their breath, Heather lifted her head. "Phew, that was incredible," she sighed.

"Sure was."

"Feels like you're still hard," she said, giving his dick a cuntal squeeze. "I am. Why, did you want round three?" he asked.

"Yes, but we might have to give the baby-making a rest for awhile." "What do you mean?"

She smile lustfully. "Remember how I told you I need my anal sex?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Well..." she said, wagging her thick buttocks against him, "I NEED my anal sex."

Heather's husband Steve was chatting it up with a few friends at the local bar, when his buddy Tom walked in. "Hey Steve, trouble in paradise tonight?"

"What do you mean?"

"You and the wife fighting?"

Steve chuckled, acting a tad confused. "Not that I'm aware of. What makes you say that?" "Oh, well Carla works over at the Hilton off of Route four. She said she saw your wife and son

check into a room...thought maybe you guys were having it out and they left for the night," Tom explained.

"No, everything's fine," Tom muttered. "Carla must have been confused. Heather just closed the deal on a house, she's helping the clients do some baking."

Steve's other buddy chimed in. "Hmm, maybe she's gotta another gig...is helping another kinda client, if you know what I mean?"

Tom and Paul laughed, but Tom didn't find it amusing.

"No, Carla was pretty sure it was them checking in," Tom said. "Maybe her and your son are members of the mysterious moms club?" he joked.

"Moms club?" Steve asked.

"Oh yeah, the mom's "assturbation" club," Paul said. "What the hell are you guys talking about?"

Paul continued to explain. "You never heard the rumor going around town about mothers using their asses to get their sons off?"

"Their asses?"

"Yes, their asses, you know anal sex," Tom said. "Apparently some moms don't want their sons spanking the monkey, so they offer up their asses for some booty-humpin'."

"No, that's rediculous," Steve said.

"That's what my brother-in-law thought too, until he walked in and saw his son's dick buried in his wife's behind," Paul said. "Talk about awkward."

"Look guys, even if there is such a club, I'm sure that none of our wives are members," Steve tried assuring them.

"That still doesn't answer the question of what your wife and son are doing at the Hilton Hotel," Tom said, taking a swig of his beer.

Steve dialed his wife and put it on speaker phone. "We'll ask her, how's that."

The phone rang, then went to voicemail. "Hi, this is Heather, leave a message," Steve's wife's sweet voice said.

Tom and Paul looked at each other and smiled. "She must be baking her heart out," Paul joked, making the two of them burst out laughing.

Steve threw some cash on the bar for his beer, then walked off. "You know what, fuck you guys," he said, heading for the door.

Once in the car, he decided to make a quick stop at the Hilton Hotel before going home. "Ifitis HeatherandNick,thenHeather'scarshouldbeintheparkinglot." he thought. "Iwon'tfindit thereandI'llknowthoseguysarefullofshit."

99: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.17-18

Ch. 17 - Sweet Revenge

"CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!" Sam's heels struck the cement with urgency as she marched up Margaret's walkway. Her plan to blackmail Sara out of ten-thousand dollars had just been foiled, so she was anxious to pass the recording on to the one who had hired her.

"Thisbitchbetterhavemymoney!"she thought as she knocked loudly on the door.

Margaret answered with a stack of cash in her hand. "Here you go!" she said as they made the exchange. "Are you sure this recording has the proof I need?"

"There's enough there to satisfy you." Sam said, flipping through her stack of hundred-dollar bills to make sure it was all there. "I'd like to say it's been a pleasure doing business with you, but it hasn't," the PI scowled, turning to walk away.

Margaret looked at the tape with a sinister smile. "Finally,Icanexposethatpervertedmother andsonfromnextdoor!"she th ought.

"Not so fast, mother!"

Margaret looked up to see a group moving up her walkway, led by her daughter, Matty. Sam was able to step aside and avoid the the pregnant mother, but then found herself directly in the path of

Rachel. With a vengeful glare, Rachel push the PI aside, sending Sam stumbling back and landing flat on her ass on the lawn. The sprinklers were going, spraying her and the stack of money as it scattered everywhere.

"Shit!" Sam shouted as she scrambled to collect her bills, getting soaked in the process.

"Matty, what are you doing?" Margaret asked her daughter as she watched her and the other women step up the walkway.

"I want that recording. Now!"

"This tape contains proof that the degenerate mother and son behind you are engaging in sick illegal activity."

Matty stopped in front of her Mom, glaring at her. "Mother, you're not a heroic crime-fighter, now GIVE ME the fucking tape!"

Margaret tucked it behind her back, leering spitefully at Sara and her son. "No!" she spouted.

"Grandma please! They're not harming anyone," Candy pleaded, "can we please just have the tape?"

Margaret glared at her Granddaughter, then looked back at Matty. "Are you aware that your

daughter is dating this...perverted...mommy-fucker? It's disgusting!"

Matty ignored her stupid question. "You have five seconds to give me that tape before I turn your miserable little existence upside down."

Margaret let out an obnoxious giggle. "And how exactly do plan on doing that?" "By exposing your own dirty little secret."

A sudden look of worry fell across Margaret's face. "What secret?"

"The door in the basement, Grandma," Candy said. "We know you're hiding something in there."

"And one of us knows WHAT you're hiding in there," Matty added. "Give me the tape or I swear to God I'll march down to that basement, break that fucking door down and share all the pictures I take with your self-righteous church friends."

"You will do no such thing!"

Matty fed her mother an evil glare. "Try me!"

Margaret's got a defeated scowl, realizing her daughter meant business. She reluctantly handed over the tape. "Fine, but it doesn't matter!" she said glaring at Sara, "you're all heathens in God's eyes! Fucking degenerates!"

Matty smiled and handed the tape to Sara.

Sara let out a sigh of relief. "OhthankGod,thisnightmareisFINALLYover!"she thought. She had been desperate enough to form a plan to break into the PI's house and steal the recorder in the middle of the night, but was glad she didn't have to resort to that.

"Speaking of degenerate," Matty said, " just so everyone knows, my mother has a thing for animals."

There was a collective gasp. "A thing?" Candy asked.

"Oh yes, honey, Grandma has a whole room downstairs full of zoo porn and quite the impressive collection of animal dildos, right mother?"

Sara and Rachel giggled while Candy's mouth fell open. "Oh my God," she muttered, then looked down at the French Poodle at Margaret's feet. "Poor Harvey!"

Red with embarrassment, Margaret let out a HUFF, then slammed the door.

Soaking wet, Sam had finally collected all her cash and stepped back onto the sidewalk. This time Sara gave her a shove as she passed by. "Out of my way, bitch!"

The PI stumbled back on her ass once again. Money scattered everywhere. "Fuck!" she screamed, hitting the lawn with her fists.

Later that night, a set of headlight cut through the darkness of a secluded parking lot. The vehicle pulled up next Daniel, who was there waiting. Misses David, the English teacher he'd

fucked rolled down her window. "Hi Daniel. I figured you'd be calling me again sometime. I just didn't think it would be this soon."

"Can I get in?" Daniel asked.

"Of course," she answered, shutting off the engine.

The teen got in and closed the door. She leaned over and began rubbing his cock through his pants. Her shirt was half-unbutton, showing off her impressive cleavage. "Daniel, I want you to know that I'm sorry about how things turned out, with your mom and that recorder that I gave the Private Investigator. She threatened to show those pictures to my work AND my husband and I just had to look out for myself."

"Ok," the boy said, nodding his head.

"But if and when your mom goes to prison, I'd be happy to take care of your needs anytime you want me to," she said, squeezing his knob.

"So you'd fuck me the same way you did in the car that night?"

"Yes, even better! We could get REALLY nasty...starting right now if you want" she said, kissing his lips sensually. "I need to be fucked sooo bad!"

"Well, sorry, Misses Davis, but I can't fuck right now." "What do you mean? Why not?" she asked.

"Well, I've been working on a recording, so now I have to take it over to Principal Higgin's house, so he can fire you tomorrow," the teen said, then opened the door.

"You little shit! You recorded me?!

Daniel got out and Lindsey peered up and saw Sara standing there with a vengeful smile. "Looks like having your life destroyed WILL be on your agenda this week, bitch!" Sara said.

Mother and son began to walk off hand in hand.

"Wait, no please...we can work something out!" Lindsey pleaded. The two ignored her and kept walking.

A half-hour later, after dropping the recording off at the Principal's house, Sara got on the interstate and drove them out of town. "Well, looks like I'll have a new English teacher tomorrow," Daniel said.

Sara giggled. "I would say it's highly likely."

"So are you gonna tell me where we're going?" Daniel asked, looking back at an overnight bag his mom had packed sitting in the back seat..

She peered over at him playfully. "Nope!" "Not even a hint?"

"Not even a hint!" she said with a wink.

A short time later they were pulling up to a fancy resort. "Stay in the car. I'll text you when you can come in," Sara said, then grabbed the

overnight bag and left.

Daniel sat there for nearly twenty minutes before getting a text from his mother. "Come in. Room 301 ," it said.

Daniel walked through the fancy lobby and took the elevator up to the room. He tapped on the door, but no one answered. Instead, he got another text from his mother. "Put the blindfold on," it read.

He saw a blindfold hanging from the door handle, so he just slipped it on. Then he heard the room open and someone, who he assumed was his mother, took his hand and led him inside.

He could hear the faint sound of whispering from multiple women, but couldn't tell what they were saying or obviously who they were. There was also the soft beat of music in the background. He felt the hand release his and heard his mother's soft voice. "Take off your clothes, honey."

Daniel slowly removed all his clothes. Just the thought of what might be going on excited him greatly, making him rock-hard.

He felt his Mom nudge his chest softly with her hand. "Sit down. Straight back," she said.

The boy sat back onto a comfortable chair with a high back and no arms. He felt someone cuff one of his wrists and bring both his arms behind the seat-back and cuff them together. "Am I under arrest?" he joked.

The amount of giggles he heard astounded him. There had to be nearly a half-dozen women in the room with him. His mother reclined the seat back slightly. "Yes you are...and you're gonna be locked in the cell with us all night."

Daniel sensed that there were bodies closing in around him. He wanted so badly to see who they were. He suddenly felt a gang of

lips kissing his body sensually, while running their long nails all over him.

"Ohhh wow!" the boy sighed, feeling and listening to the women's lips smack tenderly on his chest, neck, face and thighs. The feel of their nails running across his flesh, especially around the base of his cock, made his body tremble with excitement.

He began to feel their tongues flickering all over him, licking his nipples, leaving little wet trails down his chest. He felt his dick flex, protruding stiffly from his loins as the shower of affection went on and on for several minutes.

"If you guess who's French kissing you, you'll get to fuck her asshole for two minutes," his mother said softly.

"Ohh man! Um...ok," he muttered.

"Maybe we should show him who's here first and what we're wearing for him," one voice suggested. Daniel recognized it as Candy's mother Matty.

"Good idea. Then we'll blindfold him again before the next kiss," Sara added.

Daniel felt his Mom remove the blindfold, then she stood upright. The site looming above him nearly took his breath away. Standing around him were six of the biggest titted women he knew and all their jugs were naked, jutting out above him. "Holyfuckingtits!"the boy's mind exclaimed as he took in the erotic site.

Peeking down over their bobbling boobies were the women who owned them...Sara, Rachel, Candy, Matty and completely unexpected, his Aunt Theresa and his Grandma Liz.

"Surprise, Sugar!" his Grandma said, feeding him a big beautiful smile. She was like an older version of his mom and had the most

mammoth tits of the bunch. Daniel always dreamed he'd see them and here they were in all their naked glory. Liz's areolas alone were probably large enough to mask his entire face and the rubbery nipples that puffed out the centers were the fattest he'd ever seen.

"Hi Grandma, hi Aunt Theresa," the boy blushed.

His beautiful short-haired Aunt Theresa had the smallest tits in the group, but was probably still a double-d cup. What she lacked in tits, she made up for in ass. From the time he was young he marveled at her big rounded ass and the thought of possibly getting to fuck her asshole sent chills through his naked body.

It was hard to peel his eyes away from such a hot middle-aged woman, but with Candy's mom Matty standing there it was impossible not to. Not only was she gorgeous, like her daughter, but resting atop her eight month pregnant baby-ball were enormous milk-filled tits that rivaled

the size of his Grandmother's.

"Jesus, you guys look beautiful," he confessed.

"So do you," Matty muttered, giving him a dreamy-eyed gaze. It was the same look her daughter would give him and the boy knew that before the night was through he'd be fucking the shit out of her.

"Ok, you had your look, now here comes the blindfold," Sara said, placing it back on him.

Next, he felt a soft set of lips smother his own in an open oval. A long tongue flailed through his mouth, dancing with Daniel's licker for a full minute. When the kiss broke, he took a second to consider his answer.
"Thatwasaprettyamazingkiss,butitdidn'tseemfamiliar."he thought.

He took a stab in the dark. "Was it Matty?" he asked. "Ohhhh!" Came the collective moan of disappointment. "Not Matty. Try the next one," Sara said.

Another set of lips met his and they kissed passionately. He was pretty sure he knew who this one was. "Candy!" he said.

"Yaaay! Wooo!" Came the cheers of the women, announcing that he had clearly guessed correctly.

The blindfold came off and his girlfriend gave him a smile. "You better know your own girlfriend's kiss," she said teasingly.

The boy looked down and watched as Rachel squirted warm lube onto his cock. He looked his busty sister-in-law in the eyes and she gave him a flirty wink. All the Moms it seemed wanted a hand in coating the length of his boner in slippery lube, stroking their pretty hands up and

down his meaty erection, teasing his glans.

"Would you look at that big juicy head!" his Grandmother said, as all the women stared at his cock lustfully.

"I've heard of knobs that are the size of a plumb," Theresa said, "but I've never actually seen one until now."

"Wait until you feel it up your ass," Sara said with a mischievous grin.

"Yeah, speaking of that," Candy said, lowering her naked ass-globes onto her boyfriend's cock.

"Ahhh!" Daniel sighed as he felt his girlfriend's asshole slip over his knob and sink around his hot boner as she sat on his lap.

"Come on, baby girl, pump your ass on that cock!" Matty said to her daughter encouragingly.

The boy panted heavily, watching his boner appear and disappear between her meaty cheeks over and over.

"Ohhh fuck yesss!" Candy sighed, bouncing her thick ass on his cock.

Soon his prick popped from Candy's asshole and his mother was covering his eyes again. A set of soft lips fused against his. This woman had a long thick tongue and it was extremely aggressive, lashing wildly through the boy's mouth. When their kiss broke, one name stood out in his mind the most. "Aunt Theresa," he muttered.

"Yaaaay!" the women all cheered and his Mom removed the blindfold.

Theresa smiled at him as she changed places with Candy. When she turned and Daniel saw that big plump naked ass for the first time, his tongue nearly hung out. She spread her thick cheeks apart as she lowered them toward that throbbing dong. Theresa grasped his erection and fit his fat knob again her crinkled butt-ring.

"Ohhman," the teen sighed, so excited he could hardly stand it.

Grandma Liz gazed down at him and giggled, stroking his chest with her nails. "You're a lucky boy. Many a man has drooled over THAT ass," she said.

He couldn't help but gawk at the smooth rounded undersides of Liz's tit-melons. There was no denying the fact that her cleavage could easily smother his entire head. The feel of his cock squeezing into Theresa's ass-tube, snapped him from his tittie-trance.

"Ohhyess! God that cock feels good!" his Aunt said, pushing his fat knob into her rectum. "Ohhhh!" the boy sighed, feeling her

smothering ass-grip mould around his meat.

She pumped her rounded rump up and down, spearing his cock in deeper and deeper on every downward plunge. Finally, her ass-flesh beat against his cock-base, making her fatty buttocks ripple with every SMACK.

"Pump your hips, baby!" Sara said, standing beside him. "Fuck your cock deep into her ass!"

The boy wasn't about to object. He thrust his hips from the chair, punching his cock through the grip of his Aunt Theresa's ass. "Ohh yess!" he sighed, his eyes set on her jiggling buns..

Daniel's boner flexed stiffly as it plunged through the rubbery grip of Theresa's bowels. Her strong rectal muscles tightened around the boy's tender hardon, squeezing and quivering around his hard cock-meat. She'd been with a lot of guys, but this was easily the biggest dick she'd ever had shoved in her ass.

"Oh my God, it's so fucking hard!" she cried out, pounding her big ass down against him as

hard as she could.

"Blindfold time," Sara finally announced.

Daniel fought to catch his breath as he watched his Aunt lift her fat ass off his cock. He loved to watch his knob pop out and their juicy buttholes clench closed. It reminded him of how much he was stretching their tight holes with his big cock.

His eyes were shrouded in darkness, followed a half a minute later by someone's luscious lips mashing up against his for a tender kiss. Their tongues dueled frenziedly. When the woman moaned in his mouth it was a dead giveaway. "Matty!"he excitedly thought, eager to shove his cock inside his girlfriend's mother's ass.

Of course he was correct, but Matty decided to do things a little differently. "I hope that chair can hold both of us, handsome," she said, climbing on top of him.

It was the first time he'd had a pregnant girl mount him and it was an absolute feast for the eyes. Matty's milk-filled knockers were obscenely large and wobbled around like they had a mind of their own. She shoved his cock up her ass and crushed her big baby-orb against his bare midsection.

"Ohh my God, that feels amazing!" she cried out while pumping her ass up and down.

Daniel was delighted by how every ass he fucked his cock into felt a little different. Some were tighter than others and some women had strong shit-muscles creating a snug, tight-gripping sheath for him hump his cock through. Matty's ass-tube applied just the right amount of pressure to make the boy's cum-leaking knob tingle exquisitely.

"Ohhh!" he moaned, mesmerized by the way her swollen mammaries jostled around on his upper chest.

Two minutes went much too quickly. Grandma Liz was so fucking horny she decided to skip the preliminaries. "If I have to wait two more seconds to get that beautiful prick inside my ass I'll go crazy!"

"Go get him, mom!" Sara said encouragingly. "Why don't we sit him up," Liz suggested.

Daniel was tilted upright, his hand still bound behind the chair. Liz climbed on top of the teen, straddling him and slipping her ass onto his cock. She tightened her legs around his young frame and humped rhythmically up and down. With her head slightly above his own, she was able to pull his face between her mountainous tits as she fucked him.

"Mmmnnff'" the boy whimpered, his face wedged between her sloshing jugs. He kissed and licked his way through her canyon of cleavage, savoring the squishy feel of her enormous

boobs on either side of his face.

"OhhhhmyGod!!" Liz's voice cried out delightfully, bouncing her meaty ass on her Grandson's cock, making their flesh SMACK together shamelessly.

The chair beneath them creaked as their humping became more and more frantic. Daniel's cock tingled on the verge of cumming. It wasn't that the feel of her ass on his cock was any better than the previous women, it was just that having his head sandwiched between her massive jugs was taking him to another level of arousal.

"Mmmmnngff!" the teen moaned, licking and sucking the inside of her tit. He could feel the torrent of jizz rushing up his fuck-tube.

"Oohhfff! Ooohhhfff!" he grunted as big gooey gobs of spunk erupted from his rectum- smothered knob, filling Liz's ass with cum. She went well beyond her two minutes, squeezing and pulling on his cock with her ass, making it as pleasurable as possible.

"Greedy, mother!" Sara teased.

"I'm sorry I just couldn't help myself. It felt too damn good to stop," she said. "That's the most amazing piece of manhood I've EVER had inside me."

The other women giggled, each one able to relate. They knew before the night was done, the teen would pound their holes better than their husbands ever could and give them toe-curling climaxes that they'd never forget.

Ch. 18 - Group Effort

It didn't take Steve long to find his wife's car at the Hilton Hotel. His stomach sunk, but he knew there must be some innocent explanation. "Maybeshe'sjustmeetingwithsomeclients here,"he told himself.

He tried to call her phone, but got no answer. Since she had Nick with her, he tried his son's phone as well, but with the same results. This only raised more suspicion. He parked his car, then went into the hotel.

"Hi, I'm uh, looking for my wife. I was suppose to meet her here, but she didn't tell me what room she was in," he said to the front desk clerk..

"No problem, sir. Would the room be in her name or yours?" she asked.. "Probably hers...um, Heather McClaine."

The clerk tapped the name into the computer. "Yes, here we are...room six-thirteen. Would you like me to dial the room?"

"No, that's fine, I'll just go up. She's expecting me. Thank you."

Steve got in the elevator and went up to the sixth floor. His mind was conflicted. If he bothered his wife during a client meeting, he'd look like a suspicious fool. On the other hand, if she were cheating on him, he would feel completely justified in his actions.

It didn't take him long to discover room six-thirteen. On the door handle was the "do not disturb" sign. "That'sNOTgood,"he thought, knowing it was usually an indication of someone sleeping or engaging in an activity like sex, where they didn't wanna be bothered.

He put his ear to the door suspiciously. The voice he heard inside was unmistakably his wife's. "Yess, fuck mee! Ohh my God, yess, baby!!

Steve's body went numb. His wife was obviously getting fucked in there and that was bad enough, but were the guys at the bar right? "WasshefuckingNick?"Steve deliriously wondered.

The answer to his question was a definite yes! After a couple rounds of vaginal "baby-making," Nick was fucking his mother up the ass again. They both lay on their sides on the bed, with one of Heather's legs thrown high in the air. Her head was turned, so they could make-out passionately, while the boy's hard cock slid fluidly through her asshole.

"Ohhh, yess! I love your cock!" she whimpered between kisses.

Steve was about to knock, when he saw a housekeeper suddenly come out of the next room over. Now, he had a better idea that would catch his wife by complete surprise.

"Excuse me. I locked my key in my room like a dummy. I was wondering if you could use yours to let me in? Steve asked her.

Without hesitation, the housekeeper stepped over and used her key to unlock the door. "Thank you," Steve said, then snuck inside the room.

He shouldn't have been shocked at this point, but he was. Maybe it was actually seeing them in the act that made it sickeningly real. His wife and son were fucking on their sides, but he couldn't see their genitals from this vantage point, so he didn't realize that his son's cock was actually up his wife's ass..

What was even harder to watch was the way they kissed, like a horny young couple. Suddenly, Heather's eyes widened in horror and she quickly sat up and covered their bodies with the sheet. "What the fuck?!! she exclaimed, looking at her husband.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Steve said.

Daniel stared at his father, like a deer into headlights.

"Steven, what the fuck are you doing here?" Heather asked, her heart racing nervously.

"I think the better question is...what are YOU doing here? Never mind, don't answer that. It's pretty obvious."

"No, you don't understand. This isn't what it looks like at all," she said.

"Oh really, how so? Because what it looks like is the two of you having sex in a hotel room.. With your son, Heather."

"First of all, you need to calm down and listen." "Calm down and listen?! Are you serious?"

"Nick and I WERE having sex, yes, but there's a REALLY good reason we were doing it, so if you would just sit down and listen, I'll explain," she said.

Even though he wanted to continue to rant and rave, her husband let out a frustrated sigh, then sat in the chair across from them. "I can't wait to here your reasoning for this," he muttered.

"Before you say anything else, just hear me out fully. The couple I just sold the house to have been trying to have a baby, but they found out his sperm count was too low, so Nick and I agreed to help them out."

"Help them out?" Steve asked, not catching on. "Yes, help them out, by making a baby for them."

Steve suddenly burst out laughing. "That's the most rediculous thing I've ever heard."

Daniel bravely chimed in. "It's the truth, dad. They really want a kid and...well, Mom was gonna ask you to do it with her, but we both know you've been super-busy at work, so she decided not to bother you with it."

"Oh, how gracious of her. So the two of you decided to just take on this little venture behind my back?" he asked, then glared at Heather, "to cheat on me?"

"It's not cheating," Heather said back. "Not cheating?! Are you serious?!

"Were you not listening to a word we said? We're doing this to help a young couple out. We're showing some compassion. Why don't you try to as well," Heather said.

"I have compassion, but I just caught you two in bed together and for all I know you could just be justifying your actions by creating some crazy story."

"Ugh!" Heather sighed in frustration, then picked up her phone and dialed. She put it on speaker as it rang.

Tanya's sweet voice answered. "Hello?"

"Hey, Tanya, it's Heather, the realtor that just sold you guys the house." "Oh, hey, Heather!"

"Hey, so, I just wanted to thank you for confiding in us, regarding Lance's low sperm count and reiterate the fact, that we are HAPPY to help you guys out," Heather said, looking at her husband. "Children are wonderful and every couple should be able to experience the blessing of having one, even if they can't have them themselves."

"I agree...and I hope Nick and your husband feel the same way. It's a group effort, but I'm hoping that someone ends up with a little

bun in the oven, whether it's me or you," Tanya said.

"I couldn't agree more. We'll be in touch. You and Lance have a great night!" "Bye," Tanya said, then hung up.

Steve seemed a tad ashamed for doubting his wife's story, but the idea of his wife and son having sex still bothered him.

"Satisfied?" Heather asked him.

"Look, it's great that you're helping someone out, but still...we should have discussed this before you and Nick just went and jumped into bed together, don't you think?"

"You're right, I probably should have had the conversation with you prior, but it just so happens that I'm ovulating today, so Nick and I thought we'd get a room, have sex, and with any luck have me pregnant tonight."

Steve shook his head, still trying to wrap his head around the idea. "It still sounds ludicrous. I mean, you guys are mother and son for crying out loud."

Nick and Heather glanced at each other. "Yes, but like Nick said, we know things have been stressful at work for you lately. I figured it really wouldn't be cheating if we kept it in the family and we had a clear cut goal in mind."

"So you're saying once you're pregnant, the sex stops?"

"Of course it stops, honey. We're not just doing this for our own pleasure," she lied, exchanging a look with her son.

"So what do we tell other people...friends and family when they see you pregnant?" Steve asked.

"Well, we don't have to tell them the baby belongs to Nick and I. We could tell them that YOU AND I are helping Tanya and her husband," Heather said. "Look, the important thing is it's a group effort, like she said. You can do your part by supporting Nick and I and showing some understanding."

"I can try, but this isn't an easy thing for me. You guys are having sex together, Heather."

"We've established that, but now it's time to move on, put your selfish, jealous feelings aside and try to be supportive."

"Alright," Steve said, sitting up, "let's just get this done here and now then, so YOU get pregnant, WE help them out and put this behind us."

Heather fed him an awkward look. "Okay, with you...here, you mean?"

"Why not. We're a team, aren't we? A group effort, like you said," Steve said.

"Well yes, but...are you sure you'll be comfortable watching Nick and I make a baby?" "No, but I can show my support...by giving it a try," he admitted.

"So then we all agree, we're doing this? Promise you won't make another scene, once Nick and I have started?" Heather asked.

"If I can't handle the heat, I'll get out of the oven and leave."

Heather and her son looked at each other, a tad uncomfortably. "Can Nick and I have a minute to talk? We um...really didn't expect to have an observer."

"Sure, I'll just go into the bathroom. Text me when you're ready," her husband said, going into the bathroom and closing the door.

"Ok, I'm completely weirded out," Nick said, making his mom giggle.

"That makes two of us, but he didn't kill us, so maybe we should be thankful." "Is he really gonna watch us have sex?"

"Honey, yes, at this point, the fact that he's LETTING us have sex is a miracle, so let's just do it on his terms and be thankful."

"Yeah, but that's gonna kinda be weird, isn't it? Knowing dad's watching us?" Nick asked.

Her lips curled into a naughty smile. "Maybe it's a chance for you to one-up him, show him what a superstar you are in bed."

Nick smiled. "You think so?" he asked.

"Absolutely!" she said. "Show him how a wife is suppose to be fucked." "That sounds like a challenge," Nick said.

"Uh huh, I know I'm up for it, are you?" The boy fed her a cocky smile.

"Honey, you can come back in," Steve heard his wife say. He opened the door and stepped back into the room. He was surprised to find his son now on top of his wife and they were kissing intimately. "Do you guys have to kiss?" he asked, finding it a little unnecessary.

They paused for a moment. "It's part of the process. If you want to be supportive, then let us do what feels right and don't bother us, please," his wife said.

Steve sat down and watched as they resumed making out. It wasn't an easy thing watching your wife of nearly twenty years smooching intimately with your eighteen year old son, but Steve continued to remind himself it was for a purpose.
"They'remakingababyforthatcouple andthat'sit.There'snothingmoregoingonhere,"he thought.

With Heather's thighs splayed open, Nick split her twat with his cock, causing her to throw her head back with a gasp. He rose up on his elbows so he could watch his mother's pretty face as he fed her his prick meat, then he thrust his cock in all the way with one long plunge, mashing his swollen knob against her cervix.

"Unnnggghhhh!" his mother cried out, immediately lifting her curvy tan legs high, wiggling her ass beneath him as she opened her cunt for more of his prick.

Steve softly gasps as he watched his wife throw her sexy legs back high in the air. Being the observer, it was a view of her during sex he'd never seen and it reminded him of how limber she was. He loved how her dainty bare feet with painted toenails pointed back toward the headboard.

Nick worked his ass, staring down at her, watching her huge tit melons shake and jiggle as he fed her his prick. Every time he pulled back he felt the suctioning pressure of her cunt muscles wetly drawing his prick into her body. "Ohh yeah!" he sighed, working into a rhythm.

"Fuck me harder, Nick!" Heather cried out, tossed her legs around his back, scissoring her ankles together at his waist. The horny mother started humping her pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of his prick.
"Watchclosely,Steven!You'reabouttoseeafuckingstudinaction,"she wic kedly thought.

Nick let his weight fall, flattening her huge tits beneath his muscular chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and spread her knees out wider. His ass bobbed up and down as he fucked more forcefully up her juicy pussy.

Steve could see his son's big nuts smacking against his wife's writhing ass. Hard and fast his son's ass moved, fucking his brick-hard boner into Heather's velvety pussy. The shameless mother

gasped as she felt the steady force of his fuck thrusts. "Ohhh my God, honey, this is amazing!" she cried out.

It wasn't what her husband wanted to hear, but he kept his mouth shut. Heather, on the other hand, was elated from the thrill of being fucked so hard in front of him. "Hecan'tfuckmethis wayandheknowsit.He'dhavegottenoffandrolledovertosleepbynow."she thought.

It was quite a humbling experience watching your own beautiful wife cling on to another man this way, especially when it was your own son. Steve had been wrapped in those curves many times, so he knew the thrill and pleasure his son was experiencing was intense.

Nick's fuck-strokes became more and more forceful, pounding his prick savagely through the gurgling sheath of her cunt tunnel. His cock was really boring into her, knocking against her back wall with every fuck stroke."Howdoyoulikethat,dad?"he thought.

"Ohhh, Nicky, it's soo good! Fuck a baby into meee!" the mother squealed

Steve watched his son reach under and cup his wife's meaty ass with both hands, pumping his cock hard through her cunt with full-length thrusts. He saw Heather's eyes roll back as she shrieked in ecstacy. "Eeeeeeiiioohhh!!" she cried out, clearly having an orgasm on his big cock.

She glanced at her horrified husband through the corner of her eye as her legs started trembling. "He'smakingmeCUUUUM,fucker!!"he brain screamed. "Eeeeiiioohhh!!" she cried out in her sexy girly voice.

"Ohhyeahhh!" Nick moaned, making his cock flex stiffly as it thundered through her juicy pussy. Hot burbling girl-cum squirted around his tender young penis as he continues fucking with everything he had.

Heather shamelessly slapped her son's ass, spurring him on as he furiously pounding his thick cock into her."Yesss, fuck meee! Fuck me, fuck me fuck me, FUUUCK MEEEE!" she cried, not just for her son's benefit, but also her husband's. She wanted him to know that she was having the time of her life.

"Ohhhshit,yeah,watchthisdad!Watchmecuminyourwife'spussy!"Nick thought. "Oh fuck! Ohh fuck, mom, here I cum!"

Their bellies beat together as Nick fucked his cock to the hilt in her throbbing cunt. Heather responded by squeezing him in an anaconda-grip, tightening her smooth muscular legs around his humping frame. She clutched him even tighter with her arms as well, making her fat sloshing tit-jugs distended out from between them.

A massive load gushed up from his balls and Heather sighed with pleasure as she felt it

squirting into her ravished pussy, soaking her inner walls. "Yess! Give me your baby, Nicky!' she shouted.

The hot mom flexed her cunt muscles, using her strong pussy-walls to milk out all of his cum. A deep smile curled her lips. She'd never felt so well fucked in her life and the fact that her husband was sitting there watching made it all the more wicked.

When Nick rolled off his sweaty mother and Steve saw the size of his prick, he felt even more sickened by this whole thing. Not only was his son's cock several inches longer than his, but it was absolutely dripping with his wife's orgasmic juices.

"Well, that was unpleasant," he confessed.

"Speakforyourself!"Heather thought, then let out a deep satisfied sigh. "I'll let his sperm soak in for a bit, then we have to go again," she said..

"Again?" her husband asked.

"Yes, again. Steven making a baby isn't a one-and-done thing. It takes repeated intercourse on the day a woman is ovulating. You remember how it was."

Unfortunately, Steve knew she was right, but he honestly didn't think his emotions would allow him to sit through a session like the one he'd just witnessed. Heather knew him well enough to sense this. "We paid for the room for the night, so Nick and I might as well stay and make sure we get this baby made," she said. "Why don't you go home and relax, I'll call you in the morning when we leave."

It wasn't really what Steve wanted, but he also wanted to make sure business got taken care of here at the hotel and WAS NOT brought home with them. "Ok, fine. Good luck and uh...we'll talk to you guys tomorrow."

"Bye, dad," Nick said.

As soon as her husband disappeared, Heather was on top of her teen, attacking him with sensual kisses. Nick sighed excitedly, feeling his mom's big squishy titties bobble all over him. "Ohhh, my God, I'm gonna fuck you all fucking night!" she said between kisses.

"Uh, mom..." Nick muttered, bringing it to her attention that his father had returned. Heather turned and saw her husband back at the foot of the bed.

"Forgot my keys," Steve muttered, horrified by the way his wife was sprawled out on top of their son, with her humongous tits spread out like soft dough across his chest.

Heather fed him a semi-guilty look. "Oh ok, well, see you tomorrow," she muttered.

"Yep," her husband said, then left. This time she waited for the door to click closed, then gazed

down at her son lustfully. "Now...where was I?" she asked. "Something about fucking all night."

"Ohhh, that's right. Do you wanna fuck my pussy all night, you bad boy?" she teased. "Heck yess!"

She kissed him sensually. "Mmm, you wanna get mommy big and pregnant with your baby?" she asked, then kissed him some more.

"You know I do," he answered.

"Make her tummy big and round and her boobs swell up even bigger, so I can smother your cute little face with them?"

"You can do THAT now."

"Mmm, I can, can't I?" she said, rising up and dangling her big Mommy-melons around his face. Nick kissed his way along the inside of one of her tits. She adjusted herself so she rested against him, with his face peeking up from between her cleavage. "Ready to knock your mom up, hotshot?"

"If I haven't already," he said.

Heather giggled. "True, but, we don't know that for sure, so we probably better fuck all night." "True, just to be sure."

Heather planted her knees astride his hips, reached down and grabbed ahold of his still-hard cock. She squeezed it between her smooth puffy outer lips until she felt his big purple knob sink inside her grotto of love. Before the night was through she knew he would pound the fuck out of her horny hole, blasting load after load of rich, potent baby-making sperm into her fertile womb.

"I'mgonnabepregnantagain!NickandIaremakingababy!!"her mind excitedly shouted.

100: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.19-20

Chapter 19. Big Distractions.

Daniel promised his new girlfriend Candy a day at the beach. It was a warm morning, perfect for swimming and sunbathing. He hoped she'd worn a revealing bikini and he wasn't disappointed. Candy sported a new skimpy two-piece, that showed plenty of flesh. While her boobs weren't nearly as big as his Mom's, the pretty young woman still had a rack that was larger than most girls her age.

"What do you think?" she asked, twirling around to show him her thonged ass.

The boy licked his lips, staring at the meat her ample peach-shaped derriere. "I think that bikini's amazing!" he confessed.

"I figured you would." "Good color too!"

"Yep, it's blue, your favorite color!" she said with a proud smile.

Thus far, Candy was the perfect girlfriend. She was his age, smart, beautiful and super-sexual. He loved that she had such an open mind and was turned-on by what him and his mother had been doing. With such an amazing girl at his

side, you'd think he'd be all about her, but he wasn't. Not completely.

Daniel still found his mind drifting to his mother Sara. He pictured her beautiful smile and sultry eyes, peeking from the curtain of her long dark trusses. The image of her enormous stiff

-nippled tits swinging around crazily, while he fucked the shit out of her was forever etched inside his mind. Just the thought of his Mom's thick fleshy ass beating against his midsection while he pounded his cock through the gripping ring of her asshole drove him crazy with desire.

"You ok?" Candy asked. "You seem distant." "Oh no, I was just thinking about..."

"Your mom?" she asked with a knowing smile. Along with being smart and sexy, Candy was a damn good mind reader.

"Sorry," Daniel muttered.

Candy dropped onto her knees and hugged him, her plump bikini-clad boobies pressing against his bare chest. "Don't be sorry. If I was a guy your age and had a mom that looked like yours, I'd probably be thinking about her all the time too."

Daniel looked out at the people enjoying the water. "Wanna go for a swim?" he asked. "Let's do it!" she answered, hoping back up and pulling him towards the waves.

Across town, Sara and Rachel were walking through the mall, their dainty heels clicking on the hard surface. "I am SO glad to have that drama behind us," Sara said.

"Me too," Rachel agreed, "but I still wish a horrible death on that bitch who lives next to you."

"One thing I do know. I owe a ton of gratitude to Candy's mom Maddy for getting us out of this mess."

"Ha! She rode Daniel's cock pretty hard the other night and came a ton. I'd say you're even!" Rachel said.

Sara spotted a sexy teddy on a mannequin in one of the shop window. "Oh my God, look at that teddy. I bet Daniel would love seeing me in that!" she said.

"Daniel would love seeing you in anything that shows a little extra skin." "Let's go in and look," Sara said and Rachel followed her into the store.

Let's do it!" she answered, hopping back up and pulling him towards the waves.

Across town, Sara and Rachel were walking through the mall, their big tit melons trembling with every step and their dainty heels clicking on the hard surface. "I am SO glad to have that drama behind us," Sara said.

"Me too," Rachel agreed, "but I still wish a horrible death on that bitch who lives next to you."

"One thing I do know. I owe a ton of gratitude to Candy's mom Maddy for getting us out of this mess."

"Well, she rode Daniel's cock pretty hard the other night and came a ton. I'd say you're even!"

Sara spotted a sexy teddy on a mannequin in one of the shop windows. "Oh my God, look at that teddy. I bet

Daniel's cock would go bonkers if he saw me in that!" she said.

"Daniel's cock would go bonkers no matter what you wore."

"Let's go in and look," Sara said. Rachel followed her into the store.

Back at the beach, Candy and Daniel emerged from the water after a good swim and frolic in the surf.

"Oil me up!" the sexy young woman said, laying face down on the towel. Daniel happily complied, rubbing suntan oil up the backs of her silky legs and the exposed flesh of her meaty ass-globes.

"Want me to put some on you?" she asked.

"Nah, I never really use this stuff," he said. The teen laid back on the sand and looked at his

phone. There was a text from his mom, so he opened it.

The picture he saw made his heart skip a beat. Sara was in the dressing room and had taken a photograph of herself in the full-length mirror, wearing the sexy baby-blue teddy she had seen in the display window. It featured sheer lace cups with floral embroidery. Daniel could clearly see the huge dark circles of her areola and fat rubbery nipples pushing against the fabric. The sheer bodice had a split in the crotch, exposing Sara's shaved pubis.

"Fucking hell!" the boy excitedly thought, glancing over to make sure Candy's head was still turned away from him.

There was a second photo that his mom had attached. This one was again one of herself in

the mirror, in the same outfit, but displaying the backside of it. The teddy was open in the back, with just the ties and the tiny string of a thong crossing along the tops of her naked rounded ass and disappearing down between her meaty cheeks.

Below the photographs she had written "what do you think?" "Wow, I'm speechless!" he texted back.

"Glad you like! Hold on, I'm trying on another one!" Came her reply. "Oh, this sun feels so good!" Candy said, shifting around a bit.

"For sure. It's the perfect beach day," Daniel said. "With my perfect boyfriend!"

Daniel smiled, feeling a tad guilty ogling his Mom's pictures with his girlfriend right next to him. He felt his phone vibrate. His mom had sent another picture. In this one she was wearing a white bridal lace bustier featuring underwire cups, which made her mounds of creamy

cleavage look absolutely massive. The bustier had a hook and eye front closure. The dainty matching panties were just a tiny patch of fabric, hugging her crotch and white garters were attached to sheer white stocking. The mere sight of her in this made Daniel's cock throb painfully in his board shorts.

Like she did with the prior outfit, Sara sent a picture displaying her backside. The bustier had a sexy silk lace-up back. Daniel knew she had a thong on, but from the back, the way the string disappeared between her buns, it appeared as though her thick tan mommy-buttocks was completely bare. The way she peeked back over her shoulder, gazing at the camera lustfully made her son's heart about beat out of his chest.

"How about this one? " Sara had written below the pictures.

"Fuck!"the teen's mind screamed, so turned on by her he could hardly stand it.

"Damn, Mom...you're killing me here!" he texted.

"Killing you, huh? But you're at the beach...with your girlfriend. I'm sure she's wearing a sexy bikini. Why are you getting so worked up over me? " she asked.

"Why do you think? Because you're sexy as fuck, that's why."

A minute later he got her reply. "Well, maybe you should find a place to be alone, because I have a couple more outfits to try on and things are about to get even sexier. "

Daniel breathlessly looked over at his girlfriend. "I think I'm gonna go back to the car a few minutes and cool off," he lied.

She lifted her head and looked over at him. "Are you ok?" she asked.

"Yeah, whenever I come to the beach, I just get overheated. I'll just turn on the AC and after a few minutes I'll be fine. Just keep tanning. Maybe we'll go for another swim when I get back."

"Ok, I'll be here," she answered, laying her head back down.

Daniel had borrowed his Mom's SUV for a day at the beach with Candy. By the time he arrived there his mom had already sent more pictures. He climbed into the back seat and leaned back.

It was a sentimental moment as he remembered that this was the first place that he had buried his cock in his Mom's ass.

He recalled how his mom seemed so anxious and frazzled. Probably so eager to cram his cock-meat up her ass that she couldn't think straight and got them stuck in the mud out in the middle of no where. As Daniel fished his cock out, he couldn't help but think back on the back seat romp, when…

ThebustyMotherrestedherheadonhisshoulder,hisentiredicksoakinginthehottight furnaceofherass.Musclesinherabdominalwallcontracted,increasingthepressureinthe rectum.AloopofmusclessqueezedaroundDaniel'smeat,mouldingtotheshapeofhiscock. "Ohhh,"theboysighed,hisknobtinglin g

"Doyoulikeit,honey? Doesmyassfeelgoodonyourdick?"Saraasked. "Godyes,"hesaid.

"Youcansqueezemebaby.Ihavetokeepmybraon,butyoucanwrapyourarmsaroundmeandsqueezemeas

hardasyouwant,"shesaid.

Hedidn'tneedtobetoldtwice."Okay,"hemuttered,throwinghisarmsaroundher,pullinghervoluptuousbodyup againsthisashardashecould.

Shefelthiscockgiveoffamightythrobinherassashisfacesunkdownintoher gapingcleavage.HisMom's warmcurvyfleshfeltamazingagainsthimashe inhaledhersweetperfume.

Hishipsinstinctivelybegantorock,worminghiscockthroughherass."Areyoureadytohump,sweetheart?Are

youreadyforsomeassturbation?"Saraasked. "Yess,"hesighed,kissingth ebigmoundoftit-meatwedgedagainsthisface.

Sara'smeatybuttocksbegantoglideupanddownhisslipperycock.Hefelthe rhotbreathathisear."It'syours, Daniel.Thrustyourhipsandgoashardand asdeepasyouneedto.Iwon'tstopyou."

"Ohhman,"hemuttered,pickinguphistempojustabit.Sarastayedwithwh ateverfuck-
pacehersonchose,her thickbunsbobbingupanddowntomatchhisspeed.

"Jesus,thatfeelssogood,Mom,"theboymoaned,archinghisheadbackfro mtheintensefrictiononhiscock.
"Iknowitdoeshoney.That'swhyIwantedthissobadforyou,"shesaid,pump ingherassonhimlikeapro.

"IfI'dhaveknownIcoulddothis,Iprobablywouldhavebrokenupwithmygirl friend,insteadoftheotherway around,"hesaid,makingSaragiggle.

"You'llfindsomeonespecial,love,butuntilthenmyasswillbeavailable,asof tenasyouneedit."

"Justwarningyou,Mom.Thatmightbeprettyoften,"hesaidwithasigh.

"Iknowallaboutyouteenageboys.Mom'spreparedtohelpyoudrainyournu tsseveraltimesadayifsheneeds to,"Sarasaid.

"Ohdamnyess,"hemuttered.

Daniel'scockslippedthroughthegripofherass-
tube,thelubeandhisprecumcreatingaslipperyfrothforhismeat toslicethrough.Thespongywallsofherrectumspreadalonghisburrowingk nobandfeltlikewetmouthsucking hisglans.

"Ohhh,I'mfeelingreallygood,"hewhimpered.

Saratightenedhershitmuscles,meetinghimthrustforthrust."Okbaby,let's makeyoupophard.Youneedit,"she said.

Theirfleshbegantobeattogetherastheirhumpingintensified.Sara'sSUVrockedtotherhythmoftheirthrusting bodies.ThehotMotherclungtohim,lookingdownathispleasure-filledface,whichwaswedgedbetweenher jigglingbra-cladknockers."Ohhhhfuuuuck,"theteenshout,archinghisheadback.

"Gimmeallofitbaby,comeon,"Sarasaidasshefeltthefirsthotropesquirtalongthewallsofherrectum. "Uugh!Uuughl!"Danielgrunted,shootingoutmoreandmorecuminhisMom'sgrippingass.

Sarastoppedtheirthrustingandheldherassholefirmlyagainsttherootofhisboner.Shepushedherrectal muscles,asifshewashavingabowelmovement.HerslipperyinnerwallsmilkedthetenderPeterwiththeirhot rubberyridges.Hissmotheredknobsquirtingoutmoreandmorecreamyjizz.

Daniel gasped as he was snapped back to the present. His hips were rocking, just like they had the night he'd just relived in his head and his hand was slipping up and down his cock, simulating the grip of his mother's asshole. He was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it. He remembered that his mom had sent another text and quickly looked at his phone.

The text read: "If I was at the beach with you, this is what I'd be wearing!"

Daniel looked at the attached photo. He had to stop stroking to keep from cumming. It was a picture in the dressing room mirror of Sara wearing a black slingshot micro bikini. She was in a sexy pose with the diamond-shaped patches of gauzy fabric only covering a small portion of her enormous tit-melons. The two thin stings stretched from her tits to her crotch, looping under her snatch on either side of her bare vulva. This left her pussy

shamelessly exposed and Daniel licked his lips, gawking at the puffy lips of her pudendum and her thick clitoral hood.

"Shit!Shit!Shit!"the boy excitedly thought, his mind a whirlwind of lust.

With shaky hands, he texted her back. "I'd love it, but you might be arrested wearing something like that on a public beach."

She quickly messaged back. "Yeah, I suppose I'd have to cover my pussy...or just climb under a cozy beach blanket with you. "

"I like that idea!" Daniel texted.

"If we were under a beach blanket, would you crawl between my legs and slip it inside my pussy...or push me onto my stomach, lay on my back and pound it through my asshole?"

Daniel's cock flexed in reaction to her question, precum oozing out and running down his prick. "Damn, either one sounds great to me!"

"Where are you now?" she asked.

"The backseat of your SUV...with my dick out," he responded. "I remember that spot well. "

"Me too!"

"Do you remember how my ass felt on you...the way my asshole was milking your cock?" she texted. "How could I forget!"

"It was a magical moment! It was our first time. Our first Assturbation session!" "I loved it!"

"I felt so wicked...going home and laying in bed with your father, with your cum still running out of my asshole!" she texted.

"Jesus, really?"

"Yes, I know I was doing it to help you, but all I could think about was how bad I wanted your cock back in there. I wanted to feel your cock digging deep in my ass again so fucking bad!" she confessed.

"Then I wasn't the only one," Daniel texted back. "Are you ready to see this last outfit?" Sara asked. "Let's see it."

He got the image and opened it. Sara was on her hands and knees with her ass pointed back at the mirror. This time she was completely nude. Daniel could see the backs of her huge tits hanging down heavily. The meaty globes of her naked buttock were slightly splayed open, giving him a clear peek at her crinkled butt-ring and the smooth puffy folds of her outer labium. She peeked back, giving his the sultriest gaze Daniel had ever seen.

"I bet this outfit's your favorite! " the text read.

"Fuck, mom, I'm going crazy here!"

"That makes two of us! You know, If we get home quick enough, we could..." "Now?" he texted back, his heart racing.

"Meet me at home as soon as you can!" Was her final text.

Daniel couldn't get back to his girlfriend fast enough. "Candy, I um...I still feel like shit. I think I should get home." "Oh, ok," she said getting up. "Fuck, you do look flush, Daniel. Do you need me to drive?"

"No I'm ok to drive. I thought the cool air would help, but it didn't. Sorry!" Daniel drove almost recklessly he was so horny and anxious for his mother.

"Jesus, Daniel, slow down!" Candy said with a giggle as he weaved them through traffic.

When he finally pulled up in front of her house, she fed him a curious look. "Well, thanks for our 'partial' beach day," she said sweetly.

"Sure. Maybe we could do a full beach day soon," he said.

She seemed a little reluctant to speak, but did anyway. "You know how when you run the AC in a car, it drips that water on the ground underneath?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, you said you went to the car to run the AC, but I didn't see any pool of water beneath the car. Not only that, but you've had a hardon for the past hour. You can be honest with me, Daniel. Are you going home to fuck your mom?" she candid asked.

Daniel swallowed hard and answered honestly. "Yes," he muttered.

She leaned over and kissed him. "I told you before I think that's hot. You don't have to hide it from me." "So you're not mad...or jealous?"

"Of course I'm not mad...and...maybe only a little jealous. I mean, of course I'd rather you be fucking me. It's not like it's some other hot cheerleader from school though, it's your mom. It's different."

She planted another soft sensual kiss. "Go fuck her senseless!" Candy said, then got out.

Daniel rushed the rest of the way home. There was no sign of his Mom on the main floor, so he hurried upstairs. "Mom?" he called out.

"In here!" she answered from his bedroom.

He entered his doorway and literally stopped breathing for a moment when he saw her laying naked on his bed. Sara was on her tummy, one of her legs bent up teasingly so it hovered around above

the thick rounded cheeks of her buttocks. Daniel could see her heavy jugs spread out beneath her against his mattress. She gazed at him with a look of needful desire. "I was trying to decide whether I wanted you up my cunt or my asshole and I finally came to

a decision. I want both!" "You do?"

"Uh-huh, I do. The question now is...which one do I want first. I'm sure by the time you're naked and ready, I'll decide," she said.

Her son stripped off his clothes in no time flat. His cock was already fully erect and wagged obscenely, protruding stiffly from his crotch.

"Wow, that was fast!" Sara giggled. She rose up on her knees, her dangling stiff-nippled milkers bobbing back and forth. "Why don't you lay down on your back and let mommy ride you."

Daniel happily obliged. Watching his mom mount his loins never got old. Of course the site of her big heavy tits wobbling around while she positioned her knees astride his hips was his favorite part. However, there was something incredibly erotic about watching her grasp his rod and position his tip between the split of her smooth outer folds.

They both sighed in unison as his long hard cock sunk inside her naturally lubricated vagina, stretching her inner walls. "Ohh, fuck you feel good!" she whimpered, feeling his knob squeeze against her back wall.

"So do you."

She ground her pelvis, stirring his stiffy inside her. While doing this, the sexy mother leaned forward slightly, placing her palms on his chest and squeezing her enormous breast between her arms. This made her tit-meat balloon out from her body even more, hovering over her boy's wide eyes.

Daniel couldn't believe how puffy her nipples were. They protruded out from the centers of her wide areola, aroused and engorged. "You want mommy to fuck you...huh?" Sara said, gazing down over her boobs.

"Yess!" he responded, insanely excited..

"You want her to milk your dick with her hot pussy?"

Without waiting for an answer, the busty mother began to propel herself up and down, plunging his tender erect penis through the juicy grip of her cunt. "Like that? Is that the way my baby likes it?" she panted. "Is that the way he like to have his cock squeezed and fucked?"

Daniel loved it when she was vocal and nodded his head in response.

Sara sat up straight and bounced passionately, fucking his cock with full-length pumps. Her boy's eyes were glued to her huge knockers, watching them leap up and down her chest.

"Fuck!Lookatthembounce!"he thought, mesmerized by the way the big rippling orbs jounced around like two big buoys in a stormy sea. He often wondered if his mom was self-conscious about the way her humongous boobs swung around like crazy during sex. They were after all so huge and bouncy that from Daniel's vantage point, it was nearly impossible to focus on anything else.

His mom's ass clapped against his crotch, as her cunt screwed down against his cock-hilt with every plunge. "My handsome stud son, laying some pipe in Mommy!" Sara cried out. "Letting her feel that hard muscle so fucking deep!"

"Yes!" the boy gasped, feeling her squeeze her cunt around him as she fucked.

"Knocking at Mommy's womb...wanting to pump all your sweet cream inside her and get her pregnant with your baby!"

"Ohh damn, Mom!" the teen gasped. He couldn't believe how nasty she was talking, but he fucking loved it.

His mom's fuck-rhythm had changed up a bit, making her heavy tits swing in a different pattern. Now instead of merely leaping up and down while she rode him, her twin jugs swung around in wide looping circles, SMACKING together delightfully.

Daniel's tongue hung from his mouth lustfully, entranced by their new repetitive motions. The way the fatty meat of her giant mommy-melons made big wide loops above him, then smacked together lewdly, made his cock flex in the wet, spongy grip of her humping vagina. While she fucked in earnest, he just laid back and watched her big middle- aged boobies put on a show.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!" The flesh rippled.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!" Their huge fatty contours trembled.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!" They sloshed around wildly, Sara's pretty pleasure-filled eyes peering down over them, sharing a lustful gaze with her teen.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!" The boy could have laid there in fascination and watched her tits beat together for hours. "You like watching Mommies big tits swing around and beat together?" Sara asked breathlessly.

"Hell yes!"

"Does it make you wanna bury your fucking face between them? Whimper into mommy warm soft flesh while you blow the top off that cock?!" she panted.

"Oh my God, Mom!" he signed, feeling his knob tingle as it plugged through her fuck-tube.

"Ohh! You like the sound of that, don't you, baby boy?" she asked, sitting straight up again. "I can feel you boner throbbing and it just makes Mommy wanna fuck it harder and harder!"

Sara humped her hips as hard and as fast as she could, spearing her boy's fuck-muscle through her tunnel of love.

"Fuck! Shit, Mom!" he squirmed, watching her fuck the shit out of him. Her jumbo jugs were leaping so high now they beat against her shoulders, giving her boy a good look at the huge soft undersides of her breasts. Her boobs careened back down, smacking off her torso, only to fly back up to her shoulders again. Daniel's eyes were wide with desire, watching this process repeat itself over and over.

"Fuck meee!" Sara cried out passionately.

The boy pumped his hips from the mattress, meeting her frantic fuck-rhythm. Sara's pussy was so wet and aroused that their crotches made a lewd juicy sound as they SLAPPED together repetitively.

"Oh God!" the busty mother cried out. "You're gonna make me cum, aren't you?! You're gonna make mommy squirt her juices all over your boner!"

"Yes!" Daniel whimpered, applying even greater force to his pumps.

Sara trembled and her pretty face contorted, masked in sexual pleasure. She screamed out in orgasm, feeling the flaring knob of her son's cock ignite the pleasure-nerves all along the ribbed lining of her vagina.

Daniel groaned also, feeling that heavenly grip tighten along the length of his plunging dong. Despite the continued resistance, he

punched his cock through, feeling her quivering cunt-sleeve juice up around his boner.

"Fuck!" he cried out, unable to stop the milky torrent rising through his urethra.

His mother brought her wonderful upper-half down onto him, completely encompassing his head in the deep canyon between her meaty tits. "Pour your seed into mee!" she squealed breathlessly.

Daniel did just that, his body trembling as the first milky blast hissed from the slit of his meatus, splattering along his Mom's cunt walls. He groaned into the dough-like meat of his Mom's left tit, lifting her midsection as his ass rose from the mattress and froze mid-air, while his balls pumped another thick rope of jizz inside her.

For five long cum-churning minutes Sara and Daniel writhed and humped in sexual delight. They found each others lips and kissed with wild passion, their tongues dueling just like their genitals were. The teen delighted in how his Mom's soft warm cannons were sandwiched between them, her rubbery nipples poking against his chest.

"Damn, Mom, you really got me worked up at the beach," Daniel confessed.

She snuggled against him, her head rested on his shoulder. "And you could have got your pretty girlfriend to fuck you, but it just wouldn't have been the same, would it?"

"Not even close, and the crazy thing is, she's sexy too and REALLY good in bed," the boy said, then got a big satisfied smile. "That's how amazing YOU are."

"Well, your father's not nearly as handsome as he used to be...and he fucking sucks in bed, especially compared to you," she said, then

lifted her head and gazed down at him dreamily. "I guess you could say that you and I are crazy for each other."

"I guess so," Daniel said, then gave her a long sensual French kiss.

Sara pulled her son off the bed playfully. "We better get dressed before your father gets home."

They embraced for one last kiss, then paused and looked out the window. They unexpectedly saw Margaret through her upstairs window staring over at them with a disgusted scowl.

"Really?!" Sara exclaimed, then stepped over to the window. She gave her neighbor the middle finger, then pulled the shades.

Ch. 20 - Doing everything necessary

"Hi Lance, is Tanya here?" Nick asked Tanya's husband as he stood outside their front door awkwardly. "Hey Nick. I suppose you're here to uh...start the baby making process?"

"Um, yeah. She told me this was her time of month."

"Hey, there you are!" Tanya said as she entered the foyer of their new home behind her husband and spotted Nick. "I was beginning to wonder if you changed your mind about making this baby with me."

"No, sorry, just had some other things going on the past couple days."

"Come in!" she said, grabbing his hand and pulling him past her husband anxiously. "I'll get us a couple bottled waters and we can head down to the bedroom."

"Actually, babe, can I talk Nick for a few minutes. Just man to man," Lance asked, seeming none to happy that the kid was about to nail

his wife to their marital mattress.

"Oh 'man to man' huh? Sounds serious," she said, half-jokingly, then winked at Nick.

"I just wanna make sure I lay down a few ground rules. This isn't just a sexual free-for-all." Lance explained. "I wanna make sure there's no unnecessary funny business going on. Things that aren't really necessary to getting you pregnant."

"Well then I should be in on this conversation too, don't you think? What kind of 'unnecessary things are you talking about, Lance?" his wife asked, seeming slightly annoyed that he needed to lecture them.

"Well, for example, kissing, squeezing or sucking on your breasts. Those things AREN'T really necessary."

"Aren't really necessary?! Lance, have you forgotten that in order for a guy and girl to even HAVE sex, they need to be aroused. And in order to get aroused, they need to engage in foreplay, which includes kissing and breast-play," Tanya explained.

"Whatever! Can you at least just keep those things to a bare minimum?"

Tanya rolled her eyes and sighed. "We can try. Look, the important thing is the outcome. We want Nick to successfully impregnate me, so I say we do whatever we need to do to make that happen. We can either do it right the first couple times and be done, or him and I will have to have sex dozens of times over the next three days. You don't want that do you?" the sexy wife asked.

"Of course not."

"Then let us do what needs to be done! If Nick knocks me up, you could have a little son or daughter growing in my belly by morning,

isn't that exciting?" Tanya asked.

"Yes, well, that's the goal," her husband muttered, exciting at the thought of the result, but dreading the fact that his wife was about to fuck someone else to make it happen.

"Exactly!" his wife agreed, then pulled Nick down the hallway. "And goals don't get met by just standing around. Come on, Nick. We have work to do!"

Once in her bedroom, Tanya closed the door behind them. "Oh my God, he's so annoying," she said, speaking about her husband..

"I'm surprised he didn't ask us to have sex with our clothes on," the boy added, making her giggle.

"Right?! How the hell do you fuck without kissing? That's crazy! That's like....fucking without kissing!" she exclaimed with a giggle, then suddenly locked lips with the boy for a long sensual tongue-twirling kiss.

They quickly stripped off each other's clothes, getting naked as they continued engaging in deep lip smacking kisses. Tanya shed her bra and her fat melons heaved around heavily on her chest. "Know what else is a necessity?"

"What?"

"A nice sloppy blowjob," she said sensually, planting another kiss, then crouching down and coming face to face with his jutting hardon. "You can't get a girl pregnant until you have an incredibly hard babymaker!"

"Well, it's already pretty hard!" Nick said, stating the obvious. "We better be sure."

Tanya opened her mouth wide, plunging downward over the first several inches of Nick's hardon. The boy sighed delightfully, feeling the wet warmth of her mouth encompassing his tender prick.

He watched her suck his hardon with a wet, insatiable intensity, listening to her slurping, gurgling sounds fill the bedroom. "Oh man!" Daniel sighed, his cock flexing between the circle of her lips.

Tanya's tongue swirled around his cock, skirting the flared tip and lapping up all the precum bubbling up from his balls. She reached up and wrapped her fist around the root of his cock, then jacked fast and hard, beating the boy's meat into her mouth.

"Oh fuck yes!" he groaned, delighted by the way she was so skillfully blowing his cock.

Her pretty head bobbed up and back, plunging his stiff peter through her mouth and into her throat. Daniel was nearly ready to feed her his cum, when she stopped and stood up. "No way! I need your cum in my pussy!" she reminded him..

"I'm gonna have a lot of it!" the boy sighed.

"Good!" she said, pulling him back to the bed. "Get me pregnant!" she exclaimed with an anxious gaze..

Nick flopped down onto the mattress on top of her. Tanya parted her sexy legs and he settled down between her parted thighs. He grasped his boner and rubbed the juicy knob up and down the slit of her pussy, teasing her by plowing across her swollen clit. Then he pressed his prick securely into her fuck-hole.

"Fuck yess!" she cried out, feeling his thick erection squeeze inside her vagina. She cocked her legs as high as she could, looking down the valley between her tits and watching the teen bury his cock inside her."Holy shit you're big!"

Nick's ego swelled with pride. His mom had told him the same thing the first time he fucked her and he knew how much girls loved big dicks.

He sprawled flat on top of her, crushing her enormous, fat-nippled tit-mounds under his chest. He sank his fucker in to the hilt. Then slowly, he raised his hips, withdrawing until only the knob of his boner parted her pussy lips.

"Fuck mee!" Tanya cooed, just as the boy slammed his cock-meat back into her pussy, then commenced a quick, rough fuck-pace, rhythmically pounding his meaty erection in and out of her cunt.

The young woman let out cries of passion, like a sexual cheerleader, encouraging him to fuck her hard and deep.

She locked her ankles together high across his back, clamping him between her thighs. Frantically, she wriggled and humped her meaty, peach-shaped ass beneath him as his long dick carved a path through her pussy-tube.

He brought his full weight down against her and fucked with porn-star like thrusts. Of course he wanted to knock her up, but he also wanted to impress the hell out of her and make her pussy gush all over his cock.

He didn't have to wait long to feel his manhood soaked with her orgasmic juices. Tanya groaned and panted as jolts of pleasure shot through her fair-skinned body.

Nick also groaned with delight, feeling his tender pink pecker thunder along the juicy ribbed walls of her cunt- sleeve. While Tanya's pussy did feel amazing, his mind couldn't help but drift to his mother and how unbelievable her cunt and ass felt also. Tanya and Lance's bedroom was almost sentimental to him, since he had fucked his mom's ass in this very room on the day they showed the house to the couple.

His mind couldn't help but reflect on that moment...

Hismomwouldn'tallowhimtofuckheryet,butdidlethimplowhisfatknobthroughthehotjuicyfoldsofherpussy.Hewas amazedathowwetshewas.LikeTonya,Heather'sarousalmadehergenitalbloodflowincrease,sothathervulvaandclitoris swelledandhervaginawasdroolingwithfuck-oil.Withallthatnaturallubrication,pluswhathehadalreadyapplied,Nick'scock wasslickenedandreadyfordeepanalpenetration..

Heatherbobbedhermeatybunsupanddownafewtimes."Comeon,fuckmyass,bigboy,"shesaidplayfully..

Helovedwatchinghertightlittlebutt-ringstretchoverhisknobashepoppedhistipinside.Thenheenjoyedholdingittherefora secondwiththeelasticbandoffleshclaspedaroundtheridgeofhiscorona.

Heatherpeekedbackwatchinghimashefirstenteredher.Shecouldseethethrillinhiseyesandhisheartaboutbeatingthrough hischest.Sheknewsqueezinghistendercockthroughthetightgripofherassmustbeextremelythrillingandpleasurableforthe teen.

Nickloweredhimselfforward,restingonhisforearms,thenthrusthiships,spearinghiscockthroughhersnugass-tract. "Ohhhmm!"Heathergroaned,feelingheranalfuck-tubestuffedfull.

Nickstartedfuckinghiscockintoherasshole,slowlysinkinghisprickdeeperanddeeperintotheluscious gripofhershitter.He couldfeeltheconstantpressureofherassholemusclesaroundhisprick,milkinghiscockdeepinsideherbody.Hewhimperedin delight.Theboyhadneverfuckedatighterfuckhole.

Theemptyroomechoedwithgaspedandthelewdslappingsound ofNick'scrotchbeatingagainthethickjigglingfleshof Heather's nakedass."SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP!!"

Theshort-hairedbrunettemotherhumpedherhipslightlyoffthefloor,pushingoutherbutt-ringtomakeitpuckertightlyaround herson'splungingboner."Yess!That'sitNicky,fuckmyasshole!"shecriedout.

ThepressureinsideHeather'srectumwasstimulatingtheinternalendsofherclitoralnerves,makingherclimbtowardsajuicy climax.

"SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP!!"

"Damnyourassfeelsgood,Mom"Nicksighed,hisknobtinglingwithdelightasitslippedthroughrubberyrectum.Hebroughthis bodyflatdownontopofher,notslowingherthrustsonebit."Canwekiss?"heasked.

They'dsharedsloppykissesofpassionbefore,sotherewasnosenseinsayingno.Heathercranedherheadbackandmadeout lustfullywithherson.Theirtongueswerelikepinksnaketailswhipping andtwistingtogetherfrenziedly.

Heather'sfattitsweresquashedontherugandNickwedgedhishandsunderneaththemandsqueezed,lettinghisfingerssink intothespongyboob-flesh.

Theteenintensifiedthespeedofhisassfucking,violentlyplummetinghisbrick-hardcockintotherubberydepthsofhismother's ass-tunnel...SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP,SLAP!!"

Thesucking,squeezingpressureofherrectumaroundhistendermeatintensifiedhispleasure."Ohhhshit!"hemoaned,hisknob ti

nglinglikecrazy.

Heathertoowaspantingheavilyasherownorgasmcrested."Ohh hGod,Nicky,I'mgonnacum!"shecriedatavolumethatechoed th roughthevacanthome..

"Ohhh!Ohhhfuck!!"hersongroaned,hishipsshudderingasaload ofjismsquirtedviolentlyuphershitchannel.Theirbodies writhedandhumped,asifNick'scockwasanelectricalprongplug gedintoHeather'ssocketandtheyweresharingthesame electri cjolt.

Tanya's orgasmic cry snapped him back to the present. He felt on the verge of cumming himself, but knew it was from thinking about the anal sex with his mother, not the intense pounding he was giving the woman beneath him.

"Fuck me doggy-style!" Tanya said breathlessly, crawling out from under Nick and pointing her sex buns back at him.

He took position behind her and slid his cock back inside her love-sheath in one long plunging swoop. "Yess!" Tanya cried out, throwing her horny ass back at him. The thick cheeks of her buttocks rippled as they beat against his crotch over and over.

Nick looked down and watched in wide-eye wonder as his wet boner slid in and out of her, plunging from knob to balls on every thrust.

"Yess!" Tanya gasped. "Slap my fucking ass!"

Nick's hand gave her cheek a sharp strike, making the fatty layer of flesh ripple.

"Again! Spank my fucking ass!" she cried out, seemingly not giving one fuck that her husband was just down the hallway.

Then teen struck her ass a few more times, making the flesh of her swiveling butt-meat jiggle delightfully. "I want you to cum in me this way!" she said, peeking back at him. "Breed me like a fucking animal!"

The teen grabbed her wide hips for leverage, then pounded her with savage thrusts. The sound of their hot flesh beating together was so loud that Lance could clearly hear it down the hallway.

The jealous husband kept waiting for the sound of intense fucking to stop, or at least slow down, but no such luck. Instead, it went on for several minutes and he heard his wife react with squeals of orgasmic passion..

Tanya's boobs swung wildly as they hung heavily from her chest. Nick reached under and grasped them while he humped, sinking his fingers into big spongy orbs.

"Ohh! Ohh fuck, I'm cumming!" the boy announced.

Tanya tightened her cunt muscles to make it as pleasurable as possible for him.

"Fuck!" Nick snarled as he fucked her cunt fast and hard, draining his balls completely into the spasming tightness of her pussy slit.

"Wow!" Tanya sighed, dropping onto her back. The sexy red head's big naked breasts shimmied from side to side as she shoved a pillow beneath her ass, elevating her hips. "It feels like there's a gallon of fucking cum in there! Surely there's at least one aggressive swimmer in there that can pierce my egg!"

Lance was relieved to hear things finally settle down in there. It had been nearly an hour since they had disappeared inside the bedroom and he had been tempted to knock on the door and ask them to hurry things along.

"Withanyluck,maybethatonedidthetrick!"he thought.

While Tanya elevated her hips and soaked her cervix, Nick moved over to the side table, where his phone was vibrating. It was his Mom Heather, so he answered. "Hello?"

"Tell me you haven't fucked her yet," Heather said. "Well uh, actually we just finished."

"Shit! Well, it's ok, just one time right? Probably nothing to worry about," his mother said in a somewhat concerned tone.

"Worry about? What you mean? I told you Tanya and I were gonna try to get her pregnant."

"You can cancel those plans. She doesn't need to," Heather said. "What?! Mom, are you..."

"Yes, I just took a test. I'm pregnant!" "Holy shit!" Nick said with excitement.

Tanya sat up, looking back at him curiously. "What? What is it?" "My mom's pregnant!:

"Oh my God, that's great!" Tanya exclaimed, her face lighting up.

Heather spoke up. "So you should probably wrap things up there and come home. Let Tanya and Lance know I'll be seeing my doctor in a few days and I'll let them know how things go."

After hanging up, there was a moment of bewilderment between Nick and Tanya. "Damn, your mom and dad must have really been going at it the past few days," Tanya said.

"Yeah, I suppose they must have been," Nick said, knowing full well it was him and his mother that had been "really going at it," and

that her pregnancy was the result. "Good news for you guys though."

"I know, I can't believe I'm finally gonna be a mother," Tanya said excitedly.

"You'll make a great one," Nick said, then got up. "I guess I should probably go then."

"What's your hurry?" Tanya asked with a naughty smile. "You can fuck me again if you want." "But...you.."

"Lance hasn't heard the news yet, so as far as he's concerned, we're just in here still trying to make a baby," Tanya said.

"True."

Just when Tanya's husband expected them to emerge from the bedroom, finished for the evening, he heard his wife crying out from the bedroom once again. "Fuck!Seriously?!he thought, not enjoying this baby making arrangement one bit.

This time around, Lance's pretty red-headed wife was riding the teen in the cowgirl position. She squealed and gasped in pleasure, working her ass up and down, driving Nick's boner through her tightly sheathed cunt.

"Fuck yes!" Nick muttered, laying there watching her huge alabaster tit-mounds bounce around like big overfilled water balloons.

She worked the long spike of his cock through her pussy, feeling his fat knob plunge through her tunnel like a battering ram of flesh. She marveled at how much larger and harder his cock was than Lance's. The fact that she was now technically cheating on her loving spouse thrilled her wickedly. She knew he could probably hear them going at it. He could hear his own wife being royally fucked by a younger,

hotter male. "Yess!" she screamed out, loud enough for hubby to hear.

"Suck my fucking tits!" Tanya whimpered. Nick sat upright and latched on to one of her wildly bouncing boobs, slurping the fleshy nipple into his mouth.

The sexy red-head gasped and whined in shameless ecstasy as she felt every inch of his cock bore into her juicy pussy. She felt his knob strike bottom, as if trying to carve a hole through her cervix.

Nick gorged himself on the woman's spongy tit-meat, stuffing all of her puffy nipple and areola in his mouth and sucking greedily.

"Yess, I'm cumming!" Tanya screamed out. An indescribable surge of sexual pleasure burst deeply through her cunt, causing her to juice all over Nick's humping cock. The muscles of in her pussy and ass contracted and tightened like a vise as she started cumming harder than she ever had in her life.

Nick grunted as he sucked, pumping his hips off the bed, burying his throbbing dick to the hilt as he felt hot girl-cum swirling all around it. His knob was tingling and felt on the verge of erupting. He suddenly remembered that his mom was already pregnant. Her big tit popped from his mouth. "Should I pull out?" he gasped..

"No! Don't you dare pull out!"

He continued pounding, then growled in cunt-fucking delight as the second load of his jism squirted from the angry purple knob of his cock.

It was a long hard cum for both of them. Their pulsing genital tissue wrestled in orgasm, thick bubbling ropes of cock-cream pulsing from Nick's cunt-smothered knob. Their hot bodies trembling in mutual pleasure.

Tanya finally collapsed on top of him. "Fuck, that was amazing!" she sighed breathlessly.

"Hell yeah it was," the boy agreed, laying there in bliss, feeling those big soft knockers pressed against him.and Tanya's sheathed cunt-sleeve twitching around his boner with post orgasmic contractions.

"Are you sure you don't wanna stay and fuck me all night?" she asked, squeezing his cock teasingly with her inner rings.

"I would, but my mom would probably get pissed. Since she's already pregnant."

"I understand. Promise you'll stop by and fuck me sometimes while Lance is at work? I still have nine months before I become a busy mom," she giggled.

"Sure," Nick agreed. She was a great lay, so she certainly didn't need to twist his arm.

The house was dark and quiet when Nick got home. He showered, then went to bed, but wasn't at all surprised when he sensed someone entering his room. "I thought you were coming right home?" he heard Heather ask. His room was so dark that he couldn't see where she was, but knew she was close.

"Yeah, we were just uh, talking some before I left," he said.

"And fucking again I'm sure," his mom giggled. "Well I hope she didn't wear you out."

Nick could see Heather's dark figure stop beside his bed. He could smell her sweet perfume and could swear he felt the heat of desire radiating from her body. "No, you know me. I don't wear out easily," he said.

"So if I wanted to lay on top of you and fuck you like crazy the next three hours, you'd be able to handle it?" "Um, with dad home?" the boy asked.

"I haven't broke the news to him yet. So if he wakes up and catches us in the act...we just tell him we're still trying to make a baby for Lance and Tanya."

"Sweet!" Nick said excitedly and he sensed the robe being slipped from her shoulders. Now that his eyes had somewhat adjusted to the darkness, her could see Heather's huge fat naked jugs hovering out above him. He could even see her engorged nipples capping the tips.

The next thing he knew, Heather's plush body was laying on top of his own, blanketing him in soft warm female flesh. Their lips locked in open ovals, their tongues doing a wet fluttering dance inside the boy's mouth.

Nick humped his stiff erection against the puffy folds of Heather's pudenda, searching for the entrance. Finally, he found it and squeezed in easily, since her pussy was already wet with her secretions. "Ohh Nick!" she whimpered in her cute mommy voice as she felt his hard thick love-muscle stretch her inner lining sinking in as deep as it would go.

They writhed with the thrill of being locked in full penetration..Nick's cock flexed, feeling his mother apply tight tender squeezes around his boner. Heather's tongue went for his neck, attacking it with fluttering butterfly licks.

""Ohh shit!" the teen squealed, feeling her big fat tits and rubbery nipples press against his chest. "You like mommy's body on you?" she asked between licks.

"Dumb question mom!"

She giggled. "Feels better than hers, doesn't it?" "Fuck yes!" he said, answering honestly.

"I squeeze you better!" she said, tightening her inner rings, "and kiss you better! And fuck you better! There's no pussy like Mommy's pussy!"

She grasped him, throwing her arms around his neck as tight as she could and started humping so hard Nick's entire bed rocked and creaked. "Oh shit, Mom!" he exclaimed with a shaky voice. He was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it.

His mom had hit the nail right on the head. Tanya was a beautiful girl and a great fuck, but was an amateur compared to his mother. Heather's strong curvy body and mammoth tits were unlike anything he had, or probably would ever experience. She was truly an alpha-female.

"Now that you've gotten mommy all pregnant, her body will get even softer and thicker. My belly will get big and round and my tits will swell up with so much fucking milk that I'll nearly suffocate you," she said with a giggle.

"I can't wait to see that," he muttered, his heart racing at the very though of it.

"Once I give birth and they take the baby away, I won't have anyone to suck all the milk out," she said in a pouty-girl tone, then began planting tender kisses on his lips. "Will you suck all the milk out for me, Nicky?"

"I'd love it!" he sighed, so aroused his head could explode.

"If you latch on to my nipples and pull the milk out of my tits, I'll keep pulling the milk out of your balls. I'll keep them drained every day!"

"You're gonna drain them now if you keep talking like that," he sighed, making his Mom laugh..

"Ohh, am I turning my boy on?" Heather asked, still making the bed rock from her fuck-rhythm. "Am I making him wanna fuck me harder and harder and dump a big cum load inside me?"

"Fuck!" Nick suddenly snarled, driving his hips from the mattress and pounding up into her hot pussy.

"Yes! Fuck meee!" Heather squealed, screwing his big cock with equal passion..Their overly horny genitals beat together. Heather's pussy tunnel sucked hungrily around her son's pink shaft, trying to milk it off inside of her. She felt the burning pleasure peak inside her cunt, making her shameless naked body quiver in ecstacy.

"I'm cumming!" she moaned, trying her best not to scream out.

When Nick felt her hot liquid love begin squirt around his pumping boner his eyes rolled back. His glans tingled so powerfully they made his toes curl. He let out a deep guttural grunt as his own hot ejaculate began to hose from his piss-slit and he joined his mother in mind-blowing mutual orgasm.

The next ten minutes were a whirlwind of fuck-passion. A marching band could have come through Nick's bedroom and neither one of them would have noticed. They were floating off in some intense fuck-cloud somewhere together, seemingly tossing their juicy orgasms back and forth to each other through their genitals. Sure they had cum together before, but these were orgasms on a whole other level of intensity.

By the time they had finished cumming, both were so exhausted that they fell asleep that way, with Nick's cock still wedged deeply inside Heather's cum-drenched vagina.

Sometime in the early morning hours their bodies came to life again and they fucked with equal passion. This time it was Nick on top, pumping between his Mom's warm splayed thighs so savagely that it was a miracle he didn't wake his father. He clamped on to her tit-flesh as he fucked, sucking and chewing to his heart's content. He couldn't wait until her fat nipples were squirting sweet nectar into his mouth.

The boy let out a series of pleasurable grunts, his face pressed into one of Heather's big sloshing Mommy-melons, feasting away at the rubbery flesh of her engorged papilla. All this, while pumping his cock through the pink velvet glove of her birthing tube.

He felt her grunt and shake beneath him. When her hot-box shrunk around his burrowing boner, he knew his dick was about to get soaked in orgasmic fuck-oil.

Feeling her gushing juices bathe his cock in liquid heat made his nuts clench every time. He flexed his erect dick and pounded ever harder and faster, fucking his mother with everything he had.

The lucky teen groaned in delight, pouring out a second cum-load inside his Mom's skillfully milking pussy. The dual loads had filled her cuntal sheath completely, burbling luridly around the shaft of his thrusting cock and dripping onto the mattress.

A knock on the door the next morning woke them both up. Steve, Heather's husband poked his head in, just in time to see his wife lift her groggy face from Nick's shoulder. "I though this was just a thing the other night at the hotel?" he asked.

"No, it's 'a thing' as long as it takes for Nick to get me pregnant," she said defensively.

Steve's stomach felt ill as he looked at the way his wife's huge naked tits were spread out against their son's chest. "Which is how long exactly?"

Heather laughed. "How should I know? Baby-making isn't an exact science, honey. It could take a day...it could months."

"So what you're saying is I should get used to waking up to my wife not being there in bed with me?"

"What I'm saying is, the more sex Nick and I have, the better our chances of getting me pregnant. Then you won't have to worry about waking up with me not being there next to you."

"Fine!" Steve said. "See you guys this evening!"

"I love you!" his wife said loudly with a quirky smile. "Love you too."

"Honey?" she called out, making him come back to the doorway.

Steve watched his wife sit upright, clearly straddling their son. Her big Mommy-melons jutted out from her chest, her nipples more erect than her husband had ever seen them. He also noticed a series of hicky's around the sloping contours of both boobs. "What?" he asked.

"Will you close the door please," she said sweetly.

He noticed his son laying there beneath his wife, gazing up hungrily at her looming tits. Steve was no dummy. He knew before he even got to the front door Heather would be riding their son like a lusty fuck-hound. He was right.

Heather was on cloud nine! She was pregnant again! She loved being pregnant and knew her hormones would soon be going wild. That was okay though, she knew she'd have her studly son there to take care of all her sexual needs. In fact, she didn't even plan on telling Steve she was pregnant until her belly started showing, that way her and Nick could fuck to their heart's content, day and night and she could just tell hubby they were still trying.

101: Mom's Assturbation Sessions Ch.21-20

Ch. 21 - A bootylicious Wedding

"I sure hope Daniel loves my dress," Sara said, as she sat in a fancy dressing area, pulling a white nylon stocking up her sexy leg.

"What's there not to love? It's gorgeous, Sara," Rachel said, fluffing her dark trusses, while standing in front of a big mirror, completely naked. Rachel's belly was showing the form of a four month ripe baby bump, compliments of her handsome brother-in-law.

Sara stood from the cushioned bench, also naked, except for her sexy stockings, that stopped mid-thigh. Her own nine-month pregnant baby-ball protruded way out from her body. During her pregnancy, her melons had graduated from huge, to absolutely enormous. The fatty tissue within her breasts had swelled, due to milk production, causing her knockers to become extremely engorged. Her nipples had become darker and larger, as they prepared for a nursing infant. "I'm so nervous!" the mother said cutely.

"That makes two of us!" Heather said, as she stood nearby, in front of her own large mirror. The mother's body had gone through a lot of changes in the last nine months. Like Sara, her belly was huge and round from a growing fetus. Resting atop her beach-ball sized orb, were tits that had swelled to enormous proportions. Everything about them had become more prominent. Her nipples were protruding more, and the skin of her areola had changed from pink

to dark mahogany. Also,, some veins, just underneath her skin, were clearly visible.

The pretty mother adjusted her white floral laced garter belt, making her milk-filled melons wobble heavily from side to side. "I'm sure the boys are a bundle of nerves also!" she commented.

"I'm betting that neither one of them expected to be marrying their mothers," Rachel said with a giggle.

"Well, I'm sure none of us expected it to move beyond just routinely getting fucked up the ass by them either," Heather said.

"You can say that again," Sara agreed. "It was suppose to just be about providing them temporary relief, until they got a girlfriend, now look at us."

"Even though it's not legally binding, these marriages should still be very special. It took me nearly three months to sell my husband on this idea," Heather said. "How's Dan doing with all this?" she asked Sara.

"Still not happy about it, and won't be attending today, understandably. Sharing me with someone else will just have to be something he has to get used to," Sara said.

"Maybe they should just both be thankful you didn't divorce them," Rachel said.

"True!" Sara said, trying to stuff her enormous rack in the sexy laced bridal bra. "Jesus, they do not make these bras for pregnant tits!" she commented, making the other moms giggle.

"I know what you mean," Heather said, her big hangers jostling heavily as she slid her dainty panties up her legs.. "I ordered from a lingerie company that caters to big breasted brides, but I still think the bra's gonna be extremely snug."

She pulled the tiny laced panties up beneath her garter belt, fitting the triangle of fabric snuggly against the swell of her shaved pubis. Then she turned her ass towards the other two women. "What do you think?" she asked, peeking down at her thick buttocks, that she had cocked out for them to look at.

Sara and Rachel looked over and gasped. The bridal panties stretched over Heather's thick peach-shaped buttocks had a cute heart-shaped cutout in the center. It exposed a portion of her unblemished flesh and her ass-crack running down through the center of the cutout.

"Oh my God, that's amazing!" Sara exclaimed. "Nick's gonna love it!" Rachel added.

"I hope so," Heather said. "If I had been thinking ahead, I could have let my pussy fuzz grow out a little bit, and done a little heart of Venus, like you did, Sara."

Sara smiled and ran the long painted nails of one hand through a short thin patch of pubic fur, that was trimmed in the shape of a heart. "What can I say...my pussy's in love with him!" she said cutely, making the other women giggle.

"I hope the boys dicks are ready for some wild wedding night cunt-pounding," Heatherunintelligible said.

"Aren't those dicks ALWAYS hard and ready?"

"Ah, yeah!" Heather answered and they all laughed.

Heather hooked her garters, while Rachel and Sara slipped on their panties. The cheeks of Sara's buttock jiggled delightfully, as she shimmied the straps up around her hips, making the the thin white thong sink between the globes of her ass-flesh.

"I just hope I don't give birth on my wedding night. I was due like two days ago," Sara said.

"Well, Sara, if you're that concerned, I'll be happy to handle the sex portion of your wedding night," Rachel teased.

"I'm sure you would. I think I'll survive. I'll just have to remind Daniel that tonight might be more about gentle love making, rather than the savage pounding he's used to giving me."

"I hear you," Heather said. "If I can survive my wedding night without Nick breaking my water,

my doctors want to induce me tomorrow."

"Hm, maybe you guys should just stick to some nice juicy assturbation tonight, not take any chances," Rachel suggested.

Sara and Heather looked at each other, smiled and shook their heads, rejecting the idea. "Assturbation is great, but I'll take my chances with some wedding night cunt-pounding," she said.

"Me too!" Sara agreed.

Daniel and Nick stood across from each other, dressed in sharp tuxes, waiting for their brides. In the decorative outdoor space were a small group of guests. Among them, was Candy and her mother Matty. They both wore sexy dresses, with necks cut low to display a lot of creamy cleavage. Both smiled, as they looked Daniel up and down.

Tanya was there with a sexy friend of hers. They both gazed lustfully at Nick, while whispering to each other, like two horny girls at a school dance. Tanya's hands rested on her own enormous ball of baby-meat, the result of her and Nick's wild fuck-sessions.

Also among the guests were Kristen and Garrett. Kristen snuggled against her teen, a huge cleavage bulging almost obscenely out of the neck of her dress, right below her boy's gaze. Their joined hands rested on her rounded belly. It was baby number two for the lovestruck mother-son couple.

Also in attendance, was Daniel's Aunt Theresa and his Grandma Liz. They proudly blew the boy kisses from their seats.

A beautiful instrumental piece, consisting of mostly harp and violin started, and everyone's eyes drifted to the clubhouse doors. Two beautiful angels emerged, in flowing white wedding gowns. Their long hair was done up meticulously and their makeup was perfect. Their smiles were gorgeous and gleaming with joy, and they both held colorful floral bouquets against the big rounded swells of their pregnant tummies.

Daniel and Nick's hearts beat wildly, as their beautiful mother-brides slowly stepped up the aisle towards them. They could hear their dainty five-inch heels clicking against the walkway, and see the form of their sexy mommy-legs moving gracefully beneath their gowns.

The boys eyes drifted up their delicately ornate dresses, to the huge mounds of tit-flesh jutting from their chests. Both moms had an extraordinary amount of cleavage showing, and even under the snug confines of their bridal bras, their meaty milkers trembled with every step.

Finally, they arrived in front of their boys and gazed at them with loving dreamy eyes. "You look beautiful! Both of you look beautiful!" Daniel said.

"Yes, agreed!" Nick added.

The mothers smiled proudly. "We do make pretty good mom-brides, don't we?" Sara said.

Heather's eyes quickly drifted up and down Nick's well-dressed body. "And you two make very yummy son-husbands," she said.

They turned to face the woman who was officiating the wedding. She was much older that the boy's mothers, but still very sexy. "Friends and family, we are gathered here today, to witness the union of these two couples. While these unions have no legal binding, they are still very much real. These two women are still legally married to their spouses, and now, they are additionally committing themselves to their sons, to be their primary sexual partners, for years to come."

The woman conducting turned towards Sara and Daniel. "Sara, do you take Daniel to be your loving son-husband, to have and to hold, putting his sexual needs above those of your legal husband's, as long as you both shall see fit?"

Sara gazed at her son with her big beautiful eyes, smiling beaming. "I do!" she said, without hesitation.

"Daniel, do you take Heather to be your loving mother-wife, to have and to hold, meeting her every sexual need, as long as you both shall see fit?"

"I do!" the boy muttered, smiling at his mom.

The woman conducting then turned towards Nick and Heather. They both happily accepted the same vows. "I now declare both couples, sexual husband and wife, bonded in sexual intimacy. Boy's, you may now kiss your brides!"

Both couples excited locked lips, kissing passionately, with lots of tongue, as the guests clapped and cheered.

The eloquent music started again, and hand in hand, the boys and mothers strode up the aisle, smiling and waving at their cheering guests.

Once inside the clubhouse, the party got started, with drinking, dancing and socializing. The moms clung to their new husbands, not wanting to ever let them go. Of course, the boys didn't mind. Having such huge-titted beauties clinging onto them was a rush, especially the way their moms pressed their pregnant bellies up against them, sandwiching the fruit of their sexual exploits between them.

Congratulations, you guys!" their friend Kristen said, as her and her son Garrett shared congratulatory hugs with both couples.

All three boys loved the way the mothers mashed their huge soft matronly melons against

them, and held them there as they hugged. Of course the mothers did it purposely, knowing what tit-hounds the boys were.

"I didn't realize you guys had another one on the way," Sara said as she looked down at Kristen's rounded belly.

"Yeah, half-way baked baby in there," Kristen giggled, patting her tummy.

Sara raised her eyebrows and thrust out her own enormous orb. "Over-baked baby in here!" she joked.

"Yeah, we were kinda surprised at first, but then what do you expect when you spend half the day, every day, fucking your asses off," Kristen joked.

"Well who can blame us moms, when we have such irresistible sons," Sara said, gazing over at her boy as he talked with Nick and Garrett.

"This is true!"

"Have you guys decided on a name for the baby yet?"

"We like Sierra, which my husband hates, but...not his baby, so not his choice" Kristen said.

The three boys stepped aside and talked separate from the mother's. "Damn, I've never seen so many pregnant moms in one place!" Garrett said. "Is your sister-in-law carrying your baby too?" he asked Daniel.

"Oh yeah, it's mine. My brother thinks it's his though," Daniel said, making the other boys laugh.

Daniel's Grandma Liz stepped up to the boy's, looking at her grandson proudly. "Congratulations, sugar!" she said, then opened her arms. "Do I get a hug?"

All three boys gawked at the mammoth tits pushing out her cotton dress. "Jesus Christ!" Garrett muttered, staring at Liz's jutting cannons.

"If he doesn't, I will!" Nick joked, making Liz laugh.

Daniel moved in for big tit-squasher. He could literally feel his body being squeezed down between her monster melons. He recalled how a few months ago, his Grandmother had invited him for an overnight visit. It was a time when his Grandpa was away from the house, on a fishing trip, giving him a chance to really nail his Grandmother good, and enjoy being smothered by those colossal tits, while he sucked and nibbled on them to his heart's content.

"Congratulations, Daniel," his girlfriend Candy said, sharing a hug with him.

"Thanks," the boy muttered, happy to have such a supportive, understanding girlfriend. Of course the girl wanted sex with her boyfriend as often as possible, but was amazingly

understand of he and Sara's special bond.

Candy's beautiful mom Matty stepped forward, hugging the teen. Their recent sexual hookup was still fresh on both their minds. Horny beyond belief one night, Matty had told her husband she was going out to help a friend. Technically, she wasn't lying. She was helping Daniel drain his balls, in the backseat of SUV, at a secluded spot outside of town.

Matty whispered in his ear as they hugged. "All these pregnant mothers. I'm jealous...hint, hint!" she said..

"I'm happy for you, Nick!" Tanya said, stepping up to the teen. Her pregnant belly was so huge it looked like it could pop any second. They shared a hug, feeling their baby pressed between them. Several times over the course of her pregnancy, she had called the stud, when she was horny and her husband was working. Nick was always willing to fuck the sexy redhead and make her gush all over his cock.

"This is my friend Samantha," Tanya said, introducing Nick to the "plus one" she'd brought with her. Samantha was about Tanya's age, and was similar in build.

Nick took a quick glance at her big round melons. "Nice to meet you?" he said, sharing a gentle handshake.

"She was right, you're adorable," Samantha said. "And I hear you make house-calls? If your lucky mom ever wants a day to rest well-worked man-pleaser, feel free to come see me."

"Thanks!" Nick said, certain he would take her up on that offer. "Time to remove our garters boys!" Heather announced.

The two moms sat down in chairs and their teens knelt at their feet, watching them slide up their gowns, exposing their sexy, nylon encased legs. Then both moms sat back, making their big bellies stick out.

Daniel went under his mom's gown and saw the pale-pink garter, looped mid-thigh, around where her stocking stopped. Her legs were parted enough to give him a good look at her panty

-covered crotch. The tiny patch of bridal lace hugged her mons like a second skin, showing the outline of her puffy outer labium, and the groove of fuck-slit. He hooked his fingers around the garter and pulled it down her soft nylon-covered leg.

Beneath his mom's gown, Nick was treated to a similar sight, except Heather's panties were completely sheer, giving him a mouthwatering view of her shaved fleshy clamshell, and the thick dome of her clitoral hood, protruding from the puffy outer lips. "Damn!" he muttered, under his breath, wishing he could lean forward and devour it.

He removed her black garter and the boy's flung them across the reception hall, to the cheers of all their guests.

The first dance was for the two newly married couples. The huge-titted brides clung to their new husbands, mashing their wonderful wobblers against them. They rocked in a slow, intimate dance and stared into each others eyes dreamily.

"Damn, I wish I could make love to you right now," Daniel said to his mom, then felt her hand tenderly rub his erect dick through his pants.

"Yeah?" Sara said, gazing at him lovingly. "In a hurry to get your new bride's panties off are you?"

"Yes!"

"Anxious to get her naked, and stretch her cunt-hole with that thick hard muscular cock?"she teased, grasping his hard shaft with her fingers.

"Oh God, Mom, yes!"

She gazed deeply into his eyes as she spoke. "You wanna fuse our naked bodies together, so you can fuck your pregnant mommy-bride hard?" she softly asked.

"Oh fuck, you're killing me!" he gasped excitedly.

Sara giggled. "Oh baby, you know that hot pussy-pounding sex is reserved for our wedding night, but if you want..."

"If I want what?"

"If you want, we could find a nice private spot, and you could fuck your new bride's asshole," she said teasingly.

"Really?"

"Well, yeah, it could be kinda sentimental, don't you think? I mean, that is how we got started with all this, after all. What better way to celebrate our new bond, than with a nice hot assturbation session."

"Sounds amazing!"

Sara looked over at Heather and smiled. "The guests seemed to all be enjoying themselves. We're gonna head to the back room for a little booty bumping. You guys wanna join?"

"Hell yes we do!" Nick said eagerly, sporting his own monster erection.

Heather giggled. "I guess that's a yes!" she said, inwardly just as horny and anxious as her son was for some hot anal sex.

Moments later, the four of them were in the dimly lit back room, and the boy's were bending their moms over a table, side by side. They lifted the women's fluffy gowns over their thick

asses, and attempted to pull their dainty panties down.

"Slow down, boys!" Heather said, as her and Sara giggled by how anxious the teens were. "Y ou'll have to unfasten the garter-staps first."

Nick was able to get his mom's unhooked rather quickly, marveling at the big heart-shaped cutout in her panties. The he yanked them down to her thighs, exposing her fleshy bare buttocks.

Daniel finally figured it out, unhooked the strapped, then peeling the tiny thong from between his mom's buns, as he lowered her panties.

"Wet your dicks with our cunts!" Sara said, with heavy excited breath.

Daniel grasped onto his cock, stepped up behind his mom and drug his engorged knob through her slick folds. He shouldn't have been, but he was surprised at how wet she was with secreting juices.

His mom bobbed her thick ass a few times excitedly. "Yes! Fuck my asshole, baby!" she cried out yearningly.

After nearly a year of this, the boys were seasoned pros at giving anal sex. Nick spread his mom's half-moons apart, exposing the cute crinkled ring of her butthole. The bell of his cock was wet with her juices, and his tongue hung out lustfully as he squeezed his knob her anus.

The boy's felt their mother's ass-rings slip over their wet knobs, and their cocks sunk in slowly. All four of them sighed in ecstacy, as they were physically joined for the first time as married couples.

The teens eased their cocks back a little, knowing that next thrust forward would be absolute heaven. And indeed it was! Their boners sunk deep into their mother's hot rectums, feeling the rubbery walls respond by squeezing exquisitely around their tender dicks.

"Ohh yess, it feels so fucking good!" Heather cried out, her upper-half sprawled across the table.

The boy's began pounding the mother's asses. Daniel grasped Sara's hips, thrusting his own midsection and spearing his boner through the snug ring of her asshole. He sighed in pleasure, feeling her squeeze him with her strong sphincter muscles.

"Use our garter belts to hang on to. That's what they're there for!" Sara said, her voice quivering from her son's hammering fuck-humps.

Taking the mother's advice, both boys grasped onto the lacy floral-embroidered garter belts, and used them to hang onto for leverage, as they fucked their mother's asses from behind.

Daniel and Nick looked across at the humping ass of the other boy's mom, then smiled up at

each other triumphantly. They both had beautiful moms, with heavy tits and ample asses, who were crazy for their cocks. It didn't get much better than this.

"Fuck!" Daniel gasped excitedly, looking down at a sight he never tired of seeing. His mom's thick fleshy buttocks beat against his midsection tirelessly. The fatty layers, just beneath the unblemished skin of her buns, made her butt-meat ripple delightfully, each time it struck his crotch.

Nick loved the feel of his hammering hardness plunging his mom's tight ass-tract. His weeping piss-slit had drooled just enough pre-spunk to lubricate her ass-tube perfectly. Holding her garter belt, he felt like a jockey riding a thoroughbred. At times, he still felt like he had to pinch himself, to see if this was all real. The sight of Heather's ass-ring stretched around the thick muscular tube of his prick, as it plunged deeply into her ass, seemed almost surreal.

"Ohh!! Both mother's whimpered, as they had their heinies humped by their big-dicked grooms.

The boy's hard dicks flexed and throbbed, feeling their mom's strong rubbery shit-muscles squeeze and suck on their hardons, making the teens whimper in delight.

The women had each worked a hand down between their legs, rubbing their engorged clitoris's, adding to the divine pleasure that surged through their mature bodies.

Daniel and Nick could tell whenever their moms were cumming. Not just by the obvious squeals and cries they made, but also by the way their asses tightened up around them even more.

"Ohh fuck!" Daniel groaned, humping with steady thrusts, as he felt her bowels pushing and flexing against him. He always lewdly thought of it as her trying to shit his dick out, which is exactly what she'd be doing if he wasn't pushing right back at her, socking his hard boner through that tight smothering pink tube of flesh. "Shit, I'm gonna cum!" he whimpered.

The spongy pink mass encasing his knob seemed to swallow ever gob of spunk that hosed from his meatus, pushing his creamy offering back into her ass-guts.

Nick too was grunting, as he blasted his spunk deeply into his mom's ass. He had fucked other girls, including Tanya, up their assholes, so he could appreciate the skills that Heather possessed, when it came to milking his cock with her ass. The experienced mother was so good, she could actually make her ass feel like clasping fingers, rolling down his boner with

hot milking motions. Nick didn't know how the hell she did it, but it felt fucking amazing, especially while his cock was so sensitive during orgasm.

For several minutes the boy's let their mother's squeeze out ever drop of spunk their cocks could produce in one cum. "Holy shit! That was hot!" Nick said.

"Isn't it always?" His mom asked. "Fuck yes!"

Daniel pulled his hard peter from Sara's butt, watching her ass-ring clench closed. He smiled to himself,, satisfied that a load of his milky essence would be soaking along the hot walls of his mother's ass tunnel for the rest of the evening.

Heather and Sara stood upright, pulling their panties back up. Their gowns fell back to the floor and they stepped over, then crouched down and cleaned their boy's cocks with their tongues.

"Wow oh wow!" Nick muttered, watching Heather's thick pink tongue roll around all over his shiny bell.

"Can't let you boys go back out there, without cleaning you up first," she said.

Daniel looked down in awe and watched his sexy mother swipe her wet tongue up the length of his cock, from his balls to his knob. Just below the action, was the biggest, most succulent cleavage he'd ever laid eyes on. He guessed that his mom was wearing some sort of push-up bra beneath her gown, making her already huge cleavage look absolutely monstrous.

Satisfied that their boys were cleaned off, Sara and Heather stood back up, and kissed them. "Shall we get back to the reception, boys?" Sara asked.

"If we have to," her son joked.

Ch. 22 - Wedding-night shudders

The mothers giggled, as their strong boys carried them across the threshold, into their shared suite. They put the moms down, and were quickly met with warm tantalizing embraces. "Mm, I think after all that excitement, I could use a nice hot jacuzzi bath, how bout you, Sara?"

"Sounds wonderful," Sara said, gazing into her son's eyes. "How about it, boys? There's a jacuzzi tub in there, just big enough for four."

"Well, technically we're six, mom, so we probably wouldn't all fit," Daniel joked, making his mom giggle.

"True, but I think we can squeeze us all in somehow."

The brides led their new hubbys into the luxurious bathroom, where just as Sara said, there was a large jacuzzi tub. "Help us out of these gowns, boys," Heather said.

Daniel and Nick helped their moms shed the big wedding dresses, and were delighted by what they were wearing beneath them. "Wowzers!" Nick muttered, gawking at his mother, as she stood there in high heels and sexy bridal lingerie.

Heather turned and started the water in the tub, bending over and pointing her thick buttocks at Nick, giving him a good look at the back of her panties and the heart-shaped cutout..

Daniel's eyes were wide with desire, as he watched Sara step towards him in her skimpy white bra, panties, stockings and lacy bridal garter set. Both her and Heather looked straight out of a Frederick's of Hollywood catalog, with huge round baby-ball tummies as an added bonus.

"Time to shed these tuxes, boys!" Heather said, as her and Sara undressed their sons. They stripped them right down to their

birthday suits, and wern't surprised to find both teens sporting massive hardons.

Heather squeezed the tip of Nick's boner. "Did I do that?" she teased. "Um, yeah! It hasn't freakin' gone down all day," her son answered.

"Oh, I'm sorry, baby," she said with a pouty face, then quickly kissed him. "Okay, not really! she joked, with a giggle.

The moms teasingly removed their bras, making their enormous tit-melons spring free. Their aroused nipples were big and erect, eager to be sucked and nibbled on.

Sara and Heather slowly unclasped their garters, then hooked their thumbs under the elastic waistband of their panties and peeled them down their sexy legs.

The boys couldn't help but reach down and squeeze their dicks, at the sight of their mother's pubic mounds. Heather's vulva was completely shaved, and Sara had that sexy heart-shaped pubic fuzz, that made Daniel's cock flex, rising to an even higher upward angle.

"Looks like we both have heart-ons," his mom said with a flirty wink.

Next, the moms removed their garter belts, sliding them over the naked ass-globes and stepping out of them. Now they stood there in just their white stockings and high heels. "Wow! You guys should have just worn that to the wedding!" Nick said, his eyes wide with desire.

"Naw, we were saving our birthday suits for our wedding night," Heather said.

The women turned and stepped toward the tub, their thick rounded ass-meat swaying seductively as the walked. They both sat down on

the edge of the tub. "You boys wanna help these pregnant moms take off take off these stockings?"

The teens didn't have to be asked twice. They stepped over and knelt at their mother's legs. Daniel peeled the nylon down his mother's smooth curvy leg, watching it slip off her dainty foot, with her perfectly painted toes. Sara was leaned back slightly, with her hands on the edge

of the tub, making her milk-swollen melons and giant baby-orb, balloon outward, taking her son's breath away. She smiled and puckered her lips, blowing him a sensual kiss.

Nick loved how smooth the nylon felt, but the leg that was exposed, as he pulled the hose off, was even softer. He licked his lips, as his eyes drifted up Heather's thigh, to her bare crotch, then up the big rounded contour of her underbelly. He couldn't wait to feel it pressed against his lower abdomen, as he buried his boner up her birthing tube.

"The tubs almost full," Sara said. "Get in, boys."

Daniel and Nick stood up and climbed into the large tub. Heather started the jets, and the teens were surrounded in bubbles, as they sat down side by side. "Oh, man, that feels good!" Daniel said, sitting back and relaxing in the heated water.

"Not as good as it's about the feel,' Sara said, as her and Heather joined them in the tub.

The teens watched excitedly, as their pregnant brides climbed down on top of them, straddling their midsections. Heather leaned forward against her son, so they were mostly submerged.

She sandwiched their baby between them, and pressing her huge knockers against his upper chest. Nick thrust his pecker, rubbing it's engorged tip against his mom's perineum beneath the water.

"Need a place for that thing?" she asked, gazing lustfully into his eyes. "I can think of a place I'd like it to be, yeah."

The mother rose up slightly, reaching down, grasping his erection and squeezing it inside her cunt-hole. "There! Is that place you had in mind?" she asked.

"Yes! Feel terrific!' the teen sighed, feeling his glans sizzle, as they sunk through the velvety walls of her pussy.

Daniel needed no assistance finding his target. As Sara settled down against him, his boner pierced her twat and sunk up into heaven. The moms brought the full weight of the pregnant bodies against their boys, their enormous milk-filled boobies pancaked against their upper chests. Both couples kissed passionately, as Sara and Heather glided their wide hips in little mini-thrusts beneath the water, squeezing the boy's boners with their strong coital walls.

Inside Nick's mouth two fleshy tongues battled it out with wet wiggling desire.

"Mm, that's what those hard dicks wanted, isn't it boys? Mommy's hot pussy!" Heather asked between kisses.

Nick answered for both of them. "Fuck, yes!"

Sara gasped, feeling her son's bell-shaped knob repeatedly bump against the back wall of her vagina. Being so close to giving birth, her cervix had shortened and thinned, so that Daniel's

cock was literally digging an inch below the baby's head. His mom pointed this out. "You go any deeper and you'll be poking into your little sister."

"I won't! I'm good right there!" he sighed. The thin, bulging head of her cervix created a delightful sensation on the tip of his prick. It felt

like a set of puckered lips, smearing his glans with hot cervical mucus.

Sometimes the best part about fucking their moms, was just listening to them moan and whimper. The teens both remembered sneaking to their parent's doorway and listening to them have sex late at night. The sounds their mothers made fueled their masturbation sessions growing up. Now their moms were making those same sounds, but it was their cocks, and not their father's that were giving them pleasure. It was an absolute rush to even think about.

Over the next ten boner-grinding minutes, the boys purposely let themselves slouch lower, so they could wedge their heads between Sara and Heather's giant, milk-sloshing melons.

"God damn!" Daniel sighed, licking his mom's inner slopes, her jugs now resting again his shoulders, sandwiching his head between them.

Nick went straight for Heather's nipple, sucking all that rubbery, mahogany-colored mammilla into his greedy mouth. He whimpered delightfully, pressing into her boob, masking his face in soft spongy tit-meat, while lashing his licker across the engorged flesh of her nipple and areola.

"Yes! Suck me, Nicky!" his mother cooed.

Hot bubbles boiled around their gently rocking bodies. Their genitals were knotted in a slow steady fuck-rhythm. The mothers eye's were closed and they panted in pleasure, their pretty faces were tilted back in ecstacy. "Ohhh!..Mmmm!...Ahhh!" they sighed, in a beautiful mommy- duet.

Sara was still in awe at how incredible stiff her son's cock was. She had gone so many years with Dan's mediocre boner, that she had forgotten just how rock-hard a young cock could get. Not only that,

but Daniel's prick was so much longer and thicker than her husband's. He could reach sensitive pleasure-zones at the back of her vagina, that Dan couldn't even come close to reaching. She feared Daniel had ruined sex with her husband forever.

Daniel whimpered into his mom's meaty boob, feeling her body stiffen up, then begin to tremble in orgasm. He knew that this was when she needed him to perform at his best, and that he'd be rewarded by feeling a gush of hot girl-cum washing over his prick.

The boy pumped his hips upward, meeting her swiveling humps. He clenched his ass and flexed his cock, causing all the blood-engorged muscle and veins in his shaft to bulge, stretching her inner lining out even more. His bulbous knob, expanded into a huge purple

helmet, ramming through the quivering ribbed pipeline of Sara's vagina. "Yes! Ohh fuck! I'm cumming!" she cried out shamelessly.

Still sucking away at her tit as he fucked, Daniel got his reward, feeling the liquid love swirl around his cock.

Hearing Sara cry out made Nick want to make his mother do the same. He bucked his hips, driving his hardon with greater intensity. His mouth was stuffed full of his mother's tit cap. He used to be able to get all of it into his mouth, but Heather's areola had grown so much wider and thicker from her pregnancy, that Nick could only get the majority of he areolas in his mouth. Her nipples too had grown incredibly large and puffy. He could taste the sweet colostrum seeping from the duct at the tip of her teat, as his tongue beat against it.

His extra effort paid off, as he felt her cunt-tube tighten and heard his mom begin to cry out in orgasmic rapture. He adjusted his head, pulling at her nipple, so he could look up at her pretty face as it contorted in pleasure. He never tired of seeing his mom this way, in her most primal act, crying out as women were made to do.

"Shit!" he exclaimed, his mom's rubbery nub popping his mouth. His glans were tingling like crazy, pumping through the spewing hot grip of Heather's contracting vagina.

"Yes! Gimme that fucking load, baby!!" Heather cried out.

Her lusty words opened his flood gates, making him hose out a big rich blast of pearly-white semen.

Daniel too, felt his balls clench and push a hot load up spunk up his urethra. It blasted out his piss-slit, slathering the smothering walls of Sara's tightly-gripping pussy. The teen poked his pleasure-filled face up from between her meaty-melons and cried out in ecstacy.

For several minutes, the lucky boys grunted and gasped as they had their cum-spirting dicks milked exquisitely by the skilled walls of the tubes they had both squeezed out of so many years ago.

They all got out and towel off. Sara then dropped her towel and took her son's hand, leading him towards the adjoining bedroom. "Have a fun night, guys!" she said, peeking back at Heather and Nick. Sara was so big and pregnant that she walked with a cute little waddle, the thick cheeks of her mommy-buttocks undulating atop her luscious legs.

"You too! Don't break the bed!" Heather said.

"Well it better be well built then, that's all I can say," Sara giggled.

Heather looked at her son and smiled, her hair still damp and slicked back. "What do you think, honey? Should we go test the springs on OUR mattress?" she asked.

Nick smiled eagerly, stepping up close to her. "Jump on!" he said.

The beautiful mother folded her arms behind his neck and sprung gracefully from the floor, wrapping her strong smooth legs around

him. Nick gripped her at the thighs and carried her into the bedroom, savoring the feel of her smothering tits and baby-orb against his torso.

In the bedroom across the suit, Sara crawled onto the huge luxurious bed, wagging her thick ass teasingly ,for her son to see, as she crawled to the center of the mattress. Daniel was amazed at how far her tits hung down, wobbling like two huge engorged udders needing to be milked.

Sara sprawled out on her back, propping herself up on her elbows and looking down at her son.

She brought her knees up, splaying her legs, so they formed an extremely wide V. Her cute bare feet with their maroon-painted toenails hovered in the air. "That was some nice intimate love making in the tub, now it's time to come up here and FUCK me, like a savage beast!" she said lustfully. It was a contradiction of what she hold told Heather early, in the dressing room, about having a night of "gentle love-making." When it came down to it, the horny mom couldn't help herself. Pregnant or not, she loved to be fucked hard and rough.

Daniel gazed between her legs, at the neatly trimmed heart of dark pubic fuzz. Just below it, her juicy clitoris stuck out from beneath it's fleshy hood. Her labial lips were peeled open, revealing her creamy pink fuck-slit.

The boy crawled towards her like a horny hound. The excitedly look on his mom's face at that moment was awesome! The words "savage beast" that she used, told him just how she wanted to be fucked, and he was more than happy to oblige. He dropped down on top of her, not being the least bit gentle, then speared his erection up her fuck-channel in one long thrust.

"Yess!!" Sara cried out, feeling her pussy crammed full.

The aggressive teen reached down and cupped his mom's ass with his hands, his fingers sinking in to her fatty ass-flesh. His hips set in motion, and he fucked his mother with long deep thrusts, making his big balls beat against her upturned ass.

His lips met hers and she cried into his open mouth. "Ohh my God!"

They kissed with frenzied passion, their tongues dueling wildly. The big bed creaked and jerked, as Daniel fucked his mom "savagely," just as she requested. Sara's circled legs crept up her baby, high around his back, the toes of her feet clenched in ecstacy. Her round baby- ball distended out at the sides, as her son's torso pushed against it.

Because of her protruding tummy, Sara's tits weren't crushed against him as much, as they normally would be in this position. This allowed her oversized knockers the freedom to move around a lot more between them. Daniel watched as they leaped up and down. He could almost hear the milk sloshing around inside them. "Ohh yeah!" he sighed, mesmerized by their

wild movements.
"Theyjustlooksofuckingheavyandyummy!"his aroused mind exclaimed.

In the room across the suite, a scene of similar sorts was playing out. Heather was on her back on the center of the mattress, folded in half beneath her son, with legs propped up on his shoulders.

His cock thundered through her cunt, like a plunging piston tirelessly working through a crankshaft. Her labial flaps were stretched open lewdly around the thick pounding slab of her son's muscular cock. "Ohhh! Ohhh God!!" the busty mother cried, her voice trembling from the force of her son's fuck-plunges.

Her cunt suddenly felt like it was turning inside out around his cock, causing the boy to tilt his head back, snarling in delight. Cumming

hard, Heather slid her legs off his shoulder, but kept them high up around his back, so she could grip onto him, while she rocked her pelvis, meeting every thrust of his cock.

"Fuck, Mom!" he cried out, overwhelmed by the feel of her squeezing and humping his cock, while griping him with her strong silky legs. The unbelievable feel of jostling tits and her big smothering baby-orb only intensified this amazing fuck.

"Feel good, baby boy?!" she shouted. "Feel good to have your mommy-bride fuck her pussy up onto your cock?"

"Yess!" her son hissed, listening to their wet crotches beat together. "You gonna fuck me all night? Show me what a fucking stud I married?" "Oh fuck yes, Mom!"

She suddenly struck his ass with her hand. "Come on, fuck me harder! I know you can fuck harder than this!"

Nick intensified his thrusts, really nailing the fuck out of her. Heather was so horny that it still didn't seem like enough. She slapped his ass again. "Harder, motherfucker!" her voice cried out.

The boy's ass was a blur, as he hammered his thick pecker through her fuck-tube. Heather suddenly gasped and tilted her head, her eyes rolling back. She clawed at the son, holding him against her as tightly as she could.."FUUUCK!" she screamed, writhing beneath him, arching her back and lifting them both from the mattress.

With her back arched, Nick wrapped his arm around her torso and drove his cock in as deep as it could go, squirting out a big jet of cum. Her back landed flat again, but her son's arms were still around her. Her lovely legs were now twisted around him and were shaking from the power of her orgasm. She continued to use them to clutch and writhed beneath him, their naked body rocking wildly like two fuck-obseesed animals in a sexual wrestling match.

"God!" Nick grunting, pouring out more cum, while it felt like his mom's birth canal was melting around him.

For a half-hour they rocked and trembled, feeling their joined genitals throb and pulse. They kissed and licked each other's bodies..They were in no hurry. It was their wedding day, and they had all night. Actually, they had more than that. They had a lifetime.

In the room across the suite, Sara was on top of her son, sitting upright and rocking on his cock. Daniel ran his hands over the beach-ball sized swell of her pregnant tummy, but his eyes were mostly fixed on the two enormous milkers crowning the top.

His gaze drifted upward to see his mom's pretty face peeking down at him, over her jutting mounds. "You're so incredibly beautiful!" he muttered.

She smiled blushingly. "You always seem to know just the right words, don't you? I suppose that's the reason why you're laying where you are," she said.

Daniel felt her squeeze his deeply embedded cock with her strong cunt muscles. "Okay, maybe not the only reason," she confessed with a giggle, acknowledging the way he packed her so full, and how she loved it so fucking much. "So did you ever dream that when I started giving my ass to you, that we'd be where we are now? I mean, you've practically stolen me from your father"

"Well, I never thought THIS would happen, but I certainly hoped it would."

"It's like I've gone from a temporary sexual fill-in, to your full-on pregnant fuck-wife!" she said with a cute giggle.

"Best fuck-wife ever!" Daniel added.

"Don't worry, I know you love my ass, so I'll make sure you still get plenty of naughty assturbation sessions."

Daniel's eyes locked on her giant tits, with their big puffy nipples. "Can I get plenty of time with those too?" he asked, licking his lips.

Sara laughed, then dropped forward, lowered her bobbling breasts onto her son's face. "What do you think?" she asked. Her big naked buns began to rise and fall, as she fucked her boy's hardon through the horny grip of her vagina.

Daniel had fucked lots of women, but this was where it was at. It simply didn't get any better. He peeked up from between the massive mounds, delighted by the way her milk-engorged melons jiggled, as they hugged each side of head. He was close enough to see the big blue veins that were visible beneath the skin of her breasts, reminding him of the transformation

his mom's body had undergone the past nine months.

"Yess!" Sara cried out, as she felt her son flex his boner, and hump his ass from the mattress, meeting her exquisite fuck-thrusts.

Daniel wrapped her in his arms, squeezing their flesh together as tightly as he could, as he speared his cock up into her soft body. "Ohh shit yeah!" the boy whimpered, feeling his mom's cushy feminine charms melt around him.

Their bodies gradually moved into a frenzied rhythm, rocking and humping with wild motions. Daniel wanted to fuck his mom to the moon and back, and Sara had the wicked urge to pull her son's entire body inside her and give birth to him all over again, if such a thing were possible.

The bed whined and rocked from the force of their fucking. Daniel had his face wedged against the inside portion of one of her tits. His entire head looked like it was being swallowed by tit-cleavage. He

snarled against the quivering meat that was masking his face, pushing his cock up through rubbery coital rings, that grasped around his throbbing muscle, soaking it in secreting fuck-oil.

Sara rose onto extended arms that rested on either side of her son's head. She swiveled her cunt like a bitch in heat, plowing his erection against her back wall. Now her hanging milkers were swinging all around his face, brushing and bumping and smacking against her son from the rhythm of her skillful cock-riding.

The unyielding hardness of her boy's meaty muscle made her entire body tremble with a pre- orgasmic thrill. "Ohh baby, I love your cock!!" she cried out, feeling his engorged knob stretch the hot lining deep in her core.

Daniel reached up and pulled her back down against him, jackhammering his cock up and down her fuck-tube with savage thrusts. Their crotches made a lewd smacking sound, as they both pumped with equal passion. "Yes!! GOD, IM CUMMING!!" the sexy mother announced.

"Me too!" Daniel's voice trembled.

The sounds their mouths made after that were unintelligible, just deep guttural grunts, as they exploded in a mind-blowing mutual orgasm. Being buried beneath his mother's pregnant, huge-titted body made it even more intense for the boy.

The girl-cum that swirled around Daniel's cum-spurting knob felt like a dozen tongues rolling all over his glans. Sara could feel his cock swelling and flexing with ever spurt of his load, stretching the pink velvet sheath, as it hugged his humping dong like a juicy fist.

When their bodies finally went limp, they both let out a deep satisfied sigh, with Sara's head resting on her teen's chest.

"Amazing!" Daniel muttered.

"Explosive!" Sara said, breathlessly, her cunt walls still quivering. "Fantastic!" the boy sighed, feeling his prick encased in wet warmth.

Sara felt it throb and lifted her head, gazing into his eyes. "Wanna go again?" she asked wantonly.

"Hell yes!" Daniel answered eagerly.

Daniel and Sara were giddily in love. The sexual adventures they had shared were just the beginning of what would be a long passionate sexual relationship.

THE END

102: Mom's BARE Intentions

Mom's BARE Intentions By Klrxo

"Who wants popcorn?" Rosie shouted as she joined the family for movie time. It was a Friday night tradition at the Jenkins home.

"I do!" her five year old daughter Missy shouted.

Rosie scooped some popcorn from a large bowl to a smaller one and handed it to her daughter. She then looked over at her son. "Thomas, popcorn kiddo?" she asked.

"I'm good, thanks," the teen muttered, forcing a smile. Much to his displeasure, family movie night was a requirement from his parents, in hopes of having a night to bring the family together.

The one thing Thomas did like about movie night was it allowed him to steal looks at his mom, who he thought was the sexiest woman on the planet. Rosie Jenkins looked like a 38-year-old Farrah Faucet, with striking facial features and shoulder length blonde hair. However, what fascinated Thomas the most was her body. He could hardly look at it without blushing. This was because he loved big boobs, and his mom had a ridiculously large rack that defied the laws of gravity by regularly wobbling around, even under a snug modest covering.

"What's this movie about anyway?" his dad Pete asked as he sat down next to his wife of nineteen years.

"I don't know much about it, except that it's a comedy and Gail said it was hilarious," Rosie said. "That's what you said about last week's

movie too and it turned out to be 'hilariously' long and stupid." Rosie slapped her hubby on the knee playfully. "Give it a chance," she said.

Thomas loved watching comedies on family night, only because he could sneak peeks at his mom's jiggling breasts every time she laughed at a scene. Even though her monster mounds were his favorite part of her, they weren't the only things he was fascinated with. His mom had a wonderful peach- shaped ass and sexy shapely legs that always looked so smooth and strong. Tonight, she happened to be wearing some pale pink sweat-shorts, which allowed the boy to peek over at his leisure, and study her sexy bottom-half.

He was more than embarrassed when he noticed her looking over at him, catching him in the act.

Rosie was well aware of her son's wandering eyes, but also noticed how red his face would become and how he always looked away timidly.

She had also become aware of a regular pattern of behavior during movie-time that she found troublesome. This one came about a half-hour into the film, when the pretty female character in the movie took her top off. It only really showed the girl's back and a small portion of her ass, but like clockwork, her son blushingly got up from the couch and rushed away. "I gotta use the bathroom," he said, just as he always did.

Thomas would always return when the scene was over.

The worried mother decided to bring this up with her husband later as they sat in bed. "Can I ask you

something?" she said.

"I charge a kiss on the lips for questions this late," her husband joked.

"A price I'm fine with paying," Rosie said as she leaned over and planted one on his lips. "Mm, my best customer," he muttered with a big smile.

His wife slapped him on the shoulder playfully. "And your ONLY customer I certainly hope?" "Of course… he said. "Business is slow this time of year."

She tickled him this time. "Not funny, you shit!" "Ok seriously, what's your question?" he asked.

"Do you ever notice how Thomas dismisses himself from movie-time, every time there's a semi-

undressed female on the screen?" "Yeah, I've noticed," he said.

"You don't find that a bit odd?"

"They boy's shy, what are you gonna do?" Pete said.

"Shy? Honey, these are family movies. That wasn't even full nudity tonight and he rushed away like he'd

just got the shock of his life."

"Rosie, some boys are just shy like that. At least we know he's probably not addicted to porn," Pete

joked.

"No, but reacting that way… to just to mild nudity. That's not normal."

"Define 'normal.' Everyone's different. Thomas just happens to be extremely shy and timid about those things."

"So what happens if he's on a date, and a girl tries to make a move on him. What's he gonna do, run off?" Rosie asked.

"Maybe he will. If the girl likes him enough, she'll just be patient and help him work through those

issues."

Rosie fed her husband a testy look. "We were both his age when we started dating. If you ran off when I tried to make a move, I would have taken it personally and not gone out with you again."

"Gee, thanks."

"Of course I wouldn't do that now, but my point is young girls are selfish, and they take everything personally. If Thomas marches out on a date, he'll be lucky if that girl every speaks to him again," Rosie explained.

"Look, we don't know that he'd even do that, ok. I mean, maybe he's just embarrassed to watch that stuff in front of us. Maybe he doesn't have issues at all when he's around girls at school."

"You could be right," Rosie said with a softened expression. "Maybe I am just overreacting." "YOU, overreact? Never!" Pete joked.

His wife took another playful slap at him. "I'll try to ignore the whole exiting the movie thing, but I just hope this level of shyness doesn't extend beyond that."

"And I'm right on board with you," Pete said. "Let's just not make any assumptions just yet."

Rosie knew her husband had a point. Perhaps she was assuming the worst when it came to their son's shyness. Still though, she wanted to be sure. She was curious to see how he'd react in an uncomfortable situation outside family movie-time, so she formulated a plan.

"God, what a beautiful day!" Rosie's friend Gail said as they walked onto the beach carrying their big beach bags.

"And the beach isn't packed like it usually is," Rosie said, then looked back at her son trailing behind them, pulling the cooler. "How you doing back there, kiddo?"

"Good," her son said, plugging along in the sand. Near him was Rosie's daughter Missy and Gail's 19- year-old daughter Paris.

"Hey, Paris, will you swim with me?" Missy asked. "Maybe, if the water's not too cold," Paris answered. "How's this spot?" Gail said, dropping her bag on the sand.

"Seems as good as any to me," Rosie answered, spreading her towel out. "Thomas, you should swim with us," his sister suggested.

"Maybe in a little while," the teen answered, bringing the cooler to rest, then sitting down. "Come on, Paris!" the young girl said, excitedly dashing for the water.

"I'll be right down," the 19-year-old giggled.

"Looks like you made a new best friend, Paris," Rosie joked. "I don't mind. She's adorable."

Thomas's eyes suddenly widened as the three women began stripping down to their bikinis. Through the corner of her eye, Rosie watched her son's reaction carefully. This was the moment that would either prove or discredit her theory about him being shy outside of family movie-time.

The teen watched as Paris pulled off her skirt, bending over and pointing her bikini-clad ass back at him. He quickly looked away, but was struck with the site of Paris's mother Gail in her bikini-top. It wasn't the most revealing top he'd ever seen, but the fact that she had huge motherly boobies made it seem extremely risqué to him.

His face turned all kinds of red, and when he timidly moved his head again, he was met with the site of his mother's body this time. Rosie was facing him, bent forward, exposing the hugest, gaping cleavage he'd ever seen.

"I gotta… um, go to the car," the boy announced, hopping up and scrambling away. The three women watched him abruptly rush off. "Is he ok?" Gail asked with concern. "I'm not sure. I'll go check," Rosie said, following after her boy.

While the boy awkwardly rushed towards the parking area, the bikini-clad mother patiently followed. Rosie's huge ballooning tits trembled delightfully as she walked. Her bikini was by no means inappropriate, but the fact that her tits were so enormous and fat surely made it seem that way. "Honey?" she called out, following her boy. "Honey, hold up a minute."

"I just um, forgot something in the car, mom," he answered.

Thomas finally arrived at the vehicle, got in the back seat and closed the door. A half a minute later, his

mom opened it and looked in at him. "Okay, what did you forget?" she asked patiently. "Just… my um…" he muttered, pretending to look around for something.

"Uh-huh, that's what I thought," Rosie said, then got in and closed the door.

The mother crossed her sexy bare legs, but Thomas pretended not to notice. "What's going on with you?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "Thomas, look at me," she said patiently.

"What, mom, I just wanna sit in here for a few minutes." "Will you please look at me?"

"No," he muttered timidly. "Why?"

"Why do I have to?" he asked.

"I think the more appropriate question here is why don't you want to? I'm trying to have a conversation with you," Rosie said.

"Mom, there nothing wrong. I'll be down in a few minutes." "Is it because I have a bikini on?" she asked frankly.

"No."

"I think it is." "It's not."

"Then why did you rush away suddenly when we took our cover-ups off? The same way you ran away last night when the girl got partially naked during the movie," Rosie said.

"I had to pee."

His mom giggled. "You did not. You do that every time, kiddo. Any time there's a love scene, or a woman

partially undressed, you rush away until the scene is over, then you come back. Why?" "No reason, mom. Can we just drop it?"

"No, we can't. I get that you want some time alone right now, but I'm not leaving until you look over here and have this conversation with me," she said with motherly authority.

Thomas slowly peered over, first spotting his mother's dangling bare foot. It was so dainty and sexy, with fleshly painted blood-red toenails. His eyes drifted up her smooth matronly leg, which seemed to shimmer from being freshly shaved and having a recently applied layer of suntan oil. Next, he followed her bare midriff up to the monstrous swell of her tits. Despite it being a 'modest' bikini, the

amount of breast-meat that was spilling out all over the place was obscene, forcing the teen to quickly look away again.

This time, the concerned mother uncrossed her legs , placing both feet on the floor between their seats, and leaned over to touch his shoulder tenderly. "Thomas, honey… look at me. Just look at my face," she said lovingly.

The teen looked over into his mom's deep blue eyes. "You're timid, I get it, but are you like this all the time?" she asked.

"I guess so," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "You guess so. It's a yes or no question, kiddo." "I just um… get embarrassed," he admitted.

"Embarrassed when you see a woman partially undressed, or in a bikini?" "Yes."

"Have you always been that way? I never really noticed you acting funny until recently," his mom said. "Ever since I can remember, I get that way sometimes."

"But you had a girlfriend earlier this year," Rosie pointed out. "What would happen when she took

something off in front of you?"

"What do you think would happen, mom?" "You'd run away?" Rosie asked curiously.

"Yes, I'd get embarrassed. Why do you think she's not my girlfriend any more? She thought I was weird."

Rosie rubbed his shoulder. "I'm sure she didn't think you were weird, but girls your age are extremely self-conscious. She probably thought you were running off because there was something wrong with her," she explained.

"I told her there wasn't, that it was just me… it's just the way I am."

"I'm sure you did, honey. Unfortunately, younger girls are a little less tolerant to issues like that. Their brains are wired to take things personally. Trust me, I was that age once."

"I guess I'll just never have a girlfriend then," Thomas said with a sulking face.

"Nonsense," his mom said.

"It's not nonsense. What girl would wanna go out with a guy who can't even look at her when she takes

her clothes off?"

Rosie knew he was right. If he continued on this way, he'd be hard pressed to find a girl that would stay with him. She also knew these issues were deeply psychological and there was no easy solution. "Gail and I will put our cover-ups back on. Will you please just… take a few minutes then come back down?"

"I'll try."

"I love you," his mom said tenderly.

He glanced at her pretty face. "Love you too."

Rosie got out and strode away from the vehicle. The boy couldn't help but peek out the window and watch her move back towards the beach. The bikini-bottoms were molded perfectly around the meat of his mom's luscious undulating buttocks. The fatty flesh of her ass made her buns jiggle delightfully atop her sexy mommy-legs.

As he often did, he imagined his mom's naked ass beating against his nuts, this time while they were in the car together. He imagined her stripping off her bikini and climbing on top of him. Then their

bodies would become a sweaty heap of pounding sex on the back seat. He imagined her huge tits bouncing and smothering him nearly unconscious as he fired hot cords of cum deep inside her.

"Damnit," the boy gasped, pushing his hand against his hard bulge, while trying to shake the forbidden thoughts from his mind.

"Everything ok?" Gail asked as Rosie returned to the beach and slipped her bikini cover-up back on.

"Have any suggestions on how to deal with an extremely shy teenager?" she said.

Gail giggled. "I had a feeling that might be the issue."

Rosie sat down on the sand next to her. "It's bad, Gail. I mean, he would hardly look at me when I was trying to talk to him."

"Is it just with you, or…"

"No, it seems to be ANY girl. Last night it was the girl in the movie we were watching. It was mild nudity,

I mean like… mega-mild."

"Wow, I could understand if he was just going through puberty, but eighteen? He should be well past any embarrassment of the female body at this point," Gail said.

"I know he should, and that's what has me so worried."

"My cousin's wife's a sex therapist. Do you think he'd be open to seeing her?"

"Knowing Thomas, probably not. He does need some sort of therapeutic intervention though," Rosie said. "If he keeps going this way, he may never have a normal relationship."

"True. Well, If you really wanna help him, maybe you should look no further than right from home." "Explain?" Rosie asked, looking at her friend curiously.

"Well, if he's embarrassed around YOU, that must mean he's attracted to you too, right?"

"The modest mother in me wants to say you're crazy for thinking that, but I've seen the way he looks at me."

"That being the case, why don't you do some desensitization therapy with him?" "Desensiti-what??" Rosie asked.

Gail quickly looked it up on her phone. "Desensitization… to make a hypersensitive individual insensitive or non-reactive to something."

"Ok, and how would I do that?"

"Well, typically, it's by exposing them to the thing that causes their hypersensitivity, in small doses, until they've become completely non-reactive to it. It's kind of like the analogy of the frog in boiling water. If you stick a frog in boiling water, it'll react wildly just like Thomas did when he saw us today, but if you put a frog in cool water and slowly bring it to a boil, there will be no reaction at all," Gail explained.

"So, let me see if I understand you correctly. You think if I start exposing Thomas to different parts of my body slowly, then I might break him of his shyness?"

"Makes sense to me. I mean, you could try to get another girl to do it, but in my opinion, the home is the perfect laboratory, and mom makes the perfect scientist," Gail said with a giggle.

"Oh thanks, so my son's a lab rat now?" "You know what I mean," Gail said.

"I know, and I'm sure this type of therapy is bound to still get a reaction out of him. I should be the one to deal with him when he gets like that."

Gail reached over and patted her friend on the knee. "You know I'm there for you if you need anything." "Thanks," the mother smiled. After a short silence she looked back over at Gail. "So where do I start?" "Where do you start?"

"Yeah, with this desensitization thing. I don't wanna do too much too soon and freak him out, so where

should I start?"

"Hmm," Gail hummed, thinking about it a moment. "What if you start with an accident?"

"An accident?"

"Yeah, you know, 'accidentally' exposing something to him." "Like what though?" Rosie asked with a smile.

Gail thought about it for a moment longer. "Here's an idea…" she said.

Thomas was hanging out in his bedroom that evening when he heard a tap at his door. "Can I come in,

Kiddo?" Rosie asked peeking her head in.

"I don't really feel like talking right now, mom," he said, assuming she was there to discuss what happened at the beach again.

"Who said I'm hear to talk? I'm washing the beach towels and was wondering if you still have yours in

here?"

"Yeah, in the bag over there, but I didn't really get it that dirty though."

"That's ok," Rosie said, stepping into her son's room. "We might as well wash it with the others."

Rosie was wearing a white terrycloth robe that fell to her mid thighs. She stepped over to her son's bag on bare feet and bent over to open it. "Do you have anything else in here you'd like me to wash?"

Thomas watched his mom bend over. Her ass was pointed towards him and as she bent forward, her robe slipped up and a portion of her panty-clad ass became exposed. "No," he muttered, his eyes widening. His mom wore white cheeky panties that left nearly half her apple-bottomed ass exposed.

"Are you sure? Some of these things look dirty," his mom said.

Thomas soon realized that the panties were so frilly that he could see the shadow of his mom's ass-crack right through them. He quickly looked away, with his face beat red and walked towards his window. "It's fine, mom. I can wash that stuff later," he said in a frazzled tone.

Rosie sensed his uneasiness and quickly straightened up. "Ok, got what I needed then, thank you," she

said, then left.

Once outside, the mother did a cute fist-pump in the air. "Yess!" she whispered out loud. "Clearly

uncomfortable for him, but at least he didn't run off."

The next morning, Rosie's husband went off to play golf and Missy had gone over to a friend's, leaving the mother home alone with her

son. Rather than give him another peek up her robe, she decided to take it one step further.

Thomas came downstairs to the kitchen, but when he spotted his mom at the sink, he stopped dead in his tracks. She was wearing a big white t-shirt, but the hem only fell to the middle of her ass, and she was wearing thong panties this time. He could faintly see the green thong tucked between the cheeks of her meaty behind. With his heart racing, he started to back away, but that's when his mom peeked over her shoulder and spotted him.

"Good morning, kiddo," she said, just like she had any other morning.

Thomas quickly disappeared.

"Thomas?" his mom called, drying her hands as she started after him.

By the time she got to the kitchen entrance she saw her boy rushing back upstairs. "Thomas, honey?"

she said, but it didn't stop him.

"Shit," the mother muttered to herself. "Too much too soon maybe."

She started up the stairs, and when she got to his door, she found it closed. "Thomas, I'm coming in,"

she said, knocking, then opening his door. Her son was laying on his back on the bed.

The teen peeked over to see his mom closing the door behind her. From the front, he could see a dainty triangle of panty-cloth covering her puffy pubis. As she stepped across the room, it became obvious that she was braless beneath the big t-shirt. The way her mammoth

melons wobbled heavily and the protuberant nubs of her nipples poked out from beneath the cloth made the fact unmistakable.

The timid teen quickly turned over and faced the wall away from her, then felt his pretty mom sit down on the edge of his bed. "Honey, can we just talk a minute?" she softly asked.

"Go ahead and talk," he said, unable to see her.

The mother knew her true purpose was to have him look at her. He needed to look at what she was wearing, and to be comfortable with it.

She slid onto her tummy beside him, with the luscious half-moons of her mommy buttocks fully exposed. "Will you turn over and look at me while we talk?" she asked.

Thomas peeked back and his eyes went straight to her ass. The sight of it so close took his breath away

and he quickly sat upright. "Jesus, mom, you're naked down there!"

"I'm am not, honey. I have panties on. Look," she said, pulling at the string.

This didn't ease her son's anxiety one bit. He quickly got up and rushed away, back out of his bedroom.

"Thomas, come back," his mom said.

Rosie sat up, making her big boobies shift about. "Ok, I expected this would happen," she said to herself. "Patients and persistence. You can do this, Rosie."

The mother walked out of the room and found her son downstairs on the couch. She stepped over close to him and held her hand out.

"What?" he asked, glancing at her panty-covered crotch. He looked just long enough to see that they were semi-sheer, making it obvious that his mom was completely shaved beneath.

"Back upstairs. Let's go."

"Why? Are you afraid dad might walk in and see you wearing that in front of me?" he asked. "Don't be a wise-guy. Take my hand and let's go," she said patiently.

"Why are you wearing that?"

"I'd be happy to have this conversation back upstairs where were before. Coming?" she asked.

Thomas took her hand, then followed her back up the steps. He couldn't help but take a peek down at her swaying buttocks as they moved back towards his bedroom. Even though she had a thong on, she might as well have been naked down there. Her meaty ass-cheeks jiggled delightfully as she shamelessly led him back to his bed.

"Sit back against the headboard," she said.

Thomas timidly did as his mom asked, and hardly looked at her as she sprawled back on her tummy beside him, just the way she had the first time.

The beautiful blonde mother looked at him. "Why are you so afraid to look at it?" she asked. "It's just an ass. Everyone has one."

"Yeah, but there's other parts of you that not everyone has."

"You mean my breasts and vagina?" Rosie asked with an amused look.

This turned her son's face a shade of red. "Mom," he muttered.

"What, those are perfectly proper terms," she said. "It's not like I said my tits and pussy." Thomas turned his head blushingly, making his mom snicker.

"I'm sorry, Kiddo. I just wanna help you, that's all." "You wanna help me not be embarrassed?"

"Yes, and I think the best way to go about doing that is by letting you see me like this. If you get used to seeing this enough times, then maybe you'll be less likely to react the way you do, when you're around half-naked girls your own age. Does that make sense?" Rosie asked.

"I guess so," he muttered, still looking towards his window.

"However, if you're gonna look away from me when I'm around and talking to you, then you might as well run off like scaredy-cat again."

"It's embarrassing, mom."

"Embarrassing why? If anyone should be embarrassed it should be me. I'm the one laying here with my

ass out," she said amusingly.

"You're not embarrassed at all though."

"The body's not a thing we should be ashamed of, kiddo. Besides, it's not like either one of is ugly and weigh eight-hundred pounds or anything," she joked. "What do we have to be ashamed of?"

"So you're really gonna come in to my room wearing THAT every day?" he asked, glancing at her naked bubble-butt.

"Maybe not here in your room, and maybe not wearing this exact thing, but yes. It's time for you to face your fears head on, with mom's help."

The next day, Sunday, the family went shopping at the mall. They spent time looking in their favorite stores. At one point, Pete followed his daughter into the arcade, and Rosie grabbed her son by the hand.

"Honey, Thomas and I are gonna take a walk," she said to her husband. "There's something he wants to show me down that way."

"We'll be in here when you're finished," Pete said, watching his daughter excitedly jump on a game and begin playing.

Rosie quickly led her son down the mall, her dainty heels clicking against the tile floor. "What am I showing you down here?" he asked, looking over at her.

"Nothing," she said, them smiled mischievously, "but I wanna show YOU something."

"Oh," the boy muttered, then hesitated when he saw that his mom was leading him into a woman's

lingerie store. "Mom, no!"

"Honey, yes, come on, don't be afraid." "I'm not afraid, I'm just…"

"Embarrassed? You don't have to be. It's alright. Just trust me, okay?" she said.

"Why are we going in there?"

She took both his hands and gazed at him with her beautiful blue eyes. "We're facing your fears head on together, remember?" she said.

"Whatever," he reluctantly muttered. "Good," she said, leading him in.

Once inside, the mother snatched the first outfit she saw, which was a strange purple color. A friendly

looking saleswoman greeted them with a smile. "Hi. Looking for anything in particular?" she asked. "Your dressing room," Rosie responded.

"Dressing rooms are in the back."

"Thank you," the mother responded, tugging her son along.

They arrived in the dressing room area and Rosie stopped at the door. "You're trying on that thing?" her

son asked.

"Ugh, no, yuck! That's ugly," the mother said hanging it on a rack outside the door. "Then why are we back here?"

"I am trying SOMETHING on, but you're picking it out," she said with a smile. "What?"

"That's right. Go back out there and pick out something you like, then I'll try it on for you." "Mom, no… can we just go."

"Sorry, kiddo. That's not the plan. Go pick something out."

Thomas glanced out at all the delicate negligee. "But everything out there is like…" "Revealing? That's the point, remember? You agreed to let me help you…so let me help you."

"Fine," the boy muttered, then walked back out into the display area. He browsed around awkwardly.

"Need any help?" the pretty sales lady said, stepping up behind him. "No, I'm good."

"Is that your mom back there?" she asked. "Why?"

"Just curious," the lady smiled. "We get a lot of Moms bringing their sons in here. It's a judgement-free zone, don't worry," she said.

"Yes, it's my mom," Thomas muttered, not really looking at the girl.

"She's pretty. Big boobs too," she said, making the boy's face go red. "She'd look really good in a

babydoll nighty." "What's that?"

The sales lady walked towards a corner of the store. "They're over here," she said.

A few minutes later, Thomas arrived back at the dressing room and handed his mom a black silky- looking number. Rosie just smiled and opened the dressing room door. "Don't you dare go anywhere, mister," she said in a stern but playful manner, then disappeared inside.

It was the longest three minutes of Thomas's life. Despite his mom's warning, he was tempted to race out of there, especially when he heard her voice. "You can come in," she said softly.

"Mom, do I have to?" he asked. "You really don't want to?" "This is just…embarrassing."

"So YOU DO want to, but you're just afraid?" "Yes," he confessed.

"Would you be less afraid if you came in and I wasn't watching you?" "Maybe, I don't know."

"What if I was blindfolded and couldn't see you looking at me. Would that make it easier?" she asked.

"I guess. Maybe, but…"

"Go ask the sales lady for a blindfold," his mom said. "Really? They sell blindfolds here?"

Rosie giggled. "Honey, this is a lingerie store. Of course they sell blindfolds here. Go get one." "Ok," Thomas said, then wandered back out onto the display floor.

"Everything ok?" the sales lady asked. "Does she need a different size?" "No, um…do you…um…"

"Do I what, hon?"

"Never mind," Thomas said, then rushed back to the waiting room. "Mom, I can't do it." "You didn't ask her?"

"I couldn't, it's too embarrassing."

His mom giggled. "Oh, Thomas. I'll close my eyes tight, I promise. Just get your ass in here." "Can we just forget about this?" he said, frozen in fear.

The door to the dressing room suddenly popped wide open and the boy's eyes about bugged out of his skull. Rosie was standing there facing him wearing a stunning black baby doll chemise lingerie set. She was in a sexy pose, with one silky leg bent at the knee and sticking out the slit of the transparent chemise, and as promised, her eyes were clenched closed.

Thomas could see that she was wearing a black thong beneath the chemise, and the top portion allowed the huge mounds of her creamy cleavage to be exposed. He couldn't imagine her wearing anything sexier.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked.

With his face red with embarrassment, Thomas suddenly rushed away, back through the store.

"Thomas?" his mom called, but there was no stopping him.

A few minutes later, fully dressed again; Rosie found her son sitting on a bench in the mall waiting for her. "Well… that could have gone better," she said.

"Sorry," the boy muttered.

She sat down next to him. "Thomas, if I'm gonna help you overcome your shyness, then you're at least

gonna have to put in some effort yourself." "I know."

"You say that, but then when it comes time for me to show some skin, you run off." "I'll try to get better."

Rosie reached over and took his hand. "I want you to have a happy, normal relationship with girls, and I'll do anything to help break you of your shyness, even if that means tying you down and forcing you to look at me," she half-joked.

The next day, while her kids were in school, Rosie had Gail over for coffee. It wasn't long before the conversation centered on Rosie's son.

"Making any progress with Thomas's shyness?" Gail asked.

"Not much. Every time I show some skin he rushes away. This desensitization thing is gonna be a tough battle I think."

"Maybe not. I did some reading last night. Found out some interesting things that might make it easier." "Such as?"

"Well, this article said that usually a boy's shyness is caused by his own lack of confidence, and a bad self-image," Gail explained.

"So you think Thomas is being this way because of how he feels about himself?"

"Yes, which is probably why he's still running off, no matter how hard you try to make it easy for him. He feels intimidated, because of his own lack of experience and self confidence," Gail explained. "He may even think he's ugly."

"That's ridiculous! Thomas is far from ugly."

"Of course he is. In fact he's extremely handsome, but maybe he just doesn't see himself that way, because he hasn't been around girls that express that too him much."

"I feel so bad now," Rosie said.

"Why? You're trying to help him. You didn't do anything wrong."

"I know, but I've been trying to shove it down his throat without seeing what the real root of the problem is. He has a poor self image."

Later that afternoon, Rosie decided to alter her approach with her son, to include what her and Gail had discussed. "Hi, kiddo! How was practice?" she asked as Thomas arrived home.

"It was ok. Coach has been really hard on us here lately." "Probably because he "really" wants you to win."

"True."

"I'm sure he knows what a valuable player you are though. You make catches out on that field those other boys couldn't even come close to making," Rosie said.

"Well, I try to give it my all."

"I have a load of your laundry ready to go. That shirt is filthy. Why don't you take it off and I'll throw it in with your other things"

"Ok, um, I'll take it off down in my room, then bring it down to you," he said, seeming reluctant. "Nonsense. Just slip it off now, and I'll throw it in real quick," she said, stepping forward and lifting it off

herself. She eyeballed her son's bare chest. "Wow!" she exclaimed. "What?" Thomas asked, standing there awkwardly without a shirt on.

"The coach must really have you guys working out this year. You're developing some great muscle tone."

"Really?" the boy asked, looking down at his lean chest.

"Yes, really. I mean, you're not gonna notice it as much as other people will, because you see yourself

without a shirt on every day, but damn, kiddo. That's impressive." "Thanks!" he proudly smiled, then rushed off.

A half-hour later, when Thomas was sitting on his bed doing homework, his mom peeked her head in.

"Hey Kiddo, can I get some advice?" she asked. "Advice?"

"Yeah, you know… your opinion on something," Rosie said, coming in and moving towards his bed.

He shouldn't have been surprised to see her wearing something super-sexy and revealing, but he was. His mom wore a white thigh-length Kimono robe, that was made of semi-sheer mesh, allowing him to faintly make out her nude body beneath it. Her huge mommy-melons bobbled heavily beneath the fabric, moving freely without a bra.

"I'll only stay a few minutes, then I'll leave, ok?" she said, sitting down with him on the mattress, with her silky legs spread off to the side.

"Alright, um…what did you need to ask me about?" "Just a few fitness tips."

"Fitness tips?" he asked.

"Yeah, I mean, you're in such good shape. I figured you could give me a few pointers on how to get fit

myself."

"I thought you went to a palates class?"

"Well, yeah, I do, but I figured where you're so lean and fit, it might benefit me more to do some of

whatever you're doing."

Rosie could tell her son's head was already swelling with more confidence. "Coach has us doing a lot of

squats, sit-ups, stuff like that, to build a strong inner core," he said.

"Sit-ups I'm familiar with. Squats, not so much. Could you show me how to do a few?" Rosie asked.

"Sure," Thomas said, crawling off the mattress and standing next to the bed. "You keep your back

straight, then just crouch down like this," he said, squatting down. "Then back up."

Rosie climbed down off the bed. The tie to her robe was lose, making it peek open, revealing a

monstrous cleavage. "Ok, so keep my back straight, like this, right?" she asked.

Thomas stared at her jutting mounds. He could faintly make out the huge pink circles of her areola through the decorative mesh fabric. "Honey," his mom said, snapping him from his trance. "Is this right?"

"Yes," he said, his face still a little red with embarrassment.

"Good, because if I wanna be in such amazing shape like you are, I gotta make sure I'm doing them

correctly," she said. "Right," he boy smiled.

"So, then I just crouch down, like this, right?" the mother asked, squatting her lovely ass towards the

floor, while bowing her legs open at the same time.

The boy's heart skipped a beat as he found himself gazing at his mom's shaved pussy. The puffy outer lips were slightly splayed open, revealing some of her pink inner curtains and the domed hood that was covering her clitoris.

"Thomas?" his mom said, causing him to look up at her face. "Am I doing this right?" "Your um… legs are spread apart further than they should be," he timidly muttered. "Oh, sorry," she said, snapping her thighs together. "So, like this?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then back up," Rosie said, springing back upright, making her giant boobies jostle beneath the

covering.

"That's um… all there is to it," her boy said.

Rosie didn't wanna push things too far. She did what she needed to do, and her son had stuck around this time. It was a huge victory. "Thanks, Kiddo!" she said, then sashayed to his door.

Thomas's jaw hung open as he watched her bare buttocks sway beneath the robe as she left.

Rosie was startled by a voice as she exited her son's bedroom. "There you are," her husband's voice said.

She turned towards Pete with a surprised look as she held the robe closed, in hopes of hiding the fact that it was sheer. "Hey, you're, um… home early," she pointed out.

"Yeah, got all my work done at the office, so I figured I'd call it a day," he said, then let his eyes take in what she was wearing. "Why are you in that thing?"

"Oh, I was just gonna take a shower, but I needed to talk to Thomas first."

"In that?" Pete asked, seeming more confused by the second. "Isn't that a little inappropriate to be

wearing around him?"

Rosie felt uncomfortable having this conversation with Pete right outside their son's door. She'd made some progress today and the last thing she needed was for her husband to fuck things up. "Can we talk in the bedroom please?" she asked, moving past him.

Once inside their bedroom, Rosie sat on the edge of the bed. "Do you remember how I expressed some

concerns about Thomas's shyness, after we watched the movie together last week?" she asked.

"Yeah, I remember. Why?" Pete asked, eager to hear his wife's justification for wearing something so risqué around their son.

"We agreed that we wouldn't become concerned unless he started doing those things in other situations, and he has."

"What do you mean other situations?

"At the beach the other day, when he saw Gail's daughter in her bikini. He ran and hid in the car," Rosie explained. "He's been doing the same thing when he sees me in something like this."

Pete chuckled and rolled his eyes. "He SHOULDN'T be seeing you in 'something like this.' You're his mother," he exclaimed.

"Honey, please, just hear me out. I've been wearing a few… revealing outfits the past few days, because I thought it might help him feel more comfortable around girls who are showing some skin."

"You really think that's ok for a mother to do?" Pete asked.

"Help her son overcome some anxiety? Yes, I do." "By parading around half-naked in front of him?"

"He's facing his fears. Who else is gonna help him through this, if not his own mother? All the girls his own age just take it personally and dump him," Rosie explained.

"If he needs to see a psychologist, then we'll take him to one."

"He doesn't need a doctor, Pete. What he needs is to feel good about himself. Once he has a positive self-image, then he'll feel confident around girls, and won't run away like we saw him do the other night."

"I won't argue with the self-confidence part, but you're not wearing things like that in front of him, end

of story," her husband said, then walked into the bathroom.

"Pete's being a completely fuddy-duddy about this whole thing," Rosie complained, as she spoke to Gail on the phone.

"I'm surprised you told him what were doing."

"I had to. He saw me coming out of Thomas's wearing nothing but a see-through robe."

"Awkward," Gail said.

"Very, and when I try to explain the whole desensitization and self-esteem thing he just shut me down." "So he doesn't want you helping Thomas to face his fears?"

"He does, but apparently he wants me in modest attire while I'm doing it," Rosie said in discouraging tone.

"Well that really sort of defeats the purpose, doesn't it. The whole idea is for Thomas to be exposed to

skin, so he get desensitized by it."

"Well, on a positive note, he does seem to be better," Rosie said.

"Really? That's great. So maybe it's time he sees mom in the buff," Gail suggested. "Already?"

"Why not. He's seen you nearly naked and is managing it alright. Maybe it's time to take things to the

next level.

The next morning, Thomas wrapped a towel around his waist and walked across the hallway to take a shower. When he entered the bathroom, he got the shock of his life. There, completely naked and toweling off was his gorgeous mother.

"Good morning!" she said with a smile, her monstrous tits ballooning outward. "Mom, what are you doing?!" he asked, half-hiding his face. "Why are you naked?" "Do you remember the robe I had on yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Your father told me not to wear anything like that in front of you anymore," she said. "So, I'm not

wearing anything like that in front of you anymore."

"So you're just gonna be… naked? Why are you showering in my bathroom?"

When Rosie saw him backing out the doorway, she diverted the conversation. From the size of the morning wood protruding from beneath her son's towel she felt confident in her next words. "There's a rumor going around about you, you know?" she said.

"Rumor?" he asked.

"Yeah, but don't worry, it's a good rumor." "What is it?"

"Well can I tell you without you getting embarrassed?" Rosie asked.

"Ok," the boy muttered, glancing down at the upside-down triangle of his mom's shaved mons.

"Well apparently some of the girls at school are saying that you have an extremely large penis," Rosie said. Of course that part was untrue, but she wanted to boost her son's self confidence as much as she could.

"I don't know about that?"

"Well, it's not usually something a girl makes up. A rumor like that usually has some merit behind it," his

mom said, glancing down at the unmistakable tubular bulge beneath the towel.

"Well, I'm not sure where a rumor like that got started." "Did your um… ex-girlfriend ever see your penis?"

"No."

"Oh, um… what about any of the other girls at school? Did any of them see it?"

"No," Thomas said, hanging his head. "No one has ever seen it, that's why the rumor can't be true."

"Maybe… one of the guys in the showers after practice was impressed, and started the rumor," she said with a quirky smile. "I mean, you never know, right?"

"I don't shower at school, mom," Thomas said. "Why do you think I usually shower after I get home." "Oh," Rosie muttered, realizing her plan had just been foiled.

"See, the rumor's untrue," the boy said in a defeated tone.

The mother had one more card to play, so she bravely did so. "Well, you may be right, but…" she said,

looking at his package, "…from what I'm seeing right now, I think there's some truth to that rumor."

Thomas had forgot all about his morning wood. He looked down at it in embarrassment, then quickly rushed away.

"Damnit," Rosie whispered in frustration, then followed her son to his room.

Thomas plopped onto his bed, glancing over at his bare-naked mother as she stepped inside his room

with only a towel wrapped around her hair. "Mom, could you just put some clothes on," he said.

Rosie stopped in the middle of his room, placing her hands on her hips. Her huge tits heaved heavily on her chest, her large thick nipples poking out the centers of her wide areola. "Do you really want me to put some clothes on? Because I don't think you do," she said.

"Why do you think I don't?"

"Because you're always staring at my tits, that's why."

"No I'm not," he blushed.

"Yes you are, which is fine, but don't sit there and tell me to put some clothes on if you really don't want

me to," Rosie said.

"I do want you to," he muttered.

"Fine," she said, turning for the door.

"Wait," Thomas then said, staring over at the meaty ass crowning her gorgeous legs.

Rosie turned back around, making her giant milkers wobble back and forth. "Wait, what?" she asked.

"No, I don't want you to put clothes on," he admitted, then looked away, embarrassed by making such a confession.

The mother smiled, then came over and sat on the edge of the bed. "That was a very brave thing for you to say. For you to openly admit that you want a naked girl to stay in your room, rather than hiding your face, shows real progress," she said.

"I guess."

"I have a confession to make. Two confessions actually," Rosie said.

"What are they?"

"Well, the first one is… I lied about that rumor. I'm sorry. There really wasn't a rumor going around

about how big you are," she said.

"Oh, so, what's the other confession?"

"I may have lied about the rumor, but I wasn't lying when I said that you look really big to me down there," she said, glancing from his bulge back to his eyes. "Are you big down there, kiddo?"

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he muttered.

"Do you wanna show me, and I'll give you my honest opinion?" Rosie asked.

"That's kind of embarrassing though, mom."

"I know, but I'M naked, so it's not like you're alone in this situation." "I don't think anything would embarrass you, mom" Thomas teased.

"You're right," she said, then casually reached down and untucked his towel, making it open apart around his waist. Thomas's big boner sprung up off his loins, the fat bell tip reaching nearly to his belly-button.

"Mom, come on!" the boy said, trying to cover his junk with his hands.

"Thomas, you have nothing to be embarrassed about, now move your hands," she said. "Fine," the boy muttered, slowing moving his hands away from his stiff prick.

Rosie reaction was completely genuine. "Oh wow, kiddo!" she exclaimed. "Even if there wasn't a

rumor… there will be soon enough."

"You're gonna start a rumor about me?"

Rosie giggled. "No, but the first girl at your school who sees this thing will. Then you'll have more girls

begging to be your girlfriend than you can count," she said.

"You think so?"

"I know so. I was a girl your age once, remember?" Rosie reminded him. "So, I assume since no girl has

ever seen you naked, that means you've never even used that thing, am I right?" "Yes. I wanna use it, but I just get too embarrassed."

"Well, you have no reason to be embarrassed. You have everything a girl wants. You're sweet,

handsome… and VERY well endowed," Rosie confessed.

"Are you sure you're not just saying that because you're my mom?"

"Honey, I've heard girls and other moms talk about how handsome you are, and I'm not making that up."

"Yeah, but… what about the other part?" "Your penis you mean?"

"Yes."

Rosie chuckled as she eye-balled her son's appendage. "Do me a favor. I'm gonna go get something. Get

on your phone and look up 'average penis size' for a man," she said, then got up. "I'll be right back."

Thomas sat up and reached over for his phone, but he froze suddenly as he watched his naked mother step across his room. The thick cheeks of her bare mommy-buttocks jiggled and swayed as she shamelessly made her way to his door. She turned and peeked back at him, giving him a teasing look at her body in side profile. Her monster melons sloped down like big udders, capped with rubbery papilla. "Are you checking out average penis size, or are you checking out your mom's naked body?" she teased, winking over at him.

"Well, you said it was OK, didn't you?"

"True. I'll be right back and you can stare some more," she teased.

She returned a minute later with something in her hand. Thomas was surprised at how comfortable he felt watching her big boobies bobble around as she came back over and sat on the edge of his mattress. "Did you look it up?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And?"

Thomas looked at his phone. "It says here on google that the average length of an erect penis is

between 5.1 and 5.5 inches," he said.

"So, that's the average. So now the question is… are you below average, average-length, or above average. An above average dick is one in which women would consider large."

"I'm not sure what I am honestly," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Let's find out," Rosie said, then used the mini tape measure in her hand. She clasped the loose skin above her boy's scrotum with her thumb and forefinger. "I'm just gonna lift your erection, so it's pointing straight up, and we can measure from your pubic bone," she explained.

"Oh, um… ok," he muttered nervously.

Once his boner was pointing straight up towards the ceiling, the busty mother took a measurement, running the tape along his dick, all the way to the tip. "8.5 inches!" she said.

"That's a pretty good size I guess," Thomas said.

"Pretty good size? Kiddo, you're three inches above average," Rosie said. "Every woman on earth would

consider that a large, desirable dick."

"What about what some people say though, that size doesn't really matter?"

"That's bullshit. Yes, technique is important too, but if a woman has a man with technique AND a big

dick, even better!" Rosie said.

"Cool," the boy said, trying not to blush. "Guess I'll have to work on the technique part, since I've never really had sex before."

"Yes, well, that'll come in time," the mother said taking a second to look over her boy's pointing boner. It was no doubt longer than her husband's, and much thicker as well. "Looks like the muscles in your chest aren't the only ones that are extremely well-toned," she commented.

"What do you mean?" he asked, even though he had a pretty good idea. "My penis has muscles?" "Well, the flesh has muscle fiber. It's the blood that makes it erect and engorged like this," she

explained, then gently traced her nails around the base of his boner. "The real strength of a man's penis is down here at the base. Do you see all these bulging muscles and tendons down here?"

"Yes," the boy answered, his heart racing fast at the very fact that his own beautiful mom was pointing out parts of his dick to him.

"That's what sustains the force of a guy's thrusts during sexual intercourse," she explained.

Thomas and his mom looked each other in the eyes. "You ok with this, kiddo?" she asked, making sure he was comfortable.

"Yes," he said, nervously nodding his head.

"Good," she said, giving him a satisfied smile and climbing onto her knees, straddling his lower legs. She still had her two fingers clamped around the upper skin of his scrotum, making his boner point straight up.

Thomas stared across at her giant boobs, while his mom peered straight down at his big barbed peter- tip. "It's the nob of your prick that has the most important job of all," Rosie said. "That's the part that can really make a girl go out of her mind."

"How so?" Thomas asked, dying to hear more.

"It's the part she feels first. It's the part that paves the way for all the rest of all this," she said, making his boner shake stiffly back and forth.

"Paved the way inside her?"

"Yep, it's the head of the chisel that carves through all that tight juicy pink pussy," Rosie said, staring down with lust-filled eyes.

Thomas let out an audible sigh, his boner twitching. He'd never heard his mom say "pussy" before and it was the most incredible thing that had ever entered his ears. Speaking of pussy, his eyes drifted down her sexy torso, to her mons-veneris. Protruding from her outer folds, her thumb-sized prepuce had peeled back some, exposing her clitoris, which looked just like his own bell tip, only much smaller.

"If it carves just right," the mother said, staring at the knob in a dreamy-eyed gaze, "things will get very…very wet, real quick." Rosie let a string of saliva fall from her mouth and it poured over her son cock-tip, running down his shaft.

"Jesus, mom," the boy whimpered, wiggling around, aroused out of his mind. He couldn't believe his mom just let saliva drool out of her mouth, onto his boner.

"It's ok, kiddo," she said, as her pinching fingers became a whole fist stroking up his hard shaft, using her spit to lubricate her slow sensual strokes. "Mom's just letting you know what'll happen, that's all. Once the girls at school discover your big muscled dick, it's all they'll think about."

Rosie pumped his long thick rod of cock-meat up and down slowly, while looking up into her boy's eyes. "They'll want you to split their twats, and pack it all in there, so they can feel every meaty inch of you," she said in a sultry voice.

"Good grief," the boy sighed, not able to lay still, as he watched his Mom's pretty hand squeeze up and down his boner.

"You'll be plunging through the tube of their cunts, making them squeeze and spew their juices all over

you," Rosie continuing as if in a cock-stroking trance, pumping her boy's lovely prick up and down.

Thomas writhed delightfully, watching his mom's huge tits jostle around heavily from her cock-stroking motions. Her nipples were definitely more pronounced now, and darker shade of pink.

"Will you like that, kiddo?" the mother asked, looking up into his pleasure-filled eyes. "Will you like

fucking a girl and making her big titties bounce up and down?"

"Yesss!" the boy hissed, more turned on than he ever had been in his life.

"Feeling her hot flesh…" Rosie cooed, then stroked her son's dick harder. "Clutch you…"

Stroke, stroke, stroke, Stoke.

"Squeeze you!"

Stroke, stroke, stroke, stoke.

"While you suck n chew on her big titties!"

Stroke, stoke.

"And her rubbery nipples!"

Stroke, stroke, stoke.

"Pounding your big meaty prick inside her!"

Stroke, stroke.

"Ohh shit, mom!" the boy cried out, pumping his hips.

"There you go baby! Fuck her hard, kiddo!" Rosie cheered. "Make her remember that big dick forever!"

Stroke, stroke, stroke.

"I'm cumming!" Thomas announced.

Stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke.

"Send it straight up the pussy, baby!" his mom shouted.

Suddenly, with a jerk of his hips, Thomas began blasting huge pearly-white cords of jizz high into the air. His mom continued to pump his boner tirelessly, milking out rope after rope. "Oh Thomas, yess! Squirt it all out, honey! Come on!"

Even after his hips had settled, his mom continued tenderly milking his rigid boner, making every drop come oozing out.

"Still hard," she gasped in wonder. "You're still hard, it's amazing," she said, lengthening her strokes

once again.

Entranced by his still-erect dick, the mother slowly moved her knees up along his waist, inching her pussy closer and closer to Thomas's cock. "With one cum out of the way, your staying power now would probably be tremendous," her shaky voice said, but it was as if she was telling herself this fact and not her son. "I almost forgot how young guys can stay erect like this. There's no refractory period."

Thomas had no idea what a "refractory period" was, but he wasn't about to ask his mom and break her trance, as she looked about ready to mount his cock.

The boy's mouth hung open, his tongue nearly hanging out, as he stared up at his mom's giant looming tits. Her cleavage was so long

and deep that he had little doubt that she could swallow his entire head between her boobs.

Suddenly his mom's knees rose from the mattress, and now it was her bare feet resting astride him. She bowed her thick thighs open shamelessly, and he felt her take a firm grip at the base of his prick. "I haven't been hammered by a boner like yours in so long," she cooed.

The teen sighed audibly as he looked at his mom's splayed-open pussy. Her labium were so engorged they almost looked almost more purple than pink. Between them, the boy could see her juicy coral slit. It lowered towards his dick and he felt her meaty pedals tickle the tip. "Would it be so bad, Thomas?" she asked with a shaky voice. "Would it be so bad if mom was your first?"

"No," the boy managed to spout out.

The mother gazed dreamily down at the prick as it hovered near her pussy. "Can mom be the first to take your big virgin cock," she hissed lustfully, then swiped her thick pink tongue across her top lip.

Thomas felt the heat of her genitals as she maneuvered his cock-tip into the mouth of her vestibule. Next, he experienced a wet warm sensation as her gaping hymen slipped over his glans.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed in excited delight.

"NO!!" Rosie suddenly shouted as she came to her senses, scrambling off the bed. "I won't cheat on your father!" she said as she quickly rushed out of his room.

Thomas let out a deep sigh, like he'd been holding his breath for the last two minutes. He was actually shocked his mom let things go as far as they did, but to say he was let down by her abrupt exit was a major understatement.

Two days passed without a word about the incident from his mom. It was like it never happened. Also missing, were the scantily-clad outfits that she'd been wearing around him. It was sadly like his mom had given up on the whole idea of helping him.

Thomas had to admit, in just that short time, she had helped boost his confidence, and made him a little less shy around girls.

At family movie night, when a group of bikini-clad girls came up on the screen, Thomas stayed there with his eyes glued to the screen the whole time.

After the scene, he peeked over at his mother and found her smiling at him proudly. The next day was Saturday, and Thomas went downstairs for some lunch.

"What are you spending this lazy Saturday doing?" his mom asked as he saw her in the kitchen.

"Nothing much. Probably just hanging out."

"I gotta run out for awhile. Wanna go with me?" she asked.

"Sure," he muttered, more than happy to spend his first one on one time with her since the incident. As they drove across town, Rosie finally pointed out the elephant in the closet. "Are you mad at me

about what happened the other day?" she asked. "Why would I be mad?"

"I don't know, because I was teasing you relentlessly and nearly raped you," she half-joked. "Did you see me struggling, trying to get away?"

"No, which impressed me quite a lot actually. So did the fact that you stuck around during that bikini scene last night," Rosie said.

"Thanks," Thomas said with a proud smile.

"You've made real progress. I'm sorry I let my own weak moment derail us," she said. "It's no big deal, mom, really."

"Good, because I'd like to get us back on track." "Back on track?"

"Yes, you've made progress, but I don't want you slipping backwards, into your old timid ways again," she said.

"So, when you say getting back on track. In what way do you mean?" the boy asked, curious what to

expect.

His mom flashed him a mischievous smile. "I guess you'll find out when the time comes. The best tests are the ones that come when people least expect them to."

"Alright, so um… why are we going out of town? When you said you were running out, I thought you

meant to like the store or something," Thomas said. "Well, I guess you thought wrong," his mother teased. "So, you're not gonna tell me where we're going?" "Nope."

"Fine," he muttered, resigned to see how this played out.

After a ten-minute drive, they arrived at the public dock to the local lake.

"Ahoy there, mateys!" Gail said, as she and her daughter Paris waited on their family's pontoon boat.

"Hey guys, room for two stowaways on there?" Rosie asked.

"Come aboard," her friend answered.

"You should have told me we were going out on a boat, mom. I would have brought my trunks," Thomas

said.

Rosie looked at him and smiled, as if she knew something he didn't. "You won't be needing trunks," she

said.

They set off across the lake and Thomas was left to wonder what his mom meant by "won't be needing trunks." Paris smiled over at the boy, who was only a year younger, as she sat across from him. Thomas always though she looked like the young actress Ariel Winter, and he knew she was popular with the guys.

"Are you excited to graduate this year?" she shouted across to him over the noise of the boat engine. "Yeah, I can't wait."

"Have you thought about what college you wanna attend?" she asked.

"Not really. You?"

"I start cosmetology school next month. I'm super-psyched," she said.

"I bet," he said, glancing at her plump tits as they threatened to spill out of her blouse..

Thomas looked over at his mom, who stood next to Gail, who was driving the boat. He watched them exchange a series of whispers, while looking right over at him and smiling. He didn't know what they were discussing, but from the looks of their exchange, it had to be something extremely naughty.

"So you're sure you wanna do this?" Gail said into her friends ear.

"Is SHE sure she wants to do this?" Rosie asked, glancing over at Gail's daughter.

"Oh, she's sure, trust me."

A few minutes later they were moving into a private cove, with nothing but secluded woods surrounding them. Most of the land around the lake was protected, making it a haven for nature enthusiasts.

Gail stopped the boat and dropped the anchor. "Houston, we have landed!" she shouted. "Doesn't look like the moon to me," Thomas joked.

"Oh, you hear that, Gail. It sounds like my boy here wants to be mooned," Rosie said.

"Sounds like it," Gail giggled. "Ready… one, two, three!"

Thomas watched as the two mothers quickly turned around, bent over and pulled their shorts and panties down over their thick bare asses. He smiled bashfully and looked away.

"Well, at least he has nowhere to run this time," Rosie joked.

"Not unless he wants to swim to shore," Paris added.

"Which would be quite a swim," Gail said. "We're still quite a distance out."

"How bout some music?" Thomas's mom said, then blasted the radio. It was a sexy R&B tune that Thomas knew all the girls at school loved to dance to.

To his delight, the three women on the boat began to swing their hips, dancing closely together to the tune. "WOOOO!" his mom shouted, which echoed across the lake.

Thomas was a little surprised when the three women gravitated near him, and began slowly undressing while they danced. The boy turned all kinds of red as he watched them teasingly swing their asses, while slowly stripping down to their bras and panties.

"You like our sexy bikinis, kiddo?" his mom asked, with her half her huge milkers spilling out of her lacy bra.

"Yeah, they're nice," he said blushingly, not realizing it was really their underwear..

She suddenly reached back to unclasp her bra. "Just kidding. We'll all be swimming in our birthday suits

today," she said, unclasping her bra.

Gail and her daughter giggled and unclasped theirs also. Before the boy could blink, he had three pairs of huge naked knockers bobbling around in front of him. His mom's, of course, were the largest of the

three, but Gail and her daughter each proudly displayed a set of jumbo titties, that would give any guy instant wood.

Speaking of wood, by this time Thomas was sporting a major hardon beneath his shorts. The women were all peeking over at it lustfully as they peeled off their panties.

Using the elastic waistband, Rosie shot her dainty panties at her boy, hitting him in the face. This got a laugh from Gail and her daughter.

"Panty war!" Paris shouted, as her and her mother launched their own panties towards the boy.

Thomas smiled and blushed. He could swell the aroma of pussy and sweet perfume. Part of him was tempted to jump off the boat, and make the long swim for shore, but he didn't. That's because the better part of him was enjoying the show.

"Now it's time for someone else to shed their clothes," Gail said, looking at the boy while still dancing erotically, swaying her shaved crotch in front him.

His mom grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him to his feet. "Or you could just stand up and we'll strip

you ourselves," she said, lifting his shirt up and off.

"There's an idea," Paris said, squatting down and unbuttoning the boy's shorts. Her mom knelt next to her, and together they forcefully yanked Thomas's shorts and briefs off at once. His big erection sprung to attention in front of them.

"Mmm, what do you say we get this heat-seeking missile into the water, girls." Gail said, staring at the long meaty boner.

"Dive in, kiddo!" his mom said, giving a little shove towards the edge of the boat.

"I'm going, I'm going!" the boy giggled, then dove into the lake.

When he emerged, he looked at the three naked beauties standing on the edge of the pontoon. "Looks like you guys are the ones who are scared to jump in," Thomas pointed out.

"I'm not scared!" Paris said, then dove in gracefully, giving Thomas a quick glimpse of her luscious teen ass.

"I want a water-noodle," Rosie said, throwing the pink foam noodle-shaped float into the water, then let out a playful scream as she dove in.

"There's only one 'water-noodle' I wanna touch," Gail said, giving Thomas a naughty smile before diving

in.

Now in the water, the three women closed in on the boy. He playfully dove under and emerged in a different area.

"Get back here, shark-boy!" his mom joked, swimming after him.

He dunked back under, but this time he came up within arms-length of Paris, and she latched on to him.

"I got him!" she giggled playfully.

Thomas laughed as he struggled to get away, but he didn't try too hard. Her wet body felt amazing holding on to him beneath the water. He soft boobs pressed against his back, and he was surprised to feel her hand grasp his cock. "Oh, shark-boy's got quite the shark fin," she joked.

"Mmnn, I wanna feel," her mom Gail said, swimming up to them and grasping onto the boy's boner also.

"Well, it's certainly big enough for three hands to squeeze on it," Rosie said as her hand joined the other two, circling the boy's thick boner. "Here, kiddo, put the water-noddle under your ass, so we can hold onto you without sinking to the bottom."

Thomas sat on the float, which still made his body sink underwater, but allowed the woman to grasp onto him without having to kick their legs to keep themselves afloat.

Gail and her daughter moved in close to either side of him, their big jugs buoyantly rubbing against his chest. Rosie moved back behind her boy, so that her monster melons were squashed against his back. The way they were positioned made all their heads bobble closely together out of the water.

"My God, he's so hard," Gail said, squeezing the boy's blood-filled cock with her hand.

"I wish my boyfriend was this well endowed," Paris said.

"I told you the girls would react this way, did I not?" Rosie asked her boy as he turned his head to look at

her.

"Yes," Thomas answered.

"Girls just love big dicks, Thomas," Gail said.

"We sure do," her daughter said with a smile. "And there aren't too many hot guys out there with one's this large."

"Really?" the boy asked, aroused at the feel of the surrounding tit-meat pressed against him.

"Yes, that's why when your mom explained your situation and, you know, the things you've been struggling with, I offered to help," Paris said.

"Oh, help how?"

The beautiful 19-year-old released his cock and threw both arms over his shoulders. Gail moved aside so her daughter could get all the boy's attention. Paris stared into Thomas's eyes. "By helping you drop that virgin status today."

"Oh," the boy muttered, glancing at his mom who smiled back and nodded. "You're getting laid today,

kiddo! Isn't that exciting?" she asked.

"Laid?" Thomas asked. "You mean like…"

"Fucked, handsome boy," Gail giggled. "You're getting fucked."

Paris gazed at him with her pretty green eyes. "Do you wanna fuck me, Thomas?" she asked. "Do you wanna see what it feels like in a girl's pussy?"

"Sure," he muttered, nervous but excited as hell. Paris was a hot piece of ass, and he had no doubt there were an army of guys who would die to be in his place.

The sexy girl pulled herself against him, with her arms circled around his neck. Thomas felt her smooth legs wrap around his waist, and her hairless vagina rub against his boner. "Fuck me, Thomas," she cooed in his ear. "Fuck my ass off."

He felt Gail and his mom's hands maneuver his prick into Paris's snatch, then he felt the warm sensation of her hymen sheath his nob.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed out loud.

His mom gazed into his eyes excitedly. She looked so damn sexy with her blonde hair wet and slicked

back. "There you go! Squeeze it up into that tight pussy, Kiddo," she said encouragingly.

Paris used her legs, which were locked around him, to push her cunt further on to his cock. "Oh my God, it's big!" she squealed, feeling her pink vaginal walls stretch around his fat prick.

Thomas loved the way she was clinging on to him, mashing her plump boobs against his chest as she struggled to get all his meaty love-organ inside her. She began pumping her ass up and down, working the last few inches into her vaginal depths. "Shit! Holy shit, what a dick!!" she cried while writhing against him.

"Wow!" the boy exclaimed, looking at his mom, as he felt Paris's ribbed pussy squeeze and chew at his dick.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Kiddo?" she asked with a smile. "Incredible," he muttered.

"See what you've been running away from? See how good a girl's body can make you feel?" "Fuck!" Paris gasped, humping her pussy up and down on Thomas's cock.

Unbeknownst to the fucking youngsters, both their moms were rubbing their horny pussies beneath the water, while watching their teens go at it. "She fucks just like her mother," Gail said proudly, looking over at Rosie with a smile.

"Well at least she's not a screamer like her mother, otherwise we'd have everyone on the lake rushing

out here to check on us," Rosie joked.

"You're not exactly Sally Silent when you're getting fucked either, sister."

"I plead the fifth," Rosie joked, then moved up and squeezed her son from behind. Thomas was now sandwiched between his mom's giant tits and Paris's humping body as she pounded against him.

"Ohh, does her pussy feel good, honey?" she cooed in his ear. "Does it feel good on your long hard cock?"

"Yes," the boy sighed, feeling his glans carve a path over and over, through the smothering walls of Paris's vagina.

"Oh, God, yes! It so fucking good," Paris's shaky voice cried out. "Is he gonna make you cum, baby girl?" her mother asked. "Yes! I'm so close!"

"That's my girl. Cum all over that big peter," Gail said.

The 19-year-old's body humped faster and faster as she neared her climax, then suddenly she cried out passionately, grinding on Thomas's hard cock-muscle frantically. "Uughhh!" her sweet voice screamed out, echoing across the water.

"Ohh wow!" Thomas gasped, looking his mom in the eyes with a big wonderful smile, as the cute girl close to his own age came hard, while using his body like a fucking post.

"Ohh, she's cumming hard on you, kiddo," Rosie giggled. "You like that?"

"Uh-huh," he muttered with a nod, feeling Paris's plump titties rub all over his chest while she ground their crotches together.

Paris finally leaned back, her head wobbling and her eyes half rolled back in their sockets. "Ohh, fucking

shit!" she gasped, trying to catch her breath. "That good, huh?" her mom asked.

"Haha, yeah, you could say that," her daughter said breathlessly.

Gail looked at her friend. "I'm not gonna lie. I'm so horny I could fucking die over here," she admitted. "Join the club," Rosie giggled.

Gail looked at her daughter. "Would you think your mother's a trashy whore if she took a turn?" she

asked.

"No," Paris said, "I've seen how small dad's dick is, so I wouldn't blame you one bit." "When did you see your father's dick?"

"Mom, I live under the same roof as him. I've accidentally seen it few times. If I had a husband that small, I'd be craving the real thing too," Paris said.

Gail exchanged a smile with Rosie. "God, I love this girl," she said. "She's brutally honest, just like her mother," Rosie said.

"Alright, let's get back on the boat. Time to give this stud his first taste of hot milf pussy."

The four of them swam over and climbed back on to the pontoon. Their wet naked bodies glistened in the hot afternoon sun. "Have a seat, Captain Big dick," Gail said, turning the driver's seat towards Thomas.

The boy sat, with his hardon at full mast. His heart raced excitedly as he watched Gail and his mother hover in front of him, like prowling cougars. Their titties moved about heavily, capped by engorged nipples.

"Time to rock the boat," Gail said, moving toward the teen. She climbed on to him, straddling his lap, then reached down and guided his stiff peter into her horny fuck-hole.

"Oh, shit yes!" she hissed, lowering her lush ass and sheathing the boy's cock in hot slippery vagina.

Standing their watching her best friend fuck her son, Rosie couldn't help but reach down stroke her engorged clitoris, while squeezing one of her big fatty breasts. She thought that maybe by offering Thomas his first pussy today, that it would not only boost his confidence, but extinguish her desire to have hot nasty sex with him. She was wrong. Now she wanted his cock inside her more than ever. Yes, she adored her husband, but she was wise enough to know that Thomas could give her the kind of pounding that Pete never could.

The sight of her friend's cunt pounding up and down the stiff unyielding meat of her son's whopper of a boner, made her cunt tingle with desire. Her nipples were so fucking hard they felt like they might pop off the ends of her heaving tits. She bit her bottom

lip, listening to the sounds of their wet naked bodies beat together in the heat of an intense fuck.

Thomas sighed delightfully, feeling his tender prick hammer through the hot pleated walls of Gail's gripping cunt. Her fat oversized mommy-boobies bounced and rippled all over his face as she rode him in a steady cock-humping rhythm.

"Ohh God, it's so fucking good!" the mother cried out.

Thomas had memories of his mom's friend Gail baby sitting him when he was younger, just when he started discovering how wonderful girls were. He always remembered being fascinated by the huge swell of both her tits and her ass. Now here he was, carving away at her most secret place, with that huge wonderful ass beating against his nuts, and his face nudged between those same large jugs, while they bounced around on him.

"Feels good, huh, mom?" Paris asked as she sat and watch, while rubbing her own pussy.

"My God, it's so big n hard!" Gail answered. "You're gonna hear your mother scream out like a whore in a minute."

Meanwhile, Thomas was staring at his mom as she stood there a few feet in front of him frantically rubbing her pussy. Her monster tits were ballooning out between her arms, jiggling from the motion of her hand rubbing her genitals.

They looked into each other's eyes for a moment in a mutual lustful gaze, then Rosie's eyes went back to her boy's cock as it pumped in and out of her bestie's mature pussy. She could see the muscles and tendons at the root of his boner flexing and bulging out, sustaining the force of his deep cock-thrusts.

"Ahhh, fuck, fuck fuuuck!!" Gail cried out.

Rosie watched her friend's big buttocks tremble. A tremendous orgasm was making the flesh of her meaty ass ripple delightfully. Then, while Gail continued shrieking out in orgasm, Thomas's mother watched a sheet of hot girl-cum burble out around his prick and run down onto his balls.

"Oh wow! Ohh, damn!!" the boy moaned, feeling his own flood gates open.

"Cum hard, Thomas!" Rosie shouted encouragingly, as all this excitement sparked her own orgasm. "Cum hard in her pussy!"

Rosie's knees got week and she lowered to the floor of the boat, still frantically rubbing her clit to the site of her son and best friend bucking and trembling.

"Wow, I think all four of us were coming at the same time just then," Paris pointed out.

"Too bad mine was ten times stronger than yours," Gail teased, spitting her tongue out at her daughter while resting against the teenage boy in the seat.

"That's ok. I have a feeling I'll get to enjoy that cock again real soon, right Thomas?" Paris asked, smiling

naughtily over at him.

"Sure," the boy said, then shared a smile with his mom.

Later, at home, Thomas was laying on his bed replaying the wonderful experience of losing his virginity, when he heard a tap at his door. "Can you come down to my room a minute, kiddo?" his mom's voiced asked.

"Be right there, Mom."

Thomas got up and went down to his parent's room. When he walked in, he froze suddenly and his eyes

got as big as silver dollars. "Woah!" he muttered.

His mom was standing there in a sexy white lingerie body suit. It was made of a thin transparent mesh, leaving nothing to the imagination. Her monster melons stretched the top of the suit out and her big rubbery nipples looked thick and aroused.

"Like it?" she asked. "Heck yeah."

"I got it at our favorite store in the mall. You remember the one I mean, right?" she asked with a wink.

"Yeah, I remember. That looks really good on you," he confessed.

She shook her head in disbelief. "You're starting to amaze me every day," she said. "Why?" he asked.

"Why?! Why do you think?" she asked. "Look at you. No more than a week ago, you'd run away if you

saw me wearing something like this." "That's true."

"But now you're calm and brave, and not even a virgin any more."

"I guess I have you to thank. You helped me get over being so shy, AND you got me laid," he said,

making his mom laugh.

"You're right, you do have me to thank," she said, sashaying over in front of him. She gazed deeply into his eyes. "So how do you wanna thank me?" she asked softly.

Thomas glanced out into the hallway. "Dad and Maggy aren't here?" he asked.

"No, why?" his mother asked, stepping up and running her hands softly across his shoulder. "Did you have something wild in mind?"

"Wild?"

"Yeah, wild. You know, something that might have the headboard knocking against the wall, or me

screaming out mindlessly," she said in a sexy tone. "Oh, that kind of wild," Thomas muttered.

"Well, that's the best kind of wild, isn't it?" Rosie asked. "The kind where we're both naked," she said,

then lifted off her son's shirt, "and our hot flesh is beating together." "Yes," the boy muttered, his heart going crazy in his chest.

Rosie sat on the edge of her bed. She leaned back, resting on her elbows, then lifted her dainty bare feet from the floor, bringing her knees back and splaying her thighs wider than Thomas ever imagine a girl could.

"The kind of wild where I spreads my thighs, and let my son hump like a sex-crazed animal between them," the mother said seductively.

Thomas gazed down to where her thick thighs met in the middle. The hairless meat of her labium pressed lewdly against the mesh of the fabric, making him lick his lips.

"Do you wanna go to that wild place with me, Kiddo?" Rosie asked. "Do you wanna bump bellies with your mommy?"

"What about dad?" Thomas asked. "I thought you wanted to be faithful to him?"

"I do, but I also wanna have hot nasty sex with you. So, I just went with the one I wanted to do more."

Thomas smiled. Oh," he said, then watched as his mom extended her already splayed legs back into a huge spread eagle, with her little feet pointing back at the headboard.

"You never answered my question," she said, gazing over at him with her luscious legs scissored open. "You wanna go back to your room?" she asked, then ran her hands teasingly down her thighs, "or do you wanna get all up in here…and work out some sexual aggression with mom?"

The old Thomas would have split by now, but the new Thomas wanted to stay and get his dick wet. "I'll

stay, he answered.

His mom suddenly sat up, her giant boobies jostling beneath the mesh. She scooted to the edge of the bed in front of her boy and quickly tore his shorts off.

Thomas watched in wide-eyed amazement as his mom grasped his hard cock at the base, lowered her head and began whipping her skilled tongue all over it.

"Ohh damn, mom!" he sighed, feeling her wet wiggler dance all over his big barbed tip.

Next, Rosie began teasing him by gobbling up just his peter-tip and letting it pop from her lips over and over.

"God!" the boy exclaimed, reeling unsteadily as his prick was teased.

She grabbed his arm and pulled him onto the bed. "Lay down," she said, which he quickly did.

Once the boy was on his back, she knelt beside him and began sucking his cock in earnest. She wrapped her pretty hand around the

root, and beat his dick into her mouth, making the boy's toes clench with delight.

"You like that, kiddo?" she mewled, kissing his dick over and over.

"Yes," he sighed.

"See what girls will do for a guy with a big yummy dick?" she asked, then continued kissing all up and down his pink cock.

She stuffed it back in her mouth greedily and bobbed her head up and down in traditional blowjob fashion. While she sucked, Thomas could feel her tongue rolling all over his boner. His legs trembled as he felt the tip of her licker dig rapidly against his frenulum, making his fat knob swell even bigger.

"Ohhh wow!" he moaned, delighted by the skills she was showing him.

He watched in amazement as his cock popped from her mouth, then she let a mix of saliva and his pre- cum run from her lips, down onto his dick. Using this as lubricant, Rosie whipped her circled fist up and down his hardon a few times. "Mmm, it's gonna feel so good with my pussy around it," she cooed, jerking the hard slab up and down. "Squeezing it and bathing it with fuck-juice, like only a Mommy's pussy can."

The mother was beside herself with lust. Her son had the type of cock that most married women only dream about. It was long and fat, and so engorged with blood it felt like it was carved in granite. "Fuck my throat!" the mother whimpered, before swallowing his cock entirely, mashing her lovely lips around his cock-base.

"Ohhh God," the boy gasped, feeling his mom deep throat him.

She came up off his cock and gasped lewdly. "Grab my hair, Thomas! Fuck my throat!" she said

breathlessly, before swallowing him whole again.

This time, the boy did as she asked, using her hair to keep her rounded lips sealed around the root of his pecker. He felt his cock flex and throb excitedly inside the wet warmth of her mouth and throat.

Rosie came up for air again, but resumed her normal cock sucking. Her boy watched her work her magic, feeling his nuts clench up more and more the longer it went on.

"Cum down my throat, kiddo!" the mother urged between the full length plunging of her lips.

Since this was an experienced mother giving this type of head to someone who had never gotten a blowjob before, it didn't take the boy long to cum.

"Ohhh!" his trembling voice whimpered.

"Mmmnn," the cock-gobbling mother hummed as sweet ball-juice began to pulse into her mouth and down her throat.

She swirled his milky excrement around all over his blood-swollen bell tip, making his orgasm even more intense.

Once the cum stopped flowing, the busty mother slid her body up on top of her son's, running her nails through his hair as she gazed wildly down at him. "Was that your fist blowjob ever?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And how did I do?"

"I can't imagine it being any better than that was," he confessed.

"Would you object to mommy sucking your big dick every day like that?" she asked.

"No way."

"Are you ready for the main event?" she asked, staring teasingly. "Are you ready to pillage my special place with that big pink muscle of love?"

"Yes," the boy muttered, his heart racing. "Take it then," Rosie said, raising an eyebrow. "Take it?"

"That's right, take it, Kiddo. Show mommy what a stud man you've become!" his mom said.

Thomas knew he'd overcome a lot with his mom's help, and this was the final test. His mind and body suddenly swelled with courage. "I'm gonna take it!" he said confidently, quickly rolling on top of his mother.

He grasped onto her mesh outfit and tore it off her like tissue paper, making her giant melonous tits roll around on her chest. "There's my boy!" the mother exclaimed with excitement in her eyes.

Thomas brought himself down on top of her and went straight for her lips. They kissed passionately, like long lost lover that had finally been brought together.

He swiveled his hips, making his boner plow through her labium a few times, before his knob got caught in her velvety socket. "Push it in!" Rosie gasped, throwing her lovely naked legs around him, high up on his back. "Push it straight up the pussy!"

In a quick second, the boy's tender cock was fully sheathed, and Rosie's puffy outer labia were mashed against his cock-base.

His horny mother began humping her hips beneath him, eager to be fucked hard. "Come on!" she gasped, setting them in motion.

Thomas's young ass flew up and down between her wide-open thighs as he punched his prick through her heavenly hole. "Yess! Like that!! Fuck this girl!!" his mom cried out, grasping his ass with her long blood-red nails and aiding his cunt-pounding thrusts.

The boy had experience three pussies now, and each one felt uniquely different. He didn't just feel this way because she was his mom, but her pussy felt the absolute best to him. The ribs along her inner lining were more pronounced, and her cunt muscles were tighter, creating amazing friction on his dick. In fact, if she hadn't just blown him, and got one out of the way, he'd be dumping his first load in her right now, that's how good it felt.

Lewd wet smacking sounds filled the bedroom, as Thomas fucked his mom on his parent's marital bed.

Rosie felt wicked letting her son lay pipe inside her right where her husband slept at night, but she justified it by telling herself it was all for a good cause. If she hadn't helped her son, he'd still be the shy, scared teenager he was before. She doubted her husband would see it that way, but that wasn't stopping her from doing what she thought was right.

Married women knew the spot in their vaginas where their husband's dicks would stop, unable to go any further. Thomas's big dick glided right past that spot in Rosie's pussy, squeezing way up into her dark inner sanctum, where big juicy knobs get licked by quivering cervical flesh. "

"Damn, mom!" the boy groan, getting such licks, as he pounded as deep as he could.

"Oh, Thomas!" Rosie cried out with a trembling voice. "If you keep fucking me this deep, I'm gonna cum

all over you!"

The boy placed his hands on the mattress and raised himself up while he fucked, so his could see his mom's pretty face when she came. As an added bonus, he'd get to watch her fleshy tits roll around all over her chest.

Reaching her climax, the beautiful mother arched her back in ecstasy, making her mammoth tit-mounds balloon skyward towards her son's face. "Uuunngghh!" her pretty voice screamed out, her face masked in pleasure, as her entire lush milf body quaked from the power of a cock-induced orgasm surging through her.

When her back hit the mattress again, her boy followed, latching his lips around one of her engorged nipples and sucking as hard as he could.

He reached down with both hands and grasped the meaty flesh of her ass, while driving his steel-hard prick inside her. Her strong motherly legs clutched around him like an anaconda in a mating ball. The big bed jerked and creaked, making sounds Rosie had never heard before.

Her son's big ball-sack beat against the elastic ring of her asshole. Foaming juices forming around the root of Thomas's cock as it relentlessly hammered through her pussy.

The boy snarled in pleasure as he felt his mom's cuntal grip tighten. Rosie used the muscles in her pelvic floor to squeeze her boy's boner as tightly as she could within the tube of her slippery vagina.

"Hnnggff!" the boy grunted again, muffled by the mask of fatty jiggling tit-meat around his face.

"I'm cumming again, baby!" the mother announced, humping her hips frantically off the mattress.

This triggered the boy's nuts to release a raging torrent of hot cum that began hosing into his mom's clasping cunt-tube.

For several minutes they bucked and squealed, enjoying the mind-blowing sensations that were sweeping through their naked bodies.

A week later, the family was sitting at the dinner table, when Pete looked across at his son and smiled. "I

hear your becoming quite the Casanova with the ladies."

"I don't know about that?" Thomas blushed.

Rosie looked over at her husband from the stove and smiled curiously. "Where did you hear that?" she

asked.

"My coworker said his daughter and her friends can't stop talking about him."

"Well, our son's a cute, confident man now. I'm sure he has women of all ages with their eye on him,"

Rosie said, giving her son a sexy wink.

"None of them are as special as you, mom," Thomas said, getting up and bringing his dishes to the sink.

"Aww, you're too sweet," she said, then leaned over and whispered in his ear. "And you taste sweet too."

"Hey son, do me a favor and fetch my toolbox in the garage for me, will you?" Pete said.

"Sure, dad. Something broken?"

"Yeah, your mother and I's bed. The damn thing's falling apart," Pete said. "I don't understand it." "Neither do I, hon. Really strange," Rosie said, smiling knowingly at her son.

Thomas smiled back at her, recalling how just that morning his mom had rode him to mutual orgasm on his parents' bed. His stomach was still tingling at the thought of the two hours he'd spent with his face stuffed between her huge doughy-soft breasts. This, while her wonderfully snug cunt milked his boner, making his cock pop so hard he nearly passed out.

"You know, you may wanna help me fix my bed too, dad," the boy said. "Jesus, yours is broken too?" Pete asked.

"Afraid so," he said, thinking back on all the wild sexual positions him and his mom had fucked in the past week, nearly pounding his headboard through the wall.

"I don't know," Rosie said. "Maybe we better call a police detective, see if they can figure out while all

the beds keep breaking in this house."

Rosie and her son flashed each other an amused smile, clearly anxious to find another piece of furniture in the house to break together.

THE END

103: Mom's Basic Training

Mom's Basic Training

By Klrxo

"So what's the big news?" George asked his son as he sat in the living room next to his wife, who was cradling a newborn in her arms.

"I've made a decision on my future," Ian declared.

"Already?" his mother Brooke asked, nervously waiting to hear her son's future plans.

"Yeah. I've decided that dad's right. The Army makes the most sense for me."

While he could have easily predicted the proud smile that would cross his father's face, Ian didn't expect the look of disappointment in his mom's demeanor.

"I knew you'd come around to the idea," George said. "Nothing will make a man out of you quicker than some military discipline."

Ian nodded in agreement. His father was a career military man, who had risen up the ranks as a Technical Engineer. Over the years, they had moved from base to base, never giving Ian much of a chance to make long-lasting friendships with kids his age. Since he was now eighteen, it was time for him to follow his own career path. At his father's persistent urging, he decided that the Army may be his best option.

"So, I guess the next step is for me to enlist then," Ian declared, much to the sorrow of his mother. She wanted nothing more than for him to stay close to home, where she could still see him regularly.

"That's a big step," Brooke reminded him. "Maybe we should take a little more time to think this through."

Her husband fed her a questioning glare. "Honey, there is no 'WE.' He's an adult now and he's made his decision. Let him move forward with it. I'll stop by the base recruiter's office today to get him an appointment."

Ian's beautiful brunette mother reacted with the saddest look he'd ever seen. "I suppose…if that's what he really wants," she mumbled, then stood up with the baby. Even under the confines of her snug short-sleeve top and triple-H cup bra, her milk-swollen boobies wobbled heavily, capturing her boy's attention. "I should feed the baby," she informed them as she stepped out of the living room on bare feet.

Ian's father, dressed in his military greens, stepped over and gave his son a proud pat on the back. "I knew you'd make the right decision," he stated, then noticed how his boy was watching his wife's lovely round ass sway as she walked away. "Trust me, you'll need to be a military man to land a beautiful woman like your mother."

If George was right about one thing, it was that Ian desired a girlfriend that resembled his wife in every way. Brooke was a knockout, that never failed to turn the head of every guy on base. The fact that she had the largest tits and roundest ass that Ian had ever seen, was a huge part of her incredible sex

appeal. After many years of not being able to have another child, due to George's low sperm count, Brooke was finally able to conceive, with the help of modern science. She had given birth to a beautiful baby girl just weeks earlier, but despite all of the attention

that a newborn required, the mother still doted over her handsome 18-year-old son. The thought of him being sent off to Basic Training, then stationed far away from home, saddened her tremendously.

"He's just doing it to please George," Brooke told her friend's Heather and Sasha as they sat at the base restaurant having coffee. The group of attractive military moms each held a baby beneath their large milk-engorged breasts as they chatted. Beneath the table, their silky mommy-legs were crossed, sticking out from beneath their skirts. Dainty stiletto-heeled sandals dangled from their sexy painted toes.

"Well, you can't just let him enlist in the Army just because your husband wants him to," Sasha protested.

"I know, but what am I suppose to do?" Brooke asked in frustration. "I've already presented Ian with a million other options. George has him convinced that the only way he's gonna be a 'real man' is by enlisting in the Army."

"That's ridiculous!" Heather giggled. "Wearing a green uniform and doing push-ups all day doesn't make you a real man."

"It's true," Sasha added. "Sadly, everything my husband knows about being a man in the bedroom, he learned from me, not from the Army."

"Then what is it you're suggesting I do?" asked Brooke.

"Well, maybe tell Ian if he wants to learn how to be a man…YOU'LL teach him how."

Brooke considered the idea a moment. "I suppose I could do that. Ian and I are very close. I doubt he'd be weirded out too much by the idea."

"You could always send him my way," Sasha smiled. "I'd be happy to do it for you."

"I'm sure you would," Ian's heavy-titted mother giggled, "but I'm pretty confident I can handle it on my own."

On the way back home, Brooke drove her SUV over to the base park, where her son was usually playing basketball with boys from the area.

After nailing a three-pointer, Ian spotted his mom's car parked nearby, so he rushed over.

"Hey, bunny boo…hop in!" his mom hollered.

Ian rounded the SUV, climbed in the passenger seat and closed the door. "Mom, it would be super-embarrassing if my friends heard you call me that," the boy expressed, with his mom's sweet perfume sweeping into his nostrils.

"Too bad, so sad, bunny boo" Brooke giggled. "I'm sure their moms have cute little pet names for them too."

"Why did you come by? Is everything ok?" Ian asked, glancing back at his newborn sister, sleeping in her baby seat.

"Everything's fine. I just…have something important I wanna talk to you about."

"What is it?"

As his sexy mom took a few seconds to formulate her words, Ian let his eyes wander down over the swell of her mammoth bosom. He also noticed how far her skirt had crept up, allowing him a look at her luscious legs, all the way up to the middle of her thighs.

"Ian, I'm just gonna be frank with you," she remarked. "I think your father has you convinced that you need the Army to be a real man and score a beautiful girl, and it's simply not true."

"Yeah, but look at dad. He has a great career, he's confident, AND he has a beautiful wife, just like I want."

"Oh, well, thank you, honey," Brooke blushed, "but just because your father took that route to get those things, doesn't mean you have to."

He took a moment to consider her words. "I've thought about going to college locally, but honestly I don't see how that would help me learn the things I need to know to be a man," explained Ian.

"You know, some boys learn how to be a man before they even leave home."

"How do they do that?" The teen asked.

"Well, that's where we moms come in," she answered with a sweet smile. "A mom can teach her son to be a man right at home."

"She can?"

"Yep, including all the tricks to getting and keeping a beautiful girl," she explained, then reached over and patted his thigh gingerly. "It's kind of like a mom's basic training for her boy."

Ian's cock began to harden beneath his shorts. "That doesn't sound so bad," he admitted.

"Will you give me a week then?"

"A week?"

"Yes, a week to give you a basic training into manhood. After that, if you're still not convinced that you have what it takes to be a man,

you can enlist in the Army…deal?" asked Brooke.

"Deal."

Brooke smiled and turned her hand over on his thigh. "Give me your hand," she said softly.

Ian placed his hand on hers and she brought it over, rested it against her own upper thigh and held it there. "We may not be trained up in the ways of discipline and combat, but that doesn't mean that we moms don't have something to offer. When it comes to building confidence and creating a skilled lover, we have exactly what it takes to train a boy up right."

"I guess I um…never really considered that," Ian gulped.

Brooke bravely guided her boy's hand underneath her skirt, along her smooth inner thigh. "For the sake of helping you, are you willing to travel down roads that you and I have never been down before, Ian?"

The teen's heart was beating so fast he could hardly answer. "I am," he blurted, as his thumb grazed her silky panty-gusset and the puffy cuntal bulge beneath it.

"Thank you, Ian," his mom sighed. "Thanks for giving me a chance to help you, while keeping you a little closer to home."

"He wants to wait two weeks? For what?" George fumed, while speaking to his wife after work.

"So he can make sure he's explored all his other options," answered Brooke.

"The Army IS the best option. I've been telling him that his whole life."

"And you may be right, but, honey, we have to let him make his own decision," George's wife insisted.

"Fine, but a week from today, he better have a clear path to his future mapped out, and if he's smart, it'll be a future that involves serving his country."

"Are you sure this doesn't have more to do with what YOU want, rather than what's best for Ian?" Brooke inquired.

"Why would you think that?"

"I just think sometimes it's common for fathers, especially those in the military, to want their sons to follow in their footsteps," his wife explained. "Not that it's a bad thing…it's just that a boy should travel the path he feel is best for him, and not one that simply pleases someone else."

"Fine, we'll let him choose his own way then, and in five years when he's unemployed, without a girlfriend and still living at home, you'll both see that I was right," George preached.

Brooke knew firsthand that while the military may teach discipline and provide a stable career, it did little in the way of making a man a better lover. Her husband George wasn't bad in the bedroom, but she had certainly had better in her younger years, by guys who had nothing to do with the Army.

George was out of the house early every morning at six a.m. sharp. At six-fifteen, Ian was jarred awake by the sound of a blaring trumpet. His mom stood in his doorway holding her phone, playing "Reveille," the traditional military wake-up song.

"Mom, what the hell?!" he grumbled, looking over at his clock.

"Up and at 'em, bunny boo. It's your first day of training!" she hollered.

"This early?"

"Yes, this early. I need to nurse your sister. When I get back, I want you up, dressed and bed made, understood?"

He gave her a mocking salute. "Got it, ma'am!"

With his eyes now adjusting to the morning sunlight, he took in what his mom was wearing, which was a blue boyfriend-style button up nightshirt. The silky sleep-shirt fell just below her crotch, leaving all her sexy mommy-legs exposed. They gave off a wonderful silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Brooke had the knee of one leg cocked forward, so her dainty bare foot was arched, resting on squatted toes with ruby red toenails. Her enormous milk-engorged melons were pushed out beneath the fabric, so the nubs of her thick protuberant nipples were clearly noticeable. "How about, Sergeant Mom? I like that better than ma'am," she joked.

"Got it, Sergeant Mom!" her son chuckled.

"Oh, and make sure you put on some workout shorts. We're starting the day off with a run," she informed him, then left.

"A run?" Ian asked, with an awful scowl. "I hate running."

"Thanks for watching her. We'll be back in an hour," Brooke said, giving her beastie Heather a quick kiss and handing off her newborn in Heather's front doorway.

"Take your time," said Heather cheerfully, "I love spending time with this cute little baby girl."

Ian was waiting in shorts and sneakers by his mom's SUV.

"Ready to make some sweat?" Brooke asked, as she clicked the timer on her Fitbit.

"How far are we going?" the boy grumbled.

"I was thinking to the Armory and back," she answered.

"Damn, that far?"

"Yep, and you better keep up," she teased, then began jogging off down the sidewalk. Ian quickly followed after her.

Until now, he hadn't really noticed how sexy his mom's running attire was. Brooke wore sexy pink track shorts that were molded around her succulent round ass. Her form fitting white tank top had a built in support bra, which would certainly be put to the test during their run. Her brunette hair was pulled back in a ponytail that bounced cutely as she ran. Ian's mom was no fitness nut, but she was certainly in good shape, especially for a woman who'd just given birth weeks ago. She created a good pace and kept her son trailing behind her.

"Speed it up back there, bunny boo!" she shouted, glancing back at him.

Ian was content running behind his mom, watching her booty jiggle delightfully. He did imagine though that her tits must be bouncing wildly beneath her top, so he sped up in order to satisfy his curiosity.

"About time you caught up," his mom teased as they jogged side by side.

"I was just watching my pace. I didn't wanna tire out too quickly."

"I know what you were watching back there, and it wasn't your pace," she breathed, smiling over at him mischievously.

"Funny," he blushed.

"Did you come up here to keep your eyes on something else?"

Ian knew what his mom was referring to. He looked over at her large boobs and sure enough they were bouncing up and down, even under the confines of her snug top with built-in support.

"Looks like your sister's getting a milkshake for lunch," Brooke joked, making them both laugh.

"Lucky her," Ian boldly commented, making his mom give him a playful punch on the arm as they ran.

"So tell me what you like about a girl, besides humongous boobs," she asked breathlessly, flashing him a flirty smile.

"A great personality…a nice smile, and a girl that's smart is always a plus."

"Blondes or brunettes?"

"Brunettes, of course," Ian answered.

"Good answer," his brunette mom beamed. "Do you want one that's a good cook?"

"Sure."

"One that's in good shape?"

"Heck yeah," he blurted. "Some of the hottest girls I know are ones who take great care of themselves."

"Do you want one that's moderately sexual, very sexual or hyper-sexual?" asked Brooke.

"Hyper-sexual?"

Hid mom flashed him a smile. "A girl that wants to have sex constantly," she clarified.

"Oh, um…a hyper-sexual one would be nice."

"I imagine that's the answer that most boys your age would give," his mom giggled.

"Which one are you?" the teen brazenly asked, as they continued a good jogging pace along the base sidewalk.

"Which one do you think I am?"

"Well, I don't hear you and dad going at it ALL THE TIME, but I'd still say you're probably hyper-sexual," he guessed.

"Nope!"

"Very sexual then?"

"Not that one either. Your mom is 'super-duper-hyper-sexual.' I created a new category, just for myself," she giggled.

"Wait though…if a hyper-sexual person wants sex 'all the time,' then how often does a super-duper-hyper-sexual person want it?" he confusingly asked.

She looked over at him with a sexy Cheshire-cat grin. "Every second of every day," she confessed.

"Wow," her teen muttered, surprised that his mom would reveal such a thing about herself to him.

"That doesn't mean she gets it every second of every day…just that she'd be a VERY willing participant."

Ian was finding it harder and harder to run the more erect his cock got. Just talking to his mom on the subject of sex, while glancing over at the leaping swell of her breasts was getting him incredibly excited. Now knowing that she would like more than anything to

spend her day fucking her ass off made his dick expand into full hardness.

"I'm gonna stop and take a breather," he announced, slowing down.

"Oh, wimping out on me, huh?" his mom joked, slowing down also.

"You can go ahead. I'll catch up," Ian assured her, trying his best to conceal his steely-hard bulge.

"That's OK, bunny boo, I'll wait," she assured him, catching her breath and jogging in place. She looked over at her son's obvious arousal and smiled. "So what's your definition of being a man, Ian?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Having confidence, and knowing how to treat a woman I guess," the boy answered.

"You have it mostly right. Being a man is part charm, part skill and part confidence," she coached. "So much confidence in fact, that you stop trying to hide your erections when you're around a girl."

"Oh," the boy muttered, looking over at his smiling mom as her gaze darted from his eyes to his crotch. "Sorry, just um…kind of embarrassing."

"I had erect nipples when I was in your doorway this morning, and don't say you didn't notice," Brooke teased. "Did you see me trying to hide them?"

"No," the teen answered, reflecting back on the swell of her unfettered tits that morning.

"Your penis is part of you…and you should be proud of it. Stop trying to shield it from a woman's gaze and let her admire you."

"Alright," the boy blushed, lowering his hands. His boner made his running shirts tent way out obscenely.

Brooke's heart skipped a beat, gazing at her son's protrusion, while jogging in place. "Good grief, it looks so thick and strong!" her mind gasped. She let her eyes linger a moment, then finally snapped her gaze back up to his blushing face. "I do get how it might be kinda difficult to jog with that thing though," she giggled. "Do you wanna sit down in the grass and talk until it goes down?"

"Sure," answered Ian.

Along the jogging path was a nice grassy area, and he and his mom sat down side by side. "Phew! Feels good to be out on a run," Brooke said, reclining back on extended arms, which were propped behind her. Doing this made the rounded swell of her massive tits balloon outward, catching her son's ogling eyes.

"Yeah, it's been awhile. I'm kind of out of shape," he admitted, his gaze drifting down to his mom's silky legs, which were extended out in front of her with her knees slightly bent.

"Well, this week we'll whip you into peak physical condition," his mom informed him.

"Great," the boy sarcastically responded, making his mom giggle.

After a short silence, Brooke spoke up again. "Tell me about the last time you had sex, bunny boo," she candidly asked him.

Ian was taken a bit off guard. "The last time I had sex?"

"Yeah, were you on a bed, a couch…in a car…where did it happen? I'm curious."

"She has a car her parents bought her. We drove out to Harmon's Beach and did it in her back seat."

"Oh, it's so beautiful out there. It's the perfect spot for some passionate love making," Brooke sighed, reflecting on her own time

fucking there when she was younger. "Tell me how long you lasted."

"How long I lasted?"

"Yeah, how long did you last inside her…before you had your orgasm?"

"Oh, um…twenty minutes maybe," he timidly responded.

"Did you make her cream on you before you came?"

"No. She told me it was it wasn't my fault. She just doesn't cum easily."

"Honey, I'm sorry, but she lied to you," his mom frowned. "It WAS your fault."

"It was?"

"Has she called or texted since you guys went out?"

"No."

"Then it was definitely your fault. If you blew her socks off, she would have contacted you the next day wanting a repeat," Brooke pointed out. "I'm not gonna bullshit you, honey. She's mostly likely been with a couple different guys since then, to give THEM a chance to break her open."

"What does 'break her open' mean?"

"Well…imagine a female orgasm is like a coconut, and a guy's penis is like a hammer, pounding away at it, trying to get it to break open, so it can gush out all that wonderful coconut juice," Brooke explained.

"Oh, so do you mean MY hammer wasn't quite good enough, to break open my date's coconut," Ian giggled.

"No, from what I saw earlier, it's plenty good enough," his mom teased, referring to the boner he'd been sporting. "It's not about just owning an impressive tool though, honey, it's also knowing how to effectively use it."

"And that has a lot to do with feeling like a man?"

"It sure does," Brooke answered with a wide-eyed smile. "Knowing you have the skills to break any woman open is an incredible confidence booster. It's an ability every guy who wants to be considered a 'real man' should have."

"So…how do I get it?" the boy asked.

They saw a group of soldiers out loading a cargo truck across the way. "Well, you're certainly not gonna get it out there with them," his mom stated. "There are certain things the Army can't teach you."

"True," Ian agreed.

His mom smiled over at him, gazing with her sultry eyes. "We'll have our work cut out for us this week, but in the end I think we're gonna make a real man out of you."

They continued their jog to the Armory. When they nearly got back to where they started, Brooke looked over at her sweaty teenager. "Ready to really push yourself?" she asked.

"Sure, why?"

"If you can beat me back, I'll let you feel the inside of my thigh again," she offered, "and this time I won't be wearing any panties."

The mother went from a jog to a run, and the boy took off after her. With an offer that sweet, he wasn't about to let his mom beat him back. When they got to Heather's street, Ian really turned on the heat, sprinting with everything he had and passing his mother easily.

"You brat…I had you!" Brooke shouted playfully as they finished their run.

"Had me until the last turn that is," her son bragged as they both caught their breath.

"So how did you do it?" his mom asked.

"Beat you?"

"Yeah. How did you muster up that incredible burst of energy at the end?"

"Will power, I guess."

"That's right…will power," she smiled. "Remember that one, ok?"

"Ok," Ian answered, knowing it must have something to do with his training to be a man.

They got the baby from Heather and went back home. "I desperately need a shower before I feed your sister. Can you keep her entertained for me?" Brooke asked her son.

"Sure thing, mom," the boy gladly replied, cradling the newborn in his arms and sitting down on the couch.

For the longest time, Ian was an only child, until his parents decided to have another. His mom's boobs had always been object of fascination to the boy, since he'd hit puberty. They were already incredibly large before her pregnancy, then they started growing ginormous on her prenatal body. He thought maybe they would return to their normal size after she'd given birth, but not so. Her boobies grew to even more ridiculous proportions as they began producing copious amounts of tit-nectar for his newborn sister. He often beat his dick just imagining what they must look like naked.

"Ahh, much better!" Brooke sighed as she stepped into the living room with only a tiny white towel draped around her.

Ian had rarely seen his mom barely covered like this, so she immediately grabbed his attention. The way the towel was cloaked tightly around her bosom make her cleavage bulge and tremble obscenely as she walked over on bare feet and sat down next to him. "Is she starting to get fussy?" Brooke asked, as he handed the baby to her.

"No, not at all," the teen answered, marveling at how incredibly hot his mom looked with her dark hair wet and slicked back from her shower.

"Aw, she's a hungry little girl, isn't she?" Brooke cooed, in a cute baby voice. "She just wants to nurse on mommy's big swollen teats."

Ian's insides tingling as blood rushed straight for his cock. He took a moment to admire Brooke's strong smooth mommy-legs, which were nearly completely exposed as she sat there. He could smell the sweet fragrant lotion she'd applied to them and wondered what such legs would feel like harnessed around him, while he pounded his dick into the pussy of all pussies.

Brooke continued doting on her daughter. "Mommy's gonna feed you, but your big brother's gonna touch her between her legs first."

Ian's breathing increased as his heart swelled with excitement. He continued to listen to his mom speak to the newborn in a cute baby voice.

"That right…he's learning to become a man and touch women in special places," Brooke purred, then set the baby aside on the couch.

Ian watch his mom turn towards him as she sat up straight and positioned her lovely ass on the edge of the couch-cushion. "Scoot

over her right next to me, bunny boo," Brooke softly requested.

The boy scooted over, so he was hip to hip with his mom. She took his hand and squeezed it gently, while gazing into his wondrous eyes. "You're so nervous," she giggled. "Haven't you put your hand down between a girl's legs before?"

"Yeah, but not one as beautiful as you," he confessed.

"Mm, there's that charm I was talking about," she whispered. "That part comes naturally with you, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Once we get the skill and confidence down, you'll be the kind of man women will dream of locking their legs around," the mother bragged, then placed his hand on her knee.

"You think so?" Ian asked, his cock flexing with so much blood that for a moment he felt light-headed.

"I know so," Brooke smiled, guiding her boy's hand under the towel, along her smooth inner thigh. "You'll be breaking girls open left and right…listening to them scream out, and watching their naked bodies tremble beneath you."

Once again, Ian couldn't believe how high up between her legs his mom was going with his hand. The fact that he knew she had no panties on this time made it all the more thrilling. The further he went, the warmer his hand got, from the heat that was radiating from her naked genitalia.

The mother noticed how her boy's eyes kept drifting to her bulging cleavage. "In some social situations it isn't polite for a man to stare at a woman's tits. This isn't one of them, honey" she informed him.

"So it's ok if I look?"

"Yes, you can look," the mother giggled. It secretly thrilled her to know that such a handsome you man was fascinated by her body.

Now that she had given him the green light, Ian could really study the swell of his mom's towel-shrouded bosom in greater detail. The sight of all the wonderful tit-meat spilling out the top of towel was absolutely mesmerizing. Her giant boobies were pressed together, forming the biggest, deepest cleavage Ian had ever seen in his life.

"Did the girl you had sex with at Harmon's Beach have big boobs?" his mom curiously asked.

"Well, compared to the other girls at school, yes…but compared to yours, not at all."

Brooke giggled, making her fatty tit-flesh jiggle. "I guess I do have a couple of monsters, don't I?" she asked.

"I doubt they look like monsters," the boy chuckled, then felt his mom guide his hand up even further, until his thumb rested against the smooth hairless swell of her outer labia.

"Monsters or not, if I don't feed your sister soon they're gonna burst right out of this towel and spray all over you," she giggled. "Not that you'd complain any," Brooke winked.

"No, I wouldn't," the boy honestly replied.

"Oh, a bold answer," the mother smiled. "Before I go feed your sister, let's put that confidence to the test. Stand up right in front of me and put your hands behind your back…right now, soldier!"

Ian knew this would be displaying his hardon through his shorts, just like when they were out running, but he was a little more sure of himself now and stood up without hesitation. His erect dick tented out strong and proud, his knob pushing upward beneath the stretchy fabric.

"WOW!!" Brooke's mind screamed. "WHAT A DICK!!"

"Well, that's pretty good form there, mister," she verbally declared.

"You think so?"

"I know so. From the position of your tip, I can tell that your erection is standing at a perfect one hundred and thirty-degree angle."

"That's really the perfect angle?" Ian asked, astounded that he was having a discussion with his own mom about his erect cock.

"Most women would say so. It allows for a greater depth of penetration during intercourse," the mother explained, then sat up with peculiar interest, staring at the form of her boy's boner. "Hmm, are you flexing it at all, or is it just holding that angle on it's own?"

"I'm not really doing anything special. It's just staying put that way. Is that normal?"

"Normal?" Brooke giggled. "Honey, it's amazing! It means you have incredible penile structure at the base of your prick."

"Penile structure?"

"You have tight ligaments and strong muscles at the root of your penis, that are working to stabilize and hold your erection upright like that," explained the mother.

"So that's a good thing?"

"An extremely good thing," she chuckled. "Remember our hammer and coconut analogy earlier?"

"Yeah."

"Well if we're comparing dicks to tools then, honey, I'd say you're packing a pretty powerful sledgehammer."

"Which is better to crack those coconuts with, right?" Ian asked with a proud smile.

"When used in conjunction with skill and some staying power… absolutely yes!" his mom assured him.

"You seem to know a lot about the penis," Ian pointed out.

"Yes, well, hyper-sexual women usual do," she giggled. The question that had been burning a hole in the back of her cock-obsessed mind suddenly blurted out of her mouth. "Do you wanna share sizes?"

"Sizes?" asked Ian.

"Yes. You tell me the size of your penis and I'll tell you just how big the girls are," she stated, shaking her shoulders a tad, making her meaty melons wobble heavily from side to side.

"Well, last time I measures it was just over eight inches," he shared.

"Impressive," his mom beamed.

"You think so?"

"Absolutely…as long as you can crack a coconut with it," she teased.

"What about you?" the boy asked, eagerly glancing down at her towel-shrouded bosom.

"Well," Brooke muttered, looking down at her boobies, "that number has changed a lot in the past year. In their present lactating state… they're a forty triple-H."

Brooke's daughter began crying on the couch next to her. "Speaking of lactating, your sister's hungry. I better feed her," she said,

standing up and cradling the baby. "Honey, will you be an angel and bring me the bottle and plastic breast- shield in on the dish strainer."

"Sure," Ian answered, then quickly fetched the items his mom wanted. When he got to the nursery, Brooke was just setting the baby down in the crib to prepare for nursing. "Here you go, mom."

"Thanks, bunny boo. I'm gonna pump the other breast, while she's nursing, that way I can bottle feed her later," his mom shared.

"I'll be in my room," said Ian, heading for the exit.

"Ian?"

The boy turned to see his mom standing with her hands on her hips looking at him. "Yeah?"

"Close the door and come over here," she uttered.

The teen didn't ask questions. He simply did as his mom asked, then stopped in front of her.

"Part of becoming a man is being able to watch these sorts of things," she stated. "So consider this part of your special training."

With that, Brooke peeled apart the towel, then lowered it and tied it around her waist. Her son's eyes about bugged out of his skull as he stared her huge naked udders for the first time. Her blood engorged areolas were as big around grapefruit and peppered with bumpy Montgomery glands. The protuberant nipples at their centers were thick and rubbery…made for serious sucking.

"They're a little different than those on the girls at school, huh?" she teased.

"Yes, but in a good way," Ian blushed.

Ian stood there gawking as his heavy-titted mother sat down and nursed his sister. She attached the breast pump to her other leaking tit and turned it on. The boy's jaw dropped in fascination when he saw the way her big nipple was being tugged out by the suction, and tit-nectar poured steadily into the bottle.

"Pretty interesting process, huh?" Brooke giggled, glancing down at his protruding boner.

"Very!" the boy breathed.

Brooke could feel her cunt juices drooling from her slit. "Good grief! I can't believe how excited he's making me."

"You really got naked in front of him?!" Sasha exclaimed, while having coffee the next day with Brooke and Heather.

"Well, not totally naked. Just topless, while I was nursing the baby," Brooke responded.

"It's a natural process," Heather interjected. "Any boy who wants to become a man should be able to handle watching it."

"Exactly," Brooke agreed, "and they should be able to walk around with boners without being embarrassed or ashamed."

"Sounds to me like you're increasing his confidence-level already," Heather added.

"Yes, but taking things to the next level could be a bit more tricky."

"How so?"

"Well, how do I help Ian increase his sexual skills without crossing the line too much," the mother asked.

"Sound like 'the line' may have already been crossed yesterday," Sasha giggled.

"The real issue isn't simply crossing the line, it's WHY you're crossing the line," Heather preached. "It's not like you and Ian are having some secret mother and son love affair. You're showing him what it takes to be a man. You can't go out and show a person how to dig a ditch, without getting a little dirty in the process."

Brooke nodded in agreement. "True. He agreed to give me one week, and I may only have one shot at this. If he still enlists in the Army, at least I can look back and say I gave it my all."

Ian was laying in bed masturbating to the image of his mother's enormous breasts that he had seen for the first time yesterday. He was suddenly startled as his mom barged in.

"Up and at 'em, soldier!" Brooke shouted, then froze as she spotted her boy's steely-hard boner tenting up lewdly beneath the blanket. "Oh…um, sorry, bunny boo. Did I interrupt something?"

"No, I was just getting up," the boy lied.

"I can see that," giggled Brooke. "WAY UP!"

When Ian took in what his mom was wearing, it certainly didn't help him become any less aroused. The only thing Brooke had on was one of her husband's big camouflaged Army shirts, which was unbuttoned half-way. She clearly wasn't wearing a bra, by the way her giant tits bulged out obscenely.

"Are we running again today?" he asked, trying not to stare at her boobs too much.

"No, I was gonna have you drop and give me twenty, but I can see that's gonna be nearly impossible with your kickstand down," she giggled, staring at the tubular-shaped protrusion sticking up from beneath the blankets. "Maybe this is the perfect chance for us to transition into the next phase of his training," Brooke thought.

The mother gave her boy a brave look. "Are you ready to be man enough to let me see it…and finish in front of me?"

"Finish?"

The mother crawled onto the bed with him. "Yes, finish masturbating, bunny boo," she clarified. "I know that's what you were doing in here."

"Oh…um," Ian muttered in hesitation, staring at his mom's dangling, mile-long cleavage as she rested there on all-fours beside him..

"If you can't be man enough to show off your tool in front of a woman, how can you ever expect to be confident enough to crack her open?"

"True."

Brooke's hazel eyes gazed into her boy's with anxious wonder. "Show me that sledgehammer, Ian. Stand up beside your bed and show me how big and hard it gets," she whispered.

The teen bravely stood up from his bed and turned to face his mom, wearing nothing but his birthday suit.

Brooke sprawled out on her side in a sexy pose, with her head resting again her hand and her elbow propped on the mattress. Her smooth lovely legs were slightly spread out, exposed beneath the hem of the big camouflaged button-up. Her eyes widened in delight as she stared at her boy long saluting boner.

"Wow, something's certainly standing at full attention this morning," she complimented.

"Well, what do you expect…when you're dressed like that, mom."

The mother stared at the fat angry, pinkish-purple knob. "Make it wag," she requested.

"Wag?"

"Yeah…make your boner wag back and forth, soldier!"

Ian complied, turning his midsection and making his protruding stiffy lewdly waggle back and forth as it branched out from his crotch.

"Oh, honey, that's wonderful!" the mother cooed, marveling at the strength and stiffness of his vein-encrusted appendage. "Stroke on it now…like you were doing before I barged in."

Ian gasped his dick and began slowly stroking it up and down. He never imagined he'd being showing his own mom his hard cock, let alone masturbating in front of her. Even though he was nervous, it was incredibly thrilling.

Brooke was mesmerized by the sight in front of her. It was like everything she imagined in all her forbidden fantasies.

"Is pre-cum dripping from the slit of your knob, bunny boo?" she asked in concern.

"Yes."

"Good. That'll lubricate your strokes and keep your boner nice and slippery."

The mother's heart raced excitedly as she watched her big-dicked boy beat off in front of her. She could feel her clitoris throbbing, while she watched his muscled meat slip through his hand like it was a pussy.

"If there's anything you'd like to see, while you're doing that, Ian…I want you to be man enough to tell me."

Since he'd reached puberty, Ian regularly imaged what his mom must look like laying on the bed, with her amazing legs spread wide open. This was his chance to finally find out. "Will you spread your legs?" he bravely asked.

Without hesitation, Brooke gracefully brought her naked legs together, pointed them up towards the ceiling and pulled her black thong panties off. Rather than lower her legs again, she scissored them wide open, displaying not only her amazing spread, but also her shaved vulva in all it's aroused glory.

"Dang!" the teen gasped, admiring the way her strong mommy-legs spread open limberly, so her dainty feet pointed to opposite ends of his bedroom. He was equally fascinated by the form of her mature pussy. "That's quite the coconut, mom," he joked.

"Thanks, honey," she giggled. "Speaking of that…knowing how to crack a coconut is probably like knowing how and where to attack your enemy's fortress, which in this case is a woman's vagina. Understanding how a woman's built and where her sweet spots are, gives a man an added advantage to victory beneath the sheet."

"Well…I do know some things."

"Oh really? We'll see about that," the mom said, half-playfully. "Show me where my clitoris is."

Ian nervously pointed at her pussy. "There in the center," he answered.

"That's pretty vague, honey," she giggled, then scooted her rounded ass to the edge of her boy's bed. "Here…get down on your knees and point it out."

The teen dropped to his knees, which gave him a look at his mom's wonderful pudendum in greater detail. He again pointed towards the center of it. "It's there."

"Nope, that's my clitoral hood…not my clitoris."

"Well, it's um…underneath," the boy muttered awkwardly.

"Then peel it back and show me."

With his heart racing in his chest, Ian reached out and used two fingers to unshroud his mom's grape-sized love-button. It stuck out from her cuntal flesh…shiny and engorged.

"Do you see how similar it is to the knob of your penis? It's like a cute little mini-version of you," she giggled.

"And that's where a woman gets most of her pleasure, right?"

"A lot, but not all," Brooke answered. "Like the tip of your dick, it has a high concentration of nerve-endings. Stimulating it will definitely weaken your enemy's defenses, and prepare her fortress to be penetrated."

"I love the military analogy, mom," Ian chuckled.

"Your father would be proud, right?"

Ian stared at her pussy and laughed. "Considering the subject of our discussion…probably not."

"Good point," his mom agreed. "Now, soldier…show me the spot where you breach the enemy fortress."

Ian spread her labial folds open, revealing the coral-colored pit of her cuntal vestibule and the mouth of her fuck-hole. "There!"

"Good. It's important to understand that the real battle goes on once you're inside, so it's crucial that you raid the enemy fortress with everything you have," Brooke explained.

"Why…are there a thousand soldiers waiting in there for me?" the teen giggled.

His mom bent one of her sexy legs down a moment and used her foot to push him playfully. "No, there's no platoon of soldiers in there, but there will be some resistance, especially when you're using your weapon well, and really turning on the heat."

"It's a good type of resistance though," Ian admitted.

"Yes, and as you know…that wonderful resistance can cause your penis to surrender before you've even won the battle."

"Like after twenty-minutes, in the backseat, at Harmon's beach, right?" her son added, a bit embarrassed.

"Exactly. You left that coconut intact, so we need to teach you a VERY important part of being a man, which is sexual endurance."

"How do I learn something like that though?" inquired Ian.

"Yesterday, at the end of our run, even though you were exhausted, you pushed yourself and beat me. Do you remember why you did it?"

"Because you're too slow?" he joked.

"No, not because I was too slow," his mom chuckled. "What was it you wanted?"

"To feel your thigh again," he admitted.

"So you did something you probably didn't think you could do, because you were motivated by something, right?"

"Yes."

"So let's use that, and do an endurance exercise together. Come up on the bed and lay down on your back," Brooke instructed, curling her legs back down onto the mattress.

Ian took position by his mother, who sat beside him with her lovely legs spread out to the side. "If you wanna crack a girl open like a coconut when you have sex with her, you have to use that same type of willpower you used yesterday."

"So I can last longer than twenty-minutes in bed you mean?"

"Yes, much longer. At least double that…and that's just for starters. For this first exercise, we'll be doing forty minutes of vigorous masturbation," Brooke insisted.

"Dang," the boy gasped. "I don't think I've ever masturbated that long before."

"Notice I said 'WE'LL be doing forty minutes of masturbation,' bunny boo. That means I'LL be the one masturbating you."

"Oh…" he muttered, feeling a sudden rush of excitement. "Um… alright then."

He watched his mom spit a gob of saliva onto her hand, then reach over and coated the tip of his cock with it. Her touch was electric, making his body shudder heatedly.

"Ready to hear what you're working for?" Brooke asked, feeding him a smile as she slowly began jerking his boner up and down.

"Sure."

"If you can make it forty-minutes without cumming….I'll let you suck on my tits," his mom promised candidly.

"Seriously?" Ian asked.

"Seriously! However, if you think I'm going easy on you, you're wrong. If you wanna nurse on these triple-H's, you gonna have to earn it."

"I'll do my best," he promised.

"Here we go then," declared Brooke, speeding up her cock-stroking tempo.

Ian knew he shouldn't look up at his mom as she sat beside him stroking, because it would turn him on even more, but he couldn't help himself. The way her huge tits jiggled, while spilling out from between the unbuttoned portion of her camouflaged shirt was spellbinding. His gaze drifted up to her pretty face to find her staring down at him. "I don't think I've ever jerked on a penis this big before," she giggled, "so it looks like I have my work cut out for me too."

"It feels really…really good," the boy breathed, looking down and watching her motherly hand jerk up and down his prick from balls to knob. He could tell his mom had done this a thousand other times, by the way her hand moved in a perfect corkscrew motion. Also, by the way her palm swept over his knob, using his leaking precum to keep his erection completely lubricated.

"It's been ten minutes, bunny boo. You're doing great!" the mother boasted.

"I'm feeling really good too."

"You mentioned that already," Brooke giggled. "When I get to the half-way point, I'm gonna do some things that'll make it a bit more challenging for you."

"What kinds of things?"

His mom fed him a mischievous smile. "Get to the half-way point and find out."

Five minutes later, the teen was beginning to squirm in pleasure. His mom's hand hadn't slowed one bit and was making his boner tingle with pre-orgasmic sensations. "God, mom! Could you slow down just a little bit?" he whimpered, wincing from the pleasure he was getting.

"No, but I can go faster," Brooke answered, speeding up her tempo. Now the boy was writhing in delight as her hand thundered up and down his throbbing dick.

"Ahh! I don't know if I can stand too much of that! Please…can you slow down?" he pleaded.

"In thirty seconds I will," she answered, tirelessly jerking him off, "but the next time you tell me to slow down I'm gonna jerk it hard and fast like this, and I won't be slowing down again…understood?"

"Yes."

Squeezing off his orgasm seemed a little more tolerable once she slowed her stokes a bit. After several more minutes, Brooke crawled up on her knees beside him, still leaning over and stroking his steely cock without missing a single beat. She placed one hand astride him, so she was hovering over her boy on one extended arm, while beating his dick with the other.

"Dang!" moaned Ian, gawking up at his mom's dangling tit-meat, which was threatening to spill right out of her top. Her cock-jerking motions caused her giant boobie-orbs to ripple wonderfully, and Ian was front row center.

"Honey?" his mom whispered, causing him to shift his gaze to her eyes. "I want you to imagine that you're at Harmon's Beach, in the back seat of a car fucking the girl of your dreams."

The teen shuddered just from hearing his mom use the F-word in that context. "Alright," he replied, with heavy excited breath.

"Imagine that she's laying on top of you, and you're pounding your manhood up into her."

Of course, the person Ian was envisioning in the backseat with him was his mother. At that wonderful moment, he couldn't possibly be imagining anyone else.

"You're enjoying the incredible tightness of her hot wet pussy around your entire dick," Brooke cooed, while gazing down into her boy's eyes with a lustful demeanor.

"Ahh, yes!" hissed Ian, feeling his glans tingle in the tight slippery grip of his mom's hand.

"Hump your hips from the mattress, honey. Show her what a good fuck you are," Brooke mewled. "Show her you know how to split her open and make her gush all over you."

"Hot damn, mom!" the boy squealed, squirming beneath her, more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. It was all he could do to keep from shooting into the air as he listened to her sultry voice.

"Yes! Fuck her, bunny boo! Go get that pussy!" his mommy cried out.

The boy tried every trick in the book to lower his excitement level. His efforts started paying off, until he gazed back up and noticed his mom's jiggle-bosoms were nearly spilling free of the shirt. Both sets of areolas were half-exposed and it seemed like her swollen nipples, catching on the hems, were the only thing keeping her boobs from bobbling out.

"Thirty-minutes, soldier!" his mom announced. "Ten more minutes without blasting out that hot cum and you'll be smothered in these

milk-filled titties."

"Yess!" the boy gasped, feeling incredibly close to cumming, but as determined as ever not to. He couldn't believe what an incredible cock-stroker his mom was. She'd been yanking his boner energetically for a half-hour, without showing the slightest sign of exhaustion. "Damn, if mom's this good at giving a handjob…how incredible must she be at fucking?" he wondrously asked himself.

"Come on, honey! You can do it!" Brooke cheered. "Show mommy what a man you're becoming!"

By the time he hit thirty-nine minutes, the muscles in Ian's ass were burning from being clenched so much. His mom's hand was a slimy mess as it continued milking his blood-swollen peter tirelessly, making lewd creamy stroking sounds. "Thirty-seconds, Ian. You're on the home stretch!" Brooke announced, speeding up her pace and beating his boner with everything she had.

"TIMES UP! YOU DID IT!!" the proud mother sang, releasing his dick and plopping down tits-first against him for a victory hug.

"Barely," the boy sighed, fighting to catch his breath.

Brooke lifted her head up enough to gaze at him in adoration. "Oh my God, forty minutes, baby…that was incredible!"

"I'm not gonna lie, mom. That was easily the best handjob I've ever gotten."

"Wow, I'm flattered to hear that, Bunny boo," Brooke blushed. "And handjobs aren't even my specialty."

Ian stared at her, completely intrigued. "What, um…what's your specialty?"

"Well, I've always been told I'm the best at giving blowjobs, but guys probably say that to any girl who sucks on them, so who knows," she giggled.

"So were you serious earlier…about my reward for making it forty-minutes?"

"Of course I was serious, honey," the mom declared. "I would never make a promise to you that I didn't plan on keeping. How much time do you think you need?"

"Time?"

"Do you wanna suck my boobs for an hour? Two hours?"

"Seriously?! I can suck on then for that long?" he asked in disbelief.

"Of course! You earned it, honey, but if you're gonna nurse on mom's knockers longer than a half-hour, we may wanna wait until after lunch. Your father's stopping by on his lunch break today," Brooke cautioned.

"Alright. I can wait I guess."

"Now you have another decision to make," she informed him with a curious smile.

"What's that?"

"Do you want me to pump my breasts before you suck, or let them continue to engorge for you?"

It was a question Ian never dreamed his mom would ever ask him, but the answer was simple. "You don't have to pump."

"How did I know you were gonna say that," she winked.

The mother felt a tad ashamed of herself, realizing she was just as eager for tit-play as her son was…maybe more.

Brooke quickly got changed before her husband arrived and made him lunch, so it was ready when he got there.

George was at the table eating when his son stepped into the kitchen. "Hey, dad," said Ian, walking over to the fridge.

"Hey…decided on a path to your future yet?" his dad asked.

"Not really. I've just been considering all my options."

"Any of them stand out?"

"A couple of them," Ian answered, looking over at his mom's tits. "A couple of them REALLY stand out."

Brooke got her son's tit-reference, and snickered, while doing up a few dishes. She thrust her boobies out proudly, giving her son a good look at her large sloping sweater-meat in side profile. Her eyes met her teen's. "Well, If they STAND OUT that much, honey…you should probably really go after them," she suggested.

"I plan to soon."

"Oh, and that reminds me…" Brooke said to Ian. "I was gonna make you some lunch, but I know you have another meal waiting for you soon, don't you bunny boo?" his mom asked with a flirty smirk.

"I sure do," the boy answered anxiously.

"Going out to lunch with friends today?" his father asked him.

"Um…just one friend," Ian answered, smiling over at his mother.

"Oh, a female friend?"

Brooke turned from the sink and answered for her son. "Yes, I've met her. She absolutely beautiful," she blurted, then stared her boy in the eyes. "I'm sure she's got something REALLY yummy to feed him for lunch today," said the mother, while leaning against the counter and making her boobies balloon way out.

"Well, it's good that you have a female interest. I'm sure she'd be even more enamored with you if you were wearing an Army uniform today on your date," George stated.

Ian saw his mom roll her eyes, then look over at him. "How do you know his date doesn't want him wearing nothing at all?" Brooke joked.

"Well, honey, if they just met, I highly doubt this girl's ready to explore something sexual."

Once again, Brooke looked her son in the eyes with a knowing smile. "I wouldn't be so sure about that," she added.

Ian thought his father would never leave. Once George was gone, Brooke stepped over to her son and held out her hand. "Ready for than lunch date," she winked.

"Sure."

The teenager followed his mom's delightful bubble-butt across the house to his parent's bedroom. His mom and dad had one of those fancy beds that changed positions, and Brooke adjusted it with a remote, so the mattress was reclining, rather than laying flat. "Wanna get naked with me, bunny boo?" the mom asked, while slipping off her blouse.

"You mean…um, totally naked?"

"Yeah, unless you're afraid?" the mother inquired, raising an eyebrow.

"No, I'm not afraid."

"Good, then get those clothes off, young man."

Together, they both stripped naked. "Gracious, I'm leaking like crazy," Brooke observed, watching the nectar drip from her engorged teats as her jugs wobbled heavily across her chest. "I hope you're hungry," she giggled.

"I am," Ian answered, licking his chops.

"Lay back on the bed."

The teen slid onto his parent's marital mattress and reclined back, making his boner waggle back and forth across his crotch. From the foot of the bed, his mom crawled towards him like a heavy-titted cougar, brazenly climbing onto him as if she were about to fuck him from the top. "Ready, bunny boo?" she softly asked, gazing down at him over her enormous milk-swollen udders.

Ian was so damn excited he couldn't answer, so he just nodded.

He felt his mom's bare vulva rest against the underside of his muscled boner as she brought her squishy tits down around his face. "Holy fuck, this is really happening!" the boy thought, feeling his face sink down into tremendous creamy cleavage between her jugs.

"They're all yours, my forty-minute man!" she giggled. "Enjoy them."

For such a young tit-hound like Ian, the next two hours passed like a wonderful dream. His tongue traveled every spongy contour of his mom's giant tits. He gorged himself on the peaks of her jugs, cramming his mouth as full as he could get it and sucking like a starving infant. His mother's tit-milk poured into his greedy mouth and down his throat as his tongue wrestled wildly with her fat nipples.

"Mnnff!" he grumbled. His face was pressed so far into Brooke's fatty tit-mound that he felt like he was wearing a soft fleshy mask.

While his main focus was on sucking his mom's oversized tit-melons, he couldn't ignore the exquisite sensation of her pussy against his cock. During his two-hour tit-feast, their genitals did a subtle rocking grind, while pressed tightly together.

The only reason they stopped was because the baby started crying from the nursery, otherwise Ian could have continued nursing for as long as his mom would have allowed it. Brooke's engorged teat popped from his mouth all covered in milk and saliva. She looked down at her wide-eyed boy through her gaping cleavage and giggled. "Well hello there, my little bunny boobie-muncher."

"Hi," the boy sighed, his handsome face glistening with her tit secretions. "I hope I didn't steal all the baby's milk."

"No, I have a bottle in the fridge that I pumped this morning."

"Oh, good."

She gazed him in the eyes as she spoke. "I'm gonna go tend to her, but I'll be back. Will you stay naked for me?" asked the mother.

"Sure."

She fed him a quick kiss on the lips, then he watched her crawl off the bed, making her heavy mammaries jostle around. His ogling moved to her meaty bare buttocks, watching it undulate as she sashayed across his room. Brooke paused in his doorway and peeked over her shoulder with a salacious grin. "You're awfully good at that you know?" she commented.

"What?" Ian asked stupidly, mesmerized by the way she was posed there in his doorway with her thick ass stuck out and her huge tits sloping down.

"Sucking tits."

"So, you enjoyed it too?" he asked.

"Look down at your dick and you tell me," she answered, glancing down at his boner.

Ian peered down at his cock and saw that it was soaking wet with his mom's vaginal secretions. "I guess you did," he giggled.

"You must be aching by now," the mother guessed. "When I get back, I'm gonna milk you off between my tits."

Ian's heart about burst through his chest. Just when he thought this day couldn't get any better…it was about to.

While Brooke fed her daughter, all she could think about was her son and his big dreamy cock. She simply couldn't wait to get back in there and use her body to give him pleasure.

"Ahh, shit!" Ian cried out as his knob emerged from Brooke's smothering cleavage and shot a fat rope of spunk into the air.

"Yes!! Cum, bunny boo!" the mom cheered, while squeezing her melonous boobs together and pumping them up and down around her boy's cock.

The teen let out more grunts, while jizz continued to spurt from his meatus. Some of it splattered along his mom's tit-cleavage, while his glans were being smothered by the fatty flesh of her milky mommy-melons.

"That was amazing!" he sighed, as his cock finally sprung free of his mom's tit-grasp.

"I could tell," Brooke giggled. "I feel like that guy in Ghostbusters who got slimed."

"What about you?" her son inquired.

She smiled back at him curiously. "What about me?"

"Don't you wanna…you know…cum?"

"Oh, honey, the fact that you're caring enough to ask shows me that you're becoming just the man I was hoping you would. Confident and unselfish."

"Well, you should get to feel good too," he stated.

"Hold that thought…until tomorrow. If you really want me to feel good, maybe that's something we'll have you earn, by working for it."

"Got it!" Ian confirmed.

"Holy shit, you gave him a tit-wank?!" Sasha asked in shock.

"I couldn't just leave him hanging."

"Now that you've broke the ice, you guys should totally fuck," Heather suggested with a big smile.

"But I shouldn't just fuck him…should I?"

"No, I meant to help him…you know, to boost his confidence and make a true man out of him."

"Yeah," Sasha agreed. "Wasn't somebody saying yesterday that they wanted to give this their all."

"Yes, I still do. Do you know he actually asked me if he could give me pleasure. He was really concerned about pleasing me. I can't remember the last time George said something like that," Brooke pointed out.

"Your son is infatuated with you," her friend reminded her. "Do you really think there's anything he won't do or say to be balls-deep inside you?"

Brooke shrugged her shoulders. "I guess we'll see. Would you mind watching the baby again this morning?"

"I got you covered, girl," Heather declared.

Brooke took her son out for another run. This time she wore a pair of sexy yoga shorts, that only covered a portion of her luscious ass.

"Why do I have a feeling you're trailing behind me on purpose?" she teased, glancing back over her shoulder at Ian, who ran behind her.

"It's so I can come from behind and beat you again," the boy answered confidently.

"More like watch my ass jiggle," she laughed. "We're not gonna be racing home like we did yesterday," the mother stated. "Today I have something else in mind."

"What's that?"

"You'll see when we get there. It'll be a challenge, that much I'll tell you."

Jogging along, the teen followed his mom to a training portion of the base, where there was a huge climbing wall, nearly forty-feet high. "This is a training area. Are we suppose to be out here?" Ian asked.

"Probably not, so we better be quick."

"Don't tell me we're climbing THAT thing," the teen probed, looking up towards the top of the wall.

"Are you chicken?" Brooke teased.

"Well, no…it's just that this is the wall that the Rangers practice climbing on. I've only been climbing once in my life, mom."

"Oh, then it's a real challenge. Are you up for it?"

"Is there a reward involved?" her boy inquired.

"Well, if you do it, I'm gonna record it on my phone and show your father, so he can see that you don't have to join the Army to do things THEY consider manly."

"That's it?" the boy asked in disappointment. "My reward is proving a point to dad?"

"For making it to the top, yes, but if you can do it under ten minutes, maybe you'll get a little something extra," she offered with flirty smile.

"Like…what kind of little something?"

The beautiful mother stepped up to him and bumped the swell of her tits against his chest. "Well, you mentioned yesterday wanting to please me. So if you meet the challenge, how about I let you eat my pussy?" she suggested.

"That definitely sounds like something I'd work for," her teen breathed excitedly.

"Prove it then," the mother urged, getting her phone ready to record.

Ian quickly shot up the climbing wall, making it look relatively easy at first, but about half-way up, he started having trouble.

"Come on…you can do it, bunny boo!" his mom cheered. "Keep going!"

The teen couldn't get his footing and slipped off the wall, dropping a good distance to the ground. After a hard landing in the sand, he let out a painful groan and held his ankle.

"Ian?!" his busty mom shouted, running over to his aid. "Oh, baby, are you ok?"

"It's my ankle. I heard it snap."

Brooke quickly dialed a number on her phone. "OK, hold tight, honey…we'll get you some help."

An hour later, George marched up the hallway to the Army medical clinic and into his son's room. Ian was in the bed with his ankle wrapped and propped up. "The training wall?! Are you crazy, kid?! the father seethed.

"George, it was my fault. I challenged him to do it," his wife confessed.

"Then you're both foolish. The only ones that are suppose to even be around that wall are authorized Army personnel," the father fumed.

"We made a mistake. It won't happen again," Brooke assured him.

"So, what did the doctor say?" George asked.

"My ankles broken," replied Ian.

"Great! I guess that puts any chances of Basic Training on hold for God knows how long."

Brooke glared at her husband. "George, would you please just stop with the Army crap for two seconds and show some concern for your son!" she scolded.

"Honey, he needs to start making responsible choices. If he was working, like most adults do, that dumb stunt might of put him out of a job, or other obligations."

"Are you through lecturing, George?" his wife impatiently asked, then stepped over to her boy. "Come on, honey…I'll help you to the car."

With the help of his mom and crutches, Ian made it to her vehicle.

"Do I need to come home and help him get situated, before I head back to work?" George asked.

"We can manage just fine," his wife answered.

Back at the house, Brooke helped her son to his room. "Thanks, mom…I don't know what I'd do without you," the boy stated.

"Well, you'd be able to walk right now…that's one thing."

"Don't feel bad. You didn't know this could happen."

"I challenged you to do something stupid, Ian. It was irresponsible of me."

"If you need to go to Heather's, to get the baby, go ahead. I'll be ok now," the teen assured her.

"You're sister's fine. I pumped her a bottle this morning. I'm more concerned about YOU right now," the mother doted.

"Mom, I'm good…really," he giggled. "OK, maybe a little bummed that I didn't meet the challenge and get the reward."

Brooke placed her hands on her wide hips, making her boobies thrust out beneath her tank top. "Only a little bummed, huh?" she teased.

"Ok…a lot bummed," he admitted, making her giggle.

"So if I stripped my panties off and hopped on your face right now… would that make you feel better?" Brooke boldly asked.

The boy looked at her excitedly. "What do you think?"

His mom plopped down next to him on his bed, making her breasts shimmy across her chest. She reached down and untied one sneaker, then kicked it off her foot. She did the same to the other, then peeled off her ankle socks, exposing her sexy feet with their ruby red toenails.

Ian watched his mom climb to her knees beside him and begin peeling his shorts off. "Mind if we take him out?" she asked in a sensual tone.

"Not at all."

"Take off your shirt too, baby."

She shucked off his shorts and briefs, releasing his fully hard cock. "There's that manly sledgehammer that I can't take my eyes off of," she teased, studying it's every detail with her lusty eyes.

The mother turned her ass to her son and slowly peeled her shorts and panties over the thick rounded cheeks of her derriere.

Ian's boner flexed with excitement as his mom's bottoms lowered to the tops of her legs, exposing all of her big rounded buttocks, and the thick hairless folds of her outer labium. He could even see the bud of her cute pink butthole peeking out from between her globes.

"When was the last time you ate some pussy?" his mom asked, peering back at him over her shoulder.

"For that…it's been awhile."

Brook fell onto her back again, pointing her strong mommy-legs straight up, then sliding her bottoms up and off them. "If you can make me cum so hard my eyes roll back…I'll return the favor by giving you the best blowjob you've ever had."

"How can I refuse an offer like that?" Ian sighed, so anxious to get started it was killing him.

The eager mother quickly crawled up and straddled his face, planting her knees aside his head.

"OH MY GOD!" Ian's brain scream with a thrill, as he watched his mom's shaved pussy lower to his lips. "Hnnff!" his voice muffled, as his mouth sunk between her fragrant folds and his tongue began flickering through her vestibule, then up around her engorged clit.

"Yes, bunny boo…just like that! Eat my pussy," his mother moaned.

Brooke ground her horny vagina all over her boy's face, enjoying the feel of his tongue laving through her cuntal folds.

With his mom facing his headboard, the teen could peer right up the front of her body as he devoured her cunt. He marveled at the hairless tumescence of her pubis and the hourglass shape of her sexy torso. He watch in wide-eyed fascination as Brooke peeled off her snug sports top, releasing her mammoth tits. She bit her bottom lip in ecstasy and stared straight down through her cavernous cleavage into her handsome boy's eyes. "Are you liking that view from down there, you gorgeous little cunt-muncher?"

"Mn-hm," her boy responded, lapping up the tangy juices that oozed from her fuck-hole.

"You like looking up at mommy's big milk-swollen tits…watching them wobble around, while thinking about how big and soft they are?" she mewled.

Her son's response was nearly inaudible, due to all the juicy cuntal flesh surrounding his face.

"Reach down and stroke your dick while you eat me, baby. I know you want to," the mother said, peering back at Ian's throbbing manhood.

He complied without protest, pulling on his pecker, while devouring her pussy with all the cunt-munching skill he could muster.

His mom continued speaking to him in a pleasure-filled tone. "I know you didn't technically make it to the top of the tower, but you didn't hesitate to accept the challenge, and it takes a brave, confident man to do that."

After a few more minutes of riding his face, the mother's breathing grew more laborious and the grinding movements of her wide naked hips became more frantic. "Oh, Ian!" she sharply gasped as her oversized jugs did a wonderful quivering shimmy back and forth. She reached down and grabbed his hair with her hands, fucking her pussy all over his face as fast as she could. "CUMMING!!" the mother's quivering voice cried out.

Watching his mom orgasm from this angle, while lashing his licker across her love-button was the most amazing spectacle the boy had ever witnessed.

"Uhhgghh!!" the heavy-titted brunette cried out, her entire naked body shuddering in orgasmic delight.

Finally, she slid her super-sensitive pussy down his chest, leaving a trail of juice, then dropped down on top of him. "Oh my God, you're incredible!" the mother gasped, showering her boy with tender post-climactic kisses.

"You think so?" the wild-eyed teen asked, loving the feel of her milk-engorged tits bulging out from between them and sloshing against

his bare chest. His dick stuck up from between her legs, with her vulvar lips smothered across the top of it.

"I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it," Brooke answered. "I know the purpose of the past few days has been to help you become a man, but it's also been such a thrill for me," she confessed. "I've never been this turned on in my life."

"Me too."

Their eyes lingered together for what seemed like an eternity before Brooke broke the silent tension between them. "Can I kiss you?" she whispered.

"You've been kissing me," her son giggled.

"Not those types of kisses, silly. The passionate kind."

"I certainly wouldn't stop you," the teen muttered, his heart about racing out of his chest.

Brooke lowered her bee-stung lips and fused them around her son's in an open oval. "Mmnn," she whimpered, curling her long pink snake into her son's mouth and making it dance intimately with his. Seconds became minutes, and soon they had been making out like a horny young couple for nearly a half-hour.

When his mom finally broke their kiss, Ian saw her give him a dreamy-eyed gaze, unlike he'd ever seen before. "Gosh, as much as I'd like to spend the rest of the afternoon doing that…I really can't," she whispered.

"Why's that?" her son inquired, as eager as she was for more.

She smiled salaciously. "Because I have a big dick to suck on, remember?" the mother replied, then slowly crawled down over her son's body, planting tender kisses as she went.

Ian shuddered as her felt his mom's lips touch his hard penis, kissing all over his flaring pinkish-purple knob. Next, she rolled her tongue all over it, teasing him sensually. Her thick pink mommy-licker swept across the length of his rigid pole, down around his nuts, then back up his steely-hard shaft. "It's been awhile since I've sucked a dick this big," she confessed, stroking it with her hand. "Have you ever had a girl take all of you down her throat?"

"Never all of it, no."

"Well then, watch this…" his mom winked, then plunged his boner into her mouth.

"Oh wow!" the teen gasped, watching the ring of her stretched lips lower to his pubic base.

"Gnfff!" Brooke gagged, after squeezing it inside her throat for a few moments, then pulled it out. "Reach down and hold my hair, bunny boo. You can fuck my mouth like a pussy," she breathed, then plunged his cock back in as deep as she could get it.

Following his mom's suggestion, the boy grasped onto her silky brunette hair and began humping his ass from the mattress, slipping his muscled dick through the tube of her throat.

After about ten minutes of this, Brooke took control again by sucking her boy's boner, while her tightly circled fist beat his dick into her mouth.

"Do you like that, baby?" she gasped. "Do you like the way mommy sucks on the meat of your dick?"

"God, yes!"

"Oh, mom likes it too," she sighed, then took a serious of vigorous sucks, her pretty head bobbing up and down before his knob popped

out again. "I could gorge myself on this perfect manly dick all day long."

Ian loved how his mom's tits dangled down and wobbled around wonderfully from the rhythm of her cock-sucking. She gazed up at him with those beautiful hazel eyes, making him squirm even more in ecstasy.

"Ahh, damn, mom…I'm gonna cum!" he finally announced, having held it off for as long as he could. "Ahhhh!!" his shaky voice groaned as he felt his dick erupt.

Brooke's taste-buds sizzled as she felt her boy's cock-milk shoot from his piss-hole and ooze down her throat. Her tongue thrashed around wildly against his peter, smearing his hot semen all around his fat bell as it glided through her mouth.

For several divine minutes she nursed on his penile flesh, pulling out every ounce of sweet ball nectar and still craving more.

"I'm in love with him!" Brooke announced, making her two friends look at each other in shock.

"You're IN LOVE with your son?" Sasha questioned.

"I know it sounds crazy. My whole intention was to help Ian become a man, and as I've watched him become one, I came to the realization that he's just the man I want for myself."

Sasha looked at her like she was crazy. "Um, Brooke, need I remind you that you already have a man…George."

"Yes, I know, and I love George, I do, but he's not Ian. George is consumed with his career. It's always the Army this…the Army that. Call me selfish, but I want a man that's consumed with ME."

Heather's eyes got big. "Are you saying you're divorcing George?" she asked.

"No, that's not what I'm saying. I care about George, and will still need him in my life in order for this to work."

"For what to work exactly?" Sasha asked.

"I'm gonna convince George that Ian's purpose as a man is to help me at home…you know, doing things around the house and raising the baby."

"Have you even discussed this plan with Ian?" Sasha asked.

"Oh, trust me…I won't need to. I think he's just as in love with me as I am with him. I just wanna spend my days having hot passionate sex with him. Is that so wrong?"

Heather and Sasha looked at each other, then burst out laughing.

"Okay, maybe IT IS wrong, in the eyes of the world," Brooke admitted, "but you know what…tough shit! It's what I want."

"You know what…you guys should totally get married," Heather excitedly suggested.

"Is there a way to do that?" Brooke asked, seeming intrigued.

"Well, not legally, but it's more of a symbolic union. My cousin Beth married her son when he turned eighteen. You could have a ceremony and everything."

"Oh my God, that would be so amazing! I mean, I'd have to propose to Ian first. You know, to make it official," Brooke gleamed.

"You should do it somewhere sentimental…you know, some place that means a lot to both of you," Sasha suggested.

"Oh my God, girl…that's a brilliant idea!"

"And you guys haven't fucked yet either…or have you?" Heather asked.

"That's about the only thing we haven't done at this point," the mother blushed, "but I want to…see fucking bad it's killing me."

"Then your first fuck could be on your wedding night. How simply amazing would that be?!"

That night, Brooke convinced George that her and Ian needed to run out for awhile, keeping the husband home with the newborn.

Ian looked over at his mom curiously, noticing how dolled-up she looked. "You look really nice…like you're going on a date, mom," he commented.

"Isn't that what this is?" she asked teasingly.

"News to me," he giggled. "Where are we going on our date then?"

"You'll see. Just a couple more miles and we'll be there."

A short distance out of town, Brooke pulled her SUV off the side of the road. Her son looked out the empty field in confusion. "What's this?" he inquired.

"THIS…is a very special spot in the history of you and I."

"This spot? Why?"

"This is the very spot that I gave birth to you eighteen years ago," said Brooke.

"Out here? Seriously?"

"The first time your father was stationed here, rather than live on base, we had a little house in the next town over. Since they had no hospital there, the ambulance came and got me when I went into labor. I ended up giving birth in the back of the ambulance, right around this very spot."

"Wow, I never knew that."

The mother smiled at him adoringly. "The reason I bought you out to this sentimental spot is because I have a question for you," she hinted.

"A question?"

"I think you would agree we've gotten particularly close the past weeks, in more ways than one," Brooke giggled.

"There's no denying that," he agreed.

"You're every bit the man I hoped you'd become, bunny boo. Just the type of man I need in my life."

"Oh…um, what do you mean?"

"I love you, Ian…and not just in a motherly way," she revealed. "What we've experienced the past week together…I don't wanna be without that, do you?"

"Well, no…not at all, but how can we prevent being without it?"

"By getting married," she smiled.

"Married? How on earth would we do that? CAN we do that?"

"We can DO whatever we want, not legally, but as far as you and I are concerned, we could be a married couple and be extremely happy together."

"Wait, what about dad?"

"Unfortunately, that would be the only down side to this. Well, sort of."

"Why sort of?" the boy asked.

"We'd need your father in order for this arrangement between you and I to work. He'll support the household financially, while you and I stay home, and do what married couples do," she winked.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie. Doing the things that married couples do with you would be pretty amazing."

The pretty mother thrust her boobies out and batted her eyelashes adoringly. "Will you marry me then, bunny boo? Will you marry mommy?"

"You bet I will," he blurted, then they both leaned over and embraced, then started kissing passionately.

Ian broke their smooching. "So when would this happen?" he asked anxiously.

"Well…since I've decided to save myself for our wedding night…I'm hoping this can happen as soon as possible."

"Like tomorrow?"

"Let me see what I can do," she giggled. "In the meantime, kiss me some more."

Ian and his mom sat at his birthplace, at the side of the road, making out lustfully and groping each other for nearly an hour before heading back home.

The noonday sun glistened celestially off the waters at Harmon's beach. Ian stood there waiting, with the help of his crutches,

dressed to the nines in a dress-shirt and tie. The surf crashed loudly behind him.

His mom's SUV, along with another vehicle, pulled up onto the sand of the secluded beach, which was common in this area. It was the Lovers Lane of their small Military community.

Brooke stepped out of her SUV, while Heather and Sasha emerged from the other vehicle. They began walking towards the teen, with the bride in the middle. Ian's jaw dropped when he saw what his mom was wearing, which was a white strapless tube mini-dress. The fatty flesh of the mother's huge bulging cleavage jiggled wonderfully as she approached her boy, her bare feet padding through the sand. Brooke carried a small matching bouquet of flowers. Heather and Sasha's dresses were also super-sexy, but the boy could hardly peel his eyes away from his busty, soon-to-be bride.

"Damn you look handsome," his mom gushed, her hair and make-up done elegantly.

"You look absolutely beautiful!" he replied.

"Do you think you can handle having me as your wife?"

"Absolutely!"

She stepped up close and they turned to face Heather who was officiating their little ceremony.

"Ian and Brooke…we're gathered here to join you as husband and wife. The world doesn't recognize these types of bonds, but fuck them! What matters is how you see each other," Heather preached.

Brooke peered at her boy and giggled. "Sorry, baby…we sort of wrote our own version of a wedding ceremony," she warned him.

"Cool," he giggled.

"Ian, do you take your big-breasted mom as your loving wife, to kiss and to suck, to lick and to fuck, every day of your life going forward?" Heather asked.

"I do," the boy vowed, his heart beating a mile a minute.

"Brooke, do you take this handsome big-dicked man as your loving husband, to kiss and to suck, to lick and to fuck, every day of your life going forward?"

The mother gazed at her boy with a sultry stare, then rolled her tongue across her top lip teasingly. "You fucking bet I do," she exclaimed.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss your bride," Heather said, then motioned to Brooke's SUV, "and then go fuck her ass off."

Brooke gazed at her boy anxiously, them locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

"Yaaay!!" Brooke's two friends cheered, throwing confetti in the air above the newly married couple.

The mother took her boy's hand and led him to her vehicle. She opened up the rear door and Ian literally gasped when he saw how his mom had prepared the interior for them. The seats in the back were

removed and replaced with a large air mattress. It was adorned with a fluffy white comforter and pillows, making it look extremely comfortable and inviting. "Hop on in, my baby," the mother cooed.

Ian set his crutches aside, then slid himself up onto the mattress, while his mom waved goodbye to her friends as they drove away.

Brooke climbed in with her new hubby and swung the rear door closed. "How's this for a honeymoon suite," she joked, curling her lovely legs to the side.

"I love it."

"The last time you got fucked out here, you lasted twenty-minutes, remember?"

Ian recalled the conversation with his mom about his date at Harmon Beach, that didn't go so well. "Yeah, I remember," he blushed.

"But you were a boy then, and now you're a man. A man with a clear picture of what he wants with his future," Brooke said, crawling around so her back was to him. "Unzip me."

With nervous hands, he unzipped his mom's gown. Brooke peeled it off, revealing a brilliant embroidered bridal bra and panty set. Resting on her knees, she turned to face her teen. The huge ornate cups of her bra were packed with tit-meat and the boy could clearly make out the wide dark rings of her areola through the semi-sheer fabric.

"I have no doubt that my new man will crack me open today, and make me tremble and gush all over him," the mother asserted, reaching back and unclasping her bra.

Ian anxiously removed his own outfit, while gawking at his mom's wobbling milk-swollen udders. Brooke slipped out of her dainty thong panties, presenting a freshly shaved pussy. She grasped her boy's blood-engorged dick and gave it a few tender strokes. "Mmm, I want my injured bunny boo to just lay back and let his mommy-bride ride the fuck out of him," she cooed.

The wonder-sticken teen watched his heavy-titted bride climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. She grasped his erection

at the base and pointed it up at her lowering pudenda. His fat knob split her twat and sunk inside her vaginal orifice. "Ahhh!" the boy gasped, feeling his pink dick sink up into the spongy tube of her cock-grinder.

"Ohhh, baby!" his mom squealed, feeling her ribbed lining stretch around the girth of his cock.

Ian sighed in delight. It felt like his long prick would never hit bottom as it sunk deeper and deeper into the mysterious regions of his mom's inner core. It was a place where few cocks had reached and where a lifetime of exquisite pleasure awaited him.

Brooke's cunt-tube was delightfully tight around her son's prick, especially for someone who'd just given birth weeks ago. As all pregnant women's do, her cuntal lining had thickened while carrying a child, and had still remained that way. Thick pinkish-purple rows of ribbed vaginal rugae had formed along her lining, and they were sure to provide toe-curling friction around her boy's love-muscle.

"Ahh, yes!" Ian gasped, feeling his mom's strong pelvic-floor muscles grip his dong from balls to tip, like a tightly circled fist.

Brooke began fucking…throwing her thick naked mommy-ass up and down, making her butt-meat ripple as it struck her son's crotch over and over. A loud obscene CLAPPING sound filled the vehicle as she beat her secreting genitals down against her son's cock hilt in a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Fuck me, bunny boo!" the mother cried out, pounding her overheated pussy down around the satisfying stiffness of his young prick.

Visually, the teen was in tittie heaven. His mom's squishy milkers swung heavily around his face, her vigorous fuck-humps guiding their every movement.

Ian latched on to one of her leaking nipples, sucking and tugging at the fat rubbery nub, making sweet tit-nectar stream out from a half-dozen milk-ducts surround her teat.

Having her breast sucked, while fucking at the same time, made Brooke's vagina shudder in pre-orgasmic delight. She felt a mind-blowing climax swell in her groin, making her pump her cunt at a frantic pace. "Oh yeah!" her sexy voice cried out. "Ohh yeah! Ohh, Ian…you're gonna split me open, baby!"

The teen pumped his ass from the mattress, making his mom's orgasm come on even faster. Within a minute, Brooke was screaming out in ecstasy, while humping atop the bucking teen. The boy loved seeing the pleasure-filled grimace masking his mom's face, and the wonderful flesh of her curvy body trembling as her orgasm shot through her like an electric current.

From the practice he'd gotten, with his mom's help, controlling his stamina, he lasted nearly an hour before he felt his own orgasm swell in his prostate.

"Ugh, mommy!" he groaned, peeking up from between her swinging tits, while ropes of potent sperm soaked the head of Brooke's cervix.

The big-boobed mom brought he squishy upper-half down against her boy, while kissing and writhing around on top of him for awhile longer.

A few hours later, the sun began to set over the distant ocean. Still sitting alone on the secluded pristine beach, Brooke's SUV rocked and squeaked from the wild humping going on inside.

Despite having a broken ankle, Ian was on top of his mother now, so her tits were crushed between them. The boy's ass bucked wildly between her thighs as he beat his dick through her snug vagina. Brooke's lovely silky-sheened legs were fastened around the teen like a fleshy fuck harness, guiding his frantic thrusts.

"God, I love your dick!" the horny new bride gasped, her cuntal walls still contracting from a recent orgasm. She still cared about George, but didn't feel a bit of shame taking her boy as a second husband and fucking him to exhaustion.

Ian's steely cock thundered through her mature vagina, hitting it at different speeds and angles, giving her pleasure she'd never experienced with George, nor did she ever plan to.

Their bodies writhed and trembled as they shared their first mutual orgasm together. It would soon become a part of their wonderful daily routine.

"I still don't see why you need him here with you all day?" George asked her, several months later.

"George, we've been through this. Ian is a huge help around here. He assists with tons of tasks, and with me being pregnant again, I simply couldn't do it without him."

"I still think he should've enlisted in the Army."

"He decided not to, end of story. Just respect that and appreciate what he does for us around here," Brooke advised. "Trust me, you'll be hard-pressed to find a man with more maturity and confidence than our son has."

"Mom, are you ready?" Ian asked, stepping back inside the house. By now his ankle was completely healed and he was getting around just fine.

"Yes, I think I have everything, honey," she answered. "Did you load our bags?"

"All loaded up."

The mother had booked a five day cruise for her and her new husband. Of course she lied to George, telling him she had won the trip, and it was a week that he'd be working, so she'd have to take Ian with her. The new couple planned on getting plenty of sun and having lots and lots of hot nasty sex.

Brooke took her son's arm, mashing her squishy boobs against his side, while they strode eagerly out the doorway. "See you in a week!"

"Have fun! Behave yourselves!" George hollered.

Brooke looked at her son and rolled her eyes. "Behave ourselves? Yeah, right," she snickered.

The next day, the newlyweds were out at sea on a Caribbean cruise. Naturally, their first priority was a good hard fuck in their luxury room.

Ian held his mom's hips as he rammed her from behind. The way her lovely round buttocks smacked against him, making the fatty flesh of her ass ripple was mesmerizing.

"Slap my fucking ass, baby!" Brooke shouted, peeking back at him lustfully.

Her son obliged, striking her thrusting mommy-rump with his open hand. "Again!" she squealed.

SMACK!! SMACK!!

The mother oversized knockers swung wildly as they hung heavily from her chest. Ian reached around and squeezed them while he fucked, sinking his fingers into their dough-like flesh.

After a few months of being together, there wasn't a thing they hadn't done sexually. They had tried every position imaginable and

picked out their favorites. "Stand and deliver, baby!" Brooke exclaimed, announcing one of her favorite positions with thrill in her voice, while quickly plopping onto her back at the edge of the bed. She raised her silky legs to her chest and bowed them open.

Ian's tongue hung out lustfully as he stepped forward between the wide spread of his mom's strong mature legs. His juice- soaked dick wagging lewdly, branching out from his crotch at an upward angle.

He grabbed his mom's ankles and speared his cock back up her birthing tube, feeling it sheath his boner in hot cuntal tissue.

"Ohh, fuck!!" the beautiful mother gasped, feeling his thick erection sink all the way to her womb, where their baby's fetus was growing.

Ian worked his hips steadily, beating his cock into his mom's tightly-clinging vagina. Her giant melons were spread out like fluffy round tit-pillows and rolled up and down her chest from the rhythm of their fuck-thrusting.

"Ahh, damn, mom! It feels incredible!" the boy panted, pumping his prick with full-length thrusts. He could feel the rubbery pleats along her sex-tube compressing around his penile flesh, soaking it with hot secreting fuck-oil.

"Yes it dies, bunny boo! You really know how to pound me with that amazing sledgehammer!"

One of the things Brooke loved most about fucking her son was how incredible rigid his cock stayed. They could fuck mindlessly for hours, making him cum several times and it still didn't go the least bit soft.

Ian watched his glistening love-hammer stab in and out of the cunt flesh that was stretched around it. He loved how her fleshy prepuce jiggled each time her thrust into her powerfully. His eyes drifted up a bit, to where her tummy was beginning to get round with the baby they had created. He and his mom agreed that they at least wanted

one baby to call their own. Of course his father, George, was incredibly proud of himself, believing it was he who had impregnated his wife. He was non the wiser.

"Pound me really hard, bunny boo!" Brooke pleaded. "I wanna gush on your cock!"

Ian grasped his mom's lovely legs as she rested them up against his shoulders. His crotch CLAPPED frantically against her rounded ass as he beat his prick into her hard and fast.

"OHH..OHHH…OHHGGHH!!" the mother grunted, arching her back in ecstasy as a tit-quivering orgasm swept through her lush body.

"Ahhh!" her boy sighed, feeling the liquid heat of her girl-cum wash over his tender prick. He mustered his will-power to keeping fucking her, bringing her to another screaming climax. Gone were the days of twenty-minutes romps without bringing the girl off. He knew his mom required much more than that, and she had helped him develop the stamina to fuck as long as she needed him to.

The busty beauty rode her son like a Rodeo queen, displaying the talent of a hyper-sexual mom. Of course his favorite part of having her on top of him was her jaw dropping tit-show. Brooke's ballooning melons leaped and rippled, beating wonderfully against her son's upper body.

The first fuck of their trip went on for two hours before Ian arched his back and grunted, firing his potent ball-juice into the gripping sleeve of his new wife's vagina. If his beautiful mother wasn't pregnant already, he certainly would have made her so, as he ended up blasting a half-dozen loads inside her before the day was through.

"I love you, bunny boo," his mom whispered. Her big fatty udders were squashed against him as they cuddled together in bed that

night, enjoying the gentle sway of the open sea before drifting off to sleep.

THE END

104: Mom's Birthday Boy

Mom's Birthday Boy

By Klrxo

Chad had just started his walk home after school when his mom pulled up beside him in her car and rolled down the window. "Hey there, birthday boy! Mommy thought she'd come pick you up from school on your special day. Get in!" she said with a pretty smile.

The teen rushed around and got in the passenger side. He was a short kid for his age, legally an adult now, but could easily pass for a boy much younger. This seemed to make many of the more popular girls at school shy away from dating him. "How did your classes go?" his mother asked as she drove. "Did you behave yourself in Mrs. Dawson's class?"

"Yes." "You better have. It would be a shame if I had to take your phone again for bad behavior."

"Yes, ma'am,"

Chad replied, peeking over at his mom's outfit. She was adorned in a white bodycon mini dress that clung to her curves. It had ridden up so high that nearly all her sexy legs were exposed. They gave off a silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Her dainty feet were propped in sexy heels, the sight of which made Chad's horny boy-cock begin to stiffen beneath his shorts. His lusty eyes shifted upward to his mother's radiant face and her long, wavy dark hair. Her bee-stung lips were coated with a thin layer of red lipstick and her dazzling

blue-green eyes stared out at the road through long, fluttering lashes. "You look really nice," the boy muttered. "Oh…I look nice, huh? Well thank you, honey," Abigail proudly replied. "I wanted to get dressed up in something pretty and come pick you up from school on your birthday, so we could go on a special date, just you and me."

The boy glanced in the back and noticed that the baby seat was missing. "You didn't bring the baby?" he asked. "No, your baby sister's with your Grandma, and Jamie is over at a friend's house. I told your father that you and I will be home later this evening."

"Oh, um…ok," he replied, also noticing that his mom's bag was on the back seat, stuffed full of items, but he couldn't tell what. "Where are we going?" His mom giggled at his curiousness. "I'm not gonna tell you where we're going on our date. That would ruin the surprise," she stated. "Don't worry…it'll only take us about twenty minutes to get there. Once we arrive, you're in for the time of your life, kiddo," she assured him, peeking over with a mischievous smile. "So, you just sit back and enjoy the ride."

They made small-talk during the trip, and Chad's eyes drifted down to the swell of his mom's tremendous breasts. Abigail had given birth to a baby girl only a month ago, and was actively breastfeeding the infant, so her tits were constantly engorged. Her nipples were so swollen that Chad could see them protruding from beneath her dress and bra. He just loved how her heavy breast-meat trembled like gelatin every time they hit a bump in the road.

Abigail's eyes peeked over at her teen, watching him gawk at her tits. She knew her sweater-meat was a source of constant fascination for him, particularly over the past year, when her body went through so many pre-natal changes. Her gaze darted down to his crotch, lingering on the tubular outline of the boner that had formed beneath his shorts. "So, are there any girls at school that

you have your eye on?" the mother asked curiously, looking back out at the road.

"No, um…not really." "No? How about any girls OUTSIDE of school? One of the married moms in the neighborhood maybe?" she teasingly asked.

"No…no one I can think of," he replied, but his mom could tell he was lying.

"Well, you may not have your eye on any of them, but I'm sure they have their eyes on you."

"You think so?" "Of course, I think so. Trust me…if they knew of a way to do it without their husbands finding out, they'd wouldn't hesitate to rip off their panties and let you have your way with them.

A short time later, Abigail's car was winding up a mountain road. Nearing the top, it turned off on a small dirt lane that a person would hardly know was there unless they were looking. The vehicle disappeared into the trees, emerging a few minutes later at a small clearing near a rocky ledge. "Here we are, honey…Heartthrob Training Ridge!" she stated, putting her car in park. "Moms have been bringing their sons up here on dates FOREVER! Look at that view! Isn't it beautiful? Look, you can even see the bank building, where your dad works," she pointed out, gazing out the front windshield.

Chad was impressed by the panorama. He could see the whole town from where they were, even the High School, where his mom had picked him up. "Yeah, I never even knew this place existed," he admitted. "I'm surprised there's only one other car up here," Abigail stated, looking over at the gray sedan parked nearby. "Then again, I guess 3pm on a Tuesday isn't the most popular time for a date, huh?"

Chad noticed that sedan seemed to be shaking rhythmically. "Why is their car rocking?" he inquired. "Why's their car rocking?" his mom giggled. "Why do cars usually rock like that when their parked out in the middle of no where? It sort of looks familiar though. Hmm, I wonder if it's someone I know?"

Chad remained quiet, having finally realized that the vehicle was moving because their was obviously two people having vigorous sex in there. His mom reached over, gently took his hand and let out a long sigh. "Well now…I have been waiting for years to bring you up here, Chad. Finally, you are legally an adult…so I actually can now," she expressed "Although,

I'll have you know…that even though you just turned 18, you will always be my little boy. Mommy's darling little snuggle-monkey," she giggled.

"Thanks," he blushingly replied. She gazed him straight in the eyes as she spoke. "Now that you're old enough, it's time for you to turn off the video games, put away the comic books and start spending your time doing big boy things," Abigail advised, squeezing his hand tenderly. "Things that'll not only bring you joy…but also extraordinary physical pleasure. I'm talking about sexual things, baby. It's time for you to move beyond the masturbation phase and to begin to experience the real thing. It's time for you to start fucking pussy."

"Oh," the boy muttered, his face turning a shade of red. This made his mom giggle. "Now-now…don't get all shy on me. I know those are probably words you've never heard come out of my mouth before. That's gonna change now though," she shared. "Mommy's gonna start using adult terms with you. Words like FUCK, COCK and PUSSY. TITS, BLOWJOBS and ORGASMS. Those are all words that you should be able to handle hearing, since you're now…technically an adult."

"Alright," Chad uttered. "I'm sure you have no problem talking about sex with the boys at school. You guys probably sit around, staring at all those girls with their fat tits and plump asses, talking about which ones you'd like to pound your horny, young dicks into, am I right?"

Chad smiled and nodded. "Yes…we do that sometimes." "The truth is though, even though you talk about it…you HAVEN'T had it yet, have you, sweetheart? You're a virgin, aren't you?" she asked, squeezing his hand.

"Yes." "It's OK that you are, honey. I'm sure many of your friends are still virgins too, but you're technically a man now…so that needs to change."

"I agree," the boy added. "That's why mommy brought you up here, Chad. This is the place moms and sons go when they wanna do nasty things together. It's the perfect place for a boy to experience a woman for the very first time. Mommy wants to give you a special birthday gift this year; one that you'll never forget," Abigail put forth.

Chad gulped nervously, staring into her gleaming, motherly eyes as they gazed back into his. She was so gorgeous and intimidating that he found it hard to look at her for very long. "What, um…type of gift?" he asked. "I wanna take your virginity, sweetheart. Mommy wants to fuck you."

"Oh, wow!" the boy excitedly sighed, squirming in his seat. "Oh, honey…you look so shocked!" Abigail giggled. "There's no reason to be. Lots of moms bring their sons up here so they can experience sexual pleasure together. It's a great place for boys like you to learn and practice, that's how Heartthrob Training Ridge got its name."

Chad's mind was buzzing. For years he'd dreamed about having his hard dick buried up inside his beautiful mom, but she seemed so proper and happily married to his dad. "Won't that be cheating on dad though?" he inquired. "NO…this in NO WAY would be considered cheating on your father, honey! Your my son, not some stranger, and

this would just be a very…'hands on' approach to teaching you the birds and bees, that's all," Abigail explained. "That's not to say that your father would agree to the idea…he wouldn't! In fact, he'd probably be repulsed and heartbroken by it. The fact is though… dads don't need to know everything that goes on while they're at work. Remember when you flushed your pet frog down the toilet when you were thirteen?"

"Yes." "Did I ever tell your father about that? No, I didn't. Some things can stay between mothers and sons and what we do here today is one of them, understood?"

"Yes, ma'am." "I love your father and am committed to my marriage, but I'm also committed to helping my son reach his full potential sexually. If that means stripping off my panties and having sexual intercourse with him, in the back seat of my car, then so be it," the mother proclaimed.

"Do I hear another car coming?" Chad asked, looking back through the rear window. "There's another car pulling up next to us," his mom replied. "Oh, that's Barbara Martin, from church…and look, she has HER son with her. Let me roll your window down for a second."

Abigail rolled down the passenger side window as they watched a small SUV pull up beside them. A pretty blonde mother smiled over at them; her window was open also. "Hi, Barb!" Abigail shouted.

"Hey, Abigail…you finally made it up here!" Barb replied, putting her vehicle in park. "Yes, I finally got to bring Chad up, I'm SOOO excited! How long have you and your son been dating?"

"About a month now, since he turned 18." "Oh…nice! It's such a beautiful, private spot up here to be alone with them."

"Yes…the perfect spot for passionate lovemaking," Barb agreed, then looked over at her own son, "right, honey?"

The boy smiled and nodded in agreement. "Who's gray sedan is that over there…do you know?" Abigail asked, pointing at the other car that was parked nearby. The one that clearly still had 'business' going on inside.

"That's Jill McCaine. Her husband, Bob, owns the hardware store downtown."

"Oh, of course, Jill McClaine…I thought I recognized it. Doesn't she have twin boys, a little older than ours?"

"Yes, they just graduated last year." "I thought so. I wonder if she brings them up for dates individually or at the same time? Whichever one she doing in there sure has a good rhythm going," Abigail giggled.

"I was just thinking that too. That's why we moms love the vitality of teenagers. Boys are so full of sexual energy. Did you guys just get here?" "Yeah, we got here like ten minutes ago, so we're getting ready to move to the backseat," Chad mother answered, the smile at her by, "right, honey?"

Chad smiled, nodding anxiously.

"We have plenty of condoms if you guys need any," Barb offered. "Do we need condoms?" Abigail asked, sharing a look with her son. "No, I think we're good on those, thanks for offering though. I picked up a box of Magnums earlier today, but IT IS Chad's first time, so I think I'll let him go bareback, just to get the full experience."

"Oh my God, he's just losing his virginity?!" Barb asked excitedly. "Yes…he's losing his virginity today, on his birthday. We are both so thrilled, right, baby?"

"It's so good for a boy to mate with mom first." "I agree totally, Barb," Abigail smiled, rubbing her boy's upper thigh, "a mom should

always be a boy's first."

"Well, you guys enjoy your lovemaking. It was so good to see you!" "Good to see you too! Have a great date! Bye!" Abigail waved, then rolled up her son's window. "See, baby…this has always been the hotspot for moms and sons. In a closed up car, way up here in the mountains, a mom and her boy can be

as wild, loud and nasty as they want without the fear of being caught. Now, shall we take this first date of ours to the backseat, birthday boy?"

"Sure," her son anxiously replied. "Good. Come open the door like a gentleman for your date," she requested.

Chad got out, moved around the car and opened his mom's door. He noticed that Barb's son was doing the same for her. The mothers stepped out, both dressed to the nines in beautiful mini dresses and heels that propped up their sexy feet. Their heavy tits jutted from their chests, their creamy cleavages glistening in the sun.

Chad climbed in the backseat after his mom did and closed the door. "What's in the bag?" he curiously asked, looking over at it. "The stuff in the bag there is your Heartthrob Ridge training kit."

"Training kit?" "There's a bottle of heated lubrication, although I doubt we'll need it. Some condoms, which WE DEFINITELY WON'T be using today, and a couple towels for cleanup when we're finished."

"Cleanup?" Abigail giggled. "Yes, honey…both male and female ejaculations can get VERY messy, so it's always smart to have towels on hand. Those little packages at the bottom of the bag are vibrating cock rings. They're used to help you keep your erection rigid, for multiple rounds of sexual intercourse," she explained. "We may or may not need them, depending on the strength of your erection after each orgasm."

"Oh, I see," Chad uttered, his heart racing in anticipation. He still couldn't believe his mom was serious about having sex with him, and apparently more than once. The busty mother peeked down to confirm that her boy was still erect. "I have a feeling that you'll maintain your hardness. You are a healthy teenager after all."

"That's true." "Alright…let me slip off my heels and you slide over here next to me," she directed, slipping her feet, with their ruby red toenails, from their mules. Chad scooted over so he was hip to hip with her on the seat. "There you go," the mother whispered, cozying up against him, letting her boy inhale her sweet perfume.

She could sense her son was feeling awkward and rightly so. She was twice his age and had engaged sex thousands and thousands of times, and he was still a virgin that had only kissed a girl before. "Ohh, don't be nervous, honey. It's just you and me here. You're all alone with mom and we have all the time in the world to become sexually acquainted." She began to undo the buttons on his shirt. "There will come a time where I expect you to impress me, Chad, but it's not today. You're a virgin…you're new at this, so just do exactly what I tell you and I promise, you'll experience pleasure that you never imagined possible…not even in your wildest dreams."

The teen was so aroused that he could hardly stand it. He felt like he could hardly breath as he stared at his mom's massive tit-cleavage, knowing full well that soon her giant, milk-filled mammaries would be leaping around wildly, while she fucked him. "Chad? Look at me," his mom softly demanded as she peeled off his shirt. "Gaze into my eyes and don't look away, do you understand? Mommy needs you to look at her during all this. When a girl has sex with you, she needs to know that you're sharing EVERYTHING that you have with her, especially your full attention."

"Alright," he whispered, sharing his mom's warm but intimidating gaze. "Good. Now…kiss me."

The mother threw her arms softly around his shoulder, pulling him in for a tit-squashing embrace, while they shared several tender kisses. "Mmm, not bad for a virgin," she whispered. "I can tell you've been to first base, just nothing beyond that, right?"

"Nope." "So, not even second base, by feeling a girl up?" she asked.

Chad shook his head. "No…and not third base either, by getting a blowjob?"

"No, not that either," he gulped. "That's okay, honey, don't you worry…mommy's gonna help you knock one out of the park today."

They kissed again, this time letting the tips of their tongues play together teasingly. The young body shivered as he stared into his mom's smoldering eyes. "There now, are you ready to get our groove on, sweet boy? Are you ready to be fucked for the very first time? Yeah?"

Abigail kissed him again, their exchange becoming more and more passionate with each wet smooch. She rubbed her hands on his young, naked chest, her nipples hardening beneath her bra as she felt his pubescent body against her. For a moment, she paused and stared into his eyes in earnest. "You're gonna see a side of me you never have before, honey. A side that's completely wild and uninhibited, so please don't be shocked," she stated pleadingly.

Her eyes feasted on his young flesh like a cougar over a piece of fresh meat. "I will be rough with you, Chad, but not so rough that I hurt you…I promise. You see…when we moms get dick inside us… we change. Not in a bad way, of course, but in a way that might be quite shocking to our sons."

"Ok," he nodded, anxious to see that side of her. "You're used to seeing me in my 'sweet, loving mom' roll, not acting like a complete sexual deviant. That's the way I get during sex, baby. I become a complete, hypersexual slut."

She dove forward for a series of more kisses, getting her teen even more excited than he already was.

"You don't mind seeing me that way, do you, honey?" Abigail asked as they kissed. "You don't mind having a slut-mommy who's hot for your cock, do you?"

"No…not at all," the boy gasped, making her giggle at how overcome with lust he seemed. "I didn't think so." After a few more smooches, she continued speaking. "All you have to do this first time is sit back and let me ravage you. Oh, and trust me…I WILL fucking ravage you!" she exclaimed in a sexually excited tone.

She began to shower his neck with light kisses, letting her tongue play against the tendons in his neck. Her meaty melons mashed against his upper chest, making her cleavage bulge obscenely. "Let mommy take your sweet virginity HER way. If you cum quickly, which I know you probably will, don't panic if I just keep fucking you. You're a teenager and I know what you're capable of sexually. Just trust mommy and let me completely have you my way this first time, alright?"

"Yes ma'am." "Good boy! Let's take off all our clothes then and get naked."

Chad removed his shorts, while his mom shucked off her mini dress. She wore a beautiful, black embroidered bra that could barely contain the enormity of her ballooning mommy-melons. Abigail's eyes widened at the sight of her boy's prick as he slipped his briefs off. "Oh, Chad! Oh, honey…your PP certainly has grown since the last time I saw it," she stated admiringly. "Look how fucking hard! Oh baby, that big, fat thing is gonna feel so good inside mommy!"

She reached down and grasped the vein-encrusted stalk with her fingers and could feel it pulsing with excitement. "Let me peel the rest of your foreskin back and have a look at the head."

Chad's foreskin was pulled down over his coronal ridge, exposing the fat bulb of his glans. "Wow, Chad…you have such a beautiful dick!" the

mother beamed, her eyes staring at it dreamily. "I can't believe you haven't had it sheathed in a hot fuck hole yet."

"It's not like I haven't wanted to." "Have you ever even seen a girl's pussy…in real life I mean?"

The boy shook his head. "No? Oh, sweet boy…kneel down her on the floorboard in front of me. Mommy wants to teach you all about pussy before your big, horny boy-dick starts exploring the inside of it," she urged.

Chad complied, kneeling down on the floor of the car in front of his eager mom. "Get my panties off, baby. You need to learn how to strip a girl's panties off of her," Abigail demanded.

The boy's heart raced in his chest as he grasped the tiny black waistband of his mom's thong and peeled them off her puffy crotch. His breath quivered excitedly as he yank them down her luscious legs, while staring at her bare vulva. "There, let mommy draw her knees back and spread her thighs wide open for her birthday boy," the mother stated, then spread her smooth thick thighs as wide as she could, opening her crotch for her teen. She smiled lasciviously as she watched him gawk at the hole he was birthed from. "See my pussy, sweetheart? Isn't it pretty? Mommy keeps it shaved and sexy, because she loves doing sexual things and doesn't need pubic hair getting in the way."

Chad's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he watched her reach down and splay her cunt-lips open with two fingers. "A woman's pussy has two sets of folds, called the labia," she explained. "These protect her more sensitive inner parts, like the clitoris and the vagina. As you can see, these inner lips form a hood of flesh, called

the prepuce or clitoral hood. Let me peel it back and you can see mommy's love-button."

"Oh, wow!" Chad uttered, resisting the urge to stroke his peter as he watched his mom's hood retract over her swollen glans.

"There we go. That's the fat bulb is mommy's clit, sweetheart. It's the most sensitive part of my body. Do you see how much it looks like a mini-version of your fat bell tip? Isn't that cool?" Abigail giggled.

"Yes." "Down here…is mommy's fuck hole. The tight little tube of her vagina that you squeezed out of eighteen years ago today. Now, a part of you is about to go back, but this time mommy won't be screaming in pain…she'll be screaming in pleasure," Abigail giggle. "Oh, and um…don't let the fact that I gave birth to your sister a month ago fool you. I am EXTREMELY TIGHT, as you're about to find out."

Chad was aroused beyond belief and desperately needed to touch himself, so he timidly reached down and squeezed on the tip of his peter-meat. "I see you pulling on that pecker, young man," his mom observed. "Good boy! Keep it nice n rigid for mommy. I want it rock hard when my slippery pussy walls sink down over it! Before I fuck you though, would you like to smell and lick my pussy?"

"Can I?" "Go ahead."

The boy brought his nose down close, taking in the fragrant scent of his mom's cunt. The warm, sweet tang made him dizzy with desire. "Mmm, that's mommy's good fucking birthday boy. It smells good, doesn't it, baby?" she cooed. "Mmm, that sweet pussy aroma. Take a long lick now."

Her son quickly swiped his tongue across her outer lips, making her laugh at his weak attempt. "Honey, that was hardly a lick! Start at mommy's butthole, come all the way up through her labia and

across my pink pearl," she instructed. Chad's second go at it was much more to her liking. "There you go…good! One more time! This time go a bit slower."

The boy's tongue laved across the ring of her asshole, up her perineum, then through the flavorful folds of her pussy and clitoral nubbin. "Ohh,

that's mommy's good cunt-licker. See how much more tasty that one was?" she asked.

She quickly sat up, trapping him against her breasts and the seatback behind him, while wrapping her lovely legs around his back. "Oh, Chad…I'm gonna teach you how to eat such good pussy! You'll have those high school girls lined up down the street to get their cunts devoured by you," she assured him.

Chad watched in wide-eyed fascination as his mom reached back to unhook the cross-straps of her bra. "Let me get this bra off, so we can both be naked." she said, then giggled, watching her boy eyes widen at the sight of her bobbling milkers. "You've been wanting to see these boobs naked for a long time, haven't you? What do you think? Is there plenty enough there for you to enjoy?" she asked, brushing them softly against his chest.

"There's enough there for a whole group of guys to enjoy," he replied, while still stroking on his throbbing erection. "You're stroking that dick so good, honey. Would you like mommy to help you and we can beat your meat together? Yeah? You yank on the base, mom will work the top half of your big cock."

Abigail grasped her son's rod and began helping him beat it's length. They both looked down through the canyon between her tits and watched their hands stroke him vigorously. The mother suddenly threw her arm around his neck and pulled him down on top of her. "Oh, your dick is SO hard, baby boy! Come down on mommy. I wanna show you what it's like to be on top of a girl," she directed.

Chad sunk down on top of his mom and she harnessed her silky legs high up around his back. Because he was such a short boy, his face sunk into her cavernous cleavage. Her hand remained between their crotches, yanking on his hard pecker. "Oh, your head sinks right down in between mommy's titties this way, doesn't it? Mmm, let me rub your dick against my pussy, while I clutch

onto you," Abigail sighed, then dug the knob of her son's cock through her moist folds. "Ohh, do you feel how wet you're making me, baby? Do you feel my hot juices smearing all over you?"

She heard her teen let out a whimpering reply. His face was masked between the squishy flesh of her tits. He felt her rub his cock on her clit, then across the juice-slickened mouth of her vagina. "Is this how you imagine fucking a girl, Chad. Do you imagine yourself laying between her thighs, beating your young, hard cock through the tube of her pussy hard and fast."

"Yes!" the boy hissed, his voice muffled by pounds of smothering tit-meat. The mother giggled. "I'm sure you think about sex a lot, baby, but it's time to stop fantasizing and start fucking! Come back up on the seat so mommy can straddle you and give her cute boy his first piece of cunt."

Chad climbed off his mom, planted his ass on the cushion and slouched back on the seat. He could hardly contain his excitement as he watched her climb on top of him. "Mmm, here we go, let mommy mount your young loins," Abigail purred, her milk-engorged tits nearly smothering him they stuck out so far. "A boy's first fuck should always be with mom on top."

They both let out a loud sigh in unison as Chad's young erection pierced her twat, slipping past the remnants of the hymen that she had tore apart when she was his age. "Oh, that IS a hard, yummy dick!" the mother squealed. "Oh, fuuuuck, you are going so deep, honey!"

The teen's inexperienced body shuddered from the feel of having his virgin cock encapsulated by hot, wet pussy for the first time. His big dick flexed with excitement as it reached the back of her vagina. "Do you feel that?" his mom asked. "Yeah? That's the head of mommy's cervix, baby. That's the back of my pussy kissing the tip of your big baby maker."

Abigail's eyes rolled back in delight as she clenched the pleated tube of her cunt around the thick meat of his boner. Hot, slippery mucus, secreted from her sex glands, coating her boy's penile flesh. Since pushing out a baby a month ago, she'd worked hard getting her pussy back to maximum tightness, determined to give her son a good cunt milking when he turned 18. "Oh God, you're gonna make me cum before I even start fucking you!" she mewled. The mother's attention was suddenly drawn out the window. "Oh…look over there, sweetie. Look out the window, at Barb's car! Do you see her pretty legs spread open in the air?" she asked.

Chad looked over and saw Barb's legs in the air, through her car window. Her dainty feet bobbed around from the power of her son's thrusts. "Yeah, I can see that," he replied. "That means her son's on top of her, practicing his cunt-fucking skills. Isn't that wonderful? Imagine how exciting it must be for him to have his mom squeezing on his cock like I am yours," Abigail expressed. "The next time we come up here, mommy will lay on HER back, like she was earlier. I'll let you come down on top of me and thrust your erection through my pussy hard and fast, while I wrap my strong, shaved legs around you. Would you like that?"

"Yes!" the boy replied, his heart racing. "Yeah? Oh God, your virgin cock feels so good! Can you feel me clutching it with my cunt muscles?"

"I love that!" Chad sighed, feeling her cunt-tube chew at the meat of his cock with its spongy walls. He knew his mom's cunt must be incredibly strong and skilled from years of sex and squeezing babies

out, so his dick was in for a real treat. "Do you like mommy's big juicy tits looming over you like this?"

"Yes…wow!" her boy replied, staring up at her huge, ballooning tits. He studied the blue mammary veins running beneath her skin, which were

the result of increased blood flow and heavy milk production. "They're beautiful!" "Mmm, lift them, baby…feel how squishy and heavy they are," she requested.

Chad complied, handling his mom's heavy breasts. He studied the details of her wide, thickly-textured areola and big rubbery nipples, fascinated by the milk-droplets that began to form on the peaks of her teats. "Ohh, you do you like that don't you, my little boobie hound?!" she teased. "Always staring at mommy's big bosom around the house, watching them wobble around beneath my blouse and bra. Laying in bed at night thinking about them, while you pull on your young tender PP."

"Yes…I love to do that!" Chad confessed, sinking his fingers into her fatty jugs and making breastmilk spray from several different milk-ducts surrounding her nipples. "I told you though, honey, naughty fantasies and masturbation is for little boys. You're a big boy now so it's time to fuck and get your dick soaking wet, while you suck on big, fat, milky titties.

Abigail began to bounce up and down on her son's prick, making it pummel through her pit of pleasure. "OH YESS…LET MOMMY FUCK THAT BIG FUCKING TEENAGE COCK!" she cried out.

The boy shuddered in delight, feeling his cock fucked for the first time. The tingly sensation of all her wet, spongy vaginal pleats squeezing and dragging around his pink stalk like a fist was beyond anything he'd felt before. The pleasure he was feeling only intensified as his mom's talented cuntal walls began squeezing and milking on the length of his virgin shaft. Abigail leaned forward and

kissed her boy frantically. "Oh my God, I'm gonna devour you! I'm gonna fucking eat your gorgeous body up and spit you back out!" she cried out, which was followed by more wild kissing.

The mother's rounded buttocks flew up and down, drawing her son's steely cock almost all the way out before slamming it home with all her

power. The wet, heated impact made her fatty ass-cheeks ripple wonderfully, right up against Chad's cum-filled nuts. While repeating this motion over and over, her supersized tits danced crazily beneath her lurching torso, beating and quivering against her boy's wonder-filled face. "Take it, Chad! Take that hot, mature pussy on your virgin cock! Let me fucking cum on you!" she cried out.

Abigail smacked their heated crotches together in full penetration, making her cunt-lips splay open and her heated vestibule suck right around the root of her boy's hard, sinewy shaft. She frantically jerked her hips up and back, gyrating his love-muscle inside her, stimulating the sensitive nerve endings along her slick cuntal lining. "Ohhh shit yeah, you like mommy grinding on you like this?! Huh? You like mommy's pussy to suck on your cock like that, right down around the root?"

"Yes!" he gasped. "Feels incredible!" As his mother gyrated to one side, he caught a quick glimpse out the front windshield. When he saw the building his dad worked in, in the distance, his insides tingled with a wicked thrill. His father was working hard to support the family, while him and his mom pounded their horny pissers together in the back seat of her car. It didn't get any more naughty than that.

The cock-obsessed mother began pumping her cunt up and down the satisfying stiffness of his prick again, making their flesh SMACK together rhythmically. "Come on, sweet boy…buck that fucking ass beneath me! Be that motherfucker I know you can be!" she cried out

Chad was completely awestruck, listening to his big prick pound wetly into his mother's clasping fuck-hole. He let out a pleasurable growl, clenching his teeth together in ecstasy, while flexing his teenage dick. His mother returned his contractions with ones of her own, compressing the spongy, pleated tube of her vagina around the jutting pillar of young penile flesh. This created even greater friction, making the veins and tendons at the base of Chad's penis bulge out as they sustained the force of their furious fuck.

"Oh, shit, mom!" the teen whimpered, lurching and heaving beneath her; his mushrooming knob hammering against her cervix. "OHH GOD, I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM!!" Abigail cried out as a wild climax suddenly consumed her. Her curvy body trembled and Chad listened to her wonderful screams of passion, while her squishy boobs quivered and pummeled all over him, wetting his young body with the sticky tit-nectar that leaked from her teats.

Abigail felt her teen's muscular body stiffen and his hot meat begin to pulsate inside her spewing cunt, filling her with a thick streams of hot boy-cream."Ohhh, fuck! Yes, baby…cum! Shoot your fucking virgin wad in mommy! Mmm, gimme that hot teenage spunk!" she shouted.

The boy had yanked himself off thousands of times, but he'd never had and orgasm like this. It had to be the biggest load of cum he'd ever shot and what better place to put it than his own beautiful mom's pussy. "Oh, yes…there it is! I can feel it, Chad! I can feel it spurting off. Fuck it into me, baby boy! FUCK IT UP INTO ME, I'M CUMMING AGAIN!" Abigail desperately panted.

Once again, the fuck-hungry mother erupted in orgasm, her milk-swollen breasts rippling wonderfully against her boy. She couldn't help but marvel as she shamelessly spewed girl-cum around his young, dreamy cock. It was her son's first time beating his dick through pussy and he was already putting his father to shame. She

knew that the wild backseat fun to be had between them at Heartthrob Ridge would be some of the best sex of her life.

It took them both a good long minute of panting and whimpering until they had milked out all the pleasure that their mutual orgasms would provide. "Ohh, baby…welcome to manhood, honey! Did you like your first fuck, sweetheart?" she breathlessly asked.

"Yes," he gasped.

The mother began giggling. "You better say yes, young man," she teased. "I can already tell you're gonna fuck me MUCH better than your father does."

"Really?" "Yes, really. Did you not see how fucking hard I just came…TWICE! Not only that…but it feels like your dick is staying hard, just as I hoped. Let's kiss for a few minutes, then I'm gonna fuck you again, ok?"

"Sure!" the lucky teen nodded. "I told you your mom likes to have, hot, nasty sex. As long as you can keep that yummy teenage dick erect for me, I'll give you all the pussy you can handle."

She lowered her spongy, stiff-nippled breasts onto his chest and began passionately kissing him again. Chad's experience at Heartthrob Training Ridge had only just begun.

105: Mom's Busted!

Mom's Busted!

By Klrxo

"Hey, mom…I have an idea," Fitz announced while watching her make cookies.

"What's that, honey?" the blonde-haired beauty asked, making her lovely round ass jiggle as mixed some chocolate chips into the batter.

"You could fuck me, like you were fucking that guy down at the park."

Sandra suddenly stopped mixing. "Fitz, why would you say such an awful thing?" she scolded, leering back at him.

"Because it's true," he answered. "I saw you, mom…and so did my friends."

"Honey, no…I think you must have mistaken someone else for me."

"No…it was you. I have a picture right here," he replied, looking at his phone, "and that's DEFINITELY your car that you guys are in the back- seat of."

"You took…pictures?" Sandra asked, frozen in fear.

"Yeah, but don't worry, I'm not gonna show dad…or tell him for that matter, as long as…"

"As long as what?" his mom nervously asked, staring right at him.

"As long as you fuck me, the way you did him."

Sandra shook her head, wishing this were all some nightmare she could wake up from. "Honey, I made a mistake, alright? I had a weak moment and I…"

"Moment?" he son chuckled. "You were at the park in the backseat. This was more than a moment, mom. You guys clearly had this all planned out."

"It was the only time I was with that guy, I swear," she said with emotional distraught in her voice.

"I'm sure it wouldn't matter to dad if it was 'one time' or a hundred times. He'd still be pissed and probably divorce you."

"Can we just…not bring your dad into this conversation, please."

"But he's the whole reason we're having this conversation, isn't he? If you were single and I saw you fucking a guy at a park it would be no big deal. You're just out doing what single people do. But you're not single…you're married to dad, which is what made it so wicked, right?" the teen asked.

Fitz watched his mom's huge tits tremble beneath her cotton top as she stepped up close to him. "Fitz, I messed up. Please don't let this break up our family. I love your father…I really do. Things just haven't been…"

"Haven't been what? Are you and dad divorcing?" her son asked.

"No, we get along fine, it's just…well, your dad hasn't been performing very well, sexually I mean, and I guess I just got… frustrated," she confessed.

Fitz felt a bit bad for her, but stuck to his guns selfishly, in hopes of getting something that he'd wanted since he hit puberty. "I love you, mom, and I'm sorry you and dad are having those issues, but you have one way out of this mess."

"By having sex with you?" she scowled.

"Yes, by you riding my cock, like I saw you doing at the park.

"Fitz, please don't talk like that," she blushed.

"Don't act so timid, mom. I saw the way you were fucking him like a two-dollar whore. You were completely into it."

"I can't have sex with you!" Sandra exclaimed. "You're my son. It's just…wrong on so many levels."

"So is cheating on dad, but that certainly didn't stop you from doing it."

"Fitz, I get that you're upset. I really do. I promise it was a one-time thing. A stupid mistake. It'll never happen again," she pleaded.

Fitz turned and began walking from the kitchen. "I'll be in your bedroom, mom. If your not down there and naked in five minutes I'm texting those pictures to dad," he warned.

The mother stood there speechlessly. She simply couldn't believe her son was blackmailing her this way. Sure, she suspected that Fitz desired her sexually, just like a lot of boys did their mothers. However, she didn't think in second that he would stoop to this level to get into her panties.

"I can't possibly do this, can I?" she asked herself. She wanted to run away and hide, but the prospect of having her marriage destroyed horrified her. Besides the bad sex, she was still madly in love with her husband and couldn't imagine life without him. It was

the one and only time she had ever cheated on him, but it was only because her sexual frustration had reached a breaking point.

"Alight, damnit…I'm just gonna go in there and talk some sense into him!" she thought. "Fitz loves baseball. Maybe I'll bribe him, by promising to take him to some games."

Fitz saw the shock on his mom's face as she opened her bedroom door and stared at him sprawled out on her marital bed with a monster erection. "Fitz, what the hell are you doing?!" she shouted, looking away.

"What's it look like, mom? I'm waiting for you," he answered. "Get undressed!"

"We can't just have sex. I'm your mother!" she reminded him.

"You have a pussy and I have a cock. We CAN have sex, so get naked!"

"There's a Sox game coming up, right? I'll get two tickets and we'll go. That'll be fun, won't it?"

"I don't want Sox tickets, mom. I told you what I want," he replied, staring at the giant swell of her tits. He noticed that her nipples had hardened and were clearly visible, protruding out from the peaks of her tits, beneath her top.

"Honey, can you PLEASE just pick something besides that," she begged. "I'll buy you something nice…whatever you want, just name it!"

"I WANT you on top of me!" he persisted. "Trust me, mom. You'll like it just as much, if not more than you did with the guy in the car."

"Don't say that," Sandra uttered, shaking head with uncertainty.

"It's true," Fitz boasted. "The girls at school say I have a bigger dick than most guys. Probably bigger than the guy you were with, and MOST DEFINITELY bigger than dad, from the sounds of it."

"Don't disrespect your father that way," his mom whispered.

"Oh, you mean like YOU did, on your backseat? How crushed do you think he's gonna be when he sees those pictures."

She slowly forced herself to look back over at him. "I'm not gonna win this battle, am I?" she sweetly asked.

"Nope! Time for you to slip out of those white panties and wave them around like a surrender-flag," he joked.

Sandra's eyes drifted down to her boy's erect cock-muscle. She knew right away he was correct about one thing. Fitz's penis was MUCH larger and fatter than not only her husband's and the guy's she'd slept with, but any lover she'd ever had. His bulging veins looked like powerful streaks of lighting running down the meaty shaft. His pinkish-purple knob was turgid and well-formed. For a moment, she felt her hot pleated pussy-walls tingle just staring at it.

"If I do this…you delete those pictures and not a word of this, or what you saw at the park ever leaves your mouth, understood?" she warned.

"Don't worry, mom…I'll live up to my end of the deal, as long as you fuck me like you mean it," he answered.

"What's that suppose to mean?"

"What it means is…you fuck me with the same energy and enthusiasm that you were with the guy in the car."

"Fine!" she sighed, unbuttoning her blouse.

The boy's cock pulsed with excitement as saw his mom in her tit-stuffed bra for the first time. It was white and had beautiful floral-laced embroidery. The cup-panels were semi-sheer, exposing the wide, dark circles of her areola through the fabric. Next, she shed her shorts, revealing a sexy pair of bikini panties that was molded to the puffy outline of her vulva.

"Are you sure there's nothing else I can do to change your mind?" she asked, making one last-ditch effort, while reaching back to unclasp her bra-hooks.

"Take it off!" her boy demanded, watching in fascination.

Sandra unfastened her bra and peeled the cups away, releasing her big udders. They bobbled heavily, with fat erect nipples puffing out from the wide, thick-textures rings of her tit-caps. She looked away blushingly, while she peeled her panties down her freshly-shaved legs and stepped out of them.

"Wow!" the teen muttered, staring at her mature pussy. Her plump outer lips converged, to form an alluring pudendal cleft. Her mons were crowned by a patched of neatly-trimmed pubic hair. "Come get on, mom!" he urged.

Sandra stepped over to her marital bed and crawled onto the mattress with her persistent boy. "It's not too late! You can still say no to this!" her conscience screamed. "Yes, but at what cost?" she asked herself. "I fucked up and this is price I have to pay."

Fitz watched in wide-eyed fascination as his mom grasped his cock and fit it's fat tapered knob to her fuck-slit. She let his eager crown slip up between her flanking labium and felt it sink exquisitely into the tube of her hot vagina.

"Ahhh!!" the both gasped in unison, as Sandra lowered her ass, taking his steely-hard cock all the way inside her clinging cunt-hole.

She didn't want to act like a cock-humping whore in front of her son, but she knew if she put all her fucking-skills to work, she'd make him pop off quickly and it would be over with.

"Come on, mom…fuck me like you mean it!" Her boy urged, bucking his hips to get her going.

The mother put all her inhibitions aside and began riding her boy like a cock-fucking pro. Their crotches smacked together as Sandra found a nice steady tempo to ride him in.

"Yes…like that!" her son gasped, feeling her spongy ribbed lining glide along the meat of his cock. "Fuck that's good!"

Sandra didn't like her son using filthy language, but knew this wasn't the time or place to chide him.

The teen sat up and grasped her lush hips, guiding her thrusts, while watching her huge breasts bobble around from the rhythm of their steady fuck.

Sanda tightened her pelvic-floor muscles, making her spongy, corrugated lining squeeze her boy's rigid cock even tighter. "Good grief he's hard!" she thought, feeling his fleshy spike stab through her cuntal grip, kissing the ring of her cervical entrance on every thrust.

Fitz was a Guns and Roses fan and the lyric "knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door!" came to mind as he felt his fat knob smash against the doorway to her womb.

"Damn that's some good pussy, mom!" the boy gasped, watching their crotches beat lewdly together.

"Fitz, please don't talk like that," she blushed.

"What, it's true!" he smiled, then brazenly reached out and squeezed her ballooning tits.

The mother tried to push his hands away, but to no avail. "Touching my boobs wasn't part of the agreement," she complained.

Fitz sunk his fingers even deeper into the squishy meat of her jiggling melons. "The deal was…you ride my cock, like you did the guy in your back seat. I doubt you brushed his hands away from your tits, so don't do it to mine!" he demanded.

"Fine!" the mother relented. "You're a brat, you know that?"

"What's worse…a brat or a cheating wife?" he asked her. "Now shut up and fuck me!"

Sandra's rode her boy's cock with gusto. Minutes passed and her heart and respiration rate continued to rise. Her naked body was flooded with an increase of oxytocin, her love hormone. Her son couldn't help but notice how her beautiful body gave off a wonderful sexual blush.

"You're gonna cum, aren't you?" he asked with a big smile.

"No…I'm not," his mom panted, her body clearly saying otherwise.

"Yes you are. I can tell."

"Fitz, please just…hurry up and finish," she urged, fighting to ignore the warm, tingling sensation swelling in the core of her crotch.

"You can go crazy, mom…I know you want to," he told her.

She gazed at him pleadingly, her eyes glazed over with lust. She thought perhaps she could make her son pop quickly, before she reached this level of arousal. She thought wrong. "Can you please

just…not watch me do this," she whimpered, on the verge of climaxing.

"Why would I not watch you? It's incredibly hot."

"Because I'm your mother…you're not suppose to see me having an orgasm."

"Too bad, mom. This is all part of the deal, so let loose!" he muttered.

Sandra knew there was no stopping the orgasm train that was preparing to roar through her sexual depot. She realized that the things she did during climax were mostly involuntary. Her son would be seeing the unbridled animal-side of her. He would be seeing her cum like a cock-lusting slut.

Fitz could feel the pressure around his burrowing cock gradually increase. Looking down, he saw that the hooded sheath that covered his mom's clitoris had peeled back, exposing the fat, juicy bulb of her sex organ. Another sign that she was about to explode.

The boy decided to hump his hips from the mattress and really bring her off hard. His cock pummeled through her savagely.

"YES! OH, GOD!" the mother gasped, her pretty eyes widening as she felt her son's long powerful fuck-muscle slam through her juice-slicked grip.

"Yeah! That's what you want, isn't it mom!" the boy blurted, meeting her frantic humps, so their genitals smacked wetly together.

"Holy fucking shit…he's gonna make me lose my mind!" Sandra thought as she quickly ascended towards that golden peak.

Fitz could hear his mother's heavy breathing become more rapid. He watched in fascination as her body tensed up and her fuck-rhythm

increased. She suddenly mashed their genitals together in full penetration, then began swiveling up and back wildly, stretching the lining of her vagina every which way with his unyielding cock.

Sandra threw her arms up into the air, clenching her fists. Her pretty face contorted in pleasure as the muscles in her vagina, anus and uterus began to contract and relax in a rhythmic pattern. The heavy-titted mother let out a piercing orgasmic scream that made her boy's cock flex with excitement. Her entire body convulsed in powerful pleasure-spasms. Her fatty, oblong tits bounced and rippled, creating quite the eye-pleasing spectacle for her teen.

Fitz felt her snug birthing-tube chew at the meat of his cock. Her cuntal vestibule bulged out around the root of his erection as her urethra began squirting hot female ejaculate all over his dick and balls.

"Oh wow, mom!" the teen gasped, feeling her love-juice run down the sides of his bulging testicles. He had no idea that his mom was a squirter, but he fucking loved it.

After humping wildly, through what was arguably the strongest orgasm of her life, Sandra smacked her tits down against her boy's bare chest, causing him to fall back onto the mattress.

"Stop showing off and cum already!" the mother breathed, bobbing her lovely round ass up and down, feeding his prick through her skillfully clutching vagina. She planted her knees firmly against the mattress, astride his hip, so she could really ride him like a slut.

"Ahh, yes!" her teen hissed, delighting in the way his mom's huge milkers slightly rose from her chest and swung pendulously around his face.

Sandra felt a sharp hand-strike to her ass. "Come on, mom! Ride that big cock like a fucking whore!" her boy shouted.

"You can't slap my ass that way!" she complained. "Your father could see your handprints."

Fitz smacked her ass hard again defiantly, making the fatty flesh of her bubbly buttocks ripple. "I guess you better hide your ass from dad for a few days then," he warned. "Besides…I know you like it!"

"SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!" the boy's hand struck her bobbing ass several more times for good measure. Even though she had objected to him doing it, the excited squeals that escaped Sandra's mouth revealed how much it really turned her on.

She rode him good for several more minutes, enamored by his incredible staying power. "How have you not cum yet? I've been riding you for nearly a half-hour," she inquired.

"If you want me to cum fast, you'll have to suck my dick. Blowjobs get me every time," he revealed.

"Well, I'm NOT doing that!"

"Suit yourself, mom. I don't mind being fucked like this, but just to let you know…it's probably gonna be another half-hour before I even get close."

"A half-hour?!" Sandra exclaimed, still riding his stiff cock steadily. "Honey, this has already gone on for WAY too long!"

"Well if you stop complaining and start sucking it'll be over with a lot sooner!"

"Ugh!" the mother huffed, climbing off her boy's cock and taking position beside him. She grasped his erection around the base and glared over at him. "This is the one and only time I'm EVER doing this!"

"Then I suggest you get a motel room next time, so you don't get caught. Now start sucking!"

Sandra parted her lips and took her son's big, spongy cockhead in her mouth. Her tongue rolled around the sensitive flesh of his crown, swiping across his piss-slit, cleaning off the weeping pre-ejaculate.

The busty mother was a skilled cocksucker and she was eager to use her techniques to bring her son off as quickly as possible. Without delay, she began sucking hard, bobbing her head up and down the length of his cum-oozing hardon.

Fritz sighed from the feel of his mom's hot suctioned mouth squeezing up and down his dick.

"Ahh, man…look at you go, mom!" the boy sighed, watching her huge dangling tits jostle around wildly from the tempo of her sucking.

Lewd gurgling and slurping sounds filled her bedroom as Sandra fucked the ring of her lips on her boy's prick like a tight, wet pussy. She got both of her hands in on the action, one yanking around the base of his prick-shaft, while the other massaged his cum-bloated nuts.

"That's it, mom! Fuck, that's nice!" Fitz gasped, feeling his dick and balls tingle in the clutch of his mom's mouth and hands. "Get ready to drink my cum!"

Sandra continued sucking steadily, then curled her licker in her cock-stuffed mouth, dragging her tongue-tip along his sensitive frenulum.

"Oh shit, I'm almost there!" the boy announced.

His mom pistoned her mouth around his cock-muscle, feeling his knob mushroom each time it sunk into her tightly-clasping throat.

She HUMMED loudly, adding extra vibrating pleasure to her boy's throbbing penis.

"Fuck, mom! Holy shit you can suck dick!" he gasped, watching her pretty blonde head fly up and down on his prick.

"Ahh, here comes my load, mom!" Fitz grunted, thrusting his cock as deep into her throat as he could as cum started spurting angrily from his piss-slit. "UUGGHHH!!" he growled in delight.

The mother was surprised to feel a second climax course through her body, just from the thrill of having her own son's ball-jizz blast across her tongue. She milked the cum from his organ and Fitz

could tell she was enjoying every second of it, even though she would never admit it. His knob finally popped from her mouth like a cork.

"There…are you finally satisfied?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes!" he sighed. "That was one hot blowjob, mom."

"Thanks. Will you please delete those pictures now?"

Fitz picked up his phone and deleted them, while his mom stood there staring at his still-hard cock. "Done!" he blurted, then tossed his phone back down.

"Why do you still have a…" she said, pointing at his boner.

"A hard dick?"

"Yes, that," she blushed.

"Because it usually takes a couple orgasms to make it go down, AND there's a really hot naked lady standing in front of me," he teased.

Fitz expected now that his mom had followed through on her end of the bargain that she would quickly disappear. However, Sandra just continued standing there, eyeballing his rigid cock. "Are you sure you're completely satisfied now? You can keep this incident just between the two of us?"

"If dad ever does find out, it certainly won't be from me. I promise you that."

Later, at family dinner, Sandra's husband, Reid, noticed the awkward tension in the air. "So, what happened today?" he asked looking at his wife and son. "Did the two of you get into an argument or something?"

Sandra and her son glanced at each other questioningly. "No...why would you think that?" the mother asked.

"Because you're acting strange. So what DID happen today?"

All she could think about was the hot fuck her and her son shared and just how incredibly hard Fitz had made her cum.

"Mom and I did get into a bit of a dispute, but we worked it out," Fitz shared, "didn't we mom?"

"Yes, well…I hope so," she stated, staring at her son intently.

"What's a dispute?" Sandra's six- year-old son asked, while playing with his food.

"It's when one person disagrees with something someone else does, son," his dad answered, then looked at his wife. "So, what was this dispute about?"

"It doesn't matter," his wife replied. "The important thing is that Fitz and I were able to CUM TOGETHER and resolve it, right, honey?" Sandra stated, looking at her son.

"Right," Fitz answered, sharing a secret smile with his mom.

The next day at school Fitz got a text from his mom. "The red hand-prints on my butt have finally gone away ," it read.

"Maybe I should give you more then," the boy texted back.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she texted back.

"Not as much as you would."

"No comment . Question…what's your favorite color?" her text read.

"Red. Why?" he texted back.

"Just wondering. Don't forget we're going to the lake later with the Thompsons."

"Do I have to go?" Fitz texted back.

"Affirmative!" Came his mom's response.

Jamie Thompson was his mom's best friend since grade-school. She had a husband and three kids, one just a little older than Fitz, who had already gone off to college. This meant when they met at the lake for swimming and a barbecue, Fitz was usually bored out of his mind. Today was no exception. He wasn't really in love with fishing, but decided to bring along his fishing pole anyway, just for something to do.

"I have to tell you something, and promise you won't freak out," Sandra said to Jamie as they watched their younger children swim. A short distance away, their husbands were having a beer and a friendly game of cornhole.

"Why would I freak out? Haven't we always been able to tell each other everything?" her brunette-haired friend asked.

"Yes, well…this isn't something I'm exactly proud of."

"What is it? Did you kill someone?" Jamie joked.

"No…do you remember that cute guy who waited on us at that restaurant last week?"

"Of course I remember that guy. He was fucking hot, and he put his phone number on our receipts, which was…" Jamie said, then paused, staring at her friend. "You didn't!"

"I did," Sandra muttered. "I texted him and…well, long story short, I fucked him."

"Oh my God!" Jamie giggled. "Was it good?"

"It was just…ok," Sandra answered in a hushed, frustrated tone, "but I was stupid about it."

"How so?"

"We met at the park and fucked in my backseat."

"Damn, girl…talk about a risky affair!" Jamie smiled. "Sometimes that thrill of being seen though is what makes it so fucking hot."

"Apparently, we DID get seen, by Fitz and some of him his friends," Sandra confessed.

Jamie's mouth hung open in shock. "Oh…shit, that is a problem!" she uttered.

"It WAS a problem…until Fitz pretty much blackmailed me."

"Blackmailed you?"

"He said he would tell Reid, unless I agreed to fuck him."

"Did you?"

"I had to. Fitz swore he would have told his father what he saw if I didn't."

Jamie burst out laughing.

"What's funny about that?" Sandra asked, giggling some herself.

"I'm sorry, this is just too ironic."

"What's ironic about it?" Sandra asked.

"Brad pulled the same thing on me last year. He came home early from school and caught me masturbating. He threatened to tell his father if I didn't let him fuck me."

"Yeah, but that's just masturbating. Your husband doesn't know you masturbate?" Sandra asked.

"Yes, he does. He just doesn't know that I have a ten-inch black dildo I use to do it with," Jamie admitted. "I had it shoved straight up my cunt when Brad walked in on me. He threatened to tell his father every juicy detail of what he had seen, unless I agreed to his terms."

"So you fucked him?"

"I had to. I was backed into a corner. What else was I suppose to do?"

"Why did you never tell me about this?" Sandra asked.

"Because I was embarrassed. I didn't want you to think your best friend was some cheap slut. Hold on…" she sighed, looking at her kids in concern. "Brandon, don't splash your sister in the face, honey!" she shouted to her youngest son.

"I would never think you're a cheap slut," Sandra stated. "but I CAN relate to what you were saying. I wasn't gonna mention what happened between Fritz and I to you for that very reason."

"Don't beat yourself up about it," Jamie advised. "You did what you had to do to save an already disastrous situation from getting worse."

"I know," Sandra sighed, still seeming as though something was bothering her.

"Allow me to read your mind," Jamie tease.

"Ok?"

"The problem now is…the sex with Fitz was really, REALLY good and you can't stop thinking about it. Am I right?"

Sandra fed her friend a guilty smile. "You always were good at mind reading," she replied.

"Listen, I always thought Larry and I had a pretty good sex life, until I fucked my son. Then I realized that my husband was actually pretty lousy in bed. After that, as wicked as it was, I decided I was never going back to strictly having mediocre sex again," Jamie explained.

"Hold on, you and Brad fucked a second time?"

"A second time, then third, then a forth…until we were pretty much screwing each other's brains out every day."

"Wow!" Sandra exclaimed in shock. "And here I was worried that you might tell ME I was crazy and perverted."

"No more crazy and perverted than I am," Jamie admitted. "I'm not telling you that you should fuck Fitz again, but I am telling you to

follow your heart, which is the advice that any best friend would give."

"I love you, girl!" Sandra stated, mashing their huge tits together as they hugged.

"Love you more!" Jamie answered.

Fitz was on a private little beach area a short distance from the picnic spot. He had his fishing line cast out, but didn't look like he was having much luck.

"There you are!" he heard his mom say as she stepped up the tiny trail towards him.

"Damn…look at you!" he answered, staring at his mom with wide eyes.

Sandra wore a skimpy micro bikini. It was red, her son's favorite color. The triangular-shaped cups of the top only covered a small portion of her ginormous tits. This caused her ballooning milkers to wobble deliciously as she walked. The bottoms were molded to her crotch, creating a delightful camel-toe. The thin red straps crossed her wide swaying hips, forming what Fitz knew must be a thong in the back.

"Is that why you wanted to know my favorite color?" he asked.

"Maybe," she answered teasingly.

"That's quite the scandalous bikini, mom," Fitz commented.

"I know…that's why I wanted to come over here, away from the kids AND your father, to lay out in it and get some sun," Sandra said, stepping past him, towards a sandy area of the tiny cove.

"You won't hear any complaints out of me," Fitz said, followed the sway of her ass with his eyes. His suspicions were correct. The thin red string of a thong disappeared between the cheeks of his mom's luscious, undulating derriere. He watched her spread out a towel on the sand and sprawl out on her tummy.

"I didn't think I would I would hear any complaints," she teased, feeding him a sly smile.

"Better be careful," Fitz warned. "You might attract some hot guy out here who wants to make it with you on your back seat."

Sandra frowned. "Are you still mad at me about that?"

"No, it was just a joke, mom," he answered, casting his line back out.

"Good…but if you're still feeling like I haven't done enough to earn your silence, I would understand…and be willing to do more, if I needed to," she offered.

Fitz smiled. Yesterday his mom was begging him not to ask for sexual favors from her, now she was practically offering them up to him. "Well, um…what kind of 'more' did you have in mind?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders cutely, with her big tits squashed beneath her, bulging out between her and her towel.. "Oh, I don't know…if you feel like I still haven't done enough, I could…bend over and let you take me from behind," she suggested.

"Really?! Out here?"

"Not because I want you to, of course, but just so you can feel like I've really earned the right to be forgiven."

"If you feel like you need to be pounded doggy-style to make things right, I'm certainly not gonna argue with you, mom," Fitz stated, peering over at her nearly naked bubble butt.

"Of course…if you'd rather keep fishing than feel my ass beat against you, I'd understand," she teased, kicking up one sexy leg and waving her toes towards the sky.

"Fuck that!" Fitz answered, throwing his pole down and stepping over near his sunning mother. He looked towards the picnic area. "Are you sure this is a safe spot though?"

Before Sandra left the picnic area, Jamie had agreed to text her if any of the kids or husbands were wandering their direction. So she felt confident that this was a safe, discreet spot to get nasty with her son in the wild. "Don't worry. No one will bother us down here," she whispered.

Fitz licked his lips in lust, staring down at his mom's meaty thonged ass. "I'm gonna smack that ass some more, especially if we're doing it doggy. You know that, right?" he bold asked.

His mom rose up on her hands and knees, pointing her big fleshy buttocks back at him. "Do what you need to do. I wanna earn your forgiveness, and I realize that's gonna take some real effort on my part."

Fitz was shocked at the fact that his mom was encouraging his nasty behavior, especially because of how reluctant she was at first. However, he certainly wasn't about to question it. He quickly removed his trunks and his boner sprung out from loins as stiff as a tree branch. He loved the way his mom was peeking back at it, with desire in her eyes.

"You like looking at this thing, don't you, mom?" he asked, wagging it back and forth.

Her gaze drifted up into his eyes. "Would you like me to say yes? Would you like to hear nasty, dirty things come out of my mouth, that would get you even more excited than you are?" she asked.

"Would you do that?"

"If you slapped me on the ass and told me to do it, yes. I told you… I'm willing to make the effort to be fully forgiven by you, Fitz."

"Well in that case…" the boy said, lowering to his knees behind her and SMACKING her lovely ass as hard as he could. "Talk dirty to me, whore!"

"Is that what I am, baby…a whore?" she asked. "A slut for your big fucking cock?"

Fitz's mouth fell open. "Whoa!" he muttered, feeling like he should pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this.

"What?" Sandra asked, giggling at his reaction.

"I've never heard you talk that way."

"Well, things are different now," she stated in a seductive tone. "I'm trying to earn back the trust of my son, by letting him shove his big cock up my tight cunt, while saying nasty fucking words to him."

"Righteous!" the boy sighed.

"You never answered my question," Sandra said, staring back with her brilliant blue eyes. "Is mommy a whore for your big fucking cock?"

"Yes she is!" he answered, reaching out with both hands and taking two great big handfuls of fatty ass-flesh.

"Get my thong off then," she mewled. "Peel my thong down my ass, then sock your fat prick through my pussy-hole."

"Gladly!" the boy snarled, grasping the thin straps of her bottoms and yanking them down over her rounded ass. His mom lifted her knees from the towel one at a time, so he could pull them completely off. He brought the dainty red gusset to his nose and inhaled.

"Ahhhh, shit!" he sighed letting the wonderful cuntal aroma sweep through his nasal passage. He did this while staring at the outer pair of labial folds dividing her pudendal cleft. Her rounded mommy-buns were slightly spread, exposing the pink elastic ring of her butthole.

Sandra continued to peek back at him, watching him enjoy her feminine aroma. "Does that smell get you worked up, baby?" she asked. "Does it make you wanna shove your face between my shaved cunt lips and kiss the hole you came out of?"

"Best idea ever!" the boy excitedly answered, tossing her bottoms aside and diving face-first against his mom's pussy. He followed her suggestion to a tea, nudging his face through her cuntal fissure, into the vestibule, and kissing her hot, juicy hole.

Sandra gasped; her eyes rolling back in their sockets as she felt her boy's tongue whipping at her horny fuck hole. When his licker plowed down across her swollen love-button, she thought she might lose her fucking mind. "That's it, honey…eat at that pussy. Get it ready for a hard cock-pounding!" she cried out.

The teen was on cloud nine, inhaling his mom's fragrant folds, while lapping away at her pussy. He sucked her grape-size clitoris into his mouth, feeling it throb against his tongue. Her thick cuntal petals were flanking his face. He sucked and pulled on those also, snarling as he enjoyed the tangy-flavored flesh in his mouth.

"I've been such a naughty girl and I want your forgiveness so bad," Sandra cooed. "Maybe you should lick my asshole too, baby. I owe that to you."

Fitz licked his way up across her perineum, to the budding ring of her asshole. He tongued it really good, feeling it throb against his lashing licker.

"Are you ready to doggy-dick me, honey?" she asked. "Are you ready to smash you boner through my juicy cunt-hole?"

"Fuck yes!" the boy hissed, kneeling upright and mounting his mom's haunches.

Sandra's tongue was nearly hanging out in anxious lust. "Plow your fat knob through my cunt-slit and against my clit first. Rub our pleasure-bulbs together, baby!"

Fitz did just that, feeling his mom's slick, aroused genitalia against his sensitive glans. "I'm gonna fuck you now, mom. I'm gonna fuck you like a whore!" he announced.

Juice that had secreted from Sandra's Skene Glands wet her boy's cock as it squeezed into her spongy cunt-hole. "Ohhh, fuck!" Fitz exhaled, feeling his pink slab travel along the hot ribbed walls of her vagina.

Sandra let out a sharp pleasure-gasp as she felt her boy's barbed tip smash against the puffy ring at the head of her cervix. Before the boy could even start thrusting, the mindlessly horny mother began throwing her ass back on him.

"Yes!" Fitz gasped, grasping her humping hips and meeting her with thrusts of his own. His mom's fatty ass-cheeks SMACKED against his midsection repeatedly as they found a satisfying fuck-rhythm.

"Oh, shit!" the teen sighed, looking down and watching his juice-slickened cock appear, then disappear inside his mom's wilding-humping cunt.

"That's what you like, isn't it, baby?" Sandra panted, looking back over her shoulder, while screwing her clutching pussy back on him. "A nice tight pussy to beat your dick through!"

"Oh, hell yes!" the boy responded, watching the mouthwatering flesh of her rounded buttocks ripple every time it smacked against him.

"You probably didn't think mommy was gonna put out again, did you?" Sandra asked. "That's not the case. You saved my marriage, by promising not to tell your father what you saw. Mommy owes you a piece of her pussy anytime you want it, baby."

"Seriously?! Well, I uh…won't argue with that, mom," her son said, spearing his dick into her.

"Untie my top, honey. Let my tits out!" his mom shouted breathlessly.

All Fitz needed to do was reach down and untie her tit-sling. Her dangling boobs did the rest as they swung pendulously, tossing the dainty top onto the towel beneath her.

"Sweet! Now I can do THIS…" Fitz stated, leaning over, reaching under and grasping on to his mom's giant, dangling boobs. His fingers sunk into the fatty meat, pinching at her engorged teats.

"Yes! Squeeze those breasts, baby! Hold on to those hooters, while you pound the fuck outta me!" Sandra cried out.

Fitz's cock flexed as it plowed against his mom's vaginal walls. Pre-cum drooled from his piss-slit as he enjoyed the exquisite pleasure the texture of his mom's pussy walls were giving him. For Sandra, it was equally as intense. Friction on her vaginal tissue and their clusters of pleasure sensors made the root of her clitoris tingle. Her perennial sponge, between her vagina and rectum ached in arousal as her boy stretched it with each mighty plunge of his cock.

Naked on the beach, they fucked like lusty animals, their writhing bodies glistening in the sun.

Sandra's fuck-tube was slick with secretions. Fitz felt his mom's pelvic floor muscles bulge forward, then retract with arousal, over and over. This tightened the corrugated sleeve of her cunt, creating even more friction around his penile glans.

"Oh, fuck, your pussy feels good, mom!" he whimpered.

"Wanna cum together, baby?" she replied, peeking back at him. "I'm getting close, and I can tell you are too, by the way your cock is twitching inside by birthing tube."

"You better be ready quick then, because you've got me all worked up."

Sandra knew she was close to a toe-curling orgasm, but reached under and rubbed her clit to speed up the process even more. "Tell me when you're ready!" she gasped.

"Ahhh!" the boy delightfully sighed, his eyes rolling back as his mom flexed her cunt muscles, making her spongy cuntal lining gnaw at his stiff cock.

"I'm cumming! I'm gonna fucking explode in you!" The boy grunted, thrusting wildly and making their juicy genitals pound together.

"YES! GIVE ME YOUR BABY-NECTAR!" Sanda cried out as she too surrendered to her own full-body orgasm.

"UUGGHH!!" the teen grunted, hosing out a big fat ribbon of spunk inside his mom.

Sandra let out an orgasmic scream that echoed across the lake. Her body writhed and trembled wonderfully. Her genital pleasure-centers ignited around the fat cum-spurting erection that was plunging

through the center of it all. After several body-trembling minutes, the boy pulled his cock out.

"Hot damn, mom!" the boy sighed, gazing down at the girl-cum literally dripping off his penis.

"Was it a good piece of pussy, baby," she winked, standing up and putting her bottoms back on.

"Unbelievable piece!" he answered.

They arrived back at the picnic area together. Sandra was wearing a bikini cover up that she had brought with her.

"We heard you scream," her husband said. "Thought maybe you got attacked by a grizzly or something."

"No…just a savage teenager," Sandra answered, sharing a knowing smile with her friend Jamie. "I screamed after he threw me right into that cold lake water."

"Hold her under next time," Reid joked, making Jamie's husband bust a gut laughing.

"Oh, there WILL be a 'next time,' won't there, honey?" the mother asked, gazing into Fritz's eyes wantonly.

"Sure, and you think I was rough with you earlier, just wait until next time," he teased.

"Oh, sounds like I'll do a lot more screaming then," the mother stated in an exaggerated manner, then quickly brought her lips to her boy's ear. "I fucking love it rough," she whispered.

106: Mom's Costume Dilemma

Mom's Costume Dilemma

By Klrxo

"Scott, what should I be for Halloween this year?"

"Jeez, mom…you sound like an eight-year-old in a grown woman's body," Claudia's son, Scott, laughed.

"It's not for trick-or-treating, smarty-pants. It's for the annual Halloween party, at your father's job. I have no idea what to go as."

"Well, try hitting that new costume shop in town," he suggested.

"That WAS my plan for today," she replied, "but I know I'm gonna be bombarded with a hundred different outfits I like, then I surely won't be able to make a decision."

"I can go with you if you want?" the boy proposed.

She fed him a suspicious grin. "I don't know if that's such a good idea, honey" she pointed out.

"Why not."

"Well, for one, you're suppose to be in school today, and two, I've caught you peeping in on me while I was getting dressed twice, just

this week. That makes me very suspicious of your motives for wanting to help me," Claudia expressed.

Scott knew his mother had a point. Obviously about the school concern, but also regarding his obsession for her. Since he was thirteen he'd been lusting after his mother, just like any other male who crossed her path. Claudia was a beautiful platinum-blonde, with the type of body that would land her a porn career in a second. Having children had turned her physical- build into boy's playground; one that was sadly off limits to boys, since she was happily married. Well, almost happily. Well over a hundred times, Scott had stolen her bra or panties from her laundry hamper and imagined her wearing them, while furiously beating his cock. He knew her bra size just as well as his date of birth. 38 HH. The number of times he'd been caught trying to catch a glimpse of them was concerning to the mother, but she also knew it was somewhat normal for a boy to be curious about such things and mom was the nearest object of fascination for an inquisitive teen.

"I won't peep in on you trying on costumes. I promise," Scott pleaded, dying to go along. "I'll just be there to help you pick out the one that looks the best."

Despite being suspicious of his motives, she knew she could certainly use his help in deciding on a costume. "Alright. I'll call the school and let them know you have a fever today," Claudia agreed. "We'll head out in about an hour."

After seeing her other children off to school and her husband out the door for his day at work, the mother slipped on some heels that complimented her outfit. They were bandage-style peep-toe stiletto heels, that looked perfect peeking out from the legs of her pants. Her jeans were molded to her luscious legs and succulent round ass like a denim skin. A snug cotton top clung to her giant breasts, accentuating their globular-shaped meat.

"I kept Scott home for school, so he could help me decide on a costume for the party," she told her friend, Jan, over the phone.

"That's brave. You know he's just gonna try peeking in at your tits the whole time," Jan stated.

"He said he would behave himself."

"Ha, and you believe him?" Jan asked. "Claudia, boy's his age think with their horny dicks, remember?"

"I know they do, but I can't just not be around my son just because he's fascinated with my big tits."

"Speaking of male affection," Jan muttered, "did you get any last night?"

"Yeah…some," Claudia answered unenthusiastically.

"Some? I take it he left you high and dry again?"

Claudia sighed in frustration. Recently, she had been unable to have an orgasm with her husband during sex and it was troubling her. "We had sex for a while. It wasn't really his fault. Or…maybe it was, I don't know."

"You guys really should get to the bottom of that issue."

"I know. At least I have my vibrator. THAT I can count on," Claudia joked, making Jan laugh.

The delicate CLICK of his mom's heels always got Scott excited. When he heard them, he would picture his mom's dainty feet with their painted toenails arched back in the air, with her toes pointed across his room, while he was cradled between her thighs pounding the shit out of her.

"Ready to do some costume shopping?" his mother asked, grabbing her purse.

"Let's kill it!" the boy replied, checking out her undulating bubble butt, which was lusciously encased in denim.

As she drove across town, Claudia could feel her son's eyes on her. The swell of her oversized tits trembled with every bump in the road. Part of her was flattered that her boy was so enamored by her feminine charms. Surely there were no girls his own age with a body-shape quite like hers. A voluptuous mommy-body was like a beautiful coastal rock formation that had achieved it's shape through years of natural evolution. Claudia certainly did what she could to assist in this process through healthy eating and exercise.

"Thanks for not telling dad," said Scott, while staring over at her.

"Telling dad?"

"About me peeking in on you the other day, while you were getting undressed."

"Oh, that," the mother smiled. "What makes you think I didn't tell your father?"

"By the fact that I'm still alive."

Claudia laughed. "Good point. He would kill you if he knew about your naughty little habit of peeping in on me."

"So, why haven't you told him? Just curious," Scott asked.

It was a question Claudia had pondered herself. "Scott, you're a young guy and you're curious. I get it. I'm certainly not encouraging that type of behavior, but I DO understand it. Your father, on the other hand, wouldn't."

"True," her son agreed. "You know, if you just send me one picture of you…undressed, then it would satisfy my curiosity and I'd stop trying to peek in on you so much."

"Good try with the negotiation tactic, slick, but it's not gonna happen," she giggled, then glanced over at him sternly. "I appreciate your fascination with me, but mom is one piece of candy that stays in the wrapper."

"That's ok," Scott stated, gazing over at the huge fatty orbs of her tits, "you look pretty damn good in your 'wrapper' too."

Claudia smiled blushingly. "Thank you," she muttered. Her chest, almost instinctively thrust out in pride, making her mammoth breasts balloon outward beneath her thin cotton top.

Scott watched his mom's heavy, jutting mounds of fatty and glandular tissue test the strength of her bra-hooks, by swelling out wonderfully. They put so much pressure on her thin cotton top that he could clearly make out the floral laced embroidery of her silky bra cups. "Goddamn those are fucking big!" he thought, while trying to conceal the growing bulge in his pants.

The mother's lips curled into a knowing smile as she stared at the road ahead. As a beautiful, curvy Goddess of a woman she'd grown used to being gawked at by men and seeing them

adjust their horny pricks, while staring at her lustfully. She only wished her husband, David, still gave her that type of attention. He certainly used to, but over the years, and with the hustle and bustle of work and having children, his fascination for her seemed to fade some. It's not that it was completely gone. Their sex life was good, even though he could hardly make her orgasm any more. She knew her husband still adored her and she him, but his attentiveness and sexual abilities certainly wasn't on the same level as they were when they were younger.

The costume warehouse was a seasonal Halloween store featuring every get-up imaginable. Scott was determined to find the sexiest costume he could for his mom to wear. "Hey, mom, how about this one…sexy Princess Leia," he suggested, holding up the skimpy costume for her to see.

"Honey, you know I'm not a Star Wars fan. What about this one?" she asked, holding up a 80's-looking sweat-suit costume with a curly wig. "I could be Richard Simmons."

"Richard who?"

"He was an exercise guru back in the 80's," she explained.

"Fine I guess, for people who know that, but if they don't, you're just gonna look like a fitness freak, with pubes for hair. What about a sexy female cop?" Scott asked, taking a costume off the rack.

"Is it just me, or are you putting the word 'sexy' in front of every costume you suggest for me?" the mother teased.

"Sorry. I really think you should try this one though. Look, it even comes with a badge and handcuffs."

The mother took the costume and looked it over. "It might look cute…I dig the shorts."

"You should try it on!" Scott urged.

"Let me find a couple more I like, then I'll hit the fitting room to give them a try."

Claudia thumbed through more costumes. It didn't take long before one caught her attention. "Oh, Egyptian Goddess!" she marveled, looking over the outfit.

"You would look incredible in that!" Scott stated, surprised that his mom was even considering the revealing gown.

"I don't know. It might be a little too risqué," she muttered, looking the outfit over.

"Yeah, but probably ninety-percent of these women's costumes are risqué, mom. It's not like you'd be the only one at the party wearing something a little revealing," Scott pointed out.

"I suppose I could try it," the mother decided. "What about something superhero-ish?"

Her son just happened to be standing in front of just what she was asking for. He quickly took it off the rack. "Supergirl!" he shouted. "See, I can suggest one without putting 'sexy' in front of it. Although this thing is super-sexy."

"Maybe too sexy! Are those garters?" Claudia asked.

"Yep, and a corset. You gotta try this one on mom!" he requested, handing it over to her.

"Supergirl my ass! I'd look more like super-hooker in this thing," she joked, while looking it over.

"You gotta at least try it on. Maybe you'll love it," Scott urged.

"Alright, well…this is three. Let's go find the fitting room," said Claudia as she started away with her three costume choices.

The fitting rooms were nestled in the back of the store. Each room was it's own private area, with a curtain drawn across the door and a chair sitting just outside the room. It was the perfect arrangement for a second person to sit and critique outfits as they were tried on. Claudia knew right away that it would be incredibly tempting to her son to peek right in on her, but she wanted his opinion on the

costumes and certainly wasn't gonna march out into the store with them on to find him.

"Will you try on supergirl first?" he asked.

"Yes, as long as you promise to stay in that chair and behave yourself," she half-teased.

"Deal!" Scott answered, plopping down in the chair, while his mom stepped into the dressing room and pulled the curtain.

Just listening to his mom undress was incredibly thrilling. He was so eager to see her in the revealing costume that it was killing him.

"Oh, Scott, I don't know…" he heard his mom mutter doubtfully .

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm BARELY fitting in this thing."

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Scott joked.

"IT IS a bad thing, especially if I rip right out of it half-way through the party. It's Supergirl, not the Incredible Hulk."

"I'll give you an honest assessment and tell you if it looks too tight on you," he assured her.

After a few more minutes, his mother spoke again. "Alright! Here I come to save the day!" she blurted, trying to sound heroic.

The curtain suddenly opened and Claudia stood there as the sexiest version of Supergirl Scott had ever seen. "Damn, mom!" he blurted, trying to take it all in at once. The way the corset fit across her tremendous bust gave Claudia the most extraordinary cleavage the boy had ever seen. He spied her bra hanging on a hook behind her and suspected she couldn't wear it because the straps would show. The blue corset, with the Supergirl logo, flared out into a red mini

skirt, which barely fell below her crotch. Garters were stretched across both her thighs, holding up naughty red stockings. On her feet she wore red stiletto mules, which went perfect with the outfit.

"Be honest. Does it look too snug?" the mother asked, striking a superhero-worthy pose, with her hands on her hips. A red collar around her neck was attached to a flowing red cape and Claudia's long, platinum-blonde hair made her a convincing match to the real character.

"You really expect me to say yes to that, mom?" her son smiled.

"Of course I do, honey. You're here to give me an honest assessment, remember?"

"You want my 'honest' assessment?" he asked. "If there really was a Supergirl, she wouldn't hold a candle to you."

"Thanks," the mother blushed, "but I wouldn't have her powers though," she stated with a cute smile, then threw her arms straight into the air, making her massive mams jump beneath her outfit. "I wouldn't be able to soar through the sky!"

Scott watched in astonished fascination as his mom quickly adjusted the top of her corset to prevent her oversized knockers from spilling out. "This thing was certainly not made for breasts the size of mine," she complained.

"I think it fits perfect!" Scott muttered, watching her struggle to contain the better portion of her tit-meat.

"Of course you do," Claudia teased with a blushful smile. "I do have a strapless bra I could wear with it. That would certainly help."

"That's a lot of weight to contain," Scott boldly stated. "How much do you think they weigh each?"

She glared at him sternly. "Scott, we're here to discuss costumes, not the weight of my breasts."

"You were the one who brought it up, mom" he reminded her.

"How did I bring up the weight of my boobs?"

"You said that costume wasn't made to hold breasts the size of yours, so I was only expanding upon that comment."

Claudia giggled. "Do you ever think about anything besides boobs?" she teased, remembering how many times she had come into his room to find a picture of giant naked breasts on his computer screen. She never really scolded him for it. She knew it was better that he be yanking it to online porn than out chasing girls at school and risk getting one of them pregnant.

"Yeah, of course. I think about a couple other things too," the boy responded, letting his eyes drift down his mom's well-sculpted legs. "Would Supergirl would wear red panties or blue ones beneath her skirt?"

"Bright yellow panties would actually be a better contrast, since the skirt and the stockings are both red."

"True. Do you have Bright yellow ones?"

Claudia smiled as she spun around to look at the back of her costume in the big floor to ceiling mirror. "You tell me. You seem to know my panty drawer these days as well as I do," she teased.

"That's not true. I don't snoop in your panty drawer."

"Oh, that's right. You prefer plucking them out of my laundry hamper," Claudia giggled.

"I plead the fifth," Scott grinned. He was a bit embarrassed knowing now that his mom was aware of his nasty habit of stealing her panties.

"You know, if your father ever caught you doing that you'd be grounded for life, especially if he knew what you did with them," Claudia warned.

"How do you know what I do with them?"

"Scott, I have to wash the boy-slime off my hands every time I do a load of my laundry. Trust me, I know what you do with them," she answered.

"Do you ever taste me?" Scott boldly asked.

"Excuse me?!"

"I just wondered if you were ever curious what I tasted like and tried a little sample?" he wickedly inquired.

"No, I most certainly have not," the mother answered, knowing full-well that there was one time recently where she had licked her son's ball-juice off her finger. She had been curious to know how he tasted, compared to her husband. She was pleasantly surprised to discover that Scott's sperm was much sweeter-tasting and the volume of ejaculate that he always left in the gusset of her panties simply amazed her. "Just because you boys are obsessed with sniffing and tasting us moms, doesn't me that we're the same way."

"Well, just so you know, you taste great, and your smell down there is intoxicating!" the teen brazenly confessed.

The mother covered her ears and shook her head. "Scott, please… TMI!"

"Sorry, mom…I'm just being honest."

"Can we just…get back to the subject of costumes please? If I decided on this one, do the red heels look good or should I try to find some boots?" Claudia asked.

"The heels look awesome! Definitely stick with those."

"Alright, close the curtain. I'm gonna try on the next one," she stated.

Scott closed the curtain, almost all the way. He left a tiny slit that he could peek through. He watched his mom sit on the corner bench of the changing room and slip her nyloned feet from her stiletto heels. As Claudia unhooked the garters, her son got a good look up her skirt. Her dainty red panties were molded to her crotch, creating a wonderful camel-toe. He could even see how the fabric narrowed out, forming a thong between her buns. "Fuck!" his brain screamed as he fought off the urge to reach down and squeeze his hardening cock.

Since there was a gap between the fitting room curtain and the floor, it didn't take much effort for Claudia to notice her snoopy son hovering there. A tiny smirked formed on her lips as she realized he was peeking in at her. "I'll let him watch my take off the nylons, but that's it," she decided.

The boy's eyes widened as he spied his mom extending one of her luscious legs out and slipping the stocking off. He loved the way her toes were pointed towards him and how her sexy legs gave off a wonderful freshly-shaved sheen. "Whoa!" he thought, watching her roll the stocking off the other. This time she extended her leg out at an upward angle, showing her limberness. Once the red nylon slipped off her arched foot, she held her leg there for a moment, suspended in mid-air for her son to gawk at.

"Scott, away from the curtain please," she requested sweetly as she lowered her leg and stood up.

"Sorry," the boy blushed, going over and sitting down in the chair just outside the fitting room.

"Uh-huh," Claudia teased. "I bet you are."

"Which one are you trying next?"

"I'm not telling you," she playfully answered. "It can be a surprise."

"I hate surprises."

"Well, who knows, maybe you'll like this one," she replied.

It was torture sitting just outside the room, listening to the fabric of the costume brush against his mom's smooth skin as she put it on.

"Ready for the big reveal?" Claudia finally asked.

"Ready!" her son answered, then watched the curtain swish open. His mom stood there in a long dark wig and the Egyptian Goddess costume, with one leg cocked out. The get-up featured a gold and white cut-out dress with an ornate jeweled collar. The white, pleated-panel satin skirt had daring open sides, allowing her legs to be fully exposed, all the way to the top of her hips. Her feet were arched in gold-colored open-toed heels that came with the costume.

"Do I make a convincing Egyptian Goddess?" she asked.

"Do you ever!" the boy responded. "I'd worship you."

"What about if I stand like this?" Claudia said, then took the 'walk like an Egyptian' pose. This made her jutting tit-mounds look as though they could rip right through the fabric.

"Perfect!" Her son beamed, studying her up and down. He noticed her panties laying on the floor. "Did it come with panties?"

"No, I couldn't wear a normal G-string with this because the hip-straps might show."

"So you wouldn't wear ANY panties?"

"Well, I don't know if I'd be brave enough to go without them," she giggled. "I'd probably just wear a black C-string."

"C-string?"

"It's a new type of panty that's strapless. It looks like normal sexy underwear in the front, with a thong-style strip at the rear and nothing on the sides."

"Wow! How does it stay on?" Scott asked.

"It has a flexible inner frame that hugs and holds it to a woman's crotch, without the need of any other straps."

"Damn, would I love to be a c-string!" the boy sighed.

The mother placed her hands on her hips and gave him a stern, but slightly amused glare. "Scott!"

"I'm just sayin."

"What do you think of the back," his mom asked, spinning around.

Scott could see the silky backs of her entire legs. Only the swell of her rounded mommy-rump was covered by the skirt. "What do you think I'm gonna think of the back, mom? It's incredible!"

"Thanks, honey. I like it too! I think this one's gonna be high on the contender's list. The black wig doesn't look stupid?" she asked.

"No, it's hot!" Scott replied. "Besides, I doubt there were too many blonde Egyptian women back in the day."

Scott stared at the thong laying on the floor. He'd give his left testicle if his mom would let him hold them to his nose and sniff them. Even though he knew she'd be upset, he decided it wouldn't hurt to press his luck. "While you try on the next costume, can I hold on to your panties?"

"Scott, no! What you sneak around and do at home is one thing, but right now we're in public," she reminded him.

"Yeah, but the fitting area is totally private. There's no one even back here."

"I'm putting them back on," she stated. "I only took them off for this one costume."

"You don't need to wear them with the cop costume. Come on, mom…I dedicated this entire day to helping you. Just throw me a bone," he pleaded.

Claudia laughed, picking up her dainty panties off the floor. "Throw you a bone?! What are you, a dog?"

"Ain't nothin' but a hound dog!" Scott jokingly replied.

"More like a horn-dog!" she laughed. She threw her panties over and they landed in his lap. "There's your bone, horn-dog. You have until I open this curtain back up, then I'm getting them back."

"Got it!"

Claudia gave him a playful smile as she closed the fitting room curtain. "Oh, Claudia, what the hell did you just do?" she thought, feeling a little ashamed.

In a flash, Scott grabbed the panties and brought them to his nose. "GODDAMN, FUCK!!" his brain screamed as the sweet, musky aroma of his mom's pussy swept through his nostrils. The scent was so

pungent that it made his eyes roll back and excited tingles course through his body. He gasped a little too loudly.

"Are you ok out there?" his mom's voice giggled.

"I'm fine…sort of," he replied.

"So, are you doing this with other women's panties…or is this just sort of a mommy thing?" Claudia asked as she took off the Goddess costume.

"Doing what?"

"I don't know…whatever it is you do with them. I assume that you like to smell them, right?"

"Well, yeah…that is PARTLY why I like them."

"Ok, so…what's the other part?" the mother curiously asked.

"Do you really have to ask, mom?"

"I know WHY boys do it…I'm just…trying to get a better understanding of what YOU like about panties, that's all.

"I do love the smell," Scott confessed, taking another good whiff.

With the Goddess costume off, Claudia stood there in the fitting room for a moment completely naked, while speaking to her boy. She peeked down and noticed how long and stiff her nipples were, protruding from the round pink caps of her giant tits.

"Alright…what about the taste?" Claudia brazenly asked. "You said earlier that I taste good. Are you one of these boys who enjoys sucking on the gusset?"

"Wow, mom…weren't you getting upset earlier when I asking you if you ever tasted ME?" he chuckled.

"Hey, I'm the one letting you use a pair of my delicate personal belongings. I have a right to ask a few questions."

"I do suck on the crotch, yes," he confessed.

"You do this, while you masturbate, I'm assuming?" his mom innocently asked.

"Yes, usually. Unfortunately, not this time though," Scott answered, feeling his cock throb with hardness.

Claudia laughed. "No…masturbating in public isn't the best idea, honey."

"I could always come in there with you and do it," he half-jokingly suggested.

His mom laughed. "Probably not the best time for that, seeing as I'm completely naked at the moment," she stated.

"Sounds like the prefect time to me," Scott replied.

"It would probably be the greatest moment of your life, since you've been trying to catch a glimpse of me naked since your were thirteen."

"Wow, has it been that long?"

"Yes, don't you remember memorial day weekend up at the cabin, when I caught you peeping in on me, just before I got my bra off?" Claudia asked.

"Oh, yeah, I guess I do remember that."

"You were certainly too young to be seeing tits and ass at that age," the mother stated.

"Well, maybe now than I'm technically an adult I should get to see more of you."

"You should certainly get to see more naked women now, but whether that should include your own mother I'm not so sure about."

"Oh, come on, mom. What about a quick flash?" the boy pleaded.

"No!" Claudia giggled. She then poked her arm out from behind the curtain. "There! There's my naked arm."

"Very funny, mom! You can show more than an arm."

"OK, fine," said Claudia, then peeked out of the curtain and used it to cover her upper-half as she curled one of her sexy legs out. "That better?"

Scott stared at his mother's luscious bare leg. The way she had it bent and curled up around the curtain allowed him to see all the way to her naked hip. He marveled at how silky soft it looked, but how it also exhibited a feminine strength that could probably squeeze the life out of him.

"Sexiest damn leg ever!" the boy stated while staring.

"Yeah, I bet you tell that to all the girls," she winked, then looked down at his crotch, where the panties sat. "Just so you know, those panties are way too tiny to hide anything, if that's what you were hoping they would do."

"No," Scott answered, lifting the delicates from the bulge of his erection. "I wasn't worried about hiding anything."

Claudia's eyes lingered on his crotch for a moment, studying it's tubular outline. "You should not be standing here staring at your son's bulge," she reminded herself. She focused on the panties in

her son's hand. "I'm kinda surprised. I thought for sure I'd peek out and see those panties shoved in your mouth."

"Like this?" he said, then placed the crotch in his mouth and smiled.

"Yes, exactly like that!" the mother laughed. She knew she was being inappropriate, but it was also a little fun and thrilling. It made her feel like she did back when she was younger,

flirting with Scott's father, while they courted each other. "You better not soak those with your slobber. I do have to put them back on you know?"

"Um-hm!" Scott nodded.

"I'm gonna go put on my police uniform now. If you're still sucking on those panties,"Claudia said, then glanced down at his boner, "while clearly showing signs of arousal out here in public, I'm gonna arrest you, young man," she teased, then disappeared back behind the curtain.

While she changed, Scott sucked on her panty-gusset, tasting the sweet tang of her vaginal nectar. His large erection twitched and ached beneath his pants as he eagerly waited for his mom to finish trying on the costume.

"FREEZE!!" she shouted, throwing open the curtain. Claudia was all decked out in the police uniform, hat and glasses included. The blue crop top was snug and it's V-neck revealed her monstrous cleavage. It was adorned with fake patches and a badge. A pair of plastic handcuffs hung from her blue booty shorts. Her feet were arched in six-inch mules that added to the look of a matronly law-authority.

She confidently strode towards her boy and removed the panties from his mouth. "Who do you think you are performing such a perverted act in public? Get on your feet!" she demanded.

Scott went along with it, standing up, so he was pinned between his mom and the wall. He loved the way her squishy boobs were rubbing against his chest. "Spread your legs! I'm searching you for weapons," Claudia insisted.

The mother frisked her boy's upper-half, then nudged his boner-bulge with her crotch. "What are you hiding down there? Is that some sort of long-barreled pistol?" she asked, trying to take on the roll of bitchy cop.

"You could say that," Scott grinned.

"What's that suppose to mean? Do I have to extract it from your pants before it does me any harm?" she sternly asked.

"Be my guest."

Claudia nudged him against the wall, sandwiching his big cock between their crotches. "You'd like that, wouldn't you. Little pervert. Sitting out here in public, with you mom's panties in your mouth, sucking on her juices. Get your hands behind your back!"

Scott did so, which allowed his mom's gigantic tits to smother his entire chest. Her face was within inches of his and he could see his reflection in her big glasses. "I'm not resisting," he stated.

"You better not. I'll slap these cuffs on and haul you downtown. You think just because you're a hot guy with a big concealed weapon that you can do whatever you want?" She playfully asked. "Think again!"

"Your welcome to take my 'concealed weapon' out anytime."

"Yeah, that's just what you want, isn't it? You want me to release your big, dangerous weapon, so you can try to use it on me. So you can try to jab me with it!"

"Well, the idea had crossed my mind a time or two," Scott confessed.

"See what I mean? You're a menace! A threat to women everywhere with your big, throbbing weapon," she stated. "You think I don't feel it down there, twitching and flexing? Eager to be used."

"On you, yes!"

"I've handled big weapons before. Don't think you have anything that I couldn't handle," officer Claudia revealed, then moved away from her son.

Scott watched with lustful eyes as his mom turned and sashayed back towards the fitting room. The booty shorts were molded to her meaty ass like a second skin and the hems had ridden up, so that a good deal of creamy ass-flesh seeped out. Her rounded mommy-buttocks swayed back and forth teasingly as she entered the fitting room.

When Claudia turned back around, her son was standing right there in front of her. "Maybe I should cuff YOU, huh?" he blurted, then snatched the cuffs from her hip. "Maybe you're a crooked cop that needs to be cuffed and punished!"

He backed his mom to the wall, then forced her hands behind her back and cuffed her with the plastic cuffs , making her huge tits jut outward. "Your so afraid of my concealed weapon. Maybe I should push it against you, so you can see just how huge and dangerous it is."

The boy nuzzled into his curvy mom and almost instinctively, Claudia raised a leg and curled it around his young frame. The long meaty shaft of his cock pushed against her heated crotch, making them both let out a sharp gasp from the intimate contact. "Don't do it! I'm warning you," the mother sighed, still in her female cop roll.

For nearly ten seconds, the two of them became lost in a lustful haze. Their bodies began to writhe against each other like passion-stricken animals.

"Mmnnff!" Scott snarled, his face nuzzled against Claudia's neck. He could feel her big spongy milkers sloshing around against him, while he ground the erect muscle of his cock against her cunt.

"Scott, stop!" Claudia's voice gasped, lowering her leg. "Honey, enough!"

"Come on, mom, it's fun!" the boy panted, humping against her.

"It's wrong! I'm sorry. I let things go too far," she replied, then her voice became more stern. "Scott, stop now!"

The teen awkwardly moved away from her, his boner clearly twitching with excitement through his pants.

"Sorry," he muttered shamefully.

"OK, so…um, definitely not the police uniform," Claudia breathlessly stated. "It would remind me of what just happened, which was VERY wrong."

"You mentioned that already," Scott pointed out in frustration.

"Let's just decide between Supergirl or the Egyptian Goddess, then we can leave."

"Well, I uh…love 'em both," Scott muttered, still feeling a little guilty for basically dry-humping his mother.

"Let's do this. The party isn't until tomorrow night. Let's go get some lunch, go home and we'll talk it over. I'll stop back by tomorrow and get whichever one we decide on."

"Good suggestion. I am getting hungry," Scott agreed.

After she was dressed, Claudia and her son left the store and went to the local brewpub for lunch. There seemed to be an awkward silence between the two of them as they waited for their food. Claudia knew the best way to purge the incident from their minds was to focus on something else. "So what are YOU gonna do for Halloween? Hanging out with your friends again this year?" she asked.

"No, Randy has to work. I think I'll just hang out at home. Maybe help pass out some candy."

"Well, I'm sure your sister will be happy to have the help."

Scott saw a couple women dressed in scrubs, clearly nurses, sit down near them. "What about a sexy nurse?" he asked his mom, like a light bulb just went off in his head.

"Nurse?"

"A sexy nurse's costume. You don't see very many of those around on Halloween."

"Oh, well…I could look and see if they have one there when I go by tomorrow."

"You could wear some latex gloves, like you're getting ready to do a prostate exam," Scott joked.

"Oh, wonderful!" the mother giggled.

"Can I ask your opinion on something?" Scott inquired.

"Of course, honey. I ask for your opinion all the time, don't I?"

"Yeah, but this opinion is regarding something… kind of personal."

"Oh, well…I guess we've gotten kinda 'personal' already today, so it wouldn't hurt, I suppose. What's your question?"

"I know we were just role-playing and joking around at the costume shop, but you said I had a 'big concealed weapon.' Did you really think so, or were you just saying that?"

"Well, it um…looked big…and felt big. If it looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, it must be a duck, right?" Claudia answered.

"I hope it is, because girls like big ones, don't they?"

"Yeah, I mean…if I'm being honest, I think most girls prefer a guy with a larger penis. Just like most guys prefer girls with big boobs."

"Yeah, but that's different."

"How is it different?"

"Well, guys like big boobs for smothering and sucking, where girls like bigger dicks so they can feel fuller, right?" Scott inquired.

"Yes, that's true, but it all boils down to sexual gratification, honey. Guys get sexual pleasure by being smothered and gorging themselves on a women's breasts," Claudia explained. "Women get off from feeling a hard penis in the deepest areas of their vagina. Different places entirely, but the same types of pleasurable results."

Claudia took a moment to reflect on her lack of 'sexual gratification' here lately and how much it frustrated her.

Scott had gotten fully erect from just sitting there next to his mom glancing at her king-sized jugs. "Well, I certainly hope I have the size to please a girl that way. Do you think you could check…just to make sure?" he boldly asked.

"Check?"

"Yeah, you know, just um…feel it, to make sure it's a size that girls would like."

Claudia glanced over at his crotch and could see the bulge of his erection. "Scott, I don't know…we've already gotten WAY more touchy-feely today than we should have."

"Yeah, but this time is different. We're not just fooling around. You'd be doing it so you could just give me your honest assessment…on my size down there."

Claudia looked around to determine the level of privacy they had to conduct such an 'assessment.' She knew if she got caught touching her own son's prick in public it would be

disastrous. "Even if someone did see us, these people don't know we're mother and son. As far as they're concerned I'm a cougar with a young boyfriend and we're being affectionate in public. Big deal," she told herself.

"Alright…scoot over closer to me," she nervously muttered.

Scott moved his chair over so he was literally hip to hip with his mom, with the table concealing their lower bodies from the view of any other patrons.

"Are you, um…fully hard?" Claudia whispered.

"Yes. I have been since we sat down."

Claudia giggled. "Scott, why are you getting stiff like that in a restaurant of all places?" she asked.

"The same reason you are, I suppose."

"The same reason I'm getting…stiff?" she inquired with a look of confusion.

"Yeah, mom," he answered, glancing over at her breasts. "You've been stiff for awhile too."

Claudia looked down at her ballooning tits and noticed that her thick teats had hardened and were clearly visible through her top. "Oh, snap! I guess I um…am a bit stiff, aren't I?" she blushed.

"You could say that," Scott smiled, imagining that he was latching his lips around the peak of her mammary.

"Alright," Claudia muttered, moving her hand over onto her son thigh, "just a quick assessment, then we'll pay the bill and get out of here."

"Sounds good," Scott sighed. He peeked down and watched his mom's pretty hand slide onto his hard cock. She traced her long nails around the outline of his bell-shaped crown through his pants. "Holy fuck that feels good!" his brain shouted.

"I think I have officially sunk into the pit of depravity," Claudia thought as she squeezed her boy's glans. The way her wedding ring sparkled on her finger made her feel a tinge of guilt. It had been years since she'd touched any penis besides her husband's, so she was naturally feeling a bit guilty. "Is IS a pretty good-sized knob though," she assessed. "Let's check the shaft."

The mother let her tender clasp move down the length of his erection. His thick vein-encrusted stalk just seemed to go on and on and she tried to keep track of the inches as she went along. "Four, five, six, seven…eight…maybe nine. Holy heavens…nine inches! And I may very well have been underestimating," she wondrously thought. "Can that be right?"

"What do you think?" Scott asked, eager to hear her opinion.

She looked over into his eyes blushingly. "Well, honey, let's just put it this way. I can confidently say that you have absolutely NO reason to be concerned."

"So I do have a size you think girls will like?"

"WILL like?" Claudia asked. "You mean, you haven't been with anyone…sexually yet?"

Scott shook his head in response. He HAD been sexual, with many girls in fact, and had gotten quite skilled at using his oversized cock. However, he wanted his mom to think he was a naïve virgin, so maybe she'd be willing to show him a thing or two. "I've gotten close a few times, but never went all the way."

"Oh…" his mother muttered. She had lost her cherry when she was fifteen, so the idea that such a handsome eighteen-year-old with a large penis was still a virgin completely mystified her. "So, have you ever even felt a girl…on her private parts?"

"I squeezed a boob once, but that was about it," Scott lied. He loved how his mom's hand was still clasping the base of his boner. She seemed in no hurry to move it.

"Scott, you're eighteen-years-old. Are you telling me that all you've ever done with a female is squeezed her boob?"

"Yeah, that and kissed," he answered.

Claudia was genuinely stumped. By the way her son had aggressively handled himself in the fitting room earlier she would have guessed the opposite. She would have thought that he'd had a ton of experience. "Are you sure you're not lying, because you're worried I'll be upset if I knew just how much sex YOU'VE REALLY had?" the mother asked.

"No, I'm not lying, mom," he answered. "In fact, I'm kinda freaked out that I might make a fool of myself once I do get my hand in a girl's panties."

"Why would you worry about that?"

"I don't know…maybe because it would be so new to me, but she would expect me to do what the other guys do and I would completely suck at it," Scott explained.

"Honey, I'm sure you wouldn't suck at it," the mother said consolingly.

"How would I not, when I've never even touched a woman's vagina before?" he stated, then peeked down at her denim-covered crotch. "Do you think maybe I could um…try it on you?"

Claudia suddenly pulled her hand away from his penis. "Honey, no. That would not be appropriate at all."

"Even if it's just to show me? I mean, you just felt MY privates, just to help me. What would be the difference?"

Claudia knew her son had a point. She had touched his stiff penis through his pants, but only for the purpose of assessing it's size for him. "I touched you through your clothing, honey. You're asking to go INSIDE my panties, which is different."

"Okay, then I'll stay outside your panties."

The mother giggled. "Women are built differently. You'll gain nothing from feeling me outside my panties," she stated.

"I guess I'll just have to make an idiot of my myself then, when and if I do ever get to feel a girl up," Scott mumbled.

Claudia's pussy tingled at the thought of being felt up. Plenty of curious hands had dug through her panties when she was younger, but during her married life it was something her husband had rarely done. "Routine sex," she sadly thought, "that's what my sex-life has become. Routine and boring. Without all the exciting groping and risky public raunchiness. Fuck, I have a husband who can't even get me off anymore."

Scott was prepared to give up on the idea, when he heard his mom's sexy voice. "Go ahead then," she muttered.

"Go ahead?" he asked. "Really??"

"Yes, but let's get one thing straight. Just like when I touched you earlier, this is nothing sexual between us. It's only so you can know what it's like…so you're not stupidly nervous the first time."

"Understood," Scott said, while looking down and watching his mom unbutton her denims, exposing the crotch of her panties. He sneakily reached down and slipped his hand beneath the hem. His heart-rate was through the roof as he felt the smooth, shaved lips of his mom's outer labium. "Whoa, that feels nice!" he whispered.

"Scott, please try not to act too excited. I don't want other people to catch on to what you're doing," she softly warned.

"Got it!" he answered, stroking her pussy and letting his middle finger slip between her tumescent outer folds. His digit sunk between inner flanges, entering the moist pit of her cuntal vestibule. "Holy fuck, she's wet! Hard nipples…wet pussy! I'm clearly not the only one enjoying this," Scott thought.

Claudia took a sip of her wine, trying to act inconspicuous in the eyes of the other patrons who may look her way. Her body jerked suddenly as she felt Scott's finger strum beneath her clitoral hood and across love-button. "Are you sure you've never done this before?" she sighed.

"No…never!" Scott lied.

"You seem to know your way around awfully well down there for someone who's never had their hand in a girl's panties before."

"Beginners luck, I guess," he smiled. His hand was now cupping his mom's vulva, wiggling his middle finger back and forth across the

grape-sized nubbin of her clit. He could tell by the way his mom was restlessly shifting her body that she was enjoying it.

"Do you um…have any…questions?" his mom asked, with heavy breath.

"Can I slip a finger in…maybe two?" he brazenly asked.

Claudia knew that was part of feeling a girl up, so she agreed. "Go ahead."

Scott eagerly plunged two fingers inside her pussy, exploring her snug inner lining. He began doing the 'come-hither' motion, massaging the rough textured area that he knew was her G-spot.

"Damnit, I knew you were lying to me," the mother gasped, reaching over and grabbing his wrist. She was holding onto him, but making no effort to pull him away. "You've done this before!"

"Okay, maybe a few times, but I do appreciate you helping me get better at it," Scott confessed.

"You lied to me…just to get into my panties, didn't you?"

"Mom, your slit is soaking wet. That tells me that you probably wanted this as much as I did."

"I bet you tricked me into touching your erection too, didn't you?" the mother quavered. "You knew you had a large one. You just wanted my hand on it."

"I've always been told I was huge, but I wanted the opinion of a beautiful grown mother, who's opinion I respect the most."

Claudia clenched her toes in their heels as her legs began to tremble delightfully. She couldn't remember the last time she had been finger-fucked by her husband. She had forgotten how much she

loved it. Yet, this was her son and they were treading in dangerous waters.

"Scott, you have to stop that!" the mother mumbled, clearly about to go out of her mind in ecstasy.

"Why mom? You clearly like it. Just let it happen. Dad hasn't made you cum recently, has he?"

"Why do you say that?" the mother asked, surprised that her son knew that detail of her sex life.

"I used to hear you cry out all the time at night. I don't anymore."

"That's nothing that YOU need to be concerned about," Claudia stated.

Scott plunged his fingers in and out, curling them as he did so, to provide more pressure on her sweet-spot. He used his thumb to strum against his mom's fat clit, to provide extra stimulation. His eyes were fixed on her breasts, watching them shift and quiver from the pleasure that was surging through her.

"Oh my God, Scott, please stop!" she hissed, but her son refused to comply.

"Just let it happen, mom. You know you need this."

The sound of his mom's suppressed gasps and the way her cunt-tube was clasping at his fingers made the boy intensify his fingerings. A lewd creamy sound began to emanate from her crotch and he suddenly heard a cute squeal leave his mom's lips.

Lights of many colors flashed before Claudia's eyes as she experienced a tremendous clitoral orgasm. She prayed that no one was watching her. It must have been obvious by her slightly contorted face that she was cumming. It was all she could do to

keep from screaming out as she gushed all over her son's plunging fingers. It was several minutes before she could even think straight again. "OK, Honey, that's enough!" she whispered with a satisfied sigh.

Scott removed his hand from her panties, marveling at how soaking wet it was. "Wow, mom…that was a gusher," he gleefully stated.

"Here," she said breathlessly, handing him her cloth napkin. "Clean your hand up with this."

That evening Claudia took a long shower, replaying the naughty happenings that had occurred that day in her mind. Scott looked so much like her husband, Ward, that it almost felt like taking a trip down memory lane. When they were young, they flirted and took risks by being naughty in public. These days it seemed like they barely had time for intimacy with the hustle and bustle of work and caring for their children. She missed those types of sexual shenanigans. She missed having body-shaking orgasms. Perhaps that's what made her day with Scott so incredibly thrilling.

"Make love to me!" Claudia excitedly requested, pouncing on her husband in bed.

"Claudia, we just had sex last night," he stated, trying to ignore his kisses and her giant breasts rolling all over him.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I'd reached my sex-limit for the week," she replied, continuing to kiss him. "Besides, I didn't get to cum, remember?"

"Can we just…do this tomorrow night?" he asked. "I have to be out the door super-early in the morning."

"Whatever!" his wife blurted, getting up and throwing on her kimono robe.

"Babe, I'm sorry…it's just been a crazy day and I'm beat," her husband explained, standing up and hugging her. "I'll make it up to you tomorrow. We'll go to the party, then come home and have some intimate time, ok?" he said consolingly.

Claudia nodded understandably. Although she knew the 'intimate time' would most likely include her not having and orgasm. "Alright," she whispered, then looked at the door. "I'm not that tired, so I'm just gonna go down and watch some TV for awhile."

She shared a kiss with her husband, then left the room, closing the door behind her.

The blonde-haired beauty padded down the hallway on bare feet, her unfettered boobies bobbling heavily beneath her robe. She peeked in on her kids, saving Scott for last. "Are you behaving yourself in here?" she asked, gazing over at her boy, who sat in bed on his laptop.

"Hey, mom…come look at this. They have it!" he stated.

"Who has what?" his mom asked, stepping towards him.

Scott loved the way her heavy breasts moved beneath her robe when they were unrestrained by a bra. He always fantasized that her robe would accidently slip open, while she came in to say goodnight to him. He turned the computer screen so she could see it. "I checked the costume company's website. They have a sexy nurses costume. Look at this thing."

Claudia checked out the skimpy costume on the woman modeling it. "Looks like half a costume to me, honey" she joked.

"Well, yeah…incredibly sexy, don't you think? You'd look amazing in it!"

"Well, thank you, but I don't think your father would let me wear something that risqué to his company Halloween party," she contended.

"Even so, you should still check it out tomorrow."

"I'll see if they have it in stock…and what it looks like on me."

"I figured out what I'm wearing, while I pass out candy," said Scott.

"What's that?"

He quickly threw on a ski mask. It was the kind with just the eyes and mouth-hole cut out. "The creepy burglar!"

"Oh, very creepy! I'm going downstairs to watch TV alone. I certainly hope a burglar like that doesn't come creeping through the window."

Scott could tell by the playful look in his mom's eyes that it was less a concern and more a suggestion. "You never know," he stated.

"Well if you hear me screaming you better come rescue me," she winked, then sashayed from his bedroom, with a little more sway in her hips than usual.

Scott quickly scrambled to his feet and threw on an old sweat suit. Then, he slipped the ski mask on and checked himself out in the mirror. "Damn! I look like the perfect creepy burglar!" he thought.

Downstairs, Claudia poured herself a glass of wine, then sashayed into the living room and turned on the TV. Through the corner of her eye, she noticed a shadow move on the wall. This caused a mischievous smile to cross her lips as she curled her smooth lovely legs up onto the sofa. She heard the quick patter of footsteps behind her and her eyes lit up as she ran her pink tongue across her lips anxiously. The mother was most definitely horny and ready to play.

Scott crawled along the back of the sofa, then peeked over the arm, looking at his mom as she sat on the other end. Her legs looked amazing and he watched her toy with the sash to her robe, loosening it up a bit. This caused the slit of her gown to creep open a tad, exposing her naked tit-cleavage. "Holy fuck, yes!" the boy's mind screamed, wishing it would slip completely open.

His mother glanced his direction and the way her lips slightly smirked told him that she knew he was there, but was trying to pretend like she didn't. She quickly rolled on to her tummy, but stayed propped up on her forearms, looking at the TV. Her knees were bent and dainty feet pointed towards the ceiling and moved slightly, like they were waving to her boy. Scott squeezed his aching prick, staring straight up his mom's slightly-splayed thighs. Though the lighting wasn't good, he could just make out the outer lips of her pudendum and the meaty swell of her naked buttocks, peeking out of the robe.

"Don't move!" A voice blurted into Claudia's ear and she felt a body pounce down on top of hers.

"What do you want?!" she asked, trying to sound panicked. She could feel her son's hard cock-muscle digging between the cheeks of her ass, pushing against her butthole through his sweat-suit.

"I'm a burglar. I'm hear to steal from you," Scott answered, hovering over her shoulder. The mother peeked over at him, her green eyes smoldering with lust.

"What are you here to…steal?" she whispered.

"Pleasure," Scott answered, flexing his horny cock against her ass. "Where in the house would I find that?"

Claudia looked towards the top of the stairway. She knew if her husband or one of her kids were to get up they could look straight down on them and get the shock of their lives. "The

basement," she softly replied. "It's the most private place in the house and it has doors that lock. If pleasure is what you want… that's where you'll find it."

Scott climbed off her. "Let's go!" he demanded in a hushed tone. His mom got up also and led him through the downstairs. Scott watched her bubble butt sway atop her sexy legs as he followed her down a stairway, into the finished basement. "Take me to the most private place you have down here," he demanded.

His mom peeked back at him, trying not to smirk. "That would be the closet, in the guest bedroom," she replied.

"Take me there," he demanded, poking her in the ribs.

"I'll do whatever you want, just don't hurt me," the mother said with an innocent stare, letting her tongue linger between her lips.

The sexy mother led him down a narrow hallway and entered a good-sized guest bedroom. Scott closed the door behind them.

"Lock it," Claudia whispered, as if, just for a moment, she were speaking outside her victim role. This mommy was ready to play along, but wanted to do it as safely as possible.

Scott locked the door, then followed his mom to the closet. She clicked on the light, illuminating the small space in a warm glow.

He closed the door behind them and watched his mother back against the wall, staring at him, just as a frightened victim would.

"So, this is where the pleasure is, huh?" the boy asked.

"Yes. It's in here."

"What kind of pleasure are we talking about?" Scott asked.

His mom stared straight into his eyes. "Pussy," she whispered.

"Take your robe off," Scott requested, his heart racing out of his chest. He stood there for a moment staring into his mom's eyes. It was as if this was a crossroad in their relationship and he was anxiously waiting to see which direction she took.

Claudia took a determined gulp. "Ward, you had a chance to please me tonight. You fucking blew it!" she thought as if speaking to her husband.

Claudia reached down and untied the sash to her robe. She slowly slipped it off her shoulders, watching her boy's reaction.

"Fuck!" Scott gasped, staring at his mom's jutting double-H cup knockers. He knew they'd be a sight to behold, but never imagined how wide and exuberant her nipples and areolas would

be. They certainly looked nothing like those of the young girls he'd been with. His mother's areolas were slightly oblong and three-and-a-half inches in diameter. They were a dark dusky-pink in color, thickly textured and dotted with Montgomery glands. Fat, supple-looking teats protruded from their centers, making Scott lick his lips lustfully.

"What's wrong?" Claudia softly asked. "Getting scared? Afraid to steal that pleasure you wanted?"

"No. What I want just looks more amazing than I ever imagined," he answered, tearing his eyes from his mom's tits, following her tapered torso down to her shaved pubis. The turgid fleshy folds of labial tissue met in the middle to form a well pronounce mound of Venus.

"Come take it then," Claudia urged, squeezing the sides of her tits between her forearms and making them balloon out obscenely. "Come plunder and ravage this hot pussy, until you get your fill."

Scott dove for his mother, slapping their bodies together in a fit of passion. Their lips fused in open ovals and their tongues wrestled

heatedly inside his mouth. Claudia quickly peeled off his shirt, then began untying the string to his sweatpants, wanting to get to his dreamy cock as quickly as possible. They gasped and clawed at each other, like two panting, sex-crazed animals in heat. Scott lost his footing and crashed down through some lightly-packed boxes, arriving on his back at the rear of the closet. He pulled his mother down with him and gasped as he felt her weight on top of him; her giant tits crushed against his bare chest. She lashed her wild tongue against his neck, while yanking his sweatpants off. Before he knew it, she was grasping onto his cock with her hand, fitting it's tapered tip to the entrance of her pleasure-pit.

"Ungghh!!" they both grunted in unison as Scott's penis squeezed through the remnants of his mom's hymen and sunk inside her juicy cunt-tube.

"FUCK!!" Scott gasped, feeling her hot, ribbed vagina sleeve his sturdy cock. His mom was already humping before he even hit bottom, her fatty rounded ass bobbing up and down. His boner pumped in and out a few time before his crown kissed the puffy ring at the head of her cervix.

"Good God, he is so much bigger than his father!" Claudia deliriously though. The mere thought of her husband made her blush in guilt for a moment, but when her son began humping his ass from the floor, all thoughts of her sexually-inadequate hubby simply faded away.

Their heated crotches SMACKED together lewdly and repeatedly, finding a passionate fuck-rhythm.

Scott's cock flexed with hardness, making his mom's cunt react with hot, slippery clenches that felt amazing against his penile flesh. His big cock-head mushroomed as it dug against areas of his mom's pussy that she hadn't had touched in over twenty years.

"Come on!" Claudia gasped, savagely riding her son. "Take my pussy! Take it!!"

He was surprised at how loud his mom had screamed, but he knew that's why she had brought him down here. The basement was a place they could be as loud and nasty as they wanted, without anyone else in the house hearing them, even if his family were awake.

The teen felt his mom's crotch strike his cock-base and remain there. Then, she began swiveling her wide mommy-hips, plowing her cunt with his erection in full penetration. "OHH, DAMN!" the boy grunted, feeling his steely cock get jerked around, so it stretched his mom's uteri in every direction.

Claudia rose up on extended arms, so she could really grind the fuck out of her son's dreamy prick. This allowed Scott to gaze straight up at her wildly-swinging breasts. Girls he'd fuck from school had some pretty big knockers, but he'd never seen anything like this. His mom's dangling udders were like two huge watermelons as they swung around, rippling wonderfully as they beat together. "FUCKING HELL, THOSE ARE HUGE!!" the boy's brain cried out.

Claudia's heart and respiration rate continued to increase, as did her heavy breathing. Spasms in her pelvic muscles began to cause contractions in her lower vagina, as she felt a powerful orgasm, the first she's had in months, begin to sweep through her beautiful body.

"OH, GOD, SCOTT, I'M CUMMING!!" her cute voice squealed as she intensified her grinding motions.

Scott gazed up through the canyon between his mom's wildly-wobbling tits. He watched her silky blonde hair swirl around and her pretty face become contorted with pleasure. "UUUHHGG!!" she screamed out.

"GOD!!" the boy sighed, feeling the contractions in her pelvic floor compress her fuck-tube around the plunging muscle of his erection. It was easily the most pleasurable sensation he'd ever experienced on his prick, but he was determined to give his mom a fuck she'd remember before he came himself.

After humping and shaking and crying out in orgasm for nearly two minutes, Claudia collapsed onto her boy. "FUCKING FUCK, I NEEDED THAT!" he brain gasped. She continued bobbing her ass up and down. This hot mother was skilled at fucking and she knew how to keep her man's cock doing what it was made to do, even if she had just been temporarily drained by a mind-blowing climax.

Scott was in tittie heaven. His wonder-filled face was wedged between his mom's fatty mammaries and he was kissing his way around their warm spongy contours. He peered down between their slapping bellies and could see his mom's cunt riding the big slick pole of his

cock. He marveled at the way her labial flanges were stretched around his girth. Her fleshy prepuce had retracted back over her fat, blood-engorged clitoris and her juicy bulb smacked against his pubic bone on every thrust.

"Fuuuck!" he snarled, flexing his boner inside her, making her respond with wonderful cuntal squeezes. Rubbing his face up one of her giant tits, he found her engorged nipple and latched on.

"OH MY GOD!" the boy's mind swirled euphorically as his face sunk into her squishy melon, completely masking it in the warm meat of her boob. He tried his best to get his lips around the huge cap of her tit, gorging himself on as much flesh as he could get in his mouth. His tongue dueled with her fat elongated teat, while he sucked in ways he always dreamed of.

Claudia blushed in satisfaction, knowing she was making her boy's wicked fantasy come true. Scott was sucking on her giant titties and

she certainly had no plans of rushing him. If her baby wanted to nurse on her huge, squishy boobs all night, she was prepared to let him do just that. From regular exercise, the mother had well-conditioned hips that allowed her to ride her boy's erection over the next hour, gushing her hot mommy-ejaculate all over him repeatedly. "Holy fuck, I've never cum this much in my life!" she thought. The mother was simply blown away by her son's stamina. How his long dick could stay so incredibly rigid and thunder through her cunt without cumming for well over an hour now absolutely amazed her. It was something she knew her husband never ever do.

"Mmgff!" Scott snarled, his voice muffled by tit-flesh. He felt his mom's female juices soak his tender dick and run down the sides of his nuts. It was a struggle to breathe beneath all that heavy, quivering breast-flesh, but it was worth it. He'd been sucking for well over and hour and gorging himself on his mom's giant tits was the biggest rush of his life.

Claudia finally lifted her chest from her boy to give him a break. Her rubbery teat popped from his lips, red and distended. "Don't pass out on me, honey," she giggled.

Scott watched her sit upright, with her knees firmly astride his hips. She bounced up and down, fucking him like a mommy who just couldn't get enough of his dick. Scott's eyes widened in lust, gazing up at her huge bouncing boobs. The teen knew his mom liked sex and was moderately athletic, but never dreamed she could fuck him this way. His stamina was well matched by her tireless pursuit of more orgasms.

"Yes! Fuck me, Scott!" the beautiful mother gasped, gazing down over her breasts. "Fuck me hard!"

Scott humped his ass from the floor, meeting her downward thrusts and socking his prick from knob to ball inside of her.

"God, your cock is so hard!!" his mom cried, clearly on the verge of another toe-curling climax.

Hearing those words, paired with the incredible sensations his cock was receiving, made the semen rush up Scott's shaft and explode out the tip of his prick. His mom cried out in climax also and for several wonderful minutes they bucked and trembled in a powerful mutual orgasm.

After coming back down to earth, Claudia stood up and led her son out of the closet. They climbed into the queen-sized guest bed together and fucked again. This time Scott was on top and pummeled his mom's pussy hard and fast, while her luscious legs were scissored in the air.

"Oh, hell yeah, mom!" the groaned, beating his long dick through her cunt-tube furiously.

Claudia locked her lovely naked legs around him and used them as leverage to hump her rounded ass from the mattress. She pumped her overheated cunt up around Scott's satisfying stiffness, feeling his fat knob knock against the ring of her external os.

"Oh, fuck, baby…you're in me so deep!" she cried out.

The teen rose up on extended arms, so he could watch his mom's huge fleshy tits roll up and down her chest to the rhythm of their union.

"Goddamn, I could fuck you all night, mom!" the boy gasped.

Claudia pulled her son down, crushing her tits between them. "Fuck me all night then, you naughty burglar!" she urged, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

Claudia woke to the sound of KNOCKING at the door. "Claudia, are you in there?" her husband asked.

"Oh, shit!" she whispered, looking over at her son who was just waking up next to her. "Shit, shit, shit!"

"Claudia?"

"Yeah, honey…hold on!" she shouted.

"Is that dad?" Scott asked in a hushed tone, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes! Hide under the bed or something," the mother answered with panic in her voice. "Hurry!"

While Scott quickly squirmed under the bed, Claudia threw the sheet around her body and went to the door. Her husband was standing outside with a suspicious smile. "You slept in the guest bedroom last night? Why didn't you come back to bed?" he asked.

"Oh, um…well, I knew you had to get up early, so I didn't wanna wake you."

"Have you seen Scott? His door's open, but I didn't see him in there."

"Um…Scott? He uh, said something about getting to school early today. He must be gone already."

Ward was shocked at how disheveled his wife looked. "You looked like you had a rough night," he stated, then noticed the condition of the bed behind her. The fitted bedsheet was dotted with big wet spots of female ejaculate. "Good grief, Claudia. Is that what I think it is?"

Even Claudia was a bit shocked at the mess her and her son made. She knew she had spent most of the night cumming shamelessly on his cock and that this was the aftermath. "I'll admit…I did a bit of masturbating," she blushed.

"Are you sure it was just you?"

"What?" she panicked. "What do you mean?"

"Are sure there wasn't a party of women in here masturbating together. The bed is soaked," her husband chuckled.

"Oh, no…just me," she sighed. "You knew I was horny last night."

"Apparently a little more than I realized."

"Yeah, too bad your son's big dick made my cum more times last night that you have in a year," Claudia thought to herself.

Ward noticed the closet door open and boxes everywhere. "What the hell happened in there?" he asked, stepping over to that area.

"In there? Oh, I was um…just going through some old boxes last night."

Ward picked up the ski mask laying on the floor. "Isn't this Scott's?" he asked.

"Yeah, I um…found it in one of the boxes. It must have accidentally gotten packed in there."

Claudia's husband picked up one of the boxes. "You know, these are small enough. Maybe we should just slide them under the bed, get them out of the way," he suggested.

Claudia snatched the box from his hands, knowing her son was beneath the bed. "I'll do that, honey. You should probably get going," she stated.

"True," Ward agreed, checking his watch. "I can't be late for this meeting."

He gave his wife a quick kiss and she walked him upstairs. She felt a bit guilty knowing she had spent the night fucking their son, but if she could do it all again she wouldn't change a thing. "It's not like I didn't give Ward a chance to fuck me," she thought. "He was the one who decided that sleep was more important than sex with his wife. It doesn't matter. He would have left me unfulfilled anyway."

"Wow, mom…what a night!" Scott exclaimed after coming upstairs.

Claudia fed him a naughty smile, while pouring herself a cup of coffee. "Yes, that damn burglar that broke in really took his time taking what he wanted," she joked.

"I'm sure he enjoyed himself," Scott smiled. "Who knows, he might even be back to take more."

Claudia stared into her son's eyes seductively, while sipping her coffee. "Good thing I have a lot more pussy to give," she replied.

"Do I have to go to school today? Can we just stay home and fuck?"

"Honey, no! You can't miss two days in a row. Hurry and get ready. I'll give you a ride, and not like the one I gave you last night," she winked.

Scott could hardly focus at school. Not only was he exhausted from fucking his mom's ass off all night, but he could hardly stop thinking about it. He could still feel her warm smothering tits around his face and her snug, ribbed pussy gliding up and down his cock. It didn't help that his mom was texting him kissy lips all day.

After school he was surprised to see her pull up in her car. "Hey, sexy boy, need a ride?" she asked in a teasing tone.

Scott got in and looked over at her. She was dressed to the nines, in a skimpy mini-skirt and snug top with a V-cut neck that displayed a

lot of cleavage. "Did you go try on the nurses costume today?" he asked.

"No, I wanted to take my right-hand-man with me. You're helping me pick out this year's costume, remember?"

"Sweet!" Scott smiled, knowing that even if his mom didn't like the costume, he'd at least get to see her in it.

At the costume shop, they found the nurses uniform on the rack and headed back to the fitting room. "We don't really have to close the curtain this time, do we?" Scott asked.

"What…you think you have free rein now to see your mom naked whenever you want?" Claudia asked with an amused smile.

"Uh…yeah!" Scott answered, shrugging his shoulders.

"I guess you can leave it open then."

Scott watched his mom shimmy out of her skirt and blouse. Without hesitation, Claudia reached back and unfastened her big bra, releasing her giant milkers. Standing there in only her high-heeled mules and thong panties, the mother held the skimpy nurses outfit up to her

body, while looking at it in the mirror. "I don't know about this one. Could you get any more risqué?" she asked.

"You have to at least try it," Scott urged.

He watched his mother squeeze into the costume. The white skirted outfit just barely fell below the meaty cheeks of her thonged ass and the plunging neckline left more tit-cleavage on display than any other top she owned. A cute nurses hat topped off the titillating get-up. She turned towards her boy with a mischievous grin. "The doctor

will see you now," said Claudia in a seductive tone, the stiff nubs of her nipples clearly visible through the costume.

Scott stepped into the fitting room and closed the curtain. "I don't need the doctor today…just his sexy nurse," he stated.

"Well, let the sexy nurse check you over then, to make sure there are no issues," Claudia softly advised.

She unbuttoned her son's shirt, then sensually kissed her way down his chest. She lowered down into a crouched position in front of him, with her thighs bowed wide open, so her son could see the bulge of her panty-covered pussy lips.

Scott looked on in awe as his mom began unbuttoning his pants and pulled them down. Next came his briefs and his erection sprung upward, nearly hitting his mom in the chin. "Oh, I think I see a problem here," she muttered, peeking up at her boy with her alluring eyes. "Don't you worry though, Nurse Mommy knows just what to do to make it better."

Scott watched her grasp his erection near the root and begin teasing his knob with the tip of her long tongue. "Oh, wow!" he gasped, feeling her wet licker dart all over his sensitive glans.

Claudia plunged her son's dick into her mouth and began sucking on it's tender pink meat. Her head began to bob in traditional blow-job fashion, forcing more and more of his boner into her mouth and throat. She sucked harder, gulping and slurping, while working her throat muscles around the throbbing shaft of her son's hard-on.

"Oh, God, yes, mom!" Scott gasped, feeling the warm, wet snugness of her oral affection.

Gulping sounds burbled out of Claudia's throat as she lowered the ring of her lips to his cock-base, taking all him. Scott held his mom's head to his crotch, feeling her nose and lips mashed against his

cock-root. He flexed his boner inside her, making her gag on it. After quickly coming up for air, his mom resumed sucking, while beating her boy's boner into her mouth at the same time.

For a moment, the mother paused at his spongy cock-head, sucking it, licking it, biting it gently, then plunged her mouth back down to his nut-sack once again.

"Fuuck!" Scott gasped, watching his mom bob her head gracefully on his cock. She toyed with his balls with one hand, tugging them and rolling them around inside his sack, while sucking shamelessly.

The mother was so horny she could hardly stand it. All she could think about was how good her son's dick tasted and how badly she needed it squeezed up the smoldering tube of her cunt and making her cum. She couldn't stand it any more. Her pussy was so wet she could feel her juices drooling from her fuck-slit.

Claudia stopped sucking, stood back up, turned around and bent over, pointing her thonged ass back at her boy. "Get 'em off!" she lustfully demanded. "Get my panties off and fuck me!"

Scott happily complied, peeling her red thong down her legs so his mom, still in her heels, could step out of them. He moved to his mom's naked, rounded ass, grasped his boner and fed it through the coral slit of her twat. "Ahh, yeah!" he moaned, feeling her spongy inner lining sleeve his cock in a snug, juicy grip.

Claudia jerked her ass back against him, setting them into a rhythm. Her son grasped her lush hips and met her frantic thrusts with one's of his own. The fleshy-slapping sounds of a heated fuck filled the dressing room.

Scott stared down at his mom's fatty rounded ass, watching her butt-meat ripple delightfully each time their bodies beat together. His rock-hard penis stabbed through her quivering tube of pleasure,

stretching her inner lining. Her secretions slathered the muscled cock, lubricating it's deep relentless thrusts.

Scott looked in the mirror and could see her dangling tits nearly being jerked free of the costume. Big mounds of tit-flesh were rippling wilding. He slapped his mom's ass while he fucked, making her squeal in delight. "You like that, you naughty mommy-nurse?" he panted.

"Uh-huh!" his mom answered. "I fucking love it!"

Again, Scott drew his hand back, then smacked her derriere, making her fatty butt-flesh quiver upon impact.

After ten minutes of ass-pounding action from behind, Scott pulled his cock out. His long sturdy pussy-prod was dripping with her ejaculate. He yanked his mom around. They embraced, locked lips and frantically kissed, lashing their lickers together wildly inside the boy's mouth.

"Hop up on me!" he demanded between kisses.

Claudia leapt gracefully from the floor, throwing her luscious mommy-legs around his waist. Her son pinned her against the fitting room mirror and jabbed his stiff pecker in as far as it would go. She gasped as she felt his big bell tip mash in between the lips of her cervical head,

threatening to pop right into her womb. The sexually-charged mother gyrated her hips up and down, grinding on his pole and marveling at it's stiff, unyielding strength.

"I'VE NEVER HAD A DICK THIS HARD!" her mind confessed.

The overly-horny mother clung to her boy as tightly as she could, pancaking her giant tits between them. "Pound the fuck out of me!"

she hissed in his ear, wanting nothing more in the world than to be royally fuck by her well-endowed, sexually- talented son.

Scott set his hips in motion, fucking his mother's quivering pussy with full-length thrusts. He sunk his fingers into her jiggling ass, taking big handfuls of flesh and using his grip to pull her pussy into him on every thrust.

"Goddamn, you feel incredible, mom!" his voice quivered, feeling her cuntal muscles flex, making the spongy tube of her vagina chew at his cock.

"So do you, baby!" she panted. Between her experiences before meeting her husband and her marriage days, Claudia had been fucked thousands if times. However, she'd never been manhandled and screwed so intensely as today. She couldn't even imagine her husband, Ward, holding her up and fucking her this way. This was something that only young, strong studs like her son did. It was something she'd forgotten how much she'd missed and she desperately needed it to become a permanent part of her sex life again.

"Promise you'll never stop fucking me!" she pleaded, while gazing into her boy's eyes.

"I promise," he muttered, intensifying his thrusts.

"I need to be fucked this way. I need it so bad in my life, baby," the mother mewled.

"You got it," Scott replied. "You got me."

Scott suddenly saw his mom's pretty eyes roll and her head arch, throwing her long blonde back in ecstasy. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!" she squealed.

The teen felt her cunt-tube clench up and contract around his cock. He heard a deep squelching-sound emanate from their smacking crotches, then felt his mom's girl-cum swirling wonderfully around the meat of his pisser. "Ahhh, shit!" he groaned, feeling his dick and balls tingle from his own approaching ejaculation.

He pummeled his penis in nice and deep, grunting in pleasure as he began hosing out big cords of gooey baby-makers inside his mother.

Claudia felt her son's oversized organ twitch and jerk and the force of his cum-load warm her greedy, sectioning cunt.

For nearly five magical minutes they stood there kissing and gazing, while feeling their draining genitals pulse and clench together. They could even feel each other's excited heartbeats through their engorged pissers.

"I think…I'll go with the Egyptian Goddess costume for the party," Claudia said decisively.

"Bummer!" Scott stated breathlessly.

"AND…I think I'll get this SEXY nurses costume too," she grinned. "Because you, young man, have a serious condition, and it will need lots of follow-up visits with nurse mommy."

"Awesome!" Scott beamed, then shared another passionate kiss with his mom.

THE END

107: Mom's Countdown to Cummie Time

Mom's Countdown to Cummie Time

By Klrxo

"Jacob, come in here please!"

Gina was brushing her long, dark hair when her son stepped into the bathroom of their hotel room with her. "Close the bathroom door, honey," she directed. Jacob did as she asked and his mom turned towards him. "Just because we're on vacation doesn't mean we don't stick to our routine," she stated. "We need to milk you. Your father and sister are going down to the pool here in a few minutes. I want you to stay here in the room with me so we can do our countdown to cummie time."

"We missed it this morning," the teen muttered. "Yes, I know we missed your milking this morning, sweetie, but we were on the plane. Your balls are probably extremely full, so I think it's best if mommy gives you TWO ejaculations, back to back. Did you bring the heated lubby for your PP, like I asked you to?"

"Yes, ma'am." Good boy!"

Jacob took two steps back, staring at his mom's huge jutting tits as she stepped towards him. "Don't be nervous when mommy backs you against the wall like this," Gina advised, gazing at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. "You know I'm not gonna hurt you, Jacob.

Quite the contrary…your mother is all about giving her cute boy unimaginable pleasure."

"I know," the teen timidly answered as her fatty knockers began to flatten out against his young chest. "One of the ways I do that is by crushing my huge, fat tits against your chest like this, when we're alone and talking together. This does get you excited, doesn't it, sweet boy?"

"Yes," his voice quivered. "I know it does, because mommy can feel your excited heartbeat, against my succulent, rubbery nipple, while it prods against your young, lean chest.

Gina curled one luscious leg up around her boy's midsection, mashing their crotches together. "I saw the way you were staring at the front desk clerk when we checked in. You liked her big boobies, didn't you? They weren't nearly as big and squishy-looking as mine, but they were still pretty nice. Did she make you hard?"

"Yes." "Yeah? Did she get my baby boy's horny penis nice n stiff?" Gina asked, staring straight into his eyes. "Ohh, I felt that!" she laughed. "It feels like you're still trying to get that purple headed love warrior under control, aren't you?"

"Yes ma'am," the boy timidly answered. Gina brought her leg back to the ground and turned around. "Let mommy turn around so you can hug me from behind, then you can push it again my ass and show mommy how thick it's gotten," she suggested.

Jacob pushed his crotch against her rounded bubble butt. She wore thin cotton short, that allowed his hardness to sink between her ass cheeks. "Ohh, there you go…push the bulge of that boy-meat into mommy's ass-crack, just like that," the mother sighed.

Her son's prick felt long and rigid, its meaty stalk nudging against the ring of her butthole. "Mmm, damn, sweetheart…you DO have a

nice, hard hunk of boy-cock down there, don't you? It feels like it REALLY needs to be milked off."

"Can I, um…squeeze on your tits?" Jacob whispered.

Gina giggled, knowing how much her boy loved her gigantic mommy-melons. "Yes…you can squeeze on my tits, but only through my blouse and bra until your dad and sister leave. They're getting ready, but we do still have to be careful with them in the next room," she warned.

Jacob dug his mitts into his mom's boobs, taking two great big handfuls of tit-meat through her blouse and bra. "Too rough?" he asked, concerned by how hard he was grasping them. "No, that's fine…you can squeeze on my tits hard like that. I've told you before that you're not gonna hurt them," Gina replied. "The reason moms have heavy boobs is so their boys can squeeze them and suck them, AND hump their horny dicks between them."

"They're so squishy!" the boy marveled, his ass-smothered boner flexing in his mother's butt-crevice. Gina turned her head and smiled. "Here, let me turn my neck and kiss you, while you enjoy mommy's body."

She began to feed her teen sensual kisses, while rubbing her meaty derriere against his throbbing peter-meat. "Mmm, God…isn't this exciting? Fooling around with each other, while your father's in the next room. If he only knew how hard and often you and I fuck…he'd probably die of shock," she laughed.

"True," her boy nodded, delirious at the thought of all the toe-curling pleasure he'd got pounding his young penile flesh into his mom's hot vagina. "You like coating mommy's wedding ring in ball-juice when I stroke you, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Yeah." "I like it too. Thank God I'm a lefty," Gina laughed. "It gives me a wicked fucking thrill watching that big diamond wedding ring,

the token of your father's love and affection, fly up and down your big teenage dick when I'm stroking you. It reminds me of how wonderfully fucking wicked we're being," the mother hissed, then gave her boy more kisses. Their tongues lightly played together during each tender smooch.

Gina did love her husband. They had a good marriage and a healthy sex life, but once she got a taste of her boy's young teenage dick earlier that

summer, she was hooked. Not a day had gone by since then where Jacob and her weren't fucking each other's asses off somewhere in the house.

The mother's pretty eyes rolled up in their sockets as the power and exuberance of her son's humps nearly lifted her off the floor. "Oh, baby…your cock feels so fucking good digging against mommy's asshole," she whimpered.

Suddenly, she heard her husband call her name from the other side of the door. "Shit, you're father's outside the door! Stay quiet!" she warned her son, in a hushed tone. She answered her husband. "Yes, honey…I'm in the bathroom."

"Is Jacob in there?" her hubby asked. "Jacob? No… he's not in here. I, um…sent him downstairs for some ice," Gina replied, then brazenly gave her boy a few kisses.

"Alright, well we're heading downstairs," the boys father shouted. "Oh, you guys are going down to the pool now, well have a great time!" his wife said back.

"Do you know if Jacob plans on swimming?" "No, he's staying here with me when he gets back. We have some things that we need to take care of," Gina replied, then kisses her boy twice more.

"Alright…we'll be back!" "Okay…bye guys…enjoy the pool!" the mother imparted, then looked her son in the eyes with a mischievous grin. "Alright, Romeo….let's go into the bedroom and get naked."

Jacob followed the sway of his mom's ass as they left the bathroom and walked into to where the beds were. "Do you want mommy's panties this time, so you can smell and lick the crotch, or do you wanna suck on my boobie while I milk you?" Gina candidly asked.

"I guess just your boob," he replied.

"Are you sure?" she asked, sliding her shorts down her luscious, clean shaven legs. "I've been wearing these panties all day. They probably smell REALLY yummy!"

Alden watched her hook her thumbs beneath the elastic waistband of her panties, then peel them down her legs. "Oh, and look at that…there's some pussy juice on the crotch and it's not even dried yet," his mom added.

The boy gulped excitedly, staring at his mom's naked pubis. It was completely shaved, and just the sight of the two puffy flanges that were separated by her pudendal cleft made him shudder in delight. That's because he was well aware of the wonders that were just beyond those gates. The fat juicy clit that was waiting beneath it's hood; the smoldering tube of her cunt, lined with rows of pleats that could encapsulate his tender young dick like a velvet vice. Then, there were the squeezes, given off by her strong coital muscles; the secretions that would bathe his rigid flesh and lubricate their wicked union. It was enough to make him dizzy with desire. "I'll use them," he replied, referring to her panties.

His mom giggled. "I knew that would change your mind. You've never been one to pass up the smell and taste of mommy's panties."

"That's true," he agreed. "Did you get the boner lubby from your bag?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am." "Good boy. Let mommy lay a big towel down. We don't need you splattering your sticky cummie loads all over the clean bedding," she stated. Gina's heavy tits jostled beneath her blouse and bra as she spread the big bath towel down on one of the queen-sized beds. "There! Now lay down on your back. You know the routine."

Jacob quickly pulled his shorts and briefs off at the same time, making his erection jut out at an upward angle. His foreskin was peeled back taut, exposing his plump, pinkish-purple glans. The boy's shaft was long and meaty, with protruding veins that crisscrossed down its length.

Gina's heart went pitter-patter and her nipples instantly hardened at the sight of her boy's rigid sex organ. "Oh, sweetheart…you're so fucking hard! Good boy!" her excited voice quivered. "Oh, you always have such a rigid boy-boner for mommy to milk! Mmm, look at that long, pink dick, all big and stiff! Mommy just adores your fat love-muscle, baby."

Jacob felt like his mom was looking at him like a hungry lion ready to pounce. "You ARE mommy's good fucking boy, aren't you? Are you ready for my smelly panties?" she asked, holding them by her fingertip.

"Yes," he replied, sprawling out on his back on the bed. "Yeah? Here you go…let's fit them over your head just the way you like," Gina stated, putting her fragrant panties over her boy's head. "Mmm, so the crotch is right up against your mouth and nose, just like that. Oh, there's my cute little panty bandit in his little panty-mask!" she laughed.

Jacob's mom was right…they were fragrant. The boy got almost dizzy with lust when he inhaled their pungent cuntal aroma.

"Oh, God…I love to watch your eyes roll back when you smell me," Gina cooed, watching her boy enjoy her scent. "You like mommy's panties when they're so warm and fragrant, don't you, baby? They've been hugging mommy's hot, shaved pussy ALL day, getting all smelly, juicy and ready for her boy."

"Yes…they do smell amazing!" he sighed. "I bet you love the times where your young dick get to smell like mommy's panties? When we're home all alone together and you get to beat your hard PP through mommy's pussy all day?" she reminisced. "Mmm, pummeling through my horny fuck-hole and making your knob smash against my cervix over and over. Mommy makes your prick nice and smelly from all that cum juice she squirts all over you, doesn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am." "Mm-hmm, my boy likes his stiff meat smothered in hot, wet pussy, doesn't he?"

Jacob nodded, beside himself with lust. "Yes…you love to lay into mommy nice n hard, like a cunt-fucking Casanova! Making that cute ass bob up and down between my warm thighs. Washing my cervix with all those big cummy loads. It's a wonder you haven't fucked a baby into me yet, like you did Lori Anderson."

"Do you really think her baby is mine?" Jacob asked. "Honey, come on…of course Lori's baby is yours, which is really no big deal as long as her husband doesn't find out. That's why I've always told you that we DON'T need to use protection, you and I. If I end up pregnant we'll just act as though it was your father who knocked me up," his mom reassured him.

The idea of knocking his gorgeous mom up made his stiff cock jump on his loins. "Oh, I saw that boner throb when I said that!" Giana exclaimed, standing beside the bed. "You wanna impregnate mommy with your baby? Huh?

Make my belly get big and round and my tits swell up with warm milk for you to drink. You'd like that, wouldn't you, sweetie?"

"Very much!" the teen replied, then reached down to give his throbbing cock a stroke. "HEY! What are you doing, young man?!" his mother scolded, slapping his hand away. "You know the rule. You DO NOT touch yourself! Your cock belongs to mommy right now, which means it doesn't get touched by anyone but me! If I see you touch it again I'm taking your phone the rest of the day, do you understand?!"

"Yes ma'am, sorry." "Now you just lay there and let it throb for me, while I get my bra off," she demanded, while peeling off her blouse. Her huge, white, embroidered cups could barely contain the enormity of her colossal tits. Gina reached back to unclasp the four hooks holding her thick cross-straps together. "Do you want me to rub the warm embroidered cups of my bra against your balls, like I usually do?" she asked.

"Yes please!" the lucky boy replied, then watched his mom's fatty mammaries wobble free of the cups. Her areolar rings were as big around as grapefruit and peppered with Montgomery glands. Thick, rubbery nipples protruded stiffly from their centers, making Jacob lick his lips with lust.

His mother grinned down at him, watching her baby stare at her milkers. "Your eyes always get SO big when you see mommy's huge breasts spill out of her bra, it's cute!"

She gently rubbed the warm silky cups of her bra against his young, cum-swollen balls. "Mmm, you like that, baby boy? Yeah? Those big silky G-cups that have been holding mommy's hooters all day, rubbing up against your smooth, swollen balls. Mmm, getting all those sticky cummies ready. Getting them all worked up in those big nuts so my boy can send them sailing through the air."

"Yes!" Jacob gasped, his cock twitching excitedly.

"Yeah? Are you gonna make some juicy cummie-ropes for mommy?" Mmm, you are my cute little cum-rope-thrower, aren't you?"

"Yes, mommy." Gina eyeballed his meaty lance. "Oh, honey…your dick is twitching! Mmm, and look at that drool leaking out your tip. You're so fucking horny for mommy's hand, aren't you?" she teasingly asked. "You want mommy to beat you from your balls to your knob and make your toes curl? Yeah? You want me to jack you off?"

"Yes, ma'am," he breathed. "You want me stroke your rock-hard boy-meat in my hand and make you fucking explode?"

"Yes!" "Squirt your boner with heated lubby! Get it ready for mommy!"

Gina licked her lips lustful, while looming over her boy, watching him coat his cock with oil. "There you go. Get it nice n slippery so mommy's hand feels like a tight, wet pussy!" The busty mother climbed onto the bed next to him. "Get yourself ready to fuck mommy's fist, while I climb up here and lay next to my baby boy. Mm, good…let mommy hold it now."

She grasped his cock, while nuzzling up next to him, draping one huge tit across his chest. Her hand made a lewd creamy sound as it slowly stroked the length of his cock. "There we go! Ohh, your PP is so warm and rigid, baby," she cooed. "Such a strong, yummy teenage dick! Are you ready for mommy to milk it, while we lay here naked together?"

"I'm definitely ready!" he replied.

Gina's body shivered with arousal, her cunt tube clenching with overwhelming desire. "Mmm, God…you don't know how tempted I am to climb on and fuck the shit out of you, but we'd probably just end up breaking the bed, like we have all the ones at home," she

laughed. "Your poor father seems to spend all his spare time here lately putting our beds

back together. Luckily he's too fucking naïve to realize that they're breaking because you and I spend most of the day savagely fucking each other in them." She stared down into his eyes dreamily, while stroking. "We do like it rough, don't we, baby? Hard and nasty… that's our motto! Oh, but it feels so good to fuck each other, doesn't it? To beat our horny pissers together and experience body-trembling mutual orgasms." Her lush body quivered with sexual excitement. "Oh God, I just LOVE the thrill of cheating on your father with you!" she shouted. "Ahhh!" Jacob sighed, from the exquisite friction his mom's hand was creating around his cock-flesh. "How's that, baby boy? Is that a good cock-stroking tempo? Yeah? Isn't it wonderful laying here with mommy's big, squishy tit draped across your chest, while we look down together and watch me milk you?"

"Uh-huh!" There were few things Jacob loved more than doing what his mom just described. Watching her tireless hand with her big diamond wedding ring fly up and down his jutting erection skillfully was absolutely mesmerizing. Listen to her talk dirty was pretty awesome too. "Giving my boy full-length strokes on his young cock," Gina exclaimed. "Going from the base, all the way up over your sensitive bell tip and back down. It feels SO good, doesn't it baby?"

"Oh God, yes!" the teen gasped. "Don't just lay there now…you know what mommy likes you to do. Hump your hips, sweetie…fuck mommy's hand," she demanded.

Jacob thrust from the mattress, but struggled to meet her cock-stroking tempo. "No…don't get clumsy! Join my rhythm and keep it," she urged. "There you go…just like that! Hit that pussy, baby! YES! there's mommy's horny little motherfucker!"

While the boy humped his ass, his mom provided full-length strokes of his teenaged cock, twisting her hand in a perfect, corkscrew rhythm. "Are you

ready to start our countdown to cummie-time?" she asked. "Yeah? You know the rule. DO NOT cum until we get to zero, understand?!"

"Yes!" "We've worked on your staying power, so you know how to hold your spermies in until the end. My good boy knows how to fuck until mommy tells him he can cum! Are you ready? Yeah?"

"Uh-huh!" he grunted, worried he wouldn't be able to make it at this pace. "TEN!" Gina shouted. "Keep thrusting your hips. Meet my strokes and DO NOT fucking stop!" "NINE! Imagine that your fucking mommy, sweetie! You're fucking all the way to my cervix…with deep thrusts of your tender teenage cock!" she coached, yanking his steely dick nice n hard. "EIGHT! Suck the crotch of mommy's panties now. Taste her juices, while she milks your boner!"

Jacob grasped the flavorful gusset of his mom's panties between his lips, sucking the wetness out. "SEVEN! Imagine my titties on you, Jacob! Imagine my huge, squishy boobs bouncing and rippling around your face while we fuck."

That thought aroused the teen even more. There was nothing he enjoyed more than watching his mom's heavy tits bounce around, while she rode his cock. "SIX! Mommy's gonna speed up and milk you harder. DO NOT CUM YET!" DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING CUM!"

Jacob was writhing at this point. His cock and balls were tingling with an impending climax, but he did his best to obey her and hold it off. "FIVE! Fuck me harder and faster!" Gina cried out. "Make your balls beat against my asshole! Come on…FUCK ME!! STEAL ME FROM YOUR FATHER! MAKE MY PUSSY YOURS, SWEETHEART" "FOUR!" Kiss me! Kiss mommy while I beat your big teenaged dick!"

When she began sloppily smooching him, Jacob's young body trembled and he let out a desperate whimper. He didn't think he could hold the cum in for another second. "No-no…don't you fucking cum yet!" his mom warned. "Don't you dare fucking cum until I tell you!" Then, she kissed him tenderly between sentences. "We're not to zero yet!" Kiss, kiss. "You don't make cummies until we get to zero!" Kiss, kiss, kiss. "THREE!" she urgently shouted, staring down at him. "Look at me! Look into mommy's eyes! You know I want you looking into my eyes when you hose out your ball-goo!"

Jacob did as she asked and he felt like her hazel eyes could pierce right through him. "There you go…just like that!" she smiled. "TWO! Grab me! Squeeze me, Jacob! Squeeze onto mommy's warm, soft body when you cum!"

The teen loved this part. When he pulled his mom against him, he felt like he was melting into her soft curves. Not only that, but she smelt so Goddamn wonderful! "That's a good fucking boy, just like that!" she gasped. "ONE! Fuck me as hard as you can! Fuck your father's wife! Fuck mommy! Fuck mommy's wet pussy! FUCK A BABY INTO ME!" she cried out, humping her body against him and jacking him off wildly, feeling his swollen veins pulsating against her fingers. "ZERO! CUM! CUM ALL OVER US! OHH THERE IT IS! THERE'S MOMMY'S CUMMIE LOAD!" she exclaimed, watching the hot silver ribbons streak into the air. "SPRAY IT ALL OVER US, BABY!"

Jacob writhed beneath her, his body jerking and straining as he experienced a tremendous ejaculation. He let out a guttural grunt, hosing out more boy-goo. "Ohh, yes…grunt for mommy! Let her milk all that pleasure out! There you go! That's my baby boy! Ohh, sweetie…so many cummie ropes for mommy!" she mewled.

For several more minutes the cock-milking mother pulled at his erect penis, drawing out all the cum she could. "Ohhh, who did a good, hard cummie for mommy?!" she asked in a cute tone. She could feel his spunk trickling down various parts of her body. "Mm, you got

your sticky goo all over us, sweetie! And look at that…your PP is still as hard as concrete," she pointed out, squeezing her son's rock-hard stalk in her circled fist. "Mmm, that's why moms just love boys your age. Even after you've been milked off you stay rock hard and ready to fuck!"

"Dad doesn't stay that way?" Jacob asked. "Your wimpy-dicked father would have shriveled up by now," the mother laughed. "Not to mention he has to take a stupid fucking pill just to get his cock hard. Men like that don't deserve pussy. Boys your age should get it all," she expressed, while staring down at his boner dreamily. "You should spend all day, every day fucking juicy married mommy-pussy. Sucking on our heavy boobies, while squirting cummie load after cummie load deep in our unprotected pussies."

"I wouldn't complain about that at all," said Jacob, still breathless from his amazing orgasm. "Speaking of hot, wet pussy…would you like to soak mommy's cervix with cum-load number two, sweetie?" she asked, then gazed back into his eyes. "Would you like to crawl on top of me and lay some teenage pipe deep inside me?"

"Yes!" "Yeah? You wanna fuck mommy straight up the pussy and make her pretty eyes roll back in their sockets?" Gina asked, sharing a pretty smile. "Oh, you do, don't you, sweet boy? Mommy's sweet, horny-dicked teenager!"

The busty beauty rolled onto her back, making her huge round boobs heave back and forth across her chest. "Crawl on top of me, sweetheart. Come down between mommy's warm thighs," she eagerly suggested.

Jacob rose to his knees, watching in wide-eyed awe as his mom drew her own knees back and bowed her thick thighs wide open, creating a saddle for him to settle in. This was the way Gina had birthed him out years ago and she had no problem with her son going back with his big, jutting pussy-prod and hammering it against

the womb that once held him. Jacob lowered down on top of her. "There you go…now slide it in and I'll wrap my legs up around you," his mom directed.

The boy's bulbous tip split her twat, squeezing through the remnants of her hymen. He gasped as he felt his peter sink through the heated collapsed walls that were dripping with slippery secretions. "Ohh, Jacob…your dick feels so good!" Gina squealed, feeling it stretch her pleated lining divinely. "Slide it all the way in! Bury it to the root inside mommy." When he complied, jabbing his muscled boner to the base, Gina let out a pleasurable gasp. "OHH YES, I LOVE THAT BIG FUCKING TEENAGE DICK!" she squealed.

The teenager gritted his teeth together in a pleasure-grimace as his mom tightened all her strong, mature fuck-muscles, compressing the smoldering tube of her cunt around him. "Ohh, shit!" he spewed, feeling her wet, ribbed walls suck at his meaty prick as he back it out. He took two or three jerking thrusts, stretching her uteri in different directions before finding a rhythm straight up her pussy.

Gina wasted no time tossing her strong mommy-legs high around his back. She grasped his young, muscular ass-cheeks in her hands, digging her long nails in, and pulled him violently against her, bucking her hips up like a wild mare to take the full length of his teenage prick. Their bellies SMACKED together lewdly and the big bed began to jerk around from the sudden intensity of their fierce fuck. When she said they had broken beds at home from their frantic screwing, she wasn't kidding. "Kiss me while we fuck!" the mother whimpered.

Their lips met again, but this time in open ovals. Gina's long, thick tongue whipped inside her boy's mouth and flailed around her son's licker like a snake with it's head cut off.

Their twined bodies writhed in counterpart, pounding their juicy pissers together. Jacob's cock thundered through his mom's fuck-

hole, his knob swelling even larger as it knocked at her cervix, smearing it with his bubbling pre-drool. The fleshy ridges of Gina's cunt-tube clung to its tubular outline, pulling and squeezing at the blue-veined prick with heated suction. "Ohh, yes…faster! Fuck me harder and make me cum!" the mother demanded, using the harness of her legs to pump her rounded ass from the mattress, making sure her cunt-lips were screwed right up around her son's cock-root on every thrust. Her huge, cushy breasts sloshed wildly between their bodies, her turgid nipples digging at Jacobs's chest.

For several fervent minutes mother and son fucked up a storm, their savagely humping bodies SMACKING together in wild abandon. They gradually increased the tempo of their mutual thrusts, nearly pounding the headboard through the wall. Both were feeling the itch of a tremendous orgasm building in their loins.

Gina was out of her mind with fuck-lust. Her boy's steely-hard prick was pounding mercilessly through her juicy cunt-tube. The coronal ridge of his swollen knob was scrapping against her upper wall, stimulation her G-spot. Her pelvic floor suddenly began to contract involuntarily. "OH, JACOB…I'M CUMMING! MOMMY'S CUMMING ON YOUR FAT COCK!" she cried out.

"Hnnnggfff!" the teen grunted, grimacing in pleasure as he felt his mom's vagina shrink around his cock. His fat dick engorged even bigger as he began to pump hot jizz into her. He heard his mom's pussy squelch lewdly as hot female ejaculate began to bathe his pummeling peter.

For several body-trembling minutes they wrestled in sexual delight, humping their horny love-organs together to draw out as much mutual pleasure as they could. "Oh, baby…you shot quite a load of little swimmers inside mommy, didn't you?!" Gina breathlessly expressed.

"Uh-huh!" her son responded, his heart still beating so fast he could hardly speak. His mom clawed her long nails down his back. "You know…normally I'd be upset by you cumming so quickly. You know mommy wants two to three hours of hot, nasty sex before she allows you to cum. However, since we don't really know when your dad and sister will return, a quick, hard fuck, with one orgasm each was fine for today," she grinned.

"Yeah, probably a smart idea," Jacob agreed. "After we return home though and your father goes back to work, it'll be back to longer, more intense sessions of fucking and cock-milking, understood?"

"Yes ma'am." "My friend Donna has been telling me about this really cool sex position that she's been doing with HER son and I can't wait for us to try it!"

"Her son?" Jacob asked with a surprised expression. "Don't act so shocked, baby. There are probably a ton of boys at your school who are fucking or getting milked off by their moms. It's perfectly natural."

"I guess I really never thought about that," he muttered. "Hey, let's go in and have a quick shower, so we can wash all these cummies off us."

"Can we make out in the shower?" the teen asked, making his mom giggle. "Yes, we can make out, while we wash each other in the shower. Don't we always?" she asked, then pulled his head back down for more smooching. "You know mommy can't get enough of those sweet, young lips."

They exchanged sensual kisses, both wondering if they had time for another quick, furious fuck before the rest of the family arrived back from the pool.

108: Mom's Darling Entrepreneur

Mom's Darling Entrepreneur

By Klrxo

Part 1 of 3

"Hey, mom, guess what?" Austin's voice rang out with excitement. "I'm starting my own business."

Amy raised an eyebrow, not sure if she was ready for whatever outlandish idea her son was about to present. "Oh? And what kind of business might that be?"

"I wanna fuck married women who aren't getting enough from their husbands," Austin declared boldly.

The brunette-haired mother's eyes widened in surprise and a hint of amusement. "Well, it's admirable to want to help improve the sex lives of others, but you do realize that charging money for sex is illegal, right? You could get arrested for essentially being a male prostitute, honey."

Austin's face fell at her words. "But...what if I just ask them for something else in return? Like homemade cookies or something like that?"

Amy couldn't help but chuckle at his innocence. "I suppose that could work, but be careful. Sinking your young, eager cock into

married women can lead to some very messy situations if their husbands find out."

With a serious expression, Austin nodded in agreement. "I've thought about that," he confirmed. "In fact, I have a plan to be discreet by purchasing a tent and setting it up in a secluded area of the woods. A place where I can conduct my business without anyone else knowing."

Amy's nodded, her eyebrows raised in understanding. "That could work," she agreed. "So you would basically be building a clientele of local mothers seeking pleasure?"

"Exactly," Austin affirmed. "I would simply be providing what their husbands won't."

"Well, you are young and handsome, so I'm sure you'd get plenty of business, and all that wet pussy would certainly feel on your penis," Amy winked.

"That's what I think too," Austin grinned.

"You know, your services could also involve fulfilling some very kinky fantasies," Amy added with a sly smile.

Curiosity sparked in Austin's eyes and he leaned in closer. "Like what?"

"Well, sometimes in a marriage, a woman may crave something more taboo, like anal sex or even just having her pussy eaten," Amy explained. "But a lot of husbands may not be open to those kinds of things."

Austin grinned confidently. "I could definitely handle that. I love the taste and the smell of pussy."

Amy giggled at his eagerness. "Oh, did I raise a little cunt muncher?" she asked in a cute, playful tone. "Does my sweetheart like to get his face wet?"

Austin licked his lips just thinking about it. "I've only done it a few times, but I loved it," he confessed.

"You've eaten High School pussy," Amy noted. "Mom pussy is a whole other experience entirely, honey."

"I'm ready for it."

Another idea came to Amy's mind and she shared it with Austin. "You know, if you want a ton of clients why not offer an anonymous service."

"A what?" Austin questioned.

Amy elaborated, "You and your clients could wear simple hooded masks with eye holes and cut-out mouths for kissing and eye contact. That way, your identities remain a mystery, which is quite important in a small town."

"So, that would that attract more customers you think?" Austin asked.

"I think it would," Amy nodded. "If a married woman can conceal her identity with a mask, she may feel more comfortable indulging in her deepest desires without fear of being recognized and judged. Plus, the thrill of anonymity can add excitement to a sexual experience."

"True, and I suppose it could feel awkward if we didn't wear masks and the woman knows me," Austin added.

"True, I mean…you could be fucking teachers from school or even moms from church. Wearing a mask can prevent things from getting

uncomfortable and potentially damaging to your reputation."

"Yeah, you're right." Austin nodded. "Anonymous service it is!"

"Let me make a list of some things you'll need and then I'll do some shopping for you tomorrow," Amy offered.

"Really?! So you'll actually buy me what I need to get started?"

"Of course. What kind of mother would I be if I didn't help my son set up his new and exciting venture?" Her tone was filled with pride and excitement, but it quickly turned serious as Austin's

expression became worried. "But wait, your not gonna tell dad about my plan, are you?" he asked nervously.

"Well, your father would undoubtedly be proud of your entrepreneurial spirit, but I don't think he'd approve of you fucking married women."

"I don't either," Austin agreed reluctantly.

"Dads just don't understand that kind of thing, even though they're partly to blame," Amy snickered, shaking her head. "I mean, their wives wouldn't feel the need to cheat if they made sex more of a priority. Let's just keep this new venture between you and me, ok?" She placed a reassuring hand on Austin's shoulder.

"I agree, and thank you, mom," Austin smiled gratefully, surprised by his mother's support and willingness to help him succeed in his new venture.

The following day, as Austin stepped into his bedroom, he was met with a surprising sight. A large tent had been set up in the middle of his bedroom, and Amy stood in the doorway wearing her usual attire of short-shorts and a snug cami top that showcased her monstrous cleavage.

"Do you like it?" she asked with a sly smile.

"It's perfect," Austin exclaimed, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Take a look at the inside. I have it all set up just how I think it should be when you open for business."

Intrigued, Austin unzipped the tent and crawled inside. Amy followed closely behind him, half the flesh of her rounded buttocks peeking out from the hem of her shorts as she maneuvered herself into the small space.

"Wow, this is a really comfortable air mattress," Austin remarked as he sat down on it.

"I did some research and found out it's the perfect one for fucking," Amy replied with a mischievous wink. She bounced her buns on it a few times, making her humongous boobies jostle beneath her top and bra. "It's soft, yet firm enough to withstand even the most passionate thrusts."

"I'll be thrusting a lot, that's for sure," Austin stated.

"I know you will," Amy beamed, "and I wanted to make sure you had the perfect cushion for the pushin."

Curious, Austin reached over and picked up a wedge-shaped cushion that sat next to the mattress.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"It's called a fuck-wedge. With this, you'll be able to pleasure women in all sorts of positions and angles. Trust me, they'll be begging for more," Amy explained with a playful smirk.

"I've never even heard of one of these."

Amy placed the wedge on the center of the mattress, then crawled over and leaned against it, pointing her thick, half-exposed ass outward. "One of your clients can lean against it like this so you can dick her doggy style."

"That's brilliant," Austin replied, impressed by her forethought.

"And over here," Amy continued, gesturing towards a collection of items neatly organized on a nearby shelf, "are some other essentials for your new venture. You have a stack of towels and extra sheets for any...sex fluids that may occur during each session. Plus there are lubricants and condoms - thin ones, of course - because it's always best to be prepared."

"You've really thought of everything," Austin marveled, admiring her attention to detail.

Still on her hands and knees and with a warm, reassuring smile, Amy reached out and gently brushed Austin's cheek. "I tried, honey," she said softly, her voice filled with genuine care and concern. "Oh, and that reminds me, there's something else sitting over there that I think will help you be successful."

Curiosity piqued, Austin turned to see what she was gesturing towards. His eyes landed on an item sitting beside the mattress, small but seemingly significant.

"This?" he asked, picking it up and examining it closely.

"Yes." Amy nodded, her expression serious yet encouraging. "It's a ring that you wear around your penis to help enhance erection size and strength. Since you'll likely be fucking for hours on end, it'll be important to maintain stamina and performance."

Austin couldn't help but let out a nervous chuckle at her blunt statement. "Wow, I feel ready to take on every mom in the world now," he quipped, making Amy laugh in response.

"Well, I guess you'll be coming home with a lot of cookies to share then," she teased, playfully nudging him with her shoulder.

"Since you're a married mom and that's likely who my clients will be, do you have any advice for me?" Austin asked earnestly.

Amy's gaze softened as she looked down at the comfortable mattress beneath them. "We have a little time before your sister gets home. Why don't we lay down and get comfy and I'll offer you a few tips?" she suggested with a mischievous glint in her eye.

Without hesitation, Austin followed her lead and they both sprawled out on the full-sized mattress together on their sides facing each other. As they settled in comfortably, Austin couldn't

help but notice how Amy's huge knockers seemed to squash together, creating a long, sexy cleavage. He could hardly peel his eyes away from her tempting curves as he waited for her to share her wise advice.

Amy leaned in close, her voice a sultry whisper as she advised Austin on his lovemaking technique. "When you're about to fuck a client's pussy," she purred, "you have to take your time and build up the anticipation. It's not just about physical pleasure, it's about creating an experience that will make their heart race with desire."

She rolled onto her back, extending her silky leg outward, into the air. She wiggled her cute toes, which were adorned with bright red polish. "Start with their toes, suck on them and kiss your way up their thighs and bellies," Amy advised, tracing her fingers lightly up her body. "Tease their body with your tongue, let them feel the intensity building between the both of you."

Austin's eyes widened at this advice. "Should I eat their..." he hesitated, unsure of how to phrase it.

"Pussy?" Amy finished for him with a knowing smile. "Not right away. Save that for later when they're begging for it." She paused for a moment before continuing, "But don't keep them waiting too long. A little teasing is good, but they'll be anxious for your dick and you don't wanna leave them hanging."

"How long is too long?" Austin asked eagerly, taking in his mom's voluptuous body displayed on the mattress next to him.

"About ten minutes," Amy replied confidently. "That's enough time to really get them wet and ready for you." She splayed her legs in the air, drawing her knees back with a mischievous glint in her eye. "And trust me, when you finally feel the hot, tight slickness of their arousal around you, you'll be glad you took the time to work them to that point."

"Should I be gentle with their bodies or more aggressive?" Austin asked, hesitantly.

"Definitely more aggressive," Amy answered without hesitation. "Moms crave rough, passionate sex that lasts for extended periods of time. It's what most of us are missing in our mundane marriages."

Austin couldn't help but notice how she seemed to include herself in that group, but he didn't want to pry into the intimate details of his parents' sex life.

Amy continued, her voice low and seductive, her sexy legs continuing to curl and splay apart almost involuntarily. "Once you're inside her, don't be afraid to experiment with different positions. Some moms prefer doggy style because it allows for deeper penetration. Others might enjoy missionary, where they can gaze lovingly into your eyes while you're thrusting your cock inside them. Every mother is different, so take the time to discover what each one likes best."

"It's okay to cum inside them, right?" Austin asked nervously, wondering if this was crossing a line.

"Oh, absolutely!" Amy exclaimed, her breath quickening with excitement. "Most moms love the sensation of an erection pulsating inside them and the warm, splashing feeling of seed being ejaculated deep in their wet pussy. It's the ultimate act of intimacy between two people."

But then Amy's tone turned serious as she cautioned him, "Remember though, not all moms will want you to finish inside them. Some may prefer to use protection or have you pull out and cum on their tits or face to avoid getting pregnant. Always ask beforehand and respect their choices."

"Got it," Austin acknowledged with a newfound sense of confidence and understanding.

Amy leaned in, her voice filled with confidence and knowledge. "Listen," she stated firmly, "I may not be a business person, but I do know that the key to success in any industry is repeat customers." She paused, a sly smile spreading across her face. "And in this line of work, it's all about making those moms cum." Her eyes glinted mischievously as she continued, "So focus on fucking them as hard and as long as you, make them feel like they've never experienced pleasure before. Leave them wanting more of that teenage cock and they'll keep coming back for more."

A couple days later, Amy was out on her morning walk with her friend, Laura. The sun was just beginning to rise, casting a warm glow over the neighborhood as they strolled along the sidewalk. Their heavy breasts bounced obscenely beneath their snug workout tops, drawing the attention of every passing male.

"Well, today's the day that Austin starts his new business venture," Amy proudly announced, a mischievous grin spreading across her face.

"If all he's charging for a fuck is baked goods, he'll be gaining 50 pounds by the end of the summer," Laura joked, her platinum-blonde hair bouncing across her shoulders.

"I don't think it'll go on for that long, honestly," Amy chuckled. "He'll likely have a few fucks with local moms, but it'll most likely fizzle out."

"You think so?"

"Maybe," Amy replied, shrugging her shoulder. "I guess we'll see."

"You said there are masks involved, right…so these encounters are completely anonymous?" Laura asked, intrigued.

Amy nodded sagely, "Exactly. The anonymity is key. After all, who wants to be known as the mommy who paid for dick, even if it was with a plate of brownies? That would be social suicide!"

"True," Laura giggled. "Not to mention the end of their marriage."

"But seriously, most moms throw societal norms and judgments out the window when they can have a hot, sweaty romp with horny, fit teenager in secret. It's not just about physical pleasure, it's about the thrill of breaking the rules and indulging in taboo desires."

"Well, if Austin had you as his salesperson he'd have more pussy than he could handle," Laura laughed. "Speaking of that, how are women even finding out about his services?"

"I think it's a combination of word-of-mouth and maybe some subtle ads online or in local moms groups, that sort of thing."

"Well, I disagree with your prediction of his business 'fizzling out,'" said Laura. "Austin is an attractive kid. I think he'll have more housewife pussy than he can handle. The local market is about to sell out of cookie dough."

"I hope you're right," laughed Amy, "but we'll see what actually happens."

"Well, since we're on the subject of unfulfilled housewives," Laura stated with a sense of resignation, "how are things going between you and Steve?"

Amy let out a deep sigh before responding. "The same. If he put as much effort into our sex life as he does his job, I'd be a happy woman."

"I hear that," Laura nodded sympathetically. "Wes used to fuck me every day, but now I'm lucky if I get dick once a week. It's like sex has become an afterthought for our husbands."

A cloud of melancholy descended upon Amy as she thought about their lackluster sex lives. "Sometimes it's like they're already cheating on us with their work. The constant exhaustion, the late nights... it's like we're just a footnote in their busy schedules."

Laura nodded in agreement, understanding all too well. "It's like the passion is slowly being drained out of our marriages. It's fucking pathetic."

At this point, Amy couldn't help but make a sarcastic joke to lighten the mood. "Maybe WE'RE the ones who should start a business, servicing young guys whose girlfriends aren't giving them enough pussy. It would solve our problem and theirs."

Laura chuckled at the thought, her big tits bouncing with each laugh. "Now you're talking," she exclaimed excitedly.

"Not to embarrass you, Laura, but I think you're leaking," Amy noted with amusement, looking over at the milk soaking through her top.

"Shit, I knew I should have pumped before I left," Laura sighed.

Austin had eagerly scanned through over thirty emails from potential clients. In order to filter out those who didn't pique his interest, he had set a daring requirement - each person must send him a naked picture from their neck down. As he clicked through the flood of images in his inbox, his heart raced with anticipation. Unlike the pictures he had received from high school girls, these were of fully grown mothers, with curves and heavy tits that young guys like him could only fantasize about. Their bodies had been

shaped by childbirth and years of experience, making them masters at fucking and sucking cock.

Among the tantalizing photos, one stood out to Austin immediately - a woman with humongous, stiff-nippled breasts and a shaved pussy with well-pronounced lips that made his cock twitch with desire. He quickly arranged to meet her in just an hour at the secluded location where he had set up his tent outside of town, eager to fulfill his wildest fantasies.

Nervously, Michelle Miller dropped her newborn baby off at her parents' house. She had told her mother that she was going out to lunch with some other local moms, but in reality, she was heading to a secret rendezvous. The married mother of three felt her pulse quicken as she drove her minivan to the location she had been given. Her body hummed with anticipation and her heart raced with a tinge with guilt.

She had never cheated on her husband before, but his declining sex drive had pushed her to this point. Masturbation just wasn't enough for her anymore, and the idea of being ravaged by a young stranger in the woods was both thrilling and terrifying.

After following a winding dirt road through the dense forest, Michelle spotted a stick in the ground with a small red ribbon tied around it. This was the landmark that would lead her to the tent where her encounter would take place.

Leaving behind her purse and cellphone in the car, Michelle stepped awkwardly into the unfamiliar environment. As a stay-at-home-mom, she was not used to being alone in such a remote location. But the excitement of the forbidden drew her deeper into the woods.

Before long, she reached the tent, perfectly positioned in a small clearing for maximum privacy. It was set up in a surprisingly orderly manner, considering the risky nature of their meeting.

"Hello, I'm here," Michelle's voice trembled as she announced herself.

"Oh, um...hi," came Austin's anxious reply from inside the tent. "Your mask is right there next to the door."

"Okay, I see it," Michelle responded, her fingers shaking as she unwrapped the package. She glanced over her shoulder nervously, but the thick trees and stillness of the forest provided a sense of security for their illicit encounter.

With a nervous excitement coursing through his body, Austin breathed in sharply as Michelle unzipped the tent and gracefully climbed inside on her knees. The hooded mask she wore only served to intensify her already alluring features: piercing blue eyes and full, bee-stung lips.

"Hi," he managed to utter, sitting on the air mattress wearing nothing but his own mask. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her as she slowly made her way towards him, her heavy tits looking at though they could burst right through her sundress.

"Hi," she replied softly, her gaze locking onto the hard pillar of flesh rising from his groin. It was significantly larger than her husbands and the maze of blue veins displayed its youthful strength.

"You're really handsome," she complimented him, causing a flush of pleasure to spread through his body.

"Thanks," he replied, unable to resist sneaking glances at her oversized assets, barely contained by her sundress. "Do you want to...get undressed?" he asked tentatively, feeling emboldened by her previous comment.

"Would you mind doing it?" she asked with a mischievous smirk, raising an eyebrow suggestively.

With eagerness pulsing through him, Austin quickly closed the distance between them. As soon as he shed her dress, Michelle sprawled atop Austin on the mattress, their mouths melding together in a series of wet, sensuous kisses. Fumbling with her bra hooks, Austin was taken aback by the five sturdy closures, unlike anything he had encountered on girls his age. As he finally managed to undo them, his chest was met with a flood of soft flesh spilling out from her bra.

A long, thick tongue invaded his mouth and danced wildly against his own. "Get my panties off," Michelle sighed between kisses, her need palpable. With practiced ease, Austin tugged at the waistband of her delicate panties and slipped them down her smooth shaven legs.

Rolling them over and wrapping her legs possessively around him, Michelle's impatience for pleasure was clear. Remembering his mother's advice about teasing a woman first, Austin hesitated, but Michelle's urgency overtook him as she reached down and fumbled for his cock.

"Do you want me to use a condom?" he managed to ask amidst her frantic kisses. "No," she gasped, desire dripping from her voice. "Just fuck me."

Finding his way between her warm thighs, Austin's rigid cock found its target. Michelle gasped in ecstasy as his mushroom-shaped head entered her tight, slippery sheath. His body shuddered as he thrust

into her depths, feeling his swollen tip press against her cervix as he fully penetrating her.

Their embrace was far from gentle or romantic; it was primal and urgent, their bodies colliding with a wild intensity. Austin's skin burned at the touch of her, wrapped in the type of body that fueled

his most fervent fantasies. Every thrust sent shivers through him as her firm, hard-nippled breasts pressed against his chest, her fat tits undulating between their writhing forms. The knowledge that he was taking another man's wife, that his cock was penetrating where only a husband's should be, excited him to no end. He couldn't resist the intoxicating power of their forbidden passion, consumed by the passionate heat of their tangled limbs.

Amy arrived home to an empty house, but a smile spread across her face as she imagined her son out on his first business appointment, digging his young cock through hot, middle-aged pussy. She couldn't help but feel proud of him and his determination to succeed. Concerned for his safety, she persuaded him to tell her where he would be setting up his tent. As a nosy yet loving mother, she decided to take a drive out there and check in on him secretly.

Arriving at the location, Amy parked behind Michelle's minivan, feeling a surge of excitement for whoever the lucky woman was inside experiencing the pleasure of young, virile cock. The thought made Amy tingle with anticipation as she followed the sound of Michelle's panting and moans of ecstasy to the tent that Austin had set up in the woods.

The scent of sex filled the air around her as she neared the tent, listening to the rhythmic beat of their bodies colliding in passionate intercourse. Proud thoughts of her son coursed through her mind as she imagined him pleasuring a woman her own age, his youthful stamina a perfect match for hers. But along with the pride came

unexpected pangs of jealousy, causing her nipples to harden beneath her shirt and her clit to throb beneath its fleshy hood.

As she stood there, weak at the knees and with her jaw agape, she heard Michelle gasp from inside the tent, begging for more from Austin. The distinctive sound of her son's balls slapping against the woman's ass only fueled Amy's arousal and admiration for her Austin's sexual prowess.

"Wow," she thought, resisting the urge to reach inside her panties and relieve the tingling sensation between her legs. "That is some impressive stamina."

As Amy stood outside the tent, she could hear Michelle's soft moans and gasps growing louder. Each sound hit her like a wave, crashing against her body and causing her heart to race. She knew she should leave, but a part of her couldn't resist listening, curious about what was happening inside. And then, in one electrifying moment, Michelle cried out in climax from within the tent, her beautiful voice echoing through the empty woods surrounding them.

Amy couldn't help but feel overwhelming pride and desire swirl within her, a yearning fueled by taboo thoughts that she had never allowed herself to consider before. But as much as she wanted to stay and explore these newfound desires, fear of being caught forced her to cautiously return to her car and drive away. Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts, her hands shaking as her mind replayed the sounds and sensations she had just overheard, leaving her both intrigued and slightly ashamed of her own curiosity.

Inside the tent, Austin's face was smothered in the soft, fleshy weight of Michelle's tit as she rode his cock with vigor. They'd been engaged in heated sex for just over two hours and their naked bodies were dripping with sweat from the humid forest air.

Michelle was in awe of how Austin was performing sexually and the fact that he hadn't cum yet was a dream come true, resulting in

countless body-convulsing orgasm, 100 times more powerful than she had ever had with her husband.

Knowing that he may start a business like this some day, Austin had spent months conditioning his cock not to cum. He watched videos and practiced the skill of edging in order to fuck for longer without cumming. His hard work had paid off as he felt Michelle's cunt-tunnel spasm around his pounding boner, her hot, female ejaculate running down over his nuts and pooling on the sheet beneath them.

He groaned in delight, his teeth clamping down on the rubbery peak of her tit that was stuffed in his mouth. Since Michelle had just given birth a few months ago, the nectar flowed from her nipple and Austin gulped again and again to keep up with its flow.

The entire tent seemed to vibrate from the intensity of their bodies colliding on the matress. Michelle's thick, rounded ass bobbed tirelessly up and down, driving her cunt along the unyielding shaft of Austin's blue-veined cock.

He pumped his hips beneath her, feeling the rush of her slick fuck hole being drawn against his penile membrane with powerful suction, stimulating his pleasure-glans.

As Austin felt the powerful orgasm begin to build in his loins, he knew he couldn't hold back any longer. With a final surge of energy, he thrust his hips upward, plunging his hard cock as deep into Michelle's tight, wet cunt as he could. The veins on his member pulsed with blood, swelling to stretch her completely.

Michelle shuddered and cried out, her body convulsing around him as she felt him unload inside her. The sensation of his hot, thick cum splashing against her cervix sent her soaring, her orgasm wracking her entire body.

Austin's face was wet with her sweat and tit-juices, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the waves of intense pleasure ripple

through him. He buried his face deeper into her flesh, his teeth grazing her nipples as he let out a guttural groan.

As the intensity of their orgasm subsided, Michelle lay on top of Austin, her sweaty housewife-body still shuddering with aftershocks. They stayed like that for a few minutes, their breaths ragged and hearts pounding in their chests. Slowly, she lifted herself off of him, her lips finding his in a deep, passionate kiss.

"That was amazing," she whispered between kisses, her voice shaking with emotion.

Austin smiled up at her, his eyes filled with a mixture of pride and gratitude. "I'm glad you thought so," he replied.

"You've completely wrecked me for my husband," she expressed with a since of sadness that her marital sex would never compare.

"Good," Austin grinned, pleased that he had created his first satisfied customer.

As he returned home from his first work date, Austin could feel the weight of Amy's curiosity pressing down on him. She had been dying to hear all the details and he had promised to indulge her, at least this one time.

"It was amazing," he admitted, a sly grin creeping onto his face. "We both experienced a lot pleasure and she even brought me some homemade brownies," he added, holding up the plate for her to see.

"I'll have to try one later," Amy giggled, plopping down on his bed on her tummy with childlike enthusiasm. "But right now, I want to know everything about the sex. Did you make her cum?"

Austin's mind immediately flashed back to the intense pleasure of their encounter. "Multiple times actually," he replied, his eyes wandering over to Amy's rounded buttocks peeking out from her

snug booty shorts. "She practically soaked the sheet we were fucking on."

"Wow, you must have been really going at it hard and deep. How did her pussy feel wrapped around your cock?" Amy asked, her voice filled with eagerness.

"It felt incredible," Austin admitted, feeling himself grow aroused again just thinking about it. He tried to hide his erection but it was already too late as Amy's hungry eyes lingered on the outline of his stiff member.

"And her tits? Did she have big, delicious ones?" Amy whispered eagerly, wanting to hear more.

"Yeah, they were huge," Austin blushed slightly at the memory. "That's actually why I chose her as my first date."

Amy laughed knowingly. "So you have a thing for moms with big tits? I already knew that about you," she teased, acknowledging all the times she had caught him staring at her own large chest.

"Well, they're just more fun to play with and suck on," Austin shrugged.

"Trust me, us big titted moms don't mind that at all," Amy confessed with a seductive smile, rolling onto her back and drawing attention to her own ballooning orbs beneath the thin fabric of her cami top. She grew more serious as she continued. "I really wish your father paid more attention to mine."

"He's crazy not to, especially with how huge and soft they are," Austin agreed.

"I know, right? And I have long, thick nipples that are perfect for latching," she added, noticing the arousal evident in Austin's eyes. "But let's get back to your first work date... Did you finish inside her

or pull out?" Amy asked, a hint of both curiosity and jealousy in her voice.

"I came inside her. But I did ask to make sure that's what she wanted," Austin reassured her.

Amy nodded knowingly. "Like I've told you before, most moms love the feeling of a cock pulsating and releasing hot seed inside them. It's a huge turn-on, even if there is a risk of getting pregnant."

Austin's grin was a reflection of pure pleasure, his body still trembling from the intense sensation of earlier that day. "It sure felt good," he breathed out, relishing the memory. "It felt like she had a set of lips deep in there that was kissing on my tip while I orgasmed."

"Well, she does...sort of." Amy's voice was almost dreamy as she explained. "It's more like a ring than lips, right at the entrance to a woman's cervix." Her gaze drifted down to his bulge before returning to his face with a mischievous glint in her eye. "You're lucky...only guys with really big dicks get to experience that sensation. It sounds like you'll get to pack every mom-pussy you fuck completely full of hard cock." She let out a chuckle. "No wonder she soaked your sheets."

"Yeah," Austin chuckled, remembering how wet and wild their encounter had been. "She came so hard a few times, I thought her pussy might squeeze it right off."

Amy laughed at his admission. "Sounds like one satisfied customer."

"I think so," Austin replied with a confident grin. "She did ask me if we could get together again this week, but I have dozens of other moms who are interested too."

Amy's eyes narrowed in a jealous glare. "Dozens, huh?" she asked in a teasing tone.

Austin chuckled, feeling a rush of excitement at the thought. "Yeah, I might have to start taking on three or four a day to meet the demand."

Amy sighed dramatically, her lips pouting in an exaggerated frown. "Great, I'll never get to spend time with you this summer," she complained. "You'll be in that tent smothered in pussy and titties every day."

Despite her words, Austin could see the gleam of amusement in her eyes. He leaned closer to her, his voice low and suggestive. "But just imagine all the goodies I'll get to bring home," he stated with a playful smirk.

Amy's heart swelled with pride for Austin. He was living out his wildest fantasies and running his own business, even if it wasn't profitable. But alongside her excitement, there was also a twinge of jealousy that any hypersexual woman would feel. All these housewives, just like her, now had a safe and discreet outlet for their desires thanks to Austin. She couldn't deny that he was young, handsome, and certainly skilled at fucking, but she also couldn't forget that he was her son, making him completely off limits to her in a sexual sense.

"Ah, yeah!" Austin gasped in the tent the next day as he fucked a big-titted MILF from behind. Her big, fleshy ass rippled as it struck his midsection over and over. Despite wearing masks, there was something familiar about her that he couldn't quite put his finger

on. But he couldn't focus on that as his cock plowed into her wet, swollen pussy, hitting the head of her cervix on every thrust.

The woman gazed back at him, her pretty eyes glazed with desire. "Put it in my ass now," she pleaded. "Fuck me up my asshole."

Austin obliged, pulling his wet dick from her vagina and pushing its tapered head against the ring of her shitter.

He grimaced as he pushed his way past her tight sphincter, the snug sensation of it stretching open momentarily breaking his concentration. In a few more thrusts, he was fully embedded into her ass, his balls slapping against her vulva, making her gasp and cry out in pleasure-pain.

"Fuck! Yes! Fuck my asshole!" she shouted, her tone impassioned as she threw her ass back on his cock.

Austin leaned down against her back, feeling the tight ring of her butthole milk his veiny shaft. He reached under and squeezed her big dangling breasts, pinching the thick nipples between his fingers.

This was his second client of the day. The first was a busty blonde who enjoyed having her chest covered in cum, which Austin was more than happy to provide. He savored the feeling of her warm, wobbly tits as he spewed his load all over them.

Now, with the woman in the tent, he was experiencing a new level of pleasure. The feeling of entering her ass and fucking her hard was incredibly intense, and he could tell that she was loving every moment of it. Her moans grew louder, more desperate as he pounded his knob deep into her rectum, her hands clawing at the sheet.

"It's Keri McLellan," Amy exclaimed, her voice muffled by the cellphone pressed against her ear. She sat in her car, parked on the road behind Austin's client's car.

"Are you sure?" asked Laura, her voice crackling through the speaker.

"Yes, I've seen her in the grocery store parking lot before, so I know it's her car. It's definitely her."

"Well, Amy, you did know there was a chance he could be sleeping with women he knew," Laura reminded her.

"I know, but his third grade teacher?! He was just a child, Laura."

"But he's not a child anymore. He's an adult now, and the beauty of wearing masks is that neither of them knows each other's identity when they're together."

"I know, but still...every memory I have of this woman is from when Austin was young, and now she's in there...raping him," she frowned.

Laura couldn't help but let out a laugh.

"What?! It's not funny," said Amy, trying to suppress a smile.

"What's funny is how obsessed you seem to be with knowing who his clients are," Laura chuckled.

"I'm not obsessed," Amy defended herself. "I'm just out here checking up on him."

"Checking up on him how...are you gonna interrupt them to ask if he needs anything from his mommy?" Laura teased.

"Well, no, but—'

"Then you're not 'checking up,' you're snooping," Laura interrupted.

Amy let out a resigned sigh, unable to argue with her friend's logical reasoning. She had been secretly keeping tabs on Austin's

business, but she couldn't deny that it was more out of curiosity than genuine concern for his well-being.

"Well, maybe I am being a little nosy," Amy admitted with a hint of guilt in her voice.

"A little nosy?!" Laura snickered, her tone filled with playful disbelief. "More like extremely nosy. You need to promise me that you'll just

let him be and not go back out there tomorrow."

"Alright, I won't," Amy sighed, knowing deep down that she would probably break that promise. "It's none of my business who he's fucking."

"You pinky swear you won't be snooping around there anymore?" said Laura, raising an eyebrow in skepticism.

"Yes, I pinky swear," Amy replied, crossing her heart with her pinky finger. But even as she made the promise, she knew that her curiosity would most likely get the best of her again.

Meanwhile, back inside the tent, both Austin and his client were laying on their sides facing each other. Her lovely legs were wrapped around his back while he continued to thrust his pecker deep into her ass.

Inside Austin's mouth, their tongues whipped wildly together like flames flickering in the air. Little did Austin know that the mouth he was kissing was the same one that use to teach him how to read and write.

The woman's heavy breathing grew more intense with each deep thrust, and Austin could feel her nails digging into his back as her orgasm built.

"Oh, yeah, fuck my ass, baby," she moaned, her beautiful eyes locked on his. "Give it to me!"

Austin snarled in lust as he increased the tempo of his thrusts, pummeling his strong, sinewy cock into her ass with reckless abandon. Sweat dripped from their bodies as they moved in a rhythm only they could feel.

"I'm gonna cum!" she screamed, her eyes wide with pleasure.

Austin groaned, feeling the warmth building in his balls. He thrust harder and deeper, his cock swelling within her tight rectum as it chew on his meat.

"Shit, yes!" she cried, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy.

Austin felt the familiar sensation in his dick and knew that his climax was just around the corner. With one final, powerful thrust, he unleashed a torrent of hot cum deep inside her ass, filling her rectum with his man juice.

"Ahh!" he groaned, his heart racing as they both lay there, catching their breath and basking in the afterglow of their intense encounter.

"How were your dates today, sweetheart?" Amy asked her son eagerly as he returned home.

"They were really good," Austin replied with a wide grin. "The second lady was especially interesting. She seemed familiar to me, but I couldn't quite place why."

"Mm, I wonder why?" Amy sarcastically thought.

"That's the thing about wearing masks during sex," Amy chuckled. "You never truly know who you're sleeping with."

"True, but that just adds to the excitement," Austin agreed.

Amy sauntered over on bare feet and perched beside him on his bed. "So, tell me about this second woman you slept with. How was it?"

"Amazing. We had mostly anal sex," Austin revealed.

Amy arched an eyebrow in surprise. "Anal sex? I told you, these moms can be into some kinky shit."

"I hope I get to explore that with a lot more of them," Austin expressed eagerly. "Her tight asshole felt so hot and snug around my cock."

Excitement sparked in Amy's eyes as she glanced down at the growing bulge in his pants. "So, you enjoyed the way she gripped you deep inside her ass?"

"Loved it," Austin replied with a satisfied grin.

Amy's hand tenderly rubbed his leg, her heart racing at the thought of him experiencing such intense pleasure from a tight anal fuck. "I can only imagine how amazing it must have felt to release that sweet nut deep in her rectum," she stated breathlessly.

"I'll admit, I was seeing stars at that point," Austin answered with a laugh, causing Amy to join in.

"It sounds like your ejaculation was quite powerful," she grinned mischievously.

"It was incredible, and I think she had a good orgasm too. At least, it seemed that way."

"Did you suck on her titties?" Amy asked, unconsciously thrusting her own chest towards him in an inviting manner. "Her boobs must have been big and soft, just how you like them."

"Yes, they were quite enjoyable to suck on," Austin admitted with a mischievous glint in his eyes. Amy couldn't help but bite her lip,

feeling a surge of excitement at the thought of Austin sucking on the large breasts of women her age.

"And how did she respond when you pleased her in that way?" Amy asked, her voice barely above a whisper as she leaned in closer.

Austin's own excitement grew as he recalled the experience. "She moaned and pulled me in closer, her hands gripping my head as if she couldn't get enough."

Amy's lips curled into a sly smile as she offered some advice. "I'll give you a tip when it comes to sucking on tits." She took his thumb and brought it to her mouth, her pink tongue swirling around it sensually. "Use your tongue to swirl around the nipple like this," she demonstrated before sucking his thumb into her mouth like a penis. She released it with a soft pop, letting it glide slowly from between her lips before repeating the motion again.

"Then, suck it in with some force and release it with a gentle pop," Amy instructed, causing Austin's eyes to widen. He watched intently as she repeated the action with his thumb. The sensual sight made him even more eager to try out her technique on real breasts. It also made his stiff prick throb in his underwear.

"Thanks. I'm going to try that unique technique on my first client tomorrow," he stated, a hint of excitement in his voice. "She's got REALLY huge tits."

"Do you have a photo of her?" Amy asked, not able to resist her curiosity.

"Yeah, just the one from the neck down that all my potential clients send me," Austin replied nonchalantly.

"Can I see it?" Amy asked with a playful grin.

"Sure," Austin said, retrieving his laptop and scrolling through his emails.

"It seems like you have more moms out there horny for your dick," Amy observed, noticing the unread emails. "Including a thank you from your date today. Can we read it?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course," Austin replied, opening the email titled "Thank you."

Amy took the laptop and began reading aloud.

"Dear Mystery Man,

Thank you for giving me such an unforgettable fuck," Amy read, then shared a proud smile with Austin before continuing. "I couldn't believe the length and girth of your cock...and how impressively hard it stayed throughout our 3 hours together. You fulfilled my long-held kinky fantasy by giving me the best anal fuck a woman could ask for."

Amy couldn't help but feel a sense of pride as she rubbed his thigh while continuing to read. "You made me cum so hard that I nearly passed out. I hope I didn't scratch up your back too much, but even if I did...well, sorry - not sorry," she read with a laugh.

Amy suddenly stopped reading and looked over at her son with concern. "Did she hurt you? Let's see your back," she said, lifting his shirt to inspect any possible marks.

"Oh, baby, you do have quite a few scratches," Amy noted as she traced her fingers over the marks on his skin.

"Yeah, not all from her though. The other two women were clawing me up pretty good too," he said with a playful wink.

"Well, you should wear those marks with pride, honey. It means that you were making their pussies cum really hard with your…how did she put it…?" Amy asked in a teasing tone, reading back through the email. "Your 'long, girthy and impressively hard cock.' She must have been quite impressed."

"Yeah," Austin blushed, but couldn't hide the smile of pride on his face.

"It makes a mother proud knowing she had a hand in creating such a big, stiff pussy-pleaser," Amy grinned, staring down at the evident bulge in his shorts. "I always knew you were a special boy."

"I'm your 'special boy,'" Austin added.

Their eyes became transfixed in a deep gaze for a moment. "You are, aren't you?" Amy whispered softly.

"What else did she say about my amazing manhood?" Austin asked eagerly, looking over her shoulder at the email.

Amy was snapped from her trance by his question. "Sorry, sweetheart…I got a little distracted," she giggled, fanning her face with her hand to hide her blush.

Her eyes returned to the email and she continued reading aloud.

"When I looked into your eyes while kissing, I swore I'd seen them somewhere before," Amy read slowly, then continued with raised eyebrows, resisting the urge to tell him that it was the woman who had been his third grade teacher.

As Amy continued reading, her eyes scanned the text with a growing sense of excitement. The words on the screen seemed to create a spark inside of her, igniting a fire that she couldn't resist. She read the last bit of the email.

"Anyway, now that you've created an itch in my ass that only you can scratch I plan on using your services as often as possible.

Yours truly,

Mystery Mom."

Amy's lips curled into a knowing smirk as she looked over at her son, who was sitting next to her. "Sounds like a glowing review to

me," she said proudly, her voice laced with satisfaction. "Now, let's take a look at this mom you plan on sinking your five-star meat into tomorrow."

Austin clicked on a picture attachment and a naked selfie appeared on the screen. The woman in the photo had curves in all the right places, her figure exuding sensuality and confidence.

"Well, well," Amy teased, leaning closer to get a better look. "I can see why you picked this one. Her tits look like they could swallow half your body."

"I hope they do," Austin grinned mischievously. "She just had a baby a couple months ago so they're swollen with milk."

While Austin fixated on the future client's voluptuous breasts, his dick throbbed with anticipation of being smothered beneath their weight. However, Amy's attention had been drawn to something else entirely. "That tattoo on her wrist," she exclaimed out loud, then glanced down at the matching one on her own wrist. Suddenly, it hit her who this woman was. "Oh my God, that bitch!" she shouted in anger.

"What?!" Austin asked in surprise. "You know this woman?"

"I'll explain later, honey," Amy said through gritted teeth, clearly fuming. "But first, I need you to email me that picture."

TO BE CONTINUED

109: Mom's Detour

Mom's Detour

By Klrxo

After using the service station restroom, James came back to find his mother laying down the back seats of her SUV.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

"I lost an earring back here somewhere," she said, looking around as the gas pump CLICKED full.

James took it out of the fuel opening in the car and hung it back up on the pump. "Why would your earring be back there?" he asked.

Wendy froze suddenly, then looked over at him with a guilty expression. "I don't know. I um…figured maybe when I leaned in to get groceries out, it may have fallen out of my ear," she said.

"Didn't dad just buy you those earrings for your anniversary?"

Wendy continued her search. "Yes…which is why I'd love to find them," she answered.

"Let me help you," James said, opening the rear side door and laying the seat down. Something fell out that caught his attention. "Hmm, well, it's not your earring, but I found SOMETHING."

Wendy looked over and her expression became one of dread as she saw her son holding an empty condom wrapper. "Where did that,

um…come from?" she said, snatching it from his hand.

"Good question," he said with a smile. "It's certainly wasn't mine. I have my own car, remember? So does dad."

Wendy slammed the back hatch down in frustration. "Forget about the earring. I'll find it later. Let's just get home," she said in a perturbed tone. Her heels clicked loudly on the cement as she marched over and got in the car.

Things were quiet for the first couple of miles. Wendy had just taken her son to college orientation at a school about three hours from their home town. She had dropped him off for the two-hour tour and introduction, since he'd soon be attending the college.

"You didn't go shopping, did you?" he asked, breaking the silence.

"What?" she asked, even though she heard him loud and clear.

"When you dropped me off at orientation, you told me you were going shopping," he said. "If that's true, where are your shopping bags?"

Wendy stammered for an answer. "I…I didn't find anything I wanted," she answered.

"Come on, mom, I wasn't born yesterday. I found an empty condom wrapper in here, which I know's not mine…and you're looking for your earring near the back of your car, and fed me some stupid excuse for it being back there."

"Can we just…talk about something else please?" the mother asked in frustration.

"You fucked some guy in here today, didn't you?" James plainly asked.

The car got quiet for a long moment. James heard his mother sniffling and looked over to see tears running down her cheeks.

"So…who was he?" James asked.

"Not who I thought," she answered, wiping a tear away.

"What do you mean?"

"We started talking about a month ago online…just innocent flirting," she explained. "Then we started sending pictures and…well, he didn't look anything like his pictures."

"So, it was a different guy? You got catfished?" James asked.

"Pretty much, yes."

"Wait…if this wasn't the guy you thought he was gonna be, then why did you still fuck him?" the confused teen asked.

Wendy huffed. "James, please…do you have to use that word?" she softly scolded.

"OK, then why did you still have sex with him?"

Wendy ran her fingers through her dark hair as she formulated the right words. "Things with your father and I haven't exactly been the same in the bedroom here lately. I just needed some… attention," she uncomfortably explained.

"You and dad aren't having sex?"

"We are, it's just…well, if I can be frank, it's just been very dull and boring here lately. He spends two minutes on top of me…does his thing, then rolls over and I'm left hanging," Wendy explained.

"Have you tried talking to him about it?" James asked.

"Of course I have, honey, and it got a little better, but unfortunately now it's right back where it was before…quick and unfulfilling."

"So, you thought this guy…who really wasn't the guy you thought he'd be…could satisfy you sexually?"

"Yes, and boy was I wrong," Wendy answered. "Not only was his face not the same one as in the picture he sent…but his, you know…"

"Penis?"

"Yes, that thing wasn't the same one he sent a picture of either," she said blushingly.

James giggled. "Pretty small, huh?" he asked.

"Yes, and he only lasted about five seconds longer than your father has here lately," Wendy answered, then sighed in frustration and shook her head. "Hardly worth risking my marriage over."

"Look, mom, you don't have to worry…I'm not gonna tell dad."

Wendy glanced over at him with a sweet smile. "Thank you," she softly said.

James found himself being a little jealous of the chump that catfished his mom, but more so angry at his father for neglecting her sexual needs. His mom was a beautiful brunette, with an incredible body. He'd lusted after her king-sized tits and thick scrumptious ass since he'd reached puberty, and couldn't imagine any guy just spending two minutes on top off her, then rolling off selfishly.

His mom looked over at him again, sensing that he was processing it all. "Do you think I'm horrible?" she asked.

"Of course not," he answered. "Everyone makes stupid decisions once in awhile. At least you had a really good excuse to make yours."

"I do love your father…I just wish he showed as much passion in the bedroom as he used to."

"Well, since I'm keeping YOUR secret, will you keep one of mine?" James asked.

Wendy fed him a quirky smile. "Um…sure," she muttered.

"Tim told me that Aunt Patty is going through something similar, with Uncle Rich," he said. "Sex in their marriage is pretty bad too right now I guess."

"Well, honey, that's not really a secret. Your Aunt Patty and I are sisters…we talk about everything. I'm well aware that her sex life is just as pathetic as mine."

"Did she tell you what she's doing about it?" James asked.

"Doing about it?" the mother asked, giving him a curious look.

"Yeah, how she's getting the pleasure she needs."

"Well, I assume she's probably just, um…"

"Masturbates?"

"Yes, just like most women do when they're having a dry spell," Wendy said.

"Or find a cute guy online to screw," her son teased.

"Not funny," the mother said with a stern glare.

"Sorry. What would you say if I told you that her and Tim were fuck..um, having sex together?"

"Tim? Her son, Tim?" Wendy asked with a doubtful expression.

"Yep, for about a month now."

"Tim told you that?"

"He did," James said. "They're having sex at least three times a day. Apparently, Aunt Patty doesn't tell you EVERYTHING."

Wendy shook her head. "I don't believe that. Patty would never do something like that," she said.

"You don't think so?"

The mother flashed her son an amused smile. "No, I don't," she said with surety.

"Aunt Patty has a large freckle on the underside of her left boob, right?" James asked.

"Yes, she got it checked out when she was younger. How do you know about that spot?"

"Tim told me, and how does HE know about that spot, unless he's having sex with his mom?" James pointed out.

Wendy continued to seem doubtful. "I don't know…but I still don't believe you."

"Fine," James said, opening the picture gallery on his phone.

This captured his mom's attention as she drove. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm gonna show you something he sent me that'll prove I'm right."

"What?" Wendy asked curiously.

"Let me find it and I'll show you."

Finally, James pulled up a picture on his phone and showed it to his mom. "Now tell me I'm wrong," he said.

Wendy found herself staring at a photo of her older sister beneath her nephew, Tim, with her big tits squashed between them, and her smooth motherly legs wrapped up around his midsection. Her sister's head was arched back, her face twisted in pleasure, while her son Tim gave the camera a cocky smile. "Good grief!" Wendy gasped.

Suddenly, an oncoming car's horn screamed. James quickly reached over and jerked the wheel to the right. "Mom!" he shouted.

Wendy quickly pulled the car over so she could process what her son was showing her. Her breath was heavy as she stared at the lewd photo. "Why didn't she tell me?" the confused mother muttered.

"Do you believe me now?" James asked.

"Yes," she whispered. "I believe you."

"So now you know what I mean when I say we both have secrets."

"It's so weird to see them together like this," Wendy said, staring at the photo. "I'm mean, this sort of thing is…so taboo."

"But, it's also an answer to Aunt Patty's issue, and one that she doesn't have to go online looking for. It's right there under her own roof," James pointed out.

Wendy suddenly gazed over at her boy with an odd expression. "Your not suggesting that we? That you and I…?"

James smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "It would solve your problem…AND fulfill a huge fantasy I've had since I hit puberty," he

confessed.

"Oh God, James, I did not just hear that," she said, tossing the phone back onto his lap.

"I'm sorry, mom, it's true," he exclaimed. "You're incredibly hot! Your body is to die for. Your tits are…gigantic…"

"James!" the mother said, half-embarrassed as she looked out the window on her side.

"What would be so bad about me helping you out sexually?"

"I don't know, let's start with…everything! I'm your mother, not some sexual conquest."

"It's working for Tim and Aunt Patty, isn't it? Why couldn't it work for us?" the boy asked.

"Just because it's working doesn't mean it's right!"

"Oh, you mean right like you cheating on dad with some stranger you met off the internet?"

"That was wrong of me, and I fully admit it," Wendy said, "but what you're suggesting is on a whole other level of wrong, and IT'S NOT happening."

James huffed and looked out his window. "Fine! Sorry I told you. Let's just go," he said.

Wendy sat there a moment at the side of the road. "If you wanna tell your father what happened today, go ahead…I deserve it," she said softly.

"I told you I wasn't telling dad, mom, and I keep my word," James assured her. "We have another hour on the road, so can we just go?"

His mother put the SUV back in drive and continued down the street. Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts as they traveled in silence. Sure, she was somewhat jealous of her sister. Patty was getting fucked hard by a young stud and probably cumming like crazy every day. That's exactly what Wendy was craving, but couldn't wrap her head around letting her son be the one to do it to her. "Sure James is handsome, and probably well endowed, but he's my son and I could get in so much trouble if I went down that road," she thought.

Speaking of road, up ahead was a large orange sign that directed cars off the highway. It read: "DETOUR," and had an arrow pointed the way they needed to go.

"Detour…" she said in her mind. "A road you take to avoid an issue, but one that's only temporary," she thought.

She glanced over at her boy as she turned off on the exit. "So…what do you and I do in these…fantasies of yours?" she asked him.

"What?" James asked, even though he was pretty sure he knew what she meant.

"These 'HUGE' fantasies that you say I'm in of yours…what do we do in them?"

"What do you think we do, mom?" James asked.

Wendy glanced at his crotch. Even though she usually tried to be a prim and proper mother around him, she wanted to know what was going on in his brain. "Do you imagine me…sucking on you?" she softly asked.

James looked over at her, sort of surprised that she would ask him that. "Yeah…um, sometimes," he answered.

"Do you envision me being pretty good at giving head?" she brazenly asked.

Now she really had James's attention. "Yes," he muttered, his heart speeding up.

Wendy smiled and looked out at the road. "Well, besides cooking and cleaning, there's one other thing that we stay-at-home moms are VERY good at," she said, then looked over at him, "and that's sex."

"I bet," James said.

"I mean, can you believe your father wouldn't wanna take advantage of that fact every night?!" she exclaimed.

"I can't. He's crazy," the boy said, staring over at her huge heaving tits.

"He IS crazy! It's frustrating, and now I feel like I can't even talk to my own sister about it…because she's getting screwed silly every day…so what does she care?" Wendy said in exasperation.

James shrugged his shoulders. "I wish I could help you out," he said.

She looked over at him. "I know you do," she said, then glanced at his crotch. "and I'm sure you could…given that you're probably well equipped…and have a lot of stamina."

"I'm not gonna deny that," James said, "but I don't wanna pressure you into doing anything you don't wanna do."

Wendy pulled the car over and put it in park. "What if we take a detour?" she asked.

"Isn't THIS a detour?" James asked, looking out at the road they were on.

"Not that kinda detour. A detour on our road as mother and son. We get off the main road for a couple hours, then right back on it again," she explained.

"I'm not following."

"Honey, I'm talking about parking somewhere and letting you fuck my ass off. Is that clear enough for you?" Wendy said desperately.

"Mom, do you have to use that word?" the boy joked.

The mother giggled and rolled her eyes. "Fuck, fuck, fuck! Do you wanna fuck me or not, young man?" she asked playfully.

"Yeah, I do! You know I do," he answered, his heart racing.

She looked at him with a serious expression. "It's a detour. When we're through we get right back on the road we we're on, in a normal mother and son relationship," she said.

"Got it!"

"Ok…" the mother sighed nervously. "We're gonna do this. Oh my God, we're really gonna do this," she told herself and her son out loud.

"Yes, we are," James agreed.

She looked out the window. "So now the question is…WHERE are we gonna do this?" she asked.

"There's a dirt road right up there. We can take it…see if it leads somewhere private," the teen suggested.

"OK, let's try it," the mother said, putting the vehicle in drive.

They turned on to the old dirt road and disappeared into the woods. "This road looks like it hardly gets used at all. What about down

there, under that brush?" James suggested.

"Seriously?! You want me to pull the car down there? What if we get stuck?" she asked.

"You're not gonna get stuck, mom. Just pull down under that brush, so if anyone does happen to come out here, they won't even see us."

"Fine, but if we do get stuck, I'm gonna murder you," she teased.

The anxious mother pulled her SUV off the road and down a shallow embankment, then carefully slipped the car between some tall brush.

"Perfect!" her son said. "Well done."

"Thanks," she said with a proud smile, shutting her car off.

"So…where were you and this internet guy going at it…in the back seat?" James said, looking back.

"Oh, James…do we have to talk about that?"

"I'm just curious."

"Well, first of all…we were hardly 'going at it' at all. It really wasn't even worth all the prep work to be honest," the mother explained.

"Prep work?"

"Yes, well…I thought it would be better to lay all the seats down and do it on an air mattress," she said a bit shamefully. "That's why I thought my earring disappeared somewhere back there."

James giggled. "You actually brought an air mattress, and took the time to pump it up?" he asked.

"I brought your dad's battery-operated pump, so it only took a couple minutes," she said.

"Your date only took a couple minutes too, apparently," James teased.

"Yeah, well…like I said, HE was hardly worth the effort."

"Will I be worth the effort you think?" James asked, smiling over at her.

She gazed at him flirtingly. "Yeah, I do," she answered.

They got out, and after a few minutes had all the seats in the back laid down and the air mattress pumped up. Wendy slipped out of her heels, and they both crawled in the back. The mother had brought a comforter, so it was cozy and comfy. James closed back cargo door behind them.

"Ouch!" his mom said, then reached down under her butt.

"What is it?" her son asked.

She giggled and showed him what she sat on. "My lost earring," she said, then put it back in.

"Well, better that it poked you in the ass than punctured the mattress," the boy said, looking over at her strong silky calves, and dainty bare feet, with freshly painted toenails. For years he'd marveled at how sexy her legs were, and the thought that he was about to have them wrapped around him in a sexual way made the boy dizzy with anticipation.

"I hope I don't shock you," his mom said.

"Shock me?"

She peeked over at him. "I like hot nasty sex a lot, James. You're about to see a very primitive side of me," she warned.

"Well, let be 'primitive' together then," he said.

"Ready to take that detour?" Wendy asked him anxiously.

"Ready," he answered with a nod.

Before the boy could blink his mom was on top of him, tearing off his t-shirt. "Holy shit!" he thought, unprepared for her aggressive start.

"Get your bottoms off!" the mother said in an lusty tone as she sat back on her heels and quickly shed her blouse. The boy's eyes went wide as he stared at her beautifully-embroidered black bra. Huge mounds of tit-flesh were spilling over the cups, and Wendy hastily reached back and unclasped her hooks.

James's long thick slab of meat caught on the waistband of his briefs for a moment as they were being pulled off, then sprung free, slapping back against his lower abdomen in full hardness.

"Oh wow!" the mother exclaimed, staring at her boy's vein-encrusted erection while pulling off her bra. It looked just like the big dick in the picture her failed date sent her.

"You like it?"

"Uh-huh," she said, biting her bottom lip for a moment lustfully. "It looks like the picture of the boner I was suppose to get this morning."

James was enamored by the sight of her monstrously meaty tits. Her thick-textured areolas were like softball-sized pink crowns situated on the peaks of her melons, with swollen nipples protruding from their centers. Her fatty orbs wobbled wonderfully as she slipped out

of her skirt, then quickly peeled her dainty black thong down her lovely legs.

Now they were both bare naked, and James could swell the sweet pungent aroma of wet pussy. His mom was on top of him in an instant, and he found his face wedged between her soft dangling tits as she grasped his cock and fit his tapered knob to her vulvar vestibule.

The boy quickly peeked down from between her hanging udders and saw his boner sticking straight up, with his knob smothered between the puffy cleft of her pudenda. Her vulva was crowned by a neatly trimmed landing-strip of pubic fur.

"Oh, James!" the mother gasped, lowering her wide hips and feeling the thick tubular hunk of his cock split her spongy cuntal walls as he sunk into the slippery heat of her vagina.

The teen felt his tender bell tip squash against the puffy head of her extocervix, and her bare pubis met the hilt if his cock.

"I wanna fuck you so hard!" the mother whimpered desperately as she set her wide hips in motion, and began plunging her aroused pussy up and down the steely column of his erection.

"Ohh, shit!" the boy gasped excitedly, feeling his pink boner slip along the smothering walls of her birthing tube, while two heavy melons of squishy tit-flesh swung on either side of his face.

Wendy's SUV subtly rocked from the rhythm of her fuck-humps. It didn't take long for the window to fog up due to their heavy moaning and gasping.

Her crotch beat against his cock-base relentlessly, her blood-swollen flanges slapping wetly around the root of her boy's muscular shaft. Her fleshy prepuce was peeled back over the glans of her clitoris,

which mashed against her son's pubic bone on every downward thrust.

"Oh God, you're gonna make me cum already!" the mother's shaky voice announced.

James pressed his face a little deeper into the hollow between his mom's wobbling breasts, kissing the quivering fatty flesh that now sandwiched his entire head at the sides.

He felt her snug pelvic floor muscles contract around his burrowing erection as his mom let out a beautiful orgasmic scream. He looked up between her sloshing tits, at her pretty face as it twisted in pleasure between the curtain of her silky brunette hair. His cock flexed excitedly as he witnessed his mom in her most primal state.

Wendy enhanced her climax by mashing her vulva against her son's pubic base and grinding frantically up and back on his erection. This got a delightful groan from her stiff-cocked son as he writhed beneath her.

James had girls grind on his cock before, but none felt nearly this incredible. His mom's juicy cuntal grip felt like a velvet fist clutched onto him, and jerking his stiff meat around like a fleshy gear shift, stretching her uteri in all different directions. He could feel her love-nectar running down along the sides of his nuts.

She dropped against him, plastering the open oval of her lips around his, and darting the long pink snake of her tongue into his mouth. Their lickers wrestled frantically inside of James's mouth, while their naked bodies writhed with equal passion.

"Holy fuck this is amazing!!" James's brain screamed, as he lay there blanketed in his mom's warm MILF flesh as they kissed, while having his boner pulled and squeezed by her skilled cunt. Her thick rubbery nipples prodded against his chest, squashed between them.

Wendy broke their kiss and gave him a dreamy-eyed gaze. "Roll me over and pound the fuck out of me!" she panted lustfully.

James did just that. Keeping his cock fully sheathed, he rolled them over and took the top. He knew he wasn't a porn star by any means, but was anxious to show his mom the skills he'd developed from recent sex with girls his own age. He immediately began thrusting into her at a rapid pace, holding himself up on extended arms, so he could watch her expression. He got just the reaction he was hoping for, as Wendy clenched her eyes closed tight and arched her head back in ecstasy.

He felt the smooth cradle of her mommy-thighs slip up around his bobbing hips as he stared down at the giant twin mounds of boobie-flesh rolling up and down her chest.

"Fucking gorgeous!" he wondrously thought, still processing the fact that this hot woman beneath him was his own mom.

His boner throbbed as it pumped through the snug pleated walls of her vagina. James's weeping precum and her cuntal secretions mixing to create a hot slippery oil that lubricated their fuck-thrusts.

Wendy extended her sexy legs out, throwing them back in a wide V, with her dainty feet nearly touching the ceiling of the vehicle.

"Holy shit, mom!" the boy gasped, looking at the width of her amazing spread. Her sexy little feet bobbed from the force of his thrusting as they pointed towards the back window.

"I told you I'm good at this," she panted with a teasing wink, bouncing her ass from the mattress to meet his thrusts.

"I know a few tricks myself," James bragged.

"Oh yeah? Show me."

The teen brought his chest down against hers, then slipped his arms beneath her back and grasped on to her shoulders from behind. Then, he thrust his hips forward powerfully, fully sheathing his brick-hard penis and holding it there, with his knob crushed against her cervix.

Wendy let out a delightful squeal, arching her back and lifting her son's body up, then back down. Her hips jerked in a wild humping motion, but James stayed with her, keeping his boner buried in full penetration.

"Ahhh!" he hissed, feeling her squeeze the meat of his cock harder than it ever had been. He rested his head between her neck and shoulder, as their bodies rocked feverishly on the mattress.

Both of them groaned and clawed at each other, like a couple of grappling animal, as if they were desperately trying to pull James's body back inside her, to the place where he was conceived. This went on with increasing intensity until Wendy suddenly tossed her lovely legs around James, high on his back, so her ankles were twined together, nearly across his shoulders, and began crying out in orgasm.

The teen started pounding her again with savage thrusts, making her hot girl-cum squelch out between their joined genitals.

The boy lunged his face up against one of her squishy tits and greedily sucked her nipple and areola into his mouth.

"YES!! SUCK ME!!" the mother cried out, delighting in the feel of his suctioned lips and lashing tongue, as his steely erection continued to thunder through her.

The boy's balls beat against her luscious buttocks, hitting the throbbing lips of her anus and the bulging ringed muscle of her external anal sphincter.

The muscle and ligaments at the root of his erection bulged obscenely, sustaining the force of his cock-shaft as it hammered through the juicy labial-fleshed mouth of his mom's twat.

"Mmnnff!" the boy grunted into the fatty bulge of his mom's tit-meat, feeling his tender glans squeezed by Wendy's muscled cuntal walls as she put his will-power to the test.

Despite the exquisite sensations on his cock, he passed with flying colors, fucking her steadily for the next half-hour and giving her body-shaking climaxes several more times.

Finally, with their naked bodies glistening with perspiration, the boy felt the warming, tingling sensation of an impending orgasm. "Oh shit, mom…I'm gonna cum!" he groaned, bucking wildly between her thighs.

Wendy wasn't on any form of birth control, but she didn't care. She wanted to feel her boy's milky excrement splashing around inside her sex chamber as much as he did. "Cum, baby! Cum hard!!" she cheered encouragingly.

He happily obliged, letting out a guttural grunt as a fat blast of boy-semen erupted from his cunt-smothered piss-slit. His body humped and jerked, letting his mom have all the ball-juice her slippery-ribbed cunt walls could milk out.

He finally collapsed against her and she held him, gently stroking his back with her long nails in silence for nearly a half-hour.

"That was a nice little detour, but we should probably get back to the main road now," Wendy said.

"Main road meaning, you and me…back to our normal relationship?"

"Yes, that and the ACTUAL main road," she said. "Your father's probably wondering why we're not home yet."

"Can we do one thing first?" James asked.

His mom fed him a naughty smile. "And what would that be?" she asked.

"Well, remember you asked me if I imagined you sucking on me," he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well…do you think you could really quick?"

"James, we really should get going," she said. "How about this…You drive and I'll suck, how's that?"

"Perfect," he answered.

They got dressed and hit the open road again, with James driving. It wasn't far before the detour ended and they were back on the highway. "Now we should be able to make some good time," Wendy said, crawling over and fishing his cock from his fly-hole. "After this blowjob, or detour's over, got it?"

"Got it," he said, then felt his mom's wonderful tongue licking his peter-tip.

The mother wasn't lying earlier when she had told him she was good at giving head. First, her licker swathed up and down his tender erection, looping around his knob, then down to his balls and up again.

"Wow!" the teen muttered, feeling her thick pink tongue lash all over his glans.

"Please don't make us crash, honey," she told him between licks.

"I won't," he assured her.

Wendy fit her lips over his knob, then sink the first few inches of his boner inside her mouth, giving it a few tender sucks. Then she grasped around the base with her hand and began beating his prick-meat as she sucked it.

"Holy shit…amazing!" the boy wondrously thought, watching her head bob up and down as her fist jerked him steadily. He looked at the big sparkling wedding ring on her finger, which reminded him of what a chump his dad was for not wanting more of this.

He put one hand down on her head, curling his fingers in her dark tresses, holding her cock-sucking mouth in position as she slurped greedily on his tasty prick.

Lewd gurgling sounds escaped Wendy's mouth as she took more and more cock-meat into her mouth, letting his glans plug through her throat.

The boy didn't know how his mom had room to move her tongue around in there, but she did, digging it wetly back and forth against the band of his frenulum.

"Jesus Christ, mom!" he gasped, feeling a warm tingling sensation shoot through his crotch.

His knob popped from her lips, but only for a second, and she took full-length strokes with her hand as she spoke to him. "Pour it out, James," she cooed, then went back to sucking, wrapping her lips in a tight loving circle around his tender prick and using her mouth like a pussy, plunging up and down.

"Ahhh, damn…I'm gonna cum!" the boy groaned.

His mom stroked and sucked urgently, as long fat ropes of spunk began erupting from the slit of his meatus, splattering all around inside her mouth and shooting past her tonsils.

Wendy's body shivered with the thrill of drinking her own boy's potent sperm. His load tasted sweet and yummy, just as she imagined it would.

"OK, I gotta say it, mom. That was the most incredible blowjob I've ever gotten," he confessed.

Wendy giggled, licking the last of his cock cream from her lips. "Glad you enjoyed it," she said.

"That was some pretty amazing fucking we did too," he confessed.

She gave him a stern look. "James…that word!" she scolded.

"Oh, sorry…I mean incredible SEX we had."

"I agree with that whole-heartedly, honey, but…we're back to things being normal between you and I now, right?"

"Right," the boy said, a tad disappointed. "Sadly, the detour's over."

"What the heck?!" Wendy exclaimed, looking at a sign ahead of them.

"What's wrong?" James asked, spotting the orange sign just before they passed it. It read: "DETOUR AHEAD."

"Another one?! We'll never get home at this rate," his mom said with a huff.

"You wouldn't think they'd have two detours so close to one another, but I guess they can sometimes," the boy said, then looked at his mom as he took the exit.

Wendy peeked over at him and her lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Yes, I guess they can, can't they?"

THE END

110: Mom's Dream Lover_1

"Mom's Dream Lover" By klrxo

Charlie came from a religious household. His family went to church every Sunday. Ironically, it was during a boring sermon one day that the boy's naughty fascination with his mother had begun to develop.

On that day his mom Stacey had on a dress with a neckline that was cut deeper than usual. This allowed him to see a substantial amount of her succulent cleavage. Girls with big boobs at his school had always captured his attention, but they carried nothing like what his mom had..

Stacey was a beautiful thirty-nine year old brunette. Her girlfriends all called her Wonder Woman.

Not only because she was the mother of five children, but also because she was a striking image of the eighties actress Lynda Carter. Despite birthing all those children, the mother managed to keep a fairly good figure with long strong legs and an ample buttocks. Stacey came from a long line of busty women and because of this, she was blessed with an enormous rack.

It was no shocker then that a horny eighteen-year-old boy, living under the same roof, would quickly develop a fascination with her wobbling wonders.

"Charlie, I saw what you were staring at in there," Stacey chided as they walked side by side to the car, "that's not ok, especially at church."

"Staring?"

"Yes, staring...at my breasts," she said. "It's not polite to look at a woman's breasts." "Is it polite for a woman to look at a guy's cock?" Charlie asked.

Stacey gasped. "Charlie Adams! I can't believe that word just came out of your mouth." "Fine, is it polite for a woman to look at a guy's crotch?"

"No, of course it not."

"Then why do you stare at mine sometimes?" the boy asked.

Stacey blushingly glanced back to make sure her husband hadn't heard that. James was a ways back, walking hand in hand with two of their smaller children. "I DO NOT stare at your crotch," she muttered, but not too loudly.

"You were staring when I got out of the pool yesterday."

"Ok, I think we need to end this conversation," she said, clearly frazzled that he had turned it back on her.

"Whatever you say, Mom."

Yet it was Stacey who refused to let it go. "I'm sure it may have seemed like I was staring at your crotch, but that wasn't the case at all," she said defensively..

The truth was Stacey HAD BEEN staring at her son's crotch, studying the big tubular outline of his prick as his wet shorts clung around it.

During the car ride home James glanced back at his oldest son through the rear view mirror. "I'm not sure if your mother told you or not, but I'm taking a new schedule at work for awhile. I'll be working the overnights, eight PM to six AM," he explained.

"So you'll be gone every night?" Charlie asked.

"Yes, except on weekends of course. I'm gonna need you to step up and help your mom out in the evenings, when she needs it."

Charlie and his mother glanced at each other, sharing a little smile. "Sure, dad, whatever she needs me to do," the boy answered.

The worst thing about being the oldest of five kids was having to share a bedroom. Luckily for Charlie, his fourteen year old brother Gabe was addicted to video games. The youngster rarely did anything besides play on his game console and he had a good set of gamer headphones, which meant Charlie wasn't bothered by any noise. Still, sharing a room meant no locking the door and beating off when Charlie wanted to.

The bathroom wasn't a good wank-retreat either, since it seemed like one of his siblings was constantly knocking on the door. The teen was forced to find another place for his private wank sessions.

Parked in the attached three-bay garage was an old Volkswagen Camper Van that his father had purchased. Every summer, James had planned to fix it up, but never quite got around to it. This became Charlie's "go to" spot for daily masturbation.

"I'm heading down to the park to shoot some hoops, Mom," the boy would announce, then retreat to the van and lock himself inside.

The rear portion of the van folded out into a full-sized bed. Charlie would sprawl across it, fish his dick out and lather it with lotion that he kept stashed in there, for just that purpose. As he rested there on this day, the boy clicked on a video he had recorded on his phone.

His mom came up on the screen from recording he'd made at the lake."Charlie, are you getting in the water with us?" she asked.

"I'm just texting a friend, then I will," Charlie answered.

Clearly the teen was doing no such thing, but rather secretly recording his Mom as she stepped into the lake. Stacey wore a modest white, one-piece swim suit, but to her son, it was still a feast for the eyes. The swell of her boobs were massive and he could even see the thick fleshy nubs of her nipples protruding out of the fabric.

"Ohh my Goodness, this water's cold," the modest mother shivered, making her big boobies shimmy back and forth. Charlie loved that part. This was recorded last summer and he had lost count how many times he had beat off to it. He clicked rewind and watched it again.

"Ohh my Goodness, this water's cold," he listened to his mother say, only this time Charlie zoomed in on her giant jugs and played it back in slow motion.

"Ohhh man!" the horny boy sighed, beating his boner while watching his Mom's heavy breasts slowly shake from side to side.

Charlie was endowed with a large uncircumcised peter. He knew this by comparing his own size the those of the boys his age in the locker room at school. Despite having a long thick cock, he had yet to use it on a girl. From a young age he was taught the importance of saving sex until marriage, so every time the opportunity presented itself he would chicken out.

While Charlie beat off in the garage, James, Charlie's father entered the kitchen. "Mmm, that food smells good, hon," he said.

"I hope it's good. Tina shared a recipe she found in one of her womens magazines. I thought I'd try it out," Stacey said, "Will you stir this for me for a sec?"

"Sure."

James took over at the stove and his wife searched through the freezer. "Shoot, the frozen pie crusts must be out in the other freezer. I'll be right back," she said.

"No worries, I got this."

Stacey went out the side door into the garage, where they kept a large freezer full of items. Such a big family required lots of space for food storage. As she looked for the items she needed,

she heard the faint sound of a video playing from across the garage.

The busty mother looked out over her vehicle to the old Volkswagen. She noticed a strange glow coming from the inside, so she slowly walked over to investigate. Peering in the back window, her eyes widened in utter shock as she saw her son laying on his back beating off.

"Hetoldmehewasplayingbasketball!"she said to herself. "Heliedtome."

Her mind screamed for her to run away, but her legs wouldn't move. She was witnessing the lewdest thing she'd ever seen and it was her oldest son who was doing it.

Her eyes drifted down his young lean chest, zeroing in on the biggest dick she'd seen in her life. .

It was easily nine inches and so hard it looked like it was carved in stone.

"It'ssimplyenormous!"she muttered to herself.

Her son's fist traveled up and down his cock's rigid length, the shroud of foreskin was pulled back, revealing a huge angry knob that pointing straight up towards the ceiling. Stacey was absolutely spellbound. Her curious eyes studies every bulging vein that criss-

crossed up the shaft. "DearLord,thatcan'tbereal,canit?"she asked herself, "that'sjustmuchtoobigtobe real."

She turned to walk away. Ineedtogetawayfromhere!"she told herself, then she stopped and clenched her fists in frustration. "God,pleasehelpmetobestrongrightnow,"she silently prayed. However, no assistance was given and she turned around and moved back to the window, peering back in at her teen.

At this point she could see that her son was watching a video of her in her swim suit. "Ohmy Gosh,wasthatatthelakelastsummer? Hevideo'dmeinmyswimsuitandnowhe's..."

Her eyes went back to watching her son beat his hard dick, mesmerized by the thick slab slipping through his circled fist. Charlie's hips were thrusting rapidly from the cushion, fucking his cock upward, while jacking off at the same time.

"Whereonearthdidhelearntomovehishipslikethat?!"she wondered, then felt herself feeling angry towards her husband, "Jamesnevermoveshishipslikethatwhenwemakelove!"

She saw a bead of precum weap from Charlie's meatus. "Ohhh!" she gasped, watching it run down his knob before getting swiped up by his fist.

Her knees felt weak, her big swollen tits heaving with every heavy breath. She bit her bottom lip, wanting nothing more than to shoot her hand down into her panties and rub her hot genitals right along with him. "Nooo,Ican't!"the good-girl, church-going mom side of her screamed.

"Yesss,youcan!"the deeply repressed naughty-girl part of her answered back.

Her husband's shout from the kitchen made her decision a little easier. "Everything alright out there?" he shouted.

Yet for a moment longer her eyes remained transfixed. Even as she crept away from the van she continued to peer inside the window for as long as she could. "Iwonderhowlongittakeshimto ejaculate?"she wondered.

"Did you find what you needed?" James asked his wife when she returned. Her mind was clearly frazzled. "No, we um...we must be out."

"Are you ok, hon?" her husband asked. He could tell she was completely out of sorts.

"Well,otherthanjustlookingatthelongest,meatiestpenisI'veeverseenbefore,yeahI'mfine,"

she thought.

"Yes, um...I'm fine," she lied, forcing a smile.

The image of Charlie's cock was branded in her mind and try as she may she couldn't shake it.

The next day, while most of her kids were in school, Stacey went to her friend Tina's house. They both sat at the table having coffee and cradling their infants.

"So he was just laying in there masturbating?" Tina asked, a bit surprised at what her friend had told her.

"Yes, it was the last thing I expected to see when I looked in that window."

"Well, it's not uncommon. I'm sure both our oldest boys masturbate, but I suppose it's better than them engaging in premarital sex," Tina said.

"Yes, I suppose. I just...really didn't expect it to look that way," Stacey said blushingly. "His penis you mean?" Tina asked innocently.

"Yes. It was just um...bigger than I expected."

"Ohh," Tina muttered, incredibly intrigued, but reminding herself how inappropriate that was. After a long pause, she couldn't resist but comment. "Connor's size shocked me too."

Stacey looked at her questioningly, raising an eyebrow.

"I accidentally walked in on him coming out of the shower one day," she explained.

"Ohh, well accidents do happen," Stacey said, "I mean, if I knew Charlie was in the van masturbating I never would have peeked in."

"Of course not, you didn't know. How would you have known?"

"Exactly...but I did peek in and it just confused me," Stacey confessed. "Why are their penises so big do you think?"

Tina shrugged her shoulders. "It's a new generation of boys. Maybe God wanted to create UPGRADED versions of our husbands...make them more handsome and increase the size of their manhood."

Stacey nodded in agreement. "That makes sense.. I mean, a larger penis would make them better at procreation," she theorized..

"How do you figure,"

" When their sperm flows out, it would be much closer to the point of conception, right?" "Yes, I guess that's right.."

"And from what I saw, their seed is much thicker and richer," Stacey said "Explain," Tina said, beaming with interest, "what did you see?"

"It was only pre-ejaculate. It came trickling out while Charlie was masturbating," Stacey said, "but it was SO THICK and such a beautiful pearly white, Tina, I couldn't believe it."

Tina's eyes lit up. "The seed of life," she said.

"Yess...so much of it and THAT was only the pre-ejaculate. The amount our boys emit during and actual climax must be incredible," Stacey exclaimed, her heart racing.

The mothers sat there for a moment in wonder. Stacey reflected on what she saw through the van window, how her son rapidly thrust his hips. "I think you're right. I think God did make them superior...in looks, size AND sexual abilities," she said.

"Abilities?"

"When I peeked in the van, Charlie was moving his hips in a way I'd never seen before." "Thrusting?" Tina asked, her thick nipples tingling beneath her blouse and bra.

"Yes, but really, REALLY fast," Stacey said, then took an excited gulp, "James never moves his hips like that."

"Do you think Charlie knew he was doing it, or do you think it was just instinctual?"

"I don't know, but what I do know is if girls ever see him doing that...if they ever see the size of his endowment, I fear he's gonna be presented with more temptation than he can bear," Stacey said with genuine concern.

Tina replayed the image of her own son's big cock hanging between his legs when she "accidentally" walked in on him. "So you think Charlie was watching a video of you?" she asked.

"It WAS me in the video. Charlie must have taken it during our lake trip over the summer," Susan said. "He was zoomed right in on my breasts. I didn't think my swimsuit was that inappropriate."

"It probably wasn't. Connor is the same way. It seems like every time I look his way he's staring at my breasts, especially now that their all swollen with milk for the baby."

"The poor boys. Temptation surrounds them at school AND at home," Stacey said.

Tina shrugged her shoulders. "What can we do though? We're both extremely large breasted women. Other than the times we're nursing the babies, we keep them covered the best we can."

"God really tests mothers and sons doesn't he?" Stacey concluded. "In what ways do you mean?"

"Temptation mostly," Stacey answered, "By nature, we Moms are naturally drawn to handsome young men with large penis's, who are the most gifted at breeding us and at providing us pleasure. For years we thought our husbands were these men....but we were wrong."

"And the boys are tested too," Tina agreed.

"Yes. Boys are drawn to older, large breasted women. Ones who are skilled at lovemaking." "That's why they obsess on us so much," Tina agreed.

Stacey knew it was true. Just talking about her son and his cock made her nipples throb and her panties were soaked with the secretions of her arousal. "We should pray for strength," she suggested.

Holding their babies with one arm, the mothers reached across the table and held each others hands. They bowed their heads and

Stacey began praying. "God, we ask for your hand in leading us from temptation. Help us to stay wholesome mothers and faithful wives. We thank you for the gifts you've bestowed upon our boys. Please give them the strength to refuse the harlots and to save their skills and wonderfully large endowments for marriage. In Jesus name, amen."

The mothers hugged, feeling strengthened in their resolve.

****

"First night of working the overnight," James said as he prepared to leave that evening, "you gonna miss me?"

"Of course I'll miss you," Stacey said, giving her hubby a big hug. "I love you so much!"

After her husband left, Stacey went upstairs to the nursery, closing the door for privacy before nursing her two-month old daughter. When she was finished, she put the baby to bed, then closed her robe tight, making sure her huge bobbling tits were completely covered.

Charlie and his brother were both in bed on their devices when their mom peeked in. "Good night boys," she said sweetly..

Gabe just gave her a wave, but Charlie actually sat up, hoping she would come in. Sometimes she did and he loved watching her braless boobs jostle beneath her robe. "Goodnight, Mom," he said.

Stacey smiled at him and quickly glanced at his crotch before closing the door. She went to her and her husband's bedroom, keeping their door open a crack in case the baby cried in the middle of the night as she often did, needing a feeding.

Then, the mother slipped out of the robe and put on a big oversized t-shirt, wearing it and her panties to bed. It felt strange and lonely

being in bed alone. This was the time of night that her and James would usually engage in their nightly lovemaking.

"OhJames,whydidyoutakethatshift?"Stacey thought as she tossed and turned. Her husband had assured her that their sex life wouldn't suffer because of it, but with five children, who kept her busy most of the day, she wasn't sure how they were going to squeeze in time for marital sex.

Stacey rolled onto her back, looking up at the ceiling. She always left a night-light on in case her children needed her. It cast strange shadows across the room, one of which looked like a large thick penis. It immediately made her think of her son's cock. This image of him beating his boner flashed through her mind. "No!Ican'tthinkaboutthat.I'mmarriedandCharlie'smyson!" she reminded herself.

She repositioned several times, restless and horny, trying to ignore the images of Charlie's big juicy dick in her mind, as well as the lustful itch between her legs.

Charlie got up later in the night to use the bathroom. The house was still and silent, about the only time it was that way with so many brothers and sisters. He noticed his parent's door was cracked like usual, but tonight he knew it was just his mom in there.

He wandered over and bravely peeked inside. With the night-light on in the room, Charlie could clearly make out his Mom's frame on the bed. He noticed a portion of her lovely legs sticking out of the blankets. His heart pounded with excitement, knowing she could just be wearing panties, or better yet, nothing at all.

"Icanhearherheavybreathing.Shehastobeasleep,"he thought, "I'lljusttakeaquickpeak, thenleave."

The boy slowly wandered over to the edge of the bed. His mom was on her side, with her legs curled up. A portion of her smooth calves,

along with her sexy bare feet, stuck from the blanket. With shaky hands, he carefully grasped the edge of the comforter and pulled it up.

"Holyshit!"he gasped inwardly as more and more of her smooth naked legs were exposed.

She moved slightly and sighed, making the boy freeze in horror. When he was convinced she was still asleep, he continued to raise the blanket up her body.

He audibly gasped as he unveiled her thick peach-shaped mommy-buttocks. Susan wore a pair of blue bikini panties and the hem had crept up into the crack of her ass, leaving half her meaty

half-moons exposed.

Charlie could hardly believe his eyes. "Soosexy!"he thought, his big prick rising in his boxers.

He stooped down to get a view of her panty-covered crotch. The gusset hugged his Mom's snatch, outlining her puffy cunt-lips and the deep crevice between them. The urge to lean down and sniff her pussy was to strong to resist. "JustonesniffandI'mouttahere,"he thought.

Since Stacey had Charlie's big hard dick on the brain all night, by the time she finally fell asleep her cunt was soaking wet. So when her son's nose got close to his target, he was hit with a sweet pungent aroma that made his head spin. "Holywow...incredible!!"his brain shouted as her feminine scent was inhaled deeply.

He bravely placed his nose against her mound, letting it sink down into the furrow between the meaty bulges of her outer lips. When he inhaled, his eyes rolled back in their sockets. The scent of aroused pussy was so strong it nearly made him pass out.

Charlie reached down and fished his massive erection from his boxers, stroking it up and down.

His carelessness made Stacey's eyes suddenly pop open as she awoke, conscious that there
was someone in the room with her. "OhmyLord,don'tpanic,Stacey!sh e thought, feeling the nose at her crotch, "Itcouldbeanintruder!Hecouldhaveagunoraknife!"

Since the night-light was on the wall behind him, Charlie's shadow was cast across the bed and wall that Stacey faced, allowing her to study the "intruder's" every move. As the boy stood up, it became clearly obvious he was beating off to the site of her.

"OhmyGoodness,isthat...That'sCharlie!"she thought, not wanting to believe what she was seeing. "He'smasturbating!!"

The teen brazenly hovered beside the bed, staring at his Mom's sexy ass, while beating his hard boner. He imagined that he was ripping those panties off, crawling between her silky legs and pounding his cock-meat deep inside her. So much blood had flowed to his penis that he felt light

-headed. "Ibetitfeelssogoodinherpussy.Warmandwetandsnug!"he thought, his hardon flexing in his hand.

Stacey's eyes were wide in shock and fascination as she remained motionless, watching the shadow of her son beating off. "Ican'tbelievehe'sdoingthis.Thefirstnighthisfather'soutof thehouseandhe'sinherepeepingandstrokinghislargepenis,"she thought. "Heshouldbe ashamedofhimself."

Her breathing got heavier and heavier as she watched her son's hand fly up and down his enormous jutting erection. The shadow was so well defined that she could see the shape of his flaring knob stretching from his foreskin.

The mother made the muscled walls of her cunt-tube clench, secretly yearning to have that void

filled by such a big meaty cunt-splitter. "OhJames,whydidyoutakethatshift?"she thought, wanting to blame anyone but herself for her lewd thoughts.

Charlie gawked and pumped his fist relentlessly up and down the length of his hardon, precum lubricating his strokes.

His mom watched in shameful fascination, not wanting to miss a single stroke. "Somany pumps!How onearthishegoingthatlong?"she screamed out in her mind. Then she had a question for her creator. "God,you'vealreadygivenhimanextremelylargepenis.Areyoutelling me you'vegiftedhimwithincrediblestayingpowertoo?!"

It was nearly five more minutes of steady cock-stroking before Charlie felt his knob tingle. "Oh fuck,whereamIgonnacum?"he thought in a panic.

The last thing he wanted to do was squirt his load all over her. Actually, that's what he really wanted, but he knew he couldn't. He quickly looked for something to use as a cum-rag, delighted to find one of her bras strung over the chair nearby.

"Grabit,quick!"his mind shouted as he felt the rushing torrent of jizz shooting through his fuck- tube.

He snatched the bra and covered the end of his prick with one of the huge silky cups. "Hhmmpph!" he whimpered, his knees buckling as he sent a long milky rope splashing against the fabric.

Stacey's eyes widened even more as she witnessed her son using her bra to pump his load into. She was ashamed to feel her fleshy clit throb beneath it's domed hood and her nipples were so erect they felt like stones resting on the peaks of her tits. "He'sejaculating!!"her mind excitedly screamed.

She could smell his musky spunk from where she lay on the bed. It made her body tremble with a wicked thrill. She clenched her eyes closed. "No,justgobacktosleep,Stacey!"she thought.

After coating the inside of her bra-cup with hot cum, the boy just held it there a moment, the soft silk against his glans felt really good.
"Ok,I'lljustputitback.Mycumshouldbedrybymorning, hopefully,"he thought.

After putting it back where he found it, Charlie took one more look at his Mom's succulent ass, then retreated back to his room.

Stacey's eyes popped back open, realizing he was gone. She quickly sat up and looked straight over at the soiled bra he had placed back on the chair. Her heart was racing and the itch between her legs was almost unbearable. . "Laybackdown!"the wholesome part of her brain told her.

"Iwill.Iwon'tdoanythinginappropriate,Ijustwannaseeit,"her horny, curious side answered

back as she slipped off the bed.

With shaky hands, she lifted the bra and studied it's milky contents. The inside of the cup was plastered with boy-spunk.
"Iknewit!Somuchofit!GodHAStrulygiftedhim."

Her nostrils flared, breathing in the aroma of hot baby-seed. Her mind swirled and her birthing- tube squeezed and contracted. The busty mother quickly put the bra back down, as if it were burning her hands. "Ok,curiositysatisfied,nowgobacktobed,"she said to herself.

She turned back to her bed and sighed.
"ThankyouGod,forgivingmethestrengthtodowhat's right.Ipledgemyresolvetobeawholesomewifeandmother,"she prayed.

She tried to move back onto the bed, but her overly-horny body had other ideas.

It was 4am and Stacey's children all still slept soundly. In the hot mother's bed, however, there was no rest to be had. Stacey was now completely naked, on her back in the center of her bed. Her knees were thrown up nearly to her shoulders, her thick smooth thighs bowed open as she rubbed her clitoris furiously.

"Ohhh-h-h-h!" she whimpered, her cute voice shivering lustfully and muffled by the big bra-cup masking her face. Her enormous knockers were spread out across her chest in big fleshy quivering mounds..Her nipples were thick and distended, leaking breast-milk that trickled across her wide areola.

Her thick naked buns bounced from the mattress, humping her cunt up around the imaginary cock that was pounding her senseless. Beneath the frantic stroke of her fingers, her large fleshy clitoris tingled and throbbed exquisitely.

With her other hand, she held the bra-cup to her face, cleaning out it's juicy contents with her long lapping tongue, while lustfully inhaling the scent of warm boy-spunk. "It'ssoorich!"her frazzled mind shouted. "There'ssomuchofit!"

She sucked some slimy spunk into her mouth and let her tongue play around in it, while panting excitedly. "Mmmmm," she whimpered, feeling it run down her throat. She knew she was out of control and a little tear of shame ran down her cheek, yet this didn't detour her from licking more slime from the material and stroking her cunt even faster.

"Sooomuchsperm,butIknewtherewouldbe.He'sbeenendowedwithawhoppingbaby-maker, soofcoursetherewouldbealotofseed!"she thought.

She imagined her son standing there watching her masturbate while beating his dick wildly.

"You'renottheonlyoneinthishousewithgiftedsexualabilities!"she thought, imagining she were talking to her son, "weMomscandothingstoo!"

Stacey extended her luscious legs back, scissoring them wide open, pointing her sexy, dainty bare feet back at the headboard. She bobbed her ass up and down off the mattress in a horny rapid manner, making her boobies jiggle and roll on her chest. "Wecansqueezeandhumpour vaginasonyouinwaysyouneverdreamedof!"her mind bragged.

She felt her climax peak, making her back arch from the cushion, heaving her mammoth jugs upward. "Squirtourjuices!!"her mind squealed. "Alloveryourbigwonderfulpenis!"

Susan grabbed the big double pillow and screamed into it as a juicy orgasm ripped through her middle-aged body. The long fluffy pillow reached from her head to her knees and she quickly latched her arms and legs around, humping wildly as if she were being fucked in the missionary position.

"Oohhh,Charlie!!"her brain cried, "Ohhhmybaby,lookwhatyoudotome!"

She continued to stroke and hump and writhe for several minutes, before relaxing her lush body and letting out a big satisfied sigh. The guilt suddenly came flooding in and she felt extremely ashamed. Tears trickled down her cheeks as Stacey wept herself to sleep.

****

"I'm horrible!" Stacey sniffled as she sat next to Tina. They were both nursing their newborns, so each mom had one hefty boob hanging out of her maternity bra.

"You're not horrible. You're human," Tina said consolingly. "I'm a horrible human."

"You had a weak moment, Stace," Tina said, "God forgives those who acknowledge their wrong- doings."

"Charlie snuck in my bedroom and I liked it. I'm not suppose to like those things," she said, "Then I sucked up all his seed like a depraved whore."

Tina lowered her own head in equal shame. "Well, if it's any consolation...I haven't exactly been the model mother myself here lately."

Stacey fed her a confused look. "How so?" she asked.

Tina sighed, "Connor's been fingering me every day for the past two weeks." Stacey looked at her best friend in surprise, "Fingering you?" she asked. "Yes, putting one or more fingers inside my vagina."

"I know what fingering is...I just... How did this start?" Stacey asked.

"We were just hugging one morning and the next thing I knew his hand was in my panties," she explained, "I was too weak to stop it, so it continued day after day until...well, here we are."

They exchanged a guilt-ridden look. "Do we stop them?" Stacey asked, "we should stop them, right?"

"Maybe if we just try to eliminate the situations that provide temptation, they'll move on to something more appropriate."

"How do we do that?" Stacey asked.

"Well, in my case, I could try to avoid hugs, when Connor and I are alone together," she suggested, "And when it comes to Charlie, well, maybe you could try locking your door at night."

"Good idea. I don't know if he'll try it again, but if he does, having the door locked will certainly keep something like that from happening again."

"Let's pray," Tina suggested. "If there was ever a time we needed God to give us wisdom and strength, it's now."

"Do you wanna lead us this time?" Stacey asked, taking her friend's hand.

"Sure.. God, we ask your forgiveness for the mistakes we've made. We've allowed our son's extraordinary good looks...large sex organs...and bountiful sperm-supply to lead us into temptation. We ask you to give us strength to resist their charms and be the wholesome, exemplary mothers you'd like us to be, amen."

"Amen." Stacey said.

Once she got home and put the baby down for a nap, Stacey found herself trying on different outfits. It wasn't until the third set of clothing that she realized she was doing it with her son in mind, as if subconsciously wondering which outfit he would approve of the most. "WhatamI doing?Thisisrediculous,"she thought.

She decided to just go with the one she had on, which was a pair of snug gray yoga pants and a cute cami top. Stacey moved to her vanity and glanced at the clock. "Ahalf-houruntilhe's home,"she thought. She applied a little make-up, a couple sprays of sweet perfume and fluffed her pretty dark hair.

James walked through, hot and sweaty from mowing the grass outside. He gave his wife a wolf- whistle. "Look at you! Meeting someone for a hot date?" he asked.

"No, of course not," she giggled, "just thought I'd make a little extra effort in looking pretty for you today."

"Aww, babe, you look pretty every day," James said, starting the shower. "Thanks, so...I guess no lovemaking today," she commented sadly.

"Yeah sorry. Maybe we could lock ourselves in here tomorrow, while the baby's napping," James suggested.

"Maybe," she said, but with children at home it was highly unlikely.

Stacey sat on the edge of the bed and put on a pair of sexy four-inch heeled sandals, completing her outfit..She knew deep down that "looking pretty" for her husband's benefit was a lie. She had captured another set of eyes in the house and figured there was really no harm in looking her best for Charlie when he arrived home.

****

"Wow, Mom, you look great today?" Charlie said after he walked in the door. "Are you saying I look bad the other days?" Stacey joked.

"No, when it comes to YOUR looks, there is no such thing as a bad day." "Goodness, thank you honey," the hot mother blushed.

Charlie noticed the cami top had a deep neckline, allowing more cleavage than he was used to seeing exposed for his viewing pleasure.

At dinner the boy simply couldn't take his eyes off his gorgeous mom and her sexy choice of attire. Several times during the usual dinner-time banter, Stacey and Charlie's eyes would meet and linger for a few magical moments, before looking away.

After the meal, James excused himself to get ready for work and the children scattered, leaving Charlie alone in the kitchen with his mother. "How did you like dinner, honey?" the mother asked.

"Delicious," the teen answered, staring straight at her creamy tan cleavage.

She smiled sweetly. "Well it must have been. Your plate looks like it's been licked clean," she said. She stood from table and leaned over, taking his plate. "Nope, wait, you missed a spot,"

she said, the extended her thick tongue from her mouth and took a long wet lick across his plate.

The boy looked on in wide-eyed fascination. From his vantage-point, he could see every detail of the erotic lick, with her dangling tit-cleavage centered perfectly in the background.

"There, now it's clean," Stacey said with a cute giggled, then took their plates to the sink.

"THATwashot!"Charlie thought, watching his mom sashay towards the sink. Her gray yoga- pants fit like a second skin over her meaty mommy-buttocks, allowing the teen to observe every every jiggle of her undulating ass cheeks.

While his mother usually looked great, tonight she looked especially ravishing. The sharp CLICK..CLICK..CLICK of her dainty heels drew Charlie's eyes to her sexy little feet. They were arched in a displayed manner in her sandals, which consisted of just a thin strap crossing her foot, just above her painted toes.

The boy reached down and squeezed the hardening muscle protruding from his lap. His newborn sister began crying from her baby seat, distracting him.

"Oh honey, would you mind holding her while I finish up these dishes?" Stacey asked.

"No problem mom," Charlie said, standing up, lifting his baby sister from her seat and rocking her in his arms.

Stacey peered over nonchalantly and wasn't surprised to find a bulge pushing Charlie's shorts out obscenely. "Certainlynosurprisethere.Idon'tknowhowhecouldpossiblyhidethatthing," she thought.

After finishing up a little cleaning she stepped over to her two children and smiled sweetly. "She's hungry," Stacey commented, looking at her baby. Her next words carelessly left her mouth before she could stop herself. "You're dinner"s in Mommy's bra, isn't it sweetheart," she said to her little-one.

Charlie's cock flexed in his shorts. He secretly wished he could feast on her tits as well.. Stacey inwardly chided herself. "Dumbthingtosay,Stacey!Reallydumb!"

"Would you mind bringing her up to the nursery, honey, so I can feed her," she asked her son. "Not at all mom."

Charlie wasn't sure why she asked him to do this, since she could have just taken the baby herself, but he certainly wasn't complaining. Following his Mom through the house gave him a chance to admire that hot swaying ass some more.

"Rooms need to be clean before bedtime, I mean it," the mother shouted to her other children as they passed their rooms.

Charlie followed her into the nursery and stood there as his mom readied her items for nursing.

"Ok,nowtakethebabyandsendhimonhisway,"she thought, "Thisisn'tthetimeortheplace foraboy'scuriouseyes."

Rather than listen to her righteous inner-side, Stacey peeled her cami top off without hesitation.

"Wow,wow,WOW!!"the teen silently exclaimed. His mom had on a sexy white maternity bra and the flesh of her milk-filled tits were

spilling out all over the place. Through the delicate floral lace, he could faintly make out the the huge dark rings of her areola.

"Ok, all set," the mother said, her eyes glued to her son crotch as she stepped towards him.

Charlie was too entranced to even notice where her eyes were. He couldn't tear his own lustful gaze from her huge bra-clad knockers, which trembled heavily as she stepped up to him and took the baby. "Thanks, honey," she said.

"Anything else I can do to help?" he asked, wanting to stick around as long as he could. "Not unless your lactating," Stacey answered with a teasing wink..

"Hold on, let me check," Charlie joked, lifting his shirt and squeezing his nipple. "Nope nothing."

Stacey laughed, letting her eyes drift all over his lean chest. "If I squeezed my nipple like that I'd have milk shooting out all over the place."

She reached down to unfasten her bra-cup, but paused for a moment. "Areyoucrazy?!Youcan't dothiswithyoursonstandingrighttherewatching,"she told herself.

She undid the clip anyway and let the enormous melon come spilling out. "Hogwash!I'mnursing ababy,notputtingonsomestrip-teaseshow.Thisisperfectlynatural.There'snothingsexual aboutitatall,"s he rationalized.

Yet her gawking boy was imagining that it was HIS mouth preparing to feast on her bounteous bosoms. Before his sister could latch on, he decided to add upon her earlier comment. "Would it really shoot out like that?"

"What?" Stacey asked, curiously looking back at him. "Your nipple. Would it really shoot out all over the place?"

She smiled, amused and intrigued by his interest. "A woman has as many as nine milk ducts surrounding her nipple, so yes, if I squeezed it, milk would would likely come squirting out in every direction," she giggled.

"Could I see that?" he bravely asked.

Stacey hesitated a moment. "Don'tbeaprude.Lactationisanaturalprocess,"she told herself.

"Thisisn'tinappropriate.It'sateachingmoment."

"Let me get your sister started with this one, then I'll show you on the other."

Charlie watched his Mom position the baby at her tit. Once she was hungrily feasting away, Stacey unfastened the other cup and the gawking teen watched the second boob bobble out

heavily. "Whoa!"he inwardly sighed, amazed at the sheer enormity of her tits.

Stacey was equally enamoured by the size of her son's cock-bulge. She knew her clitoris was abnormally fat and began to wonder if she passed these "size" genes on to her son. "James was simply left out of the equation," she thought to herself. "Charlie and I are both extremely attractive, have unusually large endowments and we both have extremely high sex-drives. We were cut from the same cloth."

The mother glanced down at the floor at her feet. "Do you wanna kneel down where you can see it better?" she asked.

The boy happily obliged, kneeling down in front of her.

Stacey's heart raced as she hefted her big tit-melon, raising it up so that her stiff fleshy nipple- nub pointed straight at him. Her areola had hardened some as well, becoming a large thick dark circle of rubbery tissue, dotted with mammary-glans.

"Ready?" she asked with a cute smile. "Yep."

Cupping her boobs, she sunk her fingers into her swollen tit-meat. Her nipple puffed up and milk began squirting out in thick streams going every direction. Some even spouted from the end, spraying on to her son's chest.

"Whoa!" the teen exclaimed.

Stacey laughed. She didn't expect to soak him. "Oh my Gosh! Sorry honey," she said. "That's ok. Man you weren't kidding. The milk really squirts out everywhere."

"Told you," Stacey said.

"Can I taste some?" he brazenly ask.

Stacey's clitoris tingled. She looked towards the doorway, hoping her husband didn't walk by and see both her tits out. "Honey, the milk is for the baby and that really wouldn't be too appropriate," she replied.

"I understand," the boy said in a disappointed tone. "Dang, I should have just opened my mouth when you squirted it. I could have caught some."

Stacey laughed. "Try explaining that one to your father if he just happened to walk by," she said. "Yea, that might have been awkward," the teen said, standing back up.

Stacey's eyes immediately went to the erection pushing his shorts out. "Goodheavens,Icansee

theshapeofthetipbulgingout.Itmustbeincrediblyhard,"she thought.

Charlie noticed his mom checking out his bulge. He clenched his ass, making his hardon flex and stretch the fabric of his shorts even more. He was delighted to see her eyes widen and her mouth open slightly in awe. Then she glanced up at him shamefully.

"Stacey?" her husband called from down the hallway.

The mother quickly squeezed the tit she wasn't nursing with back in her bra. "Down here, honey," she answered back, then looked at her son. "Charlie, maybe you should um, head to your room for a bit," she said, glancing again at his boner, so he got the point.

"Oh, right, probably should," he muttered, then put his hands down over his hard dick in an attempt to conceal it while walking past his father.

Stacey had a conversation with her husband, but her mind was a million miles away. She had a lot of unanswered questions that secretly intrigued her.

"Exactly how large is Charlie's manhood?" "Howmanysessionsofmasturbationadaydoessuchalargemeatysexorganlikehisrequire?" "Willhevisitmyroomtosatisfyhispenisagaintonight?" "WhatifheknewIWOULDN'Twakeup.Howfarwouldhedaretogo??"

"Stacey?" her husband said, raising his voice to snap her from wonderland.

"Huh? Oh sorry, honey...I was just trying to remember something," she lied, showing a tinge of shame.

"I just asked if there was anything you needed before I left for work." "Oh, no, I think I'm good," she said with a sweet smile.

****

111: Mom's Dream Lover_2

Later that night, Stacey got a text from Tina. "Don't forget to lock your bedroom door tonight. Good luck!" it read.

"Thanks! Will do," Stacey texted back, but had no intention of locking her door at all.

"I have small children," she said out-loud as if conversing with herself, "I can't just lock myself in my bedroom. I need the door open. If Charlie comes in, I'll just have to let him know it's not appropriate."

Even though she had made this resolve, she still found herself going through her drawers to find something super-sexy to wear to bed. She decided on a black chemise with a plunging neckline and hem that fell just barely below the crotch. She showered, shaving her lovely legs and all her delicate mommy-parts.

It was nearly ten-thirty when Charlie heard a gentle tap at his door. His younger brother was already fast asleep. "Hey hon," Stacey said, poking her head in, "can I come in for a sec?"

"Sure Mom," the boy answered, putting his laptop aside.

Stacey stepped across the room on bare feet. The chemise looked absolutely stunning on her, showing off all of her silky-smooth legs. It had spaghetti straps with a long V neck, revealing huge bulging tit-cleavage.

"Wow,she'snotwearingabra!"Charlie thought. He could tell by the way her breasts jiggled and shifted about as she moved. He had

never seen her look this amazing at bedtime.

The busty mother sat on the edge of his bed and looked at him, letting her eyes linger on his bare chest a moment. "I just wanted to say goodnight and ask for a favor," she said.

"Sure."

"I've been sleeping horribly the past few nights, so I'm gonna take a sleep aid tonight, see if it helps," she explained. Then the guilt suddenly kicked in.
"OhmyGosh,you'rehorrible!You're lyingtoyourownson!her inner voice screamed. "Notonlythat,you'relyinginordertodrawhim intoyourbedroomlikeacheapwhore,sohecanhavehiswaywithyouwhilehethinksyour sleeping!"

"Oh, ok, well thanks for letting me know," Charlie said, feeling like he could let out a mighty cheer.

"Yeah, well the reason I wanted to let you know is, whenever I take those, I'm extremely out of it," she said, "I mean, a marching band could probably go by and it wouldn't even wake me up."

"Holyshit,thisisperfect!!"the teen thought.

"So if you happen to hear the baby crying, could you come in a dump a bucket of cold water on me or something," she joked.

"Really?"

She shook her head playfully. "I'm kidding of course, please don't dump water on me," she cutely begged.

Charlie giggled. "Don't worry, I won't do that. If the baby cries, I'll try to rock her back to sleep. If that doesn't work, I'll figure out some way to wake you up."

"Oh honey, you're an angel."

"Can I hug you goodnight?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. I'm your mother. Of course you can hug me goodnight," Stacey said, standing up. Charlie stood up also, displaying the boner that was lewdly tenting his boxers.

Stacey, of course, immediately hazed right at it. "Goodnessgracious,he'salwayssoharddown there!"she thought.

They embraced and her squishy boobs melted against his bare chest. Charlie let out a delighted sighed, holding their hug as long as he could.

"Goodnight, honey...and thanks again," the pretty mother said as she sashayed away. The boy loved the way his Mom's buttocks swayed when she walked. If the gown were an inch shorter, he'd get a peek at those succulent cheeks.

Stacey went to bed with her door wide open. As she lay ther, she mentally justified her actions.

"I'monlydoingthisbecauseI'mcuriousabouthowfarhe'dactuallygo,ifgive ntheopportunity,"

she thought, "OfcourseI'dstopitifthingsgottooheated."

Several times she would almost be asleep, when she'd hear a noise that would cause her eyes to pop open. It would end up being a false alarm, however, and soon she drifted off into real sleep.

Just after midnight, Charlie snuck down to his parent's bedroom. He wasn't surprised to discover his mom sound asleep, but he wondered if she was really resting as deeply as she said she would be. "Mom, are you awake?" he said, at a normal speaking level.

When he got no answer, Charlie sat on the edge of her bed. Stacey was resting on her back with the blankets pulled nearly to her neck. He shook her shoulder. "Mom?"

Stacey woke up, but didn't dare open her eyes. "It'sCharlie!He'ssittingrightnexttome,"she said to herself. "Ok,don'tmove...andwhateveryoudo,DONOTopenyoureyes."

Satisfied that his mother in a deep sleep, Charlie stood from the bed and removed his boxers. His cock was already fully hard and wagging stiffly as he crawled back onto the bed.

The boy peeled the blanket aside, uncovering his Mom's lush, half-naked body. "Holyshitthose legs...soGoddamnsexy!"he though, his heart racing with a wicked thrill. "Igottafeelthem aroundme."

Stacey trembled nervously as she felt her son hook his arms under her thighs and maneuver himself down between them. "Youshouldstopthisnow...beforeitgetsoutofhand,"she thought.

Before she knew it, her boy was settled on top of her, crushing his hard cock against her panty-

covered crotch. He held her lovely legs around his waist, running his hands along her smooth outer-thighs. She could hear his heavy excited breathing and she fought to regulate her own excited gasps.

"Soo beautiful," she heard her son softly mutter, as he brought his body flat on top of hers, crushing her tits against his naked chest.

Stacey's heart was racing. She felt like a virgin preparing to be taken for the first time all over again. She tightened her naked legs in an anaconda grip around her son's hips, making him freeze cautiously for a moment.

"BestillStacey!"she screamed inside, sensing that her son was watching her face for any signs of her waking.

Charlie wedged his face between her chin and shoulder, planting tender kisses on her neck, while setting his hips in motion. "OhhnoCharlie,notmyneck.Pleasedon'tdothis!"she thought. Her neck was major pleasure-spot for her and she knew her son kissing it would break down what little defences she had.

The boy's huge hardon was right on target, the underside wedged between the puffy outer folds of Stacey's labium, with only the thin panty-fabric separating them. The mother bit her bottom lip, feeling the hard cock-muscle dig against her genitals. "OhhmyGoodness!"the mother's mind swirled lustfully. "OhhmyGoodness,itfeelssobigandpowerful!

Charlie snarled in fuck-lust, his hands still gripping Stacey's strong mommy-thighs, while he dry- humped his cock against the gates of paradise. He ran his hands up her hips, underneath her bunched-up chemise and along her smooth midriff.

"He'sgoingformyboobs!"Stacey told herself. "Ishouldstartmovingaround.Thishasgonefar enough...toofarinfact."

Charlie's hands slipped up onto his Mom's massive mammaries . He was amazed at how easy this was. Her body was showing no resistance whatsoever and very little movement for that matter. "AndherlegsarestillsqueezedaroundmeandI'mnotevenholdingthemthere.That's incredible!"he thought.

He sighed delightfully as his hands sunk in to the warm dough-like flesh of Stacey tits. "Her nipplesarehard!Soohard!"he excited thought as he squeezed and pulled at her giant jugs.

He settled all his weight on her, sinking into her soft curvy body, rocking his hips in a faster rhythm, really digging his boner against her with everything he had. "Ohhhshit,Iwannafuckher soGoddamnhard!"his horny mind screamed.

Stacey's body trembled with arousal from her son's aggressive humping. "OhhpleaseGod,help me!"her mind cried out. "DamnyouJames,thisisyourfault!Awifeshouldneverbeleftinher

bedalone!"

Her big marital bed rocked and creaked from the power of her son's grinding humps. "OhhhGod, sooofuckingsoooft!"the boy's brain whimpered, thrilled at the feel of Stacey's voluptuous body and the way he was able to just lay into it, without her showing the slightest signs of life.

The mother could feel her twat becoming a juicy grotto of pleasure. Every scrape her boy's boner against her hot engorged clitoris was sending waves of pleasure coursing through her big titted body. "Thisiswrong!WhatamIdoing?!Thisissooowrong!"he mind screamed, yet she made no attempt to stop it.

Charlie brazenly humped at his mom's lush body, feeling his cock throb excitedly as dug through her pussy-crease.

Stacey struggled to contain her gasp as Charlie forcefully rolled them over, so he was now on bottom. She planted her knees astride his humping hips, keeping her full weight against him, doing her best to remain completely limp.

"Hejustflippedmeoverontopofhimlikearagdoll!"she excitedly thought. "Goodgrief,heis justsooostrong!"

"Ohhhyeah!" the boy sighed, clutching onto his mother, feeling her huge bobbling boobies jiggle all over him through the thin chemise, while he pumped his prick up against her smothering cunt.

She felt her son's hands lifting the gown up, over her tits, forcibly shedding it from her body.

"What'shedoing?!OhmyLord,he'sgettingmenaked!"the mother's brain panicked.

Stacey's huge bare-tits joggled all over the boy. The spongy softness of her tit-meat felt amazing to him, making his boner flex even harder against her pussy-mound. "Holyshit,I've neverfelttitslikethis!"he thought.

The milk that trickled from her nipples and smeared again his chest reminded him of the feast that was contained inside these massive mommy-mounds. "IWANNASUCK!"

He slid her chest up onto her face and latched his lips around one of her big pink nipples. The first hungry suck resulted in a mouth full of sweet nectar. "Mmmnnfff!" the boy mewled, lashing his wet licker up and down across the rubbery flesh of her engorged papilla, as his face sunk deeper into the meaty flesh of her boob.

Stacey nearly squealed in delight. She clenched her toes and began to pant heavily out her nostrils. The pleasure Charlie was giving her cunt and now her nipple was driving her absolutely insane. "Oohhplease,Charlie!Ohhhgoodgrief,you'retoogoodatthishoney!"her b rain pleaded.

Warm tit-milk poured from a half-dozen milk ducts around Stacey's thick tumescent nipple as her son sucked and lapped and swallowed like a starving infant. "OhhhmyGod,thisis amazing!!"his young horny brain exclaimed, continuing to plow his prick up against her

smothering cunt.

"Notnow!!!Pleasenotnow!!!"Stacey silently cried out, as she felt a hot juicy climax rise toward a peak.

Unless she faked waking up, she would continue to be putty in her son's hands. She knew if she came she would shake and scream out, making it apparent that she was not unaware at all, but faking her

slumber. "Goodgrief,getaholdofyourself!Youneedtostopthisrightnow!" the angel on one shoulder told her.

However, the devil on the other shoulder had other plans. "Justalittlelonger!Yourhusband nevergivesyouthistypeofpleasure.Youknowyou'relovingit!"

"Yesss!"Stacey answered, carried away in heated passion by the feel of Charlie's big hot cock- muscle plowing away at her dripping crotch.

The angel on her shoulder made one final stand. "Noo,you'renotlovingthis!You'reamarried womanStacey...awholesomemother,notsomewhoreforyourson,"the angel reminded her.

"Muststop!"Stacey reluctantly told herself, feeling as though she could explode in orgasm at any moment. If she didn't put an end to this now, she might lose all inhibition and let her son fuck her senseless.

Just as she were about to fake waking up, Charlie tossed her over onto her back. The mother's hefty tit-mounds wobbled heavily back and forth from the force of her landing on her back.

"What'shedoingnow??"she excitedly asked herself.

Charlie grabbed the hem of her tiny black panties and savagely pulled them down her shapely legs.

"Charlieno!Notmypanties!!Wecan't!"he inner voice screamed.

The boy tugged them completely off, then grabbed her slender ankles, pulling her legs apart in a wide scissoring spread. Like a sex-crazed animal, his tongue hung from his mouth lustfully, while staring at the splayed folds of Stacey's pussy.

"I'mgonnafuckher!I'mgonnafuckmom!" he thought with horny resolve.

The teen crawled forward, his big eager dick wagging and throbbing with anticipation. He cupped her pussy and dug his fingers down inside her juice-slickened coral slit.

"Ohhhman,she'ssowetandready!"he thought.

Stacey clenched her eyes and gritted her teeth, feeling her son's fingers rubbing the big fleshy nub of her clitoris. "OHHHDEARGOD,THATFEELSSOOOOGOOD!!"her mind screamed.

She peeked her eyes open slightly and peered down to see her teen positioning himself between

her legs. His large boy-spear was pointed straight at her pussy. It was so hard that the foreskin was pulled all the way back, exposing Charlie's big purple knob. The slit of his meatus drooled a big dollop of precum and it lowered from his knob like the drool of a hungry dog.

"Goodheavens!Hispenislookslikeitcouldsplitmeinhalf!"she lustfully thought.

Such a lewd, yet thrilling site made Stacey's heart about leap out of her chest. Just when she thought she couldn't get any more turn-on, her teen grabbed one of her sexy feet and brought it to his mouth, stoking his dick while he sucked on her big toe.

"Wow!Wheredidhelearntodothat??"she silently exclaimed, nearly cumming on the spot.

"Mmmm,Mom'sprettylittlefeet.Sofuckingsexy!"the boy thought, rolling his tongue around her toe. "I'mgonnakeepthemhookedaroundmewhileIpoundthejuiceoutofhercunt!"

Charlie bent her knees way back, level with her shoulders, bowing open her smooth thighs and lowering himself between them.

Stacey felt the fat flaring head of his prick prod at her pussy, trying to get lined up with the juicy mouth of her vagina. It bumped her swollen clitoris, making her body tremble internally. "Thisis wrong!Dosomething!!"her indecisive brain screamed.

Rather than fake waking up, Stacey heaved her big jugs upward, pressing her arms against the sides, making them squeeze together. Her erect nipples puffed up and long trickles of breast milk began spraying from the tips of her mammaries. "I'lldistracthim,"she thought.

Distract him she did. Charlie froze and gazed down at the big milk-fountains. His eyes widened, mesmerized at the numerous ropes of spraying breast-milk. He licked his lips lustfully, watching some of the sweet white nectar flow down into the enormous canyon between her boobs.

"Ohh yes!" he hissed out-loud, climbing up and straddling his Mom's torso. He clutched her boobs along the spongy sides and speared his cock between them.

"Oohhh,Goddamn!!"the boy's horny brain groaned, feeling his erection glide through the warm soft pocket of tit-meat.

Stacey peeked out her slitted eyelids and found herself face to face with her teen's huge shiny knob. It repeatedly peeked from her smothering cleavage as he fucked her tits steadily.

"He'sstillenjoyingmybody,butthisisthelesseroftwoevils,"she thought, justifying her actions.

Her eyes studied his cock-knob dreamily, each time it made it's appearance. "It'sjustsobigand beautiful,"she confessed.

Many times when the boy reared his cock back, the fat knob would slip back into the surrounding sheath of his foreskin. Then, on that forward thrust his glans penis would expand out fully, his huge shiny tip nearly poking his Mom in the face.

"Ohhhh!" she heard her son sigh in delight.

She peeked at his drooling piss-slit, knowing that his milky seed would soon be squirting her directly in the face. "Maybethisismyplaceinlife,"she thought. "PerhapsthisiswhatGod wantsforme.Maybethisiswhatheintendedforallmotherstobe.Tobirth,toraiseand nurtureourboys...andtobevesselsofsexualpleasureforthem,tokeepthemfromengaging girlshisownageinpremaritalintercourse."

Charlie pressed his Mom's tits together even tighter, creating greater friction around his cock.

Slick with breast-milk, his meaty member fucked her snug cleavage like a pussy. The fatty outer layer of breast-meat moulded around the contours of his plunging pink boner, causing his sensitive nerve-endings to sizzle exquisitely.

"Ohhhyesss!" the boy moaned.

His knob had just disappeared back into her tit-crease, when Stacey saw a big gob of bubbling spunk spout out from between her boobs. She knew she was about to get her face painted. "Herewego!"she thought, with an anxious thrill.

Sure enough, her son's peter-tip popped out and sent a big milky rope right across her lips.

"Ohhggff!" Charlie whimpered. He tried to time the pulses of ejaculate so that he could get as much cum on his Mom's pretty face as possible.

Stacey was amazed by the amount that her son was squirting on to her. Rope after rope of hot boy jizz was splashing against her face, coating her with ball juice. "Soooomuch!!"her mind swirled. "Howcantherebesomuch?!"

The site and smell and feel of her boy's baby-batter squirting onto her face made her cunt erupt into it's own mind-blowing orgasm. It was all she could do to keep her face from grimacing in pleasure.

The climax shot through Stacey's body like an electric current. Her sexy little feet pointed down, her painted toes spreading apart as her legs trembled violently. Luck for her, Charlie was still busy milking his own organ between her tits to even notice.

Once they had both settled down from their mutual orgasms, Charlie looked down at her cum- plastered face in a panic. "Ohshit,Ican'tleavethismess.Igottacleanherupandgether dressed,"he thought.

It was quite the feat and he was amazed she hadn't woken up from it, but he managed to get her face wiped off and night-clothes back on.

"He'ssosweet!"his mother thought. "Ican'tbelievehe'stakingthetimetomakethingsexactly thewaytheywere ."

****

"What if God wants us to have sex with our sons?" Stacey asked Tina, the next morning as they had coffee.

Tina looked at her like she was completely crazy. "You didn't lock your door last night, did you?" she asked.

"Charlie and I DID NOT have intercourse."

"Ok, so what DID you do?" Tina asked, raising an eyebrow. "Well...I didn't do anything, but Charlie, he..."

Stace, if you did nothing, then you did something. You let him have his way with you, didn't you?" Tina asked.

"Yes. I mean...no. Well, sort of," Stacey stammered. "What did he do?"

Even in front of her best friend, Stacey seemed a tad embarrassed. "He put his penis between my breasts and sprayed his ejaculate onto my face."

Tina burst out laughing.

"What? Why are you laughing?" Stacey asked. "No, seriously...what happened last night?"

Stacey said nothing, just shook her head and rolled her eyes.

Tina suddenly got a serious look. "Oh my Gosh, you're serious, aren't you?"

"Of course I'm series. If I hadn't distracted him with my boobs, he would have done a lot worse." "Ok, but how long before it is 'a lot worse'...tonight, tomorrow night?" Tina asked.

"What if this is God's will?" Stacey suggested. "Come again?"

"What if God wants us to help our sons this way. Our boys have needs...and they're not suppose have sex before marriage. What are they suppose to do?"

"Ok, but having sex with US kinda falls under that "sex before marriage" category, doesn't it?"

"It's not really the same though. We're their mothers. Maybe God not only wants us to provide for them in every way, but in...EVERY

SINGLE WAY," Stacey explained.

"Stace, I don't remember reading about that anywhere in the bible."

"Well, that's not true. I mean, maybe it wasn't taught, but Eve was the first woman. Doesn't that mean she would have had sex with her son to populate the earth?" Stacey said, grasping at straws.

Tina giggled. "I doubt that's how it worked. Besides, even if it did, that was a gazillion years ago, over in the Middle-East somewhere. Those rules don't apply today."

"How do we know they don't," Stacey asked. "Maybe it's one of our duties as a mother to be vessels of pleasure for our sons?"

"Vessels of pleasure?"

"Yes, a sort of...sexual surrogate, until they're married."

Tina sighed, shaking her head. "Even if it were God's will, do you really think it would fly with our husbands?" she said. "There's no way James would let you have sex with Charlie."

Stacey shrugged her shoulders. "We're making sacrifices. Maybe our husbands will just have to make sacrifices also."

Tina smiled. "Yeah, well, let me know how that turns out," she joked. "I'm worried enough about my husband finding out that I sucked Gabe's penis."

"Wait, what? When did you suck on Gabe? I thought he was just feeling you up?"

"About an hour ago, after his father left, Gabe put his hand in my panties, like he normally does," Tina explained, "then, out of nowhere, he grabbed my shoulders and pushed me down to my knees in front of him."

"Did he force you to suck on him?"

Tina looked at her bestie a bit shamefully. "No...not exactly." Stacey sighed. "And you weren't gonna tell me this?" she asked. "I just did, didn't I?"

There was a short pause in the conversation as they each reflected on their own transgressions. "Your theory makes sense, or else why would something so wrong feel so right?" Tina said.

"Maybe it's because it just simply IS right and we've been falsely seeing it as wrong this whole time."

****

Charlie was still flabbergasted that he was able to pull off what he did last night without his mom waking up. His only regret was not fucking her, even though the experience of fucking his Mom's mammoth tits and blowing his wad all over her pretty face WAS pretty damn incredible.

"Mom, are you home?" he shouted, arrive back from school. "In the nursery honey," he heard her say.

The boy knew it was another free pass to see her boobs, maybe even get squirted with tit-milk again. He went upstairs and stopped in the nursery doorway.

"How did school go?" Stacey asked.

Charlie was surprised to see her draped in only a tiny white towel, her smooth lovely legs on full display. "Good, um, just the normal stuff.' he said.

She caught him gawking at her body. "Sorry, I was about to take a shower, but your sister needed changed," she lied.

"That's ok, it's not like your naked or anything."

"True, only about eighty-five percent naked," she joked, making them laugh. "That's ok, I don't mind," the boy confessed.

"Why IS that?"

"Why is what?" he asked, even though he thought he knew what she meant. "Why don't you mind seeing me eighty-five percent naked?

"Oh, um...well, that sort of thing really doesn't bother me I guess."

"I see," she said, then flashed him a flirty little smile, "so it's not because you think I'm hot?"

Charlie was caught off guard. He'd never really had a conversation with his mother like this, but of course it excited him. "I do think you're hot," he blushed.

"Well, you certainly thought I was hot in the dream I had last night." "Dream?" he nervously asked.

"Yeah, it was quite the steamy one," Stacey said. "I had a dream that you and I were alone in my bed."

"Oh, um...what were we doing?"

His mom fed him the naughtiest look he'd ever seen from her. "Do you really wanna know?" she asked.

"Sure," the boy muttered, his heart pumping fast.

Stacey turned towards him, placing her hands on her hips. Her boobs ballooned outward, her stiff nipples clearly visible through the towel. "First we were kissing..." she said, slowly stepping towards him, "then we started undressing each other..."

Charlie's dick was now at full mast, tenting his shorts out. He listened with excitement as his mom continued speaking, slowly closing in on him.

"Once we were naked, you crawled between my thighs and bent my knees back," Stacy said in a seductive manner, then she paused just in from of him, "then we had some VERY intense sexual intercourse."

"Wow," Charlie muttered, with a slight look of guilt, but he was mostly aroused. Stacey smiled, staring into his eyes. "Good thing it was just a dream huh?" "Yeah, good thing."

"It was probably just those sleeping pills I took. I heard they could give people crazy dreams," she said, "but they worked well, so I'm definitely taking more of them tonight. I might even double the dose."

Charlie cheered inside. "Yess!Musictomyears,"he thought. "I"mdefinitelygonnabeballsdeep inMom'spussytonight."

She stared him in the eyes, her lips curling into a mischievous grin. "I guess I should be prepared for more of those naughty dreams right?"

"At least you'll have a good night's sleep," her son reminded her.

"Ha,Ihaven'thadagoodnight'ssleepsinceyourfatherstartedthoseovernights.Partlyyour fault,youngman,butmostlyyourfathers.Husbandsshouldneverleavehornywivesunattended, she thought. "Thankgoodnessfornaps."

"Well, I should probably feed your sister," Stacey said, looking back at the squirming infant in the crib. "Hungry girl needs Mommy's nipple."

While her head was turned, Charlie peered down at her massive cleavage. The towel looked like

it could pop off her body at any moment and he wished it would. He got his wish, but it didn't fall off accidentally. Stacey reached up, untied her covering, then lowered it and tucked it around

her waist.

"Holyfuck!"Ryan inwardly exclaimed, his mouth falling open as he found himself staring at his Mom's huge naked tits.

"I hope you're not embarrassed watching me nurse," Stacey said, walking over and picking the baby up. "It's a natural thing, so there's no shame in it. Besides, with the towel's tied at my waist I'm still only eighty-five percent naked," she said with a wink.

Charlie smiled. "That's true."

The boy would have been perfectly content standing there with an obvious boner, watching her nurse, but then his dad walked in. "Whoa! What is this a topless bar in here?" James said.

Stacey giggled. "We were just talking while I nurse the baby."

James glanced at his wife's huge naked knockers as she sat down in the rocker. "Maybe when your top's on would be a better time for a discussion, you think?" he said.

"James, I'm nursing. Don't try to make this into something inappropriate," his wife chided.

"Stacey, there's a difference between carefully slipping your breast out of your clothes and being full-on topless. Charlie doesn't need to see that."

Stacey scowled, "Ha, neither do you apparently. You haven't paid attention to them in days."

Feeling awkward, Charlie slowly crept to the door, doing his best to conceal his boner from his father's view. "I think I'm gonna go outside for a bit."

When he was gone, James glared at his wife. "I know this shift is an adjustment for everyone, but I told you, we'll try to find some times to be intimate during the day," he said.

"How?! James, we have five kids who are all over this house during the day," Stacey said, "the time for intimacy is at night, but obviously that was the farthest thing from your mind when you committed to that shift."

James frowned in guilt. "Honey, I'm sorry. I can't back out of the shift now. I'm a manager, so those workers would get into all sorts of mischief at night without a supervisor there."

"Fine!Well,guesswhat,you'rewifeandsonaregettingintoallsortsofmischiefatnightwhile you'renotHERE,butyouhaveonlyyourselftoblame,"she thought.

"How 'bout we get you mother to watch the kids at her place this weekend," James suggested, "We'd have the house all to ourselves."

Stacey faked a smile. "Sounds like it could be fun," she muttered.

"And will you please do me a favor?" James asked. "Will you tell Charlie to stay out of here while you're nursing. He doesn't need to see your boobs."

Stacey inwardly giggled. "Wouldn'tyoufreakoutifyouknewhehadhishardpenisthrusting betweent heseboobslastnight,"she thought.

Later that evening Charlie was getting a drink from the kitchen when he heard a voice behind him. "Nice butt."

He turned to see his Mom standing in the doorway checking him out. He couldn't believe what she was wearing. "Holyfuckingshit!"his brain exclaimed.

Stacey was standing there in a sexy pose, wearing only a black transparent lingerie robe and nothing else. Her huge breast were clearly visible through the thin mesh and jutted out obscenely. Even her crotch was bare, revealing the V of her mons. She was thrilled by the way her son was soaking in her nearly naked displayed. "You said you didn't mind seeing me eighty- five percent naked, so I figured you wouldn't mind seeing me ninety-five percent naked either," she said with a flirty giggle.

Charlie didn't realize his mouth was hanging open as he shook his head. "I don't mind at all. A hundred percent would be even better."

"Would it now?" she asked, gazing him in the eyes.

"Yeah, but I'm not gonna press my luck," hs said, making Stacey laugh.

"Well, never be afraid to press your luck," she said, subtly trapping her boobs between her arms and making them balloon outward. "When you do, you never know what might happen."

"I'll try to remember that," the boy said.

"So, I'm going to bed and I'm doubling up on those sleeping pills. So if your sister wakes up..." "I can handle it, Mom. You just focus on your rest."

She smiled warmly, then stepped towards him.

Charlie swallowed hard, glancing down at the huge tit-mounds that bobbled just beneath the see

-through robe. The Lynda Carter look-alike placed her hands against his upper chest, gently stroking him while gazing at him with those alluring eyes. "You're a sweetheart, you know that?"

"Thanks," he blushed.

"Do you know what I want more than anything?" she asked lovingly.

"What?"

She brought her lips to his ear, pressing her squishy jugs against his bare chest. "To see you in my dreams again tonight," she seductively whispered, making the boy's heart skip a beat.

She kissed his cheek, then sashayed away. The site of her naked buttocks swaying seductively beneath the lingerie-robe made him so fucking aroused he could hardly stand it.

****

Waiting until it was a safe time to sneak into her room was the hardest thing Charlie had ever done. He wanted so badly to beat his dick to what he had just witnessed in the kitchen, but decided to wait it out and fuck her with every ounce of energy he had.

Stacey also grew restless from waiting. She had no doubt in her mind that she'd be getting screwed silly tonight and the anticipation was killing her.

"ItGod'swill,"she told herself. "Mydivinepurposeistoprovidepleasureformyson."

Her phone chimed and she read a message from her husband. "Love you so much. Can't wait for this weekend!"

She didn't as answer it. At that moment, she could care less about the weekend, or her husband for that matter. All her thoughts were on tonight and the royal fucking she was about to receive from her son.

"IwonderhowCharliewilltakeme?Missionary?Doggy-syle? No,probablynotdoggy.I'dhaveto beabletoholdmyselfup.Can'tdothatifI' msupposetobesleeping,"she thought.

Charlie finally crept out of bed around midnight and made his way to his parent's bedroom. The door was wide-open. "Wide-open,justlikeMom'slegswillbesoon,"he excitedly thought.

He closed her door behind him. One thing he hadn't considered before was one of his younger sibling walking in and catching him. "Thatwouldbebad!"he thought.

He looked down at his Mom's pretty face as she slept and the form of her body beneath the covers as he removed his boxers, releasing his rock-hard cunt-splitter. "Timetofuckher!"he anxiously thought.

The boy peeled back the cover and just as he thought she was completely naked.

Stacey breathed heavily out her nose, trying to keep her composure as she felt her son crawl onto the bed with her. "Thisisit.Herehecomes!"she thought, curious to know exactly what his

first move would be.

"Mom, are you awake," she heard him ask.

"No,I'masleephoney.Haveyourwaywithme!"Stacey said in her mind.

Charlie grasped his Mom by her ankles and bowed her sex tan legs back into a wide spread. His eyes zero'd in on her mature cunt.

"Lookatthat!"he thought, his tongue nearly hanging out.

Stacey's pussy was moist and ready. Her slippery cunt lips were wantonly unfurled and her son gazed up into the rosy inner flesh that was glistening with the oily juices of her lust. The beautiful mother's swollen clit was protruding from its hooded cover, looking like a gleaming pink pearl just waiting to be devoured.

Needing no urging, Charlie crawled up between her widely splayed thighs. He reached down and grasped his thick fuck-shaft, then guided the big purple knob to the mouth of her vagina.

Stacey felt his thick knob starting to press between the slippery flesh of her juicy cunt lips. She could feel her horny slit stretching to accommodate the big prick that was sinking so deliciously inside of her.

"Ohhmyheavens,I'veneverhadonenearlythisbig!"she anxiously thought. "It'slikeI'mavirgin alloveragain."

"Ohhhhotdamn!"The boy's mind cheered and he shivered with rapture as he felt her soft, hot cunt closing around his hard meat, coating it with slippery fuck-oil.

"Damn,whatapussy!!his brain exclaimed, feeling his tender cock sinking deeper and deeper into the warm folds of her squeezing cuntal flesh.

"Ohhhheavenhelpme,I'veneverfeltanythinglikethisinsideme!"Stacey e xcitedly thought. The delicious pressure of Charlie's muscled erection pressing out against the stretched walls of her fuck-channel sent thrill after thrill surging through her body.

Finally reaching full penetration, the boy lay perfectly still, savoring the feel of his Mom's hot cunt-tube deliciously sheathing the length of his throbbing boner.

He gripped her outer-thighs tight, holding them around his hips, bringing all his weight down on top of her as he started fucking frantically. "I'mgonnafuckyoutothemoonandback,Mom!" the boy thought as he pounded into her.

"Ohhhhyesss!"Stacey's mind screamed, as the frenzy of her son's fucking increased. She instinctively began slamming her loins up to meet every deep thrust of his wonderful boner.

Charlie was laying it to her with long sweeping strokes, drawing back until only the tip of his prick remain in her before drilling back in. Again and again he fucked his hard meat into the scalding hotness of her juicy clinging twat, feeling his balls slapping against the soft flesh of her

luscious mommy-ass.

"Ahhhh, fuck yeaaah!" the boy audibly whimpered, clutching his Mom's thick naked buttocks.

Her huge sloshing tits were leaking all over him, applying a slick glossy layer of milk on his chest.

Her legs were still folded around him and he hammered his hips between her smooth thighs with animal-like intensity, making the bed rock and creak..

Stacey had never been fucked this wildly before. Charlie was making her marital sex with his father seem almost laughable by comparison. Her entire gorgeous body tingled and throbbed as she rose towards what she knew would be a mind-blowing climax.

"He'llknow,"she frantically thought. "I'mascreamer!WhenIorgasmhe'llknowI'mfakingthis wholething!"

Charlie increased his cunt-fucking tempo, pounding her squeezing pussy with jarring thrusts. Stacey felt his knob punching the juicy

head of her cervix, over and over, igniting nerve ending she never even knew she had. "Oohhhnoo,I'mgonnacumsoohard!"he brain screamed.

It wasn't how she wanted him to find out the he was fucking a fully conscious mother, so she made her secret known vocally.

"Yesss! Fuck me, Charlie!!" she cried out, tightening her strong legs around his humping torso.

At first the boy thought it was his imagination, but then he realized what he'd heard was his mother's actual voice. This was, however, no time to ask questions. His balls were itching for release and could feel his Mom's cunt-tube tightening up around him, a sure sign that she too was about to cum.

He fucked like his life depended on it, hammering his hardness through the juicy ribbed lining of her muscled cock-harness. "Ohhhyess, baby, I'm cuummiinnggg!!" the sexy mother sang.

The teen could feel her hot slick cuntal sheath squeezing and sucking deliciously around the meaty thickness of his swollen dong as it drilled in and out. "Ohhh God!" he cried out, feeling his knob tingle exquisitely in his Mom's juicy grip.

"Ohhh God, I love you, Mom!" Charlie groaned as big spurts of ball-juice began pouring into Stacey's juicy-burbling cunt.

"I love you, Charlie! she shouted, then squealed from the intense pleasure she was feeling.

Stacey feverishly pounded her loins up against him in the wild throes of her uninhibited orgasm. "Uuuhhggh!! Uuuunnhhgg!!" she screamed, praying she didn't wake her other children.

Slamming her hips up from the bed, she lifted him into the air with her as she was struck with the hardest cum of her life. Clinging to

the wildly bucking beauty beneath him, Charlie continued pounding his hard prick into her, letting her clutching pussy squeeze every drop of jizz from his

load.

****

When James didn't receive a text back from his wife he figured it was because she was fast asleep. Nothing was farther from the truth. In his marital bed, his wife was happily cheating on him. Stacey's knees were planted astride Charlie's hip, her thick ass-meat rippling as it beat against his crotch.

"Ohhh yess, Mom!" her boy whimpered, feeling his tender hardon thunder up and down her hot slick birthing-tube.

Most women would have loosened up after having five children, but not Stacey. Her cunt was as snug as it was when she was her son's age, but having to push so many babies out had given incredibly strong cuntal muscles. Her pink pussy-cavity squeezed up and down his muscled shaft, massaging it in a tight slick grip of rubbery ridges.

Laying under his Mom while she rode his cock provided Charlie with the most amazing view he'd ever seen. Stacey's king-sized titties leaped up and down her chest, providing quite the show.

The milk-filled melons beat heavily against her lower torso, sweet nectar dripping from her aroused teets.

The pretty mother gazed down lustfully at her boy between her wildly bouncing boobs. "Thrust your hips Charlie!" she gasped. "Meet my humps!"

The boy pushed his hips from the bed, timing his pumps so their genitals smacked together, screwing her labial lips around his cock-hilt.

"Yess! Like that. Ohhh my gosh, you're so incredible at this!" she cried out. "You think so?" Charlie panted.

"Ohhh Charlie, yess! You have the type of hard penis that women dream of!" the mother confessed, bouncing up and down tirelessly. "And the way you move your hips... wait..." Stacey said, then suddenly stopped as if remembering something.

"What?" Charlie asked.

"Charlie I saw you masturbating in your father's van, in the garage the other day." "You did?"

"Yes, you're not in trouble," she said, "I know that every boy needs a private spot to do those

things. What I noticed though was the way you were moving your hips while you stroked your penis. You were thrusting them very, VERY fast."

Charlie felt her cunt-grip quiver around his boner. "I was," he asked.

"Yes, you were. Do you think you could do that now...with me on you like this?" "Sure," the boy said with a cocky smile. "Do you want me to start doing it now?"

Stacey gulped anxiously, knowing he was about to make this amazing fuck even better. "Sure," she timidly muttered.

Charlie's hips set in motion, bobbing up and down rapidly, digging his pussy-pleaser through the deepest regions of Stacey's pussy.

"Ohhhh baby!!" his mother wailed, her entire body bouncing up and down as if she was straddling a quickly trotting horse.

"Ohh wow, mom, your tits!" the boy said in a delighted tone, watching her huge dangling jugs jiggle and quiver, milk-droplets

raining down on him.

"Ohhh Charlie, this feels sooo good!" Stacey cried, her pretty face masked in pleasure. "Come down on top of me Mom. I'll hump even faster."

His mother didn't hesitate, dropping down on top of him. Charlie threw his arms around her, peeking up from between her warm smothering cleavage. "Ohhhhyeeaah," his voice trembled as he jackhammered his prick up through her juicy cunt-hole.

This position blanketed Charlie's upper-half in pounds of meaty tit-flesh. He squeezed his hand between their humping bodies, hefting one of his Mom's boobs, maneuvering her nipple to his mouth.

"Yess! Suck me honey," Stacey cried, tightening her cunt-muscles..

"Mmnnfff!" the boy mewled, as his face sunk into her meaty tit-melon. Warm tit-nectar squirted around his licker as it danced with her fat rubbery nipple.

Even while sucking her milky tit, Charlie kept his hips moving at a rapid steady pace, making Stacey's pussy turn to cream. "Ohh! Ohhh!!! Ohhhhhhh!!" the mother's sexy voice cried out in ecstacy. "Cuuuminnngg!"

Charlie felt hot girl-cum swirl around his womb-pounding boner. Coupled with the grip of hot quivering cunt-tissue, the feel of his Mom's juicy excrement made his knob tingle and a surge of intense pleasure shot through his young body.

The boy's orgasmic cry was muffled by his Mom's big squishy boob. "Mmmnngggfff!!"

Writhing and screaming on top of him, Stacey's eyes were rolling crazily around in her head, her body wildly convulsing as she violently slammed her hips up against him, meeting Charlie's rapid

pumps, while feeling his hot boy-spunk splash against the back wall of her pussy.

Charlie kept pumping, while slurping at her tit, until he'd emptied the last of his jism into her hotly sucking slit. They lay there in a sweaty sticky heap for the longest time. When the boy's thick limp prick finally slipped out of her with an obscene POP, his mom rolled over onto her back. .

"Oh, Charlie," she sighed, a blissful expression on her lovely face. "I've never enjoyed anything as much as that."

"Neither have I," said the boy, "That was fantastic."

Stacey suddenly realized she really hadn't given him a lovers kiss yet, so she quickly rolled over so her boobies pressed against him and locked lips in a fiery French kiss. "Mmm, my Goodness, a good kisser too!" she exclaimed in a horny tone, "Is there anything you're not good at?"

The boy smiled with pride. "Sorry, I didn't mean for you to wake up earlier," he said.

Stacey's face hovered over his. "First of all, don't be sorry. I loved it and would have been extremely disappointed if I knew I slept through sex like that," she confessed. "Second, I have to be honest...I was never really asleep at all, Charlie."

The boy's face filled with shock. "Not last night either?"

"Not last night, or the night before that. I was awake for everything and I loved every second of it," she admitted.

"Really?" the boy said, trying to wrap his head around the fact that his own Mom was as in to him as he was in to her..

"Really," she said with a satisfied smile. "What girl wouldn't have loved every second of it. You're amazingly handsome and you have the longest, thickest penis I've ever seen," she said, glancing down at it.

"Thanks," the boy blushed.

She gazed him in the eyes. "You use it incredibly well too," she said with look of adoration. "Which is what had me worried and why I decided to let you use MY body for sexual pleasure."

"What do you mean?" Charlie asked.

"God wants you to save yourself for marriage honey. A boy like you will be bombarded with attractive females who'll tempt you to have sexual relations with them," Stacey explained. "By using MY body to satisfy all of your sexual urges, you'll be able to resist the harlots of this world and follow the plan God has for you."

"So this...wasn't just a one time thing?"

Stacey giggled. "Oh heavens no, honey. We'll be having sexual intercourse every night. Well, as long as you understand and agree with my reasons for us doing this," she said.

"Of course I understand and I'd be crazy not to agree mom."

"We'lll have to careful and lock the door, but I think you should start sleeping with me at night," she suggested. "That way we can have intercourse as many times a night as you feel you need."

Charlie felt like he should pinch himself. "I'mnotdreaming.Momreallywantsmetofuckher wheneverdad'snotaround.Thisisfuckingcrazycool!"he thought.

Her eyes were wide with lust. "And we can be as wild as you want. If there's something you want, just ask me."

There is actually something..." Charlie said, a little smile forming on his face.

A few minutes later he was still laying on the bed, but propped on his elbows watching Stacey's pretty head bob up and down on his crotch.

"Ohh yes, mom. You suck it soo good," the boy panted. "Mmmnn," the mom replied, her mouth packed full of cock-meat.

Charlie stared down at the beautiful mother who was sensuously licking his hard knob. The inexperienced youth was trembling like a leaf as he lay there getting head from an experienced cock-sucker. He'd heard and dreamed about blow-jobs all his life, but these were the first lips that had ever touched his prick.

His knob popped like a cork from Stacey's mouth. "Do you like this honey?" she whispered up to him, "do you like the way Mom's sucking on your meaty penis?"

"God, yes," the youth panted. "It feels fantastic."

He watched his Mom's long pink tongue fly all over his knob with expert licks. As she continued licking the sensitive head of his cock, she reached up between his legs with one hand and began caressing his big cum-bloated balls.

"Ohh yess," the boy sighed.

He feasted his eyes on her huge dangling jugs. They wobbled heavily back and forth from the motion of her vigorous sucking.

"Your large lady-pleaser is so fun to suck on honey," she whispered, momentarily pulling her lips away from his prick.

Her soft warm fingers deliciously encircled his thick, throbbing shaft as she passionately

stroked it. She could feel his huge boner throbbing madly against her palms as her talented fingers worked the tightly stretched foreskin up and down over his swollen meat.

She giggled, looking it up and down. "It makes your father's penis seem so tiny," she said.

Charlie's excitement was suddenly increased a hundred fold when Stacey's hot sucking lips closed around his knob. Then, giving him a little teasing smile, she'd deliciously tickled his sensitive knob with the tip of her tongue until she almost blew his mind.

She stroked his cock while sucking it, rolling the layer of foreskin over his knob, then worming her tongue inside the fleshy sheath, looping her licker wetly around and around his glans.

"Ohhh wow mom, I like that a lot!" he exclaimed.

"Then I'll do it alot.," she said, taking more wet licks, "that and SOOO much more."

The skill cock-sucker beat his dick into her mouth, while lashing her tongue all over the tender pink meat of his hard cock.

"Ohhh mom! Ohhh hot damn, I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

The hot spunk poured out of Charlie's meatus in big milky spurts and Susan kept sucking, determined to slurp every drop and swallow it down before stopping. She took the entire length of his lusty boner into her hot mouth.

"Ggnnff!" she gagged, but kept her lips and nose mashed into the base of his thick cock, forcing it deeper and deeper into her throat.

"Ohhhh!" Charlie wailed in delight.

Stacey tightened her lips and continued sucking and swallowing until she'd completely drained his thick manhood.

James continued working the overnight shift, but his wife was ok with that. Her dream lover shared her bed at night and their passion knew no bounds.

****

One year later, Stacey and Tina were on all-fours side by side on Stacey's bed. Their sons were positioned behind them, pounding their hard dicks through the grip of their mom's cunts.

"Have you and Charlie talked about names for the baby?" Tina asked.

Stacey rubbed her massive fully-developed baby-ball. Tina had one too. The two mother's were so big and pregnant they looked like they could give birth at any moment. Their enormous milk- swollen knockers swung wildly as the hung down.

"I like Isabella, but Charlie's not quite sold on that one yet," she said. "I'm sure he can be persuaded," Tina said with a naughty smile.

Charlie and Connor pumped their hips in perfect form, their crotches smacking wetly against the persperationed-sheened globes of their mother's meaty asses.

Their cocks were rock-hard, thundering through the juicy grip of cuntal flesh.

The boys marveled at the site of Stacey and Tina's naked bodies bent over in front of them, their huge pregnant tits wobbling, their thick peach-shaped asses rippling as they pounded back against their midsection.

"That's an awesome view right there!" Connor panted.

"You got that right!" Charlie said with a satisfied smile, giving his friend a high-five.

THE END

112: Mom's Favorite Sex Toy_1

Mom's Favorite Sex Toy

By Klrxo

"What's bothering you, Christy?" asked Tina, noticing her friend's frustration as they watched their sons play baseball.

"It's nothing important, really," Christy replied, fiddling with her glasses.

Tina raised an eyebrow. "I know that look, and it screams 'sexually frustrated'. What's going on with James?"

Christy let out a nervous laugh, feeling her cheeks redden. "He's been so focused on work lately. Our sex life is practically non-existent."

"We all have our ups and downs in the bedroom. You're not alone in that."

"I know, I try to remind myself of that. But sometimes it feels like I was just born with a high sex drive," she joked.

Tina chuckled, shaking her head. "Well, if James isn't satisfying you, maybe it's time to take matters into your own hands."

"Oh, trust me, I have."

"They do make things that can make it more interesting, you know," Tina noted.

"I don't know... I've never... you know…"

"Never used a toy?" Tina finished for her with a mischievous grin.

"I've fooled around with objects when I was younger, but never anything made for that particular purpose," Christy confessed.

"Maybe it's time to step out of your comfort zone," Tina suggested, her eyes glinting with excitement.

"You mean like…purchasing a sex toy?" Christy awkward asked.

"Exactly. If James won't satisfy your needs than why not purchase a little something to help yourself out," Tina winked, her tone encouraging and supportive.

"Alright, fine. I'll consider it," Christy agreed, trying to sound more confident than she felt.

"Great! There's a store downtown that has a wide selection of toys. We can go together this weekend and find you something that suits your fancy."

"Thanks but I think I'd rather buy online. I mean, what if I saw someone I know there?" Christy blushed, her voice barely audible.

Tina chuckled, understanding her friend's hesitation. "That's a fair concern. But don't worry, there are plenty of online stores that offer discreet packaging and shipping. I've done it myself and it's always been smooth sailing."

"That's good to hear," said Christy. "I would die if my son knew I bought something like that."

Tina brought up a website on her phone. "Here, this place is my go-to store for whenever I need a toy. They have a great selection and like I said, very discreet packaging."

Christy hesitated for a moment before taking the phone and looking at the website. "Good grief, I've never realized there were so many options. I don't know, all these fancy gadgets may not be my cup of tea."

"Then why not stick with something basic," Tina suggested, clicking on a fake penis, "like a dildo."

"Good grief, those things are huge!" Christy exclaimed, her eyes widening at the sheer variety on the screen.

Tina burst into laughter at her friend's reaction, the sound echoing across the baseball field.

"Not all of them are massive," Tina managed to say between giggles. "There are plenty of smaller options that are more beginner-friendly."

"I'll just choose a smaller one," Christy agreed. "I don't want Jim to find a fake penis in my drawer that's bigger than his real one."

"What about this one? It's seven inches," Tina suggested.

"Seven inches?!" Christy exclaimed, causing the other moms to turn and give her curious looks.

"Seven inches," she repeated, this time in a hushed tone. "That's too much."

"Come on, Christy. A seven inch penis is decent, but not overly large."

"What about this one, five-and-a-half. I think that's more James's size," Christy said, pointing to a smaller option on the screen.

"OK, but do you really think he'd be all that upset if you had a dildo that was a bit larger than him?" Tina asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Well, I would certainly be upset if he had a set of fake boobs to play with that were bigger than my real ones," Christy retorted, trying to make a joke out of it.

"What are the odds of that happening?" Tina laughed. "You have the hugest hooters out of all the women I know."

Christy blushed and chuckled, appreciative of Tina's honesty and support. "Okay then, I'll go with the six-inch one. It's slightly bigger than Jim, but not by much."

"Perfect!" Tina exclaimed. "I think that size will be a great starting point."

"Starting point?"

"Well, yes, most women start with something around that size and then work their way up to find their perfect fit," Tina clarified.

"I think six inches will work just fine for me."

"I said that once too," Tina chuckled, "then I ended up with a foot long monster that could knock over a small child."

"A foot long?!" Christy exclaimed, her eyes widening in disbelief.

"Yeah, it was a bit excessive, but it was still fun." Tina winked. "But like I said, start small and work your way up. Who knows, you might surprise yourself."

As the players sprinted off the field, Logan and Quinn's moms, Christy and Tina, were waiting for them with open arms. Both of the

boys embraced their proud moms in tight hugs, lifting them off the ground with their strong, muscular arms. "Way to go out there!" exclaimed Christy as she hugged Logan tightly against her soft, curvy body. Her plump nipples tingled involuntarily at the scent of sweat and pheromones radiating from her son's hardworking body.

"Undefeated again this season," bragged Logan, squeezing his mom even tighter.

Meanwhile, Quinn was already thinking ahead to post-game celebrations. "Can we stop for burgers on the way home?" he asked eagerly. Christy and Tina exchanged a knowing glance and smiled. It was an away game and they all had a long ride back home so stopping for some well-deserved burgers sounded like a great idea.

"That can definitely be arranged," replied Tina with a grin.

"We need some sex advice," Quinn stated as he and Logan sat in the backseat of the minivan on the way home.

"Sex advice?" Tina asked, sharing a nervous glance with Christy as she drove.

"Yeah," Logan chimed in. "Quinn thinks you should give a girl one orgasm during sex, but I think you should aim for three."

Tina glanced back at the boys in the rearview mirror as she spoke. "If a guy can give a girl at least one orgasm, that's more than most men can do," she commented.

Logan, sitting next to his mom, chimed in. "But why settle for just one when you could give her three and make her feel even more satisfied?"

His mom chuckled and turned to smile at him. "There's no set number, honey. Every girl is different, so it's important to

communicate during a sexual encounter. Don't be afraid to ask your partner what they like."

Logan then asked his mom, "How many do you like to have?"

The two moms shared a slightly embarrassed laugh. "I said to ask your date during a sexual encounter, not your mom on a car ride," Christy playfully scolded.

Tina then volunteered, "Personally, one intense orgasm is enough for me, but I wouldn't turn down the possibility of having three or even more if my husband was capable of delivering them."

Not wanting to come across as uptight, Christy followed Tina's lead and shared her thoughts. "I agree with Tina," she said, glancing at

Logan. "Having one satisfying orgasm is great, but if your father can give me more than that, I won't complain."

Logan didn't hesitate to ask for more details. "Does he though?"

Christy blushed and looked at Tina before answering. "That's a conversation between a husband and wife, sweetie."

Tina jumped in again. "It all depends on how much effort my husband puts into it. If he's just being lazy, I'll only have one orgasm. But when he puts in the work, three is definitely achievable."

Christy felt obligated to share her own experiences with Logan. "It's similar with your father. If he takes his time and focuses on my pleasure, then yes, multiple orgasms are possible. But if he's in a rush, I'll be lucky to have just one."

"What's the most you guys have ever had?" Quinn asked, addressing both mothers.

Tina and Christy exchanged a knowing smile, amused by their sons' curiosity. "I've had six," Tina answered, "but it wasn't with your father, unfortunately."

"You cheated on dad?" Quinn inquired.

"No, I didn't cheat. I had a life before I met your father, you know."

"What about you, mom?" Logan eagerly awaited her response.

Christy hesitated slightly before answering honestly, feeling a bit awkward talking about this in front of her son. "There was one time where I had quite a lot, but that was when I was younger and more adventurous," she admitted.

"How many is 'quite a lot?' I'm just curious."

"Sweetie," she chuckled at his persistence. "It was a considerable amount, trust me, but it was before I even met your dad."

"More than ten times?"

"Yes, more than that," she replied with a smile.

"More than twenty?!" Logan's curiosity continued to grow.

"If you must know, it happened twenty-six times, but those types of experiences are extremely rare," she shared, her heart racing at the memory.

Logan's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wow, that's... a lot," he muttered, starting to understand the significance of his mother's past. "Was this just some guy you were dating?"

"Yeah, Christy, please share," Tina urged, glancing back at her through the mirror with interest.

"I was only 22 years old at the time," she answered with a slight blush. "My friend and I were on vacation at a Mediterranean resort where we met two very attractive and well-endowed young men at the local beach."

"And then what happened?" her son pressed on.

"And then what do you think happened, honey?" She giggled. "Do I really need to say anything else?"

"Did you have sex with both of them?"

"Yeah, did you guys switch off?" Quinn added with a smirk.

"I'm not going into details, boys," Christy giggled coyly. "I'll just say there were many long, passionate hours filled with sweat and tears."

"Tears?" Logan questioned, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Yes, tears. But not all tears are from sadness, honey. Some can be brought on by moments of intense pleasure," Christy explained with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Twenty-six moments to be exact," said Logan, unable to hide his surprise.

"Like I said, it was a rare and unforgettable experience. Those two young men were clearly some type of sexual prodigies and my girlfriend and I just happened to be at the right place at the right time," Christy concluded smugly. The memory of that wild day still sent shivers down her spine.

"Wow, that's a high bar to reach," Logan exclaimed. "Now I feel like I have to make a girl orgasm twenty-six times every time we have sex."

Both Christy and Tina burst into laughter. "Oh honey, don't put that kind of pressure on yourself," said Christy, rubbing his shoulder comfortingly. "Sex isn't just about achieving a certain number of orgasms. It's about connecting with your partner, experiencing pleasure together, and understanding each other's desires."

"I know, I know," Logan agreed, acknowledging the truth in their words with a shrug. "But you know me, I always want to be the best at everything."

"You know what," Tina interjected with a smile, "it's great that you both care so much about making your partners happy. But remember, it's not about the quantity of orgasms. It's about the quality of the experience."

Christy nodded in agreement. "Exactly, instead of focusing on a number, focus on giving mind-blowing orgasms that leave her breathless and craving more."

"Hey there, handsome husband of mine," Christy purred in a seductive tone as she appeared from their en-suite. "Do you want to have some steamy, passionate sex tonight?"

James took a moment to admire his wife in her revealing baby doll nightgown. Her ample cleavage spilled out of the V-neckline and the skirt of the gown barely grazed her hips, showing off her smooth, toned legs. "You look stunning, but I might have to take a rain check for tonight. I'm exhausted from waking up so early," he replied. "How about tomorrow instead?"

"That's what you said last night," his wife pouted, "and the night before."

James let out a sigh, feeling guilty. "I know, I know. Work has been really demanding lately and I need to catch up on sleep before the big presentation next week. But how about this: I promise to make it

up to you on Saturday. We'll go out for dinner and then come home for a long, sensual evening together."

"I suppose…whenever you can fit me into your busy schedule," she said in a dejected tone, taking off her gown, removing her robe from the hook and slipping it on.

"Oh come on, babe, it's not like that. I just need to stay focused and make sure my projects are completed on time then we can have quality time together."

Christy gave him a soft smile and leaned down to kiss him gently on the lips. "I understand. I'm gonna go down and lay on the couch for awhile," she said in a soft tone.

"Why? Aren't you coming to bed?"

"Do I really need to explain, James?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Let's just say I'm not waiting until Saturday for an orgasm. I need a little personal time."

"Oh, I see," he nodded suddenly realizing what she was up to.

It was well past midnight when Logan made his way down to the kitchen in search of a late-night snack. As he tiptoed through the quiet living room, his attention was drawn to the sound of heavy breathing coming from the direction of the sofa. Intrigued, he cautiously approached the couch which sat in the middle of the room, facing the fireplace. The sound of intense female panting only grew louder as he got closer. With a sudden realization, Logan realized it must be his mom on the sofa and he crouched down on all fours to get a better look. He couldn't see her face, but the heavy breathing gave him a pretty good idea of what she was up to.

Logan cautiously raised his head above the arm of the sofa and was met with a lascivious display of self-pleasure. Christy lay on her back, her robe haphazardly bunched up around her waist, revealing

her hand eagerly exploring beneath her panties. The sight sent Logan's heart racing as he took in every inch of her exposed body. Her cute bare feet were mere inches from his face, arched in delight with freshly painted red toenails and toes that seemed to quiver with pleasure. His eyes trailed up her smooth, bare legs, muscles flexing beneath the skin as she indulged in the sensations emanating from her clitoral nerve endings. The frantic movements of her hand beneath her dainty panties caused her unfettered breasts to sway and roll enticingly beneath the fabric of her robe. Her pretty face was contorted in ecstasy, each breath coming in quivering gasps. Logan couldn't tear his eyes away from this thrilling display, feeling his own arousal grow as he watched Christy lose herself in pleasure.

Suddenly, Christy's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she caught sight of Logan watching her. She quickly removed her hand from between her legs, sitting up and drawing her knees to her chest. "Logan, what are you doing?!" she panicked, feeling ashamed that he had just seen her in such a vulnerable state.

"I just came down for a snack and heard the breathing," he answered, his cheeks turning red from being discovered. "I just wanted to make sure you were okay."

"Yes, I'm fine. I was just..." Christy realized there was no use in lying. "Well, I think you know what I was doing."

"Why do you need to masturbate? Isn't it dad's job to give you pleasure?" Logan asked incredulously.

"Well, yes...but sometimes your father gets too tired. He's been working a lot of hours lately," she awkwardly explained. "So, sometimes wives just have to take care of business themselves."

Logan moved closer and sat next to her on the couch. "That's crazy," he uttered.

"Why is it crazy?"

Logan's voice was filled with disbelief as he spoke. "It's crazy that he has the chance to have sex and is passing it up. I mean, who would do that?"

Christy let out a tired sigh. "Your father works hard all day and comes home exhausted. When you get older and life gets busier, you'll understand." Her words were tinged with a hint of sadness.

"But why do you make excuses for him?" Logan asked.

Christy looked at him with confusion in her eyes. "Excuses? What are you talking about?"

"All this talk about his work and exhaustion, it's just an excuse not to be intimate with you. You're his wife, his partner. If he truly loved you, he would never let work get in the way of giving you pleasure."

Christy couldn't help but laugh at her son's bold statements. "Are you a sex therapist now?" she joked.

"No," Logan replied, "just someone who cares about you and wants to see you satisfied."

"That's very sweet of you, Logan," Christy said, touched by his concern, "but my sexual well-being is not something that my son should be concerned with."

"Well, dad certainly doesn't seem concerned with it," said Logan boldly pulling her foot over onto his lap to begin massaging it.

Christy was startled by his touch, but then she let out a sigh of relief. "Logan, what are you doing?" she asked, her voice a mixture of surprise and gratitude.

"Just giving you a foot massage, mom," Logan replied, looking up at her with a warm smile. "I see how stressed you are, and I want to help."

As he gently massaged her sexy foot, he placed her heel right on top of the shaft of his erection as it bulged from beneath his underwear. "That does feel good, honey, but I don't know if this is too appropriate," said Christy.

"It's a foot massage. What's not appropriate about it?"

Christy couldn't help but smile at her son's innocent jest. "Sweetie, my foot is sitting on your, um…erection," she pointed out.

Logan laughed, feeling a little embarrassed. "It's not like that, mom. I'm just trying to help you relax," he said defensively. "My erection is just a guy thing. It happens all the time."

"I know how erections work, honey, I just…don't think I should be touching yours, that's all."

"It's not like you're reaching out to touch it," Logan pointed out. "Your foot's just resting on it while I massage it."

Christy thought for a moment, then sighed and shook her head, giving in to her son's persistence. "Fine, but just for a few minutes and then you have to go to bed, okay?"

Eagerly, Logan's voice chimed in the air. "Deal," he said, his hands already reaching for her other foot. His touch was firm yet gentle as he began massaging her tired feet, his fingertips tracing along the arches and heels with expert precision. As she felt the tension melt away under his skilled hands, Christy couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. Her first foot rested on top of the muscular outline of his cock, bulging through the fabric of his underwear.

Logan chuckled, breaking the silence between them. "At this rate, dad's certainly not going to break that twenty-six orgasm record of yours," he noted, recalling their discussion from the previous day.

Christy smiled softly at the memory. "That was a once in a lifetime experience," she said. "I didn't marry your father with any intention of him breaking that record."

"Isn't that kind of depressing though, knowing he'll never be able to top that?" Logan asked, his voice laced with concern and curiosity.

A slight frown creased the corners of her mouth as she considered his question. "Yes, it can be a little disheartening," she admitted, "but it's an unrealistic expectation to put on your father or most men for that matter. My girlfriend and I were lucky enough to have met a couple of young sexual prodigies that day. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience."

She paused, a wistful look in her eyes. "Every woman has one defining experience that marks their sexual peak, and while it's not something I'll ever forget, it's certainly not something I expect to ever happen again."

Logan nodded in understanding, his hands working magic on her tired feet. "So why do you think dad can't top that record?"

"Well, my dear...your father is 43 years old, not 18," she stated matter-of-factly.

"Like me?" Logan asked, feeling a surge of pride and arousal at her words. His erection strained against his underwear beneath her foot.

"Yes, 18, just like you," Christy confirmed with a knowing look in her eyes. "For men, sex is like sports. You don't see many professional athletes in their 40s."

"So basically, I'm a sexual athlete then?" Logan grinned, pleased with the comparison.

"I suppose you could say that," Christy replied coyly, glancing down at his still-erect member beneath her foot. "But don't let it go to

your head," she teased with a playful wink.

Logan's grin was mischievous and his eyes sparkled with playful defiance. "Or what?" he challenged, not missing a beat.

Christy couldn't help but smile at his audacity. "Or I'll have to give you a spanking!" she retorted, trying to maintain a light tone.

Logan chuckled and playfully pushed her feet off of him. "I'd love to see you try that," he replied daringly.

Her gaze roamed over his toned muscles, the product of his rigorous weightlifting routine. "What, you think just because you're strong and muscular, you're too tough to be spanked by me?" she teased.

"I'll have you bent over MY knee way before you can bend me over yours, Mom," Logan declared confidently.

"Let's just see about that," Christy grinned, attempting to pull him onto her lap. But Logan didn't budge. Instead, he effortlessly yanked her over his lap and she let out a playful squeal.

As she felt Logan's cock press against the soft flesh of her tits, Christy couldn't help but gasp. Logan pulled up the hem of her robe, revealing a glimpse of her thong-clad ass, causing his eyes to widen in appreciation.

"Holy fuck," he breathed, admiring the perfectly rounded half-moons of her exposed cheeks.

Before she could cover herself back up, Logan landed a firm slap on one of her butt cheeks, making it ripple.

"Logan!" Christy gasped, sitting back up in shock. "You better not have left a handprint on my ass, young man."

But Logan was too distracted by the sight of her cleavage spilling out of the open robe. In her rush to cover her lower-half, the garment had slipped down and revealed nearly all of her breasts. She quickly fixed it, concealing them in silk once more.

Logan's cocky smile widened as he leaned back comfortably on the plush couch. "What was that you were saying about spanking me?"

Christy sat there with her jaw hanging open, unable to tear her gaze away from Logan's chiseled chest and perfectly defined six-pack abs. The way his body looked in the dim light of the living room made her heart race and heat pool between her thighs.

But as she followed the trail of tantalizing muscles down his body, her eyes landed on something even more shocking. Logan's briefs could no longer contain the length of his boner, and his pinkish-purple knob protruded proudly from beneath the waistband like a ripe plum ready to be plucked from the vine.

"Oh my God," Christy gasped, quickly turning her head and covering her eyes. "Logan, please cover yourself."

Logan chuckled, trying to adjust his underwear to cover his erection. "Oops, sorry about that."

Christy took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. "Honey, I think it's time for you to go to bed. If your father walked out here and saw you in that...condition, I'm sure he wouldn't be happy."

"You're right," Logan agreed, standing up from the couch. "I should let you...um...finish."

Christy nodded, still feeling flustered as she sat awkwardly on the couch. The soft glow of the lamplight gave her face a warm, rosy tint as she tried to compose herself. "Yes, I'll just be a few minutes and then I'll move back to bed as well."

"Goodnight," said Logan, his voice strained as he made a half hazard attempt to hide his boner by shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Goodnight, honey," Christy smiled with a tinge of discomfort. She could feel Logan's eyes lingering on her, making her skin tingle with a mix of embarrassment and arousal.

Logan retreated but not far. He wanted to stroke his cock while listening to her get herself off. The sound of Christy's sweet voice breathing, gasping and finally squealing with pleasure made the seed start spurting from his own love organ as he pulled out a pent-up load, trying to catch it in his hand, but failing miserably as it landed on the carpet in front of him.

"Oh, damnit, Logan," Christy whispered in frustration a few minutes later as she stepped in a pool of goo, squishing it between her toes. She knew exactly what it was and who it belonged to - evidence that Logan had stuck around to listen to her climax.

Rather than confront him about it, however, she just grabbed some paper towel and cleaning spray to wipe up the mess herself. It wasn't the first time she had cleaned up remnants of his nectar. She often did deep cleans of his filthy bedroom while he was in school, wiping up jizz-splatters and washing the crusty cum-rags he left beside his bed. She chalked it all up to it just being her responsibility - taking care of everything for him, even when it involved cleaning up after his sexual escapades.

After a long day at school, Logan walked up the front steps of his house with his friend Quinn in tow. As they approached the doorstep, they noticed a small package sitting on it. "Dude, sweet...this must be the new game controller I ordered!" exclaimed Logan.

"Finally," Quinn blurted. "Now you'll stop borrowing mine."

With excitement, they quickly brought the box inside and up to Logan's bedroom. However, when he opened it, he was shocked to find a large dildo inside. "What the fuck is this?!" he exclaimed, causing Quinn to burst into laughter.

"That's some controller there, buddy," joked Quinn. "Is there something you're not telling me?"

Logan looked at the label on the box, realizing he should have checked before opening it. He saw his mother's name written on it.

"Shit, it's my mom's," he revealed.

"Well, I should hope so, since everyone else in this household is male," replied Quinn.

Logan took a second to examine the toy displayed within its clear packaging. "I can't believe she ordered a dildo," he said incredulously.

"My mom has a whole damn collection of them," confessed Quinn. "Although hers are all much bigger than that."

"Yeah, this one seems kind of smaller. I wonder why she chose this size?"

"Maybe it reminds her of your dad's cock."

"Yeah, that must be it," exclaimed Logan.

"It was only a guess," retorted Quinn. "There could be other reasons. Maybe she prefers smaller sizes."

"No way. Remember I told you the other night I caught her masturbating on the couch?"

"Yeah."

"Well, the reason was because my dad hasn't been having sex with her. That must be why she bought a dildo his size," speculated Logan.

"You don't know for sure if it's his size though. Maybe your dad has a massive cock and your mom just needs a break from it," suggested Quinn.

Logan burst into laughter. "Yeah, I'm sure that's it," he said sarcastically.

Quinn studied the dong through its packaging with a mixture of fascination and disbelief. The details were so incredibly lifelike, from the veins that ran along the shaft to the subtle curves at the tip. "It's crazy how realistic they make these," he remarked, turning it over in his hands. "Did you know there's a place that'll make them custom using a mold of your own cock?"

"You're kidding?" Logan's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"No, I'm fucking serious man," Quinn replied with a smirk. "A guy I know had it done for his girlfriend. They sent him a kit so he could make a mold of his dick, then sent him a custom dildo a week later."

Logan looked like a light bulb suddenly went off in his head. "Dude, wouldn't it be wild if we replaced this dildo my mom ordered with one that was fashioned after my own cock?"

"That would be totally perverted," Quinn exclaimed, but couldn't help feeling excited by the idea. "And extremely fucking awesome!"

"It would take time though and I'm sure my mom's tracking this thing. She may have even been alerted that it's already here."

"Don't worry," Quinn grinned mischievously. "If you're serious about doing this, I have a plan that could make it work." He leaned in

closer, lowering his voice so no one else could hear. "Although I have to ask…what's your end game?"

"To fuck her, what do you think?" Logan replied eagerly.

"That's what I thought," Quinn chuckled. "I mean, we've hinted around about wanting to fuck them, but never really talked about it."

"Maybe if I can get her addicted to my dick in dildo form," Logan mused, "then she would at least entertain the idea of letting me fuck her once she saw how similar my cock is to her toy." The thought sent a thrill of excitement through him, and he couldn't wait to put their plan into action.

"How does this even happen?" Christy asked in exasperation, her disappointment evident on her face as she sat across from Tina at the cafe, their steaming cups of coffee untouched.

The package lay open between them, and upon closer inspection, they could see that the knob had been ripped completely off the dong and was now lying beside it in the box.

"I don't know," Tina scowled, her frustration mirroring Christy's, "but you just went from 6 inches to 5; barely exciting to almost worthless."

Christy let out a heavy sigh. "I swear to God, these postal people have no respect for packages anymore. No pun intended."

"Good one," Tina giggled nervously, trying to lighten the mood.

"But seriously," Christy continued, "how the fuck do you break a dildo? It's not like it's made of glass or anything."

Tina's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "Well, I've broken a few dildos in my time," she admitted sheepishly, "but we won't get into

that. You'll just have to send it back and have them send you another one."

Christy let out a deep sigh of frustration as she stared at the broken dildo lying in the box. "I suppose I've already gone without for this long, what's another week?" she mused, her fingers running over the smooth surface of the toy.

Tina let out a chuckle next to her. "Or you could always threaten to cut off James's balls if he doesn't satisfy you," she joked.

Christy couldn't find any humor in the situation. "Seriously, it's been almost a week since I've had any action."

Tina raised an eyebrow. "Well, I do get laid every night, but lately it's been pretty pathetic," she admitted. "Last night Rob barely lasted twenty minutes, and the one orgasm I had wasn't even satisfying enough to make my toes curl."

Christy groaned in frustration. "I just hope that when this new dildo finally arrives, it will make me cum harder than I have been. Rubbing myself off three times a day just isn't cutting it anymore."

"What the fuck is going on with our husbands?" Tina scowled. "It's like their libidos are slowly withering away."

"And OUR libidos are raging almost uncontrollably," Christy added. "It's like some sick biological joke that nature is playing on us."

"We can't back down though," Tina stated. "We need to demand that our husbands have sex with us as much as we want it."

"Well, we know that's not gonna happen," Christy giggled. "Otherwise they wouldn't be going to work and we'd be getting fucked all day."

"True, so maybe we won't get it quite as much as we want it, but I don't think two hours of sex every night and a quickie every morning is too much to ask."

"I agree," Christy nodded.

The custom dildo kit arrived in the mail, and Logan was filled with excitement. He eagerly opened the package to reveal a variety of materials and instructions for making a mold of his own erection. But first, he wanted his dick to be as hard as possible so that his mom could feel every vein and contour of his manhood when she used the finished product.

With determination in his stride, Logan made his way downstairs to the basement where Christy was working out on the elliptical machine. Her face was flushed and glistening with sweat as she pushed herself on the machine.

"Hey there, honey," she grinned as she caught sight of him.

"Getting a workout in?" he asked casually, but inside he was thinking about all the ways he could use this opportunity to tease and taunt her.

"Just part of my routine," Christy replied, still breathless from her exertion.

Logan couldn't help but admire her figure as he stood there watching her giant breasts bounce beneath her snug yoga top. The sight was enough to make his penis twitch and grow hard within seconds.

"You know," he said with a sly smirk, "since it's Saturday, you should have skipped the machine and had dad give you a workout instead."

Christy's expression turned from playful to serious at his words. "I like that idea," she stated firmly. "If only I could count on him as

much as I can on my trusty elliptical machine." The disappointment and frustration were evident in her voice.

Logan shook his head in disbelief at his father's obsession with golf. "Dad's crazy," he confessed, rolling his eyes. "I'd much rather be spending the day having sex than chasing a tiny white ball around a huge field."

His mom let out a laugh, her lips curved into a mischievous smile. "I'm sure you're doing just fine in that department. Maybe better than I am these days."

Feeling emboldened by her flirtatious tone, Logan leaned in closer and decided to impress her with some fabricated stories he knew women loved to hear. "Actually, I've been more focused on quality over quantity lately," he said confidently, his gaze fixed on her bouncing tits.

She raised an eyebrow, clearly amused by his boldness. "Well, right now it seems like you're focusing on something else entirely," she chuckled, tilting her head towards his staring eyes.

Flustered, Logan quickly looked away, feeling a slight heat rising to his cheeks as he realized she had caught him gawking. "Sorry about that," he mumbled sheepishly.

Her laughter filled the air once again as she playfully teased him. "It's OK. I realize they're hard not to notice," she quipped, "especially when I'm working out on this machine."

"I wanna do more than just have a quick session of sex with a girl, ya know," Logan continued with his earlier train of thought. "I really wanna make sure I please her over and over."

"That's really admirable, honey. Most guys just want to get their rocks off and move on," Christy said, sounding impressed.

Logan nodded in agreement. "There's this one girl I met recently, and she's so adventurous and open-minded. I want to show her just how far I can take her; give her the type of experience you had, you know…when you got your twenty-six orgasms."

Christy's eyes widened at the mention of her record breaking experience and Logan's desire to replicate it.

"Wow, that's quite an ambitious goal," she stated with a mixture of amusement and disbelief.

He nodded confidently, his eyes shining with determination. "I know it sounds crazy, but I've been working hard to be able to perform at my peak sexually."

She couldn't help but smirk at his bravado. "Just keep in mind that giving a girl twenty-six orgasms is no easy task for any guy. It takes hours of intense, stamina-filled sex."

He leaned in closer, eager to impress her even more. "But I have techniques that can make her come harder and more frequently," he boasted.

Her eyebrow raised skeptically as she continued her workout on the elliptical machine. "Techniques? Do tell."

He eagerly explained, gesturing animatedly with his hands. "Like angling my thrusting just right to hit her sweet spot, using different rhythms and speeds...it's all about knowing what works best for each woman."

"That's true, but it's also about controlling your release when a woman uses HER techniques on you," advised Christy in between deep breaths, sweat glistening on her forehead. She paused her workout and reached for a towel to wipe away the moisture.

"Her techniques?" questioned Logan, intrigued by the idea.

Christy stepped off the machine and made her way over to her exercise mat. "Well, yes, honey. Guys aren't the only ones who have techniques that they use when making love. All I'm saying is that when your lady friend employs some of these techniques on you, it may truly test your staying power."

"Will you…um, show me a few of them so I know what to expect and how to prepare for it?" asked Logan with a hint of nervousness in his voice.

Christy let out a small laugh. "And how exactly am I supposed to do that?"

"Show me on your peanut ball," suggested Logan, pointing to the large peanut-shaped exercise ball next to the mat.

Christy hesitated, looking slightly uncomfortable at the thought. "I don't know, Logan...that could be kind of awkward," she stated.

"Oh, come on, help me out. I won't be able to reach my goal unless I know what women have in store for me," pleaded Logan.

Giving in to his persistent requests, Christy let out a sigh and agreed. "Fine. Let me take off these sneakers and I'll demonstrate a few things."

With a graceful movement, she untied her sneakers and peeled off her socks before gracefully settling onto the mat. Logan positioned himself next to her, eagerly awaiting Christy's demonstration.

"Alright, honey," she began, "I'll show you four techniques that a woman might use on you during sex - two when she's on bottom and two when she's on top." With practiced ease, she brought the inflated peanut onto her voluptuous body, its smooth surface contrasting against her creamy skin.

"Now let's say the two of you are in the missionary position," Christy continued. "Instead of just wrapping her legs around you like this," she demonstrated by securely folding her legs around the inflatable, "she may bring them higher up around your back, like this."

Logan's eyes were glued to her as she effortlessly lifted her shaven legs high around the back of the peanut, interlocking her ankles and showcasing her flexibility. A surge of desire shot through him as he imagined what it would feel like to be cradled between her legs, pressed against her soft breasts.

"Now, once she's positioned this way, she can use her legs as leverage around your body to pull her pelvis up and meet your thrusts," Christy explained. She demonstrated the motion, smoothly pumping her hips from the mat.

Mat's eyes widened as he watched her, completely entranced by the rhythmic humping motions of her luscious curves. He couldn't help but admire the flexing of her sexy legs and the way her cute feet with their perfectly painted red toenails gripped onto the back of the inflatable.

"This adjustment causes deeper penetration and will increase the friction around your penis," Christy stated matter-of-factly. "It could make it much more challenging for you not to ejaculate."

Logan nodded, still gazing at Christy's movements with wide-eyed fascination. She brought her feet flat to the floor, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Another technique she might try is called the CAT," Christy continued, turning to address Logan directly. "Have you heard of that before, honey?"

"No...I never have," Logan replied, his interest piqued.

"It stands for the Coital Alignment Technique," Christy explained. "She might try this one in order to bring herself to orgasm by providing more contact with her clit. It won't necessarily provide greater friction on your penis like the first one, but it will definitely raise your excitement level and could result in a quicker orgasm."

Logan eagerly leaned in closer, ready to learn this new technique.

"How does she do it?" he asked eagerly.

"Watch carefully," Christy said with a sly smile. This time, she wrapped her legs low around the inflatable and began moving as though she were literally pulling the top person up into her vagina rhythmically.

Logan's eyes widened in awe as he watched her move her body with such skill and sensuality. "Damn, you must know a lot of tricks," he remarked, feeling both impressed and turned on.

"Well, climax is different for men and women, honey," she replied with a smirk. "While a man generally has one orgasm, a woman can have multiple. And from what you've told me earlier, it seems like

you want to get a woman into a state of hyper-arousal so she can stack her orgasms."

"Stack them?" Logan asked, his curiosity piqued by her words.

"Yes, it's when a woman has one orgasm, but before it subsides, they begin ramping up for the next wave. It's like an endless cycle of pleasure," she explained.

"That must be what you experienced when you had twenty-six orgasms that one time when you were younger," Logan surmised.

"Yes," she confirmed with a smile. "My partner at the time knew how to make me stack my orgasms for several hours."

"Damn," Logan couldn't help but utter in amazement. "Will you show me what a woman might do from the top now?"

With any bit of embarrassment now gone, Christy gracefully straddled the exercise peanut, her movements fluid and sensual as she settled onto the mat. Her knees planted on either side of the peanut, she perched atop it as if she were astride her lover.

"So, traditionally a woman would just move up and down in this position," she stated confidently, demonstrating the technique with ease. Her huge, ballooning breasts jostled heavily with each humping motion, drawing Logan's gaze like a magnet.

"But in order to provide even greater genital friction," Christy continued, "she would create more of a rocking motion, like this." Her hips swiveled and rolled with graceful precision, stirring desire in Logan's core as he imagined the sensation of his erection moving inside the tube of her vagina that way.

Logan's eyes widened as he suddenly remembered that his plan was not to be impressed, but for him to be the one impressing her. He couldn't help but puff out his chest and brag, "Yeah, it looks cool, but

I could probably last a long time that way. Plus, I would hold onto the woman's hips to guide her thrusts."

Christy's eyebrows raised in interest as she continued to ride the inflatable with increasing fervor. "So, you've had a girl on top of you doing it this way?"

"Oh yeah, for well over an hour," Logan boasted confidently.

"Over an hour?" Christy echoed, her eyes widening in disbelief. "The way I'm doing it now?"

"Yeah, she was even moving faster than that at times," Logan lied smoothly.

"You mean like this?" Christy asked, her swiveling hips becoming a blur as they thrust up and back rhythmically.

Logan's jaw dropped as he watched Christy's impressive display of sexual technique. Her breath came in short huffs as she continued her fast-paced rhythm, her body a blur of motion.

"As you may already know," she panted, "When a woman moves this fast, it can become quite the challenge for you not to cum."

"I'd hold out for a while and at least let her stack some orgasms before I cum," Logan replied confidently.

Christy smiled at his words, but as she stopped rolling her hips, she noticed the bulge beneath his shorts. "We should probably stop now, honey," she said, climbing off him.

"Why? You were really helping me understand a lot," Logan protested.

"Well, I know, but it looks like you're having another one of those 'guy thing' moments," Christy answered with a glance down at his

tubular-shaped bulge. She was even more surprised to see a wet spot on the knob, where precum had soaked through.

"Oh...um...sorry," Logan blushed, though he couldn't help feeling excited by her gaze on his arousal.

"I hope I was able to help you out," Christy smiled. "It sounds like you have some pretty lofty sexual goals and now you know some of the things you might be in for."

"Thanks for your help," Logan said quickly before rushing back to his room. He already had the mold for the custom dildo mixed up and ready to dip his hard cock into. As he removed his shorts, his boner sprang upward, proud and powerful. He gazed down at it with admiration, watching as it stretched upward from his loins like a mighty phallic column. The knob was shiny and bulbous, the fat blue veins pulsing prominently along his lengthy penile shaft. "I hope you enjoy it, mom" he said out loud as he slowly inched his cock into the solution.

Logan anxiously awaited the return of his custom dildo from the company, fearing that it wouldn't arrive in time before his mom's replacement dildo was set to arrive. He kept a close watch on the delivery status, hoping to intercept the package before his mother could receive it. Luckily, it arrived while she was out running errands.

"Houston, we have a problem," Logan whispered urgently into his phone, careful not to be overheard by his mother.

"Did she get the package before you did?" Quinn's voice crackled through the line.

"No, I have it here and I'm ready to make the exchange, but how am I supposed to fit this 9 inch monstrosity into a 6 inch dildo box?"

"Can't you just swap out the labels and keep it in its original box?" Quinn suggested.

Logan let out a relieved sigh. "Oh yeah, just switch the labels. Why didn't I think of that?"

"You're too focused on how much she's gonna love it," Quinn teased.

"Well, she's definitely in for a shock when she sees the size of this thing," Logan chuckled.

"The real question is, will she even use it?" Quinn posed.

"I mean, with all the detail and effort put into making it look like the real deal, I can't imagine why she wouldn't," said Logan, admiring the intricate design and lifelike features of his custom dong.

Tina's jaw dropped in awe as she took in the sight of the giant dildo resting on the coffee table in front of them. "Holy fuck, it's beautiful!" she exclaimed, unable to tear her eyes away from its impressive size and lifelike features.

"I won't disagree, but it's not really the size I ordered," Christy stated, her gaze fixated on the toy as well. Ever since she opened the box, she had been mesmerized by its appearance, feeling almost drawn to it in some strange way.

"Then I'll purchase it from you, but you are not sending that thing back," Tina insisted, her fingers grazing over the intricate cock-veins that ran along the length of the flesh-colored dong.

"It's almost 3 inches longer than James's erection is," Cathy chimed in worriedly. "If he finds it in my drawer, he might get upset."

"Just...hide it somewhere where he can't find it then, or...you can keep it here and just take it when you need it," Tina suggested with

a sly grin, already imagining all the possibilities this new addition could bring to her sexual adventures.

"Yeah, right, you'd be using it more than I would," Christy teased back with a laugh.

After a moment of contemplation, Christy spoke up again. "I'll hide it down in my sewing room. He never goes down there." The thought of sneaking off to use her new toy whenever she pleased made her heart race with excitement.

"A word of advice," Tina said with a sly grin. "Only use it when you're home alone, because trust me, you're gonna cum so fucking

hard that you'll scream like a banshee."

Christy couldn't help but laugh at her friend's words, already feeling herself getting aroused from the thought. "I'll keep that in mind," she replied, feeling the anticipation building in her loins.

But then another thought crossed her mind. "Since we're on the subject of penises," Christy began hesitantly. "Does Quinn ever...get an erection around you?"

Tina burst into laughter. "When doesn't Quinn have an erection around me?" she joked. "But then again, he is a young man and they're almost always erect."

Christy nodded in agreement, her mind drifting to her own experience with Logan. "Yes, Logan too. Maybe it's just my penis-deprived brain playing tricks on me, but lately it seems like Logan is almost flaunting them in front of me."

Tina fed her an understanding smile, her long curls bouncing with the movement. "Look, I know they're our son's, but we're women. Our brains are designed to recognize signs of attraction in men, and they give off subtle pheromones that we can't help but be drawn to. It's not their fault or ours, it's simply biology."

"I know, I know," Christy sighed, feeling a wave of relief wash over her. Her fingers toyed with the hem of her shirt as she spoke. "But it still just seems odd. I constantly catch Logan staring at my breasts and then I look down and he's…aroused."

Tina couldn't contain her laughter any longer. "Christy, we both have H-cup breasts. Any guy, son or not, who doesn't stare at them is either blind or gay."

"I guess you're right," Christy snickered. "Our boys are only human."

"And if you ever wanna give you and Logan a secret thrill," Tina said mischievously, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Take off your bra, put on a thin lacy top, then give him a long, tight motherly hug and watch his fucking eyes light up."

"Tina, that's terrible," Christy stated firmly, though the thought intrigued her.

"Hey, don't knock it until you try it," Tina countered. "Besides, there's no harm in it. It's not like we're scarring them for life by letting them feel our bare breasts." She winked playfully at Christy before taking a sip of her tea.

113: Mom's Favorite Sex Toy_2

Christy's eyes shone with excitement the next day, her face alight with pleasure as she slid her new dildo into her dripping pussy. The way the vein-encrusted shaft stretched her walls and stimulated every nerve ending was an unparalleled sensation, one that had been absent in her sex life for far too long. With each thrust, the large knob pushed against the head of her cervix, a feeling she hadn't experienced since her wild twenties. It was as if the cock had been perfectly molded to fit the contours of her vagina.

Thankfully, she had taken Tina's advice and waited until mid-morning when everyone else was out of the house before indulging in her new toy. Her moans and screams filled every corner of the house as she shamelessly rode herself to ecstasy on her bed, naked and uninhibited. Her heavy breasts bounced and swayed with each powerful contraction, adding to the intensity of her pleasure. She lost herself in a haze of pleasure for nearly two hours, until she lay spent and panting on the bed, drenched in sweat from the sheer force of nearly a dozen mind-blowing orgasms.

Logan longed to be a hidden fly on the wall, an unseen witness to Christy's indulgence in a toy molded after his own cock. Her radiant post-orgasmic glow every time he caught sight of her told him all he needed to know. Now, it was time for him to move on to phase two of his plan - somehow revealing his throbbing erection to her, so she could see just how identical it was to the new toy that she couldn't seem to get enough of.

Logan knew he had to somehow provide her with a look that was up close and personal, not just some half hazard glance at his boner from a distance. He wanted her to see just how closely it resembled every detail of her new dildo.

"Mom, I need your opinion on something," Logan stated anxiously, interrupting his mother's conversation with his father in the kitchen.

His mother turned to him with a gentle smile. "What is it, honey?" she asked in a soothing tone.

"It's kind of personal," he said, looking down at his feet.

"You can share it with your mother but not me?" His dad chimed in with a playful tone. "That's not fair."

Logan shook his head. "No offense, dad, but I think mom's perspective might be more helpful in this particular case."

Christy glanced at her husband. "Why don't you just stir dinner for me, honey. I'll go help Logan real quick and then we can all eat together."

Logan led his mother up to his room and closed the door behind them. She couldn't help but feel a bit worried as she looked at him expectantly. "Logan, is everything alright? What is this about?" she asked with concern lacing her voice.

Logan shifted uncomfortably, his eyes darting down to the obvious bulge in his pants. "I think I have an issue with my...you know," he hesitantly admitted.

"Your penis?" Christy raised an eyebrow, trying not to smirk at his awkwardness.

"Yeah. It's been hard for like...two hours and it looks a little different to me," he lied, hoping she wouldn't see through his facade.

"Two hours?! Did you get into your father's Viagra or something?" she asked, her tone now stern and disapproving.

"Dad takes Viagra?" Logan's eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes...um, sometimes," Christy's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "Do we need to take you to the walk-in clinic? A two-hour erection isn't normal unless you're..." she trailed off, giving him a pointed look.

"Having sex?" Logan finished for her, feeling even more awkward and embarrassed.

"Yes," she nodded. "And you said it doesn't look like it normally does."

"I don't know, maybe it's just because it's really hard," Logan shrugged, hoping to downplay the situation. "Will you just have a look and let me know if everything seems alright?"

Christy hesitated, looking at the closed door as if seeking confirmation of privacy. "Honey, I—"

"Please, mom," Logan interrupted, desperation creeping into his voice. "You're obviously someone who would know if something doesn't look right."

Christy mulled it over before finally nodding. "Fine. But you should really see a doctor if you're concerned. I'll have a quick look just to put your mind at ease."

Logan nervously fished through his shorts, relieved to find his erection still fully rigid from earlier vigorous activity. As he pulled it out for Christy to see, he watched her eyes widen in surprise and a small gasp escape her lips. The sight of his throbbing member caused her to go speechless, fixated on its size and shape.

"It...it actually looks more normal now," Logan stated with a hint of pride, flexing it against his loins. Christy continued to stare at it, clearly struck by how closely it resembled the new toy that had become her latest obsession.

"Are you alright?" Logan asked, snapping her out of her trance.

"This is...um, how it normally looks?" Christy whispered, still in shock.

"Yeah. Maybe I was just being paranoid before because it was so hard."

"Well, even if it does look normal to you now, we should still address why it's been erect for two hours," Christy said with concern, trying to hide her own excitement as her pussy tingled uncontrollably.

"Could you touch it and make sure it doesn't feel too warm?" Logan boldly suggested.

"I...I don't know if I..."

"Just real quick. Like you said, just to give me peace of mind."

With hesitation, Christy reached out and lightly touched his erection with her fingers. Despite feeling a tad ashamed, she couldn't deny the excitement coursing through her body as she felt the heat and rigid texture of his member.

"Does it normally get this...erect?" she whispered.

"Yeah, and I suppose I have been thinking about sex so maybe it's my fault," he admitted. "Maybe there's no reason to be concerned and I'm just feeling extra horny today."

Christy found herself unable to take her eyes off his erection, or remove her fingers from its flesh. It was like she was under a spell,

unable to resist his arousal.

"Maybe you should...give yourself some release. You know, to help it go down," she suggested, her voice shaking slightly.

"I could try that. Sometimes it works, but usually it just makes me want more," Logan bragged with a smirk.

Still mesmerized by the sight of his erection, Christy finally snapped out of her trance and took a step backwards. "Well, um...if you think everything looks normal then I should probably get back to preparing dinner," she said.

"Thanks for taking a look. If I notice any changes, I'll probably just go to the clinic and see what they have to say," Logan stated, tucking his erection back into his shorts.

As they sat down for dinner, Logan immediately noticed that his mom seemed off. Her typically cheerful demeanor was replaced by a distant, pensive expression. Every so often, he would catch her stealing glances at him before quickly averting her eyes, like a shy girl at a school dance. He couldn't help but wonder if she was

starting to see him in a new, more sensual light. Perhaps the events of earlier had sparked something in her, awakening desires she never knew she had. The atmosphere in the room felt charged and tense, as if unspoken thoughts were swirling between them like wildfire.

Despite the intimate act of making love with her husband James that night, Christy's mind was elsewhere. All she could think about was her trusty dildo, shamefully comparing it to the size and shape of Logan's impressively large and erect member. Enduring a lackluster 15-minute session with James felt more like a chore than pleasure. His average-sized penis barely stimulated her at all, leaving her yearning for the fullness and intensity that only her silicone lover could provide.

"You didn't climax tonight, babe," James pointed out, still basking in the afterglow of his own ejaculation.

"Yeah, I um...I haven't been feeling too great tonight," Christy lied, trying to hide her disappointment. "I might go sleep on the couch so I don't disturb you if I get sick."

"I hope you feel better," James replied with concern. "Let me know if you need anything."

The lies weighed heavily on Christy's conscience as she retreated to the couch, unable to shake off the thoughts of her son's impressive endowment. Only once before had she encountered such a breathtaking erection, and that one memory had left her with twenty-six reasons to never forget it.

"We need to talk, young man," Christy's voice was stern as she stood in his doorway, her piercing gaze directed at Logan. Even in her anger, Logan couldn't help but find her attractive. His eyes drifted

down to her chest, admiring the way her huge breasts pressed against the fabric of her top.

"What about?" Logan asked curiously.

"First of all, my eyes are up here," she scolded, pulling his attention away from her tits. With a hand behind her back, she brought out something that made Logan's heart sink. It was the 6-inch dildo she had ordered. The one he had secretly switched with a custom one and stashed in his room.

"I found this in your room today while I was cleaning," she stated, giving him a questioning look.

"Yeah, I...bought it for a girl I've been seeing," Logan lied.

"Bullshit," Christy blurted out. "This is the same dildo I ordered a few weeks ago. You knew that because you switched it out with another one, a custom one. I found the receipt for that too. Why would you do such a thing?"

Logan knew he couldn't keep lying. He had been caught and it was time to come clean. "I just wanted you to experience real pleasure," he admitted. "I knew you weren't getting it from Dad and certainly not from that tiny thing," he gestured towards the box containing the 6-inch dildo in her hand. "I wanted to give you something I knew you'd enjoy...a dildo that would make you orgasm over and over again."

"So you had a mold made of your own penis?!" Christy exclaimed, her voice rising in disbelief. Her eyes widened as she processed the information. "Logan, do you realize how…twisted that is?"

Logan shifted uncomfortably, his face turning red with embarrassment. "I've had other girls tell me it's the perfect size, so I thought it would be something you'd enjoy," he explained weakly.

"I'm not one of those 'other girls,' Logan. I'm your mother," she stated firmly, her tone conveying her disapproval. "You can't go on staring at my tits. You can't continue to try to show me your erections and you certainly don't need to be purchasing me sex toys!" With that, she turned and walked away from his doorway, leaving him standing there feeling foolish and ashamed.

"Wait, mom!" Logan called out desperately. Christy paused and turned back to face him, frustration evident in her flushed face.

"What?!" she asked impatiently.

"I'm gonna be honest and just let the cards fall where they may," he confessed, his voice trembling with nervousness.

Christy's expression softened slightly, curious about what he could possibly have to say. "Go on," she urged.

"I know you're my mom and it's wrong, but I really wanna have sex with you," he blurted out, unable to hold it in any longer.

There was an awkward silence and tension in the air as Logan waited for her response. "So, be mad, punish me if you need to, but at least I was honest and got that out into the open," he continued nervously.

Christy looked shocked, like a million thoughts were flowing through her mind. She walked away without saying anything, leaving Logan feeling both relieved that he had finally been honest with her and anxious about what her reaction would be. At least he knew Christy wouldn't be telling his father, since he doubted that his dad was aware that she used a dildo to give herself pleasure.

"What a week!" Tina exclaimed, her laughter echoing through the mall as she and Christy took a break from their shopping. They

settled down on a bench, the soft cushion sinking beneath their weight.

"So let's recap," Tina continued, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief. "Logan switched out your dildo for one fashioned from his own cock, then he admits that he wants to fuck you, and now…"

Christy raised an eyebrow, waiting for Tina to finish her sentence.

"And now you're still using the dildo?" Tina finished, a smirk tugging at the corners of her mouth.

Heat crept up Christy's neck and into her cheeks. "I know it may seem weird," she admitted, feeling self-conscious under Tina's gaze. "I just…couldn't make myself throw it away."

Tina leaned in closer, curiosity piqued. "Let me guess," she said in a teasing tone. "You tried the 6-incher that you originally ordered and it didn't quite hit the spot?"

"It didn't hit any of the spots," Christy confessed, feeling embarrassed by her own words. "I'm just gonna say it, even though it sounds awful. This dildo…it fits me perfectly and hits all the right spots. It's like it was made just for me."

Tina chuckled. "It WAS made 'just for you' actually," she quipped.

"You know what I mean," Christy retorted with a playful swat to Tina's arm. "I know I should probably just throw the damn thing away and try to find another one, but—"

"Don't you dare throw it away," Tina scolded with a laugh. "Give it to me. I have no reservations about cumming all over it; it's about the most perfect dildo I've ever seen."

"And therein lies the reason that I can't let it go," Christy admitted, a hint of sadness in her voice. "It's the one thing that brings excitement and pleasure into my life right now."

The air between Christy and Logan had been thick with tension after the big discovery and his confession, but things were slowly starting to return to normal. As Logan entered the living room, he found his mom downstairs doing stretches on the yoga mat. Her body moved gracefully, like a dancer's, as she flowed from one pose to the next.

"Hey, how's the workout going?" Logan asked, trying to break the awkwardness.

"Hi, honey. Fine, just doing some yoga," she replied with a smile. "How did school go?"

"Blah."

Christy chuckled. "That well, huh? Let me guess, you were thinking about sex all day," she winked playfully.

Logan couldn't help but gulp excitedly at her words. She was dressed in a little less than usual for her workout, wearing lavender colored booty shorts and a matching cami top that left her sexy midriff exposed. As she pulled her leg back limberly, it stretched upward like a fleshy spire with her toes pointed towards the ceiling.

"You know me well," he smiled.

"Like mother, like son I guess," she giggled.

Feeling himself getting aroused, Logan didn't want things to get awkward again. "I should probably go back to my room," he stated nervously.

But before he could make his escape, Christy glanced down at his crotch and blurted out, "Honey, wait!"

"Huh?" he inquired.

"I'm sorry about what I said earlier about you not getting erections around me. I was just shocked and overreacting. But I know it's not

really within someone's control when those things happen...so I just wanted you to know that it's okay if it happens around me."

"Alright, thanks," Logan replied with relief.

"Did you want to come in and watch me workout?" she asked, her eyes filled with genuine care.

"Sure," Logan answered, grateful for the opportunity to diffuse the tension between them.

Logan settled onto the edge of the mat, his eyes following her every move as she gracefully continued her stretching routine. Christy's

lithe body bent and twisted, her muscles flexing with each gentle movement. As she lowered to the ground, her legs spread out into a perfect split, her bare skin glistening with a light sheen of sweat. Logan's gaze was drawn to the smooth line of her inner thighs, leading down to her feet pointed in opposite directions.

She leaned forward, pressing her forearms onto the mat and giving Logan an unobstructed view of the deep valley between her breasts. He couldn't help but take in the sight, feeling his cheeks flush with heat.

Her voice broke through his thoughts, soothing and understanding. "I know I said you shouldn't be looking at my boobs, but I was wrong about that too," she whispered.

Logan's surprise was evident on his face as he turned to look at her. "You were?"

"Of course, I was," she confirmed with a nod. "There's no harm in admiring the human form. It's only natural, right?"

"Right," Logan agreed, returning his gaze to her ample bosom.

"In fact, you might think I'm horrible for asking, but..." Her voice trailed off, leaving Logan hanging in suspense.

"But what?" he urged, eager to know what she wanted to ask.

Christy hesitated before shaking her head. "Never mind," she sighed. "I should probably just focus on my routine."

"You know how I feel about you," Logan stated firmly. "If there's something you wanted... anything, you know I would give it to you."

"I know," Christy blushed, her cheeks turning a rosy shade. Then she mustered up the courage to meet his gaze directly. "Can I see your dick again?" she whispered.

Logan's heart skipped a beat at her words, his desire for her growing even stronger. It was like music to his ears, and he couldn't wait to fulfill her request.

"How do you want me?" he asked, his voice low and husky. Christy's heart raced as she moved to her knees, her body buzzing with anticipation. She patted the mat in front of her, a gesture that felt both commanding and inviting at the same time. "Lay down here," she directed, her voice firm yet tinged with a hint of shyness. Logan quickly complied, sprawling onto the floor in front of her.

She wasted no time maneuvering between his legs, her fingers deftly unfastening his shorts. The fabric fell away to reveal his toned thighs and Christy couldn't help but appreciate how good he looked lying there, vulnerable and exposed for her. Her cheeks flushed slightly as she undid his briefs, revealing the impressive length and girth of his cock.

A sharp gasp escaped her lips as she stared at the meaty slab in front of her. It was a shape that she was all too familiar with at this point, having spent countless hours playing with its silicone replica. But this was the real thing, pulsing and throbbing with life right before her eyes.

"I guess it must seem a little familiar to you, huh?" Logan asked playfully, drawing a mischievous grin from Christy.

"Yes, more than just a little," she confessed breathlessly.

"Did you cut the dildo into little pieces, then burn it?" he joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"No, I didn't," she giggled, feeling a surge of arousal at his words. "I would never dispose of something that gives me that much pleasure."

"You still use it?" Logan asked, seeming surprised.

"Only several times a day," she winked, then went back to admiring his cock with hungry eyes.

"Do you wanna touch it," he boldly asked. "Wrap your hand around it?"

Her answer was immediate, without looking away from his cock. "Probably just as bad as you want me to," she grinned mischievously.

"Go ahead," Logan urged, his own excitement building.

Her face lit up with a primal hunger, her eyes sparkling with desire, as she lifted his erection, pointing it upwards towards the ceiling. The weight of it in her hand was intoxicating, hot and hard like molten steel. Arousal coursed through her body as she pulled the taut skin of his penile membrane along the column of pulsing flesh beneath it. Her gaze fixated on the engorged tip, marveling at its swollen shape and perfect symmetry. Memories flooded back to her of how that same part of the dildo had stretched and glided along the walls of her moist cuntal cavern.

"You can stroke on it if you want," Logan offered, eager for things to progress.

"Do you mind?" Christy asked shyly, almost sheepishly admitting her obsession with his cock.

"What do you think?" he replied sarcastically.

"I think you'd like me to do a lot more than just stroke on it," she playfully retorted.

"Well, yeah."

She ran her free hand up his abdomen, teasing his skin with her long nails. "Take off your shirt," she whispered seductively.

"Only if you take off yours," he responded, a mischievous grin playing on his lips.

Their eyes locked in an intense stare, like two explorers contemplating a forbidden path. They both knew they shouldn't go any further, but the temptation was too great to resist.

A small sigh escaped her lips as she whispered, fingers trembling as they reached for the hem of her cami top. Logan's eyes widened in shock as he watched, unable to contain his excitement. With a slow, teasing tug, the top was pulled up her breasts, revealing the full, meaty undersides that had always been hidden beneath fabric. As if in slow motion, her tit-melons slipped out from the top and bounced heavily onto her rib cage. Logan couldn't help but stare in awe at their size and shape, his mouth watering at the sight of her wide areola and dusky pink nipples. They looked thick and inviting, begging to be touched and tasted.

"Those are...the most incredible breasts I've ever seen," he sighed dreamily, barely able to believe that he was actually seeing them in all their naked glory.

Christy smirked and grasped his cock again, giving it a long stroke that left him shuddering with pleasure. "I'm glad you appreciate

them," she purred playfully. "But I have to admit, I'm pretty obsessed with something of yours too."

Logan grinned and removed his own shirt, now fully exposed to her hungry gaze. Her eyes roamed greedily over his chiseled chest and sculpted arms.

Christy extended her free hand to his and their fingers intertwined tightly. Her other hand slowly fisted up and down his length, eliciting moans of pleasure from him. As they gazed into each other's eyes, they both knew this was just the beginning of a wonderful sexual journey.

Christy's teeth gritted in a mix of desire and arousal, her fat clit pulsing beneath its hood as she gripped onto his hard, muscular cock. Her mind was filled with explicit images of him thrusting into her, splitting her twat and pounding fiercely into her core.

The memory of her friend Tina's suggestion to give Logan a braless hug flashed through Christy's mind, but she wanted to take it one step further. With an almost wicked grin, she plotted out a plan for a tight embrace without a single shred of clothing between them. The anticipation built within her as she knew she couldn't make the move right away - she had to tease him first, playfully building up the tension until they were both ready for the explosive release that would follow.

"Just imagine if I was to come down there for a hug," she purred, her voice dripping with seduction and desire. "And flatten these big titties against that gorgeous bare chest of yours."

Logan's heart raced as he imagined her pressing against him, her soft curves squashed tightly against his own muscled body. He could feel the heat radiating off of her, igniting a fire within him.

"I think you know, I'd like that a lot," he gasped, his breath coming in short pants as he stared at her hungrily.

"But then I'd have to let go of your big dick," she whispered teasingly, tugging it up and down while squeezing his other hand. "I don't wanna let go of your big dick."

The touch of her hand on his throbbing length sent shivers through his body, leaving him craving more.

"I don't want you to let it go either," he confessed, his eyes locked on her wobbling breasts.

"I suppose we could sandwich it between our bellies and feel it throb and pulse, or…" Christy trailed off suggestively.

"Or what?" Logan urged her on.

"We could press it against my naked pussy while we hug," she teased, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Would you mind that, honey?"

"Oh, God, your so sexy," Logan groaned, his arousal reaching new heights as she teased him relentlessly.

"I didn't think you would," Christy giggled playfully, knowing his response had answered her question. With a sly smile, she released his hand and cock, sitting back on her lovely ass and began stripping off her bottoms seductively.

Logan lifted his head off the mat and watched as Christy effortlessly slid her tiny shorts down her smooth legs. Her bare inner thighs were slightly spread open, allowing him an enticing view of her exposed vulva. She had meticulously shaved her outer lips, leaving only a small triangle of hair on top. As she joined him on the mat on her knees, her large breasts bounced heavily with each movement. With one hand stroking his hardening member, the other explored the

defined muscles on his chest. "If we hug, it's only natural that we'll want to kiss too," she purred seductively. "And once we start kissing, who knows where things will lead," she added with a playful glint in her eye. Logan nodded in agreement as he listened. "Things could get so intense that I might even ask you to roll me onto my back and..." she trailed off.

"And what?" Logan asked, hanging on her every word.

Without a word, Christy slithered on top of Logan, her body moving with the fluidity of a snake. She pressed her soft breasts against his chest, smothering him in their spongy warmth. Her lips eagerly sought out his in a frenzy of desire, resulting in a fiery French kiss that left them both breathless.

As they continued to explore each other's mouths, their bodies began to writhe and grind together. Logan groaned as he felt the heat radiating from Christy's naked body, her bare pussy pressing against his growing erection.

Their hips moved instinctively, mimicking the motions of sex even though there was no penetration. They clutched at each other's skin, desperate for more contact.

Unable to contain herself any longer, Christy broke the kiss and whispered into Logan's ear, her voice trembling with need. "Roll me over," she pleaded. "Fuck me!"

Logan didn't hesitate, eager to fulfill her request after waiting so long for this moment. He effortlessly flipped Christy onto her back and she wrapped her legs around his lean frame, their lips crashing together once again.

In that moment, nothing mattered except their mutual desire and hunger for each other. Logan reared his hips back, lining up his throbbing member with the entrance of Christy's wet folds.

The both gasped and shuttered in unison as he thrust forward, burying nearly ten-inches of cock-flesh into the wet clutches of Christy's pussy. Logan began fucking her with animalistic intensity, his muscular ass flying up and down between the cradle of her thighs, pounding his dick through her cavern of carnal desire.

Christy's eyes rolled back in pleasure as Logan's firm thrusts sent waves of bliss coursing through her big-titted body. Her hands gripped onto his taut hips, guiding him deeper with each hard, powerful stroke.

"Oh, yes," she moaned, her voice hoarse with passion. "Fuck me, Logan - fuck me hard!"

With a growl of pure male desire, he surged forward, burying himself balls-deep inside Christy's clinging pussy. He continued to piston his hips, driving into her mercilessly, his eyes locked onto hers as she writhed beneath him.

Christy's fingers dug into his flesh, her nails practically sharp enough to draw blood as she clawed at his back. Her hips met each of his thrusts with equal fervor, craving his cock like there was no tomorrow.

The throbbing pulse of a real cock, pulsing with blood and sinew, was everything her dildo had to offer but more. Attached to a handsome youth with a chiseled jawline and piercing eyes, she could feel the heat of his desire radiating onto her skin. He was prepared to fuck her senseless, his primal instincts driving him towards conquest.

On the exercise mat, their bodies moved with wild urgency, slick with sweat and pulsating with desire. Every flexing muscle was accentuated by the glistening sheen on their skin as they tangled together in a feverish embrace.

Logan plunged his throbbing cock deep into Christy's tight, hot pussy, savoring the sensation of her walls gripping him tightly. His glans pressed against the entrance to her cervix, as if trying to push its way even further inside.

With her legs wrapped around his back, Christy arched her hips and rolled them in perfect rhythm, showcasing the strength and agility she had learned from using her peanut exercise inflatable. Despite being fully penetrated, their hips continued to move in a frenzy of passion as they clung to each other.

Logan growled, feeling Christy's pussy clench and release around him as they writhed on the floor like two mating serpents. Their bodies were consumed by pleasure and ecstasy as they reached new heights of desire together.

Logan was nearly startled as Christy let out an ear-piercing scream, her voice sounding through every corner of the house. He set his hips in motion again, delivering deep, full-length thrusts into her quivering pussy as she continued to orgasm.

Christy's eyes rolled back in her head as her body shook uncontrollably. With every powerful thrust, Logan felt her pussy tighten even more around his cock, milking him as he fucked her. He loved the feel of her fat, cushy tits rippling between them, her erect nipples poking into his chest.

In that moment, time stood still and all that could be heard were the sounds of their heavy breathing, mingling with soft moans and gasps of pleasure. Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, creating a symphony of wet slaps as skin met skin.

Christy's legs wrapped tightly around him, using them as leverage to lift her hips off the mat and meet Logan's every powerful thrust. His unyielding shaft plunged deep into her slick core, its bell-shaped tip carving through her walls with precision and sending waves of

pleasure throughout her body. The rhythmic friction of his vein-encrusted cock against her corrugated walls sparked a second orgasm, coursing through her like an electric shock.

Logan's movements intensified, his body driven by an insatiable desire to give her a mind-blowing orgasm she would never forget. The way she screamed and writhed beneath him, her nails digging into his skin, confirmed that he was succeeding in his goal.

He shifted his weight on top of her, propping himself up on his extended arms so he could see her in all her glory. Her huge breasts rolled up and down her rib cage with each forceful thrust, mesmerizing him. Christy's flushed face glistened with sweat, her hair matted against her skin as she panted for breath. But it was her huge jiggling jugs that stole his attention - they were shamelessly dancing for him, enticing him further.

"Are you enjoying this?" Christy panted, her voice husky with pleasure.

"Hell yeah," he replied, unable to tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing display of rippling flesh.

"I thought you'd be sucking on them by now, my little boob-addict,," she teased, a mischievous grin spreading across her face.

"That sounds like a fantastic idea," he groaned, lowering himself down to capture one of her nipples in his mouth.

Logan groaned against the flesh of her tit, feeling her vagina tighten around him in response to his ministrations. His tongue lashed wildly at her swollen teat as he suctioned in as much flesh as he could.

He didn't want the attention he was giving her boobs to throw off his rhythm so he focused on gliding his cock through Christy's pussy at the perfect speed and angle, quickly bringing her to another orgasmic peak.

Her pussy clamped around his shaft like a vice, milking his cock as she screamed out her climax, her pretty voice echoing through the house. The feeling of her muscles fluttering around him quickened his own arousal, sending him further into the abyss of lust.

As Christy's body trembled beneath him, Logan thrust harder and faster into her, his cock sliding wetly against her inner walls. The sound of their bodies slapping together filled the room, punctuated by their grunts and gasps of pleasure.

Christy's eyes rolled back in her head, her face twisted in ecstasy as she climaxed over and over again. Her pussy tightened around him, gripping his cock with a vice-like hold as she threw her head back and cried out in pleasure. She was riding the wave of orgasm, her body shuddering with every powerful thrust.

They'd been going at it for nearly an hour now and with a half-dozen orgasms behind her Christy was racing towards another. This time, Logan was right there with her, his own release imminent.

He slammed his cock into her pussy, burying himself as deep as he could go. Christy let out a scream that threatened to shatter the windows, her body arching off the mat with the pure force of her climax. Her nails raked down Logan's back, nearly drawing blood as he continued to plunge his dick into her.

The pleasure the two of them shared was unlike anything they'd ever experienced. In that moment, all their inhibitions, all their doubts, were washed away in a tide of lust. Their bodies danced in perfect harmony, each movement echoing the other.

Christy's cunt clamped down on Logan's cock, milking him mercilessly as she screamed out from her release. He could feel the pulsing of her muscles, her juices flowing around his shaft. Every thrust was like a jolt of pure pleasure, driving him to the edge of madness.

"Shit!" he gasped, her nipple popping from his gasping mouth. "I'm gonna cum!"

Logan's cock throbbed and twitched, the knob mushrooming, the veins on his shaft swelling as he neared his climax. Christy could feel the tense muscles in his back beneath her nails, and she knew this was going to be something special.

"Cum for me," she whispered, her voice husky with arousal. "Fill me up with your hot cum! Show me what a real man can do!"

Hearing her words, Logan thrust harder into her, slamming his hips against her helpless body with wild abandon.

As Christy's words of longing reached his ears, Logan's primal instincts took over. He thrust harder into her, his hips slamming

against her body with fierce determination.

"Fuck, yes!" Christy exclaimed, her voice filled with ecstasy as she bucked and arched beneath him. With every thrust, Logan felt himself losing control until he released a guttural grunt and hot streams of cum erupted from his pulsating member, splattering deep inside her core. It was like a million tiny soldiers racing towards her egg in search of fertilization.

Finally, after experiencing an earth-shattering mutual orgasm, their bodies came to a stop and they lay there, a tangled mess of sweaty limbs, basking in the euphoria of their love-making. The air was thick with the scent of sex and their mingled fluids, creating an intoxicating atmosphere around them.

The next morning, Logan was pounding into Christy from behind at the kitchen sink, her skirt hiked up to her waist. The sound of their bodies colliding and the wet, lewd smacking filled the room as they both groaned in pleasure.

His hands were firmly planted under her top and bra, eagerly groping her supple breasts as he thrust his aching erection between the tightness of her folds.

Christy couldn't help but be nervous as she kept an eye on her husband through the kitchen window, watching him do yard work outside. "He's coming back inside," she warned.

Logan's throbbing member made a creamy popping noise as he withdrew it from her dripping core, coated in the slick juices of their arousal. He quickly tucked himself back into his shorts while Christy smoothed out her dress and adjusted her top.

"Honey?" James called out, entering the house once again.

"In here!" Christy answered with a falsely sweet tone, trying to hide the intense pleasure that still lingered within her body from Logan's

touch.

James paused in the doorway of the kitchen, his posture tense and his hand hidden behind his back. "Can I speak to JUST YOU for a minute?" he asked, his voice low and serious.

"Oh, um…sure," she replied, exchanging a nervous glance with Logan who was sitting at the table.

"I'll be downstairs in my room," Logan announced, sensing the tension between his parents. "Will you still help me with my homework?"

"Of course, honey," she smiled softly, her eyes meeting Logan's as they both had the same thought – a passionate tryst on his bed.

Once Logan left, Christy turned to her husband with a questioning look. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

"I was going through the trash looking for some paperwork and I found this," he said, revealing a large custom dildo from behind his back. "Would you care to explain?"

Christy couldn't help but smirk. "That's a dildo," she said nonchalantly. "One of my old ones that I no longer use."

"I didn't know you owned a dildo," James stated, his eyebrows raised in surprise. "And one this size…it's quite unrealistic, don't you think?"

"In what way?" Christy challenged playfully.

"Come on, Christy, no penis is this big. It looks like it belongs on a horse, not a human."

She couldn't contain her laughter at his naïve remark. If only he knew about the real cock upstairs that was more than capable of

stretching her pussy and bringing her to multiple orgasms.

"Well…I must admit, dicks that size are quite rare, but they do exist," she said coyly. "But I no longer have any use for it. It simply can't compare to the real thing," she added dreamily, her gaze drifting off into space before snapping back to her husband. "And you, my dear, give me the real thing so wonderfully," she purred.

Her husband let out a small scoff. "If that's your attempt at getting some action right now, I'm sorry to disappoint. I have a lot of work to do outside today."

"I know, and I appreciate all your hard work," she responded sweetly. "But since I have skills that Logan finds useful, I'll do my part as well. I'll even close and lock his door while we're in there so he can truly focus on what I'm helping him with. So please, try not to bother us, okay?"

"No problem," her husband replied with a nod before glancing at the dildo in his hand. "I'll make sure King Dong here gets properly

disposed of. We definitely don't want James finding it and being traumatized by the thought of his mother using something like this."

Christy snickered, "Oh gosh, can you imagine? Poor kid probably wouldn't know what to think."

As Christy stepped into Logan's bedroom, she was met with a sudden jolt as he leaped out of the closet wearing an Incredible Hulk mask. His roar echoed off the walls, filled with ferocity and playful energy. She couldn't help but giggle at his antics.

"Mm, are you gonna jab that big green cock inside me, baby?" she teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Hulk horny!" Logan declared in a deep voice, trying to mimic the powerful superhero.

"Oh yeah?" she taunted, climbing onto the bed and hitching up her skirt to reveal her smooth, naked ass. "Then come give this damsel in distress some a nice, hard doggy-style fuck, Mr. Hulk."

She wiggled her meaty behind enticingly as Logan eagerly shed his underwear. His erection stood proudly, glistening with a string of precum running down the length of it. With a sense of urgency, he pounced on her from behind and mounted her haunches in one swift motion.

The primal sound of Logan's Hulk-like roar echoed through the room as he jabbed his monstrous cock deep inside Christy, causing her to let out a pleasurable squeal. His grip on her hips was aggressive and unyielding as he thrust into her with force, causing the flesh of her buttocks to ripple wildly upon each strike to his midsection.

This was their first time doing it doggy-style, and Logan felt like the king of the universe as he pounded into her pussy from behind, their bodies creating a symphony of smacking flesh that reverberated off the walls. The intensity of his erection could rival that of the Hulk

himself, as it pummeled through the delicate folds of Christy's pussy with relentless power. Every inch of her snug cunt was filled with his furious thrusts, the friction between them causing Christy's hot fuck-oil to seep from her sex glands and coat his meat with slippery wetness.

With a gasp, Christy snatched Logan's pillow and buried her face in it, muffling her screams of pleasure. She was always mindful of their surroundings, even with her husband outside.

Logan couldn't resist grinning beneath his mask as he felt her walls clench around him in a series of intense spasms. His cock pulsed inside her, merging with her wetness and heat as she climaxed. He gave her round ass a sharp smack, sending shivers of pleasure through her trembling body. The waves of orgasm radiated through

her like electric pulses, intensifying the already overwhelming sensations.

"Oh, fuck!" Christy cried out, her body arching back against Logan's powerful thrusts. "That's it, good boy… fuck me, Hulk! Fill me up!"

She knew she was pushing it with their unusual role-play, but the excitement of doing something different and playful fueled her passion. She knew her husband would never accept such childish, role-play behavior, but she thought it was absolutely thrilling.

Logan's balls slapped against Christy's ass with every powerful stroke, his Hulk-like grunts filling the room as he drove himself harder and faster into her. He was well aware of the danger they were in with his dad around, but the rush of adrenaline only seemed to enhance their pleasure.

As Christy felt another orgasm begin to crest, she reached down and began to massage her engorged clit. The sensation of her own fingertips combined with Logan's monster erection was an explosion

of intense pleasure. She let out a wild cry, her body trembling as the orgasm took hold.

Logan felt the walls of Christy's cunt rush his cock, swelling and constricting around it in a powerful embrace. He groaned, his face twisting into a snarl beneath the Incredible Hulk mask.

"I'm gonna cum!" he growled, his hips thrusting harder and faster.

Christy let out a gasp as the first spurt of cum hit the back of her womb, causing her to convulse around his cock. She could feel his cum filling her insides, the warmth and thickness of it spreading through her, making her feel even more alive and charged.

Logan slammed into her as he unloaded his boy-semen into her core, his body trembling and shaking with the force of his orgasm.

As the last spasms of their climax subsided, Christy collapsed onto the bed, her face still buried in the pillow. She let out a contented sigh, feeling utterly satisfied as Logan's cock slowly softened inside her.

"Well, that was something," she muttered, still catching her breath.

Logan let out a chuckle, the sound muffled by the mask. "Hulk agree. We make good team, you and me."

Christy laughed, reaching back to give his ass a playful swat. "Hey, Hulk, can I have my son back? Let him know I wanna ride his cock," she said playfully.

Logan threw off the mask. "Hey, mom…did you miss me?"

"Ha-ha, very funny," she giggled. She shed her blouse and bra, releasing her heavy hooters, then fed her son a sensual kiss. "Now, get on your back and let mom show you HER superhero abilities, young man."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, sprawling onto his back.

The next day, Tina couldn't help but notice the radiant glow on Christy's face. "Wow, did you get some last night?" she asked with a wink. "Your freshly-fucked glow is almost blinding."

Christy's grin grew wider. "You could say I 'got some,' yeah."

Tina's eyes widened in excitement. "Do tell. Did that husband of yours finally find out he was competing with a dildo and step up his game?"

Christy's smile faltered slightly. "No, James is still the same old James," she said with a slight frown. "And my days of using dildos are definitely over."

Tina furrowed her brow in confusion. "Wait, how can both of those be true? Who else are you fucking?"

A mischievous glint appeared in Christy's eye. "Let's just say I traded in that dreamy dildo for the real thing, literally," she said with a sly grin.

Tina gasped in realization. "You're fucking Logan, aren't you?" she exclaimed, letting out a sigh of relief. "Oh my God, that is such great news, Christy! I thought I was the only one being depraved in this friendship."

"What do you mean?" Christy asked.

"I've been letting Quinn fuck me for a few days now," Tina confessed, blushing slightly. "I wanted to tell you, but I was afraid you would think I was a complete whore or something."

Christy reassured her with a giggle. "You're not a whore, Tina. Just because we're sharing our love with them doesn't make us whores.

We're simply exploring our sexuality and finding happiness in our relationships." She leaned in closer and whispered conspiratorially, "And let's be honest, who wouldn't want to share some fun with Logan and Quinn? They're quite the studs."

Tina grinned mischievously. "I won't argue with that. In fact, I have a naughty idea for the four of us if you're up for it," she stated with a wink.

The musky scent of sweat and sex filled Quinn's bedroom as his bedspreads squeaked rhythmically beneath the weight of four bodies. The air was thick with moans and gasps, forming a primal chorus that echoed off the walls. Quinn and Logan lay side by side on the queen-sized mattress, their bodies slick with sweat, while Tina and Christy straddled them, riding their erections with feverish abandon.

The men's eyes widened to the size of silver dollars as they gazed up at the giant breasts bouncing above them. The soft mounds of flesh moved like huge rippling watermelons in perfect sync with Tina and Christy's vigorous fuck-thrusts, creating a hypnotic spectacle for the two teens below.

They'd been at it for nearly two orgasmic hours, both women at the point in their arousal where they were 'stacking' their climaxes quickly and with greater intensity.

Logan marveled at the way Christy moved her body, doing the hula-grind on his cock, soaking the bed beneath them with her ejaculations. Both he and Quinn had already cum once, which relaxed their sensitivity, allowing them to fuck longer and harder without cumming a second time.

Every little while the two women would slap their sweaty tits down against Logan and Quinn's chests and make out with them like

lovers, their tongues darting in and out of each other's mouths like snakes.

Meanwhile, Christy and Tina continued to work their hips, their glistening bubble butts bobbing up and down tirelessly as they continued to fuck with skill and fervor.

Moving from her lips, Logan worked his way down the canyon between Christy's massive tits, licking and sucking at her flesh. Quinn did the same to Tina and for a long while the two boys resting beneath the weight and softness of their boobs, gorging themselves on the succulent peaks of the women's jugs.

The moms writhed and moaned, caught in a seemingly never-ending cycle of orgasms that rolled through their bodies like waves crashing on the shore. Their symphony of ecstasy filled the room, their voices sweet and melodic, but also raw and primal. Quinn couldn't tear his

gaze away from Christy, who trembled and cried out as she ground her pussy against his friend's cock with reckless abandon.

"Did you reach it?" Quinn eagerly asked, his own arousal growing as he watched.

"Yep," Logan grinned proudly. "Twenty-seven orgasms. I just broke her record."

The boys exchanged a proud high-five before returning to their frenzied fucking, each thrust bringing them closer to their own release.

Logan pulled Christy back down against him, their bodies molded together like two puzzle pieces. He wrapped his arms tightly around her, savoring the fatty softness of her breasts pressed against his chest. With a surge of lust and possessiveness, he began to thrust his hips up from the mattress with a ferocious intensity, driving his throbbing cock deep into her slick, quivering entrance. The rhythmic

smacking of their wet flesh filled the air, like a primal drumbeat that reverberated off the walls.

"Ah, shit!" Logan gasped as he felt himself reaching the edge. "I'm gonna fucking cum!"

"Me too!" Quinn whimpered, matching his movements with equal fervor. The two friends climaxed simultaneously, their hot seed spurting between the pulsating folds of Tina's and Christy's cunts, mixing with their sweet juices.

As they all collapsed onto the bed, spent and panting, Christy leaned in close to her son's ear. "Twenty-eight," she whispered with a satisfied smile, giving his cock a loving squeeze with the walls of her sex-chamber.

The four of them lay there in a tangled mess of limbs and sheets, basking in the afterglow of their wild afternoon. Their bodies glistened with sweat and cum, evidence of their intense passion and pleasure.

THE END

114: Mom's Fetish

Mom's Fetish

By Klrxo

"Honey, what's wrong?" April asked her son when she noticed he seemed down.

"Dad's making me spend my entire day Saturday helping him cut down that damn tree in the front yard."

"Maybe it's just something he doesn't think he can do on his own."

"Then why doesn't he hire some tree guys to come do it. Why do I have to spend half my weekend doing work?" Ian griped.

"I can talk to him," April sighed, "but if I get you out of tree duty you're gonna owe me," she hinted with a mischievous smile.

"Name your price," Ian blurted, willing to do about anything to get out of the task.

"Anything?" the mother smiled.

"As long as it doesn't involve me working all day Saturday."

The mother seemed a little reluctant. "OK, well…um, if I ask for something specific. Can we keep it between us?"

"Of course."

"You promise you won't think I'm weird or perverted?" April awkwardly asked.

"Mom, I'm as weird and perverted as the come, so it would be extremely hypocritical for me to think that."

April giggled. "Good to know, but you haven't heard my request yet."

"What is it?"

Thoughts of doubt and guilt suddenly swept into the mother's mind. "You know what…never mind. I'll think of something else. I shouldn't even have considered asking for this," she muttered, having second thoughts.

"Mom, would you stop. Whatever it is, I won't tell anyone, and I won't think any less of you, I promise," Ian assured her.

"Alright then, fine. Are you and Maria still using condoms?" April asked, referring to her son's girlfriend.

"I promised you we would, and we have been, every time we have sex."

"I have a feeling you're lying to me."

"Why do you think I'm lying to you?"

"Oh, I don't know…maybe because I haven't really been seeing them in your trash lately," April pointed out.

"Oh, well…to be honest, I've just been flushing them."

April gave him a play full slap on the knee. "Honey, you're not suppose to be flushing used condoms," she scolded in a playful tone. "Haven't I told you that before?"

"I know, I'm sorry, but what's that have to do with what we were talking about?" Ian asked, trying to get back on the topic of what he could do for his mother.

"If I can get you out of tree duty on Saturday, I was wondering if you would tie your condoms off, after you squirt your wad into them, and save them for me," she asked timidly.

"Save my used condoms for you? Why?"

"Ian, come on," she responded, red with embarrassment. "I'm not asking you how come you want Saturday free," his mother stated.

"So."

"So…don't ask me why I want your condoms. Do we have a deal or not?"

"So, I'm just suppose stick my condoms aside…after I've used them to have sex with?" he asked.

"Yes, just tie them off and leave them on your nightstand. I'll come in to get after you've gone to school," April directed.

"Fine," the boy agreed, even though he was extremely curious what his mom wanted to do with them.

"You'll do it?"

"Yes, I'll do it.

"Awesome!" his mother smiled. "I'll talk to your father tonight."

Ian and his girlfriend Marie had sex a lot…at least twice a day and they didn't even live under the same roof. Since Marie's parents were super-strict, they usually fucked in Ian's room, with his door locked so his younger brother and sister didn't barge in. The moment her

son left for school the next morning his mom headed to his bedroom to retrieve the condoms he left for her.

What she didn't know was that her son hadn't left for school at all. He was too curious to see why she wanted his latex cum balls so much, so he hid in his closet and watched for her to enter his bedroom.

The teen was shocked when his mom finally arrived to his room completely naked. Her huge heavy tits bobbled on her chest as she came over and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Holy fuck! Mom looks amazing naked!" the boy thought. He had never really lusted after his mother before, but seeing her body bare sparked a flame inside him that he never expected to have. Her tits were way larger than he expected, with wide areolas and thick rubbery nipples. Her trim tummy

flared out to wide hips and a big rounded ass. The cleft of her pudenda was crowned by a tiny patch of pubic fur.

April lifted one of the used condoms and let it dangle in front of her face as she studied its contents. The brunette mother opened her mouth, then chewed the tied end of the condom completely off. She had performed the task with such ease that it was clear she had done it many times before.

Ian watched in fascination as his mom poured his milky load into her mouth, swished it around, then swallowed it. The look on her face was one of sheer ecstasy as she savored the taste of his spunk.

"Holy shit! I can't believe what I'm watching," Ian thought.

April turned the rubber inside-out, then proceeded to lick and suck it clean.

Not a drop of spunk remained by the time she was finished. Her heavy tits wobbled as she plopped back onto Ian's bed, taking the second condom-ball with her.

Her son's tongue nearly hung out as he watched her draw her knees back, spreading her thick thighs. April reached down and began rubbing her aroused pussy, while chewing the tied end of the second condom off, just as she had the first.

This time the horny mother poured the gooey pearlescent-colored load all over her tits. The spunk ran down over her giant slopes and she immediately used her free hand to rub it in like lotion.

"Whoa!" Ian muttered, watching her massage his jizz into her unblemished skin. His eyes drifted down to her hand as it frantically rubbed just under the fleshy hood of her clitoris.

April slipped what was left of the used condom into her mouth. She sucked it like a lozenge, letting the tang of her boy's jizz sizzle on her taste buds. This seemed to make her even hornier as she began to buck her lovely round ass from the mattress, while whimpering in delight. Her index finger dug across her engorged clitoris feverishly. The muscles in her legs tensed up, then quivered in pleasure as she was struck with a powerful climax.

"OHH, IAN, FUCK MEE!!" she cried out, while her big boobies rippled on her chest.

Her spying teenager quickly whipped out his throbbing dick. He had been able to restrain himself until he heard his mom cry out his name. Unfortunately, while fishing out his cock, he inadvertently knocked his closet door open.

"What the hell, Ian!" his mom exclaimed, nearly startled out of her skin. She grabbed his blanket and attempted to cover herself.

"Sorry, I was just, um…"

"Spying on me?!" his mom blurted, finishing his sentence. "You're suppose to be at school."

"I know," he answered, red with embarrassment. "I guess I was just curious to see what you were doing with my used condoms."

"Well, I guess you found out, didn't you?" she told him in an irritated tone, holding his blanket around her voluptuous body as she stood from the bed. "Oh my God, this is so embarrassing. If you tell your father I swear I will never speak to you again."

"I'm not gonna tell dad, so don't worry about it."

After standing there in silence for a moment, April sat on the edge of his bed. "Well…I suppose it doesn't make much sense for me to run to my bedroom and pretend like this didn't just happen. The cat's out of the bag now, so I suppose we should talk about it."

"I'm not gonna lie. I know you're my mom, but that pretty freagin hot to watch," the boy confessed.

April burst out laughing. "I'm sure you were just as much shocked as you were turned on," she teased.

"Shocked yes, but definitely more turned on."

"You have a girlfriend, honey. You don't need to be turned on by your mom of all people," April noted.

"No offense, mom, but I could say the same for you. You have dad. Why do you need to be turned on by me?"

"That's a dumb question. Look at you…you're gorgeous! Do you realize how many of my married friends talk about wanting to fuck you until they can't stand up straight?" she teased.

"Yeah, but those ladies aren't YOU. They're not my mom."

"Oh, Ian please…don't act like mister innocent. I saw you standing there with your dick in your hand when that closet door opened. You said yourself you were turned on by what you saw me doing."

"Well, yeah, then I guess we're both guilty, but…"

"But what?" his mom asked.

"But what was with the used condom routine?" he candidly snickered.

"I guess us moms can have weird fetish's just like you boys can," she confessed.

"I don't have any weird fetish's."

"Excuse me?! I've seen the browser history on your laptop, young man. You most certainly do have a fetish."

"Alright, alright, fine…but we don't need to talk about that," Ian blurted.

"Oh, but my sperm fetish is open for discussion?" his mother teased. "That's not fair."

"We'll just…drop the subject completely then," Ian suggested, embarrassed to discuss his own perverted obsession.

"No we won't," his mom stated with a mischievous smile. "Tell me about your fixation on being smothered, and I'll tell you about my sperm addiction."

"Oh, come on, mom. It's really embarrassing to talk about."

"Oh, stop! Do you really think either of us can be any more embarrassed than we already have been this morning?" she asked, then patted the spot beside her. "Come sit next to me."

Ian stepped across his bedroom and sat down next to his mom on the edge of his bed. April reached over and took his hand. "I started drinking and playing with your cum several months ago," she confessed. "How do you think I knew you stopped throwing them in your garbage can?"

"Why do you do it?" he asked her.

"I like the taste of it and the smell. I like the feel of it on my skin. When I'm doing it, it gives me such a thrill…I can't help but rub my pussy."

"Well, like I said earlier. It's pretty hot if you ask me."

"Thanks," his mom smiled, looking over into his eyes. "Your fetish intrigues me too. Is there a certain part of a woman's body that your prefer being smothered by?"

"Her vagina or ass. Her tits too, but my girlfriend's boobs aren't very big, so she mostly smothers me with her other parts," he timidly admitted.

"Interesting. Breath play can be very dangerous you know. I hope you're using techniques to do it safely," his mom stated.

"Yeah, we use safe words and stuff like that."

"So, while you're being smothered, by her pussy for example, are you performing oral sex on her?"

"Yeah, of course. I just think it's kind of thrilling not being able to breath and nearly passing out from it," the boy stated. "I know, pretty perverted, huh?"

"No more perverted than your mom eating up your cum like it's candy," she giggled.

"Do you eat dad's cum like that?" Ian asked.

"Oh, God no!" his mom scowled. "Your father's cum tastes horrible. It's not thick, rich and sweet like yours. Sorry if this shocks you, but I could drink your cum by the gallon, honey."

"Dang. It might take me awhile to produce THAT much cum."

"I don't know… you pump out some pretty big loads of ball juice, honey," his mom attested. "If you filled a condom while you were being smothered, I bet your ejaculations would be even bigger."

"Probably," her son agreed.

"Would you like to test that theory out?" his mom asked lasciviously.

"Test it out?" he asked, his heart rate increasing.

"Yeah. I could smother you with my big tits, in exchange for whatever comes out of the tip of your penis, deal?"

"Deal," Ian blurted, in disbelief that she was actually serious about this.

"Better close your door and lock it," his mom suggested. "We certainly don't need your brother or sister coming home early and catching us."

"True," the boy agreed, jumping up and doing what she asked.

April stood from the bed and removed the blanket from her body. Ian gawked at her humongous mommy-melons. They bobbled heavily on her chest as she stepped over to him and peeled his t-shirt off.

"Are you getting as excited as I am, honey?" she asked. "Are you anxious to be smothered in tit-flesh?"

"Yes, very!" the boy excitedly sighed, watching his mom shed his shorts and briefs. His boner sprung out stiffly, nearly slapping her on the face. "Oh, wow, Ian. Your dick is every bit as big and thick as I imaged it would be!" the mother gushed.

"You think so?"

"Yes I do. I certainly didn't think those huge cum loads I was drinking were coming from a small penis."

Ian had a condom on his nightstand. April picked it up and tore it opened, then wasted no time rolling it over her son's erect prick.

"There you go…all suited up and ready for battle," she joked. "Now you just have to decide where you want this battle to take place."

"Um…on the bed," Ian answered, glancing over at his mattress.

"Well, I know THAT, honey. What I meant by 'WHERE' is… do you wanna do battle in hand-ville?" she asked, doing a jerking-off motion with her clasped fist. Then she pointed down to her cunt. "Or pussy-town?"

"Pussy-town?" he asked, thinking surely his mom didn't mean fucking her pussy.

April smiled salaciously and placed her hands on her hips, making her king-sized tits jut outward. "If you're gonna play ball with mom, you might as well go all the way to forth base."

"Seriously?!" the boy asked, thrilled by her suggestion.

"You focus on getting smothered and let me focus on draining those big nuts," April insisted, glancing down at her son's dangling scrotum.

Ian eagerly sprawled onto mattress and his mom followed. "Prop yourself back on some pillows, honey. That'll be the best position for me to smother you and ride you at the same time," the mother suggested.

Ian stuck some pillows beneath his back, so he was reclined instead of laying flat. Watching his beautiful, heavy breasted mom crawl on top of him was the most thrilling moment he'd ever experienced.

April planted her knees astride his hips. She reached down and grasped his erection, then fit his condom-sheathed knob to the mouth of her cuntal vestibule.

Ian gasped sharply as his bell tip was encased in the heat of his mother's fuck-pit. Slippery secretions from April's Bartholin's glans lubricated the meat of her son's erection. This allowed it to squeeze through the remnants of her hymen and into the snug heated grip of her vaginal orifice.

Ian peered down with wide eyes and watched his thick cock shaft slowly sink up into his mom's body. Finally, their bare pubis's fused together as they experienced full genital penetration.

"Holy shit! What a dick!" the mother gasped excitedly.

Peering up, Ian couldn't see much of his mom's lust-filled face, since it was obscured by her huge ballooning tits. "Ready for mom to make your naughty dreams come true, honey?" April asked in a lusty tone.

"Yes, please!" the boy answered, licking his lips.

She lowered her ample bosom, mashing his face down between her squishy melons. Ian's young body gave off an excited shudder as he was smothered in the warm spongy pocket of her cleavage.

"Now, let me show you what us moms can do," April expressed, lifting her lovely round ass up. This made her cunt walls drag up the stalk of her son's prick. Then she plunged back down, crushing his fat knob against the puffy swell of her external o's.

She heard her son give of a tit-muffled gasp as she began riding him in a steady fuck- rhythm. "Oh my God, Ian…your dick feel SO good!" she whimpered. The mother wasn't used to such a hard, muscular cock pumping through her hot vagina. She could feel his aroused penile flex flexing and throbbing through the thin latex condom. This caused her pussy to clench excitedly, swathing her boy's spooge-canon in hot slippery fuck-oil.

Wedged in the canyon of her cleavage, Ian's face was turned slightly and masked in fatty tit-flesh. This was just the type of smothering he'd always dreamed of. He'd just never been lucky enough to be with someone as tit-heavy as his mother.

He gasped in wonder, feeling the fatty and glandular tissue slosh around his face. He kissed his mother's squishy flesh tenderly, wishing he could spend hours upon hours in that very spot. However, from the way his mom was fucking his rigid cock, he knew he'd be lucky to last an hour tops.

April, on the other hand, was already edging on the peak of a monster climax. She knew she was about to let her son see her in her most primal state. It didn't matter though. She knew they crossed that barrier where they could get as wild and uninhibited as they wanted.

"I'm gonna cum on you, Ian!" she cried out.

"Ohhh, shit, that feels incredible!" the boy's mind exclaimed as he felt his mom's pussy contract around his burrowing prick. Even through the latex he could feel her orgasmic secretions swirling around the tender meat of his dick.

April's big naked mommy-ass flew up and down, beating their pissers together. She cried out in sheer ecstasy as she gushed all over the satisfying stiffness of her boy's boner.

Ian loved having his face surrounded in that part of his mom's breast, but there was another part that equally intrigued him. He kissed his way up the squishy contour of her tit, until he arrived at her nipple. He quickly latched on, spreading his lusty lips out across the thick-textured cap of her pinkish-purple areola.

"That's it, baby boy. Suck those big titties now!" his mother urged. She didn't know if he was close to cumming or not, but was determined to take as many toe-curling orgasms as she could get until he did. The mother continued working her hips tirelessly, plunging her clasping cunt-tube up and down her boy's erection, from bell to balls.

Their crotches SMACKED wetly together and the frame of Ian's bed squeaked repeatedly from the feverish sexual tempo.

April slapped their genitals together in full penetration, then swiveled her motherly midsection up and back. This grinned her boy's boner around inside her sex-chamber like a fleshy gearshift.

With his mouth gorged with the rubbery cap of his mom's tit, Ian whimpered in pleasure. He loved having a big dick and being able to stretch every inch of a woman's pussy. His eyes rolled back from the exquisite feel of his mom's pleated walls chewing at the meat of his cock.

By now the boy's face was sunk deep in the dough-like softness of his mom's tit. He sucked at her rubbery nipple greedily, making it elongate inside his mouth.

"YES!...YES, I'M CUMMING!!" he heard his mother sing.

Once again he felt her tremble violently. Girl cum hissed from her urethra, washing along his thick cock-root. It then cascaded down his nuts and onto the bed.

"Good-fucking-grief!" the mother brain exclaimed. "My son is a sexual superman!"

If this were true than Ian had certainly met his match. They'd been going at it for an hour now and his mother didn't miss a beat. Moms her age were sexual athletes and had high skill and endurance levels. Her wide mature hips worked like a machine, plunging her hot pussy up and down her boy's steely rod in a tireless rhythm.

Ian absolutely loved the texture of his mom's fuck-tube. It was so much different than his girlfriend's, in a good way. He had heard that women his mom's age had developed well- pronounced ribs along their vaginal lining. Now he knew for himself how true it actually was. Her strong pelvic floor muscles bulged out, compressing the spongy sheath around his fuck-muscle even tighter. He could only imagine how fucking amazing that pleated vaginal rugae would feel dragging along the flesh of his cock without a condom on.

Over the next twenty minutes, April alternated between humping and grinding. Her big dicked boy brought her off two more times during that period, making her tremble and howl in sexual delight.

The mother had enough experience to know when her son was preparing to ejaculate. His dick was twitching inside her and he was lifting her off the bed with involuntary thrusts. She wanted to make

this orgasm as powerful as she could for him. There was also a bit of selfishness involved, knowing a really strong cum would provide more semen for her to drink from his Ian's condom.

April realized, in her son's case, with his smothering fetish, a strong ejaculation would come from oxygen deprivation. While she had no intention of pushing it too far, she wanted to restrict his breathing

just long enough for him to experience the most intense climax of his young life.

With his dick tingling, Ian felt his mom rest her full weight against him, and wrap her arms around his head. She pulled him even deeper into her tit melon, encasing nearly his entire head in fatty flesh.

The boy whimpered and trembled from the thrill of being so intensely smothered by his own mom's giant tit. His frantic thrusts were met by his mother's as she slammed him back to the mattress and screwed her juicy cunt back down around his cock-root.

With a tit-muffled grunt, the boy began filling his latex condom with fat blasts of ball-juice. While most people would see stars from a lack of oxygen, Ian saw a dozen images of his mom's tits swinging wildly around him.

April delighted in hearing her boy's stifled pleasure-grunts. She could feel his powerful cock flexing stiffly in her cuntal grip, each time it ejected a thick spurt of cum inside the condom. Her pussy quivered at the thought of pouring his hot, fresh cum-load down her throat. She had always retrieved his condoms well after he had sex with his girlfriend. She couldn't wait to see how much more tasty it would be fresh from his balls.

For nearly two minutes her son grunted and writhed beneath her, having the orgasm of his life. He finally gasped for air as his mom rose up off him. "Are you OK, honey?" she giggled, watching him fight for breath.

Despite his struggling, the teenager smiled from ear to ear. "Uh-huh!" he sighed, gazing up at her enormous sweat-glistening udders lustfully. Her left nipple was purple and swollen from the vigorous sucking it had just received.

"How was that for a good smothering?" she asked.

"I'm sure you'll tell when you see how full that condom is," he answered.

"The anticipation is killing me," his mom smiled, then climbed off him.

Ian's dick popped from her cunt, soaked with her orgasmic secretions. The anxious mother was quick to inspect the condom, gasping at the extraordinary amount of ball-goo it contained. "Oh my God! Look at all that cum!" she exclaimed.

"I knew it would be a lot. I've never cum that hard," Ian confessed, still short of breath.

April carefully removed the rubber from his dick. She made a point of squeezing the sides, so she could clean as much cum as possible off his dick and into the condom.

"Wow!" the mother beamed, holding the rubber, so it made a huge cum-ball at the tip. "This is the biggest load of cum I've ever seen."

"Really?" Ian asked proudly.

"Yes. I'm pretty sure it takes your father about a months worth of orgasms to produce this much."

"So, are you drinking this one, or rubbing it all over yourself?" Ian asked.

His mom peeked down at him and smiled mischievously. "Oh, I'm drinking this one. Every fucking drop," she excitedly blurted.

Ian watched in fascination as his mom poured the milky contents of the condom into her mouth and swished it around.

The mother swallowed the jizz and her boy's eyes were bulging from his skull as he watch. "Damn, mom, that was SO hot!" he declared.

"Oh, fuck, honey…your cum tastes so incredible when it's warm and fresh like that."

"I can produce more for you, if you want?" he stated, giving his big cock a few rejuvenating strokes.

"Can you?" she asked, staring at his flaring knob. "Can you squirt your cum-ropes all over mommy's tits this time?"

"You bet. So I can fuck you again?"

"As long as you give me a half-dozen orgasms like you did the first time," she winked.

"No problem. Can I be on top this time?" Ian asked.

April sprawled down onto her back, making her giant boobs shimmy across her chest. She brought her knees back, bowing open her thighs, so her dainty feet hovered in the air. "Slip a condom on that sweet dick and hop on, honey," she insisted.

Ian reached for a condom, but there was none there. "Shit, that was my last one," he moaned.

"Well, I guess it's your lucky day. Looks like you'll be getting some bare back pussy this time."

"Seriously?! Are you sure that's ok?"

"As long as you pull out and squirt those little swimmers onto my tits. I don't need them gang-raping my egg and getting me pregnant this week," she teased.

"Can do!" the boy responded, staring at his mom's naked pussy. Her engorged clitoris peeked from beneath the fleshy prepuce like a tiny erect penis. Her cuntal flanges were splayed, revealing the pink, creamy, collapsed walls, just inside the mouth of her vagina.

"Come on, honey…" April said seductively. "Let mommy squeeze and squirt all over that big dick."

Ian climbed down on top of her and fit his cum-drooling knob into her fuck-slit. With one forceful thrust, he rammed all his cock into the snug wetness of her pussy.

"Oh, fuck, baby!!" his mom squealed as she was packed with the thickness of her son's cock.

Ian began fucking her, making his cum-filled balls beat again her upturned ass. Mother and son clung to each other like their lives depended on it, while fucking frantically.

The teen groaned in delight. He wasn't used to having a tight, wet pussy sheathed around his cock without a condom on. It felt divine. His mother's spongy cuntal pleats chewed at his erection, soaking it with fuck-oil.

April's heavy breasts were crushed between them like a tit-sandwich. The fatty orbs sloshed wildly against Ian's bare chest, adding to his excitement level.

The horny mother had her lovely legs wrapped around her boy. She used them to whip her buns up from the mattress, meeting Ian's thrusts. This made their genitals smack together in a lewd rhythmic beat.

"Ahhh, shit!" the teen groaned. He'd had a lot of sex with girlfriends, but he wasn't used to the fuck-skills of a middle-aged mother.

April felt an equal thrill as her boy pounded into her. Despite having frequent sex in her marriage, the incredible vigor and rock hardness of a teenager easily put her husband to shame.

"Oh, baby…I'm gonna cum!" the mother groaned.

The muscles in April's vagina, anus and uterus began to rhythmically contract. Her teeth clenched together as her face twisted into a wild pleasure-grimace. Then, her back arched and shuttered, lifting her boy from the bed as a powerful climax shot through her heavy-titted body like an electric current.

April's clasping fuck-tube squelched around her boy's meat, bathing it in hot female ejaculate. The pair wrestled like two lusty animals rutting in the wild. April muscles strained as she humped and clawed at her boy. Her mind swirled with tit-quivering pleasure that seemed to never end.

Ian felt his entire body tingle euphorically. A load of jizz shot up his urethral tube, like water through a fire hose. As much as he wanted to soak his mom's cervix with his spunk, he remembered their deal and quickly pulled out.

"Cumming!!" he grunted.

April quickly propped herself on her elbows, pressing her giant tits together. This created a huge fleshy target for her boy to blast his spunk against. "Soak my tits, baby!" the mother cried out. "Glaze mommy's fuck-udders with your ball-nectar!"

With a wild series of grunts, the teen blasted fat cords of pearly-white jizz against his mom's breasts. Some ran down over rubbery nipples. Some of his spunk cascaded down into the deep canyon of her cleavage. April's body trembled as she creamed again just watching her son's ejaculate pulse from his piss-slit.

After a few minutes of climactic excitement, they both let out a deep satisfied sigh. "Wow, honey, you really soaked me…in more ways that one," she giggled, looking down at both her cum-drenched boobs and the pool of girl-cum staining her son's bedsheet.

"Will you sit on my face now?" Ian asked, anxious to experience more of her wonderful mommy-smothering.

"Mm, you just can't get enough can you, baby?" she mewled. "Like mother, like son."

April straddled her boy face, smothering him in hot, wet pussy. She was already dreaming of the next cum-load that would squirt from his cock. She knew this time she wanted to feel his fat knob clogged deeply inside her throat. She wanted to feel his ball-milk splashing and cascading through her esophagus and down into her tummy.

All day they would feed each other's fetishes, writhing and trembling and crying out in sexual delight.

Ian's father ended up hiring a tree company to come do the work, after his wife convinced him that their son was simply too busy to help on Saturday. She wasn't lying. Ian WAS busy…having his face smothered in tit-flesh. He and his mother had found a nice private spot to park her car at the local make-out spot outside of town. Ian was slouched on the back seat with his naked mom on top of him. Her sexy round bubble butt slowly pumped up and down as they engaged in a long passionate fuck.

The boy's cock was unsheathed, flexing and throbbing as it was milked by the juicy pleated walls of his mother's cunt tube. April got a wicked thrill from chewing his condoms open and drinking or bathing in their milky contents. However, seeing his boy-goo squirt directly out of his piss-slit and enjoying his jizz while it was hot and fresh was even more exciting to the perverted mother.

For Ian, there was no place on earth he'd rather be. Having his big cock squeezed, pulled and gushed all over by his mom's skilled cunt was wonderful enough. However, having this done, while pushing his face against her fat squishy boob and gorging on her tit-cap was as good as he could ever wish for.

115: Moms Gone Wild_1

By Klrxo

"Pack your bags, girlfriend. We're going on a cruise," Jess said.
"What cruise?" Missy asked.

Jess smiled excitedly. "The Moms Gone Wild cruise. You know, that one that comes around

every couple years," she said.

"Yeah, I remember that one. Didn't it have age restrictions?"

"Yup, women thirty-eight to forty-two and young men, eighteen to twenty-two. We're good. We're going," Jess said, matter-of-factly.

Missy giggled, displaying a perfect, white toothed smile.. "Hold on a minute. When is it? We have kids, we can't just..."

"It's this weekend and yes we can. It's only two days. Our mothers are always begging to take our little ones and our husbands will be home most of the time we're gone. They'll keep the teenagers from wreaking havoc," Jess explained.

"Wasn't there a rumor going around that like half the women who took that cruise, ended up coming home pregnant?"

Jess laughed, "that's an exaggeration, I'm sure, but we can get an appointment with our doctors tomorrow, get on the mini-pill and be all set by the weekend."

Missy fed her best friend a scowl. "Jess, I'm not cheating on Philip," she said.

"Oh come on, stop being such a prude. There's nothing wrong with us cheating on our husbands for a couple days, it's only two days...and we'll be out in the middle of the ocean, there's absolutely zero chance of getting caught," Jess said.

Missy shook her head. "No, there's no way Philip would even agree to me going on a cruise like that, he might even kill me for asking."

"Well Joe wouldn't like the idea of me going either, so maybe we just tell them we're going to Vegas or something for a couple days...girls getaway."

Missy twirled her finger through her short brown hair, thinking it over. "If I go, I'm going to enjoy the cruise, NOT the horny young boys on board."

Jess smiled wickedly. "They're not boys, their young men...all legal age, but whatever. So we're gonna do this?" she asked.

Before Missy could answer, the front door opened and their eighteen-year-old sons entered. The boys carried their baseball gear and both were absolutely filthy.

"Oh boy, look what the cat dragged in," Jess said.

Missy took a step back, gazing at her son Lucas and his filthy attire. "Rough practice, boys?"

Lucas let out an exhausted sigh. "Coach had us doing slide drills today," he said, slipping his cleats off.

Missy smiled at him. "I never would have guessed," she teased. "Can I use your shower, Misses G?" Jesse's son Gabe asked.

His mom answered first. "Uh, hold on mister, you're filthy. You're not walking through this house like that," Jess said.

Missy pointed across the foyer. "Into the laundry room, boys. Let's go," she said.

The mothers followed their teens into the laundry room. Jess's big buttocks swayed beneath her pink booty-shorts. The 39 year-old had that sexy beach-bunny look, with long, baby-blonde hair and a dark tan. Her all-natural H-cup tits trembled beneath her bra and cami top as she trailed her son on bare feet.

"Strip out of those clothes. We can wash everything together," Missy said, adjusting the settings on her washer.

Jess lifted her son's shirt up and off his lean chest. The boy definitely took after his mother, with light hair and dark, sun-tanned skin. He watched her jugs wobble from side to side as she

tossed his shirt in the wash. "Ugh, filthy," she said.

Lucas handed his Mom his soiled shirt and watched her place it in the wash. Missy's short brown hair framed her pretty face, which resembled the singer Lana Del Rey. At 38, her body was absolutely voluptuous. A true hourglass frame. Her wide hips and thick, peach-shaped

buttocks tapered down to strong sculpted legs, slender ankles and sexy bare feet with burgundy painted toenails. Her breasts were only slightly larger than Jess's. In fact they had often traded outfits, including their sexy bras and lingerie. Mom or not, she had never failed to draw her son's eye.

"So, um, a few of the guys on the team are going up the coast on a surfing trip, over the three- day weekend," Lucas said, "they wanna know if we can come with them?"

"Just camping out?" Missy asked.

Gabe answered as he removed his baseball pants. "Yeah, there's a State Park up there, with camp sites I guess," he said.

Jess chimed in sternly, since it involved her son also. "Any girls going along?" "Nope, just a guy thing," her son answered.

The two mothers looked at each other. "I don't have a problem with it," Missy said, "as long as

you two don't do anything stupid."

Lucas gave his Mom a playful smile. "We would never," he said.

Jess laughed. "Yeah, right. Just keep your eyes on the waves and not the bikinis," she said, glaring at her boy.

Missy's eyes drifted up her son's chest, to his face. "That goes for you too," she said. "Got it," Lucas answered, taking a quick glance at his Mom's jutting breasts.

Jess glanced at her bestie. "And that reminds me, your Mothers are also skipping town this

weekend."

"Just a quick, two-day trip to Vegas," Missy added, looking over at Jess as if afraid she might give something away, "So if you need anything, your dads will be around."

"Wow, it's like a hundred and twenty degrees in Vegas right now. Why would you guys wanna go there?" Gabe asked.

The women looked at each other, as if each waiting for the other to answer. Missy finally spoke up. "Well, thank God for air-conditioned casinos."

"Exactly," Jess smiled, then looked back at their sons. "All right, get your cute little asses in the shower, boys."

Lucas looked at his Mom as they scrambled out in just their briefs. "Can I use you and dad's shower, Mom."

"Of course, she didn't mean you two had to share a shower, goof-ball," Missy said, making Jess laugh.

"Yeah, that would be weird," Gabe said.

A few days later, Missy hurried down the stairway, her dainty heels clicking on the floor. She was done up to the nines with a light button-up sweater over her dress. Her husband Philip waited by the door, holding their sixteen-month old daughter. "Got everything?" he asked.

"Oh, I think so. Mom will be over in about an hour for the baby. Please don't forget to pick up Morgan from dance class," Missy said.

"Hey, relax, I got this under control," Philip said.

"I know you do," Missy smiled beautifully, "you're wonderful."

"You guys have a great time," Philip said, then gave his wife a kiss. "don't drain our bank account on the slot machines though."

Missy giggled, "I'll try not to," she said, feeling a tad guilty lying about where she was going.

A half-hour later, her and Jess were walking towards the ship and she had peeled off a layer of her outfit. At home, a light sweater had covered her upper half. Now the sweater was off revealing a black nylon tube-dress. It fell just below her crotch, leaving nearly all her freshly- shaved legs on display. Her pretty feet were propped in a pair of black sandals with only a slender strap crossing her feet, just

above her painted toes. The dainty four-and-a-half inch stiletto heels clicked against the sidewalk, commanding attention.

"What a beautiful ship," Jess said, gazing up at the vessel as they walked towards the gate. She wore a sexy pale-pink bodycon mini-dress, with spaghetti straps. Like Missy, she also wore stiletto heels, showing off her sexy feet.

The two moms pulled their bags behind them, like two sexy flight stewardesses heading to the next jet.

"Welcome aboard ladies!" A friendly female ticket agent said as they arrived at the gate. "You can leave your luggage right here, an agent will make sure they get to your cabin right away."

"Thank you," Missy said.

"Can I have your reservation number?" the agent asked.

After going through the boarding formalities, the agent presented two different colored masquerade-style masks for the women to see. "One of the things that makes the Moms Gone Wild cruise unique is the anonymity of all our passengers. We ask that you keep the masks on whenever you're outside your cabin. Wearing masks keeps everyone's identity a secret and allows passengers to relax and really enjoy the experience," she explained.

"Interesting," Missy said, taking her pretty mask out of it's wrapper.

The two mothers put their masks on and looked at each other. "Wow, mysterious and sexy," Jess joked..

Missy giggled and shook her head. "I still can't believe you talked me into this."

"Well we're here now, so no turning back. Let's go check out our home for the next two days," Jess said.

The Moms walked out on deck and saw scattered groups of women and young men. The boys wore masks also, but instead of masquerade-style, they were wolf masks that covered the upper-half of their faces. All the boys eyes were on Missy and Jess as they sashayed by, their dainty heel clicking. The two women had dresses that fit snuggly over their lush mommy-bodies and the boys marveled at the way their huge tits trembled heavily with each step.

"Holy fuck, look at those knockers," Missy heard one boy say.

The women could feel the young men's eyes exploding ever part of their bodies as they walked by. Missy suddenly felt so exposed in her sexy little mini-dress.

"Fuuuuck," Missy heard one boy say. She peeked back to see three of them staring at her meaty ass as it undulated back and forth as she walked.

"Maybe pig masks would have been more appropriate for these boys," Missy said, making Jess giggle.

"And cougar masks for us ladies. My God I could absolutely pounce on some of these cutie's," Jess said. She spotted a fit-looking teen standing there watching them. He was bare-chested and obviously worked out. "Look at that one," Jess said lustfully.

"Yup, I looked...and that's all I'm doing," Missy said. "You know you wanna spread your legs as bad as I do."

"Jess, come on. I'm behaving myself, remember," Missy said as she continued walking.

"Yeah, well, good luck with that," her friend said, eyeballing the shirtless cutie as she passed by. "Just remember what the banner we saw outside said. What happens at Sea stays at Sea."

Missy's eyes lit up as she spotted something ahead. "Now there's something that has me tempted,"said, leaning against the rails and looking down onto the lower level. Below them were rows of lounge chairs surrounding a nice-sized pool and jacuzzi.

"I know where we'll be spending most of our time," Jess said, "when I'm not in the cabin getting fucked hard that is," she said, then smiled over at Missy.

Her friend gave her look, rolling her eyes, which made Jess giggle. "I'm kidding," Jess said playfully.

"Yeah, right," Missy said, "Let's get a drink and find a good place to watch the ship leave the harbor."

"Let's do it," Jess said as they strode toward the stairway.

By the time the ladies got their cocktails, the upper decks were full of people. There were dozens and dozens of masked mothers, just like Missy and Jess and an equal amount of young men, all wearing wolf masks that covered the upper-half of their faces. The ship's horn sounded as they pulled away from the pier, beginning to float out to sea.

Within minutes, the harbor began to disappear behind them. "Wanna lay out by the pool?" Missy asked her bestie.

Jess answered excitedly. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, let's go find our cabin and get changed," she said.

On the way to their room, the girls passed through a shopping area. Jess paused at small women's boutique. There were skimpy bikinis in the window display, which caught her eye. "Oh my God, Missy, look how sexy those bikinis are," she said.

Missy giggled. "Are you kidding me? Those are the tiniest bikinis I've ever seen," she said. "They're mini-micro bikinis. How fucking

amazing would we look in those?" Jess said.

Missy shook her head. "No thanks, my bikinis are skimpy enough," she said.

Jess tugged her friend's arm, pulling her inside. "Let's just try them on real quick....pleeease," she pleaded.

After looking around and trying things on, not only did the girls purchase new bikinis, but a few pairs of thong-panties as well. With shopping bags in hand, they headed to their cabin.

The friends had paid for one of the more luxurious rooms on the cruise-ship. The spacious cabin had two full-sized beds and a balcony overlooking the passing sea. "Very nice," Missy said, stepping out of her heels and exploring the room.

"Oh my God, look at this tub," Jess said, peeking into the bathroom. In the corner was a huge jetted tub and next to it, a small shower.

"Maybe I'll just stay in the room, you go have fun," Missy joked.

Jess returned a mischievous smile.."You send me out there alone and I'm gonna get in serious trouble."

Missy laughed. "I don't doubt that," she said.

The two Mothers put their bags on their beds and began peeling off their dresses. They both wore sexy bra and panty sets and quickly stripped those off as well, getting completely naked. "I can't believe I let you talk me in to buying this thing," Missy said, holding up the tiny string that had only small patch of attached fabric.

"Just admit it, you're as excited to wear these as I am. Just imagine all the stares we're gonna get," Jess said.

"That's what scares me," Missy said, stretching the tiny string around her enormous tits.

Ten minutes later, they were primped and ready for some fun in the sun. The beautiful mothers strode across the ship, drawing the eye of every boy they passed. Jess wore a sexy mesh cover- up skirt, but her upper-half was a complete feast for the eyes. Her ginormous rack was barely contained in the tiny bikini sling. The top was literally just the traditional series of thin straps, but unlike most bikini-tops, only two small triangular patches of fabric covered a small portion of her jostling boobs.

Missy wore a white crochet-style beach cover-up. It was basically just a mini dress, but the hollowed out portions allowing a peek at the succulent bikini-clad curves beneath. Both women's pretty feet were displayed in sexy wedged flip-flops that matched their attire.

They went down to the main pool area at the center of the ship. Moms in sexy bikinis and masquerade masks were scattered about and the pair exchanged a "hi" with many of them as they weaved over and picked out two loungers in the full sun. The beat of contemporary hit music thumped loudly from overhead speakers.

"Drinks ladies?" a deck attendant asked as the mothers laid out their big towels. "I'll have a pina colada," Jess said.

"Mai Tai for me please," Missy added.

The attendant hurried off and the Moms stripped out of their cover-ups. Missy's micro bikini was red and bandeau-style. A thin strip of spandex fabric was stretched across her massive boobs, leaving an obscene amount of tit-meat exposed. Her thonged bottoms were just thin straps with a tiny piece of triangular-shaped fabric barely covering her mons.

Jess gawked at her friend with a big smile. "Oh my God, Girl, you look so fucking amazing in that," Jess said, plopping down on the

lounge. The string of her own thong was tucked down in the crack of her ass, leaving her tan meaty half-moons on full display.

"There's no way this top's gonna stay in place," Missy said, her big jugs bobbling as she adjusted the fabric to keep her areolas covered.

"So big deal. We're wearing masks. Even if there are women on board we know, they probably wouldn't even recognize you," Jess said.

A blonde mother tanning her body next to them chimed in. "Don't worry, my boobs keep falling out of mine too. It is a 'clothing optional' cruise though, so I wouldn't worry too much," she said.

Jess looked at her friend with a grin. "See? Moms Gone Wild, Not Moms Gone Modest. Relax," she said, making the blonde mom next to them giggle. "I'm Candice," the woman said.

Missy and Jess introduced themselves.

"I'm gonna get wet," Missy said, stepping toward the pool..

"Mmm, I'm already wet," Jess said, watching a few hot young men who were laying out nearby.

"That makes two of us," Candice said with a giggle. "That one in the dark blue trunks looks delicious," she said.

"His friend isn't half bad either," Jess said.

Missy stepped gracefully into pool, like some Greek Goddess, her huge, barely-covered tits

jutted obscenely, capturing the attention of every male within eye-shot. Even the other Moms, as beautiful as they were, looked upon her voluptuous body with complete envy. Missy dipped

down into water to her neck, then stepped back out of the pool, her curvy body shimmering with wetness.

The ladies sipped from their drinks while tanning their beautiful, nearly-naked bodies. Missy turned onto her tummy, propped on her elbows, so her big mommy-tits were half-mashed beneath her. She peeked up at the deck above and saw a cute, lean young man staring down at the meaty half-globes of her practically naked ass. Missy could see his eyes through the eye- holes of his wolf mask. They traveled along the backs of her smooth curvy legs.

While he admired her, she found herself doing the same to him, her eyes drifting down his lean bare chest to the bulge in his trunks. Her gaze darted back up and their eyes met and lingered a moment. The boy suddenly looked away timidly, only to peek back at her a moment later.

Missy giggled at how coy the kid was acting. He gave her a friendly wave and she returned a cute one of her own, along with a beautiful smile that made the boy's cock harden even more.

"Are you flirting, Miss goody-goody?" Jess asked, noticing Missy's exchange with the boy. "No, I'm just being friendly."

"Yeah, right. I know flirting when I see it. He seems shy. You should go up and talk to him," Jess said.

"Don't be ridiculous," Missy said, sipping from her drink. "I'm not here to chase boys." "You're just cared to?" Jess teased.

Missy rolled her eyes. "Scared? Really? You do know who you're talking to, right?"

Jess watched as the "shy boy" was joined by another young man and they both looked down at the ladies, gawking at their sun-tanned bodies. "Better hurry then, before he rushes off and gets some other woman's attention," she said to Missy.

Missy smiled and laid her head down. "I told you before, I'm here to enjoy the cruise, not to chase boys," she said.

Their new friend Candice chimed in. "You can do both," she said. "Exactly, thank you," Jess agreed.

Candice sat up, her big bikini-encased boobs wobbling from side-to-side. "Speaking of boys and

fun, you guys do know there's a glory hole on board, right? Wanna go check it out with me?" Jess's face lit up. "I heard about that and yes we would," she said, looking over at Missy.

"I'm good. I might get in the pool again," Missy said.

"Missy, come on, just come check it out. You don't have to do anything. Pleeease. We'll grab some lunch too, then come back and swim," Jess pleaded.

"Fine," Missy said, rising from the lounge.

The three moms strode down to a lower level in bikinis and bare feet. Their asses swayed and their nearly naked mommy-milkers quivered with each graceful step. "You ladies look amazing, just sayin'," one horny teen said as he watched them pass by.

"Thank you," the women said with friendly smiles.

They arrived at an area of boutiques and other upscale-looking shops and salons with flashy neon signage. One of the signs read "BARE NAKED MOMS." The women heard the thumping beat of music coming from inside.

"Let's check this out," Jess said, stepping through the entrance. The other Moms followed.

The inside had a strip-club vibe, but not dirty and shady like most clubs..Being on a cruise-ship, it had more of a fun, flashy feel, with lots of fancy overhead lights showering a huge center stage. On the platform, were a dozen naked masked Moms, dancing and giggling. The crowd of boys around the stage had their hard dicks out, beating to the site of all the jiggling flesh.

"Oh my God, that's so hot," Jess shouted above the deafening beat.

Candice gazed at the dick-beating boys lustfully. "Right. You guys wanna dance?" she asked.

Missy nodded. "I'm good. I feel naked enough in THIS thing," she said, pulling her bandeau top to keep her areolas from being exposed.

Jess stepping into a side hallway. "What's through here?" she asked. The corridor was lined with doors. A white neon sign illuminated the space and read "Private Lap Dances."

They heard a few boys whimpering from the other side of the doors. "Ohh yes, cum!" they heard a woman shout.

A smiley female attendant approached the three Moms. "Hi ladies. Interested in doing some dancing, or just hanging out?"

Missy smiled back. "Just passing through," she said.

Candice looked at the attendant curiously. "So are these sex booths too, or just lap dancing?"

"There's no sexual intercourse allowed here in Bare Naked Moms, but..." she winked. "We've never really kicked anyone out for it, if you know what I mean?" the attendant explained.

Jess grinned. "I get it," she said.

"There's a fun little amusement area called the Rocking Horse further down you guys might enjoy," the attendant said.

"Thank you, we'll check it out," Candice said.

"Have fun," the attendant said as the women wandered back out.

They continued along the row of boutiques and tiny cocktail bars, tucked privately in a courtyard with the passing sky above. Jess spotted an item displayed on a mannequin inside of the shop window. "Oh my God, a patriotic bandeau micro-bikini. I need that in my life right now," she said, stepping into the shop.

Candice giggled and moved across the courtyard.. "I'll see you guys in the Glory Hole," she said. "We'll be right over," Jess said.

Following her bestie inside, Missy spotted a bikini she absolutely fell in love with. "Why do you bring me in these places? You know I love to spend money," she joked.

"Because I'm just as addicted to spending as you are, that's why," Jess said.

The women each bought another bikini and a few other items. Bags in hand, they stepped across the courtyard to a place with a big flashy neon sign that read, "The Glory Hole."

Two young men came rushing out. "Damn that was awesome!" one said to the other. "Dude, she sucked my dick so good," the other said.

Once inside, Missy and Jess stepped down into a dimly lit space that had the feel of an upscale

salon. The wall facing them extended out into a huge half-circle. The oblong surface had a series of holes spaced out, at waist level, going all the way around. A dozen women, mostly in

bikinis knelt at many of the holes, their heads bobbing up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

"There she is," Jess said, motioning to Candice, who was kneeling at one of the cocks, sucking away.

A sexy tattooed female attendant greeted them. "Hey ladies, we gonna suck some dick today?" she asked candidly.

"I am," Jess said, then her and the attendant looked at Missy. "I'm just um, observing for now," Missy said.

"Ok, we have some benches down here, so you can relax and watch," the attendant said, "if you change your mind, we have hair ties and all sorts of flavored oral sex gels. Just pick you out a cock and enjoy," the attendant said.

"Thank you," the women said.

Jess tied her hair back in a pony and looked through the gel flavors. She picked one up. "Oh my God, Missy, they have a pina coloda flavor," she said.

"Wonderful," Missy said sarcastically.

Jess walked along the Glory Hole wall. There were a few hard cocks sticking out, waiting to be sucked. She picked out her favorite and knelt in front of it. She looked over at Candice, who nursed hungrily on the tip of a boy's peter. "What flavor are you using," Jess asked.

The boy's knob popped from Candice's mouth, wet and shiny. "Strawberry. It's so fucking yummy," she said, then went back to sucking.

Jess squirted an ample amount of the oral flavoring on the boner and it flexed in reaction. She rolled her thick tongue around on the

head, then started sucking, plunging the hard cock deep into her mouth.

As she sat on the bench nearby, Missy's attention was drawn to a long veiny boner as it poked from one of the holes, pointing straight out. She looked down at the wedding ring on her finger, thinking about how much she loved her spouse and what a wonderful father and husband he was.

Again, she peeked up at the sturdy erection, her eyes lingering on the fat knob. She could see a bead of pre-cum weeping from the piss-slit.

"Mmmnnn," Jess whimpered, her head bobbing up and back as she sucked the boy's prick skillfully. As she gave head, her enormous melons jostled around heavily, threatening to pop right out of her bikini-top.

Another yummy-looking hardon slid through a different hole, protruding out a good seven inches.

Missy stared at it for a moment, watching the hard meat pulse and throb. She glanced over at the assortment of oral sauces.

Again, her attention focused on the hole cock protruding from the hole. It looked incredibly hard, with big thick veins running down the shaft. Her husband had only an average cock, not nearly as meaty as the one she was staring at.

She started to stand, but paused as two moms in bikinis suddenly rushed over. "Ohh, I see one I like," one mother said, kneeling at the cock Missy had been staring at.

"Flavored gel?" the other Mom asked, trying her hair back, her medium-size boobies bobbling in her pink bikini-top.

"Yeah, can you get me cherry?" the kneeling mother asked, stroking the hardon with her hand, her own wedding ring sparkling.

Missy got up and wandered back out into the courtyard. A group of boys gawked at her huge tits

as they passed by, amazed at their immense size. One of them paused for a moment and looked her in the eyes. "Will you marry me?" he asked.

Missy giggled and flashed her wedding ring. "Already taken, sorry."

"Ok, how bout just some cuddling then? he asked. "There's no one in my cabin right now." Missy gave him a friendly smile. "I'm all set," she said.

He gave her boobs another good look, staring wantonly at the deep dark canyon of cleavage. "Never hurts to try right? Bye," he said, rushing off to catch up with his friends.

"Bye," Missy giggled, then wandered over to a mysterious-looking shop. A rustic carnival-looking sign above the door read: "FORTUNE TELLER."

"Hello?"Miss called out, stepping inside.

An older woman in sexy gypsy attire emerged from behind a silk curtain. "Welcome, please sit."

Missy played along, sitting at a small circular table with a large crystal ball at it's center. The woman looked Missy over. "I must confess, I've given a lot of readings, but you may be the most beautiful woman I've ever had at my table," she said.

Missy smiled. "I'm sure you use that line more than once a day, but thank you," she said. "May I hold your hands a moment, before I gaze into my glass ball?" the woman asked.

"Of course," Missy said, placing her hand into the fortune teller's. The gypsy-woman closed her eyes and slightly squeezed Missy's hands. She then turned them over and gazed at her palms.

"Thank you," she finally said, letting her hands go, then leaning forward, looking into her glass sphere. "I see a busy mother and wife," the woman said.

Missy smiled, "That would be me," she said.

"I see pleasure... much pleasure in your future, more than you've ever experienced. This pleasure will happen VERY soon," the woman said.

"Uh-huh," Missy muttered, unimpressed at this point.

"Wait... I see something else..."

"What would that be?" Missy asked with an amused smile. "I see a shy one," the gypsy said.

"Shy one?"

"Yes, a shy one. A shy... boy, fascinated by you," the Fortune Teller said.

Missy immediately thought of the boy on the upper deck who'd been staring down at her. She remembered Jess even commenting on how "shy" he seemed. "Can you tell me more about this boy?" she asked.

"No, only that he is the yin to your yang."

Missy gave her an odd smile. "Yin to my Yang? A boy?"

The Gypsy woman nodded. "Many spend their whole lives searching for the perfect mating partner. Yours is aboard this ship. Follow the shy boy," she said.

Missy wasn't terribly impressed, but gave to woman a tip and a friendly "goodbye." She met up we with Jess and Candice in the courtyard. "There you are," Jess said, looking at the shop that Missy had stepped out of. "Fortune Teller huh? Did she see anything naughty in your future?" she asked.

"Just a bunch of nonsense. Shall we check out this Rocking Horse place, then grab some lunch?" Missy asked.

"Let's do it," Jess said.

The Rocking Horse was the featured attraction on board the ship. It was literally a mini amusement park with a sexual theme. "Oh my God, these rides look outrageous," Candice said. A choir of moans and orgasmic screams were ringing out from every direction.

"Look at that one," Jess said, pointing at a two-story cylinder, shaped like a giant cock and balls. There were windows along the shaft. They could see two Moms in bikinis inside, giggling as the interior quickly filled with a thick foam of white bubbles. Suddenly the floor beneath the two women shot up, lifting them up the cock-tube and sending them flying out the tip. The two

Moms screamed, their sudsy limbs flailing as they flew through the air and splashed into a pool. "Oh my God, that looks so fun!" Candice said.

"What the hell is that one?" Jess said, stepping over to some type of ride that looked like a giant vagina. Jess read the fancy sign above it. "The Throbbing Clitoris, we gotta try this."

Missy giggled. "Try this? We don't even know what it does," she said. A female attendant stepped up to them. "Interested in a ride, ladies."

"What does it do exactly?" Missy asked, gazing into a round chamber with a few saddle-looking

seats.

"The seats inside are sybians. Ever been on a sybian before?"

The women nodded. "I never have, but my sister has one. She loves it," Candice said.

The attendant looked at Missy. "Imagine your vibrator, times a-hundred," she said, then led them to a display case. "The ride is five minutes. You can pick out your own attachment. These have

been sterilized. They attach right to your sybian seat for a custom pleasure-ride," the attendant explained.

Jess tugged on Missy's arm. "Let's do it," she said. "I don't know, Jess," Missy said hesitantly.

"Come on, you're not cheating on Philip. It's a fucking sex toy. Let's have fun," Jess pleaded.

Candice pointed at one of the attachments. "I want that one," she said. "That's called our G-max, for G-spot stimulation," the attendant said.

"I'll try that one too," Jess said.

"You won't be disappointed, trust me," the attendant said, then looked at Missy, "And for you?"

Missy forced a smile. "I'll try the one on the end I guess," she said, pointing at a four-inch stem surrounded by vertical ribs. At the base was a pad of silicon nubs for clitoral stimulation.

The attendant entered the chamber and connected their attachments. "You can hang your bikini bottoms right there on the hooks," she said.

Missy smiled at her bestie as she shimmied her bikini bottoms over her wide hips. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she said.

The three Moms peeled off their tiny bikini bottoms, their bare feet stepping out of them. Candice's pubis had a cute little landing strip. Missy and Jess's vulva's were completely shaved, the hoods of their thick clitoris's protruding from their pudendal cleavage.

The attendant exited the chamber. "The dispenser there will give you a squirt of lubrication. We suggest applying some to your vagina before inserting your attachment," she said.

"Got it," Jess said, sticking her hand to the dispenser so it could spit out a gob of lube.

The three Mom's slicked their pussies as they stepped into chamber. The attendant peeked in at them. "Once you're situated and your harnesses are on, just give me the thumbs-up and I'll start your ride," she said.

"Thank you," they said.

The mothers straddled their sybians, the attachments they had chosen sunk inside their fuck- holes. Their sexy legs hung down as if they had just mounted a horse, their feet dangling a few inches from the floor. "So why the harness? Is thing gonna buck me off?" Missy said, making her friends giggle.

"Buckle-up for the ride of your life, girlfriend," Jess said, strapping on her harness.

Once all the Moms were strapped in, Jess gave the attendant a thumbs up. "Let's do this," she shouted.

"Woooo!" Missy sang with an anxious smile. The playfully girl in her was beginning to show.

The chamber door closed, crazy lights began to flicker and the vibrations began. The women's eyes lit up and all three gasped at once. "Ohhh, shit," Jess sighed.

"ZZZZZZZ!!!" The sound of buzzing quickly grew louder as the sybians vibrated between their legs. There were little handles on the front of their saddles and the ladies gripped on, mashing their big bikini-clad tits between their arms.

The buzzing grew louder and louder as the vibration on their cunts intensified. Missy's eyes were clenched shut, her pretty face masked with pleasure.

"Ohhh my Goooood," Jess's voice trembled as she felt the sheath of her cunt melt around the attachment and her clitoris throb wildly.

The Sybian's suddenly tilted, reclining the women backwards. The harness secured them snuggly, otherwise they would have slipped right off, as their backs were now pointed at a downward angle. The three sets of curvy legs were thrown back in huge spread-eagles.

Jess dropped her arms back over her head, letting them dangle. Along with the vibrating attachments, the entire saddle of their sybians were now shaking, causing the meat of Jess's huge jutting breasts to quiver on her chest. "Yess! Uuuunnhhgg, yess!" she gasped in pleasure.

"Fuuuck!" Candice cried, her strong scissored legs convulsing and her eyes rolling back.

Missy still clutched the handles, gasping in ecstacy. Years of doing yoga and regularly engaging in different types of straddle-splits allowed her legs to prop back as far as they were. Her sexy bare feet were flexed, her toes pointing back. The sybian trembled between her thighs, the penis - shaped attachment buzzing against the clutching inner walls of her fuck-tunnel.

"Ggruuhh," she grunted, tightening her cunt-muscles. This would make her husband shoot off in a split-second, but not the sybian. She could pull out all her tricks, but it didn't matter, the machine was fucking her for the next three minutes and there was no stopping it.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Missy screamed, her entire curvy body trembling in orgasm.

The Sybian's rotated back all the way, so the Moms were now upside down, their hair hanging just off the floor. Their legs were wide open, only their crotches remained connected to the saddles. Their clits stuck out, wet and engorged. Pussy juice burbled from the stuffed cunt-slits. Gravity had caused their heavy jugs to hang upside-down. Their mico-bikini tops barely hung on, the big bulging undersides of their melons were fully exposed.

Jess brought her strong tan legs up and wrapped them around a portion of the sybian, clutching and grinding her pussy desperately. "Ohhhhyeesss!" she cried out.

Missy extended her gorgeous legs straight up, pointing her toes at the ceiling of the chamber and making her body completely vertical. More orgasmic contractions shot through her big titted frame, making the smooth silky spires of her mommy-legs tremble in pleasure. "Uuuhhggh!" her cute voice screamed.

The machine had one more position to put them in, lifting the women high in the chamber, so that the saddles themselves were vertical, allowing the Moms to clutch their legs around the padded walls of the machine and hold on for the ride.

"ZZZZZZZZZZ!!! The attachments buzzed, vibrating against the inner lining of their cunts.

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!" the entire saddle bucked violently, causing the attachments to piston in and out of their juicy pussies at an incredible speed.

"Ohhh my God!" Missy cried out with passion, her whole body shaking from the power of the ride.

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!" The attachments plunged the juice from their twats as they plowed the women's G-spots unmercifully. All three pretty mommies cried out shamelessly, their hot, practically naked bodies, clinging desperately to the trembling machine.

Their screams blended with the rattle of the sybians and the lewd juicy sounds of girl-cum squirting around the silicon stems.

Finally, the wild ride began to slow as the trio were slowly lowered back to the floor. "My God," Candice gasped.

All three women looked like they'd just been tossed around inside some type of orgasmic tornado. They caught their breath as the chamber door opened. "Fuck, did that really just happen?" Jess said, making the attendant giggle as she stepped inside.

"I take it you ladies enjoyed the ride?" she asked.

Missy smiled, her face still flush. "What ever gave you that idea?" she joked.

Candice let out a big sigh. "I want this, at my house. I'll kick my husband out. How much?" The attendant giggled, helping them unfasten their harnesses. "Probably not for sale, sorry."

Missy sighed as they put their bottoms back on. "I'm starving. I say we get some food now," Missy asked.

"I second that idea," Candice said.

The sun was going down and the women went back to their rooms, showered and put on their

sexy evening gowns. Jess wore a red bodycon mini-dress, with thin gold-colored chain straps. Missy chose a white ribbed crop-top and mini-skirt set. It had long sleeves and was made of form-fitting polyester accentuating her amazing curves. "Ready to wine and dine?" she asked her bestie.

"Let's do it," Jess said, topping her outfit off with her sexy mask.

The women strode across the ship, their dainty heels clicking on the deck floor. Passing boys literally stopped and did a double-take, whispering to each other as they lusted after the beautiful Moms.

They met back up with Candice, who was also dressed to the nines, then stepped in to the dining hall.

"Thanks for letting me join you guys for dinner. I feel kinda like the third wheel," Candice said as they were seated by the handsome young host.

"Don't be silly. We enjoy your company," Missy said.

"Yeah," Jess agreed "and since Miss Goody-Two-Shoes here will probably opt out of the extracurriculars later, it'll be nice to have someone to go out and make trouble with," she said.

"I'm game," Candice said excitedly.

The women ordered drinks and dinner. The conversation centered mostly on their kids. Given that they were on a cruise that none of their husbands knew about, or would agree with, they kept their spouses out of their chat as much as possible.

It was around dessert time that Missy noticed a set of familiar eyes gazing at her from a few tables over. It was the "shy boy" that had been watching her from the upper deck. The kid sat with a small group of other boys and wore a sharp button-up shirt and dress-pants.

Their eyes seemed to linger before the boy gave her an awkward wave. Missy smiled and waved back and, of course, Jess was the first to notice. She looked over at the target of her friend's attention. "Is that the kid from earlier? The shy one?" she asked.

"Yes," Missy said. "That's him."

"Oh my God, he cleans up nice," Jess said. "His friends are cute too."

Candice chimed in. "I saw one today..so gorgeous, and he was giving me that 'come fuck me' stare. God, I could kick myself for not talking to him," she said.

"Your desserts," their waitress said, giving the women their plated goodies. "Thank you," the Moms said politely.

While Candice and Jess conversed about cute boys they'd seen on board, Missy found her eyes drifting back to her handsome admirer. As if drawn by magnets, the boy's eyes peeked back over at her, watching her bring a bite of cheesecake to her luscious mouth with her fork. Missy stared into his eyes, licking her lips as she let the dessert melt in her mouth. Her mind couldn't help but reflect on the Fortune Tellers words about the shy boy being thbit"Yin to her her Yang." That he was the perfect mating partner, able to bring her more pleasure than anyone she'd ever meet.

"What do you think, Missy?" Candice asked.

The mother was suddenly snapped from her trance. "Oh, um, what, I'm sorry," she said, completely oblivious to the conversation that had been going on around her.

"Hmm, someone's a little distracted, aren't they?" Jess said, then looked in the direction of the shy boy,"Oops, missed your chance again."

"What?" Missy said, turning to find her admirer's seat empty. "Where did he go?" she said out- loud, making the other two women giggle.

Missy spotted him moving towards the entrance. She heard the Fortune Teller's voice in her head. "Follow the shy boy," it said.

Missy got up and hurried off. "I'll be back," she said.

Jess and Candice watched in surprise. "Holy shit, I didn't see that coming. Miss Modest is actually chasing after a boy" she said.

Lights illuminated the main pool area. Missy heels clicked rapidly as she hurried after the teen, her big boobs trembling heavily with each step. "Hey...wait," she called out.

The boy rushed up the stairway to the upper deck. Missy did her best to catch up with him, but her 4-inch stilettos didn't make the task easy. She paused and took them off, then continued to make chase.

She got to the upper deck and rounded a wall, only to discover there was no sign of him anywhere. "Ugh, damnit," she said disappointedly.

She turned to move back for the stairs, but stopped suddenly when she saw him standing against the wall. "Oh... hi," she muttered.

"Hi," he said timidly, then glanced down at the swell of the enormous rack stretching her haltered-top. There was a long silence, only the sound of the ship crashing through the water, just over the deck railing.

"What's your name?" Missy asked sweetie. "Mine, um...Larry," he muttered.

Missy giggled. "Larry's not really your name, is it?" she asked. "No," he confessed.

Missy gave him a sweet smile. "It's ok, I get it...the masks, the anonymity, that's what this cruise is

all about, right?"

"Yeah. Sorry if I was staring. You're um...you're really beautiful though," he said bravely. "Well, I suppose beauty, without a cute guy to admire it, is a waist, right?"

"Yeah, I guess that's true," he said.

Missy slowly stepped towards him, closing the space between them. "So, are you having a good time so far? she asked.

"I think so. It's a cool ship. How 'bout you?"

"Yeah, it's been a fun day. I enjoyed laying out by the pool and getting some sun," she said.

Beneath his wolf mask, the boy's lips curled into a smile. "I bet. I've seen lots of bikinis, but that one you were wearing was...well, it was amazing," he said.

Missy blushed a little herself. "Thanks," she said, "it's not really something I would normally wear, but I figured, the whole 'Moms Gone Wild' thing, I would relax my attire just a tad," she said.

The boy nodded. He could see her hard, thick nipples protruding out through the fabric of her dress. "I love natural curves. A lot of women are getting those big fake boobs nowadays," he said.

"Well, I can assure you, these are a hundred-percent home-grown," Missy said, glancing down at her huge jutting breasts.

"Wow, lucky lady," the boy muttered, staring at her jugs. "What size are they, can I ask?" Missy gazed at him with her alluring eyes.

"Thirty-eight double H," she said softly. "Dang," the boy said, his cock hardening, "They're beautiful I bet."

Missy got within a foot of him and stopped, her boobs nearly touching his chest. "I think so," she said, glancing down the bulge in his crotch. "What about you?" she asked.

"Me?"

"Yeah, what size are you...down there?" she said, then sighed as if coming to her senses. "You know what, never mind, you don't have to answer that."

"Nine inches," he muttered.

"Oh..." she muttered, then smiled. "You must impress all the girls with something that big."

They gazed lustfully at each other for a moment. He glanced at her boobs a few times and Missy suddenly giggled. "What?" he asked with a smile.

"You're a boob guy, Aren't you?" she asked.

The boy seemed to blush. "I guess," he muttered.

Missy giggled. "It's ok, you don't have to be embarrassed. Lots of guys love big boobs," she said, making her ballooning jugs gently heave back and forth. "they're like big squeezable, suckable toys," she said.

"Yeah," the shy boy said with a timid smile.

Missy gazed in his eyes a moment. "Do you wanna touch 'em?" she said.

"Can I?"

She smiled sweetly. "Sure," she muttered.

The boy reached up and squeezed her big tit-orbs, his fingers sinking in to the supple meat. She watched him gawk and squeeze, feeling her clitoris throb between her legs."Cup your hands under them. Feel how heavy they are," she whispered..

He did so and his mouth fell open in amazement. "Dang," he muttered. She smiled at his reaction. "Big, huh?" she asked.

He nodded and she glanced down at his bulge. "Can I feel you?" she asked softly.

"Sure," he sighed.

Missy reached down and squeezed his thick meat. She let her fingers trace it's impressive length. "Oh my God," she giggled, "are you sure you didn't stuff a banana in your briefs?" she joked.

"Ha, no, it's me," the boy said.

"It feels really thick too," she whispered, looking straight at him. "It's funny..." she said. "What is?"

"I've never met you, yet your eyes, your voice...they seem so familiar to me," she said.

Suddenly, they both stared at each other with a look of horror. The boy's hand quickly slipped from Missy's tits and her hand from his cock. "Noo," Missy muttered, "No, you can't be," she said in a sudden panic, then grabbed his mask and slipped it off.

It was her son. "Lucas?!?!" she exclaimed. "Mom?!?!" he muttered in absolute horror.

Missy slipped her mask off, glaring in disbelief.."What the actual fuck, young man?! she shouted, backing up.

He stared back at her, speechless. "Ohh shit," the boy said, realizing how much trouble he was in.

Twenty minutes later, Missy and Jess stood in their cabin, with their arms folded over their tits, glaring down at their two boys. Both Lucas and Gabe sat on the bed and looked like kids who'd just got caught with their hands in the cookie-jar.

"I do not even FUCKING believe this. You two lied to us. You're suppose to be on a surfing trip, with your buddies, remember?" Missy chided.

Gabe looked up at his Mom. "Sorry, but what about YOU TWO? Aren't you suppose to be in Vegas right now?"

Missy and Jess looked at each other uncomfortably. They knew he had a point. Missy glared back at her son. "Why couldn't you just have been honest with us, told us you wanted to come on this cruise?"

Lucas peeked up at her shamefully. "I guess for the same reason you weren't honest with Dad. He probably wouldn't have been ok with you coming," he said.

The besties looked at each other again. At this point they knew they were in the wrong, just as much as their sons were and to scold them would just be hypocritical.

"Ok, so I guess, we were all kind of in the wrong here," Missy said, "and what's happened has happened and...here we are."

Jess chimed in. "True, we're in the middle of a cruise. It's not like we can just go about our normal routine," she said.

"So what do we do?" her son Gabe asked.

Missy and Jess gave each other a stumped look, then Missy turned back to the boys. "Jess and I need to talk. Wait for us out by the pool," she said.

"And that means don't go chasing any women," Jess said, glaring at her son.. "Got it," Gabe said as the got up and left the cabin, closing the door behind them. "I'm horrible," Missy said, rubbing her head.

"Look, Missy, we all..."

"I was lusting after my own son. I asked him how big his dick was..I touched it. I let him put his hands on my tits for God sake," she said.

"Ohh..." Jess said, getting a big smile. "Wow." Missy looked at her. "Yeah. Wow is right."

"Look, you didn't know. Lucas is a cute kid...and he had a mask on. Don't beat yourself up. He didn't know it was you. How would you have known it was him?" Jess said.

"That's true, but now he probably thinks his Mom's on this cruise just to whore around and that's the last thing I want him believing," Missy said.

Jess was in heavy thought for a moment. "I'm all about Gabe being with girls, but to be honest, the idea of him being stalked on board this ship, by a bunch of horny women OUR AGE really bothers me," she said.

"I feel the same about Lucas," Missy said. "So what do we do?" Jess asked.

The Moms met up with the boys and they all sat together at a table near the pool. "Ok, we've already established that none of us should really be here," Jess said.

Missy spoke up. "Not that any of us are here to do anything inappropriate, but it might be best if we just kinda stuck together for the next two days."

"Stuck together? Can't we just pretend like we didn't see each other?" Gabe asked.

Jess glared at him. "So you can go be a man-whore to a bunch of slutty Moms? I don't think so," she said.

"Look, we can still have a good time the rest of the cruise," Missy said, "Hang out by the pool and eat good food, we'll just do it together."

Jess looked at both the boys. "And part of this 'togetherness' means sharing a room, so you guys should get your things and move them over to our cabin after we're done here," she explained, causing Missy to share a quick glance with her son.

"What do we tell the other guys?" Lucas asked. "I'm sure you can figure that part out," Missy said.

Gabe frowned. "So what are we gonna do tonight, just sit around and look at each other?" he

asked.

"Well, we were planning on getting a drink and sitting in the jacuzzi. I guess you boys are joining us," Missy said.

"I guess so," her son muttered.

Jess glared at Gabe.. "I don't even wanna ask what you guys had planned," she said.

Missy giggled. "Right?" she said, giving her son a look. "Maybe it's a good thing this happened."

The boys went down to fetch their belongings while the Moms went back to the cabin and stripped naked. "There no way I'm wearing this in front of him," Missy said, taking her new bikini out of the bag.

"What are you talking about? He already saw you in the other mini-micro and it was just as revealing," Jess said, stepping into her own skimpy thong.

"That doesn't mean I should start parading around in front of him with another one on," Missy said.

"Come on, I'm wearing mine. Just put it on and relax," Jess said.

Missy leaned over to take the other half of her bikini out of the bag. Her huge naked boobs hung from her chest, bobbling heavily. The big rubbery nubs of her nipples protruded from the centers of her wide areola, which consisted of thick tissue, dotted with milk-glands. "I'll wear it I guess, against my better judgement," she said.

116: Moms Gone Wild_2

By the time the boys arrived, the Moms were wearing bikini cover-ups. The mini-dresses were still sexy, but nowhere near as hot as what they were wearing underneath.

"These beds aren't exactly big, Mom.You guys don't expect Lucas and I to share one, do you?" Gabe asked.

Jess rolled her eyes. "You can share one with me, just don't be a bed-hog," she said.

Missy and her son looked at each other, their earlier incident on the deck still fresh in their minds. "Don't worry, I won't be a bed-hog either," Lucas said, making his Mom smile.

After the boys changed into their trunks, the four of them made their way to the bow of the ship, where a large outdoor jacuzzi awaited. There were only a couple other women chatting as they soaked.

The boys entered first as Missy and Jess removed their cover-ups. Lucas gasped as he watched his Mom step into the hot-tub. She wore a pink mini-micro bikini with a subtle floral design. The strings of the bikini were a thin gold-colored chain. It was the skimpiest bikini Lucas had ever seen and the way it barely covered all her fleshy lady-parts made the boy's penis instantly hard.

Jess got in after her, wearing a patriotic bandeau-style micro bikini. Her son smiled when he saw it. "Should we salute?" he joked.

She splashed water at him. "Hush," she said.

The Moms sat next to their sons, but each couple was across from each other. "This is weird," Gabe said.

"What's weird about it? Jess said, "You were sitting next to me in a jacuzzi a couple months ago while we were on vacation."

"I know, but that was different. People knew we were family. Here, it's like I'm sure everyone is looking at us like we're hitting on each other," Gabe said.

Jess scooted over next to her son and hugged him from the side, her boobs squashing against him. "Well I guess we better play the part then. Wouldn't want anyone knowing you're in here sitting next to your Mommy," she joked, snuggling up to him.

"Jesus, Mom," Gabe giggled awkwardly.

Jess looked over at Missy. "Come on, Miss, play the part," she said with a wink, "we don't want people getting suspicious."

"You're funny," Missy said, not moving.

Jess looked at Missy's son. "You too, Lucas. Pull her over next to you. I'm sure you want to," she winked.

Missy glared at her friend. "Jess," she said harshly.

"What, apparently you two didn't have any problems getting cozy earlier," she teased. "Stop," Missy said, a tad embarrassed.

"It's ok," Lucas said.

Missy felt her son grab her wrist under the water and gently tug. She peeked over at him, their eyes gazing together like a horny young couple on a first date. The busty mother scooted over, turned towards him and snuggled, just as Jess was with her son. Beneath the water, she took his hand and twined their fingers together.

A light breeze swept over the most empty deck. The boys had reclined back and the mothers still clung to them. Missy's leg slipped over her son's, her toes trailing down his calf. She was still slightly beside him, but they were chest to chest, her big milkers pressed up against him.

Lucas looked up at her as she extended her neck, combing the nails of her free hand through

her beautiful brown hair as the breeze swept through it. His eyes traveled down to the massive canyon of cleavage that poked out, just above the bubbling water.

Missy squeezed his hand and he gazed up at her. Her eyes were warm and familiar, yet drove him crazy with lust. Their gazed remained fixed, as if searching...wondering... Missy's middle finger curled down between their palms, dragging her long nail across his skin, then back up.

She was now practically straddling her son's leg, her cunt-mound pressed against his thigh. She adjusted a little and Lucas looked down at her Mommy-melons as they bobbled a few inches further up his chest. Their fingers were now playing together, sliding and grasping. It's as if their hands were acting as proxy for their entire bodies, engaging in a hot fuck.

Gabe's eyes were closed as he enjoyed the heated water, but Jess watched the couple across from her. She knew there was something magical going on between them.

Missy found her lips drifting towards her son's. It was all she could do to stop herself. "We should take a walk," she said.

"Oh, um...ok," her son muttered. "Can we um, wait just a few minutes?" he said, glancing down towards his crotch.

"Oh, right. Ok," Missy said, moving away and trying to keep a straight face.

Jess giggled. "Yeah, Mom, hard to walk with a hardon," she joked, getting a glare from her bestie. After a few minutes, Missy looked back at him. "Better?" she asked.

"Yeah," he muttered.

Missy looked at Jess as she led her son out of the hot-tub. "We're gonna go for a walk," she said. Jess fed her friend mischievous smile. "See you back at the room," she said.

After drying off and putting her cover-up back on, Missy took a walk with her son along the promenade deck. For awhile, they strolled silently, hand in hand. The beautiful mother finally broke the silence. "I'm not really sure what's going on with us, but we should probably pump the brakes a little," she said.

Lucas nodded. "I understand."

"I'll be honest, when I first saw you watching me from the upper deck, I was intrigued. Then I

saw you again in the dining-room and I was more than intrigued. I thought my feelings would be different once I found out it was you, but they're not," Missy confessed.

Lucas looked at her, a bit surprised. "What you just said, describes exactly how I feel," he said.

"We're Mother and son, we shouldn't be having these feelings," she said. "Did you mean what you said earlier, about me being beautiful?"

"Of course," he said "did you mean what you said?" "Which part?"

"When you said beauty, without a cute guy to admire it, is a waist?"

Missy giggled. "Oh, that part. I suppose I did mean it. It's just that now..." "Now what?"

"Now things are a bit more complicated. Before, you were just a cute guy in a mask...named Larry," she said, making them both laugh. "Now you're my cute son, named Lucas. Maybe we should just stick with the admiring part, and try not to move beyond that," Missy said.

Lucas nodded. "Alright," he said. "So lots of looking, but no touching then?" She smiled. "Something like that," Missy said.

Once back at the cabin, the boys put on dry boxer-briefs, plopped down on the beds and began

playing games on their phones. Missy and Jess headed into the bathroom. "We'll be right out, boys," Jess said.

Once inside the bathroom, Missy closed the door. "What do your have for nighties? Please tell me you packed something decent?" she asked Jess.

"If you mean decent, as in modest, I'm afraid you're out of luck."

"Shit, all I packed were sheer baby-doll nighties. I certainly didn't expect to be sharing a room with our sons," Missy said.

"So how did your 'walk' go, because you guys were practically humping in the jacuzzi," Jess teased.

"We WERE NOT humping. Anyway, we had a nice chat and decided we'll admire each other and that's all."

Jess giggled. "Says the couple that's about to crawl into a tiny bed together." "I can control myself," Missy said.

"Like you did in the hot-tub? Yeah right. So if you both agreed to 'admire' each other, then what's

the problem with you wearing a sheer nightie to bed?" Jess asked.

"Well just because I agreed to let him check me out, doesn't mean I'm gonna go out there practically naked," Missy said.

"What if I wear one too?"

"A babydoll, in front of Gabe? Do you think he'll..."

"I accidentally bumped his crotch while we were cuddling in the hot-tub. His dick was as hard as concrete. Somehow I doubt he'll be grossed out by seeing me in something see-through," Jess said.

"Should we wear panties?" Missy asked.

Gabe looked over at his friend, seeming a bit ashamed. "Dude, I gotta tell you something," he said.

"What?" Lucas asked.

"Promise you won't tell any of the other guys I told you this, you swear?" "Of course, we've shared secrets before," Lucas said.

"Yeah, but this one, well, it's kinda fucked up."

Lucas seemed more curious. "What is it," he asked.

"When we were sitting with our moms that way, in the hot-tub. It made me horny as hell. Dude I was getting off on having my own Mom's body up against me. That's fucked up, right?"

"Well, not really," Lucas said.

"Not really? Dude, she's my mom."

"Yeah I know, but since we're sharing secrets. I have one of my own," Lucas said, then he went on to describe him and Missy's encounter, just before their identities were revealed and how he had squeezed her tits and she had felt his dick. "The really fucked up part is, I would do all again, even if I knew it was my mom," he said.

"Damn," Gabe giggled, "Well, it's nice to see I'm not the only one fucked in the head. Guess that's why we're best friends huh?"

"I guess so," Lucas said as he heard the bathroom door open. The overhead light went out, leaving the cabin bathed in a soft warm glow from one of the bedside lamps. The boys lowered

their phones and watched the mothers strode towards them, wearing nothing but sheer babydoll nighties.

"Fuuck," Lucas heard his friend whisper.

Jesse's nightie was pale pink and Missy's was a soft baby-blue. The boys could see their enormous gently-bobbling breasts as clear as day. They could see their thick mammilla protruding from the large pink caps of areola. Missy stopped at the foot of the bed in a cute little pose, with one leg cocked slightly forward. Lucas could tell she had got herself primped up and could smell her sweet perfume. "Ready for bed, sweetheart," she asked.

Lucas gulped, then answered. "Sure," he muttered, taking a quick look down at her shaved mons.

Jess fed her son a playful smile as she crawled on to the mattress, her big heavy knockers hanging down and rocking back and forth. "And no hogging the bed, remember?" she said to her

son.

"I guess we'll have to cuddle then, like we did in the hot-tub," Gabe said with a smile. "That's fine," Jess said, "just behave yourself."

"I will," Gabe said.

Lucas looked at Missy as she joined him on the bed. "If I behave MYSELF, can we cuddle too?" he asked.

"Well, the bed IS small, so I suppose there's no avoiding it," she said, sharing a quick smile with Jess. "Just don't get any bright ideas."

The Moms crawled under the covers and snuggled up to their boys. Lucas shivered excitedly when he felt pounds of squishy tit-meat pressing against the side of his chest. They cuddled in what's know as "the sweetheart cradle" with Missy's arm and leg draped across him, her head resting on his shoulder.

Jess clicked off the light on the side-table and the room was shrouded in darkness. They felt the gentle rocking of the ship and with the balcony door open, could hear the crashing sounds of the vessel cutting through the ocean water.

"This is wonderful," Missy whispered, nuzzling into her son's neck. "Sure is," he whispered back.

Missy's heart was racing. Being in bed with her handsome son out in the open sea was unlike

any thrill she'd ever experienced. She cast all thoughts of her loving husband aside and enjoyed just being in the moment, pressed up against her son's nearly naked body.

She simply couldn't help herself and began to gently kiss her son's neck. Lucas sighed as he felt her soft lips planting little kisses on his flesh. His mom's hand began to play on his bare chest, her long nails trailing down along his toned abs.

He felt her hot breath at his ear. "If this is so wrong," she whispered between kisses, "why does it feel so right."

"Yeah," Lucas whispered back. His cock was rock-hard, pushing up against his briefs, straining to be released.

Missy planted a trail of soft tender kisses along the front of his neck as she slithered further onto him. "Ohh shit," the boy hissed excitedly, feeling her soft mesh-covered mommy-melons spread out against his chest, while she kissed her way to the other side of his neck. He wrapped his arms around her, savoring the feel of her warm flesh against his.

Her soft lips smacked against him, then he felt her tongue peek out and flicker on his neck with

each tender smooch. "Ohhh," Lucas sighed, his back slightly arching with pleasure.

"Mmmnn," Missy hummed, flailing the tip of her tongue along what she knew were his most sensitive spots.

Lucas could hardly believe this was his own gorgeous mother showering him with affection. Her nipples were thick and aroused and he could feel them prodding at his chest.

Gabe was spooning with Jess and her big naked ass felt amazing pressed against his boxer- brief covered erection. They were facing Lucas and his Mom and they could both tell there was something besides just cuddling going on over there. "I think she's kissing his neck," Gabe whispered.

He could tell Jess turn her head up towards him. "Jealous?" she whispered. "Honestly...yeah," the boy confessed, making him mom giggle.

He felt his mother sit up and turn towards him. She propped her arm astride him and looked

down. "Keep your briefs on, understand?" she whispered.

"Sure," Gabe muttered, still unsure about what was about to happen.

She lowered herself down on top of him and buried her face in his neck, attacking it with kisses. It was a move that took her son's breath away as he felt both her tremendous boobs flatten against his chest. "Hhoohh," he sighed..

Now both Moms were laid out on their teens, loving on them tenderly. Both boys dicks throbbed as they squirmed beneath the busty beauties.

"Squeeze me," Missy whispered lustfully, then continued her onslaught of kisses.

Lucas obliged, wrapping her in his arms and clutching her as tight as he could. She was now straddling his leg and he could feel her smooth naked pudenda gently humping against his thigh. She gasped suddenly, then dove back to his neck, but this time her long thick tongue lashed at him, attacking him with big wet licks.."Ohhh," the boy sighed, his body trembling with excitement.

Gage was getting similar treatment. He loved the feel of Jess's stiff-nippled tits sloshing around on his chest as she licked. Yes the mesh was between them, but the material was so thin she might as well have been naked.

"You liking that?" she asked between licks. "What do you think?" Gabe sighed.

He felt her drag two fingers up and down the length of his boner. The touch was electric, making

his hips jump. "I think you are," she said in an amused tone.

"Jesus, can you do that again," Gabe said.

"What?" she asked seductively, then drug her fingers up and down his dick again, "that?" "Ohh my God," he sighed as he felt her go back to licking.

Missy paused her licking a moment and tilted her head back, gasping with fuck-lust. Gabe extended his neck out and returned the favor, lashing his tongue on her neck. He felt her squirm with arousal. "Ohhh nooo," she whimpered, but didn't stop him.

Instead, the curvy mother scratched her nails down his arms and grasps his hands, pinning them back on the bed. She threw her leg across his midsection, straddling his loins. Lucas kept at her neck the whole time, his licker driving her absolutely wild.

"Ohh," the boy sighed, feeling her mound of Venus rest against the underside of his hard cock. Missy sat up, pressing her weight on it. Lucas felt her labial meat spread around his thick muscle. His mom rocked her hips a few times, stroking the length of his dick with the split of her twat. He could feel the moist heat radiating from her fuck-hole.

"Ohh, shit," the teen groaned, thrusting his hips, digging his hard cylinder of meat against her mature pussy.

Again she plunged down on top of him, her big bobbling boobies smacking against his bare chest. She kissed his lips this time, smooching them with long sensual kisses while squeezing his hands tightly. Their genitals continued to hump and grind. The bed began to squeak as their bodies rocked in a heated dry-fuck.

Missy's brain was a whirlwind of lust. She hadn't felt this horny since early in her marriage with Phil. Phil, her loving husband. She quickly wondered if he were thinking about her right now...missing her. He was probably picturing her having fun playing a slot machine, yet here she was, out on a naughty cruise-ship, practically naked and dry-fucking their own son. "Noooo," she cried out, suddenly jump off of Lucas.

Curious, Jess clicked on her bedside lamp, still laying against her son, her tits bulged out between them. "Missy, are you ok?" she asked.

Missy sat at the edge of the bed with her head in her hands. "This was a bad idea," she said.

Jess glanced at the boys uncomfortably, then back at her friend. "Would you feel better if you and I shared a bed?" she asked.

Missy looked at her and shook her head. "No, the beds are too small for both the boys to sleep comfortably. Maybe you guys should just go back to your cabin. We can all just pretend like we never saw each-other" she said, then looked at Jess, "is that ok?"

"Of course. Can you guys just promise us you won't do anything stupid?" Jess asked the boys.

Both of their sons nodded in agreement.

Missy looked at her son uncomfortably. "And I swear, we won't do anything stupid either," she said.

The boys packed their things back up, gave an awkward goodbye and left. Jess came over and sat next to her bestie. "What happened?" she asked.

"What happened was I was in bed with my son and I was losing control of myself. I'm horrible," Missy said.

Jess squeezed her hand. "You're not horrible. If it's any consolation, Gabe and I weren't exactly keeping our hands off each other either."

Missy sighed in frustration. "They're our boys. What the fuck is wrong with us?"

Jess shrugged her shoulders, making her knockers jiggle. "I don't know, we're overly horny maybe. I mean, we've been surrounded by cute boys all day, in a very sexually-charged environment. Maybe we just need to..."

"To what? Don't say go out and prowl on guys that aren't our sons," Missy said.

"No, not that, but it probably would help if we did what we normally do in these situations and masturbate," Jess said.

Missy nodded. "True, that might help alot actually."

Jess stood up, her huge cannons jutting out. "Well take care of ourselves then. Tomorrow's a new day. Like you said, we'll pretend like we never saw the boys. We'll hang out with Candice. We'll get some sun. We'll behave ourselves...sorta of," she said.

Five minutes later the lights were in back off and the Moms were on their beds masturbating their pussies. Missy's sexy legs were spread wide as she rubbed her clitoris frantically. Try as she may, she couldn't shake the image of her handsome son from her mind.

Jess too was fixated on her boy, her legs thrown back in a wide V as she dug at the own cunt with her fingers. Their tit-mounds rolled on their chests and their bodies shook as they cried out with orgasm after orgasm. After an hour, both women passed out with exhaustion.

The next day the friends had breakfast, then met up with Candice by the pool. "So, do tell...what happened with those two hottie's I saw you guys with last night?" she asked.

Missy and Jess looked at each other speechlessly. "We, um, well nothing happened. We were just being friendly."

"Look, your secret's safe with me," Candice said, "I'm married too and I'll be the first to admit after sucking a guy's dick in the Glory Hole last night, I drug him back to my room for a hard

fuck."

Jess rolled her eyes. "Well, at least someone got some action last night," she said.

Candice stared at them with surprise. "Seriously? So you guys really didn't have your way with those sexy studs I saw you hitting on?"

"We weren't really hitting on them," Missy said.

"Well you drug them back to your room awfully quick, so something must have happened." Jess looked at her, clearing hiding something. "Nope," she said.

Candice got a annoyed scowl. "Whatever. I get it, you guys are best friends. You only just met me. I'm the third wheel. Information I get is probably on a 'need to know' basis. I don't..."

"They're our sons," Missy said.

Candice glared back at her in shock, "Come again?" she said.

"Our sons...our eighteen year olds."

"Your sons? As in, your children?" she asked. "Correct," Missy said.

Missy quickly added an explanation. "We didn't know they were on board, trust us, we were just

as shocked as you are."

Candice shook her head. "Oh my God, so were you pissed? Did you lock them in your cabin? she said with a giggle.

"We decided it would be best if we all just pretended like we didn't see each other," Missy said.

Jess nodded in agreement. "We're not really suppose to be on this ship either, if you know what I mean?" she said.

"Ohh, right," Candice nodded, "Gotcha. Wow," she muttered.

As the morning went on, more and more women and young men were gathered around the pool. Many were flirting, giggling and dancing to the beat of the music coming from the overhead speakers.

Missy, Jess and Candice were getting hot just watching the way the crowd was acting around each other. Many of the cutest boys were lingering around the three Moms, competing for their attention, while sneaking looks at their thonged asses and the big meaty tits, barely covered by their bikini slings.

"Come on girls, let's dance," Candice said, jumping up from her lounger and joining the grooving crowd.

Missy and Jess brought their drinks and joined a cluster of hot Moms near the pool, dancing to the beat of a modern dance tune.

Nearby, Lucas and Gabe wandered into the pool area. "Dude, look over there," Gabe said, motioning to the group of masked, bikini-clad ladies.

They saw Missy and Jess dancing with the other moms, their enormous jugs bouncing off their chests as they thrusts their sexy torsos to the beat. "Damn, dude, our mom's tits are so big," Lucas said.

"And they look fucking amazing in those bikini tops," Gabe added.

"Woooo!" Candice shouted, holding her drink up as she danced. Her boobs were no where near the size of Missy and Jess's but still a full double-d, bobbling heavily with every thrust of her chest.

Horny boys lingered all around, watching the mostly married moms move their bikini-clad bodies provocatively. More women joined the group and everywhere you looked were swiveling

thonged asses and bouncing boobies. "Come on, dude, let's go dance," Gabe said.

"Probably not a good idea. I doubt after last night they even want us near them," Lucas said.

"They didn't say that. They just said to pretend like we don't know them," Gabe said, then rushed toward the crowd.

Being the "shy one" of the two, Lucas decided to hang back and just observe.

As Jess's son danced with a few Moms, it didn't take long for her and Missy to spot him. "Isn't that one of the cute guys we're not suppose to know?" Jess shouted to Missy over the blaring beat.

Missy's eyes drifted across the crown. "Yep, where's his partner in crime," she shouted back.

There were plenty of sexy ladies around, but Lucas's attention was drawn to his Mom's curves. From laying out and dancing in the full sun, Missy's tan body was coated with a sheen of perspiration. He marveled at the fact, that except for a few tiny patches of cloth, she was pretty much naked. Her wide hips rocked, tossing her meaty half-globes back and forth, while thrusting her upper torso, making her massive tit-melons leap up and down.

His eyes drifted up to see her staring back at him, then she quickly looked away.

Gabe squeezed between a few women and arrived in front of his Mom. "Hi, my name's um...

Romeo," he joked, making her bust out laughing.

"Nice moves, Romeo," she said, letting her eyes travel down to his hard crotch. "You too," he said, watching her big mammaries move up and down.

Jess glanced at Missy, then looked back at her son. "My friend needs a dance partner," she

shouted over the deafening beat "why don't you call your sidekick over to join us,"

Lucas noticed Gabe waving him over, so he hesitantly worked his way through the sweaty, slippery Moms. Missy smiled at him as he arrived and started dancing with her. "Larry, right?" she joked.

"Yep," he shouted back, then watched her mostly-naked tits bobble around in front of him, brushing his chest. Her motions had caused the fabric to gradually slip off the tip of one boob, making her engorged nipple and half of her areola pop out. She quickly slipped it back in place, then looked her son in the eyes, fully aware that he had just seen her little nip-slip. "Oops," she said with a wink.

She peered down and noticed the hard bulge beneath his trunks. The four of them were dancing super-close, their bodies brushing together. "You guys get behind us," Missy shouted.

Jess gave Missy a mischievous smile, surprised at her request.

The teens slipped behind the dancing beauties and the Mother's ground their asses against the boys erections. Lucas sighed with delight, so turned on he could nearly faint. He was surrounded by rocking, jiggling female flesh and the one he was up against was the

hottest of them all. His cock flexed and throbbed as it dug between Missy's thonged ass-cheeks.

Gabe's heart raced as he looked down at Jess's thick naked buttocks pressing and grinding on his stiff prick. He thrust to the beat, looking down over her shoulder and watching her immense cleavage jiggle as her boobs jumped and wobbled. The Moms all cheered as the song ended, but one tune blended into another.

"Ohh, I love this song," Jess shouted as "Poker Face" from Lady Gaga came on. The mothers rocked their bodies to the intro. The beat started and their torsos set back in motion, their big milkers started bouncing again.

"Wooooo!!" Jess screamed, throwing her arms in the air.

The two besties turned and danced together, their boys still pressed behind them, their jiggling buns squashed up against their crotches. From dancing in the hot sun, everyone in the crowd was dripping with sweat, their hot buddies squeezed together, rocking and jerking.

Lucas and Gabe peered down over their mom's shoulders and watched the two women's bobbing tit-orbs rub and beat together, their big engorged nipples protruding out through the

fabric, begging to be sucked. The musky aroma of aroused pussy wafted into the young men's nostrils. The crowd of women waved their arms in the air and sang a portion of the song together.

"Oh, woah-oh, oh, oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!!" they sang.

Both Missy and Jess gazed back into their boys eyes and sang the next line. "I'll get him hot, show him what I've got."

"Oh, woah-oh, oh, oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!!" All the Moms sang.

This time when she sang the line, Missy twerked her ass up and down, fucking his erection deep in her ass-crevace. "I'll get him hot, show him what I've got."

The boys smiled across at each other, their boners throbbing like crazy from all the heated friction of their mother's meaty behinds. "Yeeeaahh," Jess shouted, "sandwich us," she said to the boys.

Gabe and Lucas pushed forward, squashing the two mothers together. The women screamed and giggled playfully, their arms high in the air. Pounds of tit-meat bulged out from between them and the boys used their mutual strength to lift the Mommies from the deck so that their sexy little bare feet dangled.

Jess glanced at her son. "Lifting us with those dicks, boys?" she shouted, squeezing her ass- cheeks around Gabe's wedged meat.

Missy looked down at the son and mouthed the words to the song. "P-p-p-poker face, f-f-fuck her face."

Lucas's cock flexed in reaction, digging against her asshole. She fed him a naughty smile. "You're suppose to be behaving yourself," she said.

"I know," Lucas said disappointedly, easing her back down. His mom swung around and danced chest to chest with him. He couldn't believe how absolutely gorgeous she was. Her full ruby lips mouthed the words to the song as she combed her her wet stringy brown hair back with her long nails.

She gazed at him, her beautiful eyes glazed over with lust as she sang the next part of the song to him. "Russian roulette is not the same without a gun...And baby, when it's love, if it's not

rough, it isn't fun."

Just the though of rough sex with his Mom made Lucas a little light headed.

She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed down. Lucas lowered to his knees and gazed up at the most amazing site he'd ever seen. Missy's huge tit-melons leaped up and down her chest, the fatty outer-layer of her flesh jiggling like crazy as they swung back down and struck her

torso over and over again.

Lucas instinctively reached down and squeezed his knob through his trunks as he enjoyed the tit-show. He could see his Mom's smoldering eyes peering down at him over the swell of her dancing titties.

He finally got back to his feet and as they continued dancing, another blonde Mom squeezed behind Lucas. She was topless and rubbed her big sweaty tits on his back. The pretty blonde rose up on her tip-toes and brought her lips to his ear. "Mmm, I want your cock," she said lustfully.

Missy didn't see hear what the woman said, but noticed her hand creep down into her son's trunks. The blonde bimbo slowly pulled her son through the crowd, like a hungry Lion that had just captured it's prey and was dragging it off to feast.

Lucas's Mother stopped dancing as a switch clicked in her brain. Suddenly, no other care on earth existed except the need for her son. If someone was gonna have him, it sure as hell wasn't gonna be some slut he didn't know. Missy squeezed through the crowd, following after them.

"You're gonna fuck the shit outta me," the blonde mom said, tugging him across the deck.

As the blonde mother pulled him towards the stairway, Lucas's mother caught up with them and snatched him away from her. She gave the woman an evil, possessive glare. "Back off!" she snapped.

"He's mine, you fucking cunt," she shouted back, trying to grab the teen. "Go fuck yourself!" Missy said, leading her son away.

"Jesus, Mom," Lucas said with a giggle. He had never seen his mother so nasty.

Missy led him up the stairs and into the corridor leading to her a Jess's cabin. She had a look of determination and she was a woman on a mission.

"Mom, hey...are you ok?" Lucas asked as she pulled him along, her sexy bare feet tapping on the floor.

"No!" she answered abruptly.

"What are you doing? Where are we going?"

"You know where," she answered, rushing them down the hallway. "To your cabin?"

Missy didn't answer. Seconds later, they stopped outside her and Jess's room. Lucas looked at

her questioningly. "So what are we...

He was cut off suddenly as she lunged against him, fusing her lips around his. Her long pink tongue darted into his mouth and lashed around passionately. Lucas greeted her licker with his own and their tongues danced with desperate intensity.

After what seemed like forever, they broke their kiss and she gazed with sexual fire in her eyes. "What happens at Sea, stays at Sea, got it?"

He nodded excitedly. "Got it," he muttered.

The door popped open and she back him to her bed, planting kisses the whole way. They tore their silly masks off and fell back onto the bed and Missy tugged her son's trunks down his legs, kissing him the whole time. She humped her cunt up against his rigid cock. "Get my bottoms

off," she said desperately, between wet smooches.

Lucas's heart raced as he pulled her bikini bottoms over her hips and down her silky legs. She grabbed his arm and pulled him between her parted thighs, lifting her knees to give him an amazing spread to settle in. He bucked a few times awkwardly, his cock sliding along her soaking-wet labium, seeking entrance to her body.

Missy reached down, clutched his throbbing erection and greedily squeezed it into her horny fuck-hole. "Ohhhyess, fuuuck!" the mother cried out as she felt her son's hard penis sink into a place, up until now, reserved only for her husband.

Also until now, there was a portion of her vagina that remained untouched by a man's cock. Her eyes lit up as she felt his prick stretch the virgin tissue. "Ohhh my God," she gasped, throwing her legs around him, high on his back.

Lucas groaned with delight as he sheathed his cock right to the balls in his mother's snug slippery cunt. Missy could feel his meat throbbing against every inch of her cunt-tunnel. Her body shivered with the thrill of having her twat crammed with her own handsome son's hot hard cock-meat. She humped her sweaty ass off the mattress lustfully. "Fuck my pussyyy," she cried.

The horny teenager let his instincts take over, bucking his ass and spearing his hardon through her juice-slickened fuck-hole. "Ahhhhhh, shit," he whimpered, feeling her cunt-muscles tighten around him.

Missy panted as she clung to him and jerked her hips to his rhythm, meeting him thrust for thrust. She snarled lustfully as she felt his fat knob press against her cervix on every downward plunge. "Ohh my God, I can't believe how big you are," she whimpered, savoring the feel of a nine - inch cock inside her. "I need you to spend every second of what's left of this cruise fucking me," she whimpered.

"Gladly," Lucas said, driving his hips and running his hands along the outsides of her smooth strong thighs.

His veiny cock slipped through her love-canal, the ridges of her inner lining squeezing along his glans, soaking his cock with her hot juicy fuck-oil. "Ohh shit that feels so good," he sighed.

"Fuck me harder, baby. Make me gush on you," Missy said.

Lucas and his mom bumped bellies as he laid pipe deep inside her vagina. Excited by his mother's squeals of passion, the wildly humping teen drove his throbbing boner deeper and harder, while she squeezed her cunt around his meat, showing her experience.

"Yesss, like that. Oh my God, babyyy," she cried.

On and on they humped, their sweaty naked bodies pounding wantonly together. With her curvy body clutching him, Lucas could feel a climax building deep in his balls. He knew his mother about melted when he licked her neck the last time, so he tried it again to spark her orgasm.

"Ohhhfuuuck," the hot mother gasped, feeling her teen's body flat against hers, his tongue lashing at her neck.

Lucas loved the feel of her spongy boobs sloshing between them. He couldn't wait to latch his lips around those huge swollen nipples.. He felt her body start to tense up. "Ahhhhh," she cried in a cute little tone. Her pretty face masked with pleasure, showing the approach of a mind- blowing orgasm.

"Ohhh yeah," her boy sighed, feeling her cunt-tube shrink up around his juice-slickened cock- meat. Despite the added resistance, he continue to completely sheath his boner with every thrust.

"Ohhhfuuckyesss!!" she shrieked, as wave after wave of unbelievable ecstasy shot through her curvy body. "Hold me, baby...oh God, hold me, I'm cummiiiinng," she cried out.

Lucas squeezed her lush trembling body, their hot sun-tanned flesh writhing together. Her climax had triggered his own cum and a hot stream of spunk gushed up into her pussy, With his virile young body cradled between his mother's hot thighs, he pumped her fuck hole with everything he had, feeling her hot juices squirt around his tender prick, mixing with his own milky jizz.

The bedsprings whined as they rocked the mattress with their wildly humping bodies. Missy's strong naked legs squeezed and jerked, as if trying to pull Lucas's entire body back inside her womb. They panted and bucked for several minute as the juicy orgasms surged through them..

"Oh, Lucas," Missy whispered a few minutes later, as they untangled their hot, damp bodies. "That was unbelievable," she said.

"It sure was," he said, catching his breath. "Did you mean what you said about doing it every second of what's left of the cruise?"

Missy giggled, stoking his cheek tenderly. "Well if I did, it's already been more than a second. We're running late," she joked.

"Will you ride me this time?" he asked.

She fed him a warm motherly smile. "I'd love too," she said.

Lucas dropped on to his back and watched Missy climb to her knees and unfasten her bikini top. Her big milk-jugs bobbled heavily as she

placed her knees astride his hips, then clutched his boner, slipping it back inside her shaved cunt.

"Ohhh," they sighed in unison, feeling the hard fleshy column squeeze along her inner lining.

Missy started to pump her ass up and down, screwing her son's cock into the depths of her cunt. Lucas was in awe as he looked down and watched his thick juice-slickened boner spear through the hairless lips of her vulva. Missy's fat marble-sized clitoris protruded out of it's fleshy hood, completely engorged by her arousal.

Their heated crotches beat together as she began to ride her son's dick with gusto. Lucas's eyes were wide with lust as he watched her big naked mommy-udders swing up and back, matching the motion of her driving hips.

Whimpers of delight were gasping between the mother's lips as she fucked her ravenous cunt on her boy's unyielding hardness. His long, thick meat rubbed exquisitely against the rippling ridges of her middle-aged pussy. "Oohhfuckyesss," she hissed, her oversized tits swinging above her son's handsome face.

She stopped bouncing and started swiveling, plowing her love-pit with her son's strong dick. Lucas's heart pounded with a wicked thrill, his eyes traveling from her teetering tits, down her sexy tummy to the smooth, upside-down triangle of her shaved crotch. He could see the fleshy layers of labial meat splayed out around the root of his thick hard muscle.

He smiled and flexed his dick, making the veins and tendons at the base of his boner jut out obscenely. He heard his mother gasp as she felt his cock swell, stretching the secreting walls of her inner sanctum.

"Ohhh, baby," she cried, bobbing her ass again and dropping her upper half down onto her son at the same time.

"Yesss," Lucas hissed in delight as her giant boobs collided with his chest, sloshing around like two huge over-filled water-balloons. He rubbed his face up into her gaping cleavage, savoring the feel of all that squishy melon-meat against both sides of his face.

"Suck my titties," Missy whispered. The wet, slurping sound of her her swollen twat lips sucking up and down over her son's hardon filled the room, along with the tranquil sounds of waves crashing along the side of the ship.

Lucas sucked as much tit as he could get into his mouth, his tongue lashing on her thick,

swollen papilla. He pressed forward against her boob and his face sunk into the squishy flesh of her melon, masking it in tit-meat.

He knew he was doing what every other guy on board wanted to do, suck those big heavenly tits while having his cock smothered in her hot juicy pussy. For a young horny guy like Lucas, it

didn't get any better than this.

The feel of her son's mouth clamped around her boob while she plunged her cunt on his cock made the Mother's body rise towards another climax. "Ahhhh," she whimpered.
"Ahhhhhh!...Uuuunnhhgg!!" she cried out, her body trembling atop her teen.

As their sweaty, slippery bodies ground passionately together, Lucas bucked his hips on the mattress, fucking his throbbing boner up into her pussy at an ever-increasing tempo. "Mmnnff," the boy gasped, the thick caps of pink areola and nipple-flesh, popping from his mouth and resting, wet and distended against his lips. "Ohhh shit," he sighed with pleasure, feeling his mom tremble, soaking the tender meat of his erection with pulses of hot girl-cum.

Missy let out one last grunting cry, grasping her boy's cock in a muscled grip, while expelling another squirt of juice from the duct of her urethra. "Ohhhh, man," Lucas moaned, feeling his Mom's hot liquid love swirl around his humping man-meat and gush down over his nuts. "That is sooo good."

They kissed passionately and she licked at his neck. Lucas looked over her shoulder, down her smooth back and watched the big half-globes of her mommy-buttock rise and fall, pushing her pink-ribbed pussy-tube up and down over the fleshy spire of her son's dick.

Lucas's knob tingled. He was getting ready to fill his Mom's cunt with his baby-makers. Missy sensed this too and gazed in his eyes. "Fuck me doggy style," she said, then climbed off of him.

He got to his knees and she pointed her meaty behind back at him. She was on her hands and knees and ready for more fucking.

Lucas mounted her from behind, squeezing his cock back inside her cunt. "Ohh yess, push it in deep," Missy gasped lustfully, throwing her ass back to facilitate deeper penetration.

The boy squeezed his Mom's sweaty ass, as it beat back against his crotch. He flexed his erection and set his hips in motion, wanting nothing more than to make her howl again and again.

It didn't take long to get his wish. "Haaaardeer!" Missy cried out, propelling her ass back against his dick over and over. The lewd sound of sweat-soaked ass-flesh smacking against Lucas's midsection filled the room.

"Ohh shit," the boy sighed, watching his own mom's meaty rump slap against him, the fatty top-

layer of flesh rippling with every strike. His plump barbed knob sliced through the juicy muscled grip of her cunt, lubricated by his own pre-cum and the secretions of Missy's vaginal glands. On every

thrust, the cock-muscle slipped along the upper wall of her vagina. Her slightly swollen G- spot tingled exquisitely from the friction of his meat digging against the patch of rough- textured cunt-lining.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Missy's cute voice cried out, as a powerful cum rocked her big-titted body.

Unexpectedly, her thoughts turned to her husband. She imagined how he would react seeing their son fucking her from behind, their sweaty bodies panting in pleasure. How his heart would break in half, seeing his beautiful wife of twenty year throwing her ass back like a bitch in heat. Watching their son fuck the hell out of one person her husband Phil loved and adored the most in this world.

She didn't expect that those thoughts would make her cream even harder. "Ohhhyesss!!" Missy cried out lustfully, a wicked thrill shooting her body, causing her to orgasm yet again..

"Ohh, shit, I'm cumming, Mom," Lucas announced and the hot jizz began pulsing out of his cock- tip, hosing the inside of her vagina..

His young body trembled with pleasure as she tightened her muscles around him, drawing out more and more cum. Finally, they collapsed in a sweaty heap, cuddling and kissing for a long while.

After showering and getting dressed up, Missy and her son met back up with Jess and Gabe. "Well, don't you two look freshly fucked," Jess teased.

Missy slapped her on the arm. "Stop,' she said playfully.

"Well you've been gone for three hours. And I was there the day after you lost your virginity in High School, remember. You had that same giddy look then that you do now," Jess said..

Missy just returned a guilty smile. "We're going to dinner," she said. "Well, thanks for the invite," Jess said.

"Mom, we just ate a little while ago," Gabe said.

"I know, I'm just giving her shit. You two go have a quiet romantic dinner," Jess said, "now that the room's free, I think I'll take Romeo here back with me as and we'll talk about the first thing that comes up," she said, glancing down at his bulge.

"Gee, I wonder what that'll be?" Gabe said, sharing a smile with Lucas.

Missy and Lucas had a candlelight dinner, with lots of hand holding and lustful gazes. The conversation focused a lot on the earlier sex they'd had. "What position did you like the best?"

Missy asked, her face beaming with interest.

"Wow, I don't know, they were all really awesome," Lucas said. "When you were on top though...damn," he muttered, making her giggle.

"Speaking of me on top, there's a position I wanna try later, it's called the octopus. I basically sit on your lap facing you, recline back and throw my legs over your shoulders. I've always wanted to do.it, but your father, well, let's just say he's not really the most experimental person when it comes to sex," Missy explained.

"Damn, dad's crazy. If I were him, I'd wanna try every position there was with you," Lucas said. Missy smiled anxiously. "And there's so many," she said. "To bad WE'RE not married." "I know, right."

She gazed at him adoringly and smiled. "We would fuck our asses off, wouldn't we?" she asked.. "Heck yeah, you wouldn't hear me complain any," her son said..

Missy giggled, cozying up next to him, reaching down and feeling his cock through his pants. She gazed with her beautiful eyes. "I would

constantly rub my tits on you. Let you feel my hard nipples dragging on your skin," she said.

"Oh man, I'd love that," Lucas muttered.

"Can you picture us in that big marital bed together every night. My legs thrown way back while you pound the shit out of me," she asked, her eyes big with wonder.

"Damn could I," the boy muttered, feeling her squeeze his knob.

"Your father turns me down some nights. Can you believe that shit?" Missy asked. "What, is he crazy," Lucas said.

"I know right," she said, then thrust her chest out, "can you imagine saying 'not tonight' to this?"

she asked. "Can you imagine not wanting to feel my pussy sheathed on your cock...squeezing you," Missy said, her fingers kneading his boner, "humping you...squirting my juices all over you."

"He's nuts," Lucas said, squirming with excitement.

"Isn't he? I bet you wouldn't turn down a hot fuck with me, would you, baby?"she said, her beautiful eyes blazing with lust.

"No way. Never."

Missy gripped his hard meat in her hand, feeling it throb with his excited heart-beat. "You're so young and hard and constantly horny, just like your mother," she giggled.

A female voice suddenly came on over the intercom. "Hellooo, passengers! Everyone having a good time?"

The dining hall erupted in a cheer.

Back at the cabin, Jess's nipple popped from Gabe's mouth. "I'm having a good time,," he said, making his Mom giggle. She was on top of him, riding his cock, their persperationed-sheened bodies clinging together. The bed was squeaking loudly from their mutual fuck-thrusts. The obscene sound of wetly slapping flesh filled the room as the teen pounded his hard slippery prick up into his mother's hot cunt.

"Come on, you horny little fuck," Jess panted, "show me what a fucking man you are." She used her strong hips to spear Gabe's boner up and down her juice-slickened vagina.

The female voice continued. "On the final night at sea it's been a longstanding tradition on our ship to get as many people naked as possible. So shed those clothes, motherfuckers! Woooo!" she shouted excitedly..

Missy giggled and cheered with other Moms in the dining hall. "You heard her. Get naked shy boy," she said to her son, standing up and shedding her dress. Her bra and panties came off next, leaving her completely bare.

When Lucas stood up, she helped him shed his outfit. It wasn't long before everybody in the dining hall was bare-ass naked. Lucas had never seen so many sexy moms naked in one place. Of course, his cock stood at attention and Missy ran her long nails over it teasingly. "I want this for dessert and I know just the place to slide it between my lips."

Five minutes later, she was leading her son into the Glory Hole, her big naked mommy-tits bobbling on her chest as she gave him a quick kiss and sent him through the doorway leading to the other side of the wall. There were other naked mothers kneeling down, their pretty head bobbing up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

Missy saw her son's boner poke through one of the holes, sticking way out, hard and throbbing. She licked her lips, staring at it with

lust. "Yum," she muttered out-loud.

Lucas sighed as he felt his Mom's hot mouth slip over his boner. Missy plunged downward, slurping the first several inches of her son's mammoth fucker between her wet, stretched lips. After a few good sucks, she popped his prick from her mouth and looped her long licker around his shiny knob.

"Ohhh shit," Lucas said, feeling his Mom's strong wet tongue wiggle and roll all over his tender dick.

Like the Moms on either side of her, Missy began to bob her head, screwing her boy's hardon with her skilled mouth and tongue. Her own slurping, gurgling sounds mixed with those of the

women around her as she sucked feverishly on the teen's big throbbing pisser.

Lucas's boner flexed and pulsing on the roof of her mouth, oozing out some bubbly pre-cum. "Mmmm," Missy hummed, swirling her thick tongue around the crown of his engorged knob.

The cock-sucking mother opened her mouth as wide as she could, again plunging her face into his crotch, this time sinking even more of his prick between her lips. "Gnggnnff," she gagged, her rounded lips lowering further and further as she crammed his meat down her throat.

She came up gasping, but immediately plunged her mouth right back over his prick, this time lowering her lips all the way to the ring of the hole and held it there. She heard her son groan from the other side and felt his hard penis throb and twitch in her throat. "Gnnggnnfff," the mother gagged, then went back to sucking.

Each time her mouth traveled up his rod, she swirled her tongue insatiably around his cock head, teasing his glans and meatus. She clutched her fist around the root of his cock, then started beating his

meat into her mouth, hard and fast, her fist a blur as it whipped up and down his prick.

"Ohhh, shit," Lucas cried out as his boner started to spew, blasting thick cock cream into his Mom's sucking mouth. Eagerly, Missy clung to the jizzing peter, jacking and sucking cock as hard as she could, determined to milk down every drop of her son's load.

Missy marveled at how much thick yummy cum poured down her throat. She let her tongue play in his spunk as it pulsed from his piss-slit, then she gulped it down into her tummy.

Meanwhile, back at the cabin, Gabe was about to blast his own load inside Jess. The horny mother's tan legs were thrown back and his young toned ass was thrusting desperately between her warm cradling thighs. "Ohhh fuck yess!" the teen groaned, feeling balls tingle as they beat on her ass.

"Come on, gimme that fucking load,"Jess cried out, grasping his spearing boner in the juicy grip of her experienced pussy. "Hhhaahh, fuck," Gabe shouted as big ropes of hot cum pulsed from his peter-tip, hosing the inside of Jess's vagina with cock-cream.

After fucking out every drop of spunk, he collapsed against her huge sweaty tits. "Ohh damn, that was good," he sighed.

Jess giggled and ran her fingers through his hair. "Of all the girls you could nail on this ship, you end up fucking your own mother. How crazy us that," she joked.

"Well, what's that saying?" he said, "mother ho's best?"

She slapped him playfully. "I'm not a ho," she said, "and the saying is mother KNOWS best, ya goof."

Gabe giggled. "I know," he said.

Lucas gave his Mom a piggy-back ride along the bow of the ship. He loved the feel of her smooth strong thighs and big naked titties bouncing against his back. Missy giggled playfully, "We're almost there, baby" she said.

She slipped off of him, grabbed his hand and pulled him to the furthest point of the bow. The naked mother climbed up onto the railing, like Rose in the famous scene in the movie "Titanic." Lucas climbed up behind her, holding her just like Jack had as they stared out at the open sea. They extended their arms out like wings, squeezing each other's hands. "We're flying," Missy shouted, thrusting her huge meaty boobs out, making them the most forward part of the ship.

The breeze swept through her hair. The gorgeous mother looked like one of those classic nautical figureheads that many ships had. She turned her head towards her boy and they kissed passionately. When their smooch finally broke, Lucas looked back out at sea and shouted as loud as he could, "I'm the king of the world!!"

Missy giggled and slipped back down onto the deck with him. She threw her arms around his neck, embracing him. "And I'm your Queen," she said in a sexy tone.

They kissed some more, Missy's big jugs squashing against his bare chest. Their lips smacked together and their tongues danced with needful passion.

Jess and Gabe arrived, hand in hand, both completely naked, like pretty much everyone else wandering the ship at this point. "Please tell me you guys didn't just do the while "Titanic" thing?" Jess said.

Missy smiled gleefully, "we did," she said. "Vomit," Jess said, making them all laugh.

Gabe looked over at the empty jacuzzi. "Let's get in the hot-tub," he said, pulling his Mom over.

Missy and Lucas followed. "I like that idea," Missy said, "it is getting kinda chilly and we don't want these hot dicks shriveling up."

Jess laughed. "Right, they're not much good to us then," she joked..

The four of them got into the jacuzzi and the mothers straddled their teens. They made-out lustfully, like two young couples on a hot double date. "Mmm, those dicks are far from shriveled up now," Jess said, grinding her naked twat against the underside of Gabe's boner.

"Well it's a good thing," Missy said between kisses. "We Moms love a hard dick."

Lucas was right when he said he was "king of the world." He had his sexy, big titted mother on top of him, spinning her long tongue through his mouth.

"I'm sure the boys loving having hard dicks too," Jess said, her lips smacking wetly against her

son's, "so they can fuck our pussies nice n deep."

Missy squashed her labial lips against Lucas's thick cock-muscle. "Is that true, boys?" she asked, "do you enjoy pounding our cunts and squirting your hot loads deep inside us?"

She felt her son's cock flex in reaction to her hot words. "I know I do," Lucas said, his eyes wide with lust.

"Do you like to see our sexy legs tossed back, spread wide open for you?"Jess asked them, gazing into Gabe's eyes, gently grinding on his stiff prick..

"Fuck yeah," he muttered.

Missy shook her chest, making her big cannons wobble just under her son's chin. "Feel our big soft tits bounce around on you, while

you hold us and show us what strong studs you are," she said in a sexy tone.

Jess's lips were mashed against her son's as she spoke. "Fucking us," she said lustfully..

"Pounding our pussies," Missy said while planting series of wet kisses, "making your sexy Mommies scream while they cling to you."

There was a pause in the dialog as both horny mothers french-kissed their boys and humped their cunts against their strong dicks. Missy broke her kiss and went for Lucas's neck, kissing and licking at his most sensitive spots. The teen's face filled with pleasure, "ohhh, yeah," he sighed.

He felt his cock-tip pop into her heated fuck-socket and sink into her juicy vagina. Missy threw her head back. "Ahhhhyesss," she sighed, feeling his sturdy spear rise up her cunt-tube.

Jess trapped the knob of Gabe dick against her swollen clitoris, squeezing them together. She could feel the two blood-engorged nubs pulsing and throbbing as if they were joined as one piece of flesh, the heated water making them tingle even more.

Jess gasped lustfully, then reached down under the water and stuffed her son's cock into her cunt-tunnel. "Fuck usss!" she cried out.

The two pretty moms swiveled their experienced hips, plowing the boys dicks deep in their smoldering holes. Missy marveled at how thick and strong her son's cock was. Her husband Phil had an average cock, with erections that were often sub-par. Lucas's young dick, however, was

so incredibly different. His cylinder of meat stayed rock-hard and packed every single inch of her pussy-pouch, stretching the inner

lining. This made for an intense sexual experience, that she wasn't quite used to.

"Uh, Mom," Gabe muttered, pointing up at a sign near their heads. "We better get out if we're gonna fuck."

Jess looked up at that read "NO SEX ALLOWED IN JACUZZIS." She giggled, "Right. They catch us fucking in here, they might throw us overboard," she said.

Missy smiled as she led her boy out of the water."Or maroon us on some tropical island, that could be fun," she said.

The two Moms playfully pulled their teens around to a private side of a divider-wall, their cute little bare feet tapping on the deck. "Pick us up and fuck us," she said to the boys, wrapping her arms around her son's neck and feeding him a horny gaze.

Missy and Jess sprung from floor and tossed their sexy legs around their teens, interlocking their ankles behind them. The boys grasped their Mom's thighs, and slipped their erect dicks back inside them. "Yesss, fuuuck!" Jess cried out lustfully, humping her horny pussy on Gabe's cock.

"Ohh baby, your dick feels so good," Missy sighed, tightening her arms around her boy, mashing her big wet knockers against his bare chest. "Fuck me hard," she hissed.

Lucas and Gabe pinned their Moms against the divider-wall and started thrusting their cocks through their slippery cunts. The two besties clung to their boys, tightening their parted thighs. The flesh of their naked bodies trembled from the power of the fuck-thrusts.

"Ohhh Goddamn," Gabe sighed, fucking steadily. Holding his own Mom this way was a powerful rush and he wanted to make her cum so fucking hard that her eyes rolled back.

They kissed and fucked and kissed and fucked even harder, their bodies beating together as the boys held them up in the standing fuck position. "Ohhh! Ohhmy...Ohhshit, I'm gonna fucking cuuum!" Jess cried out.

"Meee toooo!" Missy shrieked, bucking her hips, meeting her boys thrusts and screwing her cunt to his balls on every downward plunge.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Both beautiful Mommies screamed out, within seconds of each other, their lush bodies trembling from the force of their orgasms. The boys continued fucking with everything they had, pounding their dicks through the juicing grip of hot quivering vagina.

"Ahhh, fuck!" Gabe groaned, as his knob tingled and began spitting big ropes of spunk.

"Hhhnnff!" Lucas snarled, his big cock thundering through Missy's clasping cunt-tube. The hot mother trembled and groaned as her pussy turned to cream. The muscles in her legs flexed around her son's wildly-driving hips, her boobs sloshing as she clung to his strong lean frame like a helpless fuck-doll. "Aaaaauuuggghhh!!" she screamed, making more hot girl-cum pulse around his spearing cock and drip off his swinging balls.

Lucas's knob tingled exquisitely. "Ohhh shit," he whimpered loudly. Huge rockets of gooey baby- batter pulsed from his peter-tip, mixing with his Mom's secretions and coating her cunt-tube

with teenage jizz.

The two teens whimpered into their lovely mom's necks, their ass-cheeks flexing and their hips jerking. The skilled birth-canals of both Moms were squeezing and sucking on the tender dicks, milking out more and more cum. "Yesss, baby, pour it all out," Missy said, cradling her son's

head in her hands..

Lucas thrust in as far as he could go, crushing his big purple knob again the mouth of her cervix. His nuts clenched and his whole body shivered as another big gob of cum oozed from his meatus. "Aahhhh!," his shaky voice cried out.

The muscled walls of Missy's vagina clasped his meat-stick, holding it in a hot embrace. He backed his prick out just a tad and the empty portion of her tube collapsed in on itself, shrouding her inner sanctum. Lucas thrust his hips forward again, stretching the pink ribbed walls of her inner lining and touching the doorway to her womb once again. "Uuunnggh," he grunted, as a little more spunk bubbled from his piss-slit.

"Damn, boys, you keep fucking us like that and we'll have to divorce your fathers," she said, making Missy giggle.

"Or at least make sure they're out of the house a lot," Missy said, combing her nails through her son's hair.

Lucas and Gabe smiled at each other. "So you guys are gonna let us fuck you at home too?" Gabe asked.

Missy and Jess looked over each other, then Missy answered. "I guess when we get home, we may have to revise the whole 'what happens at Sea stays at Sea' thing," she said.

Jess chimed in. "Yeah, change it to something more general like 'what happens BETWEEN US, stays BETWEEN US," she said.

Gabe smiled. "I can abide by that," he said.

"Me too," Lucas said, gazing into his Mom's beautiful eyes.

It was getting late and Missy and Jess led their sons arm in arm back towards their cabin. Along the way, they spotted Candice,

holding on to the railing and getting pounded from behind by a handsome teen. He had a friend standing next to him, stroking his own boner while waiting his turn.

Jess giggled. "Looks like Candice is having a good time," she said to Missy.

When they got back to the room, each boy showered with his Mom. They made out under the hot spray, soaping and caressing each-others bodies. Lucas's heart raced excitedly as he slipped his hand all over Missy's enormous jugs, while she gently stroked his erection with

slippery suds.

"Let's rinse off. I need you back inside me," Missy whispered, her lips rubbing against his tenderly.

The big cruise ship crashed through the water as it slowly made its way back towards land. The sea around it illuminated beautifully in the moonlight.

That same moonlight showered Missy and Jess's cabin in a magical glow. Both mommies had their silky, curvy legs propped way back in the air, their sexy little bare feet pointing back and shuttering, as if moving to the beat of the lewd smacking sounds that filled the room..

Their teens were on top of them, driving their dicks through their Mom's cunts with hard forcefully thrusts, their ball-sacks beating against their upturned asses. "Ohhh fuck," Gabe groaned, feeling Jess's juice-slicked inner lining hug his spearing erection.

"Yess, fuck meee," his mother cried out, gripping his ass with her long nails.

Lucas's pulled on Missy's nipple with his latched lips, stretching the flesh of her big jiggling titty way out. His hips working tirelessly, jerking between Missy's silky thighs, propelling his boner through her juicy pussy from balls to knob on every thrust.

"Ohhhyess!" his mommy cried out, circling her arms and pulling him back down against her tit- mounds. Lucas rubbed his face between them, licking up through her gaping cleavage like an panting dog.

He gazed up at the glossy backs of his Mom's scissored legs and her sexy little feet as they pointed back towards the headboard. "Damn you're sexy Mom," he muttered, resting on his elbow as he kept fucking her.

"You like fucking this girl?" she asked breathlessly.

"Ohh hell yeah," he panted.

"Are you ready to fuck me in my dream position?" she asked. "The octopus?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she smiled anxiously.

"Let's do it," he said, his wet cock slipping from her twat as he got to his knees. He sat on his ass and leaned backwards slightly, using his hands placed behind his back to support himself.

Lucas heard Gabe's mom cry out and looked over to see him pounding her cunt hard and fast, her sexy tan legs propped up on his shoulders.

Missy stood over her son, feet to either side of his waist and slowly lowered herself, squatting

onto his cock. Once he was inside her, she sat on his lap and slowly started to lean backwards. Like her son, she placed her hands behind her back on the mattress for support. Once she was leaning

back, Missy lifted your right leg and rested it on her son's left shoulder. Then she lifted her left leg and rested it on his right shoulder.

She gazed at him lovingly. "Yess, this is it...fuck mee," she gasped excitedly.

They drove their hips together, spearing his cock through her pussy-folds and deep inside her. Lucas marveled at the view. Her sexy legs flexed, her little bare feet hugging his neck, pulling at him. Her huge jutting milkers rolled around on her chest like big fleshy waves.

"Ohh my God, I love it!" Missy shouted with pure lust in her voice. "Me too," her boy smiled.

After a few minutes of fucking this way, Missy lowered her legs around her son's waist and slid onto his lap, wrapping him in her arms and grinding, chest to chest.

She gazed down at him with a smile. Without the mask, it truly was more of a thrill for the teen. This was his own mother. The one who'd given birth to him and nurtured him growing up. Now she was letting him see her in a whole new way. She was letting stick his manhood inside her and be his partner in the most intimate of all acts. She was letting him shoot millions of little baby-seeds inside her, each one seeking out her prized pearl. "Thank you, by the way," she whispered, responding to his compliment.

"For what?" he asked.

"For saying I'm sexy," she said, squeezing his hard thick prick with the grip of her cunt.

Her eyes welled-up as she stared up at him, feeling his unyielding cock plugging away at her pussy perfectly. She stroked his cheek tenderly, thinking back on the words of the Fortune Teller. "You are the Yin to my Yang," she whispered.

THE END

117: Mom's Hero_1

By Klrxo

Chapter 1:

"Frankie, I have something VERY important I need to talk to you about?" Lori said.

"What is it, Mom? Is everything ok with dad?" Frankie asked, knowing his father was overseas in the

military.

"Yes, your father's fine, but as you know he's gone for three months, so he's not here to perform his

special duties."

"Well, I told dad I'd help take care of things while he's gone."

Lori got a big pretty smile, gazing at her boy with her lovely hazel eyes. "I know you did. That's why I'm

coming to you with a VERY important task that needs accomplished here at home," she explained.

"Sure, how can I help?"

The pretty mother took a deep brave breath. "Well, how would you like to make a little brother or sister

with me?" she asked nervously.

"A little brother or sister?"

"Yes, I've been wanting another baby in my belly for awhile now, but your father always seems so busy

with his career," the mother explained. "So, I was thinking that you might be interested in helping me

out."

"By helping you get pregnant?" Frankie asked, his heart racing a mile a minute. For the longest time,

he'd had fantasied of doing that very thing. All his friends had pretty moms, but his own mother took

the cake. She had long silky-brown hair, amazing motherly legs and the biggest squishiest-looking boobs

of any woman in town.

"I'm ovulating, starting tomorrow," Lori said with a raised eyebrow.

"Ovulating?"

"It's a woman's special time, when her body produces an egg that attaches itself to her uterus," she said,

"but you don't need to concern yourself with all the technicalities. Let me worry about that. Your task is

very simple, and one that I think you'll like a lot. Pump as much sperm into my vagina with your penis as

you can the next five days. That's it!"

"Five days?" Frankie asked, so excited that he felt faint. At first, he was thinking this was just gonna be a

one time thing.

"Yes. We have a five day window to inseminate me. If we're not successful, we have to wait another

month before we can try again."

"Geez, that long?"

"Yes," she whispered, then thrust her chest, making her huge round boobies balloon outward, stretching

her thin top. "Can you be my hero, Frankie? Can you make this happen for me?" she asked, giving him a

sexy pleading look that made her boy's dick flex with stiffness.

"I'll do whatever I can," he muttered.

"Oh, honey, thank you!" the mother exclaimed, near tears she was so grateful and excited. She lunged

forward and hugged her teen, pancaking her large fatty melons against his young chest.

"Does, um... dad know we're doing this?" Frankie asked.

Lori broke their embrace, a tinge of guilt spread across her face. "That's actually the other thing I

wanted to mention. Him and I had sex the night before he left, so if I do get pregnant, I can just tell him

it must have happened that night," she explained.

"Yeah, I don't suppose dad would be too happy if he thought I put a baby in you."

"Probably not," Lori giggled, her face a tad blushed at the fact that she was so eagerly planning to cheat

on her husband. "I guess it'll just have to be OUR special secret."

"If we're successful that is," Frankie said.

She playfully slapped him on the knee. "Of course we'll be successful, as long as we stick to the goal, and

make creating a baby our whole focus for the next five days," Lori said, then quickly took her son's hand.

"That reminds me... I have an idea."

The busty beauty anxiously led her son down the hallway, to her and her husband's bedroom. They

stopped just inside the door. "So I was thinking," Lori said. "We should probably take my mattress off

the bedframe and put it on the floor."

"Why?"

"Well, honey, five days worth of vigorous sexual intercourse will definitely take it's toll on my

bedframe," she explained. "We don't wanna have to explain to your father why the bed is in shambles,

and there's holes in the wall from the headboard pounding against it so hard."

"True," Frankie said, still in disbelief that his own mom was making reference to them fucking each

other's asses off.

"The other thing I was thinking was that you should move some of your stuff down here and share my

bedroom with me," she suggested, with a big smile.

"You mean sleep in here at night?"

"Well, honey, during the baby making process you don't get much sleep, but I certainly think if we're

going to be copulating like a couple, we should definitely be sharing a room like one."

"What does copulating mean?" Frankie stupidly asked.

Lori giggled and placed both her hands on his shoulder, gazing at him lovingly. "Copulation means having

hot, nasty, baby making sex together," she teased, giving him a cute wink.

"Oh, yeah, guess I should have known that."

"Like I said, I don't expect you to know all the technical terms, and special techniques. I'll coach you

through all that stuff as we go. Your job is just to keep that thing hard as much as you can," Lori said,

glancing down at his bulging crotch. "Then help me transfer those little swimmers from your balls to my

cervix."

Frankie nodded confidently. "Got it!"

"Good," his mom said, showing her perfect gleaming white teeth as she smiled. Her eyes were so

dreamy and radiant, Frankie could hardly think straight when she looked at him.

"So if I'm gonna be staying in here, which side of the bed is mine?" the boy asked.

"You won't need a 'side,' you goof!"

"I won't?"

"No, we're making a baby. There are no sides, honey. You'll be on top of me, or I'll be on top of

you...pretty much constantly," Lori said with a quirky smile.

"Well, that's not necessarily true."

"And why's that?" Lori asked in a questioning tone.

"Well, I could be BEHIND you," he joked, making his mom burst out laughing.

"You have a point. We'll be doing plenty of doggy, so that's true."

Frankie let out a little gasp in reaction to her words. Having his mom's thick peach-shaped ass beat

against his midsection, while they fucked doggy-style, had been a fantasy of his for a long time.

"So, when do we start all this baby making stuff?" the boy asked, so anxious it was killing him.

"Tomorrow morning," she answered. "Tonight we'll focus on getting our bedroom all set up. Since it'll be

our first time sharing a bed together, we should probably engage in some sort of little ice breaker

tonight."

"Ice breaker?"

"Yeah, tomorrow we're gonna be naked together, honey, and as close and intimate as two people can

get," Lori explained, gazing lovingly into her boy's eyes. "So maybe tonight we'll prepare ourselves for

that. We'll go to bed a little early, and just let ourselves become acquainted in a way we never have

before."

"Dang," the boy gasped, his heart racing. "Is it bedtime yet?"

His mom laughed. "Oh, looking forward to getting acquainted are we?" she asked cutely.

"Sure," the boy said with an anxious smile.

"You're just excited to see what mom wears to bed," Lori joked.

"That too."

She fed him a sultry look. "What if I decide to wear nothing?" she asked.

"That would be fine."

"Yeah? You'd be OK with Mom crawling into bed in nothing but tits and ass?" she teasingly asked.

Frankie felt his cock flex stiffly in his pants. "I would definitely be OK with it," he answered.

"Well I certainly hope so, mister, because after tonight you'll be seeing me more naked than dressed."

"Obviously, right?"

"Not only are you gonna be seeing your mother naked, you're gonna be seeing her in the raw, you know

that, right?" Lori asked, raising an eyebrow as she stared through her curtain of dark silky hair.

"What do you mean in the raw?"

"Well, all these years you've seen me in my mom roll, and now you're gonna see a whole other side of

me. A side of mom that sons don't usually get to see. My sexual side," she said with a mischievous little

smile.

"I suppose so, but there's no getting around that, right?"

"Nope. I just hope I don't shock you too much."

"Why would you shock me?" Frankie asked.

She looked straight into his eyes with a serious expression. "I can get pretty wild in the sack. Sex is

something I've always taken very serious, Frankie... and I consider myself EXTREMELY good at it," Lori

said.

"Well um... OK then," the boy muttered, so anxious he could hardly speak. He knew that this wasn't

gonna be like having sex with the girls at school. His mom was a bona-fide milf, and it may just be the

best piece of pussy he'd ever get.

"Now, let's get this bed on the floor, shall we," Lori said.

Frankie helped his mom dismantle his parent's bed, leaning all the parts in the corner, while the big kingsized

mattress was placed flat on the floor.

"There! Now we can't break anything. Unless you pound me through the floor," the mother joked,

hugging her son from behind.

"I doubt that'll happen."

"Oh, you never know. If we get going hard enough, anything's possible," the mother said with a giggle,

clinging onto him with her soft motherly curves.

"Yeah, never mind the bed, try explaining a big hole in the floor to dad."

"Oh God, that would be a tough one to talk our way out of" Lori said. "I suppose we could be honest.

Sorry honey, Frankie and I were making a baby together and we started going a it a little too rough."

Frankie giggled. "Yeah, I doubt he'd find that amusing at all," he said, loving the feel of his mom's

mammoth tits pressed against his back.

"Ha, right. Divorce for me, and a grounding for you… for life."

"Probably true."

"That's ok, if he kicks me out you can come live with me and we'll make more babies," the mother

giggled.

"Should I go get my stuff?" Frankie asked, anxious to get moved in.

"Not yet," his mom whispered playfully into his ear. "I wanna do something first. Turn around."

Frankie turned, facing his sexy mother. "What? he asked curiously.

"Let's take something off," she said with a wicked smile.

"Like what?"

She looked at his chest flirtingly. "How 'bout our shirts."

"Our shirts?"

"That's right," his mom answered, grabbing the hem of his shirt and peeling it over his head and off,

exposing his lean well-fit chest.

"That didn't take much effort," Frankie said, acknowledging that she was the one who took his shirt off

for him.

"No, but now you can take mine off of me if you want."

Frankie wasted no time peeling off his mom's snug blouse, revealing her huge bra-clad breasts. "The bra

too?" he asked.

"Nice try, mister. I said shirts, not bras," Lori teased. "If you wanna see big naked tits, you have to wait

until tomorrow."

"Damn," the boy said in a disappointed tone. Gazing at his mom's naked knockers was a huge fantasy of

his.

Lori put on a cute pouty face. "Oh, you have to settle for seeing mom in a semi-sheer bra, poor baby,"

she teased.

"Semi-sheer?" Frankie asked, taking a step back so he could get a good look at her upper half. Sure

enough, his mom's big pale-yellow bra was made of semi-transparent mesh. Lori's enormous mommymelons

bulged out from her chest, putting immense strain on the four hooks of her back-strap. Her

puffy nipples and huge round areolas looked like big dark-pink demon eyes staring back at him.

"Whoa!" the boy muttered, taking in their immense size. Lori's motherly papilla looked thick and

rubbery, with areola that were dotted with Montgomery glans. The amount of creamy cleavage that

bulged out the top of the cups was mind-boggling.

"Don't worry, honey. You'll be getting better acquainted with them tomorrow," the mother giggled,

making her tit-meat jiggle like jello. She stepped up to her boy, throwing her arms over his shoulders.

"They would like to be pressed against your chest right now though," she said with a flirty look.

Frankie sighed as his mom moved in for a tit-smothering embrace. Through the thin mesh, her boobs

felt almost as magical as if they were bare. Her thick engorged teats prodded the bare flesh of his chest.

Lori was slightly shorter than her son, so when they hugged his aching erection pressed her lower belly,

right where she hoped there would soon be a big round baby ball.

"Feels like someone's ready to start planting seeds," she teased.

"Sorry, a little excited I guess."

"Just A LITTLE excited?!"

"Okay, a lot excited."

His mom giggled. "I can tell, and don't apologize. If it didn't get hard like that I'd never get my baby," she

said.

"That's true."

"Don't worry, honey, tomorrow I'll have a place he'll feel right at home," Lori said, gazing at him with her

beautiful hazel eyes. "Somewhere warm."

Frankie was so damn excited he could hardly speak, so he just nodded.

"And I should probably warn you, I'm kind of a gusher," she said, her face a little red with

embarrassment.

"A gusher?"

"Yes, well, when some women get excited, they shoot hot liquid out of a part of their genitals called the

urethra."

"Oh, you mean they squirt kind of like guys do?"

"Sort of. It's brought on by intense pleasure, I just don't want you to be shocked if I soak you, ok?"

"Ok."

She nuzzled up against him. "I kind of feel like I'm young again, kinda like deja vu."

"How so?"

"Well, when your dad and I were young, we got married and began sharing a bedroom, just like you and

I are now. Then, we immediately started trying to make a baby, just like you and I are gonna start doing

tomorrow," Lori explained. "It's ind of the same, but not really."

"Why not really, because we're not married?"

"Yes, that, and I just think with you and I things are gonna be a lot different."

"How so?"

She gazed into his eyes and smiled salaciously. "Honestly, I think the baby making process will be way

more fun with you than it was with your father."

"It wasn't that fun with dad?"

"Oh it was fun with him, but with you I think it's gonna be incredible," she said, gazing dreamily into his

eyes.

Frankie brought a few things down to their bedroom, but since sexual intercourse was the only thing on

the agenda for the next several days, he didn't need much.

After dinner, he helped his mom clean up. He loved that she hadn't put her blouse back on, giving him a

chance to watch her oversized breasts bobble around beneath her bra. They retreated to the bedroom,

to become "acquainted" in a whole new way, as Lori had suggested.

"Why don't you strip down to your briefs, honey, and get into bed. I'll be out in a few minutes," the

mother said with an anxious little smile as she stepped towards bathroom.

Lori wore a pair of snug cotton shorts, and Frankie watched her meaty buttocks undulate atop her

smooth motherly legs as she sashayed towards the bathroom .

Then, the boy did just as his mom suggested, removing his pants, hopping into bed and waiting in

restless anticipation for her to emerge.

"Ready for your new roommate to join you," the mother said as she stepped from the bathroom

wearing a white sheer baby doll chemise made of delicate floral lace.

Frankie was speechless, as once again he was greeted by the huge puffy caps of her tits that he could

clearly see right through the gauzy fabric. "That's really sexy," he finally muttered, letting his eyes

wander down to the matching panties covering her crotch. It was just a tiny patch of triangular-shaped

fabric covering her vulva, with thin straps crossing her hips. The panties also were transparent enough

for him to tell that his mother was completely shaved down there.

"Here you go!" Lori said with a wink. "You're getting to see what mom wears when she goes to bed."

"I like it."

The heavy-titted mother crawled onto the mattress and slipped under the blankets with her boy. She

reached over and clicked off the bedside light, shrouded them in darkness.

Frankie's body shuddered as he felt his mom's squishy boobs press against the side of his chest. She

intertwined their legs and held him close, with her head resting on his chest in the sweetheart cradle.

"Are you nervous about tomorrow?" she softly asked.

"Maybe just a little," he admitted.

"Don't be. You're gonna do amazing."

"You think so?"

She rubbed his chest tenderly. "I know so."

After a short silence, the mother spoke again. "Have you had sexual intercourse with a girl before,

honey?"

"Yeah, a couple girls."

"Your own age?"

"Well, one was a little older, but only by a couple years," he admitted.

"We're they on birth control?"

"Yes, at least that's what they told me."

"Good. I want my own baby. I don't need to be Grandmothering someone else's," Lori said. "When we

start to copulate tomorrow, you're gonna notice some differences with someone my age right off the

bat."

"Like what?"

"As a woman gets older, her body goes through some wonderful changes. Her boobs get bigger and

softer, and the muscle fibers in her body, including the ones inside her vagina, get strong, making it

extremely pleasurable for a man."

"I've heard some guys say it's better with a younger girl, since their vaginas are tighter," Frankie said.

"Yes, but they're only tighter because of inexperience. A lot of moms, including myself, work very hard

at keeping their love tunnel's strong and tight for a man," Lori explained.

"That's cool."

"Plus, you're gonna feel a different type of texture in there that's gonna feel amazing around your

glans."

"What do you mean texture?" Frankie asked curiously, his heart racing from just listening to his mom

explain it.

"As a woman gets older, the lining of the vagina thickens. The ribbed walls become more pronounced,

and the muscles in her pelvic floor get strong, so she can push babies out. All these things provide

intense friction on a man's hard penis during intercourse," she explained.

Frankie gasped softly. His dick was so hard it almost hurt. "That doesn't sound bad at all," he whispered.

"Well, those are just the physical changes a woman goes through. The other thing that sets us moms

apart is our skill-set."

"You mean like… how good you are at it?"

"Yeah, with a healthy sex life, by the time you reach my age, a woman has had sex several thousand

times. With that much practice she's gotten very, very good at it," Lori said with a cute giggle.

"I suppose your right."

"That's a good thing too," she said, giving him a little kiss on the chest. "That means I'll be able to use my

special skills to milk a lot of sperm out of you this week."

Lori could feel her boy's heart racing. She lifted her head from his chest. "Sorry, maybe 'milking' wasn't

the best term to use. I don't want you to feel like a cow that's getting squeezed off every five minutes,"

she giggled. "What I meant to say was, using my sexual mom skills, I think I'll be able to get you off quite

frequently, and help you produce some very powerful ejaculations inside me."

Frankie was so horny he was about to go out of his mind. "Mom, can I just run to the bathroom really

quick?" his shaky voice asked.

"Well, that depends. Are you going to the bathroom to pee, or are you going to the bathroom because

all this sex talk as gotten you so excited you need to squeeze one off?"

"Sorry, I just um…can't really help it."

"Honey, I know your horny, but I really need you to hold off until tomorrow. It would be amazing if that

first ejaculation you pumped into me had millions of strong swimmers," Lori said.

"I can try."

"Oh, Frankie, it'll be worth the wait, I promise," the mother cooed, hugging him tight and mashing her

fatty boobies against him. "You'll probably cum so hard the first time it'll feel a huge volcano of babymakers

going off inside me," she said with a cute giggle.

"You're probably right," the boy sighed, his body trembling with desire. "I'll hold off."

"Here," the mother said, taking position beside him. "Roll over onto your side and let's spoon. You can

push your erection against my buttocks. That might ease the pressure some," she suggested.

Frankie doubted it would ease any pressure, but he wasn't about to turn down the offer. He got on his

side behind his mom and snuggled up against her lush body.

Lori's chemise was bunched up around her waist, allowing her teen to push his brief-covered bulge

against her thonged ass. He felt his rigid tube sink down between her thick mommy-buns, with only the

tiny string of her thong separating his bulge from the crinkled ring of her asshole.

"There, is that better?" she asked.

"Kind of," the boy answered.

"I know it's hard not to think about all the hot intercourse we're gonna be having, Frankie, but it's

important that not a drop of that sperm come out, unless your hardon is fully sheathed in my vagina,"

Lori said.

"Why can't it be tomorrow already," the boy sighed, pushing his blood-engorged member deep into his

mom's butt-crevice.

Lori giggled, mashing her ass back against him. "The anticipation will make it all the more exciting when

the time finally arrives," she said. "Then when it does, we'll float away, honey. We'll float away

completely naked together, on a cloud of baby making pleasure," she mewled.

"God, mom, this is killing me," Frankie said, more aroused than he ever had been in his life. He began to

gently rock his pelvis in a steady dry hump between her warm smothering butt cheeks.

"Oh, honey, are you sure that's a good idea?" his mom asked. "Can you engage in a dry hump without

ejaculating out your piss-slit?"

"Just a few minutes and I'll stop."

"Ok, I can feel a wet spot smearing against me, but I'm not worried. It's just your pre-ejaculate. It's not

the same as the powerful type of seed that'll pierce my ovum," she said, with heavy aroused breath.

"No?"

"Nope. The real baby-juice comes out when you orgasm, and that won't be until tomorrow, when we're

humping away like newlyweds."

"So, we can wake up at midnight and get started? Technically that's tomorrow," the boy pointed out.

His mother giggled at his eagerness. "Patience, honey. Trust me, once we get going, you'll be begging

me for a break in the action," she said.

"I doubt that."

"I'm gonna hold you to that, mister."

"Fine by me. I won't need, or want any breaks," Frankie said confidently, steady dry humping against her

ass.

His mom suddenly twisted around so she was facing him. "Oh my God, Frankie! You're impressing me so

much and we haven't even started copulating yet," she said, then slid on to his chest and began

showering him with kisses.

Frankie squirmed hornily beneath his mother, delighted by the feel of her floral laced covered tit-melons

crushed against his chest. He could feel the fatty meat of her knockers squeeze and slosh against him,

while her lips planted wet kisses all over his face.

"I love that you're more than equipped for the job," she said between kisses, pressing her pubic mound

against his hard muscle. "And that you're gonna get me pregnant in the best possible way."

"Muah, muah, muah…muah!" the mother kissed, while pushing her panty-covered pubis against his long

twitching boner. "When my belly's big and round, we'll both know that it was YOU who made me that

way, Frankie. A baby made with your sperm and my ovum. OUR baby really," Lori cooed.

"That's true," Frankie sighed, still in shock that he was laying under his mother this way, let alone

fucking her brains out tomorrow.

"I know you have what it takes to be my hero, honey. To load mom up with so much hot sperm that my

egg won't stand a chance against it," she said.

"I will make you pregnant, mom. I promise."

"I don't doubt that even for a second, handsome. These next several days will be a nonstop whirlwind of

baby making fun, and I know your mom will be pregnant and giddy when we're all through," she said.

Sleep didn't come easy for either of them. They both eagerly longed for that magical moment of

penetration, when Frankie's broad fat bell-tip stretched Lori's labial flesh aside and sunk into the lovely

hot-juiced grip of her mature fuck-tube.

Then, their joined genitals would do the mating dance, repeatedly washing the mother's womb with

millions of baby making tadpoles that would begin the search for her prized pearl.

Mom's Hero – Part 2

By Klrxo

"Frankie and I are making a baby today," Lori said excitedly, winking over at her boy as she spoke to her

mother over speakerphone.

"Oh, honey, that's wonderful. I think the two of you will create a beautiful baby together."

"I think so to," the mother said, giving her son a pretty smile, showing her perfect white teeth. "I know

that boys Frankie's age have short refractory periods, so we'll be able to have back-to-back sessions of

sexual intercourse ALL DAY."

Frankie gulped excitedly. The idea of fucking his heavy-titted mom was thrilling enough, but now to

know he'd be screwing her repeatedly in the coming days was an absolute thrill.

"Well, just make sure you two do the doggy-position a lot," Frankie's grandma Kim said. "I swear by that

position when it comes to making babies."

"We did talk about that one, didn't we, pumpkin?" Lori asked her son.

Frankie smiled and nodded anxiously.

"There's actually about a dozen positions I'd like to try, that I've heard can be affective when it comes to

sperm transferal," Lori told her mother. "My friend Jessa was telling me about this new position called

the 'butter churner' that's suppose to be highly affective with baby making."

"Oh, try the lotus also," Kim suggested. "Great position for conception."

Lori smiled over at her teen. "We just have SO much to do, don't we, pumpkin?" she asked, making her

giant unfettered boobies wobble heavily beneath her robe. Frankie could see her thick rubbery nipples

protruding out from beneath the silky fabric.

"We sure do," he answered.

"Frankie?" his Grandma called.

"Yeah?"

"I know you'll be the man your mother needs you to be in your father's absence," Kim said. "Make me

proud and pump a beautiful Grandbaby inside my daughter."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

After his mom hung up the phone, Frankie looked at her like the wait was killing him. "Are we gonna be

getting started soon?" he asked.

Lori gazed down at the obvious erection beneath his shorts. "Oh, honey, I'm sorry. You didn't

masturbate last night, so your boner must be aching this morning," she said sympathetically.

"Yeah, a little bit," he answered, even though it was actually "aching" a lot.

"I wanna make you a hearty breakfast before we begin copulating," Lori said, stepping over to the

refrigerator. "You'll need incredible endurance for all the vigorous intercourse we'll be having today.

How about some eggs?" the mother asked, bending over and retrieving them from the bottom shelf.

Frankie's eyes widened as he watched the hem of her robe creep up over her naked mommy-buns. His

mom's thick unblemished half-moons pointed towards him, with her cute crinkled butthole peeking out

of the crack between them. His eyes drifted down her butt-crevice, along her perineum, to the puffy

outer folds of her vulvar lips. Protruding out of her cuntal cleavage were the pink flanges of her inner

labium. The boy reached down and squeezed the leaking knob of his bulge, knowing that soon he'd be

smashing his aching prick through that pussy clamshell, and feeling all that slippery pink tissue inside slip

along his sensitive boy-glans.

"Are you ok, Frankie," his mom asked.

The boy's eyes traveled up to see her staring back at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. "OH, yeah…um,

I'm fine," he answered, releasing his cock.

Her eyes darted down to his protruding organ, watching it throb to his excited heartbeat. "It won't be

long now, pumpkin," she assured him. "It won't be long and you'll be riding into vagina-ville."

Frankie watched his mom cook him breakfast, fascinated by the way her huge unfettered boobs moved

beneath her robe. Since he'd hit puberty he'd been obsessed with her king-sized melons, stealing her big

bras several times and rubbing his tender dick through the embroidered cups while he masturbated. He

knew from looking at the tags that she wore a 36H cup bra. He doubted that any other boy at school

could brag about having a mom with a rack that huge.

Lori moved gracefully through the kitchen on dainty bare feet with freshly painted toenails, smiling over

at her ogling teen several times. "He's so infatuated with mommy," she thought, then let her eyes

quickly travel his frame while biting her bottom lip. "And mommy's infatuated with him. I can't believe

I'm making a baby today with such a handsome teenager."

Frankie reminded her so much of her husband when he was younger. They had fallen in love just after

high school and gotten married a year later. Her libido had grown over the years, craving her husband's

dick inside her as often as she could get it. However, like most husbands, Henry had gotten busy at work

and with other interests, and sex didn't seem to matter as much to him. Only recently, the mother had

begun wanting another child, and her and Henry made plans to start trying during her next ovulation

period. Then he got a three month assignment overseas unexpectedly, leaving her to rely on her

handsome boy to plant a seed in her womb that would blossom into a child.

"Here you go, pumpkin," the mother lovingly said, setting a plate of food in front of him.

Frankie watched her sit down at the table near him, which made the melonous swell of her tits jostle

from their immense weight. "You're a boobie-boy, aren't you, Frankie?" the mother teased.

"A boobie-boy?" he asked.

"Yes, a boy that's fascinated with big boobies," she explained. "I don't think you've taken your eyes off

mine all morning."

"Sorry," the boy said timidly, looking down at his breakfast.

"I didn't say it was a bad thing. A mom with big breasts is sure to capture a boy's attention, especially

when she walks around the house without a bra on."

"Yours are just REALLY big," the boy confessed, seeing that the neck of her robe had crept open,

providing a view of her enormous creamy cleavage.

"You think they're big now…wait until I get pregnant. They'll be so big and milk-swollen that I might have

a hard time standing up straight," she said with a cute giggle.

"Wow, that's gonna be pretty cool to see."

She brushed her long dirty blonde hair off her face and smiled at her boy. "Well…they are yours you

know?" she said.

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours. A moms boobies are for her babies…to suck and squeeze. You did used to nurse on my

nipples when you were little you know?"

"I thought a kid was suppose to grow out of that though?" Frankie asked.

"Nonsense. You'll always be my baby, so these will always be here for you," the mother said, rocking her

shoulders and making her knockers wobble back and forth.

"Not to drink from though, right?"

"Well, if they're producing milk, like they soon will be, you can," she answered. "But boys your age like

to do other things with them."

"Like what?"

"Like…sucking and chewing on the nipples, smothering their faces under the flesh, and rubbing their

dickies down into the cleavage," she explained in a sensual tone, running her fingers along her expose

tit-crevice teasingly.

"Those things sound wonderful," Frankie said with excited breath.

"Would you like to start our first round of copulation by spending some time giving mommy's titties

some attention?" she asked with a naughty grin.

"Would I ever!" the boy answered, his heart racing.

"Then finish your breakfast, baby boy," she said, standing up. "Mommy's gonna go get ready. Come

down to our bedroom when you're done."

Frankie took a quick bite, watching his hot mom step across the kitchen. The rounded swell of her

buttocks undulated from side to side, almost as if its movement was meant to draw his attention. She

peeked back at her teen before exiting the room with lust-filled eyes and their mutual gaze lingered for

a moment, like an anxious couple preparing to fuck their asses off.

Frankie's arousal level was through the roof as he quickly finished his plate of food. His dick was so hard

it almost hurt.

After quickly washing his dishes, he rushed down to the bedroom he was temporarily sharing with his

busty mom and knocked on the door.

"Come in, pumpkin," his mom's sultry voice said from the other side.

Frankie opened the door and gasped in wide-eyed wonder as he saw his mom standing there at the foot

of the mattress waiting for him, completely naked. She was in a striking pose, with one leg cocked

slightly forward and bent at the knee, so it rested on the squatted painted toes of her dainty bare foot.

Her hands were on her hips, making her giant tits balloon outward. The teen took a nervous gulp, staring

at the grapefruit-sized rings of dark-pink areola. They were thick and textured along their surface with

dozens of Montgomery glands. Thick protuberant nipples protruded from their centers, making the boy

lick his lips with desire.

The mother had clearly fluffed her hair some, put on a dab of lipstick and a squirt of sweet perfume. Her

bee stung lips curled into a naughty smile. "What do you think, Frankie," she asked.

His eyes drifted down her sexy torso, admiring how her motherly hips flared out. Positioned atop her

lovely smooth legs was the crown jewel of her womanhood. Lori's V-shaped crotch was completely

shaved, with the split of her pudendal cleft running down the center. The boy's heart was racing so fast

he thought it might beat right out of his chest. "You're beautiful," he finally answered.

"Do you think my vulva looks good with no hair?" she asked, grazing her nails across it.

"Incredible," he responded.

"What about my tits…big enough for you?" the mother asked with a knowing smile, pressing them

between her biceps and making them bulge out even further.

"Wow!" the boy gasped, reaching down and squeezing his boner-tip through his shorts.

Lori watched him and made a cute sad face. "Oh, poor dickie. He wants to get to work, doesn't he?" she

cooed.

"Yes," the boy sighed.

"He wants to be buried to his root in hot pussy, so he can squirt those baby makers into me."

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered.

"Well that's not gonna happen…unless my handsome boy gets naked first."

Frankie quickly shed his shirt, then shucked his shorts and briefs off at the same time. An impressive

nine-inch erection sprung free and pointed across at Lori as if stiffly saluting her. Pre-cum dripped from

the slit of it's fat angry knob and oozed towards the floor.

The mother smiled with lustful desire, staring at the blood-engorged column of flesh. "I'd say you have

your father beat by about three inches," she said. "That looks like the perfect baby making dick, honey."

"Thanks," the boy blushed.

The previous day, Lori and her son had placed her big marital mattress on the floor, to prevent her

husband from finding potential damage the mother and son would do to the bedframe while fucking.

The mother turned and crawled onto the mattress pointing her thick naked ass back at her boy. "Come

follow me into bed, pumpkin," she said.

Frankie didn't need to be told twice. He joined his mom on the bed. Still on her knees, Lori rested her

ass back on her heels and patted the mattress in front of her. "Come lay on your back, Frankie."

The teen crawled over and sprawled out on his back beside his beautiful mother. She leaned over,

resting her hands astride his body so her boobs hung down like big fat udders, just above his chest.

"Now, you just relax and stroke your boner, while mommy rubs her boobs against you," she said, "but

NO cumming, ok?"

"Alright," he answered, staring up into her gaping mile-long cleavage.

Lori only had to lower herself slightly to allow her big spongy tits to drag along his lean bare chest.

Frankie was over the moon, stroking his cock up and down while watching her hanging mams softly

brush all over his chest. His chin parted the twin melons and his face sunk into the soft canyon of her

cleavage.

"HOLY HELL!" the boy's excited mind screamed as he found himself in a thick pocket of breast-meat. He

turned his head slightly and kissed the warm dough-like flesh of his mother's tit, while his mom lowered

her chest even more, squashing her mounds against her son's shoulders, causing their rounded fatty

contours to bulge together around Frankie's wonder-stricken face. "Ohh, you like that, don't you, baby?"

his mom asked.

"Mm-hmff," the boy's muffled mouth answered.

Lori ran her long thick tongue across her top lip lustfully, while looking down and watching him stroke

his hard peter. "Can mommy help you squeeze on it?" she asked.

She felt his tit-plastered face nod, so she reached down and circled her hand around the thick base. "Oh,

Frankie…it's so incredibly hard," she said in genuine adoration. She watched the huge purple knob

squeeze through his fist, shimmering with slippery pre-ejaculate. His dick-meat felt hot in her hand, "I

can get my hand around his father's easily, but this thing…my hand barely goes half-way around it," she

thought, with horny butterflies flickering through her tummy.

"Goodness, honey…I've never squeezed a cock-base this thick before. You might just split your mother

in two with this thing," she said with anxious thrill in her voice.

Frankie was busy moaning and kissing all the squishy boobie-meat plastered against his face. He felt his

mom's breast move slightly so her big rubbery nipple drug up his cheek, until he was able to capture it in

his mouth.

The mother's eyes rolled back in their sockets as she felt her teat and most of her areolar ring sucked

inside her boy's greedy mouth. Her hand now followed her son's, slowly pumping up and down the stalk

of his erection.

"Hhmmff!" the boy whimpered, digging his tongue against her engorged mamilla. Her thick fleshy nub

throbbed as it stretched out from the rest of her rubbery tit-cap, tugged deep into her son's suctioned

mouth.

Frankie remembered what she said about how her tits were made for him to suck and chew on. While

he always dreamed of sucking, he never imagined that a boy could chew on a woman's tits as well. He

clamped his teeth around the teat, pulling it even harder.

"Ohhh!" he heard his mom gasped, making her fatty flesh ripple across his face. He assumed she did this

because she liked it, so he continued gnawing on her nipple.

Unable to breathe through his tit-smothered nose, the teen gasped for air through his mouth, then went

back to sucking and nibbling. "Damn! There's no other place I'd rather be in the world," he thought. All

the times he lustfully watched his mom's tits jiggle beneath her clothing. All the times he'd stare at her

exposed cleavage in wide-eyed wonder, and now here he was…right at the core of what he always

wanted. His face sunk deep into the fatty meat of her wonderful breasts, gorging himself on the fleshy

parts he never got to see until now.

Lori felt his hips thrust up and his boner flex in her hand. She watched his purple knob expand out even

more, mushrooming with more blood, causing more pre-ejaculate to seep from his piss-hole and run

down across his glans.

"Ohh, honey," she mewled, watching the stream of pre-spunk ooze over his fingers, then hers, covering

the diamonds in her wedding ring with pearlescent gooey ball-juice.

"Frankie, I think we should start copulating now, honey. Your pre-cum is starting to get thicker and

milkier, which means it has sperm in it," Lori explained.

As much as Frankie was enjoying himself, he couldn't wait to climb between her thighs and feel his mom

from the inside. Lori's nipple popped from his mouth, wet and distended. Her boobies bobbled back and

forth as she lowered on her back between the boys parted legs. He watched in aroused fascination as

her knees drew back and her smooth thighs spread wide open…a position a mother only takes if she's

fucking or giving birth.

"Whoa!" he muttered, watching the meat of her labium splay open like a blooming flesh-colored rose.

The thick tumescent glans of her clitoris stuck out from it's fleshy prepuce and the teen could smell the

sweet cuntal aroma rising from her juicy coral slit.

Lori reached out for her boy. "It's time, honey," she said, pulling him up and guiding him down into her

warm sexual saddle.

The teen felt completely overwhelmed, like a kid who just started driving, climbing into a lush luxury

automobile. He marveled at how wide his mom's thighs were spread open. How absolutely beautiful she

looked gazing down at him over her huge round naked tits. He was seeing her in a whole exciting new

way, and was about to bury his hard penile flesh in a mother's most secret place.

He dropped down on top of her, mashing her tits between them, and heard her hiss with delight,

bringing her luscious legs up around him, high on his back, while reaching down between them to guide

his cock in.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, feeling his knob drag through her swollen flanges then down into the mouth of her

cuntal vestibule. His bulbous tip squeezed through the remnants of her hymen and was suddenly

shrouded in slippery heat as it sunk inside her fuck hole.

"Give me a baby, honey!" the mother cried out, reaching around and clutching his young ass with her

long, painted nails, pulling him deeper inside her love-socket. Using her strong silky legs, the mother

lifted her lovely ass from the mattress, screwing her tight vagina up around her boy's entire dong,

mashing her cock-stretched vulvar lips against his pubic base and holding it there. "Ahhhh!!" her pretty

voice sang out in pleasure.

"Hot damn!" her son whimpered, bucking between the cradle of her thighs.

Despite his thrusting movements, his mom kept his pecker lodged in full penetration as their coiled

bodies began to wrestle in a violent grind.

"Shit!" the teen gasped, feeling his swollen knob pressed against her cervix as his huge-titted mom

writhed beneath him. He felt like his entire body was wrapped in soft warm mommy- flesh as she dug

her painted nails against his ass while rocking them on the bed frantically.

She finally scraped her fingers from his ass up his back, pumping her hot pussy up and down. "Fuck

meee!" she cried out.

Frankie put his hips in motion, pounding his engorged fucker through his mom's cuntal grip.

"Ooaaahhh!!" his young voice quivered, feeling the strong vaginal muscles compress her juicy ribbed

walls around his pink dick.

"Yesss!" his mom cried out, and he felt her snug sheath pulsate around his plunging dick, adding more

compression around his sensitive glans. He felt his prostate swell, and his entire prick tingle in preorgasmic

delight.

"Oh God, I can't hold it, mom!" he whimpered, feeling the raging torrent speed up his urethral canal.

"Thrust deep, honey! Splash my cervix with your cum!" his mom panted, meeting his frantic humps with

one's of her own, making their wet crotches beat together.

"Aauuughh!!" the boy groaned, hosing out the first big rope of jizz just where his mom told him to. He

grunted again, pissing out more and more cum-paste.

For several minutes the mother used her well-practiced coital walls to milk out every drop of sperm her

son's balls could give her.

"Oh, Frankie, that was wonderful, honey," she finally said, stroking the back of his hair as he rested

against her.

"Sorry I couldn't go longer," he muttered. "It just felt amazing."

"Oh honey, when you're making a baby, it's not about how long you last. It's about being able to recover

quickly, that way you can go at it again and pump more semen inside a girl," his mom explained.

"I think once I catch my breath, I'll be able to go again."

Her cuntal muscles tightened around him. "That's my boy. That's what mommy wants to hear."

She rolled them over so she was now laying directly on top of him, gazing down into his eyes. "Do you

wanna bump our bellies in a different position this time?" she asked.

"You mean with you on top of me?"

"Sure…you just lay back and let mommy do all the work this time," she said, giving him a sensual peck

on the lips.

Frankie gasped in wonder as his mom lifted upright, so she was straddling his loins like a cowgirl. This

allowed him a view of the huge rounded undersides of his mom's boobs as they stuck from her chest like

two big ripe watermelons.

Lori peeked down over her mammaries. "Ready, my boobie-baby?" she asked.

"Yes!"

She used her legs that were curled astride him to pump her hot pussy up and down the steely hardness

of his prick, quickly falling into a crotch-smacking rhythm.

Watching his glistening cock sink in and out of his mom's fuck hole was a surreal sight. He could see

where the inner folds of her vulva formed the hood of her fleshy prepuce, and the blood-filled clitoris

protruded out like a plump grape. Her vaginal introitus gripped his muscled meat, secreting mucus from

her glands that lubricated their union.

His leaking knob plunged up her birthing tube, kissing the puffy lips of her cervical entrance. Her flexible

lining molded to its tubular outline, massaging the boy's rigid penile flesh with the pleats of her vaginal

rugae, and the strong cuntal muscles beneath.

"Oh man, mom! This feels really good!" the boy gasped.

"Mmm, it does to me too, baby," she said breathlessly. "Even though our goal is getting me pregnant,

there's nothing wrong with us enjoying the process, right?"

"Oh, I'm enjoying it alright," Frankie sighed, his eyes traveling up his mom's sexy torso, to the rippling

jugs bouncing heavily on her chest.

Lori pressed her crotch against her son in full penetration, then swiveled her lush hips up and back,

stirring his meaty prick inside her clutching vaginal tract, letting his knob plow along her back wall, in

areas her husband didn't have the length to touch.

"Oh my God, Frankie…you're making me feel like I'm losing my cherry all over again," she gasped.

"What do you mean?"

"Your cock is so much longer and fatter than your father's…it's working areas of my vagina that have

never been touched by a man's boner before."

"It feels incredible, but I'm not cumming quickly like I did the first time," the boy pointed out.

"That's because you've gotten one hot cum out of your system. Now you'll be able to hump mommy's

pussy for longer without squirting more cum out your piss-slit," she explained, still grinding away on

him.

Lori lowered her upper body, resting on extended arms that were planted astride Frankie's head. She

began bobbing her ass with cunt-thrusts, making her giant hanging boobies swing delightfully just above

her boy's face.

"Wow!" the teen groaned, staring up at his mom's fat tits as they wobbled and rippled up and down

above his ogling eyes.

"Good heavens, pumpkin. Your boner is still so hard!" she gasped in wonder, feeling his muscled meat

dig through the hot juice-slickened grip of her cunt, igniting the pleasure receptors scattered along her

cuntal lining.

She could feel a powerful climax begin to build in the core of her cunt, creating a full body sexual blush.

As she increased her cock-humping tempo, her heart rate and respiration continued to rise, making her

gasp and whimper excitedly.

"Oh, Frankie, I'm gonna cum!" she squealed, as a series of rhythmic contractions suddenly jarred her

uterus, vagina and pelvic floor muscles. A warm body-tingling sensation suddenly swept through her,

causing the busty mother to shudder and cry out in orgasm.

Frankie could feel every wonderful contraction of her vagina around his plunging cock, and it felt divine.

Being milked the way it was, his sex organ began to throb and tingle also, making him squirm in delight

beneath her. "Fuck, that's so good!" he groaned.

Lori dropped her body against his, crushing her squishy tits between them, while continuing a steady up

and down fuck-motion on top of him. Her first orgasm rolled into a second more powerful climax,

making her squeal as her urethral meatus bulged out and began spraying hot girl cum all over Frankie's

boner. Their wet crotches made a lewd smacking sound as they beat together in a heated fuck.

"Ohh, mommy!" the teen cried out, feeling his dick swell even bigger as his vas deferens contracted,

squeezing his semen towards the base if his penis and his prostate gland. Muscles at the root of his

erection began to contract, firing the cum up his urethral tube. With huge spurts, the teen began hosing

the walls of his mom's vagina with potent spunk.

While Lori continued to ride the spurting rod of his dick, her boy bucked and grunted beneath her, so

hard that it made her enormous mommy-melons careen up around his face, smothering him in pounds

of rippling tit-cleavage.

"Uuaaahhff!" the trembling boy squealed, his voice muffled by the dough-like flesh of Lori's heavy

boobs.

His mother felt another hot jet of semen splash against the door to her baby chamber. She wanted more

than anything for just one of the millions of strong swimmers to reach her egg and impregnate her. It

wasn't her fault that her husband had to go away on assignment. He had business to attend to, but so

did she. The business of making a baby. Her precious Frankie was there to help her every step of the

way. Yes, she'd be embarrassed if her husband found out…especially if he knew how much she'd been

creaming all over their son's cock. "It's part of the process," she thought. "You can't make an omelet

without breaking some eggs."

For nearly an hour she snuggled and kissed her baby, letting him enjoy the feel of her warm curvy

mommy-body blanketing his young flesh.

"Are you ready for round three, sweet angel?" she asked, gazing down at him with her beautiful hazel

eyes.

"Sure," he answered eagerly.

"This time we'll follow Grandma's advice," she said, rising up, turning and pointing her thick ass back at

him. "We'll pump some cum in me doggie-style."

Frankie got to his knees behind his mom, staring at the rounded cheeks of her peach-shaped derriere.

Through her slightly splayed buns, he could see the muscled ring of her anus. His eyes traveled down her

perineum, to the camel-toe of bare cuntal flesh.

Peeking back, Lori watched her boy study her posterior. She knew that seeing a grown woman bent over

this way was really special for him. She also knew by the way the fat knob of his rigid cock was twitching

that he loved what he saw.

"Come squeeze your dick in, honey," she said softly, wagging her buttocks teasingly.

The teen mounted her from behind, pushing his knob through the juicy split of her twat. He continued

forward until his boner was fully sheathed in the snug tunnel that had once squeezed him out.

His mom got the action going by moving up and back, pounding her vagina back on the satisfying

stiffness of his cock. Even behind her, Frankie could see the huge hanging contours of her side-boobs

swinging to their humping rhythm.

"Hold on to my hips, honey, so you can really pound it into me," his mom said with heavy excited

breath.

Doggie was one of Lori's favorite positions for it's extreme depth of penetration, although her big dicked

son didn't have a problem smashing the back wall of her pussy in any position. However, there was

more than one way she liked it, while on her hands and knees. "God, I bet he would feel incredible up my

ass," she thought, gazing lustfully back at his chiseled chest.

"Baby, I have an idea," she said while they continued fucking.

"What's that?"

"Well, we want you to explode in the strongest ejaculation possible, that way you give mommy as many

spermies as you can."

"True," he muttered, smacking his crotch against her thick ass repeatedly.

"How would you feel about sticking your stiff penis in my asshole, so I can milk you that way?"

"You can't get pregnant that way though, right?"

"No, but when you're ready to shoot your jizz out, you can pull it out of my ass and stuff it back in my

pussy. How's that sound?" she asked.

"Sounds great."

One thing Frankie hadn't expected in a million years was to be shoving his cock up his mom's shitter. His

knob was certainly wet and slippery enough, from his mom's cuntal secretions, to slip right through her

tight sphincter.

"Ohh, how fucking delightful!" his mom couldn't help but cry out as she felt her rubbery rectum stretch

around his meaty prick. She mashed her cushy buns against him, burying his stip prick all the way to her

ampulla.

"Whoa!" the boy sighed, then backed his prick out, making his mom squeal as his cock drug along her

slippery ass walls. When only the knob remained in the circled ring of her butthole, Frankie plunged his

prick back home.

"Yess! Fuck my asshole, Frankie!" his mom cried out, working her jiggling rounded ass back on his

erection.

The butt-humping teen watched his mom's sexy naked ass beat against his mid-section. The layers of fat

and muscle rippled wonderfully just beneath the skin of her rump, each time it smacked against him.

They engaged in anal intercourse at a heavenly pace, beating Frankie's tender dick through the snug

cavity for ten pleasurable minutes. Lori tightened her ass muscles, smothering her son's glans with her

rubbery rectum. Her udders hung down off her chest and swung wildly to the rocking rhythm of her

body.

The horny mother reached under and rubbed her itching clit, humping back to meet his thrusts. "Make

me cum, honey," she squealed. "Make my asshole cum on your cock."

"I might need to slow down, mom," he panted. "I'm feeling REALLY good!"

She gazed back at him over her shoulder without slowing her backward thrusts one bit. "Just fuck my ass

as long as you can, then pull out and finish in mommy's pussy," her voice quivered.

The boy mustered up all the staying power he could, plunging his prick through her throbbing asshole

for another five solid minutes, before making his mom cry out in a cunt gushing climax. Her body

trembled, and her rectal-muscles pulsated around her boy's steely prick, milking the cum up from

Frankie's balls.

"Ahhh!" the boy groaned, his body giving off a pre-orgasmic shudder.

"Slip it back in my pussy, Frankie!" his mom said in an urgent tone.

The teen pulled his boner from his mom's anal oven, then watched her distended ass-ring clench closed.

A fat milky gob of jizz oozed from his meatus, just as he plunged his prick inside her vagina, smearing his

seed along her smothering walls. They smacked their juicy genitals together violently, making the boy's

swinging balls beat against the swollen hood of Lori's clitoris.

"CUMMING!!" he grunted, clenching his ass-cheeks as a series of wonderful contractions sent a load of

hot jism splattering the walls of his mom's sex chamber. For several minutes the boy enjoyed the

sensations of having his cock milked off by his mother's experienced pussy.

"Do you think you're pregnant yet?" the boy naively asked as they sat having lunch.

The mother giggled, making her giant boobies jiggle. They had both stayed naked while they sat in the

kitchen having lunch. "Oh, honey, I won't know if I'm pregnant for several weeks. That's why it's

important that we just get as much of your sperm into me as we can, and hope one of them finds my

egg," she explained.

"I heard you telling Grandma about a position your friend told you about," he said.

"Yes, the butter churner. I can't wait to try it. A woman lays on her back with her legs raised above and

behind her head. Her partner then squats and penetrates her from above."

"So, it's suppose to be a good baby making position?" Frankie asked.

"That's what they say," Lori answered, smiling anxiously over at her teen. "Wanna try it?"

"Sure."

She quickly stood up, making her titties bobble heavily. "You're gonna have to catch me first," she

teased, then rushed away.

Frankie hopped up and chased her through the living room, watching her bare buttocks jiggle as she

moved. The giggling mom let out a playful scream as he closed the distance between them. "No fair,

you're faster than me," she shouted.

"I sure am," he responded, his stiff prick wagging obscenely as he chased her.

The sofa was situated in the center of the room and Lori scrambled around it, her huge fleshy mommymelons

flopping up and down. Stopped at opposite ends of the couch, they stared at each other

playfully as Frankie waited to see which way his mom was gonna try to escape. She spit her tongue out

at him teasingly. "What are you gonna do if you catch me? Are you gonna carry your girl to our bed like

a caveman?" she asked.

"If I have to," he said with a smile.

The mother quickly rushed to the laundry room, sliding the glass-paneled door closed before her son

could get there. She stood there giggling as she looked at him through the glass. "Oh, darn, now what

are you gonna do, hotshot?" she flirtingly asked.

"Well…you gotta come out sometime."

"I could stay in here for awhile," she said, then looked down at the boner protruding stiffly from his

loins. "Start stroking that erection for me and I might come out sooner."

Frankie reached down and slowly slipped his fist up and down the length of his prick.

"Push your knob up against the glass for me," his mom said.

Frankie did as she asked, pressing his fat bell tip against the glass panel of the door. He watched his

mom lower to her knees and bring her mouth over to it. She mashed her lips against the opposite side of

the glass, right next to his cock-tip. Her thick pink tongue curled out and began flailing wildly up and

down as if she were licking his glans.

"Wow!" the boy sighed, watching in fascination and wishing more than anything that there wasn't glass

separating them.

Lori peeked up into his eyes while her licker danced wildly against the glass, then she looked at the

plump bulb of his cock flattened out in front of her obscenely. She could see pre-cum weeping from the

dark slit of his meatus and smearing against the glass. She curled her tongue over and made just the tip

of her pink snake flicker next to his piss-slit, as if scooping out the slimy nectar.

"Ohhh," the boy gasped in wide-eyed wonder, imagining how good it would feel if his mom was licking

his glans that way.

Lori moved her mouth away from the door, then pressed her wobbling boobies against it, mashing them

against the glass.

Frankie got down on his knees, stroking his boner again while watching in wide-eyed delight. His mom's

nipples spread out against the glass, huge and distorted-looking, as she flattened her fat melons against

the inside of the door.

"Goddamn that's hot," her son muttered.

"You like that, honey?" she asked sweetly.

"Hell yes."

She quickly got on all fours and turned around, making her titties droop down and teeter back and forth

as she brought her ass against the glass.

Her son quickened his cock-strokes excitedly, watching her rounded rump mash out lewdly. The ring of

her butthole kissed the glass. The elastic muscle was still a bit moist from being pounded earlier and left

a cute little wet pucker-mark on the surface of the glass. Her vulvar folds pressed against the door also

displaying the contorted ribbons of labial flesh for her son to gawk at.

"Ready to get back to our baby making, Frankie?" his mom asked, peeking back at him with a salacious

smile.

"Sure," the teen answered with an anxious gulp.

His mom stood up, unlocked the door and slid it open. He remained on his knees as she stepped over in

front of him and gazed down over her ballooning stiff-nippled boobs. She extended her foot out and

grasped the tip of his knob with her toes. Frankie always loved looking at his mom's pretty feet, with

their freshly painted toenails. He only now realized they were colored a deep maroon, his favorite color.

"You're leaking, honey," she giggled, smearing her big toe across his gooey piss-slit.

"It's from watching you," he admitted.

She tilted his prick down, then slipped her toes off of it, watching his boner spring back up stiffly. "My

God, such a hard dick!" her mind exclaimed as she bit her bottom lip lustfully.

"Are you ready to ram your rod in me some more, baby boy?" she asked. "Are you ready to give mommy

a big round belly?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, you didn't catch me, but I'll still let you carry me to our bedroom like a caveman if you want."

Frankie stood up and his mom moved up against him, kissing his chest with her doughy-soft tits and

placing her hands on his shoulders. "Or would you like to carry me like a husband does his bride on their

wedding night, right before they make hot passionate love all night?" she asked, gazing in lust.

"That sounds even better," the boy said, aroused beyond belief.

He picked his mom up off the floor and into his arms. Lori's face lit up with adoration, and she stroked

her son's cheek gingerly. "Take me to bed, baby," she whispered.

The confident teen carried his pretty mom across the house and into their bedroom. After he put her

down on the mattress, Lori immediately raised her legs and folded them over limberly, so her ankles

were on either side of her head and her ass pointed straight up into air. She gazed up at her teen and

smiled. "Ready to churn some butter?" she asked.

Frankie's ogling eyes traveled from his mom's dainty arched feet, up the backs of her smooth strong legs

to the rounded rump framing her waiting pudenda. He stepped up onto the bed and dipped his cock in,

straddling her hips as he stood.

"There's you go, honey. Just pump it into me this way," she said.

Frankie felt like he was doing some variation of a squatting exercise and he pumped his prick down into

his mom's cunt hole. Arched back the way she was, his mom's boobs looked like two huge round pillows

of flesh nudged up around her pretty face.

After about ten minutes of pumping this way, Lori extended her legs up, so her feet hugged her boy's

face on either side. "Hold my legs, honey. That way you can really start fucking hard," she said.

The boy complied, grasping her lovely legs, which acted as leverage while he beat his cock into her. He

looked down and watched his mom throw her pretty head around in ecstasy, her big boobies wobbling

all around from the rhythm of his humps.

"Ohhh fuck!!" Lori screamed out, her legs trembling in her son's arms as she experienced tremendous

orgasmic contractions.

Frankie gasped as he felt his mom's birthing tube shrink up around his prick. He looked down at their

crotches and saw the slit of his mom's urethral opening bulge outward, then a jet of female ejaculate

burst out, spraying down all over his mom's jostling tits.

As Lori squirted, her strong pelvic floor pushed and pulsated against the burrowing slab of her son's

cock, compressing it against the cluster of engorged rugae lining the top wall of her cunt-tunnel. The feel

of her textured lining from this angle made her boy's balls clench up and triggered a quick orgasm.

"Ahhh! Ahh, shit!" the teen gasped in delight as he punched his prick in as deep as he could and held it

there. "AHHHH!"

Lori felt her boy's knob mushroom against her cervix, then she experienced the hot liquidy sensation of

his ball-juice pouring into her. "Oh, yes, honey…give mommy all that cum!" she said, breathless from her

own orgasmic contractions.

As the day went on Frankie's young balls were constantly beating against his mom's buttocks.

Lori couldn't count the number of orgasms her son had fucked her through. One orgasm seemed to roll

into another, then another, making her body convulse with pleasure.

They fucked in various positions and by the late afternoon their bodies were a sweaty tangled mass of

humping flesh, as they beat their pissers together in lusty copulation.

"Fuck!" the teen gasped, looking up from between his mom's smothering tits as she lay on top of him

bobbing her rounded ass up and down as she fucked him tirelessly.

"Are you gonna cum again, baby?" she asked, flexing her cunt muscles around him.

"Yes! Real soon," he panted.

"Would you like to kiss me while you cum this time?" she asked him.

It hadn't occurred to the boy that they'd spent the day fucking their asses off without sharing one

intimate kiss.

"I would love to," he replied.

Tilting her head slightly, his mom lowered her bee stung lips and fused them around his in an open oval.

Their tongues danced wildly inside Frankie's mouth, raising his excitement level even more. For two full

minutes he felt his climax build while engaging in the wildest French kiss he'd ever shared.

Lori suddenly felt her boy's unyielding hardon swell even larger in the grip of her pink ribbed pussywalls.

His back arched from the mattress, the muscles in his neck straining as he let out a guttural grunt.

His groans were muffled by the fatty pocket of sweaty cleavage surrounding his face.

His swollen peter flexed and pulsed, blasting milky jets of cock-cream out of his cunt-smothered meatus.

His curvy mother trembled, squealed and pissed out hot orgasmic juice that ran down along the sides of

his scrotum, letting him know that she was cumming again also.

Over the next half-hour they kissed and writhed together, riding the dreamy waves of pre-orgasmic

bliss. Their fully penetrated genitals marinated in their gooey excrement, wrapped snuggly together in a

union of pulsing vaginal and penile flesh.

Lori tenderly kissed her son's forehead as they snuggled. "Oh Frankie, you're gonna give me a baby. I

just know you are," she whispered.

118: Mom's Hero_2

By klrxo

Mom's Hero – Part 3

It was 2 a.m. and Lori's neighborhood was illuminated by the soft glow of a full moon. Inside the house,

the rooms were dark and still. The only noise to be heard came from the master bedroom. It was the

sharp repetitive sound of naked flesh beating together.

A big fluffy comforter was draped across a king-sized mattress that sat on the floor in the darkness. The

blanket bulged up and down at a steady rhythm. It was clearly the source of the lewd creamy smacking

noise that didn't miss a beat.

Beneath the blanket, Lori was folded in half. Her handsome son Frankie resting on top of her, beating his

tireless cock through her vagina. They were shrouded in complete darkness, until the mother's cell

phone rang, illumining their cocoon of love.

"It's just your father," Lori gasped, like she'd been fucking for hours. Actually, she had. She looked up

into her boy's eyes. His perspiration-sheened face hovered only inches above hers. It was cradled on

either side by her slender ankles. Her dainty bare feet with ruby red toenails were arched, pointed back

past their heads. "Don't break your rhythm, baby. You're doing amazing!"

"Thanks," the teen hissed, his tongue nearly hanging out. He socked his boner in deep, from knob to

balls on every thrust. His mom's lovely corrugated walls chewed at the tender meat of his dick, soaking it

in fuck-oil.

"Hi, honey!" Lori blurted, answering her phone.

Her husband's Jim's voice blurted from her phone's speaker. "Sorry, I know it's late there. Were you

sleeping?" he asked.

"No, Frankie and I are, um…still awake."

"At 2 a.m.?"

"Well, yes…neither one of us can sleep tonight."

"What's that noise I'm hearing?" he asked, referring to the sound of Frankie's nuts beating against his

wife's ass.

"Noise?" Lori said, trying to play stupid. "I'm not sure what noise you mean, honey."

"Your breathing is awfully heavy," Jim observed. "Are you doing housework or something?"

Lori hated keeping secrets from her husband. She had gone back and forth on whether to tell him what

her and her boy were up to. She decided to spill the beans, in hopes of having his support. "Jim…I wanna

be honest with you. Frankie and I are making a baby together," she confessed.

"A baby?"

"Yes, remember you and I talked about getting me pregnant, but then you had to leave on assignment?

Frankie offered to step up and help us out. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Wait, help us out? Are you telling me that you and Frankie are having sex together?" Jim gasped.

"Well, honey…that IS how baby's are made…remember?" Lori giggled.

"Lori, please tell me you're joking," her husband pleaded.

"Honey, I wouldn't joke about something as serious as conception. Frankie and I have already been in

engaging in sexual intercourse for several days. We're fully committed to making this baby! I'd like to

know that I have your support."

"You're having sex with our son. How the hell do you expect me to support that?" Jim exclaimed.

"It's not like Frankie and I are having a secret love affair. If that were the case, I never would have told

you in the first place," the wife explained. "He was gracious enough to volunteer his sperm, because he

knew how much we wanted this baby."

"That's not the kind of thing that boys should be volunteering to their own mothers," Jim scolded.

"Are you kidding? That's exactly the type of thing a mother should be able to go to her son for.

Especially if her husband is unable."

Frankie couldn't believe his mom was having a conversation with his father while he fucked her. He felt

a little guilty beating his dick through a pussy that was technically his dad's. However, he knew it was for

the purpose of making a baby and it just felt too fucking good to stop. He was amazed at how his mom

could talk on the phone and fuck at the same time. She'd gone from having her silky legs propped back

on his shoulder, to wrapping them around him like a fleshy fuck-harness. She rocked her hips subtly,

screwing her cunt up around his cock-root, meeting his thrusts with one's of her own. Her enormous titmelons

were crushed between them, sloshing against his bare chest.

"Couldn't you just have waited until I got back home to start making a baby?" Jim asked his wife.

"Honey…it's probably better this way anyway. If you recall, you were having issues just getting an

erection, even with the help of those little blue pills," Lori reminded him.

"The pills WERE working…sometimes," Jim pointed out.

"A woman who's trying to conceive needs to know she can count on her man more than 'sometimes,'

honey," Lori informed him. "That's why it's probably better that Frankie helps us. He has the opposite

problem as you," Lori giggled. "He can't ever seem to make that thing go soft."

"I'm still hearing that noise. What is that?" Jim asked. "It's gotta be coming from your end."

Lori sighed. "Well, since the cat's out of the bag, I suppose I'll tell you. Frankie's been on top of me the

whole time you and I've been talking. Actually, he's been on top of me for the past two hours."

"So what's the noise you're making?" Jim asked.

"Honey, after what I just told you…you still don't know?"

"Obviously not," Jim answered.

"I didn't wanna have to spell it out for you, but that sound you're hearing is Frankie's balls, beating

against my upturned ass.

"You two couldn't have waited to have sex until you were off those phone with me?" Jim shouted.

"You called ME…and you're lucky I picked up. I could have waited to call you when we were finished, but

that could be several hours from now."

"Oh, I feel so grateful all of the sudden," Jim muttered sarcastically.

"Hon, don't take that tone with me. You should be thanking your son. He's spent the last three days

unselfishly giving me sperm injections."

"We should have had this discussion before you even started," Jim muttered.

"To what avail, honey? Jim, you have to be a man and face the facts. The probability of me getting

pregnant is MUCH higher with Frankie in the captain's seat."

"What makes you think that?"

"A whole list of things, honey. First of all, his penis is about three-inches longer than yours. That puts

him right there next to my cervix when he ejaculates. Second, he has VERY short refractory periods. Do

you realize how many times him and I have had baby making intercourse, just today?"

"No, and I DON'T wanna know."

"I love you, Jim, but I could never have back to back sessions with you, honey. You just don't have the

sexual stamina that he has."

"Lori, he's a lot younger than me," Jim stated in his defense.

"Yes, I know…and bigger and harder…and has a whole heck of a lot more staying power than you do,"

Lori shared, her breathing getting heavier. "Not to mention the amount of ejaculate he squirts out when

he cums. It's quite extraordinary!"

"Well, he should be out impressing other girls with that…not his mom," Jim complained.

Before Lori first answered the phone with her husband, a powerful climax began to swell in her loins. By

now, her boy's knob had plowed along her sweet spot long enough that she was seconds away from a

body shaking orgasm. "Honey, I need to put you on hold for a few minutes!" her voice quivered.

"What's going on?" Jim asked.

After hearing just the beginning of his wife's climax, Lori's phone was put on mute. The husband's

stomach sunk as he pictured his wife and son wrestling in sexual delight. "This is ridiculous," he griped

out loud.

It was nearly three minutes before Lori came back on. "OK, Honey, I'm back," she informed him

breathlessly, like she had just experience the most intense three minutes of her life.

"What was that all about?" her husband inquired.

"It was nothing. Let's just get back to our discussion," she blushed.

"Lori, I'd like to know why you just put me on hold for three minutes," Jim demanded, even though he

pretty much had it figured out already.

Lori sighed. "Fine. I was having an orgasm," she admitted.

"An orgasm?! Since when did YOU having an orgasm become part of the baby making process?" her

husband scolded.

"Actually, honey…it's an important part of the process."

"Yeah, right," Jim muttered jealously.

"No really. It's been proven that female orgasm relaxes the cervix. And that helps tremendously with

sperm transferal," she informed him. "That means orgasms actually INCREASE my chances of getting

pregnant."

"That doesn't matter," he fumed. "You shouldn't be having orgasms with your son."

"Well, honey…it's not like I can stop them. Orgasms are just a natural part of having intercourse, like it

or not."

"I DON'T like it…at all!"

"Jim, I know this isn't easy on you, honey. Knowing that your son and wife have been having sexual

intercourse for the past three days must be heartbreaking," Lori sympathized. "Just think though…when

you get home in a couple months, we'll have a little son or daughter growing in my womb. Isn't that

exciting?"

"If it were a child I helped create, yes!"

"You did help, honey. You created the child who's creating a child inside me," Lori reminded him.

"Very funny!"

"Hold on just a second, honey," Lori said to her husband. Jim could clearly hear her speaking to their

son. "Baby, your hips must be burning from all that thrusting. Would you like mommy to take the top for

awhile?"

"Sure," the boy replied. His boner made a creamy popping sound as it slid from her cunt. It was still fully

erect and dripping in his mom's cunt-juice.

Frankie plopped down on his back, and watched his heavy-titted mom straddle his loins, while holding

the phone to her ear.

"Honey, Frankie and I did take the mattress off the bed frame. We certainly didn't wanna do any

damage to the new bed set," Lori told her husband.

"That bedframe's build like a rock. I highly doubt you would have done any damage."

"I don't know. This boy of ours can certainly buck around like a Texas bull when I'm on top."

Frankie watched his mom reach down with her free hand and point his boner up at her cuntal cleft. She

lowered it down on his satisfying stiffness, making him sigh from the feel of her warm slick vaginal

sheath. Lori lowered all the way to his scrotum, making her fleshy prepuce squash against his pubic

base.

"Honey, I better let you go until tomorrow," she informed her husband. "I won't be able to have much a

conversation with you once I start riding him. Call me around lunch time, ok?"

After hanging up and tossing her phone aside, Lori smiled down at her handsome teen. Frankie was

laying there, staring lustfully at her huge ballooning tits. "Ready to make these big titties swing, baby?"

she purred.

"Yes ma'am!" he excitedly replied.

Lori set her hips on motion, feeling her boy's thick hardon drag down her cuntal walls. His fleshy spear

jabbed into to her cuntal depths as she slammed it back down against his crotch. The mother repeated

this wonderful process, finding a nice steady fuck-rhythm.

"I love it when your boobs dance like this," Frankie confessed. His mom's huge plump melons jumped

around on her chest. The fatty flesh of her knockers rippled, and her rubbery nipples throbbed as they

jutted stiffly from the wide rings of her areola.

"I know you love watching my titties, baby, and they sure have loved all the sucking you've done the

past few days."

"Did you feel guilty at all…telling dad we were doing this?" the boy asked. His breath was increasing, due

to the vigorous cock-pumping his mom was doing.

"A little bit. I love your father…and I don't wanna hurt him, but he's known for a long time how bad I

want another baby. You're here and he's not. There's no reason why YOUR cum-loads shouldn't be

blasted into my fertile pussy instead of your cum-rags. He just has to accept that," Lori explained.

Frankie loved watching his mom perform on top. Most of the time, during the day, she wore her hair in

a ponytail, so it was a thrill watching her beautiful dark trusses swaying across her shoulders freely. The

way she alternated from bouncing to grinding made his cock give off an invigorating throb. One thing

was for certain…his mom REALLY knew how to fuck.

"Come on, honey! Buck under mommy like a rodeo bull!" she shouted encouragingly.

Frankie pumped his ass from the mattress, making their crotches smack loudly as they met in the

middle. This caused his mom's fat tits to shudder and her cunt-sleeve tightened around the unyielding

hardness of his plunging erection.

"Hot damn that feels good, mom!" the boy exclaimed, feeling his glans sizzle.

Lori leaned forward, resting her hands astride his head. This allowed her huge stiff-nippled udders to

swing delightfully, right above her boy's wonder-filled eyes.

To Frankie, the sight was almost hypnotizing. His mom's huge hanging jugs swung in a steady circular upand-

back motion. They met in the middle and beat together, making their giant fatty contours ripple.

The thrilling sight make the boy's long muscular dick flex in arousal.

The slick corrugated ribs along Lori's vaginal lining compressed around her son throbbing meat-stick. She

had strong pelvic floor muscles that could tighten her mommy-muffin up like a velvet vice.

"Are you ready to blast another hot creamy load for me, honey?" his mom panted.

"Real soon for sure!" the boy sighed.

Lori suddenly fell forward, smacking her enormous tits down against his upper chest. Her thick round

bubble butt flew up and down, beating her tingling twat down on her boy's boner. "Hold on, baby!

Mommy's cumming right now!" she moaned.

Feeling his mom's warm curvy body shudder on top of him, was the corkscrew that popped Frankie's

top.

"OH WOW, MOM…I'M CUMMING!!" Frankie announced.

His muscles tensed and he began to make involuntary movements in his pelvis. Semen was already

deposited at the top of his urethra, ready for ejaculation. There was a sudden series of rapid-fire

contractions of his penile muscles, and around the base of his anus. The nerves sent messages of

pleasure to Frankie's brain, making him grunt in ecstasy.

Long hot jets of pearlescent-colored baby-batter splattered along the mother's coital walls. They were

forced out of Frankie's cunt-smothered piss-slit by powerful contractions in the root of his prick.

Lori's female ejaculate squelched around the boy's spurting cock, bathing it in the results of her own titquivering

climax. Frankie's young body shook as he jabbed his twitching boner in deep and held it there.

The rest of his load soaked the head of his mother's cervix, coating it with hundreds of millions of potent

sperm.

Mom and son writhed in what was known as the resolution phase of the sexual response cycle. This

involved a lot of heavy kissing and catching their breath. Some of their swollen body parts returned to

their previous size and color. Not Frankie's cock, however. His erection remained as hard as a tree

branch. Lori was certainly ready for a rapid return to the orgasm phase through further intercourse.

However, she knew her boy needed just a short recovery time.

"Oh, Frankie, you don't know how much this means to me," she cooed. "I've wanted another baby for so

long and thanks to you, it's really gonna happen."

"Glad I can help, mom," he sighed.

"Yeah, I bet you are," she giggled, gazing down into his eyes. "I feel like I owe you so much. Why don't

you let me give you something extra special for stepping up to the task," Lori offered.

"Like what?"

"Well…" she answered, her bee stung lips curling into a naughty grin. "I could give you a handjob…a

footjob…A BLOWJOB, or maybe even tit-job."

"Really?" Frankie gasped.

"Sure," his mom replied, rising up on her hands and knees. She moved her shoulders, making her big

hanging udders rock back and forth. "It's been awhile since I wrapped these big soft boobies around a

strong cock like yours."

"That would be…amazing!" Frankie blurted in wide-eyed wonder.

His mom gawked down at his jutting prick. "I would go get some heated lubricant to use, but it looks like

your dick is still soaked with my juices," she observed, then crawled down between his legs. "Would you

like to turn the light on, so you can see me wank your dick off with my tits, honey?"

"Sure!"

Frankie reached over and clicked on the bedside lamp. His mom lowered her heavy tits down around his

stiff penis, then pressed them together. This smothered his slick boner in a spongy grip of tit-meat.

"Ready to fuck my tits, baby?" his pretty mom asked.

"Oh, yes!" Frankie answered, his heart nearly pounding out of his chest.

His mom was the one in the driver's seat, controlling the stimulation. She pushed on the huge rounded

sides of her boobs, compressing her boy's meat in the warm squishy pocket of her cleavage. Then, she

rose up and down, giving him a nice snug tittie-fuck.

"Ohh!" the boy sighed in wide-eyed delight. He watched his engorged peter-tip disappear between his

mom's breasts, then peek out the creamy split of her cleavage, over and over.

"How does that feel, honey? Do you like your cock smothered between mommy's big meaty tits?"

"Oh my God, yes!" the boy answered, glancing up into her watchful eyes.

"This may not always work with girls your age. But us moms have huge round melons that are perfect

for this sort of thing."

"It's really something," Frankie breathed, watching her use her tits on him.

"Would you like me to lick your knob when it peeks out?" Lori asked.

"Yes, please!"

Lori lowered her head down. Her long pink licker extended from her mouth and fluttered around the

broad tip of her son's cock.

"Ahh!" Frankie shuddered, feeling the tip of her tongue tickle his glans.

"Mmm, you like that, baby boy?" Lori mewled. "Mommy knows all the spots that make your balls

clench, doesn't she?"

"Uh-huh."

The thick-tongued mother darted the tip of her pink snake against the band of his frenulum, then looped

it around his coronal ridge. This made her teen tremble with pleasure.

"Mmm, mommy's gotta take care of her boy's crown," Lori sensually said. "Keep it big and fat so it can

pound against her cervix."

"Oh, mom!" the teen whimpered, his cock tingling exquisitely between her humping tits.

Lori continued battering the penis-tip with tender licks, each time it emerged from the snug sleeve of

her cleavage.

"Mommy just loves the feel of that huge barbed tip digging through her baby-chute. Plowing against

her G-spot, making me throb all the way up to my clitoris."

"Oh, man, mom," the boy's excited voice quivered. He was getting just as excited by her hot nasty words

as he was the feel of his cock gliding between her breasts.

"Does that get you excited, baby?" Lori cooed between licks. "Does that make you wanna take a ride

into pussy town?"

"Oh, yeah!" the teen gasped, feeling his knob tingle and his testicles clench up in their sack.

"Mmm, mommy has some hot pussy reserved just for you, baby. A nasty mattress-dance for her and

her stiff-dicked boy."

"Damn, mom…I'm gonna cum real soon!" Frankie moaned.

"Are you gonna give mommy a pretty cum-necklace, honey?" Lori asked, pumping his cock even harder

between her squishy tits. "Come on…shoot your wad up around mommy's neck!"

Frankie felt his prostate swell. He arched his back from the mattress and let out a guttural grunt. A rope

of thick ball-juice splattered up onto his mom's neck.

"There it is!" she beamed, watching the stands of cum shoot up towards her. "Mmm, you're mommy's

little rope thrower, aren't you, baby. Blasting all those little trouser-troopers all over me."

For several dick-quivering minutes, Frankie was milked-off by his heavy-titted mother. "Oh, baby…look

at me. I'm an absolute mess. I look like a cum-bomb went off in front of me," she giggled.

"Sorry!"

"Oh, trust me…I'm not complaining, honey. I love the feel of ball-juice dripping down my tits," she

assured him. "After I clean it all off with my tongue…do wanna take a nice hot shower with me?"

"Of course," Frankie nodded, watching his spunk trickle off the thick rubbery nubs of his mom's teats.

"We can wash each other's bodies, then come back to bed for more baby-making fuckies and suckies."

"Sounds amazing!" the boy gasped. Frankie knew he must just be the luckiest teenager on earth.

Mom's Hero – Part 4

By Klrxo

Frankie and his beautiful, big busted mom, Lori, had been fucking their asses off for nearly five straight

days. The lucky boy had pumped load after load of potent teenaged sperm into his mother's fertile cunt.

Their naked bodies glistened with perspiration as they spent endless hours beating their overheated

genitals together in baby-making intercourse.

Unlike sex with her husband, Lori's stamina was well matched with Frankie. He was 18 and she was 38;

they were both at their sexual prime. Frankie's long, muscular boy-cock was constantly hard and Lori's

cuntal lining produced an endless amount of fuck-oil, lubricating their mating dance. The pair fucked

relentlessly, resulting in endless body-trembling orgasms.

Lori's naked bubble butt bobbed up and down at the center of her marital mattress, pummeling her

boy's unyielding hardness through her tube of pleasure. Frankie was reclined on some pillows

underneath her, his face buried beneath one of her giant squishy breasts. Licking, sucking and chewing

at his mom's engorged teats was something he'd spent hours upon hours doing over the past view days.

His mom's oversized breasts were warm and filled with fatty fluff. He simply couldn't get enough of

being smothered by them. The way her spongy mammary-meat masked and rippled against his face,

while he gorged himself on the peaks of her tits was the most wonderful feeling he'd ever experienced.

After being under her tit for over an hour, while feeling his rigid meat being milked skillfully, Frankie had

the nipple pulled from his mouth as his mom sat up.

"What do you wanna name our baby, Frankie?" she asked.

"Aren't you and dad suppose to decide that?"

"Well, yes, if the baby were mine and his, but it won't be. He, or she will be a product our OUR sexual

body fluids, so you and I should be the ones deciding on a name."

"Oh, true," Frankie muttered, gazing up at the rounded undersides of Lori's melons as they jutted over

him like two big bowling balls. "How about Frankie Junior?"

"I think that's a wonderful idea!" Lori smiled. "After all, you will be the baby's biological father. It'll be

YOUR cum-spermy that fucks its way inside my egg."

"Are you sure dad won't be mad about that?"

"He has no right to be. He knows it'll be YOUR aggressive sperm that inseminated me. He's fully aware

that my pregnancy will be a result of all the wonderful baby-making coitus you and I have had while he

was away," Lori assured her son.

"I bet he wishes it was him here getting you pregnant," Frankie sighed, watching his mom glide her hips.

This caused the boy's fat bell tip to plow along the back wall of her vagina.

"I'm bet he does," Lori giggled. "I'm sure it eats at him knowing all the wonderful pussy you're getting."

"Hey, it's not my fault he had to go away," Frankie happily stated.

"Nope. He did tell you to help TAKE CARE OF THINGS while he was away and that's exactly what you're

doing. Just because your big cock is getting milked by his wife's hot, tight pussy all week doesn't mean

he has the right to be upset. Besides, we all know that YOU are a way better 'baby-maker' than your

father is."

"You think so?" Frankie asked, watching her milkers bobble to the rhythm of her cock-grinding.

"Of course you are, baby. Your younger and more attractive than he is. Your dick is bigger and harder,

and you have short refractory periods. That means you can pump more loads of hot sticky semen inside

your mommy's needy hole than he ever could."

Frankie's boner flexed inside her and was met with a loving squeeze. "Jeez, mom, just listening to you

talk that way gets me WAY excited," he sighed.

Lori smiled down over the swell of her jutting tits. "Mm, you like hearing mommy talk about what a

fucking stud you are?" she teased.

"Sure!"

"How incredible your big, muscular dick feels pumping through my baby-chute? Plowing through all my

most pleasurable spots…making your mommy scream, shake and gush all over your young dreamy

dong?"

"Yes!" Frankie sighed. "Damn that's hot!"

"Mm, you must love hearing how mommy enjoys doing the fucky-sucky with you, WAY more than she

does with your father?"

"Yeah, I just wish it didn't have to end once you get pregnant," Frankie frowned.

"Aww, does somebody wanna bury his bullhorn in his mom's pregnant pussy?" Lori teased. "Does he

wanna smother his young body beneath a big round baby-ball and giant, milk-swollen titties."

"Damn…do I ever!" the boy exclaimed.

"You think your mother's horny now. You should see me when I'm big n pregnant and all my hormones

are out of whack. I'm like a depraved nymphomaniac that wants to do nothing but fuck and cum all

day."

"Not for nothing, mom…but you're kind of like that now," Frankie teased.

"Only because we're making a baby, brat!" Lori smiled, tightening her cunt muscles around his cock. "I'm

not usually quite this fuck-hungry."

"You like that word, don't you?" her son asked.

"What word…FUCK?"

"Yeah, you say it a lot when we do it."

"Do you like hearing mommy say filthy words, like FUCK, COCK and PUSSY. Does it turn you on, baby?"

Lori asked.

"It sure does!"

Lori lowered her upper half down onto him, squashing her juicy tit-melons between them. She brought

her pink bee-stung lips to her son's ear. "Come on, honey…fuck a baby into me!" she mewled. "Pump

that hot fucking cum up into mommy. Lay that sticky seed up into my greedy womb. Put your baby

there!"

"Oh, yeah, mom…that's hot!" Frankie gasped, feeling her slippery cuntal sleeve drag snugly along the

length of his cock as she screwed him.

"Yes, Frankie! Fuck your baby-momma! Beat your rock-hard boy-meat up into the hole I squeezed you

out of! Let mommy pull all that hot pasty milt up from your balls."

"Goddamn, mom!" the teen gasped, going out of his mind with lust. He was looking down over her

shoulder while she whispered in his ear, watching the rounded cheeks of her meaty ass spring up and

down on his crotch.

The splayed, shaved outer lips of Lori's vulva smacked lewdly on her boy's cock-base. The muscles and

tendons at the root of Frankie's erection bulged powerfully, sustaining the force of his mother's fuckrhythm.

"Fuck me! Breed me, Frankie!" Lori lustfully urged. "Give me your baby! Pound our fucking sex organs

together. Let's spray our hot fuck-juices all over each other!"

"OH, DAMN, MOM…I'M CUMMING!!" the teen announced.

"ME TOO, LOVER!!"

Frankie felt his mom's pussy swath and squeeze his cum-spewing prick with hot suction. Their slapping

flesh became wet and lewd-sounding. The teen felt the heat of his mother's ejaculate run down the

sides of his nuts and drip onto the mattress beneath them. Lori's pelvic floor muscles flexed with

orgasmic contractions, compressing the slippery-ribbed lining of her cock-socket around the meat of her

boy's penile flesh. Frankie groaned and grunted in delight as pearlescent-colored ball-goo spurted from

his cunt-smothered piss-slit. It was only noon and it was the forth load of ejaculate that day that he had

pumped out inside the warm constricting walls of his mother's pink pussy.

With each of Frankie's orgasms, Lori took her time milking him dry. She wanted every once of his babyhoney

inside her needy cunt. She would spend this post-orgasmic extraction period kissing him

intimately, making her long, experienced mommy-tongue duel with his inside Frankie's mouth. This,

while dragging her tightly-clenched twat up and down the meat of his twitching hard-on.

"Wow, mom…you sure know how to drain me down there," Frankie sighed.

"Well, you know how to make a woman cum pretty hard too, honey."

"Do I do a better job than dad does at that?" he asked.

"Are you kidding? You're a thousand times better at it than your father is. Your cock is MUCH longer and

thicker than his though, so that doesn't surprise me."

"Cool!" Frankie proudly smiled.

"Wanna hear something funny?" Lori asked.

"Sure."

"Not only does your dad have to take a stupid fucking pill to get hard, but sometimes, only after about

ten minutes of screwing, he goes completely soft again. Can you belief that shit?"

"That's crazy!" Frankie muttered. "How could he possible go soft?"

"Right? Men like that have no business between a woman's legs trying to conceive," Lori stated. "I

mean, you should see the tiny spurts of cum that your father shoots out. It's like watching some glue

drip out the tip of an Elmer's glue bottle. It's hilarious!"

"Wow, only that much?!" Frankie asked.

"Uh-huh! Your father doesn't blast long, thick cum-ropes out of his penis like you do, Frankie. Your loads

would fill a shot glass, while I'd be lucky to get a half a teaspoon out of your father's nearly-worthless

dick."

"Damn, with cum-loads that small dad would have never got you pregnant," Frankie expressed.

"Exactly! Especially when he's done after one pitiful, ten-minute round," Lori giggled. "My sex-rounds

with you go for a least and hour, and we're getting ready to start what…number five, just today?"

"Yeah, and the day's only half over," Frankie stated, his cock flexing back to full hardness.

"Knock, knock!" Came a voice from the front of the house.

"We're down here, mom," Lori announced.

Frankie's Grandma Kim stepped to the open bedroom doorway and saw her beautiful daughter

sprawled out on top of her Grandson, with her huge naked tits crushed against his chest and bulging out

at the side. "Looks like there's all sorts of baby making going on in here!" Kim gleefully sang.

"We were just getting ready to start some more intercourse."

"I hope you two have been doing it doggy like I suggested."

"Yes, we did a lot of doggy-style fucking yesterday, didn't we, baby?" Lori asked her son.

"Yep!"

"Frankie shot about six loads of baby batter up my fertile pussy yesterday, while hitting it from behind

like a cunt-fucking stud!"

"Excellent!" Kim blurted gleefully. "I'm so proud that my darling Grandson is such a skilled baby maker."

"If I wasn't already pregnant I'd be shocked," giggled Lori, while combing her long nails gingerly through

her boy's hair.

"Well, if you're not it just means the two of you will get to fuck like bunnies next month too."

"Unfortunately, Jim will be home by then."

"Well, too fucking bad. We both know HE'S not getting you pregnant," Kim giggled. "You can just come

over to our place. Frankie can use the guest bedroom to fuck a baby into your womb."

"That probably won't be necessary," Lori smiled, gazing adoringly at her boy. "I have a feeling between

all the wild, nasty baby-making intercourse we've had, and the sex that's left on our agenda that we'll

get the job done this week, right, baby?"

"Yep!" Frankie answered.

"Well, maybe we should reward this handsome teen for all his efforts."

"Sure. What did you have in mind?" Lori asked.

"What about a nice, hot, juicy double-blowjob," Kim suggested.

"Would you like that, baby boy?" his mom asked, gazing down at him with her smoldering brown eyes.

"Would you like your Grandma and I to give your boner and balls some sloppy oral affection?"

"Would you like to fuck our cock-hungry mouths, sweet boy?" his Grandma asked, curling her tongue

across her top lip. "To pound your young penile flesh through the ring of our lips?"

"I sure would!" the gleeful teen answered.

Lori lifted her clasping cunt from Frankie's stiff cock. His peter-meat was soaked in his mother's

secretions and flopped back onto his abdomen.

"Would you like me to be naked, baby?" Kim asked her Grandson, peeling off her blouse. "Would you

like two naked cock-suckers working you over?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Frankie replied, staring at all his Grandmother's heavy tit-meat, which was threatening to

spill right out of her sexy embroidered bra.

Kim unfastened the four hooks holding her thick bra straps together. Her Grandson gasped as he

watched her triple-J cup mammaries spill out onto her chest. They were huge and fat, just like his

mother's. The way her hardened nipples puffed out from the centers of her wide areolas made him lick

his lips with desire. Next, Kim shed her mini-skirt, then her dainty lavender-colored panties. She had a

tiny neatly-trimmed landing strip of dark pubic hair that crowned her vulva. Below it, dark-pink flanges

of labial flesh dangled from her cunt-slit. Frankie wondered if her birthing tube would feel as incredibly

good squeezed around his fat cock as his mom's did. Kim did a teasing twirl, wagging the meat of her

naked buttocks.

"Let's give this handsome teen a good work-over," Kim insisted, crawling onto the bed with the boy and

his mother. The two women hovered over Frankie's stiff cock, each with a hand around it, stroking it's

length. Frankie flexed his dick in their hands, causing their eyes to light up.

"Have you ever seen a dick so hard?" Lori asked her mother.

"Mmm, no, and such a fat crown. The girls must love that thing plowing through their cunt-holes," Kim

marveled, staring down at her Grandson's turgid knob.

"I know THIS girl sure does," Lori stated, squeezing her fist around the boy's glans. Her and her mother's

wedding rings sparkled on their fingers, reminding them of how wonderfully wicked they were being.

Frankie's heart was about pounding out of his chest as he watched both women lean over licking his

erect dick. Their tongues were long and thick and the sight of them curling and flickering all along his

vein-encrusted shaft and swollen knob was mesmerizing. The teen clenched his toes, while watching the

tips of their lickers attack his bell tip. They kissed it sensually and lightly nibbled at it's flesh with their

perfectly-white teeth. This made the engorged knob mushroom between their surrounding mommylips.

Lori and her mother began taking turns sucking Frankie's cock. The meat-stretched ring of their lovely

lips rose and fell around the thick phallic-stalk. Soon, Frankie's Grandmother was kissing his cock-base,

lightly gagging on his prick from having it crammed down her clasping throat.

As soon as Kim came up for air it was Lori's turn to deep-throat him. "Ahh, wow!" Frankie gasped,

feeling his prick plunge down his mother's warm throat.

"Mmm, you like that, Frankie," Kim asked as she kissed as his scrotum, taking in the warm musky scent

of his cum-filled balls.

"Yeah, I do," he replied.

"Mmm, your mother's a talented cock-sucker, isn't she?"

"Uh-huh!" Frankie answered, feeling his Grandma slurp one of his big nuts into her mouth. He was

staring at her humongous tits as the dangled from her chest, imagining how wonderful they'd feel

squashed around his head.

"Mmmnnhhh!" Lori delightfully whimpered, tasting the pre-jizz that bubbled from her teenagers pisshole.

She wrapped her hand around the base of his boner and beat it into her mouth as she sucked.

Kim slurped, kissed and lightly nibbled at Frankie's nuts, adding to the extraordinary pleasure the boy

was experiencing. It wasn't long before the teen was squirming beneath them, going out of his mind

with sexual delight. They teased him verbally, while continuing their oral affection. "Do you like that,

baby?" his mom asked, while stoking his boner up and down. "Do you like having your dick and balls

sucked at the same time."

"Yes!" Frankie replied.

"Kind of like being fucked by pussies with tongues, isn't it, baby?" his Grandma asked.

"Yes. It feels amazing!" his voice quivered.

"Are you gonna feed us your cum, Frankie?" Kim asked, watching her daughter's cock-stuffed lips sink to

the boy's nut-sack. "Are you going to let your mother and I share your ball-honey, baby boy?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

The women were certainly in no hurry to get him off this way. They wanted to take their time and give

the squirming teen a good oral work-over. Frankie loved watching their heads Bob up and down on his

prick, making their pretty hair swirl wonderfully around his crotch. The way their king-sized udders hung

down and bobbled from their chests just added to Frankie's excitement-level.

"Let's eat his ass and taint, while we milk his prostate," Kim suggested to her daughter. Lori kept her

hand up around the steel cock, stroking it steadily, while joining her mother down between Frankie's

legs. "Bend your knees up, love," she directed her son.

Frankie propped his knees up and watched in shock as his mom and Grandmother buried their faces

down between his legs. He felt Kim's tongue plowing against his asshole, while his mom's licker dug at

his taint. "Good hell!" he gasped, feeling them give him pleasure that he never imagined possible. They

were definitely skilled at what they were doing. Even his mom's hand wasn't just jerking with halfhazard

cock-strokes. Her grip went all the way up over the tip and back down, with perfect corkscrew

twists. This created exquisite friction. Frankie shuddered in delight, bucking his hips inadvertently. The

mother's patiently followed his writhing motions, whipping their tongues wildly, bringing him closer and

closer to orgasm.

"I'M GONNA CUM!" Frankie finally announced. His hips gave off a violent jerk and with a mighty grunt

he sent a long creamy cum-rope sailing neatly four-feet into the air.

Kim and Lori quickly brought their faces back up. They hovered over his shivering crotch, side by side

with their mouths open and their tongues out. A second cum-jet streaked across their pink, bee-stung

lips. Grandmother rubbed the boy's perineum with her fingers, stimulating his prostate, while mom

continued to stroke Frankie's cock. "Cum in our mouths, baby!" his mom encouraged, curling her thumb,

so she could plow it against the frenulum of Frankie's erection.

The lucky teen grunted and groaned, throwing his ass from the mattress as he was skillfully milked-off

by the beautiful mother-daughter duo. More cum shot into their mouths and they swirled their tongues

around in it before gulping it down.

For nearly ten body-trembling minutes Frankie felt them squeeze and suck every once of cum from his

cock-lance. They took turns nursing on his spongy bulb, scrubbing it with their overactive tongues, while

each grasping on to one of his nuts, stroking it with their long painted fingernails.

"God! That was…intense!" Frankie gasped, then watched them crawl up and plop down to either side of

him. Lori and Kim both had a boob spread out across his young chest. When Frankie peered down it

looked like one giant, melonous breast spread out across him.

"Only the best for MY huge-dicked Grandson," Kim cooed, stroking his cheek tenderly.

"Can I suck on both your nipples?" Frankie bold asked.

"Both of them…at once?" his Grandma asked.

"I could try."

They both rose up on their hands and knees, letting one of their hang down above his face. Frankie's

eyes widened and his expression filled with wonder as he stared up at the two giant tit-caps that were

about to smother him. The pink flesh of their areolar rings were thickly-textured from arousal and their

nipples were fully turgid. The boy gulped excitedly as they began to lower their boobs down to his

waiting lips.

"I'M PREGNANT!" Lori announced, nearly two weeks later, as she came in the door from her doctor's

appointment. Both her husband and son were standing there, but she rushed to Frankie first, giving him

a long tit-squashing embrace. "We did it, Frankie!" she stated with prideful emotion in her voice.

"That's excellent!" Jim stated, standing there awkwardly.

Lori rushed over and hugged him also. "Isn't it? I never had a doubt. I knew Frankie and I could do this."

"I still wish you would have waited until I got back, but I am thankful he helped us out," Jim expressed,

not wanting to ruin the moment by griping about his wife and son's baby-making exploits.

"My pleasure," Frankie stated, knowing how literal his statement really was.

Jim looked at his wife. "I assume now that this is all done there will be no more hanky-panky going on

around here?" It seemed more a of statement than a question.

"Of course, honey. Frankie and I were only having intercourse to make the baby, and now that it's done,

things can go back to normal," his wife assured him, then gave her son a flirty wink.

Eight months later, a old camper-van sat in the secluded woods outside of town. The shocks squeaked

as the older vehicle rocked steadily back and forth. The beat of a sexy R&B tune could be heard coming

from the inside.

"OH, YES, FRANKIE…FUCK ME!!" Lori cried out. The pregnant mother was only days from her expected

due date, but this didn't stop her or her son from driving out to their special spot for a heated fuck.

Frankie had saved up enough money from his part-time job at the theater to buy an old conversion van.

He rigged a full-sized bed near the back, since he knew the vehicle would be primarily used for fucking

his mom.

"THIS…is where it's at!" Frankie thought to himself as he lay beneath his mother's abundant flesh. They

were both completely naked and the sexy beat of a song through Frankie's stereo seemed to dictate

their fuck-rhythm. One of his mom's huge milk-engorged tits was squashed around his face as his head

rested back on a pillow. His mouth was completely gorged with the cap of Lori's tit. Her breasts were

already producing milk and Frankie could hardly keep up with the flow. Warm tit-nectar sprayed into his

greedy mouth from several different milk-ducts surround his mom's engorged teat. He could feel milk

from her second nipple running down his shoulder, from the other giant breast that was nestled next to

his face like a rounded pillow.

Lori's huge fetus was sandwiched between them and they could feel their twin girls squirming around

inside their womb-sack. With her knees planted firmly astride him, the mother's rounded bubble butt

bobbed up and down to the rhythm of the music.

Their humping genitals glistened. Lori had cum so hard and often over the past two hours that her boy's

dick and balls were soaked with female ejaculate. Despite have being ridden vigorously, by a pregnant

mother who simply hungered for more and more, Frankie's cock remained fully erect. It was rock-hard

slab of penile flesh, with strong jutting muscles, veins and tendons to sustain his mother's desire to fuck

until she simply couldn't take anymore.

"Mnff!" the teen grunted, tit-honey spurting from the corners of his mouth as he felt his long teenage

bullhorn exquisitely humped on. The changes that had taken place to his mother's body over the past

nine months were absolutely wonderful. Not only had her tits swelled up even bigger with warm milk,

but her vagina also had undergone fantastic changes that had become a true test for Frankie's staying

power. Increased blood-flow to her genitals, in preparation for birth, had caused the cuntal pleats lining

the mother's vagina to engorge. This created a spongy-ribbed sheath that felt unlike anything Frankie

had ever experienced. When factoring in how much stronger her pelvic floor muscles had became, in

preparation to push out two babies, Lori's vagina had become a formidable pleasure-box. It pumped and

squeezed at the length of his prick, chewing on it's tender tubular meat and laving it with hot, slippery

secretions. Frankie's dick flexed and throbbed, basking in his mother's sexual grip.

"Oh, Frankie…I think you're gonna make me cum again, baby!" Lori squeezed, intensifying her cuntal

thrusts.

Frankie's talents had grown over the past nine months. He bucked beneath his pregnant mother,

gasping as he peeked up from between her jiggling jugs. "I'm gonna cum too, mom…fuck!!" he

announced.

The teenager's eyes rolled back in delight. His mom had already lost her mucus plug, during one of their

fervid doggy-style fucks earlier that week. This caused her cervical head to soften and dilate in

preparation for labor. This 'cervical softening' creating extraordinary sensations on Frankie's glans. It

literally felt like his mom had a set of hot, pursed lips at the back of her vagina sucking on his peter-tip

with every plunge. The smoldering frothy mucus that oozed out from her womb created the perfect

lubricant to oil their union and keep their crotches smacking together for hours.

"OH, YES, BABY. GOD, YOU'RE AMAZING!!" Lori cried, on the verge of a mind-blowing climax.

Frankie's van jerked back and forth as they writhed wildly on the mattress. The boy's head was wedged

between her meaty tits, peeking up out of her cleavage and watching her pretty face twist with sexual

pleasure.

"OHH, DAMN!" Frankie wailed, feeling her clasping cunt contract and quiver like a vibrating vice around

his prick. This opened the floodgates in his nuts and sent a torrent of jizz shooting up the tube of his

prick. His load was met by a surge of female ejaculate, creating a wonderful cocktail of mother and son

cum inside Lori's pussy.

Once they had settled down, after minutes of mutual climax, Lori peered down at her boy with wideeyes.

"I think we need to go…now!" She breathed.

"Home?"

"No…to the hospital. I think I'm going into labor, Frankie."

The boy had never gotten dressed so fast in his life. He raced his mom to the hospital, then called his

dad. Jim got there just in time to see his wife give birth to twin baby girls. They weren't his biologically,

but he was still their proud father.

"So, you guys were just in the middle of grocery shopping and then the labor pains started?" he asked

his wife and son as they visited Lori's hospital bed later that evening.

"Yeah, it was the strangest thing," Lori answered, then looked over at her son adoringly. "Once again,

Frankie was there when I needed him. Mom's Hero, right, honey?"

"Yep!" Frankie proudly smiled. "Mom's hero."

119: Mom's Midnight Visit

"Sweetheart, are you awake?"

"Oh, good…I was hoping I didn't wake you. Yeah, I'm fine…just a little sexually frustrated, that's all. Do you care if I lock your door, then come over and crawl into bed with you for awhile?"

"Sorry, I should have put on a robe. I forgot I was wearing a see-through nighty."

"There…that's nice. You don't mind if my boobs rest against you like that, while we cuddle, do you, sweetheart? I didn't think so. I've noticed how you always like to stare at them around the house, watching the way the move beneath my blouse and bra. They're so big and heavy and squishy. You must have a thing for huge boobs, hmm?"

"No, you don't have to be sorry. It's normal for Boys your age to stare at their mother's breasts. Just be careful not to do it when your father's around. Dads don't understand the fascination that mothers and sons have for each other."

"Of course I'm fascinated by you, sweetie, for the same reasons I'm sure that you're fascinated with me. We moms know that you boys wonder what we'd look like without our clothes on, and we have those same thoughts about you. Yes, really! Haven't you ever noticed me just watching you out by the pool or even at the dinner table? You'd probably be shocked at the naughty thoughts going through my head when I watch you. Boys and moms have a lot in

common, baby. We like to have touch ourselves, and we LOVE to fuck."

"Speaking of hot, nasty sex…you know it's also perfectly normal for a boy to wonder what it would feel like to have his long, hard penis inside his mom, right? Now, now…you don't have to blush, sweetie.

Having sexual thoughts about me is perfectly natural. I have sexual thoughts about you too. What…is that so hard to believe? Your own mom wondering what it would be like to have hot, passionate sexual intercourse with you?"

"You know, sweetheart…some moms actually let their boys crawl between their thighs and slide it in. No, I'm not kidding. You might be surprised by the number of boys at your school who've had their erection sheathed in their mom's vagina."

"Speaking of erection…is that what I think it is rubbing against my thigh? Hmm? Oh, sweetie, don't apologize. It's perfectly normal for you to have an erect penis around me. In fact, I would be shocked if you didn't have one. I mean look at us. We're here alone together in the dark, on your bed, in the middle of the night, cuddling under the warm blankets. You're just wearing flimsy boxers and I'm in a see-through nighty and panties. That kind of situation is bound to give a boy your age a rock-hard penis. Moms get aroused by this sort of thing to. I'm sure you can feel how stiff and rubbery my nipples have gotten while they're pushed against you."

"Mmmm, I just love cuddling with you, Brandon. All your father wants to do lately is roll over and go to sleep. He doesn't realize how important THIS type of affection is, or maybe he does and just doesn't care. YOU know though, don't you, baby? Hmm? You know exactly what women my age crave. Maybe I should just give your clueless father the boot and have YOU in my bed every night."

"Do you mind if I kiss on you, sweet-baby? Do you mind if I smooch you…on your lips and your face and your neck. Would you like that?

Hmm?"

"Would you like me to slide on top of you while we kiss, so you can feel my heavy, stiff-nippled tits crushed against your chest? I thought you'd like that idea."

"Kiss me, baby. Make out with me. Let's make our tongues dance together. Of course it's ok, sweetie. We're all alone and your door's locked. No one else will ever know but us. It'll be our naughty little secret."

"Mm, you're such an amazing kisser, Brandon. Would you like to start making out with me after you get home from school? Hmm? It would be the perfect time…with your father still at work and your sister at dance practice. I could squash my big tits on you, while we hugged and kissed all over the house."

"Ahhh…I just felt someone's penis flex with excitement. Would you like to touch each other's genitals, sweetheart? Can mom put her hand on your penis? Yeah?... Oh, Brandon! Oh, baby, it feels so big and hard. It must be at least nine inches long and SO incredibly thick. You have a dick that was made for some VERY deep and VERY intense sexual intercourse. Mmm, I can feel pre-cum weeping from your piss-slit. Am I making you excited, baby? Hmm? You're making me excited too. Put your hand in my panties, sweetheart. Feel how wet my pussy is."

"Doesn't that feel nice? Do you like touching my shaved pussy, sweetheart? It's SO aroused. All that juice has secreted from my sex glands, preparing my vagina for sexual penetration. Can you feel my clitoris, baby? Can you feel how big and swollen it is? Finger me, Brandon. Finger my hot pussy-hole."

"Do you wanna push your dick up inside me? Yes, I'm serious! Would you like to have that hot tender cock sheathed in pussy? Here, let me roll onto my back and you can climb on top of me."

"There you go, baby…crawl right down here between mom's warm, smooth thighs." "Good…now line it up and push it in, sweetheart. Ohh, there you go, baby…penetrate me!" "FUCK!!! OH my God, you are fucking big!! Shit! Ok…um…push it in further, sweetie."

"Oh my goodness…what a dick! Does that feel good, sweetheart? Do you like the way mom's pussy- walls feel around your manhood?"

"Yes, I can feel that too. The fat knob of your cock is pushed against my cervix. Oh no, baby, it doesn't hurt. I love it! Your father's penis is much smaller than yours, so I'm just not used to being touched in that area."

"Oh my God, you're so incredibly hard!"

"Would you like mommy to rock you, baby? Hmm? Would you like me to wrap my smooth, shaved legs high up around your back and hump my hot pussy up around your cock? Would you like me to rock us on the mattress, so it feels like we're floating up into a cloud of pleasure together?"

"Feel me, baby. Feel me clutching you."

"Oh, God…fuck me, baby! Yes, just like that! Harder…and harder! Oh, God, I love it"

"Oh, fuck yes! Oh, Brandon, please… Oh God, suck my nipples, baby, while you fuck me."

"That's it…thrust it in and out! Oh, God, your cock is rubbing right against my clit. Yes…pin me down,

baby!"

"Oh, fuck! Oh, yeah. Oh, I can feel it sliding in and out of me. Oh, God! Ohhh! Oh…pump it! Pump it

hard, just like that!"

"That slow, steady fuck-rhythm…oh my God, yes!"

"Yes! Yes…pump it. Pump it! Oh, God. Ewww! Oh, baby! Oh, Brandon! Ohhh!" "Oh, God! Oh fuck! Oh, God…oh, God, I'm gonna cum!"

"Oh, faster, sweetie! Faster!! Pump it in! YES! YESSS!!"

"FUCK MOMMY! OH, GOD, FUCK MOMMY HARD! OHH! OHH FUCK, YES! OHHH!" "OHHH, GOD…OH, BRANDON, YESS!!"

"Oh, God…oh fuck…oh, baby! Ohhh!"

"Oh, sweet baby…you made me gush all over that fat dick, didn't you? Mmmm, would you like mom to lick your dick and balls? Hmm? Then I'll lay on my tummy and let you slip it back inside me. You can beat your crotch against my big juicy ass all night long."

120: Mom's Morning Ride

Mom's Morning Ride By Klrxo

Alex loved watching his mom's 38 double-h cup tits bounce while she rode his cock. He only knew they were that huge because he used to sneak into her laundry hamper and read the tags on her beautiful embroidered bras.

"I sure am glad dad took Sydney to the park this morning," Alex confessed, watching her fatty melons ripple delightfully as they leaped up and down.

Megan gazed down at her boy over the ballooning swell of her twin mounds. "Why's that? So you can fuck his wife and watch her tits bounce around like crazy?" she teased.

"You got it!"

"Maybe I should divorce him. Then we could fuck like this any time we wanted," Megan suggested.

"Seriously?"

The brunette mother giggled. "No, I can't divorce your father. He works hard so I can stay home and ride your fat cock like this all day," she reminded him.

"True."

"Besides, it's more fun to know I'm cheating on him," she said with a shivering thrill. "To know our own son's fucking me better than he is,

behind his back."

Alex's cock was glistening with sweet cuntal nectar as it pounded stiffly through the ribbed lining of his mom's most private place. The head of her fertile womb kissed his tender knob on every plunge, becoming wet and slimy with his leaking pre-cum.

"I'm ovulating today," Megan said, with cute huffing breath from her bouncing rhythm. "Which means if you cum inside my pussy today, you're probably gonna get me pregnant."

"Should I put a condom on?" Alex asked.

"Ugh...no! Don't even say that nasty c-word!" Megan said in disgust. "No boy of mine is wearing a condom...ever! It's nothing but bareback pussy for my handsome baby boy. Flesh on flesh."

"If you say so," Alex gasped excitedly, making his dick flex in the oily grip of his mom's cunt. He was glad his mom was so anti-condom. The pink tissue lining her vagina was hot and snug and slippery, swathing the tender slab of his cock in experienced mommy- pussy.

Megan's bare pubis beat against her son's cock-base, the rounded fleshy dome of her clitoral hood jiggling with every strike. "SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

SMACK!"

"We need your boner unsheathed, because you wanna give me a baby, don't you, honey?" she asked. "Every boy wants to get his mom big n preggers with their horny cock."

"I wouldn't mind," her son responded, watching her jutting knockers heave up and down. The thick rubbery nipples protruding from the wide rings of her areola looked so thick and suckable.

"Mm, make my belly big and round, and my tits so huge and milk-swollen that I could smother your entire fucking head between them," she passionately exclaimed.

Alex gulped excitedly. "Yes please," he muttered.

"Would you like that, honey?" Megan asked, grinding their pubis's together. "Would you like mommy to get so pregnant and hormonal that she just wants to fuck you all day long?"

"God yes!" the boy gasped, his dick twitching with excitement. His mom acknowledged the twitch with a cuntal squeeze.

"I'll let you experience the pleasure that a mom's pregnant pussy can give you, while you nurse at my nipples."

"Oh damn, mom...that sounds so hot!"

Megan brought her naked tits down against her boy, mashing them against his lean

chest like soft warm bread-dough as she gazed lustfully with her beautiful hazel eyes. "My engorged nipples will leak all over us...making our bodies nice n slippery while we fuck," she said lustfully, her thick rounded mommy-ass still bobbing steadily up and down.

"Ohh!" her boy gasped, shuddering in arousal.

She kissed him sensually with her pink bee stung lips. "I can sandwich our baby's fetus between us, so we can feel it move around while I ride your boner."

"That sounds amazing!"

"Does it, baby? We'll have to get rid of your wimp-dicked father every chance we get, so you can fuck his pregnant wife straight up

the pussy," the pretty brunette said.

"And make her cum and cum!" the boy added excitedly.

"Mm, that's my baby," she said, kissing his lips sensually. "You know how much I like to squirt my hot mommy-juice all over your big pink love-muscle, don't you?"

"Yeah I do!" the boy answered, humping his hips from the mattress, spearing his cock in as deep as it could go.

"Ohh, you animal!" she cried out, fucking him with eager vigor, stretching the back wall of her cunt with his fat bell tip. "No wonder the girls at your school are lining up to fuck you."

"Yes," the boy gasped, a bit surprised to hear that his mom knew about his sexual popularity.

"Your mom used to be like one of those hot girls at school you know?" she said, tightening her inner muscles. "Fucking all that jock dick with her hot cheerleader pussy."

"Oh wow!" the boy sighed, delighted at the though of it.

"That's why you don't need all those sluts now, honey. You've got hot cheerleader mommy-pussy to beat your dick into," she panted.

Alex craned his head up, making his face sink wonderfully in the soft gaping canyon

between his mom's boobs. "That's right. There's only one girl I wanna fuck," he said, his voice muffled by pounds of squishy tit-meat.

A lewd wet CLAPPING sound filled the room as their humping genitals beat together.

"Then fuck her then!" the mother shouted, pumping with everything she had. "Fuck your baby into me!"

Alex grasped onto her, mashing their wildly humping bodies together.

"Mmmnnfff!" the boy groaned in delight, with his face masked in the spongy fatty flesh of his mom's huge tit.

Her hot juicy vagina felt exquisite plunging up and down his steely prick from balls to tip. Megan flexed her strong cuntal muscles in a kegel grip around him, making her pink ribbed lining milk her boy's dong with skillful friction.

"OH GOD, I'M GONNA CUM ON YOUR COCK!!" she grunted out, feeling her climax swell.

The mother's urethral slit bulged out from the top of her cock-stuffed cuntal vestibule, blasting hot girl-cum around her boy's pistoning erection. Her beautiful heavy-titted body shuddered atop her teen as a mind-blowing orgasm surged through her like an electric current.

"FUCK, MOM!!" her teen whimpered, feeling his dick tingle and his prostate swell. "AHHH!!" his voice trembled, as ball-juice blasted like hot lava from the slit of his cunt- smothered meatus.

"AHHH!" he groaned again into her jiggling pocket of tit-meat, trembling beneath his hot mother as he filled her birthing tube with rich potent blasts of boy cum.

For several dreamy minutes they bucked and writhed, moaning and shaking as if sharing one tremendous orgasm.

Megan finally lifted her head from her son's shoulder. "Kiss me, baby," she cooed, meeting his lips with hers.

Her long thick tongue squirmed into his mouth and their lickers lashed together like pink snake-tails.

"Mm, you always make mommy cum so hard," she whispered breathlessly between smooches.

"You make me cum hard also," he said.

"Mmm, and such a big creamy load too," she said, feeling his spunk slosh around inside her sex chamber as she kissed him a few more times. "Mommy loves big creamy loads. The kind that can make her belly big and round...and her titties swell with milk."

"I hope that happens," her son said.

"Well, your dick IS still hard," she pointed out, gripping it with her semen-plastered cunt tube. "Wanna fuck again, just to be sure we plant as much baby-making seed as possible?"

"If I have to," the boy joked.

His mom giggled and suddenly rolled them over, so her boy was on top of her, with his boner still wedged deeply in her vagina. She scissored her legs back in a wide V, with her dainty bare feet pointed back towards the headboard.

"Damn, mom...I never knew you could spread your legs back that far!" the wide-eyed teen exclaimed, looking up the backs of her silky spread-eagled legs.

"Cook, clean and fuck, honey. It's what we mom's do...and we're VERY good at all three," she said.

"Super awesome!"

"Now," she said, reaching up and stroking his cheek tenderly, "why don't you pump a 'super-awesome' baby inside me, so you have a

pregnant mom to fuck."

"Yes ma'am!" the teen said, setting his hips in motion.

121: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine_1

By Klrxo

"Fuck me, Phil!"

Lori and her husband Phil frolicked under the blankets, kissing and caressing. "I need you," Lori whispered desperate.

"I'm trying hon," Phil said.

Lori's sexy bare foot and part of her silky leg emerged from the blankets, twisting around the lump in the blanket that was husband. "Oh my God, please Phil. I need it," she pleaded.

"Lori I'm trying, I really am." "Let me try sucking on it ." "That doesn't work."

"Let me try, it might this time."

Lori's cell phone went off. They both recognized the ringtone. "It's Alex," Lori said. "Just call him back."

"He should be playing in the game right now. Something's wrong." The blonde mother emerge from the blankets and grabbed her phone. "Alex?"

"Hey, Mom," her son said on speaker phone.

"Hey, is everything ok? Did they cancel the game?" Lori asked.

"No. I have bad news. We all had to take the rapid test before the game. I tested positive. I have COVID."

"Oh my God, sweetie, how?" Lori asked her 1 8 year old. Lori was a natural blonde. A real looker. Her friends told her she looked like the actress Elizabeth Banks, but with a little more meat on her bones, in all the right places.

"One of my friends, I guess. Two other guys on the team have it too."

By now Alex's father Phil was out from under the blanket also, showing obvious concern. "Have you shown any symptoms? Been feeling sick at all?" he asked.

"No, that's the thing, I feel fine," Alex said. "I wouldn't have even known I had it if coach hadn't made us get tested."

"So what's next? Did you call doctor Matson?" Lori asked in concern.

"Yeah, he said I have to quarantine for two weeks. I don't dare come back to the house though. I don't wanna get anyone there sick."

"Alex, this is your home. I'm sure Daniel wouldn't mind if you took his room in the basement . You'd be away from everyone down there."

"Why don't I just go up to the cabin for a couple weeks. There's plenty of food up there still, right?" Alex

asked. "Then I wouldn't have to worry about exposing anyone." Phil looked at his wife. "Makes sense."

Lori scowled. "No, it does not make sense. You're not spending two weeks alone in that cold cabin," she said.

"I know how to build fires Mom and there's enough cut fire wood to last a year up there. Trust me, I still have the calluses from helping dad chop it up."

"Alex, I'm not letting you spend two weeks completely alone up there. That's depressing." Lori said. "Mom, I'll be fine. I'll have food, netflix...what more does a guy need?"

"Company," Lori answered, "And have you forgotten there's no internet up there. There's hardly a cell signal. How on earth do you plan on using Netflix?"

"I'll download some content before I go up. Look, Mom, I'll be fine. I'll give you a call once I get to the cabin, ok."

"Let us know if there's anything you need, son." Phil said. "And please drive safe," Lori added.

"I will. Love you guys," Alex added, then hung up.

Lori looked over at her husband in shock. "My God, this is awful," she said.

"I knew something like this would happen. I'm sure the school will be rethinking the winter sports program now."

"Oh Phil, I hate the thought of him spending two weeks by himself," Lori said.

Phil laughed "Honey, come on. Two weeks in a cozy cabin away from the world. I'd gladly trade him spots."

"What if he gets really sick? You know how weak the cell service is up there. What if he needs to reach us and he can't?"

"Then he'll drive down and make a call. We do it all the time when we're up there," Phil said. "No, this is different . He has a deadly

virus, Phil. Of all the times he shouldn't be alone it's now. I'm going up there," she said, climbing out of bed.

"You're joking, right ...and expose yourself to this thing. Honey, come on, it's unnecessary." "I don't care if I get COVID. I'm not an old woman. I'm healthy. I don't have any medical conditions that put me at risk," Lori said.

"Ok, but why take that risk if you don't have to?"

Lori's face was filled with worry and frustration. "I do have to. I do have to take that risk. My son needs me. If that sounds corny, I'm sorry. I'm going up to quarantine with him."

Lori packed her suitcase, which included some things of Alex's. After making arrangements for her younger kids, the blonde mother kissed her husband goodbye and made the two hour ride to their mountain cottage.

Alex was shocked to see lights coming up the driveway. He was even more surprised to see his mother's white jeep pull up. He came out on the porch, watched her get out of the vehicle and move towards him in her big winter coat . "Mom, what are you doing? You can't be here." "You're not spending two weeks up here by yourself."

"Mom, I'll be fine. Please don't come any closer. I don't want you to get sick."

"If I get sick I get sick. Mommy's here and we can battle this thing together," Lori said, stepping onto the porch.

"At least just let me put a mask on. We can stay six feet a part," Alex said, turning to go inside.

Lori stopped him, grasping his sweatshirt and moving in for a tight hug. "Absolutely not . I'm not gonna spend the next two weeks across the room from you."

Alex laughed. Even through her thick winter coat he could feel her big tit-cushions press against him. "This is not what you call social distancing," he said.

Lori grabbed the neck of his sweatshirt and yanked him down towards her waiting lips. "Fuck, social distancing," she said, then proceeded to plant a series of wet kisses on his lips. "Muah, muah, mauh, mmmauh!"

"Jesus, Mom," he giggled.

She let him go. "There, now I'd say there's a good chance you've shared your COVID with mommy. So la-di-da," she said.

"You're crazy, you know that ."

"I'm not crazy, I'm cold. Now can we go inside please," she said with a playful smile.

Alex followed his Mom inside and she went straight for the tiny kitchen. "It took me forever to get it warmed up in here," he said.

"Feels divine. I'm gonna make some hot tea. Want some?" "No, I'm good."

Lori put the kettle on, then stripped off her jacket and scarf. The swell of her large breasts stretched her thin cotton pullover sweater. "I brought you some clothes. You just have to be a sweetheart and bring my suitcase in for me."

"Oh awesome. Thought maybe I was gonna have to wear the same two outfits the whole time." "Oh and I urn...I brought something else I thought maybe you'd like to have with you," she said. "Let me guess, my PS4?"Alex asked, half-joking.

"No, nothing like that ."

"Damn," he muttered disappointingly.

"This is actually something I discovered last week, in your room." "Discovered?" Alex asked.

"Just so you know, I wasn't snooping. I was doing some dusting and rearranged some of your magazines and um, they kinda fell out of one."

Alex stared at his Mom with a look of horror. He knew exactly what she had found. "Oh I uhh, I can explain those."

Lori put her hands in the pockets of her form fitting denims, giving her son a cute, but awkward smile. "You don't have to explain anything. I'm a big girl, I can figure it out ."

"Sorry," Alex blushed.

"Uh huh," Lori muttered with quirky grin. "Anyway, it's with the other things I brought . I um... I do think we should talk about it, at some point ."

"Ok," Alex muttered, already dreading that conversation.

Lori pulled her phone out of her back pocket. "I better try to shoot a text off to your father, let him know I got here ok and that you already infected me," she said with a playful smile. "Hey, I told you not to come in. You infected yourself."

"Yup, mommy sacrificed her health so she could be here to take care of her baby. I should definitely get the Mom of the year award for this one," she joked.

Lori made dinner, which gave them a chance to talk about the virus and some of the symptoms

they might be experiencing while in quarantine. After they cleaned the dishes, she took a shower and unpacked her suitcase. "Hey, come get your stuff," she shouted.

Alex came in her room, pausing in the doorway when he saw what she was wearing. It was a black thermal sleepshirt. It was slim fit and fell to her middle of her thighs. Alex had been around alot of sexy girls, but he knew his mom had the most incredible legs and ass that he'd ever seen. Lori's bronze legs were shapely and strong and they seemed to always give off a glossy sheen. They tapered down to slender ankles and cute bare feet with pink painted toenails. Her blonde hair fell just below her shoulders and was a shade darker since it was still damp from her shower.

"Thanks for grabbing these things for me," he said, snatching his neatly folded clothes from her bed. "Well, I figured you didn't have much with you."

There were a few photographs sitting there too. He glanced at them uncomfortably. "You didn't have to bring those," he blushed.

"Why, you wouldn't miss looking at them?" she said with a little smile, while refolding one of her shirts. "I don't know, I guess."

Lori giggled. "You guess? Gee, thanks." "No, I mean, I would, but ..."

She scooped up the three photographs and sat on the edge of the bed, then patted the spot beside here. "Sit down here," she said softly..

Alex sat next to her, seeming a bit uncomfortable as Lori flipped through the three photographs. "We were at Driftwood Beach that day, right?"

"Yeah, last summer."

"That was the day I lost my sunglasses. Ugh, I remember being so pissed." "I still think somebody went through your bag," Alex said.

"Or those damn seagulls snatched them."

Alex laughed. "Mom they were sunglasses, not a French fry."

Lori slapped his leg playfully. "Well apparently the thieves weren't the only ones scoping things out that day," she joked, looking at the photographs of herself in a skimpy yellow bikini. "I guess I just thought it would be cool to get some pictures of you."

"Uh huh, I can see that," she said with a grin. "So were these the only ones you took, or just your three favorites?"

"No, I just took those three. It wasn't like I was stalking you on the beach taking a ton of pictures of you or anything."

"You really should find a new hiding spot for these. Had it been your father who found them, you would have had some answering to do," Lori said.

"Yeah, probably."

"No, not probably. Most definitely," she said with a giggle.

Sitting side-by-side they continued to study the three photographs. Lori focused on one that was just the top half of her body. The skimpy yellow bikini could barely contain her massive tits. "My boobs are just way too big," she said.

"Why do you think that?" Alex asked timidly.

"They take up like eighty-percent of this picture, that's why" she said, making her son laugh. "I'd say more like ninty-percent," Alex joked.

Lori slapped him on the leg playfully. "Brat ."

"Seriously though, Mom, they're nice. You should be proud of them."

She fed him a teasing smile. "Oh boy, sounds like I've created a boob monster." "Like a cool T-Rex, right?" Alex said smoothly.

Lori giggled and stood up. "Yup and we both know what the T stand for," she said. Facing him, she thrust her big boobs out . She was clearly braless beneath the top, her fat nipples poking out

. She rocked her shoulders teasingly, making her boobs swing back and forth a few times. "T for ta-ta's."

Alex's eyes were as wide as saucers. "Holy wow, Mom. Can you do that again?"

"Noo, take your pictures and get outta here. I need to finish unpacking," she said playfully.

Alex went upstairs to his room. It was tiny, but big enough for the bunk bed. He shared it with his siblings whenever they came up to stay, but now he had it all to himself. After putting the pics in his bag, he went back downstairs and threw another log on the fire. The teen replayed the image of his mom's "ta-ta's" rocking back and forth beneath her sleep shirt. She'd never done anything like that in front of him and it was pretty fucking amazing.

His mom's voice startled him as she entered the room. "We should take your temperature. How are you feeling?"

"I feel fine."

Lori padded over on bare feet and placed as thermometer in her son's mouth. "Well, it might take a couple days for you to show symptoms."

"Uhm-hmn," Alex hummed, watching Lori's tits bobble heavily beneath her shirt as she moved. "If we're lucky we won't show signs

at all. We're both healthy, but at least we're here to take care of each other if we need to," she said, removing the thermometer.

"Thanks, Mom. I didn't say it before, so I um, just wanted you to know that I appreciate you being here."

"I'll always be here and no thanks needed. I'm your Mommy and that's what we do. Your temp is a little

high. Why don't you get some rest . A good nights sleep would probably be the best thing for you." "Yeah, it's been a pretty long day," he said.

"That it has. Gimme a hug," she said, moving in for a tit-squasher.

Alex couldn't help but sigh out loud. The meat of his mom's tits felt immense as they flattened out on his chest . The hug went on longer than normal before she pulled back and gave him a smiling wink. "You ok, T-Rex?"

He gave her a blushing smile. "Yeah, I'm good."

She gave him a quick peck on the lips, a little sparkle in her eye. "Goodnight ."

The feel of her warm squishy breasts would play on his mind for the next hour while he squeezed and pulled at his erection. After squirting a hot load into his t-shirt, Alex drifted off to sleep.

Alex woke to the smell of bacon. He found his mom in the kitchen finishing breakfast prep. He watched her for a moment . She still wore the sleepshirt and her blonde mane was slightly disheveled from sleeping. He marveled at her smooth tan legs and could tell she was still braless by the way the hefty swell of her breasts shifted as she moved. "Good morning," she said as she spotted him gawking.

"Morning. Smells awesome."

"Thanks. Have a seat, I'll get you some breakfast," she said. Lori served her son, then sat down at the table with him to eat . "So what's the plan today?" Alex asked.

"Well, I thought we could relax a while, then after that we could relax some more, then later maybe do some more relaxing. How's that sound?"

"Sounds like a relaxing day," Alex said, making them both laugh.

"I'd say we could take a walk, but it's seriously too damn cold out there."

"Well, I guess two weeks of laziness it is," Alex said.

"Yes, glorious quarantine. I do need to take a shower. That'll kill like...twenty minutes," she said joking.

"Well when you're done I'll do a load of laundry. I don't wanna use up your hot water." "You're a sweetheart . Hey, since you're doing some laundry, would you mind throwing something of Mommy's in with your stuff?" she asked.

"No, no problem, Mom."

He helped his mother clean up, then Lori took a quick shower. Alex gathered his laundry, including the cum-stained t-shirt from the night before. He stopped at the bathroom. "Hey, Mom, did you have something you wanted washed?"

"It's right in on my bed, sweetheart. Thank you," she said through the door.

Alex stepped into her room and found one of her big white bras laying on her bed. His heart pounded excitedly as he lifted the bra

by the thick strap. The cups were huge and adorned in delicate lace. He placed it on top of his pile and made his way down to the laundry room.

He opened the lid to the washer and stuffed his items in first . He grabbed the bra and looked it over with excited curiosity. There was a tag on the strap. It read 36J . He knew enough about tits to know that this was pretty damn big. Slowly, he lifted it up and buried his face inside one of the cups. He could smell his is mom's sweet perfume.

"Damn, Mom's big tit was just in this yesterday," he thought .

"Feel good?" A voice said from nearby, startling him. Lori smiled from the doorway.

Caught red-handed, Alex lowered the bra from his face. "Oh, I um... I was just getting ready to start it ." "My bras are very delicate. Make sure you run it on gentle cycle, okay."

"Got it," Alex said, fumbling with the dial.

Lori patiently stepped over next to him. She was wearing a short white satin kimono robe, which looked amazing against her tan skin. "Let me help," she said softly, setting the dials.

"Sorry, I usually just throw my stuff in and start it," he said. "Did you remember the pods?"

"Ohh," Alex muttered, reaching over to grab some pods to throw in.

Lori lifted herself up and sat on the dryer, watching her frazzled son "One or two?" he asked, showing her the pods.

Lori smiled. "They're kinda like boobs. Always two," she joked.

Alex blushed, throwing them in. He closed the lid.

"The bra goes in there too, sweetheart," the mother said patiently.

Alex forgot he was still holding the bra. He threw it in with the other items and started the washer.

Lori threw her arms up, making her boobs jiggle beneath the thin covering. "Yaaaay! You did it," she cheered jokingly.

"Time to do that relaxing thing now I guess," he said, but before he could pass, Lori extended one naked leg, making it impossible for him to get by in the tiny space.

"Hold on just a sec. You didn't answered my question," she said. "What question?"

"You had your face buried in my bra cup. I asked you if it felt good?" she asked candidly. "Yeah, of course"

"You practically had your whole head in there. I told you they were big," she giggled. "That much I knew already, Mom." Alex said.

"So first I find pictures of me in a bikini, then I find you playing with my bra. Anything else you might be trying to hide?" She said with an amused looked, taking an obvious glance down at his midsection.

"No," he muttered, clearing trying to hide his aroused cock with his hands. "Okay, but there's a rule if you wanna pass."

He looked at her sexy leg and bare foot blocking his path. "What do you mean rule?"

"If you want me to move so you can get by, you gotta put your hands on your head.," Lori said with a smile.

"Oh come on, Mom." "That's the rule."

"Fine," he muttered, putting both hands on top of his head.

Lori moved her leg and watched him pass, staring down at the tubular bulge in his shorts. "I knew you

were hiding something else," she said with a giggle. He fed her a timid smile. "You're mean," he joked.

After showering and getting dressed Alex found his Mom in the living room putting her jacket on. "My text didn't go through last night, so I'm gonna drive down to the main road and give your father a quick call," she said.

"Do you want me to come?" Alex asked.

"I'll be fine, just keep the couch warm for us," she said with a wink.

Lori traveled two miles down the steep dirt driveway to the main road. Once there, she pulled off to the side and dialed her husband. "Hey babe," he answer.

"Hey, sorry, I sent a text last night, but it didn't go through." "That's what I figured. How's everything? Alex ok?" Phil asked.

"Yeah, he's fine. I'm just glad I can be here for him."

"Well, don't worry about things here. I'll make sure everything's taken care of."

"You're a sweetheart . I'm sorry I rushed out of there so quickly, I just knew I had that two hour drive," she said.

"No worries, when you get back, we'll finish what we started. I'll take care of you, I promise." Lori giggled a bit . "Hon, you don't need to worry about that right now, really."

"Of course I do. You're my wife and it's my job to take care of your needs. There's one other drug I haven't tried. My doctor mentioned

it during my last visit . I'll call before you get back and have him write me a prescription."

Lori smiled. "Ok, that sounds fine."

"I love you. I'm gonna miss you guys."

"We'll miss you too. Don't worry about a thing ok. Alex and I will be fine."

"Ok hon, I know it's a pain in the ass, but drive down the mountain in a couple days and give me an update," Phil said.

"I will. Kisses."

"Kisses back. Bye babe," Phil said, then hung up.

When she got back to the cabin, Lori shed her winter gear and joined her son on the couch. They made small talk and she flipped through one of her women's magazines. Lori had her legs sprawled sideway on the cushions, wearing sexy gray yoga pants and a white fitted tank top.

Alex noticed right away how

much bigger her boobs looked in this top and the amount of cleavage that was showing.

"Whatcha reading, Mom?"

"Just an article. What about you?"

"A book, but not really into it. I thought I might watch a movie I downloaded." "Oh, what one?"

"Forgot the name. Some martial arts movie," he said. "Ohh, sound very manly," she said with a giggle.

"I would have passed it by, but my friends said it was pretty good."

Lori looked at her magazine, then back at her son. "Did you know that thirty-seven percent of all women enjoy shoe shopping over sex?"

Alex laughed. "That's an odd fact ."

"Isn't it though. I can't imagine a woman loving anything more than sex." "What kinda article are you reading over there, Mom?"

"It's just one on weird sex facts. Here's one for you. Let's see if you can get it? What is the current

number one aphrodisiac, reputedly?" Lori asked. "Hmm, dark chocolate," Alex answered.

"Nope, asparagus," Lori said with a grossed out look. "Of course, it would be a nasty vegetable."

Lori reached across to hand him the magazine. "Here, read me number three, see if I know it."

Alex smiled as he took the magazine. "Hold on, are we having a friendly competition here, to see who can get more answers correct?"

"Competition? You're out of your league, young man," she said, extending her leg and nudging him with one of her sexy bare feet . "I guarantee I know way more about this stuff than you do." "We'll see about that . What do I get if I win?" he asked.

She fed him an odd smile. "What do you want?"

"Hmmm." Alex hummed, pretending to think.

Lori didn't hesitate to share her intended reward. "If I win I want a back massage. Soft music, candles, hot baby oil. The works."

"Ok, umm..." Alex knew what he wanted, but he was afraid to ask. He was afraid of how she might react . "How bout if I win, we switch beds tonight and I get to sleep on that comfy queen¬ sized bed in your room. You have to take the bunk bed."

Lori giggled. "I would gladly agree, if I didn't think there was something you wanted more than that ." Alex played stupid. "Like what?"

She smiled at him slyly. "You tell me. I think you've made it pretty clear." "I don't know," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes you do, but you're afraid to ask and I understand that . So here, I'll make it easier for you. If you win,

which you won't by the way, I'm confident of that. But if you do, I'll let you see my boobs," Lori explained. "You'd... Really, you'd do that?" Alex muttered, his heart racing.

"Well, I wouldn't have thrown it out there if I didn't, but don't get your hope's up there, T-Rex, because it's not gonna happen."

"I guess we'll see," Alex said, knowing he just had to win.

"Ok, so there are ten questions total," she said anxiously, "we're on number three."

Alex read a question from the magazine. "The average female orgasm lasts how long?"

"Hmm, the length of a female orgasm..." Lori said as she thought about it . "I mean a lot would depend on the type of orgasm. Vaginal orgasms typically last much longer than clitoral, but on average, I would say... thirty seconds??" she said, gazing over at him unquestioningly.

"Twenty seconds."

"Ohh, damn, I was close."

"Close, but no cigar, Mom," he said handing her the magazine.

"Ok, Mr. Sex expert, here's one for you. In a single ejaculation, a guy sends how many sperm swimming towards the egg? It gives an estimate here, so if your answer is within those numbers, I'll give it to you," Lori said.

Alex shrugged his shoulder, clearly guessing. "A hundred million?" "The answer is between thirty and seven-hundred million sperm."

"Yess!" Alex said, pumping his first in the air.

"Nice job. I certainly hope you don't know that because you count them as they squirt out?" Lori joked as she handed the magazine back.

"Ha, that would be quite a task. One to zero, my lead," he said with a smile. "Enjoy it, it won't last ."

"Speaking of lasting...the average sex session goes on for how many thrusts?"

Lori giggled. "I like the way you transitioned into that one. Hmm, is the answer precise or is there a range?"

"There's a range, so I guess if you're answers somewhere in that range, you got it ." "Hmm, thrusts. Sadly, the answer's probably not as many as it should be. I'm gonna say a hundred. A hundred thrusts," she said.

"The answer is between a hundred and five hundred. You barely got it ."

"Woooo! Yay me!" Lori cheered, throwing her arms in the air. "Told you wouldn't keep that lead," she said, taking the magazine back.

"Ok, here's your question. Other than the bedroom, where is the second most common place people have sex?" Lori asked.

"Umm, the kitchen."

Lori burst out laughing. "Good answer, but no. Think about where you'd have sex if you had a house full of people, or if you were out on a date."

"Oh, the car?"

"Yes," the mother said.

"Damn, I should have got that," Alex said.

"Oh, why's that? Had plenty of backseat adventures have we?" Lori teased. "A few. What about you?" Alex bravely asked.

She laughed, as if reflecting on the times and also surprised that he would turn that the question back on her. "Lots when I was younger, but since being married, not so many. Your dad and I

do occasionally drive out somewhere dark and secluded though, just to keep things interesting." "Do you ever worry about getting caught?"

"Worry, no. The danger of getting caught is half the thrill," she said, raising an eyebrow. "So what your saying is I should be prepared to pick you and dad up from the police station one of these

days," Alex said, making his mom laugh.

"Well, any cop that arrests a married couple for having sex in their own vehicle suffers from a serious case of envy."

"True," Alex said, looking at the magazine. "The next question has a picture. You have to name that sexual position."

"Okay, let me see."

"Hold on, I'll cover the answer," he said, then reached over and showed her. It was a drawing of a woman sitting on a man's lap, facing him with her legs over his shoulders. "It's a multiple choice. I'll read the possible answers," Alex said.

Lori smiled confidently. "Don't bother. It's called the rocking chair." Alex looked at the answer. "The rocking chair position, you're right ."

"Of course I'm right . I know my sexual positions. Who's in the lead now, buster," she teased, "two to one." Alex handed her the magazine. "Not for long."

"Ok, what is the average length of a man's erect penis?" Lori asked with a little smile. "Twelve inches," Alex joked.

"Ha, wouldn't that be something."

"I'm joking of course. I think it's like six inches."

Lori nodded. "Between five and six inches, correct ." "Yess," Alex hissed.

Lori fed him a proud little smile. "So glad that my son's not just average," she sighed, handing him the magazine.

Alex blushed a little. "Why do you think that?"

"I saw that bulge you were trying to hide in the laundry room. It looked far from average," she said with a wink.

"I guess," Alex said timidly, then looked at the next question "Ok, here we go, two questions left and we're all tied up."

"Oh boy, the pressure's on," Lori said. "Let's have it ." "Another penis question," Alex said.

"Oh well then you might as well just give me the point . I am a penis scholar," she joked. "We'll

see about that . The most sensitive spot on a man's penis is called the what?" "Frenulum!" Lori shouted excitedly.

"Dang," Alex scowled, handing her the magazine. "Guess you are a penis scholar. I've never even heard of that word."

"Really? The frenulum is the sweet spot . Surely you must know where your sweet spot is?" Lori said with an awkward smile.

"Well, maybe. Are you talking about the tip of it?"

"Kinda. The frenulum is that little band of skin beneath the tip. It kinda works the same way as the skin beneath the tongue," Lori explained, curling her long up so her son could see. "This one's called the lingual frenulum."

"Oh I see. Damn, I hope the next question's a little easier or I'm screwed," Alex said.

"Well you're in luck, it's a true or false question, so you have a fifty percent chance of getting it ." "Alright, let's here it ."

"Ok, true or false, there are more nerve endings on a women's clitoris than on the tip of a man's penis?" "Oh man, I'm not for sure on this one..."

"Shall I go ahead and start getting ready for my massage then?" Lori said with a teasing smile. "Hold on, I'm definitely leaning more one way on this. I'm gonna say true."

"Are you sure?" "Yes."

"So that's your final answer?" she asked, giving him an anxious look. "Final answer."

She frowned. "You're right ."

"Yess!" Alex shouted, throwing his arms up. "Damn, I got lucky on that one. So it's a tie score and there's no more questions left . What do we do now?"

Lori tossed the magazine aside. "Well, we could either come up with a bonus question for each other, or..."

"Or what?" Alex asked eagerly.

"Or we could call it a tie, which means we both win and we both get rewarded." Alex got a big smile, his heart beating like a base drum. "I'm good with a tie."

"Me too, only because I know you. You'd find the hardest sexual question on earth for me and I don't wanna risk losing that massage."

Alex gave her a guilty look. "I would never do that ." "Uh huh, right," she said, playfully throwing a pillow at him. "Why don't we have some lunch, then we'll meet up in the bedroom for the big reward ceremony."

"Ha, you make it sound so formal. Do we have to sing the national anthem too?" Alex said, making his Mom laugh.

"Maybe we will," she said, "it'll be my version though." "How does your version go?"

Lori knelt on the cushions and leaned over towards her son, gazing teasingly. "Ohhh say can you see, my bra'aa slippin' off of mee," she sang.

Alex's heart raced as he watched his mom get up, giggling as she made her way to the kitchen. "Cute version, Mom."

"Bet you like my version better than the original."

Lori made some sandwiches and they ate. It was fairly obvious during lunch that both were quite anxious for what was coming after. "So give me ten minutes to get things prepared. Remember, I said I wanted the candles and soft music and all that, so I'm gonna set things up, you just get those magic hands ready."

"Sounds good," Alex said, his erection flexing with anticipation.

It seemed like forever before he heard his Mom call him. "Alex, Mommy's ready, sweetie."

Alex made his way across the cabin to the large bedroom. He stopped in the doorway and gasped out loud. Lori was standing near the bed in a long sexy white bridal-laced robe. She had one naked leg slightly bent at the knee and sticking sexily from the slit . Her little feet with pink painted nails were propped in 4-inch mules. Alex could see through the lace that she was wearing a matching white bra and panty set beneath the robe. She had clearly taken the time to fluff her hair up a little and he could smell her sweet perfume.

Lori had pulled the shades and lit some candles. The light beat of R&B music thumped from a small Bose speaker on her nightstand. Alex noticed a fluffy white towel draped across the bed and a stack of others nearby. However, his attention could drift away very long from his gorgeous mother. "Dang, you look amazing," the teen muttered.

"Thanks. I know it's not a real ceremony and it's just you and me, but ...I wanted to look pretty," she said sweetly.

"Well you've succeeded at that, but you always look pretty Mom."

"Aww, you're making me blush," she said, smiling at him adoringly.

"It's true." "Close the door and come over here," she said, waving him over.

After closing the door behind him, Alex came over and stood in front of her. With her heels on, they were now about the same height . "Since I have to take off my top anyway, to get my reward, I figured we might as well take care of yours at the same time."

Alex took a heavy anxious gulp. "Makes sense."

"So, you're not gonna tell any of your friends about this, right? This can just stay between us?" "Of course, I won't tell anyone, I swear."

"Good because I'm pretty sure your father would kill me, if word ever got back to him that I did something like this for you."

"Not a word, Mom. I promise," her son said reassuringly.

"Ok," she said, then reached down and untied the sash to her robe.

Alex watched wide-eyed as the flimsy robe slipped from her shoulders, down her curvy body and pooled at her feet . "Jesus," the teen muttered as he stared at all the breast meat oozing out tops of her lacy bra. Lori's tits were clearly enormous and the way they were stuffed inside the bra created the biggest, creamiest cleavage her son had ever seen.

She reached around and clasped the hooks, watching her son's reaction as the straps fell and the giant cups slipped from her breasts. The twin mounds bobbled heavily as they were released. Thick rubbery nipples protruded from large areola, which were fairly thick themselves and dotted with milk glands.

Alex's jaw dropped as he gawked. "Holy shit, Mom," he muttered. Lori giggled at his reaction. "I warned you they were too big." "They're not, they're um... they're beautiful."

"Thanks," she said, watching him stare.

Alex marveled at every detail. These weren't like the boobs of girls his own age. He could see the faint blue veins disappearing into a cleavage that could easily swallow his entire head. Her engorged nipples and rough-textured areola looked like they were made to be sucked and chewed on. These were true mommy-boobs, heaving with Lori's every breath.

Lori frowned. "I feel bad. I feel like you're getting the short end of the stick on this deal," "What do you mean?"

"Well, I get a half-hour massage and all you get is quick look at my boobs."

Alex couldn't tear his eyes away from her jugs. "I'm not complaining."

Lori giggled, making her breasts jiggle. "I know, but I still feel bad. I feel like maybe I need to sweeten the deal for you just a bit, to make things fair."

Alex looked his Mom in the eyes for the first time since she unclasped her bra. "Sweeten the deal?"

"Yeah, throw in a little something extra. That way I don't feel so bad while I'm getting that amazing massage you're about to give me."

"So what's the something extra?" Alex asked, his heart racing.

Lori smiled cutely, showing her perfect white teeth. "Do you wanna touch 'em?"

"Really? Yeah, um... sure," he muttered, then reached out and grasped her big boobs, gently giving them a squeeze. "Ohh, man," he muttered, amazed at how warm and squishy they were. "You can

squeeze them harder, sweetheart . They're not gonna break," she said.

Alex took great big big handfuls of tit-meat and squeezed somewhat harder than before. Lori closed her eyes, gently sighing as her son mauled her tits for a full minute.

"Jesus," the teen muttered in delight, making his mom's eyelids flip open. "Do you like how Mommy's boobs feel?"

"Do I ever," he answered, continuing to squeeze away. "So do I get a half-hour, you know, since I'll be doing you for that long?"

Lori burst out laughing, making her titties tremble in her son's hands. "I said a little something extra.

"That's a lot something extra."

"Can I just go five more minutes then?"

Lori nodded. "Fine, five more minutes. We wouldn't want you to feel cheated, now would we? Why don't we try it with you sitting behind me on the bed. I think might like that way even more." Alex plopped onto the bed, his erection clearly tenting out . He watched his mom step towards him, this time focusing on her panty covered cunt. Her white bikini-style panties moulded snuggly around her snatch. She turned, giving him a great view of her meaty ass before sitting down between his legs at the edge of the mattress. "There we go. Now reach around and try it this way," she said.

The teen reached under her arms and latched onto her boobs, feeling their immense weight. He sunk his fingers in and kneaded firmly, watching his handiwork over his mom's shoulder.

Lori bit her bottom lip, clearly becoming more aroused by the second. "Better?" she asked. "For sure," the teen answered, going to

town on her boobs. He squeezed and tugged on her nipples, making his Mom gasp. "Is that ok?" he asked, afraid he was hurting her.

She closed her eyes and nodded. "That's fine."

Soon Alex was completely mauling her tits, pulling and squeezing the meat of her jugs. He pressed both mammoth tits together as hard as he could, making her rubbery nipples stick out obscenely. He held her boobs together like that, his fingers sinking in, then glanced at his mom's face. Lori panted lightly, her eyes were still closed and it seemed as though she might be enjoying it . "Too rough?" he asked.

She peeked over at him and smiled. "If I get uncomfortable, I'll let you know."

He went back to town on them, cupping them aggressively, pinching and pulling her thick engorged nipples between his fingers. He knew it had been longer than five minutes, but he didn't care. He simply couldn't get enough of his mom's huge jiggling jugs.

Lori finally peered over at him and giggled. "I'm pretty sure your five minutes was up like five minutes ago, T-Rex."

"Sorry," Alex sighed, easing his grip.

"We don't want you getting tired out . I need those strong hands for that back massage." He reluctantly released her boobs. "Thanks for the extra time," he said.

Lori got up and handed him a bottle of hot babyoil. "Oil me up, messier." she joked, then sprawled out on her tummy on the bed.

Alex stood there looking at her with a raging boner. His mom's body looked amazing laying there with her legs slightly spread. The def focal point was the succulent half-globes of her meaty mommy-ass. The panties were snug, so he could see alot of ass-cheek. The

backs of her tan legs looks so strong and smooth. Her big tit-cannons bulged out from the sides, squashed against the mattress.

The hot mother peeked up at him with an eager smile. "Ready when you are, honey." "Oh, sorry," Alex muttered, snapped from his lustful trance.

He knelt beside her on the bed and after squirting an ample amount of oil on her back, he began to give her a massage. His mother's skin was completely unblemished and silky smooth. He worked her muscles the best he knew how.

"Mmmnn, that feels divine," Lori whimpered, enjoying the feel of her son's strong hands working her over.

After awhile, Alex moved down her lower back, marveling at the way her hips flared out . "This is

truly what they mean by an hourglass figure," he thought .

While working that area over, he stared at her amazing half-moons, wondering how it could be that a woman could have such a perfect ass and perfect tits also. His boner throbbed almost painfully. The way his mother was sighing and whimpering wasn't helping either.

Alex stopped for a moment, deciding to press his luck. "I don't really wanna get oil on your panties, Mom. Did you wanna take them off?"

Lori giggled. "Got Mommy out of her bra, now you want her out of her panties too?" "Well, I know oil doesn't come out of clothes very easy."

"Mm, I'm so relaxed right now. I don't know if I can even move," Lori said. "Want me to just skip your lower back?"

"Mm no, no skipping. If my panties are in your way just take them off."

Alex's heart skipped a beat . "Ok," he muttered, then hooked his thumbs under the elastic waistband.

The teen felt like a kid opening a gift on Christmas morning. He peeled her bikini-style panties over her buns, down her curves legs and off. For a moment he just knelt there staring in absolute awe.

He could hardly believe the naked body laying there was his own beautiful mom. Her lush figure was everything he ever fantasized about . Almost on instinct, he reached down and squeezed the head of his erection through his shorts.

"Mmm, where are those magic hands?" Lori asked.

Alex went back to work, kneading her lower back. Inevitably, his hands drifted down where her naked meaty buttocks began to flare out . He mustered up some courage. "I can get your butt and your legs too if you want?"

"Oh sweetie, you don't have to. You've probably massaged me more than a half-hour already anyway." "I don't mind though."

Resting on her forearms, Lori smiled back at him. "You're a sweetheart . If I let you spend more time massaging me, I'm gonna feel like I owe you again."

"You mean like more time touching your boobs?" Alex said anxiously.

"Yeah, that...or maybe I could wash this oil off and we could snuggle under the blankets for awhile, maybe take a little nap together."

"Naked you mean?"

Lori giggled. "No not naked. How bout just ALMOST naked," she said. "I'm down with that."

"Sounds like we have a deal," Lori said, laying back down. "So get back to work, mister."

Now that he had the green light to massage her ass, Alex went to town. He squeezed and kneaded her meaty buns, working the hot slippery oil into her ass-flesh.

"Mmnn that feels good," Lori purred.

Alex pressed his luck, letting his fingers slip down into her ass-crack. When she didn't say anything, he dragged his slippery thumb gently across the ring of her butthole. He felt his mom's body tense, but still she said nothing, just gasped lightly.

He wanted more than anything at that moment to bury his face between her buns and lick her ass until she couldn't stand it, but he knew he couldn't take it that far. That would be crossing the line from "massage" to something else entirely.

After more ass-groping, the teen moved down to her legs. The room was dim, so he could only faintly see the shaved outer lips of her mons as he rubbed her smooth strong mommy-legs. He took his time, listening to her cute gasps as he worked his way down to her sexy feet . He massaged them thoroughly. Alex didn't necessarily have a foot fetish, but the site and feel of his mom's perfect little bare feet made his head swirl and his dick leak a substantial amount of precum.

"How was that?" he asked, eager to move on to next stage of reward-giving. "Oh my God, that was beyond wonderful," Lori sighed.

"I did ok then?"

"Oh sweetheart, you did better than ok. You have me so relaxed right now, some snuggles and a nap sound absolutely divine," Lori

said, bringing the towel up and around her body as she stood. "Sounds pretty good to me too."

"I should hope so, since it's your reward, for going above and beyond the call of duty," she said with a wink. "Why don't you use the kitchen sink to wash up. I'm gonna take a quick shower and then we'll rendezvous back in here in ten minutes."

"Got it," Alex said.

Alex washed up and put a few more logs on the fire. He could hardly sit still he was so excited. Massaging his mom's body, especially her giant tits was the biggest rush of his life and he knew if it got any better he'd probably be creaming in his shorts.

When he went back to his mom's bedroom her door was closed so he knocked lightly. "Mom?"

"Almost ready, honey," Lori said from the other side.

The teen waited anxious until she gave him the word. "Ok, you can come in," she said softly.

The room was still dim, the candles still burning. Lori had pulled the blankets partway back and was standing near the bed. "Oh wow, Mom," Alex muttered, looking her over.

Lori was adorned in a sexy black lace babydoll featuring a breathtakingly deep V-neck, revealing her huge cleavage. The lace cups had delicate floral details. A mesh asymmetrical hem fell just below her crotch, showing off all her naked legs. The black lace was transparent enough to show that she wasn't wearing panties. Alex could clearly see the cute V of her shaved mons.

Lori's hair was still damp and slicked back from her shower. She smiled at her gawking teen. "How this for almost naked?" she asked.

"It's, uh...well, damn," the boy muttered, unable to put it into words.

Lori giggled at his reaction. She put on her best seductive face. "Come get snuggly-wuggly with Mommy?" she said in a cute tone.

She stepped over to him gracefully and gasped the bottom of his t-shirt . "You have too many clothes on though. Mommy said 'almost naked,' remember?" she said, pulling his shirt up and off.

Then she crouched down and unzipped his fly. Alex looked down his disbelief and watched his Mom shuck his shorts. His erection was in full force and Lori's eyes went wide when she saw the almost obscenely large bulge in his briefs. She peered up at him with an odd smile. "Did I do that?" she asked jokingly.

"Yeah, pretty much," the teen blushed.

Lori stood back up, took his hand and led him to bed. Alex had a clear view of her bare buttocks through the gown and watched it undulate teasingly atop her sexy legs as they crossed the room.

Lori crawled into bed, pulling her son in too and covering them up. She immediately snuggled up to him, draping an arm and a leg across his body and squashing her big boobs against the side of his chest . "Mmm, this is nice," she said, nuzzling in close.

"Sounds like your enjoying this reward as much as I am, Mom," Alex said.

Lori lifted her head, gazing down into his eyes. "Oh I know and that's not fair, is it?" "What do you mean?"

"I got my reward earlier and it was incredible. Yours should be equally pleasurable, not to me, but to you. Alex smiled as he felt her hard nipples poking into him. "Oh, trust me, I'm enjoying every second of it ."

"Yeah, as the giver, once again. Yes it was your reward earlier, but you pretty much gave me a boob massage, then you gave me a full body massage. I think for once today you should be the receiver, don't you?" Lori asked.

There was no way Alex was going to disagree. "I guess. What amlon ?" he asked with a mischievous grin. Lori gave him a knowing smile in return. "Well it's not a handjob if that's what your thinking." "I didn't really think you would" Alex said, inwardly disappointed.

"Now that I've told you what I won't do, do you wanna hear what I will do?" "Sure," he muttered.

Lori gazed in his eyes, speaking in a seductive tone. "I WILL lay my boobs across your chest . I WILL lick your neck. I WILL say really naughty things to you. And I WILL do all those things while you stroke yourself off. Does that sound like enough for now?"

Alex gulped in disbelief. "Yeah, definitely," he said. Lori smiled. "I thought so."

"So how naughty?"

"How naughty what, sweetheart?" Lori asked.

"You said you'd say naughty things. How naughty?" he asked, already rubbing his throbbing pecker through his briefs.

Lori smiled salaciously. "Really fucking naughty."

Alex shivered with anticipation. It wasn't often he heard his mom use the F word, especially in a sexual way. He had a feeling she was gonna absolutely blow his mind.

"So what are you waiting for big boy. Pull your hard dick out and start stroking," she said candidly. Alex didn't have to be asked twice. He quickly fished out his prick and started beating off.

Kneeling beside him, Lori slid her mesh covered tits onto his chest, slowly moving her lips to his neck. "You made Mommy feel so good earlier. Mommy wants to make you feel good too," she said, then buried her face in his neck.

Lori planted a few kisses, then whipped her strong experienced tongue out and lashed it across the most sensitive parts of his neck.

"Ohh shit, Mom!" Alex whimpered, his body jerking upward in pleasure.

"Yess, baby!" Lick, lick. "Beat that dick!" Lick. "Beat that big dick while you think about fucking hot girls," lick, lick.

"Daamnn," the teen moaned, beating his meat with full length strokes. His precum provided plenty of lube.

Lori paused from licking to look into her son's wild eyes, her pretty face hovering only a few inches above his. "Mmmnn, feeling all that hot pussy on your dick while you suck their big titties," she said in a sexy tone.

"Ohhh shit," Alex moaned, feeling his cock flex in reaction to her words.

"Pounding their cunts," Lori cried, before planting a series of neck licks. "Slapping their asses," lick, lick, lick. She suddenly slid up until his face was in her cleavage. Lori pressed her tits together and Alex found his face wedged in a pocket of tit-meat . "Smothering your face between their big fucking titties."

And just like that Alex was done-for. "Uuugghhh, shit!" he cried out as hot cum erupted from his dick. Lori slid down a little so she could watch his face while he came. "Yess, cum for Mommy!"

Alex whimpered as he experienced the strongest orgasm ever. "Yes baby, shoot your fucking load out and show Mommy what a big man

you are," Lori urged.

Her words kept the teen writhing as more and more cum fired out of his piss-slit . Finally, he made the final squeeze and his body relaxed. "Ohhh wow," he sighed.

Lori giggled, watching him recover. "Were those words nasty enough for you, sweetie?" Alex was still trying to catch his breath. "Yess," he gasped.

"Good, now that we're even, we can do some snuggles and a nap," she said, cozying back at his side.

122: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine_2

Phil looked at his phone as he sat at his office computer. He started to text Lori, but then remembered that she probably wouldn't get it. He wanted a weekend getaway that was off the grid and the cabin was certainly that . The only way to get a cell signal was to drive two miles back down the mountain to the main road, like his wife had, and even then the signal was sketchy.

The cabin was a constant worry for Phil that first year. He imagined some crazy country bumpkins or a group of young hoodlums breaking in a vandalizing the place. To set his mind at ease, he had a good security system put in, alarms and hidden cameras that would incriminate any trespassers.

Lori didn't know about the interior cameras. He never really thought to be tell her about that added feature. There were a few times he thought about using them, like once when his son had some friends up there, just to check up on them, but he decided not to intrude and trust that

Alex wasn't doing something he shouldn't be.

Phil decided to use them today, just to check up on his wife and son. He knew that the COVID virus was no joke and if they needed anything at all he'd make the drive and provide them with whatever they required.

There were two exterior cameras in the system, the front and back of the cabin. On the inside, there were three cameras, one the main livingroom area, one in the kitchen and one in the hallway, close to the bedrooms. All the cameras were hidden within the overhead recessed lighting, making them undetectable to would-be intruders.

After logging into the system, Phil clicked on the front camera. A livestream of the porch and driveway appeared. Sure enough, Alex's car and his wife's jeep were parked up front .

Next, he clicked the interior livingroom. The room was empty and he could see the fire burning in the fireplace. He waited about a minute, but when no one appeared, he checked the kitchen camera. Like the livingroom, the kitchen was void of his wife and son.

Phil checked the last camera, the hallway. The space was empty and he noticed the master bedroom door was closed. "She must be resting," he thought . "They both must be resting."

Even so, he knew he would feel better if he saw them on camera, just to make sure they weren't showing signs of serious illness. Phil remained on the hallway feed, but rewinded until he saw movement . He was surprised to see how far it had to rewind, nearly two hours of video before he saw his son back out of the master bedroom. He played it at normal speed, watching Alex knock on the door, wait about a minute, then go inside, closing the door behind him. "What's he doing?" Phil wondered.

He backed the recording up further, watching his wife criss-cross the hallway to and from the bathroom with nothing but a towel draped around her voluptuous body.

Establishing that they were in the bedroom together at that moment, Phil watched the livestream of the hallway. The bizarre events that he witnessed earlier had peeked his curiosity. "How was your nap," Alex asked as he and his Mom still snuggled.

"Awesome. I dreamed that I had dried cum stains all over my comforter," she said, then lifted the blanket . "Oh wait, I do. I wonder how that happened?"

Alex laughed. "Sorry, guess I should have used a towel."

"That's ok, it's more fun to get it everywhere," she said with a giggle, slipping out of bed. "And speaking of getting it everywhere, look at this, you squirted all over my nightie too, you sperm monster."

"Sorry, my briefs are kinda soaked too. Guess I should of took them off first," Alex said. 'Let's get a laundry pile going. I'll wash everything together in one load."

Alex wrapped a towel around his waist, then reached under it and removed his briefs.

"Nice try, but that towel needs washed too, mister modest," Lori said, snatching the towel from around her son.

Alex buckled a little, trying to cover his dick as he stood there completely naked. "Geez, Mom," he blushed.

Lori gave him a funny look. "Oh please, are you really gonna put on shy boy act for me now?"

Without hesitation, Lori lifted her thin babydoll up and off her body. Her king-sized titties did a bobbling dance on her chest as she tossed the nightie onto the laundry pile.

Alex couldn't help but stare. He was in utter disbelief that his own gorgeous mom was standing there naked in front of him. She picked up the pile of cum-stained laundry. "Come get your stuff out of the dryer for me."

Alex followed her to the laundry room, watching her bare buttocks sway atop her sexy legs the whole way.

Phil had to do a double-take as he watched his wife step from their bedroom naked with a pile of laundry in her arms. His son followed her, he too completely nude. "What in the world?" Phil muttered as he watched them disappear into the laundry room.

A few minutes later they emerged again. Lori had the bra that Alex had washed for her. Alex had his pile of his clean laundry. Phil's mouth hung open. He couldn't believe his wife and son were shamelessly naked in front of each other. He watched Alex stand there at the end of the hall watching his mother sashay towards her bedroom. Lori looked back at him teasingly as she slowly entered her room.

Phil felt sickened and confused. "What the hell's going on between those two?" he thought . He wanted nothing more than to confront his wife, but knew if he did he would give away the fact that there were cameras in the cabin. If he did this, they would change their behavior, then he may never have a chance to see what's going on 'behind the scenes,' when he's not around.

Lori's husband decided to continue to observe, to see what else might be going on. The remainder of the day, he monitored their actions around the cabin, which seemed relatively normal. Lori made her and her son dinner. He watched them talking and laughing at the table, wishing he had audio to hear their conversation.

They hung out together by the fire in the evening. At times seeming to get a little more cozy than what's normal for mother and son, but nothing outrageously alarming to Phil.

Phil realized he couldn't sit at work all night watching, so he headed home.

At the house, Phil took a shower and set up his laptop to monitor them from his bed that evening. He watched his wife and son share an unusually long hug before retiring to their rooms for the night .

It was near midnight at the cabin. A light snow fell outside. Alex was in his own bed on the top bunk, beating his meat to the recent memory of his mom's naked tits on his chest while she licked him and said naughty things. Such a memory would probably be branded in his brain for years.

The teen was startled by a light tap at his door. "Sweetie, are you awake?" Lori asked softly. Alex released his slippery cock and sat up, his head nearly hitting the ceiling."Yeah, Mom."

The sexy mother entered his room wearing her short kimono robe. She padded over to the bunk bed on

bare feet and looked up at him. "How's the weather up there?" she joked. "Fine. Snowing outside though," Alex said, looking towards his window.

"I noticed that. Could be a big storm I heard. Not that it matters us folks in quarantine. We're sure not going anywhere."

"True," Alex agreed.

"Hey I was um, I was thinking about that sex trivia game we were playing today and I remembered what your first request was, for a reward."

"Oh you mean switching beds?"

"Yeah, that. I feel bad. I guess I didn't realize these bunks were that uncomfortable," Lori said. "No, they're not that bad, but the mattresses aren't nearly as comfortable as you and dads." "If that's the case, then it's kinda silly for you to sleep on the bunk bed, since it's just the two of us here."

"No, it's cool, Mom. You already gave me my reward. We don't have to switch beds."

Lori giggled. "It's not a reward, nor would I be switching beds with you. There's plenty room in my bed for both of us. We slept pretty darn good in it early today, didn't we?" "Yeah, that was a great nap."

"Well it's decided then. Come on down here," Lori said.

Alex put his briefs back on and climbed down off the top bunk. His long tubular bulge stuck out obscenely and Lori glanced down at it . "Has that thing even gone down today?" she joked.

Alex shook his head shyly. "Not really."

Lori giggled and looked down at it again. "Not sure they'll be room on the bed for the three of us, but I suppose we can keep him squeezed in between us," she joked, reaching for her son's hand. Phil was drifting off to sleep when he noticed movement on his laptop screen. It was

from the hallway cam. He watched his wife lead Alex by the hand to their bedroom, then close the door. "You can't be serious? Again?!" he said out loud.

The frustrated husband replayed the video, just to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

At the cabin Alex crawled onto his mom's bed, watching her slip the robe off. He was greeted by a site that fuel boy's dreams. Lori wore a sexy black lace teddy with spaghetti straps and a plunging neckline. The floral lace was somewhat transparent, allowing him to faintly see the huge pink circles of areola through the fabric.

The busty mother crawled under the blankets with him and snuggled at his side. She kissed his cheek tenderly. "See, much more comfy.

Besides, it's snowing outside and we both have a virus. We need to stay close and keep each other warm," she said.

"You won't hear me complain," Alex sighed, delighted by the feel of his mom's warm squishy boobs pressed up against him.

Draping her leg across him, Lori inadvertently bumped his still-hard cock. "Sorry," she giggled. "It's ok," the boy muttered, arouse by the mere bump of his mom's sexy leg.

"If I ask you something, will you be honest?" Lori whispered. "Yeah."

"Were you masturbating in bed, before I came to get you?" Alex bravely gave her an honest answer. "Yes."

"I thought so. I could smell the precum when I came in your room. I'm sorry I interrupted you," she said. "It's no big deal, Mom."

"It is to me," she said, then got silent for a moment. "Did you wanna finish?" Alex's heart skipped a beat . "Finish, urn, now?"

"Yeah, I really don't mind, if you wanna pull some out, before we sleep." "Ok, would you, urn..."

"Would I what, sweetheart?" "Never mind."

Lori sat up slightly and looked down at him. "Would I what? Tell Mommy, Alex." "Would you say dirty things to me again?"

Lori smiled big. "You liked Mommy's dirty talk a lot, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You know, I really shouldn't be saying those kinds of things to you. Are you sure that you're not gonna tell anyone," Lori said, giving him a stern look.

"Not a word to anyone, I swear."

She gazed into his eyes. "I wanna believe you, sweetheart, because if I CAN believe you, there's probably something else I would do for you. Something I think you'd like a lot ."

Alex's heart was beating so hard he felt short of breath."Something else?"

"Yeah, well, we just washed the bedding. We don't want your cumload spraying all over it again, do we?" "No..."

"If you cum as much as you did the first time, then we'd both have a slimy night's sleep," she said,

making them both laugh. "If you want, Mommy could do something that would prevent that ." "Prevent it how?"

"Prevent it by having your spermies go into Mommy's tummy, instead of all over her clean bedding." "Are you talking about giving me a..."

Lori smiled naughtily. "Uh-huh. Have you ever had a girl drink your cumload?"

"I've been sucked on but, they never really swallowed it ." "Well, girls your own age are inexperienced. The taste of a guy's ejaculate probably grosses them out . Girl's my age are a little different ."

"Oh," Alex muttered, glancing down into the canyon of cleavage pressed against him. "So here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna go under the blankets and put your hard penis in my mouth. What I want you to do is close your eyes and imagine your fucking the hottest girl you've ever seen. Can you do that?" Lori asked.

"Yess," the teen muttered.

"While your doing that, I want you to reach down and grab the back of my hair. Then thrust your cock as fast as deep as you want .

Understood."

"I won't choke you?"

Lori smiled. "You might, some, but that's ok. Mommy's a trooper, she can handle it ." "Alright," Alex said breathlessly. He couldn't believe what she was about to do.

Lori gazed excitedly. "You ready?"

"Yeah."

The mother slithered under the covers. Alex felt her remove his briefs and his rock-hard prick sprung into the open air. Lori grasped it at the base, sniffing in the manly aroma wafting up from his balls. She blew her hot breath on the head, making her son shiver. "Ohh damn," Alex sighed, making the mother giggle.

Lori curled her strong tongue around the head, then fluttered the tip against the sensitive underside, feeling his cock throb excitedly. "That's your frenulum, sweetheart. The sweet spot," she said, then applied several more licks.

"Ohhh wow, it feels good."

"Mmm, Mommy's ready to give you some divine head. Are you ready to close your eyes and fuck my mouth like a hot pussy?" she said matter-of-factly.

"Yess."

Lori put his cock in her mouth, at first nursing hungrily on the tip. She rolled her tongue around and around the bloated knob as she sucked, enjoying the sweet salty flavor of his precum. Her lips stretched as she took more and more dick into her mouth with each suck.

"Ohh damn, Mom," the teen whimpered, feeling her work her magic.

Lori gave him a few more bobbing sucks, then lifted her mouth off his dick. "Grab my hair. Fuck my mouth, sweetheart."

The teen complied, reaching down and taking a handful of her blonde mane as Lori began to plunge his dick through her stretched rounded lips again. He thrust his ass off the bed a few times, sending more meat into his mom's mouth. "Ughh-hmm," she hummed encouragingly.

Alex felt his cock-head sink into her hot throat . When she didn't gag, he pushed it further until finally her heard gurgle on his meat . He pulled back some, but Lori followed him, then plunged his prick back into her throat herself, even deeper this time.

The teen's tongue hung lustfully from his mouth as he felt most of his dick being

swallowed."Gggnnuufff!" Lori gagged, causing her son to retract . She lifted her head and spoke into the tip as if it were a meaty microphone. "I'm ok, sweetie, I'm just adjusting," she gasped, precum dripping from her lips.

"Ok," he muttered, feeling his man-meat sink back into her throat . This time he felt his cock plunge all the way to his nutsack. "Ohhh my God, Mom," he groaned.

"Mmmnngggrrff," the mother let out a throaty gurgling whimper, her pink lips spread out along the pubic base of his cock, holding him there. Alex had a firm grip on her hair, helping to hold her in place as his throbbing cock soaked in her buttery throat .

Lori came up finally, gasping for air, precum oozing out of her mouth. She immediately plunged his dick right down to the hilt again. "Ohhhshit," the teen sighed, feeling her mommy-mouth squeeze on his strong slab.

After a long cock-soaking pause, Lori came up with a gasp, but only for a second. "Come on, fuck my mouth, Alex," she said almost pleadingly, then swallowed his dong again.

The teen pumped his ass off the mattress and Lori bobbed her head, meeting his fuck-thrusts. She reached down while doing this and drug her nails along his nuts, driving him insane."Ugh, hot damn!" Alex shouted as he watched the lump in the blankets rise and fall.

A pleasure suddenly surged through his body like an electric shock. "Ooohhhman, fuck, Mom. I'm gonna cum!"

Lori didn't miss a beat . She sucked expertly as the jizz began to spray into the back of her throat . The talented mother swallowed and sucked and swallowed and sucked, tightening the

ring of her lips and curling her tongue against the super-sensitive underside of his boner, pulling out as much cum as she could. "Uuugghh, shit!" the teen whimpered, arching his head back in pleasure.

Even after Alex was spent, she continued to nurse on the head, milking out every little drop. After a minute of doing this, the mother emerged from under the blankets. She crawled on her hands and knees above her boy, gazing down at his limp body. "Look at that, tons more fun, without the mess."

Alex looked up into a huge cloud of heaving lace-covered tit-meat. Her engorged nipples stared down at him like big demon eyes. The massive boobs were crowned by his mom's pretty face gazed down with a naughty smile. "How's the view?" she asked with a giggle.

Alex gulped hard, staring up into a deep canyon of cleavage. "Pretty damn good," he sighed, still regaining his breath from the intense orgasm.

Alex decided to use his mom's own strategy to get into her panties. "So I answered you something honestly earlier. Will you do the same?" he asked.

"Of course," she said with a quirky smile.

"Do you ever touch yourself, you know, when you get horny?" he bravely asked.

"Sure, all the time. I think most people do, even married people. Whether they wanna admit it or not is another story."

Remember you talked about things being fair earlier today? Well you sucked on me, so I think it's only fair if, you know..."

Lori got a big smile. "Well you're a sweetheart, but sometimes people just do nice things without expecting anything in return. I love you and I just wanted to make you feel good, that's all." "I

love you also, so what if I wanna make you feel good too. You've made me feel good two times today. Actually, three times."

"When was the third?" Lori asked curiously.

"I was thinking about your boobs in the shower," Alex blushed.

Lori giggled. "Ok, that explains why you were in the shower longer than usual."

"You gave my all that pleasure. Is there anything wrong with me giving you some in return?" She fed him a sly smile. "No, I suppose not . What did you have in mind?"

"Well, you gave me oral so maybe I could give you oral too...or finger you." Lori's smile turned naughty. "How bout both?"

Phil still stared at the monitor. His eyes were fixed on the hallway cam, waiting to see if his wife and son would emerge from the

bedroom, but it was beginning to look they wouldn't until morning. Based on what he'd seen so far, he was beginning to entertain the thought that they may be doing something seriously inappropriate for a mother and son. He quickly dismissed the thoughts. "Lori would never do something like that . That's just crazy," he thought .

Soon Phil drifted off to sleep, hoping he'd have more answers in the morning.

"Ohhh my God," Lori whimpered as she plowed her naked cunt against her son's face.

The horny mother was straddling Alex's face, her lush hips gyrating up and back, using her son's wiggling tongue like a sex toy against clit.

Alex felt like he was dreaming. His eyes were closed. The feel, taste and smell of his mom's hot cunt was overwhelming. His tongue lapped at Lori's pussy, plowing through her slits-folds and across the fat nub of her clitoris. He did his best to breathe, eating her pussy like a starved dog.

With his head locked at the base of her pubic V, the teen could see straight up her belly to the undersides of her huge bobbling tits. He watched her mother grasp them and squeeze, adding to her pleasure. "Ohhh, sweetie, this feel so good," she gasped.

Alex grabbed her upper legs for leverage, feasting on the smooth fleshy folds of her snatch. The aroma was absolutely intoxicating. He performed a consistent wiggling motion against her fat clitoris, attacking it with wet licks.

Soon Lori's hips were moving with greater intensity as her son helped her rise towards her climax. "Ohhhfuckkyesss, right there!" she cried, rocking her hips at a frantic pace.

"Mmmnngg," the boy hummed, laving and slurping her cunt juices, his face wet and slippery from all her vaginal excretions.

His mom's body stiffened, the veins in her neck straining. "Uuunngghhl!" Lori cried out, her entire body shaking.

Alex kept at it, making her hot naked mommy-body shake even more as she came hard on his face. He didn't let up until her movements slowed and it was clear that she had rode out her entire mind blowing orgasm.

Lori drug her wet pussy down his chest as she laid down on top of him. Alex sighed out loud as her warm naked tits flattened out on him, her thick hard nipples clearly prominent . "Oh sweetheart, that was divine," she sighed, still regaining her breath.

"I'm glad I could make you feel good too," he said.

"Mmm, that you did. We better stop though or Mommy will end up riding your face like a carousel pony all night," she said with a giggle.

"I wouldn't mind."

Lori lifted her head and smiled down at him. "Oh you wouldn't huh? Should I start calling you my little P-Rex now?" she joked.

"Oh, P for pussy, I get it . No, T-Rex is good. I like tits a lot more, especially yours, but I could definitely lick you some more, if you wanted me to?"

"Hmmm, you don't say," Lori said with mischievous grin. She sat up, turned around and straddled his

chest, her luscious ass pointed straight at him. "How bout we do something even better," she said. Alex gulped excitedly, staring at her big fleshy ass. "What?" he muttered.

Lori peeked back over her shoulder. "I'll give you a hint . It comes after sixty-eight and before seventy." "Ohh," he said with a smile.

The hot mother lowered her cunt back onto his face, while grasping his cock and stuffing it into her mouth. For the next two hours they feasted on each others genitals, both producing lots of cum for the other to devour lustfully.

Phil sat at his office desk around ten AM the next morning. He did some work, but was still logged into his security site keeping an eye on the cabin's hallway cam. Finally he noticed the

bedroom door swing open. Lacy stepped out with a big smile, leading her son by the hand. Both of them were completely naked. Lacy's big tits jiggled with each step as she led her son into the bathroom.

Phil wasn't sure what to think. Perhaps Lori was letting Alex sleep in their bed only because it was so much more comfortable. However, the fact that they were naked led him to believe that it may be much more than that. He began to feel a strange mix of emotions creep in. Yes, there was the obvious anger and confusion, resulting in that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. There was something else though. Something he wasn't proud of, yet he couldn't deny he was feeling. It was arousal.

It was on this third day that both Alex and Lori began to show signs of COVID. Both had a bit of

a fever and some other mild flu symptoms. Because so, this day, along with the forth day at the cabin, were very uneventful. There was a lot lounging around. A lot of cuddling on the couch while watching movies that Alex had downloaded on his laptop.

The loving mother made sure that both her son and herself got plenty of meds, liquids and anything else that allowed them to go throughout the day without being completely miserable.

Things were so normal seeming that even Phil began to second guess himself. Yes, he'd seen them come out of the bedroom naked, but maybe, just maybe, there was a logical explanation for it . That night, from his laptop at home, he again watched his wife and son enter the bedroom together, closing the door behind them. "They're just going to bed, that's all," he told himself.

On the fifth day, Alex woke to the smell of breakfast . "Hey, Mom," he said entering the kitchen. "Hi sweetheart . Hungry?"

"Starving."

Lori served him, then joined him at the table. "I can't believe how much better I feel today." "Me too," Alex said.

"I'm so glad things didn't get any worse, for me or you."

Alex saw a deck of cards sitting there on the table. "Where did the cards come from?" "Oh, I brought those up last time we came up here. Threw 'em in the drawer and forgot all about them."

"Nice, we should play some blackjack."

Lori smiled slyly. "I'm game. Are we wagering anything, like more massages maybe?" she giggled. "I guess. If I have to," Alex joked.

"Ha, if you have to?! Somehow I feel like THAT reward is as much for you as it is for me," Lori said. "I have my own reward idea."

Lori gazed at him with a curious smile, the blowjob she'd given him still fresh in her mind. "Uh-oh, do I dare ask what?"

"Would you let me take pictures of you?" "Pictures?"

"Yeah, sexy pictures, like the ones we took of you on the beach," Alex said.

"You mean the ones YOU took on the beach, without me knowing?" she asked, giving him a stern but amused look.

"Yeah, like those, only maybe you could pose for these. You know, like sexy poses."

'Hmm, Ok, I'll agree to the deal as long as you promise that the pictures are for or your eyes only," Lori said.

"Swear to God, I'll show no one."

"Well there won't be many to show anyway, because you're gonna lose buster," she said, nudging him on the shoulder.

Alex smiled. "We'll see."

"I know this may sound a little corny, but I think we should do team uniforms," Lori said. "Uniforms, Mom, seriously?" "Yess, it'll be fun. Team Alex versus Team Mom."

"So you're seriously gonna make find something else to wear, just for some games of blackjack?" Alex asked.

"Yes, something fun, just play along. Trust me, you'll like the uniform idea more than you think." "Ok."

They went to their bedrooms and put on their 'uniforms.' Alex chose to wear his school team jersey, along with his lace-up football pants. He decided against wearing his cleats inside, but a cap worn backwards completed the outfit .

He heard his Mom call from her bedroom. "How's it going down there?" she asked.

"I'm about ready," Alex shouted back, putting black marks under his eyes, like he does right before football games.

"Hey, I'm the woman. I'm not suppose to be ready before you are," Lori giggled, now speaking from the hallway.

"Just had to add the finishing touches. Get ready to be wowed, Mom." he said jokingly, heading for the door.

Alex stopped dead in his tracks as he entered the hallway. "Holy Wow!" he muttered gazing at his Mom. Lori stood in the center of the hallway in a cute little standing pose, wearing nothing a skimpy yellow bikini. Pounds of creamy breast meat bulged out . There was just way too much for the tiny bikini to cover. "Sounds like you're the one that just got wowed there, joke-boy," she said with a smile, showing her brilliant white teeth.

"Is that ...?"

"The same bikini in your pictures? Yup, it is. It feels a little more snug though," she said, tugging at the strap and making her jugs wobble back and forth. "Wonder if my boobs have grown since that beach trip."

"Well you looked amazing in it then and you definitely look amazing in it now."

"Thanks, I love your uniform too. You look like a studly football star," Lori said in admiration. Alex flexed his muscles in a manly stance. "I AM a studly football star," he shouted.

Lori laughed and made her way to the kitchen. "Ready to get you butt kicked at blackjack?"

Alex couldn't answer. He was too mesmerized by the meaty half-moons of Lori's ass as she sashayed into the kitchen. The bikini bottoms only covered half of her fleshy buttocks and her buns undulated sexily as she walked.

At the table Lori shuffled the cards. "So here's the rules. If I win a hand, I get a two minute massage. I get

to pick the body part," she said with a wink. "Oook," Alex said with an excited grin.

"If you win, I give you a sexy pose and you can get all the pictures you want . The first person to win ten hands gets a special prize."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "A special prize?" "Uhh-huh, very special."

"Can I ask what it is?" Alex asked.

Lori giggled cutely. "Nope. But trust me...you wanna win this game." "Ok, let's do this," Alex said anxiously.

Lori delt the cards, then looked inquiringly at her son. "Hit me," Alex said.

Lori's face card was a queen of diamonds. "I'll stay." Alex turned his card. "Seventeen."

Lori flipped hers and smiled. "Twenty." "Damn," Alex shouted.

"Come over here and massage my feet," she said with a smile.

The mother lifted one foot and Alex rubbed and squeezed. His mom had the sexiest little bare feet ever. He loved her perfect toes and meticulously painted toenails.

Lori arched her head back. "Mmm that feels so good." Finally, after a minute longer, she pulled her feet back. "Next hand."

She delt the cards and they made whatever changes they saw fit. "Damn, I went over," Alex said. Lori flipped over a sixteen and smiled with satisfaction. "Shoulders please," she said.

Alex stepped around her and massaged her shoulders. He gazed over her and marveled at how her tits came together to form a massive cleavage. He wanted so bad to reach around and squeeze the hell out of her tits.

"Thank you," the mother finally said and they were off to the next hand. Again, the teen had to fold with a twenty-three.

"What the hell!" he shouted. "I can't seem to win a hand."

"You may not get any pictures at this rate," Lori said. "How 'bout my legs this time."

Alex couldn't wait to see his mother posing in her bikini, but he wasn't exactly having a miserable time massaging her body parts. Every inch of his Mom exuded sexiness and he savored every second that he got to touch her and feast his eyes on her nearly naked body.

Alex finally won the next hand. His hard cock throbbed with anticipation. Lori walked over and struck a pose, leaning in the doorway, with her arms up on the frame, her huge jiggling jugs thrust out . The cherry on top was the seductive look she gave the camera as her son snapped shots from different angles. "Damn, Mom, that's hot," he muttered.

Alex walked behind her and pointed the camera. Lori gazed alluringly over her shoulder, through her curtain of silky blonde hair. She shook her ass playfully, making her buns jiggle. "So you like your Mommy in a bikini huh?"

"Yes," Alex said, snapping another shot .

"Of course you do. It's the next best thing to seeing her naked, right?" she said with a wink. "For sure."

Returning to the table, the bikini-clad mother delt their cards. Both of them had a high face card. "I'll stay," Alex said.

"So will I," Lori smiled, turning her cards. "Twenty-one."

Alex looked towards the ceiling in frustration. "Twenty," he muttered, tossing down a queen and a ten.

Lori did a cute little dance, her big boobies shifting back and forth beneath the flimsy bikini-top. "I'm gonna wiiiin...I'm gonna wiiiin," she sang teasingly.

"I got this next one," Alex said confidently.

"Maybe you do, but guess what? You're massaging my boobs first," Lori said candidly, stepping over to him. "Stand behind me."

Alex happily stood up behind his Mom, reached around and squeezed her enormous tits through her bikini top. His fingers dug in to the supple flesh. "Man, your boobs feel nice, Mom."

Lori smiled, her eyes were closed as she enjoyed the attention her tits were getting. "Mmnn, your hands feel nice."

Alex could feel her nipples harden into thick swollen nubs. After another minute of breast kneading, Lori

placed her hands on his. "Times up, boob-monster." "Ook," Alex muttered in a disappointed tone.

They played the next hand of blackjack and as he predicted, Alex won. He pumped his fist in the air excitedly. "Yess!"

Lori stepped over and crawled onto the kitchen counter. The teen watched in awe as his gorgeous mother laid on her back, sprawling her body onto it's surface. She threw her arms back above her head and thrust her pillowy chest upward. Her golden hair was spilled out

over the countertop as she gave him a sexy bikini-model stare. "Pictures, sweetie," she reminded him. "Oh, yeah, right," Alex said, snapped from his trance.

He clicked some shots with his phone. Lori rolled onto her side, her strong smooth mommy-legs curled, her bare feet pointing sexily. She propped her head up with one hand, her elbow resting on the countertop. Her big juicy jugs were sandwiched together, forming a huge dark crevice of cleavage. She gave her son that same hot "come fuck me" look as before, while he clicked a series of pics.

"You're getting some good ones. Might have to retire those old candid beach pictures," she said. "No way. I'm not retiring anything. I'm keeping all of them."

Lori giggled, rolling onto her tummy. "Why so you can stroke to them? Beat off to Mommy in her naughty bikini?" she said, bending one leg at the knee and kicking it up playfully. While doing this, she thrust her ass upwards, the skimpy bikini-bottom stretching obscenely over her meaty buns.

Alex got a bit closer, breathing heavily as he snapped a shot between legs. The thin bikini fabric moulded around her pubis, so tight he could see the bulging lips of labial meat and the crack of her cunt. His hard cock throbbed almost painfully in his pants.

Finally the mother sat up, slipped off the counter and went back to the table. "Ready for the next hand?"

Alex adjusted himself, trying to keep the tent-pole in his pants from being to obvious. "I see what you do. You get me all frazzled, so I can't think straight, then you take advantage of that to win the game."

Lori giggled. "I would never do such a thing." "Yeah right ."

She shuffled the cards. "Well it goes both ways. You don't think you had me all hot n frazzled after squeezing my tits with those magic hands?"

"Yeah, I suppose you're right ." "I'm the mom, of course I'm right . So stop making excuses and play. I'm gonna win this game and get that special prize," she said, dealing the cards.

"Still not gonna tell me what that special prize is?" "Nope," she said.

"Can I get a hint?"

"No, because if you figure out what it is, then you'll cheat and steal and do whatever you have to do to beat me."

"Wow, it's that great huh?" Alex asked, wondering what on earth it could be. Since they had already done naughty things together, he wondered if it was something sexual.

"It's gonna be, for me," she said with a smile.

He looked at his face card. It was a four of hearts. "Hit me," he said.

Lori delt him a five. He showed his hand. "Nineteen," he said confidently. Lori frowned and tossed her cards down. "Where do you want me?"

Alex laughed. "Bending over, looking back at me."

She smiled and took a few steps away from the table. Alex watched his mom bend over,

thrusting her

hot ass towards him, she gazed back, her big blonde mane hanging down. "Like this?" she asked. "Oohh yeah," he said with a big smile, clicking pics.

Lori won the next three games and enjoyed a massage to her feet, back and ass. "Mmm you're hands feel divine," she purred, as Alex squeezed the fleshy half-moons of her luscious mommy¬ ass.

They returned to the table and she delt the next hand. "One more win and that special prize is all mine," she said.

"There's no way you're gonna win four in a row," he said, but when he saw that her face card was an ace, he began to worry.

The teen cringed and tapped the table. "Hit," he muttered.

When she delt a king he knew he was doomed. "Damnit," he shouted, tossing his cards down. "I win!" Lori screamed, raising her arms in the air. She thrust her huge chest and purposely bounced her boobs to her cheers. "I win, I win, I win!"

Alex's eyes got big as he watched her heavy tits swing up and down. "Damn, if you promise to do that, I'll let you win every time."

Lori laughed, stepping around and taking his hand. "Reward time," she said, leading him into livingroom. The fire crackled in the fireplace. Lori led Alex over to the couch. "Sit," she said softly.

Alex complied. Even though it wasn't his reward, his heart was racing a mile a minute out of anticipation of what might be coming. He watched his mother loom over him.

She smiled a bit timidly. "Before we do this, you should know that it didn't really matter who won the game, because we both had the same reward."

"We did?"

"Yep we did. I'm sure you've figured out that these little 'rewards' we've been giving each other benefit both of us, right," she asked.

"True, I would have gladly massaged your body anytime."

Lori bent over and grabbed the hem of his jersey, lifting it up and off his body as she spoke. "And I would have gladly done sexy poses for you in my bikini." Next, the mother knelt down and began pulling his football pants. "I gladly gave you a blowjob last night and I'm sure you were equally eager to eat my pussy, am I right?"

Alex gulped anxiously, now totally naked. "Definitely right ."

Having stripped her son, Lori stood back up, reached around and untied her bikini top. "So for this reward I chose something special. Something I knew we both really wanted," she said as her big breasts sprung free.

The hovering mother placed her thumbs under the hem of her bikini bottoms and slipped them down over her hips. "Something I've known we've both wanted for a long time," she said, gazing hungrily as the hard pillar of cock-meat rising from her son's loins.

Alex watched his mom step out of her panties. Like him, she was now completely naked. He was so turned in he could hardly stand it . "Holy shit, are we gonna..."

She smiled down at him naughtily. "Uh-huh, we're gonna. That's cool with you, right?" "Uh, yeahh."

"I thought so," she said as she climbed on top of him, straddling him with her knees digging into the cushions to either side of his hips.

Alex suddenly found his face between Lori's warm dangling breast . He felt his mom grasp his cock and drag it's bulbous tip up and down through the moist folds of labial meat. "Should I urn..."

"Should you what, sweetheart?" Lori asked, looking down at him. "Should I wear a condom?"

Amused, the mother smiled. "I appreciate you taking responsibility and asking, but no. We'll talk about the dangers of me getting pregnant later, but this first time...nothing comes between us."

Both mother and son gasped out loud, as the boy's rock-hard cock sliced up through her cunt- tube.

"Ohh my God," Lori sighed, feeling his impressive boner passing the deepest point her husband could ever reach and just kept going.

Finally, her shaved mons spread against the base of his cock and they just remained motionless for a moment . Alex felt his mom's strong cunt take a firm grip on his throbbing meat .

Lori moaned and lifted her ass up again. Alex watched as his dick slid back out of her cunt, the pink shaft now coated with her fuck juices.

Lori began to bounce, creating a steady fuck-rhythm. Her round ass jiggled as she pumped her pussy on the satisfying stiffness of her son's cock. A lewd creamy slapping sound filled the room as their bodies beat together.

"Ohhhyess, fuck meee!" Lori's cute voice cried, as she pumped her creamy cunt on his cock.

Alex whimpered, thrusting his ass off the sofa as best as he could. Lori's big melons did a bobbling

dance around his head. He pressed his face down between the jiggling jugs and kissed her breastbone. "Suck me honey. Suck Mommy's tits," Lori cried out .

The teen happily obliged, latching onto one and stuffing as much tit into his mouth as he could get .

Lori gasped and threw her head back, her big mane of blonde hair swooshing backwards. "Yess, suck mee!" she screamed, feeling her swollen nipples throb between her boy's squeezing lips.

They were fucking together, hard and fast, like two dogs in heat . "Mmnnggff," Alex whimpered, his face plastered in squishy tit-meat .

Lori stopped bouncing and swiveled her hips, stirring the inside of her cunt with her son's big baby making spoon. Alex felt his knob licking the back of her cunt . He could also feel the girl- cum already dripping off his balls.

"Pick me up," Lori gasped.

Alex peeked out from under her big tit. "What?" he muttered.

Lori began to kiss at his neck frantically. "I want you to pick me up," kiss kiss, "and pound me against the fucking wall."

"Ok," the teen muttered. There was such a thrill surging through his body he could hardly stand it

. He stood up and his mother clung to him, folding her strong naked legs around him and interlocking her ankles behind his ass. She wrapped her arms around him, continuing to kiss and lick at his neck. Her tits pressed against his chest, her stiff nipples digging at him. "Against the wall. Fuck meee hard," she cried desperately.

Alex carried her over and pinned her against the livingroom wall. He pumped into her with savage thrusts. Lori's eyes rolled back and she clawed at her boy as if trying to pull his entire body into hers.

"Ohh shit," Alex moaned. His body was wrapped in hot mature flesh and he was loving every second of it . He could feel his mom's strong legs and sexy feel, pulling him in, cradling his bucking ass between her lush splayed thighs.

"You like that, baby?" Lori gasped. "You like to hold your mommy like this and fuck her and show her what a man you are?!"

"Ohh hell yeahh."

Even though Alex thrust at a pretty good pace, Lori reached back and clawed his ass with her long nails, her big diamond wedding ring, glowing from the reflection of the fireplace. "Is that the

best you got, because I know you can give me more. I know you can fuck me harder than this," she panted.

The boys ass became a blur as he punch his cock through the slippery grip of pussy. Lori bucked along with him in an animalistic frenzy of incestuous lust . She gasped and trembled as the warmth exploded in her pussy. "Awww, yes, I'm cuummiinngg," she cried out .

The lucky teen felt her cunt shrink up around his hard member, forcing him to pump with great force so he could continue to fuck her nice and deep.

The exquisite resistance of her cunt walls, along with the hot squirting juice of girl cum was even more than an experienced cocksman could handle. "Ohhh shit, I'm gonna cum, Mom!" he announced.

Lori gasped out loud from her own juicy orgasmic contraction. "Ohhhfuckyessss, cumm, baby!"

Alex's cock-head bulged as thick ropes of hot spunk fired from his piss-slit, splattering against the hot sucking pink walls of Lori's birth canal. "Uugghh, Uuugghhhl!" Alex grunted, overwhelmed by the wildest orgasm he'd ever experienced.

After a minute of writhing and moaning, Alex and his mom looked into each other's eyes. Lori leaned her forehead against him. He still

held her up off the floor. "Pretty good reward," she said with a satisfied sigh.

"I agree. Even though it wasn't mine."

She smiled as they exchanged a long lingering stare. Their eyes were full of lust and passion. The mother was finally drawn to his lips, tilting her head slightly and moving in for long tender kiss.

One kiss became another, then another. Their lips opened to receive each others wet tongues. Lori's long licker was more experienced than her son's and it showed. She fluttered her lapper in circles around his, battering it lovingly.

She planted a few more wet kisses. It was obvious where this was headed as she gave him a dreamy-eyed gaze. "Take me to bed," she whispered.

As she clung to him with her curvy limbs circled around him, Alex carried his Mom down the hallway and into their bedroom.

At his office, Phil tapped his pen against the desk as he stared his computer monitor. The home security page was open and he'd witnessed everything. The naughty card game, his wife's sexy posing and Alex's inappropriate massaging. He had watched his wife strip them naked and fuck their son. He had watched his son pound his wife against the wall, something he had been unable to do for years. He didn't miss anything, only the audio, which wasn't a feature the program had.

The same mix of emotions were surging through him as before, only on a much higher level. He felt sick. He felt jealous. He felt betrayed. But once again, he felt a strange sense of overwhelming arousal. It was so overwhelming in fact, it seemed to wash all the negative feelings away, as though they didn't exist at all.

Phil looked down at his lap and noticed the sizable lump in his pants. In disbelief, he unzipped his pants and fished his dick out. It was completely hard. Harder than it had been in years.

He circled his fist around it, astonished by what he was looking at . It felt strong and firm, like it had when he was younger. It was then he realized, that as wrong as it was, watching his wife and son do those things had done more for him than all the drugs, all the therapy, anything he had ever done to cure his impotence.

He kept his erection for a long while as he stared at the empty hallway on the monitor. He watched his bedroom door, waiting and wondering what might be happening inside. Despite not seeing anything, he had a pretty good idea what they were up to and let his imagination run wild.

At the cabin, Lori slid her smooth legs higher up Alex's muscled back until her ankles were twined together nearly across his shoulders. The bed springs creaked as she whipped her ass up off the mattress in a frenzy of fuck-lust, grunting and moaning like bitch in heat . Alex eagerly worked his hips to meet her fuck-strokes, ramming his erect cock rapidly in and out of his mom's creamy cunt .

"Ohhh Alex, you fuck so good, baby boy," she cried out, as she felt her son try to knock out the back wall of her cunt .

The teen had sunk down onto her big, jiggling knockers, feeling her rubbery nipples poking his chest as he cradled his sweaty face between her neck and shoulder.

Lori's voice shook from the power of her son's thrust . "You were hoping to get in my cunt weren't you? Looking at those pictures every night wondering what it would be like to get your dick inside me."

"Ohhyeahhh," Alex gasped, keeping a hot steady fuck-pace.

"You were hoping Mommy would do this, huh. You were hoping she would spread her thighs and let you in," Lori hissed.

She tightened her cunt-grip, feeling Alex's body tense in response. "She's risking alot by letting you have

your way with her, but you're gonna make it worth the risk, aren't you, sweetheart ." "Yesss," Alex, feeling his cock tingle from her hot words.

The wet beat of their persperationed-sheened bodies intensified the more Lori spoke. "You're taking mommy to another world and you're gonna keep her there alIIII night ."

Alex adjusted the angle of his attack, letting every inch of his mother's cunt feel the power of his onslaught. Lori shifted to accommodate, her legs locked around him, her back arched to allow him to plow his spear directly against her G-spot . "Ooohhh fuckk!" she screamed, her eyes thrown back in their sockets.

Thirty seconds later Lori's pussy started spasming uncontrollably. Her urethra shot fuck juice all over her son's prick. Her cunt walls contracted rhythmically around his spearing cock. "Uuuhhggh," she cried out . It was the longest, hardest cum of her life.

How Alex hadn't come yet had absolutely amazed and impressed her. She loosened her grip and smiled with a wicked thrill. "Fuck me doggy-style," she said.

Lori was quick to move onto her hands and knee, her immense tits bobbing as they hung off her chest.

Alex rose up behind her, holding his rigid cock in his hand. He stared at his mother's sopping- wet pussy

and at the pink, puckered ring of her asshole. Lori eagerly looked back at him. "Get it back in there, T-Rex," she said playfully.

He put the spongy tip of his cock into her flowering pussy folds. Before he could even get half of it in, his mom started throwing her ass back, like a bitch in heat, grunting and gasping as she wiggled and thrust her pussy onto his cock. "Yesss, grab my hips. Make Mommy cream on your cock again," she cried desperately.

Alex loved how eager his mom was to fuck. He gripped her soft wide mommy-hips and pounded his cock with full-length thrusts. Lori gasped out loud, tossing her silky hair back with a big panting smile. "Yesss, oh my God, I love it!"

Alex was mesmerized as he looked down and watched her big tan bare buttock beat against his midsection. He loves the way her fleshy half-moons rippled each time they struck him. The teen fed every inch of his pole inside, then paused with his prick buried to the root in her pussy, savoring the way her tight cunt sucked and squeezed around his cock. He slowly pulled out again, until only the knob of his hardon parted her gooey pussy lips. His boner glowed with a wet sheen of pussy-juice. "Damn," he muttered.

Lori looked back and giggled. "Having fun?" she asked. "You bet," he said, then started thrusting again.

Lori's tits swung wildly and their bodies made a lewd clapping sound as they beat together in the heat of an intense doggy-fuck. The horny mother was in heaven, burning with a desire that

her husband Phil hadn't made her feel in a long, long time. "Nothing could be this good," she thought deliriously. "Nothing could be as sweet as letting my well-hung son not only give me pleasure, but also take pleasure from my willing body."

Alex held his mom's hips, driving his cock with deep thrusts. Lori whipped her ass back to meet his strokes. Without missing a beat, she peered back at him lustfully. "You wanna make it yours? You wanna make Mommy's cunt yours, baby boy?"

"Yess," Alex said excitedly, his cock flexing as it glided through the smothering cunt walls.

"Make it turn to cream then. Come on, I wanna soak that hard boner with hot cum," she said, tossing her cunt back, aiding his fuck-thrusts.

"Damn, you keep talking like that and I'm the one who's gonna cum," the teen sighed. "Ohh, is my baby turned on by Mommy's hot-talk?"

"Yes."

"Well, sorry, but I'm not gonna stop. I will give you a reward though, if you can keep the cum inside your balls until I pop again," she said with a smile.

"A reward? What could possibly be left to offer as a reward, Mom." "My ass," the mother said.

Alex looked down at her swiveling buttocks and the tight crinkled ring peeking out from between her buns. His heart about thumped out of his chest . "Deal," he said.

She thrust her cunt back with greater intensity. "Come on then, cowboy. You wanna ride Mommy's ass like a pony...you earn it!"

Alex remembered the angle change he made when he was on top and how it made his Mom cream hard. He quickly took that same angle of attack, thrusting with long ball-bumping thrusts

Lori glanced back in total ecstacy. "Noo, you're cheating!" she panted. "How is this cheating?"

"You know where my sweet spot is now, you're not playing fair."

Alex flexed his dick, making it plow harder. "I don't remember there being any rules, Mom." "Fine, two can play that game," Lori said, flexing her cunt muscles as tight as she could.

"Ooohhshit," the teen sighed, feeling her slippery cunt close up like a tight fist around his dick. The sensation was out of this world.

Alex's erection squeezed through the tight pink ridges of flesh. The resistance was insane as he

pushed his cock through the vice-like tube of muscular tissue.

Lori watched him react . "Uh oh, is someone losing confidence?" she asked. Alex tightened his ass, making his cum subside. "No chance," he said.

He gripped her hips, flexed his dick and began to punch it home. Lori's tan buns beat against him as he fucked with everything he had. The aroused mother howled in delight. "Hhhuuugghh!" he voice rang out.

If they were back home, every house on the block would have heard her.

Within seconds, Alex felt his cock sheathed in hot girl-cum. Liquid love squelched out of the mother's cunt . He was helpless to resist his own intense orgasm.

"Ooohhshit," he sighed as his cock jerked and spat inside the hot liquidy grip.

Their bodies shook and writhed. They moaned and whimpered, milking each others orgasms for several minutes.

"Damn, Mom," Alex sighed, falling back on the bed.

Lori snuggled beside him. "You almost made it," she said, kissing his cheek. "What do you mean? You came before I did."

She laughed. "I don't think so. It seems to me we were popping off at the same time. You lost, which means I should be the one getting a reward."

Alex knew he wasn't getting his anal sex, but this probably meant something good anyway. "Ok, what do you want?"

She giggled and brought her lips to his ear. "I want fucked in the ass," she whispered. Alex laughed, his cock twitching. "That the same reward you were gonna give me." "Like I said before, a reward for one is a reward for us both."

Alex smiled. "Rad."

The duo hardly slept that night . Alex switched off between her ass and cunt, blowing several more loads. Lori had more orgasms than she could count and by morning the bed was a rumpled cum-stained mess. Mother and son slept, their bodies were twined together in a sweaty heap of naked flesh.

Lori lifted her head off Alex's chest, causing his eyes to flutter open. "Oh my God, what a night, she said. "I'll say. What time is it?" Alex asked.

Lori looked over at her bedside clock. "Oh Jesus, it's eleven-thirty."

"Damn. Well, I guess it doesn't matter. Not like we can go anywhere anyway."

She rested her head back against him, reflecting on all the hot sex that had transpired throughout the night . "Do you regret anything we did?" she asked softly.

"No way...do you?"

After a short pause Lori spoke. "I should. I'm a married woman. I'm your mother. I should feel regret, but I don't ...not a single drop of it."

They slept more, then showered together, kissing and groping under the hot spray, like two lovers on their wedding night . Lori made them breakfast, then put on her big coat and scarf. "I need to go call your father. It's been a few days. I should let him know we're ok."

"Do you want me to come?"

Lori stepped up to him with a smile. "Not until I get back." "Huh?" Alex asked, confused by her answer.

"When I get back you can fuck me and CUM all you want," she said with a naughty smile. "Ohh, ok," he said, finally getting it .

Lori rose up on the toes of her boots and planted a series of soft sensual kisses. "Don't worry, while I'm at the bottom of the mountain, talking to your father, it'll be your big dick I'm thinking about ."

Alex's heart did a somersault in his chest .

Lori made the two mile drive, pulled off and called her husband. "Hi babe," he answered. "Hey, how are things going?" she asked sweetly.

"Everything's fine here. How are you two doing?"

"Well, we went through a mild spell for a few days. Nothing serious though. We're both feeling fine." "Thank goodness. When you hear the horror stories, it makes you thankful."

"Yes, very thankful," Lori said.

"So um, what have you two been doing to pass the time?" Phil asked.

"Ohh, you know, reading, watching movies. We did play some cards. I forgot I even brought the deck up to the cabin."

Things got quiet for a moment before Phil spoke again. "How was the sex?" Lori's jaw fell open, her heart racing nervously. "What?" she asked.

"Lori there's something I have to tell you. Do you remember that security system I had put in at the cabin last year?"

"Yes."

"Well, it included a bunch of cameras, some inside the house."

Lori's breath became short as she began to panic. "Where inside the house?"

"There are three of them. They're inside the light fixture in the cieling of the livingroom, the hallway and the kitchen."

"Ohh," the mother muttered, realizing her and her son were in big trouble. "So you've been watching us?"

"It wasn't my intention to spy. I was just nervous about this virus. I wanted to check in on you guys. I didn't expect to see anything like what I saw." Phil explained.

"Phil, I..."

"Hold on a second. Before you say anything, I have something I wanna tell you. I know we've had some issues for years with my inability to satisfy you sexually."

"Phil, no, please you..."

"Hold on, let me finish. At first, when I watched you two, I was upset. I was hurt . But I was also experiencing feelings that I wasn't expecting at all. Feelings I'm almost ashamed to admit ." "Tell me. What types of feelings?" Lori asked.

"I don't know how else to put it, so I'm just gonna be blunt. I was aroused. I was getting turned on watching the two of you."

"Ohh," Lori muttered. It was the last thing in the world she expected to hear. "It got hard, Lori."

"Your...your penis?"

"Yes, my penis. It got hard. Harder than it's been in...we'll for as long as I can remember. Can you believe it? Years of taking drugs and going through therapy with no results and now this...the one thing that gets me as hard as a rock is watching my wife and son have sex together."

Lori shook her head. "It's... it's crazy." "Isn't it?"

"Well, no, not really. No more crazy than me getting aroused and having sex with my own son." "Maybe in a way, I was just living vicariously through him as I watched. Remembering the

feelings...the excitement of having sex with you."

There a short pause as Lori took it all in. "You've been honest . Thank you. So...what do we do?" "Do you wanna stay married to me?" Phil asked.

"Of course I do."

"I wanna stay married too, but I wanna be happily married. I know you weren't happy before, but now I feel like we've found the answer. Yes, it's morally wrong and unconventional, but I think it may be the one thing that saves our relationship."

Phil waited for his wife to answer. Finally, he heard her soft response. "Ok."

Ten minutes later, Lori arrived back at the cabin. Her son wasn't in the living room. She stripped off her boots, jacket and scarf. "Alex?" she called.

"In here, Mom," he answered from the bedroom.

Lori walked down the hallway and into the bedroom. Her son was naked, sprawled out on the bed waiting. His cock was rock-hard, throbbing with anticipation. "Ready when you are," he said. Lori giggled, looking his hot body up and down. "I can see that . I have a request though."

"Ok, what?"

"Will you fuck me in the livingroom, by the fire? It's so warm and cozy in there." "Of course," the teen said, hoping up from the bed.

Lori reached out, took his hand and led him to the livingroom. They arrived by the couch and faced each other. "Get me naked," the hot mother asked anxiously.

Alex slipped off her sweater, then her pants. The mother giggled at how eager he was. She unclasped her bra and her big tits sprung free. Alex pulled her panties off, then the two embraced and began kissing in a frenzy of passion.

The mother lifted one silky leg and twisted it around him. He responded by grabbing her meaty ass and lifting her from the floor. Now both her strong legs circled him, her sexy little bare feet hovering behind his ass. She crushed her tits on on his chest as they made out hungrily.

Alex plopped his Mom onto the couch, spearing his cock deep inside her cunt at the same time. His ass bucked intensely between Lori's

splayed tan thighs.

The mother gasped. "Yesss, fuck meee!" she cried.

She kissed and licked his neck, then peered up into the overhead light socket. Biting her son's shoulder, she stared into the camera for a long while, knowing that her husband was watching on the other end.

Alex pounded her cunt with everything he had. He had sunk into mother's soft hot body and it was the greatest feeling in the world. "I wish we could do this forever," he panted.

Lori smiled naughtily. "Careful what you wish for," she whispered.

THE END

123: Mom's Playground

This story is a work of fiction and all characters in this story are over the age of 18.

Mom's Playground

By Klrxo

After the rugby match, the boys' heavy-breasted moms, were waiting for them at the edge of the field, their eyes filled with pride and excitement. It was a tradition for the moms to attend every home rugby match, cheering on their sons with unwavering enthusiasm.

As the three friends, Alex, Mark and Ryan approached, their moms enveloped them in tight hugs, plastering their squishy tits on their well toned chests, congratulating them on their performance.

The mothers donned vibrant sundresses, bursting with blossoming floral patterns that fell gracefully to their mid thighs. Their perfectly shaven legs were left bare, hinting at a sense of sensuality. Each step was accentuated by the click-clack of extravagant high-heeled mules, embellishing their delicate feet and allowing glimpses of their painted toenails through the open-toed straps. The scent of their perfumes mixed with the aroma of sweat lingering on the boys, creating an intoxicating fragrance that sent shivers down the boys' spines.

Monica, with her fiery red hair cascading over her shoulders, gave her son, Alex, a playful pinch on his cheek. Her emerald green eyes

sparkled mischievously as she whispered something in his ear that made him blush.

Meanwhile, Judy stood proudly beside her son, Mark. Her golden blonde locks framed her stunning face, accentuating her deep blue

eyes that held a captivating allure. She wore a big sun hat, guarding her pretty face from the harmful rays of the late afternoon sun.

Judy leaned in and whispered something in Mark's ear, her breath warm against his skin. Her lips were so close to her son's that Mark could feel their softness against his cheek, his arm digging against her spongy tit-meat.

Ryan's mother, Laura, also wore a pretty hat to shade her face. She placed her hand on his shoulder and gave him a knowing smile. Laura's fingers lingered on Ryan's shoulder as he returned her grin, the warmth of her touch sending a pleasant tingle down his spine. She leaned in closer, her lips barely brushing against his ear as she whispered something so seductive, it made Ryan's heart race.

The three rugby friends glanced at each other, their faces flushed with a mix of embarrassment and excitement. They knew what their moms had said, and they also knew that they wanted more than anything.

"Honey, we'll be home in a few hours," Judy told her husband a few minutes later as she clung to the arm of their son.

Roger was used to his wife and son disappearing after a home game. He knew better than to ask questions, but he couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy as he watched them walk towards the parking lot hand in hand. He wondered where they were heading off to and what secrets they were sharing.

"Make sure Jenny gets a bath tonight," Judy told her husband as she clung to Mark, anxious for what they both knew was coming.

"Can I come with you guys?" Jenny asked her mother.

"No, honey. This is bonding time for just your brother and I," Judy answered. "You go home with your dad and we'll be home later, ok?"

"Fine," Jenny sulked, heading off with her father.

As they strolled towards the parking lot with their moms clinging tightly to their arms, the three boys couldn't help but become erect. In their youth, the three friends had often sought refuge in the playground after a spirited game. But now, as grown boys, their 'playgrounds' were right beside them – walking with poise and grace on the pavement. With each step, their shapely heels clicked delicately against the ground, causing their heavy boobs to bounce ever so slightly. It was a sight to behold – three confident women, exuding power and sensuality with every move they made.

The three sets of mothers and sons piled into Monica's spacious conversion van, closing the heavy door behind them. They nestled together in the plush seats as the van rumbled out of the school parking lot, leaving behind the sounds of playful children and bustling parents.

Judy and her son, Mark, had always shared a strong bond, but ever since he turned 18, their relationship had taken on a new level of closeness. As the van meandered down the road outside of town, they engaged in passionate kisses, reminiscent of young love on prom night. Their tongues danced inside Mark's mouth, igniting a fiery desire between them.

Judy's hand slid down Mark's stomach, feeling the firm muscles beneath his shirt before finally reaching his pants. She squeezed his rock-hard erection through the fabric, eliciting a soft moan from him. Their lips were locked in a passionate kiss as she continued to massage his tender meat, reveling in the wickedly exciting taboo of being with her own son after the game. It was like she was transported back to her youth, but instead of lying to her parents

about her whereabouts, she was now lying to her husband about this forbidden affair. The thrill and danger only added to the intensity of their embrace.

On the seat beside them, Laura and Alex feasted on each other's lips. The passion of the two mother-son couples was like a wildfire, consuming all reason and control as they clung to each other in a frenzy of desire and hunger. The van became a vessel on a turbulent sea, with Laura and Alex and Judy and Mark lost in their own tempestuous world of lips and tongues. Each kiss was a wave crashing against the shore, leaving them gasping and clinging to each other for dear life. The tension between them was palpable, electric, as they fought to resist the primal urge to unleash their carnal desires upon each other. But as their passion soared, it was only a matter of time before restraint gave way to wild abandon and they succumbed to the overwhelming force of their love.

The only thing that kept Monica and her son from giving into their desires was the fact that she was behind the wheel, responsible for driving them to their destination. Despite this, a primal longing flickered between them, evident in the exchanged glances and the wet trail of her pink tongue as it dragged across her lips. The tension between them was thick, like a heavy fog clinging to the air.

Similar to teenage couples seeking privacy, mothers and sons also had their own secluded spot to escape to. It was a secluded area known to the locals as the "secret grove". Tucked away in the woods, the grove was the perfect place to indulge in their taboo desires.

The tension hung heavy in the air as they all silently acknowledged the taboo nature of their actions, but their desires burned hot and bright like a secret flame. The mothers, their heels now discarded, guided their sons with a subtle sense of urgency to their hidden corner of the van, where they could indulge in their scandalous desires without fear of interruption.

"Hurry," Judy voice whispered, eager to feel their naked flesh joined as one.

Mark's heart skipped a beat as he watched his mom gracefully slip out of her dress. His eyes widened in awe at the sight of her beautiful embroidered bra, shrouding her enormous breasts. The creamy tit-cleavage spilling from the cups seemed to glimmer in the moonlight shining through the windows of the van, illuminating her curves and captivating his senses.

Judy's movements were fluid and confident as she reached behind her to unhook her bra. The humongous mounds of her tit-flesh burst forth and jiggled as she released them from their confinement. Her nipples, fat and suckable, stood erect from the center of wide areolar caps, mesmerizing Mark's gaze.

"I need you naked, Mark," her voice hissed with urgent need, helping him slip off his t-shirt.

With feverish anticipation, they shed the rest of their garments, revealing a pulsating pillar of masculine flesh and slick, shaven folds of feminine arousal. The air was thick with the heady scent of desire and taboo, as their bodies glistened with sweat and excitement.

"I wanna suck on you," Judy softly stated, her voice needy with desire.

Judy couldn't wait to be between Mark's legs. She enjoyed giving head and sucking on Mark's large, strong cock was always more gratifying than her husband's. It wasn't that her husband had a bad cock, it just wasn't a huge teenage cock like her son's, one that was bursting with blood and cum.

Her large, pendulous breasts swayed heavy and luscious as she knelt in front of him. Mark could hardly contain his excitement as he

watched his mother's experienced lips part to engulf his thick, stiff manhood.

"Oh, shit, yes," he sighed. The feel of his mother's wet, warm mouth on him was surreal. He had never felt anything like it before - not even during his wild nights with girls his own age. This was different. This was his mother and she could suck cock better than any girl he'd ever been with.

With every slow, teasing stroke of her tongue, his erection twitched, reaching deeper into the hot, moist cavern of his mom's mouth.

The van was now completely enveloped in a scene of raw sensuality and carnal desire. The air was thick with the sounds of passionate moans and the rhythmic slurping of pleasure. Three alluring heads moved in unison, their silky tresses cascading like strands of liquid gold in the dim light. Each movement was accompanied by a symphony of ecstasy, as the bodies within the van danced to the primal beat of desire.

Judy's tongue danced and swirled around Mark's flushed, velvety crown, eager to catch every drop of the pre-nectar oozing from the slit of his meatus. The tangy taste filled her senses, sending a shiver down her spine.

As she engulfed him, Judy's eyes locked onto his, a silent communication of their shared desires. Mark gripped the back of his mother's head, his moans of pleasure muffling missed with the lewd sounds of her wet mouth. He thrust his hips forward, each stroke deeper and harder into his mother's waiting throat. The taboo nature of their encounter only heightened their mutual pleasure, their eyes locked in a silent exchange of lust and forbidden passion.

Judy's lips wrapped around his shaft with a fervent hunger, her head bobbing up and down on the spike of his cock as she eagerly sought to extract the first load of the evening from Mark's cum-filled balls.

Her movements were wild and uninhibited, driven by an insatiable desire to taste every last drop of his essence.

As she sucked and slurped, her hand expertly stroked the base of his shaft, driving him closer to the edge. Her eyes never left his, silently daring him to let go, to unleash the torrent of hot, sticky cum that was building up inside him

Mark could feel his orgasm approaching, the sensation of his mother's warm, wet mouth combined with her skilled hand, was too much to resist. He could feel it building, a tidal wave of pleasure washing over him, and he knew he had to cum soon.

As his mother sensed his impending orgasm, her eyes widened in excitement. She knew what to do. She took a deep breath and prepared herself for the explosion of warmth that was about to fill her mouth.

Mark's hips bucked wildly, thrusting himself deeper into his mother's mouth with every desperate movement. He could feel the waves of pleasure crashing over him, the intensity of the experience taking his breath away.

With a loud groan, he thrust forward one final time, releasing a torrent of hot, salty cum. The taste of her son's essence was a rich and heady concoction, like a rare and exotic fruit bursting with juices. Judy's eyes shone with a fierce and primal desire as she devoured every drop, her throat filled with the warmth and intensity of the moment. It was a taste she couldn't get enough of, and one that satisfied her deepest cravings.

The mothers, with a knowing look in their eyes, were well aware that with one pent-up ejaculation out of the way, Mark, Alex, and Ryan

would now be able ravish their mature, hungry bodies like wild beasts. Their skilled hands and rigid teenage cocks would expertly

bring the women to the brink of ecstasy, over and over again, in a marathon session that would make their mundane marital sex seem pitiful in comparison.

"Climb on, mom," Mark whispered, then watched her mount him from the top.

He eased himself into a comfortable position, fully aware that this voluptuous beauty possessed a skilled prowess in the art of sexual gratification. Her curves were like rolling hills, begging to be explored and conquered. As she straddled him with expert precision, he was reminded of a wild stallion being tamed by its rider. The heat between them radiated like fire, igniting their passion and driving them into an erotic frenzy. He knew he was in for a wild ride, but he welcomed it eagerly, relishing every moment of ecstasy with this seductive vixen.

There was something about watching his cock pierce the vagina that gave birth to him that Mark found incredibly thrilling. It was an intensely satisfying feeling, knowing he possessed a long, thick cock that stretched her flanges with each thrust. The way it squeezed and compressed inside her snug orifice created a delicious friction that sent electrifying sensations through her body. Her warm, pleated sleeve seemed to swallow his erection whole, creating a tight and intense sensation that left them both breathless.

"Fuck me, Mark," she mewled, then, with a sense of urgency, Judy's hips began to move in perfect harmony with Mark's. She instinctively knew the exact spots and angles that would bring her pleasure, and she eagerly sought them out as her body undulated against his. While the physical act was meant as a reward for him, it was also an opportunity for her to release the pent-up sexual frustration she had been feeling. Her husband was attentive in bed, but never quite

satisfied her insatiable appetite for passionate lovemaking. But with Mark, she found fulfillment in ways she never thought possible;

every thrust and touch sent shivers of ecstasy through her body, leaving her wanting more and more.

Mark's eyes always widened in amazement as she rode him with feverish energy. Her oversized tit-melons bounced vigorously, creating a mesmerizing display as they leaped up and down, rippling beautifully each time they collided with Judy's ribcage.

The van was filled with moans, heavy breathing and the sound of flesh beating together rhythmically. The scent of sex and arousal permeated the air, a heady mixture of musk and perfume. Each breath was filled with the intoxicating aroma, heightening the senses and adding to the arousal of the moment.

Judy bounced on her son's erection with a fierce determination, her wide hips rocking and grinding against the ridges and veins that lined his sinewy cock. Each movement sent jolts of pleasure through her as she drew closer to the first of what she knew would be multiple intense peaks. The teenage hardness inside her was like a pulsing, living entity, plunging and flexing to her every whim. Judy surrendered herself to its power, feeling it take her higher and higher until she could no longer resist the overwhelming bliss that consumed her body.

"I'm cumming! Oh, fuck!"

Judy howled, her voice echoing through the van as she rode Mark's erection like it was wild stallion. The presence of two other couples nearby, entwined in their own carnal activities, did not faze them in the slightest. Lost in their own primal desires, they devoured each other with raw abandon, like wild animals caught up in their natural instincts. They were unashamed and entirely absorbed in the

intensity of their passion, heedless of anyone else around them. It was as if they had been transported to a different world, one where only pleasure and desire existed.

Judy's hips thrust harder and faster, each movement driving her closer to the edge. She could feel the pressure building within her, the tension coiling like a snake, ready to strike.

Mark watched in awe as his mother's delicious body undulated before him. Her huge, plump breasts bounced up and down, their weight rippling with every vigorous thrust. He reached up and cupped one in his hand, feeling the soft, warm flesh in his palm. His thumb traced circles on her taut nipple, eliciting a gasp from Judy.

"Oh, honey, that feels so good," she whispered hoarsely. "Keep going, faster."

Mark eagerly complied, his fingers sinking into the soft, pliable flesh of her boobs. He reveled in their hefty weight in his hands, marveling at their enormity. Judy could sense his desire and leaned forward, lowering her tit-melons to his face. Their warmth and softness enveloped him, sending a rush of electricity through his body.

Mark was startled for a moment as he heard one of the other women cry out in a burst of ecstasy. The sound was raw and unbridled, filling the van with an electric energy. He could almost feel her pleasure radiating off her body like waves of heat.

His heart raced and his breath caught in his throat as he peered over and watched his friend Ryan's red headed mother overcome by intense pleasure. Like those of his own mom, Laura's huge, stiff-nippled udders bounced around wildly. The rounded protuberance of her 4-month pregnant belly beat against Ryan's chiseled abs as she pumped her shaved cunt on the satisfying stiffness of his prick while crying out in shameless orgasmic ecstacy.

With his own mom's naked bra-busters swinging wildly around his face, Mark latched onto her erect nipple with his lips and sucked hard, making her moan even louder.

Her full, supple breasts were adorned with textured areolas, their width spanning the size of his hands. Despite his inability to spread his lips completely across them, he eagerly devoured as much flesh as possible, drawing her teat deep into his suctioning mouth. The soft skin yielded easily under the pressure of his lips and tongue, eliciting moans and gasps from her throat.

Judy's hips bucked wildly, impaling herself further onto Mark's thick shaft, driving him deeper into her tight, wet canal. Her fingers dug into Mark's shoulders, her eyes rolling back in pleasure as she erupted in a climax so intense that her body trembled uncontrollably.

"Oh, fuck! I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with passion.

Mark felt her pussy clench around him, squeezing him tightly as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her mature body. He thrust upwards, matching the rhythm of her orgasm, his own arousal building to a fever pitch. It wasn't just the sensation of Judy's pussy, the feel of her juicy, engorged tit-flesh, but the look of pure pleasure etched on her face that drove him to the edge.

He quickly pulled her down against him, burying his face deep within the mass of her spongy tit-melon. He jabbed his cock in to it's root, mashing his spongy crown against the head to her cervix and held it there in full penetration. This provided a brief respite to from the intense pleasure so he could prolong the experience of fucking her.

Enveloped in the soft, plump mass of her tit, Mark could feel the pulsing rhythm of her pussy walls tightening around his throbbing shaft. He savored the taste of her as he clamped his teeth around her erect nipple and tugged at the sensitive flesh surrounding it. In

the secluded van on the outskirts of town, her body belonged solely to him and he reveled in every kiss, lick, and nibble he planted on her delectable female form.

Judy loved how he used her body for pleasure. She could feel his excited heartbeat pulsing through the throbbing blue veins of his cock. She tightened her fuck-muscles, squeezing her birthing tube around the sinewy slab, making pre-nectar bubble from its piss-slit and smear against the pursed ring at the back of her vagina.

With a buck of his hips, Mark set Judy's sex back in motion again. His need to ejaculate had settled and he was ready for more cunt pummeling sex.

With a swift motion, he sat up and grasped onto the curves of Judy's meaty buttocks, lifting her effortlessly as if she weighed nothing. With a fluid movement, he flipped her over onto her back, her hair tumbling wildly around her face. Her body arched in response to his strength, tits wobbling back and forth, and she let out a gasp of surprise and excitement.

Her legs spread wide like a welcoming invitation, her knees drawing back as if urging him to settle between them. The delicate folds of her pussy were exposed, resembling the unfurling petals of a blooming flower in full readiness for pollination.

Judy licked her lips lasciviously, staring at her boy's cock-muscle as it bobbed stiffly on his loins. It was soaked with her secretions, his knob swollen and glistening, like the head of a battering ram.

Mark positioned himself at the entrance of her pussy, the head of his cock beckoning her to open her femme-gash to him.

Judy's eyes lock onto his, her chest heaving with anticipation. No words needed to be spoken, the anticipation of their coupling had

built up a tension so thick even the humid air couldn't find a way to breach it. Only the sound of labored breathing and the creaking of the van's suspension could be heard.

With one swift, powerful thrust, Mark plunged his erect weapon into his mother's cunt-slit. Judy gasps at the sudden intrusion, her pussy walls accommodating him with a warm, wet clasp. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper into her succulent, velvety tunnel.

Beneath the soft glow of moonlight, all three mothers lay on their backs, their legs fastened around their boys, hovering in the air and glistening with sweat. Each movement of their bodies was punctuated by the forceful thrusts of their lover's cock. Their muscles strained and flexed as they eagerly took in each intense sensation. With delicate feet arched towards the roof of the van, their toes curled in blissful pleasure, showcasing perfectly painted toenails that added to their exquisite beauty. The sight was almost ethereal, as if they were goddesses being pleasured by divine beings.

Mark stabbed his erection through his mom's sheath, beating their bellies together lewdly as he fucked her with savage intensity.

Judy moaned, her vocalizations melding into a symphony of carnal delight along with the other two moms.. Her arms wrapped around Mark's neck, pulling him closer, allowing him to dip his tongue into her mouth and explore the warmth of her willing body.

Their tongues lashed together, mirroring the frantic rhythm of their love-making. Mark's hands roamed over Judy's voluptuous body, cupping her plump, jostling breasts and kneading them like ripe melons. His fingers traced the contours of her body, something he'd

dreamed about doing since reaching puberty and now he was doing it in the most carnal of ways. This was his playground and he enjoyed every part of it.

The cramped van shook and rattled with each passionate thrust of the three couples lost in their own world inside. The sound of skin slapping against skin echoed off the walls, accompanied by breathy

moans and gasps. The windows were fogged up, obscuring any view of the outside world, as if the intensity of the moment had created its own steamy atmosphere. It was a scene of pure abandon and desire, captured within the small confines of the van.

As the minutes ticked by, Mark's thrusts grew more frantic. His balls slapped against Judy's ass, just like the other boys' balls were doing to their moms, the sound reverberating throughout the van.

The moonlight peeked through the fogged up windows, casting a hazy glow on the six naked bodies, their taut muscles and glistening skin reminiscent of athletes in the midst of competition. The pungent scent of cock and pussy mingled with the warm, musky smell of sweat and the faint hint of perfume from the women's bodies.

Judy's eyes locked onto Mark's, her pretty face contorted with pleasure, her chest heaving with every forceful thrust of his cock into her womb. She bore down on him, her cunt muscles squeezing his shaft as it drove inside her. Her nails dug into Mark's shoulders, seeking purchase as she surrendered to the growing tide of sensations.

"I'm cumming!"she cried out, her voice hoarse with passion. "Oh, fuck, baby!!"

Mark felt her pussy clench around him, squeezing him tightly as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her mature body. He thrust upwards, matching the rhythm of her orgasm with perfectly executed thrusts.

"Yes, yes, yes...I'm cumming!" another beautiful voice cried out. Monica joined Judy in a chorus of pleasure, their climaxes crashing in unison as their bodies convulsed beneath their teens.

Mark arched his back, his arms extended to support his weight as he gazed hungrily at Judy's pillowy tits. Each thrust of his teenage cock caused them to roll up and down her feminine torso in a

mesmerizing rhythm. Beads of sweat broke out on Mark's forehead and trickled down his body, mingling with Judy's own perspiration as she writhed and moaned in the throes of ecstasy. He couldn't tear his eyes away as her luscious body as it shuddered with pleasure, lost in the moment together.

"Girls at school sure don't have tits like these," Ryan panted, smiling over at his friend.

Mark returned a grin, taking a moment to admire his friend's mom's big meaty mammaries. Just like Judy, Laura had thick, stiff nipples that protruded from the wide, dusky pink caps of her tits. Her breast-meat rippled suddenly as she was struck with another orgasmic contraction, her blonde hair flung wildly about her face and sticking to her sweaty cheeks.

"The sure don't," Mark agreed.

"Harder!" Alex's mom, Monica cried out, her voice pitching high from an impending climax. "I'm fucking cumming!"

Both Mark and Ryan lowered themselves on to their mom's once more, each capturing a nipple into his mouth, their hips not missing a beat as they continued fucking with rhythmic precision.

Judy wrapped her sleek, powerful, legs around Mark's lean and muscular body, her heels digging into his back as she held him close. Her pussy eagerly devoured his unyielding cock, each thrust sending shivers of pleasure coursing through her. She longed to stay locked

in this sensual embrace all night, lost in the never-ending waves of orgasm that he brought her.

Her nails dug into Mark's back as he fervently sucked at one of her breasts, sending waves of pleasure through her body. The sensation was like a symphony playing in her veins, every nerve ending on fire with desire.

Nostalgic memories of his youth flooded her mind, like a warm summer rain. She could still vividly recall the way she had spoiled her little boy and coddled him, showering him with love and attention like he was the center of her universe. The scent of his baby shampoo and the feel of his tiny hands in hers lingered in her memory, bringing a bittersweet smile to her lips. Now she was experiencing a new side of him, something even more wondrous and overpowering. It filled her with such intense pleasure that tears streamed down her cheeks, making it seem as if their journey had come full circle, their bodies once again fused together in perfect harmony.

Each of the boys, Mark, Ryan and Alex, found themselves lost in their own world of sensual bliss, their bodies moving in perfect unison with their mother's, forging a bond that transcended the boundaries of blood and time. The feeling of their hard cocks sliding in and out of their mothers' wet, warm pussies was an indescribable sensation that sent wave after wave of pleasure coursing through their bodies.

Their thrusts grew more furious, more frantic, as the intensity of their climaxes drew closer, the air in the van thick with the scent of their mingling lust. The echoes of their groans and gasps, mingled with the slapping sounds of skin on skin, filled the confined space, creating a symphony of passion.

Each boy's grip on their mother's bodies grew tighter as the orgasmic waves crashed over them, their muscles tense, their teeth clenched.

The force of their thrusts grew stronger, the pleasure too immense for them to hold back any longer.

Mark felt his mom's pussy contract around his cock one last time, her muscles grinding him like a vice, her orgasm washing over him in waves as she howled in climax. He thrust upwards one final time,

burying himself deep inside her as he let out a primal groan, his orgasm exploding through him in a fiery release. The sensation was overwhelming, electric, a powerful rush that seemed to originate from the very core of his being.

Alex's intense groans echoed in the van, punctuated by the wet sounds of skin meeting skin as the lovemaking reached a crescendo. His mom, Monica, was still wrapped around him, her long nails digging into his back as she cried out in pleasure.

"Fuck, yes!" Alex shouted, his orgasm crashing over him like a tidal wave. "I'm cumming, mom!"

Ryan wasn't far behind him, his ass bobbing wildly between his mother's splayed legs, her feet arched but her toes spread apart in tit-trembling ecstasy. Ryan was thrusting his cock up inside her pregnant pussy with a fierce intensity. The pleasure was building in him, cresting like a wave, and he knew that he was only seconds away from exploding.

"Oh, fuck, mom!" he cried out, his body trembling as he felt the orgasmic waves crashing over him. "I'm cumming!"

The boys all felt the moment of release, a shared experience that bound them together in a way that transcended words. Their bodies shuddered and twitched as they continued to fuck their beautiful mothers, the pleasure so intense that it seemed to hover in the air around them.

When at last they had all come down from the high of their orgasms, they all lay still in the van, their bodies entwined with those of their mothers. The air was thick with the scent of sex, and the fogged up windows only served to make the scene feel even more intimate and intense.

For a long while the three couples kissed like lovers, their bodies still humming with the remnants of their climaxes. The boys breathed

heavily, their bodies glistening with sweat, their cocks still semi-erect and surrounded by cunt-flesh, basking in a marinade of their joined juices.

"You boys are poisoning our marital love lives," Claire snickered. "The last thing we wanna do it go home and make love to your fathers now."

Monica and Laura laughed. "Isn't that the truth," Monica agreed, wiping the sweat from Ryan's face."Why would I want mediocre sex when I can get royally pounded by my teenage son."

"Now, now, ladies," Laura chided. "As much as I'd love to fuck my son's cock day and night we did agree to doing this only when they win a big home game."

"I know," Judy said sulking, lowering her lips and sharing a kiss with her boy. "When's that next home game again?"

"Not until two weeks," her son answered.

"Fuck that!" Monica blurted. "I'm not waiting to weeks for this to happen again."

"Me neither," Judy added.

"Well, we could always do it again NOW, since we're still here and naked together," Kyle suggested.

"That's the most genius idea I've heard all day, honey," Laura cooed, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

"I wholeheartedly agree," Judy grinned, crawling out from beneath her half-erect son. She stopped on all fours and pointed her rounded ass-meat back at him, her tits dangling heavily off her rib cage. "How about a nice, hard doggy fuck?"

Mark grinned at her suggestion, loving the thought of slamming his cock back into his mom's tight pussy from behind.

The other two moms joined Judy so they knelt side by side at the back of the van with their luscious asses pointed back at their sons.

"Get those dicks hard, boys," Monica teased, wagging her delicious-looking bubble butt at her son.

Kneeling behind their moms, Mark, Ryan and Alex stroked on their hardening cocks, their eyes fixed on their mom's rounded ass and the shaved pussy peeking out from beneath it. Their hands moved quickly, and soon enough, the boys were rock hard and ready to fuck again.

"Come on...give it to us," Judy urged as Mark positioned himself behind her. The three boys were like a pack of horny dogs, each eager to mount their hot-cunted bitch.

"Oh, yeah!" Mark gasped as he thrust his hard cock into his mother's waiting pussy. She pushed back on him, encapsulating his boner in the hot, slippery tube he had once slid out of.

Ryan and Alex wasted no time either, positioning themselves behind their own horny moms and plunging their throbbing cocks deep into their wet, eager slits.

The three boys fucked their mothers with a fierce intensity, their hips pumping in perfect unison as they drove their cocks in and out of the wet, hot depths of their mother's pussies. The sound of their bodies slapping together filled the van, their grunts and moans mingling with the scent of sweat and sex.

Monica, Laura, and Judy cried out in ecstasy, their bodies arching and undulating from the forceful cock-thrusts. The mothers' breasts were a chaotic dance of flesh and gravity, swaying and bouncing

with a wild abandon that matched the rhythm of their sons' powerful thrusts.

They clawed at the seats and walls of the van, their hips bucking back wildly as they surrendered to the intense pleasure of being fucked by their sons.

Kneeling side by side, the friends had a perfect view of not just the ass in front of them, but also the other two. They were mesmerized by the way the rounded mounds of flesh rippled with each impact against their midsections. Every movement revealed glimpses of their tightly clenched assholes, perfectly framed between their buns. The sight was both tantalizing and hypnotic, drawing their gazes back again and again.

"Come on, boys....fuck us harder!" Judy instructed, pounding her haunches back on her son's cock.

The boys complied eagerly, increasing the tempo of their thrusts, their balls slapping against the tender flesh of their mothers' inner thighs. The air in the van was thick with the scent of sex, and the slapping sounds of skin on skin created a symphony of passion that echoed around them. The boys' hearts pounded in their chests, matching the rhythm of their thrusts.

"Come on!" Monica shouted, her voice full of sexual excitement. "Slap those fucking asses!"

The boys complied, the sound of their hands slapping against the tender ass-flesh reverberated throughout the van.

As Ryan slammed his hips forward with greater ferocity and gave his mom another sharp strike to the ass, Monica cried out, arching her back and clutching onto the carpet beneath her for support. She could feel the tension building within her, the waves of pleasure crashing over her in a powerful surge.

"I'm cumming!" Laura moaned as she felt her son's cock swell inside her, the sensation sending shockwaves of ecstasy throughout her body.

Judy's orgasm was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. She could feel her son's cock pulsating inside her, rhythmically pushing against her lips and the tender flesh of her womb. The sensation was both exquisite and overwhelming, a powerful surge of pleasure that washed over her like a tidal wave.

The women's bodies twisted and shook with the force of their orgasms, their faces contorted in pleasure and ecstasy. Their hair was a wild mess, sticking to their foreheads with sweat. The men's bodies were tense and muscular, their eyes locked onto the women's bodies as they moved in unison.

The moms' bodies trembled and convulsed as they arched their backs, their tits swinging violently, their faces contorted with pleasure. Their hair flew wildly around them as they were passionately thrust into from behind.

The boys' muscles rippled under their skin as they pounded away at their mothers, their faces flushed with excitement.

"Fuck, yes, mom," Alex groaned, thrusting harder into her tight pussy. "I'm gonna cum, too!"

Monica, Laura, and Judy let out a collective scream, nearly shattering the windows of the van, their bodies shaking with the force of their orgasms.

Suddenly, Ryan felt his cock swell inside his mom's pussy, and he knew he was about to cum. He thrust into her one last time, and Monica cried out, her body trembling with pleasure as Ray's hot cum spilled inside her.

Alex's cock twitched inside Laura's pussy, and he knew he was about to explode as well. He slammed his hips forward and felt his cum shoot into her, filling her with his hot seed.

Mark was the last to cum, his cock pulsating inside Judy's wet, welcoming pussy. He grunted with pleasure, his body trembling as he released his hot cum deep inside her.

As the aftershocks of their orgasms subsided, the moms and sons lay panting and sweating in a heap on the van floor, like the scene of some wild group orgy. They were all exhausted but satisfied, their bodies glistening with sweat and cum.

"Oh, baby, that was a good fuck," Judy expressed with a long satisfied sigh.

"It certainly was," Monica agreed.

Their boys were sprawled beneath them, gazing up through their gaping, sweat-soaked cleavage.

"I'm still hard," Mark proudly stated. "Just throwing that out there."

"Yeah, me too," said Ryan, sharing a naughty smile with his mom.

"I guess that makes three of us," Alex added, slouched against the side of the van. His mom was down between his legs, licking on his erect shaft like a kitten lapping at a bowl of milk.

"I think we may just skip going home tonight," Judy grinned, straddling her prone son and lifting his cock-tip to the split of her twat.

"I agree," Monica said, mounting her boy and staring down at his wonder-filled eyes over the swell of her ballooning tits. "Who needs sleep when you can just fuck all night."

Outside, the van's chassis began to rock and whine as the frenzied passion between the three couples inside resumed. Once again, the vehicle became a capsule of ecstasy, suspended in a universe of unrestrained desire as the bodies within collided and tangled in a frenzy of carnal pleasure.

124: Mom's Roommate_1

Doug gave his wife a final kiss before boarding the military aircraft.

"I don't want you to go." She whimpered.

"Honey, I have to...I'm sorry."

Kristen gazed up at him, her big green eyes full of tears. "What if you get hurt...or get killed?"

"Babe, that's not gonna happen...I promise you." Doug said confidently.

As he boarded the plane with the rest his battalion Doug gave a final wave back at his family. Kristen forced a smile and waved back, her 6 year old daughter Cassie stood by her side, holding her hand. On the other side of her was Garret, her lean handsome 18 year old son.

In the face, Kristen Hill looked like a 38 year old version of the actress Melora Hardin. Her body was what many would call voluptuous. It's not that she was fat, or even chubby for that matter. She just had all the right curves, in all the right places.

Even with his mind full of uncertainty Doug couldn't help but admire her beauty from the door of the plane. Her thin cotton baby-blue mini-skirt showed off the flowing contours of her hips and left bare the golden brown glow of her long luscious legs. Her button up white satin stretch blouse hugged the enormity of her middle-aged breasts.

Her sexy little feet were displayed in a pair of dainty sandals with a 4 inch heel. A row of baby blue rhinestones lined the strap crossing her foot, right about her cute little toes with their painted toenails.

The site of her beautiful legs made Doug think about all those nights he had them wrapped around him. All the times that Kristen had clutched him with her silky softness while he bucked in the smooth warm flesh of her saddle. While they did this he would often look back in the mirror across from their bed and marvel at the way her strong legs were wrapped around his midsection, her tiny bare feet flexing and pointing towards the ceiling.

One of the other soldiers broke Doug from his trance. "Sergeant Hill, we gotta move, sir."

As the aircrafts door closed Kristen sniffled and wiped another tear away. She slid her arm around her son and leaned her head to one side, resting it on his shoulder.

"BOOM!!!"

It was nearly two month later that the roadside bomb rattled the humvee with Doug inside. The vehicle toppled into the desert sand, its occupants SCREAMING in pain.

Doug only remembered a few moments before blacking out. He hung upside down. The door had imploded from the blast and crushed his legs. He could feel the blood trickling from a gash in his forehead.

"Kristen." He muttered.

As his body went into shock he had a sudden vision of his wife, her big beaming green eyes staring into his...full of love. He saw her silky tan legs through the mirror, clutching around him, her little feet flexing...bobbing in the air from the power of his thrusts.

Then...everything went black.

"Douglas?"

Doug's eyes peered open and into the face of a military doctor.

"Can you hear me Douglas? Can you hear my voice?" The man asked.

"Yes." Came the reply.

"That's good...that's excellent." The doctor smiled.

Doug gazed around the room. "Where am I?"

"You're back home. You're at the Base Hospital. You're battalion took quite a hit. You've been in a coma for about six days."

"Where's my wife?" Doug asked.

"She's been here a lot by your side, but it's the middle of the night. I'll have the nurse call her right away," the doctor said.

"Thank you."

Thirty minutes later Doug heard the rushing CLICK of his wife's heels moving up the hospital hallway. She stepped into the room, her beautiful face glowing with anticipation.

"Ohhh Doug." She said in relief, rushing over and carefully embracing him on the bed.

"Hi baby." He said, nearly in tears himself.

The early morning hours passed and after a series of scans and examinations of Doug the doctor joined Doug and his wife in Doug's room.

"So doc, my legs...are the done for good?" Doug asked.

"I'm afraid so, Doug. The force of that blast not only did severe damage to your legs, but also your spinal column. The good news is you still have healthy blood flow, which prevented us from having to amputate. However, it's gonna be a long road to recovery," the doctor explained.

Kristen looked absolutely devastated. "Will he have any chance of overcoming the paralysis, with the right type of physical therapy maybe?"

"I'm afraid at this point it looks permanent. The damage was just too severe. I'm sorry."

The doctor left the room and Kristen seemed to stare into space as if shocked by the news. Doug squeezed her hand.

"I'm sorry baby." He said.

"You lied." She muttered.

"What?"

She glared down at him, her eyes full of tears. "You lied to me. You promised me nothing would happen to you over there. YOU FUCKING LIED!"

Kristen stood up, pulled her hand away from Doug's and began sobbing as she stormed out of the room.

"Kristen...Kristen, come back. Baby I'm..."

It was nearly 5am when Kristen arrived back home. They chose a modest three bedroom ranch in a middle-class neighborhood, just across town from base.

The middle aged Mom moved up the hallway and peeked in on her daughter. She found Cassie sleeping comfortably.

A few minutes later 18 year old Garret turned onto his side in bed. His eyes peeked open and he saw his mother's curvy silhouette in his doorway. She was leaning with her hands against the doorframe and just seemed to be hovering there...watching him.

"Mom, everything ok with dad?"

Kristen slowly sashayed across the room and sat on her son's bedside. "Thank you for staying here and watching your sister for me."

"Of course."

"Your dad's awake, but I'm afraid his injuries are pretty extensive," she said, then went on to explain the doctor's findings.

"So when's he coming home?" Garrett asked.

"Not positive yet. The doctor said as early as a few days."

"Wow, I can't believe all of this has happened." Garrett muttered.

Tenderly, Kristen's brushed her son's bangs out of his eyes with her long nails.

"That makes two of us kiddo." She said.

After a short silence Garrett heard his Mom sniffle.

"Don't cry Mom. It'll be ok."

She rubbed his strong shoulder. "I know sweetie. It's just..."

"It's just what?" He asked.

Even in the dim early morning darkness Garrett could see his mom's misty eyes, gazing down at him.

"Can I just...lay here with you for awhile. Do you mind?" Kristen asked softly.

"No, not at all, Mom," he said, scotching over on his small twin sized bad.

Kristen slipped her little feet from their heels and curled her luscious legs up on her son's bed. Garrett was on his back and she slid over close to him, laying on her side and resting her head on his shoulder.

"Will you hold me?" She sniffled.

"Sure, Mom," he muttered, curling his arms around her.

Garrett felt the supple flesh of her big mommy-breasts squash against the side of his chest. They felt full and heavy, much different from those of the girls at school.

Kristen grazed her hand across his cheek. "My precious baby...such a strength to me."

"Anything you need, Mom," he answered, giving her arm an assuring rub.

Kristen slid her naked leg up across the top of her sons, grazing her tiny bare foot up his thigh. Garrett was excited by the feeling. Soft smooth skin rubbing against his own.

"Thank you sweetie. I'm gonna need you a lot I think."

Two hours later, sunshine peered though the shades.

"Mommy."

Kristen lifted her head off her son chest and saw her daughter Cassie standing beside the bed, still in her PJ's.

"Good morning sunshine," the Mom smiled.

Cassie looked at her brother and the way her mom was nearly sprawled out on top of him. "Why are you in Garrett's bed?"

"Garrett and I were cuddling some this morning."

Waking, Garrett was kinda surprised by the way his mom laying on him. One of her naked legs was still draped across his midsection and both her big tits were now mashed against his chest. A few of the top buttons to her blouse had popped open and he could see a huge bulging cleavage straining again the lacy hem of her white bra.

"Fucking hell." Garrett thought as he felt a surge of blood enter his pecker.

"Oh, will you come cuddle with me next?" Cassie asked, with a cuteness that no mother could resist.

Kristen giggled. "Well I would, but it looks like it's time for you and your brother to get ready for school."

Cassie stomped out of the room in a tiff. "Aww, I hate school."

Kristen giggled again, then propped herself up on her elbows, gazing down at her teen. "Good morning" she said affectionately.

"Guess we fell asleep huh?" Garrett said.

"Yeah, I guess so. Wish we didn't have to get up though," she answered, making a cute little pouty face.

Garrett's erection was now at full attention. Having risen to her elbows, his Mom was exposing a lot more tit-meat. Huge bulging mounds of soft flesh were spilling over the tops of her bra cups and

Garrett found himself gawking into the deep gaping pocket of exposed cleavage.

"Thank you for letting me snuggle. I sooo needed it," she said.

"Anytime, Mom," he said, half-blushing.

As she slid off him, Kristen's inner thigh rubbed across her son's long rigid love-muscle. "I suppose I should get you two some breakfast."

Garret laid there awkwardly, attempting to conceal the tent in his sheet. "Yeah, I'll get up in a sec."

Rising to her feet, Kristen stood bedside, placed her hand on her hips and smiled down at her boy. "You don't have to be embarrassed about that you know."

"About what?"

She glanced at the still obvious protrusion, then back into his eyes. "That."

"Ohh...yeah." He mumbled timidly.

"You may be my first, but I do know some things about teenaged boys. It's called a piss hard-on and it probably gets like that every morning...am I right?" Kristen asked, feeding him a quirky smile.

"Yeah...pretty much."

Kristen smiled proudly, bent over and poked her son in the ribs, making him squirm. "See, I know more about you than you think."

Garrett watched her stroll towards the door. He could see the indentation of the hem of her panties through her skirt and her meaty buttocks seems to have little extra sway as she stepped towards the hallway.

Before rounding the corner, she peeked back, smiling almost naughtily and gave him a cute little wink.

The sheet rose upward as Garrett's rock hard erection flexed and throbbed beneath it.

Kristen glanced at it and giggled. "Show off." She disappeared from the doorway.

"Hooly shit." Garrett muttered excitedly, under his breath.

That afternoon Kristen took the kids over to see Doug at the hospital. Cassie snuggled up beside her daddy and Doug's wife sat on the other side of him. Garrett sat across the room in a chair.

"I missed you daddy." Cassie said.

Doug kissed his daughter on the forehead. "Missed you too pumpkin."

She squeezed her father. "I want you to come home."

"Cassie, be careful honey, you're daddy is still quite sore." Kristen said.

She kissed him on the cheek. "Sorry, daddy."

Doug looked across at his son. "That's ok, precious. Garrett, how you doin' buddy?"

"I'm ok dad," Garret answered.

Cassie seemed jealous that the attention was drawn from her. "Mommy slept in Garrett's bed last night."

Kristen fed her daughter a stern look. "Cassie, hush your mouth."

"Well you did, Mommy."

Kristen looked at her husband as he returned an inquisitive smile. "Garrett and I were having a chat after I got home and I fell asleep on his bed."

"Mommy was laying on top of him this morning." Cassie said.

"Cassie Hall...I most certainly was not, now I told you to hush. I was giving Garrett a hug when she walked in...wasn't I?" Kristen asked, looking over at Garrett.

Garrett nodded, knowing his Mom was lying and that he woke up with her on top of him. "Yeah."

"Well I got good news. The doctor said I can come home in two days." Doug said.

"Yay!" Cassie cheered.

"I'll have to come back for physical therapy twice a week, but otherwise I'll be good to go."

Kristen smiled and patted his hand. "That's great sweetie."

"Yeah, awesome, Dad." Garrett added.

"Well, I better to get the kids home so they can get started on their homework." Kristen said.

"Awww, I wanna stay with daddy. " Cassie whined in protest.

Doug hugged her tight. "Daddy will be home in a few days pumpkin."

They gave their hugs and said their goodbyes and Doug watched his little family move down the hallway towards the elevator. Kristen was wearing a pair of low cut jeans that looked as though they were sculpted around her luscious ass. She also wore a sexy white tank top and mini platform sandals with a 4 ½ inch heels.

As they waited for the elevator Doug took a second to admire how sexy her little feet looked ached in them. Her cute little toes peeked out the bottom, with their red painted toenails. There's no doubt that his wife of twenty years was built like a brick shit house.

Again he remembered peering back at her in the mirror as they made love so many times through the years. He remembered staring at those smooth golden brown legs as they kept his body locked between them. Her muscles tensing. Her sexy little bare feet flexing.

Normally Doug would feel his penis get hard about now, but this time it wasn't happening. He glanced down at his lap a it lay flat and motionless.

DING!!

The elevator door opened and just before they entered Doug noticed that Kristen's hand slowly crept over into Garrett's, interlacing her fingers between his, then led him and their daughter into the elevator.

Later that evening Garrett was hanging out in his large walk-in closet. He appropriately called this place his "Man Cave." He sat in a padded swing chair that was suspended by a large metal stand and was surrounded by a lot of his favorite things.

"Garrett?" He heard his mom call from inside his bedroom.

He glanced up from his laptop where he was chatting with pals on Facebook. "In here Mom."

The closet door opened and Kristen stepped inside.

"I should have known you'd be hanging out in your Man Cave," she giggled.

"You know me," he said.

Kristen closed the door behind her. Her hair was still damp and slicked back from a shower and she wore nothing but a white short satin robe.

"Well I finally got your sister to sleep. Whiny little thing," she said, making her son giggle.

"You can say that again," he added.

Kristen smiled as she moved past a large poster on the wall of a voluptuous women in nothing but a white bra and panty set. The women's deep tan was nearly same shade as her own. "She's pretty. Who is that?"

Garrett looked up the poster. "Umm her name's Denise Melani."

Kristen smiled and pointed at the woman's lacy, almost transparent bra. "That's funny, I think I have that same bra."

"Really?" Garrett asked.

"Yeah, I had no idea they had matching panties for it. Hmmm."

Kristen strode past her son and sat down on a small bench in front of him. The robe gathered a bit at her waist exposing her smooth shapely legs in their entirety. She rested both palms on the bench by her hips, thrusting the swell of her huge mommy-boobs out just a little. Her legs were together and her knees were slightly cocked to one side.

Garrett could smell the sweet scent of her recently applied shea-butter and noticed that her tan legs looked nearly as smooth and shimmery as the satin robe she was wearing.

"So, you must be excited for dad to come home finally," he said.

"Yeah...I guess," she answered unenthusiastically.

"It's gonna be a big change for him, huh?"

Kristen looked at her son and smiled. "It's gonna be a big change for all of us, which is kinda what I wanted to talk to you about."

"Okay."

"They're sending your father home with his own bed, one of those fancy automated ones. He'll be in a wheel chair, so he'll need a lot of space. I thought maybe if you didn't mind, we could move the king sized bed down here and...I could share your room with you for awhile." Kristen explained.

Garrett's heart began to thump hard in his chest. "You mean a bedroom to...like sleep in...together?

Kristen giggled. "Of course...that is what you do in a bedroom knucklehead."

Garrett smiled awkwardly. "No...umm, I don't mind. Whatever I can do to help, Mom."

"I know you're father's not gonna like the idea, but he has to deal with the realities of his injury. It's just the way it has to be for now."

Garrett nodded, still flabbergasted by her request. "I agree."

"Thank you sweetie. Are you sure you're okay with being roommates with Mom?" Kristen asked with a smile.

"Yeah, of course."

Kristen placed her hands on her knees, leaning forward a little. "You know buster...sharing a room with me might just have its advantages."

"What kind of advantages?" Garrett asked.

Kristen peered up at the poster of the nearly naked woman, then back at her boy. "You'll see," she said, with a mischievous smile.

"If dad's coming home this weekend how are we gonna move all your stuff down here by Saturday?"

Kristen nodded. "Well, tell you what, why don't we keep you home from school tomorrow and we can spend the day setting up our bedroom."

Garrett rolled his eyes. "Oh great now you tell me, after I did all that homework."

Kristen giggled. "Oh stop your whining, You're starting to sound like your little sister."

"I don't think that's possible, Mom."

Kristen stood up, making her heavy tits bobble beneath the loose thin covering.

"Sadly, I think your right. Stand up here and give me a hug."

Garrett stood and he and Kristen embraced. The euphoric feeling of warm braless breasts against his young chest nearly took his breath away.

"Don't stay up too late. You and I have a busy day tomorrow," she said.

"I won't."

Kristen started out, but then stopped at the door. "Oh, and I'll make a deal with you...cuz I'm gonna need some closet space. I'll let you keep the back half of the Man Cave, but in return I get to doll up our bedroom."

"Doll up?" Garrett asked.

"You know. Some delicate lace...lots of fluffy whites and pale pinks. You've seen my bedroom."

Garrett giggled. "Ohh right...okay I guess."

"It'll be pretty...and comfy...you'll see," she said with a wink as she stepped out the door.

The next morning Garrett entered the kitchen to find his Mom at the sink on her cell phone. His sister was at the table chomping on some cereal.

Kristen spoke to her husband on her cell. "Hey hon, it's me...how are you this morning?"

It didn't take Garrett long to notice what his mom was wearing...a white smocked tube top and tight hot pink terry shorts.

"Listen, I probably won't be dropping by today...I'm keeping Garrett home from school so we can do some rearranging before you come home tomorrow." Kristen said.

Cassie glared at her brother. "You get to stay home? No fair!"

"I'm helping Mom today," he said.

"I wanna help toooo." Cassie whined.

Kristen padded on bare feet over to the fridge to put something away. "Well, you're gonna need the space in the master bedroom, so I've decided that Garrett and I are gonna share his bedroom for awhile."

"What, you get to share a room with Mom?!" Cassie said in a huff.

"Doug I've already talked to Garrett and he's fine with it...ugh, no, I'm sorry, but I'm not sleeping in one of those damn hospital beds." Kristen continued.

Cassie glared at her brother. "I wanna be in Mom's room."

"You better eat, you're gonna miss the bus." Garrett said.

Kristen continued to clean. "Sweetie I know you have to use it...and that's fine. We're gonna get rid of Garrett's bed and use the king size bed for him and I."

"No fair, you get to sleep with Mom." Cassie was near tears at this point.

Kristen glanced at the clock, then over at her daughter. "Cassie, school bus honey."

"I know." Cassie said, grabbing her backpack and stomping away.

Garrett couldn't help but stare at his mom's silky tan legs as he watched her talk to his father on the phone.

"I know honey and I knew you wouldn't like it, but Doug it's just the way it has to be right now. I'm sorry," she said, then turned towards her son, leaning back against the sink.

"Anyway, I gotta go...poor Garrett's been sitting here waiting patiently. I'll call you this afternoon...love you too...bye."

Kristen smiled and strolled towards her son. "Well that went over like I thought it would."

"Mom, I've been thinking...you and Dad's bed is huge. Is it even gonna fit in my room?" Garrett asked.

Kristen smiled and brushed bangs out of his eyes with her nails. "Well, it might be ALL bed in there when we're finished, but we'll make it fit...one way or another."

A little while later Garrett and Kristen wrestled the giant top mattress down to their tiny bedroom.

The big busted mom giggled as she nearly fell over maneuvering it onto the box spring. Once in place she fell back onto the mattress with a big SIGH.

"My God this bed is a monster," she said, crawling to the center of the mattress.

"I still can't believe we got it in here." Garrett said.

Kristen padded the bed beside her. "Come rest with me a minute."

"Sounds good to me." Garret said, crawling onto the mattress and sprawling out onto his back.

Kristen nuzzled close, draping an arm and legs across him. Garrett let out a tired breath and his mom lifted her head to look at him.

"You okay?" She asked.

"Yeah, why?"

She got a playful smile. "Just making sure. Last time we were like this you were sprouting quite the piss hard-on," she said with a little grin.

"Jeez, Mom," he blushed.

"Well, you were...then you were trying to act like I couldn't see it."

"I'm sorry...it just happens."

Kristen burst out giggling. "I'm just teasing you, sweetheart. It really doesn't bother me. Erections are a natural function of a boys body and remember, we're roommates now, so I don't want you too feel like you have to hide it every time it happens okay?"

Garrett nodded, still a tad embarrassed.

"Hey..." Kristen said, gazing down at him with those brilliant green eyes. "I mean it...we're sharing a bedroom, sweetie, which means we're gonna see things. Things that we probably wouldn't normally see. Just promise me you won't be embarrassed when it happens okay?"

Garrett nodded with a smile. "Okay."

"Good, cuz if you do get embarrassed...I'm gonna TICKLE you," she said, then dug into her son's ribs.

Garrett laughed and flopped around, trying to escape his mom's fingers.

Kristen pulled him back down onto his back, then threw her leg across his lap and mounted him. Garrett thrust his hips over and over, trying to buck her off.

Kristen giggled as she rode his teenaged loins. Her big mature tits jumped up and down under the tube top. The hem crept down and her jugs nearly spilt out.

Garrett stopped bucking and had an astounded smile. "Mom, you're gonna lose your top."

She didn't pull it up, but grabbed his hands and pinned them back against the mattress. "That IS a possibility."

With his Mom leaning forward Garrett was exposed to an obscene amount of cleavage. "What's that suppose to mean?"

Kristen gazed down into his eyes with a quirky little smile. "This is my bedroom too remember? So if my boobs fall out of my top while I'm tickling you...then I guess you're just gonna have to deal with it."

"Deal with this," he said, quickly rolling his mom over onto her back.

Kristen let out a playful SCREAM and found her son on top of her. She immediately brought her naked legs up and wrapped them around him.

When they both stopped giggling they found themselves sharing a prolonged gaze. The seeds of forbidden desire were just starting to sprout and they were both feeling it.

Being this close and flirty with his own voluptuous middle-aged mom was an absolute rush for young Garrett.

For Kristen, having her own innocent teenaged son between her legs was absolutely exhilarating.

Garrett slowly pried himself out from between his mom's legs and off the bed, trying his best to conceal his growing erection. "I guess we should get back to work huh?"

Kristen rose up, resting on one elbow and stared at him with a naughty little smile. "Get back here," she said softly, beckoning him with her finger.

Garrett gazed a her a second. Her long luscious legs were stretched out and her tube top pulled nearly off, revealing the tops of her enormous breasts.

Garrett crawled back onto the mattress and Kristen guided him back down between her silky legs. Again she threw them up around him, this time criss-crossing her ankles together above his ass, locking him in.

She could feel the obvious bulge resting against her. "We're not gonna be embarrassed, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah...I remember." Garrett said, still somewhat timidly.

"You're not gonna try and hide it anymore, right?"

Garrett nodded.

Kristen giggled, lifted her head and planted a quick kiss on his lips "Thank you," she whispered, then unlocked her legs and watched the cute teen squirm away.

Before noon Kristen and Garrett were able to get most of her things moved out of the master bedroom, but their new bedroom was now a disorganized mess.

Garrett came down with one of the final boxes from his mom's closet. "Hey Mom, what's this? It's a box that says 'honeymoon' on it."

Garrett handed her the box. Kristen placed it on the bed and opened it. "Oh, these are things from the honeymoon your father and I took to Mexico."

"Oh, like stuff you guys bought there?"

"Yup" she answered, thumbing through the items.

"That looks like a bikini." Garrett said.

Kristen lifted a skimpy pink string bikini from the box. "It is...it's the one I wore on the beach practically the entire time we were down there."

Garrett stared at the tiny patches of fabric. "No way that thing's a bikini," he said jokingly.

"Do I have to prove it?"

Garrett knew his answer, but he didn't wanna seem too excited. "If you want to I guess."

"Well if I try it on I'm gonna have to do it before your sister gets home. It's not the kinda thing I'd want her seeing me in."

"I was just kidding, Mom. You don't really have to. " Garrett said, a little surprised that his Mom took his joke so serious.

"No, I don't mind. I've been wanting to try it on again anyway. Just do me a favor and lower the shades. We don't need the nieghbors seeing me parade around in this thing." Kristen said with a giggle.

Garrett's heart was racing. "Naw, I guess that wouldn't be good."

Kristen carried the bikini out of the room. "Back in a few minutes."

It was longest few minutes of Garrett's life. Finally, he heard his mom stepping up the hallway.

"Just remember, I'm a little chunkier now than I was at 18," he heard his mom say as she approached.

As Kristen rounded the corner and into the bedroom, Garrett literally felt his mouth fall open.

The skimpy two-piece barely covered her. Huge rolls of tit-flesh were spilling out everywhere. The bikini fit snug around her curvaceous middle-aged body and the bottoms were so tight that they literally molded around the grooves of her snatch. Her dark tan against the pink nylon fabric looked stunning.

With one leg cocked out in front of her, Kristen placed her hands on her hips and fed her son a playful smile. "Well, what do you think?"

Garrett could hardly speak. "I see now why you wanted to close the shades."

Kristen giggled, then turned, displaying her backside for the captivated teen.

"Oh wow." Garrett muttered.

They weren't g-string bottoms, but they were far from modest. Kristen's meaty ass cheeks literally spilt out from under them and put on display the type of ass that boy's Garrett's age dream about.

"Well, definitely more snug than it used to be." she said.

"Anybody home?" Came a female voice from the front door.

The voice startled Garrett, but Kristen seemed unphased as she looked out the door into the hallway. "Down here Momma."

Garrett gazed at his mom like she was insane. She smiled back reassuringly. "It's ok...it's just Grandma."

Dolores stepped into the doorway with a huge smile. She was a gorgeous 57 year old. An older version of Kristen, big tits and all.

"Well, look at you two. Having a fashion show in here are we?" Dolores said.

Kristen kissed and hugged her mom. "I was just trying on old bikini for Garrett."

"God, I haven't seen you in that since we shopped before your wedding. Honey, you look stunning."

"Thanks, Momma," Kristen smiled.

"And I'm sure my Grandson more than agrees, don't you handsome?" Dolores, asked as she stepped over and hugged Garrett.

"Yeah, hi Grandma."

Dolores eye-balled the huge bed that filled the room. "I was just on my way over to say hi to Doug, thought I'd stop by and see how the new bedroom was coming along."

"Well, everything of mine is moved out of Doug's room, now I just have to start organizing." Kristen said.

"Oh I think this room is going to be sooo perfect for the two of you...I really do." Dolores said, feeding her daughter a warm meaningful smile.

Kristen smiled in return. "I do to."

Dolores turned towards her Grandson. "And sharing that big fluffy bed with such a beautiful mother. How exciting."

This made Garrett smile and glance at Kristen, who fed him a loving wink.

Dolores glanced at her daughter's huge tits. "Honey, I hate to say it but if those boobs get any bigger, you're gonna topple right over."

Kristen's breasts jiggled as she laughed. "That's ok...I have a nice strong roommate to catch me if I do," she said, leaning against her son.

"Well remind me the next time you're over. I have a bunch of satin bras that are all 44 triple-d's. I never wear them and they might actually fit you now."

"Thanks, after I gave birth to Cassie I think I left Double-D land for good." Kristen said.

Dolores pulled a photograph out of the honeymoon box. It was a picture of Doug and Kristen, newly married and on a beach in Mexico. Doug was holding Kristen piggy-back style, her big bikini-clad tits were flattened against his back.

"What a happy memory." Dolores said.

Kristen smiled, gazing at the picture. "You should take it with you and show Doug. I don't think he's seen that picture in years."

"Wonderful idea, darling. I better head over there now and let you two love-birds get back to work."

Kristen walked with her Mom to front door. "Love you, Momma. Tell Doug I'll give him a call a little later ok."

Dolores left and Kristen sashayed back into her and her son's bedroom. "Well, I better get out of this bikini before your sister gets home. Will you do me a huge favor?" Kristen asked, batting her eyelashes.

"Sure Mom."

Kristen stopped in front of him and rubbed his shoulder tenderly. "Will you take your sister to ballet while your mom stays here and works her magic on our bedroom?"

"No problem, Mom."

She gazed up at him with love in her eyes. "You're so good to me. You know, with everything that's happened...I'd be completely lost without you."

For the second time that day they shared a deep passionate gaze. Kristen stood up on her cute little tip toes and brought her lips to her sons. "Thank you," she whispered.

She gave him a peck on the lips...then another...then another, gazing into his eyes and savoring his innocence.

They heard the SCREECH of breaks outside and Garrett's eyes got big. "School bus!"

Kristen gave him another quick peck. "Shit!" she giggled.

She started to leave, but then rushed back and gave her son more kisses, like a playful little schoolgirl. Both of them were laughing at this point.

"Geez, Mom."

Garrett watched her gracefully trot out of the bedroom, her big fleshy tits bobbling wildy under the flimsy bikini sling.

"Well, you look chipper today, son-in-law of mine." Dolores said as she entered Doug's hospital room.

"Chipper as one can be under the circumstances I guess." He smiled.

Dolores stepped over and sat on his bedside. "Well I just came from your place, Garrett and Kristen's room is looking wonderful. You should see them...they're so cute...like young newlyweds setting up their new bedroom together."

"I still don't think it's necessary," he said, shaking his head.

"You should be thankful. They're working their asses off today to make sure you have a comfortable room at home. I hope you appreciate the sacrifice that they're making."

"I'd appreciate being able to share a room with my wife."

Dolores glared at him. "Well, sweetheart, maybe you should have thought about these things before you went and played soldier and got yourself all banged up."

"Oh I'm sorry Dolores, I was out defending my country. What was I thinking," he answered sarcastically.

Dolores reached in her purse and pulled out the photograph. "Oh, before I forget I told Kristen I'd bring this over for you to look at."

Doug smiled when he saw the picture. He and his wife looked so young and happy in it. "It's our honeymoon. I haven't seen this picture in years."

Dolores gazed at her daughter in the picture. "Wasn't she beautiful and she still looks just as dazling in that little pink bikini. She was modeling it for Garrett when I got to the house."

"She was wearing that bikini? In front of Garrett?" Doug asked.

"Well Doug, maybe you've been too busy to notice, but Garrett isn't a little boy anymore. He's more than old enough to handle seeing a gorgeous big breasted woman in a skimpy bikini."

"Well yeah, but when the gorgeous women is his mother, then that's a different story."

"Well darling let's be realistic, Kristen may be his mother, but they're sharing a bedroom now. Garrett's probably going to be seeing her in all sorts of skimpy things and chances are there will be times he even sees her completely naked." Dolores explained.

"No, you're wrong. Kristen would never let that happen."

"Oh sweetie, I wouldn't be so sure about that. You and I both know that Kristen is completely comfortable with her body. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if young Garrett has already seen her in the nude."

Doug was getting a tad bit irritated at this point. "That may be the case, but I think she has a bit more modesty around her son than that."

"Well, I can tell you one thing for sure...that bikini she was wearing for him today sure wasn't covering much." Dolores countered.

"Yeah well, I guess I'll have to talk to her about that." Doug said.

Dolores giggled and rubbed her son-in-law's shoulder. "You do that, darling."

Late that afternoon Garrett arrived back at the house after taking his sister to ballet. He and Cassie entered the bedroom to find his mom straightening out one of her drawers. Other than that the room was finished.

Kristen turned towards her son with a smile. "Tah-dah!" She said proudly.

The bedroom was bright and feminine. There were a few floral arrangements here and there and big fluffy white down on the bed, with delicate lace.

"Wow, this looks great, Mom." Garrett said.

"You think so?"

Again, Cassie stuck out her bottom lip. "Noo fair, I want mom to share my room with meeee."

"Speaking of your room, it's a disaster, young lady...let's get it clean okay?"

"Can you help me?" Cassie pleaded.

"Go in and get started, I'll be in a few minutes to check up on you."

Cassie hung her head low and marched to her own bedroom. Grinning from ear to ear, Kristen motioned for her son to follow her to the closet. In the front half hung all of her clothing, but the back half, separated by a semi-transparent curtain divider, was Garrett's retreat.

"As promised, I left you a little man-cave," she said with a giggle.

"Sweet," he smiled, pulling back the curtain to see his little space, which was just big enough for his swing chair and a few other things.

"Guess what?" Kristen asked him, seeming anxious.

"What?"

"Your Grandma offered to take Cassie for the night so you and I can go on a date."

Garrett gave her a strange smile. "A date?"

"Yeah, you know...dinner, maybe a walk along the beach. Come on, it's Friday night...it'll be fun."

Garrett giggled a little and nodded. "Okay I guess."

Later that evening Dolores came to get Cassie and Kristen and Garrett got dressed up to go out. Since it was still warm out Garrett decided on a pair of khaki shorts and a polo.

Cassie rushed out the front door. "I'll be in the car Grandma."

"Okay, Pumpkin." Dolores said.

Dolores stepped up to her Grandson. "I think you've really made an impression on your mother here lately," she said, straightening his collar. "Boys who make an impression on their mother can sometimes find themselves on the receiving end of something very special."

Dolores gave him a smiling wink. "Have fun tonight...and don't be afraid to romance her."

Garrett was watching baseball in the living room when he heard the click of his mom's heels coming down the hallway.

"Ready to hit the town, handsome?" She asked.

Kristen sashayed towards her son in a black knit, stretch-fit mini-dress, which had a sleeveless, tie-back halter top. It looked as though it were sculpted around her curves. She had on a little make-up, but didn't need much. Her feet were arched in a dainty pair of black mini-platform leather sandals, with 4 ½ inch spiked heels.

Garrett's heart beat heavy as his eyes traveled from her sexy little feet up her smooth luscious legs.

"Wow, you look great, Mom."

She fed him a flirty little smile, raising one eyebrow. "You look pretty good yourself, Romeo."

Kristen took her son to a nice restaurant. A hot middle-aged mom out with an attractive teenaged boy resulted in more than a few whispers amoung other patrons.

"I saw them setting up for the tri-city carnival over at the fairgrounds today." Garrett said as they ate.

"Mmm, I love that fair. We should go this year." Kristen answered.

"Dad hates that fair. He says he doesn't trust all those creepy carny people that put those rides together."

Kristen took a sip up wine. "Well then your dad can stay home and you and I'll go."

Garrett chuckled. "And I'm sure Cassie will want to tag along."

"Well too bad. I'm sure she'll be going with her friends like she did last year. I refuse to listen to her or you dad whine every time you and I want to spend time alone together."

Kristen cell phone went off and she looked at it. "Speaking of your father...shit, I forgot to call him before we left."

Kristen answered and Garrett listened to her conversation while he ate.

"Hey, honey...yeah I'm sorry...things just got really busy. How are you doing?"

Doug sat in his hospital bed on the phone with the ballgame on. "Ready to get out of this damn hospital and eat some real food."

"I bet. Did they say what time they're bringing you home tomorrow?"

"No, they just said sometime in the morning. What are you guys up to tonight?" Doug asked.

"Well, right now Garrett and I are out to dinner at Seasons. Mom took Cassie for the night."

Doug seemed surprised. "Seasons huh, pretty expensive night out."

"Yeah well, Garrett's been a big help lately. I wanted to take him somewhere special."

Doug glanced down at the honeymoon photograph on his lap. "Well I heard he got to see his mom in a pretty provocative bikini today...wasn't that special enough?"

"Well I don't know...I guess you'd have to ask him how special it was." Kristen said, looking across the table and giving her son a wink.

Garrett took a bite of his dinner and seemed confused. "How special what was?"

Doug didn't seem amused. "Come on Kristen, do you really think that's something you should be wearing around him? I mean it's hardly modest even by today's standards."

Kristen forced a smile. "Doug, I really can't have this conversation with you right now. Garrett and I are gonna finish eating and take a walk along the beach, so call me in the morning just before they bring you home okay?"

"Alright...well enjoy your dinner, tell Garrett I love him and I can't wait to see you guys tomorrow."

Kristen gazed across at her son with a tender smile. Her bright green eyes radiating pure love. "I will. Sweet dreams, hon."

"You too. Love you babe." Doug said.

On the way home Kristen was kinda quiet. Garrett glanced over at her. "You ok, Mom...you seem upset?"

"No, sweetie, I'm fine. I just...I could really use that walk on the beach. You game?"

A few minute later Kristen slipped off her heels and took her son by the hand, leading him onto the moonlit beach.

"Wow, it's really pretty out here at night...and empty." Garrett said.

"It's magical. Places like this make me think of all my hopes and dreams...everything I still want out of life." Kristen said.

Garrett glanced over at her and noticed how graceful she moved, even in the sand. The swell of her big busts seemed to tremble with each step. "So what is it you still want out of life?"

Kristen thought about it for a moment. "I want love...I want passion...I want intimacy....I want more pleasure and more

babies..."

"More babies...really?" Garrett asked.

"Of course, I'm only 38, goofball. I would love to get pregnant again," she said, squeezing his hand.

"So do you think dad..."

"Do I think dad what?" Kristen asked.

"Oh, never mind."

Kristen stopped and faced her son. "Do I think dad will be able to get me pregnant?"

"Yeah."

Kristen seemed somber, yet hopeful. "I don't know yet. With this whole paralysis thing I...I just don't know."

"Well dad loves you...I'm sure he will if he can."

Kristen gazed at her son and nodded. "Yeah well, this is our time together right now, so I really don't wanna talk about your father okay?

Garrett nodded.

Kristen moved in for a big tit-squashing hug. Rather than separate, she rested her head against her son's shoulder. Garrett slid his hand onto her soft well rounded hips.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"For what?"

"For being my strength through all this," she said.

Her warm fleshy tits felt so good mashed against Garrett's chest. "You don't have to thank me, Mom. It's just what son's do."

"I know...but the past few days I feel like you've been more than a son," she said, pulling back and gazing into his eyes. "You've been my best friend."

Garrett smiled. "That's cool that we can be like that."

"Yes it is." Kristen said, then raised up on her tip-toes and gave him a soft peck on the lips. "Let's go home," she whispered.

A half hour later Garrett was crawling into the giant king-sized bed that filled their bedroom. Sleeping in the same bed as his mom would be sort of strange, yet exciting all at the same time.

"So what side do you want on the bed, Mom," he asked.

Kristen was in the closet changing, but Garrrett was unable to see her. "It doesn't matter, sweetie, but I have to warn you...I do have a tendency to be a blanket hog," she giggled.

"That's ok, I usually get hot at night anyway."

Kristen turned off the light in the closet and stepped across the room. She was wearing Garrett's big high school hockey jersey, which fell just below her ass.

"Nice jersey." Garrett said.

"Thanks, it belongs to my hockey hottie of a son. Hope he doesn't mind me wearing it to bed tonight."

Garrett shook his head, watching his mom crawl into bed. "Not at all."

Kristen fell onto her back so that her and Garrett were laying side by side, looking up at the ceiling.

"I had fun tonight," she said.

"Me too...dinner was awesome."

"The walk on the beach was nice too," she said softly.

"Yeah." Garrett muttered.

There was a period of awkward silence before Kristen turned her head to look at her son. "Garrett...will you hold me?"

Garrett's heart started racing. "Umm sure."

Kristen moved up against him, resting her head on his chest and drapping one leg over the top of one of his. Garrett marveled at how soft and smooth it felt. "Good night," she whispered.

"Night, Mom."

His mom's sweet fragrance lingered around them as they drifted off to sleep.

Sometime in the early morning hours Garrett woke up and noticed that his Mom was no longer laying against him. She was still nearby, but was laying on her tummy.

Garrett sat up as he realized that she was uncovered and that the jersey had bunched up around her waist, leaving her panty-covered ass on open display. As if that wasn't thrilling enough, the white panties she was wearing were completely sheer.

The room was too dark to make out the finer details, but there was just enough light for Garrett to make out the crack of her meaty ass and the hairless cleft of her vulva.

The curious teen felt the blood race to his loins. His heart was pounding with wicked excitement as he carefully leaned in for a closer look.

As he crept in closer he could see a few more details. Kristen's buttocks was slightly spread apart and he could see the ring of her cute little butt-hole. He could also just make out her fleshy inner pedals as they peeked out from between the thick outer lips of her labia.

Then it hit him...the aroma of female pussy. His mom's pussy.

"H-h-holy shit," he thought, as he reached down and squeezed the end of his hardening bulge.

Kristen suddenly shifted and Garrett quickly fell onto his back to fake sleep. To his surprise, he felt his Mom crawl over to him, only this time she layed directly on top of him.

His cock lurched as he felt her braless tits roll out onto his chest. Their warm spongy softness, separated by only thin nylon fabric was absolutely euphoric.

His brick hard erection was now trapped against her pubic bone. Kristen rested her head against his shoulder and nustled in close, giving his neck a tender kiss.

Sleep didn't come easy this way for poor Garrett. His cock throbbed for what seemed like hours before he drifted off to sleep again.

He woke to his mom's smiling face as she gazed down into his eyes.

"Good morning sunshine," she said.

"Hi...what time is it?"

"Not really sure...still early I think. Oh wait...I know exactly what time it is..." Kristen said, her eyes getting big.

"What time?"

She quickly dug her fingers into his ribs, making her son flop like a fish. "IT'S TICKLE TIME!"

"Oh God no...not that!" Garret laughed.

Kristen quickly mounted him as she continued her playful attack. "Ohh yes, that!" She giggled.

With his lengthy erection squashed against her mons, Garrett thrust his hips up and down, trying to buck her off. This forced Kristen to fall forward, dropping her chest against his. As Garrett flopped around, lifting him and his mom off the bed over and over, Kristen's big braless tits bounced and bobbled against him.

"Ohh, Mom, you gotta stop!" Garrett begged, while laughing hestarically.

"What's wrong, am I bothering that big monster in your boxers?" She asked playfully.

"No, but I do have to pee."

Kristren wouldn't let up. "Of course you do...that's why they call it a piss hard on, silly boy."

As much as Garrett hated being tickled, the warm flesh of his mom's voluptuousness smothering his lean teenaged body was beyond what words could describe.

Doug wheeled himself in the front door of the house and was kinda surprised at how quiet it was. He heard his wife let out a mischievous GIGGLE from somewhere inside.

Wheeling himself down the hallway, Doug peeked just inside Kristen and Garrett's bedroom.

"Get back over here, young man," he heard Kristen tease.

Doug could see his wife and son frolicking under the covers. Their bodies formed a big bulge in the blankets, which rolled to one side, bounced a few times, then rolled back again, half-way across the bed.

"I mean it, Mom. You gotta stop!"

"When I'm ready," she giggled.

Doug saw his wife's naked legs slide out from under the blankets. It was obvious now that Garrett was on top of her as her smooth tan legs crept up and around his midsection.

Doug felt jealous, yet strangely aroused as he watched his wife's strong luscious legs clutch around their teenaged son's body. Her cute little tan bare feet flexed and pointed, making Doug remember all those times he had looked back in the mirror of their bedroom while he bucked in her saddle.

He looked across the room and sure enough, there on the wall across from the bed was his favorite mirror.

"Good morning, kids!" Doug finally said.

He saw Kristen's head pop up over her son's shoulder and look at him, her hair disheveled.

"Doug??"

Doug tried not to show how bothered he was. "Yup, just got here. The guys are getting ready to bring the bed in."

Kristen slid out from under her son and off the bed. The big jersey was slipping off her shoulder and she straightened it as she padded towards her husband on bare feet.

"You said you would call me," she said.

Doug noticed she was wearing Garrett's jersey, but bit his tongue. "Yeah sorry, it all happened kinda fast this morning."

"Ohh...well..." she bent over and gave him a quick kiss, still seeming a bit out of breath from the mornings activities. "Welcome home, sweetheart" she said with a soft smile.

Doug looked over and saw his son sitting up in bed. A bed that was once his. "Hey, dad," Garrett said, seeming a bit uncomfortable.

Later that day, after getting Doug's room situated Kristen went down to her and Garrett's bedroom and found him in the man cave on his cell phone.

As Garrett sat in his swing talking he saw his mom pull back the curtain just a tiny bit. Kristen was wearing a knee legth smocked strapless dress and her hair was pulled back in a pony. She was in a cute little stance, with one leg straight, the other bent at the knee. The heel of her front foot was kicked up and her cute little toes, with their red toenails, squatting against the floor.

She smiled down at him almost playfully and blew him a kiss.

"Hey Mom, do you care if I hit the tri-state fair for a few hours with Tim and Mitch?"

Kristen nodded, but seemed a tad disappointed. "As long as you three don't cause trouble."

"Cool, she said I could go. All right dude, I'll see you in an hour. Bye." Garrett said into the phone.

"Thanks, Mom, it's the opening day and there's gonna be a few cool bands there."

Kristen dropped down to her knees and crawled up between her son's legs. "I thought WE were going to the fair together?" Kristen

said with a little pouty face.

Garrett leaned back in the swing chair and watched as his mom crawled right up onto him like a prowling cougar. Her massive tits made the bust of the smock stretch way out and as she leaned up against him they half-flattened against his chest. "We can still go," he said.

She softly kissed his lips. "You promise?" She asked, gazing down at him with those big gleaming green eyes.

"Yeah."

Kristen fed him another smacking kiss, slower this time. "You swear?"

"Of course, we can go tomorrow if you want."

Kristen turned over and sat on her son's lap, smothering his hard pecker in soft butt cheeks. She stretched her sexy legs straight out and leaned back against him.

"Your sister's going today with her friends, so don't be surprised if you run into her there."

Garrett was sorta taken back at the way his mom was sitting on him, but he tried not to show it. "Oh great, she'll probably be asking me for money."

Kristen giggled as she used her legs to slowly swing them up and back a few times. "I'll make sure she has plenty so she'll leave you and your friends alone."

Speaking of the obnoxious little sister, Cassie snuck into Kristen and Garrett's bedroom and quietly peeked into the closet. Through the curtain she could see her mom sitting on Garrett's lap, leaning back against his chest comfortably.

"Sure you don't want to hang around here with me today... I think we might have our own little carnival ride here." Kristen said, as she made them swing freely off the floor.

From the way he was sitting Garrett had quite the view. With his mom against his back like this he could stare straight down her smock, into her monster cleavage. When he gazed straight out, he could see her shimmering legs extended out, her sexy little bare feet pointed as they swung up and back only a foot from the floor.

Kristen felt the teenaged dick flex against her ass.

"We could call our ride the amazing boner swing," she giggled.

"Yeah, funny, Mom."

Kristen turned her head and kissed his cheek. "I hope you're not still embarrassed about those."

"Well I had one this morning when you were tickling me...I was ok with it then wasn't I?" Garrett asked.

"Mmm that you were...and I was pretty ok with it too." Kristen said, quickly squeezing her buttocks around the long pipe tucked snug between it's cheeks.

"That's a relief...seeing as it gets like that a lot." Garrett said.

"Well one thing's for sure...it feels pretty darn big...and strong too," she said, feeling her heart flutter.

"What does?"

"That lump in your shorts, silly," she giggled.

"Isn't that how they're suppose to feel?"

"Not when it's your mom's sitting on your lap." Kristen said almost jokingly.

"I'm sorry, guess it is kinda wrong huh."

Kristen kept swinging them, which made her butt-hole grind along the underside of the stiff throbbing cylinder of cock-meat. "Don't apologize, goofball. Do you hear your mom complaining?"

Cassie raced from the doorway and into her father's room. Doug was sitting up in bed watching a baseball game.

"Hey, Pumkin, what are you up to?" Doug asked, as she climbed up on the bed next to him.

"Mommy's sitting on Garrett's lap."

"She is huh...in the kitchen?" Doug asked.

"No, in Garrett's closet, on his swing chair. They were talking about the lump in Garrett's shorts." Cassie said.

Doug look at his daughter, confused. "The lump in his shorts?"

"Daddy, is that when a boys pee-pee gets hard?" Cassie asked.

"Honey, you're way too young to know about that stuff."

"I think it is...cuz mommy was sitting on Garrett's pee-pee in the closet and she said it felt big and strong."

Angered, Doug quickly pulled back the covers and lowered his bed. He tried to manuever into his wheelchair, but failed miserably and dropped to the floor.

"Daddy!" Cassie cried out.

Seconds later Kristen rushed into the room. "Doug?...Oh my God, honey, what happened?"

Doug sat up on the floor. Cassie was bawling at this point.

"Nothing...nothing, I'm fine," he said.

"No you're not fine, you're on the floor. What the hell happened?"

"I just had a little spill. Help me up into my chair, I'll be fine," he said, a tad embarrassed.

Kristen helped her husband off the floor. "Cassie, stop crying honey, daddy's ok."

Cassie rushed out of the room, still crying. "But I made him mad so I made him get hurt."

"What did she do?" Kristen asked, showing some concern.

"Forget it...we'll talk about it later."

Kristen sat on the bed and took her husband's hand. "You know...the kids are both going to the fair tonight and..."

"And what?" Doug asked.

"And...well, it's been over two months," she said, cocking an eyebrow.

"Well, a lot's happened in two months babe, including this." Doug said, motioning to his legs.

"I know but...I just thought, maybe we could try..."

A couple hours later Kristen was pouncing on her husband like a hungry cougar. They kissed desperately as she quickly peeled his

shirt off. Doug was leaned back in bed and Kristen was straddling him.

"Ohhh Doug...ohh God, I need it so bad." She sighed, pulling down her haulter and quickly unclaping her strapless bra.

Kristen's huge tits sprung free from her bra and bobbled around wilding as she kissed on her husband some more.

She began to rock her hips, grinding her swampy cunt against his non-exsistent bulge.

"Oh fuck Doug, I need you!" She cried.

She dismounted and ripped his shorts down to his knees. Without the least bit of hesitation the hungry cock-starved wife dove head first into his groin and started sucking his limp cock.

Her head bobbed up and down frantically, trying to put some life in her husband shriveled appendage. While she sucked Kristen grabbed it at the base and tugged up and down, using all her tricks.

"Please, Doug!" She moaned, then flailed her tongue around the spongy tip of his soft cock.

In one swoop she swallowed his entire dong, right down to his balls and and drug her long pink tongue back and forth across his nuts. Her mouth formed a tight vacuum seal and began to suck hard on his cock.

After a few minutes, Doug's limp pecker POPPED from Kristen's mouth. She reached under her dress and pulled her panties down. Doug watched them slide down her silky tan legs and over her little bare feet.

Again Kristen mounted him. She reached under and grabbed his dick, pulling and tucking. Her dripping cunt hovered right over it,

aching to be stuffed full.

"Fuck me...oh God Doug, please fuck me!" She cried.

Desperately, she brushed the mushroom tip back and forth against her inflamed clit, then down between her gooey slit. With unbridled horniess she bounced up and down against it, trying to force it inside. "Nooo! Oh please, Doug!"

"I'm sorry baby." Doug said in a defeated tone, staring down in between the huge hanging utters bobbling in front of him.

His cock started to worm inside the sucking mouth of Kristen's cunt. "Ohhh, yes, there it is!"

Too wilted to go any further it popped right out.

"FUCK!" Kristen shouted in frustration. She seemed near tears at this point.

"I'm sorry honey, I just can't." Doug said.

Kristen fell to one side of him on the bed and began to sniffle.

Doug reached over and rubbed her shoulder tenderly. "Let me lick you."

Kristen closed her eyes and shook her head, a little tear trickling down her cheek. "Just forget it," she said softly.

"I can still pleasure you."

"No Doug, you can't...but it's ok. I'll be fine," she said, forcing a smile.

"We'll talk to the doctor, maybe there's something we can do...a drug or something to help me get an erection."

Kristen seemed to be staring off into space. "Yeah....maybe."

After a period of discouraged silence Doug said something he shouldn't have. "Well I heard someone else didn't have any problems getting an erection today."

Kristen turned her head and looked at him. "What do you mean by that?"

"Cassie said she saw you sitting on Garrett's lap in the closet and that you commented on how big and hard his... 'boner' was." Doug explained.

Kristen felt her blood boil. After her huge let down she wasn't about to lie regarding the situation with her and her son.

"Garrett and I were having an adult conversation. He's 18 years old, Doug, he's not a little boy anymore."

"All I'm saying is...sitting on his lap...parading around here in front of him in a skimpy bikini...do you really think that's a good idea?" Doug asked, trying not to sound too upset.

Kristen sat up and fed her husband a perturbed glare. "You wanna know what I think...then I'll tell you. I think you have enough issues of your own to deal with right now than to worry about what Garrett and I are doing!"

"I just don't think it's appropriate."

Kristen stood up off the bed, pulling the halter up over her breasts. "Last I checked I was a grown woman. I think I can decide what's appropriate for me and my son thank you very much."

Doug raised his voice a little. "Wrestling around half-naked with him in bed and wrapping your legs up around him like you did this morning...is that what you call appropriate?"

Kristen glared at her husband. "Look, all that's happened has taken an emotional toll on me, Doug and Garrett's been an incredible strength through all this. IT HAS brought us closer as a mother and son and if you don't like you can just go fuck yourself." Kristen said, then glanced as his limp pecker. "If you can even manage that," she said sarcastically, then marched out of the room.

125: Mom's Roommate_2

Garrett got home about 11pm that night to find his mom sprawled out on the couch. "Hey sweetie, how was the fair?"

"The bands were awesome."

Cassie stood at the end of the hallway in her PJ's. "I saw Garrett and his friends flirting with girls, Momma."

"Shut up, I was not." Garrett snapped.

"What are you still doing up, young lady?" Kristen asked, standing from the couch.

Cassie put on her sad face. "I can't sleep."

Kristen gave her son an almost jealous smile as she passed him. "Flirting with the girls huh?"

"We were talking to them...we weren't flirting."

Cassie nodded. "Yes you were."

Kristen guided her daughter away. "Come on, back to bed for you, young lady."

Garrett went into the mancave and sat in the swing on his laptop to check his email. Through the silky curtain he saw his mom stroll into the closet.

"That little girl. I think she had way too much sugar at the fair today." Kristen said.

Through the curtain Garrett could see his mom sliding the halter dress off. His mouth fell open as he realized she was now in just her bra and panties. "Probably," he muttered.

He couldn't make out much detail, but he could see just enough through the semi-transparent cloth to send blood rushing to his teenaged cock.

Kristen reached around and unclasped her strapless bra. "So tell me about the girls that you were flirting with."

Garrett could see the shapes of her her big mommy-boobs wobbling as the sprung free. He could see the large dark circles of areola on the tips. "They're just girls from my school...but I really wasn't flirting."

Kristen grabbed the hem of her little panties and slid them down her legs. "So you haven't had sex with any of these girls?"

Garrett watched for a second as his mom stood there completely nude, brushing back her hair with her long nails. "No, I don't even really know any of them that well."

Kristen threw on her white short silk robe, tied it around her waist, then walked over and peeked around the curtain.

Garrett looked up to see her smiling down at him mischievously. "Are we enjoying the benefits yet?" Kristen asked.

Garrett recalled their discussion the day prior and his mom's comment about the benefits of sharing a room together. He giggled a little under his breath, looking a tad embarrassed. "I guess."

"I'm gonna grab a shower and put on my nightie. Then I'll come back and we'll go to bed, okay?" Kristen asked.

Garrett nodded, his penis starting to throb, his heart starting to race. "Yup."

After her shower Kristen peeked in on her husband. Doug was watching some sports when he heard her tap at the door.

"Garrett and I are going to bed. I just wanted to say goodnight."

Doug felt a surge of jealousy as he looked at his gorgeous wife standing in the doorway in nothing but a tiny robe. Her hair was still damp and slicked back and her smooth tan legs had a light sheen from having just been shaved and lotioned. "I'm sorry about ealier today. I may have overracted I guess," he said.

Kristen strolled over to her husband's bedside and smiled down at him lovingly. "It's been a stressful time for everyone."

"You know I love you right?" Doug asked.

"Yes I do...and I love you too," she answered, then leaned over and gave him a peck on the lips.

When she did this Doug's could see inside the open slit in her robe. He could tell she had on something very sexy and very scanty underneath it. "I'll see you in the morning," she said.

Doug watched his wife stroll out of the bedroom, the pillowy swell of her meaty buttocks swaying gently. He heard her little bare feet pad down the hallway, then his wife and son's bedroom door click closed.

Garrett had just crawled in bed when his mom returned.

"Hey, handsome, you warming that bed up for us?" Kristen asked as she sashayed over to her side.

"Well it's another hot night. Don't want to warm it up too much," he answered.

Garrett watched his mom untie her sash and let the robe slip to the floor. Kristen was wearing a white sheer dainty baby doll nighty with spaghetti straps and matching G-string panties. The set had beautiful detailed butterfly applique.

As she crawled into bed Garrett watched her tits flounder as they strained against the flimsy top. She moved under the big fluffy comforter and slid over against him. "Mmm, I need some snuggle time."

Garrett couldn't help but SIGH as he felt her warm soft flesh smother his side. Kristen lay her head down against his chest and Garrett felt one of her smooth legs slide across his.

"I missed you today," she whispered.

"Missed you too. Did you still wanna go to the fair tomorrow?"

Kristen lifted her head and gazed into his eyes dotingly. "As long as I'm with you I'll go anywhere."

"What if I wanted to hang out at the sewage treatment plant?" Garrett joked.

Kristen giggled and poked him. "Smart ass."

"Well, you said anywhere."

There was a short period of silence before Kristen got a quirky smile. "You're hard again."

"Huh?" Garrett muttered, trying to act stupid.

Kristen gazed down at the obvious protrusion in the blankets. "You have a hard-on silly...just like you did yesterday and last night....and

this morning...and this afternoon and dozens of times in between I'm sure. " she giggled flirtingly.

"Yeah, it does get like that a lot." Garrett blushed.

"Well, that's because it's trying to tell you something."

"Tell me what?"

Kristen looked into his eyes with a innocent smile. "What do you think? When a penis gets hard it mean it needs to be masturbated to orgasm. Sweetie, when was the last time you took care of yourself?"

"Yesterday morning," he answered.

"Yesterday morning?! Garrett Hill, you can't be serious." Kristen said sympathetically.

"Well, we've been kinda busy, Mom."

"I know, baby, but you need to make sure you always take time out of your day for things like that...no matter what's going on." Kristen said.

Garrett glanced towards the door. "Well, I guess I could go into the bathroom and take care of it real quick."

"Don't be ridiculous. This is your bedroom. You shouldn't have to retreat down the hallway every time you need to masturbate." Kristen said.

"I know, but now that we're sharing a room and everything, maybe I..." Garrett started then his mom cut him off.

"Hey, we had this discussion yesterday. Erections and masturbation are a perfectly natural part of life and we're both grown adults, remember?"

Garrett still seemed a bit uncomfortable. "I know, Mom...it just seem a little weird, that's all."

Kristen smiled as she sat up and tucked her legs to one side. "You're just silly. Scootch over here and lay your head on my lap."

Garrett slid over and rested his head against his mom's legs. He felt the breath being sucked from his lungs as he caught site of the underside of her protruding breasts through the flimsy nightie looming over his face. Kristen peeked over the swell of her enormous boobs, smiling down at him.

"Are you comfy?"

"Yeah," he whispered.

"Which hand do you use to stroke yourself off with?" Kristen asked.

"My left."

"That's what I figured. Bring it up here to my mouth," she said.

Garrett brought his hand up and Kristen spit out some saliva into it. "That should get you started until your penis starts leaking out it's precum."

"Ohh umm...okay." Garrett muttered, his heart pounding. "Holy fuck, was this really happening?" He thought.

Kristen stroked his cheek tenderly. "Hey...I want you to just relax and give yourself some pleasure okay? Just like you would if I wasn't here."

Garrett nodded, then reached under the comforter, where his hardness had already found its way out of the fly in his boxers and was standing tall and proud.

He coated the tip with Kristen's spit and started to twist his fist around it. As he began jerking on his rod he looked up again to find his own loving mom smiling down at him.

"There, now doesn't that feel better?" She whispered.

"Yeah." Garrett muttered.

Her big gleaming green eyes were enough to make him melt. "I'm so glad we can share this," she said.

Kristen looked over and watched the blanket rise and fall from her son's jerking. He gradually increased his pace and she looked back down at him, then again at the blanket. Garrett could see the thrill in her expression.

"Oh that's it...make it feel good, sweetie," she said.

Garrett gazed up at the underside of his mom's breasts. Two huge curves of tit-flesh that he was making tremble from his steady fisting.

A lewd creamy sound filled the room as precum now trickled in a constant stream from Garrett's piss-slit and lubricated his shaft.

Garrett mustered up enough courage to ask his mom the unavoidable. "What about you, Mom? You must need to...you know, masturbate too sometimes."

Kristen giggled. "More times than I like to admit."

"Well...you can always join me you know."

Kristen fed him a quirky little smile. "That wouldn't...bother you?"

Garrett smiled, still stroking steadily. "Why would it bother me? This is your bedroom too right?"

"True...guess I shouldn't be afraid to follow some of my own advice huh?"

"Lift up a sec." Kristen slid out from under him and replaced her lap with a comfy pillow for her son.

She sprawled out on her back right beside him and slid under the covers.

Kristen turned her head and kissed Garrett on the cheek. "Are you sure you don't mind if I masturbate with you?"

"Of course not," he answered, trying to conceal his excitement.

"And promise me you won't tell anyone we did this. I mean it sweetie, it's just between us okay?"

Garrett nodded as he watched his mom slip her hand under the blanket. "Don't worry, Mom...I'm not like Cassie. I can keep my mouth shut," he giggled.

"Your sister has the biggest mouth on the planet." Kristen joked.

"I won't argue with that."

"Mmmmhhh." Kristen sighed as she started rubbing her engorged clitoris.

If Garrett's penis wasn't throbbing before, it certainly was now. He felt it flex in his gooey fist.

Mom and son looked up at the ceiling as they stroked on their genitals. Garrett could hear his mother's sharp QUIVERING BREATH as she pleasured herself beside him.

"O-o-ohh yeah, this is soo nice!" Kristen said in a sighing whispered.

Garrett kept a steady pace, jerking on his throbbing cock-rod. "Yeah it is."

Kristen lets out a SHARP BREATH, jerking her head to one side and throwing her knees back. Garrett could see her arm shaking rapidly and knew that she was frantically rubbing her pussy beneath the covers.

"Ohhh...feels soooo good," she whispered.

Garrett felt his mom's free hand slide into his and they interlaced their fingers together. She squeezed his hand tightly as she let out another quivering GASP.

Suddenly Kristen winced and arched her back. "Oh God, I'm gonna cum!!!"

It was the most amazing thing Garrett had ever seen. There he layed on his back stroking his big dick and watching his own busty mom flop around like a fish beside him. It was almost surreal.

"OH SHIT SWEETIE, I'M CUMMING!" Kristen's little voice cried, trying not to be too loud.

She continue her relentless assault on her clit. Her gorgeous mommy-body bounced on the mattress a few more times, then she rolled onto her side against her son.

The hot mom let out a muffled grunt against his bare shoulder. "UUUNNGGHH!!"

"Oh wow, Mom!" Garrett muttered, stroking furiously. His peter was so fucking hard it felt as though it was gonna take off like a rocket.

With her hand still tucked down between her legs, Kristen rolled up against her son's chest. She stared off into space, her eyes glazed with lust, a look of wild euphoric pleasure washed acrossed her face.

"I need more," her voice quivered softly.

One of her silky legs slid across Garrett's dick and before he knew it, his mom was litererally on top of him with her face against his neck. He could feel her little hand tucked inside her panties, rubbing swiftly across her love button. He was now reaching up under one of her legs, keeping a tight stroking grasp on his cum-lathered organ.

Kristen let out a little WHIMPER and Garrett could see her luscious ass start to do a little bounce up and down beneath the covers. He slid his free hand across her back, as if holding onto her. His entire bare chest was plastered in soft squishy tit-flesh and he could literally feel them sloshing between them.

"OH DAMN!" Garrett's voice muttered.

Kristen's fingers were pushed down between her clean-shaven labial meat, frigging her clit in rapid little circles. "Ohhh sweetie, I'm gonna cum again!"

Her ass flew up and down as if it were riding an imaginary cock. Garrett bucked his hips as if he were fucking up into an imaginary cunt. The bedspring began to squeek as their clinging bodies bounced together in wild mutual masturbation.

"Oh shit, Mom!" Garrett sighed, his balls churning.

He felt his mom's warm smothering flesh begin to convulse. She let out a muffled girlish cry into the nape of his neck. "OHH GARRETT!!"

Kristen was struck with one of the strongest orgasms of her life and Garrett was no question only moments away from experiencing a rush of pleasure he never dreamed possible.

"Ohhh, I'm gonna cum too, Mom!" He muttered.

"Oh God...Ohh shit, baby cum with me!" Kristen said in a crying whisper.

Kristen's sexy mommy-body bounced atop her teenager as thick ropes of semen erupted from Garrett's piss-slit, splashing up against the comforter. "UUUNNGGHH SHIT!" He grunted.

While his penis spit gysers of gooey semen, Garrett thust his hips, making his mom's voluptuous body bounce and her big tits CLAP against his chest. The headboard began to BEAT repetitiously against the wall.

Doug was almost asleep when he woke to the THUMPING against the wall. "What the hell?"

After about a dozen dull KNOCKS the noise stopped. Doug carefully slipped out of bed and into his wheelchair. He pushed himself out into the darkened hallway and to the closed door that was Garrett and his wife's.

He listened for a moment and could barely hear what sounded like heavy breathing. He tapped lightly on the door. "Kristen?"

There was no response so he KNOCKED a little harder. "Kristen!!"

"Doug? Honey, what's wrong?" Came his wife's voice from inside the bedroom.

He tried the door, but found it locked. "Can I come in for a second...the door's locked."

After about a half a minute Kristen opened the door just a tad and looked out. She was back in her silk robe. "What is it, what's wrong?"

"I just heard a knocking...sounded like it was coming from in here."

Kristen could feel gobs of cock-cream seeping into the crack of her ass, cascading across her butt hole and down the backs of her legs. "A knocking?? Honey, Garrett and I were almost asleep. Whatever your heard it wasn't coming from in here."

"Well I could have sworn it was coming from the other side of the wall."

Kristen fed her husband patient smile. "Sweetie, this is your first night back home in months. I'm sure it's gonna take some time to get used to all the creaks and knocks again. Just try to get some rest okay?"

"You're right babe. I'll see you in the morning."

"Goodnight." Kristen said as she closed and locked the bedroom door.

Garrett watched his mom step over and turn on the bedside lamp.

"Well someone had a strong orgasm...my ass is absolutely drenched." Kristen said with a giggle.

"Sorry. Want me to go grab a washcloth?"

"No, probably not a good idea. You're father heard the headboard pounding against the wall. If he saw you fetching a washcloth I think it would be pretty obvious what we were up to in here, don't you?" Kristen asked.

"Yeah I guess your right."

Kristen placed one of her bare feet on the bed and started rubbing Garrett's cock-cream across her silky leg as if it were a lotion. "That's ok...semen is rich in vitamin E...makes a great moisturizer for the skin."

"Are you serious?" Garrett giggled.

"Yes I'm serious. A lot of women love using male ejaculate on their skin. Not only that, but I've read articles that say that semen ingestion is also good for women. It has sugar-based enzymes that help lower stress." Kristen explained.

Garrett couldn't tear his eyes away from his mom's shapely tan leg which seemed to shimmer with silk-softness as she reached out and applied a healthy dose of spunk. "So by ingestion...you mean swallowing it?"

Kristen giggled. "Yes swallowing it, goof-ball. How else would a woman ingest it?"

"Yeah but doesn't that stuff taste nasty?"

Kristen gave him a questioning look. "You mean to tell me you've never tasted your own ejaculate."

"No way...that's just seems gross!"

Kristen giggled playfully. "It is not gross. You just need to try it and you'll see what I mean."

"Too late, Mom...it's already all over your legs."

Kristen lowered her foot back to the floor and placed her hands on her hips, making her big busts protrude outward.

"Oh what a shame...well I guess we'll just have to make more then, won't we?"

"Right now?"

"Yup, right now buster...and don't tell me you can't. You're a healthy teenage boy, so I know better." Kristen said, grabbing his hand and playfully pulling him from the bed.

"Where are we going?" Garrett giggled.

Kristen jumped up on his back piggy-back style, making her son reel back and forth for a moment. "Into the mancave, loverboy!"

Garrett carried his Mom over to the closet. He started to turn on the light, but she stopped him. "No, leave it off."

"Mom, it's pitch black in there."

Kristen nibbled on his earlobe. "So what's wrong with that...you afraid to play in the dark?"

"Fine," he said, stepping into the closet.

Kristen slipped off his back but took his hand and held it as she reached back and closed the door behind them.

"I can't see a thing now." Garrett said.

Garrett's mom giggled and gave him a wet smacking kiss on the chin. "I know...fun isn't it?"

She grabbed the waistband to her son's boxers and slipped them down his legs until they fell to his feet.

"Geez, Mom!"

"You can't masturbate with boxers on, goofball." Kristen said.

Garrett felt his mom twist around and his erection bumped against her ass and slip up under her nightie. As she backed against him, Kristen took her son's other hand and guided both his hands under her gown and onto her soft hips. Garrett felt the tiny straps to her G-string.

"Your turn...pull em off," she whispered.

"Pull what off?" He asked, even though he already knew the answer.

Kristen giggled. "My panties silly."

"Oh," he muttered, then slipped his thumbs under the straps and pulled them down until he felt them fall to her feet.

Kristen quickly pulled off the nightie and stepped out of her panties. She turned towards toward her son and threw her arms around his neck. As her big bobbling breasts melted against his young chest Garrett's breath quivered with excitement.

"Guess what?" Kristen said softly.

"What?"

She hugged him tight, mashing her warm tits against him and bringing her lips to his ear. "We're both completely naked," she whispered excitedly.

Kristen felt her son's cock twitch and throb against her tummy. "Are you ok with that?" She asked.

"Yeah umm sure." Garrett answered.

"Me too," she said softly, then pulled him deeper into the darkness, past the silk curtain. "Let's get to the swing."

They blindly felt their way to the swing and Garrett stumbled onto it and sat down. Kristen let out a playful little SCREAM as she fell forward onto him, her big naked tits mashing up against his lean teenaged chest.

"Shit, I hope that wasn't too loud. This certainly isn't the time for your father come investigating strange noises again," she said.

"That's for sure. I think he'd be a little shocked." Garrett said.

"His naked wife laying all over their masturbating teenaged son...I think so." Kristen giggled.

Kristen's hip slid along Garrett's shaft as she straddled one of his legs. He could feel the heat of her genitals and a neatly trimmed patch of pubic fuzz tickle the top of his leg.

"You better start stroking that thing, sweetheart. It feels like it's gonna blast off like a rocket ship," she said with a little giggle.

Garrett reached down excitedly and starting yanking on his throbbing pecker.

"Do you need some spit, love?" Kristen asked softly.

"No...it's leaking plenty." Garrett answered.

"Mmm, that means being naked in the dark with mommy is getting someone excited..."

"Good," she said, laying flat against him and resting her head on his chest, just under his shoulder.

"Put your other arm around me." Kristen whispered.

Garrett stretched his free arm around her, feeling the smooth bare skin of his mom's back. The lewd creamy sounnd of cock-stroking filled the air.

"I noticed that you like to stroke your penis really fast. That must be how you like to make love to a girl huh?" Kristen said.

"Y-yeah, well no...I mean I don't like for it to end quick," he answered.

Kristen giggled. "Well of course you don't sweetie. Just because you like to make love hard and fast doesn't mean you're racing for the finish line. That's why they call it monkey sex."

"Monkey sex?"

"Yeah, monkey sex, you know, the kind of sex that leaves clothes all over the place, bed sheets torn, things broken, the nieghbors complaining...and an odd scatch or two." Kristen explained with a little giggle.

"Wow, well I'm not sure I've gotten to experience any of that yet."

Kristen lifted her head, stroking his shoulders with her long nails. "Maybe not, but I'm sure it's the kind of sex that you think about while you stroke...isn't it?"

Garrett got a big grin, continuing to jack his rock-hard dick. "Maybe."

He felt his mom's big squishy boobs slide up his chest as she brought her face above his. He sensed that her lips were very very close.

Kristen whispered soft and seductive. "I'm sure you lay there at night...pulling on it and thinking about a sexy girl...kissing you..." she said, then gave her son a wet peck, letting her luscious lips close against his.

"Licking you..." she said, then gave him another lip smacking kiss...then another...then another.

"Ummmhh" Garrett moaned, his body shuddering with wicked excitement as his hand flew up and down his cum lathered shaft.

After the last kiss Kristen stayed close, letting her lips barly graze against her son's. "Ssssucking you," she whispered, then fed him another kiss.

Kristen planted a few wet kisses on his cheek and moved her lips to his ear. Garrett's hips started rocking up and down as he stroked on his pulsing dong.

His mom spoke softly into his ear. "That's my baby, you're FUCKING her hard now, aren't you? You're fucking her tight slippery pussy hard and fast just the way you like to."

Garrett's head spund and his heart about leaped out of his chest. Never in his life had he heard his mom use the F word, especially not in the way she just did.

"Ohh geeez, Mom!!!" He muttered, as his cock seemed to stretch another inch.

Kristen gently slid her hand down the side of his body and down between his legs. She planted her middle finger between his balls and butt-hole and started to massage his perineum.

Garrett's balls jumped and he felt his scrotum tighten. "O-H-H-H WOW, MOM!!"

"Does that feel good baby boy?" Kristen asked.

"Uhhh-huh."

"And you don't mind mommy helping a little?" She asked lovingly.

"Nooo way!" Garrett muttered.

She kissed back up his cheek and planted a series of soft wet pecks on his lips. "Oh sweatheart, I love you soo much."

"Oh God I love you too, Mom and I'm feeling really really good." Garrett muttered.

The whole situation, as mind-blowingly erotic as it was, seemed almost surreal to Garrett. Alone in the darkness, masturbating naked with his own mom, while his father was right down the hallway. What a rush!

Kristen's kisses were wet and tender. "Oh Garrett," ...kiss. "My baby,"...kiss. "My sweetheart,"...kiss, kiss.

"O-h-h Mom, I'm gonna cum!"

"YESSS,"...kiss, kiss. "Oh sweet baby, cum all over us!" Kiss...kiss...kiss...

It was all too much...his fingers, his mom's fingers, tender kisses, warm fleshy mommy-tits smothering his young chest.

Garrett grunted as the first huge milky blast rocketed out his piss-hole and sailed four-feet in the air. HHHUUUNNNGGHH!!!!

His young body jerked as rope after hot creamy rope squirted from his lance and splashed down on him and his mom.

"Ohhh honey, you're squirting sooo much." Kristen said, planting a few more kisses on his moaning lips.

Garrett had shot huge loads before, but never anything like this. As his mom's two fingers rubbed against his taint it was if she were pulling more and more cum from his balls.

"Ohhhh shit," he finally sighed, as the last of it oozed out onto his belly.

Kristen's finger stopped and her hand slid up and cupped Garrett's soft scrotum. She gently clutched his balls and let her long nails slowly rake across the tender meat of his nuts. "I bet they feel so much better now, don't they?"

"Yeah...oh God yeah." he answered, still catching his breath.

Kristen released his sack and let one of her long nails tenderly drag up the underside of her son's shaft. His cock twitched and his breath quivered as her nail scraped across the super-sensitive cock-head.

She reached the pool of cum on his chest and began rubbing it against him like a lotion. She could feel streams of spunk running down in between her tits.

"Sorry, I think I really made a mess." Garrett said.

"Mmmm, it's a good kind of mess." Kristen answered, coating her son's chest with it. "Here, open your mouth."

Garrett opened and his mom's finger swiped a big warm gob of his own cock-cream onto his tongue. "Gross," he said, swallowing it down.

"It is not." Kristen said with a giggle, scooping up more and sucking it into her own mouth. "It's yummy."

She fed him one more tender peck on the lips. "Let's go get back in bed."

Kristen stood up and after Garrett stood he felt his mom once again clutch her tiny hand around his scrotum. She tugged gently, leading him by the balls to the doorway.

"Shouldn't we get dressed?" Garrett asked.

"No," she whispered.

The moonlight placed a warm magical glow in their bedroom and the first thing Garrett made out was his mom's tan bare buttocks. It swayed seductively only a couple feet from his bobbing erection.

Kristen's cute little bare feet padded against the floor as she walked her son over to their big bed. She gave her son's balls a quick squeeze before letting them go and crawling up onto the mattress.

Garrett couldn't help but stand there , mouth agape, watching his naked mom crawl towards the center of the bed. Her luscious ass,

her clean shaven snatch, her huge dangling tits...they were right before his eyes.

Kristen paused reached her hand back for him. "Come on," she lovingly whispered.

It was all like a wild erotic dream to young Garrett as he took his mom's hand and climbed in bed naked with her. Kristen slept close to him that night, her big squishy bare breasts plastered against him.

"Good morning." Kristen said as she joined her husband and daughter in the kitchen.

"Well, welcome to the land of the living. You're usually the first one up in the morning." Doug said.

Kristen poured herself a cup of coffee. "Yeah, I think all that work moving rooms around finally caught up with Garrett and I."

Doug took a second to run his eyes down his wife's luscious legs down to her sexy little bare feet. Just the site of her in that short silk robe always made his heart skip a beat.

"Well how bout a nice relaxing day at the beach. I can call the clinic, they can bring the van and wheel us right over."

"Oh honey that would be great, but Garrett and I have plans to go to the fair today." Kristen said.

"Well, cool then...how bout we all go?"

"YEAAAHH!!" Cassie cheered.

"Uh, that's a no, young lady...you got to go yesterday," Kristen said.

"Well so did Garrett."

Doug tried to smile through his next comment. "You and him sure have been spending a lot of time alone together the past few days."

"And Mommy was sitting on Garrett's lap." Cassie chimed in.

Kristen gave her a stern glare. "Hush!"

"You were momma, you were sitting on Garrett's pee-pee."

"Young lady!" Kristen said in a scolding tone.

With an overdramatic pout Cassie turned and stomped out of the kitchen.

Kristen sat at the table and crossed her legs. "It's a good thing she's so damn cute, it makes all the whining half-way tolerable."

Doug noticed Kristen's robe had opened slightly when she sat, revealing a good deal of cleavage. "So...you slept naked last night huh?"

Kristen took a sip of coffee, feeding him a quirky smile. "And what makes you say that?"

"Well last night when you came in and said goodnight I could have sworn you had on a nightie on under your robe."

Cassie peeked around the corner. "Please, please can I go?"

This time it was Doug who glared. "Cassie, you heard what your mother said, now drop it."

With a whine Cassie diappeared again.

Kristen took another sip of coffee. "You should go talk to her, see if you can cheer her up. She went almost two months without seeing you, Doug. It might be good for just the two of you to spend some quality time together today."

"Yeah, I suppose," he said, wheeling himself away from the table.

Before he could pass her, Kristen stuck out one of her legs, blocking his exit. She gave him sweet smile, batting her eyelashes. "I love you."

They both leaned forward and kissed. "And I love you...but you still didn't answer my question." Doug said almost playfully.

Doug found himself strangely aroused at the idea that his wife might have actually slept naked with their own son. The fact was, he himself was a horny teen once and could only imagine what is would have been like sleeping in bed naked with his big breasted mother.

Kristen smiled almost guiltily then gracefully curling her naked leg back under the table. "Stop asking a billion questions and go calm your daughter."

After Kristen and Garrett left Doug watched a Disney movie with Cassie, until she did what she always did while watching movies and fell asleep.

The fact that his wife was naked under her robe this morning was eating away at him so he decided to snoop through her and Garrett's bedroom a little.

Because they were in such a rush to get to the fair the bed was still unmade. Doug went to the closet, Aka. The Man Cave. Laying on the floor just inside the door was his wife's little nightie, the one he was sure she was wearing the night before.

A little further back was her panties, laying right next to Garrett's boxers. It was pretty clear that his wife and son were taking off their clothes together in here. Strangely, he found himself grabbing his own flaccid dick and giving it a few tugs.

He wheeled over to the bed and studied where his wife and son had slept. There was nothing out of the ordinary until he lifted the blanket and saw huge ribbons of dried spunk plastered against the underside of the comforter.

"OHH YEAH...OH GOD FUCK ME!!"

Misty, Doug's sister, arched her back as she came, thrusting her big tits up against the young man on top of her.

"OH, MISSES YOUNG...OH SHIT!!" The 18 year old cried as his dick went off like a cannon inside her.

A few minutes later the youngster was throwing his clothes back on as Misty lay there sucking on a cigarrette.

"Wow, Misses Young, that was soo awesome," he said.

Misty's cell phone began to go off. "Well don't think that just because I'm giving you an A on that test that you don't have to do your homework. I want those assignments turned in tomorrow."

The young man threw on his shoes and hurried towards her bedroom door. "Right on, Misses Young. See you at school."

Misty answered her cell. "Hello."

"Hey Sis, it's Doug."

Misty got a big smile. "Dougie...how's my big brother? Glad to be home I bet."

"Yeah, that damn hospital food just wasn't doing it for me." Doug said, making his sister giggle. "Say are you um...busy today at all?"

"No, I have to grade a few papers, but Steve's still out of town on business so no big plans. What's up?"

"You still good with that camera?"

Misty laughed. "Are you kidding, photography is my passion, you know that."

"Well I have a huge favor...and it may seem kinda weird, but I...uh...I promise I'll explain later."

In the late afternoon Doug greeted Misty at the door.

"Hey," she smiled, seeming her cheery self.

"Aunt Misty!!" Carrie shouted, giving her Auntie a big hug.

"Hey Kiddo, how are you?"

Cassie was all smiles. "I went to the fair yesterday and it was fun."

"Awesome." Misty answered.

"Pumpkin, I need to talk with Aunt Misty so I need you to play in your room for a bit ok?" Doug said.

Carrie threw on her trademark pouty face. "Awwww!"

Misty rubbed her cheek. "Tell you what, when I'm done talking to your dad I'll come hang out with you for a bit ok?"

Doug and Misty went to the table in the kitchen. "Well, how did it go?" Doug asked.

His sister seemed a little hesitant. "It went well...I guess. Not really sure why you had me following them all day."

"So you got some pictures then?"

Misty gave her brother a quirky smile. "Yes, I got your pictures."

Misty propped her ipad up on the table and opened her images. The first picture was taken a little distance behind Kristen and Garrett as they strolled through the fair. Garrett was in his usual shorts and t-shirt. Kristen was wearing a tan mid-thigh length crochet sweaterdress and matching wedge heeled flip flops. As they had been a lot lately, they were holding each others hand tightly.

"I followed them through the fair most of the morning." Misty said, flipping to another picture.

This one was of the two embracing as they stood inside a little alcove between two tents. Kristen had her armed wrapped loosly around her son's neck and stared up into his eyes. They definitely looked more like lovers than mother and son.

"They were kinda hard to follow. They seemed to wander off into these private little spots a lot." Misty said, flipping to the next photograph.

Doug glared at the picture. "Yeah that's kinda what bothers me."

"Bothers you? What do you mean?" Misty asked.

"Well, don't you think they look a little too...intimate, for a mother and son?"

Misty giggled. "Dougie, what are you trying to say?"

"Nothing, just umm...let's see the next one.

This was a closer picture of Kristen standing in the same spot, but laying her head against her son's chest. It was completely obvious by her content expression that this was a woman who was absolutely in love.

"So is that all those two did was stand around and hug all day?" Doug asked.

Misty flipped to the next picture which was of Garrett and Kristen sitting off by themselves at a picnic table with a big umbrella over it. Kristen was sitting sideways with her smooth tan legs crossed over her son's lap. She had the tip of a big popsicle in her mouth and seemed to be giving Garrett a naughty stare.

"How's your popsicle?" Garret asked.

The tip slipped from between her pouty lips. "It's long hard and juicy. Kinda sounds like something else we were giving some attention last night, doesn't it?"

Garret giggled. "Sure does...and I think the juice part was pretty much all over us."

"Well, this popsicle juice would get all over us too if I let it. That's why I'm licking it..." Kristen said, then ran her long pink tongue up the length of the popsicle.

"And sucking it..." she continued, stretching her ovalled lips around it and sucking it into her mouth. "It keeps the yummy juice sliding down my throat and into my tummy."

As Garrett's sat marveling, Kristen stared into his eyes and slid the entire treat into her mouth. Seven inches of icy goodness disappeared in her warm mouth and throat.

Garrett's heart was racing and his cock had already become a throbbing slab of iron in his shorts.

She slid the popsicle back out of her mouth. "Long hard things don't make as big a mess if they're being licked and sucked on properly," Kristen said, squeezing the tip of her son's lump between her fingers.

Misty flipped to the next picture of Kristen excitedly pulling Garrett towards one of the carnival rides. "They did go on a few rides. Their

favorite seemed to be this one, called the tunnel of love."

"How do you know it was their favorite?" Doug asked.

Misty raised an eyebrow. "Well for one, they went on it two times, back to back."

She flipped to another picture of Garrett and Kristen sitting inside the car of the ride, which was shaped like a giant heart. Kristen looked excited and was snuggled up next to him.

"As long as their no ghosts or ghouls in this ride I'll be fine." Kristen said as she squeezed her son's arm.

"Wrong ride, Mom. This is the tunnel of love, not the tunnel of horror."

Kristen poked him in the ribs. "Smart ass."

The car moved forward through some double doors painted like a big box of candy. "HOLD ON TIGHT TO YOUR SWEETHEART...HERE WE GOOO!!" A voice on the speaker said.

Once inside, the car moved along a tunnel with a painted scene of Lovers Lane, which was fluorescently lit.

The chorus of "Do you love me?" by the Contours was playing loudly. Kristen rocked her body to the beat of the music, making her soft tits brush back and forth against Garrett's arm as she held it.

A painting of trees opened up and their car continued into another tunnel. This one was of clouds and little flying cupids, warmly lit so it seemed as if they floating through the sky. Soft romantic music filled the tunnel as the car slowly moved through it.

The voice again came over the speaker, calmer this time. "ARE YOU HUGGING LOVERS...BECAUSE THIS IS THE TUNNEL OF PASSION."

The entire car leaned back a little. Kristen giggled then looked at Garrett playfully. "You heard what he said."

She slid one of her legs across his lap and coiled her arms around his neck. The feeling his Mom's huge breasts flattening out against his chest never failed in making his heart leap.

Mom and son rested in a passionate embrace as the car of the ride seemed to hover through the tunnel.

Suddenly doors in front of them opened and the music became a fast paced disco beat. Big lips, of all colors seemed to fly across the surface of the walls. "IT'S TIME FOR KISSSSSSSEEEEESS!!!" The speaker voice announced.

Garrett and Kristen's heart shaped car began to slowly spin and rock. Kristen let out a cute little SCREAM and started giggling as they were swung around.

"Now just how am I suppose to kiss on you if they're gonna swing us around like this?" She asked playfully.

"Guess they wanted to make it a challenge." Garrett answered.

She brought her face up close to his. "Well I'm kissing you dammit and I don't care how difficult they make it."

Kristen started planting kisses on her son's lips. A few times as they were rocked around she missed and kissed his chin or forehead. The two them giggled at her failed attempts.

The car suddenly leaned way back and froze. Multicoclored lips raced by above them. Kristen's face hovered over Garrett's. This was his mom and he could see the thrill in her eyes.

"Finally," she said, then planted a wet kiss on his lips, then another...then another.

Pecking kisses were a commom thing his mom gave him growing up, but these were different. With each smacking kiss Kristen seemed to be closing the wet of her lips around him. There were many times that he even felt her tongue. They were more like sucking kisses.

The car began to rock again and the speaker voice sang:

"UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN...ROUND AND ROUND...HERE WE GOOOO!!

The car moved through another set of doors.

This room was full of hearts and had a painting of two birds kissing as they were perched together on a tree.

"Awwww." Kristen said as she saw the painting.

A young girls voice sang a familiar rhyme.

"TWO LITTLE LOVE BIRD SITTING IN A TREE...K-I-S-S-I-N-G. FIRST COMES LOVE, THEN COMES MARRIAGE, THEN COMES BABY IN THE BABY CARRIAGE."

The final doors opened and Kristen and Garrett were carried out into the sunshine and back to where they started.

"That was fun." Kristen smiled.

"Yeah it was."

She squeezed his arm. "Let's go again."

Garrett had a raging hard-on. He certainly wasn't going to object. "Okay."

Within moments they were racing back into the tunnel of love. "HOLD ON TIGHT TO YOUR SWEETHEART... HERE WE GOOOOO!!

As soon as they were inside the Lovers Lane tunnel Kristen giggled and quickly straddled Garrett, facing him.

Garrett was beyond excited at this point as he found his face brushing against her huge tits. "Geeez, Mom," he laughed.

As she did before, Kristen began to move to the beat, bouncing against the underside of her son's erection.

Garrett's face was nearly nestled in her cleavage and he looked up to see her gazing down at him, mouthing the words to the song.

"Watch me now, Oh (work, work) Shake it up, shake it (work, work)"

Each time the she mouthed the words (work, work) Kristen would bounce her panty covered twat against his aching cock.

"Ah shake 'em, shake 'em down (work, work)

"Ah, a little bit of soul now (work, work, work)

"Ah shake it, shake it, baby (work, work)

Kristen thrust her tits out, smothering his head into her cleavage and for the next line of the song, she got the wildest sluttiest look Garrett had ever seen.

"Ah you're drivin' me crazy (work, work)

Garrett's cock was leaking and twitching. Even through the layers of thin fabric he could feel the heat his mother's genitals each time she dropped against his lap.

"Ah, don't get lazy (work)"

They moved into the second section of the tunnel, the one with romantic music and painted clouds. "ARE YOU HUGGING LOVERS...BECAUSE THIS IS THE TUNNEL OF PASSION."

The car tilted back and Kristen's tits once again rolled out like soft dough against Garrett's upper chest. Their faces were close and they were locked in a gaze.

Kristen's big beautiful green eyes were glazed over with lust. "Are you my lover?" She asked tenderly.

Garrett breath was rapid with excitement. "Did you want me to be?"

She brought her head down and nustled it in the soft of his neck. "What do YOU think?" Kristen whispered.

Garrett looked up at the passing clouds. Here he was on a carnival ride smothered in the soft warm flesh of his own mom as she lay on top of him. He could feel the heat radiating from her genitalia as it lay up against his blood engorged phallus.

He glanced down and could see his mom's silky tan legs folded on both sides of him and the flair of her wide birthing hips. The experience was absolutely euphoric.

Before they knew it the car moved into the next section and the roar of the disco beat. "IT'S TIME FOR KISSSSEEEESS!!

Kristen giggled and held on to her son as the car started to spin and rock. Straddling her son like this, she almost felt like she was on a mechanical bull.

"Oh my God, I hope I don't fly right off this thing. Hold onto me, love," she said playfully.

Garrett wrapped his arms around her waist. Their genitals were grinding together and Kristen could feel the bulging underside of her son's prick-shaft sinking down in between the warm folds of her outer labia, with only a thin layer of panties separating their flesh.

Each time the car rocked and spun Kristen's huge boobs would tremble and slosh against the lucky teen beneath her. Garrett couldn't help but be mesmerized by how they bobbled around, right up against him.

Kristen brought her face down and gave him a wet sucking kiss. "Come on now boobie-boy, we're suppose to be kissing."

He shared her kisses and they became longer and longer. Finally, with one such kiss Garrett felt her tongue slip into his mouth. It slithered across the top of his, then twisted down underneath it, inviting it to dance.

Garrett's tongue came alive and wiggled awkwardly at first. It was immediately clear to him that his mom had a very long and very experienced tongue. Her pink snake was taking the lead, twisting and fluttering and Garrett did his best to keep up.

"Mmmmmmhhh." Kristen moaned softly as she made out with her baby.

The car rose up, leaned way back and froze. Kristen lifted her chest from her son, raking her long red nails down his lean chest. Garrett watched as she sat straight up, her eyes closed and her enormous mommy-tits thrust way out, stretching the top of her dress to the bursting point. She looked like a Goddess, proudly straddling her steed.

Their overheated genitals were crushed together and when Kristen felt her son's strong rigid dick flex against her quim, it sent her into another world.

"OH MY GOD!" Her voice quivered, as she threw herself back down against him.

"OH FUCK I NEED YOU!" She exclaimed as she started kissing on him.

The car began to rock and spin and Kristen humped her hungry pussy against Garrett's big dick.

Garrett's face became smothered between her tits and he felt her deperate grinding as the car rocked wildly.

"Holy s-s-shit, Mom!" He mumbled.

"UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN...ROUND AND ROUND...HERE WE GOOOO!!" The speaker voice sang.

As they rocked and spun into the last tunnel Garrett felt his mom's body buck and tremble. "OH GOD GARRETT, IM CUMMING ON YOU!" Kristen screamed.

It became clear to him that she was using his brick hard dick to grind against her clit...and it was fucking awesome.

"TWO LITTLE LOVE BIRD SITTING IN A TREE...K-I-S-S-I-N-G. FIRST COMES LOVE, THEN COMES MARRIAGE, THEN COMES BABY IN THE BABY CARRIAGE."

Kristen slipped off her son and sat back down beside him, just before their car exited the tunnel.

Misty flipped to another picture which showed the two just as they exited the last tunnel. Kristen had her eyes closed, her head leaned against her son's shoulder and looked to be catching her breath.

Doug stared at his wife. "Jesus, she looks like she just..."

Misty giggled. "Oh Dougie, don't be ridiculous."

"So were they still there when you left?" Doug asked.

"No, they left the fair about one o'clock."

Doug glanced at the clock on the wall. "One o'clock? That was almost three hours ago. Did you follow them?"

"Yes."

"Well where the hell did they go?"

Misty seemed almost hesitant. "They went out to Lover's lake."

"Lover's Lake! Why would they go way out there?"

"I don't know." Misty said.

"I thought you said you followed them??"

Misty nodded. "I did but, I was afraid of them spotting me so I came back into town."

Doug got quiet and slowly wheeled himself away from the table. Misty turned her ipad so that only she could see and clicked to the next picture. It was a photo of a blue Honda Pilot tucked in a little cove of trees and brush.

"I just don't know what's going on with those two." Doug said.

Misty clicked to the next picture, which was taken right next to the Honda. Since there was no tint to the windows she could see right inside. THE PICTURE WAS OF GARRETT, LAYING NAKED BETWEEN HIS MOM'S LEGS IN THE BACK SEAT.

"OHH GARRETT, FUCK ME HARD!! PLEASE FUCK ME HARD!!" Kristen cried.

Garrett's ass bounced and bucked as he fed his throbbing peter down inside his mom's warm creamy hole. Kristen threw her knees way back, spreading her saddle wide open for her son to ride in. Her dress was already off and her tits were spilling nearly out of her bra.

"Ohhh my God!" The lucky teen muttered.

Kristen clutched onto her son's ass with her long red nails and pulled him even deeper inside the burning liquid furnace of gripping vaginal flesh.

Garrett thrust and whimpered. He could feel his cockhead turn slightly upward as it struck the wet spongy head of Kristen's cervix.

"Oh baby! Oh Garrett, it's soo hard...soo deep!" Kristen panted.

Misty lowered the camera, her mouth agape. She was in a state of delighted shock as she watched her nephew and sister-in-law go it in the back seat of Kristen's SUV. She could see Garrett's heavy balls beating repeatedly against Kristen's butt-hole as his juice-slickened cock slithered in and out. Kristen's clean shaven cunt lips stretched obscenely around her son's rod, clutching around the root of its strong rigid girth.

Misty marveled at how her sister-in-law's legs were wrapped snuggly around the young teenager, like a strong silky-smooth tan harness locked around him. She watched kristen's toes curl as the heels of her sexy little bare feet bounced against Garrett's bucking ass.

"Oh baby...I love it...I love it...I need it. OH GARRETT, I'M CUMMING!! I'M CUMMING ON THAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DICK!!"

Excited by his mother's squeals of passion, the big dicked teen drove his cunt-smothered pecker deeper and harder, humping his ass up and down wildly.

Kristen let out a piercing orgasmic SCREAM, nearly shattering the windows. Her quivering cunt walls screwed up tighter around thick unyielding hard-on, swallowing the teenaged dong in hot creaming mommy-twat.

She heard her son whimper and felt the first hot stream of cum splash against the ring of her cervix.

"OH-H-H MOM!

"Oh honey!" Kristen cried, cradling his verile young body between her thighs.

Garrett's cock was jerking and twitching, splattering huge milky ropes of cum inside the convulsing cunt as it rippled up and down the length of his shaft.

Finally...after emptying his load inside her, Garrett felt his mother's twat muscles relax their gasp on his slippery dick.

"Ohh wow." He muttered, resting against the soft warmth of her body.

Kristen continued to hold him, running her nails through the back of his hair as his head rested against her half-exposed breast. "Oh Garrett, my love...that was beautiful."

"It certainly was." Came Misty's voice through a crack in the window.

Startled, Garrett gazed back to find his Aunt Misty at the window with big smile.

"Oh my God...Misty?!" Kristen said.

"Just relax, Kristen, I'm not here to rain on your little fuck parade. You and I do need to talk though." Misty said.

A few minutes later Kristen was dressed and strolled over to find Misty waiting at her car.

"Sooo...what are you doing out here?" Kristen asked.

"Following you two. Doug is suspicious."

Kristen rolled her eyes and got an extremely perturbed look. "Doug has you out here following us? You've gotta be fucking kidding?"

"Nope, I'm not. He think's there's something going on with you and Garrett...and apparently, he's right."

Kristen laughed to herself and shook her head. "This is fucking UNBELIEVABLE!"

Misty stepped up and took her sister-in-law's hand. "Kristen, you don't have to worry. I'm not gonna rat you out, but I do wanna know something though."

Kristen took a moment to let her temper settle down a bit. "Ok...What do you wanna know?"

"What IS going on with you guys?" Misty asked.

Kristen smiled and lowered her head a moment, searching her core for the answer to Misty's question. "I'm in love with him."

Misty smiled back. "Well, that's great...but guess what?? So am I."

Kristen gave her an odd look. "With Garrett?"

"Yes with Garrett and don't act so shocked. I may be his Aunt, but you're his fucking mother for God sakes." Misty said, making both of them giggle.

"Well, he is handsome...and charming. I suppose anyone would think so." Kristen said.

"And from what I saw through the window, he's extremely well endowed." Misty added, making them giggle once again, like excited high school girls.

Kristen face beamed with pride. "Trust me, you're certainly right about that."

Misty looked a little more serious. "So...do you still love Doug?"

"Yes I love Doug. I'll always love Doug...and despite how this looks...I really don't wanna hurt him. Heaven's knows he's gone through enough." Kristen said with sincerity.

"Well you don't have to...your secret is safe with me...and it always will be...on one condition..." Misty said.

Kristen returned a little smile. She knew exactly what her sister-in-law wanted.

Doug looked at Misty as she sat at the kitchen table and put her ipad back in its case. "So then give me you're honest opinion...is there something going on with those two?"

Misty fed her brother a little smile. "Honestly Dougie...NO. I think they're just a mother and son and they're very close...and because of this new living situation, you're just letting your imagination run wild."

"Misty, I found what looked like cum stains...smeared all over the sheets."

Misty giggled. "What looked like cum stains. That doesn't mean that's what they were."

"They locked the door last night. Why would they do that?"

Misty laughed, walked over and sat on her brother's lap. "Dougie, stop! This is your wife and boy you're talking about. Mother and son. Do you honesty think that they'd fuck?"

"OH FUCK, MOM!!!"

Garrett stared up at his lust-crazed mother. Her huge naked tits leaped up and down wildly as she bounced on his loins.

"Ohh Garrett, fuck me! FUCK ME!!"

Kristen's ass rippled as it beat against her son's balls. His cock glistened and frothy juice dripped from his scrotum as his hard teenaged erection bored in and out of his mom's buttery cunt.

Kristen leaned forward, holding her son's shoulders for support. Slouched back the way he was, this put Garrett's face right between her big bobbling breasts. Shivering with excitement the young teen found himself licking and sucking the inside of one of her soft tan tits as the other one slapped against his cheek.

The little SUV was rocking and SQUEAKING as Kristen humped down hard on her son's dick. She clamped her juicy fuck-muscles around the brick-hard prick, milking the long blood engorged lance like only a middle-aged mom can.

"Ohh baby, you're gonna make me cream again!!" Kristen whined.

One of her gigantic tits jiggled across Garrett's face and he sucked the nipple into his mouth. Kristen shuddered as her son's tongue plowed acrossed her huge areola.

"OHH YES!!"

Like a bitch in heat, Kristen pounded her sopping slit up and down the rigid dong, making her ass CLAP relentlessly against her son's balls.

With his mouth stuffed full and his entire face smothered in spongy-soft tit-flesh, Garrett MOANED. His mom's cunt clamped shut like a vice, sucking and squeezing on the his throbbing fuck-muscle.

"I'M CUUUMMMIIINNNGGG!!!" Kristen cried.

As Garrett assaulted his mom's nipple with his tongue, he could just peek up over the bulging breast and see her pretty face red and

contorted with pleasure.

Kristen's soft luscious body jerked and convulsed on top of her teen. She was cumming hard on her own son's big dick.

Seeing his own loving mom like this sent Garrett over the top and his cock began to spit. While milky cum pulsed from his penis, Kristen went from humping to grinding. She plowed the mouth of her womb back and forth across the spungy cock-head, while her son soaked it with huge jets of cum.

Garrett and Kristen arrived back home about 8:30pm. Cassie charged into her mother's arms. "Mommy!!"

"Hey sweetie, what are you still doing up." Kristen said, sharing a big hug.

"Watching TV with daddy."

Kristen shared a smile with her husband. "Awww, did you have a good time with daddy today?"

Cassie nodded. "Yeah, Aunt Misty came over."

"She did huh?"

Doug was quick to comment. "Yeah, she just uhh...stopped by earlier...just to say hi."

Kristen smiled, knowing her husband was full of shit. "Well wasn't that nice of her. I missed you to death, young lady, but YOU need to get to bed...school tomorrow."

"I know." Cassie moped, marching towards her room.

Garrett lingered for a bit, while his mom stepped over and gave Doug a kiss.

"So how was the fair?" Doug asked.

"It was great. The rides were really something this year...especially that last one...it had me screaming my ass off." Kristen said, giving her son a secret wink.

"Well, I don't ever remember you being into carnival rides. It must have been pretty a thrilling one." Doug said.

Kristen fed him a quirky little smirk. "You have nooo idea."

Garrett hung out in the man cave for awhile, chatting with his friends on the computer. He didn't even hear his mom come into the bedroom and close the door.

"Garrett, love, can you help me with something?"

Garrett rose from the swing and set his computer aside. "Sure, Mom."

He stepped from the man-cave and was startled as Kristen pounced onto him from around the corner. "GOTCHA!" She said playfully, pulling his polo-shirt up and over his head.

Garrett giggled. "What did you need help with?"

She unbuttoned his shorts. "Taking off our clothes. We're gonna take a shower."

Garrett seemed hesistent as his shorts and boxers dropped to his feet. "Together?? What about dad...what if he sees us?"

Kristen gave her son a playful smile. "Well, we'll just have to make sure he doesn't."

Her dress fell to her tiny feet and Garrett watched in awe as his mom stripped out of her bra and her huge hanging tits bobbled free. She pulled her dainty panties down those smooth luscious legs and

as she bent forward, her big mommy-tits teetered back and forth. Garrett had seen some big tits online, but never anything this big in person.

When she saw his big peter quickly rising from his loins Kristen giggled and dropped down to her knees.

Garrett watched as his mom wrapped her tiny around the base of the stalk and started stroking his hot meat. She gazed up into his eyes with that cute little smile and brilliat green eyes. Son groaned...and Mom felt his prick ballooning in her fist.

"Mmmmm so nice," she whispered.

Kristen slid her fist all the way to the base, making the blood engorged boner stick straight out. She leaned forward and with her free hand, tucked her hair back behind her ears, out of the way.

That long pink snake slipped from her mouth and began licking at the swollen head of Garrett's cock. She sucked the throbbing knob into her mouth and began scrubbing it with her tongue.

"Ohhh shit, Mom." Garrett muttered excitedly.

As oozing spunk dribbled from the tip, Kristen's tongue soaked it up like a fleshy sponge. The delightful taste of her own boy's semen made her eyes roll back in her head.

The cock-hungry mom licked her way down the underside of the now rigid shaft, all the way to Garret's hairless balls. Her long strong tongue whipped back and forth across his nuts, soaking the big bag of cum filled flesh with her saliva.

"Ohh Jeeez." Garrett whimpered, his legs trembling.

Kristen licked her way back up and let the teenaged dong slip into her mouth. Garrett felt his cock encased in the liquid warmth of his

mom's mouth. He felt her amazing tongue rolling and twisting around his meat as her lips slid up and back along the sturdy pole.

With his big fuck-steak crammed her mouth, Kristen peeked up at her son and gave him a cute little wink. Her tongue washed away the bubbly cream as it oozed from his piss-slit.

Kristen began to pump the base of his cock as she started sucking it loudly and hungrily. She let out a cute muffled whimper. She was a horny middle-aged woman, doing one of the things she loved to do more than anything...sucking dick.

She felt his balls tighten and let Garrett's cock pop from her mouth like a cork. She giggled, still clutching it with her hand.

"You like that huh??"

"Oh God yeah," he sighed.

Kristen stood up, but kept a firm grip on the base of his erection. "Come on, loverboy...shower time."

Doug was still in the living room watching a game. Behind him, in the hallway, Kristen peeked out of her and Garrett's bedroom. Quickly, the naked mother pulled her son by his dick across the hallway, her big tits bouncing and bobbling as she moved.

Doug heard his wife giggle playfully and the bathroom door close. He glanced back, but her and Garrett were already out of site.

Kristen turned on the shower, then turned and pushed her son towards the toilet.

"Sit down and I'll blow you some more while the water warms up," she said.

Young Garrett didn't have to be asked twice. He sat down on the toilet seat, leaned back and spread his legs apart. Kristen dropped down in between them and picked up where she left off in the bedroom.

Kristen watched her son's reaction as she opened her lips and took his long strong cylinder of flesh into her mouth.

"Ohh yeah, Mom...suck it." Garrett whimpered.

Kristen started lashing her long hot tongue around and around the fat purple head of his prick.

"Mmmmm," she moaned, rolling his hot spunk around in her mouth, savoring it's taste before swallowing it down.

She sucked his dick loud and sloppily, the shower drowing out the noise. Garrett's dong was bathed in hot drooling saliva. He watched his mom's lips fall closer and closer to his balls, her pretty brown hair waving around as she gobbled his throbbing cock.

The young teen felt a lot like a King with his hot middle-aged Queen kneeling at his phallis. His eyes traveled down the tan unblemished skin of his mom's back, the flare of the hips and the unbelievable curves of her big meaty bare buttocks. His heart pounded with wicked excitement. This was his own Goddess of a mom giving him head and she was totally falling for him.

"Ohhh mom that's amazing!" His voice trembled.

Kristen clutched her son's scrotum and messaged the tender balls with her nails. Her tongue went wild, her lips gliding lower and lower until her face was buried in Garret's crotch, her lips plastered against the root.

Garrett could feel his cock fucking in and out of his mom's hot throat. Kristen gagged a little, but then recovered, taking him right

back down to the base.

"O-o-hhh shit!" The teen yelped, his cock flexing excitedly, his balls tightening in his mom's hand.

Kristen's mouth was a hot liquidy sheath plowing up and down her son's rigid pecker. Her lips and tongue worked in unison, hungrily licking and pulling on the throbbing penis as if trying to suck the meat from the bone.

"Awwwww shit, mom, I'm gonna cum!" Garrett groaned.

"Mmmmm." Kristen moaned, encouraging him to shoot his load into her sucking mouth.

Kristen felt the penis pulse in her mouth and the first delicious wad of hot cum splash against the back of her throat. She let the creamy cock-milk collect in her mouth until her cheeks bulged out, then she swallowed it down with two big gulps.

Again Garrett groaned as more jizz squirted from his piss-hole and splattered around his mom's long flailing tongue. For what seemed like forever to young Garrett his mom continued to nurse on his erupting prick, pulling every last drop of spunk that she could get.

Doug wheeled by Garrett and Kristen's bedroom, peeking his head in for a moment.

"Goodnight buddy," he called out, thinking Garrett was still in the mancave. "Garrett??"

Getting no answer Doug wheeled to the edge of the hallway and called across the house. "Garrett??" Still there was no answer.

Doug wheeled over to the bathroom and knocked on the door. He had to pound three different times before Kristen answered.

"What is it? What's wrong?" She asked, holding a tiny white towel over her enormous breasts.

"Have you seen Garrett? He doesn't seem to be in the house anywhere."

"He didn't say anything to me about leaving, but maybe he's outside."

Doug decided to ask a bold question. "Are you sure he's not in there with you?"

Kristen rolled her eyes and smiled down at him. "You're joking right? Doug I'm sure he's fine. Just go into bed I'll be in in a while to kiss you goodnight."

"Yeah, Okay."

Kristen closed the door, locked it, then jumped in the shower with her waiting son. "Just your father getting curious again. Just where in the world did you disappear to, young man?" She said playfully.

Garrett giggled as his mom stepped forward and threw her arms around his neck. "Probably out having a miserable time somewhere."

"Oh so that blow job I just gave you was miserable huh mister?"

"Yeah, just horrible." Garrett joked.

"Well maybe picking your mom up, pinning her against the shower wall and fucking her brains out will help liven your spirit's a little."

Garrett got a big grin, his heart about beating out of his chest. "How could it not?"

Kristen kissed him, letting her tongue dance with his. While they made out, she reached down and wrapped her hand around his

teenaged dong. It was still brick hard, the big blue veins bulging obscenely along the shaft as it stuck way out from his loins.

"Hold me," she whispered, then gracefully jumped from the shower floor, wrapping those luscious mommy-legs around his waist.

Garrett held onto her thighs and turned them so Kristen's back was against the wall. Her lips were at his ear, her wet warm tits mashed against his chest. "Fuck me," she whined.

He snorted with lust as he felt her hand clutch his rod and feed it into her sopping honey-hole. A scalding liquid heat smothered the throbbing cock-rod as it searched for bottom.

"Ohhh honey!" Kristen sighed as she felt her hungry cunt stretch around the unyielding length of her son's spear.

Garrett started hard and fast. His need was urgent and so was hers. Neither of them wanted to be slow or gentle. As Garrett hammered his meat into her, Kristen clung to him, digging her nails into his shoulders. She fucked right back at him, their hips moving in unison.

Garrett realized he could be as rough as he wanted...his mom liked it that way. Her jerking hips signaled the brutal tempo she craved. As she panted on his shoulder, the young teen could feel her molten cream drenching his prick and trickling from his wobbly ball-sack. He hammered his cock harder...deeper...pounding against her cervix.

"Ohhh God baby, just like that, don't let up! Don't you dare let up!" She softly cried.

After about 15 seconds of lighting fast thrusting Garrett felt a sizzling burst of juice around his meat and his mom's body began to buck and tremble against him.

"OHHH GOD I LOVE YOU!!" She squealed.

He felt her warm soft body tightening up around him, her motherly arms and legs constricting around his young body like an anaconda. It was like she was trying to pull his whole body into her core...trying to become one flesh, like they had once been.

Her tits were plastered against his chest, but he could still feel them sloshing and rippling. Her cunt was squeezing and convulsing around his plowing erection, soaking it in orgasmic fuck-oil.

His body was smothered in the glistening golden brown flesh of his own clutching mom. His cock was pounding into her slick gripping cunt. He wanted this thrilling moment to last forever, but his balls simply wouldn't allow it. Her strong muscled cuntal tube was just milking his cock too hard.

"Ahhhh fuck, shit, aaaagghhh!!" He softly roared, jetting his cum inside her.

"Ohhh God baby, I'm cumming again!" Kristen whimpered, burying her face into her son's neck.

Their wet bodies jerked and writhed together as their wild mutual orgasm went on and on. Garrett felt like he fucked a gallon of cum into his mom. At this very moment there were in fact millions of tiny tad poles fighting to get inside her womb and fuck their way inside her egg.

Kristen opened the door to find her husband sitting in the hallway waiting. "What are you still doing out here, numbskull?" She giggled.

"Why would he think it's okay to take off somewhere without telling one of us?"

Kristen smiled and strode towards him. She had nothing but a bath towel around her and her hair was still damp and slicked back.

"Doug, he's 18 years old...he's not a little boy anymore."

"Well he's still living under this roof, so he should have enough respect to--"

Kristen cut him off. "Honey, stop! You're getting yourself all worked up again."

She walked behind his chair and wheeled him towards the bedroom. "When he comes to bed tonight I'll talk to him...if that'll make you feel better."

Garrett snuck from the bathroom and stepped across the hallway.

"I may be in a wheelchair, but I'm perfectly capable of having a talk with our son."

Kristen leaned over and gave her husband a peck on the cheek. "Now, now, don't get snappy with me, Douglas."

Garrett stopped just before entering the bedroom and gawked at his mom. The was she was bent over made the towel creep up, exposing the bottom-half of her bare buttocks and her clean shaven clamshell. He could even see the puckered ring of her cute little butt hole.

Kristen peeked back at Garrett over her shoulder. She hungrily swiped her long pink tongue across her top lip and gave him a teasing wink.

The young teen's heart did sommersaults. He still couldn't believe that this was his own sweet mom fucking and teasing the shit out of him.

Kristen helped her husband into bed. She crawled up onto the mattress with him and her curled her smooth tan legs to the side.

"Can I ask you something?" Doug said.

"Of course you can."

He seemed hesitant, but asked anyway. "Does he hold you at night?"

Kristen giggled and shook her head. "Oh Doug."

"No, it's okay, it wouldn't make me mad...I mean, I know how much you like to cuddle."

Kristen gazed into his eyes with a smile. "Do you lay down here and imagine that he's holding me at night?"

"Well...honestly, yeah I guess I do." Doug answered, then seemed to be thinking hard on something.

Kristen could tell there was more. "What is it?"

"Ohh it's nothing, forget it."

"Doug, I will not forget it. Tell me what you're thinking."

He still seemed to have reservations. "If I tell you what happened you'll think I'm some sort of sicko or something."

Kristen smiled and rubbed his arm reassuringly. "I won't think you're a sicko."

"This morning after you left I ummm...I went into you and Garrett's bedroom. I saw his boxers laying next to your bra and panties and...I guess I just drew the conclusion that for some reason the two of you got naked together."

Kristen attempted to do some damage control. "Doug, I--"

Doug cut her off. "No let me finish. I think what surprised me more than seeing that and thinking that...was the way I reacted to it. In this twisted sick way...it was sort of exciting I guess."

"Exciting??" Kristen asked.

"Look. I know this might sound strange to you, but I was young once and I did happen to see my own mother naked accidentally on a couple of occasions. I'm not gonna lie to you, even though it was my own mom, it was extremely thrilling at that age. It's perverted I know."

Kristen shook her head, thinking seriously over his words. "No, it's not perverted. It's what boys do. It's how boys think."

"Well that doesn't make it right."

"Fuck right and wrong, Doug. It was your feelings...and you can't deny those, even if they seem wrong."

Doug still hung his head. "I know, but..."

"So what you're saying here is that when you found Garrett and I's clothes laying on the floor, the idea that he may have been getting to see his mom, me...in the nude...that aroused you in some way?"

Doug answered in an almost shameful tone. "I guess it did...yeah."

"Did it make you...did it give you an erection?"

"Not fully, but it definitely seemed to be on its way. I'm sorry babe, I shouldn't have told you this," he muttered.

"Are you kidding?? Doug, sweetie, this is progress. Yes it's a little out of the ordinary maybe, but I think whatever works at this point is what we need to focus on."

Doug giggled. "Kristen, don't be ridiculous. I'm not gonna have you getting naked in front of Garrett, that's just insane."

"Nobody said anything about me getting naked. I do think, however, if this is helping you to come alive again down there, then it's

definitely something we should pursue further."

Doug seemed reserved. "I don't know...we'll have to think more on it I guess."

Kristen had the grin of a Cheshire cat. "Yes, we'll definitely think more on it."

126: Mom's Roommate & More

This is the second part to Mom's Roommate. Enjoy!

"Oh wooow, Mom!" Garrett whimpered as he watched Kristen's tan bare buttocks beat against his midsection.

The naked mother fucked her cunt back onto the horny hardness of Garrett's teenaged dick as they went at it doggie-style on the center of the bed.

The handsome 18 year old youth watched in aroused fascination as the warm meaty ass rippled, clapping against midsection over and over. His vieny erection glistened with Kristen's juices as it emerged, her cunt-mouth clinging to the beefy prod. Then quickly he was buried again...his tender penis sinking into the hot liquid-spongy grip of Kristen's experienced pussy.

Over and over this process repeated, Kristen's curvy hips were like a machine tossing her naked mommy-ass back, her tan globes smacking against her son's loins.

Garrett looked up to see his mom peeking back at him, panting in pleasure. "Havin' fun?" She asked.

"Oh hell yeah!"

Kristen smiled naughtily. "Me too. If you grab my hips and thrust you'll send me to the stars."

Garrett grasps his mother's soft reeling hips and started driving his cock deep with rapid fuck-thrusts. Her buns trembled as their flesh collided.

Garrett's tongue hung out the side of his mouth as he stared hungrily at the backs of Kristen's hanging tits and the way they were swinging around wildly.

Kristen threw her head back, tossing her dark hair around. Her eyes went big and rolled back, her face contorting in pleasure. "Ohhh honey, fuck meeee hard! "

As Garrett fucked with all he had, he felt Kristen's cunt tighten around his gliding dong. The big titted mother dropped her head to the pillow, which muffled her orgasmic squeal.

"Ohhh shit!" The teen whimpered, announcing his own cum.

Garrett dropped back to his ankles, but Kristen rose and followed him back, bouncing on his lap.

The teen's cocktip spouted a huge blast of hot cum which swirled with the boiling blast of female juice that Kristen squirted along his hard cylinder.

"Hhhhnnggfff!" Garrett groaned as he felt his mother's hot liquid love cascade across his flopping balls.

The pleasure-struck couple fell back onto the bed and Garrett threw his arms around Kristen, grabbing a handful of tit as she continued to work her cunt on his dick. "Ohhhnngghh fucknshiiit!"she squealed.

It was quite the site...a middle aged mother laying upsidedown against her son's chest, arching her back as she fed her spewing cunt right down to her son's cockbase over and over.

The lucky teen whimpered as he sent big ribbons of spunk splashing along the hot sqeeezing tube of pink pussy-flesh. Kristen was showing her experience, rocking her hips and using her strong cunt muscles to milk her son's organ. All the while, her own orgasm made her body tremble and her cunt rippled and spewed it's hot juices around the rock hard boner.

Doug was at the kitchen table reading when he heard the front door close. Cassie ran out of the room. "GRANDMAAA!"

"Hello, my little angel." Doloris said, giving the youngster a kiss.

Doug wheeled himself into the front room. "She just had breakfast."

"Wonderful! Why don't you run out to the car with your Grandpa. He'll be sooo happy to see you." Doloris said to Cassie.

The little girl disappeared and Doloris glanced down the hallway. "I take it the two new roommates are still in bed?"

"Yeah...um...haven't seen them yet."

Doloris smiled. "Well...they must have been up late doing who knows what."

"Cute, Doloris...quite the imagination." Doug scowled.

"Oh you're wrong there, darling...I'm going only on what my daughter tells me. You should have heard her the other morning...like a girl who's found her true love all over again."

"True love...that's funny."

"Oh Dougie...there's nothing wrong with admitting defeat hon. My Kristen is a sexual woman...just like her mother. How's a woman like that suppose to stay truely satisfied with a man who...well, can't even get it up." Doloris giggled.

"Funny, since when did mine and Kristen's sex life become your business?"

"First of all, darling...you have no sex life...she's made that VERY clear...and second when it comes to the happiness of my daughter...like it or not I WILL voice my opinion."

"And your opinion is what exactly, Doloris." Doug asked.

"Well, it's fairly obvious, isn't it? Her and Garrett are falling in love."

"That's rediculous." Doug exclaimed.

"Is it? They're sharing a mattress before you even get home from the hospital. She tells me she's been spending every waking moment with Garrett, like she can't get enough of him."

"He's our son, Doloris."

"Yes...but even mothers and sons fall in love sometimes." Doloris said as she looked down the hallway.

Doug turned and joined the stare at Kristen and Grarrett's door.

"Makes you wonder what could be going on behind that locked door. The idea excites you...doesn't it? Or so I'm told." Deloris said.

Doug sat there fuming as Doloris strode toward the front door, her full matronly buttocks swinging beneath her skirt. "Tell Kristen we'll have the little one back before six"

Before exiting, Doloris glanced back at Doug and snickered pitifully.

Doug wheeled down the hall, stopping at Garrett and Kristen's bedroom. He gently tried the handle, but found it locked. He listened carefully for any noise from the inside, but heard nothing.

A half hour later Doug was back at the kitchen table reading the paper when Kristen sashayed in wearing only a short silk robe.

"Good morning!"

"Your parents have already been here...to pick up Cassie."

"Oh good. Poor thing..it was all she could talk about last night...spending the day with Grandma and Grandpa."

"So....I was thinking maybe we could hit a few stores today...maybe grab some lunch?" Doug said.

"Oh honey i'd like to, but I already promised Garrett I'd spend the day at the beach with him."

"Well great..I'm up for the beach."

Kristen giggled. "Oh Doug, don't be silly. That's all we need is that wheelchair tipping over in the sand."

"Well I'll stay up near the boardwalk then."

Kristen seemed a tad perturbed. "Fine...but Garrett and I are laying down by the water. I'm not going to the beach so I can hang out by the boardwalk."

Kristen entered the bedroom as Garrett was slipping on his trunks. "Ready for the four S' s today mom?"

"Which are?"

Garrett smiled. "Surf, sand, sun and sex."

"Sure, but your father's going," she answered disappointed.

"Ohh...so much for the sex."

Kristen let the robe slip from her body. She stepped to her drawers completely naked. "Don't even say that. We're having sex on the beach today...I don't care how sneaky we have to be."

Garrett glanced at the doorway, then at Kristen with surprise. "Mom...the door's wide open."

"Ha..oh well."

"You don't want dad to see you like that...in front of me."

Kristen giggled as she stepped up to her boy and wrapped her arms around his neck. "What, it's not like I'm holding you...with my big tits crushed up against your chest," she said, mashing her naked tits against the teen's chest.

Kristen began to give her son sensual kisses. "It's not like we're making out or anything," she muttered between kisses.

Before Garrett could answer his mom's tongue was in his mouth, wrestling with his. The teen nervously glanced at the open doorway.

Before he knew it, Kristen pulled herself up onto him, wrapping her strong tan legs around his waist. He instinctively grabbed her soft thighs, holding her up.

"It's not like I'm in here with you between my thighs, whispering naughty things like how I want you to throw me on the bed and fuck the shit out of me all day."

"Ohh Jesus, Mom!"

They suddenly heard Doug's voice from down the hallway. "Kristen, you down there?"

"Oh shit!" Garrett muttered.

"Take off your trunks and get naked." Kristen whispered between kisses.

"Mom, are you crazy?"

"Sweetie, hurry..pull them off."

Garrett shucked his shorts. His cock was rock hard and was trapped between their tummies.

Doug's voice was closer...near the doorway. "Kristen?"

The naked housewife tightened her clutch, smothering her warm curvy body against her teen . "Take me into our cave."

Garrett carried his mom into the closet just as Doug wheeled into the bedroom doorway. "You guys in here?"

As Garrett carried his mom to the back of the man cave, Kristen whispered in his ear. "Answer him. I'm not in here."

"Just me, dad. I'm uhhh..getting ready."

"Oh ok...where's your mom?" Doug asked.

Garrett felt Kristen clutch his erection and give a few slow tender strokes. "Pin me against the wall," she whispered.

"Umm..not really sure." Garrett answered to Doug.

Garrett felt his mom feed his cocktip into her creamy groove. Kristen let it go and sighed as she felt it sink all the way to her cervix.

"Ok...well when you see her...tell her the van should be here in about fifteen minutes. I'm gonna get ready."

Garrett could hardly answer as he felt hot pussy collapse around his throbbing dick. "Tell him to come over here." Kristen whispered.

"What? Mom, are you nuts?!"

"Just do it...he can't see us."

Garrett raised his voice again. "Hey dad...can you come here a sec."

Doug wheeled over to the closet doorway, but between the darkness and the silk curtain he couldn't see much at all.

"It's pitch black in there...want some light?" Doug said, reaching for the switch.

No, no...don't turn on the light. I'm uhhh...getting dressed."

Kristen clutched her son's ass with her long nails, setting Garrett's hips in motion. "Fuck me," she whispered, gazing at her husband's silhouette in the doorway.

"So what did you need?" Doug asked.

"Well...umm...are my trunks out there?"

"Yeah, they're right here on the floor."

Garrett's sighed as he felt his cock slip through Kristen's gripping birth canal. The feeling of being trapped in the clutch of her warm luscious, big titted body was absolutely euphoric. "Ok...um...could you you toss them in here?"

Doug picked them up and tossed them into the darkened closet.

"How can you even see what you're doing in there?"

Garrett sunk his fingers into his mom's soft ass. "I'm just kinda...feeling my way around."

Kristen snickered softly.

"Careful what you touch, you could find yourself buried deep in your mother's stuff." Doug said.

Garrett thrust his cock all the way in and flexed it, making Kristen's body trembled. "True, dad..buried real deep."

Doug started away. "Well I better get ready to go. The van will be here shortly."

"Follow him." Kristen whispered, cluching tightly.

Garrett carried his mom out into the bedroom, their genitals still grinding together. "Fuck me in the hallway...right outside his door."

"Jesus, Mom..are you sure?"

"Yes come on, it'll be fun."

Doug wheeled over to his dresser and took out a few items of clothing.

He heard a dull THUD in the hallway and looked toward the open door. "Kristen, that you?

Just around the corner Garrett was nailing Kristen against the wall. Her tan curvy body clung to the teen, her cute little bare feet drumming against his lean humping ass.

"Yes hon...just getting some towels for the beach." Kristen answered.

"Oh good...could you help me out with a few things?"

Kristen breath quivered as she held her son's head against her shoulder, combing her nails through his hair as he fucked with all he had. "Be there as soon as I can, Doug. I'm gonna be held up for just a little while longer."

Garrett groaned as he felt the slippery pressure of Kristen's cunt walls encasing his cock. Her oversized tits jiggled and sloshed, squashed against her son's chest.

"Harder...HARDER!" Kristen shouted as she started rhythmically thrusting her burning pussy into the young stud's prick.

"What was that, hon?" Doug called out.

"I was talking to Garrett...he said he lost his um...phone and I told him to look harder."

The lust was mounting through Kristen's lush naked body, her big clit throbbing each time her son's big dick glided across it.

Panting on his mother's shoulder, Garrett reamed out her pussy with long rapid thrusts. The clutching cunt gurgled its hot juice around his prick as it clung to the spearing rod.

Suddenly, Kristen's eyes lit up. "DOUG...I'M CUUUMMMINGG!"

"OK..thanks babe." Doug answered.

A fountain of cum rose up from Garrett's balls and the teen whimpered as long streams of cum spurted into Kristen's sopping wet cunt. Their bodies jerked and shook...it was a very long, hard and thrilling orgasm for both of them.

When the spasms finally subsided, she giggled vixenishly and pulled his head down for a long, tongue-sucking kiss.

"Oh my God, that was fun." Kristen sighed.

"Fun and dangerous." Garrett whispered.

Kristen giggled. "Makes it all the more exciting. Now put me down so I can throw something on and see what your father needs. I told him I was coming, remember?"

A short time later Kristen and Garrett followed the handicapped Van in Kristen's SUV.

Garrett was at the wheel and glanced over at his mom. "So...do you ever think you and dad will have sex again?"

"Maybe. It's hard to say. Even if we do...I think it'll be a while before he's able to give me what I need. Right now your father's not even able to achieve an erection."

"Damn, that would suck!" Garrett said.

"Yeah...for his wife especially. I'm in my sexual prime. The last thing I need in my life is limp-dicked husband."

"Man, all I have to do is look at a pretty girl and I get it up." Garrett giggled.

"And we pretty girls love guys who can get it up. Nothing makes our hearts flutter and our pussies throb more than a long, rock hard dick."

"Well I've had plenty of erections here lately..that's for sure."

Kristen glanced at his crotch and wet her lips. "I love your erections. Your shaft is so strong and sturdy...and that big juicy bell-shaped tip...mmmm yummy! Your dad's disability has been frustrating for me. It's nice knowing I have a hard young dick around to take me away from all of it."

"Geez, Mom... I'm getting hard just thinking about the past few days."

"Oh honey, the past few days have only been the tip of the iceberg. You wouldn't believe the exciting things I have planned for you and I." Kristen explained.

Garrett glanced down at the stiff lump protruding up from his trunks. "Great...thanks, Mom. Yet again...another boner."

Kristen reached over and rubbed it between her fingers. "Ohh poor baby, do you need Mommy to suck on it while you drive?"

Garrett sighed excitedly and looked over to see Kristen gazing hungrily back at him. "Do you want Mommy to suck it to orgasm?"

Before he could answer his mother slid onto her knees and leaned over the center console, fishing the rigid pecked from her boy's trunks. The sexy housewife leaned over his groin and gazed at the flaring cockhead and long bulging cylinder of cockmeat. "Oh God I love your dick."

She cupped his balls in her hand and squeezed gently, as if weighing the jism they contained. "I spent the night draining those balls and look at that...already full."

Her hand slipped up and wrapped around the root of his cock. She squeezed it in her tiny fist, feeling its thick rigidity. "Mmm...my sweetheart's throbbing."

Pursing her lips Kristen blew a hot breath over the shiny head of Garrett's cock. The teen shuddered as pleasure pulsed through his athletic body. Another breath steamed from between her lips and billowed the twitching cocktip. A trickle of cum oozed from his piss-slit and ran down his cock. "Oouuhhh somebody's liking that." Kristin giggled.

Garrett glanced down to see his mom tilt his boner back and lick his balls. Her tongue was long and experienced, undilating wildly around each testicle, battering them with her tongue tip.

She sucked one into her mouth, lapping at its underside greedily. It popped from her lips and she sluped the other one inside her mouth.

Garrett whimpered as he felt her tongue plow against the tender nut.

Kristen ran her flattened tongue up along his cock in one long slurping stroke, then flutter kissed the underside of his cock knob lovingly.

Garrett's hips buckled. "Ohhh shit, Mom!"

"Careful, honey...don't run the car off the road." Kristen giggled.

She kissed around the head of his dick, then fluttered her tongue tip against the frenum.

"Ohhh wow that feels soo good!"

"Well sweetie, this is only teasing. I haven't ever started sucking your dick yet." Kristen said.

"Will you please?" Garrett sighed.

"Are you ready for me to suck, love?"

"Yess."

Kristen rubbed her cheek against the erection, like a cat on a scratching post. "Are you ready for me to nurse on that boner while you fuck my mouth like a pussy?!"

"Ohhh Goddamn." Garret muttered, thrusting his dick up along his mom's face.

Kristen grabbed the prick at the root and swirled her strong pink tongue around the head. She slipped the throbbing tip into her mouth and nursed on the leaky slit. Garrett instinctively tilted his hips, trying to feed more cock into her hot mouth.

Kristen's head started bobbing up and down, taking more dick into her mouth. Her long brown hair spread out like a curtain on his lap as her lips sunk further and further down his shaft.

"Unghhhh," she gagged as his cock clogged her throat.

Her lips rose to the tip and her tongue slithered around the flaring knob, twisting wetly around it's surface. The pink prick tip was battered with a series of quick flailing licks before being sucked back into her hot mouth.

Kristen's head bobbed and her lips pulled on the meat as it glided along her wiggling tongue.

Her lips sunk straight to his scrotum and Garrett felt his meat sink into his mom's throat. "Hhmnnnggghhhfff!" Kristen's mouth gurgled as she plastered her lips to the hilt.

Garrett groaned and put his hand behind his mom's head, holding her in place, gorged on his cock. For ten long seconds the loving mother let her son's boner soak in her throat. Just before she came up for air, she felt the cockhead expand.

"Ohhhhh fuck!" Garrett trembled.

Kristen took a quick gasping breath, but before she could swallow again a big milky rope of spunk splashed against her lips. " Yess..CUM, honey!

In a flash she gobbled up the pulsing boner, lowering her luscious lips all the way to the hairless hilt of her son's cum spitting cock. "HHHNNGGNNFFFNNGGG!" Kristen's throat gurgled as it swallowed two hot blasts of cum.

She drew her lips up his cock and another gooey spurt skimmed across her tongue.

Kristen sucked and swallowed, whimpering hungrily as she pulled the cum up from his balls. Her tongue floated through a sea of hot jism as the spunk swirled through her mouth and down her throat.

It was all Garrett could do to keep the car on the road as the intense pleasure vibrated through his penis. "Ohhhh ssssshit!"

When the cum spurts stopped, Kristen wrapped her hand around the base of the erection and pumped up and down, making sure she milked out every drop. Her boy shuddered as she twirled her strong tongue around and around the sensative glass.

Finally the cock hungry mother lifted her lips off the cock and it popped from her mouth like the cork from a bottle.

"Jesusss, Mom!" Garrett sighed.

Kristen licked her lips. "Mmm, that was yummy, but I'm horny as fuck now," she said, sliding her hand under her skirt and rubbing her cunt.

Kristin looked off the side of the road. " I need you! Pull off to the side of the road."

"Mom, are you sure...out here?"

Kristen raked her fingers through the thick creamy folds of her cunt. Her clit stuck out like a stump in a swamp and she rubbed back and for across the rubbery nub. "Yesss...just pull off!"

The ramp of the handicap van lowered Doug to the ground.

"Wow...like having your own limo huh?" Misty said as she strolled over from across the parking lot.

"Hey, sis."

"Good to see you out and about, big brother." Misty said cheerfully.

Doug scanned the lot. "Thanks. Wonder what happened to Kristen and Garrett...they were right behind us a few minutes ago."

Misty smiled knowingly. "Maybe they stopped to get gas or something. I'm sure they'll be along."

On the backseat of Kristen's SUV, Garrett's well toned ass rose and fell between his mom's tan thighs. Both were naked only from the waist down and made out like hungry animals as their bodies beat together.

The curvy mother had her arms folded under her son's, holding on desperately to his shoulders as she felt the power of his fuck-thrusts. "Ohhh baby, fuck me as hard as you can!!"

Garrett took savage strokes, making her whole curvaceous body tremble and vibrate. His cock appeared, glistening with juices, then sank to the hilt, his balls making a wet smack against her ass globes over and over.

"FUCK!" Kristen shouted, in a cute little mommy-scream. "Fuck --fuck --fuck!"

Her fuck-hole gripped him firmly on the backstroke, so that he had to yank back hard against the suction of her cunt. Her cunt muscles began to ripple.

The inner rings contracted in a series of circles, running up his prick from the root to the knob, as if she were frigging him off inside her fuck-box.

"Uuhhh wooow, Mom!" Was all the teen could mutter as pleasure surged through his humping frame.

Bowed open around her boy, her silky legs hung in the air, knees propped back. Her cute little tan bare feet with their red painted

toenails clenched and flex from the exquisite pleasure she was receiving.

Kristen's back suddenly arched from the carseat, her head twisting to the side. "I'M CUMMMINNGG! OHH GOD I'M CUMMING HARD! OHH FUCK GARRETT!!"

Garrett's cock was now merely a slimy blur as it pounded in and out. Having cum so hard from his blowjob, he knew he would be able to fuck his Mom straight through her orgasm.

Kristen's pussy tightened its grip and squirted three hot blasts of liquid girl-cum against the hard pistoning shaft-meat.

Garrett heard her emit a primitive grunt and as her warm flesh trembled around him, he knew he was taking her to paradise.

Just as Kristen came down from the first, another thundering cum shook her mature body. "OHHHNNGOD AGAIN!!"

This time the convusing mother grasped onto her boy so hard, Garret could hardly move. Her legs slid down, but stayed locked around his frame like a fleshy hardness. She pulled her pussy up and pushed it down, frigging on two or three inches of cock-shaft.

With his face to her neck, the young teen felt like he was encased in warm smothering mommy-flesh as Kristen fucked herself up into his young body, using it to get her off hard.

His cock throbbed and vibrated in the wet sponge grip of Kristen's cunt. The teenaged cock-knob dipped into the creamy mouth of her cervix, which felt like a gooey tongue on his glans.

Kristen's body quaked and cum pulsed against Garrett's rigid organ, washing it in more cream.

"Ggggnnnaaahhhh!!" Kristen cried, which acted like a trigger in Garrett's balls.

Tucked in the crack of her ass, Kristen felt his scrotum tighten.

A huge geyser of hot spunk erupted from his piss-slit, soaking Kristen's cervix.

"Oooohhhhhh!" Garrett moaned as his mom worked his pulsing dong with her experienced cunt muscles.

She could feel his cock quiver and flex as it shot huge ribbons of jism, stirring their orgasmic juices together into a hot creamy froth around the rigid meat.

Still writhing frantically, their panting became quiet and both mother and son held their breath as their bodies were hit hard. Neither one breathed for what seemed like forever, as only their bodies jerked and trembled, as if passing the orgasm back and forth between them.

Finally, both of them hissed, then fought to catch their breath.

They laid there in a heap of flesh as if their bodies were melting together.

"God, that was amazing!" Kristen said.

"You can say that again."

"Garrett..." Kristen said, getting his attention.

Resting on his elbows Garrett looked down to see Kristen gazing up at him dreamily. Her hair was disheveled, but sexy. Her big bown eyes beamed. "I'm in love with you."

"I'm in love with you too."

Kristen smiled timidly. "I know this is gonna sound cruel, but I wish your dad had never come home."

"Why?"

"After he left, I started to feel a very unmotherly attraction to you and I could tell you were feeling the same towards me. Even though we never talked about it...or acted on those feelings...it was a pretty magical two months after your father left." Kristen said.

"Yeah it was."

Kristen smiled slyly. "Which parts do you remember most?"

"It was a couple days after dad left...we were at the table eating dinner...."

"I remember. That's when our eyes met from acoss the table...and do you remember what happened?" Kristen asked.

"We just kept staring at each other." Garrett answered.

"Yup...I think the seeds of love were being planted at that moment."

"And who could forget the following night...when we took Misty to the parade." Garrett said with a big smile.

"Hey, it was cold that night and dummy here forgot her jacket."

"So you decided to climb inside my jacket with me." Garrett said with a grin.

Kristen smiled naughty. "That coat was big enough for two...besides, I didn't hear you complaining at the time."

"Uhhh no way!"

"And why was that...was it because we were hugging inside that coat for a half-hour and these big ole boobs were squashed against your chest?" Kristen asked.

"I never even noticed." Garrett joked.

"Yeah right, I could feel that hard-on against me the whole time. I could feel it pulse when you started creaming your jeans."

Garrett blushed a bit. "That was embarrassing."

"Why...you were doing what came natural. Do you remember what I said to you while it was happening?"

"Yeah...you hugged me even tighter and whispered in my ear that it was ok." Garrett said.

"It was more than ok...it was wonderful. We were falling in love even then...and I was making you cum for the very first time." Kristen said with a warm loving smile.

"Well I came a lot of times after that...just thinking about that night...and this certain afternoon after school."

Kristen giggled. "You must be referring to the afternoon you saw me naked."

"It was the middle of the day...and your bedroom door was wide open, Mom."

Kristen smiled. "I know it was and there was a reason I was naked when you got home. I wanted you to see my body."

"Wait a minute...so that was on purpose? I guess that's why you just stood there and didn't really say anything."

"Well...just for the record...you could have walked right away, but if I recall you just stood there gawking."Kristen said with a wink.

"What do you expect...I have a mom with an amazing body...which includes the biggest tits I've ever seen."

Kristen laughed, then got serious. "You know...you could have come in, thrown me on the bed and fucked me and I probably wouldn't have stopped you."

"Even then...before dad came back?"

"Honey...every move I've made has been to get you into my heart...and between my legs. I forgot my jacket on purpose on parade night. I wanted into yours with you. All the winks and long lingering stares...all the times where it seemed like I was displaying myself for you...all those things were done on purpose. Even sharing a bedroom...it wasn't about accommodating your father...it was about getting closer to you. It was about getting you into my bed and making you mine." Kristen explained.

"Well I am yours."

Kristen rubbed his face tenderly with her nails. "And I'm yours. I won't abandoned your father...but he's not the man rocking my world anymore nor the man who has my heart. You are."

Garrett and Kristen arrived at the beach to find Doug relaxing in his wheelchair on the boardwalk. "What happened...did you two get lost?"

"Forgot the towels, so we had to go back to the house. Did Misty show up?"

Doug pointed out to the crashing surf. "Yeah...she went for a swim."

"Sounds like a great idea. It's hot today!" Garrett said.

Kristen pointed to an area of beach about a stones-throw from where they stood with Doug. "Honey, let's set up over there."

"Cool, Mom." Garrett answered, rushing over and setting up his chair and cooler.

"You should put some sunscreen on, Doug. You know how easy you burn." Kristen said.

"Yeah yeah i know...not all of us are lucky enough to get a golden brown tan."

Kristen smile as she leaned down and gave him a peck. "Speaking of tan, I'm gonna go work on mine. Text me if you need anything."

Doug watched his wife sashay over to where Garrett was set up. He watched her spread a towel out on the sand, then lift the beach dress over her head.

"Damn!" Doug muttered as he gawked at his gorgous wife.

Kristen wore an extremely skimpy white bikini. The top was Bandeau style which was clearly fighting to contain the enormity of her tits. Her string bikini bottoms were scrunch butt style, leaving half her luscious tan ass globes exposed.

Garrett gulped in awe as he took it in. "Jesus, Mom...you're give dad a heart attack in that thing."

Kristen glanced at her husband as she adjusted her top, making her bulging tit meat quake. "Oh I'm sure I'll get a lecture on how inappropriate it is...but he'll get over it."

"Well I'm going for a swim...before I get another boner." Garrett said, rushing towards the surf.

Doug watched his son rush towards the water and heard his wife giggle and shout out a comment. "And that would be a bad thing why?"

As Garrett neared the surf his Aunt Misty was stepping from the water in a bikini that also provided little coverage. The baby blue bikini top was more like two triangular patches covering only about a third of her huge tits. She was a beautiful woman and looked much like the British actress Haley Atwell. Her wet tan skin glowed in the sun and the bulging flesh of her breasts trembled obscenely as she pranced towards her nephew. "Hey handsome!"

"Hey Aunt Misty...Mom's up there."

Misty stepped up to Garrett, ringing out her wet hair.

"How was your roadside quicky?"

Garrett giggled. "It was good."

"Did you make her cum on your dick?"

Garrett blushed a little. "Yeah."

She grazed his cheek with her nails, glancing down at his bulge. "Good boy. Your Mom and I have a surprise for you later...it's right down there." Misty said, pointing down the beach.

Garrett looked in that direction. "What is it?"

"Well if I told you it wouldn't be a suprise silly. Don't worry, you're gonna like it." Misty said, smiling naughtily as she strode away.

Garrett couldn't help but watch his Aunt sashay off and his mouth fell open as he discovered she was wearing string bikini bottoms. Misty's tan meaty buttocks swung provocatively, the rounded globes on full display. Garrett turned and sprinted into the water.

Kristen was sprawled out on her tummy on the towel. She watched her sister-in-law approach. "Trying to give my boyfriend a hard-on?"

Misty giggled. "This is my 'husband's out of town' bikini."

"Well, unfortunately my husband's not...so this is about as skimpy as I can get away with. I saw a Malibu micro bikini that I absolutely loved."

"Have you seen the new sling bikinis they have? I soooo want one." Misty said, spreading out a towel and laying next to Kristen.

"Soo...were you able to get here early enough to do what we talked about?" Kristen asked.

"Of course. You should know by now that I wouldn't dare not follow through on a plan when it benefits me."

Kristen's cell rang. She rolled her eyes and answered on speaker."Hey hon, watcha' need?"

"You two can't be serious about laying around like that in front of Garrett?" Doug's voice said.

"Laying around like what? We're not NAKED?!"

"You might as well be, Kristen...come on...look at those bikinis"

Misty giggled. Kristen just shook her head. "Doug...we're at the beach..gimme a fucking break.

"He's not a little boy, Dougie. He can handle seeing us in skimpy bikinis." Misty chimed in.

Doug started to respond, but Kristen cut him off. "You're breaking up...GOODBYYYE!!"

Misty giggled as Kristen hung up the phone. "Still on the suspicious war path I see?"

"That...or he's afraid sitting back there watching me display my ass for our son might give him a hard-on."

Misty laughed. "Seriously?"

"Yes...Doug told me the other night that the thought of Garrett and I being naked together in our bedroom excites him. "

"No way!"

"Yup."

"Hmmm...have you thought about using that...as a type of sexual therapy for Doug?" Misty asked.

Kristen nodded. "I have. From what he's said...I think that type of therapy might even help him achieve erections."

"Well maybe that's what you need then...to get your sex life back on track."

Kristen giggled. "Oh trust me, my sex life is on track...in fact it's racing down the track at high speed."

Misty laughed. "Well so is mine...but we do have to pity fuck our husbands once in awhile."

"I know...I'm just so enamored with Garrett right now...the thought of sex with Doug just seems so...dull and boring. Although I have to admit, flirting with Garrett in front of Doug has been fun."

Garrett arrived soaking wet from his dip. "That water's perfect!"

"You're perfect!" Kristen said, looking him up and down.

Misty smiled mischiviously. "Perfectly naughty from what I've heard...oh and saw. Let's not forget about the show you two lovebirds gave me in the woods the other day. Careful, that's how Tracy Davis got caught a few weeks ago."

"I heard her husband was divorcing her. She got caught?"

"Yup...hubby followed her into the woods...caught her fucking a college guy in the back seat of her pretty little Mercedes."

As Misty and Kristen chatted, Garrett sat in his beach chair behind them. He had a front row seat to the skimpy bikini show, starring Mom and Aunt Misty. The teen couldn't help but gawk at the backs of their tan shimmering legs and the meaty mounds of their scantily clad asses. He could see the sides of their big mature breasts distending out as they lay flattened against the sand.

His Aunt Misty's ass was practically naked. The thong disappeared, smothered between the rounded globes, then emerged at the top where a small row of beads centered the cross strap. Her shapely legs were spread slightly so the teen could see the tiny patch of fabric and the obvious outline of her bulging cunt.

His eyes traveled between Kristen's legs to find her tiny bikini gusset moulded around her clam shell, her thick outer lips bulging out the sides obscenely. The scrunch butt bottoms were like a triangle of cloth hugging her meaty buttocks, leaving half the smooth tan cheeks exposed. The bottoms of her cheeks formed a sexy crease, the borderline between luscious ass and a set of strong silky-smooth tan legs.

"Shit." Garrett muttered, remembering how he'd spent the last few days banging the hell outta that.

"Enjoying the view back there?" Kristen asked.

He looked up to see both his Kristen and Misty's heads turned, gazing back at him.

"Best view ever!"

The women giggled. "I told Garrett that you and I have a surprise for him down the beach a little ways."

Kristen kicked her legs up, arching her sexy feet. "Mmm...we sure do."

Doug surveyed the threesome from the boardwalk. His mind raced with a combination of emotions as he watched how his wife and sister were clearly displaying themselves for Garrett.

Kristen looked at her hubby for a moment, with a mischievous smile. "Garrett will you hand me my tanning oil babe," she asked.

Garrett fished the Coopertone from his pack and gave it to Kristen. The big busted mother turned over, sat up and started lathering her body. She was positioned right in front of her son, commanding his attention.

Doug watched as his wife limberly lifted a leg, stretching it out and making it flex, her toes pointed at her boy as she coated its smooth flesh with oil. She brought the knee of her leg back, bowing open her leg to apply oil to the inside of her soft thigh.

Doug felt his body shiver as he imagined the view between Kristen's legs his son must be enjoying.

He was right...Garrett's eyes got big as the bikini stretched around Kristen's smouldering cunt, making it bulge out obscenely from her leg being kicked back. She applied oil to the other leg, giving her boy a wink as she put on her show.

As she brought her other knee back, opening up her crotch again, Kristen made eye contact with Doug and fed him a sly smile as if knowing what this might be doing to him.

Misty smiled as she watched her sister-in-law thrust her huge tits out and squirt oil on the bulging shelf of tit-flesh. She marveled at the way the side of Kristen's boob sloped down into an enormous contour that looked like it could split the Bandeau style top in two. "Damn those are big tits, Kristen!"

"Hey, yours aren't exactly small there, Girly."

"True...home grown...that's what my momma always said. Do you like women with big tits, Garrett?" Misty asked.

"He better!" Kristen said with a stern glare.

"Hell yeah I do." Garrett said with a smile.

"So, Mom...have you given him a tour of the universe yet?" Misty asked.

Kristen giggled. "He's gotten shown around a little, but I don't think he's got the full tour yet?"

"Tour of the universe?" Garrett asked.

"When a big breasted girl rides and your looking right up at her tits while they swing...then she takes you over and under and inbetween..." Misty explained, making Kristen giggle. "That's what we girls call giving a tour of the universe."

Garrett gulped hard. "Sounds like a fun tour to me."

"Well then maybe we better all take a little walk...what do you say, Kristen?"

Kristen stood up, her golden brown body glistening with oil. She stood just in front of Garrett, towering over him. Garrett stared up and watched her udjust her bikini top. The butt of her oozing breasts peeked out, revealing and underside of cleavage as the buxom mother adjusted her bandeau to keep her bobbling boobs covered. "I'm ready...just let me see if Doug needs anything."

Doug watched his knockout wife walk towards him.

"Hon, we're going for a walk down the beach. Do you need anything?"

"Yeah...an apology...for hanging up on me." Doug answered.

"Doug, please...don't start. Do you need anything or not?"

"I got the sun...I got my beer. Life is good." Doug said, sipping his drink.

"No flirting with any young bikini sluts while I'm gone." Kristen teased.

"I'll try." Doug said.

Doug watched the three start off down the beach. Kristen was on one side of Garrett, Misty on the other...each holding Garrett's hand. He was clearly the envy of every guy on the beach.

"So how are you guys keeping all the sex from Doug?" Misty asked.

"Very carefully." Kristen answered.

"I dont know...I wouldn't call having sex right outside dad's bedroom door careful." Garrett said.

The women giggled. "No, but you have to admit...it was a thrill."

Misty squeezed Garrett's hand. "Oh my God, that's awesome! I've talked to Rich on the phone while having sex with another guy and I can't even explain to you how good it made my orgasms."

"Ohhh I wanna try that. Let's try that okay babe?" Kristen said excitedly, squeezing her son's hand.

"Jesus Mom, if your orgasms are any stronger you'll drown me."

Both women burst out laughing.

"Oh stop...you love it when I squirt on your dick."

"Does it make his cock take off like a rocketship?" Misty asked.

"The first few times...but I must say his stamina is getting much much better."

"Well that's not an easy thing for a young man. Women our age have very strong cunt muscles. I don't know about your mom, but when I cum hard and my pussy starts to squirt, it closes up like a vice. It takes a rock hard cock with lots of staying-power to fuck a woman through that." Misty explained.

Misty stopped at a beach tent, which was down the beach by itself, away from the other crowd.

"I bet Garrett could do that." Kristen said confidently.

Misty knelt down and unzipped the tent door, grinning at Garrett naughtily. "Well...why don't we find out."

Garrett looked at his mom, who also had a big grin. "Told you we had a surprise for you."

Misty crawled inside, followed by Kristen. Garrett looked around, excited, but unsure. There was no one else around and the crashing surf would drown out any noise from inside the tent. He heard the two women giggle.

"Gaaaarreeet," he heard his mom call in a sexy tone.

The teen peeked inside and saw the women curled on their sides across from eachother on a queen-sized air mattress covered in a fluffy comforted. Both Kristen and Misty were naked, their tits hanging heavy, one stacked on top of the other.

"Ready for that tour of the universe?" Misty asked.

Garrett crawled in, his heart racing with excitement. He fell back between the two beauties and they hovered over him hungrily.

"Better zip that door up, Momma bear. Things are about to get really fucking crazy in here." Misty said, twisting her tongue in her mouth.

While Kristen zipped them in, Misty reached over and started some music. Garrett recognized the Beyonce tune. It had a sexy beat and the two women crawled back and hovered over him on their knees dancing to it.

The teen's mouth hung open as he gazed up at their gyrating bodies. Their huge breasts rocked and bobbled, big nipples protruding out from wide areola.

Garrett gazed over at Misty's pussy as it swiveled near his face. Her pubis was completely shaved, forming a perfectly smooth tan V all the way to a puffy clam shell.

His head turned to see his mom's cunt, framed by wide child bearing hips, rocking to the beat from side to side. Unlike Misty's cunt, Kristen had a cute little, perfectly trimmed triangle of pubic fur.

The women reached down and worked together to pull off his trunks uncovering the rock hard column of cock flesh that jutted out from his body.

Misty wrapped her fingers around it and gave it a few slow strokes as if measuring it's length. "Mmmm it so BIG."

Kristen raked her fingers against her son's scrotum. "And his balls...feel how smooth and full they are."

Garrett sighed as he felt his balls being massaged in each woman's hand. He could feel their long nails digging through soft scrotum, grazing along the meat of his nuts.

Misty peeked down at him. "Do you like having big balls, sweetheart?"

Garrett nodded.

"Do you like the way they beat against your mom's ass when you fuck her?" Misty asked.

"Mmmm I know Mom does." Kristen added.

Misty took the cock back in her hand, feeling its hardness throb. "Mmm so long and hard and thick."

Misty squeezed hard around the root, then tilted the erection, pointing it towards the roof of the tent. She brushed her hair to one side of her head, then took his cock in her hungry mouth. Her wet tongue lapped at the head of his prick, laving it with her warm saliva. "Mmmmm."

While Misty started sucking dick, Kristen crawled over the top of her boy. Holding herself up, with a hand planted on both sides of him, the lusty mother gazed down in his eyes naughtily. Her big tan tits hung down from her chest, barely grazing him. Slowly, she lowered herself down onto him, her boobs rolling out like soft dough against his chest. Kristen buried her face in his neck and started battering it with wet licks.

"Mmmmnnn hmmmmnn."

Garrett whimpered in pleasure, looking up overy his mom's shoulder. He could feel his cock gliding through his Aunt Misty's hot mouth, his flaring cockhead ramming the back of her throat.

Misty pumped at the base with her circling fist, stuffing her mouth full of meat on every stroke. The teen could feel her experienced tongue going wild in her mouth, dragging along the vieny underside

as she rose up, then twirling it around the bulbous tip twice before swallowing it back down.

His mom's licks were making his body shiver. Kristen looked like a female vampire layed out against her son with her face buried in his neck. Her strong tongue plowed at the sensitive tendons, knowing just the spots to hit, lighting the erogenous zone on fire.

Garrett gasped with pleasure wrapping his arms around Kristen and squeezing her tighter to his body. His mom reacted, whimpering as her tongue went into overdrive...flailing wildly against his flesh.

"Hot damn, Mom!" He hissed, pleasure filled eyes widening as he stared off into space, basking in the sensations.

Misty's head bobbed up and down as she sucked the boy's dick in a steady rythm. Her mouth made a lewd slurping sound as she gurgled his sweet slimy seepage down her gullet.

Kristen rose from his chest, kissing and licking her way down his body until she joined Misty at her son's cock.

"Isn't it yummy?" Kristen asked.

"Mmm hmmm." Misty hummed, nursing hungrily.

Kristen looked up at her son as she clutched his nuts and tenderly massaged. "Does that feel good baby? Do you like the way Aunt Misty is sucking your hard cock?"

"Uhhh huh."

The boner popped from Misty's mouth and she drug her wet lips across the fleshy underside. "Such a young hard dick!"

Kristin fluttered her tongue up the rigid stalk. "I'm in love with this young hard dick."

She pulled at the loose skin between his penis and balls, making the erection rise and point straight up between their faces. Both women's eyes got big and their cunts quivered as they gazed in awe at the fleshy pillar.

"HOLY FUUUCK!" Misty exclaimed excitedly.

Kristen giggled like an excited schoolgirl, her tongue starting to slither from her mouth. She put it to use...battering the bulbous tip with wet licks. Misty joined her and the knob was buried in a pink curtain of twirling tongues.

"Ohhhh man!" Garrett shuddered as he felt the strong wet mommy-tongues scub his glans.

Kristen's mouth slipped over the head and nursed while Misty drug her tongue down the shaft with one big lick, then sucked one of his nuts into her mouth.

Both women began working in unisone, one gorging on his prick while the other sucked his balls.

Garrett looked down in awe at the two bobbing heads. His mom's lips looked so sexy stretched in a wide circle around his cock. Then she slid down and took every inch of her son's prick into her maw. Her chin pressed to his balls and her nose nestled in his wiry pubic vee until her lips were glued to the root of his prick.

"Hooly shit." The teen muttered.

Misty giggled, a saliva covered testicle plopping from her mouth.

"Look at you...you sword swallowing mommy!"

Kristen came up for air, then took him straight back to the balls.

"Unghhhh!" she gagged as his flaring slab clogged into her gullet, spilling out goo.

Misty got onto her knees and tossed her hair to one side as she leaned over, waiting for Kristen to come up for air again.

As Kristen gasped, Garrett's mom's mouth was replaced by Misty's. Not to be outdone, her lips sunk all the way to the hilt. She gurgled as she raised and lowered her lips just a little over and over, showing her experience and allowing her nephew to fuck her throat.

Kristen went to work on his balls, fluttering her tongue all over his ballsack.

Misty's wet lips slid smoothly up and down the rigid prick, using her mouth like a pussy. After about every ten slurps the knob slipped from her mouth and her tongue danced around on it's shiny engorged surface.

Kristen sucked one of her son's nuts like a plump round penis. Her pouty lips slipped back and forth across the tender nut. She sucked it in deep in her mouth and held it there. The skin on his scrotum was now pulled tight, his other nut resting on her cheek, waiting its turn. Then her tongue went to work, battering the testicle in a hot saliva bath.

"Oohhh damn!!" Garrett groaned.

Misty was like a cocksucking machine, her mouth keeping a steady tempo as it sucked up and down the rock hard prick. She pulled up to the cock knob. "Thrust your hips and fuck my mouth."

Garrett complied happily, thrusting his prick up into her mouth and down her throat.

A testicle plopped from Kristen's mouth...it's ovaled shape red and bulging out from the sack from being sucked so hard.

"SSSSSSSLLLUUUPPPPP!!" The other nut was sucked into her mouth, where it recieved a quick scrub before her luscious lips started to slip back and forth over its plump smooth surface.

Kristen heard her son whimper and felt his nut jump in her mouth. She applied more suction, pulling it back in deep and started stroking her tongue along the sensitive underside.

"Hhhhnnnuhhh!" Garrett groaned.

The testicle popped from Kristen's mouth, wet and distended. "He's tightening up!"

Misty's mouth rose from the flaring knob. "Do you want some spunk?" She asked quickly, then resumed her deep sucking.

"Take the load and then I'll milk him."

"CUMMMINNGG!!" Garrett shouted.

Hot juice spouted from his piss slit, skimming over Misty's tongue and down her throat. A second blast erupted, filling her mouth with cream. "Uhhnnngg!" She swallowed hard, making room for more.

Garrett felt one of his testicles vibrate inside his mom's mouth. It jerked forward, nearly escaping as it fired more cum up his shaft. Kristen sucked it back in and held it deep, letting her tongue flail on its surface. The nut twitched and she held it tight in her mouth, feeling it pump out more cum.

Misty whimpered with delight as she felt the throbbing rod pulse between her lips, sending out delicious spurts of creamy jit.

A few moments later, Misty let the tip pop from her mouth and Kristen rose from his balls and gobbled up his cock.

"Ohhhh fuuuck!" Garrett groaned as he felt his mom milk the last drops from his piss hole.

Kristen circled her fist around the root and pumped his prick up and down slowly, getting every ounce of sperm she could.

Finally, Kristen rose to her knees beside Misty. They gazed down at the sweaty breathless teen.

"How's that for a blowjob, honey?" Kristen asked.

"Best ever." Garrett sighed.

Misty reached down a took a firm grip around the still-hard rod. "Know what I like best about teenaged cock?"

Kristen smiled. "That it can stay hard and horny for hours?"

"Yup." Misty said with a grin.

She crawled on top of her nephew, planting her knees on both sides of his lean body. She reached down between her thighs and grasped his huge wet cock. "Ready to take that tour of the universe, gorgeous?"

"Hell yeah." Garrett said with a nod.

Misty's lowered her hips and her wet cunt lips slipped over the blood engorged head of Garrett's cock.

"Ohhhh wow!" The teen muttred, watching his cock sink into her shaved pussy.

Misty's pussy throbbed and sucked around the meat prod as it sunk all the way to her cervix. Then she was sitting flat on top of him, wiggling her bare ass on his upper thighs, the entire length of his giant prick buried in her drippy cunt.

"Ohh my God...so fucking big!" Misty sighed.

Kristen knelt beside her boy, stroking his lean chest. "How does Aunt Misty's pussy feel on your dick, sweetheart?"

"Really tight. Incredible!"

Misty leaned forward, her enormous stiff nippled tits hanging over Garrett's chest. Gradually she started humping and wiggling, grimacing and biting her lip with intense pleasure as she slid her wet clinging pussy up and down on his cock.

Garrett excitedly watched her big tits as they began to swing like pendulums up and back. Misty grabbed his shoulders and feverishly started bouncing her tan meaty ass against his loins. His sturdy teenaged erection sliced through the hot sponge grip, packing her cunt with every stroke.

"Ohhh yeah...fuck me!!!" Misty shouted.

She held his shoulders tightly and humped much faster, rhythmically banging her quivering buns onto his upper thighs, panting as she fucked her throbbing pussy onto the stabbing shaft of his cock.

"HAAARDERR! "

Garrett thrust his hips up, driving his hard dick deep and hammering the head of her cervix.

"YESSS!" Misty gasped, furiously slamming her gooey fuckslit up and down the hard cock. She tightened her cunt muscles around his cock, showing her experience.

"Ohhh man!" Garrett sighed, watched the huge tits above swing around wildly.

Misty leaned forward, lowering her swinging tits so that they brushed and slapped against the boy's face. Garrett's tongue hung out of his mouth, letting the spongy breasts drag against it as they danced. He caught one of her rubbery nipples in his mouth and started sucking.

"Yes, fuck yes!" she groaned and gasped with desire, her lips pulled back to bare her pretty white teeth, panting obscenely as she pounded her throbbing, juicy pussy onto his cock as fast as she could.

Garrett was seeing a side to his Aunt he'd never seen...the lusty animal side and he was loving it. Misty's eyes got big and Garrett felt her cunt walls tighten.

"I'M GONNA CUM! OH GOD I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM HARD! OHH GARRETT!!"

Her nipple popped from the teen's mouth as Misty rose back up, slamming her cunt back on the sturdy erection. Her pussy spewed out juice, contracting and spasming uncontrollably around his stiff, throbbing pisser.

Garrett knew that because he had cum earlier, he could fuck her straight through her orgasm. The handsome teen pulled his convulsing Aunt back down onto him, burying his face in her soft tits. He furiously bucked his hips, driving his dick deep.

"HOLY FUCK!!" Misty cried. No teen had ever handled her this way and she clung onto him for the ride.

Garrett's big dripping balls flopped wildly, beating against Misty's quivering buttocks. His cock was a slimy blur jackhamming in and out, her thick hairless cunt lips stretched obscenely around it's girth.

"Ohhhh yeeeaahh!!" Garrett sighed, his face peeking out from between Misty's massive cleavage.

He watched his Aunt's face contort with pleasure. "OHH FUCK...I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!"

Garrett felt her cunt ripple up and down the length of his dick, then a surge of hot juice soak his boner. He could feel her soft warm flesh convulsing on top of him, her big sweaty tits sloshing and quivering against his face.

In an instant, she rolled off of him, his cock wobbled from the exit, beads of juice running down the shaft.

Gasping and quivering, Misty backed against the tent wall. She cupped her cunt in her hand and gazed at the slab of meat like it was it was a God that just zapped heavenly pleasure through her pussy. Her breath quivered and her curvy tan legs trembled as post orgasmic contractions shot through her body. "Ohh my G-g-g-god!!"

Kristen threw her leg over Garrett, mounting his loins. She reached down and fit his wet cock knob inside her juicy cunt opening.

"Ooooh!" The big titted mother mewled, wiggling excitedly as his meaty cock pushed into her pussy.

The feeling of his mom's wet cunt sliding down his prick like a spongy sleeve was out of this world. She wasn't as tight as Misty, but the ridges along her cunt tube coaxed and squeezed his glans in ways he never dreamed of.

Finally it was all the way up her pussy-hole, buried to the balls in the throbbing grip of her cunt. She gazed down at her son in lusty adoration. "God I love you!"

She leaned forward and bobbed her tan mommy-ass up and down, fucking the hard pillar of flesh through her tight cunt. Garrett thrust his hips, meeting her on every downstroke. Soon their pace intensified.

"Yesss, honey, fuck my pussy!"

Kristen's big tits danced above her boy. Garrett watched them in fascination. Misty had big fat tits, but Kristen's were even bigger. Where Misty's areola were wide and smooth, Kristen's were equally as wide, but thick and dotted with milk glans. Watching his mom's tits swing was an absolute rush. It was like they had a life all their own, bobbling heavily up and back, sometimes swinging way out away from her chest in a big circle, then smacking together, rippling like jello.

Kristen's lush hips worked like a machine gliding her ass up and down on her son's thick slab. She twisted her pelvis as she sank down, screwing her pussy down to his balls. Then she grinded up and back...up and back, making Grarrett's cock knob lick back and forth across the creamy head of her cervix.

"Ohhh Goddamn, Mom!"

As she grinded, gliding her strong hips, Kristen sat upright as if riding a horse. Her tits were trapped between her arms, making them balloon out...huge and sweaty.

Grarrett's eyes traveled from her breasts down the smooth skin of her flattened belly with its cute little naval. The vee of her mons seem almost fused with his groin as it glided up and back...up and back.

Kristen's inner cunt muscles were working like a wringer on his prick. Gradually, she intensified her pace, her soft hips flexing as they powered her grinding into a desperate tempo, stirring her cunt with the rigid love muscle.

"Wooooo-hoo...you go girl!" Misty cheered, watching her beautiful sister-in-law law fuck like a porn actress.

Kristen's arms were extended, hands on her son's chest, digging in with her nails. Her tits were still squeezed between her arms distended out like quivering watermelons. The nippled caps were huge, engorged and looked as though they could blast off the ends of her tits at any moment.

"FFFFFUUUUUCKKK!!!" Kristen screamed, her hips now a blur as she used the bone like a scatching post in her pussy.

The horny mother's face contorted and she screamed again in wild orgasm as her pussy turned to cream.

"Uggghhhh fuck!!" Garrett groaned. The gripping juice spewing cunt was too much and his cock began to spit without warning.

Garrett wanted to finish off his mom like he had with Misty. He reached up and pulled her body down against him, mashing his face between her sweaty breasts.

He pumped his hips, driving his dick with rapid thrusts.

"OOOOHHH YESSSS!" Kristen cried, hanging onto her baby as he fucked furiously up into her curvy body.

"Yesss...get it, Garrett, GET THAT PUSSY!" Misty cheered encouraginly.

"Hhhhgggnnuhh!!" The teen groaned, his face encased in quivering breast flesh.

Huge jets of sperm continued erupting from his piss slit as he hammered his penis deep like a midevil battering ram. He heard his mom grunt like an animal as her body trembled against him. All while his boner was being washed with female cum...their juices swirling together.

For five more minutes their bodies writhed and trembled, gradually coming to a hault in a sweaty heap of panting flesh.

Doug took a sip of his beer, then gazed down the beach for any sign of the threesome. They'd been gone for two and a half hours and he was more than annoyed.

"Hi...aren't you Grarrett's dad?" A soft voice asked.

A girl Grarrett's age with long blonde hair stood nearby. She wore a two piece red bikini and looked like the actress Kaley Cuoco. The girl was tan and curvy, her tits big and plump, leaving lots of cleavage on display.

"Yeah...hi I'm Doug."

"The war hero right?" The girl asked.

"Well I don't know about that. Do you go to school with Garrett?"

"Yeah we have a few classes together. My names Heather."

Doug reached out and shook her hand. He noticed the teen had strong curvy legs like his wife, which tapperd down to cute little tan bare feet with red painted toenails that matched her bikini.

"Is Garrett around?"

"Yeah, somewhere. He took a walk down the beach with his mom and Aunt. They should be back soon though."

"Oh cool. I gotta tell you...I've had a crush on your son since the third grade."

"Wow...does Garrett know this?"

Heather giggled. "Well I stare at him enough you'd think he would. Does he have a girlfriend?"

Oddly, Doug thought of Garrett and his wife. "No...ummm not that I'm aware of. You seem like a nice girl. You should take charge...ask him out."

"Hmmm I don't know about that."

"Don't be silly. Here, put his number in your cell phone. Trust me, he's been a bit of a momma's boy here lately...it would do him some good to go out with a girl his age."

Doug gave Heather their number and they said their goodbyes. As she pranced away Doug couldn't help but notice that she had ass like Jennifer Lopez, thick and meaty. The tan cheeks were partly exposed and swayed hypnotically as she strode away.

"My wife is about to have some compitition." Doug thought.

Ten minutes later his cell phone rang. It was Kristen. Doug answered. "Did you guys get lost?"

Kristen stood outside the beach tent, a towel wrapped around her body. "Hi hon, no..we just went for a swim...lost track of time."

"Well how much longer 'til you guys get back here?

Kristen heard Misty scream from inside he tent. "Ohhhh fuck me!!"

"It might be awhile, we walked a ways down and we have to come all the way back. Why don't you have the van take you home so you can relax and cool off. Garrett and I will be home in a couple hours and I'll make some dinner."

"Yeah ok. Hey let Garrett know I just scored him a date. Cute blonde girl named Heather. She said she has a couple classes with him."

"What do you mean you 'scored him a date'." Kristen asked in a slightly annoyed tone.

"Well, she said she has a crush on him so I gave her our number..told her to call and ask him out."

"Doug, why would you do that without talking to me first?" Kirsten asked.

"Oh come on, Kristen...he should be going out with girls his age...not sitting around oogling over his mommy in a bikini. The way you've been flaunting yourself for him here lately isn't helping either."

Kristen snapped back. "For your information...that flaunting is for you, Doug. You were the one that told me it got you excited to see me act that way in front of Garrett."

"It still doesn't make it right...it's...perverted."

"Perverted or not...the point is to get you aroused. So...were you aroused?" Kristen asked.

"Oh come on, Kristen."

"Answer the question, Doug. Watching me display my body in front of Garrett...did that arouse you? Did it work your penis up into an erection?"

"I was....I was excited, but no...no erection."

There was a pause until Kristen broke the silence. "I gotta go. I'll see you at home later."

Kristen crawled back inside the tent and zipped it up. Garrett was between Misty's lucsious legs, drilling her cunt with long juicy strokes. Misty rocked her curvy hips in rhythm, making his dick grind hard against her sensitive inner flesh.

Kristen pulled the towel away from her body and spread her naked legs, stroking her cunt as she watched her boy's lean naked ass bounce up and down.

"Haaarder! Fuck me harder!" Misty cried, scratching her long nails down Garrett sweat soaked back.

The teen intensified his fuck-thrusts, punching his rock hard dick through the tight sponge-grip of mature pussy. His balls beat hard against Misty's quivering buns and he could feel her big sweat-slippery tits sloshing against his chest.

"Ooooh yeah!" Garrett muttered, riding the soft curvy clutch of Misty's saddle.

"OOOOOHHHGOODDDFFFFUCKINGSHITTT!!" Misty growled as her back arched from the air mattress, lifting both of them. Her face contorted wildly and Garrett felt her slippery body tighten it's clutch as it started to convulse below him.

Kristen dug through her snatch with her fingers as she excitedly watched her son's rigid love muscle dig through her sister-in- law's hot throbbing pussy. She could see the juice from Misty's cum dripping from Garrett's shaft, cascading down between her ass globes.

Just as Misty came down from one...another powerful orgasm shot through her naked body. She let out a sexy scream and Garrett felt more girl-cum break like a crashing wave around the head of his spear. He fucked hard...pushing his hot prick through the rippling tube as it squeezed his meat with strong experienced muscles.

"Ohhhhh fuck!" The teen groaned in pleasure.

Misty had one more trick up her sleeve. She grabbed onto the teen's ass and screwed her cunt up to his cockbase. Holding it there, she rocked her hips beneath him and Garrett felt his big dick being

stirred around inside her. He felt the tip slipping back and forth against the juicy head of her cervix. He was just laying there in her sweaty embrace while she ate his dick up with her cunt.

Kristen rubbed her big clit desperately as she watched her sister-in-law use her son's body like a fuck doll. She could see Misty's cunt lips squashed out around Garrett cockhilt, their genitals jerking and grinding together.

"Ooohhhnngod, you big dicked fucking stud!!" Misty cried, gyrating her cunt around on his prick like it was a stickshift.

The hot genital grinding made his cock flex and yet another juice spurting orgasm shook Misty's body.

Locked like a velvet vice around his hard on, Misty's cunt was like a fleshy wringer, squeezing in waves from nob to root. The sensations sent Garrett over the edge, pulling up a huge load from his balls.

"OOOOHHHH MAN!!" The teen shouted as a powerful blast erupted from his piss-slit.

Misty felt the thick hot goo splash along the back of her cunt. Her body was still riding the wave of her own cum and in a sweaty naked heap they wrestled through a wild mutual orgasm.

Kristen cunt exploded into a squirting mess and her tits shook as she brought herself off hard. For ten minutes the tent was filled with cries, whimpers and moans as their writhing bodies slowly came back down to earth.

After a few minutes Kristen noticed that Misty and Garrett were making out. She crawled over and rolled her son onto his back.

"Mmmm I definately wanna share some of this."

Misty stayed clung to him, her huge sweat soaked tits flattened against his chest, her tongue twirling inside his mouth. She fed him a few more wet smacking kisses before their lips separated and she rose from his chest.

Misty was gorgeous mess, her hair wet and stringy. Kristen noticed that she had a look of wild adoration on her face as she stared down at Garrett. "Someone's in looooove." Kristen sang.

"Uhhh hmmm." Misty hummed, biting her bottom lip.

Kristen leaned over so that her face was next to Misty's and both women gazed down into his eyes. "You naughty boy...fucking our pussies and making us fall in love with you."

Kristen lowered her lips and started kissing her boy. Her tongue slid into his mouth and scooped his up, inviting it to dance. After a few minutes of deep kissing, kristen's lips rose up and Misty's lips dropped down.

Garrett marveled at how both women were such amazing kissers. He couldn't possibly prefer one over the other...each had a unique style developed from years of experience. Both had such soft lips and long strong tongues with skills that put girls his own age to shame.

Kristen and Misty's tongues seemed to have life all their own...sometimes moving slow and methodical, snaking around his youthful mouth as if exploring every groove. Then other times their tongues would go absolutely wild, twisting and twirling and fluttering in ways Garrett never dreamed possible. Of course he would do his best to keep up, but most of the time the women's aggressive pink snakes were whipping around his tongue so fast that there was no way he could match their experience.

"Mmmm our sweet baby." Misty muttered between wet kisses.

She licked her way down, then sucked and lapped at his neck.

Kristen planted her lips on her sons in a serious of slow wet kisses, her big beautiful eyes gazing into his the entire time.

"Oooh shit." The teen muttered, getting lost in his mom's dreamy green eyes and feeling the surge of pleasure and excitement flow through his body.

Mother and son's tongues slid out and began to lash together.

Gradually, Garrett's tongue sunk back into his mouth and Kristen's followed aggressively. Soon their lips were sealed together and the tongues inside the boys mouth were wrestling wildly.

Twenty minutes later, Garrett felt the women's hands stroking his hard cock. Kristen and Misty looked down at the long canon pointed straight up at them.

"Doug saw the way I was teasing him...but he still couldn't even get a hard on." Kristen said.

"Poor Dougie, what could be worse for a guy than a limp dick?"

"What could be worse for a wife? I'm just lucky I have such a hunky teenaged son with big rock hard erections." Kristen said.

Misty giggled. "Kristen, you and Garrett are in love. That would have happneed even if Doug hadn't had the accident."

"Garrett and I were talking about that just today. We were well on the road to having sex before Doug even came home, wern't we honey?"

Garrett smiled, nodding his head. "For sure."

Misty tilted Grarrett's boner up and a good five inches of meat rose up from the two circling fists at the base. "Well who can blame you...hubby's thousands of miles away for months at a time....and

you have a big hard cock like this under your roof. What mother could resist?"

Kristen smiled, squeezing the rigid meat in her hand. "Not this mother."

"Well...as much as I wanna stuff this big boner back inside me, I need a swim. Anyone up for some skinny dipping?"

"I'm game." Kristen said.

Garrett seemed reluctant. "What if we get caught?"

"Oh God, is that Dougie I'm hearing?" Misty giggled.

Garrett laughed. "Sorry."

"Almost getting caught it what makes it so exciting, remember love?" Kristen said.

Misty peeked out the tent. "There's no one even out there...that's why I picked this spot. Let's go!"

The two women held Grarrett's hand as they rushed towards the crashing surf. Their big mature mommy-tits bounced as they pranced to the water.

"Oh shit!" The girls screamed playfully as they were struck by a wave. They splashed and frolicked.

"Bet you can't catch me!" Misty said to Garrett as she swam out further.

The horny teen swam after her. Kristen crawled up onto the warm sand and turned over, resting on her elbows. Her wet naked body shimmered in the hot sun, her big tan tits rolling slightly off the sides of her chest. She heard Misty scream and saw that Garrett had caught up to her.

Kristen watched her horny sister-in-law cling to her boy as they started making out. Of course the love-struck mother was a little jealous, but she knew that she owed Misty for not telling Doug about her and Garrett. Yes she would continue to tease her son around her husband, in order to hopefully excite an erection, but Doug didn't need to know that her and Garrett were fucking like animals. She didn't wanna break his heart completely.

Besides, there was something exciting about keeping things a mystery with Doug. She knew he wondered about her and Garrett...could see it in his eyes...hear it in his voice. It thrilled her wickedly to keep him wondering.

Garrett shivered with excitement as he felt Misty's warm curvy body cling to him under the water. Her strong smooth arms and legs were wrapped around him, her huge tits felt amazing against his chest. She broke the kiss and gazed into his eyes. "I know your mom considers you hers, but I think you and I have something pretty special going on too."

"I agree."

"I've had my eye on you for quite a while, but when I saw the way you were pumping your mom in her back seat that day, I knew I had to have you. And now that I've had you...I just want more."

"I want more of you too." Garrett muttered just before Misty's lips met his. They kisses and their tongues wrestled hungrily.

Some time later, Misty and Garrett emerged from the surf, hand in hand. Garrett couldn't help but gawk at his naked mother, her gorgeous body laid out in the sand.

"Jesus Mom, you look like one of those Sports Illustrated bikini models."

"Minus the bikini." Misty added with a giggle.

Kristen rose from the sand, hugged and kissed her son. "Just waiting for my sailor to come ashore...so I can shower him with kisses."

Misty watched as mother and son held each other and engaged in a deep french kiss. "God, that is sooo fucking naughty!"

Kristen looked over at Misty mischiviously. "It is, isn't it? You know what...get my camera...I have an idea."

Doug was home putting some of his clothes away when his cell phone rang. "Hey babe, you guys on your way back?"

Kristen stood alone outside her tent. "Pretty soon. Is Cassie home yet?"

"Nope..not yet."

"Good, I want you to do something for me." Kristen said.

"What's that?"

"Crawl up onto your bed and take your penis out of your shorts."

Doug laughed "What...why? Kristen, what's going on?"

"Doug would you please just trust me and do it. I wanna send you something."

"Hold on." Doug said, then pulled himself out of his chair and onto his bed. He shook his head, like he couldn't believe he was going along with this, then fished the flacid penis from his shorts. "Ooook, now what?"

"Is your penis out?" Kristen asked softly.

"Yes...it's out."

"I want you to start stroking it as hard as you can. I'm gonna send you something...promise me you'll watch the whole thing to the end...and that you'll keep stroking your penis while you watch."

Doug smiled and rolled his eyes. "Okay...yeah I promise."

"Talk to you soon." Kristen said, then hung up.

Seconds later Doug got a video text. He opened it and as promised, stroked his limp shaft.

The video began with a view of the crashing waves, then panned over to two people strolling hand in hand through ankle deep water. Doug felt an excited jolt surge through his body as he realized it was Kristen and Garrett and they were both completely naked.

"Holy shit." He muttered.

They seemed so comfortable in their nudity. His eyes were drawn to his wife's buttocks...twin tan globes that seemed to swing seductively with each step. Even though her back was to the camera he could still see the sides of her tits sloping down and bobbling heavily as she walked. Garrett's ass was young and firm, sending pings of jealousy through Doug's mind. Still, he stroked his cock.

The camera person, obviously Misty, followed them..then stopped as Kriten turned toward Garrett and slowly coiled her arms around his neck. Doug watched as his wife's big tits flattened out against the teen's youthful chest. Doug knew how good that felt and thought about what a thrilling experience it must be for his son.

Doug was too enthralled to notice that his cock was slowly hardening in his hand. He kept stroking, fueled by the site of his own wife and son embracing naked on the beach.

Kristen rested her head on Garrett's chest and Misty circled to capture the couple at every angle. When she got around to Kristen's

face, the mother opened her eyes and looking right into the camera, smiled naughtily.

The video cut to another scene of Kristen riding Garrett piggy back style as he rushed them into an a crashing wave. The surge knocked them over and Doug could hear his wife giggling as she clung on best she could to her boy. As the water rushed back out Garrett was on his back in the wet sand and Kristen was straddling him.

"You guys just got owned!" Misty giggled.

Garrett lifted his upper body from the sand. Kristen used her hands to toss her wet hair back, thrusting her big tits out, making them hover over Garrett. In this position it looked just like she was riding him. Doug felt a waves of different emotions...anger...jealousy...disbelief...but mostly arousal. His cock hardened even more.

"Here comes another one!" Misty yelled.

Kristen screamed playfully as another surging wave overcame them. When this one rushed back out Kristen's sexy little bare feet were the first things to emerge, her painted toes pointed towards the sky. The water lowered revealing her luscious legs bowed wide open and Garrett laying between them. Both of them were laughing hysterically.

Doug's mouth fell open as he watched the last of the water rush out around their naked bodies.

"Damn...get a room, you two!" Misty joked, pointing the camera straight down at them.

Kristen put her hands on her son's shoulders, looking up at the camera sassily. "Fuck you, girl...we already have one!"

Doug watched her curvy wet legs wrap around their son, so high that her little feet slid onto his ass as if locking him between her thighs.

"Mother and son sharing a room. God only knows what goes on in there." Misty said.

Kristen responded by spitting her tongue out mischiviously.

The camera cut to another shot of Kristen and Garrett in a standing embrace, her stiff nippled tits crushed against his chest. Kristen had her lips to his ear, whispering things to him.

"What on earth are you saying to him, Kristen?" Misty asked.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Kristen said with a grin.

Doug stroked feverishly and shouted out loud. "YESSS! YES I WOULD!!"

For the first time he tore his eyes from the phone screen and looked down to see a hard cock in his fist. "I'm hard! Holy shit, I'm hard!!"

He looked back at the screen to see Kristen looking up into their son's eyes. She slowly rose up on her tip toes, her curvy tan legs flexing. Her lips rose towards Garrett's lips, her head tilting. Just before they made contact the video ended.

"FFFFUCK!" Doug shouted, but not in disappointment.

He looked down to see his cock spitting ejaculate...big ropes of hot cum.

Garrrett thrust his hips, fucking Misty doggie-style inside the tent. She screamed out in pleasure, her warm meaty ass clapping against his loins.

"Ohhh yeah!!" The teen sighed excited, looking over to see his mom's luscious ass parked next to Misty's, waiting its turn.

Kristen smiled naughtily back at him, rolling her tongue across her lips and wagging her mommy-buttocks inviting. How could a boy resist?

He slipped his wet dick from Misty's cunt, fit his knob in Kristen's creamy cunt-socket and grasped onto her soft curvy hips. "Here I come, Mom!" He said with a cocky smile, feeling her cunt-slot nip at his cock tip.

Kristen's tan buns quivered with anticipation. "Fuck me hard, honey!"

127: Mom's Roommate Forever_1

The invitations had gone out a week ago.

CONCEPTION PARTY

for Kristen & Garrett

on

9/17 @ the Henderson Family Lake-house

Come enjoy a weekend of food, games and baby-making. Join Kristen's Fertility Coach, Patty Higgins, as she guides the couple through hours of technique-driven intercourse.

There's about to be a new pumpkin in the patch! Come join in the moment of conception!

"Hey girls," Kristen said with a big smile as she stepped into her parent's lakehouse, followed by her Fertility Coach, Patty.

"Heeey!" a large group of females sang, greeting Kristen with hugs. The beautiful Melora Hardin look-alike introduced her Coach. Patty was a short-haired blond in her 40's. She was a plus-sized gal with big plump boobs. "Nice to meet you ladies," she said politely.

"Where's my handsome, Grandson," Delores asked, peeking out the front window. "He's being a gentleman and bringing in our bags," Kristen said.

Kristen's Mother-in-Law, Pam moved in for a hug. "You didn't tell me you had a handsome bag- boy at this resort, Delores," she joked, making the Moms giggle. "You look radiant, dear," she said to Kristen. Pam had that sweet Grandmotherly look, with the face of the classic country star Dottie West.

"Thanks, Mom."

Two beautiful twin-women, a little older than Kristen stepped up to her. "She's pretty, but not quite as hot as her older sisters," one of them said, moving in for a hug.

"Oh my God, I'm so happy you guys made it," Kristen said, hugging them both. Susan and Allison were identical twins. They had long brunette manes of hair like their younger sister and thick voluptuous bodies.

"Wouldn't miss it," Allison said. She was seven months pregnant and Kristen gazed down enviously at her big protruding ball of baby-meat. "Oh my God, he's getting so big."

Allison smiled back, showing her perfect white teeth. "You think HE'S growing, look at this one,"

she said, moving aside so Kristen could see Allison's twenty-four year old daughter Emily. "Hi Aunt Kristen, Emily said, waddling towards her. She looked like a much curvier version of Mila Kunis with long straight black hair. The swell of her pregnant belly was absolutely massive.

"Oh my God, pretty girl, you look ready to pop," Kristen said, hugging her. "One more week," Emily said with a pretty smile..

"You look beautiful, honey," Kristen said, then looked at her other niece, Laura, a dirty-blonde who was the same age as Emily. "What about you lady? What's your excuse for not being pregnant?" Kristen asked, hugging her also.

"Steve and I are trying. Maybe I can steal some good tips tonight," she joked, making the Moms giggle.

"There's the man of the hour," Pam said, stepping over and hugging Garrett as he came inside and dropped the bags.

"Hi Grandma," he said with a sighed, feeling her huge oversized breasts press against him.

Misty stood next to Kristen's best friend Angie as they watched Garrett hug his female relatives. "Like a lamb to the wolves," Misty said, making Angie giggle.

Kristen stepped towards them with a cute smile. "I'm not a wolf. I'm a cute bunny," she said, hugging them.

"Yeah, right, Miss Alpha-female," Angie said. She was your stereotypical forty-year-old cougar,, wearing yoga pants and a snug sports top, showing off her amazing curves. "You missed this morning's workout by the way."

"Sorry, was at the salon getting waxed."

"Baby-smooth and ready to breed?" Angie said jokingly. "You know it," Kristen said with a smile.

"Hi Aunt Allison," Garrett said, glancing at the enormous pregnant tits that stretched her cotton top.

"There's our cute little Gare-Gare," she said, pulling him in for a hug. If his cock wasn't hard yet, it certainly was now. Allison's huge melons, squashed pliantly against him, her pregnant tummy pushing against him as well, so the teen's entire torso was covered in soft spongy flesh.

She continued clinging to him, letting him enjoy the feel of her newly developed charms. "Geez, let the rest of us get a hug, Mom," Emily

said.

Garrett separated from his Aunt and faced his cousin Emily. He had always admired her thick

young body, but pregnancy had made her frame blossom into ridiculous proportions. "Hey Emily," he muttered, unable to stop his eyes from wandering down her body. He paused at her enormous milk-filled knockers. The cut of her V-neck top left a bulging, swollen cleavage on display. Her tits rested heavily on the beach-ball-sized orb of her pregnant belly.

Emily smiled, watching him gawk. "A little pregnant huh?" she joked. "A little," Garrett blushed, realizing he'd been staring.

"Just think. This is what your Mom will look like in nine-months," she said, moving in for a tit- squasher.

"If he can get the job done that is," Laura joked, hovering beside them. Huge tits and voluptuous bodies ran in his family and Laura was no exception. The dirty-blonde shared a hug with him.

She, like the other women, made a point of squeezing him hard, pressing her big tits on his chest.

"I'm gonna try my best," Garrett said.

"And get all sorts of pleasure in the process," Laura said, making her cousin Emily giggle.

Garrett looked over and saw his Mom talking to Misty, Angie and his mom's fertility couch Patty. All four of them looked right at him as they spoke, watching his every move. He suddenly felt the swell of Delores's warm breasts on his back as she hugged him from behind. "Grab your bags,

I'll show you where to put them," she said softly.

Garrett grabbed him and Kristen's overnight bags and followed his Grandma upstairs. Delores wore a button-up short denim skirt. She was a plus-sized women with wide hips and a big buttocks. The teen couldn't help but watch her buns sway as she led him upstairs and down the hallway.

She stopped at the door and let him enter first. The room wasn't small, but seemed tiny because of the massive California King-sized bed inside. Suspended from the ceiling and draped over the outside of the bed was a beautiful white canopy with little white lights scattered over it.

Delores walked over to the bed and held her hand out. "Come here, darling. I wanna show you something," she said.

His Grandma took his hand and led him to the bed, parting the slit in the side of the canopy. The bed was covered in a big white comforter and huge fluffy pillows. On the center of the mattress were red rose pedals in the shape of a huge heart. Inside the heart, spelled out in pedals, were the words, "Kisten & Garrett."

"This is it, darling. This is where your baby will be conceived. Isn't that exciting?"she asked. "Yeah, it's beautiful," Garrett muttered. "Mom's gonna love it."

Delores gazed at him with her alluring gray-blue eyes. "She's enamored with you, Garrett. You've taken your father's place in her bed and in her heart. This baby will represent the fruit of her lust."

"I hope I don't let her down," Garrett said.

"You won't, you're ready," she said, "did you do the things that her fertility coach asked you to do?"

"Yeah, I've been focusing on the diet changes the past two weeks and Mom and I only had sex once a day, every other day like she

told us, to make sure my stored sperm are healthy," Garrett explained.

Deloris smiled. "Wonderful. Then your balls are full and your sperm is rich and potent. Her little egg won't stand a chance tonight."

The women chatted and giggled as they ate dinner. Afterwards, the group played a game of pin the sperm on the egg, a variation of pin the tail on the donkey. Garrett sat between his twin Aunts, admiring both sets of smooth tan legs. Kristen sat on her son's lap, turned slightly sideways as she snuggled against him.

The women watched the blindfolded Misty attempt to pin the sperm on the big round egg shape tapped to the wall. "Go spermy! Go Spermy!" Allison shouted.

"Come on, girl. Get her pregnant!" Kristen shouted.

"Knock her slutty ass up," Laura added, making the Moms giggle.. "Come on, come on, come on, come on...ohh so close," Susan said.

Misty's sperm barely missed the egg. She took off the mask and shook her head. "Damnit, now I gotta cum again," she said.

"Oh in that case keep missing," Emily said with a giggle,"just squirt your spunk harder this time," she said.

Some of the women had consumed a few drinks, including Kristen's best friend Angie. She got up and bent over, sticking her thick ass out, making it stretch her yoga pants. "Fuck me baby. Sperm me and get my egg," she said seductively, rubbing her ass against Misty.

"Take my fucking cock, whore!" Misty said thrusting her pelvis into Misty. Garrett watched their big tit mounds jostle as they engaged in a fake fuck.

The Moms all giggled and cheered. "Woooo!" Kristen shouted. "Fuck her hard!" Allison screamed.

"I've got blowjobs," Pam said, squirting whipped-cream on the cluster shots she'd poured. "Anyone who's not pregnant or trying to get pregnant want a blowjob?" she asked.

"I want one," Laura said.

Emily smiled at Garrett. "What about you, Garrett? Want a blowjob?" she asked, then curled her long tongue across her top lip. A few of the Moms giggled.

Kristen nuzzled into her son with her curvy body. "Not nearly old enough for blowjobs. Not that kind anyway," she said, making the Moms laugh. "He gets plenty of the other kind, trust me."

"Not this past week," Garrett joked.

Kristen gave him a playful look. "Only because we're preparing to make a baby," she said teasingly.

Allison faked a sad look. "Ohh, is she cheating you out of the blowjobs, Gare-Gare. Do you need to come stay with Aunt Allison?" she said, making Kristen giggle.

Patty got up. "Speaking of baby making, we should probably start preparing these two for copulation. Kristen, we should take your temperature and check your cervical mucus," she said.

"What's cervical mucus?" Garrett asked.

The Moms giggled. "He's so cute," Emily said.

Patty sat up and explained. "Garrett, cervical mucus is a discharge that your mom produces in her vagina and is the most powerful during her ovulation period, which is today."

Kristen smiled at her son. "The mucus is like a clear slippery liquid that'll help your sperm swim through my cervix into my uterus. That's where my egg is."

"The more spermies you can get in there, the greater chances you have of piercing her egg and getting her pregnant," his Aunt Allison explained..

Patty smiled at Garrett. "While I'm helping your Mother, the other ladies are going to prepare your mind and body for mating."

"Oh, how are they gonna...um, do that?"

Misty smiled. "That's for us to know and for you to find out," she said, making the other Moms giggle.

Patty smiled at the teen. "Garrett, you may not realize it, but the preparation for conception has already begun. Your mother and I decided she would sit on your lap this evening, so that you'd begin to breath in the faint scent of her ovulation. This has likely triggered a rise in your testosterone levels and as those continue to spike, so will your arousal, which will result in an

incredibly strong erections and powerful ejaculations throughout the evening," she said.

Emily smiled and looked at her cousin. "In layman's terms, you're gonna have a rock-hard dick and cum so fucking hard it's gonna blow your mind," she said, making everyone burst out laughing.

"But how is my testosterone gonna keep spiking if my Mom goes with you?" he asked Patty. Deloris smiled at her Grandson. "You let us girls worry about that," she said.

A few minutes later, it was Garrett's turn to wear the blindfold, but not to play pin the sperm on the egg. His Grandmother's Delores and Pam walked him downstairs, into the large guest bedroom.

Sensual 'bedroom music played through overhead speakers. "Where are we going?" the teen asked as he was guided along, unable to see anything.

"Somewhere wonderful," Pam said.

He heard the door close behind him and the women whispering and giggling. "Sit down, darling," Deloris said, guiding him back onto a chair.

Garrett sat there a moment, listening intently. All around him he could hear subtle whooshing sounds, like the sound of clothing being taken off. His suspicious were confirmed as he felt a huge lacy bra drag across his face. He sighed in delight. The big bra-cups were still warm from having one of the women's tits stuffed inside.

He felt one of the women lift his t-shirt up and off his body. Then he felt her hands on his chest. "Mmm, so sexy," a voice whispered.

A second set of hands joined the first and was followed by a third set as the women stroked his flesh. "Look at those muscles," another soft voice said. He recognized it as his cousin Emily's voice.

A tiny pair of thong panties brushed across his face. As they slid across his nose, he could smell the musky aroma of wet pussy.

Another big bra was rubbed against his chest as a second and third pair of panties grazed his face teasingly. The smell of sweet perfume and warm cunt was intoxicating.

Someone unbuttoned his shorts and Garrett could tell there were two women tugging them off, along with his briefs. "Ohhh my God," one women said.

"Look at that beautiful dick," another said.

Deloris took off his blindfold and Garrett was hardly prepared for what he saw. The women were gathered around him as he sat on a chair in the center of the room. All of them were completely naked. "Ohh damn," the teen muttered gazing around at all the curvy female flesh.

The women giggled at his reaction, their big stiff-nippled tits jiggling. Garrett turned his head, looking up at his Grandma Delores, who was towering over him. "Holy crap, Grandma," the teen muttered, gazing at the enormous melons jutting from her chest. The women all laughed at his cute reaction. "Where do you think your mother gets her big boobs, darling?"

When he turned his head the other way, he was nearly face-to-face with Grandma Pam's massive udders. "Wow," he muttered, then looked up at her warm smiling face.

"Oh darling, boy," she said, pulling his head to her boobs. "Let's get you to the bed," Pam said, guiding him to one of the big guest beds.

The teen sprawled out on the mattress and in no time flat he was buried in naked mommies.

Garrett felt women's hands exploring his body, squeezing on his hard cock and combing their long nails across his balls. His face was nuzzled in between a set of huge naked jugs. He had no idea who they belonged to, but soon found out as his face emerged from her cavernous cleavage. "Hi cutie," his Aunt Allison said with a beautiful smile.

"Hi," Garrett said.

He couldn't see who, but he felt a set of soft boobs drag on his chest. The woman flicked her tongue across his nipple, teasing it.

Susan, Allison's twin, crawled on all fours, letting her tits hang down above Garrett's face. "You gonna let all us sexy mommies prep you

for breeding?" she asked teasingly.

"Yess," Garrett sighed, watching her twin mounds shift back and forth heavily.

"Mmm, let us stroke you and lick you," Allison said, then buried her face in the nap of his neck. Garrett felt her thick strong tongue whip around on his flesh. Allison was draped across him from the side and her enormous pregnant tits bulged out from between them as they squashed against his upper chest.

Susan lowered her boobs onto his face. Garrett's found one of her nipples and latched on.

Cousin Laura was the one rubbing her soft body against his lower torso, showering it with wet kisses and licks.

"Isn't he beautiful, honey," her Grandma Delories said, letting her own set of jumbo jugs press and drag on the boy's tummy.

"Uh-huh," Laura hummed, lustfully blazing a trail of wet kisses against Garrett's well-toned abs.

There were three women around his cock, Misty, Kristen's best friend Angie and pregnant cousin Emily. The women fondled his genitals with lust, their wedding rings sparkling, their eyes wide with desire. "Such a nice big dick," Emily said, then blew her hot breath on his glans.

They felt his long cock flex in reaction to her teasing. "Ohh, he liked that," Angie said,then nuzzled her face down into the bulge of his smooth nut-sack. Her long tongue slithered from her mouth and whipped back and forth against one of his testicles.

Misty reached down and rubbed Garrett's asshole. "He loves his ass licked," she said.

"Mmm, let me," Emily said, her giant pregnant boobs wobbling heavily as she moved down between his legs.

The young, soon-to-be-mother, buried her pretty face between his buns. Her long pierced tongue flicked back and forth across the crinkled ring of Garrett's butthole.

"Mmnnggff," the teen whimpered with a mouthful of Susan's breast-meat. Soon her breasts lifted from his face and were replaced by Allison's. Their boobs were anatomically the same, except Allison's melons were significantly larger from being swollen with milk.

Garrett dug his tongue against her distended nipple and areola and was rewarded with a mouthful of warm trickling breast-milk.

"Mmm, gonna get mommy pregnant with your big dick tonight, Gare-Gare," Allison said, arching her head back from the pleasure of his tit-sucking.

"Mm-hmm," he answered, her squishy tit plastered around his face.

His wet testicle popped from Misty's mouth. "Paint mommy's womb with your hot cum?" she asked seductively, then lashed her tongue on his nut.

Laura squirmed against his chest, rubbing her tits on him like a cat in heat. "Fuck her hard and fast so you can make her cum on your big dick?" she purred.

Garrett let out a wet whimper, milk trickling out the sides of his tit-stuffed mouth. He rocked his hips, humping his cock through Misty and Angie's circled fists. The two of them were each nursing on a nut, tugging his sperm-filled balls in opposite directions.

Emily's tongue flew back and forth across his asshole. She skillfully lashed her licker up across his taint, making him squirm even more. "Get mommy pregnant so you can feel big swollen belly and tits..."

lick, lick, "...squashed against you while you sink your cock into her every day," Emily said, then went back to licking.

Garrett felt Delores's hands reach under and stroke his cheeks. "Grandma wants to feel that magical tongue," she said.

Allison lifted her boobs. The boy's face was a wet milky mess. He saw his Grandma's fat shaved cunt hovering overhead, her knees planted astride him. The large thick dome of her clitoral hood peeked from her puffy outer labia, lowering to his face. "Suck my cunt, darling."

The teen feasted on her pussy, slicing his tongue through her wet folds. Feverishly, he lapped up

her pussy cream, delighting in the pungent taste of his Grandmother's fuck oils. Delores gasped as she felt his tongue sliding across the fat swollen nub of her clitoris. "Ohhh, dear God, your Mother has taught you well," she panted.

He reached up and sunk his fingers into her big ass while he devoured her mature cunt like a starving dog.

Angie was now licking the teen's ass, while Misty and Laura squeezed the boy's fat cock, watching precum bubble from the tip and trickle down his knob. Their tongues were on it like white on rice, lashing his swollen knob with their experienced lickers. "Mmm, God, that's good," Laura said as his pre-spunk sizzled on her taste-buds.

Emily had crawled up behind Delores. "Let me have some, Grandma," she said sweetly.

Garrett's face was glazed in breast-milk and cunt-juice. He watched Emily's huge round baby-ball hover over him as she maneuvered her pussy into position. Garrett noticed the big pink flaps of her

pudendal cleft as they protruded from her outer labium. He licked his lips anxiously as her cunt lower to his mouth.

The boy slid his tongue up the wet slit of Emily's pussy. Her pregnant cunt was swollen and horny. The grape-sized nub of her clitoris stuck out obscenely from it's hooded sheath at the top of her cunt. Garrett whipped his tongue across it, then sucked the nubbin into his mouth.

Emily's mouth fell open and she squeezed her huge pregnant tits together. "Ohhhh, damn," she cried out.

"Mmm, that feel good, hon?" Pam said, straddling her Grandson's chest and placing his hands on her big hanging boobs.

"Yess, he's amazing," Emily said, her eyes rolling back in ecstacy.

Garrett whimpered, excited beyond belief, pushing his face and lapping tongue through all the fleshy layers of his cousin's vagina. Hot fuck-oil oozed out, driving his senses crazy from her sweet taste and powerful scent. He squeezed his tongue into cunt-hole as far as it would go, worming along her thick inner lining.

"Ohhh yeaaah," Emily whimpered, squeezing his head between her thick thighs and grinding her overheated cunt on his face.

Allison crawled up behind her daughter. "Move along, baby-girl. Yours isn't the only horny pregnant cunt in this room," she said, making the other Moms giggle.

Garrett panted breathlessly, watching Emily's wet folds move away. His eyes drifted over the smooth enormous orb of baby-meat and her huge swollen jugs bobbling across the top.

His fingers continued to sink into two spongy mounds and he looked down to see his Grandma

Pam, still straddling his chest and smiling down at him while he groped her naked tits. "I wonder how those testosterone levels are doing," she said.

"Probably pretty high," he said with a smile, watching her mature ta-ta's move around as he squeezed. His eyes traveled down her midriff. Pam wasn't fat, but had a pooched tummy, that Garrett still found extremely sexy. The little fat she had wasn't enough to hide her nearly-shaved pubis as it rested between his six-pack.

His eyes were drawn to the sexy legs moving astride his head. He looked up to see his Aunt Allison's naked cunt hovering over him, along with the under-slope of her pregnant tummy. He loved how each pussy was a little different in appearance. While his Grandma and Cousin had developed fat meaty cunts, the outer lips out Allison's vagina were not as pronounced. Her flaps were thin, but her hood was large. Garrett knew there was a big plump clitoris under there waiting for his tongue.

At the bedroom door, Patty, Kristen's conception Coach slipped inside. She was also naked and had big firm tits. She could hear women whimpering as they teased Garrett's body. Delores came over and met her. "Looks like things are going well in here. Has he ejaculated at all?" Patty asked.

"No, I told the girls very little contact with the penis," Deloris said.

"Good," Patty said, watching the women writhe on top of the teen. Kristen's pregnant older sister gyrating her hips slowly, grinding her cunt on his face. "He seems to be in a heightened state of arousal, which is exactly where he should be?" Patty said.

"How's Kisten?" Delores asked.

Patty smiled back anxiously. "She's ready," she said.

Delores made the announcement. Women climbed off the teen and Garrett got up, his big erection wagging lewdly. Pam handed him a towel. "Here, dry off, your face is soaking sweetheart," she said, making all the Moms laugh.

Delores took him by the arm and looked at Pam. "Shall we?" she said.

"Certainly," Pam said, taking the other arm. They walked closely by his side as the group almost ceremoniously headed upstairs. Garrett marveled at the line of naked swaying asses headed up the stairs in front of them.

"Quite the view, huh, darling?" Delores asked. "Yes," he said with a smile.

Once upstairs, the women gathered by the bed, watching the Grandmothers lead Garrett over. He arrived at the parted canopy and saw his gorgeous mother sitting there on the center of the

bed. Kristen looked radiant, leaning back on extended arms, her silky mane of dark hair flowing over her shoulders. Her enormous breasts ballooned out from her lush frame, her nipples and areola thick and engorged. Her strong motherly legs were stretched out in front of her, one slightly bent at the knee. Garrett looked at her sexy little bare feet, her toes painted perfectly.

"Hi," she said with a loving smile.

Garrett took an excited gulp. "Hi," he muttered. "Ready to make a baby?" she asked sweetly. "Sure," he answered.

Patty stepped forward. "Ok, Garrett, follow me in and sit by your mother. The rest of you can come in and sit along the outside of the mattress once we're situated."

Garrett did as she told him, getting a good look at Patty's naked ass and pussy as she crawled to the front of the bed. Kristen turned and sat close to her son, facing her coach, as the other Mothers crawled inside, surrounding them on the outside of the huge mattress.

Delores was the last one in and closed the canopy. Kristen smiled at the circle of friends and family. "No cheering from the audience," she teased, making the Moms laugh.

Patty rested on her knees facing the couple. "Our setting is deliberate and somewhat symbolic. This canopy is like a mother's womb, private and safe from the outside world. Inside this womb we celebrate the beauty of conception," she said, then looked straight at Garrett. "Garrett, you spent nine months inside your mother's womb and tonight a part of you will return. Your sperm will swim out, in search of the egg that your mother has eagerly waiting," she explained. "Garrett, I know you're used to having regular sex with your mom in different positions, but tonight may be a little different. Our focus is making a baby and we'll be very precise about what positions and techniques we use. So no throwing Mom around or lifting her up and pounding her against the wall," she said, making the Moms erupt in laughter.

"Oh come on, I wanna see that," Allison said.

Kristen smiled at her. "Oh no you don't, we get downright dangerous, don't we baby?"

"Yeah," Garrett nodded, thinking back on all the wild fucking they've done over the past few months.

Patty smiled. "The good news is, orgasms will help relax your bodies and increase your chances of conception, which means today will get extremely intense, for both of you," she said.

The mothers clapped and cheered. "Wooo!" Emily shouted, throwing her arms up and rocking her boobs from side to side.

"Are we ready?" Patty asked.

"Yes," the couple answered anxiously. "Let's start in the missionary position."

Kristen smiled at her boy as she lowered onto her back and propped her knees up, bowing open her thick tan thighs.

Garrett squeezed his boner as he started to move into position. Kristen's cunt was completely shaved and he could tell her thick petals were moist and ready for penetration.

Patty looked at his thick boner. "Are you fully hard, sweetheart?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Good. Her cervical mucus has her vagina completely lubricated. You should be able to slide all the way in with one thrust," Patty said.

Garrett split Kristen's twat and sunk all the way to his nut-sack. She gasped as his knob pressed against the head of her cervix. By this time, the handsome teen had fucked his mom plenty of times and had learned some tricks. He decided to show off a little bit in front of the other ladies.

He reached under her back and grasped her shoulders. His hips set in motion, fucking her with hard steady thrusts. Kristen threw her legs up around him as he pounded her cunt.

The other moms looked on in amazement as Garrett punched his big cock through the slippery sheath of Kristen's cunt.

"Ohh wow," Allison said, putting her hand over her mouth in awe as she watched her handsome nephew fuck the hell out of her sister.

"Put your legs high up on his back, Kristen. Elevate your cervix," Patty said.

Garrett felt his mother's strong smooth legs slide even higher up his back, tightening like a fleshy fuck-harness. His ass bucked between her thighs and his knob tingled as he ran his hands up the outsides of her smooth thighs. "Ohhh, shit," he whimpered, feeling her curves cling to him.

Emily moved her lips over near cousin Laura's ear, both women watching the boy's youthful frame drill Kristen's pussy with skill. "Shit...he can really fuck," she whispered.

"Uh-huh," Laura said back, completely mesmerized.

While her son continued fucking her impressively, Kristen looked over at her mother Delores, who was watching her Grandson pound away. Kristen and Delores had always been open with each other about their sex lives and Kristen knew her Mom was very dissatisfied with hers, despite her father's best efforts.

Patty hovered near the humping couple, like the referee at a wrestling match. "Garrett, on a scale of one to ten, how close are you to orgasm?" she asked.

"Uh, um..six," he muttered. "Kristen, how bout you?"

"About the same...maybe a seven," Kristen panted.

"Ok Garrett, we need to move her up the scale to a ten. An orgasm will relax her cervix and prepare it for your load of sperm," Patty said.

"Ok," the teen answered, still thrusting away.

"Reach down, grab her buttock and hold onto it," she said and the boy quickly complied. "There you go, sweetheart. Now really lay into her like your pounding her into the mattress," Patty said.

Garrett gripped his Mom's ass and fucked her hard and fast. "Ohhh, yesss," Kristen cried out, clutching him as tight as she could.

"There you go, handsome, just like that. Perfect!" Patty said.

Delores and Pam flashed each other a smile. "Oh my heavens, that's beautiful," Delores said, watching her daughter get pounded hard.

Kristen's body stiffened up and she clenched her toes. "Uuuunnhhgg!" she screamed, the flesh in her legs trembling.

"Ohhh man," Garrett moaned, feeling his Mom's muscled vaginal walls squeeze his meat as hot girl-cum swirled around thrusting boner.

"Where are you now, Garrett...on the scale?" Patty asked. "Nine," he whimpered.

"Ok sweetheart, slow up just a tad. She's not quite ready for your load yet. Keep working her through her orgasm. When you feel her muscles relax, her cervix will be completely softened and ready," Patty said.

Garrett kept a steady fuck-pace. He lifted his head and watched his Mom's pretty face gasp with a pleasure-filled grimace. Her cunt felt amazing, squeezing and quivering around his hard muscle. Finally, she let out a sharp gasp and her body relaxed.

"She's ready Garrett, go hard! Kristen, legs back!" Patty said.

The busty mother extending her sexy legs into a wide V, so her bare feet pointed back toward the headboard. Garrett's young ass bucked wildly between her widely splayed legs, spearing his cock in with deep powerful thrusts. Both of them panted and whimpered, their flesh smacking

together.

"Haaarder Garrett!" Patty shouted.

Even with a group of women sitting around it, the big bed began to rock from Garrett's powerful fuck-thrusts. The mothers giggled and held onto each other to keep from falling off the sides, their big Mommy-melons, rocking subtly from the movement of the bed.

"Hhhoohh!" Garrett groaned as he felt his knob tingle and swell. His cock thundered through the juicy grip of Kristen's vagina. "Ohhh, shit," he sighed, on the edge of a monster cum.

Kristen squeezed him as hard as she could, her nails clawing at his back, her big tits sloshing between them. "Ohhh, mom!" Garrett cried, feeling his prostate swell.

"Yess! Fuck a baby into meee!" Kristen cried out.

"OOOHHGGHH!!" OOOHHGGHH!!" the boy grunted, hosing the back of her pussy with big ropes of thick potent semen.

Patty quickly moved behind the humping couple. She had a purple vibrating wand in her hand and she quickly put it to use, rubbing the vibrating head across Garrett's taint. "Ohh fuck yeaahh," he moaned as the vibration made him cum even harder and longer.

For a full two minutes he pumped more and more jizz into her fertile womb. "That's it, Garrett, give her all your seed," Patty said, watching his juice-slickened erection slip in and out.

"Ok, sweetheart, lay back and let the ladies clean you up. I need to elevate your mother's cervix," Patty said, stuffing a pillow beneath Kristen's ass.

Garrett sprawled on his back and the other ladies began to rub their hands on him. "Beautiful job, Gare-Gare,," his Aunt Susan said.

Patty looked over at Delores and Pam. "In about an hour, they'll engage in another round. Until then, let's keep his testosterone levels up."

His two Grandmothers closed in on the boy, their huge titties bobbling heavily as they crawled around him. "Ok ladies, let's do this in pairs. Fifteen minutes for each pair. Sound good?"

The other women answered affirmatively. Allison smiled over at her and Susan's girls. "Wanna do mother-daughter teams?"

"Definitely," Laura and Emily both answered excitedly.

Delores clutched her Grandson's erection and gave it a long wet lick, tasting the mix of mother- son ejaculate.

Pam brought her upper torso down on Garrett, squashing her oversized jugs against his chest.

"I'm so proud of you, honey," she said lovingly, then tilted her head and locked lips with him.

Garrett's heart thumped excitedly as his father's mother spun her thick tongue through his mouth. He added his own and their lickers went wild, like two flailing snakes stuck together.

"Mmnn," the teen hummed in delight as he felt Grandma Delores begin to suck his dick.

Pam broke the kiss and licked his neck. Garrett planted wet kisses along the top of her breasts. Pam let her giant boobie slide over his face and the horny teen kissed and licked the soft underside. He worked his way back up the spongy orb and latched on to her nipple, sucking greedily on the engorged cap.

"I missed out on that pussy-munching that you were doing earlier," she said, then popped her nipple from his mouth and sat up. "I want

some," she said, straddling his head.

Garrett took a peek down at his Grandma Delores. Her pretty head bobbed up and down in traditional blow-job fashion. "Ohh wow," he muttered. He gazed up at Pam's fleshy cunt as it lowered to his lips.

She planted her knees astride him and began to gently plow her cunnie on his skilled tongue. "Ohh my," she sighed.

Misty smiled at her mother. "I told you he has a silver tongue, Mom," she said.

Garrett found her clitoris and sucked it into his mouth. He attacked it with rapid licks. "Ohhh God," Pam trembled, pinching her nipples. Her husband, Garrett's Grandfather was lousy at giving oral and she hadn't been eaten this good since back in her college days, nearly thirty years ago. "Ohh sweet angel, I'm gonna cum on you," Pam cried out as her wide mature hips began to tremble.

The teen snarled in lust as he lapped up the hot liquid love that flowed from his Grandmother's sexual core.

Next up was Allison and her daughter Emily. Garrett's heart raced with excitement as he watched the two pregnant women move in on him like hungry wolves, their big hanging milkers rocking as they crawled. They gripped his hard boner and attacked it with kisses and licks. "Ohhh damn," the teen muttered, watching their skilled tongues battle for position on his knob.

Emily flicked her long pierced tongue on the elastic band of tissue just under the head of his cock, while Allison fluted her wet lips along the strong cylinder of his erection. "Mmm, such a yummy dick," she purred.

Garrett watched his beautiful cousin's lips stretch over his bulbous knob. Slurping and sucking noisily, Emily wrapped her hand tightly around the root of Garrett's hard-on. She started to jack his prick as

she sucked on the cock-knob, steadily pumping the loose flesh of his prick. While doing this, she rolled her talented licker all over the glistening glans of his cock, making his

knob tingle with delight.

Allison was giving his nuts a tongue-massage, making them jostle around inside his scrotum. She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth and nursed on it's rounded surface. Meanwhile, her daughter was gagging on his cock as she stuffed it as far down her throat as she could get it. "Fuck it's big," she gasped, coming up for air.

"Not used to this size, honey?" Allison said with a giggle.

"Tom is big, but nowhere near this size," Emily said, then gave the plump knob a wet sensual kiss.

Allison smiled up at her nephew. "Hear that? You're putting our husband's to shame, sweetheart," she said with a wink.

Kristen's best friend Angie stared at Garrett's cock lustfully. "In length and in girth," she said.

Allison joined her daughter, planting kisses around the crown. "Just think of all the pretty girls you're gonna plow with this big thing," she said.

Kristen looked down at them. She rested comfortably on her back, her big pillowy tits spread out on her chest. Her hips were elevated by the thick pillow beneath her ass. She extended one of her legs and slid her sexy toes across his cheek tenderly. "Those pretty girls are gonna have to get by me first," she said with a smile.

Emily crawled up to him. "Not this pretty girl. I've been given a free pass," she said, dragging her huge pregnant tits across his chest as she crawled over the top of him on all-fours. "So for the rest of my

fifteen minutes, I wanna fucking smooch," she said, rolling her tongue across her top lip.

Emily suddenly dropped down on top of him,. Their lips locked on an open oval as she smothered him in pregnant flesh. "Mmmnn," she whimpered lustfully, their tongues dueling wildly inside Garrett's mouth. He was amazed at what a good kisser his cousin was. He couldn't imagine how skilled she was gonna be by the time he reached his Mom's age. He wickedly wondered if the baby boy that was pressed against his chest would one day be on the receiving end of those skills.

Garrett's cousin broke the kiss squirming and rubbing her huge sloshy jugs on him, while planting sensual kisses. "Come on, Garrett, show this hot pregnant girl what you can do."

He wrapped his arms around her, squeezing her soft body against his while she licked his neck. He could feel milk trickling down the sides of his chest from her squashed breasts. Her huge pregnant ball felt exquisite hugging his lower torso.

Allison's pretty head bobbed up and down, shamelessly fucking her face with his delicious prick. Her circled hand squeezed and jerked, beating his meat into her mouth. Her huge diamond

wedding ring sparkled from the small decorative lights overhead.

"Ohhh shit," the lucky teen sighed, enjoying the skills of the mother-daughter duo. "Our turn, greedy butts," Susan said, moving in on her twin sister.

Emily could hardly stop. She kissed the side of Garrett's face, gasping with absolute fuck-lust. She brought her lips to his, her nails clutching him and squeezing him. "Oh my God, I wanna fuck you so bad," she whispered.

Laura brought her pretty face down next to theirs, her dirty-blonde hair tickling their cheeks. "My turn horny girl," she said to Emily teasingly.

"You're just as horny as I am, bitch," Emily joked. Garrett watched Emily's big pregnant udders rise from his chest. One of her breasts was still leaking, two tiny streams of milk spraying from her engorged nipple-pores.

"You're all wet now," Laura said with a giggle, smearing the milk droplets across his chest. Garrett gazed at her hanging boobies. While they were nowhere near as big Emily's, Laura had more than a handful and her areolas were wide and puffy, capping almost the entire ends of her boobs. "I'm wet too," she said, taking his hand. "Feel," she said, bring it down to her shaved cunt.

Garrett sighed excitedly, running his fingers through her juicy folds and across her swollen clitoris. This wasn't the only reason he sighed, however, since there were two women sharing his cock.

Allison was still slurping on his knob, while her twin sister licked along the base of Garrett's boner. Emily smiled as she crawled past them. "Times up, Mother. Don't be a greedy slut," she said, making the other Moms laugh.

Allison kissed his juicy tip. "I could be a greedy slut for this dick all day long," she said between kisses.

Kristen pushed her sister with her foot. "Too bad. He already has a slut." "Maybe he'd like two sluts," Allison said.

Misty smiled and raised her hand slightly. "Already has one. Slut number two, yo!" she said playfully.

"Ok, then three sluts. I can divorce Allen and move in with you. I'm sure Garrett won't complain about having two pregnant Moms sharing a bedroom with him," she joked.

Kristen giggled. "His father might. I have to fight tooth and nail just to keep the arrangement that we have," she said.

Garrett and Laura were making out as he continued fingering her cunt. Susan was solo, sucking

the boy's dick with gusto.

Emily looked at Kristen. "Does Uncle Doug know you guys are fucking?" she asked.

"No, but I'm sure he has his suspicions," Kristen said, "our bedrooms are right next to each-other and Garrett and I can get kinda wild some nights," she said, making them giggle.

"What's your plan with Doug, as far as the pregnancy goes," Allison asked.

"Misty actually helped me work through that," Kristen said, looking at her sister-in-law.

Misty explained their plan. "Dougie can actually achieve an occasional erection, but after a minute, he goes soft and I guess it's as worthless as a wet noodle again," she said, making the mothers snicker.

"Kristen smiled at their reaction. "It's pretty pathetic," she said.

"But our plan is for Kristen to fake sex with him and slip it in her pussy before it goes soft. Even if it's inside her for a second, I think we could convince him that some of his precum got through her cervix and got her pregnant," Misty explained.

"That's brilliant," Allison said.

Angie nodded and smiled at her. "I thought so too," she said.

Pam smiled. "It is brilliant. I love Doug. He's my son, but he's not the man he was before the accident. He'll raise this child thinking it's his and he'll never know any different. Meanwhile, his wife will get all the pleasure she deserves," she said, winking at Kristen.

Kristen smiled back sweetly. "Thank you, Mom," she said.

Laura and Garrett's tongues wrestled inside his mouth. She broke the kiss and gazed at him lustfully. "Eat my pussy," she whispered, then rose straight up to straddle his face from the front. Garrett watched her thick shaved pubis lower to his lips. His tongue drug through her folds. With her sitting on him from this direction, the teen could gaze up her taut belly, to the big rounded undersides of her protuberant jugs.

"Ohhh, yess," she sighed, squeezing her tits. The site of her gold wedding band reminded Garrett that he had a young married woman on his face and he was eating a cunt that technically belonged to someone else. The same could be said for all the women around him, which added to the thrill.

"Ohhhh, shit," Laura cried out, her curvy body shivering with pleasure as Garrett sucked on her clitoris.

Garrett's dick popped from Susan's mouth, wet and throbbing. She looked at her naked daughter, marveling at the way Laura's meaty buttocks was smothering the boy's entire face. "Doing ok up

there, honey?" she asked.

Laura peeked back at her mother, looking as though she could pop any second. "Yes, he's just a really good cunt-licker," she whimpered.

Garrett looped his arms up around her ass and ate her cunt like a starving dog, holding her against his face. It was a trick Kristen had taught him, one of the many times he had sucked her cunt.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Laura screamed, shaking and rocking, soaking Garrett's face with juice. The boy grunted like an animal, savoring the taste, the smell, the feel of her splayed out pussy grinding on his face.

Garrett's boner popped back out of Susan's mouth. "Ok, baby girl, switch me spots. I wanna see what all the fuss is about," she said.

Laura's pussy drifted away and Garrett's busty Aunt crawled up over his body. He marveled for a second how incredibly beautiful she was. The twins were like a different version of his mother with luscious bodies and oversized tits.

The teen rose up on his elbows and his sexy Aunt lowered down flat on top of him, chest to chest. He felt her spongy jugs flatten on him, her thick hard nipples poking his flesh. She wrapped her arms around his head, combing the back of his hair with her long nails as they made-out passionately.

"God, he is such a good kisser," Emily said to her mother as they watched the duo kiss. "Mm-hm," Allison hummed in agreement.

Garrett loved deep french kissing. He marveled at the way his Aunt's experienced tongue twisted through his mouth. Each women's tongue was a little different. Some were thick and strong, others were long and flickered wildly. Each one drove him crazy with lust.

Susan broke the kiss, gazing in his eyes and planting a few more sensual smooches. "Eat my pussy and make me cum like you did my daughter," she whispered.

"Ok," Garrett muttered, his heart racing.

She planted her knees in the same direction Laura had. Like her pregnant sister, Susan's middle- aged cunt had thick slabs of labial meat protruding from her outer labium. The boy's tongue hung from his mouth as he followed those flap to the hooded dome of her

clitoral sheath. He knew from sucking Allison's cunt that there was a big juicy nubbin waiting just under that hood.

Susan lowered her pussy and felt her nephew's tongue go to work. Her husband of twenty-four years was pretty good at oral, but sharing her sweet nectar with her sister's handsome son was an absolute thrill.

Garrett gazed up, along the swell of her neatly-trimmed pubis. Her belly had a slight pudge. Susan had given birth a few month ago and was still working on losing her belly-fat. Garrett didn't mind it at all. His main focus was her jutting breasts and their huge smooth undersides. They looked just as big as his moms and knew just as suckable.

Laura sucked Garrett's cock, fast and hard. Slurping, gurgling sounds came from the back of her throat as she worked his cock with shameless passion. Emily slapped her cousin's big ass playfully. "You go, girl," she said, watching sloppily face-fuck him.

Garrett peeled Susan's fleshy hood away from her clit with his tongue and sucked the grape- sized nub into his mouth. His tongue lapped smoothly up her hot pink slit, darting through her thick meat-curtains, into the pink inner sheath of her fuck tunnel.

"Ohhh my God," Susan panted, throwing her fists up in the air. Garrett watched her boobs quake as an orgasm began to swell inside her. She subtly swiveled her hips, fucking his face. Garrett reacted by dragging his tongue from her clit to her asshole. "Fuuuck," the horny mother cried out, her curvy flesh shaking.

The teen's tongue felt a shift in her cunt-hole and a hot jet of girl-cum pulsed into his open mouth. He swallowed the mouthful of juice and continue his assault with his tongue. More nectar burbled from her cunt-slot, soaking his face.

"Oh dear God, I'm taking you home with me," she sighed as she climbed off him, making the other Moms giggle.

"Our turn Ange," Misty said to her sister's best friend. "Finally," Angie said, moving in on the teen.

Misty straddled his cock and pulled him up into a sitting position. She wrapped her arms around him and their lips fused in a passionate french kiss. Garrett could feel the heat radiating from the fleshy slit that pressed against his boner.

"I want some of that," Angie said, squeezing in from the side, dragging her tits on his chest as she smooched him. Garrett had known Angie from birth and he always dreamed he'd feel her tongue in his mouth. It was every bit as amazing as he imagined.

Misty pushed him down, so he rested on his elbows, gazing up at her big naked tits. She rolled her tongue through her mouth naughtily, then rocked her chest, making her big tit-cannons swing back and forth a few times.

"Daaamn," the teen muttered, making the Mothers giggle.

Misty had fucked her nephew alot recently and knew what drove him wild. She dropped against him and quickly rolled them over so Garrett took the top. Before he even realized what happened, her strong tongue was twisting through his mouth and her smooth mommy-legs were wrapping

around his back.

The other ladies gasped and cheered at her aggressive move. "Daaaamn," Emily exclaimed with surprise, watching them writhe in front of her.

Misty reached between them, clutching his boner and plowing it's barbed tip through her juicy folds. She squeezed his knob just inside

her vaginal cavity, letting her muscled lining hug his glans in a juicy grip. "Ohhh shit," the boy whimpered.

Kristen nudged her with her toes. "Don't get him too excited. That cum is for baby-making tonight."

Misty smiled up at Angie who hovered over them squeezing her big tits together. "You want him?" Misty asked.

"Ohh yeah," Angie answered.

"Turn over," Misty said to Garrett. The teen flipped over so he was now upside down against Misty, her boobs against his back. She reached around and clawed at his chest as Garrett watched Angie climb on top of him. He excitedly gazed at her big bobbling knockers before they met his chest and pressed against him like soft dough.

Her tiny pubic triangle tickled his prick as he slid up against it. His hard cock popped out between her legs, stretching up along the crack of her buttocks. They kissed deeply and Garrett enjoyed the feel of her thick darting tongue inside his mouth. "Do want my legs around you?" she said between kisses.

"Yess," he muttered.

Misty hissed at his ear. "Roll her over. Let her feel you on top."

Garrett rolled them off of Misty, sinking down between Angie's splayed thighs. His mother's friend was a fitness instructor by occupation, which meant her silky tan legs were strong and powerful. She tossed them around his frame, high on his back, interlocking the ankles of her pretty feet as they made-out like horny newlyweds.

The teen kissed his way down her lush body, taking a minute to suck on the boobs spread out on her chest, before he continued down her toned midriff to her mound of Venus. He split her twat with his

tongue, smelling her sweet pungent aroma as he laved his licker through her moist folds.

He loved the way women's bodies stiffened up when her sucked their clitoris into his mouth. While doing this, Garrett gazed over her pubis, watching her big melons heave around from her gasping. He watched her body tremble and knew she was cumming good.

Patty looked at the squirming couple. "Time for another round of copulation," she said. "Nice job

keeping his arousal level up, ladies. This time let's do it doggy-style. We'll get some nice deep penetration that way," she said to Garrett and his mother.

Kristen crawled up on her hands and knees, pointing her meaty buttocks back at her boy. From all the teasing, Garrett was horny as hell and was ready to fuck some pussy.

He squeezed his cock into her cunt and sighed as he felt it sink through her slippery cunt-tube. "Grab her hips, sweetheart. Give her some nice deep thrusts," Pam said.

The teen gladly complied, grasping his Mom's soft mature hips and falling into a steady fuck- rhythm. Kristen's meaty half-moons rippled as they swing back and beat against his loins. He could see his Mom's heavy tits hanging off her chest and swinging to their humping motions.

"Beautiful, darling," Delores said, watching her Grandson screw her daughter from behind. "Are you hitting her cervix, Garrett?" Patty asked.

"Yeah," he said with a gasp. "I can feel it."

"Kristen, bend down and lay your head on the mattress. That'll give him a better angle for G-spot stimulation," Patty said.

Kristen bent down and rested comfortably, her tits squashed against the mattress. "Legs a little further apart now, Kristen. Spread it wide open for him," Patty said.

Garrett continued fucking, savoring the feel of his hard boner gliding through her muscled cunt. He could feel his knob dragging across the textured lining along the top of her vagina. Kristen's panting grew more and more intense.

"Kristen, where are you at?" Patty asked. "Nine," she whimpered.

Patty looked over at Garrett. "Go harder," she instructed.

He gripped his Mom's hips and fucked with everything he had. His asses bobbed up and back at a frantic pace, her ass smacking against him over and over. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, feeling his knob tingle.

"Not yet, Garrett. Her orgasm will relax her cervix. Let it hit her hard first," Patty said. "You can do it, Garrett," Emily said.

His Grandma Pam fed him a warm smile. "Come on, hon, squeeze it off just a little bit longer," she said.

He felt Kristen's birth canal shrink around his pole. "Cuuuummminngg!" she cried out. The

excited teen used every bit of willpower he had to keep from cumming himself, while his beautiful mom shook and whimpered in front of him.

"Ok, she's relaxed. Delores, if you'll help me, we'll pile a few pillows beneath her pelvis," Patty said, sliding one in position herself. "Very good, now Kristen, bring your feet together and fall forward, so your laying flat, but your ass is cocked in the air. Garrett follow her down," she said.

Garrett still held himself up on extended arm. "Now Garrett, come down against her body and hump and fire away," Patty said.

They'd done this position before. As roommates, Garrett and Kristen had pretty much experimented with every position and Garrett liked this one a lot. He lay against her curvy frame and began pounding against her cushy ass hard and fast. "Ohhhh yeaaah," the teen muttered in ecstasy as his cock thundered through the tight grip of her cunt.

Kristen face lay sideways against the mattress, her hair strung across her face. "Yesss, come on love. I want your baby," she cried out.

The women all moved in on them, surrounding and gently stroking Garrett's humping teenage body. "Mmm, yes, breed her darling," Delores said.

"Make her pregnant, Gare-Gare," Allison said, scratching her nails across his back, "make her titties swell with milk."

Garrett's knob let out a mighty throb. "Hhuuahhh!" he whimpered, feeling a big creamy geyser spout from his piss-hole.

"Yess, flood her womb with your baby-cream!" Emily shouted, rubbing his asshole with her middle finger as he came.

Garrett's big erection squeezed against the pursed lips of her cervix, smearing it with big gobs of cream that oozed from his cock-tip. "Oohh fuck," the teen sighed, finally slowing his fuck- thrusts.

After a little more chatting and giggling, the women hugged Kristen and Garrett goodnight and headed to the guest rooms. Delores and Pam were the final two left, standing at the bedside, smiling over the snuggled couple. "Anything you two lovebirds need before we retire to my room?" she asked.

"Your sleeping in Grandma Delores's bedroom with her?" Garrett asked his Grandma Pam.

"Of course, hon. She has the biggest bed in the house. I think the two of us can manage comfortably," she answered with a smile.

Kristen looked at her son. "Baby, why don't you go crawl into bed with your Grandmas tonight," she said.

"Really?" Garrett asked in surprise.

Delores looked at her daughter, also surprised. "Are you sure?"

"Mom, Garrett and I hold each other all night, every night. I think I can handle being away from him for a few hours...but only a few," Kristen said, winking at her son.

Delores smiled at her. "Well, you know my sexual appetite is as unquenchable as yours, so I'm guessing neither Pam or I are gonna debate you on this one," she said, then gazed at her grandson, "let's go, darling."

Kristen and Garrett shared a sensual kiss goodnight, then she watched her mothers walk arm in arm with her son toward the doorway. One look at the backs of the Grandmothers smooth curvy legs and the swaying meat of their big thick asses and Kristen knew her son was in for some serious pleasure.

"Goodnight," Delores said to her daughter with an anxious smile, closing the door behind them.

128: Mom's Roommate Forever_2

Kristen picked up her cellphone and dialed her husband Doug. A hundred miles away, Doug sat in his custom, hospital-style bed watching a game on his bedroom TV. He answered his buzzing phone.

"Hey, hon," he said.

"Hi, how are things going?"

"Good, Cassie and her friend are asleep. They binged on Disney and junk food all night," he said, making Kristen giggle.

"Well, what are slumber parties for right?" she said.

"Yeah, so, how's your mother's slumber party going?" he asked.

"Well, it hasn't exactly been Disney and junk food, but I'll spare you the details."

"Oh come on, give me the details," Doug asked, wondering if it was something naughty.

"I don't think so. Garrett has had a good time though, re-bonding with his Aunts and cousins. It's been great to see them again," Kristen said.

"Did your mother give you the upstairs guest bedroom, or are you guys in the basement?" "I'm in the upstairs guest bedroom. Garrett

is in sleeping with your mother," Kristen said. Doug stomach sunk. "My mother?"

"Yes, well, and mine. The three are sharing the bed in my parents bedroom."

"Hmm, ok, well um, speaking of sharing bedrooms. I got some good news today. My physical therapist said I should be ok sleeping on a normal bed from now on, which means, we could move you back in here and things could get back to being the way they used to be."

Kristen sighed. "Doug, I'm not doing that to Garrett, it's not fair." "What's not fair? It was just suppose to be a temporary thing."

"He completely rearranged his space. His bed's in storage. It's unfair to ask him to go to all that work again so soon," Kristen said.

"So soon? It's been four months." "Like I said, too soon," she said.

"Look, I'll hire movers, ok. He won't have to lift a finger."

Kristen answered impatiently. "No! The answer's no, Doug. We're all fine where we are right now."

There was a short pause in the conversation. "Are you there?" Kristen asked. "Yeah, I'm here."

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Look I'm just gonna ask it, alright.." "Ask what?" Kristen said.

"Are you and Garrett having sex together?" he asked.

Kristen's heart thumped wildly. "Ugh, why would you ask me that?"

"Well, I don't know, you share a bed with him. I hear weird noises coming from your bedroom all night.."

"Weird noises?" Kristen asked.

"Yeah, repetitive thumping, what sounds like muffled cries. The door's always locked, then you send me that damn video of you and him frolicking naked together on the beach," Doug said.

"Wait, hold on a sec. We were only doing that to help you," Kristen said. "Help me?"

"Yes, help you. You said yourself later that it made you hard. Is that not what we've been wanting?"

"Why are you dodging my question? Are you guys having sex or not?" Doug asked.

Kristen laughed. "Oh honey, do you realize how ridiculous a question that is? Why don't you just ask me if I think he's in there screwing our mothers right now while you're at it," she said.

In the next bedroom over, Garrett was doing just that. Pam was on her back and the teen was on top, fucking her with deep thrusts. "Ohhh shit, Grandma," he whimpered, his ass rising and

falling between her thick splayed thighs.

"Oohh darling," she cried out, tightening her big smooth legs around him. Her cute little bare feet with pink painted toes, bobbed up and down from the power of his fuck-thrusts.

He squeezed her soft body, sinking into her curves and feeling her huge warm tits sandwiched between them. He'd never fucked someone with a pussy this tight. Unbeknownst to him, Garrett's Grandfather was impotent, so Pam wasn't having her cunt stuffed like she had when she was younger. The result was having a narrow vagina, like that of a virgin.

Her tight muscled tube stretched obscenely around her Grandson's thick meat, moulding like a spongy sleeve to its every contour. He notice that the back of her cunt also felt a little different than his moms. He didn't know why and he didn't care. It felt amazing.

Delores was on her side next to them, one huge tit stacked on top of the other, as she watching them fuck. "There you go, darling. Show Grandma Pam what it's all about," she said.

"Ohh yeaaah," Garrett replied, slicing his cock through the tight pussy. He reached down and clutched her big ass-cheeks, squeezing as he increased his tempo.

"Ohhh dear God," Pam cried, throwing her head back in pleasure.

Garrett continued holding her ass and fucking hard, but lifted his head to watch his Grandmother cum. Her pretty face twisted with pleasure. He felt her thick thighs trembling. "Yeaah, cum on my dick, Grandma," he panted.

And that she did, squeezing his humping cock like a velvet vice. The pleasure was so exquisite the teen's knob tingled and his eyes rolled back in delight. "Ohhh shit," he sighed.

Her back arched, lifting her grandson up, as the orgasm surged through her busty frame."Uuuunnhhgg!" Pam screamed. There no way everyone in the house didn't hear it. Her body tensed up even more, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining as she arched her head back. Her pretty face was now masked with a pleasure-filled grimace. "Uuuunnhhggfuuck!" she cried out in ecstasy.

The teen marveled at what he was witnessing. This was his Grandma, naked and completely uninhibited and at the moment she was at the mercy of one of nature's most powerful forces. it was amazing.

After humping her hard through her mind-blowing orgasm, he surmised that she hadn't cum that hard in a long time, maybe never. Garrett pulled his erection out. It was shiny and dripping with Pam's secretions. He turned to Delores, who was now on her knees beside him. She reached out and stroked his boner with her pretty hand. "Mmm, she did wet your dick," Delores said. "Lay down on your back and let's add my oils to the mix."

Garrett fell back onto the mattress and watched the older version of his mom straddle his loins. He looked down at her smooth shaved mons and watched her clutch his cock and feed it's big purple knob into her cunt-groove. Both Grandma and Grandson sighed in unison as Delores lowered her hips and sent his boner squeezing up her vagina. She wasted no time bouncing on his dick, rising from balls to knob over and over.

"Ohhh yess, that's what I love," she cried out, bouncing up and down on her Grandson.

For Garrett the view was insane. His mom had big, big tits, but his Grandma's were just mega- big and they were putting on quite a show for him. They reminded him of two overfilled water- balloons in the shape of full-sized watermelons. He was absolutely awestruck as he watched her giant knockers leap way off her chest, smacking and rippling as they swooped back down.

"Can I suck your tits, Grandma?" he asked lustfully.

"Of course you can, darling. Just don't let them knock you unconscious," she said, making Pam giggle.

"I'll be careful," he said, watching the wobbling wonders drop to his face. Delores rested her hands on the mattress, her arms extended as she leaned forward. Her ass continued a steady rise and fall, humping his throbbing cock through the muscled grip of her cunt-sheath.

Garrett was suddenly like a kid in a candy store, rubbing his face up in between her tits. "Ohhh, man," he muttered, marveling at all the soft tit-meat.

His Grandma Pam smiled at him. "Definitely a boobie-boy," she said.

Delores smiled. "Mmm-hmm, he loves his momma's boobies, don't you darling?" "Yeah," the teen said, kissing and licking her huge pocket of cleavage.

"She let's them swing for you and rubs them against your young body. She loves when you suck and chew on her nipples. She told me so," Delores said.

Pam knelt right beside them, letting her own impressive set of jugs dangle near the boy. "Does she let you stick you dick between them, honey?" she asked. "Does she oil you up and fuck her big titties around your cock?"

"Uh-huh," he gasped.

"It feels good, doesn't it? I bet she lets you squirt your milky sperm all along her neck and across

her pretty face," Pam said.

Garrett latched on to one of Delores's breasts, stuffing as much tit-meat into his mouth as he could get. His tongue danced across her big fleshy nipple, sending a surge of pleasure shooting through the Grandmother's voluptuous body.

Delores stopped bouncing and swiveled her wide hips, stirring his stiff peter like a gear-shift inside her clutching vagina. She placed a hand around his head, pulling him even tighter against her tit. Garrett's face sunk into the spongy melon as he continued sucking to his heart's content. Her fat nipple stretched into his mouth as he pulled and slurped vigorously.

Overwhelmed with lust, Delorores dropped her chest to his, making her nipple pop out of his mouth. "Ohh darling, fuck me as hard as you can," she cried out. Garrett wrapped her in his arms, bouncing his his hips from the mattress, pumping his cock and meeting her thrust for thrust.

"Uugghhooo!" she cried, buying her face in his neck. Her big milkers sloshed, bulging out at the sides from being sandwiched between them. "Ohh fuck yeaah," the teen sighed, basking in all the warm squishy flesh on top of him, while feeling his dick squeeze through the juicy grip of her mature cunt.

She clawed his shoulders and worked her pussy tirelessly on his prick, feeling her orgasm swell inside her. "That's it, yesss, help me cross the finish line," Delores cried out.

The spasms quivered exquisitely through her throbbing cunt, making her nipples throb and her asshole pucker as she began to cum all over her Grandson's dick. Delores threw her head back in ecstasy, her big dark mane of hair whipping around. "Fuck me, darling! I'm getting off!" she cried out. "Unnghhh! Oh fuck, Garrett, oh shit, ooohh shit, I'm cuuuummmmiiiinnnngggg!"

"Ohhh wow," Garrett sighed as he felt the contractions of her pussy muscles around his burrowing cock. He fucked her harder than ever, helping her through the apex of her cum. Her pussy made lewd squishing sounds as she creamed all over his meat. Garrett's knob tingled, swelling so big it felt like it was gonna pop off the end of his dick. "I wanna cum on both your asses," he said.

Delores knew he was edging, so quickly jumped up and joined Pam on her hands and knees. Garrett rose up, squeezing his juice-slickened erection, giving little strokes around the crown of his knob. He pointed his piss-hole at the pairs of naked half-moons hovering side by side. "Uhh... oh shit, Ughhhh!" He groaned, making a big rope of jizz splatter against Pam's ass.

"Uughh!" A second and third band of jizz struck Delores's meaty buns, running down along the crinkled ring of her asshole. "Ohh shit," he whimpered, painting their rumps with hot cum.

The teen slept comfortably between his busty Grandmothers. He woke up in the morning alone, birds outside chirping and the bright sun shining through the window. He looked at the clock and saw that it was just past eleven. "Damn," he muttered, letting out a big yawn.

He heard giggling outside the window, so he walked over and peered out. On the waterside deck below he saw his bikini-clad female relatives basking in the sun.

"Fuck me," he muttered, checking out the thonged asses and the bulging tit-flesh oozing from their bikini tops.

Kristen was sprawled out on her tummy on a lounger between Misty and best friend Angie. The three women wore mini micro bikinis. The g-stringed bottoms left their meaty asses pretty

much naked. There were just strings rounding their hips and another tucked down between their ass-globes. Emily and Laura were also on loungers, but sprawled on their backs. Their bikinis were just as skimpy, lewdly showing off their motherly curves.

Garrett found a half-filled water-bottle on the bedside table and playfully squirted some out the window. His Mom and Misty screamed and sat up as the cold water splashed on their mommy-asses. The teen watched their nearly naked jugs wobble heavily as they peered up at him. "Hey, get down here so I can slap that naughty ass," Kristen shouted playfully.

"I don't think so," Garrett said, then squirted more water, this time hitting Emily and Laura. His two cousins screamed and jumped up, glaring up at him. "Oh, you're gonna get it," Emily said as her and

Laura rushed inside, their big boobies nearly bouncing out of their bikini-tops.

Garrett rushed out of the room, into the one his Mom had slept in and hid inside the small closet. He heard his cousins giggling as they rushed up the stairs. "Ah, the little boy's hiding," he heard Laura say.

"I'll check the bathroom," said Emily as the girls separated. "Where are you little boy?" she sang.

No more than a minute later, the closet door flew open and Emily was standing there. "Gotcha!" she said and was immediately squirted with more water. She screamed playfully. "You shit!" she shouted, water dripping down into her deep cleavage and across her giant naked baby-orb.

Emily rushed into the closet, backing him into the corner. "I am SO gonna kick your ass," she teased, wrestling the bottle from him.

"I'm SO gonna spank yours," Garrett said, pushing her to one side, leaning over and smacking her exposed ass-cheek.

She gazed at him lustfully, cocking her thick ass out to be slapped again. "Mmm, harder daddy," she said in a sexy girl-voice.

Garrett smacked it again, making her buttocks jiggle. "Yess, fuck my pussy now," she cried out, throwing her arms around his neck and locking lips. Garrett's heart beat a mile a minute as he felt her pierced tongue wrestle with his. Her huge milk-swollen jugs and ginormous pregnant belly pressed against him, blocking his escape.

Emily lustfully reached back with one hand and untied her bikini-top, while clutching his hard

cock and stroking it with the other. All this while hungrily making out with her younger cousin. "You wanna play?" she asked, between kisses, "let's fucking play," she said as her big jugs sprung free.

Laura smiled over her cousin's shoulder, peeling her own skimpy top off and releasing her big mammaries. "Let's get him to the bed. I wanna fucking rape him," she said lustfully.

Garrett brazenly reached around and cupped Emily's big buttocks, lifting her from the floor. "Not yet," he said, turning them around. She gazed in adoration and threw her curvy legs around him as he pinned her in the corner. The teen latched on to one of her melons and gorged himself with a mouthful of tit-flesh. Breast milk sprayed into his mouth and around lashing tongue from several different milk-duct orifices around her swollen teet. "Mmnnn," the boy whimpered, his head swirling with arousal.

Still clutching his boner, Emily drug it's bulbous tip through the juicy folds of her pudenda. When it squeezed against her protruding clitoris, she gasped hornily "fuuuck!" she cried out, then quickly fed his pecker into her fuck-hole.

Garrett thrust forward, burying his muscled meat inside her. "Ohhh, fuck yesss," Emily hissed, feeling the dome of his knob squeeze against the head of her cervix. Her husband's dick had certainly never reached that far.

Laura stroked his shoulders and rubbed her tits on his back as Garrett started to drive his hard- on through the hot slippery walls of Emily's cunt. She clung to the teen, her big pregnant belly pressed against his toned abs.

Garrett's cock bulged and flexed as it dug deep in her cunt, exploring the unique feel of pregnant pussy. Kegels were a regular part of Emily's regimen, resulting in a strong muscled cunt that squeezed and milked Garrett's penis exquisitely.

"Ohhh shit," the teen gasped in pleasure, his cousin's leaking nipple popping from his mouth.

After ten minutes humping pleasure, Emily slipped to the floor. Garrett turned to Laura, who wasted no time trying to climb into his clutches. "Fuck mee," she said hornily, gazing at him.

As he had with Emily, Garrett picked Laura up and engaged in the standing fuck position. Her thick ass beat against his loins, punching his strong erection through her hot pink pussy. They kissed passionately and their tongues beat together in a frenzy of lust.

"Ohh my God, it feels so fucking good," Laura sang, leaning back and extending her lush legs so that she was pointing her cute painted toes at an upward angle. Garrett clutched her meaty behind and rammed his rod nice and deep, making her beautiful body bounce up and down. The young mother let out sweet girlish cry as an orgasm tore through body.."Uuuunnhhooo!"

After Garrett humped her through her hard cum, Laura slipped back to the floor. Emily wasted

no time grasping him by the boner and leading him to bed. She crawled under the canopy, onto the mattress. The boys eyes were drawn to her big wagging buttocks.

She rolled gracefully onto her back, then parted her sexy legs high in the air. The gawking teen watched them form a wide V, propped back so far that her sexy feet were flexed and pointed at the wall behind her. "Do you like this Gare-Gare? Do you like fucking all these married women?" she asked naughtily.

"Our husbands would be sooo mad if they knew how hard you're about to fuck us," Laura said..

Emily squeezed her huge pregnant tits together. "But that's what you get for being a young stud with a big dick. You get to fuck all of us horny cheating wives."

Laura giggled. "Your dad should be thankful he has you, to fill that void in your mother's cunt," she said. "He certainly doesn't have what it takes to fill it."

Emily continued gazing at him. "He should be grateful that your pumping all that hot baby-batter inside his wife," she said, then rubbed her fleshy orb, "Making her belly big and round and pregnant so you can rub your juicy dick all over it."

"Ohh damn," Garrett said, grasping his erection and giving it a few strokes.

"Mmm, you like that don't you, loverboy? You like all that nasty fucking dirty-talk," Emily said. "Yess."

"Do you wanna come shove that dick back inside your hot fuck-doll cousin?" she asked lustfully. "Heck yeah I do," he muttered, his boner twitching eagerly.

"Then get your sexy ass between my legs and get busy," Emily said.

Garrett did just that, climbing on top and slicing his prick through her horny hole. "Come on, pound the fuck outta me!" she cried, bouncing her buns off the mattress, helping her cousin find a rhythm.

Fucking Emily's hot pregnant body made him even more eager to impregnate his mom. He could only imagine what Kristen's tits would look swollen with milk. His cock flexed at the thought of her big round tummy pack with their child.

Garrett's ass bobbed up and down, fucking the meaty thickness of his hard-on all the way into her clasping cunt. For a moment he stopped and left it buried all the way in. He rested on top of her naked body, crushing her mammoth tits beneath his chest as he felt her cunt tunnel clinging to his manhood. Garrett flexed his cock and

Emily responded with a quick squeeze. She giggled excitedly. "You like to fuck as much as I do, don't you?"

"Maybe more," he said.

"Doubt it," she giggled, then gazed lustfully. "Make me scream so I can squirt my fucking juice on you," she said.

Garrett's hips set back in motion. His cousin's cunt made wet liquidy sounds as her walls lubricated his cock with slippery oils. He delighted in the fact that any day she'd be squeezing a baby down her fuck-tube with fragments of his spunk still clinging to her walls. Right now that tube was shrinking up, her body stiffening. "I'm gonna cream!" she gasped. "Ohhh God, your cock is so fucking amazing! Fuck me Harder... harder, I'm cuumingg, Uuuunnhhgg!"

The site of her curvy pregnant body trembling in orgasm was out of this world. Mixed with the feel of a clasping cunt that was washing his boner in hot girl-cum sent him right over the edge.

He fucked her faster than ever, shuddering as his cousin's cunt milked and contracted around his throbbing member. Out of nowhere, the spunk started shooting, gushing out of his prick A torrent of jizz blasted up Emily's pleasure-tunnel, completely deluging her pussy in a shower of creamy cum.

After lunch, Garrett went out on the boat dock to try his hand at fishing. He cast the line out and slowly reeled it in. "Catch anything yet? A voice said. It was his Mom, walking up the dock towards him. He marveled at how incredibly sexy she looked sashaying towards him in the skimpiest bikini he'd ever seen. All the mom's bikinis were so ridiculously scanty, they may as well have just been naked.

"Nothing yet," Garrett said. "You sure about that?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She stepped up and embraced him. "Well, you caught me. Hook, line and sinker," she said, then fed him sensual kiss.

Their eyes lingered together for a moment. "I missed you last night,"she said lovingly. "Missed you too."

"Your Grandmothers were beaming this morning. Thank you." "My pleasure," Garrett said.

She smiled mischievously and winked. "I'm sure it was. I'm actually surprised you came out of there in one piece."

Garrett smiled. "It did get pretty intense."

"Speaking of intense, Patty thinks we should do another round of intercourse this afternoon." Kristen said.

Garrett faked a pout.."Do I have to?" he said,.making them both burst out laughing.

"Oh, I know. You have to fuck mom hard again and deliver another load. Bummer," she joked.

The twins, Allison and Susan came zipping up on matching jetskis. Both women wore life vests and tiny bikini bottoms.. "We're going out to the sandbar. You guys wanna come?" Allison said.

"It's a no for me. I've been forbidden from doing anything that might affect my PH levels," she said, making her sisters laugh.

"Oh God, please," Susan said, rolling her eyes.

Kristen smile half-embarrassed, "What, I trying to make a baby here."

"What about you, Gare-Gare?" Susan asked, "Don't worry, we won't make you do anything that'll affect your sperm levels," she said teasingly. "Oh, wait, actually, we might."

Kristen put her hands on her hips and glared at her sisters. "No sex. I need his sperm today," "Kristen, he's a teenage boy. He's producing like a hundred billion sperm an hour," Allison said. "Really? A hundred billion?" Kristen said with a sly smile.

"Ok, maybe not quite that many, but he's still producing a lot."

"Look, just don't drain him dry out there, okay," she said. "That's all I'm asking." "Grab a vest and hop aboard Gare-Gare," Allison said.

Garrett kissed his mom.and joined Allison on her jetski..They zipped off across the lake. The teen sat behind his Aunt on the seat with her ass pressed up against his groin. He reached around and held onto the smooth rounded contour of her pregnant belly. Several times in route, the sisters would playfully zip around each other, cutting through waves and kicking spray. "Woooo!" Allison shouted, cutting a sharp turn around her sister's jetski.

After continuing on, they arrived at a small island with some trees and a beautiful sandbar extending out one side of it. Garrett dove into the water and the twins anchored the jetskis and took off their life-vests. Garrett was mesmerized by Allison's bikini. It was a white mesh bandeau-syle top with Brazilian micro-bikini bottoms. She might as well have been naked. The teen could see the split of her mons, as well as her huge round areola and nipples through the fabric.

She gracefully dove off the jetski and headed for Garrett as Susan opened the storage area of her craft, taking out a dry blanket and some towels. "Hey sis, let's take him over to the notch," Susan said, hopping over to the island.

Garrett sat on the sandy bottom, watching Allison close the distance between them. "What's the

notch?" he asked.

"When we were your age, we'd bring our boyfriends out here, obviously for sex," she said, swimming up and straddling him. "Even though it's completely private, we wanted to find an

area that wasn't just out in the open. So we found the notch. Come on, I'll show you," Allison said.

She held his hand and led him ashore, into the small thick patch of trees on the island. "Wait, is this same island where my dad proposed to my mom?" Garrett asked.

"All our husbands proposed here. It became kind of a silly tradition. Look over here," she said, leading him over to a birch tree. Carved on the trunk were a few big hearts with names in the middle. Garrett found one that read: "Doug + Kristen."

Allison smiled at him wickedly. "You should carve that one off the tree. Get rid of it. Then carve a new one, with you and your Mom's names."

Garrett smile. "Cool idea, but it might kinda set my dad off."

"Ha, he's in a fucking wheelchair. You really think he's ever gonna be out here again?" "Probably not," Garrett said.

"I think you should carve one for you and your mom, then bring her out here sometime...and propose to her," Allison said with a mischievous smile.

"Propose to her?" Garrett asked in surprise.

"Why not. You guys are an adorable couple. You're having a baby together. Hell, you're already living like newlyweds. Why not seal the deal," she said.

"Yeah, but she's already like, married to my dad."

"Well, yeah, legally, but a lot of bonds are formed in private and only certain people know about them. Look at you giving your mom a baby, for example. Your dad will think the child's his, but secretly, we all know who the baby-daddy is. The same could be said for marriage. Just because marrying your mother is frowned upon by society doesn't make it any less real," Allison explained.

"True," Garrett said, pondering the idea.

"Where are you guys?" Susan called, from somewhere nearby.

"Oh, the notch. Come on, I'll show you," Allison said, leading him through a few bushes.

"There you are," Susan said. There was a sunny "notch" in the terrain about 8-feet square. Between the dip in the earth and surrounding bushes, it was completely private. Susan had a blanket spread out. She laid in the center, completely naked, propped on her elbows. The site of

her smooth sexy legs and ample jugs made the teen's cock rise. Susan fed him a naughty smile. "You didn't think we brought you out here just to swim, did you?" she asked.

A few minutes later he was humping between her wide-open legs." Harder, Gare-Gare!" she squealed hotly. She clawed her fingernails up his back and furiously gyrated her ass, gasping as as his thick meat dug against her pleasure-spots. "Oh, fuck, it's so good… your cock feels so good inside me," she cried.

Allison was naked too, sprawled out next to her sister. Her knees were back and her thighs were splayed wide. Her pregnant mommy-melons jostled on her chest as she hornily rubbed her clitoris. She gazed at the teen's toned chest like a possessed sex-zombie. "Fuck meee," she cried out.

Garrett crawled from between Susan's legs, his big hard dick wagging obscenely as he moved over between Allison's thick thighs. He rubbed his juicy knob through her labium, teasing her fat clit. Allison gasped hornily, bobbing her ass up and down, desperate to get her ass fucked off.

"In meee," she whimpered,"I need it in mee."

The teen watched her face melt with ecstacy as he pushed his hard Peter up her juice-slickened fuck-tube. He brought his body down onto hers, feeling her warm baby-orb mold to his torso. He didn't know how good his uncles were at fucking, but he was determined to blow his Aunts minds.

He sunk down into her plush body, his toned young ass doing a steady rise and fall in her silky saddle. "Ohh fuck yeahh," he sighed as he began to pound the fuck out of her. "Yeesss," Allison gasped, throwing her curvy legs back even further, giving her nephew all the room he needed. Garrett used to love looking at his Aunt's sexy bare feet when he was a kid.. Her toenails were always freshly painted. He used to imagine what they must look like pointed high in the air, her soft soles arched like a ballerina while her uncle propped her beautiful legs back and enjoyed the marital pleasure of her cunt.

Now, the answer to the boyhood mystery was right before his eyes. Right up there at the tops of her spread-eagled legs, those same pretty feet, pointed back and bobbing around from the power of his thrusts. The thrusts of their little Gara-Gare as he used their bodies like his own personal fuck-dolls.

Allison whipped her ass up in a frenzy of fuck-lust, grunting and moaning like a bitch in heat as she humped her quivering cunt at the base of his cock. "Ohh fuck babe, your cock is gonna make my pussy cum! Ohh! Ohhh, shit I'm gonna squirt my juice on your big cock. Shit... ohhh shit..." she cried out.

Her body suddenly went into a shaking fit. "Uuuhhggh! Fuuuck!" her beautiful voice sang.

Her orgasm spurred Garrett on. He sank down onto her big, sloshing tits, feeling her engorged

nipples poking his chest as he cradled his sweaty face between her neck and shoulder. His hands came down, clutching the sides of her humping ass cheeks. Then he eagerly worked his hips to meet her fuck-strokes, ramming his tingling cock in and out of her tightly clinging cunt.

"Ohhh shit," he whimpered, feeling her soft curves quiver beneath him. Her experienced pussy massaged his dick with her muscled walls while soaking it in hot girl-cum.

He looked over to see Susan on her hands and knees with her ass pointed at him.Her pretty wanton face gazed back at him, just beyond her thick wagging buttocks. "Fuck me doggy," she cried out.

Garrett climbed off of Allison and mounted her twin's haunches. Susan gasp as she felt his hardness pack her cunt full. "Yesss. Oh my God," she said, humping her cunt on him, setting their bodies in motion.

The teen grabbed her hips and fucked her with deep rapid thrusts. Her ass-flesh quivered and big titties swung as she engaged her nephew in a hot doggy-fuck. Sex in the full sun had coated their bodies in a glistening layer of perspiration.

Allison knelt next to the boy. They kissed as she rubbed her swollen orbs on him, while listening to her sister's ass beat against him in a repetitive wet slap.. "Do you like it, Gare-Gare?" she said between kisses, "Do you like fucking our pussies on the very spot where our husbands proposed to us?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

"I'm gonna cum. Go hardeer!" Susan gasped.

Garrett complied, humping as hard as he could. Allison watched his glistening cock piston in and out from between her sister's wildly swinging ass-globes. "Yess, make her melt on you, honey. Fuck the shit out of her," she said.

Susan suddenly threw her head back. "Cuuuming!! Ohhh my God," she cried out, her sexy body quivering from a hard cum.

"Ohhhh, look at her shake, honey. You're making her cream hard," Allison said, then kissed him some more, their tongues flicking together passionately. She gazed at him with her alluring eyes. "Fuck me more," she said lustfully.

She led her nephew onto his back and climbed on top of him. Garrett licked his lips, watching her sweat-sheened flesh settle down on top of him. He felt her hand grasp his boner and feed it into her creamy cunt. "You just lay back and let Aunt Allison fuck you," she said.

Garrett did just that, putting his hands behind his head and watching his pregnant Aunt bounce on his cock. The view was amazing. Her big baby-ball heaved up and down, her super-sized knockers wobbling.. All topped off by her beautiful pleasure-filled face..

After five minutes of sitting upright and humping on her nephew's boner, Allison leaned forward, resting on extended arms. Her buttocks continued to bob up and down, squeezing Garrett's hard boner through her slippery love-sleeve.

"Yess, thrust your hips now. Fuck it right back at this girl," she panted.

Garrett rocked his hips, aiding in their deep fuck. Allison's huge sweaty tits swung right above his face. He watched the milk-droplets

seep from her engorged nipples and drip down onto him. "Ohhh shit," he panted excitedly.

Allison was gasping as well, throwing her hair around as a monster orgasm swelled inside her pussy. "Ohhh... ohh shit, I'm gonna cum on your cock so fucking hard," she whimpered, then dropped down on top of him writhing of humping.

"Ohhh," Garrett sighed in complete lust as he squeezed his head up between her milk-filled melons, kissing the inside of one of them. He licked his way across the spongy flesh, then latched on to her swollen tip. Milk flowed plentifully and he nursed like a starving infant.

Allison squeezed his spearing muscle with her strong coital walls. Her juicy excresions and soft inner lining had created a pit of pleasure for the teen's cock. He flexed his boner, making her body tingle from her tits to her asshole. "Ohhh fuck, I'm cuuuming!" she cried out. "Ohh God.. ohh shit, dick me hard Gara-Gare!"

Still sucking, the teen whimpered into her sweaty boob, while fucking with everything had.

He felt her cushy body stiffen up. "Uuuunnhhgg!" his Aunt cried out, a big explosion of girl-cum squelching out from between joined genitals. Garrett's knob throbbed like crazy. The hot gooey friction was just too much for him. "Ohhhmmm," he whimper tugging her rubbery nipple and areola as hard as he could with the suction of his mouth.

His cock spouted big gooey geysers out it's tip, hosing her cervix. Allison use her strong mommy-cunt to pump his prick good, milking out all the hot spunk. For five minutes the sweaty heap bucked and writhed, enjoying every second of juicy orgasm they could draw out.

Later that afternoon, back at the lakehouse, Garrett enjoyed two sessions of baby-making with Kristen. "Ohhh mom," he cried out,

pumping out his hot semen deep inside her. The feel of her warm curvy mommy-body clutching onto him was like no other.

That night, he belonged to Misty and Kristen's friend Angie. The two women took turns riding the spire of his cock, cumming multiple times. Garrett sucked their big bouncing titties and enjoyed their strong tongues twisting through his mouth.

Misty took his first load, deep in her squeezing cunt while her legs were propped back on his shoulder.

Angie got the second load of spunk, but not in her pussy. This mother had a real love of anal sex

and Garrett shot off deep in her rectum. "Ohhh fuuck," he sighed as her thick muscular ass slapped against his lean torso, drawing out every ounce of spunk he had left.

A week later, back at home, Garrett waited anxiously by the front door as he heard his Mom's car pull up. Kristen came in, put her purse aside, then took her son's hand.

Doug sat in the livingroom with the TV on. She flashed him an awkward smile as she quickly pulled Garrett towards their bedroom, her dainty heels clicking on the floor. "Hi, honey," she said.

"Everything ok?" Doug asked.

"Fine," she answered from the hallway.

She rushed her son into their bedroom and closed the door. He gazed at her anxiously. "How did it go?" he asked.

Her eyes welled up with tears as she smiled from ear to ear, gazing back at her boy. "We did it. I'm pregnant," she said, then latched on for a big boob-squashing hug. "I'm pregnant with your baby."

"Wow, that's awesome," Garrett said.

They broke their embrace and shared a lovers gaze. "So when do we tell dad?" he asked.

"We've got time. It'll be awhile before I start showing, but I don't wanna wait too long to tell him. I'll put my plan in action tonight."

Garrett glanced at the swell of her boobs. "So when um...do your boobs start squirting out milk?" he asked.

She giggled. "Is someone excited to nurse?" she teased. "Um, yeah," he said, making her laugh.

"My nipples will leak colostrum or clear fluid during the first stages of my pregnant. It's not exactly the same stuff I'll produce when I'm breastfeeding, but it is my breasts' way of priming the pump, so to speak."

"So when does milk really start shooting out, like Emily and Aunt Allison's tits were?" the teen asked.

"By month seven, I'll start drowning you," she said with a smile. "Sweet," Garrett said, grinning eagerly.

That night, Doug rolled out of the bathroom in his wheelchair to see his wife standing by his bed in a pale-pink baby-doll. She stood in a sexy pose, with one leg bent at the knee and cocked out. He could clearly see her big jutting breasts through the transparent nightie. "Hi. This is a

surprise," he said.

"Remember we talked about having another baby sometime?" she said. "Yeah," he answered, suddenly feeling some performance anxiety. "Well...I'm ready," she said with a sweet smile.

A couple minutes later, Kristen squirmed around on top of her naked husband, kissing his neck. She reached down and fondled his flaccid penis. "Come on honey, get it hard for me."

"I'm trying babe," Doug sighed in frustration.

She brought her lips to his ear. "Get it hard for Mommy," she said seductively. "Ohh Jesus," he hissed, his body trembling with arousal.

"Yeah, you like that don't you. You and your perverted little Mommy fantasy," she said. "Get it hard so you can fuck Mommy and put a baby in her," Kristen said.

"Ohhh," Doug sighed, rubbing his hands across her soft body. Her silk-covered tits felt amazing on his chest.

Kristen felt his peter harden up a little. "Ohh yeah, now it's getting some life," she said. His knob twitched and she knew she didn't have much time.

She sat up and squeezed his half-hard penis inside her as best she could, then ground her cunt on it, trying to push more in. "Come on, shoot your wad inside mommy," she cried out.

"Ohhh damn babe," he whimpered. "I'm cumming."

Doug's head was was tilted back in pleasure, so he didn't see the pathetic look his wife was giving him. "Come on," she said, patiently, rocking her hips.

When her son came inside her cunt, she knew it. She could feel his powerful jets of spunk hosing he insides. With her husband, she felt nothing. She knew it was probably just trickling out and the wormy little peter was just barely staying inside her. However, it served her purpose and she hoped off as soon as he was finish.

Doug sighed with a big smile. "That was amazing," he said.

Kristen faked a smile of her own. "Hopefully we'll get some good news," she said. "That would be great," Doug said.

"Ok, well, goodnight hon," she said, leaning over and giving him a quick kiss.

Doug looked at what she still had on and how her nude body was clearly exposed beneath the

transparent baby-doll. "Is Garrett home?" he asked. "Yeah, he's in bed already," she said.

"Might be a good idea to change before you go back in there," Doug said. Kristen giggled. "Oh right, thanks. I guess I forgot what I was wearing."

She threw a towel around her body and blew her husband a kiss. "Goodnight," she said.

Once in her and her son's bedroom, she ditched the towel and climbed into bed with her son. "How did it go?" he asked as she climbed on top of him.

"I don't wanna talk about it," she said, then planted some sensual kisses. "I just need you to fuck me hard," she said lustfully.

Garrett rolled his Mom onto her back and pounded her cunt mercilessly. It was in stark contrast to what she got from her husband, but she was thankful she got it over with.

It was a week later that she announced her pregnancy to Doug. He was over the moon with joy and bit proud of himself for delivering the goods. "Guess I still got it, huh?" he said to his wife.

"You still got it, hon," she lied, smiling over at her son.

Over the next nine months, Kristen's tummy and tits grew to gigantic proportions.

Garrett whimpered, his entire face sunk down and surrounded in breast-meat. A huge distended nipple and areola were sucked inside his mouth, tit-milk squirting out from every direction. He slurped and gulped and slurped and gulped, savoring the taste of her nectar as it squirted across his laving tongue. Before he passed out from lack of oxygen, he emerged from Kristen giant boob, gasping for air.

Kristen looked at his milk-soaked face a giggled. "You like it honey?" she asked.

"Oh my God, yes," he said, sinking back down, planting lustful kisses inside her massive cleavage.

"Wanna fuck some more?" she asked with an eager smile.. "Hell yeah," he said.

"How do you want me?" she asked.

"On top," he said, plopping down on his back.

Kristen giggled, mounting his loins. "You're favorite," she said. His cock slid in and she lowered herself down, resting on extended arms that were planted astride his head. "And I wonder why?" she joked watching her son gaze up at her massive mammaries.

Kristen was weeks away from giving birth, but she could still fuck like a porn-star. Her juicy cunt squeezed and milked her son's hard muscle as it rode up and down on it steadily. "Yess, so fucking good," the mother sighed.

Garrett loved the feel of her huge baby-ball mashed against his lower chest. It felt a lot like a huge round boob, but not quite as soft. A least once a day he would rub his cock all over it and have

his Mom jerk him off so he could watch his jets of cum splash across her belly.

Kristen ginormous milk-filled jugs swung heavily around his face. He loved watching them swing and slosh and leak. The way they trembled like big ballooning sacks of jello when she orgasmed made his knob tingle every time.

If Doug wasn't suspicious before her pregnancy, he certainly was now. His wife and son would constantly disappear, locking themselves in their bedroom for endless hours of the day. At night, he continued to hear repetitive knocking sounds against the wall of his bedroom, which would sometimes go on for what seemed like forever. He also continued to be awakened by what sounded like muffled crying or grunting sounds.

He finally decided to confront it, wheeling himself down to their bedroom and knocking on the door. It took Kristen a minute to answer. She had thrown a robe over her nude body and her hair was disheveled. "What's wrong? Is everything ok," she asked.

"No, Kristen, what's all the noise coming from in there?" Doug asked impatiently. "Noise?" she asked, playing stupid.

"Yes, noise. I've told you before...I hear noises through the wall."

"Doug you're probably just hearing our music. Sometimes we leave it on."

"It's not on now, so what were those strange noises I was just hearing?" he asked.

"Look, this just confirms what we've been talking about for months. We need more space. The baby's coming, our bedrooms are cramped right next to each other, so we hear everything. We just need a bigger house," Kristen said.

"Has the realtor called you back?" Doug asked.

"That guys an asshole. I'm done with him. Angie knows a realtor who's really good. I'll go see her tomorrow...have her show me some houses."

Doug huffed. "I would really love to be able to look at these places with you," he said.

"I know, unfortunately most homes don't come standard with a handicap ramp, honey. I'll take some video and whatever house we decide on, we'll get a ramp built right away," she said.

"Alright," Doug said, looking at the massive swell of her tits through the robe. Kristen's thick

nipples protruded from the fabric, making it perfectly obvious that she was naked beneath. "Try to get some sleep," she said, then closed the door.

Doug went back to bed. Unable to sleep, he clicked on his TV to watch some game highlights. He wasn't at all surprised to hear a strange repetitive creaking sound through the wall again. He did his best to ignore it.

Inside Kristen and Garrett's room, the big bed creaked as it rocked wildly. Kristen's legs were spread high in the air, her little feet flexing as Garrett fucked her hard and fast. The teen whimpered in delight, sucking one of her pregnant tits while hammering away at her cunt.

"Cuuuming!" Kristen squealed as quietly as she was able. She quickly brought a pillow of her face and screamed into it as her legs shook from the powerful orgasmic shockwave shooting through her.

"Mmmggh!" Garrett whimpered into her fleshy tit, milk spewing from his mouth as he felt his hard pecker being washed in hot girl-cum. "Mmhhgghh!" he groan as cum-ropes fired from his piss-slit.

"Mmgghh!... Mmgghh!" he grunted, hosing his Mother's cervix while biting down on the thick fleshy ring of her areola.

They bucked and writhed, drawing out their juicy orgasms as long as they could. "Ohh man, I hope dad didn't hear that one," Garrett muttered, catching his breath.

"Probably did, but big deal, it was just our music," she joked, making them both laugh.

Garrett was munching on some cereal the next morning when he got a text from his Aunt Misty. "Hey cutie, what are you doing this morning?"

"Nothing much. Mom has an appointment to see the realtor lady," he texted back.

He got a text back. "So I heard. Your Uncle Steve is home, but a friend of his is over helping him build a deck. Wanna come over and keep me company?"

"Sure ," he texted back.

" " was Misty's final message.

Garrett heard his Mom's heels click into the kitchen. Kristen wore a pink, brushed knit, wrap fitted maternity dress. The snug outfit accentuated the swell of her enormous pregnant tummy. "I'm off. Should be back in a couple hours. What's your plan today, sweetheart," she asked.

"Going over to hang out with Aunt Misty."

Kristen smiled. "Hang out, huh? Well don't wear yourself out. I'm gonna need you later," she said, planting a wet kiss. "Oh and um, don't let your uncle Eric catch you fucking his wife," she said.

"I know, I know," Garrett said.

Kristen drove across town, through a maze of neighborhoods, following her GPS to the realtor's house. She got out of her car, went to the house and knocked on the door. A woman her age answered. "Heather?" Kristen asked.

"Yes, you must be Kristen. Come in," Heather said.

Heather was a tall thick Mother with short brown hair and big boobs. She led Kristen from the foyer, into the livingroom, where her son was playing video games on his phone. "Nick, I have a client here, so we need some privacy, honey," Heather said.

"Sure, Mom," her son said, getting a good look at Kristen's voluptuous body before meeting her eyes and sharing a "hi."

"Have a seat. Can I get you something to drink?" Heather asked her guest.

"I'm fine, thanks," Kristen said, noticing all the birthday balloons. "Looks like you're planning quite the party."

"Oh those, um, no, not really a party. More like a diversion," Heather said. "Diversion?"

Heather smiled. "It's a long story. Let's talk about you, Kristen. You guys are looking for a house in the area?"

"Yes, we were working with another realtor, but just weren't clicking. My friend Angie said you attend a workout class she does on Tuesdays and highly recommended you," Kristen said.

"Aww, Angie's a sweetheart. I do my best to please my clients. So tell me, what size place are you guys looking for?"

"A four bedroom, something definitely spacious. We have sort of a unique living arrangement, so if possible, maybe something with two master suites, at opposite ends of the house," Kristen explained.

"Hmm, interesting," Heather said, jotting down some note. "So is it a mother-in-law situation, where you're looking for separate living quarters?"

"No, nothing like that. My husband is disabled, so he needs his own space. My son and I have been sharing a room, but it's much too small.. It would be great to have our own suite, with an adjoining bathroom possibly," Kristen said.

Heather smiled knowingly, scribbling down a few more notes. "So a suite for your husband and his needs and then a second suite for you and your son, preferably at opposite ends of the house," she said, then shared a look with Kristen, "for privacy reasons."

Kristen returned a smile. "Correct," she said.

"Wow, this is crazy, because a house just came on the market, that I think would be perfect for your situation. Would you be interested in taking a look?" Heather asked.

"Absolutely," Kristen said with a smile.

Garrett arrived at Misty's house. His uncle Steve and a friend were unloading some lumber from a truck. "Hey Uncle Steve," Garrett said.

"What's up, kid?" Steve said.

"Not much. Building a deck today?" Garrett asked. "That's the plan, unless I get called into work."

"Can't wait to see how it turns out," Garrett said, then went inside.

He found Misty in the kitchen doing a few dishes. She was wearing a pair of sexy pink boy- shorts and a cami top. Garrett took a moment to admire her meaty behind and the way it was spilling out the hems, before announcing his presence. "Reporting for duty, ma'am," he joked.

Misty giggled and turned, revealing the huge ball of a nine-month pregnant belly. "Hope you're ready for serious battle, trooper," she joked back.

"Always," he said, staring at the enormous swell of her pregnant jugs.

She sashayed towards him and draped her arms over his shoulders. Their lips met in an open oval and their tongues fluttered together in a deep french kiss. She led him into the livingroom, peering out the window at her husband. "What's he doing?

"They were just unloading the deck boards," Garrett said. "Wanna go upstairs?" Misty asked.

"What if he comes inside looking for you?" Garrett asked. "He won't if I'm not here," she said with a smile.

"What do you mean?" the teen asked.

Misty peeked her head out the back slider and saw her husband stacking boards for their project. "Honey, Garrett and I are going out for a walk. I asked him to come over and go with me," she said, patting her big tummy, "just in case, you know."

"Good plan, babe. Have a nice walk," he said.

Misty closed the door and smiled naughtily at her nephew. "See. Piece a cake. Now, let's go take that nice long walk."

She led him upstairs to her marital bed.

Across town, Heather was taking Kristen on a tour through a beautiful vacant home. Their dainty heels echoed through the hallway of the first floor. "So two smaller bedrooms on this floor,one for your daughter, the other as a nursery for the baby. Then we have that spacious master suite for your husband," Heather said.

"All on the main level, it would be perfect for him," Kristen said, following her upstairs.

"The second floor is the cherry on top, Kristen. When you explained your living situation, I immediately thought of this house," Heather said, leading her up onto a landing and through a set of huge double-doors.

"Oh my God," Kristen said, walking into a large space with a vaulted ceilings leading up to the peak of the roof. There was a huge picture-window looking out onto the trees. "It's beautiful," she said.

"It has an adjoining private bathroom, with a shower and huge jetted tub. The perfect private space for you and your son," Heather said.

Kristen gazed around. "With Doug being in a wheelchair...and the stairway, he wouldn't even be able to come to our door," she said.

"I take it that's a good thing?" Heather asked. "Yes, very good thing," Kristen said.

"Well, ours sons are about the same age, so I know all about the importance mother-son private time," Heather said. "You don't have to answer if it makes you uncomfortable, Kristen, but..is the baby your son's?"

Kristen smiled back. "It doesn't make me uncomfortable...and yes, it is." "That's hot," Heather said, making both of them giggle.

"Do you and your son engage sexually?" Kristen asked.

"Yes, but not vaginal sex. I guess we haven't crossed that barrier quite yet. I provide my son with routine assturbation, you must have heard of it?"

"Yeah, I have heard some of the Moms discussing it."

"Nick and and I have been doing it since he turned eighteen. Since then I've been helping other Moms make it a part of their daily routine. In fact, those birthday balloons you were asking me about at my house, I was helping a Mom and her son, when the cops showed up on my doorstep. We had to use the 'birthday party' thing as a diversion, it was a mess," Heather said.

"Oh my God, how did the police find out?" Kristen asked.

"The women I was helping has a nosy neighbor apparently. She got suspicious and called the cops. Thank goodness we had a lookout sitting outside," Heather said.

"Garrett and I have never really tried anal. Maybe that's the next new and exciting step in our relationship," Kristen said.

"Nick and I have never tried vaginal sex. Maybe that's the next new and exciting step in ours. One thing I do know, some hot anal sex would be a great way to christen your new bedroom," Heather said with a smile.

"I'll need to shoot some video for Doug to see, but I think it's a sure bet that you've just sold us a house, Heather."

The realtor smiled. "I'll start writing up the paperwork today," she said.

At Misty house, Garrett was plowing his Aunt from the side. Her big baby-orb stuck way out, with her knee propped back and the teen's hard cock gliding in and out of her hot pussy. She had her head

turned towards his and their tongues played outside their mouths. "Yess, oh God, you fuck me so good," she panted between licks.

She bucked her thick ass against him, enjoying the stiffness of his prick spearing into her. Garrett reached around and squeezed her pregnant melons, his fingers sinking so far into her squishy boobs that they disappeared. "Ohh yeaah," he sighed, feeling her cunt walls squeeze on his cock in reaction to his breast-massage.

She suddenly slipped away from him, taking his hand and pulling him off the bed with her. "Fuck me by the window," she said.

Misty bent over, leaning against the widow-frame, looking down at her husband as he worked. Garrett mounted her from behind. The meaty half-moons of her ass slapped against him as he fucked her in a steady rhythm.

Garrett leaned down against her back, reaching under and wrapping his palms around the swaying, mammoth globes of her spongy breasts. He squeezed and kneaded and pulled them, making her nipples ache and the milk trickle out. At the same time he continued the tempo of their humping, reaming out her pussy with long satisfying strokes of his stiff cock.

Misty stared out the window and giggled wickedly, delighted by the fact that she was looking at her husband while getting fucked by her hunky nephew. She peeked up at Garrett's panting face. "Fuck me harder!" she sighed.

Garrett lifted himself back upright, grabbed her hips and pumped her hard and fast. "Ohhh fuck yess, I love it," she gasped.

Watching his hard glistening pole slide in and out of his Aunt's cunt, while her big naked rump beat against him was a huge rush. It was only a week after his Mom's big announcement that Misty gave everyone the news of her own pregnancy. Her and Garrett weren't sure when it happened. They had fucked so much around that time

that it was impossible to know when she had conceived. It was her and her husband first child and he was over the moon.

She peeked back at him lustfully. "Ohhh so fucking deep. You trying to hurt our baby?" she joked.

Garrett reached down and grabbed the back of her thighs, then lifted her up off the floor. She leaned back and threw her arms back over his shoulders. "That better?" he joked, holding her so her knees were bent up, sexy feet with dark painted toenails dangling.

"Yesss...much," she gasped, humping her crotch on his big cock. "Take me to the window," she said.

"Are you sure?"

"Fuck yes, let's get daring, I'll cum harder," she said, reaching down and rubbing her engorged clitoris.

The teen carried her to the window as he fucked her. Misty big baby-orb pressed right up

against the glass. If her husband had looked up, he'd have got the shock of his life. His pregnant wife being held up from behind with his nephew's erection digging through her cunt.

Misty giggled and panted with the thrill of being displayed in site of her husband in the lewdest way imaginable. "Ohhh yess, I love it, baby. Ohhh... Ohh God, I'm gonna squirt all over your fucking dick," she cried. "Uuuunnhhgg!"

Misty's pussy erupted with juice, squelching around Garrett's meat and splashing against the window. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, feeling the hot girl-cum soak his cock and drip off his balls.

He carried her back to the bed and Misty slipped off him and rolled back onto the mattress, her big boobs wobbling like big pillowy obs

of flesh across her chest. She brought her knees back spreading her thighs as far as they would go and rolled her tongue across her top lip lustfully as she rubbed the big thick nub of her clitoris.

Garrett watched the lewd display as he stood bedside, stroking his hard cock. Misty extended a leg and drug one of her pretty feet up his chest and to his mouth. Derek sucked on one of her pretty toes as they gazed hungrily into each other's eyes.

"Hold my legs and pound my pussy," she said.

The teen quickly complied, circling his arms around her silky legs and scooting her ass to the edge of the bed. He buried his cock inside her and humped like a madman. "Ohh fuck yess, hit it, baby," she cried out.

Misty squeezed her pretty feet around his face as the room filled with the repetitive slapping sounds of their bodies beating together. Misty's arms were thrown back on the bed and the teen stared at her jostling Mommy-melons as the moved to the force of his humping.

After five minutes of hammering her hard this way, Garrett pried her legs apart and dropped down on top of her. His ass was a blur as he fucked her with savage thrusts. He grunted like an animal in heat as he sunk down into her body fucking like his life depended on it.

"Yeeesss," Misty screeched, throwing her legs back as far as they would go. Her nephew latched on to one of her leaking breasts and sucked like a starving infant.

The big marital bed rocked and squeaked as their naked bodies bucked and humped on the mattress, clinging to each other in a hot frenzied fuck.

Garrett's knob swelled and tingled inside the juicy grip of her muscled walls. He knew that his Aunt always came more times than

she announced. Every little while, while fucking her, he would feel her cunt-walls contract and juice up around his cock even more. Now was one of those times and it made his balls clench inside his sack.

"Mmmnnfff," he whimpered, milk spurting from his tit-stuffed mouth.

Misty curled her strong legs down, latching them around him like a fleshy fuck-harness. She used her little feet to push his ass, forcing his cock in as deep as it would go. "Yesss, that's it,"she cried, rocking her pelvis, making it even more intense for him. "Fill my pregnant hole with your cum, baby boy."

"Uuhhh, shiiiit," Garrett groaned as his body shuddered and big milky ropes of cum spouted from his piss-slit. "Ogghhh!... Ogghhhh!" he grunted in delight, firing his spunk into the big pregnant hunk of flesh beneath him.

Kristen and Doug closed on the house that night and just as the wife promised, she had a construction crew out that next day to build a handicap ramp to the front door. Doug wheeled through the first floor as his wife gave him the physical tour of their new home. He stopped at the stairway leading to the second floor. "So we have a lot more space now. There's really no reason why we can't share a room, like a normal married couple."

Kristen sat down on his lap. "Honey, I looked at this house AND decided on it, with our current living arrangement in mind."

"We can get a normal bed, my therapists said it's fine. The nursery is downstairs, you'll be closer to the baby," he said.

"Doug, the arrangement needs to continue. It's what's best for all of us," she said. "But Kristen, the downstairs bedroom is huge. There's more than enough..."

"Honey," she said, looking her husband in the eyes. "It's what's best for ALL of us," she said, leaving that for her husband to dwell on.

Outside, Heather greeted Kristen with a basket of goodies as Doug was being elevated into the van. "A housewarming gift for the new homeowners," Heather said.

"Thank you, we're thrilled with the new place," Kristen said with a big smile.

Heather gave her a hug. "Well I'm glad it'll suite your family, especially with your special arrangement. Speaking of arrangement, a few of us Moms and Sons are having a get together at my beach cottage tomorrow. Why don't you and Garrett join us," she said.

Kristen thought about it a moment. "That sounds fun. We'll do that," she said. "Wonderful, I'll text you the address," Heather said.

That night Kristen and Garrett snuck out and drove over to the new house. They brought an air- mattress, blanket and a couple pillows and set them up on the floor in the center of their new bedroom. "Seems so huge compared our old room," Kristen said, looking up at the cathedral ceilings.

"I know and more private too," Garrett said.

"Oh that's so true. No more knocks on the door in the middle of the night from your suspicious father," she said. "It'll be like our own little world up here."

"Damn, just the thought of it has got me all..." he said, looking down at the bulge in his shorts. Kristen giggled, gazing down at his hard cock. "Got you all rock hard?" she asked.

"Yeah that," he said.

She stepped out of her 4-inch mules and slipped off sexy floor-length dress. Her white bra was packed. Huge creamy mounds of tit-meat were spilling over the top of her cups. She unfastened it and her milk-filled knockers sprung free. She stepped over and peeled her son's t-shirt off,

then embraced him for a tender kiss.

Garrett's heart raced as their tongues danced inside his mouth. The feel of his Mom's wobbling jugs against his bare chest was exquisite. He felt little trickles of milk seep from her swollen papilla, tricking down his tummy. It was a reminder of the feast that awaited him.

As they kissed, Kristen shucked his shorts and his briefs. She grasped his big boner and took a step back, rubbing his bulbous knob all over her smooth round belly.

"You like the feel of your dick on your Mom's pregnant tummy, don't you baby?" she asked. "Yess," he sighed, watching her smear his precum, leaving a trail of it across her smooth

stretched skin.

Kristen kissed his neck then planted a series of kisses down his chest and tummy, until she was squatting down in front of him. She opened her mouth wide and sank her head into his groin, taking his throbbing cock deep into her mouth.

"Ohh yess," Garrett hissed, feeling her lips sink to his hairless hilt. Kristen was an excellent cocksucker before she roomed with her son, but having a big cock to gobble up constantly had made her an absolute pro.

She slipped her circled lips back down his boner, then her tongue rolled skillfully all along the crown of his prick, making his glans sizzle against her wet curling tongue.

She opened her mouth again and took nearly all his throbbing prick down her throat. Wantonly she pumped her head up and down, using her mouth like a pussy, slurping up air as she sucked wetly around the thickness of his organ.

"Ohh, shit, Mom," the boy groaned, feeling her mouth, throat and tongue plunge all over his hard- on.

Kristen softly combed her nails over his nut-sack, then circled her tiny fist around the base of his boner. Garrett whimpered as she beat his meat into her mouth. She felt his knob swell inside her gobbling gullet, but didn't let up one bit, bobbing with her pretty head, while stroking his meat with her tightened fist.

"Ohhhh!" the teen sighed as he felt the cum pour into his Mom's throat. Kristen sucked and swallowed and sucked and swallowed, milking every ounce of her son's jizz before she stopped and stood back up.

"Ohh God, I wanna fuck you so hard now," he gasped. Kristen smiled. "I'm counting on it," she said.

He picked her up and she crossed her legs around him. The massive meat of her tits and pregnant belly were sandwiched between them, bulging out from the sides as they kissed passionately. He lowered her to the mattress and left a trail off kisses across her swollen tummy. She bit her bottom lip, letting her hands run up his toned chest. " Get my panties off, you beast," she said lustfully.

Garrett loved peeling off her tiny panties, watching them slide down her sexy legs and looking

up at that hooded treasure between her thighs. He watched her labia peel open slightly, the flesh of her clitoral hood peeking out. His dick flexed at the site of her coral slit, in anticipation of the divine pleasure he was about to receive.

He lowered himself down between her warm mommy-thighs. His dick split her quim and sunk inside her steamy pit of love. She guided him down against their baby and her soft squishy

breasts, planting sensual kisses. "You... and me... forever," she said between smooches. Garrett let his body sink down onto her and he set his hips in motion.

THE END

129: Mom's Seduction Guide

Mom's Seduction Guide

By Klrxo

Cover Art by Jack

3D Renders by Nixmare

"Justin, I need you to do me a favor this morning," McKenzie stated, wiping the kitchen table in front of her son as he sat there eating a bowl of cereal.

"What's that, mom?" Justin asked, trying not to stare at her mega-tits and the way they wobbled as she swiped the paper towel back and forth. From his angle, the split of her cleavage looked a mile long.

"I need you to go up into the attic and find a box for me. It should be labeled 'McKenzie's Summer shorts.' This weather's starting to warm up, so I think it's time to retire my long pants for the season."

"I retired mine a month ago," Justin commented.

"Not surprising. You'd wear shorts even if it was snowing outside," his mom teased.

"I have done that before actually."

"That's doesn't surprise me," McKenzie giggled, then headed for the sink, her thick buttocks wagging beneath her snug denims. "Anyway,

can you take care of that for me, before I get back from dropping your sister off at Day Care?"

"Not a problem, mom."

"You're an angel!" she remarked, showing her prefect white teeth as she smiled at him warmly.

Justin grinned at her comment. If his mom only knew how far from an "angel" he was. A devil was more like it! He could still smell a hint of sweet pussy on his face from sniffing her panties, while jerking off that morning. Stealing his mom's bra and panties from her laundry

hamper, for self-gratification, was a favorite pastime of his. However, any boy with a mom who looked like Justin's would probably be doing the same thing. McKenzie was a stunner! Picture a curvier version of the actress, Gale Gadot. Yes, Wonder Woman! His mom could be her slightly older (even more attractive) sister.

It was no shock then that the teen, like many boys his age, wanted to be a motherfucker. He wanted to smash into his mom's pussy with savage fuck-thrusts, while mauling her 36 H-cup tits. If any kid could break down those taboo barriers it was Justin. He was a lean, handsome teen, with a bigger than average cock. He was the kind of kid that had his pick of the girls at school. Even ones who already had boyfriends would come running and sit on his dick if he asked them to. His girlfriend presently was a hot big-titted blonde named Georgia, who was named the Prom Queen their senior year. His charm wasn't just attracting girls his age. He had easily gotten into the panties of a couple married MILFs in the neighborhood, since turning eighteen, but his mother, McKenzie, was the ultimate prize. The crème de la crème! If he could bed her, he would certainly be considered the GOAT in the art of seduction.

"I doubt that'll ever happen," he thought, staring over at his mom's plump, rounded ass, which was snugly shrouded in the faded denim

of her jeans. "I'm her son, and she's happily married to dad. Fucking her is probably one goal I'll never achieve."

After his mom left, Justice went up into the attic to follow through with her request. They had a newer home, so it wasn't one of those creepy attics you'd see in horror movies. It was clean, well-lit and his dad kept it extremely organized. He knew the mountain of boxes in the corner must be his mom's. He began to look through them, searching for the one she wanted.

"McKenzie's Heels," he read on one box, then set it aside and read the labels on others. "McKenzie's cookbooks. McKenzie's jackets. McKenzie's Wedding keepsakes. Damn, mom has a lot of shit in storage!" he said out loud.

He moved the pile aside, so he could get to other boxes. "McKenzie's High School keepsakes," one box read. "Hmm, this could be interesting!" Justin thought, then peeled the packaging tape off and opened it curiously. The first thing he noticed inside was a set of pom-poms and a small skirt with a sexy top that had his school logo on it. He had forgotten that his mom was captain of the cheerleader squad when she was his age. "Damn! I bet she looked hella sexy in this!" he thought.

Beneath it was a few collection of poems and some yearbooks. Below those, he discovered a small pink book with a girly design on the outside. It had a tiny lock, requiring a key to open it. "A diary!" he blurted out loud, wishing he could read it. "I bet she wrote all sorts of naughty shit in here. Things she got into when she was my age," Justin thought. He knew unless he found the key or pried it open, he was out of luck. "If I was the key to a secret diary, where would mom keep me?" he thought. He set the book aside, quickly found the box that his mom wanted, then brought them both downstairs.

Searching his mother's bedroom was nothing new to him. Justin knew where everything was from having snooped through her room so much in the past. He knew where his mom kept her negligee and her small pink bullet vibrator. It was the one he occasionally sucked on, while he jerked off, with the thrill of knowing his mom used it to plunge through her pussy or rub against her clitoris. His eyes suddenly fixed on something as he scanned her bedroom. "THE JEWELRY CHEST! The key's got to be in there!" he thought. After rushing over and looking inside, he found what he was searching for. "BINGO!" he shouted out loud, taking the tiny key out.

"Justin, I'm back!" he heard his mom shout. He would have darted out of her bedroom, but it sounded like she was coming up the stairway. "Shit…I didn't even hear her get home!" he panicked, then quickly slid under the bed to hide.

"Did you find that box for me?" McKenzie shouted, thinking her son was in his bedroom. Justin watched her step across the room in his direction, her dainty heels clicking on the wood floor. She stoped

beside the bed, only a foot from his face. "Oh, he did find it!" he heard his mom say to herself as she saw the box sitting on the mattress. Justin stared at his mom's dainty feet, propped in four inch black, open-toed mules. She suddenly reached down and unbuttoned the ankle straps, while talking on her cell phone. "Hey, Mila, it's me! Sorry, I forgot that Zumba was moving to Monday mornings. I'm gonna get changed and I'll be there as soon as I can," Justin heard her say. He knew his mom and older sister, Mila, took a Zumba class together at the local gym.

The fascinated teen watched his mom slip her feet from their heels, then pull off their denim jeans. His heart REALLY started racing when her black thong panties hit the floor and she stepped out of them. "Oh my God!" his mind gasped when he realized he was about to enjoy a pair of panties fresh off his mom's body. Usually, he snatched them out of her laundry hamper, well after she had taken

them off. His mom's big, embroidered bra hit the floor next to them and he fought off the urge to peek out at her naked body, for fear of being caught. "What a view that would be though! Straight up her sexy legs…with a clear view of her pussy!" he wickedly thought.

McKenzie quickly slipped into her yoga pants and sports top, then grabbed her sneakers out of the closet. "Justin, I'm going to Zumba…I'll be back!" she shouted, rushing out into the hallway.

Now that she was gone, her son wasted no time snatching the panties off the floor and bringing them to his nose. "AHH-FUCK! GODDAMNIT!" he heavily sighed, taking in the warm fragrant aroma of his mother's genitalia. There were times where her panties were so ripe that it made his eyes roll back in their sockets, while smelling them. This was certainly one of those occasions. The pungent vaginal aroma, mixed with her sweet perfume, was absolutely intoxicating! The fact that he could still feel the heat of her pubis on the cloth made it even more thrilling. "Damn! I can't even imagine what it would be like to eat mom's pussy," he deliriously thought. "Devouring that smell and taste right from the source…fuck!"

Justin crawled out from under the bed. He really wanted to beat off, while holding his mom's panties to his nose, but was super-anxious to unlock her diary and read her teenage secrets. He brought the panties and book to his room, then inserted the tiny key into the diary, unlocking it. Curiously, he began flipping through the pages, until he arrived at one that caught his eye. He could almost hear his mom's voice in his head as he read the entry.

"I went on a date with Greg Foster tonight. Wow is he dreamy! He wasn't one of these other boring morons that I went out with that didn't know what they were doing. He brought me pink roses. A dozen of them! It's almost like he knew those were my favorite. Attached to them was a short love-poem. Reading it made my heart melt! OMG…I've never felt that blown away by someone before!"

Justin flipped to the next page and read a different entry.

"There's nothing sexier than a guy's bulge through his pants and Nick Thomas has a BIG ONE that he loves to show off! Today I was sitting in math class when I looked over and noticed the amazing tent-pole in his pants. I couldn't believe he had erection in math class, haha! I simply could stop looking at it! Pauline and I think he must be at least 7-inches and probably pretty thick. Nick is one guy, whether he knows it or not, who certainly gets me worked up when he's hard like that."

Justin reflected on how strange it was to hear his own mom's naughty confessions. After reading a few more entries he really began to understand the value of this diary, especially to a guy like him, who was dying to fuck his mom. He had often wondered how he could seduce her into having sex with him. Now, here were the answers. A book full of kinks and other things about guys his mom loved, particularly details about what she liked them to do to her. It was a virtual 'seduction guide' for someone to win their way between her legs. "I'd be crazy not to try some of this shit…just to see if it works. What harm would it cause, even if it didn't charm her panties off?" he thought.

When McKenzie got home from her workout, she was met by a dozen pink roses, sitting on the table in a pretty vase. "What's this?" she asked, as her and her daughter, Mila, stared at the flowers. Mila, Justin's older sister, had gotten married last year and her and her husband had their own apartment across town. Justin's twenty-two-year-old sister had a bit of a wild streak as one would suspect by looking at the pink highlights in her hair.

Justin had just done up a few dishes and was drying his hands. "I picked up some flowers for you. You work so hard around here, and are such an amazing woman, I felt if anyone deserved them…you do."

She fed her boy a dreamy eyed stare, her heart going pitter-patter. "Honey, that's so sweet of you! How did you know that pink roses were my favorite?"

"Just a lucky guess," he answered, then peeked over at his sister who was feeding him a suspicious glare. Mila was pretty, like her mother, but extremely blunt and honest. She had no filter and Justin was sure she'd be saying something about this to him later.

After McKenzie stepped up and smelt the beautiful bouquet, she noticed a little card attached to them. She read it out loud.

"If I could have all the time in the world, I know what I would do: I'd spend the time in pleasure sublime, just by being with you."

McKenzie gazed at her teen wondrously, seeming as though she could tear up. "Justin!"

"Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful, honey! Oh my God, this was so unexpected, thank you!" she expressed, shaking her head in disbelief. Her eyes inadvertently darted down to her son's crotch and lingered there for a moment. Just before her and Mila arrived, Justin had stroked his cock to full hardness, then tucked it back in his shorts. McKenzie could see the long tubular shape of his prick pushing out from beneath the

fabric. She quickly looked away in shame. "Well, I um…should probably get a shower."

"I'll prepare us from salads for lunch," said Mila, walking towards her brother as their mom disappeared from the kitchen. She stared into Justin's eyes suspiciously, stopping in front of him. "What exactly are you up to, Romeo?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" Justin answered, playing stupid.

"You know exactly what I mean. The roses, the sappy little love-poem…what's that all about?"

"Why does it have to be "about" something. Maybe I just want mom to know she's appreciated."

"Yeah, or maybe you're trying to work your way between her fucking thighs," Mila stated, with a teasing smirk.

"That's ridiculous! Why would you think that?"

"Because I lived in this house and I'm not a fucking idiot. You've been obsessed with mom since you were twelve."

"Have not!"

"You have so! Do you think I didn't notice how much you constantly stare at her tits, while sporting your boy-boners around her. She's certainly got your attention over the years and now I think you're trying to get hers."

"Then you would be wrong. I already have a girlfriend, remember?"

"Give me a break, Justin! Girlfriends don't mean shit! Mila giggled. "Boners don't lie either and you have a raging one in your pants RIGHT NOW! My guess is you got yourself nice n stiff, just before we walked in, so you could 'wow' mom with it."

The boy knew if there was anyone that could read him like a book it was his older sister. There was nothing he couldn't talk to her about growing up and, to his knowledge, she never shared their discussions with anyone. Despite how she teased him, she was the one person he

trusted more than anyone. It was probably because she had a secret wild side herself. "So, if I did do that, would you think I'm a horrible person?" he asked.

"If you intentionally got your dick hard to impress mom?"

"Yeah."

"No, why would I? You're not the only guy in the world who wants to bang his mom, you know? I think it's cute."

"Am I uh…being too obvious about it do you think?"

"No, this is creative…I like it," Mila answered, looking back at the flowers. "How did you know mom loves pink roses though?"

"Do you promise you won't say anything?

"Since when have I ever said ANYTHING about what you and I talk about to ANYONE?" Mila asked.

Justin knew she was right. They had discussed some heavy shit growing up. A lot of it was sexual in nature, and it just wasn't about experiences he was having, but things she was going through as well. He clearly recalled a discussion they'd had six months ago when Mila had discovered that she was a squirter. She didn't hesitate to go into graphic detail, telling Justin all about how she gushed on her husband's cock. When it came to their relationship it seemed that nothing was off limits conversation-wise, and any judgements were set aside. For this reason, he felt safe being honest with her.

"I found an old diary of mom's today, in the attic," he admitted.

"An old diary, huh? From her younger years?"

"Yes, back when she was my age. In the diary she wrote about all about the things she liked back then. Sexual things. The kind of stuff that really turns her on."

His sister's lips curled mischievously. "So, you're using it, like a 'seduction guide,' aren't you? You want to utilize those things in the

book to turn mom on, so she'll fuck you."

Justin shrugged his shoulders blushingly. "Yeah, well, you know…I just thought that--"

"Justin, it's fine that you wanna fuck mom. Heavens knows I'm into some kinky shit too, so I'm certainly not one to judge you."

"You are?" the boy asked, giving his sister an inquisitive stare.

"Yes, but I DON'T fantasize about fucking dad, if that's what you're thinking."

"No, it wasn't, I was just…um, trying to imagine what it might be… that you're into."

"Well, we'll save that conversation for another day, ok? Right now, let's just focus on you and mom and this little plan of yours."

"Do you think I'm wasting my time? I mean, IT IS mom, and she's married to dad. They seem happy."

"How they seem to us may be no indication of how bad things could be in the bedroom. If dad's not giving mom enough dick, she could be receptive to someone who could, even if it is you. As far as "marriage" goes, a stupid fucking ring on someone's finger isn't gonna stop two people from beating their sex organs together."

"What if dad IS enough for her though? What if they have a great sex life?"

"Maybe they do, but even so, let's talk about what YOU have over dad. First, you have the Seduction Guide…all the secrets to what drives mom wild. I guarantee, even after years of marriage, there are some of those things that dad DOESN'T even know, which gives you the upper hand."

"True," Justin agreed.

"Second, mom's just a sexual creature, just like any other woman. She can easily be broken down, if tempted the right way," Mila explained. "This is where you also have the upper hand on dad. You're younger, in better shape and full of sexual vigor. You and

mom are peaking at the same time, which, sexually speaking, makes you a MUCH better suitor for her than dad."

"That's why I wanted her to see how hard my dick can get."

"That's a smart idea. I seriously doubt dad is just walking around with spontaneous boners. You need to show mom that your dick gets bigger and harder than dad's does. You're the alpha-male around here who's 'on the ready-line' to fuck a girl senseless, whenever the opportunity presents itself."

"Agreed!" Justin nodded, loving that his sister was being so frank with him.

"Trust me, mom will notice those things, and it'll start to tear down her defenses really quick."

"I hope so."

"Meanwhile, I'll do my part to help you out," Mila offered.

"How so?"

"I'm gonna start pointing out things about you to mom, that way I can really start getting the wheels in her head turning. Trust me, if we stick to this plan, you'll be nailing her to the mattress real soon."

That evening, after talking to his girlfriend on the phone, Justin read some of his mom's diary, fascinated with learning more about the things that drove her wild back then. He guessed that not much had

changed; that her being exposed to the things she described was sure to get her juices flowing, even now. One entry he read sparked some ideas.

"Trey Simmons is beast in bed! The things he did before we even got there had me so vulnerable, I was like putty in his hands. He started by sitting behind me and massaging my shoulders. The feel of his hardon against my ass nearly drove me crazy with desire. His hands began to roam to places where they probably shouldn't have, since it was our first date, but he had

me so relaxed and horny that I honestly didn't care. God, we ended up fucking like rabbits!"

The next morning Justin stayed in bed longer than usual, knowing his mom would eventually come knocking on his door to see if he was OK. He kept his cock hard so she would see it, but this time he wanted to take things one step further.

After dropping her daughter off at Day Care McKenzie arrived back home, curious to know why her son wasn't up yet. "Justin, are you awake?" she asked, tapping at his door. After getting no answer, she peeked in out of concern. "Honey?"

The mother gasped suddenly as she realized her son was still in bed, uncovered and completely naked. Her eyes immediately went to his morning wood. Justin was on his back, so his jutting erection rested on his abdomen, nearly reaching his belly button. "My goodness!" the mother marveled as she stood in the doorway gawking. She felt her cunt-tube clench and tingle excitedly. Her eyes traveled up his well-toned torso. "He's in such great shape. No wonder he gets so many dates," she thought.

Justin could feel his mom's eyes on him as he lay there pretending to be asleep. He wanted so bad to peek his eyes open, so he could watch his mom stand there and lust over his cock, but he didn't dare, otherwise she might catch on to what he was really doing. He

clenched his ass cheeks, making his boner flex, showing off its bugling veins, muscles and ligaments. This was immediately followed by the sound of his mom's sharp gasp. Several minutes had now passed since she entered the room, and he couldn't believe she was still standing there. "Maybe she'll get brave enough to come touch me," he thought.

McKenzie didn't have that much courage, but over the past minute, she had crept inside his room and was now standing beside his bed. She stared down at the dreamy dong in fascination, studying its every detail, from the bulging dorsal veins and long muscled shaft to the puffy tube of his corpus spongiosum and swollen, pinkish-purple

glans. "I had almost forgot how incredibly hard boys get at that age. Mitch NEVER gets that erect anymore," she thought, comparing her boy's dick to her husband's. She felt a trickle of pussy nectar seep from her fuck-slit.

Justin popped his eyes open, and for a few wonderful moments he watched his mom gaze open-mouthed at his cock. Even through her bra and cotton cami top he could see the fat nubs of her erect teats protruding out, showing her arousal. "Is everything OK, mom?" he finally asked.

McKenzie looked away from his prick awkwardly. "Oh, honey…yes, I was just, um…coming in to see if YOU were OK. You're usually up by now," she blushingly replied.

He made a poor attempt at covering himself. "Yeah, I'm alright. I just didn't sleep very well last night."

"Are you feeling sick?" McKenzie asked with concern.

"No, I feel fine. I just had a lot on my mind last night, that's all. Are you sure you're alright? You look a little flushed this morning."

"I'm good," McKenzie replied, looking him in the eyes and smiling awkwardly. She had, after all, just been staring at his piss-hardon for several minutes straight.

"Because if you're not, and it would help, I COULD rub your shoulders for a few minutes."

"R... rub my shoulders?"

"Yeah, you could sit here on the edge of my bed. I could sit behind you and rub your shoulders," Justin reiterated, hoping she'd agree.

"Well, that does sound nice. I love shoulders massages. Do you think you should maybe…get dressed first?" she asked, glancing down at his crotch.

"I'm fine doing it like this, but if you want me to get dressed I can," the boy replied. "If you feel uncomfortable, I mean."

"No, um…you don't have to get dressed. I just…didn't want you to feel awkward."

"I'm fine. In fact, maybe you should take a couple things off too, so I don't get any massage oil on your clothes," Justin suggested.

"Massage oil?"

Justin opened the drawer to his bedside table and pulled out a bottle of massage oil. "Yeah, I have some heated oil we can use, while I massage you… unless you don't wanna use it?"

McKenzie stared at the bottle a moment. "Is that…cotton candy scented massage oil?" she asked.

"Yeah, I bought it a while ago. I just love the smell of it!"

Justin was lying. He had just purchased it yesterday, after reading several references to his mom's love of 'cotton candy scented

anything' in her diary.

"I've always loved the scent of cotton candy!" she expressed.

"Well, I'd hate to get any of it on your outfit. Maybe you should at least take off your pants and top, then I'll do your shoulders."

McKenzie hesitated a moment, then realized her son was quite old enough to handle seeing her in her bra and panties. Besides, she had just spent several minutes staring at his naked cock. Who was she to act the prude. "Sure…um, ok," she muttered, then peeled her cami top off, unshrouding her giant, bra-clad breasts. The white floral-laced embroidered cups were stretched around her mammaries, leaving a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage exposed.

"Fucking wow!" Justin thought. His erection flexed beneath the sheet as he realized that he could just make out the wide, dusky-pink rings of his mom's areolas through the semi-sheer fabric. Next, she removed her jeans, revealing a matching pair of dainty panties. The lace fabric fit against her pubis snugly, molding to its puffy outline and creating a wonderful camel toe. "I should probably pull my bra

straps down off my shoulders, so you don't get oil on those either," McKenzie stated.

"Good idea!" her son agreed. He watched her heavy tit-melons shift slightly downward as his mom pulled her bra straps off her shoulders.

"There…now, you want me on the, um…edge of the bed you said?" the mother asked.

"Sure! You can sit here," Justin answered, patting the spot between his legs. His mom turned, and he was met with the sight of her mostly naked ass. The thin strap of her G-string was tucked between

her meaty butt cheeks. She plopped down between his legs, bumping his rigid cock with her ass-meat.

Justin squirted some oil on his hands, then began massaging his mom's shoulders. "Oh wow…that does feel good, honey!" McKenzie sighed.

"I'm glad you like it," her son answered. He could feel her nervous tension slowly melting away. Over the next few minutes Justin gave her the best shoulder massage he could, while gradually moving his crotch against her ass. It wasn't long before his erection was pointed upward, mashed against her rounded buttocks. The sheet separated their flesh, but it still felt amazing! Even through the fabric, McKenzie could feel how hot and incredibly rigid her son's cock was. "Let me return the favor," she whispered, gazing over her shoulder at him.

"You mean…massage me?" Justin asked.

"Yeah. I'll do your shoulders, and your neck. Lay back."

This certainly wasn't something he expected, but the teen wasn't about to turn her offer down. He scooted back some, to the center of his mattress and sprawled back, his boner still covered by the sheet, but forming an obvious tent-pole. Watching his mom follow him and straddle his loins was almost too good to be true. He let out an excited gasp as she lowered her mommy-muffin against his fuck-muscle, trapping it between their crotches. He could see enough

through the embroidered panel of lace fabric to know that his mom had a shaved pussy.

Arousal caused the blood vessels in McKenzie's vulva and clitoris to swell up, mashing against her boy's penile flesh through the fabric and sending tingles through her body. Justin's eyes traveled up her trim belly to the monstrous tits ballooning from her chest as McKenzie applied some oil to her hands.

"I have to admit, mom…the view's pretty good from down here," Justin confessed.

His mom peered down into his eyes and gave him a teasing smile. "Well…my view's not so bad either," she replied, letting her dreamy gaze travel down his lean hairless chest.

Just when Justin thought things couldn't get any better, they did. His mom leaned forward and began massaging his shoulders. This caused her tits to hang down, barely contained inside her bra and inches from his face.

"Holy shit!" the teenager's brain gasped as he stared at his mom dangling udders. Since her bra straps were down, the top hem of the two cups were just barely covering the upper fringes of her areolas. The mother felt Justin's stiff prick contract, swelling with even more blood and pressing tightly up between her nuzzling labial lips, like a sausage in a bun. Her boobies bobbled teasingly as she massaged her son's shoulders. The wide-eyed teen stared down into the cavernous canyon of her cleavage. "Damn! What I'd give to have my face buried in there," he thought.

Justin wasn't the only one excited by what was happening. McKenzie's heart was racing and her breathing increased. Her genitals were now fully engorged, the muscles around her vaginal entrance tightening. This triggered the release of lubricating fluid from her cervix and Skene glands, preparing her smoldering coital tube for intercourse. She squirted more oil on her son's chiseled chest, their eyes locked together needfully before she began running her hand all over his upper half.

"I bet you have dozens of girls at school willing to do this sort of thing, including your new girlfriend," the mother commented.

"Yeah, but none are as sexy as you," her son replied.

"I'm your mother, Justin," McKenzie blushed. "You really shouldn't see me that way."

"People can't just change the way they feel about someone, mom."

"No, but they can try to control it."

"How the fuck do you expect me to do that when your cunt's against my cock and your tits are hanging in front of my face?" the teen thought. He didn't dare say it out loud though, because then his mom might agree, and climb off him. "I do my best to control it, but it's not easy," he shared.

McKenzie worked the oil into her son's lower torso, marveling in fascination at the lean muscles of his six-pack abs. Her husband had them, once upon a time, but over the years they'd become covered in fat. She also couldn't remember the last time she had fit her twat down against something so incredibly hard. In fact, they could both feel how hot and throbbing their genitals were mashed together.

"I better put these bra straps back on before my boobs fall out," McKenzie stated in amusement, then slipped them back over her shoulders. Justin could see the fat nubs of her erect nipples poking out beneath the fabric, causing him to lick his lips lustfully.

"You have the most beautiful boobs on the planet, mom," the boy confessed, pouring on the compliments, just as he knew she liked to hear.

"Thanks, honey," she blushed. "They're heavy."

"Well, they can be heavy and still be beautiful, right?"

"Yes. I'm sure most guys think so."

"Dad's one lucky guy…that's all I have to say!" Justin uttered.

"Why, because his wife has big boobs?" McKenzie asked with a quirky smile.

"Yeah, I mean…if the girl I marry has boobs like yours I don't even think I'd be able to keep my hands off them…or my mouth!"

The mother burst out laughing. It didn't register consciously, but her body began to react in an inadvertent sexual manner; her hips subtly moving up and back, grinding against her son's cock. "Do you have boobs on the brain all the time, young man?" she asked him.

"I certainly do. I'm not gonna lie," he replied. "Do YOU have anything on the brain?"

"Sure," she answered, smiling down at him flirtingly.

"Like what? I shared my obsession with you."

"That you did! Are you sure you wanna know what your own mom obsesses about though?"

"Sure!"

"Maybe I'm too embarrassed to look at you and say it," she blushed.

"Well…you can always come down, hug me and whisper it in my ear."

"Yeah? I think we both know why you want that," McKenzie teased, thrusting her chest and making her giant jugs balloon out obscenely. A substantial amount of breast-meat was seeping out the cups.

"Sure, but then it's a win-win for both of us, right?" Justin asked.

"Fine, I'll hug you and whisper my obsession into your ear, then we better end this little massage session for today."

"Understood!" Justin replied.

McKenzie lowered down on top of her son, flattening her fatty, bra-encased tits against his bare chest, making them distend out from between their bodies. "Ahhh!" Justin audibly sighed, feeling her spongy cleavage bulge up around his chin. His mom's nipples felt stiff

and rubbery prodding against his flesh. Her silky dark hair fell down the sides of their faces and smelt divine.

McKenzie brought her lips to his ear. "What do I obsess about, you ask?" she whispered, followed by a nod from her son. "I obsess about getting FUCKED…hard and deep!"

Her confession made her son tremble with excitement. His ass lifted from the bed, holding their fused crotches up in midair as his dick twitched in arousal. His mom pushed him back to the bed, then made two slow grinding motions along the length of his cock. This allowed her to feel it's unyielding hardness scrape deliciously between her wet pink flanges and crush against her swollen clitoral bulb. She gave her boy a quick, innocent kiss, then hoped off of him.

"Holy fucking hell!" Justin's mind exclaimed, in disbelief by what just happen.

The next day, while driving to Zumba class with her mother, Mila decided to speak to her about Justin. "Can I ask you a question?" she inquired, flashing her mother an inquisitive smile.

"Of course."

"And you won't give me that 'I'm your mother and we shouldn't be having this conversation' bullshit?"

"I think we've always managed to have an open line of communication between the two of us," McKenzie pointed out. "What's your question?"

"Does Justin turn you on?"

McKenzie got shocked expression. "OK, umm…I certainly didn't expect THAT type of question," she stated.

"Well, you did say we had an 'open line of communication,' so shouldn't that mean I be allowed to ask you anything?"

"Yes, ok, well then…the answer to your question is no. Of course, he doesn't turn me on. He's…my son."

"Mom, you're lying!"

"Why do you think I'm lying?"

"Because I've known you my whole life. I know when you're lying. Look, I realize it's Justin we're talking about, but it's a judgement free zone between you and me. We should be able to tell each other anything, even if it has to do with family members. Remember that time I was honest with you about wanting to fuck Cody?"

"Your Cousin, Cody?"

"Yeah."

"Yes, I do remember that, but Cody was only nine years old at the time, honey. You were almost seventeen."

"I know, it was wrong and perverted, but my point is we talked about it, you and me. We trusted each other. If you wanna bang Justin's balls off I'm not gonna judge you for it. Just be honest!"

"Fine!" McKenzie blurted, mustering up some courage to share her true thoughts. "Your brother has been…capturing my attention here lately."

"Sexually?"

"Yes, sexually."

Mila smile in satisfaction. "Keep going..."

"I think he's trying to seduce me into having sex with him, and the strange thing is…he's doing everything right!"

"Such as, what?"

"Such as…buying me pink roses with a touching love-poem attached. Giving me massages and compliments. Displaying the bulge of his erection every time he gets a chance. These are all things that drive me insane!"

"Have you considered letting him fuck you?" Mila brazenly asked.

"No! Mila, it's your brother!"

McKenzie's daughter gave her a look of doubt. "Mom??"

"What?!" she asked, looking on the verge of laughing.

"We're being honest, remember? Have you thought about letting Justin bang the shit out of you?"

"Yes!" she shouted, "but you and I both know that CAN'T happen!"

"Ha! He has a cock, and you have a pussy…it most certainly CAN happen!"

"You know what I mean. I'm his mother and I'm married…to your dad."

"Mom, that doesn't mean shit and you know it. We all know that Aunt Tina took her son to that secret training camp for boys, in the tropics, and fucked his brains out for a week. She's supposedly 'happily married,' just like you are, so don't give me any of that 'it can't happen' bullshit!"

"Mila, I'm not cheating on your father…with your brother."

"But you want to…don't you?"

McKenzie looked over at her daughter and rolled her eyes. "YES…I do! There, are you happy?"

"Are you being serious, or are you just telling me that to shut me up?" Mila asked.

McKenzie let out a deep sigh. "I love Justin, as a son…but I also find him extremely gorgeous and charming. Yes, lately…I HAVE been thinking about what it would be like…to have passionate sex with him," she confessed.

"It would probably be amazing!"

McKenzie let out a giggle. "Then why don't YOU fuck him?!" she stated.

"Because I'm clearly not the one he wants. You are!"

"So, you mean to tell me, if it was you, he was trying to seduce, that you'd cheat on Rodney…with your brother?"

"In a heartbeat! Justin's gorgeous! Why do you think he has the Prom queen for a girlfriend? Mom, we both love our husbands, but let's face it…you and I know there's nothing like a teenage boy in the bedroom. The way they fuck…all full of sexual energy! Not to mention their ability to bounce back and stay fully hard!"

"Your brother certainly has the hardest one I've ever seen," McKenzie added, then realized what she was implying. "I um…went to wake him up the other morning and he was uncovered."

"You and I have both experienced huge dicks like that inside us before, mom. We both know what they can do to us. Justin could

probably make you cum so hard that you'd lose your fucking mind. Why deny yourself that?" Mila asked.

"I don't know if I want your brother seeing me like that. I might shock him to death."

"I'm sure he's seen plenty of girls lose their minds and gush all over his fat prick. Besides, you deserve it. I'm sure dad's not blowing your socks off lately."

"Not hardly," McKenzie snickered. "If I get one orgasm before he shoots off here lately, I'm lucky."

"Then you shouldn't feel a drop of guilt cheating on him. Fuck, mom…you're in your prime! You shouldn't have to settle with some 'two-pump-chump' like dad dictating how much pleasure you get."

"True. I love your father, but I'll admit…I do miss getting royally fucked, like I did when I was younger," McKenzie admitted.

"It's YOUR decision, mom. All I'm saying is…if I were in your position, I know what I would do."

The next morning, after reading in the diary about a sexy encounter his mom had when she was his age, Justin decided to hit the mall. His goal was to purchase her some negligee, just like ones she described that were given to her by her boyfriend at the time. The way she went on and on about how much she adored the outfit made Justin determined to find one just like it.

After arriving home from the mall, Justin placed the lingerie and heels he'd purchased on his bed, in just the right position, so they could be seen from his doorway. He prided himself in the fact that they were an exact match to the outfit his mom had described in her Seduction Guide. The color, the style…everything was spot on. It was only a matter of a few minutes before his mom, McKenzie, showed up in his doorway wearing snug jeans and a form-fitting

sweater. "Hey, sweetie…how was your shopping excursion?" she asked.

"Good…I found everything I was looking for," he replied, motioning to the lingerie.

McKenzie stepped into his room; her brilliant blue eyes fixed on the sexy negligee displayed neatly on his bed. "What's this?" she asked.

"Oh, just some lingerie I bought for my girlfriend."

The heavy-breasted mother lifted the nightie from his mattress. "How strange," she whispered as if in deep reflection.

"What's strange…the outfit?"

"No, the outfit's beautiful, it's just…well, I had something just like this, a long time ago. My boyfriend bought it for me…when I was your age."

"Wow, how ironic!" Justin muttered, trying to act surprised. Little did she know that he had already read all about it in her diary, including what her and her boyfriend had done after she'd put it on. He could tell his mom was in love with it, so he mustered up all the courage he could to ask the big question. "Do you wanna try it on?"

Justin's mother fed him a blank stare, almost as if she couldn't believe he had just posed that question. "Try it on?" she repeated.

"Yeah…since it reminds you of something you had once. I don't mind if you wanna try it."

"Oh, trust me…I would love to try it on, but this is for your girlfriend. I don't wanna—"

"She'll have no idea you had it on, mom. In fact, if you like it enough…I might just give it to YOU and buy her something else."

"Oh, Justin…I would never expect you to do something like that."

"I wouldn't mind giving it to you, but could I at least see it on you first?" he boldly asked, anxious to see how she'd react to such a question.

"In this?! Oh, sweetie…this isn't the type of thing I should be wearing in front of you."

"Why not? I'm an adult now, plus I did spend a pretty dime on it. It would be cool to see SOMEONE beautiful wearing it."

McKenzie's heart melted from hearing such a compliment. "That's so sweet of you to say, but…well, you do know this lingerie is sheer, right?" she asked.

"Of course! That's one of the things that makes it so sexy."

Justin's mother couldn't believe how closely the nightie resembled the one her boyfriend had bought her all those years ago. Even the floral-laced trim was the same. Not only that, but the matching high heeled mules were just her size. She was surprised that her son was offering the outfit for her to keep but had mixed feelings about him seeing her in it. On the 'lingerie risqué level,' this rated up there high. However, she knew she would feel terribly guilty keeping the outfit, without at least indulging him in his one simple request.

"If I let you see me in this…will you promise not to tell anyone?" McKenzie asked.

"Of course. Why would I tell someone?"

"I'm not saying you would, it's just that…well, IT IS pretty revealing. I wouldn't want anyone knowing I modeled this in front of you, especially your father."

"Trust me, mom…my lips are sealed."

"Alright then," said McKenzie anxiously, "I'll be right back. It was the longest ten minutes of Justin's life. He didn't even know his mom had retuned until he heard her sweet voice from his bedroom doorway. "Well…what do you think?" she asked.

The teen's jaw lowered in awe as he stared across his room at her. His mom was wearing the skimpy babydoll nightie, which was pale pink in color and completely sheer. This allowed him to see her supersized tits, almost as clearly as if they were naked. McKenzie's teats were thick and turgid, protruding from her wide areolar rings. The nightie fell just below her crotch, but that hardly mattered, since Justin could see her shaved pubis through the transparent fabric. "You look stunning, mom!" the boy exclaimed. His lust-filled eyes drifted down her silky legs, to her feet, which were propped in four-inch pink mules, with a sexy single strap circling her ankles.

"You think so?" she asked proudly. "What about the back?"

She gracefully twirled around, making her heavy boobs wobble back and forth as she displayed the backside of the nightie. Justin gasped at the sight of her bare buttocks, which was plainly visible through the sheer silk. Her ass-cheeks were thick and rounded, crowning the backs of the most gorgeous legs the boy had ever seen. He suddenly remembered what she wrote in her diary about how she loved guys who already had girlfriends doting on her. "Dang, mom…you look WAY more amazing in that than my girlfriend probably would," he confessed, feeling his erect cock push against the crotch of his jeans."

"My, sweetie…you really know how to charm a girl with words, don't you?" McKenzie blushingly remarked.

"It's true…though, I do think you look amazing," Justin answered, then thrust his tent-pole out. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Yes...VERY obvious!" McKenzie smiled, her eyes widening as she stared at his dick bulge. "It's nice to know I still have what it takes

to harden a teenage penis."

"If it gets any harder, I think it's gonna burst right out of my jeans, like the Incredible Hulk!" Justin joked.

"Oh, well…we don't want you to ruin your jeans, honey. Maybe you should just take it out."

Justin was over the moon that she had just made such a suggestion. "You asked for it!" he said, lowering his jeans, then his briefs and stepping out of them. His long hunky dick bobbed on his loins, branching out stiffly. He loved the way his mom was staring at it, admiring its impressive size and rigidity. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Well, if I see your girlfriend walking funny…I'll know the two of you just had sex. That thing is a monster!" McKenzie exclaimed, her cunt-tube clenching over and over as if yearning to be stuffed full.

"Well…this 'monster' needs a cave to hide in. Do you know where he can find one?" Justin joked, willing to sound sappy in order to fuck his mother as soon as possible.

"Ha, ha! Very funny! Maybe you should yank on that monster instead; see if you can beat some semen out of him," McKenzie suggested.

Her comment made Justin remember an entry in her diary, where she talked about how much it turned her on watching a guy jerk off in front of her. "That's not a bad idea. Wanna sit and watch me jerk off?" he asked her.

His mom fed him a naughty smile, hesitating a moment. "Sure! Let me shut your door first. Not that anyone's due home any time soon, but I'm not taking any chances," she nervously stated.

Justin was already stroking the knob of his cock, licking his lips as he watched his mom sashay to his door. Her rounded rump swayed

atop her gorgeous legs, and he hoped that soon he'd get to feel the delicious-looking derriere beating against his midsection. He wasn't quite to that point in seducing her yet, but he was certainly making quick progress.

McKenzie closed and locked his bedroom door, then made her way his direction, her heavy, fleshy tits bobbling beneath the sheer nightie with every step. She watched her boy's hand squeeze his glans. "Starting without me?" she teased, then sat on the edge of his bed. Now she had a front row seat, so she could watch her son beat his boner.

"Looking at your amazing ass makes it hard not to wanna touch myself," Justin admitted.

"Why is that? Are you having naughty thoughts about mommy's ass?"

"Always!"

"Always, huh?" McKenzie asked, raising an eyebrow. "And here I thought it was just my huge boobs you were obsessed with."

"I'm obsessed with all of you, mom. Every inch!"

McKenzie gazed into his eyes lustfully. "Well, maybe…just maybe… I'm obsessed with you too. Every inch! Although…" she said, staring back at his cock, "there is about nine inches of you that I'm MOST obsessed with."

Justin heart raced excitedly. He could hardly believe where this conversation was going. "You're a pretty good judge of size," he told her.

"I know a big dick when I see one," she replied with a flirty wink.

"Will you lay back and spread your legs for me, while I stroke?" Justin boldly asked, wanting to push things even further.

"I suppose I could do that," she replied, standing back up, "but maybe I should undress first."

Justin watched his mom peel off the pink nightie. Then, she bent over in front of him to unbutton the straps of her heels. Doing this made her juicy bubble butt point straight at him. Her buns were now slightly separated, exposing the rosy-colored ring of her butthole to his ogling eyes. Below it, her puffy outer labium formed a hairless clamshell of vulvar meat. Before raising back up, McKenzie peeked back at him and smiled. "You're stroking awfully hard all of the sudden, honey. Do you see some things back there that are getting you excited?"

"Uh-huh," Justin replied, staring lustfully.

"Well, now that I have you all worked up, let me get on the bed and spread these pretty legs, just like you requested."

McKenzie stepped out of the heels and sprawled on the bed. She opened her legs in the widest spread Justin had ever seen, so her dainty feet pointed towards opposite sides of his bedroom. "There… is this how you wanted me?" she asked.

"Damnit, mom…that's fucking hot!" her son exclaimed, staring at her smooth, thick thighs. He could see the pink inner flanges of her labia peeking from her outer folds. It was all he could do to keep from pouncing and fucking her to the moon and back.

"You think it's hot, honey? Does it make you wanna get nasty?" McKenzie asked.

"Real nasty!"

"Yeah? I bet it makes you think about fucking hot pussy, doesn't it?" she asked, gazing at him with her brilliant blue eyes.

"God, yes!" Justin answered, stroking his boner even harder.

"It makes you think about beating it through a fuck hole just like this one," said McKenzie thrusting her cunt mound up a few times, "and getting your dick all wet and tingly."

Justin suddenly got a brilliant idea. "Will you rub your pussy…while I stroke myself?" he boldly asked.

"Hmm, if I do that for you…what do I get in return?"

"Whatever you want," Justin answered, then suddenly remembered reading in her diary about something she loved a guy to do when he was masturbating in front of her. "Wait, I know… I'll cum on your tits!"

She fed him a strange smile. "What are you, a mind reader or something?" she asked.

"No, just, um…something I thought you might like."

"Well, just so you know…you've been spot on with a lot of things I like the past few days. The roses with the love-poem, the cotton candy massage oil, the lingerie. That's all information I've only kept in my…"

McKenzie's expression suddenly changed. Her fat jugs jostled as she closed her legs, then stood up off the bed and glared at her son. "Hand it over, Justin!" she demanded.

"Hand what over?" he asked.

"Don't play stupid with me. You know what!"

"Mom, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"So, I should be able to march into the attic right now and find my High School diary, in the box that I was keeping it in, is that what you're saying?"

Justin realized that he'd been had. If he didn't spill the beans now, he'd be forced to after his mom went upstairs and saw that her diary wasn't in the box. "I'm sorry, I just…stumbled by it the other day, when I was looking for that box you wanted," he confessed.

"It was in a different box, that was taped up. You didn't 'stumble by' anything, Justin. You snooped in there, found it and ripped open the lock so you could read it, didn't you?"

"No, I used the key. I didn't damage your book."

"Oh, you mean 'the key,' that was in my jewelry box, which means you snooped through my bedroom too?!"

"Mom, I was gonna put it back, I swear!"

"Yeah, after you used the personal stuff in there to seduce your way into my panties! Well, guess what, Justin…you can forget all about that now! You're a snoop and a fake! Now give me my diary back!" his mom sternly demanded.

Justin walked over to the dresser, retrieved the diary from his drawer and handed it to her. His mom fed him the most disappointed look that he'd ever seen. "And just to think that I was ready to cheat on your father with a phony!" she stated, then marched out of his bedroom bare ass naked.

Justin avoided his mom the rest of the day, even skipping dinner, which didn't go unnoticed by his father. "Where's Justin? Is he not feeling well?" Mitch asked his wife as they sat at the table.

McKenzie was clearly still not in the best of moods. "You'd have to ask him that question," she replied. "I haven't spoken to him in a

while."

"Is everything OK? Did you two get into an argument today or something?"

"We're fine, Mitch. You don't need to worry about it," his wife answered.

Mitch certainly didn't want to feed the fire by getting involved, so he didn't push the issue. "Ok, I'll stay out of it then," he muttered.

"Thank you," his wife muttered, picking at her food.

Justin was at the park the next morning shooting baskets when his sister pulled up in her vehicle. She got out and walked over to talk to him. "Are you ignoring my phone calls now, asshole?" she joked.

"Sorry, I shut my phone off."

"So, I heard you blew it with mom."

"She told you?"

"Yep," Mila nodded. "I don't think I've ever seen her that upset. You'd think she broke up with a longtime boyfriend or something."

"I was stupid. I should have never went snooping into her diary."

"You weren't stupid, Justin…you were just sloppy. You were so spot on with your seduction techniques that mom figured it out. What you should have done was mixed in a little bit of YOU in there," Mila explained.

"Me in there?"

"Yeah, used SOME of what you read from her diary, but also seduced mom with ideas of your own. You should have got her excited about

something new. Maybe something kinky, that she's never experienced before. Something that would soak her panties!"

Justin turned and took at shot with the ball, getting nothing but net. "Well, I guess it's too late for any of that now," he muttered.

"Not necessarily. Mom is still obsessed with you, Justin. That hasn't changed, I guarantee it. She lusts after YOU…not the roses, not the

massage oil or lingerie you offered to give her. She's upset, yes, but I really don't think she'll give up on the idea of fucking you this easy."

"Yeah, but if I start pouring on the attention, buying her more stuff. She could get pissed at me all over again, especially if I do something like what's written in her diary," Justin expressed.

"Then take a different approach."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you have a girlfriend, don't you? Start doting on her more and watch how jealous mom gets. She'll be so pissed off that your attention's not on her anymore that SHE'LL start trying to seduce YOU! It's fucked up, I know, but that's how we women roll," Mila advised.

"Do you really think that'll work?"

"Yeah, I do, but just remember…when things start rolling your way again, just be yourself. Don't try to replicate an experience from mom's past. Give her new ones!"

"Got it! Hey…and, um…thanks for all the advice," said Justin with a grateful smile. "It means a lot."

"Yeah, well…I may be your sister, but my therapy services don't come free. After you've experienced having your cock milked off by mom, you're gonna owe me."

"Owe you what?"

"We can talk about that later. And you're not fucking my pussy, so don't even give me that look."

"What look?" Justin asked.

"Right now, you need to focus on mom," Mila reiterated.

"Don't you mean focus on my girlfriend?"

"Exactly, but make sure and throw it in mom's face. Trust me…if you're not balls deep in mom's cunt by this time tomorrow I'll be shocked."

That evening Justin was wrapping a gift on his bed. He kept his door open, hoping his mom would walk by. He certainly didn't expect her to stop in his doorway. "Dinner's almost ready," she told him.

"Thanks, mom, but I'm going out to eat with my girlfriend tonight."

McKenzie lingered in his doorway a moment, seeming disappointed. "Justin, I'm sorry I snapped at you yesterday, but we can't just go on avoiding each other. Can we just put what happened behind us and move on?" she asked.

"I'm not avoiding you. I just wanna spend more time with my girlfriend, that's all."

The mother couldn't ignore the pangs of jealousy she was feeling. When she noticed the gift on his bed being wrapped with heart-covered wrapping paper it certainly didn't help. "What are you wrapping?" she asked.

"The lingerie you tried on yesterday. I can't return it, so I figured I might as well give it to my girlfriend."

"Well, according to what you told me yesterday it was supposed to go to her anyway, or was that a lie also?"

"I thought we were putting this behind us, mom?" Justin asked.

"We are, but I just want you to remember something," McKenzie replied, glaring at her son jealously. "She won't look nearly as hot in that lingerie as I do."

The mother left his doorway and Justin smiled in satisfaction. He couldn't have asked for that interaction to have gone any better. Now that the first part of his plan was accomplished, it was time to move on to phase two. After going out to eat with his pretty girlfriend,

Justin brought her back to his house. It was something he rarely did, but he knew it was sure to ruffle his mother's feathers. Now all he had to do was fuck the hell out of Georgia and make her scream loud enough for his mom to hear it down the hallway.

"You have some balls, you know that?!" his mother fumed as she stood in his doorway the next morning with her hands on her hips.

"What did I do?"

"You know what you did, Justin! Don't bring her around here anymore!"

Justin smiled inwardly. He was hoping his mom would react this way. He took a moment to study what she was wearing, which was a sexy brown, ribbed knit romper. It was clear she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her nipples were poking out. He couldn't help but wonder if that were intentional. "Mom, Georgia's my girlfriend. Why can't I bring her around?" he asked.

"I think you know why. Could you two have been any louder last night?"

"I have no control over how loud she is," Justin stated.

"Oh, you most certainly did have control over how loud she 'GOT OFF' last night! Don't play coy with me, Justin!"

"Whatever, mom! Her and I were talking about maybe getting our own apartment anyway," he replied.

Getting and apartment was a lie, of course. Justin and his girlfriend were nowhere near that point in their relationship. However, he knew by telling mom this it was sure to get her even more worked up.

"Your own apartment?!" she exclaimed, making her boobies wobble. "You guys just barely started going out!"

"I know, but we really like each other, and now that we've both graduated, we think it might be the next best step for us."

"Justin, you really should take your time and think about this. Moving in with someone is a huge commitment," McKenzie reminded him.

"It's not a sure thing, mom. Like I said, we're talking about it."

Now that Justin had planted the fake idea in mom's head, that he may be moving in with his girlfriend, he decided to switch gears, with a romantic plan that he had come up with, all on his own. "Remember that trail we hiked together as a family, when I was like…twelve? The one that went through that beautiful prairie out in the country?" he asked.

"Yes, I remember, why?" his mom asked, as she gracefully sashayed to his bed and sat down next to him. The way she crossed her lovely

legs was meant to draw her son's attention to them.

"I've really been wanting to take a hike out there again. I was thinking about going today, since it's so warm out. Wanna come along?"

He certainly didn't have to twist McKenzie's arm to get her to agree, but she did feel a bit bad about how she'd treated him the past two days. "Are you sure you wanna spend time with your bitchy old mom today?" she asked.

"You were bitchy, yes, but with good reason. I snooped and lied to you. Like you said though, we should put it behind us and move on."

McKenzie's lips curled into a warm smile. "Agreed. I'll get changed," she stated.

After a twenty-minute car ride outside of town, they arrived at the beginning of "Prairie Trail." McKenzie was surprised when her son pulled a stuffed backpack out of the trunk. "Are we camping up here and you didn't tell me?" she teased.

"No, but I thought a picnic would be nice, so I brought some things."

"Wow, you're making a whole date of this, aren't you?" his mom asked, playfully jabbing him in the ribs.

They walked the trail together, surprised that they had it all to themselves on such a beautiful day. McKenzie wore sexy Daisy Duke shorts, a snug cami top and hiking boots. After about a half-mile walk, the trees gave way to a beautiful prairie, with tall grass that gently wavered in the breeze. "I forgot how beautiful this trail was. It's been so many years since we've been out here," McKenzie stated.

"That's why I wanted to come back sometime," Justin told her. "The part I remember most though was walking behind my gorgeous mother and watching her ass sway."

McKenzie started laughing. "Justin, you were twelve!" she remarked.

"A kid can't be obsessed with his mom's ass at twelve?"

"I thought it was my huge boobs you were obsessed with?" she teased.

"Well, yeah, but I couldn't very well walk backwards in front of you and stare at those, could I?" he pointed out.

"Good point! That may have been a little too obvious."

"Let's find a spot to have our picnic," Justin suggested, then left the trail, heading into the tall grass. His mom followed, and after a short walk, the teen plopped the backpack down. "How about here?"

"It's as beautiful a spot as any," his mom replied.

Justin unzipped his backpack and pulled out an inflatable air mattress and pump. "Is that an air mattress?" McKenzie giggled.

"I figured if we're going to be picnicking, we might as well do it comfortably," her son replied. "I have a tent packed also; in case we're feeling REALLY adventurous." Justin knew his mom had never been camping, so chances are…being naughty in a tent was something she's never tried. He just hoped she's be as excited about

the idea as she was some of the experiences she had written in her High School diary.

"Why not!" she smiled. "What can I do to help?"

"Just do what you do best, mom; stand there and look pretty."

McKenzie fed him a mischievous grin. "Well, that's sweet of you to say, but just so you know, that's NOT what I do best," she revealed.

"What do you do best then?" Justin asked, having a feeling she'd say something naughty.

"Maybe I'll tell you, once we're inside the tent," she winked.

The teen had the tiny tent erected and thick mattress pumped up and situated inside in no time. He even placed a fitted sheet over it for added comfort. They removed their hiking boots, then crawled inside together and zipped the door behind them. "Well…isn't this cozy?" McKenzie commented, smiling over at her son as they lay on their sides, facing each other, only a foot apart.

"Now, about that comment you made outside?" Justin inquired. "You know… that thing you were gonna tell me, once we were inside the tent."

"I have no recollection of that," McKenzie joked, getting a cute innocent look.

"I do! It was something about you telling me what you do best."

"Oh, that…well, take a guess!" the mother requested, gazing him in the eyes. "I'll give you a hint. It starts with F and ends in K, and there's a couple letters in between.

"FORK?!" Justin teased.

"Yeah, that's it!" the mother laughed, making her tit-meat quiver beneath her snug top. "Forking is what I do best!"

"Fork yeah!" Justin shouted.

When his mom stopped laughing, she had another one to add. "Stop FORKING around and kiss me, Justin!"

For a moment, they shared a magical gaze, before McKenzie continued speaking. "That IS why you brought me out her, right? That's why you set up this tent for us? So we could kiss…and FORK our asses off?" she asked.

"Not exactly," Justin replied.

"No?" his mom asked, her face frowning in disappointment. "What then?"

"I brought you out here so I could devour your pussy and make you cum all over my face," he confessed.

McKenzie's heart skipped a beat and her eyes widened. She felt her engorged clitoris throb beneath it's fleshy hood. "Well, I, um… certainly won't stop you, if that's what you want."

"It is!" he replied, excitement flowing through him.

"Haven't you tasted my pussy enough from all those panties you've been stealing out of my hamper for years?" she teased.

"You mean while I was dreaming about tasting it from the source?"

"Aright…well, um…do you want me to tease you, by taking off my shorts and panties very slowly, or do you just wanna rip 'em off my fucking body and dive in?" she sensually asked.

"The second choice!" Justin replied, anxiously staring over at her.

"I'm all yours."

Justin suddenly sprung onto his knees, quickly scrambling between his mom's parting legs as she rolled onto her back. He shucked off her Daisy Duke shorts in a flash, then grabbed the hem of her gray panties, tugging the thin straps down over her lush hips. He glanced

up at his mom's face, delighted by her sexually excited expression, while he forcefully pulled the dainty panties down her legs and off.

McKenzie drew her knees back, splaying open her thick thighs, exposing a bull's-eye target of shave pussy her boy. "Fuuuck!" Justin whimpered excitedly, staring at her juicy genitals. Her thick labial flanges were unfurled, like the petals of an exotic pink flower in full bloom. Crowning her coral gash, was the engorged tissue of her clitoral prepuce. The teen "dove in" face first, laving his lusty licker through his mom's pussy folds, making her gasp sharply.

"OH, MY FUCKING GOD!!" Justin's mind wondrously buzzed, as he took in the fragrant aroma, the sweet tang of her cuntal excretions and the delightful feel of her tumescent, fleshy folds against his face.

McKenzie slouched down onto the aircushion, arching her back in pleasure, making her oversized knockers balloon skyward and threaten to rip right out of her bra and thin cotton top. She let out a girlish squeal, feeling her son carve his tongue beneath her clitoral hood and across the fat bulb of her glans.

Justin snarled, like a starving dog who'd just been given a juicy steak. He sucked her engorged love-nubbin into his mouth and scrubbed it with his tongue, making his mom writhe in pleasure. Then, he kissed the mouth of her pleasure-pit, pressing his face deep in her vestibule, licking it's fringes and savoring the sweet cuntal nectar that seeped from her horny orifice. He couldn't wait to bury his erect cock in there and feel all that wonderful pink tissue smother the fruit of his manhood, right down to the root of his erection.

Out here on the prairie, miles from anyone, McKenzie had no reservations about letting out the loudest orgasmic scream she could as her cunt creamed on her son's face. Her heavy titted body trembled violently, while locking her thick thighs around her son's head, trapping him against her quivering cunt. To Justin, this was

like a wild dream come true. After years of getting little samplings from her panties, he was finally getting the main course.

After receiving a divine, twenty-minute oral assault, McKenzie pushed her son onto his back and climbed to her knees. Justin watched her quickly shed the rest of her clothing. Her huge H-cup tits

wobbled deliciously as they sprung from her bra, her nipples sticking out, thick and erect. Justin threw off his shirt, but his mom took care of the rest, eagerly shedding his shorts and briefs. Her mouth was on his bobbing cock in a flash, licking it all over. "My turn!" she gasped, then sunk his prick between the ring of her lips and began sucking.

Justin panted in delight, watching his mom's pretty head bob up and down on his love-muscle. Her dangling tits jostled around heavily to the rhythm of her cock-sucking tempo. When she came up for air, McKenzie darted her thick pink tongue all over his glans, making her teen's body tremble in pleasure.

She plunged his cock in her mouth again, this time taking him into her throat. Her obscenely-stretched lips kissed his cock-base, showing her boy that she was perfectly capable of taking him to the balls. She came back up and gasped for air.

"I need you to fuck me, Justin!" McKenzie whimpered, grabbing his arm and guiding him down on top of her. She certainly would have loved to have sucked his cock and balls for longer, but this mother desperately needed a royal fucking.

Coming down on top of his mom was a surreal moment, since it was something that Justin had wanted to do for so long. His boner was so fucking stiff it almost hurt. He ran it through her juicy labium first, scraping it across her sensitive clit. Then, he reared back and fit the barbed tip against her steamy entrance. Mother and son both let out

a satisfied gasp, as the crown of Justin's horny peter stretched her opening and sunk inside her.

McKenzie grasps his ass cheeks with both hands, sinking her nails into his flesh as she desperately pulled their crotches together. Sure, she had experienced plenty of cocks in her lifetime, but something about her son's felt absolutely perfect! Their bodies wasted no time going into fuck-mode. Justin began to thrust steadily, making their bellies beat together, and his mother wrapped her silky legs high around his back, to facilitate the deepest penetration she could get.

Their lips were drawn together like magnets, fusing in open ovals, so their tongues could duel inside Justin's mouth.

The sound of SMACKING flesh filled the inside of the tent as they wrestled in a wild fuck. McKenzie's fat mommy-tits were crushed against her boy and sloshed uncontrollably between them. The muscles in their legs and asses flexed and strained as they pounded their horny genitals together in a glorious union. The last time they were at this location together, Justin was just a young boy, first learning about the mysteries of sex. Being wrapped in his beautiful mother's body and having his penis buried inside her seemed like such a impossible dream. Now, here he was, six years later, at that same location, fucking her savagely with his huge, fully developed cock. It was a satisfying sense of accomplishment.

McKenzie had forgotten how divine it felt to be pounded by a teenage cock. She could feel her son's rock hardness and youthful exuberance with every thrust. His jutting boner thundered through her fuck-hole, lubricated by a combination of cuntal juices and the pre-ejaculate that seeped from her son's piss-slit. The strong slab of penile meat ignited the pleasure sensors along her spongy pleated lining, which soon had her trembling and howling in a powerful, full body orgasm.

"AHHH, FUCK!" Justin groaned, feeling her powerful cunt muscles clench, while female ejaculate erupted from her urethra, swirling around his pummeling peter-meat. This set off a series of rapid-fire contractions of his penile muscles and around his anus. The nerves causing these contractions quickly sent a message to his brain, triggering his own fierce climax.

For several mind blowing minutes, they bucked and writhed in fuck-passion as thick, potent ropes of baby batter erupted from Justin's cunt-smothered knob, splattering along the quivering walls of McKenzie's vagina.

The huge-titted mother clawed at her boy, holding his frame with her arms and warm, circled legs; kissing him passionately. My marveled

at how that cute twelve-year-old boy, who hiked the trail with her years ago, had become such a gorgeous, charming, big dicked stud.

"You're not going soft," the mother whispered, after they laid there together for a moment holding each other.

"Was I supposed to?" Justin chuckled.

"No…not at your age. I'm just not used to that. Your father's dick goes soft almost immediately after we have sex. Having a huge, hard cock that's ready to go a second time is refreshing," she replied, tightening her fuck muscles around him.

"Then you'd be ok with me fucking you again right now?"

"Are you kidding me? YOU BETTER fuck me again right now!"

Justin pulled out of her and rose to his knees. His bobbing boner was shimmering and dripping with orgasmic juices. "How do you want it?" he eagerly asked.

"Hmm, well…how did you imagine us doing it…back when you were twelve and dreaming about fucking me?" she asked with a sinister grin.

"How DIDN'T I imagine it, mom? In my fantasies we were doing every way possible!"

"Well, that sounds like a challenge I'd be willing to accept, but for now, why don't you lay on you back and let mommy ride you," she requested.

"Yes, ma'am!"

Justin sprawled on his back, then watched his mom climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. He licked his lips anxiously, staring at her bobbling bosom. He simply couldn't wait to suck on their big swollen nipples. McKenzie grasped his cock and guided it back inside her fuck-hungry vagina. The feel of her son's meaty spike sinking to her cervix literally took her breath away.

"You're not really planning on moving in with your girlfriend, are you?" the mother asked, flexing her pelvic floor muscles, so her cunt tube tightened around her son's stiff pecker.

Justin sighed at the sensation of her hot pussy gripping him. "I'm not moving anywhere!" he replied.

"Good answer, honey!"

The beautiful brunette mother began riding his cock, bouncing up and down masterfully. From his vantage point, Justin was treated to a real show, gawking at his mom's king-sized tits as they bounced and rippled wonderfully while she fucked him. As the minutes passed, the spectacle got even more thrilling. His mom's pretty face twisted in pleasure and she let out an ear-piercing scream as she was hit with a powerful, body-trembling climax.

McKenzie alternated between thrusting and grinding, showing her skills at fucking. She adored the feel of her boy's strong vein-encrusted erection stirring through her as she swiveled up and back in full penetration. She leaned down, resting her hands to each side of his head, so her dangling tits swung teasingly, just above his face. Justin loved watching girl's tits swing when he fucked them. He had dicked a couple of married moms with huge hooters, but none as big as his mom's.

Justin craned his head up, kissing his way into her soft, gaping cleavage. The flesh of her fatty tits felt just as wonderful as he always imagined they would brushing against the sides of his face. He took his time, exploring every inch of her wobbling wonders, even the spongy, rounded undersides, before arriving at one of her turgid teats. The tit-obsessed teen sucked it into his mouth, then gorged himself on as much spongy flesh as he could.

Having her tits sucked on, while working her boy's pleasure-pole at her desired pace brought the mother off yet again, making her shudder as powerful orgasmic contractions swept through her plush frame. Justin grunted in delight, his voice muffled by pounds of tit-meat. He could feel McKenzie's girl-cum squelching around his cock-

base and running down his balls. His erection flexed in excitement, his knob mushrooming against the pursed ring of his mother's external os. He could feel her wonderful pink pleats tightening and tugging around the glans and shaft of his fuck-muscle, soaking it in the hot, slippery oil that secreted from her Bartholin's glands.

After a long period of fucking this way, McKenzie's distended nipple popped from her son's mouth and he wrapped his arms around her, so their bodies hugged tightly. Peeking up from between her jiggling mammaries, Justin began fucking into her savagely.

"OH, JUSTIN! … OHH, GOD, YES! FUCK MEEE!" his mother cried out, thrilled by her boy's heated sexual aggression.

Their juicy sex organs slapped together wetly and lewdly lewdly as the teenager hammered his mom with rapid, full-length fuck-thrusts. Most grown men could only keep this intense sex-pace for a short time, but not Justin. He had incredible stamina, so his lean athletic body allowed him to fuck his busty mom like this for ten minutes straight. During that time, McKenzie experienced two mind-numbing orgasms, back to back, making her body convulse in pleasure.

There was nothing more satisfying to the lucky teen that hearing his mom's screams of passion and feeling her soft, warm flesh tremble against him. He had conquered her and practically stollen her sexual attention from his father. It made his nuts tingle with glorious pre-orgasmic sensations. When his sexy mom locked lips with him for a frantic French kiss he felt his prostate swell and his cum-filled balls clench up in their sack. A raging torrent of hot love-lava stormed up his urethral tube, then blasted out the slit of his meatus, into his quivering sleeve of his mom's pussy.

McKenzie heard her boy let out a deep, pleasurable grunt, while feeling his boner pulsate inside her, painting her cuntal walls with hot goo. Neither one of them was in any hurry to untangle themselves. For nearly a half hour, Justin drained every drop of jizz inside her clasping orifice, while kissing her and groping his mom's squishy tits.

They both let out a satisfied sigh. "Do we have to go home?" Justin asked. "Can't we just stay out here and fuck our asses off all night?"

This made his mom giggle and clench her pussy muscles on his still-hard cock. "I don't know about "all night," honey. I do have to pick your sister up from Day Care and make dinner for your father," McKenzie replied.

"Yeah, I suppose."

His mother lifted her head, looking down into his eyes with a smile. "But…if we get really creative, we could probably come up with an

excuse to lock ourselves in your bedroom later for a nice hard doggie-style fuck. How's that sound?" she asked.

"Incredible!"

"I thought you'd think so, and speaking of "creative" …you really impressed me today. If I were still keeping a diary, this is definitely an experience I would have wrote about."

This is just what Justin wanted to hear. "Well, you can always start keeping one again, because I'm sure we'll be having all sorts of noteworthy sexual adventures together," he suggested.

"You know what…that's not a bad idea," the mother agreed, then gave him a long, tender kiss.

Later that evening, Mila and her husband stopped by the house for a visit. They found her father alone in the living room, watching a basketball game. The sound of loud, muffled rock music was blaring from the upstairs. "Where's mom and Justin…and where is that God awful music coming from?" she asked.

"Well, it's like this…" her father answered. "At dinner, your mom and Justin made a bet, to see which one could spell the most words right. Your mother lost…so now she's being forced to listen to the whole album of Justin's favorite rock group up in his bedroom."

Mila smiled in amusement. Of course, she suspected the real reason they were up there, and it wasn't to listen to music. "Is that so? Well…I'm sure mom's just sitting up there suffering even as we speak," she sarcastically stated.

"Never take a bet, unless you're sure you can win, that's what I always say," Mila's father, Mitch, concluded.

Inside Justin's bedroom, the music was playing, but they certainly weren't just listening to it. The teen had his mom bent over on the

bed, fucking her from behind. The loud music served it's purpose, muffling the sound of their flesh smacking together, as well as McKenzie's gasps of pleasure.

Justin was grasping on to his mom's wide hips, while thrusting into her. She joined, by pumping her ass back tirelessly, making the

rounded, fatty flesh of her buns ripple as they beat against her boy's midsection. McKenzie's huge, stiff-nippled udders swung on her chest like pendulums stuffed full of fatty and glandular tissue.

Justin's teenage cock punched through his mom's pink gash powerfully. The muscles and tendons strained at the root of his shaft, sustaining the force of his fuck-thrusts.

"Oh, baby…your dick is so hard and strong!" McKenzie whimpered, gazing back over her shoulder at her hard bodied teen as she felt his supercharged dong massage her inner lining.

"Get used to it, mom! You'll be cumming on this dick a lot!"

Sex in the tent, on the prairie trail, was amazing, but there was something wonderfully wicked about fucking at home. Just knowing her husband was downstairs gave McKenzie a wicked thrill. She couldn't wait to have her son pound the fuck out of her on her marital bed tomorrow, once her husband was at work. Of course, she still loved Mitch, but sex with him would certainly never be the same again. In fact, the sex she'd had recently with her husband almost seemed laughable in comparison to the royal dicking she was getting from Justin.

"Oh, Justin…I'm cumming!" the mother squeal, her voice barely heard over the music.

The boy watched his mother's pink, crinkled asshole clench between her swiveling buns and felt her cunt contract around his cock. "Ahhh, fuck!" he sighed. Her pelvic floor muscles were tightening and

relaxing over and over, making her vaginal tube chew at the tender meat of his prick. His cunt-smothered glans swelled up even bigger; slippery, pre-ejaculatory goo weeping from its slit and smearing on his mom's back wall. He could feel the scalding female cum pissing from his mom's bulging vaginal meatus and dripping from his balls. "Fuck, mom…that feels so fucking good!" he sighed.

"Mmm, are you gonna give me a stud-sized cum load up my pussy, baby?" she mewled. "Are you gonna pump some baby making sperm into mommy?"

"Real Goddamn soon!" her son answered, his dick and balls tingling exquisitely.

McKenzie threw her ass back even harder. "Come on, Justin…take that fucking pussy! Make it yours!" she shouted.

"Ahhhhh!" the teen grunted, fucking into to her savagely. His hips were moving so fast they looked like a blur. His crotch was now smacking extra hard against her ass, making the fatty flesh of her butt-meat ripple wildly. "Ahhhgghhh, cumming!" the boy announced.

"ME TOO!" his mother squealed.

Together, they jerked and trembled, sharing a wonderful mutual orgasm. "AHHHGGGHHH!!" Justin grunted. Good thing the music was going, otherwise they would have surely heard him downstairs. He was ejaculating so hard it felt like his knob might pop right of the end of his cock. His milky ropes were thick and powerful, hosing out all over the engorged, ribbed-textured lining of McKenzie's vagina.

"Did you two enjoy your music?" Mila asked with a knowing smile as McKenzie and Justin joined her out on the back deck.

"Yes, it was…satisfying, right, honey?" McKenzie answered, smiling at her son.

"Very!"

"I bet. Well, don't forget you both owe me. If it wasn't for my help you probably would have never had the courage to beat your bellies together."

"Fine, I'll make you a batch of your favorite cookies, how's that?" McKenzie asked.

"That'll work."

"What about me?" Justin asked, looking at his sister. "What do I owe you?"

Mila fed him a mischievous smile. "Come by my apartment at noon tomorrow and I'll tell you," she answered.

McKenzie gave her daughter a suspicious look. "What do you have planned for noon tomorrow?" she curious asked.

"Do you really wanna know?"

McKenzie knew her daughter was into some very kinky shit, so she decided not to pry. "No…forget it. It's probably better if I don't know."

"Don't worry, mom…I'm not fucking her pussy. She already assured me that wasn't what she wanted," said her son.

"It's true. That's not what I want.

The following afternoon Justin was beating his cock through the ring of his sister's asshole. They were on Mila's marital bed; she on all-fours with nipple clamps attached to her fat tits. She gazed back at her brother deliriously. "HARDER! FUCK MY ASS HARDER, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!" she cried.

Mila had a big, plush ass, like her mother. It beat against her brother's midsection relentlessly as he speared his meaty muscle deep into her rectum. "Your husband seriously doesn't like this?" Justin breathlessly asked.

"No…he hates anal sex, but it doesn't matter, I'd want you in my ass even if he did like it. You cock is incredible! No wonder why mom wanted it so fucking bad!"

Justin's sister had a vibrator shoved up her cunt and he could feel the pulsations of it on his erection, through the wall of tissue that separated her vagina and her ass-tunnel. He watched the elastic ring of her butthole squeeze around his slick penile meat as it pumped in

and out. "Slap me! SLAP MY FUCKING ASS WHILE YOU FUCK IT, PERVERT!" Mila shouted passionately.

Justin obliged, striking his sister on the ass and making her fatty cheek ripple wonderfully.

"AGAIN! SLAP ME AGAIN AND FUCK ME HARDER! POUND MY ASSHOLE, JUSTIN!"

The boy's tongue hung from his mouth lustfully as he pummeled his peter deep into her shit-chute, feeling her clenching walls stroke his throbbing boner.

"Damn…this makes me wanna fuck mom up the ass now!" Justin exclaimed.

"Jesus, would you stop thinking about mom for two seconds?! Grab my hips! I need you to really fuck my ass hard and deep, Justin!" his sister demanded. "REAM MY FUCKING ASSHOLE!"

"Got it!" he replied, then doubled his efforts.

THE END

130: Mom's Sexual Itch

Mom's Sexual Itch

By Klrxo

It was late morning and Roger Jr. was jarred awake by the sound of clicking heels on his bedroom floor. His mom, Jessica, sashayed across his bedroom in her glittery red dress. Her dainty feet were arched in six-inch stiletto heels that tapped delicately on the wood floor.

"Everything ok, mom?" Junior asked with his eyes drifting up her statuesque frame.

Jessica's long fiery-red hair whipped across her shoulders as she turned towards her teen. Her piercing blue eyes gazed through long fluttering lashes. "Oh, I'm sorry, baby boy…did I wake you?" her sultry voice asked.

"That's OK…I needed to get up anyway."

Jessica inhaled deeply through her nostrils. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets as she took in the lingering musky aroma of her teenager's dick and balls. Her boy's pheromones swept through her lungs, causing an itch in her crotch that she couldn't ignore.

"Your father's helping out at work on his day off, and I just get so horny when he's gone," she sighed.

"You do?" he boy gulped, his eyes drifting down to her huge ballooning tits. Her cleavage bulged obscenely out of her strapless

dress, wobbling to her every graceful footstep as she moved to her son's bedside.

"Yes I do, baby…VERY horny," her sexy voice whispered as her eyes peeked lustfully at her teen out her purple hooded eyelids.

"I guess um…I get that way too sometimes," the boy confessed.

"Have you ever fucked a grown mom's pussy, sweetheart?" Jessica asked.

"No, I heard it's amazing though."

"Mine's VERY tight, with thick pink pleats all along the lining. It get's extremely wet," she sensually explained.

"Wet because your horny?"

"Yes, baby. A mother's pussy gets wet, so it can lubricate a man's penis for sexual penetration."

Junior's morning wood throbbed beneath his sheet. His every masturbatory fantasy included fucking his beautiful mother in some form or fashion.

"I guess I'll just head back to my bedroom," Jessica frowned, turning towards the door, "and wear out my vibrator today."

Junior watched her gracefully sashay across the room. The wonderful sway of her big luscious buttocks was mesmerizing.

The teen spoke up before she could exit. "Did you want me to, um…"

His mother stopped and turned, making her huge tit-melons wobble back and forth. "Did I want you to what, baby?"

Junior gulped nervously, sliding over so he sat on the edge of his bed. He mustered all the courage he had. "Did you want me to…take care of you?" he timidly asked.

Jessica's eyes widened and her glossy red lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Take care of me how…exactly?" inquired the mother.

"By, um…you know…"

"By fucking my pussy?" she sensually asked, her brilliant blue eyes glazed over with lust. "Is that what you had in mind?"

"Yes."

Her stiletto heels began clicking again as she strode back towards her teen. Her giant fatty melons rippled with her every graceful step. She stopped in front of her boy, leaned down and placed her hands gently on his shoulders. "Are you sure you could handle me, baby? Your mother's an absolute spitfire in the sack," she warned, gazing with needful desire.

"I could try," her son offered.

"I've only cheated on your father once before…with a young handsome beefcake like yourself."

"Really?"

"Yes, but that was years ago. I've been craving another young dick ever since."

Junior's eyes drifted down to his mom's long gaping tit-cleavage. "Well, if you wanted to have sex with me…it would sure be a thrill," he confessed.

"I agree," she whispered, then gazed down at the lump in his crotch. "And I'll bet you have quite the love-club too, don't you?"

She slowly reached down and teased the fat knob of his prick with her long nails, through the sheet that covered it. Junior shivered with the thrill of his mother's tender touch.

"Could we keep this our secret, Junior?" she whispered. "If I let you hammer my pleasure-hole…could we keep it just between us?"

"Yes ma'am."

"I do love your father, but that little dick of his just can't scratch my sexual itch, if you know what I mean?"

Jessica reached down and grasped the hem of her long gown. As she stood up, she shed it completely off and it drifted through the air and onto the floor. Junior gasped out loud as he gawked at his mother's naked body. Her enormous breasts were like two big basketballs of flesh, with wide, thick-textured

areolar rings that were dotted with tubercles. Fat swollen nipples protruded out from the center of her tit-caps making the boy lick his lips with desire.

"Do you like what you see, darling boy?" she asked.

"Very much!" he answered as his eyes drifted down her sculpted hourglass figure. Below her cute navel, her trim belly tapered down to the V of her shaved pubis. A well-pronounced cuntal cleavage marked the entrance to her pit of pleasure.

"Why don't you stand up, so I can see how much you've grown down there," requested the mother.

As Junior stood, the sheet slid off his crotch. His boner branched out from his groin at an upward angle, nearly ten-inches long and

extraordinarily thick. His penile engorgement had caused his foreskin to peel back, unshrouding a fat juicy knob.

"Oh, darling…you're built like a thoroughbred," Jessica gasped, her mouth hanging open in shock. She stared…bedazzled, as a big gob of pre-jizz wept from her boy's piss-slit and oozed towards the floor in form of a big slimy sting.

"Let's get that big bell tip somewhere dark and warm, shall we?" she cooed, kicking off her dainty heels, revealing sexy little bare feet with bright red toenails. Jessica's boobies leaped up and down as she rushed to her teen and sprung from the floor like a graceful ballerina.

"Whoa!" Junior blurted as his face was suddenly kissing her squishy cleavage. He grasped onto the cheeks of his mom's meaty ass as she threw her long lovely legs around him. He felt her reach around and claw at his prick, fitting his fat sensitive knob to her fuck-socket.

The boy's leaking bell tip pried her vulvar lips open, pushing up into her vaginal vestibule. His mom's glandular secretions smeared across his bulbous tip, mixing with his own leaking pre-jizz to lubricate their union. His fat knob stretched her vaginal opening, slipping through the remnants of her hymen and up inside the hot tube that had once squeezed him out at birth.

Jessica was right about one thing. Her pussy was lined with rows of exquisitely-ribbed vaginal pleats. This created intense sensations around the tender pink slab of her son's cock as it sunk through the slick warm sleeve of her sex organ.

"Mommy's gonna dance on your pole, baby!" she mewled.

"Holy heavens, what's that?!" he gasped, feeling his glans kiss the puffy head of her cervix.

"That's the back of mommy's pussy, baby. You're in me all the way. You've filled my entire cunt with thick cock," Jessica moaned, then began bobbing her big ass up and down, riding her boy's big bullhorn.

The beautiful redhead clung to her teen…her arms and legs harnessed tightly around him, while her lovely round rump bobbed up and down. Her lovely derriere rippled wonderfully at it smacked against his crotch, making a lewd creamy slapping sound reverberate through the walls of his bedroom.

"Oh, Junior…this is just what mommy needed!" Jessica squealed, feeling her teen's thick muscled cock plunge through her fuck tube.

While his mom bounced on his steely prick, Junior delighted in the feel of her fat squishy jugs sloshing against his bare chest. He could feel her engorged teats prodding against his flesh, making him wanna suck them even more than he already did.

Jessica cradled her boy's face with her hands, then kissed him passionately with her big bright-red lips. The mother was a skilled kisser, with a long thick tongue. It lashed wildly in her boy's mouth, and he did his best to reciprocate with his own licker.

After a couple minutes of deep smooching and steady fucking, the mother gazed wondrously into Junior's eyes. "Throw us onto the bed…and get ready to fuck the shit out of me!!" she panted.

Junior did just as she asked, turning and jumping onto the bed, with Jessica still clutching tightly. Her back hit the soft mattress, so that her boy was now on top of her. The mother's long silky legs extended back in a huge wide-open V, with her dainty feet pointed back towards Junior's headboard. Her sexy feet trembled, her painted toes spreading apart in ecstasy as pleasure shot the her divinely-sculpted body.

The boy growled lustfully, throwing his ass up and down wildly between his mom's splayed thighs as he beat his dick through her snug cuntal sleeve. With each thrust his knob knocked against the head of her cervix, causing Jessica to gasp in pleasure.

"Thrust your boner in deep and hold it there, baby boy," she whimpered.

Junior socked his prick in all the way, fully sheathing his erection in warm juicy pussy.

"Fuck, mom!" the teen gasped, feeling her tighten her fuck muscles around his aching prick.

"That feels magical, doesn't it darling?" the mother cooed. "Mommy knows just how to make your young balls tingle."

"Yes!"

"She knows just what it takes to make the cream drool out of the slit of your pisser!" Jessica hissed, bringing her legs down and wrapping them around him, keeping her boy locked between her thighs.

The horny mother began to writhe beneath him. Junior's bed rocked and whined violently as they wrestled in full penetration, making the boy's knob dig down into the head of her cervix.

"It feels too good," he whimpered as they rocked back and forth.

"I know it does, baby doll…and that's what's so wonderful about it."

For several more ball-clenching minutes, the teen felt his cunt-smothered glans tingle

"Now…make your balls beat against mommy ass, and send her to paradise," Jessica mewled.

The boy dropped his full weight against her, crushing her squishy tits against him. Then he reached down and grasped on to her meaty butt-cheeks, his fingers sinking in to the fatty flesh as he started fucking with everything he had.

The gasping, moaning mother splayed her thighs even wider, drawing her knees back, so her dainty feet hovered in the air and shuddered from the power her teenage son's fuck-thrusts.

Junior's big cum-filled balls beat against the elastic ring of Jessica's asshole as it budded out from between her quivering booty-cheeks.

"Is that all you got, you darling motherfucker?!" she cried out, bouncing her buns off the mattress, meeting her son's thrusts. "Tear me apart with that fucking dick!!"

Junior fucked her as hard and fast as he could, causing his ass to becoming a bobbing blur between Jessica's thighs. "YES! LIKE THAT!! THAT'S HOW YOU FUCK PUSSY!" the mother screamed out, feeling a mind-blowing climax began to swell in the core of her cunt.

Junior's big muscular dick thundered through his mom's fuck tube, lighting her nerve-endings on fire. Her cunt contracted; the muscles bulged in her pelvic floor. This compressed her juicy pleated tube around Junior's manhood, swaddling her teenager's dick in tight juicy pussy.

Keeping a womb-crushing fuck-pace, Junior raised up on extended arms, so he could look down and watch his mom writhe in ecstasy beneath him. Jessica didn't mind this. She knew her baby would get a wicked thrill watching her giant stiff-nippled udders roll up and down her chest, like buoys in a rough sea.

"I'm gonna cum on you, baby boy!" she announced, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining. "I'm gonna gush hot girl-cum all over your monster dick!!"

Junior watched in wide-eyed fascination as his mom clenched her white teeth together. Her pretty face became masked in pleasure. Trembling uncontrollably, Jessica arched her back, making her wildly-wobbling boobies mushroom outward. She let out a screeching orgasmic grunt that could be heard throughout the entire house. Lucky for her no one else was home.

The pressure around the boy's cunt-plummeting prick was simply too much to for him to endure. "I'm cumming too!!" the teen moaned.

The mother's birthing tube became a swamp of pink contracting genital flesh, marinating in a mixture of gushing orgasmic juices. For several wonderful minutes, the twined couple bucked and trembled, beating their pulsating pissers together in exquisite pleasure.

"Wow…how did I give birth to such a stud of a son," Jessica exclaimed breathlessly, clinging to her boy's limp body. His prick was still fully hard inside her, making her crave another round. It had been a while since she engaged in a heaty doggy-style fuck, and she knew her boy was up for it…literally.

"Maybe dad should help out at work on his day off all the time," stated Junior.

"I think that's a wonderful idea," Jessica agreed, raking her long nails down her boy's back. "I'll suggest it to him as soon as he gets home. Until then…why don't we climb up onto our knees and you can take mommy from behind."

131: Mom’s Slopes

Mom's Slopes.

By Klrxo

At first, I was a bit disappointed that I wouldn't be skiing. Our annual family ski trip in January was something I looked forward to every year. This time around though there was a slight issue; I was nine months pregnant. Yes, not the greatest timing, but that was fine. I had pleasure of a different sort in mind for today. I hoped that my oldest, Taylor , would go along with my idea. We'd been flirting for weeks and I think we both realized that it was only a matter of time before we were fucking each other's brains out.

"Are you guys ready to hit the slopes?" my husband Henley asked as we sat around the table in the lodge restaurant finishing breakfast.

"I AM!!" My youngest daughter Julie shouted, raising her arms in the air.

"Me too! I'm gonna kill it on that mountain today!' stated Kat, my thirteen year old.

"What about you, Taylor. You ready?" Henley asked our son.

Taylor and I looked at each other. We sat side by side at breakfast, as close as we could without raising suspicion. I reached beneath the table and placed my hand on his inner thigh. "You don't have to ski, Tay," I reminded him. 'Tay' was short for Taylor; my cute little nickname for my boy since he was little. "You can come back up to the warm room and hang out with mom today, if you want?" With

my last word I included a flirty wink, letting him know that we'd be doing much more up in the room than just 'hanging out.'

"Amanda, please!" my husband blurted. "I'm sure the kid didn't come all the way up here so he could hang out with his mommy all day."

"Hey, he loves hanging out and doing some snuggly-wuggly with mommy, don't you, sweetheart?" I asked him, raking my long, painted nails up his inner thigh, stopping dangerously close to his cock.

"Sure I do," he blushed.

It was certainly no lie. I constantly let Taylor snuggle with me during his years going through puberty. Together, we would huddle under a big, warm blanket, our bodies tightly twined as we napped or watched movies together. I knew he loved being wrapped in mommy's soft curves. I almost constantly had a erect penis pushed against me. I vividly remember on one such occasion, rolling over on top of him, letting my huge, unfettered breasts mash against his young chest through my thin t-shirt. I could feel his excited heartbeat from the throbbing boy-meat pushing up against my mommy-mound as I gazed down into his eyes dreamily. "Are you gonna make love to me one day, Tay?" I softly asked.

"Sure I will…if you want me to!" he replied.

A year or so later, when he turned seventeen, we were laying on our sides, snuggled beneath the blanket, with me behind him. My soft, shaved legs were twisted around his, my hands beneath his t-shirt, gingerly grazing his chiseled chest with the tips of my nails. I brought my lips to his ear to remind him of his answer a year ago. "Still wanting to make love to me one day, sweetheart?" I whispered.

"Of course," came his response.

Every time I shared a look with my boy as he neared legal age I knew that we were both eagerly thinking about one thing. We were dwelling on the day that was soon coming, when we would pound our pissers together in a passionate fuck. When my newly turned eighteen-year-old looked me in the eyes that morning at breakfast, I think I made it very clear, albeit nonverbally, that the time had come. Pregnant or not, I was ready for him to feel me from the inside.

My husband's voice interrupted my train of thought. "He'll have plenty of time for snuggling when he's home. Right now he has some slopes to carve up!"

I helped my children get their ski gear on, then sent the girls and their father on their way. "Have fun! Be safe!" I advised, then smiled over at Tay as he stood there, all bundled up in his winter gear. "Unzip your coat for a second, sweetheart," I muttered, making sure my husband and the girls were out of sight.

When Tay unzipped, I stepped forward, snuggling inside his coat with him. Earlier, just after we left breakfast, I went to the bathroom and removed my bra for this very moment. I wanted my teen to feel my unfettered tits through my thin cotton sweater, mashed up against him. My son let out an audible sigh as I wrapped my arms up around his back, beneath his Jacket, pulling him against me for a hug. In doing this, I mashed my swollen tits and nine month ripe baby meat against his lean body. I knew he could feel my turgid nipples poking against him. To say I was horny and ready to be royally fucked by him was an understatement.

"I'll be here in the room…if you change your mind," I softly informed him.

"I may just do that," he replied.

I looked into his eyes deeply and smiled. "I bet you won't regret it, if you do," I whispered.

My poor boy looked like he could melt. I always thought it was funny how he crushed on an actress that looked just like me. They say everyone has a twin somewhere and mine was Christina Hendricks. Not only were our facial features the same, but so also was the color of our red hair. Even though she was top-heavy, I was sure my boobs were larger, especially now, since I was pregnant. Sure, I wasn't a fancy actress like she was. I was just a normal stay-at-home mom. My skill set wasn't in a Hollywood studio, but on a bedroom mattress. This mom knew how to fuck…very, VERY well! I knew if my son gave me a chance I would make him blow his wad harder than he ever had.

"Have fun!" I uttered, giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

I sent my boy on his way and sprawled out on the sofa in our room to do some reading. One would think that my desire to fuck Tay was the reflection of a bad marriage, but that wasn't the case at all. I love Henley with all my heart. He was a great husband and father; always there for me when he needed to be. If there was a flaw in our relationship it was in the bedroom and I'm sure that was a factor in my desire to cheat on my marriage. Henley was a premature ejaculator. He could usually hang in there to at least get me off once before he came, but that wasn't nearly enough for me. While he was at work and the kids were in school I would masturbate furiously, getting myself off fifteen to twenty times before fully satisfied. When my hormones kicked in from pregnancy it got even worse. I could hardly look at my son without picturing him on top of me, pounding the hell out of my needy pussy.

Restless and sexually frustrated, I got up off the coach and went to the window of our room. There was a great view of the slopes and all the skiers looked like tiny ants zipping down the mountain. My bra was still off and I pulled my sweater up to my neck, gazing down at my erect nipples. My already large breasts had certainly gone through a lot of prenatal changes. They were huge and milk-swollen. My areola and nipples were a dark pinkish-purple from the increase

in blood flow. My rubbery teats were already leaking and I hadn't even given birth yet. I could see the big blue veins just beneath the flesh, from increased blood flow, running down into my tremendous cleavage. Below it, the huge orb of my pregnant belly stuck out almost obscenely. I was only two weeks away from my due date and was looking forward to having another baby boy.

I could feel the juices of arousal run down my leg. My cunt was smoldering; my vaginal sleeve clenching and quivering…yearning to stuffed by my son's long meaty cock. I knew that Tay would probably shoot off quickly the first time he entered me, but there was a difference between him and my husband. Teenage boys stayed hard and had short refractory periods, allowing them to fuck numerous times, back to back. I thought it was funny that I probably knew my son's body better than he did. I knew what he was capable of sexually, and therefore realized that him and I would be well matched. We were both built and capable of fucking for several mind-blowing hours. I reached up and squeezed my oversized tits, making milk trickle from my nipples as I gazed out the window. "Oh, Tay…please come back and fuck me," I whimpered out loud.

I knew it was selfish of me to think this way, but damnit, I had to snuggle with that gorgeous teen for several years without ravaging him. Now, he was technically an adult, and just knowing that we could be screwing our asses off right now was killing me!

"I'll lure him back," I said out loud. "I'll lure him back and make it impossible for him not to wanna bury his cock inside me!"

Luckily, I had the foresight to pack something sexy on this trip. I put it on, did a little primping, then checked myself out in the full sized mirror. "Amanda, you are one sexy fucking MILF!" I thought.

The lingerie was a pale pink floral laced babydoll. It had a plunging neckline, leaving my cleavage center stage. The sheer mesh, with

beautiful floral and scalloped lace, showed off my sensual feminine curves. To complete the look was a matching G-string. I knew the outfit was sure to get my son's attention and harden his young cock. I struck a sexy pose, thrusting my oversized tits out. I just loved how I could see my puffy, pinkish-purple areolas and nipples through the sheer laced fabric. The way my big, round baby-ball stuck out of the divide in the nightie was sure to make my son come running, so he could rub his hot, throbbing cock all over it. I took a picture of myself in the mirror and texted it to him. "Do you miss me yet?" I wrote beneath the attached photo.

I certainly didn't expect to get a response so quickly. "Damn, mom… nice outfit! And yes, of course I miss you!" his message read.

I wasn't a big fan of texting. I always found it a waist of time when you could just call a person and have a conversation without waiting. I dialed my son and he answered. "How's the skiing going, sweetheart?" I asked.

"Good. It would be more fun if you were up here with us though," he replied.

"Well, not much I can do about that right now," I said, patting my big round tummy. "I'm afraid all this pregnant mom can do is hang around here today…and think about you."

"What about me?" my son asked.

"Do you REALLY wanna know?"

"Sure!"

"Ok…I've been thinking about how bad I wanna cuddle with you, on the bed, under the big, warm blanket," I confessed.

"That doesn't sound so bad right now," said Taylor.

"No? Then why don't you ditch those skis, sweetheart, and come back to the room. I'm sure your dad and sister won't be coming back anytime soon. They can enjoy their skiing…and we could have our own fun."

"What type of fun did you…um, have in mind?" my boy asked.

I smiled, twirling my hair flirtingly. "The naughty kind," I answered in a sensual tone.

"The naughty kind?"

"Uh-huh. The kind where we both get naked, crawl under the blankets and then…well, then we can see what COMES UP."

"I think we both know what that'll be," Tay boldly replied.

"Yep, we do…and the last thing we want is for it to get cold. So…we might just have to find a nice warm, cozy place for you to put it, while we roll around on the bed and make out."

"Seriously?!" he excitedly asked.

"Uh-huh, and don't you worry, baby. Mommy has a place in mind that'll keep that big hunk of peter-meat nice n toasty."

"Damn, mom…would that mean that we'd be….?"

I finished his sentence. "Engaging in some fuck-snuggles? Is that what you want, sweetheart? Do you wanna make love to me today, just like you always said you would?"

"If you'd let me…then definitely, yes!" he replied with eagerness in his voice.

"Well, I guess you better get back down here then, so you can get yourself some hot pussy!"

"Wow! On my way!" my son announced.

"I'll be waiting, handsome," I replied, then hung up.

I thought about keeping the nightie on, but then changed my mind. He had already seen it on me in the photograph, and I felt that Tay and I had moved beyond wearing clothes today, at this point. I was ready for him to see me in the raw. When he rushed inside the room his eyes got as big as saucers. I stood by the bed as naked as I could be. Taylor's eyes stared at my heavy tits, his expression filled with lustful desire. I motioned him forward with my hands, making my milkers jostle on my chest. "Come here, baby…let me strip you," I requested.

Taylor walked forward, joining me at the foot of the bed. I quickly took off his clothes, stripping him down to his briefs. Crouching down in front of him, I grabbed the elastic waistband, then pull his underwear down his legs, making his erect cock spring upward. "Good grief, Tay!" I gasped delightfully. "It's huge!"

"Do you like it?" he asked, peering down at me.

"Like it? I love it! It's beautiful, sweetheart!"

I wasn't just saying that to make him feel good. My son had a whopper of a cock! It had to be nine inches long, at least, with bulging blue veins crisscrossing up the shaft. The shiny pink knob was fat, with a broad coronal ridge. His erection had a wonderful upward curve, perfect for G-spot stimulation. "He's gonna make my fucking toes curl with that thing!" I thought, staring at it lustfully.

I stood back and gazed my boy in the eyes. "Ready to get naughty, baby?" I asked.

"More than ready!" he answered, then took my hand as I led him onto the big bed. We slipped under the fluffy comforter together and

I guided him exactly where I wanted him. "Lay on your back," I whispered.

Taylor's body shuddered as I lowered down on top of him. The feel of my soft, squishy tits and big pregnant belly must of felt divine mashing down on his young body. I certainly know I was thrilled by the feel of him against me and simply couldn't wait for his lean, exuberant frame to be between my thigh, savagely fucking me.

I lowered my lips to his and we shared a few slow, sensual kisses. "Mmm, this is exactly the moment we've been waiting for, isn't it, sweetheart?" I whispered.

"Yes!" he replied.

"You've been wanting to make love to me since you hit puberty and now, here we are…seconds away from really getting it on."

"I'm really nervous," my boy expressed.

I took his cheeks in my hand, staring at him intently. "Don't be. You'll do wonderful. I don't want you to worry about cumming too quickly this first time," I advised. "I just want you to fuck me until you ejaculate, ok?"

"All right," Taylor anxiously answered.

We locked lips again. This time for a fiery French kiss. Our frantic tongues dueled inside my son's mouth. I knew if he fucked the way he kissed I was in for a real treat. I could feel my cunt-hole smoldering. I desperately needed my son to be buried to his nut-sack inside me. With one quick motion, I rolled us over, letting him

take the top; communicating nonverbally that I was ready to be penetrated. I drew my knees back, splaying open my thighs, just as I had when I squeezed my boy's little body out eighteen years ago. Now it was time for part of him to go back home. Time for him

experience the sensational pleasures that a mother's hole could provide.

As our tongues continued dancing, I felt the broad tip of Tay's penis pry open my outer lips. I gasped inside his mouth as I felt his blood-engorged crown slip past the remnants of my hymen and sink into my well-lubricated vagina. My sweethearts first thrust was just how I always imagined. He jabbed his muscled meat through the tube of my cunt, until I felt his mushrooming knob turn slightly upward against the head of my cervix.

For a wondrous moment we were locked in full penetration. I tightened all my fuck-muscles around him, making him moan through his nose. I had always valued the importance of keeping a tight vagina by doing a daily regiment of Kegel exercises. I knew what my baby was feeling was as good as a pussy could get.

We gasped in unison as our lips separated. "Fuck me, Tay!" I hissed, staring up into his wonder-filled eyes.

My boy began to do what all lucky boys do…thrust his tender cock into hot pussy. I watched his eyes double in size as he stared down at my enormous tits, watching the way they rolled and rippled on my chest to his fuck-rhythm. I adored the way his lean torso sunk down into the meat of my pregnant belly. His unborn brother's fetus was trapped between us.

I tugged at my son's shoulders, pulling his body down flat against mine. While doing this, I wrapped my shaved legs around his humping frame, high on his back, so I could use them to pump my pussy up on his satisfying stiffness. The feel of my son's cock

plowing through me was glorious! His penile meat was hot and incredibly stiff. I could feel it flexing with even more blood, stretching and gliding along the pleats of my cunt-tube. I tightened my pelvic floor muscles, creating even more friction for him, which resulted in my boy moaning in ecstasy.

Now, we were in the heat of intercourse, and our bodies began to feverishly fuck like mindless animals. The big bed began to rock and creak as our tempo intensified. Usually, with my husband, my orgasm wouldn't begin building this quickly. However, this wasn't a middle aged man with an average cock on top of me. This was a big dicked teenager, full of vitally, and also one who was clearly confident in his ability to fuck.

I suspected, by the curve of Taylor's cock, that he'd be able to plow my G-spot exquisitely. I was right! His fat, spongy knob dug against the lining of my upper wall, stimulating my clitoral root. Within seconds I was swept away in a body-trembling orgasm. My boy pounded me straight through it, like a true, cunt-fucking champion.

I had watched my boy win awards, hit homeruns at baseball games…receive all sorts of school accolades. However, nothing made me prouder than how he fucked my pussy this hard, and for this long without squirting his wad. The wonderful sound of his cum-swollen balls beating against my ass filled the room as he pummeled his cock through my needy hole. This made me quickly arrive at orgasm number two.

I could feel my vestibule squeezing and pulsing around the girth of Taylor's erection, squirting out hot female ejaculate. I heard my boy gasping and grunted as he experienced the divine sensation of a grown woman cumming on his young cock. I felt his dreamy dong swell up even bigger, then Taylor let out a guttural grunt and began

hosing out spunk inside me. I rocked my baby for the longest time, milking him with clenching squeezes of my vagina, letting him drain every drop inside me.

This was the point where my husband would roll off of me in exhaustion, but not my boy. We continued kissing, letting our fully-joined genitals marinade in our love-juices. I rolled him over onto his back and continued smooching with him. Now it was time for him to

see his mom show off! While our tongues played wildly, I rubbed my spongy tits all over him, smearing his chest with the slippery nectar that leaked from my nipples. This got just the reaction I was hoping for, making his boner flex back to full hardness.

"Ready for round number two, baby?" I asked, sitting up and propping my extended arms astride his head.

"I'm ready!" he replied, staring at the giant tits looming above him.

"Now you get to see what we mommies do best!" I stated, then began fucking him. I knew, since Taylor had just cum, I'd be able to really ride and grind the fuck out of him; something I was rarely able to do with his father. I was kind of surprised how I didn't feel a drop of guilt cheating on Henley. I knew it wasn't his fault that he was older and only had an average-sized cock. I loved my husband, but I wasn't about to ignore the obsession I had with our gorgeous son, or miss out having passionate sexual intercourse with him.

"Do you like those big titties, baby?" I asked Tay as he watched my mammaries bounce around heavily.

"I sure do!" he replied.

"You know…since your brother's not born yet, all that sweet tit-nectar is going to waist. Would you like to nurse on my nipples, while I fuck you?"

"Hell yes!" he anxiously answered.

I lowered my meaty melons around his face, letting him get lost in my cavernous cleavage. Meanwhile, my rounded ass continued rise and fall, plunging my teens muscled peter-meat all the way to my back wall on every plunge. It felt SO fucking wonderful having his swollen knob kiss the entrance to my womb that once held him, while he licked and kissed his way around between my squishy breasts.

Taylor found my nipple and sucked it into his mouth, tugging with his tongue and cheeks. I brought my chest down, knowing it would be even more of a thrill for him if his entire face was buried in warm tit-flesh. I felt his boner give off an excited contraction, making his bell tip mushroom. My reaction was to quickly fuse our crotches and grind on him exquisitely. This caused Tay to squirm in pleasure, subtly bucking his hips and groaning beneath my heavy tit. The way my coital muscles flexed and released over and over, making my spongy vaginal walls chew at his cock, must have been driving my baby wild.

My vigorous movements were driving ME pretty fucking wild too! An earthshattering orgasm hit me out of know where, making me scream, tremble and gush all over my boy and his unyielding dream dick.

Over the next hour I came a half-dozen more times, letting my son take his time on my breasts. I knew they were objects of fascination for him for years and that sucking their flesh was a dream come true for him. When I finally pulled my nipple from his mouth and raised my tits off his face, his expression was priceless. "You look like you just took an hour-long roller coaster ride, baby," I told him.

"That was better than a roller coaster. That was…amazing!" he breathlessly replied.

"Would it also be 'amazing' if mom rode your cock in the reverse Cowgirl position?"

"Oh yes it would!" he blurted.

I turned around, shoved his cock back inside me, then peeked back over my shoulder. "There…now you can stare at my ass like you did my tits," I remarked.

"Can I shove my face between your ass cheeks, like I did to your tits?"

"I think that can be arranged."

While I rode my son this way, my oversized milkers swung up and down, sometimes squirting out milk they were so fucking engorged. If my husband had walked in, he would have got the shock of his life, but the threat of that didn't seem to extinguish my son and I's passion one bit. We fucked mindlessly for nearly a half-hour longer before Taylor and I exploded in mutual climax.

"You wanna know the worst part of this trip?" I asked my son as we lay in bed holding each other, basking in post-sexual bliss.

"What?" he replied.

"That we have to stay one more night and have a two hour trip back home. That means it could be a full day before we have the opportunity to fuck again."

"Not necessarily," said my boy with a smile, reaching for his phone.

"What do you mean?" I inquired, curious as to what he was up to. He quickly texted someone on his phone. "What are you up to?" I asked.

Taylor didn't answer, just stared at his phone for a second.

"Perfect!" he suddenly blurted. "Dad just texted me back. They'll be up there skiing for another hour, which means you were wrong…WE DO have another chance to fuck, right now!"

I quickly climbed up on my hands and knees, pointing my meaty ass back at my determined teen and giving it a horny wag. "Well then… fuck away, baby! Hit that pussy from behind and make me cum all over my favorite dick again!"

Taylor gave me the best doggie-fuck ever…making me cum not once, not twice, but three times before he blasted out his ball-goo inside

me. We were literally scrambling to get our clothes back on minutes before my husband and the girls arrived.

"Why's the window open?" Henley asked. "It's freezing outside!"

"Oh, it um…just got a little hot in here, honey. I think the thermostat in this room is broken or something," I lied. I didn't dare tell my husband that the real reason the window was open was so I could quickly air out the swell of sex from my son and I going at it for nearly two hours.

"Did room service not come back to finish?" my husband asked, looking at the bed. "Why's the mattress stripped?"

"No, they um…said they'd be back with more bedding. They must have forgotten." Of course, I had lied about that too. We had quickly stripped the bed before Henley and the girls got here, not wanting them to find it soaked with Taylor and I's ejaculate. "I'll call down to housekeeping and remind them. Did you guys have fun up on the slopes?"

"We had a great time!" my husband replied, then looked at Taylor. "What happened to you? You disappeared?"

My son and I shared a knowing smile. "I found some other slopes to enjoy," Tay answered him, nearly making me burst out laughing.

My husband fed me a confused look and I shook my head. "It's an inside joke, honey. Don't worry about it."

I glanced at my boy and winked. Even though we had just fucked our asses off, I simply couldn't wait be alone with him again.

132: Mom's Taboo Defense

Mom's Taboo Defense

By Klrxo

Hunter's sleek, red sports car swayed and groaned as it rested behind the old, dilapidated barn on the outskirts of town. From inside came the unmistakable sounds of passion - gasps of breath and moans of pleasure mingled with the occasional creaking of springs from the car's suspension. The windows were thick with steam, obscuring any view of the heated activity taking place within. It was a scene that could have been straight out of a steamy romance novel.

Within the confines of the car, two naked bodies writhed in an intense passion on the backseat. Their perspiration-sheened skin glistened in the dim light, showcasing their stamina from a two-hour long session of lovemaking. Hunter lay sprawled back, his body perched on the edge of the seat as his eyes hungrily feasted on the female straddling his engorged cock. His mother, Brook, eight months pregnant, had her already enormous tits now swollen to a ridiculously large size due to her milk-filled glands. As she rode Hunter's cock with fervor, her swollen belly protruded obscenely with twin fetuses.

She rocked and moved her hips with a feverish intensity, having already reached climax numerous times but still eagerly working towards her next release. The air was thick with their combined scents of sweat and sex, creating an all-encompassing atmosphere of pure carnal desire.

Hunter had a rock hard pillar of cock-flesh that stood strong and sure, the powerful muscle and sinew at its root sustaining the force of the mutual thrusts. Each time it sunk into the depths of Brook's pussy it felt like it was being sheathed in a warm, slippery sheath of velvet.

Brook moaned and bucked her hips harder, her humongous breasts bouncing wildly as she rode her son. Sweat dripped from her forehead, cascading down her chest. Her eyes fluttered, her face contorted with pleasure as she felt herself nearing the edge once more.

Hunter, meanwhile, clenched his fists, feeling the familiar sensation of his orgasm building within him. He grunted and thrust his hips, burying his cock deep inside Brook's pussy. She cried out in response, her nails digging into his thighs as she clung to him.

"Oh, yes…that's so fucking good, baby!" the mother cried out.

Their passion continued to mount, the sound of their flesh slapping together echoing through the car. It was a symphony of lust, unbridled and uninhibited.

An overwhelming surge of pleasure coursed through Brook, causing her to let out a piercing scream as she collapsed forward onto Hunter. Her body was pressed tightly against his, her swollen breasts and belly sandwiched between them as she convulsed with ecstasy. Hunter, feeling himself nearing climax, clung to her soft flesh and thrust his cock into her slick, gushing pussy with wild abandon. The sensation of Brook's giant milk-engorged udders rippling around his face and her pregnant curves pressing against him only heightened the intensity of his movements. With each savage thrust, their bodies seemed to merge together in a frenzy of desire and release.

Finally, with a massive roar, Hunter erupted deep inside her, breathing in short, sharp gasps as his cock pulsed, spurting his hot seed deep into her womb. Brook's scream of pleasure echoed

through the car as she convulsed with a final release, her pussy squeezing Hunter's cock with an intensity that sent shockwaves of pleasure coursing through his body.

Breathless and slick with sweat, they collapsed onto the seat, their bodies entwined and spent. Suddenly, a sharp rap on the window startled them both. Through the fogged glass, they could see the figure of a police officer standing outside their vehicle. "Police Department. Could you please get dressed and step out of the car?" The officer's voice was stern and authoritative. Brook's heart raced as she looked at Hunter in panic. "Oh no," she whispered, her mind racing with thoughts of trouble and consequences. "We're in big trouble, honey."

The next day, Pamela James bustled around her bedroom in a frenzy, preparing for another hectic day at the prestigious Law Firm. As she straightened her crisp, black blazer and checked her reflection in the full-length mirror, her husband Mark appeared behind her, also dressed in business attire. He quickly leaned in to kiss her goodbye, but Pamela pulled away with a hint of annoyance.

"Oh, sure, now you want to kiss me," she complained. "You didn't seem too interested last night."

"Sorry, I was exhausted," Mark offered as his defense.

Pamela rolled her eyes, used to this excuse by now. The big breasted, shoulder length blonde was a hypersexual woman with a husband who showed little interest in intimacy. Their daughter came bounding into the room, ready for school.

"Don't forget to bring your homework home today, honey," Pamela reminded her before giving a quick peck on the cheek.

Mark and their daughter left, leaving Pamela to finish getting ready for her busy day at work. The house quieted down as she grabbed

her briefcase and headed down the hallway, mentally preparing herself for the long day ahead.

She hesitated at the bathroom door, which was slightly ajar. The sound of running water could be heard from inside. "Russell, I'm leaving," she announced, her voice echoing in the tiled room. Receiving no answer, she pushed the door open just enough to peek inside. Her eyes widened in shock and embarrassment as she saw her son, Russell, standing under the cascading water, his hand moving furiously up and down his erect cock. The clear shower door provided an unobstructed view of his chiseled, 18-year-old body, making it nearly impossible for any woman to look away from this intimate act.

Pamela's cheeks flushed with warmth as she closed the door behind her and rapped her knuckles against it in a more forceful manner, determined to get her son's attention. After a moment, he finally answered. "I'm leaving," she called out, before continuing down the hallway and out of the house. The sound of her footsteps echoed off the walls, mingling with the distant chirping of birds outside.

All the way to work she couldn't get the image of Russell's cock out of her head. She felt a bit ashamed, but also proud that her son had such a large member and was enjoying himself by engaging in vigorous penile masturbation.

"I have a new case for you," Pamela's boss, Fredrick, told her once she arrived at the Firm.

"Please tell me it's a good one. That last case made me question my sanity," Pamela stated, sipping from her morning coffee.

"A mother and son got caught having sex in a car outside of town, and the charges are still pending. We're representing them in court, so you'll be defending them. You'll need to prepare your strongest argument to avoid the harshest penalties."

Pamela nodded, understanding the severity of the case. She had a reputation for being one of the top defence lawyers in the city and couldn't afford to lose this case.

Her voice was confident and determined. "I'll give it my all like usual, this one sounds…interesting." Her eyes filled with determination and excitement for the challenge ahead.

"Come in and have a seat," Pam's warm, inviting voice beckoned Brook into her office and gestured towards a comfortable seat. The air was tense and heavy with the weight of the situation - both Brook and her son were potentially facing charges of incest. Pam wanted to speak with them individually, to really understand their perspectives and gather all the facts before making any decisions. She hoped that this conversation would shed some light on the difficult and delicate issue at hand.

"Brook, in order to affecttively defend you and your son in court, I need to know the full story. Can you tell me when all this started between you and your son," Pam began.

Brook sighed heavily, her eyes downcast as she tried to find the right words to explain the most intimate and personal aspects of her life. She took a deep breath and began to speak.

"It began last year during the nuclear crisis scare. My husband was out of town for work and it was just Hunter and I hunkered down in our underground bunker on the property," she recounted.

"It was a frightening time for everyone," Brook nodded, recalling her own location during the national emergency.

"The period of uncertainty brought Hunter and I together, creating a bond that we had never known before. Plus, there were other factors that made me…vulnerable," Brook explained.

Pam listened attentively to Brook's story, her expression a mix of empathy and professional curiosity. She knew that the details she was hearing would be crucial to building a strong defense for both Brook and Hunter.

"Can you tell me more about those 'other factors' that made you vulnerable?" Pam gently inquired, sensing that this might be the key to understanding the client's actions.

Brook's hesitation was palpable, her eyes flickering away as she searched for the right words to express her inner turmoil. With a deep breath, she finally spoke, her voice tinged with sadness and vulnerability. "My husband and I...our intimacy has slowly diminished over the years. What used to be a nightly occurrence has become a once-in-a-while event. And then weeks would go by without any physical connection. I couldn't help but take it personally, like I wasn't enough for him."

Pamela's ears perked up as she listened intently, Brook's words striking a familiar chord within her own marriage. She knew all too well the pain of feeling inadequate and unwanted in a relationship that was supposed to be built on love and passion.

Brook's voice trembled as she recounted her experience in the bunker. "The way Hunter looked at me, so intense and full of desire, made me feel wanted again," she said. "It was like a tidal wave of youth and passion had washed over me, awakening all those dormant feelings I thought I had lost." A flush rose to her cheeks as she remembered their physical encounters, filled with a wild and uninhibited energy that she had missed so desperately.

"So, I take it things didn't get any better between you and your husband? Is that why you continued sleeping with your son?" Pamela inquired.

Brook's eyes welled up with tears as she nodded, her voice cracking. "My husband and I tried counseling and things, but it only

seemed to drive us further apart," she confessed. "The intimacy between us just isn't there anymore. And, yes, that's why I continued with Hunter."

Pamela's heart ached for her client, understanding that she was trapped in a loveless marriage where she craved connection. She knew that this case was about more than just the legal aspect; it was about helping Brook and Hunter find some form of justice and healing.

Pamela took a moment to gather her thoughts and formulate a plan. "I need to gather more information about the laws surrounding this case, as well as speak with Hunter," she said, her eyes sharp with determination. "But I promise you, I will do everything in my power to defend you and your son."

Brook nodded weakly, her eyes rimmed with tears. "Thank you, Pam. You have no idea how much I appreciate your help."

Pamela sat down with Hunter, eager to hear his perspective of the events that had unfolded. As he spoke, she couldn't help but notice the striking resemblance between him and her own son, Russell. They both shared a lean build, charming demeanor, and handsome features. It was almost like looking at a year older version of Russell, causing Pamela's heart to swell with motherly affection.

Pamela leaned forward, her gaze piercing as she asked her questions. "When you were alone in the bunker together, or even before that, were you driven by a desire to win your mother's affection?" Her words hung heavy in the air, the tension palpable. "Did you want more than just a familial bond with her? Did you crave intimacy of a sexual nature?" She waited for a response, her eyes never leaving his face. The weight of her inquiries felt like lead on his chest.

Hunter hesitated, a mix of guilt and shame washed over his face. He knew that his actions were wrong but he couldn't deny the feelings

he had for his mother. "Yes, I, um…suppose I was trying to get her attention," he answered.

"By doing what exactly?"Inquired Pamela, her voice a gentle mix of curiosity and compassion.

"There were a few instances, before the bunker, that I attempted to showcase my physique to her, hoping to pique her interest."

Pamela leaned forward, interest piqued at this revelation. The incident with her own son that morning still lingered in her thoughts.

"Can you describe how you went about it?" she asked, her voice laced with curiosity and concern.

A hint of embarrassment crept into his voice as he spoke. "There were a few times that I found myself, well, aroused in her presence," he admitted. "I wanted her to notice, to be intrigued by my size, which I knew was above average for someone my age." He couldn't help but feel a twinge of pride at the thought, despite his current predicament.

Pamela's mind couldn't stop replaying the events of that morning with Russell. The swirl of emotions and questions buzzed through her head, like a swarm of angry bees. She couldn't understand why he hadn't answered her the first time she knocked, and it made her wonder if he was playing the same game that Hunter had confessed to playing with his mom - purposely flaunting his body for attention.

"So, once you started having sex with your mother, you couldn't stop yourself, even after the two of you came out of the bunker?" Pamela asked.

"No, it was too exciting and felt amazing,"Hunter admitted, his face flushing. "I didn't want to stop. We had sex every day, and sometimes it would go on for hours. I loved every second of it."

Pamela listened to Hunter's confession, her heart heavy with the weight of his words. She knew that defending her clients would be a challenge, but she was determined to give them the best representation possible.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the neighborhood, Pamela returned home to find her house enveloped in peaceful silence. Her daughter was at ballet practice and Mark was still at the office, as he often was. She padded down the hallway, the soft carpet cushioning her steps, until she reached her son's door. With a gentle knock, she poked her head inside his room, taking in the sight of him sprawled across his bed with his phone in hand. The faint blue light from the screen cast shadows on his face, highlighting his furrowed brow as he concentrated on his game. "Hey there, kiddo," she said softly, smiling at the sight of him.

As his mother waved at him from the doorway, he half-heartedly waved back while trying to focus on his game. Mark lay on the bed, shirtless, and Pamela couldn't help but let her eyes roam over his chiseled physique with a look of admiration. His chest was sculpted and defined, and she could see the faint outline of his abdominal muscles beneath his skin. A noticeable bulge strained against the fabric of his shorts, drawing her eyes downwards. Smirking, Pamela sashayed over to his bedside and sat down, her gaze still lingering on his body.

"You're really putting in the effort to get my attention, huh?" she teased playfully, her eyes flickering down to the impressive bulge in his pants. Inappropriate or not, it was hard not to notice its size and shape.

"What do you mean?" he asked, playing stupid.

"You know what I mean," she said, her tone shiftier than a junkyard dog. "You've been trying to get my attention for a while now. If not

with your charming smile and wit, then maybe with something else?" she said, her eyes never leaving his crotch.

Mark laughed nervously, trying to brush off the comment. "I was just... you know, working out earlier," he stammered, his cheeks flushing a deep red. "I want to get stronger, be more... manly."

Pamela raised an eyebrow, her gaze still locked on the impressive bulge. "Is that so?" she asked, her voice low and sultry. She reached out and lightly squeezed his thigh, her fingers brushing against the fabric that concealed his growing arousal. "Well, if that's the case, I think you're doing a great job."

Mark's jaw dropped as he took in the sight of his mom's monstrous cleavage spilling out of her low-cut blouse. Her H-cup breasts were like two perfectly round orbs straining against the fabric, begging to be freed from their prison. "Oh my," Mark stammered, unable to tear his gaze away. He had always know his mom had an impressive bust, but seeing it up close was a whole new experience. "Th-thank you," he managed to say, feeling his face flush with heat.

Pamela's voice was gentle and hesitant, colored with a hint of nervousness. "Honey, can I ask you something personal?" she inquired, her eyes searching his face for permission to continue. "And you'll answer me with complete honesty?"

Russell's eyebrows raised in surprise at the request, but he nodded slowly. "Um...sure."

Her hand reached out to rest on his arm, her touch light yet comforting. "Whatever your answer is, you won't get in trouble, I promise," she reassured him. "I just feel like as mother and son there should be complete transparency in our relationship."

He couldn't help but smile at her earnestness. "I agree," Russell nodded. "I'll answer honestly."

"Have you been having…sexual thoughts about me?" she asked, letting the question linger in the air.

"Sexual thoughts?" he repeated nervously.

"Yes, sexual thoughts," Pamela confirmed, her voice steady despite the strange situation they found themselves in. "Have you...ahem, fantasized about being, um, intimate with me?"

Russell's heart rate picked up at her forthrightness, but he tried to remain composed. "Uh, yeah...sometimes," he admitted, his face turning a deep shade of red. "But I know it's not normal...or right."

Pamela's pulse quickened as she tried to process Russell's unexpected confession. She had sensed his attraction towards her, but now she was curious to know the full extent of his desires. "I can't help but wonder...what kind of fantasies have you been having about me?" Her voice held a mix of intrigue and trepidation, wondering what lurked beneath the surface of his thoughts. "Be honest, honey. I'm not gonna tell your father so you don't have to worry."

Even though he knew it might shock her, Russell decided to be totally honest and explicit. "In my fantasies, no one else is home but us, kind of like now, and I'm fucking you hard and fast on my bed, making you cum," he shared, then glanced at her breasts again. "And I'm sucking on your tits too."

Pamela's mind raced as she processed the intensity of Russell's fantasy. It was a mix of excitement and fear that coursed through her veins. The thought of him thinking about her in that way, and the idea of their relationship crossing such a boundary, was both thrilling and daunting.

"Russell," she started, her voice barely above a whisper. "Please don't think I'm mad or disgusted. I just... didn't know... I want to understand."

He saw the way her eyes were fixed on his lips, the subtle hint of oiliness around her lips as she licked them. This woman was not only a mother, but also a sexual being. He was torn between fear of disappointing her and the desire to give her what she asked for.

"Do you want to know more?" he asked, his voice a mere whisper.

"Yes, honey," Pamela whispered back, her voice barely audible over the sound of her pounding heart. "I wanna understand. I need to know."

"I picture myself pleasuring you better than dad does ever. I'd start by kissing your neck, gently, but with passion," he explained, mirroring the softness of her voice. "Then I'd slowly work my way down, licking your collarbone, your chest, and finally your boobs. I'd suck on your nipples, hard, until you're moaning and squirming beneath me."

Pamela's eyes widened as she listened to Russell's description, her heart pounding in her chest. Her mind was filled with a mix of excitement and fear, wondering what it might be like to have her son touch her that way.

"And then what?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper as she felt her breathing quicken.

"I'd peel your delicate lace panties off and slide inside you, letting you feel the full length and girth of me," he whispered, his words causing Pamela's eyes to dart down to his crotch once again. Russell knew this was his chance to flaunt the power of his cock. With a swift movement of his hips, he thrust his bulging member towards the ceiling, the outline of it pressing against the fabric of his shorts like a wild beast trying to escape its cage.

Pamela's eyes widened in amazement as she watched his impressive erection strain against the confines of his clothes. The shape of his tip was clearly defined, resembling a plump mushroom bursting from

its stem. A small wet spot began to form on the front of his pants, evidence of just how aroused he was. She couldn't help but feel her own body respond to the sight before her.

"And then what?" she repeated, her voice barely above a whisper as she continued to gaze at his bulging crotch.

"I'd thrust into you slowly at first, making sure you're ready for me," he continued, his voice growing more confident with each word. "I'd slide in deep, then pull back, teasing your tight entrance before plunging back in. I'd hold you close, feeling your warm body underneath me, your hot breath on my neck as you moan my name."

Pamela could feel her own arousal growing with each word he spoke, her thighs clenching together at the thought of his hard length thrusting into her. She reached down, running her fingers over her lace panties, feeling the dampness between her legs.

"And then?" she asked, her voice barely audible over the sound of her own pounding heart.

"And then I would thrust harder, faster, filling you completely with my rock-hard cock, hitting your G-spot with each stroke, making you scream with pleasure," he breathed, his voice low and filled with desire. "I'd grip your hips tightly, riding you like a wild stallion, until I could hold back no longer. I'd feel myself exploding deep inside you, your tight walls milking every drop from me as I cum hard, filling you with my seed."

Pamela gasped, suddenly standing as her clit throbbed so hard it felt like she may cream in her panties. Russell's graphic description of his fantasy had clearly rocked her core. "Honey, you

need to try to stop having these thoughts. I'm your mother and it's not right," she said sternly, regaining some of her composure.

Russell took a deep breath, trying to gather his thoughts. He knew what he had just shared was wrong, but the desire was too strong to ignore. "I'm sorry, mom. I'll try to stop thinking about it."

Pamela couldn't help but feel conflicted. On one hand, she was horrified by her son's fantasies, but on the other hand, the very idea of him desiring her sexually sent shivers down her spine.

She looked at him, studying his face. He looked ashamed and guilty, but also eager to please her. Something stirred within her, a mixture of motherly concern and arousal, as she realized she might have inadvertently invited this conversation.

She swallowed hard, trying to suppress the growing heat between her legs. "We can talk more about this later. I need to get a shower and get dinner started,"she said, turning away from him.

Russell's eyes trailed the curve of her body as she strolled away, the graceful sway of her hips captivating his attention. Pamela had a prominent bubble butt, and Russell couldn't help but imagine what it would look like bared and rippling as he beat against her from behind in a passionate doggy-style fuck. His mind conjured up images of their bodies entwined in ecstasy, fueled by the tightness and rhythm of her movements.

Pamela's mind reeled as she processed Russell's graphic fantasies. The images he described shocked and intrigued her, stirring a deep longing within her. The information she had learned about her new case earlier in the day added to the allure, opening up a world of taboo and dangerous sexual possibilities. She felt herself being drawn towards the edge of desire, eager to explore this uncharted territory with him.

Pamela's body was buzzing with desire as she once again tried to initiate sex with her husband that night. The throbbing ache between her legs begged for release, but her husband brushed her off with his usual excuse of exhaustion. Frustration and anger boiled

inside her, leaving her feeling unsatisfied and neglected, causing her to resort to masturbating in the shower.

Pamela greeted Brook in her office the next day. "I appreciate you meeting with me again," she said. "I want to gather more background information so I can build a strong case for your defence when we go to court."

"Whatever I can do to help, Pamela," Brook replied. "Thanks for taking on my case. I know it's unconventional, but I really appreciate your dedication."

Pamela's smirk widened as she spoke, her eyes lighting up with a mix of amusement and intrigue. "It's not every day I get to work on a case that delves into the complex dynamics of a mother and son relationship," she said, her tone dripping with intrigue. "I have a son who is just a bit younger than Hunter, so it really hits close to home and puts things in perspective for me."

Brook arched an eyebrow at her comment, intrigued by Pamela's personal experience "Do you two…?"

"No, we don't."

"Sorry to ask such a personal question. I was just surprised to find out how many mothers and sons are actually doing it together," Brook stated.

Pamela interjected, her tone confident and assertive. "This is a crucial point to emphasize during the trial," she stated firmly. "In today's society, the taboo of incest among consenting adults has been significantly diminished, and there are often deeper

underlying factors that contribute to such relationships." Her words were laced with expertise and conviction, reflecting the extensive research she had undoubtedly conducted on the topic.

"I couldn't agree more," Brook nodded, impressed with her legal strategy. "I've heard cases where both partners have found comfort and intimacy within their familial relationships," she said. "It's not about the act, but rather the connection and understanding between them that matters."

Pamela made a point of nodding, her expression thoughtful. "You're right, Brook. In this case, your desire for Hunter was fueled by a need for connection and intimacy that you weren't getting from your husband. And while it may not be a typical relationship, it was one that you both clearly needed in a time of helplessness and uncertainty."

Brook couldn't help but feel a surge of warmth at Pamela's understanding of their situation. She had always known there was something unique about her bond with Hunter, but she had never had anyone validate it quite like this.

"You really get it, don't you?" Brook said, her voice slightly shaky. "You understand how we felt, and how much we needed each other."

Pamela nodded, her expression compassionate. "I do," she said. "Off the record, I also have a husband who lacks when it comes to showing sexual affection."

"I'm so sorry," Brook stated sympathetically. "If they could only be like our boys and think about sex all the time."

"Isn't that the truth," Pamela giggled. "My son, Russell, is constantly masturbating. He definitely has his mom's libido."

"When did women start excepting the whole 'older man' thing?" Brook asked. "We all know that we're paired so much better with teenage boys."

"Well, at least in the case of you and your son, most would say it wasn't the healthiest or most socially acceptable way to cope, but it was a way to connect with someone who truly understood you."

Pamela's mind was swirling with thoughts as she worked on formulating her case to present to the jury. She was deep in concentration when there was a knock at the door. Her boss, Fredrick, stepped inside her office and presented her with an item that may throw a wrench in their defense.

"What's this?" Pamela asked, her brows furrowed in confusion.

"It's a sex recording," Fredrick answered, his tone grave.

"A sex recording?" Pamela repeated, disbelief evident in her voice.

"Yes, presented as evidence in the case by the prosecutor," Fredrick confirmed.

Pamela's heart sank as she realized the potential impact of this new piece of evidence. "Seriously?!" she exclaimed.

"Yep. Apparently they retrieved it off the son's phone, taken in the backyard bunker AFTER the crisis had ended. It won't be seen in court due to its graphic content, but it could still be used against us by the prosecution," Fredrick explained grimly.

As soon as her boss had left the room, Pamela's curiosity bubbled up like a pot of boiling water. With trembling hands, she reached for her laptop and clicked on the recording file.

As the camera focused in, Hunter's face appeared with a wide smile and his bare chest glistening with sweat. His breaths came out in

heavy pants, like an athlete in the midst of a grueling marathon. The camera then panned down to reveal his mom's thick, meaty buttocks thrusting up and back, slapping against his toned midsection. Each

time they struck, layers of fat and muscle rippled across Brook's buttocks. On both cheeks were several red welts in the shape of handprints, evidence of the recent spanking Brook had received from Hunter. "It's just another day in the bunker," Hunter gasped out. "We still enjoy our private hideaway down here, don't we mom?"

Brook peeked back at him with a devilish grin, her short hair matted and slick with sweat, evidence of their intense session. "I think it's pretty obvious how much we're enjoying it," she gushed breathlessly, her cheeks flushed with desire. Suddenly, she let out a joyous scream as Hunter's palm connected with her ass-cheek, sending a sharp stinging sensation through her body. Pamela couldn't tear her eyes away from the scene as she watched in captivation, the raw passion between the two lovers palpable in the air.

With his camera in hand, Hunter expertly zoomed in on the intimate act before him. His cock, thick and pulsing with vigor, plunged into Pamela's pussy from behind, driving deep within her with each forceful thrust. As she watched, mesmerized, Pamela couldn't help but be impressed by the strength and sturdiness of Hunter's member as it pounded against the most private part of Brooke's body. The young rod glistened with their combined juices, a testament to the intense pleasure they were experiencing together. Every ridge and vein of Hunter's shaft was accentuated by the slickness of their lovemaking, showcasing the raw power and musculature of his manhood.

Pamela couldn't help but reflect on the sight of Russell's strong erection, how it had flexed beneath his pants in her presence. She could only imagine the thickness of his shaft, like Hunter's, pulsing

with blood and testosterone, already moist with precum and ready for one thing: to pleasure a woman's most intimate parts. The thought sent shivers down her spine as she longed to feel that masculine power within her own body.

The video on her laptop cut to the upper bunk within the bunker. Hunter had carefully positioned the camera at the head of the bunk, capturing a downward angle that exposed every inch of their naked bodies as they lusted in a frenzied rhythm. Hunter couldn't help but chuckle at the way Brook's body contorted and writhed beneath him, her face masked in pleasure as she clawed at his back. Her jumbo-sized tit bounced and rippled wildly between them as Hunter thrust into her with relentless intensity, their bodies slick with sweat and desire.

Pamela's heart rate quickened and her breaths came in short gasps as she watched with fascination. She couldn't help but wonder if Russell could make her come just as hard as Brook was right now. Despite being familiar with porn, Pamela had never witnessed such raw, carnal pleasure before. The way Brook's silky legs trembled from the intensity of her climax, her nails digging into Hunter's back as she pulled him closer, made Pamela's own pussy throb and tingle with desire. As she watched Brook's pretty face contort in a mixture of pain and pleasure, unleashing ear-piercing screams of orgasm, Pamela couldn't resist the urge to touch herself. The fact that they were all alone, deep underground, gave Pamela a thrill. The idea that Brook could scream and moan as loudly as she wanted without fear of anyone hearing them was fascinating. It was like their own secret world of unbridled passion and it sent shivers down her spine.

Pamela was mesmerized by Hunter's unwavering rhythm and stamina as they passionately entwined. Time seemed to stand still as minutes turned into tens, then twenties, then thirties, and still

Hunter did not falter or slow down. Pamela could only marvel at the teenage boy's incredible talent and strength, his taut muscles flexing with each thrust, his hips rotating with precision as he drove his steely cock deep inside her, bringing Brook was to one body-trembling orgasm after another. Meanwhile, Pamela couldn't help but wonder if her own son could match Hunter's vigor and endurance.

With each passing moment, she found herself lost in the intense sensations coursing through her body.

With a shaky voice, Hunter eagerly exclaimed, "Oh yeah, here we go!" as the shot cut to Brook mounting him from the top. Pamela watched with bated breath as his throbbing member disappeared into Brook's glistening, shaved pussy. With wild abandon, she began to ride him, their crotches colliding in a wet and rhythmical dance. The sounds of moans and gasps filled the room as their bodies moved together in perfect harmony. Hunter's camera was engulfed in rippling waves of tittie-flesh, adding to the intense and sensual experience. "Yes! Oh, shit, yes!" Hunter gasped excitedly, unable to contain the thrill.

Pamela reached into her panties and began to stroke herself, her breaths growing heavier as she lost herself in the sight of their passion. The thought of her own son's erection began to haunt her, and she couldn't help but wonder what he would feel like inside of her. As her climax quickly approached, she suddenly heard footsteps outside her door.

Pamela froze, her heart pounding in her chest. She quickly closed the video file and pretended to be engrossed in her paperwork, but her mind was still racing with thoughts of the raw and uninhibited passion she had just witnessed. The implications of the sex recording were unclear, but one thing was certain: she couldn't shake the feeling that she was having towards her own son at that moment.

Her mind drifted to thoughts of sharing the same sense of seclusion with Russell in the underground bunker. The thought of being shut off from the outside world, just the two of them and their innermost secrets, sent a thrill through her. The walls of the bunker would hold their whispers close, shielding them from the chaos above ground. It would be a place for them to let down their guard and truly connect on a deeper level. The idea sparked a desire within her, imagining all

the possibilities and adventures they could have in their underground sanctuary.

"Your spending the night in a bomb shelter?"Her husband Mark asked, his eyebrows raising in surprise and concern.

"Yes, but not by myself, that would be creepy," Pamela replied with a chuckle. "Russell said he would stay down there with me. I know it sounds silly, but my client is fine with it and I think it would really give me some perspective on this case."

"Wait, wasn't this case about a mother and son committing incest?" Mark's tone was incredulous.

"Yes, well you know I can't go into details," Pamela responded calmly, her eyes glinting with determination. "But the underground bunker on their property played a significant role in the history of this case. You know it's not uncommon for defense attorneys to immerse themselves and experience locations that are significant to their case."

"Yeah, I get it," Mark nodded understandingly. "Plus if we have a nuclear crisis tonight, at least I know you and Russell will survive it," he joked.

"Well, added bonus then," Pamela laughed along with her husband.

Pamela and her son embarked on a journey to Brook's vast property, nestled on the outskirts of town. As they drove along the winding road, Russell couldn't help but imagine the adventure that awaited them below ground in the bunker with his stunning mother by his side.

Russell looked over at Pamela with a mischievous gleam in his eye. He couldn't resist asking one of his infamous random sex questions. "Hey, mom," he began, causing her to raise an eyebrow in curiosity. "I know you and dad are always telling me to wear condoms on

dates, but I've been wondering…how exactly do I make sure they don't break on me?" His face turned bright red as he realized the awkwardness of the question, but he couldn't help but laugh at his own audacity.

Pamela chuckled lightly, glancing at her son out of the corner of her eye. "Well, sometimes it just happens, Russell," she said, her voice somber. "But if you want to reduce the chances of it breaking, make sure to use the right size and type of condom that fits comfortably. And of course, make sure it's not expired."

"I buy the largest size condoms they sell and they still break while I'm having sex," Russell remarked.

"Have you tried using lubricant? Maybe she's just too dry. That could be causing the condoms to break as well," Pamela suggested.

"That's not the issue. I just don't think rubbers can handle how hard I like to go at it," Russell laughed in a cock tone.

Pamela's pussy tingled at his comment. "I'm sure they take rough sex into account when they design condoms," she said, raising an eyebrow.

"I don't know, maybe I should just stop fucking girls so hard, that way they don't break on me."

Pamela chuckled, "Why would you do that? You enjoy being rough, don't you?"

Russell nodded, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "Yeah, I do, there just something about going at it like and animal that really turns me on."

Pamela swallowed hard, feeling her own arousal rising at his words. "I can understand that," she replied, her voice lower and huskier than before. "Some girls like to fuck like animals too."

Russell raised an eyebrow at his mother's unexpected response, but decided to let it slide for now. "Are you one of those girls?" he asked teasingly.

Pamela's gaze locked onto her son's and she debated whether to reveal her true feelings. Her heart raced as she thought of the possibility of sharing her secret with him. With a sudden determination, she took a deep breath and replied, "Yes, Russell, I am one of those girls."

"Wow, lucky dad," Russell uttered.

Pamela rolled her eyes. "Ha, your dad wouldn't know a damn thing about fucking like an animal. Some guys have it, some don't. It sounds like you're one of the lucky ones who does."

Russell's face flushed with pride at her compliment. "I've always been told I'm really good at sex, but they may have been saying that just to make me feel good."

Pamela let out a soft, knowing laugh. "Oh, I'm sure it's not just them saying that to make you feel good, Russell. You have a certain… prowess about you that many men don't possess."

"Yeah, well, I never took it seriously," Russell replied, his cheeks red with embarrassment. "I just figured it was part of being young and horny."

Pamela shook her head, a smirk playing on her lips. "Trust me, it's not just youth and hormones, Russell. You have something special, something that can't be taught or learned. You have a certain animalistic… instinct."

Russell's eyes widened at his mother's words, a small spark of excitement igniting within him. "Animalistic instinct?" Russell repeated, a hint of curiosity in his voice.

"Yes, it's obvious that you have the ability to connect with your wilder side, to tap into your primal urges and channel them into your lovemaking." Pamela explained, her eyes never leaving the road ahead. "That's why you like to fuck a girl so hard and make her cum so intensely."

"I guess I never thought about it like that before," Russell admitted. "But it makes sense, I mean, I always get wild in bed."

"It's not something that can be taught, it's just there, deep inside of you."

"It sounds like you have it too?"

Pamela's cheeks flushed at her son's accusation. She was unsure if he had noticed her secret desires, or if he was merely making a suggestive remark. "Yes, I suppose you could say that," she replied, her voice slightly coy. "It's something that's been awakened in me lately, thanks to you, actually."

Russell felt a jolt of excitement at his mother's admission. "Really? How so?" he asked, his curiosity piqued.

Pamela hesitated, her eyes darting to her son's face. "Well, I've realized that my desires are not so far removed from your own. We're both at our sexual peaks after all."

"Which means we both crave hot, nasty sex all the time, right?" Russell teased, with a smirk.

Pamela laughed nervously, her heart racing at the thought of her son connecting the dots. "Yes, well, I suppose that's one way to put it," she replied, her voice low and husky. "Your father just doesn't get it. He doesn't understand that level of intensity or desire, but you do, don't you, Russell?"

"I got it loud and clear, Mom," Russell confessed, a naughty grin spreading across his face.

Pamela gazed over at him intensely. "I'm glad that we understand

each other in that way, honey. It makes our… connection even more special."

As they arrived at the bunker, Brook pressed a button and the steel ladder descended with a faint hum. They descended into the underground space, with Brook leading the way and giving them a quick tour. Despite their expectations of something dark and unwelcoming, they were greeted by a surprisingly warm and inviting atmosphere. The walls were lined with shelves filled with books and board games, while soft lighting illuminated the space. Two separate rooms awaited them - one equipped with two bunks neatly made with crisp sheets, and a large television mounted on the wall; the other serving as a cozy kitchen and dining area, complete with a wooden table and chairs. It was a far cry from the eerie image they had in their minds, and instead felt like a home away from home.

Pamela's eyes scanned the dimly lit underground bunker, taking in the quaint and intimate atmosphere. "It is quite nice down here actually," she admitted with a smile.

Russell nodded in agreement, his gaze wandering around the cozy space. "I could live down here all the time."

His mother and Brook shared a laugh at that. "I'm glad you decided to experience it, even if it is just for one night," said Brook, her tone filled with fondness. She gave her lawyer a meaningful smile. "Hunter and I spent over a week down here and it's still a special place for us to spend alone time together. It's fitting that you brought your son with you so that, in a way, you can experience this place like we did." A sense of nostalgia washed over her as she thought back to their first stay in the bunker, surrounded by love and secrecy.

"I think it'll be an experience we remember," Pamela stated, flashing her son a smile.

"I'll show you how to seal the door behind me," Brook said, her voice echoing off the concrete walls of the bunker. "And if there's anything you need, there's an intercom that goes straight to the house."

Pamela nodded gratefully, taking in her surroundings. The thick, rounded metal door at the top of the ladder stood as a barrier between them and the outside world, with its intricate locking mechanisms and heavy bolts that Brook expertly demonstrated.

"Thanks, but I think we'll be fine," Pamela said confidently. "It's important for me to get the full experience of what you and Hunter had down here, being completely closed off to the outside world."

Brook raised an eyebrow at her determination. "Well, if you want the 'full experience' you'll have to do a little more than that," she teased with a mischievous wink.

Pamela couldn't help but smile back, knowing exactly what Brook meant.

After they closed themselves in the bunker, Pamela couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement at the thought of spending the night with her son, locked away in this hidden refuge.

"It must have been nerve-wracking for them to be down here during all those threats of missile launches. I remember feeling so anxious," Russell shared as he took a seat at the table.

Pamela nodded, "Yes, it was a difficult time for everyone." she sighed. "Brook and her son sought solace in each other while they were here."

She didn't usually discuss her cases with her son, but he was starting to put together the pieces of this particular one. "Was this the mother and son who made headlines for their incestuous relationship?" he asked.

"Yes, that's them. This is where everything began for them. As their lawyer, I wanted to gain some insight that could help me build a strong defense for them."

Russell frowned, his mind racing with the implications of this revelation. "So you came here to live and experience things from their perspective?"

Pamela nodded, "Yes. This bunker is a central piece in their history, and in order to understand them, I need to understand this place. It's part of my job to immerse myself in their lives, even if it means spending the night in an underground shelter with you, my son."

"Does that mean we get to have sex down here, just like they did?" Russell boldly asked with a suggestive grin, his blue eyes sparkling mischievously in the dim light of the bunker.

Pamela couldn't help but burst out laughing at her son's boldness. "Well, based on all the fantasies you shared with me the other day, I have no doubt you'd love that," she replied with a shake of her head.

A sly smile spread across Russell's face. "I think you know the answer to that," he said playfully.

But Pamela quickly moved to change the subject, not wanting to entertain any more playful banter about their newfound living arrangements. She took the tablet from her overnight bag and began walking around the bunker, running her fingers over every surface and carefully examining its interior.

"I need to look around and take some notes. Can you keep yourself busy for awhile?" she asked, turning back to Russell.

Russell nodded and moved towards the couch, sprawled onto it with his phone in hand. "Yeah, I downloaded a game since I knew there wouldn't be any cell reception down here," he replied nonchalantly.

Pamela entered the next room with a sense of anticipation, her mind still reeling from the explicit sex video she had watched and the fact that it took place there. She couldn't help but appreciate the intimate and cozy atmosphere of the top bunk, with its soft mattress and plush pillows. This was the perfect setting for passionate lovemaking, a place where two people could release their deepest desires and surrender to their most primal instincts without any inhibitions. As she imagined Brook and Hunter in this secluded space, consumed by wild abandon and carnal pleasure, she felt a tinge of envy for their uninhibited ecstasy.

As she shifted on the mattress, her gaze landed on a small carving etched into the wall. It was a delicate heart shape, its edges worn smooth by time. Inside the heart, the words "Brook & Hunter" were carefully carved, their letters deep and precise.

She could imagine them lying on the rumpled sheets, their bodies intertwined and slick with sweat after a passionate session of rough sex. They would trace their fingers over each other's skin, leaving trails of heat in their wake. And as they lay there, spent and content, they would carve their names into the wall, as if etching their intense feelings for one another in permanent marker.

As Pamela explored the bunker further, she tried to imagine everywhere Brook and Hunter would have made love while they were alone down here. The kitchen table, the soft rug in front of the television, the tiny shower, even the cold, hard floor - any surface could have been a canvas for their passion.

"I'm sure it's not gonna be a five-star experience, but I'm curious to try the shower,"Pamela told her son as she stepped in the tiny bathroom. "I'll be right out, honey."

Russell raised an eyebrow at her remark. "I may try it after you do, or we could take one together and save water," he suggested with a smirk.

Pamela giggled. "Oh, aren't you full of ideas," she teased back, disappearing into the tiny bathroom. "I'll be right out."

As Russell waited for his mother, he couldn't help but think about their strange situation. To be spending the night in an underground bunker with his mom was certainly not something he had anticipated. But he couldn't deny that there was a certain charm to the place. It was like being transported to another world,

completely disconnected from the outside distractions and the pressures of the world above.

"Your turn," Pamela called out from the bathroom as she finished her shower.

Russell grinned, stepping into the tiny space and shutting the door behind him. The steamy shower had left the bathroom in a haze, making it feel even more like a secret escape.

Pamela stood in front of the bathroom mirror, her wet blonde hair cascading down to her shoulders. She had a plush white towel wrapped snugly around her body, and another in her hands as she vigorously dried off her hair, making her massive cleavage jiggle.

"Do you think the two of them had sex in there?" Russell asked, peering into the tiny shower stall.

"I'm sure they did, honey," Pamela snickered. "Being stuck down in this bunker for a week, they probably found all sorts of creative

places to get intimate."

Russell's eyes widened in disbelief. "But how? That shower is barely big enough for one person, let alone two."

Pamela chuckled knowingly. "Oh son, when it comes to passion and desire, the size of a space doesn't matter. Trust me, where there's a will there's a way." With a mischievous grin, she stepped out of the bathroom and headed into the bunk room.

Russell took a quick shower then came back out with just a towel wrapped around him. He noticed his mom laying across the top bunk on her stomach, her glasses on as she studied notes from the case on her tablet. "Hey, I wanted the top bunk," he said in a sulking voice.

"We can both hang out up here. Come on up," Pamela said with a smile.

With a huff, Russell quickly slipped on a pair of dark grey boxer briefs before climbing up the ladder to his top bunk. As he reached the top, he abruptly froze, his eyes widening at the sight of Pamela in a white mesh teddy. The delicate garment was adorned with intricate scalloped lace trim and featured a cheeky cut back that stretched across her rounded buttocks, leaving little to the imagination. He could clearly make out the succulent flesh of her ass and the deep crease that separated its cheeks. With just one look at her provocative attire, Russell knew without a doubt that they would be indulging in some intense physical pleasure tonight.

He let out a contented sigh as his gaze traced the spaghetti straps of her outfit, eventually landing on her smiling lips. "Damn, you look hot in that," he expressed.

"I had a feeling you would appreciate this outfit," Pamela responded, returning his gaze. "Come lay down with me."

Russell wasted no time in sprawling out beside her, their hips pressed together due to the narrowness of the bunk. The warmth of his body next to hers sent shivers down Pamela's spine.

"They definitely must have had sex up here," he declared confidently, causing Pamela to laugh.

"Well, that's a given, honey," she replied with a mischievous gleam in her eye. "Remember the old saying? The top bunk is for making love, the bottom is for making babies."

Russell chuckled and nodded in agreement before a thought occurred to him. "But wait, if she's pregnant, they must have used both bunks then, right?"

Pamela grinned and nodded. "That's true," she confirmed with a teasing tone. "Unless those twins were conceived on the back seat of his car. Apparently they had a fondness for doing it there too otherwise we wouldn't even be here." A sly smile spread across her

face as she imagined the couple engaging in their secret rendezvous in various locations around town.

"I've never done it in a back seat before," Russell shared with a mischievous grin.

"It can be pretty thrilling," Pamela chimed in, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "I've had sexual escapades in countless odd and exciting places, but never in an underground bunker."

"I can see why it would be cool," Russell mused, his mind already wandering to the endless possibilities. "Not a chance of anyone seeing or hearing you. You could let go completely and get wild down here."

A smirk tugged at Pamela's lips. "You know it, kiddo. It's not just the privacy, though. There must be something truly exhilarating about

having sex with someone who you're not suppose to have sex with. That must have made it incredibly thrilling for both of them, thus the reason they kept doing it."

Russell's face flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and curiosity. "Have you ever had sex with someone you weren't supposed to have sex with?"

Pamela chuckled, her eyes twinkling mischievously as she shared her past. "I've never slept with a family member or cheated on your father, if that's what you mean? But I did screw around on a few boyfriends I had early on. It's surprisingly exhilarating when you have to be clandestine about it."

"What was it like?" Russell inquired, his interest piqued. "Like, were you scared you'd get caught or something?"

Pamela grinned at the memory. "Oh, absolutely. That alone made the experience so much more intense. The anticipation of being discovered just added to the thrill. You'd be surprised how creative you can get when you're trying not to get caught."

Russell's curiosity piqued even more. "So, do you think Brook felt that when she was having sex with her son knowing she was married?"

Pamela chuckled and gave him a sly smile. "I can't say for certain, honey, but I imagine it must have added to the excitement. There's something about breaking rules or societal norms that can make sex even more thrilling."

Russell nodded, picturing the scene in his mind. "I can see how that would be the case. It's like the forbidden fruit theory. The more you're told not to do something, the more you want to do it."

"Exactly," Pamela replied, her voice catching in her throat at the thought. A flash of temptation crossed her mind as she remembered

the forbidden act they were discussing. "And I suppose that's what made it so alluring for them to engage in sexual acts together." Her gaze lingered on Russell's body, noting every curve and muscle.

"Well," said Russell, his eyes hungrily taking in the sight of Pamela's figure. "I can certainly understand that."

Pamela met his intense gaze and felt a spark of desire ignite within her. "It's a boundary that I would normally never consider crossing, but…"

"But what?" Russell urged, leaning closer to her.

"But I came down here with the intention of fully immersing myself in this case. To truly comprehend what my clients experienced and what led them to be caught having sex in the back of the car that day. How could I possibly do that without delving into the same depths?" Pamela's voice was laced with determination as she spoke.

Russell's heart skipped a beat. "Well, you know I'm always willing to help you out when it comes to immersing yourself in the cases you take on," he offered.

Pamela giggled. "Especially when it's a case involving a boy fucking his mom, huh?" she teased, poking him in the ribs.

"Well, I won't lie…it does kind of resonate with me and some of the feelings I've been having lately."

Pamela sighed, her voice heavy with emotion. "Your father has been so caught up in his work lately, he barely even notices me anymore. Maybe this is my chance to kill two birds with one stone. To gain more perspective into the lives of my clients AND fulfill my own sexual needs at the same time." Her fingers twirled nervously around a lock of hair as she spoke. The truth was, she knew what she wanted the moment she watched the sex recording. She wanted

to experience that same sort of magic that Brook did with her son, Hunter. She wanted to kiss like they kissed and fuck like they fucked.

"Since you enjoyed seeing the back of my teddy so much, would you like to see the front too?" Pamela purred, her voice dripping with playful seduction. "After all, I did purchase it especially for our little underground adventure."

Russell's heart raced as he eagerly nodded his head. He couldn't wait to see more of Pamela's alluring body.

"Roll over on your back," she whispered, her breath tickling his ear. As Russell complied, she straddled him, her busty body towering above him in the cramped space of the bunker. With a mischievous grin, she sat up proudly like a jockey on a horse.

Russell's eyes widened as he took in the sight before him. The white mesh fabric of Pamela's teddy strained against her enormous breasts, leaving very little to the imagination. Her

luscious curves were practically bursting from the fabric, and Russell couldn't tear his gaze away.

Even though they were covered by the sheer material, Pamela's breasts were still breathtaking to behold. The teddy only added to their allure, teasingly hinting at what lay beneath and accentuating every curve and crevice. Russell couldn't believe how wide and thickly textured her areolas were, and her nipples practically begged for his touch.

"Wow," he breathed out in awe, unable to tear his gaze away from her beautiful chest. "Your breasts are even more stunning than I ever imagined."

Pamela's lips curled into a mischievous smile, a thrill coursing through her body as she felt the rigid tubular form of his prick press against the lips of her vulva. Her senses were heightened as she

took in every detail - the thickness and hardness of his shaft, resembling a torpedo ready to launch. "My teddy has a special feature," she whispered, her voice laced with excitement. "But before I show you, you have to take off your briefs."

With anticipation building, Pamela raised up slightly and Russell eagerly complied, discarding his underwear in record time until his big, naked cock was released. The pale pink skin was pulled taut along the meaty stalk, the veins and muscles clearly prominent beneath. Pamela couldn't help but admire the sheer size and power of it, knowing that soon it would be inside her.

Pamela's voice was a sultry whisper as she directed Russell's actions. Without hesitation, he reached over and pulled at the crotch of her teddy, feeling the gusset suddenly unsnap beneath his fingertips. The lacy fabric fell away, exposing her naked pussy to his eager gaze.

Russell couldn't help but sigh in amazement as he admired his mother's well-groomed womanhood. Only a small patch of thin,

dirty-blonde pubic hair decorated her vulva, meticulously trimmed into a neat shape.

Pamela took hold of his throbbing erection at its base and guided it towards her wet, swollen opening. She knew she was more than ready for their union, her arousal already causing her to slicken with moisture. With eager anticipation, she guided Russell's knob through her flowery folds, using her own juices to ease their joining.

A gasp escaped Russell's lips as he felt himself sink into her warm embrace. His body tensed with pleasure and desire as he experienced the tightness of her cuntal walls wrapping around his glans like a snug sleeve. He was fully encapsulated by her tender flesh, his leaky knob pressed against the tight ring of her cervix as they became one in their intimate act.

Pamela took a moment to adjust to the size of Russell's boner. She couldn't remember ever feeling so full of cock-meat, certainly not with her husband. Her body shuddered as she realized she was past the point of no return. She was committing the act of incest, just like the clients she represented, and she found it incredibly thrilling.

Her eyes locked onto Russell's, her gaze full of hunger and longing. "I'm going to fuck my son now," she whispered, her voice a low growl. "And I'm going to enjoy every second of it."

With that, Pamela began to move her hips, slowly at first, riding Russell's erection with calculated precision. She was in control, guiding him into her wet depths and pulling him deep inside her with each thrust.

Russell's hands roamed over her back, grabbing onto her thick, rounded ass and guiding her onto him. He thrust upwards, meeting

her every movement with his own, their skin slapping together with each new wave of sensation.

Their hunger grew as they moved, their pace increasing until they were humping as one, their breaths coming in ragged gasps. "Fuck me, Russell," Pamela moaned, setting into a steady fuck-rhythm.

Russell's eyes rolled back in his head as he felt his mother's pussy muscles clench around his cock. Her warm, wet walls were like nothing he had ever felt before. He knew he was going to lose himself in this moment, to give himself completely to the desires that had been building up inside him for so long.

Pamela's hips continued to gyrate, each thrust pushing him deeper into her warm, wet core. She relished the feel of his dick sliding in and out of her, the sensation electrifying her entire being. She had never felt so alive, so connected to another person.

"More, Russell," Pamela begged, her voice rough from arousal. "Fuck me harder. Fuck me like an animal."

With a growl, Russell obliged, driving harder and faster into his mother's welcoming depths. Pamela matched his intensity, meeting each thrust with a desperate buck of her hips.

She could feel his gaze burning through her clothing, fixated on the curves of her breasts. She knew he was desperate to see them completely unrestrained, like ripe fruit swaying on a fragile vine in a wild windstorm. Without hesitation, Pamela shed her teddy and let it fall to the floor with a soft thud.

Russell's mouth fell open in shock as he took in the sight of her bare chest, watching as her huge, heavy tits bounced and jiggled with every movement of their bodies. They were like two perfectly huge watermelons, free from any constraints and at the mercy of their own natural motion.

His hands reached up, desperate to cup them, to feel their weight and heft in his hands. Pamela moaned as her son's fingers enveloped the large mounds, his thumb strumming her hardened nipple like a plucked harp string.

"Harder, Russell," she cried out, her voice high with pleasure. "Make me cum on your cock, make me feel you!"

He obeyed, driving even deeper, his balls smacking up against her ass with each thunderous impact. Her large tits bounced and swayed in rhythm with their movements, her nipples hard little peaks jabbing at the air.

"Oh yes, yes!" Pamela cried out, her body tensing as she felt herself building towards climax. "I'm gonna cum, Russell, I'm gonna cum on your cock!"

Russell groaned, feeling the tight grip of his mother's fuck-muscles. Despite knowing that he could bounce back and continue their passionate lovemaking, Russell was determined to prolong his first ejaculation. He had diligently practiced flexing his pelvic floor muscles in order to control his excitement, and it paid off as he skillfully moved within Pamela's tight, wet walls. Each thrust was like a powerful punch, eliciting moans of pleasure from her lips and causing her vaginal muscles to contract and release a flood of sweet, intoxicating juices around his throbbing member.

Pamela's golden locks were a wild mess, tousled by the force of Russell's fervent thrusts. Her eyes rolled back in ecstasy, her delicate features contorting with pleasure, fueling his desire to ravage her even harder. With a firm grasp on her voluptuous frame, he pulled her down onto him, her warm, squishy jugs slapping against his neck with each powerful push. The bunk bed creaked and shook under the intensity of their lovemaking, as Russell poured all his passion and strength into every single pump.

Moans escaped his lips as he felt the velvety, corrugated lining of her vagina glide against his throbbing prick. With each thrust, he relished in the sensation of his glans pressing against her tightly clenched cervix, feeling the pressure build and release with each movement. Pamela's body felt so new to him, despite having fucked other girls. Her tits were so much larger and there was something different about her cervix; it was plump and pronounced, a testament to her strength and resilience as a woman who had

carried and given birth to children. As he delved deeper and held it there a moment, he could feel the tight ring of muscle clenching around his spongy tip, a reminder of the life-giving power of her body.

Pamela whimpered as she felt the immense size of his love-hammer stretching her uteri. The sensation was overwhelming and she couldn't help but imagine Brook's own pleasure in being filled by

Hunter's erection. It was no wonder that she loved it so much. It was like her and Brook were experiencing the touch of two superior alpha males designed solely for pleasuring pussy with their long, muscled dicks. She could feel every inch of him inside of her, pulsing and throbbing with raw power. It was a primal connection, two bodies coming together in a carnal dance of desire and lust. Pamela surrendered herself completely to the experience, giving in to the pleasure and ecstasy that only these dominant males could provide.

For the first time their lips met in a passionate kiss, which only seemed to fuel the fire between them. Their tongues danced and intertwined, their bodies moving in perfect sync as they continued to fuck.

As the intensity of their passion reached a fever pitch, Pamela found herself nearing the point of no return. Her body trembled with anticipation, and she could feel the pleasure building deep within her core.

Russell noticed her reaction and knew that she was close to climaxing. With one final surge, he thrust deep into her, his cock pulsating and throbbing as it seemed to grow even larger within her. His hands gripped her hips tightly, pulling her harder against him. He smiled, feeling her tight grip around his shaft.

Their bodies moved in sync, like a well-choreographed dance, their breaths becoming shallower and quicker. Pamela's moans grew

louder, her voice rising in pitch, until she finally cried out in pleasure, her body trembling as waves of ecstasy washed over her.

Feeling her pussy clenching and releasing around him, Russell was unable to hold back any longer and with each guttural grunt and gasp of the air, he released his seed into his mother's depths.

Pamela's eyes rolled back in her head as she felt her son's hot cum rushing into her. Each spurt was like a little burst of pleasure,

sparking a new wave of orgasmic sensations in her core. She moaned his name, her body rocking and bucking, as she felt the heat of his release flooding her womb.

As the last pulse of Russell's climax dissipated, he pulled out of his mother, his chest heaving and face flushed. Pamela's legs trembled from the intense climax, her body still shuddering from the aftershocks. They both lay on the bed, catching their breath, the creaking of the old bunk bed the only sound in the room.

Slowly, they disentangled themselves from one another, their bodies glistening with a sheen of sweat. Pamela's eyes were now open and she gazed into her son's. There was a mix of emotions in her gaze - desire, guilt, longing. She knew that what had just happened was wrong, but she couldn't deny the pleasure she had experienced.

Russell's eyes were locked on his mother's naked body, now lying next to him. He had never seen anything as beautiful as her, her curves glistening with sweat and passion.

"You don't feel bad about what we just did, do you, honey?" she asked, worried that he might be feeling guilty over just screwing his dad's wife.

"No way!" he answered without thought. "I've been waiting too long for this day to feel bad."

"Good," Pamela giggled peeking down at his still-hard penis, "because I wanna keep going. I want you to fuck me all night, just like I'm sure Brook and her son, Hunter, did when they were down here."

Russell's heart pounded with excitement at Pamela's words, his body buzzing with anticipation. "Just tell me what you want and I'll make it happen. I'll pleasure you all night long," he offered eagerly.

Pamela reached for her tablet, still lying next to them on the mattress. With a mischievous grin, she pulled up a recording of Hunter passionately taking Brook in the missionary position on the bed. "I want it like this," she declared, pointing to the screen. "I want you to ravage me from the top."

Russell was more than happy to oblige. As Pamela tossed the tablet aside and rolled onto her back, he hovered over her, hungrily nuzzling between her legs. They fit together perfectly, like two pieces of a puzzle. A surge of adrenaline shot through Russell as he watched Pamela gasp and moan at the feeling of him entering her. With each thrust of his hips, he drove himself deeper into her warm, wet depths, eliciting pleasured cries from her lips.

Pamela knew this wasn't going to be a screw like she was used to getting from her husband. This would be the kind of fuck that her body was made for, not something that would be over quickly, but that would be drawn out and extremely intense, allowing her to use all the sexual skills and experience the rapture of multiple orgasms.

Without hesitation, she put into motion a technique that she knew would intensify their lovemaking in this position. Her toned, silky legs wrapped around Russell's waist, rising high up on his back as her arms twisted over his shoulders and pulled him closer against the soft fullness of her titties. Using her powerful legs as leverage, she lifted her hips from the bunk and met every one of Russell's

thrusts with precision, creating an intoxicating dance between their bodies. Their crotches collided in a primal rhythm, like the pounding of a tribal drum deep in the heart of the jungle.

Russell had been with countless girls from his school, but none of them had ever fucked back at him like this. With each thrust he gave, she met him eagerly, her body moving in perfect rhythm with his. This was no inexperienced teenager; this was a middle-aged woman who had mastered the art of pleasure through years of

practice. She knew exactly how to work a man's cock, bringing him to the brink of ecstasy and back again. Russell was astonished at his luck to be receiving such skilled attention, and he felt the pressure to perform just as flawlessly in return. He couldn't let her down after experiencing this incredible display of expertise.

The teen adjusted his angle of attack, carefully positioning himself to target her G-spot. His cock slid against the walls of her vagina, eliciting a gasp from Pamela. As he continued to thrust, her body responded with eagerness - her cunt-tube tightening around him in pure pleasure. "Yes... right there!" she exclaimed, confirming that he had indeed found the perfect spot to drive her wild.

Pamela drove her fingers into Russell's hair, pulling him closer to her as their bodies moved in perfect synchronization, the muscles in her legs flexing with every surge. She could feel herself growing closer to the edge, her climax building with each powerful thrust.

As Russell shifted his angle, he skillfully stimulated Pamela's clitoral root, which was just beneath her lining, with precise pressure. His firm cock head massaged her erectile tissue from this new angle, sending waves of pleasure through her body. With each stroke, her urethral sponge and paraurethral glands swelled with excitement, eagerly anticipating the release of fluid during her upcoming ejaculation. The intense stimulation was unlike anything she had ever experienced before, and she surrendered to the sensations completely.

Pamela's climax was intense, a tsunami of pleasure that washed over her entire body. She could feel her pussy muscles contracting in rhythm with tensor muscles in her abdomen, pulling her orgasm out of her. Her body convulsed in waves of pleasure, her head thrown back, her eyes closed tightly.

Russell could feel Pamela's grip on his hair tighten, her legs clamping around him as her orgasm took hold. His cock throbbed with

pleasure, feeling the warmth of her pussy, the grip of her muscles, and the lubrication of her gushing fluids as she continued to fuck him with wild abandon.

As Pamela's climax subsided, she opened her eyes and looked into Russell's. He was still deeply inside her, his cock pulsating with every beat of his heart. There was a mix of emotions in her gaze - gratitude, lust, love.

As her legs draped over his young body, they seemed to entwine like vines clinging to a sturdy tree, holding on for dear life. Russell's stamina and virility were on full display as he continued to thrust deeply with his teenage cock. His head lifted from her shoulders, releasing a shuddering breath as he was consumed by the sheer thrill of fucking such a gorgeous woman. He knew that this moment would be etched into his memory forever. Her giant tits pressed against his chiseled chest, their warmth radiating through him as her stiff nipples begged to be sucked on. The intense pleasure coursing through him was almost overwhelming, but he never wanted it to end.

Pamela rolled them on their sides, trapping Russell's head between her enormous tits. Their hips continued to move, locked in the rhythm of a deep, churning fuck.

Russell kissed his way through what seemed like miles of smothering cleavage. Pamela's huge hooters felt like two giant marshmallows sandwiching his head in fluffy softness. Working his

way around one of their creamy contours he found her engorged nipple and latched on.

"Oh, yes…suck me, honey," Pamela sighed, feeling his lips spread out across her areola as he suctioned her nipple into his mouth.

Now, Russell was truly on cloud nine, fucking her clinging body while burying his face against the meat of her boob and gorging himself

on her stiff nipple.

Soon, the rhythm of their bodies began to falter, their movements became more erratic, and their moans grew louder and more desperate. Pamela's slender hands gripped Russell's hair tightly, her nails digging into his scalp as her climax approached.

"Oh fuck, Russell, I'm close!" she whispered hoarsely. "Give it to me, baby, give it to me like a fucking beast!"

Russell grunted in response, his hips bucking harder and faster. The slick sound of their bodies hitting against each other filled the room, accompanied by the wet slurping sound of their joined parts.

"Oh, yes, mom!" he groaned his voice muffled by rippling tit-flesh as he thrust himself deep inside her. "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum!"

Pamela's legs tightened around him, nails digging into his back as she felt her body begin to shake. "Do it, baby, do it!" she urged, her voice now a ragged plea.

Russell let out a low, animalistic growl, his movements now erratic, like those of a wild beast. He thrust into her harder and faster, their bodies slamming together with each powerful stroke. He clamped his teeth around her nipple and pushed his face forward, making it sink against the fatty mass of her tit.

Pamela's heart pounded wildly in her chest as she felt the first wave of pleasure wash over her, her orgasm building quickly to a crescendo.

Their bodies moved in perfect unison, their sweaty skin slapping together like two battle-scarred warriors. Russell thrust deep inside her one last time, his cock throbbing as he unleashed a torrent of hot, sticky cum deep within her depths.

As it spurted out in thick, white jets, Pamela's orgasm reached its peak. Her body shuddered violently, her nails raking down Russell's back as she felt his warm, velvety essence flood her insides. She let out a triumphant cry, her mammary-meat bouncing wildly, her head thrown back in pure, unadulterated pleasure.

Finally, as the waves of ecstasy receded, they collapsed onto the bed, panting heavily. Their bodies were slick with sweat, their faces flushed with pleasure. Russell, spent, lay on top of Pamela, his cock still embedded deeply inside her.

Pamela could feel her pussy pulsating, still gripping Russell's softening cock. She felt a sense of satisfaction and contentment wash over her as she realized that this was the best sex she'd ever had by far.

Two days later, the grand courthouse was filled with fervent anticipation as court was called to session. Pamela, a fierce and determined lawyer, stood at the ready to defend her clients, Brook and Hunter. With a confident posture and sharp gaze, she addressed the judge, "Your honor, I'd like to call Brook Thompson to the stand."

Throughout the room, all eyes turned to watch as Brook made her way to the witness stand. In the audience sat Pamela's son, Russell, there to show his unwavering support for his mother. As he

watched Brook take her place on the stand, he couldn't help but understand why Hunter had been so taken with his own mom. She exuded a stunning beauty, much like his own mother.

Brook's body was a work of art, each curve and angle perfectly sculpted. Her already ample breasts seemed even larger and more full from the nourishing nectar that flowed through them. They seemed to tremble with every step she took towards the stand, all her luscious weight supported by nothing more than delicate four-inch heels that clicked against the tiled floor in an elegant rhythm.

Her figure-hugging dress accentuated her curves, causing Russell's mind to wander and marvel at how effortlessly she carried herself despite managing the weight of her monstrous tits of her unborn babies.

As she settled into her seat on the stand, all eyes remained fixed on her with admiration and awe. It was clear that this woman possessed a magnetic power that could not be denied.

"Mrs. Thompson, how would you describe your marriage to your husband?" Pamela's voice was smooth, professional, yet a hint of curiosity lingered in her tone.

Brook glanced at her husband in the audience, her eyes flickering with hesitation before she answered. "Mundane. Routine." She shifted uncomfortably in her seat and lowered her gaze to her fidgeting hands. "He's a hard worker and a great father, but I wouldn't exactly call him the best husband."

"And why is that?" Pamela leaned forward, pressing for more details. "Do you feel like your sexual needs are being neglected in the marriage?"

Mr. Garrett, an imposing African American prosecutor, abruptly stood up from his seat in the courtroom. "Objection, Your Honor. This line of questioning is irrelevant."

Pamela remained composed, unfazed by the interruption. "It goes to motive," she stated calmly.

The female judge raised an eyebrow, considering the argument before giving her ruling. "I'll allow it," she directed towards Pamela. "You may answer the question, Mrs. Thompson."

Brook shifted again, visibly uncomfortable as she spoke. "Sex in our marriage doesn't happen nearly as often as it used to." Her words

hung heavy in the air, revealing a deeper issue within their relationship.

"So, when you went into the bunker with your son," Pamela continued, her voice taking on a sympathetic tone, "you were feeling a great deal of rejection from your husband during that time, correct?"

Brook nodded slowly, her eyes downcast. "Yes," she admitted quietly. "That's true." A sense of vulnerability and sadness emanated from her as she spoke. "I just felt so unattractive and undesirable to my husband, and I was looking for a way to feel wanted again."

Pamela took a moment to think about how much she could empathize with the situation and how it may have influenced her own behavior towards Russell.

"Add to this the stress of everything that was going on in the world at that time," Pamela continued. "You were in a bunker with your two children with no communication with the outside world, which you knew was in turmoil. That must have been incredibly stressful and isolating."

Brook nodded, her eyes tearing up as she spoke. "It was. I felt trapped and helpless, and I was desperate for some kind of comfort and companionship."

"I would imagine such a situation would make a person feel quite alone and vulnerable?"

"Yes," Brook answered, fighting back the tears.

"Nothing further your Honor," said Pamela as she headed for her seat.

Russell couldn't help but beam with pride as he watched Pamela confidently strut to her seat. She exuded an air of power and

elegance in her perfectly tailored business suit, the skirt molding to her curves and the blouse highlighting her enormous tits. His eyes lingered on her muscular, shapely legs that were bare and smooth thanks to a recent shave. Her feet were adorned with delicate heels, showcasing her sparkling red toenails peeking out from beneath the criss-cross straps. She was a force to be reckoned with in the courtroom, just like she was in the bedroom as he had recently had the pleasure of discovering.

"Mrs. Thompson," Mr. Garret began. "How many times would you say you've had sex with your son?"

"Objection, your Honor, the question is irrelevant and invasive," Pamela quickly interjected.

The judge looked at both attorneys before responding, "I'll allow the question, but keep it brief."

Mr. Garret sighed, "Very well, Mrs. Thompson. How many times would you say you've had sex with your son?"

Brook hesitated, her eyes darting between the judge and Garret, before she finally answered, "I couldn't really give you a number."

"Oh, that many," the prosecutor said with a raised eyebrow. "Let's make it easy for you then. How many times in a DAY would you say you have sex with your son? And I would remind you, maa'am, that you are under oath."

Brook hesitated before answering, her eyes shifting uneasily to her husband. "Two, sometimes three times a day," she uttered with a shrug of her shoulders.

The prosecutor's face remained stoic as he continued his line of questioning. "Three times a day, and this bunker incident that started it all happened about a year ago," he stated firmly. "That would mean your son has had his penis inside you well over a

thousand times, not including the dozens of times that the two of you had sex in that bunker over the course of a week."

"Objection, Your honor," the defense lawyer spoke up, rising from his seat. "The prosecutor is engaging in irrelevant and inflammatory rhetoric."

The judge nodded in agreement. "Sustained. Mr. Garrett, please stick to relevant facts."

"My point is simple," Mr. Garret persisted. "This isn't just a momentary lapse in judgement due to a stressful time. This is a pattern of repeated law breaking by engaging in incest with her son over the course of a year - something that simply cannot be ignored or go unpunished." His voice grew more adamant as he made his argument known to the court.

As the day went on, the room became increasingly heated, with each attorney presenting their case. Pamela continued to defend Brook, citing the immense stress and isolation they both experienced during their time in the bunker, and the strong emotional bond that formed between them. She argued that their actions were not premeditated, but rather a reflection of their extreme circumstances and the lack of other options available to them.

Mr. Garrett, on the other hand, focused on the extent of the activities that took place between Brook and her son, arguing that it was not a momentary lapse in judgment, but rather a pattern of

behavior that warranted severe consequences. He painted a picture of Brook as a manipulative and dangerous individual, preying on her son for her own sexual gratification.

Russell listened to his mom's closing arguments. She commanded the attention of everyone in the audience both with her stunning beauty and articulate arguments. "Yes, incest is unlawful, but so is adultery, which it's been proven that a good portion of our

population is guilty of," Pamela stated. "This case isn't about a wicked mother, but a failed husband, who couldn't provide the emotional and physical intimacy that his wife needed, so she sought it from the only place left. Her son, who was equally lonely and vulnerable. The love that developed between them was not borne out of malice, but out of desperation and need. Thus, I requests that the court consider the mitigating factors in this case, and not solely focus on the inflammatory acts that occurred."

Pamela looked right into Russell's eyes as she finished her statement. "Love between a mother and son is not a crime, even if it's displayed in an unconventional manner."

Russell smiled back at her, his face showing that he couldn't agree more.

A hushed silence fell over the courtroom as everyone waited anxiously for the judge's decision. Tensions were high, and all eyes were on her as she prepared to announce her verdict.

"I find the defendants not guilty," the judge's voice rang out, filling the room with a sense of relief and tension simultaneously. Her tone was firm but fair, betraying no hint of bias. "While the actions presented in this case were indeed unconventional and morally questionable, they were merely a symptom of a much larger issue at play here." The judge paused, her gaze sweeping over the faces of the defendants and their supporters. "The emotional turmoil

and isolation experienced by the defendants, coupled with the absence of a healthy and fulfilling relationship with the husband," she said, giving Brook's husband a disgusted scowl, "led to a desperate and damaging situation." The words hung heavy in the air, weighty with their implications.

"The law must be applied fairly and justly," continued the judge, her voice gaining strength. "And in this case, after careful consideration of all evidence and mitigating circumstances, the court has

determined that those outweigh any criminality in the acts committed." A sense of justice prevailed as sighs of relief and murmurs of agreement echoed throughout the courtroom. The defendants breathed a sigh of relief as their names were cleared of any wrongdoing.

Pamela stood, her eyes locked on the judge, beaming with pride. "Thank you, Your Honor," she said, her voice authoritative.

Brook and Hunter's embrace was filled with relief, their bodies clinging to each other as if they never wanted to let go.

Pamela and Russell embraced each other tightly, their hearts overflowing with joy and relief. The decision in this case had validated their feelings and actions towards each other, making them feel even closer than before. "I don't know about you," Pamela whispered to him with a sly grin, "but I think it's time for a little private celebration." Her voice was filled with playful anticipation as she leaned in closer to him, her breath warm against his ear. They both knew exactly what she meant by 'private' and the thought sent exhilarating shivers down their spines.

An hour's drive away lay the family beach cottage, nestled along miles of secluded sand. Surrounded by towering dunes and wild sea grass, it was a hidden sanctuary that offered complete privacy

to any couple seeking a romantic escape, much like an underground bunker. The cottage itself was a cozy, weathered building with rustic charm, its white walls bleached by years of sun and saltwater. Beyond the tall windows, the ocean roared and crashed against the shore, providing a soothing soundtrack to the intimate moments shared between lovers. It was the perfect place for a woman to bring her man for some much-needed alone time, far away from the hustle and bustle of everyday life.

"Uh, shit!" Russell gasped, feeling Pamela bear down on his cock. She was on top of him on the huge fluffy bed, riding his cock with

wild intensity. Her oversized tits swung above his ogling eyes like pendulum, swaying in time with her rhythmic gyrations. He could see her plump, ripe labia engulfing his erect cock, swallowing it whole with each thrust. Her juices were dripping down his balls, leaving a sticky, wet trail that pooled on the sheet beneath them.

"Harder, baby…harder!" Pamela whispered in his ear, her voice growing more breathy with each passing second. She was grinding on his cock with the hunger of an army. Her hips were slamming against his groin with the force of a freight train, each thrust sending shockwaves of pleasure coursing through her body.

Russell obliged, lifting his hips to meet her every thrust. He moaned with each deep penetration, the sensation of her tight, wet pussy around his cock driving him wild with desire. He reached up and grabbed her breasts, kneading their fatty flesh with his hands as she rode him tirelessly.

Pamela dove for his lips, their tongues tangling passionately as their bodies moved in perfect synchronicity. Her gasps fell in line with the roar of the ocean outside, matching the ebb and flow of the waves. It was a primal, uninhibited display of love and lust that left them both breathless and satisfied.

For over an hour she rode him this way, each thrust deeper and harder than the last. Russell sucked and chewed on the peaks of her tit-melons, using his skilled pelvic floor muscles to hold off his ejaculation.

Pamela's moans grew louder and more intense, her body trembling with the sheer force of her orgasm. Russell knew he was close, his testicles drawing up tightly against his body, warning him of the impending release.

"I'm gonna cum!" Pamela cried out, her voice hoarse with passion. "Fuck me, Russell! Fill me up with your hot boy-cum!"

Russell's body was alive with sensations as the familiar surge of pleasure built in his groin, his cock twitching and throbbing with anticipation. With each contraction of his muscles, he could feel the heat rising inside of him, a primal desire building to the point of no return. As he neared the emission stage of his ejaculation, his bladder neck closed, preventing any backward flow of semen. Smooth muscles contracted, propelling sperm from the epididymis into the vas deferens and causing Russell to moan and shiver uncontrollably. The journey continued as his sperm traveled through his spermatic cord towards his ejaculatory duct, where they mingled with a clear, fructose-rich solution from his seminal vesicle. This new mixture passed through Russell's prostate, sending a jolt of electricity through his body as he felt himself on the brink of release. An alkalinizing fluid secreted at this stage further thickened the semen, now ready for its final destination. Finally, as Russell's hips quivered and clenched in ecstasy, the hot bubbling load passed through his bulbourethral glands which added their own contribution to the ejaculatory cocktail - a fluid that both lubricated his urethral opening and cleared it of any residual urine. With every muscle in his body tensed and ready for release, Russell reached the expulsion stage and felt his semen

explode through the slit of his meatus, propelled by powerful contractions of his pelvic and erectile muscles along the shaft of his cock. It was a moment of pure bliss, leaving him panting and breathless as he rode out the waves of pleasure crashing over him.

The thick spurts of semen erupting within the pink walls of Pamela's birthing chamber were a beautiful pearlescent white. Rich with hundreds of millions of sperm, each eager to give life. The potent spunk splattered all over the glossy walls of Pamela's vagina, like powerful waves crashing onto the pink sands of a beach. Russell's big, muscular dick showed no mercy, digging and spitting against the tight round ring that gated Pamela's baby-producing inner core.

As the waves of pleasure ebbed, Pamela's eyes rolled into the back of her head, her body trembling with the intensity of her climax.

"Oh, Russell!" she cried out, her entire body convulsing as she felt his hot seed fill her insides. Her pussy clenched around his cock, milking him dry, drawing every last drop of his cum into her depths.

The sensation of being filled with Russell's semen sent shivers of pleasure coursing through her body, making her feel complete in a way she had never felt before. She knew that their lovemaking had united them in a way that nothing else could, creating a bond stronger than any law or judgment.

As she came down from her orgasm, Pamela collapsed against Russell, her body limp and spent. He wrapped his arms around her, kissing her gently on the lips as they both whispered words of love and devotion.

THE END

133: Mom's UNHOLY desires

Mom's UNHOLY desires

By Klrxo

"Bless me father for I have sinned," a sexy female voice confessed. "It's been three hours since my last confession."

"Three hours?!" the priest asked in disbelief. "That's not very long to go without sinning."

"Yes, I know, I've um…been struggling a lot."

"Struggling with what, dear? What sin have you committed in God's eyes?"

"I had sex with my son, and…"

"And what, dear?"

ONE WEEK EARLIER

"Come on guys…you're gonna be late for school," Chelsea shouted as she scrambled to find her keys. The beautiful mother had long fiery-red hair and a perfect complexion. Her friends from church always told her that she was a striking image of the Aussie actress, Isla Fisher.

Chelsea's young daughter, Eve, was the first to hurry down the stairs. "Have you seen my book bag?" she asked in a distressed tone.

"It's by the front door, honey," Chelsea answered. "Where's your brother?"

"Probably still sleeping."

The mother quickly climbed the stairway to fetch her son. Her conservative dress clung to her luscious curves, which included a thick, round ass and tremendously-large breasts. Her heels clicked loudly as she marched to her son's room and, without thinking, threw open the door. "Henry, we need to…"

Chelsea gasped and turned her head as she realized her son was on his bed masturbating. "Henry! What are you doing?!" she asked in shock, even though she knew the answer.

"I'm just um…getting up," the boy awkwardly answered, covering his junk. "Can I have just a few minutes, mom?"

The mother backed out of his doorway, blushing by what they both knew she'd just seen. "We'll be in the car. You need to hurry!" she admonished, then rushed away.

When she got downstairs her husband, Teddy, was gathering his things. He was a handsome, 40-something version of her son, in a sharp suit and tie. "I forgot to mention that the Parkers are joining us for dinner tonight. I hope that's ok?" her husband asked.

"The Parkers?" Chelsea asked.

"Yes, they're the new members of the congregation that just moved here from California."

"Oh, yes, the Parkers…of course," his wife smiled. She had completely forgotten that they had extended that invitation upon meeting them the previous Sunday. Teddy was the pastor at their church and they tried to make it a point of having new families over as a welcoming gesture.

"Are you ok? You look distressed," Chelsea's husband asked, noticing how his wife looked as though she had just witnessed something shocking while upstairs.

"Yes, I'm fine," she answered, forcing a smile. "The kids are just slow-going this morning. It's got me a little stressed."

The truth was she wasn't fine. Even though she had just caught a quick look at what Henry was doing, the vision of his cock was frozen in her mind like a still-image. Even with his hand wrapped around the base, Chelsea saw a substantial-amount of cock-meat sticking up in the air, including one of the fattest knobs she'd ever laid eyes on. Not that she'd seen a ton of penis's in her life, but her son's was still the largest she'd ever beheld. "I can't believe he was just…laying there stroking on it!" she thought, but then reminded herself that it was a normal thing for boys his age. "All boys masturbate. I suppose I was bound to catch him at some point."

The car ride was awkward, with Henry hardly looking over at his mom. They were both clearly embarrassed by what happened earlier. Chelsea finally broke the silence when she stopped the car to drop him off at the high school. "Have a good day, honey. Stay focused, ok?" she admonished.

"See ya, mom!" Her son responded, getting out as quickly as he could.

Once back home, the mother set about her daily cleaning tasks. She was a traditional housewife, but now that both her children were in school, she also did a lot of volunteering at their church. 'The Rexburg Church of the Holy Savior' was a splinter sect that closely resembled the catholic church, especially in it's religious traditions. One thing that was different, however, was that priests and nuns were allowed to marry and have children. Chelsea's husband, Teddy, was one of two pastors at the church. The other was Father, Hanson, who was soon to retire from the ministry.

As she swept the upstairs hallway, Chelsea stopped suddenly when she reached her son's doorway. It was the same view she had earlier, minus the naked, masturbating teenager on

the bed. The image of Henry's big horny cock suddenly appeared in her head, making her insides tingle. "STOP!" her mind shouted. "Think about something else!"

She continued sweeping, trying to shake the image of her handsome son beating off his huge cock on his bed. However, like someone who'd been put in a trance, she was drawn inside her boy's bedroom and walked over to his bed. The mother inhaled deeply, letting the potent teenage pheromones that lingered in the room sweep through her senses. She was so in tune with her sensory facility that she could pinpoint exactly what it was she was smelling. It was part sweat, part cologne and part male-sperm, probably from Henry's earlier ejaculation. Her body responded like any hypersexual female's would. First, with a warm tingling sensation that swept through her mature frame. Then, the big pinks caps on her tits got swollen and stiffened beneath her bra, resulting in nipples that became extremely turgid. Her clitoris engorged, causing her fleshy hood to retract, exposing her throbbing glans. "You need to get out of here!" her mind admonished.

She began to turn towards the door, but something caught her eye. She knew what it was. She'd seen it before and knew it's purpose. Most of the time, when collecting Henry's laundry, she would just quickly throw it in the basket, without giving it much thought, but not today. Not after what she'd seen her son doing earlier.

Chelsea pulled the rag out from under her son's pillow. It was an old kitchen towel that Henry had taken to use as his cum-rag. Usually it was stiff and crusty, but this morning it was dripping with a fresh load of cum.

"Oh, good Lord!" the mother said out loud, putting one hand over her mouth in shock as the other held the rag by her fingertips. Huge streaks of pearlescent-colored jizz ran down the fabric and began dripping down onto the teenager's bed. "That can't all possibly be from one ejaculation, can it?" the bewildered mother asked herself.

Against her better judgement, Chelsea brought them to her nose and sniffed. Her reaction was quick and drastic. Her heart-rate increased, while her entire body gave off an aroused shudder. Chelsea's eyes seemed to roll back involuntarily from the warm musky aroma of her boy's cum-load. Down between her legs, her love-nubbin throbbed almost unbearably. She knew if she even touched her clitoris she'd begin having a mind-blowing orgasm. "GET OUT, NOW, CHELSEA!!" her brain screamed.

The mother dropped the cum-rag and rushed from her son's room. She had nearly stripped naked by the time she reached the shower. She quickly turned the water on, then jumped in with her bra and panties still unremoved. When the cold water struck her, she gasped sharply. Then, her back thumped against the shower wall and she quickly crammed her hand into her panties. The water had caused her silky white bra to become translucent, revealing the true enormity of her breasts. Her hardened mammilla were pinkish-purple in color and looked thick and rubbery in texture. Her boobs shimmied heavily, back and forth, even while still being contained, as her body trembled from the contact she was making with her clit.

The housewife's sexy legs suddenly bowed inward and trembled delightfully. Her pretty head arched back, so her wet red hair hung down, while she gave off the most wonderful orgasmic cry that a mother could make. Her finger strummed her fleshy clit like a bass guitar string, while she felt the warmth of her female ejaculate run down her thighs.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned," she whispered an hour later as she sat in the confessional booth at church. "It's been a week since

my last confession."

"God's forgiveness is great, dear," Father Hanson, the senior pastor at the church reminded her. "Tell me what you've done."

"I walked in on my son…um, masturbating his penis this morning," she answered. "It…gave me…very unholy desires."

"I see," Father Morgan muttered. "You're not alone, dear. Many mothers face the same struggle as you. Be strong. Show penance and God will forgive."

"Thank you, Father."

After Chelsea had exited the confession booth she felt like a weight of guilt had been lifted. She was met by Sister Charity, the church's nun. "Chelsea! It's so good to see you!" Charity beamed, then glanced over at the booth. "Nothing like a good confessional to get the morning started right."

"Yes," the mother blushed. "How have you been?"

"Good. Your husband has me busy with all sorts of tasks this morning. Say, umm…how's that handsome son of yours, Henry?" Charity asked.

"Henry? He's, uh, good," the mom answered, trying not to let her mind drift back to that morning. "Just busy with baseball and trying to keep his grades up."

"Ah, yes…school, and speaking of that, I've been doing some private teaching lately, here at the church, and I think Henry would benefit from one of the sessions I do."

"Sessions?"

"Yes, well as we know it can be a very awkward and confusing time for a boy Henry's age, sexually I mean."

"Oh, right," Chelsea nodded in agreement. "Very confusing."

"Yes, that's why, with the permission of the church, I've been offering private tutoring sessions in sex education. What would you think about Henry attending some lessons?" Charity asked.

"Well, I um…think that would be up to Henry. I mean, technically he's 18 now, so he's certainly adult enough to handle it, but it would have to be his decision."

"I agree. I'll speak to him about it this Sunday," Charity said. "I just always like to keep the mothers informed in such matters. Sometimes, they even like to sit in and offer some perspective on the topic. So, if he does agree…you're more that welcome to join us."

"Oh…well, thank you. I'll um…think on it," Chelsea replied.

"Do that," Charity said with a pretty smile. "It was so good to see you, dear."

After popping in and saying a quick hello to her husband, Chelsea headed back home. That evening, they had the new family, the Parkers, over for dinner. While the husbands chatted it up out on the deck, Chelsea sat in the living room next to Sandi Parker.

"The girls are having a blast out there!" Sandi smiled, looking out the window at their daughters as they played on the swing-set.

"I know. I can't believe they're only a month apart in age," Chelsea added.

Sandi's eyes drifted to Henry, who still sat at the table eating, but was too far away to hear the mothers conversing. "Your son is

gorgeous!" Sandi confessed. "He must really have a lot of young harlots at school chasing him?"

"Not that he ever mentions, but I suppose he probably does."

Sandi's eyes lingered on the boy a moment, imagining herself bent over naked in front of him. Her face suddenly saddened. "Can I ask you something…personal, Chelsea?" she asked.

"Sure," the mother replied.

"What would you do if there was something you wanted in the bedroom, from your husband, of course, but he wanted no part of it?" Sandi asked.

"Well, um…I don't know, I…"

"I'm sorry," Sandi blurted. "I've only just met you. I shouldn't be asking such questions, or coming to you with my marital issues."

"No, it's fine. I mean, I don't know how much help I can be, but I'm always willing to listen."

"Jerry and I have a good sex life, but it's always the same, night after night. I mean, it's not over in two minutes, I don't mean that, but he's just not willing to try it in different ways," Sandi admitted.

"Different…positions you mean?" Chelsea asked.

"Yeah, it's always the traditional missionary position or laying behind me. For years I've been wanting to try it doggy-style, but he's unwilling."

Chelsea shook her head in confusion. "Do he say why?"

"He says it's the way animals do it and that God didn't intend for humans to have sex that way."

"Oh, well I don't know why a person would ever think that," Chelsea giggled.

"Right? I mean, your husband's a minister. Does he refuse to have sex with you that way?" Sandi pried.

Chelsea uncrossed her legs uncomfortably. "Well, my husband and I don't actually have sex much these days," she admitted.

"You don't have sex?"

"No, um…because he's a pastor, he's only allowed to have marital sex for the purpose of procreation."

"Good grief, I never knew that about the ministry," Sandi stated. "It's a wonder that you don't have a dozen kids running around then."

Chelsea giggled, but then got a more serious expression on her pretty face. "I'm not really able to have kids anymore. I had an emergency medical procedure a couple years ago that unfortunately prevents me from having any more," she explained.

"So, wait...are you saying that you and Teddy don't have sex at all then?"

"Yes…we haven't had sex in years, sadly."

"Oh my God…that must be so hard for you?" Sandi said consolingly.

"Some days no, but most days yes."

"I feel so awful," Sandi admitted. "Here I am feeling sorry for myself that I only get it a certain way and you don't get it at all."

"You don't have to feel bad, Sandi…really. We all make our choices in life. Marrying a minister was one I made, and now I'm living with it the best I can."

"You must masturbate constantly!" Sandi giggled. "You ARE allowed to masturbate, right?"

"Yes, and trust me I do," Chelsea admitted.

"Well, I know you hardly know me, but if you ever need someone to talk to don't hesitate to call me. We're sisters in Christ."

"Amen to that, and thank you," Chelsea said, sharing a hug with her new friend.

A few days later, the families got on their Sunday best and went to church. Being a pastor, Teddy was expected to be up front, but his wife and kids sat on the church pews, sharing a row with the new family, the Parkers.

Henry despised church. It was the most boring part of his week. Today, however, he was kind of excited to be sitting between his mom and Sandi Parker. Both of them had their sexy legs crossed, which made their dresses ride up to the middle of their thighs. Henry marveled at how silky their freshly-shaved legs look and how they gave off a slick-looking sheen. He imagined what it would be like to have such legs wrapped around him, while he sheathed his dong in their hot pussies.

As Father Hanson's sermon went on and on, the boy's eyes peeked over at his mom's breasts. It wasn't that her dress was immodest by any means, but her tits were just so damn large that they could make any top seem obscene. He breathed in deeply, taking in the scent of their sweet perfume and the hint of something else. Turning his head slightly, he set his lusty eyes on Sandi's big knockers. While not quite as large as Chelsea's, the blonde-haired mother's boobs were still substantially larger than most women in the congregation.

After gawking for a moment, Henry's eyes drifted up to Sandi's face and saw her peeking over at him with a knowing smile. He quickly diverted his attention to the sermon, clearly blushing.

"He was just staring at my tits!" Sandi thought. Her eyes drifted to his crotch and suddenly went wide by what she saw.

Chelsea's cellphone buzzed on her lap. She looked to find a text from Sandi. It read:

"I hate to point this out at a time like this, but I think your son has a boner. "

Chelsea's eyes got as big as Sandi's did as she peeked over at her boy's crotch. It was obvious by the tented fabric of his dress-pants that he had a raging boner. She quickly looked away as her heartrate increased.

"Teenage boys! " the mother texted back.

Sandi did her best to suppress her giggle, then texted back.

"What do you think got him like that? Our legs maybe? "

"I've always heard that boys his age can get spontaneous erections. Maybe that's all it is," Chelsea texted back.

Her eyes darted down and lingered on her son's bulge. "Good grief… it's so hard I can see the shape of the tip pushing out from beneath the fabric," she thought, then forced herself to look away.

Her phone vibrated as Sandi texted her again. "Also high testosterone levels and healthy blood flow. Supposedly erections are at their most rigid at that age. ☐-hard! "

"Good grief. I can't believe I'm having a conversation about erect penis's during church," Chelsea thought.

Both moms were having a difficult time focusing on the sermon. Their eyes kept returning to the boy's erect cock-bulge, staring at it wantonly. They were fully conscious of how erect their nipples were

inside their bras and how slippery cuntal nectar was secreting from their Skene's glands, just beneath the crotch of their panties.

"Just curious…what makes you think it's US that made it that way?" Chelsea texted Sandi.

"Well, he's sitting between two grown women. He can probably smell our pheromones. Plus, we both have nice legs and are large-chested. For most boys, that's a turn-on," Sandi messaged back.

"I suppose…maybe… …but in church?!" Chelsea replied.

"Let try something and then we'll know for sure," Sandi suggested.

"Try something??"

"Yes. Let's uncross our legs, then cross them again the other way and see if his penis twitches," Sandi suggested.

"I don't know, Sandi. I don't think I really wanna encourage that sort of thing."

"Aren't you curious to know if YOU'RE the reason your son is getting an erection in church?" Sandi asked.

"Maybe I'm afraid to know."

"We're not doing anything inappropriate. It's just readjusting our legs…that's all."

They watched the boy's cock intently as they uncrossed their sexy legs. This definitely got the teen's attention. Both moms stared in shock as the spike of Henry's boner twitched, while they crossed their naked legs again.

"Did you see that? Did you see it twitch?" Sandi texted.

"Yes, there was definitely a reaction and the tip seems to have mushroomed a little bigger than it was before," Chelsea responded, her heart nearly racing out of her chest.

"That was most certainly a penile throb that we just witnessed. We'll know for sure here in a second, if a big wet spot starts to form on the tip."

The mother's hearts were beating a mile-a-minute as they both stared at the crown of Henry's penis. Just as Sandi had predicted, a wet-spot began to soak through the fabric of his pants on the peak of his cock.

Chelsea quickly texted her. "You were right. His pre-ejaculate is staring to soak through his pants."

"That means he's not just hard, Chelsea…he's aroused ," Sandi replied.

Henry wasn't oblivious to the fact that his mom and Sandi Parker were staring at his package. He was well endowed, with a penis that was nearly nine-inches long when fully erect, so he was proud to show it off. Plus, he knew the rules of the priesthood, and that his parents hadn't had sex in years. He knew his mom must be secretly craving a big dick like his.

After the sermon they stood to file out of the rows. Standing behind his mom, Henry 'accidentally' bumped her thick ass several times with the tip of his boner as they made their way our of the building.

"Such a beautiful sermon, wasn't it?" Sister Charity asked them as she stood just outside the church.

"Inspiring!" Chelsea replied, even though she hadn't listened to a word of it. Her mind was too occupied by what was going on beneath her son's pants.

"I'm not sure if he told you, but Henry and I had a chat before the meeting," Charity said. "He's interested in the sexual education sessions and is completely comfortable with you joining."

"Really?" Chelsea asked, then looked over at her son. "Are you sure, honey? I don't wanna make it seem awkward by me being there."

"No, it's fine," the boy replied. "Sister Charity said that you could probably give some valuable input."

"Well…sure, I mean, I'll help out in any way I can."

"Great!" Charity beamed. "How does tomorrow afternoon at 3 sound?"

"We'll be there," the mother assured her.

Teddy had to stay and attend to his church duties, so the mother took her two children home. She turned to her son when they stepped in the door. "Henry, can we chat in your room?" she asked.

"Sure, mom," he answered.

The teen followed his mom upstairs and Chelsea could practically feel his eyes on her meaty buttocks the whole time.

When they arrived in his bedroom, Chelsea closed his door, while her son sat on his bed. "Am I in trouble?" he asked.

"No, but there is an issue I need to discuss with you," she stated.

"What is it?"

"Honey, you can't just go getting erections at church."

"Erections?"

"Yes, erections, Henry. Your penis was hard during Father Hanson's entire sermon," the mother chided.

"Oh, I guess I didn't really notice."

"Well I did, especially when you were poking it against my butt while we were walking out."

"Oh," the boy muttered, realizing that he was actually getting another boner, while glancing down at the swell of his mom's huge tits. "Sorry, I guess I didn't realize it was touching you."

His mom fed him a doubtful look. "I have a hard time believing that. Tomorrow you'll get a session with Sister Charity and she'll probably teach you that there's a time and place for those sorts of things and it's not at or during church," his mom chided.

"Well, good thing I'm not at church anymore then," Henry stated, glancing at his crotch.

"Henry!" his mom exclaimed, looking down at it.

"What? It's not like I can prevent them, mom."

"No, but we're standing in your bedroom talking. Why's it getting erect."

She noticed her son's eyes drift up her body, starting with her dainty feet, with their painted toenails that were arched in her mules. "Better yet, forget it…I probably shouldn't know," she stated, then walked out.

Chelsea went to her bathroom, stripped naked and masturbated furiously, while laying on the floor. Despite how she tried, she couldn't shake the image of her boy's monster erection. She had brought her pillow in the bathroom with her, so she could use it to muffle her orgasmic screams.

"Maybe it's NOT a good idea for me to sit in on Sister Charity's sessions!" she thought, knowing anything sex-related might trigger her sexually. "No, I'm going! Sister Charity needs me to be there to offer input and support. I just need to maintain my composure and keep my own feelings at the door."

Sister Charity had her own private office at the church. It was 3pm sharp when she received a knock at her door. She answered, wearing her traditional robe and veil. "Chelsea, Henry…come in!" she cheerfully greeted.

She closed the door and turned the lock, then led them over to the sofa in her office. "Please, be seated. Would the two of you like some water?"

"I'm fine, thank you," Chelsea replied.

"I'm OK too," said Henry.

Charity sat in a comfy chair across from them and looked directly at the boy. "Henry, as you know, I have a boy your same age…Noah."

"Yeah, Noah and I are friends."

"I know you are, and you're both at a similar place in your sexual development. Recently, Noah had sexual intercourse with a girl for the very first time, and soon you will be too, if you haven't already???"

Both Charity and his mom stared at the teen, waiting for his response. "No…I um, haven't had sex with anyone yet?" he timidly muttered.

"He's a virgin. I wasn't expecting that," Chelsea thought.

"Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of. You'll lose your virginity at the time and place that God sees fit," she assured him. "It's

important, however, that you have the knowledge and skills to engage in sexual activities effectively and responsibly. Sex is a powerful gift, Henry, that our Holy Father has bestowed up on."

"Alright," the boy nodded. He felt his mom take his hand and squeeze it reassuringly.

"There are two components that are necessary for sexual intercourse," Charity explained. "A penis, which is something God gave males, like yourself, and vaginas, which were bestowed upon females, like your mother and I."

She glanced down at Henry's bulge. "A man's penis becomes erect, which is what allows him to penetrate the vagina and spill his seed inside a woman. Is your penis erect right now, Henry?"

He glanced at his mother, reluctant to answer. "Yes…sorry!" he muttered.

"His penis has been erect a lot here lately," Chelsea added.

"It's ok for your penis to be erect at the appropriate times, Henry, and this is one of them," Charity noted.

"It is?"

"Yes…this is a time of learning. A safe time and a safe place. Why don't you stand up and remove your pants, so your mother and I can point out the important parts of your male anatomy and how they function."

Chelsea's heart skipped a beat. "Is she serious?! She wants him to take out his penis…here?" she asked herself.

Henry stood up and removed his pants, while Sister Charity joined his mother on the couch, so they sat side by side. The women's eyes widened as they watched the boy's hardon spring from his briefs,

pointing at an upward angle in full hardness. "My goodness, Henry… the good Lord has certainly blessed you with a large, healthy penis," the Sister exclaimed.

"It gets this way a lot," the teen confessed.

"Yes, we noticed, honey," Chelsea smirked. "I was just explaining to Henry yesterday that there are certain times and places where having an erection may not be appropriate," the mother said, mesmerized by his erect dick.

"While that's true in theory, sexual arousal can happen just about anywhere…and a male, especially Henry's age, is powerless to stop a penile erection, once it starts," the Sister explained.

"That's true, I suppose. He was really struggling with one during church yesterday."

"What was it that got you so erect in church, Henry?" Charity asked. "Did you see an attractive female that got you aroused?"

Henry glanced at his mom, knowing that SHE was that attractive female. His mom knew it too. "Yes ma'am," he muttered.

"Was it one of the Anderson girls? They are quite beautiful and have large breasts."

"No…I mean, they are beautiful, like you said, but it wasn't them," the boy answered.

Charity noticed his eyes drift to the swell of his mother's breasts for a moment. "Oh, I see now. No need to be embarrassed, Henry. It's actually quite common for a mother's body to capture her boy's eyes during church."

"It is?"

"Of course. A mother's legs…her feet in their heels…her heavy breasts. All of those things can make a boy aroused."

"True," Henry agreed.

"Tell me…were you fantasizing about having sexual intercourse with your mother, while at church?"

Henry peeked over to see his mom looking right back at him, waiting for his answer. "If I said yes, would I get in trouble?" he asked.

The mother sat there for a moment, awkwardly contemplating his question. "Well, I don't want you to think you're gonna get in trouble by being honest…so no, no matter what you say you won't be in trouble, I promise," Chelsea assured him.

"In that case…yes, I WAS having those fantasies," he confessed.

Chelsea got a wild tingling in her belly. Even though she suspected her boy was having inappropriate thoughts about her, hearing him admit to it made it seem so much more real.

"Tell us about your fantasy, Henry. Were the two of you at home, alone together?" the Sister asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"We're you on top of your mom, on your parent's bed perhaps… having rough, passionate sex together?"

"Uh-huh."

"Henry, thank you for being honest. It makes my job as a teacher so much easier when a boy is as transparent as you are," Chastity said, then looked at his mother. "Chelsea, would you mind speaking to me out in the hallway for moment?"

"Sure," the mother answered, then followed Sister Charity out of her office, so they could speak in private.

"Thank you for setting your judgements aside and letting Henry confess his true feelings," the sister said.

"Of course. I'm here to listen and help the best I can…not scold him."

"In that case, how would you feel about being naked in front of Henry?" Charity boldly asked.

"Na…naked?"

"Yes. I think it would be appropriate, even in God's eyes, for his mother to be the model for a lesson in female anatomy."

Charity glanced down the hallway, towards her husband's office. "Sister Charity, I appreciate your willingness to have me involved, but I'm not so sure Teddy would be alright with what you're suggesting."

"Oh, well you certainly seemed ok with remaining in the room, while your son was naked," Charity pointed out. "And you did just say that you were here to help the best you can, did you not?"

"Yes, but…I AM his mother. I doubt God would look too favorable on me for being naked in front of him."

"So what you're saying is that my suggestion, as a sister in the church, is unholy?"

"No, no…I didn't mean that, it's just…"

"It's fine, Chelsea," Charity smiled. "Perhaps you're much to timid for this task anyway. I'll just ask one of the other mothers in the congregation to help me out."

Chelsea felt suddenly jealousy at that suggestion. "No…I'll do it," she muttered.

This got a big smile from the sister. "You'll do it? Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes. It IS just for educational purposes after all. God knows what our true intentions are, right?"

"Yes he does."

Henry's cock twitched at the sound of his mom and Sister Charity's heels CLICKING against the hard floor. Because her gown was so long, the boy couldn't see Charity's heels. However, his mom's he could see, and they were sexy as hell. Chelsea's dainty feet, with their freshly painted toenails, were arched wonderfully in four-inch mules that complimented the color of her dress.

"Chelsea, before you sit, why don't you take off Henry's shirt, so he can be completely naked for us," Chastity asked.

"Sure," the mother said awkwardly, then lifted her boy's shirt off. She fed him a little smile as they stood there a foot apart with his long erection pointed at her. Her heart skipped a beat as her eyes drifted down his chiseled torso to his jutting erection, which stuck out as stiff as a tree branch.

"Henry, why don't you sit down here between your mother and I, and let's talk about your penis," Charity suggested.

The boy sat down on the sofa and Chelsea sat down next to him, she became conscious of how aroused she was getting. Her nipples were thick and erect and her vagina was incredibly moist.

"There you go," the sister whispered. "Now lean back, so your boner can rest on your abdomen."

Henry's heart raced excitedly as he sat between the two beautiful women, watching them gaze down at his stiff peter.

"A man's penis is made up of so many wonderful parts, but there's three basic areas that are the most important to remember. The balls, the shaft and the glans," the sister instructed.

"I'll be explaining the function of the first two, then we'll let your mom talk about the importance of your bell tip."

Henry peeked up and shared an awkward, but eager smile with his mom.

He gasped as he felt the sister's hand gently clasp one of his plump nuts. "The balls, or testicles are like storage tanks for your sperm," she said, then looked over at his mom. "Chelsea, why don't you handle the other one."

The mother nervously reached down and took her teen's testicle in her hand. Her fingers explored the plump nut as the sister continued speaking.

"Your balls are emptied upon ejaculation, but quickly refill, as your body produces fifteen-thousand sperm every second."

"Wow, that's a lot," the boy gasped, watching their pretty hands squeeze on his nuts.

"It is a lot," Chastity agreed. "That's why your balls feel so full, Henry. Right now there are probably billions of sperm in your testicles, waiting for a chance to serve their purpose, which is to impregnate a woman."

"I don't ever remember Teddy's balks being this big," the mother thought as she dug her long nails into her boy's tender nut.

They watched the teen's dick flex in reaction to the way their hands were massaging his big nuts. Charity slowly slid her fist up around the base of his thick dick. "The second important area of your genitalia is your shaft. The length of it will determine your depth of penetration inside a female vagina. I will say, Henry, that you look to be at least nine-inches, which means you'll have no problem fully penetrating ANY female," Charity told him.

Chelsea's let out a heavy breath as she thought about what it must be like to have such a cock thundering through her.

The mother's hand followed the sister's, circling up around the meaty stalk. She couldn't believe how warm and thick it felt. There was simply no way she could get her entire hand around the thick meat of his erection.

"I have noticed, in the locker- room shower, than I'm bigger than most of the guys," Henry stated proudly.

His mom gave him a pleased smile. "You should feel proud and grateful that God has blessed you with such a large…perfectly-formed penis, honey," she stated.

"That's true, Henry," Charity added. "With a penis like yours, you'll have an overwhelming number of females pursuing you for coitus."

"I won't mind that!"

Both women giggled at his comment. "You best be careful, young man. You don't need to be getting a bunch of women pregnant with this thing," Chelsea warned.

The teen watched in utter fascination as the two hands circling his prick subtly pumped up and down. A dollop of pre-cum drooled from his piss-slit.

Charity was quick to point it out. "Look at that, Henry. Pre-ejaculate has seeped up from your balls and is weeping from the tip. It makes wonderful lubricant on your glans. Chelsea, why don't you show him."

The mother's heart was beating a mile a minute. She released her grip on his shaft and slipped her fist over his engorged tip. Her hand made a lewd, creamy sound as it stroked his fat bulb, with the aid of his slippery pre-cum. "Your glans are the most sensitive part of your penis," she whispered. "This is the part that slips through the pink walls of a woman's vagina first and experiences the most friction."

"The friction it's getting now sure feels good," Henry admitted, while peeking over at the swell of his mom's heaving breasts. He could clearly see the fat nubs of her tumescent nipples poking out from beneath her clothing.

"Does that mean she's turned on?" he thought.

Sister Charity slowly stroked his shaft, while Chelsea continued to massage his slippery crown. His mom continued explaining the function of his knob. "Honey, when you ejaculate, your sperm will flow through the slit of your knob and into a woman's vagina, but you don't wanna shot off to quickly. God has given us females the ability to orgasm also."

"That's right," the Sister smiled, tugging on his stiff prick. "And it often takes a big, strong erection like yours to make that happen, Henry. That's why it's important that you develop something called… staying power."

"Staying power?"

His mom explained. "Honey, staying power is the ability for a boy to have intercourse for awhile, maybe even hours, without submitting to his urge to ejaculate."

"How do I get more of that?"

"Well, Henry, I'm glad you asked," Charity interjected. "A boy improves his staying power through practicing a technique called 'edging.' Edging is when you bring yourself right to the brink of cumming, then slow down and let it subside," Charity explained. "Would you like your mom and I to show you how to edge your penis, then you can practice on your own at home, while you masturbate?"

"Sure," Henry replied, then looked at his mom, "if that's alright?"

Chelsea fed him a reassuring smile. "It's all being done for the purpose of helping you, honey. God knows our hearts are in the right place. So if Sister Charity believes that edging you is the right thing to do, then we should do it."

"Ok, then," he agreed, with a anxious smile. The boy stared down his chiseled torso at the two pretty hands that were working him off. He marveled at their long painted fingernails and how they squeeze and pulled at his tender erection so skillfully.

The two women adjusted their body position, turning so they were facing each other on each side of him. Their fists whipped up and down the boy's jutting prick with corkscrew strokes. Chelsea's hand was on the upper-half, while Charity's was wrapped around the thick base.

"Stimulate his frenulum," the sister whispered to Henry's mother.

Chelsea stuck her thumb up and let it plow against the band of her son's sensitive frenulum. This made Henry shudder in pleasure. "My goodness, he's just SO hard!" the mother huffed, while stroking rhythmically. Her tongue slipped out and licked her lips almost involuntarily as she watch his fat purple knob slip wetly through her pumping fist. Chelsea was getting so sexually aroused that she could feel the fuck-oil seeping from her cuntal crevice .

"Forgive me Lord, but I can't even imagine how good that thing would feel inside me!" she thought, marveling at just how sturdy and muscular her boy's cock looked, even while being vigorously jerked by their hands.

Henry could see both his mom and Sister Charity's mammoth mounds jumping around beneath their gowns while they stroked him. He always had a hard time judging the size of the Sister's breasts beneath her nun's gown, but now that he could see them shift around heavily he knew they must rival the size of his mom's giant tits.

"I'm feeling really good!" the boy announced; his dick tingling exquisitely.

"Let us know right before you're ready to cum, Henry," Charity advised, pumping at his thick shaft.

"I'm ready right now!"

Both the sister and his mom stopped stroking, releasing his prick and letting it spring back against his abdomen. "Good job!" Charity shouted. "Let the sperm settle back into your balls now, Henry."

Both women had their eyes fixed to his cock as the boy struggled to regain his breath. "You can see his glans throbbing," Chelsea excitedly whispered.

"Yes…look how the ridge of his knob has mushroomed out," Charity added.

"I think he's gonna spurt some," Henry's mother giggled.

"Maybe just a little."

Henry's penis twitched and a bubbling gob of semen oozed out of his peter-tip. "Sorry," he sighed.

"Oh, honey, it's ok," his mom cooed, rubbing his thigh tenderly.

"Don't apologize, Henry. It's normal for a little bit of semen to escape during edging. As long as it's not a full-blown ejaculation your fine," the sister consoled.

"So that didn't count as cumming?"

"Oh, honey, no," his mom answered. "When you cum your penis will spurt out big long ropes of ejaculate. That was only a tiny spurt you just had. It was caused by powerful contractions beneath the root of your erection."

"Would you feel comfortable edging yourself now, Henry?" Charity asked.

"Yes, I think I could."

"Good. Now that we've discussed your penis, I'd like to move on to female anatomy. Tell me…have you ever seen a naked woman before?" Charity asked. "Not on TV or the internet. I'm talking about a real naked woman, in the flesh."

"Oh, um…a real one? No," he answered.

"We didn't think so. For that reason, your mother has agree to assist in your learning by getting completely nude for you today, so you can see a female's sexual body parts."

Henry could hardly believe his ears. The first naked woman he'd get to see in real life would be the one who'd given birth to him. The woman he'd been fantasizing about for years.

His mom looked at him questioningly. "Are you alright with that, honey? I mean, I know it would help you, but I don't have to take my clothes off, if you don't feel comfortable with it."

"No, I do feel comfortable with it!" he blurted.

"Alright, as long as you're sure," Chelsea stated as she stood up off the couch.

First, the red-headed mother slipped her sexy feet from her heels and pushed them aside. Then, she unbuttoned her dress. Henry gasped out-loud and his boner jumped on his crotch as he watched his mom slip out of her dress, so she was now only in her underwear. As big as it was, her embroidered black bra looked much to small for her monstrous breasts. Pounds of creamy, bulging tit-flesh was spilling out the cups. The boy marveled at her mile-long cleavage; a fleshy cavern that could easily swallow his entire head.

"Holy wow! They look even bigger in just her bra!" the boy thought.

His mom's panties were bikini-style. She had a well-formed crotch, with puffy outer lips, that came together to form a delicious camel-toe.

The boy's heart raced as she reached around to unfasten her bra. Chelsea tugged at thick straps, releasing the row of hooks. Her melonous boobs sprung from the flimsy sling and rested wobblingly on her chest. Henry never imagined that such huge, thick-textured areolar-rings would cap his mom's tits. Even though she hadn't nursed in years they were dotted with Montgomery tubercles. Her nipples were long and rubbery, clearly engorged from arousal.

She flashed him a little smile, while hooking her thumbs beneath the elastic waistband of her panties. She shucked them down her lovely legs and stepped out of them. Henry took a big excited gulp as he stared at his mom's mons pubis. A neatly-trimmed patch of pubic hair crowned her vulva. Chelsea had prominent inner lips of labium that extended slightly from between her puffy outer flanges.

"Wow!" the boy muttered.

"Get used to it, Henry," Charity said with a wicked smile. "You'll soon be seeing lots of girls this way."

"Yes, maybe…but probably not ones with boobs that big."

"Not necessarily true," his mom smiled blushingly. "A lot of girls at your school are pretty heavy up top, honey."

"THAT heavy though?" her boy asked, staring at her giant rack.

"OK, Maybe not quite as big as me, but still pretty large."

"Do you like huge, heavy breasts on a girl, Henry?" the Sister asked.

"Yeah, they look really soft and squishy."

"Chelsea," Charity asked, looking over at the mother, "would you be OK with him squeezing them, just so he can know what big breasts feel like?"

The mother seemed a bit reluctant, but nodded. "Sure, if it's for learning purposes that should be ok," she replied.

"Henry, why don't you stand up then. Perhaps the two of you could start by sharing a hug," Charity suggested. "That way Henry can feel what it's like to have big heavy breasts crushed against his chest."

Mother and son embraced for a delicious tit-squashing hug. Henry had never felt anything so wonderfully warm, soft and spongy against him. Her hardened nipples prodded against his flesh teasingly. When they separated, the teen stared at his mom's huge ballooning knockers like a kid in a candy store.

"Go ahead, honey…you can squeeze on them," his mom softly assured him.

Henry reached out and took two great-big handfuls of tit-flesh. His fingers sunk into his mom's fatty boobs, getting a sense of their

immense size and weight. He looked up at his mom a moment to see her giving him a blushing smile.

"Are these the two things that are getting you erect while we're at home?" she asked teasingly.

"Uh-huh," he responded.

Charity stood beside them, watching the boy handle his mother's oversized boobs. "A woman's breasts play an important part in sex between two people, Henry," she said.

"Why's that?" he asked.

"A woman gets aroused by having her breasts squeezed and sucked on. When she gets aroused, slippery sexual fluid will secrete from her vaginal walls. This will aid in lubricating a man's penis during sexual intercourse."

"Can I try sucking?" Henry brazenly asked, looking up into his mom's eyes.

Chelsea seemed stupefied for a moment. It wasn't that she didn't want him to. She desperately did. Having her tits sucked on was one of the things she missed the most about sex. However, she wasn't sure if that was stepping too far over the line. She looked at Sister Chastity for guidance. "Is that ok?"

"For the sake of education, I believe God would understand," she answered. "Why don't the two of you move back to the sofa, where you can be more comfortable while Henry sucks on your nipples."

Chelsea sat down first. Her knockers bobbled as her ass hit the cushion. She looked at her boy and patted her lap. "Come lay your head down, honey," she softly invited.

Henry was quick to comply, sprawling across the couch and laying his head on his mom's lap. Before he knew it, her engorged nipple was lowered to his mouth and he began sucking.

Chelsea clenched her toes as a powerful surge of arousal swept through her sexy body. Her boy's entire face was smothered beneath her tit. His mouth was circled around the fringe of her areola, so he could gorge himself on the flesh of her papilla.

The mother looked down at her son's hard pink dick as it bobbed stiffly on his loins. "My goodness he's just…beautiful!" she thought, watching his hips squirm. Pre-jizz dripped from his peter-hole showing his arousal-level.

"Ohhh, look how excited he is," Charity beamed, kneeling down on the floor next to the boy.

"He can hardly keep his hips still," the mother giggled, fascinated by his humping movements.

"That's because a boy's sexual instinct is to thrust. He's inadvertently going through the motions of sexual intercourse."

"He's leaking a lot from the tip too," Chelsea observed, staring at her boy's cock-head. "I don't think his penis has lost one bit of it's rigidity."

"Teenage erections usually don't," the Sister stated. "Once they become engorged with blood they can remain completely turgid for hours."

"That's SO amazing!" the mother exclaimed, staring at her boy's boner with goo-goo eyes. She was like someone who'd been food deprived staring at a juicy sirloin steak.

They watched his dick throb and twitch, making another gob of pre-spunk drool from his meatus. "More goo!" his mom giggled, then

gasped from the feel of her boy sucking hard at her nipple.

"Yes, he has a healthy flow of pre-ejaculatory fluid. That'll make him VERY effective at making babies."

"Because of pre-cum's high PH levels, right?" Chelsea asked.

"Exactly! The vagina's PH is highly acidic. A high volume of pre-ejaculate will change those levels and promote sperm survival."

"Sounds like my son has a penis made for breeding," Chelsea stated with a smile, while watching her boy slowly thrust his pecker up and down. "And he's certainly got the moves to go along with it."

"Sucking on your nipples is highly stimulating him. Why don't we put our hands back on his erection, to offer some relief," Charity suggested.

Henry snarled with lust, gasping for air, since his entire face was sunk down into the squishy softness of his mom's tit. He felt their hands around his prick, beating it's tender length with perfect corkscrew strokes.

He suctioned his cheeks, pulling more flesh into his mouth. His tongue lashed around, beating against the rubbery nub of his mom's distended nipple.

"Such a big hard boy!" his mom's voice cooed, staring at his cock.

"Ready for wild sexual intercourse!" Charity added.

"Whoever it's with will get SO much pleasure!" Chelsea stated. "I just know he'll have them crying out in ecstasy!"

"Is your mother right, Henry?" the Sister asked. "Are you gonna provide women with wild orgasms? Are you going to make them bathe your prick in their female ejaculations?"

Their hot words and squeezing strokes were making the boy's dick tingle with wonderful sensations. They could tell by the frantic pumping of his hips that he was about to cum, so they stroked him faster. "Someone's about spurt I think!" Charity announced.

"Do you want me to cover it with my hand?" Chelsea quickly asked, since her circled fist was closest to his tip.

"No, let this handsome boy throw his ropes into the air!" Chastity responded.

No sooner did she say that then Henry let out a guttural grunt and a huge geyser of cock-cream erupted from his penis. The two women watched in lustful fascination as a half-dozen cords of semen pulsed from his piss-slit, rising high into air before splashing down onto the teen. The boy whimpered against his mom's big tit as he felt their experienced hands milk his load out.

After they cleaned Henry up and got dressed, Sister Charity led them to the door. "I'll see you both in two days for our next lesson," she informed them.

"Thank you, sister," Chelsea muttered sweetly.

"Yeah, thanks," Henry added, still in shock by what had just happened.

On their way out they ran across Henry's dad in the hallway. "Hey, what are you two doing here?" he asked.

Both Chelsea and her son had guilt written all over their faces. "Sister Charity is working with Henry on some things…and um, I was just sitting in to offer any assistance if she needed it," his wife explained.

"Oh, that Sister Charity… always so generous to share her time and her wisdom," Teddy remarked. "Speaking of time, that reminds me…

I have some missionary work to assist with this evening, so I'll be home later than usual."

"That's fine, honey," his wife smiled. "I'll keep a plate of food in the microwave for you."

There was an awkward silence as Henry and his mom drove home. Chelsea finally peeked over at him. "You don't feel bad…about what we did today, do you, honey?" the mother asked.

"No…you and Sister Charity were just helping me, right?"

"That's right. Like she said…you're just at a tough age and it's important that you have the information and knowledge that you need to feel confident around girls."

"That's true."

"Even though in God's eyes we were doing nothing wrong, it's probably better that you not talk about what went on today with anyone, ok?"

"Sure, mom…I won't say anything to anyone."

"You're an angel," she stated with a warm smile.

After serving dinner that evening and helping her daughter with her homework, Chelsea soaked in a hot bath. She couldn't help but stroke her clit and get herself off in the tub to thoughts of what had occurred earlier that day.

Once out of the tub, she did her hair and makeup, then sprayed herself with a little perfume. "I'm just saying goodnight to Henry. You'd think I was going on a date or something," she told herself.

She went to her closet and pulled out a colorful garment, looking at it in contemplation. "I couldn't possibly wear this, could I?" she

thought.

"Studying for your test?" the mother asked as she stood in her son's doorway a short time later.

Henry was hardly able to answer as he took in what his mom was wearing. It was a turquoise robe made of sheer mesh. Easily the most revealing thing she had ever worn in front of him and she was clearly naked beneath it. "Yeah…for my, um…English test," he muttered, as his eyes drifted down her freshly shaved legs.

"Need any help?" she asked.

He certainly wanted to see more of her body, so he agreed to letting her help him.

"I hope you're OK with me wearing this in front of you?" his mom asked, stepping towards his bed. "I figured it would probably be good for you to see something like what a girl might wear for you sometime."

"I like it a lot," the boy confessed, while watching his mom's heavy breasts tremble with her every step.

Chelsea joined him on the bed, curling her legs to the side in a sexy seated position. She examined the papers he was studying, while letting her son gawk at her scantily clad body.

"It's nearly ten years old," the mother muttered.

"What is?"

"The robe I'm wearing. The last time I wore it was when your father and I were trying to get me pregnant with your sister."

"Why so long ago?"

"Well, intimacy isn't something your father and I share much these days, honey," she answered.

"Because of the ministry?"

"Yes. It's ok though…I know your father's doing the Lord's work and that's what's most important," Chelsea said unconvincingly.

"You must miss it though?" Henry asked.

"Intimacy?"

"Yes."

"Well, sure…I miss it, but it's just the way God wants it, so I accept that," the mother shared.

"What do you miss most about it?" Henry asked.

"I guess the closeness and that feeling of just…being connected."

Henry watched her readjust her silky legs. While doing so, he got a glimpse between her smooth thighs. It was just long enough to see that she had shaved her pussy. "Holy smokes! She got rid of the hair down there!" he excitedly thought.

The teen decided since his mom was being so open that he'd pry a little deeper. "Did you have a favorite way you liked to do it?" he asked.

Chelsea smiled, a bit surprised by his question. "A favorite…position you mean?"

"Yeah."

"Probably doggy," she answered with a slight blush.

"How does that one work?" Henry asked, although he already knew, he just wanted to hear his mom describe it.

"Well…in the doggy position, a woman is on her hands and knees, and the guy is, um…mounting her from behind," Chelsea explained.

"Mounting her how?"

"Well, just, um…kneeling behind her and penetrating her vagina that way."

"Can you show me?" the boy brazenly asked.

"Show you?" his mom asked in surprise. "Honey, we can't…"

"I don't mean actually have sex. I just mean show me how the position goes, with our clothes on."

"Oh, well…I suppose just for educational purposes there would be no harm in it," she said. "Get up onto your knees, honey."

While he did that, Chelsea maneuvered up onto her hands and knees. The boy gasped at the site of her luscious ass, which he could clearly see through the transparent mesh robe. Resting on all fours, the mom's tits nearly spilt out of the gown as their weight pushed against the flimsy fabric. She peeked back over her shoulder. "So, in the doggy position a woman is on all-fours, like this," she stated.

"So, what do I do?" Henry asked, playing stupid.

"Come up behind me and hold my hips."

Henry paused for a moment and stared at his mom's posterior. The buns of her rounded ass were slightly spread, allowing him a peek at the pink crinkled ring of her asshole. Below that were the outer lips of her vulva, closed up like a fleshy clamshell. He scooted forward

and bumped his erect crotch against her meaty buttocks. "Like this?" he asked.

"Yep, this is pretty much it. Once a man's penis is inside… the rest is just thrusting."

Henry began to hump his crotch against his mom's butt, simulating a doggy-fuck. "Thrusting by the guy, right?" he asked.

"No, not always," his mom answered as she began humping her ass back against him. "A woman can thrust too."

"Oh, cool!" the boy gasped, watching the rounded cheeks of his mom's ass ripple as they beat against his midsection.

"You'll get lots of girls wanting you to do them this way," the mother stated, smiling back at him.

"I certainly won't mind that."

"I bet you won't," Chelsea giggled. Their bodies continued to smack together as neither one of them seemed in any hurry to stop. "A lot of girls like their asses slapped in this position," the mother pointed out.

"Can I slap yours…just for practice."

"Oh dear God, am I really gonna let him slap my ass?" she thought.

"Just for practice," his mom reiterated. "Pull my robe up over my buttocks."

Henry did as she said, exposing her lovely derriere. Her fleshy half-globes continued to hump back against him, meeting his thrusts. "Ok…give it a good slap, honey!" she directed.

Henry drew his hand back, then smacked her ass hard, making her butt-meat ripple. "Can I do it again?" he excitedly asked.

"Yes, once more!" the mother answered, becoming more sexually aroused by the second.

A loud SMACK reverberated through his bedroom as Henry's hand made contact with his mom's ass again.

"We should probably, um…stop now, honey," the mother suggested as she lowered down into the sitting position on his mattress.

"You're right though…that is a cool position."

"I've always thought so," Chelsea blushed. "I'm sure you'll have plenty of opportunities to enjoy it with your future conquests," she winked.

"My friends all talk about the cowgirl position, but I don't know much about that one either."

"Oh, well…that's a position where the woman's on top," Chelsea explained. "She straddles a man…like a horse and rides him that way."

"Wow, that one sounds cool too. Can you show me?"

"As long as we're both clear on why I'm doing this. It's just for learning purposes," his mom sternly reminded him, while rising up onto her knees.

"Of course," the boy replied, then sprawled out onto his back.

The mother gawked at the big tubular-shaped bulge beneath his underwear. A question popped from her mouth almost without thinking. "Did you wanna take your briefs off?"

Henry could hardly believe his ears. He certainly wasn't gonna say no to that one. "Sure," he answered, then quickly removed what was left of his clothing, releasing his big dick.

"You're playing with fire here, Chelsea," the mother warned herself, knowing that her pussy was naked also.

Chelsea threw her leg across his midsection, then planted her knees astride his hips. When her heated vulva made contact with the boy's erection, they both gasped in unison.

Henry's eyes were as big around as silver dollars as he gazed up his mother's torso. The turquoise robe was so transparent that she might as well have been wearing nothing at all. From this vantage point especially, her boobs looked absolutely ginormous. They ballooned out from her chest, her nipples thick and erect. His mom peeked down at him over her boobies and smiled. "Now can you see why your friends talk about this one so much?" she asked.

"Yes…totally!"

"I can show you what women do in this position, but first…we should point your erection back behind me, so it doesn't accidentally slip in," she suggested, rising up a bit.

Henry reached down and moved his boner, so it pointed backwards through the crack of his mom's ass. "Like that?" he asked.

"Perfect!"

Chelsea began moving up and down as if she were riding her son's cock. "A woman can do it sitting upright, like this," she said, then leaned down and rested her extended arms astride her son's head. "Or, in more of a leaning position, this way."

The wonder-stricken teen gawked at his mom's fat tits as they bobbled right above his face, threatening to slip free from the gap in her robe. He gazed down his torso and could see his mom's naked vulva humping against his lower abdomen, leaving little wet marks. "I like this one!" he said with excited breath.

"Me too!" his mother answered with obvious sexual excitement in her voice.

The boy's dick suddenly sprung back and slapped against him and his mom's pussy-lips mashed down against it. "Oops!" he muttered.

His mom giggled. "That's ok, honey…we'll be careful," she stated, continuing to hump against it. She looked over at his door. "Speaking of being careful…we should probably throw your blanket over the top of us, just in case your sister were to come in."

"That's true," Henry agreed. His mom grabbed his comforter and draped it over them, so they became shrouded in near darkness. Now her body seemed to really be moving with heated intensity. Henry felt the squishy swell of her big tits squashed down around his neck as the two of them began to writhe wildly.

"Lord, help me, he's so hard!" the mother's brain swirled as she dry-humped her son's cock. Her cunt-lips were flanked around his shaft and her fleshy prepuce had retracted back, mashing the bulb of her glans against her boy's thick, muscular cock.

Henry sighed with delight. The feel of her big sloshing tits wasn't the only thing registering in his brain. The hot, slick wetness of his mom's cuntal flesh, grinding against his cock, felt divine.

"Wow!" he whimpered, listening to his mother pant lustfully as she humped shamelessly on top of him.

Out of nowhere he felt her lips on his, kissing him tenderly. At first they were quick and innocuous, but soon they became more passionate and their tongues began making contact.

Henry's knob slid past his mom's cuntal opening, coming dangerously close to slipping in. Once again, his peter-tip became lodged in the mouth of her vestibule, feeling her searing juices. This time, his knob began to inch inside of her vagina.

Suddenly, they were nearly startled out of the skin by a knock at the door. "Chelsea, are you in there?" Her husband asked.

The mother was so out of breath from the thrill of what just happened she could hardly answer. "Yes, honey, I'm um…helping Henry study for a test. I'll be right out. Dinner's in the microwave."

"Alright, thanks, hon," he replied.

Henry peeked up from the pocket of his mom's enormous cleavage. "Can we do this a little longer, while he's eating?" he asked.

"Honey, no, it's much too risky," she answered, climbing off of him. "Besides, I can't let your father see my in this," she continued, closing her mesh robe. "I need to get to my bedroom before he comes back upstairs."

Henry reached down and squeezed his hard prick, while watching his mom rush towards his door. He could clearly see her naked buttocks undulating beneath the robe as she walked.

Chelsea paused at his door and peeked out to make sure her husband wasn't out there, then she looked over at her boy. Her eyes immediately went to the cock that he was gently stroking. The site of him doing that nearly made her melt with desire. "Pull one out, ok?" she softly said.

"Pull one out?"

"A cum-load. Pull one out of your balls for me tonight."

"Oh, right, um…sure!" the boy nodded.

"And, be sure to finish studying for your test, ok?" she said softly.

"Sure, mom," the boy responded, laying there holding his erect cock.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," Chelsea confessed as she sat in the booth the next day. "It's been four days since my last confession."

"Our God is one of compassion and forgiveness," Father Hanson's soothing voice responded from the next booth. "Tell me the sin you've committed, dear."

"Last night, my son and I were being…inappropriate and I nearly had sex with him."

"Nearly…but you didn't, I presume?"

"No, only because my husband came home, otherwise I don't know that I would have had the strength to stop myself," Chelsea admitted.

"God gives strength to those who call upon his name. Show remorsefulness and you will be forgiven."

"Thank you, Father."

Later that day, Chelsea sat in the local coffee shop when Sandi Parker walked in.

"Hey, Chelsea…thanks for meeting me here," she whispered as she sat down next to her friend at the table.

"Of course. Is everything alright?" Chelsea asked.

"Yes…I mean, no, not really."

"What's wrong?"

"You're the only one I feel like I can talk to. The only one who understands," Sandi replied. "You remember I told you about my husband and I's…issue, in the bedroom?"

"I remember."

"Well, I asked him for doggy-style sex again and this time he actually got angry at me for asking."

"Why would he get angry about that?" Chelsea asked.

"Oh, I don't know…probably because I hound him about it three times a day, every day, but the point is I'm at my wits-end here," the mother vented in frustration. "Chelsea, I hope I don't sound like a floozy, but I need to be pounded from behind so bad it's killing me!"

"Well, maybe if you just sit your husband down and explain to him that…"

"No," Sandi interrupted. "I've tried reasoning with him about it. I just can't get through. I know this sounds horrible, but I'm actually starting to entertain the idea of cheating on him."

Chelsea got quiet for a moment as she reflected on how closely she'd come to actually cheating on her own husband.

"Why are you not saying anything?" Sandi asked. "You think I'm terrible, don't you?"

"No, I don't think your terrible. I'm sorry, your problem just reminded me of something I myself am going through right now."

"But I thought you said you and your husband weren't having sex anymore?" Sandi asked.

"We're not, but… Oh, never mind," Chelsea muttered, shaking her head as if too ashamed to discuss it.

"No, what is it? Tell me," Sandi insisted, placing her hand on Chelsea's.

"Just like you've been entertaining the idea of cheating on your husband…I've also been tempted to cheat on Teddy recently."

"Recently?"

"Yes."

"With…anyone in particular?"

Chelsea flashed her a smile. "I think you know," she muttered.

The blonde mother smiled knowingly. "I can't say I blame you. I know he's your son, but he's incredibly handsome…and that penis-bulge, I mean good grief I had to wring my panties out after church the other day."

"Tell me about it."

"Being in a sexless marriage, it can't be easy having such a hot, virile, well-endowed son living under the same roof as you."

"I was fine for the longest time, but Henry has reawakened the sexual beast inside me," Chelsea confessed. "I just don't know how long I can go without letting him screw my brains out."

"I know I'm at least getting sex and you're not, but I can totally relate to the hunger you're feeling," Sandi consoled. "I have that same overwhelming desire to be fucked from behind."

Sandi suddenly threw her hand over her mouth. "Oops, sorry…I mean 'taken' from behind. If only it were God's will."

"Wait a minute…God's will!" Chelsea blurted.

"What's God's will?"

"I've been assisting Sister Charity in teaching Henry about sexuality. Maybe God is ok with us cheating on our husbands as long as it's for

a worthy cause."

"You mean like helping your son learn about sex?"

"Yes. I mean a sex education is about more than just learning it, right? It's about practicing it…preparing Henry and giving him the confidence and skills for a healthy sex life."

Sandi smiled from ear to ear and shook her head. "That doesn't sound at all like something a loving God would object to us helping out with."

The next day, Chelsea, Sandi and Henry went to the appointment to see Sister Charity. "You brought a friend from the congregation this time!" the Sister stated as she greeted them at her office door.

"Good to see you again, Sister," Sandi said, sharing a hug with her.

Henry sat down between his mom and Sandi and Sister Charity smiled across at him from her chair. "Henry, during our last session you learned about the male body. In particular, the penis, and how it functions. Today we're going to be teaching you about the sexual anatomy of a female."

"Cool!" the boy nodded eagerly.

Chastity looked over at the boy's mother. "Chelsea, why don't you go ahead and strip naked for your boy."

Chelsea nodded and stood up without hesitation. "Certainly!" she smiled, while starting to unbutton her blouse.

"Can I get naked too?" Sandi asked.

"Absolutely!" Charity answered. "Tell you what…why don't all three of us get naked, so Henry can see that no two females are built the same."

The boy sat there in wide-eyed disbelief as the three heavy-titted mothers stripped in front of him. They removed their bras and panties, exposing their oversized tits and shaved pussies.

"Henry, why don't you kneel here on the floor. We'll have your mother and Sandi sit on the couch," Charity requested.

"Do I need to keep my clothes on?" Henry asked, as he moved to the floor.

"For now," Charity answered, then looked at the two moms as they sat down. "We're going to have the ladies lean back on the sofa and spread their pretty legs, so they can show you their vaginas."

Henry's jaw dropped as he watched Sandi and his mom scissor their sexy legs open into wide spread-eagles, pointing their dainty bare feet towards opposite sides of the room. Their big knockers drooped slightly off the sides of their chests.

"Look at the differences in their vaginas, Henry," the sister pointed out. "Sandi has big inner lips that extend out past her labia majora. While your mother's vagina looks like a flower about to bloom. You can see how the inner flesh is peeking out along the entire length of her slit."

"That's so cool!" the boy excitedly sighed. His dick was so hard that it hurt.

"Now we'll have the moms peel open their genitalia, so you can see what's going on beneath those fleshy layers."

Sandi and Chelsea used two fingers to spread their labium. Henry's heart about beat out of his chest as he gawked at the fat clits that peeked out from beneath their clitoral hoods.

"A woman's vulva is crowned by the bulb of her clitoral glans. A woman's glans are just like yours, Henry. Smaller, but just as

sensitive," Chastity explained.

"They do look like little penis's," the boy observed, making the moms giggle.

"Go over and drag your tongue across their clits. Watch how it gives them pleasure."

Henry crawled over right in front of his mom's splayed cunt. He leaned down and drug his tongue across her engorged love-button, just as the Sister suggested. His mom gasped sharply and shuddered. "Oh wow!" he sighed, looking across the fleshy prepuce of her bare pubis, up her tapered torso to her huge wobbling breasts, admiring the magnificent rounded undersides. "You shaved down here?" he pointed out.

His mother smiled down at him through her curtain of silky red hair. "I did," she proudly agreed.

He moved over to Sandi and brought his nose to her crotch, inhaling the sweet musky aroma of her pudenda. He drug his tongue over her juicy fuck-hole and across the fat bulb of her clitoris. This made the mother gasp and pant with horny desire.

"Would you like to lick my clitoris too, Henry?" Sister Charity asked.

"Could I?"

"God wants you to feel comfortable with all female bodies, so yes, you may."

As the Sister stood next to him, Henry moved over and brought his face to her bare vulva. He let out a lusty snarl as her drug his licker through the folds of her labial flesh and across the grape-sized nubbin of her engorged clitoris.

"Ohh!" the Sister sighed as he stimulated her nerve-endings.

"I like doing that a lot," the boy confessed. His mouth was wet from the juices of all three pussies.

"Good, then you'll love giving a woman oral pleasure," Charity stated. "You've probably heard the boy's at school refer to it as eating pussy."

"Yeah, I have heard them taking about that."

"Among other things, I'm sure," Chelsea teased.

"Right?" Sandi agreed. "Teenage boys love to talk about hot, nasty sex."

"They love to HAVE, hot, nasty sex too," Chastity pointed out. "Would you like to have hot, nasty sex today, Henry?"

"Sure!" the boy excitedly replied.

"Would you like us to strip you naked, so you can slide your long, tender penis inside our vaginas?"

"Wow, would I ever!"

The three women moved in on him like a pack of hungry cougars. Henry was stripped down to his birthday suit in less than a minute. Their eyes stared at his cock like it was a big yummy candy cane. "Chelsea, why don't you take him first," Chastity suggested.

"Come on, honey," the mother said softly, leading him by his arm back over to the couch. She sat back down on the edge of the cushion, leaned back and threw open her legs again. "This is God will," she confidently stated. "He wants me…and all of us to help you learn and feel confident sexually."

"God is great!" the boy stated, then stepped up and fit his knob to his mom's fuck-hole. He thrust his hips, sinking his boner into the

hot, slippery snugness of her vaginal sleeve.

"OH, MY GRACIOUS!!" Chelsea cried out, feeling a stiff dick inside her deprived cunt for the first time in many years. It wasn't just any dick. It was the large, meaty cock of her son.

"Thrust into her, Henry!" Chastity urged. "Feel the pleasure that a female body can provide you."

Henry grasped his mom by the waist, so he could really sock it to her. The mother's puffy outer labia beat against her boy's cock-base as Henry fed his prick inside of her with rapid thrusts. His mom's vagina was wonderfully tight from years of neglect, creating amazing friction around his young burrowing dick.

He watched in utter astonishment as Chelsea's big tit-melons swung up and down her chest from the rhythm of their fuck.

It was no surprise that the mother had already reached the peak of a powerful climax. "OH, HENRY, YES!!" she cried out.

"You're making your mother orgasm, Henry!" Sister Charity announced. "Oh, that's so wonderful!"

Chelsea writhed wildly on the couch, arching her back and squealing as her son brought her off. "Whoa!" the boy sighed, watching his mom's pretty face contort as she threw her long red hair around in ecstasy. He heard her crotch squelch around his cock, then felt a hot rush of female ejaculate soak his prick and drip from his dangling balls.

"Wanna try THIS position now, Henry?" Sandi asked, pointing her ass back at the boy as she waited on all-fours. She wagged her mommy-buns lewdly. "Wanna try it doggy-style?"

"Sure!" the boy replied, pulling his cock from his mom's cunt and crawling over to Sandi.

Chelsea exchanged a knowing smile with her friend. Finally, Sandi was gonna be pounded from behind, just the way she'd been yearning to have it.

"Fuck my selfish bastard husband!" Sandi wickedly thought. "I have a huge teenage cock to give me the doggy-fuck I've been craving."

Henry's tongue hung from his mouth as he buried his prick inside the hot blonde's cunt and began fucking her from behind savagely. "OH, YES…GIVE IT TO ME!!" Sandi shouted lustfully. Her huge udders swung wildly to their fuck-rhythm as they dangled from her chest.

Henry watched his steely-hard cock stab in and out of her hot cunt. Sandi's big bubble butt SMACKED wonderfully against his midsection, making her ass-meat ripple on every strike.

"Yes! Hit it, Henry!" Sister Chastity cheered. "Hit it hard! You're doing wonderful!"

For a solid ten minutes the boy pumped his prick into Sandi's cuntal sheath, showing his stamina and making her cry out in orgasmic passion.

"Would you like Sister Charity to ride your loins now, Henry?" the nun asked. "Would you like to feel MY hot vagina from the inside?"

"Sounds good to me!" the boy answered, pulling out of Sandi's juice-soaked pussy and sitting on the sofa. Still wearing her holy bonnet, but nothing else, Chastity straddled the teen, placing her knees firmly astride his hips. She reached down and guided his cock inside of her smoldering cunt.

"OH, LORD IN HEAVEN, DO YOU FEEL GOOD!" she gasped loudly, setting her wide, mature hips in motion.

The sister bounced on his prick, fucking him at a frantic pace, so her peach-shaped ass smacked down on his nuts. Henry smothered his face between her giant tit-pillows, feeling their spongy softness bounce and ripple all around his wonder-filled face.

"Oh, honey…your penis is a real womb-smasher, isn't it?!" the Sister panted.

Sister Charity had a wonderful marriage, with a loving husband who made love to her regularly. However, she truly believed that it was her duty to help boys in the church make that passage into manhood. Over the years she'd had dozens of you young, stiff cocks pounding her snug cunny as she showed them the joys of sexual intercourse.

Henry latched on to one of her swollen nipples, gorging his mouth with distended tit-flesh. He sucked like a hungry infant, while feeling the pleated sleeve of her vagina drag along the surface of his stiff cock.

After ten minutes of bouncing and grinding on the boy, cumming twice and gushing on his prick, Chastity felt a hand on her shoulder. "Can I take over?" Chelsea asked.

"Of course, dear," Charity replied, then crawled off the boy.

Henry gulped excitedly as he watched his mom mount him for a fuck. She grasped his soaking-wet dick and shoved it inside the heated pit of her cunt. "Ahhh!" he gasped, feeling his erection slip through the remnants of her hymen and into her cock-grinder.

"I'm SO proud of you, Henry!" the mother gasped as she began riding her boy like a rodeo queen.

The teen panted in wide-eyed wonder, staring at the giant mommy-melons leaping up and down Chelsea's chest. Her beautiful fiery-red hair whipped around on her shoulders. Her pretty face was masked

in pure pleasure, feeling her son's big muscled dick pound through her horny hole.

Even though it had been years since she'd done the devil's dance, it all came back to the mother, just like riding a bicycle. She whipped her lovely ass up and down, enjoying the sensations of her boy's meaty cock as it slipped exquisitely along her pleated cuntal lining. "Oh, yes…it feels SO good, honey!!" the mother cried out.

Now, with her leaned forward, Henry could really lick and suck on her enormous breasts, while they beat all around his face. He pulled on her rubbery nipples, feeling her cunt-tube clench up around his prick as she reacted to his oral affection.

"Oh my goodness!" his mom's voice quivered. "You suck my breast so good!"

More than once, in the hour they fucked, the boy felt her body quake and her wonderful cuntal nectar gush all over his cock and balls.

"OHH, YESS!" the mom cried out, plowing her pussy up and back in full-penetration.

Henry could feel his unyielding erection stretching her uteri, stirring through the depths of her wonderful cunt. His mom's body shuddered and she howled in orgasm, so loudly that Henry worried that his father might hear from his office down the hallway.

Her pussy spasmed violently, milking hard on the aching stiffness of her boy's prick. Henry couldn't hold his wad any longer. He began grunting in pleasure, while spurting his cum-load along the tightly-clasping walls of her pussy-tube. For several more minutes the mother's meaty ass-globes beat against her boy's nuts as she milked his thick slab, pulling every drop of cum into her greedy vagina.

On Sunday morning there was a loud knock at Henry's bedroom door. "Guys, what are you doing in there? We're gonna be late!" Teddy shouted from outside the locked door.

Henry and Chelsea were on the bed fucking. The mother was on her back; had her church dress pulled up, and her smooth, strong mommy-legs harnessed high up around the boy's

back. Their genitals smacked wetly together in a heated rhythm and Henry's bed rocked from the force of his fuck-thrusts.

"Chelsea, are you guys coming?" her husband asked from outside the door.

"I'm cumming, honey, yess…I'm almost there!" she breathlessly answered, but she wasn't talking about 'coming' to the door. She was talking about 'cumming' on her son's cock.

"I'll be down in the car," Teddy announced.

With his face between his mom's chin and shoulder while he fucked, Henry snarled in sexual delight. The top portion of his mom's dress was open and her bra was pulled up over her tits, so he could feel her fatty knockers crushed against him. He loved the way his mom's thick thighs cradled his midsection, cushioning his every thrust. Her sleek legs clutched on to him, while her dainty high-heels hovered above his back, bobbing to their rhythm. She had obviously been ready for church, when she and her boy decided to have a hot fuck before the service.

The thick erect stalk of Henry cock pushed rhythmically into his mother's gripping cunt. Her coital muscles compressed the ribbed tube of her vagina around her boy's dong, making his glans sizzle as they drug along her slippery pink walls.

They kissed passionately; their tongue dueling inside the boy's mouth. They had gotten so good at fucking each other the past two

days that they could time their orgasms perfectly and erupt in a mutual climax.

"Ohh, Henry!" Chelsea gasped, struck by a tit-quivering orgasm.

"AHH, MOM!" the teen grunted, thrusting like a madman and pumping his first jet of cum inside her.

Their genital juices swirled together around the pulsing pink meat of their sexual organs. Yes, her husband was waiting in the car, but the mother seemed to be in no hurry, making sure her boy was completely drained. She let out a deep satisfied sigh, more content than she'd been in years. She had her sex life back and her wonderful young partner knew how to pound the shit out of her in ways that her husband never had.

"It's about time!" Teddy stated as he waited in the car with their daughter. "Did you forget I have a sermon to preach today."

His wife and son hurried towards the car with a freshly fucked glow. "Sorry, I was helping Henry with his tie," the mother lied.

Once at church, Chelsea felt compelled to head for the confessional booth, even though there wasn't much she was feeling guilty for.

"Bless me father for I have sinned," her sexy voice confessed. "It's been three hours since my last confession."

"Three hours?!" the priest asked in disbelief. "That's not very long to go without sinning."

"Yes, I've um…been struggling a lot."

"Struggling with what, dear? What sin have you committed in God's eyes?"

"I had sex with my son, and…"

"And what, dear?"

"And I know it's God's will, so I'm not really sinning."

"God's will?"

"Yes. I'm helping my boy…to reach his true potential as a lover, and I know God is ok with this worthy cause."

"Then no confession is needed. May God bless you both!" Father Hanson's old voice imparted.

THE END

134: Mom's Valentine Handjob

Mom's Valentine Handjob

By Klrxo

"Happy Valentines Day, baby!" Chuck announced, giving his wife a big smile through video chat. Chuck was deployed overseas in the Army and was decked out in his Military greens.

"Thanks, honey…same to you! I wish you were here," his beautiful blonde wife, Christy, replied, showing her perfect white teeth when she smiled.

"So do I. It's not easy being away from you…especially on a day like today."

"I know…you're gonna miss out on your special Valentines treat this year," Christy reminded him. "It'll be the first time since we got married that I haven't given it to you."

Chuck was certainly bummed about that. Each year, on Valentine's night, his heavy breasted wife would give him a mind-blowing handjob, while talking dirty to him. Sure, they regularly made love and did other sex acts that normal married couples engaged in, but his wife's handjobs were especially memorable! There was a reason for this. Christy grew up on a small dairy farm in the Midwest, where milking cows by hand was a daily routine. As she got older, she

decided to pair her tireless milking skills with a detailed knowledge of the male anatomy, becoming an a cock-stroking virtuoso!

"Damn, you're right!" Chuck frowned. "I AM gonna miss that, like you don't even know!"

"Well…I, um…had this idea I wanted to run by you, and hopefully you don't divorce me when you hear what it is," his wife stated with a sly smile.

"I share crazy ideas with you all the time, babe, and you're still married to me, so who am I to overreact?"

"Yeah, I know…but this idea is…pretty out there, honey. Just promise you'll try to understand my motivation behind it before you overreact, alright?" Christy asked.

"Well…now you have me VERY intrigued!"

"Since we're away from each other on Valentine's Day this year, I thought that you could video chat with me tonight, like your doing now."

"Oh, see where this is going! Some Valentine video sex…is that what you had in mind?" her hubby inquired.

"Well…sort of. You could touch yourself and still enjoy your treat, to a certain extant, but since you're not here, I figured you could watch me give a handjob…to SOMEONE ELSE."

"Someone else?! You're joking, right?"

"Honey, just hear me out. This 'someone else' is not just some random guy off the street. This is someone who we both know well, he's single right now, and would probably really enjoy being jerked off tonight."

"You're actually serious?! Do I dare ask who this person is?"

"It's Jonathan."

"Our son, Jonathan? Christy, have you gone bonkers?" Chuck asked, still wondering if his wife was just fucking with him. He was pretty opened minded sexually, but this was an idea that went WAY being anything they'd tried before.

"Honey…this would still give you a chance to experience my special Valentine's treat…just in a little bit different way this year, since you're so far away. You've gotten so many handjobs by me over the years that I'm sure you'll be able to imagine what Jonathan is experiencing. That could be exciting, right?"

"No…the idea DOES NOT excite me at all, Christy, and it wouldn't Jonathan either!"

"Actually…he's fine with it," Christy uttered.

"Wait, you've discussed this idea with him already?"

"I wanted to make sure it was something he was interested in, before I even bothered to come to you about it."

"And he didn't think it was the least bit weird?" Chuck asked.

"No…he was really hoping it could happen, actually."

"Hoping it could happen?! Christy…have you and Jonathan been fooling around, while I've been gone?"

"No! We… I—"

"Christy?!"

"Alright, fine, maybe just…a little bit," she confessed.

"A little bit. What's a little bit?"

"We've just been…'cuddling' a lot, that's all."

"AND?" Chuck asked.

"Nothing too inappropriate."

"Too inappropriate?"

"Well…yesterday we may have gone a little further than we should have, but otherwise it's just been snuggling together," Christy replied.

"What happened yesterday?"

"Chuck, do we really have to talk about this right now?" his wife asked, feeling a little guilty for what she'd done.

"Yes, we do…now what did the two of you do yesterday?"

"It only happened once and won't happen again!"

"What?!" Chuck demanded. "What will never happen again?"

"We were snuggled under the blanket, after he got home from school…and I told Jonathan he could feel me up," she admitted.

Chuck's stomach sunk. "Good grief, Christy! You let him…finger you?"

"Yes. It was just that one time."

"So…the two of you were naked…under the blanket together?" Chuck asked.

"No…we were in our underwear, but I let him put his hand in my panties and get me off. Chuck, I don't think you understand how

hard these two months have been for me. I mean, I went from having sex with my husband every night…to nothing!"

"You haven't been the only one going without, Christy! This hasn't been easy for me either!"

"I know, and Jonathan has been going through a really tough time too. He broke up with his girlfriend a couple weeks ago, so he has no Valentine this year. That's why I thought this idea of mine might be special for him too," the mother explained.

"Why…because he got you off, so you feel like you owe him one?" Chuck angrily asked.

"No…this would be for both of you, not just him."

"A handjob IS NOT something a boy should be getting from his mother…period!" Chuck adamantly stated. "Nor should he have his hand in his mother's panties…fingering her!"

"I guess that's where we have a difference of opinion. I don't see any harm in those things, especially if YOU'RE watching and enjoying the experience as well."

"Trust me, there would be nothing 'enjoyable' about watching my son get jerked off by my wife!"

"Not even if you just imagined that it was YOU who I was stroking?" Christy asked.

"No…not when I know our son is involved."

Christy forced a frustrated smile. "Well, the way I see it, you can either agree to this happening…or not agree, lay in bed tonight and wonder if it's happening anyway."

"Are you saying that you're jerking Jonathan off regardless of what I decide?"

"I didn't say that. I only said…that you'd probably wonder if I was, even after you said no."

Chuck knew she was right. He'd be up all night obsessing about if his son was getting the special Valentines treat this year, despite his objection. Even worse, he would envision his wife and son getting carried away and end up passionately fucking their asses off all night, maybe even right on his marital bed. "If I agree…to just a Valentines handjob, do you promise me that the two of you will stop the other shenanigans?"

"You mean our snuggles? Honey, that's become such a regular part of our routine since you've been gone."

"I understand that, but if it's tempting the two of you to do things you shouldn't, then it needs to definitely stop! It's the only way I'll agree to this crazy idea of yours."

"Fine," Christy sighed. "Jonathan and I will do our best to keep a safe distance from each other while you're away."

"Alright then. I can't believe I'm saying this, but for tonight a handjob is fine…as long as all the other fooling around stops!"

"Understood!" his wife nodded.

Later that evening, Chuck found a private spot to video call his wife. When she answered, Christy and their son were sprawled across Chuck's marital bed. They looked extremely guilty, like they'd been up to something naughty before he called. "Hi, honey! Let me put the phone across from the bed," his wife told him. She wore a short silk robe that looked like it had been opened slightly. Jonathan was in just his briefs and Chuck could see that he had a full erection

beneath them. "What have you two been up to?" he suspiciously asked.

"Oh, um…nothing. We were just laying on the bed talking and waiting for you to call," his wife replied. She situated her phone one the dresser across from the foot of their bed. "You ARE somewhere private, right?"

"Yeah. I'm in one of the offices I have access to, here on the base."

"OK, good," said Christy, then she fed her husband an awkward smile. "We're gonna get started then."

"Fine," Chuck replied, still in disbelief that not only had his wife suggested this, but he actually agreed to it. "Just remember, this is the one and only time this is gonna happen."

He watched as Christy slipped off her robe, letting it fall to the floor. "Wait…you're gonna be naked?" Chuck asked, not expecting that his wife was gonna take her clothes off for this.

Christy looked back towards the camera, her enormous triple-H cup tits wobbling heavily as she turned. "Of course I'm gonna be naked, honey. I planned on going about this just like if you were here and I was doing it to you," she replied.

Jonathan felt a little awkward sitting there with his father watching, especially knowing what mischief him and his mom had been up to lately. He got an incredible thrill from their regular snuggles-sessions. Cramming his hand down his mom's dainty panties and fingering her shaved pussy until she climaxed was a huge rush. So also was the feel of her giant bra-clad breast smothering his upper chest and neck while she laid on top of him, showering his body with kisses. She hadn't let him fuck her yet, but they were certainly headed down that forbidden, but wonderful path. The boy's eyes widened at the sight of her naked buttocks.

"Alright…let's just get on with it then," he heard his father say.

"Honey, if you're gonna question every little move I make, then we'll just turn the camera off and we can forget it," Christy remarked. "This is suppose to be a fun, special moment. Can you please try not to ruin it?"

"Sorry...just do what you gotta do. I'll keep my mouth shut."

Christy crawled onto the bed and her udders hung down nearly to the mattress, wobbling wonderfully. The sight of this made Jonathan gasp and caused his cock to flex beneath his briefs.

"Let's get these off of you, honey," Christy whispered, then peeled her son's underwear down his legs. Her heart melted at the sight of her boy's jutting cock. It looked so long and muscular, with a web of bulging veins crisscrossing up its thick stalk. His knob was pink and shiny. "Perfectly formed!" she thought.

"This is exciting…but it feels weird with dad watching," Jonathan expressed, but at a voice-level that only his mom could hear.

She kept her response at the same soft level. "Try not to think about that, ok. Just lay back and enjoy yourself," she warmly urged. Christy had placed a bottle of heated lubrication on the mattress with them and opened it up. She squirted a trail of it along the bottom of her boy's erection, then set it aside. Then, she moved into her favorite cock-stroking position. The one she did regularly for her husband, especially on Valentine's day.

Chuck watched his wife lay beside their son and drape one leg over the top of Jonathan's. One of her heavy mammaries was rested across the boy's chest and Chuck could see Jonathan's eyes widen as he stared at it. "This is fucking ridiculous!" he thought, wondering how he could have ever agreed to something so indecent.

Jonathan's eyes traveled up his mom's cavernous cleavage, to her beautiful face. Her alluring brown eyes stared into his, her lips curling into a lascivious smile. "How's this?" she whispered.

"Great!" he anxiously replied.

"Are you ready for your special Valentine handjob?"

"Trust me…I'm more than ready!" her boy replied.

The heavy titted mother reached down with her left hand, then first began spreading the lube all over his cock with her fingers. She moved teasingly…letting her long, painted nails rake lightly over his glans,

making it mushroom with more blood. Christy knew that if she kept her lips hovering over Jonathan's ear that she could say things to him that her husband couldn't hear. "Mmm, does that feel good on your penis, honey?" she cooed.

"Uh-huh!" he answered with a nod. He felt his mom's fingers travel down to the swell of his cum-filled nuts. Her nails raked over the top of their oval-shaped meat, then down their sides and up underneath. Christy clutched her son's balls in her hand, letting her fingers dig against the coiled tubes of his epididymis, making his prostate swell with arousal. After giving his tender nuts some clasping attention, her fingers traveled back up and down his erect cock, sweeping and swirling around his boner in a teasing manner.

"Ahhh!" Jonathan shivered, watching his boy-cock flex in response to her gentle motions. His mom's fingers became a loose fist, and she began to stroke up and down his length in a corkscrew motion. She jerked him lightly for the first few minutes, but then her grip tightened.

Chuck's heart was racing nearly as fast as his son's was. He shamelessly fished the cock from his pants and began stroking

beneath the desk. He wasn't planning on masturbating, but the incredible sight his wife doing this to their own son, and the thrill he knew Jonathan must be feeling at that moment, excitedly him in ways he didn't expect. His wife's hand looked tiny whipping up and down the massive slab. Chuck felt a tinge of envy, knowing his boy's cock had to be at least three inches longer than his and much thicker! Another thing that he found hard to look at was his wife's big diamond wedding ring. The one he had given her on that special day when they were joined in marriage. With it, she had promised 'to have and to hold' only him. Now, here she was HOLDING their son's cock; tightly gripping it actually, and the pretty wedding ring Chuck had given her was now coated in Jonathan's slimy pre-ejaculate.

Christy knew the anatomy of a erect penis inside and out. She had knowledge of every part and it's function, especially as it related to a man's sexual pleasure. She was aware of all of her son's erogenous zones, where to apply pressure and at what speed to stroke. She could also tell

by the feel of his cock in her hand just how much he was enjoying it and how near he was to spurting his cum into the air.

Jonathan loved the way his mom's giant boob, which was resting across his chest, was jiggling to her stroking motions. He wished he could latch his lips around her fat nipple and suck like a baby. "Oh, damn…your thumb feels really good rubbing there, mom!" he expressed.

"That's your frenulum, honey. It's the most sensitive part of your penis," she softly explained, while jerking tirelessly.

"That explains why I like it so much!"

Christy glanced over at her phone. Knowing her husband was watching gave her a strange thrill. She kept her voice tone down, so

Chuck couldn't hear her. "Have you ever had a girl stroke your penis this way, Jonathan?" she asked.

"Nope!" her boy replied.

"Isn't it wonderful? You can just lay back and think about hot, slippery pussy, while letting someone else pleasure you."

"I love it!" Jonathan gasped, amazed by the fact that his mom seemed to know just how he like having his pecker tugged.

"You can just close your eyes and imagine how delightful a cunt would feel squeezed around your hard cock, coating it with lubricating juice."

"Sounds great, but the last thing I wanna do is close my eyes right now," Jonathan expressed, watching his mom's fatty tit ripple wonderfully to her every stroke.

"Oh, that's true," Christy giggled. "I guess you'd rather watch my boobs jiggle, would you?"

"Yes."

"Just imagine how they must move when I fuck, baby. How they bounce and quiver all over, while I grind on big, stiff dick like yours!"

"Oh dang, mom…I'm not used to hearing you talk like that!" Jonathan panted, going out of his mind with desire.

"Do you want more? More of mommy's dirty talk?"

"Yes, please!"

"Imagine how good 'cuddle time' could be, Jonathan, if we could do ANYTHING we wanted! Imagine how much we could fuck each other! Would you fuck me, baby??" Christy mewled. "Would you fuck mommy up her horny cunt-hole, hard and fast??"

"Oh, damn, yeah!!" the teen shouted, squirming beneath her vigorous cock-stroking assault.

Chuck certainly heard his son answer, but had no idea what his wife just asked him. He knew it had to be something naughty, since she was such a dirty-talk specialist. Chuck's mind was buzzing with a mix of emotions; mostly envy, but a lot of sexual excitement. He was getting so into it at this point that he tried to match his cock-strokes with those of his wife and image that it was HER hand on him instead of his own.

Christy kept her lips close to her son's ear. "Oh, Jonathan…your cock is so fucking big and hard, honey! It's SO much bigger than your father's!" she cooed.

"Really?" her son gasped.

"Yes, really! Why do you think your erect lady-pleaser is all I've been obsessing about lately?"

"You have?"

"Of course. With all of the cuddling we've been doing…how could I not think about how amazing it would feel to have your stiff boy-dick buried inside me?"

Jonathan shuddered in excitement from his mom's admission. The way she was vigorously jerking him off only added to the thrill. Her hand traveled the length of his cock skillfully, from his balls all the way up over his cum-leaking crown and back down, over and over.

Christy continued to pour on the verbal filth, while jerking on her boy. "You could fuck me…just like your father does, only better! Right here on mommy's marital mattress. Would you like that, baby?"

"Uh-huh!"

"You could slam your dreamy prick through my pink pussy and make me erupt all over it!"

Chuck couldn't hear what his wife was saying, but by their son's reaction, he knew it was something wonderful. Just knowing what Jonathan was experiencing, by having felt it himself every year made his dick tingle exquisitely in his clasping fist.

Christy heard her husband let out a sudden grunt. She had heard the sound a million times and knew he was getting off. "He was so damn apposed to this idea, but yet the first one to cum. Go figure!" she laughed to herself.

The bedroom was filled with the lewd, creamy sound of Christy's hand beating her boy off. She could feel the tension in his boner building and could see his nuts clenching up in their sack. She brought her lips back to his ear. "Fuck me, honey! Pour your hot cum into me! Pound mommy's pussy-hole like a motherfucker!" she sensually urged.

Jonathan shuddered in delight. He felt the muscles in his pelvis and penile meat contract several times, making him thrust involuntarily. His mom came down nose to nose with him, staring into his eyes with beaming sexual excitement. "OH, HONEY! OH, BABY…CUM HARD FOR MOMMY!" she squealed.

Jonathan arched his neck back and his toes clenched and trembled in ecstasy. He heard his mother let out a wondrous gasp as thick ropes of ejaculate began erupting from his meatus, spurting high into the air.

"OH MY GOD…THERE'S SO MUCH OF IT!" Christy thought as she looked on in wide-eyed fascination. His hot baby-making goo was splattering all over her. She didn't let up on her cock-stroking one bit, milking her boy's dick

for several more minutes, until every drop of cum had been expelled from his prick.

After Jonathan caught his breath, he looked at the streaks of ball juice running down his mom's tit. There was even some that had splattered across her pretty face. "Sorry about the mess," he sighed.

"Oh, honey…don't you dare apologize! Messes like these are fun to make," she stated, then peeked her tongue out, swiping a little gob of jizz off her bottom lip. "Fun to make…AND fun to clean up too," she winked.

Christy's cunt was smoldering with desire. She could feel the juices of her arousal seeping from her fuck-slit. Giving a guy a handjob and watching him cum had always made her incredibly horny. "There's no fucking way I'm going to bed and making MYSELF cum tonight!" she thought, then peeked down into her son's eyes. "I'll say goodnight to your father. Stay put!" she whispered.

Chuck felt a little ashamed that he had gotten off to such a depraved scene. Seeing the splattered cum-streaks run down his wife's body didn't help either as she made her way over to her phone. "No more fooling around, Christy! Remember…you promised!" Chuck reminded her.

"How about a 'thank you,' for my creative idea…and for at least giving you some form of a sexual treat on Valentine's day," she requested.

"Yes…thank you, but getting back to what we agreed to earlier…"

"I know, I know…no more fooling around! I got it!" his wife nodded.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow then," Chuck uttered.

"Goodnight, honey!"

Christy hung up the call, then turned towards her son. Her eyes drifted down to his jutting cock, which was still fully erect and clearly throbbing. "Now…about that idea I had earlier?"

"Which one?" her son asked with an anxious gulp.

"The one about you pounding mommy's pussy-hole like a motherfucker."

"Oh…that one."

Christy got back on the bed, staring lustfully at her teen as she crawled towards him. "Yeah…that one," she replied with a salacious grin.

135: Mom's Workplace Shenanigans_1

Mom's Workplace Shenanigans By Klrxo

"Mailroom in ten minutes ;-)," the sticky-note read. It was stuck to a tiny pair of pink thong panties that sat in the top drawer of his desk.

Brent lifted them from the drawer, looking around from behind his computer to make sure no one else was looking. He brought the panties to his nose, the aroma of pussy and sweet perfume filling his nostrils.

"Bent," a strong male voice called, startling him.

The horny twenty-one year old shoved the panties back in the drawer, then stood up, looking over his cubicle wall. "Yeah, Mr. Thomas."

"I need you to get five copies of this document, take them over to the court offices for signatures today," Brent's boss said, holding up a paper for Bent to see.

"On it." Brent said.

"And make sure you get them to the right people this time." "No problem, Mr. Thomas."

Brent took the document to the copy machine. As it spit out copies, he looked over Skylar, a

young natural blonde working at a desk nearby. Skylar was a year younger than Brent and

looked a lot like the 50's pin-up model Joi Lansing. Her snug top and skirt showed off her newly- developed curves.

Busy with paperwork, the young blonde took a second to peek up at Brent, her full lips curling into a mischievous smile. She turned slightly as she reached for a pen, her plump boobs stretching the top, her thick nipples popping.

Skylar's tan legs parted slightly, giving Brent a peek all the way up her skirt, to her bare crotch. This didn't surprise him much, since he knew he had her panties in his desk. The truth was, they'd been engaging in a lot of dangerous workplace flirting lately and he was loving it.

He gazed a moment between her parted thighs at the thick bare lips of her pubis. She stood up and sashayed past him, her heels clicking on the office floor. "Shouldn't you be somewhere right now?" she asked.

Brent watched her meaty buttocks undulate beneath her skirt as she walked towards the mail room.

"Yesss, fuck mee," Skylar cried, as Brent pinned her against the mailroom wall in the standing missionary position. Her strong tan legs were wrapped around his midsection, his ass thrusting between her thighs as he speared his cock inside her pussy.

"Ohh man, you're so tight," Brent whimpered.

The light suddenly clicked on. Skylar slipped to her feet, straightening her skirt, while Brent struggled to get his pants pulled up.

Mr. Thomas stood in the doorway glaring at them, his arms folded. "What the fuck are you two doing?"

Skylar tried to form an excuse. "We were just, um..."

"Spare me, I know damn well what you were doing. Both of you collect your things. You're fired," Mr. Thomas said.

"Shit," Skylar muttered.

Minutes later, Brent and Skylar exited the building out into the busy city sidewalk. "Well, since we both have the day open, wanna grab some lunch?" Brent asked.

Skylar smiled. "My apartment or yours?"

"Mine's not far from here. Up for a walk?" Brent said.

They walked side-by-side down the sidewalk. "I have a friend at a temp agency. I can have us jobs by tomorrow." Brent said.

"I hated that job anyway. You know how many times I caught that creep staring at my ass," Skylar said.

"What do you expect from the shadiest lawyer in Chicago."

"Someday, I'm gonna be the most powerful female lawyer in this city and I'm gonna rub his fucking nose in it."

20 YEARS LATER...

A thirty-eight year old Skylar stood in the courtroom with confidence. She was still just as beautiful, her body was now fuller and more shapely. Her silky blonde hair was short and styled and she wore an expensive dark blazer, skirt and heels.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the bottom line here is, that this man, Richard Spencer, extorted money from several of his clients . It

was the hard-earned savings of working Americans. People like you and I. People with children," Skylar said as she paced in front of the jury. "Now those people look ahead into an uncertain financial future, all thanks to this man and his greed. All they ask is that you help them, hold him accountable. Thank you," Skylar said.

She gave a snide look at the man's lawyer, Mr. Thomas, her boss from twenty years prior.

Following the trial, Skylar met up with her now husband Brent outside the courtroom. "Another slam dunk, babe."

"And the look on his smug face when they read the verdict was priceless," Skylar said.

Mr. Thomas exited the courtroom and stepped up to them. "Well, well, well, you two have come a long way since your horny intern days. You must find this quite satisfying, since I fired you

both all those years ago."

Skylar smiled confidently. "No, actually, the satisfying part was leaving your shit-hole practice and going to work for a real law firm," she said.

"Well, I think my reputation proceeds me," Mr Thomas said, heading to the elevator. "I'm sure it does. Even sleeze-balls have reputations ," Skylar said.

Brent giggled then smiled at his wife. "Ouch," he said.

"I'm not a mean person, but you and I both know he had that coming." "True. How bout an early dinner?" Brent asked his wife.

Skylar sighed. "I slept three hours last night. I think I just wanna take a hot bath and shut the world off for the rest of the day."

"Completely understandable. I'm gonna stop by the office, finish off a few things and I'll be home," he said, kissing her.

"See you there," Skylar said.

The family's apartment was a fancy loft on the upper East side of the city. Skylar came in, set down her bag and hung up her blazer. The swell of her heavy breasts trembled with every step and click of her heels as she moved to the family room. "Hello?" she called out.

When there was no answer, she went upstairs to the bedrooms. Her eight-year-old's door was slightly ajar, so she peeked in. Kelly was on her bed watching a movie and playing on her phone. "Mommy," she said, jumping up and racing over for a hug. "You're home early,' she said.

"I am," Skylar said with a smile. "Where's the nanny?" "She's in Robbie's room," Kelly said.

"Oh," Skylar said, looking over at her son's closed door suspiciously, "ok, well, go back to your movie, I'll be back in a little while to hang out."

"Ok," Kelly said, jumping back onto her bed.

Skylar closed her daughter's door and moved to her son's room. She wasn't surprised to find the door locked. Rather than knock, she was able to easily pick the lock using one of her barrettes.

Robbie's door peeked open and Skylar peered inside. There was heavy panting and the light

thump of rock music filled the room. The space was dimly lit, enough to reveal every detail of what was going on inside.

On Robbie's bed, he and the Nanny, Kim were having hard rough sex. The woman's curvy legs were thrown back and Robbie's ass

was pounding between her splayed thighs. "Yesss, ohh God, Robbie," the twenty-six year old cried, clinging to his lean 1 8 year old frame.

"Fuuck, yes," the boy snarled, punching his dick through the hot grip of her cunt. His body was laid out on top of hers, his face nuzzled in the nap of her neck. He could feel her plump mature tits flattened against his chest.

Skylar silently closed the door and stood there watching, partly angry, but partly aroused at the site of their intense fucking.

Her jaw lowered as she watched her son's meaty erection slice through the juicy splayed folds of Kim's cunt. She could see the huge veins jutting obscenely along his slick shaft as it thundered relentlessly through the Nanny's pussy.

"Oh my God," the Mother muttered under her breath, her own big nipples stiffening beneath her bra.

"Ohh shit, I'm cumming," Kim cried. "Me too," Robbie whimpered.

Skylar was tempted to make her presence known right then and there, but then the other part of her decided to let them enjoy their orgasms first. She shook her head, amazed that she had

even considered the later.

"Ohhh fuck yeaah," her son moaned. Skylar could see his nuts tighten and release over and over. She knew he was squirting a hot load out the other end, deep into Kim's cunt.

Their naked bodies humped and writhed for two minutes before Robbie collapsed against her in exhaustion.

Skylar clenched her fists. She had faced a judge, jury and audience for years as an attorney, but never felt this nervous. She finally

spoke up. "This is...not what I expected to see when I came home," she said casually.

Robbie flipped over, pulling the blanket over them. "Jesus, Mom, can't you knock?"

Skylar glared at Kim. "I'm sorry, I'm confused. Am I paying you to watch my daughter or fuck my son?"

Kim had no excuses and she knew it. "I'm sorry, I fucked up. If you need to fire me, I completely understand."

From her recent trial with Mr. Thomas, the incident in the mailroom from all those years ago was brought to the forefront of Skylar's mind. She wasn't gonna be like that dirtbag that had fired her and her husband. "You're not fired, but can you please remember why you're here. If you wanna fuck my son, do it on your own time."

"Yes ma'am," Kim said.

Skylar gave her son a scolding glare before leaving the room. The working mother went down to the master bathroom and began to fill a claw-foot tube. She added a bath-bomb and began to undress. She couldn't unsee what she had just witnessed, nor could she shake it from her mind. She pictured her son's young lean ass bobbing steadily between Kim's thighs, his impressive erection spearing through her hot cunt.

"Damnit, stop!" she said out loud, as if good side were speaking to her naughty side. She stepped out of her heels, pushing them aside using her cute little bare feet with burgundy painted toenails.

She removed her blouse. Her enormous breasts were encased in a large white bra, a huge creamy cleavage spilling out the tops of the cups.

Next came her skirt, unveiling her strong sculpted legs. Her white lace bikini panties were moulded around her ass and cunt. She grabbed the elastic waistband and pulled them down over her wide motherly hips.

Once out of her panties, Skylar reached down and slipped two fingers along her cunt-lips, confirming the fact that she was soaking wet. "Good grief," she said out-loud.

She reached around with both hands, unclasped her bra, then slipped the cups from her jugs. The huge twin melons bobbled heavily as they were released onto her chest. Large stiff mammilla protruded from her round pinkish-brown areola.

The beautiful blonde mother stepped into the foam-filled tub and relaxed, letting her voluptuous body soak. Her mind drifted back on her younger intern days. Her and Brent's sexual escapades at the office. Despite the success they'd achieved and their active sex life at home, she missed those days. The times of flirting and sneaky sexual acts in the workplace were long gone, buried by busy days in court or preparing for a case. She needed that back in her life.

Skylar decisively reached over for her cellphone.

Robbie's phone vibrated. "I'm taking a bath. Come see me," his Mom's text said.

"Time to face the jury," he said out-loud, knowing he was probably facing some type of punishment for having sexy with the Nanny.

He traveled to his parent's room and knocked on the bathroom door. "It's open," his Mom said.

Robbie came in and found his Mom in the bathtub, up to her neck in thick bubbles. His heart pounded at the thought that she was completely naked under all that thick foam. "So how long am I grounded for?" he asked.

Skylar giggled. "You're not a little boy, bunny," she said. 'Bunny' was a nickname she'd called him since he was an infant. "I'm done grounding you."

"Ok..."

"Yes, you exercised bad judgement earlier, but I didn't ask you to come in here to talk about that," Skylar said.

"Alright, thanks. Dad's probably gonna kick my ass though."

"Since when has your father ever kicked your ass? He'd be pissed and probably yell at you, yes," Skylar said, "if he found out, which he won't."

Robbie gave her a smile. "Thanks, Mom."

Skylar shifted in the tub, one of her sleek legs peeking from the bubbles, drawing her son's eyes. "So, now that we have that out of the way, the reason I wanted to talk to you was to see what

you would think about becoming my assistant," she asked. "Your assistant?"

"Yeah, at the office. You've helped out there before, so you're already familiar with the work," Skylar said.

Robbie fed her a sly smile. "Why do I feel like this is a form of punishment?"

"Bunny, it's not punishment, it's employment. You need a job and I need an assistant. It's a win- win."

Skylar watched her son think it over, his eyes traveling down over her smooth leg. She was well aware that she was an object of desire to him, as most mothers were to their sons. Over the years she had

caught him staring at various parts of her body, but mostly her large breasts.

Perhaps this was one of those times to use her charms to her advantage, she thought.

The hot Mother curled her leg up, extending it out of the water. "Besides," she said as Robbie watched her smooth strong leg point straight up, her bare foot arched so her toes pointed at the ceiling. Skylar reached down with her loofah and squeezed some sudsy water down the silky flesh. "You'd get to look at Mom all day. That wouldn't be such a bad thing, would it?"

Robbie took a big excited gulp and shook his head. "No," he muttered.

"Maybe on top of your salary, I'll offer you daily incentives. That way you really feel like you're working towards something."

"What...um, types of incentives?"

She dipped her leg back down into the bath water. "Incentives should be customized to the individual. Something you know they like," she said, rising up enough so the tops of her breasts emerged from the bubbles. "Something you know they'd work hard for."

Robbie watched the suds ooze down into her gaping cleavage. Skylar watched him stare at the exposed portion of her breasts, then glanced at the tubular bulge forming beneath his shorts. Her eyes lingered there a moment. "I know you like girls. I know you like to watch them and touch their bodies," she said.

"Yeah," the teen muttered.

"So maybe we could center your incentives around that. Each day I'll write out a list of things I'd like you to accomplish and you'll see the incentive for completing your tasks."

Robbie smiled, his heart racing from the implications of what his beautiful mother was telling him. "Sounds fair," he said.

Skylar smiled back, showing her gleaming white teeth. "So are you saying you want the job?"

The next day at the firm, Skylar spoke with her husband in the hallway. They could see Robbie at his new desk in Skylar's office, situating his things. "I give it two days. He was bored out of his mind the last time he came here," Brent said.

"Things are different now. First of all, he's on the payroll. This is a job, not just helping out Mom and Dad for the day. Secondly, we have clients coming out our ears right now. Trust me, he'll be far from bored."

"Just keep in mind that he can be a bit immature at times and we're trying to maintain a professional image here," Brent said.

Skylar smiled at her husband, straightening his tie. "He's MY assistant. He's in MY office. He's MY problem, even if he is a problem. Honestly, I don't think you or I have to worry about a thing. He'll do just fine," she said, giving him a peck on the lips.

Brent watched his wife step into her office and close the door. He let out a sigh. "I hope you're right," he said as if she was still standing there.

Robbie glanced at his Mom as she crossed the office behind him. "So as your assistant, do I get to sit in the courtroom with you?" he asked.

Skylar giggled. "Not at first, but after you've had some experience here and become familiar with the process, maybe I could consider you a 'legal advisor,' then you could sit next to me in the courtroom. How's that sound?" she asked, sitting down on her desk next to him.

"Cool," he said with a smile.

Skylar crossed her luscious bare legs. Like most days, she wore a short skirt forcing Robbie's eyes to wander. He marveled at how her sexy mommy-legs looked so smooth and strong. Her flesh gave off a glossy sheen from her daily regimen of shaving and oiling her legs. Today she wore a pair of double strapped sandals with four-and-a-half inch heels. They were so dainty they left most of her pretty feet exposed. She dangled one from her pretty painted toes.

"You've obviously helped us out here before, so you know the routine," she said, then handed him a sheet of paper. She had her own copy that she looked at also. "Let's go through today's tasks and your incentive," she said, then read through the list. "First, I need you to type out this written letter and print out ten copies on company letterhead."

Robbie nodded. "Can do."

"Your second task will be putting together some company information packets for new clients. That should take you the better part of the day, so if you wanna take a break from it in the early afternoon and relieve yourself you can," Skylar explained.

"Relieve myself?"

She smiled, not the least bit shy. "Bunny, I may be a working Mom, but I know what you spend a lot of time doing while you're at home,"

"Oh, that," he said.

"Masturbation is a part of your daily routine. Most jobs would discourage that, but you're lucky...you have your Mom for a boss. I'll let you do it, but only in my supply closet, with the door locked," she said.

"Shouldn't I be doing that in the bathroom though."

"No, we usually have other people here, employees and clients. I wouldn't want them to get suspicious of what you're doing. We especially don't want your father to find out about any of these incentives I'm giving you. You're my assistant. How we work together stays between us, understood? she said.

"Yes ma'am. So, not sound unappreciative or anything, but I could just masturbate if I was home. It's not a great incentive," Robbie said.

"I didn't get to the second part of your incentive yet," Skylar said with a sly smile. "Oh...second part?

"I'll go into the supply closet with you and we'll talk about the first thing that comes up," she said with a wink.

"I wonder what that'll be?" Robbie joked.

She fed him a big naughty smile. "I can HARD-ly wait to find out," she joked. "Let's get to work."

Robbie got busy on his computer, typing the letter his mother had hand-written. Skylar sat in her desk chair, speaking to a client on the phone. "Well that's fine, if the company wants to avoid litigation, otherwise we'd be going to trial," she said, then swiveled her chair so that she faced her son, watching him work.

As Robbie typed, he suddenly felt his Mom's toes tickling his ribs. He squirmed and spun around in his chair, grabbing her bare foot. Skylar smiled at him teasingly as she continued speaking to her client. "Yes, it is. That's why you also have the option of dispute resolution through

mediation," she said, bring her other foot onto her son's lap.

Robbie's heart thumped excitedly in his chest as he took his Mom's foot with his free hand. He now had ahold of both of them and they rested astride his hips. With her legs slightly bent and spread, he could clearly see up her skirt, all the way to the V of her pubis. He let out an audible sighed when he realized the crotch of her pale pink panties were sheer. He could clearly see the smooth folds if her labium around the thick clitoral hood.

Skylar looked her son in the eyes as she spoke. "That's true, but understand that it can be a lengthy process." There was a sudden tap at her door and both Mother and Son quickly spun their chairs, facing their desks just as Brent peeked in.

"How's it going?" he asked.

"Good dad, just um, typing out a letter," Robbie said, trying to act normal. "Sweet. Wanna type some out for me too?"

His comment drew a glare from his wife and she shook her head. "Yes, that's accurate," she said in

the phone.

Brent smiled. "I'm joking of course. When she's off the phone, have her come find me. I have a question," he said.

"Will do, Dad."

After typing his letter, Robbie went down to the copy area, which had a view of Tami, the secretary as she sat at her desk. The twenty-eight year old was thick and curvy like his Mom. She had a long dark mane of brown hair and looked a lot like the actress Olivia Wilde. "Hi Robbie," she said, giving him a cute little wave.

"Hey," the teen said timidly, getting his copies.

Tami picked up the phone and dialed Skylar's extension. "Hey girl," Skylar answered.

"It's really not fair that you're hiding him in your office all day." Skylar giggled. "Not fair to you maybe. I'm fine with it," she said.

"I'm sure you are. Can you at least send him down to the printer a lot so I can flirt with him?" "I

can do that, as long as you're not dragging him into the bathroom with you," Skylar said. Tami looked the teen up and down as she spoke. "I make no promises."

"You naughty bitch. What would your husband think?" Skylar joked.

"Who gives a fuck,"she said, exchanging a look with Skylar's son. "At least I don't have to worry about my husband wandering around the office like you do yours."

"I have a lock on my office door and believe me, I plan on using it," Skylar said. "Well if you ever wanna tag team, I'm just down the hallway."

"Don't worry, I'll throw you a bone once in awhile," Skylar said.

"Well when you do, make sure that 'bone' is nice and hard first." Skylar giggled. "Get back to work," she said.

Tami got up and strode to the water cooler, which was across from the copy machine, where Robbie was working. The teen glanced up at the big swell of her breasts, trembling as she walked. The hot-bodied secretary bent over to pour some water into a cup, pointing her meaty ass in his direction. Her skirt stretched around her thick buns and Robbie could see the indentation of her thong disappearing down between her cheeks.

"Damn," he muttered under his breath, his cock hardening.

Tami stood up and faced him, taking a sip. "Want a drink?" she asked. "No thanks, I'm good."

"Are you now?" she said with a smile. "How's it feel to be out of school, working full time?" "I

like being out of school. I'll have to let you know on the work part," he said, making her giggle.

She moved closer, teasingly closing the distance between them. "Are you going on lots of dates, fucking lots of girls?"

"No not really," he said timidly. "Just the Nanny?"

"Oh, my Mom told you about that?" Robbie asked.

"We talk a lot. Mostly about you."

"Oh.." he muttered.

"She told me her Nanny's married. Do you like fucking married women, Robbie?" "No, I mean, I feel kinda bad about that."

"Ha, why? She spread her thighs for you. Obviously she doesn't feel bad about it and neither

should you. Husbands are just obstacles for hot young guys like you. And most married women don't give a shit. Give them five minutes alone with you and they'll tear your fucking clothes off," she said.

Her phone started ringing, so she flashed him a smile. "Can I get a quick hug?"

"Sure," the teen muttered as he was pulled to her chest. With her arms wrapped around him, Tami squeezed tight. Robbie felt the squishy meat of her large jugs press against his chest. She held him for a moment as he inhaled her sweet perfume.

She stepped back, giving him a wild-eyed look as she bit her bottom lip. "I better get that," she said then rushed over to answer.

He finished getting copies and went back to the office.

"Here are the letters Mom," Robbie said, handing her the stack of papers as she sat at her desk. "Perfect," Skylar said, flipping through them. "Did Tami give you that?"

"Give me what?"

Skylar looked at the tubular bulge in his pants. "The hardon?"

Robbie put his hands over it. "Oh, sorry, I didn't think it was that obvious."

Skylar giggled, swiveling her chair around to face him. "Maybe now would be a good time for that incentive. I have a client coming in a little while and I can't have my assistant walking around a boner," she teased.

"Oh ok, sure," Robbie said. Skylar had the top two buttons of her blouse undone and he could stare down into a fair amount of cleavage.

His Mother picked up her phone and dialed Tami's extention. "Hey, hold my calls for a little bit ok."

"You got it," Tami said.

Skylar got up and walked across the room. She opened the supply closet door and looked back at him. "Coming bunny?

Robbie followed her into the supply closet, his heart beating like a base-drum. It wasn't a huge closet, but there was more space than he thought there would be. Skylar closed the door and locked it behind them. "Pull your pants down," she said. They both stood

against the wall facing each other, about three-feet apart. Robbie quickly dropped his drawers. "And your briefs," she said with a smile.

Robbie paused, knowing he was about to be naked from the waist down. Skylar sensed his hesitation. "How bout if I show a little something too, would that help?" she said, unbuttoning her blouse.

"Sure," Robbie said, watching her top slowly peek open. He became almost breathless as he watched pull her unbuttoned blouse apart, sliding it back so only her arms remained inside. "Ohh wow," he muttered, his jaw dropping.

Skylar's huge bra-clad jugs jutted out obscenely. Stretched around pounds of tit-meat, the cups of the bra were black mesh with delicate flowered embroidery. A cute little black bow was attached to the center strap connect the two cups.

The mother smiled across at her boy as his eyes explored her huge rack. Robbie could see the circles of her areola and her rubbery nipples through the embroidered design. "Your turn," Skylar said.

Robbie pulled down his briefs. His boner caught on the waistband, then sprung up, bobbing up and down. Skylar's eyes widened as she watched it jut out, fully erect. "Better be careful, you could split a girl in two with that thing," she said.

"Well, you could knock a guy out with those boobs, Mom," he said, making her laugh.

Skylar squeezed her jugs between her arms, making them balloon out obscenely. "These boobs?" she teased.

"Oh my God," the teen sighed, instinctively grabbing his throbbing cock and stroking it, his eyes glued to her tits.

"There you go," Skylar said, stepping forward, closing the distance between them. She got close enough to place her hands on his shoulders, her huge bra-encased tits heaving right in front of him. Clumsily, Robbie fell back, but a stack of boxes broke his fall. He was now sitting on the top box, his eyes level with her looming tits. "Careful, bunny. Stop stroking for a sec and bring your hand up here," she said.

He brought his hand up and his Mom spit a big gob of saliva onto it. "Use that to slick it up. I think we're gonna have to buy a bottle of lubrication to keep in here," she said, watching his juicy

erection slip through his fist. "Although I think Mommy's spit mixed with your precum makes for the best lube of all."

"Yess."

Skylar moved even closer, practically crawling onto him as he slouched against the wall. The swell of her tits brushed his upper chest, his widened eyes inches from the bulging cleavage swelling over the tops of her bra-cups. "Ohh man, Mom," his voice shook excitedly, his hand beating his dick with rapid strokes.

Skylar ran her nails through his hair, gazing down at him with her dreamy green eyes. "That's right baby, enjoy yourself. You earned this," she said.

She brazenly pushed her chest forward, pressing Robbie's face into the deep crevice between her orbs. The teen let out an audible sigh, his cock flexing with the thrill of having his face wedged between two huge mounds of tit-flesh. "Shit," he whimpered, his voice muffled. ,

"Mmm-hmm," Skylar hummed, sensing his arousal. "Relax, bunny. We're all alone in here so let yourself go. I have another outfit, so you can cum all over my skirt if you need to."

"Hhhmmmnnahhh," Robbie shook, his fist was a blur as he beat his dick hard and fast.

Sensing his heightened arousal, Skyler brought her lips to his ear. "Ohhh, are you thinking about a sexy girl, bunny. Fuck her, honey, fuck her pussy hard and fast."

Robbie's knob swelled as he rocked his hips, his lips whimpered against the spongy inner contour of Skylar's breast. "Ohhh shit!" he cried out as cock-milk erupted from his piss-hole in long thick spurts.

Skylar suddenly curled her leg up beside him, which bunched her skirt up at the waist. She shot her hand down into her panties and frantically rubbed at her engorged clitoris. Ohhh, Bunny," she cried out lustfully.

"Uuuhhggh," Robbie grunted, firing another hot rope of cum. One of Skylar's hands dug through her wet slit, while the other one clawed around her boy, fighting to get as much of her body on top of him as she could.

Robbie's face sunk deeper into her tit-meat. His Mom now had her full weight against him, gasping and humping. Her masturbating hand was now up against his as if they were working together, his on his dick, hers in her snatch. Their bodies rocked and jerked frantically as Skylar reached her peak. "Ohhh God, I'm cuuuming,' she cried out against his neck.

Her son responded with a tit-muffled whimper.

Their bodies went into a wild convulsing fit of orgasmic pleasure. Their desperate writhing caused the boxes to collapse beneath them and they sunk to the floor. What had started with Robbie jerking off had now turned in to a wild display of mutual masturbation. Their half-clothed bodies clung together, boxes crashed over and scattering as Skylar and Robbie humped and jerked shamelessly, with heated intensity.

Buried beneath his writhing Mother, Robbie's face peeked out from between her sloshing tits. Her bra was twisted, mommy-boobs bulging out everywhere. "Ssshit," he whimpered, feeling their hands frantically rubbing together as they stroked their own genitals. It was the wildest thing he'd ever experienced.

As their bodies came back down to earth, their frantic movements became a gently rocking motion. After a few minutes of panting and slow rubbing, their bodies went still. Skylar lifted her head, looking down at her dishevelled son. "Phew, ok, um, I really didn't mean for it to happen

that way."

Robbie smiled. "Do you hear me complaining, Mom."

She rose up to her knees, fixing her bra and looking around at the mess. Robbie watched with awe as Skylar untwisted her bra back around one of her boobs. "You got cum all over me, I'm gonna need to change."

"Sorry, Mom."

She dropped down to her hands and knees above him, smiling down. "Using your line...do you hear me complaining, bunny."

Robbie laughed, staring up into the biggest cleavage he'd ever seen. Skylar smiled naughtily. "How did it feel having your face wedged down between Mom's big tits?"

"Awesome,"he said. "Worth the hard work?"

"Oh my God, yeah," Robbie said.

The both got dressed and Robbie cleaned up the mess in the supply closet. Brent knocked and came into his wife's office. He saw his son

in the closet lifting the final box from the floor. "Need help?" he asked.

"No, I got it, thanks," Robbie said, flashing his Mom a glance. "How did your consult go?" Brent asked his wife.

"She postponed until this afternoon. Don't you have one around now?"

"Yeah they should be here anytime. Just wanted to pop in a say hi. Weren't you wearing a different suit earlier?" Brent asked, looking her over.

"Yup, Bunny managed to get cream all over my other one," she said, peeking over at Robbie.

Brent laughed, looking at Robbie. "How did you manage that? Do I need to train you on how to prepare the boss's coffee?" he said.

"We'll get better at managing the cream, won't we Bunny?" Skylar asked, looking at her son and flashing him a wink.

The next day started like the first, with Skylar handing her son his daily to-do list. "Your father and I both have court today, so we'll be out of the office. There's one primary task I'd like you to focus on and that's weeding the outdated files from the cabinet and shredding them," she explained.

"How do I know what files are outdated?"

"It's all written down for you there on the paper. If you have any questions, you can ask Tami. She's done this for me before."

"Ok, um, what about my incentive? I just didn't see anything on here about it."

Skylar hopped down off her desk and grabbed her things. "Yeah, you'll have to let me know how that went later," she said with a wink.

"How what went?"

"Your incentive," Skylar said with a smile. "Gotta go, bunny. Work hard. Mmmuah," she said, blowing him a kiss as she sashayed out the door.

Robbie was confused by what she meant. She certainly made it sound like he was getting an incentive, but he had no idea what it was.

A couple hours later he had stacks of papers piled on the floor, ready to be shredded. He had followed his mother's instructions and was pretty proud of the progress he'd made.

A voice suddenly startled him. "Look at you, Mr. Hard worker," Tami said from the doorway. "Oh, hi," Robbie said.

"Hi," Tami said, smiling at him teasingly. She stepped into the room, her dainty heels clicking against the floor as she slowly drifted towards him. "Everyone's in court today. It's just you and I," she said.

"Must get boring the days they have court?" Robbie said, thumbing through a folder as he stood at the file cabinet.

"Yeah, but now I have a hot young stud here to keep me company," she said, "so I won't get bored anymore."

"Oh really, who is he?" Robbie joked.

Tami giggled. "You're adorable," she said, leaning back against the cabinet next to the one Robbie was digging through. The way she stood made the swell of her large breasts balloon

outward, capturing the teen's attention. "What are you doing for your lunch break? We get an hour you know."

"I don't know. I munched on some stuff earlier, so I'm not really hungry." Tami smiled. "I'm not either, but we still get a lunch break."

"True," Robbie said, looking over at her beautiful greyish-blue eyes as she gazed back at him. "Wanna fuck me?" she asked candidly.

"Um, here?" Robbie asked, his heart beating fast.

"Sure. Why waste time looking for another spot. The couch in your dad's office is a hide-a-bed, just so you know."

"Really?" Robbie asked, wondering how she knew that.

"Really...and no, I haven't fucked your dad," she giggled, " I just know he uses it to crash sometimes when he's working around the clock on a big case," she said.

"That makes sense."

"Your Mom goes in there with him and locks the door occasionally. I'm pretty sure the mattress is getting used then as well. Just not for sleep," Tami said.

"Probably," Robbie said.

"So which is it, hot-stuff, you wanna work through your lunch break, or spend it pumping some cum into me?"

"The second one sounds good," he answered.

Tami smiled and stepped towards him. In her five-inch heels, she was nearly the same height.

She quickly locked lips with him, their mouths fused in an open oval. Robbie's dick hardened as he felt her strong pierced tongue

whipping through his mouth. After a half-a-minute, Tami broke the kiss and moved towards the door, her thick ass swaying seductively. "See you in a half-hour," she said.

It was the longest half-hour of Robbie's life. His boner throbbed in eager anticipation the whole time. Finally, Tami's voice broke the silence. "Break time, Robbie," she said from the doorway.

Robbie turned to find Tami standing in the doorframe completely naked. His eyes gazed at her voluptuous body, focusing mostly on her big double-d cup tits. Capping her oversized jugs were huge round areola and thick protruding nipples. His eyes wandered down her narrowing midriff, marveling at the wide rounded curves of her hips. Crowning her curvy tapered legs was her sexy shaved pubis.

He followed her down the hallway like a love-struck puppy, his eyes glued to the hypnotic sway of her meaty ass-globes.

She led him into his father's office. The hide-a-bed was already set up, ready for action. "Get naked baby," she said, crawling onto the mattress.

Robbie shed his clothes as he watched her spread her hot naked body across the mattress. Her large, fat-nippled tits jiggled as she watched his rock-hard boner spring out of his briefs.

The teen waisted no time crawling onto the mattress and in between her legs as Tami lifted her knees, splaying her thick thighs wide open. Robbie's eyes widened as he gazed at the pink

fleshy layers of her genitalia. He grasped the center of his shaft and pressed his bulbous knob down in between the tumescent folds, pressing it against the fat protruding nub of her clitoris.

He slapped his big dick against it a few times, then fed it into the creamy socket of her cunt. "Yess," Tami hissed, feeling his thick meat squeeze inside her married pussy.

Robbie sighed as he felt the hot slippery sheath of her vagina stretch around his cock.

The teen sprawled flat on top of her, crushing her enormous, fat-nippled tits under his chest as he sank his thick fucker all the way to the hilt. "Ohh, shit," he sighed, feeling his throbbing knob hit bottom.

Tami tossed her curvy legs around him, locking her ankles together high across his back. Frantically, she humped her meaty ass beneath him, fucking her clinging slit up and down his cock. "Fuck mee," she cried out.

Robbie met her eager humping with thrusts of his own, punching his cock through her birth canal. His youthful ass bobbed up and down between her parted thighs, their horny bodies beating together. The springs of the pull-out bed creaked and whined as it sustained the force of their heated fuck-thrusts.

"Yesss, harder, Robbie," she cried, clinging on to the teen like her life depended on it.

Robbie intensified his thrusts, hammering his cock through her tight gripping cunt. The textured ridges along her vaginal walls squeezed at the thick tender meat of his erection, coating it in hot slippery secretions. "Ohhh, shit," he whimpered, his knob tingling with exquisite pleasure.

As he continued fucking, Robbie latched on to one of her wobbling breasts, sinking his lips around the entire pink cap and lashing his tongue against her swollen nipple.

The hot young mother panted as she felt a powerful orgasm swell inside her sexual core. Robbie's long cock-muscle was plowing against the spongy lining of her upper wall, stimulating her G-spot. She couldn't believe how long and hard his cock was. Her husband's penis felt tiny and pathetic in comparison.

Whimpering with delight, she felt Robbie's fat knob squeeze against head of her cervix. It was the furthest anyone had ever been inside her. "Ohh my God, I'm gonna cuuumm," she cried out, her curvy flesh trembling beneath the teen.

Still fucking, Robbie extended his arms, propping himself up so he could watch her face while she came on his cock. Her huge melons rolled up and down her chest. He felt her cunt-muscles clamp down on his cock, creating intense resistance. He watched her throw her pretty head to one side, crying out with a pleasure-filled grimace.

The skilled teen changed his angle of attack, looping his arm under her lower back for leverage as he speared his erection up along her top wall, stretching her uteri. This got an immediate reaction from Tami. She arched her head back, tossing her brown mane of hair as she let out loud orgasmic scream. "Uuuunnhhgg!"

With her back arched, Robbie watched her big milkers heave from her chest, bobbling wildly.He felt hot girl-cum swirling around his boner and dripping from his nuts.

Outside the courtroom, Brent met up with Skylar, his phone to his ear. "Isn't Tami usual back from lunch by this time?" he asked his wife.

"Why, something at the office you need?" Skylar asked.

"No, just thought I'd check in," he said.

Skylar smiled at him. "Focus on the case at hand, isn't that what you always tell me?" "I know," he said, smiling back.

"I"m sure her and Robbie are doing just fine holding down the fort today," Skylar said.

At the office, Tami bounced on Robbie's dick as they continued fucking. The busty brunette, slid her hot pussy up and down his rigid

meat, hitting the back wall of her cunt on each downward plunge. "Ohh fuck I love it...I fucking love your cock," she moaned.

Robbie's eyes were glued to her big mommy-boobs as they swung heavily above his face. Tami gazed down at the teen with lustful eyes. "Mmm, married pussy is always the sweetest, Robbie. It's always the pussy that'll grip you the hardest."

"Yours feels damn good," he panted, gazing up at her.

Tami sat up straight, but continued to swivel her hips up and back, stirring his cock like a big wooden spoon inside the mixing bowl of her hot pussy. Robbie looked down at her shaved

mons, which were fused to his groin, grinding in a steady swiveling fuck-motion, propelled by her wide naked hips. "Does it make you feel naughty baby, knowing you're fucking another man's wife. Making her break her wedding vows because she can't resist you?"

"I don't know, does it bother you?" Robbie muttered, staring up at the huge rounded underside of

her tits. Tami gazed down at him over the swell of her boobs and giggled. "Fuck no. Not the least little bit. My husband is a great guy, but he's not the complete package like you are. Hot, big dicked young guys like you always get their pick of the women doesn't they're married. It's the natural way of things."

"Cool," Robbie said, watching her naked body do a gyrating dance above him.

"Ready for me to lay on you Robbie. Ready to feel my big tits on you while you squeeze my body and fuck the shit out of me," Tami said yearningly.

"Fuck yeah," he sighed.

The curvy brunette plopped her body down onto his and locked lips with him. Their bodies rocked, making the springs under the mattress creak as they made out passionately. Tami's big melons squashed between them, her thick hard nipples poking into his chest. "Fuck me hard, Robbie," she said between kisses, "I wanna cum on your cock again."

The lucky teen wrapped his arms around her body and thrust his hips off the mattress, spearing his prick through her slippery cunt-tube. Their tongues wrestled wildly, her long pierced licker showing it's experience.

After a few minutes of smooching and humping, Tami broke the kiss and went for his neck. "Ohh yeaah," Robbie moaned. The feel of her warm curvy body on top of his, licking his neck while he fucked was divine. Their genitals beat together wetly..

Robbie's cock was like a well-oiled piston pumping through the clasping cylinder of Tami's vagina. Her inner muscles squeezed and sucked his rod, her juices keeping it well lubricated. "Ohhh fuck, you're gonna make me cum again," she cried out desperately.

"I'm cumming too," the teen panted, feeling his knob swell with pleasure.

"Uuuunnhhgg! Shiiiit!" Tami screamed, the muscles in her neck straining as she arched her head back.

Their mutual orgasms were perfectly timed, like an internal switch was turned on, causing their hot cum to come pouring out at once. Their naked bodies humped and trembled as Robbie hosed her inner walls with thick spunk. His hard penis flexed and lurched bathed in hot girl- cream as it gushed from Tami's urethra. "Oohhh fuck," the teen muttered as more and more cum pulsed from his piss-hole.

For five minutes they milked their orgasms, then finally rested in a sweaty heap. Tami lifted her head, her face still flushed. She let out

a big sigh. "Ohh shit, that was an amazing fuck."

She looked at her smart-watch. "Shit," she said, jumping up. Robbie watched her big mammaries joggle and her ass sway as she made for the door. "I gotta get back to the phones. Can you clean up?"

"No problem."

She paused in the doorway and looked back at him. "Oh and there spray under the sink in the bathroom. Better use some in here. If your dad smells sex, he might have a few questions for us."

"Got it," Robbie said.

She blew him a kiss, then hurried off.

Later, at home, Robbie was texting a friend when Skylar tapped at his door. "Hey bunny," she said, stepping into his room on bare feet.

"Hey, Mom, how did court go?" Robbie asked, watching her walk over to him, wearing nothing but a short pink silk robe. He could tell by the way her tits moved that she was braless beneath it.

"Not bad. It's a tough case, but I think I'm winning over the jury How did your day go?" she asked, stopping at his bedside.

"Good. I um, got all the old files shredded," he said. "Awesome and how was your incentive?"

"Um, my incentive?"

Skylar smiled, showing her pearly-whites. "Yea, the one you got on your father's pull-out couch." He gave her a surprised look. "She told you?"

"Of course. I mean, someone has to provide you with incentives the days I'm not there, right?" "Yeah, I guess so."

"So...how was it?" Skylar asked, fumbling with the sash to her robe. "It was fun."

"Well, Tami had a few more words to describe it, like 'toe-curling' and 'the best sex of her life.'

Seems like you're making quite the impression on all these horny married women," Skylar said.

"Well, it doesn't help that you and dad have a couple of hot women working for you," he said, making Skylar giggle. He noticed that as she fumbled with her sash, her robe had gradually peeked open, exposing her entire cleavage and part of her midriff.

Robbie gulped excitedly, his eyes widening at the partial view of her nudity. Skylar watched him gawk. "And we both know you're a sucker for hot women with big tits, don't we bunny?"

"Yeah," he blushed, watching her robe slip open even more, catching on her big stiff nipples. His Mom's creamy cleavage was the biggest he'd ever seen and the site of it had hardened his cock right up.

After letting his eyes linger a moment on her nearly naked tits, she quickly closed her robe. "Ooops, why didn't you tell me I was having a wardrobe malfunction?"

Robbie laughed. "Like you didn't know," he said.

"Of course I didn't, otherwise it wouldn't have been a malfunction. It would have been a deliberate act...and I would never," she said, then gave him a teasing wink.

The next day at the office, Robbie was working hard on a document, while his Mother was on the phone, pacing the office behind him. She finished talking to her client and leaned over her boy, checking out his work. "How's it going?"

"I think I have it finished. How's it look?"

She read through it quickly. "Looks perfect. Lock the door. I need to find out what your father has going on."

Robbie's heart started beating hard with anticipation. He locked the door, then came back over and took a seat..

Skylar's husband answered over speakerphone. "Hey hon," he said. "Hey, so good news and bad news," she said, reaching under her skirt. "Oh boy, let's hear it," Brent said.

Robbie watched in disbelief as Skylar slid her skimpy dark-pink panties down her legs and stepped out of them.. "The bad news is they moved the trial Milwaukee and there will be a whole new jury," she said

"Shoot, that is bad news."

"I know, I had a feeling this was gonna happen," she said, stepping over and dropping the

panties on her son's lap. "The good news is I have a Milwaukee attorney assisting with the case, which means I'll only be gone two days tops," she said.

Robbie picked up her panties and brought them to his nose, inhaling the aroma of his Mother's pussy. He watched Skylar unbutton her blazer, then her blouse.

"Well, two days is better than a week like last time.. Still sucks that you have to travel," Brent said.

Skylar moved towards her staring son as her blouse parted, exposing her huge bra-clad jugs.

"Only a forty-five minute flight by private jet. I had Tami check it out," she said, then leaned down in front of Robbie, bringing her lips to his ear. "Unhook me," she whispered.

Robbie could hardly believe what she was asking him to do. He reached under her blazer and blouse, which were both fully unbuttoned, then followed the the thick straps of her bra to the clasp. He began to anxiously unhook her and Skylar's bra popped open.

She stood back up as her husband continued speaking to her. "Did she book you on a flight?"

As the hot Mother turned towards her boy, she slipped the cups from her enormous melons. They bobbled heavily on her chest, her thick stiff nipples pointing at her teen. "Yes, Robbie and I are flying out tomorrow morning. We'll be back late Friday night."

Robbie tore his eyes away from her tits a moment "Me?" he asked. Even Brent was a bit surprised. "Robbie?" he asked.

"He's my assistant, Brent. Of course he's going."

"Yeah but, how helpful is he gonna be, really? He's not a legal assistance, Sky."

Skylar unfastened her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. "I'm aware of that, but in answer to your question, he'll be very helpful. If he's there to assist me with little things, I can focus my whole effort on the trial."

Robbie sat there with his jaw lowered, gazing at his Mother's naked lower-half, focusing mostly on the triangular-shaped area of vulva. At the base of the triangle was a thin, neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair. Her smooth motherly legs looked so strong and shapely, especially since her feet were still propped in five-inch mules.

"I guess, if you really think it's necessary," Brent said.

"I do," Skylar said, turning and leaning over her chair, pointing her thick naked ass at her son. Robbie's hand instinctively went to his crotch, rubbing his protruding bulge. Leaned forward the way she was, Skylar's buns were spread slightly and he could see the cute crinkled ring of her butthole. His eyes followed her curves, down to the smooth lips of her labial meat. "Damn," he muttered

Skylar peeked back at her son, muting her phone. Her husband was saying something, but she ignored him. "Get behind me bunny," she said. "Stroke your dick and cum on my ass," she said.

Robbie happily obeyed, stepping up behind his Mom and fishing his boner from his pants. He beat his meat to the view she was providing, his tongue nearly hanging out with lust.

"Sky, are you there?" Brent said.

She took her cell off mute. "I'm here, but I have a consult here in a few minutes. I'll call you when

I'm done," she lied.

Skylar watched her son's big dick slip through his fist. "Damn, I'm sorry baby, I forgot to buy some lube," she said.

"That's ok, I can use some of my spit," Robbie said, lifting his hand to his mouth.

"Wait, I have something better," she said, turning towards her teen and taking off her heels. "A woman's pussy produces hot slippery fuck-oil. It's what keeps your cock lubricated while you're fucking her," Skylar said, placing her foot up on her son's chair. "Here, feel," she said, taking her son's hand and bringing it to her cunt.

Robbie's heart felt like it was gonna beat out of his chest as he slipped his fingers through the wet slippery folds of her twat. "Oh wow," he said, looking at his glistening fingers, "you are wet."

"Yup, but we'll need alot more of it to lubricate that big dick of yours. Slip two fingers inside me," she said, pulling in him close.

He gazed down at her enormous rack, seeing details that you would only see up close, like veins and subtle stretch-marks. His Mom had the longest, thickest nipples he'd ever seen. The protuberant nubs stuck out from huge round areola, which were dotted with mammary glans.

His two fingers slipped past her plump clitoral hood and into her cunt-slot, digging along her upper wall. Skylar's eyes widened with arousal as she stared back at her son, somewhat surprised. She gripped on to his shoulder, steadying herself. "Fuck, Robbie, how did you find my sweet-spot so fast?"

"I HAVE done this before, Mom," he said with a cocky smile. "Obviously," she said, her body jerking forward against his.

While fingering her, he watched her big milkers brush against his chest. He crammed his fist up in between her labia, digging his two fingers in deep, then using his thumb to rub her clitoris. "Ohh my God, bunny," she cried out, her boobs now flattening out on his chest as she clung to him.

He dug his fingers along the rubbery ridges, cupping her vagina. Her hips rose up and down in a fucking motion, riding his every movement.. Lubricant secreted from her cunt-walls, soaking his hand. "Beat your dick now, baby," she said.

Robbie latched on to his cock, using her juices to lubricate his strokes. Skylar watched him jack his boner, his juicy knob throbbing only a few inches from her engorged clitoris as it peeked from it's

fleshy hood. The hot mother was still partly holding onto her son, causing her big jugs to jiggle from his movements.

"Mmm, does that feel good, bunny? Do you like to imagine you're fucking a girl when you beat

off like this?" she asked.

"Yess," he said, also imagining his face buried between her heavy knockers.

Skylar noticed the attention they were getting. "Do you wanna squeeze them baby? Do you wanna squeeze Mommy's big titties?"

"Can I?" he asked, his face lighting up even more.

She giggled at his eagerness. "That's fine, but with both hands on my boobs, you won't be able to stroke your boner."

"Ohh, well that's ok," he muttered, desperately wanting to feel her tits. "I'd rather feel your tits."

"Mom has a hand too you know. There's no reason why you can't squeeze my boobs AND have your dick stroked at the same time," Skylar said.

"Really, so like...YOU'LL stroke me?"

"Of course I'll stroke you, but first we'll need more lube," she said, running her hand through her wet folds. She reached out a grasped his jutting boner, using her juices to slowly slip her first up and down it's length. "Ohh bunny, such a big strong dick," she said, feeling it throb in her hand.

Robbie's eyes were still glued her amazing jugs. He had handled big tits before, but nothing this size.

Skylar sensed his intimidation. "Squeeze them baby, it's ok. They're not gonna bite," she said.

Robbie reached out a took big handfuls of tit-meat. They were so warm, smooth and squishy, he could hardly believe they belonged to his own Mother. She smiled at him lovingly. "They might smother you to death, but the won't bite," she said with a giggle.

The teen's hands wandered all over her boobs, kneading at her flesh and pulling at her nipples..His knob tingled and for a moment, he looked down and watched his Mom's pretty hand beating his meat, her wedding ring sparkling."Damn, Mom, you're really good at that."

"Thanks, baby. That's how I felt when you were fingering me earlier. I guess we both have a talent in that department," Skylar said.

"I really don't wanna stop touching your boobs, but if you want, I can finger you again, while you stroke on me."

"Ohh, another session of mutual masturbation huh? Last time we did that, we almost destroyed the supply closet," she said with a giggle.

"True."

"But if you're wanting to finger me again, I'm certainly not gonna say no," she said with a sexy

smile.

Their bodies pressed together as they stroked each others genitals. Skylar beat her son's dick with steady strokes, while Robbie cupped her pubis, digging two finger deep into her cunt-hole. Her big ballooning breasts jostled around between them as both their pleasure-cores swelled with an impending orgasm. "Ooohhhhh," Skylar sighed loudly, as her eyes began to roll back in their sockets. ,

The nearly naked mother suddenly rose up on her tip toes and her sexy legs began to tremble as she neared the peak of her cum. Her beautiful voice gave out a quivering cry. "Uuuunnhhggo-o-o- o- h-h-h!! she wailed, her curvy body going into a shaking fit. Robbie felt her big milkers slosh

against his chest.

Just the site of her getting off like this made the jizz shoot through his cock-tube. "Ohh, shit, I'm cumming," he grunted. "Paint my ass, bunny," Skylar said lustfully, turning her lower half, so her son's cum splashed against her meaty bottom. Her stroking fist became a gooey mess as she beat every ounce of cum from her son's boner.

She turned and gave him a sensual peck on the lips. "Keep my panties in your desk drawer in case I'm not here and you need a little stimulation."

Robbie smiled. "Gladly."

At home that evening they had dinner and Robbie packed a bag for their trip. The idea of being alone with his beautiful openly-sexual mother for two nights thrilled him to the core.

After he was finished, he found his father in the living-room watching a hockey game on their projector TV. "Hey dad, how's the game?"

"The Blackhawks are choking tonight," he said, then took a sip of his Heineken. "That sucks. Where's Mom?"

Brent tore his eyes away from the game, but only for a second, motioning towards the hallway.

"She's in your sister's room. They're watching a movie I think." "Oh cool."

"Hey, I'm sure your mother has told you this, but thanks for all your hard work at the firm. It can

get pretty stressful for her at times. I appreciate you being there to take some of the weight off her shoulders," Brent shoulders.

The end of his comment made Robbie smile. He immediately thought about the 'weight' he had taken 'off he shoulders,' from hefting her big heavy boobs. "Sure thing, dad. It's great to be able to help out."

"You sure you're down with this trip to Milwaukee . I know it's asking a lot of you," Brent asked.

"No, I don't mind going at all. I know this case is important to you guys, so whatever I can do to help out," Robbie said.

"Maybe we can hit a home game when you get back. A buddy of mine can get us some seats at center ice."

"Yeah dad, that would be great," Robbie lied. He hated hockey, but he knew his dad loved it, so he played along.

The teen went down the hallway, hearing his Mom's cute giggle from his sister's bedroom. He peeked in to see them laying on their tummies, side by side, watching a Disney movie together. Skylar flashed him a smile. "Hey bunny," she said, "did you get all packed?"

"Yeah, pretty much," he said. He notice she was wearing a skimpy pair of white boy-shorts and a cami top with spaghetti straps. He stepped into the room behind them to get a better look. "What are you guys watching?"

His sister was quick to answer. "Frozen. This is the best part," she said.

While his Mom and sister watched the flat screen, Robbie's eyes traveled up the backs of Skylar's strong smooth legs. The shorts stretched around the meaty globes of her ass, a substantial amount of bulging ass-flesh seeping out the hems.

The mother and daughter giggled at the movie. Skylar bent the bottom half of one leg up playfully and just of teetered it back and forth, arching her bare foot and pointing her pretty painted toes toward the ceiling. Robbie loved his mother's pretty feet and wondered if she would ever use the to stroke his cock. Just the thought made his dick rise.

"We'll need to head out about eight in the morning. Our flight's at ten," she said, breaking her son from his trance.

"Sounds good," he said, trying to conceal his bulge, but unsuccessfully. Skylar peeked around and her eyes focused directly on it. She looked up at him and giggled, then went back to the movie.

She spread her legs slightly. The shorts were moulded around her cunt-mound. Robbie could clearly see the shape of the thick puffy folds of her outer labia. "My thing's are ready to go. I just have one more outfit to pack," she said, then looked back at him. "Why don't you pick it out and put it in my bag. Top drawer on the right," she said with a wink.

Robbie went down to his parent's bedroom, then over to his Mom's large dresser. He opened the top right drawer and his eyes got big as he was greeted with an assortment of sexy lingerie. On one side were teddies, corsets and bustiers made of lace and silk. On the other side were garters, dainty babydoll nighties and skimpy bra and panty sets of assorted colors. He lifted one item from the drawer. It was made of sheer black mesh. As he unfolded the item, he realized it

was a crotchless body-stocking.

"Holy shit," Robbie muttered, trying to picture his Mom's voluptuous body in something like this.

He set it aside and continued looking through the naughty negligee. It was tough to pick out just one. He was dying to see his mom model every one of them, but he finally made his choice and stuffed it in the travel-bag with her other clothing.

The next morning, Robbie and Skylar were on a small jet heading to Milwaukee. Scattered about the cabin were other business professionals. Most were busy reading or on their laptops.

Robbie sat in the window seat, looking out. Skylar sat next to him, but had her tray-table down, busily working on a document. Several times she would spy her son staring at her legs or the swell of her breasts. Even though he sat right beside her, for privacy reasons, she picked up her cell and shot him a text.

Robbie looked at his phone. "How's my favorite cock doing? " the text read. His Mom went back to typing on her laptop. He texted back. "Kinda hard." Skylar paused from typing and lifted her phone. "Why only kinda? ," she texted. "Because we're on a plane I guess," he wrote back..

"Would it get harder if I let you put your hand up my skirt?" she replied.

Robbie's heart pounded excitedly. "Definitely would," he text.

Skylar immediately looked at the stewardess, who was about to pass by. "Excuse me, can I get a blanket?" she asked.

"Certainly," the stewardess said and returned moments later with a throw-blanket. Skylar unfolded it and draped it over her and her son's laps. She took Robbie's hand, slipped it under blanket and up her skirt, resting it high on her upper thigh. She left it there, bringing her hand out and continued typing.

Robbie's breathing was heavy and rapid from the thrill of his hand being so close to his mother's cunt. Her thighs were silky soft and he could feel the heat radiating from her genitals. Skylar quickly texted him. "That better, my sweet bunny? "

He used the thumb of his free hand to text back. "Yes," was his reply.

Skylar went back to work, fully aware of how her son's hand was slowly creeping up towards her panty-covered twat. Robbie's thumb finally bumped the gusset of her panties and drug up and down the puffy clam-shell of her mound of Venus.

After a few minutes of this, Skylar stopped typing and leaned over him, looking out the window.

Her hand had crept under the blanket and began squeezing his erection through his pants. "Are we gaining altitude over here?" she said, peering out the window.

Robbie gasped. Her hand felt amazing as it squeezed his hardened muscle. The busty mother wasn't being the least bit gentle. Her little hand gripped the base of his boner, her fingers and nails digging in, making the upper half of his cock swell with blood. With her fist circled, she pulled the skin of his dick up, milking the meat beneath. Her tight, gripping squeeze made the section of Robbie's cut foreskin fold over his fat knob, then retract again on her down-stroke, making the knob flare out huge and purple.

She released his boner, sat back down and texted him. "So much for 'kinda hard' right? " she teased.

Robbie brazenly rubbed his Mom's pussy through her silky panties as she worked on her document. He pressed his gyrating fingers down into the groove between her meat-flaps,

peeling back the thick hood and finding the swollen nub of her clitoris. Skylar sighed as he made contact, biting her bottom lip in ecstacy.

She could tell her son was trying to make her cum, so she closed her thighs tight and smiled at him. "Not here," she said, motioning with her eyes to the other people around them.

"Ok," Robbie smiled back.

When they landed, Skylar couldn't get him off the plane quick enough. The horny mother quickly marched down the terminal, leading her son by the hand. Her dainty heels clicked against the hard surface, making it clear to everyone else that she knew exactly where she was going and was in a huge hurry to get there. "Jesus, Mom, slow down," Robbie said, struggling to keep up as she held on tightly to his hand, pulling him along.

Without the least bit of hesitation, she rushed them into the women's restroom. "Mom, what are you doing?"

Skylar pulled him in to one of the womens stalls, closing the door behind them. She backed her son against the wall, pulling her skirt to her waist with one hand. With the other, she shoved his hand into her panties. "Finish what you started," she said lustfully.

"Ok," Robbie said with a thrilled sigh. He cupped her cunt and dug through her folds. "Yess," she hissed, throwing her arms around his neck. "Finger me," she pleaded.

As he had before, Robbie found her upper wall with his two fingers and plowed at her G-spot. Skylar rose on the toes of her heels, tightening her arms and squashing her tits on him. "Ohh God, bunny!" she cried out, her voice echoing through the restroom.

Her cunt made a wet squelching sound as Robbie finger-fucked her as deep as he could, rubbing her fat clit with his thumb at the same

time. "Uunhg!" He cute voice rang out, followed

by a longer, louder cry throwing her head back. "Uuuunnhhgg!"

Two mothers heard Sylar's cry as they stood at the sink. They smiled at one another, then went about their business.

One more orgasmic jolt surged through Skylar, starting at the core of her cunt and shooting out through her big titted body. She was latched on to Robbie, so he felt her body shutter in ecstacy, her Mommy-melons sloshing between them as she shamelessly let lose another orgasmic howl.

Skylar and her son took a taxi to their hotel room. It was an upscale hotel in the heart of the city. Their two-room suite was large and elegant, with a huge king-sized bed and breathtaking view of the city.

"The other attorney is coming by in awhile to go over the case. You good just hanging out this evening?" Skylar asked her son.

"Yeah, no problem, mom. I'll probably go down and sit in the jacuzzi, maybe use the weight- room.," he said.

Skylar headed for the adjoining bedroom. "I'm gonna get a quick shower. Will you be an angel and have some soda water brought up?"

"Sure, Mom."

Robbie made the quick call to room service, then wandered into the bedroom. "On its way up," he said, watching Skylar take off her blouse.

"Thanks, don't know why I'm so thirsty today," she said, standing there in just her bra and panties as she took off her earrings. "Oh,

will you do me a favor and call your father, let him know we got here ok."

"Sure," Robbie said, dialing Brent on his cellphone. As it rang, Robbie watched his mom stretch her tiny panties over her hips and slide them down her smooth legs.

"Hey son, what's up?" Brent answered.

Robbie was mesmerized by his Mom's movements. She had her back to him, giving him a clear view of her meaty bare ass as she shamelessly reached around and unclasped her big bra. The cups slipped from her jugs. Her boobs were so big Robbie could see a part of the huge bobbling orbs hanging down, even from behind her.

"You there, Robbie?" Bent asked, snapping his son from his trance.

"Oh, yeah, I'm here dad, sorry," the teen said, watching his mom sashay into the bathroom, her fleshy bare buttock undulating sexily. "I um, just wanted to let you know we got here ok."

"Cool, I appreciate you being there for your mother. I know it means a lot to her," Brent said.

"No problem, I'll do what I can to help her out."

136: Mom's Workplace Shenanigans_2

After talking to his dad, Robbie sprawled out on the comfy bed. He wished he could go in and watch his mom shower, but he didn't want to infringe on her privacy. He got his wish a few minutes later when his mom called his name from the shower. "Can you bring me the shampoo and conditioner from my bag, honey?" she asked.

Robbie quickly dug them from her bag and went into the bathroom. The shower's huge glass door provided only a partial view of his Mom, since it was all steamed up. "Here you go, Mom."

Skylar slid the glass door open a tad, taking the items from her son. Robbie looked down at her huge soaking-wet udders, his dick quickly rising to attention. "Thanks bunny," she said, then looked down at his obvious protrusion, "get naked and join me."

Robbie didn't hesitate. By the time he stripped and joined her, Skylar was washing her hair. He jerked on his erect cock as he watched his Mom work the shampoo into her blonde hair. Doing this made her thrust her chest, so her big stiff-nippled melons jutted outward. The teen watched in awe as the suds cascaded down through her gaping cleavage.

She placed some body wash on a washcloth and began sudsing her son's lean chest up. She put some suds on his nose playfully and giggled, her protuberant boobs brushing against him.

"We've got a little time to play. Wanna play with Mommy, bunny," she asked cutely, reaching down and gently stroking his slippery cock.

"Sure," he said with an excited smile.

She brought her lips in close to his. "Let's play kissy face," she said softly, her green eyes staring into his lustfully.

Skylar planted a series of wet kisses on his lips over and over. Robbie felt her tongue peek out and glide along his lips between her kisses..While stroking his dick with one hand, the mother wrapped the other arm around him, pulling her boy in closer to her.

Robbie sighed with excitement. Skylar's big wet spongy tits were now pressed against his chest. His tongue came half-way out and began playing with hers. The mother whipped the tip of her long licker all over Robbie's reciprocating tongue. Soon, it was not just the tips, but the entire length of their tongues that were looping and lashing together. Their lips fused hungrily as they began to passionately make out.

"Mmmm," Sky whimpered, engaging her son in a deep French kiss.

Robbie couldn't believe it was his own mom's long thick tongue that was wrestling wildly with his own. Her experience was apparent as ten minutes of deep smooching went on without pause.

Skylar finally broke the kiss and went for his neck. "Squeeze my body against yours, bunny," she said, before attacking his neck with licks.

Robbie wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her so tight he lifted her from the shower floor. Skylar's hand were still squeezed around his meat, pulling on it the best she could considering it was now sandwiched between their bellies. Her big breasts bulged out from between them, her thick nipples digging in to him.

She kissed up his neck, cheek, then along his ear. "How lucky am I to have such a hot, big-dicked assistant," she said between kisses. "You must have known some incentives were coming your way on this trip," kiss, kiss.

"I hoped," Robbie sighed, feeling the hot water shower over their nude bodies.

"What types of incentives are you hoping for baby," she asked, then took a long lick at his neck. "Are you hoping I'll let you take your father's place between my legs tonight?" Kiss, kiss.

"Yess," Robbie muttered, feeling his dick flex in her hand.

"Are you hoping to squeeze your dick in Mommy's most secret place?"

"Ohh, Jesus, Mom," he sighed, so turned on her could hardly stand it. He rocked his hips, slowly fucking his dick through her squeezing hand.

"Is that what you want, baby. You wanna be deep inside so we can squirt all our juices together" "Ohhh yeaahh," Robbie sighed, screwing Skylar's soapy hand like a pussy.

"Yess, bunny, just like that," she said, squeezing his gliding meat even tighter in her fist. "Fuck the hot pussy, feel it squeezing your big dreamy dick," Skylar said in a sexy tone.

By now, Skylar's tits had worked their way up his chest and were beginning to spill out around his neck. Robbie's face sunk down between them, into a deep pocket of wet jiggling cleavage. "Ohhh shit," the teen muttered, his knob beginning to swell in the tight grip of his Mom's hand.

"Yess, spray your hot cum all over me," Skylar said.

"Ohhh God," Robbie groaned as he felt himself on the edge of a hard cum. "There it is, squirt it out," Skylar said lovingly.

"Uuuuoohh, shiiit," Robbie cried out as thick globes of spunk began to fire out his piss-slit.

Skylar tightened her clutches, wedging his face between her jugs as deep as he could go. "Ooh bunny!" she cried out, squeezing her thumb against his frenulum. This caused his cock to flex, the veins and muscles bulging out. Skylar felt it. "Ohhhh sweet bunny!!" she cried out even louder, over his tit-muffled grunts.

Her fist became tight ring of spunk-coated flesh between their bellies. Her thumb dug beneath the crown of his knob expertly, drawing out more and more jizz. His shiny bulbous head squeezed from the circled ring of her fingers, twitching with pleasure.

A few minutes later they emerged from the bathroom toweling off. "If you get hungry baby, you should order you some food."

"Tami did say this place she booked us in had a five-star restaurant. Maybe I'll grab some grub while I'm downstairs."

Skylar planted her ass up on the bed, making her big naked boobs jostle. "Speaking of Tami, did she have a pretty good spread?"

"Spread?"

"Yeah, her spread, you know, when you fucked her. I know how a woman spreads her legs is important to a guy. When she has a good spread a guy can fuck her all sorts of different ways," Skylar said, curling her curvy legs up onto the bed.

"That's true. Tami was pretty limber, so she spread her legs pretty far back."

Skylar fell back, propping herself on her elbows. She splayed her thighs, bringing her knees way back, level with her shoulders. "So like...this far back?"

Robbie's heart was pounding hard again. His mom's thighs were wide open. He could see her buns spread on the mattress, crowned by the smooth shaved lips of her vulva. "A little further," he muttered.

"Oh, so like this," Skylar said, widening her thighs even further, extending the bottom half of her luscious legs so that they pointed up, along with her sexy bare feet.

Robbie couldn't help but reach down and squeeze his knob. "Yeah, that's about right," he muttered.

"Oh, so not like this," Skylar said, extending her legs fully and scissoring them way back in a huge spread-eagle.

"Holy shit, Mom," the teen muttered, gawking her tremendous spread. It was like she was doing a wall straddle, but instead of her legs being against the wall, they were propped further back, hovering in the air, her sexy feet pointing to each side of the headboard. "How do you do that?" he asked, mesmerized by her limberness.

"It's called palates, bunny. Four times a week for the last fifteen years, remember." "So you guys do these sorts of stretches, in class?" he asked.

"Uh-huh, why are you wanting to sign up now?" she said with a giggle. "So you can watch all us

Moms spread our legs way back?" "I wouldn't mind," Robbie said.

Skylar laughed, gracefully lowered her legs and bounced from the bed to her bare feet. She

strode over to her boy teasingly, her big heavy mommy-melons swaying. Stopping in front of him, she placed her hands on his shoulders. "And I wouldn't mind dragging you onto that bed right now for lots and lots more kisses, but Judith will be here soon, so I need to get dressed," she said, giving him a quick peck on the lips.

Just before the other lawyer arrived, Robbie went down and got some food at the hotel restaurant. After he ate, he went into the workout room and lifted some weights for an hour. When he was done giving his lean muscles a workout, he went to the pool room to sit in the jacuzzi.

He was the only one there for a little bit before a couple, a little younger than his parents, joined him. The guy seemed in good shape and was handsome looking, but Robbie's real focus was on the lady with him. She had shoulder-length brown hair and was very pretty, but what really got his attention was the size of her tits and the huge pregnant belly she carried. The fact that she wore a skimpy bikini seemed almost obscene, but Robbie didn't mind one bit.

"What's up guy," the husband said. "Hey," Robbie muttered.

The woman smiled at Robbie sweetly as she sunk into the bubbling water. "Hi," she said.

"God, this feels amazing after a hard day," the man said. "You on vacation or something?" he asked Robbie.

"No, um, I'm here with my Mom. She's here on business. I'm actually her assistant," Robbie said.

"Oh how cool," the woman said with a smile, showing her perfect white teeth. "So you like, work for your Mom?"

"Yeah."

Her husband leaned back, enjoying the hot water. "I'm here on business also. What's your Mom do?"

"She's a lawyer. She's um, here for a big trial tomorrow."

"Nice. I'm in the produce business. I'm here for a conference. You eat your vegetables?" the guy asked.

"Of course," Robbie said with an amused smile.

The guy gave Robbie a fist pump. "Good man," he said. "My names Aaron, this is my wife Katrina."

"Nice to meet you guys."

Katrina rose her upper half back out of the water, resting her hands on her giant baby-orb. "I don't want the girls to boil in there," she giggled.

"You're having twins?" Robbie asked.

"Yeah, twin girls, any day now," Katrina said.

"Good thing our other two are old enough to take care of themselves," Aaron said. "Mom's gonna be busy with twins and Dad's gonna be busy supporting them all."

"They can learn to babysit, because Mom's not giving up her shopping habit," Katrina said with a giggle, winking at Robbie.

"Time to switch pools," Aaron said, jumping out of the jacuzzi and diving into the swimming pool.

Robbie found himself staring at Katrina's milk-filled tits. They were obscenely massive, spilling out around her bikini top. He could see the huge fat nubs of her nipples protruding out of the fabric. He looked up to see her staring back at him knowingly, her lips curling

into a naughty smile. "So do you go with your Mom to trial or will you be hanging around here a the hotel tomorrow?" she asked.

"Probably stay back. Courtrooms are kinda boring."

Katrina giggled. "I bet. My husband's gonna be at the conference all day. Wanna hang out?"

Robbie glanced in the direction of the pool, but Aaron was too far away to hear them. "Sure," he said.

"Room for one more in there?" A voice said. Skylar stepped towards the jacuzzi in a skimpy white bikini.

"Yeah, feels great in here," Robbie said, watching her step down into the bubbling water. Skylar's wore a string-style bikini, which showed off a lot of flesh. Much like Katrina's top, Skylar's bikini sling covered only a portion of her enormous knockers.

"Mom, this is Katrina. Her husband's in the pool. He's here on business too." Katrina smiled at Skylar. "Hi, I hear you have a big day in court tomorrow," she said.

"Yes, should be interesting. I've only partnered with one other attorney before and we didn't gel. I

think this one's gonna work out better though."

"I hope so," Katrina said. "I told your son that if he's bored tomorrow he can always hang out

with me. My husband will be at a conference all day."

Skylar glanced at Katrina's gigantic pregnant tits, then at her son. "He'd probably really like that."

"That is if I'm not in the hospital giving birth tomorrow," Katrina said, rubbing her belly, "I feel like I'm ready to pop."

Skylar giggled. "I was traveling when I gave birth to Robbie. Barely made it to the hospital in time."

"I never knew that," Robbie said.

"Oh yeah, I almost squeezed you out in the back seat of a rental car while your father raced down the freeway."

Katrina giggled. "Oh my God. He must have wanted out as bad as my girls do. See them kicking," she said, sticking her huge round belly out.

Skylar's got a big smile. "Oh wow, look, bunny, the babies are kicking," she said, as both her and Robbie looked at swell of Katrina's pregnancy.

"Wanna feel?" Katrina asked, moving over in front of Robbie, between his legs as he sat. Skylar was at his side and they both reached out and felt the twins kick around inside Katrina's womb.

"That's really cool," the teen muttered. He was shoulder deep in the water and his cock hardening at not just the close proximity of such a big sexy pregnant belly, but also the four giant Mommy-melons looming around him.

"Do you have names picked out yet?" Skylar asked.

As Katrina and his Mom talked about cute baby names, Robbie marveled at the huge smooth baby-ball right in front of him. Katrina seemed to creep even closer as the women spoke, so that the round packed flesh of her tummy pressed against his upper chest.

Robbie peered up at her huge milkers. He judged that canyon of creamy cleavage would probably swallow his entire head. Katrina giggled at something his mom said, making the flesh of her tits quiver, then rock heavily from side to side beneath her bikini-sling.

Skylar wrapped an arm around Robbie's head pulling him to her boobs and squashing the side of his face against her own impressive cleavage. "My husband and I decided on Robbie for this one, but I call him my bunny," she said.

"Ohh, that's so cute, Mommy's bunny," Katrina said, stroking Robbie's thighs beneath the water.

She saw her husband get out of the pool and quickly ran her hand up the length of Robbie's erection through his shorts, as if sizing him up. "So room seven-seven-four tomorrow, if you wanna hang out?" she said softly, so her approaching husband couldn't hear.

"Cool," Robbie said, watching her float back across the jacuzzi.

Skylar and Robbie rinsed off in the pool-room shower, then went back to their room. She turned off most of the lights and they moved into the bedroom. "Crawl into bed, baby. I'll be out in a few minutes," Sky said, stepping into the bathroom.

Robbie got out of his damp trunks, putting on a dry pair of briefs and climbed up into the big bed. He heard the blow-dryer going and could picture his Mom fluffing her her beautiful blonde hair.

It was only the bedside lamp that was on, bathing the room in a warm glow. "Hi bunny," Robbie heard his mom say softly.. He looked in the direction of the bathroom and saw her standing there in the negligee that he had picked out. It was a beautiful royal-blue babydoll nightie. She stood in a sexy pose, with one knee cocked out. The gown had a plunging neckline, leaving her massive cleavage exposed and the ruffled transparent skirt design was super seductive, showing off all of her sexy legs. Robbie could tell she wasn't wearing panties beneath it. "Good choice," she said with a smile.

"I agree. You look amazing," he said.

She gave him a blushing smile and she came over and crawled into bed with him. She scooted over and stroked his chest, gazing down with her alluring green eyes. "Your father and I have a routine the night before a big case. He makes love to me. It helps relieve the anxiety."

Robbie gulped excitedly. "Oh.." he muttered.

"I'm feel so anxious, but we're Mother and Son, so we can't make love..." she said, making her son's heart sink with disappointment. Skylar continued gazing. "But we can fuck...and I need to be fucked really hard. Can you do that for me, bunny?" she asked.

"God yes," Robbie muttered excitedly.

Skylar giggled. "Sorry Mr. Assistant, I know that wasn't in your job description." Robbie smiled. "Well neither was masturbating together, but I gladly did it."

"Such a dedicated worker," Skylar teased, climbing on top of him. Robbie watched her quickly lift her nightie off, her big tits bobbling out onto her chest. "You must have know that wasn't staying on long," she said, gazing down.

"I hoped it wasn't," he said.

Skylar dropped down on him, her big melons smacking against his bare chest. She quickly locked lips with him, her thick tongue whipping into his mouth. She rolled them over, so he was on top, but their mouths stayed fused the whole time. Robbie felt her thighs spread open. She reached down with both hands and began shoving his briefs down. "Get 'em off," she panted between kisses.

Robbie rose to his knees, removing his briefs the rest of the way, while looking down at his gorgeous Mom. Skylar was staring at his big pointing erection hungrily, her tongue curling out of her mouth. Her naked boobs were like big pillow-like orbs spread out on her

chest. She reached down and squeezed his rock-hard meat. "Oh my God, put it in me," she said lustfully.

Robbie grasped his cock and fit the big purple knob between the smooth puffy split of her twat. He shifted his hips forward and felt his erection sink into the hot grip of Skylar's cunt. "Ohh, shit," he sighed.

She grabbed him and pulled his frame down on top of her, tossing her strong smooth mommy- legs around him at the same time. "Fuck meeee," she cried, bouncing her buns off the mattress lustfully, setting Robbie's hips in motion.

Robbie whimpered as his body sunk down in his mother's warm soft curves. The feel of her clutching thighs and smooth legs across his back was euphoric. He slid his dick in as deep as it would go, crushing his knob against the mouth of her womb and holding it there.

"Yesss, ohhh fuck," Skylar cried, her big-titted body jerking and rocking beneath him, clutching on as tight as she could. The big bed reeled and squeaked from the force of their writhing bodies.

Robbie finally backed his cock out partially, then began punching it in again and again. "Ouuhhh, bunny!" Skylar cried out, tightening her arms around him. She extended her curvy legs out straight, so they formed a wide V with her toes pointing back.

Their bodies beat together as Robbie's lean ass bobbed between her widely-spread thighs. He wanted to impress the hell out of his mom sexually and knew he could do this by not slowing his thrusts until she had a hard cum on his cock.

Her muscled cunt-tube felt exquisite around his spearing erection, coating it with hot lubricating fuck-oil. His love-muscle thundered through her squeezing sheath, his swollen purple knob knocking on her back wall with every thrust.

"Yeessss," Skylar screamed out, bouncing the globes of her ass on the mattress, aiding her son's deep thrusts. "Ohhh my God," she shrieked, thrilled by the fact that her son was really fucking the shit out of her.

Without breaking his rhythm, Robbie lifted his head, so he could watch his Mom's pleasure-filled face. "Ohhh!" she cried out, arching her head back. "I'm gonna cum, ohhmy God, so fucking harduuuunnhhgg!" the hot Mother screamed, squeezing her arms and cunt with everything she had.

The lucky teen looked up to see his mom's toes clench and her spread-eagled legs trembling with pleasure.

"Ohh, shit," Robbie muttered, tightening his ass-cheeks to keep from cumming himself. Skylar's

pussy was grasping and sucking, spewing out hot girl-cum around his massive tool.

Using his arms, he propped himself up and slowed his thrusts a tad to keep from cumming. He watched his mother writhing and panting below him, still enjoying the after-shakes of her juicy orgasm. His eyes zero'd in on her tit-orbs, watching them roll up and down her chest. He dove for one of her boobs, stuffing as much tit into his mouth as he could get.

Skylar clawed at his back. "Yeeess, baby, suck my titties," she said lustfully.

They continued fucking while Robbie's face lay plastered against one of her spongy boobs. Skylar's nipple and areola were distended, sucked inside his mouth. Robbie's tongue dug against them, plowing his licker against her milk-glans and her thick rubbery nipple. "Mmnn," he whimpered, feeling vaginal walls squeeze him in reaction to his mouth-work.

The horny mother came again with a cute little screaming grunt, arching her back and lifting her boy from the bed. The flesh of her circled legs trembled uncontrollably, her sexy little bare feet flexing and joggling as the orgasm shot through her entire body.

Robbie hardly remembered being rolled onto his back, it happened so fast. It seemed like all of the sudden he was looking up at two huge twin melons as they swung in unison above his face. He was completely mesmerized. It was amazing enough to watch his Mom's tits sit on her chest, but to see them hang down and swing naturally was unbelievable.

With her knees resting astride him on the mattress, Skylar bounced on her son's cock, feeling his big juicy knob squeeze all the way to the back of her cunt on each thrust. "Come on bunny, thrust your hips baby. Fuck up into me," Skylar said, panting with pleasure.

Robbie obliged, rocking his hips to her fuck-rhythm. Skylar straightened her back, and used her strong wide hips to grind her pussy on his boner. She could feel his knob rubbing back and forth against the pursed lips of her cervix.

As she did this, Robbie just laid there in awe. Skylar's huge jugs jutted out, so mostly what he saw was the big smooth rounded undersides, bobbling around from her movements. His eyes drifted down her belly past her sexy naval to the smooth fusion of their joined genitals. He couldn't believe he was fucking his own hot mom.

After ten minutes of riding him, Skyler slipped off her son, making his boner flop against his abdomen, wet with her juices. She climbed onto her hands and knees, peeking back at him. "Doggy-fuck me," she said, wagging her meaty ass.

Robbie quickly got up and mounted her haunches, feeding his prick back inside her pussy. He grabbed her hips and fucked with savage thrusts, laying it in as deep as he could.

"Fuck yesss," Skyler cried out, throwing her mature ass back, meeting him thrust for thrust. The teen's tongue hung out as he watched his Mom's big meaty cheeks ripple each time they

slapped against him. Robbie couldn't help but think about how primal and downright shameless this was. Here he was mounting his own Mom like and animal, watching the ring of her butthole throb and the breasts he sucked as a child swing around wildly.

His knob tingled with delight. Skyler felt is swell deep in her cunt. "Ohh bunny, you're getting ready to cum, aren't you baby?"

"Uh huh. I can slow down though," he said, panting heavily.

"No, I've been squirting cum all over you for the past hour. Now it's your turn." "Inside you?" he asked.

"Yes, inside me," Skylar said, tossing her thick ass back, spearing his cock through her wet

vagina. "I'm gonna squeeze my muscles around you and we'll make it the best nut you've ever had," she said.

They quickly sped up into an intense doggy-hump. An repetitive smacking sound filled the room as Skylar's tireless buttock's rapped against Robbie's mid-section. "Ohh shit yeah, Mom," the teen sighed, holding on to her hips for leverage.

She gazed back at him with a pleasure-filled grimace. "Oohhhh, yesss! Cum with me Robbie!!" she cried.

It was like she had just released the flood gates from his balls. "Ohhfuck!" the teen groaned, his body jerking as the muscled rings of Skylar's cunt-walls closed around him tightly, increasing the friction on his glans. "Ooohhh!" he moaned, as the cum fired from the tip of his prick.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" his mother screamed, throwing her head back like a bitch in heat as her own orgasm shot through her.

For the next ten minutes they gradually slowed their humping motions, until they both finally stopped. They fell forward and Robbie laid on her backside, squeezing her warm curvy body. "Damn, that was amazing," he sighed, still catching his breath.

Skylar smiled back at him. "Just to forewarn you, I'm probably gonna wake up in a few hours wanting more," she said.

"Whatever I can do to ease your anxiety. I am your assistant after all," he said, making her giggle. "That you are," she said.

The next morning Robbie sat at the table eating breakfast that they had brought up to them. He heard his Mom's heels click towards him. "Ok, bunny, how do I look?" she said, modeling a new work outfit for him. It was her usual style, sexy blouse and blazer with a short skirt. Her cute feet were propped in four-and-a-half inch black mules.

"Amazing like always."

She smiled at him.."You look exhausted. Sorry I lied to you last night," she said. "Lied to me how?"

"Well, I told you I was gonna wake you up once to fuck, not three different times," she said. "Trust me, Mom, I wasn't put out one bit."

"Well, at least now you know how insatiable your mom can be," she said with a wink. "Why don't you get some more sleep."

"I'm good."

She fed him a jealous smile. "Oh that's right. You have a date with the married pregnant lady in room seven-seven-four, how could I forget."

"It's not a date. We're just hanging out."

"Uh-huh, well at least I don't have to worry about you knocking her up," Skylar said, leaning over and kissing him. "Have fun," she said, grabbing her work-bag.

Robbie finished his breakfast, took a shower then put on a nice-looking pair a khaki shorts and a t

-shirt. He finished it off with a little bit of cologne.

He took the elevator down to the seventh floor and found Katrina's room. She answered, wearing a sexy white lace maxi-dress, with a split front. Her huge pregnant baby-ball was naked, sticking out the split in the dress. The top of the gown was halter-style and her milk-filled jugs were spilling out. "Hey, sweetheart. Come in," she said, stepping to the side.

The suite was identical to the one him and his mom were staying in. "Just like my Mom and I's room," Robbie said.

"Really? Only one bed huh?" Katrina said with a mischievous smile as she stepped past him on bare feet. The back of her dress fell all the way to the floor, dragging behind her. It was an embroidered design, that was pretty much see-through. Robbie could spy her thick peach- shaped ass through the fabric. She was wearing panties, but since the thong disappeared between her buns, her globes were pretty much naked. "Come in here with me," she said, leading him into the bedroom.

"The view is pretty nice on this side of the building too," Robbie said, watching her ass sway as he followed her into the bedroom..

She stopped at the foot of the bed and turned to face him, her heavy mammaries heaving form side to side for a moment. She gazed with her sexy blue eyes. "We could continue the small talk or just start fucking. Personally, I'd rather fuck."

"Me too," Robbie said, his heart racing.

She stepped forward, her baby-orb bumping against him. "Have you ever fucked a pregnant girl?" she asked.

"No, I've always wanted to though."

"Ohh, I get to make Robbie's bucket list. I'm honored," she teased. "Before we fuck though I wanna make one thing perfectly clear."

"Ok," Robbie muttered curiously.

"I may be as pregnant as a woman could possibly get, but I'm not some fragile butterfly. My

baby girls are safe and cozy in my womb, Robbie, no matter what goes on out here. I guess what I'm trying to say is I like to get fucked hard and rough. Do you think you can handle fucking me that way?"

Robbie smiled anxiously.

Five minutes later, Katrina's naked legs were propped high in the air. "Ohhh fuck yesss," the pregnant beauty cried as Robbie's ass bobbed between her splayed thighs.

Even through she had a protruding belly, this didn't detour the teen from laying down flat against her while he fucked. "Oh shit yeah," Robbie sighed, thrusting his big cock up her hot slippery

baby-chute. His chiseled chest just sort of sunk down into the meat of her baby-ball.

She clawed at him lustfully, tossing her legs back even further. "Haaaarder!" she cried out.

Robbie obliged, increasing the tempo of his humping. Katrina's huge milk-filled boobs felt amazing sloshing against his upper chest. He

decided to suck and fuck at the same time. He rose up just a tad, releasing one of her jugs from between them. His tongue hung out as watched the enormous udder roll up her chest like a big fleshy wave. Pregnancy had completely transformed Katrina's breasts into massive milk-swelled mammaries, with thick leaking nipples, protruding from wide areola.

The lucky teen latched on with his mouth and was greeted with a thick spray of warm breast milk.

Katrina reacted by tightening her cunt-muscles, smothering Robbie's meat as it thundered

through her cunt. Robbie loved the sensations of her pussy on his cock. Each cunt he fucked felt a little bit different. His Mom's cunt was a little tighter, with extremely strong pussy-muscles,

while Katrina's vagina seemed to have thick spongy walls, that scrubbed his boner with slippery secretions. The biggest difference with Katrina was the back of her pussy. The large pursed lips of her dilating cervix felt exquisite around his purple knob as it sunk against it on.

"Mmmnnn," Robbie whimpered, his face was sunk deep into her squishy tit, plowing his tongue

across her thick milk-spurting mammilla.

"Ohh God, you're gonna make me fucking cum!" Katrina cried out.

Robbie lifted his head to watch her pretty face while she came, but kept his lips sealed around her nipple, stretching her tit-flesh as he pulled it up with him. He glanced up at the spires of her long smooth legs, thrown way back and bobbing around from the power of his thrusts. He saw her cute toes clench as her pussy-tube tightened at the same time.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Katrina cried out, her pretty face masked in a pleasure-filled grimace.

Her big nipple popped from Robbie's mouth, making her milker spread back out across her chest. "Ohh shit," the teen moaned, feeling his glans tingle as Katrina's vaginal walls squeezed and contracted.

As the pregnant mother grunted and cried, she brought her legs back down, tossing them high around Robbie's back. He ran his hands along her smooth outer thighs, feeling their motherly strength. "Ohh yeaaah," he sighed.

Robbie's boner throbbed, soaked with girl-cum as it slipped through the thick sponged lining of Katrina's vagina. "Ohh shit, I'm gonna cum," he groaned.

"Yess, give it to meee," Katrina cried, clawing at his youthful body.

His naked ass jerked and flexed between her parted thighs as he hammered her hot pussy with everything he had. "Fuuuck," he finally cried out, dumping his load as deep as he could.

After Katrina had used her cunt to milk every drop of Robbie's cum, he rolled off her body, laying next to her. They were both still panting and all smiles, like a young couple that had got laid for the very first time. "Damn, Robbie, I'm jealous of the girl that finally gets you between her legs every night."

"That was amazing," Robbie muttered, watching her turn and squirm up onto his chest, her big milk-filled jugs pressing against him.

"Wanna go again?" she said lustfully. "Fuck yeah."

This time it was Katrina on top, bouncing her sexy ass up and down as she rode his hard dick.

Robbie felt like he was on top of the world. His eyes gazed up with lust at the enormous ball of Katrina's pregnancy and on top of that, her huge swollen knockers, bouncing and sloshing.

She lowered herself, her arms fully extended and propped astride his head as she continue humping on his boner. Now those big melons were swinging around Robbie's face. He sighed in euphoric pleasure, letting the spongy orbs drag all over his face. He couldn't help but latch onto

one and experience the sweet nectar squirting all around inside his mouth.

"Ohh yes, nurse on meee," Katrina cried, laying flat on top of him, while continuing to bounce her buns.

Robbie's face sunk into the soft dough-like flesh of her breast, sucking and chewing like a baby at the thick rubbery flesh of her lactating nipple and areola. His dick flexed in the sheath of her cunt, while fucking steadily in and out.

After a few minutes of sucking, his face emerged from between her jugs, gasping lustfully as he licked and kissed his way through her enormous canyon of cleavage. He drug his tongue up her neck, making her arch her head back. "Ohhh fuck yess," she sighed, then locked lips with him.

As their tongues danced inside Robbie's mouth, he squeezed his arms around her, mashing Katrina's body against his while he thrust his hips from the mattress, meeting her constant humps. Her massive baby-ball was mashed against Robbie's toned chest. He could feel her twins moving around inside. Her pregnant tits spilled around the boy's neck, so that they were practically making out inside her enormous cleavage.

"Ohh fuck yeah," Robbie muttered between kisses. He was absolutely loving it.

Katrina threw her head back again, her eyes rolling in their sockets. "Cuuumminggg!" she sang with pleasure.

Her girl-juices spewed from her cunt, dripping down along Robbie's smooth nuts. His thick

boner continued to slice through her tight vaginal grip. The boy showed his stamina and over the next half-hour he fucked her through two more toe-curling orgasms.

Katrina finally sat up, so her the massive swell of her tits and belly loomed over him. Her boobs glistened with milk and Robbie's slobber. She swiveled her hips, grinding on the unyielding hardness of his cock.

Other women had fucked him this way, but with Katrina he was feeling sensations on his knob that he'd never felt before. Because she was so pregnant, her cervix had shifted up and the lips around the opening had softened and dilated. Most men couldn't reach such a spot, but Robbie had a really long dick and was rewarded for having such immense size. The big pursed lips at

the head of Kristen's cervix were coated with hot, slick mucus, and the sensations Robbie got as his knob squeezed through it was out of this world.

His glans sizzled exquisitely as he enjoyed her deep inner workings. "Uuuhhggh!" Katrina screamed as she squeezed her tits together, grinding down hard on Robbie's hard cock.

The teen suddenly felt like his erection was dipped in hot batter. "Ohhh God," he groaned,

arching his head back. The sensation was so intense he immediately started shooting ropes of cum out his cock. "Ohhhh!" Ohhhhh!" he grunted, painting the back of her pussy with hot jizz.

Liquid came squelching out along the base of his cock, cascading over his balls. Once her pussy had finally squeezed out every drop of cum, Robbie let out a big sigh. "Jesus, you squirted alot."

Kirsten gazed back at him nervously, still gasping herself. "That wasn't cum. I think my water just broke."

"Really?" Robbie asked. As his dick slipped out, do also did a lot more liquid.

Kirsten looked down at Robbie's soaking wet cock. "Yup, I'm going into labor. I better get to a hospital."

"Ok, um, I'll call an ambulance," Robbie said, jumping up.

By the time Katrina's husband Aaron got to the hospital she had two baby girls in her arms. She was all smiles when her husband rushed in. "I got here as quick as I could. Oh my God, they're here," he said, kissing his wife and looking over their newborns.

Robbie was standing nearby, feeling a bit awkward. Aaron looked over at him and got an explanation from Katrina before he could ask any questions. "He saw them loading me up in the ambulance, offered to come along until you got here."

Aaron nodded and smiled. "Thanks, man, I really appreciate it." "No problem. Congratulations, they're really adorable." "Thanks," Aaron said.

"I should probably get going now though. My mom should be finished at court soon," Robbie said.

Katrina looked over at her husband. "Oh shoot that reminds me, honey, can you go out into the hallway and call my parents real quick, let them know."

"On it," he said, giving his wife a kiss.

Once he was out of the room, Katrina gave Robbie a naughty smile. "Way to fuck some babies out of me, sweetheart."

"It was fun," Robbie said.

"Give me your number. I'll send you some nudes and maybe just maybe we can meet up again sometime," she said with a wink.

Robbie took a taxi back to the hotel, then went up to the room to take a shower. Skylar was just getting back when he finished. "Showered without me huh?" she said, slipping off her blazer.

"I can get back in," he joked.

Skylar slipped off her heels and gave her son a sultry look as she made for the bedroom. "Let's go," she muttered.

Robbie followed her. "How was count," he asked.

"Stressful... So fucking stressful I don't even want to talk about it," she said, peeling off her blouse.

"Sorry, anything I can get you?"

She turned to him and smiled, her big breasts heaving inside her bra. "How bout a young stud to fuck me all night. Know where I can get one of those?" she teased.

"Sure, I know a guy," Robbie joked back.

Minutes later they were in the shower fucking their asses off. Robbie had his Mom propped up against the shower wall, driving his hard cock deep inside her. Skylar clung to him lustfully, her strong smooth mommy-legs wrapped around his midsection. "Ohh yesss, bunny!" she cried out.

They kissed passionately, their tongue swirling together in a wild frenzy of lust.

Robbie loved the feel of his Mom's wet jugs squeezing against his chest, jiggling crazily with each mad thrust of his hips. He kinda missed the feel of that big ball of pregnant flesh he had against him earlier in the day, but maybe if he knocked his Mom up, she could grow one for him to enjoy, he wickedly thought.

"Before I forget, Katrina had her baby today." Robbie said as he fucked.

"Before or after you fucked her pregnant pussy?" Skylar teased, smiling and kissing his lips tenderly.

"After..well, she kinda started during the whole thing."

"Oh my God," Skylar giggled. "You broke her water, didn't you." "Yes."

"Did you like fucking a pregnant girl...having all that hot flesh all over you?" Skylar asked. "Hell yeah, I wish it had been you though."

"Oh really. Are you saying you want a hot pregnant mommy to fuck every day?" "I wouldn't mind," Robbie said, his dick flexing at the thought.

She gazed in his eyes. "Well get me pregnant then. I'm not stopping you." "Really?" Robbie gasped, his eyes lighting up.

"Really," she said with a naughty grin. "Come on baby. I'm not on any birth control. Let's make make a baby-bunny together," she said seductively.

Her words made Robbie fuck even harder. "Ohh shit, mom, that's hot," he muttered.

Their bodies beat together in the hot spray and soon they were both cumming like crazy. Robbie hoped that all the sperm he was pumping inside her were shooting straight for her egg.

Mother and Son toweled off, but it didn't take them long to come together again, kissing and clawing at one another as the rolled naked onto the bed for another hot fuck.

"I hope she didn't tire you out today, because I plan on fucking you all night," Skylar said, between passionate kisses.

Robbie squeezed her hot naked body, her big melons pressing against him as her smooth legs slithered up around his back. "Sounds like a good plan to me," he said, flexing his boner inside her.

After pounding her ass to the mattress for an hour, Robbie carried his Mom into the other room and fucked her in the bright city lights shining through the window. Their juicy genitals beat together as Skylar clung to her teen, pointing her strong legs straight out, while he clutched her meaty buttocks and hammered her hard.

"Uuuunnhhgg," the sexy orgasming mother screamed, grasping tightly to her bunny for the ride if her life.

Robbie bent her over the couch, fucking her savagely from behind.

He fucked her on the table, with Skylar laying on it, while he held her legs as they pointed straight up. "Ooohh, shit, so good," he groaned, his loins smacking against her ass-globes as he drilled her with his cock.

They fucked with him sitting on the chair, Skylar straddling him and bouncing up and down on his dick. Her heavy boobs swung around wildly, as if they had a life of their own.

They fucked on the floor, then Robbie pounded her hard against the big picture window. He carried her to the next room and threw her onto the bed. "Get behind me," Skylar said lustfully, rolling onto her side. Robbie plowed his Mom from the side, reaching around and

gripping her quaking knockers, sinking his fingers into their spongy flesh while he fucked.

She rolled on her tummy and he climbed on, slicing his rigid meat through the muscled grip of her hot cunt, her thick buttocks rippling with each driving SMACK of his midsection.

They came and fucked and came and fucked some more as the night went on. Their bodies were amazingly in sync, grunting and whimpering together, their sweat-soaked flesh writhing and trembling as if they were throwing their juicy orgasms back and forth to each other.

By morning, the suite was a wreck. Pillows and blankets were everywhere. There were gobs and streaks off jizz and pussy-juice marking every place they'd fucked. The bed was a mess. There were a half-dozen huge round wet spots, where Skylar had squeezed out her girl-cum while her son had fucked the shit out of her.

Dressed for court, Robbie and Skylar looked around at the mess they made. "Jesus, did we do all this?" Robbie asked. "What a mess."

Skylar giggled. "I'll leave a good tip for the cleaning lady," she said, tossing a couple hundred bucks onto the table.

Robbie went with his mom to court and sat in the audience. Sure it was boring, but he was proud of the job his mom did and was even prouder when the jury came back with their verdict. Her and the other lawyer had won the case.

They got dinner to celebrate, then took their flight home, all snuggles the entire plane-ride. "Thanks for coming with me, bunny," she whispered. "You were a big help."

"I had some great incentives," he joked, snuggling against the swell of her boobs.

"That you did," she giggled, then squeezed his pecker through his pants. "And even greater ones to come."

A couple days later, back at the firm, Brent knocked at Skylar's office door, then came in. "Hey dad," Robbie said, sitting at his desk.

"You moved your desk," Brent said.

Robbie's desk was was near the corner of the room, facing out towards the door. The teen sat behind it comfortably. "Yeah, Mom and I thought this would be a better spot," he said, glancing down.

His mom was crouched beneath the desk, her head bobbing up and down as she sucked his dick earnestly. She peeked up and winked, her pouty lips stretched around his meat.

"Speaking of your mother, have you seen her? I need to talk to her about a case," Brent said. "Yeah, she talked about going down on..."

"Down on what?" Brent asked.

Robbie felt her thick tongue swirl around his bulbous knob. "Down on...the street maybe, to get a coffee."

"Oh, did we run out?" "Must have," Robbie lied.

"Well when she comes back, have her come see me."

"Will do, dad."

Brent paused before leaving. "Oh and uh..." he said, removing a pair of black panties from his suit pocket. "I was looking for some paper-clips in your desk while you guys were gone and found these."

"Oh..." Robbie said, his heart pounding nervously.

"I'm assume they belong to a girl you've been seeing?" Brent asked.

"Yeah, you could say that," Robbie answered. Little did his father know that girl was his own wife and she was licking his nuts under the desk even as they spoke.

"Well, word of advice...keep these kinds of things at home. They'll just get you into trouble at the workplace." Brent said, coming over and dropping them on Robbie's desk.

"Got it."

Brent smiled, looking the panties over. "They are sexy though. They look like something your mother would wear."

It was all Robbie could do to keep from laughing. "Oh..." he muttered. "Sorry, I know you probably didn't wanna hear that."

Robbie shrugged his shoulders. "No big deal."

Brent made for the door. "Anyway, keep up the good work."

"Thank, will do dad," Robbie said, watching him leave and close the door behind him.

One of Robbie's nuts popped from Skylar's mouth and she peered up at her son. "Well, you were honest about one thing."

"What's that?"

"I did feel like 'going down' on something," she giggled.

Skylar went back to sucking. Robbie sat back and enjoyed the sensation of being blown by a skilled cocksucker. Her mouth and throat gurgled around his cock, sucking and lapping at the tender meat. It wasn't long before Robbie was grunting and pouring a hot load of cum down her throat.

The next day, both his parents were in court. At lunchtime Tami was seeking him out. "I heard a pregnant woman started giving birth on

you in Milwaukee," she joked, standing in the doorway.

"Yeah, well...kind of."

Tami giggled and shook her head. "You naughty boy. What are you doing for lunch?"

"No plans," Robbie said, glancing down at her large cleavage. "Wanna fuck me in the ass?" Tami asked candidly.

Robbie smiled. "Sure," he said.

Minutes later they were in his father's office on his hide-a-bed completely naked. Tami was on her hands and knees and Robbie had his big cock stuffed up her ass. He clutched her soft hips, thrusting his meaty boner through her tight slippery ass-tract. "Ohh yess, fuck my ass, Robbie," she gasped.

The teen watched his thick cylinder of meat glide through the stretched ring of her asshole, her thick buns jiggling as they struck his abdomen with each humping thrust.

"Ohh my God this feels so good," Tami whimpered, feeling the knob of Robbie boner sink deep into her rectum. It wasn't long before he triggered a mind-blowing orgasm inside her ass and cunt.

Robbie pulled his cock out and plopped down on the bed. "Ride me with your ass. I wanna suck your tits," he said.

Tami straddled his cock, reaching back and gasping his meat to help squeeze it back into her asshole. "Ohhh fuck yeaaah," the teen sighed, as he felt his boner sink into her hot slippery ass- tube.

He bucked beneath her and she fell forward, propping herself on extended arms. Robbie buried his face in the gaping canyon between her swinging jugs, kissing and licking the insides of her

breasts. He latched on to one as they humped, sucking and chewing like sex-crazed animal.

Tami's meaty behind rose and fell on his cock, making his boner squeeze up and down the slippery butt-sheath. She flexed her rectal muscles, making it even more intense for him.

Eventually, Robbie had her back on her hands and knees. He leaned over and clutched her big swinging jugs as he blasted a load of cum deep in her bowels.

The next day Robbie was working on a document at his desk. Skylar got off the phone and shuffled some papers together. "Have any extra staples, bunny?" she asked without looking at him.

"I think so," Robbie said, then opened his desk drawer to find tiny pair of pink thong panties

sitting inside. There was a sticky-note attached. "Mailroom in ten minutes ;-)," it read.

He brought the panties to his nose, the aroma of pussy and sweet perfume filling his nostrils.

Busy with paperwork, the blonde mother took a second to peek over at her son, her full lips curling into a mischievous smile. She turned slightly as she reached for a pen, her enormous boobs stretching her top, her thick nipples popping.

Skylar's tan legs parted slightly, giving Robbie a peek all the way up her skirt, to her bare crotch. This didn't surprise him much, since he knew he had her panties at his desk. The truth was, they'd been engaging in a lot of dangerous workplace flirting lately and like his father did so many years ago, Robbie was loving it.

He gazed a moment between her parted thighs at the thick bare lips of her pubis. She stood up and sashayed past him, her heels clicking

on the office floor. "Shouldn't you be somewhere right now?" she asked.

Robbie watched her meaty buttocks undulate beneath her skirt as she walked towards the mail room.

"Yesss, fuck mee," Skylar cried, as Robbie pinned her against the mailroom wall in the standing missionary position. Her strong tan legs were wrapped around his midsection, his ass thrusting between her thighs as he speared his cock inside her pussy.

Robbie had tugged her bra up over her tits and his fingers sunk into them as he fucked. The door suddenly opened behind them and a figure entered the doorway.

Startled, Robbie and Skylar paused their fucking and peered back, still clutching onto each other.

"Looks like quite the package being delivered in the mail-room today," Tami said, smiling at them from the doorway.

Skylar sighed with relief. "Shit, Tami, you scared me," she said. "Sorry, you might wanna lock the door next time."

Skylar giggled. "Why? It's more of a thrill if you know there's a chance you could get caught."

"Well, hate to rain on your 'thrill' parade, but your hubby just left for a meeting," Tami said. "Oh, well, ok, thanks."

Tami looked them up and down, marveling at how sexy they looked clung together half-naked, with Robbie's cock shoved deep inside his own mother's vaginal grip. "Fuck that's hot. Do you have room for a third?

Skylar smiled. "Come on in," she said in a naughty tone.

Tami closed the door and pulled off her panties, then her blouse and bra, releasing her big bobbling jugs. She squeezed behind Robbie as he continued to hold his Mom up off the floor. His hips squirmed between Skylar's circled thighs, fucking his cock with steady thrusts.

He felt Tami cling onto him from behind, her spongy tits pressing against his back as she reached between him and his Mom and clawed at his chest. The women buried their faces on either side of his neck, lashing their long experienced lickers at his flesh.

"Fuck us, Robbie," Tami hissed between licks.

Skylar licked and planted a tender wet kiss. "Yess bunny, fuck our hot mommy-pussies," she said lustfully.

THE END

137: Moms, Boys and Sex Toys_1

Moms, Boys and Sex Toys - The Series

The Custom Sleeve – Part 1

By Klrxo

"Cameron went out with the Anderson girl last night. He seemed so nervous to go on a date with her," Brittany told her two girlfriends as they sat having their morning coffee.

"Do you think he fucked her?" Lauren asked curiously.

"Honesty…no I don't. He seems so shy about sex," Brittany answered. "I'm pretty sure he still has a virgin cock."

The other mothers licked their lips, their hot, snug birthing tubes clenching involuntarily and their plump clits throbbing beneath their fleshy hoods. All three mothers carried huge, heavy tit-melons and their form fitting tops shrouded their mammary-meat like a second skin. This caused their cleavage to bulge obscenely and deliciously from their V-cut necklines.

"I have a feeling Kyle's a virgin too," Suzette added, speaking about her own son. "It makes me sick to think he hasn't had his boner sheathed in hot pussy yet. You don't think we've raised beta males do you?"

"Oh stop," Lauren giggled. "Cameron and Kyle are not beta males. They're just getting off to a slow start."

"Unlike your son, Brent, who's fucked every mom in the neighborhood by now," Brittany teased, brushing her long platinum-blonde hair off her face.

"Well, I certainly hope that's not true. That would mean he fucked YOU, since you only live two doors down from me."

"We only fuck once or twice a week," Brittany smiled, which resulted in an evil glare from her friend.

"I'm kidding!" Brittany giggled. "We made a pact last year not to fuck each other's sons. I've honored that agreement," Brittany assured her.

"Me too," Suzette added. "I sure would like to know what's taking the other two boys so long though. They should be burying their boners to the root inside pussy by now."

"Well…one of them would have, if a 'certain someone' had agreed to letting him beat his belly against hers last summer," Lauren teased.

"He had only just turned seventeen last summer," said Suzette defensively, knowing that her friend was referring to the time where Suzette's son, Kyle, propositioned her for sex. "Getting arrested for fucking someone underage was not on my agenda."

"Oh, otherwise you would have accommodated his request…is that what you're saying?"

"No, I WOULD NOT have fucked my son. I'm all about helping Kyle feel more comfortable with the idea of being sexual, but I don't need to break the law or my wedding vows in the process."

"You don't think they have small dicks do you?" Lauren wondered out loud. "Could that be why they're so shy about fucking girls?"

"No…I don't think that's it."

"How can you be certain? I mean…what if their dicks are shorter than average and they're feeling insecure about it?"

"There's nothing small about the boners Kyle is constantly trying to conceal around the house," Suzette replied with a smirk. "Sometimes I can see the outline of his cock-shaft through his briefs. It's definitely north of eight-inches."

"You really think he's that big?!" Brittany asked staring at her friend with interest. "I've tried to guess Cameron's dick-size just based on what I've see through his pants, but I certainly don't wanna get caught staring at his morning wood, especially by his father."

"The best time for boner-gazing is early in the morning, before your husband even gets up," Lauren suggested. "Sneak into your son's bedroom, being careful not to wake him, pull back the covers and you'll be able to look at his hard cock as long as you want."

"You're actually doing that?" Suzette giggled.

"What…it's just looking. Brent stares at my tits all the time…what's the difference? All I'm saying is if you want an indication of their size, it's a great time to take a peek."

"What IS even considered an 'average' dick these days?" Brittany asked. "From everything I've heard and read, boys are developing much bigger cocks than those a generation ago."

"From everything I've heard from other moms boys are averaging about eight inches now."

"Regardless, all three of us know that anything under six inches is considered small, as far as a woman's concerned," Suzette expressed. "Even if Kyle is well-equipped, I do think he might be concerned about how he'd perform sexually, if given the chance. Maybe that's what's keeping both our boys from getting their dicks wet."

"Well we can't just sit back and watch them pass up opportunities for pussy. They're both young and good looking. They should be fucking like bunnies at this age."

"Well, there's always sex toys," Lauren suggested.

"Sex toys?!" Brittany asked.

"Yes…we could buy them a custom made sex toy. Something that would empower them."

"Lauren, the point is to get them to fuck real pussy, not use silly sex toys to get off with," Suzette stated.

"You said you wanted to help Kyle feel more comfortable with sex," Lauren reminded her. "Maybe helping him use a sex toy is a step in that direction."

"Wait…are you suggesting that we not only buy these toys, but that we oversee them using them too?" Brittany asked.

"Well, it would allow us to see if there are any other factors at play here, like penis size or premature ejaculation issues. You know… things that could be real obstacles in the sex lives of our boys."

"Your son is getting more cunt than a porn actor. He doesn't need a toy to help him out," Suzette smiled.

"That doesn't mean he's not insufficient in one area or another," Lauren stated. "Yes, Brent is fucking a lot of girls at school and

married moms, but maybe he's getting off too quickly or he doesn't know how to find the clit. I don't want him going through life a failure in those areas."

"What if we do find that there's something lacking? What then?" Suzette asked.

"Well…then we do what all good mothers do and help our boys work through whatever the issues are, even if it's just shyness."

"I don't know, Lauren," Brittany expressed, shaking her head. "Your plan could have the three of us walking down a VERY dangerous path."

"Look, I'm not talking about fucking our sons," said Lauren. "I'm just suggesting we oversee the use of the toys we give them and offer practical advice where it's needed. There's certainly no harm in that, and if it helps them work through any issues they have, and teaches them a few things in the process, than we've succeeded."

Suzette shared a determined look with Brittany. "It does make sense. If we don't help them, who will?"

Brittany shrugged her shoulders, making her fatty breasts jostle on her chest. "Alright…I guess we're going shopping," she agreed.

ONE WEEK LATER…

Suzette stood in her son's doorway, her platinum-blonde hair drifting past her shoulders. She wore a cream-colored, thigh-high cami-dress and her

fat tits looked like they could burst right through the fabric "Did you have a good birthday, honey?" she asked, smiling warmly at her son.

"Yeah, it was awesome. I got some great gifts, and the cake you made was amazing!" he replied, while sitting on his bed.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. I have one more gift for you," said Suzette, holding up a small gift bag she was carrying. "Can I come in?"

"Oh…um, sure."

Suzette's stiletto heels clicked daintily on his floor. Her sexy feet, with red painted toenails, were beautifully displayed in her high heeled sandals. Her legs were tan, silky smooth and moved with alluring fluidity as she walked with a swaying ass toward her son. Kyle stared at the swell of his mom's oversized breasts as they trembled heavily beneath her dress, while she moved to his bedside and sat down. The amount of cleavage that was exposed for his ogling eyes was borderline obscene. "Why didn't you just give to me this present earlier, with my other gifts, at the party?" he asked.

"Well…those gifts were from both your dad and I. This one is just from me," she replied, handing him the bag. "In fact, it's um… something that we'll need to use together, you and I."

"Together?" Kyle uttered, while fishing the item from the bag. "What is it?"

"Open it and see," his mom anxiously smiled.

It was a relatively thin, rectangular box with bold white lettering that Kyle read out loud. "Custom Vaginal Sleeve?"

His mom looked him in the eyes and grinned, showing her flawless white teeth. "Do you remember last summer when you asked if I'd have sex with you?"

"Yeah, I remember," Kyle blushed. It was a day that his father was working and he was hanging out alone with his mom by the pool. The sight of her sexy legs and the fat, jutting tit-flesh bursting from her skimpy bikini-top had him so fucking horny that he could hardly conceal his erect cock- flesh. He decided to boldly pop the question that day, but was disappointedly shot down.

"I told you we couldn't," Suzette reminded him. "Number one… because you weren't old enough to screw a grown woman, and number two because I'm your mom, and moms and sons aren't suppose to have sex together."

"Yeah, I know…I remember," Kyle sulked. He was just thankful that she at least understood his obsession with her, and that she didn't tell his father that he had made such a obscene proposition to her.

"Now that your eighteen though, you've crossed one of those hurdles so I did something that I think you'll appreciate," Suzette expressed. "I had an artificial vagina custom made, just for you."

"Custom made?"

"Yes, and that's the part that I think you'll really appreciate," she answered. "Your custom sleeve has been fashioned after MY vagina, in every detail. So in a way, you'll be getting what you asked for last summer, just in a more appropriate way."

Kyle's heart began to beat excitedly. He could hardly believe his ears. "Wait though…how is that even possible…a custom vagina?" he asked.

"It's a service that the manufacturer offers. They sent me a kit, so I could make a mold of my vagina inside and out. I'll admit, it wasn't a very fun process, having all that cold liquid down inside my lady-hole, but the mold

came out perfectly, and this is the end result," she eagerly answered, motioning towards the box. "Shall we take a look?"

"Um…ok," Kyle awkwardly replied, then opened the box. Out came a thick, pink, squishy-soft cylinder. The boy's eyes widened at he stared at the 'business end' of the toy.

"Oh my Gosh…" the mother beamed, placing a hand on her son's shoulder, while staring at the front of the toy also. "It looks just like my vulva!"

Kyle studied the inner labial lips, which were unfurled and protruded from the puffy outer flanges. Crowning the top was the thick rounded flesh of the clitoral hood. It was so realistic-looking that the boy felt like he was staring at a real shaved pussy. "So I just, um… stick myself in there?" he asked.

"Yes, honey…let me show you," Suzette replied, taking the sleeve from her son. She pulled the lips of it open, making the inside gape. "See all the slippery bumps inside? Those are called vaginal rugae, and their purpose is to provide wonderful friction on man's penis and make him ejaculate."

"So…those are YOUR rugae?" Kyle asked, staring in awe, trying to process this incredible moment.

"Well, in a way, yes. Your sleeve is fashioned after my vagina, inside and out, in every detail. Same ridges, same snugness. From what they told me, even the length of the vaginal tube is exactly the same as what I have inside me right now."

Kyle shook his head in disbelief. "That's the coolest thing ever!"

Suzette giggled at his excited remark. "Well…having actual sex with me would probably be the coolest thing ever," she added with a wink, "but since we can't do that…this'll be the next best thing, right?"

"For sure!"

"So, when would you like us to try it out?" Suzette asked.

"Wait…US try it out?"

"Well…yes, honey. As I mentioned before, a vaginal sleeve isn't something that you use by yourself. A woman is suppose to hold it and pump it on your boner, that way you can focus entirely on the sensations it's giving your penis," she explained. "My hand can compress on the outside of the sleeve in order to replicate the way my vaginal walls would squeeze around your erection if we were having real sex."

Kyle was in such shock at what his mom was proposing that he could hardly speak. He finally managed to spit some words out. "Can we try it now?"

She glanced at his doorway. "Not while your father's home. How about if we use it tomorrow, right after school?" the mother suggested.

"Sounds great," Kyle eagerly nodded, slightly disappointed by having to wait a day to use his new sleeve. He knew though that his mom helping him with it wasn't something his father would be too happy about discovering.

In addition to privacy, Suzette had a second reason for wanting her son to wait a day. Even though they knew it was morally wrong, the three married mothers had agreed that they would each expose their naked body to their boys before they used the sex toys for the first time. That would likely raise their arousal-levels to insure that they got fully-hard cocks the first time they used their toys. In Suzette's case, she wanted Kyle to see her shaved pussy and how his new vaginal sleeve matched its appearance exactly. The mother knew that with the image of her naked flesh in his mind, his ejaculations would be that much more powerful. "If I can't have sex with him, then I can at least make his experience with the sleeve as realistic as possible," she thought.

The next morning, the busty mother stepped from the shower. She had the type of voluptuous body that was made for vigorous fucking.

She toweled herself off at the foot of her marital bed, leaving her door wide open, since she knew her son would walk by on his way to the kitchen. Her heart raced

nervously as she heard footsteps in the hallway. "Oh God, here he comes. I hope I don't shock him," she thought.

"Good grief, Suzette!" her husband exclaimed, stopping in the doorway. "Close the door while you're drying off. I could have been Kyle walking by."

Suzette threw the towel back around her nude frame, but could hardly shroud the enormity of her fatty breasts. "Of course, sorry…I don't know what I was thinking," she blushed, not expecting her husband, Chris, to come back upstairs.

Dressed in his business suit, Chris came over and gave his wife a kiss. "Speaking of Kyle…tell him I'm sorry, but I can't give him a lift to school today," the husband stated. "I have a early meeting so I have to bolt outta here right now."

"I'll let him know," Suzette answered, sharing a peck on the lips with her husband. "Have a good day." Chris was a good, caring husband so she couldn't help but feel some guilt at wanting to show off her body to their son. However, she WASN'T motivated by the desire to just be naughty. "I'm doing this to help Kyle develop sexually. I could have had sex with him last summer, but I didn't. I stayed true to my wedding vows. Chris should be thankful," she told herself.

With her husband out the door earlier than usual, Suzette knew that she had time to change her plan from a quick 'accidental' flash to a full-on display of her naked body for Kyle. "He's eighteen now. He can handle seeing his mother nude," she thought. "Besides, I'll be seeing HIM naked later this afternoon. This'll help break the ice."

She sashayed down the hallway in nothing but tits and ass.

"Your dad had to leave early for a meeting," Kyle heard his mom say as he prepared for school. "He won't be able to give you a ride."

"That's no problem…I can walk to sch—"

The teenager's jaw lowered as he saw his mom standing in his doorway, completely naked. She stood in a cute pose, with her hands on her hips. One of her freshly-shaved legs was cocked out at the knee, the foot of that

leg resting on the squatted toes of her arched bare foot. "You're naked," the boy pointed out in clear disbelief, his dick-shaft quickly hardening beneath his shorts.

"I am!" his mom smiled. "You don't have to be embarrassed. Lots of boys get to see their moms naked."

Kyle stared at his mom's gigantic tits. They ballooned from her chest, slightly sagging heavily. Her dusky-pink areolas were wide and dotted with tubercles. Thick, protuberant nipples jutted from their centers, causing the boy to involuntarily lick his lips. He could only imagine such tremendous melons of fatty flesh beating with squishy softness against his young, well-toned chest as she fucked him from the top. "None of the girls at my school have boobs THAT big," the teen pointed out. "I wish they did though."

"They're this big because I'm a mom, honey," she giggled. "Boobs get huge and full by the time a woman reaches my age."

Kyle pried his eyes from her tits, letting them drift down her tapered torso to her shaved pubis. Suzette's outer labra were thick and smooth, meeting in the middle to form a deep cleft. It was the most perfect, succulent mound of Venus that Kyle had ever laid eyes on. "You'll be closing your eyes this afternoon, while I'm using your new sleeve on you," Suzette reminded him. "I wanted to give you something to think about."

"I'll be thinking about it alright."

Suzette giggled, making her juicy knockers quiver. "Would you like to see how closely my vagina resembles your new sleeve?" the mother asked.

"Sure," her son answered with and excited gulp. He watched his mom's humongous tits bobble deliciously against her rib cage as she sashayed to his bed and sprawled down onto it.

"Get your new toy, honey. Let's compare them," the mother suggested. She wanted to prove to her teen that she didn't just buy a stock pocket-pussy for his enjoyment, but one that was custom-fashioned, in every detail, to her own cunt.

Kyle fetched the sleeve from his closet, then eagerly returned to his bed.

Suzette propped herself back on her elbows. She couldn't fuck her son, but she still wanted to demonstrate how her legs would be spread if they did screw. The shameless mother drew her knees way back, nearly to her shoulders, bowing her smooth thighs open at the same time. This lewdly displayed her tremendous spread, the sight of which took her son's breath away.

"Whoa!" Kyle uttered, wishing he could sink down into her inviting sex-saddle and bury his erect cock to its root.

His mom's cunt was now slightly splayed, perfectly resembling the artificial vagina he held in his hand. He looked back and forth between the two, studying the fleshy lips and the budding prepuce. "I can't even tell the difference," he stated.

"See…I told you," his mom smiled, "they're exactly the same."

"Even the clit looks identical," Kyle stated, pointing at the clitoral shroud on his fake pussy.

"That's only the hood of my clitoris, honey. It's like the foreskin on your penis that protects your glans," Suzette explained, then used two fingers to retract her fleshy prepuce, exposing her grape-sized clit. "See…my clit is hidden underneath."

The boy's tongue nearly hung out in lust. "Oh…cool."

"A woman's nubbin is her most sensitive erogenous zone with thousands of nerve endings, just like the tip of you penis. When I insert your boner into your new sleeve this afternoon, your skin will peel back, just like mine just did, exposing your head," the mother explained. "The inside of the pussy-sleeve will feel amazing on your glans. It's important not to cum too soon though. No girl wants a quick shot."

"A quick shot?"

"Yes…a lover who ejaculates too quickly."

"Oh…um, how quickly is too quick?" Kyle asked, knowing he hadn't had enough experience to master his staying power quite yet.

"Well, that question is subjective, but in my opinion, any guy that can't last more than ten minutes is a premature ejaculator."

"Oh…"

Suzette sensed by her son's response that he may not have much experience or stamina to last that long. "Don't worry about that today though. Focus just on enjoying the experience. I can help you develop your staying power after you've gotten used to your new sleeve."

Kyle continued to study her pussy-folds. He loved how her meaty buns spread against his mattress, clearly displaying the elastic ring of her asshole. The split of her twats looked so moist and delicious. "Can I smell you?" he brazenly asked.

"Well, I don't suppose there's any harm in that," the mother softly replied. She knew the smell of her pussy would only add to the experience of having the vaginal sleeve worked around the shaft of his cock later.

The thrill-seeking teen leaned down, getting as close to his mom's vulva as he could get without actually touching it. He inhaled deeply, capturing her feminine scent. The aroma of his Suzette's pussy was sweet, warm and intoxicating. Her son could feel the heat emanating from her cunt slit, warming his lips. He wanted so bad to drag his lusty licker from the ring of her asshole, across her perineum, through her juicy flanges and across her

engorged love-nubbin. However, he felt lucky enough to have gotten this far and didn't wanna press his luck.

"You should, um…probably be heading off to school now, honey," Suzette urged, closing her legs back up.

"Can't I just stay home today?"

The mother smiled at his eagerness. "I know you're excited about using your new gift, but your grades have been slacking here lately. You really can't afford to miss any school."

"Fine," the boy uttered in a disappointed tone.

"I'll get your lunch ready," Suzette stated as she sprung from the bed and strode out his door. Kyle rushed to his doorway and peeked out, watching his mom's naked, apple bottomed buttocks undulate atop her sexy legs as she sashayed up the hallway. The boy reached down and squeezed the engorged knob of his cock through his pants, while staring at the jiggling meat of her ass.

Suzette peeked back and giggled, glancing down at her boy's crotch, while he was holding his throbbing peter-tip. "Grab your backpack, honey. I'll meet you downstairs."

By the time Kyle got downstairs his mom had his bag lunch in her hand and was waiting in the foyer, still completely naked. "Here you go," she whispered, passing it off to him.

"Do I still get to hug you like I usually do before leaving?" he asked.

"Of course you do, honey. Why wouldn't you?"

"Because you're still naked."

"Well…I guess it'll just make this morning's hug extra special," she stated, stepping forward to embrace him.

"Wait!" Kyle stopped her. "Can I take my shirt off first?"

His mom burst out laughing. "Kyle, you're gonna be late," she amusingly warned.

"Just real fast, mom."

"Go ahead then," she grinned.

The teen quickly shed his t-shirt. "Ok…now I'm ready for that hug," he eagerly stated.

Suzette stepped forward and gave her handsome teen a big tit-squashing embrace. Her mammary-meat bulged out at the sides, sandwiched between them. Kyle sighed in delight from the feel of having his lean bare chest smothered in spongy tit-meat. "Can I PLEASE just be late, mom?" he whimpered, his cock throbbing so hard he could barely stand it.

"Oh, honey…you're really aching, aren't you?" she cooed, rubbing his shoulders tenderly.

"Yes."

The mother held him tightly for a moment, feeling his young body shudder with arousal against hers. "I can't just send him to school like this. That would just be cruel," she thought.

"Did you even masturbate this morning before you got up?" Suzette asked.

"No."

"No?! Kyle, honey…you should really make sure you're getting some release before you head off to school everyday."

"I usually do, but I thought maybe if I didn't masturbate this morning, I'd last longer when you use the sleeve on me this afternoon."

Suzette began giggled. "Oh, sweetheart, that's not how it works. In fact, your penis will react the opposite way. Without masturbating for that many hours you'll definitely have a quick-shot ejaculation," she explained.

"Dang! I didn't realize…and I really wanted to impress you."

Suzette continued to embrace him as she spoke. "Oh, Kyle…you don't have to impress me. I'm your mom, and I know you haven't had a lot of experience with these types of things. How about this… If you promise

you'll bring home any missed assignments, I'll let you go in late, after we've taken care of you."

"Really?!" Kyle excitedly asked.

"Yes, but I'm serious. Make sure your work is all caught up or no more exceptions."

"Got it!"

"Alright then," said Suzette, "let's go upstairs and we can use your new sleeve."

The mother led her boy by the hand to the upstairs hallway. "Bring it to my room. I have some lubricating oil in my nightstand that we'll need to coat your erection with, so we'll just do this is my bedroom."

"Be right there," Kyle blurted, rushing to his room and fetching his new sex toy.

When he returned, his mom was sitting on her bed waiting for him. Her huge tits were jutting obscenely as she brushed her blonde hair back with her fingers. "Ok, mister…" she said teasingly, "we can't rock out unless you have your cock out, so get those shorts off!"

Kyle quickly shed his shorts and briefs. His erect cock sprung from his underwear and bobbed stiffly on his crotch, protruding out at a perfect upward angle.

Suzette's eyes widened as she stared at her boy's impressive appendage. His stalk was long, thick and had a maze of bulging, purple veins embedded just beneath the skin. His pinkish-purple knob looked fat and angry. "Wow, honey," Suzette exclaimed, "have you been pouring Miracle Grow instead of milk in your cereal every morning?"

"Why do you say that?" Kyle asked, even though he had a pretty good idea why.

"Because you're just…well, um…you're a lot bigger than I thought you'd be. Let's just put it that way."

"You're just saying that to be nice."

"Well, yeah…that too, but your mom knows a thing or two about dicks, honey. What you have sticking out from your crotch is what we women refer to as a 'womb-crusher.'"

Kyle laughed, making his sturdy cock bob up and down on his loins. "That doesn't sound like such a good thing," he commented.

"It's a VERY good thing…trust me. You're build like a thoroughbred, honey. You have just the type of penis that we moms dream about, while we masturbate."

"Moms masturbate?" Kyle asked.

"Of course we do. Moms get horny for sexual release just like boys do, honey."

"Yeah, but you have dad."

"Yes, that's true, but your dad can't always be there when I need him to be. Sometimes I have to take matters into my own hands… literally."

"How often do you, um…have to do that?"

"Oh, so you wanna have a little sexual Q&A with mom, huh?" she asked with a flirty smile. "Does that mean I get to ask YOU anything too?"

"Sure," Kyle answered.

"In answer to your question then…your mom is what they call 'hypersexual.' Do you know what that means?"

Kyle shook his head.

"It means that I think about sex…A LOT, which results in me needing to masturbate myself to orgasm several times a day."

"Whoa," the boy uttered, picturing his sexy mom here on her marital bed, during the day, while he was at school. He envisioned her with her luscious tan legs scissored back and her dainty bare feet pointed at the headboard; her painted toes clenched in ecstasy. With no one

else at home at that time, he imagined that her beautiful orgasmic cries would reverberate

throughout the house, while she reached down and frantically stroked her engorged love-nubbin.

"Now for MY question," said Suzette, snapping her boy from his wicked thoughts. "Last summer you wanted to have sex with me. Is that still what you think about, while you get yourself off?"

"Yeah, all the time," her teen confessed.

"I think that's what's gonna make your new toy so special," she smiled, then patted the spot on the mattress next to her. "Come lay down."

Kyle's heart raced as he sprawled out next to his mom on the bed. She had the bottle of lubricant in her hand. "OK, point your boner up for me so we can get it lubricated," she advised, then watched her boy comply so his steely cock stuck straight up, jutting nearly ten inches from tip to base.

Suzette felt her cunt tube clench up; its collapsed walls hot and slippery with her own natural lubrication. There was little doubt that Kyle had a cock that was bigger than her husband's. "Much bigger!" she thought, while squirting lube on the tip and watching it trickle down his muscled shaft.

"Alright, honey…rub that in. Coat the tip and the shaft really good," she instructed, setting the bottle aside. "During real sex you won't have to use lubrication. When women become aroused, they secrete natural lube inside their vaginas, and your dick will also leak slippery pre-cum, which will help keep the process enjoyable for both of you."

"Here's the sleeve," said Kyle, handing it to his mother. With his other hand, he slowly stroked his boner so it glistened with fuck-

lube.

"Ok, good. It looks like you've coated your dick pretty well," she stated, then looked down into his eyes lovingly. "Are you ready for pussy?"

"Uh-uh."

"I'm gonna nuzzle up here next to you and cradle your head with my arm and hand, ok? Keep holding you boner and pointing it up for me until the sleeve is around you."

"Sure."

For a second, Kyle thought he'd died and gone to heaven as his naked mother snuggled up against him, laying her huge, fat boobs across his chest. She cradled his head with one arm, so he could gaze across the expanse of her upper tit-slops and watch her lower the sleeve to his cock.

"Before you penetrate a girl's pussy, there's a couple preliminary things you can do that'll really get her juices flowing," Suzette explained.

"Like what?"

She lowered the vulva to his tip and began rubbing his slippery knob through its lifelike lips. "You can tease her clit and pussy-lips with the knob of your prick by gently plowing it back and forth, like this. Women love that."

"It feels really good to me too."

"It should, honey. Your penis has over four-thousand nerve endings on the glans alone, which makes it the most sensitive part of your body. Your sleeve doesn't show my clit very well, since it's shrouded

beneath the hood, but a woman's clitoris contains over ten thousand nerve fibers. It's the female equivalent of a penis."

Suzette squeezed her boy's spongy crown up against where her clit would be on the fake vulva. "That's why it's important to rub your pleasure-bulbs together, when they're bulging with blood and at their most sensitive. It'll really get the two of you ready for some nasty sex."

Kyle could hardly believe he was this close to his mother's tits. Her squishy side-boob was gently nuzzling his lips and quivered with her every movement.

Suzette maneuvered the socket of the fake vagina against the fat head of her son's penis, then pushed down so that he could penetrate it. However, she was met with resistance as the sheer girth of Kyle's tip made for an extremely tight entry.

"Ahhhh!" the boy gasped, feeling the fake sheath begin to stretch around his glans.

While continuing to push down for a gradual penetration the mother gasped as she stared at her boy's sturdy cock-shaft. The three blood-engorged cylinders that comprised her son's boner flexed powerfully beneath the pink skin, making his cock-veins pop out obscenely. Her heart fluttered as she watched the muscle and sinews bulge at his hairless base, sustaining the force of his cuntal penetration. "My God!" her brain screamed. "Would he even fit inside me?!"

Determined to get her boy's prick inside the sleeve, Suzette pulled the artificial pussy away, making his knob pop from the rubbery socket like a

cork from a bottle. "We're gonna need more lube," the mother stated, then squirted more slippery wetness on her teen's throbbing rod.

"Dang, mom…you said this was fashioned after your vagina. Are you really that tight?"

"Not tight to someone like your father maybe, but you have a lot of meat on YOUR penis, honey, so, as you can see, I'd definitely be tight for you," she answered. "You'll be prying your way inside every pussy that you get to fuck."

She brought the sleeve back to his pecker to try again. This time, with a lot of effort, his rigid dick sunk inside. "Ahhhh!" the teen hissed, shuddering from the feel of the spongy ridges slipping snugly around his tubular shaft. His bell-shaped knob mushroomed as it sunk into the depths of the sleeve.

"There we go, sweetie," Suzette cooed. "Now you're getting some pussy."

"You feel amazing!" Kyle gasped, then realized how that sounded. "I'm mean…not you, but the sleeve that was fashioned after you, uh…down there."

"I know what you mean, honey," his mother giggled. "It's true though…that tightness…all those wonderful ridges; that's exactly how I'd feel if we were having sex right now."

Suzette began to pump the sleeve on his cock, making his boner sink further and further inside until it finally hit bottom. She could see the form of his fat knob pushing against the inside of the tail end of the tube, making it bulge out as if it were about to burst through. "Oh my goodness," she mewled, her cervix tingling involuntarily as she realized that right now his cock would be boring forcefully against it if it were inside her.

"What's wrong?" her son gasped.

"I've never seen a dick big enough to do this."

"Do what?"

"Bottom out inside me and stretch my cervix like your boner is doing now," she stated in awestruck adoration.

"Oh…well all I know is it feel incredible!"

Kyle began to thrust his hips from the mattress, meeting the strokes of the fake vagina that his mom was providing. His fat teenage dick slipped wetly through the snug tube, and the boy basked in the toe-clenching friction it was causing around his tender peter-meat. "Ohhh, yeah!" he sighed, his young body shuddering in pleasure.

Suzette's heart was racing in her chest and her breathing became heavier. She hadn't expected this to get her so sexually worked up. Her wide eyes stared at the way her son's hips bobbed on the bed like a skilled fuck-hound. His glistening pole was thick and hard, making a lewd creamy sound as it fucked in and out the fake vagina. Her breath quivered at the sight of the rubbery outer flanges being stretched open obscenely by the fat, hunky base of her boy's erection.

"Women my age have strong pussy muscles," said Suzette, looking over at her boy's pleasure-grimaced face. "I'll squeeze my hand around the outside of the sleeve and try to replicate them the best I can."

"Alright," Kyle gasped, unsure if he could handle anything more divine-feeling that this.

Suzette squeezed, applying pressure outside the sleeve that replicated her strong vaginal grip. "Ahhhh, wow, mom!" her boy voice quivered as he bucked beneath the pumping pressure of her fist.

"There you go, honey…fuck up into the pussy!" her sweet, excited voice encouraged, jacking the unyielding length of his young cock up

and down.

Suzette was impressed by his stamina. She'd been milking him with the sleeve for nearly ten minutes and thought for sure he'd be blasting hot boy-goo out his piss-slit by now. "Wow, you're doing so incredible! You're not a quick shot at all, honey," she shared.

"I'm trying not to cum. It feels so good though!" he whimpered, pushing the knob of his cock against the rounded ring deep inside the sleeve. He

knew that this would be the head of his mother's cervix so he kept his throbbing cock-tip digging against it, smearing his slippery pre-nut all over its soft, spongy surface.

"You're fucking your new sleeve so good, honey. If it were my real pussy…you'd be making me cum like crazy by now," Suzette shared.

"Really?!"

"Yes, really. That young, bull dick of yours would be soaked in girl-cum by now. You'd have it dripping off your balls."

Since his mom was being so bold and nasty, Kyle decided to press his luck. "Can I put my face between your breasts, mom?"

"Oh, honey…I don't know. We shouldn't—"

"I won't suck on them or anything. I'd just like to be smothered between them when I shoot off, and that won't be long at all, I promise," Kyle assured her.

Suzette thought about it for a moment. "I already have my boobs resting on his chest. What's the harm in just smothering his head between them?"

"Because your husband would be horrified if he caught you doing that!" her conscious responded back.

"Oh yeah, like he'd be any less horrified if he saw me stroking our son's huge cock right now with a sleeve that's fashioned after his wife's tight pussy."

"Your right…that's wrong too! He'd probably divorce you!" Suzette's conscience replied.

"Oh, just shut the fuck up, you prude bitch!" the horny part of her mind snapped back.

"Can I?" Kyle asked, waiting for his mom to answer.

"Yes, just this once, honey," she replied. Without missing a beat with her pumping hand, she lifted her heavy breasts from his chest, slightly turned and lowered them down around his eager face.

Kyle shuddered with excitement as his head was swallowed up between his mother's squishy, mammoth tits. His face lowered all the way to her breastbone and her fatty tit-flesh compressed in around his cheeks. "Holy shit…this is awesome!" the boy's horny brain screamed. He felt his mom tighten her hand again, compressing the artificial pussy around the meat of his cock as she tirelessly stroked it up and down his oversized prick.

Suzette couldn't keep her eyes off the action. The sight of her boy's strong, glistening love-muscle pummeling through the sleeve, stretching its interior, was mesmerizing. Despite her best efforts, she couldn't help but wonder what such a large, steely-hard hunk of cock flesh would feel like slamming through her overheated cunt. The only thing larger than this that ever squeezed through her pussy-passage was Kyle's body when she gave birth to him eighteen years ago. "Good grief…I would cum like crazy!" she wickedly thought.

"Stay focused!" her conscious chided her. "This isn't about you. This is about helping your son work through his issues, by providing him simulated sex."

Kyle, meanwhile, was on cloud nine. His mom's giant milkers were quivering around his head with every stroke she made. He kissed his way around inside her spongy cleavage, imagining that his hot, busty mom was riding his cock like a sex-hungry slut. This caused his big nuts to tighten, threatening to release a huge load of spunk.

Snug, spine-tingling friction around his glans and shaft was sending signals to his nervous system that had him squirming in ecstasy. "Ahhh, shit!" he moaned, his voice muffled by pounds of doughy-soft melon-meat. "I'm cumming!!"

The walls of his epididymis began to contract to create peristaltic waves that pushed a torrent of sperm into his vas deferens. His prostate began to powerfully contract, along with strong muscles surrounding his urethra, propelling his hot wad up his rigid prick and out his piss-slit.

"Auuaghh!" the teen grunted, bucking beneath his cock-stroking mother as he ejaculated into his new pussy with incredible force. Suzette could

actually feel his fat prick pulsing through the sleeve each time she pumped out a creamy jet of cum.

"There you go, honey…push it all out," she cooed, stroking and squeezing his cum-spewing prick with her clone vagina. For several minutes she milked him, until every drop of teenage spunk had been expunged from his love-organ.

Kyle smiled deliriously, while gasping for breath as he watched his mom's dangling mammaries lift off his face. Suzette gazed down at him with a beaming smile of her own. "How was that, honey? Did that get you off good?"

"Did it ever!" he answered.

Suzette lifted the sleeve off his hot, swollen prick, trying not to allow too much of his ejaculate to come pouring out with it. "It's important to keep your new toy clean. I'll go wash it out for you, then I'll be back with a washcloth to wipe you off," she offered.

"Thanks," uttered the teen. His prick twitched with post-orgasmic delight as he watched his mom crawl from the bed and head for the doorway. She walked with an alluring sway, causing her naked buttocks to wag deliciously. "Look at that sexy jiggling ass-meat," the boy told himself. His eyes drifted up and he could the huge, sloping contours of Suzette's heavy tits bobbling on her rib cage as she walked. She peeked back and smiled at him teasingly before disappearing into the hallway.

When she returned a few minutes later, she was wearing a robe, but Kyle could still see her tits jostling around deliciously beneath the fabric as she moved. She climbed onto her knees beside him and tenderly cleaned his still-erect dick. "That was sure some load of cum, kiddo. I didn't think it was ever gonna stop pouring out of that sleeve while I cleaned it," she commented.

"It looks like you got some on you," he replied, pointing to a trickle of pearly-white cock cream on her chin.

"Oh…shoot," she blushed. "It must have, um…splashed onto me while I was cleaning it."

"Thanks for smothering me between your boobs. That was awesome!"

"Your welcome, and um…please remember, this stays between us, ok?"

"Sure, mom."

"Good, now get up and get your butt to school, young man, and remember your promise. Bring home any assignments you missed this morning."

"Got it. One more hug?" he smilingly asked.

"Yes…one more," his mom giggled, then lowered down onto him. Her fleshy boobs didn't feel quite as good through the silk fabric of her robe as they did when they were naked, but he wasn't complaining. Kyle suddenly flipped his mother over onto her back like a ragdoll, making Suzette scream playfully.

"Hey, mister!" she squealed.

"What…I'm just hugging you," he replied, squirming his way on top of her, between her parted legs.

"I can see that."

Since the robe had bunched up, Kyle's rigid boy-meat made contact with his mother's shaved vulva, pressing hotly against it. Suzette's silky tan mommy-legs instinctively circled high around his back, interlocking her ankles behind him. She gasped as her horny son kissed her neck, then made his way up to her lips. "Honey…we…" she whispered between sweet kisses, unable to finish her sentence.

The lusty mother's nails began to claw down his back. "We can't…" she sighed, continuing to share smooches with him. Kyle dug the shaft of his cock along the slit of her cunt, feeling the slippery secretions that had seeped from her vagina smear against his erectile tissue.

They began to writhe like two animals in heat, their lips parting so their tongues could begin to duel. Kyle's body shuddered delightfully as his mom's long tongue flickered skillfully inside his mouth like that of a snake. Suzette's eyes rolled back as she felt her boy's dreamy

dick saw through her cunt-slit, scraping deliciously against her engorged clit. Kyle's teenage

sex organ felt so big and powerful pushing and prodding her overheated pudenda. She knew if she didn't get control of herself that he'd be buried to his ball-sack only seconds from now. "Honey, you have to get to school," she gasped, making a weak attempt to push him off.

"Just one more kiss?" he sighed pleadingly.

"One more, then you need to get dressed."

Their lips locked in open ovals as they engaged in the most passionate French kiss that either one of them had ever experienced. Their lickers whipped together wildly inside Kyle's mouth, like a knot of wet, squirming, twisting pink flesh. Suzette ended it before every bit of willpower she had was dissolved by the passionate need to be savagely fucked. "Alright, honey…get up and get your cute butt to school!" she sternly told him.

This time Kyle knew she was all business so he lifted off her. "Can we do this again later?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know about the kissing part. That's probably not something we should do again, honey. I'll definitely use your new sleeve on you again though, if you feel like you need release after school."

"Thanks, mom…you're the best!"

"I try!" she proudly smiled.

"I noticed," said, moving his lips towards hers again.

She gave him only a quick peck this time, while staring at his rigid cock. "GET!" she playfully blurted, then gave him a smack on the ass

as he turned to get dressed.

138: Moms, Boys and Sex Toys_2

Moms, Boys and Sex Toys – The Series

The Custom Sleeve – Part 2

By Klrxo

"HOT FUCKING DAMN, MOM!" Kyle gasped, sitting upright on the couch as Suzette pumped the custom sleeve vigorously on his cock.

The mother's bikini-clad tits bobbled against her son's bare chest to the rhythm of her jerking as she stared into his eyes lovingly. "Oh, that's good, honey! Fuck up into that sleeve! Show mom what a skilled cunt-fucker you are!" she cheered.

"It feels so good!" the teen gasped as he experienced a sleeve that resembled his mom's vagina in every detail. Suzette constantly reminded him of that fact. "Even though we can't fuck each other, you can still experience the sensations my pussy would give you. Isn't it wonderful?!"

"Oh, shit, yes!" he sighed, not sure how long he could hold out with her pumping his cock so exquisitely.

Beneath her bikini bottoms, Suzette's cunt was a mess. Hot secretions had seeped from her vaginal pit, soaking her coral-colored slit. She couldn't possibly jerk her boy's cock off without thinking about how divine it would feel to have such a rigid hunk of tubular flesh pounding through her feminine core. This dick was different

than her husband's, not only in length and thickness, but also in overall strength and hardness. She felt like she was pumping on a steel spike that jutted from her son's loins. Each time she slid the fake vagina up his shaft she marveled at the meaty stalk and the network of big, blue veins. A mixture of lubricating oil and pre-cum made Kyle's boner glisten beautifully, accentuating the blood-engorged columns of his dick.

Kyle loved watching his mom's expression when he humped his ass from the cushion, driving his cock up into his sleeve. He knew she was completely enamored by what a fuck-hound he was and how he'd be making her writhe if it were her real pussy he was screwing.

"You're a real womb-bandit, aren't you, honey?" she stated, while jerking tirelessly. "I can see your knob digging against that spot where the head of my cervix would be. That little round, pink donut where only boys with really big dicks can reach."

"I'd thrust it in further if I could," Kyle gasped.

"Any further and you'd be inside my womb," Suzette giggled.

"I bet it would feel amazing in there too!"

"Well you would know," she winked. "You spent nine months in there."

"Yeah, but that was a little different experience, mom," the teen smiled. "Now its just part of me that wants to go back."

"Well, a big dick like yours couldn't squeeze through my cervix unless it was dilated, but you could pump quite a lot of your cum-load in there, if you push your knob against the head of my cervix when you ejaculate."

"I'm gonna do it!"

"Thrust deep then, honey!" the mother urged slamming the sleeve up and down his cock. "I can squeeze on your knob with my fornix, stimulating all those sweet nerves."

Suzette massaged the end of the fake sleeve, where the very back of her vagina would be, stimulating her boy's glans. This made Kyle's love-organ swell up even bigger. The muscle and sinew bulged at the base, sustaining the force of the cunt-sleeve that was being pumped feverishly by his mother.

"AUUUGH, FUCKING GOOD!" the boy grimaced, hinging his hips up, making Suzette's eyes widen in wonder as she watched his fat, pinkish-purple gourd push against the clear sleeve, making it bulge outward so much that it looked like it could burst through the end.

"I'M SENDING CUM TO YOUR WOMB, MOM!!" Kyle grunted as a load of hot jizz rocketed up his quivering shaft.

"Oh, wow, honey!" the mother shouted as she watched creamy boy-goo fill the inside of the fake vagina. She could tell it was jetting against the end

of the sleeve with incredible force, churning and boiling around his humping pink dong.

"Ohhhh, shit!" the teen sighed, collapsing backwards as his mother milked every trickle of sperm from his twitching erection.

"Was it good, honey?" she sweetly asked. "Did mommy's fake vagina fuck that boner good today, and give you some good release?"

"Did it ever," he sighed.

The sleeve made a lewd, creamy gurgling sound as Suzette slipped it off his cock. The sight of Kyle's long, glistening fuck-organ literally took the mother's breath away. "How long do you usually stay hard, after we're through?" she curiously asked.

"It takes it a long while to go soft, that's all I know."

The mother couldn't take her eyes off the dreamy rod. "Well, that makes sense, I guess. Boys your age have short refractory periods."

"What's a refractory period?" Kyle asked.

"It's the time it takes for a person to recover before they can have another orgasm," Suzette explained. "For a boy your age, a refractory period can be as short as a couple minutes, but as men get older that time will lengthen. A guy your father's age has a refractory period of about three to four hours, which can be quite frustrating for his wife, especially if she's as sexual as I am."

"Sounds like we'd make a better pair than you and dad do."

Suzette laughed. "Well, sexually we would, but that's only because nature designed it that way."

"How so?"

"Well, honey…you've only recently gone through puberty. Now that your fresh out of adolescence your hormone levels are at their highest, and your sex drive is peaking more than it will at any other time in your life," Suzette explained. "For women, that peak comes in their late thirties, my age. So,

you're right…if I were having sex with YOU instead of your father, it would happen MUCH more frequently and would be high in quality."

Kyle smiled from ear to ear. "So, are you saying you'd have better sex with me than you do with dad?" he asked.

Suzette giggled. "Yes, but, honey…that's because you and I are both built for sex right now. Our bodies are both functioning in a way that would result in extremely satisfying sexual intercourse, but that still

doesn't change the fact that it's wrong and we can't fuck each other."

"I know," Kyle sighed in disappointment.

"I'm your mom so I can't just jump on your dick and fuck you silly all day. The closest thing I can give you to my pussy is this sleeve," Suzette told him, then looked at the gooey mess her son made, "which, by the way, is dripping with your boy-batter. I'll go wash it out and be back with a washcloth to clean you up."

Kyle watched his mom's meaty ass undulate beneath her purple G-string bikini bottoms as she walked away. She smiled back at him teasingly as she headed for the bathroom.

"So much cum just from one ejaculation," Suzette thought as she poured her boy's spunk from the sleeve, into the toilet. "I wonder how many of these sperm would be swimming around in my fallopian tubes right now if he had actually fucked me. My egg wouldn't stand a chance against all this potent boy-seed."

After washing out the sleeve, she noticed a droplet of Kyle's nut-nectar on her hand. She swiped it off with her tongue without hesitation and let it sizzle on her taste-buds. "Mmm, sweet…like pineapple juice," she thought.

"You should not be tasting you own son's cum!!" her conscious scolded.

"Oh, shut up!" her naughty side answered back as Suzette began soaking a washcloth with warm water.

Kyle loved it when his mom cleaned his cock after pumping it. She was always so gentle as she swathed his throbbing member with the washcloth.

"It's always such a mess down here by your balls," the mother smiled as she wiped away the creamy ring of froth.

"Is that normal?"

"Yes, ejaculate leakage from the pussy after sex is perfectly normal, honey. Semen leakage is actually a good thing because it means you squirting out a big, healthy load. Your spunk got trapped in the sleeve earlier of course, but if it were my real vagina you came into, your hundreds of millions of healthy sperm would have immediately separated from the remaining ejaculate, which is called semen. All those little swimmers would begin moving into my cervix and up into my uterus for fertilization in my fallopian tubes. Your sperm would move into my tubes within minutes after depositing your load inside me."

"Wow, they don't waist any time."

"Well, they don't have much time. The acidic content of my vaginal secretions start destroying much of the remaining sperm. The ones that work their way inside my cervix and uterus are protected from the hostile nature of my vaginal tube."

"Those are the lucky ones," Kyle added.

"There's only one lucky one, honey," Suzette smiled, "and that's the one aggressive sperm that fucks its way inside my ovum and gets me pregnant."

Kyle's cock flexed beneath his mom's hand. "Damn…all this talk about sperm and vaginas has got me all hot again," the boy sighed.

The mother laughed. "I'd yank you off again, but your father's gonna be home soon. Even though we're not doing the nasty, I doubt he'd be any less happy if he caught me beating your erection with a cock-sleeve."

"True."

Kyle's arousal-level finally cooled off, but was piqued again as he walked home from school the next day. "Hey, Kyle, can I give you a ride home?" asked Lauren, his mom's friend, as she pulled up beside him in her car.

"Sure," the boy replied, then got in.

"So I hear you're really enjoying what your mom bought you," smiled Lauren as she glanced over at him. The middle aged brunette was eight months pregnant and Kyle could hardly take his eyes off the round belly and swollen breasts shrouded beneath her maxidress.

"What she bought me?" he asked, playing stupid.

Lauren laughed. "Her and I are good friends, hon. I know all about the custom vagina she bought you."

"Oh, yeah…that."

"Are you enjoying her sweet pussy?" the mother asked.

"Yeah, it, um…feels really good."

"Pretty cool to think about, huh? That she pushed your little body down that tight pink tube all those years ago, when she gave birth to you. Now she's using a replica of that slippery little birthing tunnel to stimulate your big cock."

"Yeah, it is pretty awesome," the teen confessed.

"I bet you cum so hard knowing that sleeve was fashioned after her most secret place," Lauren stated. "Your own mom's sex organ that was made for fucking cock and birthing babies."

"Yes," Kyle gulped, his penis hardening beneath his shorts.

"I ordered my son, Brent, something similar. It's not a sleeve, but it's something custom made, just for his sexual pleasure. I'm giving it to him when it arrives in a few days."

"Cool. I'm sure he'll like it."

Lauren pulled the car over for a moment. "Wanna know a secret?" she asked. "It's about that sleeve that your mom bought you."

"Sure."

"What do I get if I tell you?"

"What do you want?" the teen asked.

"I wanna see your cock. I hear you're one of the lucky boys who has a big slab of horny meat to fuck girls with."

"Who told you that?" Kyle asked.

"Your mom," Lauren grinned. "She's been keeping tabs on your dick for a long time, Kyle. That's what we moms do. We watch or boy's grow…and harden. We all want our sons to have long, thick dicks that can attract lots of hot pussy."

Kyle unzipped his pants and fished out his erection. "There you go," he whispered.

Lauren's eyes widened. "So IT IS true!" she stated. "You do have a big one. I hope you know how lucky you are, Kyle."

"Why's that?"

She continued to stare at his dreamy hardon. "You're gonna have so many tight pussies sheathed over that cock, you're not even gonna believe it."

"Can I see your boobs?"

Lauren giggled. "This is turning into show and tell. If I show you my tits, you can't tell anyone, got it?"

"I won't."

"You swear?"

"Of course."

"Alright then," Lauren replied, tugging her dress and bra down over the swell of her udders. "They're pretty swollen right now. I'm giving birth here in a few weeks."

Kyle stared at her oversized jugs, licking his lips with desire. "They're really big and beautiful," he uttered.

"Thanks," Lauren smiled, letting him get a good long look at them.

"So, um…what's the thing you wanna tell me about the sleeve mom bought me?"

Lauren stuffed her tits back inside her clothing as she answered. "Well, you can't tell her I told you, but the custom vagina came with two straps that I'm sure she didn't tell you about."

"Two straps?"

"Yep, it's like a strap-on that allows her to slide the fake sleeve inside her real pussy and it hold it in place. That way, she doesn't have to just masturbate your big cock with it. You can go at her in different positions, like you're actually fucking her."

"No way," the boy uttered.

"Yes way, but again…if you do bring it up, please try to do it without throwing me under the bus."

"No problem," Kyle answered.

While at the dinner table later, he picked at his food, while attempting to ignore his father's seemingly never-ending work story. "Wow, I can't imagine mom actually strapping the sleeve on and letting me use it with her in any sexual position," he thought.

Suddenly, Kyle felt his mother's bare foot gently slide up his calve. He looked across the table to see her smiling back at him naughtily. Suzette was wearing a white cashmere sweater that was cut nearly to her naval, showing a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage. Her blonde hair was put up in a cute bun and she watched her boy's reaction as she slid her toes higher and higher up his leg.

The mother wasn't listening to a word her husband was saying. Her mind dwelled on the teenaged cock-flesh in her son's pants. "I wonder if he's hardening?" she thought. "Hell, he's been sitting there looking at me in this sweater. He might be fully erect and leaking pre-cum by now."

For a long, wonderful moment they became lost in each other's eyes. Suzette's foot had traveled all the way up the boy's leg and rested on his knee beneath the table. She fought off the urge to extend her leg so she could feel her boy's horny hardness beneath his shorts. "No…not with Chris right here at the table," she thought, thinking of her husband. She looked his direction, smiling and nodding like a good wife, but still not processing a word he was saying. "Oh my God…his stories are so fucking boring! I'd much rather be having hot, nasty sex right now!" her mind buzzed, then she looked back at her boy across the table.

Kyle was watching the gentle heaving of his mom's ballooning breasts; a result Suzette's excited breathing. He felt her foot continue up his thigh, creeping along, closer and closer to his erect cock. When her foot made contact with his throbbing bulge, the mother let out a heavy gasp, causing her husband to stop his story.

"Are you ok?" Chris asked with concern.

Suzette regained her composure, even though her foot was now resting on her son's crotch. "Yes, I'm fine, honey…I just uh, thought I had a sneeze coming on," she answered.

"Oh OK. Well anyway, like I was saying…" Chris continued.

Kyle peered down to his lap and watched in aroused shock as his mom massaged his dick through his shorts with her foot. Suzette had the sexiest bare feet with toenails that were always professionally painted. Today they were a beautiful turquoise, Kyle's favorite color. He couldn't help but wonder if she had intentional chosen that color just for him. It didn't take him long to notice the small design on the nail of her big toe. It was written in fancy cursive and read: "Kyle ."

He let out a heavy excited breath and looked across at his mom who winked back at him knowingly. Meanwhile, his dad had stopped his story again. "Jesus, do you have to sneeze too?" Chris asked.

"Yeah, sorry, dad," Kyle lied.

"Well, it is the height of allergy season I guess. Are you good?" his dad asked, and when Kyle nodded he went back to telling his boring story.

Suzette rubbed her foot vigorously against her son's bulge, but she was so fucking horny that feeling it through his pants just wasn't good. The next time they made eye-contact she mouthed the words "pull down your zipper" to her son.

Kyle glanced at his dad, who was focused on eating and blabbing, so the teen carefully reached down and lowered the zipper of his shorts. His mom wasted no time prying her foot into the opening, then through the fly of his briefs.

Kyle's heart skipped a beat when he looked across and saw her pretty eyes slightly roll in their socket as her foot made contact with

his cock-flesh. "I can't believe she's doing this with dad sitting right there," he wondrously thought.

"Oh my God, his erection is so hot to the touch!" Suzette's mind exclaimed as she fondled her son's prick with her foot. She could feel the guilt swelling up inside her chest, but also loved the incredible thrill she was getting doing this right under her husband's nose. She prayed that Chris wouldn't notice how excited she was getting. Her engorged teats were as hard as diamonds and protruded out beneath her bra and sweater.

Suzette clenched her pretty teeth together as she pressed her foot against Kyle's oversized fuck-organ. She could feel the fluid pumping through its maze of hardened blood vessels, arteries and veins, making the teenage appendage jut upward, nearly to his belly button. The horny mother ran her toes over it's bulbous tip, smearing the slime that had bubbled from its slit. Her toes swirled wonderfully around his peter-tip, then paused, with her big toe just below the crown.

Kyle did his best to suppress a gasp as his mom began rubbing the base of her big toe up and down against his super-sensitive frenulum. His pre-nut, that she had swiped her toe through, provided wonderful lubrication as Suzette dug at the band of skin that connected his foreskin to his glans.

The pleasure-stricken teen exchanged a gaze with his mom. Suzette was biting her bottom lip, staring lustfully. She looked like a hungry cougar slut that could carry her son off to her lair at any second and ravage him.

"I WANNA PUMP HIS DICK!" her brain cried out. "I WANNA FUCK IT FROM ITS KNOB TO ITS ROOT IN MY CLONE PUSSY! I WANNA MAKE HIM CUM!"

The mother suddenly yanked her foot from her son's fly. "Who wants apple pie for desert?" she blurted, cutting her husband off.

Chris looked over at the stove. "I didn't know you made apple pie," he said.

"I didn't…but I can go to the store and get some," she answered, then looked over at her son, still clearly frazzled. "Wanna cum along, sweetie?"

"Sure," the boy answered. He had a feeling there would be more than just apple pie in store for him.

"Why don't you grab that, um… 'thing' from your bedroom first," his mother suggested.

"Thing?" Kyle asked, then realized what she was talking about. "Oh, yeah…the um… 'thing.'"

"Thing?" Chris asked, giving his wife a confused look.

"Just something he's been, um… 'using,' like a therapy object. You know, one of those types of things that helps you, um…relieve the stress."

"Oh, got it. Like a therapy ball?"

"Sort of."

"How long's he been using something like that?"

"Long enough to know it works perfectly," Suzette answered, winking over at her son as he got up from the table. "Right, honey?"

"Yeah, mom…it works like a charm. Although I heard it came with straps that makes it work even better," Kyle pointed out, seizing the opportunity to bring it up. "Will you bring those with us?"

The mother glanced at her husband blushingly, then back at her son. "Who told you about the straps?" she asked.

"Straps?" her husband asked, completely baffled at this point.

"Never mind," Suzette said to her son, not wanting to get into details in front of her clueless husband. "I'll grab the straps, you grab the other stuff and I'll meet you at the car."

Kyle rushed out of the kitchen and Chris looked at his wife inquisitively. "I had no idea he was so stressed out that he needed a therapy object. Is this something we should take him to a doctor for?"

"No, he has just what he needs, honey. There's no reason to be concerned," Suzette replied, then gave her husband a quick peck on the lips. "We'll be back with some pie, then you can finish your story."

A short time later, Suzette's car was parked under some trees, off a quiet dirt road, just outside of town. Her and her son were in the back seat and she was quickly stripping him naked. "Did you remember the lubricant?" she asked, pulling Kyle's briefs off.

"Oh shit, I forgot it," he replied, so anxious he could hardly think straight.

"That's ok…we'll improvise. Slouch back," she directed, then climbed to her knees on the seat beside him with the sleeve in her hand.

"Can we use the straps too, mom?"

"How did you find out that your sleeve came with straps?"

"I just looked at some others online, out of curiosity, and they all had straps. I figured mine must have come with them too."

Suzette seemed hesitant. "Honey, the straps really aren't something we should be using together."

"Why not? We still 'technically' wouldn't be having sex. My dick would be inside the sleeve."

"Yes, true, but Kyle you have a VERY large penis. I don't even know if I could get your dick AND the sleeve inside my pussy at the same time."

"Could we at least try, mom…please?"

After considering it a moment, she finally gave in. "Fine, but we do this with me on top, and this IS NOT considered fucking, remember that!"

"Got it!"

Kyle watched his mom strip completely naked, then attach his sleeve to the straps it came with. "Here goes nothing," Suzette thought as she squeezed her son's cock-sleeve inside her vagina. Luckily, her cunt-tube was still wet from their earlier dinner-table shenanigans so it slid in easily. The three straps were designed to keep it in place with one fitting around her waist, like a belt, and the others going up under her legs. All three straps came together to fasten in the back. "There, now spit on your cock. Get it nice and slick so it'll pump through the sleeve without any resistance."

"I have some pre-cum too. That'll help," said Kyle, lathering up his boner with it, along with his spit.

"Are you ready, honey?" the mother asked, prepared to mount him.

"Ready!"

Suzette threw one leg over him and planted her knees on the car seat astride his hips. The boy's eyes doubled in size as he stared at the giant, naked tits looming right in front of him. He felt his mom reach down, grasp his cock and place its tapered tip at the entrance to the sleeve. His mother winced in discomfort as she lowered her

vagina onto his steely pole. The pressure caused by the thickness of both the sleeve and her son's erection inside her was intense.

For Kyle, it was pure heaven as his rigid peter squeezed into the velvety-tightness of the cunt-encased sleeve. "Oh, wow…that feels nice, mom," he sighed, feeling the heat of her real vagina warm the fake one that surrounded his pecker.

"Your father will expect us back soon so we need to be quick,' said Suzette. "I'm gonna ride you hard and fast so we can pull a speedy cum-load up from your balls."

"Got it!" he nodded.

Suzette wasted no time getting started as she began bouncing on her boy's horny cock, pumping it through the sleeve. "Whoa!" Kyle gasped as he watched her super-sized jugs bobble around heavily, inches from his face. His eyes drifted down her torso and watched their crotches beat together in a fervid rhythm.

"Holy shit, this feels incredible!" the mother thought as she rode her son's erection. At first, having both the sleeve and his cock inside her at once was a bit painful, but now that discomfort had morphed into pleasure like she'd ever experienced before. Her wet, pink walls clung to the outline of the fake vagina, but she could feel the wonderful pressure of Kyle's big, hard dick slipping through it. "It feels like I'm cheating on Chris, but I'm really not," she told herself. "Kyle's dick is inside the sleeve so I'm 'technically' not having sex with him right now, even though it seems that way."

"What do you think, baby?" she breathlessly asked her son. "You can't get any closer to actually fucking me than this."

"I love it!" he answered, watching her body heave up and down.

"You're getting some pussy INSIDE a pussy tonight," she giggled. "Two layers of pussy around your cock."

Kyle could feel his mother tighten her fuck-muscles, even through the sleeve. It made the spongy ribbed lining of the fake vagina massage his knob and shaft in ways it never had before. He licked his lips lustfully, gawking at the turgid nipples protruding from his mom's wide areola. Her giant udders moved around delightfully to the tempo of Suzette's cock-humping, putting on quite a show for the flabbergasted teen.

One thing became apparent to Kyle right away. His mom seriously knew how to fuck. Suzette fused their crotches together, crushing her engorged

clit against her son's pelvis exquisitely as she swiveled her wide hips, grinding the sleeve on his cock.

"Auugh, shit!" Kyle gasped, feeling his leaky boner get stirred around deep inside the replica pussy.

Suzette went back to bouncing up and down, but this time she lowered her chest, pushing Kyle's pleasure-filled face up into the squishy canyon between her quivering tits. "Hold on to me, Kyle," she panted. "I'm gonna ride you hard and draw that load of ejaculate up from your ball-sack."

The pretty, blonde mother began fucking like a skilled whore, her rounded ass flying up and down with skill, making their crotches beat together lewdly. Kyle turned his face and groaned into the dough-like meat of his mom's tit as he felt his prick being milked through the snug sleeve. With each rapid thrust, the fake pussy traveled the length of his erection, from his mushrooming tip to his thick, strong cock-base.

"Come on, honey…squirt that fucking cum-juice!" Suzette cheered as she fucked feverishly. She could feel the fat stalk of his sex-organ traveling through the sleeve, providing divine pressure against her smoldering vaginal walls. Even though the layer of fake vagina separated their genital flesh, Kyle's huge boy-cock was still

stimulating her nerve-endings, especially around her G-spot. "Well… this is embarrassing," Suzette thought as an orgasm quickly built in her loins.

"Honey, are you close?" she asked, riding him as hard as she could, hoping he'd finish before she was forced to make a screaming, shaking spectacle of herself.

"I'm getting there, mom," Kyle's tit-muffled voice answered.

She ground on his rod again, using her powerful hips to pivot up and back forcefully, in full penetration. However, this only put more wonderful friction on her plump, tingly clit, making her climax swell up even faster and with greater intensity. "Baby, I need to cum, I'm sorry!" her shaky voice announced as she passed the point of no return. She sat upright again and swiveled her hips frantically, like a sexy hula dancer. Her huge

udders were sheened in perspiration and rippled deliciously as her orgasm hit full force, making her howling in pleasure.

There were a few moments in Kyle's life that were etched in his brain forever. Watching the ball sail over the fence when he hit a game-winning home run was one of them. Seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time was another. Witnessing his own heavy-breasted mom orgasm on top of him was definitely one to add to that list. He had never seen her beautiful face masked with so much pleasure. He could feel her cunt walls rippling with contractions around the sleeve, which felt unbelievable around his cock. Her voice let out a shrieking orgasmic cry that he couldn't believe she could actually make. He'd never heard anything like it ring out from his mom's mouth. For several wonder-stricken minutes he watch her hump, tremble and squeal in the throes of orgasm.

"Can I try being on top?" Kyle asked as his mother came back down to earth.

"Would that make you cum faster? We really need to hurry, honey, before your father starts wondering where we are."

"Yeah, I think I would cum faster that way."

Suzette quickly climbed off him and his boner made a obscene, wet popping sound as it slipped from the fake vagina and slapped back against his abdomen. "Alright…I'll lay down on my back. You get between my legs, slide your dick back into the sleeve and fuck as hard as you can, ok?" the mother urged.

"Got it!"

Kyle rose to his knees on the seat and watched in awe as his mom sprawled onto her back, making her giant breasts roll slightly off the sides of her chest. She drew her knees back nearly to her shoulders, splaying open her smooth thighs. The straps of the fake vagina were made of a clear material so he couldn't really see them, and the end of the sleeve was hidden by her cuntal flanges, but he knew it was still in there. Suzette reach out for him. "Come on, honey. Come do some fucking," she whispered urgently.

The teenager's heart was nearly pounding out of his chest. He quickly flattened himself against her, his lean chest crushing her oversized tits.

They both gasped at the feel of Kyle's hot, young cock slipping between her fleshy labium before it found the mouth of the sleeve. "I'm gonna nut off so damn hard this way," he stated, nuzzling his face against her neck as his boy-meat began to sink into the sleeve.

The beautiful, blonde mother surrendered completely beneath him and Kyle smiled triumphantly. He began to fuck into her with long, slow, sensuous strokes of his cock. He could care less if his dad wondered where they were. He was in no hurry, and wanted this fantastic missionary-style-fuck to last as long as possible.

"There you go, honey…go a little faster," his mom breathed, clawing at his shoulders.

Kyle increased his cunt-fucking tempo, but only slightly. It aroused him tremendously to know he was driving his mom wild with pleasure, even if it was through a sleeve. He knew by the way her real vaginal walls were collapsing in around the fake ones that she was feeling every stroke of his fat, teenage cock.

"Wow…can I start doing this every day?" he asked, feeling his long, achy love-muscle squeeze through the slick, velvety grip.

"Yes, as long as your pumping into the sleeve and not my real pussy, honey."

Suzette knew she needed to make him quicken his fuck-rhythm. They certainly should have been home from buying apple pie by now. However, she was enamored by the way her son was fucking her. He was taking, slow, deep thrusts that reminded her more of lovemaking than frantic fucking, and she absolutely loved it this way. "Oh, honey…you're a real natural at this," she stated, circling her shaved legs high around his back. "You should go faster though. We need to finish."

Kyle snorted lustfully as he began to really pound into her, making their naked bodies beat together on the car seat. "There you go, honey…that's perfect!" Suzette panted.

Each powerful thrust made the mother "huff" in delight as she felt her son's fat glans beat at the head of her cervix through the end of the

sleeve. His rigid column of pummeling meat made her pussy cream helplessly. The molten liquid overflowed her crammed cunt and gushed down, running across the ring of her asshole. "Good grief… even through a pussy sleeve he's fucking me better than Chris does," Suzette thought.

She certainly didn't wanna think of her husband at that moment. Yes, Kyle wasn't 'technically' having sex with her, but what they were doing was certainly wicked and unorthodox. It would undoubtedly break her husband's heart if he saw them writhing naked, seemingly joined at the genitals in her back seat. She also knew that not having a girlfriend was hard on a boy Kyle's age so she wanted to give him something that resembled a hot, nasty fuck. "Ohhh, yes, Kyle! Oh, that's so good, honey!" she praised as his young ass bobbed up and down between her clasping thighs.

Kyle was blown away by the feel of his mother's lush body beneath him, especially the way her huge, fat tits sloshed around against his bare chest as he fucked. Her thick, hardened nipples were poking up into his skin and he yearned to suck at their flesh.

Inside the sleeve, his erectile meat pumped rhythmically, pushing the stretchy tube out against the encapsulating pink pussy-flesh that was molded to the outside of it. Suzette's birthing tube tightened steadily around his cock, heating it with the scalding juice that secreted from her lining.

Then, the heavy-titted mother began to gasp and tremble suddenly. "Oh, baby…I'm cumming again, I'm sorry. "I'M CUMMMIING!!" she loudly squealed.

"Auugh, shit, mom!" the hard-humping teen gasped, feeling his pile-driving meat almost squeezed flat from his mom's powerful, spasmodic cuntal contractions. Suzettes's ripe body bucked and writhed beneath him, and he had to grip her meaty ass tightly to keep from being thrown off.

Kyle snarled in delight, fucking as hard as his body would let him. His flexing dick felt like it could burst right through the sleeve, like the Incredible Hulk. The big blue veins streaking along his shaft were popping

out obscenely and his semen-drooling glans were mushrooming with blood like a fat, juicy plumb. The hardy urethral bulb, which was planted firmly at the root of his cock, along with its surrounding muscle and ligaments, sustained the force of his erectile columns as they thundered through layers of cuntal flesh.

Suzette certainly didn't expect her boy to have this much staying power, especially fucking her from the top. She sobbed her way through yet another body wracking orgasm, astounded at the fact that her son had gotten her off three times in the course of an hour. With her husband, she'd cum once if she were lucky, and sex never lasted longer than twenty-minutes.

Speaking of Suzette's husband, her phone lay on the middle console buzzing like crazy as he attempted to call her. The mother glanced over at it, still reeling from her climax as her boy pounded away on top of her. They'd already been gone way too long, so she knew she'd have to come up with a clever excuse.

"I'm gonna fuck up into YOU this time, mom" Kyle said rolling over onto his back and taking her with him. "You don't have to do a thing." Suzette found herself sitting on his cock and looking down at him. His thick prick throbbed hard inside her, and she trembled with excitement.

She'd just come like a whore, but she was ready for more action. She'd forgot that hard teenage cock had that effect on her.

Kyle boldly reached up and grasped onto her jutting mammaries, causing his mom to glare down at him. "Don't you dare leave a mark," she warned.

"I won't," he smiled, humping his ass from the seat-cushion, causing Suzette to bounce on his cock. While squeezing her jugs, he watched his thick pecker jab through the stretched lips of her vulva.

"Come on, bigshot…ram up into me with that big bull cock," the mother naughtily urged, hoping her naughty words would arouse her boy even more. "That's how we moms like it. We want one hard, hungry fuck after another."

"Hot damn!" the teen gasped, thrusting up and beating his horny cock through the sleeve. He ran his hands under his mom's boobs, feeling the weight of her huge squishy tits. He could tell that her nipples were completely engorged by the way they stuck out like stumps in a swamp.

"If you let me suck on one of those, I'll cum real quick," he promised.

"You better! Your father's probably worried by now."

"I can suck one then?"

"Go ahead," said Suzette. Part of her answer was for selfish reasons. She loved to have her boobs sucked on and her husband didn't do it nearly enough. Her son yanked her down, mashing one of her pillowy tits around his face. She felt him latch on and gorge himself on her entire nipple and areola.

Kyle was in heaven, sucking like an infant, with his entire face masked in spongy glandular tissue. The only thing that would have made this better is if there were no sleeve separating his mom's cunt from his cock. Still though, it felt absolutely mind-blowing. The heat of his mom's pleasure-socket simmered through the synthetic material and around his pumping prick, and her walls were getting steadily tighter. He could feel her pussy-butter running down along his nuts as it seeped from her stuffed vagina.

"Hot damn, I wanna fuck her so hard!" the teen's brain screamed, sending signals to his crotch to thrust faster. He wrapped his arms around her and squeezed, making his face sink further into fatty melon of her tit. His strong, teenage hips jerked beneath them,

ramming his rod up into her with savage thrusts. He could feel the friction stimulating his cock to it's erupting point. "Mom!" his gasped as her nipple popped from his mouth. "I'm gonna shoot my load!"

"FUCK IT ALL OUT, BABY!" Suzette squealed hoarsely, on the doorstep of yet another tremendous climax.

"TAKE IT, MOM!" he howled, lifting her up as his body arched from the car seat, burying his twitching boner to its root. His swelling knob stretched the back of the sleeve so much that it split apart and his ccum-spurting

cock-tip burst out into her actual pussy, pushing against the slippery head of Suzette's cervix.

They both realized what had happened, but in that moment, they were in no condition to stop the mutual orgasm train from racing down the track. Suzette threw her head back and cried out in ecstasy as her son's boiling load splattered against the back of her vagina.

"AAUUGHH, WOW!" the teen grimaced, then clenched his teeth together as he felt the hot flesh of his mother's fornix suck at his tender, cum-spewing glans. He could hardly believe he was feeling her real pussy. The sensation of her convulsing body against him, and seeing her pretty face twist with pleasure as he looked up between her jostling tits, was the most satisfying feeling in the world. Kyle grunted over and over as he pumped what felt like a gallon of spunk up into her unprotected cunt.

"There, young man…that should take care of you for awhile," said Suzette, struggling to catch her breath from such a heated hump.

"I think the sleeve broke."

"It did. I can feel all your little swimmers having a frenzy in there."

"Do you think some got into your cervix?"

"Yes, but it's ok. I just had my period so I'm not quite ovulating yet."

"What's that mean?" Kyle stupidly asked.

"That means there's no egg in there for your army of sperm to gang-rape," Suzette giggled. "No ovum means no babies."

They both heard her phone buzzing from the center console. "Shoot, I better answer that before your father completely freaks out," said Suzette, then she leaned over and picked up her phone. "Hey, honey…sorry, I left my phone in the car while we were in the store."

Kyle was thrilled at the fact that his mom was speaking to his dad, while he lay there beneath her with his cock still deeply-embedded in her cunt. His knob was squashed right up against her cervical ring and he could feel her excited heartbeat through it.

"We went from store to store and we couldn't find apple pie. Any other suggestions?" Suzette asked her husband. Her son tugged her down and began kissing his way around inside the canyon between her tits. "Alright…well, we'll just grab some ice cream or something then. Be home in a bit. Ok…love you. Bye."

"What are you doing down inside that cleavage, young man?" the mother playfully asked, tossing her phone aside.

"Enjoying it, that's what," her boy answered, kissing the valley between her twin peaks. He flexed his still-hard cock, making it bulge delightfully inside his mother.

"And like usual, your dick hasn't gotten the least bit soft," said Suzette, then heard her boy give off a gasp as she clenched his half-exposed boner with the walls of her hot love-tunnel.

"I guess it needs more attention," Kyle replied, subtly hinging his hips, stretching his mom's uteri with the tip of his spear.

Suzette found herself contemplating the idea of removing what was left of the fake sleeve, climbing back onto her boy and fucking him bareback. They could get nasty until late into the night, until they had both cum so many fucking times that they passed out from exhaustion. However, she knew it was wrong and being out any longer certainly wouldn't fly with her husband.

"We should probably get home," she told him, climbing off his cock. They both looked at his rigid slab and what was left of the sleeve. "I'll have to get you a new one made. That one looks like a cage that a huge ferocious dragon just broke out of," she laughed.

"What do I do until then?" Kyle asked.

She smiled down at him. "We'll figure something out."

139: Moms, Boys and Sex Toys_3

Moms, Boys and Sex Toys – Part 3

The Toy Party

"Hey, guys!" stated Tanya, a beautiful blonde headed thirty-two-year-old. "I'm so glad you could make it."

Tanya hugged her friend, Suzette, as she stepped inside the foyer of Tanya's home with her son, Kyle.

"Hi, Mrs. Griffith," uttered the boy, feeling a little intimidated by the gorgeous blonde. She was younger than his mom, but had been his fourth grade teacher when he was ten-years-old. Even at that age he remembered being struck by the size of her tits and the roundness of her ass.

"Kyle, you're not in fourth grade anymore. Call me Tanya."

"Got it!" he nodded.

"I'll take a hug too," she smiled, stepping towards him with open arms.

Kyle sighed as he melted against the squishy softness of her huge, meaty breasts. "Mmm, God, you've gotten so tall and handsome," she purred.

"Thanks."

"Help yourself to some refreshments," Tanya told them. "We'll get things started in just a few minutes."

"We were beginning to think you two changed your minds," said Brittany as her and her son, Cameron, lingered in the living room. They were visiting with Lauren and her son, Brent. A couple other mothers, without sons, were in attendance and chatted with each other.

"No chance!" said Suzette. "I've been looking forward to this sex toy party all week."

"Me too!" added Lauren. "I sure hope my husband doesn't notice the dent in our credit card tomorrow."

The three boys, Kyle, Brent and Cameron gathered together away from their chatting moms. "I sure didn't think I'd ever be talked into going to a sex toy party with my own mom," Brent confessed.

"Me neither," Kyle added, "especially one hosted by my forth grade teacher.

"I didn't think my mom and I would ever do a lot of the things we've been doing lately," confessed Cameron, reflecting on how his mom had helped him milk his cock by using a fake vagina.

"Did you guys get vaginal sleeves too?" Brent asked.

"Yeah, but I need a new one, since my dick ripped right through the sleeve that my mom was using on me," said Kyle.

"Mine did too!" laughed Brent. "They definitely need to buy industrial-strength toys for OUR dicks."

"I should have yanked one out before I came over here," stated Cameron, gazing around at all the beautiful, heavy-titted moms.

"I've never seen a collection of huge boobs like this in one place before."

"I'd like to sink my cock into every one of them," Brent confessed. "Even MY mom."

"It's good to hear I'm not the only one who thinks about boning my mother," said Kyle.

They noticed another woman arrive. "Who's the pregnant chick with purple hair?" Brent asked.

"That's my Aunt Penny," Kyle answered. "My mom invited her to come."

"Dude, she has some HUGE fucking milk-cannons! You could get lost under those things."

"Trust me, I agree. I've been obsessed with them since grade-school. Now that she's pregnant, they've gotten even bigger!"

"You can even see her nipples through dress…look at that!" Cameron added.

Brent looked over at his own pregnant mom swollen udders. "My moms have too," he sighed. "I'd give anything to nurse on those tig-bitties!"

Penny noticed the three sets of eyes that were glued to her ginormous tits. "Well, the boys certainly don't look like they feel awkward being at a sex toy party with a group of grown women," she said to her sister.

"We've been helping them milk their cocks off for almost two weeks," stated Suzette. "They should certainly be over their shyness at this point."

"How big IS my nephew's cock anyway?" Penny casually asked. "Does he have enough meat on the bone to curl a woman's toes?"

"He's plenty big, trust me," answered Suzette. "When word of his size gets out among the girls at his school, he won't be needing sex toys anymore, I can guarantee that."

"Is everyone ready to get started?" shouted Tanya, who was hosting the party.

The group let out a collective "yes" and had a seat in the living room. Tanya stood in front of them, setting a big pink box down in front of her. "Thanks for coming everyone. I'm excited to show you some new toys that are designed to enhance your sex and masturbation."

The busty blonde shifted her focus to just the boys. "Something that you boys may not realize is that we moms use sex toys A LOT! If your mom tells you she's going in her bedroom to read, she's probably really going in there to get off while using one of her toys. In fact, I'd be willing to bet there are several moms using them right now, even as we speak," she stated.

The boys looked over at their grinning moms curiously. "How would they be using them now?" Brent asked.

"Is there any mom among us who has a butt-plug in right now?" Tanya asked.

One of the ladies, Brent's pregnant mom, Lauren, raised her hand. "I do!" she confessed.

"How about any Ben Wa balls? Are there any moms using them right now?"

"Guilty!" Suzette stated, raising her hand. One of the other moms in attendance raised their hand also. "Me too!" she grinned.

Since his mom was using them, and he had no idea what Ben Wa balls were, Kyle had to ask. "What are Ben Wa balls?"

Tanya was eager to answer. "Kyle, Ben Wa balls or Kegel balls are round objects that a woman puts inside her vagina. They use them to do exercises that tone and strengthen their pelvic floor muscles, giving them tighter pussies for sex."

"Nice!" the boy stated, sharing a smile with his mom.

"How does that make you feel, Kyle," teased his Aunt Penny, "knowing your mom has a nice, tight pussy?"

Suzette nudged her sister with her elbow. "Penny!" she giggled.

"What?! What's wrong with your boy knowing you have a well-conditioned cunt?"

The other mothers laughed, then Tanya continued. "From what I understand, some of you boys have been experiencing masturbation lately with the help of vaginal sleeves."

"More like ripping them to pieces from fucking them so hard," said Lauren, gazing over at her son teasingly.

"Vaginal sleeves are another common sex toy, especially among young men, and yes, they can be hard on them. What I have today though are toys that are a little less common, but can bring increased sensations to our sexual body parts."

Tanya reached down into her box of goodies. "Let's start with one for the moms. These are the first-ever app-controlled nipple clamps, and these bad boys are seriously smart, and fun! This vibrating set allows your husbands, or maybe even your sons, to tease you from anywhere by controlling its three vibrational speeds and ten patterns. You'll also love how you can adjust the tightness of the

clamps around your teats through the screws for a comfy or not-so-comfy fit. Who wants to volunteer to try them?"

"I do!" Penny blurted, raising her hand excitedly.

"Come on up."

The boys glanced at each other anxiously as Penny stood before the group next to Tanya. She wasted no time shedding her blouse, then removing her tit-stuff bra. Her giant mammary meat sprung out onto her huge pregnant belly, causing all three boys to gasp out loud. It was a sight Kyle had dreamed of seeing for years. His Aunt Penny's areolas were huge and thickly textured. Her nipples were plump and rubbery; a deep purple in color from all the extra blood being pumped to her tits in preparation for breastfeeding.

"Ok, just place one on each nipple and adjust them to your liking. While you're doing that, who would you like to download the app and use the vibrating function on you?" Tanya asked.

"How about my cute nephew, Kyle," Penny answered, winking over at him.

"Kyle, are you good with that?" The hostess asked.

"Sure!"

The teen quickly downloaded the nipple clamp app on his phone, then began experimenting with the speeds and patterns of vibration. He knew it was working when his Aunt Penny let out a delightful squeal. "I looks like it's working, Kyle," Tanya giggled. "We women enjoy squeezing and pulling on our engorged nipples during sex and this toy will allow us moms to go hands-free. How's it feel, Penny?"

"Incredible!" Penny answered, glancing naughtily over at her nephew.

"The pinching that comes from nipple clamps can heighten sensation to this already sensitive spot and help enhance the female orgasm," Tanya explained, then smiled over at Penny. "Would you like to keep them on for a little while?"

"Can I?"

"Of course. Try them out as long as you want."

Penny's big milkers bobbled deliciously as she waddled back to her seat. Her eyes met Kyle's and she bit her bottom lip in ecstasy, showing her approval of what he was doing by way of the app.

"The next toy we have is for the boys," said Tanya, pulling a device from her box. "It's the newest innovation in penis pumps. Now, boys, men your dads age probably use this strictly for erectile dysfunction issues, but guys your age like to use penis pumps to enhance their erections, increasing its size and rigidity for a session of hot sexual intercourse. Which one of you guys would like to demonstrate how it works?"

"I will!" volunteered Brent.

"Awesome! Get undressed and lay here across the coffee table." Tanya instructed, then looked over at his mother. "Lauren, would you like to assist him in using it?"

"Um…sure," said the pregnant mother, making her engorged breasts quiver as she shrugged her shoulders.

Brent quickly stripped. He had a lean, chiseled body and an oversized penis so he certainly had no reason to be shy. Every woman in the room's eyes were fixed on his bobbing erection as he sprawled out on his back on the coffee table. Tanya and Lauren knelt down next to him. "The first step is to check if the penis pump is able to fit your cock. Most penis pumps are designed with the average erection-size in mind. If your penis is on the smaller or

larger size, you may need to purchase one that is designed within your dimensions. I have the largest model they make here that's made specifically for teenage boys," said Tanya as she squirted some lube onto Lauren's hand.

"Lauren will be adding a form of lubrication to her son's penis that'll help create an organic layer between the pump and the skin. The glistening effect that it creates around a boy's boner, enhancing its details, are really something to enjoy looking at."

Brent shivered excitedly as his mom coated his already erect dick with heated lubricant.

"So, Lauren…now you'll place his boner into the clear cylinder. Once the penis is snug inside the pump and the vacuum has been sealed down around his cock-base, you'll start slowly pumping."

"Got it!" stated Lauren, taking a gulp as she fed her boy's impressive prick into the pump. Then, she clicked it on.

"To start, you'll do quick pump-sessions, thirty-seconds in duration," Tanya instructed. "While the penis is slowly getting bigger inside the tube, take note of how the tube envelopes it. You ladies may want to come down and get a closer view," she told the other moms. They eagerly accepted the suggestion, kneeling next to the table so Brent was surrounded by beautiful moms who were all staring intently at his cock.

The teen's already rigid dick expanded even larger inside the tube. "Oh my God…look how much bigger it's getting!" his mother exclaimed in fascination.

"Does it hurt at all?" Brittany asked Brent.

"No, not really. My dick just feels tighter and harder."

After two pump-cycles of thirty-seconds each Brent's knob was as big around as a fat, juicy plumb and his shaft was easily ten inches in length.

One of the neighborhood moms licked her lips, gazing at all the thick, blue cock-veins criss crossing along Brent's meaty stalk. "It looks so strong!" she uttered, marveling at how it must be twice the size of her husband's cock.

"After the penis is pumped, a cock ring is placed around the base of the shaft," said Tanya. "This helps keeps the blood inside the penis so the erection can be maintained for prolonged sexual intercourse."

"How prolonged?" asked Suzette, suddenly conscious of how her erect nipples were throbbing beneath her bra.

"It depends on the make, but I do know that a cock ring can be VERY effective at delaying ejaculation. And speaking of 'cock ring,' this is a great time to transition to our next toy, which is the duel vibrating cock-ring."

"Duel vibrators?" Penny asked, her eyes lighting up. The nipple clamps were still attached to the hardened teats of her enormous breast and were BUZZING away.

"That's right," Tanya smiled, pulling one from her toy box and pointing out its features. "It has two stretchable silicone rings for a boy's shaft and testicles, helping him achieve and maintain long-lasting erections and prolonged ejaculation. For doubly-powerful stimulation, the dual vibrating bullets that are attached in these textured sleeves target multiple erogenous zones. The clitoris, the anus and the testicles, and they boast ten different vibrating functions."

"Wow!" Brittany exclaimed, her cunt-hole tingling. "That sounds amazing!"

"Can I try one on?" asked Brent.

"Certainly!" answered Tanya. Then, she looked over at Kyle and Cameron. "Would you boys like to pump up your cocks and try one on too?"

Kyle looked over at Suzette. "Can I, mom?" he asked.

"Of course you can, hunny. That's why we're here…to try some new toys," she replied.

"Sweet!" the teen grinned as he and Cameron quickly stood up and stripped off the clothes. Their boners sprung from their underwear, drawing the attention of all the women in the room.

"Their dicks certainly don't look like they need pumped up at all," Penny stated. "They're already rock hard."

The other moms giggled. "They're teenage boys so they probably spend the majority of their day that way," stated Brittany.

"Is that true, sweetheart?" Lauren asked her son, glancing down at the hunky slab of meat still encased within the cylinder of the pump. "Do you spend most of your day with a big, hard dick?"

"Yeah, unsually."

"Maybe you should stop spending so much time thinking about big tits and dripping pussies," stated Suzette, grinning teasingly at her own son.

"Lauren, why don't you slip your son's erection from the cylinder and place a cock-ring around him, then we'll get the other two boys pumped up," Tanya suggested.

The mothers watched in lewd fascination as the suction was released from the penis pump and Brent's swollen cock-meat was

slipped from the tube. "You'll wanna get the ring on quickly to trap all the extra blood inside his cock," Tanya advised, handing Lauren the cock ring.

"Ok, so the back ring goes behind his balls, like this, right?" Lauren asked lifting her son's nuts and fitting the tight silicone ring against his perineum.

"Exactly, one ring behind his balls and the other in front around the base of his shaft," Tanya directed.

"There!" Lauren smiled. "Now what about the bullet vibrators?"

"You'll want one positioned on the top of his shaft for clitoral stimulation and the other behind his scrotum to arouse his testicles," Tanya answered.

While Lauren adjusted the vibrators on her son's cock, Kyle stood in front of his mom and Aunt Penny as Suzette fit the penis pump over the length of his boner. They both gazed at his big teenage prick adoringly. "God, I love how he's hairless down there," Penny sighed. "That is so fucking sexy!"

"What I can't get over is the slight upward curve of the shaft," Suzette pointed out. "I mean, my God…could you get a more perfect cock?!"

Kyle smiled proudly, listening to them dot over his oversized prick, while staring at their heaving tits. His eyes widened even more as he felt the seal tighten around his cock-root and his boner began to pump-up even larger within the cylinder.

Both women's wonder-stricken eyes traveled back and forth from the boy's face to his swelling boner. "How does that feel, hunny? Is that enough?" his mom asked.

"I think so. It feels REALLY huge and strong!" he proudly answered.

"It LOOKS really huge and strong!" his Aunt Penny answered. "That has to be over ten inches, and SO thick! Look at how all those cock-veins are popping out."

"It's incredible!" Kyle's mom exhaled, releasing the suction pressure. "I don't think I've ever seen one so big."

"I've got the cock-ring ready," stated Penny as she watched her sister slip the cylinder from her nephew's giant sex organ. Together, the two of them fit the ring on, positioning it just how Tanya had showed them.

Next, Brittany pumped her son, Cameron, up, with the help of another mom in attendance. They fit the duel ring over his swollen dong and under his nuts so now all three boys were nude with their humongous erections sticking out in front of them. "Well, if THAT isn't the most beautiful sight I've ever seen!" stated Penny, which drew giggles from the other moms.

"I agree," said Suzette, biting her bottom lip and her clit tingled beneath its fleshy hood.

Tanya stood near the boys and continued to point out features of the cock-rings. "Do you see how the rings are keeping the blood trapped in their dongs?"

"It's amazing! How long can they stay that way?" a local mother asked.

"They recommend to not have the penis restricted for longer than an hour. However, after the band is removed and normal blood flow is restored, you can pump a boy's cock back up, put the band back on and enjoy another hour-long round of sex."

"God, that sounds so fucking good right now!" Penny whispered to her sister, making her giggle.

"What are all those things sticking out of the top of the vibrator?" Cameron asked, staring down at the bullet situated atop his shaft.

"The top vibrator is studded with pleasure nubs that are designed to dig beneath a woman's clitoral hood and stimulate her most sensitive nerve endings," Tanya answered.

"So, will the rings really help delay a boy's ejaculation that much?" Suzette asked, obsessed with how long she could actually be fucked by someone who was wearing one.

"Yes, definitely. The constriction effect of the band replicates the kegel exercises that many boys consciously perform during sex, in an attempt to delay their ejaculation," Tanya answered. She stepped over and reached down into her box again. "Now we have a toy for you moms to wear."

The women all gasped and giggled as they looked at what Tanya had in her hand. "Since we moms can be as wild as animals in bed, it's only fitting that we wear these animal tail vibrating anal plugs," stated the hostess. "The tails are made from soft, plush fur that's very realistic. They're only nine-inches in length and flexible enough to sway and dance about with every movement of your butt."

"Oh my God, I want one!" shouted Lauren.

"Me too!" said Penny.

"I have a momma racoon tail," Tanya stated, showing them the three choices, "a brown female fox with a pink plug, or a white, round bunny tail. They even come with ears attached to a headband that clip right on."

"I want the bunny!" Suzette shouted excitedly.

"Same!" another mom rang in.

"Fox tail!" Lauren requested.

Tanya looked at the three hard-dicked boys. "Since we helped you boys pump your dicks up, would you like to help us moms put our butt plugs in?" she candidly asked.

The three teens looked at each other, nodding and smiling from ear to ear. "Absolutely!" stated Brent. They stood there in wide-eyed disbelief as all the moms in attendance began undressing.

"Dude, am I really seeing this?" Cameron uttered to the other two boys. He felt like he was a fly on the wall in the lady's locker room.

"You sure are!" Kyle replied, as he watched his mom reach back to unclasp her bra. She shared a blushing smile with him as her oversized tit-melons spilt out onto her rib cage. Her thick nipples were hardened from arousal.

Brent's cock flexed on his loins as he watched his pregnant red-headed mom slip out of her dainty panties. Her breasts were ginormous and milk-swollen, since she was only days away from her expected due-date.

"Fuck!" Cameron uttered, staring at his own mom's shaved pussy. The plump fleshy dome of her prepuce protruded deliciously from her puffy labial flanges. Her bra was unfastened, drawing his eyes to her fat, rounded tits. They were capped with wide areola and plump, suckable nipples.

Soon, all the moms were bare naked, including Tanya. Her heavy hooters bobbled as she stepped over and handed Kyle a bottle of lubricant. "So, most moms love anal sex, so butt plugs are a great way to get her ass ready to be penetrated by a penis. Remember, boys…unlike the vagina, the rectum doesn't self-lubricate. This is why it's important to warm up a girl's butthole with plenty of lube and smaller objects, such as fingers and butt plugs like these, before you fuck her up the ass."

"So…you're gonna let US lube them up?" Brent asked.

"Sure. Why don't we start with your moms."

Lauren, Suzette and Brittany stepped over in front of their hard-cocked boys and leaned forward, pointing their luscious, rounded mommy-asses back at them.

"Look at that!" Cameron exclaimed, his eyes nearly popping out of his skull, making all the moms giggle.

"That's so sexy!" Kyle added, staring at Suzette's naked derriere. Her meaty ass-globes were slightly splayed, allowing him to see the pink, crinkled ring of her butthole. It was certainly a surreal moment for all involved, but also extremely thrilling.

"Why don't you boys start by giving your mom's asshole a little kiss."

"A kiss?" Cameron asked, licking his lips.

That's right. The asshole is a vulnerable part of a woman's body so kissing it before you play with it is a way of showing a woman she can trust you," Tanya suggested.

Kyle leaned down, as did the other two boys, and kissed the ring of his mom's butthole. He felt it pucker against his lips upon contact. That, along with the wonderful cuntal aroma wafting up from her overheated pussy, made his steely hardon twitch excitedly.

Tanya lingered beside them, eager to provide further instruction. "Now, lube up your finger and circle the ring of her anus with it. Then, glide it gently in and out of her asshole."

Brent's heart raced as he slipped his lubricated middle finger into his mom's butt. He felt her spongy ass-walls squeeze around him with sucking pressure, as if trying to draw his finger deeper inside her ass-tract.

"Now add a second finger," said Tanya. "Use them to coat her anal walls with lubricant so the plug will slide in easily.

Cameron felt like he was finger fucking his mom's ass. Her heated tract clenched around his fingers tightly, enjoying the delightful friction his digits were creating against her anal glands.

"Do we put some on the plug too?" the boy asked.

"Yes, slather your mom's butt plug up with lube, then slowly insert it inside of her."

Kyle could hardly contain his excitement as he pushed the slimy tip of the plug against Suzette's butthole, watching her elastic ass-ring expand around the thickness of the plug.

"Push it in slowly, boys, and let your mom relax her sphincter muscles around the plug," Tanya advised.

Brittany's butthole clenched and released without her conscious knowledge, but once her sphincter relaxed, her son was able to push the plug through. "That's soooo cool!" uttered Cameron, watching his mom ass-ring clench tightly around the narrow neck near the stem of the plug.

For a moment, he imagined what it would be like to have his super-sized erection buried in the hot, squeezing furnace of her ass.

Once all of the plugs were in, the mom's straightened upright and swayed their buns, making their cute animal tails wiggle around playfully. Suzette put on her bunny ears and peered back at her son in a flirty manner. "How do I look, hunny?" she asked.

"Like the hottest bunny I've ever seen!" he answered.

"Well, you know what they say about bunnies…we love to fuck," she winked.

Penny looked at her sister with an exaggerated pouty face. "Hey, we momma racoons like to fuck too!"

Lauren giggled and chimed in. "I'm sure any type of momma likes to fuck."

"You mean 'loves to fuck,' Brittany corrected.

"Here are the remotes, boys," said Tanya, handing one to each of them. "Let's make those cute tail plugs vibrate."

The three teenagers turned them on, then watched their moms squirm and squeal in front of them as the vibrating plugs BUZZED delightfully against their tightly-clenched ass-walls.

"Ohhh, shit!" Suzette exclaimed, her face filling with ecstasy as she looked over at Lauren, who was reacting much the same way. "That DOES feel good in my ass!"

"Doesn't it?!" her friend answered. "I may never wanna take this thing out."

"Next set of moms…step right up," Tanya stated. Penny and two other mothers stepped over in front of the lucky boys, then bent over.

Kyle licked his lips as he stared at his Aunt Penny's big, lovely ass. He looked up for a moment to find her peering back anxiously. "About that 'kiss of trust," she whispered, referring to how Tanya had suggested kissing a woman's ass first. "Feel free to use a French kiss if you need to."

The boy took that as an invitation to lean over and lick on his Aunt Penny's anal rosebud. He felt it throb against his tongue as he lashed his licker on her rounded, rubbery ring for nearly half a minute. Then, he lubed his fingers and slipped them inside her ass-tunnel.

Cameron's heart pounded excitedly as he finger fucked the ass of the mom in front of him. He recognized her as one of the moms of the cheerleaders at school. He knew she was married, as were the other moms in the room, which only added to the thrill of what he was doing. He squeezed the butt-plug into her ass and watched as she wagged her fox tail at him teasingly.

"There's one more mom to help out," said Tanya, coming over in front of Kyle and leaning over. The boy gasped as he stared at her smooth shaved vulva. Tanya's butt looked like a big, juicy peach set atop her luscious tan legs. Kyle leaned over, shoving his face between her buns and lapping at her ass-ring. He gave it a sensual kiss before lubing up his fingers and penetrating her asshole. He loved the feel of a woman's hot, rectal tunnel clenching around his fingers, but finally he inserted her butt plug and watched her ass-ring seal closed around them neck of it.

Tanya stood and flashed him a smile, putting on her cute momma racoon ears as she felt the plug begin to vibrate exquisitely inside her ass-tunnel. "Shall we shake our new tails at these cute boys?" she asked the other moms.

The row of standing mothers wagged their meaty, naked behinds, making their cute, animal tails bounce and swing around playfully. Their eyes lingered on the boys' cocks. "You were right about the cock rings trapping the blood inside," stated Lauren. "The boys dicks are still as hard as they were inside the pumps."

"And the've turned a beautiful shade of pinkish-purple," Suzette noted, staring at her son's sturdy love-organ. She could see a fat bead of bubbling pre-cum forming on the slit of his meatus.

"They definitely look eager for action," Tanya stated. "One of the things women love about wearing a butt-plug is it allows them to experience double-penetration, without bringing another man into the bedroom. Boys,

when you fuck a girl who has a vibrating ass-plug inside of her, you'll be able to feel the same pulsations she is, while you're pumping your cock through her vagina. So, just like your cock ring, with its bullet vibrators, is made for the both of you, so also is a pulsating butt-plug."

"You mean…I could actually feel the vibrations in my mom's ass if I was inside her pussy?" Kyle asked.

"That's right, Kyle. That's why it's really a sex toy for both of you."

"Do we get to try them out now?" Cameron eagerly asked, making the moms laugh and look around at each other, as if considering the idea.

"Well, I really didn't intend for this to become a mother and son orgy, but if your moms are willing, and committed to buy the products I showed you, then why not."

"I'm buying one of everything!" Penny stated, her whole body tingling from the pulsating plug wedged inside her shitter.

"Me too!" said her sister, followed by a verbal commitment from all the other moms.

Tanya shrugged her shoulders, making her boobies jostle. "I'm ok with letting you test the product here as long as Kyle agrees squirt his load inside my unprotected womb," Tanya stated, looking over at her former student.

"Me?" asked the boy.

"Yes, you! Do you wanna cum inside your forth grade teacher's pussy, Kyle?"

Kyle looked over at his mom blushingly as if to get her permission.

"Don't look at me, hunny. You're a man now," Suzette smiled. "You're free to cum inside whoever you want…even someone who used to be your fourth grade teacher."

"Alright," Kyle uttered, looking back at Tanya. "Deal."

"Excellent! You boys sit on the coach and switch on the two bullet vibrators attached to your cock rings," Tanya directed. "I'll turn on some music and we'll have some fun."

Kyle, Brent and Cameron took a seat on the sofa, evenly spaced apart. They reclined back so their huge slabs of super-erect cock meat rested back against their abdomens. They followed Tanya's instructions by switching on the vibrating bullets attached to their cock-rings.

"Whoa…that feel cool!" Cameron sighed. He especially enjoying the vibrator BUZZING against his cum-filled nuts.

Penny licked her lips lustfully, then looked over at her sister. "As greedy as I am…it wouldn't be right for me to soak a boy's cock before his mom did," she stated.

"I guess that means we're first then," Suzette grinned, looking over at Lauren and Brittany.

Lauren looked over at Brent sternly. "Not a word about this to anyone! If your father finds out that I let you fuck me, he'll kick us both out."

"Got it!" Brent answered.

"The same goes for you other boys," Suzette warned.

"We know, mom," her son replied.

They boys' cocks flexed on their loins as they each watched their naked, heavy-titted mother step towards them. Suzette straddled her teen, planting her knees astride his hips on the sofa. The other two moms did the same to their boys.

"Hold on a second," said the mother, the Kyle watched in fascination as she squeezed the two stainless steel Ben Wa balls out of her pussy. Kyle couldn't believe how soaking wet they were. "sorry, we definitely don't need those getting in our way," said Suzette.

It was the most surreal moment of Kyle's life as he watched his mom lift his cock, pointing it up toward her naked pubis. He gasped as she drug his

swollen, tapered tip along the slit of her cunt, wetting his glans with the slippery secretions that had seeped from her fuck-orifice.

Suzette couldn't believe how incredibly hard and thick her son's penis felt in her hand. She knew this was partly due to him just being a healthy, horny teenager, but also because she had pumped his cock to its bursting point with blood and caused it to remain in his boner with the use of cock rings that fit snugly to his hilt and around his balls. She slightly lowered her hips, letting his knob sink down into her labial fissure.

Kyle tensed up as he split his mom's twat with the tip of his cock and felt the warm fleshy heat envelop his swollen knob.

Brent couldn't see his mom's pussy like Kyle could, since she had a huge, round baby-orb resting right on his chest, but he could feel his bell tip being rubbed through the wet folds of her cunt. Finally, Lauren fit the throbbing crown into the socket of her vestibule. Brent tilted his hips beneath her and she sighed sharply as Lauren felt his huge, teenage fuck-muscle sink inside up into her eager pussy.

Cameron was already balls deep inside Brittany's cunt. Her flanges were mashed open around his cock-root and she pivoted her wide

hips up and back, letting her vaginal tube adjust to the immense size of his prick.

Cameron's eyes were as big as golf balls as he stared at the humongous tits dangling inches from his face. "You were right," the boy said to Tanya. "I can feel the vibrating plug in my mom's ass."

"Me too!" Kyle added. Suzette's vagina was now fully sleeved around his tender cock, wetting it with the hot, lubricating juices that had seeped from her sex glands. Her corrugated walls clung to the pinkish-purple meat of her boy's prick using her pelvic floor muscles to squeeze on its rock-hard girth. Kyle's engorged knob was crushed against the rounded head of her cervix, stretching her uteri back as far as it could possibly go. The vibrator at the top of his shaft pressed up against his mom's hooded clitoris, immediately sending tingles down her spine. Like the two other moms, Suzette set her hips in motion and began bouncing on her son's love-organ.

"Good grief, these are big cocks!" Lauren exclaimed as she fucked her son in a steady rhythm, feeling his strong phallic spear carve stiffly through her birthing tube.

"It's been a lot of years since I've had a teenage dick inside me," Brittany panted, her stiff-nippled boobies jumping up and down. "I forgot just how hard they get."

"Goddamn!" Brent sighed, feeling the incredibly tight friction around his penile flesh. Increased blood flow to Lauren's genital region, in preparation for childbirth, had caused the pleats along her vaginal lining to engorge, creating ball-tingling sensations on her boy's erection as it pumped through her. Like his other two friends, Brent was treated to quite a show as his mom's milk-swollen tits bounced around on her chest while she fucked him.

The room filled with the lewd sounds of the three mothers' asses beating against their sons' upper thighs. Their cute, fury tails flew up

down behind their rippling ass-meat as the moms fucked their sons' steely dicks with heated vigor.

Knowing what a tit-hound her son was, Suzette leaned down slightly while she skillfully fucked, letting her heavy jugs bobble softly all around her boy's face. She immediately felt the muscle and sinew in his cock tighten in response and her pussy walls stretched out even further around the outline of his bulging erectile tissue. Between the divine cock that was thundering through her pussy and the exquisite vibrations of the plug inside her asshole, it didn't take the mother long to achieve a powerful body-trembling climax.

"Auuugh, damn!" Kyle gasped, feeling his mom's vagina ripple tightly around his prick. Listening to her pretty voice cry out in climax was pretty damn thrilling for the teen. He experienced his first rush of hot female ejaculate cascading down the sides of his nuts. Paired with the pulsing vibration of the bullet below his balls, it was pleasure unlike the boy had ever experienced before.

Lauren and Brittany weren't far behind. When their orgasms crested, the living room became filled with the obscene screams of three, trembling middle-aged women, cumming on the cocks of boys half their age.

For several minutes the teens jabbed their meaty boners up into their writhing, whimpering moms. They enjoyed the warm, squishy softness of their tit-melons as they jostled heavily against them.

"I suppose you three want a turn now?" Lauren asked, looking back at Penny and the other two mothers.

"Whatever gave you that idea?" Penny sarcastically asked, standing there rubbing her clit shamelessly as she watched.

The boys dicks were soaking wet as they slipped out of the sheaths that had once birthed them, and slapped obscenely against their abdomens. The three other women quickly moved forward to have

their turn. Their large, stiff-nippled breasts wwobbled deliciously as they mounted their eager, horny boys.

Penny smiled lasciviously at her nephew as she grasped his rigid cock without hesitation and slipped it inside her cunt. They both let out a pleasurable gasp as their genitals joined in a snug, smoldering union.

"Damn!" Penny whimpered, feeling how completely packed her pussy was. She'd fucked more than her share of guys in her lifetime, but never anyone with Kyle's size and incredible rigidity.

"Are you ok?" Kyle whispered. His entire lower body was nearly swallowed up by the huge, round baby-orb of his sexy Aunt.

"Are you fucking kidding? I'm MORE that ok, sweet nephew!" she breathlessly replied. "And now I'm probably gonna shock you by what a complete cock-fucking slut I am!"

Penny's ass began to rise and fall as she rode the spike of Kyle's unyielding cock. She leaned down and locked lips with him, sandwiching her tits and baby-meat between them as she gave her nephew the wildest French kiss he'd ever experienced. "Squeeze my tits!" she gasped as they finally broke their smooch.

Kyle grasped on to his Aunt's giant bra-busters, sinking his fingers into their supple, fatty flesh. He clamped her rubbery nipples between his fingers, feeling her react by flexing her pelvic floor muscles. This caused the walls of her cunt to chew on his penile meat as she fucked him with greater intensity.

Next to him, Brent was being fucked by another local mother, as was Cameron. The womens' dripping cunts slipped exquisitely up and down their teenage cock-flesh, crushing their leaking knobs against their wombs with every thrust. The collection of vibrations by the sex toys only added to the divine sensations experienced by all.

Penny swiveled her hips skillfully, grinding their heated fuck organs together in full penetration. Having her pussy plowed by such a strong, sturdy cock-muscle like her nephew's made a juicy orgasm swell in her loins ten times faster that it would with her husband.

"Oh fuck! FUCK, FUCK, FUCK…I'M CUMMING!!" she cried out. "CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

Kyle felt the quivering tube of her pussy contract spastically around his throbbing cock. The friction on his knob and shaft was out of this world, but because he wore the double cock-ring, he was able to fuck for longer that he normally would without cumming.

Tanya crawled onto the couch next to them and Penny knew that was her cue to climb off and let the blonde-haired hostess have a turn. Kyle shared a quick, but passionate kiss with his Aunt before she moved to the side. "Mmm, who knew my cute nephew could be such an incredible fuck," she sighed.

The teenager's cock flopped from her cunt. It was glistening with frothy fuck juices; a combination of his mom's cum, his Aunt's cum and his own pre-ejaculate. Tanya was ready to add her cream to the mix as she mounted her former student's midsection and guided his penis into her overheated vagina.

"Oh, yes…pound that fucker up into meeee!" she cried out as she began riding his cock like a whore. Their wet crotches beat lewdly together as

they found a fervent rhythm, making Tanya's thirty-eight double-H cup breasts jump around wildly in front of the boy's ogling eyes.

They shared a lusty, almost sentimental gaze. Tanya knew she must have been quite the sex object to Kyle, when he was younger and she was his sexy teacher in her early twenties. Now, he was barely a man, and he could make all those wicked dreams come true by fucking her brains out.

"Come on, Kyle…show 'Mrs. Griffith' what you can do to her! Smash my tight pussy with that huge cock!" Tanya exclaimed.

The teen humped his ass from the couch cushion, meeting her downward thrusts with one's of his own. Holding Kyle's shoulders for support, Tanya grinded, wiggled and humped, guiding her tight, slippery pussy along the length of his up-thrust shaft. The pulsating bullet vibrator that rested along the top of Kyle's cock dug against her fat clit with her every downward lunge.

"Damn…you've really got a tight one!" Kyle panted, basking in the divine friction that Tanya's pussy-sleeve was providing for his cock.

"I do!" she breathlessly agreed, "and it loves teenage cock!"

The couch springs squeaked as the three couples fucked tirelessly. "Fuck me hard! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck meeee!" cried the pretty mother who was riding Brent's cock. She showed no shame at the fact that she had a loving husband at home. In fact, it made fucking a young, big dicked stud like Brent even more thrilling for her.

All three mothers' tits were leaping around wildly, slapping together every time they pumped their horny fuck-slits onto the root of the boys' cocks. Cameron moaned as load of jizz churned deep inside his balls. He started fucking the brunette beauty on top of him as hard as he could, savagely pounding his throbbing prick in and out of her clutching cunt. The two of them crested at once, their faces contorting with ecstasy as they shared a powerful mutual orgasm.

"Unnggghhh! I'm cumming now, Kyle!" Tanya cried out. "Oh, fuck, you're making me cum!"

Tanya pussy erupted with juices as she experienced the most tremendous orgasm she'd ever had. Her cunt-hole spewed out ejaculatory-juice as it pumped and contracted around the youth's pummeling cock. Kyle gasped as a powerful load of hot, creamy jism hosed from his piss-slit. "OH, FUCK, YESSS!" Tanya's voice quivered

as she felt the boy's semen squirting heavily into her unprotected pussy, bathing the inner walls of her vagina with a furious tide of cum. Kyle didn't know this, but it was a wicked fantasy of hers to have a former student get her pregnant when they came of age. Wantonly, Tanya continued to hump on top of him, using the powerful cuntal contractions of her own orgasm to help Kyle spurt out every drop of hot semen she could.

"Does that thing ever go down?!" Suzette joked as she stared at her teen's cock, just after Tanya had climbed off of him. It was soaking wet and still enormously erect.

"Not hardly," her son answered.

"Your boner is looking awfully purple, hunny. Why don't we take the rings off of you, like Tanya suggested. Then, after a few minutes, we can pump you back up so you can fuck some more."

Meanwhile, next to Kyle, Brent was grunting and writhing as he ejaculated inside the quivering pussy of the mom that was tirelessly riding him.

Suzette and Penny helped remove Kyle's cock-ring. "Suck on our titties while you recover, hunny," Suzette whispered. They boy groaned in delight as his mom and Aunt brought the heavy, squishy weight of their warm mammaries down on his face.

The awe-stricken teen kissed his way around the melonous flesh of their tits, delighting in their spongy softness. He latched his mouth around his mom's hardened nipple, spreading his lips out along the fringe of her areola as he suctioned her tit-cap into his greedy mouth. Kyle felt their hands tenderly stroking his cock, keeping it rigid for another round of hot sex.

The boy moved his attention to his Aunt Penny's nipple, sucking it in and sinking his face up into the fatty meat of her pendulous breast. He knew

that soon her tits would be spurting out warm breast milk by the gallons, and he hoped she'll let him give them attention then too. After gorging himself on the peak of her tit for a few minutes he felt the cylinder of the penis-pump slip over his cock.

"Let's pump him up and let him fuck us doggy-style," Penny suggested to her sister.

"Ohhh, doggy-fucking! Do I get a turn too?" Tanya asked, watching them pump the boy's cock up.

"Since he just got a nice hard cum out of his system, he should have no problem fucking the shit out of all three of us," Kyle's mother stated.

Penny's grape-sized clit throbbed beneath its hood and her asshole clenched tightly around the vibrating plug inside her. "Fuck, this butt-plug feels amazing in my ass!" she expressed.

"And don't you just love the cute little tails that are attached to them?" Tanya smiled as she wagged her luscious ass, making her fox-tail sway back and forth.

"I do…although I think cougar tails would have been more appropriate," Penny replied, making them all laugh.

They wasted no time removing the cylinder from Kyle's 'fully enhanced' cock and placing his double cock-ring back on, trapping all of the engorged blood in his appendage. All three moms lowered onto all-fours on the floor, wagging their meaty bubble butts at the boy invitingly. "Come get you some tail, hunny," said Suzette.

Kyle didn't think twice, climbing down onto his knees and mounting his mom's haunches first. His huge cock was throbbing like an iron pipe, eager to once again feel the tube of a hot, tight pussy sheathing his flesh. Suzette gazed back with equal anticipation.

"Slide your dick in and slam my butt back against you, baby!" she wantonly requested.

The teen grasped her lush hips, staring down at the fuzzy, rounded bunny- tail that was connected to the vibrating plug in his mom's ass. He grasped his cock at the base and rubbed its bulbous tip through her juicy cuntal

folds. His mom gasped as his knob scraped deliciously against her engorged clit. The boy's face winced in delight as his achy cock sunk inside her vaginal orifice. His hips set in motion and he started humping behind her, groaning with pleasure as he drove his giant cock deeper and deeper up the slippery, clinging tunnel of her pussy.

Suzette threw her ass back, anxious to feel every inch of his love-muscle inside of her. The mother's rounded butt-meat rippled as it slapped obscenely against the boy's groin again and again.

"Damn! You really do know how to stretch a pussy with that tool, don't you, hunny?!" the mother stated, slamming her ass back against him.

"Your pussy feels amazing, mom!" he panted, leaning his head out so he could watch her huge, dangling udders quiver and swing to the rhythm of his every thrust.

"Maybe we'll skip buying another sleeve and just let you use my horny cunt instead," she wickedly suggested.

"Fine by me!"

He punched his steely sex organ in as far as it could go and held it there for a moment in full penetration. His leaky crown was sunk into the mouth of his mom's puffy cervical ring. It felt like a set of wet lips pursed tightly around his bell-glans. Her pleated cuntal walls swathed his tender, pink shaft with spongy, smoldering heat. The sensational vibration that the plug was causing in the wall that

separated Suzette's pussy and asshole, felt absolutely exquisite on Kyle's penile meat. The teen started thrusting again, his cock thundering through his mom's birthing tube like a battering ram.

"Fuck me fast and hard, hunny! I'm gonna cum!" his mother whimpered, clawing at the rug on the floor.

Kyle provided the type of thrusts that every woman dreams of receiving when they get fuck. She bucked, squealed and trembled in a mindless climax, soaking her boy's dick with fuck-oil once again.

"Make me cum now, sweet nephew!" requested his Aunt Penny, wagging her meaty derriere anxiously. Doggy-style was her referred way to have her husband fuck her, but she knew it would a lot more intense with her nephew and his huge, raging cock.

Kyle pulled his dick from his mom's pussy and moved back behind his Aunt. He loved how she squealed as he squeezed his fleshy cock-pipe into her baby-chute. Her slippery secretions allowed him to immediately begin pumping his cock fluidly through her sex chamber. Her pink, ribbed walls clung to its meaty outline, feeling Kyle's flaring coronal ridge stimulate nearly every nerve ending within her experienced cunt.

"Holy fuck, you feel good!" Penny whimpered, beating the rounded globes of her ass back on the boy. Her Prenatal body was horny as fuck and she'd let him pound her all fucking night if she could.

"You feel pretty damn good too, Aunt Penny!" Kyle panted, feeling her hot, snug walls encapsulate his tender boner on ever thrust, stimulating his glans.

Having gotten one orgasm out of his system earlier, and with the aid of the cock rings, Kyle was really able to fuck her pussy good and hard, making her finally cry out with orgasmic delight. He loved seeing his Aunt cum and doubted that his Uncle ever made her scream and tremble this way.

By this time, Brent and Cameron were also fucking their moms doggy-style. Tanya's entire living room was filled with the lewd sounds of panting mothers and wet, slapping flesh.

Kyle lifted Tanya's racoon-tail up out of the way and split her twat with his cock from behind. He began humping, and she thrust back in counterpoint, making their crotches collide repeatedly in a feverish doggy-fuck.

Suzette noticed her son watching his former teachers tits swing wildly off her chest. "Reach down and squeeze them while you fuck her, hunny. Women love that!" she urged.

Kyle lowered his chest onto Tanya's back, then reached down and cupped her large, dangling breasts. He loved how fat and rubbery her nipples were and gave them a good pinch with his fingers. It was difficult for him to

thrust this way, but that was OK. The experienced mother kept her hips moving, pumping her cunt on his satisfying stiffness.

Suzette moved to Tanya's side so her son could suck on her giant tits, while squeezing on those of his former teacher. "Mmm, that's it, baby…suck on those swollen teats," she cooed.

After gorging himself on the spongy peaks of his mother's tits for a few minutes, Kyle straightened upright and began to quicken the pace of his thrusts. The women could tell he was close to cumming.

"Blow your wad all over our tits this time, hunny," his mom requested.

"Ok…I'm close!" he gasped, his cock pumping rhythmically deep inside Tanya's buttery fuck tunnel. He simply loved watching that same butt he stared at when he was younger, slam back again him, making the meat of Tanya's ass quiver wonderfully. He clutched her

hips with both hands and started pounding into her juicy pussy as fast as he could, ramming up to her womb with every fuck-stroke.

His former teacher could only endure this type of sex for so long before she cried out in orgasmic delight. Her hips bucked wildly to meet his fuck-thrusts, her ass jiggling deliciously as it bounced off the boy's upper thighs.

"Auggh, fuck…I'm cumming!!" the teen announced.

"Spray it on our tits!" shouted Penny.

Tanya quickly slipped her cuntal sleeve off the boy's prick, turning on her knees and pressing her oversized tits together, just like the other two women were doing.

Female ejaculate dripped from the boy's bobbing erection as he turned towards them, grasped his cock and began beating its throbbing length. "Auugh, shit…here I cum!" he groaned, his face wincing with pleasure.

"Cum all over us, baby!" his mom encouraged, pressing her hands around the outsides of her king-sized tit-melons, creating a naughty target for her boy to paint with spunk.

Fat ropes of pearly-white semen erupted from the tip of Kyle's spear, splattering all over the three sets of giant mommy-tits in front of him. The women squealed in delight, feeling his slimy boy-goo run down into the canyon between their jugs. "Mmm, so hot n creamy!" said his Aunt Penny..

Meanwhile, in the background, it seemed as if both sets of moms and sons were cumming at once. Brent and Cameron's cunt-smothered cocks were quivering in delight as they each hosed out long jets of teenage jism into their mothers. The feel of Lauren and Brittany's tightly-contracting cunts, milking the shafts of their own sons was mind-blowing.

"Wow, what a sex toy party!" Penny sighed, still breathless from the thrill of being fucked so good. "Not only did we get new toys, but we got to try them out on some hot, young studs."

"And the fact that we purchased them means that we get to use them on these big-dicked cuties again and again," Suzette added, then gave her boy a wink.

"I'm down with that," said Lauren, hugging Brent tight so her boobs and pregnant belly were crushed against his lean chest.

"Mmm, me too!" Brittany chimed in, still bent over, with Cameron's twitching cock buried to the hilt inside her. She gave it a tender love-squeeze with her strong pussy-muscles.

Tanya's lips curled into a big smile. "Well, I may have to host these types of parties more often then."

140: Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration_1

This story is purely fictional, and all character contained with this

story are over the age of 18.

(MF, inc, cockold, oral, lac)

Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration

By Klrxo

Charlene's voice trembled as she sat next to her sister, Claire. The

tears streaming down her face were a testament to the weight of her

words. "I'm such a failure as a mother," she sniffled, her shoulders

shaking.

Claire's eyes widened in surprise. "You are not. Why would you even

say that?"

A deep, heavy sigh escaped from Charlene's lips. "I was talking to

Tiffany, my son's girlfriend yesterday… and she told me the worst

thing a mother could possibly hear."

Claire leaned in closer, her expression filled with concern. "What did she tell you?"

Tears continued to flow as Charlene replied, "She told me she loves Eddie and doesn't wanna break up with him, but that he's the worst guy she's ever been with when it comes to having sex." The words felt like a physical blow, heavy and suffocating. Charlene's heart ached with disappointment and guilt as she relayed the painful confession.

Claire's gasp echoed through the room, her hand flying to cover her open mouth in shock. "Oh no," she whispered, her heart aching for her sister, Charlene.

"I should have been more careful with his sexual education," Charlene's voice was strained and filled with regret. "I should have made sure he had the skills necessary to please a woman."

Claire tried to offer words of comfort but knew there was nothing she could say to ease her sister's pain. The thought of a woman being disappointed by her son's lack of sexual prowess was unbearable. Determined not to experience that same level of shame with her own son, Eric, Claire felt a fierce determination ignite within her. She

would make sure her son was fully prepared for the intimate world of

women.

Weeks later, as Claire's husband, Fred, walked past his son's

bedroom, his eyes caught the sight of something peculiar hanging on

the doorknob. Upon closer inspection, he realized they were his

wife's dainty thong panties. His curiosity piqued, he carefully removed

them from the handle and made his way into the kitchen to confront

his wife about their presence in their son's room. The thin white lace

fabric with floral lace edging felt delicate between his fingers as he

held onto them, wondering what could have led to this strange

discovery.

"Honey, why were these hanging on Eric's door handle? Aren't these

yours?" fred asked.

Claire turned away from the sizzling stove, her oversized tit-melons

swaying beneath the loose fabric of her nightgown. She shifted her

gaze to the delicate panties in her husband's hand, then fixed him

with a sharp glare of annoyance. "Yes, they are mine," she declared

firmly, her voice laced with frustration.

"What are they doing on Eric's door handle?"

"That's between Eric and I, Fred. It doesn't really concern you."

Fred's heart raced as he tried to make sense of his wife's response.

How could it not concern him? He was Eric's father, after all. "Claire, I

think we need to talk about this. It's not something we can just brush

aside," he said, his voice tinged with concern. "It's our son's behavior

we're talking about.

Claire let out an exasperated sigh, placing the spatula down on the

counter. She was a beautiful dark-haired 38-year-old, who had given

birth weeks ago to her third child, shortly after her chat with Charlene.

Her voluptuous bosom was a veritable milk-factory, nearly bursting

from the confines of her silk nightgown. Her breasts swayed heavily

with each movement, the weight of them blatantly evident. Her round,

supple bubble butt curved out like two perfectly formed half moons,

swaying seductively with each step she took on her long, toned legs.

Every movement was a graceful dance, drawing attention to the

curves and contours of her enticing figure. She turned to face Fred,

her eyes filled with a annoyance. "Fred, I understand your concerns, but this is something Eric and I have already discussed," she explained, her tone softer now. "It's a part of growing up—a natural curiosity."

Fred furrowed his brow, struggling to comprehend what Claire was implying. "Curiosity?" he repeated skeptically. "But these are your... panties, Claire."

"Yes, they are," Claire affirmed, her voice steady. "And it's important for us to respect Eric's privacy and personal journey. He's exploring his own desires and interests, just like any teenager would."

Fred's mind began to race with conflicting emotions. He understood the concept of adolescence and curiosity, but finding his son in possession of his wife's intimate clothing was something he couldn't easily dismiss. "But, Claire, how did they even get there?" he asked, his voice trembling slightly.

"Eric puts them on his door handle when he's through with them so I

can put them in the wash?"

"How's he even getting them though? Is he sneaking into our room and going through your laundry hamper?"

"No, honey, it's not like that. There's nothing secretive going on. When Eric needs a pair to use he just asks me," Clair confessed.

Fred was hit with a wave of shock and disbelief. He couldn't comprehend how his son could openly ask his mother for her underwear. "Wait, so when he asks you, you just walk into our room and get him a pair?" he questioned.

His wife let out a small laugh and playfully shook her head. "You really don't understand panty fetishes, do you?"

"Apparently not."

"When Eric asks for my panties, it's important that I give him the ones that I have on," Claire explained.

"But why?" Fred asked, genuinely baffled.

Claire gave him a knowing smirk, as if she was about to share a little secret. "Because, when they're worn, Fred, they carry my scent. It's a part of a woman that a boy craves."

Fred's mind whirled with the implications of what Claire was saying. He knew about the carnal desires of teenagers, but this was something he'd never even considered. "And you're okay with this?"

She nodded. "Yes, I'm fine with it. It's all part of him learning about

his desires and exploring his sexuality. I see it as a normal part of growing up. He's just curious, Fred. He's not doing anything hurtful or dangerous."

"Yes, but it just seems so...weird and wrong."

"You'd be surprised by how common it is," said his wife with a small smile, turning back to the skillet sizzling on the stove. "In fact, most of the moms I know have some sort of panty arrangement with their sons. It can be a powerful motivator." She sprinkled in some spices and continued, "Eric and I even have an agreement that if his grades ever slip, there will be no more panties."

Fred couldn't believe what he was hearing. His wife was casually discussing their son's fascination with her underwear and even admitting to providing them for his use. It took a moment for him to process the information, but he finally managed to stutter out, "So... you... just... give them to him whenever he asks?"

Claire nodded, a small smirk playing on her lips. "Yes, I do. It's a part of our routine now. Eric enjoys it when I slip the panties straight off my body, so he can experience them while they're still warm and

fragrant. Plus, there's something about a boy watching his mother slide her delicate panties down her smooth shaven legs that heightens his senses and adds to the pleasure."

"You take your panties off right in front of him?" Fred asked in horror.

"Of course," his wife answered. "It's essential for a young man to have some visual stimulation before masturbating."

Fred stood there, utterly stunned. His mind raced with a mixture of shock, confusion, and disbelief. He couldn't believe the openness with which his wife was discussing their son's... fetish.

"But why?" he stammered. "Why are you okay with this?"

Claire's lips curved into a smile, her eyes filled with understanding. "Fred, you have to realize that Eric is still a young man, only just beginning to discover the world of women. Part of that discovery involves seeing them naked, learning their scent and taste - all vital things for someone his age to learn."

Fred, however, couldn't shake off the lingering unease. He couldn't comprehend how his wife could so easily discuss their son's fetish, let alone participate in it without any qualms. "But isn't there a point where we should draw the line? Is this really what our son needs to

learn?" he protested.

"Naturally, there is a limit to everything," Claire reassured him. "As I mentioned earlier, there's an agreement with Eric. If his grades slip, then there will be no more panties for him to enjoy."

"I don't think there should be any panties, period. It's not normal."

"Fred, you're undermining his natural curiosity," Claire countered, her voice firm. "This is just a phase he's going through, and if we deny him the opportunity to explore, he might seek those experiences elsewhere."

"Elsewhere?" Fred's voice trembled with concern. "Like with another girl?"

"No, Fred," Claire shook her head, her eyes softening. "I mean, the internet, or magazines, or who knows where else. This way, I can ensure he's being educated about the right things, in a controlled environment."

The thought of his son exploring the world of adult content on his own made Fred's blood run cold. He could almost feel his heart stop for a moment, but he quickly gathered himself. "Alright, maybe you're

right," he conceded, his voice barely above a whisper. "But I don't like

it."

"You need to stop being so selfish and trust that I know what's best

for our son," Claire retorted, her tone sharper than before. "Fred, I've

been taking care of Eric ever since he was born. I've dealt with

toddler tantrums, teenage hormones, and everything in between. I

know what I'm doing, and I know this is the best way to handle

Eric's... situation."

The sound of a crying baby drifted from the nursery. "Can you wrap

up here, honey? I have to go upstairs and attend to the little one,"

Claire said.

The smell of breakfast wafted into Eric's room, rousing him from his

sleep. He padded down the hallway and saw his mother in the

nursery, sitting in the rocking chair while feeding the baby. "Hey,

mom," he whispered, not wanting to disturb the child.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Claire said, giving him a soft smile.

Eric's gaze traveled up her curvaceous figure, starting at her perfectly

painted toenails and ending at the huge, naked tit-melon that was

covering his younger sister as she nursed. He could feel arousal stirring within him even though he had only been looking at her for a few moments.

A mischievous grin spread across Claire's face as she observed him fidgeting uncomfortably. Her eyes darted down to his crotch, fixated on the growing tent forming beneath the fabric of his boxer-briefs. She couldn't help but feel a sense of power and satisfaction at the sight, like a teasing cat playing with its prey.

"Are you okay, little muffin?" his mother asked, a twinkle of amusement in her eyes.

"Yeah, just a bit... you know..." Eric stuttered, trying to hide the bulge growing in his shorts.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Claire reassured him. "That's only natural. It's good for you to be aware of your desires. It's part of growing up."

Eric's face flushed with surprise and embarrassment as his mother continued, "There's no shame in understanding your body and what it craves."

Claire took note of his reaction as she uncrossed her smooth, shaven

legs. She exfoliated daily and used coconut oil to give them a silky soft sheen. The mother parted her thighs, giving him a glimpse of the crotch of her beige panties peeking out from under her nightgown. Eric gulped, staring in fascination at the crotch of her most delicate attire. The beige fabric was sheer mesh and appeared to be damp in the crotch, clinging to her labia. He could see the puffy outline of her womanhood beneath the thin barrier, the dampness betraying its existence. His heart raced as he became entranced by the sight before him.

"There you go, sweetheart," she said, knowing she had just given him a tiny glimpse of heaven while patting the sleeping baby on her back.

"Now go on and get dressed so you can eat breakfast."

Eric nodded, his gaze still locked onto her crotch. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the damp fabric that encased her sex, as if it were a forbidden fruit. A sudden rush of desire coursed through him, his body yearning for more.

Claire, however, noticed her son's fixation on her crotch. She smiled

knowingly, basking in the forbidden, erotic display. This was her

moment to take control.

"You know, Eric," she began in a sultry voice. "I don't think I've given

you my panties when they're wet before."

"Wet?"

Eric asked, astonishment coloring his voice.

"That's right, honey," Claire continued, a wicked smile spreading

across her face. "You see, when moms wear panties, they

sometimes get wet from... well, from us."

Eric's face flushed bright red as his imagination ran wild with

possibilities. He could already feel the blood rushing to his face.

"If you're interested," his mother continued, "I can give you a special

pair of panties after I've made them wet," she offered. "You'd have to

do a little something for me in return though."

"A little something?" Eric asked, his voice barely audible. He couldn't

believe what he was hearing.

Claire's smile widened, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Yes, see,

some of the moms have been raving about the health benefits of

sperm. Not just any sperm...young, virile sperm like yours."

"Oh, they have?"

"Uh-huh. How would you feel about making a trade, a few times a week. My wet panties for your... 'product'?" She batted her eyelashes and bit her bottom lip, playfully exaggerating her sultry moment. Hearing this, Eric's eyes lit up with excitement as he exclaimed, "I would definitely be on board with that!"

Claire couldn't help but chuckle at her son's enthusiasm. "Good. As soon as you get home from school I'll soak my panties for you. You better get going though or you'll be late."

"Bye, mom,"Eric said, smiling widely as he turned to leave.

Once Eric had left the room, Claire let out a sigh of relief. She wondered for a moment how she could have Eric capture his ejaculations for her. Blowing his wad into a condom made the most sense, but she didn't want to deprive Eric from feeling the exquisite friction on his naked glans while he beat off. She decided to get advice from the other moms who'd been doing it for awhile.

"How are you guys getting the sperm from your son's penis into to the

mixing cup?" she asked her friends over coffee later that morning.

Her busty, dirty-blonde friend, Emily, was the first to answer. "I

usually have him ejaculate directly into the mixing cup. Young semen has such a rich taste when it's freshly pumped from the balls," she shared.

"For a young man, sometimes it can be awkward and ruin the experience to ejaculate into a cup. However, there is a special sex toy available that works perfectly for this purpose," Claire's redheaded friend, Pam, shared.

"A sex toy? What kind of sex toy?" Claire asked, intrigued.

"It's called the Sperm Collector," Pam explained. "It's designed to be worn like a condom and actually pumps the penis to ejaculation. The wide rim catches all the semen while allowing the penis to move freely for a more pleasurable experience."

"That sounds perfect," Claire said, her mind already racing with ideas.

"Does it stimulate the glans? Are you sure it won't diminish his pleasure at all?"

"Not at all," Rachael chimed in. "In fact, Tim says he loves using it when he masturbates. He says it feels like he's cumming inside a warm, wet pussy."

"Especially when it's used with heated lubricant," Pam added. "It feels

magical on a boy's penile flesh and really stimulates the nerve

endings."

Claire's eyes widened in delight. "I'v gotta get one of those for Eric.

To think, all these years I've been making him clean up after every

spill, and here he could have been enjoying the process mess free."

"And he can still enjoy the sensation of your silk panties around the

flesh of his cock. He just won't be cumming into them like he's done

before," said Rachael, a knowing smile on her face. "It's a win-win for

everyone."

"You'll definitely notice a difference in the way you feel after you start

adding his semen to your protein shakes every morning," Pam

added, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. "You'll have more energy,

clearer skin, and an overall sense of vitality."

"And it tastes amazing too," said Emily, licking her lips at just the

though of her son's flavorful semen.

"It sure does," Rachael agreed. "I can't stand the taste of my

husband's sperm, but Sean's young semen is like nectar. Sweet and

tangy, with a hint of salt. I think I'm actually becoming addicted to it."

"You're making me hungry just thinking about it," Claire joked,

laughing along with her friends.

"Well, you'll have a constant supply now," Pam said, winking at her.

"So true," Emily added. "There are certain things in life you can count

on, and teenage sons masturbating is one of them."

The moms all burst into laughter, their conversation filled with a mix

of naughtiness and excitement.

"Speaking of masturbation," said Claire, "I'm wondering just how wet

to make my panties for Eric. I don't wanna shock him, but I do wanna

make sure they're plenty moist and fragrant when I give them to him."

"That's a great question," Pam replied, her eyes twinkling with

mischief. "At first, the key is to get your panties wet, but not too wet.

You want them to be saturated with arousal, but not so much that

they're dripping. It's all about the anticipation, my dear. The thought of

your son knowing that his mother was just wearing those panties, and

that they're imbued with your feminine essence, will be enough to

make him absolutely wild with desire."

"True," Emily agreed. "Once Tim started getting used to seeing my

panties damp, that's when I started squirting while wearing them

during masturbation and really saturaturated them. He'd spend hours

using them, jacking off.

"So, I need to build up to it if I want to start soaking my panties for

Eric?" Claire asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Yes," Rachael said, nodding her head. "Start with just a little bit of

dampness, and work your way up. You don't want to overwhelm him

with your womanly fluids. Think of it like a slow-burning seduction."

"Okay," Claire said, nodding in agreement. "So, what's the best way

to make them moist and fragrant, then?"

Pam was quick to share an idea. "One way is to wear them while

you're aroused. Maybe when you're watching TV, cooking, or even

just relaxing. Just make sure to adjust your sitting position so your

pussy is pressed nice and snug against the fabric of the panties. The

heat and moisture from your vulva will work their magic."

Emily chimed in. "When you wanna soak your panties with cum, just

incorporate them into your masturbation routine like I do. Rub your clit

while wearing them, let yourself get really turned on, and then finish

yourself off. That way, your juices will seep right into the gusset of the

fabric," she suggested.

"And I don't know about you guys," Rachael added, "but I always let

my son remove my panties. Why not let him experience the thrill of

peeling a girl's panties off her aroused pussy, rather than just handing

them to him.

"God, that's so true," Pam nodded. "It makes the experience so much

more intimate and exciting. He'll feel like he's earned them."

"So, to sum it all up, I should start with a little dampness and build up,

incorporate my panties into my self-pleasure routine, and let Eric

remove them from me?" Claire asked, her mind buzzing with

excitement.

"Bingo!" Rachael exclaimed. "Just remember, this whole process is

about pleasure, enjoyment, and building their confidence. Don't forget

to have fun with it. After all, isn't that what being a mom is all about?"

"That sounds like a plan," Claire said, smiling at her friends. "I can't

wait to get started."

And so, armed with newfound knowledge and excitement, Claire

began her journey into the world of mommy-son sperm trading.

Later that day, just before Eric was due home from school, Claire

reached down beneath her skirt and began to gently rub her clit

through her panties. She knew this was exactly what she needed to

do to wet her panties just enough for Eric. She could already feel the

warmth building between her legs as her vaginal muscles began to

tighten and loosen.

Claire slipped her fingers under the waistband of her panties and

adjusted them, pressing her slick pussy against the fabric. She

moaned softly as the pressure against her swollen clit now felt even

more intense. The material of her panties felt wet beneath her

fingertips as she continued to rub herself.

Her mind wandered to thoughts of Eric, imagining him spawled on his

bed, beating his teenage boner while holding her panties to his nose.

As she neared her climax, Claire knew she had to be careful. She didn't want to soak her panties too much, but still needed to leave a noticeable wet spot for Eric to find.

With a final, shaking breath, Claire finger-fucked herself through her panties, causing her juices to leak out and saturate the material. The hot fluid originated from secretory glands located near her urethra, known as the Skene's glands. The sensation was intense, and she could feel the moisture between her cuntal flanges.

Claire knew she had achieved what she set out to do. She quickly stood up and adjusted her skirt, feeling the slick, wet sensation between her legs.

As she waited for Eric to come home, she couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and anticipation. She knew that her plan had worked, and that her son would soon be coming home to a treat that she had so carefully prepared.

When Eric finally arrived home, Claire greeted him with a warm smile and some casual conversation. As they sat in the living room, Claire

could tell that Eric's eyes were drawn to her body. First her huge tits,

which she knew was his favorite part of her. She wore a button up ribknit

tee with her skirt, leaving several buttons undone to allow him to

admire her tremendous tit-cleavage. Eric's eyes then moved to her

hips with peculiar interest. She knew that he could smell the aroma of

her wet panties, and it was driving him wild with curiosity.

"I bought you something today, but it won't be here until tomorrow,"

said Claire. She had paid the extra for rushed delivery for his Sperm

Collector and couldn't wait for Eric to try it out.

Eric's eyes widened, and his smile grew wider. "Really? What is it?"

he asked, curiosity getting the better of him.

"Well," Claire began, her eyes twinkling with amusement, "it's a new

dick sleeve. It's like a Fleshlight, but specifically designed just for

teenage boys like you. It's called the 'Sperm Collector,' and it's meant

to help you collect and store your precious seed like a pro."

"No way!" Eric exclaimed, his eyes lighting up with excitement. "Is it

like a sex toy? Can I use it to jerk off?" he asked, his voice highpitched

with anticipation.

Claire could tell that Eric was becoming even more anxious, so she decided to play along. "Yes, I suppose it is a sex toy. You can use it to collect your sperm and even jerk off into it. It's made from a special material that helps to preserve the freshness and potency of your semen, so we can pour it right into my protein shakes."

"But," she added, "I must warn you, it's not your average jerk-off toy. It's designed to be a bit more challenging, to make you work harder for your reward. There are several levels of resistance that you'll have to overcome to collect your load."

Eric's eyes widened. "Really? Do you think I can handle it?" he asked, his voice cracking.

"Of course you can," Claire replied reassuringly. "It's designed for teenage boys like you. You're strong and full of energy. But remember, it's not a race. Take your time and enjoy the sensation when you're using it."

Eric couldn't believe his luck. He had always been curious about girls' panties, but he never thought he would get a mom who would share

hers with him. He couldn't wait to try out the Sperm Collector and see

what all the fuss was about.

His mom continued speaking. "For today though you can just cum

into my wet panties like you normally do. I'll scrape your fresh load of

semen into my mixing cup the best I can."

"Wet panties?" Eric asked, his voice high-pitched with anticipation.

"Yes, sweetie," Claire replied with a smile. "I was rubbing my clit

earlier to make sure my panties are extra moist and fragrant for you."

"Can I have them?" Eric asked, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Of course, you can have them," Claire responded, her voice dripping

with seduction, " but you have to take them off me first."

Claire sat on the edge of the sofa, her mostly bare legs stretched out

in front of her. Her skin glimmered with a soft sheen, almost like satin.

Her feet were arched, toes gripping the floor, highlighting the toned

muscles in her legs. She could sense her son's anxiety. "Don't be

afraid, sweetheart. Have you ever taken a girl's panties off before?"

He shook his head.

"Then let me show you how," Claire said, smiling. "Just slide your

hands up under the hem of my skirt, and feel for the waistband of my

panties."

Eric knelt in front of her, took a deep breath and did as he was told.

He had never been between his mom's parted legs before and it was

it was quite a rush. His hands trembled slightly as he slowly inched

them up, until he felt the elastic band of her panties.

"You've got them, son," Claire said softly. "Now, just hook your

fingers over the band and pull them down slowly, feeling the

dampness and the scent of my arousal. And remember, take your

time, we're in no hurry."

Eric bit his lip and took a deep breath, concentrating on the feel of his

mother's skin under his fingertips. He slowly began to pull the panties

down, his eyes narrowing with anticipation as the fabric stretched taut

over her mound, exposing a hint of her damp flesh.

He felt the moisture between her legs as the panties grew wetter, and

the damp fabric clung to his fingertips. Claire moaned softly as Eric

pulled the panties further down her thighs, feeling the pleasure build in her body as he revealed more of her private parts to him.

"That's it," she murmured. "Just a little more. You're doing great."

Finally, the panties were at her ankles, and Eric hesitated, his eyes wide with awe at the sight before him. Claire looked down at him, her eyes full of need and desire.

"Finish the job, sweetheart," she said softly. "Pull them off me and take a good look at what you've done."

Eric took a deep breath and finished pulling the panties off Claire's feet. He gazed at her wet, shaved pussy, flushed and glistening with arousal. He could barely believe his eyes, feeling a surge of lust and hunger coursing through his veins. Then, he looked at her dainty panties, the damp fabric making his eyes fill with wonder.

"Go ahead," Claire whispered, her voice low and sultry. "Take a sniff. You've earned it."

Eric hesitated for a moment, then brought the panties to his nose, inhaling deeply. The scent hit him like a freight train, filling his nostrils with the heady aroma of his mother's arousal.

"Oh my god," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "They

smell so strong."

He breathed in deeply once more, savoring the scent, but then he

wondered about the taste. He brought the damp fabric to his lips and

took a tentative lick. The flavor was unmistakable, rich and sweet, like

nothing he had ever tasted before.

"Do you like it?" Claire asked, her voice soft and seductive.

Eric nodded, his eyes wide and dazed. "It's amazing," he whispered,

still unable to believe the situation he found himself in. "I love the

taste."

"I can see that," Claire said, her voice low and sultry. Her eyes darted

down to his crotch, lingering on the thick slab of his bulging boy-meat.

"You're fully hard, aren't you?"

Eric blushed and nodded, feeling the bulge in his pants flex with

hardness.

"Well then," Claire said, standing up and giving him a sultry look.

"Why don't you rush to your room and take care of that. You're gonna

really enjoy those panties. I think it'll bring your masturbation to a

whole new level of excitement."

Eric didn't need to be told twice. He jumped up from the floor and dashed to his room, his mind racing with thoughts of his mother's wet panties and the taste of her arousal.

As he closed the door and locked it, he fumbled with his pants, desperate to release his erection. He yanked his pants down and pulled out his boner, which was throbbing with need. He looked down at it, marveling at how hard it was, how much he wanted it to be inside his mother.

He grabbed his mom's panties from the nightstand and took a deep breath, inhaling the scent once more. It was overwhelming, intoxicating, and made him harder than ever. He then took a small taste, savoring the sweet, musky flavor.

He lay down on his bed and spread the panties over his erection, feeling the damp fabric against his skin. The silky fabric was warm and soft, and he could feel the moisture spreading over his cock. He closed his eyes and imagined his mom's body pressed against his, feeling the heat and wetness of her pussy against his penis.

He began to rub the panties against his cock, feeling the friction and

the sensation of the damp fabric against his skin. He moaned softly, letting out a stream of small, high-pitched noises, and gripped the panties tightly, rubbing his cock more vigorously.

He couldn't believe how good it felt, like nothing he had ever experienced before. He was imagining his mom's face, her eyes gazing down at him as he pleasured himself, and he was so turned on that he knew he wouldn't last long.

He started to thrust harder, pushing the panties against his cock, feeling the dampness spread over his penis, and he moaned louder, his body tensing with each thrust.

He felt the familiar sensation building in his groin, the heat and pressure growing stronger with each passing second. He knew it was time, and he clenched his fists, bracing himself for the explosion.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Eric cried out, his voice high with excitement as he came. His body shook with each spurt, and he could feel the warm, sticky liquid coating the crotch of the panties.

He lay there, panting heavily, his heart beating wildly in his chest. He couldn't believe how good it felt, and he knew that he would never be

able to go back to the way things were before he started using his

mom's panties.

"What are you making?" Claire's husband asked when he arrived home later.

"A protein shake," his wife replied, scraping Eric's gooey semen off the gusset of her panties.

"Are those your panties?" Fred asked in shock.

"Yes, Eric was using them earlier. I'm just cleaning out all his semen before I throw them in the wash," she answered. Claire inhaled deeply, Savoring the intoxicating scent. It was a heady mix of musk and desire, lingering in the air like a promise of pleasures to come. It was a powerful reminder of the raw, primal energy that had just been released in her son's bedroom, and Claire relished in it, savoring every last drop of its essence.

Her husband interjected, "Wait a minute, why are you adding his sperm to your shake?"

"A lot of moms are doing it now. It's all the rage," Claire replied, mixing the concoction in her blender. "Apparently, it's high in protein and other nutrients, and it's a natural way to enhance your health and sexual vitality."

Fred stared at her in disbelief, his eyes widening as he took in the implications of what she was saying. "You're telling me you're drinking your son's semen?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I explained it to you yesterday. I trade my panties for what he fills them with. It's a mutually beneficial arrangement - I assist him, and he assists me."

Claire leaned back and took a sip of her shake. The taste was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. It was sweet and tangy, with a hint of saltiness that lingered on her tongue. She could taste her son's essence in every sip.

"Claire, that's disgusting!" her husband scowled, watching her lick the scrumptious cream from her lips.

"It's not disgusting. It's natural, and good for my body," she replied, her voice calm and confident. "It's a modern form of nourishment, Fred. You should be happy that I'm getting myself back in shape after having the baby."

"But this is wrong," Fred insisted. "You can't be drinking that stuff."

"Oh, don't be so prudish, Fred. It's just semen. It's a natural part of life

and sexuality."

"But it's from your son!" he exclaimed, disgust clear in his voice. "You

never asked me for MY semen."

"Not to sound cruel, but you have middle-aged man semen and it

tastes disgusting. Eric's cum is fresh, delicious, and full of vitality. I'm

sure your crusty old cum would taste like spoiled milk by

comparison."

"Gee, thanks."

"I'm not being mean, honey, I'm just stating the facts. Besides, it's my

choice to make. I'm a grown woman, and I can drink whatever I want.

If you want to continue being upset about it, then that's your problem,

not mine."

Fred sighed heavily, defeated. He knew that arguing wouldn't do any

good. He just had to hope that Claire would eventually tire of this

crazy new lifestyle they seemed to be living.

Claire finished gulping down her shake and gave him a satisfied

smile. "So, what do you want for dinner tonight?"

"Whatever you want," Fred sighed, resigning himself to the fact that he would never understand his wife's new obsession.

The next day, when her son returned home from school, Claire excitedly burst into his room with a small box in hand. Her six inch stiletto slip-on mules clicked delicately against Eric's floor as she sashayed towards him, hips swaying and tits jostling beneath her blouse. "I have something for you!" she announced, beaming with anticipation.

"Is must be the Semen Collector," said Eric as he tore open the package. Sure enough, inside the box was the latest model of the Semen Collector, a device designed to capture and store his semen.

"How does it work?" Eric asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Oh, it's quite simple. You attach it to your penis, much like a Fleshlight, but it has a pump on the inside that does all the stroking for you. It's suppose to feel just like a real pussy, you can even adjust

the internal sleeve for greater friction. The best part for me is it collects your semen into a receptacle that detaches, so I can dump it directly into my shakes" Claire explained with a sly smile.

"Can I try it now?"

Claire giggled at how eager he was. "Well, I know you're probably

want panties to your nose while you do this. Want me to get mine a

little wet before you take them off me?"

"Sure!" the boy grinned. "I'll never pass up an offer like that."

"Bring your new toy and come down to my bedroom," she instructed.

"I'll get my panties wet then help you practice using it for the first

time."

Eric eagerly followed his mom, feeling the excitement build within

him. He couldn't wait to try out his new toy and feel the sensation of a

realistic pussy. As she walked ahead, he couldn't help but stare at the

curve of her hips, highlighted by the tight denim skirt. Her movements

were a sensual dance, her buttocks swaying with every step, and he

couldn't wait to get to the bedroom and explore all that awaited him

with his new toy.

"Sit down on the edge of the bed, honey,"Claire instructed, her voice

sultry as she moved to her bedside table.

Eric's eyes were glued to her every move as she reached into her

drawer and retrieved a vibrating wand sex toy. He watched in awe as

she sauntered towards him, her ample bosom trembling with each

step. As she settled onto the mattress next to her son, her voluptuous

hips shifted sensually, drawing his gaze even further.

"What's that for?" Eric asked, staring at the wand.

Claire grinned with mischief, her feet slipping out of her heels. "This

will help get my pussy wet for my panty-sniffing sweetheart,"she

purred, her voice dripping with seduction.

With a practiced grace, she swung one leg onto the bed, her foot

confidently planted on the mattress behind him. Her body turned

towards his, and as a result, her thighs splayed open, offering Eric a

tantalizing view of the lace-edged fabric covering her most intimate

area.

The panties were a deep shade of burgundy, perfectly framing

Claire's womanhood as they stretched across her pubis. The lace

trim added a delicate and alluring touch to the fabric, teasing at what

lay beneath.

"I like those," Eric said, his eyes locked on the panties.

Claire giggled, "I knew you would. I bought them specifically for you.

Now, let's get them nice and wet and fragrant."

She clicked on the wand and the vibrations hummed through the air as it came to life. Claire guided the wand over her panty-covered mons, sending a shiver of pleasure through her body.

Eric watched in fascination, his eyes glued to the panties as they absorbed the erotic vibrations. He could feel himself growing hard, his cock straining against his jeans.

Claire's hand moved with fluid and practiced motions, guiding the vibrating wand over the smooth fabric of her panties. Her body trembled and her lips parted slightly as she felt the pulsing vibrations intensify. Eric's eyes were wide with fascination, his attention solely focused on the enticing sight before him.

The vibrations grew stronger, and Claire's breathing became heavier, her body twitching involuntarily with each pass of the wand. Eric could feel his own breathing growing labored as well, his heart pounding in his chest.

As the vibrations continued to intensify, Claire let out a soft moan, her

body arching slightly, her stiff-nippled tits heaving as she felt the

pleasure building within her. Her eyes were closed, lost in the

sensation, when she suddenly stilled, her body trembling as she

climaxed.

Eric watched in awe, his cock throbbing in his jeans. Seeing his mom

orgasm for the first time was quite the thrilling experience. Her mouth

made noises he'd never heard her make before and the look of

pleasure on her face was absolutely fascinating.

As Claire caught her breath and clicked off her toy, she opened her

eyes and grinned at her son. "Have I got a treat for you!" she said,

her voice full of mischief.

"I can't wait," Eric replied, his excitement growing palpable as he

stared down at her crotch.

"Yesterday you had a pretty easy time removing my panties," said

Claire, sprawling back on her bed. "Today we'll make it a bit more

challenging."

"How so?"

"You'll likely be removing a girl's panties during the heat of passion,

so I want you lay down here between my legs on top of me and take

them off while I'm clinging to you and kissing on you."

"Really?! You'll let me do that?" Eric asked, like his ears had

deceived him.

"It's important that we practice this now, honey, so when you get into

a situation like this with a girl at college you're not feeling awkward."

Eric eagerly obliged, laying down between his mother's legs. The feel

of her warm skin under his touch sent shivers down his spine. He

could smell the musky scent of her arousal and hear the soft sounds

of her breath as she moaned and whispered sweet nothings in his

ear. Claire resisted the urge to toss her silky limbs around his welltoned

body and squeeze him tightly.

As he fumbled with the lace of her panties, she was clutching him,

twisting her fingers in his hair, and kissing his neck passionately.

"That's it, take them off me, honey" she murmured, her voice thick

with lust.

His hands trembled with a combination of eager anticipation and

nervous excitement, as if he held the delicate wings of a butterfly in

his grasp. The smooth fabric of her panties slid down her hips and legs like liquid, revealing her soft and supple skin underneath. Their proximity and intimacy sent a surge of electricity through his body, making his hands shake even more as he completed the task of removing her underwear.

As he rose victorious, Eric found himself kneeling between the expanse of his mom's thighs, his prize clutched tightly in his hand. The heat radiating from her bare skin gave him chills, and he couldn't help but stare at the glistening folds of her femininity.

With her knees drawn back and her alluring feet suspended in the air, Claire's smile was a mix of amusement and desire as she watched her son take in the sight before him - her naked, exposed pussy begging to be explored.

"Smell them, sweetheart," she encouraged. "Smell what I made just for you."

Eric brought the panties to his nose and inhaled deeply, savoring the intoxicating scent of his mother's arousal. It was a heady mix of her musk and the scent of her creamy juices that had seeped into the fabric during her passionate climax.

He brought the damp lace to his lips, savoring the taste of her on his tongue. The salty-sweet flavor sent a jolt of desire through him, and he could feel his own cock throbbing with need.

"That's it," Claire purred, her eyes never leaving his. "Taste the pussy, honey. You don't have to be embarrassed in front of me."

Eric, feeling a strange sense of pride and arousal, nuzzled his face into the damp fabric, the scent and taste of his mother's arousal filling his senses. He could feel his own cock throbbing with need as he savored the taste of her on his tongue.

Claire's eyes darted down to his cock-bulge, then back up to his face.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she asked, her voice thick with desire.

"Uh-huh."

"Doesn't it make you wanna fuck a girl, honey?" she whispered. "To slide your erect cock inside her wet pussy and feel the warm, slick walls of her vagina pulsating around your tender shaft?"

Eric nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. "Yes, Mom," he replied, his voice shaky with desire. "It definitely makes me think about that."

Claire sat up slightly and patted the mattress beside her. "Lay down

here on your back, and bring the panties and your new Semen

Collector with you."

Eric eagerly obliged, sprawling out beside his mother. "Good, now get

your clothes off while I get your new toy ready for you to use," Claire

urged.

Eric quickly removed his clothes, and heard the familiar buzzing

sound as his mom turned on her vibrator. He watched in shock as

she laid down next to him on the bed and started stimulating her

naked pussy with it. He was puzzled because she had just mentioned

preparing his toy, but unknown to him, she had a valid reason for

starting with this activity first.

He felt as though he had a front row seat to a forbidden show, sitting

next to his voluptuous mother as she pleasured herself. His eyes

were glued to her supple figure, taking in every movement of her

limber body and the way her jutting breasts rose and fell with each

heavy breath. Unconsciously, his hand reached down and squeezed

his aching boner, unable to tear his gaze away from the alluring sight

before him.

Claire caught her son squeezing his cock through the corner of her eye and grinned lasciviously. "It's OK, honey, you can pull on it. Pleasure your cock, there's no shame here. I'll explain why I'm doing this once I finish."

Eric hesitated for a moment before obediently taking his hand and wrapping it around his cock. He started to mimic the rhythm of the vibrator, pumping it slowly up and down, watching as his mom's pleasure increased.

Claire's eyes widened as she noticed her son matching her masturbating tempo. "Oh, honey, we're going at the same pace as if we're fucking each other," she moaned, her voice thick with desire. This was music to Eric's ears. "That's cool, right?" he gasped, yaking his boner with full length strokes.

"Of course it's cool. It means we enjoy the same sexual rhythm."

"This isn't wrong for us to do though, is it?" the boy asked, feeling a tad ashamed.

"We're not doing anything wrong. We're just enjoying our bodies together and discovering new things about each other," Claire answered.

Lying beside one another, their bodies shone with sweat in the muted

glow of the room. With an intense hunger driving them, they each

pleasured themselves with fervor, their eyes fixated on the other's

nakedness. A wild mix of lust and malice raced through their hearts

as they strove to outdo each other. The scent of sex and desire hung

heavily in the air as they moved with increasing frenzy, determined to

reach new levels of ecstasy.

"I love how you stroke the shaft of your dick, honey, " Claire cooed,

her eyes fixed to her boy's prick. "Make sure you sweep your hand

completely over your crown with every stroke. The glans are the most

sensitive part of your boner and you wanna make sure you squeeze

on its entire length just like a pussy would if you were fucking a girl."

"Like this?" Eric asked, taking full-length strokes of his teenage cock.

"That's perfect," Claire grinned, watching her boy enjoy the flesh of

his penis. By her estimation, Eric's boner must have been well over

nine inches in length, the thick stalk bursting with blood-rich veins.

Finally, just before climaxing, Claire lifted the wand and gasped

breathlessly. "I think that should do it?"

Eric's heart pounded in his chest as he clutched his cock, trying to control his breathing. "What should?" he choked out, his eyes wide with anticipation.

"The reason I wanted to rub myself first is so we could coat your cock with natural lubricant," Claire explained. "That'll make your Semen Collector feel even more like a real pussy."

Eric stared at his mom in disbelief, his erection throbbing harder with each word she spoke. "So you just... used yourself to get me ready?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, then reached down between her legs to gather her juices on her hand. "See?"

She reached over and rubbed her wet fingers around the head of his cock, spreading her juices over the sensitive bulb, delighted in how hot and engorged it felt beneath her fingers. Eric moaned softly, his eyes locked onto her hand as she coated him with female secretions.

"It makes me so happy to know that my hot, slippery juices will help you enjoy this even more," Claire said, releasing his cock and taking the Semen Collector from his lap.

She carefully positioned the toy over his erection, sliding it down the length of his cock and adjusting it to fit snugly against his cock-root. Eric watched in awe as his mom expertly secured the device, and since it was made of clear material they could see his boner through it, making it seem almost like a second skin.

"Are you ready, son?" she asked, her voice a mix of excitement and motherly concern.

Eric nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. "I think so."

Claire leaned forward and kissed him softly on the lips, brushing her fat tits against his chest. "This is gonna feel incredible," she whispered. "Just remember to breathe and let go of any inhibitions you may have."

"Got it, Mom," Eric replied, his voice shaking with anticipation.

She clicked on the Semen Collector and it buzzed to life, pumping around the erectile flesh of her son's cock.

Eric felt an electrical surge run down his spine as the device began to

work its magic on his erection. It was as if his boner had come alive, pulsating and swelling with every pass of the vibrator. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever experienced before, and he could

tell that the toy was providing a much more authentic pussy-like experience than anything he had ever used.

"Oh, you're liking that, aren't you, sweetheart?" Claire cooed, hovering beside him.

"It feels amazing, mom," Eric moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as his cock throbbed with pleasure. He couldn't believe that the wonderful slipperiness of his prick was from his own mom's fuck-oil.

"I knew it would," Claire mused, her cunt dripping as she watched the meat of her son's erection slip through the clear chamber.

Eric's pink cock-flesh, pressed against the spongy walls, mingled with her slick fluids and his pre-ejaculate and put on a graphic display within the transparent cylinder, mesmerizing the mother. "Now, just imagine that's it's pussy wrapped around it, tight and wet."

Eric's mind raced as he tried to imagine his mom's pussy around his cock. The thought of it made him harder than ever, his precum leaking out of his cockhead, mixing with his mom's secretions.

Claire watched in awe as her son's cock swelled and pulsated, entirely under the control of the Semen Collector. She couldn't help but reach down and touch herself, feeling the wetness that still clung

to her fingers.

"You see, honey?" Claire whispered. "That's just a sample of what you'll feel when a girl is sucking and fucking your cock."

"I love it!" he gasped.

Claire leaned down, getting a closer look at her son's boner as it dug rhythmically through the tube of the new toy. It was like a majestic sword, gliding through a velvet sheath, pulsating with a strength and vigor that could only be matched by the force of a raging river.

"Your cock is so hard," the mother whispered, watching the muscle and tendons strain at its root. "Just imagine how good it'll feel when its wrapped in the pink flesh of a wet pussy."

Eric felt his cock twitch at his mom's touch, his mind racing with thoughts of her and the Semen Collector. He could feel the vibrations pulsing through his member, making it feel as though it were being stroked by a real pussy, and he knew that he was on the verge of losing control.

Claire wanted to increase the stimulation on his young body, to begin

testing his staying power, so she leaned down across him, pressing her heavy tits against his lean chest. They felt exquisite to the teen,

even through her tight blouse, blanketing him with fluffy softness. Her

breath was warm on his ear. "Let go, baby," she whispered. "Let the

Semen Collector guide you, and let your cock do the rest."

Eric's body shook as he felt the combined sensations that were

coursing through him. The Semen Collector's vibrations, the feel of

his mother's plush body against him, her sweet smelling perfume

lingering in the air, it was all so overwhelming.

Claire continued to whisper dirty things in his ear to increase his

excitement level. "Just imagine that you're fucking the most beautiful

woman in the world," she purred, "with her tight, wet pussy clenching

onto your cock as you thrust deep inside her."

Eric's mind was swirling with lust, and he could feel his body

responding to his mom's words. He bucked his hips, driving the his

flexing prick through the clear chamber, wanting to feel the satisfying

friction of a wet pussy.

"That's it, baby, push harder," Claire moaned, her voice thick with

desire. "Fuck her deeper and faster!"

Eric's body was aflame with desire as he thrust deeper and faster into

the Semen Collector, his mind consumed with the vision of his mother's pussy clinging to him. Claire's words were like fuel to his fire, and he could feel the build-up of tension in his loins. "Yes, that's it, honey," Claire cooed, her voice feather-light. "You're doing it just the way girls like it."

As Eric's pace quickened, so did his breathing. The pleasure was building, reaching a crescendo as Claire continued to whisper dirty encouragement. Subconsciously, he began to grind his hips against the striking device seeking to maximize the sensations he was experiencing.

"Just let go, my darling," Claire whispered in his ear. "Let your cock take you where it wants to go."

Eric's eyes rolled back in his head as he felt his orgasm building like a tidal wave, crashing against the shores of his pleasure. With each thrust, the vibrations of the Sperm Collector became more intense, sending shockwaves through his cock, making every nerve ending scream in ecstasy.

Claire, sensing his impending release, reached down and began to

stroke her son's cock through the Semen Collector, matching the

rhythm of his thrusts. "That's it, honey," she cooed, her voice a mix of

motherly concern and lustful fulfillment. "Let it all go."

Eric couldn't hold back any longer. His body arched and his heart

pounded as he let out a loud groan, his orgasm hitting him like a

freight train. Spurt after spurt of thick, hot cum began to flow into the

Semen Collector, accumulating in a creamy pool back in the

receptacle chamber.

"That's my boy…let it wash over you," the mother mewled, making

sure every ounce of his ejaculation was milked from his quivering

organ.

"How's your son liking his new toy?" Pam asked Claire as they lay out

at the beach with Rachael in skimpy bikinis, sunning their voluptuous

bodies.

"He's loving it," Claire replied with a smirk. "He ejaculated four times

yesterday using it."

"That's about how many times Darren is using his," Rachael chimed

in. "Do you notice how much sweeter the boys cum tastes when they

have a powerful ejaculation?"

Pam turned to look at Rachael, a sly grin on her face. "I definitely do.

It's like their testosterone turns into pure honey when they reach that

point." She paused to lick her lips, as if savoring the memory of the

last time she tasted her son's release. "And you know how much we

moms love sweet things."

Claire couldn't help but laugh at their conversation. "It's a win-win for

all of us," she said. "The boys get to enjoy new and interesting ways

to masturbate, and we get to indulge in their sweet creations."

Rachael nodded in agreement. "Absolutely. Plus, it's a great way to

keep them out of trouble and occupied." She gave a sly wink. "And

it's not like we're forcing them to do anything they don't want to do."

Claire adjusted her skimpy bikini top before her areola could peak out

over the hem. "I can't help but think about how much harder my son

would cum if I made some sort of sexual contact with him while he

was masturbating. "

"You mean like kissing or licking his body?" Rachael asked.

"Yes, or maybe massaging his balls while he's pumping his cock with the Semen collector."

"Oh, I like the way you think, Claire," Pam giggled. "You know, you do have those big, milk-filled titties, have you thought about letting him suckle while he masturbates?"

"No, but based on the way he stares at them constantly I don't think he'll object to the idea one bit," Claire snickered.

"Boy love big tits," Rachael added, "and ones that are filled with milk are like the ultimate masturbatory fantasy. It's like a little cocktail of hormones and desires all rolled into one. It's no wonder he can't keep his eyes off of them."

Pam nodded in agreement. "I once read that boys are often drawn to larger breasts because they subconsciously associate them with a sense of security and comfort. It's why so many of us moms with big breasts have such devoted sons."

Claire pondered this for a moment before speaking up. "I've always wondered if that's why my son is so attached to me. Maybe he sees

me as a source of protection and comfort."

Rachael laughed as she lay back on the towel, gently rubbing her breasts through her bikini top. "Who wouldn't be attached to such a beautiful, busty mother? It makes carrying these big things around even more fulfilling," she stated, glancing down huge, bikini-clad mammaries.

"Well, we are enjoying THEIR sweet nectar. What's wrong with them enjoying ours too, right?" Claire pointed out.

Pam let out a hearty laugh. "You make a good point. Maybe we should start thinking of ourselves as bountiful fruit trees, bearing sweet, aphrodisiacal fruit for our sons."

"Yes, and the more they 'harvest' from us, the sweeter and more irresistible we become," Rachael added, running her fingers over her fantastically plump breasts, causing a faint flush to rise to her cheeks.

"Imagine how good it would feel to have our sons suckling from our tits while they're using their Semen Collectors on those big horny dicks of theirs.c

Claire raised an eyebrow, intrigued by the suggestion. It was a tantalizing thought, to feel the warm, wet mouth of her son on their

nipples while his sperm was being collected for future use. It would be the ultimate display of maternal nourishment and erotic pleasure, a merging of two powerful instincts into one intoxicating experience. Knowing that her son may leave hickies on her breasts from aggressive tit-sucking, Claire made sure to inform her husband of her intentions. She didn't want any suspicions or misunderstandings to arise and make it seem like she was doing something improper behind his back.

"Before you run off to work, there's one more thing I wanted to mention," said Claire as she sipped from her sperm-rich protein shake.

"What's that?" asked Fred.

"Since I am helping him with sensitive matters, I've been thinking of ways to strengthen the bond between Eric and I so I think I'm going to start letting him suckle on my breasts while he masturbates."

Fred's jaw dropped in disbelief. "What?! So you are going to let him suck on your breasts while he's, well... you know, taking care of business?"

Claire smiled coyly. "Yes, Fred. I think it might bring us closer

together and help me feel more connected to him as a mother. Plus, it might just make his... 'harvest' even sweeter," Claire said, taking another mouthful of her protein shake and letting her son's sweet ball-nectar linger on her taste buds.

Fred's troubled expression revealed his discomfort with the thought. "Claire, you have a newborn to nourish. Eric shouldn't be depleting your milk supply."

"Oh, Fred," replied Claire, "I'm not taking from our newborn. My milk supply is more than enough to sustain both the baby and Eric. In fact, the extra stimulation from nursing Eric might even increase my milk production."

Fred still looked skeptical. "But Claire, is it really necessary? Surely there are better ways to strengthen your bond with Eric."

Claire shook her head. "I have faith in this method, Fred. Masturbating and breastfeeding are two natural and normal parts of life. It's not uncommon for mothers and sons to engage in a combination of these two activities."

"I'm surprised you're letting him do this," said Fred. "You've hardly let me touch your breasts at all since the baby came along."

"Honey, you and I have our own ways of showing affection and connecting with each other," Claire reasoned. "This is meant to be something special, just between Eric and I."

"Yes, but shouldn't a husband be aloud to play with his wife's breasts?" Fred asked with a jealous pang in his stomach. "You've hardly let me touch them since the baby was born."

"Maybe I'll let you give them more attention once Eric goes off to college, but right now it's important that I use my breasts as a masturbatory aid for him. Besides caring for the baby, my whole focus is on making sure Eric has the hardest, most satisfying ejaculations that he can."

"Why's that, so you can chug them down after he's finished?" Fred asked sarcastically.

"Well, even though my primary motivation is to help our son, I will admit, there's something undeniably satisfying about savoring the sweet, creamy essence of his cum. It's like a little reward for all the hard work I've been doing."

"Well, you can come up with a hundred ways to justify it, but I still think it's weird and slightly disturbing," Fred said.

"So, you're saying you'd rather have your son ejaculate in his hand or

a cum rag and waist all those nutrients?" Claire shot back. "I think

not."

"That's what I had to do when I was his age. My mother wasn't

helping me to jerk off and letting me suck her breasts, nor was she

drinking my cum when I was finished."

"Times have changed, Fred," Claire said gently. "And we are a family

that is committed to exploring new ways to strengthen our bonds and

make each other feel special and desired. I don't see anything wrong

with using my breasts to give our son pleasure while he masturbates

and then allowing me to enjoy the benefits of his ejaculation."

"You said all your friends are doing this?"

"All of them who have boys Eric's age, yes," Claire replied. "We're all

committed to helping our sons to reach new heights of pleasure and

sexual discovery before going off to college. That's why I've decided

to start teaching Eric new techniques to increase his sexual stamina."

"New techniques?" Fred's curiosity was piqued. "What kind of

techniques?"

"Oh, you know, things to help him last longer during masturbation and

potentially with a future partner," Claire said.

"But how?" Fred asked, genuinely intrigued. "What kind of techniques

are we talking about?"

"Well," Claire began, "I've been doing some research and there are a

few things I think will be helpful. One is called 'edging'. It's when Eric

brings himself almost to the point of orgasm, then stops and waits for

the feeling to subside before starting again. This can be repeated

several times until he eventually climaxes. It's supposed to increase

his control over his ejaculation and also make his orgasms more

intense."

"That sounds...intense," Fred said, trying to wrap his head around the

concept.

"That's not the only technique we'll be trying out," Claire continued.

"I've also read about something called 'Kegel exercises' that can help

strengthen the pelvic floor muscles, which can lead to better control

over ejaculation resulting in unforgettable sex for both him and his

partners."

Fred shook his head, feeling both bewildered and jealous by the idea of his wife helping their son with his sexual exploration. "I don't know,

Claire. It just seems like something that should be left to the boys to figure out on their own."

"I disagree. We should be giving Eric every advantage we can. We parents are his first and most important teachers, and I want him to have the best possible experiences with sex and pleasure. As his mother, it is my responsibility to help him grow and learn. If that means teaching him new techniques or showing him how to use his body in a way that will make him healthier and more in control of his sexuality, then I am more than willing to do it."

141: Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration_2

After Fred left for work, Claire decided to check up on her son. She knew he'd be masturbating before school and wanted to assist in any way she could.

Opening the door to his bedroom, Claire saw Eric lying on his bed, his hand movement steady and rhythmic, with her panties to his nose. She approached him cautiously, not wanting to disturb his concentration, and whispered his name. He didn't respond, lost in the pleasurable sensations he was experiencing.

She thought about how wonderfully erotic it would be if he opened his eyes and saw her hovering there beside him completely naked. "Oh, why not," Claire thought, then, in one swift motion, she removed her nightgown and stood before him, her huge, heavy tits exposed and erect nipples pointing towards him.

Eric's eyes flew wide open and his breathing quickened. He fumbled, but managed to pause his hand's motion just in time to take a moment to enjoy the sight of his mother standing before him, nude and alluring.

"Hi, mom," he said, his voice husky and deep, sounding different to her.

"Hi, honey," she replied, her voice soft and sultry, "I came to see if I could assist you. Would you like me to help you edge?"

His eyes widened further, if that was even possible, and he nodded eagerly, his hand resuming its rhythmic movements.

Claire pulled back the blanket then sat down beside him, her oversized boobies bobbling on her ribcage upon impact. She watched intently as her son continued to stroke himself, his eyes locked on her jutting breasts. She was completely enthrawed by the sight of Eric's fist squeezing up and down the length of his slippery, pink cock-meat.

"Honey, when you imagine fucking a girl's hot pussy, how long do you imagine your session lasting?"

"As long as possible."

"Good answer, sweetheart," Claire's voice was so soft and gentle, it sent shivers down Eric's spine. "And when you imagine that moment of release, when you're deep inside a girl and you're ready to unload your hot cum inside her pussy, what goes through your mind?"

"Just about how good it feels," he managed to choke out, his voice high-pitched and vulnerable. His breathing grew more ragged, and he fought the urge to cum.

"That's right, Eric. It feels good. But imagine if you could push past that feeling, and take control of your penis. Imagine if you could prolong the pleasure, and make your partner feel even more incredible than before. Wouldn't that be an amazing gift to give her?"

"It sure would, Mom," Eric gasped, his eyes never leaving the swell of her tit-melons. "I want to do that for a girl, I really do."

"That's the spirit, sweetheart," Claire purred, reaching out to place a gentle hand on his chest, just above his heart. "And I'm going to help you get there. You see, there are ways to train your body to last

longer during sex. You can learn to hold back the orgasm, and make it even more intense when you finally let go. It's all about control, son."

Eric nodded, feeling his heart race as he watched his mother's hand glide over his chest. He could feel the warmth of her breath on his face, and the smell of her arousal was intoxicating.

"Now, I want you to try and hold back your orgasm this time. Concentrate on the sensations in your cock, and try to ride the wave of pleasure instead of letting it crash down on you. Can you do that, Eric?"

"I'll try, Mom," he said, his voice thick with lust and anticipation.

She peeked down at the cock slipping through his hand. "Would you like me to take over? Believe it or not, honey, I know your cock as well as you do. I know about ever ridge, every vein and area that makes you ache the most."

"You do?"

"Of course. Even before I met your father I was jerking off boys your age in High School and college. I became quite an expert in the art of

giving a handjob."

"I'll gladly let you take over," Eric said, his voice shaking with excitement. He knew he was in the hands of a master, and he could only imagine the pleasure that awaited him.

Claire nodded, her eyes never leaving his cock. She slowly reached out, her fingers lightly grazing his thighs.

She spawled out next to him, plastering her meaty melons against the side of his chest as she took his cock in her hand. Eric shivered, his heart pounding in his chest. He watched as his mother's hand began to stroke him in a rhythmic motion, her fingers gliding up and down the length of his shaft.

"What do you think about that?" Claire murmured, her voice low and seductive. "Does it feel good, sweetheart?"

"Oh, yeah," Eric groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the pleasure wash over him.

"Most women need much more time to reach orgasm than a man does? You have to learn to be patient, Eric. Teach yourself to savor the moment, to prolong the pleasure, and to make it more intense for both you and your partner. It's a skill, and like any skill, it takes practice."

"I'll do my best, Mom," Eric managed to choke out, his voice breathy and weak. His breathing grew ragged and shallow, and he could feel the orgasm building inside him like a tsunami, threatening to overwhelm everything in its path.

"That's the spirit," Claire purred, her hand speeding up slightly as she worked him harder. "Focus on the sensation, Eric. Feel every inch of my hand as it moves up and down your cock. Feel the warmth of my breast against your chest, the softness of my skin, the wetness of my lips as they brush against your cheek. Let those sensations consume you."

"Mmmmm...yes, Mom," Eric replied, his tongue nearly hanging out lustfully as he watched his mom's pretty hand beat up and down his boner.

Together, they watched his slippery member slide through Claire's tight grip, slick with the glistening pre-ejaculate that coated its surface. As they shared this intimate moment, Claire couldn't help but be impressed by how he was performing so far. The way his

manhood was thrusting and straining against her hand, she imagined

it plowing through her own pink flesh and bringing her to the edge of

ecstasy. She couldn't deny the anticipation building within her as she

felt his pulsing hardness in her palm and wondered what pleasures it

could bring.

"I'm really close!" Eric panted, his breathing ragged as his orgasm

neared.

Claire knew she had to act fast, or he would come before he could

learn to control his ejaculation. "Take a deep breath, Eric, and try to

focus on the sensations in your cock. Don't let the urge to cum

overwhelm you. You're doing great."

Gritting his teeth, Eric took a deep breath and let it out slowly, his

mind focused on the pleasure coursing through his body. Claire

continued to stroke him, her hand moving in a steady rhythm, her

touch firm yet gentle.

As Eric struggled to hold back his climax, Claire could feel the heat

radiating from his body, the tension in his muscles, and the pumping

of his cock in her hand. She knew he was close, but she continued to

encourage him, reminding him to focus on the pleasure and to stay in

control. "Let me know when you're on the very edge of ejaculation

and I'll clamp my fingers around the neck of your cock to prevent you

from coming," she whispered, her eyes locked on his.

"I'm...so...close," he gasped, his voice cracking.

Claire nodded, her hand never slowing down. "That's it, Eric. Just a

few more seconds. Fuck my hand as long as possible before we

pause."

Eric's breathing was so ragged now, it nearly matched the feverish

rhythm of the hand that continued to stroke him. "Oh, shit! Oh, shit!"

he moaned, his body shuddering in her grip. "I'm right there, Mom,"

he panted, his cock twitching in her hand, straining for release.

Claire stopped stroking and her grip tightened around his manhood,

firmly encircling it just below the curved edge of his coronal ridge. The

intense pleasure that had been building within him was stopped in its

tracks, held back by her skilled touch. "Relax, my love. Let your

climax slowly fade away," she urged softly, her voice laced with

tenderness and understanding.

Eric's eyes closed involuntarily, his face contorted in a mix of agony

and pleasure. He could feel the throbbing in his cock, the pulsations

that had been building up to a crescendo now abruptly halting. He let

out a ragged sigh, his heart pounding in his chest. The euphoric

sensations that had been coursing through his veins just moments

ago now slowly dissipating, and he took a shaky breath.

"It takes a lot of discipline to master this technique, Eric," Claire

continued, her hand still firm around him. "But with time and practice,

you'll be able to last much longer during sex. Trust me, your partners

will appreciate it, and it will make your orgasms even more intense

when you eventually do climax."

Eric nodded, his breath still ragged as he stared into his mother's

eyes.

"Before I begin stroking you again, would you like to do something

that will heighten your arousal even more?"Claire inquired, a sly smile

playing on her lips.

"Um...what do you have in mind, Mom?" Eric asked, his heart still racing from the intense pleasure he had just experienced.

"Would you like to suck on my titties?"

"Seriously?!" he exclaimed, his eyes widening in disbelief and arousal.

"Yes, I think it will add a whole other layer of pleasure and excitement for you."

"I'll be honest, it was something I wanted to do yesterday, but was too afraid to ask you."

"Today marks a fresh start on your path of sexual exploration," Claire remarked with a sly smile. "Your sister has yet to feed this morning, so my breasts are brimming with rich, creamy milk for you to savor. Just as I relish the taste and nourishment of your cum, you can now indulge in the unique pleasure of nursing from me." Her words hung heavy in the air, thick with desire and temptation.

Eric's mind raced with excitement as he nodded eagerly, his eyes fixated on his mother's milk-engorged breasts.

Claire moved into position, her nipples erect and begging to be sucked.

As Eric leaned forward, he was surprised by how squishy and warm his mother's breast felt on his face, the weight of them exhilirating. He took one nipple into his mouth, suckling gently, tasting the creamy milk that flowed from its ducts, the sweet nectar leaving a warm, tingling sensation in his throat.

Claire moaned softly, arching her back as she felt her son's lips wrapped around her nipple. "Oh, Eric, I can tell already thatbyou're gonna be good at this," she whispered, her voice thick with arousal. Her hand was still clenched around cock and she slowly began stroking again.

As her fist moved up and down his shaft, Eric was lost in a world of sensations. His mind was a whirlwind of pleasure and longing, his mouth firmly latched onto his mother's nipple, his lips spread out across her areola, feeling the milk flow into his mouth. His face was masked in tit-flesh and he could feel the meat of her melon rocking back and forth in rhythm with her strokes.

He could feel the tenderness of her nipple in his mouth and the sweet, warm liquid flowing down his throat as he sucked on her. The smell, taste and sensation of her breast filled him with an unmatched

feeling of connection and intimacy, unlike anything he had ever experienced.

Claire moaned softly, her hand speeding up its pace, her son's precum coating his cock with each quick pull. She could feel the heat radiating from his body, the tension in his muscles and the throbbing of his cock in her hand. It was as if she was connected to him on a primal level, their bodies reacting and responding to each other in perfect harmony.

Claire's voice was soft and gentle, almost like a lullaby, as she spoke to her tit-sucking son. "Oh, sweetheart," she cooed, savoring the feeling of their bodies intertwined. "Now that your body has calmed down, we'll slowly bring you to the edge again."

With a confident and practiced touch, she caressed his manhood, her circled fingers gliding in a perfect corkscrew motion, along its length, circling over the sensitive head with the familiarity of a mother tending to her child. The softness of her touch belied the underlying strength and control she possessed, making him tremble under her skilled ministrations.

Eric's young buttocks clenched with pleasure and anticipation, his

hard length standing tall in his mother's skilled hand as she stroked him with deft and tireless movements.

His lips curved into a feral grin, his pleasure evident as he snarled with delight. Milk escaped from the corners of his mouth, like tiny streams of white running down his chin. He felt himself being swallowed by a cocoon of ecstasy, completely consumed by the overwhelming pleasure. The world around him faded away as he gave in to the all-encompassing sensation.

Claire could tell her son was close to cumming again from the sounds he made and the way his prick was swelling and twitching in her hand. "That's it, sweetheart," she whispered, her voice thick with lust, "just a few more strokes and then I'll squeeze the tip again."

Eric groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the imminent release building within him. He bucked his hips, thrusting his cock into his mother's hand as she continued to stroke him, her skilled touch sending shivers of pleasure down to his core. "I'm...so...close," his tit-smothered voice gasped, milk spewing from his mouth.

A mischievous smirk tugged at the corners of Claire's lips as she gave him two more firm and jarring strokes before tightly clamping her fingers around the head once again. The sound of their heavy breathing filled the room, his boyish voice cracking as he protested, "I can't stop this time!"

Claire realized that he had passed the point of no return so she began stroking his cock earnestly again, determined to bring him off hard.

"Cum, honey!" she urged, her grip tightening around his shaft. Her hand moved up and down at lightning speed, her palm sweeping wetly over the sensitive head with each pull. She could feel the heat radiating off him, his desperation evident in the way his hips thrust towards her hand.

With his face pushed against the spongy weight of her tit, Eric's eyes rolled back in his head, his entire body trembling as he gave in to the pleasure. His back arched, his ass lifting off the bed, as he let out a primal roar.

His cock twitched and throbbed in his mother's hand, and the moment finally came.

She could feel the first spurt of warm cum spray out against her hand.

Claire's eyes remained fixed on her son's arousal, knowing the

intense power and release of a teenage ejaculation. With anticipation

and desire, she opened her mouth wide and waited for his next burst

of pleasure. As expected, a long rope of thick white semen erupted

from Eric's pulsating cock, splattering against the back of her throat

and filling her mouth with its salty taste. She savored the moment,

feeling both aroused and satisfied as she swallowed the pool his

essence.

As Eric reached the peak of his orgasm, Claire's hand tightened

around his throbbing member. She skillfully worked her fingers up

and down, coaxing out every last drop of his release. His body tensed

and twitched in response to her skilled touch, his senses

overwhelmed by the intense pleasure coursing through him. It was

like being consumed by a wave, crashing and cresting with each

stroke of her hand. Finally, as his release came to an end, he let out

a deep groan and collapsed back onto the bed, spent but completely

satisfied.

As Eric's breathing slowed and his body relaxed, Claire continued to gently stroke his erect cock, savoring the feel of him in her hand. She could feel the heat radiating off him, the beads of sweat dripping down his forehead, a testament to the intense experience they had just shared.

"Well done, honey," Claire whispered, her voice gentle and loving. "Oh, you came so good and hard."

Eric appeared embarrassed by his actions, but couldn't help feeling a warmth in his chest. He glanced up at his mother, her warm smile and knowing eyes making him feel safe and calm. "Thanks, Mom," he managed to say, his voice still hoarse from the pleasure.

"I was watching your bedside clock," said Claire. "You lasted nearly forty five minutes while we used the edging technique before you ejaculated."

"Is that good?" he breathlessly asked.

Claire smiled, her eyes twinkling with pride. "Oh, yes, that's excellent, honey. But what's even better is, do you notice how your penis isn't

going soft?"

"Yeah, is that normal?"

"For a boy your age, yes. You have a short refractory period, which means your body recovers quickly from an orgasm and you're ready for another round."

Eric's eyes widened in surprise and excitement. "Really? I guess I do feel I could go again?"

"Of course you can, my little stallion," Claire teased, a playful gleam in her eyes. "And I bet you'd last even longer the second time. Why don't we use your Semen Collector this time around though so not a drop of your creamy cum goes to waist."

Eric nodded eagerly, his cock flexing at the thought of repeating the experience with the aid of his new toy.

Claire reached for the device from the nightstand and slid it onto the head of her son's erection, expertly securing it in place.

"There we go, all set for round two," Claire said with a grin. "And I have one boob that's still completely full for you to enjoy."

"Awesome," the boy blurted, licking his lips eagerly.

"This time I think I'll straddle you," Claire suggested, a wicked sparkle

in her eyes. "That way with a me on top of you and the Semen Collector pumping on your erection, it'll feel like you're really having sex with a girl."

"You mean like a role play?"

"Exactly," Claire nodded, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "And I'll be your experienced girlfriend, teaching you the ins and outs of making love."

Eric couldn't help but feel a surge of butterflies in his stomach as he imagined himself with a beautiful woman. The idea of roleplaying this scenario thrilled him, adding an extra layer of excitement to the experience.

He eagerly agreed, his cock leaping at the thought performing such an intimate role play with his own beautiful, busty mom. Even if his cock wasn't actually inside his mother, he could certainly imagine it was.

Claire straddled her son, her moist labia glistening under the soft light of the room. She lowered herself onto the Semen Collector, feeling the warmth of his cock through it, sliding againt her moist folds. She

leaned forward, letting her giant, stiff-nippled boobs dangle above his

excited eyes.

"I'll reach down and click off the device whenever you edge, ok?"

Eric nodded eagerly, eyes wide and mouth slightly agape. He was so

turned on from watching his mother's humongous tits bobbing in front

of him. He licked his lips in anticipation, the sound of his own

breathing becoming louder with each passing second.

Claire turned the Semen Collector on and it began to pump,

mimicking the sensation of a girl's pussy on Eric's erect penis.

The boy groaned in lust as his mother began thrusting her hips, riding

the sperm collector like it was his cock. Her wet slit slid up and down,

her folds glistening in the dim light.

"You're doing great, honey" Claire encouraged, her voice breathy and

sultry.

The weight of her bare, voluptuous tits caused them to bounce

heavily on her chest with each thrust, creating a mesmerizing ripple

effect as they collided with her rib cage. The soft flesh jiggled and

swayed like gelatin, reflecting the intensity of her movements. "Just imagine that your fucking a hot girl and your cock is squeezing through a real pussy."

"You make it easy for me to imagine that," he said, his eyes drifting down her torso to the her shaved pussy as it glided over the Semen Collector's shaft.

"I want to make this experience as lifelike and intense as possible for you," she purred, her voice low and seductive. She leaned forward, her oversized jugs swinging tantalizingly close to his face. With a fluid motion, she glided her ample hips up and back, grinding her slick pussy against his throbbing toy with fervent determination.

"Wow!" Eric moaned, his eyes wide as he watched her milk-engorged udders jiggle against his face. "This is...amazing!"

"Sex is amazing, honey. That's why it's so important to control your release and prolong your pleasure."

"Speaking of that...I'm feeling really good," he confessed, his eyes locked on her gaping tit-cleavage.

"Imagine that you're an athlete in peak physical condition, controlling

your body's response to the most intense sensation you've ever felt,"

Claire coached him, her voice soft and soothing. "You're controlling

your breathing, flexing your muscles, and working hard to endure this

incredible experience."

Eric took a deep breath and closed his eyes, focusing on the

sensations coursing through his body. He could feel the Semen

Collector pulsating against the throbbing meat of his erection,

mimicking the feel of a woman's tight canal.

Claire's hips continued to move rhythmically, her wet labia gliding up

and down the shaft. On every backward pivot, her fleshy prepuce was

peeled back, exposing her glans. The pulsating suction of the sex toy

against her grape-sized nubbin adding to the intensity of the

experience.

"I can feel the pressure building," Eric whispered, his voice growing

hoarse with desire.

"That's right," Claire encouraged, riding him tirelessly. "You're edging,

honey. Do you feel that knot of pleasure coiling in the head of your

cock. It's the sweet spot, the edge of the cliff. Just a few more strokes

and you'll tumble over, but we won't let you. We'll stop you just in

time."

"I can feel it," he groaned, his eyes squeezed shut as he gritted his

teeth.

"That's good," Claire purred, her voice low and seductive. "Just a few

more strokes, and then we'll stop you. Can you feel yourself getting

closer?"

"Yes," he whispered, his voice barely a thread as his body tensed.

"That's it, honey," Claire praised, her tone still sultry and inviting.

"You're doing so well, you're on the verge of losing control."

"I can't take it much longer," he sighed, his voice wavering with

anticipation.

"I know," Claire whispered, her voice soft and reassuring. "I can see it

in your eyes. But you have to hold on just a little longer, just a few

more strokes. Keep fucking this girl as long as you can."

Eric felt a sudden surge of energy, meeting his mother's thrusts with

a primal need to release his seed inside her. "I'm not gonna cum yet!"

he gasped in resolve.

"You're a fucking animal," Claire cheered, her voice getting lost in the

passion of the moment. Her hips bucked wildly, her chest heaving

with each breath. Her face was flushed with passion, her eyes

gleaming with desire. " "You're gonna make me cum, sweetheart!"

Hearing his mom say this was like pouring gasoline on a fire. Eric's

eyes widened and his heart raced with excitement. He knew he had

to make his mom cum, to give her the pleasure she so desperately

wanted. But he also knew he couldn't cum just yet. He had to hold on,

to resist the intense pleasure washing over him.

With renewed focus, Eric began to thrust back, matching his mom's

movements. The Senen Collector pulsed and sucked on his cock,

mimicking the sensations of a real pussy. He felt a burning fire

building up inside him, but he clenched his jaw and pushed it away.

"Keep going, honey," Claire panted, her eyes locked on her son's

thrusting hips. "I can feel how close you are, but I need you to hold on

just a little bit longer."

Eric's hips bucked wildly, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His mom suddenly began trembling, her muscles clenching and releasing, and a look of pure bliss washed over her face.

"I'm close," she moaned, her voice shaking with the intensity of her climax. "I can feel it. Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

Hearing his mom's climax nearing was like a trigger for Eric's own release. The fire inside him was about to burn out of control, but he knew he had to hold on, to make his mom cum first.

"Keep going, mom," he panted, his voice strained with effort. "Cum on me."

With her hips flying wildly up and back, Claire arched her spine, causing her ballooning tits to swell and shake uncontrollably from her chest. Her stunning face contorted in a powerful mix of pleasure and ecstasy as she let out a primal scream that echoed through the room.

The silky strands of her hair whipped around her face in an erotic frenzy. She was lost in the throes of orgasmic bliss, completely consumed by the intense sensations coursing through her body. Her

son could do nothing but watch, mesmerized by the raw beauty and unbridled passion of his mother's climax.

As Claire's climax reached its peak, her pussy tightened around the sperm collector, sending Eric's senses into overdrive. He felt his cock throb and pulse with the rhythm of his mother's orgasm, the pressure building with each powerful thrust. "

"I can't hold on any longer," he groaned, his eyes locked on his mother's convulsing body as she screamed in pleasure. Her pussy clenched around the toy, and he knew that he had to let go.

With a final push, his body shuddered, and his cock erupted, sending streams of hot, thick cum gushing into the Semen Collector. His hips bucked wildly, his face a mask of pure ecstasy as he felt the orgasmic release wash over him.

Claire's own body trembled, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt the waves of pleasure crash over her. Her pussy clenched and released around the tube if the device, helping to milk her son dry as her own orgasm subsided.

As the last spasms of ecstasy subsided, both mother and son lay there, spent and gasping for breath. Claire slowly lowered herself onto her son's chest, her massive tits flattening out like soft bread dough on his teenage chest.

"That was incredible," she whispered, her voice barely a whisper. "I can't believe how intense that was."

Eric smiled weakly, still caught up in the rush of endorphins that coursed through his veins. "I guess that's what happens when you edge yourself to the point of no return," he managed to croak out.

Claire giggled softly, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well then, I guess we'll have to keep you home from school until we get it right."

"You won't hear any objections out of me," Eric chuckled weakly, still feeling the aftershocks of their intense encounter. "Besides, I'm running late already anyway."

"Alright, let's go for round three of humpy-cummie time, but first I need to go feed your baby sister."

Eric watched his mom slip from the bed and move towards his doorway naked. She was a vision of sex appeal, her body still glistening with sweat and cum, her naked ass undulating, her fat tits jiggling with every step she took.

Claire peeked back, watching him slip his slimy erection from the tube

of the sperm collector. "Don't you dare start round three without me,"

she warned with a wink and a playful grin.

Fred made the impulsive decision to come home for lunch, a rare

occurrence since he normally ate at his office. The ten-minute drive

seemed endless as he eagerly anticipated being greeted by the

delicious scents of his wife's cooking. However, upon entering the

house, he noticed something was off - his wife was not bustling about

in the kitchen like she usually was. "Honey?" he called out, the sound

echoing through the empty halls, but received no answer. A sense of

unease settled over him as he navigated through the quiet rooms,

wondering where his wife could be.

He headed up the stairs to check if she was in the bedroom, but he

could immediately hear loud and disturbing sounds coming from his

son's room, the sound of two voices panting with heated intensity. He

cautiously opened the door, peering inside and finding his son Eric

and his wife, Claire, naked and entwined in a passionate embrace.

Claire lay on her back, her toned mommy-legs wrapped tightly around

Eric's waist. Their sweat-soaked bodies pressed together in a fervent

embrace, moving rhythmically as if engaged in passionate

missionary-style lovemaking. But upon closer inspection, Fred

noticed the Semen Collector device nestled between their crotches,

revealing that this was merely simulated sex.

The air was thick and humid, heavy with the musky scent of sex. It

hung like a tangible fog, suggesting that perhaps the entire morning

had been filled with passionate activity.

Fred's body froze, paralyzed with shock as he witnessed the

disturbing scene before him. His own wife and son, locked in an

obscene embrace, their bodies writhing in a heated fuck-rhythm.

Eric's bed rocked back and forth, creaking under the intensity of their

passionate movements. The boy's face was buried in the soft flesh of

Claire's breast, his lips hungrily sucking at her nipple as she moaned

in pleasure. The sight made Fred feel sick to his stomach, a twisted

knot forming in his gut as he struggled to process what he was

seeing. This was by far the most depraved and obscene thing he had

ever witnessed. He couldn't tear his eyes away, but he also couldn't

move, as if his body was frozen in disbelief and horror.

"You're gonna make me cum, honey!" his wife's voice rang out, her hips rocking urgently, meeting Eric's thrusts in counterpoint. Fred watched his wife scratch her long nails down Eric's back, her pretty face contorting with pleasure.

Fred never could have imagined watching his wife experience pleasure with another man, let alone his own son. It was like an out of body experience, as he had always been the one to bring her to climax. But now, he found himself a mere spectator to her ecstasy as he watched her writhe and moan in the arms of another. The sight was both titillating and unsettling, like a forbidden peek into a world beyond his own. A mix of emotions swirled within him - jealousy, arousal, curiosity. He couldn't tear his eyes away as every sigh and gasp from his wife's lips felt like a betrayal and yet also a revelation. This was not something he ever thought he would witness, but now that it was happening, he couldn't deny the strange fascination it held for him.

Claire arched her back and let out a primal scream that echoed

through the room. These were not the familiar sounds of pleasure

that Fred had grown accustomed to in their 20 years of marriage,

these were raw and untamed. Her body trembled beneath Eric as she

surrendered to the waves of ecstasy crashing through her. And in that

moment, Fred knew that this was the most beautiful sound he had

ever heard his wife make.

He found himself captivated and overwhelmed by the fluid, sensual

movements of their naked bodies entwined. Eric's physique, youthful

and chiseled, perfectly complemented his wife's mature, voluptuous

curves. It was as if they were two puzzle pieces coming together in a

sexual symphony - every touch, kiss, and thrust fitting seamlessly into

place. The air crackled with raw passion and desire as their bodies

moved in perfect synchronization, creating a sexual experience that

felt like it was crafted just for them.

"I'm close!" Eric called out, his breath ragged.

Claire's body tensed and contorted around Eric's thrusting form, her

muscles tightening and straining as she clung to him with her smooth

skin, like a mommy fuck-harness, amplifying the intensity of his orgasm.

Fred watched in shock as his son's orgasm wracked his body, his face twisting into a mask of pure ecstasy. He could see Eric's big, hairless balls clenching in their sack with every grunt and groan that escaped his son's mouth.

For several tense minutes Eric and Claire continued to fuck with animalistic fervor. The sweaty, slick bodies moved in perfect sync with one another, each movement designed to pleasure each other sexually.

Finally, their bodies slowed to a halt, the spent pair gasping for air like they had just completed a marathon.

Fred cleared his throat from the doorway, making his presence known.

Claire and Eric froze, both turning their heads to look at Fred, their faces a mix of shock and embarrassment. "Honey, what are you doing home?" his wife asked.

"I decided to come home for lunch," Fred answered. "I certainly didn't expect to find this."

He stepped away from the door as Eric watched him with a worried expression. Claire noticed her son's concern and reassured him, placing a gentle kiss on his forehead. "Don't worry, sweetheart. We're not doing anything wrong," she said soothingly.

Fred confronted his wife the moment she stepped into the kitchen. "Whatever you were doing in there WASN'T part of the agreement we had," he said, his voice trembling with anger and disbelief.

"It most certainly was," Claire shot back. "Eric was sucking on my breast while being stimulated by his masturbation device, all of which I told you about. We were doing nothing that you and I didn't agree on."

"It looked like a whole lot more than that."

"Look, Eric and I may have been going through the motions of sex, but that was only to make it more realistic for him. There was no penetration going on whatsoever."

"You may try to twist things around, Claire, but I know what I saw. You were engaged in a sexual act with Eric. I don't know how you can justify that as part of our agreement."

"Call it what you want, but I was merely to broadening Eric's horizon

sexually and helping him become more confident in his burgeoning

sexuality," she explained defensively. "He's my son, after all. I want to

make sure he is well-prepared for the future."

"The way you were climaxing in there makes me wonder if it was just

as much for your benefit as it was his," Fred snarled.

"A woman's climax is simply a physical reaction, Fred. It's not

something I can control or prevent from happening."

"Sure you can, by NOT doing what you two were doing in there," Fred

snapped back.

Claire sighed, her eyes softening as she looked at her husband.

"Fred, I understand your emotions are running high right now, but

please try to understand. This was not about me getting pleasure

from Eric, it was about helping him learn to enjoy intimacy and feel

confident in himself."

"But it wasn't supposed to be this way!" Fred shouted. "I thought we

had a clear understanding of what our agreement entailed."

"We did, but sometimes situations change, and we have to adapt,"

Claire reasoned. "I know this is difficult for you to accept, but I truly believe that what Eric and I were doing was for the best. Eric needs to learn and grow, just like you and I did when we were his age. And if I can help him along that path, I will."

Fred paused, feeling a sudden surge of protective anger towards his son. He knew Claire was right, but it was still hard to accept the fact that his own wife and son were engaging in such intimate acts. He took a deep breath, trying to find some level of rationality amidst the chaos of his emotions.

"I know you're trying to do what you think is best, Claire," he said, his voice still trembling with anger. "But I can't help but feel like you're pushing the boundaries of our agreement. Maybe it's time we reassess our terms and come to a new understanding of what is and isn't acceptable."

Claire nodded slowly, understanding the gravity of the situation. "You're right, Fred," she said. "We need to have a serious conversation about where we stand and what we expect from each other. But for now, I think we both need some time to cool off and process what just happened."

Fred agreed, feeling the weight of the situation pressing down on him.

"You're right. Let's give each other some space and come back together in a day or so after we've had time to think things through. I'm gonna head back to the office."

"I'll see you after work," Claire said, giving him a weak smile.

As Fred left the house, he couldn't shake the feeling of unease that his wife's actions had left him with. His mind raced as he tried to make sense of what he had seen. How could he reconcile his love and respect for his wife with the knowledge that she had engaged in such intimate acts with their son?

He drove back to his office, but didn't go in. All he could think about was whether his wife and son went right back at it after he left.

"Dad sure seemed pissed," Eric pointed out after Claire came back to his bedroom.

"He'll get over it," Claire replied. "He just has to accept that my relationship with you has evolved."

She smiled at her son, who was lying on the bed, exhausted from their intense session. He had ejaculated four times that morning and she couldn't be more proud. "I know it might be hard for him to

understand, but I truly believe that what we did was for the best.

You're growing up, Eric, and you need to learn how to navigate

intimate relationships. It's my duty as your mother to help you learn."

Eric nodded, still catching his breath. "I know it was weird, Mom, but it

felt so good. And you were right, I did feel more confident afterward."

Claire ran her fingers through his hair, gently ruffling it. "You're my

son, and I'll always be here for you. We'll talk more about it later, but

for now, let's take a shower and get cleaned up."

"Together?" Eric asked, his eyes lighting up.

"I certainly don't think there's any harm in us showering together,

even though I know your father wouldn't like the idea," said Claire.

"He just needs to stop letting his jealous feelings get in the way of

what's best for you."

The air was thick with palpable sensuality as Claire's robe slipped off

her shoulders, revealing her curves and eliciting a primal response

from Eric. Her every movement was a celebration of her womanhood,

her body swaying in perfect harmony as she led her son towards the

bathroom with the confidence and grace of a goddess, her big boobies bobbling with every step. In that moment, it was as if they were the only two people in the world, caught in a magnetic pull towards each other. And as they entered the shower, the warm water enveloped them, a physical manifestation of the intimate bond between mother and son.

Eric stood in awe as Claire's skilled hands worked the bodywash over his skin, cleansing every inch with delicate care. The soft scent of lavender filled the air, calming his nerves and heightening his senses. As she lathered his cock and balls, he felt himself becoming helplessly erect all over again, unable to resist the tantalizing touch of her fingertips on his sensitive flesh. He closed his eyes and let out a blissful sigh as she continued her meticulous ministrations, lost in the pleasure of her touch.

With Eric's body still covered in sudsy bubbles, Claire pressed herself against him and moved her lips to his with a fiery hunger. Her breasts, slick and soapy, slid over his skin like oversized melons made of the softest satin, her hardened teats scraping againt his

flesh. The warm water from the shower rained down on them, heightening the intensity of their passionate embrace. As they clung to each other, the steamy air filled with the heady scent of soap and desire.

Eric felt her hand wrap around his cock, slowing stroking its meat between their entwined bodies. "Would you like to ejaculate again, sweet boy," she asked him, her eyes glistening with lust. "I know you have a high tolerance for pleasure, and I want to push your limits even further."

Eric felt his body tense with anticipation as he looked at his mother, knowing she was right. His heart raced and his breath quickened as he realized that this would be his fifth ejaculation in just a few short hours, something he had never experienced before. But he also knew that he had never been with someone as skilled and experienced as his mother. He trusted her completely, and there was a primal desire within him to push himself further, to see just how far he could go under her expert guidance. "I would love to cum again,"he whispered, "but I'm not sure if I can handle it."

"Of course you can," Claire reassured him. "Trust in me, and let me

show you just how much pleasure you're capable of experiencing."

With a mischievous glint in her eye, Claire backed him into the corner

of the shower. Her body pressed against his, their skin slippery and

warm from the water cascading down on them. She left a trail of

kisses and nibbles along his neck, her pink tongue dancing against

the sensitive nerves and tendons. With skilled movements, she pulled

on his sudsy pecker, causing him to moan in pleasure. The steamy

air around them seemed to intensify, as if the very atmosphere was

alive with lust and desire.

She expertly worked her magic on him, using her mouth and hands in

a way that was both tender and intense. Every stroke, every kiss, was

designed to elicit the maximum amount of pleasure from his young

body. "Fuck my hand, baby," Claire whispered. "Fuck it like it's a hot,

wet pussy-hole."

Eric's hips thrust forward, driving his pulsing erection through the tight

grip of Claire's hand. The sensation of her large, soft breasts

squashed against his bare chest only heightened the intense desire coursing through him. Claire had a masterful touch, knowing exactly how much pressure to apply around his shaft to simulate the feeling of a real vagina. She reveled in the power and strength of his throbbing member in her grasp, able to feel every vein and muscle pulsating beneath the smooth skin. It was a clear indication of his arousal and she couldn't get enough.

Eric's eyes fluttered shut and a deep groan escaped his lips as Claire's skilled hand glided down his dick tracing a slippery path all the way to his balls. With just the right amount of pressure, she encircled his nut-filled sack with her fingers, gripping it firmly yet tenderly. Her long fingernails added an extra layer of sensation, delicately tracing along the sensitive flesh while simultaneously pulling on the cord of his vas deferens. Every nerve in Eric's body felt

electrified by her touch, aching for more as she expertly worked her magic.

"Do you like that, baby?" she cooed. "Do you like to have your cock AND your balls stroked on?"

Eric moaned in response, his voice wavering with pleasure. "Oh, yes,

yes, Mom. More, please, more."

Claire couldn't help but smile at his pleas for more, her heart swelling

with maternal pride and love. She knew exactly what he wanted, and

she was more than happy to give it to him. With an experienced

deftness, she continued to work her hand up and down his shaft,

feeling the smooth skin and pulsating veins beneath her touch. Her

other hand came up, gently cupping his scrotum, allowing for a little

more pressure to be applied.

"Honey, would you like me to show you a way that we can make this

ejaculation even more intense?" Claire asked.

"More intense?"

Claire leaned in close to whisper seductively in his ear. "Imagine,

Eric, imagine if we were able to push your orgasm to its absolute

peak, to a level that you never thought was possible before."

Eric's heart raced, and his breath quickened at the thought of such

intense pleasure. "How could we possibly make it more intense,

Mom?"

"It's called prostate stimulation. When you achieve an erection, your

prostate gland becomes engorged with blood, making it sensitive to

touch. By stimulating it, we can create a sensation that feels like a 'super-orgasm'."

Eric couldn't believe what he was hearing. He had always thought that his orgasms were amazing, but the thought of experiencing something even more intense sent a thrill down his spine. He looked up at his mother with questioning eyes, and curiosity dripped from every pore.

"But how do we do it?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Well, it's simple really," Claire smiled as she began to explain. "We'll need to pull your legs back, and then I'll carefully insert a finger or two into your rectum. Once inside, I'll be able to feel your prostate gland, which will be located just beneath your belly button. With a little swiping of my finger, I'll stimulate it in a circular motion and you should be able to feel the intense pleasure building up inside you."

"Wow, I've never even heard of that before," Eric said, his mind running with curiosity and lust. "It sounds intense, Mom."

"It is," she assured him, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. "Are you ready to give it a try?"

"Here in the shower?"

"Yes, but I'll need to continue stroking your cock while stimulating your prostate at the same time, to provide you with the dual stimulation you need to reach the peak of ecstasy. In order to best do that, I think we need to be in the 69 position. Are you familiar with that, honey?"

Eric nodded, his mind racing with a mixture of lust and anticipation. "Yeah, I know what the 69 position is."

"Okay, you lie down on the shower floor first and then I'll climb on top of you."

Eric obeyed, his heart pounding as he imagined the new level of pleasure his mother was promising him. He lay down on the wet, soapy floor of the shower, his erect penis pointing upwards. Claire knelt down beside him and then climbed on top of him, her large, soapy breasts brushing against his chest as she positioned herself over his face in the 69 position.

"Oh, wow!" Eric gasped, staring up at her shaved pussy, slick with water and arousal, hovering inches above his face.

He felt his mom take a firm grip at the base of his cock with one hand,

while she reached down with the other and slowly inserted two fingers into his ass. "This might feel a little bit weird at first, honey," she whispered, "but just focus on the pleasure. I promise it will be worth it."

With that, Claire began to stroke Eric's penis while her fingers probed his rectum, searching for the elusive prostate gland.

Eric's eyes rolled back in his head as the sensation of his mother's fingers penetrating him filled his body with pleasure.

"There it is," Claire muttered, her finger brushing against the sensitive gland. "Now, just focus on the feeling. Let the pleasure consume you."

Eric's breath hitched as Claire applied pressure to his prostate, the sensation sending waves of pleasure coursing through him. He could feel the intensity building, his vision growing blurry as his body surrendered to the pleasure.

Claire's finger continued to massage the gland, and Eric's hips bucked with each stroke of his mother's hand. He could feel the base of his erection throbbing, the tightness of his balls pulling tightly against his body.

"That's it, son," Claire whispered, her voice thick with desire. "Let it all

go. Let the pleasure take you."

Eric's entire body trembled as he surrendered to the intense euphoria

building within him. His moans filled the steamy shower as Claire's

fingers continued to work their magic, the pleasure growing more

intense with each passing moment.

"Would you like to suck on my clit while we do this, honey?" Claire

asked. "I think that would intensify your ejaculation even more."

Eric's eyes widened at the thought of pleasing his mother in this way,

his heart pounding in anticipation. "Anything for you, Mom," he

whispered, his voice filled with desire.

Claire grinned at the sound of his consent, then lowered her soaking

wet pussy onto his face.

As Eric's tongue darted between her swollen lips, he could taste the

sweet juices oozing up through her slit. In response to his eager

mouth, Claire's hips bucked and her pussy clenched around his face,

grinding against his tongue as she groaned in pleasure. She

continued to massage his prostate and jerk him off, the combination

of sensations building to a crescendo.

"Oh, Eric, that feels incredible," she whispered, her voice shaking with desire. "Pry your tongue under my hood now. Find my clit."

Eric slid his tongue under Claire's fleshy prepuce, seeking out the fat, sensitive nub hidden beneath. He flicked it gently with the tip of his tongue, sucking on it lightly and nibbling on it with his teeth.

Claire's hips jerked in response, her pussy clenching harder around his face as an orgasm began to build. "Yes, yes, baby," she moaned, her voice low and breathy with desire. "That's it, that's perfect."

Eric took a moment to appreciate how lucky he was. He was lying there under the hot spray with his mother's pussy-flesh on his face, sucking her clit while she pleasured him in the most intense way. His erection felt like it was about to explode and he could feel the pull of his scrotum becoming tighter. The combination of having his mother's fingers inside him and stroking his boner while he pleasured her was something he had never experienced before and was unlike anything he had ever felt.

He began to buck his hips in time with his mother's strokes, his erection throbbing with each motion. He moaned into her pussy, the

sound vibrating through her body and making her hips buck even more.

"Oh, baby, I can feel it," Claire panted, her voice thick with arousal. "You're going to cum so hard for me, Eric. Just let go and allow the pleasure to take you."

Eric nodded, his mind a blur as the intensity of the sensations began to peak. His hips bucked wildly, his erection throbbing in time with the pulsing of his heart. He could feel his orgasm building, his balls pulling tighter against his body.

Claire's tongue darted across her lips in a slow, deliberate motion as she watched Eric's throbbing erection glide through her tightly clenched fist. The sight of his glistening mushroom head, pulsing with desire and stretching upwards, nearly took her breath away. She could feel the heat radiating from his body, and the scent of their arousal filled the air. It was a primal and intoxicating display of lust, and she knew her own impeding orgasm would be extremely intense.

"Oh God, yes, suck my clit harder, Eric!" Claire cried out, her voice echoing through the steamy shower stall. She could feel her orgasm

building with every passing second, the tightness in her pussy

growing more intense.

Eric focused on her clit, sucking harder and nibbling on its tender pink

meat with his teeth as she continued to pleasure him. He could feel

the pulsing of her fingers inside his ass, the stimulation of his prostate

building to a fever pitch. His hips bucked wildly, his erection throbbing

with each motion.

Claire groaned, her hips bucking in time with Eric's. "Oh God, I'm so

close," she panted. "Suck my clit harder, baby. Make me cum."

Eric didn't need to be told twice. He redoubled his efforts, sucking

and nibbling on her pink pearl with renewed vigor. He could feel her

body tremble and shake in response, her pussy clenching tightly

around his tongue. He could feel her fragrant juices running down his

face, hot and slick as she continued to ride his mouth.

But Eric's focus was quickly diverted as something new was

happening. His scrotum had tightened to the point where his balls felt

like they would explode, and he could feel a swelling in his groin

unlike anything he had ever felt. It was like a tidal wave of pleasure was building up, and he knew he was about to cum.

"Oh, Mom, I'm gonna fucking cum!" he moaned, his voice choked with desire. "I'm going to cum so hard!"

Claire's hips bucked wildly in response, her pussy clenching around his face as she cried out in pleasure. "Do it, baby! Cum with me!"

With a jolt, Eric's body shuddered violently as his orgasm finally hit him like a freight train. He could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing as the warm, creamy liquid of his ejaculation spewed forth from its tip in powerful bursts that rose four-feet into the air then splattered down on their writhing bodies. Each pulse of his erection sent shockwaves of pleasure from his groin to the very core of his being, and he let out a long, drawn-out moan of pure bliss.

Meanwhile, Claire's own orgasm was reaching its peak, and she could feel her pussy clenching harder than ever around Eric's face as she fucked it shamelessly. Her breathing grew ragged, and she cried out in pleasure, her voice echoing through the steamy shower stall.

"I'm cumming, baby!" she moaned, her hips bucking wildly as the

powerful waves of pleasure washed over her. She could feel the

intense contractions deep within her core, her tits trembling with each

one as she milked every drop of pleasure from the orgasm.

Eric didn't stop sucking her clit, his tongue never wavering despite the

unbelievable feelings coursing through him. He wanted to savor every

last tremor of her orgasm, every spasm of her muscles clenching

around his face.

As Claire's pleasure reached its crescendo, she felt her desire and

arousal intensify even more. A torrent of her sweet, feminine juices

burst forth from her core, spilling into Eric's waiting mouth and

trickling down his flushed cheeks. The heat radiating from between

her thighs was almost unbearable, and she could feel herself losing

control as waves of ecstasy washed over her body.

Finally, the intensity began to subside, and both Eric and Claire went

limp in the embrace of the steamy shower. They lay there, their

bodies still connected, panting heavily as they basked in the afterglow

of their shared orgasm.

"Oh, Mom," Eric whispered, his voice hoarse with pleasure. "That was

the most incredible thing I've ever experienced."

Claire pulled her fingers from his ass and climbed off him. Starting at

his balls, she kissed her way up his body, planting soft, tender pecks

up his boner, onto his chest and then finally on his lips.

Eric let out a deep groan as she settled on top of him, her body

pressing against his with the weight of her enormous, wet breasts.

Their lips met in a passionate kiss, tongues dancing and dueling

frantically inside his mouth. He could feel her breath mingling with his,

their bodies flush against each other. It was a moment of pure lust

and desire, and he didn't want it to end. After nearly ten minutes of

kissing like lovers, they finally broke apart, but Eric couldn't help but

sigh in contentment. "Damn, I could stay here all day," he whispered,

gazing into her eyes filled with the same intensity he felt in that

moment.

Claire smiled warmly at him, her lips still swollen from their

passionate embrace. "You and me both, baby," she replied softly,

running her fingers through his damp hair. "But I should probably get

out and feed the baby. She'll be waking up soon."

"Yeah, I understand. It can't all be about me," Eric joked, trying to

disguise his disappointment.

"Well, it can ALMOST be all about you,"Claire teased, laughing lightly

as she fed him another kiss. "In fact I've been entertaing the idea of

doing something that could bring us even closer together. It's the next

logical step in our relationship, honey, and one that I think you'll like a

lot."

"What is it?"Eric asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Well," Claire began, a twinkle in her eyes, "I think I should put your

father and I's relationship on the back burner so to say, just until you

go off to college. I wanna focus all of my sexual attention on you and

make sure you're well-prepared for life outside of our little nest."

"Haven't we kind of been doing that already though?" Eric asked, his

eyes widening in surprise.

"Oh, sweetheart, this would be a whole new level of intimacy." Claire

explained. "I'd be moving into your bedroom with you and we'd be acting more like a husband and wife than mother and son."

Eric gulped, feeling a mixture of excitement and unease. "Are you serious?" he asked, not quite believing what he was hearing.

Claire smiled, her eyes glinting with mischief. "As serious as a heart attack, baby," she replied. "And I think it'll be the perfect way for us to cement our bond and prepare you for your future."

"Yeah, I suppose it would,"Eric responded, still in shock at the proposition.

"As your mother, I feel obligated to prepare you for the responsibility that comes with marriage. Your age is approaching when a wife will be expecting you to make love to her every night, perhaps even for hours on end. It may seem intimidating now, but it is a beautiful and important aspect of married life. I want to ensure that you are ready for this commitment and all that it entails." Her words were tinged with a mixture of concern and wisdom, her eyes conveying the weight of her words as she spoke.

"And moving into my room with me will help with this?" Eric asked.

Claire nodded, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Absolutely, my

love. It'll be a whole new and exciting chapter in our lives, and it will

strengthen our bond as mother and son. We'll be able to explore your

desires and fantasies together, and I'll be there to guide you through

any difficulties or challenges you may face sexually."

Eric swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his chest. This was a lot to

take in, but he knew deep down that he trusted his mom completely.

"What about dad though? What's he gonna think of you and I sharing

a bedroom?"

"Well, your father will have to deal with it in his own way, but I'll make

sure he understands that this is for your benefit," Claire reassured

him. "He'll see that I'm merely preparing you for a life of unbridled

passion and pleasure."

"Won't he be mad if you stop having sex with him though?"

"He might be at first, but he'll need to understand that we're ALL

making sacrifices for your future," Claire answered. "Don't worry, in

the end I think he'll support me in doing what's necessary for your

growth and development."

The next day, Claire nervously paced the living room, awaiting her sitdown

with Fred. She knew it would be a difficult conversation, one

filled with resistance and emotions running high. But she was

determined to stick to the new plan - for her and Eric to share a

bedroom. The anticipation built in her chest as she rehearsed her

arguments, determined to make Fred see reason.

"Are you serious, Claire?" Fred asked minutes later, his voice rough

with disapproval. He sat heavily in the armchair, his arms crossed

over his chest. "First you give your panties to him to sniff and taste,

then you're letting him drink from your breasts and practically having

sex with him. Now you wanna to stop having sex with me and move

into Eric's room?"

"I love you, Fred, but I can't ignore the fact that Eric is growing up and

needs to be prepared for his future," Claire reaffirmed. "By the time

he goes to college, we'll have spent years helping him become a

responsible, confident adult. But if we don't address his sexual

education and development now, he'll be ill-equipped for the

challenges he'll face."

Fred grunted, skepticism clear in his expression. "And moving into his

bedroom is going to teach him that?"

Claire sighed and sat down next to her husband, taking his hand in

hers. "Fred, I understand that this is a lot to take in, but hear me out.

By sharing a room with Eric and being intimate with him every night, I

can guide him through any difficulties or challenges he may face

sexually. It's not just about the physical act, but about the connection

and understanding that comes with it. I'm not suggesting that we stop

being a loving couple, you and I, but I am suggesting that we put our

son first for a little while."

"By allowing you to have sex with him?"

"Yes," Claire answered bluntly. "It's the only way for him to truly learn

and be prepared for a real wife."

"It's sex with your son though. It's obscene, AND against the law!"

"So is the little adjustment that you did to your taxes last year, Fred. I

never told anyone about that, and in that same way, I expect you to

keep the arrangement we have going under this roof a secret," Claire

warned.

"What about MY sexual needs?" Fred asked. "What am I suppose to

do?"

"You'll just have to go back to masturbating for a little while,"Claire

laughed nervously, trying to lighten the mood. "But I promise it won't

be forever. Once Eric goes off to college, we can go back to having a

normal sex life."

"We can't even have sex once a week?" Fred asked, desperate for

something. "Just once?!"

"No, Fred. All of my sexual attention needs to be focused on Eric," his

wife answered. "Think of it like this: if Eric were a car, and he needed

to be prepared for the road ahead, you wouldn't just take him out for

a spin, would you?" Claire prodded. "You'd first make sure his tires

were properly inflated, his oil was changed, and his engine was

running smoothly before you let him hit the road, right? Well, the

same applies to his sexual well being. I need to make sure he's ready

for anything life might throw at him and in order to do that, I need to

spend as much alone time with him as possible."

Fred sighed, his forehead creasing with frustration. "But Claire, you're

MY wife. Things aren't suppose to be this way."

"Yes, sweetheart, they're not," Claire agreed, her voice soft and

understanding. "But sometimes we have to do things for the greater

good. And the greater good right now is making sure Eric is prepared

for life outside of our home." She squeezed Fred's hand, her

expression pleading. "I know it's not ideal, but I believe with all my

heart that this is what's best for our son and our family. Can you trust

me on this, Fred?"

Fred looked at Claire, her eyes full of love and concern, and despite

his reservations, he nodded reluctantly. "Okay, Claire. I trust you. But

you better make sure this works out."

"I promise, Fred," Claire whispered, planting a gentle kiss on his

cheek. "Now, let's get started on switching bedrooms."

As Claire, Eric and husband began the process of moving Claire's belongings into Eric's room, the air was thick with tension and uncertainty. Eric felt a mix of excitement and nervousness as he watched his mother gather her things, preparing to share his bedroom with her.

Fred, on the other hand, could barely conceal his discomfort, glancing at Claire with a mix of sadness and resentment. But he said nothing, knowing that his wife had made her decision and he had to respect it.

"Are you sure you two don't need the bigger bed in here? Eric's is only a full-sized mattress," Fred pointed out.

"Yes, Fred, we're sure," Claire reassured him, her tone firm. "Do you remember when you and I got married and how we were fine with a full-sized bed?"

"Yeah."

"Why was that?"

"Because we wanted to hold each other and have sex all the time, I guess," Fred replied.

Claire nodded, a smile playing on her lips. "Precisely, Fred.

Whenever Eric and I are in bed, we'll probably be...'entwined' in some

way. I'm not moving in here just so I can lay next to him. I have a job

to do and I won't be successful if I don't stay focused on it

constantly."

Eric shared an awkward but excited smile with his dad.

"Yeah, yeah...I get it," Fred replied, grumbling under his breath as he

helped move the last of his wife's belongings.

"Do I get to leave my posters up, mom?" Eric asked.

"How about we make a deal," Claine grinned. "You can keep the

sports posters up as long as I can put up a mirror across from the

bed."

Fred scowled at the suggestion. "A mirror? Seriously, Claire?!"

"Yes, Fred. It's important that I'm able to monitor his sexual

performance from that angle, especially when I'm trying to teach him

new techniques and positions," Claire explained.

"I didn't need to hear that," Fred groaned, rubbing his temples in

frustration. The thought of them both looking back and watching

Eric's teenage penis slam into his wife's pussy was disturbing to him.

"Well, then you shouldn't have vocalized your objection to the mirror,"

Claire retorted, her voice icy. "And that reminds me, once your

finished helping us move, you won't be allowed in Eric and I's

bedroom at all."

"What?! Why not?" Fred asked, his voice raising in protest.

"Because it's OUR private space, Fred," Claire replied. "It's important

that Eric and I have a place where we can be intimate without any

distractions. Imagine if Eric were learning piano and you interrupted

him during practice every time he played," she continued, attempting

to pacify her husband. "He wouldn't be able to focus, right? The same

applies here. We need privacy, so please respect that."

"Fine" Fred sighed, resigned to accept the new arrangement, even

though it seemed ludicrous to him.

With a gentle squeeze of his hand, Claire suggested to Eric, "Why

don't we go shopping, honey? I think it's time for us to pick out some

cozy new bedding and perhaps even new curtains for our bedroom."

Excitement bubbled in her voice as she continued, "Let's find something that truly reflects the special sexual bond that we share – something uniquely us."

"I'll be downstairs watching the game," Fred grumbled, making no effort to hide his frustration.

As they strolled through the bustling mall, Claire clung to Eric's arm, making him feel like a proud and protective husband. The image of her ample bosom jiggling enticingly beneath her form-fitting blouse and the sound of her delicate 4-inch heels clicking against the tiled floor sent his desires into overdrive. Every step she took was graceful

and alluring, causing heads to turn and eyes to linger on her seductive figure. Eric couldn't help but feel dizzy with desire as he walked alongside his stunning mother.

"Let's go in there," said Claire, pulling him towards a lingerie store.

Inside the store, Eric felt his face heat up as he realized what he was about to see. The walls were lined with racks of colorful lace and satin, and the air was filled with the scents of perfume and arousal. His mom hugged him from behind, flattening her tit-melons against his back as she brought her lips to ear. "We'll always be naked in

bed, of course, but it's nice to have a few special pieces to make things interesting," she whispered seductively.

"What though?" Eric asked. "There's so much to choose from."

"What about these baby doll nighties over here," Claire suggested, guiding him to a rack of intimate apparel. "Imagine me wearing one of these with nothing underneath."

Eric's eyes widened at the sight of the sexy lingerie. "That would look so hot, mom," he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Claire brought her lips close to his, staring intently. "You could reach beneath it, grab on to my buttocks and lift me against the wall for a nice hard fuck."

"That sounds nice," Eric gasped.

Claire smiled and continued, "And what about these stockings over here. Would you like to feel soft, nyloned legs wrapped up around you sometimes while we fuck, honey?"

Eric felt a thrill of excitement at the thought of his mother wearing something like that for him, and he nodded emphatically. "Yes, mom, that would be amazing."

"Or maybe some lace panties for you, baby," Claire crooned, leading

him to a different section of the store. "Imagine burying your face against these while I have them on, feeling my wet slit against your nose."

Eric's cock twitched at the thought, and he felt himself getting hard. "Oh, mom, that sounds so hot," he murmured, his voice barely audible above the sounds of the shoppers around them.

Claire gave him a sly smile and held up a pair of black lace panties. "These are ours," she whispered, her eyes locked on his.

In that moment, Eric realized that he was in a grown-up world now, a world where his desires were not just fantasies, but a reality. He felt a rush of adrenaline and awe as he looked at the lace panties in his mother's hand, knowing that soon, he would be stripping them off his crotch and burying his cock deep in her pussy.

Fred's jaw dropped in surprise as he entered Eric and Claire's bedroom, his eyes widening at the sight before him. The bed was covered with a colorful array of lingerie, ranging from delicate lace camisoles to daring crotchless panties and sheer mesh body stockings. There were even garter belts and sexy teddies scattered

amongst the piles of lace and satin. "What the hell is all this?" Fred

exclaimed, his voice filled with disbelief and amusement as he looked

over at Claire and Eric. They both wore mischievous grins, clearly

pleased with their purchases.

"Eric and I made some purchases today," his wife simply answered

with a mischievous smile spread across her face.

"I can see that," said Fred, his eyes roved over the scattered items on

the bed. He saw various sex toys, ranging from sleek cock rings to

vibrating plugs and a colorful array of flavored lubrications. Each item

promised pleasure and excitement, their purpose clear yet intriguing.

"I paid for all this stuff I assume?" Fred asked, his stomach in a knot.

"Yes, you did and we thank you, Fred," his wife replied. "This is a

great way for you to contribute to Eric's sexual learning."

"All these things were really necessary for that?"

"Absolutely, honey," his wife replied with a coy smile. "Eric needs to

learn that there are endless ways to experience sexual excitement

and pleasure. This lace lingerie, with its delicate straps and intricate

designs, and these toys of soft silicone and buzzing motors will open up a whole new world to him. A world of forbidden desires and unexplored pleasures that he has only begun to discover with the use of his Semen Collector."

"We never use any of these types of things together," her husband pointed out.

As his wife gently spoke, her words laced with a hint of concern and amusement, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of embarrassment.

"Not to be mean," she said, placing a hand on his arm, "but these types of things aren't really made for a guy your age, honey." She gestured towards the toys and lingerie laid out on the bed in front of them. "These are made for men and women in their sexual prime, like Eric and I are. People whose bodies are conditioned for serious sexual activity," she continued. As he looked at the delicate fabrics and intricate designs, he couldn't deny that they seemed more suited for younger, more adventurous couples.

Fred lifted a box from the bed and read its cover. "Duel anal vibrators?"

His wife took the box from him. "Fred, you need to go out of here and

not concern yourself with what Eric and I are doing. You have your

own life and your own hobbies. This is our private space, and it's

where I plan on helping our son explore his desires and needs. Just

because you can't understand or relate to it, that doesn't make it

wrong or invalid."

Fred sighed, feeling defeated. He backed away from the bed, looking

at the toys and lingerie one last time before leaving the room. As the

door closed behind him, he could hear Claire and Eric giggling, their

voices muffled by the door.

"Why are you and Eric sharing a bedroom?" Claire's daughter asked

at the dinner table.

Claire shifted in her seat, her gaze darting over to her husband with a

hint of discomfort. It was clear that she had not anticipated her

daughter's curiosity about their recent move and subsequent change

in living arrangements.

"Well, sweetheart, you know how your father snores a lot, and

sometimes it keeps me awake," Claire began, her voice soft and

gentle. "Your brother offered to share his room with me, so that I

could get a good night's sleep. Isn't that thoughtful of him?"

"Yes, but isn't that kind of weird though?"

Claire tried to think of an analogy that would explain the change in a way she could understand. "Eric and I sharing a room is kind of like how friends share a room when they go on a vacation. We're just sharing a space to make things easier for all of us."

"Couldn't you just set up a bed in the nursery?" Claire's daughter asked, jealous that his brother was getting his mom all to himself.

"That's the baby's space, and it's important that she not be disturbed by any noise or light. We want her to have a calm and peaceful room to sleep in," Claire answered, anxious to change the subject. "Who wants dessert? I bought an apple pie today."

Both Claire and Eric were filled with a potent mix of nerves and excitement, their bodies tingling with anticipation as they prepared for their first night together. It was as if they were two newlyweds on their wedding night, eagerly awaiting the start of their journey into physical intimacy. They had already explored each other's bodies before, but

tonight felt like a new beginning, a chance to deepen their connection

and explore new depths of pleasure.

Fred was sprawled out on his bed, the glow of his laptop screen

casting a soft light on his face. In the doorway appeared his wife,

radiating elegance and sensuality in a stunning satin robe that

hugged her curves in all the right places. Her delicate feet were

adorned with high heels, their arches visible through the straps as her

pointed toes peeked out from beneath. Fred couldn't help but feel a

pang of envy towards Eric, knowing that he would soon be basking in

the presence of such breathtaking beauty.

"Eric and I are going to bed now," Claire stated, twisting the knife in

her husband's gut.

"Yeah, and then we all know what happens then," Fred said

sarcastically.

His wife couldn't help but smirk. "Try not to think about that, ok? Yes,

Eric and I are gonna be having a ton of sex, but if you just sit in here

and dwell on it you're only hurting yourself."

"What if he gets you pregnant, Claire. Have you thought about that?"

"Yes, actually I have. If I did have a baby with Eric, he or she would still have our family DNA. It would be just like if YOU had impregnated me and we would treat it as such."

"Alright, well, I still have another hour of work to catch up on. Goodnight," Fred replied with a heavy heart, knowing that his wife would be spending time with another man, more specifically their son.

As Claire approached her and Eric's bedroom, she felt a rush of adrenaline, the anticipation of what was to come electrifying her with each step. Her heart raced as she thought about the intimacy they were about to share, the bond that would be formed between them as they explored the world of physical pleasure together.

Eric's eyes widened as he saw Claire enter the room, the lace panties she had given him earlier were held to his nose and he savored their pungent scent. She closed the door and locked it behind her, secluding them in their love-cave. "Hi, baby. Are you ready for a wild night?" she asked slipping the robe off her shoulders, exposing her

voluptuous naked body.

Eric's eyes widened at the sight of her super-sized tits and shaved pussy. He was already naked and fully rigid beneath the blanket, his cock aching for attention. His boner flexed on his loins as Claire crossed their bedroom, her tits trembling, heels clicking delicately on the floor. "I'm more than ready," he stated, his heart racing.

"Good, because I have an itch at the back of my pussy that only your

cock can scratch," she whispered, glancing down at the bulge in the blanket.

As Claire's fingertips grazed over the blanket, her body shuddered with desire. With a swift motion, she pulled it back to reveal Eric's teenage fuck muscle. It stood before her like a carved pillar of stone, thick and powerful. Veins pulsed along the surface, engorged with blood and working in perfect harmony to create a vessel made for pleasure. The sight alone sent electricity coursing through her veins, igniting a fire deep within her core.

Claire's body settled gently onto Eric's, their lips meeting in a fiery kiss that ignited their passion. The anticipation of the night ahead filled them both with wild excitement. She held onto him tightly, rolling

onto her back as she guided his body on top of hers. Her knees bent and spread open, creating a perfect cradle for their passionate union to take place.

As Claire felt Eric's body weigh down on her, she let out a soft moan of pure joy. Her hands caressed his strong shoulders and upper arms, feeling the muscles tense and relax with each movement. She reached down and grabbed his hard cock, guiding it towards her entrance.

Eric's eyes locked onto hers, his face a picture of pure anticipation. He slowly entered her, feeling the tight warmth of her pussy enveloping his shaft. Claire let out a soft gasp as the head split the walls of her vagina apart, stretching her in a pleasurable sensation. Every nerve in Eric's body screamed with pleasure as he felt his erection slide smoothly into the heated, wet walls of Claire's vagina. Every inch was engulfed and enveloped, filling him with a sense of complete satisfaction. He could feel the tip of his penis pressing against the tight ring of her cervical entrance, sending sparks of excitement through his entire being.

"Fuck me, baby," Claire whispered, her voice thick with desire.

Eric complied, thrusting into her with a fervor that made her moan

with pleasure. The bedsprings creaked and groaned under the weight

of their passion, the only sound in the room aside from their heavy

breathing and the echo of their bodies slapping together.

Their lovemaking was intense and passionate, their bodies moving in

perfect harmony to the rhythm of their hearts. Claire's big breasts

jiggled with each thrust, her nipples rubbing against Eric's chest,

creating a delightful friction. She wrapped her legs around his waist,

pulling him deeper into her with each movement, holding him in a grip

that only a loving mother could.

142: Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration_3

Unfortunately for Fred, his bedroom shared a wall with his son's and he could faintly hear the sound of his wife and son going at it in the next room. He tossed and turned, trying to tune out the noises that invaded his solitude. Every creak and groan of the bed, every thud of

the headboard, every moan and grunt, pierced his heart like a knife. He imagined Claire's legs wrapped around Eric, her curvy body arching to meet his every thrust. He imagined their bodies, sweating and writhing under the sheets, tangled up in each other's limbs. He imagined his wife's face, contorted in pleasure, her eyes locked on Eric's as she reached a climax.

"Oh, yes! YES!" Claire's pretty voice rang out from the next room, shaking Fred to his core. He clenched his fists, trying to control the jealousy and anger that bubbled inside him. He had shared his life with this woman for years, loved and protected her, and now he was

being temporarily replaced by his own son.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom, Eric and Claire's bodies surged toward each other, the sensation of their intertwined forms creating a perfect rhythm. They moved with a frenzied energy, their passion taking them to new heights of pleasure.

"Fuck me, harder!" Claire screamed, her voice echoing off the walls.

Eric complied, his thrusts growing faster and harder, driving his erection deeper and deeper into the hole that had birthed him. He wanted nothing more than to please his mom sexually, to make her cum over and over from the power of his cock.

"Yes, fuck your mother!" Claire panted, clawing her nails into her son's back as they fucked. "Make me yours, Eric!"

It was as if their bodies were two puzzle pieces, fitting together perfectly and creating a beautiful picture of passion and desire. Her son's cock was like a key, unlocking the deepest parts of her pleasure and filling her with a sense of completeness. And the forbidden nature of their relationship, the thrill of breaking societal norms, only added a fiery intensity to their lovemaking.

Arching her back, Claire moaned loudly as the pleasure surged

through her body, the familiar warmth spreading within her. She gripped her son with even more intensity, extending her legs out over the bed in a wide V, urging him to push her closer to the edge of ecstasy. Her eyes locked onto his, her face a picture of pure pleasure as she reached her peak.

As the climax washed over Claire, her whole body trembled in a orgasmic response. It was like a fierce tango, their bodies entwined in a passionate dance, each movement a symphony of desire. The waves of ecstasy crashed over them, their bodies moving in perfect harmony as their climax reached its crescendo. She was a siren, calling out to her lover with each moan, her legs folding back down, wrapping around him like a vine, pulling him deeper into her. And with each thrust, her grip tightened, her pussy clenching around him, milking him with a rhythm that matched their primal beat.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with passion. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

Hearing his mother scream out his name was enough to tip Eric over the edge. He thrust deeper, slamming his hips against her, the

forceful impact sending him spiraling towards his own climax. His

cock twitched and throbbed inside her, pulsing with each beat of his

heart. "I'm cumming, Mom!" he cried out, his voice a mixture of shock

and ecstasy.

With a primal, frenzied rhythm, he thrust his cock into Claire's tight,

warm tunnel of flesh. His body shook with the intensity of his release

as he emptied himself inside her, unleashing a torrent of hot, teenage

semen that pulsed and twisted through her unprotected pussy. The

fiery pleasure consumed them both as they wrestled in mutual climax,

their bodies locked together in an electric embrace. It felt like hours

had passed before they finally collapsed against each other, spent

and breathless from their carnal dance.

"I wonder if dad heard us," Eric whispered as him and Claire clung to

each other, catching their breath.

"Do you ever hear him and I having sex?" Claire asked.

"All the time," Eric replied, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Well, then I suppose he IS getting an earful then," Claire snickered,

"but he should be proud of those sounds he's hearing. Those are the sounds of a son who is maturing into a powerful, sexually confident man, brought about by his mother's love and affection."

After a short respite, Claire and Eric began fucking again, this time with Claire taking the top position. Eric's tongue hung from his mouth as he looked up and watched her meaty mammaries leap up and down on her rib cage like a couple overfilled water balloons, bouncing and rippling. He couldn't wait to suck on those fat, rubbery nipples and feast on her warm tit-nectar.

Claire was in heaven as her son's thick cock stretched her to the limit. She could feel his shaft throbbing inside her, stimulating her sexual nerve endings and sending waves of pleasure throughout her body. She squeezed him tighter, trying to pull him deeper into her, but it felt like he was already buried to the hilt.

Eric loved watching her slap her wet bare crotch against his and swivel up and back with deep, grinding penetration. His tender cock meat felt like it was being stirred around inside a bowl of molten hot

lava, his knob licking the wet, tight lips at the back of her vaginal tube.

"Oh, shit, that feels good, mom," he gasped, his body sweating and

trembling under her harsh, strenuous, sexual prowess.

Claire's face was a picture of intense pleasure as she felt her son's

thick shaft grind through her wet cunt. She was in a world of her own,

her body consumed by the insatiable drive to fuck her son until they

passed out from exhaustion.

"Fuck up into me, Eric," she moaned, her voice thick with lust. "I need

to feel that dick of yours pounding through me."

He bucked like a bronco beneath her, straining against her weight as

she rode him harder and faster. Her tits jumped up and down with

each movement, and Eric couldn't help but marvel at the spectacle.

The rhythm of their lovemaking echoed through the thin walls, filling

their bedroom and seeping into his father's, who lay awake in bed,

listening to the sounds of his son and wife making love.

"Oh, fuck, I'm so close," Claire moaned, her voice ragged with desire.

As Claire's body tensed with the overwhelming sensation of her

impending orgasm, she began to buck wildly, her son's cock hitting

the base of her throbbing hole with each powerful thrust. Eric gripped

her hips tightly, his fingers digging into her flesh as he tried to hold

himself in place, letting her take control of their passionate coupling.

"I'm cumming, baby," Claire cried out, her voice hoarse with raw

emotion. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!"

It was all the boy could do to keep from cumming himself as he

watched his mother's face contort into one of pure bliss, her eyes

rolling back in her head. He could feel the warmth of her climax

enveloping him, the walls of her pussy clenching and releasing

around his steely hard cock in a rhythm that matched the pounding of

his heart.

With a knowing smirk, the mother leaned over, her ample bosom

bouncing and swaying in front of Eric. She was aware that he couldn't

resist staring at her milk-filled hooters, his eyes fixated on their every

movement. As she began to fuck him, she positioned herself so that

her tits danced around his face, brushing against his cheeks and

tantalizingly close to his lips. The sensation of her rippling melons against his skin caused Eric's penis to flex in response, slicing through her snug birthing tube like a hot knife through butter.

"Suck on them, baby" Claire pleaded, her voice breathy and aroused. "Suck on your mother's tits while I fuck you."

Eric captured a nipple, sucking it into his mouth. His lips spread out across her swollen areola, his tongue darting back and forth over the sensitive nub of her teat. Warm tit-milk burst from her ducts, coating his tongue in a surrender of sweet, creamy liquid. His mouth devoured her, sucking and nibbling until she cried out in pleasure.

Claire's hips were positioned in a way that caused her meaty, round buttocks to bounce up and down, the layer of ass-fat beneath the sweat-glistened skin rippling deliciously. With each thrust, her thighs tightened and her back arched, driving him deeper inside her. The heat between her legs intensified as she rode him with abandon, her body slick with sweat and desire. Her chest rose and fell with labored

breaths, feeling his mouth hitched to her breast, eagerly sucking out her milky essence.

Eric relished the sensation of being enveloped under Claire's heavy,

supple breast, the weight pressing down on his face as he suckled greedily like a ravenous newborn. The warmth and softness of her flesh was like a comforting embrace, filling him with a sense of contentment and pleasure.

Over the next hour, Claire experienced orgasm after body trembling orgasm, cumming so much on her son's cock that her ejaculate ran down off his balls, creating a big, sticky wet spot on the bed beneath them.

Eric snarled, his eyes rolling back as he pushed his face deep into the meat of her melon and chewed at his mom's nipple like a ravenous animal. Her tight pussy pumped like a vice around his pulsing cock, dragging out her son's climax and making him wail in ecstasy. With each spastic twitch of Claire's womb, Eric felt a new and powerful sensation course through his body.

"Hold on to my body, baby, then fuck me really hard, but don't cum," his mother directed. "I want you to edge your cock just like we used to do with your Semen Collector."

Claire wrapped her arms tightly around Eric's neck, pulling him deeper against her tit as she spoke. Eric's hips thrust upward, meeting the demands of his mother's request and driving his cock

into her at a punishing pace.

"Yes, yes, that's it, baby," Claire moaned, her voice full of desire.

"Push me, fuck me, make sure you're using all of your cock. I want to

feel that big, throbbing dick fill me up."

Eric grunted and groaned, his hips working overtime as he continued to thrust in and out of Claire's soaked pussy. His balls tightened, his cock twitching and throbbing with each thrust. He could feel the tension building as he teetered on the edge of orgasm. He suddenly peeked out from under Claire's tits, his face sweaty and sticky with breast milk from spending the past hour laving at her nipples. He looked into her eyes, which were dilated with passion and lust.

"I'm gonna cum, mom," he panted, his voice thick with desire.

"Don't you dare," she growled, her hips bucking harder against him, her breasts bouncing wildly. "Slow your thrusts and edge yourself. Don't you dare cum until I say you can."

The force of her command was undeniable, and Eric slowed his movements, his cock still pulsating inside his mother's tight, wet pussy.

"That's it, baby," Claire breathed, her voice filled with lust. "Just edge

yourself. Tease me, fuck me, make me yearn for your release."

Their bodies were locked in a passionate dance, their love-organs throbbing and twitching with excitement as they moved together in perfect harmony. Claire's velvety walls of flesh encapsulated Eric's hard boner, molding it to her every curve with an intense pressure that sent shivers down his spine. The tightness of her womanhood enveloped him like a warm vice, pulling him deeper into the wet warmth of her core. With each movement, she bathed his erect member in her slick, lubricating oil, heightening the pleasure and intensity of their intimate connection. It was a symphony of sensations, each touch and movement sending waves of ecstasy through their intertwined bodies.

With Claire's expert guidance and use of the edging technique, Eric was able to push himself further than ever before. His body trembled with effort as he fought against the waves of pleasure threatening to consume him. Meanwhile, Claire had lost count of her own climaxes, releasing a steady stream of hot girl-cum around Eric's swollen member. The bed sheets beneath them were soaked through, evidence of their passionate and intense lovemaking.

Eric lowered his muscular frame onto her, pressing her voluptuous

body into the soft mattress beneath them. Claire could feel the heat radiating from his skin as Eric eagerly reached down to grab handfuls of her ass-meat. She knew what was coming next – a rough, intense pace that would leave both of them breathless. Anticipating his movements, Claire folded her strong, matronly legs up high around him, her ankles resting against the center of his back. This allowed Eric to thrust deeply and fiercely into her, his powerful hips driving their bodies together with each savage thrust. The sound of their flesh slapping together echoed through the room as Eric's big balls bounced against her asshole like a door knocker.

Their bodies moved together with a feral intensity, like two untamed beasts in the heat of mating season. Fingers dug into flesh, mouths clashed and devoured, and moans filled the air as they gave in to their carnal desires. There was no room for shame or inhibition in this primal dance, only the unbridled passion and hunger that consumed them both. The scent of sweat and sex mingled in the air, adding to the heady atmosphere of their wild coupling. In that moment, nothing else existed except the raw primal urge to fuck.

Claire's desire to bring out Eric's untapped potential burned like a hot

flame within her. She wanted to transform him into a sexual beast, one who would leave every woman he slept with breathless and begging for more. As his boner throbbed with anticipation inside the welcoming tube of her pussy, Claire whispered words of encouragement, just as his coaches had done back in school. Her voice was laced with challenge, daring Eric to push himself to new heights of pleasure and passion.

"Keep going, baby," Claire coached him, her voice filled with lust. "Push yourself, give me your best. I want to feel every inch of that cock deep inside me."

Eric clenched his teeth, his muscles tensed as he thrust harder and faster, his cock swelling in her tight, wet pussy. Claire moaned with each movement, her body arching up to meet his. She ran her hands through his thick, sweat-soaked hair, pulling him closer to her, the muscles in her neck straining as she breathed heavily.

Their bodies moved together In a feverish dance, their skin slick with sweat and desire. The bed creaked beneath their pounding, their flesh slapping together with each brutal thrust. The sounds of their

bodies colliding filled the room, mixing with the scent of sweat, sex, and lust.

With every faltering movement, Claire's heels pressed firmly against Eric's hips, urging him to thrust harder and faster. Her body moved with his, guiding him with her own motions to ensure they were in perfect sync. "Don't slow down," she gasped between ragged breaths, "when you feel a woman's pussy clenching like that." She arched her back and dug her nails into his skin, lost in the pleasure of their primal dance. "That's when she needs your hard and relentless fuck-thrusts the most." The sound of their bodies colliding filled the room, joining the symphony of moans and heavy breathing as they pushed each other to new levels of ecstasy.

Eric let out a low groan as his entire body tingled and melted into the embrace of his mother's warm, soft curves. The scent of her skin and the feel of her body against his sent shivers down his spine.

"Not yet, baby," Claire cooed, her voice laced with desire as she felt his boner flex and strain against her. "Push yourself, savor the sensations but don't let them consume you completely yet."

She shifted her hips beneath him, using her silky, sweaty legs to pump her ass from the mattress, guiding him deeper inside her for maximum pleasure. "That's it, just like that…long thrusts, all the way to my womb." Her words filled him with a delicious heat as he lost himself in the rhythm of their lovemaking.

Claire's eyelids fluttered closed as Eric's cock plunged deep inside her, hitting all the right spots with a perfect angle. The sensations rippled through her body, igniting every nerve ending and sending sparks of pleasure radiating from her G-spot to every cluster of sensitive tissue along her walls. She felt like a balloon being rapidly filled with air, ready to burst at any moment from the intense pressure

building inside her. With a loud cry, she urged him on, her voice trembling with desire. "YES! RIGHT THERE!" she screamed, begging for more. "Fuck me harder! Make me come!!" Her body was a live wire, electrified by his touch and desperate for release.

Eric couldn't believe his luck. His mother, the woman who had raised him and taught him everything about the world, was now beneath him, begging him to fuck her harder and deeper. Her body trembled with want, her breaths coming in short, sharp gulps as he pounded

her pussy. He felt a surge of power, knowing that he held the key to

her most intimate desires, a platform that he had always been denied.

His balls slapped against her ass with every thrust, and he could feel

the sticky liquid of her cunt coating his cock with every stroke.

Claire arched her back, her body writhing in the most powerful climax

she had ever experienced. Every muscle in her voluptuous frame

rippled beneath her flawless skin, as if trying to break free from its

constraints. Her nails dug into Eric's sweaty back, leaving red marks

in their wake, and her trembling feet arched downward, her perfectly

painted toes clenching in pure ecstasy. With a primal roar against her

son's shoulder, she tried to show some level of restraint knowing that

otherwise her cries of pleasure would be heard throughout the entire

neighborhood. Her hot female ejaculation erupted from between their

pounding crotches, splattering onto the bed and drenching them both

in waves of bliss. As Eric's young muscles continued to pump his

tireless member straight to her womb, she was grateful for this

moment of uninhibited passion with the man of her dreams.

As the waves of pleasure from Claire's climax began to recede, Eric's thrusts became more desperate and frenzied. His body was a taut bowstring, ready to snap as he fought off his own release, determined

to keep going. Claire's voice quivered and shook with each powerful thrust, her words a mantra of encouragement and desire. "You've been so good, baby," she moaned, her fingers gripping at him in ecstasy. "Let yourself go now. Give me everything you have."

As soon as Claire's permission dropped, Eric's body seized up, his cock twitching violently inside his mother's warm, tight, cuntal embrace. His eyes rolled back into his head, and his mouth fell open as he let out a primal groan of pleasure. He could feel the imminent release, the familiar waves of bliss washing over him like a tidal wave. His balls tightened, and his cock throbbed and pulsed, sending shivers of pleasure through his entire body.

Claire's grip tightened around Eric's neck, her breaths shallow and ragged as she watched her son's face contort in agony and ecstasy. Her eyes filled with pride as she watched him release his load inside of her, his body trembling and shaking with the effort to control

himself.

"Cum, baby," she urged him, her voice full of excitement and lust, cradling his teenage body against her softness like only a mother could. "Squeeze it all out through your cock."

After a few more deep, quivering thrusts, Eric's penis stopped spurting and he collapsed on top of Claire, his chest heaving and his face drenched in a sheen of sweat. They lay there for a long while, basking in the afterglow of their intense 3-hour session.

Claire smiled up at him, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling with the memory of the nearly two-dozen orgasms she'd just had.

"That was incredible," she finally managed to say, her voice still breathy with arousal. "You've really honed your edge control skills, baby."

Eric gave a weak chuckle, still catching his breath. "I guess I've had some practice." He looked down towards his spent member as it slipped out of her, glistening in a warm cocktail of their secretions. "I couldn't have done it without you, Mom."

They drifted off to sleep in each other's arms, their bodies sweaty, sticky and entwined, the smell of their passion and pleasure still hanging in the air.

"Did you two ever get to sleep last night?" Fred asked as they had breakfast the next morning.

Claire and Eric exchanged a mischievous smile. "Not much," Claire replied with a smirk. "But it was worth every moment of lost sleep. I saved my critique for this morning though because I thought maybe you'd like to hear it."

"Critique?" Fred inquired.

"Critique?" Eric added with a curious smirk.

"Yes, sweetheart," she answered. "The whole point of this is to better

your skills so that you experience the best sex possible. That being said, it's important that I provide you with feedback so that you can continue to improve."

"I see the value in a critique, but I'm not so sure I wanna hang around

for it," Fred stated with a roll of his eyes.

"So, you don't care how your son is doing in the bedroom department?" Claire asked, feigning offense. "Is that what you're saying?"

"Sure I care, Claire. I just—"

"Well then be quit and listen. If you care, at least stay and show some

support."

"Fine," Fred grudgingly agreed, folding his arms over his chest.

"Now, Eric," Claire began, looking at her son "overall, you did a fantastic job last night. Your edge control was exceptional, and your technique was impeccable. There were times where you could have held off on your orgasm for a bit longer, but that's just a minor adjustment that you can work on for next time."

"I can do that," said Eric, then listened to his mom continue.

"Your thrusts were deep and rhythmic, which is a great start. However, I think you could benefit from a bit more variety in the angles and speed of your thrusts to keep things interesting."

"That's a good point," said Eric, nodding.

"Once you've gotten more comfortable with the speeds and angles," Claire continued, "We can experiment with different positions and techniques. I think you'll find that the more you broaden your repertoire, the more satisfied both you and your future partners will be."

Fred listened on in disgust as his wife continued to offer their son

feedback. "My orgasms were all incredibly intense, one in particular was the strongest I've ever had. But I think you could have pushed harder to give me even more climaxes. I was on the cusp of multiple orgasms several times, but you never quite managed to push me over the edge."

"I'll work on that," Eric promised, looking determined.

"One more thing, darling," Claire added. "I loved the way you built up the intensity and used my bodily responses to guide your thrusts. It's clear you're listening to my needs and responding accordingly. That's a crucial part of good sex."

"Got it, Mom," Eric said, feeling a rush of pride. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

Fred finally chimed in, feeling a bit inferior to his son. "Well, seeing as you two went at it half the night, I'd hate to have you critique MY sexual performance."

Claire and Eric laughed. "Our marital sex is different, honey," his wife pointed out. "It's about connection and intimacy. Most of the girls Eric

dates won't want that. They'll just want fucked long and hard so that's

the type of sex that Eric and I are focused on in order to prepare him

for those experiences."

Since it was Saturday, they decided to take a family hike at the local

trail. The sun beat down on their heads as they trekked through the

dense forest, sweat trickling down their faces and bodies. Despite the

heat, Claire and Eric couldn't keep their hands off each other. They

held hands, stole kisses and kept whispering sweet nothings to each

other, much to Fred's chagrin. The baby was attached to Claire by an

infant backpack and luckily, their other daughter wasn't with them,

spending the day with a friend, otherwise she would have noticed her

mother and brother's flirtatious behavior as well.

After a few hours of hiking, they reached a beautiful clearing by a

crystal-clear river. "Fred, would you mind taking the baby for a bit.

Eric and I wanna take a dip." Claire requested, her voice breathy with

arousal as she eyed the cool, inviting waters.

Fred rolled his eyes but complied, taking the baby in the backpack

and strapping it over his shoulders. He wandered off a little ways to

give his wife and son some privacy.

Claire and Eric stripped naked and dove into the river. The cool water

felt incredible against their skin, and they floated together, their arms

and legs intertwining in the water with Claire's huge tits mashed

between them like two wet pillows.

Despite his inner voice warning him to stay away, Fred found himself

drawn back to the scene. His eyes widened as he saw his wife and

son, fully immersed in the water up to their necks. Their arms were

wrapped tightly around each other, holding on as if they were afraid

to let go. And then, to his surprise, they were kissing with the passion

of two soulmates reuniting after a long separation.

Fred felt his heart race as he watched his wife and son. He tried to

look away, but he couldn't seem to tear his eyes from the scene

unfolding before him. Claire's lips were locked with Eric's, their

tongues dancing together in a wild, desperate frenzy. He felt like an

intruder in his own family's intimate moment, unable to look away

from the raw and primal display of desire.

"How's the water?" Fred asked, eager to disturb them.

Claire and Eric's lips parted and she looked her husband's way in annoyance. "The water's good. Honey, why don't you hike on ahead with the baby and Eric and I will catch up in just a little while."

"Let me guess...so you two can take care of some funny business, right?" Fred said with a smirk, fully aware of what was going on.

"Well, there may be times that Eric is in a situation like this with a girl," Claire replied. "It may be good practice for him."

"I can't believe this. You're seriously gonna have sex with your son in

public?" Fred spluttered, feeling both betrayal and a strange mix of arousal.

"Public?" Claire's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Where's your imagination, honey? This is nature, not a street corner. Besides," she added with a wink, "We'll be practically invisible under this water."

"Alright, you guys just be quick," Fred advised, walking up the trail with the baby.

Claire's heart pounded with excitement as she tightened her grip around Eric, her eyes locked on his with a sultry gaze. With one hand, she reached beneath the water and brought his rigid cock to

her waiting vaginal entrance. "Fuck me," she whispered, her voice filled with desire and need. Without hesitation, Eric leaned in and their lips met in a passionate kiss as his throbbing member penetrated her slick folds. The blood, muscle, and sinew flexed powerfully beneath the flushed skin of his throbbing cock. Veins bulged and pulsed with every beat of his heart as he felt Claire's velvety inner walls part around his mushrooming glans. With a satisfying give, her tightness enveloped his sturdy stalk, each inch sliding deeper into her slick corrugated canal until the mouth of her birthing tube was suctioned tightly around his pulsating cock-root.

"Oh, shit," the teen whimpered, feeling like his mom's pussy was custom made for his cock.

The trail wound its way up the hill, hidden from view by thick trees and foliage. But little did Claire know that her husband, Fred, had found a vantage point above them. His heart sank as he looked down from the hillside trail. The river below sparkled with crystal clear water, reflecting the sunlight and revealing every detail of the entwined bodies in its depths. He could see his wife, strong and motherly, her legs wrapped tightly around Eric's hips as she clung to

him like a spider to a fly.

Fred's eyes widened as he watched Eric's hands tightly grip the round, voluptuous globes of Claire's ass. He was standing on the river bottom, using it as leverage as they moved together in a passionate rhythm. Each thrust of Eric's teenage cock seemed to go deeper and deeper into Claire, her body arching with pleasure as she moaned uncontrollably. Fred couldn't help but notice how her humongous tits pressed against Eric's chest, their massive size pushed out at the sides in a provocative display. He could only imagine the pleasure that Eric must have been feeling with their fatty

warmth sloshing against him.

From the corner of her eye, Claire caught a glimpse of her husband covertly observing them. A mischievous grin spread across her face as a rush of excitement coursed through her naked body, knowing that her husband was watching her passionately entwined with another man. She made no mention of it to Eric, not wanting to disrupt his ttheirs and make him feel self conscious.

Instead, she wrapped her legs around him even tighter, her nails digging into his back, signaling her desire for him to fuck her deeper

and harder. Eric seemed to pick up on the cue, thrusting faster and harder with each passing second. The water around them churned as they moved together like animals, their bodies colliding with a fervor that could only be described as wild.

Fred's heart was filled with dread. Claire was his wife and they had shared so many loving memories together, which included raising Eric. Now, there they were, his wife and son shamelessly fucking like animals in the wild, with both of them seeming to enjoy every dirty second of it.

"Oh, fuck my ass off, Eric!" Claire cried out, loud enough so that she knew her husband could hear her. She locked lips with her son, giving him the lewdest kisses imaginable while feeling his boner plunge through her overheated cunt.

Eric was overcome by the intense heat radiating from the mature body pressed tightly against him. Strong, muscular thighs gripped his hips with unwavering strength, urging him to continue his movements.

The weight of enormous breasts pushed and rippled between them, their hardened peaks digging into his skin. Long nails dug into his

back, marking him with a mix of pleasure and pain. And inside his

mouth, a thick, forceful tongue whipped around like a wild serpent,

exploring every corner and igniting a primal response within him. The

raw animal energy exuding from this encounter was both exhilarating

and overwhelming.

Eric had never had sex under water before. It felt like a dream, almost

weightless as they moved together, their bodies gracefully undulating

in a ballet of lust. The cool, refreshing water caressed their skins,

heightening their senses as they copulated. He could feel Claire's

tight, wet pussy gripping and constricting around him, pushing him

closer to the edge.

As they moved, Fred found himself unable to look away. The sight of

his wife and son entwined, fulfilling their most primal desires was both

arousing and deeply unsettling. However, despite his growing

discomfort, he couldn't tear his eyes away from the scene before him.

Beads of sweat formed on Eric's forehead, dripping into the water like

tiny droplets of fire, while Claire's large chest heaved with each erratic breath. Her eyes locked with his, a mixture of pure lust and raw, unfiltered desire.

Eric remembered the feedback he had received that morning, particularly the part about changing up his angle of thrusting.

And so, without warning, Eric went at her a different way. Claire gasped in surprise, her eyes going wide with pleasure as he plunged deeper, hitting a spot she never knew existed inside of her. "OH MY GOD, ERIC!" she squealed, wraping her legs even tighter around him, pulling him closer as if trying to suck him inside.

As the head of Eric's cock dug against her G-spot with extreme force,

Claire's orgasm hit like a bolt of lightning. The intense pleasure radiated through her entire naked body, making her shake uncontrollably. Unable to contain herself any longer, she let out a blood-curdling scream that echoed through the forest, reaching Fred,

who was still watching from afar.

Fred's heart was in his throat as he watched, unable to look away, as his wife reached the peak of her pleasure. Her body writhed and trembled beneath Eric's touch, the sensation of his large cock

plunging into her sending her spiraling higher and higher. It was a surreal moment for Fred, seeing Claire give herself over so completely to another man. What made it even more unsettling was the fact that she seemed to be cumming harder than she ever had with him, despite their years of lovemaking. But he couldn't deny that

Eric's size was impressive, his cock remaining fully erect and stretching Claire in ways Fred never could. The sight was both arousing and disturbing, but all Fred could do was stand there, consumed by a mix of emotions.

Eric's breath came in frantic huffs as he felt her birthing tube pulsating around him, milking his erection with its spongy pleats. In the cool water, it was easy to sense the warmth of Claire's ejaculation

engulfing his throbbing cock. The sensation was both intense and euphoric, sending shivers down his spine. He could feel every inch of her body pressed against his, their shared pleasure amplified by the soothing ripples of the pool. As they moved together in perfect harmony, Eric couldn't help but lose himself in the intoxicating mixture

of pleasure and desire.

"I'm gonna cum!" Eric panted, clutching Claire's hips tighter, his fingers digging into her flesh. He thrust harder and faster, his cock slamming into her with aching need.

Claire's eyes widened with anticipation, her breaths coming in short gasps. She knew what was about to happen, and she was eager to feel it.

The water around them churned with a magical hue, the result of the intense friction between their bodies. The sound of splashing water filled the air, a primal symphony of flesh and desire. Fred watched on, his heart pounding with a mix of excitement and dread, as his wife and son reached the pinnacle of their passion.

"Fuck, yes, Eric!" Claire screamed, her voice echoing through the forest. "I'm cumming with you!" The words seemed to ignite a fire within Eric and he beat his dick through the tube of her pussy like a savage. With one final powerful thrust, he unleashed his seed deep within Claire's most secret and sacred place. The sensation was indescribable, as if all of the desires he had ever had were suddenly realized in this one moment.

Claire shared a mutual orgasm, locked in a primal embrace, their

bodies convulsing as if possessed by some other-worldly force. The

water around them seemed to boil with the intensity of their passion,

the churning waves an embodiment of their lovemaking.

Fred watched in awe as his wife and son seemed to merge into a

single entity, their bodies entwined in a dance of desire that defied all

logic and reason. Never had he seen such raw, unbridled sensuality,

and never had he felt such a mix of emotions. Part of him was filled

with rage and jealousy, but another part could not help but be turned

on by the sight before him.

When they met back up on the trail Claire and Eric were fully dressed

as if nothing had ever happened. A moment ago they were fucking

feverishly and now they were just a mother and son walking together

on the trail, hand in hand.

Eric went off to take a leak before the journey home. While he was

gone, Claire's voice dripped with honeyed sweetness as she turned

to her husband and posed a question. "Darling," she cooed, her eyes

glinting mischievously. "Do you mind if I give Eric a blowjob on our

way home?"

Fred's jaw dropped at the question. "Oh come on, Claire, you can't be

serious?"

"It's not like we're gonna do it in front of you. We'll be in the back

seat," she assured him.

"Can't you two at least wait until we get home?"

"Eric and I will only have an hour to fuck when we get home. He's

meeting up with his friends for a party this evening."

"So, an hour is plenty of time to give him a blowjob," Fred said, a hint

of irritation creeping into his voice.

"Honey, Eric already asked me if he could fuck me doggie style when

we get home," Claire explained. "It's a position we haven't gotten to

practice together yet. Besides, I'd really like him to experience getting

a blowjob in the back seat of a car. You must remember how exciting

that was when you were younger?"

Reluctantly, Fred surrendered to the idea and watched as Claire and

Eric playfully scrambled into the back seat of his spacious SUV. As

they began their journey down a quiet backroad, Claire tilted her head

towards Eric's ear and whispered seductively, "Care to guess who's

about to give you the best blowjob of your life?" With a mischievous

grin, she reached over and expertly unzipped his fly, teasing him with

anticipation.

"Really? Here?" he excitedly asked, glancing up at his father.

"Uh-huh," Claire smiled, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Carefully unzipping his shorts, Claire reached into the fabric and

pulled out Eric's hardened penis. She positioned herself on her knees

beside him on the seat, her long hair tumbling over his lap like a

cascading waterfall. With a sly grin, she leaned down and extended

her tongue, its pink tip curling seductively as it began to dart and swirl

over his glans, eliciting an immediate response from Eric.

Eric exchanged an awkward look with his father, who peered back

through his rear view mirror. Fred could see the thrill in his son's eyes

and knew his wife's tongue must be working its magic on him.

Claire hummed with pleasure as she enveloped Eric's cock with her

lips and sucked hungrily, her head bobbing up and down with a rhythm that matched the thudding of his heart.

From the moment she first tasted it, she had been addicted to the taste of her son's cock. It was the biggest and tastiest she had ever had the pleasure of sucking on, and she couldn't get enough. The precum that dripped from its tip was like a sweet nectar, driving her desire to devour him even further.

Eric let out a low, guttural moan as he watched Claire's lips stretch to obscene lengths as she slipped them up and down his throbbing pole. He could see the outline of his erection, clearly defined against the skin of her throat as it bulged each time her lips sank nearly to the base of his cock.

The tension in the air was palpable as this risky and exhilarating act was carried out with his father's full knowledge. Each time he stole a glance at the rear view mirror, he could see the envy burning in Fred's eyes. It added fuel to the fire of his thrill-seeking nature, a wicked sensation coursing through his veins.

Claire sucked Eric's erect penis in different ways, showing her cocksucking

skill. She used her tongue to swirl around the head, flicking the band of skin that connected his foreskin to his glans, driving him wild. She then took him deep into her throat, making lewd gagging noises as her lips formed a tight seal around the root of his shaft. When she pulled off, a plopping sound could be heard as her saliva dripped from Eric's dick, making it glisten wonderfully, accentuating every blue vein.

"Mmm, do you like the way it feels to have your cock sucked in the backseat of a car, honey?" she asked her son, her eyes a bit watery from having his dick so deeply embedded in her throat.

"I love it, mom," he replied, clutching the edge of the seat in his excitement.

Claire glanced up at her husband and said something that would continue to justify her actions in some way. She wanted Fred to truely believe that she was doing this for the betterment of their son's sexual knowledge. "You know, I've always been a firm believer in teaching through experience. You need to lean what it's like to give and receive pleasure in order to truly feel comfortable doing it with girls you might be interested in," she said, her eyes never leaving

Eric's dick as she spoke.

"That makes sense to me," Eric stated as he nodded in agreement.

"I'll definitely put this experience to good use when I find someone special."

Claire gave her son's dick a few more daring licks, her tongue darting and swirling around the head before she took him in her mouth once more. Eric let out a low gasp as he felt her lips envelope his shaft again, and he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

As Claire continued to suck her son off, Fred found himself struggling with his feelings. On one hand, he was proud of his wife for being so adventurous and sexually open with their son. He knew that this kind of openness would make Eric a well-rounded and confident man when it came to his own relationships. On the other hand, though, Fred couldn't help but feel a mix of jealousy and arousal as he watched his wife pretty head bob up and down on their son's cock in the back seat of his car.

He was well aware that she savored the taste of Eric's cum, evident in the way she added it to her morning protein shake. But it wasn't just the flavor that drove her wild; he could tell by the lustful glint in

her eyes that the sheer size and hardness of Eric's manhood also stirred something primal within her.

The lewd, wet sounds of cocksucking echoed from the back seat, confirming just how much his wife was reveling in the act. Her lips and tongue worked tirelessly on Eric's throbbing member, eliciting moans and gasps from both of them. The musky scent of arousal filled the car, mixing with the heavy breaths and frantic movements of their bodies.

"Fuck," Eric gasped as his climax built, his hands tightening on the edge of the seat. "I'm gonna cum, mom."

Claire hummed in response, pulling her son's erection out of her mouth just far enough to use her hand and mouth in tandem. She stroked his rigid shaft at its root, her fingers slipping and sliding against its smooth texture as she sucked hard on the head.

"Come on, baby, let it out," she urged him, her voice throaty and sensual. "Show me what you can do."

Eric's breaths became ragged and erratic as he felt the sensation of release building in his loins. He closed his eyes and let out a loud groan, his hips bucking against Claire's mouth as he surrendered to

the ecstasy of his orgasm.

With each powerful spurt of cum, Claire kept sucking, her tongue swirling around the tip and tasting her son's sweet nectar. She hummed in satisfaction as she swallowed down his load, savoring the salty taste of his climax. It was one thing to taste it in her smoothies, but to draw her son's fresh semen up from his balls through his boner, like a delicious milkshake through a straw, was extremely satisfying.

As the final droplets trickled out of Eric's penis, Claire pulled away, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. She looked up at her son with a grin, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Well, I think that's a lesson well-learned," she said, her tone teasing.

"But I did say it's important for you to learn how to receive AND to give," she added slyly, her eyes twinkling with wicked delight as she brought one foot up on the car seat, spreading her legs.

Eric's tongue darted out, moistening his lips as he gazed upon the outline of her vulva. The fabric of her thin hiking shorts clung tightly to

her body, revealing the curves and contours of her crotch with tantalizing clarity.

Claire's gaze shifted over to her husband, a playful smile dancing on her lips as she continued speaking. "Don't you agree, Fred? A man should know how to give proper oral just as much as he enjoys receiving it," she quipped, raising an eyebrow suggestively.

Fred's gut sunk since he knew his wife was suggesting that Eric devour her pussy on his backseat. "I..." Fred stammered, unable to find the right words to express his disbelief. He swallowed hard, trying

to suppress the anger and humiliation that boiled within him.

Claire snickered in response to Fred's discomfort, her eyes gleaming with amusement. She then looked at Eric in a flirtatious manner. "Of course your father agrees, so why don't you unwrap my pussy like a Christmas gift and eat it like it's the last meal you'll ever have."

Eric didn't need to be asked twice. With a eager grin on his face, he moved between his mother's parted legs and began to pull down her hiking shorts. He eagerly peeled them off her shimmering legs, revealing the heart-stopping sight of her vulva encased in sheer, pale yellow panties.

Claire giggled, watching Eric lick his chops like a hundry dog while staring at the flanges of labial flesh through the transparent cloth of her panties. "Come on, baby…get to the pussy," she wickedly whispered.

He quickly yanked them off of her like kid about to devour a candy bar. Claire's scent wafted up from her pussy, sweet and tangy, making Eric's cock throb with anticipation. He licked his lips one final time, his eyes devouring her.

Without further ado, Eric dived in, his tongue pressed against her sensitive folds from the moment it touched her. Her pried the flanges her juicy labium apart, offering her a variety of oral techniques—swirling his tongue around her clit, flicking with just the right amount of pressure, and even nibbling on her lips with his teeth.

Meanwhile, Claire moaned in pleasure at the simple-yet-effective tongue technique. She reached down to run her fingers through his hair, gently pulling his head closer to her, wanting him to give her more. "That's it, honey, show me what a skilled pussy eater you are."

Eric licked and sucked on Claire's clit with relentless determination,

biting down gently every now and then to add just the right amount of

pain to her pleasure. As he probed her hole, savoring the tangy

flavored of her secretions, he could feel his mother's pussy muscles

tightening around his tongue, a signal that her orgasming was

imminent.

Claire reveled in the way Eric's skilled mouth devoured her with

fervor. He had only pleasured her orally twice before, but it was as if

he had been doing it for years, his tongue and lips expertly exploring

every inch of her delicate folds. "Oh, God," Claire moaned, loud

enough for her husband to hear. "You wouldn't believe how incredible

this feels, Fred. It's like a thousand electric shocks coursing through

me at once." She couldn't help but compare Eric's talents to her

husband's lackluster attempts. "He may be half your age, but he's a

hundred times better than you at licking pussy," she taunted playfully,

relishing in the satisfaction of finally being truly satisfied by a lover.

"Thanks, Claire, that's great to hear," said Fred sarcastically, his

voice dripping with venom as he watched his wife's body shake with

pleasure.

"Now, honey, there's no reason to feel jealous, we all have our strengths and weaknesses. I just appreciate Eric's willingness to learn and the effort he puts in. Besides, he's been practicing a lot lately, and it shows."

"Well, you're probably the last person he should be 'practicing' on," Fred grumbled, knowing that he couldn't compete with his son's sexual prowess.

"That's a rather selfish statement, Fred," Claire chided. "You didn't hear me complain when you taught Eric how to drive, did you?" She looked at him with a raised eyebrow and continued, "Or when you showed him how to shave? I know every facet of what Eric should be learning in the realm of sexuality, so it only makes sense for me to be the one he practices with." Her voice was firm, but underneath there was a hint of longing and desire.

Eric seemed to drown out their conversation as he feasted on Claire's wet and swollen folds. He held her thighs tightly, his face buried in the velvety warmth of her womanhood as his wiggly tongue delved deep

into her slick tunnel. Each flick and swirl of his licker was met with a moan of pleasure from Claire, the sweet scent of her arousal filling the air around them. It was as if he couldn't get enough of her, savoring every drop of her fragrant juices and reveling in the tangy flavor that lingered in his mouth.

Eric eagerly feasted on her delicate folds, his intense focus reminiscent of a dog devouring a juicy steak. While licking, he gazed up at her exposed abdomen and the impressive size of Claire's breasts bouncing under her tank top, her erect nipples visibly pushing against the fabric. She gripped his face between her thick thighs and trailed her bare feet down his spine, her bare buttocks rhythmically moving on the car seat.

Claire arched her back, her head thrown back with pleasure, her eyes shut tightly. She whimpered softly in a blend of lust and contentment.

Eric's tongue was like a magic wand, igniting a fire within her that burned brightly, threatening to consume them both.

Fred could only watch in awe, unable to comprehend the sensations his wife was experiencing. He felt like a spectator, an outsider, as he

witnessed the intense chemistry between his son and wife. A wave of

deep disappointment and shame washed over him as he realized that

he had failed to give his wife the same kind of pleasure and

satisfaction.

Claire reached a climax, her body shaking violently as her cries of

pleasure filled the car. She clenched her teeth, trying to hold onto the

wave of ecstasy that had taken her over. Eric continued to lick and

suck on her clit, prolonging her orgasm and drawing out every last

sensation.

Eric's mind swirled in a haze of pleasure as he couldn't decide which

tasted more succulent, the creamy tit-milk flowing from Claire's

nipples or the tangy, pulsating ejaculatory juices emanating from her

urethra. The intimacy and exchange of bodily fluids between them

heightened their connection, causing him to quiver with delight. He

savored every drop of her essence, knowing that she relished his

semen just as deeply, solidifying their intense bond.

"Fuck, that was amazing," Claire exclaimed loudly, gasping for breath

as she felt her body tremble with the aftershocks of her orgasm. "I

can't believe how good you've gotten at that, honey."

Fred saw his son rising from between Claire's legs, juices dripping from his chin as he licked his lips clean.

As they arrived back at their house, Eric and Claire eagerly assisted Fred in unloading the car. Their laughter bubbled over as they playfully flirted with each other, acting like infatuated teenagers.

Fred rolled his eyes in mock annoyance as he watched his wife pull Eric close, her fat tits pressing against him as she showered him with kisses. "Do you two ever take a break from touching each other?" he joked, a hint of jealousy laced in his words.

"Honey, I pumped a bottle for the baby before we left this morning," Claire stated, slowly pulling her son by the hand out of the kitchen. "Would you mind feeding her? Eric and I need some alone time for awhile."

"I got it," Fred answered, waving them off as he opened the fridge and grabbed the baby's bottle.

In the bedroom, Claire and Eric's clothes scattered to the floor like autumn leaves in a gusting wind. Eric's cock stood at attention on his

loins, pulsing with desire as he eagerly watched Claire slink onto the

bed. Her massive breasts bobbled and swayed every which way, their weighty contours enticing him further. Pausing on all-fours, she presented her rounded buttocks to him, beckoning him closer with each tantalizing wiggle.

"Come on, honey," she purred, waggling her bare derriere in invitation. The delicate folds of her sex glistened with wetness and her swollen clit peeked out from between them, while the tight circle of her anus throbbed between her smooth butt cheeks.

With eager anticipation, Eric gave his throbbing member a few preparatory strokes, feeling it pulse with need as he mounted Claire's haunches. His breath came out in short, excited gasps as he rubbed the head of his engorged penis against her slick slit, eagerly collecting her warm, sticky juices. The heat emanating from her sex was almost tangible, making him shudder with pleasure. He couldn't wait to enter her and experience the fullness and ecstasy that their bodies would create together.

"Fuck meeee!" Claire cried out with desire, hinging her hips, eager to be pounded from behind.

With a grunt, Eric thrust into her in one swift motion, burying his entire

length inside her. Claire yelped and moaned as his cock filled her up, the sensation of it stretching her out, pushing past her tight muscles with an intensity that both thrilled and pained her.

She threw her head back and cried out again, the sound muffled by the pillow as she clenched her fists in the sheets.

Eric held onto her hips, grinding himself against her, trying to adjust to the thickness of her tight, wet depths. He felt like he was going to burst as he felt her clutching him, her muscles pulsing around his throbbing erection. He groaned as his hips moved in sync with hers, their bodies slapping together with a satisfying wet noise.

"Oh God, Eric, fuck me harder!" Claire screamed, her voice rose with each thrust. She thrust back against him, making her luscious ass cheeks ripple upon impact.

Eric loved watching the meat of her mature ass ripple like jelly as he thrust into her, reaming her out. Her oversized tit-melons swung back

and forth in perfect unison, like two giant pendulums. He could feel himself gaining speed, the tightness of her sex gripping him, pulling him in closer with each thrust.

"Slap my ass, baby," the mother directed, her breathing laborious.

"It's important to slap a girl's ass when you're fucking her from behind."

Eric let loose with a hard, sharp strike to his mom's ass, making her butt-meat ripple.

"Again!" Claire squealed and her son responded with another loud smack to her heaving buttocks. It made him feel powerful, like he owned her pussy, and was encouraging her to keep throwing it back on him by giving her savage slaps to the ass. He could tell it was getting his mom worked up as well.

Claire screamed out suddenly, her voice echoing through the house as her orgasm took her, twisting her into knots as she was slammed by her son. She felt the familiar building tension inside her, starting low and growing like a heated coil spiraling out of control. Her orgasm

hit her like a tidal wave, and she could feel the walls of her sex convulsing, gripping Eric's cock as he pummeled her from behind. Her body jerked and trembled with pleasure, her large breasts bouncing wildly on her chest. She screamed out as the orgasm racked her body, her lips parted and her head thrown back, her eyes squeezed tightly shut as she felt the sensations ripple through her

entire body.

Eric employed the edging technique, skillfully controlling his arousal and delaying his release. He was determined to make this moment last, to let his dad hear the sounds of his wife reaching climax multiple times - something that he was sure never happened when they had sex.

As the pair continued to fuck with a fervor that bordered on the animalistic, Fred could hear the unmistakable sounds of their lovemaking. He clenched his fists, trying to hold onto his anger as the reverberations of their passion shook the very foundation of the house.

After feeding the baby and putting her down in her crib, Fred couldn't help by stop outside his wife and son's doorway.

The sound of Eric's body slamming into Claire's and the squelching noises their genitals made together filled the air. Each thrust resounded through the house.

Claire screamed out loud, her voice echoing through the house. Her own moans and groans of pleasure mingled with her son's grunts, punctuating their passionate encounter.

Against his better judgment, Fred reluctantly opened the door and peered into the room with a mixture of shock and horror. His wife lay on the bed, her back arched, while Eric ravaged her with primal force.

Her lithe legs were entwined around his broad back, her splayed thighs cradling him as he thrust into her with unbridled intensity. The sight of his son's impressive blue-viened girth pounding deeply and wetly into Claire's exposed core was both vulgar and mesmerizing, captivating Fred's gaze in a way he never would have thought possible.

With a heavy sigh, he closed the door to their bedroom and made his way through the house to escape the increasingly feverish sounds of their love-making. The distant rumble of thunder echoed outside, adding to the charged atmosphere. He sought solace in the garage, surrounded by familiar tools and projects, hoping to distract himself.

But every few minutes, despite his best efforts, Fred couldn't help but hear the faint sounds of his wife's orgasmic screams coming from upstairs. Each one served as a painful reminder of the intense pleasure that Eric was providing her - pleasure that Fred couldn't

seem to give her.

Claire sweet talked her son into staying home instead of going out

with friends and they fucked for nearly two hours, right until the very

last minute before Claire's daughter was due to return home from her

friend's house. In a frenzied rush to compose themselves, they

quickly separated and tried to regain their composure.

"Are you alright, mom?" Stacey asked as she watched Claire hastily

make her way across the hallway, clad only in a towel. Claire's body

glistened with sweat and her hair was wild and disheveled, giving her

the appearance of having just completed a grueling marathon. "I'm

fine, honey," Claire replied with a forced smile. "Eric and I were just

doing some intense yoga exercises in our bedroom." The truth was

far from that, but Claire wasn't about to reveal the steamy activities

that had taken place just moments ago. She prayed that Stacey

wouldn't notice the flush on her cheeks or the slight tremble in her

voice.

As the family sat down for dinner and went about their usual evening

routine, Claire and Eric couldn't help but steal longing glances at

each other across the table. As soon as bedtime arrived, they were

back to their insatiable desire for one another, eagerly exploring each

other's bodies in a frenzy of sucking and fucking. The air was thick

with the heady scent of passion as they writhed on the bed, trying out

different positions to satisfy their insatiable cravings.

Eric reveled in the feel of Claire's squishy breasts pressed against

him all night, his mouth never tiring of sucking and chewing on her

flesh as he drank down her milk like a man possessed. And when it

came time for him to climax, she expertly milked his cock until he

thought he couldn't possibly produce any more cum.

The familiar scent of dinner cooking in the kitchen filled Fred's nostrils

as he arrived home, tired from a long day at work. His wife greeted

him with a kiss, her expression serious and determined.

"Fred, there's something new that I'd like Eric to explore," she began,

"and I thought it was important to mention it to you."

His eyes rolled instinctively at the thought of another one of his wife's

ideas for their son.

"Well, what is it this time?" he asked wearily.

Claire's gaze bore into his own, her lips forming a nervous smile. "You know how strongly I feel about Eric learning and mastering sexual things," she explained. "There's something crucial that we haven't explored yet, and Eric is fully on board with trying it out tonight."

Dread settled in the pit of Fred's stomach as he braced himself for what was to come. "What is it?" he asked hesitantly.

"Anal sex," Claire replied boldly. "I know it's not something you've been eager to try, but some guys like Eric get quite excited by the idea."

A chill ran down Fred's spine as he imagined his son engaging in such an act, but he knew he couldn't deny his wife's wishes. "Claire, is this something that is truly necessary for you to do on top of everything else?" he asked with a furrowed brow. "I mean, how many

times a day are you two engaging in sex now as it is?"

"I don't know, at least five or six times," she replied casually, as if it were a normal occurrence. "But that's not the point. This is something

Eric is going to experience, something that girls may even request from him specifically. It's important that he feels comfortable and knows how to properly engage in anal sex, and it's my job to teach him." She looked determined, her eyes shining with a sense of purpose.

Fred let out a heavy sigh, his frustration evident in the furrow of his brow and the tense set of his jaw. "And even if it did matter, would that stop you?" he asked, his voice laced with exasperation.

Claire's laughter tinkled like bells as she shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly. "No, I suppose it wouldn't," she admitted with a mischievous glint in her eye. "But you should be grateful that I'm keeping you informed. After all, Eric and I could be indulging in all sorts of activities in there at night without your knowledge." Her smile

widened into a playful grin as she continued, "But I believe in transparency in our marriage. And Eric needs to know that he has your unwavering support."

Fred's face contorted in a mixture of anger and hurt as he spoke. "I don't know how much support I can give to someone who's constantly

having sex with my wife."

Claire's scowl deepened, her eyes flashing with frustration. "How selfish of you," she snapped back. "You're only thinking about the physical pleasure that Eric and I are experiencing, but you're missing the bigger picture here. Eric is about to enter the most sexually charged phase of his life - college. It's a playground for young men to explore their desires and with Eric's striking looks and impressive...endowment, I have no doubt that he will be indulging in all sorts of sexual escapades with countless girls. I need to ensure that he is prepared in every possible way." The tension between them was palpable as they faced off, each wanting what they believed was best for Eric's future.

Fred groaned, his frustration evident in the way he slumped his shoulders and rubbed at his temples. "Yeah, alight...I've heard this all before," he said with a heavy sigh.

Claire placed a gentle hand on his arm, her eyes softening as she leaned in to speak. "You know, I can't help but feel like there are other deep-seated reasons why you don't like what Eric and I are doing," she shared, her voice tinged with empathy. "You see him

possessing me sexually and you don't like it. You see him doing things to my body, making me climax in ways that I never could with you. Am I right?"

Fred hesitated before finally nodding, his jaw set in resignation.

"But Fred," Claire continued, her tone gentle yet firm. "It doesn't make you any less important. You need to understand that." She reached up to cup his cheek affectionately. "You're a smart person and a hard worker who provides well for our family. Those are your gifts and they're wonderful."

Her words seemed to soothe some of Fred's tension, but Claire wasn't finished. "Eric has a different set of gifts," she explained. "He was blessed with good looks and...an exceptionally large penis." A faint blush colored her cheeks as she thought about Eric's crotch. "And his skills in the bedroom are extraordinary."

She took a deep breath before adding, "Plus, he's so much younger than you are. He's always hard and ready for sex, which is no fault of yours." A touch of sadness crept into her voice as she spoke these words. "You just can't compete in that category."

Despite the hurt and insecurity bubbling inside of him, Fred couldn't

help but admire Claire's honesty and compassion as she tried to comfort him. He knew that their relationship would never be the same, but he also knew that he loved her enough to let her do what she felt was necessary for their son.

Eric's body shuddered with pleasure as he watched his lubricated knob slip seamlessly into the socket of Claire's asshole. The throbbing ring eagerly swallowed him, pulling him deeper and deeper inside her. She crouched above on their bed, her feet planted firmly as she lowered herself onto his cock. Her body was bent in half above him, offering him a perfect view of her huge dangling tits and the intense expression of desire on her face.

"Let's take it slow at first, baby," Claire advised. "Let my ass adjust to the size of your cock."

Eric nodded in agreement, his eyes never leaving the sight of his cock sliding into his mother's ass. It was something he had always dreamed of but never thought he would actually get to experience. But now, here he was, deep inside her, feeling the warmth and tightness of her anus around his teenage boner. He reached up to

cup her breasts, massaging and kneading them as he began to thrust

slowly.

Claire's moans filled the room, a mixture of pleasure and pain as her body adapted to the invasion of her most private orifice. She leaned down, kissing Eric passionately, their tongues dancing together as their bodies moved in tandem. She could feel his cock growing even larger inside her, stretching her ass to its limits.

Claire's ass cheeks rested against Eric's upper thighs as she buried his prick all the way inside her anal orifice.

The sensation was overwhelming as Eric let out a satisfied sigh, his engorged cock submerged in the slick, heated depths of his mother's anal passage. With each thrust, he could feel every inch of his sensitive tip pulsating against the tight walls of her rectum. The heat and pressure only intensified the pleasure, causing him to moan in ecstasy as they moved together in perfect rhythm.

As Claire's body adapted to the fullness of Eric's cock inside her, she quickened the pace and depth of her movements. Her fingers gripped

tightly onto the headboard as she impaled herself on his throbbing member, pushing it deeper into her tight asshole with each forceful

thrust. "Baby, fuck my ass!" she cried out, her voice trembling with

pleasure as their flesh smacked together in a primal rhythm. The bed

creaked beneath them, adding to the lewd sounds of their passionate

lovemaking.

After several minutes of butt fucking ecstasy, Claire reached down

with one hand, while holding the headboard with the other and began

to rub the swollen nub of her clitoris. This added a whole other layer

of pleasure to the mix, making the experience even more taboo and

intense. She could feel herself getting closer, the orgasm building

within her.

"I'm gonna cum, baby!" Claire panted, her voice filled with urgency.

Even though it wasnt easy, Eric used his skills to hold off his

ejaculation, so he could enjoy fucking his mom's asshole as long as

possible. Watching her pretty face grimace as she let out a shrill cry

of pleasure was a beautiful thing to behold. The way her asshole

pulsated around his steely prick was almost more than he could bear.

Even though Claire had breastfed the baby just before they went to

bed, warm nectar still dripped from her milk-engorged tits like droplets

of honey. It pooled on Eric's chest in sticky splatters, inviting him to

taste its sweetness. His desire to gorge himself on Claire's melons

grew with every second, like a hunger that couldn't be satisfied until

he tasted her sweet milk.

"Can I suck your tits, mom?" he asked, his eyes glued to the sight of

them.

"Do you really expect me to say no to that?" she asked, lowering

down and planting her knees astride his hips.

Eric planted a pillow under his back so he was reclined instead of

laying flat, placing himself in the perfect position for vigorous titsucking.

Before he began breastfeeding, Eric loved to wedge his face

in the valley of her gaping tit-cleavage, kissing his way around

between her spongy contours like he was drowning in a sea of huge,

rippling boobie-meat. He had become quite possessive of his mom's

big udders.

Finally, he latched onto Claire's left breast, groaning in delight at the

sweet nectar that flowed into his mouth. The pressure of her soft,

heavy tit on his face sent shivers down his spine. He sucked hard,

drawing on the nipple like it was a lifeline, his eyes locked on the

sight of flesh in front of him.

As he suckled avidly, the milk gushed into his mouth, filling him with a

sense of fulfillment that he had never known before. It was more than

just a craving—it was a deep, primal urge that seemed to awaken

something within him.

Meanwhile, Claire's body continued to convulse with pleasure as

Eric's hungry mouth worked on her tit. She could feel her own climax

building with every pull of his lips, the intense sensation of sucking

and butt fucking combining to send shockwaves of pleasure through

her entire body.

Finally, she couldn't take it any longer. With a final moan, she

climaxed, her entire body trembling as waves of ecstasy washed over

her. Her asshole clenched tightly around Eric's cock, pulling him even

deeper into her taboo depths.

Eric's cock was slick and hard, a well-oiled piston smoothly gliding

through the tight cylinder of Claire's back passage. Her velvety anal

walls molded perfectly to the shape of his sinewy boner, sending intense sensations of pleasure coursing through his body with every movement. The heat and friction between them intensified as they moved in perfect rhythm, reaching new heights of passion and desire.

Claire's ass flew up and down like a basketball bouncing rhythmically on Eric's crotch, making a lewd smack every time her body collided with his.

"Do you like the feel of mommy's asshole on your cock, baby?" Claire asked, her voice full of lust.

"Oh fuck, yes, mom," Eric's tit-smothered mouth groaned, his hips bucking in response. With a savage hunger, he clamped his teeth around her large, rubbery teat. He tugged on it with an intense force, stretching it out from the wide, thickly-textured ring of her areola. It was like a dog gnawing on one of its favorite toys, determined to get every last bit of enjoyment out of it. Milk squirted from several ducts surrounding the swollen nipple, Eric's teeth digging into its tender flesh. The taste of tit-nectar flooded his mouth as he hungrily swallowed it down, feeling a primal satisfaction in using Claire's body

as his own personal plaything. He clawed at her skin, suckling and nipping at her motherly flesh with reckless abandon. She let him be as rough as he pleased, indulging in the raw pleasure of their uninhibited passion.

As they continued to fuck, their movements grew more urgent, their moans of pleasure becoming louder and more intense. The bed creaked and slammed against the wall with each approximation, a slap in the face to Fred who was attempting to sleep in the next room.

With each thrust, Eric felt as though his cock was being crushed by the walls of Claire's anus, like two tight fists around his dong trying to milk the cum out, but it only made him want to fuck her more. He could feel his balls tightening, drawing up close to his body, and knew that he was close to filling his mother's ass with his cum.

Claire could sense that Eric was on the brink of climax, and she reveled in the sensation of his cock throbbing inside her shitter. She reached down between her legs, cupped his balls in her hand, and began to stroke them gently, scratching lightly on the flesh of his nuts

with her long, painted fingernails.

"Cum inside me, baby," she whispered, her voice thick with lust. "Fill my ass with your hot cum."

The words sent Eric over the edge. With a loud groan, he thrust deeply into his mother's ass and held his cock there as he sprayed her rectum with his warm cum. Hot jets of sperm oozed from the tip of his cock and splashed against the walls of her anal tunnel, filling her ass completely with his juicy release.

Claire's anal canal tightened around his cock, chewing on his erectile flesh, milking every last drop of his sperm, as she clenched and unclenched around his throbbing shaft. She raised herself up and down, slowly milking Eric's cock dry before collapsing down onto his chest, both of them spent and utterly satisfied.

As they lay there, still connected and panting heavily, Eric raised his head to look at his mother's beautiful face, her eyes burning with the same intensity that he felt in his own.

"Thank you," he finally whispered, his voice trembling with emotion.

"You're welcome, baby," she replied, kissing him tenderly on the lips.

"I'm glad we're getting to experience everything together. I want you

to enjoy every inch of my body."

Sometime in the middle of the night, Fred was jolted awake by the unmistakable sound of Eric and Claire locked in a heated fuck. The rhythmic thumping of their headboard against the wall echoed through the room like a tribal drum, revealing the intensity of their lovemaking. Curiosity and arousal stirred within him as he imagined Eric hovering over his wife, her legs spread wide in the air as he thrust into her with wild abandon. He heard sounds coming from her that he had never heard before in their 20 years of marriage - primal moans and gasps of pleasure that he knew he could never elicit from her.

For what felt like an eternity, he laid there in the dark room, listening to the rhythmic thumping on the wall. The sound slowly grew more intense, building up to a climax every few minutes that made his heart

race with anticipation. He imagined his wife's body quivering and spasming with pleasure, her voice erupting in squeals of ecstasy. His son's stamina was impressive, as the thumping continued for thirty

minutes, then an hour, until it became even more intense and erratic.

It seemed as though Eric's body was pulsating and thrusting at the same time, reaching a peak of pleasure as if he was spilling out inside her. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the knocking ceased altogether.

The once bustling room fell silent once again, the only sound being the soft murmur of the air conditioning. But ten minutes later, a rhythmic pounding echoed through the walls, breaking the quietude. It was different this time, each knock precise and deliberate, as if they were following a carefully choreographed routine in their sexual dance. Fred couldn't help but wonder which position his wife and son were trying out now. In their marriage, he had found it challenging to keep up with her insatiable appetite for new sex positions, especially considering his pudgy figure and lack of physical fitness. Meanwhile, his wife seemed to be as limber as a ballet dancer thanks to her religious Pilates practice. And he had no doubt that Eric, with his chiseled physique and stamina of an athlete, had no trouble at all

satisfying Claire's every desire in any position they chose. The thought made Fred feel inadequate and insecure in comparison.

In the next room, the sounds of passion filled the air as Eric and Claire entwined in a primal dance. They were in the leg-glider position, with Claire lying on her side and one arm propping her head up. Her legs were spread out on the mattress, one extended straight up into the air like a beacon of pleasure, her toes pointed towards the cieling. Eric straddled her grounded leg, using it as a base while her other leg rested against his shoulder for leverage. The rhythmic movement of their bodies created a symphony of desire as he thrust into her with varying angles, expertly pleasuring her with his rigid cock. His eyes were fixated on her supple breasts, watching them bounce and quiver in perfect harmony with their union.

Claire beamed with pride as she watched Eric's progress over the past week. From timidly pleasuring himself with her wet panties, he had quickly learned the art of edging and transformed into a sexual powerhouse. His mattress became his stage, his body his instrument, and Claire was sure he could conquer any sexual challenge that

came his way. She knew he would leave every girl craving more, unable to resist his irresistible charms.

For three blissful months, Claire and Eric's passion knew no bounds. They reveled in each other's bodies, entwining themselves in pleasure until the early morning light. Sheets tangled and soaked with their combined essence, they collapsed into a deep slumber, only to wake up and start all over again. Their raw desire and unbridled lust knew no limits. And it was no surprise that one of the countless times they beat their tireless pissers together, an act of passion resulted in new life being formed within Claire's womb. Eric's potent seed broke through her ovum and impregnated her with another child, sealing their love and connection forever.

Fred's eyes widened in shock, but his wife's persuasive words easily convinced him. She argued that their son Eric needed the experience of impregnating a girl and would also benefit from learning to please her as her body changed during pregnancy. At college, Eric was popular with the ladies, fucking plenty of hot, young pussy and gorging himself on their plump, bouncy tits, but each time he returned

home for break, Claire's belly had grown larger and her breasts were becoming swollen with milk. And during his stay, they did nothing but engage in passionate intercourse until they were physically spent. The air was thick with the scent of sex and sweat as they explored each other's bodies day and night, much to Fred's displeasure. Despite Claire's attempts to return to a normal sexual routine with her husband, the passion and intensity she had shared with Eric made her encounters with Fred seem almost laughable in comparison. And as much as Fred tried to ignore it, he couldn't help but notice the way his wife would practically pounce on Eric at the door every time he visited, leading him straight to the bedroom for what she called 'practice' sessions. It was clear that she was determined to keep honing Eric's already impressive skills.

The air was thick with longing and desire as they moved together, their bodies fitting perfectly like two pieces of a puzzle. And in those moments, Fred couldn't help but wonder if Claire truly belonged to him or if Eric was the one who now possessed her heart and body forever.

THE END

143: Moms Gone Wild_1

Moms Gone Wild

By Klrxo

"Pack your bags, girlfriend. We're going on a cruise, " Jess said.

"What cruise?" Missy asked.

Jess smiled excitedly. "The Moms Gone Wild cruise. You know, that one that comes around

every couple years, " she said.

"Yeah, I remember that one. Didn't it have age restrictions?"

"Yup, women thirty-eight to forty-two and young men, eighteen to twenty-two. We're good. We're

going, " Jess said, matter-of-factly.

Missy giggled, displaying a perfect, white toothed smile.. "Hold on a minute. When is it? We have

kids, we can't just ..."

"It's this weekend and yes we can. It's only two days. Our mothers are always begging to take

our little ones and our husbands will be home most of the time we're gone. They'll keep the

teenagers from wreaking havoc, " Jess explained .

"Wasn't there a rumor going around that like half the women who took that cruise, ended

up coming home pregnant?"

Jess laughed, "that's an exaggeration, I'm sure, but we can get an appointment with our doctors

tomorrow, get on the mini-pill and be all set by the weekend ."

Missy fed her best friend a scowl. "Jess, I'm not cheating on Philip, " she said.

"Oh come on, stop being such a prude. There's nothing wrong with us cheating on our husbands

for a couple days, it's only two days...and we'll be out in the middle of the ocean, there's

absolutely zero chance of getting caught, " Jess said .

Missy shook her head. "No, there's no way Philip would even agree to me going on a cruise like

that, he might even kill me for asking."

"Well Joe wouldn't like the idea of me going either, so maybe we just tell them we're going

to Vegas or something for a couple days...girls getaway."

Missy twirled her finger through her short brown hair, thinking it over. "If I go, I'm going to

enjoy the cruise, NOT the horny young boys on board."

Jess smiled wickedly. "They're not boys, their young men...all legal age, but whatever. So

we're gonna do this?" she asked .

Before Missy could answer, the front door opened and their eighteen-year-old sons entered. The

boys carried their baseball gear and both were absolutely filthy.

"Oh boy, look what the cat dragged in, " Jess said.

Missy took a step back, gazing at her son Lucas and his filthy attire. "Rough practice, boys?"

Lucas let out an exhausted sigh. "Coach had us doing slide drills today, " he said, slipping

his cleats off.

Missy smiled at him. "I never would have guessed, " she teased.

"Can I use your shower, Misses G?" Jesse's son Gabe asked.

His mom answered first . "Uh, hold on mister, you're filthy. You're not walking through this

house like that, " Jess said .

Missy pointed across the foyer. "Into the laundry room, boys. Let's go, " she said.

The mothers followed their teens into the laundry room. Jess's big buttocks swayed

beneath her pink booty-shorts. The 39 year-old had that sexy beach-bunny look, with long,

baby-blonde hair and a dark tan. Her all-natural H-cup tits trembled beneath her bra and cami

top as she trailed her son on bare feet .

"Strip out of those clothes. We can wash everything together, " Missy said, adjusting the

settings on her washer.

Jess lifted her son's shirt up and off his lean chest . The boy definitely took after his mother,

with light hair and dark, sun-tanned skin. He watched her jugs wobble from side to side as she

tossed his shirt in the wash. "Ugh, filthy, " she said.

Lucas handed his Mom his soiled shirt and watched her place it in the wash. Missy's short

brown hair framed her pretty face, which resembled the singer Lana Del Rey. At 38, her body

was absolutely voluptuous. A true hourglass frame. Her wide hips and thick, peach-shaped

buttocks tapered down to strong sculpted legs, slender ankles and sexy bare feet with burgundy

painted toenails. Her breasts were only slightly larger than Jess's. In fact they had often traded

outfits, including their sexy bras and lingerie. Mom or not, she had never failed to draw her son's

eye.

"So, um, a few of the guys on the team are going up the coast on a surfing trip, over the threeday

weekend, " Lucas said, "they wanna know if we can come with them?"

"Just camping out?" Missy asked.

Gabe answered as he removed his baseball pants. "Yeah, there's a State Park up there,

with camp sites I guess, " he said.

Jess chimed in sternly, since it involved her son also. "Any girls going along?"

"Nope, just a guy thing, " her son answered.

The two mothers looked at each other. "I don't have a problem with it, " Missy said, "as long as

you two don't do anything stupid ."

Lucas gave his Mom a playful smile. "We would never, " he said.

Jess laughed. "Yeah, right . Just keep your eyes on the waves and not the bikinis, " she

said, glaring at her boy.

Missy's eyes drifted up her son's chest, to his face. "That goes for you too, " she said .

"Got it, " Lucas answered, taking a quick glance at his Mom's jutting breasts.

Jess glanced at her bestie. "And that reminds me, your Mothers are also skipping town this

weekend ."

"Just a quick, two-day trip to Vegas, " Missy added, looking over at Jess as if afraid she

might give something away, "So if you need anything, your dads will be around."

"Wow, it's like a hundred and twenty degrees in Vegas right now. Why would you guys wanna go

there?" Gabe asked.

The women looked at each other, as if each waiting for the other to answer. Missy finally

spoke up. "Well, thank God for air-conditioned casinos."

"Exactly, " Jess smiled, then looked back at their sons. "All right, get your cute little asses in

the shower, boys."

Lucas looked at his Mom as they scrambled out in just their briefs. "Can I use you and

dad's shower, Mom."

"Of course, she didn't mean you two had to share a shower, goof-ball, " Missy said, making

Jess laugh.

"Yeah, that would be weird," Gabe said.

A few days later, Missy hurried down the stairway, her dainty heels clicking on the floor. She was

done up to the nines with a light button-up sweater over her dress. Her husband Philip waited by

the door, holding their sixteen-month old daughter. "Got everything?" he asked.

"Oh, I think so. Mom will be over in about an hour for the baby. Please don't forget to pick

up Morgan from dance class, " Missy said .

"Hey, relax, I got this under control, " Philip said.

"I know you do, " Missy smiled beautifully, "you're wonderful."

"You guys have a great time, " Philip said, then gave his wife a kiss. "don't drain our bank

account on the slot machines though."

Missy giggled, "I'll try not to, " she said, feeling a tad guilty lying about where she was going.

A half-hour later, her and Jess were walking towards the ship and she had peeled off a layer of

her outfit . At home, a light sweater had covered her upper half. Now the sweater was off

revealing a black nylon tube-dress. It fell just below her crotch, leaving nearly all her freshlyshaved

legs on display. Her pretty feet were propped in a pair of black sandals with only a

slender strap crossing her feet, just above her painted toes. The dainty four-and-a-half inch

stiletto heels clicked against the sidewalk, commanding attention.

"What a beautiful ship, " Jess said, gazing up at the vessel as they walked towards the gate.

She wore a sexy pale-pink bodycon mini-dress, with spaghetti straps. Like Missy, she also

wore stiletto heels, showing off her sexy feet .

The two moms pulled their bags behind them, like two sexy flight stewardesses heading to the

next jet .

"Welcome aboard ladies!" A friendly female ticket agent said as they arrived at the gate. "You

can leave your luggage right here, an agent will make sure they get to your cabin right

away." "Thank you, " Missy said.

"Can I have your reservation number?" the agent asked.

After going through the boarding formalities, the agent presented two different colored

masquerade-style masks for the women to see. "One of the things that makes the Moms

Gone Wild cruise unique is the anonymity of all our passengers. We ask that you keep the

masks on whenever you're outside your cabin. Wearing masks keeps everyone's identity a

secret and allows passengers to relax and really enjoy the experience, " she explained.

"Interesting, " Missy said, taking her pretty mask out of it's wrapper.

The two mothers put their masks on and looked at each other. "Wow, mysterious and sexy,

" Jess joked ..

Missy giggled and shook her head. "I still can't believe you talked me into this."

"Well we're here now, so no turning back. Let's go check out our home for the next two days,

" Jess said .

The Moms walked out on deck and saw scattered groups of women and young men. The boys

wore masks also, but instead of masquerade-style, they were wolf masks that covered the

upper-half of their faces. All the boys eyes were on Missy and Jess as they sashayed by, their

dainty heel clicking . The two women had dresses that fit snuggly over their lush mommybodies

and the boys marveled at the way their huge tits trembled heavily with each step.

"Holy fuck, look at those knockers, " Missy heard one boy say.

The women could feel the young men's eyes exploding ever part of their bodies as they

walked by. Missy suddenly felt so exposed in her sexy little mini-dress.

"Fuuuuck, " Missy heard one boy say. She peeked back to see three of them staring at her

meaty ass as it undulated back and forth as she walked.

"Maybe pig masks would have been more appropriate for these boys, " Missy said, making

Jess giggle.

"And cougar masks for us ladies. My God I could absolutely pounce on some of these cutie's,

" Jess said . She spotted a fit-looking teen standing there watching them. He was barechested

and obviously worked out . "Look at that one, " Jess said lustfully.

"Yup, I looked...and that's all I'm doing, " Missy said.

"You know you wanna spread your legs as bad as I do."

"Jess, come on. I'm behaving myself, remember, " Missy said as she continued walking.

"Yeah, well, good luck with that, " her friend said, eyeballing the shirtless cutie as she passed

by. "Just remember what the banner we saw outside said. What happens at Sea stays at Sea."

Missy's eyes lit up as she spotted something ahead . "Now there's something that has me

tempted, "said, leaning against the rails and looking down onto the lower level. Below them were

rows of lounge chairs surrounding a nice-sized pool and jacuzzi.

"I know where we'll be spending most of our time, " Jess said, "when I'm not in the cabin

getting fucked hard that is, " she said, then smiled over at Missy.

Her friend gave her look, rolling her eyes, which made Jess giggle. "I'm kidding, " Jess

said playfully.

"Yeah, right, " Missy said, "Let's get a drink and find a good place to watch the ship leave

the harbor."

"Let's do it, " Jess said as they strode toward the stairway.

By the time the ladies got their cocktails, the upper decks were full of people. There were

dozens and dozens of masked mothers, just like Missy and Jess and an equal amount of young

men, all wearing wolf masks that covered the upper-half of their faces. The ship's horn

sounded as they pulled away from the pier, beginning to float out to sea.

Within minutes, the harbor began to disappear behind them. "Wanna lay out by the pool?" Missy

asked her bestie.

Jess answered excitedly. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, let's go find our cabin and get changed, " she said.

On the way to their room, the girls passed through a shopping area. Jess paused at small

women's boutique. There were skimpy bikinis in the window display, which caught her eye. "Oh

my God, Missy, look how sexy those bikinis are, " she said.

Missy giggled. "Are you kidding me? Those are the tiniest bikinis I've ever seen, " she

said. "They're mini-micro bikinis. How fucking amazing would we look in those?" Jess

said. Missy shook her head. "No thanks, my bikinis are skimpy enough, " she said.

Jess tugged her friend's arm, pulling her inside. "Let's just try them on real quick....pleeease,

" she pleaded.

After looking around and trying things on, not only did the girls purchase new bikinis, but a few

pairs of thong-panties as well. With shopping bags in hand, they headed to their cabin.

The friends had paid for one of the more luxurious rooms on the cruise-ship. The spacious

cabin had two full-sized beds and a balcony overlooking the passing sea. "Very nice, " Missy

said, stepping out of her heels and exploring the room.

"Oh my God, look at this tub, " Jess said, peeking into the bathroom. In the corner was a

huge jetted tub and next to it, a small shower.

"Maybe I'll just stay in the room, you go have fun, " Missy joked.

Jess returned a mischievous smile.."You send me out there alone and I'm gonna get in serious

trouble."

Missy laughed. "I don't doubt that, " she said.

The two Mothers put their bags on their beds and began peeling off their dresses. They both

wore sexy bra and panty sets and quickly stripped those off as well, getting completely naked. "I

can't believe I let you talk me in to buying this thing, " Missy said, holding up the tiny string that

had only small patch of attached fabric.

"Just admit it, you're as excited to wear these as I am. Just imagine all the stares we're

gonna get, " Jess said.

"That's what scares me, " Missy said, stretching the tiny string around her enormous tits.

Ten minutes later, they were primped and ready for some fun in the sun. The beautiful mothers

strode across the ship, drawing the eye of every boy they passed. Jess wore a sexy mesh coverup

skirt, but her upper-half was a complete feast for the eyes. Her ginormous rack was barely

contained in the tiny bikini sling . The top was literally just the traditional series of thin straps,

but unlike most bikini-tops, only two small triangular patches of fabric covered a small portion

of her jostling boobs.

Missy wore a white crochet-style beach cover-up. It was basically just a mini dress, but

the hollowed out portions allowing a peek at the succulent bikini-clad curves beneath.

Both women's pretty feet were displayed in sexy wedged flip-flops that matched their

attire.

They went down to the main pool area at the center of the ship. Moms in sexy bikinis and

masquerade masks were scattered about and the pair exchanged a "hi" with many of them

as they weaved over and picked out two loungers in the full sun. The beat of contemporary hit

music thumped loudly from overhead speakers.

"Drinks ladies?" a deck attendant asked as the mothers laid out their big towels.

"I'll have a pina colada, " Jess said.

"Mai Tai for me please, " Missy added.

The attendant hurried off and the Moms stripped out of their cover-ups. Missy's micro

bikini was red and bandeau-style. A thin strip of spandex fabric was stretched across her

massive boobs, leaving an obscene amount of tit-meat exposed . Her thonged bottoms

were just thin straps with a tiny piece of triangular-shaped fabric barely covering her mons.

Jess gawked at her friend with a big smile. "Oh my God, Girl, you look so fucking amazing in

that, " Jess said, plopping down on the lounge. The string of her own thong was tucked down in

the crack of her ass, leaving her tan meaty half-moons on full display.

"There's no way this top's gonna stay in place, " Missy said, her big jugs bobbling as she

adjusted the fabric to keep her areolas covered .

"So big deal. We're wearing masks. Even if there are women on board we know, they

probably wouldn't even recognize you, " Jess said .

A blonde mother tanning her body next to them chimed in. "Don't worry, my boobs keep falling

out of mine too. It is a 'clothing optional' cruise though, so I wouldn't worry too much, " she

said.

Jess looked at her friend with a grin. "See? Moms Gone Wild, Not Moms Gone Modest . Relax,

" she said, making the blonde mom next to them giggle. "I'm Candice, " the woman said .

Missy and Jess introduced themselves.

"I'm gonna get wet, " Missy said, stepping toward the pool..

"Mmm, I'm already wet, " Jess said, watching a few hot young men who were laying out nearby.

"That makes two of us, " Candice said with a giggle. "That one in the dark blue trunks

looks delicious, " she said .

"His friend isn't half bad either, " Jess said.

Missy stepped gracefully into pool, like some Greek Goddess, her huge, barely-covered tits

jutted obscenely, capturing the attention of every male within eye-shot . Even the other Moms,

as beautiful as they were, looked upon her voluptuous body with complete envy. Missy dipped

down into water to her neck, then stepped back out of the pool, her curvy body shimmering

with wetness .

The ladies sipped from their drinks while tanning their beautiful, nearly-naked bodies. Missy

turned onto her tummy, propped on her elbows, so her big mommy-tits were half-mashed

beneath her. She peeked up at the deck above and saw a cute, lean young man staring down

at the meaty half-globes of her practically naked ass. Missy could see his eyes through the

eye- holes of his wolf mask. They traveled along the backs of her smooth curvy legs.

While he admired her, she found herself doing the same to him, her eyes drifting down his lean

bare chest to the bulge in his trunks. Her gaze darted back up and their eyes met and lingered

a moment . The boy suddenly looked away timidly, only to peek back at her a moment later.

Missy giggled at how coy the kid was acting. He gave her a friendly wave and she returned a

cute one of her own, along with a beautiful smile that made the boy's cock harden even

more.

"Are you flirting, Miss goody-goody?" Jess asked, noticing Missy's exchange with the boy.

"No, I'm just being friendly."

"Yeah, right . I know flirting when I see it . He seems shy. You should go up and talk to him, "

Jess said .

"Don't be ridiculous, " Missy said, sipping from her drink. "I'm not here to chase boys."

"You're just cared to?" Jess teased.

Missy rolled her eyes. "Scared? Really? You do know who you're talking to, right?"

Jess watched as the "shy boy" was joined by another young man and they both looked down

at the ladies, gawking at their sun-tanned bodies. "Better hurry then, before he rushes off and

gets some other woman's attention, " she said to Missy.

Missy smiled and laid her head down. "I told you before, I'm here to enjoy the cruise, not to

chase boys, " she said.

Their new friend Candice chimed in. "You can do both, " she said.

"Exactly, thank you, " Jess agreed.

Candice sat up, her big bikini-encased boobs wobbling from side-to-side. "Speaking of boys and

fun, you guys do know there's a glory hole on board, right? Wanna go check it out with me?"

Jess's face lit up. "I heard about that and yes we would, " she said, looking over at Missy.

"I'm good. I might get in the pool again, " Missy said.

"Missy, come on, just come check it out . You don't have to do anything. Pleeease. We'll grab

some lunch too, then come back and swim, " Jess pleaded .

"Fine, " Missy said, rising from the lounge.

The three moms strode down to a lower level in bikinis and bare feet . Their asses swayed and

their nearly naked mommy-milkers quivered with each graceful step. "You ladies look

amazing, just sayin', " one horny teen said as he watched them pass by.

"Thank you, " the women said with friendly smiles.

They arrived at an area of boutiques and other upscale-looking shops and salons with flashy

neon signage. One of the signs read "BARE NAKED MOMS." The women heard the thumping

beat of music coming from inside.

"Let's check this out, " Jess said, stepping through the entrance. The other Moms followed .

The inside had a strip-club vibe, but not dirty and shady like most clubs..Being on a cruise-ship, it

had more of a fun, flashy feel, with lots of fancy overhead lights showering a huge center

stage. On the platform, were a dozen naked masked Moms, dancing and giggling. The crowd of

boys around the stage had their hard dicks out, beating to the site of all the jiggling flesh.

"Oh my God, that's so hot, " Jess shouted above the deafening beat .

Candice gazed at the dick-beating boys lustfully. "Right . You guys wanna dance?" she asked.

Missy nodded. "I'm good. I feel naked enough in THIS thing, " she said, pulling her bandeau top

to keep her areolas from being exposed .

Jess stepping into a side hallway. "What's through here?" she asked . The corridor was lined

with doors. A white neon sign illuminated the space and read "Private Lap Dances."

They heard a few boys whimpering from the other side of the doors. "Ohh yes, cum!" they heard

a woman shout .

A smiley female attendant approached the three Moms. "Hi ladies. Interested in doing some

dancing, or just hanging out?"

Missy smiled back. "Just passing through, " she said .

Candice looked at the attendant curiously. "So are these sex booths too, or just lap dancing?"

"There's no sexual intercourse allowed here in Bare Naked Moms, but ..." she winked.

"We've never really kicked anyone out for it, if you know what I mean?" the attendant

explained.

Jess grinned. "I get it, " she said.

"There's a fun little amusement area called the Rocking Horse further down you guys

might enjoy, " the attendant said .

"Thank you, we'll check it out, " Candice said.

"Have fun, " the attendant said as the women wandered back out .

They continued along the row of boutiques and tiny cocktail bars, tucked privately in a courtyard

with the passing sky above. Jess spotted an item displayed on a mannequin inside of the shop

window. "Oh my God, a patriotic bandeau micro-bikini. I need that in my life right now, " she said,

stepping into the shop.

Candice giggled and moved across the courtyard.. "I'll see you guys in the Glory Hole, " she

said. "We'll be right over, " Jess said.

Following her bestie inside, Missy spotted a bikini she absolutely fell in love with. "Why do you

bring me in these places? You know I love to spend money, " she joked.

"Because I'm just as addicted to spending as you are, that's why, " Jess said.

The women each bought another bikini and a few other items. Bags in hand, they stepped

across the courtyard to a place with a big flashy neon sign that read, "The Glory Hole."

Two young men came rushing out . "Damn that was awesome!" one said to the other.

"Dude, she sucked my dick so good, " the other said.

Once inside, Missy and Jess stepped down into a dimly lit space that had the feel of an upscale

salon. The wall facing them extended out into a huge half-circle. The oblong surface had a

series of holes spaced out, at waist level, going all the way around. A dozen women, mostly in

bikinis knelt at many of the holes, their heads bobbing up and back in traditional blowjob

fashion.

"There she is, " Jess said, motioning to Candice, who was kneeling at one of the cocks,

sucking away.

A sexy tattooed female attendant greeted them. "Hey ladies, we gonna suck some dick

today?" she asked candidly.

"I am, " Jess said, then her and the attendant looked at Missy.

"I'm just um, observing for now, " Missy said .

"Ok, we have some benches down here, so you can relax and watch, " the attendant said, "if you

change your mind, we have hair ties and all sorts of flavored oral sex gels. Just pick you out

a cock and enjoy, " the attendant said.

"Thank you, " the women said .

Jess tied her hair back in a pony and looked through the gel flavors. She picked one up. "Oh my

God, Missy, they have a pina coloda flavor, " she said.

"Wonderful, " Missy said sarcastically.

Jess walked along the Glory Hole wall. There were a few hard cocks sticking out, waiting to be

sucked. She picked out her favorite and knelt in front of it . She looked over at Candice, who

nursed hungrily on the tip of a boy's peter. "What flavor are you using, " Jess asked .

The boy's knob popped from Candice's mouth, wet and shiny. "Strawberry. It's so fucking

yummy, " she said, then went back to sucking .

Jess squirted an ample amount of the oral flavoring on the boner and it flexed in reaction. She

rolled her thick tongue around on the head, then started sucking, plunging the hard cock deep

into her mouth.

As she sat on the bench nearby, Missy's attention was drawn to a long veiny boner as it poked

from one of the holes, pointing straight out . She looked down at the wedding ring on her

finger, thinking about how much she loved her spouse and what a wonderful father and

husband he was .

Again, she peeked up at the sturdy erection, her eyes lingering on the fat knob. She could see

a bead of pre-cum weeping from the piss-slit .

"Mmmnnn, " Jess whimpered, her head bobbing up and back as she sucked the boy's prick

skillfully. As she gave head, her enormous melons jostled around heavily, threatening to

pop right out of her bikini-top.

Another yummy-looking hardon slid through a different hole, protruding out a good seven inches.

Missy stared at it for a moment, watching the hard meat pulse and throb. She glanced over at

the assortment of oral sauces.

Again, her attention focused on the hole cock protruding from the hole. It looked incredibly hard,

with big thick veins running down the shaft . Her husband had only an average cock, not nearly

as meaty as the one she was staring at .

She started to stand, but paused as two moms in bikinis suddenly rushed over. "Ohh, I see one I

like, " one mother said, kneeling at the cock Missy had been staring at .

"Flavored gel?" the other Mom asked, trying her hair back, her medium-size boobies bobbling in

her pink bikini-top.

"Yeah, can you get me cherry?" the kneeling mother asked, stroking the hardon with her

hand, her own wedding ring sparkling .

Missy got up and wandered back out into the courtyard . A group of boys gawked at her huge tits

as they passed by, amazed at their immense size. One of them paused for a moment

and looked her in the eyes. "Will you marry me?" he asked.

Missy giggled and flashed her wedding ring. "Already taken, sorry."

"Ok, how bout just some cuddling then? he asked. "There's no one in my cabin right now."

Missy gave him a friendly smile. "I'm all set, " she said.

He gave her boobs another good look, staring wantonly at the deep dark canyon of

cleavage. "Never hurts to try right? Bye, " he said, rushing off to catch up with his friends.

"Bye, " Missy giggled, then wandered over to a mysterious-looking shop. A rustic carnivallooking

sign above the door read: "FORTUNE TELLER."

"Hello?"Miss called out, stepping inside.

An older woman in sexy gypsy attire emerged from behind a silk curtain. "Welcome, please sit ."

Missy played along, sitting at a small circular table with a large crystal ball at it's center. The

woman looked Missy over. "I must confess, I've given a lot of readings, but you may be the most

beautiful woman I've ever had at my table, " she said.

Missy smiled. "I'm sure you use that line more than once a day, but thank you, " she said.

"May I hold your hands a moment, before I gaze into my glass ball?" the woman asked.

"Of course, " Missy said, placing her hand into the fortune teller's. The gypsy-woman closed

her eyes and slightly squeezed Missy's hands. She then turned them over and gazed at her

palms.

"Thank you, " she finally said, letting her hands go, then leaning forward, looking into her

glass sphere. "I see a busy mother and wife, " the woman said .

Missy smiled, "That would be me, " she said.

"I see pleasure... much pleasure in your future, more than you've ever experienced. This

pleasure will happen VERY soon, " the woman said.

"Uh-huh, " Missy muttered, unimpressed at this point .

"Wait ... I see something else..."

"What would that be?" Missy asked with an amused smile.

"I see a shy one," the gypsy said.

"Shy one?"

"Yes, a shy one. A shy... boy, fascinated by you," the Fortune Teller said.

Missy immediately thought of the boy on the upper deck who'd been staring down at her. She

remembered Jess even commenting on how "shy" he seemed. "Can you tell me more about this

boy?" she asked.

"No, only that he is the yin to your yang."

Missy gave her an odd smile. "Yin to my Yang? A boy?"

The Gypsy woman nodded . "Many spend their whole lives searching for the perfect

mating partner. Yours is aboard this ship. Follow the shy boy, " she said.

Missy wasn't terribly impressed, but gave to woman a tip and a friendly "goodbye." She met up

we with Jess and Candice in the courtyard. "There you are, " Jess said, looking at the shop that

Missy had stepped out of. "Fortune Teller huh? Did she see anything naughty in your future?"

she asked .

"Just a bunch of nonsense. Shall we check out this Rocking Horse place, then grab

some lunch?" Missy asked.

"Let's do it, " Jess said.

The Rocking Horse was the featured attraction on board the ship. It was literally a mini

amusement park with a sexual theme. "Oh my God, these rides look outrageous, " Candice said.

A choir of moans and orgasmic screams were ringing out from every direction.

"Look at that one, " Jess said, pointing at a two-story cylinder, shaped like a giant cock and balls.

There were windows along the shaft . They could see two Moms in bikinis inside, giggling as the

interior quickly filled with a thick foam of white bubbles. Suddenly the floor beneath the two

women shot up, lifting them up the cock-tube and sending them flying out the tip. The two

Moms screamed, their sudsy limbs flailing as they flew through the air and splashed into a pool.

"Oh my God, that looks so fun!" Candice said.

"What the hell is that one?" Jess said, stepping over to some type of ride that looked like a

giant vagina. Jess read the fancy sign above it . "The Throbbing Clitoris, we gotta try this."

Missy giggled. "Try this? We don't even know what it does, " she said.

A female attendant stepped up to them. "Interested in a ride, ladies."

"What does it do exactly?" Missy asked, gazing into a round chamber with a few saddlelooking

seats.

"The seats inside are sybians. Ever been on a sybian before?"

The women nodded. "I never have, but my sister has one. She loves it, " Candice said.

The attendant looked at Missy. "Imagine your vibrator, times a-hundred, " she said, then led them

to a display case. "The ride is five minutes. You can pick out your own attachment . These have

been sterilized . They attach right to your sybian seat for a custom pleasure-ride, " the attendant

explained .

Jess tugged on Missy's arm. "Let's do it, " she said.

"I don't know, Jess, " Missy said hesitantly.

"Come on, you're not cheating on Philip. It's a fucking sex toy. Let's have fun, " Jess

pleaded. Candice pointed at one of the attachments. "I want that one, " she said .

"That's called our G-max, for G-spot stimulation, " the attendant said.

"I'll try that one too, " Jess said.

"You won't be disappointed, trust me, " the attendant said, then looked at Missy, "And for you?"

Missy forced a smile. "I'll try the one on the end I guess, " she said, pointing at a four-inch

stem surrounded by vertical ribs. At the base was a pad of silicon nubs for clitoral

stimulation.

The attendant entered the chamber and connected their attachments. "You can hang your bikini

bottoms right there on the hooks, " she said .

Missy smiled at her bestie as she shimmied her bikini bottoms over her wide hips. "I

can't believe I'm doing this, " she said.

The three Moms peeled off their tiny bikini bottoms, their bare feet stepping out of them.

Candice's pubis had a cute little landing strip. Missy and Jess's vulva's were completely shaved,

the hoods of their thick clitoris's protruding from their pudendal cleavage.

The attendant exited the chamber. "The dispenser there will give you a squirt of lubrication. We

suggest applying some to your vagina before inserting your attachment, " she said .

"Got it, " Jess said, sticking her hand to the dispenser so it could spit out a gob of lube.

The three Mom's slicked their pussies as they stepped into chamber. The attendant peeked in at

them. "Once you're situated and your harnesses are on, just give me the thumbs-up and I'll start

your ride, " she said.

"Thank you, " they said.

The mothers straddled their sybians, the attachments they had chosen sunk inside their fuckholes.

Their sexy legs hung down as if they had just mounted a horse, their feet dangling a few

inches from the floor. "So why the harness? Is thing gonna buck me off?" Missy said, making

her friends giggle.

"Buckle-up for the ride of your life, girlfriend, " Jess said, strapping on her harness.

Once all the Moms were strapped in, Jess gave the attendant a thumbs up. "Let's do this, "

she shouted .

"Woooo!" Missy sang with an anxious smile. The playfully girl in her was beginning to show.

The chamber door closed, crazy lights began to flicker and the vibrations began. The women's

eyes lit up and all three gasped at once. "Ohhh, shit, " Jess sighed.

"ZZZZZZZ!!!" The sound of buzzing quickly grew louder as the sybians vibrated between their

legs. There were little handles on the front of their saddles and the ladies gripped on,

mashing their big bikini-clad tits between their arms.

The buzzing grew louder and louder as the vibration on their cunts intensified . Missy's

eyes were clenched shut, her pretty face masked with pleasure.

"Ohhh my Goooood, " Jess's voice trembled as she felt the sheath of her cunt melt around

the attachment and her clitoris throb wildly.

The Sybian's suddenly tilted, reclining the women backwards. The harness secured them

snuggly, otherwise they would have slipped right off, as their backs were now pointed at

a downward angle. The three sets of curvy legs were thrown back in huge spread-eagles.

Jess dropped her arms back over her head, letting them dangle. Along with the vibrating

attachments, the entire saddle of their sybians were now shaking, causing the meat of

Jess's huge jutting breasts to quiver on her chest . "Yess! Uuuunnhhgg, yess!" she gasped in

pleasure.

"Fuuuck!" Candice cried, her strong scissored legs convulsing and her eyes rolling back.

Missy still clutched the handles, gasping in ecstacy. Years of doing yoga and regularly engaging

in different types of straddle-splits allowed her legs to prop back as far as they were. Her sexy

bare feet were flexed, her toes pointing back. The sybian trembled between her thighs, the penis

- shaped attachment buzzing against the clutching inner walls of her fuck-tunnel.

"Ggruuhh, " she grunted, tightening her cunt-muscles. This would make her husband shoot off in

a split-second, but not the sybian. She could pull out all her tricks, but it didn't matter, the

machine was fucking her for the next three minutes and there was no stopping it .

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Missy screamed, her entire curvy body trembling in orgasm.

The Sybian's rotated back all the way, so the Moms were now upside down, their hair hanging

just off the floor. Their legs were wide open, only their crotches remained connected to the

saddles. Their clits stuck out, wet and engorged . Pussy juice burbled from the stuffed cuntslits.

Gravity had caused their heavy jugs to hang upside-down. Their mico-bikini tops barely

hung on, the big bulging undersides of their melons were fully exposed .

Jess brought her strong tan legs up and wrapped them around a portion of the sybian, clutching

and grinding her pussy desperately. "Ohhhhyeesss!" she cried out .

Missy extended her gorgeous legs straight up, pointing her toes at the ceiling of the

chamber and making her body completely vertical. More orgasmic contractions shot through

her big titted frame, making the smooth silky spires of her mommy-legs tremble in

pleasure. "Uuuhhggh!" her cute voice screamed.

The machine had one more position to put them in, lifting the women high in the chamber, so

that the saddles themselves were vertical, allowing the Moms to clutch their legs around the

padded walls of the machine and hold on for the ride.

"ZZZZZZZZZZ!!! The attachments buzzed, vibrating against the inner lining of their cunts.

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!" the entire saddle bucked violently, causing the attachments

to piston in and out of their juicy pussies at an incredible speed .

"Ohhh my God!" Missy cried out with passion, her whole body shaking from the power of the ride.

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!" The attachments plunged the juice from their twats as

they plowed the women's G-spots unmercifully. All three pretty mommies cried out

shamelessly, their hot, practically naked bodies, clinging desperately to the trembling

machine.

Their screams blended with the rattle of the sybians and the lewd juicy sounds of girlcum

squirting around the silicon stems.

Finally, the wild ride began to slow as the trio were slowly lowered back to the floor. "My God,

" Candice gasped.

All three women looked like they'd just been tossed around inside some type of orgasmic

tornado. They caught their breath as the chamber door opened . "Fuck, did that really just

happen?" Jess said, making the attendant giggle as she stepped inside.

"I take it you ladies enjoyed the ride?" she asked.

Missy smiled, her face still flush. "What ever gave you that idea?" she joked.

Candice let out a big sigh. "I want this, at my house. I'll kick my husband out . How much?"

The attendant giggled, helping them unfasten their harnesses. "Probably not for sale, sorry."

Missy sighed as they put their bottoms back on. "I'm starving. I say we get some food now,

" Missy asked .

"I second that idea, " Candice said.

The sun was going down and the women went back to their rooms, showered and put on their

sexy evening gowns. Jess wore a red bodycon mini-dress, with thin gold-colored chain straps.

Missy chose a white ribbed crop-top and mini-skirt set . It had long sleeves and was made of

form-fitting polyester accentuating her amazing curves. "Ready to wine and dine?" she asked

her bestie.

"Let's do it, " Jess said, topping her outfit off with her sexy mask.

The women strode across the ship, their dainty heels clicking on the deck floor. Passing

boys literally stopped and did a double-take, whispering to each other as they lusted after the

beautiful Moms.

They met back up with Candice, who was also dressed to the nines, then stepped in to the

dining hall.

"Thanks for letting me join you guys for dinner. I feel kinda like the third wheel, " Candice said as

they were seated by the handsome young host .

"Don't be silly. We enjoy your company, " Missy said.

"Yeah, " Jess agreed "and since Miss Goody-Two-Shoes here will probably opt out of the

extracurriculars later, it'll be nice to have someone to go out and make trouble with, " she said

. "I'm game, " Candice said excitedly.

The women ordered drinks and dinner. The conversation centered mostly on their kids. Given

that they were on a cruise that none of their husbands knew about, or would agree with, they

kept their spouses out of their chat as much as possible.

It was around dessert time that Missy noticed a set of familiar eyes gazing at her from a

few tables over. It was the "shy boy" that had been watching her from the upper deck. The kid

sat with a small group of other boys and wore a sharp button-up shirt and dress-pants.

Their eyes seemed to linger before the boy gave her an awkward wave. Missy smiled and

waved back and, of course, Jess was the first to notice. She looked over at the target of her

friend's attention. "Is that the kid from earlier? The shy one?" she asked.

"Yes, " Missy said. "That's him."

"Oh my God, he cleans up nice, " Jess said. "His friends are cute too."

Candice chimed in. "I saw one today..so gorgeous, and he was giving me that 'come fuck me'

stare. God, I could kick myself for not talking to him, " she said .

"Your desserts, " their waitress said, giving the women their plated goodies.

"Thank you, " the Moms said politely.

While Candice and Jess conversed about cute boys they'd seen on board, Missy found her eyes

drifting back to her handsome admirer. As if drawn by magnets, the boy's eyes peeked back

over at her, watching her bring a bite of cheesecake to her luscious mouth with her fork. Missy

stared into his eyes, licking her lips as she let the dessert melt in her mouth. Her mind couldn't

help but reflect on the Fortune Tellers words about the shy boy being thbit"Yin to her her Yang

." That he was the perfect mating partner, able to bring her more pleasure than anyone she'd

ever meet .

"What do you think, Missy?" Candice asked.

The mother was suddenly snapped from her trance. "Oh, um, what, I'm sorry, " she said,

completely oblivious to the conversation that had been going on around her.

"Hmm, someone's a little distracted, aren't they?" Jess said, then looked in the direction of the

shy boy, "Oops, missed your chance again."

"What?" Missy said, turning to find her admirer's seat empty. "Where did he go?" she said outloud,

making the other two women giggle.

Missy spotted him moving towards the entrance. She heard the Fortune Teller's voice in her

head. "Follow the shy boy, " it said.

Missy got up and hurried off. "I'll be back, " she said.

Jess and Candice watched in surprise. "Holy shit, I didn't see that coming. Miss Modest is

actually chasing after a boy" she said.

Lights illuminated the main pool area. Missy heels clicked rapidly as she hurried after the

teen, her big boobs trembling heavily with each step. "Hey...wait, " she called out .

The boy rushed up the stairway to the upper deck. Missy did her best to catch up with him, but

her 4-inch stilettos didn't make the task easy. She paused and took them off, then continued

to make chase.

She got to the upper deck and rounded a wall, only to discover there was no sign of him

anywhere. "Ugh, damnit, " she said disappointedly.

She turned to move back for the stairs, but stopped suddenly when she saw him

standing against the wall. "Oh... hi, " she muttered.

"Hi, " he said timidly, then glanced down at the swell of the enormous rack stretching her

haltered-top. There was a long silence, only the sound of the ship crashing through the

water, just over the deck railing .

"What's your name?" Missy asked sweetie.

"Mine, um...Larry, " he muttered.

Missy giggled. "Larry's not really your name, is it?" she asked.

"No, " he confessed.

Missy gave him a sweet smile. "It's ok, I get it ...the masks, the anonymity, that's what this cruise

is all about, right?"

"Yeah. Sorry if I was staring. You're um...you're really beautiful though, " he said bravely.

"Well, I suppose beauty, without a cute guy to admire it, is a waist, right?"

"Yeah, I guess that's true," he said.

Missy slowly stepped towards him, closing the space between them. "So, are you having a good

time so far? she asked .

"I think so. It's a cool ship. How 'bout you?"

"Yeah, it's been a fun day. I enjoyed laying out by the pool and getting some sun, " she said.

Beneath his wolf mask, the boy's lips curled into a smile. "I bet . I've seen lots of bikinis, but

that one you were wearing was...well, it was amazing, " he said.

Missy blushed a little herself. "Thanks, " she said, "it's not really something I would normally

wear, but I figured, the whole 'Moms Gone Wild' thing, I would relax my attire just a tad, " she

said.

The boy nodded . He could see her hard, thick nipples protruding out through the fabric of

her dress. "I love natural curves. A lot of women are getting those big fake boobs nowadays,

" he said .

"Well, I can assure you, these are a hundred-percent home-grown, " Missy said, glancing down

at her huge jutting breasts.

"Wow, lucky lady," the boy muttered, staring at her jugs. "What size are they, can I ask?"

Missy gazed at him with her alluring eyes. "Thirty-eight double H, " she said softly.

"Dang, " the boy said, his cock hardening, "They're beautiful I bet ."

Missy got within a foot of him and stopped, her boobs nearly touching his chest . "I think so, "

she said, glancing down the bulge in his crotch. "What about you?" she asked.

"Me?"

"Yeah, what size are you...down there?" she said, then sighed as if coming to her senses.

"You know what, never mind, you don't have to answer that ."

"Nine inches, " he muttered.

"Oh..." she muttered, then smiled. "You must impress all the girls with something that big."

They gazed lustfully at each other for a moment . He glanced at her boobs a few times

and Missy suddenly giggled. "What?" he asked with a smile.

"You're a boob guy, Aren't you?" she asked.

The boy seemed to blush. "I guess, " he muttered.

Missy giggled. "It's ok, you don't have to be embarrassed. Lots of guys love big boobs, " she

said, making her ballooning jugs gently heave back and forth. "they're like big squeezable,

suckable toys, " she said.

"Yeah, " the shy boy said with a timid smile.

Missy gazed in his eyes a moment . "Do you wanna touch 'em?" she said.

"Can I?"

She smiled sweetly. "Sure, " she muttered.

The boy reached up and squeezed her big tit-orbs, his fingers sinking in to the supple meat .

She watched him gawk and squeeze, feeling her clitoris throb between her legs."Cup your

hands under them. Feel how heavy they are, " she whispered..

He did so and his mouth fell open in amazement . "Dang, " he muttered.

She smiled at his reaction. "Big, huh?" she asked.

He nodded and she glanced down at his bulge. "Can I feel you?" she asked softly.

"Sure," he sighed.

Missy reached down and squeezed his thick meat . She let her fingers trace it's

impressive length. "Oh my God, " she giggled, "are you sure you didn't stuff a banana in your

briefs?" she joked .

"Ha, no, it's me," the boy said.

"It feels really thick too, " she whispered, looking straight at him. "It's funny..." she said.

"What is?"

"I've never met you, yet your eyes, your voice...they seem so familiar to me, " she said.

Suddenly, they both stared at each other with a look of horror. The boy's hand quickly slipped

from Missy's tits and her hand from his cock. "Noo, " Missy muttered, "No, you can't be, " she said

in a sudden panic, then grabbed his mask and slipped it off.

It was her son. "Lucas?!?!" she exclaimed.

"Mom?!?!" he muttered in absolute horror.

Missy slipped her mask off, glaring in disbelief.."What the actual fuck, young man?! she

shouted, backing up.

He stared back at her, speechless. "Ohh shit, " the boy said, realizing how much trouble he was in.

Twenty minutes later, Missy and Jess stood in their cabin, with their arms folded over their

tits, glaring down at their two boys. Both Lucas and Gabe sat on the bed and looked like kids

who'd just got caught with their hands in the cookie-jar.

"I do not even FUCKING believe this. You two lied to us. You're suppose to be on a surfing

trip, with your buddies, remember?" Missy chided .

Gabe looked up at his Mom. "Sorry, but what about YOU TWO? Aren't you suppose to be

in Vegas right now?"

Missy and Jess looked at each other uncomfortably. They knew he had a point . Missy glared

back at her son. "Why couldn't you just have been honest with us, told us you wanted to come

on this cruise?"

Lucas peeked up at her shamefully. "I guess for the same reason you weren't honest with

Dad. He probably wouldn't have been ok with you coming, " he said .

The besties looked at each other again. At this point they knew they were in the wrong, just as

much as their sons were and to scold them would just be hypocritical.

"Ok, so I guess, we were all kind of in the wrong here," Missy said, "and what's happened

has happened and...here we are."

Jess chimed in. "True, we're in the middle of a cruise. It's not like we can just go about

our normal routine, " she said .

"So what do we do?" her son Gabe asked.

Missy and Jess gave each other a stumped look, then Missy turned back to the boys. "Jess and

I need to talk. Wait for us out by the pool, " she said.

"And that means don't go chasing any women, " Jess said, glaring at her son..

"Got it, " Gabe said as the got up and left the cabin, closing the door behind them.

"I'm horrible, " Missy said, rubbing her head.

"Look, Missy, we all..."

"I was lusting after my own son. I asked him how big his dick was.. I touched it . I let him put

his hands on my tits for God sake, " she said .

"Ohh..." Jess said, getting a big smile. "Wow."

Missy looked at her. "Yeah. Wow is right ."

"Look, you didn't know. Lucas is a cute kid...and he had a mask on. Don't beat yourself up.

He didn't know it was you. How would you have known it was him?" Jess said .

"That's true, but now he probably thinks his Mom's on this cruise just to whore around and

that's the last thing l want him believing, " Missy said.

Jess was in heavy thought for a moment . "I'm all about Gabe being with girls, but to be

honest, the idea of him being stalked on board this ship, by a bunch of horny women OUR AGE

really bothers me, " she said .

"I feel the same about Lucas, " Missy said.

"So what do we do?" Jess asked.

The Moms met up with the boys and they all sat together at a table near the pool. "Ok,

we've already established that none of us should really be here, " Jess said.

Missy spoke up. "Not that any of us are here to do anything inappropriate, but it might be best if

we just kinda stuck together for the next two days."

"Stuck together? Can't we just pretend like we didn't see each other?" Gabe asked.

Jess glared at him. "So you can go be a man-whore to a bunch of slutty Moms? I don't think so,

" she said .

"Look, we can still have a good time the rest of the cruise, " Missy said, "Hang out by the

pool and eat good food, we'll just do it together."

Jess looked at both the boys. "And part of this 'togetherness' means sharing a room, so you

guys should get your things and move them over to our cabin after we're done here, " she

explained, causing Missy to share a quick glance with her son.

"What do we tell the other guys?" Lucas asked.

"I'm sure you can figure that part out, " Missy said.

Gabe frowned. "So what are we gonna do tonight, just sit around and look at each other?" he

asked .

"Well, we were planning on getting a drink and sitting in the jacuzzi. I guess you boys are

joining us, " Missy said.

"I guess so, " her son muttered.

Jess glared at Gabe.. "I don't even wanna ask what you guys had planned, " she said.

Missy giggled. "Right?" she said, giving her son a look. "Maybe it's a good thing this happened."

The boys went down to fetch their belongings while the Moms went back to the cabin and

stripped naked. "There no way I'm wearing this in front of him, " Missy said, taking her new

bikini out of the bag .

"What are you talking about? He already saw you in the other mini-micro and it was just as

revealing, " Jess said, stepping into her own skimpy thong.

"That doesn't mean I should start parading around in front of him with another one on, "

Missy said .

"Come on, I'm wearing mine. Just put it on and relax, " Jess said.

Missy leaned over to take the other half of her bikini out of the bag. Her huge naked boobs hung

from her chest, bobbling heavily. The big rubbery nubs of her nipples protruded from the centers

of her wide areola, which consisted of thick tissue, dotted with milk-glands. "I'll wear it I guess,

against my better judgement, " she said .

By the time the boys arrived, the Moms were wearing bikini cover-ups. The mini-dresses were

still sexy, but nowhere near as hot as what they were wearing underneath.

"These beds aren't exactly big, Mom.You guys don't expect Lucas and I to share one, do

you?" Gabe asked.

Jess rolled her eyes. "You can share one with me, just don't be a bed-hog, " she said.

Missy and her son looked at each other, their earlier incident on the deck still fresh in

their minds. "Don't worry, I won't be a bed-hog either, " Lucas said, making his Mom smile.

144: Moms Gone Wild_2

After the boys changed into their trunks, the four of them made their way to the bow of the

ship, where a large outdoor jacuzzi awaited . There were only a couple other women chatting as

they soaked .

The boys entered first as Missy and Jess removed their cover-ups. Lucas gasped as he watched

his Mom step into the hot-tub. She wore a pink mini-micro bikini with a subtle floral design. The

strings of the bikini were a thin gold-colored chain. It was the skimpiest bikini Lucas had ever

seen and the way it barely covered all her fleshy lady-parts made the boy's penis instantly hard.

Jess got in after her, wearing a patriotic bandeau-style micro bikini. Her son smiled when he

saw it . "Should we salute?" he joked.

She splashed water at him. "Hush, " she said.

The Moms sat next to their sons, but each couple was across from each other. "This is weird,

" Gabe said.

"What's weird about it? Jess said, "You were sitting next to me in a jacuzzi a couple months

ago while we were on vacation."

"I know, but that was different . People knew we were family. Here, it's like I'm sure everyone

is looking at us like we're hitting on each other, " Gabe said.

Jess scooted over next to her son and hugged him from the side, her boobs squashing against

him. "Well I guess we better play the part then. Wouldn't want anyone knowing you're in here

sitting next to your Mommy, " she joked, snuggling up to him.

"Jesus, Mom, " Gabe giggled awkwardly.

Jess looked over at Missy. "Come on, Miss, play the part, " she said with a wink, "we don't

want people getting suspicious."

"You're funny, " Missy said, not moving.

Jess looked at Missy's son. "You too, Lucas. Pull her over next to you. I'm sure you want to, "

she winked .

Missy glared at her friend. "Jess, " she said harshly.

"What, apparently you two didn't have any problems getting cozy earlier, " she teased.

"Stop, " Missy said, a tad embarrassed.

"It's ok, " Lucas said.

Missy felt her son grab her wrist under the water and gently tug. She peeked over at him, their

eyes gazing together like a horny young couple on a first date. The busty mother scooted over,

turned towards him and snuggled, just as Jess was with her son. Beneath the water, she

took his hand and twined their fingers together.

A light breeze swept over the most empty deck. The boys had reclined back and the mothers

still clung to them. Missy's leg slipped over her son's, her toes trailing down his calf. She

was still slightly beside him, but they were chest to chest, her big milkers pressed up against

him.

Lucas looked up at her as she extended her neck, combing the nails of her free hand through

her beautiful brown hair as the breeze swept through it . His eyes traveled down to the

massive canyon of cleavage that poked out, just above the bubbling water.

Missy squeezed his hand and he gazed up at her. Her eyes were warm and familiar, yet drove

him crazy with lust . Their gazed remained fixed, as if searching...wondering ... Missy's

middle finger curled down between their palms, dragging her long nail across his skin, then

back up.

She was now practically straddling her son's leg, her cunt-mound pressed against his thigh. She

adjusted a little and Lucas looked down at her Mommy-melons as they bobbled a few inches

further up his chest . Their fingers were now playing together, sliding and grasping. It's as if

their hands were acting as proxy for their entire bodies, engaging in a hot fuck.

Gabe's eyes were closed as he enjoyed the heated water, but Jess watched the couple across

from her. She knew there was something magical going on between them.

Missy found her lips drifting towards her son's. It was all she could do to stop herself. "We

should take a walk, " she said.

"Oh, um...ok, " her son muttered. "Can we um, wait just a few minutes?" he said, glancing

down towards his crotch.

"Oh, right . Ok, " Missy said, moving away and trying to keep a straight face.

Jess giggled. "Yeah, Mom, hard to walk with a hardon, " she joked, getting a glare from her

bestie. After a few minutes, Missy looked back at him. "Better?" she asked .

"Yeah," he muttered.

Missy looked at Jess as she led her son out of the hot-tub. "We're gonna go for a walk, " she

said. Jess fed her friend mischievous smile. "See you back at the room, " she said.

After drying off and putting her cover-up back on, Missy took a walk with her son along the

promenade deck. For awhile, they strolled silently, hand in hand. The beautiful mother finally

broke the silence. "I'm not really sure what's going on with us, but we should probably pump the

brakes a little, " she said.

Lucas nodded. "I understand."

"I'll be honest, when I first saw you watching me from the upper deck, I was intrigued. Then I

saw you again in the dining-room and I was more than intrigued . I thought my feelings would

be different once I found out it was you, but they're not, " Missy confessed.

Lucas looked at her, a bit surprised. "What you just said, describes exactly how I feel, " he said.

"We're Mother and son, we shouldn't be having these feelings, " she said. "Did you mean

what you said earlier, about me being beautiful?"

"Of course, " he said "did you mean what you said?"

"Which part?"

"When you said beauty, without a cute guy to admire it, is a waist?"

Missy giggled. "Oh, that part . I suppose I did mean it . It's just that now..."

"Now what?"

"Now things are a bit more complicated . Before, you were just a cute guy in a

mask...named Larry, " she said, making them both laugh. "Now you're my cute son, named

Lucas. Maybe we should just stick with the admiring part, and try not to move beyond that,

" Missy said .

Lucas nodded. "Alright, " he said. "So lots of looking, but no touching then?"

She smiled. "Something like that, " Missy said .

Once back at the cabin, the boys put on dry boxer-briefs, plopped down on the beds and

began playing games on their phones. Missy and Jess headed into the bathroom. "We'll be

right out, boys, " Jess said .

Once inside the bathroom, Missy closed the door. "What do your have for nighties? Please tell

me you packed something decent?" she asked Jess.

"If you mean decent, as in modest, I'm afraid you're out of luck."

"Shit, all I packed were sheer baby-doll nighties. I certainly didn't expect to be sharing a room

with our sons, " Missy said .

"So how did your 'walk' go, because you guys were practically humping in the jacuzzi, "

Jess teased .

"We WERE NOT humping. Anyway, we had a nice chat and decided we'll admire each other

and that's all."

Jess giggled . "Says the couple that's about to crawl into a tiny bed together."

"I can control myself, " Missy said .

"Like you did in the hot-tub? Yeah right . So if you both agreed to 'admire' each other, then

what's the problem with you wearing a sheer nightie to bed?" Jess asked .

"Well just because I agreed to let him check me out, doesn't mean I'm gonna go out there

practically naked, " Missy said .

"What if I wear one too?"

"A babydoll, in front of Gabe? Do you think he'll..."

"I accidentally bumped his crotch while we were cuddling in the hot-tub. His dick was as hard

as concrete. Somehow I doubt he'll be grossed out by seeing me in something see-through, "

Jess said .

"Should we wear panties?" Missy asked.

Gabe looked over at his friend, seeming a bit ashamed. "Dude, I gotta tell you something, "

he said .

"What?" Lucas asked.

"Promise you won't tell any of the other guys I told you this, you swear?"

"Of course, we've shared secrets before, " Lucas said.

"Yeah, but this one, well, it's kinda fucked up."

Lucas seemed more curious. "What is it, " he asked.

"When we were sitting with our moms that way, in the hot-tub. It made me horny as hell. Dude I

was getting off on having my own Mom's body up against me. That's fucked up, right?"

"Well, not really," Lucas said.

"Not really? Dude, she's my mom."

"Yeah I know, but since we're sharing secrets. I have one of my own, " Lucas said, then he went

on to describe him and Missy's encounter, just before their identities were revealed and how he

had squeezed her tits and she had felt his dick. "The really fucked up part is, I would do all again,

even if I knew it was my mom, " he said.

"Damn, " Gabe giggled, "Well, it's nice to see I'm not the only one fucked in the head. Guess

that's why we're best friends huh?"

"I guess so, " Lucas said as he heard the bathroom door open. The overhead light went out,

leaving the cabin bathed in a soft warm glow from one of the bedside lamps. The boys lowered

their phones and watched the mothers strode towards them, wearing nothing but sheer babydoll

nighties.

"Fuuck, " Lucas heard his friend whisper.

Jesse's nightie was pale pink and Missy's was a soft baby-blue. The boys could see their

enormous gently-bobbling breasts as clear as day. They could see their thick mammilla

protruding from the large pink caps of areola. Missy stopped at the foot of the bed in a cute

little pose, with one leg cocked slightly forward . Lucas could tell she had got herself primped up

and could smell her sweet perfume. "Ready for bed, sweetheart, " she asked.

Lucas gulped, then answered. "Sure, " he muttered, taking a quick look down at her shaved mons.

Jess fed her son a playful smile as she crawled on to the mattress, her big heavy knockers

hanging down and rocking back and forth. "And no hogging the bed, remember?" she said to

her

son.

"I guess we'll have to cuddle then, like we did in the hot-tub, " Gabe said with a smile.

"That's fine, " Jess said, "just behave yourself."

"I will," Gabe said.

Lucas looked at Missy as she joined him on the bed. "If I behave MYSELF, can we cuddle too?"

he asked.

"Well, the bed IS small, so I suppose there's no avoiding it, " she said, sharing a quick smile

with Jess. "Just don't get any bright ideas."

The Moms crawled under the covers and snuggled up to their boys. Lucas shivered excitedly

when he felt pounds of squishy tit-meat pressing against the side of his chest . They cuddled

in what's know as "the sweetheart cradle" with Missy's arm and leg draped across him, her head

resting on his shoulder.

Jess clicked off the light on the side-table and the room was shrouded in darkness. They felt the

gentle rocking of the ship and with the balcony door open, could hear the crashing sounds of

the vessel cutting through the ocean water.

"This is wonderful, " Missy whispered, nuzzling into her son's neck.

"Sure is," he whispered back.

Missy's heart was racing. Being in bed with her handsome son out in the open sea was unlike

any thrill she'd ever experienced. She cast all thoughts of her loving husband aside and enjoyed

just being in the moment, pressed up against her son's nearly naked body.

She simply couldn't help herself and began to gently kiss her son's neck. Lucas sighed as he felt

her soft lips planting little kisses on his flesh. His mom's hand began to play on his bare chest,

her long nails trailing down along his toned abs.

He felt her hot breath at his ear. "If this is so wrong, " she whispered between kisses, "why does

it feel so right ."

"Yeah, " Lucas whispered back. His cock was rock-hard, pushing up against his briefs,

straining to be released.

Missy planted a trail of soft tender kisses along the front of his neck as she slithered further

onto him. "Ohh shit, " the boy hissed excitedly, feeling her soft mesh-covered mommy-melons

spread out against his chest, while she kissed her way to the other side of his neck. He

wrapped his arms around her, savoring the feel of her warm flesh against his.

Her soft lips smacked against him, then he felt her tongue peek out and flicker on his neck with

each tender smooch. "Ohhh, " Lucas sighed, his back slightly arching with pleasure.

"Mmmnn, " Missy hummed, flailing the tip of her tongue along what she knew were his

most sensitive spots.

Lucas could hardly believe this was his own gorgeous mother showering him with affection. Her

nipples were thick and aroused and he could feel them prodding at his chest .

Gabe was spooning with Jess and her big naked ass felt amazing pressed against his boxerbrief

covered erection. They were facing Lucas and his Mom and they could both tell there

was something besides just cuddling going on over there. "I think she's kissing his neck, "

Gabe whispered .

He could tell Jess turn her head up towards him. "Jealous?" she whispered.

"Honestly...yeah, " the boy confessed, making him mom giggle.

He felt his mother sit up and turn towards him. She propped her arm astride him and

looked down. "Keep your briefs on, understand?" she whispered.

"Sure, " Gabe muttered, still unsure about what was about to happen.

She lowered herself down on top of him and buried her face in his neck, attacking it with

kisses. It was a move that took her son's breath away as he felt both her tremendous boobs

flatten against his chest . "Hhoohh, " he sighed..

Now both Moms were laid out on their teens, loving on them tenderly. Both boys dicks

throbbed as they squirmed beneath the busty beauties.

"Squeeze me, " Missy whispered lustfully, then continued her onslaught of kisses.

Lucas obliged, wrapping her in his arms and clutching her as tight as he could. She was now

straddling his leg and he could feel her smooth naked pudenda gently humping against his thigh.

She gasped suddenly, then dove back to his neck, but this time her long thick tongue lashed at

him, attacking him with big wet licks.."Ohhh, " the boy sighed, his body trembling with excitement

.

Gage was getting similar treatment . He loved the feel of Jess's stiff-nippled tits sloshing

around on his chest as she licked . Yes the mesh was between them, but the material was so

thin she might as well have been naked.

"You liking that?" she asked between licks.

"What do you think?" Gabe sighed.

He felt her drag two fingers up and down the length of his boner. The touch was electric, making

his hips jump. "I think you are, " she said in an amused tone.

"Jesus, can you do that again, " Gabe said.

"What?" she asked seductively, then drug her fingers up and down his dick again, "that?"

"Ohh my God, " he sighed as he felt her go back to licking.

Missy paused her licking a moment and tilted her head back, gasping with fuck-lust . Gabe

extended his neck out and returned the favor, lashing his tongue on her neck. He felt her

squirm with arousal. "Ohhh nooo, " she whimpered, but didn't stop him.

Instead, the curvy mother scratched her nails down his arms and grasps his hands, pinning

them back on the bed . She threw her leg across his midsection, straddling his loins. Lucas

kept at her neck the whole time, his licker driving her absolutely wild .

"Ohh, " the boy sighed, feeling her mound of Venus rest against the underside of his hard cock.

Missy sat up, pressing her weight on it . Lucas felt her labial meat spread around his thick

muscle. His mom rocked her hips a few times, stroking the length of his dick with the split of

her twat . He could feel the moist heat radiating from her fuck-hole.

"Ohh, shit, " the teen groaned, thrusting his hips, digging his hard cylinder of meat against

her mature pussy.

Again she plunged down on top of him, her big bobbling boobies smacking against his bare

chest . She kissed his lips this time, smooching them with long sensual kisses while squeezing

his hands tightly. Their genitals continued to hump and grind . The bed began to squeak as

their bodies rocked in a heated dry-fuck.

Missy's brain was a whirlwind of lust . She hadn't felt this horny since early in her marriage

with Phil. Phil, her loving husband. She quickly wondered if he were thinking about her right

now...missing her. He was probably picturing her having fun playing a slot machine, yet here she

was, out on a naughty cruise-ship, practically naked and dry-fucking their own son. "Noooo, " she

cried out, suddenly jump off of Lucas.

Curious, Jess clicked on her bedside lamp, still laying against her son, her tits bulged

out between them. "Missy, are you ok?" she asked.

Missy sat at the edge of the bed with her head in her hands. "This was a bad idea, " she said.

Jess glanced at the boys uncomfortably, then back at her friend. "Would you feel better if

you and I shared a bed?" she asked.

Missy looked at her and shook her head . "No, the beds are too small for both the boys to sleep

comfortably. Maybe you guys should just go back to your cabin. We can all just pretend like

we never saw each-other" she said, then looked at Jess, "is that ok?"

"Of course. Can you guys just promise us you won't do anything stupid?" Jess asked the boys.

Both of their sons nodded in agreement .

Missy looked at her son uncomfortably. "And I swear, we won't do anything stupid either, "

she said .

The boys packed their things back up, gave an awkward goodbye and left . Jess came over

and sat next to her bestie. "What happened?" she asked.

"What happened was I was in bed with my son and I was losing control of myself. I'm horrible,

" Missy said .

Jess squeezed her hand. "You're not horrible. If it's any consolation, Gabe and I weren't exactly

keeping our hands off each other either."

Missy sighed in frustration. "They're our boys. What the fuck is wrong with us?"

Jess shrugged her shoulders, making her knockers jiggle. "I don't know, we're overly

horny maybe. I mean, we've been surrounded by cute boys all day, in a very sexuallycharged

environment . Maybe we just need to..."

"To what? Don't say go out and prowl on guys that aren't our sons, " Missy said.

"No, not that, but it probably would help if we did what we normally do in these situations and

masturbate, " Jess said .

Missy nodded. "True, that might help alot actually."

Jess stood up, her huge cannons jutting out . "Well take care of ourselves then. Tomorrow's

a new day. Like you said, we'll pretend like we never saw the boys. We'll hang out with

Candice. We'll get some sun. We'll behave ourselves...sorta of, " she said.

Five minutes later the lights were in back off and the Moms were on their beds

masturbating their pussies. Missy's sexy legs were spread wide as she rubbed her clitoris

frantically. Try as she may, she couldn't shake the image of her handsome son from her

mind .

Jess too was fixated on her boy, her legs thrown back in a wide V as she dug at the own cunt

with her fingers. Their tit-mounds rolled on their chests and their bodies shook as they cried

out with orgasm after orgasm. After an hour, both women passed out with exhaustion.

The next day the friends had breakfast, then met up with Candice by the pool. "So, do

tell...what happened with those two hottie's I saw you guys with last night?" she asked.

Missy and Jess looked at each other speechlessly. "We, um, well nothing happened. We were

just being friendly."

"Look, your secret's safe with me, " Candice said, "I'm married too and I'll be the first to

admit after sucking a guy's dick in the Glory Hole last night, I drug him back to my room for

a hard

fuck."

Jess rolled her eyes. "Well, at least someone got some action last night, " she said.

Candice stared at them with surprise. "Seriously? So you guys really didn't have your way

with those sexy studs I saw you hitting on?"

"We weren't really hitting on them, " Missy said.

"Well you drug them back to your room awfully quick, so something must have

happened." Jess looked at her, clearing hiding something. "Nope, " she said.

Candice got a annoyed scowl. "Whatever. I get it, you guys are best friends. You only just

met me. I'm the third wheel. Information I get is probably on a 'need to know' basis. I don't

..."

"They're our sons, " Missy said.

Candice glared back at her in shock, "Come again?" she said.

"Our sons...our eighteen year olds."

"Your sons? As in, your children?" she asked.

"Correct, " Missy said.

Missy quickly added an explanation. "We didn't know they were on board, trust us, we were

just as shocked as you are."

Candice shook her head. "Oh my God, so were you pissed? Did you lock them in your cabin?

she said with a giggle.

"We decided it would be best if we all just pretended like we didn't see each other, " Missy said.

Jess nodded in agreement . "We're not really suppose to be on this ship either, if you know what

I mean?" she said.

"Ohh, right," Candice nodded, "Gotcha. Wow," she muttered.

As the morning went on, more and more women and young men were gathered around the pool.

Many were flirting, giggling and dancing to the beat of the music coming from the overhead

speakers.

Missy, Jess and Candice were getting hot just watching the way the crowd was acting around

each other. Many of the cutest boys were lingering around the three Moms, competing for

their attention, while sneaking looks at their thonged asses and the big meaty tits, barely

covered by their bikini slings.

"Come on girls, let's dance, " Candice said, jumping up from her lounger and joining the

grooving crowd .

Missy and Jess brought their drinks and joined a cluster of hot Moms near the pool, dancing

to the beat of a modern dance tune.

Nearby, Lucas and Gabe wandered into the pool area. "Dude, look over there," Gabe said,

motioning to the group of masked, bikini-clad ladies.

They saw Missy and Jess dancing with the other moms, their enormous jugs bouncing off their

chests as they thrusts their sexy torsos to the beat . "Damn, dude, our mom's tits are so big, "

Lucas said .

"And they look fucking amazing in those bikini tops, " Gabe added.

"Woooo!" Candice shouted, holding her drink up as she danced. Her boobs were no where near

the size of Missy and Jess's but still a full double-d, bobbling heavily with every thrust of her

chest .

Horny boys lingered all around, watching the mostly married moms move their bikini-clad bodies

provocatively. More women joined the group and everywhere you looked were swiveling

thonged asses and bouncing boobies.

"Come on, dude, let's go dance," Gabe said.

"Probably not a good idea. I doubt after last night they even want us near them, " Lucas said.

"They didn't say that . They just said to pretend like we don't know them, " Gabe said, then

rushed toward the crowd .

Being the "shy one" of the two, Lucas decided to hang back and just observe.

As Jess's son danced with a few Moms, it didn't take long for her and Missy to spot him. "Isn't

that one of the cute guys we're not suppose to know?" Jess shouted to Missy over the

blaring beat .

Missy's eyes drifted across the crown. "Yep, where's his partner in crime, " she shouted back.

There were plenty of sexy ladies around, but Lucas's attention was drawn to his Mom's curves.

From laying out and dancing in the full sun, Missy's tan body was coated with a sheen of

perspiration. He marveled at the fact, that except for a few tiny patches of cloth, she was pretty

much naked. Her wide hips rocked, tossing her meaty half-globes back and forth, while

thrusting her upper torso, making her massive tit-melons leap up and down.

His eyes drifted up to see her staring back at him, then she quickly looked away.

Gabe squeezed between a few women and arrived in front of his Mom. "Hi, my name's um...

Romeo, " he joked, making her bust out laughing.

"Nice moves, Romeo, " she said, letting her eyes travel down to his hard crotch.

"You too, " he said, watching her big mammaries move up and down.

Jess glanced at Missy, then looked back at her son. "My friend needs a dance partner, "

she shouted over the deafening beat "why don't you call your sidekick over to join us, "

Lucas noticed Gabe waving him over, so he hesitantly worked his way through the sweaty,

slippery Moms. Missy smiled at him as he arrived and started dancing with her. "Larry, right?"

she joked .

"Yep, " he shouted back, then watched her mostly-naked tits bobble around in front of him,

brushing his chest . Her motions had caused the fabric to gradually slip off the tip of one

boob, making her engorged nipple and half of her areola pop out . She quickly slipped it back in

place, then looked her son in the eyes, fully aware that he had just seen her little nip-slip.

"Oops, " she said with a wink.

She peered down and noticed the hard bulge beneath his trunks. The four of them were dancing

super-close, their bodies brushing together. "You guys get behind us, " Missy shouted.

Jess gave Missy a mischievous smile, surprised at her request .

The teens slipped behind the dancing beauties and the Mother's ground their asses against the

boys erections. Lucas sighed with delight, so turned on he could nearly faint . He was

surrounded by rocking, jiggling female flesh and the one he was up against was the hottest of

them all. His cock flexed and throbbed as it dug between Missy's thonged ass-cheeks.

Gabe's heart raced as he looked down at Jess's thick naked buttocks pressing and grinding on

his stiff prick. He thrust to the beat, looking down over her shoulder and watching her immense

cleavage jiggle as her boobs jumped and wobbled . The Moms all cheered as the song ended,

but one tune blended into another.

"Ohh, I love this song, " Jess shouted as "Poker Face" from Lady Gaga came on. The mothers

rocked their bodies to the intro. The beat started and their torsos set back in motion, their

big milkers started bouncing again.

"Wooooo!!" Jess screamed, throwing her arms in the air.

The two besties turned and danced together, their boys still pressed behind them, their

jiggling buns squashed up against their crotches. From dancing in the hot sun, everyone in the

crowd was dripping with sweat, their hot buddies squeezed together, rocking and jerking .

Lucas and Gabe peered down over their mom's shoulders and watched the two women's

bobbing tit-orbs rub and beat together, their big engorged nipples protruding out through

the

fabric, begging to be sucked . The musky aroma of aroused pussy wafted into the young

men's nostrils. The crowd of women waved their arms in the air and sang a portion of the

song together.

"Oh, woah-oh, oh, oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!!" they sang.

Both Missy and Jess gazed back into their boys eyes and sang the next line. "I'll get him hot,

show him what I've got ."

"Oh, woah-oh, oh, oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!!" All the Moms sang.

This time when she sang the line, Missy twerked her ass up and down, fucking his erection

deep in her ass-crevace. "I'll get him hot, show him what I've got ."

The boys smiled across at each other, their boners throbbing like crazy from all the heated

friction of their mother's meaty behinds. "Yeeeaahh, " Jess shouted, "sandwich us, " she said

to the boys.

Gabe and Lucas pushed forward, squashing the two mothers together. The women screamed

and giggled playfully, their arms high in the air. Pounds of tit-meat bulged out from between

them and the boys used their mutual strength to lift the Mommies from the deck so that

their sexy little bare feet dangled .

Jess glanced at her son. "Lifting us with those dicks, boys?" she shouted, squeezing her

ass- cheeks around Gabe's wedged meat .

Missy looked down at the son and mouthed the words to the song . "P-p-p-poker face, f-ffuck

her face."

Lucas's cock flexed in reaction, digging against her asshole. She fed him a naughty

smile. "You're suppose to be behaving yourself, " she said.

"I know, " Lucas said disappointedly, easing her back down. His mom swung around and danced

chest to chest with him. He couldn't believe how absolutely gorgeous she was. Her full ruby

lips mouthed the words to the song as she combed her her wet stringy brown hair back with

her long nails.

She gazed at him, her beautiful eyes glazed over with lust as she sang the next part of the song to

him. "Russian roulette is not the same without a gun...And baby, when it's love, if it's not

rough, it isn't fun."

Just the though of rough sex with his Mom made Lucas a little light headed .

She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed down. Lucas lowered to his knees and gazed up at

the most amazing site he'd ever seen. Missy's huge tit-melons leaped up and down her chest, the

fatty outer-layer of her flesh jiggling like crazy as they swung back down and struck her

torso over and over again.

Lucas instinctively reached down and squeezed his knob through his trunks as he enjoyed the

tit-show. He could see his Mom's smoldering eyes peering down at him over the swell of her

dancing titties.

He finally got back to his feet and as they continued dancing, another blonde Mom

squeezed behind Lucas. She was topless and rubbed her big sweaty tits on his back. The

pretty blonde rose up on her tip-toes and brought her lips to his ear. "Mmm, I want your cock,

" she said lustfully.

Missy didn't see hear what the woman said, but noticed her hand creep down into her son's

trunks. The blonde bimbo slowly pulled her son through the crowd, like a hungry Lion that had

just captured it's prey and was dragging it off to feast .

Lucas's Mother stopped dancing as a switch clicked in her brain. Suddenly, no other care on

earth existed except the need for her son. If someone was gonna have him, it sure as hell wasn't

gonna be some slut he didn't know. Missy squeezed through the crowd, following after them.

"You're gonna fuck the shit outta me, " the blonde mom said, tugging him across the deck.

As the blonde mother pulled him towards the stairway, Lucas's mother caught up with them and

snatched him away from her. She gave the woman an evil, possessive glare. "Back off!" she

snapped .

"He's mine, you fucking cunt, " she shouted back, trying to grab the teen.

"Go fuck yourself!" Missy said, leading her son away.

"Jesus, Mom, " Lucas said with a giggle. He had never seen his mother so nasty.

Missy led him up the stairs and into the corridor leading to her a Jess's cabin. She had a look

of determination and she was a woman on a mission.

"Mom, hey...are you ok?" Lucas asked as she pulled him along, her sexy bare feet tapping on

the floor.

"No!" she answered abruptly.

"What are you doing? Where are we going?"

"You know where, " she answered, rushing them down the hallway.

"To your cabin?"

Missy didn't answer. Seconds later, they stopped outside her and Jess's room. Lucas looked at

her questioningly. "So what are we...

He was cut off suddenly as she lunged against him, fusing her lips around his. Her long pink

tongue darted into his mouth and lashed around passionately. Lucas greeted her licker with

his own and their tongues danced with desperate intensity.

After what seemed like forever, they broke their kiss and she gazed with sexual fire in her eyes.

"What happens at Sea, stays at Sea, got it?"

He nodded excitedly. "Got it, " he muttered.

The door popped open and she back him to her bed, planting kisses the whole way. They tore

their silly masks off and fell back onto the bed and Missy tugged her son's trunks down his

legs, kissing him the whole time. She humped her cunt up against his rigid cock. "Get my

bottoms off, " she said desperately, between wet smooches.

Lucas's heart raced as he pulled her bikini bottoms over her hips and down her silky legs. She

grabbed his arm and pulled him between her parted thighs, lifting her knees to give him an

amazing spread to settle in. He bucked a few times awkwardly, his cock sliding along her

soaking-wet labium, seeking entrance to her body.

Missy reached down, clutched his throbbing erection and greedily squeezed it into her horny

fuck-hole. "Ohhhyess, fuuuck!" the mother cried out as she felt her son's hard penis sink into

a place, up until now, reserved only for her husband.

Also until now, there was a portion of her vagina that remained untouched by a man's cock.

Her eyes lit up as she felt his prick stretch the virgin tissue. "Ohhh my God, " she gasped,

throwing her legs around him, high on his back.

Lucas groaned with delight as he sheathed his cock right to the balls in his mother's snug

slippery cunt . Missy could feel his meat throbbing against every inch of her cunt-tunnel. Her

body shivered with the thrill of having her twat crammed with her own handsome son's hot

hard cock-meat . She humped her sweaty ass off the mattress lustfully. "Fuck my pussyyy, " she

cried.

The horny teenager let his instincts take over, bucking his ass and spearing his hardon through

her juice-slickened fuck-hole. "Ahhhhhh, shit, " he whimpered, feeling her cunt-muscles tighten

around him.

Missy panted as she clung to him and jerked her hips to his rhythm, meeting him thrust for

thrust . She snarled lustfully as she felt his fat knob press against her cervix on every downward

plunge. "Ohh my God, I can't believe how big you are, " she whimpered, savoring the feel of a nine

- inch cock inside her. "I need you to spend every second of what's left of this cruise fucking

me, " she whimpered .

"Gladly, " Lucas said, driving his hips and running his hands along the outsides of her smooth

strong thighs.

His veiny cock slipped through her love-canal, the ridges of her inner lining squeezing along his

glans, soaking his cock with her hot juicy fuck-oil. "Ohh shit that feels so good, " he sighed

. "Fuck me harder, baby. Make me gush on you, " Missy said.

Lucas and his mom bumped bellies as he laid pipe deep inside her vagina. Excited by his

mother's squeals of passion, the wildly humping teen drove his throbbing boner deeper and

harder, while she squeezed her cunt around his meat, showing her experience.

"Yesss, like that. Oh my God, babyyy," she cried.

On and on they humped, their sweaty naked bodies pounding wantonly together. With her curvy

body clutching him, Lucas could feel a climax building deep in his balls. He knew his mother

about melted when he licked her neck the last time, so he tried it again to spark her orgasm.

"Ohhhfuuuck, " the hot mother gasped, feeling her teen's body flat against hers, his

tongue lashing at her neck.

Lucas loved the feel of her spongy boobs sloshing between them. He couldn't wait to latch his

lips around those huge swollen nipples.. He felt her body start to tense up. "Ahhhhh, " she cried

in a cute little tone. Her pretty face masked with pleasure, showing the approach of a mindblowing

orgasm.

"Ohhh yeah, " her boy sighed, feeling her cunt-tube shrink up around his juice-slickened

cock- meat . Despite the added resistance, he continue to completely sheath his boner with

every thrust .

"Ohhhfuuckyesss!!" she shrieked, as wave after wave of unbelievable ecstasy shot through

her curvy body. "Hold me, baby...oh God, hold me, I'm cummiiiinng, " she cried out .

Lucas squeezed her lush trembling body, their hot sun-tanned flesh writhing together. Her

climax had triggered his own cum and a hot stream of spunk gushed up into her pussy, With his

virile young body cradled between his mother's hot thighs, he pumped her fuck hole with

everything he had, feeling her hot juices squirt around his tender prick, mixing with his own milky

jizz.

The bedsprings whined as they rocked the mattress with their wildly humping bodies. Missy's

strong naked legs squeezed and jerked, as if trying to pull Lucas's entire body back inside her

womb. They panted and bucked for several minute as the juicy orgasms surged through

them..

"Oh, Lucas, " Missy whispered a few minutes later, as they untangled their hot, damp

bodies. "That was unbelievable, " she said.

"It sure was, " he said, catching his breath. "Did you mean what you said about doing it

every second of what's left of the cruise?"

Missy giggled, stoking his cheek tenderly. "Well if I did, it's already been more than a

second. We're running late, " she joked.

"Will you ride me this time?" he asked.

She fed him a warm motherly smile. "I'd love too, " she said.

Lucas dropped on to his back and watched Missy climb to her knees and unfasten her bikini top.

Her big milk-jugs bobbled heavily as she placed her knees astride his hips, then clutched his

boner, slipping it back inside her shaved cunt .

"Ohhh, " they sighed in unison, feeling the hard fleshy column squeeze along her inner lining.

Missy started to pump her ass up and down, screwing her son's cock into the depths of her cunt

. Lucas was in awe as he looked down and watched his thick juice-slickened boner spear

through the hairless lips of her vulva. Missy's fat marble-sized clitoris protruded out of it's fleshy

hood, completely engorged by her arousal.

Their heated crotches beat together as she began to ride her son's dick with gusto. Lucas's

eyes were wide with lust as he watched her big naked mommy-udders swing up and back,

matching the motion of her driving hips.

Whimpers of delight were gasping between the mother's lips as she fucked her ravenous cunt

on her boy's unyielding hardness. His long, thick meat rubbed exquisitely against the rippling

ridges of her middle-aged pussy. "Oohhfuckyesss, " she hissed, her oversized tits swinging

above her son's handsome face.

She stopped bouncing and started swiveling, plowing her love-pit with her son's strong dick.

Lucas's heart pounded with a wicked thrill, his eyes traveling from her teetering tits, down her

sexy tummy to the smooth, upside-down triangle of her shaved crotch. He could see the fleshy

layers of labial meat splayed out around the root of his thick hard muscle.

He smiled and flexed his dick, making the veins and tendons at the base of his boner jut out

obscenely. He heard his mother gasp as she felt his cock swell, stretching the secreting walls

of her inner sanctum.

"Ohhh, baby, " she cried, bobbing her ass again and dropping her upper half down onto her son

at the same time.

"Yesss, " Lucas hissed in delight as her giant boobs collided with his chest, sloshing around

like two huge over-filled water-balloons. He rubbed his face up into her gaping cleavage,

savoring the feel of all that squishy melon-meat against both sides of his face.

"Suck my titties, " Missy whispered . The wet, slurping sound of her her swollen twat lips

sucking up and down over her son's hardon filled the room, along with the tranquil sounds of

waves crashing along the side of the ship.

Lucas sucked as much tit as he could get into his mouth, his tongue lashing on her thick,

swollen papilla. He pressed forward against her boob and his face sunk into the squishy flesh of

her melon, masking it in tit-meat .

He knew he was doing what every other guy on board wanted to do, suck those big heavenly

tits while having his cock smothered in her hot juicy pussy. For a young horny guy like Lucas, it

didn't get any better than this.

The feel of her son's mouth clamped around her boob while she plunged her cunt on his cock

made the Mother's body rise towards another climax. "Ahhhh, " she whimpered .

"Ahhhhhh!...Uuuunnhhgg!!" she cried out, her body trembling atop her teen.

As their sweaty, slippery bodies ground passionately together, Lucas bucked his hips on the

mattress, fucking his throbbing boner up into her pussy at an ever-increasing tempo. "Mmnnff,

" the boy gasped, the thick caps of pink areola and nipple-flesh, popping from his mouth and

resting, wet and distended against his lips. "Ohhh shit, " he sighed with pleasure, feeling his mom

tremble, soaking the tender meat of his erection with pulses of hot girl-cum.

Missy let out one last grunting cry, grasping her boy's cock in a muscled grip, while expelling

another squirt of juice from the duct of her urethra. "Ohhhh, man, " Lucas moaned, feeling his

Mom's hot liquid love swirl around his humping man-meat and gush down over his nuts. "That is

sooo good ."

They kissed passionately and she licked at his neck. Lucas looked over her shoulder, down her

smooth back and watched the big half-globes of her mommy-buttock rise and fall, pushing

her pink-ribbed pussy-tube up and down over the fleshy spire of her son's dick.

Lucas's knob tingled . He was getting ready to fill his Mom's cunt with his baby-makers. Missy

sensed this too and gazed in his eyes. "Fuck me doggy style, " she said, then climbed off of

him.

He got to his knees and she pointed her meaty behind back at him. She was on her hands

and knees and ready for more fucking .

Lucas mounted her from behind, squeezing his cock back inside her cunt . "Ohh yess, push it

in deep, " Missy gasped lustfully, throwing her ass back to facilitate deeper penetration.

The boy squeezed his Mom's sweaty ass, as it beat back against his crotch. He flexed his

erection and set his hips in motion, wanting nothing more than to make her howl again

and again.

It didn't take long to get his wish. "Haaaardeer!" Missy cried out, propelling her ass back against

his dick over and over. The lewd sound of sweat-soaked ass-flesh smacking against Lucas's

midsection filled the room.

"Ohh shit, " the boy sighed, watching his own mom's meaty rump slap against him, the fatty toplayer

of flesh rippling with every strike. His plump barbed knob sliced through the juicy

muscled grip of her cunt, lubricated by his own pre-cum and the secretions of Missy's vaginal

glands. On every thrust, the cock-muscle slipped along the upper wall of her vagina. Her slightly

swollen G- spot tingled exquisitely from the friction of his meat digging against the patch of

rough- textured cunt-lining .

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Missy's cute voice cried out, as a powerful cum rocked her big-titted body.

Unexpectedly, her thoughts turned to her husband. She imagined how he would react seeing

their son fucking her from behind, their sweaty bodies panting in pleasure. How his heart

would break in half, seeing his beautiful wife of twenty year throwing her ass back like a bitch in

heat . Watching their son fuck the hell out of one person her husband Phil loved and adored

the most in this world .

She didn't expect that those thoughts would make her cream even harder. "Ohhhyesss!!" Missy

cried out lustfully, a wicked thrill shooting her body, causing her to orgasm yet again..

"Ohh, shit, I'm cumming, Mom, " Lucas announced and the hot jizz began pulsing out of his

cock- tip, hosing the inside of her vagina..

His young body trembled with pleasure as she tightened her muscles around him, drawing

out more and more cum. Finally, they collapsed in a sweaty heap, cuddling and kissing for a

long while.

After showering and getting dressed up, Missy and her son met back up with Jess and Gabe.

"Well, don't you two look freshly fucked, " Jess teased.

Missy slapped her on the arm. "Stop,' she said playfully.

"Well you've been gone for three hours. And I was there the day after you lost your virginity

in High School, remember. You had that same giddy look then that you do now, " Jess said..

Missy just returned a guilty smile. "We're going to dinner, " she said.

"Well, thanks for the invite, " Jess said .

"Mom, we just ate a little while ago, " Gabe said.

"I know, I'm just giving her shit . You two go have a quiet romantic dinner, " Jess said, "now that

the room's free, I think I'll take Romeo here back with me as and we'll talk about the first

thing that comes up, " she said, glancing down at his bulge.

"Gee, I wonder what that'll be?" Gabe said, sharing a smile with Lucas.

Missy and Lucas had a candlelight dinner, with lots of hand holding and lustful gazes. The

conversation focused a lot on the earlier sex they'd had. "What position did you like the best?"

Missy asked, her face beaming with interest .

"Wow, I don't know, they were all really awesome, " Lucas said. "When you were on top

though...damn, " he muttered, making her giggle.

"Speaking of me on top, there's a position I wanna try later, it's called the octopus. I basically

sit on your lap facing you, recline back and throw my legs over your shoulders. I've always

wanted to do.it, but your father, well, let's just say he's not really the most experimental person

when it comes to sex, " Missy explained .

"Damn, dad's crazy. If I were him, I'd wanna try every position there was with you, " Lucas said.

Missy smiled anxiously. "And there's so many, " she said. "To bad WE'RE not married." "I

know, right."

She gazed at him adoringly and smiled. "We would fuck our asses off, wouldn't we?" she

asked.. "Heck yeah, you wouldn't hear me complain any, " her son said..

Missy giggled, cozying up next to him, reaching down and feeling his cock through his pants.

She gazed with her beautiful eyes. "I would constantly rub my tits on you. Let you feel my hard

nipples dragging on your skin, " she said .

"Oh man, I'd love that," Lucas muttered.

"Can you picture us in that big marital bed together every night . My legs thrown way back

while you pound the shit out of me, " she asked, her eyes big with wonder.

"Damn could I, " the boy muttered, feeling her squeeze his knob.

"Your father turns me down some nights. Can you believe that shit?" Missy asked .

"What, is he crazy," Lucas said.

"I know right, " she said, then thrust her chest out, "can you imagine saying 'not tonight' to this?"

she asked. "Can you imagine not wanting to feel my pussy sheathed on your cock...squeezing

you, " Missy said, her fingers kneading his boner, "humping you...squirting my juices all over

you."

"He's nuts, " Lucas said, squirming with excitement .

"Isn't he? I bet you wouldn't turn down a hot fuck with me, would you, baby?"she said, her

beautiful eyes blazing with lust .

"No way. Never."

Missy gripped his hard meat in her hand, feeling it throb with his excited heart-beat . "You're

so young and hard and constantly horny, just like your mother, " she giggled.

A female voice suddenly came on over the intercom. "Hellooo, passengers! Everyone having

a good time?"

The dining hall erupted in a cheer.

Back at the cabin, Jess's nipple popped from Gabe's mouth. "I'm having a good time,, " he said,

making his Mom giggle. She was on top of him, riding his cock, their persperationed-sheened

bodies clinging together. The bed was squeaking loudly from their mutual fuck-thrusts. The

obscene sound of wetly slapping flesh filled the room as the teen pounded his hard slippery

prick up into his mother's hot cunt .

"Come on, you horny little fuck, " Jess panted, "show me what a fucking man you are."

She used her strong hips to spear Gabe's boner up and down her juice-slickened vagina.

The female voice continued . "On the final night at sea it's been a longstanding tradition on our

ship to get as many people naked as possible. So shed those clothes, motherfuckers! Woooo!"

she shouted excitedly..

Missy giggled and cheered with other Moms in the dining hall. "You heard her. Get naked shy

boy, " she said to her son, standing up and shedding her dress. Her bra and panties came

off next, leaving her completely bare.

When Lucas stood up, she helped him shed his outfit . It wasn't long before everybody in the

dining hall was bare-ass naked. Lucas had never seen so many sexy moms naked in one place.

Of course, his cock stood at attention and Missy ran her long nails over it teasingly. "I want this

for dessert and I know just the place to slide it between my lips."

Five minutes later, she was leading her son into the Glory Hole, her big naked mommy-tits

bobbling on her chest as she gave him a quick kiss and sent him through the doorway leading

to the other side of the wall. There were other naked mothers kneeling down, their pretty head

bobbing up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

Missy saw her son's boner poke through one of the holes, sticking way out, hard and

throbbing. She licked her lips, staring at it with lust . "Yum, " she muttered out-loud.

Lucas sighed as he felt his Mom's hot mouth slip over his boner. Missy plunged downward,

slurping the first several inches of her son's mammoth fucker between her wet, stretched lips.

After a few good sucks, she popped his prick from her mouth and looped her long licker

around his shiny knob.

"Ohhh shit, " Lucas said, feeling his Mom's strong wet tongue wiggle and roll all over his

tender dick.

Like the Moms on either side of her, Missy began to bob her head, screwing her boy's hardon

with her skilled mouth and tongue. Her own slurping, gurgling sounds mixed with those of

the

women around her as she sucked feverishly on the teen's big throbbing pisser.

Lucas's boner flexed and pulsing on the roof of her mouth, oozing out some bubbly pre-cum.

"Mmmm, " Missy hummed, swirling her thick tongue around the crown of his engorged

knob.

The cock-sucking mother opened her mouth as wide as she could, again plunging her face into

his crotch, this time sinking even more of his prick between her lips. "Gnggnnff, " she gagged,

her rounded lips lowering further and further as she crammed his meat down her throat .

She came up gasping, but immediately plunged her mouth right back over his prick, this time

lowering her lips all the way to the ring of the hole and held it there. She heard her son groan

from the other side and felt his hard penis throb and twitch in her throat . "Gnnggnnfff, " the

mother gagged, then went back to sucking .

Each time her mouth traveled up his rod, she swirled her tongue insatiably around his cock

head, teasing his glans and meatus. She clutched her fist around the root of his cock, then

started beating his meat into her mouth, hard and fast, her fist a blur as it whipped up and

down his prick.

"Ohhh, shit, " Lucas cried out as his boner started to spew, blasting thick cock cream into

his Mom's sucking mouth. Eagerly, Missy clung to the jizzing peter, jacking and sucking

cock as hard as she could, determined to milk down every drop of her son's load.

Missy marveled at how much thick yummy cum poured down her throat . She let her tongue

play in his spunk as it pulsed from his piss-slit, then she gulped it down into her tummy.

Meanwhile, back at the cabin, Gabe was about to blast his own load inside Jess. The horny

mother's tan legs were thrown back and his young toned ass was thrusting desperately between

her warm cradling thighs. "Ohhh fuck yess!" the teen groaned, feeling balls tingle as they beat on

her ass.

"Come on, gimme that fucking load, "Jess cried out, grasping his spearing boner in the juicy

grip of her experienced pussy. "Hhhaahh, fuck, " Gabe shouted as big ropes of hot cum pulsed

from his peter-tip, hosing the inside of Jess's vagina with cock-cream.

After fucking out every drop of spunk, he collapsed against her huge sweaty tits. "Ohh damn,

that was good, " he sighed .

Jess giggled and ran her fingers through his hair. "Of all the girls you could nail on this ship,

you end up fucking your own mother. How crazy us that, " she joked .

"Well, what's that saying?" he said, "mother ho's best?"

She slapped him playfully. "I'm not a ho," she said, "and the saying is mother KNOWS best,

ya goof."

Gabe giggled. "I know," he said.

Lucas gave his Mom a piggy-back ride along the bow of the ship. He loved the feel of her

smooth strong thighs and big naked titties bouncing against his back. Missy giggled playfully,

"We're almost there, baby" she said.

She slipped off of him, grabbed his hand and pulled him to the furthest point of the bow. The

naked mother climbed up onto the railing, like Rose in the famous scene in the movie "Titanic."

Lucas climbed up behind her, holding her just like Jack had as they stared out at the open sea.

They extended their arms out like wings, squeezing each other's hands. "We're flying, " Missy

shouted, thrusting her huge meaty boobs out, making them the most forward part of the ship.

The breeze swept through her hair. The gorgeous mother looked like one of those classic

nautical figureheads that many ships had. She turned her head towards her boy and they kissed

passionately. When their smooch finally broke, Lucas looked back out at sea and shouted as

loud as he could, "I'm the king of the world!!"

Missy giggled and slipped back down onto the deck with him. She threw her arms around

his neck, embracing him. "And I'm your Queen, " she said in a sexy tone.

They kissed some more, Missy's big jugs squashing against his bare chest . Their lips

smacked together and their tongues danced with needful passion.

Jess and Gabe arrived, hand in hand, both completely naked, like pretty much everyone else

wandering the ship at this point . "Please tell me you guys didn't just do the while "Titanic"

thing?" Jess said .

Missy smiled gleefully, "we did, " she said.

"Vomit, " Jess said, making them all laugh.

Gabe looked over at the empty jacuzzi. "Let's get in the hot-tub, " he said, pulling his Mom

over. Missy and Lucas followed. "I like that idea, " Missy said, "it is getting kinda chilly and we

don't want these hot dicks shriveling up."

Jess laughed. "Right, they're not much good to us then, " she joked..

The four of them got into the jacuzzi and the mothers straddled their teens. They made-out

lustfully, like two young couples on a hot double date. "Mmm, those dicks are far from

shriveled up now, " Jess said, grinding her naked twat against the underside of Gabe's boner.

"Well it's a good thing, " Missy said between kisses. "We Moms love a hard dick."

Lucas was right when he said he was "king of the world." He had his sexy, big titted mother

on top of him, spinning her long tongue through his mouth.

"I'm sure the boys loving having hard dicks too, " Jess said, her lips smacking wetly against her

son's, "so they can fuck our pussies nice n deep."

Missy squashed her labial lips against Lucas's thick cock-muscle. "Is that true, boys?" she

asked, "do you enjoy pounding our cunts and squirting your hot loads deep inside us?"

She felt her son's cock flex in reaction to her hot words. "I know I do, " Lucas said, his eyes

wide with lust .

"Do you like to see our sexy legs tossed back, spread wide open for you?"Jess asked

them, gazing into Gabe's eyes, gently grinding on his stiff prick..

"Fuck yeah, " he muttered.

Missy shook her chest, making her big cannons wobble just under her son's chin. "Feel our big

soft tits bounce around on you, while you hold us and show us what strong studs you are, "

she said in a sexy tone.

Jess's lips were mashed against her son's as she spoke. "Fucking us, " she said lustfully..

"Pounding our pussies, " Missy said while planting series of wet kisses, "making your

sexy Mommies scream while they cling to you."

There was a pause in the dialog as both horny mothers french-kissed their boys and humped

their cunts against their strong dicks. Missy broke her kiss and went for Lucas's neck, kissing

and licking at his most sensitive spots. The teen's face filled with pleasure, "ohhh, yeah, " he

sighed .

He felt his cock-tip pop into her heated fuck-socket and sink into her juicy vagina. Missy

threw her head back. "Ahhhhyesss, " she sighed, feeling his sturdy spear rise up her cunt-tube.

Jess trapped the knob of Gabe dick against her swollen clitoris, squeezing them together. She

could feel the two blood-engorged nubs pulsing and throbbing as if they were joined as one

piece of flesh, the heated water making them tingle even more.

Jess gasped lustfully, then reached down under the water and stuffed her son's cock into

her cunt-tunnel. "Fuck usss!" she cried out .

The two pretty moms swiveled their experienced hips, plowing the boys dicks deep in their

smoldering holes. Missy marveled at how thick and strong her son's cock was. Her husband

Phil had an average cock, with erections that were often sub-par. Lucas's young dick, however,

was so incredibly different . His cylinder of meat stayed rock-hard and packed every single

inch of her pussy-pouch, stretching the inner lining . This made for an intense sexual experience,

that she wasn't quite used to.

"Uh, Mom, " Gabe muttered, pointing up at a sign near their heads. "We better get out if

we're gonna fuck."

Jess looked up at that read "NO SEX ALLOWED IN JACUZZIS." She giggled, "Right. They catch

us fucking in here, they might throw us overboard, " she said.

Missy smiled as she led her boy out of the water."Or maroon us on some tropical island,

that could be fun, " she said.

The two Moms playfully pulled their teens around to a private side of a divider-wall, their cute

little bare feet tapping on the deck. "Pick us up and fuck us, " she said to the boys, wrapping

her arms around her son's neck and feeding him a horny gaze.

Missy and Jess sprung from floor and tossed their sexy legs around their teens, interlocking

their ankles behind them. The boys grasped their Mom's thighs, and slipped their erect dicks

back inside them. "Yesss, fuuuck!" Jess cried out lustfully, humping her horny pussy on Gabe's

cock.

"Ohh baby, your dick feels so good, " Missy sighed, tightening her arms around her boy,

mashing her big wet knockers against his bare chest . "Fuck me hard, " she hissed.

Lucas and Gabe pinned their Moms against the divider-wall and started thrusting their cocks

through their slippery cunts. The two besties clung to their boys, tightening their parted thighs.

The flesh of their naked bodies trembled from the power of the fuck-thrusts .

"Ohhh Goddamn, " Gabe sighed, fucking steadily. Holding his own Mom this way was a

powerful rush and he wanted to make her cum so fucking hard that her eyes rolled back.

They kissed and fucked and kissed and fucked even harder, their bodies beating together as the

boys held them up in the standing fuck position. "Ohhh! Ohhmy...Ohhshit, I'm gonna fucking

cuuum!" Jess cried out .

"Meee toooo!" Missy shrieked, bucking her hips, meeting her boys thrusts and screwing her cunt

to his balls on every downward plunge.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Both beautiful Mommies screamed out, within seconds of each other, their lush

bodies trembling from the force of their orgasms. The boys continued fucking with everything

they had, pounding their dicks through the juicing grip of hot quivering vagina.

"Ahhh, fuck!" Gabe groaned, as his knob tingled and began spitting big ropes of spunk.

"Hhhnnff!" Lucas snarled, his big cock thundering through Missy's clasping cunt-tube. The

hot mother trembled and groaned as her pussy turned to cream. The muscles in her legs

flexed around her son's wildly-driving hips, her boobs sloshing as she clung to his strong

lean frame like a helpless fuck-doll. "Aaaaauuuggghhh!!" she screamed, making more hot girlcum

pulse around his spearing cock and drip off his swinging balls.

Lucas's knob tingled exquisitely. "Ohhh shit, " he whimpered loudly. Huge rockets of gooey

baby- batter pulsed from his peter-tip, mixing with his Mom's secretions and coating her cunttube

with teenage jizz.

The two teens whimpered into their lovely mom's necks, their ass-cheeks flexing and their hips

jerking . The skilled birth-canals of both Moms were squeezing and sucking on the tender

dicks, milking out more and more cum. "Yesss, baby, pour it all out, " Missy said, cradling her

son's head in her hands..

Lucas thrust in as far as he could go, crushing his big purple knob again the mouth of her cervix.

His nuts clenched and his whole body shivered as another big gob of cum oozed from his

meatus. "Aahhhh!, " his shaky voice cried out .

The muscled walls of Missy's vagina clasped his meat-stick, holding it in a hot embrace. He

backed his prick out just a tad and the empty portion of her tube collapsed in on itself,

shrouding her inner sanctum. Lucas thrust his hips forward again, stretching the pink ribbed

walls of her inner lining and touching the doorway to her womb once again. "Uuunnggh, " he

grunted, as a little more spunk bubbled from his piss-slit .

"Damn, boys, you keep fucking us like that and we'll have to divorce your fathers, " she

said, making Missy giggle.

"Or at least make sure they're out of the house a lot, " Missy said, combing her nails through

her son's hair.

Lucas and Gabe smiled at each other. "So you guys are gonna let us fuck you at home

too?" Gabe asked.

Missy and Jess looked over each other, then Missy answered. "I guess when we get home, we

may have to revise the whole 'what happens at Sea stays at Sea' thing, " she said.

Jess chimed in. "Yeah, change it to something more general like 'what happens BETWEEN

US, stays BETWEEN US," she said.

Gabe smiled. "I can abide by that, " he said.

"Me too, " Lucas said, gazing into his Mom's beautiful eyes.

It was getting late and Missy and Jess led their sons arm in arm back towards their cabin.

Along the way, they spotted Candice, holding on to the railing and getting pounded from behind by

a handsome teen. He had a friend standing next to him, stroking his own boner while waiting

his turn.

Jess giggled. "Looks like Candice is having a good time, " she said to Missy.

When they got back to the room, each boy showered with his Mom. They made out under

the hot spray, soaping and caressing each-others bodies. Lucas's heart raced excitedly as he

slipped his hand all over Missy's enormous jugs, while she gently stroked his erection with

slippery suds.

"Let's rinse off. I need you back inside me, " Missy whispered, her lips rubbing against his

tenderly.

The big cruise ship crashed through the water as it slowly made its way back towards land .

The sea around it illuminated beautifully in the moonlight .

That same moonlight showered Missy and Jess's cabin in a magical glow. Both mommies had

their silky, curvy legs propped way back in the air, their sexy little bare feet pointing back and

shuttering, as if moving to the beat of the lewd smacking sounds that filled the room..

Their teens were on top of them, driving their dicks through their Mom's cunts with hard

forcefully thrusts, their ball-sacks beating against their upturned asses. "Ohhh fuck, "

Gabe groaned, feeling Jess's juice-slicked inner lining hug his spearing erection.

"Yess, fuck meee, " his mother cried out, gripping his ass with her long nails.

Lucas's pulled on Missy's nipple with his latched lips, stretching the flesh of her big jiggling titty

way out . His hips working tirelessly, jerking between Missy's silky thighs, propelling his boner

through her juicy pussy from balls to knob on every thrust .

"Ohhhyess!" his mommy cried out, circling her arms and pulling him back down against her

tit- mounds. Lucas rubbed his face between them, licking up through her gaping cleavage like

an panting dog .

He gazed up at the glossy backs of his Mom's scissored legs and her sexy little feet as they

pointed back towards the headboard . "Damn you're sexy Mom, " he muttered, resting on his

elbow as he kept fucking her.

"You like fucking this girl?" she asked breathlessly.

"Ohh hell yeah," he panted.

"Are you ready to fuck me in my dream position?" she asked.

"The octopus?" he asked.

"Uh-huh, " she smiled anxiously.

"Let's do it, " he said, his wet cock slipping from her twat as he got to his knees. He sat on his

ass and leaned backwards slightly, using his hands placed behind his back to support

himself.

Lucas heard Gabe's mom cry out and looked over to see him pounding her cunt hard and

fast, her sexy tan legs propped up on his shoulders.

Missy stood over her son, feet to either side of his waist and slowly lowered herself, squatting

onto his cock. Once he was inside her, she sat on his lap and slowly started to lean backwards.

Like her son, she placed her hands behind her back on the mattress for support . Once she

was leaning back, Missy lifted your right leg and rested it on her son's left shoulder. Then she

lifted her left leg and rested it on his right shoulder.

She gazed at him lovingly. "Yess, this is it ...fuck mee," she gasped excitedly.

They drove their hips together, spearing his cock through her pussy-folds and deep inside

her. Lucas marveled at the view. Her sexy legs flexed, her little bare feet hugging his neck,

pulling at him. Her huge jutting milkers rolled around on her chest like big fleshy waves.

"Ohh my God, I love it!" Missy shouted with pure lust in her voice.

"Me too, " her boy smiled .

After a few minutes of fucking this way, Missy lowered her legs around her son's waist and

slid onto his lap, wrapping him in her arms and grinding, chest to chest .

She gazed down at him with a smile. Without the mask, it truly was more of a thrill for the

teen. This was his own mother. The one who'd given birth to him and nurtured him growing up.

Now she was letting him see her in a whole new way. She was letting stick his manhood

inside her and be his partner in the most intimate of all acts. She was letting him shoot

millions of little baby-seeds inside her, each one seeking out her prized pearl. "Thank you, by

the way, " she whispered, responding to his compliment .

"For what?" he asked.

"For saying I'm sexy, " she said, squeezing his hard thick prick with the grip of her cunt .

Her eyes welled-up as she stared up at him, feeling his unyielding cock plugging away at her

pussy perfectly. She stroked his cheek tenderly, thinking back on the words of the Fortune

Teller. "You are the Yin to my Yang, " she whispered.

THE END

145: More Christmas Lovin’

More Christmas Lovin'

By Klrxo

On Christmas afternoon, BobbyJoe cooked up a big feast to celebrate the holiday. She was delighted to have her husband home, but couldn't wait for him to head back to the mine, so she could stuff her son's massive slab of meat inside her cunt again, and let him hump between her wide-open mommy-legs.

"Smells good in here, Ma," her boy said as he came inside from shooting his new rifle.

"Thanks, sweet-pea, hope you're hungry. It should be ready soon," she said.

Dicky noticed his mom was only wearing a tiny cotton robe, that fell just below her ass. This left her lovely curvy legs on display. They looked as smooth as a baby's bottom, and gave of a silky shimmer from the sun beaming in from the kitchen window. He couldn't help but think back on earlier that morning when those sexy legs were locked around his body in a humping grip.

"Where's Pa?" the boy asked.

"He's in resting. Probably the most comfortable sleep he's had in weeks," BobbyJoe answered.

"Did you wear him out with some Christmas lovin' this morning?" Dicky teased.

BobbyJoe fed him a mischievous smile. "Did I wear YOU out with some Christmas lovin' this morning?" she asked.

"No way. If Pa hadn't come home, I could have gone all day."

BobbyJoe raised an eyebrow, her heart pumping fast. "All day huh? Well that would been a Christmas to remember."

"It still can be," the boy said, staring at the swell of his Ma's monstrous melons and her big nipples poking out from beneath the fabric.

"Well if your fixin' for another go at my birth cannon it's gonna have to be out in the barn," his mother said. "If your Pa wakes up and catches us beating our bellies together he'll tan your hide."

"I'm good with the barn," Dicky said anxiously.

"Dinner's almost done cooking, so I'm gonna give it a stir and I'll be along."

"Alright," the boy said, rushing out. The big red barn on the family farm wasn't the most ideal place to pound a pussy, but since his Pa had come home unexpectedly, Dicky would take what he could get.

Of course, he couldn't get to the barn without seeing an urgent task that needed attended to. A few of the goats had gotten out of the pin and were sure to fall prey to coyotes unless he corralled them back inside.

By the time he finished the task, BobbyJoe was already in the barn waiting. "Momma?" he called out, stepping into the big barn.

"Up here, sweet-pea," her loving voice answered from overhead.

Dicky knew she in the most private spot in the whole barn, the hay loft. His eyes got as big as saucers as he reached the top of the

rickety ladder, finding his Ma bare naked and bent over a bale of hay. The mother had her fleshy round buttocks pointed at her teen. Her milky-white buns were slightly spread, allowing Dicky to see the pink crinkled elastic ring of her asshole. His ogling eyes followed the crack of her ass down to her thick vulvar lips.

"Damn," the boy sighed, feeling as though his boner could rip right out of his trousers.

BobbyJoe peeked back at him and smiled, her giant tits hanging down like those big milk-swollen cow udders out in the barnyard. "Get those trousers off and come mount your momma like a mare," she said, wagging her juicy rump back and forth invitingly.

Dicky shed his clothes eagerly. His herculean erection stuck way out from his loins like a rising tree branch. His foreskin had peeled back over most of his shiny nob, and even from where BobbyJoe was, she could see the swollen purple peter-tip twitch with every excited beat of her boy's heart.

Dicky stepped up behind her, grasped his spear and rubbed the tip through her meaty clamshell, wetting his dick in her juicy coral slit.

BobbyJoe gasped excitedly as she felt her boy's big nob squeezed back and forth against her engorged clitoris. Her fleshy nubbin looked like a little mini version of the fat bell-tip of the boy's cock.

"Go on, pumpkin," she sighed, gazing back with lust in her eyes, "get you some tight pussy."

Dicky shoved it in, making her vestibule cave inward, until the slippery mouth of her vagina stretched over his nob. Now that he was lined up for intercourse, with only the tip inside her, he grasped her soft wide hips and pushed more of his cock in.

"Ohh Lord!" BobbyJoe cried out, feeling the muscled boner squeeze into her pleasure-passage. She had always thought her husband was

well endowed, but his cock now seemed puny and pathetic compared to her son's slab of manhood.

Dicky backed his cock out an inch, letting her secreting juices coat his battering ram, then he plunged it in even deeper, stretching the warm inner lining of her birthing tube.

"Damn you feel good, momma!" the boy gasped, looking down and watching his erect cock sink deeper inside her.

"So do you, sugar," she said breathlessly. "You should feel right at home out here in the barn with all these big dicked stallions."

"Ahh!" Dicky sighed in delight, feeling his tip push against the soft head of her cervix.

"Now that your knockin' at your momma's womb, maybe you better start buckin' like a steer," she said.

"You got it, Momma," Dicky said, setting his hips in motion.

BobbyJoe's thick matronly ass beat against her son's loins as he fucked her from behind. Her huge dangling, stiff-nippled boobies bobbled around heavily from the impact of Dicky's thrusts. "Oh, that's it, sweet darlin, fuck your momma up the pussy!" she gasped.

The boy's tongue hung out in lust as he humped his tender boner through the tight grip of her vagina. A loud repetitive CLAPPING sound filled the big barn as her meaty mommy-rump beat against his crotch.

"Ohh damn, Ma!" the teen whimpered, feeling her strong cuntal muscles grasp his cock like a tight squeezing fist. The way her fatty ass-flesh rippled each time her buns slapped against his young loins was absolutely mesmerizing.

BobbyJoe's fingers sunk into the hay, as her pretty eyes rolled back with delight. Her boy was stretching her vaginal sleeve in ways she never thought possible. His cock just felt so incredibly big and strong and powerful. She could feel the fat barbed head crushing her back wall on every plunge, as if seeking entrance to the warm motherly womb that had created it.

"Uhhgghh!" BobbyJoe shouted in a primitive female grunt as an orgasm tingled delightfully through her heavy-titted body.

Dicky tensed up, though he continued thrusting as he felt his momma's quivering pussy-tube shrink around his cock. The slippery rugae along her inner lining became more pronounced causing exquisite friction on the boy's glans. This, along with the juicy cuntal nectar that was soaking his cock, caused him to throw his head back in pleasure.

"Ohhh, shit, Ma!" his voice quivered.

BobbyJoe gazed back at him. "Better pinch those baby-makers off, Dicky-bear, before they start shootin' outta your pisser," she said, then pulled her cunt off his cock, making a wet popping sound. "This momma wants on her back."

A big dollop of pre-jizz oozed from the slit of Dicky's meatus and dipped towards the floor in a the form of a long stringy drip.

BobbyJoe licked her lips as she saw it splatter at his feet. Dicky watched his Ma step towards a nice soft bed of hay, her jiggling buttocks swaying atop the backs of her smooth sexy legs.

"Ready for a roll in the hay?" the mother asked as she dropped down onto her back, making her melonous boobs droop slightly off the sides of her chest.

Dicky couldn't help but squeeze his cock, stroking slowly as he watched his Ma's thick smooth thighs bow open. With her knees

thrown way back, her dainty bare feet hovered in the air on bended legs. She reached down and stroked her fingers along her shaved pussy-folds. "It's good that we's in a barn, because I wanna fuck like a couple lusty animals," she said in a sexy tone.

"That sounds might fine to me," Dicky confessed.

"Yeah, you wanna make me howl like a momma coyote?" BobbyJoe asked, gazing at her boy's stiff peter.

"Maybe not a coyote. That would surely wake Pa up."

The mother giggled. "What, you don't want your Pa to rush out here and see his wife gettin' fucked like a town whore?" she asked.

"He wouldn't be too happy with either one of us," Dicky said.

"Then you better give your momma your neck to scream into, cuz she plans creaming all over that stiff hunk of manhood," the mother confessed.

"That I can do," the boy muttered, crawling down between his Ma's wide-open legs.

BobbyJoe placed her hands on his shoulders, anxiously watching her boy move into position to fuck her. She felt his huge nob split her twat and squeeze inside her married pussy.

The teen suddenly found himself being pulled on top of her, with her lovely legs getting thrown around him. BobbyJoe, bounced her buns on the hay, pumping her cunt up on the satisfying stiffness of her son's cock.

"Fuck the piss outta me!" she hissed, clawing and humping frantically, making it clear to her boy that this momma wanted fucked hard and rough.

"Shit!" the teen gasped, pounding his enormous hardon through her clasping pussy, making his big balls beat against the fatty cheeks of her humping ass.

They locked lips and their tongues dueled like snakes in a mating ball.

The big barn was filled with the sounds of moans and whimpers and big teenage nuts thumping wildly on a mother's ass.

Their genitals were having a duel of their own, joined together in a deep bone-grinding fuck. A mix of mother-son pre-ejaculatory juices squelched from BobbyJoe's widely-stretched cuntal lips, as Dicky's thick muscular cock pounded in and out.

"Yesss!" the horny mother gasped, twisting her strong silky legs behind his back, pulling him against her body as tightly as she could.

"Ahhh!" Dicky moaned euphorically, feeling the lush soft curves of his big boobed mother around him.

BobbyJoe suddenly rolled him over, taking the top. Her thick mommy-buns rose and fell, humping her pussy on her son's hardon, while kissing him some more.

The teen was so excited he felt like his heart may burst right out of his chest. His body was blanketed by his gorgeous mother, with her huge fat tits plastered against him.

BobbyJoe's nipples puffed from her surrounding areola, thick and aroused as they pressed against the flesh of her son's chest.

"Keep pumpin' those hips," she gasped between kisses. "Do the devil's dance with your momma!"

Dicky humped his ass from the hay, meeting his Ma's bobbing pussy hump for hump.

The mother planted her knees firmly astride his hips, raising up on extended arms and grinding her cunt, with her outer folds pressed firmly against his cock-base.

"Ohhh wow, Ma!" the boy's voice grumbled, feeling her compress her muscled vaginal walls around his hunky cock.

BobbyJoe's enormous mammaries swung to either side of the boy's head as he stuffed his face into her squishy rippling cleavage.

The hot mother pupils rolled back as her boy's big ballooning nob plowed against one of the most sensitive spots in her vagina. "Ohhh! I need that neck!" she cried out, sounding on the verge of a body-trembling orgasm.

Dicky suddenly remember her comment about needing his neck to scream against, so he squeezed his head out from between her smothering tit-flesh, and just in time. His mom frantically slapped her big tits down against his chest and wedged her face between his shoulder and neck. Then, she let out a growling scream that was muffled by his flesh.

The boy's creaming mother trembled on top of him, cumming on his massive cock as he continued pumping it up into her.

"Wow!" he moaned, peeking up from underneath her pleasure-stricken body as he felt the mommy-cum pulse from her urethra, running down along his bouncing nuts.

After another minute of deep grinding, BobbyJoe gasped loudly, and rolled her boy back over on top of her. "Dinner should be ready and we don't want it to burn," she said breathlessly. "You need to pop that sweet cock off inside me."

"Yes, ma'am," the boy said, then hit his momma's pussy hard with savage thrusts.

BobbyJoe threw her sexy legs way back in a spread eagle, clutching her boy's bouncing buns with the nails of both hands, aiding his thrusts. "That's it! Give it to the pussy baby!" she gasped. "Let momma's pussy-hole milk that big dreamy dick!"

And 'milk it' she did. With a guttural grunt, the teen hosed out big fat ropes of potent cum, deep in her clasping vagina. His pulsing piss-hole splattered her insides with millions of creamy baby-makers, many of which would soon begin the journey in search of her egg.

Not for a lack of trying, her husband had never gotten her pregnant with another child besides Dicky. BobbyJoe would welcome another baby, but just assumed it wasn't in the cards for her. As she cradled her boy's writhing body between between her widely-splayed legs, she felt his big muscled sex organ pump more and more hot sperm inside her and realized maybe her baby-making luck would soon change.

"What a supper!" Dicky's Pa said as he sat back with a full tummy.

"Glad you enjoyed it," his sweet wife said, sitting beside him.

"So, when do you have to go back to the mine, dad?" Dicky asked, then glanced over at his mom to see her looking back at him with a knowing smile.

"Suppose to be tomorrow morning, early. Do you think you can have my horse saddled up for me?"

"Sure thing," Dicky muttered.

"And I'll have breakfast ready," his wife said with a smile. "You'd be proud of your son. He's really stepped up as 'man of the house' while you've been gone," BobbyJoe said, looking at her boy with her pretty gleaming eyes.

"He's really helped out huh?" her husband asked.

"Oh yes, in a BIG way, right, Dicky?" she asked, extending her leg and rubbing her son's cock with her toes beneath the table.

"Yeah, Momma, happy to help out."

As the mother laid beneath her husband that night, letting him go about his husbandly business, her mind was miles away. She was thinking about her Dicky, and the big heavenly piece of manhood between his legs. She loved the way it stretched her. She loved the way it flexed and throbbed with her delicate cuntal sleeve wrapped snuggly around it.

In one day, Dicky had wrecked sex with her husband forever, but she was perfectly ok with that. She had the biggest, fattest, horniest dick a woman could ask for. It was her own wonderful Christmas gift.

The next morning after a big breakfast, Dicky brought his father's horse up to the front of the farmhouse. BobbyJoe kissed her husband goodbye, and her and her son stood on the porch and watched him ride off.

The busty mother stepped over to her teen, hugging him from behind and resting her face beside his as they watched Dicky's father disappear on the horizon. "It's still early. Wanna go back to bed with me?" she said.

"With you?" the boy asked, feeling his Ma's huge unfettered tit-melons press squishingly against his back.

"That's right. The 'man of the house' takes his father's place on the marital bed," she whispered.

"Oh, then sure," he said with an eager smile.

"Can I ask you something, Dicky?" BobbyJoe said, gazing into his eyes.

"Sure."

"Have you ever thought about having a little brother or sister?"

"Well, yeah, I just figured you and dad didn't want another kid, for whatever reason," he answered. "Why? Are you.."

His momma giggled. "No, NOT pregnant YET," she said, "but you keep pumping all that man-seed into me, my belly's gonna be as big around as a wagon wheel here soon."

"Well, I sure wouldn't mind seeing you waddle around the house," Dicky said with a smile.

"A woman's body goes through a lot of changes when she's with child. My belly won't be the only thing that swells up huge, sweet-pea."

"What else?" he asked.

She fed him a teasing smile. "What do you think?" she asked.

"Your breasts?"

"Uh-huh. These boobies will swell up so big with milk your cute little eyes might pop out your head just lookin' at 'em."

"That don't sound so bad," he confessed.

"And there's one other thing about a pregnant lady that you need to know," BobbyJoe said.

"What's that?"

The mother smiled. "They're called 'hormones,' and they make a momma so horny she wants to feel a man's nuts beatin' against her ass day and night," she explained.

"That don't sound so bad either."

"Sounds to me like you wanna keep squirtin' all that daddy-sauce inside me then, see if you can put a cute little bun in the oven," she said gleefully.

"Yes, ma'am, I mean, if you do?"

She gazed into his eyes. "A mother's place is on her back, making babies or squeezin' 'em out," she said, then took his hand gently and led him inside. "Let's go make a little Dicky Junior."

To be continued…

146: Mother's New King_1

By Klrxo

Of all the kings that ruled the land, King Roland was the most respected. For nearly a quarter of a century the kingdom flourished under his rein. Of all the battles he'd won, of all the kingdoms he'd saved from evil rulers, there was one thing that he'd considered his greatest accomplishment. That was winning the heart of Arabella.

Arabella was widely considered the most beautiful woman in all the kingdom and beyond. When rumors of her feminine perfection had reached young Roland, the future King traveled far to seek her hand. Tales were spread on how she attained such loveliness. Some believed that a wizard named Agamenticus had cast a spell. This spell endowed her with beauty unlike that which had ever walked the kingdom. As she grew, so did the rumors, that not only was Arabella gifted with the body of a Goddess, but that she had also attained great sexual abilities.

Roland brought her to Stoneshield Castle, which stood as a towering monument to his forefathers. The mighty castle was erected in the heart of Stoneshield Hallow. The day of Roland and Arabella's wedding was like no other. It was a true royal celebration, that all the kingdom attended. Every male in the land was sick with envy. Arabella's beauty was unmatched and it was widely known that a mere look from the new Queen would take a man's breath away.

Roland and Arabella's union would produce two sons. Prince Peter, the oldest, was much like his father, brave and self-assured, but where his father was humble, Peter was cocky and often cruel.

Prince Leo was the youngest. He was the people's Prince. Most of his days were spent outside the walls of the castle, mingling with common-folk. Unlike his older brother, his friends were not within the royal circle, but rather the sons and daughters of village farmers and merchants.

Leo was very popular with women of the village. The lean, dark-haired 18 year old had fucked nearly a dozen girls his age, all had big tits and sweet asses. He was especially popular with married women of the village and had fucked quite a few of them, while their husbands were away traveling or working.

On this day, Leo and his friend Gus were in a horse stable with a couple of young mothers bent over in front of them. The young men watched the meaty asses jiggle as they thrust their long erections through the women's cunts from behind.

"Damn, I like the way this one feels. So much tighter than the one yesterday," Gus said, fucking at a steady pace.

"As tight as the blacksmith's wife?" Leo asked.

"Could be close."

Leo slipped from the girl's cunt, his long wet dick bobbing on his loins. A trickle of precum strung from the slit in his plumb-sized knob. "I wanna feel it. Switch spots."

Gus's cock flopped from the girl's pussy and Leo stepped up behind her. He clasp his boner and drug it's engorged tip through her smooth labial meat, plowing her fat clitoris. Then, he squeezed his cock inside her creamy hole.

"Fuck me, you're right," he gasped, fucking her with deep steady thrusts. "I told you," Gus smiled.

They suddenly looked at each other as they heard the rumble of horses. "Shit, I know that sound," the Prince said, sliding his dick back out.

The rumbling was so loud now it nearly shook the ground beneath them. They pulled up their trousers and exited stable. A group of nearly a fifty royal soldiers circled them on horseback. They escorted the royal carriage.

The carriage was a testament to the power and wealth of the King. It was lined in gold and exquisite jewels. As it came to a stop near Leo and Gus, it was immediately surrounded by a dozen guards. One of the envoy opened the carriage door. Two pretty servant girls in their mid- twenties, exquisitely dressed, stepped out first.

Then, all at once, the soldiers, the servants and even Gus, kneeled and bowed their heads. A figure emerged from the carriage in a flowing royal gown. It was Queen Arabella. "There you are. I thought we agreed that you'd stay close to the castle today," she said, looking over at her youngest.

Leo watched his mother sashay towards him. "My friend Gus is teaching me archery. He's been quite helpful, mother."

Arabella spotted the two young mothers slip awkwardly from the horse stable, both giving the Queen a shamed look.

"Archery you say," the Queen smiled looking down at the farm boy who knelt not far from her feet. "So you're Gus. I've heard a lot about you."

Gus remained staring at the ground.. "I'm honored, your majesty. The boy shivered nervously as she stepped closer to him. He'd only seen her once, from a great distance, but even so he could tell her beauty was the thing of dreams.

"You may stand," she said.

Gus rose to his feet. He timidly looked upon the Queen. He felt as though he were in the presence of a Goddess. Arabella's features were sharp and striking. Her hair had been

meticulously pulled up so that only a few silky ringlets fell across the sides of her face. The swell of her breasts were enormous, the rounded neck of her gown showed off an immense cleavage.

"I invite you to join us in the royal hall for dinner tomorrow. A thank you for your kindness towards the Prince. "

"I would consider that a great privilege, ma'am."

Arabella stepped over to her son. "Mingling with those in the village I will allow. Doing so without protection I will not. Next time, please bring two guards with you."

"Yes ma'am," Leo said.

"You're father prepares for a long journey and will be leaving soon. You should come bid him farewell."

Leo nodded, then watched his Mother move back to the carriage, the swell of her ass swaying provocatively.

"See you soon, Gus," Leo said, following his Mother back into the carriage. The royal envoy shot off, disappearing back towards the castle.

Inside the carriage, Leo sat across from his Mother. He couldn't help but watch her creamy cleavage quiver with every bump they hit. She was so beautiful he could hardly stand it. Soon, the hard lump in his pants returned and he adjusted himself awkwardly.

The servant girls, Aura and Delfeni sat on either side of the Queen and giggled as they watched him struggle. Arabella saw her son

steal another peek at her breasts while he shifted uncomfortably. She too smiled, amused by his obvious arousal.

After arriving back at the castle, the Queen and her son joined the King in the courtyard as he and his guards prepared for their journey. "I'll miss you father," Leo said.

"Not to worry, this journey will be no where near as long as the last."

The rumble of an armored horse approached. A young man only a few years older than Leo stopped the horse, just in front of the King. This was his oldest son Peter. "'I've prepared your horse for you father."

"And for that I am thankful, Peter."

Leo looked up at his older brother. "Are you going also? Why do you wear some of father's armor?"

Peter glared at his brother spitefully. "I am not going and I wear it because I am the future king. It is good for the troops to see me dressed as such."

King Roland stepped up to his wife. "You boys are to protect the kingdom while I am away, but most of all, watch over the Queen. Of all I possess, she is most valuable of all," he said, kissing his wife's hand. They embraced tightly.

"Be safe," Arabella whispered.

They watched the King and his envoy hurry away. Peter stepped over next to his Mother. "If you need anything Mother, I'm at your service," he said, clearly trying to impress.

"Thank you, Peter. Your concern and loyalty to the kingdom is admirable," Arabella said, then sashayed away.

Leo looked over at his Brother, who was clearly watching their Mother's ass sway as she left. "My friend is teaching me archery. I'm getting quite good."

Peter glared at him. "Archery is for weak little men who are afraid to yield the sword. It suites you," he said, then walked away.

Prince Leo was in his bed that evening when he heard a gentle tap at his chamber door. He got up and answered to find one of his Mother's servants, Aura standing there. She was holding a stack of clean linen. "For you, Prince Leo."

Leo took them from her. "Thank you."

Aura was a pretty woman, a young Mother herself, almost ten years older than him. She had dark hair and deep olive-colored skin. She kept standing there as he began to close the door. "Do you lust after her?"

"What do you mean?" Leo asked.

"I see the way you look at the Queen. You undress her with your eyes, as all the men in the kingdom do."

"I...um, no," he clumsily muttered, shaking his head. The servant giggled. "Your blushing shows your guilt." "My mother is quite beautiful, but..."

"She is truly the most glorious woman in all the land, but she is more than beauty they say." "How so?"

"Rumor has it, that she was gifted with extraordinary sexual prowess, by a wizard named Agamenticus."

"Oh, well, perhaps they are just rumors," Leo said. "From what I have seen and heard, I think not." "You've seen her...with my father?"

The servant girl answered with a smile. "Do you wish to see her naked?" "Why do you ask me this?"

"I'll be drawing her bath soon. I know a place. A secret place where you can spy upon her chamber without the worry of being caught."

"A place to watch her bathe?" Leo asked, an excited tingle forming in the pit of his stomach. "Yes, if that is what you wish," Aura said.

A short time later, Leo waited in the shadows. He could see his Mother and Father's chamber door from where he crouched and was about to abandoned the plan, when he saw Aura peek out. She nodded her head, giving him the signal.

The boy hurried down a side corridor, up a stairway, then took another turn, walking along an even narrower, darker section of the castle.

Unfortunately, Leo's older brother Peter also knew about the peep-hole. Peter's tongue hung from his mouth lustfully as he peered through a vent-like opening in the stone wall. On the other side, was his Mother's chamber and he had clear view of her as she prepared for a bath.

He noticed a pair of his Mother's undergarments laying on a beam up near the ceiling inside her chamber, where the spy-hole was. "How the hell?" he muttered, wondering how they got up there.

He beat his dick with greater intensity as he saw the robe slip from Arabella's shoulders. Now he had a view of the naked backside of her body, which was in the shape of a perfect hourglass.

Her buttocks was thick and meaty, perfect half-globes, crowning a set of luscious, golden-brown legs. Her unblemished skin was silky smooth and seemed to glow in the candlelight. From this angle, he could see the side of one of her huge naked tits sloping down. Peter

snarled with lust. "I would fuck you to the edge of your life, Mother," he said in a hushed voice.

Leo rounded the corner and stopped suddenly as he saw his older brother jerking off. Peter was startled and he turned to cover himself. "You leach! What are you doing back here?" he shouted, his voice echoing through the walls.

"I was just..."

"Just what? Sneaking around in the night like a rat," Peter said, pulling up her trousers. "No, I was...I just got turned around," Leo lied.

"You just got horny more like. Come to peek in on Mother. To see something you could never have?" Peter said loudly.

"But..but you were the one who was..."

"The one who was nothing. No one will believe your lies. You're clumsy and foolish. Everyone knows that."

Arabella and the servant girls arrived, obviously alerted by the voices. The Queen held a thin robe closed over the swell of her breasts. "Boys, what's happened?"

Peter was quick to respond. "I caught him peeking in on you, Mother, peering in through that hole there," he lied.

"No, wait, I...I was only..."

"His hand was in his trousers. He was lusting over you, with no respect for your privacy," Peter said.

Arabella looked at her youngest son questioningly. "Leo?" "Mother, no, I was only..."

"Don't listen to him, Mother. I know what I saw. There's no telling how long how he's been spying on you like this."

Leo clenched his fists in frustration. "Noo, you.. ugh!" he said in frustration, then sped away.

Peter smirked, shouting after his bother. "That's right, run away. You're a shame to this house. An embarrassment to the Kingdom."

Arabella gave her eldest a scolding look. "Peter, enough," she said, then turned to leave, but the servant girl, Aura stood in her path.

"My Queen," Aura said, "Please have pity on him. I'm afraid this is partly my fault..." "What ever do you mean?" Arabella asked.

Leo was up on the east tower, looking out over the lights of the village. A soft voice broke the silence behind him. "The moon is beautiful tonight," Arabella said as she joined him on the tower.

"Yes," Leo muttered, glancing over at his Mother. She looked so stunning in the moon light. "I hope that your father is looking upon it right now also."

"Why?" Leo asked.

"Some say that lovers who look upon such a moon together, even while apart, will be blessed

with eternal love and prosperity," she said. "Mother, about Peter. I have to tell you, he..."

"Peter does not provide the example that an older brother should, I am aware. I can only pray that soon, when you become an older brother yourself, you make a more valiant effort."

"Soon? Mother, are you with child?"

Arabella smiled. "No, but after he returns, your father has agreed to make that his next undertaking."

Leo smiled, secretly jealous of such an undertaking. "I imagine it will be quest father will enjoy making more than any other."

Arabella giggled, knowing of her son's fascination with her. She peeked over at him with a mischievous smile. "I suppose I'll enjoy that quest as well."

After a minute of silent moon-gazing, the Queen spoke.

"My servant, Aura had a confession. She told me that it was her that showed you how to spy upon me while I bathed."

"Oh," Leo muttered. He realized at this point, it didn't matter what he said about Peter. He himself was just as guilty.

"Am I becoming like those townswomen you chase? First you'll spy me naked, then you'll have me bent over in a horse's stall?"

His face turned a shade of red. His Mother was smarter than he thought. "No, Mother." For a short moment, she just stood there looking at him. "Walk with me," Anabella said. Side by side, they moved back into the castle.

"You're not a boy anymore. Boys sneak around to catch glimpses of naked women, men do not." "I hope that Aura will not be punished. She's a good person, Mother, and she meant no harm."

Arabella and her son walked to the door of his chamber. "She WILL be punished, but not in the way you may think," the Queen said, opening his door.

The Queen's servant Aura stood near Leo's bed, completely naked. Her big plump tits hung heavily from her chest. Arabella watched her son's eyes travel up and down the women's smooth shapely body.

"Before she goes home to her husband and children, she is yours," the Queen said. "No more spying, Leo. Understood?"

Leo gulped, his cock filling with blood. "Yes, Mother," he said.

By the time Leo reached Aura, he was fully erect. The servant girl smiled at him, not seeming the least bit uncomfortable. "I expected to be whipped for my actions, not to be tasked with being the Prince's vessel of pleasure."

"You are even more pretty without your clothing," Leo muttered, marveling at how strong and silky her legs looked.

"I am not the Queen. My looks pale in comparison. I am, however, a married woman, with many years of experience. I have the know-how to provide you with extreme pleasure, Leo." Aura said.

Leo pulled off his trousers. His big erection sprung up and down a few times. The long cylinder of meat had thick bulging veins and a huge angry knob.

Aura's eyes got big as she gazed at it's size. "Goodness, I've never looked upon one so large," she said, her breasts heaving from her excited breath.

"Shall I put it in your cunt now?" Leo asked.

Aura giggled. "So you can split me in two with that monster?"

Leo gazed at her breasts, marveling at how large and suckable they looked. "Would you like to kiss me first?" Aura asked.

"Yess."

She stepped up to the Prince and planted a tender kiss. One kiss turned into another, then another. Their tongues began to play. Aura

reached down a felt his hardness, letting her fingers explore his thick manhood. Leo shuttered, unable to control himself any longer.

"I'm sorry..." the young Prince said, diving forward and clamping his lips around one of her big tits. At the same time, he hooked her shapely legs, lifted her from the floor and throwing their bodies back onto the bed.

Aura shrieked lustfully as he landed on top of her. Leo pumped his hips, fitting his cock-head securely between the pouting lips of her wet cunt. Then he desperately pushed his rigid hard-on into the clinging sheath of her pussy.

"Ungghh!" Aura bit her lip and winced as she felt her cunt stretching to accommodate the massive thickness of his cock. "Ohhh my Gggoodness," her voice trembled from his fuck-thrusts.

Leo pumped hard, invading her pussy with a few more inches of his cock. Aura shuddered and spread her legs even wider. The Prince gasped as he speared his cock to the hilt inside her.

"Unngghhh!" Aura screamed, echoing through the chamber as she felt her cunt stuffed full.

Leo lifted his head. "Do you like that?" "Yes," Aura mewled.

"Do you want me to go harder?"

"Yes, go on...fuck me as hard as you can!" she gasped.

She lifted her shapely legs as high as she could, completely opening up her cunt for the invasion, of his cock. Leo started humping with practiced skill. Aura gyrated beneath him like a pro, thrusting up her pussy for more cock meat.

"Yesss, that's it! Oh my God!" her sweet voice cried, already feeling an orgasm approach.

Leo pounded her cunt with savage thrusts, his steel-hard cock tearing through her gripping cunt, knocking against her cervix.

"Ohh, yes, yes, yesssss!" Aura screamed clawing his shoulders and whipping her ass up and down like a bitch in heat.

Leo felt her cunt shrink around his erection, soaking it with her orgasmic juices.

Down the hallway, Queen Arabella sat on the edge of her bed listening to the faint howls of her servant-girl. She smiled with pride, knowing that it was her youngest son who was providing the woman with such pleasure.

"Unh, shit...fuck," the Prince whimpered, feeling her fat tits slosh against his chest while he fucked in earnest.

Aura's frenzied whimpers and groans filled the room as Leo's cock slammed relentlessly through her cunt tube . "I love it, Leo. Oh my God...I've never had it this good before," she cried. "Keep going hard, you're amazing!"

Leo slid his hands up her scissoring thighs, clutching the meaty cheeks of her ass. He snarled as he started to pump his aching prick into her pussy as hard as he could, filling her cunt to the hilt on every thrust.

"Gonna cum again!" Aura shivered and grimaced.

Leo's ass was a blur, pounding between her mature thighs. The young mother clenched her pretty toes as a spasm swept through her cock-filled cunt. "I'm cuuummmiiiinnnnnnggggggg!" she screamed.

From her chamber, Arabella heard Aura's shriek. The Queen's big nipples were stiff and her own clitoris was engorged. She slipped

from her bed and rushed to the door, her breasts bobbling heavily beneath her nightgown.

Her breathing was rapid as she put her ear to the door, listening to her girl-servant scream in pleasure.

Aura squealed and humped up her ass off the mattress like a woman with experience, pounding her pussy furiously onto the Prince's prick.

"Oh shit, yesss," he moaned. "I'm cumming too!"

He sunk into her soft flesh, fucking her slippery pussy with everything he had. Aura squealed as she felt the hot cum spurting deep into her cunt, filling her pussy with fuck cream. The married woman knew just what to do, twining her thighs around her Prince's back and flexing her cunt tunnel, helping him drain all of his wad into her mature cunt.

Every few hours into the night, the Prince would drain his nuts while driving his dick deep inside Aura's pussy. As Aura straddled young Leo, grinding on his phallus, she gazed down at him curiously. "Do you think of your Mother while you fuck me, Prince Leo?" she panted, her body glistening in a sheen of sweat.

"At times," he said, watching her big boobs dance on her chest.

"Your'e quite the cocksman. Most men would have passed out by now."

"Passed out? Ha. I'm only getting started," he said, reaching up and latching onto her tits. Aura's face filled with surprise. "Ohh. Oh my..."

The Queen hardly slept that night. She laid in bed and rubbed her own hot cunt to the sounds of intense sex down the hallway.

When late morning came, her two servants arrived back at the castle and were in the Queen's dressing chamber. With hardly any sleep, Aura looked like hell, yawning as she tightened the Queen's corset. "Exhausted are we?" Arabella asked with a smile.

"Yes ma'am," Aura blushed.

"Are you sure there weren't a dozen men in his bed with you?" the Queen joked.

"I have been with younger men, but none quite as vigorous...or well endowed," Aura confessed.

Arabella thought on her words for a moment, wondering how big her son penis actually was. "Sounds as if your punishment turned out to be quite enjoyable."

"I'm sorry, ma'am. I will gladly take on extra tasks if you wish."

"That's not necessary," the Queen said, "not all punishment need be miserable, Aura." "Thank you, my lady."

A Male voice suddenly echoed through her chamber. "My Queen!"

Arabella threw on a robe and rushed out of her dressing quarters. Three men stood just inside her doorway. "What is it?" she said.

One of the men stepped forward, his voice shaky. "My Queen, forgive the intrusion, but I'm afraid I bring unfortunate news. The King...the King has fallen."

Arabella's face when blank. "What?" she muttered.

"They say his royal envoy was ambushed. They spared not one life. I'm sorry, but the King is gone, my lady."

Arabella's eyes welled up as she stood there for a moment in disbelief. "Noo," she muttered. Her servants quickly moved it to

catch her, as the Queen fainted.

It was a dark day in the kingdom. Their leader...their hero, was gone forever.

The bodies of the King and his troops were brought back and burned in a funeral ceremony, as was custom. It was a hard day for the Queen and her sons to endure.

Peter knelt before his weeping mother, her faced veiled in black. "I will avenge his death, Mother. I will have their severed heads displayed on the very spot where Father fell."

After a period of mourning, the Chancellor requested a meeting with all the royal family and staff to discuss future leadership within the kingdom.

"It is most unfortunate that our great King is no longer with us, but we must proceed by following the laws of the kingdom, as they are written," the Chancellor explained.

The beautiful Queen sat on her throne listening, her two sons on either side of her. All were in formal attire.

The Chancellor continued, reading an old royal scroll. "According to royal decree, upon the King's death, if the Queen is still within the age to bare child, she must chose for herself a new King from within the royal family. In this case, she must chose a King from her two sons."

The hall was suddenly filled with the hiss of whispering among those present. A suddenly look of surprise swept across Arabella's face, as well as Leo's. Peter's lips formed a big cocky smile.

"There shall be two days of courtship. Prince Peter, Prince Leo...this period is provided to you to show the Queen that you are willing and

able, if chosen, to serve as her new husband and heir to the throne."

Both Princes nodded in eager agreement.

Peter waisted no time, setting up the first demonstration to impress his Mother. It was in the

courtyard that next day. It consisted of a full display of his swordsmanship in a mock fight with several of the castle's Knights, royal armor and all.

Leo sat near the Queen. While everyone else watched his brother, he was watching his Mother's legs. They were partly exposed, peeking out of her gown. They looked so strong, so smooth, so sexy. He couldn't help but get hard.

He was surprised when he looked up and saw her peeking over at him. When he blushed and looked back out at the battle, the Queen giggled, as did Aura and Delfeni.

Later on it was Leo's turn to attempt to impress. Archery was the only thing battle-wise he was even remotely good at. Unfortunately, he was so nervous, he could hardly hit the target. Many in the audience laughed at his attempts, including his brother Peter. "So if a thousand enemy troops are scaling the castle wall, maybe one will be struck with a little stick?" he said mockingly, followed by laughs from the Knights.

Leo felt pretty humiliated and found a place in the horse's stables to be alone. A soft voice startled him.

"I've served the Queen for quite some time, Leo," Aura said as she wandered into the stable with him. "I know what impresses her and what doesn't."

"I certainly didn't today."

"I wouldn't say that. You were looking at her legs, showing interest in her beauty. I'm sure that impresses her."

"Ha, why? I do the same thing every other man in the kingdom does."

Aura stopped beside him, placing a hand gently on his shoulder. "Yes, but the difference is, you may be her future husband. My point is, there are other ways to impress a woman, than with a sword."

"Like what?"

"Like the skills you showed the night we were together. Remember those?" Aura said with a mischievous smile.

He smiled back. "I do."

"I have an idea. If it goes wrong, it may get me punished. However, if it might help you become my future King, it'll be worth it."

"Let's hear it."

Some time later, Aura rushed down to an area the Queen was relaxing in. "My Queen, I can't be certain, but I think something could be wrong with Prince Leo."

"Wrong? What do you mean," Arabella asked, jumping up from her lounger.

"There are strange noises coming from his chamber. I knocked to see if he's alright, but he didn't answer."

They rushed to the Prince's chamber. The Queen tapped on the door. "Leo, are you in there?"

When no one answered, she knocked again. "Leo," she called out. "I'm not hearing any strange noises. Are you sure it was coming from his room?"

"Positive, ma'am," Aura said.

The Queen peeked through his unlocked door. "Leo?"

There was still no answer, so they stepped inside. The women could tell the Prince was on his bed, but their view was partly obstructed. "Leo, are you not well?" Arabella asked.

As the Queen and her servant moved to his bedside they suddenly caught site of the teen on his back beating his cock. "Ohh God in heaven," the Queen exclaimed, putting a hand over her mouth.

The two of them stood there watching the Prince squeeze his slippery fist up and down the long hard cylinder of cock-meat. His big smooth balls jumped in their sack from the power of his strokes.

"Can he not hear us?" Aura asked the Queen.

"Shhhh," the Queen said as she stood there, mesmerized by her son's lean young body and extremely large dick. She stared at the huge leaking cock-head. The shiny knob was as big as a plumb, purple and engorged.

Aura peeked over at the Queen with a smile. "Did I not tell you it was large?" "Yess," the Queen said softly, "And as hard as a steel sword."

They heard the Prince whimper and thrust his hips, beating his cock with greater intensity. "Should we go, before he sees us?" Aura asked.

"No, not yet...," Arabella said.

The Queen clenched her fists and bit her bottom lip. Her engorged nipples were tingling in her gown and she could feel a trickle of cunt juice running down her inner thigh.

"His young sack looks so smooth and full," Arabella muttered, gazing in adoration at her son's

bobbling nuts.

"Indeed. Surely they must contain an abundance of seed," Aura said. Moments later, the Prince's hips bounced from the bed. "Uuughh!"

The Queen and her servant both gasped and took a step backward as huge rope of cum fired into the air. It lingered there above him a moment, before dropping down and splattering against his chest.

Another grunt sent a second rope of equal size firing from his piss-hole. The Queen clutched onto the servant-girl, as if just needing someone there to support her in case she fainted.

"Uuuggghh!!" Leo grunted, firing huge ribbons of milky spunk from his lance.

"Look at how he moves his hips," the Queen whispered, enthralled by her son's thrusting.

Aura smiled. "It was the same when he was between my thighs. He seemed to attack from every angle."

The Queen looked at Aura, mouth agape. "No wonder you were crying out so intensely." They both watched the spunk continue to spurt from the Prince's cock-tip.

"So much seed," the Queen said with astonishment.

"Yes, I only pray I wasn't fertile while with him. If so, then surely I am with child."

They watched him squeeze out the last few drops. Arabella spoke as she stared at Leo's dick in awe. "How does a son grow twice the size of his father, in length and in girth?" she asked softly.

"Surely such a young man was created for the sole purpose of giving a woman pleasure," Aura said.

The Queen looked her servant in the eyes and gave her a little smile. She looked back at her son.

Leo finally stopped beating off. He sighed as he let go of his meat. It was still as hard as a royal dagger.

"Why is it not going soft?" the Queen asked, amazing by the site of his long boner. "It does, but not for a long while." Aura said.

"Ohh. We should go now. If he should see us, it could be quite awkward." the Queen said.

Leo peeked open his eyes and smiled, watching Aura and his Mother sneak out of his chamber.

After dinner that evening, Peter put on another display of skills for his Mother. It was back in the courtyard and this time he was on horseback. The onlookers cheered as the Prince maneuvered

his steed around the obstacles.

Leo watched his Mother smile as she observed his brother's show. He looked down at her smooth crossed legs, which were partly exposed. He noticed she was wearing a pair of open- toed platform heels. Her feet were so pretty and there was a jeweled gold ring around one of her toes.

The Prince was mesmerized by his mother's beauty. She had her silky mane pulled up under her golden crown and little ringlets of hair fell across her lovely face. As if sensing he was watching her, Arabella peeked over at him, with a heart-melting smile and wink.

Leo blushed, then he noticed more of his Mother's legs peek through the slit in her dress. Her golden-brown legs were almost fully

exposed now, nearly to her crotch.

Suddenly, their attention was drawn back to Peter as he stopped his horse just below the platform where the Queen sat. At the tip of his sword was a red rose and he extended it out for his Mother to take. "For you, my Queen," he said.

Arabella smiled and plucked the rose from the sword's tip. "Thank you, Peter. Your display of horsemanship was quite impressive."

"I expect the people of the land would require no lesser skill of their King, Mother," he said, flashing a mean look his brother's way.

There was a cluster of gourds on the ledge of the platform. Peter stuck his sword through one, then tossed it at Leo. His younger brother was hardly prepared, tipping backwards in his seat as the gourd struck his chest. "Perhaps my younger brother could show us his skills now.

Something besides littering the courtyard with his little sticks," Peter said, then rode off on his horse.

Laying on the platform, Leo rose to his elbows. The Queen came rushing over. "Are you alright, Leo?" she asked.

The Prince took a big nervous gulp as he saw her looming over him. The scooped neck in her dress allowed him to see a substantial amount of cleavage. "I'm fine, Mother," he muttered.

The Queen was crouched so that their faces were level, only a few feet apart. There was a long silence as they shared a prolonged gaze. Arabella finally leaned forward and planted a soft sensual kiss on his lips.

As she backed off slightly, her eyes were still closed, her heart thumped wildly in her chest. Her eyelid suddenly flew open and she stared at him with a dreamy-eyed gaze.

"Aura, fetch the Chancellor at one," the Queen said. "Yes ma'am," the servant-girl said, then rushed off.

A short time later, all were gathered in the royal hall. The Queen stood on the throne before the audience, her sons on either side of her. The chancellor spoke. "A decision has been made and now, In accordance with royal law, the Queen will announce her choice for heir to the throne."

The room fell silent. You could have heard a pin drop as those present waited for Arabella to speak. "I love my two sons. They are both valiant and brave," she said, causing an eye-roll from her oldest.

The Queen continued. "They both exhibit attributes fit for a King and would serve the people diligently, of this I have no doubt. I have, however, made a decision that is without hesitancy."

Arabella took a nervous gulp, then continued. "I have hereby chosen, as heir to the throne, King of the land, and my new husband..."

She turned towards her youngest. "Prince Leo."

The crowd gasped, then began to clap. Leo about fainted. He could hardly believe it. As those present began to cheer, him and his soon to be bride exchanged an excited smile.

Peter stood there with a look of defeat and shock.

The Chancellor finally spoke up. The royal wedding will be held in three..." "Tomorrow," the Queen interrupted.

He looked at her questioningly. "Ma'am?"

"The royal wedding will take place tomorrow," Arabella said.

"I beg your pardon, my Queen, but there is... so much to prepare."

"Then I suggest you assemble every available hand. Work through the night if you must. Leo and I's union will take place tomorrow," Arabella said.

"As you wish," the Chancellor said, "the Queen and Prince will now be given a moment of privacy," he shouted.

The hall cleared out and Arabella and Leo stood by themselves on the throne. She took him by hands and smile. "Surprised?" she asked.

"Honesty, yes."

His heart about melted as she looked at him adoringly. "I shall make you a happy husband, Leo." "I shall make you a happy wife."

Her big breasts heaved as she spoke. "We shall share moments of intimacy that will be beyond your wildest dreams."

"I will strive to be at my best for you."

"That pleases me. Your best I will need. My sexual appetite can be quite unrelenting," Arabella said with a naughty smile.

"So I will not see you again until the wedding?"

"No, it is customary for the bride and groom to be apart until then." "I see," Leo said.

Arabella stepped up and planted a soft sensual kiss. "But then we shall be King and Queen, together forever," she whispered.

After she exited the hall, Peter caught up to his Mother in the castle corridor. "Mother, why??" he asked, clearly beside himself.

Arabella stopped and looked at him compassionately. "You will have a strong role in your Brother's kingdom, Peter. And in time, I am certain you will find a bride of your own."

"He's clumsy and unskilled. Have you forgotten about how he infringed upon your privacy?" Aura rolled her eyes.

The Queen smiled patiently. "There are other skills more important than yielding a sword, Peter. Your brother is a lover, not a worrier. His skills are not to be displayed on the battlefield. They will be displayed with his new wife, on the royal bed."

The two servants smiled at each other, trying to contain their laughter. They looked at poor Peter.

The Prince's heart sunk. He wanted his Mother so badly it hurt and hearing her confession about made him drop to his knees in jealous anguish. "How is he to protect the Kingdom that way?"

The Queen continued. "Not all Kings ride with their army. When it comes to battle, he'll rely on you and the other skilled Knights to protect the kingdom. Now if you excuse me, I have my wedding to prepare for."

Peter watched her and the servant-girls walk away, their sexy asses swaying. He felt completely defeated.

Leo on the other hand was so excited he could hardly stand it. He lay in bed that night thinking about how wonderful it was gonna be to have access to his Mother's voluptuous body every night.

His cock was so erect it hurt. Just as he reached down to grab it, he heard a tap at his door.

Aura and Delfeni stepped into his chamber and over to his bed. Both were wearing sexy robes. "Your Mother sent us, to provide you pleasure," Delfeni said.

"We were given her permission, to use our cunts, asses,or mouths in any manner you see fit," Aura said.

Leo watched the robes slip off their shoulders. Both girls were now completely naked. Their big titties wobbled on their chests as they climbed into bed with him.

As Leo laid back on the bed, Aura loomed above him, smiling down. He marveled at the big rounded undersides of her tits. "I have something for you. I was given explicit directions from the Queen to place these over your face while we suck you."

While Delfeni began to lick up and down his hard dick, Aura draped a frilly pair of silky undergarments across his face. They smelt of fresh pussy and the Queen's sweet perfume. "Your Mother wore them today," she said with a cute wink.

"Ohh," Leo muttered, breathing in the intoxicating aroma.

Aura crawled over and knelt between his legs, joining Delfeni. She grasped his prick at the root and sank her lips around the thick, blood-engorged cock-head. Both women felt Leo quiver with excitement as Aura inched her lips further down his shaft.

Delfeni sank her face into his smooth nutsack, lashing her tongue around his balls.

"Oh, God," Leo grunted, feeling his aching nuts being bathed in a hot pool of sucking warmth. Aura swallowed more of his cock down her throat.

Her head began to bob on his crotch, sucking his cock in earnest. Delfeni slurped on his testicles, nursing and pulling on the meaty nuts. "Mmmnn," she hummed.

"Uugghh," the Prince whimpered as his cock and balls were given the royal treatment.

After a few minutes, the two servants switched spots. Aura began to lap and suck every inch of his crotch. She flicked her tongue between his thighs, up over his nuts, and against the ring of his asshole.

Delfeni lashed her licker around his bloated cock-knob, before swallowing half his hardon. Her lips formed a tight seal as they slipped up and down his thick shaft.

Leo sighed, his body writhing from the pleasure.

Aura licked her way back to his cock. She nibbled on the thick base of his erection, while her cohort continued to suck in traditional blow-job fashion.

"Mmmmfffff!" Delfeni choked, trying desperately to swallow all his cock.

She came up gasping. Both women wrapped a hand around his throbbing meat and stroked up and down.

"Do you like that, my Prince? Do you like what we're doing to your big cock?" Aura asked.

"Ohh God, yess," Leo gasped, still smelling his Mother's undergarment. He watched the girls hands work in unison, beating him off, their jeweled wedding rings sparking on their slippery fingers.

"If you think this is something, wait until you see what you Mother can do," Delfeni said. "You've seen her...with my father?"

The two girls looked at each other and smiled. "We both have," Aura said. "Her skills are beyond belief."

"Beyond belief?" Leo asked, watching their big hanging boobs jiggled as the stroked his cock. "Legend has it that the Queen was

gifted with extraordinary sexual abilities," Delfeni said.

"By a wizard named Agamenticus. Aura told me. So, is the legend true?"

Both girls smiled. "I'm sure if your father were here, he would tell you yes. Never before have I seen a man given such intense pleasure as he was," Aura said.

The women didn't miss a beat, jacking the length of his dick as they spoke, the creamy sound of cock-stroking filling the chamber.

"Watching your mother perform sexually was unlike anything I've ever seen," Delfeni said.

Between the handjob and imaging his Mother using her skills on him, Leo's knob was beginning to tingle. "In what way?" he gasped.

"The way she moved, the way she sucked and kissed, the way she wrapped her legs around him. It was like your father was being conquered by a Goddess of pleasure," Delfeni said.

Leo looked over at Aura and she smiled back. "It's all true. You're about to become the luckiest young man on earth, Leo," she said.

Leo fell back to the bed with a big excited smile. Aura looked over at Delfeni "Lick his ass," she said.

Delfeni crouched down and buried her pretty face between his buns. Leo felt her wet tongue fly across his butthole with rapid licks. Aura went back to sucking his cock, twisting her own licker around on his meat to make it as pleasurable as possible.

"Ohhh, damn," the youngster moaned, going back to sniffing his Mother's intoxicating scent.

He began to thrust his hips a little. Aura's head was a blur as she bobbed up and down on his crotch, showing her very own cock-sucking experience.

Delfeni plowed her tongue across his asshole, up his taint, around his nuts, then back down. Her tongue repeating the path over and over.

The Prince threw his head to one side, his eyes closed tight in extreme pleasure. "Fuuckingshit!" he whimpered as his hot cumload began to squirt down Aura's throat.

"Mmmmfffff!" Aura choked, unable to take the enormous amount of jism that squirted into her throat. Some of the thick, creamy spunk blasted upward, behind her nose, where it boiled from both nostrils.

Soon, her entire mouth and throat were full to overflowing. Delfeni flew to her knees and took over, swallowing the Prince's spurting cock. "Ohhh yes, right there!!" Leo cried as she spread her lips down his meat as far as they would go.

"Fuuck, yess," the Prince hissed as he reached down and grabbed her pretty head, holding it in place.

"Mmmnnnfff," the servant gagged, his spurting knob clogging her throat.

"Uhhgghh," he whimpered, slowly fucking his cock in and out a few times, more cum oozing along her tongue.

His tensed body suddenly relaxed and he let her head go. The two women took turns nursing every drop of cum he could give.

They both crawled up and kneeled astride him, running their hands on his lean chest. The Prince looked up in awe. Their two pretty faces gazed down at him over their big hanging titties. He knew their boobs were no where near the size of his Mothers, but still

pretty damn big. Their areolas were thick and dotted with milk glands. Their nipples were fat and engorged. He knew they both had young children and were probably used to having their tits sucked and chewed on.

"May I suck?" he asked.

Aura looked at her cohort who returned a naughty smile. "Who's do you want first?" she asked the Prince.

"Both."

"Both?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes. Both of you kneel above me and rub your breasts on my face."

The girls giggled. "Ohh, naughty, Prince. No wonder your Mother chose you," Delfeni said, crawling over him.

The servants leaned close together, each letting a big warm breast drag on the Prince's face. One of their nipples felt wet and Leo sucked it into his mouth. As milked dribbled from the swollen nub, he slurped more in, forcing his face to sink into the warm pillowy tit-mound.

Delfeni sighed in delight as she felt the Prince nursing on a mouth full of tit. Aura rubbed her soft tits around on his neck and chest, both girls moaning.

After a few minutes of hardly being able to breathe, Delfeni's wet nipple popped from his mouth and he gazed up at her. "Your milk is delicious," he sighed.

"I have an infant at home. He'll still need fed tonight, so don't drink all of it, my Prince," she giggled.

"Just a little more...from the other one," he said, reaching up and cupping her other tit, pulling it to his mouth.

Wild arousal swirled in Leo's head as he sucked earnestly. His mouth was stuffed with the entire cap of her tit, causing her pink nipple and bumpy areola to distended outward. He plowed his tongue all over it, forcing the milk to squirt out and run down his throat. "Mmmnnggff," he snarled, sucking in what little breath he could get like animal devouring a meal.

He instinctively reached down and stroked his still-hard cock as he sucked. Warm milk squirted from Delfeni's nipple, splattering around inside the Prince's slurping mouth. After a few minutes, he pulled Aura up. She shoved her tit in his face. Delfeni's wet swollen nipple popped from his mouth as he switched to Aura's, his face sinking into her warm squishy breast.

"I do believe the Queen has herself a breast-man," Aura said.

"She will definitely be the luckiest woman in the land. I only wish my husband would suckle on my breasts like that," Delfeni said, her tits still leaking out, dripping onto his chest.

Leo peeked out from under Aura's breast, watching Delfeni kiss his chest and lick his nipples. She had a body much like Aura's, thick and smooth. The body of a young mother.

"I felt Aura's cunt yesterday?" he asked. "So I heard," Delfeni smiled.

"Before I marry, I'd like to feel your cunt as well."

The blonde servant peered down at the long cylinder of meat rising from his loins. "I have a good husband. He expresses his love to me every day. If he were to find out I fucked the Prince, it would surely break his heart."

"He would never hear it from my lips," Leo said.

Delfeni looked over at Aura. "Nor mine," Aura said.

Delfeni again gazed down at the long hard dick, licking her lips. "I've never had one quite so large, but I did recently birth a child, so I should still be stretched enough to accommodate such enormous phallus."

She climbed on, straddling the Prince while reaching down to fit the tip of his dick in her cunt- socket. Leo felt his engorged knob drag through her fleshy folds before squeezing inside her creamy groove.

"Oooh my God," Delfeni gasped, as her inner lining stretched to accommodate his girth.

Leo watched his boner slowly disappear between the plump parted flesh of her outer lips. "Ooohhyess," he sighed. It felt like his cock was being sheathed in hot velvet.

He hit bottom with a couple inches left. Delfeni was already panting. "It feels like it's carved in stone," she said.

She began to gyrate her hips, plowing the inside of he vagina with his king-sized dick.

Kneeling at his side, Aura leaned over and rubbed her tits on his chest as she began to kiss him passionately. Their lips smacked and their tongues wrestled together in a frenzy of lust.

Delfeni quickened her movements, really getting into a rhythm. She glided her her wide hips, showing her experience. He big leaking titties bobbled on her chest, her shaved pubis grinding against Leo's hairless hilt. "Ooohhhh!" she cried out.

The Prince's hard cock flexed, swelling with more blood. His knob was crushed against the head of her cervix, her muscled cunt walls smothering the juice-slickened erection as she stirred it inside her.

The dick-grinding servant sped her movements even more. "Ohhh my Goddd!" Delfeni cried out, her body going into a shaking fit as she creamed on his cock.

The Prince quickly sat up and flipped her like a rag-doll onto her back, her big juicy jugs flopping about. She stared up at him in complete adoration as he took position between her splayed thighs.

Leo speared his cock all the way back inside her, taking her breath away. His arms were hooked around her back, his hands gripping her shoulders.

Their naked bodies writhed together, as he kept his cock buried, pushing against her back wall as if trying to gain entrance to her womb. Delfeni's strong smooth legs folded around him, high on his back, interlocking her ankles.

"Ohhhyesss, fuck meee," she whimpered, rocking her pelvis with his every movement.

Leo nuzzled his face in her neck and licked, completely enthralled by the feel of her warm soft curves beneath him. His cock was still buried deep. He hadn't even started thrusting yet. Her cunt gripped his prick tight and their bodies were pressed together, their hips gyrating in a sexual wrestling match.

Delfeni threw her head back, the muscles in her neck straining as she screamed in wild orgasm.

"Ohhh, shit," Leo sighed, feeling hot girl-cum begin to wash around his prick. He began to thrust, hammering her with his hardon.

Like a battering ram of flesh, his big knob sliced through the hot juicy sheath, lighting her nerve endings on fire. He felt her naked flesh quake beneath him, her big stiff-nippled tits sloshing against him.

Delfeni's pretty face contorted with pleasure. "Uuuhhggh!" she grunted, squirting more juice around the Prince's cock.

Leo kept thrusting, determined to fuck her as long as he could. Soon tears of pleasure began to trickle down her cheeks. "Ooohhh my Goddd," Delfeni sobbed, getting the best fuck of her life.

Leo lifted his head and noticed her sobbing, his hips slowing down.

Aura looked over at him. "It's ok, Leo, don't stop. Those are tears of pleasure." "Alright," the Prince said, then began thrusting hard like before.

Delfeni tightened her coital walls as much as she could, squeezing the glans of Leo's cock and making it throb and tingle.

"Ohhhyess," the Prince snarled, feeling the cum rush up his cock-tube.

"Fuck!" he shouted, as hot spunk erupted from his piss-slit, splashing through Delfeni's clasping cunt.

Aura was on her hands and knees, pointing her meaty buns back at the Prince. "Fuck me in the ass now, Leo," she said.

The Prince pulled his cock from Delfeni's cunt, crawled over and fed it through the ring of Aura's asshole. "Ohhh God," she gasped, feeling her ass-tract expand around the meaty invader.

They fell into a rhythm and Leo gave her a nice long anal fuck before popping his nut inside her ass.

Both the servants went home to their husbands that night, full of the young Prince's cum.

The castle bells rang for a full half-hour that morning, announcing the royal wedding. Leo was given wedding day treatment by a team

of servants. This consisted of a bath, massage,

shave...the royal works.

The Queen's seamstresses were up all night finishing the royal wedding gown to the Queen's specifications.

A team of female servants worked tirelessly to prepare the Queen for her big day. It started with a full body massage, then shaving her, to make sure her legs and cunt were as smooth as silk. Then the Queen was moved into her dressing chamber.

The entire wall of the chamber was a giant elaborately-framed mirror. The Queen stood in front of it, completely naked. Her silky hair was pulled back in a ponytail, not quite ready to be done up.

Aura brought in a beautiful purple robe. "Choices, for the wedding night, my queen." Arabella looked over the gown. "No," she said, rejecting the first one.

Delfeni brought in the second robe. It was pink, made of exquisite silk, with a thick feathery boa along the outside. Arabella tried it on and she looked stunning. The servant set a matching set of heels down and the Queen stepped into them.

"You look stunning, my Queen," Aura said.

Arabella posed in front of the mirror, bending one leg at the knee and making it stick out sexily from the slit in the robe. The way her little feet were arched in the five-inch heels showed off the muscles in her strong motherly legs. "I like it and I think my husband will to, but for a different night, perhaps. Place it in my wardrobe," the Queen said, slipping back out of it.

"Yes ma'am," Delfeni said.

Arabella slipped into the next sexy item, which resembled a modern day teddy. She packed her big breasts inside it and the embroidered material was so thin it left nothing to the imagination.

"The crotch unfastens, my lady, giving the King access, without having to remove the entire piece," the Seamstress explained.

Arabella posed, looking it over in the mirror. "I like that, although I do plan on being completely naked for the King when we fuck. Are there heels for this?"

"Yes ma'am," Aura said, stepping forward with them.

Arabella slipped on the five inch heels and posed in the mirror. "I like how sheer it is, but is it sheer enough? What are your thoughts, Aura?"

"The King's eyes might surely pop out of his head once he sees you in it," she said, making all

the women, including the Queen giggle.

"I do love it, but is it worthy of a wedding night?" Arabella asked.

"It is quite beautiful, but I suspect Leo will want access to your breasts, especially this first time, ma'am."

"You're right. As much as he stares at them, he'll probably want to be smothered and suck like a starving infant all night," she said, making the women giggle.

"A young man's dream come true," the Seamstress said.

The Queen began removing the outfit. "Perhaps I should stick with a robe then, something that could be completely removed in a hurry. I want something lighter than what I've seen though, something that's...barely there."

The seamstress smiled. "I think I have the perfect one for you, my Queen."

As was custom, the bride and groom would walk out of the castle, down the doors of the church, where they would exchange their wedding vows.

147: Mother's New King_2

Well groomed and wearing a handsome suit, Leo waited with others in the wedding procession. They were gathered in the courtyard, waiting for the Queen to arrive. He could hear the excited crowd outside the castle walls. It was a day where thousands had come from far and wide to catch a glimpse of the new royal couple.

Instrumentalists began to descent the stairway, playing a beautiful wedding arrangement. A procession of women followed. They were servants of the Queen. Aura and Delfeni stepped down the stairway. They both wore beautiful gold-colored gowns. They smiled over at the Prince and Aura gave him a sexy wink.

Everyone gasped as the Queen arrived at the top step. She was absolutely stunning! Her wedding gown was a burnt-orange colored halter-style gown. It fit her body like a glove, accentuating her amazing curves. Lined with a jeweled hem, the top cut straight across her breasts, leaving an almost obscene amount of creamy cleavage on display.

Her silky dark was down and perfectly styled, the golden crown on her head gleaming in the sunlight. She stepped gracefully down the stairway and Leo watched her, in absolutely awe of her beauty. She gave him a loving smile, showing her gleaming white teeth, as she took his arm. "Hello my love," she said softly.

"You look so beautiful," Leo said. He could hardly believe he was about to marry such a Goddess of a woman.

"And you are as handsome as ever," she said, gazing into his eyes in a manner the Prince wasn't used to seeing.

The wedding procession made its way out of the castle, onto the road leading through the village. Thousands of people lined the streets, cheering and celebrating, watching the royal couple walk proudly, arm in arm.

As was tradition, Leo and his mother were followed by Prince Peter and many of the royal Knights. They were all on horseback and displayed their shiniest armor.

It was clear that Peter was still far from happy as he watched his brother and Mother affectionately make their way towards the church.

Leo felt his Mother squeeze his arm, pressing it even tighter against the side of her spongy breast. She pulled him down to whisper in his ear. "Seeing all these people makes me realize how much I can't wait to be alone with you," she said.

Leo flashed her a smile. She again rose up and whispered. "I'm gonna tear off all your clothes ravish you for days," she said, the gazed in his eyes lustfully. Leo's cock stirred as he watched her tongue peek from her mouth and slither across her teeth. He was beginning to see a whole new side to his Mother and he loved it.

Peter scowed as he watched his Mother whisper in his brother's ear. He hated that he had to linger behind and watch them share intimate looks with each other.

"It should be me down there beside her," he told Houlton, the knight who rode beside him, who was also his best friend. "This is horse shit," the Prince complained.

The procession arrived at the chapel doors, where the Priest was waiting. Leo and Arabella exchanged rings and shared the traditional

wedding vows.

"Leo, do you take Arabella to be your wife, to rule beside you as your Queen?" the priest asked. "I do," he answered, sharing a smile with his Mother.

"Arabella, do you take Leo to be your husband, to rule beside you as King of the land?" She gazed at her son with a tender smile, her eyes radiating pure love. "I do."

"In the name of the father, son and holy spirit, I now pronounce you husband and wife, King and Queen, to rule on the throne until your mortal time on this earth shall end. King Leo, you may kiss your bride," the Priest said.

Mother and son shared an intimate kiss. "We'll save the naughty ones for later," the Queen whispered.

The crowd erupted in cheers as the royal carriage pulled up and the newly-married couple climbed inside. Flowers and confetti rained down onto the carriage as it sped off back towards the castle.

Arabella plopped down onto Leo's lap and showered him with kisses. "You're mine," kiss, kiss. "Mine," kiss, "mine," kiss, "mine," kiss, kiss.

Leo blushed. The feel of his Mother's ass felt amazing against his rising penis. "Do I get one of those 'naughty' kisses now?" he asked.

She smiled at him naughtily. "You're the King now. Kings don't ask permission. They take what they want."

Leo smiled. "Well in that case," he said then locked lips with his Mother. Arabella tilted her head slightly as a few wet passionate kisses, turned into a full-fledged make-out session.

"Mmmnn," the Queen whimpered, her lips fused against her son's in an open oval. Their tongues lashed wildly in their mouths. Leo

wasn't expecting his Mom to have such long thick licker. It was like a spastic little creature flopping around inside his mouth. He loved it.

She ran her long nails through the back of his hair, planting a few more wet kisses. "Shall we just cancel the wedding party? We can go to our chamber straight away...spend the rest of the day...the rest of the week fucking to total exhaustion," she sighed, then planted another deep, tongue-lashing kiss.

Leo's heart was pounding in his chest. For all these years he had seen Arabella as the loving Mother and Queen. Now he was seeing Arabella the wife and lover.

The carriage came to a stop and she broke the kiss. "I suppose we should join the others and celebrate our union, but just a warning...I'll not be able to keep my hands off of you," she teased.

"Fine by me, Mother," Leo said.

The wedding party was full of dancing and feasting. The jester provided plenty of entertainment and laughs for those present. Arabella was certainly right about one thing, she couldn't keep her hands off her new husband. She was constantly kissing and squeezing Leo against her big tits. The groom didn't mind one bit.

By far the highlight of the evening for Leo was removing his new wife's garter. As he slid the golden colored garter down her smooth tan thigh, he was treated to a clear view of her cunt. He was shocked to discover that Arabella had no panties on. Her pubis was completely shaved. He could see her thick clitoral hood peeking out from between her outer folds.

When he came out from under her dress with a thrilled look, she giggled and gave him a knowing smile.

For one song, people formed a big circle and the women weaved around the men, dancing gracefully. Even with other women rubbing

their bodies up against his, Leo couldn't take his eyes off his new bride.

Arabella spun around the circle gracefully, giggling with the other women as she weaved around the men. Somehow, her boobs remained covered, but jostled heavily as she moved.

At one point, she gazed over at her new King with a flirty smile, her eyes lingering on his. Her thick wet tongue slithered from her mouth and curled across her top lip. Leo became instantly hard.

Aura slipped around him, rubbing her ass against his protruding lump. "Someone is anxious to get to the royal bed."

Several other women spun around him, many with husbands in the circle, twisted around their King, feeling his hard cock rub up against them. Leo could tell by the look in their eyes that they were horny for him.

Delfeni circled the King, making sure to rub her big plump tits against him. "My handsome King," she whispered before spinning off.

Next came Arabella. Leo watched her move towards him gracefully. He took her hand and pulled her too him, crushing the swell of her big tits against his chest. Their lips collided and their tongues lashed together. As they continued spinning and kissing, the rest of the group formed a big circle around them.

For the next five minute, the newly married couple was the center of attention. Arabella rested her head against Leo's, sharing a lovers gaze. One hand was around his back, the other stroked his cheek, as their bodies slowly spun to the music. It was magical.

Leo was overcome with joy. This beautiful woman with the biggest, softest tits he'd ever seen, was all his. The way she gazed at him with her dreamy brown eyes was enough to send his heart pounding

out of his chest. "Are you ready to be alone with me, my love?" she asked tenderly.

"Yes," he answered.

"Let's say goodnight to our guests."

Among the last to congratulate the newly married couple was an older gentleman, dressed in a sleek black suit. He was dark skinned, with a snow-white mustache and goatee. "My best wishes to the lovely Queen and her handsome new King. May the royal marriage be one of peace, prosperity and passion," he said, kissing the Queen's hand.

"Thank you Agamenticus. It was wonderful to see you again," Arabella said.

"You're Agamenticus?" Leo asked. "I've heard stories of you. Are you really a Wizard?" Agamenticus laughed. "I prefer the term crazy old man," he said.

He removed a tiny box, beautifully wrapped, from his pocket and held it out for the Queen. "A gift,

for the royal couple."

"Thank you," the King and Queen said.

Backing away, Agamenticus did a slight bow out of respect. "I bid you good day."

As they watched him disappear into the crowd, Leo turned to his Mother. "Is it true that he gifted you with great sexual prowess," he asked.

Arabella fed him a mischievous smile. "Perhaps we should go and find out," she said."

The couple walked down to their marital chamber. The Queen stepped in first and turned towards her King. Before Leo could shut the door, it closed and locked on it's own. He looked at it, then at his Mother in confusion. "How did..."

His suit began to unbutton, as if by some mysterious invisible force. The garment was suddenly peeled from his body and flung across the room. Clearly baffled, the King looked at his Mother for answers. She just stood there and giggled as Leo's trousers slid down his legs. "You do have powers," he muttered, standing there with his hard dick pointing at her.

"Get into bed. I'll be out soon," she said with a smile.

As she sashayed to her dressing chamber, her robe dropped to the floor, revealing the back of her gown. Leo gasped when he caught site of it's design. There was a heart-shaped cutout on the backside, which left the top half of her naked buttocks exposed. Her meaty motherly buns swayed provocatively as she stepped across the room. She peeked back and flashed him a wink before disappearing inside her dressing chamber.

The royal bed was massive, a cloud of white comfort, with four big jeweled posts on each corner and a huge canopy. Leo crawled onto it and sighed as he sunk in to the softness.

After waiting for a bit, he finally heard his Mother's soft voice, but it sounded distant. "Leeeooo," she called in a sexy manner.

The King crawled to the edge of the bed and scanned the chamber. "Where are you?" he said. "Up here," Arabella said.

Leo peeked out from under the canopy and spotted the Queen about forty-feet up, standing on the giant beam that crossed the room, just under the vaulted ceiling. She looked a Goddess, in a flowing all-white robe that was made of the finest silk. It was so transparent

that he could see her naked body, including the big pink circles of her areola and engorged nipples right through the fabric.

"How did you get up there?" he asked, crawling out of bed and gazing up at her.

across the beam on bare feet. "I floated," she said. "I never knew you could do that."

She giggled. "You couldn't have known. I can only use these special gifts when I'm alone with my lover."

"You look like an angel," Leo said.

She stopped and struck a beautiful pose, with her hands on her hips and and a smooth naked leg bent at the knee and sticking out of the slit in the robe. She thrust her breasts out, gazing down at her King. "Are you ready to see your angel naked?"

"Yess."

Arabella untied the robe and let it slip off. The light garment floated like a feather down to the floor. The young King felt faint as he looked upon his Mother's gorgeous naked body. Her breasts were absolutely massive. Two big twin melons hanging heavily from chest. Every curve of her golden brown body was awe inspiring.

The Queen suddenly dove from the beam, floating quickly down, nearing her son, then dipped skyward again. Leo gasped as he watched her naked body rise back towards the ceiling. She smiled at him as she ascended, peering over the swell of her stiff-nippled tits.

"God in heaven," the young man muttered. He instinctively grabbed his hard dick and started stroking, then stopped himself.

"It's ok, love...you can stroke your cock. I'm yours. I want you to," Arabella said, slowly curling her strong leg out in front of her.

"Alright," Leo said, the resumed beating his meat as he gazed up at her.

As the Queen watched him squeeze his prick, she did a series of smooth gracefully flips through the air. Her big breasts bobbled around with the weight of gravity as her naked body floated through the chamber.

"Are you pleased with my body, Leo? Is it everything you dreamed it would be?" "Yes, Mother, it's...it's so sexy I can hardly stand it."

Starting at the peak of the ceiling, she slowly dropped towards him. "Would you like to see my spread?"

"Your spread?" Leo muttered.

"Yes, what I will look like spread out beneath you."

"Oh," he said, then took a big excited gulp. "Yes, I would very much like to see that."

As she slowly descended, Arabella's curvy legs flew open, her pointed bare feet rising way up past her head as her legs splayed into huge spread-eagle.

"Ohh, God," Leo muttered, his tongue nearly hanging out as he gazed up lustfully.

Her shaved pussy was slightly peeled open, revealing a creamy coral gash. The meaty hood of her clitoris protruded from her outer labia as her cunt dropped to Leo's face. "Lick me, my love. Lick my cunt," Arabella said lustfully.

Her lovely snatch landed against Leo's upturned face. He laved his tongue through her smooth folds, her sweet pussy juices sizzling on his taste-buds. "Mmmnnhh," the King whimpered, beating his

throbbing meat while digging his tongue through the pink flesh, finding engorged clitoris.

"Yesss, right there," she sighed.

Leo's cock flexed in his hand, his own precum lubing it up as it squeezed across his angry purple knob. He plowed his licker up and down the steamy slit.

"Ohh God, lick my ass now. Lick all of me," the Queen's voice quivered as she just hovered there in the air, her smooth curvy legs thrown way up, her sexy little bare feet pointed at the ceiling.

Like a starving Dog, Leo tongued her asshole, tucking his face between her slightly-parted buns. He went back to her clitoris, positioning his face so he could see up her pubis and stomach, right up to to the huge rounded undersides of her massive tits. "Mmmnnnhhh," he whimpered, tasting her sweet nectar while watching the cloud of tit-flesh hover above him.

"Ohhh my darling," Arabella squealed. Her legs curled down, trapping Leo's head between her strong smooth thighs. Her calves criss-crossed behind him, so it looked as though she were sitting on his shoulders. She clawed at the back of his head, pulling him in tighter against her cunt.

"Yesss, ohh God, yesss," she cried.

Her clit was quite large and protruded out from under it's hood like a fat grape. Leo wrapped his lips around it, sucking hard, then whipping his tongue on it's rounded surface. Immediately Arabella bucked as if she'd been shot by an arrow, gasping and squealing, smothering the King's head between her quivering thighs.

Suddenly, she shot upward, off her son's juice-soaked face. "Unnnggghhhh," her sexy voice cried. Leo watched her rise into the air, her pretty face turned to the side and contorted in pleasure.

She was squeezing her tits, her gorgeous, motherly legs trembling wildly as an orgasm surged through her cunt. He watched a pulsing jet of hot girl cum squirt down her leg and rain down on him.

"Amazing," he muttered out loud.

Arabella floated up and straddled the beam near the top of the ceiling. Leo stroked his boner as he watched his Mother's strong golden-brown legs extend as they hung astride the beam.

"Mmm, I suppose the Mother's of the village were right," Arabella said. "Right about what?"

Arabella squeezed her cannons between her forearms, making them balloon outward. "About you pleasing their cunts while their husbands are away."

"Oh," Leo muttered, slightly embarrassed.

"I'm more connected with the women of the village than you think I am, Leo." Arabella said, bringing her chest down on the beam, squashing her tits and making them bulge out at the sides.

Leo couldn't take his eyes off of her. He'd already nearly cum several times and had to slow his strokes. She was now laying on her tummy, with her legs bent up at the knees, her little feet arched and waving around playfully.

"They tell me how much you like to have your cock and balls sucked," Arabella said. "Yes."

"So tell me. I'm sure you've had women do one or the other at one time, but have you ever had a woman suck on all of you at once?"

"All of my cock and all of my balls in a women's mouth, at the same time you mean?" "Mmm-hmm."

"Ha, no. It sounds amazing, but I'm afraid I'm much too large down there for that."

Arabella smiled and slipped off the beam. She dropped quickly to the floor, but slowed at the last second, landing softly and gracefully on her feet.

Wearing nothing but her wedding ring, the sexy Queen stepped towards her son, her big tits swaying with each step. She stopped in front of him and squatted down.

She replaced his hand with hers, giving it a couple slow strokes. She could feel the web of bulging veins in her hand as she watched the plumb-sized knob balloon outward, packed with blood. She leaned in and gave it a gentle kiss. It was like an introductory smooch.

She stared at it and smiled a moment, realizing all the places it would go and all the extraordinary pleasure it was about to experience. She shivered at the thought of such a huge cock fucking her silly for the rest of her life.

She peered up at him with a naughty smile. "Ready, King, Leo?" she asked. "Yess."

She slid her hand down, cupping his balls between her thumb and forefinger, then pinning them up beside his hard dick.

She pulled his cock into her mouth. Leo watched the ring of her pretty lips drop down his shaft. Somehow, her lips stretched open even more, slipping both his nuts into mouth. He felt his knob sink into her throat.

"How..." he sighed out loud.

Without even a gag, Arabella's nose pressed against his thin wiry pubes and she held him there, letting him soak in her throat.

Something suddenly touched Leo's knob. He was in her throat, so it wasn't something that was suppose to be there. If felt just like a tongue, circling his knob.

"Wow," he muttered, enjoying the sensations. Suddenly the throat-tongue was joined by another, then another. It was like they were forming out the walls of her throat. The three lickers started lashing wildly on Leo's cock, fighting for position on the most sensitive parts of his spongy cock

-head.

"Holy hell," the King sighed, buckling a little.

Despite his movement, the tongues didn't let up a bit, fluttering wildly as they circled his knob. One of them paused and wiggled it's wet tip into his piss-slit. Another dug at his meat, just beneath the head.

Leo sighed with delight. He noticed his Mother's eyes were closed, her pink lips spread obscenely around his cock-hilt. He'd had his cock stuffed in there for nearly two minutes. Out of concern he pulled out. A big gob of precum seeped from his piss-slit and lowered towards the floor.

Arabella looked at him, without even a gasp. "Darling, what's wrong?" she asked. "How can you even breathe?" he asked.

She giggled. "You needn't worry about me." "Those things in there...are they tongues?" "Yes," Arabella said with a smile.

"How many are there?"

"How many do you want?" she said.

"All of them," Leo muttered.

"All of them at once? That could become quite intense, very quickly."
"I'd like to feel them all."

"Very well, my love," she smiled, then swallowed his cock and balls, just as easily as the first time.

As if they never went away, the trio of tongues started on his knob again. Then, wiggling flesh began to surround his dick. There must have been twenty lickers, attacking every square inch of his shaft.

Warm, wet, wiggling tongues lashed against his nuts at every angle. Every part of his cock, his nuts, even his sack was being licked relentlessly. Some lickers worked together, like they had minds of their own, their wet tips dueling against the same spot. The spots they knew brought the greatest pleasure.

Leo gasped, his eyes rolling back a bit from the extreme pleasure. As if those tongues weren't enough, he felt another elongated licker squeeze from his Mother's mouth, slither along his taint and begin to lash at his butthole.

"OhhhfuckingChrist," the King cried out.

His cock flexed and his knob swelled. The sensations were just too much for even a skilled cocksman to endure.

Inside Arabella's throat, the King's hard prick was covered in a frenzy of wet flailing tongues. His twitching knob began to spit hot spunk, causing milky goo to get mixed around between the pink wigglers.

Leo grunted and as more and more cum squirted out his piss-slit and was mixed around in Arabella's throat like cake batter.

After milking every drop, Leo's wet dick and balls slipped from the Queen's mouth. She took a big gulp of remaining spunk, then fed him a satisfied smile.

Arabella grabbed his hand and rushed him to the bed. "Let's fuck now," she said excitedly.

She turned and kissed him as they flopped together onto the bed. The Queen splayed her thighs and Leo settled down between them. They kissed passionately as he prodded her cunt with his stiff pecker, searching for instance. Arabella helped him, grasping his erection and feeding the big tapered tip into the creamy mouth of her vagina.

They both gasped in unison as they experience the pleasure of their first union.

He felt his Mother's strong smooth legs fold up around him. Before he started thrusting, he decided to use a grinding technique he had done with a lot of women, that he was sure would drive his Mother crazy.

Laying flat against her, with her tits crushed between them, he hooked his arms around her back and grasped her shoulders. Then, he dug his cock in as deep as it would go, feeling his knob press against the squishy head of her cervix.

Arabella gasped, staring back at him with wild dreamy eyes.

Leo started grinding his pelvis. The Queen clasped his ass with both hands, digging her nails in as she rocked her hips, pushing right back at him. The big royal bed jerked and creaked as Leo and Arabella engaged in a wild mating dance. Their muscles were tensed, their bodies sandwiched together in a jerking, writhing pile of naked flesh.

"Ohh, yess, Leo," the Queen gasped, trying to pull his entire body inside her. "Ohhh, yess!"

The grinding became more intense, like a battle of wills, as they pushed against each other, their hips now rocking in a wild grinding

motion.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Aaaaaauuuggghhh," the Queen screamed out, squeezing his cock with her strong cunt muscles as she came.

Leo whimpered, feeling his cock soaked with hot girl-cum. He rose up to his elbows, drawing his cock back for the first time, only to punch it back deep again.

He fucked his Mother's pussy with long deep thrusts, watching her big pillowy tits rolling and jiggling on her chest.

When she was done creaming out, Arabella smiled up at him, her big mane of dark hair spread out on the bed around her pretty face. "My turn to show off now," she said.

Arabella rolled them over and took the top position with her knees planted on the bed to either side of Leo's hips.

She pumped her meaty buns up and down, slamming her wet, squeezing pussy onto the base of her son's prick. Leo stared the huge milk-makers swinging just above his face.

He watched them in awe, mesmerized by the way they dangled and flopped around heavily. They were easily the biggest set he'd ever seen.

As if his Mother's cunt didn't feel good enough on it's own, her sheath suddenly transformed into a series of hot vibrating muscles rings. Trapped in it's grip, the rings squeezed the big prick from balls to knob.

"Ohh damn, what is that?"Leo said, arching his back in pleasure. "I've never felt that before."

Arabella giggled, gyrating her Motherly hips and stirring his dong. "Of course you haven't, love." "Can you do it again?"

Arabella pumped her ass up and down, making the tight rings apply squeezing vibrations up and down his throbbing boner. Leo's body jerked in response.

"Damn, that's almost too intense," he gasped.

"That's why I don't use them all the time," she said as her pussy went back to normal, squeezing up and down his hard prick.

"Just once in awhile," she said, bouncing on his dick. "When your not expecting it."

The muscled rings formed again, taking two exquisite pumps up and down the muscled cylinder of meat, before her cunt returned to normal. Leo's eyes rolled back. "Ohhh God in heaven," he sighed.

Arabella giggled as she sat up and did a little grind on his cock. Leo's heart was about thumping out of his chest with the thrill of fucking his own big titted Mother.

As she stirred his erection in her cunt, he gazed up at her big rocking tit-melons. Like those of many of the women he had fucked, her areolas were thick and dotted with milk glans. Her nipples were engorged and stuck out proudly.

Noticing her son's fascination with them, the Queen suddenly dropped on him. Leo sighed with delight as found his face suddenly smothered in warm tit-flesh.

Arabella bobbed her ass on his loins, feeding his cock up and down her slippery cunt-channel. At random, she would apply the vibrating muscled rings, making her son whimper beneath her.

Leo drug his face through her cleavage, feeling her spongy tits jiggle on either side of his face. He drug his tongue along the inside of one of her jugs until he found the nipple.

"Ohhhh, yess," Arabella sighed, wrapping her arms around his head and pulling his face deeper into the flesh of her breast.

The meaty half-moons of her ass continued to rise and fall. Her husband's big cock traveled up and down through the warm pink tunnel of her vagina.

At random, the inner lining would bulge out into a series of fleshy rings and mysteriously vibrate , giving his dick exquisite pleasure.

Leo was in tittie heaven. His face was plastered in the spongy flesh of Arabella's breast. He sucked like a hungry infant, digging his tongue against her hardened areola and nipples.

Arabella sat up, but pulled him up with her. He continued sucking while she plowed desperately

on his cock, her lush hips swiveling frantically. "Ohhh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" she shouted.

Outside the chamber door Prince Peter listened to his Mother scream in pleasure. His face was an ugly scowl. "Damn him," he muttered.

He heard the bed rocking, his brother's whimpers and his Mother's screams of intense orgasm. "Uuughhh, God, I'm cumming!" the Queen screamed.

Peter let out a frustrated sigh, squeezing the bulge in his pants. "I'll pry that crown off his severed head," he spat, then rushed away.

Back on the royal bed, Leo had rolled his Mother onto her back and was fucking like madman. Her silky legs were wrapped high up around his back, her flesh quivering from the power of his thrusts. The big bed rocked and creaked, Leo snarled as rippled rings squeezed at his wildly burrowing erection.

Arabella's tits sloshed against his chest. Being sunk down in the soft curves of his Mother's splayed thighs and pillowy tits was the greatest rush in the world.

Her experience cunt milked his cock and was helped out by random tightening of the inner rings, a gift not really bestowed for her benefit, but for the pleasure of the King.

"I'm cumming, Mother!" he finally cried out.

"Yess, fill me with your seed, my darling," she gasped.

Leo had never cum harder in his life. What felt like a gallon of hot spunk squirted into his Queen's hot gripping cunt. The vibrating rings of flesh pulled out more and more cream. "Oohhh, God," Leo trembled.

"Yess, I want it all. Give it all to me, my love," Arabella said, cradling his writhing body between here wide-spread thighs. Leo felt the soles her little bare feet pushing at his ass, urging him to squirt his load as deeply as he could.

The full moon at midnight illuminated the castle in a magical glow. All was quiet, except for the faint screams of delight by the Queen of the land.

Inside her quarters, the screams weren't so faint. Arabella's voice echoed across the stone walls as she cried with pleasure.

She was on her hands and knees on the bed, her King kneeling behind her. Their bodies glistened with a sheen of perspiration, her big milk-makers swinging heavily on her chest from her son's thrusts.

Leo had his dick up her ass. He watched his glistening erection slide through the ring of her stretched asshole.

Arabella thrust her meaty buns back at him. "Harder! Fuck my ass harder, Leo!" she panted. Leo obliged, grabbing her soft hips and laying his dick in nice n deep, over and over.

The Queen's pretty face contorted and she gasped again and again as she was struck with yet another mind-blowing orgasm.

She suddenly pulled her ass away, climbing off the bed. Leo watched her, his erection just sort of bobbing up and down. "What's wrong?"

She turned towards him from the center of the room, her tits wobbling. She had a big playful smile. "Come to me," she said.

Leo scrambled off the bed and moved to his Mother. She hugged him, her big wobbling wonders pressed against his chest. "Those married women in the village. Did they ever have you pick them up and fuck them while you stood?" Arabella asked.

"Yes, quite a few of them actually." "Do you know why that is?"

"No."

"Because most of them have husbands who are away working so much that they never have time to do that to them. All women crave to be fucked that way," the Queen said, then looked in his eyes. "I want you to fuck me that way, my love."

Leo smiled. "Alright."

"As soon as we are joined together, we're going to do something very special." "What?" Leo asked.

"Better that I show you," Arabella said, twining her arm around his neck.

The gorgeous Mother lept gracefully from the floor, wrapping her legs around him. Leo grabbed her thighs and held her up. She

reached down and slipped his cock inside her, then smiled at him. "That must have been very exciting for you. Having all those naughty married women clinging onto like this."

"Yes," Leo blushed.

"Feeling their hot cunts on your cock and their big breast bouncing all over your young chest." "I liked it," the King admitted.

Suddenly his feet left the floor. He looked down, then at his Mother, who was smiling back. "Could any of them do this?" she asked.

They floated towards the ceiling. "I saw you do it earlier, but how is it possible that I..."

"As long as you are touching me, you are as free to float around as I am. Just make sure you don't stop touching me, darling. As your late father accidentally discovered once, it's an awfully long way down," she said.

Leo looked down at the stone floor thirty feet below. "Ouch," he cringed.

He felt his Mother comb her fingers through the back of his hair. They exchanged a lovers gaze, then kissed passionately. Arabella began to bounce on his dick, throwing her cunt down his pole.

Their hovering bodies slowly rolled to the rhythm of their fucking, like in zero gravity. They clung to each other, floating high above the room. Leo squeezed his Mother's warm body, her strong legs still locked around him. He looked up at the nearby ceiling while punching his cock through her juicy slit.

As he dropped under his Mother, she sat up, rising from his chest. Her sexy legs hung off the sides of him. She swiveled her hips, grinding her cunt.

Leo gazed up at the big stiff-nippled tits looming over him. He felt like they were floating on a cloud. He looked again at the bed far below in disbelief.

Arabella smiled at him over the swell of her breasts. "Do you like it?" "It's amazing," he muttered.

She pulled him back and they flipped gracefully. Still joined at the genitals, she slipped her legs up on his shoulders. Leo wrapped his arms around her thighs and took a bunch of deep thrusts, his balls beating on her ass.

He watched his Mother's big tits jostle on her chest. His thrusting had made their bodies flip around, but he didn't care. He kept fucking from beneath her.

Over the next hour they floated all over the room, fucking and kissing in every position imaginable.

Regaining her breath from a hard cum, Arabella looked up at the ceiling. "Let's go higher. Up there," she said.

She clung to her King, their sweat-sheened bodies floating upward. Leo saw a cushion that had been fastened to the wall at the highest point.

"Did you and Father put this up here?"

"Yes, sadly, we never got to use it. He was so excited to, but..."

There was a short pause as she felt a little emotional. "I'm sorry Mother," Leo said.

Arabella turned and set her back to the cushion. "Don't be. This was meant to be, Leo. I believe your Father is here in spirit and he is pleased with what he sees," she said, then pulled him towards her. "Come make him proud."

The Queen circled her legs around him. Leo clutched her meaty ass and fed his cock back inside her cunt. He began to pound her against the wall. "Yesss, fuck me as hard as you can," she cried, clinging to him.

Leo rested his head between her shoulder and neck. He fucked her cunt with savage thrusts, his knob beating against her back wall.

The Queen's strong legs slid higher around his back, like a fleshy harness strapping him between her thighs.

"Ooohhh fuck," he groan, feeling those muscled, vibrating rings return.

They kissed hungrily. The Queen fused her lips against his and his mouth was suddenly filled with a half-dozen tongues. His tongue dueled with them as best it could as they attacked in wild flailing motions from every direction.

She broke the kiss and for a moment Leo watched the cluster of pink tongues wiggle around before retracting back inside her mouth. He didn't break his pace, his body beating against hers as he sliced his dick through her hot pussy.

"Let's cum together," she gasped. "I'm getting close," he announced.

"As am I," she cried as her cunt tightened around his cock. She suddenly trembled as her orgasm struck. "Cum with me, my love," she shouted.

"Yesss, uuuhhggg!!" The King grunted, firing hot spunk deep inside her.

Their bodies rocked and humped as if they were throwing a juicy orgasm back and forth. On and on it went until their bodies went limp and they floated away from the wall, holding each other.

During the late morning there was a pounding at their chamber door. The Queen and King were in bed naked and Arabella quickly got up and threw a robe on.

She answered the door and her son Peter stepped inside the room. "Forgive the intrusion, but I bring great news, Mother," Peter said.

"What is it?" Arabella asked.

The Prince looked over at his brother as he joined them with a blanket around him. "A soldier was just here delivering a message from King Philip. He would like to sign a peace treaty with us."

"A peace treaty? Philip? He's resisted doing this for many years. Why would he do it now?" Arabella asked.

Maybe as a sign of good will to the new King. He has offered to meet King Leo on neutral ground, only a days ride, to sign the treaty."

Leo smiled at his Mother. All this King stuff was so new to him. "That's good, right." Arabella smiled back. "Yes, it is good indeed."

"You needn't worry, Mother. The King will ride with myself and some of our best soldiers. We will be well prepared should anything go wrong," Peter said.

Arabella smiled, still seeming a bit reluctant. "Very well. It is for the good of the Kingdom I suppose."

"Indeed," Peter said.

The next day, after saying goodbye to his wife, King Leo set out with his brother and fifty soldiers of the royal army. The trek was along the mountain range.

Late in the afternoon, they began to weave through some eerie rock formations. Leo's horse screamed and backed up, clearly spooked by something. "What is it?" The King asked his brother.

Peter looked up at the steep cliffs looming nearby. "We're near the lair of the Dragon. The horses sense it. Just keep a tight hold on the reins until we pass through," he said.

Peter dropped back with one of the Knights, his closest friend, Houlton. "On my signal, tell the soldiers to take battle positions. I'll lead my brother around that bend out of site and kill him."

"When he doesn't come back, what will we tell the men?" Houlton asked. "He was carried away by the dragon. There was nothing I could do." Houlton nervously nodded. "I expect to be rewarded for this."

Peter gave him an evil smirk. "You have my word," he said, then looked around to make sure everyone was in place. "Ready... Now!"

Houlton quickly turned his horse and screamed the order back to the men. They all began unsheathing their swords, looking around in confusion.

Peter took off on his horse towards his brother. "Leo, go, go, go!!" he shouted, waving his brother

forward.

Peter zipped past him and Leo kicked his horse and quickly followed. They raced around the bend, then Peter suddenly stopped his horse.

"What is it? What's wrong?" The King asked.

Peter glared at him and quickly drew his sword. "You're a stupid fool who has what's mine,"

Before the King was able to draw his own weapon, Peter's sword was swinging towards him. Leo managed to lift his shield and the blade struck it with a loud CLANK, knocking him right off his horse.

Peter circled around. Leo stumbled to his feet and the Prince swung again at him, just missing. Leo tried to draw his own sword, but his brother was much faster and was back on him in a split

-second. "You're a dead man," Peter yelled, drawing back his sword to swing.

"Whoosh!" Suddenly, an arrow shot straight through Peter's arm. He screamed in agony, dropped his sword and fell from his horse.

Leo heard a loud rumble and another fifty of his soldiers came racing over the hillside towards him. The royal carriage was with them. It stopped near the King and Arabella jumped out and raced over to her husband, embracing him. "Are you alright, my love."

"I'm fine, Mother," he muttered.

The Queen glared at Peter, who knelt on the ground, squealing in pain. "You're as predictable as you are stupid, Peter. Philip would never sign a peace treaty. He's as evil a man as you are."

"Get this fucking thing out of my arm," Peter screamed.

"What's wrong, brother? It's only a little stick," Leo said, making his Mother snicker.

A horse rounded the bend. It was Houlton. He stopped and looked at his friend there on the ground. Suddenly, a giant shadow fell over him.

"BOOM!!!" Something hit the ground with immense force, kicking up a cloud of dust and blood- splatter. A dragon, forty-feet high, with

rows of razor sharp teeth snarled at the onlookers. The horses went crazy, bucking men off.

The King and Queen embraced as the giant scaled beast extended it's long neck, shooting it's head towards them. It stopped suddenly and sniffed at them.

Peter jumped to his feet and took off like a coward.

The dragon watched him run, then glared back at the royal couple. It sniffed again, then hissed, spread it's massive wings and took off into the sky. They watched as the monster plucked

Prince Peter from the ground, chomping him down as it flew away. "He took Peter," Leo muttered in disbelief.

"Yes. An easier punishment than life in the dungeon. Are you sure you're ok?" Arabella asked her husband.

"Yes," he smiled.

"Ride with me back to the castle," she said, leading him to her carriage. The army escorted the royal carriage away, for their long journey back.

"My King, you smell of dragon's breath," Aura said, a short time later. Her and Delfeni were with the King and Queen on a big lounge within they carriage. They were all naked, but Leo was on top of his Mother, fucking her pussy.

"All well, as long as he doesn't shoot fire out his cock." the Queen gasped, making the girls giggle.

Leo cupped her meaty ass and pounded between her splayed thighs with savage thrusts. "Would you like me to fuck you like a dragon, Mother," he said.

"If you're prepared to hear me roar like one," she cried, her voice shaking from the power of his thrusts.

The King's ass was a blur as he pounded the hell out of her cunt. The Queen turned her contorting face to one side, her back arching, lifting her humping son upwards. "Auuuhhggghhh!!" she screamed, shooting girl-cum along his thrust shaft.

She continued to cry and pant, riding out her juicy orgasm.

"I wish someone would make me roar like a dragon," Delfeni said. Arabella looked up at her son. "You heard her darling."

The Prince scrambled over between Delfeni's legs. He pierced her cuntlips with his cock and buried it to the balls. She drew her knees up, spreading her thighs wide for him. He fucked hard and fast, his balls beating against her upturned ass.

He latched on to her big rippling breast with her mouth. Milk flowed easily and he spent a long while slurping while dicking her hot cunt-sheath.

Aura crawled over and rubbed her tits on the King. "Make me roar too, King Leo," she said.

The King pulled his dick from Delfeni's cunt, then crawled down between Aura's spread legs. "Ohhh God yess," he sighed, sinking his hard cock into her hot pussy-tunnel.

She clung to him, wrapping her own strong motherly legs around him while he humped her cunt. Her soft warm titties jiggled against him as he pounded relentlessly. It wasn't long before he had her howling in orgasm.

He crawled back to his Mother and hooked her sexy legs over his shoulder. His loins clapped lewdly against her ass as he fucked her cunt hard and fast.

Arabella squealed with delight, her big pillowy tits rocking and trembling on her chest. "Let me ride you," Aura whispered, rubbing her tits on him from behind.

He got on his back and Aura straddled him, riding and grinding on his cock. She brought her big tits down and let them swing against his face.

After about ten minutes of cunt-grinding she switched with Delfeni, who in turn switch with the Queen, so that each woman got to cum, soaking his nuts.

Leo flipped his Queen over and slipped between her open thighs. He fucked like a madman, savoring the feel of her soft warm motherly curves around him. He snarled with delight, feeling his knob tingle inside sucking pussy. "Ohhh fuck, Mother!" he cried, as thick ropes of hot spunk shot out his cock, soaking her womb.

They arrived home late and went straight to their chamber. Both got naked and were preparing to crawl into bed, when Arabella brought over the small boxed gift that Agamenticus had given them.

"Shall we open a gift before bed, my love?" she asked.

"That's the one from Agamenticus. It's such a small box. What do you think it is?" She pulled at the ribbon. "Let's open it and see," she said.

Inside the small box was a piece of perfectly round dark chocolate. "Shall we split it?" Arabella asked.

She broke it in half and handed a piece to her son. He hesitated a moment. "Do you think it's just chocolate, or something else?" he asked.

She smiled. "One never knows," she said, then they both ate it. "But if I had to guess, I would say something else."

They both stood there for a moment, gazing at each other. Then...

THE END

148: Motorcycle Momma

Motorcycle Momma

By Klrxo

"How much is the bike up front?" Cole asked the greasy mechanic as he stepped inside his shop.

The bearded hulk of a man that locals called 'Spark Plug Mike' climbed out from under the vehicle and looked the scrawny teenager up and down. "Are you even old enough to ride a motorbike, kid?" he asked.

"I just turned eighteen…I'm old enough," Cole answered, trying to add more to his stature with his confident demeanor.

"Have you ever ridden a motorcycle before?" Mike asked.

"No, but I plan on learning. My parents both ride."

"They ride Harley Davidsons, like that one?" The mechanic asked, motioning to the one he had for sale. "Well, my dad does. My mom rides along with him. They're part of a local motorcycle club."

"And which club might that be?" Mike queried.

"The Road Raiders."

Mike burst out laughing. "The Road Raiders ain't bikers, kid. They're a bunch of weekend wannabees," he stated, going back to work on

the vehicle. "Although they do have a few hot mommas in their group."

Cole knew he must be referring to his mom and her friends, who were notorious for not keeping their clothes on when they joined their husbands on the road. He looked over the time- worn motorbike. The tank and fenders were red in color and huge leather saddle bags hung along the rear wheels. "I can give you two thousand," the boy blurted.

Mike chuckled, turning the socket with his big grease-stained hands. "That's too much bike for a beginner, kid. Go get yourself a Honda Rebel."

Cole noticed a lot of motorcycle parts scattered here and there. "My dad has a motor for an old knucklehead. It's been sitting in our garage for years," the teen shared.

This seemed to get big Mike's attention. "A knucklehead?"

"Yeah, I'm not sure what he wants for it though."

The mechanic wiped his hands with a dirty rag, seeming intrigued by what he'd just heard. "I'm askin' five-G's for the hog, but get me that knucklehead and the bike's yours, and that'll include a lesson or two, just so you don't kill yourself," he offered.

"I'll talk to my dad tonight."

Cole was excited at the prospect of owning a motorbike, and not just any motorbike, but an actual old Harley-Davidson. He certainly didn't have five-grand, so he knew his only chance was making his father an offer on the vintage engine.

Once he got home, he found his dad, Sam, working in the garage, listening to "Sweet Home Alabama" on his shop radio. "Hey, dad…

you got the bike all ready to go I see," Cole pointed out, motioning to his dad's shiny new Harley Street Glide Special.

"Yeah, Bullet City Bike week's coming right up," his father stated. "Which reminds me…I'm missing that vintage-looking bandana I brought home from that event last year. Have you seen it?"

"It's in your saddlebag, honey," a sweet voice reminded him. It was Cole's mother, Maddy. The busty platinum-blonde stepped into the garage wearing a light summer dress. Her "It flew off your head on our way home and we had to go back and get it, remember?"

"That's right! Shit, I forgot all about that," Sam remarked, then fished the flashy bandana from just the place his wife said it would be. "I'll have to make sure it fits a little more snug this next time around."

"Hey, dad…can I buy that old knucklehead engine off of you?" Cole asked.

His father burst out laughing. "It's not for sale, sorry, and even if it was…I doubt you have that kind of bread in your pocket, kid," he answered.

"What do you want with an old rusty engine, Champ?" his mother asked curiouy. "Champ" was a nickname Maddy had given Cole at birth. She had won a wet t-shirt championship at the local biker bar, while she was pregnant with him. She had credited her victory to the fact that her prenatal tits had grown tremendously, thus giving the boy the nickname, which had stuck through the years.

"I just thought it might be cool to collect vintage motorbike parts," Cole answered. He didn't want his parents to know he was in negotiations for a Harley. He would rather surprise them by rolling up to the house on it.

"Sorry, son. I admire your new hobby, but that engine's way too valuable," his father objected.

"What do YOU plan on doing with it, Sam?" his wife asked. "It's been sitting in this garage collecting rust for like…ten years."

"Parts like that are like fine wine, honey. The longer you hang onto them, the more valuable they get."

"I'll give you three thousand for it," Cole blurted.

"That's a good offer, son, but not nearly enough," Sam laughed. "How do you have three-grand anyway?"

"I've been saving up," Cole replied. "How about three-grand and I'll take care of the yard work all summer?"

Sam's sexy wife smiled at him. "That IS a pretty sweet deal, Sam. You're the one who's always complaining that you never have time to cut all that grass."

"Alright fine…but you'll have to start by helping me clean the gutters out today."

"So, it's a deal then?" Cole asked excitedly.

"Yeah, it's a deal."

Later that afternoon, Cole was holding the ladder, while his dad cleaned leaves out of the gutters along the perimeter of the roof. It was a boring job, but he just reminded himself that soon he'd be the owner of some sweet new wheels.

"This is taking way too damn long," Sam complained. "I'm just gonna use the pressure washer!"

After getting it setup, Cole handed the sprayer up to his father, who was on the roof. "Careful, dad…don't get too close to the edge," the

boy warned.

"This isn't my first rodeo, kid. I'm know what I'm doing."

Ironically, it was only five minutes later that the father lost his balance and dropped to the ground. "Dad! Shit! Are you ok?" Cole shouted, running to his father's aid.

"I'm fine," he answered, but then cried out in pain as he tried to get up.

"Just stay down. I'll call an ambulance."

Maddy came rushing out of the house, her large breasts bouncing around beneath her dress and bra as she hurried to her husband. "What happened?" she inquired.

"I fell off the damn roof. I think I fucked my leg up really bad," her husband winced.

Cole and his mom rode along with Sam to the hospital and sat in the waiting room as the doctors took some x-rays. "I warned him to stay away from the edge," Cole told hid mom as they sat there thumbing through magazines.

"You know your father…stubborn to the end," Maddy chuckled.

Cole sat across from his beautiful mom and his eyes drifted to her luscious tan legs as she crossed them. His heart skipped a beat as he was treated to a quick peek of panty-covered pubis. The lavender-colored panty-cloth was molded to her pudenda, creating a well-pronounced camel-toe.

"Damn, that's hot!" the boy thought, wondering what it would feel like smash his prick inside what he considered the hottest pussy on earth. His mom dangled a dainty black high-heeled sandal from her pretty painted toes. Her lovely legs were strong and powerful-

looking, yet gave off a perfect silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Cole imaged what such legs would look like scissored wide open, like he was sure his mom did when her and his dad fucked.

Sensing her boy's eyes on her, Maddy eyes peeked up from her magazine, gazing over at his crotch. She could see the well-outlined tube of his erect penis. Her rubbery nipples hardened beneath her bra as she stared longer than she probably should have.

"Maddy?" a doctor's voice blurted, jarring her from her trance.

"Yes?"

"You guys can go in and see him now."

"Thank you," the mother smiled, then her and Cole went in to check on her husband. "So, what's the verdict?" she asked.

"Looks like a broken leg. They're gonna put me in a cast," Sam answered, shaking his head in frustration. "I can't believe I was so stupid."

"Well, I guess it's a good thing you agreed to that deal with Cole. You couldn't do yardwork this summer, even if you wanted to," his wife pointed out.

"True," her husband muttered. "I guess we can scratch Bullet City Bike week as well."

"Yeah, with a broken leg…we can pretty much forget biking at all this summer," his wife lamented.

"Sorry, honey," Sam consoled, knowing his wife was just as excited for their upcoming road trips as he was.

A few days later, Maddy was laying by the pool with her girlfriends, Autumn and Baily. The three women wore skimpy micro bikinis and

had golden tan bodies from all the sunning they'd been doing together lately. "I'm so fucking depressed," Baily uttered. "I was really looking forward to the three of us raising hell again this summer."

"I know, right?" Autumn agreed. "This'll be the first time in fifteen years that one of us misses bike week."

"I'm sure the two of you will swing your asses around plenty without me," Maddy giggled.

"True, and one less of us…means more hot bikers for Autumn and I to flirt with."

"Fuck you, whore!" Maddy joked, giving her the finger.

Maddy cell phone rang. She saw it was her son, so she answered. "Hey, honey, what's up?"

"Hey, mom…are you home right now?"

"Yeah, I'm laying out by the pool with the girls. Is everything ok?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm almost home. Could you guys come up front," Cole requested.

"Um…sure, we'll be right up," Maddy replied curiously.

"Oh, and wheel dad out too!" Cole insisted. "I have a surprise for you guys."

The three friends got up and made their way through the house. They certainly weren't shy about the fact that they were wearing nearly nothing. Their faces and hair color were different, but their curvy bodies were much the same. Huge tits and big bubble butts could barely be contained in the skimpy micro bikinis they wore.

"What's this all about?" Sam asked as his wife pushed him out into the driveway in his wheelchair.

"I have no idea. He said it was a surprise."

Suddenly they heard the ROAR of a motorbike round the corner and roll into the neighborhood. It was Cole, the proud owner of a new red Harley. He raced up the street and stopped in the driveway. The gasps and cheers of the three busty moms could barely be heard over the chugging tailpipes.

Cole took a second to admire all the ballooning tit-flesh in the driveway. When he shut the bike off, he heard his mother's reaction. "Wow, nice bike, honey!" she exclaimed.

"Thanks!"

"How the hell did you buy a Harley?" Sam asked, in an almost jealous tone.

"Remember I told you I was collecting vintage motorcycle parts?"

"Yeah."

"Well, that was kind of a lie. I'm not collecting them, but I know a guy that is…and he traded the motorbike and some lessons for that old knucklehead motor I got from you."

"I love it, Cole!" Baily beamed, showing her pretty white teeth.. "It's so old school."

"Wait a second…this guy's name doesn't happened to be Spark Plug Mike, does it?" his father asked.

"Yeah, that's the guy. Do you know him?"

"Unfortunately, yes!"

"Mike has beat your father two years in a row in the bike week burnout contest.," Maddy explained.

"Well, who knows…maybe once I enter the competition, he'll regret selling me the bike," Cole stated, then smiled at his heavy breasted mother. He took just a second to admire her mile-long cleavage. "Wanna go to bike week with me?"

"Really?!" his mom asked excitedly, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yeah…since dad broke his leg and can't take you this year, I figured I could."

"Wait a second…hold up!" Sam blurted. "Do you even have a license to ride that thing?" he asked his son.

"Yeah, I just came from getting it."

"Well if you took riding lessons from Spark Plug Mike, then I doubt you're ready to 'safely' be out on the road," his father warned.

"Oh, Sam, relax. He'll have a experienced riding partner, so I'll make sure he's following the road rules," his wife assured him.

"Oh my God...we're ALL going to bike week!" Autumn cheered, giving Maddy a big hug.

"WHOOOAA!!" Autumn screamed throwing her arms in the air and bouncing excitedly on her bare feet. Her big mommy mikers jostled around heavily, making Cole's eyes widen. Then, he watched his mom and Baily's huge bikini-clad knockers bulge out at the sides as they hugged in celebration.

That evening, Sam decided to express his concerns to his wife, while they sat next to each other in bed. "Don't you think we should have discussed this, before you agreed to letting Cole take you to bike week?" he asked.

"Sam, he's really excited to go. It's his first bike rally. What's the issue?"

"The issue is what he's gonna be exposed to there, and you know what I'm talking about."

"He's an adult, and now he has his own ride…there's nothing we can do to stop him from going. Even if you hadn't broken your leg, he probably would have wanted to go anyway," his wife argued.

"You become a different person on the road, Maddy. Do you really want him seeing that part of you?" Sam asked.

"I have fun. What's wrong with a boy seeing his mom have a good time?"

"We've been to bike week for fifteen years; I know you and your girlfriend's idea of a good time."

"Sam, Cole's not a kid anymore…I'm sure he can handle it all like an adult."

"Promise me you'll at least keep you clothes on in front of him," Sam insisted.

"If he doesn't wanna see his mom's tits hanging out, there will be plenty of other things for him to do there. He might even find a hot young biker girl he's interested in."

"Hopefully not. Bullet City Bike week isn't the most ideal event to find a future spouse," Sam said.

"He has a good head on his shoulders, honey…plus I'll be there to make sure he doesn't do anything he shouldn't," Maddy reminded him.

"Including no alcohol!"

"He knows we don't want him drinking…plus he's my ride home. I'm sure as hell not gonna let him get arrested," his wife stated. "Just try to have a relaxing time while we're gone. No worrying. We've be fine."

The day to head to the bike rally came and Sam was standing up front in the driveway on his crutches, when the "Road Raiders" roared up the street. It consisted of nearly a dozen bikers, with their scantily clad wives or girlfriends sitting behind them.

"You kids ready to ride?" the leader rider, Barry, asked, stopping next to Cole and his mother. Barry was Autumn's husband. She sat behind him on the seat wearing skimpy shorts and a crop top.

Maddy wore snug jeans and a tank top that accentuated the enormity of her breasts. She quickly kissed her husband and straddled the seat of her son's motorbike behind him. "Let's roll!" she shouted.

"Be safe!" Sam advised, before watching the group race off down the street.

Cole felt on top of the world with his new wheels and his hot mother behind him. The feel of her big squishy tits against his back felt amazing. "I apologize in advance," his mom shouted in his ear.

"For what?" Cole hollered back.

"For all the depraved things you're gonna witness your mother do this week," she giggled.

"I'm not worried."

"I'll remember you said that."

Being the newbie and such an inexperienced rider, Cole stayed near the rear of the group. His mom pointed to the bike in front of them.

"Roll up beside them at this light," she shouted.

Cole did as his mother asked, stopping his red Harley next to Baily and her husband, Dan. Dan worked with Cole's father and his Street Glide Special was nearly identical to Sam's. "Wow, who's this ugly bitch and her convict husband?" Maddy playfully asked.

"Hi. My name's Anita Hardone!" Baily joked in an exaggerated tone, then reached around and squeezing her husband's cock.

"Oh, I'm Mona Lott and this is my boyfriend, Buster Cherry," Maddy responded, squeezing onto her son even tighter.

"Mmm, I wish he could have busted MY cherry," Baily exclaimed in a sexy tone, while staring at Cole lustfully.

"You mean the one you lost when you were twelve," her husband Dan laughed.

"Shut up, creep!" his wife joked back.

The traffic light turned green and the group revved their motors, then sped off again. Cole loved sitting between his mom's soft thighs, even though he would much rather it be with them facing each other, with his cock stuffed up her cunt. Since Maddy was an experienced biker herself, he felt a little intimated having her ride on the back with him. "How am I doing?" he shouted back to her.

"Your shifting's a little rusty, but otherwise you're handling this hog like a pro, honey," she replied back.

A lone biker passed going the opposite direction. Cole noticed that the other riders in front of them extended their left arm down away from their bikes, doing the peace sign with their fingers. The lone biker going the other way did the same.

"What was that?" Cole hollered back to his mom.

"That was the biker's wave. It's a way to express solidarity with other riders," she explained.

"Cool!"

At the next stoplight, Cole pulled up between the bikes of Baily, Autumn and their husbands.

"You guys enjoying choking on our exhaust?" Autumn tease.

"Suck my cock!" Baily answered, giving her girlfriend two middle fingers.

"Ha! If you did have one, it wouldn't be big enough to waste my time on," Autumn responded.

"Fucking skank!" Baily blurted.

"Eat my asshole, cunt!"

"Hey, bitches…I think this greenhorn needs a distraction test," Maddy suggested, referring to her son. "Anyone wanna switch seats for a few miles?"

"Oh, I do! I do!" Baily shouted, raising her hand.

"Let's do it."

Maddy smile naughtily at her son as the two women switched bikes. "Remember…keep your eyes on the road, honey," his mom advised.

When they took off out of the stoplight, Cole felt Baily reach around and squeeze his cock through his pants.

"What are you gonna do…tell on me?" she teased.

"Nope!" the boy responded.

"Mmm, someone has quite the trouser-rouser," she cooed into his ear. "Do you know how to plow pussy with that thing?"

"I do ok I think," he repled.

"If I keep my hand on it, I'll get to see if his mommy turns him on as much as we all think she does."

Cole glanced back at her. "What do you mean?" he hollered.

"You'll see," she giggled, motioning ahead of them.

Cole looked straight ahead. Baily's husband's bike was a car's distance in front of them and the first thing he noticed was his mom's lovely round ass. Maddy's denim jeans were molded so snugly around her apple bottomed derriere that they looked more like a second skin. Cole could clearly see the strap of her tiny pink thong crossing her exposed ass-flesh.

Baily brought her lips to his ear. "I just bet you've beat your dick thinking about that thick hot MILF ass beating against your midsection," she said in seductive tone.

"It's my mom," Cole blushed.

"I know. That's what makes it so fucking hot," Baily stated. "My two sons are much younger than you, but when they turn your age, I'm gonna let them fuck the hell out of me."

Cole was shocked by her words. Sure, he had lusted after his mom growing up, but those were just fantasies. He never in a million years thought there was a chance that they might do anything.

"Mmm, I knew it…someone's getting hard," Baily teased, squeezing his growing bulge even more. "As hard as a fucking tire-iron!"

Cole saw his mom peek back at him and smile mischievously, her long platinum-blonde hair blowing in the wind. She lifted her meaty buttocks from the bike seat and gave it a flirty wag back and forth.

"Eyes on the road, Cole," Baily teasingly sang, reminding him of his mother's words.

"I'm trying," the teen confessed.

"Imagine how distracted you'd be if she wasn't wearing anything," Baily shouted.

"I doubt that would ever happen."

"Don't be so sure. There's a rest stop in about twenty-miles. When we stop to take a break, ask her if she'll show you her ass…see what happens."

"I can't ask her that!" Cole blurted.

"Why not?"

"She's my mom. She'll probably ground me just for saying that to her."

"Did you ever think you'd be riding down the road on a motorcycle, watching her shake her ass back at you like she just did?" Baily asked.

"Well, uh…no!"

"Alright then, don't be a wimp. Just ask her. You might be surprised what she'd do."

At the next stoplight, the women switched back. "Congratulations, Champ. You didn't drift off the road, so I guess you passed the distraction test," Maddy teased.

"It WAS distracting…but in a good way though," her son confessed.

"Well, once we get to the rally, you'll see a lot more of those 'good' distractions,' so don't start gawking until after we've parked, ok?"

As they hit the open road outside of town, Cole wondered if he'd really have the courage to ask his mom to see her ass, as Baily suggested. She had been a little flirty with him here and there, but he still worried that such a lewd request would shock her and make the rest of the trip awkward for both of them.

Pine acres Rest Area was the halfway point to the bike rally in Bullet City. The Road Raiders pulled in, threw down their kickstands and got off their bikes.

"I sure hope these bathrooms are cleaner than the last time we were here," Autumn griped.

Cole trailed the group towards the restrooms, watching all the big round mommy-asses sway wonderfully. After taking a leak, he waiting outside the restrooms a moment, trying to muster the courage to ask his mom the question.

Maddy finally emerged from the ladies' room with Baily and Autumn. The two friends fed the boy grin as they stepped past him. "Don't worry, we won't leave without you guys," Baily said as her and Autumn continued towards the bikes. Maddy, on the other hand, lingered next to her son. "Enjoying your first bike outing so far?" the mother asked.

"Yeah, it's awesome!"

"This is the half-way point, so another hour and we should be there."

Cole looked over at his mom to see her smiling back at him, staring with her big beautiful blue eyes, as if waiting for him to ask her

something. Unfortunately, he was simply too nervous to pose the question to her. "I guess we should get going," he suggested.

"Did you have something you wanted to ask me first?" Maddy inquired, clearly given a 'heads-up' from Baily.

"Ask you?"

"Yes. Baily said you had something you really wanted to ask me."

"Oh…um, I'm not sure why she told you that," he lied.

"If I told you the answer was yes, would that help jar your memory?" Maddy asked with a flirty smile.

"Yes?"

"Yes, is the answer to your question, but I do wanna hear you ask it first."

"Oh…uh, alright," Cole nervously muttered. "Can I see your ass?"

"Again, yes…but not out here," the mother answered. She took her son's hand and led him into the ladies' room. There was only one woman at the sink washing her hands and she didn't even notice Maddy and her son step into the stall.

The busty mother closed and latched the door behind them, then smiled at her awkward-seeming son. "The view might be better if you sit," she whispered.

Cole sat down on the toilet seat. Without hesitation, his mom turned, while unbuttoning her jeans. This gave the boy a front row seat to his mom's ass-display as she peeled the denims over her big rounded cheeks.

The teen let out an excited gasp as his mother shoved her jeans down to her knees, bending over slightly so that she could point her

lovely thonged ass back at her boy.

"Wow…amazing!" he breathed.

His blonde mother peeked back with a salacious smile. "I'm not done yet, honey," she softly said.

Cole watched her hook her fingers under the waistband crossing her lush hips and pull them down over the meat of her buttocks. The pink thong peeled from the crack of her ass, then the gusset moved away from her crotch as the dainty panties were pulled down to her knees with her jeans.

"Good hell!" the boy wondrously gasped, staring at not only his mom's naked ass, but the fleshy clamshell of her shaved vulva. He could smell the sweet fragrant aroma of her cuntal flesh.

"Was this what you wanted to see?" Maddy asked, rocking her big tan mommy-ass back and forth.

"Yes," Cole admitted. The way her buns were slightly spread allowed him to stare at the crinkled ring of her asshole. It clenched, winking at him lewdly and making his fully hard cock flex in his pants.

Gazing back, Maddy noticed the tubular bulge jump beneath his pants and she stared at his crotch, licking her lips lustfully.

"You have the most incredible ass on the planet mom," the boy confessed.

"Wow!" she blurted, pulling her panties back up. "You mean to tell me you've been living under the same roof as 'the most incredible ass on the planet' and you're only just now saying something about it?"

"Sorry, I just, um…didn't think you'd be too happy about me making a comment like that."

"You right…your 'housewife mom' probably wouldn't have been too impressed, but out here…your motorcycle Momma welcomes such naughty compliments."

"Good to know."

"As long as you don't mind mom handing out compliment too," she stated, then leaned down and brought her lips to his ear. "Nice bulge!" she whispered in a naughty tone.

They rejoined the group and hit the open road. The image of his mom's ass and cunt was on the forefront of Cole's mind as they made their way to the bike rally. He was still in a state of disbelief that she had so openly displayed it for him.

When they arrived in downtown Bullet City the teen was overwhelmed by the amount of bikers that were there. He had never seen such a collection of cool motorcycles in one place.

"A word to the wise…" his mother said, "you can look, but no touching. And that goes for the bikes AND the women. Even if they say they're single, chances are they're not."

"I'll be careful," Cole stated. "Besides, I'm just gonna hang out with you mostly…if that's ok?"

"As long you're not shocked by what you might see, it's ok with me."

"I can handle it."

Cole parked the bike alongside the street, near a group of other riders.

"Well, well…if it isn't the lone wolf and his mommy," Spark Plug Mike taunted as he stood near his bike with a few other rough-looking bikers. "When did you take the training wheels off that thing?" he asked, motioning to Cole's bike.

"Right after you sold it to him," Maddy answered for her son. "I had him peel the dinosaur stickers off the tank too. You'd think he bought the bike from a fucking three year old."

"Ohh, burn, fucker!" Autumn shouted, glaring at Mike.

"Yeah, speaking of lame jokes, where's your husband?" Mike asked. "Was he so afraid that I was gonna beat him three years in a row that he just didn't show up?"

"No, he just sent someone who he knew could kick your ass," Maddy said, putting her hands on her son's shoulders.

"That would be me," Cole stated confidently.

"At the burnout?" Are you fucking kidding me, kid?" Mike laughed.

"Nope…he's not. You'll see," Maddy said, leading her son away. "Come on, Champ. I'm bored with this conversation."

"Since I've never done a burnout in my life, Spark Plug Mike is probably gonna completely humiliate me," Cole admitted as they walked through the crowd.

"Not necessary. You may surprise yourself."

"Where are we going?"

"To the studio loft your father and I rent out every year. I need to change clothes," she answered.

Maddy led him along a narrow alcove, then up a set of stairs running along the back of the old brick downtown building. She used a key to open the door to the loft and they stepped inside.

"Holy smokes!" Cole blurted. "This is the tiniest loft I've ever seen."

The space was literally a ten foot by ten foot box. A full-sized bed took up most of the room. A tiny shower and toilet was situated across from it. "Most people come here just to fuck, or drink until they pass out, so this is typically all the space you need," his mom explained.

Cole turned his back bashfully as his mother quickly started umdressing. She was amused by his timid demeanor, especially after she let him gawk at her ass at the Rest Stop earlier.

"What's wrong, honey? Are you afraid you might see something you like?" she teased.

"I just wanted to give you some privacy."

"This IS NOT the room for someone who expects privacy, Champ," she giggled. "From now on don't turn your back, because when YOU strip, I'm certainly not gonna turn mine," she stated.

Cole's mom was now wearing a sexy black mini skirt and a snug white crop top with the bold words "BULLET CITY TITTIE-QUEEN" on it.

"Bullet City Tittie Queen?" Cole asked with a curious grin.

"Three years in a row, baby!"

"What is it?"

"The annual wet-t-shirt contest. Your mother is the reigning champion," she proudly announced, thrusting her big tits out.

"Is the competition tonight?" the boy anxiously asked.

"It is," she smiled. "Looks like mom's ass isn't the only naughty part of her you'll get to see today."

"I'll go…just to cheer you on," Cole said innocently.

"Yeah, right," his mom giggled. "You've been trying to see my tits naked since grade school, Champ. Cheering me on isn't the only reason you'll be there," she teased.

"I can hide my eyes when it's your turn to get wet," Cole suggested, still trying to play innocent. M

"And what if I don't want you to hide your eyes," she winked. "You certainly weren't hiding your eyes at the Rest Stop today."

"Well, then I'll do whatever makes you happy."

She fed him a sultry smile. "Whatever makes me happy, huh? You might regret those words later," she uttered, then glanced down at his crotch. "Then again…maybe you won't."

They rejoined the Road Raiders for dinner and drinks at one of the many local saloons. Cole loved seeing his mom have such a good time, joking and laughing with her two hot friends, Autumn and Baily. He noticed how many of the young guys there couldn't seem to take their eyes off the scantily clad MILFs. The reason he probably noticed this is because he himself was just as guilty of staring.

"What did the banana say to the vibrator?" Baily asked the group. "Why the fuck are you shaking? I'm the one she's gonna eat!"

Her friends burst out laughing.

"I got one!" Baily's husband shouted. What's the difference between your wife and your job?" he asked. "After five years, your job will still suck."

Everyone laughed but his wife. "Hey! I suck your cock all the time, asshole! So, here's a joke everyone! What's the difference between your husband and being a housewife?" Baily asked. "After fifteen years one of them can still be hard, and it's not your husband."

The entire group died laughing.

A loud female voice came over the loudspeaker. "OK, ladies…it's time for the Bullet City Bike Week Wet t-shirt contest!" she announced.

Everyone in the bar erupted in cheers. "Wish me luck, honey," Maddy shouted, giving her boy a quick kiss on the lips. She then followed several other ladies onto the stage, including Baily and Autumn.

Cole watched attentively as the women's upper-halves were sprayed with water. Music blared through the room and the women danced and giggled, shaking their big braless hooters around beneath their thin t-shirts.

His mom smiled over at him, rocking her big guns back and forth. He could clearly see the outline of her gigantic tan melons through the wet fabric, as well as the huge pink rings of her areola. Sure, the other women had big sexy tits, but he couldn't help but keep his eyes fixed on his mom's bobbling beauties.

After a few minutes, the announcer went from woman to woman, asking for crowd reaction. Of course, the one who got the loudest roar was his huge-titted mother.

"Four years in a row, bitches!" the mother shouted, yielding her metallic boob trophy proudly as she stepped off the stage.

"Congrats, mom," her son said, trying not to stare at the way the wet material clunk to her fat tits.

"Thanks, Champ. I need to slip into the ladies'room and put on my dry shirt."

"I think I'm gonna head back to the loft and get some rest for tomorrow," the boy stated, trying to conceal the erection he'd gotten from watching his mom on stage.

"Oh, ok, honey…I'll be along in a little while," Maddy told him. She was no dummy. She knew her son must be reeling in arousal from what he'd just witnessed and probably needed to get back to the loft so he could yank one out. She was surprised at how thrilling she'd felt knowing he was watching her throw her giant-mommy melons around on stage.

"Perhaps it's just the alcohol fogging my judgment," she thought as she went in and changed shirts. "No…I was completely sober when I showed him my ass earlier today and it excited the hell out of me."

She rejoined her friends. "Am I a horrible mother?" she asked Baily and Autumn.

"Why would you think that?" Autumn asked.

"I bent over in front of him today like a horny slut," Maddy answered, "then I get on stage and let him see me in a wet t-shirt."

"Maddy, Cole's an adult, he chose to be here, and HE was the one who asked to see your ass, remember?" Baily reminded her.

"Yeah, I know, but I'm the mom. I'm the one who's suppose to be the example and set the limits, aren't I?"

"Would you stop already!" Autumn snapped. "You came here to have a good time and that's what you're doing. Stop beating yourself up over it."

Cole had just drifted off when he heard his mom come in the door. He faked sleep, watching her step over and turn on the shower, which was directly across from the foot of the bed.

Maddy stripped out of her clothes, as if her son wasn't even laying there. She knew he might be asleep, but the naughty side of her hoped he wasn't.

Cole's heart rate increased drastically as his busty mom got completely nude and stepped into the tiny shower. The stall had it's own light, which eliminated every detail of her body for the boy's ogling eyes, since she'd chosen to keep the curtain half-way open.

"Holy damn!" his young mind gasped, watching her suds up her big wobbling boobs. The sight of all those bubbles cascading through the deep canyon between her tits was absolutely captivating.

Maddy was just as thrilled as her son was. She knew that chanced are he was wide awake and watching her put on a show for him. She tilted her neck back, rubbing some shampoo through her wet hair, thrusting her monstrous melons out in the process. If it weren't for the noise of the water running, she would have heard her boy's excited gasp as he stared at her ballooning udders.

She got out, towered off, then through on a skimpy nighty with no bra or panties. If his excitement level wasn't through the roof before, it certainly got there as he peeked at his mother crawling into bed with him. "Cole, are you awake?" he heard her softly whisper.

He decided to continue faking sleep, so he didn't answer her. He felt his mom reach over and gingerly run her hand across his chest. Over the next minute, her touch slowly crept down, grazing softly over his abs. He could barely contain his excited breathing as he felt his mom's hand creep under the waistband of his boxers and on to his throbbing erection. He had jerked out a load after arriving back in the room, but it didn't matter. He was as hard as an iron crowbar.

"Oh my God!" Maddy's brain exclaimed as she handled her boy's long, thick boner. She found herself guessing, based on feel, just how lengthy it could be. "Eight inches…maybe nine?" she excitedly wondered.

Her fingers explored the length of his stalk, gliding down on to his smooth, nut-filled scrotum. Maddy took her time, tracing the

perimeter of each of his cum-filled testicles with her long pink-painted nails.

"God! Wouldn't those feel amazing beating against my asshole!" she lustfully thought.

Her forbidden thoughts suddenly scared her and she quickly removed her hand from Cole's shorts and turned over.

"Are you fucking crazy, Maddy?!" her mind scolded. "He's your fucking son and you're drunk…so go to sleep."

Rest didn't come easy for either one of them.

The next day the group spent time at different bike shows and exhibits related to the event. Even though it seemed like they were just spending "normal" time together, Cole and his mom could hardly keep their eyes off each other.

"Why don't you just rape him and get it over with?" Baily joked to Maddy in a hushed tone, noticing how the two of them couldn't stop checking each other out.

"Eat my ass!" the mother joked back, knowing her friend was right.

That evening the were back at the saloon. The event announcer got on the loudspeaker. "OK, ladies…it's time for our fake orgasm contest!" they shouted.

The females in the saloon erupted in cheers, including Cole's mom, Maddy.

One by one, different women were handed a wireless microphone and began screaming out as if they were having the climax of their life. The crowd cheered after each performance.

As Cole leaned against the bar, enjoying the competition, his mom stepped over and snuggled back against him, while sipping on her beer. The boy felt her lovely round ass press against his cock. The fake orgasmic screams had made him fully erect and he felt his tubular bulge sink into the crevice between her buns.

She peeked back at him and smiled. "Someone's DEFINITELY enjoying this contest," she winked. The mother couldn't wait to see how much her son's dick throbbed against her when she began howling into the microphone.

Finally, the mic was passed to her and she began having the most incredible fake orgasm Cole had ever heard. If he didn't know any better, he would think his mom was actually having an intense climax. To make things even better, she nudged her thick ass back against his cock every time she cried out.

The crowd cheered loudly when she was finished and even Cole clapped from his mom's convincing performance. "That was pretty damn good, mom," he praised.

"Imagine what the real one's sound like," she smiled, giving him a playful look.

"Well, we do live under the same roof, so I do occasionally hear you and dad down the hallway."

"Oh, let me rephrase then…imagine what the real one's sound like… with someone who actually knows how to fuck," she clarified, clenching her ass-meat around his cock.

"Are you saying that dad's no good in bed?"

His mom turned around and leaned into him, mashing her jutting tits against his lean upper chest. They certainly looked like a flirty intimate couple instead of a mother and son. "He's alright in bed… but he certainly couldn't make me scream and shake like someone

young and handsome like you could," she confessed, gazing into his eyes.

"You think so, huh?" Cole asked.

"Uh-huh," she muttered, her bee-stung lips curled into a salacious grin. "So tell me something, Champ. These times that you 'hear' your father and I having sex down the hallway. Do you massage your…man muscle while you're listening?"

"I'm not gonna lie," Cole answered, "I do sometimes."

"So it turns you on listening to mommy get fucked?" she candidly inquired, knowing it was partly the alcohol that was making her so brazen.

"Yes," he nodded. "I'll admit, it does."

"Did you wanna beat your hardon at the Rest Stop yesrerday, when I bent over in front of you?"

"That was incredible, so honestly, yes."

"Oh, my poor Champ. When was the last time you had some release, honey?"

"Not since last night."

"Oh, you mean after you watched mom and the other girls shake their big, wet tits up on stage?"

"Yes."

Maggy's beautiful blue eyes gazed at him a moment. She knew this could be a pivotal point in their relationship. "We can't fuck each other, Cole. You know that right?" she softly asked.

"Yeah, I know," he answered with a bit of disappointment.

"However…would you like me to peel my panties off for you again and let you cum on my ass?" she brazenly asked.

"I'd be stupid to say no," her son answered in an anxious tone.

Cole felt his mom's long nails gingerly trace over the knob of his cock through his pants. "Maybe if you're a good boy…I'll let you drag the tip of your hardon through my wet cunt-slit. No penetration though," she warned.

"Got it!" the boy sighed, his heart nearly beating out of his chest with excitement.

Maddy took her son's hand and led him out of the saloon.

Autumn and Baily looked at each other and smiled. "I wonder where they're heading off to in such a hurry?" Baily asked.

"No you don't," Autumn giggled. "You know exactly where they're heading off to in such a hurry."

Once inside the loft, Maddy reached under her skirt and peeled her thong panties off. "Your turn, Champ," she smiled, looking at his pants. "Get 'em off!"

Cole unzipped his fly, then pulled his pants and briefs off at the same time. His stiff young dick bobbed up and down in full hardness. He loved the look on his mom's face as she stared at it lustfully. "Mm, is that long pink python ready to squirt some venom on mommy's ass?" she cooed.

"You bet!" Cole declared, grasping onto it and slowly stroking his knob.

The mother lifted her skirt, then swung her big naked ass around, pointing it at her teen shamelessly. Cole's tongue nearly hung out as he stared at his mom's meaty ass and puffy cuntal clam-shell. He

watched her reach down between her legs and use two fingers to peel apart her outer labia, exposing her creamy coral-colored grotto. "Come on, honey. Come rub your crown through my camel toe and get it wet," she urged. "I'll help you get it nice n slippery, so you can stroke on it."

Cole stepped forward and gasped with excitement as he rubbed the tender pinkish-purple knob of his cock through her juice-slickened mommy-slit. The heat of her fuck pit radiated across his glans, making pre-cum bubble from his meatus.

"Drag it down against my clitoris, honey," Maddy mewled. "Rub our genital bulbs together."

"Wow!" the boy snarled, digging at her sweet spot with the knob of his prick. Maddy's clit looked like a mini version of her boy's bell tip. The feel of his barbed knob pushing up against both her tender nubbin and it's fleshy domed hood sent tingles of pleasure coursing through her heavy-titted body.

The boy's cock flexed in delight as it dug back up across her perineum and through the crack of her ass.

"You like that, Champ?" his beautiful mother asked, smiling back at him.

"Yeah, I could do this all night."

"Well…we certainly have all night. Do you wanna try it a different way?" she asked.

"Sure."

"Let's turn out the lights and spoon on the bed. Just remember, we can't fuck each other," his mom advised.

"Understood!" he said, then watched his mother turn and shed his t-shirt.

"Look at you…all handsome and naked in front of your mother," she teased, roaming her eyes across his lean frame. "I suppose you want ME to get completely naked now, huh?"

"Would you?" he anxiously asked.

"That means you'd have to look at my huge bouncy tits. Are you sure you're OK with that, honey?" she teased.

"A little more than ok," he confessed.

"Well, in that case…" the mother muttered, then slipped off her sexy halter top.

Cole's eyes got as big as silver dollars as he stared at his mom's gigantic bra-encased tits. The white bra Maddy was wearing was made of completely transparent mesh, putting her tits on full display through the fabric. The teen had never seen such wide, thick-textured areola before and her nipples were long and plump. He still hadn't fully realized their true enormity until his mom reached back, unclasped the hooks and pulled the cups from her bosom.

"Damn, mom!" he admired, astounded at the way they bobbled out onto her chest heavily.

"What's the matter, Champ? See something you like better than my ass?"

"I love 'em both equally," he answered.

"Do you now?" she beamed. "Does that mean you'd enjoy having you boner smothered between my meaty tits as much as plowing through my ass-crack?"

"Probably," he smiled.

"Well then…you can rub your dick all over mommy tonight, as long as it doesn't go inside me, and that includes my mouth and ass," she informed him.

"Everywhere else though?" Cole asked in disbelief.

"Sure…but let's start by spooning," she insisted, crawling onto the bed, then dropping on her side. "Click off the light, honey."

Cole did as his mom suggested, then laid down behind her. Maddy wasted no time scooting her ass back to meet his crotch. Her boy's lengthy cock pointed up towards his chin as it lodged in the deep crevice of her butt-crack.

Because the room was so small, part of the full-sized mattress met the wall on one side. Maddy pushed her boy back against it with her thick ass and began grinding it against his cock. Cole loved

being trapped between the wall and his mom's body. Her big naked bubble booty felt divine humping up against his crotch.

"Wanna make a deal?" his horny mom asked, peeking back at him.

"Sure."

"I'll let you squeeze my tits if I can kiss you," Maddy offered.

"Like I'm gonna turn down a deal like that," her boy blurted.

The dry humping mother turned her head and locked lips with her boy. Cole wasn't prepared for how deep and sensual her kisses were. His nervous hands reached around a took two great big handfuls of squishy tit-meat.

"Mmmnn," the mother moaned, adding her long thick tongue to the equation, flickering it around inside Cole's mouth. The teen willingly

brought his own licker to life and engaged her in a deep sensual French kiss.

Now they felt like every essential part of their bodies were immersed in an intimate dry-humping union.

After a few minutes, when it didn't seem like her son could keep up with her relentless smooching, the mother giggled and turned her body towards her boy. She coiled her arms around his neck, mashing her oversized tits against his chest as she fused her lips back against his and kissed him frantically.

"Holy fuck…mom's really getting into this!" Cole's brain exclaimed. He felt her silky tan leg wrap up around his midsection as she pushed her shaved pudenda up against his rigid cock and dry-humped on it.

"Come on, sexy boy…put some thunder in those hips," Maddy hissed between kisses.

Cole suddenly realized he'd just been laying there, making her do all the work. He certainly wasn't gonna make his mother cream without some effort on his part. He quickly set his hips in motion, meeting her hump for hump. "There you go!" his mom gasped, feeling his thick muscular cock plow through her labial folds and across her engorged clitoris.

Their bodies clutched and writhed together in a heated rhythm, making the bed creak as it rocked back and forth. They were certainly going through the motions of an uninhibited fuck, but without penetration.

Maddy rolled her teen on top of her, kissing him wildly, while harnessing her lovely legs high around his back. "OH, COLE!" she squealed, rocking her pelvis wildly beneath him, while creaming against his cock.

The teen was just as aroused as she was and his throbbing boner began spitting ropes between their grinding genitals. For nearly five glorious minutes they shared in a trembling mutual orgasm. No words were shared afterwards. Maddy turned her boy over and they held each other in the sweethearts cuddle position, then drifted off to sleep together.

"I fucked up last night," Maddy admitted as she sat between her two friends at breakfast.

"You guys fucked, didn't you?" Baily asked.

"No, there was no penetration. We just dry fucked, but I did almost let things go way too far."

"Maddy, your son's hot and you were drunk. No one is judging you for having a weak moment," Autumn stated.

"Thanks, but there's only one problem with that."

"What?"

"I'm sober now and all I can think about is going back to the room and letting him fuck the shit outta me all day," she admitted.

"Then you should just fuck him," Baily suggested.

"I can't 'just fuck him,' he's my son."

"Maddy please, mothers and sons fuck all the time. It's not that big of a deal," Autumn remarked.

"It's true. I've already decided I'm fucking my two boys, as soon as they turn eighteen," Baily admitted.

"I can't!"

"Why not?" Baily asked.

"Because if I do I'll probably get addicted to Cole's dick and want it all the time once we get back home," Maddy confessed.

"So…that's a problem why?" Autumn asked.

"Sam, that's why!"

"You're worried about cheating on Sam?" Baily asked.

"God no, I'll cheat on Sam, I don't care about that. I just don't want him catching Cole and I in the act."

"Well, Cole has a motorbike now, so maybe the two of you could take little trips outside of town, park somewhere private, and you could give him the old ride-a-roo," Autumn suggested.

"It's the perfect time to practice that one today. The charity ride starts in about an hour," Baily reminded them.

"Yeah, maybe Cole could do some charity and DONATE some cum to that hot horny pussy of yours," Autumn giggled.

"Haha…very funny," Maddy smiled.

An hour later the Road Raiders were among hundreds of other bikers riding twenty-five miles through the countryside for a charitable cause.

All Cole could think about while he rode was the sexy woman sitting behind him and how incredible it felt to dry fuck her the night before. Little did he know, his mom was having devilish thoughts about him also. The group paused at a stop sign and Maddy leaned forward, whispering into her son's ear. "Wanna ditch this event?" she asked.

"Ditch it…and go where?" he asked.

"If you go left here, there's an old abandoned barn a couple miles down the road," his mom informed him. She brought her sexy legs up around his waist, so her sneakers rested on his tank.

"An abandoned barn?" he asked in confusion.

"Yeah, the perfect place to pull off the road and fuck, like a couple of farm animals," she stated in a cock-hungry tone.

"Left it is!" he blurted, quickly separating from the rest of the group.

On the back of their husband's bikes, Baily and Autumn watched the boy and his mom disappear, then looked over at each other with a knowing smile.

Cole's red Harley raced down the backroad. His mom directed him down an old overgrown driveway and behind a huge rundown barn out in the middle of nowhere. By the time he stopped and shut off the engine, she already had his stiff cock out of his pants. She slowly stroked it up and down. "You just stay put," she directed. "Someone got to ride their hog today, now mom gets to ride hers."

She got off the bike and stripped off her skimpy denim micro shorts, then her dainty panties. She climbed onto her boy, straddling him as he sat on the bike with his boots firmly planted on the ground. "Now, you don't move an inch," Maddy insisted. "You just sit there with your big yummy dick pointed straight up and let mommy screw her hot cunt all over it," she cooed.

Cole wasn't about to object.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, as he felt his mom feed his prick inside the heat of her juicy orifice.

Maddy's velvet vagina sheathed her boy's entire boner, then she began swaying her hips around wildly, fucking his dick, while clinging tightly onto him.

Because the boy had a long dick, he was able to feel his knob stirring around against the puffy ring of her cervical entrance. "WHOA!" he sighed, feeling her slippery spongy walls swath his tender knob.

Maddy marveled at just how hard and muscular her boy's cock felt inside her. She certainly preferred this rock- hard teenage meat over the unreliable dick of her husband. Cole's meaty manhood packed the delicate pink walls of her vagina, probing areas her husband's dick could never reach.

"Shit, mom!" the boy sighed, grasping her rounded ass cheeks with both hands, while she gyrated on his lap. Maddy wore a skimpy pink bikini top and her huge tits sloshed wildly against her son's chest.

"OHHH, FUCK YESSS!" the busty mother cried out, wrapping her sexy tan legs around her boy and fucking him like crazy. Her mature pussy pumped around her boy's unyielding penile flesh. Along her cuntal lining were rows thick-textured ribs. Muscular bands that encircled her vagina and anus constricted tightly, causing her birthing tube to clench up around her boy's hard penis like an exquisitely-ribbed fist. Cuntal lubricant that had secreted from her glans allowed Cole's tender pink dick to slip along the clasping flesh of his mom's fuck chamber, giving him extraordinary pleasure.

"Oh wow that feel good, mom!" he groaned.

"I'm feeling good too, baby! Mommy's about to gush all over that purple-headed soldier!"

Maddy pumped her cunt on his cock frantically. She finally reached that golden peak and her body shuddered wildly, then she let out a scream of pleasure that literally startled her boy.

The muscles in her vagina contracted and female ejaculate hissed from the bulging meatus of her urethra. Cole felt his mom's liquid-cum squelch against his cock root, then cascade down over his nuts

and onto his bike seat. For several wonderful minutes the boy let his mom use his cock to milk out all the pleasure her orgasm would provide.

The loving mother brought her lips to her boy's ear, still clinging tightly and gently stirring his steely prick inside her. "Mm, do you like mommy giving you a wet dick, honey?" she asked sensually. "Massaging that big muscular slab of cock with her strong pussy muscles."

Maddy flexed her cunt skillfully, making her vaginal muscles ripple across the flesh of her boy's boner. "Wanna take me into the barn, baby? Do you wanna give your big breasted mom a lay on the hay?" she mewled.

"Yeck, yes!" Her son answered.

Maddy hopped off him and rushed into the old barn. "Put that kickstand down and come get some!" she insisted.

By the time the boy got into the barn his mom was no where to be seen. "Where are you?" he called, his voice echoing through the huge open interior. His big bullhorn bobbed stiffly on his crotch, still glistening his mom's cuntal secretions.

Maddy's pink bikini top suddenly landed on his head and he heard her giggling from the loft above. Hurriedly, the boy climb the ladder. Rays of sunlight shined in from between the slats overhead, illuminating the loft area. His mom stood by pile of straw in a sexy pose, with her big stiff-nippled udders thrust out and one sexy leg cocked in front of the other. "Are you ready to fuck hard, baby?" she asked, rolling her tongue across her lips salaciously. "Are you ready to beat our hot genitals together for hours and cum like crazy?"

"Damn, yes!" the boy excitedly answered, shucking off his pants. His big boner bobbed on his loins like a stiff tree branch. A bubbling

bead of gooey precum wept from his piss-slit and oozed towards the floor.

The teen watched his mom lower her back onto the straw-pile, making her giant boobies shimmy across her chest. She raised her dainty bare feet with their pink painted toenails from the straw as she bowed open her thick tan thighs lewdly. She was scissoring her luscious legs widely, just like Cole had

always wickedly imagined her doing. "Do you see something you wanna sink your stiff cock into?" she teased.

Cole stared for a moment at his mom's shaved pussy. The thick flanges of her inner labium were curled open like fleshy pink butterfly wings. The bulb of her clitoris protruded out from beneath it's hooded prepuce. The way she was spread made the lovely round cheeks of her ass bulge out and spread apart, exposing the crinkled elastic ring of her butthole.

"Come on, baby. Come pound this hot biker momma right through the floor," she uttered. "Come sheath that sexy cock in my hot, wet pussy!"

Cole rushed over and lowered down on top of his mom. She squealed and threw her silky legs around him as his cock plunged inside her. The boy pumped his prick home on every thrust, enjoying the resistance of her slippery cuntal walls. He could hardly believe that he was pumping his cock through the same tube that had once birthed him. He was sure his mom was positioned much the same way when she squeezed him out of her vagina. Now she was utilizing the same cuntal muscles that had pushed him down her birthing tube. She chewed at his pink cock with the thick mucosal tissue of her vagina. Then, she kissed him in ways mom's weren't suppose to smooch their boys, lashing her long pink licker all around inside his mouth.

The teen's big balls beat against his mom's asshole, making a wet clapping sound echo through the old barn. Cole wasn't a porn star by any means, but he had once fucked a girl a few years older than him who taught him a few tricks.

He reached under his mom's back and grasped onto her shoulders. Then, he thrust his cock deep inside her and held it there in full penetration.

"OHH, FUCK!" Maddy gasped, feeling her boy's rigid boner flex inside her, making Cole's bell tip mushroom even bigger against her cervix.

She clung on to her teen and writhed around beneath him, tossing her long platinum-blonde hair back as she was struck with a juicy climax. "OHH, YES, FUCKER!" she gasped, wrestling wildly beneath her boy, clawing at his bobbing ass, making him pump into her harder and faster. "FUCK, YESS!!" she screamed out, trembling with a tit-quivering climax.

Cole latched on to one of her rubbery nipples and sucked lustfully while he fucked. He spread his lusty lips out across the huge ring of her areola, sectioning more spongy flesh into his mouth. For nearly an hour the teen hammered his mom up the pussy, varying his fuck-rhythm and bringing her off several more times. He held off his own climax as long as he could.

"UGHH, MOM…I'M GONNA CUM!! He finally announced.

The lucky boy was so fucking turned on that he saw stars flash in front of his eyes as his cock shot off inside the clasping tube of Maddy's cunt. Big fat cords of pearlescent-colored ball juice splashed through the inside of Maddy's vagina, coating the head of her cervix with hot baby making goo.

"I'm getting worried," Baily stated as her and Autumn sat having a drink in the saloon. "It's been almost four hours and they're not back yet."

"Baily, this isn't her husband she's fucking…it's Cole. Teenage studs can go multiple times. He's probably fucking the life out of her," Autumn assured her.

"Fucking the life out of her?! That doesn't exactly comfort me."

"Not literally, dummy! You know what I mean. Maddy is like us… she's a hypersexual housewife. She's probably met her match and is getting fucked six way till Sunday."

"We should go check on them. What if the owner of the barn came along, caught them in the act and has them locked up in a cage somewhere?" Baily expressed.

Autumn burst out laughing. "Girl, you watch WAY too many of those Lifetime movies!"

"It's not that far. We can take my husband's bike," Baily said, standing up. "Are you coming?"

"The burnout competition is in an hour."

"Yes, I know, another reason to be worried. Cole was entering that competition, remember?"

"Alright, fine…I'll go with you, but if I'm right and they're still rutting away in that old barn, you owe me a fucking drink," Autumn stated.

Baily borrowed her husband's Harley and drove her and Autumn out to the old barn. "His bike's still here," she announced as they coasted down the hill and stopped next to Cole's red Harley.

They got off the motorcycle and wandered into the old barn. "We better not find them dead in here," Baily uttered.

When they arrived inside, they could hear Maddy gasping in pleasure from up in the loft.

"Yess! Fuck me hard, baby…just like that!" Her voice cried out.

"She sounds far from dead…or locked in a cage," Autumn whispered. "You owe me a drink."

"Let's perv on them really quick," Baily suggested.

"No…we eased our worried minds, now let's go back to town and let them have their fun."

"Just a quick peek," Baily smiled, climbing the ladder to the loft.

The wooden ladder was wide enough for both women to climb up, side by side. When they neared the top, they peeked sneakily over at the sexually engaged couple. Maddy was leaned against the barn wall and Cole was fucking her from behind. Their bodies were glistening with sweat, like they been at it vigorously for several hours.

The teen stared lustfully at his mom's bare buttocks. Her ass-flesh rippled delightfully each time it struck his thrusting mid-section.

"Can't get enough of that sweet pussy, can you, baby?" the mother asked, peeking back at him. Her giant tits dangled from her chest, swinging around wildly from the rhythm of their fucking.

"You're right about that!" he answered, grasping her wide motherly hips for leverage as he socked his prick through the juicy grip of her vagina.

"Fuck!" Baily suddenly whispered, looking panicked.

"What?" Autumn asked, watching her friend try to fight off a sneeze. "Baily, no…don't do it!" she warned in a hushed tone.

Baily was already past the point of no return and sneezed loudly, startling Maddy and her son.

"Baily?!" the blonde-haired mother asked as her and her son separated and stared in the direction of the new arrivals.

Caught red handed, Baily and Autumn climbed up into the loft. "Sorry, it was HER idea," Autumn complained. "I told her you guys were probably fine out here."

"I just wanted to check…and you weren't answering your phone, so…WOW!!" Baily exclaimed, her eyes going wide as she stared at Cole's jutting cock.

"Nice dick, Cole!" Autumn complimented, equally intrigued by the steely hardness of his penis.

"Thanks," the boy blushed, making no effort to cover himself.

"His cock hasn't gone soft since we got here. Can you believe it?" Maddy beamed. Over the past four hours she'd been fucked silly by her stud son and experienced dozens of mind-blowing orgasms.

"Well…maybe a dick so big and thick is like a giant tree," Autumn remarked. "Maybe it takes a whole team to bring it down."

"I agree," Baily blurted eagerly. "A team of horny moms."

"What do you think, Champ?" Maddy asked her son. "Will it take three big breasted MILFs to make that thing go soft?"

"I guess we could try and see," Cole answered.

"I'm down with that," Autumn said, quickly pulling off her shorts and panties at once, exposing her shaved pussy.

A few minutes later, Cole was on his back in the straw, feeling three thick tongues explore his cock and balls. The mothers all leaned over him, with their naked asses pointed out and huge tits dangling down.

"Pull your knees back, baby," his mother softly requested.

After doing this, the boy looked down and watched his mom position herself near his butt. She buried her pretty face between his buns and began lashing her tongue against his asshole. Autumn was sucking his nuts, licking and slurping on their oval-shaped surface. Cole's view was suddenly obscured by Baily's thick rounded bubble butt. She lowered her cunt-slit to his mouth as she leaned down and began sucking his cock.

"Mmnnff!" the boy gasped, digging his licker through the fragrant folds of Baily's pussy.

For a long while, he enjoyed the wonderful oral skills of three grown women. Every few minutes, they would switch spots, allowing each a turn at having their pussy devoured, while gorging their mouths and throats on his thick young prick.

Baily and Autumn each had a testicle in their mouth, playing tug-of-war with his nuts. They whimpered lustfully, tugging his balls in opposite directions, stretching the cord of his vas deferens.

Meanwhile, Cole wiggled his tongue up into his mom's hot pussy-hole, enjoying her pungent cuntal aroma, while feeling her lovely mouth slurp up and down the length of his cock. "Oh fuck…I could get addicted to sucking this cock!" his mom gasped, then plunged his boner back down her throat.

"My pussy's on fire!" Baily hissed lustfully as the boy's gonad popped from her mouth wet and distended. "Can we fuck him now?"

Maddy sat upright, so she straddled her boy's cunt-smothered face. Baily mounted his midsection, grasping his boner and squeezing it inside her aroused vagina. "Ohh, fuck yes! It's stretching me so good!" she mewled, wasting no time pumping up down on the boy's prick. She squealed delightfully as she felt his knob knock against the head of her cervix. "Ohh, he's a little womb-bandit, isn't he?!"

"Don't you just love how long and thick his dick feels?" Maddy asked.

"Fuck yes! I see now why you've kept him out here for so long."

"I wanna fuck him now!" Autumn purred stroking the boy's chest as she hovered beside him eagerly.

"Hold on!" Baily gasped, swiveling her hips, grinding their bare crotches in full penetration. "You'll get your turn."

Cole whimpered into the pussy flesh that was masking his face as he felt his rigid boner stretch Baily's uteri in every direction.

His mom climbed off, kneeling beside him. Cole gazed up at her giant udders as they wobbled above him for a moment, before mashing down against his upper chest as she leaned over, then began licking and kissing his neck. This caused the boy to thrust his hips upward excitedly, lifting Baily and making her eyes roll back instantly.

"FUCK!! YESS!!" she cried out. Her fatty triple d-cup mommy-melons rippled like gelatin as her body shuddered in orgasm. For several minutes she soaked the boy's dick with her juices as she delighted in her powerful vaginal contractions.

"Let me at that dick!" Autumn insisted, wasting no time mounting him right after his erection slipped wetly from Baily's pussy.

His mom was still licking and sucking at his neck heatedly, while smothering his upper chest in squishy tit-meat. He looked past her head and could see her friend Autumn grasp his cock with her hand. Her bare vulva lowered to his fat purple bell and crammed it up through her cuntal cleavage, into the heat of her fuck-pit.

"Ahhh!" the boy moaned, feeling his tender cock-meat sink up the pleated tube of her cunt. Like her friends before her, Autumn was eager to feel the satisfying stiffness of Cole's cock thundering

through her honey-hole. She planted her knees firmly astride his hips and began bobbing her lovely round ass

up and down, fucking him with full-length thrusts. "FUCK!" she whimpered. "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK…HE FEELS AMAZING!!"

Cole stared at her big ballooning tits as they leaped up and down her chest. Autumn's daughter Melissa was the first girl the boy had ever fucked. Her mom was much like her, just curvier and more experienced.

Baily joined the teen's mother, leaning over to shower his face and neck with kisses. "Do you like this, Cole?" she asked tenderly. "Do you like fucking hot MILF pussy?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped.

"Mm, you like these big squishy titties rubbing all over you too, don't you, honey?" his mom asked between kisses.

"Definitely!"

Maddy and Baily dangled their heavy tits over the boy, letting them drag softly all over his wonder-filled face. Cole licked the rings of their areola and sucked on their thick aroused nipples.

Meanwhile, Autumn was riding the fuck out of his cock. Her body gave off wonderful involuntary convulsions as she began grunting loudly and cumming on the unyielding stiffness of his hardon.

"My turn!" Maddy whispered, switching spots with Autumn. The boy's pink boner slipped from one pussy, glistening with secretions, then was quickly sheathed in his mother's cuntal flesh.

Autumn and Baily's boobs were like the opening act at a rock show. His mom's gigantic tan jiggle-bosom was the main event. They swung wildly as she rode him, like huge fleshy buoys being tossed

around in a rough sea. Her shaved pubis beat against his, creating a wet clapping sound that got more intense by the second.

"Damn I love fucking you!" the blonde-haired mom hollered, her voice trembling in pleasure.

Cole was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it. Having one hot mom shower him with affection was thrilling enough, but three was beyond anything he imaged. He kissed them passionately, feeling their long tongues spin frenziedly inside his mouth. Baily and Autumn drug their fatty tits all over his face, letting him explore the huge rounded undersides as well as their gaping cleavages.

"Slap my ass, bitches!!" Maddy shouted.

As her two friends giggled and moved over beside her, the mother leaned forward on extended arms that rested astride her boy's head. She increased her fuck-tempo, making her meaty mommy-buttocks bounce and ripple wildly.

Baily was the first to SMACK the humping mother's ass-cheek. "THAT'S IT…FUCK THAT COCK, WHORE!!" she cheered.

Autumn SLAPPED Maddy's jiggling butt-meat, making her fatty ass-flesh ripple. "FUCK THAT BIG TEENAGE COCK!" she shouted. "CUM ALL OVER HIM!!"

Cole was hypnotized by the way his mom's udders were swinging above his face. His mom was a mind reader, lowering her mams onto him, so his entire head sunk down into her warm squishy cleavage. Again, her girlfriends struck her bobbing ass encouragingly. "Come tittie-queen…gush all over that long fat prick!" Baily shouted.

Cole's muscled cock-flesh thundered through the tube of his mom's most secret place, flexing with rejuvenating hardness. His pretty mom responded by tightening her pelvic floor muscles, making her

thick corrugated walls compress around the boy's meat-piston. Hot fuck-oil continued to secrete from her Skene glands, mixing with the boy's pre-ejaculate to lubricate their fervid sexual union.

"Fuck! You're gonna make me cum again, baby!!" Maddy announced.

She kissed his lips in a lust-filled frenzy, sending exquisite tingles of pleasure shooting through Cole's young body. "Damn, mom…you're gonna make me cum too!" he groaned, feeling a surge of jizz rocket up his urethral tube.

"Fuck her hard, Cole!" Autumn shouted.

"Beat that hot pussy up, baby boy!" Baily added.

Mother and son both climaxed at once, creating an explosion of ejaculatory fluids in and around their pounding genitals. The teen grunted like an animal, hosing out fat cords, while feeling his mom's voluptuous body writhe and tremble on top of him. For nearly five minutes, they milked out as much mutual pleasure as they could.

A huge crowd of bike enthusiasts were gathered for the burnout competition, which was getting ready to conclude. "Any other entries this year?" one of the judges asked loudly.

The rev of a Harley engine cut through the crowd and Cole and his mom emerged. She was riding in front, facing him this time, on his lap, with her tits pressed against his chest. "I'll give it a whirl!" Cole shouted. "Sorry I'm late."

"Alright, son…you're up. Let's see what you got."

Spark Plug Mike stood nearby and let out an evil chuckle. "I thought maybe you got smart and chickened out," he growled.

"No chance!" Maddy answered for her boy, glaring at the bearded biker. She gave her boy a sensual kiss, raising the eyebrows of many of the onlookers. "Kick some ass, Champ," she whispered, then joined the crowd.

Cole was nervous as hell. His only experience was watching an instructional YouTube video and doing a few practice burnouts before they left home, which didn't go very well. He stood with both boots planted firmly on the ground astride his bike, then applied the brake.

"Hey we go, folks!" the announcer shouted. "Let's see what he's got!"

Cole revved the engine and made the back tire spin, immediately creating a plume of smoke. The crowd began cheering him on.

"WHHOOOAA!!" Maddy, Baily and Autumn screamed with their arms up, bouncing around like three excited teenage girls at a football game. Their heavy tits bobbled wildly beneath their bikini tops.

"Oh shit!" Cole thought as his throttle stuck. Now he couldn't stop his tire from spinning even if he wanted to. He was quickly enveloped in a huge cloud of smoke, concealing the fact that he was struggling to get the bike revved back down.

The crown continued cheering as the friction on the pavement caused his tire to catch fire.

"Wow, this kid's going full throttle!" the announcer shouted excitedly.

Spark Plug Mike's jaw dropped as he watched what appeared to be a daring displayed of control and burnout skill.

Thankfully, Cole was finally able to get the throttle unstuck, revving the engine down. Men quickly move in with fire extinguishers and doused the blaze.

"I think we have an unquestionable winner, folks!" the announcer shouted, rushing an impressive-looking trophy to the boy. However, the award was nothing compared to the amount of biker babes surrounding him, rubbing their squishy tits against his body as they cheered for him.

Spark Plug's giant body moved through the crowd and he towered over the teen, ominously at first. "Pretty impressive, kid!" he blurted.

"Thanks," Cole replied, then looked over at his toasted tire. "My bike's not looking too good right now though."

"Ah, that's nothin'!" Mike scoffed. "There ain't no damage to the rim. Tell you what…you gave me such a good deal on that knucklehead, I'll throw a new tire on there tomorrow morning for you."

"Thanks, Mike!" Cole smiled, exchanging a fist-pump with the gruff-looking biker.

"Maybe you're not so bad after all," Maddy smiled, winking at the giant biker.

The Road Raiders went back to the saloon to celebrate Cole's victory. Of course, Maddy and her son were anxious to get back to the loft, so they could celebrate in their own way.

Bedsprings squeaked repetitively beneath the humping couple.

"Guess who the proud new recipient of this year's burnout trophy is?" Maddy asked her husband, holding her phone her ear as she sat upright, bouncing on her boy's cock.

Cole's tongue nearly hung out as his eyes traveled up his mom's curvy body, starting with her bobbing crotch. He could see the spike of his muscled cock, with her labium stretched around it, spearing in and out of his mom's fuck-pit. Her fat clitoris struck out from under the dome of it's protective sheath, like a stump in a swamp. It

jiggled fantastically every time her shaved pubis beat against her boy's cock-base.

"I know…I'm so damn proud of him I could just scream!" the mother beamed, staring lustfully down at her boy as his eyes continued to drift up her body. His gazed became fixed on the big meaty contours of her tits. The way his mom was pumping her body up and down made her milkers jump around on

her chest. The squishy flesh rippled and sloshed, her thick rubbery teats jiggling at the centers of her wide pinkish-purple tit-caps.

"We're in the loft celebrating his victory right now," Maddy stated, then listened to her husband's reply. "I know there's not much room to celebrate in here, but it's just him and I…and we're celebrating in our own special way, aren't we, Champ?" Maddy asked, winking down at her boy.

"We sure are!" Cole answered with thrill in his voice.

Once she hung up the phone, the mother slipped off him, climbing on her hands and knees. "Fuck me doggy-style, baby!" she requested, wagging her sexy tan ass back and forth invitingly.

Cole obliged, mounting her haunches and slamming his big prick through the split of her cunt. The horny mother peeked back at her boy. "Rev my engine, Champ! Light my cunt on fire like you did your motorbike!" she mewled, throwing her ass back at him, meeting his thrusts with one's of her own. Her heavy jugs swung wildly as they hung down off her chest.

Cole's first experience at Bullet City Bike Week was one he'd never forget. He was secretly hoping his father wouldn't be able to attend next year either. Although if he did, maybe him and his mom could start their own contest. How to cheat on your spouse at a public event, without being caught.

"Mom and I would kill it!" the boy thought, grasping onto her soft wide hips and pounding his cock home.

THE END

149: No Dad December

No Dad December

By Klrxo

November 30th

"I can't have sex with my husband for one month?! Are you serious?!" Holly exclaimed. The busty dark-haired 39-year-old sat having coffee with her friends, Sharon and Felicia.

"Why do you think the challenge is called 'No Dick December?' Sharon asked. "No dick means NO DICK…not even from our husbands."

"NOT EVEN from our husbands?!" Felicia blurted, cocking and eyebrow. "Wow, Sharon…way to inadvertently announce that you're cheating on Bob."

"Oh, come on…like you didn't you didn't know I was fucking around behind his back."

"Well, I knew about the guy you screwed on the cruise ship last summer, but I didn't know you had someone recent."

"Only once a week. He's married too, so it's not like we can fuck all the time. And I promise he's not either one of your husbands," Sharon shared, making her friends laugh.

"Good to know," Felicia replied. "I'd cut Fred's dick off if I knew he was sleeping with one of my best friends."

"I can't go A DAY without sex, you guys," Holly revealed. "How the hell am I suppose to go A MONTH without it?"

"You better dust off that vibrator, girl," Sharon chuckled.

"What vibrator? I haven't owned a vibrator in years."

"Well, I know what I'm getting YOU for Christmas," Sharon stated. "They have ones that operate by using an app now, they're amazing!"

"Nice idea, but Christmas isn't until the end of the month," Holly reminded her. "What's am I suppose to do until then?"

"What's wrong with using the shower head?" Sharon answered. "There's all sorts of creative things around the house to use to masturbate with, if you're desperate enough."

Holly reacted by giving her friends a skeptical grin. "Are we SERIOUSLY doing this?" she asked.

"Why not? It'll be fun." Sharon replied.

"No…getting laid is fun," Holly remarked. "Going a month without dick because of some silly social media challenge…not so much!"

Felicia chimed in. "My sister went a few weeks without dick once. She said it was like a sexual fast. When she finally did get fucked again she told me her orgasm was ten times as intense, because of how long she went without one."

"See, there you go," Sharon uttered, smiling at Holly. "There WILL be gold at the end of that thirty-day rainbow."

"There's thirty-one days in December, wise-ass!"

"Thirty…thirty-one…what's an extra day?"

"Another day of hell if it's without sex," Holly replied. She wasn't as in to these 'social media challenges' as her girlfriends were. Usually, she went along with them and ended up having unexpected fun in the process. However, there was one HUGE issue with 'No Dick December.' Holly was EXTREMELY hyper-sexual. She often wore her husband out in her endless pursuit of sexual pleasure. Foreplay was fine, but what really did it for her was hard, rough, deep vaginal penetration. It was like a drug that she needed daily, and her fear was, like anyone addict to something, that she'd go out of her mind without it.

December 2nd

It was only day number two of the challenge and Holly was already going bonkers. She tried to occupy herself with busy tasks around the house, but found her mind drifting to sex with her husband, Ed. Masturbation wasn't usually something she did. As long as Ed pounded her for at least an hour nightly and got her off a few times, she'd have her fix, until the next evening. Now, only a day in, the housewife

was wishing she hadn't agreed to participate. "What am I, an idiot?!" she thought. "Why did I even agree to this? Why did I agree to be miserable, just so I could go along with some stupid challenge?!"

When she told her husband about the silly challenge, he laughed and promised to help support her resolve. She warned him that she would probably cave and want sex, but begged him to not give in, and to make her fulfill the challenge at all costs. "You know, this might be easier for us both of us if I picked up some extra hours at work in the evenings," he suggested.

"Ed, if it's gonna make us spend time apart, then I won't do it," Holly stated.

"It's not forcing us to do anything, but they do offer overtime this time of year, and it would give me an excuse to pick up some

evenings to make some extra Christmas money."

Holly knew it made sense. Extra cash was always good to have around the holidays, and having her husband at home less in the evenings would mean no temptation around, which might make 'No Dick December' a little more accomplishable. "I suppose it would help relieve some financial stress around the holidays," she agreed. The couple had two children, their daughter, Olivia, was fourteen, and their oldest was Manny, who had just turned eighteen. Gifts certainly didn't come cheap for kids that age.

"My first wrestling match is this Thursday. You guys are coming, right?" Manny asked, while the family sat at the dinner table.

Holly and her husband looked at each other and cringed. "Shoot! Manny, are you just finding out about this?" his mother asked.

"No, I actually found out last Friday, but forgot to tell you guys."

"Well, I can certainly be there, that's not a problem, but your father just picked up a bunch of evening hours at work, so…"

"I'll definitely be at the next one though, kiddo," Ed stated. "I'll make sure I leave that evening free."

"Thanks, dad," Manny smiled.

Manny's sister, Olivia, chimed in. "Yeah, you certainly don't wanna miss a bunch of guys in tights fondling each other."

"Olivia…not funny!" her mother scolded.

"What mom, it's true! That's all wrestling is."

Ed chimed in, providing a brief history of the sport, which resulted in plenty of eye-rolls from his daughter. While he spoke, Manny looked over at his beautiful mother, who returned a sweet smile. Holly came

from a family rich in Italian heritage, giving her a deep olive-colored complexion. She had a full mane of silky brown hair with caramel highlights that swept down past her shoulders. Her brown eyes were full of motherly love and her lips were plump and coated with a layer of pink, rose-colored lipstick. Manny's eyes drifted down to her swollen breasts. These were the center of many a masturbatory fantasy of his, while growing up. He knew from stealing peeks at her bra-tag that she was a 34H cup. His mom always wore snug tops, which made the fabric cling to the meaty contours of her boobs. Sometimes, he could even see the thick nubs of her teats protruding out from beneath the fabric. When Holly got up to clear some dishes, her giant mammaries wobbled heavily beneath her cami top. Her boy's eyes drifted to her luscious legs. They were encased in a clingy pair of dark-gray yoga pants and crowned by an incredible ass, with plump, rounded cheeks. The way her meaty mommy-buttocks undulated as she walked caused Manny to excuse himself from the table before he got a full-fledged erection.

"Thanks for dinner, mom," the teen blurted as he passed behind her.

"You're welcome, honey," she replied. When Holly breathed in from her nose, she was unconsciously detecting her son's pheromones through her nasal senses. This sent a signal to her brain, immediately triggering a sexual response. "Good grief I'm horny!" she thought as her body gave off an aroused shudder. She'd only been without sex for two days and she was already going out of her mind.

"I don't think I can do this!" the mother stated, attacking her husband with kisses as he prepared to leave for his night shift.

"Holly, it's only been two days," her husband chuckled.

"Exactly! Can you imagine what a fucking mess I'm gonna be after a week of no sex? There's NO WAY I'll make it a month!"

"I have to go," Ed remarked, giving her another kiss. "Go take a hot bath and maybe rub on yourself some…get some release. The challenge doesn't include self gratification, right?"

"No…in fact Sharon joked about buying me a vibrator for Christmas, just to help tide me over."

"Ha! Knowing her she'll buy you the biggest vibrating dildo she can find. I should be home about twelve-thirty. Love you!" Ed declared as he headed out the door.

"Bye, honey! I love you too!" Holly waved.

The housewife went upstairs, drew herself a bubble bath, then did something she hadn't done in years…masturbated. Unfortunately, it did little to satisfy her hunger for pleasure. The peaks of her stiff-nipples melons protruded from the surface of the water, coated in suds. "God, what I've give to have Ed's cock inside me right now!" she thought, while stroking her engorged clit beneath the water. "This masturbation bullshit is for the birds!"

At that very moment, down the hallway, Manny was masturbating also. Like his mom, he'd rather have the real thing, but the difference was, he was a single young man, and therefore used to resorting to masturbation. Big tit MILF porn was what he indulged in routinely, while squeezing up and down his lotion-coated cock. Coming from attractive parents, Manny was a good-looking kid, with dark, trimmed hair and a lean, chiseled body from being active in school sports. While most boys were beginning to sprout lots of body hair, Manny only developed a small short patch of pubes around his groin. This resulted in a lingering pubescent frame, like that of a well-toned fourteen year old, but with a manly dick. He didn't have a monster cock by any means, but it was an admirable seven-inches, standing proudly when fully erect.

When he looked at the porn models, displaying their heavy, naked tits, Manny liked to picture his mom's face on each of them. Like a

lot of boys, he imagined his cock digging at the back of his mom's vagina, pressing his leaky knob near that spot where he was nurtured for nine months. He imagined what her pink cuntal flesh

would feel like squeezed around his tender erection, soaking it in hot sexual secretions.

"AUUGGH, SHIT!" he grunted, thrusting his hips into the air, sending a gooey geyser of spunk sailing nearly four-feet above him. More cum-ropes followed in rapid succession, then splashed down onto him as he yanked violently at the meat of his cock, milking his orgasm.

December 5th

"I don't think I'm cut out for this challenge," Holly confessed as she sat having lunch with Sharon and Felicia.

"And you think WE are?!" Felicia asked. "We all love sex, but the three of us agreed that we'd do this. You can't back out now."

"Felicia, I'm going nuts, and masturbation isn't helping the least bit! Trust me, yesterday I did it three times and was still craving a penis inside me."

"I get those same cravings. What I suggest is…pay a visit to the local grocery store, more specifically…the produce department."

"The produce department?"

"That's right," Felicia smiled. "Pick yourself out a little friend, only make sure it's not little, then go home, close your eyes and imagine it's Ed's cock."

"That's ridiculous!" Holly giggled, then looked at Sharon. "Are you listening to this."

"I am. It may sound ridiculous, but trust me…it's not! Whether doing a challenge like this or not, I know a lot of women who put a juicy fruit or vegetable on their weekly grocery list, including me," Sharon replied.

"It may not quench that fire in your pussy," Felicia stated, "but you should at least try it, before you throw your arms up and quit the challenge."

"Fine!" Holly sighed. "But if that doesn't work you guys are on your own!"

The mother felt a little foolish stopping by the grocery story for merely a play- toy. Usually she was studying the vegetables for one's that looked good to chop up and eat, but now it was for a completely different reason entirely. "Good grief, some of

these cucumbers look monstrous! I think a lot of these would give me more pain than pleasure," she thought as she searched through the pile. She lifted one that was more the length and girth of her husband Ed's cock and looked it over.

"Have you tried the corn?" A female voice asked. Another pretty mother, with a baby in her cart, had stopped near Holly and was smiling over at her.

"Excuse me?" Holly curiously asked.

"I'm sorry. I assume you're shopping for a, um… 'personal item,' so I asked if you'd tried the corn?"

"Oh, no…I um, was just…"

"You don't have to explain. I just wanted to make a recommendation. They get their corn locally, and stalks are long and fat," the woman remarked, then looked around to make sure no one

was listening. Then, she continued in a hushed tone. "The kernels feel unbelievable! I would highly recommend one over a cucumber."

"Thank you!" Holly blushed, putting the vegetable back on the pile.

"You're welcome. Have fun!" the female shopper concluded, then continued her own vegetable search.

Manny's wrestling coach let the team go from practice early, since they had a meet tomorrow. When the teen walked in the door he noticed his mom wasn't in the kitchen, like she usually was. While in route to his bedroom, he heard GASPING sounds coming from his parent's room. The last thing he expected to discover was his mom sprawled out on her marital bed, masturbating. She had obviously left the door cracked because she didn't think anyone would be home.

Holly was in just her bra, the lacy black cups stretched over her mammoth tits. Naked from the waist down, she had her knees pulled back and her silky thighs spread open, so her dainty bare feet with their painted toenails hovered in the air. What was most shocking to her son, however, was the fact that she was plunging a long, fat corn-cob in and out of her shaved cunt.

"Wow! That's fucking wild!" the boy thought as his cock quickly turned as hard as stone beneath his jeans. He was struck by the width of his mom's spread and how

wonderful her unblemished thighs looked bowed open this way. He marveled at the way her rounded buns were spread on the mattress beneath her, lewdly displaying the throbbing pink ring of her asshole. The corn cob was soaked with her vaginal juices and as Manny watched it squeeze through her fuck-hole he couldn't help but imagine how divine it would feel if that were his rigid cock.

"AUUGH, FUCK MEEEE!" his mom's beautiful voice squealed, making Manny's heart race with excitement. He had often heard her make

these sounds from behind closed doors when his parents were having sex, but now his mom was right there in front of him, giving herself pleasure.

He watched her heave her chest upward, so it looked as though her sexy bra was gonna rip right off her oversized tits. She trembled and screamed out in orgasmic delight, startling her boy by the intensity of her climax. After an astounding display of orgasmic squealing and writhing, Holly's body went motionless on the mattress and her teen could hear her catching her breath. After she regained her composure, the busty beauty crawled from her marital mattress. Manny's tongue hung from his mouth in lust as he watched her strode towards her bathroom. His mom's naked bubble butt swayed and jiggled atop her silky legs and he couldn't help but squeeze his boner through his pants. While she walked, Holly reached around and unclasped the thick cross-strap of her bra. "HOLY SHIT!" Manny gasped. Even from this angle, behind her, he could see the huge oblong slopes of her tits bobble out onto her chest.

When he heard the shower turn on Manny brazenly rushed over and peeked into the bathroom, just as he had through her bedroom door. The corn cob was now sitting on the bathroom counter, only a few feet away. It was still soaked with fuck-juices and Manny wanted so bad to grab it and shove it in his mouth. He watched his bare naked mother step into the shower and rinse off her voluptuous body. Seeing her suds up her colossal tits through the clear shower door was mesmerizing. Her areolas were wide, and stiff, thick nipples protruded from their centers, showing her arousal level.

Even though she had she had just given herself a toe-curling cum with the corn cob, Holly still wasn't satisfied. "God, I need to get fucked so bad! Ed, how could you even encourage me to agree to this stupid challenge?!" she thought, as if she were speaking to her husband. She unhooked the shower head, switched it to the

pulse setting, then lowered it to her crotch. The powerful rhythmic blasts of water blasting against her clit felt amazing, causing the heavy-titted mother to back against the wall of the shower.

Manny simply couldn't believe what he was watching. After years of trying to see his mom naked and striking out, not only was he witnessing her in the buff, but he was watching her writhe around in the shower, while masturbating like a bitch in heat. "Damn! That's the sexiest fucking thing I've ever seen!" he marveled.

Within a minute, Holly's body let out an orgasmic shudder, making her fatty tits ripple on her chest. Her beautiful orgasmic scream seemed to reverberate through the bathroom walls. She used the powerful jetted shower head against the engorged flesh of clitoral bulb for several body-wracking minutes. "FUCK!" she shouted in frustration, hanging the shower head back up. Clitoral orgasms did little to satisfy her seemingly unquenchable hunger for pleasure. "I could give myself a dozen orgasms like that and still not be completely satisfied!" she told herself.

After getting out and dying off, Holly was horrified to discover that the corn cob was missing. "I put it right there on the counter! Did it roll off?" she asked herself, checking the floor. Her big ballooning udders bobbled freely as she frantically searched the bathroom, then her bed again. The only logical conclusion was that someone was home and had taken it. She quickly threw on a robe and stepped out into the hallway. Manny's door was closed, so she knocked. "Manny, honey, are you home?" she called.

"Yes, I'll be out in a minute!" her boy responded.

"Honey, I'm coming in," she persisted, slowly inching his door open.

The teen quickly threw a blanket over his crotch and fed his mom a guilty stare from his bed. "Mom, can I just get a few minutes?!"

"What are you doing home so early?" his mother asked, her hair wet and slicked back.

"Coach canceled practice, since we have a meet tomorrow night. He said he wanted us well rested."

"Oh, um…OK. Were you just, um…in my bathroom?" Holly awkwardly asked.

"No," Manny lied, shaking his head.

"Manny, you're not in trouble. I just…had something in there, and if you have it I need you too give it back."

"Oh," the boy muttered, licking his lips. He could taste the residual corn and pussy juice still lingering on his lips. "Sorry."

Holly was horrified when her eyes moved to his bedside table and discovered the fully eaten corn cob sitting there. "You have got to be fucking kidding me!" she thought then looked back at her son. "You, um…ate it?!" she asked.

"You know how much I like corn," the boy blushingly replied.

"But honey, that was mine. I mean, it was in my room," she muttered, then came over and sat on his bed next to him. "How long HAVE you been, um…home?" she fearfully asked.

"Long enough to see what you were doing with the corn," Manny replied with a perverted grin.

"You were spying on me?"

"No, I wasn't spying. I just heard you gasping from your bedroom and wanted to make sure you were alright," Manny explained. "Your bedroom door WAS open, mom, and I'm not used to hearing those sounds."

Holly was appalled that her son had seen her that way, but knew it was her own damn fault for carelessly leaving her door open. If she were caught masturbating normally that would have been one thing, but since she had been using a veggie, she knew she had to explain herself. "Honey, I don't normally masturbate that way. It's just that… well, my girlfriends and I…"

"No Dick December, right?" Manny asked.

"Wait, you've heard about that?"

"The girls at my school do those silly challenges all the time too, mom. Needless to say, neither myself or my friends have been able to get any dates lined up this month."

"I guess I forget that kids your age are up on all those social media challenges."

"Up on them?! It's kids my age that usually comes up with the idea for those challenges," Manny reminded her.

"True," Holly smiled. "Well someone sure came up with a doozy this month. I'm not liking it at all."

"Hey, at least you get to masturbate. Last month, for 'No Nut November' I didn't even get to make MYSELF…you know?"

"You went the whole month without an orgasm?" his mom candidly asked, with a bit of concern in her voice.

"Yes, and that definitely wasn't easy…especially since I like to have one a couple times a day."

Holly blushed at her son's confession. "Sounds like someone gets as horny as I do. Like mother like son I guess," she thought. "Well, that's a healthy amount… especially for someone your age."

"So, I get why you were taking care of yourself. I just…never heard of a woman using corn before," Manny stated, not wanting to embarrass her.

"That WAS my first time doing that. Apparently, women use all sorts of fruits and vegetables to um…pleasure themselves with."

"That's hot! Why corn though?"

"I think it's a texture thing…you know, with all the bumpy kernels. It's suppose to make it more pleasurable."

"So did it?" Manny brazenly asked.

Holly was a little embarrassed having this discussion with her own son, but knew he was certainly old enough now. "It was um…just ok. Nothing can replace a real penis, in my opinion. I think that's what's gonna make this challenge so hard for me."

"So you and dad do it a lot? Sex I mean."

"Well, yes…we are a married couple, honey, so we try to have sex once a day, at least."

"Only once. When I get married I wanna go at it at least three times a day."

His confession made Holly's heart tingle. "Well, three times a day would certainly be wonderful, but most married couples have work and kids…things that prevent them from screwing each other that much."

"What position do you like?" Manny asked, trying to stay on the subject.

"Manny!" his mom giggled. "That's sort of personal, isn't it?"

"Well, I guess…but so is you leaving your door open so someone can find you masturbating, mom."

"Touché I suppose."

"I like a woman on top the best," Manny boldly confessed.

"You do, huh?" Holly blushed, feeling her nipples harden beneath her robe. "And why do you like that one so much?"

"Just watching a girl be in control and use me to take out their pent up sexual frustration is pretty cool. Plus, the view is always great from that position."

"Yeah, I would imagine it is," Holly smiled, looking into his eyes. "Some of the girls at your school have some pretty big hooters."

"Yeah, not as big as yours though."

"Well, honey, I'm a mom. We're built a little differently than younger girls, like the ones at your school."

"How so?"

"I don't know…you tell me!" she stated, giving him a playful pat on the knee. "I'm sure you got an eyeful a little while ago."

"Your boobs are incredible! I'm sure they give dad quite a show when you're on top of him?"

"Well…they ARE big," Holly blushed, glancing down at the swell of her tits beneath the robe, "and I've certainly never heard your father complain."

Manny stared down at his mom's ballooning breasts. The robe was a bit loose, allowing him to see the deep, creamy cleavage. "I like how your nipples poke out

like that," he complimented, gawking at the engorged teats protruding like stiff marshmallows from beneath the robe.

"Sorry, I suppose I should have put on a bra before I came in here," she stated, pulling it closed.

"Don't wear a bra on my account," Manny uttered. "You could come in here naked if you wanted. That would be just fine with me."

Holly burst out laughing. "Oh, honey…you're so funny!"

"I'm serious, mom. A guy like me would NEVER complain about seeing a beautiful woman like you with no clothes on."

Feeling flattered, Holly curled her lovely legs up onto her son's mattress. There was part of her that was starting to enjoy this little candid chat with her boy. "I'm sure you see plenty of pretty girls without their bra and panties on," she stated.

"Not ones with a body like yours. I love the way you shave down there."

Holly's heart skipped a beat as she sat there staring back at him. It was a compliment that she certainly never expect to get from her handsome teenaged son. "Thanks, honey, but that's probably a part of me that you SHOULD NOT be admiring."

"Why not? I'd let you admire me if you wanted," Manny responded, then pulled back his blanket, exposing his long, erect boner, shrouded in his cotton briefs.

"Manny!" Holly scolded, looking away for a moment. "That's not at all appropriate!"

"Why not, mom? YOU'RE in my room without a bra on…and you're probably not wearing any panties either. What's the difference?"

"The difference is I'm not sitting here with my legs spread trying to show you."

"You could do that if you wanted. I wouldn't mind!"

"I'm sure you wouldn't, but it can't happen. I'm your mother," she reminded him, still trying to avoid looking at his package.

Manny wanted to show it off. He wanted his mom to admire how large and stiff his dick-bulge was. Perhaps since she was so horny and vulnerable from doing the

challenge this might be his golden opportunity to charm his way between her thighs and beat his young, tender prick through what he was sure was the hottest pussy on the planet. "Another thing I like about girls being on top…is how hard they orgasm that way. They always tell me it's more intense with me pushed up against their cervix."

Upon hearing this, Holly couldn't help but steal a look at her son's crotch. "Oh my…that IS a pretty impressive size!" she thought, studying it's tubular outline through his briefs. Her eyes widened as her boy's erection flexed, so his meaty stalk stretched his cotton briefs outward. She could see the perfect bell-shape of his bulbous knob pushing out from beneath the fabric. Her husband's dick was barely long enough to touch her external os and get her off. Ed certainly didn't have the length to push against her womb and really stretch the back wall of her uteri.

"What do you think of it?" Manny asked, glancing at his bulge proudly.

She peeked up into his eyes, then back down at his stiff protrusion. "It looks like it's a good size…and VERY stiff," she softly admitted.

"It's over seven inches!"

"Well, that is a size to be proud of, honey."

"Do you wanna feel it…through my underwear I mean?"

"Manny, I shouldn't. That wouldn't be—"

"I didn't ask you if you should, mom! I asked you if you wanted to."

Holly stared into his eyes for a moment. Her heart was racing so fast she couldn't believe it. She was horny as fuck, and the sight of her gorgeous son's erect cock-bulge wasn't helping. Manny's words of assurance certainly didn't make her decision any easier. "I won't tell dad, or anyone for that matter…if you just wanna touch it."

He conscience was screaming no, but the horny side of her was REALLY wanting to feel how hard her son's prick was. She let out a conflicting sigh. "You swear?" she nervously breathed. "Not a word to anyone…I mean it, Manny."

"Of course. It can just be between us."

His mom slowly reached over and gently grasped his rigid pecker through his briefs, feeling it's rock-hardness. Manny wondrously looked down and watched her pretty hand explore the length of his dong. Her fingers traveled up the meaty pipe of his shaft, then onto his knob. Just her light touch made him wanna jump out of his skin with pleasure.

"Your coronal ridge really puffs out," Holly observed, tracing her long nails around it. "The girls must love that."

"I'm sure they do," Manny agreed.

The mother's forefinger curled up around the form of her boy's bulging knob, making it stick out lewdly beneath the fabric. She drug her fingernail along the band of flesh, where his foreskin connected to his penile glans. This made Manny gasp in delight. "No Nut

November must have been hard for you? Not being able have sex, or even masturbate such a horny penis?" Holly softly asked.

"It was no fun at all."

The spellbound mother stared at the form of his boy-prick for a moment, licking her lips with desire. "This is crazy! I can't just sit here and squeeze my own son's cock!" she thought, suddenly coming to her senses.

Manny watched his mom quickly let go of his prick and slide off his bed. Her nipples were as hard as ever, popping out from beneath her flimsy robe. "I'm sorry, honey. I shouldn't be touching you that way."

"You don't have to be—"

"We can't do things like that, Manny. It's wrong!" his mom concluded, grabbing the eaten corn cob on her way out. "I'm sorry you saw my doing that earlier. I'll make sure my door is closed from now on."

The teen let out a frustrated sigh. He'd been wanting to experience something sexual with his mom for as long as he could remember, so what just happened between them was a huge thrill. He only wished they could have gone further. "If I even have a remote chance of fucking mom, this month may be my best opportunity!" he thought, knowing now that the reason she was so horny was because of the challenge.

December 8th

"This REALLY sucks!" Sharon stated as the women sat having lunch together. "I have my husband AND my lover both breathing down my neck for sex."

"I feel your pain," Felicia added. "It's only been a week and I'm going crazy!"

"Me too!" Holly blurted. "I'm starting to get so sexually frustrated that I'm doing things that I shouldn't."

"Such as?" Sharon asked, exchanging a curious look with Felicia.

"Using vegetables to masturbate with, and…"

"And what?" Sharon persisted.

"Just 'things that I shouldn't.' Let's just leave it at that."

Of course, her two curious girlfriends refused to just "leave it at that." "Holly, we're all best friends here. Has there ever been a secret we haven't shared," Felicia reminded her. "What did you do?"

Holly shook her head in embarrassment. "I'm ashamed to admit it," she replied.

"Did you cheat on Ed?"

"NO! Well, um…not really."

"Not really?" Sharon questioned. "That doesn't sound very reassuring."

"I was feeling horny and vulnerable, and I um…touched Manny's penis, though his underwear," Holly confessed.

"While he was sleeping?" Felicia asked.

"No. He came home early from practice and caught me… masturbating. We got into a discussion about it, and I ended up touching his erection."

"Wow! So…how did he catch you masturbating?" Sharon inquired.

"I was stupid and left my door cracked, but that's not the worst of it. I picked out a piece of produce, like you guys suggested, and he saw me using it."

Felicia burst out laughing, then Sharon joined her.

"Why are you guys laughing? It was incredibly embarrassing!"

"What was it?" Felicia asked.

"What was what?"

"What did he catch you using for produce?"

"A corn cob."

Upon hearing this, Holly's friends erupted into hysterical laughter again. "Laugh it up! You guys were the ones who suggested I use a piece of produce to get off with," Holly stated.

"Yeah, IN PRIVATE!" Sharon answered, still giggling.

"Yes, well…being caught wasn't the worst part."

"Oh my God, you mean this story gets better?"

"Manny stole the corn cob, while I was in the shower…AND ATE IT!"

This did little to suppress her friends' laughter. Holly nearly had them rolling on the floor. "Oh my God, you have to stop! This is too fucking hilarious!" Felicia snickered.

"Don't I wish it were just a joke."

"So, wait…how did things go from Manny catching you masturbate to you touching his cock?" Sharon asked, wiping away the tears from laughing so hard.

"Like I said…I was stupid, and was having a weak moment. I didn't touch him for too long before I realized how inappropriate I was being."

Felicia rubbed her friend's shoulder consolingly. "We all have weak moments. Manny is your son, yes, but he's also an attractive young man…a mini-version of your husband," she expressed.

"Trust me, there's nothing 'mini' about him?" Holly uttered.

"Oh, you mean he was um…bigger, down there…than Ed?" Felicia asked.

"A little, yes…but certainly A LOT harder!"

"Well, boys ARE at their most erect at that age," Sharon expressed. "Why do you think I…"

"Why do we think you what?" Holly asked.

"Well, I wasn't gonna say anything about it, but this guy I've been fucking, behind my husband's back, isn't married, like I told you guys. He's only nineteen."

"Sharon, you stare at every young guy that gets near you," Felicia reminded her. "We're suppose to be shocked that you're fucking a teenager?"

"Yeah, well, at least he's not related to me," Sharon teased, smiling at Holly.

"I'm not proud that I touched Manny that way. Trust me when I say it'll NEVER happen again," Holly stated with resolve.

Manny was doing warm-ups in the gym before the wrestling meet when his mom walked in. His father was picking up extra hours at work in the evening, so Holly was by herself. Every set of eyes in the

gymnasium became fixed on the beautiful mother, even those of the jealous women her own age. Holly was wearing a black cross-halter mini dress. A keyhole cutout at the bust revealed a portion of her juicy cleavage and the dress fit snugly against her rounded ass cheeks. Her feet were adorned in black stiletto platform heels, which clicked on the gym floor as she made her way to the bleachers.

Manny watched his mom flash him a cute wave. Her hair and make-up were done up to the nines. She definitely looked like someone heading out for a hot night on the town, rather than just a mom supporting her son at a wrestling match. "Damn, she looks amazing! Maybe she's going out to dinner with friends or something after," he thought.

Holly sat with a few other moms that she knew and Manny tried not to look her direction, for fear of getting a hardon, but he simply couldn't help himself. The way her silky legs were crossed and a heel dangled on her sexy painted toes sent the blood rushing to his groin. The fact that she was staring right at him with a naughty

smile didn't help either. "Damnit, stop looking at her! I can't get a hard dick in this tight wrestling uniform. People will think I'm a pervert or something," the teen thought. Then, his mom did something that stiffened him instantly. She gracefully uncrossed her legs, keeping them slightly spread apart for a moment before crossing them the other way. It reminded Manny of the famous scene in the movie "Basic Instinct," where Sharon Stone flashed her pussy, only his mom WAS wearing panties. He saw them just long enough to admire how the black gusset was molded to the outline of her vulva.

"Manny, where are you going? Your match is first!" the coach shouted as the teen rushed towards the locker room.

"I'll feeling sick, coach!"

Unfortunately, the boy was unable to get his raging pillar of cock-meat under control in time. He knew if he went out there with a boner he would completely humiliate himself. He sat by his locker for nearly ten minutes before he heard a voice call from the doorway. It was his mother's. "Manny, are you in here?" Holly asked, her concerned voice echoing across the locker room. "Honey, I'm coming in!"

As bummed out as he was, the teen knew he could still salvage something positive out of this experience by "accidentally" exposing himself to his mom. "Participating in 'No Dick December' must have her incredibly horny and vulnerable by now," he thought.

Holly's heels clicked daintily as she wandered through the vacated locker room in search of her son. She paused suddenly as she heard one of the showers turn on. "Manny, is that you?" she called, but still got no answer. Cautiously, she slowly peeked around the corner. "God, what am I doing?! If someone catches me in here I'm gonna look like a total peeping Tom!" she thought.

She was happy to discover that IT WAS her son in the shower, but also extremely concerned why he made such an abrupt exit from the gymnasium. "Manny, honey…are you ok?" she asked, stepping over to the shower entrance.

The teen tried to act startled, and did little to cover himself. His cock was at full hardness, pointing towards his mother at an upward angle. "Mom, um…what are you doing in here?" he asked, trying to play stupid.

For a moment, Holly couldn't answer as she stood there with her mouth slightly agape, staring at her son's raging erection. "Mom?!" her son's voice hollered, snapping her from her trance.

"Oh, um…I'm sorry, honey. I just wanted to make sure you were alright. You missed your match!"

"I know, sorry, but I had to," Manny replied, then purposely made his dick wag stiffly back and forth. "I couldn't very well stay out there and wrestle with another guy with my penis hard like this."

"I see your point," Holly said, then started giggling blushingly. "No pun intended."

Manny's penis flexed stiffly as his eyes drifted down to his mom's jutting breasts. The way the keyhole cutout in her mini dress revealed a bulging mound of creamy tit-cleavage excited him immensely. Additionally, the fat nipples protruding from beneath her gown looked as hard as stone. It didn't take Holly long to put two and two together. "Oh no, honey…did I do that, by being dressed this way?" she asked, glancing down at his glistening boner.

"Yes, but it's not your fault," her boy replied. "You probably could have worn some old sweat pants and a t-shirt and I still would have gotten this way."

"Sorry I came in here while you were showering. I guess that makes us even, right?" she teased, referring to how her son had spied her in the shower earlier that week.

"Yeah, I suppose it does."

Holly felt a bit light headed. All the teenage pheromones that lingered in the school locker room were sweeping through her senses. This, and the fact that her gorgeous, big-dicked son was standing there in front of her naked made her so fucking horny at that moment that she could hardly stand it. "I should, um…probably wait for you outside, in the hallway," she uttered.

Manny turned the shower off and stepped towards her. His stiff cock wagged lewdly on his loins as he walked. "You don't have to. I'm almost finished, and none of the other guys will be in here for awhile."

"Oh, are you sure? I don't mind waiting outside for you, while you get dressed," his mom replied, watching him towel off.

"I don't mind if you stay, but it's up to you, mom."

Manny was anxious to see if his mom would leave or follow him to his locker. He was pleased when she did the later, trailing behind him, then sitting on the bench as he opened his locker. "I feel so bad. I know you were really looking forward to this first match," she expressed.

"It's not a big deal, mom…really," he answered.

Holly's eyes drifted hungrily all over her son's well-toned body. "My God, he really does have an amazing physique!" she thought, biting her bottom lip. Manny put his t-shirt on first, thrusting his hips, so his cock jutted out proudly, right in front of his mother. Holly involuntarily licked her lips, while staring at the bulbous, pinkish-purple crown of Manny's pussy-prod. Her lusty gaze wandered down the long, muscled shaft, marveling at all the bulging veins that crisscrossed down the stalk. "We, um…don't have to leave, honey. You could throw some sweatpants on and go out and support your team," she suggested.

"That's alright. I'm sure they're all pissed at me by now anyway," Manny replied, then slipped on his briefs, shrouding his steely cock in the snug cotton material.

Holly surveyed the locker area with a smile. "The last time I was in this locker room I was your age, and received quite the lecture by the football coach," she chuckled.

"Oh yeah, I forget sometimes that you and dad went to school here too," Manny stated. "So why were you getting lectured by the coach, in the boy's locker room?"

"By being stupid, that's how?"

"What did you do?" Manny asked curiously.

"My girlfriends and I used to sneak in here and make out with cute guys."

"Well, I bet those guys loved that!"

"We'd go back into the equipment closet, where they stored the practice mats. God, we were so bad! It's a miracle that we didn't get suspended," Holly confessed.

"Which equipment closet? The one by the coaches office?"

"No, there's another one towards the back of the locker room."

"I had no idea there was another closet. Will you show me?"

Manny DID know about the second equipment closet, but he figured it would be fun having his mom show him, and perhaps share more details of her High School escapades. Holly led him to the rear of the locker room and opened the closet door. "This is the one," she stated.

"Damn, it's pitch black in there!" Manny observed, peering into the open, darkened doorway.

"That was part of the thrill. Being in a space where you couldn't see each other. You'd be surprised how naughty a person will get if you can't see them," Holly expressed with a mischievous smile.

"I wanna see how dark it gets in there," said Manny, stepping inside the closet.

His mom followed him inside. "I'm telling you, you won't be able to see your hand in front of your face," she assured him.

Manny closed the door and they were shrouded in pitch-blackness. "Damn, you weren't kidding!" he muttered. "So you guys would just

stand here…right inside the door and make out?"

"No, we would go further back," Holly replied, using her phone to illuminate the way. Her son followed her back behind a huge pile of practice mats, more interested in the swaying meat of her buttocks than the closet.

"We'd come back here, where it was harder for us to get caught," Holly uttered.

"So HOW DID you get caught?"

"Well, let's just say that some girls are a bit too loud when they orgasm," his mom answered in amusement.

"You?"

"Well, I can be a bit loud also, but it was my friend Jessica that got the coaches attention that day, and ended up getting us all in trouble."

"So, she got you guys in trouble by screaming when she came?"

"Unfortunately yes! We all got detention for a week."

"If your friend had an orgasm, does that mean that you guys had sex in here?" Manny inquired.

"No…like I said, we would just make out, and do some other stuff, but never sex."

"Other stuff?" Manny asked as they stood near each other at the back of the closet. Their faces looked almost eerie illuminated only by Holly's phone. Manny glanced down at her bulging cleavage, which seemed to glow invitingly.

"Well, yeah…you know, other things that two people do to each other…to get pleasure," the mother answered blushingly.

"Mom, I AM old enough to talk about sex, remember?"

"Fine! They were fingering us. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"If it's the truth, then yes!"

"IT IS the truth. Like I said, we were a VERY naughty group of girls."

"Were…or still are?" Manny teased.

Holly gazed into her boy's eyes, feeling mischievous. "Once a naughty girl, always a naughty girl. Why do you think I'm hating this 'No Dick December' so much?"

Manny mustered up all the courage he could. He knew he had his mom in a vulnerable spot, so chances are she would respond favorably. "Would you click the light to your phone off and let me kiss you in the dark?" he brazenly asked.

Holly fed him a strange look. "Why would you wanna do that?" she asked with a flirty smile.

"The way you described it sounds exciting. I just wanna see what it would be like."

"Boys aren't suppose to kiss their mothers that way, honey," Holly stated, still not seeming completely against the idea.

"Moms aren't suppose to be in the Boys Locker Room either, but here you are."

"True," the mother giggled. "I guess it is a thrill sometimes to do something you're not suppose to," she admitted, staring lasciviously into her boy's eyes. "Especially if it's something you REALLY wanna do."

"True!"

"Is kissing me something you really wanna do, honey?" Holly whispered.

"Yes," her son nervously nodded. "Is kissing me something YOU really wanna do?"

"Sure," Holly whispered, then dimmed her phone, drenching them in darkness. Manny felt her hands slide onto his shoulders. Within seconds, his mom's huge fatty tits flattened against his chest and she locked lips with him for an intimate smooch. As he hoped, they didn't stop at one kiss, and soon their lips were sealed together in open ovals, and their tongues were dancing wonderfully inside Manny's mouth.

His mom was certainly the aggressor, backing him against the wall and clawing at his back with her long nails as they smooched like lovers. "This is fucking crazy! He's my son for God's sake!" the mother's brain screamed, but the extreme thrill of it caused her to keep kissing him.

Their lips smacked apart, but Holly kept hers close to her boy's. "How was that for kiss?" she whispered, her heart racing with the thrill of how incredibly naughty they were being.

"I loved it! Can I get more?" Manny replied.

"More?"

"Yes…kissing, and maybe we could…hold each other?" Manny suggested.

Holly knew they were playing with fire, but she was so fucking horny from not having sex for eight days that her defenses were weak. She could hardly believe the words that came out of her mouth next. "What happens in this closet stays in this closet, understood?" she breathlessly asked.

"Got it!" her boy replied.

"We're NOT having sex together, Manny, but I AM willing to be extremely nasty with you…as long as things go back to normal the moment we step out of this closet."

"How can I refuse an offer like that?" the teen sighed, his young heart racing. Yes, she wasn't willing to fuck him, but from the sounds of it, she had a lot of other very naughty things in mind, so he certainly wasn't in a position to complain.

Holly laid a series of tender kisses on her boy's lips. "You've wanted to be nasty with me all week, haven't you, you horny fucking boy," the mother purred between kisses, keeping her massive mommy-melons crushed up against him.

"Honestly, mom…I've wanted to be nasty with you for as long as I could remember."

"Well…here's your chance," Holly blurted, then grasped onto her son's cock and began rubbing it through his underwear. "Here's a chance to imagine that you're screwing mommy, while she says nasty fucking words to you."

"I thought you said we WEREN'T screwing?"

"We're not…but that doesn't mean that we can't talk about it, and imagine that we are."

"I love to imagine that we are!" Manny admitted, while feeling his mom grope his erect cock. Equally as nice was her giant jugs as they pushed against him like two huge balloons, filled with warm squishy pudding instead of air. He could even feel the nubs of her engorged nipples on his chest through her dress and bra.

"Do you, honey? Do you like to imagine us naked together and fucking our asses off?"

Manny's entire body shuddered. Never did he think he'd hear such words leave his mom's mouth, even though he had imagined her saying such things a million times. He was so thrilled, he could hardly respond, he was finally able to, in a nasty way, just to keep his mom talking. "Yes, I do imagine that. I like to picture us going at it in all sorts of wild positions," he admitted.

"Mmm, that would be amazing, wouldn't it, baby?" Holly asked. "Shoving your huge, manly cock into mommy from every angle."

The boy felt his mom's hand creep beneath his briefs and begin stroking his throbbing boner. He decided that since she was being so bold, then so would he. With both hands, he reached up and grasped her massive tit-mounds, sinking his

fingers into their fatty contours. "I would suck your tits too!" he sighed, more aroused than he'd ever been in his life.

"Yeah? You like mommy's big tits?" Holly asked between tender smooches. "I know you love to stare at them, watching them shift around beneath my blouse and bra. They are heart and extremely soft. Would you like me to take them out, so you can feel them naked against your chest?"

"God, yes!"

"I'll undo my dress, and you can unclasp my bra, ok, baby? I want you to feel like you're stripping mommy naked before you pound your erection through her cock-hungry cunt."

"Damn, mom…I can't believe you're saying those things to me!" Manny gasped.

"This is what you wanted though, isn't it, baby? You wanted me to kiss you, and say nasty fucking things to you, while I yank on your boy-cock, just like I used to do to those other boys in here, when I was your age?"

"Hell yes…I love it!" he gasped, feeling his mom yank on the stiff meat of his prick. His knob was leaking plenty of pre-cum from being so fucking turned on. This provided the perfect amount of slick lubrication for his mom's tireless cock-stroking hand.

Holly yanked her dress down. "Unclasp my bra, Manny. Take my tits out, so I can smother you with their squishy flesh."

Manny fumbled with the four hooks of her bra, finally unclasping them. He pried the lacy cups from between their bodies and felt his mom's humongous breasts spill out against his chest like two big basketball-sized mounds of warm, soft bread dough. "Oh, fuck!" he sighed, feeling a little odd saying that, since his mom usually scolded him for using that word.

"Do you like to fuck, baby?" his mom cooed, rubbing her thick, fleshy teats on his chest, while gingerly kissing his neck. "Do you like to beat your young prick through hot, wet pussy?"

"YES!"

"I like to fuck too! We're the same you and I. You have a mom who loves to have her pussy hammered hard and deep!"

For a moment, Holly felt a bit a guilty for saying such things to her own son. "God, he must think I'm such a whore!" she thought. However, the thrill of what they were doing, and how it was making her neglected pussy quiver with excitement, far superseded any shame she may have felt. In fact, she wanted her son's hand in her panties so Goddamn bad it was killing her. She kissed her boy's lips, then whispered her needful desire into his mouth. "Finger me, honey! Finger my pussy!"

Manny willingly complied, reaching down between them and prying his hand beneath the hem of her dainty panties. He cupped her shaved pubis, then plunged two fingers between her flanges and into her soaking-wet fuck hole. He had brought lots of girls off by

finger fucking them and was anxious to add his own beautiful mom to that list.

"OH, GOD, BABY…YES! JUST LIKE THAT!" Holly blurted, much louder than she should have.

Now their nearly naked bodies were pressed together against the wall in the darkness, with their hands down inside each other's underwear. Holly's squeezing fist stroked her boy's rigid dong, while Manny plunged his fingers through the clasping tube of his mom's vagina.

They both groaned and gasped, while kissing like lovers. Holly's oversized tit- melons sloshed all over her boy's bare chest, her rubbery nipples dragging against his muscular frame. "Oh my God, honey…that feels so fucking good!" the mother gasped.

"I love the way you're stroking me too!"

"Finger me deeper, Manny! Finger-fuck me as deep as you can!" Holy moaned, humping her vagina against her boy's hand like a bitch in heat. She wanted so bad to feel his fingers touching the back of her vagina, satisfying the wicked itch that she had back there, but knew they weren't long enough. "His dick is long enough though!" she deliriously thought. "His dick is long enough to smash into my womb and make me go out of my fucking mind!"

Despite needing to be royally fucked, Holly mustered up what little resolve she had left and kept their naughty closet-tryst hands-only.

Manny loved the feel of his mom's vaginal lining sucking and chewing at his fingers. The lewd sounds their hands and genitals were making became wetter the longer they stroked each other. "Oh, baby!...Oh, fuck me, you're gonna make me cum!" his mom's beautiful voice whimpered. Her voluptuous body suddenly shuddered against his, her giant milkers rippling wildly, making Manny's balls tingle wonderfully.

"I'm cumming too!" he grunted. They clutched and trembled against one another as powerful orgasmic contractions raged through their bodies. Holly's jerking fist was covered in hot spunk as her boy creamed like crazy inside his briefs. Manny's hand was also bathed in ejaculate as girl-cum hissed from Holly's vaginal meatus. For several minutes they milked out all the pleasure their sex-starved bodies would provide, while whipping their tongues together in a deep French kiss, before finally going motionless.

"Wow, that was really something, mom! I'm not at all upset that I missed that match now," Manny admitted.

"We'd better hurry out of here before the wrestling meet gets over with and we get stuck in this closet."

"I wouldn't mind that at all."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," Holly giggled, then kissed her boy again. It wasn't an innocent motherly kiss either. Their lips fused and their tongues lashed together heatedly. Holly had to stop herself from becoming lost in completely fuck-lust again. "We REALLY need to go!" she whispered, meaning it this time.

They quickly got dressed and rushed out of the locker room. "Damn! Did that really just happen?" Manny asked, still hard from the excitement he had just experienced.

"No, IT DIDN'T just happen!" his mom replied with a stern glare.

"Oh, yeah… 'what happens in the closet, stays in the closet.' Sorry, I forgot."

December 15th

Things had been awkward between Holly and her son for days after their time in the locker room supply closet. The mother felt incredibly guilty; like she had cheated on her husband, even though

her and Manny didn't technically have sex. She tried several times to just stop doing the challenge. One, because she was craving cock so bad that it was making her short tempered and almost sick with desire. Second, because she was afraid that she might actually give in and let Manny pound his meat through the hole that she desired attention the most in. Every time she attempted to get sex from her husband, Ed would turn her away, just like she had asked him to in the beginning.

"You can't just quit, babe. You're half-way there!" Ed told her as she tried to come on to him after they woke up that morning.

"I don't care! It's a stupid challenge that I get absolutely nothing but sexual frustration for participating in!" she complained.

"It's not easy for me either you know," Ed expressed. "Can you imagine if I had participated in 'No Nut November,' like a few of my buddies wanted me to? We'd REALLY be hating life about now!"

She began kissing at him, desperate to be fucked. "I don't care about those stupid challenges anymore, Ed. Please…just fuck me!" she pleaded.

"Hold on!" Ed blurted, nudging her away. "You told me you would say this, remember?"

"I know, I just—"

"You told me there would come a point where you would change your mind and beg me to fuck you. Then, you pleaded with me to help remind you of your resolve, and to not have sex with you until the New Year, remember that?"

"Yes, but I was being stupid! I know now that there's no way I can do this!"

"YOU CAN do this, babe! You've been doing it for fifteen days. Make that time count for something. You got this!" her husband advised.

Ed went in and got in the shower and his wife laid there in bed for a moment stroking her horny clit. "Fuck masturbation! Fuck it all to hell! It does absolutely nothing for me!" she thought, rolling over in frustration. "Why did I ever agree to doing such a stupid fucking challenge?! Next December this is definitely NOT happening! Fuck that!"

She got up and threw on her robe. She usually went straight down to the kitchen to start coffee, but instead she was drawn to Manny's room, like a magnet. She peeked in and saw him still in bed. It was only six-thirty and his alarm wasn't due to go off for another half-hour. Against her better judgment, she snuck inside his bedroom, closed the door behind her and crawled under the fluffy comforter, joining her boy in bed.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Manny asked, waking up to her soft, warm body snuggling against him.

"Shhh! I'm just snuggling for a little bit before you have to get up," she whispered.

"Is dad already gone?"

"No, he's in the shower. We have about a half-hour before I have to go down and make his coffee," Holly answered, then turned and backed her rounded ass up against the satisfying stiffness of Manny's morning wood. "Snuggle me, honey," she desperately whispered.

Manny was happy to oblige, holding his mom's luscious body from behind. He could tell by the way his naked cock crept up her robe and sunk between her meaty ass-cheeks that she wasn't wearing any panties. His shaft became wedged in her butt-crack, like a hotdog in a bun. "This feels nice!" he whispered.

"Would you like to squeeze on my breasts?" his mom candidly whispered.

"Of course! I thought you'd never ask me to again."

It had been a week since their locker room fun and Manny figured, by how weird she was acting, that his mom was probably feeling guilty about what had happened.

"Just slide your hands into my robe," Holly whispered.

Manny did as she asked, slipping his mitts through the slit of her robe and grasping on to her huge naked tits. They both gasped in unison; Holly, from the pleasure of having her mammaries squeezed, and Manny from the thrill of sinking his fingers into his own mom's giant fatty tits.

"Pull at the nipples!" the mother wantonly requested.

Manny clamped her thick teats between his fingers and tugged them outward, making his mother squirm against him. This caused his erection to hump exquisitely through the deep, squeezing crack of her luscious mommy-buttocks. Holly could feel her boy's rock-hard meat scraping against the ring of her asshole and it felt divine. Manny's chin rested on her should and she fed him a lusty look, her brown eyes smoldering with desire. "Do you like this, baby? Does it feel good on your dreamy cock?" she cooed.

"I love this, and it feels amazing, yes!" he replied.

"Would you like to roll mommy on her tummy, and lay against my back, so you can REALLY dig your hardon through the crack of my ass?"

Manny simply couldn't believe what he was hearing. Things had certainly cooled off between him and his mom, since the night in the locker room. Over the past few days, he had tried to temp her into

being naughty again several times, by displayed his hard prick through his clothes. However, each time his mom seemed to shy away, probably out of guilt. Now, however, her true horny self was coming out again, just as he hoped it would. "She must still not be having sex with dad," he thought, "which is DEFINITELY a good thing for me!"

Holly rolled onto her tummy and Manny followed, sprawling out against her. He began to brazenly kiss her neck, while dry-humping the split between her fatty buns. His constant pre-ejaculatory fluid sweared through his mom's butt-crack and across the elastic ring of her asshole, providing lubrication. He still had a tight grasp on her tits, sinking his fingers into their heavy flesh.

His full-sized bed rocked beneath them as he dry-fucked his mom's ass in a steady rhythm. It seemed so surreal and wonderful at the same time. He could feel his mom clasping her butt-meat around him, using her ass-muscles to apply intense friction around his rigid cock-muscle. As great as this was, his real dream was to be

on top of his mom, with her facing him, in the missionary position. "Will you turn over, mom?" he breathlessly asked.

"Yes, but dry-fucking only, Manny!" his mom warned.

"Got it!" he answered, lifting himself off of her. He watched his mom sit up and quickly shed her robe. This was the first time he was seeing her naked and it made his jaw drop. The huge, fat orbs of her tits were capped by areola that were nearly four-inches across, and dark rose in color. They were thickly textured with clusters of Montgomery tubercles. Distending out from their centers was the most turgid nipples he had ever seen. His mom dropped onto her back, making her fleshy mams spread out across her chest. She brought her knees back, bowing open her thick, smooth thighs at the same time, creating a silky sex-saddle for her boy to drop against. Manny involuntarily licked his lips, while staring at her

shaved pussy. Her thick cuntal lips were unfurled, revealing a juicy coral slit. Her horny pudenda was crowned by a fleshy prepuce that shrouded her prized pearl of pleasure.

While Manny gawked, so did his sex-neglected mother. The sight of her son's long, meaty erection, jutting out from his crotch in full hardness literally took her breath away as it hovered near her. His fat penile veins were bulging, and his knob was so purple and engorged that it looked as though it could pop off the end of his cock. Holly watched in utter fascination as a dollop of pre-jizz lowered from the slit of his meatus to the bed, in a long, gooey string. It was like thick drool seeping from a horny dog's mouth.

Manny was guided down, and Holly threw his comforter over them, covering their inappropriately connected bodies. Sinking between his mom's parted legs, Manny gasped at the feel of his erect pecker making contact with the flesh of her heated vulva. His mom pulled him all the way down on top of her, crushing the spongy meat of her tits between them. Their lips met in a series of sensual kisses.

"Mmm, it feels so good to have you on top of me, honey," his mom whispered between smooches. "Is this what you wanted?"

"Yes," he replied, trembling at the feel of his mom's freshly shaved legs clutched around his back. He felt her long painted nails claw at his young ass, pulling their genitals even tighter together.

"Even though we can't have sex, you can still dry fuck me, honey," she offered, staring up into his eyes. "Grind your erection against me as hard and as fast as you want. Let's get nasty together!"

Manny didn't understand his mom's rationale. He knew his father would be just as shocked to discover them "dry-fucking" as he would if they were having full blown intercourse. However, in his mom's eyes, this was justified, and the horny teen certainly wasn't going to question her decisions. He felt damn lucky just to be in the position he was in. With his full weight on top of her, they began making out.

Slowly at first, Manny set his hips in motion, as if he was fucking her, but he was just gliding his cock along her slippery cuntal fissure. Their tangled bodies rocked beautifully, the muscles in his mom's legs flexing as she clutched her boy's lean, muscular body between her warm thighs.

Their tongues dueled inside Manny's mouth and the boy was flabbergasted by how quickly his mom's oral snake could flail around his own. He certainly wasn't used to this with girls his own age. Holly was easily the best kisser he had ever been lucky enough to swap spit with. "Fuck against me faster!" she hissed between tender kisses.

Manny increased his tempo, making his bed rock from their heated rhythm. Now they were really getting fucking wild! The teen could feel his mom's legs tightening around him in an anaconda grip. Her big, juicy tits were sloshing wildly between them. His mom was clawing and writhing against him, her respirations increasing. "That's it, honey…fuck me!" she sweetly gasped.

Holly's eyes rolled back in delight. The feel of her son's long muscled cock plowing through her vulvar folds was driving her insane. Hot juices that had secreted from her Skene glands smeared all over her boy's boner, creating a delightful lubrication for their steady genital grinding. As incredible as this was, there was still something lacking for Holly. She found herself wishing his cock would "accidentally" slide inside her, so she could feel his thick meat stretch her inner walls just once. She knew that just the touch of his engorged tip against the head of her cervix would make her erupt in the most satisfying orgasm she's had in weeks, possibly longer.

"Oh, damn this feels good, mom!" the boy gasped, really going to town with steady fuck-humps. Minutes passed and their bodies dry-fucked tirelessly, like they simply couldn't get enough of each other.

Holly's determination to only let things go so far was fading with every magnificent thrust of her boy's hips. She wanted fucked more than any time in her life and she simply couldn't stand it anymore. The clinging mother began to let her pussy do the talking for her. "If I let you stick it inside me, do you promise you won't thrust? Just jab your cock in as deep as it will go and hold it there!" his mom mewled.

Manny could hardly believe his ears. He was quick to respond. "I promise. No thrusting!"

"Ok…penetrate me!" said Holly in a lusty tone.

Manny reared his hips back, and Holly cocked her ass up slightly, where she knew his boner would be perfectly aligned with her needy cunt-hole. In one glorious thrust, Manny's rock-hard cock split her twat and plunged all the way into her birthing tube. His mom gasped loudly and jerked, as if poked by a cattle prod as she felt the leaky crown of his cock strike bottom, pushing against the puckered ring of her external os. "OH MY GOD!" she squealed, clawing at her boy's naked ass, holding him in.

"Fuuuck!" Manny snarled, his nose resting against his mother's neck, smelling her sweet perfume. His tender cock flexed, his knob mushrooming deep inside her warm, fleshy sleeve, where few cocks had ever reached. His penile contraction caused pre-spunk to ooze from its piss-slit and smear against the opening to the cavity that once held him. He shuddered as Holly's pelvic floor muscles tightened in response to his engorgement, compressing her vagina around him even tighter. His mom's pussy-tube had tented to accommodate his length, so that the mouth of her fuck-hole suctioned tightly right up around his cock-root.

Holly could feel her son's excited heartbeat through the blood-engorged bulb of his cock as it pushed against her spongy uteri. Their union was every bit as thrilling and pleasurable as she hoped it

would be. Even though she had asked her son not to thrust, she herself began to subtly gyrate against his crotch, stirring his stone-hard pisser around inside her. "I am truly depraved!" she thought to herself, but somehow couldn't stop from grinding on her boy. The feel of his unyielding hardness pushing at her quivering cuntal walls was just too fucking pleasurable to allow her to think rationally.

Both mother and son began to pant like horny dogs and writhe passionately on the mattress in full penetration. They kissed in complete fuck-lust, rocking as though they were trying somehow to squeeze inside each other's bodies and become one flesh. Manny was suddenly taken by surprise as his mom rolled him over onto his back, taking the top. His eyes got as wide as silver dollars, staring up into space, and his tongue hung out lasciviously as his mom began flailing her own licker against his neck, while rocking against him. The feel of her warm, luscious body blanketing him, and her huge milkers bulging out from between their naked bodies got him more excited than he ever had been in his life. He knew she was losing control and that he'd soon be pumping his cock through the clasping tube of her cunt in sexual intercourse.

Suddenly, a knock at the door startled them both. Holly rose on extended arms and peered across the room in a panic. "Manny, are you awake?" Ed, Manny's father called from outside his door.

The teen was at a loss for words. There, inches above his face, dangled the most enormous tits he had ever laid eyes on. He was so close that he could see the subtle blue veins running just beneath their surface. Holly's engorged teats puffed out from the centers of their wide, rose-colored caps. The boy wanted nothing more than to latch on with his lips and never let go.

"Manny, I'm coming in!" his father announced. Holly dove beneath the comforter just before her husband opened the door and looked their direction. Her boy's dicked popped from her overheated cunt as she ducked down between his legs.

Manny gazed over at his dad with a bewildered look. "Sorry, I was um…just getting ready to get up," he muttered.

"Have you seen your mother? She's not downstairs."

"No, uh…I just woke up. I have not idea where she is."

Manny gasped as he felt his mom's tongue swipe up between his cum-filled nuts, then travel the long stalk of his erect cock. His dad fed him a curious look. "Are you ok? You look like just had one hell of a dream."

"If you only knew!" Manny thought, feeling his mom's tongue flicker all over his glans beneath the blanket. "No, I'm fine. I was just about to, well…you know," the teen explained, motioning down to his groin area.

"Oh, right…sorry," his dad nodded, catching on. "I forget that's a part of the routine at your age."

Manny was shocked when he felt his prick plunge inside his mom's mouth. His shocked turned to horror when the blanket bulged up and down as she began recklessly sucking dick. Of course, his father noticed this also. "Well, you could at least wait until I closed the door, son!" Ed laughed, thinking that it was Manny beating off beneath the blanket. Little did he know it was his cock-sucking wife's head bobbing up and down.

"Sorry…just kind of in a hurry," Manny blushed.

After Ed closed the door, Manny lifted the blanket and watched his mom suck his dick. "Jesus, mom, that was a close call!" he stated, mesmerized by how her heavy tits hung down like big udders and wobbled gently as she sucked. She gorged herself on his meaty prick and Manny watched the ring of her lovely lips sink to his cock-base. He gasped, quickly sitting up and holding her pretty head to his crotch. He could feel his steely cock throbbing inside her clasping

throat. "Goddamn!" he groaned, amazing by how long his mom could stay that way.

His knob popped from Holly's mouth, wet and shiny from her saliva. "I guess I should probably get downstairs, before he files a missing person's report," she joked, breathless from having had his cock shoved down her gullet.

"Can I stay home and penetrate you again?" he asked. "We really didn't get to finish."

Holly was surprised that being nearly caught by her husband didn't scare some sense into her. However, the truth was her cunt was itching with desire. Having her teen's womb-stretching erection inside her had only left her wanting more. "You're not missing a full day of school, but I'll take you in late, after we've both gotten off," she agreed.

"Deal!" Manny blurted.

"Stay in bed. I'll be back in after your sister and father leave."

Manny watched his mom slip out of his bed. The sight of her thick rounded ass and heavy, bobbling tits only made his cock ache for release even more. She put her robe back on and moved to his doorway. Before leaving, she peered back at him and spit her long tongue out playfully. "Nice tongue!" Manny stated.

"Thanks!" she answered, feeding him a flirty smile. "I'll have a special place for you to put YOURS when I get back.," she said with a wink.

The boy's heart skipped a beat. He knew almost for certain that what she meant was he'd be eating her pussy. The wait was so long he could hardly stand it. Finally, after he knew his dad and sister must be gone, he got a text from his mom.

"White, pink or aqua? " it read.

Manny had no idea why she was polling him for a color, but he went along with it. "Pink!" he texted back.

His mom soon messaged back. "Brown sugar, whipped cream or chocolate syrup? "

"Chocolate syrup!" Manny answered, even though he loved all three.

"Last question: doggy, missionary or me on top? " his mom's text read.

Manny was over the moon. He wondered, by her posing such a question, if he was gonna get to beat his dick through the tube of her cunt this time. He got a small taste of his mom on top of him before his father knocked, and certainly wanted more of that. "You on top!" he replied.

"Good choice! I'll be right there. "

A few minutes later he heard his mom's sweet voice from his doorway. "Ready to fuck around with mom some more?" she asked.

Manny's jaw lowered in awe as he saw Holly posing in his doorway in the skimpiest hot-pink micro teddy he'd ever seen. Her huge tits jutted out of the teddy's open cups, which were trimmed in scalloped-laced. The bottom half was crotchless, so only a series of thin hot-pink straps framed in his mom's shaved pubis. Holly stood with her hands on her hips, one silky smooth leg bent at the knee and cocked out in front of her.

"Damn, mom! I think that's the sexiest piece of lingerie I've EVER seen!" the boy expressed.

"You're just saying that because you want more pussy, aren't you?" she teased.

"No, I mean it," Manny answered, "but, yes…you're right…I do want more pussy!"

Holly giggled and held the bottle of syrup in her hand up for her son to see. "How about some chocolate-flavored pussy?" she asked in a flirty tone. "Does that sounds tasty?"

"VERY tasty!"

"Are you glad you chose the color pink, honey?" the mother asked, squeezing her breasts between her forearms, making them balloon out obscenely. "Look at this…" she said, reaching down and peeling back her thick outer labia, "the color of my teddy matches mommy's cunt-slit."

"Damn!" Manny sighed, his cock flexing excitedly as he stared at her splayed pussy. Her open labia was framed by the thick, rounded tissue of her clitoral hood.

"What's the matter, baby? Are you anxious to squeeze that big, muscular boy- cock up into mom again?" she asked, then slid her wet tongue across her top lip teasingly. "Are you excited to have your tender meat wrapped in hot MILF pussy-flesh?"

"Holy damn, mom…if you keep talking like that I may cum all over the place, before I even touch you!"

Holly giggled. "Well, if you're gonna do that, make sure you squirt some of that hot love-nectar on mommy's ass," she stated, spinning around and pointing her luscious derriere back at him. The teddy had an open back rear, with just three thin straps, one crossing her waist and two stretch over the rounded meat of her mommy-buttocks. She wagged her rounded buns teasingly, watching her boy reach down and squeeze the sensitive tip of his penis. "Don't worry, honey…you'll get to bury that horny knob again real soon," Holly remarked.

The anxious teen watched his sexy, lingerie-clad mother turn back around and sashay towards him on bare feet. Her huge fatty tits trembled heavily with every

step. "Now…mommy's gonna squirt some yummy chocolate on her pussy, then she's gonna take a ride on your face. How's that sound?" she teasingly asked.

"Wonderful!" Manny sighed, his heart racing eagerly.

Holly spoke to him in a cute baby-voice. "If you do a good job being my little chocolate, cunt-munching monster, mommy might just clean some off of YOU when you're finished."

"I'd love that!" Manny replied, sprawling back onto his bed.

Holly used the bottle to squirt some chocolate syrup into her pussy-hole. Then, she climbed onto the mattress and straddled her boy's face, planting her knees firmly astride his head. "Mmm!" Manny hummed, as he was smothered in cuntal flesh. He laved the slit of her genitalia with his tongue, savoring the tangy flavor of her juices, mixed with the chocolate that was seeping from her vagina. His mother subtly ground her pussy on him, while he ate her out.

Holly's clit was quite large and protruded from the top of her cunt. Manny wrapped his lips around it, sucking at the fleshy bulb. Immediately, his mom bucked, gasping and squealing as she fucked her shaved chocolate-flavored pussy all over his face. "Yes! Suck mommy's love-button, baby! Make me cum!" she gasped.

Besides the obvious thrill of eating his mom's pussy, the other thing Manny loved at that moment was the view he had. With the upper half of his face uncovered, he could stare straight up his mom's torso, to her wildly wobbling breasts. Through the gaping canyon of her cleavage, he could also watch her pretty face gasp and twist in pleasure, while throwing her silky brown hair around. "FUCKING AMAZING!! She's so beautiful!" he marveled.

"Oh God! Oh yes, honey…I'm cumming!" the busty mother announced, then shuddered and bucked, humping her rounded ass-cheeks up and down on Manny's forehead.

Fuck juices gushed from her vaginal orifice and her son lapped it all up, flicking his licker all up and down her engorged flesh. The boy's erect pecker throbbed intensely while he listened to his mom scream out in ecstasy.

"Oh, baby…that was wonderful!" the mother sighed, then turned and squirted chocolate syrup on his rock-hard boner. "Now I want your beautiful cock for dessert!"

Manny watched his mother open her mouth wide as she knelt beside him and stuffed his meaty pecker into her mouth. After a few tender sucks, Holly grabbed it at the base and darted her tongue all over his bulbous crown. "Ahh, wow!" the boy sighed, watching her swallow his penis again, then bob her pretty head up and down, making slurping, gurgling sounds as she fucked his stiff prick into her throat.

As the mother sucked like a cock-hungry whore, it occurred to her how far she'd gone with her son. Technically, even though there was no thrusting, they had already fucked. Manny had eaten her pussy and now she was sucking his big penis. She had already failed to make it through 'No Dick December' and she was only half-way through the month. However, this had become less about needing just any dick and more about desiring HER SON'S DICK. "I'm helplessly attracted to him!" she thought, admitting to herself that at that moment she wanted nothing more in the world than to feel her son's manhood thundering through her needy cunt.

Manny felt his cock pop from her mouth, and she gazed up at him with her beautiful brown eyes. "Manny, I know I'm your mother and that I made a silly commitment to getting no dick this month, but how would you feel about fucking me?" she asked.

"How do you think I'd feel, mom?" he excitedly asked.

"I'm not talking about just penetration, like we did earlier. I'm talking about nasty, raw, sweat-drenched fucking…for at least several hours!"

"I'm totally down, mom!" the teen stated. He thought he could pass out he was so fucking thrilled. Apparently, he was on the verge of seducing his vulnerable mother, just as he planned all along.

"We'll start with the position that you chose, with me on top," Holly suggested, wasting no time throwing a leg across her boy and mounting his loins. She grasped his rigid spear and placed the barbed tip to the entrance of her vagina. Aroused beyond belief, the mother's cuntal walls were already slick with secretions, allowing her boy's brick-hard penis to glide through her fleshy sleeve. She gasped

as his knob struck the back of her vagina for the second time that day. This time, however, was different. There were no rules. No barriers they couldn't cross. This time there would be raw, uninhibited fucking!

"My God, baby…you're so big and stiff!" the mother whimpered as she began bouncing on his cock. Her husband's dick never came close to filling her pussy like her son's prick did.

Manny moaned in delight, feeling the wonderful, heated snugness of his mom's cunt slipping up and down the length of his cock. Rows of blood-engorged pleats that lined his mom's vaginal tube created mind-blowing sensations on his penile flesh. He gazed up at her bouncing milkers, watching their fatty flesh ripple as they jumped around on her chest. His mom smiled down at him knowingly. She suspected her cute boy had waited years for this moment. A moment that included latching on to one of her mammoth tits and sucking to his heart's content. "Are you ready to suck my tits, honey?" she asked, her breath huffing with every plunge of her cunt on his cock.

"Am I ever!" he replied.

While she continued fucking, Holly lowered down on extended arms that rested astride her boy's head. This made her dangling mommy-melons brush against her son's face. Manny latched onto one, quickly suctioning in a mouthful of nipple and areolar flesh. He whipped his tongue around on her puffy teat, then felt his mom lean into him, masking his face in the squishy softness of her tit.

"THIS IS FUCKING IT!" the teen's brain cheered, knowing he had arrived at just the place he'd always dreamed of being. He clamped his teeth around her puffy nipple, chewing and pulling at the engorged pink flesh while feeling the huge orb of squishy boobie-meat quiver around his face.

Manny did his best to fight off his orgasm as his mom rode his unyielding cock for nearly an hour. Every five minutes or so, he would feel her cunt shrink up around his pole, then his mom would frantically fuck him, while screaming out in a tit-quivering climax. Her birthing tube would quiver and contracting, chewing at the meat of his erection, while bathing him in hot female ejaculate.

"Ahhh, shit!" Manny gasped, his voice muffled by heavy tit-flesh as he felt the twitching, suctioning pressure of her pussy around the throbbing muscle of his cock.

"Good God, baby…where did you learn to fuck like this?!" his mother gasped, struck by his incredible endurance.

"I guess it just comes naturally. Like mother like son!" he confidently replied.

"Well, at least until you move away from home, you may put your father and I's sex life out of business."

"You think so?"

"How could you not?! Your dick is bigger, harder…and you're a thousand times better in bed than he is!" Holly remarked. "Do you honestly think a hyper-sexual female like me will go back to fucking him, with YOU living under the same roof?"

It was music to Manny's horny eyes. "Damn! It sounds like I'm gonna be balls-deep A LOT from now on!"

"Ya think?!" she giggled, then gave him a sensual kiss, while pumping her pussy along the steely hardness of his young dong. "Ohh, I like you balls-deep, baby!" she whimpered.

Manny loved the way his mom rode his cock. She wasn't at all awkward and clumsy like some of the girls his own age that had been on top of him. It was clear that fucking was one of the things his mom did best. Every few minutes, she would fuse their crotches together and swivel up and back in full penetration. The sensation of his stiff pecker being stirred around inside her snug vagina, stretching her elastic walls was divine.

"Damn I love this, mom!" he exclaimed, rubbing his face between the warm swinging flesh of her dangling tits. He kissed his way through her cleavage.

"Get used to it, baby! This mother's pussy is ALL YOURS from now on!"

"I wanna fuck every day, as many times as we can!" Manny expressed.

"I'm counting on it!"

"Wow! I think I'm gonna cum soon!" Manny sighed, feeling his cunt-smothered dick and jiggling balls tingle with wonderful pre-orgasmic sensations.

"Let me lay down against you, so you can pound the fuck out of me like a savage beast and cum really hard, baby!"

Holly slapped her fat tits down against her boy's bare chest, pancaking them against him. Manny threw his arms around his mother's back, holding her to him as he began bucking his ass from the mattress. They met each other's frantic fuck-thrusts, beating their horny genitals together in a furious fuck. The lucky teen gazed down over his mom's shoulder, along her straining back, to the rounded cheeks of her buttocks. Her mommy-rump flew wildly up and down, her butt-meat quivering delightfully every time their crotches slapped together.

"OH FUCK, MOM!!" he groaned, feeling his engorged knob tingle as it pummeled through the pulsating tube of her vagina, slamming against the cum-slickened head of her cervix on every thrust. He felt her muscles contract and knew she was about to join him in mutual climax.

"AAAUUUGGHH!!" Manny grunted, hosing out a huge cord of baby-making goo inside his mother. "AAAUGHH!! … AAUUGHH, SHIT!!" he whimpered, feeling his mom convulse on top of him. Somehow, he ended up with his face wedged between her giant, squishy jugs, grunting into one of them as he felt his mom's ejaculation squelch all over his cock and run down the sides of his nuts.

For both, this was the orgasm of all orgasms, and it lasted for several extraordinary minutes. Now a sweaty heap on the bed, they writhed in fervent delight, milking out the pleasure for as long as they could.

December 24th

"I gave up!" Sharon stated as the three friends wrapped gifts. "I got fucked. I couldn't wait any longer!"

"With your husband?" Felicia asked.

"Oh, fuck no…not with Rick! With my lover. That dreamy nineteen-year-old I've been fucking lately. He starts swinging that teenage dick around. How the hell is a woman supposed to resist that?!"

"Well, I haven't been fucking any teenagers, but I have to admit, I caved too," Felicia confessed. "Going a month without sex is just impossible for a woman who likes fucking as much as I do."

They both looked at Holly, who was busy wrapping and listening to the two of them confess. She stopped and gave them a smile. "What?!" she asked, looking a little guilty herself.

"Please don't tell us YOU'RE still meeting this stupid challenge!" Sharon asked.

"Maybe I am."

"Liar! If anyone's been needing a royal pounding here lately it's you," Felicia giggled.

"OK, maybe I broke the rules just a little, but Sharon's right…big teenage dick is hard to resist."

Felicia gasped and lowered her jaw. "You fucked Manny, didn't you?!" she hollered.

"Well, when you have a husband who more committed to 'No Dick December' than you are, and a son who's super charming, super handsome AND super endowed, what's a woman to do?"

"Amen to that!" Sharon agreed. "Meet my needs or I take them elsewhere, that's what I always say."

"Sounds like your little corn gobbler is getting lots of Christmas pussy this year," Felicia stated with mischievous grin.

"We're both certainly on Santa's naughty list, that's for sure."

Manny couldn't keep his eyes off his mom at dinner. All he could think about lately was getting between her legs and fucking her savagely. The best Christmas present he could ask for this year was for his father to announce that he would continue

picking up extra hours at work in the evening. That was usually the time that he and his mom locked themselves in his bedroom and fucked their asses off.

"So what's going on with wrestling?" Ed asked his son.

"Oh, um…that? I quit the team over a week ago," Manny replied.

"Quit the team? Why?"

"Because he's tired of losing probably," his bratty sister replied.

Holly came to her son's rescue. "Manny's been helping ME with some things around the house lately, right, honey?" she asked, smiling over at her son.

"Yeah, helping you out has kept me pretty darn busy actually."

"I know. Mom can be pretty demanding, can't she?" Holly asked, winking at him flirting. "And speaking of 'helping me out,' it's Christmas Eve and I still have a ton of presents to wrap for your father and sister. Do you mind giving me a hand?"

"Not at all," Manny replied, knowing that was his mom's way of saying "It's time to fuck."

"Yeah, I suppose I should start wrapping too and not wait until midnight like I did last year," Ed admitted.

"You're not gonna recruit MY help like mom did Manny are you?" his daughter, Olivia, asked.

"And listen to you complain the whole time? I'm all set," Ed chuckled.

Holly got up from the table, took her son's hand and led him away. "Come on, my little Christmas Elf…let's go get busy!" she stated gleefully.

No sooner did Holly and her son get to her bedroom and lock the door than they began hurriedly stripping their clothes off. Once naked, the heavy titted mother pulled her boy to the bed and guided him down on top of her. "Wait!" she blurted, before Manny could pierce her with his jutting cock. She tapped onto the music app on her phone and "Rocking around the Christmas Tree," by Brenda Lee came on. Holly set her device aside and pulled her gorgeous teen down on top of her, crushing her jutting tits between them.

"Ahhh, yes!" Manny gasped as he buried his cock all the way inside her with one long thrust.

"Fuck me, baby!" his mother purred, circling her lovely shaved legs high around her son's back.

The cheery music drowned out the sound of Manny's big cum-filled balls beating again Holly's rounded ass as he began to fuck her feverishly. The wicked duo found it hard to keep their lips apart when they screwed. They both had needy lips and tireless tongues, which meant that naughty, passionate kissing was a huge part of the sex they had together.

The teenager's rock-hard prick socked through his mom's fuck tube, enjoying it's exquisite grip and heat. The wonderful pink pleats that lined her vaginal sleeve provided ball-clenching sensations on Manny's penile flesh. He had blasted so many cum-loads in his mom's unprotected pussy over the past week that they had lost count. Never once had they discussed the possibility of Holly getting pregnant. Unbeknownst to them, one of Manny's super-charged sperm had already implanted itself in Holly's egg and she was well

on her way to becoming a mother to a third child. The eighteen-year-old stud could never imagine the extraordinary pleasure that was ahead of him, once his mom's tits and belly began to swell, and her hormones began raging.

"AHHH, GODDAMNIT!!" Manny gasped, feeling his mom twist her sexy legs around him, sliding her dainty feet down against his ass to help guide his frantic thrusts. He didn't need to be on any stupid wrestling team. Not when he could be home, wrestling with his mom on her mattress. Her constant need of sex would keep him in much better shape than any school sports could. Not only that, just like any team improves with practice, the fuck-sessions between Holly and her son just got better the more they went at it.

Over the next hour, Holly creamed over a half-dozen times on her boy's tireless cock. The trembling mother didn't like having to muffle her orgasmic screams, but she certainly didn't need her husband and daughter hearing her. It was a minor inconvenience, but there was also something wonderfully thrilling about fucking her boy on her marital bed with her husband in the house. She extended her legs out widely while her son fucked her, pointing her bare feet in opposite direction.

Manny rose up on extended arms, so he could watch his mom tremble and writhe in ecstasy beneath him. Seeing the grimace of pleasure washed across her pretty face and her gigantic tits rolling up and down her chest never failed to make the cum boil in his nuts. "Ah fuck…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he groaned, then let out a guttural grunt as blast after blast of sticky jizz hosed from his piss-hole, filling Holly's vagina.

After grunting and bucking atop his busty mother for several minutes Manny collapsed on top of her. Holly stroked the back of his hair as they both caught their breath. "Ohhh God!" she deeply sighed.

"That was awesome!" Manny added.

"It sure was, and as much as I'd like to fuck again, I REALLY DO need to get some wrapping done, baby," she whispered.

"I can help you, and I promise to keep my hands to myself, so we can get it done."

She gazed up into his eyes and smiled. "You know, I think trying to do that 'No Dick December' challenge ended up paying off for me. It made me horny enough to want my son's cock, and now that I've had it…I can't give it up."

"Oh, speaking of challenges, that reminds me. The guys at school want me want me to do a challenge with them in January," Manny revealed.

His mother fed him a suspicious look. "What type of challenge are we talking about?" she asked.

"It's called 'Just jerk January.' We can't fuck girls all month. We can only jerk off."

Holly quickly rolled her boy onto his back, then sat up, so her humongous tits loomed over him. She peeked down through the canyon of her cleavage. "Tell your friends to forget it! They can all pull on their pricks if they want, but you have plenty of hot fucking to do in January."

The hot bodied mother began to bounce on her son's prick, making it return to full hardness inside her. Manny watched her meaty milkers jump wildly up and down. Even her fat, rubbery teats seemed to quiver with each thrust as they stuck out from the wide round rings of her areola. "What about gift wrapping?" he asked.

"Fuck, gift wrapping!" she huffed, pounding her wet pussy down around his jutting erection, beating her stretched cuntal flanges against his cock base. Their tongues hung out in fuck lust as Holly plowed the big bell of her boy's cock against the back of her honey-

honey, inches from where she had once held his body in a womb-sack. Her big marital bed rock beneath them as they settled into the rhythm of another heated fuck.

THE END

150: Off to College and Into Mom_1

Off to College and Into Mom

By Klrxo

As he prepared to leave for college, Brandon could feel the emotions running high in his home. His mother Leslie seemed to take it the hardest, her usually cheerful face now marked by tear tracks and a quivering lip. They had always been close, but as her only son, their bond was unbreakable. "You better call me," she sniffled, her voice thick with emotion. "Every day."

"I will, mom. I promise," Brandon reassured her, pulling her into a tight hug.

As he embraced his beautiful, brunette mother, he couldn't help but notice the details of their physical connection that he would soon miss. The feeling of her slender arms wrapped snugly around his lean frame, the weight of her large breasts pressing against his chest, and the faint sensation of her nipples through the fabric of her blouse and bra. And then there was the scent of her perfume, so familiar and comforting, that would soon be replaced by dorm room air fresheners. These were the moments that felt magical to him, and he knew he would miss them dearly.

It would be one thing if he were nearby and could visit often, but Brandon had been accepted to a school across the country, a world away from his mother's sweet embrace. As bittersweet as this

moment was, he couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and anticipation for the adventure that awaited him. He knew this was his chance to spread his wings and discover the world beyond their quaint little town.

Leslie, on the other hand, was struggling to accept the reality that her son was leaving. She knew he was ready for this next chapter in his life, but that didn't make his departure any easier.

As she watched her son laugh and play, a pang of nostalgia washed over her. He had the same mischievous sparkle in his eyes as his father, Luo, when they were younger and first falling in love. Her heart skipped a beat as she realized how much Brandon resembled his father, both in looks and personality. Yet, this only added to the inappropriate feelings that stirred within her. She couldn't deny the attraction she felt towards her own son, an unsettling borderland between familial love and something more taboo. It was a battle she fought every day, trying to push aside these forbidden desires and focus on being a mother instead. But with each passing moment, it seemed like her willpower was slipping away.

Brandon fit right in at his new college and made new friends. He was your typical teenager, who craved sex for the first time so he was anxious to make new female acquaintances. One particular girl he had his eye on was Adriana, a stunning blonde with a bubbly personality and a body that could rival any centerfold model. She seemed to be everywhere on campus, and Brandon couldn't help but notice her. She was not only attractive, but she also seemed to be well-liked by everyone she met.

One day, after a particularly tough exam, Brandon found himself lingering around the student center, hoping to run into Adriana. As fate would have it, she walked straight towards him. She was wearing a tight, low-cut dress that showed off her curves, and Brandon couldn't help but feel his excitement grow.

"Hey, Brandon!" she called out, waving at him. "I was just heading to the library. Wanna join me?"

"Oh, um…sure," he answered.

He was surprised by her sudden invitation, but he couldn't resist the opportunity to spend more time with her. Plus, it was a chance to prove to himself that he could handle the challenges of college life.

As they walked towards the library, he couldn't help but notice how her hips swayed with every step, her long blonde hair bouncing playfully. He tried to maintain an appropriate distance, but his thoughts were already drifting towards more carnal fantasies.

When they reached the library, she led him to a quiet corner and pulled out a stack of books. "I'm studying for a stupid exam," she explained, her eyes never leaving his.

Brandon nodded, feigning interest in the books while his mind raced with excited thoughts. He couldn't believe his luck – he had managed to get this gorgeous girl all to himself, and she seemed to be as interested in him as he was in her.

Adriana's mischievous gaze met Brandon's as she lightly brushed her hand against his thigh beneath the table. "I can think of some things I'd rather be doing though," she whispered, her voice low and seductive.

"Oh really? Do tell," Brandon replied with a sly smile, playing dumb.

"You know exactly what I mean," she giggled, her fingers tracing small circles on his leg.

"Knitting?" he teased, enjoying their playful banter.

"No way, knitting is for grandmothers," she retorted with a laugh.

"Eating ice cream then?" Brandon suggested, trying to keep up the humorous mood.

"Well, I do love ice cream, but there's something else I love even more."

"Holding and petting a puppy?" Brandon joked, making her laugh even harder.

"No, fucking!" Adriana exclaimed, causing heads to turn in the quiet library. The stern look from the librarian quickly silenced her, and she repeated in a hushed tone. "Fucking. I like to fuck. It's been like...two weeks since I've had any action."

Brandon's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as he realized he was still a virgin. "Yeah, it can feel like forever when you go without something you enjoy."

He knew that if he had any guts at all, he would take Adriana back to his dorm room for some hot and wild sex. But being inexperienced and naturally timid, he couldn't bring himself to seize the opportunity presented to him by this gorgeous and confident girl.

After exchanging their phone numbers, Adriana and Brandon continued to flirt and get to know each other through text messaging. Adriana even dared to send a few nude photos, showing her plump, double-d titties and neatly-trimmed pussy, eager to entice Brandon into taking the next daring step with her. "See what you're missing out on right now?" she teased beneath the provocative image.

"Yum! You look good enough to eat," he eagerly he messaged back.

But Brandon's excitement turned into shock when he received a reply from his mother, Leslie, just minutes later. "Well, thank you,

honey. I think I look pretty good today too, haha," the unexpected message read.

Panic flooded through Brandon as he realized his mistake - he had accidentally sent the intimate text meant for Adriana to his own mom.

"Oh shit, sorry, mom...that text was meant for someone else," he quickly messaged back in embarrassment.

To his surprise, Leslie responded with a selfie of herself in the kitchen. The snug denims she wore hugged her curves like a second skin, while her low-cut sweater exposed an obscene amount of creamy tit-cleavage.

"So you don't think I look good enough to eat then?" she playfully asked with a sad emoji.

With a blush creeping across his cheeks, Brandon confessed. "Oh you definitely do...that sweater looks amazing on you."

"I'm just teasing you, sweetie," Leslie playfully typed, her fingers dancing across the screen. She let out a small giggle before continuing with another question. "So, who's this lucky girl that has captured your attention?"

Her son Brandon quickly responded, eager to share about the new person in his life. "Her name is Ariana. I just met her a few days ago. We don't have any classes together, but we still help each other with homework."

Leslie couldn't resist making a cheeky comment, typing it out with a wink emoji attached. "What else are you two 'helping' each other with?"

Brandon blushed at his mother's teasing, quickly replying with a laugh. "We haven't done anything...yet." He added in an extra

"haha" to further emphasize his reply.

"Well, I'm sure the two of you will be bouncing across your bed mattress before you know it," Leslie texted. "Just make sure you pleasure her good. The way girls gossip, one bad sexual exprience can ruin your chances with every other girl you may be interested in screwing."

Brandon's face flushed with embarrassment as he read his mother's words. He couldn't believe he was having such an open, intimate conversation with her about sex. But there was something undeniably comforting about it, like his mother was still keeping a watchful eye over him, even from miles away.

"Thanks for the advice, mom. I'll do my best," he replied.

Brandon didn't have to wait long for the opportunity to have sex with Adriana. The next day he saw a message from her asking if he wanted to hang out.

"Sure," he replied, "when?"

Adriana suggested meeting at a nearby park that evening, somewhere secluded where they could talk and maybe get a little closer. Brandon's heart raced with anticipation as he made his way to the park, his mind filled with thoughts of this new girl and her sexy body.

When he arrived, he saw her leaning against a tree, her low-cut dress leaving little to the imagination. She smiled as she saw him approach and gave him a unexpected, passionate kiss. Brandon felt his body respond to her touch, his cock hardening in his pants, desire for her growing stronger by the second.

They walked deeper into the park, finding a quiet spot beneath the stars. Adriana suggested they lie down in the grass and just talk, but Brandon knew that wasn't what either of them wanted.

"Have you ever fucked someone under the twinkling stars?" Adriana boldly asked, her voice low and seductive.

Brandon's heart raced at her words, knowing exactly where this was headed. "No, I, um…can't say I have," he admitted.

"We should give it a try," she suggested, her hand sliding up his arm in an encouraging gesture. "Like…right now."

"Here? In public?" Brandon nervously squeaked out.

"Why not?" Adriana purred, her lips brushing against his as she leaned in closer. "We both want each other, and it would be a shame to let that delicious-looking bulge in your pants go to waste."

Without another word, Adriana straddled Brandon's lap and began kissing him hungrily, her tongue exploring every inch of his mouth as they indulged in their lust beneath the sparkling night sky.

With a sudden and unexpected surge of desire, Brandon's hands latched onto her breasts through the fabric of her dress. His fingers deeply sunk into their supple meat, relishing in the warmth and softness that greeted him. For a moment, his mind couldn't help but flash to the image his mother had sent him earlier - of her wearing that clingy sweater that so snugly encased what had to be the largest set of tit-melons he had ever seen in his life.

"Fuck me, Brandon," Adriana whispered, her voice sending a shiver down his spine as she tore off his t-shirt. In that moment, he was taken aback by how much her voice sounded like his mother's - or perhaps it was just his imagination playing tricks on him.

Breaking their kiss, Adriana sat upright and pressed her overheated pussy against the now-rigid bulge in his pants. With practiced ease, she shed her dress and reached back to unclasp her bra. As his eyes greedily drank in the sight of her trim torso and plump, bobbing breasts, they suddenly paused on her face - except it wasn't

Adriana's face he saw. Instead, it was an eerie resemblance to that of his own mother's.

"What the fuck!" Brandon exclaimed, quickly crawling out from under her.

"What?! What's wrong?" Adriana asked in equal surprise.

"Nothing. You're beautiful, you really are," he stuttered out, trying to recover from the shock. "I just...can't do this right now." He hastily put his t-shirt back on, feeling overwhelmed by conflicting emotions and memories triggered by this encounter with Ariana.

Brandon awkwardly walked Adriana back to her dorm room. "Brandon, is everything ok?" she finally asked. "Are you just not into me or something?"

Brandon shook his head, trying to compose himself. "No, it's nothing like that. It's just... complicated."

As they reached her dorm room, he leaned in to give her a goodbye kiss, hoping to make amends for the strange encounter. To his surprise, their lips met and he felt a surge of passion that he hadn't felt before. Her tongue danced with his, and her hands ran through his hair, pulling him closer.

"I'm really into you, Adriana," he whispered between kisses. "It's just... my head's been all over the place lately."

Adriana smiled, understanding the weight of his words. "Let's take this slow, then. We don't have to rush into anything. I just wanna enjoy getting to know you, and maybe, eventually, we can explore whatever else we want to, together, like fucking each other."

Brandon nodded, relieved by her understanding. "I'd like that," he agreed, feeling a sense of relief wash over him.

Once back in his dorm room, Brandon eagerly dialed his mother's number, longing to see her face and hear her voice again. As the video call connected, Leslie answered with a warm smile, her hair still

damp from the shower and a towel loosely draped over her curvaceous frame.

"Hi, honey," she greeted him, her eyes twinkling with love and adoration. "I just got out of the shower. I'm gonna set you down for a second while I throw something on."

"Alright," Brandon replied, unable to tear his gaze away from the screen as Leslie set her phone down. The way it was positioned allowed him to see her silhouette on the wall, highlighting the alluring curves of her body. As Leslie removed the towel, he found himself mesmerized by the silhouetted swell of her gigantic tits. They wobbled heavily as she quickly threw on a robe.

"All right, I'm back," she announced, picking up the phone once again. Brandon couldn't help but notice the obscene amount of cleavage peeking out from the hem of her robe, making it difficult for him to focus on anything else. "Is everything ok?"

"Yeah, um…I'm fine. I just got back from hanging out with that girl I was telling you about."

"Oh yes...the one who is 'good enough to eat,'" Leslie teased, her smile widening at Brandon's embarrassment. "How did that go?"

"Honestly, not the best."

"Why, sweetheart? What happened?" Leslie asked with genuine concern etched on her face.

"It just didn't feel quite right," her son replied, his tone weighted with uncertainty and a hint of discomfort. Leslie could sense he was

hesitant to continue, but she urged him on with a gentle nod.

"I know this is gonna sound bad, but have you ever been with someone, in an intimate situation, and all you can think about is someone different?"

Leslie's heart skipped a beat as her son's words hit her like a freight train. Memories flooded back to the previous night, when she was in bed with her husband, Brandon's father. In the midst of passion, Leslie suddenly imagined it was Brandon on top of her, their bodies moving together in a frenzy of desire. The intensity of the orgasm she experienced at that moment was overwhelming, and now Brandon's question made her pause for a moment.

Her mind raced as she tried to come up with a response. She couldn't deny the truth - her thoughts had strayed to her own son while she was fucking her husband. A feeling of shame washed over her, but also a sense of confusion and longing.

"Mom, are you alright?" Brandon asked, noticing her distant expression. He could sense there was something more going on than just their conversation.

Leslie took a deep breath before finally responding, "I'm fine, honey. It's just...your question brought up some unexpected feelings." Her words were carefully chosen, not wanting to reveal too much to her son. But inside, she couldn't stop thinking about the powerful emotions that had surfaced during last night's encounter.

"Do you wanna talk about them?"

"No, I wanna help you with your issue. So, what you're saying is, you were just about to have sex with this new girl, but your mind was completely on another?'

"Exactly," said Brandon. "I couldn't go any further with her because I felt so bad about it."

"Oh, honey, I completely understand where you're coming from," Leslie reassured him. "It's totally normal to have thoughts of someone else during a sexual moment like that. It doesn't make you

a bad person, and it doesn't mean the person you're with isn't enough."

As Leslie spoke, Brandon couldn't help but notice the way her chest rose and fell with each breath, the gentle sway of her heavy breasts beneath her robe. A wave of desire washed over him, and he found himself fantasizing about what it would be like to be with his mother. To push his cock inside the cunt that birthed him and wrestle sexually with the one woman he's known all his life. The thought both excited and frightened him, but he knew he had to find a resolution to his conflicted feelings.

"But how do I make it right with Adriana?" he asked, turning his focus back to the matter at hand. "I don't want her to think I'm not attracted to her or something."

Leslie leaned in closer, her voice low and conspiratorial. "You don't want to tell her that your mind is preoccupied with another person," she warned.

Brandon nodded solemnly. "I know, that would completely turn her off."

"So who is this 'other person' anyway?" Leslie prodded. "Another girl from school that you're romantically interested in?"

"Romantically?" Brandon repeated cautiously, careful not to give away too much. "I haven't really thought about it like that."

"But there's definitely some level of attraction there," Leslie pressed. "I mean, you're about to be intimate with a girl who likes you, and yet this 'mystery girl' keeps popping into your head."

"It's not just her face," Brandon confessed. "It's everything about her. And I've never even seen her naked before."

Leslie furrowed her brow as she spoke, her voice low and tinged with concern. "Well, honey. I don't wanna influence your decision, but maybe you're pursuing the wrong person."

She watched as Brandon's face fell, his shoulders slumping with defeat.

"But what if this 'mystery girl' isn't really someone I'm supposed to be pursuing?" he countered, his voice laced with frustration.

Leslie fell silent once again, deep in thought as Brandon hit a nerve. The guilt and shame she felt at imagining him on top of her instead of her own husband was exactly what he was pointing out. He was not someone she should be fantasizing about, especially as her son.

"Mom?" Brandon's voice broke through her heavy thoughts.

"Oh, sorry," Leslie stammered, trying to shake off the uncomfortable feelings. "I see your concern."

Her curiosity piqued, Leslie couldn't help by pry even further. "So, who is this woman you're so obsessed with...a teacher or something?" She wanted to get a better understanding of the situation and hopefully offer some guidance for her son's troubled heart.

Brandon shifted uncomfortably on his bed, his words hesitant and awkward. "Well...she's married," he began, his voice laced with guilt, "and quite a bit older than me. So I probably shouldn't be flirting with her."

Leslie raised an eyebrow inquisitively and Brandon continued, "But yeah...we've been flirting."

A sly smirk played at the corners of the mother's mouth as she teased him. "So you're already being naughty with this older woman, is that what you're telling me?"

Brandon felt a flush creep up his neck as he hesitated before admitting, "Yes...but that's all we've done. And it's probably as far as it would ever go anyway."

"Well, I don't wanna encourage you to do something that's wrong, but…"

"But what?" Brandon asked, anxious for her true opinion on the matter.

"But if something feels right, and you're not hurting anyone, sometimes following your heart is the best thing you can do," Leslie finished with a determined smile.

Following her advice, Brandon took the plunge and decided to send his mom a flirtatious text the very next day. He couldn't help but feel a tingle of excitement at the thought of igniting a playful exchange with his own mother. "Hey there, mom. I just wanted to ask if you're looking good enough to eat today? And don't worry, I've got the right number this time," he typed out with a cheeky grin on his face.

As he anxiously waited for her response, every passing second felt like an eternity. Would she reply in the same playful tone as before? His heart raced with anticipation. And finally, his phone beeped with a new message from his mom. Swiping open the screen, Brandon's breath caught in his throat at the sight before him. It was a picture of her, laying out by the pool in a revealing two-piece bikini that left little to the imagination. Her body, tanned and toned from years of dedicated workouts, glistened under the warm sun and layer of suntan oil.

Brandon couldn't tear his eyes away from the screen as he scanned every inch of her alluring figure. The bikini top struggled to contain

her enormous tits, their curves spilling out, tempting him with their

tan flesh. Meanwhile, the tiny piece of fabric covering her crotch hugged tightly against her vulva, outlining its shape and hinting at what lay beneath. Her legs were smooth and toned, showing off both femininity and strength as they basked in the sunlight, shimmering with oil.

Feeling himself grow hard at the sight, Brandon fished out his cock and let his hand glide over it as he continued to admire his mother's alluring photo. Unable to resist any longer, he sent her a reply accompanied by an emoji with its tongue playfully sticking out in response to her teasing image. "Wow, mom...you look absolutely incredible," he wrote, eagerly awaiting her next response.

"Thanks, honey," Leslie answered with a flirtatious wink. "Your father doesn't like me wearing this bikini. He says it's too revealing."

A photo quickly followed that nearly took Brandon's breath away. The image showed Leslie lying on her stomach on the lounge chair, her long, toned legs stretched out behind her. But what caught Brandon's attention was the delicious curve of her rounded buttocks. Her G-string bikini was tucked so deep between her luscious cheeks that it almost looked as if she was completely naked, the smooth skin of her back and hips glistening in the sunlight.

The sight of his own mother's perfect bubble butt glowing in the sun caused a surge of desire to course through Brandon's body. He couldn't believe that she could have this effect on him. As he continued to stroke his cock more vigorously, he couldn't help but feel a mix of guilt and excitement at the forbidden thoughts running through his mind.

"What's dad talking about? It's not revealing at all," messaged Brandon, including a laugh emoji to show that he was clearly joking.

Leslie, undeterred by Brandon's joking comment, sent him another photo. This time, it was a close-up of her face, her lips glossed and

pouting seductively as they nearly touched the camera lens. Her eyes were closed, but he could imagine the desire that lay behind them. "Kiss, Kiss!" Her message read.

"You're such a tease, mom," Brandon replied, his heart pounding in his chest. His cock was hard now, leaking pre-cum as he continued to stroke it. He felt guilty, but also aroused beyond measure at the thought of his mother in her barely-there bikini. It was wrong, but he couldn't deny the sexual attraction he felt towards her.

Leslie's fingers hovered over her phone as she read Brandon's message, a playful smirk on her lips. With a devilish twinkle in her eye, she snapped another picture and sent it back to him. "Who me?" she wrote. This time, she lay on her back with the camera held above her, an exaggerated innocent look on her face. The fabric of her bikini top strained against the weight of her massive breasts, which spilled out in every direction and pressed together like soft pillows of flesh.

Brandon could even make out the thick nubs of her nipples protruding through the fabric, making his pulse quicken with desire. As he typed his response, he couldn't help but wonder if their playful banter was making Leslie just as aroused as he was.

"Yes you, but trust me…I'm not complaining," he replied.

"Who are you flirting with over there?" Riley, Leslie's friend asked as she lay nearby on a large, plush towel, her tanned and curvaceous body glistening in the sun.

Leslie chuckled, feeling the warmth of the sun on her skin. "You would laugh in shock if I told you."

"You know how naughty I am," said Riley playfully, her round tits wobbling beneath her micro bikini as she turned towards her friend curiously. "I'm certainly not one to judge."

"Well, in that case, it's Brandon," Leslie confessed, biting her lip nervously.

Riley raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Your Brandon?! Shouldn't he be flirting with the girls from college?"

"Well, yes, but…." Leslie trailed off. As if a switch had been flipped inside her head, Leslie's eyes suddenly lit up with realization. "Oh my God, it's me," she blurted out excitedly.

"What's you?" Riley asked in confusion.

"Brandon has a girl there at school who's interested in him, but he told me that every time he's with her, his mind is on someone else."

"And you think that it's 'you' that he's obsessing about?" Riley asked skeptically.

Leslie nodded eagerly, a mixture of excitement and uncertainty swirling inside her. "Well, I encouraged him to flirt with whoever this 'mystery girl' is and now I'm getting all these flirtatious texts. What if it is me?" she pondered aloud, unsure if she should be flattered or horrified at the thought.

As they continued to bask in the warm sun together, Leslie couldn't help but wonder about the possibility of being the object of her son's desires.

Riley gave a nonchalant shrug of her shoulders. "Well, so what if it is?" she said.

Leslie couldn't help but snicker at her friend's dismissive attitude. "I'm not so sure fantasizing about your mother sexually would be

considered an 'innocent crush,'" she joked.

"Come on, Leslie," Riley urged with a playful grin. "It might be a way for the two of you to stay close and have some harmless fun in the process."

As she lay there, Leslie couldn't help but stare at Brandon's contact picture on her phone. His smile was infectious and instantly brought warmth to her heart, and a tingle to her pussy, whether she liked it or not. "I guess it has been kind of a thrill," she admitted. "Being a little flirty with him over the phone."

"See, exactly. You're not harming a soul," Riley added.

She paused, considering her friend's words. "And if it's encouraging him to stay in contact with me, then maybe it's not such a bad thing." A twinge of sadness tugged at her heart as she thought of other mothers who hardly hear from their kids once they go off to college. But in that moment, she was grateful for the playful banter and closeness with her son.

Riley playfully sauntered over to Leslie and knelt beside her, her expression eager and mischievous. "Ask him if he's keeping his knob well-polished while he's off at college," she suggested with a wink.

Leslie couldn't contain her laughter at the suggestion. "Riley, I can't just ask him that!"

"Why not? It's all in good fun," Riley insisted.

Just when Brandon thought their flirtatious banter had ended, another text from his mom popped up on his phone. "So, honey, are you keeping your knob polished while you're away at college?" she asked boldly, accompanied by a playful wink emoji.

Brandon couldn't help but smile at his mom's boldness and responded in kind. "Of course! In fact, I'm polishing it right now, ha-

ha."

Leslie and Riley erupted into giggles upon reading his response. "Oh my God, he's masturbating his boner," exclaimed Riley playfully. "I guess you really do turn him on."

"Maybe we should make sure he's stroking that dick correctly," Leslie chimed in, sending another message to her son.

Brandon felt a flutter in his chest as he read the next text from his mother. "Make sure you have a firm grip and stroke both the knob and the shaft. Full-length thrusts are the absolute best!" it read, followed by a devilish smiley face emoji.

Brandon's heart raced as he read the message. He could hardly believe what was being said, and his fingers trembled with anticipation as he typed back a response. "Well, you've definitely given me some good material to fantasize about, mom," he wrote, his words dripping with desire. "Can you send another picture?"

A minute later, she replied with another sultry message. "How's this one?" she asked coyly. The image showed Leslie's waist, her torso rising up in a seductive curve towards the camera. She playfully peeked over her giant, stiff-nippled breasts, their size almost comically exaggerated in the photo. They jutted from her frame like two ripe watermelons, their creamy flesh spilling out of her tiny bikini top.

"Damn, mom…that's an incredible shot," Brandon responded, his excitement growing with each passing moment.

"Us double-G cup moms know just how to flaunt it, honey," Leslie teased back, her heart racing with each word she typed, knowing the effect it was having on her son.

"Why don't you tell him to send a picture back to us?" Riley suggested with a mischievous glint in her eye. "I know you wanna

see his body as bad as I do."

Leslie's fingers hovered over her phone as she considered the idea. She typed out a quick message to her son. "How about you send something for me to look at?" it read.

A minute later, Brandon's response appeared on the screen. It was a picture of him lying on his bed, shirtless and from the waist up. The muscles in his arms and chest were defined and his skin seemed to glow in the soft lighting. But what caught Leslie's attention most was that his arm was positioned in a way that could only mean he was touching his cock.

Riley let out a low whistle as they both stared at the photo, their eyes filled with lustful thoughts. "Look at how lean and fit he is," she pointed out, tracing the outline of his abs with her finger.

Leslie couldn't help but agree, her tongue licking her lips. "Brandon has always taken really good care of himself," she stated, her gaze drifting up his chiseled torso to his face.

"A guy who looks like him should have no problem getting fucked while at college," Riley remarked, her tone filled with envy.

"Well, from what he's told me, it seems like pussy is definitely available to him," said Leslie, a small smile playing on her lips. "He just can't seem to get mom off his brain long enough to give those other girls a chance apparently."

Brandon's phone chimed with a reply, causing a rush of excitement to course through him. It was from his mom and he couldn't help but feel a little naughty as he opened the voice message. Her voice was sultry and playful as she spoke.

"Nice picture, sweetheart. You think your dad would mind if I blew up that picture poster-size and put it on my bedroom wall?" she said with a giggle, her words tinged with flirtation.

Brandon couldn't help but chuckle, picturing his dad's reaction to such a bold move. He quickly recorded a response. "I don't think dad would be too happy about that."

As Leslie listened to her son's reply, her heart raced at the thought of her husband's possible reaction to their playful exchange. But the thrill of it all was too exciting for her to resist. She glanced over at Riley, who was sitting next to her with an equally wicked grin on her face. "God, he's so adorable," she cooed.

"Ask him if he likes to soar on the wings of a bald eagle," Riley giggled mischievously.

Leslie's amusement grew as she caught onto Riley's innuendo. "Does that mean what I think it means?" she asked with a sly smile.

Riley nodded eagerly. "Oh yeah, ask him!"

With a smirk, Leslie posed the question to her son verbally while running her fingers over the puffy shaved flanges of her labia through her bikini bottoms - her 'bald eagle.'

Brandon's confusion was evident in his response, having never heard that phrase before. "What does that mean?" he typed back.

His mom's voice came through again, this time with even more playfulness evident in her tone. "Do you want me to ask the question again without using the cryptic metaphor? Is that what you're saying?" she teased.

"Yes please," Brandon replied eagerly.

"Fine, then let me put it this way," Leslie's sexy voice purred through the phone. "Do you like to eat a shaved pussy, honey?"

Brandon's shock was palpable as he struggled to come up with a response. He had never eaten pussy before, but he certainly didn't

want his mom knowing that.

"Sure, what guy doesn't?" he finally replied, trying to play it cool despite the flutter of nerves in his stomach.

His mother's voice was filled with a teasing tone. "I bet you just love the ones that produce a lot of delicious honey, don't you?"

Brandon couldn't help but smile, knowing exactly what she meant by "honey" - girls who could squirt during oral sex. "Oh yeah, those are definitely the best," he replied with a mischievous grin.

His mother's voice dripped with seduction. "And which do you like better...the smell or the taste?"

Brandon's heart was racing in his chest at the taboo nature of their conversation. He couldn't believe his own mother was asking him such naughty, personal questions, but he couldn't deny how much he loved it. His erect cock leaked pre-cum as he stroked himself steadily.

"They're both amazing," he replied boldly. Then, unable to resist, he added, "I bet you smell and taste incredible."

As Riley and Leslie listened to his reply, they were both taken aback by the intensity of his answer. "Wow, this is getting heavy," Riley exclaimed. "And I fucking love it."

Leslie couldn't help but smirk at her friend's enthusiasm. "I'll admit, it is quite fun," she responded coyly. "But perhaps we should stop here before things get carried away."

Riley immediately protested, exclaiming that stopping here would be a huge mistake. "In fact," she said with a sly grin, "I have an amazing idea that would absolutely rock your son's world."

Leslie raised an eyebrow in interest. "Alright, let's hear it," she said with a playful smirk.

Over the next ten minutes, Brandon was bombarded with a series of candid pictures taken by his beautiful mother as she roamed through the house in her revealing bikini. In one photo, she playfully stuck out her long, pink tongue at him while passing through the dining

room, her mile-long cleavage spilling from her bikini top just beneath her gorgeous face.

Another snapshot captured her taking a sip of water, her oversized breasts thrust forward, nipples visibly erect beneath the thin fabric, commanding Brandon's undivided attention. The flimsy material of her bikini seemed as though it could snap off her heavy tits any moment.

Brandon was enraptured by each picture he received, eagerly awaiting the next as he lay there beating his sinewy boner. When Leslie started snapping photos inside his parent's bedroom, his excitement reached new heights. The first shot displayed her reflection in the full-length mirror, offering Brandon a full view of her curvaceous body as she posed seductively.

A minute later, he received a picture of her sitting on his parent's bed, looking directly at the camera with a mischievous grin while her vibrator sat on the mattress next to her, hinting at what was coming next.

His phone rang, and with his heart racing, Brandon eagerly answered Leslie's call. "Hey, mom," he said.

"Hey sweetheart," her sweet voice replied, "Are you having fun?"

"Yeah, a lot of fun," he confessed, struggling to catch his breath.

"Brandon, you can't tell anyone what we're doing, alright? Let's just keep it our secret," she said in a serious tone, but Brandon could hear the hint of excitement in her voice.

"I won't tell anyone," he reassured her. "I promise."

"Good. I'm lying on my bed right now, making you something special," she whispered.

"Making me something? What is it?" Brandon asked, curious and intrigued.

"You'll find out soon enough," she replied coyly. "Some moms send their sons cookies or brownies when they're at college, but I have something else in mind. Something I just know you'll love more than any of those things."

As they spoke, Brandon could hear the faint buzzing sound of Leslie's vibrator. Paired with her heavy breathing, he put two and two together and realized that she was masturbating - just like he was. "Are you, um...?" he trailed off awkwardly.

"Yes, I am. That doesn't repulse you, does it, sweetie?" Leslie panted.

"Are you kidding? No way. It's just never something I imagined doing with you before," he confessed. "Well, I take that back. I did imagine it plenty of times, but I never thought it would actually happen."

"Are you still stroking your cock?" Leslie whispered seductively.

"Yes," Brandon admitted, his arousal growing.

"Good. Keep stroking and let's share an orgasm together, would you like that, sweetheart?" Leslie suggested.

"An orgasm? Yes, more than anything," Brandon replied eagerly.

Over the next minute, Leslie and Brandon pleasured themselves, fueled by the sounds of their moans and gasps, and the vivid images of one another sprawled out on their beds, nearly naked. The thought of experiencing pleasure together, even from a distance, was almost too much for them to handle. They both stroked faster and harder, desperately chasing the ultimate release.

"Brandon, I'm getting close," Leslie whispered, her voice strained with pleasure. "My pussy is tingling."

He panted in reply, his heart racing with both fear and excitement. "Me too, Mom...I'm so close."

Just as the tension between them reached its peak, Leslie let out a guttural moan as her orgasm washed over her. In that moment, she could feel the waves of pleasure radiating from her clit, coursing through her entire body. Her knees buckled, her toes clenched and she let out another loud cry as her climax peaked, echoing throughout the silent master bedroom.

Unable to hold back any longer, Brandon threw his head back, arching his spine as his own orgasm hit him. The sensation of his release was overwhelming, and he could feel his cock throbbing in his hand, spurting ropes of sticky cum onto his stomach.

As he caught his breath, Brandon couldn't help but think about the implications of what had just happened. He'd just shared an orgasm with his own mother, and it was one of the most intense experiences of his life. As he lay there, covered in his own cum and still panting, he couldn't help but smile to himself. He wondered if this was the start of something new, something exciting, between him and his mom.

"You'll get the package with what I made for you tomorrow, sweetheart," Leslie breathed. "Call me as soon as you receive it…and

make sure you're alone."

Brandon could hardly focus in his class the next day. He was so anxious to receive the package that his mother had mentioned. As soon as he entered his dorm building at the end of the day, he checked the mailbox and to his delight, found a small package from his mom. He hurried it back to his room, while dialing Leslie in the process. His insides tingled as he heard her sweet voice answer.

"Hey, mom, it's me. I got the package," Brandon said.

"Did you open it yet?" she asked.

"No, you said I should call you before opening it."

Leslie went in a plopped down on the sofa, anxious to share this special moment with her son. "Are you alone in your room now?" she asked.

"Yeah, my roommate has a job after school so he won't be home until later."

"Good," said his mother. "Alright, I want you to set the package down for a minute. There are some other preparations I need you to make before opening it."

"Preparations?" Brandon asked with growing curiosity.

"Yes. Think of it like a new comic book that you can't wait to read after you tear it out of the packaging. You'd make sure that you were comfortable and prepared for some intense reading, right? Well, this is much the same."

"So, what should I do to prepare for what you sent me?" he asked.

"First, I want you to take off all your clothes," Leslie instructed softly. "Close the curtains, and make sure you have a towel with you on

your bed."

As Brandon listened to his mother, he couldn't believe what he was hearing. But there was something in her voice that made him trust her completely. He took a deep breath and followed her instructions, fetching a towel and quickly undressing, his cock already at full mast.

"Do you want me to lay down on my bed now?" Brandon asked, his voice trembling with anticipation.

"Yes, take a moment to really get comfortable and relax," Leslie coaxed, her soothing tone like a gentle wave lapping against the shore. "Imagine you're at your favorite spot on the beach, feeling the warmth of the sun on your skin and the cool breeze rustling through your hair. Let all your tension melt away."

Brandon closed his eyes and took deep breaths, picturing himself on a sandy beach with crystal clear water stretching out before him. He could feel the imagined sun kissing his skin and the soft wind playing with his hair. The sound of his mom's voice was like a distant melody, guiding him deeper into relaxation.

"Now, open the package," Leslie instructed, her voice low and enticing.

With trembling hands, Brandon carefully pulled out the contents of the small package. His eyes widened in surprise as he saw what was inside - a clear zip lock bag containing a pair of bikini bottoms. But not just any bikini bottoms - these were the same ones his mom had worn yesterday.

"Are these…the ones you wore yesterday?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"They are. I wore them by the pool and I also wore them while I was masturbating," Leslie replied matter-of-factly.

"Wow," Brandon gulped, his gaze fixed on the tiny G-string in front of him.

But then Leslie said something that made his heart race and his cock stir with desire. "I soaked them during that orgasm we shared together, honey, and they should still be plenty damp."

"They should?" Brandon asked, his voice shaky with arousal.

"Yes," she whispered seductively. "I wanted to share my scent and taste with you, sweetheart. I wanted to give you something special, something unique. Something that only you would know was mine."

"Should I, um…take them out now?" Brandon awkwardly asked.

"Yes, take them out and place them against your nose."

Brandon carefully took the zip lock bag and opened it, inhaling deeply as the smell of his mother's arousal hit him. He felt a warmth spread through his body, as if her orgasmic scent was tying them closer together. He pulled the damp bikini bottoms from the bag and let them hover between his nose and mouth, savoring the connection.

"Now, sweetheart, close your eyes and think about me," Leslie instructed, her voice a soft whisper. "Imagine me standing right in front of you, naked, my skin glistening with sweat and desire. Feel my big breasts, so soft and tender, against your chest as I kiss you, our tongues tangling together. Can you picture it, sweetheart?"

As Brandon envisioned his mother's body against his, he felt a surge of desire coursing through him. He could feel his cock throbbing in his hand and he began to stroke its length. "Yes, I can picture it," he sighed.

"Good boy," Leslie purred. "Taste me now, honey. Taste the juices that squirted from my pussy just for you."

With his mother's words echoing in his mind, Brandon brought the damp bikini bottoms to his mouth and took a deep, long lick. The taste exploded on his tongue, sending shivers down his spine and causing his cock to twitch with excitement.

He could taste the salty sweetness of his mother's cum-juices, the intensity of her orgasm still lingering on the fabric. It was a taste that he would never forget, one that he would crave for days to come.

As Brandon continued to savor the flavor, he stroked his cock faster, imagining her mouth on his, their tongues dancing together like two wild serpents. He closed his eyes and lost himself in the fantasy, feeling the pleasure building within him like a raging fire.

"Now, imagine my hand reaching down, grabbing your hard, throbbing cock," his mother's voice whispered. "I'm stroking you, my hand warm and wet from my own cum. Can you feel it, baby?"

Brandon moaned in response, his hand tightening around his erection. "Yes, mom. I can feel it."

"That's right. Now, imagine my lips wrapped around the head of your cock, sucking and swirling my tongue around it. I'm tasting you, savoring the flavor of your semen, just like you're tasting me with the bikini bottoms."

Brandon's breath hitched as he imagined his mother's mouth on his cock, his hand moving faster as he stroked himself. "Oh, mom. I can see it. I can feel it."

"Good," Leslie murmured. "Now imagine that you're 'soaring on the wings of my bald eagle.' Imagine that you're eating my shaved pussy, sweetheart."

Brandon's eyes widened at the thought. "Shaved pussy?" he stammered.

"Yes, sweetie," Leslie cooed. "Imagine yourself on your knees, my legs spread wide open, your face nestled between my thighs. Imagine the taste of my nectar, the intoxicating aroma of my pussy-juice, and the way it makes you burn with desire."

As Brandon imagined the scene described by his mother, his hand moved in tandem with the words, furiously stroking his erect cock. The images of his mother's body, spread before him, filled him with an intense arousal that threatened to overwhelm him.

"I'm tasting your pussy, mom," he croaked, his voice thick with lust as he sucked in the moisture that was still there from the day before. "It's... it's unbelievable, mom. I never..."

"Shhh, sweetie," Leslie interjected softly. "Just enjoy the sensation for now. There's no need to think about the past or future. Just focus on the present - feel your cock, hard and throbbing, as you imagine yourself eating my hot, dripping cunt."

Brandon moaned, lost in the pleasure of the moment. He could feel every nerve ending in his cock, each one pulsating with the want for more. His hand moved faster, frantically, as if trying to catch up with his mind's newfound hunger.

"Now," Leslie continued, her voice a seductive purr, "imagine that I'm riding your cock. Feel how it fills me up, how the warmth of my pussy envelops you, how the soft skin of my inner thighs presses against your hips. Can you feel it, sweetheart?"

Brandon's eyes rolled back in his head as he pictured the scene. His breath hitched and his hand sped up even more, his cock throbbing with the need to be inside his mother. The thought of her body writhing above him, her gigantic tits bouncing and rippling was too much to bear.

"Yes, mom," he gasped, his voice hoarse with passion. "I can feel it. I... I need... it."

"Then go ahead, Brandon," Leslie whispered, her voice growing more sultry by the second. "Stroke yourself. Imagine that you're thrusting into my pussy, feeling me tighten around you, wanting your big cock more than anything."

Brandon's hand moved in a furious motion, his boner pulsating with the need for release.

He imagined himself thrusting into his mother's warm, wet pussy, feeling the walls of her sex clench around his erection. His breath quickened and his heart raced as the fantasy consumed him.

"Sweetheart, can you feel the orgasm building?" Leslie asked in a low, seductive tone. "Can you feel the pleasure coursing through your body?"

"Yes," Brandon gasped, his voice rough with desire. "I can feel it. It's like an explosion in my cock, mom. I wanna cum, I need to cum."

"Then go ahead, my love," Leslie cooed. "Picture your mouth on my pussy, your tongue lapping away at my clit. Imagine the taste of my nectar on your lips."

"Mmmmm," Brandon groaned, sucking on the crotch of her delicious bikini crotch, the intensity of the fantasy sending him over the edge. "I'm gonna cum, mom!"

"Only if you cum into my bikini bottoms, Brandon. That's the only way I'll let you cum," she exclaimed with excitement in her voice.

Brandon quickly lowered the flimsy bottoms to his cock, holding them against his spongy, quivering knob as he furiously stroked.

"I'm cumming!" he roared, panting heavily as he let out a guttural groan. The pleasure was so intense that it felt like a bolt of lightning coursing through his veins, and it left him breathless and weak in the knees.

Leslie cheered him on, her voice ringing in his ear. "Yes, baby! Oh, that's so good! Make sure you capture every drop of jizz for me."

Brandon's cock twitched and jerked, spurting hot, sticky ropes of cum into the moist crotch of the bikini bottoms. The sensation was incredible, almost otherworldly, and it made his whole body shake and tremble.

As the last of his orgasm subsided, he collapsed back onto the bed , panting heavily and feeling a sense of ecstasy that he had never experienced before. His mind was reeling, his heart pounding with excitement.

"Did you enjoy that, baby?" Leslie asked. Brandon had never heard her call him 'baby' before and it sent a shudder through his body.

"Yes, so much," he sighed.

"Did you capture every drop inside the bikini bottoms like I asked you to?"

"Yes," he answered, looking down at the drenched fabric.

"Good boy," Leslie purred. "Now here's what I want you to do next. I sent a next day return label that's already been paid for with the box. Do you see it?"

"Yes, mom," Brandon replied, still catching his breath. He reached over to retrieve the box and the return label from the nightstand. "What do I do with this?"

"Once you've placed the bikini bottoms in the zip lock baggy, put them in the box, tape it back up, along with the return label. Then, drop it off at the nearest post office as soon as possible."

"I'm sending the bikini back to you this way?" Brandon asked in disbelief.

"Yes you are, and I'm hoping that they will still be damp with your cum when they arrive. That would make me very, very happy," Leslie said, her voice full of desire.

Brandon nodded, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension. He knew he was doing something taboo, but the thought of his mother receiving the bikini bottoms with his cum in them was almost too much to comprehend.

He quickly bagged the bikini bottoms, making sure to seal it tightly so as to not let any of the cum escape. He then placed it in the box and attached the return label.

"Ready to go, mom," he stated. "I'll get it over to the post office right now."

"I'll call you as soon as they arrive tomorrow," Leslie stated with excitement in her voice.

151: Off to College and Into Mom_2

As soon as she hung up, there was a knock at Brandon's dorm room door. He answered and saw Adriana standing there in a sexy pose.

"Hi Brandon, can I come in?" she asked with a sly grin.

As Brandon opened the door wider to let Adriana in, his heart skipped a beat. She was wearing a snug tank top that hugged her curves and tight Daisy Duke shorts that left little to the imagination. Her luscious ass cheeks were hanging halfway out of the shorts, and he could feel his erection starting to return.

"I haven't spoken to you in a couple of days," she stated, snooping around his tiny dorm room. "Have you forgotten about me already?"

Brandon shook his head, trying to focus on her words instead of her enticing appearance. "Not at all, I've just been... busy." He trailed off, not wanting to mention his phone call with his mother.

"Busy with who?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "And don't say no one, Brandon, because your dorm room wreaks of pussy."

"My roommate must have had someone in here then, because it certainly wasn't me," he replied defensively.

"What's that you have there?" she asked, noticing the small box in his hand.

"Oh this, um…just something I have to drop off at the post office. It's, uh…" Brandon stumbled over his words as Adriana snatched the box from his hand and began reading the label.

"For your girlfriend back home?" she asked slyly.

"No, just…something for my mom," he clarified, feeling a flush creeping up his neck.

"Aww, that's so cute," she beamed. "Are you a momma's boy, Brandon?"

"Well, kind of I guess," he blushed, feeling slightly embarrassed by her teasing.

"There's nothing wrong with being close with your mom. I'm pretty sure my mom has been fucking my brother Alex for years now," Adriana revealed nonchalantly.

"You think so?" Brandon asked, surprised by her revelation.

"Yeah, I think it started during Covid. The two of them quarantined in our mountain cottage and I'm pretty sure that's where they started doing the nasty. I caught them a few times after they got back home, but promised I wouldn't tell my dad."

"Well, my mom and I are close, but not like that," Brandon said, stopping himself before adding the word 'yet' to the sentence. He couldn't help but wonder what would happen if he and his mother were ever alone for an extended period like Adriana's mother and brother had been.

Adriana gracefully sank onto his bed, leaning back against the pillows. With a sly smirk, she slowly spread her thighs open, inviting him in. "So, are we ever gonna fuck or is your head still 'all over the place,' like you told me last time?"

Brandon shifted uncomfortably, torn between his desire for her and his pressing need to send an important package to his mother. "I'd love to, but I really need to get this package off first. It's got some...time-sensitive material inside."

Adrian stood up, rolling her eyes in frustration. "I really like you, Brandon. But if you keep making excuses like this, I'll eventually get tired of waiting and move on."

He nodded understandingly as she spoke, fully aware of the consequences of his indecision. "I know," he replied.

"Most young adults don't come to college just for the education," she stated bluntly. "We come here to fuck too, and maybe that's just not as important to you as it is to me."

"It is," Brandon added.

"We'll see. The ball's in your court now, Brandon."

As he watched her depart from his dorm room with a confident sway of her half-exposed ass and toned legs, Brandon couldn't help but wonder if he was making the right choice by prioritizing his mom over a potential relationship with Adriana or at least a chance a losing his virginity.

Leslie's husband Luo found her in her large walk-in closet, surrounded by racks of clothes and drawers filled with lingerie. She was standing in front of a full-length mirror, admiring herself in a lacy bra and matching panties that left little to the imagination.

"Have you heard from Brandon?" Luo asked, eyeing his wife appreciatively.

Leslie turned to face him, running a hand through her tousled hair. "Yeah, I called him yesterday to make sure he got a package I sent."

Luo raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued. "Oh, nice...what did you send him?"

A mischievous grin spread across Leslie's face, recalling the sound of Brandon's pleasure-filled grunts as he released his pent-up cum-load inside the package she had sent. "Just some yummy goodies from home for him to enjoy," she replied with a smirk.

"In fact, he's sending me something that should arrive by mail today too," she added with excitement. "I can't wait to receive it."

Luo chuckled, wrapping his arms around his wife's waist. "Something for all of us?"

Leslie snickered and leaned into her husband's embrace. "Oh no, just for me, honey. I'm sure it will be long consumed by the time you get home."

"It's something edible?"

"Mm-hm. It's just a little something Brandon made yesterday that he wants me to try. I'm sure it'll be delicious," she said, licking her lips in anticipation. She didn't dare tell her husband that it was their son's cum-slime.

"Well, I hope you enjoy it," Luo said, giving her a quick kiss goodbye before heading off to work. "Be sure to tell Brandon hello for me and to keep studying hard if you talk to him again today."

"I will. Have a good day at work, honey," Leslie said with a hint of guilt creeping into her voice as she thought about how naughty she had been with Brandon over the past couple of days.

Her husband had barely pulled out of the driveway when she clicked a picture of herself in the mirror to send her son.

Brandon's heart raced with excitement as his mom sent him a provocative selfie, her busty body clad only in a lacy bra and panties.

His fingers trembled as he typed back a text, his desire evident in the words. "Damn...I love those, he wrote.

With a quick response, Leslie's message popped up on his screen. "My bra and panties or my tits?"

"Both, but since your bra and panties are covering your tits, I can only fully admire those right now," Brandon answered.

"I found this bra and panty set in your room more than once, usually caked with your semen," she teased with a winking emoji.

Brandon's cheeks flushed with embarrassment at being caught. "Oh shit, you knew about that?" he replied sheepishly.

"You better believe it," she responded. "I've always known how addicted you were to the scent and taste of my panties, young man. Your mom's no dummy," she added, ending with a kiss emoji that made Brandon's heart skip another beat.

"Did you ever taste it?" Brandon boldly asked.

"I did taste it out of curiosity once, I'll admit, but never ate your cum out of my panties though," she texted. "Today will be the first time for that. Damn, I wish the mail would hurry up and get here, ha-ha."

"I'll drop whatever I'm doing when you let me know it arrives," Brandon stated.

"One more picture, sweet boy, and then I'll let you focus on your studies. Or try to, lmao," Leslie messaged.

This time the picture she sent was of her sitting on the edge of her bed, her fingers tracing the line between her panties and her freshly

shaved pussy. The camera captured her eyes glinting with excitement.

Brandon's breath hitched at the sight. He could see her juices on the tip of her finger, glistening in the light. His erection, already straining against his trousers, surged even harder, his knob pushing up against the fabric. He swallowed hard, trying to steady his nerves.

"Damn, mom. You're killing me here," he whispered under his breath, his eyes still locked on the screen. He couldn't help but imagine how good she tasted, how her cunt would feel sheathed around his virgin cock.

Later, Leslie's text came through at exactly noon, full of excitement and anticipation. "It's here, baby! The package we've been waiting for! Video call me as soon as you can," she wrote, unable to contain her enthusiasm.

Brandon rushed back to his dorm room, practically sprinting down the hall. He quickly set up his laptop and hit the call button. His mom answered, lounging on his bed back home with her phone held above her head. Her smile lit up the screen, showing off her perfect white teeth.

"Hi, sweetheart," she greeted him warmly.

"Hi, mom," Brandon replied, his eyes widening when he took in her outfit. "What are you wearing?"

"Just a little something I thought you might enjoy," she teased, slowly panning the camera down her voluptuous body. She was wearing a white, sheer bodysuit that was the sexiest piece of lingerie her son had ever seen. He could faintly see the dusky pink rings of her areola through the intricate embroidered design as well as a hint of her cuntal cleft.

"Damn, you were right. That's definitely the sexiest 'little something' I've ever seen," the teen expressed.

"Mmm, in that case, you must be feeling quite aroused and erect by now," she said with a mischievous grin.

"How did you know?" Brandon asked incredulously.

"Mother's intuition," she giggled playfully. "Why don't you make yourself comfortable and take out your penis, sweetheart."

Brandon obeyed, pulling his dick out from his pants and stroking it slowly as he took in the sight of his mother, basking in her sultry, lingerie-clad glory.

Leslie's grin broadened as she watched her son's face contort with desire, his breaths shallow and quick.

"Look what I got," said Leslie, holding up the baggy with the cum-filled bikini bottoms that he mailed back to her. "You got to enjoy my love-juices, now I get to enjoy yours."

She opened the baggy and removed the bottoms, which she was delighted to see were still damp with his sticky load of semen.

Leslie held them to her nose, inhaling deeply, savoring the scent of her young son's potent love juice.

Brandon watched with a mix of fascination and arousal as his mom sniffed the panties, her eyes rolling back in delight by the smell of his teenage ball-slime. His own cock throbbed in his hand, aching for release.

"Oh my God, I'm gonna love this," Leslie confessed, and then she licked the crotch of the bikini bottoms, her eyes locking onto Brandon's as she tasted her own fuck-juices mixed with his.

Brandon groaned, his fingers tightening on his cock as he watched her mouth glide over the fabric, tonguing the gooey residue with her long licker, savoring the complex flavors of her own juices mixed with the heady taste of Brandon's seed.

"Wow, that's so hot," Brandon exclaimed in a low, husky voice. His eyes were glued to the sight in front of him, unable to look away from his mom's half-naked body.

"I'd love to eat it all, but I have another place in mind for the rest of it," Leslie said with a devilish grin, her voice dripping with seduction.

Brandon watched in fascinated disbelief as Leslie slowly peeled the tight body suit down over her enormous breasts. They spilled out onto her chest, their size and weight causing them to bounce and sway enticingly. Her nipples were erect at the centers of her wide areolas, begging to be sucked.

Without hesitation, Leslie dipped her fingers into the remaining cum on the panties and began smearing it all over her mammoth boobs. They wobbled and jiggled with every movement she made, the slick semen making them shimmer with wetness.

"Mm, they're so slippery with your cum, baby," she cooed, her voice thick with desire. The glossy sheen of semen covering her thick, rubbery nipples only added to the erotic display. Brandon couldn't tear his gaze away from her as he felt his own desire building inside him.

"You have the biggest, softest-looking boobs I've ever seen, mom," he admitted, his breaths coming faster as he watched her slide her fingers over her nipples, leaving a trail of his cum behind.

"I do, huh? Would you enjoy being smothered under them, baby boy?" she teased. "Licking and pulling at mommy's nipples, just like you did when you were a baby?"

"God, yes!"

With a mischievous grin, Leslie reached down and lifted her meaty breast to her face. With practiced ease, she latched onto her own nipple, causing it to stretch from her areola as she created a tight

seal with her lips. Through the camera lens, she kept her gaze fixed on her son, daring him to look away.

Brandon could barely comprehend what he was seeing. His heart was racing, and his cock was throbbing, almost painfully hard. "Damn," he managed to whisper, his eyes never leaving her ginormous boobs.

As she continued to suck on her own tit-melon, Leslie tilted the camera down so Brandon could see every detail of her aroused body. Her hand was inside her body suit, frantically rubbing her clit in a desperate attempt to pleasure herself. The camera captured every movement, every moan that escaped from her lips.

Brandon's camera followed suit, scanning down his toned torso to the hand flying up and down his rigid cock. It was a sight to behold - thick, pulsating veins protruding from beneath the pink, glistening skin of his prick. His knob stood out like a crimson beacon, like the deadly poisoned tip of a long, fierce spear.

Leslie's heart skipped a beat as she watched Brandon on screen. The size and power of his boner left her feeling weak in the knees. She couldn't resist the urge to touch herself more intensely as she watched him pleasure himself with abandon. And then, with a gasp, she pulled her nipple from her mouth to coo in admiration at his impressive display. "Oh sweetheart," she breathed, "it's so beautiful."

"So are you," he added.

"Yeah, do you think I'm a MILF, Brandon?" she breathlessly asked. "Am I a mom you'd like to fuck?"

Brandon was shocked by her question, but also caught up in the passion of the moment and wanted to give an honest answer.

"Oh, absolutely, mom," he replied, his voice hoarse from arousal. "You're hotter than any 20-something could ever be. I'd fuck you in a heartbeat."

Leslie's body shuddered at his confession, a surge of arousal rushing through her big-titted body, her eyes fixated on Brandon's cock-stroking.

"Oh baby, I'm close! Cum with me!" she whimpered.

Brandon's hand picked up the pace, stroking himself harder and faster, showing his mom just have fast his prick could pummel through a tight pussy-tunnel.

His hips bucked against his dorm room bed. "I wanna cum inside you, mom," he groaned, his voice strained from the release that was imminent.

Leslie's orgasm was already cresting, her body arched and her big ballooning titties trembled with pleasure. Her fingers moved in a frenzied dance over her swollen clit, the pleasure building in her loins.

Brandon's eyes were locked on her, the sight of his mother in the throes of passion was intoxicating. The thought of having her tight pussy wrapped around his cock and her boobs bouncing around his face sent shivers down his spine.

"I'm cumming, mom!" he cried out, his seed shooting up into the air in thick, sticky ropes as his fist pumped furiously at his erection.

Leslie watched him through the camera, her eyes glazing over as she too reached the peak of her orgasm. She tossed her head back,

her big tits bouncing like water balloons as waves of bliss washed over her.

As the last drops of Blandon's cum splattered onto his chest, he took a deep breath, trying to regain his composure. He could hardly believe what had just happened, but at the same time, he felt a

strange sense of satisfaction and contentment. He couldn't help but feel grateful for his mother, for her willingness to explore their newfound desires together.

Leslie stared at her son through the screen, her heart pounding with excitement and arousal. She couldn't help but feel a little guilty for what they had just done. She was married after all, and Brandon was her boy, but at the same time, she knew that the pleasure they had shared was unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

"Wow, sweetheart, that was beautiful," she sighed, trying to regain her breath.

"It sure was," Brandon agreed. "Can we do that again tomorrow?"

Leslie burst out laughing.

"You are such a dirty boy," she playfully chided him. "But yes, we can definitely do that again tomorrow, and the next day and the next day."

As the days passed, Leslie and Brandon's virtual sexual encounters became a daily ritual. Each afternoon, they would connect over a video call and indulge in mutual masturbation, their bodies moving in sync despite being miles apart.

To add to the excitement, Leslie would send him teasing photos throughout the day - snapshots of her naked body or clad in revealing lingerie. But it didn't stop there. They also engaged in dirty texting and voice messages, each one more explicit than the last.

Brandon would often find himself lying on his bed, consumed by desire as he listened to his mom's sultry voice on his phone. Her words drove him wild as he stroked himself furiously, imagining her warm touch and inviting curves.

"Stroke that cock for me, my sweetheart," she would whisper. "Imagine plunging into my hot, dripping pussy and showing me just how much you love me with every savage thrust."

The sound of her voice was enough to make Brandon's cock throb in his hand. He envisioned her strong, smooth mommy-legs wrapped around him as he buried his boner inside her, their bodies entwined in a passionate embrace. His mind was filled with images of her smothering him with love, her giant titties pressed against his face, her rigid teats latched between his lips while he pounded her with all his might.

"Oh God, yes!" Brandon grunted, releasing his desire in powerful bursts of boy-semen as he imagined painting the depths of his mom's unprotected pussy.

The hot sun beat down on Leslie and Riley as they lounged by the pool, enjoying a lazy afternoon. Giggles escaped their lips as they chatted and relaxed in the warm breeze.

"Fuck, Leslie," Riley exclaimed, her laughter bubbling over. "Brandon must be head over heels for you with all those saucy pictures you've been sending him."

Leslie was in the midst of taking a sultry photo of herself, making sure to show off plenty of tit-cleavage to send to Brandon. "Well, some moms mail brownies. I prefer to send naughty pictures, which I'm sure he enjoys a whole lot more than sweets."

"I can't believe the two of you have been having mutual masturbation sessions over video chat every day," Riley giggled, her

cheeks flushing at the thought. "It gives a whole new meaning to mother-son bonding."

"Yeah, well, as much as I enjoy it, I know I have to break the news to Brandon that he's gonna have to start earning it," Leslie said with a tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"Uh-oh, have his grades taken a hit?"

"They're really bad," Leslie admitted with a sigh. "And I'm sure a lot of it's my fault for providing all this…stimulation. But ultimately it's on Brandon to pass his classes. I can't do it for him."

"True, but sometimes sexual motivation can work wonders," Riley chimed in mischievously.

"Exactly," Leslie agreed with a knowing smile. "It's a conversation I have to have with him this afternoon and I'm not looking forward to it."

Brandon was disappointed to hear the news, but he also knew that his mother was right. He had been neglecting his studies, caught up in the excitement of their virtual encounters. It was time to buckle down and get serious about his academics.

"Masturbation is important," Leslie began, "and I want us to continue our daily pleasure-sessions, no matter what. But from now on, dirty phone messages and pictures will have to be earned."

Her son's eyebrows raised in surprise. "How do I go about doing that? By proving that I'm spending more time studying?"

"That's part of it," Leslie replied, her voice softening. "But you also need to show me that your grades are improving. I wanna see the scores on your assignments and tests, not just the good ones but every single one of them."

Brandon knew he needed to step up his game. He didn't want to disappoint his mother, and he wanted to show her that he could be

horny and responsible at the same time. He also wanted to continue their intimate connection, and so he agreed to the new terms.

As the week went on, Brandon's focus shifted from obsessing over his sexy mother to studying. His dedication paid off as he proudly sent his mother pictures of his high scores on assignments and tests.

"Brandon, I'm so proud of you. Look at what you can accomplish when you put in the effort," Leslie said as they spoke by video link.

Taking a moment to bask in her praise, Brandon couldn't help but make a confession. "I have to admit, I've missed your naughty pictures and voice messages."

"Well, you deserve more than that for all the hard work you've been putting in. Are you alone in your dorm room, honey?" Leslie asked suggestively.

"Yeah, my roommate's at work," Brandon replied.

"Good. I'm home alone too," Leslie purred into the camera lens, biting her bottom lip seductively. "Would you like to join me in a steamy, sweaty fuck on your bed?"

Brandon let out an excited gasp, unsure if he heard her right. "Fuck?" he uttered.

Leslie giggled mischievously. "Not a real fuck, sweetheart. A virtual one. We've masturbated together before, but we've never truly fucked over the phone."

A surge of anticipation rushed through Brandon's body. "That would be a first for me."

"You've never had phone sex with any of your girlfriends?" Leslie asked in surprise.

"No, I haven't," Brandon confessed sheepishly.

Leslie couldn't help wondering if Brandon was possibly a complete virgin, but she pushed the thought aside for now. Closing the door to his bedroom behind her, she whispered huskily. "Just follow my lead and don't be shy. I'm sure you'll do just fine."

Leslie set her phone down and began stripping in front of it. She peeled off her shorts, then her blouse. When she reached back to unfasten her embroidered bra, Brandon's heart rate increased. Her giant tits sprung from her bra cups and wobbled heavily onto her rib cage. She looked at Brandon with a smile, noticing that he was gawking and not stripping like she was.

"Are you gonna just stare, honey, or are you gonna fuck me?" she teasingly asked.

"Sorry," her son stated, snapped from his tittie-trance as he began throwing his clothes off.

Leslie giggled and peeled her dainty panties down her legs, her clean-shaven pussy drawing Brandon's eyes like magnets. She decided it was time to start their sexual role play.

"Come push your cock up into me, baby," she said, perching herself on the edge of his bed and spreading her legs wide.

"Oh yes, Brandon, that feels so good. Splay my pussy-lips open with your thick cock. Bury your long, tender meat up inside my vagina."

Leslie had the camera pointed at her spread pussy, the lens only inches away from it.

Brandon gasped, his hand immediately going to his throbbing erection. He watched as Leslie's sex-lips spread open, revealing her dripping-wet pussy-entrance. It was all he could do to keep from cumming right then and there.

"Pound me like you mean it, baby," Leslie instructed. "Show me how much you want to be in that wet, tight cunt of mine."

Brandon's breath hitched as he started stroking himself, imagining the sensation of his mother's tight birthing tube around his cock.

"That's it, fuck me…fuck me, baby," Leslie moaned, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy. "Oh yes, deeper…deeper, I need that throbbing cock of yours so fucking deep inside me. Fuck me like I'm your dirty little slut."

"Oh god, I love this," Brandon expressed, pulling on his jutting pecker as hard as he could, while watching his mom stroke on her fat, juicy clit.

"Oh yes, fuck me harder, baby," his mother cried out. "I can feel that cock stretching me out, making me yours. Pound my fucking hole. Make me your bitch, honey, make me yours!" Leslie cried out, her voice hoarse with need.

Brandon's breath came in short, quick gasps. He thrust his hips forward as he continued to stroke himself, imagining that it was his mother's wet, tight pussy he was humping into, clenching around his cock. Sweat began to drip down his forehead as he frantically moved his hand up and down his muscled shaft, matching his mother's imagined movements. Leslie's moans and cries of ecstasy filled the room, driving him closer to the edge.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's it," she gasped, her own hand moving furiously between her legs. "I can feel you hitting my G-spot, Brandon. Oh shit, I'm gonna cum so fucking hard for you."

The sight of his mother's contorted face, the sound of her moans, and the feeling of his cock straining towards climax was becoming too much for Brandon to handle.

Leslie moved the camera to her tits so Brandon could watch then roll and ripple up and down her chest. "Suck my titties, Brandon," she whimpered.

"YES…just like that! Come on, let loose, baby. Give me that dirty talk I know you've been thinking about. Tell me how much you need me. How much you want to pound my juicy pussy and make me yours."

Brandon's breath hitched as he began to speak. "I wanna fuck you so bad, Mom. I want to feel my cock sliding in and out of your wet, tight pussy. I wawna hear you scream my name as I make you cum again and again."

Leslie let out a breathy moan, her hand moving faster between her legs. "Oh yes, baby, that's it. Tell me more. Tell me everything you wanna do to me."

"I wanna lick your pussy, Mom. I want to taste your sweet nectar and feel your creamy juices drenching my face. I wanna eat you out until you're dripping wet and begging me for more."

Leslie's breath hitched at Brandon's words, her hand flying down to her clit, rubbing furiously as she cried out in pleasure.

"Fuck me harder, Brandon!" she shrieked. "Make me soak your cock and balls with my cum-juices. I wanna feel you burst inside me, filling me with your hot seed. I wanna feel our bodies tremble and shake as we come together."

Brandon's heart was pounding as he heard his mother's gasps and moans. He knew he was close to climax and didn't want to ruin the moment. He slowed his strokes, savoring the sensation of his mother's voice guiding him.

"That's right, baby. Tease me with that big dick of yours. Make me beg for your cum," Leslie breathed. She brought her other hand to

her jostling breast, tweaking her fat nipple as she watched her son's hand move up and down his strong, beautiful cock-shaft.

Brandon's breath hitched as he felt a surge of pleasure wash over him. He could feel his balls tightening, drawing up against his body and the pressure building inside him. "I'm gonna cum, Mom," he groaned, his voice shaking with need.

"Oh yes, baby, cum for me," Leslie moaned, her hips bucking as she rubbed her clit furiously. She could feel her own orgasm building, the pressure in her pussy rising like a tidal wave.

As Brandon's climax hit, he let out a primal grunt, his own mother's pleasure-twisted face the image that drove him over the edge. His cock twitched and throbbed in his hand as he ejaculated, spurting streams of hot, sticky cum onto his chest and stomach. Some even splattered across the camera lens for Leslie to see.

His big breasted mother was right there with him, her orgasm hitting her just as hard. She screamed out Brandon's name, her body arching, tits rippling violently as her own climax washed over her. It seemed to last forever, her body trembling and shaking with the force of it.

Finally, as their orgasms began to ebb, Brandon's breathing slowly returned to normal. He looked down towards his cum-splattered phone, at his mother, who was lying on his bed back home, her eyes closed and her face glistening with sweat.

Leslie took a deep breath, still coming down from their mind-blowing orgasm. She slowly opened her eyes, focusing on the camera that was capturing everything. Her son's face and body were a sight to behold – his youthful muscles glistening with sweat, a satisfied grin

on his face, and his cock still half-hard from the intense release they had just shared.

Breathing heavily, Leslie propped herself up on her elbows, her big boobies drooping off the sides of her chest as she took a moment to appreciate her son's gorgeous body and the love they had just expressed. "Are you done with that thing yet?" she teased.

Brandon's eyes widened, suddenly realizing that he held his disproportionately sized cock in his hand, still semi-erect and covered in his own cum. He instinctively squeezed his cock a few times, relishing the feel of it before finally letting go and dropping his hand to his side.

Leslie gave Brandon a sly smile, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "So, I've been meaning to ask you...whatever happened with that 'mystery girl' you were so wrapped up with? You know, the one you were texting with when you 'accidentally' told me I look good enough to eat."

Brandon's face flushed as he remembered his flirty texts with Adriana. "Oh, that girl? Well, I still see her every now and then. She's okay, but honestly...I would much rather spend my time thinking about you," he confessed shyly.

A warm smile spread across Leslie's face at his words. "That's so sweet of you, honey," she said. "So you're not gonna pursue things further with this other girl?"

Brandon hesitated for a moment before answering. "Well, she wants me to have sex with her, but...I just haven't quite decided if I want to or not."

Sensing there was more to the story than her son was letting on, Leslie couldn't resist prying further. There had been something bothering her for weeks and she needed answers. "Honey, if I ask you a question, will you be completely open and honest with me?"

"Of course, mom," Brandon replied without hesitation. "I would tell you anything."

Leslie took a deep breath before asking the question that had been weighing on her mind. "Are you still a virgin?"

Brandon's expression shifted from embarrassment to honesty as he looked into his mother's eyes. "Yeah, I am actually. Which is partly why I've been so nervous about potentially having sex with this other girl."

"I can understand that," Leslie nodded sympathetically. "Your first time should be special. It should be with someone you truly care for and who cares for you just the same."

"I agree," Brandon said quietly. "I guess that's partly why I've been avoiding taking things further with her."

"Thank you for your honesty, honey," Leslie said gently. "You know, I want nothing more than for you to be happy, and I know that part of that happiness involves losing your virginity to someone you care about, and I fully support that decision."

After Leslie hung up, she laid there for a moment, contemplating the discussion she'd just had with her son. She knew the right thing to do, even though it could potentially wreck her marriage, and was determined to follow through with it.

The next day, Brandon could hardly wait to finish his final class and get back to his dorm room. His cock was raging hard and ready for another juicy phone-phone with his mom. It didn't help that she had been teasing him through text for the past hour.

"I need your big cock so bad, sweetheart," read one text. "I want to feel it pounding inside me, filling me up with your hot cum. I can't

wait to have you again. I love you so much," Leslie texted with a kissing face emoji.

Brandon was already picturing his mother's naked body in his phone's display screen, her breasts bouncing as they pretended he was thrusting into her, her eyes locked onto his as he brought her pleasure. He could see her splayed out on her bed, her fingers massage her plump, juicy clit, her luscious legs spread wide, inviting him in. The thought of burying his cock to its root inside of her and feeling the warmth of her pussy envelop him was enough to send him over the edge.

As he made his way back to his dorm room, Brandon's heart raced with anticipation. Little did he know, he was about to encounter the shock of his life. As he pushed open the door and stepped inside, he froze at the sight before him.

Sprawled across his bed, completely naked, was none other than Leslie...his own mother. Her long hair spilled over the pillow and her curves were on full display as she looked up at him with a mischievous glint in her eyes. A vibrant blush painted her cheeks as she giggled with excitement. "Surprise!" his mother exclaimed, almost breathless with anticipation.

The room was filled with an electric tension as Brandon tried to process what was happening. Finally, he managed to speak. "What are you doing here, mom?"

"I couldn't stop thinking about our discussion yesterday; the advice I gave you," Leslie explained, her voice soft and sultry.

Brandon's mind raced as he tried to recall their conversation. "Which advice?" he asked, finding it difficult to tear his gaze away from his mother's exposed body, especially her huge, oversized tits.

"When I told you that your first time having sex should be with someone you care about and who also cares for you equally," Leslie

answered. "I realized that there's only one person that fits that bill. Me."

It all clicked into place for Brandon then. "You're that other person," he agreed, feeling a mix of shock and desire wash over him.

"I am..." Leslie trailed off, her eyes full of determination. "So I figured I better get out here quick and claim something that's rightfully mine...your virginity."

Brandon stood there, caught off guard as the reality of the situation hit him like a ton of bricks. He was about to fuck his mother. His heart raced and his palms became slick with sweat. "My roommate won't be back for a couple hours," he finally managed to say, his voice shaky.

"Actually, he won't be back until tomorrow," Leslie purred, her lips curling into a devious smile. "I met him earlier and gave him a couple hundred dollars to sleep somewhere else tonight."

A surge of excitement coursed through Brandon's body, causing him to grin uncontrollably. He couldn't believe his luck.

"We have all night to do nothing but fuck, sweetheart," Leslie declared confidently, her eyes glinting with desire. She then eagerly crawled from the bed towards him.

Brandon's eyes widened in amazement as her huge, heavy titties bounced with each movement she made towards him. He could feel his heart pounding in anticipation as she began stripping off his clothes with eager hands.

"Now, let's get you naked," she whispered.

Leslie quickly pulled off his briefs and let out an excited squeal as his huge, rock-hard dick sprang free, nearly slapping her in the face. Pre-cum oozed from the slit of his meatus in a long, gooey string.

She rose back up and latched onto him, slapping her spongy tits against him and kissing her boy passionately while her hand wrapped around his length, stroking him in time with the rhythm of their kiss.

Brandon could hardly believe it was his own mom's tongue dancing through his mouth. It moved with skill, showing years and years of French kissing experience. The feel of her humongous breasts pressing against him was like a dream. He felt the pleasure of her hand wrapped around him, jacking him off in a way that no other woman besides a mother could.

Leslie kissed her way down his lean body, her focus shifting from his mouth to his chest, abdomen, and finally his dick. She licked and sucked his cockhead gently, teasing him as she flicked her tongue against the tip, stimulating his glans.

She took him deep into her mouth, sucking and swallowing him until he was fully sheathed in her snug throat.

Brandon moaned in pleasure as his mother took him into her mouth and down her throat, feeling the warm, wet sensation envelop his cock. He knew he shouldn't be enjoying it, being her son, but he couldn't help the feelings of lust and delight that were coursing through his body. He stood there, his back against the bedroom door, leaning back as his mother took his full length into her mouth, mashing her lovely lips out around his cock-root.

Leslie sucked and sucked, her head bobbing up and back, her lips sealed around his cock, her tongue massaging his erectile flesh.

Brandon was afraid he wouldn't last long, the sensations too pleasurable and intense.

Sensing this, Leslie removed his boner from her mouth, his knob popping from her lips like a cork from a bottle.

"There will be plenty of time for me to suck you dry," she stated, grasping his cock in her hand and guiding him to his dorm room bed. "Right now I want you inside me."

Brandon followed her lead, walking towards the bed with long, uncertain steps. He was a mixture of arousal, desire and fear, knowing that this act would change his life forever.

Leslie lay on the bed, spreading her lovely legs wide open, her dainty feet with their red painted toenails hovering in the air. Her hand moved between her thighs, rubbing her swollen clit as it peeked from its hood, moaning softly as she beckoned her boy closer.

Brandon's eyes never left her. He could see the glisten of desire and need in her eyes, matched by his own hunger and curiosity.

Finally, he positioned himself between her creamy thighs, his cock hard and pulsing, wanting nothing more than to be buried inside her hot core. Leslie's hand moved down to guide him, positioning the fat, tapered tip of his dick at her vaginal entrance.

Brandon hesitated for a moment, looking into his mother's eyes, trying to find any sign of regret or hesitation. But all he saw was desire and lust.

"Fuck me, Brandon," she whispered lovingly.

And with those words, Brandon took one last deep breath, then slowly pushed into his mother's warm, tight pussy. A mix of emotions surged through him - fear, lust, and love, but above all, a sense of completion. He was finally fulfilling his mother's wish, and his own desire, all in one fell swoop.

Leslie instinctively wrapped her strong legs around him, pulling him closer, guiding his thick, throbbing cock deeper inside her most sacred place.

Brandon groaned with pleasure as he felt his very first pussy contract around him, bathing him in warmth and tightness. He knew this was the moment he had been waiting for, knowing his mother was the one who was meant to take his virginity and make him a man.

"Just thrust it in and out slowly, my love," his mother's sweet voice said.

He began to pump his hips, savoring every inch of her tight, wet pussy. In response, Leslie moaned in pleasure, encouraging him to go harder and deeper.

As Brandon thrust into his mother with more fervor, Leslie gasped and sighed, meeting each of his thrusts with a well-timed movement of her hips. She wrapped her loving arms around him, pulling him closer and deeper inside, relishing the feel of her son's huge, teenage cock stretching and filling her to her very core.

"Fuck me harder now," she gasped, tightening the harness of her shaved legs around him.

Brandon's rickety dorm room bed creaked and groaned in protest as he pumped harder and faster, his hips rocking, his balls slapping against her ass with a satisfying smack.

Leslie's breath was ragged and her moans grew louder and more fervent with each passing second as she clung to her handsome teen, her silky arms and legs wound tightly around him.

Their bodies moved in a perfect fuck-rhythm, the muscles beneath their limbs straining and flexing beneath their skin. Brandon's throbbing cock gliding in and out of his mother's tight, wet sheath, their flesh slapping together with each thrust.

Leslie's head tossed from side to side, her eyes closed, lost in the ecstasy of the moment. She knew this was already a better fuck

than she had ever shared with her husband.

Brandon's cock was a thing of beauty, raging hard and glistening with secretions, sliding in and out of his mom's cunt like a hot knife through butter.

He reached down and cupped her huge, jostling breasts, his fingers rubbing her nipples, sending shivers of pleasure coursing through her body. The sensation was too much for her to bear, and Leslie's body convulsed, her orgasm roaring through her like a wildfire, her nails digging into her son's back as she screamed out in pleasure.

Brandon's own climax was building, and he could feel the pressure in his balls growing. He thrust harder and deeper, his cock pulsing with an incredible intensity as he drove himself into her again and again.

Leslie could feel her son's ballooning knob striking the ring of her cervical head with every thrust. It was something she hadn't experienced since her own college days, while getting fuck by several big-dicked athletes. It made her tit-quivering climax even more intense and she screamed out in orgasmic rapture, the muscles in her neck straining.

"Augh, shit!" Brandon gasped, feeling her clinging, curvy body tremble like a earthquake around him, her cunt-tube tightening like a vice around his cock.

And then, suddenly, Brandon felt it - the familiar sensation of agonizing pleasure as his orgasm tore through his teenage body, his cock throbbing and pulsing as he came deep inside his mother's pussy. With every spurt, he released more of his hot, sticky seed, filling her up with his hot jizz.

As he came down from the intense orgasm, Brandon could feel his mother's body trembling beneath him, her own climax still gripping her.

The two lay there, spent and sated, basking in the afterglow of the incredible lovemaking that had just taken place. They remained connected for several long minutes, their hearts and souls intertwined in a way that could never be undone.

Brandon couldn't believe that he had just crossed the ultimate taboo, that he had just fucked his own mother. But as he lay there, his cock still inside her, he could feel nothing but love and gratitude for her. She had been his rock, his refuge, his savior. And now, she had given him something that no other woman ever could - the surrender of her body and soul to him, in a way that would bond them together for all eternity.

As the night grew darker, two college boys sat in their cramped dorm room, their ears filled with the sounds of wild, passionate sex coming from the next room over. The rhythmic creaking of the bed, the slapping of skin against skin and muffled moans echoed through the thin walls.

"Dude, they've been at it for like four hours now," one of the boys said with a hint of envy in his voice.

"Lucky bastard," replied his friend, eyes glued to his phone screen as he scrolled through social media. "I wish I had a girl that would fuck me like that."

In the neighboring room, Leslie rode Brandon's cock with practiced skill, her gigantic breasts bouncing up and down with each thrust. Over the course of several hours, she had taken him through every sex position imaginable and experienced countless earth-shattering

orgasms in the process. One thing was certain - Brandon shared her insatiable appetite for sex, making them perfectly matched partners in pleasure.

Lost in a haze of ecstasy, Brandon never knew sex could be this intense, this primal. In just four hours, he had ejaculated his semen

deep inside his mom's tight, hot vagina six times and showed no signs of stopping until his body simply couldn't handle any more carnal bliss.

"That's it, baby boy, pump those fucking hips," Leslie gasped, her voice strained with pleasure as she bounced up and down like some sort of sexual athlete.

She fell forward, slapping her heavy, sweaty breasts down around Brandon's face, the weight and warmth of her cleavage enveloping him. Her hips moved in a rhythm that only a mother could possess, the thick, rounded meat of her ass pumping tirelessly up and down.

Brandon's throbbing cock slid through the slick folds of Leslie's pink pussy-flesh, his arousal heightened by the mixture of pre-cum and liquid girl-cream coating his length. Each thrust brought about more intense pleasure as Leslie's quim contracted and pulsed around his girth, milking it for all its worth.

As Brandon explored her soft, cavernous cleavage with his lips and tongue, he couldn't believe that his wildest big-tit fantasies were finally coming true. He finally found one of her nipples and sucked greedily, feeling overwhelmed by the sensations and the divine taste of her tit-peaks. His face was pressed against the warm, plump flesh of her breast as he concentrated on sucking and enjoying every moment of being smothered by her exquisite curves.

For the next few hours, Leslie and Brandon continued their wild, passionate fuck-fest. The more they screwed, the more insatiable

their desire became, and it wasn't long before they were both sweating, moaning, and gasping for air.

Brandon's cock slid in and out of Leslie's wet pussy with ease, filling her every need and desire. She wrapped her legs around him, clinging to him like a lifeline, her nails digging into his skin as he thrust deeper and harder into her.

Leslie's moans grew louder and more intense as she neared her climax, her body shaking and trembling with each powerful thrust of Brandon's boner.

The boy could feel his mom's pulsating pussy muscles gripping his cock tighter and tighter, her cervical lips kissing his knob, driving him closer to his own release.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming, baby!" Leslie cried out for the sixth time in the past hour.

Brandon groaned in response as he felt Leslie's coital-muscles tighten around his cock, her inner walls clenching and releasing him in a sensation that was unlike anything he had ever experienced before. He thrust deeper, slamming himself into her as hard as he could, his balls slapping against her upturned ass with a satisfying smack.

Leslie's screams of pleasure filled the room as she came, her body shaking uncontrollably beneath him. Brandon couldn't hold back any longer either, his orgasm building and building until finally, he released his pent-up cum deep inside Leslie's waiting womb.

As he came, Brandon felt a sudden sense of connection with his mom that was unlike anything he had ever felt before. It was as if their souls had become intertwined, their lovemaking creating a bond that could never be broken.

As they lay there, spent and exhausted, Leslie's arms wrapped around Brandon, holding him close as they both caught their breath.

It was a moment that neither of them would ever forget, one that had forever changed the course of their lives.

In that moment, Brandon realized that there was no going back. He had crossed a line that could never be uncrossed, and he was forever changed by it. But he also knew that him being away at

college, distanced from his mother, had caused him to find something special in his her arms, something that he never wanted to let go of.

THE END

152: Paired with Mom on Aurora_1

"Paired with Mom on Aurora"

By Klrxo

"Kian, your mother and I have something very important to talk to you about. Can you come down."

"On my way!" the boy said obediently.

Kian was a thin, energetic teen. Handsome, like his father, with wavy dark hair. Zero gravity allowed him to hover through their home gracefully. He was well-practiced at this, floating through the rooms of their space-quarters like a superhero. The ceilings in their quarter's were thirty-feet high, and he passed by giant windows, which showed the darkness of deep space outside. They were traveling at immense speed, which seemed to make the stars float by like fish drifting through an aquarium.

"What is it?" he asked, entering the main living space.

"Come down and sit," his father said, motioning to the seat across from him and Kian's mother.

Harlin was a good father, who cared deeply for his family. After earth was declared a global monument, no longer to be inhabited by humans, he and his family were assigned to relocate to a new world, in another solar system.. The intergalactic transport called "Aurora" was a giant starship, with it's own eco-system, moving over twenty-

six hundred families to the new planet. Harlin had already been assigned a position there, where he would assist in setting up their new community. Until then, he worked full time on the starship, as part of the team in the planning phase.

His son hovered down and clipped himself into the seat across from his parents. "What's up?" "The assignments for 'Mission: Propagate' were given out yesterday."

"Mission: propagate?"

"Yes, certain couples are assigned to reproduce, in order to provide our new planet a larger population in a short amount of time."

"Oh yes, I heard something about that in class. Did you and mom get an assignment?" Kian asked. "Am I gonna be a brother?"

Harlin and his wife Starla looked at each other knowingly. "An assignment was given, yes, but I'm afraid there was a mix up."

"Mix up?"

"Yes, YOUR name was listed on the assignment, not mine." "My name?" Kian asked, seeming confused.

"Yes, yours and your mother's, but not to worry. I'm bringing this to the attention of ship's board. It should be straightened out very soon," Harlin explained.

While his father seemed sure of this, Starla looked doubtful. She knew when it came to decisions made by the ship's board, ALL ASSIGNMENTS WERE FINAL. Whether they liked it or not, she would soon be taking the steps in order to conceive a baby, with the help of their son.

While young Kian had never dwelled on the idea of baby-making intercourse with his mother, he often though about what it would be

like to bury his hardon inside her. Starla was a beautiful mother, with long shapely legs, a thick peach-shaped buttocks and larger breasts than any other mother on the ship. Kian would often watch classic TV shows and films and was drawn to the long-gone actress, Linda Cardellini, because she looked so much like his mother in the face. Starla had a thicker body though. His mother was made to be bred.

"Honey," Starla said to her husband, sensing her son had a lot going on his his mind, "I should speak to Kian, alone for a moment?"

"Sure," the father said, unbuckling his belt and floating off.

Kian watched his mother unbuckle herself. Like an angel, the pretty mother's body did a full floating somersault through the air, coming to rest on the seat next to him. Zero-G was something that they were so used to living in, that they had learned to move about in it gracefully. Starla looked over at him with her pretty green eyes. "Kian, your father believes that this 'mix up' will be straightened out...but I'm afraid it won't."

"It won't?" the boy asked..

"No. I have heard that women all over the ship are being paired with younger men and not their husbands," Starla explained.

"Why?"

"Younger men provide richer, more potent sperm than men your father's age. The baby makers that you're carrying in your sack are much more likely to pierce my egg."

"Egg?" Kian asked with a confused look.

Starla giggled at how young and innocent he was. "You don't know much about baby making, do you, darling?"

"Not really, no!" the boy answered.

She patted his knee, then left her hand resting there. "Not to worry. By the time we fertilize my

garden through intercourse, you'll have the knowledge and skill you need to get the job done properly. I've already arranged for you to go through the breeding course that's being offered to young men here on the ship."

"Breeding coarse?"

"Yes! It'll teach you all about women's bodies, and how to effectively engage them in baby- making sexual intercourse. It'll be great for you! Actually, it'll be great for both of us!"

"Both of us?" Kian asked.

"Yes! They recommend that a boy go through the course with the one he's been paired with. That way the eventual sexual union of our bodies can be comfortable, familiar and affective," Starla said.

"Oh, I see, but what about the other courses I'm taking?" Kian asked.

"Those will have to be put on hold, darling. The ship's board was very adamant that Operation: Propagate be given the highest priority, over anything else on the ship."

"Cool! I hated the courses I'm enrolled in this year anyway," the boy said.

"I'm proud of you, darling!" Starla said, taking his hands in hers and squeezing them. "For what? I haven't really even done anything yet."

"I know, but you're handling this with maturity and understanding. That really impresses me!" Starla did her best to show empathy around her husband's frustrations with the situation.

"I don't understand why they're not budging. It's not like you're being paired with just another guy, it's our own son! How can that be okay?" Harlin vented as they hovered side-by-side in mid

-air that night.

"Well, honey, mother and son sexual relations aren't unlawful anymore. So maybe other moms are being paired with their son's also."

"Not that I've heard about. No, I think this was just one big mistake on their part," Harlin said.

"I was as surprised as you are, honey. Unfortunately, you know how the ship's board is about changing an order once it's given," Starla said, rubbing her husband's shoulder, trying her best to ease his tension on the matter. "People have tried to change an assignment in the past.

They don't budge."

"All assignments are final, I know. I just need more time to plead our case."

"You have five days. That's when I begin ovulating and Kian and I have to report to our breeding pod."

"You're kidding?! You've already been assigned a breeding pod?"

"Yes! Today I enrolled Kian in the breeding course. They went ahead and assigned us our pod," Starla said.

"Starla, why would you do that? We're still contesting this. You're certainly not helping our cause by enrolling him in that course."

"Okay, but suppose I wait...and the contesting drags on and on, and they don't up changing anything. Then Kian is completely

unprepared, we go into the breeding pod together, and he has no idea what he's doing."

"Just, please give me some more time to fix this," her husband pleaded. The thought of his wife and son crawling into a breeding pod and fucking their asses off made Harlin weak in the stomach.

"This coarse will be good for Kian either way. You have five days, Harlin. If you're gonna change some minds, you better do it fast."

******

The next morning, Starla and her son floated across the ship through a wide corridor. The mother's spacesuit fit her body like a second skin, moulding to every spectacular curve of her middle-aged body. Her boy floated above and slightly behind her, gazing down at the meaty half-moons of her luscious buttocks.

"Shoot!" the teen suddenly said, nearing colliding with a section of the white metal interior.

Starla gazed up at him and giggled as she continued floating along like Supergirl. "Try watching where you're going, instead of whatever else it was that you were watching," she winked knowingly.

They came to a large frosted-glass doorway and heard an automated greeting. "You have arrived at the Breeding Wing. Retinal scan in three, two, one... Retinal scan approved! Welcome, Starla and Kian!"

The massive door opened and mom and son floated into the foyer section of the wing. The hologram of a beautiful middle-aged pregnant woman appeared. She had short white hair and a pretty smile. Her flowing white gown was draped over an enormous pregnant belly. "Starla and Kian, hello! I'm Ellie. I've been assigned as your fertility coach and midwife."

"Nice to meet you," Starla said with a friendly smile.

"Your assignment for Mission: Propagate is to conceive two children. One here on Starship Aurora and the other once we arrive on our new world."

Starla took her son's hand and squeezed it. "Wow, two babies, darling!" she said anxiously.

"You're scheduled to engage in sexual intercourse in four days. I understand you're here for the first part of the breeding course, is that correct?"

"Yes, I thought it might be good to enroll Kian in the course, so that he has the knowledge and confidence he needs for this important assignment," Starla said, smiling over at her boy.

"Brilliant idea! Why don't you follow me. I'll give you a quick tour of the Wing and then introduce you to your pod," Ellie said.

Since Ellie was a hologram, zero-gravity had no affect on her, so she stayed close to the floor. Starla and Kian followed closely behind her, floating through the foyer. Another frosted-glass door opened and they entered a massive glass-tubed corridor. All around them, outside the glass, pale pink pods, that looked like giant eggs floated around in zero gravity. There were literally hundreds of them.

"These are breeding pods. Inside each of them is a couple who've been assigned to Propagate."

"There's so many!" Starla said, gazing up at them in awe.

"Why are some of them moving around all funny?" Kian asked, noticing that the majority of the pods were making rocking motions.

"That's a great question, Kian. The movements of the pods are determined by the rhythm and intensity of the sex going on inside

them," Ellie explained.

Kian looked at one very active pod, as it rocked and jerked around significantly more than the others. "Wow! The couple in that pod must REALLY be going at it!" he said, making the women laugh.

"I would say that's an accurate assessment," Ellie answered. "Are you gonna make YOUR pod swing around like that, Kian?" Ellie asked, winking at his mother.

The boy looked at his mom and shrugged his shoulders bashfully.

Starla smiled cutely at him. "With his energy, our pod will probably be spinning out of control," she said.

Ellie laughed. "Especially after he takes the breeding course, and learns to engage you in a serious belly-bumping rhythm!" she said.

"Speaking of bumping...how do the pods keep from bumping into each other?" Starla asked.

"It may look like a simple design, but they're actually very advanced. Each pod has its own propulsion system and motion sensors. They're designed to float around for hours undisturbed," Ellie answered.

"That's amazing!" the mother said, squeezing her son's hand in her's as they marveled at the hundreds of pods.

"If you come this way, I'll introduce you to YOUR pod."

They crossed the corridor and entered the loading dock. Their own egg-shaped pod, easily the size of a small bedroom, opened up like a clamshell. "If you move inside and strap yourselves in,, we'll enter the breeding tank and start our first lesson," Ellie said.

Mom and son floated into the pod. Inside the plush, all-white interior were seats, and a big cushy mattress, as well as other irregular-

looking cushions. They strapped themselves into the seats and the pod closed up. Ellie's hologram reappeared across from them. "The pod will now pressurize and you'll be able to move around."

The vents gave off a subtle hissing sound. "It's really cozy in here," Starla said, looking around at the all-white interior.

"Yes, the pods are made for comfort and privacy. They provide the perfect temperature, lighting and interior design for affective baby-making intercourse."

"What are all those funny looking cushions for?" Kian asked.

"Kian, during the breeding course, you'll learn that there are various sexual positions that a man and woman can have sex in, in order to assure her pregnancy. Those cushions are meant to assist in those positions," Ellie explained.

"I see," the boy muttered. "So are we floating? I can't even tell."

"Yes we are. The propulsion system makes it a very smooth ride. In fact, now that the pod is pressurized, you and your mother can walk around if you'd like."

They unbuckled their belts and wandered around the small pod. "As much as I love floating in zero-G, it always feels good to be back on the floor again," Starla said as the five inch heels of her space boots clicked against the hard floor.

An exterior panel slowly slid aside, creating a window for them to look out. They could see the other pods floating around them. "Look down there, mom. That's the glass tunnel we floated through."

Starla peered out the window, at the tubular corridor far below. "Ellie, will breeding only take place here in the pod?"

"Many prefer the privacy of the pod, but you can choose between the here, or your own private quarters."

"Wonderful!" the mother said.

"Before we move to the bed, it's important that the two of you begin to familiarize yourselves with each other's bodies," Ellie said. "For now, I'd like the two of you to strip down to your undergarments.".

Starla smiled at her son reassuringly. "Certainly," she said, unfastening her spacesuit.

Kian did the same, but had a hard time keeping his eyes off his mom as she peeled down the top portion of her suit. Starla's modern day bra was barely anything at all. They were no longer called bras, but "bust-covers." There were no straps, no hooks in the back, just two big black semi-sheer cups, somehow supporting the weight of her enormous tits.

Kian's eyes widened as he nonchalantly peered over at the big mommy-milkers. He was fascinated by the way they wobbled, even under the support of her bust-cover, and the boy could barely make out the huge dark circles of her areola through the fabric.

He looked over at Ellie's hologram as she stood with a smile, watching him gawk at his beautiful mating partner.

Starla peeled the skin-tight suit over the meaty swell of her unblemished buttocks. Her luscious derriere appeared to be naked, but then her son spotted the little pink strip running up her butt-crevice. There were no straps along the hips. Modern day panties were called "underclips" and consisted of just a small gusset, covering only a tiny portion of her shaved pubis. The tail-end fit securely in a woman's ass crack, with a small butt-plug that wedged snuggly between Starla's clenched ass-ring, securing the entire piece to her body.

Kian wasn't the only one with wandering eyes. As Starla sat, to unfastened her heels, she peeked over at her boy, letting her eyes drift across his young, well-toned chest. It pleased her to see the bulge of a long tubular erection beneath his briefs. Her nipples hardened, creating big rubbery nubs of flesh that protruded from beneath the gauzy fabric of her bust-cover. Her eyes lingered on her son's cock-bulge a moment curiously, as if trying to guess it's length.

"Kian, we'll have you get up onto the bed first and lay back on the mattress. Maybe pretend that it's a big captain's seat," Ellie joked.

The women watched to boy sprawl onto his back on the center of the mattress. "Captain, babymaker!" Starla joked, making her and Ellie giggle.

Kian noticed how the meat of his mom's boobs jiggled like jello as she laughed. There was

just so much of it, and he couldn't imagine what they must look like, without the support of the bust-cover.

"Starla why don't you sit on the bed, facing your breeding partner," Ellie said, and the mother did as she was instructed, sitting comfortably next to her teen, with her legs sprawled off to the side.

"Kian, today we're going to talk about your penis!" Ellie said. "Oh," the boy muttered nervously.

"Don't be embarrassed. Your penis is a powerful tool. Without it, there would be no babies at all. The penis has two purposes. The first is as an Instrument, in the transferal of seed, from your testicles to the deepest regions of a woman's vagina. Without the long hard shaft of your cock-muscle, that wouldn't be possible," Ellie explained.

"Oh ok, so um, what's the other purpose?" he asked curiously.

Starla and Ellie looked at each other and smiled. "The other is to provide a woman with exquisite pleasure."

Suddenly, a holographic video image appeared above the boy. The camera was traveling up the smothering pink walls of a cunt-tube. "This is the inside of your mother's vagina right now. In four days, your hard penis will be spending a lot of time here," Ellie explained.

Kian gulped excitedly. The lining of his mom's pussy looked so soft and wet with secreting fuck-juices. It amazed him how they could get video like this, without even having any sort of camera-device inside her.

Starla noticed her son's boner flex beneath his briefs at the site of it. Her eyes lingered just a moment on the outline of the flaring knob. Then, she looked up into his eyes and smiled. "Pretty cool view, huh?" she asked, referring to the video somehow taken inside her.

"Super-cool!" her boy answered.

"Starla, why don't you tighten your vaginal muscles, so Kian can see how strong the walls are," Ellie suggestion.

Kian gasped in awe as he watched his mom's fuck-tube clench up, smothering the view even more in bulging juicy pink.

"Do you see the ribbed walls lining her vagina, Kian? Those ridges are designed to milk your boner and pull out all the sperm that your balls can provide in one orgasm. Your wigglers are then transport them here..."

The video showed the puffy domed head of Starla's cervix, at the back of her vagina. "This is the gateway to where babies are made. If your sperm are aggressive enough, they'll find a way through this barrier and seek out her prized pearl."

"Pearl?" Kian asked.

"Yes, the egg that your mother produces during her fertile time. When your sperm can pierce it, that's when she'll conceive a baby."

The camera backed down the tube of Starla's baby-chute. The pink ribbed walls seemed to collapse in on themselves, and Kian could only imagine how good it was gonna feel to bury his tender prick in the spongy snugness of that wonderful place between his mother's legs.

The mysterious phantom-cam exited her vagina, and Kian watched on as it slithered through his mom's thick labial pedals. At the top of the image, the boy spotted a fat nub of flesh, that looked a lot like the head of his penis. "What's all that?" he asked curiously.

"Those are the lips that shroud your mother's vagina. Not to worry though, your hard babymaker will push it all aside, like a curtain, and sink inside her. Speaking of babymaker, why don't you pull your briefs down now, Kian, and show us the equipment that you'll be working with," Ellie said.

"Here, darling, I'll help you," Starla said, getting on her knees and tugging at her son's waistband.

The mother gasped in surprise, as she unveiled the biggest cock she had ever seen. She thought Harlin, her husband's cock was large, but she suddenly realized that he had no where near their son's length or girth. "Wow, darling, that's really impressive!" his mother said.

"It is?" the boy asked.

Starla gazed right at it while she spoke. "Yes, I mean...it must be well above average...especially for your age group."

"We're accumulating the data now," Ellie said, then a fact sheet suddenly was displayed above the boy for them to read.

"Subject: Kian Ridley

Penis Size (fully erect): 8.76 inches. Penis Girth (fully erect): 7.25 inches. No abnormalities.

Size is among the top 1% of males on the ship. Sperm data:

Number of sperm presently inside testicles: 873 Million Percentage of Healthy Sperm: 99.2%

Likelihood of successful fertilization with healthy female: 99.997% (based on performance)

Starla shook her head in awe. "Wow, those are unbelievable numbers!" she said, then looked back at the large slab of meat pointing up his abdomen, her heart beating heavily. "It's nearly perfect in every way!"

Kian loved how his mom was gazing down wondrously at his cock. He could see her heavy melons heaving up and down from her breathing. Now that he was closer, he could also see through her semi-sheer bust-cover in greater detail. He guessed that if he put both his fists together, it would equal the size of each of his mom's huge pink tit-caps. Protruding from their centers were thick nipples, and they were clearly erect.

He looked up to see his mom smiling down at him. "What are you staring at?" she teased. "Well, YOU'RE staring at ME," Kian said with an embarrassed smile.

"Was not!" Starla said blushingly. "You were too. I saw you."

"Ok, maybe I was...a little," she said, smiling and shrugging her shoulders cutely.

Ellie smiled, clearly amused by the exchange. "Well, you two will soon be doing the mating dance, so as I said before, it's important

that you begin to feel comfortable around each other's bodies."

Starla's eyes drifted across her nude son. "Well he's certainly as naked as the day I gave birth to him," she said. "Maybe to be fair, I should be naked too."

"What do you think, Kian?" Ellie asked. "Should your mom remove her bust-cover and underclip?"

Kian swallowed hard. Of course he nodded yes.

The huge-breasted mother rose up on her knees and thrust her chest out, making her boobies hover above her boy. With a simple squeeze of the connecting strap between her jugs, her bust-covering sprung free of her tits.

Kian's eyes bugged out as he watched his mom's tit-cannons bobble free of the covering. They were huge and naked and wonderful. He could hardly believe they were his own mom's.

Starla smiled proudly. She knew she was beautiful, and one of the bustiest mothers on the ship. To a young guy like Kian, she was sure it must be completely fascinating. She reached back and popped the plug from her asshole. Kian saw the black gusset of the underclip slip away from her crotch, exposing her completely shaved pubis.

The mother looked down at her boy, watching him stare at her most private place. I tinge of

guilt suddenly flew through her mind. Until now, only her husband Harlin had seen her in the nude. She never intended to show her charms to another male, especially her son.

"Butallassignmentsarefinal!"she told herself, knowing that no matter what she or husband felt, no matter how much they protested, she had been paired to breed with her son and that's exactly what she had to do.

The mother knew that seeing each other naked was the logical first step. It was the ice breaker. In just under four days, her boy would being seeing his mother in a whole new way. He would see her move and twist and hump her curvy body in ways he never imagined. She knew he was likely going to see her completely aroused, clawing at him, like a sex-crazed slut as they engaged in hot baby-making intercourse. It would be raw and shameless.

Ellie could tell the mother's brain was working on overload. "Starla, why don't you move down and let Kian feel your nipples on his chest. Then the two of you can be alone and talk for a bit."

Starla smiled a bit timidly, trying to shake away her doubts. "Sure," she said.

The boy nervously watched his mother crawl over the top of him. Her boobs hung down between them like two big udders, gently swaying with her every move. Satisfied with her position, Starla lowered herself on to her boy.

Kian sighed with a thrill beyond anything he'd ever experienced, as his mom's big knockers rolled out onto his chest like soft bread dough. She finally rested the full weight of her chest against him, sprawling out on top of him. Squashed against him, her tit-melons bulged out at the sides. He could feel her thick rubbery nipples poking against him.

Starla kept her head tilted up, so she could smile down at her son. "Is this ok?" she asked, not wanting him to be uncomfortable in any way.

"Yes," he said with a timid smile.

"Why don't the two of you talk for a bit. When you're through, just say 'exit the pod' and you'll be taken back to the docking platform," Ellie said.

"Thank you!" Starla said with a grateful smile.

Ellie's hologram disappeared and mother and son were alone for the first time within their breeding pod.

"I'm sorry, darling," Starla said, gazing down at her boy, "I know this is a lot at once, but we only have four days to prepare."

"It's ok. I've already learned a lot, in just the short time we've been in here."

Kian felt an incredible closeness to his mom. Sure she hugged him daily, and occasionally cuddled, but this was different. Not only were they naked, but the way she was laying on him

was more like that of a loexcitedIn a mother. It was more than just the physical part though. They were taking a journey, producing children through the most intimate act that two people could engage in. It was really magical.

"It took your father several months to impregnate me with you, but even back then, when he was a little younger, his percentage of healthy sperm was only seventy-seven percent," Starla explained. "Ninty-nine percent of YOUR sperm are affective. That's amazing! I just know you'll get me pregnant during my first cycle."

"Wow, the pressure's on!" Kian said, not wanting to let his mom down.

Starla smiled. "Oh honey, relax, you'll do fine. The breeding course will teach you all the techniques you need to know to successfully pump a baby into me. Ellie and I have had experience with this, so we'll be there for you every step of the way."

"Thanks!" the boy said.

She laid her head down against his shoulder, nuzzling into him. "Put your arms around me," she whispered.

He happily complied, running his hands across the warm soft skin of his mother's lower back. "That's better," Starla said, loving how wonderful her well-toned teen felt beneath her. "We're gonna make beautiful babies together," she said in an emotional tone.

******

"I made some progress today!" Harlin said, after his wife and son returned home. "I got in touch with the board secretary. She assured me that they'd make our case a topic in tomorrow's board meeting."

"Oh, well that's great then," his wife said, with not much enthusiasm. "Of course it's great! It could get you and Kian off the hook."

"Off the hook?" Starla giggled, "You act like we're forced into slave labor or something." "No, but you are being forced to do something that a mother and son shouldn't have to do."

"Honey, we can't get our hopes up too high. People have brought issues before the ship's board before and been completely shut down. You know how they are!" Starla said.

"Yes, but I'm hopeful that they'll see the error in this, and their decision will go in our favor."

Starla smiled, feeling a bit sorry for him. "I agree, but even so, we have to forge ahead, as if this is still happening. The more prepared Kian and I are, the more successful we'll be at

producing a baby during my first cycle."

Harlin reluctantly nodded in agreement. "So what type of preparations are they suggesting?"

"I'm glad you asked," she said, then clicked on the wristband of her spacesuit, projecting a list of things in the air for them to see. "These are a list of things we need to integrate into Kian's diet. It'll help him retain a high sperm count and maximum hardness during intercourse."

Harlin felt that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach as her words registered. "Great!" he muttered.

His wife sensed his sarcasm. "Harlin, please! I know it's difficult for you to think about, but we have to take this serious."

"Fine. What else?" he asked, looking at the list.

"I have to begin doing a fertility exercise routine, three times a day." "Fertility exercise routine?"

"Yes! I did them when we were trying to get pregnant with Kian, remember?" "Honey, that's been awhile," he reminded her.

"It's a series of stretches, and what are called 'positional pumps' to get my body conditioned for breeding."

"Well that's kinda silly, don't you think? We have sex all the time. I'd say you're already in perfect breeding condition."

"This type of intercourse is different," Starla explained. "Kian and I will likely be engaging in sexual positions that you and I haven't really practiced much. I'll need to be ready."

Harlin lowered his head and sighed in frustration. "Sorry I asked."

Starla stepped over and hugged her husband lovingly. "Please know I love you! This can't be easy on you, I know, and I wish there was another way, but we have to play the cards we've been dealt the best we can."

"I'm still hopeful that we'll be dealt a whole new hand," Harlin said.

His wife hugged him tighter. "I know," she muttered. "And that may still happen."

As his wife embraced him, something else on the list caught his eye. "Exposing bodies routinely?"

Starla brought her head from his shoulder and looked at him. "Yes, um, exposing our naked bodies to each other, randomly, throughout the day. It's designed to help increase the comfort

level of him and I being nude around each other." "Is that really completely necessary, I mean..."

"It did help earlier." "Earlier?"

"Yes, in the breeding pod. Our fertility coach asked Kian and I to get naked in front of each other."

"Why is all this necessary? I don't understand."

"Honey, I told you. The world of nudity and sex and baby making is all new to Kian. We can't just bombard him with everything at once. It'll affect his performance during breeding," Starla explained. "It's better that we ease him into things for the next few days, so that he'll be completely comfortable and not so overwhelmed."

"So I have to watch you two flash each other, is that what you're saying?"

"Harlin, it's not like that. This is just so Kian can get used to seeing me naked..That's all," his wife assured him.

"With any luck, we'll get a favorable decision with the board tomorrow and then you won't have to do any of it," Harlin said hopefully.

When it came time to sleep, Kian floated in the center of his bedroom, face-up. His eyes were closed and he had a big smile, as he replayed the image of his mom, exposing her boobs to him.

He suddenly sensed someone else in the room, and his eyes shot open. "Jeez, Mom!" he muttered in a startled manner.

His ceiling was thirty-feet high and Starla was floating face down, about six feet above him and giggled at his reaction. "Sorry, darling. I didn't mean to startle you, you just looked so happy and content in here. What were you thinking about?" she asked, then glanced down at the obvious tent-pole in his briefs. "It must have been something good?"

The bright passing stars outside his enormous window, created a soft warm glow around his mother. With her floating white glittery robe on, it seemed to make her appear almost angelic.

"Just, um, thinking about earlier today," he said, gazing up at her.

"That's what I figured. So since we broke the ice, are you feeling a little more comfortable being naked in front of me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

She glanced at his crotch again. "Show me," she said.

Kian bravely pulled his briefs off. His erection caught on the waistband, which pulled it down between his legs. Starla's eyes widened in fascination, as she watched his cock spring loose from the elastic and rise up like a big fleshy lever, hitting his abdomen.

"The tip is glowing!" she said, and Kian looked down to see a shiny bead of precum oozing from his piss-slit.

"Oh, yeah, it is."

"Look at that. Already producing seed...and we having even started mating yet," she giggled. "I guess it was just a little excited."

"That's a good thing," Starla said. "It's funny, the way the tip is glowing with pre-ejaculate, makes your hardon look like a magic wand."

"Yeah, it does," Kian laughed.

Starla looked him straight in the eyes seductively. "You gonna cast a spell on me?" she asked. "If I could, I'd use the magic wand to make your robe fall off," he timidly confessed.

"Oh you would, huh?" she asked, then unfastened the only clip holding it on. The robe parted slightly at first, exposing her sexy midriff and her cute navel. "Why don't you try it...see what happens."

Kian smiled, then reached down, grabbing his boner and playfully pointed it at her. "Off with the robe!" he said.

Starla suddenly threw her arms out, making the glittery robe sail off her body and rise into the room above her. "Oh wow!" he boy muttered, gazing up at her naked flesh.

"Looks like your wand does have magic," the mother said with a sexy playful smile.

The two of them looked each other up and down. Kian had never seen the way naked boobs behaved in zero-gravity, especially ones the size of his mother's. Starla's big fleshy tit-melons hovered buoyantly off her chest.

The boy's cock flexed and the bead of precum detached from his piss-slit, slowly rising up towards his mother. "Uh-oh, here comes more magic!" she giggled.

Starla licked her lips, watching the gooey droplet of pre-spunk rise towards her, hovering, just like they were, in zero-gravity. A naughty part of her wanted to catch it with her mouth, but then she knew that might be crossing way over the line. Instead, she grasped both her boobs at the sides, and they slowly smacked together, capturing the droplet of her son's liquid love

between her mammaries. "Got it!" she said playfully, feeling it smear within her cleavage. "That was cool!" Kian said excitedly.

"Wanna see something even cooler?" his mom asked, like a flirty girl his own age. "Definitely!"

The busty mother moved her legs down, so it looked like she was standing straight up in midair. Kian watched her boobs slowly roll up and down her chest, like big fleshy waves in the open sea. "I conceived you AND gave birth to you in the same position. Wanna see it?" She asked, as she slowly floated down towards him.

Kian swallowed anxiously. "Yes!" he hissed. "Yes, please!"

The boy was now practically looking straight up her curvaceous body, marveling at how smooth, long and sexy her legs looked. Crowning her thighs, the V of her naked pubis looked equally as smooth, and from his vantage-point from below, Kian could see her puffy outer- labium, closed up to form what looked like a luscious pink clam-shell.

"Oh damn!" the boy muttered, his heart racing. He had to fight off the urge to reach down and stroke his aching cock.

His eyes continued drifting upwards to the beautiful face peeking down at him, over her big drifting boobies. His mom was beautiful and her long dark hair spread out, floating up above her head like the feathery crown of a Goddess.

"Let me show you then," she said softly, as her toes landed on him and she pushed off his chest.

Kian was pushed down a bit, but kept his eyes on his mom, as she rose high into the room. She extended her legs up and scissored them open impossibly wide, pointed the toes of her dainty bare feet towards opposite corners of the room.

The boy gasped in wonder, as he witnessed the amazing spread of his mom's curvy legs. He only wished he were closer, and it were brighter in his room, so he could see her cunt splayed open.

"Wow! I didn't realize you could do that," he said.

Starla did a graceful flip, then pointed her legs together towards the ceiling, as she slowly dropped back towards her boy, like Supergirl flying downwards. "There's lots of things we moms can do, and soon I'll be showing you a lot more of them," she said as she gazed into his eyes the whole way down.

Kian was mesmerized by another unbelievable view of his mother. This time it was the cheeks of her meaty buttocks, and the backs of her shimmering legs as they pointed upward, but

slowly dropped towards him.

Starla's pretty face finally lowered to his, and she planted a little kiss on his lips. "Goodnight," she whispered.

They shared a close gaze. It was only a moment, but seemed like forever. The look in his mom's eyes was new to him. They were big and dreamy. The kind of look girls at school had given him who were infatuated with him.

"Goodnight," he answered.

The mother floated to his door, still naked. He looked up and saw the white glittery robe still floating high up, near the ceiling of his room. "Do you want your robe?" he asked his mother.

She smiled back at him. "It's gonna stay here with you for a few minutes," she said, then left.

"What?" Kian asked, confused by what she meant. He heard a SWOOSHING sound and looked up to see the robe drifting down towards him.

The glittery robe spread open, like a big blanket and slowly lowered to the boy. "What the..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he found his entire body encased in the luxurious silk-like fabric. It had a life all it's own. It smothered his face and the sweet smell of his mother's perfume swept through his nostrils. It was blended with another smell. Kian had often snuck a whiff of his mother's underclip, after she'd worn it, so he could recognize the aroma of her pussy anywhere.

As he breathed it in, the mysterious fabric swept across his chest and somehow, to his astounded delight, suddenly took on the feel of two humongous tit-melons. The boobs felt so fucking real, but were impossibly huge, spilling off the sides of him, wedging his entire upper half between them.

Kian thrust his hips upward, aroused beyond belief. That's when he felt the cloth of the robe coil up his cock and then, what felt like two tightly grasping hands, began to beat him off.

He whimpered in ecstacy, his head tightly compressed between two giant spongy orbs. The perfume-cunt smell had gotten even stronger. It was so potent that his eyes were rolling back in their sockets.

The material now felt like a trio of hands, stroking his cock and massaging his big balls at the same time. He rocked his hips, imagining that it was his mom's hot cunt that he was spearing his dick into.

Now more of the material had slithered down into his crack and it felt like a woman's long wet tongue was lashing across his asshole.

He snarled in pleasure, muffled by pounds of tit-meat that seemed to compress around his

head even tighter. His hips trembled, as his knob hosed out a big huge rope of ball-juice. It was followed by another, then another. His spunk looked like some sort of white translucent material floating under the sea.

Just as quickly as the robe had moved on to him, it suddenly floated up off his body, soaking up the drifting spunk as it went. Then, the breathless teen watching the mysterious fabric drop to the door and disappear.

"Holy shit!" he sighed, shocked by what he had just experienced.

******

After a good sleep, Kian found his father having a hot beverage in the main living area. "Hello son, rest well?"

"Yes, I was pretty beat!" Kian answered. "Where's Mom?" "She's in the workout room."

"Oh, that's right, I forgot she was supposed to start her fertility routine this morning," the boy said, drifting over to the window of the exercise room to observe.

Harlin floated over next to his son, and the two of them looked through the window and watched Starla go about her routine.

The small room was pressurized, so that gravity allowed the mother to rest on the exercise mat and do her fertility stretches. The one she was engaging in was quite suggestive, with the mother resting on her ass, leaned back and propped on extended arms. Her legs were splayed open and her knees pumping back rhythmically as far as they could go.The fact that she was wearing a snug crop-top and matching booty shorts made it all the more arousing to watch.

The sweat-sheened mother spotted her son through the window observing, and gave him a smiling wave.

"It's good that you and your mother are moving forward in a positive manner on this assignment. By the end of the day though, I'm hoping that the board realizes their error, and at the very least, pairs ME with your mother, so you'll be off the hook," Harlin said.

The boy heard his father, but was so transfixed on the site of his mother's widely spread naked legs, that he neglected to answer. Her dainty bare feet hovered, as she rocked her knees back nearly level with her shoulders. The material of her booty shorts was mounded to her pubis, displaying a clear outline of her puffy vulva.

"Kian," the father said, getting his son's attention.

"What? Oh, sorry!" he muttered, snapped from his trance. "Yes, um, whatever needs to be done, dad."

Harlin patted him on the shoulder. "Excellent! Well, I need to report to work. Let your mother know I'll contact her as soon as I hear something," he said.

"Will do!"

Kian was glad when his father left. It gave him a chance to watch his mom some more. She had moved into a different stretch, now on her hands an knees, swiveling her thick ass up and back repeatedly. The neck of her top was cut low, providing the teen a great view of

her jiggling creamy cleavage. It was obvious that these were exercises meant for sexual conditioning. This one was clearly mimicking the doggy position, and the way his mom moved her hips tirelessly told him that she was gonna be damn amazing at throwing her cunt back on his hard pecker.

"If I'm even able to get my pecker inside her," he said to himself out loud. He worried that if his dad's reassurance was accurate, they may not be paired after today, and he may never get to realize his dream of fucking his mom.

After completing her routine and having a shower, Starla and her boy reported to the breeding wing. Ellie's hologram was waiting for them in their breeding pod. "Good morning! Come aboard and we'll get started," she said.

After mother and son drifted over and strapped themselves in, the pod closed up and joined the other floating sex-capsules. Many of them were rocking steadily, as their occupants engaged in vigorous baby-making.

"Kian, today I like to focus on sexual positions that you and your mother can engage in, that have the greatest chance of getting her pregnant," Ellie said. "But before we do that, why don't we put the two of you in something more comfortable."

A white laser divider suddenly separated Starla from her boy, creating a hazy barrier through the middle of the pod. Since they felt the weight of gravity, they both unbuckled their seat belts and stood up. "You'll both find a garment on the table next to you. Change into it before we get started," Ellie said.

Kian unwrapped a pair of briefs, that were made of a very luxurious material, that felt amazing against his skin. He shed his space suit, then slipped the snug-fitting garment on.

"Ideally, we'd have all your clothes off today, so that you could continue to adjust to being nude together. However, since we'll be going over effective positions of intercourse, you'll be

wearing these garments, to prevent accidental penetration," Ellie explained.

Now that they both had changed, the middle laser divider-wall disappeared and Starla and her boy looked over at what the other was wearing. "Holy Helios!" the boy muttered, making reference to the name of the sun in the galaxy they were heading to.

Starla wore a black teddy, featuring a stretch mesh front that was semi-sheer, leaving just enough for the imagination. It also had a teasing circular cut out at the cleavage, allowing some of the mother's tit-meat to spill out.

"That's almost as nice as seeing you in nothing!" the boy confessed, making the women laugh.

"Hmm, I was just thinking the same thing about yours!" Starla said, raising an eyebrow as she stared at the rising boner beneath her boy's briefs.

"Kian, the missionary and doggie-style positions allow for the deepest penetration during intercourse, bringing your sperm in closer proximity to your mother's cervix, then other positions would. Which one would you like to demonstrate first?" Ellie asked.

"Oh, um...doggy-style maybe," the boy said, looking at his mom for approval.

"Sure!" Starla said with a cute smile, then crawled up onto the mattress on all-fours. The mother had a thick meaty ass, which complimented this position. She wagged her thonged butt-meat, peeking back at him. "Come on up, darling," she said. "Get behind me!"

Kian joined her on the mattress, staying on his knees as he bumped his hard crotch against her her rounded, bubbly behind.

Ellie's hologram stood beside the bed watching them. "Try grasping her hips, Kian, right where they meet her torso, you'll be able to get terrific leverage this way!"

"Like this?" the boy asked, placing his hands on each side of Starla's wide birthing hips. "Perfect! Grasping her this way can really drive your cock home in this position!" she said.

Kian held his mom's ass against him, looking down at the big meaty mounds, mostly exposed due to her thong. His heart pounded hard in his chest. He felt like he sitting in the driver's seat of a luxury spacecraft.

The pretty mother peeked back at him and smiled at his cute awestruck demeanor. "Don't worry, darling. I won't make you do ALL the work in this position," she said, then began to swivel her rounded ass up and back, making it bump against his crotch. "Mommy can meet all of your deep baby-making thrusts with one's of her own."

They continued to engage in practice doggy humping. Kian stared at his mom's jiggling buttocks as it tirelessly thumped back against his aching boner. "This is really cool!" he said with an eager smile.

She stared back into his eyes with equal excitement. "It's even cooler with joined genitals, darling," she said.

"I bet."

Starla could feel her aroused juices begin to trickle from her cunt-slit. She had to remind herself of the clinical nature of all this. "It'sokay,thesetypesofthingsaresupposeto happen!"she thought. "Anarousedvaginaisnodifferentthathiscockgettinghard.They're

bothnecessaryingredientstocreatingachild...andthat'sallthat'sgoingon here."

"Why don't we try engaging in the missionary position now," Ellie suggested.

Kian watched his mother drop to the mattress and roll over, opening her luscious bare legs in a wide V and bringing her knees back. Her thighs looked so thick and inviting, like a fleshy sexual saddle for him crawl into.

"Go ahead and lower yourself between your mother's legs, Kian," Ellie instructed.

The boy nervously crawled down on top of his mom, pressing the erect bulge of his pecker against Starla's puffy vulva.

"Position yourself on extended arms above her," Ellie said.

"Like this?" Kian asked, propping his upper half above his mother.

"Perfect!" Ellie said. "There are different variations of this position that we'll try. Each allows varying degrees of clitoral stimulation and depth of penetration. Of course, for our purposes, we'll want you to engage in the ones that allow you to thrust you penis inside her as deeply as possible."

"I see," the boy muttered, looking down at his beautiful mother.

She smiled back warmly. "Go ahead, darling. You can practice thrusting," she said. "Alright," the boy muttered, setting his hips in motion.

Starla bit her bottom lip, gawking at her son's well-toned chest as their bodies began to rock in a steady practice-fuck. His boner felt so thick and hard, wedged in the heated groove of he pudendal cleft.

As their bodies move in sync, the teen stared down at his mom's big wobbling wonders, as they moved around on her chest. The mesh panels stretched across them, could barely contain their enormity. Kian could see her thick erect nipples puffing out from the centers of the huge dark rings of her tit-caps. He wondered if stuffing his mouth full, and sucking like a starving infant would be part of the baby making process.

"Kian, you're doing great! Your depth of penetration will increase according to the position of

your mother's legs," Ellie said, then looked at Starla and nodded, as if silently queuing her to reposition her legs.

The mother wrapped her strong smooth legs up around her son's midsection, interlocking her ankles behind him.

"Do you see what she's doing, Kian?" Ellie asked. "She'll be able to help guide your thrusts this way. Bring your chest down now and let your weight rest against her."

Kian anxiously did what was asked of him, crushing his mom's big rounded tits against his chest. They continued rocking in a rhythmic simulated fuck.

"Reach down and grasp her outer thighs...Excellent!" Ellie said. "Now you're fully engaged in the mating dance."

"Now OUR pod is probably rocking like the others are, darling!" his mother giggled, tightening her legs around him. "If we really want our pod to go crazy though, I can increase the force of your thrusts by moving against your rhythm, like this."

Starla met her son's dry humps, causing the bulge of his erection to plow up the groove of her slit and scrape across the engorged clitoris beneath the thin fabric. He heard his mother gasp delightfully, feeling his tubular muscle work against her hot labium..

"Kian, this variation of missionary will allow the tip of an erection your size to reach her anterior fornix...or what's called the A-spot."

"A-spot?" the boy asked breathlessly.

"It sits between the front vaginal wall and the ridges of the cervix. Stimulation of this area will be quite intense for your mother, but since getting her pregnant is our goal, it'll be the perfect area for you to ejaculate your semen," Ellie explained.

"Oh, ok."

"Another variation of missionary that's affective in breeding is propping a woman's legs up onto your shoulders," Ellie said, then watched as Kian's mother brought her limber legs up, folding herself in half beneath her son.

"Oh wow!" the boy said in awe, looking at his mother's dainty bare feet, resting above his shoulders and pointed back. He then looked down at his mom's smiling face, which was very near his own

"You'll go even deeper this way," Starla said breathlessly as they continued rocking. "You might even bust right through my cervix with that big thing!" she joked.

Ellie focused on their grinding genital. "Kian, I noticed that your thrusts are becoming very sporadic. I want you to focus on controlling your rhythm. Do you see how your mother's hips

are moving? See how they're rolling steadily?"

"Yess! She's good at this!" he muttered, making the moms laugh.

"Well, I'm much older than you, darling," Starla said. "I've had a lot years to practice."

"Steady, fluid thrusts will allow your semen-load to swell within your balls, preparing your strongest swimmers to seek out your mother's egg."

"That's right!" Starla said with a smile, winking at him. "Only the strongest, cutest ones are allowed around my egg."

"Much better, Kian! Good job!" Ellie exclaimed, watching the boy's technique improve.

"Thanks," the boy muttered, staring down into his mom's alluring green eyes. He loved how

she was gazing back at him, panting lightly as they engaged tirelessly in a steady dry-fuck. The feel of her fatty tit-melons sloshing against his bare chest was divine.

"You're doing so awesome!" she said proudly. "Do you wanna reach up and hold on to my ankles?"

"Sure!" her boy said, his heart about beating out of his chest with excitement. He grasped his mom by the ankles, and it became immediately apparent why she asked him to do this.

Grasping her this way, gave him a little more leverage, to really plow his cock through her labia good and deep.

The mother gasped and her eyes widened, feeling her son's rock-hard manhood dig against her engorged clitoris.

"How are you feeling, Kian?" Ellie asked.

"Really good!" the boy gasped. "Maybe I should slow down."

"No, don't slow down. I'd like to simulate an effective insemination technique by having you cum in your briefs."

"Ok!"

"Keep up your humping rhythm. When you feel that you're going to shoot your load, I want you to clench your ass-cheeks. This will give your sperm-load a chance to really swell before being blasted inside your mother," Ellie said.

"Starla?" Ellie said, making the pleasure-faced mother look over at her. "It's ok to orgasm. It's a natural part of this process," she said with a reassuring smile.

"Ok!" the mother gasped, looking on the verge of a really strong one. She held on tight to her baby as he really laid into her.

"Ohhh!" the boy whimpered, his body trembling. "Clench, Kian!" Ellie shouted.

Starla felt her own climax pulsing in the core of her cunt. The pleasure moved outward like an electric current through her big-titted body. She slid her strong naked under his arms and hooked them around her boy, high on his back. This allowed her greater support, to really pump her ass from the mattress, humping against his rhythm, to provide the most friction and pleasure.

"Ohh shit!" Kian cried out, feeling his digging knob tingle and flex. Have his own hot mom clutch onto him this way was the wildest thing he'd ever experienced.

He suddenly felt her body shudder beneath him. "Ohh, Kian!!" she cried out, her hot orgasm surging through her.

There was no way the boy could hold out any longer after hearing this. "Shooting now!" he groaned in ecstacy.

"Kian, thrust forward powerfully, then hold it there, as if you're burying your boner inside your mother as deep at it will go!" Ellie shouted.

The boy complied with a powerful jerking hump and the first big blast of spunk filled his briefs. "Ohhh!" he groaned.

"Hold it there, deeply sheathed, and let your mother milk out your load with her humping hole and stong vaginal squeezes," Ellie said."

Kian remained motionless, letting his experienced mother writhe with humping motions beneath him, while gasping and trembling through her own hot orgasm.

Starla's smothering pussy-groove milked his erection skillfully, pressing around it from balls to knob, until she was convinced that she had squeezed out every drop of baby-batter that she could.

"I think you two will have no problems at all conceiving a baby," Ellie said.

Starla smiled over at her, sliding her clutching legs slowly down her boy's frame while he rested his head against her upper tit-slopes. "These dry runs will certainly keep us in good practice," she said breathlessly.

"They certainly will. Let's take a look at your data, staring with Kian," Ellie said.

Starla and Kian sat up as the numbers appeared above them, as it had the prior day.

153: Paired with Mom on Aurora_2

SUBJECT: Kian Ridley

PRACTICE INTERCOARSE (WITHOUT PENATRATION)

Positions: 1. Doggy 2. Missionary (standard and with variations) Duration of practice intercourse: 36 minutes

Percentage of effective thrusts: 72% Number of sperm ejaculated: 517 Million Percentage of Healthy Sperm: 99.2%

Likelihood of successful fertilization with healthy female: 74.33%

Starla seemed confused. "Wait, yesterday it said the likelihood of pregnancy was ninty-nine percent. Why is it down to seventy-four today?"

"Because this data is based on today's actual performance," Ellie answered. "Kian's thrust effectiveness was seventy-two percent, still well above average for most males on ship, however, that number will drop the likelihood of pregnancy considerably."

"I see," Starla muttered, seeming a bit disappointed.

"So I could have done a lot better I guess," Kian muttered.

"Oh, darling, no, you did great!" his mother said sweetly, taking his hand and squeezing it. "That's why we're taking this breeding course though, to get you as good as you can be."

"She's right, Kian. Keep in mind that during most of this session, we were working with you, to perfect your rhythm and thrusting. Had this data been based on your performance for just the last half of your session today, your numbers would have been through the roof," Ellie explained.

"True, his rhythm there towards the end was absolutely INCREDIBLE!" Starla said.

Ellie giggled. "Well, female orgasms during a dry practice session are usually a pretty good indication of that. Not a necessary part of our goal, but certainly a nice little treat for us women during the process."

Starla got a big smile and squeezed her boy's hand. "A VERY nice little treat!" she agreed. "Starla, let's take a look at your data," Ellie said, bring up her numbers.

Subject: Starla Ridley

PRACTICE INTERCOARSE (WITHOUT PENATRATION)

Positions: 1. Doggy 2. Missionary (standard and with variations) Duration of practice intercourse: 36 minutes

Percentage of effective thrusts: 99.7% Number of orgasms: 1 (clitoral)

Likelihood of successful fertilization with paired male: 74.33%

Time until egg is ready for fertilization: 48 hours, 23 minutes, 33 seconds

"Starla, your data looks exceptional!" Ellie said. "Your thrusts were ninty-nine percent effective, which puts you in the top one percent performance-wise off all the women on the ship."

"Oh, so you mean I outdid all those young chickadees out there?" she asked with a proud smile.

"The overwhelming majority of women who score this high are women your age, who've had lots of sexual experience."

"Why does it say 'clitoral' by the number of orgasms?" Kian asked.

Starla and Ellie looked at each other and smiled. "Why don't you explain this one, Starla," Ellie suggested.

"Sure," she answered gladly and looked at her boy, still gripping his hand in hers.. "Darling, the orgasm you gave me earlier was due to friction against my clitoris. The ones that I'll likely have when we start breeding will be a different type, called deep vaginal orgasms. Those will be brought on by your hard penis, thrusting deeply in my vagina."

"Oh, I see," Kian muttered, his still-hard cock flexing at the thought of it.

"Kian, when your mother has orgasms, her sex-tube will create wonderful sensations on your boner, that will cause you to ejaculate quite quickly if you're not careful," Ellie explained.

"Oh, how does it do that?" he asked curiously.

"Well, for one, a woman's pussy walls will tighten and contract around you when she cums, creating greater friction on your glans."

Starla interjected. "And some women, like myself, will squirt hot liquid from their urethras, which is likely to soak you pretty good," she giggled.

"Wow, um, that doesn't sound so bad," the boy confessed.

"Don't let these things become a distraction, Kian, or cause you to cum too quickly. Remember, during the process, your mother's pussy will just being doing what pussy's do during intercourse. What really matters though is that YOUR performance remains spot on, and that you dump a healthy load of swimmers in your mom's vagina every time," Ellie said.

"Your little unborn brother or sister is counting on you," his mom said with a wink.

"Kian, I'd like you to join your mother during her fertility workout this evening, focusing on your thrusting technique." Ellie said. "Starla, why don't you help Kian get out of those spermy- soaked briefs, then the two of you can get dressed and tell the pod to take you back to the docking platform when you're ready."

"Thank you so much, Ellie!" Starla said. "Bye," Kian waved.

"See you both tomorrow," Ellie said, then disappeared.

Starla scooted to the edge of the bed, her big mommy-melons shimmying from side to side.. "Alright, mister, let's get those six-hundred and seventeen million sperm cleaned off of you," she said with a giggle.

Kian got up and stood in front of his mom. His ejaculate had caused a big dark wet spot on his briefs. "Good thing they're small or that would be a lot to cleanup," he said.

His mother pulled down his briefs and his boner sprung up, still fully hard. "Darling, there's nothing 'small' about this load you just shot," she teased.

He stepped out of the briefs and Starla took a warm wet cloth and wiped him off. Her eyes couldn't help but travel the length of his beefy cock as she toweled around it. The web of bulging veins criss-crossing up the muscled slab made her heart race. The site of the

big juicy purple bell capping his shaft made her cunt involuntary clench. She simply couldn't believe that in two days this big thing would be thundering through the pink tube that she had squeezed him out of.

"Top one percent in penis size! That must make you feel pretty good?" she said, peeking up at him with a teasing smile.

"Yeah," he blushed, watching his mom clean it.

"It makes me feel pretty good too," she said, then noticed her son raising an eyebrow. "Oh, I mean, not in that way," she stammered, "Although, I mean...it definitely WILL make me feel good THAT way, but what I meant was...it makes me feel good... as in PROUD, as a mom."

Kian giggled, making his boner bob up and down stiffly. "I know what you meant, mom. I feel

the same way...about you, I mean."

She fed him a quirky smile, wiping around the thick bulging base of his cock. "Proud of me? For what?" she asked curiously.

"Because you're sweet...and funny," he said.

She peeked up up him, smiling with flattery. "Keep going..." she said cutely. "Your more beautiful than any of the moms I've ever known."

"Even Mason's mom?" she asked. "I see you staring at her a lot." "Yeah, you're way prettier than her, and..."

"And what?"

"Never mind," he blushed.

"Don't 'never mind' me. What were you gonna say?" she asked curiously. "Your boobs are nicer!"

Starla giggled. "Nicer, as in bigger?" "Yes."

"Well, that's nothing I didn't already know about you," she said, running her clothed hand up his thick prick. "I live with you, remember? I know where your eyes spend the most time. Your dad goes on and on about them too. I guess you're just like him that way."

Starla suddenly felt a tinge of guilt at the mention of her husband. Here she was, nearly naked, holding her son's big cock, while her husband was probably out doing his best to get them unpaired.

She looked at the way she was holding Kian's dick, her hand wrapped around it's enormous girth. Her wedding band shimmered in the light of the pod, reminding her of all the sacred promises she had made, adding to her guilt.

"Ok, darling, let's get dressed and head back," she said, releasing his boner and standing up. "There's no divider this time, so I guess we'll just have to get dressed in front of each other."

"Alright," Kian muttered, totally fine with that.

Starla removed her teddy and for a moment was completely naked. Her son gulped in arousal, staring at her huge naked jugs and the way they bobbled heavily as she fastened her underclip. He watched her wet two fingers with her thick tongue, then reached down and smeared her saliva on the tiny butt-plug, before extending it back between her legs and squeezing it

through her asshole, securing the tiny garment.

Next, she picked up her bust-cover, making her giant knockers hang down and rock from side to side as she picked it up. She didn't look over at her son, but she knew he hadn't put a thing on yet, because he was too busy watching her. It was OK,. She wanted him to watch and learn and be comfortable being nude with her.

"Intwodays,we'llbenudetogetherinthemost extremeway,"she thought. "We'llbeinthistinypodwithoutastitchofclothingbetweenus. He'llseemecompletelyrawanduninhibited.Youhavetobethatwaywhenyou'remakinga baby."

She cupped her big tits beneath one arm, making them balloon out, side by side, her engorged nipples sticking out stiffly. As she fastened the bust-cover around them, she peeked over at her boy, who seemed frozen in awe as he watched her.

The mother then looked down at boner, as it stuck up at an upward angle, like a rocket ship preparing to blast-off to some far away planet. It looked so incredibly rigid and strong. She knew her husband could never display his cock this impressively. Harlin did his best with what he had, making love to her at her every request. He tried his hardest to please a wife who had an insatiable hunger for sex.

"I already cleaned you up," she said, smiling at her son teasingly. "Am I gonna have to dress you too?"

Kian was snapped from his trance. "Oh, um, sorry," he muttered, grabbing his dry briefs.

******

"If we don't hear anything soon, I'm marching up to that board room myself and pleading our case," Harlin said as they sat at dinner.

"Surely they'll let us know, either one way or the other," Starla said.

Kian looked at his father bravely. "Well, I just wanna say, dad, that if we don't hear anything, I'm ok with fulfilling the assignment with mom," he said, looking over to see his mother peek back at him with a little smile.

"Whether you're willing to step up and do it is neither here nor there. The point is, you and your mother should have never been paired in the first place."

"But the data said that mom and I could be ninty-nine percent effective at making a baby," Kian said. "Those are pretty good chances, right?"

"Wait, data? What data?" Harlin asked.

Starla looked at her husband uncomfortably. "It was just data we were given, based on today's session. Why don't I get you another drink," the wife said, trying to change the subject.

"That's okay, just show me the data. I'd like to see it."

"Honey, it's just a bunch of numbers. If we hear from the board, none of it will matter anyway."

"I know, but you know me, I'm a numbers guy. It's what I do for work. I'd like to see the data they gave you," Harlin said.

Starla took a nervous gulp, then projected both her and Kian's data above the table for her husband to see.

Harlin immediately got that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. "Practice intercourse? Doggy and missionary?" he asked.

Starla peered over at her husband, a tad embarrassed. "Yes, well, these breeding courses are all about preparing a paired couple to conceive a child affectively. They won't know what improvements we need to make, unless they see us practicing,' she explained.

"And how do you practice sex, exactly?" Harlin asked.

"We were wearing something, so there was no penetration," his wife said uncomfortably. "We were just going through the motions."

"For thirty-six minutes apparently," Harlin said, not seeming the least bit happy about what he was seeing.

Starla quickly tried to point out the positive. "Look at Kian's percentage of healthy sperm. Ninty

-nine percent, that would make the chances of me getting pregnant EXTREMELY good," Starla said.

"Starla, that's great, but it doesn't make any of this ok," he said, then Harlin spotted the one piece of data his wife was hoping he'd overlook. "Your number of orgasms is one? Seriously?"

"It was...a body friction thing. You know how we women have very little control over those. Can we just..."

"You DO have control over those!" Harlin said with a raised voice. "It's called not doing, whatever it was you were doing to cause them in the first place."

"Honey look, I know you want the board to make a decision in our favor, but what if they don't? What if the assignment doesn't change? If Kian and I have to conceive a child together through intercourse, wouldn't you rather see us take the necessary steps to make it happen quickly

and effectively?" Starla asked. "Of course," Harlin admitted.

"Well, by practicing and perfecting our techniques, it betters our chances of doing that. If we're completely prepared, who knows, him and I could only have to have sex one time and I get pregnant."

"Yeah, well 'one time' is bad enough!"

"Yes, but isn't 'one time' better that twelve times?" she asked. "It took you and I months and tons of sex for me to get pregnant with Kian, remember?"

Harlin couldn't help but smile as he reflected back. "I remember."

"We weren't prepared. That's why it took us so long. If him and I end up having to do this, I'm sure you're gonna want the process to be over as soon as possible, right?" she asked.

"With any luck, you WON'T have to do this, but yes, if you do, I would like it to be a quick process."

She reached over and placed her hand on her husband's shoulder lovingly. "Then let us prepare, and please, just try to show some support."

"Alight, I'll try," her husband muttered, although no amount of logic could remove the uneasy feeling he was having about his wife and son engaging in sex.

What he saw later that evening didn't help his feelings about the situation any. He looked through the window of the exercise room and saw his wife and son next to each other on the mat, each doing their own fertility exercises.

Starla was on her hands and knees, as if in the doggy position. She was using her hips to rhythmically pump her ass back over and over, as if fucking her pussy back on a stiff prick. The fact that she was wearing skin tight workout attire made the sight look even more scandalous.

Next to her, on his back, Kian was pumping his hips from the mat, as if he was driving his cock up through an imaginary pussy. Harlin noticed how they were talking and smiling at each other, as if they were going about some routine task.

The pretty wife spotted her hubby in the window and gave him a smiling wave. Harlin forced a smile in return. "What's taking that board so damn long to make a decision?" he muttered out loud to himself.

Inside the exercise room, mom and son were working up a sweat. Kian's position on the floor gave him a spectacular view of his mom's tits. Her snug workout top was cut low in the neck, exposing an almost obscene amount of cleavage.

"It's a good thing I'm facing away from the window," Starla said, "I'd probably be getting a lecture right now."

"About what?"

She glanced down at her jostling milkers and all the creamy tit-cleavage she had oozing out. "Does this look like a top he'd want me wearing around you?" she asked.

"Probably not. I'm glad you wore it though."

"Good," Starla said with a wink. "I thought it might fuel your thrusts a bit, provide you with a little motivation. Besides, in a little over a day you'll be seeing a lot more of these boobs, in all their glory."

"Well you're right. The site of them does help my thrusts!," the boy confessed, wishing he could slide his boner down into her deep dark tit-crevise and shoot his wad off.

"Speaking of thrusts, you're in great form tonight!" Starla said, watching her boy thrust his bulge up and down in a tireless ry

"Thanks!"

"Remember, roll your hips. Don't force the pumps," Starla said. "See the way MY hips are moving?"

Kian peered down to see his mom's wide birthing hips pumping fluidly up and back, her rounded buttocks jiggling delightfully with her every repetitive movement. The thought that soon he'd mounting those haunches, with his boner pounding through her skilled pussy made his heart race.

The mother's eyes watched her boy, her cunt throbbing at the site of him humping the air.

"You know, if we were having intercourse, with you on your back thrusting like that, we'd be in what's called the cowgirl position," Starla said.

"You mean with you on top of me?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she said, then widened her knees a little and lowered her ass back to the floor, sitting upright, as if she were straddling him in the cowgirl position. She began humping herself up and down again. "Same pelvic pumping for me, just in a different position."

Kian's eyes widened, as he watched his mom move as if she were on top of him, meeting his upward thrusts. Even under the snug confines of her sports top, her big fleshy mommy-tits wobbled around heavily from her movements. "Is this position good for breeding?" he asked.

Starla giggled. "Not really, you'd be ejaculating you cum-load upward, against the forces of gravity."

"To bad," the boy said disappointingly.

The mother smiled over at him. "But that doesn't mean we couldn't try. I mean, the muscles surrounding your urethra are probably quite strong. I would imagine they would contract and propel your semen out of your penis quite far."

"So we can try it?"

Sta giggled at how persistent he was. "Ok, but fair's fair. If you get to chose an extra position for us to have sex in, then I get to pick one too."

"Ok, what one?"

Still bouncing her buns in a steady 'cowgirl' fuck-rhythm, the mother smiled at her boy in a naughty way.. "It's called 'the hanging garden' and it's absolutely wonderful!" she said, like a young girl thinking back on the greatest sex of her life. Then, her excitement level melted. "Since your father hurt his back, he can't really do it much anymore...and I miss it a lot," she said.

"Will you show me?" her boy asked.

Starla glanced at the window. Her husband was gone, but she was still hesitant. "Not in here. It was a favorite of your father's too, so if he saw us engaging in it, even with our clothes on, it would probably break his heart," she explained.

"I understand."

"How 'bout we wrap this workout up for tonight, we'll go somewhere a little more private and I'll show you, ok," Starla said.

"Sure," Kian said anxiously.

When they floated from the workout room, they saw Harlin hovering in the main living area, watching a news program that was projected hologram in the center of the room. He spotted them. "Kian, would you mind grabbing your old man a drink?" Harlin asked.

"On it, dad!"

Starla slithered by her son, secretly whispering in his ear as she passed. "Meet me in the bathroom."

After the boy fetched his father's drink, he floated down a small corridor and tapped at the bathroom door. "It's me, mom!" he said in a hushed tone.

"It's open," his mother answered back.

Kian came inside and closed the door behind him. He gasped as he saw his mom floating upright, three feet off the floor, completely naked. She smiled teasing, her beautiful dark mane of hair flowing behind her.. "You ARE suppose to be getting used to seeing me naked,

remember?"

"Yes," he muttered.

"And I'm suppose to be getting used to seeing you that way too," she said, glancing down at his shorts. "Take 'em off."

The boy removed his shorts and shirt, so that now they were both completely nude. He watched his mom playfully push herself off the wall, floating towards him in the same 'cowgirl' position she had been in earlier. It was as if she was straddling something in mid-air as she hovered across the room.

Kian's hard peter flexed on his loins, watching his mom's mammoth tits float around buoyantly in front of her. Just before she got to him, she extended her sexy legs and scissored them open widely, pointing her dainty bare feet in opposite directions.

"Oh wow!" the boy muttered, gazing at the thick lips of her shaved pubis.

The mother captured her teen between her thighs, throwing her arms and legs around him and latching on. The boy was delighted by the feel of her weightless melons bobbling against his chest. "This is the hanging garden. Although, I'm not really hanging off of you, if we're in zero- gravity like this!"

"Alexa, pressurize the bathroom," Kian said.

"You better be prepared to hold me!" Starla said with a flirty smile.

Kian felt the room pressurize around them. His feet hit the floor and felt the weight of his mom in his arms as her clutched on to her outer thighs, holding her up. Now the full weight of her meaty boobs were crushed against his chest.

"I can see why dad liked this so much!" he said, looking his mom in the eyes.

"I love being held this way!" St said, giving her son a dreamy eyes gaze in return. Then she brought her lips to his ear. "But not as much as I love being SCREWED this way! Are you gonna screw me this way, darling?"

Kian sighed with excitement. Just hearing his mother use language like this was awesome. "Yes!"

She giggled at his anxiousness. "Not right now, of course, but soon! I think this'll be a great baby making position, don't you?" she said, giving him an excited look.

"Uh-huh. Can we do it in zero-g too?" he asked.

"Of course we can. Wanna take a test spin right now?"

Her boy nodded and gulped excitedly.

"Alexa, UNPRESSURIZE the bathroom!" Starla said.

The couple felt the air around them change again. "Wanna go up?" Kian asked his mom, looking up at the thirty-foot high ceiling.

Starla clung on even tighter, her arms wrapped about his neck and her ankles interlocked behind his ass. "Take me to the stars, Superman!" she smiled.

Kian sprung from the floor, propelling them upward. His hard cock was wedged between her legs, sticking out from behind Starla, just

beneath her thick naked ass.

"Wooo!" the mother hollered playfully as they began to spin in a circle. They looked like a big ball of tangled flesh as they continued slowly rising through the bathroom.

Kian was in seventh heaven, as he felt his mother's glorious curves cling to him. Her jugs were like tow huge fatty mounds bumping and rubbing against his face and upper chest.

When he spun beneath her, Starla rose up off his chest and extended her legs, so that she was now straddling him, high up in the room. "Oh look, it's YOUR favorite position!" she said with a teasing smile.

Kian's heart beat so hard he though it could pound right out of his chest. His eyes traveled up the view before him, from their fused crotches, up her sexy midriff, to those two ballooning stiff-nippled knockers, gently waving around like some sort of twin sea plants on the ocean floor. Then, there was that beautiful face, with those dreamy green eyes gazing down at him, with her long dark mane floating around her. She was stunning!

"I can't wait until we can do it this way!" he muttered.

"Why wait?" she asked, surprising him. "I mean, we can't 'do it' this way, as in have sex right now, but..."

"But what?" he asked, anxious to hear what she meant.

"Well, we could let you slide your hardon inside me, just so we both see what it'll feel like, to be joined together in full penetration,," she said.

Now his heart was pounding AND doing flips. "So it's ok...If we do that now??"

"As long as you promise not to start pumping your hardon. We have to wait two days for that." "Got it!" Kian said.

While her husband was down the hallway, Starla was about to relive a special part of her youth all over again, by letting a young cock stretch the walls of her vagina. Yes, she felt guilty, but

the overwhelming need to have a cock so large inside her, especially one that belonged to her handsome, sweet boy, swept that guilt right away.

She rose up slightly, reaching under and gasping his incredibly hard cock. Her mind swirled with wicked desire as she fit his fat knob between her labial gates.

"Ohhh!" the both seemed to sigh in unison, as the boy's meat parted her pink walls and slowly sunk inside her.

Kian had never dreamed he'd see this type of look on his own beautiful mother's face. It was the look of a woman taking the biggest cock of her life. Her eyes were big and her mouth hung open, as his big pussy-pleaser, just kept sliding upward, deeper and deeper, passing that familiar point that was the farthest place her husband's cock could reach..

"Wow!" she exclaimed, with a look of sudden shock. "Is that you?" she asked, feeling him rub up against the head of her cervix.

Kian smile. "Who else would it be, Mom?"

She giggled, realizing how silly her question was. "I don't know, I just...oh my God, you're so deep!"

He lay there floating beneath her, feeling her squeezing on it with her ribbed walls, adjusting to it's size. He looked down to see her fleshy outer lips spread out around the root of his cock and the dome of her clitoral hoodgototherssvv-rddhpleerom between them.

"You feel amazing!" the boy gasped.

"Yeah, well, you're um...really packed in there, darling!" she said, breathing deeply.

Kian felt her cunt-tube clasping with gentle squeezes. He responded by flexing his boner, stretching her fuck-tunnel even more, making his mom gasp and throw her head back, clenching her fists. "Ohh, shit, Kian!" the mother squealed.

"What?" the boy asked stupidly.

"What do you mean what?! What do you think?" she giggled. "Well you squeezed on me! I just responded by doing that."

She leaned forward a little, trapping her big milkers between her arms and making them distend outward as she placed her palms on his chest. "You're already about to split me in half with that thing. You don't need to make it any stiffer!"

Kian flexed his cock again, feeling the tight sleeve of her cunt contract around him. She let out a tiny scream, then covered her mouth and looked down towards the doorway. "Like that you mean?" he asked.

She slapped his chest playfully. "You're rotten! You wanna play show-off? Okay, let's play show

-off!" Starla said, then tightened her well-conditioned cunt-muscles, grasping tightly around his thick boner.

Now it was her boy throwing his head back in ecstacy. "Ohh wow!" he sighed, feeling the tight grip of her pussy muscles and the ribbed inner lining swathing his smothered boner in hot slippery secretions. "See, hot-shot, two can play that game!" she teased, smiling down at him.

Kian wanted so badly to feel his mother's vagina plunging up and down his boner, but he was thankful she was at least willing to go this far right now.

The boy wasn't the only one craving something more. Starla was yearning for a hard boner- grinding fuck. If her boy felt this good in full-penetration, she could only imagine what he would feel like thundering through her horny fuck-hole.

"Give me your hands," she said,, dropping her legs straight down and grasping him between her thighs as tightly as she could. This, along with the hand holding, creative enough leverage for her to grind their pubis's together.

Kian just laid back, holding his mom's hands and watching her stir her hips around. He could feel his deeply buried boner pushing around, pressing against her hot walls. His mom's eyes were closed as she stirred her dripping honey-pot with his big meaty spoon.

Kian decided to add some excitement by tightening his ass and flexing his cock again. Starla let out a deep gasp, keeping her eyes shut, answering back with tight squeezes of her own. This was how it went for several minutes - squeezing and flexing and grinding, Kian's boner now soaked with fuck-oil. He could feel it trickling out and down over the sack of his balls.

What made it ever more exciting was that he got to watch his mom's huge tit-melons move around the whole time.

His mom's eyes suddenly popped open and they gazed at one another. "We should probably stop!" she muttered, and yet continued rolling her hips, grinding him inside her.

"Yes!" he agreed, breathlessly, even though he didn't want to. "In two days we can do more...much more!" she said.

Kian decided to ask a brave question. "Will 'more include sucking on your boobs?"

It was a good time to ask his mom these questions. She was horny as fuck and was thinking with her naughty sexual brain, and not her normal responsible motherly one. "Well, that's part of having sex, so yes, of course. We'll do lots of things?"

"Like what else?" the boy asked, excited by her answer. He loved that she was still gliding around against him, rubbing the bell of his cock back and forth against the puffy dome of her ectocervix.

"Well, we'll have to see. I may have to suck on your boner to get it to it's full hardness," she said.

"Really?" the boy muttered.

"Yes, your balls too. I may need to run my tongue all over your nuts to get the sperm all worked up and ready in there," she said lustfully. "Ready to blast all over my insides and get me pregnant."

"Ohh damn," the boy muttered, as excited as ever.

"You like that idea, darling? You like the thought of me giving your cock and balls some oral attention?"

"Heck yes!" he answered.

"And maybe even letting you stick your magic wand between my soft boobies, wrapping your long thick piggy in a blanket!" his mother teased.

Starla was so fucking horny she could hardly stand it. Her hungry eyes ran up teen's chest.
"He'ssoyoungandhungandreadytofuckme!"she wickedly thought.
"We'regonnafuckso hardwe'regonnamakethatbreedingpodspinlikeafuckingtop!"

Kian licked his lips, staring at the big rubbery nipples popping from the pink rounded rings of her areola. He couldn't wait to devours them...to suck and pull on those puffy nubs while he pumped load after load of baby making ball-juice into his mother's cunt.

Even though Starla had expressed her intention of stopping, she didn't seem in any hurry. It would have taken a knock on the door from her husband to stop her, which is exactly what happened.

"Starla, you in there?" they heard Harlin ask from outside the door far below.

His wife looked down, still straddling their son. "I'm taking a shower, honey! Almost finished," she said, feeling her son's hardon pulse excitedly inside her.

She leaned down, crushing her boobs on Kian's chest. "Now we REALLY have to stop," she said, then planted a quick kiss on his lips. Before she could sit back up, she stopped and stared into his eyes. There was clearly some real magic going on between them. She acknowledged this with another kiss. This time, it was slow and sensual.

The mother smiled and shook her head, as if she could hardly believe what she had just done. "You're bad," she said to her son teasingly.

"So are you!"

"I know!" she said with a naughty wink, then slipped off him and dropped towards the floor.

Kian looked across at his boner, which was soaking wet. He smiled, almost triumphantly, then moved down towards the floor also.

****

Harlin was at his office the next morning, when a call from his wife came up. "Answer!" he said, which brought up a holographic image of Starla, standing in their living room. "Hi honey, what's up?" he asked.

"Harlin, I just got a call from Ellie, our fertility coach. My egg has dropped a day early!" "Hold on, what?!"

"My egg! I started ovulating. It can only survive for twenty-four hours in my cervix! Kian and I need to report to the breeding pod right away!"

"Starla, please...hold on! I still haven't heard from the board. For all we know they've made a decision and haven't told us yet!"

"Honey, if they had changed their minds about the assignment, they would have contacted us," Starla said. "Kian and I have a VERY narrow window here!"

"Ten minutes! Give me ten minutes, I'm gonna make a call!" Starla seemed frustrated. "Please hurry!" she said.

"I still can't believe dad thinks they're gonna reverse the assignment," Kian said, after his phone disconnected.

"I'm beginning to think he's being stupidly optimistic at this point," Starla said. "I mean, I can understand why your father doesn't want us having sex together, but under the circumstances, it just has to be that way."

Kian wasn't sure whether to be exciting, or to prepare himself for the disappointment of a lifetime. Of course he hoped the assignment to be paired with his mother would remain unchanged, but his dad's persistence continued to leave doubt in his mind. The fact that he and his mom should be heading to the breeding pod RIGHT NOW, to fuck their asses off until she got pregnant didn't help either.

"Why do you think your egg did it's thing early?" he asked his mom.

"My guess is all that stirring around I did in there last night, with your 'magic wand' made my egg come dislodged a bit early," she said, half-teasingly.

"Oops!" Kian muttered.

"By now the egg is in my fallopian tube, which mean your father is wasting valuable time, that we could be using to make a baby!"

Alexa suddenly set her mind at ease. "Call from Harlin!" she said. "Answer!" Starla said.

"Hey honey! I got ahold of the secretary. A member of the board is on their way over to you RIGHT NOW," Harlin said.

"On their way over here? Now?" she asked.

"Yeah, the secretary said he wanted to deliver their decision in person. That's a good sign! I told her I couldn't be there because I'm working, but he'll talk to you, and with any luck this mess will be straightened out," Harlin said.

"Yes, um...ok, well, I guess I'll just wait for him to get here," his wife said, nervous and anxious at the same time.

"Great! This is looking good, honey! Be sure to call me as soon as you know something," Harlin said.

"I will," she muttered. "Alexa, end call!" she said, this looked over at her son. The uncertainty showed on both their faces.

"A member of the board...coming over here?" Kian said. "That could mean that they've changed it to you and dad being paired together, instead of us."

"It could also mean, that they're sorry, but all assignments are final, like we originally thought. The board member could be coming down to make sure the assignment is accepted, without further protest."

"Which do you think it is...really?" Kian asked.

The buzzer to the door went off. "I guess we're about to find out," Starla answered.

A short balding man in a uniformed-looking space suit greeted Starla with a smile. "Mrs. Ridley? Hi, Hugh Jass, board member."

"Hugh Jass?" Kian asked with a snicker.

Hugh acknowledged with a smile. "Yes, that's unfortunately my real name. I understand you've been presented with quite the dilemma, and I apologize. While mother and son sexual relations aren't unlawful, no parent and child should be forced into that situation, so we've changed your assignment."

"You have?" Kian asked, his heart sinking in disappointment.

"Yes, we have!"

"So it'll be my husband and I paired to breed then?" Starla asked, sounding disappointed.

"Oh no.. no, no! Your husband's sperm count is very low I'm afraid. But your son, well now that's another story!" Hugh said, looking over at Kian."Ninty-nine percent likelihood of successful fertilization with healthy female! Are you kidding me?! Those are numbers we can't ignore!" Hugh exclaimed.

"Oh, well, yes, they are quite good," Starla agreed.

"Indeed! Mrs. Ridley, you and your husband are both off the hook. Your son will be representing this household, in the fulfillment of

operation: propagate."

"With who?" she asked curiously, her heart rate increasing.

"A cute girl named Grace, twenty-three years old...still single. Very fertile from what the data shows," Hugh said, then looked over at Kian. "She starts her cycle next week, so don't make any plans."

"Oh...ok," Kian muttered.

"Anyway, so again, sorry for the mishap. Ya'll have a great evening!"

Starla stepped out into the corridor, watching Hugh stroll away. She should have been relieved, but she wasn't. She should have been happy for her son, but instead she was incredibly jealous. She wanted to scream! She wanted to cry! Unless she asserted herself now, all she had secretly hoped for would be thrown out the window and sucked into the vacuum of deep space.

"Wait!" she shouted up the corridor.

Hugh stopped and looked at her. He wandered back over with a knowing smile, then stopped in front of her. "I had a feeling you'd be calling me back!" he said.

******

Mother and son hurriedly floated side by side through the corridor, holding each other's hand as they went. Starla had just dialed her husband on her communicator. "Hey, honey! Did he come by?" Harlin asked.

"Yes, he just left!" his wife answered. "And?"

Starla and Kian looked at each other and smiled. "Starla, are you there?" Harlin asked.

"Yes, I'm here! Honey, it was just as I thought. All assignments are final," his wife said, trying to sound disappointed. " Kian and I have been paired to make a baby together and that's what we have to do!"

She could sense the disappointment on the other end. A small part of her felt pity for her husband. What man could accept his wife being paired with a handsome youngster for breeding, especially if that person was your own son. None of that really mattered to her in this moment. She was not about to accept her son being paired with a younger woman. Not

only that, but she had begun to have feelings for Kian that were beyond innocent motherly love.

She needed him to fuck her! She WANTED him to fuck her! The baby would be the result of their newly found passion..

"Well, I guess we don't really have a choice, do we?" Harlin asked, in a disappointed tone.

"I'm afraid not. Kian and I are headed to the breeding pod. The egg is waiting in my fallopian tube, which means we have a twenty-four hour window to get me pregnant," Starla said. "Needless to say, we may not be home until late tonight."

"I understand. The two of you do what you need to." His final words were music to her wife's ears.

They arrived at the Breeding Wing, got in their pod and buckled themselves in. Ellie's hologram stood across from them, smiling from ear to ear. "Are we excited?" she asked.

"YES!" Starla said, her face beaming.

"This is it,, Kian! The language and behavior of your mother and I will be much wilder now!" Ellie said with a lustful grin. "It's time to

breed!"

A few seconds later the pod had pressurized, they were unbuckled and stripping their space suits off. As Kian watched his mom release her jiggling jugs from her bust-cover and reach down to remove her underclip, it finally sunk in that he was about to fuck her. As Ellie would say, they were about to do the mating dance.

"Starla, we'll need to make sure Kian's cock is fully erect for penetration," Ellie said.

"I got this!" the mother said with a naughty smile, gently pushing her boy back onto the bed.

Kian watched his mom kneel between his legs and grasp his hardon. If it could get any harder, she was about to make it that way. She opened her mouth wide and stuffed her son's meaty

cock shaft down her throat. The purple bell brushed past her tonsils, nearly making her gag, but she was able to control her choking reflex as she eagerly started sucking.

Up and down her pretty head bobbed, slowly fucking her throat with the stiffness of Kian's cock meat. As she sucked vigorously, loud slurping, smacking, gurgling sounds filled the pod.

"Ohh wow!" the boy whimpered, watching his own mom work his cock in a sloppy blowjob.

Starla grasped his boner at base, popping it from her mouth and lashing her thick long tongue all over his shiny barbed tip.

'Ahhh!" Kian sighed, thrusting his dick upward, as he watched his mom run her tongue all over his glans. She wagged her licker down the length of his boner, following the bulging tube that his semen would soon be pumping through. Then, she battered his big cum-

filled nuts, rolling her wet tongue all over them, while stroking his cock gently.

"You see, Kian? There's more to baby making than just shooting your hot cum inside a woman," Ellie said with a smile.

"I like it!" the boy sighed, feeling his mom suck one of his testicles into her mouth and nurse on it through the skin of his scrotum.

She moved to the other nut, slurping it in and rolling it around inside her mouth. Her tongue looped around and around the sperm-packed testicle, massaging it with licks.

Kian's body shivered with delight. He never knew having his nuts sucked on could feel this fucking amazing.

"We don't want him to get too excited, now do we?" Starla asked, standing up and looking down at her boy.

"True!" Ellie giggled. "He can shoot his fucking cum down your throat, but those wigglers won't find any eggs down there," she said.

Kian watched his mom rub her fingers across her shaved mons. "He'll find one in here though...and it's ready," she said in a seductive tone, gazing right at him. "Wanna come in and play?" she asked, crawling onto the mattress over him.

"Uh-huh!" the boy muttered, his heart beating wildly.

"Scoot back and let's do your favorite first," Starla said, climbing on top of him. "Let me be your cowgirl!"

Kian's eyes stared widely at his mother's huge hanging tits as they wobbled closer and closer to his face. He felt his mom grasp his boner and run his knob between her labium. She fit the tip in the

socket of her vagina, then lowered her hips, spearing his cock-flesh up her juice- slickened pussy.

"Ahhh!" they both groaned, as they came together in full penetration.

His mom looked down at him with her beautiful eyes. He had never seen a more excited look on her pretty face. "Now we get to pump!" she exclaimed, then began working her well- conditioned hips, plunging her baby's cock through the squeezing grip of her boner-grinder.

"Ohh yesss!" the boy groaned, finally getting what he always dreamed about. As she rode him, his mom's mammoth boobs came to life, swinging around wildly to her humping rhythm, right before his eyes.

The shameless mother held nothing back, fucking and grinding as hard as she could. She slammed her tits down against her teen, squeezing him around the neck with her coiled arms, riding him frantically, in a fit of passion. "Fuck meee!" she cried out in a horny tone.

Kian pumped his hips, just as he had in the workout room, only this time there was a hot pussy on the other end, humping back at him with equal passion. Their crotches beat together lewdly, her snug ribbed walls providing just the right amount of slippery secretions to lubricate their union.

Now Kian realized what Ellie meant about their behavior being wilder. When it came to breeding, moms didn't fuck around. Even though he had very little experience at all, he was gonna do his best to keep up with her.

Starla's mind swirled as she fucked her ass off, pounding her mature cunt down against her boy, driving his unyielding hardness through the core of her womanhood, and feeling it pull on her heartstrings.

She had shaken all thoughts of her loving husband from her mind. He had no place in this breeding pod. All her energy was focused on her son and how amazing he felt beneath her.

Her boy was seeing the most primitive side of her. Here, they were just rutting animals, engaging in nature's most primal act, but there was something else going on. Something that pushed her to fuse her lips around Kian's, while they fucked. To kiss him more passionately than she had anyone else, even her own husband.

"OhmyGod,it'shappening!!"she wildly though while hungrily making out with her son. "I'MIN LOVEWITHHIM!"

Just the thought of it, along with the divine sensations her boy's cock was providing, made the mother's body shake as she cried out in orgasm.

When Kian felt his mom's cunt-tube clasping tightly and her curvy body tremble on top of him, his dick gave off a mighty flex, his knob tingling exquisitely. When her hot girl-cum began to swirl around his tender boner, he was done-for.

"Ahhhh yes!" he cried out, humping up into her as hard as he could.

"Yess! Go, Kian!" Ellie shouted. "Fuck her hard!"

His busty mother clung on and fucked him back with equal intensity, her pretty face contorting in pleasure. "YESSS! FUCK!! OHHGOD,YESSS!" she screamed, cumming harder than she had in her life.

"Ahhhh!" the boy grunted, as big ropes of spunk began to pulse from the slit of his meatus, plastering his mom's inner lining with potent baby makers.

They were in no hurry, and this was the cum of their lives, so for nearly ten minutes, mother and son jerked and humped and writhed

on the mattress, squeezing out every single little tiny tadpole from Kian's cock.

Some time later, Harlin was sitting in his office and was hardly able to focus. The idea that at that very moment, his wife, who he loved so much, was being screwed hard by another guy gave him an extremely sick feeling. Yes, that 'other guy' was his son, but in a lot of ways it made it harder to bare.

He began to wonder if he had access to their data. It probably wasn't the best idea, but he wanted to take a look at what they were doing. Against his better judgment, Harlin tried to gain access to the Breeding Wing through the mainframe, which he was able to do using his ID code.

His wife and son's data was displayed in front of him.

Subjects: Starla and Kian Ridley Assigned: POD #163

Status: PRESENTLY ENGAGED IN INTERCOURSE (Doggy-style)

Harlin sighed and shook his head. He imagined his wife bent over on all-fours, her big boobs that he loved so much, swinging from her chest, while their handsome son fucked her from behind. He continued looking at the data.

Total time engaged in copulation: 1 hour, 46 minutes, 33 seconds

Positions utilized: cowgirl, reverse cowgirl, lazyman, missionary (in different variations), doggy

Harlin felt his heart race with jealousy. He couldn't remember the last time when he and his

wife had gone at it for that long. The fact that she and Kian had engaged in so many different intimate sexual positions astounded him. The next bit of data made it all the more real.

Combined thrust effectiveness: 98.9% Number of thrusts (Kian): 4,432 Number of thrusts (Starla): 2,863 Number of orgasms (Kian) 3

Number of orgasms (Starla) 16

"Sixteen! Are you fucking kidding me!" Harlin shouted, hoping his coworkers didn't hear him. To add salt to his wound, the thrust numbers were increasing as he sat there looking at them, and his wife's number of orgasms suddenly jumped up to seventeen.

The last bit of information gave him hope that this nightmare would be over quickly.

Number of sperm present inside Starla: 932 Million Likelihood of successful fertilization within 13 hours: 99.78%

Back in the pod tank, hundreds of pods were floating and rocking, but one pod in particular was going crazy, nearly rolling in a complete circle as it rocked steadily.

In that pod, Kian was kneeling on the bed, fucking Starla from behind. He was looking down, watching the fatty layer of flesh ripple through his mom's luscious buttocks, every time it slapped against his midsection.

They'd been fucking for nearly two hours now and their naked bodies glowed with a light sheen of perspiration. Starla peeked back her boy, her face looking like a runner, pacing herself through a marathon. "Slap my ass!" she said in a serious tone.

Kian happily obeyed, striking her ass-cheek with a sharp openen-handed slap. "Again! Spank my fucking ass while you fuck me!" she screamed out.

The boy gave her meaty ass-mounds a series of hard strikes, watching her butt-meat quiver each time he slapped her.

His cock was as hard as when he's started, nearly two hours ago, slicing through the cum- plastered walls of her cunt-tube, with full length thrusts.

Starla suddenly pulled her pussy from his cock and guided him up, so they stood next to the bed. Ellie had left them alone to continue breeding

The passionate mother threw her arms around her boy, engaging him in deep French kisses. Her ballooning mommy-melons met his chest and flattened against it, her aroused nipples poking into him. "I need my hanging garden," she whimpered between kisses, then lifted one leg around her son's midsection.

Kian was ready when his mom sprung from the floor and wrapped her smooth legs around him. His boner plunged back inside her and their crotches worked against each other to create a deep pussy-pounding rhythm.

He backed his mom against the padded wall and pounded the shit out of her. Clinging to her teen, Starla clenched the toes of her bobbing feet and began to orgasm with screaming intensity, as her son pounded between her wide-open thighs.

Cunt-juice dripped from Kian's balls as he kept a frantic fuck-pace. His mom's pussy-tube was clutching and spurting so much it felt like it was turning inside out around his burrowing cock. No matter how much it tightened, he continued to drive his cock home, feel his tender bell kiss the soft domed head of her cervix on every thrust.

"Oh, Kian, you fuck me so good!" his mother cried out, clinging as tightly as she could.

Her sultry cry set off a trigger in his balls. "Ahhh!" he whimpered, feeling his nuts clench up. His mom looked into his eyes wildly. "Yess! Come on! Gimme your baby!" she cried out.

Kian did just that. Among the millions of sperm that erupted from his piss-slit, one lucky swimmer from that orgasm would reach his mother's egg and burrow inside.

Alerted of the successful fertilization, the mother would later excitedly announce her pregnancy. Right in front of Harlin, the mother and son would embrace and kiss proudly. "We did it!" Starla said, gazing her son in the eyes.

For Harlin, this terrible experience was over. Of course he would love the baby like his own, but was glad to have things back to normal. The details of private sexual intercourse were not tracked, and it was a good thing they wern't. If it did track sexual activity, and the father were to see his wife and son's data, his heart would be broken. This was because Starla and her son were secretly in love and would continue to fuck each other at every opportunity.

Over the next nine month's, Starla's belly would grow into an enormous baby-ball. Her

hormones were off the charts and she needed her son's rock-hard cock more than ever. Kian would continue to fuck his mom at every opportunity. As her belly and tits grew larger, so did his excitement level. Often times he floated through his bedroom, with his mother clinging to him. It was during those times, with his cock sheathed in her fuck tube and his face wedged between her enormous milk-filled melons, that he considered himself the luckiest boy in the universe.

It was ironic, that the day before her expected due date, they arrived at their new world. Kian and Starla did a space walk together before they left the ship, looking down upon their new home. The planet below was celestial.They gazed into each other's eyes and smiled, eager for the wonderful experiences that awaited them.

THE END

154: Pleasing Mom by Proxy

"Mommy's Boudoir – the naughty shenanigans of sons and their stay-at-home moms.

"Pleasing Mom by Proxy"

By Klrxo

"What do you mean your flight's been canceled?!" Tami exclaimed as she spoke to her husband on the phone.

"I'm sorry. That's what they're telling me, honey. The next one won't be until tomorrow morning."

"This is fucking bullshit, James!" the dark-haired housewife complained, rocking their newborn daughter against the swell of her large breasts. "It's been two days since we've had sex. I'm NOT going another day without an orgasm!"

"Honey, again…I'm sorry, can't you just take care of yourself…just for tonight? I'll make it up to you once I get back?" James promised.

"Masturbation does nothing for me…how many times have I told you that?! You know the only way I truly get off is through deep vaginal penetration. FUCKING, James…hard and fast, by real penis-flesh, not some stupid rubber dildo."

"If I could be there I would," James sighed. "What do you want me to do?"

Tami looked out the window at their son, Ivan. He was outside shooting some hoops in the driveway. His shirt was off and his young chiseled chest glistened with perspiration. She had heard rumors that he was pretty adept at fucking. "I need Ivan to get on the phone with us, so you can let him know he'll be sleeping with me tonight," she told her husband.

"What's that suppose to mean?" James asked.

"What do you think it's suppose to mean?! I told you I wasn't going another night without an orgasm and I meant it."

"Tami, you can't just have sex with our son, if that's what you're suggesting?" her husband reminded her.

"Would you rather I go out and let a stranger fuck me?"

"No, I'd rather you wait until I get home. You shouldn't be having sex with ANYONE but me…your husband, " James answered.

"Well, maybe you should have thought of that before you took a position at work where you knew it might keep you away from home longer than normal."

"I can't quit this job. It's our livelihood," her husband stated.

"Who's asking you to quit your job?! Look, all I'm doing is providing a solution to something that's obviously starting to become an issue. Ever since you got promoted into this new position with the company, my sexual needs have been lacking."

"Tami, we have sex every night I'm home."

"Oh, so I'm just supposed to go without sex on the nights you're not home? Is that what you're saying?" she asked.

James sighed in frustration. Ever since his promotion to regional manager he feared this might happen. His wife was a hypersexual female, who sometimes needed fucked multiple times a day to satisfy her sexual hunger. He knew that being gone for up to a couple days at a time might put a real strain on his marriage. "The solution you're suggesting is immoral, not to mention illegal," he reminded his wife.

"It'll happen in our bedroom, behind closed doors, so I'm hardly worried. If you can't be here to perform your husbandly duties, then you need to allow Ivan to give me what I need," Tami stated, then opened the door and peered out at their son. "Ivan, can you come in here a second, sweetheart?"

The teen rushed over and joined his parent's phone conversation. "What's up, mom?" he asked.

"I have your father on the phone. He's stuck out of town and won't be able to make it home until tomorrow, at the earliest. We both need a favor from you," Tami explained.

"Sure…what do you need?"

Tami looked at her phone. "James?"

"Honey, can we please just discuss this a little more," her husband replied, still disgusted by the idea.

Tami decided just to approach her plan with Ivan herself. "Ivan, since your father isn't here and your mom has sexual needs that he can't meet, how would you feel about sleeping in my bed with me tonight?" she asked.

"You mean so we can…um, fuck?" he candidly responded.

"Well, yes…that's one way of putting it. You wouldn't mind fucking your mom for several hours tonight would you, honey?" the mother

flirtingly asked.

"Hold on a minute," James interjected. "Can we please call it something besides 'fucking'…and nobody said anything about it going on for several hours."

"It's okay, dad. I can go for several hours," Ivan announced. "I've been working on my stamina lately."

"You're not having sex with your mom for several hours! In fact I'm not comfortable with the two of you having sex at all. I can't believe we're even having this conversation."

"James, you need to set your own selfish feelings aside right now," Tami advised. "You're the one who's stuck a thousand miles from home. That's no fault of ours. It sounds as if Ivan is more than willing…AND capable of acting as proxy, to meet my sexual needs while you're away."

"Yeah, dad…don't worry. I got this!" the teen smiled confidently. He took a second to admire his mom's voluptuous body. He'd been fantasizing about fucking her since he'd hit puberty and now his dirty dreams were about to come true. He wondered if she'd let him suck and squeeze on her super-sized tits, while he pounded his cock inside of her. She'd just given birth weeks ago and was nursing his baby sister, so he knew her engorged nipples would be squirting out plenty of warm, yummy necter.

James sighed in defeat. "If you guys are gonna do this tonight, can you please just make it as quick and prudent as possible?"

"Honey, you know that's not how I roll when it comes to sex," Tami stated. "I'll need several hours of heated sexual intercourse, with multiple orgasms in order to be completely satisfied."

"Wow, that doesn't sound like something I'll mind helping you out with at all," Ivan blurted, his heart racing anxiously.

"Yeah, well, I wish I could say the same," his father grumbled.

"My suggestion is just busy yourself with work or something this evening and don't dwell on what's going on here at home," his wife urged.

After they said their goodbyes and Tami hung up, her and her boy smiled at each other. They were clearly both eager to beat their horny genitals together for the first time. "Dad sure doesn't sound too happy about our plans for tonight," Ivan stated.

"Oh, boo-hoo!" Tami added with an exaggerated frowny face. "He's just jealous about all the hot nasty sex you and I are gonna have later."

"I wish it was later already!" Ivan confessed.

"Are you anxious, sweetie? Anxious to see a whole new wonderful side of mommy, and feel her…from the inside?"

"Of course!" her son replied. "You're the hottest mom around!"

"Aww, thank you, sweetheart. I just hope mom doesn't shock you by how wild and raunchy she gets in the sack. I do love to be fucked hard and rough. Do you think you can satisfy that nasty need of mine?"

"I'll sure try," Ivan answered.

"You told your father you've been working on your stamina. That intrigued me," the mother grinned. "What have you been doing to improve it?"

"Usually just things like stroking myself for an hour nonstop, without cumming," he replied.

"Oh, wow, an hour, huh?! What would you do if you got close to squirting your jizz, baby?"

"Slow down just a little, or tighten my ass-muscles, which seemed to help too."

"It helped your cum-load relax you mean? So you could stroke your boner for longer?"

"Yes, a lot longer," Ivan proudly replied.

"Well, I'm anxious for you to show me everything you've learnt later," Tami smiled. Her horny cunt hole tingled, eager to be pounded by the unyielding hardness of a teenage cock. "My Goodness, if you could fuck my pussy nice n hard for an hour, without stopping…mmm, that would that would be absolutely dreamy!"

"You mean dad can't do that?" Ivan asked.

"Oh, God, no! Your father's too fucking old to give my pussy that type of reaming. Plus, he's not a teenager like you are, so his dick gets no where near as stiff as yours."

"Mine gets a little over eight inches when it's fully hard. I measured it a couple weeks ago," Ivan bragged.

"Mmm, eight inches, huh?" Tami asked, biting her bottom lip lustfully, while staring down at her son's cock-bulge. "That's my favorite dick-size."

The rest of the afternoon Ivan and his mom exchanged a lot of flirty looks. They were like a young couple who couldn't wait to be alone together so they could fuck each other's asses off. When bedtime finally arrived and Tami had gotten her younger children off to sleep, the excitement-level really became elevated. The horny mother was dying to get her boy to her bedroom and get his stiff teenage cock

inside her overheated pussy. "Ready for bed, baby?" she asked taking his hand.

She guided her nervous son to her martial mattress, closing and locking the door behind them. "Honey, you're shaking. Are you nervous?"

"A little bit," he confessed.

"Don't be. Just fuck my hot pussy the same way you would one of the girls at school, ok?"

"You're a lot prettier than the girls at school," Ivan admitted, "and your boobs are WAY bigger!"

"Well, lucky you then. I'm a mom, so I know I fuck cock way better than the girls at your school do. I think we'll be the perfect sexual match for each other."

"You think so?" Ivan asked.

"There's only one way to find out, and that's to get our clothes off and start fucking," Tami winked, while unbuttoning her blouse.

Ivan stood there in frozen disbelief, watching his mom expose her tit-stuffed bra. She reached around and unclasped the thick straps crossing her back. Her boobie-meat bobbled heavily as she peeled the embroidered cups away. Tami had only given birth a month ago, so her breasts were extremely milk-swollen. Wide rings of thickly-textured areolas capped her giant jugs, with fat rubbery nipples protruding from their centers. Next, she shed her skirt, then wasted no time slipping her pale pink panties off.

"Whoa!" Ivan uttered, staring at her shaved pussy. His mom had thick outer labium that met in the middle to form a deep cuntal cleft.

Tami struck a cute pose, propping one silky leg slightly forward. Her mommy- melons were pressed between her upper arms, making them balloon out obscenely. They were so engorged with nectar that tiny milk droplets quickly formed of the peaks of her teats. "Do you like what you see, sweetheart? Do you like your naked mommy?" she teasingly asked.

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered, staring lustfully.

"Does this look like a body that you'd like to have…squeezed around you all night? Do these look like titties you'd like to suck, and a pussy that you'd like to pound your hard, eight-inch cock into?"

"Would I ever!" Ivan answered, his heart racing with anticipation.

The horny mother stepped forward and helped her boy shed his shirt. Next, she undid his pants and pulled his briefs off with them, crouching down in front of him. Ivan's boner sprung upward in full hardness, nearly slapping her chin. "Oh, baby!" his wide-eyed mother blurted, "you ARE a big boy! Just look at that long, meaty shaft…and those big bulging veins. Your bell tip is just as fat and juicy as I hoped it would be!"

"Thanks!" the teen replied proudly.

"Would you mind if your mom…licked and sucked on you some, to get you primed and ready for pussy?"

"I wouldn't mind at all."

"I didn't think you would."

Tami drug her long pink licker up the length of her boy's throbbing boner. At the tip, she licked with her tongue, sucked with her lips, and lightly nibbled at it's pinkish-purple flesh with her pretty white teeth.

"Mm, let mommy wrap her hand around the thick base and feel how strong her boy's rock-hard erection is while she sucks."

The beautiful mother began bobbing on her boy's prick in traditional blow-job fashion. She whimpered hornily as she jabbed his mushrooming knob into her warm, clasping throat.

"God, you taste so good, baby. Mommy could spend hours giving your cock and balls some nice sloppy oral affection," Tami cooed, then stood back up. "But right now I need this big dreamy boy-cock inside me, like you don't even know!"

Even though he'd fucked plenty of girls, Ivan seemed incredibly nervous. The truth was he had never laid his dick inside a woman who was so beautiful, heavy-titted and skilled at fucking cock like his mother was. "Should I, um…lay back on the bed?" he awkwardly asked.

"Not yet," his mom replied, reaching over for her phone. "I should probably call your father first."

"Right now?!"

"Yes. I don't want him calling an hour from now, then worrying because we're not answering."

"Oh, true I guess," Ivan nodded, knowing that he and his mom would be busy wrestling in sexual intercourse the rest of the evening.

"Hi, honey…I just wanted to give you a quick call before Ivan and I crawl into bed," Tami stated after her husband answered.

"You're still going through with this, huh?" James asked in a disappointed tone.

"Of course we're going through with this. Did you think I would change my mind and just suddenly not want pleasure tonight?"

"Actually, yes…I was hoping you would."

Tami stepped forward until her fatty tits bumped against her boy's well-toned chest. "Not a chance! In fact, Ivan and I are already standing here beside the bed naked together. I just wanted to give you a quick call, since I'll be pretty occupied the rest of the night."

"You're both naked…in front of each other?" James asked with a sinking stomach.

"Well, honey…Ivan and I certainly can't fuck each other with our clothes on."

"Tami!" James scolded. "Didn't I ask you not to use that term?"

"Sorry, I meant we can't 'have sexual intercourse'…if we're both still dressed. Is that better?"

"I'm still not ok with this, I just want you to know that," James informed her.

"Aww, is someone jealous that his son's fat cock gets to enjoy his wife's pussy tonight. I guess that's what you get for taking that promotion."

"Not funny, Tami," James moped.

"Oh, I know. The fact that you're willing to leave your sex-hungry wife here unfulfilled is not funny at all."

While she spoke to her husband, the mother's beautiful hazel eyes were fixed lustfully on her son's jutting cock. She watched in fascination as it flexed and throbbed in anticipation of their union. "Not to worry though, Ivan has just what I need." A thick dollop of

pre-cum leaked from Ivan's piss-slit and lowered to the floor in a big gooey strand. "Hey…I wanted that!" the mother teased playfully, pointing at the jizz on the floor.

"Sorry!" her son blushed. "I didn't realize I was leaking."

"Wanted what?" her husband asked.

"I was talking to Ivan. A big gob of his pre-cummies just dripped from the tip of his erection, onto the floor."

"Great!" James sighed, like it was the last thing he wanted to hear.

Tami winked at her teen, then gave him a fuck-hungry stare. "I think someone's been fully erect and throbbing ever since I brought up the idea of having sex together earlier today."

"True," her boy confessed. "I don't think it's gone down much since then."

"You'd be a proud, James," the wife stated into the phone as her eyes drifted down to Ivan's cock. His hardon extended out at an upward angle, like a sturdy tree branch. "Ivan's penis is over EIGHT INCHES long. Can you believe that?! That's like…almost three inches longer than yours. Our little boy has grown into a handsome man… with a big, strong pussy-pleaser between his legs."

"That's great to know, thanks," her husband replied sarcastically.

"Would you stop being such a downer!" Tami chided. "I can understand you having a some penis envy, but he's your son and you should really be proud of him. A long thick dick means he'll get all the hottest girls AND an extraordinary amount of sexual pleasure. As parents, we should BOTH be happy about that."

"I am happy. I just wish that list of 'hot girls' didn't include his mother," James replied.

"Why? Mom's the hottest, bustiest girl of all, right, sweetie?" Tami asked her son.

"Hell yes!" Ivan agreed, staring at his mom's huge bra busters. She twirled around and wagged her meaty ass at him invitingly." "A mom should be at the top of a boy's list of sexual conquests," she added.

"I strongly disagree!" Her husband blurted. "You're his mother, not a sexual conquest."

"I can be both…can't I, baby?" Tami asked her son.

"Uh-huh!" the teen nodded.

"Not if I have anything to say about it," her husband complained.

Tami looked at her son and rolled her eyes. "I think this conversation is over. We have some fucking to do, don't we, sweetie?"

"I'm ready when you are," Ivan nodded.

"Well, since I'm clearly not getting through to either of you, can you please at least have Ivan wear a condom?" requested Jim.

"Absolutely not! You know I fucking hate condoms, Jim. Ivan IS NOT sheathing his cock in stupid latex," his wife adamantly replied.

"Well, we certainly don't need you getting pregnant with your son's baby, do we?

"If Ivan knocks me up, then he knocks me up. We're not desensitizing our pleasure tonight just because YOU'RE worried there's a chance I could get pregnant, " Tami stated.

"Can he please just pull out then?" James pleaded.

"And completely ruin our mutual orgasms? FUCK YOU! He is not pulling out!"

"I'm allowing you to do this. Can you please just respect my one simple request."

"Okay, first of all, you're not 'allowing' me to do shit! You're not here and your son is stepping up to be man of the house tonight, whether you like it or not. HE'LL decide if he wants to pull his cock out before he cums inside me, and I'LL strongly encourage him not to."

"Gee, thanks!" James huffed.

"Look, James, Ivan and I are both anxious to crawl into bed and get started. We need to let you go. Call me tomorrow."

After hanging up with her husband, Tami stepped up to her boy and mashed her oversized tits against his young chest. Ivan could feel her hardened teets smearing warm milk on his flesh. "Leave it to your father to try to ruin our special evening. Don't listen to him. I want you to pump as much hot sticky semen as you want into me tonight, baby, and enjoy every second of it."

"Yes, ma'am!"

Tami gazed into her boy's eyes longingly. "Before you start, though… will you do something for me? Will you kiss me? I don't mean an innocent mother and son kiss either. I want you to kiss me like a lover. Like someone who can't wait to pound his big dick into my body."

Ivan and his mom shared an intimate kiss, so their lips smacked sensually together.

"Are you ready to fuck me, sweetheart?" Tami whispered, between kisses. "Are you ready to plow your big boy-boner through the pussy that gave birth to you?"

"Yes," her boy replied, his heart beating faster than it ever had before.

His mom took his hand and led him to her big marital bed. They crawled onto it together and the busty mother sprawled out onto her back. Her huge fatty tits drooped slightly off the sides of her chest and she brought her knees back, bowing open her thick thighs invitingly. "Come on, baby boy…let's get it on," she eagerly insisted.

Ivan gulped excitedly, staring at the junction between her splayed thighs, where his mom shamefully displayed her shaved pussy. He could see her clitoral bulb peeking from beneath it's fleshy hood, and her thick inner flanges were unfurled, ready to be stretched by thick teenage cock. He positioned himself on top of her, sawing the shaft of his peter against her engorged labium, searching for her entrance. "Let mommy help you," Tami whispered, then reached down between their crotches and grasped her boy's throbbing penis. She fit it's tapered head to her fuck-socket and Ivan gasped as the the heat of her cuntal pit radiated against his sensitive glans.

"OH, YES!! You're inside me, baby! You're inside mommy!" Tami exclaimed. She felt his rigid cock slip through the remnants of her hymen, then sink into the depths of her vagina. Lubricated by her secretions, Ivan's boner moved fluidly, stretching her cuntal walls exquisitely.

"Wow!" Ivan gasped, feeling the tender meat of his cock encapsulated in the snug, slick heat of his mom's cunt. Tami began to rock her pelvis beneath her boy, setting them in motion. She was horny as hell and eager to find a fuck- rhythm. She harnessed her luscious, freshly-shaved mommy legs around her

teen, high up around his back. This gave her leverage, so she could meet his thrusts and hump her heated pussy up onto the satisfying stiffness of his cock.

"COME ON, BABY…POUND THE FUCK OUTTA ME!!"

Ivan complied, humping steadily in the warm cradle of his mom's thighs. He could already tell the difference between her body and the ones of the girls his own age who he'd fucked. His mom moved with skill and confidence; like someone who loved to fuck and was extremely adept at it. Her body was warm and plush and exhibited a feminine strength and sexual energy that Ivan certainly wasn't used to. He loved the feel of her giant tits crushed between them, sloshing wildly, with her fat rubbery nipples leaking as they prodding against him.

He wasn't used to having a girl meet his thrusts. His mom pumped her thick, lovely ass from the mattress, beating her splayed pubis against his cock- base, as she took every inch of him. For Ivan, this was this a new type of experience not only on the outside, but the inside as well. His mom's cunt-tube was lined with rows of vaginal pleats. Her powerful pelvic-floor muscles compressed her corrugated tube around the muscle of her son's erection, providing exquisite friction. He knew his stamina would certainly be put to the test tonight. "Oh, damn, that feels good mom!" he moaned, humping his cock inside her from knob to balls, over and over, making their crotches smack together.

"Mmm, there's no pussy like mommy's pussy, baby!" Tami panted.

Because he had a big cock, Ivan was used to digging against the back walls of girl's vaginas. His mom's, however, was all together different. Having recently given birth, the ring of Tami's cervical head was still turgid and secreted hot mucus that felt amazing on her boy's glans. Ivan's penile flesh throbbed and flexed as it pummeled through the grip of her skilled, well-developed vagina.

As Tami's husband, James, had learnt, she was no easy nut to crack. However, once she had reached her first climax, several others would follow. Because of his size and skill, Ivan didn't have to wait nearly as long as his father usually did.

"Oh, God, baby…I'm gonna cum!" Tami announced. "YOU'RE GONNA MAKE YOUR MOMMY GUSH ON YOUR FAT FUCKING COCK!!"

Ivan winced in pleasure, feeling his mom's cuntal walls chew on the meat of his erection, while soaking it with female ejaculate. It had only been twenty-minutes since they'd started fucking each other and he certainly didn't wanna let her down by cumming too soon, but damn did it feel good. He jabbed his prick in as deep as it could go and held it there, feeling her uteri stretch around his big powerful dick. The boy was surprised when this move made his mom cum yet again on his cock.

"OHHH, FUCK, YES!!" Tami grunted, writhing beneath her boy. She rocked their naked bodies together in full-penetration, twisting her smooth strong legs down his body as she trembled in a mind-blowing climax.

Even though his mom's cunt-tube was sucking and spewing around his prick, Ivan's cum-load was able to subside enough so that he could begin making fuck-thrusts again. This time, Tami scissored her legs back in a wide V, so her dainty bare feet with their ruby-red toenails pointed back at the headboard. Her boy's young lean body thrust savagely between her legs, his cute muscular ass bobbing up and down. "KISS ME!!" Tami panted.

This time, their mouths fused in open ovals and their tongues dueled frantically inside Ivan's mouth. All those other girls didn't hold a candle to the kissing skills of his mom. Her licker whipped around inside his mouth like it had a mind all of it's own.

Tami was over the moon. Her son was fucking her harder than her husband ever had. The feel of Ivan's big muscled cock thundering through her heated vagina made her deliriously aroused. She raked her long nails down his back, feeling another toe-curling climax build inside her.

"OHH, IVAN!! OH, SWEETHEART! MOMMY'S CUMMING AGAIN, LOVER!!"

Ivan rose up on extended arms, so he could look down and watch his mom's milk-swollen jugs roll up and down her chest to the rhythm of their fucking.

Tami gazed up at her handsome teen adoringly. "Do you like watching mommy's big titties while you fuck her baby? Why don't you come down and suck my leaky nipples, while you jab your cock through my pussy."

Ivan didn't need to be asked twice. He dove for his mom's wobbling tit and gorged himself on as much of the pink cap as he could shove in his mouth.

"Oh, there you go, baby! Suck all that warm milk out of mommy's horny nipples," Tami mewled. "Give mommy a good, hard sucky-fucky!"

Ivan had told his mom he could fuck her for an hour without cumming and he did exactly that. Tami had gushed countless times. Her boy's cock and balls were soaking wet by the time his own cum-juice began hosing out the tip of his prick. He grunted and groaned, his voice muffled by tit-flesh as he continued sucking. This, while feeling her wonderful pussy-walls contract around the meat of prick, milking him off.

"Damn, mom," the teen gasped, finally collapsing his full weight on top of her. "That was the best piece of pussy ever!"

"Mmm, I agree, baby…that was one AMAZING fuck! I think I'll start encouraging your dad to take more of those business trips."

"You won't hear me complain any!" Ivan sighed, feeling their joined genitals continue to twitch and throb in post-orgasmic delight.

"Maybe you should just stop dating those inexperienced girls at school and just start giving all your hot, sticky cum-loads to mommy," Tami suggested. "I'll even let you squeeze your big, stiff dick through the ring of my asshole sometimes, does that sound nice, sweetheart?"

"Whoa! That would be awesome! I've always wanted to do some anal stuff," Ivan smiled.

"Yeah? You wanna pound your hard peter up into mommy's tight ass and squirt your cum deep inside her rectum?" the mother wickedly asked, feeling her boy's dick flex back to life inside her.

"God, mom…just hearing you talk about it is wonderful!"

"Yeah? There's so many wonderful ways to fuck mommy, isn't there?" Tami asked. "My baby will get to fill in for his father and explore all my holes, in every naughty position imaginable. Right now though…" she said, then quickly rolled them over, so she took the top. "Right now, mommy wants to ride you."

Ivan was more than ready for round two. He watched his mom sit upright, straightening her sexy torso. This made her massive mammaries balloon outward, looming over him and allowing the wonder-stricken teen to stare at the meat of her tits and their wonderful rounded undersides. "Ride me all night long. I don't mind," he offered.

His mom peeked down over the swell of her tits and smiled. "Well…if you insist," she stated, then began moving up and down, making her fatty jugs bobble and ripple.

Ivan's eyes drifted down to their crotches, watching his moms shaved pubis rise and fall. His strong jutting erection glistened with fuck-oil as his mom pumped her pussy up and down it's meaty length. As amazing as the pleasure he just had was, he knew there was much, much more to come tonight.

155: Roaring Surf & Raging Hormones_1

This story is the property of Mom's Bedroom, written by author Klrxo.

It is purely fictional, and all characters in this story are over the age of

18.

Roaring Surf & Raging Hormones

By Klrxo

"Honey, I need your help," Coral exclaimed, her voice laced with

excitement. Her voluptuous figure was adorned in a barely-there

bikini top, her huge breasts bouncing as she spoke. "Slater's planning

an exciting surfing adventure up the coast and I'm going with him."

Her husband Rex furrowed his brow, concern etched on his face.

"Coral, what about the girls? You can't just run off for a week like

some carefree teenager with no responsibilities. Who will take care of

the kids?"

Coral waved a dismissive hand, her mind consumed with the thrill of

the upcoming journey. "Fuck, Rex, don't worry so much. The girls will

stay with my mother. The only thing you have to worry about is the

dog." As she spoke, her eyes sparkled with anticipation and her body

practically vibrated with excitement.

"How on earth do you plan on going a week without sex?" Rex asked,

his voice tinged with disbelief. He knew his wife, Coral, was a

nymphomaniac freak who loved to fuck at every opportunity.

Coral's eyebrows furrowed as she paused for a moment, her full lips

biting down on her bottom lip in deep thought. She was like an addict,

unable to go even an hour without touching herself or a day without

having a cock buried inside her.

"I'll figure something out," she finally answered, shrugging her

shoulders nonchalantly. But both of them knew that it would be nearly

impossible for Coral to resist her insatiable urges for an entire week.

Rex chuckled, the corners of his mouth turning up in a sly smile.

"Honey, we both know that's not possible," he teased, knowing full well that Coral's cravings were too strong to deny for long.

Coral couldn't help but laugh at her husband's accuracy. "Alright, fine.

Maybe I'll pack a few of my fuck-toys to help me along," she said mischievously, her eyes sparkling with naughty intent.

Slater was the spitting image of his mother, Coral. He shared her sun-kissed skin and bleached blonde hair, which gave him an irresistible surfer-boy vibe. His body was lean and chiseled, a result of countless hours spent surfing and chasing waves. But it wasn't just

his physique that turned every girl's head, it was also his insatiable appetite for sex inherited from his wild and carefree mother.

When he wasn't catching waves in the ocean, Slater could be found in the back of his restored VW bus, fucking beautiful women he had met at the beach. He had a particular attraction to those with voluptuous curves and huge tits, which he would eagerly suck and nibble on while thrusting his impressive 10-inch erection deep inside their tight, slippery folds. The local girls had given him a fitting nickname - "hammerhead" - in reference to the large, tapered head of

his massive member that relentlessly pounded against the cervix of every woman he bedded, determined to penetrate even deeper.

"Let's go get some action, mom," Slater declared, his dark eyes blazing with energy and mischief. He effortlessly scooped up Coral, slinging her over his broad shoulder while grabbing her bag in the other hand. She squealed and laughed, feeling the sun-warmed skin of his neck against her bare legs as he carried her towards his van. The succulent cheeks of her rounded, bikini-thonged ass pointed towards the sky, the scent of coconut sunscreen and saltwater filled the air around them.

"I was born ready for action, hammerhead," Coral teased, a playful glint in her aqua green eyes.

Slater chuckled, setting her down next to his van with a thud. "Hey, how did you know that was my nickname?"

Coral's lips curled into a sly smile as she sauntered closer to him. "I have my ways," she replied enigmatically, leaving Slater to wonder just how well she knew him. With the ocean crashing in the background and the warm breeze tousling their hair, they were both ready for whatever adventures this summer would bring.

The sleek, aqua-colored van zipped along the winding highway 101,

hugging the curves of the scenic coast. The windows were rolled down, allowing the salty ocean air to rush in and mix with the blaring surf rock anthem "Miserlou" by Dick Dale.

Coral sat sideways in her seat, her long blonde hair whipping behind her like a flag in the wind. Her tanned legs were spread wide open, one bare foot propped up on Slater's shoulder while the other rested on the center console. From this angle, Slater had an unobstructed view of Coral's bikini-clad crotch, barely covered by the thin fabric that hugged her smooth outer labial folds and defined her cuntal fissure. It was an intentionally provocative position and Coral reveled in it, her plump, pink lips parting as she let out a satisfied sigh.

"Mm, that breeze feels amazing," she yelled over the music, leaning even further out the window and causing her king-sized tits to practically spill out of her tiny bikini top. Their journey had just begun, but already Coral was feeling wild and free, ready for whatever adventure awaited them on this coastal road trip.

"Careful, mom. Your boobs might snap that bikini top right in two," Slater stated, still eyeballing her magnificent mounds.

"Somehow I doubt you'd care," she giggled, sliding her toes along his

chin. She brought them to his mouth, their nails glowing with bright

red polish and began to slip them teasingly inside his mouth.

"What are you doing?" Slater giggled.

"Just suck on my toes," she grinned. "It's not like I'm asking you to

suck on my clit or something. Are you scared?"

"He'll no, I ain't scared."

"Then suck on them," she playfully urged.

Slater eagerly complied, his lips closing around her polished toes one

by one as they danced in his mouth. Coral let out a contented sigh as

he enjoyed this playful activity, her hips twitching in response. The

breeze continued to rush through the van, the scent of saltwater

mingling with the sweet odor of her arousal.

As they continued down the winding road, Coral's cheeks began to

flush with arousal. "I need a rest area," she announced, panting

slightly.

"You need to pee already?" Slater asked, glancing at her with

concern.

"Nobody said anything about needing to pee," Coral replied with a sly

grin.

Slater's eyes drifted down to her lower regions, silently

acknowledging what she truly needed. "Well, if that's all you need,

you can just go in the back and do it. No need for us to stop," he

suggested.

Coral chuckled at his nonchalant attitude towards her self-pleasure.

"When it comes to naughty things, you think of everything, don't you

my hammerhead," she teased, leaning over to kiss him on the cheek

before climbing into the back of the van.

She pulled the curtain closed behind her, leaving a small two-inch

gap that drew Slater's attention.

Coral quickly slipped off her vibrant bikini bottom and retrieved a

sleek, battery-operated vibrating wand from her bag. With a sly smile,

she settled onto the back seat of the car and propped her long,

tanned legs up in the air. Anticipation built as she clicked on her toy

and brought it down to her overheated vagina, pressing it against her

pulsating clit. She let out a contented sigh at the overwhelming sensations coursing through her body.

From the front of the van, Slater cautiously peered back through his rear view mirror. A small gap in the curtain allowed him a tantalizing glimpse of Coral's form. Her legs were thrown up in the air, toes clenched in delight, as she squirmed on the rear seat. His gaze zeroed in on her glistening skin, flushed with pleasure, and he couldn't help but feel a stirring in his board shorts. He imagined the vibrating wand pressed against her sensitive clit, moving in quick, circular motions to drive her wild with desire. The thought of her writhing in ecstasy sent a delicious rush of arousal through his body, making it hard for him to focus on driving.

Like most guys his age, he'd spent plenty of hours fantasizing about his mom. She was his first crush, his first love, and his biggest sexual

obsession. But now, seeing her with her legs in the air, her toes curled up in pleasure, and that battery-operated toy buzzing against her clit, he realized that the fantasies weren't enough. He needed to see it all, to touch her, to taste her. He needed to be a part of her pleasure. He needed to be inside her, exploring her hot, tight core

with his hammerhead, and give her the most intense orgasm she'd ever had.

Coral clenched her pretty white teeth together as the vibrator zipped back and forth over her throbbing clit, her hips bucking wildly. Her moans grew louder with each passing second, and the scent of her arousal filled the van.

"Fuck," she snarled, closing her eyes and grinding harder against the pulsating wand. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Her climax was building, cresting higher and higher until finally, she slammed the toy into her pulsating cunt, screaming into the curtained space as her orgasm took her. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, her inner walls tightening and releasing in a frenzy.

When at last she had come down from the edge, she let out a contented sigh and turned off the wand. Slater could hear the clattering of the wand hitting her floor of the van.

"You alright back there, mom?" he asked, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

"Yeah, I'm good. Just needed a little break. I think we should pull over

and take a dip in the ocean. I could really go for a swim."

"You got it," Slater replied, pulling the van onto the next rest area. He

popped the trunk and grabbed a drink out of the cooler and the aroma

of his mom's sweet pussy wafted out, filling his lungs.

"A good dip would sure feel good, but so would some good, hot sex,"

he confessed.

Coral snickered and hugged him, crushing her fat tits against his

shirtless chest. "Your so much like your mom it's crazy," she stated.

"Always craving your next fuck, aren't you?"

"Well, God didn't give me a dick so it could sit in my shorts all day,"

joked Slater, his deep voice laced with playful banter.

A sly grin tugged at Coral's lips as she countered with a teasing

remark of her own. "I'm the one who gave you your 'big dick' with that

juicy hammerhead tip. You should be thanking me for that."

Slater's suggestive grin widened as he leaned in closer to her. "How

would you like me to thank you?"

Coral's gaze flickered down to his bulging crotch and then back up to

meet his mischievous eyes. "Don't tempt me. I'm more than you could

handle."

Slater chuckled, unfazed by her challenge. "That's what all the girls

say. And trust me, I handle them pretty fucking well." His confidence

oozed out from every word.

"All the girls your age, you mean?" Coral quipped, rolling her eyes.

"My advice: if you really wanna get fucked, find a mom my age. We'll

make you cum so fucking hard your balls will be sore for days."

Slater sighed at her words, knowing she was probably right. He

watched as she started down the path towards the beach, the sun

kissing her bronzed skin and highlighting the curves of her body. Her

thong was tucked between her meaty ass-cheeks, leaving very little

to the imagination as it swayed atop her gorgeous, tan legs. The

outer layer of fat jiggled beneath the smooth skin of her cheeks,

tempting him even more.

Slater and Coral plunged into the inviting ocean, relishing the tingling

sensation of cool water against their skin. The waves were larger

than they had expected, rising and falling with magnificent force. As

they frolicked in the salty sea, a particularly powerful wave pummeled

into Coral, causing her bikini top to fly off and disappear into the

depths.

"Shit, I lost my bikini top," Coral exclaimed to her son, who was still

treading water beside her.

Slater offered to retrieve another one from their van, but Coral simply

shrugged it off. "Don't worry about it, darling. They're just boobs," she

chuckled, floating on her back and basking in the warm sun. "Nothing

you or anyone else on this beach hasn't seen before." She winked

mischievously at him as she adjusted her bottoms and continued to

enjoy their playful swim together.

When they were finished, the mother sauntered across the beach,

drawing the attention of every guy in her path. As she and Slater

strolled back towards the van, the movement of her enormous wet tits

captivated all who watched. Each step caused them to jiggle and bob,

a hypnotizing dance that left onlookers in awe. But none was more

fascinated than Slater, whose eyes were fixed on her jutting boobies as they bounced with each step. He couldn't help but marvel at their sheer size and fullness. Her areolas were wide and dusky pink, encircling thick, suckable nipples that protruded from their centers. Slater had definitely indulged in his fair share of titty sucking during his beach adventures, but none compared to the massive and succulent breasts of Coral. They were a sight to behold, and he found himself entranced by their beauty and size.

"Mom, you're like a whole fucking water park up there!" he shouted, laughing as her massive tits bobbed up and down. "How do you even manage to swim with those things?"

Coral turned around to face him, her eyes crinkling with amusement as she playfully punched him in the arm. "I guess you'll never have to worry about me drowning in this ocean, will you?" she said with a laugh.

Slater shook his head, grinning ear to ear. "No, I don't think so. You're a goddamn beacon of buoyancy out there," he said, his eyes never leaving her chest.

Coral looked down, her cheeks flushing slightly at the compliment.

"You're a funny boy," she said, a hint of warmth in her voice. "But let's

not forget who taught you how to swim in the first place."

As they made their way back to the van, three attractive girls passed

by them, their sun-kissed bodies adorned in skimpy bikinis that left

little to the imagination. Each one turned to look at Slater as they

walked by, their eyes filled with desire and longing.

"Hey, Slater," one of the girls called out, her voice playful and flirty.

Slater waved back with a grin, enjoying the attention from the trio of

beauties.

His mother chuckled beside him. "One of your many conquests I

assume?"

Slater laughed, the memory of fucking the girl's sweet, tight pussy in

the back of his van already fading from his mind. "I vaguely

remember her. She wasn't very good."

Coral chimed in with a sly smile. "Ah yes, these young girls may be

pretty to look at, but they wouldn't know what to do with someone like

you."

"Maybe you should give lessons on how to fuck, mom," Slater

suggested playfully, "since you seem to have such a knack for it yourself."

"Well, I do love to fuck," Coral candidly admitted, "and if you do something enough times it becomes second nature."

Slater chuckled, shaking his head at his mom's audacity. He knew she was right though; no one could compete with the expertise of a woman who had been in the game for decades.

They reached the van and began drying off, but Slater was anxious to stay on the subject of sex and he had a hard time keeping his eyes off of Coral's big, jiggling tits as she dried herself.

"Have you ever had one of those super-orgasms, or is that just a myth, like Bigfoot or a rainbow unicorn?"

"You mean have I cum a hundred times in a row? No," Coral answered, "but I have had some orgasms that made me see stars and hear angels sing. And let me tell you, baby, once you've experienced that - that toe-curling, soul-shaking ecstasy - it's hard to settle for anything less."

"See, that's the way I wanna make a girl cum," Slater stated. "I wanna

make her scream so loud she shatters my fucking windows. We'll, not

really, that could get expensive, but you know what I mean."

"Well, I'll tell you what, you give me advice on how to improve my

surfing skills and I'll give you pointers on how to make a girl cum like

a fucking natural disaster," Coral proposed, smirking.

Slater laughed, appreciating his mother's suggestion. "Deal," he said,

reaching out for a handshake.

"What's this handshake, bullshit?" Coral snickered. "I'm your mom.

We don't shake, we hug."

Slater glanced at her wobbling tits excitedly. "I won't argue with that."

Slater sighed as she hugged him, feeling the warmth and weight of

her fleshy orbs squash between them. Her fat nipples prodded

against his skin, making his cock stiffen. Their hug seemed to last a

little longer than usual as Coral let her son enjoy the fullness of her

tits against him.

Coral decided to forgo yet another bikini and instead chose a skimpy,

crop top t-shirt to pair with her bottoms as they hit the open road once

again. The sun was high in the sky when they arrived at their first

surfing spot, and the waves crashed against the shore in a

mesmerizing rhythm. The back of the van became their lunch spot, as

they refueled and prepared for their day on the water. Slater gave his

mom some pointers on surfing, eagerly pointing out different

techniques and spots to catch the perfect wave before they even

dipped their toes in the sea. His passion for the sport was contagious,

and Coral couldn't wait to try out his tips in the crashing waters

ahead.

As they prepared to hit the waves, Coral suddenly offered her own

advice. "You need to understand pussy before you can really get a

woman to scream."

"Um…ok," Slated stated, his attention piqued.

"Don't make assumptions about what every person with a vagina

likes, and don't base your actions on what you see in porn."

"Is that a piece of advice?" Slater inquired.

"It sure is," Coral replied with a smile. "You shared surfing tips, so I'll

share a tip about how to fuck in a way that gives girl an intense

orgasm. That was our agreement, right?"

"Absolutely," Slater agreed, prompting Coral to continue her counsel.

"First, communication is key. Ask girls how they like to be fucked, don't assume you know. We're all different, just like these waves. Some girls like it slow and gentle, others like it fast and rough. Watch their reactions and listen to their desires."

"Got it," Slater nodded.

"Second, don't be afraid to try new things. Like surfing, you'll never master it if you don't take risks and push your boundaries. Every pussy is different, so experiment and explore."

"I can do that."

"Third, foreplay is just as important as the main event. You wouldn't just jump on a board and expect to ride the waves without some warm-up first, right? The same goes for fucking. Take your time, tease, and build anticipation."

"Build anticipating," Slater repeated. "Damn, I feel like I should be taking notes."

"You better, I'm gonna quiz you later," Coral joked.

"Any other advice?"

"Yes, remember to be patient," Coral continued. "Surfing takes time to

master, as does fucking a girl to a toe-curling orgasm. Some days

you'll catch the perfect wave and others you'll wipe out, but it's all part

of the learning process. The same goes for fucking. Some days you'll

make her see stars, and others you won't. But keep trying, because

the rewards are worth it."

Slater nodded, taking in his mother's words. "I'll remember that next

time I'm between a girl's legs."

"Good," Coral said, "because you're gonna have to practice a lot if

you want to become a master at it."

As they stepped off the van and onto the soft, warm sand, their eyes

were immediately drawn to the vast expanse of sparkling blue ocean

that lay before them. The sound of crashing waves filled their ears,

soothing and invigorating at the same time.

But their admiration was cut short by a local surfer named Rusty, his

fiery red hair and smattering of freckles fitting his name perfectly. He

had a group of other surfers surrounding him, all with similarly

intimidating looks on their faces. It was clear they were the cool kids,

the ones who ruled this beach.

"Sorry, this beach is closed to posers today," Rusty sneered.

Slater and Coral exchanged glances, their determination only growing

stronger. They were not going to let these bullies ruin their day.

"Well, I guess it should be open to me then, 'cause I'm no poser,"

Slater declared defiantly as he and Coral hoisted their boards onto

their shoulders and marched towards the ocean.

Rusty's grin faltered slightly, but he quickly recovered with a snide

remark. "Maybe not...but I bet your mom's a whore though."

Slater paused, clenching his jaw and his fists. Coral placed a hand on

his shoulder to stop things from getting out of hand. "Let it go, babe,"

she advised, glaring back at the gang and speaking loud enough so

they could hear. "Let someone else clean this dog shit off the beach."

"I heard that," Rusty shouted.

"I'm sure you did," Coral said with a smirk, flipping him the bird.

Slater chuckled and walked alongside his mom, both aware that they

had just made some enemies. But they didn't care. They were

determined to enjoy their day surfing.

As they waded into the water and began to catch waves, Slater could

feel the excitement coursing through his veins. The adrenaline rush

that came with climbing onto a wave and riding it to the shore, the

salty mist hitting his face, the sound of the crashing waves - it was all

exhilarating. He glanced at Coral, who certainly wasn't as skilled as

he was, but was still riding the waves with ease and grace.

"Mom, when you're about to pop up on the board, make sure to use

your legs to kick off the water and create momentum. That'll help you

catch the wave easier."

Coral took his advice and perfected her technique, riding with more

confidence with each wave she caught. She could feel the excitement

building within her as she continued to improve.

They straddled their boards in the calm water, waiting for their next

set of waves. Coral took advantage of this pause to offer more tips of

her own.

"When you're fucking a girl," she began, "you want to think of it like

surfing. You've got to ride that wave, feel the rhythm, and adjust your

position accordingly. Trust your natural sense of balance."

Slater grinned at his mom's recommendation. "I like that analogy. It's

all about timing and control, right?"

"Absolutely," Coral replied. "Just like you told me to kick my feet to

create more momentum, you can use your hips to create a better

rhythm and drive your cock home with every thrust. Use your core,

too, and breathe. It's all about coordination and control when your

fucking a girl."

"I got it, Mom. So just like I surf, I can fuck like a pro, right?"

"Yep," Coral giggled, "and feel that rush of conquering nature, both on

the waves and between the sheets."

When they finished surfing they were shocked when they got back to

the van to find Rusty and his goons waiting for them. They had

followed them out of spite, hoping to cause more trouble.

Slater and Coral didn't flinch. They both knew they couldn't back

down now. They were determined to enjoy their road trip without fear.

"What do you want?" Slater asked, standing tall beside his mother.

Rusty smirked, "We saw you guys surfing, thought maybe we could give you some pointers. You know, since you're a newcomer and all."

Coral raised an eyebrow, "Pointers? Sorry, but we don't take pointers from a bunch of bed wetting bullies."

"Watch your mouth before I smack you, bitch!" Rusty shouted, but before he could even take a step forward, Slater moved with lightning-fast reflexes and delivered a swift punch straight to Rusty's face. The bully let out a pained grunt as he fell to the ground, clutching eye.

The rest of Rusty's gang hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to do. Coral seized this opportunity, grasping her son by the arm. "Let's get out of here," she said, gesturing to the van.

Slater quickly followed her, not looking back at Rusty and his beaten friends. As they climbed into the van, Coral started the engine and drove off, leaving the bullies behind.

"Well, that was a close call," Slater said, rubbing his knuckles. "I thought the rest of those guys were gonna jump me."

"Close calls build character," Coral replied. "Let's find a friendlier

beach to set up camp for the night. I'm not in the mood for more trouble."

"Agreed." Slater replied, he couldn't help but feel a sense of pride at sticking up for his mom. They drove along the coastline, scouting for a quieter, less frequented beach.

As they turned a bend, they spotted the perfect spot. The sun was beginning to set, casting a warm glow on the sand and water. They pulled the van onto the secluded beach and began preparing the back for the night.

The back seat folded down into a large, comfortable bed, perfect for an evening of rest and relaxation. Slater and his mom crawled beneath the big blanket they'd be sharing, Slater wearing just his briefs and Coral in panties and a snug cami top.

"Looks like we finally found paradise," Slater murmured into the warmth of Coral's hair as they lay intertwined on the bed.

"It sure does," Coral agreed, running a gentle hand down Slater's chest, her huge, soft tits mashed against his side. "Although I'm sure

you'd like to be sinking your cock into some hot babe right now."

"Hmm, maybe," Slater said with a sly grin, his fingers tracing the

curve of his mother's hip. "But you're a pretty hot babe yourself, mom."

Coral laughed softly, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Well, thank you, babe, but what are you saying…that you wanna sink your boymeat into the pussy that birthed you?"

"Well, if we're being honest," Slater began, a smirk tugging at the corners of his lips, "it's not like I haven't fantasized about it before."

Coral giggled, the sound sending a shiver down his spine. "Oh, really? When was the first time you had that thought?"

Slater hesitated for a moment, but then decided to be truthful. "When you were pregnant with Amy."

"Wow, you were only like…thirteen," Coral joked, lightly running her fingers over his chest again. "But I find that thought kind of hot. In a twisted, incestuous way."

"You're not going to judge me, are you?" Slater asked, his heart rate picking up at the thought of the conversation taking an unexpected turn.

"I could, but I'm too turned on by the idea to care," Coral admitted, her breath becoming more ragged.

Slater felt himself growing harder at her words, his erection now

straining against the tight material of his briefs. "You mean, turned on

by the thought of you and I, um…"

"Fucking?" Coral finished for him, her voice low and sultry. "Since

we're being honest, yes, I'm turned on by the idea of us, a mother

and her son, getting it on hot and nasty. It's fucking taboo, and that's

exactly what gets me wet."

Slater's eyes widened in shock, but then his cock twitched at the

thought of the forbidden act. "I didn't think you'd be into that, mom."

"Well, I've always had a thing for bad boys," Coral replied, her fingers

playing with his nipples."And what's more bad than wanting to fuck

the shit out of your own mother."

"I guess that makes me the bad boy you always wanted, huh?" Slater

asked, his voice a mix of excitement and nervousness.

Coral gazed into his eyes with a sultry stare. "I don't know. Do you

wanna be my bad boy?" she whispered, gently running her toes down

his leg.

"Maybe," he grinned.

"Maybe, huh?" Coral said, brazenly pulling down his briefs to reveal

his hard cock. Her hand gripped it, taking long, exploring strokes that

made Slater gasp in disbelief.

"See, your fucking rock hard," she noted. "You wouldn't be this erect

right now if you weren't really into the idea of fucking your own mom."

Slater shivered at the sensation of his mom's warm hand around him,

his eyes locked on her face. "Yeah, but can we, um…do that?" he

asked. "Fuck each other I mean?"

Coral smirked, a devilish glint in her eye. "I don't see why not, babe.

After all, we're already on a road trip, living life to the fullest, and

exploring our boundaries. Why not this one too?"

Slater hesitated for a moment but then nodded, his heart pounding in

his chest. "Mom, please tell me you're not joking with me right now,"

he whispered, his voice trembling.

Coral leaned down and gently kissed his nipple, her lips soft and

warm against his skin. "Oh, I'm not joking, babe," she purred, "this is

the real deal. The question is, are you man enough to give it a go?"

Slater swallowed hard, his cock twitching at the prospect of taking

things further. "Yes," he whispered, his voice barely audible. "I am."

With a wicked grin, Coral moved further down his body, her lips

trailing along his chest and abdomen until she reached his erect

member. Her eyes widened and her heart fluttered when she saw

just how long and fat it was; 10-inches of delicious, vein-encrusted

fuck-meat, made for fucking. She took him in her mouth, her warm,

wet lips surrounding his shaft as she sucked gently.

Slater moaned softly, his hands gripping the blanket tightly. He

couldn't believe what was happening, but there was a part of him that

had been curious about this forbidden desire for a long time.

As her expertise with her mouth became apparent, he couldn't help

but wonder how many thousands of blowjobs she had given in her

life.

"Damn, mom, you know just how to get things started right," he

groaned.

Coral smiled around his cock, the warmth of her hand wrapping

around the thick base of his shaft. "I've given a few blowjobs in my time," she admitted, her lips gliding up and down his length. "But I promise you, I've saved my best performance until right now."

As she continued to pleasure him, Slater found himself growing more aroused. His heart raced, pounding in his chest, as his mom continued to suck and lick at his cock. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever experienced before despite having gotten plenty of sloppy blowjobs in the back of his van.

Coral's hand snaked around to cup his balls, gently massaging them as she continued to work on his cock, the rounded ring of her beestung lips gliding up and down his thick stalk, making the fat, blue veins shimmer with saliva.

Slater's thoughts raced with the taboo nature of the situation.But as Coral continued to give him the most intense blowjob of his life, he couldn't help but let his inhibitions go.

"Fuck, mom…I can't believe you're doing this to me," he whispered, losing himself in the moment. "This feels so…so wrong, yet so right."

Coral giggled around his cock, the sound vibrating through the shaft

and making Slater's toes curl. "That's the beauty of a taboo fuck," she

murmured, "they feel like they shouldn't be happening, but the thrill of

breaking a taboo just makes them feel even more intense."

Slater moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as he felt Coral's tongue

curl against the band of skin that connected his knob to his foeskin.

"Oh, god, mom," he groaned. "You're so good at this."

Coral pulled back, smirking up at him. "You better believe it, baby,"

she said, her voice low and sultry. "And I'm only just getting started."

She kissed the tip of his cock, her eyes locked onto his, as she

slowed her movements, teasing him by flickering her licker all over

his bulbous "hammerhead." Slater's breath hitched, the anticipation

building, as he watched her slowly take him back into her mouth, the

velvety warmth of her lips enveloping him.

"Oh, fuck, mom…" he panted, his eyes fluttering shut as the pleasure

overwhelmed him.

Coral hummed around his cock, the vibrations sending shivers

through him. She knew exactly what she was doing, and the look in her eyes told him she was just as thrilled as he was.

Slater felt a hand wrap around his erection, stroking it in time with the rhythm of Coral's mouth, the warmth of the hand and the slick wetness of her throat blending together, sending waves of ecstasy coursing through him.

"Take me deeper, mom," he groaned, his hips bucking involuntary. "See if you can swallow all my dick."

Coral smirked, her eyes never leaving his as she slowly took him deeper, her lips stretching around his girth. She could feel his cock growing even harder, the veins pulsing with each beat of his heart.

"Oh, god, yes," Slater moaned. "You're doing so good."

Coral hummed again, the vibrations making his cock twitch in response. She pulled back again, her lips glistening with saliva, and looked up at him, a wicked grin on her face. "I told you I'd save my best for you, baby," she purred, her voice low and sultry. "And I'm not done yet."

She leaned back down, her mouth closing around his cock once more, this time taking him in deeper than before, her tongue flicking

against the sensitive spot just beneath the head. Slater moaned

louder, his hands gripping the blanket tightly as he tried to control his

breathing.

Coral's hand continued to stroke him in time with her mouth, her

fingers sliding up and down his shaft, her nails scraping lightly against

his skin. The sensation was electrifying, and Slater knew he wouldn't

be able to last much longer.

"I'm gonna cum, mom," he warned, his voice raspy with arousal. "I'm

gonna cum if you don't stop."

Coral pulled back, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Why the fuck

would I stop? This is the best part."

She chuckled and returned to her task, sucking him harder and

faster, her hand matching the rhythm of her mouth. Slater could feel

the orgasm building, the pleasure intensifying with every stroke, every

suck, every moan from Coral.

"Oh, fuck…motherfucker," he groaned, his hips bucking as he

reached the edge. "I'm gonna cum!"

Coral hummed around his cock, her eyes locked on his, daring him to

pour his hot seed down her throat. He felt his balls tighten, the

pressure building, and then it happened. Hot, thick cum erupted from

his cock, shooting down Coral's throat, coating the back of her mouth.

Slater groaned, his head thrown back as he spurted, cumming harder

and longer than he ever had before. Coral gulped it down, her eyes

never leaving his, her hand working him until the last drop was spent.

"Goodamn, that was good," Slater panted, finally able to catch his

breath.

Coral smirked up at him, her eyes shining with satisfaction. "I told you

I'd take care of you, baby," she said, her voice still seductive and low.

"And that was just a blowjob. Wait until you see how my hot, tight

pussy can make you feel."

Slater swallowed hard, trying to clear the haze of ecstasy from his

mind. "Hot damn," he stated, feeling another rush of adrenaline. "I'm

gonna fuck you so hard, mom."

Coral giggled, throwing off her cami top and releasing her big,

wobbling boobies. "Oh, yeah?" she purred, her eyes gleaming with

mischief as she quickly stripped her panties off. "Let's see if that cock

of yours can handle a pussy like mine."

Slater's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's naked

body. The thought of fucking her had been a taboo fantasy for so long

that he couldn't believe it was finally happening. But seeing her

naked, her body glistening with sweat from the passionate blowjob

she had just given him, he knew that he was ready for whatever

came next.

"I'm warning you, mom, I'm not going easy on you," Slater said, his

voice husky with lust. "I'm gonna make you feel every inch of my

cock, and you're gonna love it."

Coral laughed, climbing on top of him, her breasts heaving enticingly.

"Oh, I know you will, baby," she breathed, her eyes locked onto his.

"You're just like your mother. You love a hard, nasty fuck."

She slowly lowered herself onto his erect cock, feeling the thick

pulsing "hammerhead" stretch through the remnants of her hymen and into her juice-slickened entrance.

Slater moaned, his hands gripping her hips, guiding her as she impaled herself. "Oh, fuck, mom…you feel so good," he groaned. "So fucking tight."

Coral bit her lip, her eyes rolling back as she adjusted to the size of his sinewy cock, feeling it stretch her pussy wide. "Just wait until you feel how tight my cunt can get," she purred, her voice low and sultry.

"I'm going to wrap my pussy muscles around you so tight that you won't be able to feel anything but the pleasure."

Slater gasped, feeling her pussy contracting around his cock, milking him. "Fuck...fuck," he groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily. "You're going to kill me, mom."

"This isn't one of those inexperienced teenage pussies you're used to, baby," she stated. "This is a tight, wet, and experienced pussy that's going to give you the ride of your life."

Slater couldn't believe what was happening. His mother, the woman who had raised and nurtured him, was now riding him like a skilled porn star. Her hips were moving in a perfect, rhythmic motion, each

thrust feeling more intense than the last.

"Oh, fuck, mom," he groaned, his hands reaching up to grip her tits.

"You're driving me wild."

Coral laughed, her eyes locked on his. "That's the idea, baby," she

purred, her voice low and sultry. "I wanna make you feel so good that

you'll beg me for more."

She leaned in, her lips brushing against his ear. "Do you want more,

baby?"

Slater groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as he felt her creamy

cleavage swollow his neck "Yes, mom. Please, more. Fuck me

harder."

Coral grinned, her eyes shining with satisfaction. "You dirty boy," she

whispered, her voice a seductive purr. "I love the way you're just as

nasty as I am."

She leaned down, her tongue laving at his ear, sending shivers down

his spine. "I'm gonna give you more, baby," she promised, her voice

dropping to a sultry growl. "I'm gonna make you cum so fucking hard

that you'll never forget it."

She started riding him harder, her hips slamming down onto his cock,

her pussy muscles clenching and releasing in a rhythm that was

driving him wild. Slater moaned, his hands gripping her hips, his

fingernails digging into her flesh as he tried to control himself.

"Oh, fuck, mom," he groaned, his hips bucking to meet her thrusts as

he gazed upward at the wild display of bouncing tit-flesh.

Coral chuckled, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "That's

right, baby. Fuck me," she demanded, her voice hoarse with lust.

"Make me soak your cock with my honey."

He complied eagerly, his cock pounding into her with a fierce intensity

as she rode him, her pussy tightening around him with each thrust.

The sight of Coral's naked body bouncing atop his, her gigantic

breasts swinging and jiggling with every movement, sent a surge of

desire through him that he couldn't control.

One of the things his mom did that the other girls didn't was alternate

between bouncing on his cock and slowing down to a sinuous,

deliberate grind, her pussy muscles flexing and squeezing him like a

vice.

"Fuck, mom, your pussy is like a wet, hot vice around my cock," Slater gasped, his hips bucking to match her rhythm.

Coral smirked, her eyes never leaving his. "You should expect no less from a fuck-freak like me, baby" she purred, her voice dripping with lust.

Her eyes rolled back as a powerful orgasm started to build within her.

"I can see why all the girls call you hammerhead," she gasped, feeling his spongy crown push against her cervix, smearing its slippery precum against the rounded ring situated at its entrance.

"Your cock is so fucking long and hard, and you knob is… oh, shit it's divine."

Slater felt a rush of pride at her words, but he knew he had to stay focused. His mother was close to climaxing, and he didn't want to lose the momentum of their passionate lovemaking. With a groan, he increased the pace, thrusting harder and deeper into her tight, wet pussy.

"Oh fuck, baby," Coral gasped, rocking her hips like a rodeo queen on

a wild stallion. "Your about to see your own mother cum."

"Hell yes," Slater groaned, bucking his hips beneath her.

Coral cried out, her back arching as her orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her big titties quivered and wobbled violently as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, her pussy clenching and releasing around Slater's cock.

Slater's own climax was building, the pleasure of fucking his mother overwhelming his senses. He reached down, gripping her hips once more, and began to thrust with an almost animalistic intensity.

"Ah, yeah, that's good fucking pussy!" he groaned, pulling her down against him, sandwiching her giant, sweaty tits between their writhing bodies. His oversized cock flexed at it's root, making his shaft and knob pulse furiously, and his balls drew up tight to his body, preparing to unload.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum, mom," he groaned, his voice hoarse with desire. "I'm going to fill you up with my cum."

Coral moaned in response, her eyes locked onto his. "Do it, baby," she urged, her voice thick with lust. "Fill me up with your hot, sticky nut-cream."

With one final cry of ecstasy, Slater's cock began to pulse and throb, his seed erupting deep within his mother's contracting pussy. Coral felt the warm burst of cum, splashing against the inside of her most intimate walls. The sensation was intense, and she moaned her satisfaction, her own climax still throbbing within her.

As the feeling of his cock emptying its load into her subsided, Slater's body relaxed on the bed, his body spent. The feel of his mom's flesh on top of his was intoxicating, and he could feel her wetness and the occasional twitch of her inner muscles as she adjusted to the throbbing of his now softening cock inside her.

Their eyes locked as their hearts raced, their breaths becoming more steady. Coral leaned down, her lips brushing against Slater's, their tongues meeting softly in a tender embrace that lasted several magical minutes.

"That was incredible, baby," she whispered, her voice still hoarse with lust.

"I agree."

"I think we found the perfect sexual arrangement while we're out on our surfing adventure together," Coral stated.

"How so?" Slater asked.

"Well, I'm away from your father so obviously I'm not getting the sex I

need, and since I'm with you, you're not getting any of that beach-girl

pussy you're used to," she answered.

"That's true," said Slater.

"So, we might as well just fuck each other's brains out for the rest of

the trip," Coral suggested with a mischievous smile. "Kill two birds

with one stone."

"I think that's a brilliant idea," Slater agreed, pulling his mom closer

for a lingering kiss.

As they lay in each other's arms, their bodies still entwined, Slater

couldn't help but feel a rush of excitement about the new

arrangement. While he was thrilled to be getting more intimate with

his mother, he knew that it was a line they were crossing. But as his

dad was still home, now a hundred miles away, it seemed like the

perfect opportunity to explore their newfound desires.

Under the cover of darkness, a large, suped up truck slowly crept up

the winding road, its bright headlights piercing through the night and

casting an eerie glow over the landscape. The lights caught Slaters

van, parked alone by the deserted beach, like a lone ship anchored in

a sea of shadows.

Inside the truck, Rusty and his gang of troublemakers sat in tense

silence. Their eyes were fixed intently ahead, their faces set with

determination. "That's them," one of the guys in the backseat blurted

out, pointing towards the van. "That's their van."

Rusty's bruised and swollen eye narrowed as he peered ahead.

"That's not their van," he answered sharply, still feeling the sting from

Slaters punch earlier that day.

"But it's the same color and everything," the guy protested.

"I see that," Rusty replied with impatience, "but take a good look at

that van, you fucking idiot. What's it doing?"

"Rocking?" another member of the gang ventured hesitantly.

"Yes, rocking," Rusty confirmed with annoyance. "And what does that

mean? It means someone's fucking in there. Now tell me, do you

really think that kid would be fucking his own mother? Use your brain

for once, you moron. That's not his van."

"How much longer are we gonna keep looking for him?" asked another member of the gang impatiently.

"We'll keep looking until we find him," Rusty declared firmly. "I'm gonna beat that guy's ass, slash his tires, and then beat his ass again."

He looked back at his gang before continuing in a low voice filled with

malice. "And you guys are gonna help me out this time, RIGHT?"

They all nodded unenthusiastically. "No problem, Rusty," they replied in unison. "We're with you."

In the cramped confines of the van, oblivious to the possible danger outside, Slater and Coral were entwined in a frenzy of fuck-passion. Her bronzed legs splayed wide in the air, her toes curling in ecstasy as Slater ravished her with his throbbing cock. His muscular body was draped between her creamy thighs, his slick skin glistening with sweat as he pounded his raging-hard cock into her relentlessly. For the past hour, their bodies had been locked in a primal dance of lust, his balls slapping against her perfect, rounded ass as he released wave after wave of hot cum inside her.

"God, I love the way you fuck me," Coral moaned, her voluptuous frame quivering from the intensity of his thrusts. The sound of their flesh smacking together echoed through the small space, mixing with their breathless gasps and moans.

Slater was taking her sexual advice to heart, thrusting with greater ferocity and abandon with each passing minute. His eyes were locked onto her swollen, quivering pussy lips, mesmerized by the sight of his massive juice-slickened cock disappearing deep within her.

"Fuck me harder, baby," Coral pleaded, her voice raw with desire. "I want to feel every inch of that cock inside me."

Slater groaned, his gaze never leaving her pussy as he began to slam into her with a brutal intensity. His pubic-bone smacked against her clit with each powerful thrust, sending jolts of pleasure coursing through her body. She could feel herself getting closer, her climax building with every thrust.

"Oh God, yes!" Coral cried out, her breasts bouncing wildly as Slater continued to pummel her with his cock. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Soak me, mom" Slated blurted, taking perfectly executed thrusts with

his teenage cock.

His mother's body trembled beneath him. He could feel her juices

gushing around his cock as she reached the peak of her orgasm, her

nails digging into his back, leaving fiery marks on his skin. The

sensation was too much for him to handle; he began to thrust faster

and harder, the "hammerhead" of his cock slamming against the gate

to her womb with each powerful stroke.

Coral threw her head back, her moans growing louder and more

feverish as she rode the crest of her orgasm. The pleasure was so

intense that it felt like every nerve ending in her body was alive with

electricity. She could feel her pussy clenching around his cock.

Despite the added friction, Slater continued to fuck, his cock raging

hard and greatly desensitized from an earlier climax. He knew if there

was any time to give a girl that allusive "super-orgasm," this was it.

"I hope you enjoyed that orgasm, mom, because I'm about to give

you another one," he said in a confident tone.

He pulled out of her pussy for a moment, and his cock was glistening

with her juices. Coral moaned as she watched him reposition himself,

his cock at the entrance to her wet tunnel.

He angled himself, and with one powerful thrust, Slater buried his

cock deep into her. The head of his cock hit her cervix, and her body

contracted from the sheer force of the intrusion. Her eyes flew open,

and she gasped at the sensation of him going so deep.

"That's it, baby, take it all," Coral moaned as she reached down and

began to rub her engorged clit.

Slater responded by pulling his cock almost all the way out, only to

plunge it back into her. He began to pump into her, his balls slapping

against her upturned ass with every thrust.

"I'm gonna cum again, my love," Coral panted, her hips bucking wildly

to meet his thrusts.

"Then take it hard and deep, mom," Slater grunted, his pace

quickening, his eyes never leaving hers. "I'm gonna make you cum so

fucking hard."

The van rocked wildly under their passion, and the scent of sex and sweat filled the air. Coral could feel her orgasm building again, her body clenching and unclenching around his cock as he continued to pound into her.

"Oh God, here it comes," she moaned, her voice hoarse with pleasure. "I'm gonna cum so hard, baby!"

And with that, she let loose a throaty cry, her body shaking with the force of her climax. Slater felt her pussy walls contract around his cock, the sensation too much for him to bear.

"Fuck, I'm cumming!" he yelled, his cock swelling even more as it erupted, shooting hot cum deep inside her womb. He thrust into her one last time, his body shuddering as he filled her up with his seed, his cock pulsating with pleasure.

With the first rays of sunlight peeking over the horizon, Slater and Coral eagerly grabbed their surf boards and made a beeline for the pounding waves. Before they hit the water, Slater fueled up with a bowl of crunchy cereal, while Coral chose a more unconventional breakfast: a belly full of hot cum. She had expertly blown Slater beneath the table until he erupted his warm, salty release down her

throat. The tangy taste and smooth texture lingered on her tongue as

she paddled out into the ocean, ready to conquer the waves.

The sun beat down on their backs as they took turns riding the

perfect swells, each wave a new opportunity for Slater to show off his

skills. Coral watched in awe as her son caught wave after wave, his

board seeming to dance beneath him. She had never seen anyone

surf with such grace and power before.

In between sets, they lay on the warm sand, basking in the sun and

catching their breath. Coral couldn't help but marvel at the bond they

shared, the way they were able to connect on such a deep, intimate

level. She knew that the only thing that could ruin this perfect

arrangement was the looming threat of discovery.

As they laid on the sandy beach, their bodies entwined in a

passionate embrace, she broached the inevitable topic. Her words

were muffled against his chest as she spoke, the sound of the waves

crashing in the background. "We have to stop this when we go back

home, you know that, right?" she asked Slater.

He let out a sigh and tightened his grip on her. "Yeah, I know," he

said with a hint of sadness in his voice. "You'll go back to dad and I'll resume my usual pursuit of girls on the beach."

"Yes, that's the bad news," Coral said. "The good news is that we have lots and lots of fucking to do before then, so let's enjoy this while we can."

She rolled over on top of him and they began kissing, their tongues tangling and their hands roaming. "I know you've fucked plenty of pussy inside that van of yours," Coral whispered, "but have you ever got your freak on here on the beach?"

Slater's eyes widened at the suggestion, a devilish grin spreading across his face. "Never," he replied in a low voice, his fingers tracing the curve of her hip. "But I have a feeling that's about to change."

Coral giggled, nodding her head as she quickly tore off his board shorts. It only took a few vigorous strokes to get Slater's cock as hard as a steel rod.

Coral untied her bikini and stripped it off, all while mounting her son; planting her knees in the soft, warm sand aside his hips.

Slater licked his lips excitedly as he watched her lift his cock, pointing it up towards her pussy, her wetness glistening like precious jewels.

He spread her lips wider with his fingers, allowing him to see the pink

of her entrance teasing him. She was ready, all he had to do was

push. With a surge of lust and determination, she plunged onto him in

one powerful move, burying his cock deep inside her.

Immediately, Coral threw her head back and cried out, feeling his

cock stretch her out, filling her completely. "Oh God, Slater!" she

panted, her hips bucking wildly to meet his thrusts.

"That's it, mom," Slater groaned, his hands gripping her hips tightly.

"Take my cock. Let me fuck you on the beach."

He began to thrust, his cock sliding in and out of her with a wet,

sloppy sound. The sun glinted off the sweat on their bodies, casting a

golden glow around them as the waves crashed nearby. Coral's

breasts bounced right out of her bikini top. The cloth sling simply

wasn't made to sustain the weight of such enormous boobs as they

jumped and rippled violently.

Slater pounded into her, each thrust eliciting a low moan from Coral.

She could feel the sand shifting beneath her knees as she raised and

lowered herself onto him, matching his pace. The sun was now high

in the sky, casting harsh shadows across the beach. Sweat dripped from Slater's brow and their bodies glistened with a sheen of perspiration.

Inside Coral's pussy, Slater's cock felt like an inferno, stretching her tight walls as it thrust in and out. Her juices coated his shaft, making each stroke slicker than the last. The boy loved having juicy 10-inch cock so he could fill a cunt completely full of erectile flesh and stimulate every cuntal nerve ending.

Slater closed his eyes for several minutes, focusing only on the feel of the exquite pussy that wrapped around his cock. His mom was right when she told him it was so much better that the pussies of girls his own age. It was so much tighter, warmer, and more responsive to his every thrust. He savored the feeling of her muscles clenching and unclenching around his dick as she rode him, her wet, sloppy sounds filling the air.

As they fucked, Slater's eyes fell on a nearby surfer, watching them from the water. The surfer was only a short distance away, but far enough to know that it wasn't a mother and son having shameless sex on the beach.

"Does dad fuck you as good as I do?" Slater brazenly asked.

Coral, caught off guard by the question, paused for a moment before

responding. "No, baby," she said soft. "It would be impossible for your

father to fuck me the way you do."

"Why?"

Coral chuckled, her voice thick with lust. "Well, for starters, you have

the biggest, hardest cock of any man I've ever been with. You fill me

up in ways your father never could."

She pushed his cock all the way in and held it there, confirming her

own words and feeling his knob balloon inside the pit of her core.

"The second reason is you're younger. Your body is

still full of energy, enthusiasm, and vitality. I can feel your youth, your

stamina, and your unbridled passion. It's like an unstoppable force

inside of me, baby."

She pulled back and thrust forward again, feeling the head of his cock

brush against her g-spot. It was an exquisite sensation that made her

gasp. Slater grunted, feeling his balls tighten in response to her

words and her movement.

"And the third reason?" he panted, his eyes locked on hers.

Coral smirked, arching her back and giving him a sly look. "Because you're my son, Slater. You and I have a bond so unique, so intense, that nothing can compare to it. We share more than just blood – we share our deepest, darkest desires, and when we fuck, it's more than just physically pleasurable. It's a union of our souls, a joining of our spirits."

She brought her upper half down on his, wrapping her arms around his neck as she embraced him, flattening her meaty tits between their rib cages. "Watch this," she whispered. Suddenly, her naked buttocks went wild, bucking up and down as she fucked his cock with a furious intensity.

"Holy shit," Slater gasped as he held her tightly. He had never had a girl ride him so hard, their wet thighs slapping together with a wet sound, leaving rivulets of their juices down his legs.

Their bodies were drenched in sweat, and the sun beat down on

them, creating a steamy, sensual atmosphere. Slater's eyes locked onto his mother's, her features contorted in pleasure, her mouth open in a silent cry as she climaxed.

As Coral's orgasm washed over her, she felt her walls clamp down on Slater's cock, milking him like a wet dream. Slater couldn't help but groan in response, his own climax rapidly approaching.

Coral brought her lips to his ear as their bodies collided with raw intensity. "This is it," she panted, "This is what we live for, you and I. This fucking. This connection. This bond. It's what we have, and it's all we need."

"I love it," Slater gasped.

"I know you do," said Coral. "It's written all over your face, and in the way your cock swells inside me, and the way you fuck my pussy so hard."

"Yes."

Is was clear that Coral was on the same skill level at fucking that Slater was at surfing. Her hips worked like a well-oiled machine, her pussy muscles gripping and releasing Slater's cock in a perfect rhythm. The sand beneath them was shifting with the force of their

thrusts, and their bodies were shiny with sweat and lust.

Slater's cock slipped out of Coral's pussy with a wet pop as she began to shudder, her orgasm reaching its peak. Hot female ejaculate erupted from Coral's urethra, as did a pleasurable scream that was drown out by the crashing surf.

Slater didn't waste any time, quickly rolling her over, positioning himself on top and thrusting back inside her, sliding deep into her dripping-wet slit.

As he pounded his mom, Slater felt like he was surfing a neverending wave, each thrust taking him closer to the edge. He could feel the heat emanating from Coral's core, and he knew that she was feeling the same thing.

Coral's legs wrapped around Slater's waist, pulling him deeper into her, driving him further towards the edge. Her fingers dug into his back, urging him on, and her hips met each of his thrusts with a passionate fervor.

Slater felt the familiar sensations building within him, the tight grip of his mother's muscles around his cock, the sweat on their skin, the salt and the sand and the sun. He was losing himself in their primal

connection, forgetting everything else around them.

The surfer in the water had given up any attempts at discretion, now openly watching them fuck on the beach. But neither Coral nor Slater even bothered to acknowledge him, lost in their own world of pleasure.

It was only when Coral's orgasm began to subside, her muscles release him, that Slater felt the wave of ecstasy crash over him. His cock swelled inside her, and he pulsed, filling her with his seed. The teen groaned, his body shaking, as he came inside his mother's pussy.

After a few more thrusts, Slater pulled out, collapsing beside Coral on the beach. Their bodies still glistened like two athletes that had just finished a high-intensity workout.

"Damn, you set the standard pretty high now, mom," Slated breathlessly stated.

"You think so?" Coral asked.

"I know so," Slater assured her. "I've never experienced anything like that before. You're the best fuck ever, mom. Better than any girl my age could ever be."

Coral laughed, running her fingers through his hair. "Well, I guess we

both have something to be proud of. You're the master surfer and I'm

a pro at fucking. Although, you're pretty fucking amazing at that too."

Their laughter echoed in the stillness of the beach, the waves lapping

at the shore in the background. For a moment, they lay entangled,

catching their breath and basking in the afterglow of their intense

connection.

Slater traced the curve of Coral's hip with his fingers, marveling at the

beauty of their twisted fate. The bond between them was undeniable,

and it had only grown stronger since their trip began.

As they slowly disentangled themselves from each other, Coral's

eyes fell on the surfer who had been watching them from the water.

She gave him a sly grin, knowing that their secret was safe with him.

"I think we've given him quite a show," she whispered to Slater,

chuckling softly.

"He'll probably never forget this beach day," Slater agreed. He

glanced in the direction of the van, "We should go eat something. I'm

starving."

"Agreed." Coral rose to her feet, her body still tingling with pleasure.

"But first, I need to clean up."

Slater helped his mother pick up their discarded clothes and led her to the small beach shower stall.. As the warm water cascaded over their bodies, washing away the sweat and sand, they laughed and teased each other, reliving the moments that had just transpired. Slater couldn't help but feel a sense of contentment. Despite the taboo nature of their relationship, there was something indescribable about sharing this bond with his mother. And as they walked back to their van, still naked and hand in hand, he knew that they would never be able to escape the pull of their connection, no matter how hard they tried.

156: Roaring Surf & Raging Hormones_2

The next phase of their journey was a stop in the quiet coastal town of Crescent Cove, where they paid a visit to Coral's twin sister, Lila. Lila welcomed them with open arms, her eyes immediately drawn to the smirk on her sister's face. "I see you've been keeping busy," she said, raising an eyebrow.

Coral flashed a devious grin, her hand never leaving Slater's as she replied, "It's hard not to when you've got such a handsome traveling companion."

Coral placed a hand over her sister's 9-month pregnant belly. "I see you've been keeping busy as well there, sister."

"Well, you know me. My appetite for sex is just as insatiable as yours," Lila laughed, giving her sister a playful shove. "And sometimes you get a round tummy as a result."

Coral smiled over at her Slater, knowing they were taking that same risk by having unprotected sex together. But the moments they

shared, the raw passion and desire that consumed them seemed to blind them to the potential consequences.

"Why don't we walk down to the beach," Lila suggested, looking at Slater. "Your mom's told me all about what a surfer boy you are, and I'd love to see you in action."

"Sounds like a plan to me," Slater agreed, excited at the prospect of showing off his skills to Lila.

As they walked down to the shore, the ocean sparkling in the sunlight, the siblings' banter continued. Lila had always been the more adventurous of the two, while Coral had been content to stay close to home. But in the past few days, Coral had embraced her wild side, succumbing to the powerful pull of her desire for Slater.

"Wow, look at him go," Lila exclaimed as she sat next to her twin sister on the beach.

Slater was riding the waves with such ease and grace, as if he were one with the sea.

Coral watched her son with pride and affection, her heart swelling with love for him. She knew that she would never be able to let go of him, even after this journey was over.

"He really is something else," Lila stated, her voice tinged with a hint of jealousy.

"Yeah, he is," Coral agreed, a smile playing on her lips. "I wouldn't trade this time alone with him for anything in the world."

After a short silence, Lila smiled mischievously and looked over at her sister. "Your fucking him, aren't you?"

Coral laughed, her cheeks flushing a little at the bluntness of Lila's question. But she knew better than to sugar-coat things with her twin.

They had always been brutally honest with each other, and their bond was stronger for it.

"Maybe I am," Coral admitted, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "And I'm not gonna apologize for it. Neither you or I can go a day without sex and I'm away from Rex. Slater's got a big cock and he knows how to use it."

Lila chuckled, a knowing smile spreading across her face. "I remember when he was just a little boy, playing in the sand with you.

I never would have guessed he'd grow up to be such a big dicked

surfer boy with an itch for fucking his mom."

Coral laughed, shaking her head. "Well, some things are just destined to happen, I guess."

"You mean like that time we double teamed that hot young lifeguard when we were in our twenties?" Lila giggled.

"Yes. I thought we were gonna tip that life guard shack over from fucking so hard," Coral reminisced.

"We sure knew how to have a good time back then, didn't we?" Lila said.

"We did indeed. But things have changed now. We're older and wiser," Coral joked. "But then again, maybe not."

Their laughter rang out over the sound of the waves, as they watched their surfer boy ride the ocean with ease.

"I think it's safe to say that we're both even more horny now than we were back then," Lila stated. "It's the these raging hormones. Our bodies just need to be fucked contantly."

"Like NOW you mean?" Coral asked, winking at her sister.

Lila laughed, nodding in agreement. "Exactly, like now. Frank's not home from work for another three hours. Do you think your surfer

stud would be up for a little family threesome?"

"Are you kidding?!" Coral giggled. "Two hot, twin MILFs taking turns fucking him. He'd be in heaven."

Lila grinned, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well then, let's think up sexy roll-play scenario to spice things up. You know, just to keep things interesting."

As they continued to strategize and plan, the grins on their faces never faded, and the excitement in their hearts grew.

As they arrived at Lila's place, Slater plopped himself down on a stool in the cozy kitchen and helped himself to a snack. His mother and aunt disappeared into the bedroom, leaving him alone for a while.

Suddenly, Coral came rushing out barefoot, frantically calling out to him, "Lifeguard! Lifeguard, you have to help me!"

Slater's eyes widened in delight as he took in his mom's appearance. She was dressed in the most revealing hot pink micro slingshot bikini he had ever seen. The skimpy ensemble was made up of nothing but strings and tiny patches of fabric that barely covered her areolas and pubic area. It left very little to the imagination and perfectly showcased her smooth, tanned and voluptuous curves.

"It's my sister," Coral continued, gesturing wildly towards Lila's bedroom. "I pulled her out of the water. She needs help."

Without hesitation, she grabbed her son's hand and dragged him towards the bedroom, her oversized breasts threatening to burst free from their flimsy covering at any moment.

Lila was sprawled across the bed with her eyes closed, wearing a white see-through micro bikini featuring a sheer mesh micro thong bottom and a triangle top, which offered a daring and alluring look.

"You have to give her mouth to mouth," Coral pleaded, shoving her son towards the bed. "You have to revive her!"

Playing along, Slater slowly inched onto the bed, his gaze transfixed on Lila's swollen, baby-engorged belly that jutted out from her midsection like a giant balloon. As he leaned in to give her mouth-tomouth, he was taken aback by the intensity of her response - her full, plump lips fusing with his as her long, thick tongue slithered into his mouth. If it weren't for the slight differences in texture and taste, he would have thought he was kissing his mother.

Breathless and grateful, Lila pulled away, thanking Slater profusely. Her hand rested gently on her stomach, as if protecting the precious

life inside. Coral joined them on the bed, stroking her son's back tenderly. "How can we ever repay you?" she asked with exaggerated sweetness.

A mischievous twinkle lit up Slater's eyes as he gazed at Coral's exposed cleavage. "Well...I can think of a few ways," he replied with an anxious grin.

Lila smiled over at her sister, then looked back at Slater. "Would you like to fuck us?" she brazenly asked.

Slater's heart skipped a beat as he nodded. "That's exactly what I was thinking," he admitted, his cock twitching in anticipation.

Lila sat up, reaching behind her to unclasp her bikini top with ease. With a flourish, she threw it aside, revealing her gigantic naked breasts. "Then let's get it on," she said, her voice a mixture of excitement and lust.

Coral quickly removed her own bikini top, revealing her own enormous orbs. "Are you ready to surf all these fleshy waves with your enormous cock, baby?" she asked, her eyes shining with desire.

Slater's response was immediate - he reached down and pulled off his board trunks, his erection springing free. It jutted out like a veinencrusted

flagpole, aimed directly at the two waiting women.

"I've never been more ready for a ride in my life," he declared, his voice thick with lust.

With a quickly pull of her tied strings, Lila peeled off her bikini bottoms. "Me first," she requested, drawing her knees back and opening her creamy thighs wide, anxious for a hard fuck.

Slater maneuvered between her sexy legs, gazing at the wet folds of her pussy with a sense of awe and anticipation. He could smell the musky aroma of her arousal and the tangy scent of her sex juices, both enticing him to take the plunge. He positioned himself at the entrance of her cunt, and pushed forward with some force, penetrating her honeypot with his massive rod. Her cunt muscles gripped his dick like a vice, pulling him deeper.

"Oh, yes," Lila groaned. "That's the spot, Slater. Fuck me like your life

depends on it."

Coral knelt beside them, her massive breasts wobbling, her nipples hard and throbbing on the peaks of her tits. She was already wet, her

own pussy juices dripping down her thighs. "Show her what a fucking

stud you are," she said to her son, her voice thick with lust.

Slater's eyes flared with desire as he began to fuck Lila with long, steady strokes, his boner glistening with secretions, accentuating the veins and muscle in his gigantic, teenage cock. Her pussy clenched around him, her moans growing louder and more urgent with each thrust. Waves of passion washed over him, and he couldn't help but close his eyes and lose himself in the sensation of his cock sliding in and out of her wet depths.

Coral couldn't contain her excitement, stroking her own fat clit as she

watched her son plow into her sister. "C'mon, baby. Give it to her! Make her squirt!" she urged him on.

Lila was close, her breath coming in short gasps as she felt the builtup

tension cresting. Her pussy throbbed with need. "Yes, yes, yes!" she cried, her hips bucking wildly to meet his thrusts. "Fuck that pregnant pussy!"

Then, without warning, Lila's cunt convulsed around his cock, and she cried out in pleasure as her pussy released a torrent of girl cum, soaking Slater's balls. The sight of her sister's orgasm sent Coral over the edge too. She leaned over Slater's shoulder and started

licking and kissing her son's neck.

Slater pulled out of his aunt's wet cunt and he changed positions,

crawling up behind his mom and thrusting into Coral's waiting snatch.

Her pussy felt just as tight around his dick as Lila's had, and Slater

began fucking Coral harder, his balls smacking against her plump

ass. He could feel the temperature of her pussy rising, and he knew

that she was going to cum soon if he continued fucking her at this

pace. Coral's moans got louder and more desperate, her dangling titmelons

bouncing wildly as he thrust into her.

"C'mon, baby," Coral pleaded, her voice trembling. "I need your big

cock to make me gush."

Feeling her urgency, Slater pinned her arms behind her, keeping her

in place as he continued to fuck her from the rear. He looked down at

her thick, succulent ass as it rippled from the impact of his thrusts. He

could feel her muscles spasming around his cock, and he knew it was

only a matter of time before she came. Her moans grew louder, her

body bucking wildly against him.

"Oh, fuck!" Coral cried out, her body trembling with the force of her

orgasm. Her pussy began to gush, releasing a torrent of juices that

dripped Slater's balls.

"Fuck me!" Lila squealed, now on all-fours with her naked bubble butt

pointed back at Slater. The hailess slit between her legs glowed with

sticky excitement, eager to feel Slater's thick cock again.

Without skipping a beat, Slater positioned himself behind Lila, aiming

his engorged "hammerhead" at her slippery entrance. He pressed

forward, the tip of his cock breaching the entrance to Lila's tight cunt,

sinking into her velvety warmth.

"Oh, fuck!" Lila moaned, her body trembling with pleasure.

Slater began thrusting, his cock sliding in and out of Lila's hot cunt

with a steady rhythm. Her ass jiggled with each powerful thrust, and

Slater watched with satisfaction as her big, round tits bounced up and

down, her erect nipples swaying against the sheet of the bed.

"Yes, fuck me, baby boy!" Lila cried out.

Coral watched from the side, her own pussy still throbbing from her

recent orgasm, her fingers teasing her wet folds as she watched Slater pounding into her twin sister. She could feel her own pussy juices leaking from her hole, and knew that she would need to be fucked again soon.

She embraced her son from the side as he fucked, rubbing her heavy breasts against his back, her nipples grazing his skin, sending shivers down his spine.

Lila looked back at Coral and Slater, her eyes sparkling with desire. "Fuck me harder," she begged, her voice filled with passion. "Ride my fucking ass like you ride those waves, Slater."

Slater's eyes blazed with lust as he thrust deeper and harder into his aunt, his cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy with a smacking sound. He could feel her muscles gripping his dick, pulling him deeper with every stroke, feeling the corrogated walls of her cunt clenching around him like a velvet vice.

Her pussy felt much different from Coral's and he knew it was because she was so close to giving birth. The pleats in her pussy tunnel felt like velvety cushions welcoming his cock with each thrust

and the ring at the back of her vagina teased his glans with every

withdrawal, like a warm suction cup that suckled on his bloodengorged

crown.

The bedsprings creaked under their weight, as the two of them

moved in sync, their bodies entwined in a passionate frenzy. Sweat

dripped from their foreheads, mixing with their arousal, creating a

sticky mess on their skin. The room filled with the sounds of their

moans, carnal cries, and their flesh slapping against each other.

Slater's thrusts became faster, and more intense. He could feel the

tension building inside him, it was as if his very life force was being

drained into Lila's wet depths. He knew that at any moment, he would

cum, unleashing his scalding seed into her willing pussy.

His aunt Lila squealed in delight, her eyes rolling back as she felt

Slater's sinewy cock stretch her cunt to its absolute limits. Her

orgasm had been building up to this moment, and with each powerful

thrust of Slater's immense dick, she felt a wave of pleasure crashing

over her, causing her body to tremble violently.

"I'm gonna cum! Cum with me, Slater!" Lila cried out, her body

shaking with the intensity of her orgasm.

The sight of his aunt cumming made Slater want to cum too, and he held on for a dozen more powerful thrusts, feeling his balls tighten and his cock throb with each plunge. Then, he could hold it no longer, and he shuddered violently as his cock erupted, releasing a torrent of hot, sticky cum into Lila's eager pussy.

"Oh, fuck yes!" Lila yelled, her pussy gripping Slater's cock as it ejaculated huge, sticky ropes of semen inside her spasming tunnel.

Coral watched her son's cock pumping into her sister's cunt, feeling her own body pulsing with pleasure. She could hear the wet sounds of their genitals slapping together, the satisfying squelch of Lila's pussy juices, and the choking cries of intense passion.

"Fuck her harder, Slater!" Coral urged him on, stroking her swollen clit.

Slater, feeling the euphoria of his orgasm, began to fuck Lila savagely, his hips moving in a frenzy. His cock throbbed wildly inside his aunt's pussy, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body. Lila's cunt-tunnel clenched around his cock, trying to milk every last

drop of cum from him. Her cries grew louder and more desperate, her

body writhing wildly, as if it was possessed by the animalistic lust

coursing through her veins.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" Lila cried out, her voice

filled with mind-blowing pleasure. Her body trembled with the force of

her orgasm, as if she was melting from the inside out.

Her pussy felt as if it was going to burst, her muscles clamping down

on Slater's cock, milking his cum-filled shaft until every last drop of

his seed was released deep inside her.

As Lila's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto the bed, her body limp

and spent. Slater, still trembling from his own orgasm, withdrew his

soaking wet cock from her pussy, and collapsed onto the bed beside

her.

They lay there naked and shameless, their bodies still entwined, their

breaths coming in ragged gasps.

Coral joined them so that her and her sister were on either side of

Slater, their soft, heavy-breasted bodies draped across his, nearly

blanketing him in their combined warmth. They each placed a hand

around his cock, keeping it erect with their gentle caressing strokes.

"Keep it hard, loveboy," Coral whispered in a sultry voice. "We're not done cumming on that dreamy, hammer-headed cock just yet. "

"That's right," Lila added. "We've got a whole ocean of pleasure to explore. We wanna give you a thrashing wave-ride you'll never forget."

Together, they gently ran their fingers over Slater's erect shaft, each one adding a little bit of pressure to send a tingle of anticipation down to his balls.

With a low growl, Slater thrust his hips upward, meeting their caresses with a firm thrust of his hips. His eyes locked onto theirs, his gaze burning with desire.

"We're gonna fuck you now, baby," Coral said, her voice low and throaty. "And when we're done, you're gonna be drowning in our cum, just like a shipwrecked sailor lost at sea."

"Mm, that's right," his aunt added, her voice like a seductive siren, luring him to the rocks of their passionate desires. "We're going to ride that cock of yours like there's no tomorrow."

Slater watched Lila climb on top of him. His wonder-stricken face was

smothered inside her warm, soft cleavage as she positioned his cock

at the entrance of her sopping wet pussy. He could feel her moist,

fleshy lips parting, stretching wide to accommodate the size of his

thick cock.

As Lila slowly began to impale herself on Slater's huge boner, Coral

bent down and licked his balls, teasing and sucking them into her

mouth, nibbling at the soft, loose skin of his sack. The sensation was

unbearable, sending jolts of pleasure up his spine.

Slater moaned loudly, feeling the tight grip of Lila's pussy as she

began to rise and fall, bouncing her ass up and down in a rhythm that

was unstoppable. Her moans echoed through her marital bedroom as

her pussy muscles tightened around his cock, giving him the ride of

his life.

"Holy fuck," Slater gasped, gazing straight ahead at the massive ball

of baby meat and the gigantic tits that swung delightfully with every

grinding hump that Lila made. He felt like he was fucking a pregnant

version of his mother.

And then there was that suction cup at the back of her pussy-tunnel again, teasing the juicy glans of his dick. He could feel the walls of her cunt rhythmically squeezing and releasing, massaging his shaft with each thrust. Coral was stroking his balls gently, her long, manicured nails scraping at the tender meat of his testicles while Lila's moans grew louder and more intense.

Slater pulled his aunt down so he could explore her milk-swollen tits with his face, lips and tongue while she fucked him. He pulled one of her nipples into his mouth, sucking and biting gently, eliciting a gasp from her. Lila's hips picked up speed, riding him harder and faster, and Slater met her thrusts with his own, their bodies slapping together with a wet, meaty sound.

The tit-loving teen sunk his face up into the plush, sweaty softness of his aunt's massive boob, inhaling her sweet scent as he teased and plucked her nipple with his teeth. He marveled at their size and weight, feeling the hefty mounds collide with his face with each thrust.

Coral continued to stroke his balls, her eyes locked on the sight before her, a primal, raw display of desire and carnal passion. Lila's cries grew louder, more intense, and Slater knew she was close.

"I'm cumming, sweet nephew! Fuck me hard!" Lila screamed, her orgasm peaking.

Slater fucked his busty, pregnant aunt just like he had all those young beach babies in the back of his van. His cock drove deep into her cunt, and the bed creaked beneath them with every powerful thrust.

He suctioned her rubbery nipple and much of her areola deep into his mouth, gorging on her flesh as he pounded her furiously. The very idea of ramming his dick into his mom's look-alike, and the sensation of those massive melons bouncing around him, was more than enough to set off a storm of lust within him. He fought off his urge to cum, however, wanting to save this load for his mother.

Lila's body began to quiver uncontrollably as her orgasm reached a crescendo. She let out a loud, earth-shattering scream that echoed through the room, her pussy clenching down on Slater's cock mercilessly. Her pulse raced and her heart pounded, the pleasure so intense that she felt like she was ascending to a higher plane of existence.

It was all Slater could do to keep from cumming himself. He felt the

powerful surge of her orgasm gushing through her pussy, bathing his

cock in a hot, sticky shower of pleasure. The tight grip of her muscles

clenching around his cock was almost too much to bear, but Slater

held on, knowing that this was only the beginning of the pleasure they

would share together.

As Lila's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto Slater's chest,

sandwiching her fat tits and unborn fetus between them, her body

limp and spent. She felt completely drained, but her mind was

buzzing with the intensity of the pleasure she had just experienced.

"My turn, bitch," Coral teased, "move aside."

Lila rolled off of her nephew, grinning wickedly as she watched her

sister straddle him, positioning her shaved pussy over his throbbing

erection. Coral leaned down to kiss her surfer boy, her squishy tits

draping over his shoulders, their tongues dancing together fiercely as

she began to ride him.

Slater moaned as he felt Coral's tight, wet pussy envelop his cock,

the sensation of being surrounded by her warmth and moisture

sending shivers down his spine. He reached up to caress her spongy breasts, her nipples erect and hard beneath his fingertips.

"Fuck me, baby," Coral panted, her eyes locked on his. "Make me cum just like you did my sister."

Slater thrust his hips upward, meeting Coral's movements with a force that sent a jolt of pleasure through both of them. He could feel the walls of her pussy squeezing and releasing around his cock, massaging his tender erectile flesh with ribs that were lining her cunt, the sensation almost too much to bear.

Like her sister had, Coral showed her skill from the top, bouncing up and down on Slater's cock with wild abandon, her breasts rippling like gelatin with every thrust. She screamed out in pleasure, her eyes rolling back into her head as she experienced a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Oh fuck," Slater gasped, feeling the power of Coral's climax wash over him, igniting a fire within his loins. He could feel her pussy-walls chewing on his cock, hot fluids dripping down the sides of his shaft as

she came to a thunderous crescendo.

He knew he couldn't last much longer, but he wanted to give her the ride of her life.

He reached up and grabbed her tits, squeezing and kneading them, eliciting moans of pleasure from her. Coral's eyes were locked onto his, her pupils dilated and her breathing ragged. He could feel her pussy clenching around his cock, milking him with each thrust.

Lila, watching from the side, licked her lips in anticipation. She knew she was up next, but for now, she contented herself with rubbing her own clit, watching her sister and nephew fuck with a feral grin.

Slater felt the urge to cum building up inside him, but he held on, wanting to give his mom the pleasure she deserved. He felt like he could fuck her all day, her pussy was so tight and wet, sucking and milking his cock with every movement.

Coral moaned loudly, her body shaking with pleasure, another orgasm reaching its peak. "I'm gonna cum, baby," she gasped, her eyes locked on his.

With one last surge of energy, Slater thrust deep, his cock stretching her pussy to the point of no return. He could feel the walls of her cunt

around his cock, muscles rippling and fluttering, the intensity of her orgasm washing over him like a tidal wave.

"Fuck, yes!" Coral cried out, her body trembling with ecstasy, her pussy pulsating around his cock as she climaxed.

Slater felt the pressure building up in his balls, the rush of pleasure coursing through his veins. He knew he couldn't hold on much longer;

he was on the verge of exploding.

Lila, watching intently, could see the lust in Slater's eyes and knew it was time for her to join in. She quickly straddled his face, positioning her splayed entrance over his mouth. He eagerly parted his lips, ready to taste her sweet pussy juices.

With a deep breath, Lila lowered herself onto his face, her pussy lips parting and engulfing his tongue. She moaned in pleasure as he licked and sucked at her protruding clit, his tongue probing and teasing her most sensitive spot.

With his mom bouncing on his prick and his aunt grinding on his face,

Slater felt like he was in heaven. The sensations were overwhelming, the pungent smell and taste of Lila's wet, swollen pussy as she writhed against him, the sounds of their cries and moans filling the

room.

He pushed his hips up off the bed, ramming his cock deeper into

Coral's tight, hot sheath as she shuddered and bucked on top of him.

The bed creaked unmercifully, their bodies slamming together in a

frenzied dance of lust. Lila's pussy was now drenched with her juices,

her hole sucking at Slater's tongue with each probing lick. Her cries

became louder, her body tensing and then suddenly release as her

orgasm washed over her.

"I'm cumming! Oh fuck!" Lila screamed, her pussy clenching down on

Slater's tongue like a vice. He could feel the rush of her cum, the hot

liquid gushing over his face and into his mouth. He savored the taste,

feeling the power of her climax surge through him.

Coral, feeling her sister's climax, was also nearing her own release

once again. She knew that Slater was close as well. She could sense

the tension building in him and feel his pummeling cock flexing inside

her, his bulbous "hammerhead" knob growing fatter and harder.

"Cum with me baby," she gasped, her pussy spasming around his

cock, her fingers digging into his thighs. "Make me feel your hot cum burst inside me."

With one last thrust, Slater felt the pressure build up at the base of his cock, the sensation of his impending orgasm overwhelming him. He let out a deep, guttural groan, his body trembling as he released wave after wave of hot, thick cum into Coral's eager pussy.

"Yesss!" his hot mother shrieked, her body convulsing around Slater as she felt his cum filling her up. She could feel him throbbing inside her, the sensation of his cock twitching and pulsing with each spurt of cum driving her wild.

Lila, still grinding on Slater's face, felt the rumble of his orgasm shaking his body beneath her. She knew that he had filled her twin sister's unprotected pussy with his load, and the thought of it only drove her wilder. She thrust her hips harder, grinding her clit against his mouth as she tried to mimic her sister's motions.

"Yes, that's it, baby nephew," she moaned, her nails digging into his shoulders as she rode out her own climax. "Drive that cock deep into her, make her feel your hot cum."

Slater, still pulsating inside Coral, felt the last few shots of cum leak

out of his softening member, dribbling down her inner thighs. He could feel her pussy muscles milking him dry, clenching and releasing in a gentle rhythm that sent shivers down his spine.

As he lay there spent, his body glistening with a sheen of sweat, he knew that today had been one for the record books. He had pleased two beautiful, huge-breasted women, his mom and aunt, and he couldn't have been more satisfied.

He gazed up at Lila, her eyes sparkling with lust as she slowly dismounted his face, her pussy still dripping wet. He could see the satisfaction in her face, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

"Mmm, that was amazing," Lila purred, running her fingers through her long sweaty hair. She looked at her phone, realizing that they'd been going at it for nearly three hours. "Your uncle's due home soon though," she warned. "We should probably clean up a bit before he gets here."

Not only were they a mess, but Lila's marital bed was covered with a thick layer of sweat and cum-fluids.

Slater nodded, understanding the urgency of the situation. He knew that his uncle was a strict man and wouldn't be happy to walk in on

them like this. He rose from the bed, his cock slipping out of Coral's pussy with a wet pop. He watched as Lila and his mother stood, their oversized tits bobbling with each step they took. For a moment, he admired the view of their undulating ass-globes, both sheened with sweat and jiggling atop their tan legs as the moved to the bathroom.

Lila turned on the shower, the steam rising and filling the room. She knew a quick shower would help wash away the evidence of their wild sex, and perhaps make them all feel a little more presentable for her husband.

But once Slater joined them in the shower they couldn't keep their hands off of him.

As the water cascaded down their bodies, Lila and Coral couldn't resist the temptation of the boy's hard, glistening body. They wrapped their arms around him, running their hands over his dripping cock, fondling and stroking it vigorously.

Slater moaned in pleasure as his mom and aunt caressed him, their fingers exploring every inch of his manhood and his balls. He closed his eyes and let the water wash over him, relishing the sensations of

their touch.

As they pressed their wet tits on his chest, working in tandem to jack

the length of his soapy erection, Coral and her sister took turns

kissing him passionately, their tongues flicking in and out of his mouth

like wild serpents.

Lila knew she was taking a real risk with her husband arriving home

soon, but the thrill of the forbidden only heightened the excitement.

She moaned softly into Slater's mouth, her hand wrapping around his

penis and stroking it in time with her sister's.

"Mm, baby, did you like fucking these busty twin sisters today?" Coral

whispered in his ear as she sucked his earlobe, creating a warm,

tingling sensation.

Slater couldn't respond with words, so he moaned and nodded, his

breath catching in his throat as they continued their stimulating

actions. He felt like he was in a dream, one that he never wanted to

wake up from.

"That's right, baby nephew," Lila murmured into his other ear. "I bet

you loved every second of it, huh? Feeling our big tits and hot, wet pussies all over you? Feeling us fuck your big teenage cock like only moms can.'

Slater gasped, his eyes fluttering shut as images of their sordid tryst washed over him. His cock throbbed in their hands, the wet sensation of their tight fingers and the water's soft caress heightening his arousal.

"Mm, and we still have a couple of days before we return home," Coral stated. "We have SO much fucking left to do."

Slater moaned, his eyes edging open to see the wicked grins on their faces, their beautiful brown eyes staring back at him. He knew they were right, and the thought of what was to come sent a rush of excitement through his veins.

"I'm gonna cum!" he groaned, feeling his balls tighten as his cock twitched in their grip.

Lila and Coral smiled devilishly, knowing they had pushed him to the edge. They continued to stroke his cum-spurting cock and kiss him passionately, the wet sounds of their lips and tongues filling the shower.

A short time later, the three of them emerged from Lila's bedroom, their hair still slightly damp from the impromptu shower they had taken. As they entered the living room, Lila's husband, Frank, arrived home and she prayed that he wouldn't question their appearance. With a wide smile on her face, Frank's pregnant wife rushed over to greet him with a kiss, her round belly bumping against him as she wrapped her arms around him in a warm embrace. "Honey, look who stopped by today," she said in a sweet tone.

Frank greeted his nephew and sister-in-law with a smile. "Hey, Slater," he said, shaking the boy's hand. "Hey, Coral," he added, giving her a quick peck on the cheek. "It's good to see you both."

"Slater and I are out enjoying the sun, sand, and surf on the coast," Coral declared with a wide smile. "We thought we'd stop by to say hello."

As Frank looked Slater up and down, he couldn't help but notice how toned and fit his nephew appeared. "Looks like you've been getting some good workouts in lately," he commented.

Slater, Coral, and Lila exchanged knowing looks and smirks. "Oh yes, some incredible workouts," Slater replied, his mind flashing back to the intense fucking he had experienced over the past three days.

"He certainly has," Coral chimed in, "they've left him drenched and completely drained in the best possible way."

Coral and Lila shared a mischievous giggle as they thought about the hot, sticky residue of cum still lingering within their vaginal walls.

"It's true. You should have seen him today, Frank" Lila continued, leading her husband to believe she was talking about Slater's surfing skills. In reality, she was praising his impressive performance in bed.

"He was riding those pipes like a pro!"

"Oh yeah, just pounding right through them," Coral added with a playful wink.

"He definitely got plenty wet," Lila giggled, unable to contain her amusement at the double entendre.

"Well, he is in the water after all, honey," Frank innocently remarked, unaware of the true meaning behind his wife's words. Little did he know that Slater had been drenched not only by the sea but also by the powerful release of female ejaculate from his wife and sister-inlaw's

pussies.

"Well, I guess it's something he was born to do," Frank commented.

Lila gave him a coy smile, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she

glanced at Slater. "Oh, he's definitely a natural at it," she teased, her tone full of innuendo.

After exchanging their good-byes, Slater and Coral continued their journey along the winding coastal road. As they drove, the sun beat down on them, casting a golden glow over Coral's bare skin. She sat in a way that she knew would drive her son wild - with her legs spread wide open, one lithe foot resting on his shoulder while the other rested confidently on the center console. Her skimpy bikini top barely contained the weighty curves of her breasts, threatening to burst forth at any moment. But it was her short, gauzy skirt that truly

caught Slater's attention, leaving her panty-clad pussy fully exposed to his hungry gaze.

The fabric was a delicate peach color, embroidered with intricate patterns that hugged Coral's pubic mound tightly. It seemed to mold to the contours of her vulva, leaving nothing to the imagination. As she shifted slightly in her seat, Slater couldn't help but stare at her swollen pussy lips peeking through the sheer material. The sight made his cock strain against his shorts, begging for release.

"Damn, if you keep sitting like that," he groaned, "I'm gonna have to

pull this van over and devour that cunt."

Coral grinned mischievously, knowing exactly what effect she was having on him. But for now, she was content to tease and taunt him with her exposed body as they continued their journey down the coast. "Ah, is someone craving the taste of sweet pussy?" she teased.

"Fuck, yes," Slater groaned, his eyes fixated on the soft, damp folds of her pussy. "I'll never get enough of that hot, juicy cunt."

Coral giggled and brought her foot to his mouth, letting him suckle on her toes.

"You're becoming my little pussy addict, aren't you?" she teased.

"Craving the aroma and sweet flavor of your mom's cunt-nectar nonstop."

Slater couldn't help but chuckle at her words, knowing that Coral's statement held the truth. He'd been addicted to the intoxicating smell and flavor of pussy since the first moment he first tried it, and he showed no signs of stopping any time soon.

Coral slipped her toe from his mouth and trailed her foot down his torso, all the way to his cock.

"Mmm, somebody has a delicious hardon," she purred, massaging

his shaft with her foot. "All stiff and ready for a hot, nasty fuck."

Slater groaned and bucked his hips, unable to resist the wicked

pleasure that Coral's touch always provided. "Yes, oh fuck, you have

no idea how much I need your cunt," he panted, yearning for her wet

heat.

"This cunt?" His mom asked, pulling her panty-crotch aside to expose

her damp, aroused pussy lips. "Is this the cunt that you've been

thinking about, baby, the one that you've been craving?"

"Fuck, yes, mom," Slater groaned, his erection throbbing at the sight

of her exposed sex. "That's the one."

Her pussy was a luscious, swollen pink, glistening with her juices.

The smell of her arousal filled the van, a sweet and intoxicating scent

that Slater found utterly irresistible.

"Oh, look at my clit, baby," she teased, parting her labia and peeling

back her fleshy prepuce to reveal the plump, engorged nubbin hidden

beneath. "It's begging for your tongue. Do you wanna lick it? Fuck it

with your tongue? Make me cum all over your cute face?"

Slater couldn't help but moan at the sight of her lewd display and nasty words. As he watched his own mother stroke her pink pearl with her finger, he felt his lust for her soar to new heights.

"Fuck yes, I wanna do all that and more," he growled, almost unable to tear his eyes away from her cunt so he could watch the road.

Coral giggled and looked out at the road ahead. "Pull over at the next rest area," she directed, the pit of her pussy tingling with anticipation.

It seemed like forever before they finally reached the rest area, but when they pulled in, Slater was so eager to have Coral that he barely stopped the van before he was lunging towards her.

Coral laughed and pulled away, not wanting him to get hurt. "Slow down, baby," she chided, wrapping her fingers around his hard shaft and gently massaging it. "We've got all day."

"That's not what it feels like," Slater panted, his eyes locked on the moist slit between her legs. "I need that cunt, mom. I need it now."

"Well, come on then," she giggled mischievously, her hand gripping

his throbbing member as she led him to the secluded back of the van.

They were in a private parking spot, but still pulled the curtain closed

for added secrecy.

"You're gonna have to wait just a little bit more," she teased, turning

away from him and swaying her hips seductively. Her thick, rounded

ass swayed in front of his face, tempting and teasing him even

further. She slowly peeled her lacy panties off, letting the thin fabric

slip from between her buns, revealing the perfect roundness of her

buttocks. As the panties fell to the floor, her cheeks parted slightly,

exposing the delicate pink ring of her asshole and the soft swell of her

outer folds.

Lowered herself down onto the van's bench seat, Coral spread her

legs wide so that her pussy was completely exposed, like an exotic

pink flower in full bloom.

Slater's eyes widened as he saw her glistening wetness, his mom's

juices dripping from her coral-colored slit.

"Mmm, I can almost taste it," he groaned, his arousal reaching new

heights.

"Then come here and do it," Coral invited, her tone playful. "Devour my cunt, you horny little surfer boy."

Slater didn't hesitate. He crawled between his mom's widely spread legs, his eyes fixed on her slick, swollen pussy. He leaned forward, his tongue extending to lap up her sweet juices. His mom's intoxicating scent flooded his senses, driving him wild with desire. Coral moaned softly as Slater slid his tongue deeper into her folds, exploring every inch of her aroused pussy. She placed her hands gently on the back of his head, guiding him as she thrust her hips up against his face. He licked and sucked eagerly, his tongue darting across her clit in a rhythmic motion that she loved.

"Oh, yes, baby, just like that," Coral purred, her eyes staring down through gaping tit-cleavage, watching her boy as he devoured her cunt.

Slater's tongue danced and flicked, teasing her clit and swirling around her juicy folds. He couldn't get enough of the taste of her pussy, savoring every drop of her sweet nectar. His fingers gently massaged her ass, pulling her closer to him, eager for a deeper connection.

As Slater continued to pleasure his mom, Coral's breathing grew

heavier, her moans becoming more urgent. Her hips bucked against his face, her pelvis rising and falling in time with his tongue. She could feel her orgasm building, the waves of pleasure crashing over her like a stormy sea.

"Oh, Slater, I'm so close," she breathed, her voice trembling with desire. "Keep going, baby, make me cum."

Slater redoubled his efforts, his tongue probing deeper, his fingers digging into her flesh. He felt her body tremble as she reached the peak of her climax, her pussy muscles tightening around his tongue.

"Yesss, fuck yes!" Coral screamed, her orgasm washing over her in waves of pleasure. "That's it, baby, make me fucking gush!"

Gush she did; squirting hot girl-cum on her cute teen's face and into his mouth. Slater didn't stop until Coral's body went limp, her orgasm

spent. He gently lifted his head, his face and chin covered in her juices.

"Did you enjoy that, mom?" he asked, a hint of pride in his voice.

Coral laughed and pulled him up on top of her, passionately kissing him. "You bet your young, sweet ass I did," she said, the scent of her

arousal still heavy in the air around them. "Now, let's get you into that

hot, juicy cunt."

With that, she reached down and guided his erection to her entrance,

slipping his bell-tip between her swollen lips. Slater groaned as he felt

the warmth of her pussy surround his cock, the slippery friction

causing a new wave of pleasure to rushing through him.

"Fuck, yes," he panted, thrusting his hips forward, wanting to feel

every inch of her tight sheath around his massive appendage.

Coral wrapped her strong, smooth mommy-legs around him, pulling

him deeper inside her, her nails digging into his back. She squeezed

him tightly, her pussy-muscles clenching and releasing, driving him

wild with desire.

"Harder, baby, fuck me harder," she moaned, her eyes boring into

his, her lips red and swollen from their passionate kissing.

Slater obliged, pumping his hips faster, his cock thrusting in and out

of his mom's tight, skilled pussy. The sound of their bodies slapping

together filled the van, the scent of their mingled sweat and sex

growing more intense with each thrust.

"Oh, yes, baby, that's it," Coral panted, her giant, stiff-nippled breasts

bouncing with each movement. "Give it to me, give me all of your

fucking meat."

Slater reached down and grasped her fatty ass-cheeks so he could

drive his entire cock into the dreamy depths of her pit of pleasure.

He pounded her with everything he had, each thrust more powerful

than the last. Coral's screams filled the van, punctuated by the wet

slapping sound of his penis disappearing into her wet, pink cave. Her

nails dug into his back, leaving small trails of pain and pleasure that

only fueled their passion.

As the waves of pleasure washed over them, Coral could feel her

body preparing for a second orgasm. Her pussy tightened around

Slater's cock, milking him with each thrust, and her clit swelled,

begging for more attention.

"Goddamn, mom, you feel so good," Slater groaned, his hips working

overtime to provide her with the pleasure she craved.

Coral reached down to cup her clit, rubbing it in circles, synced with

Slater's thrusts. She could feel her orgasm building, a fire in her loins

that burned brighter with each passing second.

"Yes, yes, yes," she chanted, her voice growing hoarser with each cry. "You're gonna make me cum again, baby."

Slater could feel it too. The scent of her arousal, the sound of her moans, it was all driving him fucking crazy.

"Shit, mom, I'm gonna cum!" Slater yelled, his orgasm rapidly approaching.

Coral smiled knowingly as she responded with a lustful whisper. "Cum deep inside me, Slater. Fill my pussy up with that hot, sticky jizz."

Hearing her words only served to push Slater over the edge. His cock twitched and throbbed as he unloaded his potent seed into Coral's womb. He grunted and moaned with each spurt, feeling the warmth of his release filling her up.

"Yes, fuck me, baby," Coral cooed, her pussy clenching around Slater's cock as she felt his cum flow into her. "Take pleasure in your mother's pussy."

Slater continued to piston his hips, enjoying the feeling of his mom's tight cunt milking his cock dry. The two of them moved in perfect harmony, their bodies writhing and sweating as they continued to

fuck. Slater's cock remained hard, and Coral's pussy remained wet,

eager for more.

The van rocked and rattled with the force of their passion, but neither

of them paid it any mind. They were lost in the moment, bound by the

raw intensity of their lust.

As they continued to fuck, Coral reached down and grabbed Slater's

ass, pulling him deeper into her. She could feel his cock swelling

inside her, ready to unleash another torrent of cum.

"Again, baby," Coral moaned, her eyes locked on Slater's. "Fill me up

with more."

Slater's face twisted into a mixture of pain and pleasure as he

prepared to cum a second time. His teeth clenched together as he

thrust his hips forward, driving his cock as deep into her pussy as he

could, as if he was trying to bore a hole through her body and straight

into the womb that once held him.

"Shit, yes!" Coral screamed, her nails digging into Slater's back as

she felt his cock pulsating inside her. "Cum inside me, baby, make

me pregnant with your seed!"

Slater couldn't hold back any longer. With a grunt, he let go of all his inhibitions and allowed himself to be consumed by the raw, animalistic pleasure of fucking his mom. His cock twitched and jerked inside her, releasing another volley of his own personal brand of white-hot semen.

"Oh, fuck!" Coral bellowed, her body convulsing with orgasmic shudders. "I can feel it, Slater! I can feel your cum filling me up!"

The sweaty teen collapsed onto Coral's heaving chest, his cock still embedded in her pussy. He lay there, panting heavily, his heart pounding in his chest as he tried to regain his breath. He looked up into the eyes of his mother, her face flushed and wet with sweat, and couldn't help but think that this was the most beautiful, most intense moment of his life.

In a nearby car, a boy named Jimmy shifted uncomfortably as he watched a stunning brunette emerge from the women's restroom and head back towards their vehicle. It was his mom; her long, dark hair cascaded down her back in loose waves, drawing attention to her curvaceous figure. Her bikini top strained against her gigantic tits,

causing Jim's body to react with an intense ache, his cock throbbing in his underwear. She flashed him a sweet smile, full of warmth and love, before slipping into the passenger seat next to his father.

Jimmy couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have those magnificent breasts bouncing against his face as he plunged deep inside her tight heat. The thought alone made his cock throb with need. But he knew it was just a fantasy - a forbidden taboo desire that he could never act upon.

As the car backed up, Jimmy caught a glimpse of something that gave him hope. In the van next to them, Slater had forgotten to close the back curtain and Jimmy could see him and Coral, clearly a mother and son, locked in a passionate doggy-style fuck, their bodies slick with sweat.

His embarrassment turned to excitement as Slater waved at the boy before quickly closing the curtain. Jimmy looked up at his own mom with renewed hope, knowing that maybe, just maybe, his fantasy was possible after all.

"Have I mentioned that I love it when you fuck me?" Coral panted,

gazing back at Slater as he pounded his cock into her from behind.

"I could fuck you all day, mom" Slater moaned, his hands gripping her

hips as he drove deep inside her. "You're so tight, so wet, it feels like

you were made for me."

Coral groaned, her fingers digging into the seat as she met each of

his thrusts, her titties swinging wildly and her butt-meat rippling each

time it met her son's chisled midsection.

Inside her cock-stuffed pussy, Slater's 10-inch rod was like a raging

beast, its thick veiny shaft pulsating with each thrust, delivering

powerful waves of pleasure deep into her most sensitive spots.

Coral could feel her orgasm building, the waves of pleasure surging

up like a tsunami about to crash against the shore. Her pussy

tightened around Slater's cock, the walls of her love-canal milking him

as if it was her job to make him cum. Slater felt it as well, the heat

and the wetness surrounding his cock, pulsating in time with his

thrusts.

"Fuck, mom, you're going to make me cum again," Slater groaned,

his hips working harder to provide the pleasure she craved.

Coral couldn't resist anymore. She reached down and began rubbing

her clit in circles, the sensation of her own touch intensifying the

building orgasm. "Cum deep inside me, Slater. Fill my pussy with that

hot, sticky jizz," she moaned, her body trembling with pleasure, juices

erupting from her slit and trickling off of Slater's swinging scrotum.

Hearing her words was like a fire ignited deep inside the adrenalinefilled

teen. The feel of his mom's pussy pulsating around his cock, the

sight of her rippling ass-cheeks, the sound of her moans, it was all

driving him into a frenzy. He gritted his teeth, feeling the pressure

building up in his balls, ready to release his load deep inside her.

"Shit, mom, I'm gonna cum!" Slater yelled, his orgasm rapidly

approaching.

"Cum deep inside me, fill me up, baby!" Coral cried, her body begging

for his hot jizz.

Slater could feel it now, the semen building up at the base of his

cock, the pressure almost unbearable. He thrust his hips harder,

deeper, wanting to give his mom the best orgasm she'd ever had.

"Cumming!" he yelled, his cock twitching and throbbing as he

unloaded his potent seed into Coral's womb. He grunted and moaned

with each spurt, feeling the warmth of his release filling her up.

Coral felt the first jet of cum hit her cervix, sending shockwaves of

pleasure through her body. Each spurt seemed to push her closer to

the edge again, her pussy clenching around Slater's cock as she felt

his cum flow into her.

"Fill me up, baby, I want to feel it all," Coral moaned, her eyes locked

on Slater's as another orgasm surged through her sexy body.

Slater's cock continue to twitch and throb, emptying his load deep

into his mom's fertile pussy. Her moans of pleasure echoed in the

van, mingling with his own grunts of satisfaction. The intensity of their

orgasms seemed to go on and on, as if time itself had come to a

standstill.

When Slater finally collapsed on top of Coral, his cock still buried

inside her, he felt a sense of calm wash over him. There was

something indescribably wonderful about being with his mom, albeit

in such a taboo way. For the first time in his life, he felt truly alive, as

if he had found the missing piece of the puzzle that had been eluding

him all these years. He knew he'd be hard pressed to find another girl

that was skilled at fucking as his own mother was.

As they finished dressing and prepared to continue their journey, the

sudden sound of two fists pounding against the hood jolted them.

"There you are, you little weasel!" Rusty's snarling voice echoed

outside the car. His gang of troublemakers surrounded them, some

menacingly brandishing bats. "Get out of the van. You and I have

unfinished business!"

"Should I run him over?" Slater joked to his mom.

"No, but I'm not gonna let these bullies keep threatening us," his

mother said sternly. She reached over and gave his hand a

reassuring squeeze. "We'll face these punks together."

Slater and Coral exited the van, their faces set in determination. They

stood side by side, ready to face whatever challenge Rusty and his

gang had in store. Coral took a deep breath and squared up to him.

"What seems to be the problem?" she asked, her voice icy.

"The problem is your son's a pussy," Rusty sneered, his eyes locked onto Coral. "And you're a weak, whore-mother who let your boy become a bitch."

Coral couldn't help but notice the way the men leered at her, their eyes lingering on her big, nearly-exposed tits rather than the impending fight. She knew she had to use her charms as a bargaining chip. "You gentlemen seem much wiser than this brute here," she purred, batting her long lashes and swaying her chest enticingly. "If I were to give you a look at my tits, would you agree not to harm my son?"

The four others in the group exchanged glances, their grins widening.

With a collective nod and lowering of their bats, they made a deal that left Rusty seething with anger.

"Are you fucking serious?!" Rusty screamed, his face twisted in fury as he glared at his once loyal posse."Forget it. I'll kick his ass myself."

With a roar of rage, Rusty charged towards Slater, his muscles taunt

and ready to strike. But Slater was quick on his feet and easily

dodged the swing of Rusty's fist, countering with one of his own that

landed squarely on Rusty's non-blackened eye.

"There, now that black eye will match the other one," Slater said with

a smug smirk as Rusty stumbled backwards and toppled to the

ground.

He got up, his vision blurred from the pain, and stumbled towards his

truck. He shot a scowl at his once faithful squad, disappointment and

anger burning in his eyes. "You guys are a bunch of assholes," he

spat out, "and you can walk home!"

Coral watched the scene unfold with a mixture of amusement and

pity. She had seen this kind of macho display before and knew the

outcome would only end in bruised egos and broken relationships.

"Well, we'll take you boys where you need to go," she offered calmly,

untying her bikini string and planning to fulfill her promise once they

were inside. "Pile in."

The four men quickly complied, their expressions sheepish as they

realized their foolishness.

As they continued on their adventure, Coral and Slater reveled in the thrill of surfing and fucking. Every moment was precious to them, knowing that soon they would have to return to the monotonous grind of daily life. They even found a way to combine their two passions, making love on Slater's surfboard as it bobbed gently in the water. The rhythmic motion of the waves beneath them added an extra layer of sensation, intensifying their connection and building towards a mutual climax that would be etched in their memories forever. As they lay together, spent and content, the world around them seemed to glow with the magic of their union.

"Are you sure we can't keep doing this when we get back home?" Slater asked, knowing he'd miss it.

Coral smiled, knowing she'd miss his cock just as much. "No, I told you, we can't do it at home, baby. And by home I mean 'the house,' of course," she grinned. "Your welcome to keep fucking me in your van, on the beach or whatever other naughty place you can think of."

She winked playfully, her eyes gleaming with desire.

Slater grinned back, feeling a rush of adrenaline as he thought about all the creative places they could fuck each other.

THE END

157: Robo-Mom_1

"Robo-Mom" by klrxo

Chapter one - Toy Shopping

Amanda's son Chad had just turned eighteen, so part of her didn't think buying him a sex toy was completely inappropriate. Of course her husband would share a different opinion. Jake was more of a boring prude when it came to those types of things. Even so, the mother knew her son was more liberal when it came to sexuality, like she was. She also knew that masturbation was a regular part of his daily routine, since he had no girlfriend. This would make a sex toy the perfect graduation gift.

It was the year 2063 and mother's fashions had changed considerably. If you were a boy who had a thing for mom, it was a great time to be alive.

Chad paused before leaving the house, checking out his Mom as she completed her exercise routine. Robotic assistants were a common item in a household, making physical work, such as cleaning and cooking, optional for mothers. This made daily exercise imperative in order for a woman, especially a stay-at-home mother, to remain in peak physical shape.

Amanda's workout attire consisted of a thin breathable body-suit, that fit her like a second skin. The fact that it was the same color of her tan complexion made it even more exciting for her son to behold. He almost felt like he was watching her workout completely naked. Her thick ass and large meaty tits jiggled with her every

move. Amanda's boobs were capped with thick rubbery nipples and areola. The suit was so snug that Chad could see the mouth-watering papilla protruding through the thin fabric. The site of it never failed to make his cock harden.

"Do you need assistance?" The voice startled the boy, making him spin around.

It was their home assistant robot, Al. The all-white human-like face of the assistant had a fixed smile, that always gave the boy the creeps. "No, I'm good. You gotta stop sneaking up on people like that though. You scared the shit out of me!"

"I understand," Al said, "would you like me to take your pants and clean the shit from them?" Chad giggled. "It was an expression. You can go about your work," he said.

"Thank you!" Al said, then walked away. It's movements were amazingly fluid and lifelike. "Chad, is that you?" he heard his mother asked..

The boy peeked his head around the corner. His eyes couldn't help but glance down at her jutting tits and the way they wobbled heavily as she wiped her sweaty face off with a towel. "I'm just heading to school," he muttered.

"I have an appointment at the clinic this afternoon. Al will have dinner ready at the regular time."

"I thought you were done at the clinic?"

Amanda watched her son's gaze travel from her tits to her crotch. She was fully aware of how revealing her workout attire was. How the fabric was moulded around her succulent snatch. Indeed, her boy's eyes were fixed on the base of her crotch, staring at the puffy outer folds of her motherly pubis and the furrow of her cunt-slit.

"No, your father and I have the sperm picked out for my pregnancy, but the doctors have some more tweaking to do to make it perfect before it's implanted."

"Great! So I'll have a little brother that's better than me at everything," Chad said, making his mother giggle.

"No amount of sperm manipulation could ever make a son as special as you," Amanda said with a cute wink.

"Wait, I thought you and dad were gonna try to have a kid the natural way?"

Amanda frowned. "Yes, well, I would prefer that, but the 'natural way' doesn't always work with men your father's age," she explained.

"Oh, I see," Chad said, thinking about how wonderful it would be to impregnate his mother with his seed. To see her belly grow and her tits balloon even larger as they swelled with milk.

"Speaking of your father, he took a Starship to Tokyo today on business, but he'll be back before dinner," Chad's mother said. "Have you given any thought to your gift? You are aware that graduation is only three days away?"

"I know and to be honest, I haven't really thought about it much," her son confessed. "Well, I HAVE, and I think I've figured out the perfect gift idea for you."

"What?" the boy asked.

"Nice try sneaky-pants! she said. "Don't worry, I think you'll be 'pleasantly' surprised! Have a great day at school," she said, turning and sashaying away.

Chad loved his Mom's large tits, but running a close second was her ass. Seeing her buns in her thin bodysuit was the next best thing to seeing them naked, although he hadn't been lucky enough to see her in the nude just yet.

"Awesome!" he muttered to himself, watching the meaty half-moons of her buttocks undulate almost teasingly.

Amanda could almost feel her son's eyes on her swaying ass..When she turned the corner, she quickly glanced back, confirming her suspicions..

An hour later, Amanda and her sister Nancy slipped inside a sleek, modern vehicle and the doors closed automatically. "Hello! Destination please!" a woman's voice said.

"Ivy's Doll shop," Amanda said. "Setting a course for Ivy's doll shop."

The sister's outfits looked like skimpy teddies, but this was the fashion craze of moms across the country. Of course the large-chested mothers like Amanda and Nancy drew the most attention, especially from young men.

As the car started off, Nancy fed her sister a quirky smile. "I can't believe you talked me into going sex toy shopping for my nephew," she said.

"It'll be fun! Who knows, maybe you'll even find something for you," Amanda said.

"I don't need a toy. Matt does just fine in the bedroom. YOU'RE the one who should be shopping for a fuck-toy. Has Jake even fucked you this week?"

"He's been flying the past three days. I know how exhausting that can be. We had neurol-sex a few times while he was away," Amanda said. Despite trying to justify her lack of action in the bedroom, the

hot mother secretly wished her husband could and would have sex with her daily. It was the subject of numerous marital disputes, so her husband knew full-well that it frustrated her tremendously.

"Neurol-sex, really?! My God, Amanda, that's so....two-thousand forties! Sex in your head is not the same and you know it. No offence, sis, but your husband's a wimp in the bedroom. He can't even get you pregnant naturally, like a real man can."

Amanda glanced out the window, frustrated and embarrassed. She could defend him until she was blue in the face, but her sister was right, Jake's bedroom skills were dwindling. Sure he always got erections, but only because of modern advances in erectile disfunction drugs.

When it came to having an orgasm, she was a hard nut to crack and Jake would usually cum well before she was even beginning to rise towards that golden peak.

It was all frustrating, especially to a woman who could fuck five times a day and still want more. "He's a hard worker and he adores me to death, even after twenty years. Sex isn't everything," Amanda said, trying to sound sure of herself.

Her sister smiled and looked out the window. "Uh-huh," she muttered. "The Amanda I knew ten years ago would never have said that!"

It was true. Sex with her husband was a daily thing ten years ago, sometimes more than once a day..Then Jake's libido deflated, while Amanda's was blossoming. When she made statements like "sex isn't everything," she was just fooling herself.

They arrived at an old industrial part of town and got out of the vehicle. "This area's creepy! Are you sure this is a good idea?" Nancy asked.

"Let's just...give it a chance."

Along with their skimpy day-dresses, their feet were propped in heels that were so high they looked like they were walking on the tips of their pretty painted toes. went inside the old building and down a stairway. "You're gonna get us raped, I just know it!" Nancy said worriedly, glancing around.

"Would you just relax?"

They entered the store, which seemed more like a large manufacturing space, with a few rows of product. They made their way down one aisle, which was lined with display models of various sexual gadgets. "Good grief, look at all these goodies!"

"These look like female toys. I wonder if they have a male section?" Amanda said.

Nancy stopped at a life-like male robot laying on a shelf. It had only stubs for legs, but had an incredible realistic hardon that was probably a foot long. The pretty woman curious clicked a remote. The robot immediately looked over at her. "Hi, I'm Louis, wanna take a ride?" it asked.

She awkwardly held her wedding ring up for him to see. "Sorry, happily married." "That's ok, most women that purchase my model are happily married."

"So I'm guessing you're like a sex robot or something? Where are your legs?" "I don't need legs. All the work I do is on my back," Louis said..

"Work, huh?"

"Yes, I fuck at various speeds. Would you like me to show you a couple?" It asked her. Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "Sure," she muttered curiously.

Louis's automated hips suddenly set in motion, jerking fluidly up and down. Nancy watched his hardon thrust through the air right in front of her, the skin of the cock stretching, so human- like she could hardly believe it. The robot's hips suddenly stopped mid-air, then pumped

around for a few seconds like a jackhammer.

Nancy's eyes widened. "Ohh!" she muttered.

Louis dropped his hips, then thrust again, stopping mid-air, just as he had done before, then went into jackhammer mode. The middle-aged mother watched in fascination. It was definitely a move her husband, or any human for that matter, could ever make. Nancy felt her cunt clench, imagining what it feel like to have Louis's foot-long prick pounding through her. "Amanda, you gotta see this," she said.

"Nancy, the male dolls are over here," her sister answered back.

The frazzled sister pointed at the robot, watching it's muscled cock flex and vibrate. "Mister, I will definitely be back later to talk to you!"

She joined Amanda at the next aisle. Several sex robots stood side by side.. They looked remarkably like real women, dressed in sexy attire.

"Well, we know Chad likes big boobs," Nancy said. "Look at the cannons on the blonde." "She's pretty, but I'm not too sure Chad's into blondes."

"What about a redhead? This one look sultry!"

"She's too fair-skinned," Amanda pointed out. "Judging by the number of bikini posters Chad has in his room, I'd say he definitely prefers tanned skin."

"Looking for something specific?" An older gentleman in a wheelchair asked, rolling over near them. He was an eccentric-looking fellow, with round spectacles and a white goatee.

"Yes, um, I was thinking of purchasing a doll, for my son's graduation gift," Amanda said. "Well, we have lots of Robo-dolls for sale. My name's Ivy."

"Hi, I'm Amanda, this is my sister Nancy. These dolls are beautiful," the mother said. "Which one is your most popular?"

"Well they all sell pretty well. Men have different tastes."

"Are they fully automated, like the home assistant models?" Amanda asked.

"Yes, but much more advanced in physical ability. They're what you'd call pleasure-models." "So they um, do everything...sexually?" Nancy asked curiously.

"They do! Vaginal, oral, anal. They even give unbelievable handjobs!" Ivy said candidly. "So what's the price tag on something like this?" Amanda asked.

"These models, you're looking at about five grand. Our custom Sex-Robots can run you up to

ten thousand, depending on the upgrades." "Custom Robots?" Amanda asked.

"Yes, ma'am, most of the work we do here is custom," Ivy said, "come on back, I'll show you."

He led them back to a manufacturing area, with a lot of computers and heavy machinery. They saw the life-sized hologram of a beautiful middle-aged woman, right in front of them. "This is Susan, a customer who's having a custom robot made for her husband.

He'll soon to be working overseas for six months, so she had a doll made for him to take with him," Ivy explained, then removed a white covering from an object beside him..

The women's mouths fell open. "Oh my God!" Nancy said.

Ivy had uncovered a doll that looked exactly like Susan, the woman in the hologram. The doll was naked with large life-like tits jutting out as she stood with perfect posture.

"That can't be a sex robot!" Amanda said in awe.

"That IS a sex robot, completely customized. I just finished work on the mouth. Step up and take a look."

The women came up close to the doll, flabbergasted at how incredibly life-like she looked.. "Susan, perform an oral demonstration," Ivy said.

The doll suddenly came to life, it's beautiful brown eyes staring straight ahead. "Performing oral demonstrations," it said in a pretty voice. The mouth opened and the robot's long thick tongue extended from it's mouth, then began fluttering around wildly.

"I bet your tongue can't do that!" Nancy said to her sister. Amanda fed her a sly smile. "Maybe it can!"

"Yeah, right."

"If you wanna feel how life-like the tongue is, stick your finger up there and let her lick on it," Ivy said.

"Um, no, that's quite alright," Nancy scowled, giving him a slightly creeped-out look.

"Oh, don't be stupid. It's just a doll. I'll do it," Amanda said, putting her index finger against Susan's tongue. "Oh my God, it feels so

real!" she exclaimed. "It's even wet."

She moved her hand and the doll followed, fluttering her tongue around Amanda's finger wildly.

"We've spent a decade perfecting these robots . They are in exact likeness to the person they're modeled after, right down to the ridges along the tube of the vagina. Which, by the way,

secrete lubrication for intercourse, just like a real vagina would. There are fluid compartments along her back. You just have to make sure they're topped off once in awhile."" Ivy said.

Amanda giggled. "Top off the fluid compartments. I'm starting to feel like I'm shopping for a vehicle."

"Well, actually you are in a way. These dolls are like sexual vehicles and they'll perform in ways you won't believe," the old man said..

"Well, if the way the tongue was performing is any indication, I'd say that being on the receiving end of one of these would be a pretty intense experience for a young guy."

"You can monitor the doll's activity by a mobile tracking system. Things like what position she uses the most, duration of intercourse, number of orgasms.."

"Orgasms?! Amanda and Nancy said in unison, looking at Ivy curiously.

"Oh yes, these dolls are designed to simulate the female orgasm. They're programed to perform in over one-hundred different sexual positions."

"Jesus, I didn't even know there were a hundred different positions!" Nancy confessed.. "Like I said before, we're in the business of creating as life-like as possible," Ivy said.

"Life-like?! Sounds more like you're creating supernatural sex Goddess's to me," Nancy said.

"Speaking of life-like, look at the way her boobs are moving. Exactly like a real woman's do," Amanda said.

"We use what we call layers of synthetic fat, in the breasts, in the ass, all across the body actually, to mimic the actions and the feel of a real woman's flesh," Ivy explained.

"Amazing!" Both women said at the same time..

"So, if I wanted a custom doll made, like this one, what exactly would that process entail?" Amanda asked.

"Well, first and foremost, we would need someone for us to model the doll after."

The sisters looked at each other, both thinking the same thing.. It seemed like weekly they were discussing Chad's fascination with Amanda. They simply couldn't deny the boy's attraction to his mother.

Nancy got a big smile. "Do it!" she said.

"Nancy, I can't. If I come home with a sex doll for Chad that looks like me, Jake will freak the fuck out!"

"Who cares? He has no right to freak out. It's just a doll."

"Yeah, a doll that looks exactly like his wife...for his son to have sex with. You honestly think he's gonna be ok with that?" Amanda asked.

"Then don't show him!"

"Don't show him?! Seriously?! That's like hiding a human person in our house and having him never find out about it, not to mention

the big hole in our bank account from me having paid for this thing."

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "Then don't do it. Just buy him one of those floor models. He's a young guy. He'll think any one of them are sexy."

"No..." Amanda said, the wheels in her head turning. "No what?

"No, I'm not purchasing one of those skanky-looking floor models." "Ok, then, what ARE you doing?" her sister asked.

"I'll deal with the backlash from Jake. The most important thing is that I'm giving Chad the doll that I know he'd really want...and the one he'd get the most pleasure from."

"Sounds like the wise choice to me!" Ivy said.

Amanda gave the old man a determined look. "So it's decided then. What do you need from me?"

Ivy turned his wheelchair. "Right this way!" he said.

"Wait!" Nancy said, making Ivy turn back around. "Mr. Stub legs on aisle one. The one with the big dong..." she said..

"Oh, you mean Louis?" Ivy asked.

"Yeah, that's the one. How much much more to throw him in on the deal?" "Nancy!" Amanda said with stern glare..

"What? I'm just curious."

"Tell you what, if you get all the upgrades on the custom doll, I'll throw him in for free." Nancy looked at her sister pleadingly.

"What happened to Matt doing fine in the bedroom?" Amanda asked, with an amused smile.

"For those times when Matt's working," Nancy said. "A daytime companion." "You honestly think he's gonna be ok with that?"

"No, so I guess we'll both have husbands who are upset," Nancy said, shrugging her shoulders carelessly. "They'll get over it."

Ivy smiled. "Alright then, shall we get to work?"

Robo-Mom

Chapter 2: Robo-Mom's design and production By Klrxo

"Ready when you are," Ivy said, sitting behind a control panel.

Amanda stepped out from behind a partition, with only a white towel draped around her sexy body.

The old doll-maker immediately spotted Amanda's necklace."Sorry, I forgot to mention the jewelry. It'll need to be removed also."

"Oh, um, no problem," the mother responded, removing her necklace, earrings and wedding ring and setting them aside.

Ivy always seemed a bit timid when it was time for a client to get naked, especially when it was one as beautiful as Amanda. "Excellent! Now, if you just wanna remove the covering, and step up onto the scan platform, we'll get started."

Amanda unfastened the towel, revealing her voluptuous naked body. Her 38 G cup tits shimmied on her chest as she stepped up onto the metal platform on bare feet.

Ivy struggled to act as a profession, tearing his eyes away from her extraordinary breasts, and making a few adjustments on his control screen. "Alright, um, we're just about ready here. For all the scans, you'll be keeping your hands at your sides, in a natural stance."

"Will I feel anything?" the nervous mother asked.

"It's a Laser, so you won't feel a thing. Just make sure you remain completely still during the scan."

Nancy fed her sister an exaggerated look, as she stood nearby observing. "Or the laser will liquefy your insides!" she joked.

Amanda spit her tongue at her. "It will not! Shush!!" she said back.

"Ok, starting the first scan now!" Ivy said. "Remember to be completely still."

A thin pink beam of light slowly drifted up Amanda's body, from her toes to the top of her head. "Ok, now one of your backside, so if you could just turn completely around," Ivy directed her.

The busty mother did as he instructed, turning around on the platform, so Ivy and Nancy now had a view of her thick luscious buttocks. It was the most extraordinary ass the doll maker

had ever seen, and he had seen many. For just a moment, his eyes remained transfixed, until Nancy cleared her throat, and snapped him from his trance.

"Ok, um, proceeding with the second scan," he said.

Again the thin pink beam of light traveled up the beautiful mother's body. "Now we'll need one from the side," Ivy said.

Amanda turned so they could see her in side profile. Her big breasts sloped down wonderfully, capped with wide puffy areola, and thick protuberant nipples. From the side, her ass looked like a perfect half-moon of unblemished flesh.

"Third scan proceeding. Remain perfectly still please," Ivy instructed. "What do these scans do exactly?" Nancy asked curiously.

"They provide me with the perfect digital curvature of the model's body. That way, I know exactly how to form the synthetic muscular and fatty tissue over the metal endoskeleton, and robotic hardware, before I apply the sleeve."

"The sleeve?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, I'm sorry, that's what I call the outer layer of skin. Once completed, the robot's physical shape will be in the EXACT likeness of Amanda, right down to the tiniest detail," Ivy explained.

"Is it ok if I move now?" Amanda asked, still frozen in place.

"Oh, yes, sorry. The scanning is all complete. We just have one more procedure, and I'll have all the data I need to complete the physical form of the robot."

"Another scan?" Amanda asked.

"No, I'm afraid this one's a lot less technically advanced, and a bit more intrusive," Ivy said, his face already turning a shade of red. "My equipment is perfect for achieving accurate EXTERNAL body data, but internal precision can only be achieved the old-fashioned way, by a the use of a mold."

"A mold? What does that mean exactly?" Amanda asked.

"Well, I do have what I call 'stock' vagina and anal parts, that we could equip the robot with, but if you indeed want the machine to be a true replica of yourself, then I'll need to apply a mold...to your vagina and your anus, so we can replicate their exact form."

Amanda's mouth fell open. "Ohh!" she muttered, "I see."

Nancy just giggled. "In other words, Chad can get the standard base model pussy, or his mom's platinum cunt and ass, with all the upgrades."

Amanda looked at Ivy with steadfast determination. "Well, if we're doing this, let's do it right," she said. "Let's do the molds."

"Alright then," Ivy said, "if you could just lay down right here on the table. This'll only take a minute."

"I think I'll excuse myself for this part," Nancy said, walking away. "Maybe wander out her and have another chat with my new friend Louis."

Still naked, Amanda climbed onto the stainless steel table, that was only a couple feet off the floor, and sprawled onto her back. Ivy couldn't help but gaze over at the gorgeous mother, as he prepared the molds. There's no denying that Amanda was build like a brick shit house. The way her tit-mounds spread out, and slightly hung off the sides of her chest, made the doll- maker's eyes widen with desire. She was easily the most beautiful model for a Robot doll that he had ever worked with.

"Alright then, um, I can either do this, or you can do it yourself, if you'd feel more comfortable," Ivy said.

Amanda looked at the cylinder-shaped mold in his hand, which looked remarkably like a glossy corn-dog, with Ivy holding the stick portion. "I'll just uh, let you do it, so it's done right," she said.

Ivy was hoping she'd say that. "Ok then, if you could just bring your knees up. Think of this as kind of like a gynecologist exam."

Amanda giggled. "Well, I hate those exams, so I'd probably rather not think of it that way," she said.

Ivy's heart pounded excitedly in his chest as he watched the hot mother splay her thick thighs open, drawing her knees back as he requested. The dome of her clitoral hood protruded from her slighted-slitted outer labium. Amanda's genitals were crown by a tiny patch of neatly trimmed pubic fur.

The doll-maker leaned forward slightly and inserted the mold-stick into her vagina. "Ok, um, just tell me when you feel it hit your cervix," he muttered.

"Alright, um...keep going," she sighed.

Ivy slid it in deeper, until he met some resistance in her vagina. "Ok, there, you're hitting it," she said.

"Alright, now all I need YOU to do is clench your vagina slightly, so the mold can capture every detail of your inner lining."

"Got it," Amanda nodded, then did what was asked of her, flexing her strong pussy-muscles slightly, so her cunt-tube hugged the mold tightly.

"That should do it," Ivy said, pulling the stick out. "If you ever wanted to know what the inside of you lady parts looked like, well there it is," he said, holding it up for the mother to see.

The mold was in the shape of her cunt-tube, with every tiny ridge of her inner-lining showing up in perfect detail. "Fascinating!" she giggled.

"So now it's the same process, with your anus," Ivy said. "Are you still feeling OK with that?"

Amanda nodded. "Yes!" she said without hesitation. She was determined that everything about her son's custom sex doll was going to be in her exact likeness. "As long as it's well lubricated."

"That it is, and the easiest way to do the anal mold is with you on your hands and knees," Ivy said.

Amanda smiled, trying to be as professional as possible about all this. "No problem," she said, then climbed up on all-fours.

Ivy took a quick look at her hanging tits, formulating in his mind just how much synthetic fatty tissue he'd need to use to replicate such enormous melons. He moved around to her backside, and struggled to control his aroused breathing, as he saw Amanda's thick round mommy- buttocks sticking out. Never before had he felt so jealous of a customer, than he did at that moment, for Amanda's son Chad. Once he finished the doll, he knew the boy was in for a real treat.

"Ok, are you ready?" Ivy asked, studying the crinkled ring of her butthole. Amanda nodded cutely. "Ready!" she answered.

Ivy slipped the tip of the mold inside her, watching her anal ring stretch around it. "Unless you're uncomfortable, and tell me to stop, I'm gonna try to fit the whole mold inside you," he warned her.

"Thanks. If it gets too uncomfortable, I'll tell you," the mother answered.

Ivy pushed the mold forward, and it sank into Amanda's ass with relative ease. "Ok, we're all the way in. Now, just like you did with the other one, gently squeeze, so we can capture all the details of your orifice."

Amanda clenched her ass, tightening her sphincter muscles around the cylinder-shaped mold.

"That should do it!" Ivy said, watching her butthole clench closed as he slipped it from her ass. "Just a hair and voice sample, and we'll be all set."

Amanda got her clothes back on, the provided Ivy with the other things he needed. "There's only one other thing we need to consider," the doll maker said.

"What's that?" Amanda asked.

"Come this way, and I'll show you," Ivy said, leading Amanda and Nancy to a different area, where there were a line of human-sized wooden crates."The endoskeleton and hardware for the dolls are made by a larger robotics manufacturer. My specialty is the exterior, and software installation. Go ahead, the crates already open, just slide the lid off," he said to the sisters.

Nancy moved the crate lid aside, revealing a human-sized metal endoskelton. "There she is! Your son's soon-to-be sex-doll," Ivy said.

"It's horrible looking!" Nancy said with a scowl.

"You would be too if we stripped you down to just your skeleton and internal organs," Ivy said. "No I wouldn't. I'd still be beautiful," Nancy joked, fluffing her hair.

"I'll add the other parts, based on the data I retrieved today, but like I said, we have one other thing to consider, and that's her programming," Ivy explained.

Amanda smiled. "Her programming? She's made for sex. Isn't it pretty simple what her programming should be?"

"Yes, but she's also a custom doll, and should be programed based on the owner's likes," Ivy said, then handed Amanda a large envelope. "I know your son's sexual preferences probably aren't something you're too familiar with, but without giving too much away, you should probably try having him answer these questions. Once you have that questionnaire back to me, we can build a program to his liking."

"Got it!" Amanda said, wondering how she would approach her boy with such personal questions. She knew she would also have to break the news to her husband that she was spending a good chunk of money to have custom sex doll manufactured for their son.

Before they left, Nancy fed Ivy a sweet smile. "So um, can we talk about Louis for a minute, and when I might get to take him home," she said, eager to get some private time with her promised new toy.

Jake had just gotten back home from his trip to Tokyo, when his wife Amanda arrived back at the house. He greeted her with a big hug, flowers and some of her favorite sushi he had purchased earlier in the day. "What a crazy trip!" Jake said. "My flight was delayed almost an hour, which pretty much threw the whole day off!"

"I'm sorry, honey, you're probably exhausted," she said sympathetically.

"How was YOUR day?" he asked.

"It was good. I um...I made a purchase, for Chad's graduation gift." "Excellent! What did you end up getting him?" Jake asked.

"Well, we both know Chad doesn't have a girlfriend right now, and he's at the age where sex is kind of a big thing, right?" she asked awkwardly.

"Well, as long as it's done safely. At least that's what we as parents hope for." "Exactly! Which is one of the reasons I decided on this gift," his wife said.

"Ok, well the suspense is killing me! What is it?" Jake asked.

"Well, don't freak out, but...I'm having a custom sex doll made for Chad." "A custom sex doll?

"Yes, a robot, that's made for sex, that way he can cope with those adult urges...um, privately, you know?"

Jake was somewhat open-minded, and trusted his wife's judgement, so it didn't take much for Amanda to sell him on the idea. "Well, robots are the big craze now. You see them everywhere. So why not

in the bedroom too, right," he said. "As long as it's just Chad's bedroom though. I wouldn't be too happy if I was replaced by a Robo-husband," he joked.

His wife hugged and kissed him. "I wouldn't think of it," she said. "I have to go over a questionnaire with Chad tonight, so the doll can be programed based on everything he likes."

"Hm, well that's a scary thought," Jake joked.

Amanda playfully jabbed him in the ribs. "Stop! I really think this'll be a great gift for him, but it's a surprise, so not a word," Amanda said.

"My lips are sealed," her husband promised.

Strange-looking alien creatures floated through Chad's bedroom, in holographic form, as he lay on his bed playing one of the newest high-tech video games.

His bedroom door chimed. "Chad, it's mom, can I come in?" Amanda asked from outside the door.

The boy paused his game and all the creatures froze in mid-air. "Sure, Mom," he answered. Amanda stepped into the room with the questionnaire in hand. She paused, as she came face

to face with one of the ugly alien images hovering there in her son's bedroom. "Yikes! He's a real looker that one! she joked, making her son laugh.

"Well they don't make the aliens appealing, mom, otherwise we players wouldn't wanna kill them so bad," Chad said, watching his beautiful mom sit on the edge of his bed.

"I suppose. Do you mind taking a break from the game, and helping me with something?" "No, I don't mind. What is it you need help

with," he asked.

She had rehearsed her answer a dozen times over the last hour, hoping to explain her purpose, without giving too much away. "Your Aunt Nancy and I are working on a project, but we just need a man's opinion on some things," she said. "Your father's really busy with work stuff, so I thought I'd ask for your help."

"Ok, um, sure," he muttered.

Amanda looked at the questionnaire. "So, the questions are all sexual in nature, but promise me you won't be embarrassed, and that you'll give me your honest personal preference for each answer," she said.

"Ok, I can do that," Chad said, happy to engage in any type of sexual discussion with his hot mom. He noticed she was wearing a shirt with a low cut V-neck, showing off a lot of creamy cleavage.

"Ok, first question... If you had a willing partner, how often would you have sexual intercourse with her, in a day?"

Chad did his best to fight off his timidness. It was cool that his mom was asking him 'adult questions,' so he wanted to give her a true honest answer for each one. He just hoped he wouldn't shock her too bad with his responses. "If I could do it as much as I wanted, in a day?" he asked, repeating her question.

"Yes."

"Probably at least four to five times," he said honestly.

"Four to five times...A DAY?" Amanda asked, her mouth hanging open in disbelief. She'd been getting sex four to five times A WEEK from her husband, and that was only on those weeks where he wasn't traveling like crazy. The idea that a guy would be willing, and

physically able to have sex that many times in one day boggled her mind.

Her son gave her a confused look. "Well, yeah, that was your question, right?" he asked.

"Yes...um, yes it was. I just wanted to make sure I heard you correctly," she said, then wrote down his answer. "Alright, next question... If you had a willing partner, how would you want her to wake you up every morning?"

Chad thought about it for a moment. His mom wanted honesty, so he held nothing back. "I'd want her to suck on me, like a blowjob, you know what I mean?" he said.

Amanda giggled. "Yes, honey, I know what a blowjob is," she said, writing down his answer. "But then I would do her too, you know, to make it fair," he said.

Amanda peered over at him. "Do her too?" she inquired, even though she had a pretty good idea what he meant.

"Yeah, um, give her oral sex. To make make it fair, but also because I like doing that a lot, just being honest," the boy confessed with a bit of a blush.

"Ohh," the mother muttered, staring back at him. Oral was always something she had to ask Jake to do, so to hear her son say that he liked eating a woman's pussy 'a lot' caught her completely off guard.

"Is that a bad thing?" Chad asked, noticing his mom's blank stare.

"No honey, of course not," she said, suddenly embarrassed by her long silence. "Sorry, I was spacing out there for a minute. Ok, question three... If you had to pick a favorite sexual position, what would it be?"

Chad was amazed at how personal these questions were, but it excited him that he was sharing this information with someone who he'd lusted after for years. "Doggy style," he candidly answered.

Amanda fed him a quirky grin, raising an eyebrow. "Really?" she asked. "Yeah, why?"

"Well...I don't know, I guess it seems like doggy is usually a woman's favorite position, not a man's," she said.

"Oh, so are you saying it's YOUR favorite also?" Chad bravely asked.

His mother blushed a little, jotting down his answer on paper. "We're not talking about MY preferences right now, young man," she answered, but then surprised herself by adding, "but if you must know, then yes, doggy IS my favorite position."

Chad's cock hardened at his mom's admission. "Oh, wow...cool," he muttered, picturing his mom's big busted body kneeling on all-fours while getting hammered from behind.

"Moving on to question four... When it comes to 'pubic' hair styles, which do you prefer, a natural bush, a thin triangle, or completely shaved?" Amanda asked.

Chad thought about it for a moment. "Wow, well, they're all sexy, but if I had to choose one, I'd

say shaved. No hair down there at all," he said.

"Um, ok," the mother muttered, writing down his answer. Personally, she had always kept her pubic hair neatly trimmed, either in a triangle, or sexy thin landing strip. For some odd reason though, hearing her son's answer, made her wanna bust out the razer later, and shave her coochie bare.

"Can I ask what YOU prefer?" her son bravely asked, making his mom giggle.

"I told you, these questions aren't about MY preferences, they're about yours," she said. "Ok then, how bout if I ask you 'off the record' which one you prefer?"

She fed him a reluctant smile, but then decided that since her son was being so cooperative with all this, that she would be too. "I keep a neatly trimmed triangle," she answered.

"Oh, cool, me too," Chad confessed, but then realized what it sounded like. "I mean, not in a triangle, but I keep it neatly trimmed."

Amanda smiled at him. "That good, honey. Women like men who are neatly trimmed down there," she said, then moved on to her next question. "When you're in bed with a partner, do you prefer soft sensual sex, or do you like it hard and rough?"

Chad wanted to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming all this. He never imagined being asked such intimate questions by his own hot mother. "Well, I feel there's a time for both, I mean, depending on the mood, right? If I had I to choose one though, I'd pick hard and rough. What about you?"

His mother gave him another stern, but playful look. "This isn't a two-way questionnaire, young man," she said.

"I know, but I was just curious. We never really talk about stuff like this, so it's kinda cool."

"Well, I feel the same way you do actually. There's a time and a place for both, but if I had to pick a favorite, it would be hard and rough. I'm no sweet gentle angel when it comes to sex," the mother admitted. "Now, on with the questions..."

Chad was turned on as hell thinking about the fact that his mom liked rough nasty sex. He could only imagine what it would be like to be engaging her in such a way. He didn't hear his parents going at it very often, and when he did, it didn't seem very 'hard and rough.' This meant that his mom wasn't getting her cunt pounded in her 'preferred method' on many occasions, which seemed sad to him.

Amanda read the next question. "What is the ONE thing a girl can do to you," she said, then looked straight into his eyes as she finished her sentence, "that turns you on the most?"

Chad gave it some thought. Of course there was of long list of kinks he had, but one thing

stood out above all the rest. "I like it when a girl kneels beside me, then leans over, so that her boobs are against me, and licks my neck," he confessed.

"That's interesting," Amanda said, a bit turned on herself at just the though of gentle licks.

Chad noticed how fidgety his mom seemed. It was like she was extremely turned-on, like he was, and couldn't sit still. He glanced at her tits, and noticed that her nipples had hardened beneath her top, so that they protruded out beneath the fabric.

"I mean, I like licks too...alot... but you like a woman ABOVE you while you're getting licked huh?" Amanda asked.

"As long as she has her boobs on me, yes," her son said. "Well, of course," his mom giggled.

Amanda peeked over at the bulge beneath her son's sweatpants. She could tell it was erect, and her eyes lingered a moment, trying to assess just how big it might be. She quickly looked away, reminding herself of how inappropriate it was to be wondering about her son's cock.

Chad decided to ask another gutsy question. "Where do YOU like to be licked?"

His mom looked up into his eyes with a sly smile, carefully formulating an answer in her mind. "Let me just answer that by saying, WHERE DON'T I LIKE TO BE LICKED?" she said with a sexy wink, then looked down at the paper. "A couple more questions for you."

"Ok," Chad muttered, wishing she had a hundred more.

"Do you like a girl that squirts on you, or is that a turn-off?" she asked. "Squirts on me?"

"You don't know what female squirting is?" his mom asked.

"Well, yeah, I've heard of it, but I've never had a girl squirt ON ME, to be honest," Chad admitted.

"Does the idea gross you out at all?" the mother asked, curious to know, since she herself was such a huge squirter, when worked the right way.

"Well, a guy usually squirts his stuff all over the place, and women don't seem bothered by it. So why should it bother guys if women squirt all over them?" he answered.

"Very true!" Amanda giggled, writing "he likes it" as an answer on the questionnaire.

Chad decided to continue his pattern of turning the question around, and posing it to his mother. "Do YOU squirt when you have sex?" he asked.

Amanda giggled like a bashful schoolgirl. "What do you think?" she asked.

"My guess is, you probably do squirt, am I right?"

She looked into his eyes. "If it's done the right way, yes!" "What way is that?" her son asked with excited curiosity..

She raised an eyebrow teasingly. "Well if you have to ask, then maybe you should learn," she said.

Chad laughed. "I'm trying to learn. That's why I asked you," he said.

Amanda stood from the bed, realizing that her questions had led her to a dangerous path that she probably better not go down. "This isn't sex-ed class, young man. Read up on the G-spot," she said, then winked, "and that's all I'm sayin'," she told him, leaning down and giving him a peck on the cheek. "Thanks for your help on our project."

"Anytime!" Chad said.

The mother could feel her boy's eyes on her swaying buttocks as sashayed to his doorway. She paused before leaving, and looked back at him curiously. "Can you really do it four to five times a day, or were you just telling me that to impress me?" she asked..

"Well, if you remember right, I didn't say I could do it four to five times a day," the boy answered.

"Yes you did."

"No, I said I could do it AT LEAST four to five times a day. There's a difference," Chad said. "And.."

"And what?" his mother asked.

"And maybe I was saying it to impress you also," he confessed.

She fed him a teasing smile, unable to stop her eyes from glancing down at his cock-bulge. "Well if it's true, then it worked. You did

impress me," she said, giving him a wink before leaving his room.

Robo-Mom – Chapter 3: Robo-Mom's reveal

A personal sex doll wasn't the kind of gift Amanda wanted to present to her son in front of a bunch of friends and family. She waited to have it delivered late in the day, once his graduation party was over.

Of course her sister Nancy was there. She had been a part of this idea from the beginning and wouldn't miss this big reveal for the world. "Oh my God, I can't wait to see his eyes light up!" Amanda's sister exclaimed, as two delivery guys wheeled a life-sized crate into the living room.

"Chad, your gift's here," his mom called out anxiously.

Chad and his father came in from the kitchen as Amanda thanked the delivery guys as they left. "Holy smokes!" Amanda's son exclaimed. "That's a big box."

"Box? That's no box. It's a crate," Chad's father Jake said, looking over at his wife inquisitively. He knew she'd spent a lot of money on the gift, but was still in the dark about what it was exactly.

"How do I even open it?" Chad asked.

"Oh, hold on," his mother answered, pulling out her personal device. The Robo-Mom application lit up, and she powered on the robot-doll that was inside the crate.

The three of them heard a gentle knock from inside the box. "Knock, knock," a sexy voice said, and Chad's eyes got big as he gave his mom a confused look.

"It looks like the box unlatches here from the side," Jake said, cracking open the crate with just a simple twist of the latch.

The crate door slowly opened and all four of them gasped out loud as the boy's custom Robo-doll stepped out into the living room. "Whoa!" Chad muttered as he found himself staring at an exact replica of his beautiful mother.

Robo-Mom was wearing a dark-blue form-fitting body-con dress, Chad's favorite color. The dress had a halter neckline, showing off an almost obscene amount of the doll's cleavage. Her breasts were the same size as Amanda's, except they were accentuated lusciously in the sexy gown.

The dolls four inch high-heeled mules clicked daintily on the floor as her long smooth legs stepped over

to the ogling teen. "Hi, Chad, I'm your Robo-doll," she said, showing off a smile of perfectly white teeth.

"Hi!" he muttered, then looked back and forth from the doll to his mom. "Good grief, she looks just like you, mom," the boy gasped, mesmerized by how completely lifelike the doll was.

Amanda shared an awkward look with her husband. She could tell he was thinking the same thing, and wasn't too happy about it.

"She's beautiful!" Nancy said, circling Chad and the doll, admiring the flawless workmanship. "Even her feet are the same as yours, Amanda," the sister pointed out, looking down at Robo-doll's sexy feet with red painted toenails arched in her dainty heels.

Amanda shrugged her shoulders as she felt like she was literally staring at her twin. "I'm speechless,"

she said.

"Amanda, can we um, talk for just a minute," her husband said, stepping into the kitchen.

Amanda looked at her sister and rolled her eyes. She expect this reaction from her husband and knew she was in for an earful.

"Look, I understand the whole 'personal doll' thing, but she looks just like you. Don't you think that's extremely weird?" Jake said, once they were alone in the kitchen.

The last thing Amanda wanted to do was explain how their son's eyes were constantly lusting after her, so she had prepared herself for this very conversation, since she knew her husband would raise a stink. "I wanted a custom doll made, and not one that looked like a freaking bimbo either. The doll-maker needed to model it after someone, and it was just Nancy and I there, so I volunteered."

"But, Amanda, you're his mother. Just because boys are allowed to have sex with their mothers in this day and age, doesn't make it right, and it doesn't make a boy having pleasure-doll that look just like his mother right either," Jake explained.

Amanda knew she had to be careful how much she defended the idea. "Ok, maybe it wasn't the best decision, but the doll's done, she's here. There's a no return policy unless she malfunctions, so there's not much I can do at this point," she said.

Jake sighed in frustration. "Great, so what you're telling me is I have to accept the fact that Chad will be having sex with a doll that looks exactly like my wife," he muttered, as more of a statement than a question.

"Yes, I'm sorry," Amanda muttered, even though she really wasn't. She knew that given how badly her son wanted to have sex with her, a Robo-doll look-a-like was the perfect gift for her teen. Inwardly, she stood by her decision.

In the next room over, Chad smiled at his new toy, as she gazed him in the eyes longingly. "Would you like to hear some of my special functions?" Robo-Mom asked. "I'm a customized doll you know,

which means I'm programmed and designed to provide you the ultimate sexual pleasure."

Chad gulped excitedly. It was a surreal moment. Even though it wasn't his mom, the fact that his new doll looked exactly like her, and she was talking about giving him 'sexual pleasure' made him become incredibly aroused.

Nancy fed her nephew a quirky smile. "I'm gonna go now I think and let you two talk," she said, the gave

Chad a quick kiss on the cheek. "Enjoy your new toy," she giggled, the sashayed away.

Robo-Mom was still staring at Chad. He seemed to be her entire focus. "Do you like to fuck doggy-style, Chad? I can perfectly engage in over two-hundred sexual positions."

"Wow! I didn't even know there were two-hundred sexual positions," Chad giggled, his heart doing somersaults in his chest. "And yes, I do like doggy-style," he added.

"Oh that's wonderful!" the beautiful Robot said, with that warm motherly smile that Chad had grown up

with. "Would you like to show me your room and we can engage in doggy-style intercourse?" she asked.

Before Chad could answer, his parents stepped back into the room. He could tell his dad was feeling awkward because the new sex robot was his mom's identical twin. "So, we um, should probably establish a few rules right off the bat," Jake said, looking over at his son.

"Rules?" Chad asked.

"Yeah, well, this is a 'pleasure model' robot, so it should probably stay in your bedroom, especially if we

have company over," Jake said.

"Oh, right, that makes sense."

"And just because you have this…new toy, you can't just stay in your room playing with it all summer," Jake said. "You still have to get out there and find a job."

Chad nodded understandably. "Of course," he muttered.

Amanda chimed in, clearly the 'softy' of the two parents. "But I think, just this first week of summer at least, you can hold off on the job hunt, and enjoy your new gift," she said.

"Sure, thanks!" Chad said, looking at Robo-mom, who was still staring lustfully at him. She gave him a sexy smile, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

"Oh and uh, one other thing," his dad said. "I know this robot is a spitting image of your mother, but whatever you name it, it obviously can't be Amanda, or mom," Jake said, making them all laugh.

"Got it, dad," Chad answered.

Chad had a few names in mind, but she looked so much like his mother that calling her "Susan" or "Brianna" just wouldn't feel right. "How 'bout just Robo-Mom?" he asked.

Of course his dad shook his head. "Again, the 'mom' reference. Can we please try to get away from that," Jake said.

"I think 'Robo-Mom' is fine," Amanda chimed in. "I mean, it's Chad's doll. He should get to name her

what he wants."

Amanda herself thought it was adorable that her son decided upon that name, since it was really the robotic version of herself after all.

Once they were in his bedroom, Robo-Mom sat on Chad's bed and crossed her tan sexy legs, giving him a quick flash of her panty-crotch. "Your mattress is bouncy," she said, thrusting her buns on it a few times, making her big boobs wobble heavily up and down. "It's suitable for vigorous intercourse."

Chad had never owned a sex robot before. Unlike Al, the family's home assistant robot, Robo-Mom wasn't designed for household tasks, although she certainly would do them if he asked her to. Her primary purpose was to provide him sexual pleasure.

Even though she was just a machine, he still found himself being a little timid around her. Maybe it was because she looked so much like his mom. "So, um, what other types of things can you do?" he asked, curious to know the extent of her functions.

"I can perform ANY sexual act that a human female can, but unlike a real woman, MY performance is optimal, and I never tire," she said, raising an eyebrow teasingly. "Would you like to observe me in demo mode?"

"Sure," Chad answered, and watched intently as his Robo-Mom stood from the bed and teasingly removed her dress.

She was wearing a skimpy black bra and panties, and without hesitation, she reached back and unclasped the bra. Chad gasped as Robo-Mom's enormous breasts wobbled free. They were capped with wide areolas and thick rubbery nipples.

The boy was well aware of his mother Amanda's bra size and was curious to see if Robo-Mom's boobs were a true reproduction. "What size are your breasts?" he asked, watching her slip her panties off.

"I wear a thirty-eight double F cup bra," she answered.

Chad smiled, pleased that they were indeed the same size as Amanda's breasts. "They look so real," the

teen said, marveling at the way her big milkers teetered back and forth.

"They're filled with synthetic fat and fibro glandular tissue, to give them the true look and feel of human female breasts," she said, then demonstrated by shaking her shoulders, making her huge tit-cannons swing back and forth.

"Whoa!" the wide-eyed teen muttered, his cock throbbing with erectness.

Robo-Mom's dainty feet stepped out of her heels. Crowning her lovely smooth legs was the sexy V of her naked pubis. Chad could see where her puffy vulva met to form a well pronounced cuntal cleavage.

She stared over at him, tracking where his eyes were roaming. "Do you like the look of my pussy?" she

asked.

"Yes, it's sexy," he answered.

"The inside of my vagina is made of highly elastic tissue, with a series of simulated muscles surrounding my cuntal chamber," she said. "They're meant to provide your penis with maximum stimulation."

"Oh," Chad muttered, his heart racing anxiously.

"I also have two sets of synthetic glands. One set is just inside my vaginal opening and secretes fluid to provide lubrication. The other

set is on either side of my urethral opening. It releases fluid during my ejaculation," she explained.

"Ejaculation? You mean you can…have orgasms?" the boy asked.

"Yes. I'm designed for multiple orgasms, based on your performance."

Robo-Mom sat down and sprawled back on Chad's bed. "I was built to achieve maximum flexibility," she said tossing her lovely legs back astonishingly far. The boy felt like he was watching a gymnastic star do one of her stretching exercises.

The limber robot scissored her legs inward, crisscrossing them teasing. "My construction is extremely rugged, allowing you to be as rough with me as you wish."

"Do you kiss and all that too?" Chad asked.

Robo-Mom fed him a pretty smile, lifting her knees way back and bowing open her smooth thighs. "Of course I kiss. I'm programmed to move my tongue in a thousand different ways," she said, then glanced down at his crotch. "Why don't you get naked and come crawl on top of me and I'll show you."

Chad slipped out of his pants and briefs. His sturdy nine-inch erection bobbed stiffly on his loins, the big plum-sized nob pointing straight at his new doll.

"Wow! Your dick is so nice n hard," Robo-Mom cooed, watching it move towards her.

Chad's heart about beat out of his chest as he crawled up onto his bed and down between her legs. He knew this wasn't his actual mother, but when it came to the physical body, his doll was nearly the same, thrilling the hell out of him.

Robo-Mom sat up slightly, meeting Chad's lips and they began kissing passionately. Her tongue slid out and whipped through his mouth, making the boy's body shudder excitedly.

She placed her hands on his shoulders and lowered them back to the mattress, so that her oversized titties were mashed between them. Chad pushed his prick against her smooth hairless vulva, feeling the meat of his cock sink into the warm crevice between her outer labium.

The boy felt her smooth legs drag softly up his back. Robo-Mom broke their kiss for a moment and

gazed into his eyes. "Would you like to fuck me, Chad?"

He was so excited he could hardly answer. He nodded, staring back at her. This was a hundred-thousand times better than any mommy fantasy he ever had. This was his mom in robot form and he was about to fuck her for the first time.

"Put it in, baby!" Robo-Mom gasped. "Put it in my pussy and fuck me!"

Chad reached down between them and fit his tapered nob to the slickened mouth of her vagina. He pushed his hips forward, sinking his boner inside her hot grasp.

Amanda was at her vanity brushing her long beautiful hair, when her personal device chimed. She looked at it and saw an alert on the Robo-Mom app. The application was really made for the doll's owner, which in this case would be her son, but Amanda had already set it up on her device and forgot to tell her son about it.

She brought up the alert and it took her to something called "the activities log." On it were written the words: "vaginal intercourse – in progress."

The mother blushed a bit. "That certainly didn't take long," she whispered to herself, surprised that her boy was already using his doll that way.

"What's that, hon?" her husband asked, fluffing his pillows in the bed.

"Oh, nothing, just muttering to myself," she said, suddenly feeling extremely horny.

Amanda stood from the vanity, wearing only a short silk body wrap. The erect nipples of her gently wobbling tits were protruding from beneath the fabric as she moved towards the bed. "So how 'bout some hot action tonight, what do you say?" she asked Jake seductively.

"I can't tonight, hon. I gotta be up early to catch that starship, but when I get back in a couple days, I'll definitely take you up on that offer," he said.

"Yea, ok," she muttered, then went downstairs to have a glass of wine. She knew damn well Jake would have another convenient excuse when he got back from his trip, to hide the real issue, which was his erectile dysfunction.

Meanwhile, in Chad's bedroom, the teen whimpered in delight as he pounded his erection through his new doll's cunt. He was amazed at how much it felt like a real pussy as it squeezed his plunging boner, secreting slippery juices all over it. This kept Chad's erect penis well lubricated during their steady fuck.

"Ohh Goddamn this feels good!" the boy sighed, feeling her rubbery-ribbed lining compress around every meaty contour of his prick.

"Oh, yess, baby, your cock feels so good in me!" Robo-Mom squealed.

Chad loved the way her pillow-like tits sloshed around between them. He lifted his own chest up just enough, so that he could capture one of her nipples in his mouth.

"Yes! Suck my fucking tits!" Robo-Mom cried out.

Chad was on cloud nine. Not only did his new doll look like his mother, but she sounded just like her too. Hearing her spout off such obscenities while he fucked her was a huge rush for the teen.

He pressed his face against her rolling, quivering tit-flesh, his lips clamped around the engorged nipple while he sucked and fucked to his heart's content.

Robo-Mom suddenly gasped and jerked beneath him. "I'm cumming! Oh my God I'm cumming on you!" The boy felt her pussy clench up around his cock as hot liquid shot out of her urethra, soaking his boner. "Oh fuck," he gasped, slowing his rhythmic thrusts just a bit to keep from cumming himself.

Amanda heard Robo-Mom cry out from her son's bedroom as she sat on the sofa with her luscious naked legs curled up on the cushions. She curiously checked the app, seeing that it still read "vaginal intercourse – in progress," but this time beneath it were the words "Robo-doll orgasming!"

The mother got a big smile. "Good job, Chad," she whispered proudly. "I wish I was getting a Goddamn

orgasm," she added, glaring at her bedroom door.

Sex with her husband Jake used to occur nightly, but since he took a new position at work, which required regular travel, her sex life was downgraded to a couple times a week at most. Even then, if Jake could get it up, it wasn't as long and passionate as it used to be. He was a business man, with his mind on climbing the corporate ladder. She was a house wife with an insatiable and unsatisfied libido.

She explored the Robo-Mom application on her device, amazed at all of the doll's functions. She saw

one tab that said "doll-cam," and pushed it curiously.

Suddenly, the mother's eyes got big as her son's gasping face appeared on her device. It was live stream video, taken from Robo-doll's point of view. She quickly turned down the volume, watching her lean boy's body thrusting from above.

"Oh baby, you made me cum so fucking hard," she heard the doll say.

"Jesus!" Amanda softly exclaimed, throwing her shaky hand over her mouth with her eyes glued to her device.

Robo-Mom peered down between her huge wobbling tit-melons, to their humping crotches, as Chad pumped into her. Amanda's heart raced as she saw a good portion of her son's long muscular shaft. It was sawing in and out of his doll's pussy, gleaming in cum-juice. It looked so big and strong and powerful.

"No!" the mother said out loud, quickly shutting the cam off and exiting the app completely. *"I can't*

believe I just did that!" she scolded herself.

The shaky mother downed the last bit of wine from her glass, then went to bed, trying to shake what she'd just seen from her mind.

Chad stared up his doll's sexy torso, to the pair of mammoth tits that were leaping up and down her chest as she rode him. He couldn't get over how much they looked and moved like 'natural' tits did, right down to the way the flesh rippled every time the beat down against her. He knew if the doll was fashioned after his mom, that her boobs must behave the same way when she's having sex.

Robo-Mom panted and threw her lovely mane of dark hair around. Of course, she was breathing heavily just to turn the boy on. Robots didn't need to breath, but she wanted to create the most realistic experience as she could for her new owner.

"Ahhh!" the boy moaned, as her hips swiveled up and back steadily, stirring his boner inside her as deeply as it would go.

"You like that, baby?" she asked sensually, staring down at him. "You like the way Robo-Mom is grinding

on your cock?"

"Oh yess!" the boy sighed.

"Would you like me to go faster?" she asked.

"Faster?" Chad asked. He couldn't imagine someone swiveling their hips and grinding on his cock any faster, but then again, this wasn't a "someone," it was a machine, with the ability to move unlike any human female.

"Yes, I can go much faster, but just to warn you, it will produce a VERY quick orgasm," Robo-Mom warned.

Chad took a deep breath, then nodded. "Go for it!" he said.

Robo-Mom's hips suddenly sped up, jerking up and back with bionic-like speed. Chad's face was instantly masked in a pleasure-grimace as he felt his cock stirred around like a beater in a mixer on full blast. His full-sized bed rocked steadily from her violent thrusts.

His doll was right. A "very quick" orgasm swept through him, making his pleasure-stricken body jerk up

and down. "Ahh, fuck, I'm cumming!" he grunted out.

Robo-Mom arched her head back and let out a loud cry. "I'm cumming too, baby!"

The teen's cock spit fat ropes of cum as it was jerked around inside the grip of his doll's wildly gyrating pussy. Robo-Mom's jutting boobies were dancing crazily on her chest. She slapped them down softly on Chad's chest as she dropped against him, milking out the rest of his cum for several minutes.

"App? What app? You didn't say anything about a Robo-doll app," Nancy said, as she sat having coffee

with her sister the next day.

"Well, it's technically meant for Chad to use, but I loaded it on MY device, just so I could make sure the doll was performing like the doll-maker said she would," Amanda explained.

"And?"

"And, well…" Amanda said, opening up the application on her device. "Last night they had 'vaginal

intercourse' for two hours and twenty-three minutes."

"Two hours and twenty-three minutes straight?" Nancy asked in astonishment. "Yes. Well, according to the data here."

"Jesus! That's um…quite a whoopie session. It's been a long time since Matt fucked me for that long."

Amanda giggled. "Don't feel bad. It's been, um…NEVER since Jake fucked me for that long, but that's not

important," she said. "At least this tells me that Chad is enjoying his gift, and that's what matters."

Nancy peeked over at her sister's device curiously. "So, what other data does it show on this doll-app?" she asked.

"Just um…details about their time together," Amanda said, seeming a little embarrassed. "Such as?"

"Like positions they engaged in, silly stuff like that." "So…do tell," Nancy said, eager to hear the juicy details.

"Nancy, this is Stan's private information. It should be between him and his doll," Amanda said. "Then why are YOU looking at it?"

Amanda tried to sound convincing. "Like I said, I just wanted to make sure the doll was performing like

we were told she would."

"Did she ride him?" Nancy asked with a naughty grin.

"Nancy!"

"Oh my God, Amanda, stop being a prude. Did she ride him or not?"

Amanda sighed then smiled. "Yes, she did." "What else?"

The mother rolled her eyes, then looked at her device. "They spent fifty-two minutes in the missionary position. Twenty-seven minutes doing it doggy-style, and the rest of the time was spent with her in the cowgirl position," Amanda said.

"Oh my God, she rode him for over an hour?" Nancy exclaimed.

"Well, she IS a robot."

"Oh, yeah, true. What other data does it provide?" "Just number of orgasms," Amanda said.

"Which were?" "One for Chad."

"In two and a half hours? That's like…amazing staying power! Go, Chad!" Nancy said. "What about the

doll? She does have orgasms, right?"

"Quite a few apparently. According to the data she had twenty - four."

"Twenty-four orgasms?!" Nancy asked in surprise. "That's like one every five minutes. Either she pops easily, or your son's like… Superman in bed."

Amanda would never admit that she was having those very thoughts herself. She could only imagine what skill it must have taken to bring the doll off that many times. "I'm just happy that he's enjoying the doll," she said.

Nancy smiled. "Me too, and if I'm honest, just a little jealous. I mean twenty-four orgasms, are you

fucking kidding me."

"Nancy!" Amanda said, giving her a half stern, half playful look. The device in her hand suddenly chimed.

"What was that?" Nancy asked. "An alert…from the doll-app." "What kind of alert?"

Amanda brought it up and read it silently.

"What is it? Are they doing something?" Nancy asked impatiently.

Amanda didn't answer, just turned the screen for her sister to read.

"Oral sex (blowjob) – in progress," Nancy read out loud, then giggled. "Sounds like someone's getting his

morning wood taken care of."

"Nancy!" her sister said.

"Hey, what's that?" Nancy asked, spotting something else on the screen.

"What's what?"

"Doll-cam?! Are you serious? She has a camera built into her?"

"Yes, I um…stumbled across that last night, while they were going at it," Amanda said, seeming embarrassed to admit it.

"Stumbled across my ass! You were snooping, weren't you?" Nancy teased. "No, I didn't think the doll had a fucking camera attached to her retinas."

"It says 'doll-cam,' what did you think it meant?" Nancy giggled. "Oh my God, it's one of those point-of- view cameras? We should totally turn it on."

"No, are you crazy?!"

"Amanda come on. Let's just turn it for like twenty seconds. You know you're as curious as I am," Nancy

said with a mischievous grin.

"Nancy, he's my son. I'm not peeking in on him while he's getting a blowjob. That just wouldn't be right." Nancy folded her arms in a huff. "Prude!" she muttered.

"Am not, and you know I'm not."

"Then let's watch for like thirty seconds."

"What happened to twenty seconds?" Amanda giggled.

"Fine, twenty seconds, just to…you know, like you said, check in to make sure she's performing like the doll-maker promised."

"Fine, then I'm erasing this app from my device forever," Amanda said, then clicked in the doll-cam tab.

The image of Chad's neatly trimmed crotch came up on the device. The cam was moving forward and backward repeatedly from the motion of Robo-Mom sucking his cock. "Mmm," they heard the doll hum, along with the lewd slurping sounds of dick sucking.

Amanda's son's large boner popped from Robo-Doll's mouth and she whipped her tongue all over the fat crimson nob.

Amanda and Nancy just sat their watching, with their mouths hanging open.

"You like that, baby?" the doll asked. "You like the way Robo-Mom is sucking your big yummy cock?"

The doll looked up at him as she licked his dick and the two mothers could see the boy's chiseled chest and pleasure-filled face. "Yes. Feels so good," he sighed.

Amanda's heart was racing a mile a minute, her breathing becoming heavier. Watching this was so wicked and wrong, and yet completely and utterly fascinating.

Robo-doll licked down along his balls, still looking up, so now the women had a view up the fleshy pillar of Chad's thick nine-inch cock. Such a dick would look large from any angle, but from the camera's point of view it looked absolutely monstrous, with thick muscles and bulging veins.

"Oh my!" Nancy gasped, snapping Amanda from her trance.

"We should turn it off now," Amanda said. "No wait, not yet."

"Nancy, it's been longer that twenty-seconds."

"We agreed on thirty-seconds."

Amanda giggled. "And it's been way longer than thirty seconds," she said, shutting it off with shaky

fingers. There was an awkward moment of silence, before one of them spoke up.

"Well, he um, seems to be enjoying himself," Nancy said.

"Yes, so like I said, that application WILL be coming off my device now," Amanda said, her face still flush and her fat nipples clearly erect and protruding from beneath her dress. "I feel confident in saying that the doll was a very good purchase, and I'm sure that she'll keep Chad very, um…"

"Satisfied?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, satisfied."

At the moment "satisfied" was an understatement, as Chad watched his Robo-Mom suck his cock in traditional blowjob fashion. He marveled at the way her pretty lips stretched around the fat girth of his prick as they traveled the length of his erection.

The doll grasped his cock around the base and beat his dick into her mouth while sucking. Chad could feel her strong robotic tongue laving all over his tender pink boner, making it tingle delightfully.

The jerking of her hand caused her huge hanging mommy-melons to jostle around, creating a feast for the boy's eyes. He also loved the way she was squatting down while she blew him, with her smooth tan thighs wide open.

Through a mirror on the wall across from him, he could see the globes of her thick naked buttocks, which reminded him of the previous night, when her bubbly behind was beating against his crotch in the doggy-style position.

Just gazing down at this motherly look-a-like while having his cock exquisitely sucked, made the boy's pleasure peak, and with a jerk of his hips, he began pouring hot cum down Robo-Mom's cock-plunging throat.

"Ahhh!" Chad's groaned, his legs trembling. He'd received quite a few blowjobs from girls at school, but none had even come close to being as good as the one he'd just received.

Of course, if it was his own mom kneeling at his cock, it would be the ultimate rush, but having a fuck- doll that exactly resembled her made him feel like the luckiest guy alive.

158: Robo-Mom_2

Robo-Mom - Chapter 4: A Boy and his mommies

Stepping out of his bedroom, Chad stopped dead in his tracks as he saw his mom Amanda working out in the main living area. The beautiful mother was doing a split-stretch routine. The boy got excited tingles in his chest when he saw her strong legs split completely open, so her bare feet pointed towards opposite sides of the room. "Good morning," she said with a smile, catching him staring.

"Hey, Mom."

"You look like you've seen better days," the mother commented with her heavy-breasted chest thrust out, her nipples clearly visible as they protruded beneath the snug workout top.

"Yeah, um…kind of a late night."

Amanda was fully aware of his 'late night' sexual activities. In fact, thanks to the Robo-Mom application on her devise, she knew every detail, right down to how many thrusts he'd taken. "Well, I'm happy to see you're enjoying your gift. Just don't let your grades start slipping because your focus is directed elsewhere," she reminded him.

"Got it," Chad nodded. "Hey mom, I have kind of a weird question."

"Shoot," Amanda said, lifting her arms and twisting her sexy torso, making her titties balloon out even more.

"Um, I was thinking it would be cool if Robo-Mom had a few sexy outfits. Like, some things that she

wore, just around me, you know?"

Amanda smiled over at him. "You mean lingerie?" she asked. "Yeah, stuff like that. Do you have anything she could borrow?"

"Yeah, um… I have some stuff," Amanda lied. She actually only had a couple pieces of sexy lingerie. Her husband never really expressed much interest in seeing her in it.

"Cool. Can I check it out, see if there's something she'd look good in?"

"Well, since her and I are identical, I would hope she'd look good in any of it," the mother said with a smiling wink.

"True."

"I'll tell you what, why don't I put some stuff together and you can take a look once you get home from

school," Amanda suggested. "Sounds great, thanks, Mom."

Chad started to leave, so Amanda quickly got up from the floor. "Do I get a hug before you rush off?"

she asked.

Chad eyes quickly darted up her amazing body. The fact that she was dressed in a skin-tight workout suit made it all the more luscious-looking. In fact, her yoga pants were so snug he could clearly see a sexy camel toe. "Maybe I'll borrow THAT outfit for her too sometimes. You look amazing in it," he confessed.

Amanda giggled blushingly. "Thanks, honey. Your Robo-doll may not sweat in it as much as I do though," she joked.

"Well, I don't mind sweaty hugs."

"It's a good thing," Amanda teased, stepping over to him. "Sounds like you've gotten your share of

sweaty 'everything' the past couple days."

The boy embraced her for a hug. *"Damn! It's crazy how much they feel alike,"* he thought, holding his mom and feeling her huge tits press against him.

Chad left for school and Amanda had a shower. She had called her sister Nancy to arrange a shopping trip, since her lingerie collection was scarce. "I need a few new outfits for Chad," the mother said on speakerphone as she washed her hair in the shower.

"Jesus, you're still buying Chad's clothes for him?" Nancy asked.

"These clothes aren't actually for him. They're for his doll. He wants some lingerie for her," Amanda explained, suds cascading down over the melonous slopes of her tits as she lathered her hair.

"Oh, now it makes more sense. Well, then let's go shopping. I could use a few new bras anyway," Nancy said. "Speaking of Mister horny-pants and his new mechanical slut, what did they do last night?"

"Ha, what DIDN'T they do last night. He looked like wreck this morning." "See, I knew it," Nancy said.

"You knew what?"

"I knew you weren't deleting that app off your device, like you said you were." "I still plan to, I just… haven't got around to it yet," Amanda said.

"Uh-huh," her sister said teasingly. "I wonder what your excuse will be tomorrow?"

Amanda ignored her sister's taunting. "I'll meet you at the mall in an hour," she said.

After stepping from the shower, Amanda noticed that her devise was chiming. It was a notification from the Robo-Mom application. It read: "DOLL FULLY CHARGED – FEMALE EJACULATION FLUID LOW."

Amanda smirked. "Awe, too bad for you," she said sarcastically. "My female fluid is on auto refill."

The naked mother walked through the house to her son's room. When no one else was home during the day she often moved about naked, with her big breasts bobbling heavily.

When she arrived in her son's bedroom, she found Robo-Mom standing beside the bed in perfect posture, like a soldier prepared for duty. The doll was also ycompletely naked, her mammoth breasts thrust out. "Good morning," Amanda said, holding a bottle of fluid in her hand.

"Good morning, Amanda," Robo-Mom said.

"I noticed that one of your fluid levels is low." "Yes, my ejaculation fluid is at twenty-percent."

"Hm, you must have used up quite a lot the past two days," Amanda said, in a somewhat envious tone.

"Chad has my secretion level set on high. I suppose it excites him to see a woman wet with arousal."

"Apparently so," Amanda said, thinking back on the questionnaire she had gone over with her son and his fascination with female squirting.

Amanda stepping over to the doll. With the exception of the mother's damp hair from having just showered, they looked

completely identical.

For an awkward moment, they looked into each other's eyes. "The compartment is along the lower

back, corrrect?" Amanda asked.

"That's correct," Robo-doll said. Her humongous jugs wobbled just like Amanda's as she turned around. "You'll see a slight depression just above my buttocks. If you push it, the compartment will open."

Amanda opened the fluid compartment, then removed the cap from the bottle and poured in it's contents. "It holds quite a lot," the mother commented.

"My vagina is designed to respond like a real woman's, which means it secretes fluid based on Chad's sexual performance," she shared.

"He must have 'performed' pretty well then," Amanda said, topping off the reservoir.

"Yes, his skills and penis size allowed me to achieve a state of multiple orgasm."

"That's my boy! Way to go, Chad!" Amanda thought to herself proudly. She knew from watching the live-stream that her boy looked well endowed, and was hoping that was the case, and that his cock didn't look 'large' just because of the angle of the camera. "How um… big is he?" the mother curiously asked.

"In a fully erect state, Chad's penis is eight and three-quarter inches," Robo-Mom responded.

"Oh, well, that IS quite big," Amanda said blushingly, pushing the fluid compartment closed.

"Yes, my data shows that less than one percent of the male species have a penis larger than eight inches, which means that Chad's endowment IS very rare," Robo-Mom said.

The conversation was having an effect on the mother. Her clit was tingling and her big rubbery nipples had stiffened. "Yes, well… I'm glad he's finding pleasure in being with you," she said, turning to leave. "It was money well spent."

"Amanda?" Robo-Mom said.

The mother stopped and turned as Robo-Mom stepped over to her. "You're showing signs of arousal.

Does this mean that you desire Chad sexually?"

"No, of course not," she said, her face turning red with embarrassment. "Chad's my son. That would

be… awkward."

"Awkward, but not unusual. My data shows that since incest became lawful in two-thousand fifty-five, sixty-two percent of mothers and sons of lawful age are having regular sexual intercourse together."

"Yes, I'm aware that's quite a thing now, but… that's why I purchased you… So you can fulfill Chad's sexual needs," Amanda said.

"I understand," Robo-Mom said with a pretty smile. "Giving Chad sexual release is the purpose of my

existence," she said.

Amanda seemed a bit envious of that comment.

After getting ready, Amanda went with her sister Nancy to purchase a few pieces of sexy lingerie for her son, but more specifically for

Robo-Mom. She was back at the house by the time Chad arrive home from school. "Hey, honey," the mother said sweetly, greeting him near the doorway.

"Hi, mom," he said, then eagerly approached the subject he had dwelled on all day. "Did you um… have a chance to go through some of your sexy outfits?"

"I did. I found a few things that might work." "Cool. Can I see?"

"Well, actually, I kind of had an idea," Amanda said. "Since your doll and I are pretty much identical, I thought I could try on a few things for you, that way you can see what she might look best in."

"Really? You'd do that?" Chad asked, surprised that his mom would actually be willing to model lingerie for him.

"Of course. I mean, your doll's obviously been nude in front of you, so what my body looks like with hardly any clothes on is really no great mystery to you at this point, right?" Amanda asked with a cute giggle.

"True."

"Besides, I won't be naked. I'll still be wearing a 'little' something." "I can't wait to check them out," her son said excitedly.

"Okay, why don't you sit there on the couch. I'll go down and try on the first one I had in mind," Amanda

said.

Chad could hardly sit still as he waited nearly ten minutes for his mother to return. Finally, he heard the dainty click, click, click of her heels.

"Whoa!" the boy gasped as she entered the room wearing a black faux leather corset. It featured a front zipper closure and a halter neckline, revealing a huge bulging mound of creamy cleavage. From the waist down, Amanda wore nothing but dainty black panties, and her sexy feet were arched in black slip-on mules, that consisted of five-inch stiletto heels and a tiny strap crossing her feet, just above her painted toes.

"What do you think?" Amanda asked, taking a cute little pose, with her hands on her hips.

"I love it!"

"Simple, yet sexy, right?" the mother said, then spun around to reveal the backside of her outfit. Traditional black laces ran all the way up the back of the corset, but what caught Chad's eyes the most was her naked buttocks. It wasn't technically naked, since she had a thong on, but because the string disappeared between her meaty cheeks, she might as well have been wearing nothing at all down there.

"Unlike a real corset, it's easy to put on and take off because of the zipper in the front," Amanda pointed

out.

"I like the panties too," Chad confessed. "What 'little' of them there are."

Amanda giggled. "Well, thongs aren't exactly made for coverage," she said.

"Robo-Mom would look sexy as hell in that," Chad said, without realizing what he was essentially saying

was that his mom looked 'sexy as hell in that.'

"I'll go try on the next one," Amanda said with an anxious smile.

"Click, click, click, click, click!" Her dainty heels tapped on the hard floor as she sashayed back to her bedroom.

Chad's mouth hung open lustfully as he gazed at the backs of his mom's smooth luscious legs and her bubbly bare buttocks as it undulated. The fatty layer of flesh beneath the skin jiggled with her every step.

"Holy fucking smokes!" he thought. Yes, he had a sex-doll that was identical too her, but this was his actual mom he was staring at, and she was nearly naked.

Even though it was only five minutes before she returned, it seemed like an hour to the anxious teen. Amanda returned in dark pink eyelash lace teddy, with a halter neckline. Her melonous tit-flesh trembling heavily beneath it as she stepped into the room. Chad could faintly see the huge dark rings of her areola through the embroidered, semi-sheer fabric.

"Damn, that one's amazing too!" he confessed, watching her model it for him.

"This color's call 'mulberry' and I love it," Amanda said, then spun around, so her long mane of hair

swung across her shoulders in a provocative manner.

A cute bow was tied across her lower back and the eyelash lace tapered down into thong that disappeared that between her peach-shaped mommy buns. "This one has a snapped crotch, so you can… you know, take care of business, without having to remove the garment from her," Amanda said.

"And what kind of 'business' might that be, mom?" Chad teased.

She looked at him and smiled cutely. "Oh, you know, the old 'bedroom rodeo' kinda business," she

teasingly answered.

"Ha, 'bedroom rodeo,' that's funny. Maybe you should buy me some boots and a cowboy hat."

Amanda laughed. "I don't think you need MY help. Sounds like you and your big bull-horn have been handling that rodeo pretty well," she joked, glancing down at his crotch.

"I'm sure you're quite the rodeo queen yourself," Chad blushingly said.

His mom looked him in the eyes and smiled mischievously. "I'm a pretty good bull-rider," she confessed. "I'm usually up for clinging on and taking the longest, roughest ride I can get."

Chad's heart was beating so fast that he couldn't comment.

"Keep your spurs on, honey" his mom joked, "I have one more outfit to try on, then you can take your favorite for your new doll to wear."

The mother moved back to her bedroom, feeling her boy's eyes on her swaying, jiggling half-moons. She peeked back at him and smiled knowingly before entering her bedroom.

After the short agonizing wait, Chad again saw his mom emerge from her bedroom, her big heels clicking on the floor. This outfit was an absolute jaw-dropper! Amanda wore a black jeweled body stocking, featuring tiny dark rhinestones along the bodice, a halter neckline and sheer fishnet fabric that looked incredibly soft and stretchy. The swirl design obscured just her nipples and areola, but left the rest of her boob-flesh visible.

"Damn, mom!" the boy muttered, amazed that she'd allow him to see her in such a thing.

"You like?" she asked, cocking one leg out in a sexy pose.

What made the outfit even more risqué was that she had no panties on, and the body stocking was crotchless, allowing Chad a clear view of her shaved pubis. "You're not wearing any panties with it," he muttered in awe.

"A woman's not really suppose to wear panties with these, honey. They're crotchless, you know, easier access for…"

"The bedroom rodeo?" Chad said jokingly, finishing her sentence.

"Exactly," his mom smiled, then her eyes drifted to his bulging crotch. "Speaking of bedroom rodeo, it

looks like someone's needing to saddle up real soon."

Chad looked down at his obvious protrusion. "Sorry, it's just… so many sexy outfits." "Any idea which one you want for your doll?"

"How do I even decide? They're all amazing."

Amanda began to turn around. "Maybe this'll help make your decision easier," she said.

Chad's eyes about bugged out of his skull. Clearly visible through a layer of fishnet was his mom's bare buttocks. At the base of her buns was an open area for 'easy access.'

"That one. I definitively want that one," the boy said breathlessly.

Amanda was peeking back at him and giggled. "Well, that was easy," she said.

"I'm just gonna come out and say it, mom. You have the sexiest ass on the planet!" he confessed.

Amanda's heart beat fast at her son's admission. "Well thank you, honey. So, I guess that technically means I'M TIED for the sexiest ass on the planet, since you have a doll with same ass as me," she pointed out.

"That's true," her son agreed. "But you know what?" "What?" he asked.

Still pointing her ass back, she gave him the naughtiest smile he'd ever seen. "I bet she can't shake it like I can," Amanda said, then started wagging her buns back and forth.

"Holy shit!" the boy exclaimed, watching his mom's practically naked ass sway and jiggle delightfully.

"What's going on in here?" A voice suddenly startled them both. It was Jake, Chad's father.

"Oh, um… hey, dad," the boy muttered shamefully.

Amanda quickly turned back around, but there was no hiding the fact that she was exposing herself in the most revealing negligee ever for her son. She was about to speak, but her husband cut her off.

"Chad, I thought I explained the rules to you," Jake said, glaring back over at his son.

"Wait, what?" Chad asked, a bit confused.

"The doll stays in your bedroom. That's where you do your thing," his father explained. "You can't have her out here, especially dressed like this."

Jake took another look at Amanda and what she was wearing. *"Jesus, Amanda hasn't worn something like that for me in a long time. I can't believe how much this sex-robot looks like her."* he thought, still a little weirded by the fact that his wife had purchased it for their son.

Chad let out a sigh of relief. "Yeah, um… sorry about that, dad. I forgot about that rule."

"Well maybe your doll can help remind you. I'm sure that's one of your functions, right?" Jake asked his shell-shocked-looking wife.

"Yes, Jake. No problem," she answered, trying to sound as emotionless as possible. "I'll remind Chad that we're to remain in his bedroom."

"Thank you," Jake said. Needless to say, looking at her made him think of his wife. "Where's your

mother at?"

Amanda and her son gave each other a panicked look. "She's um… out, I guess. At the store I think," Chad lied.

"Good. Hopefully she brings something good home for dinner. I came home early because I'm starving." "She probably will," Chad said, stepping across the room. "Were gonna head to my room now." "Thanks," Jake said, feeding Amanda an awkward smile.

Once in his bedroom and behind his clothed door, the mother and son started giggling in disbelief. "Oh my God, I can't believe he thought I was the doll," Amanda said.

"I can," her son said, glancing from his mom to Robo-doll. "I can hardly tell the two of you apart." "How the hell are we gonna do this? I don't even have any actual clothes to put on," Amanda pointed

out, since the body stocking didn't count.

Chad knew she was right. The few pieces of attire he had for Robo-Mom were hardly appropriate either.

"I don't know. Can we um… distract dad somehow." "Wait, do you have your device?" Amanda asked. "Yeah."

"I could call Nancy. She could come over and tell your father she's just dropping off some outfits for Robo-doll. I'll put one on, sneak out when he's not looking, and it's back to life as usual," Amanda explained.

"One problem though, Mom. Aunt Nancy's like a half-hour away." "Well, I can hang out with you guys for a half-hour, can't I?" she asked.

"Well, yeah, but…" Chad said, glancing over at his doll. "I was hoping to get some, uh… release soon. I'm really needing it."

"Oh…" the mother muttered, suddenly feeling out of place.

"Would you like a blowjob, Chad?" Robo-Mom asked candidly, smiling over at him.

"I would love one, but…"

"Go ahead," his mom blurted out, cutting him off. Her words surprising him.

"What?"

"Go ahead and get your blowjob. I'll just sit on the edge of the bed and I won't look." "Are you um… sure?" he asked her.

"Yes, it's fine. Let's just be adults about this and get it over with."

"Alright," Chad said, yanking his pants and briefs off at once. His big boner caught on the elastic waistband, then bobbed up and down stiffly as it sprung free.

Chad plopped onto his back on his bed and Robo-Mom crawled onto the mattress with him, her hanging melons wobbling back and forth as she took position between his legs.

Amanda turned her back to them and used his device to call Nancy. Once she had explained her predicament and hung up, the busty mother backed to the edge of the bed and sat down, looking out across the room and trying not to pay attention to the action behind her.

"Mm, I just love sucking your cock, baby," Robo-Mom said, grasping Chad's erection and blowing hot air all around the swollen tip. "It's so big n juicy!"

"Really?! Do you have to be so vocal?" Amanda said to herself as she sat there uncomfortably.

Chad looked over at his mom sitting there, with her fishnet covered buns pressed against his mattress. He could see the sides of her huge ballooning tits pushing the stocking fabric out.

Amanda caught him looking at her and smiled amusingly at him. "Why are you looking at me? You

should be looking at your doll right now," she said. "Why? You're just as pretty."

"Oh. I'm not prettier?" she joked, making a cute pouty face.

"Yes…. I think you are."

Amanda giggled. "We both look exactly the same, so you don't know what you think," she teased.

"So why don't I look at you both then? I'll watch her sucking me, then look up at you while I lay my head on your lap," he suggested.

Amanda burst out laughing. "You don't need me. She's perfectly capable of giving you release," she said.

It was true. Chad looked down to see Robo-mom running her tongue wildly all over his dick and it felt amazing, but still he knew he could cum even harder with his mom's help.

"Come on, Mom, please! You don't have to do anything. You just sit there and I lay my head on you." "Is that what it's gonna take to rush this process along? Nancy is on her way over here."

"Yes, if you did that, it'll wouldn't take me long at all."

"Sit up for a second then," Amanda said, slipping out of her heels. She crawled onto the mattress,

curling her legs to the side. "Ok, lye back down."

Chad's head landed softly on his mom's lap and he sighed excitedly as he gazed up at all that fishnet- encased breast-flesh. Amanda peeked down over her tits and smiled. "Happy now?" she asked.

"Very!" he answered.

The mother nonchalantly peeked over and watched Robo-mom's long thick tongue drag up and down Chad's big boner. Her licker fluttered all over his fat bell tip, making his glans tingle. *"My God, he's so big!"* Amanda thought, captivated by how thick and strong his cock looked.

It pleased Chad a lot when he looked up and saw his mom watching her look-a-like lick his dick. He could see the wonder in her eyes. His gaze drifted down to her huge milkers, all of which he could see through the fishnet, except for her areola and nipples, that were

covered by the dark swirly design of the fabric. What he did see was her thick rubbery nipples, clearly erect and poking out from beneath the material. *"Hot damn, those tits are huge!"* he thought, then looked down at Robo-Mom's hanging udders as they wobbled about.

Amanda continued to watch the robot doll whip her tongue around on Chad's erection. *"She's not spending enough time licking the frenulum,"* the mother thought. *"That's the most sensitive part of the dick."*

Chad's Robo-doll slipped his dick into her mouth and began sucking with gusto. His cock flexed excitedly in her mouth, from both the feel of her warm sucking and the sight of his beautiful mom's giant tits hovering over him.

Amanda looked down into his eyes and smiled. "Are you enjoying this?" she asked. "Am I ever!" he sighed.

"You really are spoiled rotten, you know that?" she teased. He nodded, knowing full well he was. "I love it!"

"She IS still using her tongue on you, right? Even with you in her mouth?" Amanda asked in concern.

"Yeah why?"

"Just making sure. The guy who made her said she's skilled at giving head, and that's exactly what a

skilled girl would do," Amanda said.

"Is that what YOU would do?" her son bravely asked.

"Yeah, but I wouldn't do it exactly the way she's doing it," Amanda pointed out, studying the way her twin was sucking on Chad's dick. "There's plenty of room for her hand to be beating you around the base, pumping you into her mouth."

"She does deepthroat a lot. I think that's why she doesn't stroke on it."

"That's good, I mean deep throating is important when giving a blowjob, honey, but so is using your hand to pump it into your mouth. Tell her to try it and you'll see what I mean," Amanda said.

"Robo-mom, stroke my cock around the base while you suck," Chad instructed his doll.

Robo-Mom wrapped her pretty fist around the root of his prick and beat it into her mouth while she continued her blowjob.

"Better?" Amanda asked, looking from the doll down into her son's eyes.

"Ohh yeah! Much!" Chad sighed, squirming around on his mom's lap from the exquisite pleasure.

"Told you so," she said with a motherly smile.

Staring down at him, Amanda traced her long nails around his face and neck tenderly, hitting all his sensitive spots. She glanced down at her robot self, watching the pleasure-machine's head bob up and down fluidly, in perfect blowjob fashion. *"So that's what I look like when I give head?"* she thought. Her boy's moan of ecstasy drew her attention. "Now she's hitting all the right spots, isn't she, honey?" she asked.

"Yes," he hissed, gazing up at her hovering boobs. Laying there on her lap, the teen kept getting whiffs of her sweet perfume, as well as her pungent pussy-nectar. Amanda was indeed soaking wet, and her boy was enjoying the wonderful aroma of her hot vaginal secretions.

Five more minutes past and Robo-Mom continued her relentless cock-sucking assault. Amanda looked

down at her boy with wonder. "How are you doing it?" she asked curiously. "Doing what?"

"Most guys would have cum long before now. How did you develop that kind of staying power? It's

amazing!" his mom confessed.

"I don't know. It's just what happens."

Amanda wasn't too surprised. She had the Robo-Mom app after all, that told her just how long her son could pound his cock through a woman without cumming. The numbers were staggering. Yet to sit here and see it herself just cemented her adoration, and unmotherly desire for her son. "Well, we probably have ten minutes now before you Aunt arrives. Do you mind if I give your Robo-doll a couple tips that might make you cum faster?" she asked.

"Not at all."

"Robo-mom, are you programed to provide prostate stimulation?" Amanda asked.

Chad's dick popped from her mouth, wet with saliva. "Yes, would you like me to provide prostate stimulation, Chad?" the doll asked looking up at him with her beautiful mommy-eyes.

"Not sure what that is, but sure," he said.

"And I wanna be sure you're tonguing his frenulum while you're sucking his dick," Amanda said to the

doll.

Robo-Mom looked up at Chad and he nodded. "Yeah, um… just do whatever she said."

Robo-wet her finger and Chad felt her probe his anus. "Whoa!" he exclaimed with a jerk, feeling her

finger sink in to his ass.

"Relax, honey" his mom said, stroking his neck. "She knows what she's doing."

His doll continued sucking, while rubbing his prostate. That, along with the way she was plowing the tip of her tongue beneath his nob felt absolutely divine.

"See how much better that is?" Amanda asked her boy. "Yes," he sighed, staring up at her ballooning boobies.

"There's one more thing we can do to have you blasting that liquid love into air like a volcano," Amanda

said.

"What's that?"

"That little spot here on your neck. You squirm every time I touch it," she said, making his jerk as she

traced her long nail against it.

"Yes, I'm super-sensitive there," he gasped.

"Well, those 'super-sensitive' spots are the ones girls should pay most attention to. I've also noticed you've been staring at these big mom-boobs a lot," she said with a teasing smirk.

"Well, I can't help that," he confessed.

"I suspect that if I move out from under you, lean over and crush these fishnet-covered boobs against your bare chest… while 'licking' that special spot on your neck with the tip of my tongue, you might

just cum so hard that you splatter your baby-making goo right up on that ceiling, am I right?" Amanda asked.

"If you did that, along with what she's doing, I just might."

His mom smiled and slid out from under him. "Now this I gotta see. Shirt off, buster," she said.

Chad's shirt was off in a flash. He fell onto his back again and watched his busty mom get on her knees beside him. "Good grief!" he sighed excitedly, looking at the huge rounded undersides of her gigantic knockers as they jutted out over him like clouds of fatty tit-flesh.

Robo-Mom's relentless sucking and probing of his prostate gland was almost more pleasure than he could handle, but he knew it was about to get much better.

"Ready to be a 'buckaroo' beneath two mommies, cowboy?" Amanda asked, then dropped down onto him from beside him.

"Ohhh!" the boy gasped, feeling her giant melons squash against his bare chest like soft bread dough. His mom wasted no time going for that magic spot on his neck.

"Mmnnn," she hummed, attacking it with wet rapid butterfly licks.

Chad's back arched from the mattress in delight, pushing his mom up with him. She threw her arms around him, clutching him with her motherly curves, her pretty face buried in the nap of his neck.

"Fuuuck," the teen sharply gasped, dropping back to the mattress. He squirmed around, but the look- alike mothers staying with him, working their magic.

"Ohhh damn this feels amazing, mom!" he whimpered, feeling his nuts clench up.

"Let us work it out of you, honey. Let us pull it out of that big juicy prick," Amanda cooed between rapid licks.

The boy groaned and squirmed, but his chesty mother wrestled him back against the mattress, her fatty tit-orbs sloshing all around against his chest as she squeezed him with her warm motherly frame.

"Cuuuumminngg!" the boy snarled, feeling his dick swell inside Robo-mom's tirelessly sucking mouth. Huge fat ropes of jizz pumped down her throat, and she swallowed and sucked in perfect cock-milking form.

For a full two minutes Chad grunted and creamed. Amanda flailed her pink licker against his neck, while mashing her oversized mommy-melons against him as hard as she could, making her engorged tit-caps dig against his flesh.

Finally, his wonderful pleasure-robot had milked every drop of spunk from his peter and it popped from her lips.

Amanda lifted her head up, gazing down at her breathless teenager's eyes. "Feel better?" she said with a

naughty smile.

"Yes… much!"

Robo-mom brought her face right up beside Amanda's, so now they were both gazing down at him. The boy truly felt like he was seeing double. "When you're ready, I'll suck your cock again, Chad. Or we could fuck if you'd like?" she said candidly. "You can pound me hard from behind."

Chad looked at his mom and she raised an eyebrow. "Sounds like someone's gonna have a busy

afternoon," she teased.

Robo-Mom Chapter 5: Mom's jealousy

"Have you seen Chad this morning?" Amanda asked her husband as they had their morning coffee.

"No, I haven't seen him since yesterday," Jake said. "Which reminds me… He was out here with his doll when I got home. She was barely dressed."

"Oh… were they… doing anything?" Amanda asked, feeling a little guilty that it was really her that her

husband had seen.

"No, but from what she was wearing, I would say they were getting ready to. I reminded him of the rules that we had established."

"Okay, um… if I see them out here together, I'll remind him too," Amanda said. "Well, speak of the devil," Jake said as Chad made his way to the bathroom. "Good morning," the boy yawned, with droopy eyes.

"Jesus, Chad, you look like you didn't get an ounce of sleep last night," his father pointed out. "I got an ounce, but that's about it," the boy joked, stepping into the bathroom.

Curious about what he'd been up to, his mother quickly checked the Robo-Mom application on her phone. The activity history from the night before that popped up on her phone astounded her. "Good grief," she exclaimed in an almost jealous tone.

"What?" her husband asked.

"Oh, um… nothing," Amanda muttered, lowering her device. "I was just checking out the weather for

today. More rain," she lied.

"So, at what point do we become concerned about all this?" Jake said. "All this?"

"About the amount of time he's spending with this doll of his. If he's been up all night doing… God

knows what with her, how's that gonna affect his ability to go out looking for a job?"

Amanda knew her husband was right, but surprisingly found herself feeling more jealous than concerned. The fact that this "doll" was getting more hot sex than she was, with a young sexually- energized stud like her son was really eating at her. "If he doesn't get a job, then we'll become concerned. I'm just happy to see him using, and obviously enjoying the gift we got him," Amanda said, even though it killed her to say it.

Despite his father's concern, Chad did have a few job-interviews that day and was out of the house.

"Anal sex… for two freakin' hours!" Amanda exclaimed to Nancy, as they sat in the living room talking.

"He came three times in her ass last night, can you believe that?!"

"Amanda, you're sounding more like a jealous girlfriend right now than a proud mother," Nancy giggled.

"I am proud," the mother muttered, even though it seemed forced. "I am."

"Are you? Because the way you're acting is like someone who's a little upset that it wasn't HER ass getting pounded by Chad for two hours last night."

"Well, that would be a little inappropriate, wouldn't it?" Amanda commented.

"Oh, you mean 'inappropriate' like your little threesome yesterday?"

"It wasn't a threesome. Jake got home early and I couldn't very well march out of Chad's room wearing a

body stocking."

"So you figured you'd just jump on Chad's bed and become sex doll number two?" Nancy teased.

"All I did was lick his neck. That's not all that inappropriate really," Amanda said in an unconvincing tone.

"No, I'm sure Jake would have been perfectly fine with it," Nancy said sarcastically.

Amanda shrugged her shoulders, looking back down her device, anxious to change the subject. "Maybe the app's not tracking their activity correctly. I mean, Anal sex, two blowjobs… it says here that she had seventeen orgasms. Seventeen! That ludicrous, right?"

Nancy laughed at the ridiculous way her sister was acting. "Chad's enjoying his doll. Isn't that what you

wanted?"

"Of course it's what I wanted." "Then what's the problem exactly?"

"There is no problem… really. I just…"

"You just should have deleted that Robo-mom application, like you said you were going to. You're starting to obsess over what they're doing… and the fact that a Robot, that looks just like you, is getting fucked more than you are right now," Nancy said, able to read her sister like no one else could.

"I'm not obsessing," Amanda said defensively.

"No? Then delete the app." "What? Why?"

Nancy giggled. "That's what I thought."

"Nancy, I can't just delete the app. It's a robot. I have to make sure her fluids get topped off, that she's performing optimally."

"Oh, sounds like she's performing optimally all right," Nancy joked.

Amanda rolled her eyes. "You know what I mean. Yes, Chad's eighteen, but he's not the most responsible person when it comes to the maintenance of his belongs. Look at how many times his car's been in the shop."

Nancy just smiled at her patiently. "Amanda, it's ok to admit to being jealous about what they're doing.

Hell, I'd admit it too, if I didn't have AL and had to rely on my husband for all my pleasure," she said.

"Great, are you gonna brag now about all the endless orgasms YOUR doll's been giving you?" Amanda asked jealously.

"Well, I'm just saying… having a sex robot IS pretty amazing. Maybe we should have you one made too" Nancy suggested.

"I'm all set."

"Are you? Because you don't sound 'all set' to me. You sound like someone who's extremely sexually

frustrated."

"Chad's satisfied with his doll, and that's all that matters," Amanda said, trying to sound convincing.

"Uh-huh," her sister muttered with an amused smile.

After her sister left, Amanda did her exercise routine. Try as she may, she couldn't stop thinking about her son's incredibly large cock and how good it must have felt pounding in and out of his Robo-dolls ass. *"My ass! She has MY ass and he pounded it for two fucking hours!"* Amanda told herself.

Frazzled, the mother felt her ass-ring throb, aching to be stuffed full. She looked down at the erect nubs of her nipples protruding from beneath the fabric. *"Fuck, I'm a mess! I need a cock inside me so fucking bad!"* her mind whimpered.

"Call Jake!" she said out loud, her breath heavy with desire.

"Hey hon, what's up?" her husband's voice asked through overhead speakers. "Why don't we have anal sex anymore?" she asked candidly.

"Oh, um… Amanda, maybe we should have this discussion tonight, when I get home."

"Why can't you just answer my question, Jake? We haven't had anal sex in like… almost two years. Why?"

"Honey, I have a meeting in a few minutes. Can we please just…"
"Yes… fine! Bye," Amanda said impatiently, ending the call.

The frustrated mother wandered into her son's room, with a towel draped over her shoulders from the sweat created from both her workout and her wicked lascivious thoughts.

Robo-mom stood in her usual spot, wearing the black jeweled body stocking that Amanda had tried on for her son the day before. The doll was even wearing the high heeled mules, which propped her dainty feet up.

"I looked so much better than her in that thing!" Amanda thought. *"Wait, what the fuck am I saying? She looks just like me!"*

"Hello, Amanda," Robo-doll said.

"Hi. So, I heard you had busy night last night?"

"Yes, but I'm fully charged and ready to provide Chad with maximum pleasure today, if he so desires," Robo-mom said.

"Maybe he'll cram it back in your ass huh," Amanda said in a jealous tone.

"If that's what he wants."

"Did you feel any…" Amanda began to ask, then stopped and giggled. "I'm sorry?"

"I was about to ask you if you felt any discomfort when he slid himself into your ass, but then I

remembered you're a robot, so you probably don't feel anything."

"I have pleasure sensors in my rectum, and react based solely on Chad's performance."

"He must have 'performed' pretty well then, since you came what… seventeen times was it?" Amanda

asked, with an almost envious tone.

"Chad engaged in forty-seven hundred and thirteen thrusts, with his penis at full rigidity." Amanda felt her asshole clench. *"Oh my God! So many thrusts!"* she thought.

"And you were able to take…all of his cock?" she asked curiously, since even Robo-doll's rectal tube was fashioned after hers.

"Yes," the doll answered with a pleasant smile.

"So did he…suck your tits too?" Amanda asked softly, knowing how much she liked to have hers devoured.

"Yes. Chad spent a significant amount of time sucking on my breasts…and my toes," Rob-mom said.

"Toes?" Amanda asked, the butterflies in her tummy going crazy.

"Yes. He seems to be very attracted to my feet."

"Really?" Amanda said, looking down at her own sexy bare feet, which were, of course, identical to

Robo-mom's. Even their polish was the same color red.

"Good God, I've never had my toes sucked on before. Chad's even Kinkier than I thought," she said to herself. *"I wonder if…"*

"No!" the mother muttered out loud, as if refusing to let her mind travel down the path it was on. Robo-mom looked at her with confusion. "No?"

"Nothing," Amanda said, embarrassed by her behavior. "It's nothing, just… don't mind me." "Amanda, I sense you're have great internal conflict. Is everything ok?"

"Everything's fine," she said, turning to leave, but then stopped and faced Robo-mom again. "No, I lied. Everything's not fine."

When Chad got back home, he went straight to his room. When his bedroom door opened, his eyes widened in pleasant surprise.

Robo-mom was wearing a white flyaway open front lace babydoll chemise. It had a plunging V neckline, accentuating the enormous bulge of her creamy cleavage. "Whoa!" the boy muttered, letting his

eyes travel down her silky legs to her feet, which were propped in five in black mules.

"Your mother loaned me some negligee. She thought you'd approve," Robo-mom said, only this wasn't Robo-mom at all. It was Amanda. The mother's heart beat fast, hoping her son wouldn't figure out it was her instead of his doll.

"I definitely approve," her son said.

"This is crazy! What the fuck was I thinking?" the mother thought, standing there watching her son's eyes devour her. *"Having my toes sucked on… that's all I'm here for. It's not terribly inappropriate. Not really. I better act fast though before he gets other ideas."*

"Would you like to suck on my toes, like yesterday?" Amanda asked.

"I'd like to suck on something else today," Chad said, licking his lips as he stared at the panty-covered pubis peeking from the slit of her babydoll.

The mother panicked internally, trying not to show it. "Something else?" she whispered. "Take your panties off," the boy said.

"No!" the mother said to herself in a panic. *"I knew this was a stupid idea. Now what the fuck am I*

gonna do?"

"My panties?" she asked, hoping he would change his mind. "Yes. Take them off."

Amanda knew if she stalled for too long, he'd realize something was up. Robo-mom was programed to immediately follow his every command. She reached down and peeled her dainty panties down her legs, exposing her shaved mons.

"Turn around and lean over against the bed," Chad said.

"I can't let this happen. This was just suppose to be some innocent toe-sucking. That was all," she told herself. *"I can't just tell him it's me though. He'd never trust me again."*

"Everything ok?" Chad asked suspiciously.

Amanda smiled. "Fine. Just letting you take in the view before I turn around."

The mother then turned and bent over, as her son asked, pointing her thick naked ass back at her boy. Chad licked his lips as he stared at what he thought was his Robot-doll's thick succulent ass, and below it, the puffy outer lips of her labia coming together to form a meaty clamshell.

The horny teen stepped over and knelt behind her, spreading the mother's butt-globes apart, exposing the crinkled ring her asshole. "Yummy!" he muttered, then shoved his face into her butt-crevice and began lashing his tongue against her anus.

"Oh my God!" Amanda's mind screamed as she realized she'd made a huge mistake. She thought perhaps by pretending to be Robo-doll, she could get her toes sucked, which was something she always wanted. In her mind, that was only slightly crossing the line. She certainly didn't expect to have her ass eaten by her son instead. *"I can't let this happen?"* she thought, but had no idea how to fix things at this point.

Chad lewdly kissed his way down her perineum, then let his mouth sink down into her cuntal fissure.

"Fuck, she's so wet!" his mind screamed. *"And that smell…holy fuck it's strong today!"*

Amanda squealed as she felt her son's tongue slither across her engorged clitoris and down into the vestibule of her cunt. *"Oh, Chad no! Please!"* her brain pleaded. However, the second swipe of his skilled licker had her knees trembling. *"Oh my God that feels so fucking good!"*

She felt her son grasp her hips with both hands as he began really eating her cunt out. He laved his licker through her through her cuntal flesh, his mind swirling euphorically from the pungent fragrance and the sweet nectar secreting from her fuck-slit. *"Ohh shit, so good!"* his brain whimpered.

"I gotta stop this," Amanda thought. *"I know how this plays out. If I don't stop it now, he'll stand up and*

starting fucking me from behind."

Before she could figure out how to get herself out of this pickle, Chad stopped licking and spun her around. His eyes traveled from her pudendal cleft, up her sexy torso to the giant lace-encased breasts jutting out from her chest. Amanda's eyes peeked down over her rack nervously. "Get on my shoulders," Chad said.

"Your shoulders?" Amanda muttered, her heart skipping a beat.

"That's right," Chad said, then smacked one of her fatty ass-cheeks sharply, making it jiggle. "My

shoulders!"

While her mind told her it was time to reveal to her son who she really was, her body had other plans. She stepped forward, draping her legs over Chad's shoulders, so his head was now between her thighs. She let out a surprised gasp as he quickly stood up, lifting her with him and began devouring her pussy again. *"OH MY GOD!!"* she cried out in her head.

Chad put Amanda high up against the wall, while standing there eating her succulent cunt. The mother threw both her arms up against the wall, gasping in pleasure, while her big heavy boobies floundered around beneath their silky covering.

"Ohhhh!" she squealed, tightening her thighs around her boy's head.

Chad snarled in lust, with his face wedged down between Amanda's labial meat. He darted his tongue all around the mouth of her vagina and the engorged nubbin of her clit. The taste of her cuntal juices sizzled on his licker as he ate her pussy like a starving dog.

"This isn't happening!" the mother told herself. *"This can't be happening!"*

Her boy's skilled tongue had quickly extinguished any resolve she had to stop him, so she let it continue. Her body shivered as she felt Chad suck her clitoris into his mouth and attack it with her tongue. *"Shit!"* her excited brain screamed, as she brought her hands down and held his head to her crotch. *"Shit, shit, shit! Where the fuck did he learn to do that?"*

"You like it?" the boy asked, his voice muffled by cunt-meat.

Amanda knew there was only one way to answer without raising suspicion. "I love it," she truthfully answered.

"Tell me you wanna cum on my face."

There was a short silence before Amanda complied. "I wanna cum on your face," she said with a shaky voice.

Chad pulled at her erectile tissue, letting his tongue plow wildly on it's sensitive surface, making Amanda writhe in pleasure, rubbing her bare feet down against her son's abs.

"Holy shit, he's gonna make me cum!" her mind cried out.

The busty mother suddenly tightened her lovely naked legs so snuggly around her boy's head that her knees nearly came together. Her entire being quaked as she let out a beautiful orgasmic mommy-scream that was heard from every room in the house.

In her right mind, she would have been way too self conscious to cum on her son's face, but in an orgasmic state, she wasn't thinking at all, and was helpless to stop it.

"Mmnnfff," Chad whimpered, as a big jet of hot girl-cum shot out of Amanda's urethra, soaking his face and splashing into his cunt-devouring mouth. He didn't let this detour him one bit, and continued his oral assault for several minutes, until it was clear that Amanda was through cumming.

The next thing the mother knew, she was being thrown onto her son's bed. Her boobs bobbled heavily as she hit the mattress and watched her son tear his clothes off. *"I gotta stop this somehow! I can't let him fuck me! I've already let things go way too far!"* she thought in a panic.

"Throw your legs back as far as they'll go. I wanna fuck you hard," Chad said, pulling off his briefs.

"My vaginal fluid is low," she said suddenly. It was the first excuse she could think of.

Chad paused just before pouncing on top of her. "What?" he asked, seeming slightly annoyed that

things had halted.

Amanda's eyes were fixed on her son's huge cock as it protruded stiffly from his loins. The purple barbed tip looked swollen and angry. "My vaginal fluid. If it's not topped off, my vagina won't be properly lubricated for intercourse," she explained.

"Ok, um… I've never really topped off your fluids before," Chad said, looking around awkwardly.

"Your mom's been doing it," Amanda said. "I could go in and have her fill me up, then come right back

so you can fuck me."

"Are you sure you don't have enough for just a quicky?" Chad asked, his boner twitching with anticipation.

Amanda didn't answer for a moment, staring at her boy's cock and wondering how absolutely wonderful it would feel pounding through her horny vagina. *"Answer him!"* her mind screamed as she came to her senses.

"I'm sure, sorry. If I'm not properly lubricated, it could also damage me internally." "Ok, well um… my mom's in her room I think."

Amanda quickly got up and gave Chad a smile. "Be right back."

Chad could see her meaty bare buttocks swaying through the fabric of her gown as she rushed to his

door. "Wait," he said suddenly.

Amanda turned before opening the door.

"Before you go, do that thing you do with your leg, you know, where you throw it up like a cheerleader," he said with a big smile.

Lucky for Amanda, she had been a cheerleader in high school, so she had an idea what her son meant.

"A heel stretch?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'm not sure what it's called, but you do it for me all the time."

"Oh, right," the mother muttered, not wanting to seem clueless to what her boy was talking about. *"Good thing I do stretching exercises,"* Amanda thought as she kicked her leg up as high as it would go, and caught her heel with her hand.

"Yeah, that's the one," Chad said with a smile, staring at the back of Amanda's sexy leg as it pointed like a fleshy pillar into the air. He loved the way her dainty bare foot was pointed up at the ceiling as she held that pose. Her boobs were thrust out delightfully and he could faintly make out the big pink rings of her areola through the fabric. Without panties on in this position, her shaved vulva looked like a pink flower coming to full bloom.

"Damn, I'd love to come over there, lift you up and fuck you right up against the door," the horny teen confessed, his long muscular-looking cock flexing at an upward angle. He reached down and began stroking it slowly.

Amanda couldn't help but flirt with him, while watching his hand squeeze up and down his boner. "Fuck me against the door, huh? Is that so I could gush my fuck-juice all over your big cock like I did your face" she asked.

"Fuck yeah," the boy muttered, excited by her dirty words.

"Well, I better hurry and get back then, so you can work your dick off through my hot honeyed hole,"

Amanda said.

"Oh Goddamn, I like the sound of that."

Amanda heart was nearly beating out of her chest with sexual excitement. Even though she knew she had to get out of there fast, she wanted to do something she knew Chad's doll hadn't done.

Above her son's doorway was a pull-up bar. She reached up with both hands and grasped onto it, then brought her feet off the floor and scissored her luscious legs wide open in a sexy straddle split.

"Holy fuck!" the boy muttered, his eyes bugging out as he stared at Amanda's amazing spread. Her feet were literally pointing in opposite directions, her mammoth tits stretching the fabric of her babydoll to it's bursting point as they ballooned out obscenely.

She fed her son a naughty smile. "I'll hurry back, baby, so we can fuck our asses off." "Yes, please!" Chad said, beating his pecker to the sight of her.

Amanda rushed into her bedroom, finding Robo-mom sitting on the edge of her and her husband's bed.

"Quick, put this on," the mother said, quickly stripping out of her gown.

"Did Chad suck on your toes?" Robo-mom asked.

"Um, no…he had something else in mind, but he is pretty anxious to fuck, so just to warn you, he's probably gonna attack you the second you get in there," Amanda said.

Robo-mom looked at her and smiled. "No need to warn me, Amanda. Fucking is what I do. It's my

purpose," the doll said, slipping on the babydoll then leaving the room.

Amanda jumped in the shower, hoping to cool her heated libido. Try as she may, all she could think about was her son's beefy cock. As the water flowed over her beautiful body, she reached down and rubbed swollen clitoris. *"Fucking is what I do too, and I'm damn good at it,"* the horny mother proudly thought.

She knew at that very moment her son's juicy sex organ was plunging through the hot grip of Robo- mom's cuntal flesh. She pictured his fat bell tip carving a path through the sex-doll's slippery vagina. "Such a strong fucking cock," she mewled, strumming away at her engorged love-button.

The sex-crazed mother could no longer help herself. She quickly toweled off, grabbed her device and went directly to the Robo-mom app. She clicked on the live-steam, which showed what was going on in her son's room from the doll's point of view.

Chad clearly had Robo-mom pinned against the door, pounding away at her cunt. Amanda could see the doll's legs circled high around her son's back as she clung to him while he held her up.

"Damnit, that could have been me!" Amanda's mind screamed jealously as she sprawled back, bowed open her smooth pretty legs and began masturbating with her free hand. Her rounded stiff-nippled melons were spread out across her chest and wobbled from the motion of her hand rubbing at her cunt.

"Yes! Fuck me, Chad!" Robo-mom gasped, her body jerking from the power of his forceful thrusting.

"Yess, fuck me," Amanda added, rubbing her love-button frantically. "Fuck me with your huge fucking cock!"

"I loved the way you grabbed on to my pull-up ball, holding yourself up and spreading like that…" Chad

said breathlessly. "I couldn't wait to get your legs around me!" "I did that!" Amanda shouted out. "That was me, not her!"

"Well, here they are. Here's those sexy legs, Chad," Robo-mom told him. "They're locked around you.

Fuck me as hard as you want."

"It should be my legs around him!" Amanda's brain screamed. *"I should be clutching on to him in there!*

He should be pounding that dreamy cock into MY cunt, screwing my brains out!"

With one hand, Amanda rubbed her clit to the rhythm of their flesh beating together. With the other she held her device over her face, watching the two of them go at it.

Chad carried his doll away from the door and tossed her onto his bed. Now Amanda had a great view of her boy as he towered over Robo-doll. Standing beside the bed, Chad's big rock-hard dick branched out from his crotch, dripping with Robo-doll's cuntal juice, his fat nob visibly twitching and throbbing.

"Good God in heaven his cock looks so fucking powerful!!" Amanda's head screamed.

"Prop your legs back as far as you can get them," Chad said, giving his boner a few slow strokes while looking his doll in the eyes. Since this is where the camera was, Amanda felt like he was speaking to her.

"Yes, anything for you, baby," Amanda said out loud, then scissored her legs back into a huge spread eagle.

Chad climbed down onto his doll and Amanda heard her gasp as he pierced her cunt and buried his cock inside her.

"Yesss, gimme that big bullhorn!" the mother cried out, bobbing her ass up and down on her and her husband's bed as if fucking her son's stiff cock with her overheated pussy.

She could see Robo-mom's strong smooth legs fold around her boy and Chad's well-toned ass pump up and down as he fucked her hard and fast.

Amanda's voice joined Robo-mom's, which sound identical, as they sang a gasping, moaning mommy- duet.

"Oh, so fucking good!" Chad groaned as he fucked with everything he had, feeling his nob hit bottom on every thrust.

"Mommy would feel so much better to you, baby!" Amanda imaged telling her son. *"Real flesh! Real pussy! Real hot cum soaking your hard boner!"*

"I'm cumming, Chad!" Robo-mom gasped.

"Youre gonna make mom cum too, baby!" Amanda mewled, rubbing her clit as fast as she could. "Auuuggghh!" Chad's doll screamed out, cumming on his cock.

Amanda let out an identical scream, flopping around mindlessly on the mattress. "Auuuggghh!!" "Ohhh fuuuck, I'm cumming!!" Chad grunted out.

"Yes, baby, pump it into me!" Amanda squealed, her voice so contorted that only she would have been able to understand what she said.

Both Amanda and her Robot twin trembled atop the mattress as they came hard in tandem. Their heavy tits rolled all around on their chests, the fatty melonous flesh rippling delightfully as their orgasms jolted their curvy bodies.

Their pleasure went on and on, as if their bodies were enjoying one interconnected climax. When the mother's heavy-titted body finally collapsed onto her marital mattress, she immediately felt the pangs of guilt come flooding in. *"Oh my God, I'm horrible!"* she breathlessly thought. *"What the fuck is wrong*

with me!"

"Want me to ride you now, Chad?" she heard Robo-mom asked.

Amanda looked back at her device and saw the doll was now on top of her son, looking down at him over the swell of her big knockers. "Absolutely!" Chad said, gazing up at the giant boobies looming over him.

"Again?" Amanda asked, reaching down between her legs for the second time. "No, I wanna ride him too!" the mother said, rolling onto her knees, putting her pillow between her thighs and her husband's pillow in front of her so she could lay her device on it.

Now with the image of her handsome boy below her, Amanda began bouncing up and down, as if she was riding his cock. She could tell by her son's wild expression that his doll was riding him also and squeezing him with her cunt-muscles. "Oh, does that feel good on your cock, baby?!" she cooed.

She saw her son reach up and grasp on to Robo-mom's bouncing boobs, so she reached up with her hands and squeezed her own melons. "That's it, squeeze those big boobies while I work my pussy on you," she said in a lusty tone. "Mmm, bouncing on your big horny dick…squeezing you with my juicy pink grip."

For a split second, Amanda thought about how ridiculous she was acting. *"My God, get ahold of yourself*

woman! You're his mother, and you're acting like a cheap whore," she told herself.

"Ohh fuck yes," Chad's voice sighed, making her cunt throb again.

"Oh my God, he's so handsome," Amanda said out loud, still bouncing her buns up and down in an imaginary fuck. She leaned down and placed her hands astride her husband's pillow, gazing down at the image of her boy's body. She pumped her ass faster, making her hanging knockers rock in a wild rhythm.

"I just wanna kiss him!" the hot mother's whimpered. "And squeeze him, and rub my big tits all over

him!" she said.

"Ohh, Chad, you feel so good!" Robo-mom said.

"Fuck him harder, bitch! Grind on that fucking pink boner!" Amanda's brain screamed.

Amanda's tits repeatedly beat together as she humped her pillow as fast as she could, imagining it was her son's dick. "Let mommy show you baby!" she gasped. "Let mommy show you how a pussy can milk that hot fucking baby-goo out of you!"

It wasn't long before the three of them were cumming almost in sync again. Robo-mom was now down against Chad's chest, with his head wedged and peeking out from between her boobs. "Ohh fuuuuck!!" the boy groaned, his eyes rolling back in orgasmic delight.

Amanda's perspiration-sheened body was in the same position Robo-mom's was, except her hand was down between her legs rubbing her clitoris to orgasm. "I'm cumming, Chad! I'm cumming all over you! I'm creaming all over your fat cock!" she squealed, as girl-cum gushed out between her fingers.

As they did during the first round, the three of them whimpered and bucked in delight for several minutes, before coming back down to earth.

"Chad?" Robo-mom said. The boy was out of breath, unlike his doll who had no breath to catch .

"Yeah," he said, laying under her squishy sweaty tits.

"Do boys fuck their mothers?"

Chad peeked up into her eyes. It was an odd question, especially since she looked so identical to his

mom. "Some do I guess, why?"

"Well, I was fashioned after your mother, which means our appearance is the same. If you find me

desirable, then you must find your mother desirable also?"

"Yeah, I um…I guess," the boy muttered, knowing full-well he did.

"Please remember, Chad, that she's only human, whereas I am not," Robo-mom said with a smile.

"I know, but why do you say that?"

"Because I can do things she can't," the doll said. "Oh."

"Long after your mom tires of sexual exhaustion, I would still be going strong…fucking you hour after hour, orgasm and orgasms. Fucking is what I do, Chad, and I never tire," the doll said, gazing into his eyes lustfully.

"Well, thanks for the reminder, but you're not really in competition with my mom," Chad said.

"No, but I've seen the way she's been acting around you. I see the way her nipples become erect with arousal, and I can smell her lubricating juices seeping from her vagina when she's around you."

"You can?"

"Yes, I can," Robo-mom said, "which means I may not be in competition with her for your attention now, but I might be very soon."

Robo-mom – Chapter 6: Mom vs Robo-mom

"The two of you will be pleased to know that everything's in order. Jake's sperm has gone through manipulation, per your specifications, and has been implanted into the egg," the doctor explained, then looked directly at Amanda. "During your next cycle, we'll be able to insert the embryo into your uterus, and you'll be well on your way to having another child."

Amanda fed the doctor a blank stare. All she could picture as he spoke was huge thick ropes of hot semen blasting from her son Chad's peter-tip, straight into her unprotected womb.

"Amanda, you with us?" her husband asked, noticing how space-out she seemed.

Snapped from her wicked thoughts, the mother smiled at the doctor. "Yes, sorry…I was just zoning out for a moment," she said, a tad embarrassed. "That sounds wonderful, thank you."

The truth was, it didn't sound wonderful at all to her. Sadly, even for women with husband's that didn't have a low sperm count, like hers did, it seem like sperm manipulation and implantation was becoming the new trend in conceiving a baby. Genetic makeups could be tweaked, giving the child exactly what the parents wanted, right down to the shade of the child's hair color. Amanda wanted nothing more than to have her baby the old-fashioned way, through sexual intercourse.

"You seem a little distant today? Are you sure you wanna go through with this process?" her husband

asked on their way home from the doctor.

"I'm sure. I mean, what choice do we have?" she muttered, not wanting to share her true feelings with him on the matter, for fear of making him feel horrible about himself for shooting blanks.

Amanda saw little of her son that evening, which saddened her. She was glad he was enjoying the gift of a sex doll, but she really found herself craving his attention. She wanted to respect his privacy, but couldn't help but log into the app every once in awhile, to see what his son and his doll were up to.

When she logged in this time, she saw the view through Robo-mom's eyes of Chad leaving his bedroom. "Oh!" the mother said out loud, drawing the attention of her husband as they sat in bed on their devises.

"Everything ok?" he asked.

"Yeah, um…I'm just gonna go to the kitchen and get some water," she said, slipping out of bed. "Why don't you just have Al bring you some?" he asked, referring to their home assistant robot. "That's ok…I can get it."

Chad was in the kitchen getting a snack when his mom appeared. "I'm glad you're enjoying your doll, but I feel like I hardly see you anymore," she said from the doorway.

The teen took a second to let his eyes feast on what she was wearing, which was nothing but a big button-up nightshirt that barely fell below her crotch. Her legs looked so strong, smooth and sexy to him, even though he'd just had ones exactly like them wrapped around his midsection. The top three

buttons of the nightshirt were undone, allowing the cleavage of her naked tits to peek out. "Sorry. What can I say…it was a great graduation gift," Chad said blushingly.

"Obviously," his mom said with a giggle. "As amazing as those dolls are, it's unfortunate that they can't

really do…everything."

"Everything…sexually you mean?" the boy asked.

"Yeah, I mean, they were kind of programed for less talk and more action, know what I mean?" "That's a bad thing?" Chad asked with a smile. More action certainly wasn't a bad thing in his book.

"It's not a bad thing…it's just that TALKING can be big turn-on too," Amanda explained, then fed a son a mischievous grin. "Dirty talk I mean…like when two people are having neuro-sex," she said, referring to the modern technological breakthrough that allowed people to communicate telepathically with the use of neuro-communicators.

"Yeah, I suppose your right. Robo-mom's not too articulate when it comes to sex talk," the boy

admitted.

"Well, as much as your father's been gone here lately, it's kinda become a huge part of OUR sex life," Amanda confessed. "I guess you could say 'dirty talk' is something I've gotten extremely good at it."

"Oh," Chad muttered, clearly intriguing. The past couple weeks he'd been used to getting everything he wanted sexually, from his new doll. However, this was something Robo-mom was clearly not programmed to perform. At least not articulately.

His mom looked at him inquisitively. "So, you've never put on your neuro-communicators and let a girl

from school talk nasty to you?" she asked.

"Well, once…but she wasn't very good at it," her son confessed.

"Well, it really sucks that you haven't experienced that yet," the mother said, slowly stepping towards him. "What should we do

about that?"

Chad watched in wide-eyed delight as his mom sashayed towards him in a sexy manner, her huge tits bobbling beneath the nightshirt. Her engorged nipples protruded out from beneath the fabric like stumps in a swamp. "Do about that?" he asked.

Amanda stopped in front of him and smiled. "Yeah. We can't allow something sexual to exist that you haven't experienced yet," she said, then fed him a naughty smile. "Wanna engage in some neuro-shenanigans with mom tonight?"

Later that evening, once Amanda's husband Jake was asleep, she sneakily reached over and got her neuro-communication device. They were simply a pair of wireless probes that stuck to her temples. After placing them on, she sprawled back onto her pillow. "Are you there, honey?" her mind asked.

She heard her son respond in her head telepathically. "Yeah, I'm here, mom. I was starting to wonder if

you changed your mind."

"No, sorry…it just took your father forever to fall asleep."

"No worries, I had Robo-mom say some things to me…you know, just to tide me over, until I heard from you," Chad said.

Amanda giggled. "Tide you over, huh?" she asked.

"Yeah, but it's like you said, she was made for more of the action part, and not so much the nasty talk," he said. "That reminds me… do you mind if she helps out...you know…while you're talking to me?"

Amanda thought about it a moment. Since her motivation was to outdo the doll, by giving her son excitement that Robo-mom couldn't

provide, she felt like saying 'hell no.' However, she knew the doll could also be used to enhance the experience for the boy. "I'll tell you what…you can use the doll while we talk, as long as she does what I want her to do, deal?"

"Oh…um, sure," the boy muttered. "Is she naked?" Amanda asked. "Pretty much, yes."

"I want her to lay against your chest…and kiss your neck."

"Kinda like you did to me last week…when you were wearing that sexy fishnet lingerie?" he asked. "Yes. Don't plan on it being as good as when I did it though," the mother teased.

Chad relayed the information to Robo-doll, who then did exactly as she was told, bringing her huge soft tits down on the boy's bare chest and began sensually licking his neck. "Ok," he sighed, "she's doing it."

"Good. Don't touch your dick yet," she said. "You can't rub it until I tell you that you can, understood, honey?"

"Got it."

"So…have you wondered yet why your mom would buy you a sex doll that looks exactly like her?"

Amanda asked.

"Well…um, yeah. I did wonder that actually."

"It's because I've known you've wanted to fuck me for a long time," Amanda said candidly. "You've

wanted to bury your boner in my hot pussy and shoot your cum load deep inside me." "Damn, mom," Chad gasped excitedly, amazed that

she was really talking to him this way. "How's that for dirty talk?" she asked with a giggle.

"It's great!"

"I am right though, aren't I?" Amanda asked. "You wanna fuck my pussy hard and fast, don't you, Chad?" "Yes," the boy answered, his heart racing.

"Mm, fuck me straight to orgasm, so I can squirt my hot slippery honey on your stinger." "Wow! I'm so turned on right now, mom," Chad sighed, his cock throbbing like crazy.

"Are you, honey?" the mother asked. "Do you wish your big cum-filled balls were beating against my asshole, sweetheart?"

"Jeez!" the boy gasped.

"Was that a yes?" his mom giggled. "Definitely a yes!"

"I thought so. Do you wish those were MY tits on you right now?"

Chad delighted in the feel of Robo-mom's fatty jugs mashed against him, while she whipped her tongue on his neck. He had no doubt his mom's would feel just as amazing, if not more so. "Yeah. I've been fascinated with your tits for a long time," he confessed.

"I know…and I bet you'd like to shove your head between them, wouldn't you, naughty boy?" "Yes."

"So you can feel mommy press her soft squishy boobie-meat around your head, and smother you?" "God yes!" the boy answered, fighting off the urge to reach down and squeeze his throbbing cock.

"Do you wanna squeeze my tits, honey? While you suck on my fat pink nipples?" Amanda asked on a seductive tone.

Chad could hardly believe he was neuro-sexing with his own mom, while her robotic look-a-like was laying on top of him. "God, I would love that!"

"Tell your doll to rub her tits on your face."

Chad relayed the request. Robo-mom leaned over him, dropping her spongy hanging boobs on the teen's face. He swiped his tongue along the fat rubbery nubs of her nipples.

Amanda glanced over at her husband, satisfied that he was still sound-asleep. She reached down beneath blanket and found her horny clit. "Do you want me to rub my clit, honey?" she asked her son via brain waves. "Do you want mommy to play with her hot pussy while she talks to you?"

"Oh damn, mom. That would be so hot!" Chad gasped. "Can I rub my dick now?" "Would you rather I rub it?"

"Well, yeah…but…"

"Tell your doll to reach down and stroke your cock, and I want you to imagine that it's ME doing it,"

Amanda said softly.

With her tits still rubbing softly against his face, Chad's robo-doll reached down and began stroking his boner up and down. So much precum had drooled from his piss-hole that his cock became nice and slick.

"Is she beating your boner now, honey?" his mom asked. "Yes," he sighed.

"I want you to imagine that it's my pussy, Chad. My tight slippery pussy is sliding up and down you big throbbing meat-stick," she said in a sensual tone.

"Oh…Ohh-k," he gasped.

"You like how that feels. You like how my outer lips are beating against you cock-base?

"Yesss!" the boy answered, feeling Robo-mom's hand pump his cock with perfect full-length strokes.

"You feel something else, don't you, baby? You feel your hardon-tip bumping into my cervical ring. Soon your dick will smear it with so much pre-spunk, that it'll feel like a hot slippery mouth sucking at your glans," Amanda said.

Chad squirmed beneath his doll in delight, listening to his mom's tantalizing words. He certainly didn't wanna cum this soon, but his cock was tingling like crazy. "That would feel so good!" he breathlessly confessed.

"Yes, it would," Amanda said. "It would feel good to my pussy too. A big hunk of young muscular meat pounding through me. It would make me drip my slippery juices all over that big pink dick of yours."

"God, mom!"

Amanda's voice cried out in her boy's head. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck up into my slippery pussy and make my huge titties bounce up and down!"

"Wow!" he responded, astounded at how incredibly naughty she was getting.

While her son had his cock stroked, the horny mother continued rubbing her aroused pussy, while imagining doing the wicked things she was brazenly communicating to him. "Roll me onto my back, Chad! Take the top and pound the cum out of me!" hear neuro-voice cried out.

"YES! I wanna fuck you so hard!"

"Do you, baby? Do you wanna feel mom's birthing tube squeeze around you, just like it did the day she

gave birth to you?"

"Damn, I can't imagine that!" he gasped in response.

"This time I won't squeeze you out so quick," she said. "This time you can stay in there as long as you

want, baby. You can pound the fuck out of my slippery meat sleeve."

Chad's boner flexed excitedly in the grip of Robo-mom's expertly stroking hand. He mustered up all the willpower he could to keep from cumming.

"Damn, mom…you really have me worked up," he excitedly communicated.

"You're not the only one worked up, honey. Trust me."

"While you say dirty things, do you care if I fuck her…just how you described?"

Amanda's mind swelled with jealousy. "NO! I WANT IT TO BE ME, DAMNIT!" her brained screamed. "Well…yeah, I do to!" her son answered.

"What?! Wait…you heard that?" the mother asked in shock.

"Of course I heard it, mom. We're connected through our neuro-probes, remember?" "Oh, God, yes, I'm sorry," she muttered in an embarrassed tone.

"Do you really want it to be you?" he asked. "Do you really wanna fuck me?"

There was a short pause as the mother considered his question. Of course the answer was yes. Being sexual with her boy was all she'd thought about lately, but she knew how dangerous going down that road would be. Even what she was doing now, having neuro-sex with him was extremely risky to her marriage.

"Honey, it doesn't matter what I want. We can't have sex."

"Why can't we? Guys have sex with their moms all the time. It's perfectly legal now," her son reminded

her.

"I know that, Chad. It's just…" Amanda muttered, then looked over at her husband. "It wouldn't be fair to your father."

"Oh, you mean like the fact that he can't get it up half the time isn't fair to you?" "Chad, stop."

"And how unfair is it to you that he can't even give you a baby the natural way. You have to go to a doctor and have it surgically implanted," her son pointed out.

"Chad, please…enough," she said. "This was a mistake, I'm sorry… I'm ending this call now."

"Switch spots with my doll tonight, mom," her son said. "Let me fuck you harder than you've ever been

fucked."

Amanda's body trembled upon hearing his request. She reached for her probes with shaky hands. "You have your doll. Don't worry about me. Goodnight," she said, then pulled the probes off, ending their communication.

Amanda rolled onto her side in sexual frustration. *"I've gotta stop this obsessing! He's my son…not some sexual conquest. I bought him a doll to take care of his needs and that's the end of it!"* she thought.

In the next room over, Chad wrestled his Robo-doll onto the bed beneath him, and thrust his dick inside her, imagining it was his real mom. "Take my dick, mom!" he gasped.

"Yes, Chad! Fuck me!" the doll reacted. The fact that she did so in a voice that was identical to his mom's got him even more worked up.

The teen reached under and grasped her meaty ass, then began pounding his doll with savage thrusts, making his bed squeak violently.

Robo-mom moaned and gasped, wrapping her strong silky legs high around his back, grasping his steadily thrusting body in the warm cradle of her thighs.

From her bedroom, Amanda could hear the two of them going at it hot and heavy. "Damn you, Chad!"

she thought jealously, putting her hands over her ears.

The mother's insides tingled at the thought of her son fucking the shit out of her. Her clit and nipples throbbed so bad it was impossible for her to ignore. "Fuck this!" she thought quickly sliding out of bed.

Chad stopped fucking his doll as he heard a tap at his door. He got up and check it out, finding his mom standing outside his doorway in only her nightshirt.

"Hi," he muttered, noticing the way she was wantonly gazing back at him.

Amanda eyes drifted down her son's lean torso, to the rock-hard boner saluting her at an upward angle. His erection glistening with his doll's secretions and his knob was swollen and purple. *"Fuck, I need that!"* she thought. The mother undid the last three buttons of her nightshirt and slipped it off.

Chad's eyes widened at the sight of her huge ballooning tits. Sure, he'd been getting used to seeing ones identical, but these were REAL tits, and they belonged to his REAL mom. She handed the nightshirt to him. "Tell her to put it on…and to go lay on my bed," she said.

Chad relayed the request. Robo-mom's titties jiggled heavily as she stepped over and put the nightshirt on. Amanda fed her look-a-like a triumphant smile as the doll walked past her and headed for the master bedroom.

Chad closed the door. His heart pounded excitedly as he watched his mom sashay towards his bed with her bare buttocks swaying atop her sexy legs. She stopped at his bedside, and waited for him to join her.

"Did you mean what you said?" she softly asked. "Which part?"

"When you said you'd fuck me harder than I've ever been fucked?"

"Of course," the boy muttered, more excited than he'd ever been in his life. "You promise?" she asked with a sultry little smile.

"I promise," he said, as a string of pre-jizz seeped from his piss-slit, dropping towards the floor. "Just tell me how you want it."

Amanda crawled onto the bed, giving her son a great view of her ass while on her hands and knees. Her fleshy tan half-moons were slightly spread, exposing her crinkled butthole. His eyes drifted down past her perineum to the puffy outer folds of her cuntal flesh. "I think you know how I want it," she said.

The boy watched her drop onto her back, making her giant jugs wobble heavily before drooping slightly off the sides of her chest. She brought her knees back, splaying open her thighs widely. "The question is…do you have what it takes to give it to me that way?" she asked. "Do you have what it takes to pound the cum out of me?"

"Yes," the boy said, reaching down to give his cock a few strokes. "Well, here I am," she said. "Come prove it."

Chad crawled onto his bed and down between his mom's legs. He knew if he buried his entire dick inside his mom in one mighty plunge, it would create a 'wow factor' that would set the stage for the intense boning he planned on giving her.

"OHH GOD!!" the mother cried out, feeling her boy's rock-hard manhood sink straight to the back wall of her cunt. His fat bell tip pressed forcefully against the raised ring of her ectocervix, smearing it with weeping pre-cum.

They exchanged a lusty stare, while quickly adjusting their bodies for intercourse. Chad brought his hands up between her upper back and the mattress, grasping on to her shoulders from behind for leverage. Amanda adjusted her ass beneath her, drawing her knees back further and angling her cunt so that her boy could take the hardest, deepest thrusts possible.

"Fuck me, honey!" she gasped in a desperate tone.

Chad wasted no time drawing his dick back, then pounding it back inside her again and again, quickly finding a rhythm. "Ohhhyeah!" the teen excitedly sighed, feeling his tender boner plunge in and out of her exquisitely-ribbed cunt tube.

He punched it all the way in again and held it there in full penetration. His mom gasped and writhed in ecstasy beneath him,

tossing her beautiful brown hair around. Her fatty tits sloshed against his bare chest.

"Oh God, Chad!" she squealed, sinking her nails into his back as she was stuck with a sudden orgasm. Her back arched from the mattress, lifting her son up as her eyes rolled back in their sockets.

"Goddamn!" the boy gasped, aroused beyond words, as he felt his mom's warm curvy body tremble with pleasure, while her cunt gasped his cock in a tight love-grip.

While Amanda and Robo-mom's cunts felt the same around his cock, his mom's was squeezing him a bit differently than his doll did when she came. Her vaginal sleeve sucked and pulsated around his meat, creating an amazing sensation around his glans.

When Amanda's back hit the mattress again, her son set his hips back in motion and began feeding her

his hammering hardness. "Yess!" the orgasm-sticken mother gasped. "Fuck me hard!"

Amanda tossed her strong, smooth-shaven legs high up around his back, using them to pull at him, and hump her mommy-cunt from the bed, meeting her boy's powerful fuck-plunges. A repetitive SLAPPING sound filled the room as the boy's balls beat against her lovely round ass.

Even though his mom was blowing his mind, Chad felt confident in his ability to fuck the hell out of her. After all, he's spent the last two weeks pounding his dick through a robot that was identical to her in every way. He had learnt that by changing up his angle of attack, he could keep his doll cumming for a long time, so he tried that same tactic on his mom.

Slowly rising towards another climax, Amanda felt her humping boy adjust himself between her squeezing thighs, plowing at her vaginal

tube at a different angle. *"Oh my God…he's good!"* her brain whimpered.

She clawed her long nails down his back, delighted by the unyielding hardness of her boy's huge dick spearing into her. It had been years since her husband Jake's penis had been anywhere near this hard, and even then his erection was several inches shorter than Chad's. Her pussy was getting worked in places she hadn't been touched since her college days.

"Oh, Chad, it feels so good, baby!" she cried out encouragingly.

The boy's head swelled with confidence. Pumping away, he gazed down into his mom's beautiful eyes.

"You like it?" he asked.

"Yes…but I'd like it better if you kissed me," she replied.

He lowered his lips and they began kissing passionately. Their mouths fused tightly in an open oval and their tongues danced in a wild frenzy inside the boy's mouth.

Inside the mother's vagina, their juices churned around a pumping pink mass of vaginal and penile flesh. Chad's muscled erection sliced through the grip of ribbed pleats lining his mom's birthing tube. Her pelvic floor was flexed against the bulge of the urethral tube that ran along the underside of his shaft, providing intense friction.

Chad broke their kiss and gasped as he felt his dick tingling with pre-orgasmic sensations. He felt his mom's silky legs unfasten from around him, and watched her scissor them back impossibly far, so her dainty bare feel pointed towards his rocking headboard.

"Damn! I thought only Robo-mom could spread her legs that far back," the boy gasped.

"You thought wrong," his mom said with a pleasure-filled smile. "I can wrap them around your neck

too," she said, propping her ankles on his shoulder and tucking her sexy feet behind his head.

"Holy shit, that's hot!" the boy gasped, his cock flexing in his mom's tight cuntal grasp.

"Now that you have your mommy folded in half, why don't you beat that juicy bell tip against her

cervix," she said.

"You got it!" the boy responded, bringing his full weight against her and fucking as hard as he could.

"Yess! Just like that!" his mom screamed out. The mattress rocked violently beneath them.

In the next room over, Jake woke up as he heard the intense fucking going on through the wall that separated their bedrooms. He looked over at his wife, who was really Robo-mom, laying there on her back next to him, with her eyes open. "Good grief. Could they be any louder?" he asked.

"It would appear that Chad is really enjoying himself," Robo-mom said. "Yeah well, maybe a little too much. Some of us have to work tomorrow." They heard Amanda cry out in orgasm.

"Doesn't that doll of his have some sort of volume control?" Jake asked. "I'm afraid not," Robo-mom said, with a slight smile.

After laying there for a few minutes, doing his best to ignore the sexual sounds reverberating through the house, Jake hopped up out of bed. "Alright…enough's enough," he said, throwing on his robe.

His wife and son were so wrapped up in the heat of a hard fuck, they didn't even hear him tapping at Chad's door. Amanda was now on top of her teen, grinding on his steely hardness. "Oh fuck, baby… you're so big!" the mother gasped, rocking her wide child-bearing hips up and back, plowing their juicy genitals together.

The wide-eyes teen reached up and grasped on to her huge bobbling tits. "I'm not the only one with something big, mom," he replied.

"That's right. Big boobies to smother you with," she teased.

Not able to get a response, Jake peeked the door open. He could see who he thought was Robo-mom riding his son's midsection. She suddenly dropped her upper half down on top of Chad and they kissed passionately. Jake would have died if he knew it was really his wife.

The father of the house cleared his throat loudly, startling both of them.

"Oh shit," Amanda muttered, looking back at her husband while laid out on their son.

"Don't panic," he son whispered so that only she could hear. "He could just think you're my doll." Chad looked over at his father awkwardly. "Sorry, dad…were we being too loud?" he asked. "MUCH too loud," Jake replied in an annoyed voice.

"We'll um…tone it down some, sorry."

"Yeah, thanks," Jake said, then he watched what he thought was his son's doll sit upright, staring back at him. He could see the side of one of her huge breasts jutting out over Chad, and her thick succulent ass smothering his crotch.

"Sorry, Jake," Amanda said, looking back at her hubby with a slight smile.

The clueless husband stared at the beauty a moment, entranced by how much she truly resembled his

wife. "Thanks," he said, forcing a smile, then closing the door.

Amanda looked down at her son and they both burst out laughing. She brought her soft boobies back down against his chest. "You're just fucking your Robo-mom way too hard in here, young man," she teased.

"I guess I am."

Amanda began kissing his neck tenderly. His boner was still lodged deep inside her pussy, and she started humping and squeezing on it. "And I don't give a fuck what he says…don't you dare stop," she said between kisses.

"I didn't plan on it," the boy muttered, rocking his hips so his prick fucked up and down her cunt-tube.

"You're gonna fuck his wife all night long," she said wickedly.

"Sounds good to me."

"Can you believe you're fucking your REAL mom?" she asked, her thick rounded ass bobbing up and down.

"No. I thought fucking a robot that looked like you was exciting, but it's nothing compared to this," he

confessed.

"I guess there's truly no substitute for real flesh, is there, honey?"

"No way…especially if that flesh belongs to your own sexy mom," the boy said, spearing his boner up

into her.

She sat upright again, gazing down at him over the swell of her enormous milkers. "Are you trying to

flatter the pants off of me, young man?" she asked.

"I doubt I could do that, mom, since you're not wearing any pants."

"True, and with the way you've been screwing me I doubt I'll be wearing them very much at all when I'm around you. Panties either," she said with a flirty wink.

"Fine by me."

"Alright…enough talk," the busty mother said as she started bouncing on her boy's prick again. "Time for more hot fucking!"

Chad stared up at his mom's bouncing tits in wide-eyed fascination. The fatty flesh of her melons rippled heavily each time the beat back down against the mother's torso. "Can I suck on those?" the boy asked, licking his lips.

"As long as I can suck on your cock later," Amanda said.

"Deal," he said, grabbing her arm and pulling her tits down to his face. There was only one thing Chad loved better than fucking, and that was fucking and sucking tits at the same time.

"Mm, suck those nipples, baby!" Amanda cooed, humping her cunt up and down the length of his cock.

Chad's face was plastered in squishy tit-meat, with his mouth gorged full of his mom's nipple and entire areola. He beat his licker against

her engorged teat, sucking it as far into his greedy mouth as he could get it.

With a dick a big and rigid as her son's plowing her depths, the mother could only fuck for so long before she exploded in a body-trembling orgasm. She cried out in delight, as hot girl-cum soaked her boy's

cunt-smothered boner.

Once the beauty came down from her orgasmic cloud, she climbed off her son. Resting on her hands and knees, with her tits dangling from her chest, she pointed her thick ass back at him. "Put it back in me!" she said, peeking back and wagging her meaty ass-flesh teasingly.

Chad mounted her haunches and speared his cock inside her. He grasped her hips and laid into her with steady fuck-pumps. "That's it, honey! Fuck me good!" she gasped, thrusting her rump back against the boy.

Steady SMACKING sounds filled the bedroom as they engaged in a heated doggy fuck. Amanda's heavy tits hug down off her chest and swung like buoys in a rough sea.

"Damn! You have the sexiest ass on the planet, mom!" Chad confessed, watching her lovely round derriere beat against his midsection. He loved seeing the thick shaft of his cock disappear and reappear from her mommy-hole, glistening with slick cuntal juices.

"Do you like the way it's beating against you, baby?" "Hell yes! I love it!" he gasped.

For ten minutes they fucked like porn stars. When his mom's pussy tightened from another hard cum, the trigger went off in the boy's balls. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he gasped.

"Yes! Wash my womb, baby!" Amanda cried out, beating her ass back against her boy in a frantic pace.

Chad's face became masked in a pleasure-filled grimace as a guttural grunt escaped his lips. Fat ropes of teenage spunk painted the back wall of his mom's pussy.

Together they bucked and squealed for several minutes, sharing a hot mutual orgasm that they wished could go on and on forever.

The mother breathlessly fell forward, and her son stayed joined with her, laying against her cushy backside. She peeked back at him over her shoulder and smiled. "Robots don't get round bellies…but mom's do. I don't mind going bareback tonight, but if we're gonna make this a regular thing, we should probably use some form of birth control," she suggested.

"Aren't you suppose to be injected with dad's sperm, like…any day now?"

"Yes, but until then…we don't need my egg pierced by someone else's sperm," she teased. "Like yours."

Chad pulled his boner from her cunt and his creamy boy-goo came gushing out from her coral slit. "Now you tell me," he said.

Amanda giggled. It felt like a gallon of fresh hot spunk was leaking out of her. "Like I said, just for tonight you can hose out all the ball-batter you want inside me, but if we're gonna keep bumping bellies every day, we're gonna need some form of protection."

A few days later, Amanda stepped into the kitchen in her robe, looking worse for wear. Nancy, Amanda's sister, was already there sipping from her morning coffee. "How was it?" she asked.

"How was what?" Amanda asked, looking confused.

"Sex with Chad. I know that freshly fucked look when I see it, and I'm pretty sure it wasn't Jake that kept

you up all night."

Amanda poured her coffee and sat down across from her sister. "I have no idea what you're talking about," she said, playing stupid.

"Oh, Amanda, please…you've been obsessing on fucking your son since you bought him that doll, maybe even before then. Just fess up."

"I have not been obsessed. How could you say that?" Amanda asked, faking innocence.

"Oh, I don't know…maybe because all you've talked about the past two week is how much Chad's been fucking his doll. It's like you've been some jealous ex girlfriend determined to get him back in your bed."

"That's ridiculous," Amanda said, sipping from her coffee.

"Is it. Then why don't we play back Robo-mom's recordings from last night." "What do you mean?"

"I was there when she was made, remember? The doll maker told us that all her activity is recorded, then deleted after twenty-four hours. Let's find out where she spent HER night last night…in with Chad, or in YOUR bed, faking she was you," Nancy suggested.

"Fine," Amanda muttered.

"Fine, what?"

"Fine, I fucked Chad." "Was that so hard?"

"Actually, yes. It not something I really planned on happening, it's just…"

"It's just something you HOPED would happen," Nancy teased. "And now that it has…I have to know. How was it?"

Amanda rolled her eyes cutely. "Only incredible," she admitted.

"Was it everything you fantasized it would be?" "Better."

"And now the big question. Did Chad know it was you, or did he think he was fucking his doll?"

Amanda giggled. "He knew who he was fucking, and believe it or not, it was HIS idea." "And you landed right on his dick…reluctantly I'm sure," Nancy teased.

"I refused his advances for a little while…until I heard what he was doing to his doll in his bedroom," the

mother confessed.

"So, was this a one and done deal, or are you gonna be selling the doll at auction?" Nancy joked. "Certainly not a one and done deal, since it's been happening the past three nights. I'm not selling his

doll," Amanda giggled, "but she certainly won't be getting used as much from now on. Let's put it that way."

The mother suddenly winced and bowed her head. Her sister looked at her curiously. "What's wrong?"

she asked.

"I'm feeling nauseous all of the sudden."

"Nauseous huh?" Nancy asked with a meaningful smile.

Amanda glared at her sister, clearly reading her mind. "Don't even think that!" she said.

"Think what? That your son just did something you've been trying to do with your husband for months?" "Exactly," Amanda said, then suddenly got up, looking like she could vomit, and rushed to the bathroom.

"Yaay!" Nancy cheered, standing up and throwing her arms around, making her big boobies jiggle. "I'm

gonna be an Auntie again!"

159: Robo-Mom_3

Robo-Mom – Chapter 7: Who's who?

"Are you excited for today?" Chad asked his mom as he watched her exercise.

Amanda's legs were spread open against the floor in a straddle-split and her huge round boobs jutted out beneath her sports top. She fed him a curious look. "Excited?" she asked.

"Yeah, isn't this the day you get implanted with the baby?" he asked, glancing down at the cuntal camel toe puffing out from the crotch of her yoga shorts.

"Oh…um, about that…" the mother said awkwardly, bringing her silky legs together in more of a sitting position. "There's something I've been meaning to talk to you about."

"You changed your mind about having a baby?" Chad asked.

"No, no…not at all. It's just that…well, it turns out that I didn't need to get the embryo implant after all." Chad eyes widened. "Dad got you pregnant?" he asked in disbelief.

Amanda seemed nervous about what she was about to tell him. "Well…no," she muttered, "but I

think…YOU did."

The teen felt an excited tingle course through his body. "What do you mean I did?" he asked, although he knew full well what she

meant.

"Chad, we've been having unprotected sex now for two weeks. I got a call from the doctor just yesterday telling me they won't attach a fertilized egg to the wall of my uterus…because there's already one there," she explained. "I'm already pregnant."

"And you think it's mine?"

She giggled a little. "The fact that your dad's shooting blanks and I've had sex with no other person but you, means yes, the baby's yours," Amanda told him.

"Wow," the boy muttered, his face full of wonder, "we made a baby. We actually made a baby!"

His mom smiled from ear to ear, then got on her knees and hugged him. "We did. Congratulations,

daddy," she said in a giddy tone, pressing her squishy mommy-mounds against him.

"But not really 'daddy' though, right?" he asked a bit confused.

"Biologically yes, but since I'm married to your dad, and had to tell him the baby was his…you'll have to

settle for big brother status."

Chad sighed and smiled. He loved fucking his mom, but was hardly ready for the responsibility of fatherhood. "I can live with that," he said.

"So, this means that we'll certainly need to enjoy our fun while we can," Amanda said, rubbing her belly.

"We may not be able to fuck as much once I start showing."
"Wait..why?"

"Remember what I told you the first night you slid your boner inside me?" Amanda asked him. "Robo- moms don't get round bellies, but moms do. Once I start showing the signs of pregnancy, your father will be able to tell me apart from your doll, which means we won't be able to make the swap we've been making at night."

Chad felt a little disappointed. Since that first night they had together two weeks ago, they'd been sneaking Robo-mom to Amanda's bed almost every night. His father was completely unaware that the one laying next to him while he slept was actually Amanda's robot look-alike, while his wife was down the hallway get fucked silly by their well-endowed son.

"Bummer," the boy said. "I'll be honest…I really have been fantasizing a lot about what it would be like

to fuck you while your big and pregnant."

She smiled lovingly and combed her nails through his hair. "I didn't say we'd stop fucking. I just said we may not be able to do it AS MUCH as we are now."

"Thank goodness," her son sighed. "If we had to stop completely, I'd go crazy."

"Why do you say that?" Amanda asked, even though she dreaded the idea of no sex with him as much as he did. "You have a doll that resembles me in every way, and is just as sexually capable."

"Yeah, but there's also the psychological part, you know? When it's my own human, flesh and blood mother that I'm fucking, it makes a huge difference," he confessed.

She gave him a soft sensual peck on the lips. "That makes me feel good, thank you, baby," she said softly. "I've known you've wanted to get in my panties for years, that's why I bought you a doll that looks like me in the first place. I never realized how jealous I'd get

though once you started fucking her. All I could think about was how I wanted it to be me."

"And now it is you."

"It is," she said, biting her bottom lip as she gazed her boy in the eyes. "I'm helplessly addicted to your hard cock."

With his own beautiful busty mother clinging onto him, the boy felt so horny he could hardly stand it.

"How long until dad gets home?" he asked.

"Why? You wanna help me finish my workout?" she asked teasingly.

He reached around and sunk his fingers into her round meaty ass. "Sure…I could think of some fun ways to burn some calories."

"I'm sure you could, but your father's actually due home any time." "Damn," Chad muttered disappointedly.

She reached down and squeezed his erect prick through his short. "Don't you worry. We'll send your

father to bed with your doll tonight and let you beat my pussy up all you want." "I guess I'll have to wait."

"Unless…" Amanda muttered, clearly formulating a naughty plan in her mind.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you're feeling daring? I do have a naughty idea that I think you'll like. Wanna try it out?" she asked with a mischievous grin.

Jake stepped inside the house a short time later to the sounds of vigorous sexual intercourse. For a moment, he panicked, since the voice crying out in pleasure was identical to his wife's. *"Such an odd*

thing to get used to," he thought, knowing it was just his son fucking his doll again, and that he hadn't quite adjusted to the familiar vocal part of it. The upsetting part, however, was that his son Chad clearly wasn't fucking her in his bedroom, which was one of the rules Jake had firmly established on day one.

Peeking around the corner of the entry, Jake watched what was going on in the living room area. He saw his son, and who he thought was Robo-mom clinging onto him as he held her off the floor, fucking her against the wall. Both of them were completely naked, with a light sheen of perspiration forming on their bodies. To Jake, it was the most obscene and surreal thing he'd ever seen. It was truly like watching his wife fuck another man, and not just any man, but his well-endowed son.

Amanda spotted her husband watching as she peeked over Chad's shoulder. Her body shuddered from the impact of her boy's fuck-thrusts, making her compressed titties quiver each time he pounded into her. *"This is completely crazy…and I love it!"* she thought, knowing full well there was no other scenario where a husband wouldn't completely freak out by seeing this.

"Oh, Chad, you fuck me so good!" Amanda cried out in a slightly exaggerated manner. Having seen enough, Jake cleared his throat loudly, getting their attention.

Still holding his mother's curvy body, Chad turned towards his father, trying to act surprised. "Dad! Oh…um, sorry, I didn't realize you'd be coming home right now," he lied.

"Yes, clearly…but Chad, that shouldn't matter. You agreed that you'd have sex with your doll in your

bedroom only."

"I know, I know…sorry."

"Where's your mother at?" Jake asked. "She went out for a bit… shopping I guess."

"You guess?! What if it was her that walked in here?" the angry father asked. "Do you really think your mother wants to see you doing this?"

Amanda let out a tiny snicker, trying not to burst out laughing. *"Yes I wanna see him 'doing this,' as long as it's ME he's doing it to,"* she thought. Jake's wife decided to continue her roll as 'sex doll' by kissing and licking her son's neck as he spoke to his dad.

"Oh, speaking of mom…she told me the good news, that she's gonna have a baby," Chad said, feeling his

mom squeeze his boner with the muscled sleeve of her vagina in response to his comment.

Jake felt a bit awkward having this conversation while the boy and his doll were clearly joined at the genitals. "Yeah, thanks. To be honest, it was a shocker, but we're happy, especially your mom… she's extremely excited."

"You can say that again," Amanda said between sensual kisses to her son's neck. "What was that?" Jake asked curiously, looking over at her.

Amanda looked back at him with her best robot smile. "Your wife, Amanda…she's VERY excited," the

mom said, squeezing her cuntal walls again. "She told me so just this morning."

"Good thing my doll can't get pregnant," Chad joked, looking at his mom. "She'd be knocked up ten times over by now."

Amanda gazed back at him and smiled. "Mmm, my baby. I just love squeezing your cum out," she cooed,

then locked lips with him for a deep tongue-twirling kiss.

Jake rolled his eyes and looked away. He simply couldn't ignore the fact that the doll looked like the one person he loved more than anyone. "Alright, can you guys just…take that into the bedroom please, before you mother walks in," he said, waving them away with his hand.

"Oops, too late," his son said, looking past his father.

Jake turned around to see Robo-mom standing there, dressed in one of his wife's outfits and holding a shopping bag. "What's going on here?" she stupidly asked.

Jake stepped over to her and tried to guide her away. "Oh, babe, you don't need to see this," he said.

She brushed him away. "I'm not a little girl, Jake. I've seen two people have sex before, and if it's that

bothersome, then why we're YOU standing there watching them when I walked in?" "Oh…I wasn't watching them, I just…"

"Actually dad…you kinda were," Chad said. "Yes, he was," Amanda agreed.

"Do you get some sort of kinky excitement by watching your son fuck a doll that looks like me?" Robo- mom asked convincingly.

"What?! No…of course not!"

Amanda decided to chime in just like Robo-mom would. "It's okay to admit, Jake. A high percent of mothers and sons regularly engage in sexual intercourse," she said.

"No, I never would have approved of a sex doll looking exactly like his mother, ok?" Jake said

defensively. "There's still plenty of people out there who'd think that was pretty messed up."

"Well, your wife is clearly not one of them," Amanda said, looking at Robo-doll, "otherwise she wouldn't

have bought Chad a doll to have sex with in the likeness of herself."

"And look at how wonderful it's working out," Robo-doll said, looking at Chad and his mom, lingering there in the standing fuck position. "The two of you seem to be a perfect sexual match."

Chad's mom gazed into his eyes. "I think so too, Amanda. We just wanna fuck each other silly all the

time, don't we, baby?" she asked.

"We sure do," the boy answered.

"Alright…whatever goes on between you two, from now on could you just make sure it happens in the bedroom please?" Jake asked.

"Sure thing, dad," Chad said as his mom slipped to her feet.

Amanda grasped his juice-slickened boner in her hand and led him towards the bedroom, her big oversized tit-melons bobbling heavily on her chest. She looked back at Chad's father and smiled. "Yes, sure thing, Jake," she said.

After they disappeared into the bedroom, the agitated father turned towards who he thought was his wife. "You sure didn't seem too upset that they were out here having sex in the middle of the living room," he said.

"Oh, honey, relax," the doll said. "Why don't I draw you a bath to help you unwind."

"A bath sounds nice…and maybe a little lovemaking after?" he suggested, checking out the doll's massive cleavage.

"You DID get aroused from watching them, didn't you?" the doll asked.

"No, don't be ridiculous. I just thought it might be nice to have sex with my newly pregnant wife."

She smiled sympathetically. "I'm sorry, honey…not tonight, I have a headache," the doll said, then walked towards the bedroom. "I'll get your bath going."

Unbeknownst to him, the one having sex with his beautiful wife was his son, Jake. "Damn, mom, that feels incredible!" the teen sighed, feeling her ride him with her cock-gripping cunt. Watching his thick boner appear and disappear from between her splayed vulvar lips was a special sight.

"You like the way I'm riding your cock, baby?" Amanda asked, gazing down over her ballooning udders.

"I love it!"

"Just wait until I'm big and preggers. You're gonna love it even more." "I can't wait," the boy confessed.

"Do you think this is the position you got me pregnant in, baby?" she asked. "Was I on top of you when

you blasted that load of strong-swimmers up into my cum-hungry womb?"

"Maybe so," the boy answered. "Or maybe it was a sperm from all my loads of cum you've swallowed,"

he teased.

Amanda giggled. "Well, YOU HAVE made a sperm-a-holic outta me, but I don't think you knocked me up

that way. Last I heard the tummy and vagina aren't connected," she joked.

"How much bigger do you think your boobs will get?" Chad asked, gazing up at her heaving bosoms, trying to imagine them larger than they already were.

"It's hard to say, but I'm sure they'll shoot right up the alphabet when it comes to their bra size." "Maybe a triple Z cup," the teen joked.

"Oh God, hopefully not that big. I'll topple over."

The boy licked his lips eagerly. "They'll be leaking a lot of milk I bet," he said in a lustful tone.

Amanda giggled, watching her boy stare at her huge mommy-melons as they careened up and down her chest, rippling delightfully. "Just like your cock is right now," she said, tightening her cuntal grip. "It's leaking lots of ball-milk from the tip to keep mommy's pussy nice and lubricated."

Amanda's meaty buns beat against her son's ball as she used her strong hips to pump her love-muffin along the length of her boy's dreamy erection. It wasn't just Chad's pre-ejaculate that oiled their union. A heavy flow of fuck-juice had secreted from the mother's vaginal lining, creating a slippery froth that churned inside her buttery sheath.

The busty mom leaned over and rested her extended arms astride her boy's head, so her giant tits swung hypnotically right above his ogling eyes while she fucked him. Chad pumped his ass from the bed to meet her tireless humping, fucking his blood engorged cock through the snug tube of her pink vagina.

Amanda gazed at her baby through the parted curtain of her wavering brunette hair. "They're not

leaking yet, but feel free to practice if you want," she told him with a teasing wink.

Chad willingly accepted her suggestion, reaching up and mauling her heavy mounds, stuffing as much of the spongy tip into his mouth as he could get.

"Mmm, yes! Suck my tits hard, Chad," the mother moaned.

The boy pulled her against him, making his face sink into the fatty rounded meat of her tit. Amanda's ass

-globes continued to bob up and down, fucking him in a pleasurable rhythm. She squealed in delight as his tongue wiggled on the hardened rubbery nub of her nipple, drawing it out from her areola and sucking it passionately.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming, baby!" the mother cried out, feeling a climax quickly swell in her loins.

"Mmnff!" the boy whimpered, his face smothered in squishy boobie-flesh, as he felt his mom's body tremble, while she slammed her gushing pussy onto his steely prick.

"FUCK! FUCK!...UNGGHH!!" her pretty voice cried out, easily loud enough for her husband to hear, as a tremendous climax shot through her curvy body. Her hips worked like a machine, pounding

her pussy furiously onto her son's prick, making his flaring knob crush against her cervix on every thrust.

They rolled on his mattress, and the teen kept his face firmly secured against his mom's fleshy tit while he took the top position. He continued laying his dick into her with tit-jarring force while greedily sucking her engorged teat between his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

Amanda's body gave off another shudder as one juicy orgasm rolled into another. She crossed her lovely legs high around her boy's back, interlocking her ankles and securing him in the cradle of her wide-open thighs. Using her strong legs as leverage, she humped her sexy ass from the mattress, meeting him

thrust for thrust. She bit down on her son's shoulder and squealed as the heat of her hot orgasm pulsed through her naked body.

"Mmnnggff!" the boy growled, feeling the well pronounced ribs of his mom's vaginal rugae tighten up even more around his burrowing glans. Hot girl cum swirled around his prick, marinating the pink tender meat as it pumped tirelessly through the tube that once squeezed out his tiny body.

"Mnnff, yesss!" the teen hissed, his voice still muffled in the flesh of his mom's rubbery tit-cap. He rammed his cock in with three more savage thrusts, then held it there in full penetration, feeling his boner swell even bigger as a raging torrent of cum shot up the tube of his urethra.

"Ugnhh, mom…shit!!" the boy cried out against the rounded underside of her breast as the first big blasted erupted from the slit of his knob.

Writhing beneath him, his busty mother used her forearms to push her jiggling tit-orbs around his head, wedging him between them.

"Unghhh!" the boy grunted out, his voice dampened by pounds of fatty tit-flesh. He set his hips back in motion, and Amanda pumped her jiggling ass from the mattress again, making their wet pissers beat together in orgasmic passion.

For ten climactic minutes not a word was spoken. Only animal-like grunts and squeals left their mouths as they humped and trembled, milking out every bit of mind-blowing pleasure that their orgasms would provide.

In the next room over, Jake had gotten so frustrated from listening to his wife and son fuck that he twice tried to make a move on Robo-mom. However, not only did he not know it was his son's doll he was in bed with, but that she was programed to only give sex to Chad.

"Please, not tonight, honey. I really need to sleep," the doll said, brushing him away.

Amanda and Chad knew they couldn't carry on this charade all the time. It was too risky. This meant the some nights she'd have to sleep with her husband, and endure his almost laughable attempt to please her. Recently the only thing that would make her cum during sex with her husband was thoughts of Chad's enormous cock pounding through her. Thankfully, sex with Jake was always over quickly, since he couldn't last very long.

"You look pretty sad for a woman who finally got the baby she wanted," her sister Nancy said as they sat having coffee.

"Trust me, I'm thrilled about that," she said.

"Then why are you so quiet and somber this morning? Did you not get enough of Chad's dick last night?" "I'm just being a sulking, selfish bitch, that's all," Amanda confessed.

"What's that suppose to mean?"

"I'm enjoying the time him and I have…maybe too much. That's why I'm sad that we won't be able to

sleep together once I start showing," Amanda admitted.

"Ha, like you two do any 'sleeping' when you're sharing a bed at night," Nancy teased. "You know why I mean. I'll miss being with him."

The family's worker robot Al stepped over to the table. "Can I get you ladies anything," he asked.

Nancy smiled at the robot. "I don't know…can you eat pussy?" she candidly asked, making Amanda snicker.

"I'm not familiar with that command."

"Then you're really not any good to me right now. Get lost," she said, shewing him away with her hand.

"I know I sound like a big baby," Amanda said. "I mean, Chad will still get to fuck me during the day while Jake's at work. I guess I'm just selfish and want him all the time, which won't be possible once my belly get round."

"Well, improvise then," Nancy suggested. "Shove a pillow under the doll's shirt at night so Jake thinks it's his pregnant wife crawling into bed with him."

"Yeah, until he comes over to snuggle and roams his hands under the doll's top, then I'm fucked."

"She's a doll…can't you just stick an air hose up her ass and make her belly blow up like a balloon, so she

looks pregnant?" Nancy said, making herself giggle. Amanda eyes lit up. "Oh my God, that's it…" "Amanda, I was joking."

"No, Nancy, you're brilliant."

"Well, I have my moments…but serious, I was just kidding."

"You were kidding about the air hose, yes, but maybe there is a way the doll maker can make Robo- mom look pregnant," the mother said in a hopeful tone.

"Seriously?" Nancy asked, feeding her a strange look.

"Yeah, I mean, he gave her realistic boobs, didn't he. Why couldn't he do a realistic pregnant tummy?"

Amanda asked.

"He could…maybe," the sister answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Let's go see him and find out," Amanda said, getting up from the table anxiously. "Wait…should we take the doll with us?"

"Good idea," the mother said. "Maybe Chad would wanna go too. That way he could see where his doll

was made."

"I'll go pick out one of your outfits for her to wear," Nancy said, heading towards her sister's bedroom.

Chad was in the shower with Robo-doll. She was on her knees vigorously sucking his cock, while beating the base of his boner with her fist at the same time. "Oh man, that feels so fucking good," the boy gasped, watching her rounded lips plunge up and down the length of his wet dick.

He suddenly heard his mom tap at the door. "Chad, can I come in a second?" she asked.

There was nothing he and his mother hadn't done at this point, so he didn't feel any shame about her seeing him this way. "Sure, mom, come on in," he answered.

Amanda came inside the bathroom, staring through the glass door jealously as Robo-mom continued to suck her son's prick. "I would have done that for you if you asked me to, you know?" she said.

"I know, but I didn't wanna interrupt your morning coffee with Aunt Nancy," the boy said.

"Speaking of your Aunt Nancy… her and I are going to see the guy who made your Robo-doll. We think there might be a way for him to make her look pregnant."

"Why would you do that?" Chad asked, while at the same time thinking about how incredible the blowjob felt.

"So once my baby bump starts showing, we can continue to fool your dad, so you and I could keep

fucking our asses off at night, that's why," Amanda answered. "Oh yeah, that would be super-sweet!"

His mom fed him a pretty smile, showing her gleaming white teeth. "I thought so too," she said, then watched her Robot look-a-like plunge her son's hard dong through her mouth, bobbing her head up and back. "Anything I can do to help speed this process along?"

"You could come into the shower and kiss me," her boy suggested.

"Mm, I like that idea a lot," the mother said, pulling off her dress. Her huge creamy tits were spilling out of her lacy black bra. She reached around and unclasped it, releasing the meat of her mommy-melons. Next, she peeled her thong panties of, exposing her shaved vulva.

Chad licked his lips, watching his nude mom sashay gracefully towards the shower. Even though she was not even a month pregnant her boobs were already looking more swollen. Her puffy pink areolar caps were definitely more protuberant and a darker shade of pink, from increased blood flow to her jugs as they prepared to begin milk development.

The naked mother joined them in the shower, stepping up behind her boy, squashing her tits against his back and kissing him over his shoulder sensually. "If the doll maker can pull this off, you'll be getting some hot pregnant pussy every night," she said between kisses.

"Oh my God, I would love that more than anything," the boy sighed.

"I would too," she whispered, then licked his neck with her long tongue. "Whatever I can do to get out

of your father's bed and into yours, I'll do it." "You won't hear me complain any," Chad said.

Amanda looked down at Robo-mom, watching her feed the boy's cock between her lips in a steady

blowjob. "So that's what I look like when I suck your dick, huh?" she asked.

"Yes…sexy as hell," he answered.

She looked into her boy's eyes. "Want me to go down and help her out…so you have two of me blowing your cock?"she asked.

"Seriously?"

"Two mouths are better than one, right?" she asked with a lusty smile, then sunk down in front of him, kneeling next to the cock-sucking doll.

Chad's hard pecker popped from Robo-mom's lips and she smiled over at the boy's mother, who was gingerly squeezing his dangling balls. "Hello, Amanda. Will you be assisting me in giving Chad oral pleasure?"

"Fucking right I will," she answered in a naughty tone, peeking up at her boy. "You just keep sucking his

boner though. I'm gonna work his balls."

Chad watched in wide-eyed wonder as he had his dick and nuts licked and sucked. He felt like he had beautiful middle-aged, identical twin sisters working him over. The sensations they were providing him were out of this world.

"Mmnn," Amanda hummed, nursing on one of her son's testicles. It popped from her mouth and she nuzzled her face against his soft scrotum, wagging her wet licker all around his tender nuts.

"Wow!" the boy exclaimed, feeling both his dick and balls get the royal treatment.

Amanda licked her way up to help with his boner, and Chad was struck with wonder as he watched their identical lips and tongues lave up and down his blue-veined appendage, giving him an extraordinary oral massage.

"I'll suck his dick now," Amanda whispered to the doll, "you go around and lick his ass."

Robo-mom slid around the boy, then buried her face between his buns. Her tongue licked wildly against his anus and it felt divine. Amanda meanwhile, began plunging his thick rod into her mouth.

"Ahhh, God!" Chad's face contorted as he watched his mom give him head, feeling the warm wet suction around the tender meat of his boner. He put his hand behind her head and gripped her hair,

guiding her up and back rhythm as she engaged him in a throat-plunging blowjob.

The boy's midsection was sandwich between their two pretty heads as he got blown from one side and had his ass eaten from the other. It was absolutely exhilarating.

Despite cheating on her husband, the busty mother felt no shame. She was too busy wrapped up in her well executed blowjob, and getting his cock crammed as far into her throat as she could.

"Such a yummy fucking dick," she thought, reaching down and stroking her clitoris. *"I can't wait to gulp*

down his hot sticky cum!"

Robo-mom plowed her tongue back and forth across the boy's sphincter with extraordinary speed, making Chad's body tremble in delight.

Amanda bobbed her head up and back, making her huge tits jiggle as she fucked her face with his boner. She forced her cock-stuffed mouth downward, engulfing his entire erection and plastering her stretched lips against the root of his prick.

"Holy fuck, mom!" the boy gasped, feeling his knob expand deep in the sucking grip of her throat.

Amanda was in seventh heaven, rubbing her clit frantically while she gurgled noisily on the massive slab of meat, relishing the taste and feel of her boy's fat prick in her mouth. She back out for air, the immediately went back to sucking. This time she wrapped the base of his boner in her fist and began beating his dick into her plunging mouth.

"Ohhh shit!" Chad moaned, his eyes rolling back in delight as his glans tingled with delightful pre- orgasmic sensations.

As she sucked, the skilled mother curled her tongue around the cum-drooling knob, then suddenly felt a jet of hot ball-juice erupt from Chad's meatus, spurting down her throat. The sweet taste of her boy's fuck-cream made the mother tremble in orgasm as Chad continued to hose hot jizz into her tirelessly suctioning mouth. She sucked and whimpered and sucked and whimpered, pulling out every drop she could get.

"Fuck…that was…wow!" the boy muttered, as the brunette duo pulled their heads away from him and stood up.

"Did you like that, Chad," Robo-mom asked.

"A thousand percent, yes!" he answered.

"Close your eyes, honey," Amanda told him with a mischievous grin. "Why?" he asked curiously.

"Don't ask questions…just do as mommy tells you."

Chad closed his eyes tight and Amanda leaned over and whispered something into Robo-mom's ear. The doll smiled and they both started circling the boy, teasing his flesh with their long nails as the went around and around him. "Keep them closed," his mother whispered.

"For how long?

"Until you feel our tits on your chest," his mom said.

Both Robo-mom and Amanda stopped and shared a frontal embrace with the boy, mashing their huge wet boobs against his chest. Chad opened his eyes, looking at both their beautiful identical faces. Their hair was wet and slicked back and their beautiful eyes gazed into his.

"So, ok, um…who's who?" he asked, not knowing which one was his mom and which one was his doll.

Amanda and Robo-mom looked at each other with the same amused expression and shrugged their shoulders.

"Oh, I see…not gonna tell me, huh?"

They both shook their heads, then took turns kissing him, running their nails down his back, while their tongues dueled inside his mouth. Chad grasped a tit of each of them in his hand and squeezed them roughly, while making out with them. He felt their hands groping his cock, pulling and teasing his glans, driving him beside himself with lust.

"Since you just had a juicy cum, do you wanna get out of the shower…" one of the moms asked.

The other one finished her sentence. "Or do you want us to bend over so you can pound your cock

through our assholes?"

"I like the second choice," the teen answered, his cock flexing excitingly in their teasing hands.

The two moms turned and bent over in front of him. Chad took over dick-stroking duty, while staring at the luscious meaty behinds pointed back at him. They were both gazing over their shoulders at him, waiting to have their ass-tubes stuffed full. "Fuck us," one mom said, wagging her buttocks lewdly.

"Fuck our tight little assholes," the other one said, swaying her apple-bottomed derriere. Chad could see the muscled rings of their sphincters throbbing in and out, making his boner flex with anticipation as it stuck from crotch at an upward angle. He tried to guess which one was his mom, so he could penetrate her first, but

he honestly had no idea which one she was, since they both resembled each other exactly. He stepped up to the one on the right and squeezed the knob of his prick through her ass-ring.

"Mmm, yesss!" the mother said, in reaction to Chad's stiff meat sinking into her ass-tract.

He grasped her wide hips and began beat his boner through her snug anal grip. Her wet fleshy butt- cheeks beat against his crotch, making a lewd CLAPPING sound fill the large shower stall.

"Ohh, that's it…fuck my asshole!" the mom shouted, quivering from Chad's jarring humps. Her huge hanging knockers swung pendulously as they hung down from her chest.

The boy looked over at the other mom who was still gently wagging her mommy-buns, while staring up at him lustfully. He pulled his stiff prick from one ass, took one step to his left and crammed his engorged prick into the ass of the other.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, feeling his tender pink column sink into the hot grip of her bowels. Like he did the previous mom, Chad grasped her hips a fed her his meat with steady thrusts, making her ass-flesh ripple each time it struck his midsection.

"Fuck my ass harder!" the mother cried out, throwing her lovely rump back at the teen, making his knob plunge deep into her smothering rectum.

"Finger my cunt while you fuck her ass" the mom on his right said, and the boy complied, shoving two fingers in her slippery pussy. She frantically bucked her hot cunt back on his fingers, feeling them slip along her hot inner lining, igniting her nerve endings.

"Ohh, so good!" the mom he was ass-fucking whimpered. His steely cock thundered deep into her rectal cavity, flexing from the feel of the rubbery anal tissue compressing around the meat of his boner.

Rather than continuing to lean over, the mother stood upright, while the boy continued to pound her rump from behind. Her fatty tits did a wild wobbling dance on her chest. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck meeee!" she squealed, trembling as a hot climax shot through her sexy frame.

"Shove it back in my ass!" the mom he was fingering pleaded, squeezing her own tits with needful desire.

Chad pulled his cock from one asshole and sunk it into the other, plunging it all the way in and making the mother squeal from the burning pleasure. "Ahh fuck that's tight!" the boy exclaimed, feeling her ass muscles suck and milk the shaft of his steely prick.

"Fuck my ass faster!…Harder!" the mother panted, beating her rounded butt back against his crotch in

the rhythm she desired. "Fuck me as hard as you can!"

Chad began pounding his cock into her with everything he had. She stood upright, reached back to grasp his hands and place them on her wildly leaping tit-melons. He got the hint and squeezed them roughly while fucking her, pinching her swollen nipples between his fingers.

"Yes, like that…pound my ass off!" she cried out.

The teen let one tit go and brought his hand down across her waist for leverage. Then, he savagely pounded into her, lifting her curvy body, so her sexy bare feet dangling above the shower floor and waved around beneath her, while her thick ass beat against Chad's crotch at a frantic pace.

"UUHHGGHH, YESS!" the mother screamed feeling the muscled cock-flesh hammer through her ass- tube.

Somehow, the boy mustered up all the strength he could and fucked her this way for several minutes, before the pretty mom tossed her head back in ecstasy. She arched her chest out away from his, letting out a violent orgasmic scream, and a tremble that cause her huge mommy-melons to leap out sideways from her body, then swing back and smack together, causing the fatty meat to ripple wonderfully. Her silky legs quivered and her painted toes pointed down and spread apart as extraordinary pleasure shot through her naked frame like an electric current.

Her asshole and rectum were contracting so tightly around the aching hardness of Chad's cock that he began shooting out ropes of milky jism without warning.

"Ahhhh fuck!" the boy's voice trembled as the mother flexed her shit muscles, helping the darling boy shoot out every ounce of cum he had into her hungry ass.

After he finally pulled his slimy prick out, the moms stroked and kissed him, smothering his chest with their warm wet udders. "So, I'm still trying to figure out which one of you is my mom, and which one of you is my doll," he confessed.

"Should we tell him?" one mom said, looking at the other. "Nah," they both said at once, shaking their heads.

"I'll be able to tell you apart soon enough…once someone's belly starts growing," Chad said.

"Not if Ivy can help us make your doll look pregnant too," Amanda said. "Then you'll be right back to not

telling us apart." "True."

His mom smiled and kissed him. "Maybe robots really can have round bellies," she said.

Robo-mom – Chapter 8: Stress Test

"Hello again, Ivy," a voice said, startling the doll maker as he was busy about his work.

He took a second to study the beautiful large-breasted female as she stepped out of the shadows in a sexy mini-dress. Her dainty feet were propped in four-inch mules that clicked delicately on the hard floor.

"Model two, six, nine, three, four," he said with a curious smile. "What a pleasant surprise." "How did you know it was me?" Robo-doll asked.

"An artist always knows his work," Ivy answered. "Are you here… alone?"

"She's here with us," Amanda said, as her, Nancy and Chad emerged from the shadows.

"Oh, a whole group of you," the doll maker said. There was strange repetitive sound coming from behind the curtain of his work station. "Let me, um…just go shut this off."

Nancy was the first to curiously pull back the dark curtain before Ivy could stop the racket. "Oh, my

Goodness!" she exclaimed, identifying the source of the noise.

"Whoa!" Chad muttered, his jaw lowering as he too saw what was going on behind the curtain. A fully-completed naked female robot was suspended in the air by a harness attached to her ankles and wrists. The doll's blonde silky hair hung down, as well as her large breasts. A robotic arm extended up between her widely splayed legs. It had phallic attachment that pumped through the doll's pussy at an incredible speed.

"Sorry, this a newly completed model. I was just putting her through a stress test," Ivy explained. "No apologies necessary," Chad said, grinning from ear to ear, watching the doll's tits jostle around.

Amanda playfully slapped her son's arm, a bit jealous that he was so fascinated by the younger- looking robot doll.

The test stopped and the doll was slowly lowered to the floor. She was made to look like a large breasted young woman Chad's age. "Hello there," she said to the guests as her dainty bare feet reached the floor.

"Hi," the onlookers replied awkwardly.

"Is she a…custom doll?" Amanda asked Ivy.

"Yes, a mother sort of in the same situation you were in…wanting a doll that looks just like her as a

gift for her son."

"Wait a second," Nancy blurted, feeding Ivy a confused look. "This doll looks like a twenty-year-old. If this customer has a son old enough to screw, how could the doll possible look like her?"

"She wanted a doll made to look like her when she was her son's age. A younger version of herself,"

Ivy explained.

"Wild!" Chad reacted in wonder.

His mom latched onto his arm, squashing her mature breasts against him. "Well, it's a good thing MY

boy prefers the MILF version of me, right, honey?" she asked him.

"Definitely."

"So, what brings you all in today?" Ivy asked.

"We were wondering if you could make some…modifications to Chad's doll?" Amanda asked. "Modifications?" Ivy asked with a confused look.

"Yes, um…"

The doll maker suddenly noticed the baby bump forming on Amanda's belly. "Oh, you mean can I make her look pregnant?" he asked.

"Yes, how did you know?" the mother asked.

"Well, it's a common request," Ivy said. "Mom buys her son a doll. Mom gets jealous of doll. Mom has sex with son and gets pregnant. Mom wants to continue the affair, but is afraid Robo-doll won't fool her husband, because dolls don't get pregnant bellies. Did I get that about right?" he asked.

Nancy and Amanda gazed at each other in disbelief, then back at the doll maker. "Exactly right, actually," Amanda answered.

"It's a complicated process," Ivy explained, "not cheap, but foolproof I assure you. I implant a round balloon-like insert just beneath her outer fleshy layer, and you'll come in every month to have it slowly inflated, so it matches the size of your own growing tummy."

"That's perfect," Amanda exclaimed. "Exactly what we were hoping for."

Nancy's focus was mostly on the test apparatus behind the curtain. She looked up at the large rubber

phallus at the tip of the robotic arm. "You don't sell these by chance…do you?" she asked.

"Nancy!" her sister giggled. "What's wrong with the sex toy you got the last time we were in here?" "Nothing…but there's only one thing better than the toy I have, and that's the toy I DON'T have," she

answered, her eyes focused on the harnesses of the test apparatus.

Amanda gave Ivy an embarrassed smile. "Sorry…since our last visit here, my sister's sort of developed an obsession for sex toys," she said.

"Yes, that's right…you were the one who took Louis home, right? I hope he's performing optimally?" Ivy asked Kathy.

"Oh yes, he's performing optimally all right," she replied with a big smile, "So optimally in fact he nearly got me divorced."

"Divorced?" Chad curiously asked. "Uncle Matt was gonna divorce you?"

"Yes, well…apparently your uncle Matt doesn't take kindly to being outperformed in bed, even if it is by a robot," Kathy explained.

Amanda giggled. "Well, maybe next time try not fucking Louis when you know there's a chance that

Matt may come early from work," she advised.

"Unfortunately, some of us wives learn our lesson the hard way," Nancy said, then looked at Ivy. "So,

back to my question. Do you make these for sale?"

"Afraid not," Ivy answered. "This test apparatus is a one of a kind… meant to put the dolls through vigorous sexual stress- testing before they go out to the customer."

"Oh, so…has a HUMAN woman ever tried it out?" "Nancy!" Amanda chided.

"What? I'm just asking."

"No. The routine it puts the dolls through would be quite difficult for a human woman to endure," Ivy

said.

"How so?" Nancy asked.

"Well, you see…the harnesses pull the dolls body into various positions that would test the limits of a human woman's flexibility. Not to mention the speed at which the rubber phallus moves as it simulates intercourse. Most women might find that kind of extreme."

Nancy looked at her sister with a big anxious smile. "We should try it!" she exclaimed, then looked back at Ivy. "Can we try it?"

The question seemed to catch the doll maker off guard, especially after how he had just explained the hazards. "Oh, I don't know if…"

"That would be extremely hot!" Chad chimed in.

"Nancy, we came here with a question and he answered it," her sister said. "Let's let the man get back to work."

"You're just scared of it," Nancy said.

"What?"

"You're scared that you wouldn't be able to handle it."

"We didn't come here to be put through some sexual stress test, Nancy," Amanda reminded her.

"Five-hundred dollars!" Nancy shouted, looking over at Ivy inquiringly. "Five-hundred dollars?" he asked, his interest piqued.

"I'll pay you five-hundred dollars to let my sister and I take the stress test," she offered.

"Nancy, this was YOUR idea," Amanda reminded her. "Besides, a pregnant woman shouldn't be suspended up in the air, getting pulled every which way. It wouldn't be good for the baby."

"You're just making excuses," Nancy said. "Chad, tell your mom she needs to grow a pair and take the stress test."

Amanda's son, of course, would love to see his mom being pulled every which way, while being pounded by a fuck-machine. He decided to use a bit of reverse psychology. "Maybe my mom's right," he said, looking at his aunt. "Robo-dolls are made to take on any position and be royally fucked. The test might be too strenuous on a real woman," he pointed out.

Amanda fed her son a quirky smile. "I didn't say I couldn't handle it. I just said it may not be the best

idea," she clarified.

"It's OK, mom…really," Chad said, then glanced over at his doll. "Robo-mom was made to go through stress-tests like this. Real moms probably aren't."

Amanda sighed. *"Bad idea or not, I absolutely refuse to be outdone by a fucking doll,"* she thought, then looked over at Ivy. "So, does five-hundred sound fair?" she asked him, much to the glee of her son and sister.

Chad had never seen his aunt naked before. She had a killer body, just like his mom, but her tits weren't nearly as big. He had the pleasure of watching the two of them strip nude and step up onto the testing platform. "OK, which one of us is going first?" Amanda nervously asked her sister.

Ivy looked over at them as he readied the harnesses. "Actually…I can test up to three dolls at once, so if you'd both like to go at the same time, that could be accommodated, " he suggested.

Amanda looked up at the single robotic arm with the black rubber dong attachment. "But, there's only one dildo thingy," she pointed out.

"Actually no," Ivy said, pushing a light on his computer touch-screen, "there are others." Suddenly, five more robotic arms lowered from the overhead cluster of pipes and wires. They each had their own strange-looking sex toy attachments, which were already buzzing and vibrating.

"Oh my God!" Nancy exclaimed, gazing up at them wondrously. "Take me to heaven!"

Ivy attached harnesses to the women's wrists and ankles, then maneuvered his wheelchair back to the control panel.

"Have a safe flight!" Chad joked, as he and Robo-mom stood there observing.

His mom spit her tongue out at him playfully as her and Nancy were lifted by their wrists from the test platform.

"The test apparatus will lift the both of you into position before the program be begins," Ivy

explained.

The slack in the harnesses were pulled tight, making Amanda and Nancy's arms and legs spread apart, so their sexy naked bodies looked like big fleshy X's suspended in midair.

"Are you ladies ready?" Ivy asked.

Amanda nodded nervously "Let's do this!" she answered.

Suddenly, their silky legs were pulled back in huge wide spread-eagles. Nancy screamed in excitement, like a girl on a carnival ride. The group of robotic arms quickly lowered towards them like a flock of angry hawks moving in for the kill.

Amanda felt a long rubbery phallus pierce her shaved twat and plunge inside her vaginal tract. It began to pump wildly through the tube of her cunt. The pregnant mother shrieked from the burning pleasure, throwing her head back, only to spot a second dildo rocket towards her, and plunge inside her gasping mouth. It nearly gagged her as it dug deep into her throat, then began pumping in a similar fashion to the one in her pussy.

"Whoa!" Chad blurted, watching his mom and aunt Nancy get vaginally and orally assaulted by the large robotic dildos.

He saw the other robot arms maneuver clear cup-looking objects towards their tits. The cups emitted sharp hissing sounds that suddenly went silent as they secured themselves onto the women's huge jostling breasts with powerful suction.

"Mnnggfff! Nancy shrieked, feeling her rubbery nipples throb as they were pulled out from her surrounding areola by the powerful suction. "Guh, guh, guh, guh, guh!" Nancy's throat gurgled as the large fake cock plunged rapidly through it.

Inside her pussy, the thick ten-inch dildo pounded through her. The shaft was covered in thick corrugations that slipped exquisitely along the ridges of her juice-slickened cuntal lining, making Nancy's entire naked body shudder in delight.

Amanda gasped and coughed as the rubber phallus quickly backed out of her mouth, as did the one from her vagina. Like a rag doll, the mother was quickly flipped over, so she faced the floor. Her arms and legs were still fully extended and spread apart, and she shrieked

as the robotic arms quickly went back to work, jackhammering the dildos into her orifices.

"That is SO cool!" Chad exclaimed looking up and watching his beautiful mom get the royal work-over. Through the clear suctioned cups fastened to her fat tits, he could see her elongated nipples being pulled out from the wide rings of her areola.

His Aunt Nancy's legs were suddenly jerked back, folding her in half, so her arms and legs pointed the same direction. The robotic sex machine continued to batter her mouth and cunt with steady thrusts, and she seemed to be enjoying every second of it.

Over the next five minutes, Ivy, Chad and Robo-mom watched the two sisters get jerked around by the harnesses, which placed the duo in wild mid-air positions, while they were fucked relentlessly. Lucky for Amanda and Nancy, they were in tremendous shape from daily stretching routines, allowing their limber bodies to be twisted around without injury. Their lush naked frames trembled in delight, their urethras squirting cum on the hammering dildos, which then rained down onto the platform of the test-apparatus.

Finally, the robotic arms moved away, leaving two limp, breathless mothers suspended by their wrists as they slowly moved back to the floor. Chad started clapping, and Ivy followed suit.

"Bravo!" Amanda's son exclaimed, watching his mom's huge boobies shudder as her dainty feet hit the floor.

"Are you ladies ok?" Ivy asked.

"Peace of cake," Amanda said, with a flushed expression from having just cum so hard.

"Forget about the dolls," Nancy said breathlessly, gazing wondrously at Ivy. "If you start making these things…you'll be a gazillionaire."

"Glad you enjoyed it," the doll maker said, wheeling himself over and unfastened their harness straps.

"It's Chad's turn now," his mom joked as she sashayed towards him.

"Um, that's ok," the boy giggled.

"Oh, come on, Chad. Are you chicken?" his aunt teased. "I somehow doubt I'd enjoy it as much as you guys did."

Amanda giggled and hugged him, pressing her enormous tit-melons against his chest. "That's ok, but don't think you're off the hook, kiddo," she said, then brought her lips to his ear. "You'll get YOUR 'stress test' later."

"Promise?" her son asked.

"What do you think?" his mom answered flirtingly. "I always keep my promises. Especially the ones that involve your dick."

Ivy blushed a bit, overhearing her comment. "If you can bring the doll back in two weeks, I'll complete the procedure," he said. "Over the course of your pregnancy, we'll slowly inflate the pouch, so it matches your round belly exactly."

"Wonderful! Thank you so much," the mother replied gratefully.

The mothers got dressed and they started to leave. Ivy marveled at how beautiful and flawless the doll he'd created for Chad was. Her and Amanda's rounded ass-cheeks even swayed exactly the same as he watched them walk away. "Model, two, six, nine, three, four?" the doll maker called out.

Robo-mom stopped and looked back at him.

Ivy fed her a proud smile. "It was good to see you," he said.

Robo-mom gave him a pretty smile. "Goodbye, Ivy," she answered, then followed her owner out of the building.

Amanda dropped her sister off at her apartment building, then typed her next desired location into the onboard computer. "Setting a course for Ivory Bay, for underwater free-float," the computer voice announced.

"We're going floating?" her son asked from the back seat, where he sat side-by-side with his doll.

"Yep. We have to perform that stress test on you that I promised," she replied, winking back at him.

Amanda's vehicle raced across the city. After traveling for ten minutes, they zipped down into an underground tunnel. "Preparing underwater propulsion system," the onboard computer announced.

Ahead of them in the tunnel was a black body of water and the vehicle slowed and crept into it, sinking down into the liquid blackness. Inside, they were shrouded in darkness, but only for a moment, as Amanda's vehicle emerged from the underwater tunnel into the brilliant aqua-blue water of Ivory Bay.

The propulsion system kicked on, pushing them further out into the deep.

"We should try to find that spot my friend told me about…with all the cool brilliant-colored fish," Chad suggested.

Amanda fed him a naughty smile. "Moms don't bring their sons out here to look at fish, honey," she said.

Ivory Bay had become known as the 'go-to' dating spot for mothers and sons. Since the law on adult family-member incest was abolished, hundreds of vehicles a day would float through the bay's waters. Each one contained a horny mother like Amanda, who could

spread her legs shamelessly and let her son pound his boner through her cunt. The bay allowed them to do so in a private relaxed environment, without fear of being caught by their husbands. It was the local 'lovers lane' for mothers and sons.

Amanda's vehicle veered left to avoiding hitting another craft that was floating in the deep. The vehicle looked a lot like Amanda's and rocked gently from the passionate hump going on inside. Through the clear reinforced windows, Chad could see a mother's strong naked legs circling around her son as he fucked her vigorously.

"That guy's getting some," Chad giggled.

His mom gazed at him with sultry eyes. "Ready to get YOU some?" she asked.

Amanda clicked a button on the vehicle's touch-screen and the four seats, in front and back began lowering to form a big cushioned bed. The sexy slow beat of R&B instrumental music thumped softly around them, and the lights in the vehicle clicked off. The interior was blanketed in the magical glow of the distant sun shining down through the filter of aqua-green sea water.

Chad was now on his back, and Robo-mom moved up onto her knees beside him. Amanda shed her blouse and reached around to unclasp her beautifully- embroidered bra. "Shall we get naked and fuck this hunk silly?" she suggested to Robo-mom.

The doll looked down into Chad's excited eyes questioningly. "Is that what you desire me to do,

Chad?"

"Absolutely it is!" he replied. "Whatever she says."

The teen watched with ogling eyes as the two mommy look-a-likes stripped completely naked. He quickly did the same. The smell of

sweet perfume and aroused pussy wafted through the vehicle, igniting the boy's senses. The sight of four huge mommy-udders bobbling above him as they began stroking his chest gently made his cock flex in full hardness.

He watched in fascination as his mom and Robo-mom leaned over and took turns sucking his cock. Amanda rolled her thick licker around his glans, while staring up into his eyes lustfully.

"Goddamn, that's sex, mom," he muttered.

Robo-mom joined Amanda, and both their pink lickers traveled up and down the length of his boner at once.

After about ten minutes of oral attention, Amanda glanced at Robo-mom. "Get underneath him," she

ordered.

Chad sat up and his doll rested on her ass directly behind him. Amanda adjusted the back seat, so it reclined, rather than laid flat. Robo-mom pulled him back against her cushy tits as his mom straddled him, sandwiching the teen between them.

"Mm, I want that big fucking dick," the mother cooed, reaching down between them, then cramming his steely cock inside her cunt-hole.

"Fuck!" the boy snarled, feeling his tender glans slice up through the heated tube of pleated pink pussy.

Robo-mom turned Chad's head and began sensually making out with him, while reaching around and clawing his chest with her long nails. Amanda's huge fatty knockers mashed up against the side of Chad's face and jiggled delightfully as she began riding his cock.

"Oh, yeah!" the teen's lusty voice trembled as he turned his face forward again, rubbing it against the squishy bobbling flesh of his mom's warm tits. He humped his hips from the cushion, meeting her steady fuck-thrusts.

"That's it, baby! Fuck it right back at me!" Amanda gasped. "Show mommy what the fuck you're made of!"

The mother's big rounded ass flew up and down, smacking rhythmically against her son's crotch as they engage in a heated fuck. Soaked with vaginal secretions, the boy's boner sliced up into her fleshy sheath, gliding from balls to knob on every pump of their hips.

"Oh, fuck that's good pussy, mom!" he breathed, feeling her squeeze his meaty prick with her skilled cuntal muscles.

"Mm, yes, it is! Your own hot pregnant pussy, baby!" she mewled.

The boy boldly smacked her ass with his open hand, making her butt-meat ripple.

"Mm, yes…again!" Amanda shouted, then felt another sharp strike to her bouncing buttocks.

The mother shrieked, then mashed their crotches together and grinded in a juicy up and back motion. Chad's face sunk down into the creamy canyon of her cleavage as she pressed her upper-half against

him. "Yess!" the boy hissed; his voice muffled by the pounds of tit-meat that was smothering his face.

He whimpered in delight as he felt his bell tip being stirred against the back of his mom's vagina, back where his semen had seeped through the barrier of her cervix and pierced her egg to make a baby.

Robo-mom's lovely legs wrapped up around Amanda's back, so the three of them were now a big twisted ball of writhing naked flesh.

"Does that feel good, baby?" his Robo-doll asked. "Do you like what your mother's pussy is doing to you cock?"

"Mm-Hmmfff!" the boy snarled in response; his lips plastered against the soft dough-like meat of his mom inner breast.

"Mm, I bet he does," Amanda said as she began throwing her juicy cunt up and down his erection again. "Mommy-pussy is the very best, isn't it, baby?"

Chad's mom suddenly sat upright, her hips springing up and down as she beat her clutching vaginal sleeve along the length of her son's prick.

The boy looked up in euphoric wonder, watching her huge ballooning tits leap up and down her chest to the rhythm of her frantic fuck. His eyes traveled down her sexy tapered torso, admiring how it flared out into wide motherly hips that worked like a machine, propelling her hot pussy up and down his muscled cock.

"Ahh, yes!" he sighed, watching the thick fleshy dome of her engorged prepuce jiggle each time it struck his pubic base. His dick looked so big, thick and powerful hammering up through the splayed slit of her labial tissue.

Inside her pumping vagina, his young boner was even more awe-inspiring. It looked like a tubular- shaped granite slab, capped by a fat purple gourd. Chad's dick flexed excitedly from all wonderful cuntal and muscular tissue squeezing around it. Their coital union made a lewd sucking sound from all the genital juices lubricating the cuntal and penile flesh.

Things were about to get even juicer down there, as Amanda's cunt contracted and her lush mommy- body trembled on top of her boy in

a powerful climax.

"AHHH!!" the boy's own voice groaned, feeling the heat of his mom's gushing orgasm soak his cock and run down along his nuts.

For several minutes, his mom rode him like a bitch in heat, trembling from powerful contractions.

Amanda climbed off her boy. Still beneath him, Robo-mom whispered at Chad's ear. "Turn over, baby!"

His quickly did so and found himself between the warm smooth thighs of his doll. He marveled at how it seemed like he was staring down into the same sparkling eyes as the woman who was on top of him a second ago. "Fuck my pussy, Chad!" Robo-mom said in a lusty tone.

The mushroom-shaped crown of his prick slipped into her pussy and Chad groaned as he felt the muscles beneath her textured lining bulge out, sucking his cock in a hot juicy grip.

The boy's ass started bucking, hammering his hardon deeper and deeper into her fuck-hole.

"Yes! Give it to me! Give me all your fucking prick!" Robo-mom shouted, bouncing her lovely rounded ass from the cushion, meeting his pumps with upward thrusts of her own.

Now they were fucking in rhythmic unison, writhing and clawing at each other like a sex-crazed couple. Robo-mom's fat stiff-nippled tits sloshed around between them and Chad latched onto one of her teats and sucked like a starving dog. He felt her silky legs wrap up around his midsection, using it as leverage so she could screw her cunt up onto the satisfying stiffness of his cock.

"Suck it! Suck my tits! Make me cum hard!" his doll gasped encouragingly.

Chad rolled his tongue all over the fat rubbery nub, gorging himself on more of her areola. He knew with his doll he could be as rough as he wanted, so he savagely bit into her distended papilla, chewing lustfully on it's thick pliable surface while he fucked the hell out of her.

After about five minutes of fucking his doll, he felt his mom's bare foot slide softly up his back. He stopped pumping and looked back to see her sprawled on her back behind them, gazing at him with desire. She raised her knees back, bowing her legs open as wide as they could go in invitation, making her vulva bulge out like a fleshy pink rose in full bloom. She peeked down at him over her huge rounded melons, then rolled her tongue teasingly across her top lip, while giving him the 'come- hither' motion with her finger.

"Fuck!" the boy reacted. He simply couldn't get over there fast enough.

Amanda's eyes lit up with a tremendous thrill as her boy took position between her wide-open legs. With his tongue hanging out, Chad fed his blood-engorged erection into her birthing tube and sunk down against her heavenly softness.

"Pound me, motherfucker!" his mom urged in the sultriest tone he'd ever heard.

The boy gorged his mother's fuck tunnel with his long meaty prick, plunging it all in with one womb- crushing thrust. He winced in pleasure feeling his knob press exquisitely against the head of her cervix.

Amanda bucked her ass hornily beneath him, getting them into a tit-jarring rhythm. "Fuck me!" she hissed. "Fuck me hard!!"

The teen pounded his mom as hard as he could, making her giant boobies roll up and down her chest. She pulled him down the rest of

the way on top of her in a fit of passion, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

The teen felt her lovely smooth legs circle him, high on his back. He bucked tirelessly between her warm cradling thighs, beating his prick through the toe-curling grip of her squeezing vagina.

"Ohh, God, mom!" the teen gasped, feeling the amazing sensations of cuntal friction around his prick.

For several minutes they fucked like crazy, their tongues wrestling frenziedly inside Chad's mouth, before Amanda started cumming intensely. The climaxing mother screaming out in pleasure and writhed wildly beneath her boy.

"Ahhh, shit!" Chad groaned, barely able to keep from cumming himself as he wrestled around sexually with his orgasm-stricken mom. Amanda grunted, grasping her son's ass with the long nails of both hands, twisting her trembling legs around him as she mashed her vulvar lips against his cock-base, pulling as much of his stiff meat into her as she could, and gushing all over it.

"Unngghh!" she grunted, quaking beneath him and making her mommy-melons ripple against her

boy's lean chest.

Despite the divine cum-drenched friction around his swollen peter, Chad continued to spear his unyielding boner to the back of her cunt.

The onboard computer suddenly alerted them to a call. "Call from… Jake." "Shit, it's your father!" Amanda said breathlessly.

Chad looked back at his doll. "Robo-mom, can you answer it? Be my mom, ok? We're at home…and

you're listening to me fuck my doll," Chad commanded.

"Understood," his sex-doll responded, then answered the call. "Hi, honey," she said, just like Amanda

would.

"Hey babe, how are things going?" Jake asked.

"Great. How are you doing?"

Chad smiled and began fucking his mom in earnest again, making his big balls beat lewdly against Amanda's ass.

"What's that noise?" Jake asked curiously.

Robo-mom glanced back at the humping couple. "Chad and his doll. They're having sex again."

Amanda suddenly gasped out, so loud her husband could clearly hear her. "Having sex where…in the living room again?" he asked.

"No, in his bedroom, but the door's open," the doll answered.

"Well tell them to close it. If I can hear them going at it this clearly over the phone, I can only imagine

what you're hearing."

Robo-mom looked back at them and smiled. Amanda had her legs thrown way back now, resting her heels against the roof of the vehicle as her son laid into her pussy with savage thrusts, his young ass bobbing up and down. "It's fine, Jake. I don't wanna bother them. I can just speak to him about it after they're done," Robo-mom replied.

"Ohh yes, fuck meee!" Jake's wife's voice cried out. The fact that her husband was listening only added to the thrill. Once again, Jake was

astonishing at how much the doll's voice actually sounded like Amanda's. Little did he know…it was.

"Well, at least he's not out getting some girl pregnant," Jake said. He had no idea that his wife and son already had that box checked off too.

"Yes…he's REALLY going at her today," the doll responded, watching Chad's cum-glistening cock thunder through his mom's cunt-hole. "She's been cumming really hard the last five minutes."

"Well, you should at least go to the bedroom, or workout with your headphones on for awhile, so you

don't have to listen to that," Jake suggested.

"Oh, Chad, you're dick is so fucking huge! Fuck meee!" his wife screamed. "Fuck my pussy hard!"

Chad fucked his mom as hard as he could, plunging his prick in and out frantically. His knob suddenly

tingled delightfully. "Gonna cum!!" he grunted.

The boy let out a series of groans, while pumping hot ropes inside his father's wife. Amanda rocked her lovely ass from the cushion, while cradling him between her clutching mommy-legs, helping to milk out all his gooey ball-juice.

"Sounds like they're finishing up now, honey, so I'll go speak to him." Robo-mom said to Jake. "I'll see

you when you get home."

The doll hung up and a big smile crossed her face as she watched Chad and his mom slowly hump their pissers together, drawing out every bit of orgasmic pleasure they could.

A cluster of vehicles hovered near each other, deep beneath the waters of Ivory Bay. Each of them rocked subtly from the wild fucking going on inside. Like the calls of whales deep in the ocean, the beautiful cries of orgasm-stricken mommies reverberated through the water. Down here they could be as loud and as wild as they wanted to be.

In Amanda's vehicle, Chad was fucking his mom from behind. Robo-doll was kneeling next to Amanda, with her ass pointed out, waiting her turn.

"This day just…fucking rocks!" the teen blurted, prodding away at his mom's juicy vaginal pit.

Amanda peeked back at him and smiled as she thrust her lovely perspiration-sheened rump back, meeting his fuck-thrusts. "And just think…we're only getting started," she lustfully replied.

"Really?" Chad gasped. They'd been going at it for over two hours, so he was surprised to hear her say that.

"Of course," the mom giggled, her heavy tits swinging wildly as they dangled from her chest. "This is YOUR stress test, remember. We're gonna fuck you and suck you until you can't take anymore, right Robo-mom?" Amanda asked the doll.

Robo-mom smiled and gazed into Chad's eyes. "Correct, Amanda," she answered.

"Better step it up then," the boy teased as he doggy fucked his mom, "I can take a lot more."

Amanda doubled her efforts, beating her round naked ass back against her boy with greater force, making her fleshy cheeks ripple with every strike. Her powerful cunt muscles flexed, smothering the ribs along her pink vaginal lining around his tender prick. "A lot more, huh?" she asked. "We'll see about that."

160: Robo-Mom_4

Robo-Mom Ch. 9 – The old switcheroo

"How do our bellies look? The same?" Amanda asked her sister.

The mother stood side by side next to her look-a-like Robo-doll. Both of them were completely naked and with enormous pregnant bellies. Amanda's was a legitimate pregnancy, now nine-months along. Beneath Robo-mom's skin was just an inflatable insert that could be pumped up to resemble a pregnant belly, in order to fool Amanda's husband.

"Pretty darn close," Nancy replied, checking them out at different angles. "There's only one problem though, sis."

"I know," the mother frowned. "My tits are way bigger than hers now."

"Yep," Nancy agreed, looking at her sister's huge tumescent breasts. Milk production, as she neared her expected due date, had caused Amanda's boobs to grow ridiculously enormous. Her nipples and areola were puffier and had gone from pink to almost purple in color, from increased blood flow. "Maybe Jake won't notice though. It's not like he pays your tits much attention anyway nowadays," Amanda's sister noted.

"Chad sure does," Amanda giggled, making her giant milk-swollen breasts jiggle. "He can't keep his hands…and mouth off them."

"What young man doesn't like a mom with big tits? Just be sure not to suffocate my cute nephew with those milk-filled monsters," Nancy

teased. "Hey, speaking of Chad, is he even fucking his doll anymore or is he completely hooked on his real mom now?"

Amanda looked over at the doll inquiringly. Rob-mom smiled back at her. "Chad and I have sex on average of twelve times a week."

"Wow!" Nancy exclaimed, looking back at her sister. "I certainly hope that's not more than what you're getting?"

"Well, no…Chad and I fuck probably three to four times a day…more when Jake's away on business, so

you do the math."

Nancy fed Robo-mom an amused look. "Sorry, honey…she has you beat."

"Where is Chad anyway?" Amanda asked, looking at the clock. "He should have been home by now." "Maybe he had a busy day at work. I still can't believe that you let Jake threaten to kick him out if he

didn't get a job."

"Yeah, well…I still have to play the supportive wife role you know, although if it came down to it, there's no way in hell I'd let him kick Chad out," Amanda stated.

"At least it's only a part time job."

They heard someone come in the front door, so Amanda peeked into the foyer to investigate. "Hey, baby…I was starting to get…" the mother froze in surprise as her husband looked over at her. "Jake?"

Jake's eyes roamed his wife's voluptuous body curiously. "You were starting to get what? And why are

you naked?" he chuckled.

Behind her back, Amanda secretly shewed Nancy and Robo-mom away. Her sister quickly pulled the doll

by the arm into Chad's bedroom.

"I was um…starting to get… ready for you to come home, and didn't finish getting ready…obviously," she

blushed, glancing down at her nude pregnant body.

"I certainly hope you're not walking around the house like that with Chad here?" "No, of course not. He's still at work."

The door suddenly opened behind her husband and Chad walked in. "Hey, guys!" the boy said. It didn't

occur to him that his mom was standing nude in front of both him AND his father.

Obviously, it didn't phase Amanda either as she gave her son a quick greeting. "Hey, honey!"

Jake turned and gave his wife a shocked glare. "Amanda?!" he questioned, drawing attention to her

nudity.

"Oh, sorry!" she answered, making a half-assed attempt to cover her huge breasts, then rushing towards the bedroom.

"It's not like I haven't seen them before dad…in a way," said Chad. "I do have a doll that's identical to

mom, remember?"

"Yes…which, even after all this time, I do find quite strange. The point is though, the boobs on your doll may look like your mom's

boobs, but they're NOT your mom's boobs. Do you get what I'm saying?" Jake asked.

"Yeah, I get it," the boy muttered. If his father only knew how often he'd not only seen his mom in the nude, but fucked her brains out, he'd probably pass out in disbelief.

"Anyway, how's the new job going?" Jake asked his son.

"Not bad. I already got a raise and I've only been there for three months."

"Well, you must be doing something right. Just remember, I work for the same company, so if you screw things up, it reflects badly on both of us."

"Don't worry, dad…I'll be the model employee."

Amanda returned in a snug body suite. Jake gave her a questioning look. "You're not wearing that to the party, are you?"

"Party?" his wife asked, seeming clearly stumped.

"Yeah, the company party. That's why I'm home so early. Did you forget it was tonight?" "Oh, shoot!" his wife exclaimed, glancing at her son. "I did forget about that."

She could see the disappointment in her son's face. She had spoken to him during his work break, telling him all about a new sexual position she had heard about on a woman's forum. It was apparently one that worked especially well for moms who were pregnant. They had planned on giving it a try before Jake got home, but that plan quickly flew out the window.

"Well, sounds like it's just me and Robo-doll tonight," Chad stated, in a way that implied that his mom should make the switch, so that the

doll was the one going with his dad, while his mom stayed home with him for some hot fucking.

"You're not going?" his father asked. "Chad, you work for the company. You need to go." "Oh, I didn't realize it was a requirement."

"Well, it's not a requirement, but it at least shows some appreciation to the higher-ups, who spend the

money for parties like this," his dad preached.

"Do you really think they'd notice if I didn't show up?"

"You were the one who said you wanted to be a 'model employee.' Model employees attend all the

company functions."

"Yeah, I get it. I guess I'll go get dressed," he reluctantly muttered.

"Maybe he could bring the doll," Amanda blurted, only realizing after she said it how ridiculous the idea

sounded.

Jake laughed. "The doll that looks exactly like his mom. Wouldn't that be the talk of the party."

"We could tell everyone she was my twin sister…visiting from out of town. We felt bad leaving her at home, so we brought her along."

Jake looked at her like she was crazy. "You're serious?" he asked.

"Yes…why not. It would give Chad some company, so he doesn't feel so out of place."

"Chad works for the company. I'm sure there will be coworkers there he knows," Jake reminded her. "Actually, none of my coworkers are going. That's kind of why I decided not to go either."

His dad sighed and rolled his eyes. "Fine, bring the doll, but no funny business. Even if she is your mom's 'twin-sister,' if people see you making out with her, they'll start talking," he warned.

"Not necessarily," Amanda stated. "It might have been scandalous behavior fifty years ago, but boys and their aunts are intimate in public all the time, Jake."

"Yeah, well…a lot of the people I work with are old fashioned," Jake stated, then looked at his son. "You can bring the doll, but just try to behave yourselves…that's all I'm asking."

"Got it!" he muttered, sharing a sly meaningful smile with his mom before heading to his room.

"Oh…hey!" Chad murmured, when he opened his door and discovered Nancy and Robo-doll standing there.

His aunt put a finger to her mouth, hushing him and waved him inside. Chad closed the door.

"Sorry…your father wasn't supposed to come home early. I had to rush your doll in here before he spotted her big belly," Nancy explained.

"I thought the doll maker made it so we could inflate and deflate ourselves?"

"He did…we just didn't have time to…deflate her balloon or whatever it is," answered Nancy, glancing at

Robo-mom's huge round midsection. "If your dad sees the two of them together like this the jig is up."

"True," Chad said, then looked at his doll. "Sounds like we're going to the company party tonight, so

you'll need to put something sexy on."

"Am I going with your dad, as your mother?" Robo-mom asked.

"No, all of us are going. You'll be mom's twin sister from out of town."

Nancy giggled. "That should be interesting. Just how exactly do you two plan on keeping your hands off

each other."

"Well, mom did point out to dad that boys flirt and get intimate with their aunts all the time in public.

It's not that uncommon anymore."

"Hmm…" Nancy hummed, giving her nephew a sultry look. She let her big tits drag across his arm as she

started towards the door. "I'll have to remember that one."

Before she could leave his room, Amanda peeked in the doorway and quicky threw a dress over to her

son. "Have your doll wear this!" she stated in a hushed tone. "What is it?"

"It's a dress that'll fit her loosely. Trust me, there's a method to my madness," Amanda said, then looked at her amused sister. "Sorry I had to cut our visit short, sis. I'll call you later."

"Oh, I can't wait to hear all the juicy details," Nancy giggled.

An hour later, Jake and his wife walked into the company cafeteria, where the party was being held. They were followed by Chad and Robo-mom. The large room was elegantly decorated, with beautiful accent lights floating like helium-filled balloons above a large crowd of socializing attendees. A little jazz quartet played in the corner, creating some melodic background noise.

"Honey, I'm gonna use the little girl's room before we start rubbing elbows with your coworkers,"

Amanda informed him.

"Sounds good. I'll grab us a drink."

Amanda looked at Robo-mom. "Your makeups a little off. Come with me and I'll help you fix it?"

The doll followed Amanda towards the lady's room. The mother wore a snug black halter dress that showed off every amazing curve, including her gigantically round belly. Her dainty feet were displayed in four-inch stiletto mules that showed off her freshly painted toes. The dress Robo-mom was wearing was

putty-colored; also elegant, but more baggy fitting, with large ruffles that ran down the length of the gown. Both women's delicate heels clicked against the hard floor as they walked.

Jake and Chad watched the women's thick bubble butts sway in the exact same manner as they sashayed towards the lady's room.

"I can hardly tell those two apart sometimes," Jake noted. "Yeah, I know what you mean," his son agreed.

"Yes, well you better not accidently grope the wrong one. I'm pretty sure your mom would slap you,"

Jake warned.

"I'm sure you're right," Chad laughed. Inwardly he knew his father was dead wrong.

"Shall we get some drinks," Jake suggested.

In the lady's room, Amanda quickly pulled Robo-mom into the stall. "Get undressed and blow your belly

We're switching outfits," she said in a hushed tone.

Five minutes later, the women were joining Jake and Chad again. Amanda's husband was busy chatting with his boss and her wife. He turned to who he thought was Amanda. "Honey, you remember my boss, Steven and his wife, Tracy," Jake asked.

"Of course I do. Good to see you," Robo-mom said convincingly, extending her hand for a shake.

"Looks like you have a new addition on the way," Tracy observed, looking down at Robo-mom's huge,

inflated belly.

"Yes, very soon," the doll answered, rubbing her tummy, then looked at Jake with a smile. "We're both

thrilled to be having another child, aren't we, honey?"

"We most certainly are. It didn't look promising for a while, but I finally delivered the goods," Jake

bragged, making his boss and her wife laugh.

Amanda and her son peeked over at each other and rolled their eyes. They both knew who had really pumped a baby into the mother's womb.

"Are my eyes deceiving me? Am I seeing double?" Jake's boss asked, gazing over at Amanda. She now wore the baggy ruffled dress, obscuring her own round belly.

"Hi, I'm um…Claire, Amanda's sister from out of town," Amanda lied, extending her hand for a shake.

"Twins! How wonderful!" Tracy exclaimed. "And you two even do your hair the same. My sister has identical twins, though I must say the two of you look flawlessly the same."

Amanda and Robo-mom giggled. "We get that a lot," Amanda replied.

Jake's boss looked at him and smiled. "Seems to me this has the makings for a good erotic story," he

smiled, then nudged Jake jokingly. "You know…the old switcheroo scenario."

Everyone burst out laughing. Amanda candidly grazed her nails across her son's hand, letting him know that the 'old switcheroo' had taken place. "That would just be ridiculous," Amanda stated.

"Please excuse his dirty mind," Tracy told them, shaking her head. "If he wasn't owner of the company, I'm sure his filthy mouth would have gotten him fired by now."

"It's quite alright," Amanda assured her.

"Jake," Steven said, peering over at the boy, "I understand you're really killing it down in the advertising department."

"Doing my best, sir," Jake replied, exchanging a proud smile with his dad.

"Well, that's the sort of attitude we like around here. Keep it up and you may be your old man's boss one day."

"Lucky me," Jake joked, making everyone laugh.

"I think my nephew and I will go find some food and let you all chat. It was a pleasure meeting you," Amanda said as she took her son's hand and led him away.

"Damn, mom. I heard they used to have these things called 'Academy Awards' for acting. You definitely would have gotten one for that performance," Chad praised.

"Thanks, honey. Hopefully this dress keeps my baby bump covered or we'll both be in trouble."

"Baby bump? More like your baby mountain, mom," the boy commented, referring to how massive her

tummy had grown.

They went over and sat at the fancy bar. They both got club sodas, since Amanda was pregnant and Chad was still too young to drink. "It seems like some rolls have changed around the house over the past nine months," Amanda stated.

"How so?"

"Well, I've taken on the role of fuck-doll, and Robo-mom has replaced me as the good faithful wife."

They looked over at Robo-mom as she conversed with the boss's wife, just like any human woman would. "One thing hasn't changed though," Amanda stated.

"What's that?"

She rubbed her hand down his thigh. "I'm still mom," she smiled, bringing her hand dangerously close to

his dick.

"True."

Amanda splayed open her legs, giving her son a quick flash of her camel-toed panty-crotch.

"A very naughty, hyper-sexual mom, who's pregnant with her son's baby, but still 'mom' nonetheless,"

she giggled.

"I prefer this version of you," Chad confessed. "Why…because I've become your human cum receptacle?"

Chad laughed. "Yeah, that, and you seem happier. You know, more young-acting and fun to be around."

"Well…I can't help it. You bring that out in me," Amanda said, gazing into her boy's eyes.

Her son looked over at some couples dancing to the little jazz band that was playing in the corner. "So, Aunt Claire…would you like to dance?" he asked.

"You read my mind," answered Amanda, getting up off the bench.

The mother led her boy over to the dance floor and they intimately embraced, rocking to the soft beat. Even after fucking each other silly for this long, they still got googly eyed as they stared at each other longingly. "Sorry we didn't get a chance to try that new position this afternoon," Amanda whispered.

"I'm sure we'll be trying it soon enough," her son smiled.

"It's gonna be amazing. It's called the amazon position. YOU lay on your back, with your knees to your chest. I'll squat on top of you, resting on the back of your legs and just basically lift up and down on your cock," the mother explained anxiously. "I'll get my workout and amazing sex at the same time."

"Without a single complaint from me," Chad admitted.

"You don't dare complain," his mom teased, then brought her lips to his ear, mashing her milk-swollen

tits against him. "I make you cum too fucking hard for that." "That's no lie," her boy sighed.

"Mmm, my baby knows where to find that good pussy, doesn't he?" she cooed. "Uh-huh."

"He knows there's no pussy like mom's pussy," she sensually whispered.

"If you keep talking like that, mom, and we'll both wish I wore baggy clothes to hide MY bulge also." Amanda laughed. "Oh, what's the matter, baby boy. Is mommy making your dick all big and swollen?"

she mewled.

"Yes, just like you always do."

"Yep, and I always give you a nice hot shaved pussy to beat your dick into, don't I?" "Yes, and that sounds so damn good right now," her son sighed.

Amanda squeezed onto him tighter, mashing her soft tits and squishy baby-meat into him. "Yeah?

Mommy and her boy…wrestling in a hot nasty fuck?" she cooed. "Yes."

"Making her milky titties slosh all over you?"

"God, mom!" Chad gasped, feeling his cock flex in full hardness.

"What, baby? Is mommy turning you on? Is she making your boner throb? Is she making cute little pre-

cummies ooze out the tip?" Amanda whispered to him in a sultry tone.

"Yes," he hissed. "That's exactly what you're doing."

"OH, does she need to take you somewhere and milk that swollen fuck-muscle? Does you need some hot pregnant pussy, baby?" asked his mom.

"You know I do…but where, that's the question?"

"How about your father's office…on his desk. Doesn't that sound naughty?" she giggled.

"How do you plan on getting in there? My key card doesn't even access that part of the building."

"Well, I am your Robo-doll, right? And since I've never been here before…maybe your father would be OK with you giving me a tour of the office complex."

"That might work," Chad smiled.

Chad and his mom wandered over to sell his father on the idea. After some resistance, Jake finally caved and loaned his keycard to his son. "No funny business, got it? Go up there, show her the office, then leave."

"Got it!" Chad assured him.

Chad and Amanda entered the office complex and took the elevator up to the one-hundred-and-twelfth floor. The company they were employed by had the tallest building in the city. Made of nearly all reinforced glass, it offered breathtaking views of the skyline.

"God, this feels naughty…and I love it!" Amanda gushed, her nipples throbbing as they rushed to her

husband's office.

With the swipe of his dad's key-badge, the office door clicked open. "Let's not waist any time," his mom blurted anxiously, reaching under her ruffled dress and peeling her dainty panties off. Before Chad could even get his dick out, Amanda threw her arms over his shoulder and sprung from the floor, wrapping her smooth legs around him. She fused her lips to his, engaging in a passionate kiss, while tearing open his dress shirt.

"Get it in me!" she whimpered between smooches. "I need it in me!"

Chad gasped as he felt the heat of her wet pussy sink around his cock. Within seconds he was buried to his nut-sack, feeling her swollen cervical head kiss the tip of his knob. Their tongues dueled inside his mouth, as Amanda screwed her cunt up and down the length of his boner a few times. "Fuck me on his desk!" she gasped.

With his mom clinging onto him, Chad lowered them against the top of his father's glass workspace, sending a few items crashing to floor. He brought his full weight against her, crushing her milk-engorged tits and enormous belly between them. Between this, and the fact that his mom was laying against a hard glass desk had him worried. "Is this alright?" he asked.

"I'm not a porcelain doll, baby," she giggled, rocking her hips up and down. "Come on, fuck the shit out

of me!"

Chad reached down and grasped the outside of her thick thighs, then began fucking with savage thrusts. "Yes!! That's the way mommy likes it!" Amanda gasped, tossing her gorgeous naked legs as high up around his back as she could, interlocking her sexy high-heeled feet behind him.

The boy sighed in ecstasy, feeling his tender hardon plunge though his mom's fuck-tube. As his beautiful mother progressed into the later stages of her pregnancy, the changes in her body were wonderfully obvious. The increased levels of estrogen and progesterone had boosted blood flow to her genitals to support the baby. This made her labia temporarily darken and swell, causing the outer lips to retract, making her inner lips look much bigger and her clitoris huge and swollen. Inside her vagina, the changes were just as extreme. Vascular engorgement had caused her textured walls to puff out, creating rows of spongy purple corrugations. Along with an increase in vaginal secretion, her cervix had begun to soften and dilate, and her mucus was no longer able to be held inside the cervical canal. This resulted in a glorious frothy lubrication that coated Chad's muscular dick as it thundered through the snug grip of her cunt.

"Oh, God, you fuck me so good, baby!" Amanda gasped as she broke their kiss. She looked over and saw their family picture on the wall. It was taken during a family vacation at the beach. They seemed so happy, and Chad was so much younger…maybe eleven or twelve years old. *"I wonder if he wanted to fuck mommy's pussy even back then?"* she wickedly asked herself.

"Pound me harder, baby!" she cried out.

Their bodies bucked and writhed. The thick strong flesh of Amanda's legs flexed as she kept them clutched around her son's cunt-humping body. Chad snarled in lust, really working against her

crotch, digging his steely- hard prick in as deep as he could get it. He ran his hands up under her bunched-up dress, sliding them across the distended contours of her baby-filled belly. He pried his paws beneath her big bra and clutched onto the spongy meat of her tits. "God, you feel incredible, mom!"

"So do you, baby!" the mother mewled, flexing her powerful pelvic floor muscles around his burrowing cock.

They continued fucking, making their crotches smack wetly together, splattering fuck-oil all over Jake's desk. Amanda's vestibular bulbs swelled with arousal, engorging her vulva even more and activating her orgasmic pleasure system. Her clitoral root hugged her anterior vaginal wall, and the feel of Chad's dick slipping against it caused her entire genital region to warm and tingle. "Oh, God, honey, I'm gonna cum!" she announced.

The mother's cunt shrunk around her teen's fat prick as her pudendal nerve fed intense pleasure- sensations into her sacrum and right up into her brain. She arched her pretty head back and let out a screeching orgasmic howl that echoed though the entire floor of the building.

"Ahhh!" Chad moaned, feeling his mom's tightly squeezing cunt contract around his cock, making it flex with even more blood. He loved feeling his mom's curvy pregnant body writhe beneath him. The fact that he was fucking her on top of his dad's desk was an incredible thrill.

Suddenly, the door swung open.

"Chad, what the fuck?!" his father's voice shouted, startling them. Apparently, they lost track of time

and had been fucking for nearly an hour, so he came to check up on them.

Freezing in full penetration, with Amanda's legs still locked around him, they stared over at Jake. "Oh, shit…um, sorry, dad!" Chad said breathlessly.

"Yeah, right…like I believe that," Jake scowled, trying not to stare at the lewd position they were in. "I told you specifically no funny business in here. If one of my coworkers saw what your two were doing, I could lose my job."

"That's an exaggeration," Amanda thought. *"It's a company party. There are probably a dozen couples*

fucking in this building somewhere right now."

"With the skyline and everything, we thought it would be a cool place to have sex, but sorry, it won't happen again," Chad assured him.

Jake looked at who he thought was Rob-mom for a moment, and Amanda smiled back at him shamelessly. In his mind, even though he thought she was only a robot, it wasn't easy to look at a replica of his wife, spread like whore beneath his son. "Would you two just please put your clothes back on and come back downstairs," he demanded, then left.

As soon as he was out of earshot, Amanda and Chad looked at each other and burst out laughing. "Oh my God…I can't believe he just caught us, and had no idea I was his wife and not your doll," she said giddily.

"You think he'll still smell the sex while he's working in here tomorrow?" Chad joked.

"I hope so," his mom giggled. "Oh, fuck I came so hard, but you haven't cum yet, baby."

"Maybe we could make a quick stop by MY workstation, and you could get me off," he suggested.

"Oh, I like that idea. That way while you're at your job, you can picture the way you fucked mommy's pussy hard, right there in your cubicle."

They hurried down the elevator to sub-level two, where a maze of cubicles filled an enormous space.

"Dad's gonna be pissed when we don't show up back at the party soon."

"Well, technically, he didn't ask you to come back to the party. He asked you to come back

downstairs…and here we are…back downstairs," Amanda giggled.

As Chad rushed his mom towards his cubicle, they could hear another couple fucking somewhere in the

room. "Sounds like we're not the only ones enjoying this party," Amanda joked. "Here it is," Chad whispered, leading his mom into his tiny workspace.

"So, this is where my baby slaves away, while his mom sits at home craving his big cock," said Amanda.

"Check this out," blurted Chad, pulling an animated picture out of his drawer. It was one of Amanda topless, squeezing her tits together and making them balloon obscenely, while gazing lustfully at the camera. She puckered her luscious lips, blowing him a kiss.

"I remember taking that video," she beamed. "That was the first day you started working here. I was so

fucking horny for you that day." "Just that day?"

"No," she whined, playfully pushing him, "every day. But I was so used to you being home, pounding my pussy all the time…it made your first day at work especially hard."

"Tell me about it."

His mom placed her hands on his shoulders and gazed into his eyes. "Wanna amazon-fuck me?" she

smiled.

"You mean the position you were telling me about earlier?" "Uh-huh.

"Let's do it," the boy agreed, quickly stripping his pants off.

Amanda shed her dress, then hastily unfastened her bra, releasing her milk-engorged udders. "Lay down

on the mat and pull your knees back against your chest," she instructed.

Chad quickly complied, then watched his mom squat down over his legs and lift his boner into position. The boy licked his lips when he saw the fat juicy clit protruding from beneath it's fleshy hood. His knob split her twat and he watched it sink inside her hot gripping vaginal tube.

"God, yes…I love being split open by you," his mom mewled, then began bouncing on his cock by

squatting up and down.

"What a cool position!" the boy sighed, feeling his tender glans slip along her thickly pleated walls.

"It gives you a pretty juicy view too, doesn't it, baby?"

"Does it ever!" Chad gasped, looking up at his mom's huge round baby ball as it bobbed up and down. On top of that, Amanda's colossal tit-melons jostled heavily. Her papilla had thickened and become pinkish purple in color as her pregnancy neared an end. The way her fatty tit-flesh rippled from the rhythm of her tireless fuck-plunges providing an absolute feast for her boy's ogling eyes. She pumped on top of him for nearly ten cock-tingling minutes.

"As much as I'd like to squeeze my pussy on you like this all night, we better hurry before your father

comes looking for us again," Amanda pointed out. "I want you to focus on cumming, okay, sweetheart?" "Alright," he panted.

"Think about how awesome it's gonna be when mommy crawls into bed with you naked tonight," Amanda cooed. "I'm gonna smother your face with my huge fucking tits and let you suck, while I play with your cock and balls."

"Oh, yes!" the teen hissed. There was one thing he was sure about. His mom knew how to get him off quick and hard with the dirty talk.

"Then I'm gonna get on my tummy, let you lay on top of me and work out another hot load in mommy's

asshole," she said in a sultry tone.

"Damn, mom!" Chad gasped, feeling his knob tingle inside his mom's juicy cuntal grip.

"Mm, does that sound good, baby?" she asked softly. "You just love the way my tight rectum squeezes

and sucks on your glans, don't you?" "Uh-huh."

"You and I are the only ones that knows about the magical things that happen way up inside mommy's

cock-stuffed ass, right baby?"

"Oh, shit, mom…you're gonna make me cum!" the teen gasped, feeling his prostate well.

"Wash my womb, baby!" Amanda shouted. "Pump me full of your cum!"

Chad did just that, feeling the muscles in the root of his erection contract, making him grunt as he hosed out big thick blasts of hot spunk. Amanda flexed her coital muscles around the cum-spurting meat of her boy's penis. The teen shuddered and grunted for several wonderful minutes as his mom milked him off with her skilled vagina.

"About time you two got back here," Jake complained, as Chad and Amanda returned to the party.

"They're just about to serve dinner."

"I wanted to show mom my work area," his son said.

Amanda looked up at him and smiled. "You mean your doll, right Chad?" she asked. "Huh?"

"You said you wanted to show YOUR MOM your work area, but you meant your doll," Amanda

corrected with a meaningful glare.

"Oh, yeah, sorry…I meant my doll. I guess I'm kind of getting tired," he blushed.

After dinner, they left the party and headed home.

"Kiss me," Amanda whispered to her son as they sat alone together in the back seat.

They began making out, like a young couple on a hot date. In the front, Jake didn't have to pay attention to the road, since the car was on auto-drive. This meant he was quick to notice his son passionately smooching with who he thought was his doll in the back. He glanced over at Robo-mom. "I don't think he can keep his hands off his doll for more to two seconds," the father observed.

Robo-mom looked back at them. "I think you're right," she smiled.

Things quickly heated up between the backseat duo. Amanda crawled on top of her son, literally dry- humping her pussy against him, while their tongues lashed together inside Chad's mouth. It gave Jake a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach just glancing back at them. He felt like he was watching his wife all over another man. Little did he know, he was. "Can you two please just…hold off on the heavy stuff until we get home," he pleaded back at them.

"We can try, dad," his son answered, while feeling his neck licked by his horny mother.

Jake looked over at Robo-mom. "Looks like we're getting our money's worth out of that doll," he stated, "but did you have to get it made to look exactly like you?"

The robot returned a smile. "I know it's difficult for you to see, but let's just try to be happy for our son, honey."

Jake was glad to get home, where he didn't have to witness the lewd backseat frolicking any longer. However, now he had to listen to them go at it in the next room, until late into the night. Robo-mom played the good-wife perfectly, laying next to Jake that night. His real wife was on her tummy in the next room, letting her boy pound her up the ass, just like she promised.

Robo-mom - Chapter 10 "Moving out…and moving on."

"How does it feel to be a big brother?" Jake asked his son Chad as they all sat in the living room.

Amanda had given birth a couple days ago and Chad was glad to have her home from the hospital.

"Don't you mean 'how does it feel to be a father' dad?" Chad wickedly thought. He knew the infant he was holding was a product of the wild sex he and his mom had been having for almost a year now. "It feels amazing! He looks just like me," Chad said in answer to his father's question.

Chad glanced over at his mom as she sat there near his dad. Amanda reacted to his comment with a proud smile and a wink. Things had certainly turned out differently than she initially planned. When she purchased her son a custom robot-doll for graduation, she never imagined that the doll would pretty much replace her as Jake's wife. Every night for months now, Robo-mom and Amanda would switch roles, so the doll slept in her marital bed, and Amanda could be with Chad. In his room, they engaged in endless hours of passionate sexual intercourse.

Mother and son gazed each other in the eyes lustfully. The past two nights Amanda had been in the hospital and they were both anxious to pound their genitals together again in a heated fuck.

"Well, I should put this little one to bed, so we can all get some sleep," Amanda said, getting up and stepping over to Chad. As she leaned down to take the baby from him, her robe crept open at the neck, exposing the huge gaping cleavage of her milk-swollen tits.

"Sleep my ass!" Jake blurted. "I haven't had my wife in bed with me for two nights. I plan on doing

some cuddling."

Amanda peeked up at her son and reacted to Jake's comment with a disgusted scowl. *"Newsflash, honey…you haven't had your wife in bed with you for months,"* she thought.

As she scooped the newborn from Chad's arms, Amanda peeked back to confirm that her husband was headed towards their bedroom. She leaned over further, planting a tender sensual kiss on her teen's lips. "See you in a few minutes," she softly whispered, gazing at him wantonly.

Amanda took the baby to the nursery and laid her down to sleep. Then, instead of going to her marital bedroom, she followed the same routine she had for many nights since she and her son had been sleeping together. While walking towards Chad's room, she slipped out of her robe and handed it off to Robo-mom, who was naked and waiting in the living room. They exchanged an identical smile, then the doll put on the robe as Amanda sashayed towards her boy's bedroom.

Chad stared at his doorway as his mom stepped in and closed the door behind her. He licked his lips lustfully, watching her naked oversized tit-melons wobble heavily with her ever sexy step.

"Damn, mom…I think this is the biggest your tits have ever been," the boy remarked.

"Well, they ARE producing milk now, honey…so they are gonna look big n swollen…pretty much all the time," she replied, then moved her shoulders, making her engorged jugs wobble back and forth. "Maybe you can help me out with that tonight," she winked.

"That's just what I was hoping you'd say," Chad smiled.

"They're clearly much bigger than your doll's tits at this point. Let's just hope your father doesn't notice."

Amanda paused beside his bed. "Oh, and I um…have some good news and some bad news," she

informed him.

"Ok?"

"The bad news is I just passed a baby out of my vagina, so I'm still pretty sore down there." "What's the good news?" Chad eagerly asked.

Amanda turned around and leaned over, pointing her meaty rounded ass towards her boy. "The good news is…I have an itch, deep in my ass," she confessed, using one hand to pull her ass-cheeks open, so Chad could see the ring of her butthole. "And I think YOU have something that I could use to REALLY scratch it good with."

"You think so?" the excited boy asked, squeezing his throbbing cock-bulge.

Amanda glanced down at it and smiled. "I know so," she said, teasingly running her tongue across her

lips.

In the master bedroom, Jake clicked off the light, then slid over and spooned who he thought was his wife in bed. "It's good to have you home," he sighed.

"It's good to be home, honey," Robo-mom responded.

"So, I've been thinking…" "About?" the doll asked.

"Chad. He's nineteen now. He has a good job. He has a doll that's taking care of his…needs. I think it's

time that he leave the nest and find a place of his own."

Robo-mom knew that Amanda wouldn't approve of such an idea, but she wasn't programed to engage in a debate over such a subject. "Are you sure that's what you feel is best?" she simply responded.

"I do. I mean, we have a baby in the house now. I can hear him and that doll of his going at every time he's home. I just think it would be better if he had his own place for that, you know?"

"Yes, if that is what you feel is best," Robo-mom replied.

Jake sat up slightly and looked down at her. "Wait…you're actually agreeing with me on this?" "Yes, why?"

"Well, I don't know. I know how close the two of you are…I thought for sure I'd have to sell you on the

idea," Jake said, surprised that his wife was going along with his plan without a fight.

Because she knew Amanda would not agreed with Jake's idea, the doll decided to stall, so Jake could speak to his real wife about it. "Perhaps we could talk more about this tomorrow, honey. I'm just really exhausted…I'm sure you understand," she expressed.

"Of course," Jake replied, giving her a kiss on the cheek. "We'll bring it up to Chad. Who knows, maybe it's something he'll really feel he's ready for."

"Perhaps so," Robo-doll replied.

They both heard Amanda crying out in passion from the next room. "See what I mean?" Jake asked. "Don't get me wrong…I'm glad he's enjoying his doll. That's why we bought it for him, but it sure would be nice not to have to listen to THAT for hours and hours every night."

"Goodnight, honey," Robo-mom in a pleasant tone.

Amanda was laying on her tummy at the center of Chad's bed. Her boy was laying on top of her, pounding his cock through her ass. "Ahhh, fuck!" Chad growled, feeling the hot rubbery walls of her rectum chew at the tender meat of his erection.

"Mm, yes, baby! Beat your dick through mommy's ass!" she mewled, thrusting her buns up to meet

his hammering thrusts.

Their flesh clapped together as Chad's groin beat against the rounded cheeks of his mother heinie. The flesh of her meaty ass rippled wonderfully beneath his assault.

Since his mom had been out of the house, Chad had engaged his doll in this very position the night before. The tubes of their asses felt the same around his boner. They were both incredibly snug and knew how to work their shit-muscles to give him exquisite pleasure. The big difference was that one was his actual mom and the other wasn't. The idea that he could bury his big throbbing dick to the balls inside his own mom's tight ass was an incredible thrill.

The teen whimpered into the side of his mom's neck, thrusting his steely-hard prick in as deep at it would go and holding it there. "Ahhh!" he sighed, feeling her hot spongy ass-walls compress around his fuck-muscle.

Amanda used her strong sphincter muscles to tighten her ass-ring around the thick base of her boy's

erection, making it mushroom with more blood inside her ass.

"Ohh, you like that, honey?" she cooed. "You like the way I squeeze my tight asshole around your

cock?"

"Yes!" he gasped.

"Does it make you wanna lay a load inside mommy's ass?" she sensually asked. "You wanna spit some

ball-cream up in there?"

"Fuck yes I do!" her boy gasped, setting his hips back in motion and plunging his cock through her slippery ass-tract again.

He grabbed her arms and rolled them over, so his mom was now laying upside-down with her back to him. His cock was still shoved up her snug ass. As he continued to hold her arms, Chad bucked beneath her, making her big buttocks bounce on his crotch.

"Oh, yes! Pound my ass, baby!" Amanda cried out, at the mercy of the writhing boy beneath her. Her

lush post-natal body was jerked up and down from the force of his humps. Her huge ballooning tits

jostled wildly back and forth across her chest. Tit-milk leaked from her engorged teats and trickled down the giant slopes of her breasts.

"Ahh, I love it!" her boy gasped in arousal, beating his prick up into her body. His mom scissored her

sexy legs wide open so they bobbed around in the mid-air, adding to her boy's excitement level.

"Oh wow!" his voice trembled, marveling at just how wide his mom could spread her lovely legs open.

He pumped his prick through her tightly-compressed anal tube. His glans tingled delightfully as they slipped along the smooth smothering walls of her rectum. For nearly ten pleasure-filled

minutes he socked his prick up into his mom's butt, slowly feeling the pressure of an explosive climax swell in his prostate. "Ugh, fuck…I'm gonna cum!" he finally grunted.

"Pour it in my ass, honey!" his mom sighed.

Chad was happy to oblige, jabbing his prick repeatedly up between his mom's pillowy ass-cheeks, while hosing out fat cords of spunk deep in her bowels.

His beautiful mom used her ass-muscles to milk every drop from his twitching peter-tip.

"Damn, mom…you really know how to squeeze a guy off with that ass," Chad sighed, catching his

breath.

"Thank you, baby."

"Do you think I could just keep my dick in there, while I suck on your tits?" he asked.

"How about I give you the right breast. We'll save the left one for your son. He'll probably need fed

here in a little while," she informed him.

"My son…that sounds so weird."

"Weird, but true, baby. You're the one who provided the sperm that made him," she smiled. "If dad ever found out the baby was mine, he'd rip my balls off."

"Nooooo! I love those balls," his mom answered in an exaggerated tone. "I love all the cum they squirt out and the way they beat again my ass when we fuck. I wouldn't let him rip them off you…I promise."

Amanda sat up, then twisted around, making her asshole screw around her boy's cock-meat like a fleshy bolt at the base of a screw. She planted her knees astride his hips, resting her dainty feet up onto his thighs. Then, she lowered her monster tits towards his face.

Chad gulped excitedly, watching the huge mams lower towards him. He could see the beads of tit- nectar forming on the peaks of her engorged nipples. Before lettering her boy nurse, Amanda allowed his wonder-filled face to sink down into the huge canyon of her cleavage.

"Oh shit, mom!" the teen excitedly exclaimed, his voice muffled by tit-flesh. He kissed his way around inside the warm smothering pocket of squishy cleavage.

***"Damn…they've just gotten so fucking huge!"* his excited mind thought as he sucked at her dough-like flesh, feeling his prick become rejuvenated by the squeezing grip of her ass.**

His lusty kisses and sucks followed the fatty contour of her right breast until he found her thick rubbery nipple. "Mmmnnff!" the boy's excited voice whimpered as he gorged himself on her tit-cap. His face sunk down into the squishy meat of her tit.

"Oh yes! That's my baby!" his mom sighed as he provided instant relief to her milk-engorged melon.

Streams of warm tit-honey shot into the boy's mouth and down his throat. He tugged on his mother's puffy nipple, feeling it elongated inside the suction of his mouth. He lustfully rolled his tongue all over the swollen teat and the surrounding areola. His excited young mind spun wildly from the thrill of nursing at his own mom's tit again.

"Chew at it, baby. You're not gonna hurt me," his mom sighed, slowly bobbing her ass, pumping her

shit-tube up and down his jutting cock.

Chad clamped his teeth around his mom's pinkish-purple nipple and began chewing at the flesh greedily. Unable to breath through his nose, due to the weight of her milk-engorged melon resting on his face, the boy gasped through his mouth. Tit-milk spewed from the corners of his lips for a moment before he sectioned them around the peak of her orb once again and sucked like a starving infant.

For the next wonderful hour his cock flexed excitedly as it slowly, but steadily pumped from balls to knob through his mom's hot anal grip.

Amanda had fucked her boy enough times to sense by his body movements when he was about to cum. She lifted her tit from her son's gasping face and replaced it with her lips. They made out passionately, lashing their tongues together inside Chad's mouth until he grunted in sexual release.

The mother squealed as she too was brought off by the feel of the spurting rock-hard meat thundering through her ass. Chad held his mom tightly, feeling her busty body quiver on top of his. His nuts clenched again and again as he blasted what felt like a gallon of jizz up into her bowels. His mom slapped her ass down against his crotch, fitting the ring of her butthole right down around the root, so every bit of his cock-muscle was encased in the hot tube of her ass. Chad's knob was clenched against her rectal ampulla feeling the anal tissue squeeze and contract tightly around him.

"Ahhh, fuck!" he gasped as more bubbling jizz oozed from the slit of his flesh-smothered meatus.

After milking every ounce of pleasure their bodies would provide, they drifted off to sleep in a loving embrace.

Amanda awoke sometime later to the sound of her crying baby. She slipped out of bed, put on one of her son's button-up shirts and went down to the nursery. Robo-mom had already arrived and was

rocking the infant in her arms. "Thank you," Amanda whispered, as her newborn was handed off to her.

"Should I stay?" the doll asked.

"Yes. Jake knows you'll be feeding the baby. Well…I'll be feeding the baby, but since you're supposed to be me, you can't just go back to bed quite yet," Amanda giggled.

"I understand," Robo-mom stated, watching Amanda sit down in the rocker and help the baby latch

on to her huge tit. "Does Chad require any pleasure that I can provide for him?" "No, he got plenty of that earlier," the mother stated with a proud smile.

"I feel I should tell you something your husband said to me earlier. Something I wasn't sure how to discuss with him."

"What was it?" Amanda asked curiously.

"He wants Chad to move out of the house…to find a place of his own," Robo-mom told her.

"Shit! I had a feeling that conversation was coming."

"I did little to engage in that discussion with him. I suspected that you would not approve of his opinion, and therefore postponed further discussion until tomorrow, so that it could be YOU that speaks with him," the doll explained.

"Thanks. It's not that I don't approve. I mean, Chad's not a little boy anymore and the reality is at some point he'll have to get a place of his own," Amanda stated. "If there were no baby, the solution would be simple. You stay here and pose at Jake's wife and Chad and I move into a place together.

The problem is THERE IS a baby, which highly complicates things."

"I know you're his mother, and that the two of you have sex together, but are you also in love with

Chad, Amanda?" Robo-mom inquired.

Amanda grinned from ear to ear. "No, I'm not in love with him. I'm MADELY in love with him," she

whispered.

"Does he feel this same type of love for you?"

Amanda shrugged her shoulders. "That's a good question. I mean, I assume so, but I haven't really had that conversation with Chad. We always seem too consumed on the passion of the moment, and never really talk about what the future holds for us. Perhaps it's time to have that chat," she replied.

"Sexually speaking, YOU ARE a better match with Chad than with your husband," Robo-mom stated.

"Ha! Ya think? Tell me something I don't know, honey," the mother joked. "Although I am curious

about the data that helped you come to that conclusion."

"Your husband is only sexual three times a week, whereas Chad desires sex multiple times daily." "That is true," Amanda nodded.

"On average, Jake lasts 16.4 minutes before ejaculating. Chad, on the other hand, lasts an average of

83.8 minutes before ejaculation. Sexually, your son preforms with skillful proficiency, while your husband does not. Historically, during our most sexually active periods, Chad was providing me with an average of 46 orgasms a day. I assume that now that you have

taken the lead in providing Chad with intercourse, that those orgasms are now being given mostly to you," Robo-mom reported.

"You bet your sweet synthetic ass they are," Amanda giggled. "Chad's dick is SO much longer and

harder than Jake's."

"Yes, 3.2 inches longer and twice the rigidity," Robo-mom confirmed.

"And the amount of cum he spurts out…HOLY SHIT!" Amanda stated excitedly. "Chad expels 6.8 milliliters of ejaculate to Jake's 1.25 milliliters."

"And have ever given him a handjob and seen how high his cum spurts into the air? It's amazing!"

Amanda shared.

"Chad's highest rope of ejaculate traveled 5.2 feet into the air from the supine position," Robo-mom reported.

"You are very thorough with your data, aren't you?" Amanda giggled, impressed by everything the doll shared.

"I have a detailed neuro data base. It allows me to record all sexual data, and also track Chad's arousal levels to learn which activities are the most sexually arousing to him" the doll explained.

"Well, I don't have any of that, but I can tell you he gets the most excited when I'm on top riding him." "That's not the case with me, at least not that I've observed."

"Wait, what?" Amanda asked, seeming confused. "We're exactly the same you and I, so how can that

be?"

"I couldn't tell you. All I know is that there is one activity that spikes Chad's arousal level every time,

which therefor MUST be his favorite."

"And this activity would be what exactly?" Amanda asked, so curious it was killing her.

"So…about that chat we had last night…regarding Chad moving out," Amanda said to her husband as

she sat next to him on the couch with the baby in her arms.

"Yeah, I plan on talking to him about that today," Jake said.

"Jake, I'm not so sure getting a place by himself is what's best for Chad right now." "Wait a second, last night you said you agreed with me."

"I was really out-of-it last night, so please just disregard anything I may have said. I just think Chad's in the best position to work, save up money and map out his future, while living right here at home for a while longer," Amanda expressed.

"Amanda, he has everything he needs to be on his own…a good job, a sex doll to take care of his needs. Why delay it. Let the guy get out there and experience what independence is all about. He's not a kid."

"I know he's not a kid, but I just don't think he's ready for it."

"HE'S 'not ready for it,' or YOU'RE not ready for it?" Jake asked with a smile. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"He's your baby. Your first born. I know how close you two are?"

"No, honey…you don't have a clue how close we are,"
Amanda wickedly thought.

Jake continued. "Sometimes it's hard for a mother to let go. I get that."

***"Yeah, especially if she has a son she's in love with, and craves his hard dick inside her 24/7,"* Amanda thought. She listened to her husband continue to sell her on the idea.**

"Let's just let him spread his wings and give it a try. He always has the option of coming back if it

doesn't work. We're not going anywhere."

Amanda was reluctant to fight the idea too much. She didn't want to raise any suspicion in her husband's mind that her motivation was anything more than a concerned parent.

Chad wasn't any happier about hearing the news as his mother was. "I'll get a place close by. We'll still be able to spend time together," he assured his mom as they sat next to each other later in the day.

"Not at night," she sniffled. "I love our nights together, and the sex is great, but it's not just about that with me, Chad."

"I know what you mean," he muttered.

"Do you?" she said, reaching over and taking his hand. "Tell me what I mean then." "I've just felt…closer to you over the past year, and not just sexually."

"I've felt closer to you too," she whispered, squeezing his hand. "Closer than a mother probably

should feel towards her son."

"I could just refuse to leave," he suggested.

"No, because then we'd have to hear the constant harping and complaining by your father. We'll go out together and find a place,

but there's only one stipulation."

"What's that."

"It won't just be your place. It'll be OUR place," she smiled. "I'm living with you." "What?! How?"

"I don't know," his mom giggled, shrugging her shoulders cutely, "but we'll figure out a way."

She lunged at his lips and they shared a long passionate kiss.

Chad had the next day off work and he and his mom went out to look at places together. They felt like a young couple with their newborn baby out looking for a place to start their lives together. The second property they looked at was a brand-new modern condo, only a block from the place they were in now.

"It's perfect…don't you think, baby?" Amanda asked as she clung to her boy. "Yeah, plenty of room and it's like…two minutes from our place now."

Amanda looked over at the woman showing the property. "I think we'll take it," she stated eagerly.

Over the next week, while Chad worked, Amanda and her sister Nancy began shopping for décor for the new place. "You're the craziest bitch I know…you know that!" Nancy stated as they watched the delivery robots bring the new sofa into the condo.

"Is that an insult or a compliment?" Amanda giggled.

"Compliment of course. I'm just curious how you're gonna pull this charade off. I mean, it's one thing to swap rooms, Amamda, but now your swapping homes? Remind me how this is gonna work again?"

"It's simple really. I found out that Robo-mom can be reprogrammed to become more of an automated housewife, instead of a pleasure model. She'll stay with Jake, he'll think she's me and they'll be happy together. I'll pump bottles for her to be able to feed the baby at night, so that Chad and I can be together here in our new place."

"What about during the day?" Nancy asked.

"That's the easy part. Jake and Chad will be at work, so I'll bring the baby over here with me. The only time I won't see the baby is when he needs fed at night…and I'm sure Chad will have no problem draining my breasts when I need him to."

"I'm sure he won't," Nancy giggled. "I hate to state the obvious, but it sure seems like you and Chad

have moved WAY beyond the fuck-buddy stage."

"Yeah, well…I can be his mom AND his girlfriend at the same time, can't I?" Amanda stated with a mischievous grin.

"You know your secrets safe with me…as long as I get invited over for a slumber party once in awhile." "That can be arranged…as long as you keep your hands off my boyfriend," Amanda teased.

"Now THAT I can't promise," Nancy responded making them both laugh.

"Well, after finding out what I did from his doll, maybe I could use your help in the bedroom sometimes."

"Mm, now I'm curious?"

"Apparently Robo-mom has kept track of the times Chad got the most aroused during sex." "And?"

"And…they were the times his doll and I were BOTH working him over together," Amanda smiled.

"Oh, so my nephew likes the kinky threesome, huh?"

"Apparently so…which means his greedy new girlfriend may have to share once in awhile," Amanda stated.

"Well, you know me. I'm up for anything if it involves a handsome stud with a big dick," Nancy

assured her, licking her lips.

"I'll certainly keep that in mind," Nancy's sister assured her.

A few days later, Amanda and Chad were moved into their new place. Jake, Robo-mom and the baby decided to make a surprise visit to bring them a housewarming gift.

"Hello?!" Jake called out, poking his head in the front door.

"Honey, maybe we should have called first," Robo-mom stated as she stood outside the door with the baby on her arms.

"Nonsense! We're family. We don't need to warn them whenever we wanna stop by."

Jake brazenly walked in, checking out the beautifully decorated condo. On the wall were a few pictures of Chad and Amanda kissing and posing as a couple. "Well, that's a bit odd," Jake commented.

"What is?" Robo-doll asked.

"It's suppose to be his sex doll, not his girlfriend. I mean, look at these pictures. They look like a

couple of newlyweds."

Jake moved towards the back hallway. "Chad, are you back here?" he called, still getting no answer.

He opened the bathroom door to discover Chad and Amanda in the shower fucking passionately. The clear glass shower door allowed Jake to see them go at it in graphic detail. Chad had his father's wife lifted from the floor and pinned against the wall, with her huge tits crushed between them. Amanda's lovely legs were fastened around the boy as he thrust into her in a forceful rhythm. They quickly broke their lusty kiss and froze, staring at Jake in shock. "Dad, what the hell?!" Chad exclaimed.

Even after a year, Jake's stomach still felt almost sick seeing his son with a replica of his wife. He would have completely lost it if he knew that it wasn't really a sex robot he was looking at, but his actual wife, Amanda. "Sorry, we just wanted to stop by and check out your new place. Just um…come out when you're finished," the father said awkwardly, then closed the door.

A few minutes later Chad and Amanda emerged from the bathroom with towels wrapped around themselves. "Damn, dad…I get my own place and you're still walking in on me and my doll," Chad joked.

"Sorry about that. We just wanted to stop by and bring you a house warming gift," he explained, then handed a gift- bag to his son.

"Thanks. What do you think of the new place?" Chad asked.

"It's great!"

"Yes, really wonderful, honey," Robo-doll added.

"Did you hire a decorator or something? I know YOU certainly didn't arrange the place this way?" his

dad teased.

"No, um…mom…I mean, Robo-mom did it."

"Robo-mom's a sex doll," his father reminded him. "You're tell me SHE decorated this place?" "I recently had my program upgraded," Amanda blurted.

"Upgraded?" Jake asked curiously.

"Yes, I'm no longer just a pleasure-model. My upgrades allow me to act as Chad's girlfriend also," the mother explained, sharing a knowing smile with Robo-mom.

"Girlfriend, huh?" Jake asked, looking at his son. "A robot?"

"A lot of my friends have robot girlfriends. It's just what people do nowadays, dad," Chad told him.

"OK, but do their robot-girlfriends look exactly like their mothers?"

Robo-mom placed a hand on Jake's shoulder. "Honey, they're happy. Let them be," she said lovingly. "Exactly, dad," Chad chided. "I got my own place and am making independent choices. Isn't that what

you wanted?"

Jake looked into who he thought was Robo-mom's eyes as she smiled back at him. "If you guys are happy…then that's all that matters I guess," he noted.

Amanda took her boy's arm and nuzzled against him, like any love-stuck girlfriend would. "We ARE happy, aren't we, baby?" she asked, looking up into Chad's eyes.

"Hell yeah we are," he replied, leaning down and sharing a tender kiss with her. When the kissing continued and started involving tongue, Jake cleared his throat, causing them to stop.

"Sorry," Chad blushed.

Amanda looked over at Robo-mom. "May I hold the baby, Amanda?" she asked.

"Certainly," Robo-mom answered, handing Amanda her child.

"Come on, dad…I'll show you the garage," Chad said, then led him away.

Jake couldn't help look back and watch how motherly his son's doll was being. "Boy, that upgrade to

'girlfriend mode' your doll got really changed her, huh?" he asked his son.

"Yeah, but trust me, she's still just as sexual though," Chad shared. "Maybe even more so." "I DID NOT need to hear that," his father muttered.

Sometime later, after they left, Chad and Amanda stood in the foyer, hugging tightly. "That was…a

little weird," the boy confessed.

"Yes, but we'll get used to it, honey," his mom assured him. "You think dad will ever realize he has a robot for a wife now?"

"I hope not," Amanda giggled. "It was strange seeing Robo-mom with my wedding ring on. Now my fingers feeling so empty," she smiled, looking up at her boy. "Maybe someone could do something about that soon."

"Maybe so," he son replied.

They gave each other a slow sensual kiss. "There's another part of me that feel empty too. Wanna do something about that right now?" Amanda whispered, letting her towel drop to the floor.

"You bet I do," Chad answered, letting his towel fall also, so they both stood there nude.

Amanda hooked her arms around his neck and sprung gracefully from the floor. The boy sighed as he felt her strong smooth mommy-legs circle his midsection. "Take me to bed and fuck me to the moon and back, baby," she uttered between kisses.

Chad carried his mom to their bedroom, making out with her the entire way. He lowered Amanda onto their large bed and crawled on top of her, wasting no time splitting her twat with the spike of his cock. He crushed her milk-swollen tits between them and began banging the shit out of her.

Amanda tossed her legs around her teen, humping her hips beneath him to meet his frantic thrusts.

"Oh, yes…fuck me, baby!" she cried out.

Their crotches beat together wildly as they fuck with passionate intensity. Chad felt like he was the king of the world. He had secretly shown up his father by conquering his beautiful wife.

"I love that your mine!" he gasped.

"Yes, baby…all yours!" his mom confirmed. "All yours to pound your dick into whenever you want it!"

Chad felt his mom tighten her fuck-muscles around him, smothering his young cock in the skilled grip of her MILF pussy. Her pinkish-purple pleats were soaked with her secretions, lubricating her son's jutting penis.

"Ahhh!" the boy hissed, pounding between his mom's warm splayed thighs. He felt his sensitive bell tip knocking at the puffy head of her cervix with every powerful thrust.

"I always wanted a man who could fuck me this way!" his mom panted. "One who could REALLY make my pussy gush! Now I have him!"

"Yeah, cum all over me, mom!"

Chad could feel her cunt-tube tightening. "OH, FUCK YES!!" Amanda grunted, arching her back from the mattress in ecstasy, lifting her boy up with her.

Chad hooked his arms around her back, hammering her cunt in a heated rhythm. He watched his mother toss her long dark hair back on the bed, her eyes rolling in their sockets. She let out a wild orgasmic howl that echoed through their new condo.

"Oh, fuck yeah!" the teen gasped, watching her monster-sized knockers roll and ripple obscenely all over her chest. He felt hot girl-cum squelch around the base of his cock and drip off his wobbling nut sack.

After she had come down from her orgasmic summit, Amanda crawled up onto her hands and knees, gazing back at her lover over the swell of her rounded ass-cheeks. "Fuck me doggy, baby!" she lustfully demanded.

Her son was happy to comply, mounting her meaty haunches and plunging his cock back inside her. He grasped onto her wide hips and fucked her fervently from behind. Next to watching her tits swing, his favorite view was looking down at his mom's wonderful naked bubble-butt as it beat against his mid-section. He gave one cheek a hard strike with his hand, making her ass-flesh ripple.

"You can slap my ass all you want now, baby. They'll be no more trying to hide your handprints from

your father," she reminded him. "Well in that case…"

Chad SMACKED his mom's ass again, making her squeal in delight. He gave her one more hard strike to the bare buttocks, just for good measure.

His cock flexed with steely hardness as it hammered like a medieval battering ram through the delicate walls of her cunt-tube. Pre-cum drooled from his cunt-smothered piss-slit, mixing with his mom's fuck-juice.

He loved to lean out while he fucked her this way and watch her big udders swing heavily from her chest. There was something so sexy about how the huge fatty melons looked from the side as they rocked up and back like huge oblong pillows of squishy flesh.

"I've always wanted a girlfriend with huge tits," Chad shared.

"Well, you got one, baby," Amanda said, peeking back at him. "A sexy girl with huge milky tits." "Mm, I'm gonna suck those big beautiful tits every day!"

"You won't hear me complain any," his mom giggled.

For the next half-hour, Chad steadily fucked his mom from behind, bringing her off several times. His cock was so covered in girl-cum it looked like a glossy meat-stick pumping in and out of her vagina.

"Damn!" the boy gasped. "I'm gonna cum soon!"

"Pull it out and jerk all over my face and tits," his mom requested.

Chad socked his prick home a dozen more times, then quickly pulled out. "Cumming!" he blurted.

Amanda's jugs teetered back and forth as she quickly spun around. She grasped her boobs around their meaty sides and pressed them together, creating what looked like one ginormous ball of tit-flesh with the crack of a deep cleavage going down the middle. "Cum all

over me, baby! Squirt your ropes all over your mommy-girlfriend!" she urged.

Chad grunted, beating his thick slab with frantic strokes. "Fuck, mom!" he groaned excitedly watching streams of tit-nectar squirt out of several different milk-ducts surrounding her engorged nipples.

The first blast of ball-juice shot from his piss-slit, steaking across and striking her tits. Amanda felt his boy-goo running down into her cleavage. The second and third ropes were bulls-eye shots, right to her leaking nipple, splattering jizz across the entire peak of her tit.

"Ahhh!" Amanda hummed, opening her mouth wide, making it apparent where she wanted the next

gooey geyser to land.

Chad brought his spurting cock up close to his mom's mouth, jerking on the tip. He grunted and hosed a long jet of cum along her tongue. Amanda then surprised him by lunging forward, swallowing his dong, all the way to his cock-base.

"FUCK!!" the teen gasped, grasping onto the silky hair at the back her head and sending another hot cum-rope straight down her throat.

His mom spent the next few minutes tenderly sucking his cock. Her pretty head bobbed up and back, milking her boy's penis in the hot suction of her mouth. She ended by letting his knob pop from her mouth, then flickered her long pink licker all over it. "Mmm yummy!" she purred, then kissed his twitching knob tenderly. "I could get used to that."

"You and me both," the teen sighed.

His mom grasped his dick at the base and snuggled her face up next to it lovingly, like it was a cute kitten. "Mmm, I'm gonna love

pleasing my hot, big-dicked boyfriend," she sighed.

Chad's eyes traveled down to her jutting chest. Her boobs seemed so huge and swollen that they could explode at any moment. Breast milk was still trickling from her teats. "Want me to suck on those for you?" Chad asked.

"Would you baby?" she asked, batting her long eyelashes. "Will you suck out all the milk for

mommy?"

"You bet!" he replied, licking his lips. He dropped onto his back and gazed up at her ballooning knockers. From this angle her twin peaks looked absolutely majestic.

His mom peeked down over her wobbling wonders and smiled salaciously. "Ready, honey? I hope you're hungry," she giggled.

"SHIT!" the teen gasped excitedly, his eyes going wide as her enormous mommy-melons hung down and slowly dropped towards him. He knew it was gonna be a night of sheer sexual delight.

Robo-mom - Chapter 11: "Robo-Chad"

"Surprise!" the family shouted as Chad ushered his mother into their condo. Amanda was completely shocked. It was her birthday, but she didn't expect a surprise party.

"Oh my God, thank you!" she beamed, handing the baby off to her husband so she could go around and hug everyone. The guests included her parents and in-laws, as well as Nancy and her husband.

They had cake and socialized. Chad's Grandparents all got along well and of course couldn't help but chatter amongst themselves about the boy's new living arrangement. "So, Chad…we want you to know

that we're so proud of you for having your own place," his Grandma Trish expressed. "It's beautiful!"

His Grandma Ann nodded in agreement, then looked over at Robo-mom. "And the fact that you have

a maid-doll that looks exactly like your mother…that's so touching," she uttered.

Amanda smiled and hugged her boy from the side. "Well, I spent all those years cleaning up after him at home, so it's only fitting that he has a robot that looks like me taking care of things around her," she shared.

"Don't let Amanda fool you," her sister Nancy chimed in. "She still has a hand in 'TAKING CARE OF

THINGS' around here," she teased, winking at her sister.

"Yes, I suppose I am sort of a CLINGY mom, aren't I, honey?" Amanda asked her son.

He smiled back at her and grinned. "You sure are…but I'm not complaining," he admitted.

The two Grandmothers looked at each other with a knowing smile. Their womanly intuition told them that what Amanda meant by 'clingy' involved much more than just being around and picking up after her son.

"Are you ready for your surprise gift, mom?" Chad asked. "Surprise gift?!" Amanda answered.

"Yep, close your eyes."

"Alright," the mother giggled, clenching her eyes closed.

Amanda heard all the other women in the room gasp, tempting her to peek. "Keep your eyes closed,"

her son warned.

"They're closed, but you're killing me," she anxiously admitted. "Okay…now you can open them!"

Amanda opened her eyes back up and her mouth fell open in disbelief as she saw TWO CHADS standing in front of her.

"Happy birthday!" her son exclaimed. "I bought YOU a service robot too!"

Amanda's mother sniffled. "Oh my God, I'm gonna tear up," she muttered emotionally. "This is adorable!"

Speechless, Amanda gazed over at her son, then back at his robot look-a-like. Robo-Chad looked flawlessly like the real Chad. He was even wearing the same outfit. "Hi, mom," he said in a voice that was identical to her son's.

"Hello...um, Robo-Chad. Nice to meet you." "Do you like him?" Chad asked.

"Well, he's just like you, honey. What's there not to like," she answered, making the other moms giggle.

"Ivy did a great job, huh?" her son asked. "He even has my same haircut."

"Good grief," Amanda muttered, gazing back and forth at each of them, "how will I ever tell the two

of you apart?" she asked, clearly surprised yet excited by the gift.

Amanda's husband, Jake, chimed in. "Because one of them will be doing all the housework, while the other sprawls around lazily like he

usually does, that's how," he joked, making the guests laugh.

"Funny, dad," Chad said.

"What a great gift, darling!" his Grandma Ann declared. "That was so thoughtful of you."

"Thanks, Grandma. Mom and dad's service robots are kind of outdated. I thought I'd purchase a newer model to help her out," the boy explained.

"Oh, I'm sure he'll 'help her out' alright," Nancy joked.

A short time later, Amanda managed to get Chad and her sister, Nancy, off by themselves. "Baby, you said it's a service robot, but it's not a really service robot, is it?" Amanda asked her son suspiciously.

"Sure it is. It was built to 'service' you sexually," Chad answered with a grin. "I knew it!" Nancy giggled. "He bought you a fuck doll. That's SO hot!"

"Chad, that was sweet of you, honey, but…I don't need a sex doll. I have you." "I'll take the doll then!" Nancy eagerly offered, raising her hand cutely.

"I know you have me," Chad stated, "but why not have a sex doll too. I mean, I have you, but I also have Robo-mom, and sometimes the two of you take care of me together."

"Oh…so that's what this is about…" Nancy teased, "some juicy DP action! God, you are so fucking lucky, Amanda!"

"Is she right?" Amanda asked her son. "Are you two planning on tag teaming me?"

"Well, yeah…and I do work sometimes, remember? So when I'm gone and we can't have sex…it gives

you the next best thing. A robot that looks like me."

Amanda considered his words for a moment. "Fine, but as far as your father's concerned…Robo-Chad only performs household tasks. Jobs that don't include fucking my brains out."

"Relax, mom…I had Ivy program the doll to be in housework or fuck-mode, at the appropriate times." "Honey, Ivy's custom dolls aren't cheap. How did you even pay for it?" she questioned.

"I have a good job now, remember? I took out a loan."

"So hold on," Nancy blurted looking at Chad. "Your mom is secretly living here with you, but Robo- Chad will have to be at your dad's place, because it's supposedly her service doll. So…"

"I know. I thought this all out," Chad answered. "Sometimes, when mom wants the two of us here, I can have my robot look-a-like sneak over, while dad's sleeping, or at work."

"OR…you could have it SNEAK over to my place," Nancy suggested. "That works too!" "You wish!" Amanda joked.

"What? Why can't I try it out? It's not like I'd be fucking your real son…just the sex doll version of

him."

"Sharing sex toys with my sister? Eww!" Amanda joked.

"Hey, who's been here supporting you two this whole time? Keeping secrets. Covering your asses. I deserve this," Nancy demanded.

Amanda looked at Chad inquiringly.

"It's your doll, mom. Whoever you wanna share it with is your business," he told her.

Amanda looked back over at her sister. "Fine, come over tomorrow and you can try the doll out," she

relented, "but you're not inviting it over to your place." "Yaay!" Nancy cheered, a little too loudly.

Her husband, who was chatting with the other men, looked over at her curiously. "What are you so

happy about, pumpkin?" he asked.

"Nothing!" his wife answered innocently. "Just…don't mind me, babe."

A little while later, after all the guests left, Jake looked over at his wife. "Alright, birthday girl, are you ready? I have to work early in the morning," he said.

"Almost, honey…let me just use the little girl's room," she answered, looking over and Robo-doll and giving her a sneaky nod.

They met in the bathroom and changed outfits. They had done this so many times now it just seemed routine. Before they were finished, there was a tap at the door. "Chad sent me in to check up on you," Robo-Chad stated as he slipped into the bathroom.

"Oh…um, ok. We're almost finished," Amanda said, straightening her dress.

Robo-Chad stepped over behind Amanda, reached around and cupped her big squishy breasts. The mother felt him push his long erection against her rounded ass-cheeks. "Oh…um, this was unexpected," she stated, quickly spinning around.

Robo-Chad grasped her legs and lifted her up onto the vanity. He wedged his way between her thighs and they began sensually kissing.

Robo-mom stood there watching them and Amanda broke the kiss with her doll for a moment. "You

can go out…I'll be by for the baby in the morning," she told Chad's doll.

Robo-mom left the bathroom as Amanda started passionately making out with her new doll again. Then, she suddenly stopped. "Wait…shouldn't you be going with them? If you're my service doll, then my husband Jake will expect you to go home with them?" she asked in a bit of a panic.

"Relax, mom…it's me!" Her son smiled. "Chad?!"

"Yep…fooled you!" her son laughed.

"You little shit! And I'll ask it again…how the fuck am I suppose to tell you from your doll?" "Maybe I don't want you to," he answered, engaging her in more kisses.

"That's unfair!"

"I know…I promise I won't play tricks on you like that, but THERE ARE some special features that the doll has that you don't know about yet," he explained.

"Oh, God…what are they?" she asked anxiously.

"You'll find out tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? You mean you're gonna make me wait?" she asked with a sad pouty face. "You know I don't like waiting for something… especially if it's your dick."

"I'm sure you won't lose sleep over it," her son stated.

"I'm sure I won't…because I don't plan on sleeping," she said, planting sensual kisses on her son's lips.

"Me neither," her boy gasped between kisses. "I have another present for my birthday girl." "Mmm, can I open it in on our bed?" the mother asked in a lusty tone.

"Of course."

"Carry me there," she whispered, then fused her lips around her son's for a deep French kiss. Amanda clung to her boy, with her legs clasped tightly around him as they exited the bathroom. They

weren't expecting to find Jake, Robo-mom and Robo-Chad still there preparing to leave.

"Oh…um, sorry!" Chad blurted, after breaking a kiss with Amanda and standing there awkwardly.

Chad's dad shook his head. "I should have known that's where you disappeared to. You couldn't even wait until we left to start making it with that doll of yours," he stated, clueless that it was actually his real wife that was clinging onto the boy.

"Sorry…I thought you guys left already," Chad answered.

Robo-mom smiled over at Chad. "Thank you for the special birthday gift, honey," she expressed, then peered over at Robo-Chad. "I'll take him home and put him right to work on some house cleaning."

"Your welcome, mom," he answered, then watched them all leave.

Amanda looked her boy in the eyes and smiled. "Yes…thank you, baby, for the special birthday. Now

get me in the bedroom and fuck my ass off!" she demanded.

Once they were in the bedroom that they shared, they quickly stripped their clothes off. Chad backed his mother onto the bed, then they fell backwards and he landed on top of her. The teen

kissed his way down across her heaving tits, then her trim belly, finally arriving at her shaved pussy. He licked his mother's engorged clit, fascinated by how just one flick of his tongue made her whole body shiver and buck.

"Eat me, baby!" Amanda gasped. "Eat my fucking pussy!"

The boy began to plow his tongue through her folds, overwhelmed by the musky aroma he was inhaling while he licked.

The mother writhed on the mattress, clawing at his hair as he devoured her. She squealed and shivered as he quickly brought her off this way. When her cum finally faded, she impulsively turned on her son's face, swing her legs around so she could suck his cock, while being eaten in the 69 position.

"God I love your fucking cock, Chad!" the mother mewled, dragging her tongue along it's length. She looped her licker across his glans and let it flicker against his band of his frenulum. "I just wanna lick it and suck it like lollipop."

Chad's cock was as hard as ever and she couldn't wait to feel it thundering through her fuck-hole. However, they had all night and she wanted to give him a royal cock-sucking. She pressed her lips directly on the fat head of his prick, kissing it tenderly, then rolled her wet tongue all over his glans.

"Mmm, I wanna fuck it with my hot cock-sucking mouth now!" she mewled.

Amanda wrapped her hand around the root of his cock, then plunged it through the ring of her lips. She sucked Chad's prick zealously, rolling her tongue all over his weeping knob.

"Ahh, fuck yes, mom!" he gasped, while lapping his tongue across the fleshy nub of her clitoris.

His cock-knob popped from Amanda's lips like a cork. "Do you like it when mommy sucks your cock, lover?" she asked, then went back to pumping it through her mouth. "Do you like her using her mouth like a tight pussy?"

"You're the best cocksucker ever!"

Amanda fought back her gag reflex as she forced his knob past her tonsils and into her throat. She sucked air in through her nose as she began to deep-throat her son like an expert dick-sucking whore.

Up and down her pretty head bobbed, her brunette hair whipping all around as she devoted her whole energy into her son's oral pleasure. The lewd slurping and gurgling sounds of a good cock-sucking filled their bedroom.

"Ahh, fuck, mom…I'm gonna cum down your throat! SHIT!!" Chad grunted.

He bucked his hips, stabbing his prick deeper into her gullet just as his hot jizz began gushing out. The teen let out a guttural grunt as thick milky ribbons of cum-juice erupted from his piss-hole, into his mom's clinging throat.

Jacking his cock and squeezing his balls, Amanda gulped down her boy's hot cum, refusing to release his massive cock until she's sucked out his entire load.

When she finally lifted her head, Amanda's son let out a satisfied sigh. "Damn that was amazing!" "Amazingly yummy!" the mother stated, licking the jizz off her lips.

Chad's mom crawled around and kissed him tenderly, while laying on top of her boy and rubbing her huge fatty tits all over him. "Now…" she said, rolling off him and onto her back, "about that hard fuck you promised…"

"Yeah…about that…" her boy responded, climbing quickly to his knees. His mom scissored her curvy legs back in a huge spread eagle and stared up at her teen's jutting hardon, which was gleaming and pulsating as it loomed over her pussy triangle.

"Come on, stud…bury that fucking thing!" she lustfully insisted, wiggling her wide hips. "With pleasure!" Her son replied, crawling into position between her spread-eagled legs. He

supported the weight of his torso with outstretched arms, staring down at his mom's ballooning tits. Then, he began to tease her overheated vulva with the tip of his spear, letting it dig softly through the juicy slit of her cunt.

Amanda giant milkers wobbled back and forth as the threw her head around in pleasure, from the cunt teasing her boy was doing. "Fuck me! Please fuck the cum out of me, baby!" she pleaded in a sexy tone.

Chad's face glazed over in delight as he pushed his hard-on into his mom's cunt. He felt her wonderful cunt muscles clench up around him, welcoming him back inside her.

Amanda was so fucking worked up she couldn't even wait for him to thrust all the way in. She tossed her silky legs around him, then began humping her mommy-hips, working her blushing ass-cheeks rhythmically off the mattress. Doing this cause her wet, throbbing pussy to screw up around his muscled dick and beat against his cock-root.

"Damn, mom!" the boy gasped, joining her thrusts.

"Come on, baby! You know how mommy likes to be fucked!" she hissed, pulling him down, wrapping her arms around his shoulders and pumping her ass faster.

Harder and harder her son fucked back at her, grimacing in pleasure as he concentrated on the delectable feel of her warm curvy body clinging onto him. It made his cock flex and his knob mushroom even bigger as he pummeled it through the corrugated tube of pink cuntal tissue.

"Yes! I love getting fucked hard by my hot boyfriend! The man who rocks my fucking world!" she cried out.

The bedroom was filled with the sound of heavy, frantic breathing and the repetitive SLAP of Chad's big balls beating against his mom's ass.

Amanda's huge tits were crushed against Chad's chest and sloshed around between them from the jarring rhythm of their heated fuck. Since his mom had given him some release from a blowjob, the teen was able to fuck her hard and fast until she screamed out in ecstasy. Her horny cunt gushed female- ejaculate all over his dick and balls, raising his excitement level even higher.

While her son screwed her this way for well over an hour, making her gush mindlessly, Amanda couldn't help but think about how much her life had changed since a year ago. It ironically, was all put in motion by the purchase of Robo-mom. Amanda had gotten the baby she wanted, the natural way, through intercourse, something her husband was unable to give her. She had received mind-blowing sex by her handsome son and his dreamy cock. She was, for all intents and purposes, hopelessly in love with Chad. Yes, she still cared about Jake, but now he unknowingly had a Robo-wife to care for his needs.

"Fuck!!" Chad blurted. "FUCK…I'M GONNA CUM, MOM!!

"Deep inside me, baby!" she cried out, still reeling from her most recent climax. She felt his cock twitch and flex wildly and cum splattered against the inner most walls of her squeezing cunt.

For nearly ten minutes they humped and writhed in sexual bliss, milking all the pleasure their could from their tangled bodies.

"How do I look?" Nancy asked, primping her hair for her sister. Nancy was wearing a sexy black teddy with a deep V halter, leaving a good deal of cleavage exposed.

"You look amazing, Nancy, but remember…it's just a Robot. He doesn't care how you look," Amanda giggled.

"Amanda, please…just let me live out my fantasy, alright?" Nancy asked. "Some of us don't get the luxury of having a hot stud in their bed every night."

"That reminds me…" Amanda said, "I think I'm just gonna let you enjoy Robo-Chad today. I mean…I

have the real Chad. What's a doll gonna do for me that my son can't?"

"Are you telling me that Robo-mom couldn't do things for Chad that you couldn't?" Nancy asked.

"Well, maybe I couldn't suck his dick while doing a perfect handstand, but I think my sexual performance was on par with hers. Chad even told me a few times that I fucked better than her," Amanda stated in her defense.

"Fine. If you want me to be the one who gets fucked to the moon and back today, I'm certainly not gonna argue with you about it. More dick for me."

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. "Oh my God, that's him!" Nancy declared. "Are you sure I look ok?"

Amanda laughed, moving towards the door. "You look stunning, so relax!"

When the door opened, Robo-Chad greeted them with a smile. "Hi, mom…hi, Aunt Nancy!"

"Hey…um, come in!" Amanda responded awkwardly. She felt the robots eyes wander up her body. She certainly wasn't as scantily clad as her sister, but she had on a sexy black mini dress with a scooping neckline, revealing just as much tit-cleavage as Nancy was. "So how was your first night at the house?"

"It was good," Robo-Chad responded. "I got all the floors cleaned and reorganized the cupboards." "Are you as good at eating pussy as you are at cleaning floors?" Nancy candidly asked.

"Nancy!" her sister scolded.

"What? He's just a robot, remember? Weren't those your words earlier."

"I AM good at eating pussy actually," the doll responded. "Not only does my tongue flicker and flutter,

but it also vibrates."

"Vibrates?" Nancy asked, her eyes widening

"Yes, at various speeds, like intense pulsation, oscillating waves and patterns…all to provide a woman

with total clitoris bliss."

Nancy and Amanda looked at each other in awe. "Apparently Chad splurged on some very special

upgrades," Nancy stated.

"It's true, I'm a deluxe pleasure model, with many extra features that the standard dolls don't have,"

Robo-Chad boasted.

"Is your dick the same size as Chad's?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, it was modeled after his."

Amanda smiled over at her sister. "See…nothing that I'm not already getting," she bragged.

"The way that my penis differs from a human one is its ability to curve and thicken," Robo-Chad stated.

Amanda fed him stupefied look. "Curve and thicken?" she uttered in obvious interest.

"Yes, curve to allow more intense G-spot stimulation, and thicken to give a woman a fuller, stretched feeling that can be intensely pleasurable," he explained.

With her mouth nearly hanging open in awe, Nancy gazed over at her sister. "What can he do that

Chad can't do? Is that what you said earlier?" she asked sarcastically.

"Fine, ok? Maybe I was wrong."

"Uh-huh!" Nancy smiled. "Still gonna sit this one out today, sis?"

A few minutes later, the sisters were laying side by side on the bed. They were both naked and their tits were heaving around wildly as they were each being fingered by Robo-Chad at the same time.

"JESUS CHRIST…YOUR FINGERS VIBRATE TOO?!" Nancy cried out, on the verge of an intense climax.

The robot doll had two fingers of each hand in the sister's cunts. As Nancy had so vocally pointed out, the doll's fingers pulsated,

stimulating their G-spots perfectly. Lewd creamy sounds filled the bedroom as the doll's tirelessly fingers fucked them to orgasm.

Within seconds of each other, Nancy and Amanda began writhing around on the mattress, tossing their pretty hair around in tit-quivering ecstasy. Screams of pleasure reverberated through the bedroom.

Several miles away, the real Chad sat alone in his cubicle at work. Through special glasses that he wore, he was able to see what was going on at his condo, from Robo-Chad's point of view. Not only that, but custom probes were attached to his fingers and with their slightest movements, he was able to control what the doll was doing.

***"Holy shit, this is great!"* he thought, watching his mom and Aunt flop around on the bed, while they cried out in orgasm.**

With the flick of a finger, he directed Robo-Chad to climb on top of Nancy and begin fucking her. Around Chad's hard cock, under his pants, was a specially designed sleeved that perfectly mimicked the feel of Nancy's pussy around his boner. Yes, sex doll technology had advanced tremendously in the year since his mom had his Robo-doll made and Chad spared no expense when it came to purchasing a doll for his mom. He splurged on all the bells and whistles, including the extras he was enjoying at that very moment.

Through his glasses, his Aunt's face was masked in sheer delight as the sex doll's cock pounded through her savagely. He looked down at her meaty jugs as they rolled wildly up and down her chest. *"Not as big as mom's, but still fucking bouncy and suckable!*" he thought. He made the doll lean down, capturing one of her nipples and sucking on it while thrusting. After five minutes of intense cunt hammering, he guided the doll over and on top of his mother.

Through the penis attachment, he felt the familiar sleeve of her hot, wet cunt sheath his cock. He tried not to gasp too loud, so his

coworkers in the surrounding cubicles didn't hear him, but it wasn't easy.

Back at his apartment, Amanda's sexy legs hovered in the air as she was royally fucked by her new doll.

Inside the mother's hot cunt, Robo-Chad's cock began to thicken, stretching her cuntal lining and

intensifying her pleasure.

"OH, FUCK…IT'S GETTING BIGGER!" Amanda squealed, quickly peaking towards a powerful climax.

Robo-Chad's big balls beat against her ass. Her cunt-lips were pried open obscenely-wide as the doll's huge hunk of cock-meat smashed through her gaping vagina. Adding to the mother's delight was the

fact that the big cock was pulsating wildly, just like one of the vibrating sex toys she'd occasionally used.

"FUCK!!" Amanda screamed deliriously. "FUCK, FUCK FUCK…I'M CUMMING!!"

Her heavy-titted body jerked violently as an orgasm shot through her naked frame like an electric current. Hot female ejaculate squelched from her urethral meatus and splattered out from between their humping bodies.

Nancy was already on her hands and knees, wagging her thick rounded ass back at Robo-Chad as he pulled out of her sister. "Take me, you fucking brute!" she hissed lustfully.

The doll quickly mounted her and gave her a doggy fucking she wouldn't soon forget. The real Chad made the robot's dick enlarge and curve upward, so it stimulated his Aunt's G-spot in an

extraordinary way. This resulted in one of the wildest female climaxes that he'd ever witnessed.

Watching his Aunt Nancy's big rounded bubble butt beat against the Robo-doll's crotch was a huge rush. The flesh of her ass rippled each time their genitals smacked together.

For nearly two hours Robo-doll fucked the two mothers seven ways to Sunday, bringing them off more times than they could count. By the time they were finished the bed was soaked in female ejaculate.

"Where do you want my cum?" Robo-Chad asked, pulling his cock from Amanda's pussy-hole and stroking it.

"On our faces!" Nancy answered, quickly getting to her knees. Amanda followed suit and they leaned in together in front of Robo-Chad's cock, lustfully watching him yank on it.

"Ahh, yes!" the doll gasped. "I'm gonna blow my fucking wad all over your sweet pretty faces!" "Cum!" Nancy shouted. "Cum all over us, you fucking stud robot!"

"Paint us with that fucking ball-goo!" Amanda added, watching the doll's bell tip mushroom as it prepared to spit hot ejaculate.

Huge, fat ropes of synthetic cum began splattering all over the sister's faces. It oozed from their chins, running thickly down across their big jiggling tits. For over a minute the robot hosed out milky cords. By the time the doll was done spilling his seed, the mother's faces were masked with gooey slime.

"Wow…now that's some fucking cum!" Nancy exclaimed as some ran into her mouth. "Oh my God, it

even tastes like real spunk. Mmm!"

"Sorry about the mess," Chad's voice said, but strangely, the doll's lips didn't move.

Amanda looked at her robot curiously. "Did you just say that?" she asked.

"No, it was me, mom…Chad," she heard from speakers somewhere on the doll. "I told you I had some

more surprises in store for you, didn't I?"

"Wait, what's going on?" Nancy asked, still eating up the jizz seeping down her face.

"Baby…where are you?" his mom asked.

"I'm at work, but I can see you guys…through the doll's eyes."

"Were you just…watching us fuck your mom's doll?" his Aunt Nancy asked, remembering how they could do something similar through Robo-mom's eyes.

"Not only did I watch you, I got to orchestrate the whole thing," Chad laughed.

"You were controlling him this whole time?" Chad's mother asked.

"Yep, and experiencing the feeling of fucking you both, and cumming too, but I'll explain all that later.

I gotta get back to work."

"Well, for what it's worth, that was one incredible fuck, Chad," his Aunt sighed. "Glad you guys enjoyed it."

"Baby?" his mom said, climbing up on her hands and knees.

"Yeah?"

Amanda bent over in front of her doll, pointing her luscious naked ass back for her son to see and wagging it teasingly. Her fatty jugs dangled down heavily from her chest. She gazed back over her shoulder with lust-filled eyes. "See you after work," she said in a seductive tone.

THE END

161: Santa Mom (Revised Edition)

"So what do you want for Christmas this year, son?" Dad asked, looking through the newspaper. "I don't know, Dad. I haven't given it much thought really." I muttered, chomping on my breakfast cereal.

Mom peered back at me as she did the dishes. To me, Mom was the hottest girl on the planet. She had shoulder-length dark hair and brown eyes. This morning she was wearing the sexy thigh -high pink robe I liked. The silk robe was so short that when she bent over, I could nearly see her full heart-shaped ass. I shuddered at the site of her long bronze legs and sexy bare feet.

"You have too given it thought. You know exactly what you want," Mom said, then turned back to her dishes.

Dad looked down at me. "Is that true, son? Is there something you're wanting? Better speak up."

I honestly couldn't think of what Mom might be referring to. As far as I remembered there wasn't anything I had mentioned to her.'Tm not sure what she means," I confessed.

"Well if there is something you want, you better put in your request quick. Christmas is sneaking right up," Dad said as he stood from the table and made for the front entry.

As Mom turned and dried her hands, I gave her an inquisitive look. "I'm confused. I don't remember asking for anything," I said. "What is it I want?"

She stepped towards me, the swell of her huge braless tits bobbling beneath her gown. She leaned down and brought her lips to my ear, her silky brown mane tickling my neck.

"You wanna fuck your Mom," she whispered in a sexy tone.

My mouth fell open as I tried to absorb her comment. Mom sashayed out of the kitchen, her meaty ass swaying seductively. I had heard my Mom say a lot of things in my life, but never had any of her words sent such a jolt of arousal through every inch of my body, until now.

I listened to her send my father off to work and was still sitting there, mouth agape, when she stepped back into the kitchen.

"So about what you just said, urn...why would you think that?" I asked. "Think what, that you wanna nail me to the mattress for Christmas?" "Yeah."

"There are some things we Moms just know," she said.

Mom leaned over, resting her palms on the table so she was propped by her arms and staring down at me. Her robe had crept open and I found myself gazing into an almost obscene amount of cleavage. My heart pounded in my chest as a huge bulge began to form in my shorts.

"Tell me I'm wrong, I dare you," Mom said with motherly authority.

I couldn't say anything I was so flustered. What could I say actually. The truth was, she wasn't wrong.

While I blushed, she smiled. "I better have that Christmas list by tomorrow afternoon or you're tough outta luck," she said.

Mom walked out of the kitchen, with an obvious sway of her buttocks, leaving me with the biggest erection that had ever filled my shorts.

Our conversation was all I could think about that day. Sure I fantasized about fucking my mother. Any 18 year old who had a mom that looked like mine would too, but I never thought getting her in bed would even be a remote possibility.

The next afternoon Mom walked into my room after I got home from school. She was wearing a sexy pair of low cut jeans that hugged the her soft curves and a pale pink tube top that accentuated the swell of her enormous boobs. I glanced down at her gorgeous little tan feet with their hot-pink toenails, arched in a dainty pair of high-heeled sandals.

"So, do you have that list ready for me?" she asked.

I grabbed the list and handed it to her. She stood there looking it over for a second, giving me an even longer opportunity to lust over her body.

"Did you forget something?" she said, reaching out to hand it back to me. "What?" I asked, trying to play stupid.

"You know what. Don't you dare pretend that it's something you don't want." "Is dad gonna see this list?" I asked, taking the paper back.

"Only if I have to write it," she said with a smile.

There were only a few other things on the list. At the bottom I wrote "MAKE LOVE TO MOM," then handed it back to her.

She looked at it. "What is this?" she asked with fake curiosity. "It's what..."

"That's not something you're getting," Mom said abruptly. "But you told me to write it."

"That's not what I asked you to write. What were my exact words?" she said with a playful smile, handing me back the paper.

I erased the "MAKE LOVE" part and wrote "FUCK MOM" instead, then handed it back. "There, was that so hard?" she said.

"No," I blushed.

"Dinner in a half-hour...and oh, um don't forget about the Christmas parade tonight," she said as she

swayed her ass out my doorway.

The parade was mostly for my two small sisters, but Mom and Dad always made me go along. While Dad took the girls to see Santa, I stood with Mom as she spoke to one of her friends from the neighborhood. As I watched the middle-aged beauty, my mind couldn't help but wander. "Would she actually fuck me?" I thought.

Mom's friend Tina smiled, looking over at me. "Janice, you're poor boy looks like he's a million miles away."

Mom took my arm and snuggled into my side. Even through her thick jacket I could feel the spongy suppleness of her big breasts. "Well, you know how it is around Christmas time. All boys can do is wonder if Santa's gonna bring them what's on their list," she said, gazing up into my eyes with a naughty little grin.

"Maybe some warm hot chocolate will cheer him up. I'll go get us all a cup," Tina said, as she moved towards the refreshment stand.

Mom slid her body around until she was hugging me from the front. She wrapped her arms around my neck and moved in tight. Even through layers of winter clothes I could feel the dough¬like softness of her enormous bra-busters pushing against my chest.

"I think there's only one thing warm that'll cheer my baby-boy up," she said as she held me tight.

Standing on her tippy-toes Mom brought her lips to my ear. "It's Mom's warm pussy, isn't it sweetheart?" she whispered.

"Uh-huh," My voice trembled, my heart thumping as my cock quickly expanding with blood.

In my ear, Mom began to softly sing a section of her version of "Santa Clause is Coming to Town."

"She knows what you've been thinking...she sees you when you ache. She knows when you get big and hard, you wanna make her body shake...oh, you better watch out, you better not cry...you better stay hard, I'm telling you why...Mommy-clause is coming to town."

I felt my knees go weak. I peered over into the crowd and saw Dad watching us, probably wondering why Mom was hugging me so tight and what she was whispering to me.

Mom gave me a quick peck on the cheek.

"You're gonna have a very good Christmas, sweetheart," she said with a smile. Somehow, I believed her and it couldn't come quick enough.

Dad wandered over, holding my youngest sister, while the other walked by his side. "You two seem nice n cozy over here."

"Just trying to stay warm," Mom said, releasing me. "Tina went to get us some hot chocolate. You girls want some hot chocolate?"

"Yesss," my sisters shouted.

"Ok, before the parade starts, your brother and I need to go use the restroom," Mom said, then looked at dad. "Honey, why don't you take the girls to find Tina. She might need help carrying all that hot chocolate."

"All right, let's go girls," Dad said, leading them towards the concession stand. Mom took my arm and we walked briskly in the opposite direction.

"Bye, Mommy," my little sister shouted over Dad's shoulder. Mom shouted back. "Bye sweetpea, see you soon."

Mom squeezed my arm as we hurried along the crowd. "I should have peed before I left the house. I hate using these disgusting public bathrooms."

"Yeah, they can be pretty bad. At least there's no line," I said as we arrived by the small brick building. "True, do you need to go?"

"No, I'm fine," I said.

"Ok, I'll be quick. Hey..." Mom said, facing me. She looked at me with a naughty gleam in her eye. "Do you want my panties?"

My body tingled with sudden excitement. "Your panties?"

"Yeah, you know, that little item of clothing that I wear under my pants. The one that hugs my pussy and ass all day," she said with a mischievous smile.

I laughed. "I know what they are, Mom."

"Ok, so where do you want them, on me or in your pocket?" "In my pocket, I guess," I said timidly.

Mom winked at me. "Be right back."

I couldn't believe how flirty she was being, but I loved it. After a few minutes, she returned from the bathroom and hooked her arm around mine.

"I think the parade's getting ready to start," I said.

"Do you wanna go back and watch the parade, or go over and hang out by the fire?"

A short distance down the park I saw what Mom was referring to. There were several raised fired pits, each with their own set of Adirondack chairs surrounded them. It looked private and cozy.

"We can do the fire."

Since the parade was starting, pretty much everyone had vacated the fire pit area and lined the street.

Mom and I chose a set of chairs next to a warm blaze. A thick throw-blanket was thrown over the arm of my chair.

Before Mom sat, she slipped out her cellphone.Tm gonna text Tina, let her know we'll be along shortly. Our hot chocolate may be more like chocolate milk when we get there," Mom said with a giggle.

Rather than take the other chair, Mom sat across my lap. Her meaty ass felt amazing pressed against me. "This is cozy," she said, spreading the blanket out over us.

Now as far as anyone was concerned, we were just a couple, off by ourselves, cozied under a blanket together.

Mom snuggled into me, turning slightly so her boobs pressed against my chest. She draped the blanket up over our heads, so it was like we were in our own dark little cocoon together.

"Mmm, I like this," she said.

"The fire feels good," I whispered. "How do I feel?"she asked naughtily. "You feel good too. Really good."

I could tell Mom was reaching into her jacket pocket. "I have something for you," she whispered.

She lifted her hand to my face and I felt the soft silky fabric of her skimpy panties rub across my cheek. "Oh wow," I sighed. My cock was nearly fully hard, now pressed up against Mom's smothering butt.

She brought the crotch of her panties to my nose and swear the God they were still warm and slightly damp from being on her. The aroma of Mom's pussy lingered on the gusset and was absolutely intoxicating.

"Ohh my God," I sighed, inhaling her feminine scent. Mom giggled. "Smell good, sweetheart?"

"Uh-huh."

She brought her lips to my ear. "Does it smell like something you'd like to bury your hard penis into?" "Yess." Her words made my erection flex against the crack of her ass.

"Mmmnn, speaking of hard penis," she said, wiggling her ass against it. "I'm sorry, I couldn't help it."

"You don't have to say sorry, sweetie. If you weren't hard right now I'd be extremely offended," she said with a giggle..

"Lately, it's been hard whenever I'm around you."

Just the way Mom was whispering in my ear as she spoke was a huge turn-on. "So all I have to do is be around you? I don't have walk around in front of you half-naked, or grind my ass on it to make it hard?"

"Well you can do those things too if you want," I said, making Mom laugh.

"What if I nibble on your ear," she asked, then bit my earlobe softly, making my body jerk in arousal. "Yeah?" she asked.

"Yeah," I muttered.

"What if I kiss your neck," she said, sliding down enough to plant three tender kisses along my neckline. I shuddered with excitement. "Is that doing it for you, sweetheart," she asked. "I know your penis is already rock hard, but does that make it throb?"

"Yess."

"Can Mommy wrap her ass around your hard meat, so she can feel it throb while she plants more kisses?"

"Ohh damn, Mom," I shuddered, so turned on by her hot whispering that I could hardly stand it. She giggled at me. "Is that a yes?" "Yess, you can do that. You can do whatever you want." "Well in that case, unzip your coat."

I quickly complied and heard Mom unzip her jacket also. I couldn't really see anything in the darkness, but I knew something good was coming.

"Pull up your shirt, as high as it'll go," she said softly.

I did as she told me and could tell by her movements that she was pulling her own sweater up passed her tits. "Now we're ready," she said.

Mom pushed her butt down hard and my dick sunk length-wise into her ass-crack, like a sausage in a bun. She turned her torso and rested her tits on my chest. I could feel the lace of her bra and the meat of her squishy jugs. The thick hard nipples protruding through the fabric felt amazing.

She sunk her face into the nap of my neck and applied tender kisses, over and over, her long silky hair draped over my shoulders. My body trembled. This was fucking awesome!

My balls tightened and my cock flexed hard between her buns. She nudged back, her butt¬crevice smothering my bulge. "Oh wow, sweetie, that was long throb," she said between kisses. "Yess," I gasped.

I could feel Mom's wet wiggling tongue peeking out from between her lips as she continued her tender kisses to my neck. I thrust my hips some, digging my boner into her ass-crack, then paused before I got carried away.

Mom spoke to me between kisses. "It's ok sweetheart," kiss kiss, "you can dry hump Mommy's ass," kiss, kiss, kiss. "We're under the blanket, so even if someone does come around," kiss, kiss "they won't see us," kiss, kiss, kiss.

I accepted her invitation, thrusting my hips and digging my hardness up into her soft curves. Mom followed my motions, grinding her ass on me as I thrust, providing exquisite resistance. I was literally lifting her up and down each time, her big bra-clad tits sloshing against my chest. "Mmm, sooo strong," she purred, then went back to kissing.

For close to ten minutes we went on like this, our bodies moving in sync, writhing in a steady cock-grinding rhythm.

A voice startled us. "Janice?" the voice called. It was Dad and he didn't sound far away. "Janice, is that you guys over there?"

"Shit," Mom whispered. She peeked her head out of the blankets. "It's us, honey, we're just...sitting by the fire," she said, pulling her sweater down over her boobs.

"The parade's already started. You guys are missing it."

Mom sat up a little, but kept most of the blanket over us, giving me a chance to pull my own shirt down. Dad came right up by the fire. My neck was soaked from Mom's wet kisses and I prayed he didn't notice. "Sorry, we were both so cold. We needed to thaw out. Where are the girls?" Mom said.

"They're with Tina," Dad said. He looked a little suspicious as he watched us get up and zip up our coats. "We brought hot chocolate back for you guys, but it's probably cold by now." "That's ok, the fire and blanket did the trick," Mom said, flashing me a quick wink.

Dad's attention was drawn to the ground at my feet. "Looks like someone who's been over here is on Santa's naughty list."

Mom and I looked down and saw her panties laying there. We glanced at each other, almost wanting to laugh. "Gross! The girls this town really need to keep their panties on," Mom said. "Or at least remember to take them with them when they're done," I added.

"Ha, right," Mom said.

We followed dad back down to the parade. It took me forever to lose my boner. Mom texted me after we got home. "That was fun. "

"Definitely. Sorry you lost the panties though." I replied.

"You got some enjoyment out of them, so it was worth the loss ," she texted. "Wish I had them now," I bravely wrote.

There was a two minute pause before Mom sent her next text. "Will this do for tonight?" she texted. There a picture attached. It took my breath away. It was selfie of Mom in her bathroom. She held the camera up high, pointed down at her. She was wearing a sexy black lingerie dress, with a scooping neckline. It allowed her to show off an obscene amount of tit-cleavage, more than I'd seen from her before. Below her breasts, I could could see one of her silky legs, bent at the knee as it stuck out the slit

in the dress. And below that, her cute little bare foot with hot- pink toenails, the heel arched so her foot rested on squatted toes. Mom's lips were puckered in a kiss as she stared at the camera with her alluring brown eyes. It was easily the sexiest picture I had ever seen.

"Daaamn. That's all I can say," I typed back.

"Hehe, enjoy! And just as a reminder... Christmas is a little more than a day away ," she texted.

I beat my meat like a savage beast that night, while staring at Mom's selfie. In my head, I relived all those wet kisses she'd given me at the parade.

Christmas Eve meant a house full of relatives and lots of little kids running around going ape¬shit. I would usually retreat to my room on such occasions, but since the events of the last week, I wanted to get as much time around my Mom as possible. I never knew when she might rub up against me or whisper something naughty in my ear.

As always, she was dressed so sexy I could hardly keep my eyes off of her. She wore a denim miniskirt and white slip-on high-heeled mules to match her skin tight cashmere sweater. The swell of her tits were absolutely massive.

I stared at them for a moment. Probably too long. When I looked away, I spotted Dad watching me. He didn't look happy as he came walking over.

"We need to talk," he said. "Um, right here?"

"No, in your room," he said, then looked over at my Mom who was busy chatting. "Janice, can I borrow you for a minute?"

Mom got up and followed us down to my bedroom. I was nervous as hell.

"What's going on?" Mom asked, seeming slightly upset that she was pulled away from guests. "What's going on is your son seems to have a very unhealthy fascination with you and it needs to stop."

Mom gave dad an almost pissed off scowl. "Stephen, what are you talking about?"

"I caught him staring at your breasts, Janice and it's not the first time. I saw it last night. I've been noticing a lot here lately."

Mom rolled her eyes. "Really?! Can we not do this right now. We have a house full of guests."

I could tell dad felt a bit stupid for a second. "If it continues, we're gonna need to have a serious conversation about this. And next time I see it, there will be consequences."

Mom tried to look cheerful."Fine, now can we go back to the party and put on some smiles, it's Christmas Eve,"

I felt a little upset, like I was gonna be under a microscope the rest of the night. "I think I'm just gonna stay in here."

"Sweetheart, no. Come on, all of the family is out there and they wanna see you," Mom said. "I really don't care right now."

Mom shot a dirty look at dad. He immediately went on the defensive. "I didn't banish you to your room. I just wanted to point out a concern I had," dad said.

"You just wanted to accuse me of something I wasn't doing." "You weren't doing?! How could you say that, you..."

Mom interrupted him. "Stephen please, just go check on the guests, I'll have a chat with him." Dad threw his arms up and walked out. "Whatever."

Mom closed the door and came over and sat by me on the edge of the bed. "I'm sorry, sweetie. I know he can be a real jerk sometimes."

"It's not your fault, Mom."

"It's not your fault either. You can't help it that your mom has huge boobs and looks incredibly sexy in everything she wears," she said jokingly

She forced me to smile. "I won't argue with that."

"Speaking of sexy clothes, I'm wearing a new Christmas bra. Do you wanna see it? Would that cheer you up?"

My heart did a somersault in my chest. "See it?

"Yeah, it'll be like an early Christmas gift," she winked. "Oh ok, urn...sure," I muttered.

Mom stood up and without hesitation, shed her sweater. I felt the breath expelled from my lungs. Her massive jugs were barely contained within the bra, which itself was Chistmas-like in style. It was mostly white embroidery with red ribbon detail. Two huge mounds of creamy tit-meat bulged from the cups and were packed

together to form a deep canyon of cleavage. "Holy wow," was all I could mutter as I stared lustfully.

"Look at the little Christmas bells. Aren't they cute," Mom said, pointing out two tiny bells in a section at the center.

"I like 'em," I said.

"The bells or my boobs?" Mom asked, then giggled. "Both," I smiled.

"Do you want a Christmas hug, before I put my sweater back on?"

"Sure," I said, standing up.

Mom took hold of the hem of my shirt. "Here, let's take this off, so you can feel the Christmas lace against your bare chest."

I happily helped her remove it, praying that dad didn't walk back in.

Mom coiled her arms around me as I moved in for a hug. Her huge fat jugs squashed pliantly against me and the fabric of the bra felt amazing. She laid her head on my shoulder and we just stood there in a gently rocking embrace. "It's hard waiting for that big gift isn't it?

"Yeah," I sighed. Mom was definitely a mind reader.

I was suddenly startled by the moving door handle. Thank God Mom had the foresight to lock the door. Dad knocked. "Janice, where's the lighter for the grill."

Mom just held me there with her bra-clad tits against me, not panicked at all. "Did you try looking in the drawer, next to the stove."

"Yes, it's not there."

"Give me a few minutes, I'll be out," she said.

Dad tried the handle again. "What's with the locked door?"

Mom huffed. "What's with all the questions," she answered back. "I'm just wondering why you would need the door locked?"

"It's kinda hard to have a private conversation with all these kids running around, so I locked it," Mom said.

"Alright, well, I wanna get the steaks and burgers going," Dad said.

"Be right down," Mom said, then looked me in the eyes. "Come down and join us, pleeease," she said with a cute pouty face.

"Ok."

"Just do yourself a favor. If you decide to stare at my boobs again, make sure your father isn't watching."

I smiled back at her. "Got it."

I went in and sat on the floor in the TV room, leaning against the couch, pretending to watch a Christmas show. All the adults were in the dining room and the kids were in the back yard.

It wasn't long before Mom and my Aunt Donna came into the room. I started to move, but Mom tapped my shoulder as her and my Aunt sat on the sofa.

"You're fine, sweetheart," she said.

Mom slipped her pretty feet from her heels and brought her legs up onto the couch. My Aunt Donna did the same on her end of the couch, so they sort of sat sideways, facing each other.

As her and my Aunt began to chat, I realized that I could see straight up mom's skirt, without raising any suspicion.

Mom wore a pair of thin white silk panties, which fit snug around the bulging swell of her mons. I could literally see some of her smooth genital-meat oozing over the hems. I suddenly felt faint as my heart raced and my cock grew to enormous proportions.

I focused my attention on the TV, but as my Aunt checked her cellphone, I felt Mom's soft toes slide under my chin, turning my head back to her. It was an angle that about made me cream my pants. I was now staring up the length of her tan silky-soft legs, all the way to the pouting, silk- covered treasure.

Mom's thick tan thighs looked so smooth and inviting. Just the thought that I might have them clamped around me for Christmas made my head spin.

My eyes traveled up past her voluptuous chest and into her sparkling eyes as they looked right back at me. With a little smile, Mom invitingly patted the edge of the cushion near her hip. I wasted not time sliding down closer.

As my Aunt finished texting, her and Mom resumed their conversation. I began to catch whiffs of Mom's pungent feminine aroma, mixed with her sweet perfume. I turned my head slowly, so as not to raise suspicion from my Aunt and found myself staring at the fat swell of Mom's matronly twat.

Now only a foot away, I could clearly see her plump clitoral hood pushing against the fabric. The material was sheer enough to make out the shadow of a small carefully trimmed patch of dark pubic fuzz. The smell of her feminine aroma at this distance was intoxicating.

Almost without realizing it, my head tilted back and I gazed up between her thighs at the great cloud of cashmere-covered tit-meat hovering above. My Aunt must have checked her phone again because Mom peeked over her wobbling wonders and gave me a cute little wink.

Mom's eyes suddenly darted across the room. "You're father," she whispered, closing her legs.

My eyes went back to the TV just as dad arrived. I noticed him looking at my position next to Mom a bit suspiciously. "How's everyone want their steaks?" he asked.

After taking our requests, he disappeared again.

"Hey kids, Santa's in the back yard!" someone shouted.

Santa came to hand out little gifts on Christmas Eve. One of the silly traditions we had for the little kids each year.

Aunt Donna got up. "I better go make sure Darci doesn't pull Santa's beard off," she said, making Mom and I laugh.

As I began to stand, I felt mom's legs wrap around my waist and pull me back onto the couch against

her. It was an awkward position. If anyone had walked back into the room, it would have looked incredibly scandalous. I trusted that Mom knew what she was doing as I rested my back against her mountainous chest.

"And where do you think you're going, young man. Yours Santa's not in the back yard. She's right here," she said, running her hands along my upper chest.

I watched one of her sexy feet slide up my thigh, slither across my balls and up the length of my iron-hard cock. My body trembled beneath her touch.

"Someone's got a Christmas boner," she giggled, clutching my engorged cock-tip with her toes. "Kinda hard not to have one," I smiled.

"Ohhhh, I can feel it throbbing. Throbbing for warm pussy," she said in a sexy tone, licking my ear. "Yesss," I whispered, so turned on I could hardly stand it.

"Santa's coming, baby," she said, kissing my cheek.

We joined the family. My uncle was a little tipsy and taped some mistletoe up on the ceiling in the kitchen. He wasted no time positioning himself underneath it. "I'm under this here mistletoe. Who's gonna kiss me?" he shouted.

"Ohh, I will big boy," my Aunt said, rushing over and giving him a long kiss. Everyone cheered.

My cousin jumped from her boyfriend's lap. "My turn under the mistletoe," she said, then pointed at her boyfriend. "You have to come smooch me," she said.

A tad embarrassed, her boyfriend walked over and shared a kiss with her. The family cheered again. "Now me!" My little sister cried out.

My Grandma hopped up. "I'll give you kisses, young lady!" she said.

"Nooo," my sister screamed playfully and ran back out into the back yard. The family erupted in cheers and laughs.

Mom rushed over to the kitchen. "My turn," she announced. Once under the mistletoe, she pointed at me and gave me the "come hither" with her finger. "You... Get in here," she said sweetly, smiling from ear to ear.

The women in the family cheered me on. "Wooo!" "Somebody's getting kissed," my Aunt teased.

I was pretty embarrassed by the time I got to Mom. She looked in my eyes, rose up on her tip¬toes and gave me a tender peck on the

lips. The kiss lasted maybe a second longer than what was appropriate, but no one seemed to care except dad. He looked a little displeased. I saw mom glance over at him as

the rest of the family cheered.

That night I barely slept. My cock stayed hard for hours in anticipation for Christmas day. About the normal time, my parents gave the wakeup call and I wandered downstairs with my excited little sisters.

Mom was just coming in from the kitchen when I arrived at the tree. She was wearing that sexy short silk robe and I could tell by the way her big tits were jiggling that it was all she had on. She gave me a hug from behind and a kiss on the cheek.

"Merry Christmas," she said lovingly. "Merry Christmas, Mom," I smiled.

Dad sat on the floor near the tree. He liked to hand out the gifts. He was looking over at me as Mom brought her lips to my ear. "Stay close to me this morning," she whispered.

"Hey enough with the whispering. Let's open some gifts," he said. "We're coming," Mom said, leading me over to the couch.

Following her advice, I sat next to her. She snuggled close, bringing a throw-blanket up over our laps.

As my Dad began to dig through the presents, I felt Mom's tiny hand slithered onto my thigh and rest there, dangerously close to my dick. I glanced over at mom, surprised by her brazenness. She was watching my sisters dig into their first presents, not giving the slightest indication that her hand was somewhere naughty.

My cock hardened near Mom's hand as she began to lightly tease me by running her nails along my thigh, very close to my erection.

"Now let's see what Santa left for your brother," Dad said to my sisters, searching through the gifts. "That's okay dad, the girls can open more of theirs," I said, struggling to controlled my excited breathing. The girls screamed as they exited the living room, into the back yard with their new dolls.

Dad watched them disappear. "Well, clearly the girls have other plans."

With her free hand Mom pointed. "Honey, why don't you open one of yours. That green one there on the end," Mom said to my dad.

Dad began to open one of his gifts from Mom as his wife's hand slithered into the fly in my boxers and around mythrobbing cock.

"Oh wow, a sweat suite. Thank you hon," he said.

"I thought it looked like you. Hope I got the size right. Why don't you go upstairs and try it on," Mom said as she began to massage my hard cock beneath the covers.

"No, I can put it on after we're done here," Dad said.

"Don't be silly, we have all morning to open gifts. The girls are obviously occupied. Try it on, I wanna see if it fits," Mom persisted.

"All right, be right back." Dad said as he headed for the stairway.

Mom continued stroking my cock as dad disappeared upstairs. Santa himself could have entered the house at that moment and I would have been oblivious. I was totally consumed by what Mom was doing.

Mom gazed at me, squeezing her fist in a perfect corkscrew up and down my meat. "Ohhh, honey, you're a hard as a candy cane down there," she said.

Mom turned slightly, twining her naked leg with one of mine. I began to slouch. Her robe had parted slightly and her bulging braless cleavage jiggled as she fucked me with her fist.

"Come on, baby-boy. I want you to make lots of thick creamy Christmas cum for Momma," she whispered.

My legs stretched out and my body sort of contorted sideways from the pleasure of having my dick stroked. At this point, I could see the lump in the blanket jerking up and down. I could tell mom was watching for my sisters through the corner of her eye, making sure they didn't come back into the house.

Her hand stroked frantically now. Slick with semen, it made a lewd creamy sound as it whipped up and down my cock. I felt my balls ache for release. Whimpering, I dropped my head to the side, landing my face on the top of one of Mom's soft jiggling breasts. She pushed her weight against me, smothering my face in a mask of warm dough-like tit-meat.

I felt the tip of my cock tingle, which sent a signal to my balls. Just before I came, I drug my tongue up the slope Mom's breast, take a long wet lick.

"Uuuuunnnggghhhllll!" I quietly grunted, as the first blast rocketed from my piss-hole, splashing against the blanket.

"That's my baby," Mom said as she continued her heavenly cock-jerking.

It felt so fucking good I wanted to scream. All I could do was lay there, grunting into Mom's boob as she milked rope after quivering rope from my jutting penis. What a site it would have been if my dad had come downstairs at that moment. Luckily, he was slow to change.

After squeezing every last drop, Mom lifted her boob off my face and adjusted her robe. "Take the blanket to the laundry room. Bring a clean one back with you," she said hurriedly.

"Okay," I muttered, standing up on weakened knees and leaving the room just as Dad reached the top of the stairway.

"Oh honey, those look great on you," I heard Mom say from the living room as I wiped the pearly cream from my boxers.

After all the gifts were opened, Mom went upstairs to take a shower. I sat on the couch, listening to some new itunes and reflecting on the incredible handjob she had given me.

My sisters were in their own world, playing with their new gifts, while Dad was busy putting together one of his new gadgets.

After a while I got a text from Mom. "Do you remember when you were little and I caught you peaking in on me while I was wrapping your gifts.

"Haha yes," I texted back, wondering why she would bring that up.

She texted back. "Well, I'm about to wrap your big gift now, why don't you come peak in before it's all the way wrapped."

"OK," I answered.

I tried to hide my excitement as I snuck upstairs and down the hallway. I peaked into Mom and Dad's room and gasped as I saw Mom standing at her vanity. She wore a Santa's hat and her white robe was completely open, giving me a good look at her huge naked tits.

She sprayed some perfume on and my cock hardened in my shorts as my eyes traveled down her body to the V of her nearly trimmed

crotch. She finally closed the robe and called my name softly, knowing I was just around the corner.

"Yeah," I answered. "Come in here," she said.

I stepped into her room and she turned to look at me with those big sparkling eyes. "Yeah?" I said.

"How are you doing? Did you get a good look at your gift before I finished wrapping it?" she asked, in her cute mommy-tone.

"I did," I said trying to contain my monster erection.

"So, ready to tear your gift open and play with it?" she asked in a matter of fact way. "You mean..." I swallowed hard, not able to finish my sentence.

Mom stepped forward and wrapped her arms around my neck. "I mean, it is Christmas...and you still have a gift you haven't opened. In order to use this gift though, you're gonna need a big strong boner like you had this morning."

"Oh trust me, I already have that," I blushed.

I looked down and watched her trace her nails along the tubular bulge in my briefs, her big wedding ring sparkling. "Mmm, you sure do," she said. "Are you gonna use this thick erection to reach mommy's tootsie-roll center," she asked.

"Yess," I nodded, my dick throbbing beneath her fingers.

"Maybe you can use your gift's mouth...to help you keep your fucker nice and hard. Maybe she'll roll her tongue around on the juicy head for you." Mom said, flailing her pink snake around in her open mouth.

"Please," I said, desperate to fuck.

She pulled me into the master bathroom. "Close and lock the door," she said, smiling wickedly.

I did as she asked as Mom started the shower to provide some background noise. I followed her over to the toilet where she sat down on the lid, reached out and grabbed the waistband of my boxers, pulling me over in front of her.

"I get to tear open my gift first," she said, pulling my briefs down around my ankles. She wrapped her hand tightly around the base of my prick. True to her word, mom began to lash her long pink tongue around my bulbous head. Her eyes peeked up at me naughtily as she licked the tip of my hard rod.

I felt as though I was dreaming as I watched my own gorgeous mother slip half my boner into her mouth and begin to suck. Within seconds, my cock was monster-hard. Mom's mouth felt unbelievable as she worked my young dick like a seasoned pro, battering the engorged knob with her tongue.

She slipped it from her mouth and gave it a few full-length strokes. "That's it baby...keep that boner big and strong for Mommy," she said in a sexy tone.

Mom stood up and undid her robe. I watched as it fell to the floor, pooling at her bare feet. A quivering gasp left my mouth as I stared at her huge pendulous breasts. The areola were large and thick, with fat nipples poking out of their centers.

"Do you like them, darling? Do you like Mom's big juicy tits," she asked, moving her shoulders, which made king-sized titties wag like a dog's tail, back and forth.

"Damn," I muttered, watching them move.

She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around my neck. Before I knew it, her tits were flattened against my chest and she was

attacking me with kisses. They weren't the motherly kind either.

Suddenly, our lips were fused in an open oval. Our tongues danced. Mom's licker was unbelievably long and fast. As my boner stuck straight up against her, I could feel her small coarse patch of pubic fuzz tickling the underside of my cock-shaft.

We stopped french kissing and after Mom planted a few more wet smacking kisses, she gazed at me, her eyes glazed over with lust.

"Time to fuck," she soft softly, then bit her bottom lip as she looked down at my throbbing meat.

Mom laid down on her back on the big soft rug in front of the shower. I watched her tits teeter from side to side before spilling off the sides of her chest. She bought her knees back, splaying her tan thighs. I could see the thick folds of her gash ready to be stuffed full.

"Here it is baby. Here's the hot pussy you've dreamed about. Come get your dick wet," she said, reaching up for me.

I wasted no time crawling down between her parted thighs. I grabbed my dick and let the tip lick between her moist folds. Time seemed to move in slow motion as my raging hard-on sunk into the

spongy-soft heat of mom's vagina. I let out a soft quivering sigh as I felt my cock being sheathed in the soft flexible lining of Mom's cunt-tube. Mom rested her tiny feet against my ass, pulling me in as deep as I could possibly go, until my leaking knob touched the puckered head of her cervix.

"Merry Christmas, my love," she said tenderly. "Ohhh, God, thank you, Mom," I said.

I started to thrust my hips, slowing fucking my throbbing pole in and out of her squeezing cunt. "Oh yeeeaaah, that's it...get it, sweetie!

Get that pussy," Mom sighed.

I speared my prick to the hilt in mom's creamy pussy over and over, my balls slapping her ass crack. She twined her arms around my shoulders and started humping her ass off the floor as fast as she could.

"Ohhh shit," I whimpered, sinking into her warm soft body.

"Yesss, fuck my pussy!" Mom gasped, clawing at my back with her fingernails, grimacing as her strong tan legs tightened around me like a fleshy fuck-harness.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. I was about startled out of my skin and quickly rose onto my elbows. "Janice?" Dad said from the other side of the door.

"I'm in the shower," Mom answered calmly. "I need to pee."

"Can't you use the downstairs bathroom, honey. I'm already in the shower." Mom said, squeezing her cunt-muscles around my cock.

"The girls have taken it over. They set it up as a bedroom for their new dolls." I looked at mom worriedly. "What do we do?" I whispered.

Mom smiled back, not the least bit worried. "We keep fucking," she said then motioned to the shower, "in there."

"And let him in?" I asked worriedly.

"Uh-huh," Mom said with a big smile, showing her perfect white teeth. "Janice, come on, I gotta go," dad said.

As we both got up and my cock slurped from her cunt, a long gooey string of precum hung from my piss-hole. Mom caught it with her

finger, swiped it off my dick and gobbled it up. "Yum," she said, wild eyed.

"How are we gonna get away with this?" I whispered.

She rubbed my cheek. "Don't worry, it'll be fun," she whispered. "Get in, hurry" she said playfully, nudging me towards the shower.

I climbed behind the curtain, uncertain about how Mom was gonna pull this off. I knew if dad caught us, I'd be dead. I heard mom let him in.

"All that damn eggnog," dad said as I heard him start peeing.

"Your lucky I wasn't in the middle of washing my hair," Mom said as she climbed into the shower with me.

She immediately pulled me to her and planted a big wet kiss. She squeezed me, her big wet tits mashed against my chest. We french kissed under the hot spray with Dad dangerously close. "The kids sure do seem to love their gifts,"dad said as he peed.

"Mmnn, they sure do," Mom said, reaching down and grasping my dick. "It's wonderful to see them get such enjoyment out of them," Mom said, stroking my wet dick up and down. "I feel bad about last night. Giving him such a hard time about looking at your breasts. I didn't mean for it to sound like he was lusting after you or anything."

I stuffed as much of Mom's tit into my mouth as I could get and sucked hungrily. Cradling my head against her tit, Mom watched me suck and carried on her conversation with dad. "I know you didn't, honey. Thinking such a thing would just be ridiculous."

"Yeah, I was kind of a jerk...and on Christmas Eve of all times. I should probably apologize to him."

"Yeah, you probably should," Mom said, as she wrapped one leg up around my midsection and fed my cock back into her hungry cunt. She looked back over her shoulder in the direction of Dad. "But you should do it later. I think he's in his room laying down for a little while."

Dad flushed the toilet. "Should I apologize before or after I lecture him about leaving his boxers in the bathroom. Our bathroom."

Her engorged nipple popped from my mouth as I gave Mom a "yikes" look. She eased my worry by provided the perfect explanation. "Oh he was probably just excited to slip into something else," Mom said, tighting her cunt and winking at me. "You know, like one of those new outfits we bought for him."

"I suppose," dad said, then started to pull part of the shower curtain back. "Want me to wash anything for you," he asking in a flirting manner.

Mom yanked the curtain back in place. "Maybe later. You better get back downstairs and make sure the girls don't destroy my bathroom" Mom said.

"Yeah I suppose," he said.

It was so surreal feeling my dick slide in and out of Mom's juicy vagina, while Dad was literally three feet away. Mom just spoke to him like nothing was going on.

"Thanks for watching them hon. I'll be down in a bit. With all these new hair products, I might be taking the longest shower of my life this morning."

"Take your time," Dad said, leaving the bathroom.

Mom looked me in the eyes, grinding her cunt on my wet dick. "You can count on it," she said.

As we fell into a rhythm, I could feel Mom thrusting her cunt up at me, meeting me stroke for stroke. I grasped her sloshing tits, feeling my fingers sink into their supple flesh.

"Oh yeahh," I moaned, my balls slapping against her ass.

"Harder!" Mom sighed, then clawed at me with her other leg. "Pick me up and fuck me harder!" I complied, grasping her ass and lifting her into the standing fuck position.

Like a jackhammer, I started to lay into Mom, pounding her hot slippery mommy-cunt with my hard teenaged cock. After two minutes of wet rutting we were both grunting and groaning in orgasmic bliss. Feeling her body shake and listing to her muffled cries on my shoulder made me cum harder than I ever had before. I didn't want it to ever end.

Mom let out a satisfied sigh. "Wow. You know, this was YOUR gift. You weren't suppose to make Mom cum that like, you silly goose," she said, running her fingers through my hair.

"Maybe I wanted to give you a gift too," I said.

"Well in that case...I want more...lots more." she smiled, running her feet along the back of my thighs. "When?" I asked.

Mom ushered Dad and the girls to the front door. They were dressed for the cold, but Mom was still in that sexy short silk robe.

"Tell your parents I'm sorry we'll miss Christmas dinner. If he has a fever I really should be here with him in case he needs something." Mom said, motioning to me as I lay on the couch. "Yeah, I don't suppose that cold air will do him any good," Dad agreed.

Mom and I looked at each other.

"Nope...he needs to spend his afternoon somewhere nice and warm," Mom said, giving me a cute little wink.

They said their goodbye's and Mom closed the door and locked it. She strolled over to me on bare feet, her big heavy tits bobbling beneath her robe.

She gazed down at me with a cute pouty face. "My poor sick baby. Maybe a nice hard fuck on Momma's bed will make him all better. Ya think?" she asked.

"Definitely," I said with a smile.

"Come on," she smiled, reaching out and taking my hand.

I followed my Christmas Goddess up the stairs, watching that meaty mommy-ass sway from side to

side with each delicate step. My heart raced with excitement, my cock flexing eagerly in my shorts. Santa Mom knew what I wanted this year and she came through. Somehow, she always does.

THE END

162: Snowed In with Mom and Gran_1

Snowed In with Mom and Gran

By Klrxo

"Good heavens…again?!" Shelly thought, finding another pair of panties in her son's room.

It was happening a lot lately. The forty-year-old mother was finding a pair nearly every time she checked her son Alan's room. Sometimes it was more than one pair, and the boy left little mystery about what he was doing with them.

"He must have just used this pair this morning," she thought as she looked over the cum-drenched panties. The strong aroma of fresh semen almost made her dizzy as it wafted into her nostrils.

Even though she knew damn well what it was, she dipped her finger in the fresh boy-goo and brought it to her mouth.

"Yep, definitely semen," she said out loud, recognizing the taste. She always surprised herself by doing this. Number one, because she hated the taste of semen. So much so, that she never let her husband Mitchell cum in her mouth when she blew him. Number two, the deposit was made by her own son, and the fact that she was tasting her own baby's ball-juice seemed incredibly wrong. However, Alan's sperm was unlike any she'd ever tasted. It was

sweet, and reminded her a lot of the taste of pineapple juice, which she loved.

"I really should have a talk with him," she thought. Then again, she told herself this every time, but never really followed through.

"They're tracking a major snowstorm for Friday," her husband said as they spoke on the phone that morning.

"Of course they are. It always seems to be Fridays here lately," Shelly said as she sat in a chair nursing her newborn. The mother never expected to have another child, since there was a seventeen-year gap between the baby and her next oldest daughter, Amelia. Alan was the oldest at eighteen, and her only boy.

"If it's as bad as they say it's gonna be, I probably won't make it home again," Mitchell explained.

Shelly's husband was in sales, which required him to go all over the country, so she was used to storms impeding his travel, especially during the harsh New England winters. "We'll manage. We always do," the mother said, watching her little one suck at one of her large milk-filled breasts.

"I already talked to my mother and told her she should stay at the house, just in case there's a power outage there, like the last time," Mitchell said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course I don't mind. She's family."

Even though she said that, there were family members that Shelly didn't care for, but not her mother-in-law. She always had a special connection with Mitchell's mom Pauline, and considered her more than just family. She was also like a best friend, and they talked and spent time together almost daily.

Across town, at the High School, Alan and his friend Wayne sat in the gym bleachers, watching the cheerleaders practice their routine. "There she is! Carly Taylor and her huge tits!" Wayne said with his tongue nearly hanging out.

"They're not THAT huge," Alan said, seeming unimpressed.

"Not that huge? What planet are you living on? She has the biggest tits of any girl at our school."

"They're only a 34 double d, according to Scott Johnson, the only guy at our school to ever seen them," Alan said.

"ONLY 34 double d. Man, you are living on another planet…and if Carly's tits aren't huge to you, I'd love to see the women's boobs in your world."

"Ha, just come hang out at my house then," he thought to himself. At home, Alan was constantly surrounded by heavy-titted women. His mom had always been large chested, but since getting pregnant with his newborn sister, her knockers grew to ridiculous proportions. This meant that her panties weren't the only things that fascinated him. He had often used her bras to masturbate with. A boy could confidently say that 34 double d's "weren't that huge" when his mom had 38 G cup tits, like Alan's mom did.

Then there was his grandmother, on his dad's size. She spent a lot of time at the house, and her tits rivaled the size of his mom's. Even his seventeen year old sister was large chested, but since she attended private school, she couldn't challenge Carly Taylor for the title of "biggest jugs" at his school.

"Did you hear they're already canceling school on Friday?" Wayne asked. "There's a Huge storm coming."

"Great, and my dad's out of town, which mean I'll be on clean-up duty," Alan complained.

"Yeah, but at least we won't be HERE, sitting through some boring lecture."

"True."

After school, Alan hopped on his electric scooter and zipped across town. His family home wasn't exactly in the sticks, but they did have a spacious property, with a good couple acres between them and their neighbors.

After pulling into the garage, he went inside to find his mom working in the kitchen. "Hey, mom," he said, watching her transfer breastmilk she had just pumped into bottles for the baby.

"Hi, honey. How did school go?" she sweetly asked.

"Same as always. Boring," he honestly answered, checking his mom out as he spoke to her.

Shelly was a pretty mother, and since her family were Italian, she had a beautiful golden-brown complexion, with a long dark mane of hair. She wasn't fat by any means, but she did carry some weight, in all the right places. In addition to having huge heavy tits, the mother had a thick succulent ass that was perched atop strong motherly legs. She did follow a daily at-home exercise regiment, to help take off some extra baby weight she had gained during her recent pregnancy.

"Do you have a few minutes that we could, um…talk?" the mother asked, deciding it was time to confront his panty snatching habit.

"Sure."

"Let's sit here at the table," Alan's mom said, then sat down across from him at the square pub-style table.

"Am I in trouble?" Alan asked, suspecting something might be up.

"Well…no. You're not in trouble, I just need to talk to you about a… issue I've recently discovered," she said awkwardly.

"What kind of issue?"

"Honey, I've been finding pairs of my panties in your room lately," she said. "I know these are the types of things that boys do, and I haven't told your father, so don't worry."

"Oh, so I'm not in trouble for it?"

"Not, but…see, here's the issue. My panties are made of a delicate fabric, so when you spray your…stuff in them and don't get them in the wash right away, they kind of get stained up," Shelly explained.

"Oh, I didn't realize," Alan said, shocked that his mom wasn't horrified at the fact that he'd been taking them.

"Maybe if I gave you a couple pairs that were just…um, yours, to do what you want with. Then the stains wouldn't really matter, know what I mean?"

"Yeah, but…"

"But what?" she asked.

"Nothing, never mind," he said, realizing that if he explained that mostly what enjoyed was the aroma of her freshly worn panties, he'd sound like an absolute pervert.

However, the "but" still lingered in Shelly's mind, so she kept prying. "Is there a reason that the arrangement doesn't sound fair to you?" she asked.

Since his mom was being so understand, he decided to answer her question with one of his own. "Would I be able to switch them out with ones you've worn, once in awhile?"

"Oh…" the mother muttered. "I'm so stupid. That's why he wants them," she thought to herself. "He likes the smell. It's not about just the panties. It's about the fact that I've worn them."

The mother knew it was wrong, but also understood that everyone did something a bit pervy. Even herself, and her naughty habit of dipping her finger in her son's ball-juice and tasting it. It was something she'd be extremely ashamed of if anyone ever found out. Yet, here she was confronting her boy on HIS dirty secret and expecting him to talk openly about it. "That's just selfish of me," she realized. "No need to embarrass the poor boy."

Alan felt a bit awkward by her silence. "Sorry, mom. I shouldn't have asked you that," he said shamefully.

"No, you were being honest; talking about something very personal. How could I be upset about that?" she said. "I'll tell you what. How about a different pair of panties every week? Does that sound fair?"

"Sure," the boy muttered, realizing that his mom didn't really owe him any sort of deal, so how could he refuse. "That sounds great."

"One thing though…"

"What?"

"If you father finds my panties in your room, you're on your own, got it?"

"Sure, I understand," Alan said. If that unfortunate event occurred, the boy realized that it would be because of his own stupidity, and he couldn't throw his mom under the bus. "So, is that arrangement, um…starting today?"

"Yeah, but I actually just did my laundry, sorry," Shelly said with a frown.

"Oh, that okay, I can wait I guess," Alan said, getting up from the table.

The loving mother in Shelly didn't wanna send her boy away empty handed. "Would…the panties I have on now work?" she asked.

Alan stopped and gazed at her in disbelief. "The ones you have on now?" he muttered, wanting to make sure he heard her right.

"Yeah, well, I know they've only been worn for a half a day, but if you want a pair now…I could um, give them to you," she offered awkwardly.

Alan's heart swelled as he considered her suggestion. He'd smelt her panties hundreds of times, but never when they were just taken off her body. He felt almost dizzy at the prospect of smelling a panty crotch, just after it had been peeled off the fragrant flesh of his mom's vulva. He quickly answered before she changed her mind. "Sure, um…I'll take the ones you have on now," he said decisively.

"Ok. I'll take them off and bring them up to your room."

"Thanks," Alan said with a smile, then rushed upstairs.

Shelly went to her bedroom and removed her denims. On the wall was a floor to ceiling mirror and she took a look at the panties she was about to remove. The pale pink bikini panties had beautiful lace trim. They were a pair she had recently purchased, but was sure she could buy another pair, since she was sacrificing this one to her son. "What the hell am I doing?" she thought, reminding herself she was about to give her own son her panties for him to jerk off into. "Mitchell would kill me if he knew I did something like this."

Despite the shameful thoughts that crept in, the busty beauty hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her panties and peeled them down her smooth luscious legs. "Alan's not doing drugs or

abusing alcohol. There's a lot worse things he could be into than sniffing his mom's panties once in awhile," Shelly thought.

Lifting her panties from the floor, the mother took a peek at herself in the mirror. Her naked pubis had a thin, neatly trimmed triangle of pubic fur. Below it, she could see her vulvar folds coming together, to form a puffy camel toe. "And that right there is what he thinks about when he sniffs them," she joked to herself. "Stop it, Shelly!" she thought, scolding herself, while going to her drawer to put a new pair of panties on.

Alan was playing a game on his phone when he heard the tap at the door. His mom stepped in. "Hey, honey? here you go," she said, walking over to him with the panties hanging off her fingertips by their elastic waistband.

The teen swallowed the lump in his throat, so anxious he could hardly stand it. He reached out with a shaky hand and took them from her. "Thanks," he said blushingly.

"You're shaking," his mom pointed out.

"Yeah, a little bit."

Shelly knew it must be because she had just peeled them off her crotch. "I understand," she said with an awkward smile. "Just…make sure you keep them somewhere safe, ok. We don't need your father or sister finding them in here."

"Got it," he said, anxious for his mom to leave.

She looked at the panties, then at her son, seeming a bit embarrassed by what she knew he was about to do. "Bye," she said cutely, then stepped toward the door.

Alan watched his mom sashay to his door. Her denims were molded around her meaty mommy-ass like a second skin, accentuating the

sway of her buttocks. "Damn! What an ass!" he thought, feeling his boner trying to tear through his pants.

The second his door closed he was easing the pressure, by fishing his boner out. Alan dropped to his back on the bed and brought Shelly's dainty panties to his nose. "Fuuuck me!" he sighed out loud, inhaling the fresh cuntal aroma. He had definitely never smelt ones so pungent, and as an added bonus, the silky fabric was still warm from being against his mom's crotch.

Shelly had paused in the hallway and curiously put ear to her son's door. "I'm sure he won't wait long to enjoy them," she wickedly told herself.

Not able to hear anything, she bravely peeked the door open and peered inside. She was greeted with a clear view of her son beating off, while holding her panties to his nose. Her eyes widened as she froze in shock. Alan's boner was a solid column of what had to be eight inches of cock-meat. She knew he was uncircumcised, but the foreskin had peeled back, exposing the huge pink bulb of his peter-tip. His hand squeezed up and down the vein-encrusted shaft.

With a shaky sigh, the peeping mother quickly closed the door, then stood there for a moment, shaken by what she's just seen. "What the hell did you think you were gonna see when you opened his door?" she asked herself in a scolding manner.

The baby began crying from the nursery, snapping her from her inappropriate thoughts. She quickly went to attend to her.

After he had beat his cock to the most intense orgasm to date, Alan emerged from his room and found his mom in the nursery feeding the baby. "Oh, sorry, I didn't realize you were feeding her," he blushed, then started to walk away.

"Breastfeeding is natural, Alan. You don't have to walk away when you see me doing it," Shelly said with an amused smile.

"Oh, ok, I just didn't want you to feel uncomfortable with me here."

"I'm not uncomfortable at all. You're the one who's face is turning red," she giggled.

"Oh," he muttered, looking over at the giant bare boob that his sister was nursing from.

Shelly glanced down at his crotch and could tell he was fully hard beneath his pants. The image of his large erection pointing up towards his ceiling as he yanked it up and down was still so vivid. She was just now recalling little details that she didn't consciously acknowledge in the moment, when she was staring at it. Features like his big heavy ball-sack hanging down, with nuts the size of eggs, making his ball-bag bulge out obscenely. She shook her head, trying to think about something else.

"Are you ok?" Alan asked her.

"Yeah, I'm fine. She's really hungry," Shelly said, looking down at the baby.

"I bet," Alan said, standing there awkwardly watching.

"I'm gonna have to switch breasts through. I pumped this one earlier, so it's running on empty," Shelly said, pulling the distended nipple from her daughter's mouth.

"It doesn't look empty," Alan joked, marveling at the boob's immense size.

Shelly giggled, unfastening the bulging, beautifully-embroidered maternity cup covering the other breast. A watermelon-sized boob sprung free, making Alan's eyes go wide. He'd watched a lot of porn, and his mom had the widest, thickest areolas he'd ever seen. Normally, they were a deep shade of pink, but Shelly's breast was so swollen and engorged that her areolas were now a dark shade of

purple. The Montgomery glans that covered it's surface gave it a thick bumpy texture. "It doesn't look empty because it's made up of more than just milk, honey. A woman's breasts have fatty and glandular tissue, which is what makes them so big and squishy," she explained.

"Oh, I see," Alan said, mesmerized by the sight of her enormous tit-melons hanging side by side. He had caught little glimpses of them here and there while his mom was nursing, but nothing like this.

Shelly was well aware of her boy's ogling as she covered the empty tit and moved the baby to the one that needed relief. "There you go, little one," she said in a soft motherly tone.

Her eyes peeked up and stared at her boy's tubular-shaped prick bulge. Once again, she remembered details from seeing it naked earlier. She recalled how his urethra bulged wonderfully from the surrounding erectile tissue, running all the way up the body of his shaft to something else that she found utterly fascinating. Most uncircumcised penis's, like her husband's, even in their fully erect state, would

have a nob that was still partially blanketed in foreskin. Her son's fleshy prepuce was peeled all the back past the neck of his glans, unshrouding the boy's huge bell tip in all it's glory, and displaying the true hardness of his cock. "Stop it!" the mother screamed at herself internally, suddenly ashamed of her naughty thoughts. "Were you heading out to your friend's house, honey," she asked her son, her expression clearly a little flushed.

"Yeah, I was just going over to Wayne's. I'll um…be back for dinner," he said, peeling his eyes away from his mom's tits and leaving.

"See you then," Shelly said lovingly.

After a restless few minutes, the mother put the baby back in her crib and turned on the mobile to entertain her. Then she rushed

across the hallway to Alan's bedroom, her heart doing anxious somersaults in her chest. "Where would he hide them?" she asked herself out loud as she began searching for the panties she'd given him earlier.

She checked around his bed, but didn't see them, so she let out a deep sigh, becoming increasingly frustrated. "You're the one who told him to put them somewhere safe, dummy," she told herself.

The impatient mother then checked his closet, finally discovering them waded up in one of his jacket pockets. "Bingo!" she said, pulling them out.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed as she discovered that they were soaked with thick pasty cum. She backed up to her son's bed and sat down. "I knew I'd find a load of cum in them, but…not quite this much," she thought.

Her nostrils flared as she inhaled the musky aroma of her son's fresh spunk. "Ok, curiosity satisfied. Now put them back and leave," a voice in her head advised her.

Instead, she dipped her finger in the pearly-white slime and brought it to her mouth. Her digit slipped between her lovely lips and onto her tongue. "Unbelievable! Just like pineapple juice!" she told herself, feeling her nipples harden beneath her bra.

Against her better judgement, the fascinated mother dipped her finger in again, this time scooping up a big gob of semen. "It's still warm," she said with an excited giggled, making her big ballooning knockers jiggle. She then brought it to her mouth and greedily sucked it off her finger.

For a moment, the mother's beautiful brown eyes inadvertently rolled up in their sockets as she felt a mighty throb at the core of her cunt. She pictured her son's huge meat-stick, with his hand jerking around it, while his sweet ball-juice sizzled on her taste buds. Once

she swallowed, she gazed across the room with a conflicting expression. "Time to leave, Shelly! This IS NOT appropriate, and you know it!" her brain screamed.

While one half of her mind pleaded for her to exit, the other half had a different plan. "I want it all," she wickedly thought, then quickly brought the panties to her mouth and began eating the spunk off like a hungry dog that hadn't had a meal for a week.

The pretty mother shamelessly devoured every drop of her son's sperm from her panties, lewdly licking and sucking on the fabric to ingurgitate every tiny baby-making tadpole her son had left there.

With shaky hands and breath, she nervously took them back over to the closet and stuffed them back into his jacket pocket.

"What the fuck is wrong with me?!" the mother thought, near tears as the guilt set in. She rushed to her bathroom; brushed and used mouthwash. "What if Mitchell tastes it when he kisses me? What if he smells it on my breath?" her worried mind wondered. Then she remembered that her husband was out of town, probably for several more days, due to the impending storm. "Even so, I'm NEVER doing that again," she told herself resolutely.

"Is this the storm shelter?" Alan's Grandmother asked as she arrived the next day.

"Hey, Gran," the teen said, anxious for a hug. The reason for being so eager, of course, was because she had huge soft knockers, just like his mom's.

Jeanie was still a knockout at the age of sixty-two. She had short silver hair that was always styled nicely. Even though she was his dad's mother, Alan was surprised at how similar his Gran and mom were built. Unfortunately, his grandfather had to be put in the local nursing home due to health issues, but the family still visited him quite regularly.

"Are you ready for some snow, kiddo?" she asked, pulling him in for a big tit-squashing hug. "They're saying we could get up to two feet, starting tonight."

"Whatever gets me out of school tomorrow, I'm all for it," Alan said.

"Where's that beautiful mother of yours?"

"She's in changing the baby I think."

"Would you be a dear and take my bag to the spare bedroom? I'm gonna go up and say hi."

"Sure, Gran."

Alan took his Gran's bag down to the room she stayed in during sleepovers. Before leaving, he peeked his head out the door and could faintly hear his mom and Gran chatting upstairs. Quickly, the teen rushed over and unzipped her bag. There, on top of all her other folded clothing, was a huge white bra, with decorative floral detail.

"Damn!" he thought, astounded at how huge the cups were. He quickly checked the tag, anxious to see her tit-size. It read 50 J.

"Holy smokes!" he gasped out loud, then quickly zipped the bag closed again "Gran's tits are even bigger that mom's," he thought as he left the room.

"Any nipple soreness at all?" Jeanie asked her daughter-in-law as they discussed the baby's breast feeding.

"No, none. My nipples as tough as rubber, so I don't think they'll ever be sore," the mother said with a giggle.

She suddenly saw her son move into the doorway. "Hey, hon," she said, taking a quick glance at his crotch. It just seemed to happen

instinctively, since the day she saw him beating his naked erection.

"Hi, um…I'll just be in my room."

"Ok," the mother said, continuing to stare at the open doorway even after he was gone. "He's going in to sniff my panties I bet," she thought.

"Everything ok?" Jeanie asked, picking up her Granddaughter and cradling her against her soft breasts.

Jeanie was more like a best friend than a mother-in-law. They had often openly shared intimate experiences, and given each other advice, so Shelly felt comfortable divulging details of her recent discovery. "I've been finding my panties in Alan's room lately," she said.

"Is that so?" Jeanie said, not seeming the bit surprised. "Well, boys will be boys."

"And that's exactly why I didn't overreact."

"Has he been creaming into them?" Jeanie asked candidly.

"Yes…which is fine, but he's not returning them right away, so my best ones are getting stains."

"Well, it'll be awkward, but you should probably speak to him, see if the two of you can work out some sort of arrangement," Jeanie suggested.

"We have. I told him he can have one pair a week, to keep."

"Well, it's good that the two of you discussed it, and you agreed on a plan, but unfortunately 'one pair a week' will just never work," Jeanie explained.

"Why?"

"Well, hon, the reason Alan is taking your panties is to swell the aroma of your vagina, and to suck on the crotch while he masturbates his penis," Jeanie explained. "If he's also using them as a cum-rag, then it'll only be a day or so before they smell and taste more like sperm than pussy."

"That's true," Shelly muttered, knowing her mother-in-law had a good point. "Maybe a week is too long then."

Jeanie's lips curled into a smile. "A mother will never spend more on replacing panties than during her boy's teenage years," she said. "Trust me, I know."

Shelly smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Mitchell?" she asked, wondering if her husband was a little panty thief at Alan's age.

"Oh no, but his younger brother, well that's another story."

"Nate? Really?!" Shelly giggled, surprised that her brother-in-law would do such a thing.

"I could never get my panties of quick enough. Nathan was snatching them from my bedroom before they even hit the laundry hamper."

Shelly laughed. "My biggest fear is Alan's gonna get lazy, and leave them laying around for his father to find."

"Well, it sounds like your keeping close tabs on the situation, which moms just have to do, to keep such things from happening," Jeanie explained, then smiled at her daughter-in-law. "So, how does my Grandson taste?"

Shelly stared back at her a moment. Sure, they had been honest about intimate things in the past, but this was taking things to a whole different level. "Sweet," she confessed with an awkward smile.

"Sweet like vanilla?"

"Sweet like…pineapples," the mom said almost proudly.

"Mmm, he must release a high amount of fructose when he ejaculates. His girlfriends must love that," the grandmother said.

"Well, right now I think his only girlfriend is a pair of silky cloth that spends the day hugging my crotch," Shelly joked, making them both laugh.

"Just remember, the quicker he gets them, once you peel them off, the more enjoyment he gets out of them."

"True," Shelly said.

Jeanie lips curled into a naughty smile. "And the quicker you get them back once he's finished, the more enjoyment YOU get out of them," she said.

Shelly knew Jeanie was right, but also knew the dangers of going down such a path. "I'm not gonna lie…I did enjoy it, but I felt so bad after. I mean, what would Mitchell think if he ever found out I was doing something like that?"

"Those feeling are natural, hon. If a mother does it discreetly, she can have her fun here at home, and her husband will be none the wiser."

"Well now I feel horrible," the busty said.

"Because of what you did?"

"No, because I told Alan he had to wait week for another pair of panties," Shelly said. "Like you said, the whole point is that he smells and tastes ME while he's jerking off, right? So, if he's already

pumped a load or two of cum in the ones he has, it makes sense that he's not gonna enjoy them as much."

"Sounds like someone needs to make a quick exchange. You know, there's something else that'll make the experience much more intense for him."

"What's that?"

"Try giving him a quick visual," Jeanie suggested.

"A quick visual?"

"Yes. Something that'll leave such a powerful impression in his mind that it'll all he thinks about while he's beating his boner."

Alan was sprawled across his mattress, steadily stroking his brick-hard cock, while holding the panties to his face. Despite nutting into them twice yesterday, he could still smell a hint of pussy. What mystified him was how clean they seemed, where normally panties he'd used before would be crusty and wreak of his cum. He could never have imagined that this was because his own mom had licked, sucked and swallowed his slimy load.

"Alan?" his mother's voice said outside his door, while knocking lightly a few times.

The boy suddenly froze and gazed across his room. "I'm um…a little busy, mom," he answered breathlessly.

"I know you are. Can I talk to you just for a second though?"

The boy quickly threw on just his pants and opened his door. "Talk to me about what?" he asked.

"About the arrangement we made. You know, with you using my panties."

"Oh, you changed your mind?" he asked.

"No, no…not at all. It's just that…well, since you're shooting your… stuff into them, and I don't want any stains to set in, I thought maybe we could take more of a…on demand approach to this."

Alan's eyes lit up. "On demand?" he asked.

"Yes. I provide my panties when you need them, and you give them right back as soon as your finished."

"You mean, right after I've…"

"Exactly! That way I can get them right into the wash to prevent any staining," Shelly said. "I really feel it's the perfect solution."

Getting panties fresh off his mom's pussy every time he wanted to beat off certainly wasn't an idea that Alan was gonna protest. "Sounds good," he said with an eager nod.

"Awesome!" the mother said with a cute smile. "Should we make an exchange now?"

"Yeah," the boy answered, his heart racing anxiously. He rushed over to his bed and pulled the panties he'd been using out from under his pillow.

Shelly had followed him into the room, and he turned and handed the panties to her. "Here you go," he said, then they stood there awkwardly for a moment.

"Thanks, honey. Um…question for you…"

"Ok."

She looked in to his eyes, a tad embarrassed. "Have you ever removed a girl's panties before?" she asked.

Alan swallowed hard as he contemplated what her question might mean. "No…uh, not really," he answered.

"Oh, well since we're making an exchange…would you like to take MY panties off of me?"

"It would be OK if I did that?" the boy asked with anxious breath.

"Well, yeah, I mean…we probably won't be able to let you do that every time, but since I'm right here, and I have a skirt on…well, come over here," the mother said, guiding her son to the bed.

Shelly sat down on the edge of his mattress, her big boobies jostling beneath her blouse and maternity bra. Her thigh-length skirt rode up even higher when she sat, exposing most of sexy, golden-brown legs. She parted them slightly. "Kneel down here in front of me," she said.

Alan eagerly dropped to his knees, then watched his mom pull her skirt up even further, until his eye were able to feast on her panty-covered pubis.

"Ohh," Alan sighed out loud, his eyes fixed on the tiny triangle of silky white cloth shrouding his mom's pussy. They were so snug that he could clearly see the form of his mother's labia majora, and the indentation of her cuntal crevice.

"It's ok, honey," the mother said reassuringly. "Reach up and pull them off."

He didn't need to be told twice. Alan reached up and grasped the elastic waistband along her hips. Shelly lifted her buns from the mattress slightly, allowing her boy to pull her dainty panties down over her smooth thick thighs. "There you go," she said playfully, then giggled as he fumbled at getting them the rest of the way off. She lifted her sexy bare feet from the floor and bent her knees up some, making it easier for him to slip them all the way off.

"Holy smokes!" the boy mumbled out loud, staring at the naked vaginal flesh that was framed in on both sides by his mom's parted thighs. His cock flexed almost painfully in his pants as he studied the cute tiny triangle of thin pubic fuzz that crowned her puffy vulvar lips.

Feeling a tinge of guilt, Shelly snapped her thighs closed and stood up. Her son stood also, making no effort to hide the tent-pole that was protruding obscenely beneath his pants.

"So, um…it's very important that you get those back to me, as soon as your finished, so I can get them right in the wash," she said, even though she knew damn well that's not why she wanted them.

"Sure, mom…no problem."

"Thanks," she said with a cute smile, then left.

After fishing his cock out and plopping back onto his bed, Alan brought the white silky panties to his nose and inhaled. The warm cuntal aroma was intoxicating, but what was even more wonderful was finding a damp spot on the gusset, where some pussy nectar had seeped from his mom's aroused vagina.

"I can't believe she let me take her panties off!" he thought, with the vision of her exposed vulva still so wonderfully clear in his mind. He sucked the damp spot into his mouth, tasting his mom's tangy secretions, while beating his boner vigorously.

"That was the most wicked thing I've ever done," Shelly confessed, shocked at the fact that she has just exposed her genitals to her own son.

"Perhaps…but did you enjoy doing it?" Jeanie asked, snacking on a carrot as they stood in the kitchen.

"More than I should have probably."

"I began exposing myself to Mitchell when he turned eighteen, but he never really caught on. A few years later, I tried the same thing with Nathan, with MUCH better results," Jeanie expressed.

Shelly smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Do tell," she said curiously.

"Let's just say he quickly became mommy's little boy-toy."

Shelly's eyes went wide. "Boy-toy? Did you guys ever…?"

"Fuck?" Jeanie asked. "Oh honey, Nathan and I fucked constantly. We still do."

"Shut up!" Shelly said in surprise, her mouth hanging open.

"Oh yeah. Once a mommy's boy, always a mommy's boy."

"And your husband never suspected what you guys were up to?"

"Not once. I didn't have any strange numbers on my phone for him to find, I wasn't gone for long period of time, making him suspicious. Everything I was doing was right from home, while he was a work. He never suspected a thing," Jeanie explained.

"Hm, I wonder why Mitchell never showed any interest in you?" Shelly asked, surprised that her husband never caught on.

"Mitchell's mind has always been on other things. I mean, look at him now, traveling all over the place, consumed with his career," Jeanie pointed out.

"Yeah, at the expense of MY sex life," Shelly said in frustration.

"Well, perhaps it's time for your sex life to take a different path, like mine did."

Shelly stood there for a moment, contemplated her mother-in-law's words. She giggled and fed Jeanie a quirky smile. "Are you

suggesting that I fuck Alan?" she asked.

"Well, I will tell you that sex with Nathan was a thousand times better than with my husband. Boy's dicks are harder, and their testosterone levels are through the roof, making their refractory periods shorter," Jeanie explained.

"Which means more sex, right?"

"Exactly. And not just 'more' sex, AMAZING sex…the kind that makes you feel like your on a sexual roller coaster."

"Well, I certainly haven't had sex like that in awhile," Shelly admitted. "I mean, Mitchell does his best to please me when he's home, but…it just never seems like enough."

"I know what you're saying, hon. I've been there."

Shelly's mind was a whirlwind of rights and wrongs. She loved sex, and often fantasied about what it would be like be fucked savagely day and night by a younger man. However, cheating on her loving, hard working husband, with her son of all people, seemed so wicked and wrong. "Alan IS handsome, and he does have the kind of dick that I've always dreamed about," she thought, picturing her boy's big muscled cock and acknowledging how much longer and thicker it was than Mitchell's. "But I love Mitchell so much, and would never wanna hurt him."

A voice from the kitchen doorway snapped her from her disputing thoughts. "Mom?" Alan said, peeking into the kitchen.

"Hi, honey," she said back, seeming a little flushed.

"I'm all finished with the…you know."

"Oh…OK, hand them over and I'll get them right in the wash," she said stepping over to him.

The boy glanced at his grandmother hesitantly, and she smiled back. "It's alright, kiddo. Your Gran knows all about a boy's love for his mother's panties," she assured him.

"Oh, uh…alright," Alan said, handing them over to his mom. He stood there for a moment awkwardly. "Looks like the snow's starting outside."

"Wonderful. In a few hours it'll look like a winter wonderland out there," Jeanie said.

"That reminds me…your dad asked if you wouldn't mind checking the fuel in the generator, just in case we lose power," Shelly said.

"Sure, I can do that now."

"Thanks, honey," the mother said, feeling hot gooey spunk run out of her panties and onto her fingers. She looked at Jeanie. "I better get these in the wash."

Her mother-in-law smiled back naughtily. "Need some help?" she asked.

Nor'easters were common in this part of the country, but this storm was expected to be one for the record books. Huge flakes began coating the ground, and the wind was beginning to whip the trees around as the storm-front moved in.

Shelly and Jeanie stood in the laundry room facing each other, with their huge tit touching. They both held a portion of the dainty panties, looking over the pool of spunk that coated the gusset. "It smells absolutely wonderful," Jeanie said, her nostrils flaring.

"Can you believe how much there is?" Shelly asked with an excited tone in her voice.

"Mm, it must have been one strong ejaculation."

Shelly dipped a finger in, and her facial expression filled with sexual glee. "It's still warm," she exclaimed.

Jeanie scooped some up with her finger and studied it with wondrous eyes. "It's such a beautiful pearlescent white. You can almost see the millions of swimming spermatozoa," she said, then sucked it into her mouth, licking her finger clean.

"They're trying to swim right off my finger," Shelly giggled, watching the spunk ooze down, before sucking her finger between her lips.

Jean closed her mouth around a portion of the gusset, making her thick pink licker scoop up more cum, then letting it wash over her taste buds. "Mmnn, you were right, it's delightfully sweet," she said before licking more off the silky panties.

"Wouldn't I just love to sip this from my water bottle all day," the mother joked, then pulled a section of the gusset into her mouth and sucked the juices from it.

For another minute, the two busty beauties moaned and whimpered as they did their best to soak up the slimy deposit that Alan had left there.

Shelly finally stopped sucking and sighed in frustration.

"What's wrong?" Jean asked.

She gave her mother-in-law a horny, pleading look. "Would you care if I rubbed my clitoris?" she asked desperately.

Jean giggled. "Of course not…as long as you're OK with me rubbing mine too," she answered.

"Yes."

Because Shelly had given her son her panties, she was still bare beneath her skirt. She pushed her fleshy prepuce back with her fingers and began rubbing her grape-sized clitoris.

Jean followed suit, stuffing her hand down her panties. Her fingers, with their long well-manicured nails, dug through her thick labial folds and found her swollen clit.

They went back to nursing on the fabric, while delightfully pleasuring themselves. Shelly's mammoth tits pushed against Jeanie's, making them bulge out at the sides. Shelly could feel Jeanie's thick rubbery nipples rubbing against her own engorged teats, even through the layers of their blouses and bras. She was never one to experiment sexually with women, but the squishy contact did feel pretty damn good.

Soon, every ounce of her son's load had been ingurgitated by the two women, and they lustfully yearned for more. A sudden knock at the door jarred them from their wicked activity. "Yeah?" Shelly asked breathlessly.

"Mom, um…Amelia's on the phone," Alan said through the door. "She said she's been trying to call you."

"Oh…um, OK, honey. Gran and I were…just trying to fix a problem with the washer. Be right out."

Jeanie smiled. "Didn't wanna tell him we were enjoying his big creamy load?" she asked teasingly.

"Not quite yet," the mother said with a giggle.

While Shelly spoke to her daughter on the phone in the kitchen, Jeanie went in and sat next to her Grandson on the couch, still licking the remnants of his orgasm from her lips. "Watching anything good?" she asked.

"Just some stupid reality show."

The boy peeked over at her enormous rack. The top few buttons of her blouse had come undone, exposing her big creamy cleavage.

Jeanie wasn't oblivious to her grandson's wandering eyes. "What are you watching now?" she asked teasingly.

"What?" he asked, looking up into her watching eyes. "Oh…um, sorry, Gran" he blushed, looking back at the TV.

Jeanie giggled. "I've been catching you staring at my boobs for years now, kiddo. You don't have to be sorry," she said. "Would you like to know a secret about them?"

Alan looked over into her pretty eyes curiously. "A secret?" he asked.

"Yeah, you know, something special about them, that hardly anyone else knows."

"Oh…well, sure," he muttered, his heart heavily pounding in his chest.

"It has, of course, been a long time since I've given birth, but even after all these years, my breasts are still lactating."

"Lactating? You mean like…they squirt milk out?"

"Yep, just like your mom's do. Well… maybe not as much as hers do, since she just gave birth a month ago, but mine do leak a fair amount. Isn't that cool?" Jeanie asked.

"Yeah, I didn't know a woman could keep doing that, you know, as she got older."

Jeanie smiled. "There's probably a lot of things about women you don't know," she said with a flirty smile.

"Probably."

"Especially women family members," Jeanie said, letting her words linger in the air.

Alan's curiosity was peaked. "Like what?"

"Like how they love to talk about sex, especially with young handsome male members of the family," Jeanie explained.

"I didn't know that."

"It's true. If you want proof…when your mom comes back in here, ask her what her favorite sexual position is."

"I can't ask her that," Alan said blushingly.

"Why not?"

"She'd never tell me something like that, and she'd probably ground me for asking."

"She's been giving you her panties, kiddo. Do you really think she'd ground you for asking her a person question?"

Alan thought about it for a moment. He knew he and his mom had crossed the line as far as what was appropriate for mother and son, so perhaps she would be open to such a question. "I can try to ask her I guess," he said.

He didn't have to wait long. Shelly came in from the kitchen, having just gotten off the phone with her daughter. "Well, Amelia's staying with her friend until Sunday night."

"Probably for the best," Jeanie said. "It's starting to get really ugly out there, and the roads are probably already extremely dangerous to travel on."

"That's what I told her," Shelly said, sitting down on the opposite side of her son as Jeanie was. "Looks like it's just the three of us."

"Three and a half. Don't forget about my baby girl," Jeanie said.

"She's not even a half, mom. She's tiny," Shelly said with a giggle. "She's more like a quarter."

Alan looked at his Gran, and she smiled and nodded, as if silently signaling him to ask his question.

"Hey, mom, can I ask you something?" he said, looking over at her.

"Of course, honey."

"Well, it's kind of uh…personal."

Shelly looked over at Jeanie curiously. "Ok?"

Alan mustered up all the courage he had. "I was just curious…what's your favorite sexual position?" he asked.

Shelly's mouth fell open. "Oh…yeah, that IS sort of personal," she said with a timid smile.

"You don't have to answer, if you don't want to."

"No, no…it's ok, honey. I don't mind answering. Your question just sort of…caught me off guard," she admitted.

"I told you it was personal."

"Well, let's see…my favorite sexual position?" Shelly asked herself out loud, staring across the room as if pondering the question. "There's just…so many good ones, it's hard to pick a favorite."

"There ARE so many good ones," Jeanie agreed, acting as if she too was considering the questions. "One that can bring a couple SO

much pleasure."

Shelly finally looked into her son's eyes resolutely. "Doggy!"

"Oh, doggy-style, that IS a good one!" Jean agreed. "Nice deep penetration, and the woman can bounce back against the penis."

"Yes, I love that," Shelly said, smiling over at her mother-in-law. They both recognized that this was a way to get the boy worked up sexually.

"And it doesn't require a bed," Jeanie said. "A woman can be bent over in the kitchen, bathroom, shower, on the staircase."

"Leaning over the dryer, while on full spin cycle," Shelly added with a giggled.

Alan just sat there with his cock hardening, listening in fascination.

"It's the perfect position to have your ass slapped," Jeanie said.

"And what woman doesn't love that?" Shelly added.

"Have you ever tried that one with any of your girlfriends, kiddo?" Jeanie asked her Grandson, placing her hand on his thigh.

"Not that one, no."

"Oh, you have to do it, honey," Shelly said sitting up straight and looking into her boy's eyes. "You would love it."

"What's YOUR favorite position to work a girl in, Alan?" Jeanie asked.

"Oh…um, I'm not really sure," he said awkwardly.

"Well, you must have a favorite, honey," his mom said, also placing her hand on his thigh. Both women were turned slightly sideways,

looking down at him as he slouched on the couch. Their huge melonous tits jutted out beneath their tops, looming over him.

"I guess when a girl's on top of me," the boy confessed. "I like that way the best."

"Oh, cowgirl! Such a wonderful sexual position," Jeanie said, combing her nails on the flesh of Alan's thigh. "Did you know for men AND women, cowgirl is one of the quickest ways to orgasm?"

"And not just once either," Shelly added gleefully.

"Do you know why that is, kiddo?" Jeanie asked him.

"No," the boy said, shaking his head.

"Because it allows for great clitoral stimulation. That's why a woman doesn't just bounce up and down on your penis while she's doing it, she also moves her body up and back to stimulate her clitoris," Jeanie explained, making the boy sigh excitedly.

"You'll also see a woman lean forwards or backwards, so she can change the angle of your entry," Shelly said. "This will allow her to work your penis in other sensitive areas of her vagina."

"I bet I know why he like that position so much," Jeanie said like she'd had a sudden revelation, smiling over at Shelly.

"I bet I do to," Alan's mother said with a naughty grin. "He's got a birds eye view of a girl's boobies."

"And those boobies can put on quite a show when she's riding you, can't they, handsome?" Jeanie asked.

"Yes," Alan said with a smile, know that's exactly what he liked best.

Shelly rested her hands on the tops of her breasts for a moment. "My big girls are bouncing all over the place in that position. It's

ridiculous," she flirtingly confessed.

"So are mine," Jeanie giggled. "My tittie-domes are usual sore after sex, from slapping together so much."

Shelly crept her hand up higher, bumping the side of her thumb against her son's nut-sack through his pants. "I'm sure that's not the only reason they're sore," she said to Jeanie teasingly.

"Well, no…part of that soreness is from them being squeezed, sucked and nibbled on."

Alan was so turned on he could hardly stand it. Just listening to them talk about sex, while they each rubbed his inner thigh tenderly, was driving him crazy with lust. He knew they must be excited too, since their marshmallow-sized nipples were clearly visible, poking out beneath their tops.

"Do you like it when a woman is working the top, and she brings her boobs down on you, kiddo?" Jeanie asked. "Smothering you in the warm squishy meat of her tits?"

"Yeah, I um…like that a lot actually."

"Do you, honey?" Shelly asked, gazing down at him with a warm motherly smile. "Does your handsome face like to wrestle with a girl's titties?"

"Uh-huh," he nodded, glancing at his mom's looming melons of flesh.

"Do you like to suck and pull on a girl's nipples, darling boy?" his Gran asked. "While you feel her hot vaginal grip slip up and down the big muscular slab of your manhood?"

The boy was too turned on to answer, so he just nodded. Both women could see the shape of his big nob beneath his jeans,

pushing the fabric out.

"A girl's pussy feels good around your penis, doesn't it, honey?" his mom asked with lustful eyes. "Did you know as a girl gets older, and has babies, she develops strong muscles down in her pink parts."

"That's true," Jeanie agreed. "A mature vagina can be a whole different experience for a boy. One that's EXTREMELY pleasurable."

"I uh…didn't know that."

Shelly giggled, then leaned further down, drawing her knee up on the couch and pressing her boobs against one side of his chest as she moved her face in close to his. "Imagine my panties around your face, while you're really jerking off good. The feel of a mature woman's vagina is a hundred times better than that," she said.

"Really?" Alan muttered, so aroused he felt like he could pass out.

"Really," his mom said, then glanced down at his tubular-shaped protrusion. Her heart went pitter-patter as she spotted a big round wet spot on his knob, where pre-cum had soaked through. "And I'm judging by the size of that bulge, that your boner would be able to explore every wonderful inch of a mature hole."

Jeanie leaned down just like Shelly was, so Alan's chest was now completely plastered in spongy tit-flesh, and both their pretty faces hovered near his. "And as all the big boys would tell you, the real pleasure is back by the cervix. That's where a boy's glans get squeezed and scrubbed," she said in sensual tone.

Alan squirmed beneath them, aching to have his cock touched. Both his Gran and his mom's beautiful eyes studied his reaction. They could both tell he was horny beyond belief. "Thrust your hips up, kiddo. It's ok," Jeanie said lovingly. "You don't have to be embarrassed by how incredibly horny you are right now."

The boy slowly pumped his crotch up and down, and the women turned on their sides, still against him, but looking down and watching. "Wow, it looks SO hard, honey," his mom cooed, her own clitoris throbbing like crazy.

"Oh, and it's just dripping with pre seminal fluid," Jeanie said, licking her puffy pink lips.

"It's such a nice steady rhythm you have going, honey," Shelly said, then smiled at him. "I'm REALLY impressed."

"Thanks," the boy muttered, staring into his mother's dreamy brown eyes.

Her lips curled salaciously. "Can you pump faster?" she asked softly.

"Sure," he said, then humped his hips up and down at an increased pace.

The two women's eyes widened as they watched his aching dick bob steadily, making imaginary fuck-humps off the cushion.

Jeanie was the first one to make a move, reaching down and squeezing her hand around his throbbing bell tip through his jeans. "Oh, he wants to fuck so bad, don't you, Kiddo. Let Gran help you."

"Ahhh!" Alan whimpered, feeling her hand clutch his glans as he continued pumping up and down.

Shelly looked on, fighting the urge to reach down and join her mother-in-law in squeezing the boy's dick. "No! No way I can do that. It's just too inappropriate!" she thought.

However, as Jeanie unzipped his pants, and his meaty boner began emerging from his fly hole, the mother's resolve slowly began to weaken. "Good heavens, it's just so big!" she thought.

"Oh, Shelly…look at that big fat erection!" Jeanie said, wrapping her pretty hand around it and slowly stroking.

Unable to resist any longer, Shelly reached down and joined Jeanie, wrapping her hand around her boy's prick and milking it tenderly. "Just this once! This is the one and only time!" she told herself.

Alan's dick felt so thick and hot in her hand. She was so turned on and excited that she didn't think her heart could beat any faster.

Jeanie looked over at Shelly. "Work his shaft, and the neck of his coronal ridge. I'll pump the base," she said.

Their pretty hands each went to task, beating his boner with perfect corkscrew strokes. Shelly spit a stream of saliva down on her son's knob to help lubricate their strokes.

Alan's face was masked in fascination and pleasure as he gazed down at the two hands, with their long beautifully-painted nails, squeezing expertly up and down his big meat-stick. "Do you like it, honey?" Shelly asked, watching his grimacing face.

"Yess," the boy hissed.

"Feels almost as good as a pussy, doesn't it, darling boy?" his Gran asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Tight like pussy…and slippery like pussy," his mom said, pumping his dick steadily.

"I love it," the boy gasped.

"I can tell, honey. I can feel your knob throbbing in my hand. It's wonderful!" the mother cooed, stroking the top half of his prick skillfully.

"Oh God, his root is so strong and thick," Jeanie said, pumping her half-circled fist around the base of his boner.

"I bet the girls just love how muscular your erection is, honey," Alan's mother said, her eyes traveling lustfully up the blood-engorged body of his hardon.

"And as soon as girls find out how long and thick your dick is, they'll be lining up to go out with you," his Gran said.

The boy's eyes darted from his mom's tits to his Gran's, watching their mam's jiggle heavily from their vigorous cock-stroking.

"And all their pussies will feel SO good to you, just like our hands," Shelly said.

"Mm, well one thing I know. If my hand were a pussy, it definitely would have cum all over your hard penis by now," Jeanie confessed.

"Speaking of cum. We should probably decide where you're gonna squirt your ejaculate. We certainly just can't let it fly all over the living room, splattering everywhere," Shelly giggled.

"Oh, such a big decision, kiddo," his Gran said, gazing down at him. "Any ideas where you'd like to deposit your load, sweetheart?"

"I don't care," the boy gasped. "Wherever you guys want me to."

Jeanie smiled over at her daughter-in-law. "You're leaving it up to us?" she asked.

While Shelly was sucking Alan's spunk off her panties, she spent a lot of time thinking about how wonderful it would be to drink it right from source. She knew this was her chance. "Would you um…like to squirt it in our mouths?" she asked.

"Really?" Alex asked, flabbergasted that she would even suggest such a thing.

"Well, it is a place you can put it that wouldn't require any cleanup," she pointed out.

"True. That sounds really cool to me."

"Me too," Jeanie said with a smile.

"Ok then, when you get really close, let us know. You can stand up, we'll drop down to our knees, and you can continue jerking off, while you ejaculate into our mouths, ok, honey."

"Got it," Alan said anxiously.

The two women focused on giving the best handjob they could, beating his young slippery dick up and down from knob to root.

"Feels almost as good as a girl riding you cowgirl, doesn't it, handsome?" his Gran asked.

"Yes," the boy gasped, his entire cock beginning to tingle in their skilled hands.

"Mm, and the best part is when she squeezes you, and pulls all the hot semen out," his mother added, then thrust her mammoth boobs his direction, making them hover right above her son's face. She gazed down over her milk-swollen udders with her loving mommy-eyes. "Give us your hot semen, honey. Squirt it across our tongues and down our throats," Shelly said, then opened her mouth and curled her long tongue out.

Seeing this made Alan's balls clench in their sack. "Oh damn, I'm gonna cum!" he announced with urgency.

The women released his cock and scrambled to their knees. Alan quickly stood up, taking over the cock stroking duties, and stepped up to their beautiful faces as they put them side by side, opening their mouths wide.

"Here it comes! Ohh damn!" the boy shouted, beating his boner frantically.

The first rope of milky jizz blasted into his mom's mouth, making her eyes go wide. It was followed by another that skimmed across her tongue and straight down her throat.

Alan pointed his dick over at his Gran's mouth, grunting as more jizz erupted from his piss-slit, splattering across the inside of her mouth.

He went back and forth a few more times, jerking out more and more ball-juice, making it ooze onto their tongues.

"Good grief, kiddo. I feel like a just drank a pineapple protein drink," Jeanie joked, making Alan's mom laugh.

"I could become a real sperm-a-holic if I always had access to cum that sweet," Shelly added, then licked her lips, smiling at her boy. "See, honey, zero mess."

"I bet the walkways outside are a mess though. I should probably go out and shovel, before the snow gets too deep," he said, heading to his room.

Shelly and Jeanie looked at each other and smiled. "Did that actually just happen, or was I just imagining it?" the mother asked, seeming half-horrified.

"It happened," Jeanie said, "but before you start beating yourself up with guilt, think about what we talked about earlier."

"Which part?"

"The part where we talked about Mitchell being so consumed with work, rather than being here and jerking off into his wife's mouth himself," Jeanie answered. "There's no reason your sex life should suffer, just because he chooses work over pleasure."

"You're right. Besides, it was just a handjob. It's not like Alan and I had full blown sexual intercourse or anything," Shelly pointed out.

"No, not yet anyway," Jeanie said with a teasing smile.

"Stop it!" Shelly teased back. "I can't fuck my own son."

"Well, he has a hard cock, and you get a wet vagina, so technically, YOU CAN fuck your son. The question is…do you want to?"

"Noo!" Shelly said, then thought about it a few seconds. "Yes! But I can't. I mean I CAN, technically, yes, but I shouldn't…should I?" she asked, seeming unresolved.

"That my dear, is completely YOUR decision, and I'm sure that whatever that decision is, it'll be the right one."

After a contemplating pause, Shelly spoke. "When you fucked Nate… did you feel guilty at all?"

"I was a married woman. I would be completely heartless if I said no, but the thing about life is, when you have two conflicting feelings, you go with the one you feel more passionately about."

Shelly let out a deep sigh. "Well if that's true, my minds already made up," she said, then gave her mother-in-law a confident smile. "I want my son to fuck me."

They heard the front door close as Alan went out in the storm to shovel.

"So now that I've been honest about what I want…what do I do now?" the mother asked.

Jeanie fed her a sly smile. "I have a naughty idea," she said.

Outside in the storm, Alan shoveled the snow from the walkway. Even with all his storm gear on, he found it hard to work in the whipping wind. As he began to shovel his way past his parent's bedroom window, he froze suddenly at the scene going on inside.

In the bedroom, his mom and Gran were undressing. He could hardly believe his eyes as they removed their blouses, exposing their huge bra-clad breasts. Next came their skirts, so they were now in just their bras and panties.

"Surely they wouldn't get naked in front of each other?" he thought, mesmerized by their beauty.

His question was quickly answered as both women reached back and unclasped their bras.

"Whoa!" Alan gasped out loud, his mouth falling open as his eyes went back and forth between their enormous heavy-hanging tits. He marveled at how wide and puffy their areolas were, and licked his lips at sight of their thick rubbery nipples.

Just when he thought the view couldn't get any better, they peeled off their dainty panties. Like his mom, his Gran had a cute little pubic triangle, that matched the silver-colored hair on her head. Both women displayed thick labial meat, that came together to form a deep cuntal cleavage.

"That's sooo hot!" the boy said to himself, wanting to squeeze his cock, but it was too damn cold out. He watched them slip on their silky robes and tie them closed.

Now that the show was over, the boy focused on the task at hand, making easy work of the front walkway.

"Are you guys getting buried in snow?" Mitchell asked his wife as they spoke on the phone, while she fed the baby.

"Alan said there's about a foot of snow out there already, and from what I've heard it's suppose to come down all night."

The busty stay-at-home mom couldn't help but feel pangs of guilt as she spoke to her hubby. After all, she had just technically cheated on him for the first time in their nineteen-year marriage, and with their son of all people.

"What's my mom been up to?"

"Oh, just helping me beat off Alan's cock," she wickedly thought. "We've just been talking…and she's helping out with the baby, like always."

"I'm glad I talked her into staying over."

"Well, I don't think you had to 'talk her into it,' honey. She loves being over here."

"Alan's managing the walkways I hope?" Mitchell asked. "Keeping them clear of snow?"

"Yes, he just went out awhile ago to clear it off," Shelly answered. "And got a nice little striptease show while he was at it," she thought.

"Good, he knows I'm counting on him to take care of certain things while I'm away."

"Do those 'certain things' include fucking the hell out of your wife?" she thought, then shook her head. "Stop it, Shelly!" she told herself,

feeling guilty for even thinking that while on the phone with her husband.

"Are you Ok, babe? You seem a little distracted?" Mitchell asked.

"No, I'm fine, sorry. I'm just getting the baby fed, and down for the night. It's been a long day," she said. "A long…HARD day," she wickedly thought as the image of her boy's massive pillar of cock-meat entered her mind.

"Alright, babe, I'll call you tomorrow. Have a good night. I love you," Mitchell said. It was a hard thing for the wife to hear, considering by the time they spoke again she would break her wedding vows by having sexual intercourse with their teenage son.

"Love you…goodnight," she muttered.

After putting the baby down for the night, she found Jeanie downstairs on the couch sipping from a glass of wine.

"Mitchell said to tell you hello. He asked what you'd been up to," Shelly said.

"Did you tell him jerking my Grandson off and drinking his cum," Jeanie joked.

Shelly giggled and rolled her eyes. "Yeah, that's exactly what I told him," she said facetiously.

"How are you feeling?" the mother-in-law asked, diverting the attention off Mitchell.

"Nervous. I mean, I've never seduced a guy before, let alone an eighteen-year- old young man…who just happens to be my son."

"Here," Jeanie said, handing her the glass, "have a drink. It'll help loosen you up."

Shelly quickly chugged it down.

"Well…OK then," Jeanie giggled. "Want another?"

"No…" the mother responded, looking back at her decisively. "What I want is to get laid. Will you help me get ready?"

"Certainly."

They went to Shelly's room to prepare her for the seduction of her son. She took a quick shower and shaved her legs and her vulva. After toweling off, she lathered herself with a sweet-smelling body oil, that made her voluptuous golden-brown body soft and silky looking. "Do you think he likes red lipstick, or should I just keep it simple?"

"How about somewhere in between. Nothing too bright, but a little something to mark his body up while you're kissing him all over," Jeanie said with a giggle.

"I like it," Shelly said with a smile, then applied some darker pink lipstick to her pouty lips.

"So, I'm torn between two outfits," Shelly said as they walked over to her bed. She had a few pieces of sexy negligee spread out on the mattress.

"Mm, they're both sooo naughty," Jeanie said.

"I know. That's what I love about them. They're revealing, but still leave a little something to the imagination."

"Which one are you leaning more towards?"

"Honestly, that one," Shelly said, pointing to the outfit on the left, "but I don't wanna shock the hell out of him either."

"Nothing wrong with a little shock factor. If you're leaning towards that one, then you should do it."

Shelly put on the outfit, getting everything just right. She looked at herself in the mirror, fluffing her long silky mane of hair, then turned towards her watchful mother-in-law.

"Stunning!" Jeanie said, looking her daughter-in-law over.

"Thanks," she said with a pretty smile full of brilliant white teeth. "Now the big question. Do I let him fuck me in HIS bed, or do I bring him down here?"

"My Nathan was so excited the first time he fucked me on my marital mattress, and I'll admit, it was pretty damn thrilling for me too," Jeanie explained. "The first time we had intercourse though, was on HIS bed, and I wouldn't have had it any other way."

"Why's that?"

"Well, it's where it all started for him. Alan too. A boy's bed is where he lays down and pulls on his boner, while fantasized about bucking between his mom's thighs," Jeanie explained. "It's only right that it be the place where he feels her pussy sheath his penis for the first time."

"You're right," Shelly said with a smile. "His bed it is!"

That's where Alan was. On his bed, playing a game on his phone when his mom texted. "Hi," it read.

"Hi," he texted back.

"What are you up to?"

"Nothing much. Just playing a game," he typed.

"Wanna hang out?"

Alan smiled. She was texting like a girl from school who was really interested in him. "Where?" he texted.

"Your room, "

"Sure, whenever you want," he texted back. His thrill-meter was already on the rise. His mom had fulfilled a lot of his fantasies already today, and he wondered if she had something else in mind.

A few minutes later he heard a tap at his door. "Knock, knock," Shelly said, then stepped inside his room.

Alan gasped and quickly sat up straight, his eyes about bugging out of his head as he gazed at the beauty entering his bedroom.

Shelly's marabou slippers, with their four-inch stiletto heels clicked daintily on his floor as she stepped into his bedroom. The mother wore a stunning black laced corset with matching thong panties. The bustier top had beautiful lace embroidery, and fit snug on her body, accentuating her curvy hourglass figure. The huge mounds of tit-flesh bulging from the strapless top made the boy go dizzy with desire. "You like?" she asked, pausing in a cute pose, with her hands on her hips and one silky leg propped out, slightly bent at the knee.

"You look beautiful," the boy answered, taking notice on how Shelly had even done her hair and makeup.

"What about the back?" she asked, gracefully turning to displayed her lovely thonged ass, and the sexy laces of her bustier that crisscrossed up her back.

"Incredible!" the boy muttered, his eyes fixating on the meaty, golden-brown cheeks of her nearly naked buttocks.

"Well then…mission accomplished," she said with a satisfied smile. "Well, almost," she said, sashaying towards him. "I have one other objective."

"You do?" Alan asked with his heart racing anxiously. All the delightfully tit-meat that was spilling out the top of her bustier jiggled like fleshy jello as she stepped towards him.

"Yeah, I do," she said, stopping in front of him. "My other objective is to seduce you."

"Seduce me?"

"Yeah, the word seduce means to entice someone into sexual activity," she said in a lustful tone, looking right into his eyes.

"Well then, I um…think you're doing a good job at that," the boy confessed.

"Am I?" Shelly said with a satisfied giggle.

"Yeah, very much."

"So, if I told you I needed a hot young guy, with a huge hard dick to pound my pussy for hours…you'd be up for the job?" she asked sensually.

"Actually, I'm already UP for the job," Alan joked, glancing down at the hard bulge beneath his briefs.

"I can see that," Shelly said, biting her bottom lip as she studied the meaty shape of her boy's boner. "But I could 'see that' much better if you took off your briefs."

His mom had already seen his dick, so this wasn't really an ice breaker. He stood and took off his bottoms, and his boner sprung free, bobbing stiffly on his loins at an upward angle.

Shelly's heart raced with desire as she gave a dreamy-eyed stare at the huge meaty cannon pointed up at her. "If your as talented as

you are big, I'm in trouble," she confessed, then reached down and peeled her dainty panties off.

Alan let out quivering sigh and his boner twitched as he gazed at his mom's shaved pubis. Since she had a tiny bit of hair there earlier, he knew she must have shaved it just for him. He couldn't help but wonder what pleasure awaited him down in the dark fissure of her fleshy camel toe.

Shelly stepped up to her boy and removed his t-shirt, her hungry eyes feasting on his young lean chest. She stepped out of her heels, then began undoing the clasps that ran up the front of her bustier. "Only one thing left," the mother said as she slowly parted her corset.

Alan watched in aroused fascination as she finally reached the clasps that covered her enormous milk-filled tits. Bulging boobie-flesh began spilling out as she undid the last three clasps. Then, all at once, the bustier parted completely and Shelly's gigantic mommy-melons bobbled heavily out onto her chest.

Alan felt almost dizzy at the fact that he was about to fuck someone with such huge tits, never mind that the person was his own mom. The whole idea that he'd soon be smothered by their soft squishy warmth, sucking on the huge leaking nipples, and just watching them leap around wildly while they fucked made him more aroused than he ever had been in his life.

"Are you ok, honey?" Shelly asked, reaching out to take his hand as she sensed his anxiousness.

"Just really excited," he confessed.

Shelly gazed at him with a heart-warming smile. "Me too," she said.

Alan looked towards his side table. "I have some lube I think," he said.

"We won't need it," Shelly said, feeling dribble of cuntal nectar seep from her fleshy folds. "Trust me."

"Ok," he said awkwardly, not really sure how to get things started.

His mom already had that figured out. "Lay down on your back. I want our first penetration to be in your very favorite position," she said.

Alan got on his bed and sprawled back as his mom suggested. Shelly watched his huge egg-shaped balls roll around in their sack, then her eyes drifted up his long muscular shaft. "Oh my God, am I really about to do this?" she thought. "Yes I am!" her brain screamed determinedly.

The huge-titted mother crawled onto the mattress; her big breasts hanging down and wobbling back and forth like big pendulums. She threw a leg over her boy, straddling his loins. She reached down and grasped his boner at the base, causing her melons to balloon out, hovering above Alan's face like two monstrous clouds of rounded flesh.

"Jesus!" the boy gasped, thrilled beyond belief as he gazed up at the huge rounded undersides of Shelly's milk-swollen breasts.

His mom peeked down at him through the gaping canyon between her boobs. "It's ok, honey. This is gonna be so good for both of us," she assured him.

Alan looked down his torso as he felt his cock lick her hairless vulva. His mom was in full control, and dropped the split of her cuntal folds around her boy's flaring knob.

"Ahh!" the boy sighed as he felt his glans slip through her hymen. For someone who'd just passed a baby a month ago, the mouth of Shelly's vagina was incredibly snug.

She lowered her ass further and felt her boy's rock-hard meat split her walls apart, sinking in to her hot wet pussy. "Oh God you feel good," she sighed, as her vagina elongated to accept her son's large sexual organ.

"Wow!" the mother exclaimed delightfully, feeling her son's dong sink into an area she hadn't had touched since she was much younger. Before she met Mitchell. "You're gonna hit bottom, young man."

A few seconds later, he did just that. His big purple bell pushed against the head of her cervix, which was still slightly dilated, having not yet returned to it's prepartum state. This meant Alan's knob could squeeze inside it, which felt delightful.

"Holy smokes!" the boy gasped. Have his bell tip capped by the ring of a cervix was something he never felt with the other girl's he'd been with.

"Remember, I gave birth not long ago, so things might feel a little different in there…in a good way," Shelly warned him.

Alan looked down to see their bare crotches fused together, flesh on flesh, with his mom's labial pedals splayed out between them. He felt his mom's thick ribbed cuntal lining grasping at his meat, adjusting to his cock-size. "Here we go, honey," his mom said, smiling anxiously down at him, then began moving up and down on his prick.

They were only a few minutes in, and Shelly knew she'd be coming sooner than she thought. It was easily the hardest, longest dick she'd ever had inside her, which meant soon she'd be screaming in orgasmic rapture.

Alan watched his cock appear and disappear through the split of his mom's twat. His vein encrusted hardon was soaked with her vaginal secretions. Shelly's fuck-pace gradually intensified, and the boy's

eyes were drawn to her boobs as they bounced heavily up and down. He could see little beads of breastmilk forming on the tips of her engorged nipples.

The pretty mother suddenly fell forward, planting her hands astride her son's head, so she rested her upper half on extended arms. This caused her giant boobies to swing softly around her son's face while she fucked, and she felt his cock flex in reaction.

"Mm, do you like mommy being your cowgirl, honey?" she asked.

He peeked up from between her boobs like a kid in a candy store. "Definitely!" he said.

"Good, because I love riding my stallion," she panted. "I'm taking him out of the stable tonight for a long exciting ride."

Shelly changed her method of fucking from up and down, to forward and backward, grinding on his long hard penis. "You see, there's so many ways your cowgirl can ride you, so she can work your hard penis in so many amazing spots," she said closing her eyes in pleasure.

Alan felt his boner tilted slightly, so his knob stretched out a section of her back wall. Of course, the sensations on his glans were incredibly intense.

The lucky boy began to kiss the flesh between her tits, feeling it's spongy softness rub all over his face.

"Other times she just wants to ride you really hard and fast," the mother said, then set her hips into overdrive.

"Oh, damn!" the boy gasped, watching his mom raise up a little, placing her hands on his chest and grinding frantically.

He watched her wide hips jerk up and back like a well-oiled machine, as she stirred his cock inside her, hitting every inch of her juicy cunt tube. Her huge hanging boobies rippled wildly between her arm, and Alan watched tiny droplets of tit-nectar rain down on his chest.

While she continued doing this tirelessly, he watched her pretty face slowly contort with pleasure. Shelly moaned and whimpered in delight as she felt a powerful orgasm swell inside her.

For the next two minutes, she built up to an absolute explosion of pleasure. "You're gonna make me cum!" she squealed in voice tone Alan had never heard before.

He felt her lovely legs tremble beside him, then felt her cuntal rugae bulge around his prick, pushed out by her strong vaginal muscles. "Ohhh!" the boy groaned, feeling his boner grasped and juiced on, in ways he never dreamed possible.

"Uuugghh!" Shelly screamed out shamelessly, trembling in a mind-blowing orgasm.

All the way down in the guest bedroom, Jeanie head her daughter-in-law shriek with pleasure. She got a big proud smile. "Yaay!" she cheered out loud.

Back in the bedroom, the mother dropped down on extended arms and began pounding her cunt up and down her son's cock. Her fleshy mommy-buttocks smacked again his wet balls lewdly over and over as she fucked like a busty porn star.

Alan rubbed his face around between her jiggling tits, loving the feel of her warm spongy flesh. His mom was fucking him better than he ever imaged she could.

Due to increased blood flow from the demands of the growing uterus and embryo during Shelly's pregnancy, the lining of her

vagina had thickened. This caused the pleats of her rugae to engorge, which was normal in pregnant women. This condition often remained months after giving birth, much to Alan's delight. The texture of his mom's cuntal grip was out of this world, and he couldn't believe he hadn't cum yet.

He began to pump his ass from the mattress, meeting her downwards thrusts, causing their wet genitals to smack together lewdly.

His boner flexed inside her, slicing through the slippery tube of pink-textured flesh. His mom's mucosal tissue scrubbed his glans, aided by her juicy secretions, and the deeper layer of muscle that gripped his dick like a velvet vice.

"Ohh, mom!" the boy moaned, feeling a familiar tingle around his coronal ridge.

"Remember our chat earlier? This is the best part, honey," she said breathlessly, not losing her fuck-rhythm one bit. "This is the part where I squeeze you, and pull all your hot semen out!"

"Ohhyess!" he gasped, throwing his head to one side in ecstasy.

"Don't you dare stop thrusting down there, because mom's gonna cum right along with you!" she shouted.

"Ohh, mom, I'm gonna cum so hard," the boy groaned, feeling his fat dick swell inside her.

His mother suddenly threw the upper half of her body flat down against his, but kept her big buns humping up and down. She began fluttering her long tongue all over the most sensitive part of his neck, making the boy's body writhe excitedly beneath her.

Her big warm melons were pancaked against his chest, sloshing and smearing her milky discharge all over him, making their flesh nice

and slippery.

Alan saw bright lights flash before his eyes as he stiffened up like a board beneath his steadily humping mother.

"Oh, baby, I can feel your dick swelling," Shelly said between licks. "Give my pussy your hot boy-cum!"

Alan did just that, letting out a deep animal-like grunt as his meatus spat out huge ropes of cum, painting his mother's pink walls with pearly-white jizz.

He heard his mom let out a cute scream of orgasmic pleasure, then those painted pink walls were quickly washed clean by an efflux of hot girl-cum that erupted from her urethra. Their orgasmic cocktail quickly became a foamy froth that churned around their pink genital flesh.

It was several minutes before the bucking, writhing and groans of pleasure stopped. Shelly rested on top of her boy, her sticky, sweaty tits still plastered to his chest like soft warm bread dough. She loved the feel of his fat cock still stuffed inside her vagina. "My God, it's still hard!" she thought, then lifted her head and looked down into her boy's eyes.

"Can you go again, honey?" she softly asked.

"Of course," Alan said with a sigh.

It was music to the hypersexual mother's ears. She quickly rose up off him, her giant heavy tits wobbling around as she got on her hands and knees, then pointed her meaty bare buttocks back at her teen. "Can we do MY favorite position now?"

Outside, the storm rumbled. The wind had created drifts nearly three-feet deep against the house, and the snow was still dropping heavily.

Inside, Alan had a firm grip on his mom's hips. A repetitive SMACKING sound filled his bedroom as his mom's ass-globes beat back against his crotch. He reached up and wiped the perspiration from his brow. For nearly an hour now he'd been fucking her doggy-style, just the way she loved it.

Shelly peered back at him with a lusty gaze. "Slap my ass again, baby!" she said with thrill in her voice.

Alan obliged, smacking his mom ass-cheek with a sharp strike. "I hope those red handprints don't stay there for dad to see," he said.

"Well, if you just keep doing it, my ass will be so covered it'll just look like one big welt, and I can tell him I sat on something hot outside."

"Sounds convincing, except for the fact that there's a blizzard outside, mom, and it's like twelve degrees," Alan reminded her.

"Oh…true. Well, just keep slapping it anyway while you fuck me. I'll think of something else to tell him."

Alan took another swing at his mom's swiveling butt-meat, making her fatty ass-cheek ripple delightfully as his open hand slapped against it."

The boy's unyielding prick pounded through her juicy cunt-slot. In the course of an hour, his mom had cum on his cock seven times, and she was quickly rising toward the peak of yet another gushing climax.

"My God, I never knew a cock could stay SO hard for SO long," the mother thought, as she threw her ass back against her boy, meeting him hump for hump.

As he had many times over the past hour, Alan leaned over his mom's back, reached under and gasped her wildly swinging tits. His

hands dug into their squishy flesh, and he felt streams of tit-milk ooze out between his fingers.

Shelly and her son had developed a wonderful fuck-rhythm, making Alan's boner plunge through her pussy-tube with full length thrusts. Just before his bulbous tip would emerge from her twat, he slammed it back in deeply, making his blood-engorged tip pop into her tight cervical ring.

It was inside that little sweet spot that the boy would pump out his hot load, wondering if there was a chance of getting his mom pregnant, since he was technically cumming inside a dilated portion of her cervix. He decided if his mom wasn't worried, that neither was he.

After a joint shower, with lots stroking, kissing and flirting, Shelly led her son back to his bed. They stopped beside his mattress like a couple of horny naked newlyweds, and the mother gazed down at his jutting cock. "Does that thing ever go soft?" she playfully asked.

"Not when you're around."

"Good," she said, hugging onto to him, so her oversized melons bulged out between them. "We definitely don't want it soft when I'm around."

"I agree."

"It can't enjoy mommy's wet pink pussy if it's soft," Shelly said in a cute sexy tone.

She quickly squatted down in front of him. "Or her wet cock-sucking mouth," she added, the stuffed her boy's meat between the stretched ring of her lips, swallowing his entire dong, pressing her nose into his crotch.

"Wow!" the boy exclaimed, feeling his boner soak in the tunnel of her throat.

The mother came up for air, then immediately swallowed his dick again. This time she began to give him a delightful oral fuck, plunging his boner through her mouth with the skill of a cock-sucking expert.

While sucking vigorously, Shelly grasped her boy's cock at the root, beating his boner into her hot sucking mouth. She popped it out and attacked his glans with her tongue, fluttering her long licker all over the pinkish-purple surface of his swollen knob. After driving him crazy with lashing licks, she went back to blowing his penis, bobbing her head up and back tirelessly.

"Damn, mom, you are REALLY good at that," her boy confessed, watching her hanging tit-knockers bobble around from the motion of her constant sucking.

His dicked popped from between her lips. "Well, we stay-at-home moms have to be good at something," she said, then looped her tongue around the edge of his coronal ridge. "It might as well be cooking, cleaning and sucking cock."

"How lucky am I? Since you do all three for me."

"Oh, are you suggesting that mom become your full-time cock-gobbler?" she asked, gazing up at him while holding his dick to her mouth like a meaty microphone.

"Well, in order to stay good at something, you have to practice, right?"

Shelly slowly rolled her tongue around his bell tip, while staring up into his eyes teasingly. Her long hair was still damp from the shower, slicked back in a sexy manner. "I'll practice on this big tonsil tickler any day," she said with a wink.

The mother rose back up, but kept her tight clasp on her boy's cock-root. She pulled him by his dick onto the mattress. "I have something else in mind right now though," she said.

Alan watched his mom fall onto her back, and scissor her smooth motherly legs back in the widest spread he had ever seen. "Instead of tickling my tonsils, you can pound my cunt. How's that sound?"

Alan licked his lips, his eyes drifting from her splayed cuntal curtains, to the two huge milkers drooping heavily off the sides of her chest. "Sounds amazing," he answered.

Shelly extended one sexy leg his direction. Starting from his scrotum, she drug her sexy toes, with their ruby painted toenails, up between his nuts, then along the underside of his rigid cock, stopping at his frenulum and rubbing her big toe against it. "Then what are you wait for? Come fuck me senseless," the mother said, gazing eagerly at her boy.

He was on top of her in a split-second. His fat peter-tip split her hymen and sunk into the greedy grip of her slippery pussy.

Shelly kept her legs wide open, with her dainty feet pointed back towards each end of the headboard. Alan punched his cock home, taking full-length thrusts, so his heavy balls beat against his mom's upturned ass.

"Yess!" the mother screamed shamelessly. "Pound the fuck outta me!"

Alan's young ass bobbed up and down between the cradle of his mom's smooth thighs as their bellies beat together. He loved feeling her soft motherly body beneath him, and when he felt her strong freshly-shaved legs curl around his back, clutching him like a fuck-harness, his boner gave off a mighty flex, that was immediately met with a tender cuntal squeeze.

The boy raised his chest off his mom, propping himself on extended arms, while he continued fucking into her. His did this so he could look down and watch his mom's tits dance across her chest to the rhythm of his humping.

"You like watching these big boobs bounce around while you fuck me, honey?" Shelly asked him.

"Do I ever!" he said, staring at the huge round pillows of flesh as they rolled and rippled up and down her chest. Her fat erect nipples pointed straight up from the centers of her puffy pink areola.

"Why don't you latch onto one, and suck like your baby sister does."

Alan lowered himself down and clamped his lips around one of her swollen teats. Using some suction, her gorged himself on as much boobie-flesh as he could get into his mouth, which included her entire areola. He was rewarded with a sudden gush of warm nectar that squirted from several different milk ducts surrounding her nipple.

Shelly reacted with a sudden shiver as she was struck with leg-shaking orgasm. She grunted wildly, arching her beautiful head back in ecstasy as pleasure shot through her heavy-titted body.

Alan snarled, making hot tit-milk spew out the sides of his mouth as he felt his mom's love-juice wash over his pink dick. Shelly had recently pushed out a baby, so her pelvic floor was strong, especially since she was practically in the birthing position as her son fucked her. She tightened her silky legs, lifting as high up around her boy's back as she could, then crisscrossed her ankles, so she could lock herself around his humping frame. Grasping him as tightly as she could, she gritted her teeth together and began pushing, as if giving birth.

Her nipple popped wetly from Alan's mouth as he groaned in delight from. the exquisite friction around his boner.

Shelly relaxed her cuntal muscles, but only for a second, then pushed again. As she was pushing out, Alan continued to sock his cock through, and he was met with the tightest, juiciest piece of pussy he'd ever plunged his dick through.

"Ohhh wow!" his pleasure-filled voice quivered.

"Ohhh, baby, yess! Give it to my pussy!" his mom mewled.

She knew this was never something she could do with her husband Mitchell. His cock simply wasn't hard and strong enough to handle this sort of friction. Alan's boner was a different story. His long blood-engorged dick carved a path right through all the clenching cuntal and muscular flesh, like a sexual battering ram, the veins and tendons at the thick root of his cock jutting and flexing powerfully, sustaining the force of his pistoning cock-shaft. The hot vaginal mucus that secreted from Shelly's walls created more than enough lube for such an assault.

Alan's hot orgasm was coming on so quickly that he decided to drive his cock in as deep as it could go and hold it there. However, this put his knob right inside her cervical socket again, and when she pushed, Alan felt like his dick-tip was being dipped in hot honey.

"Ohhh!" he whimpered, then groaned again when he felt the ring retract, clenching his glans and fitting itself around the neck of his knob, so he was securely inside his mom's cervix.

This immediately triggered his nuts to unload an army of fresh semen.

Shelly frantically reached down between their bumping bellies and began rubbing her big fleshy clitoris. Mom and son erupted at once, their hot bodily fluids squelching out the mother's cock-stuffed cunt. The pretty mom's eyes rolled back in their sockets as she flopped around beneath her boy like a shameless whore, having the orgasm of her life.

"Well, don't you look like you've just survived a tornado," Jeanie said, watching her daughter-in-law move exhaustingly into the kitchen for coffee.

"Survived a horny teenager more like," the mother joked.

"And, was it any good?"

"Any good?" Shelly giggled. "Only the best sex of my life."

"I had a feeling it would be," Jeanie said. "Plus, I kinda figured it was, when I woke up every half-hour to hear my daughter-in-law screaming out in pleasure."

"Sorry," Shelly said with a blush.

"Don't be. Sounds like you got exactly what you were hoping for."

"That I did," Shelly said, taking a sip of her coffer. "And I'm HOPING for a lot more this morning."

"Ok…now this old lady's getting jealous," Jeanie said.

"You have your son Nathan."

"Yes, I know, but he's not exactly eighteen anymore.," Jeanie said.

"He's not doing it for you?"

"Well, no, I don't me that. Nathan still packs a powerful punch, but he's not Alan. His dick isn't as long and thick, and…well, let's just leave it at…he's not Alan."

"Jeanie! Are you saying you wanna seduce my Alan?" Shelly teased.

"Well, we're all snowed in. What else is an old lady got to on a snowy day than seduce her grandson. Besides, I really like that

other outfit you were considering wearing for him, and I think it just might fit me."

"You do huh?" Shelly asked with a smile.

"I do," Jeanie said, then started towards Shelly's bedroom. "Wanna help me get ready?"

THE END

163: Snowed In with Mom and Gran_2

Snow In with Mom and Gran - Day 2

By Klrxo

An hour later, Shelly stepped into the kitchen, where her son was having a bowl of cereal. "Good morning, honey!" the mother said. She was wearing a short kimono robe, and sashayed over to her boy on bare feet.

"Good morning," he muttered, watching her braless tits bobble beneath the silk covering. It reminded him of the hours he'd spent gorging himself on them while they fucked, nursing on her sweet tit-nectar. "Looks like the snow's still dropping out there," he said, looking out the window.

"Yeah, it's not suppose to fizzle out until this afternoon."

She plopped down on his lap, mashing her meaty mommy-ass against his stiffening cock. "Tired?" she asked with a curious and naughty look.

"A little bit, yeah."

"Well, I guess that's what happens when two people spend the entire night beating their sex-organs together."

"I'm not complaining though. It was awesome," Alan confessed.

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather just go back to smelling my panties?" she teased.

"No…I like having sex with you MUCH better."

Shelly slid her hand across his back tenderly, where there were dozens of red scratch marks. "I hope I didn't claw you up too bad last night. It was just VERY intense for me," she admitted.

"No, I'm fine. I liked it."

"Good, because you've got me hooked on that teenage cock of yours and I'm not giving it up anytime soon."

Where's Gran?" Alan asked.

She smiled and kissed him on the cheek. "When you're done with your breakfast…come down to my bedroom, k?"

His mom got up and Alan gawked at the bubble butt undulating beneath her robe as she left. He quickly chomped down his cereal, wickedly imagining what was in store for him down in his parent's bedroom.

He gave the door a few knocks, then heard his mom's sweet voice. "Come in, baby."

When he swung the door open, his jaw dropped in reaction to the scene in front of him. "Damn!" he muttered.

Both his mom and Gran stood at the foot of his parent's big bed, wearing sexy negligee. His Gran was adorned in a baby-blue chemise that had a breathtaking V neck, showing off the most enormous, bulging tit-cleavage the boy had ever seen. The unlined cups of her chemise had an embroidered pattern, but was otherwise completely transparent, allowing her handsome Grandson to see details of her breasts. Particulars like the wide dark-pink rings of her

areola, and the thick nubs of her turgid nipples. This made his cock rise instantly.

"Hey, kiddo," she said, gazing at him adoringly. Her sleek silver hair was styled beautifully, and she had applied a little blush, as well as a light coat of pink lipstick. "You like?" she asked, giving her wide hips a little jiggle.

This drew her Grandson's attention to her lower-half, where the chemise drifted apart to reveal the rounded eminence of her pantyless crotch. "Yes!" he answered, his heart beating wildly in his chest. When he saw her through the window yesterday, she had a light patch of pubic fur that matched her hair color. Now, however, it was clear that she had a completely shaved pussy, just like his mom did, for vigorous sexual intercourse. He tore his eyes from her hairless vulva and peered down her silky, matronly legs. Her dainty feet with their painted toenails were arched in stiletto, patent leather mules.

Alan's wondrous eyes traveled to his mom. Shelly stood in a sexy pose on the other side of the bed, in a white crotchless teddy. It was made of sheer lace and mesh, leaving little to the imagination. She peeked down at the tent in his shorts. "Looks like you're sporting a major boner there, baby. Wanna show us?" she asked sweetly.

The boy peeled off his shorts and his woody sprung up as stiff as a board. The long shaft was encrusted with bulging blue veins and the knob was bulbous and pinkish-purple in color.

"Mm, it looks SO big and strong," his Gran said, licking her lips as she stared at the flaring bulb of his cock.

"Just wait until you feel it inside you," Shelly anxiously added.

"Come lay down on the bed, darling," Jeanie said to her grandson.

Alan stepped over and sprawled out on his parent's mattress. His heart about beat out of his chest as he watched the huge-titted cougars slip off their heels, crawl on to the bed and close in on him.

Jeanie ran her long nails up his lean, naked torso. "Ohhh, baby Alan…such a handsome stud now," she cooed.

"Seem like yesterday we were watching him play with his toys," Shelly said, joining her mother-in-law in stroking the boy's body. "Now here he is getting ready to fuck our pussies."

"Getting ready to play with his new big-boy toys, right kiddo?" Jeanie asked, smiling at her Grandson wickedly.

"Right," the boy excitedly agreed.

"I heard your mom got to be your cowgirl last night," said Jeanie. "Would you like your Gran to saddle up and give you a ride you'll always remember?"

"Sure."

Jeanie threw her leg over his midsection, planting her foot on the other side, so she was hovering over his cock. She reached down and grasped his boner at the base, pointing it upward towards her hairless cunny.

Alan's eager eyes darted between her huge ballooning tits, and her shaved vulva. Her puffy outer folds flanked a creamy coral cunt-slit, and her domed hood had peeled back, so her grape-sized clit stuck out like a tiny engorged prick-knob. Even though this was her grandson below her, Jeanie showed no shame, fitting the plum-sized helmet of his cock into the mouth of her cuntal vestibule.

"Ahhh!" the boy moaned, feeling his dick pop through the remnants of her hymen and into the warm grip of her vaginal tract.

"Ohh, dear God!" the busty grandmother sighed, feeling her clenching cunt- walls pushed aside by the meaty cock that was pushing up into her. In just a few seconds, she felt his knob hit bottom, just as her puffy outer lips mashed against his cock-base.

"Good gracious…I don't think I've ever felt so full," Jeanie confessed.

"Is he hitting bottom?" Shelly asked, hovering beside her boy.

"Oh, yes!" her mother-in-law sighed, squeezing the back of her vagina, making the puffy ringed head of her cervix kiss his leaky peter-tip tenderly. "I couldn't fit another inch of him, even if I wanted to."

She grasped her chemise and started pulling it off. "Let's make our boobies naked for this cute boy," she suggested.

Alan's eyes widened as he watched the elastic band beneath the cups of the chemise slide up the huge smooth undersides of Jeanie's boobs, exposing more and more tit-flesh. Finally, her giant jugs sprung free, dropping back down and bobbling heavily.

"Holy smokes!" the boy gasped, astonished at how thick and protuberant his Gran's mammilla were.

Shelly sat back against her heels and pulled down the straps of her teddy. Once her giant jugs were out, she slipped the straps back on, with the neck now tucked beneath her jugs. She smiled down at her teen over the milk-filled swell of her naked mommy-melons.

"Ready to be smothered in big boobies, baby?" she teased.

"Uh-huh," the boy answered.

"There…" Jeanie said, grasping her Grandson's hard prick in a snug vaginal grip. "Now we're ready for some serious lovemaking."

"Are you ready for that, baby?" his mom asked, leaning over him, so her tits hung down and nearly hugging his neck. "Are you ready to wrestle the two of us in passionate lovemaking?"

"Hell yes," the teen sighed with a big anxious smile. His fat, teenaged dick flexed inside Jeanie's cunt stretching the hot sleeve that molded to its outline.

"Mm, let me take this stallion for a gallop around the coral," Jeanie said, setting her hips in motion.

The heavy-titted 62-year-old began bouncing the slippery tube of her cunt up and down on the boy's rigid pole. "Oh, good Lord," she gasped, squeezing one of her nipples with her hand as she felt Alan's rock-solid boner slip along her corrugated lining.

Shelly came down and began planting tender kisses up and down her boy's chest, her long silky hair tickling his flesh. "Mmm, we're gonna fuck our sweet teen silly today," she cooed between kisses.

"Oh wow!" Alan gasped, delighted at the fact that he was getting the attention of two horny grown women. His dick seemed to stretch an extra inch in size as he stared at Jeanie's enormous jugs and the way they bounced, making the fatty meat ripple wonderfully.

"Oh yesss…feed me that dick!" Jeanie cried out.

"Does that feel good on your dick, honey?" his mom asked between licks, flickering her tongue on his nipple.

"Oh God, yes!"

"Mm, I can feel his excited heartbeat through that juicy knob," Jeanie said as she fell into a steady fuck-rhythm.

"I could feel it last night too," her daughter added, her own cunt smoldering hornily. "Doesn't it feel amazing plowing around way

back there?"

"Yes, I haven't been fucked this far back in my vagina for as long as I can remember."

"Was it Grandpa?" Alan curiously asked.

"Oh heavens no. Your Grandfather has some penile length, but nothing anywhere near as long as yours, kiddo."

"Mmm, that huge, strong fuck-muscle of yours will make all the women swoon, baby," his mother stated, licking on his chiseled abs.

Alan enjoyed the sensations the back wall of his mom and Gran's vaginas gave him. They both felt unique on his dick. Having just given birth, his mom's cervical ring was softer and dilated enough for him to squeeze his peter-tip inside. His Gran's external o's were firmer, but still felt like nice spongy rounded lips for him to push his knob against. Even though she was older, she still continued to excrete hot slippery mucus from her cervix, which smeared on her Grandson's bulbous glans, adding to the pleasurable sensations he was having.

Like his mom, his Gran seriously knew how to fuck. She stopped bouncing and pushed forward and backward, grinding their hairless genitals together. This made her fleshy clitoris drag against the boy's pubic bone, causing her entire body tingle with delight.

Meanwhile, his mom had kissed her way up his chiseled chest and was licking and nibbling at his nipples, with her tits resting like soft bread dough on his lower torso. "There's no way a mom could live with a son this hot…without fucking his brains out," she confessed.

"It should be a crime for two people in their prime to dwell under the same roof without making passionate love to each other," Jeanie added.

"If I could…I'd fuck him day and night," her daughter-in-law mewled.

Jeanie stared down into her Grandson's eyes lustfully, her pretty face giving off a sexual blush. She clamped her skilled fuck-muscles around his

meaty love-organ, while continuing to grind it around inside her like a gearshift.

"My God, he's as hard as a railroad spike," Jeanie gasped, feeling Alan's unyielding dick stretch her uteri in ways she never had been before.

"Mm, doesn't it feel wonderful?" Shelly asked, talking to her mother-in-law like her son wasn't even in the room with them. "I noticed he has a very wide coronal ridge, which felt amazing along my vaginal walls."

"Oh yes, I can definitely feel what you mean," Jeanie agreed, enjoying the tumescent head of the boy's dick as it massaged the textured walls of her boner-grinder. "It's throbbing splendidly too."

"Mmm, and leaking out lots of pre-slime."

Jeanie gyrated her wide, naked hips, plowing the boy's mushrooming peter-tip around the pursed ring of her external os. "Grandma's womb wants to gobble up all that sticky, baby-making semen when it pumps up from those balls," she expressed.

"Mmm, washing all our internal mommy-parts with those hot little wigglers," Shelly added.

Jeanie began to bounce on his prick again, pulling herself up until only his knob parted her puffy cunt-lips, then slamming her fuck-sleeve down on his rigid pole. Her Grandson raised his hands to her spongy globes, sinking his fingers into their squishy meat as Jeanie

continued to hammer her clinging sheath onto his prick. "Ohhh, sweet, Jesus!" she gasped.

"It sounds like Gran's gonna be cumming on your hardon soon, honey."

"Very soon I think!" Jeanie said with a look of pure ecstasy on her face.

Shelly lifted herself off her son to make room for her mother. "Lay down against him, so he can pound up in you, Jeanie. He's incredible at that," Shelly suggested.

Alan took a big excited gulp. He knew this meant he was about to be smothered by his gran's giant, stiff-nippled tits for the first time.

"Oh God, he might take me to another planet if he does that," said Jeanie, lowering her upper half down onto her Grandson's torso.

"Holy fuck!" the boy's dirty mind screamed as his face sunk down between her warm, squishy tits, getting lost between their creamy contours.

"Fuck up into her, baby!" he heard his mom say encouragingly. "Fuck her hard and fast straight through her orgasm."

Alan bucked his hips from the mattress like a wild pony, making her thick, rounded ass bob around from the force of his humps. "OHH, ALAN!" she cried out with a shaky voice.

He could tell by the way her cunt was clenching up around him that she was on the fringe of a powerful climax. The sound of their crotches beating together filled the room. Their fucking also made a lewd creamy sound from all the vaginal fuck juice and pre-cum they'd created. Alan's boner pounded through the thick of it and soon he had his Gran's heavy-titted body trembling like crazy on top of him.

"OHHH, DEAR GOD, I'M CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!!" her beautiful voice cried out.

Alan couldn't believe it. His own Gran was having an orgasm on his cock. Some of his fondest memories was staying at his grandparent's house when he was younger. He vividly remembered how sometimes he'd see her in her nightgown. Without her bra on, the way her heavy tits moved was magical. He never dreamed he'd have his face shoved between them while he felt the surge of her hot girl-cum wash over his pounding pink dick.

"Ohh, shit!" he sighed, his eyes nearly rolling back in pleasure as he felt her vaginal walls contract spasmodically around his pumping cock-shaft.

His Gran's orgasm seemed to never stop, and he loved it. For nearly ten minutes he thrust up into her lush body, striking the puffy head of her cervix each time. All while having his entire head smothered in warm boobie-flesh.

The way her birthing tube clenched his cock while he fucked made his knob start to tingle exquisitely. He peeked up at his mom from between his

Gran's jiggling breast-meat. "Should I cum or no?" he asked her, knowing she'd want a turn at getting boned.

"I'd say no and hop on you…if I didn't know you'd be ready to fuck again five minutes after you cum," she answered. "Pour it into her, baby boy!"

Alan didn't need to be asked twice. He bucked his ass from the mattress, pummeling his steely teenage dick through her birthing tube. Jeanie was still slapping in delight when the teen's dick spurted off inside her. Alan pushed his grimacing face as far up into his Gran's cleavage as he could, savoring all the warm squishy meat around his face as hot jizz pumped from the slit of his prick.

"OH, YESS…I CAN FEEL HIS SEMEN SPURTING!" Jeanie cried out as she was hit with a second climax.

A muffled, animal-like grunt escaped Jeanie's cleavage and she felt the teen's prick flex each time he pissed out a hot rope deep inside her. For several minutes their naked bodies bucked and lurched, milking the pleasure out of each other's genitals.

"Wow!" Jeanie exclaimed, lifting her head breathlessly. "Oh, God, sweet angel, did you just do that to me?"

"Yeah," Alan sighed, looking u deliriously from between her tits.

His mom brought her face up close to his, her tits hanging down like big udders. "Will you do it to me now, baby?" she asked with a smile.

"That's a dumb question," he teased.

She brought her lips down and they shared a sensual kiss, their pink tongues slithering together as if trying to tie themselves in a fleshy knot.

"Hey…I haven't gotten one of those yet," Jeanie teased, then lowered her own lips to the boy's and kissed passionately.

For nearly ten minutes the women shared the boy's lips, mashing their huge, squishy tits on his young chest, prodding him with their hardened nipples. Alan's cock returned to full-strength as he felt their long strong mommy-tongues wrestling with his own in a hot make-out session.

Shelly finally gasped lustfully. "I need him inside me!" she whimpered, then quickly turned on her hands and knees and pointed her apple-bottomed ass back in her favorite position.

"Go get her, tiger," his Gran whispered, lifting herself off him. The boy watched her stiff-nippled boobies bobble like huge overfilled water balloons, and his cock popped out of her cunt with a lewd creamy FLUP sound.

He scrambled to his knees, his big, wet hardon wagging lewdly as he mounted his mom's haunches. The fuck-lusty teen plowed his boner-tip through her juicy folds a few times, before shoving it inside her cock-loving hole.

"Ohh yes, there's my dream dick!" his mom gasped, wasting no time throwing her lovely ass back on it, burying her boy to the root.

Alan grasped her motherly hips and met her steady humps with one's of his own. Their flesh beat together, and his mom's meaty ass rippled each time it met his midsection. He could still clearly see the welts he'd left on her ass-cheeks the night before, but took another strike anyway. "SLAP!!"

"Yes!" his mom shouted. "I love it when you slap my ass baby!"

Jeanie giggled, watching her cute Grandson fuck his mother's ass off. "A pussy pleaser, just like my Nathan," she thought. She felt a little sad knowing Alan's dad Greg had never fucked her when he was younger. She would have gladly let both her boy's dick her in the pussy hard, but Greg's mind always seemed elsewhere. "His little brother stole his pussy…just like his son's stealing his pussy now," she wickedly thought, watching her grandson pound into her oldest son's wife.

"Alan, how does it feel knowing your getting pussy that belongs to your dad?" Jeanie asked.

"His loss I guess," the boy said, shrugging his shoulders.

Shelly giggled and looked back at her boy as they fucked, her big leaking knockers swinging around wildly as they hung down from

her chest. "You like helping Gran and I break our wedding vows, honey?" she asked.

"Sure," the boy said with a smile, his cock flexing at the thought of fucking his mom and Gran behind their husband's backs.

"Maybe in a little while we can call your grandpa while your dick's inside me. Wouldn't that be exciting, kiddo?" Jeanie asked.

"Sure, as long as he doesn't know what we're doing."

"No, but it would certainly be fun to make him wonder," she said. "He can listen to your balls beating against my ass in the background."

"You've gotta get some of this doggie, Jeanie. It's amazing!" Shelly mewled, still pounding her cunt back onto the satisfying stiffness of her son's cock.

Alan's Gran got on her hands and knees beside her daughter-in-law, pointing her thick ass back. The boy's tongue nearly hung out in lust as he peered over and stared at the half-globes crowning her puffy pudendum. He could even see the elastic ring of her asshole peeking out from between her cheeks. "Damn…you guys have the hottest asses on the planet!" he expressed.

Jeanie peeked back at him, wagging her meaty derriere. "Why don't you come over here so I can beat this 'hot ass' against your midsection, sugar."

He pulled his juice-slickened boner from his mom's pussy, then turned slightly and pushed it into Jeanie's cunt-slot.

"Ahh, yeah!" he sighed, feeling his prick sink into the slippery heat of her cuntal sheath. His Gran's pussy felt slightly different from his mom's, since the pleated rugae that lined their cunt-tubes were uniquely patterned. Both holes, however, were snug, deliciously

warm and lathered with slippery secretions, allowing his tender dick-meat to glide fluidly along the loving snugness of their encapsulating love-sockets. Alan and his Gran engaged in mutual thrusting, meeting in the middle with the SMACK of Jeanie's ass beating against Alan's crotch.

His Gran had a nice layer of fat over her muscled glutes, making her buttocks ripple just like his mom's did.

"Come on…give your Gran some good doggie-dick, baby!" his mother urged.

The boy leaned over her back, reaching down and grasping her huge swinging udders. Her areola and nipples alone were enough to fill his entire hands, and he sunk his fingers into their squishy flesh. Her fat, rubbery nipples stuck out from between his fingers.

"That's it, handsome…squeeze those big boobies while you fuck me," Jeanie panted, listening to the sound of her Grandson's cock-base beat against her fleshy ass rhythmically.

"SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!!"

"Ohhh!" Alan groaned, feeling her ribbed cuntal lining tighten around his plunging boner, creating cock-tingling friction.

Over the next half-hour, Alan went back and forth between his mom and Gran, giving them each a nice vigorous doggie-pounding. He smacked the big rippling cheeks of their asses, leaving his red handprint, and making them scream out in delight.

"Which pussy do you like better, baby?" his Gran asked.

"His mother's pussy, of course," Shelly answered, flexing her coital muscles around her boy's tireless cock.

"Oh, God…they both feel so damn good," Alan answered.

"You can admit it, honey," Shelly smiled, milking his slimy, bulbous knob with a repeated 'squeeze and release' of her vagina. "There's no cunt like mom's cunt. That huge, dreamy dick was fashioned perfectly to fuck this pussy."

"DAMN!" Alan gasped, quickly pulling out. His wet dick was pointed at a perfect upward angle, his mushrooming crown twitching in delight. The two mother's giggled as they looked back and watched a stream of cum bubble from his meatus and lower to the floor in a gooey string.

"Someone nearly laid a load inside me," his mom joked.

"Mmm, better flex that pc muscle, honey or all that creamy love-gravy will pour out," his Gran advised.

"I'm trying," Alan breathed, his prick bobbing up and down as he struggled to fight back his release. Once it settled, he maneuvered over and plunged it into Jeanie's cunt. He paused for a moment in full penetration, gritting his teeth as her skilled granny-pussy sucked and contracted around stiffened shaft of his cock.

Once they resumed fucking, Jeanie's ass bucked back feverishly, her rounded cheeks jiggling obscenely as her Grandson's dick slipped in and out of her tingly pussy. "That's it, darling…hit that fucking pussy like a stud!" she encouraged.

Alan loved looking down and watching those matronly asses beat against him. With their buns slightly spread, he could see the crinkled rings of their assholes winking up at him. He socked his dick in with powerful thrusts, jarring their cervix's as his fat knob knocked against their back walls.

"OH, I'M CUMMING!" Jeanie cried out, her kneeling legs trembling.

"Ohh, man!" the boy sighed, feeling her cunt-tube shrink up around his hammering cock. He flexed his pc muscle and fucked her straight through her orgasm, feeling his tender pink dick tingle delightfully.

His cock was soaking wet when he pulled it from her cunt-sheath. "Damn, Gran…you really squirted hard," he gasped, watching her clear ejaculate trickle from his cock and onto the floor.

"Do you like seeing all that girl-cum dripping from your big cock, Alan?"

"Hell yes."

"You wanna see it soaked? I'll show you 'soaked,'" his mom stated wagging her thick ass back and forth, making the sweet aroma of her pussy waft into his nostrils. "Stick it back in me," she said in a pleading tone.

When she felt his knob pierce her hymen, she pumped her wide hips and beat her butt back against her boy's unyielding hardon. She gasped in delight, feeling it thunder through her slippery cuntal grip. "God, that fucking dick!" the mother squealed.

Alan smiled with pride, pumping into her doggie-style. He loved that she got all wild over his young, overly-large cock.

Within seconds he had his mom grunting and trembling as she gushed her sweet orgasmic juices all over his plunging manhood.

"Who wants my load?" the boy gasped, on the verge of cumming himself.

Jeanie and Shelly looked at each other. "Would you mind?" the 62-year-old asked her daughter-in-law, wanting nothing more than to feel Alan's big dick spurting off inside her again.

Shelly peered back at her boy. "Cum inside your grandma!" she said.

Alan quickly yanked his twitching cock from his mom's pussy and shoved it back inside his Gran's waiting twat. He hammered away, taking full-length thrusts so Jeanie could feel his entire, powerful erection thunder through her. "Come on, kiddo! Gimme some hot seed!" Jeanie's shouted encouragingly.

"Ohhfuck, I'm cumming!!" the teen grunted, his cunt-smothered knob tingling and swelling.

Powerful fat jets of hot spunk blasted from his meatus, soaking the head of Jeanie's cervix. He pumped for a full two minutes, and she used her skilled pussy to milk out every drop of his load. "Goddamn, Gran," he sighed, feeling her experienced cuntal musculature tighten over and over, causing her spongy lining to chew at the pink meat of his spurting erection.

When he was done, the boy collapsed onto the bed.

"Mm, you creamed so hard in Grandma, didn't you, darling?" Jeanie asked, crawling over and letting her squishy jugs drag up his chest, before sharing a passionate French kiss with him.

"It feels so good when he squirts deep, doesn't it?" Shelly asked her mother-in-law as she crawled over and let her hanging titties brush against her son's face, teasing him with her stiff teats.

"It sure does," Jeanie said. "Pumping our pussies full of all that sweet, potent ball-juice."

Alan's Gran joined his mom in dangling her boobs on his face. Despite having just had a monster orgasm, the horny teen reached down and gently stroked his still-hard cock. The feel of their soft, spongy breast-flesh dragging all over his wonder-filled face was driving him crazy with lust.

"Does our boy wanna suck on our titties?" his mom asked. "Does he wanna pull at our nipples and nurse on our nectar?"

The teen answered by latching on to his mom's rubbery teat, stretching it outward with the suction of his mouth. Warm tit-milk poured onto his tongue from ducts surrounding Shelly's engorged nipple.

Jeanie cupped her own breast and pressed it down against the teen's mouth, so both her and Shelly's huge boobs were squashed together, creating a massive merging of fatty flesh smothering the boy's entire head. "You can suck mine too, darling. Get both our nipples in your mouth," she cooed.

Alan did just that, gorging his mouth full, making his mom and Gran's rubbery teats press together and distend pliably. Both their fat nipples secreted milk, and his tongue battered them wildly, mixing their nectar together.

"Mmnnff," the teen whimpered, swallowing constantly just to keep up with the outflow. His entire face was buried in the warm, fatty softness of his mom and Gran's heavy boobs.

The two beautiful mothers ran their long nails up and down his chest teasingly, watching him stroke his hardon. "Oh, darling boy. You're gonna fuck so many lucky pussies with that long, muscular cock," said his Gran.

"Mm, yes. He'll have girls lined up to feel his manhood inside them," his mom added. "He'll get to fuck SO MANY hot pussies and make them cum."

"Stretching their delicate pink cunts with your thick, hard meat," Jeanie said, combing her nail down along the root of his erection.

Alan was in absolute euphoria. He could hardly breath he was being smothered by so much breast-flesh, but he didn't care. He just continued to suck, while battering his tongue around the tumescent nipples that filled

his mouth. Breasts milk streamed out wildly from numerous milk-ducts surrounding their nipples and was almost more than the boy could keep up with.

Shelly's phone suddenly started ringing from the bedside table. "That would be your father," she said to her son.

"Shall we have a little fun and answer it?" Jeanie asked, smiling wickedly.

"Sure, why not," the mother said. When she crawled over to answer, her nipple popped from Alan's mouth. Still diligently nursing on his Gran's teat, the boy watched his mom's heavy jug wobble around, her elongated papilla still dripping with milk.

"Hi, honey?" she said, putting her husband on speaker phone.

"Hey! So did you guys get buried in snow?" her husband asked.

"Did we ever!" Shelly said, crawling back over to her boy. "The drifts are nearly up to the windows I think."

The busty mother set her phone down on the bed, and then leaned down and began kissing all up and down her boy's chest.

"Well, hopefully they'll have the roads under control by Monday, so I can get home."

"Yes, hopefully, hon," she said, reaching down and fondling her son's, fat nuts while Alan stroked his cock.

"Has Alan got out yet to clear the walkways?" Greg asked.

"He did once last night," Shelly answered, then lightly nibbled at her teen's nipple and flickered her tongue on it. "But not yet this morning. He's been kind of busy."

"Busy playing games on his phone?"

"No…he's been spending some time in the bedroom with your mom and I."

"Hi, son," Jeanie said to Greg, smiling over at Shelly.

"Hey, mom. I'm glad you came to stay over."

"Me too," Greg's mom said, looking down at her grandson as he feasted on her monstrous breasts. "It's been quite a wonderful visit."

"So, what are you guys up to?" Greg asked.

"Just hanging out…having hot sex. That sorta thing," Shelly said candidly, winking at her mother-in-law.

"Hot sex?!" his husband asked.

Alan stopped sucking and peered out from under Jeanie's boob, gazing at his mom in shock.

"Yes, Alan just fucked us both doggie-style…made us both cum ridiculously hard."

"Shelly!" her husband exclaimed. "What the- "

"He just has so much stamina, Greg, and such a big hard cock," the mother said, helping her son stroke it up and down. "We'll probably spend most of the day letting him fuck us."

"Please tell me you're joking," Greg said, not sounding happy at all.

After letting Greg suffer for a few more seconds, his mother spoke up.

"Of course she's joking, dear," Jeanie said, then they all started laughing. Everyone but Greg that is. He just let out a sigh of relief .

"Or AM I joking?" Shelly added teasingly, then kissed her boy's chiseled chest lustfully.

"Not even funny, Shelly," said her husband.

The baby suddenly started crying from the nursery. "Oops, gotta go, hon. Someone needs fed," the mother said.

"Alright, you guys stay warm. Talk to you soon," her husband said.

They all said goodbye, then hung up.

"Mom…you just scared the life out of me," Alan said, still shaking from what he heard her jokingly confess to his father.

Shelly and Jeanie both giggled. "But you gotta admit, it was fun. I have to feed the little one," she said, then looked at her mother-in-law. "Keep that dreamy dick warm for me until I get back."

"Oh, I plan on it," Jeanie said with an anxious smile.

Alan watched his mom climb from the bed, her big milk-swollen titties flopping around heavily. Her white teddy had a stringed thong in the back, so her bubbly mommy-buttocks was practically naked. He watched the fatty cheeks of her ass sway and jiggle as she sashayed to the door, peeking back and feeding him a naughty smile. "Better be ready to fuck the shit outta me when I get back," she winked.

"I'll be ready," he assured her.

His Gran was on all-fours, with her huge stiff-nippled udders hanging down, nearly touching the mattress they were so fucking ginormous. She gazed at him lustfully. "Wanna climb down between my thighs and beat our bellies together, darling?" she asked.

Alan's heart skipped a beat, his boner flexing excitedly. "Sure," he answered, quickly climbing to his knees.

Jeanie dropped onto her back, making her big knockers droop slightly off the sides of her chest. She brought her knees back, bowing her smooth thick thighs open limberly and making her dainty bare feet hover in the air.

Alan squeezed the knob of his cock as he stared at her big fleshy pussy, peeled wide open like some exotic flower and ready to be hammered hard. "Come bury that beautiful thing in this cock-hungry cunt," she said reaching out and pulling the boy down on top of her.

He slid inside her, but only slightly, feeling her cunt-muscles nip at the tip of his cock. With just his bell tip wedged inside her, the boy leaned forward and supported his weight on outstretched arms, so he could watch his Gran's pretty face while he fed her his prick-meat.

"Come on, stud…fuck me like you do one of those pretty girls at school," she urged.

The heavy-titted Grandmother shuddered as she felt the muscled cock plunge into her birthing tube. "Unnggghh!" she groaned, immediately circling her strong smooth legs high around his back, opening her cunt for more of his steely prick.

After striking bottom, Alan put his hips to work, fucking his boner through the snug ribbed tube of her vagina. "How's that, Gran?" he asked, prodding at her cunt hole steadily.

"Amazing! I love it!" she answered, with pure pleasure in her voice.

"Goddamn, your pussy's tight, Gran!" the boy panted, slamming his swollen cock into her pit of pleasure.

"Your Gran may be in her sixties, darling, but she's the best fuck out there!"

Alan adjusting his angle, hitting a different part of her heavenly hump-tube, making her gasp in delight. While doing this, he gazed down and watched her melonous breasts roll and ripple up and down her chest. Then he peeked up at the pleasurable grimace on her pretty face.

"Want me to drop down on you and fuck you as hard as I can?" he brazenly asked.

"Oh, God, do I ever!" she panted.

"Alright, Gran, here I come," he said confidently, letting his weight fall and squashing her fatty tits against his well-toned chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder, adjusting his hips, so he could really bury his boner deep in her juicy pussy and stretch her uteri.

With a jerk of his ass, the boy plunged every inch of his arching erection into the juicy snug warmth of Jeanie's fuck tube. "AHHHH!" she cried out; the breath expelled from her lungs by the power of her Grandson's thrust.

"Ohhh!" the boy moaned, holding his cock in full penetration. His fat plum-sized knob pushed against her bloated cervical ring, throbbing hornily against it. He felt her textured walls grasping and sucking at the meat of his dick. His Gran's curvy body clutched him tighter and tighter, harnessing his body in curvy flesh.

Their tangled, naked bodies suddenly gyrated together on the bed. Alan kept his cock fully sheathed, letting his Gran feel how truly hard his boner was, while they started writhing together in full penetration. "OHH MY GOD…WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DO THAT?!" she cried out in a trembling voice as her pussy spewed on his cock.

Rather than answer, the boy started fucking her pussy with full-length thrusts. Hard and fast his ass moved, plunging his sinewy prick through her juicy cock-sleeve. His expression showed astonishment at how intensely her cunt sucked at his cock. His Gran had been fucked God knows how many times in her lifetime, and had pushed out babies, giving her a strong, well-practiced sex organ for him to beat his horny dick through. Her fuck-muscles contracted rhythmically, causing the corrugated lining of her vagina to massage his rigid prick, milking it like a farmer would on a cow teat. "Ahhh, God!" the teen groaned.

"That's right, darling. Fuck me hard!" Jeanie cried out, throwing her arms around his back and raking his flesh with her long painted nails. She flung up her legs even higher, until her knees touched her shoulders, lifting her ass so her cute Grandson would be able to get even more of his drooling, throbbing cock into her fuck hole. From the nursery, Shelly could hear her son's balls beating against her mother-in-law's ass from her bedroom as she fed the baby. Her cunt-hole clenched and her clitoris throbbed beneath its fleshy hood. "Oh my God…I can't wait for him to fuck me again," she whispered to herself, so horny she could hardly stand it.

Back in the bedroom, Alan's fuck-humps became more and more forceful, his balls beating repeatedly against the throbbing ring of Jeanie's asshole. His boner was really boring into her, jabbing against her womb on every downward plunge. A ring of juicy froth had formed at the base of Alan's boner; a creamy cocktail of both he and his Grandmother's genital excretions. Jeanie flexed her well-practiced muscles around his tender pink dick, creating intense knob-quivering friction for the boy to plunge his peter through.

"Ohh fuuuck!" the boy moaned, feeling her use her skills on him. His Gran's oversized breasts felt like two big, round, fleshy pillows sloshing around between them, her turgid nipples poking up against him.

Jeanie suddenly slapped his bobbing ass. "Fuck me, harder, baby boy!" she cried lustfully. "Fuck me like an animal!"

Alan slid his hands down, cupping the thick cheeks of her frantically rocking ass. He set his hips in overdrive, pistoning his tingling prick through her pussy as hard as he possibly could, making the big bed shake violently on the floor. Their sweaty bellies beat together. Even though it was bitter cold outside, they had work at such a heated fuck that their naked bodies became sheened with sweat on his parent's bed.

Nearly a half-hour passed and they continued to kiss and fuck like horny newlyweds as Alan demonstrated his staying power. He could tell his Grandmother was close to cumming again by her laborious gasping, and the way her cunt tube was gradually tightening up around his baby-making battering ram.

Jeanie's eyes rolled back in their socks, her head arching backwards, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining. Her pink lips peeled open to reveal her pretty white teeth clenched together. "CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!" she squealed. An explosion of pleasure surged through her busty, convulsing body, making those pretty white teeth open widely in a piercing orgasmic scream.

"Ohhh yeahhh!" the boy moaned delightfully, watching his Grandma's face contort and feeling the muscles in her soft, shaved legs tighten around him. Then, they suddenly began to tremble as she continued crying out in pleasure.

Her pussy creamed and contracted uncontrollably around the shaft of his cock, making a load of cum gush up from his balls. "OH-OH-OH, FUCK YEAH, GRAN…I'M GONNA SHOOT!" his shaky voice whimpered. The grandmother squealed as she felt his hammering knob swell up even bigger, then, with a guttural grunt, Alan began to hose her pleated pink walls in hot spunk.

Jeanie flexed her cunt muscles, making it feel like a clutching fist was milking Alan's organ in a tight suction grip of smoldering pink pussy. "FUCK! SHIT!" her Grandson snarled, shuddering in delight.

Their naked bodies writhed on the mattress in a deeply embedded fuck for what had to be several pleasurable minutes before the teen rolled off her.

"Wow, kiddo. How would you like to spend some time at Gran's house this summer?" she asked, peeking over at him with a breathless smile. "Lots of time?"

"I wouldn't mind it, but my mom might have something to say about that."

"That's true. I guess her and I will have to work out a sex schedule, and figure out who gets you on what day," she said with a wink.

"Sweet," the boy said with a big excited grin.

Shelly returned a few minutes later, stripping out of her negligee. She wasted no time sprawling across the bed, her huge, balloooning mammaries drooping slightly off the sides of her chest. Alan moved to his knees, watching her draw her knees way back, splaying her thighs like women only do when they need to fuck our give birth. "Let's go!" she lustfully requested, reaching out for him.

"I'll let you two love-birds have some alone time," Jeanie stated, getting up and stepping from the room..

Alan dropped between his mom's thighs, leaning forward until the rosy crown of his cock touched the swollen slit of her shaved pussy. He teased her with the tip of his prick, holding the veined shaft in his fist and rubbing the spongy knob all over her fleshy labium and into her smoldering vestibule.

"Fuck you!" his mom gasped, pulling him the rest of the way down for a passionate kiss. While their lickers wrestled frantically, Alan continued to hold his cock and rub their juicy sex-bulbs together.

"You like that, mom?" he asked between kisses.

"Yesss…but I so need you buried to your cock-root inside me," she replied, her voice filled with desperate passion.

He suddenly plunged his steely erection into the buttery sheath of her fuck tunnel, filling her to the brim with cock-meat. "Like that?" he asked.

"Yes!" Shelly gasped, bucking her hot cunt beneath him. "Fuck my ass off!"

Alan complied, ramming her hard and fast, savagely pounding his cock into her cunt. Shelly immediately responded by locking her strong, smooth thighs around his waste and rocking her blushing ass from the mattress like a bitch in heat. "H-harder!!" she cried out, wanting her cunt-hole pummeled.

The mother clung to her boy as he feverishly fucked her, raking her long, painted nails down his back. Her huge, creamy-tan jugs sloshed wildly between them with every rhythmic motion of the bodies. Alan could feel her hard, leaky nipples prodding into him. Shelly did feel a little guilty when she began taking her son's huge cock, but now she felt no shame. This was nature…and her and her boy were just doing what came naturally. The ecstasy she felt with Alan was too fucking intense to give a shit whether she was cheating on her spouse or not.

They fucked in rhythmic unison, sweating and writhing and pumping together like skilled porn stars. Shelly's strong, shaved mommy-legs clung to her boy, the muscles in them flexing and straining as she squeezed him so fucking hard it was if she was trying to pull him back into the womb that once held him. Her dainty bare feet

hovered above his sweaty back, bobbing from the power of his fuck-thrusts. Her sexy toes, with their painted toenails, spread apart from the pleasure that was coursing through her heavy-titted body, then, her toes clenched together suddenly from an approaching orgasm. Her cunt fit her boy's prick like a spongy glove, the smooth muscle beneath her vaginal tissue contracting again and again, creating tight, sucking squeezes around her boy's pounding prick.

"I'm gonna fucking cum!" the mother whimpered.

Alan rose up on extended arms so he could watch his mom's jutting milkers roll wildly up and down her rib cage. Her wide, thickly-textured areolas

were glistening with the milk that had leaked from her teats, making the teen lick his lips with desire.

"OHH, FUUUCK!!" Shelly cried out, throwing her pretty head back in ecstasy. Her back arched from the mattress, thrusting her giant jugs upward. Alan watched in awe as they shuddered wonderfully from a powerful orgasmic contraction, making her fatty melons ripple and wobble violently.

"Holy shit!" the teen gasped, not only from the spectacle of her quaking tits, but from the jets of girl-cum that was firing from her urethra, splattering against the base of his prick.

He socked his boner in at a different angle, really digging at her cuntal walls in order to give her the wildest orgasm ever. His young dong was completely rigid, the muscles and sinews at its base bulging powerfully to sustain the force of his fuck-thrusts. Alan couldn't seem to tear his eyes away from his mom's wildly- wobbling chest-meat.

"Suck them!" his mother urged.

Alan opened his mouth and greedily engulfed her pinkish-purple nipple. He bit into the soft flesh of her swollen nub and rolled his tongue sloppily all over the fat, rubbery cap, stimulating her bumpy Montgomery Glands. Shelly's milk-spurting teat swelled stiffer and stiffer, and the pleasure in her rippling boobs seemed to merge with the pulsing heat deep inside her ravaged cunt.

Alan grunted as he intensified the rhythm of his thrusts, fucking his horny, housewife-mother as hard as he could. The wonderful friction on his penile glans sent signals through his nervous system. This resulted in his sperm traveling from his quivering epididymis through his vas deferens, mixing with fluids from his male accessory glands as it entered his urethra. Rhythmic contractions pushed his semen towards Alan's urinary meatus, expelling it from his penis in several wonderful spurts. The teen let out an animal-like snarl as his enormous teenage prick spurted out hot jizz, one gooey rope after another, splattering along his mom's vaginal walls. His hot cum mingling with the ejaculatory juices pouring out of Shelly's pussy.

For nearly ten, body-trembling minutes they writhed in post-orgasmic bliss, kissing each other like it was the last time they ever would. Little did they know, Shelly was at the peak of her ovulation period, and that one of the billions of sperm that her boy had planted inside her would soon penetrate her ovum. Then, Shelly's fertilized egg would split in half, developing into two babies… twins, that would make her belly swell immensely.

TO BE CONTINUED IN…"VACATION WITH MOM AND GRAN."

164: Sons of Moms_1

Sons of Moms – Part 1

By Klrxo

"We're here with Doctor Claire Evans from the CDC. Claire, good morning! Could you explain to our viewers what exactly has happened over the last two years, with regard to this horrible global Infertility Virus," the female News Anchor asked.

Dr. Evans put on a professional smile. "Good morning! Indeed, this virus has caught us all by surprise, Pam. Over the course of its spread, we've seen a drastic decline in fertility among adult males. In fact, at this point, nine out of ten patients involved in our clinical tests have a sperm count lower than one million sperm per millimeter. That's shocking, considering the minimum sperm density range for conception is 15 to 200 million sperm per millimeter. These patients are also reporting trouble ejaculating and an inability to even obtain an erection."

"Shocking indeed, Claire, and this is a virus that has impacted most all of us in some way, particularly those who want children. I understand, as devastating as this is, there's a ray of hope in your trials, is that right?"

"Yes, and this has everyone at the clinic baffled. It appears this virus is having an opposite effect on male test patients ages 18- and 19-years-of-age."

"And could describe what you mean by opposite effect?" Pam asked.

"For 18- and 19-year-old males, the virus has mysteriously INCREASED their libido and is resulting in something called hypospermia, which is a condition in which a man produces a larger than normal volume of semen. These young men are producing sperm samples in the hundreds of millions per millimeter, which is unlike anything we've ever seen."

"Baffling indeed," the reporter agreed. "I understand there are other strange conditions in which this virus is affecting young male development. Can you speak to reports that boys are experiencing physical changes as a result of this?"

"I'd be happy to, Pam. What we know so far is that this virus is causing drastic changes to this age demographics growth hormones. This is resulting in abnormal levels of penile development. Just to give you an idea. Two years ago, the average length of an erect 18-year-old male's penis was 5.13 inches. With a corresponding girth average of 4.59 inches. Today, the average length is 8.23 inches with a girth of 7.58 inches, so as you can see, staggering changes."

The female reporter took big gulp, imagining what such a large, hard penis must be like. Her husband had already been affected by the virus, leaving her in a sexless marriage. "Staggering to say the least. Do you have any idea why these young men are being affected by this in such a drastically different way than older males?" she asked.

"No Pam, I'm afraid we don't. These changes and why they're happening are the true mystery to this virus. Unfortunately, for couples across the world, it looks as though things are getting worse, rather than better."

2 YEARS LATER

"Hi, I'm Matt," the tall lean 18-year-old smiled as a couple in their early 30's answered the door.

"Hi, Matt, I'm Thomas," the male resident greeted, then motioned to his pretty blonde-haired wife. "This is Tami."

Thomas's wife gazed into the boy's eyes with infatuation, like she was meeting a rock star she'd idolized for years. "It's nice to meet you finally," she sighed. "I spoke to your mom earlier today on the phone, just to make sure you were still coming."

"Yeah, she manages my schedule," Matt shared, glancing down at the young woman's large breasts. "Shit, look at those tits! I bet she's at least an E-cup," he told himself.

"Thank you so much for being willing to help us," Tami beamed, not able to take her eyes off him.

"Come on in," her husband said, stepping aside so the boy could come inside.

"Can I get you something to drink, Matt," Tami asked.

"Sure...a water's fine. My mom told me I need to start drinking more of it," the boy replied as he sat down across from Thomas at the table.

"Good advice," Tami smiled. "I imagine with your busy schedule, it's important to keep your hydration up."

Thomas stared across at the boy with a look of envy. "So…Matt, can we talk about how we'd kinda like this to go?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Tami's my wife, so…I'd kinda like this process to be as clinical as possible. I'm sure you understand?"

"Yeah, I get it," Matt said. He noticed how Tami's large breasts jiggled beneath her blouse and bra as she brought him a bottled

water from the fridge. "Thanks," he muttered, sharing an eager smile with her.

"You helped Thomas's older brother and his wife, Diane, a few months ago. She was VERY pleased with the job you did," Tami shared, then noticed her husband glaring at her. "I mean, they were BOTH pleased…with the results of what you did for them."

"That's good to hear," Matt responded. He honestly couldn't remember exactly who they were talking about. Since turning 18 six months ago, he had "helped" so many couples out with their dream of having a baby that he couldn't keep track of all the women he'd fucked.

"I'd like my wife to keep most of her clothes on…while you guys are having intercourse. If you could just be on top of her, under the blanket, and be as quick as possible, I would be grateful," Thomas requested.

"Sure," Matt answered, glancing at Tami. It was clear that the young housewife would prefer things go another way as she stared into his eyes dreamily.

"Tami started her cycle yesterday, so hopefully this is just a one-and-done thing."

"That's always the hope," Matt added.

"Exactly," Tami anxiously agreed, but it was clear to Matt that she didn't agree at all.

After a short awkward silence, Thomas stood up. "Well, I'll just…go out and tinker around in the garage. Give you two some space."

His wife stood up, giving him a quick kiss. "I love you, honey," she whispered, a portion of her feeling extremely guilty. Even though

they were forced into making this decision, for the purpose of having a child, part of her still felt like she was about to cheat on him.

Once Thomas was gone, she smiled over at Matt. "Shall we move to the bedroom?" she timidly asked.

"Sure."

Matt's cock began to throb as he followed the sexy 30-year-old down the hallway, watching her thick apple-bottomed ass wag beneath her shorts.

They entered her bedroom and Tami closed the door. "Sorry about all the rules…he's just really been apprehensive about all this," she explained.

"Husbands always are. They always set the ground rules, but then their wives usually throw them out the window once I'm alone with them."

"Is that so?" Tami asked with a mischievous grin.

"Usually, yes. Do you really plan on keeping most of your clothes on?"

Tami quickly shed her blouse, then her bra. Her large stiff-nippled tits wobbled heavily on her chest. "Does that answer your question?" she giggled.

"Your tits are REALLY nice," the boy complimented, staring at her naked boobs. He had seen tons of tits over the past six months, but it was the big ones he remembered the most. Tami was certainly blessed with a tremendous rack.

"Thanks," she timidly smiled. "The past two years have been so hard. Not just on me…but on ALL women. I'm sure you see the frustration in their faces every day."

"Yes. Does your husband even still have a penis?"

"Barely," Tami answered, sliding off her shorts and panties at the same time. "It's withered up to almost nothing. It's not even big enough for me to get my lips around anymore. This virus has been so cruel."

"To some," Matt grinned, staring at her shaved pubis. "How long has it been for you?"

"Since I got fucked?"

"Yeah."

"The last time Matt was even able penetrate me was over a year ago, and even then, it went soft so quick, it was like I didn't even feel anything," she confessed.

"You'll definitely feel this," Matt bragged, making her glance down at the cylinder-shaped bulge beneath his shorts.

"My sister-in-law, Diane, said you're nearly eleven inches. Is that true?" Tami asked, her heart rate nearly doubling.

"See for yourself," Matt answered, pulling off his shorts and briefs.

"Oh my God!" Tami gasped, staring at the boy's extraordinary appendage. It stuck out from his lean frame in full hardness. Huge bulging veins crisscrossed up the long fat shaft. At the tip was a purple helmet, as big as a fist. Slimy pre-cum trickled from the slit of his meatus, falling to the floor in a long gooey strand. Tami knew that taking his monstrous cock inside her unused pussy was going to be painful at first, but then it would gradually turn to pleasure, unlike she'd ever experienced before.

"Can you take off your shirt?" she asked, then bit her bottom lip with lust when she saw his young lean chest. "Diane was right. You're

super-hot!" she sighed.

"Thanks. Ready to get down to business?"

"Absolutely!" Tami answered, quickly climbing back onto her marital bed.

Matt joined her. He loved watching women's thrill-stricken faces as he crawled over to their parted legs like a hungry tiger. They would stare at his cock nervously, like it was a big jackhammer getting ready to split them in half.

He brought his weight down on top of her, crushing her fat tits between them. Tami dove for his lips, just like most women did, even though they knew their husbands would most definitely forbid it. They kissed passionately and their tongues danced inside Matt's mouth.

Because the boy's cock was so abnormally large from a spike in growth hormones, it was usually a laborious, but pleasurable process just penetrating a woman. Tami squealed inside his mouth as she felt his broad tip pry inside her cuntal opening. Her overactive Skene glands had lubricated this area, allowing Matt's penis to push slowly into her vaginal tube. "Holy shit! I've never had something so huge!" she whimpered, feeling her lining expand and elongate, to accommodate his whopper of a cock.

"You feel really good," the boy sighed, enjoying her slick, textured lining, as it slipped along his glans and shaft. Tami's pussy contracted with pleasure, narrowing the final few inches of her vagina. Matt was used to this, and simply backed his cock out a little, letting more of her secretions wet his slab. Then, he jabbed it all the way in forcefully, making Tami let out a loud shriek that her husband most likely heard from the garage.

They writhed for a moment in full penetration. "Fuck, I'm cumming already!" the pretty wife shrieked, clasping her cunt around Matt's

meaty erection as tightly as she could.

The boy smiled with pride. It certainly wasn't the first time a woman had cum only seconds after his cock was sunk inside them. Most of his clients had gone nearly two years without the feeling of being stuffed by a cock, let alone one as huge and girthy as Matt's. The feel of Tami's cuntal flesh chewing at

his dick as she climaxed was out of this world. He set his hips in motion and started pounding through her with steady thrusts.

"Yes! Fuck me hard!" the women shouted. At this point she was completely unconcerned about whether her husband could hear her or not.

Matt's cock pounded through her fuck-hole savagely. His fat knob crushed against the delicate head of her cervix on every downward plunge. He felt her toss her lovely legs around him, clutching onto his lean, muscular frame as he fucked her in a tit-jarring rhythm. Their lips met again, and they kissed like lovers, even though they had just barely met. The boy's assault soon brought on another mind-blowing climax for the sex-deprived wife. Matt loved making women cum. He adored the feel of their curvy bodies trembling beneath him. The pleasure that masked their pretty faces when they came was a huge thrill for him to see. He knew he was witnessing them in their most primal state.

It was several cunt-contracting minutes before Tami returned to earth. "Can I ride you?" she whispered breathlessly.

"Sure," the teen breathed, then quickly rolled them over, so Tami was now on top of him, with his dick still wedged deeply inside her. She wasted no time planting her knees firmly astride his hips, then began working her wide tan hips up and down, riding his steely erection.

"Oh, fuck!" she gasped, her eyes rolling back as she fucked. She'd simply never experienced something so large and erect inside her. The fact that she hadn't had "good sex" in over two years added to the level of unbelievable pleasure she was receiving.

Matt laid there and let the pretty blonde work her cunt on his pleasure-pole. Her large ballooning knockers swung up and down, captivating his lustful gaze. He had engaged in sex with plenty of heavy-titted moms since turning 18. This only fueled his fetish for sucking on huge squishy tits. He yanked Tami down, burying his face in her fatty tit-flesh. He kissed her breastbone. It was silly little signature move of his, just to remind himself that he had conquered yet another busty woman's most secret spots. Within seconds, he found her swollen nipple and gorged himself on the entire cap of her tit.

"Yes…suck me!" Tami hissed, throwing her lovely ass up and down, beating their pissers together.

Matt knew his mission was two-fold. Help a couple, or woman specifically, to get pregnant was the first. The second was the unspoken goal of providing her with mind-blowing pleasure. Of course, the women's husbands were only barely on board with the first. Men knew there was simply no other way for their wives to conceive than by having sex with an 18- or 19-year-old. The husbands also dreaded the fact that because their dicks were useless, their wives were probably wanting to be fucked silly, but would never admit it.

Governments around the globe had a hand in regulating this activity, setting up what they called "breeding clinics." Hundreds of thousands of women would frequent these clinics and engage in wild sex with barely legal teens for the purpose of conceiving. When the demand became too much, boys were assigned to service the women in the cities or towns in which they lived. The government would offer healthy tax incentives to the boy's mother for helping to

manage their son's sexual activity. Matt's mother Summer had it down to a science. Her son would fuck hopeful candidates on days 12, 13 and 14 of their menstrual cycles, their most fertile days. Matt was handling five to six clients a day…six days a

week. His success rate was among the higher percentiles, due to the volume of semen he produced and their exceptional potency. 80% of the twelve to fifteen women he was seeing in a week would become pregnant during their first three days of ovulation. Word of his success had quickly spread, and his mother began getting dozens of emails a day from desperate women begging for his services.

"I'm cumming again!" Tami gasped, bobbing her thick rounded ass up and down on the boy's cock.

"Mmnff!" the boy growled; his voice muffled by pounds of tit-meat that was smothering his face. He had Tami's fleshy teat stretched out from her areola inside his mouth, working it between his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

He felt her pelvic floor compress around his man-meat, as her pussy contracted in climax. He was amazed by how every cunt he fucked felt the same, yet a little different. He could always tell a woman's level of experience by the way their cunts worked his cock during coitus. That's why when he was with a client his mom's age, he knew he was in for a real treat.

For nearly an hour, Tami rode the boy's cock, alternating between bouncing and grinding. By now her bedsheets were soaked beneath them from all the gushing climax's she'd had. A knock at the door, broke their steady fuck-rhythm. "Tami, are you guys almost through?" her husband asked in an impatient tone.

"Yes, honey, just a little longer," her breathless voice answered.

Thomas was no dummy. When what should have been a "wham-bam-thank you, ma'am" turned into an hour-long session of bed-

creaks and orgasmic screams, he knew there were other reasons besides conception that motivated his wife's actions. Tami's "little longer" became twenty more minutes of cock-humping pleasure.

"AHHH, SHIT!" Matt moaned, feeling the muscles at the base of his penis contract. His hot semen shot from the tip of his prick with incredible force. It was the first time in what seemed like ages that Tami had felt a cock hosing out thick jets of cum inside her.

"Oh my God, there's so much of it!" she cried out, flexing her vaginal fuck-muscles to milk out every drop.

"See you at the same time tomorrow," Matt told Tami and her husband as they saw him out the front door.

"Bye, Matt, thank you!" Tami exclaimed with a freshly fucked glow. Her husband on the other hand seemed hardly happy at all.

"Did that really need to go on for almost two hours?" he asked his wife.

"Apparently he has a lot of staying power," Tami answered with a slight grin. "It's not my fault it took him that long to cum."

"Well, the amount of screaming you were doing in there told me you were just fine with him taking that long."

Tami hugged her husband reassuringly. "Honey, please, just… remember why we're doing this. When I'm finally pregnant, we'll get to look forward to being parents…finally," she reminded him.

Matt got home and was greeted by his sister, Rhonda, and one of her friends from school. "Well, well…if it isn't boy wonder," she hatefully teased. Even though she was a year younger than him, Rhonda loved to give him shit. "How many old ladies did you fuck today?"

"They were in their thirty's. Hardly old ladies," Matt answered.

"That still makes you a man-whore."

"Rhonda, enough!" her mom shouted from the next room.

Matt's sister rolled her eyes and wandered off.

"Hey, honey, how did the appointment go?" Summer asked, stepping into the foyer. Matt's mother, Summer, was what most would refer to as a blonde bombshell. The 38-year-old mother had platinum-blonde hair and a deep flawless tan. She was perfectly curvaceous, with humongous breasts, a trim waists and wide hips that supported her thick half-rounded bubble butt.

"It went really well," her son answered.

The mother giggled. "That's what you always say. Has it ever NOT gone really well?"

"Hardly ever."

"Well, I know you just walked in the door, but Audrey Jenkins just called to make sure you're gonna be on time. Apparently, she wants the session to be while her husband and younger son are out of the house, at the movies."

"Ok, um…I'll just grab a quick shower," Matt said, stepping past her.

His mom followed him up the stairway with her tablet in hand, like a secretary following her boss through the office. "Your appointments are locked in for next week, but we need to start thinking about the rest of the month," she informed him.

"Any new applicants?" Matt asked.

"New applicants?!" Summer laughed. "Honey, there's over two-hundred women on the waiting list. We got thirteen NEW applicants

just today."

Matt got to the bathroom and swung the door almost shut, so he could continue chatting with his mom while he showered. "Well, not to sound picky, but…you know what I like, mom. Are there any super-hot ones?" he asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, there is one girl who's very beautiful, and has requested YOUR help specifically."

"Does she have big boobs?" the boy boldly asked, while turning on the shower.

His mom burst out laughing. "Of course. I know you like your big boobs," Summer stated through the door.

"You say that, but one of the ladies I screwed the other day wasn't that big at all, mom."

"Honey, do you have to use the word 'screwed?' It makes it sound like you're a male prostitute. You're not 'screwing' these women. You're copulating with them. There's a difference."

"Whatever you say, mom," chuckled Matt.

"I'm sorry about the lady with small boobs. She must have lied on her application. You don't have to worry though. I know for a fact that this new girl who requested your help was honest about her bra cup size," Summer assured him.

"Which is?"

"Thirty-eight triple G."

The door suddenly flew open, and Matt stared at his mother with genuine interest. A towel was wrapped around his waist. "Seriously?" he asked. "Who is this lady?"

"You'll find out tonight. She's stopping by."

"Stopping by? Clients never stop by. Do we know her?"

His mom smiled and strode away. "I guess you'll find out," she teased. Matt glanced down at his mom's round wagging ass. It was set atop smooth luscious legs that perfectly tanned. Summer's cut-off Daisy Duke denims were so short that a little bit of ass-meat was seeping out the bottoms.

"Damn, I sure hope this new 'mystery client' has an ass like that," the boy thought.

After his shower, he rushed across town to his appointment with Audrey Jenkins. "Hi, you must be Matt? I'm Audrey," the curvy redhead said, greeted him at the door. "Sorry if I seem nervous. I've been on the waiting list for over a year," the forty-year-old informed him.

"That's no problem. I understand," Matt sympathized as he was led inside. He took a second to admire her lush body, especially the large breasts pushing out from beneath her cotton top. "Damn, mom definitely picked out a winner with this one," he anxiously thought.

"Can I get you something to drink…or do you just wanna go down and get started?" she sweetly asked.

"I'm ready to get started when you are," Matt answered.

"I'm more than ready," the woman stated, her eyes beaming with excitement. "Sorry if I sound overly anxious. It's just that my husband Kyle has been a complete eunuch since back when the virus first started spreading. I haven't had sex in nearly three-and-a-half years."

"So, you guys just recently decided to have another kid?"

"Well, sort of," Aubrey answered with a guilty smile. "That's what I told him anyway, to get him to agree to let me do this. Between you and me…I just wanna get fucked."

Matt smiled. "Don't worry. A lot of women say the same thing."

Aubrey led him down to her marital bed and they began undressing. As usual, Matt was already fully erect just from watching the pretty mature redhead take off her clothes. His eyes widened when she unfastened her snug bra and her huge bobbling breasts sprung free. "Nice!" he muttered, licking his lips.

"Thanks," Aubrey blushed, as she peeled her panties off. "I shaved my pussy. Your mom told me you preferred that."

"Yeah," Matt answered, glancing down at her bare pubis. He removed his briefs and his giant erection whipped up, branching out from a small patch of pubic hair at an upward angle.

"Wow!" Aubrey gasped, putting her hand over her mouth in shock. "I almost forgot what one of those look like in person. Yours is… EXCEPTIONALLY large."

"Yeah, they say the virus effected guys my age by increasing our sexual growth hormones."

"You guys got lucky. The dicks on every other guy on the planet practically withered away," Aubrey giggled. She climbed up onto the bed on all-fours and pointed her thick pale ass back at him. "Will you fuck me doggy-style first?"

"Sure," Matt answered, giving his cock a few preparatory strokes, while moving up behind her.

"Ohh!" Aubrey sighed, feeling the boy rub his fat knob across her swollen clitoris. Then, it splayed her plump outer folds apart, fitting itself into her juicy cuntal vestibule.

"Dang, you're really wet!" the boy breathed, feeling his glans soak in her hot secretions.

"Like I said…I'm overly anxious," she admitted, pushing her ass back and fitting her cunt sleeve over the first few inches of his hardon.

Matt knew from his experience that the longer a woman went without sex, the tighter her pussy was. Aubrey's had one of the most tight-fitting honey-holes he'd had in a while. Just reaching the back wall of her pussy took them several minutes, with lots of grunts and squeals from the busty MILF. "God, it feels amazing!" she cried out, nearly ready to cream all over him already. "Fuck me hard…please!" she pleaded, bucking her ass back desperately.

Matt grasped her wide hips and began socking his cock inside her with forceful thrusts. Aubrey's lovely round derriere beat against the boy's mid-section, filling her marital bedroom with the lewd CLAPPING sound of their flesh beating together.

The teen knew the reason she asked for this position first was because it was probably her favorite, so he pounded her from behind for nearly an hour. Aubrey trembled and cried out in climax nearly a half-dozen times, gushing all over the boy's unyielding prick. Several times during their doggy-fuck, Matt would lean over onto her back, reach around and grasp onto her wildly-swinging tits. This made him crave HIS favorite position, and he didn't hesitate to ask her for it. "Wanna ride me now?"

"Hell yes!" she excitedly answered, pulling her cunt off his cock with a lewd pop.

The teen plopped onto his back, and she climbed aboard, planting her knees firmly at his sides. His boner sunk along her slick walls, stretching them wonderfully and igniting pleasure nerves that she'd forgot she had. For Aubrey, it was like getting on a bike after years of not riding. Her sexual skills quickly came back to her, and she began humping and grinding on Matt's huge dick with vigor.

The boy could only stand watching her large breasts leap around for so long. They were like two slabs of meat dangling around in front of a hungry dog. He pulled her down, so her tits smothered his face. He squirmed his head up between her wonderfully squishy jugs and kissed her breastbone, his signature move. Then, he lustfully licked his way to her puffy nipple and sucked it greedily into his mouth.

The tireless redhead used the boy's monster fuck-stick to plow her neglected pussy. She bobbed her meaty pale ass up and down in a steady fuck-rhythm that quickly resulted in yet another mind-blowing climax.

Matt never tired of the wonderful sensations brought on by a female orgasm. Aubrey's cunt-tube contracted tightly around the burrowing spike of his prick, making the boy whimper into the spongy tit that was masking his face. He felt the familiar tingle in his groin and his muscles contracted, propelling his semen into his urethra and out of the tip of his penis in thick gushing spurts.

For several minutes he wrestled in ecstasy with the middle-aged redhead, as they enjoyed every bit of pleasure their mutual orgasms would provide.

"Hey, dad," greeted Matt as he walked into the house.

His father was sitting on the couch watching the news. "Hey, kid… busy day?" Donald asked.

"Yeah, a lot of appointments."

"And you probably suffered through every one of them," his dad teased.

"Not hardly," Matt smiled.

Matt stood there watching the TV a moment. There was a special news report on the virus that had, by now, swept every corner of

the world. "Health officials are certain that population levels will plummet in the coming decades, due to the impact of this horrible Infertility virus. 18- and 19-year-old males are doing their best to provide insemination. However, it seems impossible to keep up with the growing number of women that want children," the female news reporter explained.

Matt's mom, Summer, came into the room, drying her hands from doing dishes, and stood beside her son as they watched the news report. "Hey, sweetie," she whispered to Matt.

"Hi, mom."

The newscaster continued her report. "Dr. Claire Evans, from the CDC, explained this growing upsurge of women requesting fertility services."

Dr. Evans came up on the screen. "What we're seeing now I'm afraid are populations of women who are becoming extremely sexually frustrated. Most have gone two years, some even three or four now without having sexual intercourse," she reported.

Matt peeked over at his mom for a moment as she looked away from the TV in heavy contemplation. He could see the frustration her face as she probably thought about how long it had been for her. He looked back at the TV and listened.

"This unquestionable fact is causing the waiting lists to be overburdened with applicants. A growing number of these women don't necessarily desire a child, but will pretend that they do, just knowing that it gives them a slim chance at experiencing sex again."

"Hogwash!" Donald blurted, then shut the TV off.

"Why's it hogwash?" his wife asked.

"It's making women out to be a bunch of sexual fiends, who can't go without it."

"Wanting sex after a couple years without it doesn't make you a sexual fiend, Donald," his wife scolded.

"Most of us guys have gone a long time without it too, Summer. You think it's been any easier on us?"

"This virus has completely desexualized most men, but it hasn't with us women. Our bodies…our desires have gone unchanged. I guarantee if the roles were reversed and only 18- and 19-year-old women could have sex, you'd have to hide them away because of the armies of men that would want to rape them," Summer passionately explained.

"That's not true," Donald muttered.

"It IS true! So don't blame the women of this world for trying their best to get sex!" Summer shouted, then hurried out of the room. "We're certainly not getting it from our husbands!"

Matt stood there awkwardly for a moment.

"Enjoy yourself, kid," his father muttered. "The world is your playground right now."

Matt stepped down the hallway to see his mom sitting on the edge of her bed crying. He came over and sat at her side, throwing an arm around her for comfort. "Are you ok, mom?"

"Men love to act like the victims in all this, but we women are victims too. Our suffering is just as real," she sniffled.

The boy peered over at the tremendous swell of her breasts. "I'm sorry," he muttered, then looked up as she peered over at him with

her brilliant blue eyes. Her beautiful face was framed in by her flowing platinum blonde mane of silky hair.

"I'm just glad that YOU were affected by this in such a wonderful way," she softly said, wiping away a tear. "That you're out there enjoying one of the greatest pleasures of life and helping so many women in the process."

"Even if the goal of some of those women ISN'T to have a baby?" Matt giggled.

"Well, I can't blame them. We women love us some hard dick. Unfortunately it's in short supply these days."

Matt couldn't believe he'd just listened to such a confession from his own mom. "For such a hot woman like mother to not have a set of young balls beating against her ass was travesty," he thought.

"How many of these women do you think are lying about wanting a baby?" he asked.

"It's hard to say, and until the government starts making them take a lie detector test first, we may never know. You just keep doing what you do," his mom smiled. Her eyes peered down and lingered on the bulge of her son's crotch. She could see the shape of his knob through his pants and given that women just didn't see that sort of thing much anymore, she was completely fascinated by it.

"Summer, we have company!" her husband shouted from the living room, jarring her from her wicked thoughts.

The mother patted her son's knee. "That must be the new girl that requested your help," she smiled.

"The one with the triple G's?"

"You got it!" his mom giggled, then stood up and guided him out of her bedroom. "Just…try not to stare at them too much."

They went back to the living room and saw a couple standing there. "Hi, Matt," the female said sweetly.

The teen's jaw dropped in disbelief. "It's you?" he muttered feeling his mom squeeze his arm.

"Yep, it's me," the woman replied.

Sons of Moms – Chapter 2

"It's good to see you," Matt's sister-in-law Briana stated, stepping forward for a hug.

Matt's older brother, Bryce, had married an absolute bombshell. At 22, Briana looked like the young actress Victoria Justice. She had a wonderful hourglass figure with the most extraordinary tits Matt had ever seen on a girl that age. Her giant orbs flattened like soft dough against Matt's chest as he shared a hug with her.

Briana felt a little light headed and stood there for a moment, staring at Matt as if he were some Greek God.

"Are you alright, Babe?" her husband Bryce asked.

"I think so. I just felt a little dizzy all of the sudden," she answered, biting her bottom lip lustfully as she looked Matt up and down.

"It's Matt's sexual pheromones," Summer explained. "They can cause quite a reaction to females who haven't been exposed to those in awhile."

"Matt, your brother and I were wondering if you could, um…help us?" Briana asked.

"Of course, you're family. I would do anything to help you guys."

"We wanted to start a family a year ago, after the wedding, but this stupid virus pretty much spoiled those plans," she explained, then awkwardly glanced at her husband. "Bryce is pretty much a eunuch now."

"Babe, come on, do you have to use that term?" Bryce asked with embarrassment. "You know I hate that."

"It's the term they're using for someone with your condition, honey. What else am I suppose to call you?"

"Yeah but a eunuch is a guy who's been castrated…you know, had it cut off. Nobody cut off my penis. I'm still a man." Bryce insisted.

His mother Summer chimed in. "Honey, I'm sorry, but that's inaccurate. You and your father have been deprived of external genitals. Briana's right. Technically you're no longer men. That's why they adopted the term eunuchs."

"They can 'adopt' whatever silly term they want," Matt's dad stated. "As far as I'm concerned we're still men."

"I agree," Bryce responded.

Summer and Briana smiled at each other and rolled their eyes, clearly in disagreement with Harold's assessment.

"Anyway, back to what I was saying about needing your help, Matt…" Briana continued. "Bryce and I wanna start a family, and since you're clearly the closest match genetically to your brother, we were wondering if you'd be willing to be our sperm donor?"

Matt's heart rate increased. He had dreamed of fucking his gorgeous sister-in-law ever since his brother had brought her home to meet his family. "Yeah, I'd be happy to. I mean, if that's what you guys want?" Matt answered, looking at his brother, who didn't seem happy at all about the idea.

"It is…more than anything," Briana cheerfully nodded, then glanced back at Bryce. "Right, honey?"

"I suppose," he muttered. "I just wish the process didn't involve my little brother having sex with my wife."

Summer smiled over at her husband awkwardly.

"We talked about this though," Briana reminded him. "Sex for the purpose of conception isn't the same as sex between two people who love each other."

"That doesn't make this pill any easier to swallow, Briana."

Bryce's parents put their hands on his shoulders, trying to be of comfort. "I know it's hard, honey," Summer consoled, "but try to look at this like an injection. It hurts in the moment, but after awhile, the pain goes away, and the benefits highly outweigh the suffering."

"She's right," Briana stated, smiling at her husband. "We'll have a little son or daughter. How long have we talked about starting a family?"

"So, how's this gonna work with you guys living two hours away?" Donald asked.

"Briana will be staying with us for the week, while she's ovulating," Summer explained. "Bryce will be going back home, so he can be close to work."

"I can stay tonight though," Bryce said. "I figure I can leave extra early in the morning, so I can make that drive to the office."

"Wow, this is the first baby I'll be helping to make on my own bed," Matt commented.

"Since you two will be engaging in so much copulation over the next week, I was thinking it might just more sense for Briana to stay in your room with you, honey," Summer told Matt.

"I agree," Briana smiled. "I mean…if Matt doesn't mind?"

"Not at all," the boy replied, his heart racing at the idea of sharing a bedroom with his hot, busty sister-in-law.

"Well, HE might not mind, but I do!" Bryce protested. "Can't she just stay in my old room?"

"Babe, there's no reason to complicate this," his young wife replied. "Unless you want me to have to come back here again NEXT month, Matt and I will have to have as much sex as possible over the next few days to insure my pregnancy. Sharing a room with him just makes that easier."

"Come on, Kid," Donald blurted, patting his oldest son on the shoulder consolingly. 'I'll help you bring in your bags."

By the time Bryce got back with his wife's suitcase, her, Summer and his brother were all in on Matt's bed talking. "I would highly suggest you two have sex every morning this week, just before 7:30 am. Matt's semen quality is much higher at that time than any part of the day. At least that's what research shows," Summer explained.

"Poor Matt," Briana giggled. "That's probably WAY earlier than he's used to getting up, especially to engage in something so physical."

"His first appointment is usually pretty early, so he's used to it, right, honey?" Summer shared.

"Yep, this should be nothing out of the ordinary for me."

"Other than the fact that it's your brother's wife," Bryce chimed in.

"Babe, did you bring my suitcase up?" Briana asked her husband.

"Yeah, I took it down to my room."

"Why?" she giggled. "We just got done telling you that I'm staying in here with Matt."

"But I'm here tonight. You're not sleeping in my bedroom with me?"

"Honey, Briana is in her fertile window," Summer explained. "She needs to be with Matt as much as possible."

"And that includes tonight," Briana patiently added.

"Alright," Bryce answered with a frustrated sigh, "I'll go get your suitcase."

"Thank you, honey," his wife said sweetly.

Bryce was no dummy. Since his cock had all but withered away, due to the virus, he'd been unable to have sex with his wife for nearly a year. She'd been patient and understand, but he knew that those feelings would eventually give way to ones of frustration and desire. He knew it was a matter of time before she would crave a young man's cock slamming through her. When she had suggested his younger brother Matt get her pregnant, Bryce should have been shocked, but he wasn't. Matt was a younger version of himself and had developed quite a reputation over the past six months for having a big cock and knowing how to use it. He knew, even though she would never admit it, his wife was just as motivated by receiving mind-blowing sex as she was by the desire to get pregnant.

The conversation he overheard his mother and wife having that evening, while they cleaned the kitchen after dinner, confirmed that suspicion.

"So how many women would you say are carrying Matt's baby right now?" Briana asked curiously, while standing next to her mother-in-law drying dishes.

"At last count…one-hundred and twelve."

"Wow, that's extraordinary!"

"No doubt much of the success has come due to his hypospermia. The virus has caused him to produce volumes of sperm that are MUCH higher than normal."

"You mean how much cum he spurts out during orgasm?" Briana asked with genuine interest.

"Yes. Volume is the term used when describing the measurement of sperm in a single ejaculation. The norm is two milliliters, which is about half a teaspoon. Matt is producing nearly three ounces in every orgasm."

"Good grief!" Briana gasped. "I've never heard of anything like that."

"Yes, well, this virus as affected all ages of men differently. For an 18-year-old like Matt it means an increase in penile growth and excessive sperm production," Summer stated.

Bryce peeked around the corner as he listened. He couldn't decide which rounded ass to feast his eyes on the most, his wife's or his mom's. Since the time he'd reached puberty he'd been fascinated with his platinum-blonde mother. She had the type of body that fueled boy's dreams, which is partly what attracted him to Briana. Not only did his wife have a succulent ass, but she also carried ginormous tits, just like his mom. The fact that such charms were attached to such lush fuckable bodies made the women even more desirable.

"Do you know how big he's gotten down there?" Bryce heard his wife ask, referring to his brother's cock.

"I haven't seen it, but from what I've heard it's over ten inches now, fully erect."

"Damn!" Briana giggled. "That's certainly bigger than any penis I've ever had."

Bryce felt sick to his stomach as he listened to his wife gush over the size of his brother's cock. The fact that he himself no longer even had a penis to penetrate her with made it all the more difficult to listen to.

"Yeah, and since there's one functional penis to every six-thousand women in this world now, it's like God's cruel joke to female-kind," Summer stated.

"And that one kid just happens to live under YOUR roof."

"Thanks for reminding me," Summer giggled. "It certainly doesn't help that he's so damn cute."

"I take it I'm not the only one in the room who hasn't been fucked silly for awhile?"

"Sad, but true," Summer replied.

"Is Donald is a complete eunuch like Bryce?" Briana asked.

"Yes, his shaft shriveled up about a year ago. All that's left now is his knob. It looks like a little pink marshmallow that's been glued to his crotch," Summer mocked, making both women laugh.

"I joke to Bryce that he looks more like a woman down there now, with a really big clit," Briana laughed.

"Speaking of 'big clits,' the latest research is showing that this virus is affecting women now too."

"I heard. That explains why my boobs have gone up two cups sizes over the past year," Briana revealed, glancing down at the enormous swell of her tits.

"Mine too. I have officially outgrown any bra that isn't custom made," Summer added.

"My vagina feels so swollen…constantly," Briana complained.

"Yes, vaginal engorgement is one of the conditions they're saying occurs. Women all over the world are reporting it now. My clitoris has swollen to size a cherry at this point."

"Mine too," Briana noted, feeling it throb beneath it's thick hood. "My labia has never really been very fleshy, but now I have these big purple meat curtains protruding out down there half the time, it's crazy," she joked. "I hope I don't gross Matt out too much."

"Oh, stop, Briana," Summer giggled. "Matt has his boner wrapped in pussy all day long. I'm sure he sees all shapes and sizes."

"True. I guess we should be thankful that our sexual body parts are just swelling up, rather than withering away like our husband's dicks are," Briana concluded.

Matt took a hot shower, shaving his crotch to prepare it for intercourse with his sister-in-law. Women had always complimented him on his meticulous grooming, which most often resulted in them asking if they could suck on his dick and balls. Of course, he was never one to refuse and had received some incredible blowjobs.

"My turn!" Briana smiled waiting outside the bathroom door when Matt emerged.

"Sorry I took so long," the teen responded. He was wrapped in a towel and he couldn't help but notice how his sister-in-law was checking out his lean chest.

"I don't mind you taking your time," she replied, stepping into bathroom. "Especially when you're on top of me later," she teasingly winked, then closed the door.

Matt got excited butterflies in his stomach. He often did before he fucked a beautiful girl, but the fact that this was his own brother's heavy-titted wife was even more of a thrill.

"Hey, punk," his brother blurted, stepping up the hallway. "A quick word?"

"Sure," Matt answered.

Bryce moved over to his younger brother. "Look, I know you're doing us a favor, helping Briana make this kid and all…but can I ask a favor?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"When your…um, having sex with her…can you try to just make it a wham-bam-thank you, ma'am and be done?"

"A what?" Matt asked, unfamiliar with that term.

"Can you try to just make it a quickie? You know, a couple pumps, shoot your junk in there and then call it a night."

"Oh, yeah…sure. I can try," Matt assured him, even though he planned on doing just the opposite. He knew once Matt's wife had his thick hunk of cock-flesh inside her, she'd wanna ride it all night.

"Thanks, bro…and I know they're big, but keep your hands off her boobs. Those have nothing to do with making babies, got it?" Bryce

insisted.

"Yeah, I got it," Matt replied, knowing damn well that wasn't happening.

"So, how's this new lifestyle going, hotshot? Sounds like you've been pretty busy," Bryce asked.

The brothers spent the next ten minutes catching up, since it had been awhile. Bryce was busy selling cars at a large dealership and rarely had time to come back home for visits.

"Everything ok in here, boys?" their mother asked as she stood in the doorway.

Summer's two son's gawked for a moment, their eyes drifting down to her jutting tits. She wore a white short silk robe that was slightly open at the neck, revealing her extraordinarily-large cleavage. She was clearly braless beneath, by the way her thick nipples protruded out from beneath the fabric of the robe. "Yeah, we're good, mom. I was just giving Matt here a few tips," Bryce answered.

"Tips, huh?" the mother giggled, then sashayed over to them on her dainty tan bare feet. Neither of her sons were oblivious to how her giant mommy-melons shimmied heavily beneath the robe. "With as many women as your brother has had sex with, I somehow doubt he needs tips on what to do in the bedroom, honey," Summer stated.

"Well, since Briana is MY wife, I thought maybe I could pass along a few helpful pointers."

"Pointers or requests?" his mom asked, raising an eyebrow in an almost scolding manner. "Let me guess…try to be as quick as possible and don't give any areas of her body excessive attention. You forget we deal with jealous husbands all the time, sweetheart."

"I'm not jealous," Bryce lied.

His mom placed a hand on his shoulder consolingly. "Honey, there's no shame in being jealous. Your cocky younger brother with an incredibly large penis is about to have sex with the woman you care about the most in your life. You wouldn't be human unless you absolutely hated that fact," Summer stated, sitting down next to Matt on the edge of the bed.

"Alright fine…I am jealous. How could I not be, mom?"

"There now…was that so hard to admit? You should feel thankful that you at least get to share in this wonderful occasion."

"She's having sex with him," Bryce blurted, motioning to his younger brother. "How am I sharing in the occasion?"

"Your bedroom is right on the other side of that wall, honey," his mom pointed out. "You'll get to listen to the sounds of your little son or daughter being created. That's SOMETHING, isn't it?"

"You're right, mom…I feel so fortunate," Bryce griped sarcastically, not looking forward to hearing his wife get her brains fucked out by his brother of all people.

They suddenly heard Briana's voice as she neared the room. "Ready or not, here I come!" she said, then froze as she stood in the doorway. She clearly didn't expect to find her husband and mother-in-law in Matt's bedroom.

Her husband's jaw nearly hit the floor when he saw what his wife was wearing. Briana had come from the bathroom adorned in a beautiful turquoise sheer mesh robe. It was trimmed with delicate lace and the sash was tied loosely, allowing a plunging neckline that left an obscene amount of cleavage exposed. "Oh, what are YOU doing in here?" she asked, glaring at her husband.

"I was just talking to Matt. Why are you wearing…THAT?" her husband asked, eyeballing the flimsy robe.

"I thought it might be nice to wear something pretty, since THIS IS a special occasion," she answered.

"It's beautiful, Briana," Summer beamed. "Perfect for tonight. Don't you think so, honey?" she asked, looking at Matt as she rubbed his thigh.

The boy's eyes were transfixed on his sister-in-law's monster tits. He could see them clearly through the mesh fabric. He had fucked a ton of heavy titted women over the past year, but Briana's knockers were by far the most amazing. Her areolas looked thick and wide, and her teats were some of the fattest he'd ever seen. "You look amazing!" the boy blurted, finally looking up into her eyes.

"Thank you," Briana smiled, gazing back at him anxiously. She flashed her husband a disgusted glare as she walked over and sat on the other side of Matt on the bed. Now the boy had two beautiful women between him.

"It's pretty, yes, but maybe just a little overkill," her husband expressed. "I mean, Christ, Briana, I can see your boobs right through that thing."

"Well, I didn't know I needed to get your approval in my choice of attire," she griped, rolling her eyes.

While Bryce and his wife went back and forth, Matt glanced over at his sister-in-law's humongous cleavage. Summer noticed her son's wandering eyes. Bryce wasn't the only jealous person in the room, especially since the mother knew her boobs were even larger than Briana's. They were usually the tits that Matt spent his time staring at.

Summer turned her body a little, kissing Matt on the cheek tenderly, while mashing the swell of her own squishy jugs against the his chest. This did the trick, drawing her boy's eyes to the enormous mommy-melons pressed against his pectoral muscles.

Bryce and Briana's discussion was becoming more heated. "So you thought you'd just wear something slutty and rub it in my face that you're sleeping with my brother?!" her husband shouted.

"Bryce!" his mom chided, then stood up and led him over into the corner for a private word. "Stop being so rude! This is a special moment for your wife. Since she hasn't had sex in nearly a year, she's probably a bundle of nerves right now, and you're not helping! Try to show some empathy and stop being such a stick in the mud."

Bryce looked past his mother to see his wife whispering something into Matt's ear. He noticed they were holding hands and that Briana's other hand was gently stroking Matt's thigh.

Summer turned and faced the couple on the bed. "I think it's time to give you two some privacy," she stated.

"Thank you," Briana smiled in agreement, then looked at her husband. "Goodnight, Bryce."

"Goodnight," Bryce reluctantly replied, then walked out with his mother. They closed the door behind them.

Briana smiled and squeezed Matt's hand. "That was awkward," she chuckled.

"You think?" Matt replied.

"Well, maybe not for you. You're probably used to seeing the jealous look on guys faces right before you fuck their wives."

"True," Matt snickered, "I am pretty used to it."

"I haven't had sex in nearly a year, you know. I'm probably gonna be EXTREMELY tight," she sensually stated, gazing into Matt's eyes. "It might be just like losing my cherry all over again."

"So you want me to go easy on you then?" Matt asked.

"I didn't say THAT," Briana giggled. "You can get as rough with me as you want. I don't mind."

Matt felt her hand creep up beneath his towel and rest on his cock. "If you say so," he smiled.

"We should probably get this thing nice and hard first though," she suggested, staring into his eyes, while dragging her tongue across her lips.

"How do you suggest we do that?" The teen asked.

"I have a few ideas. I guess you'll have to pick the one you like best."

"Which are?"

"Well, you're obviously a tit-guy, because you stare at mine every time I'm around you. So, I could slip out of my robe and swing them around in front of your face," she suggested, while gently stroking Matt's hardening appendage.

"That would definitely get me all the way hard, but let's hear your other idea."

"I could get down on my knees and give you a hot sloppy blowjob. Run my tongue all around your dick and balls until you're so fucking hard you can hardly stand it," she seductively offered.

"Hmm," Matt hummed, acting as though he were thinking about which one he wanted. "How about both?"

"I suppose BOTH can be an option too," his sister-in-law giggled, standing up and letting the robe slip off.

The teen gasped as he stared at the humongous naked breasts jutting out only inches from his face. He could only imagine how wonderfully soft and squishy they were. "Can I squeeze them?" Matt asked.

"Do you ask every woman you fuck if you can squeeze their tits?"

"No, not usually. I usually just do it."

"Then just do it then!" she demanded, wobbling her huge udders back and forth teasingly. "Treat me like you would any of other females you visit."

"Fine!" Matt responded, grasping on to her tits and letting his fingers sink in to their supple flesh. He moved his head forward and latched on to one of her protuberant nipples, sucking feverishly.

"Mmm, God, that feels good, Matt!" Briana sighed, holding his head to her bosom as he sucked.

The boy moved from one giant breast to the next, gorging his mouth with as much spongy tit-flesh as he could and battering her engorged teats with his tongue.

When her nipple finally popped from his lips, Briana dove in for a passionate kiss. For several minutes they made out like a couple on their wedding night. "God, I want you inside me so bad," she gasped between kisses. Then she pushed him, so his back dropped onto the bed. "I wanna suck that big juicy cock first though."

The young woman tore off his towel. There was no need to work at getting the teen hard. He was already there. However, Briana had every intention of sucking his big tender dick anyway. She kissed her way down his chest as she lowered to her knees.

"Ahhh!" Matt sighed, feeling her drag her long tongue down the vein-encrusted stalk of his boner. Briana whipped her licker all over

his big nuts, pressing her pretty face into his soft hairless scrotum.

Matt felt her slurp one of his balls into her mouth and suck on the meat of it's oval-shaped surface. After giving each testicle a wonderful tongue-lashing, she licked back up the length of his cunt-splitter. Her pink licker lashed at his glans, flickering all over his cum-drooling knob.

"Ohhh, yeah!" Matt groaned, feeling her hot mouth slip over his erection and begin bobbing on his steely-hard cock.

He watched her silky hair whip around as she sucked his dick earnestly. "Damn…Bryce must miss this a lot," he noted.

"I miss this a lot too," Briana stated between sucks. "Can't you tell?"

"Take your time. We have all night," Matt stated, eager to fuck, but not wanting to rush the amazing head she giving him.

"Actually, we have all week," she winked, "remember?"

"Yes, so definitely take your time."

Take her time she did, sucking his boner skillfully and savoring every cock-plunging second of it. The beautiful brunette grasped his prick around the base and beat it into her mouth with perfect corkscrew strokes.

After nearly a half-hour of providing mind-blowing oral affection, Briana's pussy was so horny she couldn't stand it anymore. "I fucking need you!" she hissed, quickly crawling onto him.

Matt maneuvered back onto the center of the bed, watching his sister-in-law's huge dangling mammaries wobble heavily every which way as she planted her knees astride his hips. Briana frantically reached back, grasped his cock and shoved inside her fuck hole.

"Oh shit, you were right!" Matt gasped. "You ARE tight!"

"Tighty-tight…a boy's delight!" she sang, screwing her cunt-slot down around the entire length of his cock.

"Ahhh, yes!" Matt hissed, feeling the hot suction of her corrugated cuntal-lining grasping his pink dick tightly. Briana flexed her fuck-muscles, making it even more intense for him.

The heavy-titted housewife wasted no time bobbing her lovely round ass up and down, riding the satisfying stiffness of her nephew's cock.

The teen's eyes were wide with desire as he stared at the titanic titties swinging wildly in front of his face.

In the next room over, Bryce felt sick to his stomach as he began to hear the sounds of his wife and brother going at it. He had forgotten just how thin the walls were in the house where he grew up. He could hear Briana's every gasp and the sound if their crouches beating wetly together.

"This is ridiculous!" he said to himself, trying to ignore the noise of what was obviously a VERY heated fuck.

Back in Matt's room, Bryce's wife was fucking the handsome teenager like her life depended on it. The muscles in her voluptuous body flexed and strained as she pumped her cock-neglected pussy from balls to knob in a tit-jarring rhythm.

The virus had caused increased blood flow to Briana's genitals. This, along with the fact that she had gone so long without cock, caused a very quick and very powerful orgasm to rip through her sexy body.

"OH FUCKING-SHIT, I'M GONNA CUM!!" she cried out, and her husband heard announcement loud and clear.

Matt decided it was a good time to make his signature move. He rose up enough to bury his face down into the squishy abyss of her cleavage. Then, he kissed her breastbone sensually, reminding himself that he had conquered yet another married woman. This time, his own brother's hot wife.

While Briana continued pumping her spewing pussy on the spike of Matt's prick, the boy licked his way along the inside one of her spongy tits, then gobbled up her swollen tit-cap. His lips spread out, nearly covering the entire ring of her thick-textured areola. His face sunk into the meat of her breast as he sucked, savoring it's dough-like softness against him.

His horny sister-in-law alternated between fucking and grinding. Matt loved the feel of their shaved crotches fused together, while Briana stirred his ten-inch cock around inside her tightly contracting vagina. He felt her pelvic floor ripple against the tubular meat of his cock, her purple pleats chewing at his manhood as she was struck with a second powerful orgasm.

"Mmnnff!" Matt growled, feeling the fatty flesh her tit-mask ripple around his face as she was hit with strong orgasmic contractions.

For nearly an hour they fucked this way, with the boy feasting on her excrescent breasts. Finally, her nipple popped from his mouth, wet and distended. He stood up off the bed and she still clung to him desperately, with her lovely legs circling his waist and her giant tits squashed between them. They kissed…their tongues dueling wildly inside the boy's mouth as he placed her back on the bed. This time, it was him on top and he wasted no time pumping his hips, beating his cock through her pussy feverishly.

"Ahhh, fuck yess!!" Bryce heard his wife cry out, joining the sound of his brother's bed squeaks and their sweaty naked flesh smacking together repeatedly.

It had been nearly two hours since he'd first heard them going at it. He was tempted to knock on Matt's door and ask them to hurry it up, but he knew it would just make him look like a jerk.

Bryce wasn't the only one in the listening audience. Summer too couldn't help but pay attention to her youngest son and daughter-in-law as they fucked their asses off down the hallway. "Fuck! I am so fucking horny!" the mother's brain screamed as she squeezed the huge swollen caps at the peaks of her gigantic tits. She reached down between her lovely legs as she lay there next to her snoring husband. She dug her fingers up between her shaved vulvar lips and found her engorged clitoris. Then, she imagined a young tireless cock pounding through her. In her mind, her eyes traveled up the chiseled chest of her fantasy lover, finally arriving at a familiar face. Her son Matt's.

"Hhhnnggg!!" she squealed, burying her face against her pillow in order to muffle her cries, as a tit-quivering climax shot through her lush tan body.

Down the hallway, Briana's silky legs were scissored in mid-air as Matt continued thrusting into her. By now, their naked bodies were covered in a glossy sheen of perspiration. Matt's well-toned ass flew up and down as he punched his cock through the snug juicy tube of her baby chute. His powerful fuck-humps made her tits slosh around between them.

"Fuck! Fuck…yes, I want your baby, Matt!" Briana lustfully chanted. "Fuck your baby into me!"

Her filthy words, along with way she was using her cunt muscles to suck and squeeze at his prick, made the boy's hardon tingle exquisitely. Hot ejaculate had already risen up his urethral tube, waiting to fire into the spongy grip of Briana's cunt.

"Ahh, fuck, I'm feeling really good!" the boy gasped.

"Make me pregnant, baby! Gimme all that hot teenage seed!" Briana's sexy voice urged.

After a dozen more womb-crushing thrusts of his big cock, Matt let out a deep guttural grunt. A thick torrent of bubbling ball-juice hosed against the back of his sister-in-law's tight pussy.

"Yes! Oh, God I can feel you, Matt. I can feel all your hot baby-makers soaking my fertile pussy," the brunette whimpered.

For several ball-bumping minutes Matt continued fucking her heavenly hole, savoring the divine sensations of her thick-textured cuntal-lining as it milked his cock off.

"Wow!" the young woman sighed, after the boy finally went motionless against her. "What a week I have to look forward to."

"You and me both," Matt added, catching his breath.

"I thought this would remind me in some way of what sex with your brother used to be like, but it didn't."

Matt lifted his head and looked down at her questioningly. "It didn't?"

"No…you fuck WAY better than he does!" she confessed, then pulled him down for a kiss.

165: Sons of Moms_2

Sons of Moms – Chapter 3

Bryce opened his brother's bedroom door and stood there in sick fascination. His wife's curvy legs were propped back on Matt's shoulder, while the teen's cock was pounding through her wet vagina. Matt's big, hairless testicles beat repeatedly against Briana's meaty ass.

"Oh, yes…it's so fucking good, Matt!" his wife panted, pumping her ass up to meet the teen's thrusts.

Like the majority of men on the planet, the husband's dick had recently shrunk up completely, leaving nothing but a tiny shriveled knob poking from his crotch, no bigger than a marble. Watching his brother's huge vein-encrusted meat-cannon pummel through his wife's pink pussy made his heart swell with jealousy.

Bryce cleared his throat, startling the humping couple and making them glare over at him. "Bryce, what the fuck are you doing in here?!" his wife shouted.

"I came in to see if you two were about done," he replied. "You've been going at it all night."

"No we weren't," she said defensively.

"Briana, the walls are paper- thin in this house and I was sleeping just on the other side of that one," he reminded her, pointing at the wall behind his brother's headboard. "Or trying to sleep I should say."

"Do you want a little son or daughter or not?" his wife asked impatiently, still clinging to Matt's body as he lay on top of her. "You know it's important that Matt and I fuck as much as possible while I'm ovulating."

"Briana, do you have to use that word?"

"What word…ovulating?"

"No… the word 'fuck.' The two of you aren't fucking…you're copulating."

Matt and Briana looked at each other and suddenly burst out laughing. "Oh, my God, seriously, Bryce?!" the wife exclaimed.

"What's so funny about that?"

"Copulating? Do you realize how ridiculous that word sounds."

"It's more appropriate than fuck."

She humped up against her brother-in-law. "Matt, yess…copulate me!" the wife shouted mockingly. "Copulate me good!"

"Very funny!" the husband muttered.

Briana fed her husband and amused smile, raking her long nails down Matt's back. "Bryce, you really do crack me up sometimes."

"Well, I'm glad you find this amusing, Briana."

"Are you done? Matt and I have some really important business to attend to today," his wife stated, then looked at the boy on top of her. "You really should get a lock put on your door, Matt."

"Apparently so," the teen agreed.

Bryce complied with his wife's wishes and backed out of his brother's doorway. "Maybe we could at least have some morning coffee together before I leave for work?" he suggested.

"I'll be down, just…please close the door," his wife answered impatiently.

No sooner was it closed then Bryce could hear his brother's bed began to jerk around again as they continued fucking.

Bryce went down to the kitchen to find his mother making coffee. "Good morning!" Summer greeted him cheerfully. "How did you sleep?"

Bryce rolled his eyes. "How do you think I slept?" he asked.

"This might help," she said with a warm smile, setting a mug down and pouring him a cup of coffee. Bryce noticed how her enormous tits could hardly fit into her robe. His mom already had large breasts before the virus, his wife also, but now their tits had grown to ridiculous proportions.

The mother turned up a news broadcast that was playing on a small TV in the kitchen.

"Officials are baffled by the mysterious affects of this virus," a female reporter stated. "Not only are women's bodies going through physical changes, but now their producing higher levels of estrogen, which is increasing their sexual desire. In a world were sexually capable men are limited to a small number of 18 to 20 year olds, this is causing increasing frustration among women everywhere."

"Zombies!" Bryce blurted, then took a sip of hid coffee.

"What about zombies?" his mom asked in amusement.

"This virus. It's making women sexual zombies."

"Oh, honey, stop. It is not."

"It is so, mom. That's all I hear the women at work talking about… how and when they can find a guy Matt's age to have sex with."

"That's always been a thing with some women, well before the virus started," Summer commented.

"Yeah, but these are married women…talking openly about cheating on their spouses the first chance they get," Bryce stated. "You of all people should know how desperate these women are."

His mom fed him a funny look. "What's that suppose to mean?" she asked.

"I don't mean because YOU'RE like that. What I mean is how many women contact you in a day wanting to have sex with Matt?"

"On average…probably two-hundred a day."

"I rest my case," Bryce stated.

"Honey, most of those women are simply desperate to have a child."

"Come on, mom…do you actually believe that?"

"So, do you think your wife is lying," his mom asked him. "Do you think she's doing this just so she can be sexually satisfied by your brother?"

"No, our situation is different. We've been wanting a kid for awhile. This was our only option," Bryce stated.

"I agree. All I'm saying is there are a lot of couples in that same position. You can't just assume that women everywhere are becoming sexual zombies who are on the hunt for a good lay."

They were both suddenly startled by the orgasmic scream of Bryce's wife down the hallway.

"I really wish that they could do the deed without THAT happening," Bryce expressed.

"Now, honey…you know orgasm is just a natural thing that happens when two people have sex. It can hardly be prevented."

"Yeah, but she's screaming out like that every five minutes, mom. It's ridiculous."

"Your bother has had a lot of sex," Summer stated. "When you do anything that much, you get VERY good at it. Not to mention, just as YOUR body has gone through changes as a result of this virus, so has your brother's."

"What does that have to do with my wife having an orgasm?" Bryce asked.

"Let's just say that penile length and thickness can have a lot do with a woman's ability to achieve orgasm. Your brother…"

"Yeah, yeah…I get it," Bryce blurted, cutting his mom off. "Matt has this monster cock now. No need to remind me."

Summer placed a hand on her son's shoulder consolingly. "Bryce, none of us have had any choice in how this virus has affected us physically. We're all just living with the things we've been dealt the best way we can."

"I know," Bryce muttered, taking another swig of his coffee.

"Try to focus less on the sex they're having and more on the fact that it'll most likely result in a son or daughter for you and Briana. Do you realize how many couples aren't able to make that dream a reality?" Summer preached.

"Yeah, I know. Thanks for the pep-talk, mom, but I gotta get to work."

"Let me see if they're at a place they can stop, so she can kiss you goodbye," his mother said. Summer's robe barely covered her ass. Bryce watched her rounded buttocks undulate atop her sexy tan legs as she stepped down the hallway. He felt a little tingle in his groin, but that was about it.

Briana was riding Matt's cock, leaned forward so her giant tits were mashed across his upper chest. They kissed and panted passionately, their tongues dueling inside the boy's mouth. The humping duo froze as they heard a sudden tap at the door. Summer peeked in.

"Sorry to interrupt. Bryce is leaving for work. Did you wanna say goodbye?" she asked.

"I guess I should," Briana answered, then gave Matt a quick kiss on the lips. "I'll be right back," she whispered.

Matt's cock slid from her cunt as she climbed off of him. Summer watched her boy's enormous boner spring back against his abdomen. It was soaked with Briana's orgasmic secretions. The mother smiled at her thick-dicked boy as Briana slipped her robe over her huge ballooning tits and moved past her.

"Are you doing ok, honey?" Summer asked her boy sweetly.

"Yeah, I'm good."

"Well, I gathered that you were 'good' by how much screaming I heard her doing down here," she teased.

"Sorry, she is kinda loud when she cums."

"Oh, I certainly don't care, but with your brother in the house it just makes things a bit…awkward."

"Yeah, I suppose."

Briana held her robe closed as she stepped up to her husband. "Sorry, I know I said I'd come down and have coffee, I just…thought Matt would have, you know…finished by now."

"So, all that sex this morning and he still hasn't finished?" Bryce asked.

"Well, he was getting close but, then your mom knocked."

"Just…do me a favor and take a pregnancy test this morning, please. If he's already gotten you pregnant then there's no reason for the two of you to be going at it all day."

Briana started snickering.

"What's so funny?" her husband asked.

"You clearly don't know much about how pregnancy works, do you?" Briana responded. "It'll be at least a week before we find out if Matt's sperm has successfully penetrated my egg. That's why it's imperative that him and I have as much sex as possible while I'm ovulating. The more of his sperm that gets inside me, the better our chances."

"Great! Just what I wanted to hear after listening to you two go at it all night," Bryce griped.

"That's a selfish thing to say."

"How so?"

"How so?! Bryce, it was incredibly generous of your brother to help us. Do you realize how many of my friends and family are on waiting

lists and may never get the chance to have children?"

"I am thankful…it's just a difficult process for a husband to have to be around, that's all," he commented.

Briana rolled her eyes, then fed her husband a quick kiss. "Have a good day at work and try not to think about the process, ok? Focus on the end goal, which will be a wonderful child."

Summer still stood in her son's doorway, staring across at him as he lay there sprawled across his bed nude. His big dick was still fully erect and she couldn't help but stare at it as she spoke to him. "I canceled all your other appointments for the next two days, so you can focus wholly on getting Briana pregnant," the mother stated.

"Sounds good to me," the boy responded, eyeballing the huge swell of his mom's tits. "So what size are THOSE now?"

"Excuse me, young man…my breast size? That's kinda personal," she stated with a smirk.

"Give me a break, mom. You're standing there staring at my dick, so what's the big deal?"

"I was not staring at your dick."

"You were so."

"Was not!"

"Everything OK in here?" Briana asked as she arrived back in the doorway and stood next to Summer.

"Hey, Briana, what's YOUR breast size?" Matt asked her.

"Thirty-eight triple G, why?" she asked.

Matt looked at his mother. "See…she didn't think it was inappropriate, and she's my sister-in-law," he pointed out.

"Yes, and SHE'S the one you should be focused on today, not me."

"It was just a question, mom…Jeez."

Summer rolled her eyes and smiled. "Forty-eight K cups. There, are you happy?" she quickly asked.

"Maybe if I got to see them, then I'd be happy."

Briana giggled and shared a look with her mother-in-law. "He's so bad!" she blurted.

"Right?! He looks at tits all day long and he's concerned about his own mother's."

Briana stepped towards the bed and untied the sash of her robe. "If a tit-fix is what you need," she said, then let the robe slip off her shoulders, exposing her king-sized melons, "I think I can help with that."

Matt gawked at her huge ballooning tits. Even though he'd spent hours licking and sucking on their flesh, he couldn't wait to get his hands and lips back on them.

"I guess we better get back to the baby-making then," he stated.

"Hold on a second," his mom interrupted, stepping into the room. Briana crawled onto the bed and cuddled up next to the teen, squashing her mams against the side of his chest as they both watched Summer step to the bed.

"Let's get back to these for a minute," she suggested, pointing down at her enormous rack.

"Gladly! What about them?" her son asked.

"I don't know…maybe I should be asking YOU that. Since when did you get so interested in your own mom's breasts?"

"Since like…forever ago," he confessed.

"Forever ago?!"

"Yes, mom, forever ago. I've been obsessed with you since I was like…fourteen."

Briana burst out laughing. "Oh my God, that's so cute. He has a mommy-crush."

"Ok…um, I did not expect to hear that this morning," Summer stated.

"Well, you wanted the truth, right?" Matt asked.

"Honey, you're seeing beautiful, naked girls every day. Why would you even give a second thought about your own mom?"

"Because you're more beautiful than any of them, and have the perfect body as well," Matt flashed a glance at his sister-in-law. "No offense, Briana."

"None taken. If I was a guy I'd be lusting after your mom too. She's gorgeous!"

"You guys are just too much," Summer blushed, then stared her boy in the eyes. "Especially you, mister. You're not suppose to be checking out your own mother."

"Sorry, mom…if that makes me perverted, well…then I guess I'm a pervert."

Briana chimed in. "I'm a bit of a perv too, Summer, so by all means, if you wanna show him your tits, I'm certainly not gonna judge you."

"See, mom…no big deal."

"No big deal?!" Summer asked. "You think just because the two of you are naked and you admitted to lusting after ME that I'm just gonna strip down to my birthday suit in front of you?"

"Let's make a bet!" Matt suggested.

"A bet?"

"Yeah. If I can make Briana cum in five minutes, then you'll let me see you naked."

Briana giggled. "Oh, I think I'm gonna like this bet."

"That's stupid," Summer stated, shaking her head. "I have no doubt you can make a girl cum in five minutes, so why would I agree to that?"

"OK, how about two minutes?"

"Hmm!" Briana hummed with a big smile, trying to remember if she'd ever been brought off so quickly.

"You really are sure of yourself, aren't you?" Summer asked her son.

"Of course."

The mother considered it for a moment, then glared back at him. "You'll have one minute," she stated.

"One minute?!"

"That's right, hotshot…one minute! One minute to give Briana an orgasm," Summer smugly stated.

Briana smiled at Matt. "No one has ever done that, just so you know," she anxiously stated.

Matt looked at his mom confidently. "If I do it in under a minute, you have to get naked for me…completely naked," he requested.

"I said I'd show you my boobs, not all of me."

"Come on, mom…you said naked," he said, then looked at Briana. "Didn't she say naked?"

Briana smiled at Summer. "You DID say you'd get naked, Summer."

Summer giggled and shook her head. "Fine…naked then, but it doesn't matter, because there's no way you're making her cum that quickly."

"If I can do it in thirty-seconds, will you do a strip-tease for me?"

"No!" Summer shouted, but was clearly amused by his offer.

"Then you don't have much confidence in your statement. You just said there's no way I'm making her cum that quickly. If you really believed that then you'd take the bet."

Summer gazed at her son for a moment, still seeming reluctant. "You seriously believe you can make her cum in thirty-seconds?" she asked.

"Yep, and I'm starting to think you do too, since you won't agree to my bet."

"Fine…I'll take the bet, but you're losing. And one other thing… I don't trust you, so I wanna see it with my own eyes."

"Hold on a second, that's not fair," Matt objected.

"How is it not fair?"

"Well, if Briana knows there's someone else in here watching, it could affect the time it takes her to cum," he answered.

Briana patted his shoulder. "Matt, trust me…if I'm being worked the right way…nothing stops me from cumming."

"See, she's fine with it," his mom smiled. "If you ask me, I think someone else might be doubting themselves right now."

"Nope…no doubts here!" the boy stated confidently, standing up off the bed. "Let's do this!"

"How do you want me?" Briana asked anxiously.

"Lay over here…right at the edge of my bed."

His busty sister-in-law scooted over to the spot he wanted her, making her giant naked breasts shimmy on her chest. Matt looked over at his mom. "Are you the time- keeper?" he asked.

"Oh…um, I guess it would have to be me, right?" she asked, fishing her cellphone out of her robe pocket. She set it to the timer, then looked at her boy. "Ready when you are."

"I'm ready."

"Wait, you're not getting on the bed with her?" his mom asked.

"Nope. I'm making her cum another way."

"Another way?!"

"Yeah, the bet was about giving her an orgasm. We didn't specify how that had to be done."

Summer shrugged her shoulders. "Um, ok…let me know when to start the timer."

"Now!" Her boy shouted, then leaned over Briana and jabbed two fingers inside her pussy. She gasped as Matt began savagely finger-fucking her.

"OH MY GOD! Briana cried out, her body shuddering at the force in which Matt was plunging his two fingers in and out. They made a lewd wet sucking sound as they pumped inside of her.

Summer stood there, mesmerized by what she was watching. Her nipples throbbed and her cunt-hole tingled as she watched her son use his fingers to fuck Briana's cunt mercilessly.

"OH, YES!" Matt's sister-in-law cried out, feeling his fingers curl slightly inside her, rubbing against her sensitive G-spot. "OH, FUCK, MATT…RIGHT THERE!!"

Matt's tongue hung from his mouth as he watched the beautiful girl writhe around in pleasure. Her huge fatty tits rolled wildly on her chest, her big erect nipples pointing up at the ceiling.

The boy knew he must be getting close to twenty-seconds, so he doubled his efforts, plunging his two digits in and out as quickly as he could.

"OH, GOD! OH, YES! OH, FUCK…I'M CUMMING!!" Briana screamed out. The lewd, creamy finger-fucking noises became even more wet and obscene-sounding as Briana gushed all over Matt's hand. Rather than stop, he continued fingering her until she was completely through climaxing.

"Well…did I do it?" Matt asked, looking over at his mom. "Oh, and if you're questioning whether or not she came…don't," he continued, holding up his cum-soaked hand for his mom to see.

"Well, I certainly didn't think she was faking it, honey," Summer answered.

"And IT WAS under thirty seconds, right?" the boy asked curiously.

She held up her phone screen for him to see. "Not quite," she answered. The timer on her phone was stopped at thirty-two

seconds.

"Really? Only two-seconds over and you're really gonna say you won?"

"I DID win," the mother giggled. "Two seconds is two seconds. You said you could make her cum in thirty-seconds and it was thirty-two."

"Lame!" the boy muttered. "Really lame!"

"However…" Summer continued, smiling over at him. "It was still incredibly impressive and it would be REALLY selfish of me not to strip for you because you were over by two seconds."

"Really? So you'll do it?" Matt asked excitedly.

"I suppose," she responded with a mischievous smile.

Briana got up from the bed. "I guess I should give you two the room then, although I still feel like I'm making out pretty good from this little deal of yours."

"How's that?" Matt asked.

"How's that?! I just had a crazy good orgasm, while being fingered, and now your mom's gonna get you wildly turned-on by stripping for you. Which means when I come back in you're probably gonna fuck me to the edge of my life," Briana stated with thrill in her pretty eyes.

"True," Matt agreed. "I guess you ARE making out pretty good."

Briana closed the door behind her, leaving Summer and her son in the room alone together. Matt turned on some sexy R&B music and sat on the edge of his bed. "Ready when you are, mom," he grinned.

Summer came over and stood in front of him, gradually beginning to move her voluptuous body to the beat. "This never happened… understood?" the platinum-blonde warned.

"My lips are sealed," he answered.

His mom began to swing her lush hips around erotically to the beat of the music. She opened her robe slightly, giving her teen a teasing peek at her extraordinarily-large cleavage.

Matt's cock flexed and throbbed as he watched Summer spin around and slowly lift the hem of her silky robe up over her gyrating buttocks. A thin black thong was wedged between the round, unblemished half-globes of her meaty ass. The gawking boy watched it wag back and forth teasingly.

"Had enough yet?" his mom ask as she peeked back through her blonde hair with her beautiful, deep-blue eyes.

"Now way!"

"I didn't think so," she giggled, then pulled the robe off her shoulders, letting her huge bra-clad breasts come slipping out.

"Fuck!" Matt gasped in absolute awe. A month ago, Summer's boobs fit inside her bra perfectly, but now they were seeping out all over the place. Creamy mounds of fatty, tan, tit-cleavage was bulging out the tops of her cups. However, just as eye-popping, was the sight of her swollen papilla, through her sheer mesh bra. Matt had seen a lot of tits over the past year, but in terms of sheer size, his mom had them all beat.

He followed her hands as they slid teasingly down her tapered torso, across the flare of her wide hips, hooking the elastic waistband of her panties beneath her thumbs. He was so turned-on he could hardly breath. His heart was racing.

Swaying in a sexy manner, Summer peeled her dainty black panties from her camel-toed crotch, exposing her shaved pussy. Her gaze watched her son's wide-eyed expression, her heart-rate increasing by the second at the thrill of doing something so naughty in front of him.

Matt had seen vulvas in every shape and size. He had seen ones with curved, magnet-shaped lips, which created a window in the middle to reveal a woman's inner labial flesh. He had seen pussies with prominent inner lips that had hung down beyond the folds of their outer fleshy clam-shells. He had fucked cunts with huge, engorged clits and others that looked as though they'd just come out of puberty. His mom's cunt was unlike any he'd seen before. She had plump outer folds, that completely concealed her inner flanges. Protruding from her slit, however, was the thick elongated flesh of her clitoral prepuce. He licked his lips as he stared at it, imaging the fat juicy clit that it must be shrouding. Also, he imagined what it would feel like sheathing his enormous cock in such a plump mature cunt.

His eyes suddenly darted upward to the sound of his mom's bra unclasping. The weight of Summer's giant tits shifted downward as she peeled the cups away from her mams. The boy gasped out loud at the sight of his mom's naked breasts. They bobbled heavily and the cleavage separating the twin jugs seemed a mile-long. Her areolas were wide and thick-textured. They a dark pinkish-purple color and dotted Montgomery tubercles. Her nipples were among the puffiest Matt had ever seen, perfect for latching your lips around.

"Well…here you go," she said blushingly. "You got your mom naked. Are you happy?"

"Very! Can I see your ass?"

She gracefully turned, displaying her lovely bubble butt, while peeking back at her boy over her shoulder.

"Jesus Christ, mom! You're beautiful," he exclaimed.

"Yeah…I bet you say that to every girl who strips in front of you."

"Not true," he muttered, shaking his head. "I'm mean…you're beautiful enough when dressed, but your body…" he muttered, marveling at the silky sheen of her strong, but feminine legs. As she turned slightly, he gawked at her in side-profile and the way her enormous breasts sloped down off her chest perfectly. "You have everything I love in a woman."

"Is that so?" she asked, then turned back towards him, making her big milkers wobble back and forth.

"Uh-huh. Definitely!"

The mother's eyes drifted down to his cock. "I would say you're lying, but the amount of pre-cum that's seeping out of you penis-tip is forcing me to believe you."

"Sorry," he blushed.

"Yeah, right…since when did YOU get all shy," she teased. "You love swinging that big thing around."

"Well, these 'big' things are kinda rare these days, right?"

"Extremely rare, yes!" she agreed, staring at his flexing erection.

"How long's it been for you, mom?" Matt asked.

"How long's it been…since what?" the mother asked, even though she knew what he meant.

"Since you got some pleasure?"

"I get pleasure every day," she smiled. "I'm a big girl. I can take care of myself."

"No, I mean…how long has it been since you got pleasure from a man?"

"Your father may not have a penis anymore, but he still has a tongue. He gives me pleasure."

"I'm not talking about oral pleasure, mom. I'm talking about the other kind. You must crave it."

"Sure. What woman doesn't?"

"Are you really prepared to go the rest of your life without it?" Matt asked.

"Matt, where are you going with this?" she asked, seeming a little upset, both by the fact that he was asking and that she knew he was right. Since her husband's cock had withered away, she'd likely never have sexual intercourse in her life again.

"I'm just concerned about your needs, that's all."

She stared down at his cock for a moment wantonly, then looked back into his eyes. "I appreciate your concern, but I'm not one of your female customers that's gonna come jump right on your cock. I'm your mother…and we're done here."

Matt stood up as his mom quickly collected her clothing. "I'm sorry, mom, I wasn't trying to be…"

"Your bother's wife is beautiful and she has a body that any guy would drool over," Summer stated. "She wants a baby, so she's the one who needs your attention right now, not me."

A few minutes later, Briana was on all-fours on Matt's bed and he was pounding her doggy-style. He stared down at her big fleshy ass as it beat against his mid-section. He loved the way her rounded ass-cheeks rippled every time their bodies slapped together. "Fuck…

imagine seeing mom's perfect ass beat against me like this?" he asked himself.

"Did you enjoy seeing your mommy naked?" Briana teased, gazing back at him.

"As a matter-of-fact, I did," he answered.

"She put on a pretty good strip-tease show for you then?"

"It was awesome!"

"You're so fucking naughty. I love it!" she giggled.

Briana squealed delightfully and her big heavy udders swung wildly to the rhythm of their doggy-fuck. She threw her ass back at Matt, meeting his steady thrusts, while peeking back at him. "Holy fuck does your dick feel good inside me this way!" she panted. "Your brother could never fuck me like this…even when he had a cock," she gasped.

"Did he ever fuck you in the ass?" Matt boldly asked.

"No!" Briana chuckled. "I always wanted him to, but he would always brush me off. It's certainly not happening now that he's dickless."

"Maybe it's not happening from him. Want me to put MY dick in there?" the teen asked.

"Are you serious?" Briana giggled.

"Yeah, if you want to."

"Well, you're suppose to be getting me pregnant, but…"

"But what?"

"But I suppose you've let ME do a lot of things that I probably shouldn't have. Like sucking your cock last night and kissing you every other second."

"True. One could argue that those things weren't necessary for baby making either," Matt agreed.

"Yeah, well, in that case, I suppose it wouldn't be any big deal if you wanted to pound it through my asshole for a little while."

Matt pulled his erection from her pussy and fit it's tapered knob to her butt-socket. They both gasped in unison as his glans slipped through the ring of her anus.

Briana winced sharply. "Slowly, Matt! You're really big!" she whimpered.

"Sorry. I'll take it slow."

Inch by inch, the teen worked his meaty prick into her ass tube, until her butthole was stretched obscenely around the thick base of his cock.

"Oh, whoa!" he sighed, feeling the hot, rubbery tube of her ass-tract clench his cock.

"Ok, I'm ready," Briana squealed. "Fuck my asshole."

Slowly at first, the boy began pumping his stiff prick through the snugness of her ass. Over the next ten minutes they gradually picked up the tempo, until Brian's lovely ass-meat was slapping against Matt's midsection once again.

"Ahhh, yes!" the teen hissed, watching his long, fat prick glide through the pink elastic ring of Briana's butthole. He could feel the muscles in her rectum tightening, making her smooth anal lining chew at the meat of his cock.

"Oh God, this feels so good!" his sister-in-law whimpered, pumping her fatty ass back on the satisfying stiffness of Matt's prick. She felt a tinge of guilt letting him do this, just as she had when she sucked his cock and nuts for nearly two hours the night before. She had assured her husband, Bryce, that she would only do things that were essential for copulation. However, she hadn't had sex in so long and her estrogen levels were so high, due to the virus, that she simply couldn't help herself.

"OH, FUCK ME…I'M GONNA CUM!" she cried out, reaching under and rubbing her engorged clitoris.

"AHHH, FUCK!!" Matt cried out, feeling her shit-chute tighten around his cock from her contracting pelvic-floor muscles. He pumped his cock as fast and deep as he could, feeling her rectal flesh drag along his glans exquisitely.

Their flesh SMACKED together heatedly as Matt fed his sister-in-law's ass a dozen more tit-trembling thrusts.

"Oh, fuck yeah!! Take my cum!!" he grunted, imaging it was his mother's sexy ass he was pumping cum into.

Briana experienced another juicy climax as she felt Matt's thick cock flex and spurt inside her rectal cavity, hosing out fat cords of spunk along the cock-smothering walls of her ass.

Down the hallway, Summer was on her back in the center of her marital bed, plunging a huge black dildo in and of her deprived vagina. Her sexy tan legs were scissored back in a wide V, so her dainty bare feet pointed to opposite sides of the bedroom.

"Ohh, Goddamn you, Matt…fuck your mother's pussy!!" her brain screamed as she tossed her silky blonde hair around in ecstasy.

She humped her lovely tan ass from the mattress, fucking her horny shaved cunt on the fake cock. Her breasts were like two huge round

pillows of flesh, rolling wilding up and down her chest to the rhythm of her jerking movements.

"Oh, baby! I need your fucking cock so bad!" she wickedly thought, picturing her son on top of her, hammering his oversized penis through the juicy grip of her needy cunt-hole.

"I need to be fucked!! I need to cum all over a long fat cock!! I need my son's cock!" her brain feverishly whimpered.

Her heavy-titted mommy-body suddenly shuddered with a pre-orgasmic blush. Her silky legs began to tremble wildly and her ass pumped frantically from the mattress. Her vagina began to squeeze around the dildo with powerful cuntal contractions.

Summer wanted not to scream out, but simply couldn't help herself. "UGGGHHH!!" UGGGHHH, YES!!" her beautiful voice cried out in intense pleasure. It was undoubtedly heard by her son and daughter-in-law down the hallway.

She removed the black dong from her cunt, then the pink flesh of her urethral meatus bulged from her cuntal vestibule and began spraying hot girl-cum everywhere. For a full minute, the middle-aged mother writhed on her marital mattress, grunting, shaking and squirting all over the bed. Finally, she collapsed breathlessly.

"Oh, fuck…what a mess!" she said out loud to herself as she gazed down at her comforter, which was soaked in her female ejaculate.

Feelings of guilt began to seep in as she thought about the wicked fantasy that had just played out in her mind.

"The bed isn't the only thing that's a mess, Summer," she told herself. "Your mind is a fucking mess! Maybe Bryce was right. Maybe I am becoming a sexual zombie."

Sons of Moms – Chapter 4

"Is it just me, or are we starting to draw a crowd?" Matt asked his friend, Henley, as they shot baskets at the local park. Several women were standing beside the court, chatting and giggling, while watching the teens play ball.

"What can we say…our age group are the only ones on the planet with dicks. We're all the shit right now!" Henley replied, taking a shot. "How many pussies a day are you getting?"

"Usually five, sometimes six. You?"

"About the same. Long gone are the days of masturbation, huh?"

"Do you ever screw any family members?" Matt asked, thinking back on his incredible fuck-fest with his brother's wife.

"Do stepmoms count?"

"Your stepmom? Really?!"

"Yeah, I got her pregnant about a month ago. I don't think my dad was happy about that at all," Henley chuckled.

"I know what you mean. My hot sister-in-law Briana and I had some wild baby-making sessions a few weeks ago. My brother was jealous as hell."

"Are you sure she wanted a baby and not just your dick?"

"I suspect she wanted both," Matt replied, making them both laugh.

"So, did you give her a baby…or just a good cock-pounding?" Henley asked.

"Yeah, she just called me with the news the other day. She's all knocked up, man."

"It's crazy to think about how many kids out there are biologically ours," Henley stated.

By the time they were through playing there were dozens of women watching and more arriving by the minute. These weren't just girls their own age, but middle-aged moms as well. The virus had transformed their bodies into fleshy

playgrounds, with oversized tits and big round asses. They were doing their best to display them for the boys by wearing revealing outfits. As Matt wiped the sweat from his bare chest, he looked over and noticed how many eyes were on him, feasting lustfully on his young, well-toned body.

"Hi…um, Matt, right?" a pretty red-headed mother asked, her large pale breasts bulging from the V-cut neckline of her blouse.

"Yeah."

"I'm Stephanie. Your sister is best friends with my daughter, Megan."

"Nice to meet you," Matt smiled, glancing down at her freshly-shaved legs, displayed completely beneath the hems of her booty-shorts.

"Likewise. You look really hot. I mean, um…sweaty. Well, you look hot too!" she giggled. "Would you like to come over for a cool drink?"

"I'm good, thanks. I have water," the teen replied, taking a swig from his bottle.

"Do you remember me?" A different women asked, staring at Matt through a curtain of beautiful dark hair. Her eyes were hazel, her lips full and pouty.

"You look…kinda familiar," Matt replied.

"Cassie. I taught you piano lessons…when you were you younger."

"Oh, yeah…I remember now," said Matt, letting his eyes drift down to the swell of her colossal tits. He remembered her having a big rack when he was young, but clearly the effects of the virus had made them absolutely monstrous. "Don't you have a son close to my age?"

"Yeah, Rex, he graduated last year."

"Oh, ok. Well, I uh…haven't played piano in a long time."

"Well, you're welcome to come over. I could give you a refresher coarse," she offered.

"I would, but I actually have some appointments today."

Matt looked over and saw his friend Henley getting bombarded by horny women as well. They were like two pieces of meat thrown to the wolves.

"Appointments huh?" Cassie asked. "Off to impregnate some lucky women?"

"Yep, that's the plan. Somebody's gotta do it, right?"

"Yeah, Rex has been busy with that too here lately. Good thing we can count on you boys to keep the world populated."

A short-haired brunette in her late twenties stepped up to Matt. "Could you please help my husband and I? I'm ovulating today and we desperately want another baby," she pleaded.

"You'd have to contact my mom about that," Matt answered. "She handles all my appointments."

"I've been on the waiting list for two months. Please, my car's right over. We could have sex right on the backseat. It wouldn't take

long."

"You have to wait your turn, sorry," Matt replied, heading towards his car. The women followed, each eager to get their hands and cunts on him.

Cassie pressed her huge squishy tits against his arm as she followed along. "I'm not one to beg, Matt, but my husband's penis has completely shriveled up. I haven't been fucked in close to two years. Could you please help me out?" she desperately asked.

"Well, at least you're honest. Most women try to convince me to have sex under the pretense of wanting a baby."

"I'm not gonna lie to you," Cassie stated, gazing at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. "I just need to get fucked."

"Wow, you guys looked amazing out there!" A different mom interrupted as her and a female friend stood in front of Matt, blocking his path. They were dressed in sexy mini-skirts and clinging tops that displayed their extraordinary cleavage. "I'm Jenny!" the platinum-blonde smiled, holding her hand out for a shake.

"Matt," the boy replied, shaking her hand.

"My friend Tina and I were just out for a ride today. Do you wanna come with us?"

"Sorry, I can't," the boy replied, sneaking past them. Like the other women, they followed. "We can make it amazing for you, sweetie, we promise!" Jenny shouted.

"We'll suck your dick too!" Jenny's friend added. "I give an amazing deep-throat blowjob!"

"Please, Matt!" Stephanie begged, rubbing his arm. "Just a quickie, that's all I'm asking for."

Cassie squeezed his arm. "Nothing has penetrated me for over a year, Matt. I'm incredibly tight!"

"Fuck me!" Matt heard a different voice say. He peered through the surrounding group and saw a mom in a striped mini dress. She was standing in a sexy pose, thrusting her gigantic mammaries out to get his attention.

"Please fuck me!" another voice from the crowd shouted.

"Fuck me!" various women shouted pleadingly. "Please…I have a tight pussy. Please fuck me!"

Everywhere Matt looked were beautiful moms with sexy legs and rounded asses begging for dick. Their hard nipples were popping from the peaks of their oversized tits. There was so much exposed flesh, he could hardly take it in. Even the air around him began to wreak of aroused pussy.

Matt quickly got into Henley's car, about the same time his friend did. The moms surrounded the vehicle, still pleading and pressing their tits against the glass, like sexy-hungry zombies. "Damn, dude! Lately, I'm starting to understand how rock-stars feel," Henley smiled.

"Yeah, but instead of autographs all these chics want are our dicks."

"I'm not gonna lie. I know we have some appointments today, but there are sure some hot fucking women out there," Henley stated, staring at all the super-voluptuous bodies outside the windows.

"You can say that again," Matt muttered, looking out at Cassie as she stared in at him with an exaggerated frowny-face. "Look at the fucking tits on that one!"

"She is gorgeous!" Henley agreed.

"Before the virus we would have given anything to fuck any one of these women. Now they're all begging for it," Matt pointed out.

"Wanna pluck out a couple each and take them up to Perkin's Point?" Henley asked. Perkin's Point was a secluded spot where boys often took 'car dates.' Sometimes, for one reason or another, women were unable to have a boy to their home for copulation. Instead, the boys would pick them up, like they would a date, and drive them up to Perkin's Point, for wild backseat baby-making.

"What the fuck. My mom will be pissed, but let's do it!" Matt decided.

"Hi, Summer, this is Marla Johnson. Your son, Matt, had a series of appointments with me about a month ago."

"Yes, Hi, Marla, how are you?" Summer asked, holding her phone to her ear.

"I'm fabulous! I'm just calling to let you know that I had a doctor's appointment this morning and found out I'm pregnant. I'M HAVING A BABY!!" she announced excitingly.

"Oh, that's wonderful. Congratulations!"

"Thanks. I mean, I couldn't have done it without your son, Matt. Would you please thank him for my husband and I," Marla asked.

"Of course. I'm sure he'll be happy to hear the news."

It was the type of call that Summer had received at least a hundred times. When they first started, her reaction was one of heartfelt joy for the soon-to-be parents, but recently, on the inside, she had grown numb and, if she were honest, quite jealous. Not just at the fact that these women had gotten pregnant by her son, but that they had the privilege of having young teenage cock pounding through them, while her own sex life was nonexistent.

"I gotta tell you, that boy of yours…WOW, can he perform in bed!" Marla confessed.

"So I've heard."

"It was amazing enough having the biggest penis I'd ever seen inside me, but the way he could thrust for so incredibly long, just blew my mind! I've never had that many orgasms in my life!"

"I'm, um…glad you were pleased with the experience, and congrats on the news," Summer stated before hanging up. She could feel her fleshy clitoris throbbing to her heartbeat and fuck-oil oozing from her Skene-glands, just inside her vagina. She peeked down at her oversized breasts and could clearly see her aroused nipples popping, as hard as pebbles, through her bra and top.

"Good grief…I need to cum!" she thought.

Minutes later she was sprawled across her bed naked, masturbating furiously. Her instrument of choice was a pink vibrating wand. It GRUMBLED on full-speed as she plowed it frantically against her cunt-slit. Within a minutes, her body shook and her back arched from the mattress. Her giant, meaty tits heaved around heavily, their stiff-nippled peaks pointing towards the ceiling. "OH, GOD, MATT… FUCK MEEEE!!" she cried out deliriously.

While Summer writhed in ecstasy at the thought of her son, Matt was parked at the top of Perkin's Point. There were several other vehicles, tucked in the trees in a neat row, all of them rocking wildly. They belonged to boys Matt and Henley's age who had picked up local moms for baby-making intercourse. The sound of women gasping and squealing resonated from inside the vehicles.

The shocks on Henley's car squeaked as the vehicle wobbled from the fuck-rhythm going on inside. Henley's backseat was packed with naked bodies. The two boys slouched on the seat, each with a woman riding him. In Matt's case, it was Stephanie, his sister's best

friend's mom. Stephanie was a beautiful married red-head, who's alabaster tits had swollen to a 42E cup. Her stiff-nippled jugs leaped wildly on her chest, as did the woman's next to her, who was riding Henley. Kneeling on the seat between the two boys were two other moms. Their giant, fatty tits were crushed against the boys upper chests as they leaned over, kissing them passionately.

"Mmff!" Matt whimpered, feeling Cassie's long thick tongue duel with his inside his mouth. This, while his sturdy cock pummeled up the snug, slick tube of Stephanie's cunt. One thing he knew by now, MILF pussy was the best pussy.

Cassie's husband, Carl, had recently suspected that his wife was preparing to cheat on him. He could sense her frustration nightly at his inability to perform sexually. The virus had caused all women's bodies to produce greater levels of estrogen, the female sex hormone. This made already horny housewives become supercharged with sexual desire. When their dickless husbands couldn't do it for them, it was only a matter of time before even the most loving wives began to seek out young men. Knowing this, Carl suspiciously left work and tracked his wife's phone to the top of Perkin's Peak.

"I knew it!" Carl muttered out-loud as he sat in his car watching the row of eight vehicles wobble steadily from the wild sex going on inside each one of them. He got out of his own car and bravely wandered over to the vehicle on the end. When he peered in the slightly-fogged window he could see a couple fucking fervidly on the backseat. The young man was on top, and the strong motherly legs wrapped around his humping body could easily belong to Carl's wife. The woman raked her nails down the boy's sweaty back and Carl didn't recognize the wedding ring on her finger. Someone's wife was getting drilled back there, but it wasn't his.

Carl moved to the next vehicle, brazenly peeking inside. This couple was also sprawled across the backseat, but engaging in a 69. The

woman was his wife's age, but had the wrong colored hair. Her head bobbed up and down on the boy's huge prick, sucking it hungrily.

Carl was startled by the sounds coming from the end vehicle. It was one of the cars he hadn't peeked inside of yet. It was emanating with the sound of two females erupting in orgasm simultaneously. Their mommy-voices sang a beautiful orgasmic duet. Carl didn't think they sounded like his wife, but he couldn't be sure. One of them was Stephanie, gushing her female ejaculate all over Matt's cock.

The next vehicle was rocking and squeaking like crazy, the couple inside were clearly engaging in a mindless fuck. Carl's stomach sunk at the thought that it could be his wife going at it in there. When he peeked in, he saw a woman bouncing up and down on a young man's cock in the reverse cowgirl position. He was relieved to know it wasn't his wife, but HE DID recognize her. It was his coworker Charlie's wife. She was clearly cheating on her husband, as he suspected his own wife was. He took a second to admire her big fleshy tits as they careened up and down her chest, while she feverishly fucked. "Poor Charlie," Carl thought, knowing he wouldn't have the heart to tell him.

He moved to the next car over. The woman inside had the same dark hair-color as his wife and was on all-fours on the seat being fucked doggy-style. Her big fleshy ass rippled, each time it was struck by the boy's midsection. Carl didn't need to see her face to know it wasn't Cassie. Even though the jugs that dangled from the woman's chest were enormous, they weren't nearly as gigantic as his wife's tits.

"What the fuck?!" he heard a voice exclaim. He peered up to see the middle-aged beauty glaring at him. "Fuck off, you pervert!" she snarled.

"Sorry," Carl muttered, then headed to the next vehicle.

On the backseat of this one, a young man was on top of a super-busty female, pumping his cock into her savagely. The way their naked flesh glistened with perspiration led Carl to believe that they'd been going at it for several hours. He could see that the woman had silver-blonde hair, which meant she was much older than his wife. She was crying out in climax, her strong, trembling legs locked so tightly around the boy it seemed like she was squeezing the life out of him. Carl didn't recognize the woman with her face twisted in pleasure, but when the grimace disappeared, his stomach sunk in shock. "Mother!" he shouted.

Tricia's eyes shot open, gazing across at her grown son through the window. "Carl?!"

The boy on top of her stopped fucking and looked back in horror. "Dad?!" he gasped.

Carl's mouth fell open in dismay. Not only had he discovered his own married mother having sweaty sex with someone besides his father, but that "someone" was his own son, Rex. "What the hell is going on here?!" Carl blurted.

Over in Henley's car, the women had switched positions. Now it was Carl's wife, Cassie, who was vigorously riding Matt's cock. Her big round bubble-butt flew up and down, pummeling his strong teenage erection through the snug tube of her neglected vagina.

"Ohh, fuck, yeah!" Matt groaned, delighted by just how fucking tight her pussy was. He could feel the skin of his cock being pulled back tight with each thrust, making his glans mushroom out, stretching the back wall of her pussy and smearing his pre-cum on her cervical head.

His eyes traveled from her shaved pubis, up her tapered torso, to the jutting melons of tit-meat that bounced and rippled wildly. He'd seen a lot of heavy-titted females naked, but the only other one who had tits this big was his mom. Even Cassie's areolas were wide and

thickly-textured like his mom's. Her nipples were so turgid that he could see them jiggle each time her boobs swung down and struck her mid-section.

Cassie was over the moon. She felt like a sexual void had finally been filled and she was loving every second of it. Since her husband had lost his cock, she didn't think she'd ever feel a strong muscular prick in her cunt again, especially one as monstrous as Matt's.

"Damn, this is good pussy, dude!" Henley sighed, staring up at the jumping jugs of the middle-aged mom he was fucking. He reached back and squeezed her bobbing derriere. "And these big fucking asses. I think we should shove our dicks up their assholes next!"

Matt slapped Cassie's ass-cheek sharply, making her butt-meat ripple. "I like that idea!" he panted.

The women squealed in delight as the boys slapped their fleshy mommy-asses several more times, while jabbing their cocks up into their cunt-holes. For Matt, it was time to engage in his signature move. He yanked Cassie down on top of

him and buried his face between her giant jugs. "Oh, yeah!" he snarled, kissing the valley of her cleavage, while feeling her huge milkers ripple around his face.

"Whoa! What's going on out there?" he heard his friend, Henley, asked.

While continuing to fuck, Cassie peered over and saw Carl near one of the cars. "Oh, shit…that's my husband!" she exclaimed in a hushed tone. Then, she saw Tricia get out of the vehicle, looking clearly embarrassed as she attempted to cover her colossal tits. "Oh my God…my mother-in-law!?"

Next to get out of the car was her son, Rex, his long, erect cock jutting out from his crotch and was soaked in his Grandmother's

secretions. "Rex?!" Cassie exclaimed in horror. Strangely, her eyes wandered down to his super-sized erection and lingered. "Oh my God. His cock is…huge!"

"Who's Rex?" Matt asked, interrupting her from her thoughts as he peeked up the creamy canyon between her tits

"My son. The one I told you about earlier. We need to get outta here! If my husband catches me fucking you he'll kill me!"

Outside, Carl glared at both his son and mother. "Well…do you two wanna explain yourselves?!"

"Carl, this is my fault," Tricia confessed. "Since the virus came along, your father and I's love life has gone down hill. I guess I was just feeling frustrated and needed some attention. I was the one who approached Rex. Please don't be mad at him."

Before Carl could answer, he noticed the car on the end, Henley's car, quickly back up and speed off. It kicked up a cloud of dust behind it, so he was unable to see who was inside. He still suspected it was his wife. He took the cellphone from his pocket and dialed.

After a few rings, Cassie picked up. "Hi, honey!" she answered, trying to not sound nervous. She was still in the backseat with the other moms as they crammed their huge tits back inside their bras.

"Where are you right now?!" Carl asked.

"I'm home baking cookies, why?"

"Cassie, are you sure that wasn't you I just saw speeding off? Are you with someone? "

Claire and her Grandson shared a surprised expression, unaware that's why Carl was really there.

"What do you mean 'speeding off?' Honey, I'm not sure what you're talking about," the wife said innocently.

"Forget it! We'll talk when I get home," Carl blurted, then glared at his mom and son. "Oh, and there's a couple people who will be joining our conversation."

Matt and Henley dropped the women back off at the park, then headed home.

"There you are!" Summer stated as her son walked in the door. "Where have you been?!"

"At the park playing ball with Henley, why?"

"Why?! Matt, it's nearly eleven. You're suppose to be at an appointment. Did you forget you had a 10am copulation session, over on Clark Street?"

"Honestly, mom…you'll have to cancel it," Matt muttered, heading towards his room. "I'm just not feeling it today."

"Not feeling it?" Summer chuckled. "Since when are YOU not feeling it?"

Her son didn't answer. He just went into his room and closed the door. Matt had stayed up way too late the night before. Coupled with the fact that he was beat from playing basketball and pissed off that he didn't get to spend more time fucking Cassie. Besides his mom, she was probably the hottest MILF he'd ever met, and her cunt had felt incredible. It was unfortunate that their time together got cut short. He plopped down on his bed for a nap.

Summer canceled his appointments for the day and let her son sleep for a few hours. She knew the amount of sex he'd been having in a day was probably catching up with him. In the mid-afternoon, she went in and sat on his bedside, stroking his arm tenderly, like any

loving mom would. Her eyes couldn't help but drift to his cock-bulge, studying it's tubular outline. It amazed her that while every other male had shriveled up to nearly nothing, boys Matt's age had dicks that grew longer and meatier as time passed. Some of her mom-friends

were now reporting boys with erections over a foot long. Like all women, her body was going through the same type of metamorphosis. With each passing day, her tits grew a tad larger and her ass slightly fuller. Just that morning she had watched a news program detailing how the virus was causing women's vaginas to elongate more, to accommodate the incredible penile growth that boys Matt's age were experiencing.

Unable to retrain herself, Summer leaned over, bringing her nose to her son's bulge and inhaling. His musky, manly scent made her eyes roll back in their sockets and her cunt clench up with desire. She also noticed a hint of something else. "Pussy? Why does he smell like pussy? He didn't go to any appointments this morning?" she thought.

Matt's eyes popped open and he saw his beautiful mother sitting there next to him. Her breasts were so abnormally huge and fat they looked like they could burst right through her bra and snug cotton top at any moment. "Damn, how long did I sleep?" The teen groggily asked.

"A few hours," the mother softly stated. "Sweetie, I think I need to apologize to you."

"For what?"

"I was a bit harsh on you earlier. Sometimes I get so consumed with setting these appointments up for you and making sure you get to them, I forget that your whole life shouldn't be just about getting women pregnant. You have friends…and other interests that are important too."

"Well, honestly, mom…the most important person in my life right now is you," Matt confessed. "Maybe WE should start spending more time together."

Summer smiled slyly, gazing at her boy with her beautiful eyes. "You think so?" she whispered, her heart going pitter-patter.

"Yeah, I do," he replied, surprised to find his mom's face slowly moving towards his. It was like they had little control of their own bodies as their lips drifted closer and closer together, finally meeting in a sensual, closed-lipped kiss.

Their kissers smacked together tenderly as they stared lustfully into each other's eyes. Matt lowered onto his back again and his mom followed, mashing her

super-sized tits against his chiseled chest. Even through her shirt and bra, the teen could feel her stiff, elongated nipples prodding against him. The tips of their tongues played erotically as they peeked from their smooching lips. Summer draped a sexy leg across her son's midsection, feeling his hardning cock-muscle through his shorts. They were both certainly on the road to a heated fuck when Summer came to her senses, rising off her son. "I'm not so sure that us spending time together is such a good idea right now," she stated with excited breath.

"Why? Is there something wrong with a mother and son spending time together?"

"In a normal world, no, but these times are far from normal. This virus is doing things to our bodies and our minds. It's giving us desires that aren't normal, and clouding our judgement."

"If you're talking about my desire for you…well, I gotta be honest, that existed WAY before this virus even started, mom," Matt admitted.

"Yeah, since you were fourteen. You already told me, remember?" Summer blushed. "Until they find some sort of cure for what's happening, I think we should limit the amount of time we spend with each other, especially when we're home alone together, like today."

"Rather than avoid each other, can't we just um…do something to maybe take the edge off?" Matt asked.

"What do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Well, you're afraid that we're gonna lose control and have sex with each other, right?"

"Maybe," Summer replied, not quite ready to fully admit her desires.

"Well, what if we just expressed ourselves in a way that's much less…extreme."

"Such as?"

"How about we could, um…masturbate each other?" the boy proposed. "I could get you off the same way I did Briana. Remember, you didn't think I could get her off in thirty seconds and I did."

"You ALMOST did," Summer giggled, "and of course I remember, it cost me my clothes, if you recall?"

"Oh, trust me, I recall," he grinned, thinking back on just how fucking hot his mom looked naked. "I could get you off that same way though. You could do the same for me."

"Matt, no! When it comes to you and I, that would still be crossing way over the line."

"Oh, come on, mom…it's better than us avoiding each other because we're afraid we're gonna lose control."

"We're not touching each other that way!" she stated in a resolved tone. "We can't spend plenty of time together as long as other people are home with us."

He watched his mom's sexy round bubble-ass sway as she left his bedroom. "I guess I'll go out for awhile then," he shouted. "I shouldn't have any issues finding a woman to stroke me off and a whole lot more than that, if I want it!"

He saw his mom stop, suddenly struck with jealousy. She slowly turned around and glared at him from the hallway. "You just think you're such a big-shot, don't you?"

Matt smiled and flexed his cock, making his shorts tent up obscenely. "I know I am," he answered with a cocky smile. "And YOU know it too. Come back in, close the door and lock it, mom."

Summer padded back into his bedroom and closed the door behind her. She stood there for a moment, awkwardly watching him remove his shorts. The huge pole of his cock sprung back on his abdomen, making his mom's eyes widen in wonder. "Good grief! It's even bigger than it was three weeks ago!" she thought.

"You're NOT fucking my pussy…if that's what you had in mind," she stated.

"You know what I have in mind. I told you. Now get your clothes off!" Matt demanded.

Summer shook her head. "I'll get you off, but I'm not getting naked in front of you again," she resisted.

"Fine, just leave then. I'll go find a hot mom who will. Maybe one of your friends. The ones who drool over me whenever they come

over."

"Fine…I'll take my clothes off, but no touching, Matt. I mean it!" the mother warned.

Matt stroked on his member, while watching his mom strip down to her birthday suit. The last time he'd seen her tits, he couldn't imagine seeing one more fat and luscious. However, since then, his mom's boobs had obviously become ever more swollen with fluff. She seemed almost embarrassed by how her huge udders ballooned out from her chest and how her engorged papilla looked like fat rubbery corks protruding out from the puffy pinkish-purple rings of her areola. "Damn…they're even more beautiful than the last time I saw them!" Matt admitted.

"They just…won't stop growing," Summer blushed, shrugging her shoulders cutely and making her mammary-meat jiggle.

"Neither will this," said Matt, stroking his boner up and down.

"So I noticed," his mom whispered, licking her lips as she stared at the tip of his fat, angry cockhead.

"The lube's in my nightstand."

Summer went over and retrieved his bottle of heated lubrication. She climbed onto the bed with him, noticing how her boy couldn't take his eyes away from her giant bobbling breasts. She opened the bottle and poured an ample amount onto her son's erection, then set it down. The mother sprawled at his side and snuggled, draping one of her colossal tits across his upper chest.

"Holy shit!" Matt blurted, staring at the huge mound of tit-flesh resting just under his chin. He felt his mom's hand circle his cock, working the lubrication all around it. He looked up and saw her staring down at him with her dreamy eyes. "Talk dirty while you stroke me," he requested.

"What do you want me to do…brag about how gorgeous you are?" she asked in a seductive tone. "How big and hard your cock gets?"

"Yes."

"Do you want me to admit that you could probably fuck any girl on the planet that you wanted, including your own mom?"

"If only that were true," Matt sighed, feeling her hand begin a tight jerking rhythm around his cock.

"You want it to be true, don't you?" Summer asked. "You want me to draw my knees back and spread my thighs for you, so you can pound the fucking shit out of me, like you do those other moms?"

"I certainly wouldn't say no to that."

"You wanna steal me right from your father's arms and become master of my pussy, don't you?" she asked. "Make your own mother a slave to your fat teenage cock."

"Damn, that's hot, mom!" Matt sighed, feeling her beat his meat vigorously.

"You couldn't handle me," Summer giggled. "I'm too much woman for you. I'm not like those other moms. I'd blow your fucking mind!"

"Really?!" Matt asked, squirming beneath her in ecstasy.

Summer's heart pounded excitedly as she gazed down and watched her hand travel the length of Matt's dreamy cock. She squeezed up and down the meaty stalk, with prefect corkscrew strokes. "Like you, I take pride at how good I am at being nasty," she teased. "How good I can stroke and give creamy hand-jobs… How good I can lick, suck and nibble on man's cock and balls…"

Matt watched her stare down into his eyes with the sluttiest look he'd ever seen as she continued speaking. "And how incredibly adept I am at fucking hard cock."

"Damn, mom!" the teen gasped.

"Is that the type of dirty talk you wanted, baby. Did you want mommy to talk about her Goddess-pussy and how it might be just too much for your long, fat cock to endure?"

"Yes, I fucking love that kind of talk!"

"Yeah? Does it make you big dong throb, hmm? Does it make it wanna fuck some nice, tight, pussy?" Summer cooed, squeezing his steely prick as hard as she could.

"Fuck yes!" Matt replied, remembering for a moment how incredibly snug Cassie's cunt was that morning. He guessed that his mom's pleasure-tube was equally as tight, since it hadn't been fucked in so long. He felt his mom adjust her grip, so her thumb drug across his sensitive frenulum. "Ahhh!" he sighed.

"Ohhh, mommy found a good spot on you, didn't she, baby?" Summer cooed.

"Uh-huh."

"See, we moms know all about you boys and your dicks. We know how to work them just the way you like it," Summer stated, her breath huffing from her vigorous cock-stroking. "We know how to make our hands feel like a hot, tight fuck-hole. One that can milk all that sticky cum up from your boy-balls!"

"Jeez, mom…that's fucking hot!" her son gasped, his dick flexing and twitching in her stroking hand.

Summer too thought this was an absolute thrill. She was almost embarrassed by the filth that spouted from her lips, yet she continued anyway. "You like it, sweetheart? You like it when your big-titted mom talks nasty to you, while she beats you off?"

"Yes!"

"Maybe you should hump your hips, baby…like you would if you were fucking me," Summer suggested. "Show mommy what she's missing. Try to change my mind, by showing me what a good fuck you are. Make it impossible for me to resist you, Matt!"

Matt complied, humping his ass from the mattress and meeting his mother's tireless dick-strokes. Summer's cock-needy cunt was twitching and drooling like crazy as she watched her boy hump her hand masterfully. "Oh my God…look at how he's moving!" she thought, imaging how unbelievable his cock would feel thundering through her cunt, if he was moving in such a manner beneath her.

"Oh, you are an amazing cunt-fucker, aren't you? No wonder every mother out there wants a piece of you."

"Including you?" Matt asked.

"Would you like that, stud? Would you like your mom's pussy sheathed around your monster-cock, showing you how good it could really be?" Summer asked, intensifying her strokes. "Would you like to make me yours? Your own personal FUCK-SLUT-MOMMY?!"

"OH, SHIT, MOM…I'M GONNA CUM!" her son announced. "LET ME CUM ON YOUR TITS…PLEASE!!"

Without thinking twice, Summer moved down to her son's mid-section, wrapped her giant jugs around his prick, while continuing to stroke it's length in the canyon of her cleavage.

"YES, LIKE THAT…UGHHH!" Matt grunted as huge blasts of ball-juice began hosing from his piss-hole. "UGHHHH!!"

"That's it, honey…cum all over mommy's big boobs. Paint my tit-flesh with your cum!"

Summer was absolutely mesmerized by all the creamy baby-goo that was erupting from Matt's cock. Sure, she'd heard the stories of how boys were producing more semen, but to see it happening in front of her, bubbling up from between her own smothering tits and coating them, was enthralling.

"Ohh, there it is, baby…squeeze your hot dick up through mommy's cleavage," Summer mewled, releasing her hand from Matt's cock and letting him fuck her tightly-pressed tits.

For nearly two minutes, more and more cum out bubbled up out of her smothering cleavage, before her boy's orgasm suddenly abated. Matt gazed up at her in awe. "Damn, if you fuck as good as you stroke dick, don't expect me to EVER stop trying to get into bed with you, mom," the boy breathlessly stated.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie. I do fuck as well as I stroke, so I guess I should get used to being propositioned," Summer replied with a proud smile.

"Yep," Matt blurted, climbing up onto his knees, "but at least for today, you've agreed to allowing my fingers to see the inside of you. Lay down, mom! Time for me to redeem myself."

Summer nervously sprawled back. "Redeem yourself?" she asked.

"Yeah, I couldn't quite get Briana off in thirty-seconds, so now I get a second try…but with you this time."

The mother hardly had time to spread her legs before Matt plunged two fingers inside her shaved cunt and began savagely finger-

fucking her. She gasped and writhed, arching her back from the mattress in ecstasy. The boy smiled from ear to ear, watching her meaty, spunk-glossed mammaries roll wildly all over her chest. He hoped that one day soon he'd get to rub his face all over their squishy contours, while he fucked the shit out of her.

Summer had been fingered plenty of times in her life. In fact, it was common practice with her husband, since he had no dick to fuck her with. Matt's fingers were altogether different, however. Her boy had clearly mastered the technique of finger-fucking, curling his digits against her roughly-textured G-spot and bringing on the quickest orgasm she'd had in her life. "UUHHHGGHH!!" she screamed, so loud that it nearly startled her son, even though he'd made hundreds of women scream out before her.

Matt delighted in watching his mom flop around like a fish out of water, with her pretty face twisted in pleasure. He felt her urethral meatus bulge and a surge of hot girl-cum hiss out between his fingers. "Holy fuck…mom's a squirter! I love it!" he thought.

After pulling his fingers out, Matt crawled on all-fours above her, staring down at her gorgeous huge-titted body. Summer looked up at him and smiled mischievously. "What do you think you're doing, sneaky-pants?" she curious asked, then gazed down at his long jutting cock as it pointed up at her.

"Can we kiss…just for a few minutes?" he asked.

"I don't suppose a few minutes will hurt," she said innocently, then closed her legs together tightly. "But if you're expecting me to prop my knees back and

cradle you between my thighs you can forget it. Too dangerous!" she warned almost playfully.

"Fine," he son muttered, then lowered down on top of her, planting his legs astride hers. The feel of his chest sinking against his mom's

pillowy melons made him about go out of his mind with lust, even if they were slimy with his spunk. Mother and son began smooching sensually and Summer's fingers combed through the back of her boy's hair as their kissing intensified and their tongues began to lash wildly together.

Every though Matt wasn't positioned for penetration, he could still rub his slab of meat against his mom's camel-toed vulva. His hardened muscle plowed against the rounded dome of her protruding prepuce, pulling it back and exposing the bulb of her glans. "Ahhh!" he gasped, feeling the heat of her cunt radiate up between her legs, warming his cock.

Summer gasped also as her boy's hardon drug against her sensitive nubbin. It sent tingles coursing through her lovely body, tempting her to throw her legs open and let Matt jab his cock all the way to the womb that once held him. She felt like she was losing control of her tongue as it wrestled wildly with Matt's. "What an incredible kisser!" she thought, wondering if there was anything sexually-speaking that her son didn't do well.

Matt slid his hands beneath his mom's back, kissing his way to her neck, then licking it like crazy, making his mother's eyes roll back as her curvy flesh squirmed beneath him. He knew how to break a woman down sexually, even though he rarely had to. Most moms were anxious to get their horny pissers pounded hard and fast. He raised his hip, letting his boner extend downward, then he jabbed the knob of his cock at the bottom of her pubic triangle, spraying her outer lips.

"Sweetie, be careful!" his mom gasped, feeling his cock-meat squeeze down between her legs, dragging through her juice-slickened labial flanges.

"AHH!" Matt shivered, feeling his glans slip across her hairless perineum and into the deep crack of her ass. He felt the pink elastic

ring of his mom's asshole throb against his bell tip, kissing it's rounded flesh. "Ahh, shit, mom!" he sighed, aroused beyond belief.

"We should stop! It's been more than a few minutes," Summer urged.

"Just a little bit longer," Matt answered, kissing her neck some more.

"No…we have to stop now before we do something we shouldn't."

"Just relax, mom," Matt requested, slowly plowing his cock between the fat rounded buns of her ass. "If it's meant to happen, just let it happen."

"Matt, no!" she shouted, then surprised him by rolling them over and taking the top. Her son didn't mind this at all since the adjustment had placed his head down inside her squishy tit-cleavage. "Sweetie, we have to stop, right now!"

Ignoring her plea, the boy sighed, turning his face slightly, so her could kiss the soft creamy flesh of one of her tits. He wished it didn't taste like sperm, but hey, at least it was his. His mother lifted herself off him, making her giant udders dangle above him for a teasing moment.

"Enough for now!" Summer stated, gazing down at him. "I have to say though…you're a REALLY GOOD kisser, sweetheart."

"So are you, and trust me, I've kissed a few."

"So you usually make out with these women you're…impregnating?"

"Sure, I don't think I've been with a woman yet who didn't wanna kiss while we did it."

"Even your brother's wife?"

"Oh God yeah! Briana could hardly keep her tongue out of my mouth."

"Your poor brother," Summer laughed. "He was so worried that something like that might be going on. I tried to ease his mind, but I knew the two of you were in there getting your fucking nasty on."

"Do you think dad worries…knowing you're here alone with me?"

The mother stood from his bed, her giant melons teetering heavily. "I don't think he's worried so much about you and I yet," she answered, then winked down at him, "but if he knew what we've been up to here lately, he would most definitely worry."

"Would that make you stop…if you knew he worried?"

"No," Summer answered, without hesitation. "I'd just have to be a lot more sneaky when I wanted to be naughty with my boy."

Matt watched her step over, then bend down to pick up her clothes. "Holy fuck!" he muttered, staring at the big rounded meat of her naked ass. Below it, crowning her luscious legs, were the puffy lips of her outer labium. Even from where he was sitting, Matt could see the sheen of her wet cunt-slit. "Tongue back in your mouth, young man!" his mom teased, staring back and watching his reaction.

"No chance!" the boy blurted, shifting his eyes to her mammoth breasts and the way they hung down pendulously.

"I need a shower. All those baby-makers are still running down my body."

"Were you serious about what you said, when you were stroking me off?"

"Which part?"

"Would you really 'blow my mind' by how good you are at fucking?"

Summer curled her tongue up onto her top lip and smiled, staring at her son flirtingly. "Yeah…I most certainly would blow your mind," she softly replied. "Your not the only one in this family who loves to fuck," she winked, then turned and sashayed from his bedroom, making the big fleshy cheeks of her bubble-butt undiluted for her boy's watchful eyes.

166: Sons of Moms_3

Sons of Moms – Chapter 5

By Klrxo

"So, Summer…tell me why you came to see us. What's on your mind?" Doctor Lennon inquired. The two of them sat across from each other, in Doctor Lennon's office. She was one of many clinicians at a facility called "The Safe Space Clinic."

"I've been, um…having some issues with Matt," Summer answered.

"Matt, your son, correct?"

"Yes. Lately we've been…um, acting inappropriately around each other and I just need help steering him and I in a different direction."

"By 'inappropriate,' I assume you mean in a sexual way?" the blonde Doctor asked, taking some notes on her tablet.

"Yes. We've been engaged in some behaviors lately that aren't normal for a mother and son."

"Well, what's normal is certainly subjective these days. Have the two of you had sex together?"

"No, but we've come close."

"Can you describe what you mean by 'close?'"

"A few days ago I, um…gave him a handjob and he fingered me," Summer blushingly confessed. She'd been feeling very ashamed by her behavior with Matt, so much so that the feelings of guilt when she was around her husband were tremendous. Summer was also petrified that if it continued that she'd be caught, and it would destroy her marriage.

"Was there anything else that took place? Any kissing? Any other type of penetration?"

"There was some intimate kissing, and I said some things to him that I probably shouldn't have," Summer answered.

"Probably shouldn't have?"

"Actually, no…I most certainly shouldn't have said what I did to him."

"I assume you mean 'dirty talk,' and that you did this while masturbating his penis?"

"Yes, exactly."

Doctor Lennon adjusted her glasses, then stared across at Summer. "It's obvious that you're feeling some remorse over what happened between you and your son. Did you have these feeling while engaged in the act?" she asked.

"At first I did, but then my smooth-talking son lured me in. It was like I became helplessly engrossed in behaviors that were just…well, extremely indecent."

"Before you become too hard on yourself, let's talk about the ways YOUR life has changed, since this virus first started. Summer, how long has it been since you've had sexual intercourse?"

Summer smiled and shook her head. "Well over a year now."

"I assume, like most men, your husband has lost his penis completely at this point?"

"Yes."

"And now your managing the sex life of your son, while trying to cope with rising levels of estrogen, which are probably wreaking havoc on your libido. All, while remaining in a sexless marriage. That would be tough for any woman to endure."

"Yes, well…I know I'm not the only mother in this situation."

"No, your not. I deal with sexually frustrated mothers every day, and between you and I…I'm in the same boat as you all are. My husband Jake's penis withered away to nothing months ago, and now I'm coping with that the best I can. Your situation is different though, in that you have a healthy, sexually- functioning teenager living in the home with you. You're constantly exposed to his pheromones, which boys like your son are producing at unprecedented levels, since the virus."

"Among other things, yes," Summer added.

"You must be referring to his increased penis size?"

"I know those aren't the kinds of things a mother should be noticing, but it's been SO difficult not to lately."

"It's in our nature to be attracted to a good-looking young man with a large penis, even if we did give birth to him."

"It doesn't help when I have to listen to details of his sexual exploits, even though I know he's just helping these women to conceive," Summer pointed out.

The doctor chuckled. "Well, I think we both know that most of those women are just looking for pleasure, under the guise of wanting a

baby."

"True."

"Summer, the fact is…the greater percentage of women don't have that type of temptation to endure on a day to day basis, but I see a lot of mothers, like yourself, who do. They're trying to control their unsurmountable feelings of sexual desire, without destroying their marriages in the process."

"That's just it…" Summer admitted. "I love my husband, I really do, but I also just…REALLY need sex! The lack of it is just making me do things that would break my husband's heart if he ever found out."

"That's why the answer is not to ignore, but to INDULGE…safely."

"Indulge?" Summer asked curiously.

"Yes. Indulge in your desires…in a safe place. That's why our facility is called 'The Safe Space Clinic.' Our purpose here is not to change your feelings, but to help you embrace them, by providing a place for unconventional sexual intercourse to take place."

"By 'unconventional'…you mean between mothers and sons?"

"Mothers and sons, brothers and older sisters, boys and their Grandmothers. Sexual pairings that require the utmost discreetness," Doctor Lennon explained, then stood up. "Follow me. I wanna show you something."

Summer followed the doctor over to a door and watched her punch in a key code. They entered a smaller room, with a strange-looking panel on the far wall, and a control screen. The doctor entered a command on the screen and the strange panel/door opened up like a giant drawer. It was actually a very inviting-looking full-sized bed. "This is what's called the Safe Space Capsule. Once it closes up, it's

completely private and sound proof. Whatever happens inside the capsule stays inside the capsule," Dr. Lennon explained.

"Interesting," Summer muttered, "but if you're suggesting that Matt and I come here and…"

"Indulge in your desires? Yes, that's exactly what I'm suggesting."

"Oh, well…I just don't know if that's the answer I was looking for today, to be honest."

"Summer, your resolve to remain faithful to your husband is admirable, but these urges you've been experiencing aren't going away. In fact, they'll get even more intense and harder to fight off as time goes on. This virus is causing us to evolve as humans, and in doing so, it's tempting us women to engage with sexual partners we've never considered before."

Summer looked down at the diamond wedding ring on her finger. "If I did have sex with Matt, even if it was in a place my husband would never find out about, how would I live with that?" she asked, which was more of a question for herself, rather than the doctor.

"By accepting the fact that it's the way of things now. Summer, your husband will never satisfy you sexually. His penis is gone, and it's not coming back. That's a fact! The data shows that in the coming year a mother's sexual desire will become unbearable. Increased hormone production in the ovaries and adrenal glands will rise to a level that makes us become complete sexual deviants."

"Really?" the mother asked, staring at the doctor in concern. "It'll get that bad?"

"I'm afraid so. Finding a young man like Matt for ravenous sex will be all that consumes us."

The mother took a second to consider what she was saying. "I'll fight it off," Summer whispered, "somehow."

The doctor put a hand on her shoulder. "You won't be able to. The hunger for sex will just be too unbearable. You're already seeing the effects of it, you said so yourself."

"Yes," the mother admitted, recognizing the desire she had felt for Matt recently. "I'm ashamed to admit that here lately, I've had thoughts about having sex with Matt almost constantly."

"Then you need to see this place as more like a treatment facility. A place where you can satisfy that hunger for Matt's penis, then go home to your husband and hope that you can at least focus on being a good wife for a short space of time, before you and your son can make it back here again."

"A short space of time?" Summer questioned. "If I'm sexually satisfied then I don't think that'll be to hard."

"Perhaps, for now…but there will come a time that WE WON'T be satisfied with just occasional sex. Sadly, we won't even care about our husbands anymore. We'll be complete sexual degenerates."

"Like zombies," Summer muttered, remembering the reference that she'd heard from her son Bryce. "All women were becoming sexual zombies," he had told her in the kitchen that day, while his wife was down the hallway fucking Matt.

Summer clearly had a lot to think about. Except for the lack of sex, she had a good marriage to Donald. She always pictured herself remaining faithful to her husband, but the doctor was right, the virus had changed the world and the people in it. Moms like her everywhere were quickly becoming cock-craving sluts. "Maybe I should be thankful that I have a teenage dick at my disposal," she wickedly thought, knowing that most women had to struggle to find an available boy to fuck them. Even so, her resolve still hung by a

thread, not wanting to fully give into her desires just yet, for the sake of remaining faithful to her husband.

"How did your appointment go this morning, honey?" she asked her son as he fetched a snack from the refrigerator.

"Pretty well! Just another married lady who, I could tell, wasn't doing it JUST to get pregnant," Matt answered with a cocky smile. He let his eyes feast on his mother. Summer wore a two piece gray tracksuit that showed her curvaceous body. It was so snug on her crotch that Matt could see the puffy outline of her vulva. "How did your day go?" he inquired.

"It was, um…interesting. I had an appointment at a facility called 'The Safe Place Clinic.'

"Oh, yeah…I've been to that place," Matt blurted, without thinking. Then, he suddenly gave his mom a panicked look, realized he had divulged information that he shouldn't have. "I mean…I know where that place is!"

"Hmm, how's that? I've never booked you any appointments with clients there."

"I've just, um…driven by it a few times."

"Driven by it, huh? That would be impossible for you to know, since they don't have a sign up front. The place is very private!"

"I know, I just…heard about it, and knew it was there."

Summer gave him a skeptical look. She could always tell when her son was bullshitting her. "You're many things, honey, but one thing you're NOT is a good liar. Who did you go there with?"

"No one."

"Matt, tell me!"

"Jesus, mom…can't I have sex with anyone without you having to know about it?!"

"So YOU DID visit the clinic?"

"Just a few times," he admitted.

"Recently?"

"Yes."

"With who?" the mother persisted.

"With…a lady. That's all I'm telling you. There's a reason they call it the 'Safe Place Clinic,' mom. It's so no one finds out, not even my nosey mother!"

Summer put her hands on her hips impatiently, making her fatty tits jostle beneath her snug top. "You're really not gonna tell me? Was it with someone I know?" she pried.

"Obviously…otherwise why would I not tell you?"

"You fucked one of my friends, didn't you?"

Matt burst out laughing, amused by his mom's stubborn persistence. "You're not gonna stop until I tell you, are you?"

"NO, I'm not!"

"Sorry…I promised her I wouldn't say anything to anyone, especially you."

"Ugh! Now I have to know!" Summer demanded.

"Mom, clearly you didn't get much from your visit at that clinic today," Matt expressed. "Their number one rule is discreetness. You can't tell ANYONE what goes on inside those Safe Place Capsules."

"I'm not just 'anyone,' Matt…I'm your mother. I've managed your sex life for the past year. If there's anyone on this earth you can trust, it's me."

"Sorry, mom, I just…can't."

"Well, that's too bad. I was actually thinking about setting an appointment for us there. I guess we can ditch that idea," she stated, turning to leave.

"Wait, what?! You were thinking about YOU AND I going to the Safe Place Clinic together?"

"Of course I was, honey! Why do you think I visited them today and brought it up? I just wanted to check things out…get more information on the place."

"So, if I tell you who I was with, you'll book us an appointment there?" he asked eagerly. Matt knew that the only reason couples met there, was to fuck each other's brains out without the fear of getting caught. "Holy shit! Mom must actually be considering the idea of us fucking each other," he thought.

"If you tell me who it was, and you're honest…then you and I can discuss the possibility of booking an appointment there," his mother replied.

"Mom, you have to promise that when I tell you who I met there you won't freak out."

"I won't freak out. Just tell me!"

"And I have your word that you won't tell her that I told you. You have to swear!" Matt pleaded.

"Fine! I swear I won't say anything. Now, who was it?! Who did you fuck at the clinic?"

Matt lowered his head a bit shamefully. "Grandma," he muttered.

Summer's eyes lit up. "MY MOTHER?!" she exclaimed.

"She begged me to, mom. It's Grandma! What was I suppose to say…no?!"

Matt's Grandma Ellen was a spitting image of his mom, just seventeen years older. Their physical builds were much the same, but instead of blonde hair, his Grandma had a shimmering silver-gray mane, that hung past her shoulders. He'd fucked a lot of hot pussy, but being in a tiny sealed compartment and savagely fucking his heavy-titted Grandmother was possibly the greatest lay of his life.

"Good hell, Matt…first your brother's wife, now my own mother!"

"Hold on! You and Briana were the ones who suggested me getting her pregnant, not me! I only did it to help her and Bryce out."

"Yeah, right!" Summer smirked. "You've been wanting to fuck your sister-in-law since the day your brother brought her home to meet us."

"Ok, maybe…but I was still the one who was asked to do it. Same with Grandma. It wasn't like I propositioned her for sex or anything. She's the one who pleaded with me to help her out."

"So, how long did you and my mother spend…inside the Safe Place Capsule?" Summer asked.

"I don't know, probably a couple hours each time. She is my Grandma, yes, but she's also just a woman, mom, and all women get horny, especially since this virus came along."

"My own mother…I can't believe this!" Summer thought. She was very close to her mother, but sex was something they never discussed. Her parents were High School sweethearts, who she assumed had a healthy sex life. However, she never considered that the virus had probably affected her father the same way it had her husband and millions of other men. If her mom had even half of Summer's sex drive then she had probably been going out of her mind before she started meeting Matt at the clinic. "Do you two have plans to do it again?" Summer asked.

"Well, yeah…she wants to do it every day, but I told her that with my busy schedule, that wasn't really feasible. We decided on twice a week."

"Well, I'll be honest, I'm NOT happy about it, but I'll keep my word. I won't say anything to her or anyone else," Summer assured her son.

"Thanks," Matt replied. "Now, about US. Can we um, set an appointment there, like you said?"

Summer didn't wanna say no, but she also had just enough resolve to put it off as long as she possibly could. "Your schedule's really full this week, honey. Maybe we can just…see how things go."

"My schedules full EVERY week, mom, and honesty, I'd cancel all those appointments for just one time with you."

The mother stared at him dreamily, her heart going pitter-patter in her chest. If she were perfectly honest, she wanted nothing more in the world than to get ravaged by her handsome, charming son. It had been so long since she'd had an erection plow her pussy and certainly never anything as long and thick as Matt's cock. She was aware of the changes in her sexual anatomy. The way her cunt-tube

had elongated to accommodate such a mammoth prick. Even still, the prospect of cheating on her loving husband was killing her. "Maybe Donald would…understand," she thought, wondering if there might be a way that her husband would agree to letting their son pleasure her. It was a long shot, but

she would certainly feel better going that route before fucking Matt behind her hubby's back.

"Honey, I have something pretty serious that I'd like to talk to you about," Summer stated as they sat in bed that night.

"Something serious, huh?" he husband asked attentively . "Well, let's have it!"

"I'm not really sure how to put this, so I'll just come right out with it," his wife muttered awkwardly. "How would you feel about me sleeping in Matt's bed with him, a few nights a week?"

"Sleeping in Matt's bed?" Donald asked with a confused look. "Oh, shit…have I been snoring and keeping you up again?"

"No, it's, um…nothing like that, honey. It's just…well, things are different now, than the way they used to be. What I mean is…you and I used to have sex every night and now we don't, at all."

"Summer, we've had this discussion. What happened to me…down there, was completely beyond my control. That's why we—"

"Baby, I know that, but the virus has caused changes in ME too. You've seen the reports. You know that female hormone levels are raging, and we're all just trying to find ways to adjust to those changes the best we can."

"I agree, but what does that have to do with the sleeping arrangement in this house?"

"Oh, Donald…I was really hoping you would understand what I meant, without me coming out and saying it," said Summer, with frustration in her voice.

"Coming out and saying what exactly?"

"Explaining to you the reason that I need at least a few nights a week with Matt…in his bed."

The light bulb suddenly went off in Donald's head and his stomach sunk. "Oh…that," he murmured.

"Yeah…that," his wife whispered, a bit shamefully.

"So, let me see if I have this right. You're asking me to have sex… with Matt?!" Donald asked, hoping he'd misunderstood what she really meant.

"Donald, you know what the world is coming to. Women everywhere…they're all becoming helplessly obsessed with young men. I'm one of the lucky ones, in that I have one living under the same roof. Everything I need is right here! It would just require a few…modifications in our marriage."

"Those modifications being that I allow you to fuck our son?" Donald asked in an agitated tone.

His wife came over and snuggled against him. "You know I love you! Other than a lack of sexual intimacy, our marriage is rock solid. Because I respect the sanctity of our union, I wanted to propose this idea to you, rather than sneak around behind your back," she explained.

"Well, that's admirable, but still…you need to consider what you're proposing, Summer. You're asking to have sex…with Matt, our son!"

"Would you rather I take the dick of some random stranger?"

"No, I'd rather you control your urges," her hubby replied. "If you need more orgasms I can give you those, with my tongue…and fingers!"

Summer wanted to burst out laughing, but she didn't dare. "I don't need a tongues and fingers, Donald. I NEED a penis!" Summer replied, feeling a bit ashamed confessing she needed something more than what he could give her.

"I told you I'd pay for one of those strap-on things, just find one online and buy it!"

"A real PENIS, honey! Not a hunk of rubber."

"Summer, I'M NOT ok with you sleeping with Matt…END OF STORY!"

The mother HUFFED and turned away from him. "I should have known I'd get a selfish answer from you," she fumed. "If you cared about me at all you'd at least consider the idea."

"Suppose the roles were reversed and I was asking to have sex with Rhonda…would you be OK with that?!" Donald asked, referring to their daughter.

"She's only seventeen, Donald!"

"What if she were eighteen, like Matt is? Are you saying you'd be OK with her and I sleeping together and having sex."

Summer knew she could answer dishonestly, since that scenario would certainly never play out in real life. Her husband wouldn't be fucking anyone, let alone their daughter. "If it would help the two of you cope, with a condition that you had no control over, then yes, I'd be fine with it," she replied.

"I doubt that very much!"

"Donald, I'm sorry that your penis has withered away, and that you'll never have sex again, but that's neither my fault or Matt's. Call me selfish, but I shouldn't have to go without sex, just because you are!"

"Bryce and I had to listen to Matt and Briana go at it like animals for a week, while they were trying to get her pregnant. I'll be damned if I'm gonna lay here and listen to him have sex with MY wife every other night!"

"We'll get a noise machine and put it next to the bed in here. You won't have to listen to a thing."

"You're right, I won't, because it's NOT happening!"

Summer turned and glared at her husband in disgust. "You're jealous of him…aren't you?" she asked.

"Matt?"

"Yes, Matt!'

"No, I'm not jealous of him! Why would I be jealous of him?"

"Oh, I don't know…let's see…you have no penis and his erection is nearly foot long. He's had sex with hundreds of beautiful, big breasted women and YOUR sex life is nearly non-existent," Summer explained.

"Wait a second…how do you even know how big Matt's penis is?"

"I schedule appointments every day with women who regularly have sex with him. Women talk. Trust me, I'm well aware of Matt's penis size." Summer didn't

dare tell him that it was really because she had seen it, and stroked it off herself.

"Well fine, but you're wrong…I'm not jealous of him."

"Donald, stop being stupid and admit it! Every woman out there is drooling over your son. He's getting his dick squeezed off by mature pussy from nine to five, every day. The amount of pleasure he's experiencing is mind-blowing! What guy wouldn't be jealous of that?"

"Well, good…I'm happy for him!" Donald uttered. Summer was right…of course he was jealous of Matt. Particularly because now, even his own wife wanted a piece of him.

"What's wrong with being happy for ME?" she asked sweetly. "Happy that despite this stupid virus, I was still able to get toe-curling orgasms, and just right down the hallway. Your wife's needs would get met, and yes, I know…it would be Matt and not you who would be in control of satisfying my desires, but other than that, you and I could still be the same happy, married couple we always have been."

"Sorry, there's no way I'd be happy with that arrangement!" Donald replied, then turned away from his wife. "I'm sure any husband would feel the same way I do."

The next morning Matt slept in. He sat up suddenly and looked at his phone. "Shit! You were suppose to give me a wake-up call, mom!" he shouted out loud. That's when he noticed a text from her, so he brought it up on screen.

"Good morning, sunshine! I canceled your appointments today. We have a date at the Safe Space Clinic at noon. See you there! ," the message read.

"YES!" Matt gleefully shouted, doing a fist-pump in the air. He hoped that by 'appointment' she meant they'd be to fuck their asses off and not just getting some silly therapy session.

The teen showered, got dressed, then met his mom outside the clinic at the designated time. "Damn!" Matt blurted, looking her up and down. "I didn't know you had a dress like that!"

Summer wore a sage green bodycon mini dress. It had a haltered neckline with tiny straps that tied behind her neck. Her tits ballooned out beneath it, exposing lots of cleavage and protruding nipples that looked fat and suckable. Her sexy feet were propped in patent leather mules. "You like?!" she asked, twirling around, showing the open back and the swell of her plump, round ass.

"I love it!" he boy replied.

She took his arm and they strode inside to their appointment.

"Thanks for coming in today," said Doctor Lennon, sitting across from them in her office. "Summer, you look stunning!"

"Thank you!" the mother blushed, holding her son's hand on her lap.

"That's what I told her," Matt added, glancing over at his mom's jutting breasts.

"Well. I'm sure she wanted to look her best on this VERY special day," the Doctor stated, giving Summer a knowing wink. "And speaking of that…Matt, I think your mother has something she'd like to ask you."

Matt looked at his mom, who seemed a bit awkward as she spoke. "Honey, as you know…things have been a bit…different between us lately. Rather than go on, struggling to control ourselves, I think it might be better if we act upon our desires…discreetly."

"I agree," Matt replied, with an anxious smile.

She stared straight into his eyes yearningly. "Would you like to have sex with me today?" Summer softly asked.

"Yes! I would love to fuck you today!"

His choice of words made the two mothers look at each other and giggle. "Answered like a true horny teenager!" Doctor Lennon observed.

"Isn't that the truth! He may need to get spanked today by his choice of words," Summer joked, slapping her boy playfully on the shoulder.

"If anyone's doing the spanking today, it's me!" Matt playfully warned.

"Ohh, is that a promise?" Summer asked in a lascivious tone.

The doctor smiled and interjected. "We'd better get the two of you into that capsule, before you start getting naughty right here in my office," she teased.

Doctor Lennon led them both into the Capsule Room, her and Summer's dainty heels tapping delicately on the hard floor. "The capsule is set at sixty-nine, degrees, the prefect temperature for sexual intercourse, but can be adjusted by you from inside," she explained.

"Great!" Summer beamed, nervously squeezing her boy's arm.

"Yeah…sixty-nine is an awesome number!" Matt agreed.

"You're so bad!" his mom whispered, giving him a flirty look.

Doctor Lennon hit a button on the control screen and the capsule opened like a huge drawer, exposing the full-sized bed mattress.

"You also have a choice of lighting. Blue, aqua, strobe or just natural light."

"What do you think, babe?" Summer asked, looking at her son.

His mom had never called him "babe" before and he loved it. "Up to you! I'm good with whatever," Matt replied.

"Why don't we just stick with natural light for now," Summer requested.

"Natural light it is!" Doctor Lennon declared. "The capsule's mattress is superior for even the most vigorous intercourse, due to it's layer of bouncy synthetic latex, which is sandwiched between high density memory foam. Additionally, the walls are padded inside the capsule, so you can get as wild and nasty as you want in there without hurting a thing."

"Good to know," Summer stated, smiling as she gazed at her son with her beautiful blue eyes.

"It sure is!" Matt agreed. "Wild and Nasty are both things that I like."

"I guess that makes two of us then," Summer grinned.

"You can both go in naked, or clothed and undress once you're inside together," the Doctor informed them.

Summer looked at her boy and smiled confidently. "Let's go in naked," she replied, without hesitation. Matt certainly wasn't gonna argue with that answer.

"Feel free to get undressed then, while I finish preparing your capsule. There's hooks there on the wall where you can hang your things."

Matt watched his mom strip, while he did the same. When she untied the haltered neck of her dress and slipped her giant tits out, his heart did a somersault in his chest. He'd been waiting for this moment for a long, long time. Finally, mother and son were completely naked and ready to climb inside their love-nest. "It looks

like someone's ready for some fun!" Doctor Lennon teased, peeking over at Matt's monster cock. It jutted out from his crotch at a perfect upward angle, nearly eleven inches long.

"FUN is my middle name!" Matt joked, rocking his hips and making his boner wag lewdly back and forth. This made both women's eyes widen and their horny cunt-holes clench with desire.

"You big show off!" his mother teased.

Doctor Lennon let out a horny sigh. "These teenage boys certainly DO have a lot to 'show off' these days," she put forth. "There are lubrication dispensers inside the capsule if you need some, although we women are producing plenty of it naturally now, so I doubt you will."

"We definitely won't need it," Summer giggled, feeling the swamp between her legs. An increase in vascular engorgement caused her pussy to be wet most of the time, but now that she was aroused, Summer could feel significant swelling and wetness in and around her eager cunt.

"We also have extra-large condoms available if you need them," the doctor offered.

Matt looked at his mom, hoping this wasn't something she had considered using. "No, I think we're fine without them, thank you," Summer stated. She hadn't put much thought into the possibility of getting pregnant until now. She

knew that her son was producing a much higher volume of sperm than normal, which would increase the chances of her getting knocked up. Despite this fact, she hated condoms and it was NEVER something she'd ask her son to wear.

The two of them climbed onto the mattress, sitting side by side in nothing but their birthday suits. Doctor Lennon flashed them a final

smile. "If there's anything else you need, just use the call button inside the capsule. Enjoy yourselves!" she remarked, then closed them in.

The mattress was surrounded now by walls, creating a nice cozy space with dimmed lighting, perfect for intimacy. For a moment they sat there in awkward silence before the mother peeked over at Matt. "Well…here we are! Did you wanna make love…or, let's see, how did you put it? Oh yeah… 'fuck?'" she giggled.

"Both," Matt answered, "but let's start by fucking."

Matt took the lead by rolling over on top of her. Their lips immediately came together for a passionate kiss. Summer's tongue slipped lustfully inside her boy's mouth and dueled with his, while she spread her legs open for him to settle between. The boy's kissing skills were instantly apparent to the experienced mother. This meant that they were well suited, since she LOVED making out and was quite skilled at kissing also.

Having her twat pierced by the crown of such a huge cock was painful at first, but then, as Matt's thick shaft sunk inside her, it turned divine. It was like taking that first swig of water after a long treacherous hike in the desert. Because of changes in her vagina, brought on by the virus, Summer was able to take the entire massive length of her son's erect cock. Plenty of slippery mucus had already secreted from her overactive Bartholin glands, coating her boy's boner in hot fuck-lubricant. The hypersexual mother tossed her lovely legs around him as their crotches mashed together, creating a phenomenal suctioned seal around the muscled root of Matt's erection.

"Damn…you feel amazing!" the teen groaned between sensual kisses.

"So do you!" his mother gasped, then darted her tongue back into his mouth.

For a few wonderful moments they felt their fully joined genitalia throb in a hot, slippery embrace. Then, Matt began fucking her… driving his monster cock through the heavenly tube of her cunt with full-length thrusts. Summer gasped and squealed, pumping her lovely round ass from the mattress, eagerly meeting her son's every thrust. The lewd, creamy sound of their sex organs pistoning together, and the sharp strikes of naked flesh filled the tiny space. This was raw, uninhibited fucking at its most intense!

Summer clawed her long, painted nails down her son's back, while his ass bobbed wildly between her warm thighs. His fat, cum-swollen balls beat heavily against the ring of her asshole. She had never felt so incredibly full of cock-meat. The stretched sensation of Summer's vaginal walls as her son's steely boner thundering through her neglected vagina was beyond pleasurable. Because so, within a few minutes of being savagely fucked, her heavy-titted body let out a violent shudder beneath her boy.

"FUUUUCK!!" she squealed, arching her back in ecstasy.

"Damn, mom!" Matt gasped. It felt like her quivering cunt-tube was turning inside out around his prick. The added friction of her cuntal chewing and contracting around his boy-meat made his balls clinch up in their sack, from the spine-tingling pleasure. His mom's fatty milkers trembled between their humping bodies as a powerful climax tore through her voluptuous body. "OH, MATT, I'M CUMMING!" her beautiful voice announced.

By now, the teen was used to having his pricked squeezed by so much MILF pussy, but he had to admit, his mom's felt especially tight and well-textured. He could feel the engorged ribs lining her vaginal sleeve squeezing along his penile meat exquisitely. Then, when hot female ejaculate erupted from her vaginal meatus, washing along his blue-veined prick as he fucked, he thought he might go out of his fucking mind.

He propped her legs on his shoulders and continued fucking, determined to get her off a second time. Summer was still reeling and gasping from the first body-shaking orgasm. "Oh God! Oh fuck, Matt…you're so amazing, baby! You're fucking me so good!" she gasped.

This was fuel for the teen's ears, causing him to speed up his thrusts and fuck her furiously. Summer barely had time to come down from her orgasmic summit, when she found herself being pounded towards another. Her son's confidence and stamina was certainly apparent. "MY GOD, HE'S FUCKING INCREDIBLE!" her mind screamed as she felt her pussy get royally reamed.

She was glad that she had given her husband the opportunity to consent to her having sex with Matt. Donald was selfish, just like she suspected he would be. Even though he adamantly rejected her idea, at least she had tried, which helped soften the idea of outright cheating on him. She wasn't gonna let her husband's jealousy stand in the way of her getting the type of sexual attention she needed. If she couldn't get it at home, in her son's bed, she was perfectly fine with bringing her big-dicked teen here to the clinic, so he could fuck her silly.

"Ahhh, shit, yeah!!" Matt's voice trembled as he felt his mom flex her fuck muscles. This made her elongated pleasure-tube tighten up around peter-meat. His pummeling cock gave off a mighty flex in response, making his leaky cock-head mushroom against the fat, over-engorged head of her cervix as it beat against it.

"FUCK ME HARDER!!" Summer cried out, satisfied that she was somewhere so private that only her son could hear her. She twisted her lovely shaved legs back down around her boy's back, every muscle in her beautiful body straining as she frantically bucked against his relentless fuck-thrusts. While most grown men watched their sexual parts wither away, filling them with shame and

inadequacy…lean, well-endowed boys like Matt fucked with skill and confidence. They were Kings of the world!

Matt reached under and grasped his mom's shoulders for leverage, so he could REALLY fuck up into her, at an angle that was sure to stimulate her G-spot. He knew he was hitting it when he saw her pretty blue eyes roll back in their sockets.

It was always a rush for the teen to feel a woman cumming on his cock. Some would just squeeze and contract on him during climax, others would bathe his dick in their cum juices. His mom's pussy felt incredibly unique in the way it clutched him. It tightened and quivered around his tender organ, making the

thick lips that led to her cervix rub wetly all over his sensitive glans. "FUUCK!" the boy snarled, throwing his head back in delight as his dick tingled divinely.

"You like mommy's pussy, baby?" Summer asked.

"It's incredible!"

"FEEL IT CUM ON YOUR COCK, MATT!" the mother squealed, arching her back from the mattress as she was jolted by another hot climax.

Matt jabbed his erection in as deep as it could go and held it there, then rose up on extended arms, so he could look down and watch his mom cum. What he saw was an absolute spectacle! The muscles and tendons in her neck strained as Summer let out a stunning orgasmic scream. Her huge, jutting tits trembled like gelatin, rolling up and down her chest as she took over the duty of humping on the satisfying stiffness of her son's cock. The teen heard a lewd genital squelch and then felt an eruption of fuck-juices swirl around his prick and drip from his flopping balls. "GODDAMN!!" he gasped, fighting off the overwhelming urge to fill her pussy with seed.

His mom suddenly threw her arms around his neck and pulled him down on top of her. "FUCK ME HARD AGAIN, BABY! PLEASE DON'T STOP FUCKING ME!!" she lustfully pleaded. Matt chuckled with the satisfaction of knowing that his mom just couldn't get enough of him. She was no different than all the other abnormally-horny mothers out there who begged for more of his big cock.

The tireless teen set his hips back in motion, pummeling his mom's pussy in a steady twenty-minute assault that made her orgasm several more times.

"Will you fuck me doggy-style, babe?" his mom asked, catching her breath from her most recent climax.

"Do you actually think I'm gonna say no to that?" Matt asked, pulled his cock from her cunt.

"No, I had a feeling you wouldn't," Summer giggled, climbing up on all-fours and pointing her big rounded ass back.

Matt licked his lips as he moved in on her, staring at the puffy flesh of her outer labium. The meaty lips came together to form a deep, wet slit. He'd seen a lot of

ass over the past year, but his mom's rated up there among the best. It was like a big juicy peach and the way her buns were slightly spread apart allowed him to see the pink elastic ring of her asshole. Before spearing his cock back into her, he leaned down and mashed his mouth against her cuntal flanges, scooping his licker through her juicy vestibule. The sweet tangy flavor and pungent cuntal aroma made him groan in delight. He took another swipe with his lusty tongue…this time worming beneath her fleshy vaginal meatus and against the grape-sized nub of her clitoral bulb.

"Oh, you are a naughty fucking boy, aren't you?!" Summer sighed, feeling her son pull her oversized clit into his mouth and suck on it.

After a few moments of getting oral attention, it popped back out, wet and swollen.

"You're damn right I am!" Matt replied, swiping his licker through her cunt slit, up his mom's perineum and across the ring the ring of her asshole.

"Your mom can be just as fucking nasty you know!" she stated, then quickly turned and shoved her boy onto his back. Matt watched her dive down between his legs and quickly bury her face between his ass-cheeks.

"Holy shit, mom!" he gasped, feeling her tongue lash at his asshole. He reached down and stroked his horny cock, while feeling the amazing sensations on his anal ring.

Summer drug her tongue up her son's taint, then began giving his cum-swollen nuts a royal work over. "Ahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her suck one of his testicles into her mouth and scrub it's ovaled-shaped meat with her overactive licker.

She kissed and licked and nibbled all over his abnormally-large scrotum for several mind-blowing minutes before getting back to her hands and knees. "Now…where were we?" she asked, peeking back at him lustfully.

Matt sprung up and fed his cock into his mom's pleasure-pit from behind. "Ahh, shit!" he hissed, feeling his tender slab drag along her smoldering walls. He grasped her wide hips and began banging the shit out of her doggie-style. He couldn't think of a single woman, out of the hundreds he'd fucked, who hadn't requested this position. Moms loved being fucked doogie! Watching their fatty asses ripple as they beat against his midsection was a huge rush, and his

mother's ass was certainly no exception. She had what he considered one of the hottest asses on the planet, which made this experience that much more special.

"Yes…fuck me silly!" she cried out, throwing her rump back and meeting Matt's thrusts. Her giant tits dangled down off her chest and swung wildly to the rhythm of the frantic fucking.

Since this was her favorite position, of course it didn't take the mother long to tremble and cry out in a tit-trembling orgasm. Her muscles contracted even harder when she felt her boy give her a sharp strike to the ass with his hand. "That's it, mom…cum hard on my cock!" Matt urged.

Summer couldn't believe her handsome fuck-warrior hadn't cum yet. He'd been pumping her pussy from behind now for nearly a half-hour. Their tireless bodies had worked up a glistening sheen of perspiration, yet showed no signs of stopping any time soon. They were both built to fuck, and that's exactly what they were doing.

"Climb on top of me, mom!" Matt requested, slipping his stiff cock from her cunt. It was dripping with her secretions and still as hard as granite. He plopped down on his back and watched his busty mom mount his midsection. They both let out a sharp gasp, feeling their hot, pulsing love-organs joined once again.

Now it was Summer's turn to show off her skills. When she was Matt's age, her and her girlfriends pitched in and bought a fake male torso, with an attached eight-inch cock. They took turns riding it, improving their skills, so they could become regular fuck-hounds while on top. Even though Summer had gotten a bit rusty over the past year, it all came back to her, like riding a bicycle. The heavy-titted mother rode her boy's cock like a whore, feeling the meaty spike of his boner sink to her cervix on every downward plunge. "UUGH!...OH, GOD, YESS!!" the sex-crazed mother cried out.

"SHIT!" Matt gasped in wide eyed wonder, watching his mom's shaved pubis beat against his cock-base as her cunt swallowed the length of his dick. He loved the way her fleshy clitoral hood had retracted back, exposing the fat bulb of her glans. His eyes drifted

up her trim torso, to the gigantic tits leaping up and down her chest. Just the site of those monstrous mammaries swinging out off her

chest in wide loops and rippling as they SMACKED together make his cock flex even stiffer inside her.

Summer fused their crotches together in full penetration and swiveled her hips, stirring Matt's prick around inside her engorged vagina. Her flexing cuntal muscles and spongy inner lining provided him a wonderful cock massage. "How am I doing so far?" the mother asked, smiling down at her pleasure-stricken teen. "Can I compete with all those other hot-cunted moms?" she asked.

"You have them beat, trust me!"

"Don't flatter me, baby. I'm sure you get all sorts of REALLY good pussy."

"I do, yes…but yours is fucking dynamite, mom, and I'm not just saying that," Matt panted.

Summer tightened her pelvic floor, giving her boy a rewarding squeeze for his sweet compliment. She grasped onto her bobbling tit-meat with both hands. "Would it be even more 'dynamite' if leaned over and smothered you with these big fucking mommy-tits while I rode you?" she asked seductively.

"You would hear zero complaints from me!"

The mother did just as she suggested, leaning over and burying her boy's head between her jostling jugs. Matt kissed his way around inside her squishy cleavage, marveling at the way their contours sloshed around his face. "Are you ready to see my signature move, mom?" he asked.

"Ohh, 'signature move,' huh?" she teasingly replied.

"Yep!"

"Go for it, babycakes!"

Matt yanked mom down against him, wrapping his strong arms around her, while sinking his face deep into her cleavage. He sensually kissed her breast bone, while humping his ass from the mattress, fucking up into her pussy ferociously. All Summer could do was hang on for the ride, while her son fucked her harder than she ever had before.

"AHHH, FUCK YES!!" the teen growl, pounding his strong cock up into his mother like she was a big titted rag doll. His eleven-inch cock flexed powerfully, the

muscles and tendons jutting out at the root, sustaining the force of his feverish fuck-thrusts.

"OH FUCK, BABY!" his mom cried out, her rounded ass cheek bobbing up and down from her son's forceful rhythm. "OH FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM ALL OVER YOUR COCK!!"

"Come on! Cum all over my fucking cock!" Matt panted. Feeling her vice-like grip begin contracting around his dong, made him gasp in delight.

"CUUUMMMIIINNGGGG!!" Summer squealed.

"I'M CUMMING WITH YOU!" Matt announced, feeling a torrent of cum rocket up his cunt-smothered shaft. Both of them erupted at once, nearly lifting off the mattress they trembled so fucking hard. For nearly five impassioned minutes Matt and his mom writhed and whimpered, beating their cum-spurting genitals together in orgasmic bliss.

Summer was completely fuck-drunk! She felt she had a gallon of boy-spunk inside her and she was already craving more. "Wow!" she

sighed breathlessly.

"Damn…that was one exciting fuck mom!" the teen blurted.

Summer giggled at his confession. "I couldn't have said it better myself, honey!" Maybe they'd just rent this space out to us, so we could live here," she joked.

"Maybe! That would be sweet!"

"Yeah, especially since we'll probably be spending more time here at the Safe Place clinic than at home from now on," Summer stated, then planted a sensual kiss on her boy's lips.

"I wish we didn't have to leave," the lucky teen uttered.

"Who said anything about leaving?" his mom replied. "We enjoyed a nasty fuck, but you promised to 'make love' too, remember?"

"Oh, yeah…I did, didn't I?" Matt smiled, then rolled his mom onto her back again as they began smooching intimately.

Sons of Moms – Chapter 6

By Klrxo

"Summer, why is there a handprint on your ass?" her husband, Donald, asked her as they got dressed.

The blonde-haired mother looked back at her rounded buttocks. Her black thong was wedged between her meaty cheeks, and sure enough, there was a red welt on one of her buns. "Oh, um…that? Matt and I were just fooling around. I mean…playing around. You know…just being silly, and he slapped my butt," she replied.

Of course, it was a lie. Her and Matt had been visiting the 'Safe Place Clinic' for well over a week and the boy had smacked her naked ass dozens of times, while passionately fucking her. She was

lucky that the handprint of only one of his hard strikes was still visible on her ass-flesh.

"That doesn't sound like it's a very appropriate way for the two of you to play around," her husband preached.

"Give me a break, Donald!" Summer complained, rolling her eyes. "I already agreed that Matt and I wouldn't have sex, but now we can't even play around with each other?"

"Playing around is fine, but slapping his mother THAT hard on the ass…definitely not ok!"

"Fine!" she blurted, inwardly smiling with the satisfaction of knowing she was getting the best dick of her life behind her husband's back. It wasn't like she hadn't given him the opportunity to be 'in the know.' She had every intention of respecting the sanctity of her marriage by getting the 'green light' from Donald to fuck their son, rather than do it behind his back. However, her husband was selfish. He clearly expected her to live a life without cock, and that just wasn't happening!

"Don't forget that your parents are in town today, and that we're taking them out to dinner tonight," Summer reminded him.

"How could I forget. My dad's been hounding me to join him on the golf course. all week."

"You should. You've both been so busy. It would do you some good to spend some leisurely time with your father on the golf course."

"I told him I might drop by this afternoon, but work's been so crazy lately…I haven't had time to do ANYTHING else," Donald replied. "I heard you're keeping my mother entertained today?"

"Yes. Her and I will probably do some shopping. Maybe get some lunch."

"If you don't kill each other first."

Summer giggled. Her and Donald's mother didn't have the best relationship. Maggie, her mother-in-law, was about the crudest, opinionated person she knew, which didn't sit well with Summer. "I can tolerate her in small doses. I think we'll be fine," Summer assured her husband.

After Donald left for work, Summer peeked in on her fuck-hound son, resisting the urge to crawl into his bed with him. With her daughter, Rhonda, being at home, it was too risky. If anyone couldn't keep from blabbing about catching her and Matt fucking, it was her big mouth daughter.

"Summer, are you here?" came a female voice from the kitchen.

The mother stepped into the kitchen to find her two younger twin sisters, Allie and Liv helping themselves to a bottle of water. They were both 35, with shoulder-length auburn hair and huge tits like their older sister. "What are you two doing here?" Summer asked, noticing how much larger their tits had gotten since she'd seen them last. "Good grief your boobs have gotten huge!"

"You're one to talk!" Allie giggled. "I'm surprised you're not falling over from all that extra weight."

"Well, you know…the virus is just having it's way with our female bodies, like usually."

"We need to talk!" Liv blurted.

"About?"

"Our husbands finally gave in!"

"Gave in?" Summer asked, giving them a confused look.

Allie chimed in. "Don't you remember? When we talked two months ago, I told you that Liv and I were trying to convince our husband to let Matt get us pregnant."

"Oh…that," Summer muttered, having forgotten that she even had that conversation with them.

"Yeah, that! Well…guess what? Both our husbands finally agreed. We told them both that until they allow us to get pregnant by Matt, they could forget about getting ANY sort of affection in the bedroom."

"Not that we can give them much anyway, with their dicks shriveled off," Liv added, making them all laugh.

"Wow, I'm shocked. Especially about Owen. He hates Matt!" Summer's son had worked for Allie's husband, Owen, for a short time before being fired for flirting with girls on the job. Summer always suspected that it had more to do with Matt's uncle being jealous, that he was so much better looking him, and popular with the ladies.

"I know. Ever since he fired Matt, he hasn't had a single nice word to say about him. Why do you think it took me so many months to sell him on the idea of his most 'un-favorite person' getting me pregnant."

Summer looked over at Liv. "What about Tyler? He's really ok with this?" she asked.

"Tyler is a sweetheart. He loves me and knows if he wants a happy wife, he has no choice. Besides, I've been cheating on him with a young guy down the street for a few months now. Unfortunately, he hasn't got me pregnant, but I doubt Matt will have that problem."

Allie smiled from ear to ear. "So, when can you fit us in his schedule? And the sooner the better. I'm pretty sure I've already started

ovulating this month," she stated.

"How about today?"

The twins looked over at each other in excitement. "Seriously?!" Liv blurted. "Did he have a cancelation or something?"

"No…he has an appointment, but WE'RE gonna crash it!" Summer replied with an evil grin.

"Crash it?! Wait…can we do that?"

"Sure, we can! When you hear who he had his appointment with today, I'm sure you'll agree."

"MOM!?" Liv and Allie both exclaimed in unison as they stood in the doorway of Doctor Lennon's office.

"GIRLS?!" Ellen blurted, then put her hand over her mouth in shock.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" Matt asked, staring at Summer in shock.

"We're joining your session. What does it look like?"

"It's ok, Matt…she called earlier and asked if they could come in," Doctor Lennon stated as Summer, the twins and Matt's Grandma Maggie walked into the office and sat down.

"Well, isn't this cozy! What exactly do you do here?" Maggie asked, looking at Doctor Lennon. Summer hadn't clued her in before they got there.

There were several uncomfortable exchanges between those in the room. "She doesn't know?" Matt asked, looking at his mother.

"We do! Your mom already explained it to us," Liv answered, then glanced at Donald's mother, "but I don't think she's told your

Grandma Maggie yet."

"Yes…do explain," Maggie requested. "Is this some sort of 'family' therapy session?"

Summer took a deep breath, hoping her mother-in-law wouldn't overreact. "Yes…you could, um…say that. The Safe Place Clinic is facility where women can come for 'discreet' sexual encounters, even with family members."

Allie glared at her mother, Ellen. "Yes, and that includes a boy's grandmother apparently…right, mom?"

Ellen looked back at her two twin daughters uncomfortably. "What… do you think women just stop having sexual desire when they reach my age? Besides, you girls are aware by now what this virus is doing to our bodies," she stated.

"We're not judging," Liv chimed in. "We're just kinda surprised, that's all."

"Matt and I are only screwing twice a week," Ellen stated, "and I swear to God if you tell your father I'll never speak to either of you again."

"Relax, mom…no one is gonna rain on your Safe Space fuck parade," Allie assured her.

Maggie eyes filled with surprise as she stared at Ellen. "Wait…you and Matt are having sex together?" she asked.

"Yes," Summer answered, taking the heat off her mother, "and Matt's been fucking me also."

"Liv and I got the green light from our husbands," Allie added. "So Matt will be fucking babies into us…soon hopefully."

"Really?" Matt asked with an excited smile. He'd been wanting to lay dick inside mom's younger twin sisters forever.

"Yep…we just need a time and a place."

"Why not here! Why not now!" Matt suggested.

"Matt, remember…you do have this time committed to your Grandma Ellen," Doctor Lennon reminded him. He had just been preparing to climb into the Capsule with his heavy-titted and fuck the hell out of her.

"She can join us," the boy answered. "In fact, they all can. You can too, if you want?"

The doctor blushed. "Well, thank you…but I'm not really suppose to sleep with clients. Besides, we've never put six women inside a capsule with a boy before. I don't even know if there'd be room for everyone in there."

"Come on," said Matt, staring into the Doctor's pretty eyes. "You can't be getting any from your husband. Let me give you some pleasure."

"What about you, Maggie?" Summer asked. "I can give you the keys to my car if you'd rather go out for awhile."

"No, I'll stay," Maggie answered. "I haven't been fucked in over a year. My husband is a fucking worthless eunuch now in the bedroom. I love him, but I swore if the opportunity ever presented itself, to get fucked by a big-dicked teenager, I wouldn't pass up the chance."

"Sounds like a family orgy then!" Matt eagerly announced, watching their colossal tit-meat jiggle as they laughed.

"Well, I'm not family," Doctor Lennon stated, "but I have a dickless husband, just like the rest of you. If Matt wants me to join and take a share of that dreamy cock…I'll certainly accept his invitation."

"Now…will we all fit in there? That's the question," Summer concluded.

Five minutes later, bras and panties were scattered across the capsule room floor. The soundproof wall concealed the mayhem going on inside the close-up capsule.

The Safe Place Capsule was packed with naked flesh.

"Fuck meee!" Allie cried out as she rode Matt's cock vigorously. Her giant, stiff-nippled knockers swung violently off her chest.

The boy exchanged deep French kisses with his Grandma Ellen as she knelt beside him. Her oversized boobs were draped around his neck as they smooched.

Summer and her sister, Liv, were leaned down on him, beneath Allie's rippling tits. Their own squishing milkers drug against the boy's lower torso as they tenderly kissed and licked his chest. They nibbled at his nipples teasingly, making him shudder in arousal.

At the foot of the capsule, Maggie and Doctor Lennon watched the boy's massive prick thunder through the mouth of Allie's pussy. They were on their

knees, squeezing a huge tit with one hand, while rubbing their horny clits with the other.

"Oh my! My Grandson certainly has a big, strong dick, doesn't he?" Maggie lustfully stated.

"Let's work our way up there, so we can get a turn on it," the doctor suggested.

"I wanna fuck him now!" Liv blurted, nudging her sister.

"Just a few more minutes! Oh, God it feels so fucking good!" Allie squealed, grinding desperately on Matt's dick. Matt gazed down at their hairless crotches, fused together and grinding in full penetration. The fleshy dome of Allie's clitoral hood jiggled with every swivel of her hips.

Her, the boy was witness to something truly remarkable! By now the virus had caused female estrogen levels to skyrocket. When women got into highly charged sexual situations like this they became absolute nymphomaniacs! He could see their bodies glowing with perspiration; hot with desire. Their pretty eyes were glazed with lust, staring him over, while they panted like starving dogs over a slab of meat. They were indeed "sexual zombies." The effects of the virus had cause their tits to swell to ridiculous proportions. Everywhere Matt looked their were monstrous melons brushing and bobbling all over him. Just the sight of all those pink turgid nipples made Matt lick his lips in desire.

"OFF, BITCH!" Liv shouted, pushing her sister to the side and frantically climbing onto Matt. She gasped and her eyes rolled back in their sockets as his cock-meat began pounding through her. "OH MY GOD…YES!" she cried out.

Matt's mother and two Grandmother's were now completing for his kisses. Their long wild tongues licked all over his face and neck. Maggie flailed her experienced licker through the teen's mouth, dueling with his. Their long silky hair buried the boy's head and smelt so fucking wonderful!

"Let me at his neck!" Doctor Lennon demanded, then slithered her way in, spreading her huge, fat tits across his chest.

"Fuck-fuck-fuck meeee!" Liv shouted, pounding her snatch around the boy's rod.

Ellen grabbed the teens hand and brought it down between her legs. "Rub our pussies!" her voice trembled. Matt strummed at his Grandmother's grape-sized clit, remembering how much he loved sucking on it, while eating her pussy for nearly an hour during their last appointment.

The teen noticed that the women were becoming more violent with each other as they fought for position on his body. His entire frame was smothered in slippery flesh as they kissed, licked and rubbed their fatty tits all over him. If he had six dicks he would have fucked all of them at once!

"MOVE!" his Grandma Maggie shouted at his mother, trying to get at his neck.

"Find your own spot, cunt!" Summer snapped, while whipping her tongue against the sensitive tendons in his neck.

Ellen suddenly sprung up, making her jutting tits bobble above Matt's eyes. She looked back at her cock-humping daughter. "Let me fuck him! I need to fuck him!"

"No…mother, please just give me more time!" Liv replied, fucking fervently.

"NO!" Ellen replied, moving back to push her daughter off. "I FUCKING NEED IT!"

Matt reached back and turned off the light, shrouding them in complete darkness. He decided to just let them all fight over him as their bodies wrestled hotly in the darkness. This also allowed him to focus on the exquisite sensations that their flesh was providing.

"Let me there!" a voice gasped.

"Fuck you, bitch!" Doctor Lennon's delirious voice hissed. Matt could feel tongues lashing wildly at his neck. Long nails scratching around

his cock-root. Others raking up his chiseled abs. He felt someone down between his legs, sucking at his balls and licking his asshole.

He knew that his Aunt had been forced off his cock and now he was fucking his Grandma Ellen. "Ahhh, shit!" he gasped, feeling the rings that lined her cunt-tube slip up and down his rigid peter. The swollen lips of her cervical head felt amazing kissing the tip of his knob on every plunge.

The lucky teen was suddenly smothered in the meat of a giant breast. His mouth latched on to the rubbery nipple, pulling it in deeply as he sealed his lips around the fringe of her wide areola. He didn't know who's breast it was he was sucking on, but that sort of made it exciting in it's own way.

He felt like he had a pack of cock-hungry dogs on top of him. He could feel them pushing and clawing at each other as they fought to get what they wanted.

"Fuck meee!" he heard one hiss at his ear. It could have been his mom, but he wasn't sure.

"Fuck my pussy!" Someone else squealed as the pried their lips beneath the boob that buried the boy's head and forced him to make out with her. Matt was pretty sure it was one of his twin Aunts.

"CUMMING! AUGGHH, FUCK!!" Ellen cried out, then blasted hot female ejaculate all over Matt's cock and balls. He felt his erection become unsheathed for a moment, juice running down it's muscled shaft. Then, it was slipping up the tube of another hot pussy. He didn't know who it belonged to, but it felt fucking divine. When his knob squashed against the spongy head of her cervix, his body let out excited shudder. He had fucked hundreds of juicy pussies at this point, but the sensation of hitting bottom was one that always made his toes clench.

"OHH, FUCK, YESS!! SO GOOD!" cried out whoever was on top of him as they rode the boy heatedly.

"Oh my God, I wanna fuck you again so fucking bad!" the woman who's tit he was sucking mewled. Matt kissed and licked his way through her squishy cleavage. When he reached her neck, he felt a thin necklace, with a heart charm attached. He then realized it was his Aunt Allie. He clamped his teeth down on the chain and snapped it right off her neck, knowing that his Uncle Owen had given it to her for their last anniversary. He spit the necklace aside, then kissed Allie passionately. "Let's see what Uncle Owen thinks about that!" he whispered between kisses.

"Who fucking cares what that dickless loser thinks," Allie breathed, kissing him mindlessly.

"You think he was mad about me flirting with those girls at the jobsite…I wonder how upset he'd be if he knew I was fucking his wife!"

"Fuck me then, you cunt-fucking stud! Make him hear me scream!"

Matt suddenly sat up through the pile of horny women. He quickly jerked his hips up, bucking off whoever was on his cock. Then, he tossed his Aunt Allie onto her back, rolling over between her legs. "YESSS!" the auburn-haired beauty screamed as the eager teen buried his giant cock and began fucking the shit out of her.

Their wet bellies smacked together lewdly, and Allie harnessed her silky legs high around his back as they fucked savagely. Matt got a huge thrill out of fucking married women, but since his Uncle Owen was so jealous of him, this felt especially sweet. "I bet it kills him knowing I'm gonna fuck a baby into you!" Matt panted, hammering his steely cock through her clutching fuck-tube.

Allie pumped her naked ass from the mattress, hammering her cunt up around his cock-root. "YES, MATT, PLEASE GIVE ME YOUR BABY!"

she squealed.

Women were sprawling against his back, kissing and clawing at him, while he rested against Allie's plush body. They stayed off his ass though, so he could continue to pump it up and down in a blur as he jabbed his cock through her.

Within five minutes he had his pregnant-hungry Aunt writhing and squealing beneath him as she gushed on his cock. "Ahhhh, shit!" the boy gasped, as her fuck-muscles contracted, making her pleated cunt-tube chew at the meat of his dick.

"Take my fucking cum!" he grunted, then began blasting hot, baby making ball-goo inside her. "Fuck you, Uncle Owen!" Matt thought as he dug through his Uncle's wife's birthing tube, stretching her uteri with his supersized cock and panting her walls with his spunk.

Fun time was far from over! Matt turned the lights back on and let each woman experience him on top, pummeling through their fuck-holes until all of them had soaked his cock in their female essence. He got a huge rush out of fucking Doctor Lennon this way, watching her colossal tits roll up and down her chest.

She was a professional, yes…but still a hypersexual mother, just like all the rest. Her back arched and her ballooning breasts quivered from a powerful climax.

Matt knelt in a circle off meaty asses, fucking their pussies from behind, one by one. The sight of their fatty ass-meat rippling as they beat against him had his tongue out in lust the whole time. When he was done, the bed sheet beneath them was soaking wet, from all of the ejaculate that had swirled around his prick and dripped from his swinging balls.

Matt pulled his sexy blonde mother down on top of him, so she could ride him to his second orgasm. "GGGGRRRAAAHHHH!!" he snarled, pounding up into her hot quivering pussy as hard as he

could. Her giant milkers rippled around his face. He kissed her breast-bone, his signature move, while feeling her pussy-walls melt around his cock. He continued to drive it through, wondering how it could possibly get any fucking tighter. His dick flexed excitedly as he felt her cum wash over him and her curvy body tremble on top of his.

"AHH, FUCK, MOM…I'M CUMMING!!" he announced.

Their pink sex organs lurched and squelched, pistoning together in a marinade of mother and son ejaculate. For several mind-blowing minutes they slowly screwed, savoring every wonderful contraction that their genitals gave off.

"Well…I never expected this type of appointment today," Matt breathlessly confessed. His mom was still laying on top of him, but all the other women were kneeled around his body. He marveled at the huge rounded undersides of the jugs jutting out over him, while they peeked down with their beautiful smiles. "How long have we been in here, anyway?"

"I would say close to three hours," Doctor Lennon answered, " but in here…time really doesn't mean much."

"In that case…can we go for another three?" Matt asked, his cock flexing with rejuvenated hardness inside his mother.

"I've got no where to be," Maggie stated.

"Us either," added the twins.

Doctor Lennon smiled down at him. "Well, I guess there's your answer."

"Sweet!" Matt smiled, then reached back and clicked off the light. Once again he was buried in mommy-flesh, shivering at the feel of squishy tits and wildly flailing tongues. Summer kissed him deeply…

their own lickers wrestling frenziedly inside his mouth. He flexed his big dick and she gave him a loving cuntal squeeze in return. She felt like the luckiest woman alive. The only hope for sex-starved moms everywhere lived right under her roof and she was madly in love with him.

167: The Moms Aboard Starship Calista

Part 1: A New Discovery

Starship Calista was a traveling city in space. Its inhabitants were the twelve thousand plus survivors of the asteroid storm that unexpectedly rained down upon planet Earth on April 13, 2213. Those aboard Calista became all that was left of humankind, except for the small communities that had previously been established on Mars and a few other moons within our solar system. Those communities were rescued by Calista, since they could no longer be sustained without the assistance of earth.

Several destinations were considered for the Starship, but the most hopeful candidate (the one most like earth) was a planet called Themis. Even traveling at 10% the speed of light, which Calista was capable of, the journey to this new world would be a long one, nearly forty-four years. For this reason, families chose to live out their lives aboard Calista, rather than spend it in hyper-sleep.

"Astor should certainly be a considered for an on-board position, now that he's eighteen," Bethany stated, as she strolled down the ship's walking path with fellow mothers, Stacey and Rowen. The path was in a park-like setting in a giant atrium at the center of the ship that allowed passengers to look out at the passing stars.

"Your right," Rowen agreed, "and I'm sure it's the will of the Holy One for Astor to utilize his knowledge and skill to benefit the community."

Before the Earths destruction, a New Age Religion had formed called "The Spiritualists." It was much like ancient religions in that the center of their

belief was the existence of a higher power, called the 'Holy One,' who they believed wanted them to live righteous, wholesome lives.

As they strode down the walking path at a healthy pace, the three mothers' giant breasts bobbled beneath their skin-tight bodysuits with every step. The clothing was made of stretchable synthetic fibers and each outfit was temperature controlled for custom comfort. Over several hundred years, female bodies had undergone tremendous evolutionary changes. First, they had increased in height, with the average grown female being over seven-feet tall. The other most obvious change occurred in both the breasts and buttocks. Their bodies produced increased levels of estrogen and progesterone, accelerating the growth of milk ducts and glandular tissue. In addition, all women, including those who weren't pregnant, began producing extensive volumes of prolactin, which accelerated milk production, causing their breasts to balloon obscenely with water, electrolyte and fat content. The additional breast volume was accompanied by a marked increase in vascular supply, causing the dilated mammary veins to become more prominent. Size and pigmentation of the nipples greatly increased under the influence of rising estrogen concentrations. The sebaceous glands on the periphery of the areola enlarged tremendously.

The oversized, rounded shapes of a woman's buttocks was due to enlarged hip bones, because of the increased presence of estrogen. Most women aboard Calista were physically active, engaging in daily regiments that created a balance of glutinous fat and muscle. This resulted in huge, perfectly rounded bubble butts. The triangular bone in the pelvis, called the sacrum, had evolved to be shorter and wider, causing women to walk with an increased sway in their hips, like a sexy exaggerated catwalk.

Their genitalia had also undergone evolutionary transformations. Because of increased blood flow, their inner and outer labia became more prominent, blossoming when aroused, like a beautiful, coral pink exotic flower, with bulging clitoral glans. Vascular engorgement caused their cunt tubes to narrow and elongate when aroused to accommodate increased penis length in men. Additionally, their pelvic floor muscles developed to be more robust, giving them extremely tight vaginas.

All three moms, Bethany, Stacey and Rowen, had beautiful, full manes of silky hair that were pulled back in ponytails while they exercised. Bethany's hair was black in color. She had elegant facial features, piercing brown eyes and lips that were plump and succulent.

"Mom!" called Bethany's son, Astor, as he hurried down the walking path after them.

"What is it, darling?" the mother asked, her mammoth tits wobbling as she turned towards him. Astor was a good-looking boy who'd just turned eighteen. It was quite common for him to make female cunts throb, even those that belonged to women twice his age. He had a cute, innocent smile and dark hair that matched his mothers. Since the women were over seven feet tall, Astor was eye-level with their tremendous bosoms.

"The ship has stopped, and they're sending out a scout craft. I heard that they found something, and they're going out to investigate it!"

The mothers all threw each other a surprised look. "Did they say what it was?" Bethany asked.

"An object of some sort, but they don't know what yet. It's all over the ship's broadcast feed!"

"We'd better go see what's going on," Rowen suggested.

The three mothers hurriedly jogged back up the path and the teen followed them. Bethany and Rowen's body suits had a tapered slit down the back that ended half-way down their rounded asses. This left a wonderful bare butt-cleavage exposed that Astor always found fascinating to look at. As for Tracey, the brunette mother wore a sleek, snug crop top and skimpy micro bottoms that left her meaty buttocks nearly bare. Their scanty outfits were nothing unusual, since those were just the styles that women of that time adorned themselves in. Their massively oversized breasts bounce up and down lewdly as they rushed towards Bethany's living-quarters. When they arrived there, all eyes became fixed on the giant holographic screen filling her living room.

"This has never happened before," Bethany's friend, Tracey, pointed out. "They've never stopped the ship to investigate something. Do you think it could be a spacecraft…from another world?"

"I don't know but wouldn't that be something!"

"Fuck yes it would!" Bethany's son blurted without thinking.

"ASTOR!" his busty mom scolded. "You know that word is forbidden in this home!"

"Sorry, mom," he muttered. He always felt a bit bad when he swore, knowing his mom was so wholesome. He had never heard her use profanity and a sexual discussion would certainly be frowned upon in his household, as well as those of his friends.

"Look…the scout ship is slowing down!" Rowen pointed out.

They watched the broadcast feed intently as the scout craft sent out to investigate slowed to a stop, hovering in deep space, some distance from the mothership. A camera aboard the craft suddenly cut to the object of interest, making every mom in the room's eyes widen as they became fixated.

"What…is that?!" Tracey gasped, her pupils narrowing.

"Whatever it is…it's beautiful!" Bethany replied.

The 'mystery object' was some form of crystal stone, brilliant purple in color, just floating in space by its lonesome.

"Is it a gem?" Astor asked. When he got no answer, the boy looked over at the mothers. They stared at the stone, as if they were completely entranced by its beauty. Astor noticed that their breathing was heavy, and their massive tits were heaving against their outfits, making their thick nipples protrude out from beneath the fabric. Nerve impulses began to increase blood flow to the three cylinders inside the boy penis, causing it to harden in arousal. "Mom…are you guys alright?" he asked. When she didn't answer, he raised his voice. "MOM?!"

"What?! Oh…we're, um…fine, darling," Bethany replied, suddenly snapped from her trance.

Rowen pointed to the robot arm that extended out from the scout ship. "Whatever it is…it looks like they're bringing it back to Calista," she observed.

"Probably to study it," Astor theorized. "Maybe it belongs to an advanced alien civilization…one that could help us."

Stacey shrugged her shoulders, making her tit-meat jostle beneath her crop top. "OR…it could just be a beautiful rock that's been floating through space for millions of years, nothing more."

Stacey's son's voice suddenly shouted through a communication device built into her suit. "Mom…are you watching this?!"

"Yes, baby…I'm at Bethany's right now. We're watching the scout ship on the broadcast feed."

Jonah was her only child, just barely eighteen, like Astor, but his voice sounded like a boy much younger. "What do you think it is that they found?" he asked.

"I'm uncertain. We all are…but I'm sure they'll inform those of us aboard the ship, as soon as they know something."

"True. Is Astor there?"

"Yes, he's here. He's the one who found us on the walking path and told us about it."

"Ask him if he wants to meet me up at the loading dock, so we can watch them bring it in."

"I'll ask him, but please don't get yourself into trouble," the brunette mother warned. "You remember what happened the last time you two were fooling around the loading dock?"

"I won't get into trouble. I just wanna observe, that's all. Tell Astor to hurry though. The scout craft will be on its way back soon. If we don't get down there in time, we'll miss them bringing it in."

Stacey knew her son enjoyed learning about science and space exploration, so today's discovery was especially fascinating to him. After relaying the information to Bethany's son, Astor, the three moms watched the scout ship on the holographic screen as it moved towards Calista with the newly found object. a mysterious signal entered their brain wave activity. Suddenly, their beautiful eyes became glazed almost unnaturally, accentuating the color of their irises. A mysterious signal entered their brain wave activity.

"I'll be back, mom!" Astor shouted, drawing the attention of all three women as he rushed out of their living quarters. "Hopefully I'll get more information on what they found."

Stacey looked over at Bethany with a salacious grin. "Did you notice it?" she softly asked.

"Notice what?" Bethany replied.

"Astor's penile flesh. It was erect beneath his clothing."

"I did notice that, yes" the mother whispered, smiling lasciviously and wetting her lips with her tongue. "I wonder what could have had him so aroused?"

Rowen chimed in. "Did you know that a boy achieves an erect cock up to twenty times, on average, in a twenty-four hour period. This means they spend a good portion of their day in a state of arousal."

"Do you think he's experienced a carnal embrace yet?" Stacey asked. "Do you think any of our boys have had their penis soaked in female essence?"

"I doubt it," Bethany answered. "We've always encouraged the boys to remain virgins until marriage."

"Maybe WE should embrace them," Rowen brazenly suggested. "Perhaps it should be us who ravages their young bodies and lets them fill us with the seed of their ejaculate."

Bethany suddenly blinked a few times and shook her head as the mysterious signal faded. "Wait…what?!" she blurted, as if just snapped from a trance.

"Rowen, why would you even suggest something like that?!" Stacey asked as she too was brought to her senses and gazed at her friend in shock.

"I, um…didn't mean to suggest those things. The words just seemed to…come out of my mouth. You two were the ones who raised the subject to begin with."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry, I just…don't know what came over me," Stacey expressed shamefully.

"Me too," Bethany added. "I've never let such a depraved thought cross my mind like that."

The three women stood there for a moment wondering what had just happened. It was like the naughty conversation they just had occurred without any pre-thought.

"Let's just…forget this conversation ever occurred, shall we?" Bethany suggested. Try as she may, the mother could hardly ignore the way her cunt was smoldering with desire. Her entire heavy-breasted body was tingling in arousal. "What in the name of all that's holy has gotten into me?!" she wondered.

"Yes. We should never let our minds wander there again," Stacey agreed as her and Rowen also found it hard to dismiss the itch between their own legs.

"Jonah and I watched them carry it through the loading dock. It was cool!" Astor expressed, later at dinner.

Bethany looked over at her husband, Calvin. "Where are they keeping it?" she asked.

"Most likely in one of the labs for further study," he replied. "Any type of space debris has to be thoroughly examined to try to figure out its point of origin."

"It sure looked beautiful. More like a priceless gem than a space rock."

"I think it has special powers!" Astor theorized.

"What makes you think that, darling?" his mother curiously asked.

"I don't know. Just a hunch! Maybe it'll give us all superpowers!"

His mother burst out laughing. Sitting on one side of her boy, she reached beneath the table and patted his knee. "Sounds like someone's been listening to too many fantasy stories," she remarked. The mysterious signal suddenly communicated with her brain waves again, although she was completely oblivious to it.

Bethany's hand crept up her son's inner thigh, dragging her long nails on his flesh as she went, nearly reaching his cock. She felt her son give off an excited shudder, then she quickly pulled her hand away.

"Goodness, gracious…what am I doing?!" she thought. "That's certainly not an appropriate place to be touching him."

She exchanged an awkward look with Astor, her face red with embarrassment. Her piercing blue eyes inadvertently peeked down at his crotch, watching the tubular shaped flesh of his boy-penis quickly engorge beneath his pants. Included in the evolutionary changes in women was the heighten detection of male pheromones, especially in boys Astor's age. What the mother detected from her son, while sitting next to him, certainly wasn't unpleasant…quite the contrary. It had a warm, stimulating effect, causing increased blood flow to her genitals.

Her husband's voice broke the uncomfortable silence. "Well, I'm sure when they find out what it is they'll let all the rest of us know. Even if they discover it's origin, it may do little to deviate us from our journey to Themis."

"That's true, honey," his wife responded, peeling her gaze away from Astor's erection.

"May I be excused?" the teen asked, clearly seeming uncomfortable and needing desperately to get his hardon under control. Being this

close to the swell of his mother's gigantic tits was doing little to prevent his penile swelling.

"You hardly ate anything," his father observed.

"I know. I'm just, um…not that hungry."

"Suit yourself."

Calvin and Bethany watched their boy scramble from the table, moving with an uneasy haunch. "He's acting awfully strange," the father noted.

Bethany's lips curled into an amused smile. "He's just trying to hide the swelling of his male member," she boldly stated.

Calvin gave his wife an indignant glare. "Bethany!" he scolded.

"What?! Would you rather me lie and say I don't know why he's leaving the table?"

"No…there's just no reason to be so crude about it."

"Crude?!" Calvin's wife giggled. "If I wanted to be crude, I would have simply said that his fucking cock was hard!"

Her husband stared at her in shock. "Good grief! What would ever possess you to use such language?!" Because of the wholesome lives they'd lived, Calvin had never heard his wife make such an indecent remark.

"Erections of the penile flesh are natural, Calvin…especially at his age. Astor's body is producing a high volume of hormones, which means erections can occur randomly, up to twenty times in one day. So you see…there's no reason to make such a big thing about it," Bethany preached.

"At the dinner table though?" he asked, surprised that she was sounding more like a doctor than a wife.

Bethany suddenly stood up, having the wicked, overwhelming urge to see more of her son's stiffening prick. "I'll go talk to him," she replied, then sashayed from the kitchen, her broad, meaty buttocks wagging obscenely.

When she got to her son's door, she opened it slightly and peeked inside. She was delighted by the sight of him pulling his pants down, releasing his monster erection. Astor, like all boys aboard Calista, experienced a tremendous spike in hormones, particularly testosterone, once they reached puberty. By the time he turned eighteen, the boy was getting boners over twelve inches long. Of course, he didn't know any better. Just like females, he just accepted the way his body developed and didn't think there was anything "unnatural" about it.

Bethany's mouth fell open in awe as she stared at her boy's appendage. Normally, she would run away at such a sight, then feel guilty for weeks, but this time something was different. This time she was fascinated and strangely aroused, while staring at her boy's jutting hardon. It looked so thick and muscular, with bulging blue veins crisscrossing up the meaty stalk. Running along the bottom of his shaft was the bulging tube of his corpus spongiosum. Capping his dong was the fattest knob she had ever seen; pinkish purple in color. "It's so incredibly big and swollen!" she thought, watching her boy's bulb twitch excitedly, mushrooming even bigger in front of her very eyes.

What made this scene even more thrilling for Bethany was the fact that that it had been years since she's seen a prick even close to this size. Once men "peaked," between the ages of eighteen and twenty, their cocks began to grow smaller. By the time they reached her husband's age, they had shrunk to an average length of seven

inches. Still respectable, but compared to the giant cocks of teenage boys, they were highly inferior.

When Astor reached down and wrapped his hand around its girth, the mother felt her cunt tingle excitedly. "He's going to engage in self-gratification!" her brain squealed. "He's going to pull on its length…probably until he ejaculates!" She had never felt a thrill like this in her life. If it wasn't for her husband entering the hallway, she probably would have reached into her suit and masturbated right along with her son.

"How did that discussion go?" Calvin asked, referring to what his wife had told him she would be doing.

Bethany blushingly closed her son's door. "It went…um, good. He agreed to go to his room the next time he felt himself begin to… harden," she awkwardly replied.

"Speaking of that," her husband smiled. "I'm sure if you followed me to OUR room right now, it wouldn't take me long to 'harden' either."

His wife smiled, but inwardly she had never felt so disinterested in her life. Despite wanting more than anything to stay and watch her son masturbate, she shook away her 'improper' thoughts, knowing it was her wifely duty to engage in the 'carnal embrace' with her husband. "Of course, dear," she replied, taking his arm as they stepped towards their bedroom.

"I'm horrible!" Stacey stated the next day, looking as though she could burst into tears.

"Tell us what happened," replied Bethany, comforting her friend by rubbing her shoulder.

"I can't. Just…trust me when I say…it was bad."

Rowen chimed in. "Stacey, the three of us have been friends through thick and thin. You know that you can share anything, and we won't judge you."

"It's true," Bethany agreed, "and if it's something that's eating at you, then it would probably help to get it off your shoulders."

After a few hesitant moments, Stacey spoke up. "I woke up last night feeling…overwhelmed with desire."

"For your husband?" Rowen asked.

"No…that's the problem! It wasn't for Jonathan at all. It was for Jonah. I was having inappropriate thoughts about my own son!"

"Oh!" Bethany muttered, sharing a look with Rowen.

"Like I said…I'm horrible!" Stacey reiterated, placing her head on her hands in shame.

"No more horrible than I am," Bethany confessed, causing her two friends to stare over at her. "I peeked into Astor's room yesterday and watched him undress. I couldn't stop staring at his…"

"Oh, that IS bad!" Stacey agreed.

"Since we're being honest with each other," Rowen added, "I'm afraid I have a confession of my own to make."

"What is it?" Stacey asked, secretly hoping it was worse than hers, so she could stop feeling so guilty.

"Last night, when I kissed Phoenix goodnight…" Rowen uttered, speaking about her own twenty-year-old son, "I slipped my tongue into his mouth."

She heard both her friends gasp in shock.

"Well, that's certainly a step beyond just thinking about it," Bethany stated.

"I know, and I feel horrible about it. I wasn't gonna mention it, but how could I not after what you two just shared."

After an awkward silence, Bethany spoke up. "Have you guys had these feelings before?" she asked. "About the boys?

"No…never!" Rowen replied, adamantly shaking her head.

"Me either!" said Stacey. "Two days ago, if you had told me I'd be having those types of fantasies, I would have told you that you're crazy…and sick!"

"Isn't it a bit odd that all three of us are experiencing this at once?"

"Yes! Just like it was odd that all three of us were having that crazy sexual discussion yesterday. We never talk like that!" Stacey responded.

"It's true. They Holy One would forbid explicit sexual discussion, especially when it's in reference to our boys." Bethany added.

"Perhaps we should pray together…for forgiveness, and strength to remain pure," Rowen suggested.

"Yes…I think that's a great idea," Bethany agreed. The three of them came together, their tits so huge they nearly touched. Bethany began to pray for them. "Dear Holy one…forgive us for our discretions. Please give us the strength to keep our thoughts pure."

"Help us to not dwell on…how, um…wonderfully handsome our boys are. Keep our minds from…uh…from thinking about how incredibly large and hard their sexual organs can get. Help us to not fantasize about how divine their young erections would feel…squeezed inside

our vaginas, engaging us in a furious carnal embrace…until we, um… soak them in our essence. Amen."

Bethany peeked up at her friends shamefully. Stacey broke the awkward silence between them. "The boys would feel good…buried to the base of their boners inside us, wouldn't they?" she softly asked.

"Their sexual organs are at their largest, and most rigid at this age," Rowen added. "This gives them the ability to stimulate the entire length of the vagina and the cervix. The orgasms that such cocks would create would be tremendously powerful!"

Stacey nodded in agreement. "A decision to cradle them between our thighs would certainly result in raging intercourse," she remarked.

"Wait!" Bethany blurted, shaking her head. "We're doing again. We can't keep talking this way!"

"I know…I, um…I'm sorry!" Stacey expressed, suddenly feeling a flush of guilt.

"What's happening to us?!" Rowen asked. "Why do these deprived thoughts keep manifesting themselves in our minds?"

Bethany closed her eyes and shook her head. "I don't know. I think I need to go lay down for a bit and clear my head," she expressed.

"Not a bad idea. I think I'll do the same," Stacey agreed.

"As will I," Rowen added.

Part 2 – Body Exploration

Bethany took her role as housewife seriously, as did most mothers aboard the ship. This included following a daily routine of cooking

and cleaning. Sure, they had androids that could perform such tasks, but to Bethany, going that route took away the novelty and pride of pleasing her husband and son. The heavy breasted mother was doing a few dishes when she stopped suddenly, her eyes glazing over.

Without hesitation, Bethany began stripping off her body suit.

Despite being in space, and no longer having the existence of night and day, the passengers continued to follow a pattern of eight-hour daily rest. When Astor opened his eyes, he gasped at what he saw just inside his bedroom doorway. Standing there, staring straight at him, was Bethany, his gorgeous mother. To his shock, she was COMPLETELY NAKED, except for the sexy black open-toed heels that her sexy feet were propped in. Her eyes were unusually brilliant as she gazed across the room at him.

"Mom?" Astor muttered; his eyes fixed on her humongous breasts. They were capped with wide, thickly textured areolar rings and turgid nipples. The teenager's eyes drifted down her tapered torso to the V of her naked mons pubis. Her outer labial flanges were puffy and well pronounced, forming the deep furrow of her pudendal cleft. Protruding from her cuntal fissure was the bulbous tissue of her clitoral prepuce.

Astor gulped heavily in arousal. He had only seen pictures of naked women shared by his friends. The sight of his mom's body made his penis harder than it had ever been before. He wasn't sure why his mom was fixed this way inside his room, but he was certainly in no hurry for her to leave.

"Bethany…are you here?!" he suddenly heard his father call out, from the front of the house. This seemed to snap his mother out of whatever stagnant state she'd been in. She looked down at her naked body, almost as if in shock, then over at her son. Quickly

attempting to cover her mammoth tits, Bethany rushed to her bedroom.

She barely had enough time to throw a robe on before Calvin arrived in the doorway. "There you are!" he stated.

"Yes, I was, umm…changing. I spilt something on my outfit," she replied.

"Oh, I guess that explains why I just saw your clothing laying in the kitchen."

"What brings you home at this time?" Bethany asked, eager to change the subject.

"I just wanted to stop by on my break. You're not gonna believe what happened to my coworker, Sol."

"Oh, what happened?"

"He arrived at his quarters last night to find his wife and son engaged in a carnal embrace!"

Bethany's eyes widened. "They were…having sexual intercourse together?!" she shockingly asked.

"They were! Can you believe it?!"

"No, I hardly can! I know his wife, Larissa…very well! She's wholesome; the last person I would expect to do something like that."

"Yes…well, her actions are certainly deplorable! I know Sol is crushed by what he witnessed. Anyway, I don't have much time left on my break. I just wanted to stop and tell you what I heard," Calvin concluded, then gave his wife a quick kiss.

She ushered Calvin back out, seeing him off to work, then moved to her son's room. She was still in a state of disbelief by what she had done earlier, by standing in Astor's doorway with nothing on. She knew she

owed him some sort of explanation. "Hi, darling," she smiled, stopping in his doorway.

"Hi, mom," Astor awkwardly replied, still in his bed.

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry for earlier, when I was here in your doorway. I'm not sure if I realized at the time that I wasn't really wearing anything."

"That's fine, mom. I understand."

She smiled, staring over at him. "Thank you for understanding," she said softly. For a long moment, they gazed across the room at each other.

Bethany slowly entered his bedroom, her dainty heels clicking against his floor as the seven-foot mother slowly moved towards him. "Was that…the first time you've ever seen a girl naked, darling?" she inquired in a sexy tone.

"Yes," Astor nodded.

"Your so young and innocent. It must have been a shock to see a naked body like mine in your doorway."

"Yes. For a second, I thought I was dreaming it."

Bethany licked her lips, staring at her son as she slowly crossed his bedroom. "Do you like to dream of naked girls, Astor?" she asked.

"I don't mind it," he blushed.

"I do notice that you quite often stare at my giant bosom. It must be large breasts…with swollen nipples that you dream of the most?"

"Uh-huh!" he nodded.

"What's that you're hiding there…beneath the sheet, darling?" she asked, staring at his tent-poled crotch.

"Oh, um…nothing," he blushed.

"It certainly doesn't look like nothing," she smiled, her unfettered tits trembling beneath the flimsy robe as she walked. She gently sat down on his bedside. "Show me, Astor," she softly requested, reaching out to rest

her hand on his, gently. "Show me the fruit you have growing on your tree."

The boy glanced down at his crotch nervously. "Are you, um…sure?" he asked.

"I showed you MINE, earlier…didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Then you shouldn't be afraid to show me yours. Your young body is at its most impressive right now, darling. Your penile flesh is at its peak size and strength. You shouldn't be afraid to display it proudly… especially for your mother."

"Alright," the teen muttered, then slowly removed the sheet.

"OHHH, ASTOR!" the mother gasped, gawking at his large, blood-engorged appendage. It stretched from his crotch, just over twelve inches long. The bulbous pinkish-purple crown looked fat and angry with slimy ball-goo seeping from its slit. "You're SO incredibly endowed!"

"I'm sorry it's like this," he uttered blushingly. "I just couldn't stop it from getting hard.

"You should NEVER apologize for such a thing! An erect sex organ is natural for a boy your age. It's a wonderful merging of flesh and blood that creates an extension of your body that'll bring you greater pleasure than you can ever imagine!"

"That's what I've always heard, and I can't wait to find out one day."

Bethany scratched her nails on his knee gingerly. "You won't be a virgin forever, darling. Soon you'll be joined at the genitals with a female, enjoying the pleasures of the flesh."

"That would sure be nice!" Astor expressed, watching his mom stare at his steely erection.

"Do you see the liquid that bubbling up from the slit, on the tip of your penis?" Bethany asked.

"Yes."

"That's called pre-ejaculate. It's a liquid that squeezes out of your penis, when you get aroused. It's produced by the accessory sex glands – the Cowper's Gland, the glands of the Littre and the glands of the Morgagni."

"All of those glands are inside me?" Astor asked.

"Yes, near your prostate. The glands produce an alkaline, mucus-like fluid during sexual stimulation that will seep up the tube of your urethra and leak out, just like it's doing now."

"Wow, you know a lot about this stuff, mom."

"I know EVERYTHING about your body, Astor. Every precious part."

His mom smiled and gazed into his eyes. "Would you like to taste your pre-ejaculate with me?" she asked.

"Umm…taste it?" he asked, unsure if he heard her right.

"Yes. There's nothing shamefully about tasting the essence that seeps from a human body."

Bethany dipped her finger in the goo that had formed on his piss-slit and brought it to her son's lips. "Lick!" she whispered. After Astor licked it off, she took a second scoop, then lifted it to her own mouth. Astor watched her long, thick tongue emerge from her mouth and swipe it off. "Mm, it's so sweet! That means it's high in fructose," his mom stated.

"I like how slippery it is when it comes out," Astor expressed.

"Oh, Astor…you're so adorable! A boy's pre-cum is typically discharged before the height of ejaculation. It acts as a natural lubricant during coitus and helps produce powerful, body trembling orgasms for both the male and female, during sexual intercourse."

"I've never had that before, but I've heard it can be quite wonderful."

"It is the most wonderful thing that two people can experience together, darling. The rhythmic movements and intense sensations of pleasure lead to an altered state of consciousness in which we perceptually block out any other stimuli and devote our full attention to a passionate fuck."

"Wow" Astor gasped. "I've never heard you use that word before, mom."

"FUCK is a beautiful word, darling. It's the most exciting word in the English language. Do you like hearing me say the word…FUCK, darling?"

"Yes, but why do you get mad when I say it?"

"Shame on me for doing that," Bethany frowned. "Why don't you lean back, so I can get a better look at your penis and testicles."

Astor reclined back, resting on his forearms. Bethany slipped her feet from her heels, then curled her lovely legs up onto the mattress, facing her son's side. Her robe peeked open part way, exposing some of her ballooning tit-cleavage. "You have wonderful balls, Astor. They look so full and well-formed!"

"Thanks," the boy blushed. "I do feel a lot of pressure in them sometimes."

"That's because they're producing lots of sperm and sex hormones, particularly testosterone."

"Are they always producing sperm?"

"Yes…constantly! Your sperm-filled nuts are connected to the inside of your body by your spermatic cord. This cord contains nerves and blood vessels. You also have cords in your balls called your vas deferens, which are the tubes that move sperm to your cock, so it can leave your body in the form of semen when you cum."

"That's the white stuff that shoots out, right?" Astor asked.

"Correct, darling. A healthy boy like you will eject over a billion sperm in a single ejaculation."

"Wow, that's a lot!"

"It certainly is!" Bethany agreed, staring at his vein-encrusted shaft. "Do you mind if I wrap my hand around the base of your erection, Astor, so I can feel how strong and hard it is?"

The teen could hardly believe his ears. "Be my guest!" he replied.

Bethany circled her fist around his thick dick, her eyes admiring its sheer size. "Oh, my goodness, Astor…it feels so rigid and powerful in my hand!"

"It gets really hard like this a lot!" the boy shared.

"That's because your young and have healthy blood flow. The body of your penis is made up of three columns of erectile tissue: two copora cavernosa on the dorsal size, here and here," she pointed with her finger, "then, the corpus spongiosum, here between them, on the ventral size. They contain elastic and collagen fibers as well as smooth muscle, arteries and veins."

"So…the columns fill with blood, right?"

"That's correct. Impulses from your brain and nerves cause the muscles of these columns to relax, allowing blood to rush in and fill the open spaces. This sudden pressure in your erectile tissue creates what's called 'a boner,' which is crucial for sexual intercourse with a female," his mom explained.

"I always heard that sex with a woman feels really good," Astor commented.

"It does!" his mom replied with a big smile, then pointed to his bulbous tip. "The center of your pleasure will be here on your glans. You may also have heard this part of your penis called 'the head,' or 'the crown.' It contains a high concentration of nerve endings, making it the most sensitive part of your dick. This sensitivity is important for sexual stimulation and ejaculation, darling."

"Why is it shaped the way it is?" Astor asked.

"Human evolution has formed your knob that way. Do you see the border that flares from the base of your glans? It's called the corona and it forms a rounded ridge that overhangs a deep glandular

sulcus, behind which is the neck of the penis. Your coronal ridge is formed this way for a special reason."

"What reason is that?" Astor asked.

"Your soft spongy tip absorbs the impact of your penile meat thrusting through a woman's vagina during coitus. Lining the inside a female's sexual orifice are rows of engorged ribs, called rugae. During coitus, a man's coronal ridge will slip back and forth along these corrugations, stimulating powerful nerve endings and creating exquisite pleasure."

"I hope someday soon I'll get to feel what that's like."

"Would you like to feel what it's like to be held in a carnal embrace, darling?

"You mean…by you?"

"Certainly! It doesn't mean we'll be engaging in hot, nasty sex, but I can at least show you what it's like to be wrapped in that position, so you'll know what to expect when the time finally arrives that you get your first piece of pussy."

"Alight!" the boy sighed, his heart racing with excitement. "What do I do?"

"You just stay how you are," Bethany answered, crawling onto her knees. "I'll latch onto you and roll us into position."

Astor watched with wide eyes as his huge titted mom threw her naked leg across his lap, mounting him from the top. Her flimsy robe bunched up around her waist and her boy sighed as he felt her bare vulva come to rest against the underside of his rigid cock-muscle.

"Wow…you feel so warm down there!" he sighed, gazing up at her gigantic milkers. Even though they were covered in silk material he

could clearly see the fat, rubbery nubs of her nipples.

"When a woman is aroused, blood rushes in to engorge the tissues of her vagina and vulva, much like it does your wonderful cock. This makes her genitalia smolder with delightful heat."

"It certainly feels delightful!"

"You think that feels nice…just image how it feels on the inside, Astor."

"Amazing I bet!" he added.

"Oh, darling…I'm sure it won't be long before every inch of your penile meat is wrapped in the clutches of a hot pussy. Are you ready for me to embrace you in the most common coital position?"

"I'm ready!" the boy anxiously replied.

Astor's mom lowered against him. She was so tall that his entire head sunk down between her fatty tits, face first. She wrapped her arms tightly around his upper half, holding him in place. Then, Bethany rolled them over, bowing open her thick thighs so her boy could sink against her. As soon as Astor was flat on top of her the mother wrapped her strong silky-smooth legs tightly around his back, crisscrossing her ankles above his ass. Most of the boy's lean body seemed obscured by curvy mommy-flesh as she clung to him tightly, pulling him against her plush softness. "Here we are, darling…joined just as two people do if they want to beat their bellies together. This is how two lovers engage…in a hot, torrid fuck!"

"Damn!" Astor sighed, his voice barely heard, since he was smothered in squishy tit-cleavage. Bethany whimpered softly as she felt his big, muscled cock flex against her quim. Her boy's stiff dick-meat had pulled back the thick shroud of her clitoral hood, exposing the sebaceous bulb of her glans. Her vestibule bulged out from

between her fleshy cunt lips, giving her boy's pink dick a wet kiss. Bethany's cunt-tube quivered with desire, hot fuck-oil secreting from its spongy, corrugated walls.

The mother's voice was full of lustful emotion. "It feels so fucking good to hold you this way!" Then, her hips instinctively set in motion, rocking her baby in a subtle dry fuck on his mattress.

Astor felt her strong, silky limbs tighten around him, the muscles in her circled thighs flexing against his hips. Her long nails raked down his back, then clawed onto his ass, holding their crotches together. The teen felt his mom's calves slide higher up his back, so her sexy feet were now hovering above his shoulders. This allowed her to pull him into her with greater force, causing his monster cock to saw through the slit of her cunt.

Astor couldn't believe what was happening. His face was mashed against her breastbone, sandwiched between her massive mammaries. His mother's tits were swollen with so much milk that he could literally hear

it sloshing through her engorged lobules. Oxytocin was causing tiny muscle cells within Bethany's breasts to contract, squeezing nectar from the milk-producing cells, down the mammary ducts, towards small sinuses near her nipples. The mere scrapping of her plump teats against her son's bare chest was making warm nectar seep out her tits, smearing on his chest with sticky wetness.

Out of her mind with desire, Bethany began rocking them in a more fervent rhythm. The feel of her boy's rock-hard pecker crushed against her love-nubbin was only seconds away from giving her a tremendous clitoral orgasm.

"Oh, darling…it feels so good!"

Suddenly, her eyes shot open, and she stopped, gazing up at the ceiling in a panic. "WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO ME?!" her conscience

shouted.

"We shouldn't be doing this!" she exclaimed out-loud, then quickly rolled her boy over.

Astor watched her fatty tits wobble as she quickly stood off the bed, then pulled her robe closed shamefully. "I'm sorry, darling…I don't know what came over me! I shouldn't have said those things to you, and I CERTAINLY shouldn't have held you that way," she admitted.

"It's alright, mom. I learnt some things from you…so I'm, um…glad you showed me," Astor remarked. He was just as shocked by his mom's behavior as she was. In the past, if he had even hinted to anything sexual, he would have gotten chastised. Not only did his mom just practically dry fuck him, but she had taught him about his cock and balls in explicit detail. He never imagined that she'd have such sexual knowledge and he wondered how she acquired it.

"Astor…what we just did was wrong, but I need you to promise me that you won't tell anyone. If your father found out, it would break our family apart, and we don't want that, do we?"

"Don't worry about that, mom," he assured her. "I won't tell anyone!"

"What we just did was wicked. We should pray to the Holy One for forgiveness!"

Astor shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever you think is best," he replied, wondering how she had suddenly made such an about face. He stood up to join her in prayer, forgetting that he was entirely naked.

Bethany peeked down at the erect cock pointing at her, then looked away in embarrassment. "Astor, please! Cover yourself!"

"Oh yeah, um…sorry!" he muttered, quickly grabbing the sheet to conceal his hard-on.

Part 3 – Lucky Leo

"Mom, they're talking about the alien stone on the broadcast feed," Astor announced, his voice filled with excitement and curiosity. Bethany entered the room and settled down next to him, her voluptuous figure causing her rounded ass sinking into the plush couch cushion.

The announcer's voice echoed through the room as footage of the mysterious stone, floating in its transparent confinement, played on the screen. "And now we'll hear from Dr. Hailey Green, lead researcher in the investigation of this enigmatic discovery," the announcer declared.

Dr. Green's long, sleek black hair cascaded down her shoulders, framing her face like a curtain of midnight silk. Her glasses sat perched on the bridge of her nose, adding to her air of intelligence and sophistication. Like the rest of the women aboard Calista, she stood 7-feet tall, with strikingly large breasts and a full, round buttocks that were both accentuated by her snug space suit.

"After our preliminary investigation of this alien object, we've determined that it emits a faint energy signature that we've never encountered before," Dr. Green explained, her voice measured but tinged with a sense of wonder. "Our initial scans indicate that the stone seems to be ancient, possibly older than any known civilization that we knew back on Earth." She gestured towards the screen, where images of intricate symbols etched onto the surface of the stone flashed by.

"We're working to decipher these symbols, hoping to unlock the secrets this alien artifact holds," Dr. Green continued, her eyes glinting with determination.

Astor and Bethany leaned in closer, captivated by the mystery unfolding before them. The camera panned to reveal the rest of Dr. Green's team huddled around a holographic display, analyzing the symbols with intense focus.

As they zoomed in on one particularly elaborate symbol, a low hum filled the room, causing everyone to exchange startled glances. The stone began to glow softly, its surface pulsating with an otherworldly light. Dr. Green reached out tentatively, her fingers brushing against the smooth surface of the stone.

"In the coming days we hope to understand more about its origin," said Hailey as she looked down at the stone with wide, unblinking eyes. The object seemed to emit a strange energy, captivating her attention like a moth drawn to a flame. She paused for a moment, gathering her thoughts before finally speaking again.

"I wish I had more information to share at this time," she said, her words slow and deliberate. "But we will continue to bring you updates as soon as they become available."

Astor felt a sudden surge of heat as Bethany's hand slid along his inner thigh, dangerously close to his now rapidly hardening cock. He turned to look at her and saw a mischievous grin spread across her face, her perfect white teeth gleaming between her plump, bee-stung lips.

"You haven't kissed me yet today?" she whispered in a seductive tone.

"K…kissed you?" Astor stuttered, caught off guard by her boldness. While hugs were a common form of familial affection, kisses were rare and usually reserved for special occasions.

"Yes, there's no harm in adding kissing to our relationship, is there? After all, it evolved from mother and son primates you know," Bethany explained casually.

"It did?" Astor asked in surprise.

"Yes. Mothers would chew food for their young and then feed them mouth-to-mouth, with their lips puckered. This later developed into a way to comfort hungry children, and eventually became a way to show love and affection. Through evolution, kissing evolved as well."

"I suppose…as long as you think it's ok," Astor stated uncertainly.

"I do," Bethany replied confidently, her eyes glazed over as she gazed back at him intently. She leaned forward, her full lips puckering against his for a soft yet lingering kiss that left Astor wanting more. But before things could escalate further, Bethany came to her senses.

"On the other hand, maybe kissing ISN'T such a good idea," she blushed, pulling away as she struggled to make sense of her behavior.

Feeling awkward, Astor stood up. "I have to go meet Jonah. We're gonna grab some lunch and hang out," he said.

"Don't forget to make time for your studies," Bethany advised in a matter-of-fact tone.

As they strolled along the atrium pathway at the heart of the ship, Astor couldn't help but voice his observations to his friend, Jonah. "Have you noticed our moms have been acting strange lately?" he asked, furrowing his brow in confusion.

Jonah nodded in agreement. "Yeah, if by 'strange' you mean not being able to keep their hand off us," he replied.

"That's exactly what I mean," Astor added, growing increasingly confused by the strange behavior. "The other day my mom came into my room naked and we were practically having sex with our clothes on."

Jonah paused for a moment, deep in thought. "I could be wrong," he began cautiously, "but it seems like all of this started once they brought that alien stone on board the ship.

Astor's eyes widened as he considered the possibility. "Do you think it has some kind of mysterious power that's making them...horny?"

Before Jonah could respond, their conversation was interrupted by the sound of a female giggle. The boys turned to see Dr. Hailey Green hurrying down the pathway, pulling a young man their age by the hand. Hailey's figure was exaggeratedly curvaceous, her tight suit doing little to contain her giant breasts as they bounced provocatively with each step. Her expression was one of pure sexual excitement.

"Isn't that the doctor who's leading the research on the alien stone?" Jonah asked with wide eyes.

Astor nodded slowly, recognizing her from the broadcast feed that morning. "Yes, and that must be her son, Leo," he confirmed. "I have a few classes with him at school."

They watched as Hailey led Leo off the path and into a thicket of trees along a secluded part of the path. "Where is she taking him?" Jonah wondered aloud.

"Let's go see."

The two boys cautiously wandered off the path, following the sound of muffled giggles and the rustling of leaves. They pushed through

the dense foliage and found Hailey and Leo hidden behind a thick tree, their bodies pressed together. Astor and Jonah's mouths fell open in shock as they realized what Hailey and Leo were doing.

Dr. Green appeared to be in the throes of ecstasy, her lips locked with her son's in a passionate kiss, their tongues clearly dueling

inside Leo's mouth. She reached down and fondled his bulging erection through his tight suit pants, her other hand tugging at her own garment, trying to free her equally aroused body.

Leo groaned softly into his mom's mouth as she leaned down kissing him, his hands eagerly sinking into the fat of her big tits. The sight was both shocking and arousing for the boys, as they watched the taboo action unfold before their eyes.

"Are they gonna…" Astor started to say.

"It looks like it," Jonah finished.

As they continued to watch in astonishment, Dr. Green and Leo continued to undress each other, their movements becoming more frenzied with each passing second. Astor and Jonah could feel their own arousal growing, their excitement peaked by the bizarre display before them.

Hailey broke away from her son, eyes glowing with desire as she pulled down the front of her suit, freeing her gigantic, heavy breasts. Leo gawked at the sight, his eyes wide as he took in her perfect tits, their turgid nipples erect and begging to be sucked.

Hailey removed Leo's pants, exposing his 11-inch erection. It look like it could tear a hole in space-time it was so thick and veiny.

Leo stared in disbelief at his mother's womanhood, her pussy shaved and obscene, her lips puffy and engorged. Instinct took over, and he reached for Hailey's massive tits, cupping them in his hands as he leaned down to lick her hard nipples.

Hailey moaned with pleasure, her hips bucking forward as she thrust her nipples into Leo's eager mouth. He sucked and licked, his every movement awkward but determined.

Astor and Jonah couldn't help but notice the physical response Hailey's body had to Leo's touch. Her nipples were now prominent and erect, clearly reacting to his ministrations.

"I think she's gonna let him fuck her," Jonah whispered in awe.

Hailey's tall, voluptuous frame reclined on the soft grass, bringing Leo down with her. Her long, powerful legs spread wide, forming a perfect V shape as her iridescent blue toenails glinted in the sunlight.

"Whoa," Astor gasped, marveling at the incredible flexibility of Hailey's body.

Leo shuddered with excitement as he lowered himself onto her luscious form, his slight build appearing almost insignificant next to hers.

Hailey threw her head back, her black mane cascading down her back as her wetness enveloped the thick roundness of Leo's bell tip.

The boy's face contorted with determination as he attempted to enter her tightness, grunting and gripping Hailey's thighs tightly in his hands. "It's so fucking tight," he groaned through gritted teeth as he struggled to push himself inside her. His knuckles turned white from the force of his grip.

Leo's hard throbbing cock sank eagerly into the slick, dripping depths of Hailey's core, filling her completely until she was packed full of his manhood.

A loud moan escaped the mother's lips as Leo's skillful thrusts set them both into a wild and frenzied rhythm. Their bellies slapped

together with each powerful thrust, their bodies moving in perfect sync.

Hailey's arms and legs wrapped tightly around Leo's body, holding him in a snug and possessive embrace like an anaconda. He was trapped within her muscular form, face buried between her rippling tits, unable to escape even if he wanted to.

Meanwhile, Astor and Jonah watched with rapt attention, their own arousal evident by the noticeable bulges in their suits. The sight before them was shocking yet undeniably arousing, and they found themselves unable to tear their eyes away.

"We should probably go," Jonah suggested, feeling a sense of shame wash over him for watching such an intimate act between mother and son.

But Astor shook his head, his voice low and filled with desire. "Not yet...I want to see more. Let's sneak around to the other side."

They cautiously made their way around the thicket, hiding behind bushes and trees in an attempt to remain unseen. Astor's heart raced as he and Jonah exchanged nervous glances, wondering if they had been detected by the mother and son.

Hailey's body arched in ecstasy as Leo continued to drive his massive erection into her, his balls slapping against her pussy with a wet, slurping sound. She moaned deeply, her voice carrying through the dense foliage.

"It's so big...so fucking big!" Hailey moaned, her voice thick with lust. "I can't believe how fucking good it feels."

Watching Leo's massive blue-veined cock pummel through Hailey's tight, pink-lipped pussy was the most obscene yet fascinating thing he'd ever beheld. The 11-inch shaft of blood and muscle glistened with juices causing it to glide fluidly up inside Hailey's body, making

all but his balls disappear and smack wetly against the crinkled ring of her asshole.

Hailey felt the deep stirrings of a powerful orgasm. Her body tensed and her hands gripped Leo's back tightly, pulling him in deeper. She let out a throaty groan of pure delight, her eyes rolling back in her pretty head as her body quivered and bucked with her orgasmic release.

Leo moaned against the swell of her chest, his knees trembling from the intensity of her orgasm around his pounding cock. He thrust faster and harder, his own climax rapidly building.

Astor and Jonah held their breath, watching as the intensity of Hailey and Leo's pleasure continued to rise. Astor's erection throbbed painfully against his suit, his heart pounding in his chest as he watched the forbidden spectacle unfold.

Just as Hailey's orgasm crested, Leo's body stiffened, his hips jerking forward wildly as he let out a long, guttural, tit-smothered groan. His cock swelled inside Hailey, filling her tight, velvety depths, and pulsed with thick streams of hot cum.

Hailey shuddered beneath Leo's powerful thrusts, the waves of her orgasm crashing over her in a continuous and overwhelming surge. She arched her back, pressing her heavy breasts into Leo's eager mouth, her hands gripping him tightly, trying to pull him even deeper inside.

Leo's orgasm seemed to last forever, his cock swelling and pulsing with his release, filling Hailey's core with his thick, liquid seed. As he came, he thrust even harder, his balls slapping against her pussy with a wet, slurping sound.

Finally, as Leo's orgasm began to wane, his body collapsed onto Hailey's soft, voluptuous form, panting heavily and gasping for breath.

Hailey lay there, her eyes half-lidded and her body glistening with sweat, her chest rapidly rising and falling with her own labored

breathing.

Astor and Jonah couldn't help but feel a mixture of awe and envy, watching the aftermath of the intense sexual encounter unfold before them. They had never experienced anything quite like it, and they knew they would never be able to unsee what they had just witnessed.

With a final lingering look at the couple, Astor and Jonah slowly backed away from the clearing, still trying to process what they had just witnessed.

Jonah tried to conceal the massive erection straining against his suit. He and Astor scrambled away from the scene, their hearts racing with adrenaline. "Can you believe what we just saw?!" Jonah whispered, his voice filled with disbelief.

Astor's eyes widened in agreement. "It totally confirms what we were saying earlier," he said, his voice hushed and urgent. "Dr. Green is probably the one person aboard this ship who's gotten close to that alien stone, and look what happened."

"It's like she was completely possessed," Jonah interjected, his voice trembling with a mixture of fear and fascination.

"Sexually possessed," Astor clarified. "It's almost as if the stone has some kind of power over human desires."

"Exactly," Jonah replied, his voice low with intrigue. "Weirdly enough, I remember reading about something like that. Ancient Greeks used

to believe that certain types of stones or minerals had the power to ignite intense sexual desire in whoever was near them."

Astor's eyes widened with realization, a mischievous glint in them as he spoke. "Do you know what that means?" he asked eagerly. "It

means that if we can just get our moms close enough to the alien stone, they'll lose all control and ravish us."

"And that could be a very good thing," Jonah grinned.

Part 4 – Sacred Connection

As Astor made his way inside his family quarters, the sound of rhythmic thumping caught his attention. Curiosity piqued, he followed the sound until he reached the zero-gravity chamber. There, Bethany was immersed in a form of exercise that seemed more like a lovely dance. Her large, voluptuous figure moved with grace and fluidity as she bounced from wall to wall, her body adorned only in sleek booty shorts and a skimpy top that struggled to contain her ample curves.

Astor couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight before him. Each movement sent her glistening skin rippling and her powerful muscles flexing beneath it. His mind raced with thoughts of tasting every inch of her flesh and taking her in the same way that he had witnessed Leo doing to Hailey.

With a shake of his head to clear his thoughts, Astor activated the intercom to the chamber. "Hi, mom," he said, trying to keep his voice steady despite the heat rising in his cheeks.

Bethany turned towards him with a smile and waved cutely as she somersaulted gracefully through the air. "Hi, darling? How was lunch

with Jonah?" she asked, unaware of the lustful thoughts running through her son's mind.

"Great," Astor replied, struggling to contain his excitement. "It was… enlightening." He knew he could never share the true nature of their conversation with his mother, but part of him longed to confide in her and seek comfort in her warm embrace.

Bethany's eyes widened with curiosity as she watched him approach the window. Her hazel eyes sparkled in the dim light of the chamber, their depths filled with curiosity and intrigue. As she moved, her oversized tits trembled, glistening with sweat in the warm air. She couldn't help but notice how his gaze lingered on them.

"Well, first of all…you shouldn't stare at my breasts like that, honey," she scolded, breaking the tension. "Secondly, what exactly do you mean by 'enlightening'?"

Jonah's words had piqued her interest and she wanted to know more. She adjusted the gravity within the chamber before stepping out, the door sliding open with a soft hiss. The cool air outside felt refreshing against her heated skin as she wiped away the sweat with a towel.

Astor hesitated for a moment, not wanting to reveal their suspicions about the stone to Bethany. Instead, he concocted another reason for them to get closer to it. "We heard rumors that they might have it on display in the research wing," he explained. "Through protective glass, of course. I thought we could go and see if it's true."

Bethany's gasped in awe and disbelief. "You mean they're actually letting people see it?"

Astor nodded eagerly, his dark eyes shining with excitement. "It's just hearsay for now, but I think it's worth checking out."

An excited grin spread across Bethany's face as she thought about the possibility of seeing the elusive stone up close. "Sounds like an adventure," she said eagerly. "Count me in…but let me take a quick shower first."

With heavy steps, Dr. Green marched towards the research wing of the ship, her mind consumed with overwhelming feelings of guilt and shame for what she had just done with her son, Leo. Ever since the

mysterious stone was brought on board, she had been plagued by intense waves of sexual desire for him. She couldn't resist any longer and had given in, initiating actual intercourse with him.

As she entered the lab, Hailey began to say something but stopped abruptly in shock. Her research assistant, Patti, was on her knees in front of her own son, Phoenix, giving his long and sturdy cock a vigorous blowjob. Patti's face was flushed as she stopped and stared at Hailey, her chin smeared with drool and pre-cum.

"I-I'm sorry, I was just…" Patti stammered, quickly tucking her breasts back into her top, her cheeks burning with embarrassment. "I don't know what came over me."

"We need to get that stone off this ship," Hailey stated firmly.

"The stone?" Patti questioned.

"Yes, the artifact," Hailey replied, frustration evident in her voice. "Don't you see what it's doing? It's somehow affecting our sexual desires…making us do things with people we shouldn't, namely our sons."

Patti's eyes widened in realization as she looked at her own son in shame. "Yes, you're right. If it's emitting signals that are causing us to act on these forbidden desires, then we must distance it from the women on this ship. But how?"

"We'll open the airlock and release it back out into the vacuum of space," Hailey suggested. "It's the only way to ensure we're not tempted any further by its influence."

"Are you sure?" asked Patti. "Dr. Green, this stone is a huge discovery. You're talking about us discarding it before we can even begin to understand its true power."

"And risk losing our marriages and our reputations?" Hailey countered. "I think the consequences of keeping it far outweigh the potential academic gains. We can't ignore the dangerous impact it's having on us. The way it's perverting our minds."

Stacey and Bethany trailed behind their energetic sons as they hurried down the corridor towards the research wing of the ship. The walls were lined with metallic panels, reflecting the fluorescent lighting and giving the space a sterile feel. Jonah couldn't help but shoot a sly smile at Astor, both of them filled with anticipation for what lay ahead. They were determined to get close enough to the mysterious alien stone that its powerful pull would be unleashed, just like it had been for Dr. Green when she had ravaged Leo.

Their excitement was quickly dampened as they approached Patti, who stood in the middle of the corridor, blocking their path. Her hands were clasped in front of her and she wore a somber expression.

"Sorry boys, the research wing is closed off," she announced.

"Why is it closed off?" Astor pressed. "Is the stone still in there?"

"I'm afraid not," Patti replied, her tone grave. "After careful analysis, we discovered that the artifact could potentially harm those aboard the ship. It has been swiftly removed."

Disappointment washed over Jonah and Astor's faces as they hung their heads in defeat. Bethany let out a small sigh, shaking her head in agreement.

"It would have been fascinating to learn about its origin, but safety must always come first," she stated firmly.

Just then, the lab door slid open and Dr. Green emerged slowly, clad in her protective suit. Behind her floated the alien stone, gleaming

and sparkling with otherworldly light. Hailey moved aside to make way for it, followed by everyone else in the corridor.

Dr. Green's worried gaze flicked to Patty before addressing the group. "I tried to move it, but this happened," she explained.

In awe, they all followed the floating stone as it seemed to have a mind of its own, leading them down the corridor towards an unknown destination.

Astor's voice broke the silence, his curiosity piqued as he wondered aloud, "Where do you think it's going?" A few minutes later, his question was answered as the stone floated into the atrium at the center of the ship. The smooth surface gleamed in the artificial light, casting a warm glow on the park-like setting below. It rose effortlessly, reaching towards the high windowed ceiling, just out of reach for the observers below.

"It's so beautiful," Stacey uttered in awe, her eyes fixed on the floating stone as if held in a trance.

Bethany nodded in agreement, her gaze intense and unwavering like all the other women in the area. Even Hailey and Patti were drawn to its ethereal beauty, unable to tear their eyes away from it. The atmosphere hummed with wonder and enchantment as they all gazed upon the mysterious stone suspended in midair.

The silence was heavy and suffocating, like a thick fog that refused to lift. Bethany's voice cut through it, sharp and clear, breaking the tension.

"You know," she started, her words slow and measured, "sex hasn't always been seen as a sin or something to feel guilty about. In pre-Christian religions, it was often celebrated and even seen as a form of worship. It was a way to connect with the Gods and their sensual power."

Astor's eyebrows raised in surprise at this revelation. "Connect with the Gods?" he asked, seeking clarification.

Bethany nodded, her eyes shining with conviction. "Yes. The intensity of desire was believed to be most strongly felt between those who were closest in blood and spirit, such as mother and son."

Dr. Green's voice chimed in, almost as if she were possessed by the same force that had taken over Bethany. "It was a sacred connection, a merging of souls through physical intimacy."

Astor and Jonah exchanged a knowing glance, their suspicions growing that it wasn't the women speaking, but rather the mysterious force of the stone channeling through them.

Bethany and Stacey turned, their movements graceful and fluid as they latched onto Astor and Jonah, enveloping them in passionate kisses. The atmosphere crackled with electricity as one kiss led to another, escalating into a shameless display of desire.

As more and more residents of the ship gathered to witness the alien stone's magnificent emerald glow radiating in the atrium, Bethany took Astor by the hand and led him away from the crowd. "Let's find somewhere more private to continue this, my love," she purred seductively.

Astor looked over and saw Jonah's mom leading him away also.

Bethany guided her son to a nearby cargo hold, a place where the ship's goods were stored. It was dimly lit and mostly empty, providing the perfect seclusion for their intimate encounter.

"Guess what I wanna do?" Bethany whispered, mashing her giant tits against him.

"Kiss some more?" Astor anxiously asked.

"Yes, that too, but also something much more fucking nasty."

He couldn't believe she was actually talking to him this way. Her usually wholesome nature being in stark contrast to the filth leaving her mouth.

"What is this nasty thing you have in mind?"

Bethany leaned in close, her breath hot on Astor's ear, "I wanna lick and suck every single inch of your dick until you cum all over my face."

Astor's eyes widened in shock, but he found himself becoming aroused at the thought of getting head from her. Bethany could sense his arousal and smiled wickedly, undoing his pants and pulling out his throbbing erection.

Astor watched in fascination as she crouched down, circling her fist around his shaft. Her lips glided over the head, teasing him. Her tongue flicked, sliding down the shaft, making Jonah's erection twitch.

"Mmm," she purred, "I can taste your pre-cum already."

Suddenly, Bethany took Astor's entire 11-inches into her mouth and throat, swallowing him whole. Her lips sealed around the root of his

prick and her throat muscles massaged his dick, Astor's mind racing with a mix of pleasure and surprise.

"Wow, you're really good at that," he complimented, watching her pretty hair sway as she bobbed her head up and back in a perfect blowjob rhythm.

She slowly pulled her mouth off him, her lips glistening with saliva and precum, and spoke in a sultry whisper. "Do you like the way I fuck your cock with my mouth, darling?"

"I love it," he replied.

She went back to sucking. This time, Bethany grasped his cock at the base and stroked and sucked at the same time, beating his prick into her skilled, cock-sucking mouth.

Astor enjoyed watched her ginormous tit-melons wobble with heaviness to the tempo of her tireless sucks and strokes.

Bethany continued to suck and stroke, holding eye contact with Astor as she worked him up, her eyes never leaving his. Astor could feel the pleasure surging through him. He knew he wouldn't last much longer.

Astor gripped Bethany's head, his fingers sinking into her hair. "I'm gonna cum," he groaned.

Bethany pulled off, her eyes wide with anticipation. While continuing to beat his boner, she eagerly watched as Astor's cock twitched, spurting a thick jets of cum across her face.

His hot, sticky liquid coated her cheeks, nose, and chin, and she licked her lips hungrily, catching as much as she could.

"Mmm, delicious," she purred, wiping some of it off her face with her fingers and bringing it to her mouth, savoring the taste.

Astor watched in amazement as she continued to lick and suck the remnants of his cum from her face.

"That's amazing," he stammered, still in a state of disbelief.

Bethany stood up, her eyes blazing with desire as she gazed at him. A seductive smile played on her lips as she slowly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing the curves of her ample breasts and their stiff, aroused nipples. Her skin seemed to glow in the dim light of the cargo hold, giving her an ethereal quality. Just when it appeared that

she was ready to let him take her, their passion interrupted by a voice from outside.

"Bethany, are you in there?" The sound of her husband's voice sent a jolt through both of them. They froze in shock, realizing the dangerous situation they were in.

168: Ten Days in the Bunker with Mom

Ten Days in the Bunker…with Mom

By Klrxo

"Honey, it's me. Drop what you're doing and turn on the TV!" Michael said to his wife on the phone as she worked in the kitchen.

Brook rushed into the living room and clicked on the television. The first thing to light up was an emergency news broadcast with the words "NUCLEAR CRISIS" in big bold letters across the bottom.

"Nuclear Crisis? Michael what's going on?"

"Apparently they're threatening to bomb us, in retaliation for that plane we shot down two days ago."

"Seriously?! So they're gonna try to blow up a bunch of innocent people because they lost a stupid airplane?"

"Nobody really knows what that lunatic leader of theirs is capable of," her husband answered. "As a precaution, I think you should take the kids down into the bunker…until this all clears up."

"The bunker?! Honey, do you really think it's THAT serious?"

"Yeah, I do. This is about as serious a bomb threat as we've ever had. Look, I'm sorry I'm a thousand miles away and can't be there,

but unfortunately it's outside my control. They're shutting down air traffic along the entire East Coast right now."

"That's ok," she uttered. "I mean, it's not ok…I'd love to all be together right now, but Hunter and I can go through the checklist, just like you've showed us before."

"Good…and don't wait. Get the systems running and yourselves secured as quickly as you can."

"Ok…um, how long do we stay down there for?"

"You have a broadcast feed down there, so you'll be able to see how this plays out. Once it looks like it's getting resolved, which hopefully it will soon, you guys can come back up."

Brook gave her husband an emotional good-bye, then informed her son, Hunter, of what was going on. She scooped the baby from her crib and locked the house up. There were only a few items they brought along, since the bunker contained everything they needed. The family had a sprawling property, which you wouldn't even know had a bomb shelter if it weren't for the round door that protruded from the ground, some distance from the house.

The underground bunker was a giant steel culvert, outfitted with bulkheads, electrical system, ventilation system, and properly designed entrances. It was buried to a suitable depth to ensure proper earth arching and shielding. The walls of the cylinder were plenty thick, and the backfill performed to industry specifications. It was a structure that would endure a nuclear shock that would destroy all above ground buildings within a 5-mile radius of the blast.

After powering up the systems, they sealed themselves in and prepared to wait it out for as long as necessary.

Hunter plopped down onto the sofa, already bored out of his mind and he'd only been in the bunker for an hour. The small living space also comprised of an eating area and tiny kitchen. At the rear of the bunker, separated by a wall, was a small bunk room with a TV and desktop computer. This space had an adjoining bathroom, with toilet, sink and shower. It was certainly nothing fancy, but contained all the space and supplies they needed in such a crises.

"I never thought we'd actually have to come down here," Hunter stated, looking over at his mother as she cradled her newborn in her arms. The dark-haired 18-year-old Senior was lean and handsome, which made him popular among the girls at school.

"That makes two of us, honey. Unfortunately, there are crazy, power-hungry people in the world who make the rest of us live in fear."

"I just hope they don't drop any bombs. Is dad some place safe?"

"I'm sure your father's company is looking out for the safety of their employees," the mother assured him. "He told me not to worry so I'm not going to."

After eating something, they moved to the bunk room, sitting side by side on the bottom bunk as they watched a new broadcast for several hours. Unfortunately, that only made them feel even more uneasy so Brook finally turned the television off. "Enough of that nonsense," she blurted. "Let's focus on something else."

"Like what? There's no phone service or internet down here."

The comment made his mom laugh. "You know, people did survive and enjoy themselves BEFORE the internet, honey."

"I sure am glad I didn't grow up in those days."

"Oh, I know…you would've simply withered away with boredom," she teased, giving him a tickle.

Hunter loved being close to his mother. There were plenty of his friends who sure wouldn't mind being "close" to her either. It made him a little angry and protective every time they made a comment about her overly-large breasts or what a "MILF" they thought she was. Brook had radiant facial features and a short, but stylish hairdo. Her body was lush; on its way to being in shape again after having recently given birth to her second child seven weeks ago.

"Let's play a game," the mother suggested.

"What type of game?"

"It's called the Name Game. We pick a topic, then I say a word having to do with that topic. You take the last letter of that word and come up with a new word, then we keep it going until someone gets stumped."

"No offence, Mom, but that game sounds really boring."

She playfully slapped him on the knee. "Well, do you have a better game for us to play then, brat!" she asked.

"No, but I could probably come up with something."

"Tell you what…let's play my game tonight and then we'll try one that you come up with tomorrow, deal?"

"I guess that sounds fair."

"Alright…so I'm gonna start. The first subject is of my 'Name Game' is animals. My word is Aardvark," Brook stated.

"OK, so just to clarify…I have to come up with an animal that starts with last letter of your word, which is K?" the teen asked.

"Correct!"

"All right. How about Kangaroo!"

"Good one! Um…Octopus."

"Snake," said Hunter.

"Elephant."

"Tiger.

"Hmm, R? Oh, I know…Rhinoceros," Brook shouted.

"I can't say one I've already said, right?" her son asked.

"Nope…it has to be original."

"Shoot…I can't think of another animal that starts with the letter s."

"Looks like a point for me then!" Brook smiled in victory. "Are you giving up?"

"Yeah, I can't think of one."

"My point then!" she smiled. "Oh, and, by the way…you could have said shark!" she taunted.

"Dang…how did I not think of that?!"

"Ohh, poor baby!" Brook teased, patting the back of his head as she gave him a tit-squashing hug, which Hunter wished had lasted longer.

"So, do I get to pick the next subject?" he asked.

"Nope, winner picks. So, let's see…how about 'food' this time. My first word is pizza."

For the longest time they played and laughed, each coming up with a food that started with the appropriate letter. For nearly twenty minutes they went back and forth on the subject of food, until

Hunter became stumped again. "You have an unfair advantage with this topic, mom."

"How so?"

"You're the one who shops and cooks all the time," he pointed out.

"Stop making excuses and just accept your defeat," she giggled.

"Fine! Next subject."

"Hmm, how about body parts," she suggested.

"Body parts?"

"Yeah, parts of the body, inside or out. My first word is foot."

"Alright, um…toe."

"Ear," Brook blurted with a pretty smile.

"Rotator cuff."

"What?!" his mom scowled questioningly.

"You've never heard of a rotator cuff, mom?"

"No…but I'll trust that you know what you're talking about. So, that means my letter is f. That's easy…face."

"Elbow."

"Oh…damn…W?"

"Looks like I might finally get a point," Hunter eagerly expressed.

"Wiener!" Brook blurted, making her son burst out laughing.

"Wiener?"

"Yeah, you know, like a guy's wiener. His penis," she clarified, glancing down at her son's crotch.

"I know what you meant, but I'm pretty sure 'wiener' is a slang word, mom, which means it doesn't count."

"Fine, because I just thought of a better word. Waist."

"OK. How about, umm…tits."

"Hunter!"

"What? Tits is a body part…or parts."

"No. If I couldn't use wiener, you can't use tits."

"Why can't I use tits?"

She nudged against him playfully, brushing her squishy boobs against his arm. "You can USE tits all you want…just not in this game," she joked.

"Very funny," Hunter blushed. "I won't be 'using tits' at all while I'm stuck down here in this bunker, that's for sure."

This generated a laugh from his mom. "Well…if it's any consolation, your mom won't be using much 'wiener' either, since your father isn't here. And um, speaking of that. Maybe now's a good time for us to talk about a, um…schedule."

"Schedule?"

"Well, I'm sure we're both gonna be wanting to get some…sexual release, at least once a day, but being in this tiny living space might make that a bit awkward."

"True."

"So, I was thinking that whenever one of us needed some 'private time,' we could be in here, while the other is in the next room. Since there's no door separating the rooms, the person who's in with the baby could listen to some music on their headphones or something, to block out any awkward noises."

"Sounds like a pretty good plan to me," Hunter agreed. The thought of his pretty mom masturbating certainly made him feel all tingly inside. He knew there would be times when he'd need to get off, but hadn't really considered how that might happen down here until she brought it up.

"Ok good, we got that awkward discussion out of the way, now back to our game. You need a body part that starts with T."

"Well, since I can't use tits, how about if I use tongue?"

The mother's lips curled naughtily. "Don't expect a girl to EVER tell you that you can't use your tongue," she joked, then blushed. "Sorry, that was a naughty thing for a mother to say."

"I'll forgive you," Hunter smiled. "After all, I did say 'tits' in front of you."

"Yes, you did, and it hurt my wholesome ears," his mom teased.

"Yeah, right!"

"Looks like I'm back to the letter E again," Brook pointed out. "How about Eyeball."

"Leg," her son quickly retorted.

"Gut."

"Umm…tonsils?"

"Good one, honey," said Brook, then she thought about her answer a moment. "Shin."

"Dang! What body part starts with N?" Hunter asked himself out-loud. "Nockers?"

His mom burst out laughing. "Wow, first tits and now knockers? Apparently we know someone's favorite body part," Brook observed, "but 'knockers' is spelled with a K, honey, and it's a slang word, just like wiener, so it doesn't count."

"Hey, you can't 'KNOCK' a guy for trying!" he joked.

"Boy, who would have known that I gave birth to such a comic genius," Brook teased, rolling her eyes.

They played a few more rounds and Hunter didn't win a single one. His mom didn't hesitate to rub it in his face. "I win…AGAIN!" she sang.

"Yep, looks like I'm one big loser today."

"I'm sure you'll get back at me with whatever game you have planned for us tomorrow."

"Yeah, I'll definitely have to think of a good one."

Brook fed the baby, then prepared her and her son a couple of freeze-dried meals. Her husband had the shelter stocked with such food, so it would stay good for years until it was needed. "Well, it wasn't exactly a home cooked meal, but it still wasn't bed," the mother pointed out, once they were finished.

"I'm not sure if we'll be saying that a few days from now, when we're still eating it and craving a fat, juicy cheeseburger."

"Good point. Shall we check the news again and make sure we're not engaged in nuclear war yet?" the mother asked.

They moved back to the bunk room to watch the broadcast. The clips of people across the country scrambling for goods was horrifying as the threat of a missile strike continued. "I can't believe this is really happening," Hunter expressed. "I always thought dad was crazy for building this shelter, now I'm starting to think it was the smartest thing he ever did."

"Excuse me?!" his mother blurted with a playful nudge. "The smartest thing he ever did, huh?"

"After marrying you, of course."

"That's better," the mother giggled. "You're right though. Your dad's doomsday attitude used to drive me mad, but now I sure am glad he took it to the extreme by having this bunker built."

"Even still, let's hope for a peaceful resolution, especially for all those people who don't have a bunker like ours."

"I agree, honey," Brook added, clicking off the TV, then peeking over at him awkwardly. "There's a lot of families out there who aren't as lucky as we are."

There was silence between them for a moment as the mother felt an itch between her legs. "So, um…before we go to bed…do you mind if I get a little…personal time?" she asked.

"Oh, um…no, not at all. I can grab the baby and go into the next room," her son answered, climbing out of the bunk.

"Thanks, and uh…don't forget your headphones."

"Oh, right…got 'em!" he replied, snatching his earbuds off the TV stand.

Hunter cradled his baby sister in his arms and took her to the next room. After sitting on the sofa he popped his ear buds in, just as his mom suggested, so his music would drown out any 'noises' coming from the bunk room. Several minutes passed, and the boy simply couldn't believe he was sitting there, while his mom was masturbating just beyond the wall, no more than twenty-feet away.

The curious teen would have given anything to peek in and get a quick glimpse of his beautiful mom pleasuring herself. He pictured her sexy legs splayed in the air while she rubbed her clit frantically. It wasn't something he'd fantasized about seeing until just recently. However, he wasn't quite ballsy enough to try anything, and knew she'd probably lose it if she caught him peeping. What he did have the courage to do though was turn off his music and slip one ear bud out to see if he could hear anything. The noises that came from the bunk room reminded him of what a truly confined space they were in. Even though divided by a thinly-framed wall, he could clearly hear his mom GASPING in pleasure, along with the dull BUZZ of her vibrator.

"Holy shit!" he gasped, under his breath, placing his ear bud back in and starting his music again, for fear of being caught.

Brook was on the bottom bunk and her toes were clenched. Her knees were drawn back, her thick thighs bowed wide opened. A vibrating wand growled as she held it against her shaved snatch. She imagined a much

younger man, not her husband, fucking her savagely. The hot juice of her ejaculation began to burble from her cunt-slit, splattering down onto the towel she had laid down beneath her. Her entire mommy-body convulsed delightfully, her meaty, naked tits jostling around on her chest. Masturbation was a daily routine for the mother, usually once, but sometimes twice a day.

Hunter was tapping his foot to the beat of a song when Brook emerged from the bunk room, wearing nothing but a big t-shirt. Hunter could tell she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her heavy breasts trembled beneath the fabric. "Your turn, honey," she said softly, reaching down to take the baby.

He took a moment to study her face, which seemed flushed, as though she'd just experienced a tremendous orgasm. "I'm OK I think," Hunter stated, feeling a bit awkward taking his turn.

"Hunter, honey…let's not be all shy about this, ok? We're both adults and have needs, so just…go do what you need to do to take care of yourself. We agreed to this arrangement, remember, for as long as we're down here."

"Alright," the teen nodded. "I'll just be a few minutes."

"Take as much time as you need."

He went into the next room, which was mostly dark. He had eaten pussy before so he knew the smell that lingered. Before he could climb up onto the top bunk to relieve himself, his foot struck an item of clothing on the floor. He leaned down and picked up his mom's bra, clicking on the flashlight on his phone to get a good look at it. Brook's bra was white and the cups had beautiful floral-laced embroidery. He studied the thick cross-straps and the four clasps that held it around her breasts. The curious teen illuminated the tag, which read: 40H. He was no expert on bra size, but he knew that was pretty damn big.

"Wait a second…" he suddenly thought. "If her bra was on the floor, maybe her panties are too."

When the beam of his light struck the floor, sure enough, his mom's panties were laying there at his feet. He nervously reached down and picked them up. Never in his life had he had the guts to sneak a smell of his mom's panties, but now that they were being presented

on a silver platter, this was his chance. Hunter suddenly felt dizzy with desire as he brought the gusset to his nose, inhaling his mom's delightful cuntal aroma.

The teen couldn't climb up onto his bunk fast enough, taking his new discovery with him. He fished his erect cock from his shorts, then had the greatest stroke-session of his life. It was, of course, fueled by the intoxicating scent of the pussy that had birthed him. After capturing his cum-load in a small towel, he stashed the jizz-rag in his backpack, then placed the panties just as he'd found them on the floor.

"Feel better?" his mom asked with a curious smile as he returned to the next room.

"Yeah, thanks."

"I fed your sister so she's out like a light now. I think I'll get some rest before she wakes up again."

"I guess I might as well too."

They went back into the next room and crawled into their bunks. Brook took the lower bed, since she'd most likely be up a couple times to tend to the baby. It would be the first time either of them had ever slept inside the bunker. It was an eerie, yet secure feeling as they lay there in the pitch darkness listening to the subtle hum of the ventilation system.

"Goodnight, honey," Hunter heard his mom soft voice say.

"Goodnight, mom. I hope there's still a world out there when we wake up."

"Me too."

"Have you come up with a good game for me to beat you at, like I did the last one?" Brook asked her son as they lounged in the main living space the next day.

"As a matter of fact, I do have a good one," Hunter replied. There was a game he had played at a party with his friends that would be a blast to play with his mom, but it could get extremely risqué so he did hesitate to bring up the idea of playing it with her. "You're OK with an 'adult themed' game, right?"

"Well, we are both adults…and the game we played yesterday did get a little naughty after awhile. Why don't we just try it and see how it goes. What's this game called?" she asked.

"Dirty charades. I have it downloaded on my phone."

"Dirty charades?" the mother chuckled. "Who in the world have you been playing dirty charades with?"

"No one recently. We just played it at a party once, so I decided to download it."

Brook shifted awkwardly on the couch. Today, she wore skimpy cotton shorts and a form fitting tank top that left some creamy cleavage exposed. "I've played charades plenty of times…but never 'dirty charades.' I'm assuming the same rules apply?"

"Yep, one person acts out the word or phrase and the other has to guess what it is, but in this version, you have to use another person…as a prop somehow."

"A prop?"

"Yeah, you know…you have to use the other person to act out whatever the word is."

"Alright then…let's give it a try. You go first…acting the word out I mean," she anxiously requested.

Hunter stood from the couch, then brought up the first word on his phone app. He motioned for his mom to come over, then quickly forced her to turn around and brought her wrists together, crisscrossing them.

"Handcuffs!" his mom blurted.

"Correct," her son answered, letting her go. "That was kind of an easy one."

Brook brought up the next word on the app as she stood next to him, then started giggling. "Oh God, this game is gonna get us both in trouble," she stated.

"How?"

"Because we're both gonna be acting out things with each other that we shouldn't, that's how."

"Hey, you were the one who said we could try it."

"I know," Brook said, then looked over at the sofa. "You have to sit down for this one."

Hunter sat as she requested, then his beautiful mom awkwardly rested on his lap, facing forward. The boy's eyes widened. His mom's rounded ass felt amazing and even better as she began bouncing on his lap, making her big breasts jostle beneath her tank top. She went from bouncing to gyrating in a sexy manner, grinding against his rapidly hardening cock. "Sex?" the boy guessed.

"Nope," she answered, then moved in a dry-humping motion. She threw her arms up and began moving them as if she were dancing to music.

"Oh…lap dancing?" he guessed.

"You got it," his mom answered, quickly raising off his lap. "I certainly hope these words don't get much more awkward than that one."

"Well, we're both adults, like you said, right? We know it's just a game…all in good fun."

"I suppose, but even so…you better not tell anyone we played dirty charades together, understand?"

"Don't worry, mom, I won't. What happens in the bunker stays in the bunker," her son assured her.

"Good. So, the score is one to one. Let's do the next one."

Hunter brought up the next word. "Oh boy…um, ok," he uttered nervously, then began acting as though he was texting on his phone. "So, for this one, you have to imagine that you're holding your phone too," he shared, then reached under his shirt, rubbing his chest slowly.

"What in the world are you doing?" Brook asked, getting a kick out of watching him act this way. Hunter pretended as if he was typing again, then began slipping his hand down his pants. "That's what you have to figure out, mom," he reminded her.

Oh, wait…Sexting!" Brook shouted.

"Correct," her boy answered.

"Yay…two for two!" she cheered. "It's a good thing I guessed it when I did though. I might have gotten an eyeful."

"True, that was pretty awkward. Your turn," said Hunter, handing her the phone.

When she saw her word, she shook her head and glared over at him. "This game is horrible," she stated, trying to control her smirk.

"You can pass on your turn, but according to the rules, I would get a point."

"I'm not passing on my turn, so don't get your hopes up," she replied, then knelt down beside him. "Don't move."

Hunter looked down and watched his mother place her forearm near his crotch, then suddenly she made it spring upward at an angle, so her fist pointed towards the ceiling. After seeing her son looked stumped, she rolled her eyes and did the same motion, once again, with her forearm.

"Oh, um…an erection?" Hunter answered.

"It took you long enough," she snickered, then peered at his crotch a moment, noticing how it was tenting out. "Maybe I should have just pulled your pants down and made it easy on myself."

"Sorry," the boy blushed, doing his best to conceal it. "I think that lap dance demonstration you did kinda got to me."

"I can see that. Do you wanna continue the game or do you need a, um…break?"

"No, I can continue," he replied, then looked at his phone to get his next word. An expression of shock filled his face. "Maybe I SHOULDN'T do this one right now though."

"Fine, I'll take the point," his mother smirked.

"I mean, I'll do it…I just probably shouldn't in the state I'm in right now."

"The rules don't say anything about saving a word until later in the game, honey. Either do it now or I get a point. Those are the rules," Brook reminded him.

"What the heck…I'll do it then," he bravely blurted. "You have to lay down on the floor though…on your back."

"On my back, huh? Great!" his mom sarcastically uttered, then sprawled out on the area rug. Hunter began climbing down on top of her and she fed him a apprehensive look. "Are you about to do what I think you're about to do?" she nervously asked.

"Probably."

"Ok, um…do I need to…spread my legs or anything?"

"Sure, that would help."

Brook opened her thighs and drew her knees back, watching her teen sprawl flat on top of her. It seemed so naughty and surreal as he brought his full weight down against her, nuzzling his face into her neck.

"I, uh…guess I can see now why you wanted to wait on this one," Brook stated as she felt her son's boner press against her crotch.

Hunter gulped nervously, then began to dry hump against his mom, digging his rigid fuck-muscle against her heated crotch.

"Oh my God, Hunter…Really?!" she giggled, surprised by what her son was doing.

"Just doing what the word said, mom."

"Hmm, I wonder what this could be? Sex maybe?"

"Nope, you seriously don't know what it is?" Hunter asked, reveling in the feel of his mom's squishy tits crushed against him.

"Maybe…but I'm gonna give it a little longer, just to make sure."

She held on to her son's shoulders, peering down his back and watching Hunter's young ass bob up and down in a steady fuck-motion. "That's pretty good form you have there, kiddo," she proudly stated, then peeked down into his eyes teasingly. "Done this a few times, have you?"

"More than a few times, but thanks."

Brook let out an inadvertent sigh, feeling her son's rock hard boner dig at her cunt-slit beneath their clothing. "I know this is a personal question, but…do you always keep that rhythm when you're doing it?"

"Yeah, I have to, otherwise I'd finish way too quickly."

'If you went faster, you mean?"

"Yes."

"How long do you last…going at THIS pace?" the mother brazenly asked.

"Usually about an hour."

"Shut up…I'm serious!"

"So am I."

"You last a whole hour inside a girl…going at this tempo?" she skeptically confirmed.

"Yes…why, is that so unusual?" he asked, continuing to pump against her.

"Um…yeah, going this speed it is," she answered, then slithered her legs up around his frame, high on his back, crossing her ankles.

"Most guys couldn't keep this pace for more than five or ten minutes," she informed him, then scratched her nails down his back through his t-shirt and subtly humped her lovely ass from the floor, dry-humping him back in counterpoint.

"What are you doing, mom?" he asked, surprised to see her giving it back to him.

"Just making sure this is what I think it is before I give you my answer," she replied, her breath huffing with every thrust. "What the problem? Are you not used to girls doing it this way?"

"No."

"Then clearly they're doing it wrong," the mother stated, grinding her cunt against the bulge of his erection.

"Well…if you're so concerned about doing it right, shouldn't you be kissing me?" her son asked. He expected his mom to laugh off his request, but her response surprised him.

"How am I suppose to kiss you if your lips are down there?"

Hunter brought his face up above his mother's and they stared lustfully into each other's eyes, their bodies still writhing in a steady dry-humping rhythm. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Your lips aren't attached to mine yet, so no, it's not."

Hunter lowered his lips and they shared a few sensual closed-lipped kisses. Brook finally came to the realization of how ridiculously inappropriate this was. "We should probably stop, honey," the mother breathlessly suggested.

"I would have by now, but you still haven't guessed what it is."

"Well, no one said anything about any time limits on guessing, now did they?"

"Maybe if I went faster, would it would suddenly come to you," he suggested, staring into her eyes.

"Yes, maybe," she answered without thinking.

Hunter began to hump with everything he had. His busty mother reciprocated, twisted her lovely legs down his back, then grasping his ass with both hands, bucking beneath him. They rocked violently on the floor, both of them gasping in fuck-lust as the boy's muscled cock threatened to saw right through their clothing. Brook's big fatty tits rippled between them and she HISSED in ecstasy. Then, she suddenly came to her senses and tapped on his shoulder. "The missionary position! It's the missionary position, right?" she blurted.

"Yes," her son breathed, slowing down and then stopping completely, but remaining on top of her. "You guessed it."

"All right, we should, um…probably get up and take a break, honey."

"Yeah, uh…ok."

Brook had a hard time tearing her eyes from her son's cock as he stood up. She could see the form of his fat knob pushing his shorts out. The fascinated mother inadvertently licked her lips, staring at the big wet spot where his pre-cum had soaked through.

"Why don't you go first today," she suggested.

"Go first?"

"Yeah, well…I assume after what just happened that you could use a 'bunk-break,' right?"

"Oh, yeah…right," the teen answered, looking in the direction of the bunk room.

"I'll just take my break when you're finished," the mother stated, looking sexually frazzled as she sat down on the couch.

Just as they had the day prior, Brook and her son took turns masturbating. The only regret that Hunter had, from going first this time, was that he didn't get to use his mom's panties. That was OK though, with his

adrenaline still pumping from the earlier dry-hump, his ejaculation was extremely satisfying.

This time, while he held his sister, instead of wearing headphones, like they had agreed on, Hunter listened to his mom get herself off the whole time. His heart raced excitedly as he heard his own hot mother pant and squeal from the bunk room. Her vibrator let out a series of lewd, wet growls, like it was grinding against wet flesh. Her actual orgasm went on for a good two minutes. It seemed easily twice as hard as the one she had yesterday.

It wasn't until after Brook had taken her turn and rubbed her clit to orgasm with her vibrator that she began to feel guilty about what had happened earlier. Also, the fact that she had just given the young man in her masturbatory fantasy a face; her son's face."No more dirty charades! Hunter and I definitely crossed the line today!" she shamefully told herself.

Over the next few days, neither Brook or her son brought up the incident that happened during their game of charades. They busied themselves with other things; mostly keeping an eye on the TV to monitor the crises.

Lounging on the lower bunk, while his mom showered, Hunter found a few stations on the TV that weren't talking about the latest drama.

One channel was playing old episodes of a TV show that he grew up on, so he decided to watch, while playing with his baby sister.

"I can't wait until we get out of here so I can have a hot shower that lasts longer than two minutes," Brook complained as she stepped from the bathroom in one of Hunter's white t-shirts.

The boy could tell she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her meaty tits shifted beneath the fabric as she walked. Brook paused by the bunk and rubbed a towel through her short hair to dry it. This made the swell of her knockers jostle around wonderfully beneath the fabric, causing Hunter's eyes to widen.

"How's my baby girl doing?" the mother asked in a cute voice as she plopped down next to her son and stroked her daughter's cheek. "Is she getting tired?"

"I know I am," Hunter replied. "Although I shouldn't be, since I've done nothing today."

"That makes two of us," said Brook as she snuggled up next to her son. "I think I'll set up the treadmill tomorrow, so I can get some exercise."

"Maybe I'll spend an hour on it too. I was working out after school every day, now all of the sudden, nothing."

"Speaking of an hour…we could also do one of those fun floor workouts together, like we did during dirty charades the other day," his mom giggled, giving him a teasing wing.

"That would definitely burn some calories," Hunter agreed. He watched his mom drape one of her sexy legs across his lap. He could feel her squishy tits prodding against the side of his chest as she rested her head on his shoulder.

"Wow, I've almost forgot what it's like to have a man in my bed," she stated.

"I can go back up to my bunk, once you put the baby in her crib."

"Or not!" his mom whispered.

"Or not?"

"I mean, you can if you want…or you could stay down here and snuggle with ME tonight."

"You mean…sleep in the same bunk together?"

"Sure…as long as you don't hog all the blankets. Let me rock the baby to sleep, then I'll be back."

Hunter watched his mom crawl off the bunk and scoop his sister up. Brook stood in the lighted doorway, so her voluptuous body was silhouetted wonderfully for her son to admire. The t-shirt fell just below her rounded

ass, allowing Hunter to stare at his mom's sculpted legs. As she rocked the baby in her arms, Brook peeked back at her teen, catching him staring at her. The mother's tummy tingled with excitement, knowing she'd have a strong, handsome teenager to share her bunk with tonight. "There's nothing wrong with some innocent snuggling," she told herself.

After getting the baby to sleep, Brook laid her down in her crib, then shut off the lights in the main living area. "Did you fall asleep on me?" she asked her son as she padded back into the bunk room.

"Nope, I'm still awake."

"Why's your t-shirt on? I know you don't wear that to bed," Brook pointed out.

"Oh, true," Hunter replied, then shucked off his t-shirt. He let out a subtle gasp as he saw his mom stop beside the bunk and quickly peel her panties off. The anxious teen stripped out of his shorts, so only his briefs remained on.

Brook turned off the TV, shrouding them in pitch blackness. "It's crazy how dark it gets in here at night. It's like being in a cave," she pointed out as she crawled beneath the covers and joined her son.

"Well, I guess we are in a cave…just a man made one."

"Are you sure you don't mind cuddling?" Brook asked.

"No, um…do you want me to just lay on my back?"

"Why don't we try the 'honeymoon hug' position?" Brook suggested as she sprawled out beside him.

"What's that?"

"We lay on our sides, belly to belly, holding each other, so our bodies are fully entwined. It's how two people cuddle if they wanna be as close to each other as physically possible."

"Well, that's not true. I'm sure there are ways for two people to be closer than that," Hunter stated half-jokingly.

His mom laughed. "Being INSIDE someone doesn't count, honey. That's sex, not cuddling."

"True, I guess."

Brook nuzzled in against her son, draping her arms around his neck and flattening her braless tits against his chest, so that only her thin t-shirt separated their flesh. Hunter shuddered with the thrill of being this intimately close to his beautiful mom. Her sweet perfume was intoxicating and her tits felt so huge and squishy against his

chest, with her hardened teats prodding into him. Her leg was between his, pushed right up against his hardening prick. "Now THIS is the type of cuddling that I love," the mother sighed, as content as could be.

"Do you and dad snuggle this way?"

"Hardly ever anymore."

"Really…why?"

"It's just the way marriage usually goes, honey. The longer two people are together, the less they do intimate things like this."

"That sucks, but you guys do still have sex though, right?"

Brook giggled. "If you wanna call it that, yeah."

"What's that mean?"

"Your father and I DO have sex, yes, but it's certainly not the type of sex that you were describing the other day," Brook replied.

"When was I describing sex?"

"You remember…during our game of dirty charades, when you put on your little missionary-position demonstration."

"Oh yeah, that."

"That pace you were going at….I'd be lucky to get five minutes of that type of sex with your father."

"I mean, it does feel good that way, and I can understand why guys get off quickly, but when I'm doing it, I never wanted it to be over with, so I guess I just sort of taught myself to go for longer," the boy explained.

"That's pretty remarkable. What's the longest you've ever had sex?" the mother inquired.

"I've gone five hours before."

"Five hours?! With one ejaculation?"

"No, I got off three times."

"Oh, yeah…well that makes sense. Boys your age have short refractory periods. Still though, five hours…that's pretty impressive, honey."

"You and dad never did it for that long?"

"Well, yeah…in our early years together, before you were conceived. I haven't had that type of sex for a long time though."

There was an awkward silence before Brook spoke up again. "So, the girls that you sleep with…they must be pretty satisfied with your performance."

"Yeah, it's pretty crazy how hard they get off sometimes."

Brook giggled. "That must be a major ego boost for you…knowing you can make a girl orgasm like that," she stated.

"Yeah, it makes me feel good to know that I'm pleasing them."

"Well, that's a good trait in a lover…someone who puts their partners pleasure first. I'm surprised you don't have more girls doting over you."

There was a pause in the conversation as they adjusted their position and Hunter felt his mom's upper thigh press against his rigid cock. Brook's soft, sweet voice broke the silence. "Can I ask you sort of an awkward question?"

"Sure."

"Do you get hard sometimes…when you're around me?" she asked.

"Like now you mean? Yes."

"Why do I…get you hard?"

"Because you're pretty, and extremely sexy," he admitted. "I'm just being honest."

"And I appreciate your honesty. I AM your mom though. You don't think that's weird…that I get you all 'stiff' like that?"

"Maybe it is, but it's not like I can control how my body reacts, you know…when I get aroused."

"Yes, well…I know that feeling," the mother added.

"You do?"

"Uh-huh. Since we're being honest with each other…the other day, after we played dirty charades together, I had to change my panties, because the ones I had on were soaking wet."

"Wet from…being aroused?"

"Well, I certainly didn't pee myself, honey," she laughed.

"Wow, so you were really turned on?" Hunter asked, in disbelief that his mom was actually sharing that with him.

"Yes, but it's just like you having a hard penis around me. That's just how women's bodies react when they're aroused," Brook expressed.

"Oh...so I, um…"

"Yes, you turned me on, honey," she giggled. "I wanna tell you something, Hunter, but you have to promise that you won't think any less of me?"

"Of course I won't."

"The past two days, all I've been able to think about…is what it would be like to get that hour with you on top of me."

"An hour?" Hunter stupidly asked, even though he had a pretty good idea what she meant.

"Yes, an hour in the missionary position, with you going at the pace you were the other day. You said you could keep that rhythm for an hour. Were you being honest about that?"

"Of course."

"Just the thought of having a penis so young, hard and full of exuberance pummeling through me for an hour is extremely thrilling to me," she confessed.

Hunter could hardly believe his ears. It was a confession he never expected his own mom to make. "Are you saying that you wanna—"

"Yes," she replied, cutting him off. "I'm sorry…I know I'm a horrible mother for even suggesting we do such a thing together."

"Then I'm a horrible son too, I guess," Hunter admitted. "because I think about it all the time. Doing it with you, I mean."

"Just since we got in the bunker…or before then?"

"Just over the past year," he replied.

After an awkward silence, Brook spoke up. "You know…WE ARE all alone, sealed inside this bunker. We could…seriously go at it right now and no one would ever know," she whispered.

"Would you, um…be serious about doing that, mom?" the teen asked, finding it hard to breath he was so intrigued by what she was suggesting.

"I don't know," Brook reluctantly replied. "I WOULD be cheating on your father if I had sex with you, but you would never say anything, right?"

"Of course not, and if I never said anything about it, how else would dad ever find out?"

"True, he wouldn't."

"Exactly."

"Are you sure you wouldn't regret it and hate me tomorrow?" Brook asked him.

"I wouldn't regret a thing, and I would certainly never hate you, mom."

"We couldn't let this become a regular thing, Hunter," Brook warned. "We could only do it for an hour, like you talked about being able to do, and I'll be satisfied with that. Tomorrow morning, we wake up and act like nothing happened, understood?"

"Deal," her boy replied.

Brook fed him a tender peck on the lips. "Are you sure you want this?" she whispered, as the realization of what was about to happen sunk in. "You REALLY wanna have sex with your mother?"

"Yeah…I'm ready."

"I noticed," his mother giggled, nudging against his rigid pecker. "Can I feel you…with my hand?"

"Of course you can," his anxious voice replied.

Hunter felt his mom slide her hand onto his cock and fondle it through his briefs. He let out a delightful sigh from being touched from someone besides himself. The fact that the 'someone' was his own mother was an added thrill.

"Oh, honey…you're really big!" Brook expressed, letting her fingers clench up his thick stalk. She certainly wasn't over-exaggerating by telling him this. Hunter's erection felt much longer and fatter than her husband's. It was capped by a bulbous crown that she knew would feel divine plunging through her neglected cunt. "It's so HARD!"

"I told you it was ready," he replied.

She brought her lips close to his, still fondling his erection. "I'm ready too. Wanna feel?" Brook whispered.

"You mean…touch you…down there?"

"Sure, but get your briefs off first."

The teen quickly shucked his underwear off and his mom's hand went back to his naked cock. She wrapped her fist around the shaft, feeling it's girth. "Oh my God…what a dick!" she excitedly gasped. "Touch me, honey."

Hunter reached down between his mom's legs and felt her shaved cunt. It felt so soft and smooth. He shuddered excitedly as his finger slipped between her puffy flanges, feeling her juicy coral slit. "Oh wow…you ARE wet, mom!" he breathed.

Brook giggled wickedly. "A hard penis and wet vagina are the two ingredients to satisfying sex. Can you give that to me for an hour, Hunter? Satisfying sex?" she asked.

"Absolutely!"

"And wake up in the morning and forget all about it?"

"Yes, I can do that."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive!"

Brook suddenly rolled onto her back, pulling her son on top of her. Hunter felt his mom's warm thighs splay open widely beneath him. "Get inside me!" she wantonly hissed, rubbing their genitals together so her son could gain entry.

Hunter's heart was about beating out of his chest with excitement. He could hardly believe he was about to fuck his own beautiful mom. He knew from the dry hump they had shared during charades that this would be the most incredible sex for him to date, and he hoped it would be for her also.

His fat, leaky knob prodded against her outer labium, then found her slightly unfurled fissure and sunk into her vestibule. A mutual gasp filled the bunk room as his throbbing crown slipped inside the tube of her vagina in delightful penetration. It sliced through her collapsed cuntal walls, her secretions smearing on his pink boner as it crammed inside her.

"Oh, damn!" the boy whimpered, spearing his cock all the way in and holding it there. He was certainly used to bottoming out inside a girl; feeling the ring of her cervical head kiss his knob, but experiencing it with his own mom was altogether different. Brook's ectocervix was well-pronounced, from having had children, and was like a set of round, puckered lips smothering her son's peter-tip. Her birthing tube was

intensely snug and lined with rows of bulging ridges that clung tightly to her son's cock-meat. The heat that radiated from her lining was unlike that of any girl the boy had ever been with.

Hunter slowly withdrew, until only his knob remained inside her, then again he drilled back up the clasping flesh of his mom's cunt, feeling it mold wetly to the outline of his prick.

Brook tightened her fuck-muscles, giving her boy a taste of what he was in for. She was anxious to be pounded hard, but knew that a short introductory-period was necessary, so that they could get a feel for being joined together for the first time. "Oh God, you feel good, honey!" she assured him.

"You feel incredible too!" the boy replied, mashing the root of his cock right up against her vestibule, making his long rigid cock-muscle stretch her uteri.

The lusty mother swiveled her hips beneath him, setting them in motion. "Fuck me, Hunter!" she gasped.

The teen began to drill his thick tool into his mom at a faster tempo, making his her huff from the power of each thrust. "Yes! Like that!" she squealed as her son found that same wonderful rhythm he'd dry-fucked her in during their charades game.

Hunter's prick began making slippery, meaty sounds as it thundered through her vaginal socket. He certainly didn't expect that he'd make his mom cum so soon, but she began making squeals of delight, humping beneath him in counterpoint. Brook's cuntal walls began quivering and spewing around him. "OH, GOD, HONEY…I'M CUMMING!" she loudly announcing, clinging to her humping teen.

"OH, WOW!" the boy moaned, feeling the muscles in her spasming vagina ripple up and down the pumping cylinder of his cock.

True to his word, Hunter continued fucking her. He couldn't believe how heavenly her body felt beneath his. The t-shirt still covered his mom's fat tits, but he could feel them sloshing around between them as he pumped into her in the pitch darkness.

As her son fucked her, Brook was taken back to her High School days, where boys cocks were big and rigid. She could feel the thick, rounded projecting border of her son's corona slipping along her corrugated walls, sending ripples of pleasure up and down her squeezing twat. She felt his cock-shaft flex powerfully, making the big veins running along his stalk bulge obscenely. "Oh, fuck…this is so perfect!" her sexy voice whimpered, feeling herself build towards a second climax.

She clasped her bucking boy tighter in her arms, amazed by his sexual energy as he drilled through her pussy with consistent vigor. His deep, womb-crushing thrusts were unlike any she'd ever experienced.

As a juicy climax rose quickly towards its peak, she began wildly bucking and churning her hips beneath him, responding to the primitive passion that had overtaken both of them. "Cuuuummmmiiiiinngg!!" she squealed, her pretty face twisting in ecstasy.

Hunter arched his head back, snarling and clenching his teeth together in a pleasure-grimace. The hot, slick walls of his mom's pussy expanded and contracted around the meaty thickness of his boner, making it feel as though her spongy walls were chewing on his peter-meat wonderfully.

On and on they fucked, his balls slapping wetly against his mom's fleshy ass. They were nearing a half-hour since they'd started, and the blankets were now thrown off their sweat-sheened bodies. Brook's silky mommy-legs were now harnessed up around her boy, high on his back. She used them to pull at him, pumping her ass from the mattress, so she could tirelessly meet her son's every thrust.

"Kiss me, honey!" the mother's gasping voice urged.

Hunter obliged, engaging his mom in tender smooching that became more and more passionate the longer it went on. Soon, their lips were fused in open ovals and their tongues were dueling wildly inside Hunter's mouth.

At this point, the well-fucked mother was in awe of her son's sexual abilities. Not only did he clearly have the stamina he bragged about, but his big dick was perfectly suited for her needy cunt. She could feel every ridge and sinew of his jutting prick plowing deliciously along the tingling

nerves that lined her cuntal walls. The mixture of her juices and her boy's pre-ejaculate had created a bubbly froth that coated his erection, making the perfect cocktail that lubricated the heated engagement of their pink genital flesh.

"Oh my God, you're amazing!" the mother panted between kisses. Her boy had already made the sex she'd had with her husband lately seem laughable.

Hunter grasped the outsides of his mom's thick thighs and slightly changed his angle of attack. He beat his boner hard through the tube of her vagina, feeling her splayed outer-flanges SMACK sloppily against his cock-base. It didn't take him long to find the spot inside her that he was searching for. It was on his mom's frontal wall and seemed slightly rougher than the rest of her vaginal canal. The skilled cunt-fucker was repositioned just right so his angry knob could dig right past it, stimulating his mother's G-spot.

To say that Brook was impressed by his sudden adjustment was an understatement. Her boy clearly had a knowledge of female anatomy and where to provide a woman with the greatest pleasure. She could feel her son's powerful cock stimulating the interior root of her clitoris, making her clench her toes from an impending climax.

Hunter suddenly thrust forward, burying his cock to the hilt and letting it soak in the warmth and moisture of his mom's deliciously-

tight cunt. "HHHUUHHHFFF!" the teen's voice trembled, feeling her strong fuck-muscles clamp down on him. Brook was patient, knowing he was only pausing to let his orgasm subside so he could keep pounding the shit out of her.

"OOOOHHHH!" she squealed, and a wonderful shudder shook her heavy-titted body as her boy began fucking again, laying into her savagely.

Her silky legs twisted down his back as she felt a series of rhythmic contractions in her uterus, vagina and pelvic floor muscles. She convulsed in pleasure, clinging frantically to her cunt-pumping teen. Their sweaty bodies rocked and humped in such a violent fuck that they nearly bounced off the bed.

"FUUUCK!" Hunter grunted, feeling his mother's clinging limbs tremble around him. She dug her long nails into his ass, pulling her knees back so her splayed thighs formed a wide V. She pulled her boy against her crotch with all her strength, making him stab his prick in to its base. Then, Brook let out a piercing scream and Hunter heard her cunt SQUELCH around his cock-base as his fully-sheathed prick was bathed in hot female ejaculate.

This type of pleasure was unlike anything the boy had ever experienced, and even though he was just shy of the hour he'd promised, the sensations on his cock were just too tremendous.

Brook was still reeling in her own climax, clinging to her boy as he continued fucking his swollen dong into her with greater intensity. His hard, womb-crushing thrusts were making her sexy body bounce all over the bunk and she loved it! She worked her twat on his pounding piston, knowing he was close to cumming. "Yes, honey… pour it into me!!" she cried out encouragingly.

Hunter suddenly jerked and grunted, as long, fat jets of cum began erupting from his piss-slit, painting his mom's quivering pink walls with his goo. For several body-quivering minutes the two of them

panted and writhed in sexual delight before finally going still and drifting off to sleep.

"How was your rest?" Brook asked her son as he emerged from the bunk room the next morning.

"I slept like a rock," he replied as he moved up beside her. She was busy preparing breakfast for them.

"Me too."

"Did THAT, um…really happen last night?" Hunter asked. "Or was I dreaming it?"

His mom looked at him and smiled. "You mean did we have sex?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Yes, we did…and I know we agreed not to talk about it, but I think we should," she stated.

"Oh, are you, um…feeling guilty?"

"No-no, nothing like that, honey. I just meant we should talk about how it was for us, since we both kind of passed out after we were finished."

"What did you think about it?" Hunter asked.

She looked into his eyes and smiled. "I thought it was pretty damn amazing."

"I agree," he replied. His heart swelled with pride. Knowing that he had pleased a mature woman like his mother was a major confidence booster.

"There…we both said it, and now that we've gotten that out of the way, we'll just…move on and forget all about it, ok?"

"Sure, mom."

For the most part they were successful in not talking about it for the rest of the day, although not actually thinking about it was quite another story. They tried to busy themselves as best they could, but every time their eyes met it was clear that they were still dwelling on that wonderfully hour. Brook spent a lot of time playing with the baby, but as the end of the day approached and bedtime came, events of the prior night where on the forefront of both their minds.

"You don't feel guilty at all, right?" the mother asked as they lay in the darkness, each on their own bunk.

"No…do you?"

"No, I mean…I probably should. I've betrayed my marriage in the worst way possibly, but I think because it was with you, it just doesn't seem like much of a transgression to me."

"It was pretty incredible. I've never had sex like THAT before…ever!" the teen confessed.

"You may not believe me, but I haven't either, honey. I mean, I've had some great sex before, don't get me wrong, but what you and I did last night was on a whole other level."

It was music to Hunter's ears. "Based on how many orgasms you had, mom, I can definitely believe that."

Brook giggled. "Oh my God, I lost count after six."

"If we had gone that full hour I could have given you more. Sorry."

"It was VERY close to an hour, honey. Besides, you have nothing to apologize about. You were screwing me at an incredible pace for that long. Not many guys can do that."

"Well, that's the hardest position to last that long in. In other positions I can last longer."

"Really?" his mom asked, her interest suddenly piqued.

"Yeah, depending on the position."

Brook didn't wanna ask it, but couldn't help herself, since it was her favorite sexual position. "How long can you last on your back…with a girl on top of you?"

"Probably two to three hours."

The room grew silent for a good minute, then Hunter continued to speak. "Are you ok down there, mom?"

"Yes…so much for us not talking about last night, huh? We should probably sleep now. Goodnight, honey."

"Goodnight."

The next morning, Hunter woke up to his mom crawling over him beneath the blanket. She wore a thin top and her breasts spread across his chest as she lowered onto him, staring into his eyes intently. "You're wrong about what you said last night," she told him.

"Which part."

"The part where you said you'd last three hours. You wouldn't last nearly that long, with ME on top of you."

"No, I'm pretty sure I could," her son confidently replied.

The mother giggled doubtfully. "Honey, there's a big difference between how a High School girl would ride you and how a mom like me would ride you," she informed him. "With someone with my experience on top of you, you wouldn't last as long as you think you would."

"I don't know…the girls I've been with have been pretty good at it, mom."

"I don't care how good they were, I guarantee you wouldn't last half as long with me."

"Is that a challenge?" the boy bravely asked.

"No…we agreed to not have sex again, remember? I'm just saying…"

"Well, I guess we'll have to agree to disagree on this one then."

With her knees astride his him, the mother nudged her panty clad cunt against his boner. "It certainly didn't take you long to get hard. I just got up here," she giggled.

"It's morning wood. I probably had it before you arrived."

"No, I would have noticed."

"Well, maybe I did just get hard, but what do you expect, mom? Look at the way you're laying on me."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said with a cute pouty face, then sat upright so she was straddling him.

Hunter gasped and his eyes widened. His mom was wearing a snug tank top and clearly no bra. Her huge tits jutted outward, stretching the thin top and looming over him. He could clearly see her rubbery nipples protruding out from beneath the fabric. "Is that better?"

Brook asked with a teasing smile, peeking down over the swell of her knockers.

"Not hardly," the boy replied.

"What's wrong, honey…you look a little embarrassed? Are you not used to seeing a girl with boobs this big on top of you?" she teased.

"I'm not embarrassed."

"Uh-huh. Just so you know….these…" said Brook, rocking her shoulders and making her tits wobble, "these are one of the reasons I don't think you'd last as long as you say you can."

"Your boobs?"

"Yep, especially if you and I were having sex and I had my top off."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, I guarantee none of the girls you've been with have anything like these," Brook answered, thrusting her chest out.

"I won't argue there. Nothing even close."

"And the things these big ol' boobs would do, if I was vigorously working you from the top…well, I'll just let you use your own imagination on that one, honey."

"I get that you wouldn't think I'd last as long with someone like you, but an opinion is all it'll every be, mom, unless I have the chance to prove myself," he expressed, peering down at her bare vulva hugging his tubular bulge.

"I see what you're trying to do."

"What?"

"Force my hand so I'll have sex with you again."

"Hey, I was still sleeping. You were the one who came up here."

"Just to set you straight, Mr. Confident!"

"Well, apparently that didn't work, because I'm just as confident as I was last night," Hunter boasted.

"So…I'm gonna have to ride your dick to make my point, is that what you're saying?"

"That sounds about like the only way we'll settle this."

She looked into his eyes lustfully and smiled. "ONE MORE TIME…and then we're done, got it?" she stated.

"Got it!" her boy nodded, even though he was beginning to doubt her resolve.

Brook suddenly grasped the bottom of her tank top, then peeled it off over her head. Her boy's eyes doubled in size as her huge, fat tits bobbled free of the garment. "Damn, mom!" he muttered out-loud.

"Looks like you won't have to imagine what these tits do when I fuck after all, honey," Brook smiled, climbing off him for a moment. "Get those briefs off!"

Hunter quickly shed his underwear, studying his mom's oversized tits. Her areolas were twice as wide as those of any girl he'd ever fucked, and thickly textured. Jutting from their centers were protuberant teats that begged to be sucked on.

Brook threw her leg back across him, mounting his young loins. One big thing that made today different than the last time they'd fucked was the Hunter could see everything. He watched in excited wonder as his mom grasped his steely cock with her hand and fit its tapered

tip to the folds of her vulva. The sight of his own erection sinking into his mother's pussy was extremely thrilling.

Brook's enormous tits began to jump around on her chest as she humped her ass up and down, fucking her son's cock deep into her heated pleasure-hole. The satisfying stiffness of his long teenage cock made her tremble with excitement.

The boy grasped his mom's wide hips, feeling his erection jab to her cervix on every thrust. His lusty eyes traveled her upper half, starting at the shave cunt that was splayed around his meaty cock. The engorged hood of her clitoris was slightly retracted, so he could see the fat nubbin of her clit. He marveled at how his cock already glistened with fuck-oil as it squeezed in and out of her honeyed hole. The teen's gaze drifted up her tapered belly to the tremendous breasts bouncing and rippling on her chest.

"Oh, God you feel good, honey!" the humping mother gasped, her thick ass-cheeks jiggling as she feverishly fucked her horny vagina along the length of his jutting boner.

She leaned forward, gripping her son's shoulders as she rhythmically fucked his cock. Now her dangling milkers were swinging up and back in unison to the motion of her body, just above her boy's ogling eyes.

"Damn, you were right, mom. It is pretty amazing the way your tits move around when you do this," Hunter expressed.

"Your suddenly not feeling so confident in your sexual abilities, are you, hotshot?"

"I'm still just as sure as ever that I can go for a long time."

"We'll see about that," said the mother as she went from humping to grinding, swiveling her lush mommy-hips up and back, stirring her boy's horny peter around inside her sex chamber.

Hunter couldn't keep his eyes off her huge tits. The way they bounced and wobbled around to her every rhythmic movement absolutely mesmerized him. He finally got the nerve to grab her arm and pull her down, so his face sunk into her jiggling cleavage while they fucked. The boob-obsessed teen kissed her inner slopes, marveling at their creamy contours. Because Brook had recently given birth, her blue mammary veins were clearly visible through the skin and Hunter traced one with his tongue, traveling deep into the canyon that separated her wobbling wonders.

"So big!" he sighed, kissing his way back up along one of them until he reached the nipple.

Brooks eyes fluttered back in their sockets as she felt her son latch to her swollen teat. He suctioned it into his lusty mouth, sealing his lips around the fringe of her areola.

Even though his mom wasn't nursing his newborn sister, that didn't mean she wasn't producing milk. Warm, tasty nectar seeped from her mammy-ducts, flowing down his throat. The taste excited Hunter immensely, making his cock flex in full hardness. "Mmnngfff," the teen whimpered,

feeling his tender glans slice up through the wet, spongy heat of his mom's cunt tube, while he rolled his tongue sloppily all over her rubbery tit-cap.

Brook's heavy breathing slowly built to a tremendous orgasm. "OH, GOD, I'M CUMMING, HUNTER!" she finally cried out as she pounded her cunt on the dreamy hardness of his shaft.

She shook in ecstasy as the spasms of a feverish cum swept through her mature body. The way her boy was gorged on the peak of her tit, tugging on her nipple and lashing it with his tongue made her climax even more earthshattering.

Nearly an hour later they were still fucking their asses off; their heated bodies coated in a glistening sheen of sweat. Their wet, sticky crotches smacked together lewdly as Hunter thrust his ass from the bunk, pistoning his blood-engorged organ up through his mom's clasping tunnel of love.

Brook's rounded mommy-ass sprung up and down, meeting her teen's frantic humps with ones of her own. The fatty flesh of her perspiration-sheened butt-meat rippled deliciously as their bellies beat together in feverish intercourse.

They kissed with wild, uninhibited passion, their tongues wrestling like two pink snakes in a mating ball.

For nearly an hour-and-a-half, Hunter had been able to fuck his mom without cumming and his cock retained it's full rock-hardness. It traveled up through the tube of his mother's vagina in a steady tempo, squeezing fluidly along her wet, corrugated walls. His meaty stalk was coated in frothy cream as a result of his mother's numerous female ejaculations. The puffy ring of Brook's cervical head had become smeared with sticky pre-goo and hot, vaginal mucus as the engorged tip of her boy's spear smashed against it on every powerful thrust.

The sexually flushed mother paused fucking him for a moment as she heard the baby whimper from the next room. "Shoot…your sister's starting to cry. I probably woke her up with that last orgasm," Brook stated.

"Yeah, you were screaming pretty loud on that one, mom."

"It's YOUR fault!" she teased. "If you weren't such a sexual Superman I wouldn't have cum so hard."

"Do you really want me to apologize for that?" Hunter asked, watching his mom sit upright, so her jugs ballooned obscenely over

him. Her fat nipples were red and distended from all the sucking he'd been doing.

"Don't you dare apologize," his mom smiled, then clenched her fuck-muscles around his fully embedded cock. "As soon as I get her fed, we're gonna pick up where we left off."

Brook climbed off him and Hunter marvel at how soaking wet his erection was as it flopped back against his abdomen. He sat up on the top bunk and watched his mom pad away to tend to the baby, licking his lips as he watched her meaty bare buttock undulate atop her sexy legs. "Nice ass, lady!" he complimented.

His mother stopped in the doorway and fed him a flattered gaze. "Thanks," she replied, then gave her rounded derriere a teasing wag.

Hunter decided that since she was walking through the bunker naked that he would too. After climbing down off his bunk, he wandered into the main living space. His mom had stopped the baby from crying, but was preparing her a bottle. She saw her son enter the room and her eyes immediately drifted down to his jutting boner. "Well…hello there!" she giggled.

"I figured you might need some company."

"You did, huh?" Brook smiled. She closed the baby's bottle and shook it vigorously, mixing in the formula. This caused her ballooning udders to bobble around wonderfully for her boy.

"Damn, mom," Hunter uttered, reaching down to grasp his aching cock.

"Are you ok, honey?" she giggled, stepping up to him. It delighted her that she was turning him on with her naked body.

"You're just…so sexy!"

Her pretty eyes drifted down his chiseled torso and back up. "So are you," she whispered as they shared a passionate gaze for a moment.

"Wanna fuck me from behind for a few minutes…before I feed your sister?" Brook boldly asked.

Her son gulped excitedly, his hardon flexing upward in response. "Sure!"

Brook set the bottle down on the table, then bent over, leaning against the edge of it and pointed her thick, rounded ass back at her boy. Below her buns were the puffy outer lips of her shaved pudenda, divided by the dark cleft of her cunt-slit. She peeked back over her shoulder and smiled. "Are you gonna stand there staring, honey…or are you gonna come take another trip to pound town," Brook asked, wagging her puffy twat invitingly.

Hunter stepped over and mounted his mom's haunches. He loved the way she gasped as he speared his muscled cock up into her heated birthing tube. The excited teen grasped her wide hips and began fucking her from behind with rapid thrusts. "There you go, baby…hit it just like that!" Brook encouraged.

"Oh, yeah!" the teen gleefully sighed as he pumped his cock into her, watching her fatty ass-cheeks ripple as they beat against his midsection.

Brook pumped her cunt back onto her son's rigid shaft with equal vigor. Her tits hung down off her chest like big, milk-engorged udders, swinging pendulously to their fuck-rhythm.

"Slap my ass, Hunter!" she gasped lustfully.

Her boy complied, giving her a sharp strike to her humping buttocks.

"Again! Slap me fucking harder!"

Hunter loved that his mom was being so nasty. He drew his open hand back, then smacked her meaty rump again, harder this time, making her butt-flesh ripple wonderfully. He got a huge rush out of watching his thick, vein-encrusted shaft plunge in and out, soaked with his mom's secretions. He could see the pink tissue surrounding her vaginal opening cling to his

cock each time he slid it out. Then, he socked his prick home again, cramming her pussy full of big teenage cock-flesh.

The heavy-breasted mother brought herself upright, with her back against Hunter's chest, but continued thrusting her cunt back on his pleasure-pole. She took her boy's hands in hers and brought them to her bobbling tits. Hunter caught on, sinking his fingers into her fatty orbs, groping them while they fucked.

"You like pounding your own mom from behind like this, you naughty boy?" she asked, her voice quivering from the impact of their humping bodies.

"I love it!"

"You think your man enough to hold me up and fuck me like a rag doll?"

"How do you mean?"

Brook quickly moved forward, slipping her boy's prick from her socket. She turned and licked her lips lasciviously, watching his glistening, steely erection wag like a tree branch in the wind. She stepped forward, then sprung from the floor gracefully, wrapping her luscious legs around him and her arms snugly around his neck. "This way!" she answered.

Hunter grasped her thighs to hold onto her as he felt Brook reach down and feed his cock back inside her hungry cunt. He quickly backed her against the wall and resumed pounding into her.

"Mmmnn," Brook whimpered, while frantically sharing a deep French kiss with her teen. She had always dreamed about being fucked this way, but could never count on it from her husband.

The humping teenager snarled with fuck-passion, feeling his mom's cuntal muscles contract, compressing the spongy tube of her organ grinder around his burrowing prick. The squishy softness of her fat tits smothered his young chest, sandwiched between them. Her turgid teats prodded at his flesh, smearing him with the sticky tit-nectar that seeped from her ducts.

"Oh God, yes…you're gonna make me cum!" Brook squealed, clawing at his back and gyrating her pelvis, bucking against every penetrating thrust.

Hunter panted like a performing athlete, watching in awe as his mom arched her beautiful body back, separating their chests, but hanging onto his shoulders. Her pretty face contorted with pleasure, letting out the most wonderful orgasmic scream he'd ever heard. He socked his prick in even harder, making her king-sized mammaries leap up and down wildly.

"AHHH SHIT!" the boy hissed, feeling her tight cunt-tunnel chew at his cock-meat. Brook's urethral meatus bulged along the top of her son's driving cock-shaft, then exploded with a surge of female ejaculate, making her hot orgasmic juices splatter between their hammering crotches.

Hunter felt a wonderful tingle, deep in his prostate that began to swell outward into his dick and balls. "OH, DAMN, MOM…I'M GONNA CUM!!" he announced.

"Yess! Cum inside meeee!" Brook shouted, still reeling in her own climax. She felt her son's boner swell up even fatter, his knob mushrooming as it knocked against her back wall. Then, her boy let out a guttural grunt and she felt thick, potent ropes of baby-batter begin filling her unprotected pussy.

Hunter felt like he was pumping a gallon of jizz into his mom as he thrust against the warm, silky saddle of her circled thighs. He shuddered in ecstasy, stabbing his long, muscled love-organ in as deep as he could and holding it there, so his mom labial lips formed a tight seal right down around his cock-root. His boner gave off another powerful pulsation, spitting more cock-cream out his piss-slit and splattering it against the gate to the womb that once held him.

"Hunter, we should, um…talk," his mom said later, joining him on the couch.

"We got carried away, didn't we?" he asked, fully expecting to have this conversation with her. They hadn't talked much about their sexual episode all day.

"I guess you could say that, but I'm not blaming you. I'm just as guilty as you are for initiating what happened earlier today."

"So, let me guess…you want it to stop?"

"I think…at this point, that's an unrealistic goal for us," she answered.

"You do?"

"Yes, I mean…we keep saying we won't have sex and then we do. We clearly enjoy fucking each other. It can't go on for ever, I think we both know that. However, as long as we're down here in the bunker, and we don't have anyone else to meet our sexual needs, I don't see any issue with us going on like we have been."

Hunter's face lit up with a smile. "Really?"

"Yes, but the second we're out of here it has to stop, ok?"

"Of course."

"Your father would be crushed if he knew about the amount of cum that you've already pumped inside me."

"Well, don't expect that to change…now that you've given me the green light, mom."

"I don't expect it to change, but we may have a problem."

"A problem?"

"Yes. I'm pretty sure I'm starting my ovulation cycle today, which means there's a chance I could get pregnant."

"Even after you just had a baby?"

Brook giggled. "Yes, honey. Your sister is seven weeks old. My body is more than capable of getting pregnant right now."

"Oh, well, uh…sorry, mom…I didn't bring any condoms down here with me."

"It doesn't matter. Even if you had I wouldn't want you wearing them. I despise condoms."

"So, how do you propose we keep you from getting pregnant? Should I pull out?" Hunter asked.

"God no…don't pull out!" Brook blurted adamantly. "I guess the reason I brought it up wasn't to figure out a solution, but rather just to ask you if you'd be horrified if YOU DID get me pregnant."

"Oh."

"So…would you?"

"No, of course not. That would be extremely hot actually!"

Brook giggled. "Knocking your mom up would be 'extremely hot,' huh?"

"Yeah, I mean…to know the baby was a result of all those hot body fluids that we've been sharing."

"We would make a cute baby, you and I," the mother stated.

"Yeah we would. The only sucky part would be…"

"What?" Brook asked.

"Never mind."

"Let me guess…" she said, then straddled her boy on the sofa, nuzzling their horny crotches together. "You'd be sad because you couldn't fuck your pregnant mom?"

"Exactly."

"You couldn't lay in bed and be smothered by a big, round belly and huge, milky tits, while you feel a tight, pregnant pussy slide up and down your cock," she seductively teased.

"Damn, mom…are you trying to get me all worked up right now?"

"Well…I just put the baby down, so maybe I am," she whispered, then slowly licked his cheek. "Maybe I'm trying to get a piece of that big, yummy dick."

"I'll gladly give you a piece."

"Anywhere I want it?"

"Sure."

She stared into his eyes lustfully. "Even in my ass?" she whispered.

"Anal?"

"I used to love anal sex in High School, but your dad is not a fan of it. I would love to have a big, strong cock pounding through my asshole again. It's been so long."

"Your wish is my command," her son offered.

"Do you have any naughty wishes that you want ME to grant?" Brook asked.

"Will you suck my dick?"

"Ewe, no!"

"Really?!" Hunter asked, his heart sinking.

"I'm kidding," his mother giggled. "Of course I'll suck your dick."

She slithered down between his legs, onto the floor and started undoing his pant. "Right now in fact," she stated in a sultry tone.

She wrapped her hand around her son's stalk, pointing it upward so she could attack his glans with his tongue. Hunter sighed in delight as he watched his mom's long licker whip all over his fat crown. "You like that?" Brook whispered.

"Heck yes," he replied, then watched his mom kiss her way down his cock and back up.

She opened her mouth and slipped his dick in, sucking it like a juicy popsicle. Slowly, she began to bob her head, sucking a good portion of his rock-hard shaft. The slurping, gulping sounds of a good blowjob filled the main living area as Brook sucked her boy's delicious cock with gusto.

"Ohh damn, mom," Hunter sighed, watching her pretty head go up and down on his dick. He winced in delight as she sunk her lips to

his cock-base, burying all his meat in her warm, clasping mouth and throat.

She came up for air and gazed at him with her watery eyes. "Do you like the way mom sucks your dick?" she whispered teasingly around his saliva-coated cockhead. Then, she popped the spongy crown back into her mouth and resumed sucking.

The experienced cock-sucking mother wrapped her fist around the base of his prick and beat it into her mouth while she sucked. Her throat gurgled obscenely and she tugged hard and fast as if she was intent on pulling the meat of Hunter's prick out of its root.

The teen began to breath heavily from the pleasure of a good dick-sucking. He could feel the tip of his mom's tongue plowing across the elastic band that connected his foreskin to his glans. "Holy shit! Mom can REALLY suck dick!" he deliriously thought.

Brook could feel her boy's prick swell in her mouth. Giving amazing blowjobs was always something she prided herself in. She just never imagined that she be sucking her own son's boner. Hunter had a delicious dick. The pre-jizz that seeped from his piss-slit was thick and sweet, sizzling wonderfully on the mother's taste buds.

"You know you wanna pour that hot pecker-cream down mommy's throat," Brook teased, then resumed gorging herself on his erection.

"Ahh, here it comes, mom!" the boy gasped.

The first spurt of jism pumped out so hard that Brook never had a chance to taste it. It made her gag as it sailed straight down her throat. Then, as more cream flooded her mouth, she moaned in satisfaction, swirling her tongue through a growing pool of spunk. She gulped down a big mouthful to make room for more, sucking and stroking on the spewing slab of dick.

Even after Hunter's orgasm stopped the mother lovingly licked and kissed his swollen knob, refusing to let a drop of his sperm escape her tongue.

"How was that for a blowjob?" she asked her breathless boy.

"Best I've ever had, mom…and I'm not just saying that."

"You're still hard, honey," she gleefully observed, giving his cock a few rejuvenating strokes. "A you ready to make MY wish come true now?"

"Sure."

"Go wait for me in the bunk room. I have something sexy I wanna try on for you."

Hunter went into the next room and waited anxious for his mom to arrive. It didn't take Brook long to appear, wearing a skimpy, pink sheer nighty. "What do you think?" she asked, striking a sexy pose in the doorway.

Hunter's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he gawked at her voluptuous body. He could see her oversized milkers and shaved pussy almost as clearly as if they were naked. "What do I think?" he repeated. "I think I wanna have sex with you all night!"

"That can be arranged," his mom giggled, then came over and sat on the edge of the bunk. She pulled down his boxer briefs, releasing his huge, erect dong. "Good grief, Hunter…can that beautiful thing get any more erect?!" she sarcastically asked.

"I doubt it," the teen smiled, looking down at his jutting prick proudly. He loved the way his mom was sitting there dotting over it. "If I recall…you have somewhere special you wanted it tonight, right?"

His mom's lips curled mischievously. "I do, but this hole doesn't self-lubricate, like my other one does, so I'm gonna slicken your cock up with saliva."

"OK by me," Hunter replied, then watched his mom let trickles of spit drool from her mouth, onto his boner. It was certainly a surreal sight; one he thought he'd never see.

"There…that should be good. Ready to pound that big thing through mom's asshole?" she asked with an anxious smile.

"Ready when you are."

Brook got on all-fours on the bottom bunk, sticking her lovely ass off the side. Her son's heart skipped a beat when he saw the crinkled ring of her pink butthole, peeking out from between her rounded buns. "Come on, baby…come fill my ass with that fat dick," his mom urged, wagging her naked rump.

Hunter eagerly stepped forward, then squeezed his knob through his mom's puckered, rubbery asshole lips. He didn't need to thrust. Brook was so anxious to have her bowels packed with boy-cock that she pushed her ass back on him burying nearly his entire shaft.

"Oh, wow!" the teen sighed, feeling her warm, smooth ass-walls grip his peter-meat.

"Is this your first piece of ass, honey?"

"UU-huh," he muttered, staring at the way his mom's sphincter stretched around his thick stalk, with only a few inches left to push inside her.

"Well…I'm honored to be your first. Push it all the way in," she urged.

Hunter grasped her hips, then sunk his steely prick in to its hilt. "Ahh!" he sighed, feeling his sensitive knob carve through her rectum, pushing deep into her bowels.

Once her son started fucking and she adjusted to the thickness of his cock, the mother's body shuddered from the wonderful anal friction. "Fuck my ass harder!" she urged, pushing back to meet his thrusts.

Hunter complied, fucking his cock through the hot, rubbery sheath of her ass-tract at a faster tempo. The pressure of her clasping butt-tunnel and the tight ring of her asshole was incredible, creating the type of friction that made the teen's balls clench up in their sack.

Brook reached between her legs and shamelessly stroked her fat clit, feeling her boy's perfect dick glide through her shit-tube. "Oh, God… this feels so good, baby!" she whimpered.

Hunter decided to do something bold that he knew his mom would like. He drew his open hand back, the smacked her meaty ass. "Come on, mom…fuck that ass back on my cock!" he demanded, then gave her another hard slap to the buttocks, making her fatty flesh ripple.

The mother gazed back with the lustiest look the boy had ever seen. "Oh, yes…you know what your mom likes, don't you, you fucking dreamboat?"

"I sure do!" he replied, smacking her ass again. He flexed his boner, feeling the constant pressure of her rectal muscles squeeze her anal cavity around the pummeling pink cylinder of his dick.

"I'm cuuuminggg!" Brook squealed, gnashing her pretty teeth together as she felt her anal-insides throb and spasm around her boy's dong.

After squealing and humping her way through a satisfying climax, Brook pulled her butt-socket from her boy's prick, making her asshole clench closed.

Her big boobies bobbled heavily beneath the gown as she grabbed her boy's hand and pulled him onto the bottom bunk with her. "On your back," she demanded.

Hunter complied and watched his sexy mom climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. Brook leaned forward, resting on extended arms and there was plenty of room inside her flimsy nighty for her son to slither inside and rub his face between her big, dangling jugs. He kissed his way up the side of one of her squishy melons, feeling her grasp his throbbing prick and squeeze it back inside her ass. "AHHH!!" they both gasped in unison as Hunter's penile flesh sunk deep into the tight grip of her bowels.

The cock-hungry mother bounced on his young prick, fucking it with her sexy ass. Her lovely, rounded mommy-rump rose and fell in a fervent rhythm, making her boy's cock thunder stiffly through her ass-tract. She thought about how special it was that her son's first go at anal sex was with her.

Hunter sucked his mom's juicy nipples, going from one swinging breast to the other, gorging himself on her leaky tit-caps. He had the type of stamina that provided his mom with the best anal reaming of her life, making her cum twice more before his cum-load splattered deep inside her rectum, filling her ass with hot goo.

Two days later, Hunter and Brook were on the carpeted floor in the main living area fucking their asses off. The mother's lovely legs were scissored open widely, her dainty bare feet pointed in opposite directions. Her

teenage son was on top, fucking savagely, his hairless balls smacking loudly against her upturned ass. Their naked bodies were dripping with sweat, like they'd been at it for several heated hours.

Brook cried out suddenly, arching her back in ecstasy as she was struck with a powerful climax. She'd had too many to count the past two days.

The teen lifted himself off her, looking down and watching his mom's pretty face become masked in pleasure. He loved watching the tears of ecstasy run from eyes as he brought more pleasure than she'd ever experienced with anyone.

"Damn!" he sighed under his breath, watching her heavy, milk-swollen mammaries roll up and down her chest, like fleshy waves to the rhythm of his fuck-thrusts. For endless hours he'd explored every inch of them, taking quite a liking to kissing and sucking on the soft rounded undersides. Several times he'd nearly passed out from a lack of oxygen, with his face buried beneath one of her tits, sucking like a starving infant at her nipple.

Hunter had pumped out so much hot cum in his mom's pussy and ass the past two day that his balls were almost sore. Yet after each time, he couldn't wait to fuck her again.

He dropped back against her, snarling as he fucked as hard as he could, making his mother's splayed legs shudder in the air each time their crotches collided. Brook was going out of her mind with fuck-lust. She brought her legs down, clutching them to his wildly-humping frame, clawing her nails down his back as she was fucked mercilessly.

"FUUUUCCCKKK MEEEEEEE!!" she screamed, feeling another earthshattering climax sweep through her well-fucked body.

They both suddenly paused as they heard a dull BUZZING sound. "What was that?!" Hunter breathlessly asked.

"BZZZZZZ!"

"There it is again," he pointed out, rising up off his mother. "Is that the door buzzer?"

They both got up, flush from having just fucked so incredibly long and hard, and rushed over to the monitor. It was a camera feed coming from just outside the bunker door. Hunter's father had installed it, along with an intercom system. They were both horrified as they saw Michael, Hunter's father, in the monitor.

"Oh my God, it's your father," Brook exclaimed, looking at her son in horror. She clicked on the intercom and spoke into it. "Michael…um, hi!"

"Hey, guys…I'm home," he waved, "and good news…I think this crises is on its way to getting resolved. You can come out."

"Dang," Hunter uttered, looking at his mom, "I sure am glad this bunker locks from the inside."

"Me too."

There was silence for a moment before Brook peered back over at her son. "I'm not ready to leave the bunker," she whispered to Hunter.

"I'm not either. I'm having too much fun in here."

His mother fed him a mischievous smile. "I am too."

"He's home though, and said the crises is over. What are we gonna do?"

"Leave this to me, baby," she answered, then turned her ass towards him, bumping against his naked erection. "While I talk to him…why don't you make yourself useful."

Outside the bunker, Michael waited for his wife to answer him back. Finally, she came back over the intercom. "Honey, we've had a bout of the stomach flu down here, the last thing I want is for you to catch it. I think we should stay down here in the bunker for another day or two, to quarantine, until this passes."

Michael noticed that there was a noise in the background as his wife spoke that sounded an awful lot like flesh smacking against flesh. "Well…uh, ok, babe…whatever you think is best. Do you guys need anything?" he asked.

"No…we have everything we need. Don't worry about us. I know I said a day or two, but it might actually be three or four days, if we can't kick this bug right away."

Michael scratched his head, wondering what that strange SMACKING sound was that was coming from their end. "Babe, what's that noise I'm hearing. It sounds like a striking sound?" he asked.

Back down in the Bunker, Hunter was fucking his mom from behind as she spoke to his dad. His crotch beat against her meaty behind as he pumped his cock through her smoldering cunt-tube.

Brook answered her husband back. "We don't hear anything, honey. It must be some interference or something," she told him.

She stood upright, turning her head and kissing her new love-interest passionately as he continued to feed his erection into her needy cunt.

"Yeah, it must be," Michael answered. "I'll have to have a look at that when you guys come out, maybe have it replaced. Have you and Hunter been getting along OK? I know that being with another person in such a confined space for so long can be tough."

Brook gazed into her son's eyes dreamily. "We've gotten along REALLY well. In fact, being down here has brought us closer

together than ever," she answered, then gave her son a sensual Fresh kiss."

"That's great to hear. Are you sure you guys don't need anything from the house?"

Hunter reached up and grasped his mom's boobs while they kissed, taking two great-big handfuls of tit-meat . He felt wonderfully wicked, with his dad in the monitor, while he jabbed his stiff peter through his mom's clutching vagina and felt her tongue flutter with his.

"Are you guys still with me?" Michael asked.

Brook broke the kiss with her son, seeming slightly annoyed with her husband. "Michael, we need to go…Hunter's feeling sick. Please, do me a favor and don't ring the buzzer again, ok? It might wake the baby if she

happens to be sleeping. We'll be fine down here for a few more days…you don't need to worry about us."

"All right. You guys get well. I love you."

"We love you too," his wife answered with a wicked smirk.

"Bye, dad," Hunter blurted, squeezing his mom's tits hard and making milk seep out between his fingers.

"Bye, son. Look after your mother down there, alright?"

"Oh, you can count on that," Hunter answered, making his deeply-embedded cock flex inside his mom's tightly-clasping vagina.

"Bye, hon," Brook said to her husband, then clicked the monitor off. Hunter's cock slipped from her pussy as she turned towards him. She took one step forward, draping her arms over his shoulders and

squashing her fat, juicy jugs against his chest. "That was fun," she giggled.

"What, that dad was oblivious that I was fucking his wife down here?"

"Yes," she laughed, then got a serious expression. "I didn't lie to him about one thing though."

"What's that?"

"Being down here HAS brought you and I closer than ever."

"I agree," Hunter added, then he and his mom began to kiss like lovers. Brook finally paused a moment. "Wanna go back over on the floor and fuck your mom doggy-style?" she naughtily asked.

"What do you think?"

The bare naked mother took her boy by the dick and led him away. Her ballooning tits were still sheened with sweat and jiggled with every graceful step. "We definitely need to get a few more cum-loads inside me today,' she stated, then peeked back at him with her sultry eyes. "You're suppose to be getting me pregnant, remember?"

Hunter smiled, his boner flexing excitedly in his mom's hand. "Oh yeah…that's right," he answered.

169: The flip Of a Coin

The flip of a coin

By Klrxo

"Hey, mom, could I talk to you about something?" Joey asked his mom Cassie.

"Of course, you can, honey What's up?" the brunette mother asked cheerfully, playing a game on her phone. She set it down and gave her son her full attention.

"Well, I was um…just wondering if you heard of something called 'assturbation' before?"

Cassie shifted uncomfortably, her asshole clenching in her panties. "I have heard a few moms talking about that. Why?" she asked, although she had a pretty good idea what was coming next.

"Do you um…know what it is?" the boy asked awkwardly.

"Assturbation?"

"Yeah."

"Well, from what I understand…if a boy doesn't have a girlfriend, his mom will allow him to stick his penis in her ass and get sexual release that way."

"Yeah, that's um…what I heard also."

"Is there a reason you're bringing it up to me?" his mom inquired, raising an eyebrow and smiling over at him teasingly.

"I was just wondering what your thoughts were on it."

"I think there are lots of exciting and pleasurable things a boy can do with his penis but putting it up his mother's butt IS NOT one of them," she expressed.

"So, you don't really like doing that kind of stuff?" Joey asked in disappointment.

"I didn't say that. I just mean that it shouldn't happen between a mother and her son, that's all," Cassie answered.

"Oh…um, I get it."

"Sorry, Kiddo," the mother consoled, reaching over to rub his knee. "I know you're single and it sucks, but you're gonna have to stick with your hand until you get a girlfriend."

"Will do," Joey muttered, majorly bummed out. He didn't really know what his mom's thoughts would be on the idea, but he had a feeling they wouldn't be favorable. His parents had a good marriage, and he highly doubted his mom would do something to jeopardize that. Still, even though she rejected the idea, it didn't hurt to try.

Later that afternoon, the family was at the park with friends for a cookout. The dads all manned the grill, cooking up the burgers and dogs, while the boys played basketball on the nearby court. Cassie stood with two other moms, Vanessa and Caroline, watching their younger children scurry around the

playground. It was a hot day, so the mothers all wore tank tops and shorts that fit snugly over their rounded bubble butts.

"You'll never believe what Joey asked me this morning," Cassie shared.

"Let me guess. He wants a motorcycle?" Caroline asked, brushing her platinum blonde hair back off her face.

"No, but I have a feeling that request is coming soon too," Cassie answered with a fearful expression. "He asked me if I knew what 'assturbation' was."

"Well, it's about time," Vanessa uttered. "Wesley brought that up to me the day he turned eighteen."

"Benson and I had that talk about two months ago," Caroline added.

"You guys never told me this," Cassie complained. "I can't believe this is actually a thing. I mean, the whole idea is so ridiculously obscene."

"So was masturbation at one time. Now it's just common knowledge that most people do it," Vanessa pointed out. "Sometimes you have to just roll with what's popular, as long as it makes sense."

"Yes, but it doesn't make sense. Masturbation isn't the same as a boy sticking his penis inside his own mother's ass," Cassie retorted.

"It's a matter of perspective really, and what you see as being your responsibility as a mother," Caroline explained. "My number one priority is meeting the needs of my children. It took some negotiating, but Benson and I finally reached a compromise, and so far, it's working."

Cassie's eyes lit up. "Compromise? Caroline, are you telling me that you're letting Benson have anal sex with you?"

"Yes…but only once a week, that was the compromise. Thursday afternoon Susie has dance practice, so Benson and I have two-hours

at the house alone to help him get some release. He knows not to ask me for it any other time."

"Wesley and I started with a similar arrangement," Vanessa added, "but now I'm afraid it's turned into a 'every day' thing."

"Jesus, both of you are letting your sons do this?!" Cassie exclaimed.

"Yes. Caroline's right. Masturbation is something for pubescent boys," Vanessa expressed. "Our sons are men now. They should be getting pleasure from women, and if they have no girlfriend, then it's a mother's duty to step up to the task and allowed them to use a part of our body for pleasure."

"You can't tell me that your husbands agreed to this?" Cassie asked, looking at them both in disbelief.

"When you give Joey a hug, do you tell your husband about it?" Caroline inquired.

"No, but that's a hug. We're talking about anal sex here. There's a big difference."

"Not really," Caroline muttered, shaking her head. "You're simply using a part of your body to HUG a part of your son's body. We don't need our husband's approval for that. If it was my vagina, that would be different story. THAT would be cheating."

"Are you guys actually getting pleasure from this?" Cassie asked.

Vanessa and Caroline looked at each other and snickered. "Really, Cassie…do you even have to ask?" Vanessa asked her.

"It's not the reason WHY we're giving our asses to the boys, but IT IS a pretty good side benefit," Caroline bragged.

Cassie went home feeling like a complete failure. She was being the prudish mother, who was letting her strict moral senses stand in the way of doing what could be best for her son. She knew the way boys bragged and that Joey must be having to endure listening to his friends boast about beating their dicks through their mothers' assholes on a regular basis. She wished she could convince her husband that 'assturbation' was a beneficial idea but knew that he came from a deeply religious background and would be absolutely sickened by her even entertaining the thought of anal sex with their son.

"What the fuck am I gonna do?" she thought, genuinely on the fence regarding what was best. Cassie believed deeply in fate. She would often resolve her conflicted feelings with a coin toss, wholeheartedly believing that however it turned out was the way it was truly meant to be.

The mother pulled a quarter from her purse. "Heads, and I forget all about this 'assturbation' thing," she told herself out loud. "Tails…no pun intended…and I give my ass to Joey to use until he gets a girlfriend."

She flipped the coin into the air, and it landed on the ground with a CLINK. She stepped over and looked down to see which side was facing up.

The next day, Joey returned home from school. Cassie was right about the boys bragging. Most of the day her son was forced to listen to friends at school boast about fucking their moms up the ass. Some boys he knew even broke up with their girlfriends, just so they could get some hot tail from their mothers.

"Joey, is that you?" Cassie called from the workout room.

"Yeah, just me."

"I'm just in here on the treadmill. Come in and talk to me."

"I would rather have a piece if your ass…but I guess a talk will do," he thought.

When Joey arrived in the doorway he froze in shock. His eyes nearly bugged out of his skull as he stared at his mom, who was walking on the treadmill. She was wearing the sexiest pink booty shorts he had ever seen. More than half her lovely round ass was hanging out of them.

https://www.sex.com/pin/60237930-teasing-you/

Cassie peeked over her shoulder, giving him a cute smile. "How was school, honey?" she asked.

"It was…um, ok I guess," he muttered.

His eyes were still glued to his mom's buttocks. It wagged alluringly with every step and her ass-flesh jiggled wonderfully.

"Any luck getting a girlfriend yet?" Cassie asked.

"No. There's a girl I like, but we're still just getting to know each other."

"So, she hasn't let you start POKING around at her quite yet?" the mother teased.

"No, not yet."

"Speaking of poking around," the mother said, drawing her son's attention to her eyes, "see anything back there you'd like to sink your hard penis into?"

Joey could hardly believe his ears. "Well, yeah, but…I know you said the other day that it was off limits," he answered.

"I know what I said and that was really selfish of me," Cassie confessed. "I'm your mom and that means when my boy's not

getting his needs met, even if they are sexual, it's my job to step up and help him."

After the coin landed on tails, Cassie went over in her mind all the reasons that 'assturbation' was right for her and her son. She then became determined to follow through with helping him.

Joey heart rate was increasing by the second. "So, does that mean that we're gonna…?"

"It does," she smiled, "with conditions."

"Conditions?"

"Yes, we have other people living here, Joey, including your father, who would divorce me if he knew I was doing this for you," she explained. "You can't just go around poking me in the butt whenever you feel like it."

"Understood."

"I know you masturbate a lot, so I wanna make sure you're using my ass at least once a day…until you get a girlfrienatteCassie promised.

"Wow! Once a day would be awesome!"

"This is a busy household, so the time of day we do it will most likely vary," his mom stated. "I'll need you to be on the ready mark all the time. There will be times that I'll just be throwing you some ass spur of the moment."

"I'll be ready," the boy blurted. Speaking of ready…Joey's cock was fully hard beneath his pants, drawing his mom's attention.

"I don't care If you brag to your friends. It sounds like most of them are stuffing their mom's assholes as well," Cassie remarked.

"Yes, most of them."

"Not a word to anyone else about it though, understand? If your father finds out you're pounding me up the shithole, we'll both be in trouble."

"Got it!" Joey assured her.

His mom clicked off the treadmill and stopped walking. "I think I'll finish this workout in your bedroom. Wanna help?" his mom winked, then stepped past him.

Joey watched her lovely bubble butt undulate atop her sexy legs as she made her way down the hallway. She paused for a moment and smiled back at him. "I know you have a big one, but you still might have a hard time reaching my ass from back there, honey," she joked.

"Oh, right," the muttered, snapped from his trance.

He followed her to his bedroom and his mom closed and locked the door behind them. He stood there for a moment, awkwardly watching her as she sat on his bed and slipped her dainty feet out of her workout sneakers. "Have you had anal sex with anyone before, honey?" she asked candidly.

"Regular sex, yes…but never anal sex."

"A woman's ass isn't like her pussy-hole. It doesn't self lubricate during intercourse," she explained. "Get the lube out of your nightstand and we'll put some on your boner."

"How did you know I had lube in there?"

"Honey, I'm your mom…I know what's in your bedroom. Which reminds me, you have about four pairs of my panties in here. I need them back," she demanded, not seeming upset at all.

"OK, I'll round them all up today," Joey assured her, fetching his bottle of lube.

"Thank you," Cassie muttered as she stood up and peeled her booty shorts off.

Joey froze, staring at his mom's mound of Venus. She had a perfect triangle of thin pubic hair that crowned her cuntal cleavage. "Do you trim it that way?" he curiously asked.

Cassie looked down at her pussy and smiled. "Yes, it's called the martini-style trim."

"I like it."

"Thanks, honey…but I think what YOU need to be focused on is back here," she teased, turning around and displaying her thick bare ass.

"I don't mind focusing on that."

"Good, but why don't you take your pants off while you're staring. You'll have a hard time squeezing that boner inside me if it's still tucked in your pants," she giggled.

Joey quickly undressed. As he did, he noticed something round, pink and shiny peeking out from between his mom's meaty butt cheeks. "Is there something in your ass?" he asked.

"Yes. It's an anal plug. I knew from seeing the boners you've been sporting every morning that you're much bigger than your father. I wanted to get my asshole used to being squeezed around something a little bigger that what it's used to."

"I see," the boy muttered, reminded of how un-fucking-believable her ass was gonna feel around his cock. He removed his briefs and his erection sprung upward at a perfect angle.

Cassie let out a tiny gasp as she saw her boy's naked cock for the first time since he was younger. That tiny penis she had remember had now sprouted into a bulky nine-inch hunk of cock-meat. Fat, bulging veins crisscrossed up the stalk, which was capped by a plump pinkish-purple knob.

"Well…" the mother sighed. "I certainly wasn't wrong in my assessment of how large you are."

She visually assessed that he was at least a few inches longer than her husband and much, much thicker. She had certainly taken cocks this size in her ass before, but not since college. "It might be uncomfortable at first, but I'll get used to it," she told herself.

"Let me show you how to properly lube yourself up, honey," the mother said, reaching out for the lube.

She squirted some on her hand, then began coating her son's erection with it. "The key to good anal sex is a properly lubricated erection," she explained. "While it's important to get the shaft, it's imperative to heavily coat your bulbous tip."

The teen watched in fascination as his mom coated his knob generously with slippery lubrication.

"Your crown will pop through the ring of my asshole a lot easier if it's heavily lubed up," she explained, then traced her long nails around the fringe of her boy's glans. "Do you see how the ridge flares out like this?"

"Uh-huh," Joey breathed, more turned on that he'd ever been in his life.

"This is the part that'll be spreading my ass-walls the most, so it'll get the most friction," she explained. "Always make sure it's heavily coated."

"Got it," the boy sighed, his cock twitching in her hand.

"So…there are different ways we can do this. Doggy position is the most common, but for this first time I really want you to just be able to lay back, enjoy it and not have to stress of how you're performing. Let MOM do all the work this first time, ok?"

"Sure," Joey agreed. He never thought things would get this far, so he wasn't about to protest.

"Lay down on your back," Cassie directed, patting the bed.

Joey looked at the swell of her big breasts, still covered by her workout top. "Hey, mom…do you think I could see your boobs too?" he brazenly asked.

"Sure, but no touching them, ok? It's ass-only, Joey. I mean it," she reminded him.

"Understood."

Rather than take her top off, the mother lifted it up over her boobies, so the elastic hem crossed above them. Her fat round tits ballooned out from her chest, capped by thick wide areola and protuberant nipples. "Better?" she smiled.

"Can you shake them back and forth?"

"Joey!" she playfully scolded.

"Just once and I won't ask again."

"Fine…once!" she smiled, then rocked her heavy tits from side to side. She delighted in seeing her boy's eyes light up and decided to give him something a little extra. She bounced gracefully on her feet, making her mommy-melons leap up and down.

"Holy shit, that's awesome!" he sighed, his cock flexing in reaction.

"Glad you think so, and watch your language," she playfully scolded.

"Sorry, that was just…really incredible."

"Yeah, well…it's called 'assturbation' not 'boobsterbation,' so focus on the ass, not the tits" his mom giggled.

Joey sprawled out onto his back and watched his mom follow him onto the bed. Her big jugs hung down as she straddled his legs, facing away from him, so he was staring directly at her big unblemished ass. It hovered above his aching cock, and he could clearly see the pink jeweled base of her anal plug. "Can I pull it out?" he asked.

"No!" she giggled

"You told me to focus on your ass. That's what I'm doing."

"I guess you're right. Go ahead then," she whispered.

He slipped the metal plug from her asshole, then watched the elastic ring of her anus clench closed. From this angle, he could also see his mom's shaved outer labium. He noticed how they were slightly peeled apart, and her thick inner flanges protruded out. "Do you want me to rub you between my ass cheeks before you stick it in?" Cassie asked, peeking back at him.

"Sure," the boy answered.

The mother sat up, trapping his boner in the crack of her ass. She swiveled her wide hips up and back, giving him a nice little bunny rub.

"That feels nice," the teen sighed, feeling his rigid dick slip through his mother's butt-crevice. It seemed almost surreal that he was staring at his own mom's naked derriere, and that she was

smothering his cock with it. Her butt-meat felt so amazing smothering his penis. He could feel the lips of her asshole dragging along the underside of his cock. "Oh, wow!" he gasped.

Cassie peeked back at him. "Don't get too excited, honey. You haven't even gotten through my back door yet," she giggled.

"Can I stick it in?"

"Ready when you are," she answered, raising up slightly.

Joey grasped his cock and fit his slippery knob to her asshole. As he thrust up, it popped from her butt-socket, plowing along her cuntal gash, then sticking out from in front of her crotch. "Fail!" his mother teased. She moved forward, slipping her cunt along the top of his cock. When Joey thought his knob had reached her butt-ring, he jabbed upward. Cassie let out a sharp gasp as his fat knob pierced her twat. Her vagina felt warm and wet with arousal.

"Wait...wrong hole, honey!" she blurted in a panic, reaching down and grasping onto his throbbing penis.

"Sorry," the boy blushed, feeling his mom drag his knob across her fleshy clitoris and back through her cuntal vestibule. Coated in a mix of lube, cunt-juice and pre-cum, his tip slipped along her perineum, then Cassie fit it to her butt-ring. Joey shuddered in delight, seeing his mom's pretty hand wrapped around the base of his boner. The way her big wedding ring sparkled reminded him of how wicked they were being behind his father's back. His dick looked so big and powerful pushing up between her rounded ass-cheek. He could feel her asshole beginning to stretch around his knob as it gained entry.

Cassie let out a cute little squeal as her son's bell tip popped inside her. She felt it mushroom against her clasping sphincter. She pushed her ass downward, making more cock-meat sink inside the tube of her ass. "There we go!" she mewled, pushing more of her ass-tract down around the stiffness of her boy's boner.

"Woah!" the teen gasped, feeling her anal walls clasping around the pink flesh of his dick. His knob sliced through her spongy walls, traveling deeper and deeper, way up into her rectum.

Cassie paused for a moment, letting her shit-hole adjust to such a massive cock. "Good grief, he's huge!" she thought. She had regularly engaged in anal sex with her husband, but already her son's boner had traveled much deeper than her husband's prick was able to. A tinge of guilt seeped into her mind, knowing how such a scene would sicken her husband and probably break his heart. "It's not like I'm having a love affair. I'm helping our son," she told herself, justifying her actions.

"Am I all the way in?" Joey asked, wondering if that was as deep as his dick could go.

"Maybe if I was a girl your age, honey," Cassie answered, smiling back over her shoulder. "I'm not though. I'm a mom, and we moms go all the way to the balls."

Joey watched his remaining cock-shaft sink inside his mom's obscenely stretched butthole, until it met the root of his cock. "Dang!" his voice quivered as he felt every inch of his young peter sheathed in his mom's hot anal orifice.

"Now, you just relax and let mom give you a nice tight ride in her caboose," Cassie cooed, then began slowly raising and lowering her rounded ass on him.

"Wow!" Joey exclaimed, watching his slippery boner emerge, then disappear through the ring of his mom's asshole.

For several wonderful minutes not a word was said as the loving mother skillfully worked her ass on him. Her big jutting boobs wobbled heavily on her chest to her steady cock-humping motions.

Inside her ass, Joey's cock flexed and tingled, feeling her smooth rubbery ass-walls gliding along his tender penile flesh. Cassie repeatedly flexed her anal muscles, compressing her shit-tube even tighter around her boy's purple-headed warrior. The teen's drooling knob plunged deep into her bowels, feeling the neck of her rectal ampulla gnaw wetly at his glans.

"Oh, God!" he sighed, marveling at how wonderful his mom's ass felt.

The boy wasn't the only one feeling good. April had forgotten just how amazing deep anal penetration could be. Waves of wonderful pleasure surged through her heavy-titted body each time her boy's cock plunged through the tube of her ass. "Fuck!" her mind gasped. "It's been so long since I've had such a young dick like this. It's so fucking hard!"

Cassie peeked back at him with a pleasure-filled smile. "Is that what you wanted, honey? Did you want mom's ass to milk your boner, just like the other boys' moms were doing to their dicks?" she cooed.

"Yes…it feels amazing!" he replied.

"Tomorrow I'll get on my tummy and let you climb on top of ME. I'll let you really pound your boner through my asshole as hard and fast as you want."

"Oh, man…that sounds awesome!" the boy exclaimed.

"Yeah? Won't that feel good slapping your crotch against mom's big rippling ass-cheeks?"

"Heck yes!"

"Sometimes, I'll get on my hands and knees and let you mount me from behind," Cassie said in a sexy tone. "You can watch mom's big

boobies swing around while you smash your big young cock up my shit-hole."

Joey couldn't believe his mom was talking to him this way. He certainly wasn't complaining. It made his cock tingle even more.

Cassie slapped her fleshy, rounded buns down against his crotch and held him there in full penetration. Then, she began gyrating her hips like a hula dancer, stirring his prick in her clutching ass.

"Ahhh!" the teen shuddered. He didn't know what the fleshy parts were that his knob was digging around against, but whatever it was felt out of this world.

"Maybe I'll let you pick me up some days, pin me again the wall and fuck up into my ass, while I cling onto you," Cassie stated in a sensual tone. "Of course…that would mean that my big naked tits would have to be crushed against your bare chest. You wouldn't mind that, would you, honey?"

"God, no!" the boy sighed.

She began bouncing up and down again, even more vigorously this time, pumping her asshole down around his satisfying stiffness. The pleasure-stricken teen watched her round bubble butt SMACK against his pubic-base repeatedly. The fatty flesh of her ass-meat rippled wonderfully on every strike.

"Do you have some cummies for me, Joey?" his mom asked breathlessly. "Are you gonna throw some ropes inside mommy's tight cock-stroking ass?"

The incredible feel of her ass, coupled with her dirty words made Joey's prostate swell. Cassie felt his prick mushroom even bigger and give off pre-orgasmic contractions. She really started pounding the hell out of him, screwing the elastic ring of her butthole to his cock-root on every plunge. She beat her big mommy-butt against

him feverishly, feeling his thick, excited cock thunder through her ass-tract. Like a good cock-humping mother, she flexed her shit muscles, squeezing the tubular flesh of his penis as tightly as she could to give him a cum he'd never forget.

"AHHH, MOM!!" the teen grunted, humping with involuntary thrusts beneath her. Thick spurts of ball-juice began hosing out his ass-smothered meatus. He came so fucking hard he thought he might pass out. For nearly ten minutes his mom made little sexy whimpering sounds, making her rectum chew and pull at his cock, milking every ounce of cum from his twitching penis.

Finally, she lifted her butt, making his dick slowly worm out of her asshole. His knob popped wetly from her butt-socket, and his dick smacked stiffly back against his abdomen. He watched the cum ooze from his mom's puckering anal ring, before it clenched closed completely.

https://www.sex.com/pin/63105663-cum-in-ass-dripping-gaping-hot/

"How was that for some 'assturbation,' honey?" Cassie asked, peeking back with a smile.

"Insanely good!" he answered with a deep satisfied sigh.

"Now…I don't want the fact that I'm doing this to detour you from getting a girlfriend," she preached. "Mommy's ass can't go to prom with you."

Her comment made her son laugh. "No, but it could be waiting for me AFTER the prom," he stated.

"Hmm, interesting thought," she said with a mischievous grin. "Banging mom's butt in the backseat of your car up on Lover's Hill," she suggested, talking about the local make-out spot.

"Sounds fun to me," her boy beamed.

"Maybe I'll wear my prom dress, from MY high school days," Cassie suggested.

"Heck yeah! You could attack me like you did dad on YOUR prom night."

His mom bit her bottom lip, gazing at him lustfully. "You better be ready for an all-nighter then,' she expressed. "You'll load me up with so much jizz I'll be shitting cum for a week!"

They both laughed.

170: The Hottest Mom on Island X_1

The Hottest Mom on Island X

By Klrxo

Chapter 1: Lost at Sea

For almost two days, the Gregory family's yacht had been sailing in a remote area of the South Pacific, far from any port. Hugh Gregory, an accomplished real estate investor, was also an experienced sailor. However, this was his first time navigating through these unfamiliar waters.

The sun bore down relentlessly, casting shimmering tendrils across the vast expanse of azure waters. Hugh stood at the helm of his yacht, his firm hands gripping the polished wooden wheel. Beads of sweat trickled down his forehead as his eyes squinted against the relentless glare. The map spread out before him, its crinkled edges a testament to countless hours spent tracing routes and charting courses.

Despite his experience, Hugh couldn't shake the gnawing unease that had settled deep within him since they entered these unfamiliar waters. It was as if a hidden force lurked beneath the surface, challenging his every decision. His fingers tentatively traced the intricate network of lines on the map, seeking guidance amidst the ocean's vastness.

As the yacht cut through the waves, Hugh's wife, Kathy, appeared on deck. Her dark brown hair whipped around her face in the wind as she looked over at her husband with a concerned expression. "Hugh, you seem worried. What's wrong?" she asked.

"It's nothing, dear. I have everything under control."

Kathy spread her towel out on the deck and removed her bikini cover up. A skimpy black bikini was barely visible against Kathy's tanned skin, hugging her ample curves and accentuating her already impressive tit-cleavage. The fabric strained against the weight of her enormous breasts, threatening to burst at any moment.

"Mind if I lay out with you, mom?" asked her 18-year-old son, Pierce.

"No, darling, of course I don't mind," Kathy answered as she stretched out on her towel, basking in the warmth of the sun. Her boy situated himself just where he usually did, down by her feet. Pierce's hair was a rich, dark brown, just like his mother's. It fell in messy waves that framed his angular face and accentuated his striking features.

Pierce's body was lean and strong, with defined muscles that hinted at hours spent on the playing field. His arms were sculpted with bulging biceps and his chest was chiseled into a defined six-pack. Every movement he made seemed fluid and precise, his body perfectly tuned for athleticism.

"What a beautiful day, huh?" asked the boy as he basked in the warmth of the sun, lying on his stomach with his face turned towards his mother. This position gave him a perfect view between her silky legs, all the way to the bikini bottom hugging her crotch and creating an enticing cameltoe.

"Perfect," Kathy replied. She couldn't help but notice the admiring gaze of her son as he took in her vacation attire. She knew that the tight black bikini was pushing the limits of what was socially

acceptable, but the thrill of it all was too addictive to resist. She adjusted her body slightly, drawing her son's eyes to her giant tits as they wobbled atop her chest.

Pierce, on the other hand, felt a strange mix of pride and shame as he looked at his mother. He knew that her flaunting of her body was

inappropriate, but he couldn't help but be turned on by it. He felt a bulge forming in his shorts, which he was luckily able to hide since he was on his stomach.

Kathy was resting her head on a small cushion, and with her sunglasses on, it was difficult for Pierce to tell if she was gazing at him as they enjoyed the warm rays of the sun. The sweet and seductive scent of his mom's sunscreen mixed with the natural aroma of her skin, creating an intoxicating and alluring aroma that wafted towards the boy.

"Do you think dad knows where he is?" Pierce asked with a hint of concern.

Kathy chuckled, a small smile playing on her lips as she took in the view of her son. She knew that the attention he was giving her wasn't just out of concern for their father. It was a mix of curiosity and lust that she could feel radiating from him like the sun's rays.

"I'm sure your father is doing just fine," she said, trying to reassure both her son and herself. "He's an experienced sailor, after all."

But deep down, she couldn't shake the unease that had settled within her since they entered these unfamiliar waters.

Pierce nodded, satisfied with his mother's response. He observed with fascination as she effortlessly lifted one leg straight up into the air, showcasing her impressive flexibility. She gazed up at the spire of her naked leg and marveled, "I can't believe how much tanner

I've gotten since we started this trip." With a playful gesture, she pointed her painted toes towards the sky.

Trapped between his belly and the deck, Pierce's boner flexed with hardness, while staring at his mom's legs. He was taken aback as she lifted her other foot from the deck, leaving both feet suspended in

mid-air. She spread her smooth, tan thighs even wider and sat upright.

"You've gotten dark too, darling," Kathy noted, checking out her son's tan. "Your friends are gonna think we left you on some island and replaced you with a native boy."

Pierce chuckled at her joke, taking a moment to appreciate the relaxed and confident way his mom was sitting in front of him. Her feet were planted firmly on the ground, but her legs were open wide, showing off her shapely figure. Kathy leaned back with her arms extended behind her, pushing her watermelon-sized jugs out proudly. Her son's eyes widened as he noticed the fat nipples that were protruding out beneath the fabric of her bikini top.

"If I flip over, will you rub some oil on my back, honey?" Kathy asked.

"Sure, mom," Pierce eagerly answered.

Kathy lay on her stomach, making her fat tits bulge out at the sides as they squashed against the deck. Pierce moved closer to her, dimly aware that his erection was tenting his shorts. He reached for the bottle of oil and began to massage it onto his mother's back. Her skin felt smooth and warm under his hands, and the whole process seemed surreal and intimate. As he continued to rub the oil onto her back, he could feel the muscles beneath her skin tense and relax.

"That's perfect, honey," Kathy cooed, her voice low and sultry. "You have such strong hands."

Pierce tried to focus on the task at hand, but the sight of his mother's nearly nude body was proving to be a distraction. Her bikini top was struggling to contain her generous bosom, and he couldn't help but be captivated by the view of her curvaceous derriere. Only about half of her bikini bottoms were visible since her ass crack had engulfed

most of the fabric, leaving the flesh of her rounded bubble butt exposed.

"That's so disgusting!" August, Pierce's sister, exclaimed as she caught her brother leering at their mother's delicious-looking ass as she stepped onto the deck.

"What's disgusting?" asked Pierce.

"The way you're ogling mom's ass like a dog eyeing a juicy steak."

August was 19-years-old, a year older than Pierce and the epitome of a bossy older sister. While she was undoubtedly attractive, she couldn't compete with her mother's stunning beauty.

"I am not ogling mom's ass!" Pierced stated in his defense.

"You are so, pervert!"

Kathy spoke up. "August, that's enough. You're overreacting."

"Overreacting?!" she exclaiming, choosing her own area of the deck to lay out on. "At least I say something, mom. You just lay there in next to nothing and let him drool over you."

"August, you're being ridiculous," Pierce snapped back. "I was just rubbing some oil on mom's back."

"Oh, please," August scoffed. "You were practically drooling over her butt and the way it's spilling out of those bikini bottoms."

"I was not!"

"Yes, you were."

"I swear I wasn't!" pierce shouted.

"You were!"

Kathy smiled at the banter between her children, unable to help but feel a sense of pride at their love and protectiveness for her. She couldn't help but feel grateful that she was getting quality time with them, even if August's words were a bit harsh. "Knock it off, both of you," she said, trying to maintain her calm. "I'm sure Pierce has no problems restraining himself around me."

"Yeah, right," August retorted, rolling her eyes as she glanced at her brother's crotch. "Is that why his boner is nearly bursting from his shorts right now?"

"Enough, young lady," Kathy scolded. She was fully aware that her son was erect beneath his shorts and wasn't nearly as bothered by it as her daughter was.

As Pierce continued to massage the oil onto his mother's back, he couldn't help but feel a mix of shame and desire. He knew that his sister was watching him, judging him, and he wanted to prove her wrong. But the sight of his mother's nearly-naked body, glistening with oil and tanned to perfection, was proving to be too much for him to resist.

"That's good, darling," Kathy cooed, her voice low and sensual. "You've reached my shoulders now. Would you mind rubbing some oil on my neck as well?"

Pierce swallowed hard, his erection straining against his shorts. "Sure, mom," he uttered.

His mom recognized that it might be difficult for him to affective apply oil to to her neck while kneeling beside her. "If it would be easier for you, you can straddle my backside, but I'm sure your sister will have something to say about that so just ignore her," said Kathy.

Pierce could hardly believe his ears. Only in his dreams did he think he'd get to mount his mother's meaty derriere. He climbed on top of

her and began applying the oil to her neck, enjoying the exquisitely plush ass-meat pressed against his rigid cock.

August let out a dramatic sigh and gave them both a disgusted look. "Couldn't you two just rent a room?" she exclaimed, clearly annoyed by their behavior.

"August, don't even start!" scolded her mother. "He's just applying some oil to my neck. You're the one making it sexual."

"How can I not 'make it sexual' when it looks like he fucking you from behind?!"

"Enough!" the mother shouted.

Even though Kathy reassured her daughter that she and her son were not doing anything inappropriate, she couldn't help but feel the way his erection pressed against the deep crevice of her ass.

It wasn't the first time that her son had pressed his erection against her while he was "helping" her with something. Kathy's face flushed with a mix of embarrassment and desire as she remembered the last time it happened. It was during a family picnic when Pierce had helped her adjust her chair, and his erection had nestled against her hip. She couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement mixed with guilt,

knowing that her son was attracted to her in a way that was taboo and forbidden.

Despite her protests, August's words had an effect on her. She couldn't help but wonder if her son's attraction to her was influenced by her own behavior. Was she unintentionally leading him on by allowing him to see her nearly-naked body, and to touch her in such a way?

As Pierce continued to rub the oil onto her neck, Kathy couldn't help but feel torn between her desires and her responsibilities as a mother. She loved her son more than anything, but she knew that

crossing the line with him might have disastrous consequences. She was also aware that August's words held some truth. If Pierce's attraction to her was fueled by her own behavior, then she had a responsibility to be mindful of her actions and set boundaries.

Even so, as she felt her son's erection press against her ass, she couldn't help but feel a surge of desire.

Her thoughts were interrupted by August's voice. "Could you two stop it already? You're grossing me out!" she exclaimed, clearly frustrated by the awkward situation taking place right in front of her.

"Pierce, you'd better stop and climb off me now before your sister loses her mind," said Kathy, rolling her eyes.

Pierce reluctantly complied with his mother's request, sliding off her lusty behind and standing up. His erection was still tenting his shorts, a clear testament to his desire for his mother.

Kathy let out a soft sigh and decided to change the subject. She had noticed that the ocean was becoming choppier, and the waves were starting to rock the boat more than usual. "Hey, have either of you noticed how rough the water is getting?"

Dark storm clouds began to form in the distance, making Hugh even more uneasy as he tried to determine their location. The sea became rough and the wind picked up, making it difficult to maintain a steady course. Hugh's experience on the water was invaluable, but even he couldn't predict the unpredictable nature of the ocean.

His family was growing increasingly uneasy. They had gone below deck, but could feel the boat swaying and rocking under their feet, and the sound of the wind howling through the sails.

Pierce could feel the fatty meat of his mother's tits swaying back and forth against his back as she clung to him from behind. "It looks like things are getting downright nasty out there," Pierce stated.

"Dad's sailed through storms before. He'll get us through this one, honey," Kathy assured him.

As the storm worsened, Hugh decided that it was time to seek shelter from the treacherous weather. He scanned the horizon, looking for any port or safe harbor to pull into. As the waves grew higher, he knew that they couldn't continue to risk their lives out at sea.

Kathy and the kids emerged from the lower deck, their eyes filled with fear. "Will everything be alright, dad?" August asked, her voice trembling as she looked to her father for reassurance.

Hugh struggled to maintain control of the boat, his heart pounding in his chest. "I'm going to try and steer us towards that island over there," he shouted, pointing to a small rocky outcrop in the distance. "It's our best chance of finding shelter until this storm passes."

Pierce and August exchanged worried glances, their hearts in their throats. They knew that their father had been masterful in navigating the waters, but this storm was unlike any they had ever encountered before.

Kathy nodded, forcing a brave smile. "We'll make it," she said, her voice steady.

Hugh steered the boat with all his might, the wind and waves battering against them. The island seemed to be getting closer, but it also seemed as though the storm was growing worse.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning struck the water near the boat, causing them all to jump in fear.

"We have to make it," Hugh shouted, his voice hoarse from shouting over the sound of the storm. "We have to get to that island!"

Kathy clutched her children tightly as they rode out the storm, their eyes wide with terror. They could feel the boat rocking violently beneath them, the wind howling around them like a pack of angry wolves.

Pierce managed to catch a glimpse of the island through the driving rain, the jagged rocks along its shore looming ominously in the darkness. He could only hope that his father's skills would be enough to guide them to safety.

As the storm raged on, time seemed to slow down to a crawl. The boat's bow plunged into the waves, sending water crashing over the deck and into their faces. Hugh gritted his teeth, his hands white-knuckled on the helm, as he fought to keep the boat on course.

Kathy watched her husband with a mixture of awe and fear, her heart swelling with pride at his determination to keep them all safe. She knew that their lives were in his hands, and she trusted him implicitly.

Suddenly, the yacht's hull smashed against the shallow rocks beneath the surface and the boat lurched violently. The impact sent all four of them flying, and Hugh cried out in pain as he hit his head on the mast, leaving him dazed and groggy.

August began to scream, her terror-stricken voice piercing the air. Pierce wrestled with the controls, trying to keep the boat from crashing further onto the rocks, but it was no use. The yacht slid onto the jagged rocks, scraping and shuddering as it came to a violent halt. The storm howled all around them, and the wind whipped at the sails, tearing them to pieces.

Kathy clutched at the safety rails, her heart pounding in her chest as she watched the waves crash against the rocks, threatening to capsize the boat at any moment.

"We have to get off the boat!" Pierce yelled, as he realized the extent of the damage.

Hugh, still dazed from the impact, managed to regain his composure and yelled, "Grab the life vests! We're sinking!"

With no time to waste, they quickly grabbed onto any available flotation devices and jumped into the churning sea. The waves tossed them around like ragdolls, but they held on tight to each other and fought their way towards the island.

As they struggled towards the shore, the storm raged on, lightning bolts illuminating the dark sky. The wind howled, whipping at their faces and tearing at their hair. But they didn't give up, driven by the hope of survival and the love for one another.

Minutes later they reached the shore, safely clutching onto each other as they looked back, watching their beloved yacht slowly sink into the ocean, the lights flickering and then going out entirely. It was gone, taken by the treacherous waters, making a sudden wave of grief and loss washed over them.

Kathy and Hugh embraced each other tightly, their children wrapped in their arms, the storm continuing to rage around them. They huddled together, trying to find warmth in the cold wind and rain.

"We should head into the trees," Pierce suggested. "We're getting pelted out here."

The thick foliage of the tropical forest called out to them, offering refuge from the torrential rain and wind. As they made their way deeper into the forest, they could already feel their bodies warming up from the relentless storm outside.

The vegetation was alive with the sound of wildlife, birds chirping and monkeys chattering in the trees overhead. Pierce cautiously led the way, his eyes scanning the surroundings for any potential dangers. Kathy held August's hand tightly, her heart pounding with fear and relief.

As they ventured deeper, Hugh spotted a small clearing, where a stream meandered through the foliage. "This way," he stated, changing their coarse.

They made their way towards the stream, and discovered a small natural cave, offering shelter from the storm. The family huddled together in the cave, the sound of the storm outside seeming to fade away as they sat in silence, wrapped in each other's arms.

"Do you think there's anyone else on this island?" Kathy asked her husband.

"Honestly, I don't know. We should wait for daylight, then we'll have a better look around."

As the storm raged on throughout the night, the family found themselves growing weary. They took turns sitting awake, while the others tried to catch some rest. But as the first rays of sunlight pierced through the dense foliage, they knew it was time to explore what could turn out what could be their new permanent home.

Hugh, with all his experience and knowledge, took the lead as they ventured out into the unknown. The island was lush and green, with

tall trees and thick vines entwined around them. They found fruit and berries, enough to sustain them until they could find help.

"We should probably build a shelter," Pierce suggested. He had watched enough of the Survivor TV show to know that was the first priority.

"Yeah, a wise idea," added his father. "For now we just have to assume that we're the only ones on this island, until we have a chance to explore it further."

"Do you think any of our things survived the wreck?" Kathy asked.

Her husband offered a plan. "Why don't you and Pierce go down to the beach and search for anything that may have washed ashore. August and I will start gathering branches to build a shelter."

Kathy and Pierce made their way down to the beach, where they found some remnants of their belongings, including a few of their clothes, towels, and some of their emergency supplies.

"Well, at least it's something," the mother said, trying to stay positive. "How are you doing, honey? You were so brave last night."

She stepped up and hugged him, mashing her oversized tits against his bare chest.The boy marveled at how warm and spongy they felt crushed against him. "I'm fine, just glad we survived that. Are you doing alright?"

As she held her strong boy, the mother's insides tingled and she felt her clitoris throb beneath its fleshy hood. It was followed by twinge of guilt for experiencing such sensations in the midst of such a dire situation. "I'm fine. Everyone's safe and that's what matters most."

"True," Pierce agreed, enjoying how his mother continued to hold him against her bosom. He was aware that it was not an appropriate time or setting to have an erection, but his body had different ideas.

"Sorry," he uttered as the thick meat of his cock pushed against her belly.

Kathy giggled. "It's alright, darling. We're all dealing with the stress of the situation in our own way." She looked down at his growing

erection, the fat tip threatening to tear right through the fabric as it pointed up at her.

The boy blushed, feeling embarrassed about his arousal. "I understand, but I probably shouldn't, um…" he trailed off awkwardly.

"Hey, if escaping from a sinking boat, braving a treacherous storm, and surviving on a tropical island doesn't get you a hardon, I don't know what will," his mother joked, making them both laugh.

August and Hugh were busy gathering materials for the shelter, working together to find the best branches and securing them into place. As they worked, they began to feel a sense of hope and determination. In order to survive on an island that may not have human inhabitants, they understood the importance of working together.

When they all regrouped ,Kathy and Pierce began gathering armfuls of branches, joining August and Hugh in the task of building their shelter. They all pitched in, with Pierce using his father's survival skills to secure the branches in place.

As they worked, they found themselves discussing their plan of action: searching for food, gathering more supplies, and exploring the island to see if there were any other inhabitants. They also worked together to ration the supplies they had managed to find on the beach.

Kathy let out a slight laugh, trying to lighten the mood as she stated, "After all this effort, it would be pretty frustrating if we discover there's a luxurious island resort just a short walk away."

"That would be something, wouldn't it?" Pierce agreed, trying to smile through his exhaustion. He noticed how one of his mom's huge tits was threatening to slip out of her bikini top. It was in such a

precarious spot that he could clearly see part of the fringe of her areola peeking from the hem.

Kathy noticed her son staring at her boob, then recognized how it was preparing to fall out. She quickly adjusted it back into place, making her huge melon quiver as she tugged the bikini cup up over its supple meat. "Are you alright, honey?" she asked with a knowing grin.

"Yeah, fine," the boy answered, his face red with embarrassment.

Hugh took a breather, leaning against the trunk of a sturdy tree. "We need to be prepared for anything. We'll search the island for any signs of life or resources, and keep our shelter stocked with what we have. But we also need to work together, and keep positive."

As they worked, the sun began to set, casting a warm orange glow on their makeshift shelter. The storm clouds had cleared, leaving behind a brilliant starlit sky. They huddled together, listening to the sounds of the island at night, the waves crashing against the shore and the distant calls of nocturnal creatures.

Although they were exhausted and hungry, the family felt a sense of unity and determination. With each other's support, they knew they could face whatever challenges lay ahead on their new island home.

Sleeping under the shelter was awkward. Fortunately, they had salvaged some cushions from the yacht that had floated ashore, providing some comfort. The family huddled under the two blankets they had to stay warm with mom and August laying in the middle between the men. Pierce certainly didn't mind being the one next to his mother. They were snuggling in a way his dad and sister never would.

"Goodnight, honey," his mom whispered as they embraced for warmth, her mommy-mammaries smothering his young chest with fatty fluff.

"Goodnight, mom," he replied with a sigh. Pierce couldn't help but feel his heart race as he lay next to his mother this way under the thin blanket. He was aware of how close their bodies were, the warmth of her soft skin radiating against his.

Kathy felt her son's heartbeat thudding against her body, the rhythmic pounding matching the beat of her own. She couldn't deny the feeling that was growing inside her, the arousal that seemed to be seeping into her very bones. She could feel her fat nipples hardening against his chest, as if they were trying to reach out to him.

Kathy could feel the solid heat of her son's erection pressing against her thigh, which was draped across his midsection. His dick throbbed and pulsed through his shorts with each beat of his heart. Kathy's respiration rate increased from the feel of the muscle and sinew bulging from his long, vein-encrusted slab.

The air between them was filled with the heady scent of arousal, the musky and slightly sweet smell of mature pussy and teenage cock that only added to the tension in the small space.

As they lay there, Kathy couldn't help but think about the strange circumstances that had brought them together in this desperate situation. The adrenaline and stress of their ordeal had taken its toll on her body, making her desire for her son more intense than she ever would have thought possible.

Pierce, on the other hand, could feel the stirrings of his own desire as well. The closeness of his mother's body, the warmth of her skin against his, and the feel of her huge, fleshy mounds pressed against his chest had ignited a fire within him.

Kathy knew she had to do something to calm the desire that was building between them. She gently nudged her son, trying create some space between them. "You should face the other way now, honey," she whispered.

Pierce slowly rolled over, his eyes still half-open in the dim light. He couldn't help but notice how his mom's giant tits looked even bigger with her laying on her side. One enormous tit-melon was stacked on top of the other, the moonlight casting a warm glow on her mile-long cleavage.

"Sorry," he mumbled, feeling awkward and embarrassed at his own arousal.

"It's alright," Kathy reassured him, trying to keep her voice to a whisper. "We're both just trying to find some comfort in this situation."

As Pierce lay there, facing away from his mom, he couldn't get the image of her massive tits out of his head. His erection throbbed and leaked its bubbling precum against the fabric of his shorts, as his mind raced with thoughts of what it would feel like to squeeze and suck on them. He dwelled on how wonderful they would look leaping and rippling up and down her chest if he were fucking her. It was then it occurred to him that he'd gone a full day without masturbating.

"No wonder I'm so freaking horny," he told himself, squeezing his prick though his shorts.

"I just need to pee," the boy stated, slipping off the cushion. "I'll be right back."

Kathy sat up, watching her son disappear into the darkness, knowing that after a day of hard work his prick must be aching for release.

The boy didn't go far before he fished his erection from his fly hole and began beating off.

Closing his eyes, he envisioned the sight of his mom's juggernauts bouncing and swaying as he fucked her from behind. He thought all about stuffing her tight pussy with his "make-your-mommy-feel-good" cock, the way he had watched other men do in the adult films he had seen on the internet.

"Pierce?" his mom whispered, startling the boy as she snuck up behind him in the darkness.

"Uh, yeah, mom? I was just—"

"I know what you're doing, silly," she whispered, placing her hands on his shoulder reassuringly. "I just didn't want you wandering out here by yourself."

"I'll be ok. I'll just, um…finish real quick."

"Go ahead and finish," his mom whispered in his ear, her soft breasts pressed against his back. "I'll stay right here to make sure no ferocious animals sneak up on you," she chuckled.

"Oh, um…all right," Pierce replied, shocked that his mom would stand right there with him while he masturbated in the darkness.

As Pierce's hand began to move furiously over his erect cock. The sound of his mom's soft breathing became more pronounced, almost like a comforting hum in Pierce's ear. The lewd, creamy rhythm of his own hand moving faster over his boner mixed with her breathing, creating a symphony of desire in the darkness.

"You've been under so much pressure and stress the past two days, just let your body become consumed in pleasure," Kathy whispered tenderly in his ear.

Pierce couldn't believe his mom was here with him, but he welcomed her presence and let out a long, deep sigh.

Kathy's breaths continued to fall in sync with the movements of his hand, and he found himself on the verge of getting lost in a world of pleasure.

"Just let it all go, sweetheart," Kathy continued, her voice like velvet. "Let the ache inside you be released, and feel the weight of the world lifted off your shoulders."

Pierce couldn't help but feel a surge of relief as he imagined his mom's love emanating from her breath. He let out a small moan as he picked up his pace, his hand moving furiously up and down his jutting member.

Kathy felt a warmth grow in her center as she sensed her son releasing the tension that had built up inside him. She knew she needed to do the same, especially being such a hypersexual female, but the thought of her own needs was temporarily pushed aside, as they were both drowning in desperation and desire.

Pierce felt the familiar sensation of his balls tightening, knowing that his release was nearly upon him. At the same time, he could feel the heat from his mother's body behind him, and it made him even more aroused.

"Mom," he whispered, "I'm almost there."

"I know, darling," his mom replied, her breaths growing heavier, as if matching his pace. "Let go."

With her encouragement, Pierce began to move his hand faster and faster along his cock-shaft, and as he neared the edge, he could feel the tingling sensation spread throughout his teenage body.

Just then, Kathy wrapped her arms around her son, pulling him closer to her. "Let it out, honey," she whispered into his ear, her nipple rubbing stiffly against his back, while her pussy juices dampened the crotch of her bikini bottoms. She envisioned her boy's tumescent penile shaft, curving slightly upward from his crotch, aching to hammer through the tube of tight, succulent pussy like her own.

Pierce felt his mom's support and the musky scent of her arousal enveloping him. It was the perfect moment to release himself and allow his inhibitions to dissolve. In an instant, Pierce felt like he had never been this close to his mother before, and the thought of their intense connection sent a jolt of adrenaline through his body.

The climax hit him like a tidal wave, and he groaned loudly, his body spasming uncontrollably. Kathy felt the tension release from her son's body as his semen shot forth powerfully from his erection. She could hear it splattering against the leaves and the ground below, reflecting the intensity of the moment.

Pierce's heart was pounding, and his breathing grew ragged. He could feel the warmth and satisfaction of his orgasm gradually fade, and his release was accompanied by a sense of relief and contentment. As he began to regain his composure, he was surprised to feel the warmth of his mother's lush embrace still surrounding him.

"Thank you, mom," he whispered, feeling both embarrassed and grateful. "That was… really intense."

"Don't worry, honey," Kathy whispered back. "In times like these, we all need to find comfort and pleasure where we can. And you've just done that beautifully. Now turn around give me a hug."

Pierce slowly turned around, his eyes locking onto his mother's. He could see the warmth in her eyes and the happiness that was reflected there. He moved closer to her the tip of his boner dragging

against her tummy, smearing the remnants of his seed against her flesh. Pierce wrapped his arms around her, feeling Kathy's body heat and her heavy breasts press against his chest.

"I'm sorry, mom," he whispered, his voice shaking with emotion. "I hope I didn't make you feel uncomfortable."

"Don't be ridiculous, sweetheart," Kathy replied, holding him close. "You didn't make me uncomfortable. I'm the one who followed you out here, remember?"

"I was just feeling really horny, I guess," Pierce admitted, his voice barely audible.

"Hon," Kathy said, looking into his eyes. "It's perfectly normal for a boy your age to be like this. And you know what they say: an orgasm is the best medicine!"

Pierce smiled weakly, feeling both embarrassed and relieved. "I guess you're right, mom."

Kathy smiled back, her eyes filled with warmth and understanding. "I don't blame you, sweetheart. I've had my own share of tension today. Maybe next time we'll both find some comfort together?"

Pierce's face flushed red, but he couldn't help but feel his heart racing with excitement at the thought. "Next time?" he whispered, his voice barely audible.

"Next time," Kathy said softly, her eyes gleaming with desire. "Now, let's go back to the shelter and get some sleep."

Pierce nodded, still feeling flushed with excitement, as he allowed his mom to lead him back to the shelter. As they walked, he couldn't help but feel a newfound connection with his mother, and a sense of excitement that they had just shared something deeply intimate and taboo. He knew that their secret would be just that – a secret, and

that it would only bring them closer together in ways he could never have imagined.

The Hottest Girl on Island X

By Klrxo

Chapter 2: Searching Island X

As the sun rose over the horizon and painted the sky in shades of pink and orange, the Gregory family began to piece together a better understanding of their dire situation. Their biggest hope was that they were not alone on this dauntingly large island, someone else must surely be living amongst the lush greenery and pristine beaches. Someone who could provide them with guidance and assistance in this strange and foreign place.

"Here's what I think we should do," said Hugh, knowing it was up to him to take charge of the situation. "We'll split up and explore the island, covering as much ground as we can and meet back here in a few hours and share what we've found. Do you think that's a good plan, Kathy?" Hugh asked his wife.

Kathy nodded. "It's worth a try. We can't just sit here and wait for something to happen."

"August, you'll come with me, and Pierce you'll be with your mother," Hugh directed. "We all need to be careful. We have no idea what kind of dangers we might encounter on this island."

As the morning sun began to warm their skin, the family set out in different directions. August and Hugh explored the dense jungle, searching for a sign of civilization. Meanwhile, Kathy and Pierce made their way along the beach, hoping to find someone, perhaps even boat to flag down.

Pierce found himself struggling to keep up with his mother, who seemed to have an almost supernatural energy that buoyed her steps. Despite his fatigue, he couldn't help but be struck by her beauty – the way her dark hair flowed in the breeze, the way her hips swayed with each step. Her luscious ass was more than half exposed in the bikini she was wearing and her exposed ass cheeks were hard to ignore as they undulated deliciously with every step she made.

Pierce watched as his mom effortlessly climbed over rocks, picked fruits from trees, and gracefully stepped over fallen branches. It was as if she were some kind of ethereal being, completely at home in this wild, untamed landscape.

Pierce couldn't help but comment, "Did you grow up in the jungle or something, mom? You seem so comfortable and at ease here."

Kathy smiled at her son. "I was a wild child," she replied coyly, "always exploring and discovering new things in nature. This place reminds me of my younger days."

In the aftermath of last night's events, Pierce could feel a palpable tension in the air between them. It crackled and hummed with raw, unbridled sexual energy, causing his body to tingle with arousal. His eyes were drawn to Kathy's enormous tits, straining against the tight fabric of her bikini top, as they bobbed and swayed with each movement. He couldn't help but feel his desire for her growing stronger each day.

Pierce smirked as they strolled down the beach, the waves gently lapping at their bare feet. "When you said you were a 'wild child,' I thought maybe you meant you slept around when you were my age," he teased, his eyes sparkling mischievously in the warm sunlight.

Kathy laughed heartily at her son's comment, but there was also a hint of seriousness in her expression. "Well, maybe I did sleep

around a little bit. You know how it is when you're young and curious."

"Yeah, I know how it is alright," he replied. "I think my curiosity may get me in trouble if I'm not careful."

His mom's eyes sparkled with curiosity as she tilted her head, flashing him a smile that displayed her intrigue. "Why's that?" she asked.

"I tend to be attracted to people that I'm not suppose to be," he replied.

Kathy's eyes widened in surprise, but her smile didn't falter. "I see." She paused for a moment, taking in his words. "Well, honey, we all have our desires, and sometimes they take us down paths we never thought we'd tread."

"Yeah, that true," Pierce said, feeling a sense of relief wash over him. "But it's not always that easy to navigate those paths."

"It's definitely not," Kathy agreed. "But sometimes, taking a chance can lead to something wonderful."

Kathy carefully plucked ripe, juicy berries from the prickly bushes that grew along the border of the jungle and the sandy shore. The vibrant reds and purples stood out against the lush green foliage, tempting her with their promise of sustenance. She knew every bite they could find in this harsh wilderness would be crucial for their survival until they could find help.

"We've been walking for ages. Let's find some shade and rest for a bit," Kathy gasped between breaths, her voice tinged with exhaustion.

As they found a shady spot beneath a large palm tree, Kathy collapsed onto the soft sand, her heavy chest heaving with her

ragged breaths. Pierce couldn't help but stare at her, taking in her beautiful bikini-clad body, the sweat glistening on her skin, and the way her hair fell in dark, tousled curls around her face.

"I wonder how your dad and sister are coming along?" Kathy expressed as her body cooled off in the shade.

Pierce plopped down beside her. "They're probably enjoying that luxurious island resort you were joking about last night," he replied.

"One can only hope. Speaking of last night," Kathy began, her voice low and sultry. "I wanted to say I'm sorry for infringing on your private time. I hope it wasn't too awkward having your mom there with you while you found some relief."

"It was awkward, but awkward in a good way," he blushed.

Kathy's eyes twinkled with amusement as she asked, "Why's that?" A sly smirk played on her lips, betraying the façade of innocence. "Could it be because I'm on that list of people you're attracted to and shouldn't be?" Her words carried a hint of teasing and challenge, daring the her son to reveal his thoughts.

"I'll be honest, mom, you're probably at the top of that list," he confessed.

"Probably?" Kathy teased, raising an eyebrow.

His voice quivered as he nervously avoided meeting her gaze. "No, not probably," he replied, his heart racing. "You are undeniably at the very top of that list."

Kathy laughed, taken aback by Pierce's confession; she had already suspected his attraction to her. She could feel their connection had changed, becoming more sensual and intimate.

"Don't be embarrassed, honey. I find it endearing that you have a bit of a mom-crush on me."

"You do?" Pierce asked, his eyes widening in disbelief.

Kathy nodded, a mischievous grin playing on her lips. "Of course. I mean, I'm not complaining, it's rather flattering. After all, you're a handsome young man and I'm sure lots of women wouldn't mind you doting over them."

"Thanks," he blushed, his heart racing to think his mom thought of him that way.

After a short silence, Kathy spoke again while laying back on the sand right next to her son. "So, honey, tell me…what part of me are you attracted to the most?"

It was a tough question for Pierce to answer since he was attracted to every part of his mother's beautiful body. But he knew the one thing that stood out at the moment was her gorgeous legs. "I love your legs," he confessed, staring intently at the smooth, tanned expanse of her calves and thighs.

"These legs?" Kathy playfully asked, extending her naked legs upwards towards the sky, arching them with a grace that seemed almost regal. From Pierce's vantage point, they appeared to stretch on forever, smooth and toned with an underlying feminine power. The curves of her calves and thighs were accentuated by the golden glow of the sun, making them appear even more alluring. Her bare feet, caked with a sprinkle of sand,

added to the carefree beauty of the moment as she pointed her toes towards the sky in a playful display.

"Yes," Pierce answered, his eyes widened at the sight, his breath catching in his throat. "I get tingles every time I look at them."

"Tingles, huh? Do you really like them that much?" Kathy asked playfully, her eyes twinkling with amusement and maybe a hint of something more.

"They're incredible," Pierce managed to say, his voice hoarse. "They don't just look sexy, but strong too."

"I suppose all those years of dedicated Zumba practice have finally paid off, huh?" Kathy asked with a playful smirk, her toned legs gracefully scissoring open, like a graceful dancer doing a split, to display her impressive flexibility. The smooth glide of her movements drew a soft gasp from Pierce, who couldn't help but be entranced by the sight above him. He had only ever imagined her luscious legs spread apart in his most intimate and wild fantasies, but seeing them in person was a whole new level of arousal.

"They're amazing," he whispered, doing nothing to hide his fascination for them. "Just like other parts of you."

Kathy laughed, lowering her legs and quickly turned towards him on the sand. "Such as?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Pierce turned his head to the side, his gaze drawn immediately to her heavy mountainous breasts. As Kathy laid on her side, their fullness was accentuated as they stacked one on top of the other, creating a seemingly never-ending cleavage that threatened to spill out of her skimpy bikini top at any moment. The soft curves and contours of her bosom were impossible for Pierce to tear his eyes away from, and he found himself mesmerized by their enormity.

"Your legs are awesome, but I think your boobs are my favorite things about you," he confessed, his eyes still fixated on them.

"I admire your honesty, honey," Kathy grinned, seeming flattered, "but you really didn't tell me anything I didn't know about you already."

"Really?" Pierce asked, his interest piqued.

"Yes, really. You were fascinated with them when you nursed as a baby and you're just as fascinated with them 18 years later," she teased, ruffling his hair with her hand.

"What I'd give to be a baby again," the teen admitted, drawing laughter from his mother.

Kathy quickly became somber again. "Well, if I could go back in time, it wouldn't be to breastfeed you," she stated. "It would be to tell your father to turn the damn boat around so we wouldn't be in the predicament we're in."

She slowly rose to her feet, feeling the gritty sand sticking to her buttocks. With a playful shake, she brushed off the grains from her rounded cheeks, causing them to jiggle slightly.

"We should continue our search of the beach," she said with determination, glancing around at the vast expanse of land and sea surrounding them.

Pierce's voice was low and tinged with excitement as he spoke, his eyes locking onto Kathy's. "Before we go any further, could I ask a favor of you, mom?"

Kathy arched an eyebrow inquisitively, her curiosity instantly piqued. "Sure, what do you want me to do?"

"I once stumbled upon this video of a girl with voluptuous breasts jogging on the beach in a tiny bikini… it was mesmerizing. Would you mind reenacting that for me?"

Kathy couldn't contain her laughter. "You really have a thing for my boobs, don't you?" she teased, giving him a knowing look.

Pierce chuckled, unable to deny her words. "Can you blame me? They're just so… perfect." His eyes trailed up her ballooning chest before meeting her gaze once again.

"Alright, you boob-aholic. Let's get this done so we can keep searching the beach." Kathy's voice was playful, but determined as she spoke to Pierce.

"Stay right there for a second," Pierce said, his eyes fixed on Kathy's figure as he ran down the sand a short distance. He positioned himself to get a better view of her as she started to jog, her toned legs carrying her effortlessly across the soft sand. Her gigantic breasts bounced in perfect rhythm with her strides, their weight causing her swimsuit top to strain against its ties. Pierce watched in awe as they swayed and rippled, mesmerized by the twin mountains of flesh and their tantalizing movements.

As Kathy continued to jog, her long hair whipped behind her and her sweat-slicked skin glistened in the sunlight. Pierce couldn't tear his gaze away from her, feeling his heart beat faster with each move she took.

"That was amazing!" he exclaimed, trying to prevent the boner from forming in his trunks.

"Thanks," Kathy grinned with pride. "Now put your eyeballs back in your head and let's keep searching."

On the other side of the island, Hugh and his daughter, August, were trying to make their way through the dense foliage, sweat pouring down their faces as they navigated the tangled vines and thick underbrush.

"Dad, I'm starting to think this wasn't such a great idea," August panted, her face flushed with exertion.

"We don't have a choice, honey," Hugh replied. "We have to find out if there's anyone else on this island and unfortunately this is the only way."

They continued to push through the overgrown vegetation, battering their way through the thick foliage and overgrown vines that seemed intent on slowing them down. August stopped suddenly, looking out into the jungle. "Wait, do you hear that?" she asked.

"What?"

"Listen!"

Hugh listened intently, his heart pounding in his chest as he heard it too – faint, muffled, but unmistakable. It was the sound of drumming.

As they pushed further into the dense jungle, the sound of the drums grew louder and more distinct. Hugh and August exchanged an anxious glance, knowing that they were getting closer to whoever was making the music.

The sound seemed to be coming from a small clearing ahead, and as they approached, they found themselves surrounded by a group of female natives, who were dancing around a fierce-looking bonfire, their huge, naked tits bouncing up and down.

In the center of the circle, an older female sat cross-legged on a mat, her eyes closed as she beat a large drum. The natives were wearing colorful loincloths and bracelets made of shells, and their faces were painted with intricate designs in black and red.

Hugh took a step forward, waving his hands in a gesture of peace. "Hello, we're lost and are looking for someone who can help us," he said, his voice trembling slightly.

The steady rhythm of drums and stamping feet suddenly came to a halt, the silence punctuated by the sharp clang of spears being raised in a threatening manner. Hugh and August stood frozen, surrounded by a sea of fierce female warriors, their expressions twisted with anger. "I don't think they understood you, dad," August spoke in a tense tone.

Desperate and fearful, Hugh made a second attempt to communicate with the locals, using his hands to gesture frantically. His words were lost in the crashing waves and the harsh cries of seagulls. "Our boat," he exclaimed, miming the motion of crashing into rocks, "we need help!"

One of the females ran her tongue over her full lips, her gaze fixed on Hugh with a hungry, almost primal desire. "A male!" she exclaimed in a guttural tone, her words a foreign language to Hugh and his daughter. The other females joined in with curious looks, their attention solely focused on Hugh.

The tribe of all women behaved as if it had been a long time since they had encountered a man, possibly due to their own male members being taken by some mysterious illness.

Hugh's heart raced as he realized what was unfolding before him. These women, these feral beauties, were not interested in gathering information about their situation; they were lusting after him, his manhood a sight they could hardly resist.

The woman who had been beating the drum, her fierce energy radiating from every movement, rose to her feet. Her body was adorned with colorful beads and feathers, emphasizing her powerful presence. As she stood, her gigantic tits heaved, drawing attention to their size and weight. Her eyes were fixed on Hugh's body, sizing him up as if he were a piece of meat. "Take him to my tent and tie the female up," she commanded loudly, her voice echoing through the clearing like a lion's roar.

The fierce warriors sprang into action, their movements swift and calculated as they seized hold of Hugh and his daughter. They were like a pack of wild beasts, their muscles rippling under taut skin as they dragged the two captives towards a cluster of primitive huts in the distance. August screamed, her limbs thrashed against their powerful grips, but the native women were relentless and far stronger than she was.

"Please, don't hurt my daughter," Hugh pleaded desperately as he was forced into the largest tent, his mind racing with thoughts of escape.

As the evening sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the rugged terrain, Kathy and Pierce found themselves back at the same cave where they had spent their first night together. But this time, instead of feeling safe and content, they were filled with growing worry for Hugh and August who were still missing.

"Your father said three hours. They should have been back well before now," Kathy stated, her voice trembling with concern.

"Maybe they just got lost and couldn't find their way back," Pierce suggested, trying to remain hopefully. "Or maybe they found help and are just taking a while to get back to us."

"I would say let's go looking, but it's starting to get dark," said Kathy. "I have some matches that we salvaged from the boat. Let's try to get a fire going. Maybe they'll see the smoke and it'll lead them back to us."

"Good idea," Pierce agreed, setting out to collect some wood.

A short time later, as the sky turned to complete darkness, a roaring fire was already ablaze, providing much-needed warmth to their tired bodies.

Kathy's voice was barely a whisper as she spoke, her words laced with worry. "I'm going to try not to be concerned," she said. "Your father is a skilled survivalist. Even if this island is uninhabited, he'll know what to do. If they're not back by tomorrow, we'll venture out and search for them."

"You're right, worrying isn't going to help anyone," Pierce agreed, trying to sound strong for Kathy's sake. "Like you said, we just need to stay here and keep the fire going until morning. That way, if they're nearby, they'll see the light and know we're here."

Pierce and his mother gathered a stack of broken wood and tossed it onto the crackling fire, sending sparks dancing into the crisp evening air. They retreated to their cozy cave, and huddled under the warmth of a large, thick blanket they had salvaged from the remnants of a sunken yacht. The sound of the ocean waves crashing against the shore echoed through their hidden sanctuary, adding to the comforting atmosphere as they settled in for the night.

"Keep me warm," whispered Kathy, her voice soft and pleading as she scooted closer to Pierce, her body pressing against his in the spooning position beneath the warm blanket. As he wrapped his arms around her, Pierce couldn't help but sigh at the feeling of her round buttocks pressed against his groin, sending a surge of arousal through him. The gentle rise and fall of her breathing against his chest added to the intimate moment, making it feel like they were the only two people in the world.

"This is nice," Kathy whispered, nuzzling next to Pierce. She obviously knew about the fascination he had with her body, so Kathy wasn't at all surprised to feel an erection poking up against her ass.

"What's with the boner, mister?" she teased. "My ass wasn't one of the things you mentioned being attracted to earlier today."

Pierce chuckled lightly, his voice a low murmur beside her. "I didn't say I wasn't attracted to it. I just didn't specifically mention it," he

reasoned.

Laughter bubbled from Kathy's lips as she coyly moved her hips against him. She couldn't help but revel in the sensation of his well-toned body pressed against hers. "Oh, you sly dog," she playfully teased, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I suppose I better start getting used to this, huh?" she asked, nudging his cock-tip with her ass-crack. "It doesn't seem like it'll be going away anytime soon."

"Sorry," Pierce blushed. "I'll…um, try not to focus too much on how good you feel."

"Good luck with that," the mother snickered.

Kathy was used to cuddling this way with her husband, but as she lay in Pierce's embrace, she couldn't help but notice the stark difference in Pierce's erection compared to Hugh's. It felt bigger and more rigid, pressing insistently against her ass-crack through the fabric of his shorts. The thought of his throbbing member straining against the material made her pulse race with desire.

Kathy knew it was a terrible time to feel arousal, with her husband and daughter missing and possibly in danger. But she couldn't deny the primal urges that coursed through her body. As a hypersexual woman, she was used to satisfying her needs through either sex or multiple sessions of masturbation each day. Yet, for almost two days now, she had been deprived of both, and she could feel the desperation building inside her like a pressure cooker about to explode.

Kathy spoke softly, her voice barely audible. "Pierce?" she whispered.

"Yeah, mom?"

"Remember last night when I suggested that maybe next time we could find a way to release some of our tension together?" Kathy asked anxiously.

Pierce's heart skipped a beat. "Yeah, I remember," he responded nervously.

"Do you think we could do that now? After this long, exhausting day, I feel like we could both benefit from getting some release."

"Sure," Pierce whispered, his breath warm against her ear. "I'm all for it."

Pierce felt like he needed to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. First, he was getting to snuggle alone with his bombshell of a mother and now she wanted to masturbate along side him. It was a surreal feeling and definitely thrilling.

"You have to promise to keep it between us though. I don't want your dad and sister finding out," Kathy implored.

"I won't say a word to anyone, mom. I promise," Pierce said reassuringly.

For a moment, their minds buzzed until Kathy's voice, soft and hesitant, cut through the silence. "Um…maybe we should undressed and get comfortable," she suggested. Her eyes flickered to Pierce, her cheeks flushing with a rosy hue. "I think it would make it easier to…you know, masturbate…if we were naked."

Pierce's heart raced as he tried to process her words. He could hardly believe what she was proposing. "Uh, yeah. Definitely easier," he stammered, his own face turning red. Their eyes met for a brief moment before they both looked away, feeling a mixture of excitement and nervousness.

With the dim fire casting a warm glow over them, Kathy and her son stripped off what little clothing they had on beneath the blanket. Their faces glistened in the flickering light as they laid side by side under the soft fabric. The night air was cool, but the heat from the fire kept them warm. The crackling of the flames mingled with their

quiet breathing, creating a peaceful symphony in the stillness of the nighttime sky.

Kathy remembered that Pierce was right-handed, while she herself was a lefty. With this in mind, she reached over and tightly clasped their free

hands together, interlocking their fingers. "Are you ready?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Yeah," Pierce answered, his heart racing with nervous excitement.

Kathy's hand slowly trailed down her body, stopping at the soft folds of her shaved pussy. Pierce's hand followed suit, his fingers wrapping around his big throbbing cock. They began to work their genitals in unison, the sound of their breathing and stroking blending with the crackling flames.

Kathy's grip on Pierce's hand grew tighter as their passionate act of self-pleasure began. Their hands moved with frenzied desire, each working their love organs in perfect rhythm beneath the blanket. The smell of sexual arousal filled the air around them, a pheromone-laced scent that seemed to heighten the sensations they were experiencing.

Kathy's voice was a soft whisper, barely audible in the darkness. "Oh God, I really needed this."

"Me too, even though I did it last night."

"Well, you're young. A guy your age should be indulging in self-pleasure at least once a day," Kathy advised, her voice low and full of concern. A minute passed, the crackling of the fire and the soft rustling of the blanket the only sounds in the still night air. Their hands moved rhythmically, each lost in their own fantasies and pleasures. Finally, Kathy broke the silence with a question. "What do you think about?"

"What do I think about?" Pierce repeated, confused by what his mom meant.

"What do you think about when you masturbate?""

Pierce paused, his mind consumed with desire. "Sex," he finally answered.

A thrill of excitement rippled through Kathy's body as she whispered back, her voice quivering with anticipation. "Me too. Are you on top of a girl or is she on top of you?"

Pierce's breath caught in his throat at the thought of his mom touching herself while asking him intimate questions. "She's on top of me," he

admitted, feeling a surge of heat between his legs. He could imagine every detail – the girl's weight pressing down on him, big tits bouncing, her movements driving them both to ecstasy.

Kathy turned her head to the side, a coy smile playing on her lips as she looked over at Pierce. He mirrored her actions, turning his head to meet her gaze. Their eyes locked and they could each see the pleasure reflected in the other's depths.

"Is that your favorite way to fuck?" Kathy breathed, shifting her position slightly and spreading her legs a little wider. She slid her smooth calf over her son's and ran her soft bare foot across his skin, sending shivers of anticipation through his body.

"Uh-huh," Pierce nodded, a small smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Mine too," Kathy confessed, meeting his intense gaze with one of her own. The need to cum was building inside her, desperate and urgent.

Kathy couldn't ignore the heat and need pulsing through her body, but as she lay there pleasuring herself with her son and asking him intimate questions, a twinge of guilt crept in. Her husband and daughter were somewhere out there on the island while she brazenly indulged in this private moment that most would view as improper.

"Do you mind sharing secrets with me, honey?" she asked her son.

"No, not at all," Pierce replied.

"I hope you don't judge me for what we're doing. It's just that both of us have been dealing with so much stress today, I feel like this is something we both need," Kathy explained, feeling the weight of her actions lift off her shoulders.

"I couldn't agree more. I'm already starting to feel more relaxed," replied Pierce, his voice calm and soothing.

After a few minutes, Kathy's seductive voice filled the tiny cave again, laced with desire and temptation. "Would you like to feel my body against yours, honey?" she asked, her words dripping with sexual innuendo.

Pierce's heart raced as he struggled to respond, his body already pulsing with excitement. He could only nod in response.

With a mischievous grin, Kathy wasted no time rolling over pushing her plush body against him. Her bare skin pressed against his, sending waves of pleasure through him. He let out a contented sigh as her giant stiff-nippled tit-melons squished against his chest, their softness a stark contrast to his own chiseled physique.

Kathy's leg draped across his, teasingly close to where he was stroking his pulsating erection. She continued to rub her clit, her own arousal evident in the way her body moved against his.

"Is your fantasy girl still riding you?" Kathy whispered, her lips at his ear. She was so horny for an orgasm it was driving her insane. "Is she still fucking your cock, honey?"

"Yes," he answered, stroking rhythmically on his boner to the sound of his mom's voice.

"Roll her onto her back and fuck her as hard as you can," Kathy squealed, her breathing growing more and more intense, causing her tits to slosh against him. "Make her cum!"

Pierce increased the rhythm of his strokes from the intensity of her words, his body tingling deliciously.

Kathy moaned softly, her voice filled with desire. She could feel her orgasm building inside her, the anticipation of it making her wetter and wetter. Her hand moved faster, her fingers dipping into her slit, coating her fingers with her own juices.

"Do you wanna feel her cum on your cock, honey?" Kathy asked, her voice husky with need. "Is that what you think about when you jerk off?"

Pierce was beyond words now. His entire being was focused on the hand stroking his cock and the feeling of his mother's body pressed against his. He let out a low growl, his entire body tensing.

With a final surge of pleasure, Kathy's orgasm exploded through her, her pussy clenching and unclenching as she cried out in ecstasy. Her body

shook and writhed against Pierce's, her nipples standing turgidly against his chest.

Pierce felt his own orgasm building, the pleasure surging through him until he could take no more. With a final series of strokes he

came with a guttural grunt, his cum shooting up across his chest as he bucked his hips against Kathy's body.

The air was thick with the musky scent of their secretions, their genitals still warm and pulsating with the remnants of their intense pleasure. Their chests heaved with heavy breaths, their hearts still racing with the rush of adrenaline and desire. They lay entwined, their bodies basking in the afterglow of their passionate pleasure-session, their hands tightly clasped as they basked in the euphoria of their shared release.

"We'd better put our clothes back on, honey," Kathy whispered with a deep sense of relief in her voice. "If your dad and sister do make it back here tonight they'd get quite the shock if they found us cuddling naked together."

"I suppose you're right," her son replied, feeling exhausted yet satiated. He wished his mom wasn't being so careful not to expose her nude body to him as she put her bikini back on beneath the blanket, but he was certainly grateful that he got to at least feel her naked body against his while they were masturbating together.

On the far side of the island, deep in the heart of the tribal camp, August was unceremoniously thrown into a dark, dank pit. The putrid smell of decay and sweat filled her nostrils as she landed on a bed of straw and dirt. A bamboo lattice barrier was quickly placed over the top, sealing her fate and preventing any chance of escape. As tears streamed down her cheeks, she could hear the raucous laughter and jeers of the vicious female tribe above. For what felt like hours, she had remained tied to a rough wooden post, her mind racing with fear and uncertainty about what horrors awaited her and her father at the hands of these savage women.

The darkness was thick and suffocating, broken only by the voice of a woman as she emerged from the shadows. Her blonde hair was matted and tangled, her clothing dirty and tattered. "Don't worry,"

she said, her words dripping with bitter sarcasm. "They won't kill you. They'd rather use you to perform menial tasks around the camp, like they do with me."

August's heart sank at the thought of being trapped in this place, forced to serve these savages just to survive. "But your father…" the woman continued, her voice filled with fear. "He may not be so lucky."

August's stomach churned at the mention of his father's possible fate. "What do you mean?" she asked, his voice trembling. "What are they going to do to him?"

"They're a tribe of sex-starved bitches," the woman spat out, her hatred clear in her tone. "Their men must have been wiped out by some disease or something. My husband did his best to pleasure them, which by the way, was NOT fun to watch. But when he began to lose his sexual desire, they killed him in a fit of sexual frustration and rage."

August's blood ran cold as he realized the true horror of this place and what could potentially happen to his father. "How long have you been here?" she asked the blonde prisoner.

"I'm guessing about three month. We were on our honeymoon and our boat got lost in a storm, washed ashore on this stupid fucking island. We were taken captive shortly after," the blonde woman's voice was tinged with sadness, the weight of their situation heavy on her.

August introduced herself and the other prisoner, Tiffany, followed suit. The two stood facing each other, both weary and uncertain of their fate.

"Is it just you and your dad or are there others?" Tiffany asked tentatively, breaking the somber atmosphere.

"My mom and brother," August replied, his tone somewhat more hopeful. "My brother, Pierce will come looking for us. He'll get us out of here, I just know it."

Tiffany's expression darkened as she spoke again. "You better hope they don't capture him too. A young guy with a high libido is as precious as gold around here," she explained grimly. "Let's just hope your old man can get it up and keep it up or he'll meet the same fate my husband did."

The weight of Tiffany's words hung heavy in the air as they both contemplated what horrors may lay ahead for them on this strange island.

171: The Hottest Mom on Island X_2

The Hottest Girl on Island X

Part 3: Vying for his Attention

By Klrxo

Pierce awoke to the feeling of Kathy's smooth, warm skin pressed against him. Her body was draped over his, her breasts enveloping his face in delicious softness. As he stirred, his morning erection pulsed against her leg, a reminder of their passionate experience from the prior night.

Kathy's eyes opened to meet Pierce's gaze, and she gave him a tender smile. "Good morning," she whispered, shifting her weight to lift her bikini-clad chest from his face. She peered around at the lush jungle that surrounded them, a look of dread crossing her features. "It looks like your father and sister never came back."

Pierce sighed and sat up, running a hand through his disheveled hair. "Yeah, I should probably go out looking for them now that it's daylight."

Kathy's grip on him tightened, her concern evident in her voice. "Don't you mean 'we' should go out looking? I think we should stick together. If something happens to you, I'd rather it happen to me too than be alone in this jungle." Her words hung in the air, heavy with fear and determination.

After eating some berries that Kathy had collected and consuming some coconut juice from a fruit they had gotten from a tree, the two of them set out in search of Hugh and August. They ventured deep into the jungle. The foliage was dense, and the heat was oppressive, but they pressed on, driven by a sense of panic that they could not ignore.

As they walked, Pierce couldn't help but reflect on the events of the previous night. The image of his mom's body pressed against his, her soft moans filling his ears, still lingered in his mind. He couldn't believe that he had masturbated with his own mother, but the desire had been too strong to resist. He wondered what August and Hugh would think if they ever found out.

Kathy, meanwhile, was lost in her own thoughts. She couldn't shake the feeling that something was off about the island. The fact that it seemed so empty and her husband and daughter were missing weighed heavily on her. She held out hope that maybe they just got disoriented and couldn't find their way back to camp.

As they trekked further into the dense jungle, their ears were met with a cacophony of sound - the roaring of water rushing over rocks and splashing onto itself. "This way," said Pierce in a hushed tone, leading his mom through the lush foliage and into an open clearing. Before them lay a breathtaking scene - a natural oasis, with a shimmering pond at its center and a majestic waterfall cascading down from above. The water was so startlingly clear that they could see every pebble and plant at the bottom of the pond, creating an almost ethereal atmosphere.

"Wow, this is absolutely stunning," Kathy breathed out in awe. Her eyes drank in the sight of the tranquil pool and she couldn't help but feel as though she had stumbled upon a hidden paradise within the depths of the jungle.

Kathy's skin was already beginning to glisten with the heat as she turned to Pierce, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I don't know about you," she teased, "but I could really go for a quick dip right about now."

Pierce raised an eyebrow, a smirk curling at the corner of his lips. "Naked you mean?" he asked, his tone suggestive.

Kathy felt her cheeks flush at the thought, but she couldn't deny the appeal. After everything that had happened between them over the past two nights, the idea of being naked in front of Pierce didn't bother her in the slightest. But then again, there was always the possibility of her husband and daughter stumbling upon them, and that would definitely require some explaining.

Laughing nervously, Kathy replied, "No, we better keep our clothes on. As fun as it would be to skinny dip with you, honey, I don't think your dad and sister would appreciate seeing us naked together."

Pierce let out a disappointed sigh, but nodded in agreement. They both knew it was for the best. After all, they didn't need any extra complications or awkward moments.

They dove into the water together and swam out to its depths near the falls. "Oh, God…this feels so good," Kathy stated as the water cooled her off.

"If we are marooned on this island, I'm definitely spending a lot of time here," Pierce stated.

With their heads just above the surface of the water, Kathy clung onto Pierce, wrapping her arms over his shoulders as they floated in the water, her squishy tits flattened out against him. "Thank you for staying strong through all this craziness, honey," she whispered into his ear. "It means the world to me."

Pierce smiled, feeling a surge of love for his mother. "You're welcome," he said, "I know we have to stick together. It's the only way we'll survive out here."

As they floated there, the sound of the waterfall crashing near them, Kathy could feel the tension begin to ease from her body, her huge, soft tits melting against Pierce's chest, her nipples hardening. She

knew that they were far from being safe, but for now, they had each other, and that was all that mattered.

Pierce's heart raced as he gazed into Kathy's alluring eyes. Her dark hair was slicked back from the water, making her look even more irresistible. He couldn't believe this was happening - it felt like something out of a steamy romance novel.

"Can I kiss you?" Pierce asked boldly, unable to resist any longer.

Kathy's lips curved into a mischievous smile. "Of course. When have I ever denied you a kiss?"

"Not that type of kiss," Pierce clarified with a sly grin. "The other kind."

A hint of surprise registered on Kathy's face before she quickly composed herself. She scanned their surroundings, still nervous that her husband or daughter might stumble upon them at any moment. But then she spotted a secluded spot near some rocks, and a mischievous glint appeared in her eyes.

"Swim with me," she stated, gesturing towards the private area. Without hesitation, Pierce eagerly followed her lead.

They emerged from the cool, crystal-clear water onto a cluster of large, warm rocks. The rocks were nestled amongst lush greenery, providing a secluded spot for privacy. Kathy flopped onto her back on one of the sun-warmed boulders, her ample bosom spilling out

over her barely-there bikini top. Her smooth, bronzed legs glistened in the sunlight.

"Now, what was that you were saying about a kiss?" Kathy teased with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"That I'd love to give you one," he replied, his heart racing at the thought.

"Well..." she purred, tugging at his arm. "Why don't you climb over here and get those lips ready then?"

Kathy slowly shifted her legs apart, inviting Pierce to nestle between them and press his body against hers. Her eyes sparkled with anticipation as her son leaned in to capture her lips in a slow, sensual kiss. A rush of heat flooded through Kathy's body as their tongues intertwined, each taking turns exploring the other's mouth like two dancers locked in an intimate embrace. The electricity between them crackled like a fire ignited in the darkness.

Kathy's smooth, bare legs wrapped tightly around Pierce's muscular frame, her ankles crossing behind his back in a perfect fit. Their bodies were now intimately connected, each movement and sensation amplified by their closeness as they indulged in a passionate make-out session.

Fingers threaded through Pierce's hair, pulling him closer as Kathy devoured his lips with eager hunger. Their tongues danced together in a sensuous tangle, exploring every crevice and corner of each other's mouths like two intertwined serpents lost in a primal mating ritual.

Pierce was overwhelmed by the intensity of their embrace. He had only expected a simple kiss, but now he was caught up in a whirlwind of desire, unable to resist the irresistible pull towards this woman before him.

His hands glided along her skin, tracing the curves and dips of her outer thighs. He could feel the strength and power in her muscles, a strong yet feminine energy that sent a thrill through him. The thought of holding onto those thighs for leverage while plunged his tender meat into her tight, wet core made his pulse quicken and his sex throb with anticipation.

Kathy's mind was in turmoil. On one hand, she felt a deep shame and guilt knowing that her husband and daughter were potentially in danger while she gave into her carnal desires with Pierce. But on the other hand, an excitement coursed through her at the thought of being consumed by passion. She knew she had to rein it in, for the sake of her family's safety.

"Ok, honey," she gasped, trying to catch her breath, "that was a little more than just a kiss. We should get back to searching for your dad and sister."

"Yeah, sorry, I guess I got a little carried away," Pierce replied, looking just as flushed as his mom.

"It wasn't just your fault. I mean, we're only human, right? But let's not do that again, okay? We need to keep our priorities straight."

Pierce nodded, still feeling the lingering effects of their passionate encounter. "I understand," he murmured, trying to retrain focus on their mission.

The two of them stood up and made their way back to the shore, not speaking a word the entire time. As they reached the edge of the water, Kathy turned to Pierce with an arm around her shoulders. "Hey, it's okay," she whispered, her voice gentle. "We're allowed to feel things, too. Plus, with all that has happened, it's just our bodies way of releasing some of the stress."

Pierce smiled weakly, feeling a sense of relief wash over him. "You're right," he agreed, "and just so you know, you're an incredible kisser."

Kathy giggled, blushing slightly as she realized their impromptu make-out session was now a shared secret between them. "I guess being a mother doesn't mean you lose every skill!" She joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Kathy and Pierce continued to venture deeper into the island's dense foliage until a distant but distinct sound caught their attention - tribal drumming. "Do you hear that?" Pierce asked, his voice low and cautious. The primal rhythm pulsed through the air, beckoning them closer. "I think it's coming from this direction." They quickened their pace, eager to discover the source of the hypnotic beat.

As they approached the all-female tribal camp, Kathy seemed anxious to make new friends. But Pierce held her back, his gaze fixated on a specific area of the camp where they saw August and another woman, Tiffany, working diligently.

Kathy's face twisted into worry. "Is that...is that August? Are they holding her captive?"

"It appears so," Pierce stated grimly.

Instantly, Kathy's panic set in. "We have to save her!"

Pierce surveyed the camp, noting the numerous fierce-looking female warriors armed with sharp spears.

"We'll need a distraction," he mused, his mind racing with ideas. "Something to draw them away while we sneak in and rescue her."

Kathy nodded fervently. "We can't leave her there."

Determined, Pierce soon came up with a plan,"I have an idea. A risky one, but it just might work."

In the midst of the jungle, a tribe of fierce females was suddenly distracted by a loud clatter. The sound echoed through the trees and

pierced the air, drawing every warrior in camp to investigate its source. Pierce stood with a piece of bamboo, beating it against a tree as hard as he could. His plan worked like a charm, successfully luring away the guards and leaving the camp temporarily vacant.

Seizing the opportunity, Kathy rushed into the camp and snatched her daughter and Tiffany. August breathed a sigh of relief at the sight of her mother.

"Thank God you're here," she exclaimed.

"Where's your father?" Kathy asked quickly, scanning their surroundings.

"In the big hut," August replied, her voice shaking with fear.

"We can't go in there now though," Tiffany added urgently. "There's another group of warriors inside and they'll kill you if you try. We'll have to come up with a plan and come back for him."

Kathy knew time was of the essence, so she swiftly led her daughter and Tiffany out of the camp and into the safety of the dense jungle.

Meanwhile, Pierce sprinted through the trees, his heart hammering in his chest as he heard the war cries of a dozen angry tribal warriors closing in on him. Despite the adrenaline pumping through his veins, the pheromonal scent emanating from his young, fit body only fueled their desire to capture him. His breath came in ragged gasps as he pushed himself to run faster, branches and leaves whipping against his face and arms. But luck was on his side as he managed to evade them and make his way back to camp.

"Oh, thank God you're safe," Kathy exclaimed with relief, wrapping her arms tightly around her son in a tit-crushing hug.

Pierce's eyes scanned the area anxiously. "Yeah, but I'm sure they'll be scouring the island looking for us now."

"Especially you," Tiffany added with a suggestive smirk, her eyes roaming up and down Pierce's muscular frame. "Male flesh is like gold here. These women have insatiable sexual appetites and that hot, young body of yours will make you a prime target."

Pierce gulped nervously, feeling both flattered and terrified by Tiffany's words as she continued to speak. "I love to fuck, but these women make my sex drive seem like that of a nun on a Sunday morning," she added.

"What do we do if they find us?" August fretfully asked, her brow furrowing with worry. "They have those big spears, we can't just fend them off with sticks and rocks."

"I have a gun," Tiffany stated confidently, causing Pierce's eyes to light up with hope.

"You have a gun?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Well, it was my late husband's gun," she clarified, her voice tinged with sadness. "But it's still here on the island. We stashed it along with some other supplies salvaged from our wrecked boat."

Pierce's mind raced as he considered their options. "We should go get it," he declared firmly, turning to look at his mother. "We need that gun to protect ourselves." The urgency in his voice conveyed the gravity of the situation.

Tiffany cautiously led the way through the dense jungle, her heart pounding with fear of stumbling upon the angry tribe that was surely searching for them. Her golden hair cascaded over her shoulders, catching rays of sunlight that filtered through the thick canopy above. With each step, her big tits and curvaceous hips swayed enticingly, drawing the gaze of Pierce.

Kathy couldn't help but notice how Tiffany's eyes lingered on her young son's chiseled physique, matching his own appreciative

glances as they trekked through the lush terrain. The air was humid and alive with the sounds of exotic birds and insects, creating a surreal backdrop for their tense journey.

"I don't like the way she's looking at him," Kathy jealously whispered to her daughter as they walked side by side.

"She got captured, and has gone three months without fucking anyone, mom. What do you expect?"

"Well, she's not having sex with your brother," Kathy sternly whispered. "We need to keep him away from her."

August giggled. "He's 18 and full of hormones…good luck with that."

Kathy's mind wandered to a disturbing piece of information that twisted her stomach in knots. "Are they really using your father as a sex slave?" she asked, her voice trembling with fear and disgust.

"I have no way of knowing for sure, but Tiffany said that's what they were using her husband for until he wasn't able to perform in a way that pleased them and they killed him."

"Oh my God, we have have to figure out a way to get him out of there," Kathy stated worriedly. She knew her husband's libido had diminished over the years and he certainly didn't have the stamina to keep a tribe of sex starved women satisfied.

"I know we do, and who knows…maybe having that gun will allow us to do that."

After an hour's trek through formidable terrain, they finally emerged onto a rugged shoreline. The jagged rocks and crashing waves were a stark contrast to the serene forest they had just left behind. Tiffany's voice broke the silence, her eyes lighting up with recognition. "I know this place. We're close," she stated confidently. But before anyone could fully process her words, the piercing

screams of two tribal warriors echoed across the beach. They sprinted towards the group, spears at the ready and fury in their eyes.

"Quickly, this way!" shouted Tiffany as she, Pierce, Kathy, and August bolted in the opposite direction. As they ran for their lives, Pierce couldn't help but notice his mom's humongous tits bouncing uncontrollably in her bikini top. He scolded himself for admiring such things in a life or death situation, but the sight was impossible to ignore amidst the chaos of their escape.

Tiffany's heart was pounding in her chest as she sprinted into a cluster of trees, her feet kicking up dirt and leaves behind her. She could hear the heavy breathing of August behind her, both of them desperate to reach their destination. A large chest was tucked beneath a canopy of greenery, and Tiffany quickly unlocked it and dug through its contents with frantic hands.

"They're getting closer!" August shouted, her voice strained with panic. They stopped and looked back at the two female natives who were racing towards them, ready to attack. The women were fierce and determined, their eyes locked onto their targets.

Tiffany's fingers closed around something cold and metal - her husband's gun. She fumbled with it awkwardly, trying to remember how to use it.

"I got this!" Pierce said, appearing suddenly beside Tiffany. He snatched the gun from her trembling hands and took aim at the approaching enemies.

"Hurry!" Kathy shouted from behind them, fear evident in her voice as the two warriors closed in on them.

Pierce's finger tightened on the trigger as he pointed and fired, the sound of gunfire echoing through the trees. The first native dropped

to the ground, a bullet piercing through their skull. Startled by the sudden attack and their partner's demise, the second warrior

reversed directions to retreat. But Pierce wasn't finished yet - he fired two more shots into their back, dropping them dead before they could even escape.

"Good shot, honey," Kathy praised with a smile, her eyes sparkling with admiration.

"Thanks," Pierce replied, his face still carrying the weight of just having taken two lives. His hand trembled slightly as he holstered his gun. "We should grab the chest and make our way back before more of them show up."

"I couldn't agree more," August chimed in, her gaze darting around warily.

With the loaded gun now in their possession, the journey back to their original camp seemed less daunting. They moved swiftly and cautiously through the dense forest, constantly on guard for any potential threats.

"I could sure use a bath," Tiffany exclaimed, her hand absentmindedly rubbing the coarse stubble on her legs. "And a shave. It feels like I haven't had either in forever."

Pierce's eyes scanned the rugged terrain around them, searching for any sign of danger. "We could go to the waterfall," he suggested, glancing at Kathy for approval.

She nodded, but added with caution, "That's fine, but we should all stick together and keep that gun at the ready."

Pierce patted the pistol he had tucked into his pants, its weight offering a small sense of security. "Loaded and ready for if and when we need it," he reassured them both. "But hopefully we won't."

"Yeah, maybe if the rest of the tribe finds those two dead bodies it'll scare them into leaving us alone," August wistfully stated.

"We still need to figure out a way to get your father out of there," Kathy reminded her children, her voice laced with concern. "But at least we know he's still alive. That'll give us time to come up with a plan of action."

Pierce led them to the waterfall oasis, his hand tightly gripping the handle of his gun in case they encountered any unexpected dangers.

Tiffany pointed to a bag she had brought with her. "I have some razors and body wash that we were able to salvage from our boat. Please feel free to use them," she stated.

"Thank you, I will definitely take you up on that offer," Kathy replied with gratitude. "I don't think I've ever gone this long without shaving my legs."

As they reached the edge of the crystal-clear pool, Tiffany couldn't contain her excitement and shamelessly stripped off every article of clothing before diving into the water with a splash.

Kathy noticed the way her son's eyes were fixated on Tiffany's voluptuous body, especially her jiggling jugs. While Tiffany did have a stunning figure, it paled in comparison to Kathy's own curves. Feeling the need to outdo Tiffany and gain Pierce's full attention, Kathy confidently untied her bikini and let it fall to the ground.

"Mom, what are you doing?" August asked, clearly taken aback by his mother's actions.

"What does it look like? I'm taking a bath," Kathy replied nonchalantly as she stepped out of her discarded swimsuit.

Pierce's eyes widened in amazement as he took in the sight of Kathy's flawless, naked form. The way her dangling breasts bounced

and swayed on her chest was hypnotic, drawing his gaze like a moth to a flame. His eyes traced the curves of her tanned, muscular body, lingering on the roundness of her buttocks before she gracefully dived into the crystal clear water to join Tiffany.

August, Pierce's sister, couldn't help but scowl at his open admiration for their mother's body. "Don't be a pervert," she chided him, breaking him out of his trance. "You're supposed to be keeping watch for dangerous natives, not ogling our own mother."

With that, she joined them in the water, making sure to keep her bikini securely in place.

Tiffany, ever the flirt, couldn't resist complimenting Pierce. "Your son is so handsome and brave," she purred, her eyes raking over his toned physique as he scanned the rocks nearby for any signs of danger. The roar of the nearby waterfall drowned out their conversation.

Kathy smiled proudly at her son, also admiring his rugged good looks just like Tiffany was. "I'm really proud of how he's handled himself in this situation," she commented, unable to hide her admiration. "He truly is a remarkable young man."

Tiffany's cheeks flushed as she spoke, her voice tinged with hesitation. "It's been three months since I've had sex," she pointed out, gesturing to the attractive 18-year-old. "And I'm sure he must be feeling a bit sexually frustrated at this point." She turned to Kathy, her eyes pleading. "It wouldn't bother you too much if I had sex with him, would it?"

Kathy's expression turned jealous and she couldn't help but feel a pang of possessiveness towards Pierce. "Well...um, Pierce is 18 so it doesn't really matter what I think," she replied, trying to hide her true feelings. "He can have sex with whoever he chooses."

Tiffany's face fell in relief and she let out a nervous laugh. "I know, I just didn't want you to think I'm some sort of slut or something," she explained. "If we do end up sleeping together, I promise we'll go somewhere private so things don't get awkward."

Although Kathy reluctantly agreed, inside she was seething with jealousy and insecurity at the thought of Tiffany sleeping with Pierce. Part of it may have been her maternal instincts kicking in, but it was also due to the emotional and physical connection they had formed over the past few days. She couldn't deny feeling possessive of Pierce and the idea of having to share his affection with someone else made her upset and uneasy.

Pierce watched as Tiffany and his mom waded towards the shallower section of the pond, their heavy, naked tits bobbling, their bodies glimmering under the bright sun. The way their curves moved with fluid grace was mesmerizing, each motion sending ripples through the water. Pierce's sister cleared her throat pointedly, casting a disgusted glare in his direction, jolting him out of his trance and reminding him of his surroundings. Frantically, he looked around to ensure they were safe, while trying to conceal the growing bulge in his pants. Pierce couldn't help but steal glances at his mom and Tiffany as they vied for his attention. Kathy lathered up her legs seductively, resting one foot on a nearby rock as she teasingly shaved them with a razor, all while keeping an eye on Pierce to gauge his reaction.

"Seriously, mom?!" August scowled as she looked over towards Kathy. She was shamelessly shaving the stubble from her pubic mound with a small razor that glinted in the sunlight.

"What, I keep it shaved…what's the big deal?" Kathy inquired with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"Who cares if you shave your pussy, it's just the fact that you're doing it right in front of your son," August stated, her tone tinged

with annoyance and embarrassment.

"Honey, we're all stuck on this island together. Modesty sort of goes out the window when survival is at stake," Kathy defended, continuing to carefully groom herself.

Tiffany couldn't help but laugh at Kathy's reasoning. "That's a good point," she agreed, joining in on the lighthearted banter. "Nature surely knows no shame, and this is our temporary home whether we like it or not."

After carefully shaving every inch of her lower body and rinsing off, Kathy walked back over to where her son was keeping watch. Pierce's eyes widened in shock as he watched his mother casually display her nakedness in front of him. The way her skin shimmered under the sunlight, her hips swaying with each step, and her breasts bouncing lightly almost took his breath away. "Honey, why don't you go and rinse off now. I can take the gun and keep watch," she offered nonchalantly, despite feeling a little guilty for wanting to see Pierce's nude form, especially since she could tell he was erect.

"That's alright," he replied, his voice husky and deep. "I'm good for now."

"You're not 'good,' you're absolutely filthy." She gestured to his disheveled appearance. "Now strip down and jump in."

He cautiously passed her the gun, his fingers lingering on hers for a moment before releasing it. "Careful. Are you sure you know how to handle that thing?" he asked, a hint of concern in his tone.

"Of course. I handled YOUR weapon pretty well the other night, didn't I?" she winked, a sly smile playing on her lips.

Pierce couldn't help but laugh at her brazenness. "You certainly did."

She looked over her shoulder, making sure her daughter was still too far away to hear them.

"Glad to hear that, because I might wanna handle that weapon again tonight…and use my boobs as target practice," she stated with a devilish grin, her eyes sparkling mischievously. "You can unload your gooey ammunition all over them."

Pierce took a moment to admire her jutting chest, captivated by the roundness and fullness of her breasts. Her wide, dusky-pink areolas were like works of art, perfectly framing the turgid nipples that were begging to be touched.

"Those are some awfully big targets," he grinned, a playful glint in his eyes. "They shouldn't be too hard to miss."

Pierced stripped down to his birthday suit, baring all for the world to see. Every eye in the vicinity was drawn to him, even his own sister's, as his erection sprang out from his loins with a force that couldn't be contained. He stood tall and unashamed, his body glistening in the sunlight as he prepared to dive into the water.

"I can't even believe that I'm watching this right now," August stated, her eyes locked on her brother's naked form.

"Then don't watch. No one is forcing you, honey," Kathy giggled mischievously.

"But you'd be crazy not to, even if you are his sister," Tiffany chimed in, unable to tear her gaze away from Pierce as he gracefully entered the water.

Meanwhile, Kathy quickly put on her bikini, all while keeping a lookout for crazy natives, her attention constantly divided between their safety and the mesmerizing sight of Pierce bathing nude in the pond.

As Pierce finished dressing, the sky around them began to transform into a canvas of vibrant colors. The sun was setting over the watery horizon, casting a warm glow over everything in its path. They quickly made their way back to camp, hoping to reach safety before the darkness fully engulfed them.

Tiffany's words broke the peaceful silence, her tone laced with sarcasm. "I guess a fire is out of the question now that there are angry native women out there looking for us."

Looking around at their makeshift campsite, Kathy chimed in, trying to lighten the mood. "Well, at least we have plenty of blankets to keep us warm tonight."

Tiffany shot a suggestive glance at Pierce, her eyes saying it all. "Although body heat and friction can be quite effective too." Pierce couldn't help but blush under her gaze.

August shifted uncomfortably, wanting to change the subject from her brother's potential liaisons with Tiffany. "I hope dad is okay," she stated anxiously.

Kathy's expression turned somber at the thought of her husband's safety. "Me too, honey," she said softly. It was difficult for her not to dwell on the possibility that he may be in danger right at that moment.

Pierce's determination broke through the tense atmosphere. "We'll get him back," he said firmly. "And then we'll figure out a way off this damn island once and for all." His words were met with determined nods.

A short time later, the four of them were huddled in the cave, Pierce sandwiched between Kathy and Tiffany. The warmth from their bodies was a welcome comfort in the chilly cave. As they lay there, Pierce could feel the heat radiating off his mom's heavy tits pressed

against his chest, and Tiffany's freshly shaved leg draped over his own. Each woman had a hand roaming his body, sending shivers of pleasure through him. Kathy's touch was light and teasing, her fingers tracing the toned muscles of his chest. Tiffany's touch was more firm and intimate, caressing his abs with tenderness. Their breaths mingled at his neck, creating an intoxicating sensation that fueled his already heightened desire. His cock stood tall and erect and had been that way for quite some time.

He turned his head and looked at Kathy's pretty face laying so close to his. Sensing his stare she opened her radiant eyes a fed him an alluring smile that could melt any man's heart.

It was a difficult task, tearing his eyes from Kathy's intense gaze. He turned his head to look at Tiffany, who was already staring back at him with desire burning in her eyes. Their faces were only inches apart, and he could feel the heat radiating from her body. Her tongue curled teasingly across her top lip, a sign of how hungry she was for his cock.

Suddenly, his mom's hand grabbed his head and gently turned it back towards her. She began to shower his face with soft, teasing kisses, each one sending shivers down his spine.

The two women continued their advances, their touches growing more urgent and insistent. Tiffany raked her sharp nails across his lower abdomen while Kathy traced delicate patterns on his neck before bringing their faces nose to nose and gently kissing his lips over and over.

Their bodies pressed against him, nuzzling him tightly as they vied for his attention. Both had a bikini-clad tit-melon draped so far across him that their hardened nipples were almost touching. It was a sensual overload that made it hard for him to think straight.

Tiffany's lips brushed against his ear, her voice dripping with seduction. "Let's go somewhere and fuck, Pierce" she purred. "I'll

make it so fucking good for you, I promise."

Kathy couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy as she heard whispered words, but couldn't tell what was said. She brought her own mouth to Pierce's other ear, her voice low and husky. "Are you hard for me, sweetheart?" she teased. "Do you ache for my touch?"

Pierce's heart raced at the attention from both women. As they each tried to claim his arousal with their hands, their fingers danced dangerously close to his throbbing cock. Their wandering hands accidentally touched and quickly retreated to their respective sides, leaving Pierce's erection straining between them like a forbidden prize.

"I'll suck your cock…lick your balls," Tiffany hissed seductively in his ear, her voice laced with desire.

"Are you ready to feel my hand squeezing up and down your shaft like a hot, wet pussy?" Kathy purred in the other ear, her breath tickling his skin.

"Fuck me," Tiffany moaned, her nails trailing down along the side of his nuts as she pressed herself closer. "Fuck my pussy."

Pierce could feel both women's legs entangling with his own like a vine, their toes teasing and playing with his feet. The warmth of their bodies against his was intoxicating, their heaving breasts melting against his youthful chest.

"Mmm, let's go make you throw some ropes," Kathy whispered eagerly, "you can splatter those yummy ropes against mom's big boobies." Pierce couldn't resist the tempting invitation and felt a surge of pleasure rush through him.

Kathy grasped Pierce's hand tightly, her determination evident in the way she pulled him away from Tiffany's grasp and towards the beach. The moon had fully risen, its luminescent glow casting a

silvery blanket over the sand and water. The rhythmic crashing of the waves against the shore was almost hypnotic, creating a peaceful atmosphere.

Suddenly, Kathy stopped and knelt down in front of him, her fingers deftly yanking his shorts down until he could step out of them. His cock stood proudly at attention, like it was spring loaded and ready to launch. Without hesitation, Kathy shed her own clothing, untying her bikini with haste so that they could both embrace their nakedness under the moonlit sky.

Her fingers instinctively latched onto his arm and she playfully tugged him down to the soft, warm sand. With a mischievous giggle, she gracefully rolled on top of him, her voluptuous chest spread out across his toned torso like two inflated balloons ready to burst. Their lips met in a passionate kiss, their mouths eagerly exploring each other's as if they had been starved for this moment.

Their bodies melted together in a steamy embrace, limbs entwined and movements fluid as they indulged in each other's touch. For Kathy, it was like being transported back to her teenage years, overcome with desire and unable to resist the alluring temptation before her.

Abruptly, she broke their passionate kiss and hastily slid down between his legs. She knelt on the soft sand, resting her rounded ass on her heels as she gazed up at him with hunger in her eyes. With surprising strength and control, she lifted Pierce's legs and draped them over her upper thighs. Her hands reached out confidently to grasp his cock, stroking its length between her breasts. The sensation was electric, sending shivers of pleasure through both of them.

"Oh, God," Pierce groaned, feeling the tightness of her grip and the expert movements of her hand.

Kathy's heart pounded in exhilaration as she looked down at Pierce's sculpted body and handsome, enraptured face. He was hers completely in this moment, and she reveled in the power she held over him.

Her eyes drifted down to the long, glistening slab of tubular flesh slipping through her hand. The dark, tapered head peeked up at her from within the deep crevice of her cavernous cleavage. She let out a small moan as a pool of saliva dribbled from her mouth onto his throbbing member, providing wonderful lubrication along with his leaking pre-cum.

Her strokes were slow and deliberate, starting at the flexing base of his rod and gradually moving upward. With each movement, the tightness of her grip caused the pink skin to slide along the blood-filled meat beneath, revealing glimpses of his foreskin gathering around the neck of his glans before being swiped by the friction of her hand. As she reached the top, she curled her fingers over the sensitive pink crown, eliciting a muffled groan from him. Then she reversed her movement, sliding back down and pulling the delicate membrane taut against the sinewy tissue of his hardened penile flesh. This caused his knob to swell and mushroom in response, its smooth and naked surface glowing in the soft moonlight.

"You were incredibly brave today," Kathy cooed, her voice like warm honey as she gently ran her hand up and down his shaft. "My little hero, saving the day."

Pierce's breath caught in his throat as he watched her tits sway with each movement of her hand. Her touch was electric, sending shivers down his spine.

"I'm glad I could help," he managed to say between gasps for air.

"Well, heroes deserve a reward," Kathy declared, stroking him harder now. "But all I have to offer is my big tits and tight grip. Will that do?"

She playfully winked at him, knowing full well that her skilled hands and voluptuous body were more than enough to satisfy him.

"Uh-huh," he nodded eagerly, his body tensing with each stroke of her hand. The friction created by her touch sent shivers of pleasure through him.

"I mean, it's not the same as a wet, tight pussy, but it's still pretty damn amazing, right?" Kathy's voice was low and sultry as she teased him, her hand moving faster on his throbbing cock. Pierce couldn't help but moan at the sensation.

"Yes…it feels so good," he gasped, unable to keep his eyes from rolling back in ecstasy.

"And I'm jerking you off between my big, warm titties. That should make it extra special," she winked playfully.

Kathy picked up the pace even more, her hands expertly working his shaft. "You can release all your pent-up desire somewhere nice, snug and warm," she stated seductively, locking her gaze with his pleasure-filled eyes. "You can really bust that teenage nut deep inside the cleavage that you love to stare at all the time." The image of his hot seed spilling between her ample breasts made Pierce's heart race even faster.

"Is that what you want?" Kathy whispered seductively, her eyes locked with his as she continued to stroke him. Her fingers danced along his length, each motion carefully calculated to draw out the maximum amount of pleasure. "Do you wanna show your mom how much cum you can make and impress her even more than you already did today?"

"Oh, yes," Pierce groaned, his hips subtly bucking.

A wicked glint danced in her eyes as she spoke. "Oh, you do, don't you? You want to make my pussy drip even more than it already is,"

she stated with a sly smile.

Pierce gasped as he watched her hand move up and down his slick shaft. His eyes were drawn to the swell of her cleavage, seemingly on display just for him.

Kathy's voice was low and husky as she cooed, "Oh, my brave one likes that, doesn't he? You like that you make my pussy wet with your handsome face, your bulging muscles, and your big hard penis that's always leaking and pulsating."

Suddenly, Pierce's muscles tensed and he let out a guttural moan. His hips bucked uncontrollably, pleasure coursing through his body like a bolt of lightning. He could feel his orgasm building deep within his groin. Kathy knew the moment had arrived.

"Come on, that's it...show me, sweetheart," she panted breathlessly. Her hand was a blur as it flew up and down his throbbing member. "Show me how badly you want to make a mess between my tits."

With a guttural grunt, Pierce began to explode. Powerful jets of hot, sticky cum gushed from the tip of his penis, coating Kathy's breast-cleavage in a warm, glistening sheen. His hips bucked wildly, unable to keep still as wave after wave of pleasure washed over him.

Kathy couldn't help but laugh at the sight of him cumming so hard, her hands still working his cock as he spurted his hot, sticky seed through her tit-cleavage. His load was so voluminous that it made her breasts glisten with a thick layer of milky white liquid. She could feel the warmth of it seeping down onto her belly.

"Oh, baby," she whispered, her voice thick with lust and satisfaction as she continued to milk him. "You're such a stud. Look at all that cum you've got inside of you. Mmm and it feels so good on my skin."

As his muscles relaxed, he felt Kathy's hands slowly stroking him, milking him dry. He could feel his cock shrinking in her grip, but he

didn't want it to end. He looked up at her, still sitting on her heels with his legs draped over her thighs. Her face was flushed, her eyes heavy-lidded and filled with desire.

"Feel better?" she whispered.

Pierce couldn't speak. The words got caught in his throat, choked by the euphoria of his climax. He nodded slowly, still breathing heavily from the intensity of his orgasm. Kathy smiled, her eyes glinting with triumph.

"I thought so," she purred, running her hands up and down his wet shaft. "Now, let's clean you up."

Kathy's hands were gentle as she carefully wiped his sticky, glistening cum from her chest and belly with his t-shirt.

"We'll have to give this a good rinse before you can wear it again," she said with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Looks like you'll have to go shirtless until it dries. Oh, darn," she joked, her tongue darting out to lick her lips as she gazed at his perfectly chiseled chest.

She dabbed the cloth onto his cock, cleaning him up bit by bit. Pierce watched the way her heavy tits wobbled as she moved, entranced by the sight of her flawless body.

"There now, all clean," she said, standing up. "Now, let's dressed and get you to bed so you can rest."

As soon as they had finished dressing, their senses were on high alert as the sound of rustling trees reached them from the edge of the beach. It was a loud and chaotic noise, much too loud for just one person to make.

"Damn," Pierce exclaimed, "I left the gun back in the cave."

Kathy clung nervously to his arm as they anxiously waited for the source of the commotion to reveal itself on the beach.

The Hottest Mom on Island X – Part 4

By Klrxo

"You two are insane!" August exclaimed as she and Tiffany emerged from the lush vegetation and inky darkness of the night. "I woke up and you were both gone. Tiffany told me you had wandered off together."

"Relax. We just wanted to sit on the beach for a while," Kathy defended, shooting an annoyed glance at Tiffany, who she knew was desperate for her son's attention.

"With a group of angry native women searching for us? That's incredibly foolish, mom."

"If anyone was gonna attract the attention of the natives, it would be you with your big mouth. Now keep it down," Kathy scolded, nervously scanning their surroundings.

"I think we should head back to the cave," Pierce interjected uneasily. "Especially since I left the gun behind."

The four of them went back to the cave to get some sleep. This time, however, Kathy switched spots with her son so that Tiffany was forced to keep her hands off of him.

"I have a plan," said Pierce the next morning. "A way that we can get dad back."

"Let's hear it," Kathy replied, eager to see what her son had in mind.

"I charge in there to get him, guns blazing. Anyone who stands in my way gets a bullet," he said with confidence.

"Your not John Wick, idiot," blurted his sister. "This is real life."

"She's right," his mom agreed. "We do have a gun, but those native women are probably pretty damn good with those spears."

"Well, we can't just leave dad there, so if you guys have another idea, let's hear it," said Pierce.

Tiffany chimed in. "When I was a prisoner in the camp, I noticed that most of the natives would leave to bathe in the river at the same time each afternoon. That would definitely be the best time to sneak in and rescue your dad."

"Well, that certainly sounds more promising than taking them all on at once," Kathy added, her voice betraying a hint of nervousness.

Pierce nodded thoughtfully, his eyes scanning the group. "We should split into two teams - two of us will go in and two should stay back. We can't risk putting everyone in danger."

Tiffany quickly stepped forward, placing a hand on Pierce's shoulder. "I'll go with you," she offered eagerly.

Kathy couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at Tiffany's sudden enthusiasm. She suspected that it had more to do with wanting to be alone with Pierce than a genuine desire to help. "I think I should be the one to go with him," Kathy spoke up firmly. "After all, it's my husband who's being held captive in there. It should be me helping to rescue him."

August rolled her eyes, growing increasingly annoyed at her mother and brother's habit of sneaking off together. "Can you guys actually keep your hands off each other long enough to focus on rescuing dad?" she sarcastically interjected.

Tiffany snickered at August's comment, but Kathy couldn't find any humor in the situation. "You know, finding comfort in someone's

arms during a stressful time is not a crime, honey," she stated defensively.

"I'm just saying. Lately you guys have been acting more like lovers than mother and son," August remarked, casting a knowing glance at his mother and brother.

Kathy's eyes narrowed in a sharp reprimand. "August, that's quite enough."

Pierce fidgeted with nervous energy, eager to dodge the awkward conversation. "If we wanna be at their camp during bath time, we better get moving now."

He was grateful for the distraction of planning and preparing for the task ahead. The truth was, he was secretly enjoying the tender sexual affection Kathy had been showing him, and didn't want his nosy sister to ruin it by guilt-tripping his mom.

Tiffany fed Pierce a seductive smile. "Good luck," she teased with a flirty wink.

Pierce and Kathy disappeared into the lush jungle.

"I hope you don't feel guilty about what's been happening between you and I here, lately," Kathy stated to her son.

"No, not at all," Pierces replied.

"Good. It's not something I'm ashamed of either. And I think it's brought us closer together. I mean, we've been through so much on this island, it's only natural that we'd find comfort in each other's arms."

Pierce raised an eyebrow at his mom's candid admission. "You're right. But I just don't wanna cause any more drama with August. She's already so damn judgmental."

Kathy chuckled and squeezed hand. "Don't worry about her. She's just upset and projecting her own insecurities onto us."

As they battled through the dense, tangled jungle foliage towards the native camp, Kathy's heart raced with a mixture of excitement and unease. This journey was essential to save her husband, but a small part of her couldn't help but relish the opportunity to be alone with Pierce.

As they forged ahead, weaving through the thick underbrush, Pierce noticed an odd pattern etched into the trees around them. "What do you think caused this?" Kathy inquired nervously.

"I'm not sure. It almost looks as though a giant T-Rex stomped its way through here," Pierce mused.

"Don't even joke about that," Kathy laughed shakily. "We're already dealing with lustful native women, we don't need to add dinosaurs to the mix."

Pierce followed the peculiar clearing in the vegetation. "I see something over here," he announced, ducking under low-hanging branches and pushing through new growth on the forest floor.

"Oh my God, it's a plane!" exclaimed the boy.

"A plane?" repeated Kathy incredulously, struggling to keep up with Pierce's quick movements.

The midsized plane lay in ruins, its wings sheared off and entangled in thick, overgrown vines. The once sleek exterior was now corroded and faded, a testament to the years it had spent abandoned in this remote jungle. Pierce's keen eyes scanned the wreckage, searching for any sign of life or hope.

"Let's see if we can find a way inside," he suggested, determination etched on his face. "There might be some supplies left that we can

use."

Kathy's worried voice broke through his thoughts. "Honey, please be careful."

"I will," he promised, gingerly stepping along the shattered remains of the wing. The ground beneath him creaked and shifted, a warning of its instability.

"It looks like the door is slightly open," Pierce called back to her. "I think I can squeeze my way through." Despite Kathy's anxiety, he couldn't help but feel a spark of excitement at the prospect of uncovering the secrets this abandoned plane held within its battered walls.

Pierce pushed his way through the narrow opening, his heart racing as he caught sight of the gruesome scene inside. The skeletal remains of the pilot lay slumped over the controls, impaled by sharp branches that had pierced through their chest in the crash. Dried blood stained the walls and floor, evidence of the violent impact.

"What do you see, honey?" Kathy asked, her voice tinged with worry as she cautiously made her way to the door.

"A dead pilot," Pierce replied, his eyes fixed on the haunting sight before him. "But it's just a skeleton. This must have happened a long time ago."

Without hesitation, Kathy squeezed through the breach in the door and joined her son inside. She too was taken aback by how well-preserved the interior of the plane was despite its tragic fate. It was like stepping back in time, frozen in a moment of chaos and destruction.

"I know it's not paradise, but this plane would sure be a better shelter than the one we have now," Pierce observed, looking around at the well-preserved interior.

"You're right. It might be a little grim, but it could keep us safe until we find a way to leave this cursed island," Kathy agreed, then looked towards the cockpit. "As long as we can close that cockpit door. That dead pilot isn't exactly a welcoming sight."

"Come take a look at this," Pierce anxiously exclaimed, hurrying to the cargo area of the plane.

Kathy followed closely, her curiosity piqued. "What is it?"

Pierce's face was a mixture of shock and excitement as he answered. "I think it's drugs. Cocaine, and lots of it. No wonder this plane was never found. They must have been transporting this stuff illegally."

As Kathy surveyed the interior of the plane, she couldn't help but admire its luxurious furnishings. "Well, they sure picked a nice plane to move this stuff in," she remarked, sinking into one of the plush seats. However, her eyes were drawn to a poster taped to the wall featuring a naked centerfold model. "Although the decor leaves something to be desired."

Pierce grinned mischievously as he joined her sitting down, his gaze fixed on the seductive image before them. "I kind of like it," he admitted, taking in every detail of the woman's body as she provocatively spread her legs.

Kathy rolled her eyes playfully. "Of course you do. But let's be real, that much pubic hair down there is just not practical."

Pierce nodded in agreement, his eyebrows raising in surprise. "I couldn't agree more. I mean, who wants to pick hair out of their teeth after giving oral sex?" he chuckled.

"I don't mind a neat landing strip or a well-groomed Brazilian triangle," Kathy added, "but I would never want that much hair around my vagina."

Curiosity got the best of Pierce. "What do you have now?" he boldly asked.

Kathy let out a playful laugh. "Wouldn't you like to know."

"In all honesty, I would," Pierce admitted, leaning in closer.

"Well, if it's that important to you, I shaved it the morning before we got shipwrecked on this island. So now it's growing back and I have some stubble," she confessed.

Pierce's gaze flickered between the poster on the wall and Kathy's face. "Is your clit as big as hers?" he brazenly inquired.

"Pierce!" Kathy exclaimed with a blush, playfully swatting at him.

"What? I'm genuinely curious," Pierce defended himself with a smirk.

Kathy hesitated before answering, her eyes flickering to the girl in the centerfold and then back to her son. "Mine is actually bigger than her," she revealed with a sly smile.

Pierce's eyes glinted with curiosity as he looked down at Kathy. "Can I see it?" he asked, a sly smile playing on his lips.

Kathy returned the smile mischievously. "It's an odd time to make such a request, don't you think?" she teased.

Pierce shrugged nonchalantly. "Not really," he replied. "We're all alone in this cozy plane together."

"We should be focusing on rescuing your father," Kathy reminded him, "now showing you my clitoris."

"Yeah, I know," Pierce said with a chuckle, "but Tiffany said the natives don't bathe until the afternoon and it's still morning. We have plenty of time to find their camp."

Kathy couldn't help but smile at his playful nature as she shook her head. "Why do I have such a hard time saying no to you lately?"

"Maybe because I'm cute and irresistible?" Pierce suggested innocently, a twinkle in his eye.

"I won't argue with that," Kathy agreed, standing up from her seat. She hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her bikini bottoms and slowly peeled them over her wide hips, revealing smooth skin and toned muscles. As they slid off her legs and onto the floor, Pierce's heart skipped a beat as his gaze fixed upon her naked vulva. A small patch of pubic stubble crowned her mons; delicate folds of skin formed well-defined labial lips that were separated by a dark, inviting cuntal fissure.

"Will you spread your pussy open, like the girl in the poster is doing?" Pierce asked.

"I suppose I'll have to…since you're so dead set on seeing my clit," Kathy smiled, then sat back down in the seat. She scooted her rounded buns to the edge of it, the drew her knees back, bowing open her smooth, thick thighs.

Pierce couldn't believe his eyes as he stood their gawking at the sight before him. He watched with bated breath as Kathy splayed her legs even further, revealing the prize he had been longing to see. Her labia minora were partially engorged, glistening with arousal, leading the eye to her plump, grape-sized clitoris. It was slightly protruding from its hood, the tip of it beckoning him closer. His erection strained against his shorts, aching for release.

"Wow," he breathed, his words barely audible as he dropped to his knees in front of her. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight before him, so mesmerized by the sheer beauty and sensuality of her pussy. "You are so incredibly sexy, mom."

"Thank you, honey," she said, then gave him a stern look, making sure he understood the gravity of their situation. "Like everything else we've been doing since we got on this island, this stays between us, got it?"

Pierce nodded eagerly, still unable to take his gaze off of her crotch. "Of course," he murmured, feeling like he was in a dream as Kathy slowly spread open her coral pink inner flanges with two fingers, revealing her fully engorged clitoris.

The desire that coursed through Pierce's body was almost too much to handle. "Can I...um, lick you?" he mustered up the courage to ask.

Kathy hesitated for a moment before meeting his gaze with uncertainty. "Pierce, I know I've been helping you release some tension, but oral sex is—"

"Just this once," he interrupted, trying to contain the burning desire within him. "I mean, we're risking our lives to save dad today. This could very well be the last time either of us get to experience something like this."

Kathy knew he had a point and despite having helped him find pleasure yesterday, it seemed like forever since the last time she herself had experienced any sexual release. With a soft whisper, she gave in. "Alright," she said, giving him permission to continue.

Without wasting a second, Pierce leaned forward, dragging his tongue from her asshole to her clit in one long swipe. He gasped at the sweet flavor and aroma of her pussy. Craving more, he began to whip his tongue through her moist folds, then across the blood-swollen bulb of her love-nubbin.

Kathy let out an audible gasped, tossing her long, dark hair back as she felt him begin to devour her cunt.

Pierce's face was buried between her legs, his tongue expertly working on her clit. He knew what he was doing, and Kathy moaned louder and louder as he continued. She could feel herself becoming even wetter, her arousal only growing with every passing moment.

"Oh, my God," she cried out, her hands clenching the sides of the seat. She could feel the muscles in her thighs and stomach tightening with each pass of his tongue. It felt like an electrical current was running through her body, every nerve ending sparking to life.

Pierce couldn't help but smile as he noticed her reaction, his gaze traveling across her pubis and up her torso. He watched as she squirmed, her giants tits heaving with each movement. The creamy softness of their undersides spilled out from beneath the snug cups of her bikini top, a tantalizing sight that made his mouth water. But his attention was soon drawn back to the main event, as he sucked her fat clit into his mouth. She arched her back and moaned in pleasure, locking eyes with him through the haze of ecstasy.

"I'll stop if you want me to," he mumbled against her wet flesh, his voice slightly muffled.

"No, don't stop," she gasped out, her breathless voice making his own desire intensify. Without hesitation, she locked her strong legs around his head, trapping his face against her horny twat. "Keep eating me," she demanded, her hips bucking against him as he hungrily complied. The intense scent of arousal filled his nostrils as he devoured her, lost in the euphoria of pleasing her in this intimate way.

With his face masked in aroused, pink pussy, Pierced snarled like a hungry dog. His tongue lapped through her vestibule, soaking up the hot nectar that seeped from her fuck-hole.

His tongue danced voraciously, methodically tracing the outline of her gushing slit, before diving deep between her slick, pink lips.

Kathy cried out and pressed her hands against the back of his head, grinding her hips into his face, demanding more. His rough stubble grazed her sensitive skin, sending shivers down her spine.

"Oh Pierce, oh yes!" she groaned, her voice thick with passion. "Keep going, Fuck me with that tongue!"

Pierce was more than happy to oblige. He lapped ravenously at her wet center, his eyes locked on hers, their expressions matching the intensity of the situation. His hands gripped the back of her thighs as he worked his magic, his fingers spreading her open even wider, granting him access to all her most sensitive spots.

Kathy's breath came in short, ragged gasps.

He could feel her pussy tightening around his tongue with each thrust, sucking him deeper into her. Her clit was so sensitive - each touch sent a shock wave of pleasure through her body. "Yes, suck my clit," she moaned, her hips bucking against his mouth.

Pierce's tongue darted across her plump clitoris, causing Kathy to cry out in ecstasy. "Oh, fuck!" she gasped, her hips bucking wildly.

In response, he increased his pace, his tongue flicking and dancing across her swollen, pink bulb. Kathy's moans grew louder, her body trembling with pleasure. She could feel the orgasm building deep within her, the tension coiling like a spring. "I'm gonna cum," she warned, her voice thick with arousal. "Oh, fuck, baby!"

Pierce's eyes widened in surprise, but he didn't miss a beat. He continued to lap at her, his tongue probing deeper, his fingers digging into her flesh as she convulsed. He wanted to drink every drop of juice that her ejaculation would provide.

Kathy's body convulsed with each wave of her climax. Her hips gyrated wildly, her thighs quivering as she rode Pierce's face. He

could feel the wetness between her legs pulsating with each throbbing beat of her climax.

"Oh, God," she whimpered, her body writhing as she reached her peak. "I'm cumming, oh fuck, oh God!"

Pierce could feel her juices gushing from her pussy, coating his face and tongue. He licked at her, devouring her sweet, salty essence, drinking in her nectar like a man dying of thirst.

Her orgasm peaked and she collapsed back against the seat, gasping for breath, her entire body trembling. Her legs slowly released Pierce's face, and he let out a satisfied groan.

"Holy fucking shit," she panted, her voice shaking with both exhaustion and pleasure. "That was amazing."

Pierce grinned up at her, his face dripping with her juices. "You have no idea," he replied, wiping a finger across his mouth to lick off the remnants.

Kathy looked down at him, her expression a mixture of shock and desire. "I'm sorry, honey…I squirted all over you," she said, her voice thick with lust.

Pierce's eyes met hers, his pupils dilated with unmistakable lust. His gaze bore into her own, mirroring the fiery desire burning inside her. "Do you hear me complaining?" he asked, his grin wide and mischievous.

Kathy's eyes flicked down to the obvious bulge tenting his shorts, the sight only fueling her own primal urges. With one swift motion, she extended her leg out and grasped the waistline of his trunks with her toes, pulling him closer to her. In a rush of passion, she sat up and eagerly started undoing his shorts. "Get these off," she whispered, her tone dripping with desire.

Pierce's boner caught on the elastic waistband of his briefs, then sprang upward when finally freed. A bead of precum traveled up and splattered across Kathy's lips and chin, the sticky essence glistening in the light. Without hesitation, her thick, pink tongue darted out to eagerly clean it off.

A satisfied sigh escaped Kathy's lips as she stared down at his long, vein-encrusted baby-cannon in adoration. The mere sight of it sent shivers of excitement through her body. Pierce groaned as she clasped onto his dangling nuts with her hand, her nails digging against their tender flesh.

In a voice dripping with lust, she whispered, "I bet you love getting that big dick of yours sucked, don't you?" Pierce's breath hitched as he nodded, his boner twitching with excitement.

"And IT IS soooo big," Kathy cooed, tracing her fingers along its length. "I bet you've never been with a girl who could take all of you in her mouth and throat." Her words caused Pierce to shudder with anticipation.

With an eager shake of his head, he watched as Kathy lowered her lips to the root of his shaft, engulfing him in warmth and wetness. He couldn't believe the sensations coursing through his body as she expertly deepthroated him.

Pierced watched in fascination as his boner glided back out of her mouth. "Your father may not have as much meat as you do, but I've had my fair share of big dicks in my younger years," she purred, her tongue flicking along his sensitive tip. Pierce could only moan in response as she skillfully worked her mouth over every inch of him. It was like nothing he had ever experienced before.

"Grab my hair, honey," she whispered after kissing his knob. "Use my lips, mouth and throat like a pussy and take out all your pent-up up sexual energy on me."

Pierce's hands shook as he reached down, grabbing a fistful of her hair. He groaned in pure bliss as she deepthroated him once more, sucking and bobbing her head with practiced ease.

The sensation was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Her warmth enveloped him, her wet mouth moving up and down his shaft, her tongue tracing a path along the underside with every stroke. It was enough to make his knees buckle.

He pulled her head tightly against his crotch, feel the ring of her lips taut around his hilt as he pushed every bit of cock as he could deep inside her throat and held it there.

"Goddamn!"he shuttered, the wet heat and snugness surrounding his erection, causing his shaft and knob to swell with even more blood.

Kathy gagged slightly from being stuffed so full and deep, her nose pressed against his coarse pubic hair. She wanted to let him bask in the balls-deep pleasure for as long as he needed to. She felt his knob balloon with more blood in her gullet and a trickle of semen began to run from Pierce's meatus and run down her throat.

She had told him to use her mouth like a cunt and he did exactly that, smashing her pretty face with his groin, pushing his cock deeper than he ever thought possible.

Kathy loved the sensation of having a huge slab of cock plunge through her mouth and throat. It thrilled her that her own handsome son was able to use her body this way and she wanted more.

"Harder, Pierce," she urged, her voice gasping as she came up for air. "Use my throat. Make me feel it. Exhaust every drop of energy into me. I want it all!"

Pierce obliged, thrusting his hips forward with more urgency, his balls slapping against her chin. He had never felt such a primal

connection with anyone before. The raw power of his orgasm increasing with every cock-thrust. He let out a guttural grunt, his nuts tightening in his scrotum as he felt a torrent of semen prepare to race up his shaft.

Kathy's eyes rolled backwards, her body tensed as she felt the first wave of hot cum hit the back of her throat. She gagged some as Pierce unloaded his balls, the warmth and salty flavor of his semen overwhelming her senses. She tried her best to swallow it all, the taste filling her mouth and dribbling out from the corners of her lips.

Pierce continued to fuck her throat, his hips jerking in short, sharp thrusts as he squeezed out every last drop of cum, while tightly gripping her hair. Kathy could feel her own arousal building once again, the sensation of his cock in her throat sending waves of pleasure through her body.

When Pierce finally finished, he removed his cock from her mouth and stepped back, panting heavily. Kathy licked her lips, the salty taste of his semen still lingering in her mouth as she stared at his huge, wet, teenage dick, still twitching stiffly with post-orgasmic spasms.

"Damn," Pierce gasped, taking a gulp of air. "That was the best blowjob ever."

Kathy couldn't help but smile at his words, her own heart pounding with the rush of adrenaline. "I aim to please," she replied, a twinkle of mischief in her eyes.

"In that case, can I get another one?" He asked with a greedy grin, his eyes filled with desire.

She let out a playful giggle, her eyes sparkling as she nodded in agreement. "You were the one who pulled away and left me wanting more," she teased, before sinking down to kneel in front of

him on the floor. "So if you want to feel the pleasure of my lips wrapped around your big, delicious cock again, just stick it back in and I'll gladly oblige."

Pierce couldn't resist watching as she leaned forward, her lips forming a perfect puckered ring, beckoning for his throbbing member. With a satisfied smirk, he eagerly pushed himself back inside her mouth, ready for round two of their steamy encounter.

"Ahh, Goddamn," he gasped, spearing his steely prick through her mouth. He was used to girls showing some resistance as he plunged the length of his prick into their throats, but not with his mom. She was clearly a pro. Her throat muscles were like a vice, gripping his cock and squeezing it with each thrust. He could tell she was enjoying this, too. The slurping sounds and the way her eyes rolled back in her head told him everything he needed to know.

As he pounded into her mouth, her could feel her tongue tracing a path along the underside of his shaft, then swirling around his glans with every bob of her head. Pierce couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have her beneath him, her legs tightly twined around his body as he pounded her delicious pussy like a savage.

Kathy grasped his boner beneath the balls, making his scrotum bulge up along side his boner as she sucked it feverishly.

She removed her mouth from his prick and began to lick and suck on his nuts.

"Oh, fuck," Pierce gasped as she sucked one of his balls into her mouth. He felt her tongue swirl around his nut, her cheeks providing just the right amount of suction, pulling exquisitely on his spermatic cord.

Then she began to suck on both his balls at the same time, framing them into her mouth and causing him to moan and thrust his hips

forward. Kathy's tongue darted back and forth between his tender nuts, while her hands massaged his shaft gently.

With each suck, Pierce could feel a new wave of desire rush through his body. His balls tightened, and he knew it wouldn't be long before he would reach his peak again.

He groaned, his voice echoing through the airplane as she released his balls from her mouth, and began to lick up his shaft, her tongue tracing along the length of his vein-laced skin.

Pierce watched, mesmerized as she engulfed his cock once more, her mouth bobbing up and down in a rhythm that was driving him wild. He gripped her head, guiding her movements as she deep-throated him.

Her throat muscles clenched around his shaft, massaging him with each stroke, her saliva pouring down his balls in a steady stream. Pierce's hips pistoned forward, his cock sliding effortlessly in and out of her warm, wet mouth.

Kathy moaned softly, the vibrations from her throat reverberating against his shaft. She rubbed his balls gently with one hand, while using the other to massage his perineum. He could feel his climax building, the pressure in his balls growing stronger by the second.

"Oh, fuck," he groaned, his voice hoarse with arousal. "I'm getting close!"

Kathy didn't miss a beat, her mouth never leaving his throbbing member. She pushed her tongue into the slit at the tip, tasting his precum and swallowing it eagerly. Her beautiful eyes locked onto his, daring him to cum down her throat a second time.

Pierce thrust harder, his hips driving forward, impaling her throat. He could feel his orgasm rising from his groin and surging up his spine,

his heart pounding in his chest. He gripped her head tighter, his fingers digging into her scalp as his climax built.

Kathy moaned around his cock, her throat muscles clenching and releasing, milking him with each thrust. She knew exactly what to do to drive him over the edge, and she was enjoying every second of it.

He forced his cock deeper into her throat, feeling it throb with pleasure as she worked her magic. Her hands gripped his ass, pulling him closer, and he could feel her nails digging into his flesh, but it only fueled his desire.

"Fuck, mom," he moaned. "You're amazing. I'm gonna cum."

She hummed her approval, her lips vibrating around his cock, and he knew he was about to lose control. His balls tightened, and he felt the heat spreading through his loins. He could feel the wave of pleasure building, a surge of ecstasy that threatened to consume him.

He thrust harder, his hips slamming against her face, her mouth making wet, slurpy noises as she deep-throated him. He moaned loudly, the sound echoing through the deserted airplane.

"I'm cumming!" he announced.

He could feel it building, a tidal wave of ecstasy crashing down upon him. His body was tensing, his muscles rigid, his mind lost in the pleasure of the moment.

Kathy, sensing his impending climax, increased her efforts. Her tongue danced around the sinewy meat of his shaft, licking and stroking it, while her throat muscles clenched and released, milking him like a pro.

Pierce's hips bucked wildly, his cock sliding in and out of Kathy's mouth with a wet, slurping sound. He could feel the first jets of his

cum erupting from his piss-hole, coating the back of her throat with his salty, hot seed.

Kathy gagged slightly, but continued to swallow every last drop, her watery eyes locked onto his, daring him to give her more.

Pierce's orgasm was intense, the root of his prick flexing and pulsing powerfully as he blasted wave after wave of his sticky ball-goo into her. He could feel her throat spasming around his pulsating member, sucking every last drop from him.

"Oh fuck, that was... that was amazing," he gasped, his breath coming in short, ragged bursts. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest, his body flushed with heat and need.

Kathy slowly pulled off his cock, her eyes sparkling with triumph as she looked up at him. "I told you," she said with a smirk, her voice ragged with pleasure. "I aim to please."

Pierce could only nod, his mind still reeling from the intensity of his orgasm. He knew he would never forget this moment, and he couldn't help but wonder if he would ever find anyone else who could suck his cock as intensely as his mom just did.

Kathy's eyes followed the sensual movements of his hard, wet dick as it bobbed on his loins, still throbbing with desire. The crown of his cock seemed even more swollen now, its pink head glistening with moisture. Veins pulsated along the length of his shaft, creating a web of blue lines beneath the taut skin.

Her mind suddenly conjured up images of them entwined on the bunk at the back of the airplane, lost in a passionate fuck-frenzy that left them both drenched in sweat and cum. Kathy quickly banished such thoughts, knowing that was a line that should never be crossed. She also couldn't forget their urgent mission to rescue her husband.

"We should get going, honey," she urged, standing up and slipping her bikini bottoms back on over her damp skin.

After trekking through the dense, humid jungle for another hour, they finally reached the tribal camp. A short time after they arrived, a majority of its female members swiftly disappeared into the lush green trees, just as Tiffany had predicted. It was clear that this was a routine for them - their daily bathing in the nearby river.

Pierce carefully inspected his gun one last time, ensuring that it was fully loaded. He turned to his mom with a confident whisper, "Alright, stay close to me. Let's do this."

They cautiously made their way through the camp, approaching the largest hut which appeared to be the tribal queen's dwelling. The rhythmic sounds of panting and grunting filled the air, unmistakably sexual in nature.

Pierce and Kathy froze in sickened shock as they peered inside the hut. In the center of the room, buried under a heap of sweaty black flesh, was Hugh - Kathy's husband. The tribal queen's massive body hovered over him, her huge ass bouncing up and down wildly as she rode his cock with insatiable hunger. A constant flow of female ejaculate soaked Hugh's lower half as he writhed beneath her.

Clawing and thrusting with primal ferocity, the queen clung to Hugh's naked body which lay helplessly tied back on a frame made of bamboo. His head disappeared between her colossal breasts as she ravaged him without mercy - it was like nothing Pierce and Kathy had ever witnessed before, a savage display of pure carnal desire.

Kathy's blood boiled with anger as she looked over at her son. "Give me the gun," she whispered.

With a trembling hand, he passed the weapon to his mother who marched over to the edge of the bed. "Get off him, you bitch!" Kathy

shouted.

The queen quickly rose from atop Kathy's husband, Hugh, his frazzled and sweat-drenched face peering out from beneath her massive, wobbling udders. The scent of sweat and sex filled the air as the two women locked eyes in a fierce battle of wills.

The tribal queen scowled and let out a deafening roar, her voice echoing through the hut. But before she could make a move, Kathy pulled the trigger and a bullet shattered through her skull.

Relief flooded Hugh's gasping breaths as he saw his wife and son standing over him.

"It's okay, Dad...we're going to get you out of here," Pierce said, rushing over to untie Hugh's wrists and free him from his restraints. The sound of their hurried footsteps echoed through the large hut as they made their escape.

When they got outside, Pierce's heart stopped as several fierce tribal warriors appeared in front of them, their spears raised and ready to strike. The rustling of leaves announced the arrival of more tribal women, drawn to the camp by the echoing gunshot. Suddenly, Kathy, Hugh, and Pierce were surrounded by dozens of furious warriors, their faces twisted in anger.

Pierce frantically searched his gun for more bullets, but knew there wasn't enough to take down all of their attackers. "What do we do?" he asked, fear creeping into his voice.

"Fire a warning shot into the air," Hugh suggested desperately. "Maybe that'll scare them off."

Pierce followed his father's advice, but instead of fleeing, the tribe's women only grew angrier at the threat.

"This is not good," Kathy cried out in terror.

The tribal warriors closed in on them with alarming speed, when suddenly a loud horn blast echoed through the jungle. The tribe

scattered in fear, leaving Pierce and his parents stunned at their unexpected luck. He turned to look in the direction of the mysterious sound. "What was that?" he asked incredulously.

"I don't know, but let's not stick around to find out," urged his mother as they made a hasty retreat before their attackers could regroup.

After a treacherous journey back, Tiffany and August were relieved to see Hugh still alive and with them. As soon as she saw her father, Tiffany ran towards him with open arms, overcome with emotion. "Daddy, thank God you're not hurt," she exclaimed, squeezing him tightly.

"I'm fine, honey," Hugh reassured her.

"How could you be fine, Hugh?" his wife questioned. "You were… raped by that savage woman. Look at the deep claw marks covering your body."

"I know, but I survived thanks to all of you," Hugh replied gratefully.

Pierce chimed in. "While we were out searching for supplies, mom and I stumbled upon a much better shelter. It's also in a safer area in case those native women come hunting us again."

"Please tell me it has a real bed and hot shower," August pleaded.

"Well, it may not have all the luxuries, but it's definitely an upgrade from our current situation," Kathy stated.

On the way to the wrecked plane, Pierce told Tiffany all about the rescue and how the mysterious horn sound in the jungle had scared the native women away just before they attacked. "Thank God you

got away, Pierce," she stated, smiling over at him. She hugged him from the side as they walked, mashing her big tits against him.

"I don't know what I would do if I didn't have a hot guy to look at on this island."

Kathy and her husband brought up the rear of the group. The mother's watched Tiffany flirt with her son in disgust and jealousy. Every naughty encounter the mother had shared with her son only made her that more possessive of him. "This woman is clearly throwing herself at Pierce and I don't like it," she told her husband.

"He's an adult, honey," Hugh stated. "If it makes him feel uncomfortable then it's up to him to tell her."

Kathy's gaze shifted awkwardly to Hugh. She hesitated before changing the subject, knowing it was a necessary conversation they had to have. "I know this may be uncomfortable to talk about, but it's important," she stated firmly. "How many of them...raped you?"

Hugh visibly tensed at her question, his discomfort evident. "Honey, I don't think we should—"

"I'm your wife," she cut in, her voice rising. "I have a right to know, Hugh. How many women in that tribe did you have sex with?"

Running his hand through his hair, Hugh struggled to find the words. "A few," he finally confessed.

"You're lying," Kathy accused, her voice laced with anger and hurt. "You always run your fingers through your hair when you lie. How many of them fucked you?"

With shame written all over his face, Hugh hung his head and answered in a barely audible whisper. "All of them."

Kathy stopped in her tracks and turned to look at him with horror in her eyes. "All of them?" she repeated loudly, causing August to pause and glance back at them.

"All of them what?" their daughter asked.

"Nothing, just keep walking, honey," Hugh advised.

Kathy stood rooted to the spot, unable to believe what she had just heard from her own husband's lips.

"I was tied down," he explained desperately, trying to justify himself. "What was I supposed to do?"

Her stomach churning with disgust and disbelief, Kathy waited until the others were out of earshot before turning on Hugh with a scowl. "And now I'm supposed to kiss you and make love to you?!" she exclaimed incredulously. "Hugh, forgive me for sounding like a bitch but you could have any number of sexually transmitted diseases. Who the fuck knows what those savage women were carrying!"

With a heavy sigh, Hugh hung his head in shame. "I'm sorry, Kathy. I promise I'll get thoroughly checked out as soon as we get back to civilization."

Despite her anger and disgust, Kathy tried to show some understanding. But the thought of her husband possibly having contracted some nasty venereal disease from these unknown women sickened her. "Until then," she said firmly, "I think it's best if we keep our displays of affection strictly to hugs. Just as a precaution...I'm sure you understand."

Nodding sadly, Hugh knew she was right. "Yeah, I get it," he replied with a heavy heart.

As they finally arrived at the crashed plane, their spirits lifted with the promise of a new shelter. Eagerly, they stepped inside and began

to explore their surroundings, marveling at the wreckage that now served as their home. "I bet some drug boss had a real bad day when he realized his shipment was lost," August speculated, holding up one of the bricks of cocaine they had found.

"Good thing I stopped snorting coke years ago," Tiffany remarked with a wry smile. "I'd be in real trouble otherwise."

Pierce chimed in with excitement. "Maybe if we do get off this island, we can become drug dealers and get rich off all this stuff."

"I don't think so, kiddo," his mom interjected firmly, giving him a scolding glare.

Suddenly, August shouted in disgust. "What the fuck? I just stepped in something wet and slimy."

"That's weird," Tiffany noted, looking around at their relatively dry surroundings. "It's actually pretty dry in here."

Curiosity getting the better of her, August swiped some of the substance off her foot and brought it to her nose. "Gross, it smells like sperm!" she exclaimed in disgust, before scowling and turning a suspicious eye towards her mother.

Kathy flashed her a guilty look before glancing nervously over at Pierce. They both knew exactly what it was - remnants from Pierce's ejaculation earlier that day.

"Just exactly how much time did the two of you spend together in here earlier today?" August asked, her eyes narrowing suspiciously as she glanced between her mother and brother. The air was tense, like a storm brewing just below the surface.

Kathy shifted uncomfortably under her daughter's piercing gaze and looked over at her husband, who was thankfully focused on searching the plane for useful items. She could tell from his

expression that he didn't quite catch the meaning behind their exchange.

"August…outside," Kathy commanded through gritted teeth, shooting her daughter a deathly glare. "Now."

They stepped outside, but before Kathy could even begin to address her daughter's accusatory tone, August threw out another speculative question. "What did you do, mom…jerk him off? Or was it a blowjob?" she asked with a sly smirk. "Who knows, maybe the two of you are fucking each other by now."

Kathy gasped in shock and embarrassment, looking around frantically to make sure no one else had heard. "Would you keep your voice down please?" she scolded in a hushed tone before taking a deep breath to compose herself.

"Oh, sure...I'll keep my voice down so dad doesn't find out that you're getting a dose of cock from someone else, right?" August sneered, her tone dripping with disdain and anger.

Kathy's face flushed with embarrassment and she hung her head. "Honey, it's not like that," she said softly.

"Well then what is it like, mom? Explain yourself," August demanded.

Kathy hesitated before finally looking up at her daughter with a guilty expression. "Maybe I would if I knew I had a daughter I could trust not to shoot her mouth off," she replied.

"I never said I would blab to dad or anyone else," August retorted. "I'm just tired of being lied to and treated like a little girl. There's obviously something going on between you and Pierce. Tiffany sees it too. Just be honest with me."

"Fine," Kathy sighed, feeling defeated. She took a deep breath before making her confession. "Pierce and I...like everyone else,

have been under a lot of stress. We've been finding...comfort...in each other."

August raised an eyebrow skeptically. "Define 'comfort' for me," she said.

Kathy's cheeks turned red as she sheepishly answered. "We've been helping each other...get some release." She couldn't believe she was having this conversation with her teenage daughter.

"You guys are fucking each other?" August clarified, her eyes widening in shock and amusement despite her suspicions.

Kathy shook her head vigorously. "No, we ARE NOT doing that, nor will we ever," she declared firmly.

"What were you doing in the plane earlier?" Kathy's nosy daughter whispered, leaning in closer.

"Honey, we were helping each other get off. Let's just leave it at—"

"Just tell me, mom," August insisted. Her bright blue eyes were filled with curiosity and a hint of mischief. "I won't say anything to anyone, I swear."

Kathy took a deep breath before deciding to be honest. "We were pleasuring each other orally," she admitted, her cheeks turning pink.

"Oh my God," August gasped, trying to contain her laughter. "You let Pierce go down on you, and you returned the favor…"

"August, please lower your voice," Kathy pleaded nervously, glancing back towards the wreckage.

"Did you swallow it?" August asked with a strange fascination. "His...you know?"

"Excuse me?" Kathy was taken aback by her daughter's brazen question.

"You know, his chodesauce," August clarified with a smirk. "The slang for sperm."

"No, I didn't swallow all of it because you stepped in some, remember?" Kathy replied, trying not to laugh at the absurd conversation they were having.

"How did it taste?" August pressed on.

"How did it taste?!" Kathy repeated in disbelief, shocked that her daughter was asking such personal questions. "August, come on."

"It must have been sweet, right? Or was it disgusting like most sperm is?" August persisted.

"If you must know, then yes…it was sweet, now can we please go back inside and drop this conversation?" Kathy pleaded with her daughter, her voice filled with a mix of amusement and frustration.

"Not quite yet," August answered with a curious grin, her eyes sparkling with naughty mischief. "I just have a couple more questions."

"What?" Kathy asked, her smile widening at her daughter's uncontainable curiosity.

"How big is it…his dick I mean?" August blurted out without hesitation. "I saw it at the waterfall yesterday, but it was flaccid. How big would you say he is…fully erect?"

Kathy couldn't help but giggle at her daughter's directness. "Why is that so important for you to know?"

"It just is, mom," August replied nonchalantly. "Is it this big?" She held her hands about six inches apart.

Kathy shook her head, a mischievous smirk playing on her lips. "Bigger."

"This big?" August asked, separating her hands a little more.

"Still bigger than that," Kathy said with a teasing glint in her eye.

August drew her hands apart even further, giving her mom a questioning stare.

"That's about right," Karen confirmed with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"Are you serious?!" August exclaimed, unable to contain her shock. "Fuck, mom, that's like ten inches long!"

Her mother simply shrugged nonchalantly. "Obviously, what you and I have in boobs, your brother has in cock-size. Now, let's go inside."

"One more question," August blurted eagerly, barely able to contain her excitement.

"What is it?" Kathy asked with a mix of impatience and amusement. "If I agree to keep my mouth shut... can I watch... the next time?" she asked, her cheeks turning a rosy pink at the thought.

Kathy's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Watch... your brother and I?" she repeated, her tone slightly incredulous.

"Yes," August confirmed with determination. "And don't lecture me on how perverted that is, not after what you two have been doing."

Kathy paused for a moment before responding. "I'll have a chat with your brother and if he doesn't have an issue with it, then yes... you

can watch," she stated firmly. "But you better not tell a soul about what we discussed today, August. I mean it."

Her daughter nodded eagerly, making the motion of zipping her lips shut with her hand. "My lips are sealed," she promised with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

As the sky darkened and the moon rose, its pale beams of light filtered through the plane's windows, casting a peaceful glow over

the interior. The new occupants, wrapped in blankets and comfortably sprawled out, were bathed in ethereal moonlight.

Kathy sat up next to her husband, her eyes narrowed as she watched Tiffany snuggled up against her son. "I don't like how close she's cuddled up next to him," Kathy whispered, her voice filled with suspicion. "She's trying to seduce him, Hugh…I can tell."

"Honey, lay back down," her husband advised calmly. "Pierce is old enough to make his own choices."

"That doesn't mean I have to like it," Kathy huffed.

Suddenly, a loud horn echoed through the night air, making everyone jump in alarm. It was the same mysterious sound that had sent the natives into a frenzy earlier that day. Pierce sat up, his brow furrowed. "There it is again," he said. "That's the sound we heard near the native's camp."

"Do you think it's an animal?" August asked nervously.

"It could be made by other humans…perhaps ones who are more civilized than these natives," Tiffany mused.

With uneasy thoughts swirling in their minds, they reluctantly lay back down, wondering if they would encounter whatever was making the strange noise during their time on the island.

172: The Jocasta Challenge

The Jocasta Challenge

By Klrxo

"Laura, don't forget you have an appointment after school," shouted Traci as her nine-year-old daughter rushed from the kitchen.

"I'm showing a property at four-thirty, so I might be late for dinner," said Traci's husband, Isaac, as he grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl.

Traci straightened his tie and gave him a peck on the lips. "I'll keep a plate warm for you, like I usually do," said the loving wife.

"Come on, dad, I'm gonna be late!" shouted his daughter from the foyer.

"Have a good day!" shouted Traci as most of the family rushed out the door. Her son, Danny, was the only one that remained. He sat on a bar stool at the island in the kitchen eating some eggs and toast his mom had prepared. Danny was a handsome young man, a senior in High School and avid soccer player, which kept his physique trim. He was popular with the girls at school, but had only had sex a couple of times.

"After practice today you really need to work on that room of yours," advised his mother as she stood across the island from him.

"I know, I know…I'll make sure it's clean today."

"And be sure anything that belongs to ME gets put back in my room, please."

Danny looked up from his breakfast into his mom's pretty, green eyes. Her lips curled into a teasing smile, knowing she had struck a cord. "And don't play stupid, hunny. We both know what I'm referring to," Traci added.

Danny had a habit of stealing his mom's panties from her hamper and using them to masturbate with. It didn't completely surprise him that she knew about his perverted habit, since he hadn't exactly been careful about it. Often times he'd let several pair collect before returning them all. "I'll make sure I put them back," he blushed. The boy noticed that his mom's robe had parted some, exposing a good amount of her creamy tit-cleavage. Of all the tits on earth that he wanted to see, the ones that topped the list belonged to his mother. They were ginormous, and seemed to be shaped perfectly to his liking.

"Christmas for you should be easy this year," Traci teased. "I'll just put a couple pair of my worn panties in a box, wrap it up and let you open it."

Danny got a good chuckle out of this and was glad his mom was being so cool about it. Sure, he fantasized about fucking the shit out of her, but his mom was a knockout so who could blame him. Traci had long, fiery-red hair and a deep, copper toned complexion. Her tits were oversized and her ass was set atop her luscious legs like a juicy peach. "I'll have to be sure dad's not around when I open that gift" he stated.

"What's the fun in that?" the mother asked. "It's more exciting when there's some danger involved."

Danny hopped up from the stool. "I better get going so I'm not late for school. Thanks for breakfast, mom," he said.

Traci glanced down at the stiff, tubular-shaped bulge beneath his pants and smiled naughtily. "Looks like 'breakfast' wasn't the only thing I gave you this morning," she teased.

Danny glanced down at his obvious protrusion. "Yeah, um…hopefully that'll go down before I get to class," he blushed.

"Well, if it hasn't, I doubt any of your female classmates will complain."

Traci opened her arms and stepped toward him. "Give me a hug before you go," she requested.

Danny embraced his mom for a tight, tit-squashing hug. Since Traci wasn't wearing a bra beneath her silky robe, her oversized melons seemed to melt softly against her boy's chest and her hardened nipples poked against his flesh. It was always the teen's favorite time of the morning, but it certainly did nothing to soften his throbbing erection. It took nearly a half-hour for it to go down again.

"I think there's something wrong with me," Traci later told her sister, Janice, over the phone. "I shouldn't get such a kick out of flirting with my own son."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Traci. I mean, Isaac's not exactly giving you the type of attention you need sexually."

"I know, but Danny?!" Traci stated. "Of all the guys to get a thrill out of flirting with, it shouldn't be my own son."

Janice was a red-head like her older sister with a similar body shape. The one thing that was different was the seven-month pregnant belly she had. While Traci spoke to her sister, she scrolled through the search results on her laptop. She was eager to find any articles that might give her advice on how to extinguish the growing desire she was having for her oldest child.

"I'm sure you're not the only mother out there who's panties get a little wet around their boys. It's human nature."

"Janice, you're supposed to be talking sense into me, not encouraging me to keep flirting with Danny."

"I'm just saying…don't feel like you're a monster for feeling the way you do. It's just innocent teasing that the two of you are doing, that's it!"

"I know, but at the rate I'm going, it could become much more than that if I'm not careful."

While scrolling through the links to various articles, Traci came upon one that read, "The Jocasta Challenge," so she clicked on it. "OHH… MY GOD!" she gasped, placing a hand over her mouth in shock as she stared at the home page of the website.

"What?" asked Janice, looking at her sister's computer screen.

"They actually have a contest for mothers and sons who like to flirt with each other."

"Are you serious? What's the name of the site?" Janice asked, flipping open her own laptop. After Traci answered, Janice began reading the introduction on the home page. "Seeking adventurous mothers and sons for our online reality-contest beginning October 12th. Traci, that's next week."

Traci continued reading where her sister left off. "Contestants will be required to place hidden cameras, provided by the production company, throughout their home so their actions can be regularly monitored and scored by our panel of judges. Points will be given on frequency and intensity of flirting, and the danger-aspects of being caught by other family members. Is this for real?" she giggled, wondering if we're possibly just a joke site.

"It looks that way," Janice answered, then continued reading the information. "The mother and son contestants with the most points at the end of one week will win an all-expense paid trip to a private resort in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico."

"Wow, that certainly sounds nice," said Traci, clicking through the site. She came to a chart that explained how points were earned. "There's a page that shows how you earn points in the contest. It looks like verbal teasing is worth ten points. Frisky touch is worth a hundred. Anything beyond this will earn the contestants five-hundred to a thousand points for each act, with additional points awarded for taking risks."

'Anything beyond this?' Janice repeated. "You don't think they're referring to sex, do you?"

"There's no way," Traci answered, shaking her head. "I mean, it doesn't really say, but surely they don't have mother and son contestants who take things that far."

"You and Danny should totally enter. You'd have a blast!"

Traci shook her head. "Janice, I'm trying to STOP flirting with Danny. That was how our discussion started, remember?"

"You can figure out how to stop flirting with him, while you're on a beach, sipping on a margarita in Mexico. The way you two have bedn flirting…you could totally win that trip and have some harmless fun in the process."

"I don't know. Maybe I'll just bring it up to Danny when he gets home from school and see what he thinks."

Danny, of course, was elated by the idea. He loved it when his mom flirted with him and anything that encouraged that behavior he was all in favor of. "So they're gonna be like…watching and hearing everything we do and say?" he asked.

"Yes, but only for a week. We'll be able to monitor how we're doing, points-wise, against the other contestants on their website," Traci explained.

"Dad won't know about it?"

"No, and neither will your sister. We'll be the only ones who know about the hidden cameras. Well, besides your Aunt Janice."

"Man, it sure would be cool to win a trip to Mexico."

"I agree," smiled his mother, "and if we don't win, at least we'll have fun being silly in the process. I mean, we flirt all the time anyway so we might as well participate, right?"

"Yeah. So, I was curious about the name of the challenge, so I just looked it up online," said Danny.

"And…what did you find out?"

"Jocasta is a ancient Greek literary figure from a play. According to the story, she unwittingly marries her son, Oedipus, and they have four children together."

"Interesting. I've heard of the Oedipus Complex before, where a son desires his mother."

"Yes, well…there's also something called the Jocasta Complex, where a mom desires her son," Danny pointed out.

Traci's lips curled into a lascivious smile as she stared strait into each other's eyes. "Well, I guess we both might have a bit of those complexes then, otherwise we wouldn't even consider joining such a challenge."

"I guess we do!" the boy said with a grin. He had suspected that his mom desired him sexually, but hadn't really gotten confirmation of

that until just now, and it excited to the point of making him blush.

Traci did her best to extinguish the awkward moment. "We don't have to be embarrassed by it, hunny. Apparently it's a lot more common than people think, and there's no harm in it as long as things don't get too physical."

It was the physical part that Danny wanted most, but certainly didn't wanna push the issue, since it was so taboo in nature and his mom was a married woman.

A few days later a package arrived with all the tiny cameras and instructions on where to place them. After Danny and his mom spent the afternoon concealing the tiny filming devices, nearly the entire house, except for his sister's bedroom and bathroom, was available for game viewing from every angle.

"It's gonna be weird knowing we're being watched," Danny told his mom.

"I know, but let's just try not to think too much about that. Let's just focus on doing things that we know will score us points and win the contest."

The mother gazed into his eyes alluringly, then teasingly grazed her fingernail across the side of his neck. "Things like that," she giggled.

She began to walk off when her son boldly gave her a sharp strike to the ass with his open hand, making her butt-meat jiggle beneath her skirt. "and that!" Danny added.

"Now you're getting the idea!" his mom laughed, then gave him a saucy wink. "I'll be expecting a lot more of those."

"I'll gladly give you more!" Danny stated.

A few days later they anxiously tuned into the website for the start of the challenge. The presentation started with upbeat music and Danny felt as though he was watching the opening to a game show on TV. Two beautiful twin blonde women appeared in the camera frame.

"Hello, and welcome contestants, to the third season of the Jocasta Challenge. This season we have ten mother and son couples competing for a chance to win an all expense paid vacation and the title of Jocasta Champions," one of the twins stated.

The other began speaking. "My name is Harmony and this is my sister, Mary. We're the hosts for this challenge. The two of us will be randomly checking in on your progress, but each pair of contestants will be assigned a team of judges who'll be watching your every move, every second of the day, for the next week."

"That's right, Harmony, and points will be awarded on frequency and intensity of flirting, with SERIOUS points being given for acts that are even naughtier in nature," said Mary with a mischievous grin.

"Because of the taboo aspect of this challenge, major point-rewards will be given to couples who take risks by doing things under the unsuspecting noses of friends or family members," Harmony explained. "You can monitor your ongoing score, and the score of other contestants right on our website. The couple with the most points in one week will be crowned Champions of the Jocasta Challenge."

"So, without any further ado…" said Mary.

"Let the game begin!" Shouted the two sisters in unison.

Danny smiled over at his mom anxiously. "Bend over my lap, mom," he requested.

"What?" asked Traci with a playful smile.

"You said you'll be expecting a lot more slaps on the ass once the game starts and now that it has, I wanna see how many points we get for it."

"Lock your door first. Your father got home early today."

"Aren't we suppose to be taking risks though?"

"Taking risks, yes, but not being caught on the first day of the contest, Danny."

"Fine," the boy uttered, then got up and closed his door. When he sat back on the bed Traci bent over his lap. She was wearing cotton shorts that fit snuggly around the meat of her buns. Danny gave her a hard smack on one of her ass-cheeks. One-hundred points immediately popped up on the screen.

"Do the other one," Traci requested.

"The other what?"

"Slap my other butt cheek, but this time pull my shorts down."

Danny's eyes lit up. "Really?!"

"Sure. Let's see how many points we get for being a little more naughty ."

Danny heart races as he peeled down his mom's booty-shorts, then panties, exposing the rounded cheeks of her naked buttocks. He gave the half-globe he hadn't slapped before a hard strike with his open hand, making her ass-flesh ripple delightfully. Five-hundred points immediately popped up the his computer screen. "Sweet!" the boy grinned, then he made a teasing suggestion. "Maybe we should take off your clothes every time we do something flirtatious. We'd score more points that way."

Traci giggled. "Nice try. You'd come up with any excuse you could just to get my clothes off, wouldn't you?"

"Look at that!" Danny stated, pointing at his computer screen. "We even got points for what we just said to each other."

"It's called 'flirting,' hunny. It's kind of the point of the contest."

Danny started beating his mom's ass like a bongo drum making her squeal and giggle. His eyes darted between her quivering butt-flesh and the points quickly appearing on the screen.

The twin hosts Mary and Harmony brought up the screen featuring the ass-slapping boy and his mom. "Our next pair of contestants is Danny and Traci. As we can see Danny is already taking out some naughty aggression on his mother's ass," observed Mary.

"The slapping sound is getting the attention of Danny's father. He's coming up the hallway," stated Harmony as she watched Traci's husband, Isaac, move curiously towards his son's bedroom. "Let's see how this plays out."

Isaac could hear the SMACKING sound of his son striking his wife's ass. He tried the door, but found it locked so he knocked. "Danny, what are you doing in there?" he shouted through the door.

Danny looked at his mom in a panic, unsure of how to answer. Traci shouted back to her husband. "Danny brought some clay home from his art class at school, hunny. He's just showing me how to slap it," she said, remembering a video she'd seen posted online.

"Slapping clay?" Isaac asked with a curious scowl.

"Yes, it makes the clay more pliable and removes air pockets before you use it for a project, right, Danny?"

The teen smiled mischievously at his mom as he laid a couple more hard smacks onto the rounded cheeks of her buttocks. "That's right, mom, and this clay's gonna need plenty of work before we can use it for that bowl you want," he replied, loud enough so his father could hear.

"Wow, clever thinking on Traci's part!" the judge, Harmony, giggled. "Little does her husband know that the sound he's hearing is his son spanking his wife's naked ass."

"And look at that, Harmony. Their risky act just scored them five-hundred points. Danny and Traci are off to a great start!"

"This clay is in rough shape, but it sure feels good in my hands," stated Danny loudly as kneaded his mom's bare ass. He parted her buns slightly and felt his hardened cock flex beneath his pants as he stared at the crinkled ring of her butt-hole.

"Why don't you let ME work on that clay some, hunny, so your hands don't get tired," suggested Traci as she raised to her knees. She slipped off her son's shirt then guided him back onto the bed.

Danny watched in wide-eyed delight as his mom began massaging his well-toned chest. Traci wore a blouse with a plunging neckline, allowing her boy to gawk at her monster-cleavage while she worked him over.

"Wow, you're right…this clay IS in rough shape, but this should help," the mother commented.

"I agree," nodded her son.

Traci's heart raced excitedly as she gave Danny a naughty massage. She couldn't help but be aroused at the sight and feel of his lean teenaged body. She quickly shook away the thoughts of what it would be like to make love to him. "Just innocent flirting…that's all we're doing. That's all this challenge is about," she reminded herself.

Danny glanced at the door, unsure if his dad was still lingering in the hallway. "Climb on top of me, like I'm a horse, while you do this, mom," whispered the boy. "I think it'll score us a lot more points."

Traci went along with it, throwing a leg over Danny and straddling his midsection. Her body shuddered as she lowered her crotch onto the

rigid staff of his erection, smothering its underside with the puffy warmth of her vulva.

Now Danny could really stare into her gaping tit-canyon as she worked his shoulders over. He tightened his pelvic floor muscles, causing his boner to flex with hardness so he could demonstrate just how powerful it was. This caused his mom to look into his eyes and smile flirtingly. "It feels like the 'horse' is trying to show off," she stated.

"You better be careful…I might buck you off."

"I'm pretty sure I could tighten my thighs and stay on this bucking bronco."

"We'll see about that," stated Danny. Then, he began to thrust his ass from his bed mattress, bucking beneath his beautiful mother.

Traci giggled as she clamped her legs astride him even more tightly. Her body was jerked up and down as Danny humped his ass from his bed. The teen didn't really wanna buck his mom off. He was more interested in feeling his rigid cock dig against her heated crotch. His eyes widened at the sight of his mom's oversized breasts jumping around beneath her blouse.

"I think you're just doing this to see if my boobs fall out of my shirt," she snickered.

"I certainly wouldn't complain if that happened!"

"Well, if you keep bucking around like a rodeo bull it just might."

"Wow, there's no way I'm stopping now, then" he stated, bucking beneath her with greater intensity.

"I can't let my own son see my tits flying around all over the place,' Traci stated, then brought her upper half down against him. "I guess

I'll just have to press them against his bare chest to keep that from happening."

Danny continued dry humping her, while delighting in the feel of her fat, squishy tits crushed against his chest. Even through her blouse and bra he could feel the fatty and glandular tissue of her mommy-mammaries sloshing heavily against him.

Traci was loving their naughty actions just as much as her son was. Her rubbery nipples were turgid beneath her bra cups, prodding into him, and juices of arousal seeped from between her cunt-lips, which were hugging the meaty underside of Danny's fuck-muscle.

"I bet we'd score even more points if we kissed," suggested Danny.

"I bet you're right," replied his mother, gazing down into his eyes. "We can't get any naughtier than that though, hunny. We have to draw the line somewhere."

"Alright," he agreed. He wanted to go further, but was willing to take what he could get.

Traci lowered her lips and gave Danny a series of sensual kisses. With each smooch their lips seemed to linger together for longer. Finally their mouths parted and fused together for a deep French kiss. Both their minds buzzed wildly as their pink tongues lashed together inside Danny's mouth.

A knock at the door startled the mother and broke their kiss. "Who is it?" Traci shouted.

"Mom, what are you doing inside Danny's room with the door locked?" asked her daughter, Laura.

"I'm just helping your brother with a school project, hunny. I'll be out in a minute."

"What's for dinner? I'm starving!"

Traci looked over at the clock on Danny's wall. She was surprised to discover that she'd been in his room for nearly an hour. "I'm making a casserole. I'll be out in a few minutes to get started on it," she answered.

The sexually-frazzled mother gave her boy a final peck on the lips. "That's enough flirting for now," she whispered, then climbed off him. "I need to get dinner started."

The remainder of the evening Traci gave her boy all the flirty looks and winks she could, especially while her husband was around them so she could get the extra points. At one point, she even reached beneath the table and rubbed his thigh tenderly. A few times, she came incredibly close to touching Danny's hard penis through his pants.

Danny could hardly sleep until he gave his cock a good milking to thoughts of all the naughty things that he'd love to do to his gorgeous mother. He woke up the next morning to the wonderful smell of pussy. Then, as his eyes flickered open, he noticed there were a pair of dainty panties resting on his face. They were his mom's panties and they smelt absolutely divine. He slipped the gusset into his mouth and tasted the dried, tangy juices she'd left behind. It was probably the nectar that had drooled from her cunt-hole, while they were flirting in his bed the night before.

"Good morning, hunny. Did you like the item I left in your room?" Traci asked her son as he entered the kitchen. Her husband was sitting over at the table eating some breakfast.

"I loved it!" answered Danny.

Traci looked at her husband and smiled. "I gave Danny a sample of cologne that I knew he'd enjoy. It's called el coño ," she said, which meant 'pussy' in Spanish. Recently, she'd been helping Danny with his

Spanish homework and the two of them had been able to do some basic conversing in that language.

"I could smell it all day. It's increíble! (Incredible!)" stated her son.

"Te gusta mucho el olor a coño, ¿no, cariño? (You like the smell of pussy a lot, don't you, baby?)" Traci asked her son.

"Un montón, (a whole lot,)" Danny excitedly answered.

Traci's husband listened to the exchange, clueless as to what they were saying. "Es tu culpa. Tu eres el que me mojo todo, (its your fault. You're the one who got me all wet,)" his wife said to their son.

"Te mojaré igual de bien hoy. (I'll get you just as wet today.)"

"Eso espero. (I hope so.)"

"I'm starting to feel like I'm in a foreign country here," stated Isaac, feeling out of place in the conversation.

"Sorry, I was just telling Danny I'll get him plenty more of that cologne, since he likes it so much," said Traci, then gave her boy a secret wink.

"Hmm, I've been wearing the same cologne for awhile. Maybe I'll try some," her husband added.

"You should stick with what you've been wearing, hunny. El coño wouldn't really be your thing. It wears better on a boy Danny's age."

"Especialmente cuando empapa mi pene, (especially when it soaks my penis,) Danny boldly stated, making his mom burst out laughing.

"What did he say?" Isaac asked, chuckling even though he had no idea what had just come from his son's mouth.

"Danny just likes that new cologne a lot, let's just leave it at that," Traci answered, then peered over at her boy teasingly. "Debes ser bastante bueno con el colchón si el sr. feliz es mojarse tanto. (you

must be pretty good on the mattress if Mr. Happy is getting that wet.)"

"Soy. (I am)."

"Tu abrazo de despedida será muy especial esta mañana," (your goodbye hug's gonna be extra special this morning,) Traci hornily stated, making her son's heart race anxiously.

Isaac got up from the table. "Well, I'm gonna leave you two to your foreign conversation. I gotta hit the road."

His wife gave him a peck on the lips, then called to their daughter. Laura rushed down the stairs. "Bye, mom!" she blurted, hurrying out the door with her father.

Danny stood in the kitchen, anxiously awaiting his mother's return. "We should start that 'special hug' now so we can score more points before I head off to school," he suggested.

"We should, huh?" his mom smiled. "I guess your right. We should be racking up points every chance we get."

Danny could tell she wasn't wearing a bra beneath her robe. Her huge, unfettered breasts wobbled beneath the fabric with her every graceful step, and he could just make out the tips of her fat nipples. "So, what's gonna make this morning's hug so special anyway?" he asked.

"Why don't you take off your t-shirt and I'll show you."

The boy wasted no time throwing off his shirt, then watched in utter fascination as his mom untied the sash to her robe. The fabric parted slightly catching on the peaks of her hardened nipples. However, even open that much, Danny could see more of his mom's tit-flesh than he ever had. As Traci stepped towards him, the boy's eyes darted down to her panty-covered crotch. Her black mesh panties were so sheer that he could tell that she had a shaved pussy. He caught a

quick glimpse of the fleshy hood of her clitoral prepuce protruding from her thick outer flanges before Traci sprang from the floor.

"Abrázame! (Hug me!) she stated, throwing her arms around his neck and wrapping her luscious bare legs around his waist.

Danny gasped, latching on to his mom's outer thighs for support as she clung to him. Her naked tits spread across his upper chest like warm, soft bread dough.

"There's room enough inside this robe for two," Traci stated. "Put your arms in."

Danny slipped into the arms of the robe with his mom. She draped the big robe around his back so they were both inside it together. "Like two bugs in a rug," she stated, staring into her boy's wonder-filled eyes.

"You were right. This IS a special hug."

Traci bit her bottom lip teasingly and continued gazing hungrily. "We haven't even gotten to the best part yet."

"What part's that?"

"This part," the mother stated, then fed her boy a long, sensual kiss. Their fused mouths peeked open and their tongues dueled frantically.

Kissing his mom this way, while being between her clutching thighs and feeling her mammoth tit-melons crushed against him, was easily the most erotic thing Danny had ever experienced. Traci shared the same sentiment. Even after years of being married to her husband she never remembered feeling this level of sexual excitement.

"Damn, I wish staying home from school wasn't against the game rules," Danny stated. "We could score some serious points today."

"Yes we could, but…just make sure to rush home, so we can pick up where we left off."

Traci slipped off him and closed her robe, but not before giving Danny a quick glimpse at her heaving tits.

"I don't understand…how are the other couples scoring so many fucking points?!" stated Traci as her and her sister, Janice, reviewed the game scores on the Jocasta Challenge website.

"I don't know, but it looks like you and Danny are second from last."

"That's impossible! We've been flirting like crazy. We took risks, and even did things beyond flirting, like they mentioned. Those things should have got us a ton of points," Traci exclaimed.

"You guys did things beyond flirting?"

"Well…a few things," Traci asked guiltily.

Do tell!"

"Just…some kissing, and this morning we hugged topless, but that's as far as I'm letting things go."

"Maybe that's the issue. Maybe you're not taking things far enough."

"Far enough?! It's a mother and son flirting contest, and we've been doing that, and some, every chance we get! Maybe we should take a look at the rules again. There could be something we missed."

Traci brought up the game rules and they began reading through them. "Look!" said Janice, pointing at the screen. "It says that your allowed a two minute preview of a highlight clip from another contestant's recording."

"What's that gonna tell us though?"

"A lot actually. If it's a highlight clip it's gonna show you what the other couples are doing that you and Danny aren't."

"True. Which couple should we watch?"

"Definitely the ones that are in the lead. Watching the highlight clip of the couple who have the most points will most certainly show you what you're not doing enough of."

The couple in the lead were named Bridgett and Mitt. Janice clicked on their recorded clip and both her and her sister gasped as a recording of the mother and son having sex came up on the computer screen. Bridgett's sexy legs were wrapped up around the boy as he rhythmically slammed his cock into her. The two twin-sister hosts were doing a commentary.

"Mitt is in really good form here. He's slamming his teenage cock into his mother with savage thrusts," Harmony pointed out.

"He's already made her cum twice. That's putting some serious points on the board for this pair."

"And let's not forget…Bridgett's husband is sleeping just down the hallway, completely unaware that his wife is getting royally fucked by their teenage son. That's a huge risk-factor."

"They're fucking?!" stated Traci, staring at the screen in disbelief.

"Well, I did say maybe you and Danny weren't taking things far enough. I guess I was right."

"But I thought this was a flirting contest. I didn't realize they meant that mother and son contestants would actually have to have sex."

"Well, I don't think you 'have' to have sex…unless you wanna win that is."

They continued watching in fascination as Bridgett and her son fucked their asses off. Mitt pumped his mammoth fuck-rod in and out his mom's clasping cunt, making his hairless balls beat against her asshole. He gasped as he savored the indescribable pleasure of fucking such hot, mature pussy.

"Deeper! All the way to my womb, baby!" his mother hissed. "Don't worry about hurting me…just fuck the piss out of me!"

Mitt quickened the pace of his cock-thrusting, lowering down until his mom's big, wobbling tits were crushed by his chest. He panted on her shoulder as he rammed his cunt-smothered cock up her pussy hard and fast.

"Mitt is fucking her at a different angle now," Harmony pointed out. "It's one that's sure to hit her g-spot and make her cum again!"

"Look at how Bridgett is using her legs to pull her ass from the bed and meet her son's thrusts," added Mary. "This is definitely a mother

who knows how to fuck."

"Make me cum, Mitty! Fuck my cunt and make my pussy cream on you!" the mother whimpered, smacking her labium against the hilt of Mitt's cock as she took all his horny length inside her. The bed springs squeaked beneath them, the headboard thumping against the wall with the feverish rhythm of their incestuous fucking.

"Just listen to the noise they're making. If that isn't risky sex, with her husband right down the hallway, then I don't know what is!" Harmony pointed out.

Traci and her sister watched in fascination as Bridgett clawed desperately at her son's shoulders, her whole body trembling as her cock-stuffed pussy began contracting uncontrollably around his cock.

"I'm cumming now! Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck! Cuuummmmiiinnnggg!" the mother squealed.

The two minute highlight clip expired and Traci gave her sister a hopeless look. "Danny and I may as well quit the contest. We don't have a chance," she uttered.

"Don't be ridiculous. You can't just quit."

"Well, what else are we suppose to do? Clearly the only way to score serious points and win this game is by having actual sex, which I could never do with Danny."

"Are you sure about that?" her sister smiled.

"Well, of course him and I COULD have sex, but whether we SHOULD or not is another story. I mean, flirting is one thing. If I fucked Danny though it would be full-blown infidelity."

Janice reached over and took her sister's hand. "I've never known you to be a quitter, Trace" she stated. "And the fact that you've

always gone after what you've wanted is something that I've admired about you my whole life. If you wanna have sex with your son, you should! Especially when you're with a husband who's libido is slowly wilting away to nothing. If anything, just have some wild sexual fun this week, until the game's over, then you can decide if you want things to go back to normal between you and Danny."

Traci squeezed her sister's hand and smiled. "One of the things I've always admire about you…is your ability to talk me into just about anything," she expressed, making them both laugh.

"Including sharing a hot, weeks-worth of fucking, with you own son?"

"Yeah, that too," Traci nodded.

"I want you in my bedroom!" Traci stated to her son the moment he got home from school. "You're moving in!"

"What do you mean?" Danny asked.

"If we have any chance of winning this contest we have to be hot and nasty, right under your father's nose, starting now."

Traci speed-dialed her husband, then tossed her cell phone onto her bed. "Lay down," she told Danny, pushing him back onto her marital mattress. She quickly shed her blouse, exposing her big, tit-stuffed bra. Then, came her skirt, pulling it down her silky legs and off.

Danny watched his nearly-naked mom crawl down on top of him, just as his father answered the call. "Hey, hunny…what's up?" Isaac asked.

"Hi," Traci blurted as she sunk down on top of Danny and immediately went for his lips.

"Hey, um…is everything ok?" Isaac asked.

Traci interlocked her son's fingers with hers and pinned his hands up over his head as they began making out like horny newlyweds. It was a super-thrill for both her and her son, knowing her husband was joining them by phone.

The horny mother flailed her overactive tongue so deeply inside Danny's mouth that she nearly choked him. "I want you to fuck me, Danny," she softly whispered, then felt her boy's boner flex excitedly against her panty-covered quim.

"Traci, are you there?" Isaac asked.

His wife broke the kiss with their son. "Yes, sorry, I'm doing something real quick. Just stay on the line," she told him. Then, Traci sat upright, straddling her boy's loins and reached back to unclasp her bra.

Danny's eyes widened as he looked up and watched his mom remove her bolder-holder. Her huge, fatty tits spring from her bra, bobbling out onto her ribcage. "Holy hooters!" the boy gasped, staring up at her ballooning breasts. They were capped with the widest areolas he'd ever seen, and her nipples looked fat and extremely tantalizing.

Traci placed her arms over her head, allowing her teen to stare at the gigantic udders that were jutting from her chest.

"What was that?" her husband asked. He heard his son, but didn't understand what he had said.

"Danny came home with a tweak in his back from gym class. I'm gonna work it out for him," Traci said as she peeled her son's shirt off.

"Is he ok? Does he need a chiropractor or something."

"No, I think I can give him what he's really needing right now," his wife answered, crawling down, unbuttoning her boy's pants and pulling those and his briefs off at once. The mother gasped sharply as she saw his large, teenage erection for the first time. His eight-inch shaft had bulging blue veins running up its muscled stalk, and his engorged tip was as big around as a fat, juicy plumb.

"What's wrong?" her husband asked, having heard her reaction.

"I can see the knot…it's REALLY big and hard! I'm gonna need your support, while I work this out."

"Support?"

Traci began slipping out of her panties, anxiously peeling them from her moist crotch and down her sex legs. "Yes, Isaac…you've done back rubs before…more than I have. If I have any questions I'm gonna need you to help me. Can you do that?" she asked.

"Well, I am still at the office, but I can stay on the line and offer advice if you need it."

"That's all I'm asking," said his wife as she drug her panties across Danny's awe-stricken face. He sighed as he inhaled the fragrant aroma of her aroused pussy. Now they were both completely naked on her bed and their hearts were pounding anxiously.

Danny watched his mom grasp onto his erection and peel his foreskin the rest of the way back, making his knob flare out like a shiny pink helmet. She threw a leg across his midsection so her shaved crotch was hovering over his throbbing pole.

Danny gulped anxiously as he stared at the pussy that gave birth to him. He could hardly believe that he was finally staring at the source of that wonderful fragrance he had enjoyed all those years from the crotch of her panties. His mom reached down and peeled open her outer and inner flanges, allowing her boy to stare at the coral pink

vestibule of her vagina. The fleshy shroud of her prepuce had retracted back, exposing the fat bulb of her clitoral glans.

Danny's eyes traveled up her torso to the ginormous, rounded undersides of her breasts. For a moment, he watched her stiff-nippled tit-jugs quiver every time she breathed. His mom stared down through the gaping canyon of her cleavage and smiled. "Are you ready, hunny?" she asked sweetly.

"Uh-huh."

"Don't go too hard at first, Traci…just work into it slowly," advised her husband, still believing his wife was just giving a back rub.

"Oh…I plan on doing just that," his wife answered, then lowered her pussy down to the tip of her boy's pecker. Before she could sheath his crown, Danny pushed his hips upward eagerly, until the cum-drooling head of his prick nudged between the fringed lips of his mother's tight, wet cunt.

"Auugh, shit!" Danny gasped as his mom sunk onto him, driving his tender prick into the sleeve of her hot, snug vagina. Her splayed cuntal lips lowered all the way to the root of his erection.

"Go easy, Traci," her husband warned thinking she was merely working the tender spot on Danny's back.

The cheating wife's eyes rolled back in their sockets as she adjusted to the size of her son's rock-hard appendage. She certainly wasn't used to having a cock pressed against her back wall like Danny's was. "Oh my God!" she whimpered, knowing that such a divine-feeling cock was gonna make her cum harder than she ever had before.

"What's wrong?" her husband asked.

"It's just REALLY big!"

"If the knot is that big then we should probably take him to a professional, Traci."

"No, I just…wanna try and work it out first. Ignore my gasps, ok? It's just gonna take a lot of my strength and energy to give him a good work-over."

She began to hump her ass up and down, fucking her horny pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of her own son's cock. Danny thrust upward in counterpoint, packing every inch of his fuck-muscle into the buttery heat of his naked mom's cunt. His shaft was thicker than most boys his age, stretching his mother's inner-lining and exposing all her vaginal nerve-endings. His throbbing cock-knob pushed all the way to the back of her baby-tunnel and it, along with the ring of Traci's cervical head, formed an obscene-looking mass of wet, pinkish-purple flesh.

Traci's bare buttocks began to smack against her boy's upper thighs as she fucked his cock rhythmically. Her huge milkers began to leap up and down, bouncing and rippling deliciously to the rhythm of her cock-fucking. There was still a small part of her that felt horribly ashamed of herself, especially engaging in such a depraved act with her husband listening. However, the better part of her found it incredibly thrilling and knew they must be racking up a shit-ton of game points. Traci wanted to fuck so much cum out of her son's cock the next few days that his balls simply couldn't produce enough to keep up with his ejaculations.

Danny's eyes were as wide as saucers as he watched his own dick get swallowed up by his mom's experienced pussy. He loved how his boner was already glistening with hot, lubricating fuck-oil produced by his own mom's aroused sex-glands.

"How are you doing, Danny?" his father asked.

"Excellent!" the teen sighed, then he remembered that he didn't wanna seem too excited. "I mean…not excellent, I guess, but what

mom's doing feels really good!"

"See, Isaac…I told you it would help him," Traci panted, earnestly riding her boy's cock. She couldn't believe how incredibly stiff it felt pummeling through her tunnel of love. "Sometimes a mom has just what a boy needs."

The red-headed mother leaned forward, propping her arms astride Danny's head; adjusting so she could give him a really good pussy-milking. This placed her jutting breasts right in front of the teenager's ogling eyes and they began to swing shamelessly, softly battering his face as she humped her pussy on his flexing fucker.

Isaac could hear their bodies smacking together and the bed creaking to rhythm of their torrid union. "Damn, hunny…maybe you should consider being a masseuse. It sounds like you're really giving him a professional work over," he stated.

Traci was experiencing to much fucking pleasure at that moment to answer. Danny's hardon was scraping deliciously along the pleated tube of her vagina, lighting her sexual nerve-endings on fire, and pushing her towards a mind-blowing climax.

"Wow, mom…this is so damn good!" Danny expressed as his mom alternated between bouncing on his cock and grinding up and back in full penetration. Her engorged nipple was brushing across her boy's lips so Danny boldly latched on and began sucking like a starving infant.

"Danny, you should really be grateful to have a mom who knows what to do in these situations," his father stated.

"Mm-hm," the boy answered, his face smothered in the creamy meat of his mom's breast. He suctioned his cheeks, drawing her rubbery nipple into his mouth even deeper. Her areola was just too massive to

seal his lips around its fringe, but he tried his best. He heard his mom began to gasp and grunt, then felt her pussy-muscles contract, throbbing uncontrollably around his pummeling cock.

Traci dropped onto her son, squealing into his ear. "I'm cuuuummmmiiinnnnggggg!" It was all she could do to contain her screams of passion as her cunt creamed, suctioning tightly around the hammering hardness of Danny's cock.

The lucky teenager winced in pleasure as he continue to lewdly gorge himself on the peak of Traci's colossal tit. His melon-smothered face became masked in delight as he felt his balls tingle and clench up tightly against body.

Isaac heard his boy let out a muffled grunt. He thought his it was from Danny's back-pain being worked out, but it was really because the boy was beginning to hose out a creamy load of baby-making cum inside his wife. "Sounds like you starting to relieve a lot of that pressure, hun," Isaac told his wife, who was still unable to answer due to the tit-trembling climax that was coursing through her luscious body.

Over the next couple of minutes not a word was spoken and Isaac heard the strangest sounds coming from their end as he listened in. "Are you two doing alright?" he finally asked.

"Perfect!" his wife sighed, with maybe a tad too much satisfaction in her voice.

"How about you, Danny?" Isaac asked. "Is the back pain any better."

"A whole lot," the boy breathlessly answered, still feeling his mom's pussy pulsate wetly around his stiff penis with post-orgasmic contractions. "Mom really gave me some good relief!"

"I'm glad to hear it. I have to get back to work. I'll see you two when I get home," he stated.

"Bye, honey," his wife blurted.

When the phone clicked off Traci and Danny began giggling like a mischievous young children. "Oh my God, that was so much fun!" the mother stated.

"And it probably scored us a lot of points too!" Danny added.

"Speaking of points," Traci said, then gave her boy a tender kiss, "it feels like that cock of yours is still hard. Do you wanna keep adding to our score right now?"

"Can we do it doggy-style?" Danny asked, eager to see his mom's bubble butt beating against his mid-section.

Traci rose up on all-fours above him so her tits dangled like heavy udders, slightly resting on her boy's shoulders. "That's my favorite position. Do you really expect me to say no to that request?" she asked.

"It's my favorite too!" Danny stated, smiling from ear to ear.

"Well then…" said Traci, quickly crawling around until her rounded, naked ass was pointed back at him. "Come beat that cock through my cunt, so mommy can soak it with your favorite cologne."

Danny quickly scrambled to his knees behind his mom, licking his lips as he stared at the delicious ass crowning her camel-toed cunt-slit. He guided his knob into the creamy fissure between her labial lips. Her cunt was sucking around the head of his cock as if trying to draw it deeper inside her pit of pleasure. He could already tell that fucking his mom this way would be extremely tight and juicy.

Before Danny could thrust forward, Traci threw her ass back on him, burying her boy to his nut-sack in the velvet sleeve of her snatch. Danny grasped his mom at the hips and began fucking away, driving his steely prick through the pink, clutching walls of her vagina.

"Oh, fuck you're so Goddamn big!" the mother whimpered, her face flushed with passion as she slammed her quivering pussy back on her son's dreamy rod. Every sensation in her big-titted body felt centered around the narrow tunnel between her legs that was stuffed with her son's erectile meat.

"Ohhh, yesss, mom!" Danny exclaimed, watching the half-globes of his mom's ass ripple each time they struck his groin. Many a night he beat his cock to this very image in his head. Now, here it was and it was longer a dream, but delightfully real.

"Fuck me harder, Danny!" his mom lustfully requested, tossing her ass back with even greater intensity.

He was happy to oblige, flexing his long dick powerfully as he thrust it through her juicy cunt. He could feel the spongy pleats providing exquisite friction along the outline of his prick, stimulating his pleasure-nerves.

Dangling from her chest, Traci's tit-melons swung around wildly as she whipped up her ass back to meet his strokes, relentlessly slamming her dripping-wet pussy onto the hot staff of her son's cock. "I'm gonna cum all over it, baby!" the mother squealed as she frantically humped back on him. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, yesss! I'm cuuummmiiinnngggg!"

Her pussy ejaculated, clasping like a vise around the pummeling shaft of her son's dick. Danny panted as he kept on fucking into her pussy furiously. Finally, in the middle of his mom's body-trembling climax, his boner began to spit ropes of hot, sticky cum, painting Traci's contracting walls with white boy-goo.

The trembling mother tirelessly humped her ass back, flexing her cunt muscles to drain every drop of jism out of her son's nuts.

"What's this?" Isaac asked as his wife handed him a small box as they sat in bed together next following evening.

"It's something I bought for you. Open it."

Traci's husband opened the box to find a sleep mask. "A blindfold?" he asked.

His wife giggled. "It's not a blindfold, hunny. It's a sleep mask. I know you said that sometimes you have a hard time staying asleep and this is suppose to help with that."

"Oh, nice…I'll give it a try tonight. I have to show four different properties tomorrow so I really need a good night's sleep."

Traci didn't push having sex with him, like she normally did, only because she was anxious to have her son's big cock inside her again. She kissed her husband goodnight and he slipped on his new mask and turned over to go to sleep. Ten minutes later, Isaac was lightly snoring so Traci slipped out of bed and went down to get her son.

"Are you sure he's asleep?" asked Danny as his mom led him into her room.

"Yes, but we still have to be very careful," she whispered back. Fooling around on her marital bed with Isaac sleeping next to them was as risky as you could get, but they knew it would be a thrill and score them a lot of game points in the process.

"Let's get naked," whispered Traci as they crept up beside her bed.

Danny loved watching his mom strip. Over the past couple days she'd done that in front of him plenty of times. He'd fucked her six ways from Sunday in every part of the house, except his sister's room, which was off limits. Their constant sexual fun had allowed them to climb the leader board and they were now holding steady in third place in the Jocasta Challenge.

Traci hugged her teen, flattening her meaty tits against his young chest as they made out passionately next to her marital bed. After

kissing for a few minutes she brought her lips to his ear. "Let's have oral sex," she whispered.

Danny's heart skipped a beat. Surprisingly, it was something they hadn't done yet, since having vaginal sex had seemed to consume their play time the past few days. Traci guided him down onto his back. Danny thought she was merely going to kneel beside him and suck his cock, but his mother had something else in mind.

Traci climbed on top of her boy in the sixty-nine position. She lowered the fragrant folds of her cunt onto Danny's face, while slipping his throbbing boner into the wet warmth of her mouth at the same time.

Danny's prick pushed into Traci's mouth and down her throat, nearly gagging her as the bulbous knob slid past her tonsils. She bobbed her head and sucked his fat cock, the ring of her lips lowering further and further on every plunge.

Danny sighed in delight, feeling liquid heat of his mom's snug mouth and throat work his cock like a tight pussy. Moaning, he glued his mouth to the shaved flanges of her cunt. He felt his mom shudder as he thrust his lusty tongue up into her slit, tasting the glistening, coral-pink interior of her vagina. Danny held onto her quivering hips as he began feasting on her orally, relishing the sweet, pungent taste of her mature cunt.

Danny subtly bucked his hips, fucking his mom's mouth with the swollen shaft of his tender cock. Traci fought to control her gag reflex as she gave her boy the best blowjob she could. She wrapped her hand around the base and stroked on the lower part his boner, while continuing to gorge herself on the upper half. She swirled her tongue around the spongy head of his cock, delighting in the taste of her

own son's salty pre-cum. Her insides tingled with the wicked thrill of doing all of this right next to her sleeping husband.

Danny was sucking on the fat nubbin of his mom's clitoris like he was trying to nurse the milk out of a swollen nipple. He was rewarded for his efforts in the form of sweet female ejaculate gushing all over his face. Traci shuddered on top of her teen in a mindless orgasm, fucking her gushing pussy all over his handsome face.

Unable to hold out any longer, Danny bucking hard between his mom's lips, spraying gooey geysers of sticky cum, in rapid succession, down the horny mother's throat. Traci shuddered in sexual euphoria as she tasted her boy's teenage seed. His salty jizz splattered around the inside of her mouth and down her gulping throat. She sucked and jacked his gushing prick like a cock-milking whore, pulling out all of his load.

A few minutes later, Danny was crawling on top of his beautiful mom as she drew her knees back for a hot fuck. He fit his spongy cock-head into her clasping, pouty-lipped pussy and watched it disappear inside her pubic triangle. "Auugh!" the boy shuttered, feeling her warm birthing tunnel throb and suck around his knob and shaft. He writhed between her spread-eagled thighs, burying his boner to its root inside her snug vagina.

Traci pulled her teen down on top of her, crushing her fat, jiggling tits between them as they began to engage in sexual intercourse. Little did the two of them know that the hosts of the show were watching and commentating on their every move.

"Traci and Danny have got to be careful here!" Judge Mary stated as the two judges, blonde twin sisters, watched the mother and son on their monitor. "They're having sex right next to Traci's sleeping husband in the missionary position. It's a move that will surely score them points!"

Danny felt his mom's strong, velvety legs tighten around him beneath the blanket as he slowly thrust his juice-slickened cock

through the clasping tube of her vagina. The meat of Traci's oversized breasts were sandwiched between them, her hardened nipples digging into Danny's well-toned chest.

Traci looked over at her husband nervously, the thrill of fucking their son right next to him was almost overwhelming. She cradled her boy's pleasure-filled face in her hands, staring into his eyes a moment before kissing him passionately. Her long, pink tongue fluttered through Danny's mouth like a flag in the wind.

"Auuugh, shit!" the boy gasped in his mother's mouth, loud enough for the judges to hear. Thankfully, it didn't wake his dad up.

"Danny's experiencing some exquisite pleasure here…look at how he's grimacing," Judge Harmony commented. "My guess is his mother is squeezing his young cock with her strong pelvic floor muscles."

"It's the type of pleasure that a teenage boy is just not used to feeling around the tender meat of his erection," said Judge Mary, recalling her own son's first time inside her and how he shot off so quickly. "He's got to be careful not to whimper too loudly and wake his father here."

Danny moved his hips determinedly, worming his long, vein-encrusted pisser farther into his mother's tightly-clamping vagina with every thrust. Traci had never felt so stuffed with a hard cock in her life. Her son's sturdy fuck-rod seemed to reach all the way to the rounded ring at the back of her vagina; gateway to the womb that once held him. Wantonly, Traci clawed his shoulders and whipped her rounded ass-cheeks off the bed, fucking her cunt onto his satisfying stiffness.

"Look at that!" Mary shouted. "Danny's recovered, and is giving his mom full-length thrusts with his teenage cock!"

"It looks like Traci is meeting her son's thrusts here," Judge Harmony observed, "but she's gotta be careful. If she jerks around too aggressively on the bed, she'll surely wake her husband up."

"Agreed!" added her sister, "and look at her, she's starting to shake! She on the verge of a tremendous vaginal orgasm!"

Danny pumped his hips tirelessly. His long, juice-soaked cock stabbed smoothly through the pink tunnel of his mom's cunt, feeling it suction and contract around him as Traci whimpered in a toe-clenching orgasm. Panting, the boy dropped his head onto the jiggling globes of her huge tits. He took one of her engorged teats into his mouth and sucked it hard as he continued fucking her.

"Danny is sucking Traci's tits now, but he hasn't lost his rhythm. He's fucking her straight through her orgasm," Mary observed.

Traci clutched onto her son's bobbing ass with her long nails, clawing into his flesh as he feverishly pumped his achy cock into her pussy. He drove his boner in deep and held it there, stretching her uteri and driving his mother out of her fucking mind. The red-head arched her back in ecstasy, lifting her son from the mattress as she was struck with yet another body-trembling climax.

"Oh my God!" Harmony exclaimed. "Traci is cumming like crazy on her son's cock!"

"It's a miracle she hasn't woken her husband up, but I think that sleep mask she gave him earlier has certainly helped him stay asleep through all this," Mary added.

Danny chewed on his mom's rubbery nipple, his face masked against the dough-like softness of her jiggling breast. He whimpered in delight, feeling her strong cuntal walls chew on the meat of his dick. Her vestibule was collared around the root of his prick and let out an obscene SQUELCH as her orgasmic juices burbled out around Danny's

sturdy shaft. Their bellies could hardly keep from slapping together as they began humping again.

"Danny and Traci have just taken over second place, Mary," her sister informed her. "They've really turned on the heat the past few days and have positioned themselves to win this competition if it continues."

After nearly of hour of steady pounding, Danny gasped into his mother's ear. "I'm gonna cum!" Again and again, hot spurts of thick ball-batter erupted from his meatus, draining his nuts of their load. Danny groaned softly as he slowly worked his cum-spurting prick through the grip of his mom's tightly-clasping fuck hole, sighing as the last droplets of cream dribbled out of his piss-slit.

"I had the weirdest dream last night," Isaac stated at breakfast.

"About what, hunny?" his wife asked.

"There was an earthquake. I could feel the whole ground shaking beneath me," he explained.

Traci and Danny looked at each other and smiled, knowing that what Isaac was probably feeling was them fucking each other next to him most of the night. "Wow, that must have been a horrible dream," she commented.

"It was. I could hear you and Danny whimpering in pain, but I couldn't find you anywhere."

Traci and Danny snickered in amusement. "Whimpering in pain, huh?" his wife asked as she reached over beneath the table and began fondling Danny's prick through his pants.

"It wasn't funny. I mean it seemed to go on for such a long time… the ground shaking, the buildings creaking around me. It was crazy!"

"I think I'll get us some sausages for dinner," the wife stated, changing the subject.

"Sausages?"

Traci looked her son in the eyes and spoke in a seductive manner, while squeezing his 'sausage' beneath the table. "Yeah, I'm in the mood for a big, fat, juicy sausage today."

"Well, that sounds good I guess. Do you want me to stop by the meat market on the way home?" Isaac asked.

"No, I know where to find the kind of sausage I have in mind," his wife answered, squeezing Danny's throbbing penis-tip through his pants.

Traci did go out and get sausages that day, but there was only one sausage she was consumed with and that was the one dangling between her son's legs. When Danny got home from school she was drawn towards it like a magnet, having the overwhelming need to suck on it like a juicy popsicle.

"Damn, you give a good blowjob, mom!" Danny stated, watching her pretty head bob up and down on his naked crotch. They were on his parent's bed, both completely naked as Traci skull-fucked her boy's boner like a cock-sucking whore.

The boy's knob popped from her lips like a cork from a bottle. "You make it easy, hunny. You have such a big, delicious prick that I'm sure any girl would love to suck on," she cooed.

Danny watched her hand clench his pulsing prick and stroked it rhythmically, drawing the loose flesh up and down, making his knob mushroom out of his foreskin. She curled her long, thick mommy-tongue around his spongy crown, kissing and licking it tenderly, darting her licker-tip into his cum-slit, letting the salty taste of his pre-goo sizzle on her taste buds.

Traci adored sucking her son's dick. The past several days she had given him numerous deep-throat blowjobs and swallowed what seemed like a gallon of his cum. Even setting the competition aside, she was becoming addicted to his teenage cock. She didn't even really think about her husband in a sexual way anymore and she was perfectly fine with that.

"I wanna make it spurt down my throat," Traci told her son, while staring at his dreamy cock. "I wanna drink your ball-milk."

"Be my guest, mom."

Wildly, Traci began pumping her head up and down over the jutting, throbbing meat of her boy's erection. Her lips pursed expertly around the stalk of his hard-on and her cheeks puckered inward. She wrapped her fist around his prick, and also his balls, drawing them up next to his cock as she sucked his young peter earnestly.

"Shit, mom!" the teen gasped, watching her head fly up and down. He writhed from the amazing oral friction she was creating around his prick. Danny let out a lusty snarl as his erection began bursting with seed. He grasped his mom's red hair, guiding her every throat plunge. Mid-orgasm, Danny pushed his mom's head against his crotch, hearing her gag some as her lips were stretched around his cock-hilt. "Auuugh!" he gasped as his raging boner spat out a ribbon of cum straight down his mom's throat.

After Traci had milked every drop of spunk from her boy's penis she licked the last droplets from her lips and smiled at him. "I'm becoming a 'cum-a-holic' for your sweet cream, Danny. It's delicious!" she expressed.

"I'm becoming addicted to having sex with you, mom. I sure hope it doesn't have to stop after the competition?"

"Not a chance," she stated.

Despite fucking their asses off for the remainder of the contest, Traci and Danny finished in second place. Even though they didn't win the trip to Mexico, they had gained something much more valuable and that was a passionate sexual relationship with each other.

"Are you sure you don't wanna just divorce Isaac and have Danny in your bed EVERY night?" Janice asked her sister.

"Need I remind you that I DON'T need to divorce my husband to have my son in bed with me every night. In fact, the sex is ten times as thrilling knowing that Isaac is sleeping next to us," answered Traci.

"I'm still bummed that you guys didn't win that trip to Mexico. I mean, you were fucking like rabbits there towards the end of the contest."

"Well, we didn't win the contest, but that still doesn't mean we're not going to Mexico."

"You guys are taking a trip?"

"I contacted the hosts of the Jocasta Challenge to find out about their resort down there. It turns out it's a place just for mothers and sons, and they gave Danny and I a special discount for doing so well in the competition."

"That's awesome! When are you going…and for how long?"

"We leave in two weeks and we'll be staying there for a week. This place sounds amazing, with all sorts of activities for mothers and sons, right there in the privacy of their beach resort."

"Damn, I'm so jealous," said Janice.

"About the trip or me fucking Danny?" Traci asked, feeding her sister a teasing smile.

"Honestly? Both."

Traci laughed and patted her younger sister's baby-swollen belly. "Well, who knows…maybe you'll go crazy for your own boy one day, when he's all grown up, and the two of you can do the Jocasta Challenge together."

THE END

173: The MILFs of Milltown Street_1

"The MILFs of Milltown Street" By Klrxo

Chapter 1.

Rita whimpered in delight, pounding her wet pussy up and down her pool-boy's meaty cock. Her huge stiff-nippled tits bobbed heavily on her chest, putting on quite a show for Ricky as he lay on his back, gazing up at the wobbling wonders. The pretty mother gazed down in complete cock-lusting adoration. "Yess! Oh my God, you fuck me so much better than my husband does!" she panted..

The teen smiled with pride. As a handsome pool-boy, he'd grown used to hearing that. He had fucked so many married MILFs over the summer he'd lost count. It seemed like he spent more time in their beds fucking or getting his cock sucked than actually cleaning pools.

"Glad I could help you out Misses Simmons," he said.

Rita mashed her shaved vulva against his cock-base and swiveled her strong matronly hips up and back in a frantic grind. Ricky looked down to see their crotches fused together, the woman's thick pussy-lips splayed out around the root of his big cock.

"Ohh shit that feels good!" he sighed, enjoying the slick rubbery grip of Rita's cunt-tube.

"Yess it does!" the humping mother cried. "You're so big and hard. I could just fuck you all day long!"

"I wouldn't mind," the boy confessed, loving the feel of her kegal-grip around his cock. He knew that neighborhood moms regularly did kegal strength exercises, so they could milk cocks like his while they fucked.

"Ohh, Donna would kill me if I kept you all to myself today," Rita said, "she's really looking forward to your services."

Donna was a new customer and good friends with Rita. Ricky hadn't met her yet, but hoped that she was every bit as sexy as Rita was. "Thanks for referring her. That makes five pools on this block alone that I'll be cleaning this summer," he said.

Rita continued swiveling her hips up and back, gripping his cock in her stirring cunt. She fed the boy a lascivious grin. "Don't you mean five horny Mill Street housewives that you'll be fucking this summer?" she asked.

"Yeah, that too," the boy blushed.

"You're such a naughty little fuck, aren't you, Ricky?" Rita asked. "Pounding your big hard cock in all that married pussy. I love it! I'm sure you do too," she said. "Our husbands love and adore us, but we wives just wanna break our wedding vows with hot young studs like you!"

Ricky brazenly reached up and grabbed her arms, then pulled her down against him, so that her big melonous chest met his. "Hold on to me, Misses Simmons. I'm gonna fuck you REALLY hard!"

"Yess, pound the hell outta me!" she shouted excitedly, mashing her oversized melons against his upper chest.

The teen humped his hips from the mattress, spearing his cock deep through her tightly- sheathed vagina. He simply loved fucking sexy MILFs. Their birthing-tubes had strong cock-smothering muscles from pushing out babies and the slippery fuck-oil that secreted from their spongy walls made the best natural lubricant for his hard teenage prick to slip through.

"Ohh fuck yess!" she cried out in lustful bliss, clutching on to his hot young body for the

ride of her life.

"Hot daaamn!" Ricky sighed as he pumped up in to her soft curvy mommy-body as fast as he could. Rita's big MILF tits bounced and rippled all over the boy. He latched on to one of her stiff nipples with his mouth and sucked like a starving infant.

"Ohhh! Ohhh Ricky, I love the way you suck on my tits!" she cried out.

The teen's mouth was stuffed too full to answer. His tongue dug at her thick rubbery nipple and bumpy areola. Her pussy was getting juicier and juicier around his pounding cock. She was tightening up as well, which the boy knew from experience meant she was about to erupt in a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Ohh fuck! Ohh shit, I'm gonna cum!" she cried out, making the teen beneath her re-double his cunt-humping efforts.

Rita's marital bed rocked and creaked as their naked bodies beat together in rhythmic passion. Ricky's big cock-nob tingled exquisitely as it thundered through quivering cuntal flesh, hitting bottom on every forceful thrust. "Ohh man, I'm gonna cum too!" he announced.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" the busty mother cried out, her lush body trembling atop the youngster. This only fueled Ricky's own hot orgasm, making

him cum even harder.

"Ohhhh!!" the boy grunted, firing hot spunk inside her. "Ohhgghh, shit!!"

For two long minutes their naked bodies humped and writhed as if tossing a juicy orgasm back and forth between their naked bodies. Finally, they collapsed in a sweaty heap.

"You go easy on Donna today," Rita panted, "she told me her husband is lousy in bed. She's not used to an aggressive young bull like you."

"Will do, Misses Davis," the boy said with an anxious smile.

Ricky didn't have far to drive. The Taylor's home was only a few houses down the block. Milltown Street was an upper-class neighborhood, made up of mostly middle-aged married couples with children. Ricky stepped from his work-van and spotted a woman across the street helping her small daughter from the car.

"Damn,lookather,"he thought, checking out the middle-aged brunette.

The woman was clearly at the final stages of a pregnancy. She wore a thigh-high floral sundress and the way her huge pregnant belly and massive breasts stretched the gown out seemed almost obscene.

She spotted the boy checking her out and for a moment, did the same to him, her eyes drifting up and down his young body. She fed him a friendly smile and walked with her daughter to the door of the house, giving Ricky a chance to check out her peach-shaped ass as it undulated atop her long sexy legs.

"Damn,Iwouldpaytofuckthat,"hethought.

The woman ushered her daughter inside the house then let her eyes linger on Rick's for a few more moments, her gigantic milk-filled melons heaving on her chest, before she closed the door.

Ricky found that even new customers didn't mind if he entered through the back gate and set up his equipment before introducing himself.

When he went around back, he saw Donna laying on a float in the pool, sunning her voluptuous tan body.

"Holyshit,she'sfuckin'stacked!"theteen thought as he stared at the huge bikini-clad breasts jutting from her chest.

The dark-haired mother's eyes suddenly popped open. "Ohh hi, you must be Ricky. Sorry you startled me," she said with a pretty smile.

"My fault, I should have rang the bell."

"No, I'm glad you came around to the back. I would never have heard the doorbell from back here," Donna said, letting her eyes roam up his well-toned chest.

Ricky set his equipment down. "I'll get started, but no need to move. I can work around you," he said.

"Oh, are you sure, I don't wanna be in the way."

"No, you're fine," the boy assured her, "Inmorewaysthanone,"he thought, checking out her smooth shapely legs and sexy bare feet.

Ricky extended the long cleaning pole that had an attached skimmer and began sweeping it across the top of the water. Donna watched his every move, letting her eyes linger on his crotch. "You come highly recommended, Ricky. A lot of moms on Mill Street say you're amazing with your...pole."

This got a little giggle from Ricky as he looked at her proudly. "Well, I aim to please, ma'am," he said.

"Is that so?" she said with a mischievous grin."So if I told you to take off your shorts and swim with me, you'd do it?"

Ricky hesitated a moment, a bit shocked by her candor. "Well, I'm really not suppose to swim when I'm on the job."

Donna giggled. "Yeah, you're probably not suppose to fuck the customers either, but from what I've heard you've been doing a pretty good job at that," she said.

"You have a point," he blushed.

She thrust her chest out teasingly, making her big boobies balloon outward. The shape of her thick erect nipples were clearly visible through the fabric. "Actually, I have TWO points. Two pink suckable ones, and if you jumped in the pool with me, you'll get to see them up close and personal," she said teasingly.

It was invitation Ricky couldn't refuse. He shed his trunks and his naked half-erect dick wagged around for a few seconds before he dove in, making a huge SPLASH!

Donna let out a playfully scream as the impact wave swept her off her float. They surfaced near one another and the busty mother clung onto him, wrapping her arms over his shoulders and luscious legs around his hips. "You don't need to worry. My husband's away on business, my daughter's at cheer camp...and my son...' she said, gazing at him with her alluring brown eyes and smiling knowingly, "well my son's out working. I'm here all by myself."

"Cool," the boy muttered, feeling her press her cunt on his hardening cock. "With your husband away, you must be feeling really horny."

Donna's jumbo jugs were pressed against Ricky's bare chest. "I am. The last time my husband went away I broke my vibrator from cumming so hard on it," she confessed.

"You broke it?"

She smiled naughtily. "Uh-huh. I have really strong pussy-muscles. My husband swears I'm gonna break his fucking cock off one these days from squeezing it so hard."

Ricky's eyes widened. "Wow, he should like it when you do that," he muttered.

"You would think, right? Apparently his wimpy little cock can't take it," she said, "I guess I need a big thick manly cock to squeeze my cunt around."

The boy felt her press her horny vulva up and down the length of his man-meat, gazing at him lustfully as she continued speaking. "A nice hard young cock to pump my horny pussy on...and to squirt my hot juices all over."

Ricky was so fucking horny he felt like he could pass out. Even though he'd fucked a ton of sexy MILFs, Donna was especially hot and apparently, by her own confession, skilled when it came to pleasing a man's cock. He certainly wasn't letting this one pass him by.

"I could take a crack at it if you want?" he brazenly offered.

"Oh that's sweet of you, but I'm sure you have other work to do today," she said. "If I get you into my bed, I'd probably wanna spend the rest of the day letting you fuck me and I wouldn't wanna get you in trouble," she said, gazing at him teasingly.

"Well, I can get another job if I lose this one."

Donna giggled. "Tell you what. Let's just do a quickie, then I'll call your boss and tell him what a wonderful job you did," she suggested. "And by quickie, I mean at least an hour."

Ricky's heart raced excitedly. "I'm down with that," he said.

Down the block, Rita stood at her kitchen window in a sexy tank top and snug

booty-shorts, peering out the shades while speaking to her husband on the phone. "Yes darling, the pool boy came by. He did a fabulous job," she said. "Afabulousjobat poundingmycunt!"she wickedly thought.

The busty mother gazed nosily at the house across the street and the handsome young man helping to unload furniture from a van. "Yes, that's what I was thinking also. I'll make sure he gets a really good tip next time."

The boy across the street took off his shirt, revealing a well-toned chest. "Ohh my," Rita muttered in lustful awe. "Nothing darling," she said to her husband. "I need to run, but I'll see you in a couple hours...love you!"

After hanging up, Rita immediately dialed her neighbor Dawn. Her friend picked up after only a couple rings. "Are you seeing this?" Dawn's sexy voice asked.

"Indeed I am. How old do you think he is?" Rita asked.

"I don't know, but he's gorgeous."

"Yes he is," Rita said, pinching her stiff nipples through her top. "I'm gonna cry if he's only seventeen."

"He looks at least as old as Kathy's son, Tyson."

"Ha, that reminds me, Kathy told me Tyson was in the bathroom for at least a half-hour jerking off this morning," Rita said.

"What do you expect, he's got a huge cock and big cum-filled balls that probably need drained at least three times a day."

"This is true," Rita said as she continued watching the boy across the street.

"Speaking of big cock. Did you get a visit from Ricky the pool boy this morning?" Dawn asked.

Rita got a big grin. "I certainly did," she said.

'And?" "And he fucked me like a champion, like usual."

"Damn," Dawn muttered, "I knew I should've had my husband put a swimming pool in."

"Just fill your tub and call it a swimming pool. I'll tell him he needs to stop by and take care of it for you."

Dawn giggled. "Take care of it huh? My tub or my pussy?" she asked.

"What do you think? I'd call him now, but I'm sure he has his hands full at home."

At Donna's place, Ricky hands WERE full. Full of big spongy tit-meat. He hefted her mammoth boobs while kissing her passionately as they stood naked in Donna and her husband's bedroom..

"Damn, your tits are sooo soft," the boy sighed between kisses.

"Are you ready to fuck me now Ricky," she panted, her tiny fingers with their long red nails squeezing on his long hard cock-muscle. "Are you ready to bury this big cock in my hot married pussy?"

"Hell yes."

Donna crawled onto her big bed, her meaty buttocks wagging invitingly as she moved to the center of the mattress. Ricky watched her fingers reach under and rub her shaved pussy. "Mmm, you've got me sooo wet. Come fuck me doggie-style," she said lustfully.

Ricky got into position, kneeling behind her ass. He lifted his stiff cock and slid his prick-tip up and down her juicy slit, making her beautiful kneeling body shudder. "Ohh yess!" she hissed.

The boy fit his knob securely into the velvety grip of her clinging cunt. "Ungggghhhyes, right there! Fuck my cunt!" she pleaded in a horny tone.

Ricky held her soft hips for support, digging his fingers into the rounded cheeks of her ass. Then he leaned forward, fucking his cock into the exquisite tightness of her pussy tunnel.

"Ahhhhhh..." the boy sighed in delight, feeling his tender boner encapsulated in slick rubbery cuntal-tissue.

Donna dropped her shoulders flat on the bed, shuddering as she felt her greasy cunt channel being invaded by the thick cock shaft she craved so badly. There was nothing like the feeling a long young cock packing her so tightly, reaching all the way to her womb.

"Yess! So fucking big!" she cried out, then she started to hump her horny ass back against him..

Ricky pulled out slowly at first, sighing as he felt the wet pressure of her cunt walls dragging around his cock. He gasped as he fucked his prick back in again, feeling her secreting juices coat his prick.

"Fuck me!" Donna squealed, clawing the sheets and humping her ass like a machine, pounding her throbbing pussy onto her pool boy's crotch. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck meeee!"

Her chanting horny voice made Ricky pump his hips even faster. The boy fucked his prick rhythmically in and out of her, packing her cunt steadily with long, driving strokes of his cock. "Ohhhshit yeah!" he sighed, watching her thick naked ass pound back against his crotch. The layer of fat beneath Donna's skin made her thick buns ripple with every strike of the boy's midsection.

"SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!"

"Yess, just like that!" she cried. "Ohh, your cock feels so good."

Ricky knew from experience that horny housewives loved being slapped on the ass while getting fucked in this position, so he laid one on her. WHACK!!

"Yesss! Slap my fucking ass!" the mother shouted, beside herself with lust. Ricky happily obliged, smacking her hard on the ass again.

"WHACK!!" Donna's ass-cheek jiggled delightfully from the impact of the boy's hand.

"Ahhhhhh!" the mother moaned, pumping her hips back and meeting his strokes. Her expression contorted into a dreamy smile of total arousal. "Ohhh my God, I'm gonna fucking cum!"

As the woman grunted and came on his thrusting cock, Ricky found himself fascinated by the asshole peeking from between her butt-cheeks. He alternated between watching his own stiff cock, now dripping with fuck oil, gliding in and out and gazing at her tightly muscled asshole, seeing the way it throbbed and puckered with every stroke into her pussy.

He slid one hand up, moving it into the sweat-slickened crevice between her ass cheeks, then slightly probed her asshole with his finger.

"Nunh!" Donna bucked and immediately started humping harder, feeling her asshole convulse around the probing digit. "Oooooh yes, Ricky, I love that!"

The boy pushed his finger deeper into her snug ass. The ring of strong circular muscles around her asshole clenched around his finger.

"Damn,thatisonetightass!"the boy thought, wiggling his finger around inside her. He could only imagine how it would feel around his cock.

"You did say you aim to please, right Ricky?" Donna asked. "Of course."

She leaned forward, making his soaking wet hardon pop from her pussy-hole. "Then lay down on your back. I wanna fuck you in the reverse cowgirl position," she said.

The teen sprawled onto the mattress, watching the pretty MILF's large hanging boobs wobble around heavily as she mounted his loins and shoved his cock back inside her quivering cunt. "Ohh yess, just like this!" the mother sighed in a delightful tone, squeezing her juicy jugs with both hands while swiveling her cunt up and back on the

boy's hardon.

Ricky loved laying there watching how these sexy mothers fucked him. Each one had her own special skills, moving their bodies in different ways. Even the way they squeezed their cunt- tubes around his cock was different, but each one felt amazing.

"Damn you have a nice ass!" he said, staring down at Donna's meaty half-moons as they glided around against his crotch.

She smiled back at him. "You think so?" she asked. "My husband says my ass is too fat." "It is fat, but it's fat in a good way," the boy

said.

"Mmm, kinda like your cock, long and fat, in a VERY good way," she sighed, plowing her pussy nice and deep.

Ricky sat up so his chest was to her back. He reached around and cupped her massive mammaries, squeezing and pulling on the spongy flesh of her amazingly large knockers.

"Mmmyess! Squeeze my big tits, you naughty boy!" Donna squealed, grinding her her horny snatch against his cock-base.

"Ohhh fuck," the boy sighed, clenching his eyes closed as felt the exquisite sensation of his big nob rubbing back and forth against the slippery head of her cervix.

Donna looked back at him lustfully, running her long nails across his cheek. "You like the way that feels Ricky?"

"Uh-huh."

"Better be careful, that's unprotected territory. If you squirt your load right there, you could get me pregnant."

Ricky's eyes popped open. "Maybe we better try a different position then," he suggested, knowing that he would cum soon if she kept it up.

"So you don't want a pregnant customer, is that what you're saying?" she teased. "Like the lady across the street?"

"You mean Kim Rollins? That's not just one baby she's carrying you know? They're

triplets," Donna said.

"Damn, three babies? No wonder her belly's so big."

"A bunch of us moms are having lunch tomorrow and she'll be there," she said, then got a naughty grin. "Would you like me to refer your services?"

"Sure," the boy said with an eager smile.

"Well you better give me your all then, make sure I'm completely satisfied, so I can give an honest reference."

Ricky pulled her back with him and flipped her over so she lay flat against him on the bed, her huge boobs mashed against him. They kissed passionately, their tongues dancing wildly together. "Mmm, yess!" she whimpered between kisses. "Fuck me hard!"

The boy rolled Donna onto her back and she splayed her thighs, allowing him to take position between them. He rubbed his prick-nob up her pussy until he found the opening of her cunt. Then the boy hump forward, burying his cock to the balls in one stroke of his meaty prick.

"Ahhhhh!" Donna's sexy voice squealed, as she wrapped her smooth tan legs tightly around his waist, holding his cock all the way inside her throbbing pussy.

Ricky sighed and let his weight drop, flattening her huge tits under his well-toned chest.

He set his hips in motion, spearing his boner through her clinging cunt-sleeve. "Yesss, fuck me like an animal!" the horny mother cried out.

He slowly withdrew his aching cock until only his prick nob parted her flowering pussy lips. Donna shuddered in delight as he fucked his prick back in again, then hammered her hot hole with deep rhythmic thrusts. "Ohhhyess!" the boy sighed, feeling the tight ribbed lining of her fuck-hole squeeze and suck at his cock.

Donna tightened her strong legs around him, gripping his young frame as he bucked between her soft cradling thighs.

He pulled out of her cunt momentarily, his massive cock dripping precum onto the bed. Donna squealed as he grabbed her lovely legs and lifted them up, putting her knees over her shoulders. He leaned down again and her thighs now pressed into her tit-mounds.

He speared his cock back inside her, stretching her cunt slit deeply with every jarring thrust. "Harderr! Fuck me harderrr!" the mother shouted.

Ricky's big smooth balls beat against her upturned ass as he punched his cock through her hot MILF pussy with hard full-length thrusts. He watched the pretty mother's face grimace as pleasure pumped through her body.

"Unh!" Donna grunted, humping back at him the best she could, but her curvy body was folded in half and she was pretty much at his mercy.

Ricky snarled lustfully, feeling her sexy little feet around his neck as he fucked her even faster, sweat pouring from his lean body.

The boy's fuck-pumps were incredibly deep and satisfying and Donna felt herself getting ready to cum. Shamelessly the horny mother pushed her fingers through her

pussy-folds, touching his muscular cock-shaft, feeling it thunder through her pussy-hole. It reminded her of the cheating slutty wife she was and the thrill made her climax crest exquisitely.

"I'm cuummiinnggg!" she cried out.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum too!" Ricky announced, his nob tingling like crazy.

"Unngggggghhhh!" Donna squealed as spasms of orgasm pumped through her big titted body, making her pussy spew cum-juice all over the boy's cock.

Ricky grunted like an animal as again and again jism spouted up from his balls and fired out his cunt-smothered piss-slit. The writhing mother could feel the milky spurts cascading against the velvety walls of her cunt. They fucked and came and fucked and came some more, drawing out the pleasure for as long as they could, before both going limp in exhaustion.

"Damn, that was some good pussy," Ricky sighed.

"Mm, Rita was right, you ARE good with your pole, son," Donna said breathlessly.

Ricky smiled in pride. "Thanks, Mom," he muttered. "Did you enjoy our 'pool boy' role-playing today?"

"I did, but since YOU ARE an actual pool boy, you should probably get going before your boss fires you."

Ricky gave his mother Donna a quick kiss. "I'll be home for dinner!" he said, then quickly got up and got dressed.

Tyson stopped suddenly as he saw his Mom emerge from the bathroom. Kathy had a white towel draped around her pregnant body. Her boobs were so milk-swollen that they wobbled with her every move and her fat rubbey nipples were clearly visible through the fabric.

"Hey!," she said sweetly as she noticed him gawking. "Hi, could I use the bathroom?"

Kathy glanced at his crotch, where he was clearly struggling to conceal a sizable erection. "Well, the flooring guys are still doing

work on your father and I's bathroom and I need to do my hair and makeup. Can you be quick?"

Kathy would never have asked this if she knew her son were going in there to pee or maybe even shower himself. Lately, her son had been locking himself in the bathroom and it was pretty obvious it was to jerk off.

"Yeah, um, I can try to be quick," he answered.

"TRY to be quick?" Kathy thought. *"That must mean he doesn't cum quickly. Well, he was in there for nearly a half-hour yesterday. He must have a lot of staying power, i wish his father had that problem."*

Despite his promise to "be quick," Tyson was in the bathroom for nearly twenty minutes. The pregnant, brunette mother had to hurry to finish getting ready before her good neighborhood friends Dawn, Rita and Donna came over for coffee. The beautiful mothers frequently hung out together and since they all just happened to live on the same block, the ladies had appropriately dubbed themselves " the MILF's of Milltown Street."

"I just barely finished getting ready. Tyson was hogging the bathroom again this morning," Kathy explained as they all sat around he patio table.

"I hear he's turning in to quite the boner-beater," Rita commented, making all the other Moms giggle.

"Yes, well apparently he takes after his mother when it comes to sexual desire," Kathy said. "How many times a day do you think he's masturbating?" Donna asked.

"If I had to guess, I would say at least three to four times a day."

"Marty is the same," Dawn said, rubbing her pregnant belly with one hand while sipping from her coffee mug from the other. The fair-skinned redhead was eight-months pregnant, just like Kathy was. "He's a week from turning eighteen and I think he jerks off even more than he plays video games recently, and that's saying something."

"Boys will be boys," Rita said with a snicker.

Kathy raised and eyebrow. "And speaking of boys, how was the Pool-boy visit yesterday?"

Rita and Donna both smiled over at one another. "My visit was amazing!" Donna said, "Ricky's dick was bigger than I thought, so that was a VERY pleasant surprise."

"I told you," Rita said, "he has to be at least nine inches and that fat tip, did that feel absolutely incredible or what?"

"Oh my God, yes, that thing was as big as a golf-ball," Donna answered.

"He was certainly checking me out when he got out of his van yesterday...undressing me with his eyes," Kathy said.

Rita rolled her eyes. "Girl, your tits are so big that every young guy in town is probably undressing you with their eyes."

"I'm seriously thinking about having my husband hire a pool company to dig us out a pool, just so I can have this kid come over and service me," Dawn said.

They all laughed.

"So let's talk about the hottie that moved in across the street from me," Rita said. "What are you girls hearing?"

"His name's Fin and you'll all be pleased to know that HE IS eighteen," Donna said.

The other three mothers let out a collective sigh of excitement.. "Yesss!" Dawn said triumphantly.. "Do you know anything else about him?" Rita asked.

"If you mean like his cock-size, then no. I stopped and talked to his parents while I was out on my run last night. Probably not something I would have asked them."

"His mother probably knows," Dawn snickered, taking a sip of coffee.

"Oh really? So are you telling us you know Marty's cock-size?" Kathy asked her friend, referring to Dawn's son.

Dawn got a guilty smile and shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe I do."

"She probably spies on him beating off," Rita said, half-joking. "But anyway, getting back to the new boy, Fin, I know they don't have a pool, so maybe I'll invite him over to swim, that way I can seduce him."

"Not if I invite him over first," Donna smiled. "My husband's gone for two more days." "Hold on, you got fuck the pool-boy. I think Kathy and I should get first dibs on seducing the new kid."

"You guys can have him first," Kathy said. "After getting a good look at the pool boy yesterday, I really wanna fuck him."

"You don't have a swimming pool. How the fuck are you gonna get him over here?" Rita asked. "I can help you out with that," Donna offered. "I'll tell him there's a problem with OUR pool. You and I could just be hanging out in our bikinis, so you could try to seduce him once he gets there."

"Awesome plan, Donna!" Kathy said.

"Good. Dawn will do the same with the new boy, Fin," Rita said, then looked at Dawn."We can send Marty to make friends with him and invite him over for a swim."

"And hopefully more," Dawn added.

An hour later they were putting their plan in action. "Marty honey, can I come in?" Dawn said sweetly, tapping at her son's door.

"Sure, Mom," the boy answered, setting down his video game controller.

Dawn stepped inside his room wearing a sappire-colored micro bikini. Her huge pregnant belly commanded her son's attention as it protruded way out from the rest of her body. Her alabaster boobs were also enormous and it seemed almost obscene that a mother would be shamelessly showing this much skin around her son. "What are you up to?" she asked. "Just playing some video games."

"Why aren't you jerking off? You should really be jerking off!" she wanted to say. *"If I had a cock I'd be masturbating twenty-four hours a day!"*

"Why?" Marty asked, noticing how his Mom's eyes were lingering on his cock-bulge.

She suddenly looked back up into his eyes. "Oh just wondering. Have you met the new boy from across the street yet? You guys look to be the same age and...he'll probably need some new friends."

"Well he only just moved in, mom. I'm sure we'll meet once he starts school."

"Well, why wait? Rita invited us over for a swim. Maybe you could go introduce yourself, invite him over to swim with you," Marty's mom

suggested.

"Mom, do I really have to? I'm almost to level four,"

Dawn gave her son a stern look. "You don't 'have to,' but I'd REALLY like you to. It's the perfect way to welcome Fin to the neighborhood."

"Fin? That's his name? How do you know that?" Marty asked curiously.

"Oh urn, well...Donna met his parents. She said they're really friendly. His name must have come up, like, in the course of their conversation or something," she fumbled.

"Oh, I see."

Dawn suddenly noticed what looked like a magazine sticking out from under her son's pillow. "What is that?"

"What?"

"Is that a magazine under your pillow?"

"No...I mean, yes, but, it's not mine. It's a friend's," he said, shoving it further under.

"Why's it under your pillow?" Dawn asked curiously, even though she had a pretty good idea why. "Mom, it's no big deal, really."

To Dawn, it was a "big deal." She came over and sat on the edge of her son's mattress, her big milk-filled melons jostling around heavily as she plopped down. "I wanna see it," she said calmly.

"Mom, it's embarrassing."

Dawn smiled. "Ohh, so it's one of THOSE magazines is it?" "Yes."

"Show me," she said. "Do I have to?"

"Yes, you have to," the mother persisted.

"Fine!" Marty sighed, then slipped the magazine out from under the pillow and handed it over.

Dawn studied the cover. Just as she suspected, it was s nudie-magazine. What shocked her was the title.

"Milf tits and Ass?" she asked, reading it from the cover. "Yes," her boy muttered, his head lowered shamefully.

"Well, I suppose he's no different than any other boy his age. He likes big mature tits and experienced pussy, I guess I shouldn't be surprised, "she thought as she thumbed through the magazine. Each page had photos of women her age, completely naked and posing in various positions.

"So is the title correct? Is this magazine full of Moms you'd like to fuck?" she asked candidly. He shrugged his shoulders timidly. "I guess."

"Well THIS Mom must have been your favorite." "What one?

"I don't know, I haven't seen her yet. The pages are stuck together with dried cum." Dawn said,

glancing at him with an amused look. "Ohhh, that one."

Marty watched his mom carefully peel the pages apart, revealing a big breasted red-head. She had pale skin and blue eyes, just like Dawn. In fact, her body was much like Dawn's as well, minus the huge pregnant tummy. *"Holy fuck, she looks Just like me!"the* mother thought.

She shared a knowing glance with her son, then closed the magazine. "Interesting," she muttered.

"Are you gonna tell dad?"

She took a few seconds to formulate her answer. "How 'bout this... How 'bout you go along with my suggestion, invite the new boy from across the street to swim with us and I'll give your magazine back and not a word to your father...deal?"

A short time later, Marty was knocking on the door of the house across the street. A woman Dawn's age answered. She had long honey-blonde hair and was holding a newborn against her shoulder. "Hi there!" she said with a pretty smile.

"Hi is urn, is Fin here?" Marty asked awkwardly.

"No, he's with his father. They're moving another truck load of our belongings today," she said. "You live across the street, right?" "Yeah, I'm Marty." "Hi Marty, I'm Jen," she said, extending her hand for a shake. "Why don't you come in for a minute, I was just putting the baby down for her nap."

"Oh, alright," the boy said, going in and closing the door.

The living room was full of half-unpacked boxes. "Excuse the mess. We're slowly but surely unpacking over here."

"No problem," he said, then waited for her to return. When she did, he was pleased to discover that she had enormous tits. They seemed to tremble heavily beneath her cami top as she stepped over towards him. Her beautifully sculpted legs were completely on display, since she wore only a tight pair of boy-shorts. "Can I get you a soda or something? We have donuts." "No, I'm fine. I was just coming over to see if Fin wanted to go swimming. Not at my house, we don't have a pool, but at my neighbor's place," he explained.

"Oh, that's so sweet of you. Unfortunately our old town is about four hours from here, so Fin probably won't be back with his dad until later this evening."

"Oh I see. Well, maybe another day then," Marty said. "Sure...so, how old are you, Marty?"

"Oh urn, eighteen," he answered.

"Eighteen huh? Well then, you're practically a man. Can I ask you another question?" "Sure," the teen muttered.

"Have you ever fucked a girl my age?" she asked candidly. "Your age? No."

"But you HAVE fucked a girl? You're not a virgin, right?" "No. I've had sex a few times."

Jen giggled. "A few times huh? You're cute." "Thanks," he blushed.

"I notice you keep looking at my tits. Do you like big tits, Marty?" she asked. "Yes."

"I gave birth not long ago and I'm nursing my daughter, so my tits are always full. I noticed your mom is pregnant and she has some pretty large breasts too."

"Yeah, she has about four weeks to go," Marty said.

"Oh how exciting! I love having babies," Jen said, stepping up close to him, "but not as much as I love making them. It's amazing with all the sex I've had in my life that I'v only gotten pregnant twice."

"I like sex a lot too," the boy confessed, glancing down at the huge creamy cleavage running along the top of her jutting breasts.

"Do you?" she asked with an excited smile. "What's your favorite way to fuck a girl?" "When she's urn...she's on top of me."

"Mmm, that IS a good one. I bet it's your favorite because you like watching a girl's tits bounce up and down while she rides your cock, am I right?" Jen asked.

"Yes."

The hot mother glanced towards her bedroom. "Well, Marty, I may not have ALL my belongings here, but I do have my big mattress. Would you like to stay awhile and I can ride you on it?" "You mean the two of us...having sex?" the boy asked, his heart beating a mile a minute. "Uh huh, would you like that? Would you like to watch my big milk-filled tits bounce up and down while I squeeze your cock with my pussy?"

Marty was too excited to answer, so he just nodded.

Jen led the boy to her and her husband's bedroom, where they frantically stripped their clothes off.

Across the street, Rita and Dawn were sprawled on the loungers next to Dawn's pool, sunning their voluptuous bodies. Their bikinis were so skimpy they might as well have worn nothing at all.

"Where the hell are they?" Dawn asked, glancing at the back gate.

"Maybe they're getting to know each other. You know the way boys are. They're probably talking about video games," Rita said.

"They're suppose to be interested in pussy, not climbing up the levels of some stupid fucking game."

"Speaking of that, we haven't really talked about which one of us is seducing the new boy first and if IT IS you...are you ok with me fucking Marty?"

"Fucking Marty?"

Rita giggled. "Yes, me fucking Marty, your son. Haven't we all agreed that any boy that's eighteen is fair game? That includes our sons, right?" "Um, well, we haven't really discussed...that aspect of it, and what do you mean 'our sons,' you don't even have a son," Dawn reminded her.

"I know that. What I meant was you and Kathy's sons, Marty and Tyson. You two need to decide if they're off limits, or if the rest of us mothers can enjoy their cocks."

Dawn looked stared into space, deep in thought, as if she never really considered her own son fair game to the other moms. *"Do I really want MY Marty fucking these other Moms? Maybe he's already boning MILFs and I just don't know about it. No, not my Marty! Dirty magazines are one thing, but he can't be fucking any of these neighborhood moms, can he?" she* asked herself.

Across the street, Marty was balls-deep in his first hot MILF pussy and he loved it. Jen humped her cunt up and down his hard teenage boner, feeling it's dreamy length and girth stretch her cunt-tube exquisitely.

"Ohh yess, baby, you're sooo fucking big!" she cried out.

Marty's eyes were wide with desire as he gazed up at tits that could rival the size of his own mother's. Jen's gigantic milk-filled boobs leaped up and down her chest like two big watermelons of rippling flesh. Her areola were wide and tit-milk dripped from her thick protuberant nipples, raining down on the boy's chest as they fucked.

"Ohh, wow!" he whimpered lustfully.

"Do you like it, Marty?" Jen panted. "Do you like the feel of an experience pussy on your cock?" "Heck yes!"

The horny mother giggled. "I haven't even squeezed my pussy on you yet. I don't want you cumming too soon. I need you to fuck me

good and make me squirt on your cock first."

"I'll do my best," the boy assured her.

Their crotches beat together wetly as Marty thrust his hips from the mattress, meeting Jen's fuck- thrusts and spearing his erection through her smothering cunt. "Yess, just like that! Keep fucking me that way, Marty!" Jen cried out.

The boy happily obliged, his tongue nearly hanging out as he watched her dribbling knockers swing around like crazy to their frantic fuck-rhythm. *"Maybe if I pulled her down on top of me and suck them, I'd make her cum even harder!"he* thought.

He put his plan in action, sitting upright and latching his arms around her, wedging his face between her mammoth, spongy soft boobs. Then, he fell backwards again, taking the busty mother with him. "Ohhhh!" she shrieked, delighted by his unexpected move.

The change in body positioning didn't cause the mother to lose her tempo one bit. The big rounded cheeks of her naked ass bobbed up and down as she continued to hump the teen's cock with full-length thrusts.

Marty moaned, which was muffled by the massive mounds that were sandwiching his head. He licked his way delightfully out of her cleavage and latched on to one of her swollen, leaking nipples, sucking as hard as he could as they continued fucking.

"Ohhh yesss!" the lactating mother cried out, feeling his sucking lips and lapping tongue send a jolt of pleasure blazing a trail to her brain, then down to her wilding humping cunt. "Oh my God, I'm gonna cum!"

Marty sucked her big tit like a starving infant as he felt her pussy tighten and squirt hot girl- cum all over his spearing cock. His knob tingled exquisitely as it sliced through the hot juicy grip of her pink

pussy. He whimpered in orgasmic rapture as big bursts of ball-juice began to rocket from his piss-slit, soaking the hot mother's sex chamber.

"Ohh yess, come with me, baby!" Jen shouted, urging him on as their fucking intensified.

For several minutes they humped and writhed, milking out every ounce of pleasure that their sex- twined bodies would give them.

"Ohh, Marty! Ohh wow!" the mother sighed, as they finally became motionless. She lifted her head to discover the boy gazing up from between her smothering breasts. "I REALLY like your dick, a lot!"

"Thank," Marty muttered.

"I hope we can make this a regular thing. I really get horny during the day, while my husband's at work."

"Sure...I wouldn't mind helping you out."

"Mmm, you're so wonderful," the beautiful mother said, lowering her face and locking her lips with him for a wild French kiss.

Down the street, Donna was just getting off the phone with Ricky, the pool-boy. "Well, that fucking sucks!" she said to Kathy after she hung up.

"He's not coming?" Kathy asked, laying by the pool in her bikini.

"He's stuck on a job with his boss. He has no idea when they'll be finished."

"Fuck!" Kathy said, horny and frustrated. "I need to cum so bad. I was really looking forward to getting fucked." "Is there another young guy on the block we can get over here?" Donna asked.

A male voice suddenly startled them. "Hi mom. Hi Donna," Tyson said, standing just inside the gate.

"Oh, urn, hey honey, are you ok?" Kathy asked, sitting up and looking over at her son.

Tyson watched his Mom's big pregnant boobs wobble beneath her bikini top. His eyes drifted over to Donna as she stood there in a sexy stance, with her big, mostly naked mommy-melons jutting out from her chest.

"Tyson?" Kathy called out, a bit louder this time, snapping him from his tittie-trance. "Is something wrong, honey?"

"Yeah, the...the floor guys are working on both bathrooms now. I was wondering if I could use Donna's bathroom?"

The mothers both looked at each other knowingly. *"He must need to jerk off,"* Kathy thought. *"He always does it in the bathroom and I wasn't even thinking about that when I scheduled to have the floors redone today."*

"Of course you can, sweetheart. When you gotta go, you gotta go, right?" Donna commented. "Thanks, Donna," Tyson said, moving to the back slider. The women both followed the boy inside, their meaty bikini-clad asses swaying atop their smooth curvy legs.

They both stopped for a moment, watching the teen rush down the hallway. "Do you think he's gonna beat off?" Donna whispered.

"I'm sorry. I should have thought about that when I scheduled our bathrooms to be redone," Kathy said, making it obvious that the answer was yes.

"Should I help him?"

Kathy's eyes widened. "Help him?"

"Yeah, you know, show him my tits or something. It always helps a young guy masturbate when they have some visual stimulation, right?"

"Uhm, well, yeah...I suppose," Kathy muttered, feeling unsure. After all, this wasn't just any young kid on the block. It was her own son.

"Don't worry, I won't fuck him, I promise," Donna said, heading down the hallway.

Tyson's shorts were already at his his ankles. His long boner protruded from his loins at an upward angle and he massaged it with his circled fist. He suddenly heard Donna's soft voice at the door. "Tyson, can I come in?" "Oh I'm uh, I'm just going pee," he muttered.

The door opened anyway and the beautiful brunette MILF peeked inside. "Sweetheart, I know you're masturbating and it's ok. Would you like me to help you?"

The boy gulped excitedly. "Help me how?"

Donna came the rest of the way in and closed the door behind her. Her sexy, bikini clad body was covered in a glossy sheen of perspiration from being outside in the sun. Tyson gazed at her ballooning knockers as they hovered in front of him. "Well, I could get naked and let you look at my body while you beat off," she said. "That might make it better for you than just using your imagination."

"True. Does my Mom know you were coming in here?"

"Yes," Donna smiled and nodded, "she knows you beat your boner a lot. She agreed that me coming in here would be a thrill for you."

"Oh."

"Do you have your phone?" Donna asked. "Yeah, why?"

"Why don't you play one of your favorite songs and I'll do a little strip-tease for you while you jerk off," she suggested.

"Oh wow, sure!" the boy said, excitedly reaching down and fetching his phone.

Kathy still stood at the end of the hallway, staring at the bathroom door and trying to process what was most likely going on in there. *"I wonder if she's Just letting him stare at her tits, or if she's actually jerking him off? she* wondered. *"My Tyson. My baby, getting attention from a REAL big fitted MILF. His cock must be throbbing with excitement."*

Suddenly, she heard the beat of sexy music coming from inside the bathroom. *"Music?! She must be doing a strip-tease for him, "the* mother thought. Kathy was surprised that she was actually beginning to have thoughts of jealousy creep in. I *may be pregnant, but I could still do a pretty damn good strip-tease. Mother or not, I'd probably blow his socks off."*

Inside the bathroom, Donna swiveled her wide matronly hips to the beat while teasingly untying her bikini-top.

Tyson's eyes were wide with desire. His hand squeezed up and down the length of his cock, lubricated by the precum drooling from his piss-slit.

The gyrating MILF pulled at the thin straps of her bikini and her enormous jugs sprung free, wobbling slowly back and forth. "Do you like this? Do you like seeing me strip out of my bikini while you rub your cock?" she seductively asked.

"Yess!"

"Now I'll take off my bottoms. I'll let you see my hot pussy!" the mother said, tugging the at the strings of her bikini bottom.

In the hallway, Kathy was now crouching next to the door, listening to what was going on inside. She heard Donna's voice over the soft beat of the music. "Wow, Tyson, I never knew you had such a big cock."

"Big cock?? How big??" the horny mother thought. 7 *mean I know he has big bulges sometimes, when he walks around the house. Maybe she's Just over over exaggerating to boost his ego."*

"That monster must be at least nine inches!" she heard Donna exclaim.

"Nine inches!! My son has nine fucking inches?! Kathy's mind screamed. *His father is only seven, how can he be nine?! And she said 'at least nine,' it could be bigger!"*

In the bathroom, Donna continued to rock her sexy body to the beat, while shedding her bikinibottoms. The boy's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he stared at her shaved pussy with lustful desire.

Donna's eyes lingered on his cock, watching it flex with hardness as it slipped wetly through his slimy fist. "Ohhh fuck, baby! You beat your dick soo fucking good! Would you like me to masturbate with you?" she asked, cupping her cunt.

Tyson was too turned on to answer, so he just nodded..

Donna continued to sway back and forth while frantically rubbing her clitoris.

The door was now open just a sliver and Kathy peered in at her naked son and his amazing cock. She couldn't help herself. Her naughty curiosity had gotten the best of her. Tyson's boner was even longer and fatter than she imagined. *"Donna was right! Oh my God, it's enormous!"* her mind exclaimed as she watched him beat his hardon from balls to knob.

Without even consciously thinking about it, Kathy's instincts took over and she reached under pregnant belly. Her hand crept beneath her bikini bottoms and she stroked her big fleshy clit to the site of her son's jutting hardon.

"Ohhhhh!" Donna whimpered, masturbating her own pussy while enjoying the same view.

The boy was too mesmerized to even notice his mother peeping in. His ogling eyes drifted back and forth from Donna's frantic clit-rubbing, to her big jiggling breasts. The fact that she was still dancing erotically while doing this only added to his excitement level. *"Holy shit, that's so fucking sexy! Look at her nipples! Look at how far their sticking out!"* he excitedly thought.

"Beat your dick hard, baby!" Donna cried out, gazing him in the eyes. "Imagine that you're between my legs and you're fucking my hot pussy!"

Tyson shuddered at the thought of having Donna's strong smooth MILF legs wrapped around his body while he hammered his thick hardness through her skilled cunt. He could only imagine what those sloshing tit-melons would feel like smothering his face. "Ohhh shit, I'm gonna cum!!" his shaky voice announced.

"Meeee toooo!" the pretty mother shrieked.

Kathy also jerked with delight, her milk-filled knockers ballooning out, nearly bursting from their tiny bikini sling as she threw her head back in orgasm. "She squealed, biting her bottom lip to keep from screaming out in ecstacy.

"Ohhh, here it comes!" Tyson moaned, making both woman's eyes snap back to his cock, just in time to see huge milky ropes jet out across the bathroom.

All three of them trembled and whimpered, rubbing and beating their genitals in unison, extracting out all the pleasure they could.

After the boy milked the last few drops from his cock, he discovered a familiar face.'Mom?" Tyson suddenly said, spotting her peeking in through the doorway.

"Oh shit!" Kathy thought, her hand still tucked in her bottoms as her son opened the door wider.

174: The MILFs of Milltown Street_2

The MILFs of Milltown Street – Part 3

G-spot

By Klrxo

"G-spot?" Fin asked, after his mom asked him if he knew what it was.

"Yes, a woman's G-spot. Well, it's technically called the Grafenburg spot, but G-spot for short," the

mother explained.

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "I've never heard of that before. What is it?" he curiously asked..

"It's a spot in a woman's vagina that's connected by nerves to her clitoris, which is the most sensitive part of a woman's sexual anatomy."

"What part of your vagina is it in?" the curious teen asked, eager to learn. The boxes in his room were half-unpacked. A few days earlier, he returned from helping his father move the rest of their items from their old home, hundreds of miles away. His dad had started his new job today, so it was just him and his pretty mom at home.

"Come over here and I'll show you," the blonde mother said, pulling her shorts down her silky, well- shaped legs. Next came her panties, so she was shamelessly naked from the waist down.

"You shave down there!" Fin pointed out, staring down at her bare pubis.

"Yes. Sometimes women do that, so nothing gets in the way, especially if they're going through an

extremely sexual period in their life," the busty mother explained. "So, you're going through a sexual period…with dad?"

"Well…yes, I am going through a sexual period, but not with your father," she explained. "Have you

forgotten that we're doing some at-home sex education this summer?"

"No…um, I didn't forget," Fin answered. *"How could I possibly forget something like that,"* he thought.

His mom smiled patiently. "Good…well, I figured with your father starting his new job today, it would be a good time for me to begin some instruction," she said.

"That's true."

"And since I'm teaching you about a woman's vagina, and you'll probably have your fingers, and even your penis in there today, I figured it would be easier, for training purposes, just to shave my vulva completely bare," the mother explained.

"That makes sense," Fin said, his heart racing at the idea of sticking his tender prick inside his mom's

most secret place.

"Come over here by me, beside your bed," she requested, sitting down on the edge of his mattress.

Fin stepped over to his mom and watched her sprawl out on his bed on her back. Her fat round boobs jutted out from her chest, drawing the boy's attention, but his sight quickly shifted to the naked mons pubis crowning her lovely legs.

"I've never been this close to a woman's vagina before," he confessed.

"Don't be nervous, sweetie. Vaginas don't bite" she teased with a reassuring smile. "Do you have any

questions about anything you see so far?

Fin stared at her crotch. He was fascinated by how the puffy outer folds of her vulva met in the middle, to form a well pronounced cleavage. "That must be dad's favorite place to be, huh?" he joked.

"I wish," his mom answered. "Lately your dad's favorite place to be is the golf course. If he gave my vagina half the attention he gives his golf swing, I'd be in seventh heaven."

"You guys aren't divorcing, are you?"

Jen laughed, making her ballooning boobies jiggle. "Oh sweetie, no. Your dad and I have a good marriage. We've just been going through a sort of sexual low, since I gave birth to your sister," she confessed.

"So you guys don't have sex?"

"No, we DO have sex…just not as much as we used to. Sadly, that's normal for most marriages."

She couldn't help but smile as she thought back on the nice cunt-pounding she'd gotten a few days ago by the boy Marty from across the street.

She focused back on the present. "Anyway, back to the G-spot. It's a very important location inside a woman's vagina, but it can be tricky to find, so I wanna show you," the mother said, drawing her knees back. "Kneel down here next to me, sweetie."

Fin rested on his knees next to the sofa. His eyes widened as he watched his mom pull open her vulvar folds with two fingers, unshrouding her creamy fuck-hole. "Wow, so that's like…um, the hole where a man puts his penis, right?" the inexperienced teen asked.

"Correct. That's my vagina. Although you may have heard it referred to as a pussy, or a cunt." "Yeah, I have heard the guys at school call it that."

"But you've never had your penis sheathed in one of these before?" she said, gazing over at him. "I felt a girl there once, but that's about it," he confessed.

"Well, what I'll teach you first then is how to finger a girl's g-spot, since you'll most likely be doing that before you fuck her."

Fin nodded anxiously. "Ok…whatever you think is best," he replied.

"So, what you're going to do first, sweetie, is make a fist, then point just your index and middle fingers

out," she explained.

"Like this?" the teen asked, doing it just the way she explained.

"Exactly. Now…imagine you couldn't speak, and were trying to tell me to come over to you, using just those two fingers. How would

you do it?" she asked.

Fin curled the two fingers over and over, in the "come-hither" motion. "Like this I guess."

"That's excellent. Remember that, because it's gonna play an important part in stimulating my G-spot." "Got it."

"Ok, now you're gonna put those two fingers in your mouth and wet them really good," the mother said. "This will get them nice n slippery, so you can insert them into a woman's cunt-hole without hurting her."

Fin wet the two fingers, making them glisten with saliva. "Wet enough?" he asked.

"That should be good," Jen said. "Now, keeping your palm facing up, I want you to insert your two

fingers into my pussy."

Fin's heart raced excitedly as he slipped his digits into his mom's pink cuntal opening and pushed them in as deep as they would go.

"That's great, sweetie. A woman's G-spot is actually more like a 'G-area.' When she gets aroused, her erectile tissue becomes engorged with blood, making the G-spot larger and puffier, with a rougher texture. Do you feel it there on the frontal side of my tunnel?" the mother asked.

Fin couldn't believe that he actually had his fingers inside his mom's cunt. It felt so warm and snug and slippery in there. He felt the spongy-textured patch she was talking about. "Yeah, I feel it," he muttered.

"Good. Do you remember the way you were curling your fingers a minute ago? That's what you wanna do now," his mother told him.

"That will stimulate my G-spot."

Fin did as she instructed. By the way his mom started gasping and squirming, he knew he was doing it the right way. "Perfect, Fin…just keep doing that," she sighed.

The fingering teen watched his mom's boobs heave around heavily on her chest. Even under the confines of her bra and tank top, her melons seemed to teeter heavily, and he could clearly see the lumps of her erect nipples protruding out from beneath the fabric.

"Oh my God, Fin, that feels REALLY good!" the pretty blonde mother whimpered, subtly humping her pussy up against his hand.

Suddenly, her newborn baby started crying from down the hallway. "Oh shoot," the mother sighed, "she needs changed and fed. Why don't we pause this for now. You can do some more unpacking, then I'll come back when I'm finished with her."

"Alright," Fin said, pulling his two fingers from her vagina. They both noticed how they were glistening with vaginal secretions.

"That's called pussy-juice, Fin. It's a natural slippery substance that a woman's cunt produces, so she can lubricate a man's penis while he fucks her."

"Oh cool."

"You can smell it, and lick it off your fingers. It's not poisonous," she teased. "I'll be back in just a bit."

Fin brought his wet fingers to his nose, letting the fragrant nectar waft through his nasal passages. He then licked his fingers dry, enjoying the savory flavor of his mom's fuck oil.

Across the street, the other MILFs of Milltown Street, Kathy, Donna, Rita and Dawn sat having coffee.

"So, is it true?" Rita asked, looking at the pregnant mother Kathy.

"Is what true?" Kathy asked.

"Is Tyson's cock nine inches?"

"Well, we didn't really ask him," she answered, looking at Donna, "but it certainly looked about that

size…maybe even bigger."

"Thick too," Donna added. "I spent nearly a half-hour cleaning his cum-load off me." "Licking up every drop I'm sure," Dawn teased.

Donna licked her lips. "What other way is there to clean up boy-sperm." "Damn…nine inches…" Rita said lustfully. "Where's the line for that ride?"

The moms all laughed. "Well, I'm sure if there is one, mommy will be the first one in line," Donna said, smiling over at Kathy.

The pregnant mother blushed a bit. "Of course I'd let him fuck me, but I don't even know if he'd want to."

"Wait, I thought you guys were fucking Donna's son Ricky?" Dawn asked.

"That was the plan," Donna answered, "but he got stuck on a job across town."

The other mothers giggled, knowing that was likely bullshit. "Yeah, more like stuck boning some

housewife's pussy across town," Rita joked.

"Did you guys fuck the new boy Fin from across the street?" Kathy asked, rubbing her big pregnant belly

with one hand.

"We sent Marty over, but apparently Fin was still helping his father move their things," Dawn said. "AND…Marty was in the house alone with Fin's mother for nearly an hour," Rita said.

They all looked at Dawn and smiled. "Yes, she probably fucked him," Damn said, "I mean, if any one of us were in her shoes we probably would have too. Plus, I found a dirty magazine in Marty's room yesterday. He's fascinated with MILF pussy."

"Have you thought about fucking him?" Donna asked her.

"Of course I've thought about it," Dawn admitted. "Hasn't every mom thought about fucking their son at

least once or twice?"

Donna giggled. "Well, that's an easy answer coming from me, since I HAVE actually fucked my son."

"Maybe we should just go over and introduce ourselves, check out the situation over there," Rita

suggested, looking through the window at the house across the street.

"Check out the situation?" Kathy asked. "Rita, the plan is to seduce their son, not to case and rob their

house."

"Oh, you know what I mean. We could take over a basket of something…make it like a 'welcome to the neighborhood' kinda thing. Maybe even invite Fin and his mother over to swim today."

"Sounds like a good plan to me," Donna said. "Me too," Dawn agreed.

"Ok…now where were we?" Fin's mom Jen asked as she stepped back in his room. This time she was completely naked.

"Holy wowzers!" The boy thought as he watched his beautiful blonde mother's huge milk-swollen knockers bobble heavily as she stepped towards him.

"You fingered my G-spot. Would you like to rub your penis against it now, sweetie?" she asked in a matter-of-fact manner.

"Oh…um, uh…sure," he awkwardly answered.

She took his hand and led him to his mattress. Then she squatted down and removed his shorts. "First let's get you naked. Your boner can't give a woman G-spot stimulation if it's covered up with clothes," she teased.

The mother tugged off his briefs and his boner sprung up, nearly slapping her in the face. She took a moment to admire his meaty erection with its wonderful pink knob. "Wow, what a beautiful lady-pleaser, Fin," she cooed.

"Thanks," he muttered proudly.

"There's one position that's really wonderful

for stimulating a woman's G-spot," she said, then stood up. "Wanna try it?" "Sure."

The pretty mother plopped down on her son's bed and laid back, making her big ballooning boobies droop slightly off the sides of her chest. "Climb on top and straddle my legs," she said.

Fin anxiously did as she asked him. "This is a variation of the missionary sex position. Instead of spreading my thighs and having you between them, I'll keep my legs straight out like this and you can slide your hard penis in that way," she explained.

With his legs outside of hers, Fin brought himself down over his mom on extended arms.

Jen's cuntal lips flanked her fleshy prepuce, and her boy's excited prick plowed against it a few times, seeking entrance to her vagina. His knob finally became lodged between her folds, then sunk down into her creamy vagina.

"Ohhh!" they both sighed at once, feeling his meat slide along her slippery inner ridges.

"This position provides a lot of clitoral stimulation," Jen said, "which some women find more pleasurable than depth."

They both suddenly heard the doorbell chime and looked towards his bedroom doorway. "Shit, who

could that be?!" his mom asked, as Fin slid his dick back out of her cunt.

A minute later, Jen answered the front door to find the four moms feeding her a friendly smile. "Hi there…" Dawn said. "We're all moms on this block, we just wanted to come across and welcome you to the neighborhood," she said, then handed her a bowl of fruit.

"Oh…how nice, thank you," Jen said. "Um…come on in."

Dawn, Rita, Kathy and Donna stepped into the foyer. "Sorry about the mess. We're still unpacking," Jen said.

"No no…we understand," Kathy answered. "Moving can be a lot of work."

"I'm Jen, this is my son Fin," the mother of the house said, motioning to her son, who had entered the room behind them.

The four heavy-titted guests spun around and began feasting their eyes on the boy. Their gaze darted up and down his lean handsome frame, pausing at the sizeable bulge beneath his shorts. "Hi there, Fin," Rita said, like a horny girl at a school dance.

"Hello," The boy said blushingly. He was astonished at how beautiful each mother was. Like his own sexy mom, they each had huge tits, wide hips and smooth luscious-looking legs.

"I have a son your age. When he gets up, he'll be hanging out by the pool at Rita's house today," she

said. "Would the two of you like to come over for a swim?"

Fin looked to his mom for an answer. "Oh, thanks, we would, but I have a newborn," Jen said.

"We have a baby monitor at the house that you could use to keep an eye on her," Rita said. "I have three kids, so trust me…I know all about managing a little one."

Jen looked at her boy. "Do you wanna swim, and get to know the boy across the street?" she asked

sweetly.

"Sure," Fin answered, knowing there was a good chance he'd get to see them all in bikinis. "OK, um…I'll dig my bikini out of one of the boxes and we'll be over," Jen said.

Marty was leaned over the toilet, beating his dick to one of the MILFs in his magazines when there came a gentle tap at the door. "Marty, can I talk to you for just a sec?" his mom Dawn asked.

"Yeah, um…I'll be right there," the boy said, shoving his cock back in his briefs.

He opened the door to find his mom standing there in a black semi sheer bandeau-style micro bikini.

"Hi," he muttered.

"We're all going over to Rita's to swim, and Fin, the new boy from across the street, with be there," she explained. "Why don't you come over and get to know him?"

"Oh…I would, but I already told Tyler I would go to the batting cages with him."

"Oh, that's right. I forgot you boys were doing that today," she said in a disappointed tone. "I'll let him

know that you'd still like to hang out sometime though."

"Alright," Marty said, then started to close the door, but his mom stuck her foot in, keeping it from closing.

"Are you um…jerking off in there?" she curiously asked.

The way she was standing as she peered inside the bathroom, made her enormous tits and naked giant baby-orb balloon out obscenely through the slightly open doorway.

Since he and his mom could talk about anything without her getting upset, he figured there was no

point in lying to her. "Yeah…um, just a quick one," he admitted. "Do you have your magazine in there with you?"

"One of them, yes," he said, glancing over at the toilet.

"I wanna see which picture you're looking at," she said, nudging her way past him.

Dawn picked up the magazine and saw a picture of a MILF with huge tan tits standing by a swimming pool. "She's pretty," the mother said. "Close the door and sit down here on the toilet seat for a second."

Marty did as she asked, and his mom surprised him by sitting down sideways on his lap. "She has really big tits," the mother commented as she felt her boy's boner press against the crack of her smothering bikini-clad buttocks.

"Yeah…um, she does," glancing down at his own mom's enormous cleavage. The bikini was a snug tube- top that hugged the round melonous flesh of her fatty tits.

"How do you imagine that you guys are doing it?" Dawn asked.

"Doing it?"

"Well…yeah, obviously you're imagining yourself fucking her, while you masturbate," the mother said. "How are you laying into her? Is she on her back? Is she on top of you? Are you fucking her from behind? I'm just curious."

"Oh…um, well, actually I was imagining her on top of me," he admitted.

"Mm, the cowgirl…you like that one, huh?" "Yeah."

"Did the mom across the street ride your boner that way yesterday?" Dawn candidly asked him, then giggled as her son fed her an incriminating look. "Oh sweetie, don't look so shocked. I know she fucked you. I certainly didn't think she had you in there for an hour so she could give you a tour of the house."

"You're not mad?" he asked.

"No…why would I be mad?" Dawn asked. "Boys your age should be getting their dicks wet, not hanging out in the bathroom jerking off, and fantasizing about it."

"I know, but she's a lot older than me…and she's married."

His mom fed him a mischievous grin. "We moms fuck, it's what we do. Let US worry about our husbands. You just focus on enjoying yourself and getting pleasure," she admonished.

"Alright."

"OK, I have a pool party to get to," Dawn said, standing up. "And you have to finish jerking off so you can meet your friend."

"True."

"Will you do me a favor though?"

"Sure," he said, looking up at his mom as he still sat on the toilet seat. Dawn peeked over the swell of her huge tits. The micro band-aid-style bandeau top only covered a portion of her melons, leaving an obscene amount of naked tit flesh resting atop the huge ball of her prenatal meat.

"You promise?" she asked sweetly.

"Of course. What do you need me to do?"

Her eyes sparkled as she smiled. "I need you to beat your erection really good, and cum nice and hard

for me," she said sweetly.

The boy's heart was racing so fast his response came out as one big sigh. "I-can-do-that."

His mom smiled and turned towards the door. She always wore modest one-piece swim suits when his father was around and they swam as a family, so he wasn't used to seeing her this way. Her bikini bottoms were as skimpy as you could get without being naked. The hips strings were connected to a thin single string running down and disappearing between the meaty cheeks of her luscious buttocks. Her

ass-meat jiggled delightfully as she stepped out of the bathroom.

Marty did finish masturbating, and he came incredibly hard, just as his mom asked him to. However, it was no longer the girl in the magazine he was thinking about. He now had his busty bikini-clad mother on the brain.

"There you are," Rita said as Dawn arrived and stepped around the pool.

"Sorry, I was talking with Marty," Dawn said.

"Everything ok?"

"Yeah, he was just masturbating," she answered.

"Tyler's probably beating his meat too. That's why he's not answering his phone," Kathy said, tossing her

cell onto one of the loungers.

"Oh, just so you know, the two of them have plans to go to the batting cages, so they won't be swimming with us," Dawn said.

"Shoot, I forgot that was today."

"I did too," Dawn said, then looked over at Fin who was swimming around alone in Rita's pool. "I guess it'll just be Fin, and us five sexy moms today."

"I doubt he'll complain any," Jen giggled, making her milk-swollen tits jiggle as she adjusted her skimpy turquoise bikini-top.

"Is he sexually active, Jen?" Donna asked, looking at the boy lustfully.

"No, but that'll be changing real soon," she answered.

"Oh?"

"I'm doing at at-home sex education program with him this summer," she explained. "We just started

the first lesson this morning."

"What type of lesson was it?" Kathy asked. "G-spot stimulation."

"Oh," Dawn reacted. "With the fingers or penis?"

"Both actually. He fingered me some at first, then he had actually just penetrated my pussy with his erection when you guys rang the doorbell," Jen said.

"Oh no, what horrible timing we have," Rita exclaimed.

"No worries. We can finish the lesson later this afternoon, before my husband gets home," Fin's pretty

blonde mother assured her.

"Or we could um…all help you finish the lesson now, if you want?" Kathy suggested.

Fin dove under the water and when he surfaced, he watched the five mothers begin stepping down into the pool. Their micro bikinis were all obscenely skimpy, leaving little to his imagination. "How's the water, honey?" his mom asked as she began swimming over to him.

"Feels really nice," he answered. Even though he was on the shallower side of the pool, he crouched down, so he could be neck-deep in the water.

"Your mom tells us that you're getting a sex education at home, Fin," Kathy said, dipping down underneath the water. When she came back up the boy discovered that the triangular cups of her bikini top were sheer, allowing him to see her thick rubbery nipples and the huge rings of her areola.

"Yes…well um…we just started," he muttered, staring at her huge pregnant tits.

"Yes, she told us," Donna said, floating over beside him. Her pale pink bikini wasn't as sheer as Kathy's, but it was just as skimpy. The triangular cups only covered the peaks of her huge melons. "Are you learning a lot so far?" she asked.

"Some, yes."

"We haven't gotten very far into it quite yet, have we honey?" his mom said, moving up behind him and hugging him from behind, squashing her milk-filled knockers on his bare flesh.

"Far into the training…or far into your vagina?" Dawn teased, making the moms giggle. "Both actually." Jen answered, "He got a few inches in this morning, didn't you, honey?" "Yeah," Fin said with a timid smile.

"How did that feel, Fin?" Kathy asked, floating right up against the boy beneath the water, bumping her huge baby-swollen tummy against him. "Could you feel your mom's G-spot with the knob of your boner?"

"Yeah, I think so," the boy answered.

"Sorry we showed up when we did and cut your lesson short," Rita said, moving in against the boy from

the side.

"It's ok," Fin muttered as he watched more moms move in around him, surrounding him in hot curvy MILF flesh. He could feel their squishy boobies and engorged papilla pushing against him.

"We offered to help your mom finish her lesson," Kathy said, gazing at him with her beautiful hazel eyes.

"She thought that was a wonderful idea."

Fin could feel the women's hands begin roaming his body beneath the water, combing their long painted nails against his tender flesh.

"What do YOU think about that idea, Fin?" Dawn asked, pressing her tits and pregnant belly against the boy's side. "Would you like to slide your young prick inside each of us…and feel our G-spots?"

The boy's heart was racing faster than any time in his life. "If you guys…um, want me to," he answered

nervously.

"If we want him too," Kathy said, amused by his answer as she smiled over at Dawn and Rita wickedly.

She gazed back at the teen. "You're so damn cute, I could just eat you."

"Let's get your trunks off, honey," his mom said softly, pulling off his swim shorts. No sooner were they off than the boy felt five hands groping his cock.

"Ohh!" he sighed as he felt their hands gently squeezing and stroking the meat of his prick and balls. "Mm, that feels like a nice

one," Donna cooed, gripping his vein-encrusted girth with her pretty hand. "Yes…with a good-sized bell tip," Rita added, squeezing the boy's glans with her fingertips.

"It's so hard and swollen with blood," Kathy said, feeling the firm muscle at the base of Fin's erection. "It

should carve so nicely right up into our cunts."

"Does that sound nice?" Jen asked near his ear, as she clung to him from behind. "Do you wanna

stimulate our G-spots?"

The boy was so overwhelmed with arousal he could hardly speak. "Uh-huh," he sighed. "Mm, let's take our bottoms off," Rita said to the other moms.

All five women reached down beneath the water and slipped out of their bikini bottoms. The patches of fabric looked like strange exotic fish, with thin strings for tentacles as they floated off along the surface of the water.

"Would you like me to go first, Fin?" Kathy asked, circling her legs around him.

"Sure."

The mother reached down around her huge baby-filled belly, grasped the boy's prick and pried her smooth vulvar lips open with it's barbed tip. The boy sighed as he felt his inexperienced prick sink into the hot tube of her vagina.

"Oh yes, that's nice!" Kathy gasped, getting as far down on his prick as she could. Straddling his lap this way, put her massive cleavage right beneath the boy's chin, with her spongy orbs mashed against his upper chest.

Fin let out a sharp excited breath as he felt her skilled pussy clasp it's muscles around his rigid pink boner.

"Does it feel good, honey?" Jen asked as she hovered near him.

"Yes…really good," he answered, with pleasure written all over his face.

"Fuck it against my G-spot, Fin," Kathy said as she began humping up and down slowly. "Make me cum."

The teen's excited boner slowly pumped through the thick textured walls of Kathy's birthing tube. She rode him just right, plowing his knob along her upper wall, stimulating her most sensitive area.

The moms were still all gathered around him in an intimately close circle, with their boobs pressed up against him, anxiously waiting their turn.

"YES!" Kathy suddenly gasped, humping in a more frantic pace. "RIGHT THERE!!"

"Oh God!" the boy whimpered, watching her pretty face grimace with pleasure as she came on his cock. After a minute of boner-grinding delight, the mother slipped her pussy off him.

Rita was next, straddling the teen and wrapping her strong tan legs around him. She felt his boner squeeze through the remnants of her hymen and into her snug vagina.

"Oh, such a nice dick!" she sighed, pushing it in as deep as it could go, flattening her huge fatty melons against his bare chest. Using her strong motherly legs, Rita pumped her crotch into his, in a slow steady rhythm, plowing his prick along her sweet spot.

"Ohh, man!" the boy gasped, his eyes big and round as he felt his glans tingle exquisitely in the grip of her aroused cunt.

"Does that feel good on your dick, Fin?" Donna asked stroking his neck with her nails, with her huge milkers pressed against the side of his arm.

"Yes…very!" the boy sighed.

"I'm almost there!" Rita announced, increasing her humping tempo slightly as an orgasm swelled inside her.

Jen gazed into her son's eyes. "Deep breaths, honey…don't cum yet," she cooed.

"Uuunngghh!!" Rita cried out, grinding frantically as her entire curvy body went into a shaking orgasmic fit.

It was all the boy could do to keep from cumming as he felt her hot inner walls clasp and pulsate around his prick.

"Another pregnant mom coming aboard, captain," Dawn said as she took Rita's place on top of him. Like a couple other of the mom's bikinis, Dawn's black bandeau-style top was pretty much see-through, especially now that it was wet. The excited teen stared at the wide grapefruit-sized areola peeking through the fabric, with puffy nipples protruding out of their centers. The engorged rings kissed his chest, along with the huge round prenatal meat of her tummy.

Fin's throbbing boner poked out from behind her ass, until Dawn lifted up slightly, grasped his organ and guided it up inside her love-socket.

"Oh, how fucking nice!" she gasped, feeling it sink inside her.

"Wow…she feels so different!" the boy thought wondrously.

The redheaded mother's body had gone through changes the past nine months, just as Kathy's had. Increased blood flow had cause

her vaginal lining to thicken, creating rows of purple ribbed rugae that massaged the boys boner in ways he never imagined possible.

"Fuck her!" Jen said encouragingly. "Fuck her pussy!"

The boy felt her swollen tits slosh against him as Dawn humped her cunt up and down his muscled erection. Her pretty red hair glowed like flames in the sunlight as she gasped and rolled her eyes back in sexual delight.

Much like her purple vaginal pleats, Dawn's G-spot was well pronounced. Fin could feel its spongy tissue slipping along the top of his burrowing dick. With that on one side, and her smoldering ribs smothered around the rest of his dick, the boy could feel his orgasm come on quickly.

"Ohh, I better stop!" he whimpered, feeling his glans sizzle in the muscled grip of Dawn's skilled vagina.

"Don't hold back, honey!" his mom encouraged him. "You're young. Your dick won't go soft after a hard cum, I guarantee it."

With his mom's permission, the boy let out a deep guttural grunt as he experienced the first cunt- smothered orgasm of his life. Jen felt a tinge of jealousy that it wasn't her pussy he was cumming in for the first time, but she was happy that her boy was nutting off inside another beautiful MILF like herself.

"OHH FUCK!!" Dawn gasped, feeling the jolt of a intense climax shoot through her pregnant body.

Fin came even harder as he felt girl-cum pulse from Dawn's urethral meatus, warming the water around their joined genitals.

After another minute of dick-grinding pleasure, the mother slipped off him. "Wow, that was yummy!" Dawn sighed, feeling his hot cum-load smear around inside the collapsing walls of her cunt.

He felt Donna's hand stroke his still-hard penis. "Still hard for me? Do you need some time to rest, darling?" the sexy brunette asked.

"I'm good," he answered.

His mom smiled proudly. "These boys…such short refractory periods, it's amazing!"

"Isn't it?" Kathy agreed. "As long as there are sexy girls around, I don't think their dicks will ever go soft."

Donna climbed on and folded her sexy legs around his midsection. This time his boner met it's target without any help and sunk into her heated penile sheath.

"Oh, Fin, you feel so good in my pussy!" Donna gasped, feeling his rod stretch her inner lining. She wasted no time using her strong smooth legs to hump her horny vagina up and down the rigid spike of his cock.

"Meet her thrusts, baby!" Jen said. "Stimulate her G-spot with your big strong lady-pleaser."

The boy did his best beneath the water, to meet Donna's frantic humping. The fact that he'd now been between the cradling thighs of four married women felt wicked, but he loved it. Their experienced pussies were squeezing and pumping him in ways that girls his own age couldn't, and the flesh of their huge mommy-melons jiggled and sloshed beneath his chin like only a MILF's tits could.

"OHH, YES! I'M GONNA CUM ON YOU!!" Donna cried out, pushing her bare crotch against his and grinding desperately.

"Uuunngghh!!" the pretty mother grunted out through gritted teeth.

Fin felt that familiar warming sensation in the water around their genitals as Donna squirted around the root of his prick.

"Now I get to finish what I started this morning!" Jen said, as Donna floated off the boy and she maneuvered herself around to take her turn at fucking him.

The anxious mother tore off her tiny bikini top, releasing her monster jugs. "I wanna be naked while we

fuck!" she said, gazing at him between the curtain of her long blonde hair.

The teen could hardly breathe he was so thrilled. His pretty mom climbed onto him and within seconds his peter was buried to his nutsack.

"Oh, damn!" the boy gasped excitedly, feeling the strength of her cuntal grip.

Jen had just given birth a month ago, and while her pussy had time to return to it's normal tightness, her vaginal muscles were still extremely well conditioned, due to the long laborious task of pushing out a baby.

Fin felt the difference right away. It wasn't that the other mother's cunts weren't tight and adept around his cock. They were, but his mom's pussy had the added muscular tone from having just given birth, and it felt absolutely insane.

"Yes! You're hitting my G-spot, baby!" the humping mother exclaimed.

The other moms were rubbing their clits beneath the water. They had grouped up so tightly around the boy that it looked like one big mass of MILF flesh in the center of the pool.

Fin was over the moon as his hot mom began kissing and licking his neck while clutching onto him and fucking him steadily. Everywhere he looked there were huge bulging cleavages crushed up against him…pounds and pounds of fatty tit-meat glistening wetly in the noon-day sun. He felt long painted fingernails clawling at his body, and looked around at the beautiful eyes of the mothers gazing at him with dreamy lust.

"You fucked our hot pussies so good!" Rita mewled, running her thick tongue across her top lip.

"Do you wanna suck on our titties sometime, Fin?" Dawn asked at his ear, nipping at it with her teeth, while mashing her own squishy mommy-flesh against his back. "And bury your face between our soft warm boobs?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped excitedly, imagining his entire head smothered between the huge sets of tits that were pressed against him.

"You can put your dick in our asses, and let us smother your pink boner with our tight rectums," Kathy suggested in a seductive tone.

Fin felt his mother's humping body give off a sudden jolt, making her milk-filled melons ripple against his

chest. "Cumming!!" her pretty voice squealed.

The way her cuntal walls clasped his boner like a velvet vice triggered his own body-trembling climax. "Huuaahh!!" the boy grunted out as fat ropes of spunk began soaking his mother's quivering sex chamber.

It took them several minutes to come down from their sexual cloud.

"Well, Donna, now I think I need to get your son Ricky over here to clean all the genital juices out of my pool," Rita said, half-jokingly.

"You just wanna get my son's 'genital juice' inside you. I'm not a dummy," Donna teased. "OK, yes…maybe that too," Rita said, making all the moms laugh.

175: The MILFs of Milltown Street_3

The MILF's of Milltown Street – Chapter 4: Replacing the cum rag

By Klrxo

"Tyson?" Kathy called, tapping on the bathroom door.

"I'll be right out, mom," her son answered.

"Tyson, I know your masturbating in there. I'm coming in."

When the bathroom door peeked open, Tyson quickly stood up and tried to conceal his monster erection.

His pregnant brunette mother waddled into the bathroom on bare feet. She wore nothing but a black see-through mesh robe, with matching thong panties. The nearly-naked mother showed no shame whatsoever as she closed the door behind her. She was only a week away from her expected due date, so her huge round belly protruded obscenely from the slit of the flimsy robe.

"Honey, it really bothers me that you jerk off so much," she admitted.

"I wasn't um…jerking off."

"Honey, you're hiding a boner, and that rag in your hand…that's the one you squirt your cum into. I clean your room, remember?" Kathy giggled.

"Why is it a big deal if I masturbate?" Tyson asked.

"I know a boy your age needs daily release… especially if they have a dick and balls as big as yours. I just feel like masturbation is for boys, and you're a young man now. You should be beating your dick through a woman's pussy, not your hand."

"I don't really um…have a girlfriend right now though," he confessed. He was having a difficult time not staring at his mom's humongous tits. Her thick nipples and wide areola might as well have been naked, since he could see them clearly through the transparent fabric.

"Well, you don't really need a girlfriend to get pussy," Kathy assured him. "There's lots of girls that would spread their thighs for you, with no strings attached. Not just girls your age, but moms also."

"Women your age you mean?"

"Yes, as long as their husbands aren't at home…ladies my age love to get fucked by young men like you."

"Have YOU done it with guys my age before…behind dad's back?"

"Yes, but let's not talk about me," Kathy blushed knowing she'd feel ashamed if she admitted to her own son how many young men had beat their dicks through her cunt over the years. "You should really find yourself a mom who you could work your sexual frustrations out on."

"Well, your friend Donna was in the bathroom helping me the other day. Maybe she would let me have sex with her."

"Yes, I'm sure that Donna would be more than willing to loan you her pussy, but I actually had someone else in mind?" Kathy revealed.

"You do? Who is it?"

"Take a guess."

"Rita?"

"No."

"Dawn?"

"Nope…although I'm sure they'd happily spread their legs for you," his mom giggled.

"Who then?"

"ME!" the mother declared, with a little bounce on her feet, making her milk-swollen tits jump beneath her robe.

"You?!" her son asked.

"Yes, it makes perfect sense. We live under the same roof, so it's super-convenient, and I'm already pregnant, so you could dump as many loads inside me as you wanted without worrying about becoming a dad."

"That's true I guess," the boy agreed, his boner flexing at the very idea of fucking his pregnant voluptuous mother.

"We could even fuck while your dad is at home sometimes, as long as we're careful."

"So, when could we um…start?" the eager teen asked.

"Well, your sister is gone to day camp, and your father's left for work already. Would you like to fuck our asses off right now?"

"Would I ever!"

The excited teen followed his mom down to his parent's bedroom, watching her buttocks wag teasingly beneath the see-through robe

the entire way. Kathy turned towards her boy and shrugged her shoulders, causing the robe to slip off her pregnant body and pool at her dainty feet. The swollen flesh of her naked jugs and enormous baby-ball ballooned out towards her son. "Would you like to remove my panties, baby?" she asked.

"That would be super-cool!" he beamed, then watched her sit on the edge of her bed. Kathy rested back on extended arms, her gigantic boobies rolling slightly off the sides of her chest. She brought her feet from the floor, drawing her knees back and bowing her thighs open. "Come peel them off of me, honey," she invited.

The boy stepped forward, his cock wagging stiffly, then grabbed the waistband of Kathy's thong, slid them off her cunt and down her curvy mommy-legs. His heart raced so fast he felt a bit unsteady as he gawked at her mound of Venus. The thick vulvar lips were slightly splayed, exposing a deep coral slit.

Tyson could swell her arousal and it was wonderful. Kathy reached down towards him with both hands, over the huge round swell of her baby-ball. "Come on, baby…come to mommy," she cooed.

The mother guided her cub down on top of her, sensing his awkwardness as he sunk against her pregnant belly. "Don't worry, you're not gonna hurt the baby," she assured him. "Just fuck me like you would one of the girls at school."

Tyson pried her cunt lips open with the fat knob of his cock and made his mom let out a cute squeal as it sunk inside her. Kathy threw her legs open even wider, giving her boy all the space that was needed to bury his boner to the root. Usually, the experienced mother didn't fasten the harness of her strong legs around a boy until he started pumping into her.

"Oh man, this feels good!" the teen gasped, sliding his erection all the way inside the snug sleeve of her vagina.

"You feel good to me too, baby," she confessed. "Your cock's just so fucking big and strong!"

One of the things Kathy and the other MILFs of Milltown Street loved about teenage cock was how unbelievably hard it got. The boys dicks GOT erect…and STAYED erect, providing the women with toe-curling pleasure. Tyson began fucking into her, awkwardly at first, but when his mom circled her silky legs around him, it brought him to an even keel, and he fell into a steady rhythm. "Yes, there you go! Fuck me, Tyson!" Kathy mewled.

Their naked bodies humped together in a primal dance. Kathy had experienced lots of young men between her thighs over the years and she was anxious to see how her own son could perform, compared to the rest of them. It seemed like the day of his eighteenth birthday would never come. He was clearly developing nicely during puberty, and she could tell by all the erections she'd spied over the years that his penis was growing thick and strong, just the kind moms love. Now, here he was…finally sharing it with her in the most wicked way possible. A few times, the boy's movement became clumsy, showing his inexperience, but the patient mother would use her skilled hips to correct his efforts, setting them back into the right rhythm. She knew she would have plenty of opportunity to show him her sexual super-powers later and really test his staying power, but for now, she just wanted to see what he was able to do to her body on his own.

For young Tyson, this was unlike anything he'd ever experienced sexually. Sure, he'd fucked a few girls, but compared to his mom, they were all lightweights. His mom's body was curvier, especially being nine-months pregnant. Her legs were smoother and stronger, and her tits were at least ten times bigger than the largest-breasted girl he'd fucked. The feel of Kathy's milk-engorged melons crushed between them while he fucked her was out of this world.

"Fuck me harder, baby!" the mother gasped, giving her ass a few pumps from the mattress, screwing her vagina up around his cock.

Tyson obliged, hammering his hardness into her. He could feel by the way his glans tingled that her vaginal lining was textured differently than the ones he'd fucked before, in an amazing way. Increased blood flow to her genital region, as her body prepared to give birth, had caused Kathy's vaginal ridges to engorge, creating rows of purple corrugations in the tube of her cunt. The fleshy juice-secreting pleats created exquisite friction around the meat of Tyson's pink boner as it plummeted through her.

Kathy's marital bed rocked, the headboard knocking against the wall repeatedly. Her son was gasping and grunting on top of her, humping wildly between her warm cradling thighs. She could tell he'd be busting a nut soon, but that was ok. Her plan was to get one out of his system quick, then he'd last longer for round two and she could ride the fuck out of him.

"Oh, shit, mom!" the boy groaned, feeling his cunt-smothered knob swell even bigger inside her. Kathy's external o's were puffy and swollen and secreted hot mucus that sizzled on Tyson's knob each time it bumped the back wall of her cunt. This made the boy's anus clench and the muscles in the root of his cock contract, firing a load of semen up his boner-tube.

"Yes! Cum in me, baby!" his mom sensually cheered, scratching her long nails down his back as she felt her vaginal tube painted with splattering cum.

For several mind-blowing minutes, the boy bucked and trembled, using his mom's snug pussy to milk the ball-juice from his prick.

"Oh, baby, that was incredible!" Kathy said breathlessly. "You're a really good fuck, honey!"

It certainly wasn't the marathon fuck that the mother preferred, but she knew that thirty-minutes wasn't bad, and that in time, and with some instruction, he'd be able to fuck her for much longer.

"You didn't cum though…I'm sorry," the boy breathed.

"Not yet, no…but I know that boys your age have short refractory periods, and we'll be back at it in just a few minutes," she told him. "This time mommy's taking the top, so she can ride you hard and cum all over you."

"Cool!" her son eagerly answered. "Other than not making you cum, did I do alright though?"

Kathy knew that sugar-coating his performance wouldn't make him any better. In her opinion, the fuck they'd just had was average, but she wanted to share that with him in the most constructive way possible. "Once you found your rhythm, you were amazing…and you changed up your angle of attack a few times, working different areas of my pussy, which I REALLY loved. There were a few times though that you staggered a bit, breaking the rhythm we had going. If you had stayed the course, I probably would have cum," she coached. "AND you didn't kiss me or suck my tits once. Women really love those added bits of affection during coitus."

"Oh, ok…well, um…next time I'll do more of that."

"Good!" she beamed. "I'm ready for that 'next time' whenever you are."

"I'm good to go," the boy announced.

Kathy rolled her teen onto his back, taking the top. Now it was time for the boy to experience the fucking skills of a pregnant mommy-slut. The beautiful brunette planted her knees firmly astride his hips and sat upright, so her giant tits and beachball-size belly jutted out over her son's ogling eyes. She was pleased with how erect his cock

still was. His throbbing bell tip was still kissing the slightly-dilated ring of her cervical head.

"Let's fuck, baby!" Kathy purred, then began bouncing her cock-stuff cunt up and down.

Laying beneath his cowgirl-positioned mother presented the most obscene, yet wonderful sight the boy had ever beheld. The gentle rise and fall of her huge pregnant belly was hypnotizing, and the way her oversized knockers bobbled around heavily on her chest made his boner flex with delight.

Kathy found a rhythm, making her naked ass-globes slap against her son's crotch with steady repetitive force.

"Oh yes, your cock feels so good, baby!" she gasped, reaching up and squeezing her fat tits as she rode him.

"You feel amazing too!" the boy admitted and that was certainly no lie. His mom's exquisitely-ribbed cunt-sleeve slipped up and down the length of his meat as it collared his cock in a juicy grip.

Kathy had gotten the show started and now she was ready to really fuck her son hard and fast, just the way she loved it best. The heavy-titted mother leaned forward, resting her hands down against her son's shoulders for leverage, then really started putting her wide hips to work, pounding her hyper-sexual pussy on the satisfying stiffness of Tyson's erection.

Leaning over like this while she fucked put the dreamy contours of her upper body teasingly close to her son's wonder-filled face. His brown eyes nearly bugged out of his skull as he stared at his mom's swinging king-sized boobies. Kathy felt no shame by how huge and bouncy her tits were, nor by the way the milk was dripping from the teats. No doubt her son would be fucking lots of pregnant moms, so it was something he needed to get used seeing.

"YES!" the mom gasped, feeling her baby boy's strong muscular dick thunder through her tube of pleasure.

Tyson's fat barbed cock-tip ignited his mom's nerve endings… particularly the ones that ran beneath the roof of her vagina and were connected to her clitoris. Kathy pushed her pelvic floor muscles around the girth of her boy plowing shaft. She knew this would really enhance her pleasure and the production of her female ejaculate. The hard-humping mother knew it wouldn't be long before she surrendered to a deep, full-body orgasm.

"Hump your ass from the mattress, baby! Make mommy pop!" she cried out.

(Moaning sounds)

A lewd flesh-smacking sound filled the mother's bedroom as they beat their engorged sex organs together in sexual delight.

Through the canyon of her rippling tit-cleavage, Tyson could see his mom's pretty face become masked in a wonderful pleasure-grimace. Kathy clenched her white teeth together, rolling her eyes back in their sockets, and let out a deep guttural grunt as she came hard on her boy's cock.

Having gotten one intense orgasm out of his system, Tyson was able to fuck his mom much longer this time. Even in the snug contacting suction of her hot pussy, his dick wasn't so sensitive that it triggered his own climax. He felt girl-cum burble around the root of his erection as it squirted from his mother's urethral meatus.

Seeing his mom cum was an absolute spectacle. She screamed and grunted. Her lush suntanned body trembled in ecstasy, making her milk-engorged tits ripple like gelatin.

Despite having a huge prenatal belly, Kathy dropped down against her teen and sandwiched her baby-orb between them. Her thick

round buttocks continued to pump up and down tirelessly, spearing her boy's prick through her birthing-tube. Her fatty ass-cheeks rippled each time her cunt-labia smacked against her boy's cock-base.

Tyson shuddered in excitement. His mom's sloshing udders were plastered against his upper chest, slowly creeping up onto his shoulders from her forceful humps. This made the boy's face gradually sink into the soft jiggling flesh of her cleavage. Not only was this a huge thrill, but so was the fact that he could feel his unborn sister's fetus wiggling around between them while they fucked. He had never been blanketed in a pregnant woman's body before and it was an absolute rush.

"Here I cum again, honey!" Kathy shrieked, frantically beating his prick through her quivering tunnel of love.

Tyson had remembered the honest feedback he'd gotten on his performance during their first round of sex. He decided to try out the two things his mom had suggested, first by fusing his lips around hers for a passionate kiss.

"Mmmnn!" the trembling mother moaned as their tongues danced wildly together inside her son's mouth. This only added to the duration of her powerful climax. No sooner did one body-trembling orgasm subside, than the greedy mother was working towards the next one.

"Oh God, baby…I love how hard your dick is staying!" she moaned, pumping her juicy cunt around the rock-hardness of Tyson's jutting prick. They'd been fucking for nearly an hour now and she knew the time had come where his staying power would really be put to the test.

She planted her palms on the mattress astride his head and rose on extended arms, fusing her crotch against his. Her wide motherly hips

didn't go idle for very long, swiveling up and back, grinding her boy's sheathed dong in full penetration.

With her milk-filled boobies wobbling above his face to her fuck-rhythm, Tyson took the opportunity to happily follow through on her other suggestion. His lips latched on to one of her swollen teats, then slipped up around the wide pinkish-purple cap of her areola. He gorged himself on her leaking papilla, making it distend out inside his mouth. Warm tit-nectar began squirting from a half-dozen milk-ducts surrounding her nipple and down the boy's throat. He heard his mom squeal in delight and her cunt-tube tightened around his boner.

"Oh, fuck yes, baby boy…suck mommy's big titties!" Kathy cheered lustfully.

Inside his mom's pussy, Tyson's erection was jerked around like a gearshift, plowing the deepest recesses of his mom's snug, slick vagina. Kathy's body shivered as she felt the rigid column of cock-flesh flex inside her. The boy's smothered piss-slit was weeping out a steady flow of pre-cum, which mixed with the juice that was secreting from the purple pleats lining Kathy's vaginal walls. This created a hot slippery cocktail that lubricated their union and made the teen squirm in delight as it soaked the tender meat of his prick.

The boy went from one swinging tit to the other, latching on and sucking like a starving infant. Kathy went back to thrusting on him, throwing her cunt up and down the length of his hardness tirelessly. Soon their naked bodies were sheened in perspiration. They'd been at it for nearly two hours and still the mother showed no signs of exhaustion. Fucking was what she was best at, and she had finally met her match.

"God, I love fucking you!" she growled, as another toe-curling climax swept through her mature body. She had experienced so many orgasms over the past two hours that she'd lost count.

Tyson was proud that he had fucked his mom for this long without busting his nuts. However, he felt as though his determination was weakening, as his knob tingled, and his asshole began to clench. With a series of frantic thrusts, a torrent of semen surged up his cunt-smothered shaft and blasted from the slit of his meatus.

Their clinging bodies writhed and trembled, as if they were throwing a juicy orgasm back and forth to each other through their humping genitals. Kathy screamed, her beautiful orgasmic mommy-voice ringing through the entire house. Tyson's grunts of pleasure were muffled by the squishy tit-meat masking his face. Warm tit-milk seeped from the corners of his mouth as he continued sucking while he came.

Finally, after riding the pleasure-train for as long as they could, the mother collapsed on top of her boy. "Wow, baby…that was an amazing fuck!" she gasped, fighting to catch her breath.

"It sure was," her boy agreed, his prick still twitching inside the cum-soaked clasp of his mom's cuntal sleeve.

"Tyson and I finally fucked this morning!" Kathy announced as she joined the other moms beside Donna's pool.

"Yaay!" Dawn cheered, making her micro-bikini-clad knockers jiggle.

"Congrats!" Jen smiled. The new mom on the block had become an official member of the MILFs of Milltown Street. She lay beside the pool, sunning the rounded cheeks of her thonged ass.

"About time!" Rita blurted out sarcastically.

"What do you mean 'about time?' He only turned eighteen two weeks ago," Kathy giggled.

"AND…you should have fucked him two weeks ago," Rita retorted, adjusting the bikini sling that was about to slip off her giant tan

breasts.

"Oh, whatever!"

All the moms giggled, making the exposed flesh of their perspiration-sheened tits jiggle.

"So, the big question is…how was it?" Donna inquired.

"The first round, with him on top, was ok. The second round, with ME on top, was IN-FUCKING-CREDIBLE! I popped so many fucking times I lost count!" the mother gushed.

"God, I'm so jealous!" Dawn sighed. "My husband's doing an overnight in Dallas tonight. It would be the perfect time to fuck Marty."

"You wouldn't be disappointed, trust me," Jen shared. "Marty's a really good fuck."

"I figured he was, since he spent such a long time 'welcoming' you to the neighborhood last week," Dawn said, feeding Jen a jealous smile.

"So then fuck him then. What's stopping you?" Rita asked.

"His big-mouth sister, that's who. If she catches Marty and I fucking, she'll blab right to her father, I guarantee it," the pregnant redhead moaned.

"So, get her out of the house," Donna suggested. "That's what I did with MY daughter when Ricky and I started fucking."

"You have to do it, Dawn," Kathy blurted. "If we both experienced sex with our sons for the first time, on the same day, that would be amazing!"

"I'll have to think of a creative way to get rid of her for the night."

"I could get Fin to ask her on a date," Jen suggested. "They met the other day at the park and seemed to really hit it off."

"Isn't Julie a year older than Fin though?" Dawn asked. Her baby-filled belly protruded out so far it looked ready to pop. "Would that be a problem with her?"

"Really, Dawn?" Rita asked teasingly. "YOU'RE twenty years older than the boy you wanna fuck tonight. Do you really think a year's age difference is that big of a deal to your daughter?"

"God, all this talk of sex has got me SO fucking horny," Donna exclaimed, the barely-covered mounds of her tits glistening in the sun. "I think I'll call Ricky…see if he can stop by on his break and fuck us."

"See if he at least has time for a blowjob," Rita suggested. "I would die to suck some young dick right now."

That evening, Dawn saw her daughter Lily rush down the stairs, dressed to the nines in a short skirt and cute pink top. Lily had blonde hair and plump tits. They weren't nearly as big as her mother's bounteous bosom, but for a girl her age, they were still extremely large. "Where are you headed, honey?" Dawn asked, playing stupid.

"I have a date with the guy that just moved in down the street. You probably don't know him, but if it works out, I'll introduce you," Lily said.

Dawn laughed to herself. Not only had she met the new guy on the block, but she had also had his dick inside her, but of course, she couldn't tell her daughter that. "Have fun…be safe!"

After Lily was gone, the horny mother went to change, then climbed the stairway to her son's bedroom. "Marty, can I come in, honey?" she asked, tapping on his door.

"Sure," came a sigh from inside the bedroom.

Dawn expected to find her son playing video games and was surprised to discover him sprawled out on his bed with his shirt off, nursing a nasty sunburn.

"Oh my God, honey…how did you get so sunburned?" the mother inquired with concern, rushing over to his bedside.

"I had my shirt off while I was playing basketball at the park today. I guess that was a bad idea."

"Very bad idea," Dawn agreed. "You're fair skinned like I am, honey. You don't tan…you burn."

"I guess I found out the hard way."

"Have you even showered since you got home?" the mother asked.

Marty took a second to admire her gown. It was a peach-colored silk maternity babydoll, with ruffled trim edging along the neck and bottom. It was just barely see-through enough so that he could tell that she was naked beneath it. "I tried to shower, but it really hurt," he replied.

"Let me go get a cool washcloth," the mother said, moving towards his door. "The first thing we need to do is get you cleaned up."

Marty could barely make out the rounded contours of her undulating buttocks through the gown, as well as the deep crack that divided her lovely buns.

Dawn retuned a few minutes later with a washcloth and aloe lotion. She knew her plan to have a hard nasty fuck was out the window, but she hoped to still engage in something extremely naughty with her boy.

"Take off your shorts and briefs, honey. Let's get you cleaned up."

"My shorts and briefs?" the boy asked questioningly.

"Yes, we can't very well clean you up with your clothes on," Dawn explained.

"Yeah, but I'd be like…naked in front of you."

The pregnant mother put her hands on her hips, making her round belly and stiff-nippled melons balloon out beneath the thin covering. "I've seen lots of dicks in my life, honey. If have nothing that'll shock me," she smiled.

"Yeah, but I've got an, uh…"

"An erection?" she giggled.

"Yes."

"Well, we'll need to clean that too…and your balls, now get those shorts off, young man."

Marty timidly removed his shorts and briefs. His big whopper of a dick rested back on his abdomen in full hardness. Kathy's looked it up and down, her cunt-hole tingling as she thought about how good it would feel buried to his nutsack inside her.

"Now, let's clean you up a bit," she cooed, kneeling next to him on the bed and gently running the cool washcloth across his sunburned chest. "

On all-fours like this, made the neck of her babydoll nighty gape open, exposing an obscene amount of dangling creamy cleavage.

Marty's eyes widened as he gawked at all the swollen tit-meat wobbling just above his eyes. He judged that his mom could

probably smother his entire head in the cavernous cleavage that divided her giant milk-engorged breasts.

"Does that feel ok?" his redheaded mother asked lovingly.

"Yeah…feels good."

She worked her way down his legs, crawling beside him. Marty gasped out loud as he looked over and saw her naked peach-shaped ass peeking out from under her nighty. It was hovering there beside him, her thick buns slightly spread open, so he could see the crinkled ring of her pink butthole. His eyes drifted down to the hairless clamshell of her vulva. The plump outer lips of her labium were pressed together to form the deep slit of her pudendal cleft. "It looks like your legs are burned too. Oh, you poor angel, you really should have put some sunblock on."

"I know. I certainly will next time."

His mom peeked back over her shoulder and smiled at him. "You doing OK, honey?" she asked sweetly, trying to act as if she wasn't showing off her ass and pussy.

"Yeah, I'm good," the boy breathed.

"I'm gonna wash your dick and balls now, ok?"

The boy was so turned on he could hardly answer, so he just nodded.

Dawn lifted her boy's cock and gently swathed it with the washcloth. "I don't even have to peel your foreskin back to wash your knob. Your penis is so hard that your glans are full exposed," she praised.

The fascinated mother took her time washing his prick, admiring every bulging vein that crisscrossed down his erect shaft. She stared

at his fat pinkish-purple knob, licking her lips with the overwhelming need to suck his delicious-looking cock.

"Baby?" she asked, peeking down at his face.

"Yeah?"

"Your balls look awfully full. I know you would probably normally jerk off, while looking at one of your MILF magazines, am I right?"

"Yes," the teen confessed.

"I also know that in your present state, you're hardly in any condition to yank your cock off," she pointed out.

"That true."

"Would you like mom to suck on it for you?" she sensually asked, while gazing him in the eyes yearningly.

"Suck on it?" he muttered, even though he heard her loud and clear.

"Yes, I could wrap my lips around it and give you a sloppy, deep-throat blowjob," she beamed. "I'm REALLY good at giving head!"

Tyson's heart was doing somersaults in his chest. He simply couldn't believe his ears. "Would dad find out about it?" he worriedly asked.

"Of course not. It could just be our secret, baby."

"Alright," the anxious boy agreed.

Normally the redheaded mother would put her hair back in a pony before sucking dick. However, on this occasion, she too fucking eager to stuff her boy's meat inside her mouth. She grasped his boner around the base and began lashing her long thick mommy-tongue all over his peter-tip.

"Mmm, tasty pre-cum!" she mewled, then drug her licker down his stalk, around his big nuts and back up to his throbbing bell tip.

"Wow!" the teen sighed. He had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. His own beautiful mother was licking his boner. It was a fantasy he'd had since he reaching puberty.

Kathy plunged his cock inside her mouth and waisted no time bobbing her pretty head up and down, gorging herself on his thick hunk of cock-meat.

(Blowjob sounds)

Tyson gasped in delight, feeling his dick pump through his mom's mouth like it were a pussy. He felt her tongue lave all over his spongy knob, swiping away the pre-jizz that seeped from his piss-slit.

"Do you like that, baby? Do you like the way mommy sucks your cock?" his mom's sexy voiced asked.

"Yes…very much!" Gasped the boy.

"Have you ever had a girl lick your frenulum?"

"My frenulum?"

"Yes, honey…it's the most sensitive spot on you dick. It's right… here!" she said, then flicked the tip of her licker across the band of his frenulum.

The boy's lean ass trembled in delight as it lifted from the mattress. The pleasure brought on by his teasing tongue made exquisite tingles shoot through his body like an electric current.

Kathy went back to sucking, pumping the cock-stretched ring of her lips up and down the length of his boner. With a slight gag, she took

his entire dick in her throat, kissing the thin patch of hair around his pubic base.

Somehow, the boy managed to hold off, so his mom could spend a good hour giving his teenage dick hot oral affection. When Kathy wrapped her hand around the base and beat his boner into her mouth while she sucked, Tyson knew he wouldn't last much longer.

"AHH, MOM!" the boy whimpered, feeling his prostate swell.

"Mmnnn!" Kathy hummed, eager for the big load of creamy ball-juice she knew was about to blast into her cock-hungry mouth.

With a guttural grunt, Tyson's body stiffened and fat ropes of potent baby-makers pulsed from his peter-tip.

His mother squealed with delight, sucking and gulping, and sucking and gulping. She rolled her thick tongue around on her boy's cum-spurting knob, playing in his hot spunk.

Like a good cock sucking mother, Kathy nursed on her son's manhood for a long while, milking every ounce of cream his load would provide. She ended with a tender kiss on the tip. "Did that do the trick, honey?" she breathlessly asked.

"Did it ever," her boy responded.

Tyson watched his mom plop onto her lovely ass, leaning back, lifting her bare feet from the mattress and bowing her thick pale thighs open. This exposed her shaved pussy. She reached down and rubbed the fat clit that peeked out from beneath it's fleshy hood. "I always get to fucking wet when I suck a man's prick," she mewled in a horny tone.

"It does look wet," her boy agreed, staring at the juicy engorged folds of her cunt.

"Would you like to eat my pussy, honey?" she candidly asked. "I tasted you. Would you like to taste mommy now?"

The teen nodded gleefully.

"You just stay right there," Kathy sweetly said, crawling towards her boy's head. "Mommy can bring the pussy right to you."

The teen watched in wild-eyed wonder as his mom straddled his head, giving him a look straight up her nighty. He stared at her hovering pubic folds, smelling their sweet fragrant aroma. Then, his gaze traveled up her smooth baby-orb, which looked absolutely gigantic from his angle. Ballooning out from the top of her tummy were the enormous rounded undersides of her swollen tits. His view was suddenly obscured by smothering pussy flesh as Kathy planted it squarely on his face.

Even though he'd had sex several times, Tyson had never eaten a girl's cunt before. He knew the clitoris played a major part in that process, so he went straight to work, licking and sucking his mom's engorged love-button.

"Oh, yes…that's it, honey! Oh, what a wonderful little cunt licker you are!" his mom groaned, moving her hips so she could grind her horny twat against her boy's face.

Tyson's head spun with arousal as he feasted on the outer flesh of his mom's most private place. The flavor of her tangy juices and the powerful cuntal aroma that emanated from her fuck-hole made him dizzy with lust.

"Mmnn!" the boy hungrily hummed, lapping his tongue into his mother's cuntal vestibule and across the mouth of her vagina.

Kathy rocked her wide hips, fucking her boy's tongue and smothering his mouth in the pinkest part of her pussy.

"Lick my clit, baby!" Kathy squealed. "Lick it good and make me gush on your cute face!"

Tyson battered her clitoris with his tongue, while staring straight up her pubis at swell of her prenatal body. He may not have been a cunnilingus expert, but what he was doing made a powerful climax swell in the core of his mom's cunt.

"I'm cumming, baby! I'm cumming on you!!" she howled.

Kathy's pussy turned to cream and she soaking her son's face shamelessly. Tyson gasped for air when his mom finally fell to the bed beside him.

"Good heavens, honey!" she exclaimed. "Are you sure your not eating pussy on your spare time? You're awfully good at it."

"Thanks," the boy smiled, his entire face glistening with her juices.

"Now, wasn't that better that better than beating your dick into a cum rag?" Kathy winked.

Chapter 5 : Kinky Fantasies Cum True

Jen kissed her husband goodbye. It was the first day at his new job, since they had bought their house on Milltown Street and moved there. With him gone for the day and her son, Fin, home for the summer, the horny mother was anxious to get some teenage cock inside her. She checked on the baby, before going to her own bedroom to change clothes. She knew if she picked just the right outfit, she'd be making her intentions known without speaking a single word to her son.

Fin was playing a game on his phone when he heard his mother's voice from his doorway. "So, how was your date with Dawn's daughter last night?" Jen asked.

For a moment, the teen was unable to answer as he stared at his mom, who stood in his doorway in a sexy pose. Jen wore an alluring black lace teddy with open cups, allowing her huge tits to lewdly hang out. The lingerie was crotchless, so her shaved pussy was framed in by a heart-shaped hollow. "Cat got your tongue, baby?" she giggled, then sashayed over to his bed and sat down.

"No, sorry…the date was good," he answered, trying not to gawk at his mom's fat, stiff-nippled tits.

"How good was it?" she asked with a questioning smile. "Did she let you fuck her pussy?" "Yeah," he boy nodded.

"Wow, on the first date?" Jen giggled. "She must be a horny slut like her mother."

"She's a pretty girl and she wanted to screw last night, so I certainly wasn't gonna say no," Fin

blushed.

"Of course you weren't…because you're a horny slut too, just like YOUR mother," she giggled.

The boy couldn't seem to take his eyes off her naughty negligee. "Damn, mom, that's the sexiest outfit I've ever seen on you," he stated.

"Thanks. I bought it for your father last year for our anniversary, but he didn't seem nearly as excited

to see me in it as you are," she replied, glancing down at his bulging crotch.

The mention of his father reminded Ricky of a question he wanted to ask her. "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course you can, baby. What is it?" "Well, we've had sex a few times now…"

"FOUR wonderful times now, to be exact," Jen beamed.

"Yea, so…does that mean you aren't in love with dad anymore?"

"No, of course I'm still in love with your father. Mothers and sons just sometimes form a sexual connection…and then, one thing leads to another and they end up fucking," Jen explained. "Husbands would never understand that sort of bond, so it's just better that they don't know what's going on."

"That makes sense. So what you're saying is you can be married to dad, but want my cock at the same time?"

"Exactly!" she winked. "So, did you like fucking your date last night, honey? Did you shoot lots of hot

cum up inside her?"

"On her yes, but not inside her," he replied. "What do you mean?"

"She made me pull out and cum on her boobs." "Really?! Well, that was selfish of her."

"Well, she said she's not on birth control and she didn't wanna chance getting pregnant."

"A responsible choice, but it still would have been better for you if you could have shot off in her snug

pussy."

"True," Fin agreed.

"Well, the nice thing about fucking mom is…you don't have to worry about pulling out," Jen stated.

"Can't you still get pregnant though?"

"Well, sure, baby, but mommies get pregnant all the time. It's just what we do." "Even with your son's baby?" Fin asked.

"Of course. I mean, your father wouldn't know it was YOUR baby. He would just raise and support it like normal, thinking it was his."

"It would be cool to get you pregnant," Fin confessed, making his mom giggled cutely. "You think you'd like getting mommy preggers, huh?" she asked.

"Heck yeah! Could I sometime?"

Jen giggled at her boy's insistence. "You seriously wanna impregnate me?" she asked. "Heck yeah!"

"But mommy just had a baby, sweetheart. Your sister's only a few months old. Women don't normally

get pregnant this soon after having one." "That's true. I didn't think about that."

Jen crawled over close to him; her big milkers bobbling heavily as they jutted outside of the teddy. "I'll tell you what…if you make something REALLY special happen for me, then I'll let you pump a baby into me, deal?"

"Something special?"

"Yeah…mom's have kinky fantasies too you know?"

"What is it?" the boy inquired.

"You've gotten to know Marty and Tyson pretty well now, right?" Jen asked. "Somewhat, I guess."

"Well, what I'd like is for you to invite the two of them over sometime, so we could do a gang bang,"

the mother requested.

"Gang bang?"

"Yes, that's when several guys are sexual with a woman at the same time. Do you think you can talk

to them and make that happen for me?" "Well, yeah, but…"

Jen fed him an inquisitive look. "But what, honey? Does that make you feel jealous, that you'd be

sharing me with other boys?" "Yeah, sort of."

"Well, it's no different that me sharing you with the other moms, like I did in Dawn's pool the other day. That was what's called a reverse gang bang," she pointed out.

"I know it's the same, but what if one of my friends ends up getting you pregnant, instead of me?" the

boy asked. "That would really suck."

"Well, I have more holes than just my pussy, baby." "You mean like your mouth?"

"Yes, my mouth and my asshole. How about this… If we do the reverse gang bang, you can have exclusive rights to my pussy. Your friends will just get sucked on or fuck me up the ass, but my cunt-hole will be off limits to them," Jen suggested. "That way if I do get pregnant we'll know for sure that it's your baby."

"That'll work, I suppose….but can I get sucked on by you too sometimes?"

Jen responded with a big smile. "Baby, of course," she replied. "You're gonna be home alone with me

all summer, which means you'll get plenty of blowjobs." "Can I have one now?"

Jen reached over and felt her boy's cock-muscle through his shorts. "Awe, does my baby need some

hot nasty head from his mommy this morning " she cooed. "I would love it!"

She began unbuttoning his shorts. "Mmm, let me suck on that big juicy prick then, so I can give my

boy some release."

Jen pulled her son's erect cock out and knelt beside him on the bed. Fin watched in wide-eyed wonder as his mom leaned over and began lashing her tongue all over the fat knob of his cock. Jen stuffed his

boner into her mouth and gave if a few bobbing sucks up and down. "Wow, that's awesome, mom!"

he sighed.

"Do you like to have your dick sucked, honey?" she asked.

"I've only had it done a couple times, but seeing my own mom do it is incredible!"

Jen sucked her son's cock shamelessly. Wet slurping and smacking sounds filled her boy's bedroom as she fucked her face with her boy's long delicious prick.

"Ahh, so good!" Fin sighed, feeling his boner glide into her clasping throat as if it were a pussy.

"We moms are the very best at sucking cock!" Jen stated.

"I believe it!" her son agreed, watching her in wide-eyed wonder.

The mother wrapped her hand around the base of his cock and beat it into her mouth as she sucked. She could taste the fresh pre-cum weeping from the slit on his knob. "Mmm," Jen hummed, tasting her boy's sweet ball-nectar. "Best tasting pre-cum ever!"

She tugged at the base of his cock, while maintaining a steady cock-sucking rhythm. The experienced housewife suctioned her cheeks to create even greater friction around his hardon.

"Whoa!" the boy muttered, feeling his glans tingle from the magical friction of his mother's oral affection.

To Fin, it seemed almost surreal seeing his own mom suck cock, especially since it was his she was sucking. The site of her big tits dangling down and swinging heavily to her dick-sucking tempo made his erection flex inside her mouth.

"Oh, damn…I'm feeling really good, mom!" Fin announced.

Jen stopped only long enough to offer him some encouragement. "Pour it down my throat, baby!" she

gasped, then went back to sucking.

The teen gripped the bedsheets as he felt a raging torrent of semen being milked up through his cock- tube. He let out a deep grunt as thick streams of his gooey jism shot from his peter-tip and down his mom's throat.

Jen gurgled delightfully as she tasted his creamy offering. Her cheeks puffed out as she struggled to take all his load down her throat. For a full two minutes she milked out every tasty drop, then

proceeded to lick his dick clean with her long, lovely mommy-tongue.

"How was that, honey?" she asked, looking up at him with a satisfied smile. "Incredible!" he replied.

"Have enough gas left in the tank to fuck me?" "Can I put it in your ass?" the boy asked.

"I thought you wanted to get me pregnant, baby?"

"I do…I've just never put it in a girl's ass before. I'd kind of like to see what it feels like."

"Well then by all means," Jen said, crawling around on all-fours and pointing her meaty rump back at

him. "have at it, baby!"

Fin moved up onto his knees behind her, watching her tease him by wagging her rounded bare buttocks back and forth. With her buns slightly spread by the way she had it thrust out, he could clearly see the pink crinkled ring of her asshole.

"It looks so small. Are you sure my dick will fit in there?" he asked her.

"My asshole will expand to accommodate your cock, baby…just push it in slowly. I haven't taken

anything your size through my back door for awhile."

Jen felt her boy's knob push up against her clenching ass-ring. The bell tip separated the tight muscles of her butthole, making her wince as it squeezed inside her ass-tract. "Ohh! Just keep it right there a second, baby. Give me a chance to adjust to your size before you push it in."

Fin could feel his mom's sphincter muscles contracting around his fat tip. He reached down and took two great-big handfuls of ass-flesh.

"OK, push it in further," she gasped. "Fuck me up the ass now."

He sunk his boner into the rubbery grip of her ass, feeling his sensitive glans sink into the exquisite snugness of her rectum. "Wow…that's tight!" the boy sighed.

His mom moved her ass forward, making his cock-meat drag back through her snug anal tube, then she thrust back, burying his entire prick up her shit-chute.

"Ohh, baby!" the mother whimpered, feeling his unyielding erection dig pleasurably along the walls of her rectum.

Fin met her humping motions with one's of his own and soon they were moving in a steady, butt- fucking rhythm. It was a little painful at first, but after a few minutes the mother's discomfort vanished and became intense, throbbing pleasure. Her hot, snug asshole milked the steely hardness of her boy's humping prick. "Oh, Fin…you feel so fucking good up my ass!" she whimpered, rocking backwards and meeting his thrusts.

"It feels more amazing than I imagined!" the teen marveled, gazing down at her naked bubble butt. The fatty ass-globes rippled each time they struck his midsection. Many a night, since he'd reached puberty, he had beat his prick while thinking about what it would be like to pound his cock through his mom's butthole. Now, here was doing it. A kinky fantasy come true.

"That's it, baby…thrust that cock up mommy's ass!" Jen panted.

With one cum out of the way the teen was really able to ream out his mom's asshole. He pumped his stiff prick in as deep as it could go, feeling his knob mushroom in the grip of her wonderful rectal tissue.

"Lean down here and squeeze my swinging tits while you fuck my ass, baby!" his mom requested.

The boy happily obliged, leaning down against his mom's back, reaching around with both hands and capturing her fat, squishy udders. Her engorged nipples leaked in between his fingers as they sunk against them.

Even while playing with her milk-swollen breasts, the boy continued humping his fat prick through the ring of her ass. His mom's asshole throbbed insanely, clutching and sucking his fucking cock.

After nearly a half-hour of heated anal intercourse, the boy felt his prick tingle with pre-orgasmic sensations. "Oh, Christ…here I cum, mom!" he groaned.

"Oh, yes! Blast it up my shit-hole, baby!"

The pearlescent-colored cum spurted from his ass-smothered piss-slit. He felt his mom contract her rectal-muscles wonderfully, helping him shoot out every drop of his spunk.

"Pink or peach-colored?" Donna asked, holding up two pair of panties as she shopped for lingerie with Rita and Dawn.

"Pink…definitely!" Dawn answered.

"The peach ones are crotchless though. All Ricky would have to do is lift up my dress and slip it in." "Then why ask me?" Dawn giggled. "It sounds like you already have your mind made up."

"I thought I did, but the pink ones are just so cute." "Why not get them both then?" Rita chimed in.

"Because then I'd spend an hour trying to decide which one I wanna wear for my son first," Donna

replied, making the other women laugh.

"He'll have the damn things off you the second he sees you in them, so why bother wearing anything

at all?" Dawn pointed out.

"I hate that he's been so busy at his job here lately. Ricky and I haven't had sex in like three days." "That does suck…for us too!" Dawn stated.

"How does it suck for you guys?"

"Because if your son doesn't have time to fuck you, then he certainly doesn't have time to fuck the other moms on the block, including us."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Rita giggled. "I'm sure he's giving dick to plenty of his female customers." "True," Dawn agreed. "He's probably jabbing some cock-hungry mother up the cunt even as we

speak."

Donna scowled. "Well, when he sees ME in what I'm buying today he'll tell all those other skanks to

fuck off," she claimed.

Donna marched into the dressing room and stripped naked. Then, she proceeded to try on her new panties.

Across town, her son Ricky was busy cleaning a customer's swimming pool. Nearby, the homeowner and her friend lounged topless, their huge tan tits spread out across their chests shamelessly.

"The pool looks great, Ricky," the blonde housewife complimented.

"Thanks," Ricky answered, trying not to gawk at her giant naked jugs.

The homeowner's friend gazed at the boy wantonly. "Are you as good at fucking as you are cleaning pools?" she inquired. "Just asking for a friend."

"And which friend might that be?" the homeowner asked teasingly, making them both laugh.

"So…are you, Ricky?" the homeowner's friend inquired again. "Are you any good at slamming your prick inside a girl?"

"I'm not sure how good I am," Ricky blushed, "but I know it's a lot more fun than cleaning pools."

The boy was suddenly distracted by a text from his mom. He opened the message to see a picture of Donna taken in the dressing room mirror. She posed teasingly, with her back to the mirror, so her son could see her luscious buttocks straight through the skimpy mesh panties she'd tried on.

"Looking good, mom! " he texted back.

"Good enough to meet me at home in twenty-minutes for a hot, nasty fuck?" she replied.

"I would, but I'm kind of in the middle of a job," he messaged her.

A minute later his mom sent another picture. This time she was facing the mirror, pressing her giant tits between her forearms so they bulged out obscenely. She gazed at the camera with the sluttiest, sexiest look the boy had ever seen. "Tell them you'll be back in two hours…that you have another customer who needs your services urgently."

"I don't know, mom."

"Please, baby…I need your cock inside my pussy so bad it's killing me," Donna whimpered, reaching down and rubbing her shaved pussy through her panties.

Ricky loved when his mom was desperate for his cock. It allowed him to get things from her that she normally wouldn't agree to. "You'll wear the dress when I fuck you this time, right?" he asked.

"Honey," she giggled. "I'm not wearing my wedding dress when we fuck. I'm already disrespecting

your father enough by cheating on him with you." "Come on, mom… it's just a stupid dress."

"It is not a stupid dress. It's the dress I took my marital vows in."

"Hold on, is this the same mom who was begging me to come home and fuck her a minute ago? Work with me here!" Ricky insisted.

"I'm heading home now," the mother informed him. "If you're not naked and ready to fuck when I get there you better at least be on your way, young man!"

Donna hung up and her two friends Dawn and Rita were both snickering. "Wow, someone's desperate to get their cunt plowed," Rita teased.

"No kidding!" Dawn added. "And in her wedding dress of all things."

Donna glared back at them as she made her way to the cashier. "Oh, fuck you guys. You're both just as horny as I am!"

"I certainly won't argue with that," Rita agreed.

"Me either," Dawn added. "I sure hope Marty's not too tired to fuck after baseball practice."

Ricky finished the cleaning job, trying his best to ignore the advances of his big-titted customer and her topless friend. He knew he had the best piece of MILF ass on the planet waiting for him at home.

"Mom!" he called, when he arrived at his house and eagerly stepping inside.

"Up here, baby!" came her voice from upstairs. The boy couldn't climb the stairway quick enough. Within seconds he was at her bedroom door.

"Knock, knock!" he announced with a tap on the door. "Who's there?" his mom answered, playing along. "Ricky!"

"Ricky who?"

"Oh, you know, that young Ricky guy who likes to fuck as much as his mom does." "Ohh, in that case, CUM on in!"

Ricky opened his parent's bedroom door and his jaw lowered at the sight of his mother in her sexy white wedding dress. "Holy shit, you look incredible!" he exclaimed. She had even taken to time to do her hair and make-up eloquently.

"I better! This thing wasn't easy to get on by myself you know. The last time I put it on I had a bunch

of bride's maids to helping me do it."

Ricky noticed his mom had on white stockings and sexy 6-inch heels that matched her dress. "Do you

have all the bridal lingerie on too?" he asked.

"Why don't you come over here and find out," she teasingly suggested.

Ricky didn't need to be asked twice. He rushed over and crawled under his mom's fluffy dress. He was delighted to find that she was wearing a sexy garter belt. He quickly grasped the crotch of her panties with his thumb and forefinger, pulling it aside. This exposed the thick outer lips of her vulva and he dove face-first against it.

Donna let out a squeal as she felt her boy's tongue invade her cuntal slit. His lips closed up around her engorged clitoris as he suctioned it into his mouth.

"Oh, baby!" the mother cried out, feeling her heavy-titted body shudder in pleasure.

Unlike the other boys on the block, like Marty, Tyson and Fin, Ricky was tall and strong. He was the star running back on the high school football team the year prior and confidence certainly something he wasn't lacking. With his mouth still, plastered to her pussy, he picked his bridal-adorned mother up off the floor, dropping her legs over his shoulders, so his head was lodged between her stocking- covered thighs.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked cheerfully, clawing at the back of his head as they moved across the room.

"To bed, of course," he answered, his voice muffled by cuntal flesh.

The teen carried his mom over to his parent's bed and laid her out across it. He quickly shed her panties off completely, then went back to devouring her pussy. The boy snarled in delight, inhaling her sweet cuntal aroma, while tasting the juices that escaped her cunt-hole. His mother truly looked like a bride on her wedding night, which made the boy's cock throb wildly in his shorts.

***"My own MILF mommy-bride!"* he wickedly thought.**

He kissed his way up his mom's soft torso, arriving at her beautiful white, tit-stuffed bra. It was strapless and he wasted no time

reaching behind her and unclasped the hooks.

"Are you getting me naked, baby?" the mother gasped. "Are you getting your bride naked, so you can fuck her just like a good husband should?"

"Fucking right!" her son answered, making her giant tits burst free as the bra was yanked away. He dove onto one of her pillowy tits and latched his lips around the rubbery nipple, sucking like a nursing infant.

"Oh, fuck yes, baby…you feel so good on top of me!" she gasped, pulling his t-shirt off.

"Mngff!" Ricky grumbled while sucking, with his face smothered in squishy tit-meat.

"Oh, you fucking brute!" his mom blurted excitedly, trying to pry his bottoms off as well. "Fuck me like a savage beast!"

No sooner was the boy's cock released from his briefs than he jabbed it into his mom's cunt aggressively, taking her breath away. As he sunk it to the hilt, he smooched his way up the spongy canyon of her cleavage, then crushed her boobs against his chest as he started fucking her.

"YESS! FUCK!!" the mother blurted loudly, tossing her stocking-covered legs high up around his back.

The big bed rocked wildly as Ricky pounded his cock into his mom in a frantic rhythm. The mother and son had fucked several times now and with each union their bodies humped together as if they were made for one another.

Ricky's long jutting penis slipped along Donna birthing tube exquisitely, stimulating her sensitive nerve-endings. This resulted in a very quick and extremely powerful climax.

The boy loved feeling his mom's tight cunt shrink up around his cock as she gushed on him. He rose up on extended arms, so he could watch his mom's face twist in pleasure, while he continued to pump his prick into her contracting vagina.

"That's it, mom…gush on my dick!" he encouraged.

And gush she did. Ricky's burrowing prick was soaked in female ejaculate as his mom screamed out in sexual bliss. What the mother had suspected was certainly true. As a fit, handsome pool cleaner, Ricky had the experience of boning nearly a half-dozen hot MILFs over the summer. However, none were quite as voluptuous as his mother. The site of her colossal jugs rolling up and down her chest was a true sight to behold.

Since the first time they'd screwed, he'd been daring his mom to wear her wedding dress while they fucked. It gave him a wicked thrill knowing she was wearing something that stood as a true sentimental reminder that she was a married mom and was breaking her wedding vows with him, her son.

Ricky used the skills he'd learnt to fuck his mom steadily for nearly a full hour. Over that period he made her cum numerous times and now it was his turn.

"Ahh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

Hot ball-goo poured into his mother's body. By the time he was done cumming, Ricky felt like he'd dumped a gallon of jizz inside her. With a post-orgasmic shiver, the boy collapsed on top of her, feeling his mom's fatty tits press against him. For another half-hour they kissed sensually, their tongues dueling frantically inside the boy's mouth.

"Damn, mom…anytime you wanna dress up as a hot MILF- bride, feel free. That was off the chain!"

Ricky exclaimed breathlessly.

"Thanks, baby. I never imagined when I walked down the aisle in that dress that I'd one day be fucking

my son with it on," she stated with a smirk.

"Well, thanks for indulging in one of my kinky fantasies."

"Certainly," she replied, giving him a tender kiss on the lips. "Have any other kinky mommy-fantasies you'd like to satisfy."

"Oh, I have a whole list of them, trust me." "Wow! A whole list, huh?"

"Of course. You forget…I've lived with a hot busty mom for years now. I created some pretty kinky scenarios in my head, while I beat off to thoughts of you."

"Really?"

"Yep."

"Well, maybe we should write all those fantasies down, put them all in a hat and draw out one a day, until we've acted out ever kinky desire you have," Donna suggested.

"That's one thing I love about you, mom…besides your huge, suckable tits. You always have the best

ideas!"

"I know!" Donna smile, then rocked her shoulders, making her knocker shimmy back and forth. "But

I'm sure you love my huge suckable tits more than you like my ideas!" "If you say so!"

"Oh, trust me…I know so!" Donna winked.

176: The Mommy Masquerade

The Mommy Masquerade

By Klrxo

Jason had never been to a masquerade ball before, so he was pretty intrigued when he got the invite in the mail. It came in a fancy envelope with a old-fashioned wax seal. Even the invitation itself had a elegant look to it. The only thing he wasn't sure about was who sent it.

"So, who do YOU think sent it?" his pretty brunette mom asked, sitting across from him at the dinner table.

"I have no idea. I'm not even sure if I should go."

"You have to go," his mom urged him. "If anything, just to satisfy your curiosity. Besides, it at the old Bridgewater Mansion on the hill. I've heard that place is magnificent."

"Could the invitation be from an old girlfriend who wants you back maybe?" Jason's dad suggested.

"I doubt any of the girls I've dated would be going to a masquerade ball. A keg party, yes," Jason joked, making his parents laugh.

"Well, now I'm jealous," his mom Shelly sighed with dreamy eyes. "Masquerade balls have always intrigued me. There's such an element of mystery and romance surrounding them."

"We better change the subject before your mother starts geeking out on this," his dad warned.

"Oh, they sell the coolest masks on Etsy for these things. If you're serious about going, we should really order you one," Shelly suggested.

Jason's dad smiled over at him. "See what I mean?"

"Well, he's gotta have a mask," his wife stated. "He can't just cut two holes it a sock and tie it around his head, he needs something elegant," she said, then her pretty green eyes got big. "And mysterious."

Jason was amused by how his mother seemed way more excited about the masquerade ball than he was. "I'll let you know if I decide to go," the teen informed her.

A few days went by without another word about the upcoming event. Jason got home from the gym to hear his mom greet him. "Jason, is that you?" Shelly called from the kitchen.

"Yeah, just me, mom."

The brunette mother stepped from the kitchen. Her dainty stiletto heels clicked delicately on the hardwood floor. The large swell of her oversized breasts jostled heavily beneath her blouse as she approached her teen. She had a large envelope in her hand. "Something came for you today," she shared, handing it over to him.

"What's this?"

"Well, you'd have to open it to find that out, silly."

Jason tore open the envelope, genuinely stumped by what it could be, since he hadn't ordered anything.

"Um, careful though…it could be fragile," Shelly cringed , making it obvious that she knew exactly what it was.

Jason pulled a beautifully ornate purple mask from the envelope. "Wow,' he muttered, looking it over.

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's great, I just…"

"What? You DON'T like it?" Shelly asked, sounding disappointed.

"No, I do, mom, it's just that… well, to be honest, I decided I'm not going to that masquerade."

"Jason, you have to go. It'll be a cool experience. I mean, how many times in a person's life do the get invited to a masquerade ball?" Shelly told him.

"Yeah, but what If I don't know anyone there? It would just be… awkward."

"Well, honey, first of all, that's kind of the mystique about going to something like this. Everyone's wearing masks, so they can remain anonymous and make new friends. Even so though, someone who knows you sent you this invite, so you know they'll be at least one person there that you know," his mom pointed out.

"And what if that one person is someone I can't stand?"

"Well, it's your decision, but I really think you should do it."

"Well, you bought me a cool mask, so now I'd feel guilty if I didn't go."

She looked up at him innocently, batting her eyelashes. "I know. You don't wanna hurt my feelings, do you?" she teased.

"I would never," Jason said.

"Good!"

Jason sniffed the air. "Is something burning?" he asked.

"Oh, shoot!" Shelly exclaimed, rushing back towards the kitchen, making her big round ass sway back and forth. "Honey, I gathered up all your laundry in your room and put it in your hamper. Would you mind starting it."

"I'll get right on it, mom."

Jason carried the basket full of dirty clothes into the laundry room. As he began pouring them into the washer, something tiny, silky and pink caught his eye. He certainly didn't wear anything that color, so he couldn't imagine what it could be. When he pulled it out of the washer, he was shocked to discover that they were a pair of his mother's pale-pink panties. They were so skimpy, he wondered how they even came close to covering her crotch. He nervously brought them to his nose, inhaling the lined strip of the gusset. The fragrant aroma of his mom's pussy made him dizzy with lust. He couldn't help but wonder

how they'd got in there. "She probably just thought it was her basket and tossed them in there by mistake," her told himself out loud.

The night of the ball finally came. Jason had gone back and forth on attending all week, but his curiosity finally got the better of him and he decided to check it out. Before his mom left to meet his father for dinner, she'd placed a new blue dress-shirt she'd bought for him on his bed. There was also a black tie and tan dress-pants. Shelly had put a lot of work into helping him prepare. Jason knew attending a masquerade was always something SHE wanted to do. Because of this, he'd feel horribly guilty if he didn't at least give it a chance.

The Bridgewater Mansion sat on a hill overlooking town. Jason had passed it a million times going back and forth to school. He never thought he'd be invited to an event there. When he pulled up, a valet in a fancy black mask and tuxedo took his keys.

"Thank you, sir. Enjoy the ball," the valet said with a friendly smile

"Thanks," replied Jason, slipping on his purple mask. He moved up a wide stairway and made his way inside the historic building.

The Mansion had a lot of old-world architecture, making it the perfect place for such an event. The main hall was full of decorations that really set the mood. Big elegant-looking lighted-balls swooped from the ornate ceiling. A string quartet stood in the corner of the room, playing what sounded like a classical Mozart piece.

Small groups of masked attendees were scattered about, talking and laughing. Jason was already feeling out of place.

"Champagne, sir?" a masked waiter asked as he approached with a platter full of half-full glasses.

"Oh, well, um… I'm really not old enough to…"

"Relax and have some champagne, sir" the waiter demanded, handing Jason a glass.

"Thank you."

Jason had a sip, then surveyed the room. He wondered if the person who'd sent him the invitation was there, and who the hell it was.

"You look lost," a pretty voice whispered from behind him.

The boy turned to see a beautiful woman in a purple dress, the same color of his mask. The first thing his eyes took in, of course, was her remarkable cleavage. Her breasts were absolutely massive!

She had long silky brown hair and her stunning green eyes peeked from her own feathered mask, gazing into Jason's. "Are you lost?" she asked.

"No, I um… No, not really," he muttered.

She giggled at the clumsiness of his words and the fact that he seemed so nervous. "I LOVE your mask," she softly stated.

"Thanks…yours is beautiful also," Jason retorted, realizing that her mask was the same color as his dress shirt. It was almost as if they'd come as a couple, with their outfits complimenting each other's.

"Just the mask?" the woman asked with a flirty smile. "Is that all that you think's beautiful about me?"

"No, all of you actually. You're VERY beautiful," he confessed. The boy quickly let his eyes travel up and down her voluptuous body. Strangely, she seemed vaguely familiar, and he could tell she was older than him, but he wasn't sure by how much.

"Thank you… um…?"

"Jason," the boy muttered.

"Thank you, Jason," the mysterious woman said, then glanced over at the quartet as they started a new song. "Would you like to dance with me?"

"Sure," the boy said, knowing he'd be crazy to pass up a dance with such a beautiful woman.

They set their drinks down and joined several other couples on the dance floor. The mystery woman threw her arms over his shoulders, pressing her large spongy breasts against his chest as they slow-danced.

"Magical, isn't it, Jason?" the woman asked, referring to their decadent surroundings.

"Yes, very."

"Did you know that masquerade balls date back to Venice, Italy, in the 15th century."

"Really?"

"Yes, at the beginning of the Renaissance movement. That was a time where art, beauty and imagination reigned," the woman said, gazing into his eyes.

"Have you been to one of these before?" Jason asked.

"No, but I've always wanted to. Masquerades have historically offered a place for certain people to mingle in ways that their strict societal etiquette forbid them to," the woman explained.

"Oh, how so?"

"By creating an air of mystery and secrecy. We can anonymously act out our darkest desires, without the fear of judgement or consequence," she said, gazing at him longingly.

"So, are you saying that this was the motivation of the person who invited me here?" the boy asked. "To act out anonymously?"

The mystery woman's lips curled into a smile. "Yes, most likely this person wanted to be able to have their way with you. Rather than doing it in the traditional way, where you both acknowledge who the other is."

Now Jason's brain was really spinning. Did the invitation come from someone who wanted to be with him? Maybe they just wanted to have sex with him, without him knowing who they were.

His eyes slowly drifted out among the scattered crowd, searching for anyone who might be watching him, but everyone seemed occupied with the one they were with. What he did find odd though was that all the guys at the ball seemed his age, although he didn't recognize them with their masks on. Also, the women flirting with the male attendees seemed the same age as the one he was dancing with.

"Tell me something, Jason," the mystery woman said, drawing his eyes back to hers. "Tell me about YOUR darkest desire."

"I um… don't have one really," he lied.

"Sure you do. Everyone has a forbidden desire. You've probably always been too embarrassed to share it with anyone, for fear of judgement. However, I'm just a woman in a mask, that you'll probably never see again after tonight. So, there's no risk in telling me."

Jason looked into her beautiful eyes, still hesitant. "What's yours?" he asked.

"You haven't told me yours yet," she giggled.

"You go first, then I will…I promise."

"Very well then," she smiled, looking straight into his eyes. "I wanna fuck my son," she said candidly.

Jason was a little shocked and unsure of how to respond. "You… have a son?" he muttered.

"I do, and I know he wants to fuck me too. Most boys want to fuck their moms, they've just never got over the initial fear of doing it," the woman explained.

Jason's phone suddenly started ringing in his pocket. "Oh, it's my dad," he said, recognizing the ringtone.

"Oh, your dad, huh?" the woman asked, breaking their embrace.

"Yeah, I should probably answer it."

"I'll grab another drink," she said in a sultry tone. "Come find me when you're done."

"I will," Jason said, watching her sashay away. The woman's thick swaying buttocks was set atop smooth luscious legs that Jason found impossible not to stare at. Her dainty heels clicked delicately against the hard floor.

He finally lifted his phone to his ear. "Hey, dad, what's up?" he asked.

"Hey kid, have you seen your mother?"

"No, I thought she was with you. She said she was meeting you for dinner," Jason said.

"Meeting me for dinner? Well, that's news to me. I'm still stuck at work and tried to call her, but she's not answering. Where did she say we were supposedly going to dinner?"

"She didn't really. She was gone when I left. I'm up here at that masquerade thing," Jason said.

"Oh, you decided to go? Cool. I didn't realize that was tonight. How is it?"

"Interesting," Jason said, looking over at the mystery woman, as she stood talking to two other ladies, while sipping from champagne and peeking over at him longingly.

"Did you find out who it was that invited you to this thing?" his dad asked.

"I think I know who the person is, but I don't know WHO they are. Does that make any sense?"

"Oh, yeah, of course… the masks, the anonymity, the mystery… it's all part of the experience, right?" his dad reminded him.

"I suppose so, yes."

"Well, whoever it is must have a real thing for you, kid."

Jason watched the mystery woman stare back at him with lust-filled eyes. Her pink tongue peeked from her mouth and slid teasingly between her lips. Her huge tits were stretching the fabric of her dress. Her cleavage bulged obscenely as her jugs heaved heavily on her chest.

"You still with me?" Jason's father asked.

"Yeah, I'm here, dad, sorry."

"Well, if you hear from your mother give me a shout."

"Will do."

"Be safe tonight. I hear those masquerade parties can get pretty wild," his father warned.

"Wild?"

"Yeah, well, I heard the party always moves into some secret back room, if you know what I mean."

"Thanks, dad," Jason said, then hung up.

Jason stepped over to a table and got himself a drink. The mystery woman moved over and joined him. "Was your father checking up on you?" she asked.

"He's stuck at work; was just trying to get ahold of my mom."

"We moms can be so elusive sometimes," the woman giggled.

"She's probably just at the store or something."

"Or something," the mystery woman grinned, stepping forward and putting an arm around Jason, pressing her squishy tits against him. "There's one thing I'm SURE your mom is though."

"What's that?"

She reached down and placed her hand around the hard cock-bulge running down Jason's leg, while gazing at him hungrily. "Horny for her handsome, big-dicked son," she whispered.

After getting over the initial shock of hearing her say this, Jason answered. "You think so?"

"I know so," she whispered, then winked at him.

"Know so, huh? Well, that would be impossible unless…"

Jason's stomach suddenly sunk as the light-switch clicked on inside his head. There was a reason this woman seemed vaguely familiar. There was a reason their outfits matched, and there was a reason his dad was calling looking for his wife.

"Mom?" he whispered.

She fed him a big smile as the quartet started a new song. "Another dance?" she asked, pulling him towards the dance area.

For the next several minutes, no words were spoken, as Jason held who he knew was his mother, and rocked together with her in an intimate dance. His mom gazed at him the whole time, searching his wondrous eyes, while keeping her large breasts firmly mashed against him.

"You two look like you need a room," another woman's voice said, as she danced with someone Jason's age next to them.

Jason would never have guessed who the lady was, but since he knew it was his mom he was dancing with, it had to be her best friend, Gwen. That meant that the guy she was dancing with was his friend Troy, her son. "Hey, man," Troy said, smiling over at him.

"Hey," Jason answered, still in shock that these were all people he knew.

"Do you two know each other?" Shelly asked, even though she knew damn well they did.

"Yeah, we're friends, and both on the soccer team together," Troy answered.

"Oh," Shelly sighed, then ran her hands on her son's chest. "Jock studs. Yummy!"

"I know, right?" her friend Gwen added. "They probably have huge dicks and love to fuck MILF pussy."

Shelly looked into her boy's eyes. "Is that true, Jason? Do you love to fuck the hell out of women my age?" she asked seductively.

Jason's heart skipped a beat. Never in wildest dreams did he think he'd hear his mom talk this filthy. As surreal as it was, he fucking loved it. "I do okay in bed," he admitted.

"Oh, a humble one," Gwen sighed, then looked at her friend. "I heard those are the ones that'll make your fucking toes curl."

"I bet you're right," Shelly told her friend, while staring at Jason. "I bet these two stud muffins know how to REALLY beat their dicks through hot pussy."

Gwen gazed into her son Troy's eyes. "When word spreads among women, just how good a boy performs on the mattress, even their own moms start dripping in their panties," she gushed.

"And leaving them in the laundry basket for her boy to find," Shelly winked, while gazing dreamily at her son. "So the sweet aroma of her wet pussy can drive him crazy with lust."

Throughout the hall, more and more boys were realizing the true identity of the one clinging onto them. These were the women who had anonymously sent them invitations. These…were their own mothers.

Suddenly, from somewhere down an adjoining hallway, the blast of a medieval-sounding horn went off three times, as if announcing something special. One by one, the masked moms began to lead their sons out of the ballroom, and into the hallway.

"What were you saying about needing a room?" Shelly asked her friend.

"Sounds like one just became available," Gwen pointed out, leading her son away.

"You never told me YOUR darkest desire, Jason," Shelly reminded her son, looking intently at him as they now stood there alone.

He shrugged his shoulders, a tad embarrassed to make a confession. "I suppose I've thought about nailing my mom a few times," he admitted.

"Only a few times?"

"Only a few times THIS WEEK," Jason smiled, making Shelly laugh.

"I'm sure she would be shocked to hear that. It's so wicked and taboo for a boy to wanna fuck his own mother," Shelly stated in an

exaggerated tone.

"And equally wicked for a mother to wanna fuck her own son," Jason added. The two of them stood there a moment, gazing wickedly into each other's eyes.

"Let's go join the others," Shelly suggested, taking her son's arm and leading him away.

By the time they arrived in the room down the hallway, all the other women were bent over, getting fucked from behind. The sound of beating flesh echoed between the old stone walls.

"Oh my… doesn't this look like fun," Shelly cooed, leading Jason over to the cluster of humping couples.

The beautiful mother pulled up her dress, shed her dainty panties, then pointed her thick lovely ass back at Jason. "Shall we?" she asked, gazing lustfully back at him.

Just as the other boys had, Jason took off his pants and briefs, releasing a huge sturdy erection. He stepped up behind Shelly and mounted her haunches.

"OH FUCK, YES!!" the mother cried out as she felt the boy's huge cock. It stretched the remnants of her hymen and plunge inside her pit of pleasure.

Jason began pumping his hips, driving his young prick deeper and deeper inside the smothering grip of Shelly's fuck-tube.

"Oh, shit!" muttered the teen, feeling her exquisite cuntal flesh chew at his cock, while soaking it in secreting fuck-oil.

The big cozy room was filled with cries of delight. Boy's hammered away at the dripping pussies that gave birth to them.

Jason gazed down at his own mom's bare buttocks as she threw it back against him vigorously. The fatty outer-layer of ass-flesh made Shelly's rounded buns ripple each time they smacked again Jason's humping crotch.

He looked over at his friend. Troy had his mom, Gwen, panting and whimpering like a whore as he fucked her in a tit-jarring rhythm. Gwen had pulled her dress and bra down over her heavy, stiff nippled tits. They swung like crazy as they hung from her chest. Troy looked over with a big smile and gave Jason a quick thumbs up, just like he did when the scored in a soccer game.

Over the next half hour, the room became a sea of naked, writhing flesh. Everyone's clothes were completely shed and they engaged heatedly in various forms of sexual intercourse. A choir of beautifully-sounding mommy-whimpers and screams reverberated through the walls. Every direction a boy looked he could see big manes of silky hair being tossed around in ecstasy. Strong smooth legs locked tightly around other boys as they thrusts into their clutching mothers heavy-breasted bodies.

Jason was now sitting on a fancy leather sofa, with Shelly on top of him, riding his big muscular cock like her life depended on it. Even though their clothes were off, their masks were still on, so their identities "technically" remained anonymous.

"YESS…FUCK MEEEE!!!" the beautiful mother cried out. Her huge mommy-melons leaping up and down as her splayed cunt lips beat against her boy's cock-hilt.

She ground her pelvis against his, swiveling her wide hips. This plowed his cock against her back wall, a place Jason's father could never reach. The result was Shelly's very strong, and very vocal orgasm.

(Orgasm sounds)

Jason stood up off the couch, with his mom clinging to him. He planted her back onto the sofa and brought his weight down on top of her.

"Oh yes, fuck me hard, Jason. Please!" the mother begged.

The boy was prepared to do just that. His ass joined those of various boy around the room, bobbing up and down between the warm cradling thighs of their mothers.

The boys were truly enjoying the pleasure of MILF pussy. The moms juicy cunts were strong and conditioned, from years of sexual experience, and pushing out babies. Their vaginas were lined with rows of thick-textured ribs. They were the perfect sheaths for hard throbbing teenage dicks.

Jason could hardly believe this was his mom beneath him. The same loving mom who'd bathed and coddled him when he was little. The same mom he fantasized about fucking since he'd reached puberty. Her big heavy breasts were always so fascinating. Her vagina… always so mysterious. He knew it must be a place of extraordinary pleasure. A place that was simply too hot and juicy for a boy to handle. And now here he was, feeling it stretched around the thick pink cylinder of his cock as he plunged through it rhythmically, in pure delight.

Jason always admired his mom's thick round ass. He never thought in a million years his big balls would be beating against it this way.

Shelly's curvy body began to tremble. "OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING, JASON!!" she cried out.

Watching the beautiful masked woman convulse in pleasure, while having his cock exquisitely squeezed and spewed on was too much for the boy. With a deep guttural grunt, he began hosing out fat cords of hot ball-jizz inside her.

For several minutes, their sweat-sheened bodies humped and trembled passionately. It was like the orgasm they were each having was but one mind-blowing release that they were passing back and forth between their quivering genitals.

The next morning at breakfast, Jason's dad looked across the table curiously. "Well, how'd the masquerade go last night?" he inquired.

It was all the boy could do to keep from looking at his mom as she sat there eating. "It was great. Better than I expected," Jason answered.

"Did you find out who invited you?"

"Yeah…I found her."

"So…who was it?"

"Well, I still don't know her identity, Dad. Like you told me on the phone, that's kind of the point behind a masquerade ball. You wear masks so you can stay anonymous," Jason reminded him.

"Well, she obviously knew who YOU were, otherwise she couldn't have invited you."

"That's true. Hopefully she wasn't disappointed, and had as good a time as I did," Jason stated.

Shelly peeked up at her boy, gazing into his eyes adoringly. "I'm sure your 'mystery date' had the time of her life," she assured him, then stood up, making her heavy unfettered breasts jostle beneath her robe. "Now, who wants more pancakes?"

177: The Moms Club

The Moms Club

By Klrxo

"Hi, my name's Victoria…and I'm in love with my son."

"Hi, Victoria!" the circle of moms replied in unison, each giving me a welcoming smile.

"What's your son's name, Victoria?" Judith, the group leader asked. She was an attractive woman, slightly older than me, with short, dark hair and glasses.

"His name's Wes."

"Tell us about Wes."

Thoughts of my son always brought a smile to my face. "Wes is polite, handsome…very athletic! I think he joined just about every sports team he could throughout High School."

"And now he's graduated and preparing to go to college, correct?"

"Yes…across country unfortunately…if he gets accepted," I frowned. Ever since my son had announced his plans to go to school so far away, I'd felt heartbroken.

"How long have you known that you're in love with Wes?"

"Only recently have I realized that the affection I was feeling for him…extended beyond what was appropriate for a mother."

"Why do you believe that your feelings are inappropriate…because society tells you that?" Judith inquired.

"Well…yes, I mean…everyone knows that a mother shouldn't be in love with her son, right?"

"Let me ask you something, Victoria. What's your favorite food?" the group leader asked.

"My favorite food?"

"Yes."

"Um…probably lasagna," I replied, wondering what this had to do with what we were discussing.

"What if 'society' suddenly told you that eating lasagna was forbidden. It might make you stop eating it, but would it stop making you WANT lasagna?"

"No."

"Exactly! You can't always let society dictate what is and isn't right for you. Other people don't get to control the affection you feel for another person, especially when it comes to love."

"Wait…are you saying I should embrace the feelings I'm having for my son?" I asked, looking over at my friend, Simone, questioningly. Simone had been my good friend since High School and told me about these meetings, after I had revealed to her the feelings I was struggling with for Wes.

"That's exactly what I'm saying," Judith replied. "It's precisely what our group is about; embracing our inner most feelings and desires."

"Oh, I'm sorry…I think I was confused about the purpose of this group," I expressed, feeling a bit embarrassed as I stood up from my seat. "It doesn't sound like it's quite what I was looking for. Sorry!"

I quickly left the building, feeling a bit angry that I was so misled by my friend. When I got out to the sidewalk, Simone came rushing after me, just as I knew she would. "Victoria, wait!" she shouted.

"You tricked me, Simone!"

"I didn't trick you. I merely said that I felt this group could help."

"Help by encouraging me to pursue my son?!" I asked, unlocking my car door. "That's ridiculous! I thought I was coming to a support group that would help me change my way of thinking."

"You heard what she said. These feeling don't just go away. Trust me, I know."

"So that's why you come here? That's why all those women are in this group called the 'Moms Club'? So you can all tell each other that it's ok to be in love with your sons, and to pursue them romantically?"

"Victoria, I know this is awkward. It was for me too, when I first joined the group and began embracing my feelings for Sawyer. The group has really helped me a lot though, and I know it would help you too. Would you please just give it a chance?"

I shook my head in frustration, livid that my pretty red-heaeded friend would actually be encouraging me, a married woman, to chase a romantic relationship with my own boy. "Look, you know I appreciate our friendship; I always have. Do me a favor though and just forget I ever told you about the feelings I have for Wes."

I sat down, closed the car door and drove off. I knew I'd be able to mend things with Simone after a few days. We'd been in worse disagreements than this during our friendship, but I just hoped she'd respect my wishes and forget what I had confessed to her.

That evening, I went to the ballpark to watch Wes and my husband, Myles. They were both on the community softball league and I made it a point to be there to support them. I sat in the bleachers with my five-year-old son, Patrick. He was a younger version of his brother and my future baseball star!

It seemed like just yesterday I was a young woman, sitting in this same place, watching Myles, my then boyfriend, play softball. I had always been attracted to the fit, athletic types. However, my husband had clearly changed over the twenty years we'd been together. Even though we had a good marriage, if I was honest, I wasn't as physically attracted to Myles as I once was. He had lost some hair and put on some pounds. Even our love for each other didn't seem the same. There were some days that we seemed more like friends, raising children together, than lovers. He certainly wasn't the same handsome, charming, Myles that I had first fallen in love with.

When I watched Wes, I felt like that young woman again, sitting in the stands with my heart going pitter-patter. My son was even more handsome and fit than his father had been. He was young Myles, version 2.0. I really didn't like comparing Wes to his dad because they were also different in many ways. My teen boy was sweet and charming, always there for me when I needed him to be. He was affectionate, never hesitating to hug or cuddle with me. Emotionally, he was my rock! That was a big part of the reason my love for him extended beyond what was 'normal' for a mother to have. He was filling that void that had been created between my husband and me.

"Mom, can I go play catch with Carson?" Patrick asked, referring to his friend, who had also brought his baseball glove and ball. Like a

typical youngster, Patrick was always eager to be active himself, rather than just sitting there watching the game.

"Go ahead…just don't get into trouble," I warned.

As I watched the boys scramble off, I noticed another mom in the stands peeking over at me awkwardly. When I caught her staring, she quickly looked away. I clearly recognized the dirty blonde from the 'Moms Club' group I had mistakenly attended earlier in the day. "She must be here watching her son play softball," I thought.

Even though I had walked out of the meeting, I felt a strange connection to this woman, knowing we were both having the same types of emotions for our boys. The difference was, she was embracing them, while I was trying to put them aside, since in my mind, such feelings were extremely indecent. "It's simply wrong to be in love with a family member!" I told myself, reaffirming my earlier resolve to flush such thoughts from my conscience.

"Good game, kiddo!" I told Wes as he came off the field after the game. They had lost unfortunately, so he seemed a little down.

"Not good enough I guess," he replied. If I wasn't wearing a white blouse and he wasn't so filthy from sliding into bases, I would have comforted him with a hug. I absolutely adored hugging him!

Speaking of hug…I spied the mom who I recognized in the bleachers standing nearby, hugging her boy tightly. He was on the winning team, so it was meant to be a congratulatory hug, although it seemed to be much more than that. I hadn't noticed it before, but she wore a revealing blouse that left a lot of her cleavage exposed. I could see her large breasts bulging out from between their tightly-embraced bodies and their hug seemed to linger especially long, for what was appropriate for mother and son. She flashed me a quick smile before strolling away with her boy to join her waiting husband. "Why would you ever wear a blouse that low-cut to a baseball game?!" I thought, although I had a pretty good idea why she had.

On the way home, I looked out the window, lost in my own thoughts. We passed the "Stargazer Drive-in," a place I hadn't been to in years. There was a time, when I was Wes's age that I was practically there every weekend, although it certainly wasn't to watch movies. "Those were the days!" I inwardly sighed, feeling a little depressed that the naughty-girl part of my life had passed. It wasn't that Myles and I had a bad sex life, it's just that after you've fallen out of love with someone, the sex seems much less fulfilling.

I glanced back at Wes in my visor mirror, wondering if he'd frequented the Drive-In. Perhaps he'd gone there with girls he dated, although to my knowledge, my son didn't go on dates very often. I was sure all that would change once he got into college. I'll admit, that was a thought made me a little jealous. "Ok…maybe more than 'a little jealous," I secretly admitted. "More like A LOT jealous!"

He looked up and caught me staring. Our eyes lingered together until I finally spit my tongue out playfully. We'd been engaging in flirty little behaviors like that for months and it never failed to give me the kind of thrill that I knew I shouldn't be having. At least not with Wes.

"I got it!" Wes shouted excitedly the next day, holding a letter he had just taken from the mailbox "I got accepted to Cal. State!"

I tried to show my excitement and support, just like a good mother should, but inwardly I wanted to cry like a baby. "That's great, honey! Congratulations!" I expressed, then gave him a proud hug. He felt so strong and wonderful in my arms. I could have held him forever! "Are you sure that's where you want to go to school? It's an awfully long way from home."

"Of course, I'm sure! It's gonna work out perfectly!" Wes replied. "Teddy and Scott are both there, and they already told me I could

room with them. All I'll have to do is find a part-time job on nights and weekends."

"Honey, just because you have a couple of buddies going to school there doesn't mean it's necessarily the best place to get YOUR education," I reminded him. Of course, I had a selfish motive.

"I know, mom…you've already told me that ten-dozen times. It's a good school and there's a ton of cute girls there. I've already been talking to one online actually."

My stomach sunk. "A girl?"

"Yeah, it's someone who's friends with the girl Teddy's dating. Her names Denise and she's super-sweet!"

"Honey, you're going out there to get an education…not to meet girls," I jealously stated.

"It's college, mom! Trust me…you can do both."

"Yes, true…but girls are a distraction. The last thing you wanna do is get out there and start failing your classes because your mind is somewhere else," I warned.

"Mom don't worry about it. I'm gonna take my education seriously, I promise, but I'm also allowed to have some fun too."

"Oh, Wes…please don't move away!" I sniffled, moving in for a tight hug.

He patted my back consolingly, seeming a little uncomfortable by my sudden emotional plea. "I'll fly home and visit as often as I can…I promise."

"You have so many good schools out here, close to home, and close friends HERE too!"

"Teddy and Scott are my BEST friends, and I've always wondered what it would be like to live in California. In fact, you and dad should totally come out to visit. We could check out Hollywood and all the other cool places out there."

I was beginning to realize that there was no changing my son's mind. He was determined to move away to school, and it depressed me immensely.

A few days later, Wes revealed that he was packing up to drive out there in a week. I knew his motivation was the bitch he had met over the internet. It had to be, since school didn't start for another month or so. "She's going to college for Christ's sake! She has a whole Goddamn pool of boys out there to choose from. Why is she so interested in Wes?" I wondered. The self-centered wheels began to turn in my head. I knew there was only one thing that would stall him, perhaps enough to even make him change his mind about going.

"I need a huge favor," I asked as I sat at a coffee shop with Simone the next day.

"Wow…the last time we spoke, you about bit my head off. Now you're asking for a favor?"

"Yeah, and since you owe me, this can be your payback. Your niece, the cute one…is she seeing anyone?" I asked.

"Tammie?"

"Yeah."

"No…I don't think so, why?"

"Wes told his father and I last night that he's moving out to California next week."

"He got accepted to the University out there?" Simone asked, seeming a little more excited by the idea than I wished she was.

"Yes, but the semester doesn't even start for another month. I think he's going out there to be with a girl who he met online."

"Oh…um, ok," Simone uttered, feeding me a confused look. "What's that have to do with my niece?"

"Do you think if I gave her some money, she would pretend to show interest in Wes?"

"So that he would change his mind about moving away you mean?"

"Precisely!"

"Victoria…that's evil!"

"I know…it's a shady thing to do, but it's only until I can convince Matt to stay and find a school out here that's closer to home."

"Closer to YOU, you mean?" Simone asked, feeding me a knowing smile.

"Lots of mothers want their sons to go to a university that's closer to home."

"Yeah, especially mothers who are in love with them," Simone teased.

"You'd be just as panicked if it were Sawyer moving across the country."

"That's true."

"So, do you think your niece will do this or not?" I asked.

"If you're offering money, she'll do it. She's about drained my sister's bank account dry. The question is…will I ask her to do it?"

"Why wouldn't you?" I asked, confused by why she'd say no.

"Because you're stubborn and you won't admit the REAL reason that you're wanting to do this. I think you need the Moms Club more than you'll admit."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because your sneaky plan is exactly like something that the women in the group would encourage you to do. The group is meant to help women to become closer to their sons, Victoria, which is clearly what you're trying to achieve here."

"Fine…it is, but not so that I can have some sort of secret love affair with him. I just…like him to be close to me, that's all."

"Sounds an awful lot like love to me, and not the innocent 'motherly' type of love either."

"Will you do this or not?" I persisted.

"I'll ask Tammie…on one condition," Simone stated.

"What condition?" I asked, although I was sure I knew where this was going.

"Start going to the Moms Club again with me."

"No!"

"Victoria, the group will help you! They'll assist you in understanding and coping with your feelings for Wes. Trust me, as your good friend, and someone who's just as in love with her son as you are yours, I'm telling you…it'll be the best thing for you!"

I sat there silently for a moment, contemplating Simone's demands. I knew that something had to be done quickly, before my son was completely set on his resolve to leave. My plan was a good one! Tammie, Simon's niece was gorgeous and only just a little older than Wes. It was a pretty girl that was making him leave for California. It would take the interest of an even prettier girl to make him stay. I also knew that Simone was spot on about my motivation. I was in love with Wes and the last thing in the world I wanted was him living thousands of miles away.

Perhaps I COULD benefit from this Moms Club, if I gave it another chance. There was one other thing that would concern me about this deal, however, that I needed to get out in the open.."I don't want Tammie coming on too heavy," I requested. "She should show a lot of interest, but definitely keep her clothes on."

Simone giggled. "I'll let her know. So, I assume you're accepting our deal then?" she asked.

"Yes…I'll give the Moms Club another try, but I can't promise that I'll become a permanent part of the group."

The Moms Club was held in a rented office space in the center of the city. Their meetings were held daily, and were presently attended by eleven mothers, including myself. It felt a bit awkward to be back, after my abrupt exit the last time.

"Welcome back, Victoria!" Judith expressed, giving me a warm smile.

"Thanks. I um…apologize for last time. I should have at least sat through one meeting before I made any decisions."

"Well, it's good to see that you're willing to at least give it another try." Judith diverted her attention to a different mother in the group. "Sandra…I heard you have some exciting news you'd like to share?"

"Yes," a dirty-blonde mom answered, standing up and smiling proudly. It was the same mother who I had seen at the community baseball game. She flashed me a quick glance. "Brent and I had sex for the first time yesterday."

All the moms began clapping. I reluctantly did also, to prevent myself from standing out. "My God…was she talking about her son? Had her and her son…HAD SEX?" I wondered. My curiosity was soon satisfied.

"Tell us how it happened," Judith encouraged.

"We were home alone together…snuggling, and I introduced the subject of masturbation. After asking him how often he did it, I told Brent that

instead of masturbating so much, if he really wanted to have sex with a female, he could try it with me," Sandra explained. My jaw lowered. I could hardly believe what I was listening to.

"He took you up on your offer, obviously," stated Judith with a beaming smile.

"Yes…and it was just as incredible as I imaged it would be!"

Judith drew her attention to me, the newbie. "Victoria, a month ago, Sandra was new to the group, just like you are. She wouldn't have dared ask her son to sleep with her then. However, being in the group has helped her, and so many other mothers break down those barriers. Many of us have reached a point where we feel comfortable extending the invitation to our sons for sex, and even expressing our passionate love for them."

"I see," I muttered, still in shock by what I was hearing. I began to wonder if Simone had engaged in sex with her son and hadn't told me.

"The first step towards the seduction of a family member is to get them to see you and think of you in a way they never have before," Judith explained, then looked directly at me again. "Your son needs to see you as not just his mother, but also as a sexual creature. Only then will a seduction take hold."

Judith began to pass around a cloth bag. "Many mothers find it difficult to take that first step, so each day we pass around this bag of assignments. Theses are ideas that we encourage you to follow through on before we meet again tomorrow."

The bag came to me, and I hesitated a moment. I looked over at Simone and she nodded in encouragement. I stuck my hand in and took out a sliver of paper. Written on it was a simple naughty idea. It read:

"Let your son 'accidentally' come across you, while you're undressing."

I shook my head, knowing I could never deliberately do such a thing. I was beginning to think that perhaps I had made a mistake in agreeing to

come back. I needed help to STOP obsessing over my son, not scheming on how to seduce him.

"What did your paper say?" Simone asked as we left the meeting.

"It doesn't matter. Simone, these meetings will only cause me to make wrong decisions. Choises that I SHOULDN'T make, and that'll get me in a whole lot of trouble."

"OR…they'll help you to achieve what you want the most. A mutual, loving relationship with Wes."

"No…I can't!"

"Why?!"

"Because I'm married for fuck-sake!"

"So am I!"

"And Wes is my son!"

"Sawyer is MY son! Does that mean we can't fall in love with them?" Simone asked.

"It's just…not supposed to happen that way! You do you, ok, but I need to force myself to stop thinking about Wes in any other way than as my son"

"Well…not for nothing, but we did have a deal…unless you want me to tell Tammie to forget it?"

"No…I don't want Wes to go off to school, but I also know that I can't keep him here for my own selfish reasons," I admitted.

"Victoria, not to be a bitch, but you need to make up your fucking mind what it is you want, because right now you're coming across as the most conflicted person I know."

"I know I am. We'll stick with the plan for now."

"Which means that you'll keep coming to meetings AND follow through with whatever assignments you're given. Now…what did you get?" Simone persisted.

I let out a frustrated sigh, then handed over my sliver of paper. "I'm supposed to 'accidentally' let him come across me undressing."

"Well, that's innocent enough. It's not like you need to be naked, and besides…boy's come across their moms undressing all the time. It'll just seem like a total accident."

"Yeah, well…when I'm doing it intentionally, it won't be an accident to me," I replied, then curiously looked back at her. "What did yours say?"

"I have to wait until Sawyer and I are home alone together, then begin moaning and crying out from my bedroom, loud enough for him to hear me. You know, as if I'm masturbating in there."

"Oh my God," I exclaimed, putting a hand over my mouth, resisting the urge to laugh I was so shocked. "Simone, that is SO bad!"

"Like Judith said, it's all about our sons seeing us in a different way. Only then will they see us as potential lovers."

"Well…it certainly sounds like that woman, Sandra, is well on her way to taking her son as a lover," I stated jealously.

"She's fucked her son, not made love to him. She still has a long way to go in her seduction."

"How far do YOU have left to go?" I curiously asked. "Have you and Sawyer…um…?"

"Had sex? No. Each mom is at a different stage of their seduction, but we're all working towards the same goal and that's what makes the group beneficial."

For hours I was conflicted on if I should follow through on the task that was assigned to me at the Moms Club. On the one hand, I knew it was morally wrong, but on the other, I was curious to see how Wes would

react to seeing me half-undressed. "It's not like he'd be seeing me naked," I told myself. "He's seen me in a bikini before. There's not much difference between that and a bra and panties."

I left my bedroom door wide open, knowing Wes would walk by, while in route to his room after softball practice. It was a dangerous plan, since I knew my husband would be with him. However, Myles usually hung out downstairs when he got home for a while before coming up to shower, so I knew I was safe.

When I heard the car pull up in the driveway my heart was racing. I was surprised when I realized it wasn't just because of nerves, but also due to the thrill of my son seeing me in a state of undress.

"We're home!" I heard my husband announce downstairs. My pants were already off, so I stood in my room in just my panties and a button-up shirt. I started to unbutton it, nervously glancing at the doorway, since I knew Wes would be rushing by at any moment. I finished undoing the shirt and exposed the embroidered cups of my white bra. I heard my son's heavy footsteps and my insides tingled. However, to my dismay, he rushed right by without even looking my direction.

"Really?!" I said out loud in frustration as I heard his door close. I finished slipping out of my shirt and moved towards the door to close it. "I'll take that as a sign that this was a REALLY bad idea!" I told myself.

Suddenly, I heard his door open and in an instant, he was in my doorway. "Mom, do you have any—"

He stopped and looked at me with wide eyes as I stood there in just my bra and panties. "Woah!" my boy muttered, glancing down at my big tits. I was pretty sure the cups were sheer enough for him to faintly make out the rings of my areola.

"Oh! Um…sorry, honey! I should have closed the door," I stated, making a lousy attempt to cover myself.

"That's um…ok. I'll just come back when you're dressed."

He attempted to walk away, but my voice stopped him. "Do I have any what?" I asked. I knew it was wrong to just stand here in front of him like this, but my mouth got ahead of my brain.

"Huh?" he muttered, taking a second look at my breasts.

"You started to ask me if I had something."

"Oh, yeah…uh…I was just wondering if you had anything going on tonight, or if I could use your car?"

"Use my car…for a date?" I asked.

"No, I mean…not really."

"Not really?"

"I'm just meeting a girl who contacted me online…for a coffee. Nothing special."

"Oh…well, who is this girl?" I asked, even though I was sure it was Tammie.

"Her names Tammie. She graduated from my school a couple of years ago. Not someone who I ever though would have any interest in me."

"Oh, an older woman, huh?" I teased.

"Slightly older, yes."

"So, you…wouldn't date anyone older than her?" I asked. "Like someone my age?"

"Sure, I would. If I liked the person."

It was music to my ears. "Well, that's um…good to know about you," I awkwardly stated. Then, I turned and stepped towards the bed to

get the keys from my pants pocket. It was then I realized that I was wearing a pair of bikini-style panties that were completely sheer in the back. My buttocks might as well have been naked in front of my son! From a mirror on the wall, I could see Wes's jaw lower as he stared at my rounded derriere. My heart was racing! I felt completely naughty standing there like this in front of him and was shocked at how much I loved it.

"Here you go, honey," I finally said, turning and handing him the keys to my car.

"Thanks!" he blushed, taking another look at my boobs before leaving. Just like my mother and sisters, I was incredibly blessed in the breast department, with tits that were 36 double G's. If Wes liked big boobs, then that was sure to give me an advantage in trying to capture his attention. The rest of the night I couldn't help but think about how perfectly I had executed the plan of my son 'accidentally' catching me undress. In fact, if my performance were judged like an Olympic event, I think I would have gotten solid tens! To make things even better, Wes had clearly accepted the invitation to meet Tammie. With any luck he would be completely enamored by her. Well, then again…hopefully not too enamored! For all intents and purposes though, things were going EXACTLY as planned!

"Victoria, tell us how things went with YOUR assignment," Judith requested as we sat in a group at the Moms Club the next day.

"Well, I um…knew when Wes was getting home from softball practice, so I made sure I was half-undressed, with my bedroom door opened," I replied.

"And…did things go as you hoped?"

"Actually, they did! We had a bit of a conversation in my doorway, so he didn't seem at all freaked out by it."

"Sounds like a big step in the right direction. Seduction should happen subtly…so it just seems to your boy as if things are flowing naturally. He'll soon realize that the two of you are moving down a trail that'll eventually lead to passion."

I listened to the other moms share similar experiences on how they had followed through on their assignments. Simone's story especially fascinated me, since I knew her and her son, Sawyer, well. She recounted how she rubbed her clitoris vigorously to a screaming climax, with her son

in the next room over, so he could clearly hear her. I felt naughty as I imaged myself doing something similar for Wes.

"Time for more assignments!" Judith stated as she passed the cloth bag around. "This task will just be a simple question that you'll be asking your son. Hopefully, it'll open a whole exciting new dialog between the two of you and allow you to become more acquainted with each other sexually."

I nervously drew from the bag, surprised at how eager I was this time. I read the question written on the piece of paper and felt myself suddenly panic. "Oh no-no-no! There's no way I'm asking Wes that question!" I thought.

Judith must have noticed the hesitancy on my face. "Part of your son seeing you as a sexual creature is hearing you talk about something sexual comfortably around him. It should be just as if the two of you are discussing the weather or a TV show. Being comfortable discussing anything, no matter how raunchy it is, is a necessary part of seduction."

"Did you feel bad at all, knowing Sawyer was listening to you have an orgasm?" I asked Simone after the meeting.

"No…why would I feel bad?"

"I don't know…because he's your son and you're married maybe," I sarcastically replied.

"Victoria, you keep going back to that. You're like a person who's been in a cult their whole life and refuses to accept things any other way, even when your instincts are pushing you that direction."

"I wouldn't say that I'm THAT closed minded."

"You can't tell me you didn't feel a thrill when you were standing in front of Wes half-naked?"

"I did, yes," I replied, "but did that make it right? I don't know."

"You're an adult and so is he. You're allowed to make our own decisions, even if they're not the decisions that most people would make."

I shrugged my shoulders, getting her point. "Well, he didn't scowl and run off when he saw me like that at least, but I'm not sure I'll have the guts to ask him the question that Judith assigned to me. It might just freak him out."

Simone patted me on the shoulder encouragingly. "Of course you have the guts. You're the bravest person I know, and your love for Wes is strong enough that I think you'd try anything to win his love back."

"Yeah, well…I just hope the question doesn't send him running. If he does, then that'll tell me that all of this is just a waist of time."

"It can't be that bad, can it?"

"The question I was assigned?"

"Yeah."

"Trust me…it's bad! I mean, it's good, but just…VERY naughty! It's definitely not a question a mother would normally pose to her son."

"Well, yeah…the whole idea is to explore new ground together. Like Judith said…getting our sons to see us not just as moms, but females who love passion and sex…just as much as the girls they date. Oh, speaking of girls they date…I got a call from Tammie this morning."

"Yeah, Wes told me they were meeting for coffee. What did she say?"

"She thinks he's really sweet. They're hanging out again tonight, I guess. She's pouring it on heavy, but not too heavy. With any luck… this plan of yours could really work and at least delay Wes's move to California."

"I hope so."

I knew deep down that delaying my son's move was pointless, unless I was willing to move forward with seducing him. His love for me was the one thing that I hoped would ultimately keep him closer to home. Even though I felt awkward doing the assignments from the Moms Club, I knew they were crucial in the process of moving things forward.

"Going out with the new girl again tonight?" I asked as I stood in my son's bedroom doorway. It was still early in the day. Myles was at work and my youngest son, Patrick, was outside playing. This gave Wes and I the house to ourselves.

"Yeah, that was our plan. Would you mind if I used the car again?"

"Not at all," I answered, strolling into his bedroom on four-inch mules. I was ashamed at how long I had actually prepared for this interaction, spending the last hour doing my hair just right and putting on a little make-up. I wore a gray contour midi shaping

dress, that allowed me to really show off my curves. I had gone back and forth on whether I should wear it, but finally decided that it wasn't too over-the-top. My stiletto heels clicked on his floor as I stepped towards him. I could feel Wes's eyes on my big trembling tits and I loved it! I sat down next to him on his bed, crossing my legs, which made the hem of my dress ride up quite a bit.

"You look great! Are you and dad going out tonight?" he asked.

"No…we're not. I just…felt like dressing nice today I guess."

"Well, you succeeded," Wes replied.

"Thanks, honey."

I had a plan on how I wanted to introduce my question. It was an entire exchange I had practiced in my head. I knew if I asked the question out of the blue it would be uncomfortable for both of us and probably shock the hell out of him. The question had to be posed at the right time, in the course of a conversation. "So…um, how close are you and this new girl? Have you kissed her yet?" I pried.

"Just a quickly friendly kiss, that's all," my son answered.

"Well, I'm sure she has more of those in store for you tonight. Maybe even more than just kissing," I teased, smiling at him slyly.

"I don't know about that. She's a really attractive girl. I'm surprised she even asked me to go out with her, to be honest."

"Well, 'really attractive girls' are usually drawn to 'really attractive guys,' honey…so it shouldn't surprise you at all," I stated, rubbing his arm tenderly. Little did he know how much I actually meant that.

"Thanks, but I doubt she wants to be more than just friends. We hardly know each other at this point."

"That doesn't mean that she won't try to make a move on you. She might even try to…well, you know…"

"What?" he stupidly asked.

"Have sex with you, maybe…or at least give you oral sex."

My poor son turned a shade of red and I felt a sudden rush of embarrassment myself for even suggesting such a thing. However, it was inching me towards the question that I needed to ask him.

"I doubt that very seriously, mom," Wes blushingly replied.

"Well, I somehow don't think you'll fight her off if she tries to give you some…oral affection," I teased.

"Probably not."

The exchange had gone just how I hoped, so far, and I had positioned myself perfectly to pose my assigned question to him. "So, um…which do you prefer more…giving or receiving?" I asked, then looked at him, nervously waiting for his answer.

He gazed back at me with a shocked expression. "Oh, um…that's kind of a tough one," he replied.

I decided to make this easier by taking the heat off of him. "Yeah, I agree. I mean…I love both, but if I was asked to choose one I like best…well, that's like choosing between two scrumptious desserts."

My boy nodded in agreement. "True," he muttered.

"I guess it would depend on the setting too. There are obviously times where it's more ideal for a girl to go down on a guy, then vise-versa."

"Like when?" Wes asked.

I took just a moment to inwardly celebrate his interest in having this discussion. "Oh, you know…like if a guy's at the wheel, driving down the road and a girl wants to suck on him. It would be MUCH more difficult for a guy to do that to her, if SHE was in the driver's seat."

"True…unless he planned on sitting on the gas pedal," stated Wes, which made us both laugh.

"If her orgasm was too strong they'd be skidding off the damn road," I added, which resulted in more laughs.

"So far so good!" I thought.

"Girls seem to be more weird about getting it than they do by giving it," Wes shared. "Why is that?"

"Well…a lot of girls are self conscience about their, um…vaginal area," I answered.

"Self-conscience why?"

I knew this was my opportunity to sell my son on the advantages to being with an older woman. "Oh, probably just because the idea of a guy seeing them down there, in their personal area, is so new to them. Those feelings go away the older a woman gets though. By the time you get my age, you feel no shame at all about getting oral affection…or giving it."

"Well…women shouldn't. Guys shouldn't be shy about it either. It feels too good for that."

"Especially if you get with an older woman, who knows what she's doing. There are so many tender parts to a man's penis and a girl should know how to work every one of them," I expressed. I could hardly believe such an opinion had flowed from my mouth, in front of my son, but it was incredibly thrilling and I meant exactly what I said. I'll admit it…I absolutely LOVED giving blowjobs! In my mid-

twenties it had reached an obsession that caused me to learn everything I could about getting better at it. I familiarized myself with every detailed part of a man's genitalia, as well as their functions. I studied the balls and their most sensitive areas. Exactly how to suck them, while pulling on a man's spermatic cord, to give

him exquisite pleasure. I taught myself about the connective tissue of the bulb and ligaments at the penile root and how to stimulate them. Also, the body or shaft of the penis, with it's muscled erectile tissue and bulging dorsal vein. Then, there was the head, my most favorite part! I learned how to stimulate a man's glans by stroking and licking…particularly certain areas like the frenulum and piss-slit. Needless to say, my husband (my guinea pig) had been one lucky man since I educated myself on those techniques.

"When you say 'tender parts,' you mean more than just…the tip?" Wes brazenly asked.

It made me pause a moment, feeling my insides tingle with excitement. "Yes, well, um…there's the tip, the shaft…the balls. All of those parts have sensitive areas that a woman shouldn't neglect."

"With her tongue, you mean?"

I looked at him and smiled, then without thinking I peeked my mouth open and flailed my tongue up and down between my lips. "Yes…her little pink scrubber," I answered.

I saw my boy's eyes get big with excitement, causing my nipples to instantly harden beneath my bra. "Not for nothing, mom…but your 'pink scrubber' hardly looks 'little,'" he stated, which made me burst out laughing.

"You're right, it's not! Everyone's always told me that my tongue is abnormally long."

"Can I see it?" Wes asked.

I hesitated a moment. It wasn't like he was asking to see my tits, but still, the tongue was a highly sexualized body part, especially in the context of what we'd been discussing. However, I knew to get what I really wanted, it was better to let things flow and not feel reluctant about sharing things with him. "I'll show you my tongue if you show me yours," I teased.

"Nothing special about mine," Wes stated, then spit his tongue out for me to see.

"I doubt the girls you've 'gone down on' would say that," I boldly replied with a playful wink.

"I don't know…you'd have to ask them, I guess."

I knew the discussion we were having was wicked, but I loved where it was going.

"I'll show you mine now, but try not to be too creeped out," I warned, then extended my tongue out, lowering the tip well below my chin.

"Damn, mom!" Wes exclaimed, looking like his eyes could bulge out of his head. "You DO have a long tongue!"

Wow how I wanted to say something, but I was conflicted. Caught up in the moment, I decided to express what I was thinking anyway. "Well…you know what they say, it's not the length of something, but how you use it. However, if you have both length and skill, like I do, I suppose that's even better!"

"True," Wes blushed, staring at me for a moment. "I've never really had a conversation like this with you before. It's pretty cool."

I fed him my warmest smile. "I think so too," I softly replied. I glanced down at his crotch and my heart skipped a beat as my eyes

were met by the swell of an obvious erection. "My God…I made him hard!" I thought. This was a major confidence booster!

After an uncomfortable silence, I stood back up and walked to his door, making sure to sway my ass, so it would capture his attention. "Anyway…have fun on your date tonight," I told him, then turned in his doorway, until my eyes met his. "I hope she realizes what a lucky girl she is."

My husband, Myles, got the blowjob of his dreams that night. Of course…I was thinking about Wes the whole time, hoping that he wasn't getting similar treatment to his cock, even though I had suggested it earlier. I wickedly imagined what it would be like to have his young, virile penis in my mouth. "What would it feel like? What would it taste like?" I thought.

"He looked so much like Myles when he was younger. Would his cock be the same…or possibly longer and thicker than his father's? My God, the things I could show him!" I thought as my long tongue swirled wildly around Myles's knob. My husband had shot off too hard in my mouth to even expect him to have sex with me afterwards. It wasn't anything I wasn't used to by now.

I had to take my youngest, Patrick, to an appointment the next day, so I missed the Moms group. I found myself wishing I had rescheduled my son's appointment so I could have gone. I was proud of the interaction I had with Wes yesterday and was anxious to report how well it went to the other mothers.

"We missed you in group today. Everything ok?" Simone asked over the phone when she called me later.

"Yeah, fine…Patrick just had an appointment."

"Oh, ok…I thought maybe you changed your mind and decided to stop coming."

"No…in fact, I followed through on the assignment and was looking forward to sharing what Wes and I talked about," I admitted.

"Oh, don't worry…Judith will still give you a chance to share, and speaking of that…she gave me another assignment to give you."

"She did?"

"Of course. She knows you and I are friends, and that I referred you to the program, remember? Just because you missed the meeting doesn't mean you can't still do the assignment."

"Ok…um, what is it?"

"Remember, I'm just the messenger, so don't freak out on me when you hear it," Simone warned.

"It can't be anymore daring than yesterday's."

"Oh trust me…it can be, and it is!" she giggled.

"Alright then…let's hear it," I cringed, afraid of what was coming at me, but also extremely curious.

"Well…yesterday's challenge was verbal. Today, it's more of a 'physical' assignment."

"Physical, huh? How…um, physical exactly?"

"You have to crawl into bed with Wes tonight and give him an intimate hug for five full minutes."

"That's it?! That doesn't seem too hard. I give him long hugs goodnight all the time. I mean, they're not five minutes, but…he may not think that's too weird."

"There's more…" Simone stated, spoiling my relief.

"More?"

"Yes. Wes has to have his shirt off…and you have to be braless, wearing only a wife beater."

"Simone, I can't do that! Those wife beaters are super thin, and my boobs are WAY too big! If I'm not wearing a bra beneath one of those, I'll freak him completely out!"

"Or give him the thrill of his life, which is certainly the goal, isn't it?"

I let out a nervous huff. A naughty conversation was one thing, but something this physical was quite another. "I don't know…I don't even own a wife beater."

"I guess you better run to the mall then. Look, Victoria…you jumped a huge hurdle by having that conversation with Wes yesterday. You got this!"

"I'll think about it."

"Oh, before I let you go, I should tell you…I talked with Tammie. I guess things are still going REALLY well. Last night, her and Wes got on the

subject of him moving off to college and I guess he told her that he hasn't fully made up his mind whether he's going or not."

"Seriously?!" I shouted, my heart beginning to race. "Oh my God, that's excellent!"

"I thought you'd think so! Obviously, she's doing exactly what you wanted her to. Putting doubts in his mind on whether leaving is the best choice."

"Yes, but I feel horrible knowing that he may be doing it, thinking Tammie might actually be interested in him," I stated. While I did

want my son to stay close to home, I certainly didn't wanna set him up to have his heart broken.

"All the more reason for you to pour on the affection and continue seducing him. If he falls in love with you, none of those other girls will even matter."

I nodded in agreement. "Your right. I should act before his feelings for Tammie get too serious. I suppose maybe I SHOULD make a quick trip to the mall," I admitted.

"Will I see you at the Moms Club tomorrow?" Simone asked.

"Yes, I'll be there…and hopefully with something exciting to report."

Wes got home late from his date with Tammie that night. I tried not to let that bother me, but to stay focused on the task at hand. Myles let out a light snore and I slipped out of bed and into our bathroom to prepare, while I knew Wes was down the hallway showering. I slipped on the white wife beater and a skimpy pair of thong panties I had picked out to go with it. I knew his light would be out when I went in, so he probably wouldn't see my exposed buttocks. However, if he did, that wouldn't be a huge deal either. I blushed, looking at myself in the mirror with this thin wife beater on. The huge pink rings of my areola were mostly visible through gauzy fabric and my nipples stuck out beneath the cloth turgidly and they weren't even hard yet. "Good grief…what am I thinking?" my mind

wondered, throwing doubt on this whole idea. However, there was another part of me that was so excited I was shaking.

"I got this!" I whispered to myself. I fluffed my strawberry-blonde hair, applied a light coat of pink lipstick and a spray of sweet perfume.

As Myles snored away in our bed, I felt wicked sneaking by him. I peeked out the door, down the hallway, to make sure my son's light

was off.

"Wes?" I said softly, swinging his door slightly open in the darkness.

"Yeah, mom…I'm home. Sorry if I woke you up," he replied from his bed.

"No-no, you didn't wake me up, honey," I stated, padding across his room on bare feet. I could feel my heavy tits bobbling beneath the wife beater as I made my way over to his bed. "I just wanted to come in and say goodnight."

"Oh, alright," he muttered, looking up at my shadowy figure. My heart was racing with nervousness.

"Do you care if I, um…crawl under the blankets and hug you goodnight?"

"No…not at all," Wes replied, pulling back the covers for me to join him.

I crawled onto the bed between his legs, now close enough to notice that he was wearing a t-shirt and boxer-briefs. "Honey, why don't you…take your t-shirt off. It's really warm in here tonight and I don't want you to get too uncomfortable." It actually wasn't warm at all, but Wes having no shirt on was part of the assignment and I wanted to follow it exactly.

"Sure, mom," he muttered, then slipped it off.

"Thanks…now are you sure you don't mind if I, um…hug you, while we talk?" I asked.

"No, mom…not at all."

I brought my body down against his torso, with my bare legs stretched out between his. The cute sigh my boy made when my

unfettered breasts smothered his bare chest like soft, warm bread dough was incredibly

encouraging. I rested my head on his shoulder, with my lips close to his neck. I swore that I could feel BOTH of our excited heartbeats.

"This is nice," I whispered.

"Yes," he softly agreed.

"So, um…tell me about your date with Tammie," I encouraged.

"Oh, we just um, when to the Drive-In to see a movie."

I quickly lifted my head in jealousy. "The Stargazer?"

"Well, yeah, mom…that's the only Drive-In I know of," Wes replied.

"So you had sex with her?!"

"No, we just went to see a movie."

"Give me a break, Wes. Couples don't go to the Stargazer to watch movies. If it was the movie experience you wanted, you would have taken her across town to the Cineplex."

"Alright, well…we did do some fooling around in the back seat," he confessed.

"Some 'fooling around?' Were her panties on or off during this 'fooling around?'"

"They were off."

"So, you DID fuck her?" I asked, probably shocking my son, since he rarely heard me say that word.

"We had sex, yes…but it's our third date, and we really like each other!"

"That fucking cunt, Tammie!" my brain screamed irately. "What part of 'don't come on too strong' did she not understand?!" I wanted to cry, but held it together the best I could. "Couldn't she have just… sucked on you, like we talked about yesterday?" I asked.

"Well, she um…did that too, but one thing led to another and we ended up doing it. Sorry, mom…I should asked you if that was OK before her and I went and had sex on your backseat."

I let out a frustrated sigh. "Wes, that's not the issue. You just met this girl and I think you just need to…slow your role a little bit," I preached.

"Yeah, you're right…I guess maybe I did get a little carried away."

I coiled my arms around his neck and squeezed him tight. "It's hard to be mad at you…I love you so much," I whispered. I flattened my tits on him, wondering what he must think of my fat, erect teats prodding into his chest. My answer soon came by the hardening of his crotch beneath mine. I felt pangs of jealousy, knowing he'd been hammering that boy-cock through the pussy of such a gorgeous girl close to his own age.

"I love you too, mom."

"Do you?" I whispered.

"Of course."

"How much?"

"A lot! You know that," he replied.

"Show me," my voice quivered, as I brought my face to his, staring into his eyes. I pushed my pussy against the rigid meat of his erection as if insinuating he 'show me' by using it.

"What do you mean?"

I quickly came to my senses, realizing I was moving WAY too fast. "Never mind…I'm just being silly."

"I can be silly too," he stated.

"Oh, yeah…how's that?"

"By tickling you!" he answered, then started going at my ribs. I squirmed and giggled, rubbing my big tits all over him. I pressed my genitals down against his, marveling at how thick and hard he felt.

"You better stop, honey…you're gonna wake your father up," I playfully giggled.

"What's wrong…you don't want dad to come in here and see you on top of me like this?" Wes joked, although I wondered if he were being serious.

"What? We're hugging! We're not doing anything wrong."

"Then why are you so concerned about waking him up?"

"Why would anyone be happy about being woke up in the middle of the night?" I replied.

"Are you sure there's no other reason?" Wes smiled.

"Ok…you're right. I don't suppose he'd be too happy, seeing us both in our underwear…holding each other like this, so like I said…let's be careful not to wake him up," I urged.

"Does that mean you're sticking around awhile?" Wes asked.

I looked into his eyes and smiled. Little did he know that there was nowhere I'd rather be. Then again, maybe he was starting to suspect it. "I'm in no hurry to leave…unless you're in a hurry to get rid of me."

"No…stay as long as you want."

I couldn't stop myself from saying the first thing that came to mind. "Well in that case I may stay until morning."

"Unless my snoring drives you away!"

"Oh…it won't."

"Why do you think that?" Wes asked.

I hugged him tight, nestling my lips to his ear. "Because if I stay, we WON'T be sleeping," I whispered, wickedly mashing my panty-covered vulva against his cock-shaft. I felt it flex powerfully, pushing against my puffy flanges.

"What are we gonna do all night then?" my son asked with heavy breath.

"I don't know…maybe get acquainted…in a way we never have before." I was clearly moving things forward, fueled by my love for him and my desire for us to be as close as we could be to each other. Knowing that

Tammie had fucked him, told me that I clearly had stiff competition now and by delaying I may only risk losing him.

"Can I see what you're wearing?" my son excitedly asked.

I hesitated to answer, but then surrendered to my desire for him to see me. I wanted him to gawk at my curvy, mature body. I'm sure that Tammie didn't hesitate to show him hers. I wanted my young

love-interest to see how much better built I was than her. "It's awfully dark in here. Do you have your phone?" I asked.

Wes reached over to his nightstand and grabbed his cellphone, while I slipped my knees astride his hips and sat upright. When he illuminated my upper-half, I thought his eyes were gonna bulge out of his cute skull. "Good grief!" he uttered, staring up at my mammaries as they jutted out over him obscenely. My nipples looked like stiff marshmallows protruding out from beneath the cotton fabric.

"Satisfied now?" I asked, smiling down at him.

"This is the first time I've seen you without a bra on. I guess I never realized they were so big!"

"Yep, your mom's got some pretty large meat-melons, honey. A little bigger than Tammie's I'm guessing?"

"A little? They're twice the size of hers, and I thought she had big ones! I know this may sound perverted, but can you make them wobble back and forth real quick?"

I started laughing, being cautious not to be too loud. "All these special requests. When do I get MY turn?" I asked.

"If you make them wobble, then I'll do whatever you ask me to do."

"Whatever I ask, huh?"

"Yep!"

"Alright then, I'm gonna hold you to that," I told him, then moved my shoulders, making my boobie-orbs rock back and forth across my chest beneath the wife beater.

"Damn, mom…that's the hottest thing I've ever seen!" Wes remarked as he stared at my tits in wide-eyed fascination. "Can I see your panties too?"

"Since when did this become a show and tell, mister? Besides…you can see my panties right here," I giggled, tugging on my tiny elastic waistband. Wes shined the light of his phone on our hugging crotches. Looking down and seeing his rigid prick meat, bulging beneath his boxers-briefs and sticking out from the front of my pubis was incredibly thrilling! The fabric molded perfectly to the outline of his knob and I could tell right away that it was MUCH fatter than his father's.

"Ok, mister googly-eyes, it's my turn!" I said, hoping that I wouldn't scare him with the request I was about to make. Obviously, the ice had been broken between us already, so I didn't feel as awkward asking for it.

"Alright. What do you want me to do?"

"Make out with me…like you did with Tammie," I requested.

He fed me an astonished look. "Make out with you, as in…REALLY make out with you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I mean…unless it would make you feel too uncomfortable?"

"No…sorry, I just…never expected you to ask me for something like that."

I looked him in the eyes and smiled. "Did you ever…HOPE that I would ask you for something like that?" I asked.

"Not until recently."

By recently, I assume he meant after the day he had caught me undressing in my bedroom. Perhaps that was the first time he began

to see me in a sexual way. "So you don't mind trying it out with me then…to see what it's like?" I sweetly asked.

"No…I don't mind at all, but…"

"But what?"

"Never mind," my boy muttered, glancing at my tits.

"Wes…tell me what's on your mind," I pleaded.

"I was just gonna ask you if you wouldn't mind taking off the wife beater, while we kissed."

"Ugh, another request?" I teased. "I haven't even gotten mine fulfilled yet."

"I know, sorry. I just thought I'd ask."

Without letting my mind debate it, I quickly lifted the wife beater off, exposing my giant jugs. "There! Now will you PLEASE let me love on you now?" I asked.

My son's eyes were fixated on my naked tits. "Love away!" he muttered.

I pulled him upright, threw my arms around him and eagerly dove for his mouth. Our closed-lipped kisses were slow, tender and passionate. I felt Wes give off an excited shudder, probably from having the squishy meat of my stiff-nippled tits squashed against his chest. It seemed as though my body began doing things involuntarily, like subtly grinding my pussy against his rock-hard shaft, with only our underwear separating our genital flesh.

Gradually, our smooching became more passionate and my long tongue found its way inside Wes's mouth. When our wiggly lickers touched for the first time it was electrifying! Before I knew it they

were whipping together wildly. Wes was an amazing kisser! Every bit as talented in that department as I imagined he'd be.

I gently nudged him down to the bed, draping his blanket over us as we continued smooching with me on top of him. "Shit!" my boy excited hissed, while I tenderly kissed his neck. I could feel his peter-meat twitching and throbbing as I rubbed my fatty tit-orbs all over his bare chest. I kissed him deeply and we made out like horny newlyweds. My son must have been deeply aroused by having his mommy's long, experience licker whipping wildly through his mouth.

We rolled like passionate lovers on his bed; my son taking the top. I harnessed my clean-shaven legs high around his back, clutching him to

my body as tightly as I could, while we mad-out shamelessly. Our overheated genitals still wrestled together in a subtle, but steady dry-hump. I couldn't believe how big and muscular my son's erection felt. I could only imagine how divine it would feel digging at the deepest regions of my vagina, perhaps even in places his father's cock had never touched.

Nearly an hour passed and still we kissed, but by now our grinding had gotten more intense. Wes dug his boner against my wet slit, scraping on my aroused clit and driving me crazy with lust. I finally reached a point that I couldn't take anymore. "Make love to me, Wes!" I cooed. "PLEASE make love to me!"

My eager boy peeled my dainty panties down my legs and off. I reciprocated by tugging down his boxer briefs. My heart nearly beat out of my chest as I saw the shadow of his cock spring free from his underwear and wag stiffly on his crotch, while pointing up at me. "THIS WAS IT!" my feverish mind exclaimed. "THE CONSUMATION OF OUR LOVE!"

I drew my knees back and bowed open my thighs widely, giving my boy all the room he needed. He moved forward above me, plowing

his naked cock through my soaking labial folds. Drawing his erection back again, I felt his knob fit into the socket of my cuntal vestibule. My fuck-entrance quivered excitedly, nipping wetly at his glans as it prepared to be stretched open by his meaty slab.

"Kiss me, mom!" my teen requested, dropping flat on top of me and fusing our lips together. Being penetrated by him for the first time, while we lovingly kissed would be my greatest dream come true!

I felt Wes's knob mushroom even bigger as a surge of more blood must have rushed into his already rock-hard penis, engorging his erectile tissue. His love-muscle tensed up like a steel pipe preparing to thunder through my birthing tube.

"Victoria?!" My husband's voice called from the hallway, startling the hell out of me.

"Fuck!" I softly hissed, squirming out from under my son as quickly as I could. I rushed to his doorway, my boobs flopping, and my heart pounding

in a frantic panic. The door was still part-way open (stupid mistake on my part) and I quickly slammed it closed and locked it.

Seconds later, Myles knocked at the door. "Victoria, are you in there?" he asked.

"Yes…honey, I'm in here. Um…Wes came home a little drunk, from his date and got sick, so I was just helping him clean the mess. Trust me…you DO NOT wanna come in here!" I replied, looking down at my naked body.

"Oh, well…yeah, that doesn't sound fun. Anything I can do to help?"

"No…we've got things under control, just go back to bed. I'll be down in a minute."

I turned to my son blushingly and quickly collected my panties and wife beater. "I'm sorry, honey…let's just, um…talk about this tomorrow, ok?" I told Wes.

"Yeah…no problem, mom," he awkwardly answered.

I returned to my room and crawled into bed with Myles. For the longest time I couldn't sleep. It was like my body was still sexually charged from what had happened earlier. "Just my luck," I thought. "Seconds away from finally making love to Wes and Myles wakes up! I knew my son must be laying awake, frazzled by all this also. I wished now that I would have spent a little more time with him, and at least given him a passionate kiss goodnight.

"Hi, Victoria…I'm Tammie!" said the beautiful, twenty-year-old brunette, extending her hand for a shake. I had requested that Simone bring her along to the coffee shop the next morning so we could talk.

"Nice to meet you," I replied, but didn't really mean it. "Can I get you a coffee?"

"No, I'm not really a coffee drinker, but thanks. Your son Wes is the sweetest guy. You must really be proud of him."

"I am, thank you…and I heard the two of you are hitting it off pretty well?"

"We are. In fact, I know this wasn't really part of the plan, but I think we might be falling for each other."

My heart went into panic-mode. "Falling for each other?"

"Yes. I know…so quickly, right?"

Simone chimed in. "Tammie, remember I asked you not to pour it on too heavy. We just wanted you to befriend Wes and spend some

time with him."

"Ok…I did that, but I really think there's an attraction there."

"No, there can't be…I'm sorry!" Simon expressed.

"Alright…I'm confused. Is there a reason why Wes and I can't be romantically involved? I am older than him, yes, but only by two years."

"Yes, there IS a reason," Simone replied. "We just don't want you to __"

"He already has a girlfriend!" I blurted, interrupting Simone.

"He does?" Tammie asked with a shocked expression.

"Yes…he does."

"Then why did you pay ME to hang out with him?"

Simone and I looked at each other, scrambling to come up with an answer. "His girlfriend was out of town…and we just wanted a female to keep Wes company, while she was away."

"Seriously?!"

"Yes, but she's back now, so we won't be needing your assistance anymore," I expressed.

"But…things are going so well between Wes and I," Tammie frowned.

"Not to knock you, Tammie. You seem nice and are quite beautiful, but I'm sure he thinks his girlfriend is MUCH prettier! I also think he's madly in love with her."

Tammie shook her head in disgust. "No…Wes would have told me if he had someone! We had sex together and he swore he was falling for me!"

"Tammie, guys will say anything to get a piece of tail on the side," Simone expressed.

"No…this is bullshit! I wanna hear it from Wes," Tammie stated, standing from the table.

"I'm sorry. I'm sure now that his girlfriend is back, she wouldn't be ok with the two of you talking," I replied.

Tammie fed me an evil glare. "If you see his girlfriend, let her know that I'm NOT giving him up that easy! She'll have out class, out charm and out fuck me…and that won't be easy!"

Tammie marched away and Simone stood up. "Tammie, wait…I'll give you a ride home," she shouted.

"Forget it! I'll get a cab," she replied, stomping out the door.

Simone looked over at me with a cringe on her face. "Well…that could have gone better."

"It doesn't matter. I don't need her help anymore anyway!"

"So, you're not worried that Wes will move away, with Tammie out of the picture?"

"No. In fact, I'm not worried at all anymore," I confidently answered.

"Ok…am I missing something here?"

I put on a big smile. "Yes, but you'll hear all about it at the Moms Club today" I replied.

My phone started ringing and I noticed it was my husband, Myles. I stared at my cell for a moment curiously. "It's Myles. He hardly ever calls me during work," I stated, then picked up. "Hi, honey!"

"Hey babe…I've uh…got some bad news. I'm at the hospital," Myles said.

Later, the women at the club clapped, after I shared what had happened between Wes and I. Judith looked over at me with a pleasing smile. "Well…Victoria, it certainly sounds like you have your son's attention. Now it's time to move things forward and take him as your lover," she directed.

"I have you and the Moms Club to thank. If you hadn't encouraged me and given me those challenges, I'm not sure I would have had the courage to seduce my son."

"I'm sure once the two of you begin making love together you'll never look back," Judith remarked.

"Well…that might be a bit more of a challenge now."

"How so?"

"My husband tripped down the stairs at work this morning and fractured his ankle. He made need surgery. He'll be home recovering for at least two weeks."

"Oh, how unfortunate. Well, if you and Wes need a place to consummate your love, you can always get a motel room and simply tell your husband that the two of you are going out for the day."

"We could, but to be honest…I was hoping that Wes and I's first time could be on HIS bed. I guess I'm kind of sentimental that way, since that's where we first kissed romantically," I explained.

"That's understandable," Judith agreed. "It sounds like what you really need is a distraction…for your husband, that is. Something to occupy his mind, while you and your son sneak away for a session of passionate lovemaking."

"Yes. Any ideas on how I might do that?"

Judith looked at Simone and smiled. "Perhaps Simone and I could help you out with that," she replied.

"We can?" Simone asked.

"Sure," Judith answered. "I have an idea that I think will work."

The next morning Judith and Simone came to the house. Patrick was over at a friend's house and Wes and my husband were in the living room playing video games together. Myles usually didn't have time for this sort of thing, but since he had fractured his ankle he had a chance to play and spend time with Wes, in between doing video conferencing for work.

Me and the girls went to my bedroom to prep. Judith's plan was a simple one. Her and Simone would distract Myles by wearing skimpy attire and showing interest in the game, while Wes and I snuck away to his room for passionate lovemaking.

"There…do you think this will be able to keep your husband distracted for awhile?" Judith asked, coming out of the bathroom in panties and a pink sheer robe.

"How could it not?" I giggled. Her robe certainly left nothing to the imagination, revealing naked tits beneath, that were nearly as big as mine.

"How about this?" Simone asked, striking a sexy pose in a bright red bikini. "Do you think this'll help?"

"Most definitely!" I replied. It didn't bother me at all that they'd be around my husband in such skimpy attire. My mind was solely on Wes and at this point I could care less if Myles was looking at other women. I slipped on my silky white robe, but kept it open, so my handsome boy could see what was being offered to him this morning.

Once we got into the living room, I snuck up behind them on the couch. Myles, luckily, was engrossed in the game, but Wes turned his head and looked, as if his eyes were drawn to me like magnets. His mouth lowered as he saw me standing there with my robe open, displaying my tits and shaved pussy. I smiles salaciously, motioned to the stairway, then headed that direction.

"Dad, I um…think I'm gonna go upstairs and listen to some music or something," I heard Wes tell his father.

"Suit yourself. I'm gonna keep working on this level," my husband replied, engrossed in the game.

I signaled to Judith and Simone and they both wandered into the living room. "Well, hello there, Myles! Do you mind if we join you? I just love video games!" Judith told my husband.

"Oh…um, hello, ladies," Myles uttered, his eyes probably popping out of his head by now.

Once I reached my son's room, I slipped off the robe and stood there in a sexy pose waiting for him. "Close and lock the door, lover," I told my teen as he gazed at me from his doorway. Wes did just that, then stepped over to me. "Wes, I've probably made it fairly obvious by now that I'm madly in love with you. Let me show you just how much."

I slipped off his t-shirt, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss. My big tits smothered his young chest, while our tongues dueled for several minutes, showing our passion for each other. I

crouched down, undoing his pants and pulling them off him. Next came his briefs and his erection sprung upward, nearly slapping me on the chin. "Oh, this beautiful thing certainly didn't take long to get hard, did it?" I noted.

"It never does when YOU'RE around," my boy confessed, which made my heart melt.

I grasped his big boy-cock and showered it with tender kisses. My smooches soon turned to licks, which then turned to lewd sucking, and before long I was gorging myself on the meat of his erection, bobbing my head up and back. Having my baby's cock in my mouth and tasting the tangy juice that wept from its bell tip had my pussy smoldering with desire. There would be plenty of time for more oral affection later. Right now, I needed him to fuck me!

Wes backed me to his bed and followed me down onto it, taking the top. My knees quickly drew back and my thighs splayed open. "Now…where

were we?" I excitedly asked, referring to the other night when we were in this same position, but rudely interrupted, just before penetration.

"I think we were right…HERE!" Wes replied, placing his cock-tip to my entrance. I could feel how incredibly rigid his penis was as he jabbed it against the mouth of my vagina.

"Fuck me, Wes!" I hissed, staring into his eyes and horny beyond belief. In one mighty plunge, my new lover buried his boner to the root inside me. I welcomed him by tightening all my coital muscles at once, making his body shiver in delight.

"Ahhh!" Wes sighed and I felt his cunt-smothered penis give off a mighty flex. His flaring tip was mashed against the head of my cervix and I never imagined how wonderful that would feel!

"Welcome home, baby!" I whispered as the ring of my cervical entrance kissed his leaky peter-tip. Then, he let out a lusty snarl and began fucking me. Words couldn't describe the feel of his muscled love-organ pummeling through my overheated cunt. It was like the drive rod and powerful pistons of a locomotive chugging in and out. I clawed at his back and jerked my pelvis up and down, meeting his thrusts with one's of my own. His bedframe creaked as we found a frantic fuck-rhythm.

I harnessed my silky legs around my teen, fastening him to my body. His young, muscular ass flew up and down wildly between my thighs, jackhammering his horny erection through my loving, squeezing pussy. My tits sloshed to his tempo, sandwiched between us; my erect teats scraping on his flesh. My hands wandered his lean, hairless body, my nails combing his flesh.

As we fucked, my cunt compressed around him, delineating the contours of his boner so we writhed together with slippery friction. The stiff meat of Wes's prick stimulated the nerve endings along my pleated cuntal sleeve exquisitely and it wasn't long before a mind-boggling orgasm was surging through my naked body like an electric current.

"OHH, GOD, WES…YESSS!!" I cried, trembling in climax. It had been ages since I'd cum this hard!

It was obvious that my boy had acquired some sexual skills from fucking other girls. For a long while, he drilled at my quivering pussy from different angles, jabbing his spongy knob against various areas of my vagina, stretching my uteri and stimulating pleasure-clusters that I never even knew I had. I squeezed him with all my might, clawing my nails down his back and arched my body in ecstasy, cumming yet again on his tireless prick.

The psychological thrill of have my teenage son's cock plunging to my womb was overwhelming! On top of that was the deep-seated

desire to have him as my permanent lover. Of course I would stay married to Myles. I had no intention of breaking apart my family, but Wes was now the master of my sexual universe, and I his. We were, for all intents and purposes, a couple. Lovers…now and forever!

We kissed passionately, while fucking our asses off for what had to be an hour straight. "No wonder Tammie is so enamored by my boy! He's an absolute BEAST in bed!" I thought, slowly rising towards orgasm number seven. "SEVEN!! I've never had seven orgasm during one sex-session before!" I thought. This time Wes joined me in orgasmic bliss!

"UUUGGHH!" my boy grunted. "UUUGGHH, MOM!" He was cumming so powerfully that his pelvis jolted and he shuddered from the powerful thrusts of his erupting penis.

My own body quaked wildly beneath his assault, squirting the juices of my ejaculate around him and making my vestibule squelch lewdly around the hairless root of his cock. We came for the longest time together, our sexual organs pumping in counterpoint. and I could feel spurt after spurt of my boy's love-lava filling my unprotected pussy.

Over the next week, Wes and I engaged in a whirlwind of sexual intercourse. Even if we only had five minutes to do it in, we'd find ourselves tucked in the back a closet or behind a locked door, somewhere in the house, feverishly going at it. I could hardly stand going only a few

hours without having my lover's dreamy dick pounding through me. Not only that…but he was amazing at eating pussy!

"You like this pussy better than Tammie's, baby?" I asked Wes as he held me up against wall in my bedroom closet. I was up off the floor and my legs were curled around him, while he fucked to his heart's content.

"It's so much better! Why do you think I gave her the boot?"

I couldn't help but giggle, recalling Tammie's words in the coffee shop. "Looks like mom out classed her, out charmed her, and out-fucked her, didn't she?"

"You sure did!" my boy replied, jabbing his prick to the hilt with long, rippling, underslung thrusts. I gave his member a loving squeeze by flexing my pelvic floor muscles. I felt incredibly wicked having sex with my new man, while my 'old man' was downstairs watching TV.

"Ahhh, shit!" Wes gasped, responding to my juicy embrace. I loved watching his face, while he savagely laid into me, or while I was giving his dick and balls a royal oral work over. I bet he never dreamed he'd have a girlfriend who would milk him off five to six time a day, like I did.

My teen jabbed his throbbing peter in deep, holding it there in full penetration, whimpering at the feel of his mommy's warm pussy pulsating around his succulent dick-meat. I could feel the powerful muscles and tendons bulging excitedly at the base of his cock. He began thrusting again and I could feel my cunt-sleeve ripple and pull at his prick, soaking it in slippery oil, making his bell-tip balloon in delight as it struck my cervix over and over. For several minutes he fucked into me this way and we both gasped and squealed in delight until he slowed.

I could easily take over, while in any position. Perhaps that's a skill that I had that Tammie didn't. "Let me work on you, lover," I whispered, then tightened my thighs around his hips. My belly pushed up and down against his, my tightly-clasping hole working on his stalk near the root, giving him rapid love-pumps.

"Ohhh, mom!" he gasped, clearly loving it. He began to match my movements, jabbing his meat into me with counterpointed pelvic thrusts. I threw my arms around him in a passionate embrace,

mashing my bobbling breasts on his bare chest. I tightened my coital muscles, making my socket nice n juicy and tight.

My boy began to move faster, jackhammering his meaty prick into my hole violently. He gritted his teen and rolled his eyes, overcome by the toe clenching friction that he must have been experiencing around his penile flesh. His balls began to thud against my tilted ass.

"Yess…fuck me, Wes!" I urged.

My heels drummed on his ass, urging him to fuck me faster and harder, even though that was hardly possible. My smoldering cunt hole felt like it was melting around his pummeling organ and I was sure my juices were already dripping off his balls. I trembled violently in climax, letting out an involuntary squeal that must have triggered my son's release.

Wes buried his prick to the hilt and growled like a grizzly bear as his balls released their load of spunk. I could feel it surging up his muscled stalk and splattering out again the head to the cervix that I had once squeezed him out of.

Nearly a year later Wes and I were at the Stargazer Drive-in with Simone and her son. We were at the concession stand when we ran by Tammie, standing with a guy who was clearly much younger than her. "What is this…mother-son day at the Stargazer?!" she asked in a snotty tone.

"Oh, hey, Tammie," Wes muttered.

"I'm surprised that you didn't get your mom's permission before saying hi to me."

"Tammie, why don't you try being nice," her Aunt Simone advised. Simone and I were each nine-months pregnant, carrying our sons' babies. Our bellies stuck out huge and round beneath our tops.

Tammie looked at my son Wes with a scowl. "I thought you had a new girlfriend…or did you blow it with her too?"

"No…we'll still together," Wes replied, squeezing my hand.

"And I've never seen him happier. She's one lucky girl," I stated, giving Tammie a sarcastic scowl, "but you probably already know that, don't you?"

"Whatever! Have fun with your pregnant mommies, boys!" Tammie stated in a bitchy tone as she left with her date.

"Don't worry…we will!" Wes shouted, looking over and sharing a knowing smile with Simone's son, Sawyer.

Ten minutes later we were doing what we came to do, and it WASN'T watching a movie! We were all naked on the back seat and Simone and I were side by side, riding our boys' cocks. Their eyes were bulging in fascination as they watched our massive, milk-filled melons bounce around wildly.

"Have I mentioned that Drive-In dating is my favorite?" I breathlessly asked, smiling down at my teen. I didn't think I'd ever experience the thrill of Drive-in sex again, yet here I was.

"You have mentioned that a few times," Wes gleefully replied, reaching up and cupping my huge tits.

I ground our shaved pubis's together, stirring my honey-pot with the rigid muscle of his peter-meat. My baby sighed and his eyes rolled back as he felt as my cervical ring polish his engorged knob with hot, slippery mucus.

"Are you boys hungry?" Simone wickedly asked. "Wanna suck on our titties, while we bounce on these teenage cocks?"

"Yes, please!" her son, Sawyer, eagerly replied.

Simone and I both leaned forward, burying our boys in warm, rippling boobie-meat. Wes kissed and licked his way around inside my gaping cleavage, while I bobbed my rounded buns up and down, spearing him through my pussy-tube. My cunt pulled and dragged wetly at his hot meat,

from tip to root on every thrust. His cock felt divine; like a heated crowbar as it forged up my tightly-clasping snatch.

Feeling our unborn baby sandwiched between us while we fucked was a dream come true! I love how Wes used my pregnant body like a sexual playground, especially my milk-swollen breasts, which had grown ridiculously large.

"Oh God, those dicks feel so good!" Simone whimpered, knowing she was expressing exactly what was flowing through my mind also. Our naked asses beat against their crotches tirelessly as our tempo gradually increased. We moms certainly knew how to fuck, which made us the perfect girlfriends for horny young teenagers!

Wes sucked at my nipples, moving from one breast to the next. He pushed his cute face up into the squishy orb of my tit and sucked like a starving newborn. This made my birthing tube clench around him, creating a hot creamy passage of tightly-compressed pleats and vaginal muscle. I felt his dong quiver as it thundered through my baby-chute.

"Ahhhh!" my boy's voice trembled as he peeked out from between my smothering mammary. My nipple popped from his mouth, wet and swollen. He thrust his hips beneath me, digging his dong in savagely, while gritting his teeth. I felt his tip swell like a bell-shaped balloon and his jism begin to pour into me, with strong contractions of his penile meat. This made me squirm about in ecstasy as my orgasm made my body shudder and gush out my juices to mingle with his.

Simone and her son were writhing and squealing in orgasmic elation also, making it sound as though there was a true mother-son orgy going on inside my vehicle. We took our time milking the boys' dongs, tightening the tubes of our cunts and pulling them up and down their rigid peters with full-length squeezes. At first, I didn't think I'd have courage to defy the norm and take my son as my lover, but now I couldn't imagine it any other way.

THE END

178: The Nest(Revised & Expanded)_1

The Nest

(Revised & Expanded)

by Klrxo

"Well, sweetie, welcome to our new home," Devon's mom said as she sashayed around the vehicle to his side.

"Wow! The pictures don't do it justice. It's amazing," the 18 year old said, marveling at the property. The old Victorian house was set on a hill overlooking the pristine lake behind it.

"Can you believe it's a hundred and fifty years old? Wait until you see the view out back. Come on," Lacey said, taking his hand.

The property was breathtaking, with a sprawling view of the lake and forested hills, yet as Devon and his mom stood near the water he found himself busy admiring a different type of view. His mother.

Lacey was a Goddess among women. She looked like a 39 year old Emily Blunt. She was built like a mother should be, with wide hips, long shapely legs and the biggest, softest-looking breasts a boy could ever imagine. Today she wore a mid-length skirt and a thin cotton top. Her dark brown mane cascaded down over her shoulders, framing her pretty face. "Just look at this view," the beauty said, gazing out at the hills.

After getting no response from her son, Lacey peered over at him and caught him staring at her titties. Devon didn't normally get hardons this quickly around her, but today was different. There was something in the air. She glanced at the protruding erection a moment.

"Sweetie," she said, shaking him from his trance.

"Yeah? Oh, sorry, mom...did you say something?"

"Are my boobs staring at your eyes again?" she teased with a gleaming white-teethed smile. Lacey wasn't sure what possessed her to say it. She'd never teased her son in a sexual way.

"Oh, no. Sorry," he said bashfully.

A breeze swept across the shore and seemed to mysteriously influence the mother's next move as she strolled towards her son. She had slipped out of her sandals and her cute little bare feet tapped lightly against the grass. She paused in front of him and looked up into his big blue eyes.

"I don't know why they stare so much. They must really like you," she said teasingly. Her eyes suddenly got big. "Oh God, did I really just say that?" she thought.

Devon laughed a little, trying to show some humor. His heart was beating like a bass drum and his hardon let out a mighty throb. It was weird, yet exciting to hear his mom teasing him this way.

The buxom brunette was suddenly struck with the overwhelming, yet forbidden urge to get her big tits against him. She blurted her next words before she could stop herself. "Maybe a big hug would help. What do you think?"

"Maybe," he muttered, secretly welcoming such intimate contact.

Stepping up to him, Lacey coiled her arms around her son's neck and pulled him in for a nice long tit-squasher. She smiled as she heard her son let out a little sigh. Strangely, the busty mother felt her areola thicken and her nipples harden up against her son's chest. "What has gotten into me?! Enough," she screamed inside her head.

She ended the hug and fed him a peculiar look as she gazed up into his eyes for what seemed like forever. "Wanna see the inside of the house?" she asked.

"Sure," Devon answered, trying his best to conceal his tubular bulge.

"Turn around," Lacey said playfully.

"Why?"

"Just turn around, goof-ball," she said with a giggle.

Devon obliged, facing the house. Lacey immediately jumped up onto his back and threw her strong legs around him for a piggy-back ride.

"Jesus, mom," Devon said, taken off guard. He'd never seen his mom so touchy-feely.

"Move it Boobie-boy," she shouted teasingly.

As Devon started up the hill towards the house he put his hands under his mom's curvy legs to support her. His cock twitched as he felt the strong smooth thighs. Her big mature breasts jiggled against his back. It made his already hard cock jump inside his shorts.

"Giddy up, you handsome stallion you," Lacey said playfully.

"Funny mom."

Once inside, Lacey unmounted her son and gave him a tour. The interior space was massive with lots of ornate period detail. They

paused at one of the closed bedroom doors upstairs. Written across crudely, in black paint, were the words: HORNY LIVES HERE!!

"Damnit, I don't remember seeing that when we toured the house with the realtor. I wonder if some kids broke in," Lacey said.

"Looks that way."

"Shit! I hope they didn't do any damage. The place was locked up tight though. How would they have gotten in?" Lacey asked her son.

"A window maybe?"

"Let's check all the bedrooms again, make sure there are no broken windows."

After helping his mom check all the rooms of the huge home, Devon sat down on the only piece of furniture in the entire house, an old rickety wooden chair in the kitchen.

"Hey, honey, it's me...we made it," Lacey said as she walked into the kitchen with her cellphone.

"Great, how's the weather there," her husband Rob asked over speakerphone.

"The weather's perfect, although I heard we're supposed to get some rain this evening. "How are you guys coming along," she asked.

A sudden chill moved through the house. Lacey gasped a little as she felt her clitoris tingle mysteriously. Without thinking, she took a few steps forward, turned and plopped down on her son's lap as her husband answered her question. "Well, slowly but surely honey, it's a big

moving truck," Ron said.

Devon was a little surprised by his mom's behavior. She had always been a bit flirty, but never this much. Maybe it was because they were alone while his dad and sister drove the U-haul across the country. One thing he did know was her soft ass felt amazing and his dick was on the rise again.

"So what are you thinking, a couple days?" Lacey asked.

"At least, yeah. I'm hoping we pull in by Friday," Ron answered.

"Perfect! That'll give Devon and I plenty of time to get the place cleaned before you guys get here. I think there's about an inch of dust on everything."

"Not surprising. The realtor did say it's been years since someone lived in the house," Ron said.

Lacey glanced at her son. "Oh that reminds me, I think some kids might have broken into the house somehow. We found some graffiti on one of the doors upstairs."

"Oh wonderful! Any damage at all?"

"Not that we could find. And no broken window, so I don't know how the heck they got in"

"Well, hopefully there aren't any surprises for us to discover. What does Devon think of the house?" her husband asked.

Turning slightly, grinding her ass, Lacey gently brushed her son's hair off his face, giving him a little smile as she looked into his eyes. There was a naughty little sparkle in her eye, one Devon wasn't used to seeing.

"I like it. It's bigger than I thought it was gonna be," the teen answered.

"What about that lake out back? Tell me that's not gonna be a blast with the jetskis," his dad said.

"Definitely," Devon said, feeling a bit odd talking to his dad with his mom's ass pressed against his hard dick.

Lacey chimed in. "We both love it. We're just tired from the drive I think. We both need a hot shower and a little R&R tonight."

"Well, I'll let you go then. Jenna and I are gonna stop for some food," Ron said.

"Okay, hon, call me when you're on the road tomorrow. Tell Jenna I love her," Lacey said.

"I will. Love you and miss you."

Lacey's thumb seemed to move on its own, hanging up on the call before she could return an 'I love you.' She suddenly became aware of the large protrusion beneath her ass, digging into

her buttcrack. Her mind told her to get up, but instead she gazed back at her boy.

"What is that I feel poking against my butt?" she asked teasingly.

They both knew exactly what it was. Devon gulped nervously. "Sorry, mom."

"I'm not one of your girlfriends that you can just go poking in the butt whenever that thing gets stiff, young man," she said. She lifted one leg over his lap while turning towards him, so that

she was now facing him, in the straddling position.

The teen was a bit surprised and overwhelmed by their new position. He glanced at his mom in the eyes, nervous, yet more aroused than he'd ever been. "I know," he muttered.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry, I forgot. You left all your butt-poking buddies back in California, didn't you? No wonder you're mom's big soft butt feels so good against your hard penis," she said, in a sexy little voice.

Lacey looked at her son and they both started giggling. "Oh my God, I'm sorry! I'm being bad. I think I'm just, um...overly tired," she said as she shook her head.

"That's ok, mom. It's no big deal, really."

The mother froze, oddly staring back at him. "So you um, don't mind me teasing you like that?"

"No...it's all in good fun."

The chill once again swept through the downstairs, making Lacey's clit tingle as it pressed against her son's hard erection.

"It is fun isn't it?" she smiled, bringing her bare feet off the floor and resting her heels on the back of the chair, staring into his eyes all the while, "And maybe just a little bit naughty."

The mother's legs were wrapped snugly around Devon's waist as she straddled him. The old chair beneath them CREAKED as the mother pressed her vagina down even harder against the swell of his erection.

"I hope this chair doesn't break on us though," Devon sighed, his heart beating hard and fast

from the thrill of such a beauty on his lap.

"That WOULD NOT be good," his mom smiled, leaning forward and mashing her tits on him.

"Nope," Devon smiled as his mom brushed the hair back from his eyes.

"When did you go and grow up on me?" she's said endearingly, her big sparkling brown eyes radiating pure love.

The chair CREAKED some more as Lacey tightened her strong legs around him, crushing her fat clit against the underside of the long tubular swell of his cockshaft.

Devon's heart raced with wicked excitement. He and his mom were all alone, he was sitting between her gorgeous legs and sparks were flying. He didn't know what was going on between them since they got there, but he sure liked it.

Lacy suddenly blinked twice, as if snapped from a trance. "Ugh, I need a shower. Will you be an angel and bring in our bags?"

"Sure mom, of course," he said.

Lacey put her little feet on the floor and rose from his lap. Oddly, as she stood, she felt her panties begin to slide off her hips. "He wants them," a strange voice in her head rang out.

"What?" she said out loud.

Devon fed her a confused look. "What??"

Lacy quickly adjusted her underwear. "Nothing, um. Will you bring the bags up to the master bedroom for me, sweetie."

"No problem, Mom."

"You've been such a big help on this trip. When you get upstairs...I'll have a little reward waiting for you, ok," she said with a cute mischievous smile.

Devon watched his mom sashay away towards the stairs, her buttocks swaying seductively.

"Reward?" he muttered, wondering what she meant.

Outside, Devon walked along the house. He couldn't believe the way his mom was acting and couldn't stop wondering what this reward was she was talking about. Suddenly, a strange voice startled him from the bushes. "Heyy!"

"What?! Who's there?" the teen asked, frozen in place.

The sun had just gone down and he couldn't see much. It was pretty creepy.

"Come closer," the voice said, which sounded squeaky, like some weird cartoon character.

"Why? Who are you?"

"My name's Horny. What's yours?"

"Devon," the teen said, staring at the darkened bushes. "Wait, your name's Horny? What kinda

name is that?"

"Best name ever!"

"Why are you in the bushes?" Devon asked.

"Are you gonna fuck her?" Horny asked.

"What??"

"Your mom. You should fuck her ass off!"

"Is this a joke? Come out of the bushes so I can see you... Hello?" Devon said, still frozen in place.

He took one step forward, trying to make out anyone in the brush. "Are you still there?"

"Fuck this," the teen muttered, rushing to the vehicle. After grabbing the bags from the minivan Devon raced back inside, locked the door, then rushed upstairs to the master bedroom. He could hear the shower running, but to his disappointment, the bathroom door was closed.

"I brought your bags up Mom," he said, loud enough that she could hear. He pictured her voluptuous body, wet and sudsy.

"Thank you honey," Lacey said from the shower. After a short pause, she continued. "I left the reward I promised there on the door handle."

Devon looked down and noticed a pair of pale-pink mesh bikini panties hanging from the door handle. His body went numb as he stared at them hanging there by their tiny waistband. "Wow, is mom really giving me her panties," he thought with wild excitement.

Her next words send the wow-factor to a whole other level. "Why don't you take them down to your room for a little personal time, sweetie."

Devon didn't have to be asked twice. He grabbed the panties and rushed down to his empty bedroom.

He sat down and slouched against the wall, then lifted the crotch to his nose and inhaled. The deep musky aroma of fresh pussy was absolutely intoxicating. He'd often stole panties from his mom's hamper and obviously she was aware, but the smell was never this ripe. The fact that she had given them to him willingly, as a reward, seemed unbelievable to him, yet here he was.

Devon unzipped his pants and fished his cock out. It was already brick-hard and stretched way out from his body. He licked two of his fingers, lathering them with his saliva, then began to twist his slippery fist around the top portion of his dick.

It wasn't long before he drifted into a land of euphoria, where nothing existed but the feel of mesh fabric on his face, the pungent aroma of his mother's femininity and the incredible stroking sensation around his glans.

His mom's sexy voice entered his fantasy land as he remembered her teasing from earlier. "Are my boobs staring at your eyes again?"

"No wonder your mom's big soft butt feels so good against your hard penis."

Through the euphoric fog Devon pictured his mom's strong, tan, naked legs tightening around his waist, making the chair beneath them creak. "I'll have a little reward waiting for you." He

heard her voice whisper in his head.

Suddenly, a voice from the shadows broke him from his fantasy. "Smells good, huh?"

It was the same squeaky voice from outside. "What the fuck," the startled teen said, hiding his cock best he could.

"You should thank me," Horny said.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Told you, my name's horny. I live in the room down the hall."

Devon suddenly remembered the writing he and his mom had found on the door. "Why can't I see you?" the teen asked.

"So are you gonna fuck her? You should fuck her! Tonight!"

"Why do you keep asking me that?" Devon said.

"You should really thank me."

"Thank you for what?

"For making her so horny."

Devon suddenly noticed a shadow in the doorway. It moved closer, sweeping over him. "Honey, who are you talking to?" Lacey asked as she stepped inside his room. She was in a short black silk robe, her hair still damp and slicked back.

"Did you hear the voice too?" he asked.

"Well, I heard you talking to someone. Are you on your phone?" she asked, clicking on the overhead light.

Devon realized he was still half-exposed. He quickly tucked his dick into his pants. "Hold on a sec, mom."

Lacey turned away, slightly embarrassed. "Ohh, honey, I'm sorry."

After he was zipped the teen continued. "I heard a voice, a weird voice, first outside in the bushes, then just now. It sounded like it was in the room with me."

"Ohh my, so what did this voice say?" Lacey asked.

Devon was too embarrassed to tell her. He didn't want to alert her either, so he decided to just play it off for now. "Maybe I'm just tired and I'm..um, I'm just hearing things."

Lacey knelt down and reached for his hand. He noticed her large boobs bobbling heavily beneath the robe. "I'll be the first to admit, the house is kinda big, old and spooky. It's easy to let your imagination go wild. But I promise, once we have it cleaned up and all our things arrive, it'll seem more like home."

"Yeah, you're probably right."

"Why don't we um, get the beds pumped up and we can get some rest. It's been a long day," Lacey said.

"Sure has."

Devon used the electric pump to air up his mother's mattress, then his own. Despite being exhausted, sleep didn't come easy for the teen. The strange voice. The panties. His mother's flirtatious teasing. It was all so odd, yet in most ways wonderful.

He would hear the squeaky voice once more before he drifted off to sleep. "Pss, hey!! She's naked in there! You should fuck her! She's horny! She would fuck you!"

Devon plugged his ears, which seemed to help. Although it ruled out a voice in his head and if it wasn't his imagination, then who the hell was it, he thought.

He woke to bright sunlight streaming through his room. It seemed a lot less ominous now that the sun was up and there were no hidden shadows in his bedroom. He wandered downstairs, searching for Lacey. "Mom," he called.

"I'm in the kitchen, sweetie," she answered.

Devon went into the kitchen and stopped dead in his tracks. Lacey was standing on the creaky chair scrubbing the cupboards out. She was wearing a snug cami top and pale pink boy shorts. Lacey turned when she saw Devon gawking from the doorway. Despite wearing a bra, her big breasts bobbled heavily. The protruding nubs of her hard nipples were clearly visible.

"Good morning! How'd you sleep?"

"Pretty good once I fell asleep," Devon said.

"Any more crazy voices?"

"No um, not really."

The rickety chair seemed completely unstable beneath her weight. Devon watched her strong sexy legs flex as she arched the heels of her bare feet, standing on her tip-toes to reach the top cupboard.

"Would you be an angel and hold this chair for me? I'm so afraid that it's gonna break out from underneath me," she asked.

"O-ok." Devon held the chair and gazed up at his mom's body like a kid in a candy store. His eyes traveled up the backs of her smooth shapely legs and stared in awe at her big meaty buttocks. The shorts were so snug that her cheeks were literally oozing out from underneath the hems.

"Ohh damn," he thought, mesmerized by her charms.

As she spread her legs slightly Devon could see the cleft of her vulva and the thick swell of her outer lips as the fabric stretched tightly around it. He simply couldn't believe his eyes.

"Ugh! I can't believe how dirty these cupboards are," Lacey said, ripping more paper towels from the roll.

The mother glanced down at her silently gawking teen. "You're awfully quiet down there," she said.

"Oh, um, yeah, sorry," Devon muttered, his face slightly blushing.

Lacey climbed down off the chair and stepped up to him. "You seem uncomfortable. I should probably put something else on," she said, as if suddenly embarrassed by her skimpy attire.

"No, it's um...you don't have to, mom. I'm not uncomfortable at all," he said.

Lacey took his hand and gave it a tender squeeze. "Are you sure?"

"Of course. I like it," He bravely confessed.

His sudden approval brought a big smile to her face. "Yeah, well, that's kinda obvious, honey," she said, peering down at the bulge in his shorts with a naughty smile.

All Devon could do was giggle bashfully. "Sorry."

"Don't be. Your body's just um, doing what it does. There's no shame in that."

"I know, but, you're my mom and I um, probably shouldn't be getting those," Devon said, feeling a bit ashamed.

"Don't be sorry, ok. I like this," Lacey said, wrapping her arms around his neck comfortably.

"What?"

"I like that we're here alone for a couple days, just me and you, in this big house, way out in the country. It's like our own little nest. I can run around half-naked and you can run around with big boners sticking out under your shorts," she said with a quick giggle, "And we're both okay with that. At least I know I am," she said with a quirky grin.

"Well um, if you're ok with it, then I guess I am too." Devon said, still flabbergasted at his mom's candid behavior.

"That makes me happy. In a couple days your father and sister will be here and life's gonna get busy again, but until then, I say no schedule, no rules, just me and you," she said with a smile.

"Sounds good to me," Devon said, wondering exactly what she meant by 'no rules.'

Lacy felt a tingling in her clitoris. With his hand in hers, she pulled him out of the kitchen. "Come on, I wanna show you something," she said excitedly.

"What is it?"

"You'll see. It's the one room I didn't show you," she said as she led him upstairs.

The way his mom was dressed, Devon felt like a young groom being led upstairs to deflower his bride. Lacey was a voluptuous beauty and Devon marveled at her trembling curves. He wondered again what she meant by 'no rules.'

"Let me guess, there's a secret room full of old creepy dolls or something," Devon said.

"No, but definitely the coolest room in the house, you'll see."

She led him through a door and up a third floor stairway. At the top, they entered a small turret, turned on the light and swung the door closed.

"A round room. You're right, this is definitely cool," Devon said.

"Yup! I want you to take a guess at what this room's gonna be," she asked.

"Your sewing room?"

"Nope," she said.

"I don't know, give me a hint."

Lacey stepped over to one part of the circular room and as Devon watched her he was once again struck with the fact that save for a two pieces of form-fitting fabric, his mom was pretty much naked and perfectly comfortable with that.

"Over here will be a rocker," she said, then strolled along the wall. "And over here will be a crib."

"A crib? Mom, are you..."

"Pregnant? No, not yet," she said, letting the word "yet" linger in the air. "You're father and I decided that after we get all settled, we'd start to try to have another baby."

"Wow," Devon said. He never thought his mom had any interest in having another kid.

"Isn't that exciting?" she asked with a beaming smile.

"Yeah, that's uh," Devon started to answer, but then Lacey let out a high pitched SCREAM.

"SPIDER," she shrieked, then jumped up onto her son, throwing her arms around his neck and

her legs around his waist. Devon immediately grabbed her thighs to hold onto her as she crushed her big tits against his chest and looked down in the direction of the spider.

"Oh my God, I hate spiders," she said.

"Well I hate to say it, but there are probably plenty of them in this old house Mom."

"Yes, I know. Your father's gonna get an exterminator out here, first thing."

Devon snickered. "Mom, you're so funny."

"Don't make fun of me. You're the only man in my life for two days, you're supposed to protect me from these things," she said, keeping her strong naked thighs clamped around him.

"Fine," Devon said, then carried his mom over to the spider and quickly stomped on it.

"There, dead spider! Are you happy?" he said.

Lacey tightened her strong naked legs around her son. With her arms clutched around his neck she squashed her tits on his chest, then brought her face up cheek to cheek with his, looking towards the floor. "There's probably more," she said, in a pouty little girls voice.

"Do you want me to have a look around?" Devon asked.

Lacey buried her face in the crook of his neck, tightening her unmotherly embrace. "No, I want you to hold me," she said.

"I can do that," Devon said, his pecker now as hard as a rock. He never dreamed he'd be holding his mom this way. Essentially, they were clutched together in the standing missionary position.

"You're father never holds me this way when I'm scared. All I get is a quick hug and off he goes," Lacey complained.

"Well, dad doesn't have the best back either Mom. You're not fat, but it does take a little strength to hold a woman up like this," Devon said.

Lacey looked him in the eyes. "I know, but at least it's nice to know that for the next couple of days, I have someone around that can hold me the way I need to be held," she said softly.

Devon's heart beat hard and proud. In one way he was one-upping his father, at least in his mom's eyes. "I could hold you like this anytime, Mom. Anytime you need me to."

"Well, I'll tell you right now, if I see any more damn spiders I'm gonna be clutching onto you until your father gets here," she said.

"So what, the spiders are suddenly gonna move out once dad arrives?" Devon teased.

Lacey giggled. "No, smart ass. I just don't think you holding me this way is something your father would be too happy about seeing, do you?"

"No, probably not," Devon said. Since he was holding her in a standing fuck position, he knew his dad wouldn't approve at all.

"Not to mention the way your shorts keep tenting out every time we get touchy-feely like this," she teased.

"Sorry, but I um...can't really help that Mom," Devon said.

Lacey smiled. "Oh, sweetie I know. In fact the way I've been teasing you, if you weren't getting boners I'd be shocked."

"You do have a point."

She smiled mischievously. "Actually, I have two points. Two very hard fleshy ones. Can't you feel them?" she said, referring to her hard nipples.

"Yeah, I can," Devon blushed.

"Do you know what it means when a woman's nipples get hard?" Lacey asked candidly.

"That she's cold?" Devon said with a grin, knowing it wasn't the answer she was looking for.

Lacey giggled. "Well yes, but there is another reason."

"When she gets excited, right?" Devon muttered.

"Sexually excited, yes. It's also called being aroused."

"Kinda like when my friends say a girl's turned on."

"Exactly. All wet n worked up!" She said with a giggle.

"Jesus, Mom, I'm not used to hearing you talk like that."

"Sorry honey, the truth is, since we've gotten here, I just can't stop myself from flirting with you," Lacey continued with shaky passion in her voice. "I'm really liking it a lot. I'm turned on, as your friends would put it."

Devon shared her gaze. "Me too."

The more timid one, Devon looked away first, out the big bay window, which had a large cushioned window seat. "Looks like a storm is moving in," he said.

"We can do more cleaning later. Let's turn out the lights and sit and watch the rain," Lacey said.

Devon continued to hold her as he walked over and flipped off the light switch. As she held onto him, Lacey's eyes traveled across his broad shoulders and down his lean teenaged chest. She smiled and shook her head.

"What," Devon said.

"I just can't believe how much you've grown up. I mean, look at you, letting me hold onto you while you carry me around like this," she said, with an impressed gleam in her eye.

"Does it surprise you?" Devon asked.

"No, it impresses me," Lacey said, as her bare feet slipped to the floor, "And so does that thing," she said, eyeballing the tent in his shorts.

"Sorry," Devon said, starting to put his hands over it.

Lacey stopped him, staring at his package. "No, don't hide it. Oh my God, the way it's pushing your shorts way out like that. That's amazing," she said, her face a little flushed.

"Well, what's amazing about it, mom? Isn't that what they're supposed to do?"

"There's lots of things they're supposed to do, but I assume all those young California girls taught you all about that, right?" Lacey asked with a wink.

"Some, I guess, but I'm sure I have a lot more to learn."

"Yeah right, whatever Casanova."

"I'm serious. I mean, it's not like they teach you how to be good at it in sex ed, Mom," Devon said.

"Yeah I suppose not. So, you um, feel like you don't know enough?" Lacey asked with concern.

"Yeah. I mean, I'm sure I'll get better as time goes on," he said.

"Sit down here with me and let's get cozy and talk while we watch the rain," Lacey said, nudging her son down with her on the large window seat.

The door suddenly creaked open drawing their attention. "That's creepy," Devon said.

"Must be a draft here. It's ok, it can stay open. It's just us."

Devon stared at the doorway a moment, knowing it wasn't just them. He was sure it was their houseguest "Horny" that was joining them.

"Man, it's kinda warm up here," he said leaning back against the cushions.

"Yeah, this room has been closed up," Lacey said, then knelt in front of him and lifted his shirt "Take this off. It'll help cool you off. "

She lifted his shirt up and off. Without hesitation she unbuttoned his shorts and zipped them down. "Let's get these off too."

"That's okay, Mom, we don't have to --"

"Shush, lift up. Your erection can't be too comfortable pushing up against your shorts like that. Let's give him some room to move around a little," she said.

Devon lifted his ass and she shucked his trunks. His tent pole teetered back and forth for a second under his boxers, then popped out the fly hole.

Lacey giggled, looking down at the engorged crimson knob. "Ohh, ooops, I think he wants to do more than move around a little," she teased.

The mother pulled the fly hole up, stretching the fabric and draping it over the big bell-shaped helmet of her son's cock. "There we go, much better."

All Devon could do was watch and marvel at what was happening between them.

Sitting at his side, Lacey threw her tan legs across her son's lap so that she faced the window and nuzzled in close to him. This put her face slightly above his, so she was able to look down into his eyes.

Devon took a second to appreciate the close proximity of her breasts and how soft they felt resting against the side of his bare chest.

"Mmm, how cozy. I like this," she said softly.

"Me too," he muttered, peering down at the deep canyon of cleavage pushing up against his mom's top.

"So how did you like your reward yesterday?" Lacey asked.

"Oh, um, the panties you mean?"

"Mmn-hmn."

"I liked it... a lot," Devon muttered.

"I figured you would. I've known about your fascination with my panties for a long time," she said, staring at him sweetly.

"You never got mad?"

"I did, yes, but it's strange... I planned on talking to you about it and telling you it was wrong, then we got here and I suddenly had a totally different perspective."

"Really? So now you don't think it's wrong?" Devon asked.

"No. No I don't. There's nothing wrong with a boy sniffing his mother's panties. It's perfectly natural to be curious," she said, "Can I ask you something though?"

"Sure."

"When I walked in on you last night, it looked like you'd been, um, masturbating. Do you pull on your penis while you sniff them? You can be honest, sweetie. I won't be mad."

After a short awkward pause, he answered. "Yeah, I do."

Lacey's eyes widened, glazed over with fascination."And I would imagine you like to suck on the crotch too, right, so you can taste the juices that I've left there throughout the day?"

It wasn't easy, but Devon looked up into his Mom's eyes as she stared down at him inquisitively. He simply couldn't believe that she was asking him such intimate questions. "Uh- huh. Is that bad?"

Lacey brushed his hair back with her long nails. "Did it make you feel good?" she asked tenderly.

"Of course."

"Then how could it be bad?" she said.

"Well I don't know, because you're my mom I guess."

"Yes that's true, I did give birth to you and I did change your diapers...but I'm still just a woman," she said.

Devon watched her hand creep down between her legs. "And down here, between these legs is a pussy, just like all the pussies you had back in California, only with a lot more experience," she explained.

The kid was so mesmerized by her words he could hardly speak. "I um, well, sometimes I wish I had more experience," he said, still in disbelief that they were having this discussion at all.

"Oh don't you worry sweetie, with a penis like yours, you'll soon have the girls around here clawing to get at you."

"You think so?" he muttered.

"I know so, trust me. Mom was a horny young girl once and she knows how horny young girls think," she said with a wink.

They took a moment to stare out at the rain.

"I'm still that horny young girl, you know. I'm just a little older and more mature, but always horny," she said.

They listened as her soft voice mysteriously echoed through the house, only it sounded like Lacey and Horny's squeaky voice combined. "Hooornnyyy!...hoornyy...hoornyy...hoornyyy!"

"Oh my God, that was so weird," Lacey giggled, looking toward the doorway.

"See if it does it again."

"Hello," Lacey shouted, but this time it didn't echo.

"Horny," Devon said loudly, which again caused the echo. A combination of his voice the
Horny's. "Hooornnyyy!...hoornyy...hoornyy...hoornyyy!"

"How the hell?" Lacey said, clearly baffled. "Horny?! Hooornnyyy!...hoornyy...hoornyy...hoornyyy!"

Lacey glared at her son. "Ok, doors opening on their own, now this. I'm starting to get freaked out."

"It's that word. Don't think I'm crazy, but yesterday I heard a voice in the bushes outside. He told me his name was Horny...and then, then the paint we saw on the door down the hallway. 'Horny lives here,' remember?"

Lacey laughed. "So are you suggesting that the house is haunted by a ghost named Horny?"

"Yeah, maybe. I don't know, it's just all so strange, don't you think?"

179: The Nest(Revised & Expanded)_2

A draft swept through the room, causing the window to whistle eerily. A surge of arousal shot through the big titted mother's body. She crawled back onto her knees beside her son. "I'm not sure. Honestly, there's only one thing I've been able to think about since I've been in this house."

"What's that?"

Lacey brought her lips to his ear. "My incredibly sexy son," she whispered.

She brought her head back and looked into his eyes. "So what do you think about that?"

"I like it," he smiled.

Lacey sat back on her heels. Devon could see her huge breasts bobble around, pushing the cotton fabric outward. Her nipples poked out huge and engorged through her cami top. "Slide down onto your back," she said, glancing at the erection threatening to tear through his boxers.

Devon slouched down until he rested on his back against the cushion. Lacey candidly threw a leg across him and straddled his midsection. Then she dropped her chest, laying against him. The aroused teen watched in fascination as his mom's boobs rolled out like soft dough against his bare chest.

The lovely mother placed her elbows against his shoulders and propped her face against her palms, staring down at him dreamily. "Ok, let's pretend for a moment that our house isn't haunted and have a serious discussion."

Devon laughed. "Ok."

"So what is it about girls and sex that you still feel you need to learn about?" Lacey asked.

"Well I don't know. I um, think I know what to do, but I tend to get a little too excited when I'm with them and, well," he muttered.

"You feel like you ejaculate sooner than you should?" Lacey asked, straight faced.

"Yeah, I guess that's it. I do feel bad about it," Devon blushed.

"Oh sweetie, don't feel bad. Most boys go through this, some unfortunately never learn to

control it," Lacey explained.

"I wanna control it though," he answered, "I mean, I wanna be able to please the girls I'm with."

"And you will, but first you have to understand why," she said.

"Why what?"

"Why your penis reacts the way it does," Lacey said.

"Well I know the answer to that. It's cuz it feels amazing, Mom," Devon giggled.

"Of course it does, but do you understand why it feels amazing?"

Devon shrugged his shoulders.

"The head of your penis is what's called your glands. These glands contain some of the most sensitive nerve endings on your body. So once you put the glans somewhere warm, soft and wet, like the inside of a woman's pussy, they're gonna react," She explained.

"And when they react, I um..."

"Yes, you have an orgasm," she said.

"Well how do I keep them from reacting?" Devon asked.

"Well that's the million dollar question, isn't it?" Lacey smiled naughtily, "The one every guy wants the answer to."

"I guess so. Do you know the answer?" he asked.

"I do," Lacey said confidently, gazing into his eyes. "Do you want me to help you?"

"If you want to."

"Of course. Does a baby bird learn to spread its wings before it leaves the nest?" Lacey asked.

"Yeah, unless it wants a long hard fall."

"And who shows it how to spread its wings? How to keep it from falling?" Lacy asked.

"The mother bird."

"That's right, momma bird. I can help you, but in order to teach you to do it right, I have to see what you're doing wrong. Does that make sense?" she asked.

"Y-yeah, but how are we gonna do that?" Devon answered, his heart racing with the possibilities.

"Well, um, there are a few different ways, but maybe we should just start with something that you're already doing to yourself."

"You mean masturbate?"

"Well, yes, sort of. There's a bottle of baby-oil in one of my bags. I could use some to lubricate your penis and masturbate it for you, that way I can see how you react and how long it actually takes you to ejaculate," she said.

Devon felt his insides doing somersaults. "That sounds like a pretty good way I guess."

"Yes unless," Lacy said, her mind clearly racing.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you wanted to try another way?" she said, raising an eyebrow.

"Another way?"

"Yes, I could also, um...I could take you in my mouth, like your girlfriends do and suck on you until you orgasm," she said with a quirky little smile.

Devon could hardly speak. He took a big excited gulp, which made Lacey giggle just watching him.

"Maybe I shouldn't go on to the third way we could do this. Someone's looking a little pale," she said with a giggle.

"No, it's umm...it's okay. There's a third choice?" he muttered in disbelief.

"Well, yes honey, there is. I'm mean, it's a bit unconventional, but I could let you settle down between my legs and uh, slide in. We could see exactly what it is you're doing wrong," Lacey

said.

"You would do that?" Devon asked in shock.

"I wouldn't offer it as an option if I wasn't willing to do it."

Devon could hardly believe his ears. He felt like he'd just won the sexual megabucks. A chance to put his dick inside his hot-bodied Mom was nothing he thought he'd ever get to do. "What about dad?" He asked, feeling a little guilty.

"He's sleeping, in a hotel room, nine-hundred miles from here. That's all you and I need to know," she said in a serious tone, "besides, it wouldn't be like we were having hot sex like a couple of deprived animals. I'm helping you. It's different."

"Wow, all the choices sound great, but..." Devon said.

Lacey smiled and wrapped her arms up around his neck. "Roll me over," she said, knowing exactly which of the three choices her son wanted the most.

Devon rolled his mom over onto her back in the window seat. She propped her knees back and splayed her tan thighs, letting him get a good look at the saddle he was about to ride in.

Devon couldn't believe what he was looking at. His mom's naked legs were bowed wide open, her little bare feet with pointed toes hovering in the air. The skimpy pink shorts were snug against her mons, clearly showing the outline of her plump snatch. "Ohh man, mom," the teen said, gawking. His excitement level was through the roof and she reached out and took his hand.

"Honey, it's ok, don't be nervous! Here's the scenario.I'm one of your girlfriends and we've just gone down to your bedroom to have sex. I want you to show me what you do. I'm not gonna

stop you at all. I'm not gonna give you any pointers. You just do your thing and I'll go along with it, like one of your girlfriends would, okay?" Lacey said.

"Alright. Do you uh, do you want me to wear a condom? I have some in my bag," he said.

"Do you normally wear a condom with the girls you have sex with?" Lacey asked.

"Sometimes, but uh, to be honest, not usually," he said.

Lacey fed him a half-serious scowl. "Not usually huh?"

"No."

"Well, we can discuss the risks of that later, but If you usually go condomless, then I want you to be condomless," she said.

"But what if you get, um, you know..." Devon started.

"Pregnant?" Lacey asked, smiling at his timidness.

"Yeah."

"Well, if you do get me pregnant, I guess we'll be filling this nursery a little sooner than I thought. Lacey said with a smile.

"I suppose so."

"You ready?" Lacey asked, gazing up.at him.

"Uh okay, but I'm kinda nervous, Mom," Devon blushed, remaining on his knees between her legs. His heart was about pounding out of his chest.

She gave him a puzzled look. "Mom?? Devon, my name's Lacey, I'm not your mom, and I hope she's not around anywhere. Sure would

be awkward if she found you fucking me," Lacey said in a sweet innocent voice.

"Oh...um, no she's not here," Devon said, getting in on the role-play.

"Oh good, then would you do something for me?" she asked, biting her bottom lip.

"What's that?" Devon asked with a nervous gulp.

"Will you take off my shorts and panties and fuck the shit out of me?" Lacey said, gazing up at him.

Devon's heart was racing. He could hardly breath. His cock was so fucking hard it felt like it was gonna blast off his balls like a rocketship. "Uh...sure," he muttered.

Devon awkwardly grabbed the elastic waistband of his mom's boy shorts and slid them down her hips. Then he did the same with her skimpy pink panties. Lacey had a tiny triangle of neatly trimmed pubic hair on her pubis and Devon could see and smell the deep furrow beneath it.

After pulling her panties off he clumsily shed his boxers. His long thick erection bobbed eagerly up and down as he took position between Lacey's splayed legs.

"Ohh Devon, you're so big," she sighed. The mother stared at his cock as she bowed her legs open even wider, making her pelvis rise higher for penetration. "Yess, stretch my hot little box," she said sexily.

Devon nervously pushed his cock down into his moms cleft, dragging past her engorged clitoris until he felt the resistance give way and his bell-shaped head sink into the hot slippery orifice.

Lacey gasped, arching her back and thrusting her tit-mounds skyward. "Yesss!"

The teen whimpered as he watched half his manhood disappear into her cunt. Lacey suddenly grasped him and pulled Devon down on top of her, wrapping her strong mommy-legs up around him. "Fuck me!" she cried desperately.

Lacey thrust her pelvis and pushed his ass with her heels making Devon's cock plunge all the way to his nutsack.

"Jesusss," the teen moaned.

"Ohh God, yesss!" the mother cried, bouncing her hips, urging him to start thrusting as she adjusted to his impressive size.

Devon's entire body tingled, both from the hot rush and the feeling of his mom's strong coital walls clamp tightly around the meat of his hard penis as he started to hump.

"O-h-h whoa!" his voice quivered.

Lacey clutched his ass with her long nails, pulling him deeper inside her. "Fuck yess! Soo big!" she whimpered, feeling him bottom-out against the head of her cervix.

Devon's cock slipped up and down the gripping birth canal, trying to get a rhythm going. The pink spongy ridges smothered the invading rod, coaxing the glans and clutching the strong veiny shaft. "O-h-h-h shit!" Devon said, as he felt the amazing sensations.

"Harder!" Lacey cried, her pink nails digging into his ass, aiding his thrusts.

"I gotta slow down," Devon gasped, feeling his scrotum tighten.

"No!!" Lacey shouted, her pelvis rocking up and down. "Fuck me harder!" she cried.

Devon felt the world around him swirl in wild euphoria. The experience was a thousand times better than he ever imagined it would be. A raging unstoppable load was racing up his cock. "Ugh!! Shit, I'M GONNA CUM!" he announced, his ass bobbing with greater intensity.

Huge ropes of spunk erupted from Devon's piss-hole, splashing thick white ribbons along the head of Lacey's cervix. The spitting rod flexed and lurched through the squeezing pocket of pink, rising up and back through a gooey froth of mother/son ejaculate.

Devon bucked for almost a full minute before he finally went still and let out a big satisfied sigh. "Ohh man, ohh mom, I'm sorry," He muttered breathlessly.

"Sweetie, stop," She said patiently, catching her own breath.

"You can be honest, it was pitiful, right?" he asked in a disappointed tone.

"No, it wasn't pitiful. Pity is something you feel for someone who has no control over what they do. Being a better lover is something that's completely within your control, you just have to learn how," she said.

"Will you help me, learn how?" Devon asked, rising to his elbows and looking down at her.

"Of course, but I should probably call your father first. My guess is he's texted me a half-dozen times since we've been up here."

"Ok, I should probably get a shower." Devon said, getting up off his mom.

Lacey followed him up and slipped her panties back on. "Hmm, a shower huh? Are you trying to tempt me to skip calling your father right now?" she asked with a wink.

"Up to you."

"Tempting offer, but I'm probably in enough trouble as it is."

Devon watched his mom stride to the nursery door, her panty-covered ass undulating sexily. She stopped in the doorway and looked back salaciously. "But um, it'll be a quick phone call. Feel free and wait for me, if you want," she winked.

Just after she left he heard a squeaky voice of Horny behind him. "You should thank me!"

"What?!" Devon said, spinning around but finding no one there. "Who the fuck are you!"

"I made her horny! That's why she fucked you!"

"Fuck you! You're not real." Devon said quickly leaving the room. He went down to the second floor bathroom and was greeted by the same squeaky voice. "You should fuck her harder next time! Make her scream!"

"If you're so real, why don't you show yourself."

"I can make her want you. I can make her crave your cock forever." Horny said.

"Stop, ok. She's my Mom. She's with my dad. Her and I were just, um...fooling around and she was helping me."

After no response, Devon's eyes scanned the bathroom. "Understand?...Hello??"

Downstairs, Lacy was on the phone. "Hi honey, how's the trek coming along?" she asked as she sat in the rickety chair, naked legs crossed.

"Good, been on the road for a few hours. Just fueling up now. How's the cleaning going?" her husband asked.

A rush of air swept past, hardening Lacey's nipples. She stared into nowhere for a moment.

"Lace, you there?" hubby asked, snapping her from her trance.

"I'm here."

"Are you getting the place in shape?"

"No, um, not really. Not much yet I mean." she said, stumbling through her words.

"Well you two have been there a full day. Have you been resting on your laurels?" he asked with a chuckle.

"No, um, we've been busy. Devon and I, well, we've been busy in the nursery today."

"The nursery?? Come on, honey, that's the last room we should be worried about right now. We don't even have furniture for that room yet." her hubby said.

"No, but we should start thinking about it. I mean technically I could be pregnant already and we don't even know it." she said, feeling some of her son's sperm trickle out of her cunt-crack.

"Ha, doubt that. As busy as we've been with this move, we haven't really been on our regular sex schedule here lately."

"Oh, is that what it is to you, Ron? Something scheduled, like your stupid meetings at work." Lacy said in a pissed tone.

"Lace, come on, you know what I meant. All I was trying to say was I highly doubt you'd be pregnant right now."

"But we don't know that for sure. That's my point."

"All right, focus on the rooms you feel are important then. I gotta finish fueling up and get back on the road," he said.

"Ok, travel safe and give Jenna my love."

Devon started the shower and went over to the toilet to pee. As a steady stream of piss shot from his dangling dong, Lacey walked in completely naked.

Devon about peed on the seat as he watched her prance towards him, her big naked breasts bobbling heavily as she moved. "Geez, Mom, I'm peeing," he said.

"I can see that."she said, stopping at his side.

"And you're naked," he muttered, staring at her big mommy-boobs and the way they sloped down from the side.

"I'm sorry, was I supposed to get in the shower with you fully clothed?" she joked.

"No, I suppose not."

Lacey watched the piss flow from his penis. "Try something for me."

"What?" he asked, naturally feeling awkward.

"See if you can clench your ass cheeks together and make yourself stop peeing."

"Why?" Devon said with a giggle.

"Just do it. I'm trying to help you," she said, trying her best not to crack a grin.

"Fine," Devon said, tightening his ass and making the flow stop, "Happy now?"

Lacey flashed him a beaming smile. "Very."

"Why?" The teen asked.

"You'll see," she said, sashaying towards the shower, making her bare buttocks sway teasingly.

"Dang," the boy muttered, marveling at how absolutely sexy she was naked.

"Finish peeing and come get in the shower with me. I wanna try something," she said.

Devon let the rest of the piss trickle from his prick, then he joined his mom in the shower. He stood for a second and watched her rinse her body, marveling at how stunning she looked. The water cascaded down Lacey's huge dangling breasts. He knew from looking at her bras that they were a 48 triple d, but never realized just how big and heavy breasts that size really were.

"I can see someone's standing at attention again," Lacey said, checking out his hard cock.

Devon looked down at his penis, which was rock hard and sticking straight up. "Oh, yeah, I guess you're right," Devon blushed.

"Trade me spots so you can rinse off," Lacey said.

Devon rinsed himself and Lacey grabbed the bottle of body wash. As her son faced her she began to run her hands over his chest,

lathering him up. She looked up into his eyes and gave him a reassuring smile. This was brand new territory for them.

She squirted another big gob on her hand and stepped up close to him. Devon watched as she grasped onto his boner and began to gently stroke it up and down.

"Ahh, man," he sighed, savoring the feel of his mother's grip.

Lacey smiled up at him. "Nope no 'man'...I'm all woman honey."

"A beautiful woman," Devon added, unable to peel his eyes away from naked tits.

"Well I would normally think you're just saying that to be nice, but based on how incredibly hard your dick is, I think you actually mean it," she said.

"Of course I do."

"Well, thank you," she said with a cute little blush.

Lacey squeezed hard on his meat. "The thing about the glans is, you want them to feel good during sex, but not too good, at least not for awhile," The mother explained as she slipped her tight fist up and down his boner.

"Well I hate to say this, but I'm feeling too good already," Devon sighed.

Lacey giggled. "The technique I wanna teach you is called edging. It's where you intentionally bring yourself to the brink of an orgasm, but you don't cum. Instead, you slow your thrusts slightly, tighten your ass and let the pleasurable feelings die down. During intercourse, you can repeat this process and give a woman dozens of orgasms in the process."

"So, um, you mean tighten my ass, just like I did to stop the peeing?"

"Exactly. Let's try it. I want you to tell me when you get close, okay?" she said, jacking his cock expertly.

"Alright."

Lacey increased her speed and tightened her grip, twisting her soapy fist along the massive column of meat.

Devon put his hand on his mom's shoulder, steadying himself as his knees went weak. "Oh wow, Mom, that feels really good," he whimpered, as he watched Lacey's shimmering breasts quiver and ripple as she stroked.

"I know it does, sweetie. Handjobs are a great way for a guy to get pleasure. Don't forget to tell me when you reach the edge," she said tenderly.

"Okay, I'm almost there," he said with a shaky voice. His eyes were zero'd on his mom's big wet tits as they trembled from her movements.

"Are your glans starting to tingle?" Lacey asked.

"Yeah."

"I'm gonna stroke a little slower and I want you to do what you did at the toilet. Squeeze your cheeks together to stop the flow of cum," she instructed.

"Alright I will," Devon said, rising to the edge of an intense cum, "Oohh man!" he trembled.

"Are you at the edge, sweetie?"

"Yesss!"

"Tighten! You can do it!"

Devon tightened his ass cheeks and found that by doing this he was able to stop his load before it rose from his balls. "It's working," he sighed confidently.

"You're doing it, sweetie. Keep tightening until you feel the tingling stop," Lacey said, as she continued pulling her slippery fist up and down his rigid pole. "Better?" she asked.

"Yeah," he sighed.

"Okay, we're gonna speed things up again sweetheart," she said, increasing her cock-milking tempo.

"Ohh damn, okay."

"Hey, look at me," his mom said softly.

Devon looked up.from her tits. Her body glistened and her hair was wet and slicked back. Her big brown eyes gazed up into his, a tiny bit of mascara running from the corners as she savored his reaction.

"You're doing really well, but there's something else I need you to do for me," she said in a sexy mommy voice.

"Okay."

"You need to buck your hips, sweetheart. Push your cock up through my hand and meet my strokes, she instructed.

Devon rocked his hips, meeting Lacey's every down strokes and driving his cock through her slippery grip.

"That's it, that's my boy. You got this," she said proudly.

"Ohh wow, it feels soo good!"

"Keep thrusting, sweetheart. Fuck my hand like a pussy." Lacey said, beating his meat steadily.

"Gggnuhh! I'm feeling really good again!" Devon gasped.

"Let it get to the edge," Lacey said patiently, her jerking hand making a creamy fuck sound as his beat his cock.

"There!" he shouted, his body stiffening.

"Good, now slow your pace and squeeze it off," Lacey said calmly.

Devon's body jerked with pleasure. He had already passed the point of no return. Lacey held onto him, continuing a slow steady squeeze up and down his shaft. "Oh shit, too good! You gotta stop, mom!" Devon moaned.

"No sweetie, just drift along the edge. Focus on squeezing off the cum, but not the pleasure. Stopping Isn't an option," Lacey said.

Devon collapsed onto Lacey's shoulder, his knees buckling. "I can't hold it back!" he whimpered.

"Yes you can. You're doing awesome!" Lacey said encouragingly.

"Ohhnnshitt!!" he cried with a buck of his hips.

Lacey felt his cock flex in her hand and a warm oozing stream of prespunk began to trickle down her fingers. Realizing the dam was about to break, she sped up her stroking.

"OH GOD, MOM, I'M CUMMING!" Devon shouted as his body quivered with overwhelming arousal.

Lacey held him against her, hot wet tits bobbling against his chest as he groaned. She felt a sudden blasting of hot teenaged spunk splash against her tummy and her tits. "It's okay, let it go sweetheart. Spurt

that hot load! That's my baby." Lacey said as she squeezed her fist expertly up and down the twitching erection.

It was a full minute of moaning and groaning before Lacey had milked every drop from her son's penis.

Devon kept his head laying against her shoulder. "I'm sorry, it just felt too good," he gasped.

She giggled. "Oh sweetie, it's supposed to feel good, but did you notice how much longer you lasted by squeezing it off?" she asked.

"Yeah, definitely."

"Look at me," she said and Devon complied.

"Becoming a better lover takes practice. It's not gonna happen all at once. Just remember though, girls will flock around the guys that can make them scream. You get good enough with this thing, you'll have them fighting over you, trust me," Lacey explained.

"Wow, how lucky am I to have a Mom this cool?"

"Hey, preparing our boys for the world is what we Moms do. Momma bird, remember?" she smiled, then gave him a quick peck on the lips.

Devon stayed in the shower a while replaying the incredible experience of being fucked, then jacked off by his own beautiful mom. He soaked for a long time in the hot spray.

As he shut off the water and dried off. He noticed his cellphone on the vanity and it was flashing a message. He picked it up and looked. The text message read:

HEY HANDSOME, STAY NAKED AND COME FIND ME! -MOM

"You should thank me!" Came Horny's squeaky voice from somewhere in the room.

"Yeah, you've said that already."

"You're gonna fuck! She's gonna let you fuck her again!" Horny sang.

Devon smiled and walked out of the master bedroom.

The upstairs hallway was quiet and dimly lit.

"Mom?" He called, but there was no answer. His voice seemed to echo through the empty house.

"She's horny! She's naked!" Horny's voice whispered.

Suddenly a door at the end of the hall creaked closed. Devon walked over to it, but found it locked. Seconds later, he got another text on his phone.

LAY DOWN NEXT TO THE DOOR AND STROKE YOUR COCK FOR ME. -MOM

Devon laughed. Obviously his mom was playing a naughty little game with him and he decided to go along with it. He lay down on the floor, with his head next to the door and started to massage his rising dick.

"She's so horny! You're gonna fuck all night!" Horny's voice said.

The door next to his head slowly creaked open, just a tad and Devon watched as a long naked tan leg extending out from the darkness. It looked so soft and baby-smooth, yet strong and matronly.

Lacey's sexy bare foot, with its pink painted toenails, came to rest on his abdomen, then slowly slithered around the base of his shaft

and slid onto his large smooth scrotum. He felt her toes clench, massaging the meat of his nuts. "Ohhh wow," he muttered out loud.

He looked up into the crack in the doorway and could barely make out the shadow of his

mom's face and wet mane of hair as she stared down at him.

He felt her toes leave his balls and trail up his belly and chest. From this vantage point he could see the strong muscles in his mom's leg flex as it retracted over him. Her toes slowly...gently grazed across his cheek, then her leg disappeared back into the room.

The door was left open and Devon heard his mom trot across the room playfully. He turned on his side and looked into the room, just in time to see Lacey stop by another door at the far side of the room.

She gazed back at him. He could tell by her silhouetted body that she was completely naked. The form of her breasts jutted out from her chest, huge and ripe. Lacey was light and gracefully on her feet, like a barefoot high school cheerleader.

Devon heard her giggle teasingly as she hurried out the door.

"Hurry! Get her! Pin her down and split her twat!" Horny's voice said.

Devon quickly got up and followed after his mom, his now hardened cock bobbing up and down.

The light was on in the back circular stairway. Devon looked down from the top of the stairs just in time to see Lacey reach the first floor. She paused, flashed him a seductive look and rolled her tongue across her top lip. Devon's heart skipped a beat. Never in a million years did he think his own mother would give him this kind of look. If looks could speak, Lacey just screamed "COME FUCK ME!"

"I told you so, she wants to fuck hard," Horny said.

Lacey giggled and rushed away. Devon nearly stumbled descending the stairs after her. He got

to the bottom floor and saw that the back door was open in the kitchen. He looked outside and saw his mom's shadowy figure gracefully trotting down the hill towards the boathouse.

"Go get her! Go fuck her!" Horny urged.

Lacey stopped midway and looked back at her son in the doorway. Her nude body glistened in the night rain. With a playfully little giggle she continued towards the boathouse, her big breasts bouncing wildly.

"Go! She wants to fuck you in there." The voice behind him said.

Devon rushed down the hill after her, like a horny puppy excitedly following after the bitch in heat. He got to the boathouse and crept inside. It was dark and Devon could hear the water lapping against the docking area.

"Mom?" he called.

"Up here," he heard her softly whisper.

Devon turned to find a ladder leading up into a loft. He slowly climbed to the top and found a large bunk area and his mom's body spread out across it. Lacey was on her back, her legs bent at the knees, thighs splayed apart. Devon about lost his breath as he gazed at her wet naked curves shimmering in the moonlight.

"Hi," she said in a soft, sweet yet seductive voice.

"Hi," he muttered, his heart thumping wildly.

She reached her hand out for him. "Come here."

Devon crawled up and rested against the soft saddle between her legs. He could feel the heat of her genitals as his rigid shaft squashed against her outer lips.

He gazed into her glowing eyes. She pulled him down to her lips and after a few sensual kisses their tongues began to dance, their mouths fused together in an open oval.

Devon began to prod and poke, his brick-hard penis searching for her entrance. Finally he found it and his cockflesh sunk down into her hot wet love-pit.

The warm spongy ridges along Lacey's vaginal walls squeezed around the meat of her son's dick as it sunk all the way to her hot inner core. Packed completely full, she clutched down tight on the rod, smothering it in a grip that only an experienced mom could give. "Ugh, shit," Devon moaned in ecstasy.

"Fuck meee," she whispered.

His hips set in motion. Lacey prepared her body for the fuck, pivoting her hips so that her cunt was at a better angle for her son's assault. She slid her long shapely legs up around his back, their soft smooth-shaven skin still wet and slippery from the rain.

"Remember, tighten when it tingles. We should be able to go much longer this time," she said softly.

"Got it."

Devon's strong sturdy erection plowed steadily through the tight slippery tube of pink pussy. His large hairless scrotum made lewd slapping sounds as it struck the ring of Lacey's crinkled butthole, over and over.

As he bucked and groaned Devon lay his face against the crook of his mom's neck. He could feel her slippery tits sloshing around

between them. Of course, it wasn't long before the sensations were just too much, but he tightened his ass like his mom had taught him and slowed the pace just a little.

"Ohh yess, honey, just like that," Lacy sighed.

"Ready to speed up again?" Devon asked confidently.

"Absolutely!" she exclaimed, her eyes wide with a beaming look of excitement.

The teen began to pound her cunt with long hard thrusts. "Yesss! Fuckmee!" she cried.

Lacey wasn't making it easy. She slammed her cunt up against his hard-on, over and over, trying to speed things up even faster. To make it even more challenging, she tightened her cunt muscles, making them ripple up and down the tender teenaged fuckpole.

"Ohh, Mom," Devon moaned in delight.

He sat up on his elbows, hoping the change in positioning would take the edge off. Lacey scissored her legs open, humping her ass off the mattress. This didn't help poor Devon's excitement level, especially when he looked down and saw her tits rolling up and down her chest like two overfilled water balloons.

"Daamnn!" he groaned, trying with all his might to pinch off the rising cum-blast.

"Come on, squeeze it off, honey," Lacy panted, "I need you to keep fucking me."

Lacey could tell her son was fighting off the orgasm. Not only by his slowing pace and obvious

state of arousal, but also by the way his cock was pulsing and flexing inside her. She was proud that he was already making progress, but knew it would boost his ego even more if he could make her cum on his dick. "Yesss, make me cum! Come on!!" she cried out.

Devon found himself being guided back down onto his mom. This time her legs were thrown way back and rested on his strong shoulders. He sped up and found a nice steady rhythm.

They kissed and fucked and kissed some more. Lacey gazed up into Devon's eyes with wild lust, as if he were really beginning to scratch the itch inside her. "That's it, right there, don't stop," she said desperately, "Oh God, Devon don't you dare fucking stop!"

At this angle Devon's erection was literally plowing against Lacey's G-spot, stimulating the sensitive rubbery ridges along the top of her birth canal.

"Oohhghhyeesss!!" the busty mother screamed, clutching and humping, her strong sleek legs fastened so tightly around Devon's back it seemed as though she was trying to pull his entire body into her hot cunt.

Lacey humped in a frenzy of fuck-passion, pistoning her horny, throbbing pussy onto his cock. "Oh God, baby, please don't stop!" she cried out, teetering on the edge of a juicy cum.

Devon watched his mom continue to gasp, her mouth wide open. Her eyes began to roll back in her head, her pretty face contorting. The site was enough to make his balls boil over in a split-second. "Ohh Mom, OOHH SHIT!! he groaned, his body shaking.

The walls of her cunt closed up like a clamp. Devon felt like his cock was being pushed out, but he realized she was only tightening up. His strong rigid boner pushed forward, persisting with ball-bumping thrusts.

"Ugghhnnfuuuck!!" Lacey's scream reverberated throughout the boathouse as her body began to tremble in orgasm.

Devon groaned as the dam broke and thick ropes of spunk erupted from his pisshole, soaking the tight quivering walls of pink pussy.

Their wet sticky bodies clutched and writhed and humped together for a good five minutes, like two anacondas wrapped in throes of a mating ball.

Finally, they collapsed in a sticky heap.

"That was...amazing," Devon sighed, his head laying against his mom's soft chest.

"Very amazing," Lacey said breathlessly, running her fingers through his hair.

After finally catching his breath, Devon lifted his head and gazed down at her. "Did I make you cum?" he asked.

"Did you ever," she smiled, staring up into his eyes dreamily.

"Wow, I've never made a girl cum before," he said proudly.

"A pretty good boost of confidence huh?"

"Yeah, for sure," he said with a nod.

"You're using your skills, which means you're starting to last longer before you ejaculate. I'm so proud of you," she said.

"Thanks, Mom," he blushed, "thanks for helping me."

Lacey held her son's hand as they strolled naked back to the house. She locked the door behind them and turned out the lights downstairs.

As she led him up the stairs, Devon's heart was racing. He felt like the rest of the world had vanished and the only things that existed were him and his beautiful mother. There was pure magic in the air and somehow he knew he had a long night ahead of him.

"Grab your things and bring them down to our bedroom." Lacey said, as she let his hand go.

"Our bedroom?" Devon asked.

"Well, yeah. Is your dad living in this house right now?" she asked, placing her hands on her wide birthing hips.

"Well, no. He's on the road, so technically I guess not," Devon said.

"Well then 'technically' I guess that makes it our house then doesn't it. Our house...our rules and our bedroom. Now get your things," she smiled, turning and walking into the bedroom.

Devon stood there for a second like a love-struck puppy, watching his mom's bare buttocks undulate as she strode towards the master bathroom. "Holy shit, look at that ass! " he thought as he felt his cock rise.

"You should thank me," he heard Horny say.

Devon smiled. "You again?"

"You're gonna fuck again. She plans on letting you fuck her all night long," the voice said.

Devon rushed down to his room and collected his things. When he got down to the master bedroom his mom was still in the bathroom with the door closed. "Sweetie?" Lacey called from behind the door.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"Get into bed, I'll be right out."

Devor saw her phone on the bed flashing and picked it up. "Hey mom, it looks like dad's called like eighty times."

"Ignore it. He can call eight-hundred times if he wants. We're busy. I'll call him in the morning."

Now Devon's phone lit up. "Shit, now he's calling my phone. Should I answer?"

"And tell him what, that you're about to fuck me again?"

Devon spun around just as Lacey emerged from the bathroom. She was wearing a crotchless nylon bodystocking and her hair was back in a pony. Devon's mouth hung open. She smiled, slowly stepping towards him, her massive boobs jiggling beneath the nylon fabric. "You okay?" she asked with a knowing giggle.

"Yeah, I'm just not used to seeing you in things like that."

"Well at least I'M wearing something, Tarzan," she joked, glancing down at the huge jutting

erection pointing at her.

"Sorry," he blushed.

"No you're not and that's ok, trust me, I'm not complaining," she said, smiling wantonly as she stared at his cunt-splitter.

Lacey's phone lit up. "God, he's so annoying! But I suppose I should answer, so he knows we're both still alive," she said, bringing her phone to her ear. "Hi honey," she said, trying to sound cheery.

"What the fuck, Lacey?! I've been trying to call you guys for the past three hours."

"I know, I know, I saw the missed calls."

"Oh and you didn't think to call me back?"

An invisible force swept through the room, hardening Lacey's nipples and making her engorged clitoris tingle with overwhelming need.

"Lacey?"

The mother was snapped from a temporary trance. "I'm here! What did you need?"

"What did I need? I told you earlier I was calling back this evening. What's going on with you, are you okay?"

"I'm great. Devon and I are just crawling into bed," she said, putting it on speaker and creeping down onto the mattress.

180: The Nest(Revised & Expanded)_3

Devon gulped as he watched her crawl towards him like a prowling tiger. Even encased in nylon her big tits bulged out and wobbled heavily back and forth as she moved. She gazed at him hungrily as she closed in.

"Did Devon get his room set up?" her husband asked.

"No not really."

"So you guys are sharing an air mattress?"

"Yes, why? Is it such a sin for me to sleep in the same bed as my son. It's cold in this big house. We're gonna keep each other warm," she said, winking at her teen.

Lacey sprawled out on top of their son. Devon sighed as he felt her warm nylon-encased curves smother his young body.

"Well do me a favor and dress appropriately okay. I know your choice of nighttime attire and it's hardly anything your son needs to see."

She gazed down at Devon with a wise-ass smile. "Something appropriate. Hmm, does naked count?"

"Very funny Lacey. Wear something alright?"

Lacey snickered. "I am wearing something. Remember that black see-through bodystocking I bought a few months ago."

"You ARE NOT wearing that in front of him!"

"Ooops, you're about two minutes too late. He's already seen me in it."

Devon's mouth hung open. He couldn't believe what she was telling his father. The teen felt his engorged cock brush against his moms tiny patch of pubic fuzz. It slid down across her swollen clit, then between her legs. She ground her pelvis forward and his shaft glided across the moist groove of her heated pit.

"Take it off. Have you lost your mind? Why would you wear something like that around your son?" Ron asked, his temper rising.

"God, Ron, stop being such a fuddy-dud. He's already seen me naked. It's really not that big of a deal."

"When the hell did he see you naked?"

"Today. There were a couple different times he and I were naked together," Lacey said candidly.

"Holy shit, Mom. What are you doing?" Devon asked softly so his father couldn't hear.

"Naked why?!" Ron shouted dumbfoundedly.

"To have sex. Why else do a guy and girl get naked together," Lacey said, matter-of-factly.

"So wait, the two of you...? I certainly hope you're fucking with me right now, Lacey?"

Lacey gazed into her son's eyes as she spoke. Her enormous nylon-encased tits mashed against his chest. A good two to three inches of

cock meat stuck out between her legs from behind, crowned by her big meaty buttocks. "We fucked in the nursery. We fucked in the boathouse. We'll probably fuck in every room in the house by the time you get here."

"Holy shit, Mom." Devon muttered in disbelief.

His father was fuming on the other end of the line. "Bullshit! I'm hanging up, but when I get there, it's clear that the three of us need to have a long chat."

Lacey dropped her lips and planted a series of long wet smacking kisses on her son for her husband to hear.

"Goodnight!" Ron said, then hung up.

"Jesus, Mom, Dad's gonna kill us." Devon exclaimed.

Lacey giggled. "No he won't."

"Did you not hear yourself? You told him we were having sex. Why would you do that?"

"I know I did. Maybe it'll make him try harder knowing he has some young competition," she said, then planted a few more smooches, followed by a deep french kiss.

"You gotta tell him you were just kidding."

"I will. Right after I tell him he's not nearly as horny and sexy as you are," she said.

"Funny, Mom. So how come guys dad's age stop getting horny anyway?" he asked after a few more deep kisses.

"It's just what men's bodies do as they get older, sweetheart. The desire becomes less. Erections aren't as strong. Their ability to really make a woman scream starts to dwindle."

"That's sad. I can't imagine being that way," he said, savoring the feel of her warm flesh.

"Well, that's because you're in your prime, sweetie. Boys your age wanna get laid, it's all they think about. Their erections are strong and sturdy," she said, squeezing her legs around his brick-hard meat, "their ability to bounce back after ejaculating is incredible. I guess they have what women my age crave."

"That explains a lot though, cuz I hear you and dad going at it sometimes and it doesn't seem to last very long," he said.

"I know, sad huh?"

"But you stay with him anyway?" Devon asked.

"Of course. I love your father. Other than his dwindling desire he's a wonderful husband. A great provider for you and your sister. He bought us this big beautiful home. didn't he?" she asked.

"Yeah, but he's likely to divorce you after what you just told him."

"Good, let him divorce me, I'll just find a nice strong cock to give me what I need."

Devon's cock flexed at her words, his pipe squeezing up between the soft slick folds of her outer labia. She smiled big, feeling it harden even more. "Ohhh, do I feel an erection down there volunteering for the job?" she giggled.

"I wouldn't mind."

"Well, you're certainly on your way to becoming quite the pussy-pleaser. Guess we'll have to see how much you can keep impressing me until your father and sister arrive," she smiled, staring intently into his eyes.

"I could impress you right now," Devon said confidently, his fingers sinking into the cheeks of her ass.

Lacey waved her finger "Uh uh uhhh! You can be a hot-shot and pound the hell out of me tomorrow. Tonight's all about learning. I'm not cutting any corners with you, sweetie. You need to know the difference between fucking and making love," she said.

"Ok, so um, what is the difference?" he asked.

"Well, fucking is like running a race, hard and intense. But the other, making love, is like a slow intricate dance. If done right, it can go on for hours and hours," she said.

"Wow," Devon muttered, his heart pounding with excitement at the way his mother had described it.

"We ran some good races tonight, did some pretty intense fucking, but now I wanna teach you how to dance," Lacey said, her eyes wild and dreamy.

"Okay."

Lacey gave a sensual peck on the lips."I'm gonna light a candle. I want you to sit on the center of the bed Indian-style," she said.

"Indian-style? Um, okay," Devon said, then changed positions on the bed as Lacey turned out the lights and lit a candle.

The room was filled with a warm romantic ambiance. Devon sat Indian-style on the center of the air mattress and watched as Lacey crawled towards him. She sat on his lap facing him and wrapped her strong nylon-encased legs around his waist.

"This is a perfect lovemaking position," she said as she lifted her ass from his lap a little, just enough to let Devon's cock line up with her

hot hovering hole. Then in one slow plunge she took every inch of him."Ohhh yesss," she whimpered, "wow, you are so hard."

Devon sighed as he felt the warm spongy pink swallow his hard cock. Lacey's fleshy labia settled snugly against his pubis. His cock was now wrapped in a mother's embrace.

She coiled her arms around him for support, her face now slightly above his. "How does that feel?"

"Ah, Amazing," he muttered.

"Kiss me while we grind," she said softly.

They turned their heads slightly and began to kiss soft and slow. Lacey started a gradual, fluid rocking motion with her hips, grinding their genitals together.

Easily excited, Devon tried to force his tongue into Lacey's mouth. "Easy, sweetie, let me guide

you this first time," she said, "love making is less about intensity and more about long drawn- out passion."

"Okay," he muttered, his breath heavy with arousal.

"Soft, slow kisses," she said, planting little love pecks on his face, then on his lips.

Again and again their lips made wet smacking sounds as they gently made contact. Devon could feel her tight cunt stirring his cock around.

"Mmmmm," Lacey whined in a sexy tone, as she hungrily closed her big pouty lips around her sons over and over.

Pre-cum drooled from Devon's pisshole and mixed with Lacey's slippery vaginal secretions, creating a nice creamy lubricant for his

hardon to slither and lurch. Devon felt like he was stirring his cock in warm fleshy pudding.

"That's better. Now open your mouth and let's flutter our tongues together," she said.

Devon opened his mouth and peeked his tongue out.. Lacey started by closing her lips around it and sucking it like a cock, up and down a few times. Each time he disappeared into her mouth Devin felt his mom's tongue flailing wildly against his.

After she was done sucking, Lacy's long pink snake slithered from her mouth and began to lash against her sons. Devon licked back, but was amazed at the speed and strength of his mom's tongue.

Lacey had one of those long serpent-like tongues that could probably reach the tip of her nose. And although Devon was doing his best, he simply couldn't compete with the way her experienced snake was whirling and twisting around his. As the tips of their tongues played

together Devon opened his eyes and watched his mom work her magic. "Damn she's beautiful! Is this really happening? Maybe I'm just dreaming all of this," he thought.

Lacey's head was tilted, her eyes closed. Her mouth was fused to her son's in an open oval

and her elongated tongue was mostly still now, except for the pointy tip, which danced against Devon's tongue with amazing speed.

For a moment their mouths parted. "Wow, your tongue's amazing mom," he muttered, gasping excitedly.

She opened her eyes and smiled. "Oh sweetheart, you haven't even begun to see how amazing it can be."

Staring into his eyes Lacey took a long wet lick across his cheek. She left a trail of hungry kisses across the sides of his face, then began to nibble at his ear.

"Ohh man," Devon muttered, his cock flexing inside her squeezing cunt.

"Do you like it baby?" she whispered naughtily, "do you like the way mommy is gripping onto that thick erection?"

Her warm vaginal grip tightened around his throbbing boner as she flexed her coital walls expertly. Devon's body reacted with an excited shiver. "Uh-huh," he whimpered.

He felt his mom's tongue snake against his ear...under it, around it, inside of it, probing and wiggling. "Mmm, this is lovemaking, sweetie. Isn't it wonderful?" she asked.

"Yess."

He hugged her body tighter, trying to flatten her tits even more against his chest. Sensing this, Lacey separated their chests for a second. She looked down at her huge tits, heaving against the stretchy transparent covering. "Rip it!" She said, gazing at her son.

Devon grabbed the fabric between her tits and tore it easily. Pounds of motherly breast-meat came spilling out. She threw them against him and buried her face in his neck. "Ohh God, I want you!"

"Holy shit," Devon sighed, aroused by his mom's sudden aggressiveness.

Lacey plowed her tongue against the tendons in her son's neck, her hips continued a constant fluid rocking up and back, up and back. Devon's big balls rose and fell again and again as they lay tucked between the pillowy cheeks of Lacey's buttocks."Ohh my God!" the teen whimpered, aroused beyond belief.

Devon gazed down at his mom's wide child-bearing hips. They moved like a machine that was custom-made to glide this way while she grinded on cock.

The mother could tell just from the throb of his cock that he was rising towards a cum. "Tighten," she said between kisses. She spoke in a cute baby voice, "tell those cummies, stay in my balls cummies. We're not ready for you yet!"

Devon whimpered as rode the edge of his orgasm. He buried his face between her enormous jiggling tits and licked her cleavage. Then he latched on to one of her engorged nipples and sucked inasmuch tit meat as he could get in his mouth.

"Ohh yes, suck me," Lacey sighed.

The rain pelted the windows in the dark emptiness outside, reminding Devon of just how isolated he and his mom were from the rest of the world right now.

Between the hot slippery cunt-grinding and the way his mom's big boob was plastered around his face while he sucked, Devon's balls continued to boil.

He tightened his ass, tried to think of something else. "Ohh shit, ok, umm... I wonder how the fishing is in the lake? I bet it's the first thing dad does when he gets here," he thought.

Then he felt guilty for thinking of his dad at that moment. He knew the gorgeous woman on his lap was his dad's property and that he was trespassing. But he knew that when an owner's away and the property is willing, trespassing is inevitable.

Lacey's slobbery nipple popped from his mouth. "Maybe dad deserves this," he muttered out loud.

"What?" Lacey asked with a quirky smile.

"Maybe he deserves this, what we're doing. Any guy who has a woman like you, who can do this to them every day and does nothing about it, deserves to be cheated on."

Lacy ran her hand gently across his cheek."You are a sweetheart, you know that?" Lacey said, looking as though she could cry.

"I'm your sweetheart," Devon said, flexing his rod.

"Yes you are. My young, handsome, big-dicked sweetheart," she said, gazing at him with fluttering lashes.

Lacey lowered herself onto her back, bringing Devon with her. Her legs still had a tight grasp on him, keeping him clamped between her thighs, tucked inside her soft saddle. They kissed passionately.

Devon was overcome with desire and began to really buck his hips and sock it to her. Lacey clutched onto his ass and broke this kiss for a moment. "Slow down, sweetie. Pace yourself," she whispered. "It's not a race tonight, remember?"

Devon slowed and found a nice steady unhurried rhythm. His long teenage love-pipe glided in and out of the warm clutching grip of his mom's hungry cunt. The gooey ridges along her inner walls smothered his meaty lance with every down stroke. "Oh Mom, this feels soooo good," he sighed, as he looked down into her gleaming eyes.

"I want you to let yourself go. Let your body do the work while you look into my eyes and our minds float away together into a cloud of pleasure," Lacey softly whispered.

"O-okay," Devon muttered.

Devon indeed felt as though he was falling into a trance as he was nose to nose with his mom, his eyes lost inside of hers. As if on

auto-pilot his hips kept working, thrusting his peter up and down his mother's pleasure-pocket.

"Oh Dev...oh sweetie, this is beautiful," she sighed softly.

Thunder RUMBLED outside. Candlelight flickered. Hips rocked in unison. Huge tits sloshed as they lay plastered against the flesh of the teenager's chest. The heels of two tiny bare feet pushed against a driving ass. Eyes were fixed and glazed with lust. This was love making at its most intense.

"Ohhgghh!! Ohhhmygod, I'M GONNA CUM!" Lacey's voice quivered as she stared into her sons eyes.

Her body stiffened and Devon felt her clutching legs tremble around him. Lacey's eyes closed as her face became red and contorted.

"Holy shit, Mom," he muttered, in awe of the site beneath him. He pinched off his own orgasm and continued to sock it to her with long steady thrusts.

"Oohhgghhh!!" Lacey screamed in orgasm, her tits heaving, her naked body shaking violently, her cunt tightening like a fleshy bolt around long sturdy screw.

Mom and son rolled onto their sides as the desperate love making went on and on into the night. They were no longer two bodies, but one ball of twisting, pounding flesh. They rolled and fucked, their pelvises grinding and at times wetly slapping together with wild abandon.

Lacey took the top and rode her son's cock like a pornstar. Devon marveled at the way her huge tits swung around, like buoys on a rough sea.

"Ohhhshit!" he sighed, feeling the cum rising.

Lacey gazed down at him, her face marked with lust. "You wanna impress this girl?"

"Yeaah," he gasped.

"Then pinch off that fucking cum and impress this girl!"

Lacey rode him hard and her orgasm struck her out of nowhere. She raised her arms in the air and clenched her fist. "Ughhnnggfuuuck!!" she cried.

After nearly two hours of impressive pussy prodding Devon's body trembled as he blew his nuts for the third time deep inside the hot smothering throat of Lacey's love-canal.

Words went unspoken as they lay there in the candlelight kissing, caressing and gazing into each other's eyes.

Thunder RUMBLED outside shaking the old house.

Devon could feel their juices running down across his balls as his half-hard cock remained tucked in his mom's warm sheath. He sighed as she gave his peter a gentle squeezes with her strong coital muscles. Lacey felt her son's twitch and slowly hardened again. They both knew it would be a long sleepless night of intense pleasure.

After showering the next morning Lacey and her son decided to go into town for breakfast. After a short silence between them, Devon heard his mother sniffle and looked over to see her teary-eyed. "What wrong, Mom?"

"What have we done?" she asked softly.

"Um, what do you mean?"

"I've destroyed our family. Your father's never gonna forgive me. This is awful," she said, a tear running down her cheek.

"You could tell him you were joking, like you said. Just pulling a prank. He didn't actually see us doing anything."

"I've cheated on him. Oh my God, I'm a horrible wife. What would possess me to do those things with you?" she sobbed.

Devon wasn't sure what to say for a moment. After his mom's constant flirting and touching the past two days, he certainly wasn't prepared for this. "Yea, but you said it yourself, you were just helping me. To get better at it."

"Maybe at first, but then...then it became something else. It's like I lost complete control of myself."

Devon wasn't sure how to continue the conversation so they remained silent. Even at the cafe over breakfast things were completely uncomfortable. Lacey finally broke the silence as she picked at her food. "I'll try to patch things with your father. Hopefully he'll forgive me. We should sleep in separate rooms tonight. No more sex, no more touching or flirting, none of that."

Devon nodded, confused by the sudden change in her. "Ok," he muttered, as he found his own feelings of guilt begin to trickle in.

"Can I get anything else for you two?" the older gray-haired waitress asked.

"No, thank you, just the check please," Lacey said.

"Are you new in town, or just passing through?" the waitress asked as she finished writing the check out.

"We're new here. My husband and I bought the old Victorian up by the lake."

The waitress suddenly looked at Lacey like she'd just seen a ghost. "The old Akley's Victorian?"

"Yes, I think that's what I remember the realtor calling it," Lacey said.

"So many families have come and gone from that place I can hardly keep count," the waitress said.

Lacey and her son looked at eachother, then at the waitress. "They don't stay? Why?" Lacey asked.

The waitress forced a smile. "I heard so many stories over the years, it's hard to know what's fact and what's just made up."

"What types of stories?" Devon asked.

"Well, I don't wanna alarm you folks, but most people think the place is possessed by some sorta sex demon," the waitress said with a weird look.

Lacey swallowed hard as her eyes got big. "Sex demon?"

"Sounds ridiculous, I know, but that's what they say. Of course, I'm not really the superstitious type, but one thing I do know, folks sure don't keep residence there very long."

On the ride back home Devon and his mom sat in silence for a bit, contemplating the old woman's words. Lacey's son finally broke the silence. "Do you think she's right?"

Lacey shook her head. "Honestly, I...I'm not really sure what to think."

"I told you I've been hearing a voice at the house. Sometimes it tells me that it's making you do things."

There was a short pause in conversation. Then Lacey spoke up. "Oh my God. On the way into town I asked you what would possess me

to do such things. Maybe there is something in the house that's possessing us to..."

Devon didn't answer. He knew for a fact that he hadn't been possessed and made to do shit. The fact was, if his mom pulled the car over right now and asked for a hard fuck in back seat, he was more than willing to oblige. However, maybe his mom wasn't as flirty and naughty as he thought she was.

Lacey stopped in front of the house and gave her son a serious look. "We're both strong. If there is some truth to her story. If there's something in there that's trying to possess us and make us do the things we've been doing, then we just have to be strong. We have to be strong and resist it! We'll show this spirit or demon or whatever the hell it is that we're stronger and more determined than it thinks we are."

Devon gave her a resolved look, even though on the inside he was majorly bummed. The truth was, fucking his mom was the most thrilling and pleasurable thing he had ever experienced and he really wanted it to continue. "Sounds good, Mom. We can do this," he lied.

Once inside the house, there was another short awkward silence as they stood in the foyer. "Your father and sister will be here tomorrow. We really should focus on the cleaning today."

"Gotcha! I can um, handle the upstairs if you want?"

Lacey livened up a bit, steadfast in her resolve. "Good plan. I've already got a jump on the kitchen. I'll finish that, then start on the other downstairs rooms."

Devon grabbed the cleaning supplies then headed upstairs. He glanced into his parents bedroom. The ruffled blankets on the cum soaked air mattress reminded him of the events of the previous night. He felt a bit sad that he may never feel his mom gripping onto him while she squirts her love-juice on his dick again.

A voice from nearby startled him. "She's getting horny already. You should try to fuck her again." the squeaky voice said.

Devon decided to see how far he could get by playing along this time. "How long have you lived here?"

There was a short silence. "Hello?" the teen said.

"Don't waste time. You know you wanna fuck her."

"I will, but I want you to answer my question first. How long have you lived here?"

"You should give her a nice hard anal fuck. She loves it up the ass."

Devon was getting impatient. "Look, you obviously can't control me like you can her, so I'm just gonna ignore you AND I'm gonna ignore my mom's sexual advances, unless you answer my question."

After a short pause, the squeaky voice answered. "I'm older than this fucking house. I've been around since the beginning. Thousands have reaped the pleasure I've given them. They should all thank me."

"Are you a ghost? A demon? What?" Devon asked...

"I'm horny, that's who I am. You should be horny too. Maybe she'll suck your cock and lick your balls. You know you want her to."

"Yeah, it's true, I do, but Mom's not falling for your tricks anymore. I'm pretty sure she'll never be acting the way she did yesterday."

"Ha! You'll thank me." Horny said.

"So can you only stay in and around this house, or can you go anywhere?"

After a pause, a squeaky voice answered. "Ego vado usquam."

"What?"

"You should go fuck her. Her pussy is already getting wet," Horny said.

"Whatever! I gotta get to work," Devon said, walking off.

Devon cleaned his room and wasn't bothered by the voice again while he worked. He was cleaning another bedroom when he sensed a presence in the doorway. Startled, he turned to see Lacey leaning in the doorframe watching him. "Jesus, Mom, you scared me."

Lacey giggled. "Sorry sweetie. Did you think it was the evil sex demon stalking you?" she said, then laughed.

Devon did his best to stay off that subject. "I finished my room and just about have this one done, then I'll move on to your room if you want?"

Lacey slowly started towards him. "Yeah, I suppose I should strip the bedding. It looks like an orgasm bomb exploded in there," she said, making them both laugh.

"Yeah, probably a good idea before dad gets here."

"Ugh, your dad. Don't remind me," she muttered with a down look.

"Are you nervous to see him, because of the phone conversation you guys had?"

"No, not nervous, just sad."

"Sad because he might divorce you?" Devon joked.

"Ha no, sad because I'll have to go back to getting a mediocre dick," she said, looking her son in the eyes.

"Oh, um, sorry."

"You know, since our outing this morning, I've been thinking. Like you said, I was helping you yesterday, so um, we really didn't do anything wrong," Lacey said, stepping up to him.

"We didn't?"

She fumbled with his collar teasingly. "No. Educational sex isn't the same as real sex. It's different. So, I thought about that, and...well, I couldn't help but think about how there were some things that I didn't get a chance to show you. Things that I think would help you, you know, when you experience them with girls your own age."

Devon's chest began to tingle with excitement. Clearly Mr. Horny had been hard at work on his mom downstairs. "What kinds of things?"

Lacey looked him in the eyes as she slowly dropped to her knees. "The kinds of things I think you'll like a lot."

Devon watched as she undid his shorts and pulled them down, along with his briefs. Her nostrils flared excitedly from the delightful musky aroma that was rising from his loins. Gripping his cock around the root, her tongue came out and swiped wetly across his big plum colored prick-knob.

"Ohhh man," Devon whimpered, as he watched his mom's long pink tongue swirling around on the tip of his cock.

She tilted her head and began to lick up and down his thick, iron-hard prick. She rolled her tongue on his balls, then drew it all the way up to his pulsating cock-knob, fluttering it against the underside of that flaring wedge. She ducked down again and criss-crossed her tongue as she traced up the bulging ventral vein. "Ohh my God, Mom," Devon whimpered.

Lacey took his meat in her mouth and let it sink until it clogged her throat.

"Ohhhgghh," the boy whimpered, feeling her hot sucking mouth around his cock.

She retracted some, then sucked in even more meat, taking all of his prick into her mouth. Her chin jammed against his smooth nuts and her nose nestled in his wiry pubic hairs as she swallowed his prick to the hilt and held it there.

"Jeeeesus!" Devon's voice quivered as his knees buckled.

"Ggnunnnffhhh," Lacey's throat gurgled, keeping him there for as long as she could. Then she drew back up, the tight ring of her lips squeezing on his cockshaft as her tongue flew wildly against the throbbing rod and crown.

Then the willing mother went to work, her head bobbing up and back in traditional blowjob

fashion.

Devon watched wide-eyed as his mom's stretched lips traveled up and down his erection. She circled her fist around the root and beat his meat into her mouth while she sucked. Every little while, his cock popped from her lips and her strong thick tongue lashed as it circled his wet nob. "Are you liking this, sweetheart?" Lick, lick. "Do you like having your cock sucked like this?" she asked between more licks.

"Yess."

She sucked him deep and bobbed her head again, fucking his hard cock with her mouth and throat. She paused, but only long enough to speak. "Feed me your baby cream."

Lacey bobbed her head faster, fucking her face with her son's hard prick. Soon the slurping, gurgling sounds of a good blow-job filled the bedroom, as the big titted mother greedily sucked.

"I'm gonna cum, Mom!" Devon cried.

Lacey sucked the big cock as hard as she could, panting through her nose. Her left hand pushed between his thighs, squeezing his smooth nut-sac.

"It's gonna...Ohh, Mom!" Devon gasped. His face contorted as he experienced the incredible intensity of his mother's cock-sucking. "Uuugghh!!"

The spunk shot onto the roof of Lacey's mouth, oozing down her throat. Devon whimpered as she eagerly sucked down his load.

"Ohh my God," Devon moaned as he felt his mom suck every drop of cum from his spurting rod.

The knob of his prick popped from Lacey's lips and she smiled up at him. "That was yummy," she said, catching her breath.

Devon watched his mother stand back up and shed her tank top. She reached around and unclasped her big white bra. Her king-sized jugs sprung from the cups, bobbling heavily as she tossed the bra aside.

The teen couldn't help but reach down and stroke his still-hard cock as Lacey pulled her shorts off.

The stripping mother watched her son's fist travel up and down the thick column of cockmeat. "Yes, keep it hard. I just saw a spider in here."

"You did?" Devon asked, not taking his eyes off her as she peeled her thong panties down her silky legs.

Lacey stepped out of her panties. Now completely naked, she stepped towards her teen. "Yes, I did and you know what that means, don't you?"

"What?"

Lacey placed her hands on his shoulders and gracefully sprung from the floor, wrapping her strong naked mommy-legs around his midsection. "I need you to hold me again," she said, pressing her tits on him as she tightened her embrace. "Hold me like you did before, only this time I want your cock inside me."

She reached down and guided his throbbing rod inside her creamy groove. "Uuhhgg," the boy sighed as his boner sunk all the way inside her cunt.

"Ohh yess, fuck meee," the hot mother whimpered, pivoting her hips so she could grind on her son's big cock.

Devon took big handfuls of meaty buttocks as he held mom in the standing fuck position. "Pin me against the wall and fuck me hard!" she gasped, planting wet kisses.

Devon obliged. Lacey's back smacked against the bedroom wall and Devon moaned in delight as he melted into the warm motherly curves folded around him. His cock throbbed and cut up through the tight hot pocket of pink pussy, kissing the back wall of her cunt with his cockhead on every thust.

"Yesss!" the horny mother cried, clutching her teen, squeezing his lean frame with her smooth muscular legs. Her big tits heaved and jiggled, pancaked against his bare chest.

They kissed passionately, their tongues lashing in a wild frenzy. Devon thrust his hard cock with desperate intensity, feeling her use her strong cunt muscles to provide him with maximum pleasure.

The teen's knob tingled, sending an electric jolt to his balls. He slowed his thrusts a tad and tightened his ass, using his skills to prolong their hot sex.

"Oh my God, baby, that's it!" Lacey cried, proud of his progress. "Lift me up and down. Make me bounce and cum on your cock."

Devon stepped back from the wall with a firm grip on her ass with both hands. Lacey held tightly around his neck. Immediately she lifted her long legs high, wiggling her ass on him as she opened her cunt for more of his prick."Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!" Her cunt beat wetly on his cock as he lifted her up and down, fucking with savage thrusts.

For a full minute they kept this fuck-pace, Devon skewering Lacey's cunt as it it beat on his loins. "Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!"

"Unnnggghhhh!" she cried out, her pussy turning to cream. Her body trembled. She tossed her legs around his back, scissoring her ankles together at his waist as she humped, pumping her pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of his prick. "Ohhh fuuck!" she moaned and shook, squirting more juice.

The couple suddenly heard another woman's moan echo through the house, then another woman and then another, screaming out in orgasm. Boys' voices began to join the chorus, moaning and whimpering. It was as if there were a dozen mother and son couples in various areas of the house engaged in a hot fuck, just as Devon and Lacey were.

Devon peered around as he listened, but Lacey continued kissing him, paying little attention to the ghostly cries, as if it was just background music. From what he had found out about the house, it all made sense to the teen. "It must be the voices of moms and sons who've occupied the house in the past. So many of them," he thought as he continued to dick his own mother's cunt.

Devon returned his focus to the task at hand. The jiggling curves and hot juicy cunt on his prick felt exquisite. Hard and fast his ass moved, fucking his jutting prick into her velvety pussy. Lacey gasped as she felt the rhythimic force of his fuck thrusts.

Pleasure shot through the boy's body. "Ohhh damn, Mom, here I cum!" he cried out.

Hot cum gushed up from his balls. Lacey sighed with pleasure as she felt the cock twitch, squirting into the tight grip of her pussy, bathing the inner walls.

Devon's whimpers joined those that were echoing through the house as big ropes of jizz shot out his pisshole and into Lacey's slick smothering cunt.

As the last of his cum oozed from his prick, Devon continued to hold his mom as she planted soft sensual kisses. "You okay?" she asked softly.

"More than ok," he gasped with a smile.

"You're still hard. Are you trying to tell me something?" Lacey said.

"Like what?"

She smiled naughtily. "Like you wanna carry me down to bed and fuck me all over again."

"I'm down with that," he said proudly.

"Well then get a move on, hot shot," she said, giving his ass a little kick with her heel.

Devon carried his clinging mother out the doorway and down to the master bedroom. For two more hours they fucked to near exhaustion, finally collapsing in a sweaty heap of naked flesh.

They kissed and stroked each other's bodies for what seemed like an eternity. Devon was sucking his mother's tits when a text went off on her phone. She reached over to look, then sat up in a panic. "Shit!"

"What?"

"It's your father, they're twenty minutes away," she said, hopping up and slipping on her panties.

Devon hurried to his feet and began getting dressed. "I thought they weren't gonna be here until tomorrow."

"They must have decided not to stop for the night."

In only her panties, Lacy reached over and fondled Devon's cock through his briefs. "This is so unfair. I need you inside me again."

"Yeah, but we can't. They'll be here before you know it."

"That's true, but what if we're not here," she said, clinging to him, rubbing her wobbling tits on his chest.

"Not here?"

"Yes, exactly. We didn't know they were so close. We went out for a drive. We went some distance. It might be awhile before we even get back," she said, formulating a plan.

"So we're leaving?" Devon asked, amused at his mom's attempt to get more time with him.

"Yess. I love to fuck in a car. We'll find a nice secluded spot. It'll be wild," she said with a thrill.

Devon laughed. Even in desperate times, he would never turn down a chance to fuck her. "Whatever you want, Mom."

Minutes later, they were rushing to the car. They jumped in and Lacey started the engine. "Shit, what way will they be coming? We don't wanna pass them on the road."

Devon pointed. "That way. That's the way we came when we got here."

Lacey turned the car around and tore off in the opposite direction. As she drove, she reached over and fondled her son's cock through his shorts. "Oh baby, keep it hard. I need it hard," she said in an extremely horny tone.

"You keep doing that and it will stay hard forever," he sighed, feeling his mother's hand squeeze and pull.

Lacey suddenly froze, then put her wandering hand back on the steering wheel. "Oh my God, what am I doing?!"

"What? Ohh..." Devon muttered, suddenly remembering how she had drastically changed the last time they left the house. "She must be outside the horny demon's influence again! Fuck, here we go with the tears," he thought.

Lacey sniffled. "I've been absolutely awful."

"It hasn't been just you, Mom. I'm to blame too."

She brought the car to a quick stop. "No, I'm the mother. I should never have let those things happen between us."

"It wasn't you. I mean, it was, but it was mostly the demon that lives in the house. The sex demon that the lady at the diner told us about. It's been making you...um, us do things." Devon explained, not wanting his mom to believe that he was fooling around without supernatural influence.

"Yes, your right. We have to do something."

"Do what?"

"If we go back to that house it'll ruin us. It'll destroy my marriage. It will break apart our family.Things will be a mess."

"We have to go back though. Dad and Jenna are almost at the house."

Lacey took a second to regain her thoughts. "Even if I somehow convince your father to leave the house, to not live there, this demon, it'll keep trying to control whoever lives there. Who knows how many families it will break apart. We can't let that cycle continue."

"So, um, what are you suggesting, Mom?"

"We have to stop it and there may be only one way to do that." Lacey said as her and her son looked at one another, both knowing what had to be done.

Back inside the house, Lacey and Devon rushed through the kitchen. The teen pulled the stove away from the wall and he and his mom looked at the gas line. "Shit, do we have any tools to disconnect it?" Lacey asked.

Devon glanced around frantically. "I could check the basement."

"No time." The mother said, then tried to pull it apart, but to no avail. "Damnit!"

"Let me try, Mom!" Devon said, grabbing the gas line.

"Hey, what are you doing?!" Came a squeaky voice from across the kitchen. Both mother and son heard it and looked in that direction. "You guys should get in bed and fuck. You could be fucking your asses off right now."

"Don't listen." Lacey muttered, doing her best to focus on the task at hand.

"You both should thank me," Horny said.

Devon yanked on the line as Lacey continued to look in the direction of the voice. Suddenly the line popped free and gas fumes began to spew from the broken end. "Got it, Mom! Let's get outta here!"

"You know you wanna suck his dick. His big juicy dick," Horny said, capturing the mother's attention.

"Yess," she muttered as if in a sexual trance.

Devon choked on the gas fumes, which quickly filled the kitchen. "No! I got the matches.We have to go, Mom. Let's go!" he shouted, physically pulling her to the door.

"Wait, come back! Put his dick in your cunt again! Fuck! Suck!!" The demon's voice called out.

Rushing out the back door, Devon turned and lit a match. "Suck on this!" he shouted, then threw the match inside.

The kitchen's interior ignited in a giant ball of fire. Hand in hand, Mom and son rushed away from the house as the flames quickly spread.

A short time later, a large moving truck came up the wooded street. As Ron and his daughter looked out the window, a brilliant orange glow came into view. "Something's on fire," Jenna said.

"That 'something' is our house. Shit!" Ron said in panic and disbelief.

"Oh my God," his daughter muttered.

The house was fully engulfed. Lacey and Devon stood at the side of the street just out of harm's way. Ron stopped the truck, jumped out and quickly embraced his wife. "Are you guys ok?"

"We barely got out. I don't know what happened. We woke and...and there was smoke everywhere," she lied.

"It's gonna be ok," Ron muttered in disbelief as they watched their dream home go up in flames.

Lacey squeezed her husband tight. "Thank God you're here."

Devon smiled inside seeing his mom gladly back together with his father. There was a tinge of guilt knowing what they'd been up to, but also a bit of sadness and jealousy, realizing that it would never happen again.

TWO MONTHS LATER

The family was happily settled in a new home in a different town. It was a charming Cape on a big piece of land. Even though the burned up Victorian was uninsured, Ron hoped he would still be able to regain most of his investment by selling the lakefront parcel. Lacey prayed that whoever purchased it had no intention of building a home there.

Life soon got back to normal. Ron was busy at his new job. Jenna eagerly started school and made new friends. Devon was preparing for college and had secured part-time work locally.

Lacey returned to her life as a housewife. She had patched things up with her husband by convincing him that their phone conversation that night was just a joke pushed too far. The mother was eager to add a new addition to the family very soon. It was only a week ago that her doctor informed her that she was two months pregnant. The family was elated. Her and Devon hadn't discussed their sexual exploits, nor the fact that he was most likely the one who had gotten her pregnant.

Devon was in his bedroom scrolling through social media when he was startled by a familiar squeaky voice. "Did you miss me?" Horny

asked.

"Oh shit," he muttered, staring across the room.

"You're alone in the house with her. Her pussy's wet. You should fuck her!" Horny said.

"How? How did you get here?"

After a pause, a squeaky voice answered. "Ego vado usquam."

"What?"

"I go anywhere."

"So how did you find us? When did you get here?" Devon asked, his heart tingling excitedly at the implications.

His door slowly swung open and Lacey appeared in the doorway. "Sweetie? Who are you talking to?"

Devon marveled at how incredibly sexy she looked standing there in shorts and a snug cami

top. Her belly was showing the beginnings of a baby-ball and her tits were already visibly bigger. "Nobody, Mom, just thinking out loud," he lied.

Lacey smiled at him. He was lying. She knew he was. "Why don't you come down to my bedroom. I um, I need you to help me with something," she said with a wicked sparkle in her eye.

"Oh um, ok. Be right there."

After she stepped out, Devon sat there a moment, his cock hardening in his shorts. "Maybe it's nothing. I shouldn't get my hopes up. She probably just needs help moving something. I know

Horny found us, but she could have more resolve this time. She would probably never let things go that far again," he thought.

He walked out of his bedroom. On the hallway floor was a trail of clothing...tank top, bra and panties that his mom was just wearing, all leading to his parents bedroom. His heart skipped a beat, cock flexing in his briefs.

He heard Horny's voice behind him. "You should thank me."

Devon smiled. "Thank you," he said.

THE END

181: Turning Back Time with Mom

Turning Back Time…with Mom

By Klrxo

"If I could only do it all again," Eldon told himself as he stood in the doorway of his parents' old bedroom. Mae, his mother had died only months ago at the age of 80. He had cared for her until the end, and the image of her beauty and charm would forever remain a cherished memory. In her younger years, when Eldon was a teen, Mae was an absolute bombshell. Not only that, but Eldon remembered his mom flirting with him relentlessly during his teenage years. There were even occasions where he could have fucked her, but being a timid kid, he always shied away from such opportunities. He loved reading her old diaries, gaining insight into his mom's personal life.

These days, 62-year-old Eldon was busy keeping the family farm. His wife had died two years ago from cancer and his only daughter had chased a modeling career in New York, leaving him alone to tend the 100-acre cattle ranch. He had thought about selling it after his wife died, but it was a property that had been handed down for generations, so he decided to hire a ranch hand and keep the family tradition alive.

"If you wanna focus on feeding and watering, I'll head out to pasture and round up those few strays," Eldon directed his ranch hand, Dillon, as he saddled his horse.

"Got it, boss!" said Dillon. "Oh, and before you go, I just wanted to tell you that I took a job on another ranch. I hate to bail on you, Eldon, but I have to do what's best for my family."

"I understand," said the rancher. "If you could just finish out the day, I'd appreciate it."

"Sure thing."

Eldon got a sinking feeling, knowing that without help he'd be forced to sell the family farm. The problem was, in such a rural area, ranch hands

were next to impossible to find. However, there was no time to dwell on the negatives with so much work left to be done.

The ranch had plenty of property to allow the animals to grass-feed instead of eating hay, but this often meant they would wander quite a distance from the farm to graze. Usually, while rounding up the herd, a few calves would separate from the group. Today, the aging farmer decided to head out on the property and wander some of them up.

Riding through the range on his horse was his daily therapy. He loved taking in the beautiful landscape, which consisted of rolling green pastures surrounded by snow-topped mountains. It offered him the opportunity to reflect on days gone by, especially all the exciting experiences of his youth, growing up on the farm.

Eldon traveled some distance from the ranch in search of the strays. Even growing up there, he swore there were some areas of the sprawling property he'd never explored, like this one today. The farmer paused suddenly as he reached a shallow bluff. "What in the devil is that?!" he asked himself aloud.

In a clearing, a short distance away, sat some type of machine. At first Eldon thought it was a piece of farm equipment, but it had no

wheels and looked too sophisticated to be sitting out in the middle of nowhere. What he knew for sure was it was on his property, and he didn't put it there.

"Hello?!" he shouted, wondering if someone was inside or in the general area, but he got no answer.

Eldon rode over, curiously circling the mysterious object, which seemed like some sort of craft. It reminded him of the lunar lander that had touched down on the moon's surface in the 70's but looked a little more advanced than even that. "Anyone inside there?" he shouted.

When there was no answer, Eldon hopped off his horse for a closer investigation. "I sure as hell hope this ain't no Goddamn aliens," he told himself, thinking back on reports of recent crop circles from other surrounding ranchers.

The farmer climbed up onto the object, arriving at what was clearly a hatch-like door. He was surprised to find it open so easily. He nervously swung the door upright, revealing a control compartment below with lots of blinking lights. In the center was a seat made for a human.

"What the hell is this thing?" he thought, scanning the area to try to locate its owner. Letting his curiosity get the best of him, Eldon climbed down into the contraption and sat in the seat. It was then he saw the handwritten letter sitting on the control panel. He read it curiously.

"Greetings! If you are reading this note, then I congratulate you! You are the new owner of something incredibly special. A machine that can cross the barrier of time and space. Its place of origin and original owner are still a mystery, since I had it given to me much the same as I am passing it on to you. My days of using it are over and I have decided to end my journey here. I have included instructions on the machine's operation. Enjoy the trips ahead of

you, but PLEASE HEED MY WARNING! Use the time machine only to observe the past or future. Despite the temptation to change things, it is imperative that you be a mere 'fly on the wall,' or you could alter the course of history, and not necessarily for the better. Farwell!

-

C.W. Lance

Eldon sat there in shock for a moment, taking in what he had just read. Part of him wondered if this was some sort of prank, but he was in the middle of nowhere, so that was unlikely. After giving it some thought, he decided to test the machine out to see if it truly was what it claimed to be.

"JUNE 12TH, 3024," he typed into the computer, wanting to peek a thousand years into the future.

"Please secure compartment door," the screen flashed.

After closing the door above him, he confirmed the date he had set. The machine let out a sharp "hiss" then seemed to subtly vibrate for a moment.

"Destination achieved," the computer then announced.

Eldon curiously opened the hatch door and peeked out. He was immediately surprised at how warm the air was. His jaw lowered as he discovered that he was on the outskirts of a sprawling futuristic city. The buildings were enormous and lit up like huge billboards, flashing different ads for vehicles that dotted the sky. Some of the quickly moving vehicles blasted upwards towards the earth's atmosphere.

"This is certainly not a future that I want any part of," he thought, a bit saddened that his family farm was long gone. Still though, Eldon was amazed that the machine had worked. He secured the door

again, eager to try another date that was a bit more significant to him.

"August 11th, 1980," he typed into the computer. It was the day after his 18th birthday; one that had fond memories for him, but also some regrets.

Young Aldon was jarred awake by the sound of his father's voice. "Get up, kid…there's cows to be milked!"

Early mornings were common when working on the ranch. There were various tasks that needed tending and everyone in the family took part, including Aldon's mother, Mae. She had breakfast waiting for the boy as he groggily made his way downstairs.

"Aldon, don't forget to wash your hands before breakfast, hunny," she said, busy at the stove.

"I washed them up last night before bed," he replied.

Mae flashed him a knowing grin. "I'm sure you've been doing something since then that requires a good hand washing, young man," she said with a wink.

The boy blushed. Recently his mom had begun teasing him about how often he masturbated his penis, but who could blame him for beating off so much when he lived under the same roof as such a curvy, brunette-haired beauty. When he returned from washing his hands, Mae brought over a hearty plate of breakfast for him to consume.

"Did you have a good birthday yesterday?" the mother asked, leaning over, and watching him eat.

"Best ever, mom," he answered, his eyes drawn to her extraordinary tit-cleavage. Mae came from an extensive line of huge-breasted females, much to the delight of her son. The way she leaned

forward, and the fact that the three top buttons of her shirt were undone, allowed Eldon's eyes to feast on her creamy tit-flesh.

"Did you get everything you wanted?" she asked, batting her eyelashes in a flirtatious manner.

"I think so."

"Are you sure?" she asked, squashing her huge hooters between her forearms, making her tit-meat bulge out even more. "Everything?"

The boy glanced down at her bountiful, half-naked bosom. "Well, there may have been a few things that I didn't get," he blushingly confessed.

"Well, sorry that I couldn't get you a big set of soft boobies to suck on as a gift," Mae giggled. "I know you would have liked that more than anything."

"That would have been nice, I suppose."

"Well, a handsome boy like you is gonna have all sorts of titties flopping all over him, soon enough."

"You think so?"

"Of course, I do. If your mom can't stop staring at you, then I'm sure the other girls can't either," she winked. "Just make sure you keep that cattle prod of yours sheathed in latex. I'm too young to be a grandmother just yet."

"I'll play responsibly," Eldon assured her. "I promise."

"But do you know HOW TO PLAY, that's the important question?" the mother asked, scooting over next to him. "Suppose I'm a girl and we're on a date. I get really close to you, like this…"

Mae pressed the squishy swell of her breasts up against her boy and began breathing at his neck in a sensual manner. Beneath the table, her hand rested on his thigh, incredibly close to his stiff cock. "What do you do next?" she softly asked.

"Kiss you?"

"Suppose I want more than kissing," said Mae, gazing deeply into her son's eyes. "Suppose I want you to finger my clit."

Eldon shuddered as he felt his mom's hand slide even closer to his boner, nudging against it through his pants. She brought her lips up close to his, their eyes fixed on each other's. "Suppose I want you to take me to the back seat, rip my panties off and fuck me all night long. Are you prepared to do that to your date because I promise that's what she'll want?"

"Well, I um…I could try."

"You don't sound too confident there, hunny."

"To be honest, I've never really done it before," he admitted, "so I'm not sure how I'll do."

"Well, there's a first time for everything, sugar, but it's important to be prepared."

Eldon watched his brunette-haired mother return to the stove. She wore shorts just like Daisy Duke, a female character in a new show he'd been watching on TV lately. The denims were cut so low that he could see the meat of her rounded ass seeping out the bottom. Mae's delicious derriere swayed atop her tan, smooth-shaven legs with every graceful step she made. "I reckon I don't know quite as much as I should," the boy admitted.

"Your father's going into town today. I suppose that might be a suitable time for us to sit down and have a chat on the subject,"

Mae stated.

"You mean the subject of—"

"Yes, the subject of sex," she replied, finishing his sentence. "I'll not have a son who doesn't know his way around beneath the sheets. It's my duty

to give you a 'birds and bees' chat, and with your father away from the farm it'll be the perfect time."

While milking cows, Eldon liked to daydream about udders of a different kind. The ones that were huge, fat and hung off a female body. He had felt a girl's breast during the school year, but that's about as far as he'd gotten. The boy was proud of his huge, well-formed cock, but he had yet to sleeve it in hot pussy. He was a hopeless virgin, and his constant daytime fantasies often caused him to fall behind in his work, to the displeasure of his father.

"You need to speed things up, son. You're moving as slow as molasses today!" his father, Shelby, noted as he herded more cows into the barn for his son to milk.

"Alright, dad," the boy replied. "I'll speed it up."

Once Shelby left the barn, Eldon heard an unfamiliar voice from the doorway. "Hey there!"

He turned to see 62-year-old Eldon from the future, peeking through the doorway. "Hi, um…if you're looking for my dad, he went out to round up some more cows for milking," said Eldon Jr. thinking it was just someone who his dad did business with.

"I know the routine. I remember this day like it was yesterday. I'm just here to make sure you don't blow it."

Eldon Jr. fed the older man a perplexed look. "Huh?" he uttered.

Eldon Sr. walked over, staring at his younger self in awe. "I really can't believe I'm here, but there you are…standing right in front of me. This is completely surreal."

"Are you ok, mister?" the boy asked, confused by the man's behavior.

"Alright, I'm just gonna be straight up with you. My names Eldon," said Elden Sr. as he extended his hand for a shake.

"That's my name too," said the boy, shaking his hand.

"I know it is. You see…this is gonna sound crazy, but I'm… YOU, the um…older version of you, and I just came here in a time machine from the future, the year 2024."

The younger Eldon began laughing. "You're right, that is crazy!"

"I can prove it, look!" said the older Eldon, sticking out his arm. There was a two-inch scar on his forearm, from a bad cut he had gotten when he was young. "We got it when we were ten, while trying to climb over a barbed-wire fence."

Elden Jr. extended his arm, showing an identical scar. He looked at the man suspiciously. "It's exactly the same," he uttered in shock. "What's my favorite color?"

"Blue."

"My favorite movie?"

"Friday the 13th. You snuck into the theater just last week to see it with your friend, Rex."

"How could you know that?" asked Elden Jr., his face going as pale as a ghost.

"Because I'm you, that's how! I also know that you have a fixation with mother. She's offered to teach you about the birds and the bees, while dad's gone today, but unless you start working faster that's not gonna happen."

"Why wouldn't it happen?"

Elder Sr. looked at his younger self patiently. "Look, the way it'll happen is…your dad will see how behind you are, cancel his trip into town and you and mom won't be alone together, because you and dad will be milking cows all day, got it? I'm gonna help you, so we can keep that from happening."

"You know how to milk cows?"

"Of course, I do. I mean, we have machines that do it now. Well, um…not now, but in the future."

Elden Sr. pulled up a stool and began milking one of the cows. The boy watched him for a moment with a million questions flowing through his mind. "So, you're really 'ME'…. from the future?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That's so crazy!"

"Trust me, I'm just as shocked by it as you are."

"Will I be married and have kids?" Eldon Jr. asked.

It was then that Eldon Sr. remembered the warning in the note. "I can't tell you too much, I'm sorry. My purpose is to make TODAY as special as it was supposed to be, that's it," he explained. "I remember how disappointed I was when I didn't get that chat from mom. She never really mentioned the idea again, so this is my chance to help you. I mean…us."

"You're right…I certainly WOULD like that 'birds and bees' chat from mom."

"Then let's get to work."

Together, they milked the cows as quickly as they could. Eldon Sr. offered some advice while they worked. "I had a chance to read our mother's diary. She wrote a lot about things that got her excited."

"You mean like…aroused?"

"Yes. She wrote in her diary that she likes to see you without your shirt on and when your penis is erect beneath your jeans."

"Wow, mom actually wrote that in her diary?" asked the boy, his face filled with wonder.

"Yes, which is why it's important that you remember those things when you're alone with her."

"That's no problem. I'll think of them every time see her now."

An hour of arduous work passed before Eldon Jr. heard his father's voice. "How's it coming along?"

"Good, dad. I'm about finished."

Shelby and his wife entered the barn. "About finished?! Seriously?! I was just telling your mother that I didn't think I'd be able to leave today because you were slacking."

"Yeah, well…I had some help."

Shelby and Mae looked over at the older guy who was helping their son. "Who's this?" the father asked curiously.

"This is my friend, um…"

"Bob!" said Eldon Sr. as he extended his hand for a shake.

"Bob, huh?" asked Shelby, looking at him suspiciously, while shaking his hand.

Eldon Sr. almost teared up when he looked over at his beautiful mother. She was just as radiant and sexy as he remembered, and her oversized tits were nearly bursting from her top. Mae stared back at him with her sparkling blue eyes. "You look familiar, Bob. Have we met before?" she asked.

"Perhaps…in another time," Eldon Sr. answered. He couldn't believe that he was here, and that the beauty he fantasized about in his youth was standing before him in her prime.

"Well, it looks like I may be able to head into town for business after all," said Shelby.

"Oh, that's excellent!" Mae grinned, gazing over at her young son anxiously.

"Yeah, I should, um…probably be leaving also," said Eldon Sr. "I just wanted to stop by and said hello to Eldon and help him out for a little bit."

"How did you get here, Bob?" asked Shelby. "I didn't see a car in the driveway."

"Oh, well…I didn't drive. My, uh…my wife dropped me off."

"Well, I'm heading into town. I can give you a lift back."

"That's really not necessary."

"Sure, it is! It's the least I can do for all the help you provided milking these cows today," said Shelby as he made for the door. "Come on!"

"Will you be back, Bob?" asked Eldon Jr.

"Sure. I'll stop back by tomorrow and see how you're doing," he answered, giving his younger self a wink.

"It was good meeting you, Bob," said Mae with a pretty smile, showing her perfect white teeth.

"Likewise. I hope you two have a wonderful afternoon," he said meaningfully.

After Aldon's father and new friend left, Mae stepped up and hugged her boy, mashing her ballooning hooters against his chest. "You're such a hard worker, hunny. Why don't you come inside with me now and we'll have that chat that I promised," she said, then took his hand and led him towards the farmhouse.

Mae took him straight up to her marital bedroom and closed the door. "Come sit beside me on the bed," her voice said softly.

Aldon's heart raced inside his chest. Rarely did he have the opportunity to be all alone with his pretty mom, especially for such an intimate discussion. She took his hand and held it tightly in hers as they sat side by side on the mattress. "How much do you know about giving a girl pleasure, hunny?" she asked.

"A little, but no one has ever really explained it to me."

"Well, I suppose that's why a boy has a mom, isn't it?" Mae smiled, squeezing his hand.

"Sure."

The mother glanced down at his bulging crotch, which made her insides tingle. "Men have something called a penis. You may have heard your friends refer to it as a 'dick' or a 'cock.' It has many names, but only two

incredibly special purposes. The first is to give a woman pleasure, and the second is to make babies."

"With the sperm that comes out, right?"

"That's correct. Why don't you stand up, take off your pants and I'll show you exactly how it works," said Mae.

Despite being timid, Eldon stood up and removed his slacks and underwear. He knew he had a good-sized prick, so he was more than happy to show it off to his sexy mother. The only thing he was slightly embarrassed about was that it was fully erect, jutting from his crotch like a soldier standing at attention. However, he remembered what Eldon from the future told him about his mom being turned on by such a sight.

"Oh, my goodness! It looks like someone is aroused," Mae observed, her wide eyes fixed on her boy's jutting prick. It was twice the size of her husband's cock with bulging, blue veins streaking up its thick stalk. Capping the teenage fuck-muscle was a plumb-sized cockhead that looked obscenely engorged.

"Sorry, I, um… I just—"

"Hunny, you should never apologize for something that happens naturally," Mae interrupted. "I know you're a young, healthy boy, so I was fully expecting your penis to be erect when we did this."

"You were?"

"Sure. In fact, it'll be much easier for me to explain how it functions with it fully hard like that. Now, would you like to know how that wonderful thing gives a woman so much pleasure?"

"Sure," the teen answered.

"Inside a woman's vagina are clusters of nerve endings. The most pleasurable area is called her G-spot."

"Why's it called that?" Eldon asked.

"It got its name from a doctor named 'Grafenberg,' or something who did a lot of research on female anatomy. The G-spot can be EXTREMELY

sensitive, and it sometimes swells and gets even more tender when a woman's aroused," Mae explained. Then, she studied her son's jutting cock-flesh. "Do you see that wide ridge around the helmet of your penis?"

"Yes."

"As the ridge of your cock-knob passes by the G-spot, on the outstroke, it causes friction on the enhanced muscles of a woman's vagina and provides wonderful stimulation to the G-spot area. Your thick ridge is there for an important purpose, hunny, and that purpose is a woman's pleasure. In fact, if you pause at that spot, while fucking your boner through a girl, and makes little, tiny in-and-out movements, it could send her into a body-trembling orgasm quite quickly."

"Wow, I'll um…have to try that, when I finally have sex with someone that is."

"It'll take some practice, and you may ejaculate quickly the first time from having your own nerve endings stimulated. Like anything else, it takes practice to get good at it."

"Well, that's one thing I sure wouldn't mind practicing with a girl," the boy confessed.

"Do you see that slit at the tip of your prick?"

"Yeah."

"You've probably noticed that it's not just where your pee comes out, but your semen too. That semen contains millions of sperm whose job it is to get a girl pregnant."

"And then her boobs fill up with milk, right?" the boy asked, glancing over at his mom's jugs. He could see the hardened nubs of her teats protruding from beneath her button-up blouse.

"That's correct. Have you ever seen a girl's tits and nipples, hunny?"

"Only once, but it was dark, so I didn't get to see them much."

"Oh, that must have been disappointing?"

"Yes."

Mae stood up and began unbuttoning her blouse. "Well, if you promise not to tell your father, I'll let you see my breasts, just so I can teach you about the different parts and functions of a woman's titties."

"I'll never tell him," said Eldon while watching in fascination as his mom took off her top. Her giant breasts were shrouded by a white bra that looked MUCH too small. Delicious tit-meat was spilling out over the cups, causing the teen to lick his lips with desire.

"I sure am glad the older me showed up to help milk cows," Eldon thought. "Otherwise, dad would have stayed and there's no way mom would be taking off her clothes for me right now."

Mae reached back and unclasped her bra. When she pulled the cups away, her humongous melons wobbled onto her rib cage, drawing a gasp from the ogling teen. "Most women's tits don't get as big as mine, even when they are full of milk," the mother explained. "I think you got most of your genes from me, hunny."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because your penis is unusually large, just like my breasts are."

"Is that bad?"

"No, it's not a dreadful thing. It just means we're…special."

Mae cupped her heavy udders to draw attention to their wide caps. "The pink parts here are called a woman's areolas and nipples. They can be extremely sensitive and become aroused and erect just like your penis gets."

"Yeah, I did notice them poking through your shirt earlier," said Eldon.

"You did, huh?" the mother giggled. "Just like I notice your boner poking through your pants a lot? I suppose when you're as overly developed as we are its sort of hard NOT to notice those things."

"True. So, um…the nipples are where milk comes out, right?"

"Yes, surrounding the nipple is what's called lobes, which are connected to ducts that bring milk up from a woman's breasts. The nipples and areolas also have many nerves that can enhance sexual pleasure while they're being sucked on."

"Sucking on breasts is something I think about a lot."

"While you pull on your pecker-meat?"

"Yes. Do you think, um…"

"Do I think what, hunny?" Mae asked.

"Never mind…I probably shouldn't ask you something like that."

"Eldon, the worst I could say is no. What's on your mind?"

"It's nothing, mom…just forget it," he answered.

A big smile formed on Mae's lips. She had a fairly good idea of what her son wanted. "Do you wanna latch your lips around one of my nipples, just to see what it's like to nurse?"

"How did you know that's what I was gonna ask?"

"I guess we moms are good mind readers," she giggled. "If I let you latch it has to stay just between us, got it?"

"Got it!" he anxiously nodded.

"Lie back on the bed then."

Eldon did as she asked, sprawling back on his parents' mattress. He watched his mom crawl onto the bed with him. Her big boobs hung down like heavy udders, wobbling wonderfully as she moved over and hovered above him with her extended arms resting astride his body. "Which one of my melons would you like to suck on, hunny?" Mae asked, staring straight down her gaping cleavage, into his ogling eyes.

Eldon was so turned on he could hardly think straight. Hovering over him were two of the biggest Goddamn tits he had ever seen in his life. It was hard to choose which one to suck, since they looked the same. The grapefruit sized caps were textured with Montgomery tubercles and the

teats were fat and rubbery. "I'll try that one," he uttered with excited breath, motioning to the one on the right.

"That one it is then," said his mother, then she lowered her meaty mound down onto his face.

Eldon shuddered in delight as his mom's fat, naked boob rested against his face like warm, soft bread dough. He awkwardly latched

onto her nipple and drew it into his mouth, spreading his lusty lips across the cap of her tit.

Mae's cunt tube clenched, and her eyes widened at the sight of her boy's boner jumping rigidly on his loins. His knob mushroomed even bigger and pre-cum began bubbling from its yawning piss-slit. She simply couldn't imagine something so huge and erect stretching the nerve-rich walls of her vagina and pumping its purple, wide-ridged tip along her sensitive G-spot.

"You're sure gonna make some girl happy with that big thing someday, hunny," said Mae, tracing the bulging purple veins up his stalk with her beautiful blue eyes. Her plump clit throbbed beneath its fleshy hood with every tug and tongue-lash her son gave her sensitive nipple.

Eldon whimpered as he gorged himself on the scrumptious mammilla at the peak of his mom's tit. The way her fatty tit-meat masked his face only added to the thrill of what he was doing.

"Oh goodness, hunny…you're squirming!" his mother giggled, watching his hips writhe up and down. "Are you imagining that there's a pussy that you're humping up into?"

Her boy answered with a slurping moan.

"Would you like mom to wrap her fist around it, so that you can imagine that you're having sex with a girl?"

"Mm-hm!" moaned the boy.

Mae leaned over, grasping her teen's cock at the root. She was amazed at how much dick-meat was still sticking from her fist and how thick and warm his boner felt. Her tightly clasped hand began to pump along the

blue-veined stiffness of his shaft, using his pre-cum to lubricate her strokes. She inhaled deeply, making his virile teenage pheromones sweep through her nasal passages.

"Hot dignity damn that feels good!" Aldon's brain screamed as he felt his mom jerk on his cock. She moved her hand in a perfect corkscrew motion, really stimulating his nerve-endings, especially the ones in his glans.

"You can chew on my nipples too, hunny. You won't hurt them," his mom's sweet voice stated.

Eldon was quick to accept her invitation, clamping his teeth around the engorged flesh that was suctioned deeply in his mouth. The pounds of mammary meat that rested on his face quivered delightfully with each stroke of her hand on his cock.

Mae could feel the juices dripping from her cunt lips as she pumped her boy's hardon down to its root again. With the skin pulled tight around his vein-encrusted stalk and his cock jutting out in full ten-inch hardness, it almost took the mother's breath away imagining such a monster pack inside her tight pussy. "I don't think I've ever seen a more beautiful piece of loin-fruit!" she thought, licking her lips involuntarily.

"Hunny, do you remember how I told you to work your erection in order to stimulate a woman's G-spot?" the mother asked, while tirelessly stroking.

"Um-hm," the teen answered.

"Why don't we practice that. Stop when your knob is in the center of my fist and do little in and out movements."

Eldon took one long thrust through his mom's hand then stopped as she directed him to. He took a series of mini thrusts, humping his spongy tip through her fist. "Yes! Oh, my goodness…that's perfect,

Eldon!" Mae cheered, squeezing her fist as tightly as she could around him.

The rubbery nipple popped from the boy's mouth. "It feels good too!" his tit-smothered voice gasped.

"Do it again, hunny. This time really flex the muscles in your cock and take hard, rapid thrusts for a full minute."

Eldon wanted nothing more than to wow his mom, but the friction of her slippery, experienced fist felt like nothing he had ever felt around his cock before. "Oh, wow!" he whimpered, feeling his bell tip dig through her tight, cum-slickened hand.

"You're doing amazing, hunny! If you were inside a hot, wet pussy you would be providing perfect G-spot stimulation right now."

The mother was really enamored by the size and strength of her boy's prick and the way he humped with such dreamy thrusts. She knew for sure that if he were inside her cunt-sleeve she'd be soaking his throbbing prick with her hot ejaculatory juices.

"Thrust deep now, baby!" the mother mewled. Her boy's face was wedged inside her cleavage, and she gazed at him straight down her cavernous tit-canyon. "With your size, a woman will be able to feel you all the way in her womb."

Mae felt his teenage boner swell with rock hardness, the muscle and sinew straining beneath the pink skin of his dick. Rich, pearly-white spunk began to ooze from his meatus and run down his pole. "Look, hunny… do you see how much thicker and whiter that fluid is? You've become so worked up that a little bit of your ejaculation is starting to seep out. There are hundreds of thousands of sperm in that stream alone," she pointed out.

She used the ball-fluid to continue stroking his cock. "This feels REALLY good!" her son panted. His mom had grown up milking cows

so it didn't surprise him that she could give such an amazing handjob.

"When you dig against the G-spot like you just were, it really stimulates your cock-glans and can cause you to cum quickly. It looks like you stopped it just in time though."

"Yeah, but if you keep stroking me that way…I'm gonna cum soon!"

"Would you like me to teach you how to make it last longer?" Mae asked, even though she had been stroking on her teen for twenty minutes.

"Sure!"

"We're going to use something called 'the pause and squeeze method,' ok?"

"What's that?"

Mae continued to pump his prick tirelessly while explaining. "You're going to continue to fuck your cock through my hand, like it's a pussy, until you're about to ejaculate. Then, you'll pull out and squeeze the tip of your penis for several seconds, or until the need to cum passes."

"That'll really work?"

"Yes, it will. It's designed to stop the flow of cum, let your penis quickly rest to increase the time you can have sex with someone."

"Alright…I'm really close right now!" he urgently huffed.

"When you're about to cum, pull away from my hand and squeeze just the tip."

A few seconds later, Eldon yanked his cock from his mom's grip and squeezed his hand tightly around his glans. "Like this?" he gasped.

"Yes, hunny…squeeze your knob tight."

"Ok," the boy answered, trying to ward off the torrent of jizz.

"A girl might be disappointed for a moment when she feels your meat slip out of her, but that's nothing compared to the letdown she'll have if you cum prematurely," said Mae. "Besides, once you bury your boner back inside of her and begin fucking again, she'll forget all about the fact that you paused for a few seconds."

"I think I'm good now. It worked!" said the boy, releasing his dick.

"Of course, it worked, baby. Your mom would never share a technique that she didn't think was affective."

Mae grasped onto his steely dick and began stroking it again. She was so horny that she felt like she could go out of her fucking mind. There was a way that she knew that she could ease the growing pressure in her loins and teach her son an important part of the 'birds and the bees' in the

process. "Hunny, now that you're getting good at taking care of the 'inside' of a woman's vagina, would you like to learn how to take care of the outside as well?"

"Sure!"

"I'll have to take off my shorts and panties first. Can you take over stroking duty for just a minute?"

"Of course," Eldon answered, replacing his mom's cock-beating hand with his own. He watched as she unbuttoned her Daisy Dukes and pulled them off. Then, she did the same with her dainty silk panties, brazenly peeling them down her lovely, tan legs.

"Wow, that's really something, mom!" Eldon gasped, staring at her delicious-looking pussy. Her vulva was completely shaved except for

a cute little triangle of pubic hair that crowned her crotch.

"You've heard boys talk about 'fingering' a girl, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, the kind of 'fingering' that brings women to orgasm is caused by rubbing the outside area, around the clit. In fact, that's how most women masturbate because it's what feels the best. It can make them cum just as powerfully as a G-spot orgasm could."

Eldon watched in awe as his curvy mother sprawled back on the bed and lifted her shimmering legs up into the air. She spread her creamy thighs wide apart to expose the mound of her cunt. "Come down here close to it, hunny. I wanna show you what parts a woman likes rubbed the best."

Still yanking on his peter-meat, Eldon leaned down close, so his face was only the length of his cock from his mother's pussy. He watched in obscene fascination as she used two fingers to spread open her puffy outer labium. Her juicy inner flanges peeled open also, exposing her tight, pink fuck-hole. "Every woman has a hood of skin like this to protect her super-sensitive clitoris. Sometimes touching the hood or rubbing it, so that the pressure you're putting on it contacts the clit, is all it takes to make a woman howl with orgasm."

Eldon's body shuddered from the sweet aroma of his mom's pussy. "I've always heard about the clit, but never actually seen one before," he admitted.

"Are you ready for me to peel the skin over mine and let you have a look?"

"Uh-huh!" he eagerly nodded.

"What do I get for showing you?" she asked with a teasing tone, smiling down at him.

"Well, you've already seen all of me. What do you want?"

She gazed down at his huge purple knob all slimed up with pre-cum and slipping lewdly through his fist. "If I let you see and touch my little knob, then I want you to let me kiss on yours."

"I'm certainly not gonna say no to a deal like that."

"I didn't think you would," Mae giggled. Then, she peeled back her prepuce, exposing her grape-sized glans.

"Whoa, that looks just like the tip of a penis!" the boy exclaimed.

"And it's just as sensitive. Before touching the clit directly, you need to spread the wetness from the inside of my vagina."

"Spread the wetness?"

"That's right. Get my juices on your finger and paint it onto the rest of my lips and clit. Using my natural lubrication will make your touch feel smoother and allow your fingertips to glide and caress my pussy in the best possible way."

Eldon released his cock for a moment and used his semen-slimed hand to spread his mom's juices across her vulva. "It's OK if you get some of your pre-cum in on the mix. A combination of male and female juices makes the best lubrication for sex play," said Mae, watching her son feel her cunt.

"It's spread pretty much all over you now."

"Good. I see you still have some of my vaginal oil in your hand. Why don't you stroke your penis with it for a minute and see how good it feels."

Eldon didn't hesitate to do just that, raising to his knees between Mae's legs and beating his boner shamelessly in front of her. "It does

feel really slick!" he breathed.

The mother brought her legs together for a moment and rubbed her dainty bare feet with painted toenails up his bare chest, her eyes feasting lustfully on his lean teenage body. "It feels the best when its slippery," she said seductively. "Pussy and penile flesh, pumping together in a hot mixture of their own secretions."

"I can't wait to feel that someday!"

"You're gonna love it!" said Mae, spreading her legs wide again. "Before you sheath that penis though, it's important that you learn to rub a girl the right way. Are you ready to learn how to finger a girl?"

"Sure!" answered Eldon.

"Lay up here beside me."

Eldon moved over and hovered beside his busty mom. He could hardly believe she was lying there naked in front of him. Her huge, fat tits drooped slightly off the sides of her chest, their nipples still as erect as his cock was. "The first touch of a woman's clit should be feather-light," his mom whispered, "like rubbing honey on a butterfly's wing."

"Like this?" asked the boy, reaching over and gingerly rubbing her engorged love-nubbin with two fingers. He heard his mom gasp sharply.

"Yes…just like that!" she sighed. "Keep rubbing it!"

Eldon continued stimulating her clit, while watching her gasp and toss her pretty hair back and forth in ecstasy. "Oh, hunny…that's so good!" she squealed. "Don't stop!"

Eldon's eyes became glued to her fat tits as the bobbled around on her rib cage to her violent writhing. His mom squirmed onto her side, gasping and shivering. When she jerked over onto her tummy, Eldon followed, sprawling out on her backside as he continued to reach around and feverishly rub her clit.

"Oh, God, Eldon, please don't stop!" Mae's voice quivered as her pleasure-level continued to rise towards an orgasm. It was a wicked thrill having her son rest against her backside, his naked cock wedged in the crack of her meaty ass.

Eldon brushed his lips along the side of his mom's neck and his fingers continued to strum her juicy clit like a guitar string. His cock throbbed wildly as it dug through her writhing butt-crevice, the underside of his shaft licking back and forth across the ring of her butthole.

Suddenly, his mother's body stiffened, and she let out a deafening orgasmic scream. The boy continued rubbing her quivering clit, feeling her body shudder and buck beneath him. Finally, Mae clamped her legs together and grabbed his arm as her pink pearl became too sensitive to even touch. "Oh, hunny…that was amazing!" she sighed.

"It was! Thanks for showing me," said the boy, rolling onto his back beside her.

"I hate to sound greedy, since you just made me cum, but YOU DO still owe me," Mae grinned, glancing down at his cock.

"Don't worry…I didn't forget."

"I'm sure you didn't," she giggled, climbing to her knees. "In fact, you're probably incredibly eager for me shower that swollen, cum-leaking knob with kisses, aren't you?"

"I sure am!"

The mother leaned over, dragging her huge, soft tits up her son's chest as she brought her lips to his ear. "Well then, count to one hundred, then come find me so I can slobber on your knob," she said playfully.

Mae hopped from the bed and rushed to her bedroom door. "I have to count to a hundred first?" asked her son.

"You CAN count to a hundred, right?" she teased, cocking her rounded bubble butt back at him from the doorway. Even from behind, Eldon could see his mom's enormous jugs jutting out from her chest.

"Of course, I can, but—"

"No 'butts,' young man…except for this one!" she teased, wagging her naked butt-globes. Her eyes drifted to his rigid meat-cannon. "If you find me quick enough, I might nibble, suck and slobber all over that teenage knob of yours too."

"One, two, three, four, five," the boy quickly started counting, making his mom laugh and hurry away.

It was only a couple of minutes before he reached a hundred. Staying naked, he searched the farmhouse. When Aldon discovered the front door open, it told him that his mom was somewhere outside. He felt strange walking outside in the nude with his erect cock leading the way, but he knew his mom was naked too and they were the only ones at the ranch.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!" he shouted, looking around, then heading into the barn. "Mom, are you in here?"

"Maybe!" a voice giggled from the horse stalls.

Eldon went back to the stalls and found his beautiful mom sprawled out on the straw. "Mm, look at that sexy stallion!" she stated in a

sultry tone. "He looks like he's ready to mount him a mare with that big, hard horse- cock."

"I'm looking at one I like a lot right now!" the boy confessed, "but she has to unlock the gate first."

"Why's that…so you can give your mom a roll in the hay?"

"I wouldn't mind."

Mae stood up and walked towards the gate, her ballooning breasts quivering with each step. "Boys aren't supposed to put their penis inside their mom you know. That's the ultimate naughty taboo," she stated.

"I know, but it sure would be fun."

"Oh, I didn't say it wouldn't be fun, I just said it would be wrong."

"Well, you are willing to kiss on me down there. What's the difference?"

"One won't fill my belly with a baby, the other one will," Mae replied.

"I can pull out."

"Pull out?! What's the fun in that?" the mother winked. "See the gap in the boards down there?" she asked, glancing down at the gate.

"Yeah."

"Stick your cock through it."

Eldon didn't hesitate to get what he could, sticking his boner through the gap in the boards. Mae crouched down and began kissing tenderly on the engorged knob of his prick. "You're lucky your friend stopped over to help you today," she said between kisses.

"Otherwise, your father would have stayed back, and you wouldn't have gotten any of this."

"True," the boy answered, delighting in the feel of his mom's wet lips smooching the tip of his tool.

Mae rubbed her boy's slippery pre-cum on her kisser like lip gloss. Then, she licked it off, savoring the pungent saltiness of her son's ball nectar. She planted lewd sucky kisses all over his spongy bulb, feeling it throb against the ring of her lips. "Does that feel good, hunny?" she asked. "Does doing that with my lips make your cock tingle even more?"

"Yes!"

"Would you like me to nibble on that bulbous head with my teeth… like this?" she asked, chewing lightly on his pinkish-purple dick-flesh.

"Oh, God, yes!" he gasped, so aroused he could hardly stand it.

"Only lucky boys like you have a mom that will chew on the meat if their dick," said Mae, while lightly nibbling on the swollen bulb of her son's prick. "And swirl their tongue around it."

Eldon shuddered as he felt his mom's licker swirl wetly around his bell tip. Her tongue flickered wildly all over his knob, then she darted her tongue- tip right on the band of skin that connected his knob and foreskin. "Oh, shit…that feels amazing!" the teen gasped.

"We haven't even gotten to the amazing part yet, hunny," she giggled, lowing her lips over his achy tool, taking half his length into her cock-hungry mouth.

All Eldon could do was moan as his mom suctioned her cheeks and began giving him a delicious blowjob. Her head bobbed up and back rhythmically as she fucked her face on the stiffness of his rod.

Deeper and deeper her rounded lips plunged, driving her boy's boner down her throat.

Mae had never backed down from a challenge in her life, and deep throating her boy's huge cock was certainly the biggest one she had ever faced. With one forceful lunge her luscious lips sunk all the way down and spread out around his hairless cock-root. She held him there a moment, listening to his whimpers as every inch of his tender meat soaked in her warm, clasping throat.

"Oh, mom…that feels so good!" Eldon's voice quivered.

Encouraged by her son's words, Mae sucked her boy's tasty dick even harder, rolling and twisting her tongue all over the meat of his erection as it pummeled through her mouth and throat. She wrapped her fist around the hilt and beat his prick into her mouth as she sucked. The barn was filled with the lewd sounds of slurping and gurgling as the mother gave her son skillful head that he would never forget.

"I…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he finally announced. This caused Mae to increase her cock-sucking tempo. Her hand beat hard and fast at the base of his boner, like she was trying to pull his throbbing stalk from its root. "Auugh, shit…I'm cumming!!" the boy grunted.

Hot teenage jizz began splattering the roof of Mae's mouth, then blasted past her tonsils and down her throat. She clung determinedly to her boy's cum-spraying cock, feverishly gulping down his delicious goo as she sucked, with her mind set on nursing every drop from his nuts.

"My goodness…it's the tastiest load I've ever swallowed!" the mother thought. She swirled her tongue around on the head, cleaning his piss-slit as her tight fist pumped out the last few drops of his creamy spunk.

After finally getting back to the time machine, Eldon Sr. went back to 2024 to the exact day and time that he had left. His horse was even still waiting outside when he got there, grazing on some grass. Eldon climbed on board the animal and rode home.

"Eldon, right?" said a man in a sharp suit that stood outside his barn. There was a new Cadillac parked in the driveway nearby.

"That's right. Is there something I can help you with?"

"My name's Rich. I'm a real estate developer from the city and I hear you might be fixing to sell the ranch?"

"I'm not sure who you heard that from," said Eldon.

"Let's just say from someone who has his doubts that you'll be able to run an outfit like this all by yourself."

"I'll manage."

"At your age, I think we both know the chances of that are slim. My partners and I are willing to make you a fair offer on the land. The ranch, of course, will be demolished, to make way for a rural development."

"Thanks, but I'm not interested," said Aldon, heading for the house.

"You'll change your mind! The way I see it, you have no choice. An offer like this may not come around again. I'll leave my card on your truck."

Aldon made his way into the house, a sick feeling forming in the pit of his stomach. He cherished the family ranch, but he knew the guy was right, it was simply too much for him to manage alone. As he stood there for a moment, a new memory suddenly formed in his brain. He remembered walking out of the house bare naked to go out looking for his mother in the barn. "She blew me!" he suddenly

uttered, a smile forming on his face as the new memory played out in his brain. "I fingered mom up on her bed, then she gave me a blowjob out in the barn!"

He quickly went into his parents' old room and dug out Mae's diary. He had read it plenty of times but was delighted when he found a new entry on the date after his 18th birthday. He read his mother's words.

"Dear Diary,

Today, Eldon and I were very naughty! After his father left for town, I taught my boy all about the birds and bees. My goodness his cock was marvelous! I could never have imagined one so big and thick. Feeling it rub against me was more than I could bear. I taught my horny teenager how to finger a woman's clit, and he gave me a mind-blowing climax that way. Then, I hid from him in the barn, and after he found me, I gave him the best blowjob I could. The taste of his young sperm was scrumptious! As thrilling as the experience was, I felt a bit guilty afterwards, for betraying my husband that way. I explained to Eldon that it was a one-time thing and that there was no way things would ever go any further between us. Even so, the fascination I have for my boy has gone unchanged. I'm praying that my son never kisses me passionately. It'll force me to lose complete control of myself."

While Eldon was happy that things had happened that way after he had left, he was also saddened that his mother would not allow things to go further. However, he had two advantages. The first was 'time,' since he was the owner of a machine that could take him to any point in history. The second thing he had was clues to seduction that his mother had left in her diary; clues that he could share with his younger self.

"Hey, Eldon!" said Eldon Sr. as he traveled back in time again the next day.

"Hey, Eldon!" the boy smiled back as he mended a barbed wire fence on the property. "You're not gonna believe what happened to me yesterday."

"I aleady know."

"You do?"

"Of course, I do…I'm YOU, remember, so everything you did yesterday suddenly enters my memory bank," replied the older Eldon.

"Man, that's crazy to even think about, but needless to say, yesterday was about the best day of my life!"

"I'm glad things went well, and you followed my advice."

"Yeah, the only bad part is, mom had a chat with me after we had our fun and told me it can never happen again."

"Yeah, well…I think I know of a way IT CAN happen again, and even more than what happened yesterday if you play your cards right."

"What way do mean?" the boy asked with interest.

"I'm not sure if you know this yet, but mom keeps a diary."

"She does?"

"Yep, and after what happened yesterday, she wrote an entry that gave a couple interesting clues on how you might be able to seduce her into having sex with you."

"I'm listening," said the boy with an eager smile.

After explaining what he read in Mae's diary and helping the boy formulate a plan, Eldon Sr. gave his younger self and pat on the

back. "I'm afraid this is the last time I'm gonna be able to visit you, Eldon," he stated.

"Why?"

"Lots of reasons, really. First off, I have a ranch that I need to focus on, and it takes a lot of work, as you know. Secondly, adults are a bit suspicious of elderly men hanging out with boys. Unless your parents know the truth, which they shouldn't, it's best if we're not seen together as pals, do you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I get it."

"Lastly, I've accomplished everything I set out to do here. I've given you words of encouragement and helped you see a clear path to accomplish something that I've always wanted to do. Now, it's up to you to make it happen."

"I won't disappoint you," said younger Eldon. "I won't disappoint either one of us."

They shared a quick hug and parted ways.

"Dinner smells great, mom!" said Eldon as he entered the kitchen.

"Thanks, hunny. If you wanna wash up, it's almost ready."

"I'll wash up in a few minutes. I'm busy watching YOU right now," said the boy, his eyes fixed on her lovely, rounded ass.

"Don't let your father catch you staring at me like that," Mae smirked.

"He's still out on the tractor. He won't be in any time soon. I could walk over there and kiss you and he'd never know."

"Kiss me, huh?" the mother blushed, her heart fluttering. "That's awfully bold."

"Well, you did suck my cock yesterday. That was bold too."

"We agreed we'd never talk about that, remember?"

"I went along with that, but I didn't really 'agree' to anything," Eldon stated as he got up and strode over to her. He had watched her long enough that his cock had gotten fully erect and bulged lewdly beneath his pants. He boldly pushed his boner against her crotch, taking her in his arms.

"Hunny, we can't. I told you yesterday, we—"

"It suddenly occurred to me earlier," blurted the boy, cutting her off, "that you taught me all those important things about sex yesterday, but neglected the most important thing of all."

"Which is?"

"How to kiss."

"Oh, well, I um—"

"Will you show me…just once?" the boy asked, moving his lips towards hers.

Mae felt her willpower melting away. She didn't know what turned her on more, her son's rigid fuck-muscle pushing against her vulva or his sexy lips slowly hovering towards hers. "Maybe just one, and that's it…forever, ok?" she answered.

"Got it!"

Slowly, their lips met for the longest, most intimate kiss either of them had ever shared with another person. Their mouths parted and their tongues dueled inside Eldon's mouth for two glorious minutes. "I wanna have sex with you," the teen whispered, the second their lips peeled apart. "Will you have sex with me?"

Mae gazed back at him as all her inhibitions quickly dissipated. "Saddle up one of the horses," the mother whispered back, her eyes blazoned with lust.

"Where are you two off too?" Shelby asked as he pulled the tractor up next to the barn. His wife and son had just emerged together on a horse; Mae clinging to her son from the back.

"Dinner is finished and, on the stove," said his wife. "Eldon and I wanna take a ride out on the peak to watch the sunset."

"It's still awhile before the sun sets," said her husband, looking out at the ball of light in the sky.

"We don't wanna miss it."

"Suit yourselves," said Eldon's dad, climbing from the tractor. "Keep your eyes out for some strays while you're out there. A few wandered off this morning."

"We'll keep our eyes peeled," said Eldon, then he gave the horse a kick and they hurried off across the field. It wasn't long before they were out of sight of the ranch.

"Drop the reins and just let him wander," Mae whispered in her son's ear, speaking about the horse. She reached around and began fondling her boy's prick through his pants. "Take it out."

While Eldon fished his erect cock from his jeans, Mae turned so her legs stuck off the side of the horse. Sitting this way, she was able to pull off her shorts and panties, letting them fall to the ground.

"Are you ready for me, hunny?" she asked.

"Yes!" the boy answered, looking down at his steely-hard erection protruding out of his fly hole.

Mae gracefully climbed around, straddling her son on the horse. She reached between them, clutching his cock at its root, and guiding it inside of her. They both gasped in unison as Eldon's long, meaty shaft stretched her inner lining, sinking wetly into her fuck-tunnel.

"Oh, damn, mom!" the boy moaned, feeling his cock-meat sheathed inside the smoldering snugness of her vagina.

"Oh, God, hunny…I've never been so full of cock before!" Mae squealed, pushing their crotches together in full penetration. She had never felt a knob so wonderfully crushed against the head of her cervix in her life. She quickly threw off her son's shirt, then her own. Next came her bra, and she slapped her huge naked tits against her boy's chest as she dove for his lips.

While passionately kissing his mother, Eldon wiggled his hips, making his fuck-rod stir around inside the gooey tightness of his mom's pussy-channel. Overcome with fuck-lust, Mae began humping like a bitch in heat on top of him, the bottom of her thighs beating against the top of his.

"Fuck me, Eldon!" gasped the mother, clinging to him tightly as she rode his loins like a rodeo queen.

The boy was aroused tremendously as he felt his rock-hard boner slashing through the tunnel of his mother's cunt. He adored how her glove-tight pussy wetly contracted around the pillar of his fuck-muscle, swathing it in hot lubricating oil that secreted from her sex glands. His mom's oversized

titties bounced and rippled between them, only adding to the boy's excitement level.

Eldon lowered his hands, filling his fingers with meat from the jiggling globes of his mom's ass. He humped his own ass off the horse saddle, fucking his aching cock-rod in and out of his mother's fuck-slit.

"Work my G-spot, baby…just like I taught you!" panted Mae, tightening her cunt-muscles around him.

Eldon backed his prick halfway down her pussy tunnel and began taking short, rapid thrusts, stimulating the upper wall of her vagina. "Oh, yes…like that! Hit it with your fat fucking cock!" Mae cried out as she felt his wide coronal ridge digging at her erogenous tissue exquisitely, making her pussy-core tingle with an impending climax. She added her own thrusts to his, so their crotches were moving in rhythmic unison, their bellies slapping lewdly together.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, shit, I'm cuuummmiiinnnggg!" the mother screamed out, her body trembling with orgasmic contractions. Her cunt spewed hot ejaculatory juices all over her boy's fuck-organ, making it flex powerfully inside of her.

Eldon winced in toe-clenching pleasure as his mom ground her shaved slit against the root of his cock, stirring his big teenage dick around inside her spewing cunt. He could barely contain the molten load of cream that was brewing in his balls. "Mom, I'm gonna need to do that pause and squeeze thing," the boy announced. "Really soon!"

"Ok, baby," she said breathlessly, then pulled her cunt off his cock.

Eldon grasped onto the soaking wet tip of his prick and squeezed it hard, making the cum settle back into his quivering testicles.

"Better?" asked his mother as she hovered there waiting.

"Yes!"

"Lean back this time," she directed.

The boy slouched back, supporting himself on his forearms near the back of the horse. He watched his mother grasp his cock plowing its

spongy tip through the fleshy, flowering folds of her labium. "Ready for more pussy?" she naughtily asked.

"Heck yes!"

She fit his leaky tip to the mouth of her vestibule, then lowered her wide hips, causing his blue veined cock to split her twat and squeeze through her tunnel of ecstasy. Eldon watched their bare crotches meet in full penetration; his mom plump clit protruding from beneath its hood and mashing against him. The muscles beneath her cunt walls gave him rhythmic squeezes as she began riding him. "My goodness, you're so big and stiff!" the mother mewled, bouncing on the unyielding stiffness of his prick.

"Oh, shit!" the boy gasped, staring at his mom's tits as they made quite a spectacle, right there in front of him. Her huge, fleshy udders leaped up and down, rippling delightfully each time they smacked against her rib cage. Her pussy was so wet that it squelched around his throbbing prick, making lewd slurping sounds every time he thrust it into her belly.

"Do you like getting fucked by your mother, baby?" Mae asked.

"Definitely!"

"Is my pussy as hot and tight as you imagined it would be?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Are you gonna ram your ball-cream into me and make me pregnant with your baby?" Mae hornily asked.

"If you want me too, yes!"

"Well, I certainly don't want you to pull out, so I guess you can shoot that virile wad inside me, and we'll see what happens."

"Ok."

"Are you ready for mommy to make you bust that nut?"

"Sure!" said the boy.

Mae bucked her rounded ass cheeks harder, pumping her pussy furiously on the meaty spike of her son's cock. Her pink, spongy cunt-tunnel clenched and spasmed around his erectile meat as she came with body-trembling intensity. She knew that the way her baby-chute was chewing and burbling hot girl cum around Eldon's boner would have him ejaculating anytime.

"Oh, God…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he announced.

Colored lights flashed before the boy's eyes as a torrent of cum shot up his shaft and splattered into the end Mae's cunt-tunnel, coating her cervical head. His cock just continued spurting and spurting as his mom milked him off with her dripping slit.

"Eldon, are you up here?" Shelby called out to his son from the hallway.

"I think he went into town with a friend, hunny," said his wife from behind the closed door of their bedroom.

"Alright, well if you see him before I do, tell him there are cows that need milked."

"Will do!"

Inside the bedroom, Mae's legs were wrapped tightly around her son's back as he pounded his pole into her overheated cunt. Eldon's young, muscular ass flew up and down as he fed his mother full length thrusts with his teenage cock. Their naked bodies were sweat sheened from engaging in three hours of hot, nasty sex.

"Harder!" the mother cried, wanting nothing more than to be royally fucked by her boy. She clawed her long, painted fingernails down his back, bouncing her lovely buns from the mattress to meet his furious thrusts.

Eldon kissed his mom passionately as their bodies thrashed together with burning desire. The boy licked down her neck and she guided him to her

sloshing tit-melons. "Suck on my titties while you fuck me, baby!" she panted.

The boy captured one of her nipples and sucked like a starving infant. He loved how all the cushy fat inside her supple melon jiggled with every forceful thrust of his cock.

Mae's pretty face grimaced in pleasure. She clenched her toes and her thighs quivered from the heated intensity of her violent orgasm. Over the past few days, her and her son had fucked up a storm at every opportunity. Eldon had pounded his cock inside his mom's pussy so much that his balls were sore from beating against her upturned ass hour after hour.

"You can't get enough of this pussy, can you, baby?" Mae asked as her son sat upright, continuing the thrust into her.

"No way…I'm addicted!" her son answered, licking his lips as he watched her giant titties roll up and down her chest.

"That's ok, you've made a cock-addict out of me," she confessed. "Not just any cock though…YOUR meaty teenage fuck-muscle is the only one I want!"

"Good, because I plan on giving it to you a lot!"

On and on they fucked, making her marital bed rock in ways it never had. Unlike his dad, Eldon was just a natural cunt-fucker.

"Oh, God, the things your big cock does to me!" the mother squealed, writhing in ecstasy.

Eldon looked down with a grin and watched his huge, muscled dick glide through the obscenely stretched lips of his mother's pussy. His mom's glistening secretions accentuated the fat blue veins bulging out along his shaft. "Hook your feet around my neck, mom," he directed. "I'm gonna fuck you as hard as I can."

"Gladly, baby," said the mother, draping her legs over his shoulders. He brought his weight down against her, propping her sexy legs back, and began to beat his swollen prick through her pussy as hard as he could.

"Take my fucking cock, mom!" the boy snarled, humping her with savage intensity.

"Cuuummmiiinnnggg…OH, FUCK YESSS!!" the mother cried out as juicy contractions burned through her fuck-tunnel, causing it to quiver and clasp tightly to her son's pile-driving boner.

The friction around the boy's peter-meat was intense, causing his dick and balls to tingle in pre-orgasmic delight. Eldon let out an animal-like grunt as another load of ball-nectar, his fifth of the day, spattered through his mom's spewing cunt, mixing with her juices to form a frothy cocktail around his erection.

Eldon Sr. wanted to return to his past one last time before he gifted the time machine to another lucky person, just as someone had done to him. This time he returned around his 19th birthday, a year after his previous visit.

He knew exactly where to find his younger self, since his mind was constantly being updated with new memories. Eldon Jr. had purchased a pickup truck from money he made on the farm. The old rust-bucket wasn't much to look at, but the boy threw a mattress in

the truck bed so him and his mom could drive out onto the property and fuck their asses off.

"Oh, God…I love sex with you, baby!" Eldon Sr. heard Mae gasp as he snuck up beside the rocking vehicle. It was parked between some shrubs some distance from the ranch. The old rusty shocks of the truck CREEKED rhythmically to the tempo of the humping bodies they were supporting.

Eldon Sr. peered in truck bed and saw his beautiful brunette-haired mother riding the boy's cock feverishly. He got a pleasantly surprised expression as he noticed how huge and round Mae's belly was. "She's pregnant!" his brain exclaimed. "I got mom pregnant!"

"Oh, fuck, mom!" the teen gasped, humping his ass from the mattress, driving the huge, meaty stalk of his prick through her tightly clasping

fuck-tunnel. Her giant, milk-engorged tits and round baby ball were quite the spectacle, bouncing and rippling to her cock-fucking tempo.

Mae gyrated her luscious hips, screwing her boy's ten-inch cock in the scalding tightness of her slippery cunt. She swiveled up and back, grinding her slit against the root of his prick. She couldn't believe that this dreamy pink boner was something that she had created, and now it was providing her with such toe-curling pleasure.

"Getting tired yet?" she asked her boy, their bodies glistening with sweat from going at it for two hours.

"No way! Are you?"

"Are you kidding?! You know my sexual appetite by now. I could fuck and cum all Goddamn day!" exclaimed the mother.

Eldon yanked his mom down on top of him, smothering his face in boobie-flesh. "I'm not stopping you!" he panted, kissing his way up inside her monstrous cleavage. Having his head sandwiched between two squishy, watermelon-sized tits was the greatest feeling in the world.

Mae's thick, rounded bubble butt flew up and down, the fat in their cheeks rippling each time they collided with her son's cum-filled nuts. Their crotches made an obscene slurping sound as the boy's thick cock squashed up between her clinging pussy lips. His balls smacked wetly against her juice-smeared ass as they bobbled up and down to their tireless tempo.

"Oh, you sweet fucker," the mother gasped, feeling his fat plunging cock stimulate her nerve-endings, causing an orgasm to swell in her loins. "You sweet, sweet motherfucker!"

Kissing and sucking at the side of his mother's tit-melon, Eldon peered up through her spongy, cavernous cleavage and watched her pretty face contort with lust as a ferocious orgasm took control of her entire body.

"OH, BABY…I'M CUMMING!" she shrieked. "CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

Eldon tightened his ass-muscles, flexing his steely cock to make his mother cum even harder on his cunt-smothered prick. On and on the teen

fucked, each thrust more glorious than the last as he felt the hot juices of his mother ejaculation soak his boner and run down his balls.

"Oh, God!" his mom finally gasped as she stopped trembling. She kissed his lips sensually. "Fuck me from behind now, baby," she moaned. "I need some doggy dick."

Mae climbed up on her hands and knees, pointing her rounded derriere back at her teen. He was quick to mount her from behind, feeding his fat cock through her horny slit. "OH, FUCK, YESSS!" the mother cried out, feeling her boy's thick slab stretch the lining of her vagina.

Eldon had become very adept at fucking her this way. Since they had begun having sex, not a day had gone by that he wasn't pounding her cunt in the doggy position. He grasped her firm hips and really laid into her, drawing his boner out until only the head remained lodged in her cunt-tunnel, then he slammed it home again.

The boy's tongue hung from his mouth in lust, watching his mom's meaty ass-globes ripple as they smacked against his midsection repeatedly. He loved leaning over to the side and watching her humongous, dangling tits swing to the rhythm of their fuck thrusts.

"Oh, hunny…this feels so good!" Mae's voice trembled. She threw her peach-shaped ass back at her teen, meeting his steady thrusts with ones of her own. She could feel every vein and sinew of his meaty prick carving deliciously against the sensitive nerves along her corrugated cuntal walls.

Eldon dug his fingers into the meat of her ass as he fucked, watching the cute pink ring of her butthole wink up at him. He noticed movement out the corner of his eye, then saw Eldon Sr. standing nearby watching them fuck.

The elder Eldon gave his younger self a proud thumbs up.

Eldon Jr. returned a confident smile, resting his fist on his mom's swiveling ass as he returned a grateful thumbs up. He never imagined that he would some day travel back in time to help his naughty dreams become a reality.

The teen held still for a moment and just let his mother hump back on him. Since getting her pregnant she had become completely

hypersexual, even to the point of being risky, by coming to his bed in the middle of each night for a passionate fuck. Eldon was having his nuts drained a half-dozen times a day, either from fucking or by getting a hot, juicy blowjob. It was no wonder his mom had gotten pregnant from the gallons of cum that he had pumped inside her unprotected pussy.

"Oh my God, that dick!" Mae gasped fucking her pussy faster and faster over his thick, cunt-splitting dong. With every heated hump, she was letting out squeals of rapture as Eldon's sturdy teenage rod ripped deeper and deeper into her birthing tube.

"OH, GOD! OH, FUCK!" She shrieked, bouncing against him frantically as her body tensed for another violent orgasm. "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK…I'M CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

"I'm cumming too, mom!" the boy announced, holding her hips, and laying into her with savage fury.

Mae heard her son let out a guttural grunt and the massive load splattering into her caused her to climax even harder. It was several minutes before they collapsed onto the mattress together and kissed.

"Oh, you are sweet, wonderful lover. Thank you for making my sexual dreams come true," Mae breathlessly expressed.

"The pleasures mine, mom."

"Mm, it certainly is, isn't it?" she giggled, feeling his creamy spunk ooze out from between her cunt-lips.

Eldon Sr. returned to the present day, not surprised to see that circumstances had changed around the ranch. He had a bunch of hard-working younger siblings, who were really his children, but they didn't know that. One of them, a sweet angel named Eliza, was a

splitting image of his mother, big tits and all. She cooked and cleaned; a real feast for the

eyes since she enjoyed wearing very little. Eldon lived out his remaining years a happy man on the family farm.

THE END

182: Vacation with Mom and Gran – Part 1

Vacation with Mom and Gran – Part 1

By Klrxo

"OHHH, SHIT, MOM!" Alan gasped, his sweaty face peeking out from beneath her giant, milk-swollen breast. He loved being smothered by them while they fucked.

Sex with his mom just kept getting more and more incredible with each passing day of her pregnancy. Shelly was nearly nine-months along with twins and the changes in her body created a formidable playground for her 19-year-old son.

"Fuck me, baby!" she whimpered, throwing her rounded bubble butt up and down, humping her son from the top. Increased blood-flow to her genitals had caused Shelly's pleated cuntal walls to swell, tightening her pit of pleasure around the steely hardness of Alan's thick cock. This created mind-blowing friction for both of them, which was aided by hot fuck-oil that secreted from the mother's lining and sizzled delightfully on the boy's tender cock-meat.

"Oh, shit! … Oh, fuck! …OHH, BABY!!" the mother cried out, on the verge of a tit-trembling climax.

Shelly whipped her long dark hair back, her pretty eyes rolling in their sockets. "OHHH, GOD, I'M CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!" she squealed, trying not to be too loud, since her husband was

downstairs. Her pelvic musculature began to contract rhythmically, causing her to clench her perfect white teeth together in absolute ecstasy.

"Auuaghh!" Alan snarled, bucking beneath her voluptuous, pregnant body. Despite the sublime resistance of her clenching, quivering vagina, he continued to drive his flexing love-muscle in as deep as it could go. Her external os felt like a set of pursed lips kissing his cum-drooling knob on every plunge.

Their crotches SMACKED together in full penetration so Shelly's outer lips were mashed against her boy's cock-root. Their grinding genitals let out an audible SQUELCH as the trembling mother soaked her boy's prick in female ejaculate.

"OH, SHIT…I'M GONNA CUM!" Alan announced, then felt his mom bounce on his prick again, creating a lewd milking suction that she knew would get him off the hardest. With his head tucked between her giant, rippling breasts, the teen pushed his face against one of her fatty mounds and grunted delightfully. Cum erupted from his cock-tip in hot, thick ropes, splattering obscenely along the contracting tube of his mom's pussy, mixing with her own orgasmic juices.

Shelly and her son engaged in a beautiful orgasmic dance that lasted nearly five minutes. Every move they made sent delicious shockwaves through their naked bodies. They kissed passionately, whipping their pink tongues together as their crotches writhed, milking out every ounce of pleasure that their orgasms would provide.

"Did you find his license?" Shelly's husband asked as she returned to the kitchen.

"License?" Shelly asked.

"Yeah…you said Alan lost his driver's license and you were going in his room to help him look for it."

"Oh, yes…that license. We looked for the longest time and finally found it. It was, um…under his bed," she lied, feeling a droplet of cum escape her pussy and run down her inner thigh.

"How did it get under his bed?"

"Oh, I don't know, honey. You know how teenagers are though. They lose everything, and in the strangest places."

Shelly's phone started vibrating so she looked at it. "Oh, it's your mother," she blurted, then answered. "Hey, Jeanie!"

"Are you and Alan feeling up for a Caribbean cruise?" her mother-in-law asked.

"A cruise?"

"Yes…it's a mother and son cruise, but other female family members can attend also," she stated. "They'll be games, prizes and opportunities for all sorts of hot, nasty sex."

"Well, it certainly sounds fun, but I have a due date in two weeks, remember?" said Shelly, patting her huge, pregnant belly. "When is it?"

"That's the catch. It leaves Port this Friday."

"This Friday?!" Shelly giggled. "Jeanie, that doesn't give us much time to prepare, and what if I go into labor early?"

"I'm sure they have doctors on board that are more than capable of helping a woman give birth. You want a home birth anyway, so if you pop a baby out on a cruise ship it won't be much different."

"Alright…let me talk to Alan, AND Greg to see what we can arrange."

"Let me know as soon as you can that way I can book us the nicest room they have available."

Shelly sweet-talked her husband into giving her and Alan the ok for a week-long getaway. "You guys will have a great time," Greg stated, kissing his wife.

"I'm sure we will," his wife smiled. "Especially when we're fucking our asses off," she wickedly thought. She made arrangements for her other children and went out to purchase some new outfits for their trip. Ones that she didn't dare show her husband.

ACROSS TOWN…

Alicia, a heavy-titted housewife with shoulder-length blonde hair knocked on her son's bedroom door. "Nelson…I need to talk to you," she sweetly announced.

When her son didn't answer she knocked again. "Nelson, I know that you're masturbating in there. Can you just take a break for a moment and talk to me!"

Nelson was sprawled on his bed naked with his dick in his fist. He was a handsome teen, but extremely short for his age. He was barely an inch over four-feet, which was something that certainly got him teased a lot at school. It was a fact that had unfortunately prevented him much from dating as well, since most girls went for the tall, muscular football-player-types. What he lacked in physical stature, however, he made up for in dick-size. At its full hardness, his teenage cock was just over ten-inches, with substantial girth. The boy seemed annoyed when his mom continued knocking. "Mom, can it wait?! I'll be out in a minute," he shouted.

"No…it can't wait! Please just unlock the door," she patiently replied.

Alicia was startled when her son threw the door open. "What?!" he asked.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but can we please just talk for a minute?"

"I'm listening," her boy replied, clearly doing his best to conceal his monster erection.

"Can we, um…sit down…please," Alicia awkwardly asked, knowing full-well that her son had been beating his meat when she knocked. She moved over to his bed on bare feet and sat down. The huge swell of her double-H cup breasts bobbled heavily beneath her snug top as her luscious ass rested on his mattress. She flared her nostrils, taking in the aroma of wet dick-flesh and pre-cum that lingered in the room.

Nelson came over and sat next to her. "So, what did you need to talk to me about so bad?" he asked.

"Look…I know our relationship has been 'strained' here lately. I've been on you for a lot of things, including your grades, but there's something I heard about this morning that might allow us to…repair our relationship," she explained.

"Like what?" her boy asked.

"It's a cruise…just for mothers and sons. It goes to the Caribbean for a week."

"Mom, not to sound mean, but we can't stand being around each other for more than five minutes. How do you expect us to spend a week together on a boat?"

"OK, first of all, that's not true. Just because we fight a lot doesn't me can't spend time around each other," she corrected. "And secondly…yes, we'll be on a cruise ship, but that doesn't mean we have to spend every waking hour around each other. I realize that there are certain…'things' you'll need to take care of privately," she stated, glancing at his bulging crotch, "and I can give the time and space you need for that. I just think this would be a great break

from our daily routine. Things like school and chores…you know, those things that we mostly fight about. We'll be able to have some fun together for a change."

"I suppose a cruise doesn't sound too bad," the teen admitted. Despite their spats recently, Nelson had a crush on his pretty mom that went back to the start of puberty. Many a masturbatory fantasy of his involved laying pipe inside of her, while his father was at work, and sucking on her gigantic tits. It was for this reason that he so easily agreed to the idea of a cruise alone with her, where he might just have chance at squeezing his cock inside her.

"It won't be bad at all," she blurted, reaching over and taking his hand. "It'll probably be like one big reset button on our relationship."

Nelson glanced at her exposed cleavage. His mom's tit-canyon seemed so deep and wonderful. He knew he would probably never get a chance to have his head lodged between her hefty mammaries, but if there was one place he might get to see more of her ample tit-meat it was a cruise ship.

The day of departure quickly came and hundreds of moms and sons walked arm in arm into the Grand cruise ship. The elegant vessel was appropriately named: Jocasta of the Seas.

"Well…isn't this beautiful!" Jeanie stated. Her and Shelly each held one of Alan's arms as they strolled the upper deck of the ship.

"It sure is," her daughter-in-law answered, squeezing her son's arm so it sunk against the fetus of their twins in her belly. "It's much bigger than I thought it would be."

"That's what SHE said," Alan joked, making both his mom and Gran Giggle.

"I certainly hope by 'she,' you mean your mom and I?" Jeanie asked.

"Of course," the boy answered, his cock beginning to harden just listening to their dainty, stiletto heels click against the deck floor. He peeked down at their sexy feet that had freshly painted toenails. They were elegantly propped up in open-toed mules and he couldn't wait to see his mom and Gran's sexy toes clenched when he brought them off with body-trembling orgasms. His mom wore a mesh maternity-fitted mini dress with a halter neckline. It was just sheer enough for him to see her tremendous tit-cleavage and how the creamy flesh rippled with her every graceful step.

Next, his gaze moved to his Gran's oversized melons, partially exposed by the V-shaped neckline of her mini-dress. Jeanie used to have a slight size up on Alan's mother, in the breast-size department, but not any more. Lately, Shelly's Prenatal body had experienced the greatest level of milk production, preparing her breasts for lactation. Alan knew that his Gran also was producing tit-nectar, due to high levels of prolactin. The difference was though that his mom's boobs contained a growing network of lobules and ducts, making her knockers swell much fatter and heavier than Jeanie's. Even so, his Gran's tits looked absolutely mouth-watering; gigantic twin mounds of glandular, fibrous and fatty tissue that he couldn't wait to suck on.

Jeanie caught her cute Grandson staring and smiled in a lascivious manner. "Well now…do we wanna check out the room and maybe have a juicy cuddle-fuck, or did you guys wanna continue looking around?" she asked.

"I'm down to fuck," Alan answered, then looked at his mom.

"There's only one thing I'm craving more than dick right now and that's chocolate," Shelly admitted. "Why don't you two check out the room and

beat your bellies together for awhile. I think I'll go find some sweets and catch up with you later."

"Fine by me," Jeanie smiled. "I'll never complain about having my Grandson's dreamy dick all to myself."

Alan and his mom shared a tender kiss before they parted. "Don't wear him out too much. I'm gonna need some of that sexual energy later," Shelly advised.

Below deck, Nelson and Alicia entered their cabin. The teen immediately looked at the big bed. "Our room doesn't have…um, bunks?" he asked.

"Sorry, honey…all this ship seemed to have was beds like this. I promise I won't be a bed hog," teased Alicia as she set her purse down.

Nelson watched his mom slip off her heels and sprawl out on the mattress. "The question now is…how comfortable is it?" she asked. "Some of these cruise ship beds can be quite stiff."

The boy sat on the beds edge, fascinated by how his beautiful blonde mom was stretched out across the mattress. Alicia wore a floral-printed mini sundress. The top half clung to the outline of her ballooning breasts. The bottom half left most of her sexy, tan legs exposed. The boy marveled at how silky smooth they looked. He could tell they were freshly shaved by how they gave off a delicious sheen. His mom wasn't skinny by any means, but she wasn't overweight either. Her legs were curvy and exhibited a feminine strength that could probably squeeze the life out of someone. Her feet were dainty, with painted toenails. Often times, Nelson would lay in bed and envision his mom's luscious legs thrown back into a wide V, with her toes pointed back at the headboard, revealing her pussy to him in all its glory. It was a reoccurring fantasy of his.

"What's on your mind, honey?" Alicia asked, sitting upright.

"Nothing," the boy answered, snapped from his trance. "I just…can't believe we're on a cruise."

"I know. It seems strange just the two of us, right? I mean, the last time we had your dad and sister with us. It's weird to think that this voyage is just for you and me."

"Totally."

Nelson realized that by the way his mom was sitting, all he had to do was lay back and he'd get a view straight up her skirt. "The bed is pretty comfortable," he stated, justifying the fact that he was reclining back against the mattress.

"Yes…I'm so glad," Alicia agreed. "At least we both know now that we'll get a good night's sleep."

The boy sneakily peeked up between her slightly spread legs and was rewarded for his efforts. His mom's yellow panties fit snugly against her crotch, revealing a wonderful camel toe. He couldn't believe that after all the years of living with her, it was the first time he got a really good look at her panty-shrouded pubis.

Alicia closed her legs. "So, I promised that I wouldn't be up your butt on this trip, so why don't you go out and have a look around the ship," the mother suggested. "I'm just gonna grab a shower and then I'll come find you."

"Sure," the boy replied, getting up.

"When we meet up, you can take me around and show me all the cool things you've found," Alicia remarked, following her son to the door.

"Sounds like a plan. See you in awhile then," said Nelson as he headed up the hallway.

Alicia heard a woman giggling and turned the other direction to see a boy on his knees, reaching under a mother's skirt and yanking her panties down her legs. "Billy!" the female giggled, "Not out here!"

The teen lifted her up and began kissing her neck as she circled her smooth mommy-legs around him. "Honey, please…let's get to our room and you can ravage me there," the mother advised, then looked over at Alicia and rolled her eyes. "Ugh…boys and their hormones," she joked.

Alicia gave a friendly smile in return, then closed her cabin door. "I should have known there wouldn't be JUST moms and sons on this cruise," she told herself out loud, ignorant of the fact that it actually WAS a mother and son she just saw.

Meanwhile, Alan was waiting on the big bed in the cabin he was sharing with his mom and Gran. He was nude and on his back, his cock already fully hard with anticipation of what was coming.

"Ready or not…here I come," Jeanie's sultry voice announced, opening the bathroom door.

"Daaamnnn!" Alan exclaimed, his eyes widening as he saw his Gran standing in the doorway wearing a white fishnet bodystocking. He could clearly see her enormous, jutting tits through the nylon fabric, capped by their wide, dusky-pink areolas. The crotch of the outfit was open, revealing the puffy outer lips of her vulva and the furrow of her cunt-slit.

"Do you like?" she asked, gracefully twirling around to show off her meaty backside. Like the front, her rounded buttocks was encased in sheer nylon, but a portion of the fabric was open, lower on the cheeks. Jeanie looked back lustfully and curled her tongue across her top lip, gazing at her Grandson's muscular shaft. "Are you ready to rock this fucking boat, darling?" she asked.

"Let's rock it!"

He had never seen his Gran move so fast. All that registered was how her giant, stiff-nippled boobies bobbled beneath the sheer nylon before she pounced on top of him. "SHIT!!" the teen gasped as he

found his face mashed down between her breasts. He felt Jeanie's hand clasp onto his erection, rubbing it against her smooth outer labium. Then, the knob of his cock became warm with wetness as it pried into her vaginal vestibule.

"OHH, YESS!" the busty sixty-two-year-old gasps as she felt her Grandson's cock split her quim and sink into her smoldering cunt-tunnel.

Alan bucked his hips upward, plunging to her cervix. "AHHHH!" he hissed, feeling his entire cock encapsulated in spongy cuntal flesh.

Jeanie felt his leaky knob mushroom even bigger inside of her. She pushed until his ass hit the bed again, mashing her outer flanges against his cock-root. Then, the horny woman swiveled her pussy up and back in full penetration, stirring Alan's sturdy, cunt-smothered erection in the confines of her most secret place. "You wanna dance, baby?" she squealed. "Let's fucking dance!"

Alan wrapped her in his arms as she plowed on his cock like a fuck-hungry whore. His wonder-filled face was buried in nylon-encased boobie-flesh, tucked deeply into Jeanie's warm, gaping cleavage and loving every second of it. He flexed his PC muscle, making the veins in his penile meat bulge out obscenely. His fat, plumb-sized knob pumped through Jeanie's birthing tube, the rounded ridge of his glans slipping across the well-pronounced pleats of his Grandmother's vaginal lining, creating sensational friction. He only needed to dig through her fuck-hole like this for a couple of minutes before her heavy breath reached a violent crescendo.

"AAAAUUGGGHHH!!" Jeanie howled, shuddering from a tremendous climax.

Alan resisted the urge to cum, which wasn't easy with such a sexy, heavy-titted woman on top of him. Her pussy contracted around his cock, squeezing his unyielding slab with ball-tingling tightness. "Hot shit, that's good!" he gasped, pumping his hips upward, making the

muscles and sinews at the base of his cock flex and strain as he squeezed his fat prick through Jeanie's velvet-vice pussy-grip.

When she let out a deep sigh, Alan quickly rolled her over onto her back, taking the top. He had fucked his Gran's ass off dozens and dozens of times and knew exactly how she wanted it.

The teen's lean, slim hips humped between his Gran's thick thighs, hammering the length of his blue-veined cock deeper and deeper into her pussy tunnel. Alan dropped his head to her flopping tits and began sucking her nipple hard, nursing on it like an infant with his mother.

"Oh, yes, sweet boy…suck my nipples, while you fuck me!" she panted. She hurled her silky legs high up around his back, so she could use them as leverage to hump her rounded ass from the mattress. The muscles in her luscious legs flexed and strained as she met his fuck-thrusts with ones of her own.

Alan loved listening to his Gran grunt like an animal. It reminded him of how fucking nasty and primal they were being. They were two naked beasts pounding their sex organs together in a heated rut. Jeanie's pussy was so wet and engorged that it juiced around his throbbing prick, making slurping, gulping sounds every time he thrust it full of his cock-meat.

While he fucked, Alan's tongue wrestled with Jeanie's rubbery nipple, his face masked in the huge, spongy mass of her tit. The boy whimpered in delight, at the mercy of an experienced pussy that knew just how to grind and chew at his cock. "Ahhh, fuck yes, Gran!"

"Do you like stealing your Grandfather's pussy, baby?" she asked, breathing heavily.

"I love it!"

"Mmm, making it YOUR pussy, instead of his?"

"Yes…I love fucking his wife!"

Jeanie's insides tingled upon hearing this. Cheating on her long-time husband with such a young, bull-dicked stud thrilled her to her core. The fact that it was their Grandson made it all the more wicked and exciting.

Alan pulled back until only the swollen knob of his prick remained inside her. Then, he delivered a hard upward thrust, plowing along her G-spot and going ball-deep again. He hammered her this way, knowing it would stimulate her clitoral root and have her howling beneath him in no time.

For ten more minutes he pounded between her smooth, quivering thighs, reaming out her creaming cunt with the hugeness of his cock. "Harder, Alan!" his Gran cried out. He knew when she called him by name he better take it serious, and that he did, ramming her savagely, feeling her claw her long fingernails down his back.

With every thrust, Jeanie felt his swollen, spongy knob plow along her upper wall, then push at the fornix at the back of her vagina. This type of stimulation had her quickly climbing towards the peak of a powerful climax. They may have been separated in age by nearly fifty-years, but their bodies moved beautifully together, writhing in rhythmic passion.

The tireless teen pounded his swollen prick through her cunt as hard as he could, determined to make her gush on his cock. "YESSS!" Jeanie cried out, extending her legs out into the air in a huge spread eagle. Her toes suddenly spread apart, then clench as the pleasure exploded through her loins.

Alan gasped as his voluptuous Gran bucked wildly beneath him, her massive mammaries rippling violently between them. The teen wrapped his arms beneath her squirming back for leverage so he

could keep feeding his tingly prick into her nice n deep. Her pussy began to make wet, squishy sounds as she creamed on her Grandson's cock.

"Ugh!" Alan grumbled. "Oh shit, I'm cumming now!"

White geysers squirted from his piss-slit, spouting to the end of Jeanie's cunt tunnel. He took long ball-bumping thrusts, draining his jism into the tight, gurgling wetness of her pussy.

"Fuck, Gran…" the boy gasped collapsing onto her luscious body, "that was some amazing pussy."

"More amazing than your mother's pussy?" she asked.

"Well…I don't know about that, but you guys sure can fuck, that's all I know."

"Well, we're both moms, darling. Fucking and sucking cock is what we do best."

Nelson explored the ship by himself. By this time they were well out to sea and many moms and sons were scattered about the decks, flirting and sunning themselves. Even though he was much shorter than boys his age, by an average of almost two feet, he didn't let that effect his ego. He was

still a handsome kid, with a well toned body, and he had the satisfaction of knowing he probably had a bigger dick than most guys.

"Excuse me," a female voice said. He turned to see a cute attendant stepping up to him. She wore a sexy bikini with a name badge attached.

"Yeah?"

"Oh, sorry…you looked much younger from the back. I just wanted to make sure we didn't have a fourteen-year-old stowaway on board."

"Gee, thanks."

"No, I didn't mean you looked fourteen, it's just…well, um…"

"I'm short, I get it," Nelson replied.

"Not just that. You seem a little lost. My name's Sue. Is there anything I can help you find?"

"I'm Nelson, and um…no…I'm just exploring."

"Alone?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well…no big deal, it's just that most moms and sons are glued to the hip on this ship, or glued to the genitals I should say," the attendant giggled.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, I'm sure you know."

"Look, my mom just brought me on this cruise to repair our relationship. Things haven't been too smooth at home lately," Nelson explained.

"Oh, I'm sorry. So, you mean you guys aren't…"

"Aren't what?"

"You and your mom aren't fucking each other?"

Nelson stood there for a moment, surprised that she would ask him such a question so candidly. "No, um…why would we be doing that?"

"I'm sorry…I just assumed that all the boys on board were fucking their moms. So…you guys have never even kissed?"

"Well, yeah…of course we've kissed. She's my mom."

"No, not that way. I mean kissed…romantically."

"Why are you asking me all these odd questions?" Nelson inquired.

"Sorry…your right, Nelson, I shouldn't be so nosy. Are you sure there isn't anything I can help you find, or get for you."

"Well…I am kinda hungry," he answered. "What level do we eat on again, I forgot."

"Well, that depends on what you're eating. Food is on level one. Pussy is on level three."

"Pussy?"

"Yeah…you do like eating pussy, don't you…or are you, um…"

"No, I'm not gay."

"If you are, it fine…I don't judge."

"No, I'm not. I like pussy."

"Then follow me. I'll show you something," she insisted.

Nelson followed Sue to the lower level, finding it hard to tear his eyes from her undulating, bikini-clad ass. Sue was an attracted redhead in her mid-twenties. The boy noticed a wedding ring on her finger. "So, you work on this ship full time?" he asked.

"Yeah, for about three years now. We sail all over the place."

"Your husband's ok with that?"

"Yes…as long as I stay faithful."

They arrived on the third floor and Sue led Nelson down a short corridor to a doorway with a sign that read: "PUSSY BUFFET."

"See…we even have a place for strays like yourself," the attended giggled. One's who like eating pussy that is. I hope you enjoy yourself, Nelson."

Sue left, and the curious boy wandered through the sliding door. The long, narrow room had a spa-like feel and he was immediately hit by a warm, cuntal aroma. He could hear numerous females panting and gasping from hidden compartments within the room.

"Hungry for pussy?" a voice behind him asked, startling the boy. He spun around saw an attractive woman his mom's age behind him. She was completely nude and he couldn't help but gawk at her heavy tits.

"Oh, you scared me," the teen sighed.

"Sorry…are you meeting your mom here or would you like to see our menu?"

"Um… a menu I guess."

She showed him a laminated sheet with everything they offered. "Most of our cunts belong to married moms. Are you looking for a single pussy to devour or would you like what we call our 'pussy-platter,' with three cunts to eat?"

Nelson was so shocked that he wasn't sure quite sure how to answer. The attendant smiled understandably. "Why don't we get

you started with just one. I'm gonna take you to Tina. She's a married mom of three from Indiana."

"She, um…doesn't have her son with her?"

"We allow a certain number of moms on board the ship who don't have sons. They volunteer to work the rooms like this one for us."

"Oh, I see."

She guided Nelson to the end of a tube that was about as big around as a car tire. "Just crawl inside and enjoy. If you wanna upgrade to the platter, just let me know."

"Thanks," the boy responded, then watched her naked buttock sway as she walked away. He hesitantly climbed inside the tube, which was lighted on

the inside and the slow beat of erotic music sounded from speakers built into the space. A mechanical door suddenly slid open in front of him and he was greeted by a female cunt. It was clear that the mother was sitting in some sort of harness that allowed her legs to be bowed back, thrusting her pussy forward so that it could be easily devoured.

Nelson's heart beat rapidly in his chest. Tina's pussy certainly did look appetizing, with fleshy labium that were unfurled, revealing her coral slit. The boy could see her plump clitoral bulb peeking from beneath its rounded hood. Her vulva was crowned by a small, neatly-trimmed triangle of pubic fur. "Whoa," he muttered, taking it all in. Just as he moved his head forward for his first lick, his smart watch vibrated.

"Where are you, honey?" his mom's text read.

"Shit," he muttered, typing an answer back. "I'll meet you on the upper deck," he replied, then crawled back out of the tube.

"Everything ok?" the naked attendant asked as Nelson made his way to the door.

"Yeah, my mom's just looking for me."

"You can also meet her here," the attendant suggested with a naughty grin. "We do have an empty space for the two of you."

"Empty space."

"Yes…so that you can eat her pussy."

"Oh, um…OK, thanks," he uttered, then rushed away.

"I brought you guys some ice cream," Alan stated as he met his mom and Gran by the midship swimming pool. They were both wearing the skimpiest micro bikinis he'd ever seen.

"Thank you, baby," his mom stated, waddling over and taking a cone from her boy. Shelly wore a red sling shot-style micro bikini that covered her areolas, the bottom half of her vulva, and not much else. Her huge, swollen tit-melons rested atop her beach ball-sized tummy. Just the sight

of his mom's nearly naked body made the cock-meat stiffen inside Alan's trunks.

"Here you go, Gran," he uttered, handing her the other cone. Jeanie wore more of a traditional mico-bikini, with a red and white tropical flower pattern and thin, golden-chain straps. The skimpy bottoms fit snug around the crotch, molding to its outline, and the bikini top could barely contain the enormity of her tits.

"Thank you, handsome boy…although I'd much rather be licking on you," she winked.

There were many other nearly-naked mothers and sons around the pool, making out passionately, while lounging all over each other. This made this area of the middeck seem like a lewd scene of fat tits and tangled limbs glistening in the sun.

The oversized lounge chairs were made for two, comfortably. Three, if the center person didn't mind being sandwiched in the middle, which Alan certainly didn't. Shelly and Jeanie's smooth, naked legs were draped across his, tenderly stroking his calves with their sexy bare feet as they laid sideways. The way Alan was slouched, allowed the mothers to lean against him, resting one of their heavy, bikini-clad boobs across his bare chest. In fact, the way their tit-orbs mashed together made it seem like the teen had one colossal breast crossing his upper torso. As good and squishy as the boobs felt on him, his mom's pregnant belly pressed against his side felt pretty fucking divine as well.

"Oh, that sun feels so amazing, doesn't it?" Shelly asked, swiping off a gob of ice cream with her long, pink tongue.

"It certainly does," Jeanie agreed.

Alan watched them lick at their ice cream in a way that was meant to tease the hell out of him. After all, he'd seen them both lick his dick the same way, lots of times.

"Oops," his mom giggled, dripping some melted cream on her boy's neck. "Sorry, baby. Don't worry…I'll lick it off."

Alan sighed in aroused delight as his pregnant mom practically rolled on top of him, licking the cream from his neck. He could feel her thick, bloated nipples prodding at his chest through her thin top. Her milk-swollen tits and giant baby orb distended out from between them, sandwiched between their perspiration-sheened bodies. He felt his mom's hand begin massaging his erection through his swim trunk.

"Boy, that must have been an awful lot of ice cream you got on him, Shelly," Jeanie jealously pointed out. "It's taking you forever to clean it up."

"Mmm…he's used to me taking my time and cleaning the 'cream' off him, aren't you, baby?"

"I sure am."

"Apparently some of that yummy cream made its way to your egg and got you big n pregnant," Jeanie joked.

"That's ok," Shelly answered between licks. "My boy likes mommy's big baby-filled tummy don't you, honey?"

"Uh-huh," Alan excitedly uttered, delighting in the weight and squishiness of her naked pregnant belly.

"It makes his dick get all hard and horny knowing he planted babies inside his own mom."

"Let me help with that," Jeanie offered, vying for position on top of him.

Alan shuddered at the feel of both his mom and Gran blanketing his body in squishy softness. Both their thick tongues whipped at his neck, digging at his erogenous zones. His Gran's hand joined his mom's so they were now both massaging his prick through his swim trunks. Such a teen would certainly shock most people, but not those aboard this ship. They were all engaged in similar shenanigans.

"Ahhh, yes!" Alan sighed, knowing he must be the luckiest kid on earth. He felt one of their hands slide down his shaft and onto his cum-filled nuts, squeezing them tenderly, rolling his balls around in his nutsack.

"Kiss us," Shelly whispered, then locked lips with her boy. Her long, thick tongue stretched into his mouth and wrestled with his.

Alan adored kissing his mother. Feeling her full lips mashed against his and her tongue skillfully dueling with his own was one of the more thrilling things he could imagine. He felt like his mom's pink licker was a sex organ by how it flailed and curled inside his mouth. It always made him feel lost in a deep ocean of delight.

No sooner did Shelly break their kiss than her mother-in-law was diving for Alan's lips. Their lickers rolled together in supple tandem, dancing a 'tongue-tango' inside the boy's mouth with equal fervor and gentility.

Just as their cruise ship drifted at sea, Alan drifted through an hour-long make-out session with his mom and Gran. He had his dick and balls massaged the whole time, nearly cumming several times from the thrill of being with two sexy grown women.

"Let's take a dip and cool off," Shelly suggested.

"Ohh, I like that idea," Jeanie agreed as she made her way towards the pool with her daughter-in-law.

Alan sat up on the lounger, looking like he'd just been ran over by a pleasure-train. His mom and Gran both had bikini-thongs running up between their ass-cheeks, making their jiggling ass-meat appear practically naked. The boy gave his jutting cock a few strokes through his shorts, letting his eyes drift up the backs of their gorgeous legs to their luscious, rounded bubble butts.

"Coming, baby?" his mom asked, peeking back at him.

Alan rushed over and dove in. His mom playfully screamed as he pulled her under. "Brat!" she giggled, coming up for air. She clung to him, wrapping her strong mommy-legs around his midsection. Her giant boobies bobbled buoyantly against his chest. The boy pinned

her against the side of the pool, kissing her neck as he made his body sink against hers.

"Does this make up for me being a brat?" he asked between licks.

"Your getting there, but I need more," she whimpered as Alan began to dig his rigid cock against her cunt-mound beneath the water.

Meanwhile, leaning again the railing on the deck above, Alicia stood with her son looking out over the pool area. They both had a shocked expression as they watched the lewd behavior at the pool. "Are you sure it's just mothers and sons on this ship?" Nelson asked his mom.

"That's what the ad said, but I'm beginning to think otherwise."

"Me too, unless…"

"Unless what, honey?"

"Unless these other people ARE just mothers and sons," he replied.

"And they're acting this way?!" Alicia added, looking down at the group, partly in disgust, but partly in fascination.

"Maybe."

Alicia took her son's hand and turned them around. "Let's look at something else," she suggested, then peered above them. "Oh, look, honey…a zip-line."

Nelson looked up and saw people suspended from the zip-line, but they weren't moving. "Why aren't they, um…zipping?"

Upon further inspection, he and his mom realized that it was actually moms and sons harnessed together, and they appeared to be rocking around to the rhythm of heated fucking.

"Are they having sex up there?" the boy asked with a shocked expression.

His mom began leading him away by the hand. "Why don't we, um… go back to the room. I'll call someone with authority on board the ship to come explain things to us."

"Wait…I already know someone," Nelson blurted.

"Someone who works on the ship?"

"Yeah, I met her today. I'll go find her and see if she can talk to us."

"Ok…I'll meet you back at the room."

A short time later, Sue, the redheaded attendant, was speaking with Nelson and Alicia in their cabin. "So…you guys didn't know this was a 'romantic' mother and son cruise?" she asked, looking surprised.

Alicia glanced at her son. "No…I um, didn't even know there was such a thing. I just thought this was a cruise for moms and sons to… you know, bond and become closer."

"Well, technically it is," Sue giggled, "but in ways that you clearly didn't realize."

"So, let me get this straight. All the other moms and sons aboard this ship…are having sex together?"

"Yes…'Jocasta of the Seas' is basically a love boat for mothers and sons."

"Oh my gosh, of course…" Alicia blurted, like a lightbulb just went off in her head. "I can't believe I didn't see it. 'Jacasta,' …wasn't she __"

"Married to her son, after the death of her husband, the king. They had four children together," Sue stated.

"Oh my Gosh…I'm so stupid," Alicia huffed regretfully.

"You're not stupid, mom. How would you have known, other than by some mythical name, that it was THAT kind of cruise."

"True…it's not like they really advertised it as that," the mother added.

"No, it's not advertised as a 'love boat' for mothers and sons, for obvious reasons, but I guess through word of mouth, most moms just know about us," Sue explained. "Sorry you weren't in that loop."

"Alright…well, um…I guess there's no way for us to really get off the ship at this point," said Alicia, then looked over at her son. "Maybe we can just pretend like the other people on board AREN'T mothers and sons. What do you think, honey?"

"Yeah…um, that would probably work."

"Thanks for your help, Sue. I really appreciate it," Alicia smiled.

"If there's anything else you guys need just come find me."

Things were a bit awkward between Nelson and his mom that evening. They ordered room service, opting to stay in the cabin and watch TV. Sue finished showering and stepped from the bathroom in a modest cotton nightshirt. However, because her oversized tits were now unfettered, Nelson could see her fat nipples protruding out from beneath the fabric.

"Ready for bed, honey?" the mother asked, padding over to her side.

Nelson's eyes were still fixed on her ballooning tits as they bobbled heavily beneath the nightshirt to her every step. "Yeah, um…sure," he replied.

Alicia clicked off the light and crawled into bed with her boy. "Goodnight, honey," she whispered, turned on her side away from him.

"Goodnight," the boy answered. He inhaled her sweet perfume, his cock hardening at the very thought of sharing a bed with such a voluptuous beauty. He knew he'd kick himself later if he at least didn't try something while they were alone together. "I've really felt closer to you today," he whispered.

Alicia turned and smiled. "I'm glad. I've felt closer to you too. Even if this is an unconventional cruise, I'm glad we took it, and that we get to spend quality time together."

"Me too. Since we're suppose to be getting closer…could I, um…hug you, mom?"

Alicia knew that without a bra, her son would feel her unfettered breasts. He would experience the doughy-soft meat of her tits in a different way than he was used to. Even so, this trip was all about bringing them closer, so she wasn't about to say no, just because it might be mildly inappropriate. "Sure, I suppose there's nothing wrong with a hug," she replied.

The mother scooted over and lowered her chest on his for a nice, big tit-squashing hug. Nelson couldn't help but gasp, feeling her fatty milkers

blanket his entire upper chest. He was surprised how thick and hard her nipples felt poking against him.

Alicia lifted her head and looked down into his eyes; the gentle sway of the cruise ship was rocking them intimately. "I can't believe there are so many moms and sons having sex together," she whispered.

"I know. I was surprised too."

After a short pause, Alicia broke the silence. "You don't, um…think about those types of things, do you?" she boldly asked.

"Those things?"

"You know…having sex…with me?"

"Oh, uh…no."

"You can be honest, Nelson. I won't be mad, I promise. A boy's first exposure to a female is his mom. Her affection…the curvature of her body…her sexual scent, it's the first a boy is ever exposed to. Sometimes that fascination can extend beyond puberty. Are you sure you've never fantasized about sticking it in and making love to me like your father does?"

Nelson couldn't believe she was probing him. He knew he'd never have a chance with her if he lied. "Well, um…to be honest…I have thought about that sometimes."

"No while you're, um…masturbating though, right?"

"Honestly, yes…those are the times that I mostly think about it."

"Oh, well…I won't embarrass you by making you talk about it anymore," Alicia blushed. "Just know that it's natural…and you have nothing to be ashamed of."

She gave him a quick peck on the lips, then plopped down beside him again. "Goodnight," Alicia whispered.

Nelson boldly slipped up behind her in the spooning position, placing his hand on her hip. "Is this alright?" he awkwardly asked.

"Sure," his mom whispered, then surprised him by taking his hand in hers and moving them under her nightshirt, onto her smooth, naked belly. Her nightshirt had bunched up around her waist, and Alicia

soon became aware of the rigid erection pressing up against her panty-clad ass. She was surprised at how big and strong it felt. "Alright…erections are natural. As long as he doesn't move we should be fine," the mother thought.

After a few minutes, she adjusted her buttocks, pushing it back on him, making Nelson's boner slip from the fly hole of his briefs and sink long-ways between her thick butt-cheeks. The warmth of her ass and the silk of her panties felt divine on the boy's cock. "Oh my God…how lucky am I?" Nelson thought. "This is amazing!"

They both laid there awake…their hearts beating fast. Several minutes passed before Alicia adjusted again, this time allowing her boy's stiff prick to maneuver down and rest again her panty-covered crotch. Nelson let out an excited breath, feeling the top of his shaft press right up against his mom's puffy outer folds. He could feel the wonderful heat radiating from her cuntal crevice.

"Ok…that's quite enough!" Alicia's conscious screamed. "He's your son and YOU'RE a married woman."

The guilt seemed to melt away with every second. Her boy's prick felt so long and fat she just had to let it slide inside the leg-hole of her panties and rest against her pussy lips.

"Holy shit!" Nelson thought as his mom shifted again, this time making half his boner pry its way beneath her panty-crotch and press against her naked cunt. He began to subtly rock his hips, sawing his vein-encrusted shaft deeper into her groove. His flaring cock-knob dug at her clitoral prepuce. Aided by the natural lubricant produced by Alicia's hood called sebum, the boy unshrouded his mom's love-button so he could rub their engorged bulbs together.

"Ohhh," Alicia gasped, feeling his glans scrape against her sensitive nerve endings. Her son's cock flexed against her juicy inner flanges, showing the strength and rigidity of his teenage love-organ. This made her cunt-hole

tingle excitedly, sweltering with natural lubricant that began to swath the top of her son's erection with slippery wetness.

"This is too much!" the mother's brain screamed. "YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS!"

Pressing his luck, Nelson let the hand beneath her nightshirt moved up her smooth belly. He cupped the huge, rounded underside of one of her breasts, letting his fingers sink into its soft, spongy flesh. Suddenly, his mom's hand grasped his and yanked him out of her nightshirt. She turned towards him at the same time, which pulled his cock from her panties. "That's enough, honey. Actually, it was too much. We need to go to sleep now," she insisted.

"OK, mom," the boy replied.

Nelson didn't get quite as far as he wanted to, but he certainly got farther than he ever dreamed he would with his own mom.

"That was so stupid!" Shelly's conscience scolded. "It will DEFINITELY never happen again!"

Meanwhile, in a cabin across the ship, Alan was balls deep inside his mom. The boy was upright between her thighs on the bed, pumping his hips in a steady rhythm. This position allowed him to look down across the expanse of her upper body, gawking at her huge wobbling udders and her baby-packed belly.

Sprawled on the bed next to them was Jeanie, squeezing her nipple hornily as she watched her Grandson fuck his mother.

"Mmm, loosen that cunt-tube up with your big cock, baby!" Shelly squealed. "Loosen it up for our babies to slide out of."

The boy gasped as he socked his steely prick into her. He loved seeing his mom's pussy splayed open by his big dick, and the way

his blue-veined rod glistened with her hot, slippery cuntal juices was exhilarating.

Shelly pulled her boy down on top of her. "Come down and fuck your mother like a whore," she pleaded.

Alan sunk against her squishy orbs, feeling her velvety legs slither high around his back. They began to wildly fuck up a storm, making their sex-staved bodies beat together. Grasping him frantically around his shoulders, Shelly humped her lovely round ass from the mattress, meeting every thrust of his stiff, plunging boner. Her fleshy, splayed flanges sucked at the base of his cock-shaft, getting as much of his thick erection inside her as she could.

"Ahhh, yeahhh!" Alan gasped, feeling his glans swell as they slipped along the fleshy ridges of her cuntal lining.

Overcome with lust by the sight of such a fervid fuck, Jeanie quickly got up her hand and knees, pointing her thick, rounded ass back at her Grandson. She peeked back lustfully. "Fuck me from behind, darling!"

The teen's wet dick flopped from his mother's cunt hole and he climbed to his knees, mounting Jeanie's haunches. He eased it between her slippery folds, prying open the remnants of her hymen. The Grandmother let out a delightful squeal as her fuck-tube opened wider and wider to receive the boy's thick boner. She thrust her cushy buns back until his aching hardon was buried to the hilt inside her cuntal sleeve.

"Oh, sweet baby…your prick feels so good in me!" Jeanie panted, throwing her cunt back on the satisfying stiffness of his huge cock.

His Gran's thick, fatty ass beat against his midsection, creating a visual feast for his eyes as they fucked. Shelly and Jeanie's cuntal juices mixed, lubricating the boy's shaft for deep, doggie-dicking

intercourse. After nearly five minutes, Shelly got on all-fours next to her mother-in-law to get in on the action.

"Pound my cunt hole now, baby," the mother eagerly requested, wagging her meaty derriere.

Alan pulled his prick from one pussy and buried it in the other. He loved how their cunt-sleeves felt the same, yet uniquely different. However, there was nothing quite like pregnant pussy. The way an increase in

vascular supply to Shelly's genitals made the ribs that lined her vagina much more pronounced caused spine-tingling friction on the boy's penile flesh.

"Yesss…lay that pipe in deep, baby!" his mom gasped, swiveling her hips and beating her jiggling mommy-rump back onto her boy.

Even from where Alan was positioned behind her, he could see the dangling contours of her enormous tits as they swung violently on her chest. He grasped her hips and slammed his prick in with savage thrusts, making her butt-meat ripple deliciously.

"Oh, shit!" Shelly suddenly screamed, crazily gyrating her ass around. "I'm coming, honey! Oh, fuck, I'm cummmiiinnnggg!"

Alan gritted his teeth in ecstasy, feeling her cunt contract around his pummeling cock. He flexed his PC muscle to keep from cumming himself. He knew by the way his Gran was wagging her ass that she wanted more. After his mom had trembled and whimpered her way through a toe-curling cum, he backed his dick out, marveling at how soaked and glistening his boner was with his mom's ejaculate.

"Oh, my sweet Alan!" Jeanie moaned as her Grandson's erection sunk to her cervix, his plumb-size bulb pushing at the rounded protuberance of her external os. "Screw my hot cunt!"

The fuck-hungry 62-year-old beat her fleshy ass back against him, her talented coital-muscles sucking at the entire length of his swollen tool as it thundered powerfully through her pleasure-pit. Sex with her over-the-hill husband, Alan's Grandfather, was laughable by comparison. Not even in his younger years could he fuck her this good. Cheating on her clueless husband with their gorgeous Grandson thrilled her to her core.

Jeanie's heavy mammaries flopped around wildly as they dangled from her chest. The sound of her bubble butt beating against the boy's midsection reverberated through their cabin as they engaged in a heated doggie-style fuck. "SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!"

"Oh, you sweet fucker…keep pounding me with that fucking cock!!" she whimpered, her beautiful face distorting with lust as the boy's prick

stimulated her nerve endings, making her crotch swell with an impending orgasm.

Alan snarled in cock-tingling delight as he felt her cunt tighten and juice up around his pounding cock. "I'm cumming!" Jeanie wailed. "OHH, SWEET FUCK, I'M CUMMMIING!!"

Jeanie's eyes rolled in their sockets, and her body convulsed as she violently slammed her ass back against him in mindless pleasure. One orgasm merged into a second one making her sob in ecstasy.

Alan's lean body suddenly shuddered as his cunt-smothered cock-head began releasing a torrent of spunk inside of her. "AHHH, SHIT!" his shaky voice shouted as his big, pumping boner spasmed wildly inside his Gran's gushing, tightly-contracting pussy.

"I want some cum, honey!" his mom exclaimed, getting her ass as close as she could to him. The ring of her asshole throbbed between

her slightly-splayed buns in anticipation of having his cock back inside her.

The teen pulled his twitching dick from his Gran's cunt. A long, milky rope jetted from his meatus, skipping across his mom's back before he could get his cock back inside her heated hole.

They both gasped in unison as she wrapped her throbbing vagina around the boy's thick dong for more thrusting. She tightened her fuck-muscles, milking out as much jizz as his orgasm would provide.

"Hot damn!" Alan sighed, plopping down on the bed in exhaustion. The three of them had been going at it for nearly two hours and they were exhausted.

Jeanie and Shelly nuzzled up to either side of the boy, crushing their giant, squishy tits against him. "Mmm, that was one sweet fuck," Alan's Gran stated.

"It sure was. I lost count how many times I came," Shelly added, then looked at her son adoringly. "Does it make you feel good knowing that you please us sexually, baby?

"Heck yeah…I love it!"

"Mmm, we love YOU…and that dreamy pussy-hammer of yours," Jeanie cooed. The two women spent a long while kissing him and stroking his body tenderly, rubbing their soft, fatty tit-melons all over his chest before they all drifted off to sleep.

The next day, Nelson and his mom Alicia were laying on loungers on the upper deck sunning themselves. They faced the railing so they didn't have to see the lewd mayhem going on with the other moms and sons on board. Both their minds dwelled on the events of the previous night and how they both nearly succumbed to having sex together.

"Your not feeling guilty about last night, are you?" Alicia asked.

"Guilty?"

"Yeah, you know…about your penis finding its way inside my panties, when we were spooning together."

"No, um…accidents happen, right?"

"Exactly," Alicia agreed, even though she knew it was no accident.

The teen spent most of the morning studying his mom's bikini-clad body. Seeing her this way, with half her giant breasts bulging from her bikini-sling certainly didn't diminish his desire to ravage her.

Alicia, on the other hand, was determined to not let things get out of control again. She would enjoy time with her son appropriately, without letting what was going on around them influence her decision. "We'll just forget last night ever happened," she determinedly thought.

Suddenly, a female voice came over the intercom system. "Hey, passengers! Any moms and sons wanting to participate in our ring toss contest, come on down to the lido deck…the games are about to begin!"

Shelly looked over at her son. "A ring toss contest…that sounds innocent enough," she suggested.

"You mean you wanna try it?" Nelson asked.

"Why not. Let's at least go see what it's all about."

The barefoot, bikini-clad mother and her boy went down to the lower deck, where the pool was. There were quite a few mothers and sons there to participate and even more were there just to observe. All the moms wore skimpy bikinis. Some were micro-style,

leaving little to the imagination. The noonday sun beat down on the group, making the moms' voluptuous bodies glisten wonderfully.

"Alright!" the female announcer shouted. "How many moms do we have participating?"

A dozen women raised their hands, including Alicia. Shelly was part of the group and raised her hand also.

"And I assume you ladies are partnering up with your boys?" the announcer asked, which got a collective "yes" from the moms. Alicia looked over at her son and nodded.

"Here's how our ring toss game works. The boys will be shedding their trunks and getting their cocks fully erect. The mothers will get ten foam rings each, and will be tossing them from the red line, exactly ten-feet away from the boys. The mom who can hook the most rings on her son's erection in two minutes wins!"

Everyone cheered, except for Alicia and Nelson. The mother looked over at her son in horror, then shook her head as if letting him know she changed her mind. Nelson, however, really wanted to participate. He knew he was a short kid, but could totally impress his mom by the size of his cock, just as he started to do the night before before she cut it short.

"Honey, we can't do this," Alicia stated as she walked up to him.

"It's not that big of a deal, mom…really."

"Getting naked and…hard in front of your own mother IS a big deal," she objected. "We should go."

"Go where…back to the lounge chairs and look out at the ocean all day? That's boring. We came on this cruise to 'actively' improve our relationship, so let's just participate."

"Honey, but it's just not appropriate."

The announcer's voice shouted behind them. "Alright boys…get on the red line and get those trunks off!" she shouted, followed by the eager cheer of nearly all the moms.

"I'm the one who has to strip," Nelson told his mother. "I'm OK with it, so you should be too."

"Nelson, I—"

The teen went over and joined the other boys on the red line. Most of them had already stripped off their shorts and were stroking their cocks, including Shelly's son, Alan.

"Come on, boys…don't be shy," the announcer urged. "Get those cocks out and start stroking. We need them fully erect if your mom wants to hook those rings."

Alicia reluctantly joined the moms again, peeking over at her handsome son as he bravely stripped off his swim trunks. Her eyes drifted down his torso to the dong that dangled from his crotch. She knew that if it was that big, while soft, it would be quite impressive when fully erect. Snapping to her senses, she blushingly looked away. "What on earth am I doing?! I can't do this," she thought.

"Mmm, I see some yummy-looking cocks over there. How about you ladies?" the announcer asked. "See anything you'd like to sink your lips around?"

With the exception of Alicia, the moms all cheered, making their heavy tits jostle beneath their bikini-tops. Shelly licked her lips lustfully, staring at Alan's dick as it began to fill with blood, rising from his loins.

"Moms, should we help these young hotties get their dicks fully rigid. How about we take these bikini tops off for them!" the announcer

exclaimed, then pulled away her skimpy top, releasing her fat, wobbling boobies.

The other moms began stripping off their bikini tops, exposing the jutting flesh of their huge tits. Each set of boobs was capped by wide, pink areola and hardened nipples.

Alan gasped excitedly as he watched his mom pull away her skimpy bikini sling, releasing her giant, milk-engorged tits. She looked over at him and smiled with pride, shaking her shoulders so her mammaries rocked back and forth teasingly across the top of her extremely-pregnant belly.

Alicia's heart raced nervously. She looked over to see her son staring back at her as if waiting to see if she'd follow through. "Damnit… what have I gotten myself into?!" she thought. "I can't just stand and look like a fool, while all the other moms have their tops off."

Nelson's heart skipped a beat as he watched his mom reach back and unfastened her bikini top. Her boobs immediately shifted downward from their immense weight no longer being supported. In just a matter of a few seconds, she pulled the top away and her gigantic boobs sprung free, wobbling on her ribcage. "Holy hell!" the teen's mind screamed, taking in a sight he'd only dreamed he'd ever get to see.

Alicia had huge areola; much bigger than those of most of the other moms. They were thickly textured; dotted deliciously with Montgomery tubercles. Thick, turgid nipples protruded from the centers of her tit-caps, showing her arousal level as she watched Nelson stroke on his rapidly-hardening cock.

In no time, the group of boys had full erections. Each dick pointed at a perfect upward angle, just what was needed for a game of sexual ring- toss.

"Looks like they're all fully hard," the announcer observed. "Get your rings and get on the ready-line moms!"

Alicia grabbed some of her rings and joined the other ladies who prepared to participate .

"On your marks…get set…GO!!" the announcer screamed.

The spectators cheered as the dozen or so mothers began tossing rings towards their sons' boners. It was like a naughty, sexual carnival game that each of them were dying to win. Most failed miserably the first few times, including Alicia and Shelly.

"Yay!" Alan's pregnant mom cheered as she finally hooked one around her boy's appendage.

When they ran out of rings, the mothers had to rush over and collect them. The boys' long cocks flexed on their loins, their knobs mushrooming as they watched the moms' meaty melons bounce and ripple as they scrambled around.

Alicia smiled at her son blushingly as she rushed over to collect her rings. She saw his eyes lower to her monster boobies as they bounced and rippled on her body wonderfully. She knew that they must be exciting him a lot by the way his cock branched out from his crotch so perfectly. After collecting her rings, she rushed back over to the tossing line, her luscious bubble booty jiggling beneath her bikini bottoms.

"One minute left!" the announcer shouted, making the moms rush around even more frantically.

Most of the boys were leaking pre-cum from their piss-slits as they watched their beautiful moms scramble around, giggling and screaming playfully. The teens smiled with the satisfaction of knowing that later they'd be hammering their leaky peter-tips into

the pussies of these beauties and sucking on their big, ballooning boobies.

Shelly hooked yet another ring around her boy's boner, tying with another mother who had also hooked three on her son's.

"Come on, Shelly!" Jeanie shouted from the crown. "Get another one around that big cock!"

As the announcer counted down from five, Shelly hooked another ring around Alan's sturdy prick at the last second. "We have a winner!" the announcer shouted, followed by cheers.

"Sorry," Alicia silently mouthed to her son, while smiling from a distance, having only hooked one ring on his cock.

"You did awesome!" he boy said back to her.

"We don't intend on leaving these handsome studs unfinished, do we, moms?" the announcer asked, followed by a resounding "NO" from the

ladies. "How about a second contest then. Each mom will stroke her boy to ejaculation. The dick that leaves the biggest mess on his mother's pretty face will be the winner!"

The crowd cheered and the mothers, except for Alicia, rushed over to get started. Once again she was left with a moral dilemma; abstain and look like a fool or participate in something extremely wicked and perverse.

Nelson sensed his mother's apprehension and stepped over to her, his erection bobbing stiffly. "It's ok, mom…we don't have to," he uttered.

"Yes…but, do you want to?" she whispered.

"Well…I'm not gonna lie. It does sound fun and exciting."

"And you won't feel guilty about it later?"

"No. We're suppose to be getting close on this trip. It's just one way of doing that, right?"

Alicia took his hand.

Moments later, the boy was sprawled on a mat on his back with several other boys. The position that all the moms chose to jerk their sons off in was the sixty-nine position, with them on top.

"Ahhh, shit!" Nelson gasped, staring up at his mom's bikini-clad ass as it hovered inches above his face. The feel of her skillful hand beating vigorously up and down his rigid cock was extraordinary.

Alicia's meaty knockers jiggled to the rhythm of her cock-strokes. She stared down at the meaty slab as it slipped through her tightly-clasping first. She occasionally jerked her husband off, but it was nothing like this. Nelson's cock was much fatter and longer than her husband's by almost four inches. "Good grief, that's a big, strong penis," she thought. "I don't think I've ever stroked one this huge before."

Nelson's eyes drifted from his mom's ass to her vulva. Her bikini bottoms hugged her crotch like a second skin, molding to its puffy outline. The slit of her twat was clearly visible and the material had a streak of wetness, where her juices had soaked through the gusset. The horny teen lifted his

face up, until his nose touched her outer pudendum. He inhaled deeply through his nose, then felt his head spin dizzily at the pungent ripeness of his mom's cuntal aroma.

A short distance away, Alan was face to face with his mom's pussy as she too beat his boner tirelessly. Her bikini bottoms consisted of

only a tiny pink triangle, partially covering her engorged pussy lips, which tapered to the string of a thong that disappeared between her meaty butt cheeks. The boy kissed at her outer flanges through the thin layer of fabric, savoring their fragrance, while feeling his erection being rapidly stroked, from balls to knob.

He peeked down at the huge, rounded underbelly, which rested on his own sweaty chest. He could also feel the spongy softness of his mom's tits sloshing against his tummy to the rhythm of her stroking.

"That's it, moms…jerk those big dicks off!" the announcer shouted. "Make them mask your faces in sticky boy-goo!"

Alicia stared down dreamily at her son's fat, pinkish-purple glans as they squeezed through her pumping fist. Clear pre-goo seeped from his piss-slit, running down so that she could use it as slippery lubricant to beat him off. She couldn't help but wonder what such a big hunk of fuck-meat would feel like digging through her vagina.

The boys all flexed their PC muscles, letting the load build in the balls so that they could squirt as much creamy cum on their moms' faces as possible. It was quite the sight on the lido deck; a dozen or so topless moms, on top of their teens in the sixty-nine position, beating their young erections fervidly, waiting for those steamy ropes to come spurting out.

One by one, the boy's began to pop. Their moms squealed delightfully, lowering down close to their dicks so they could paint their faces.

"Auugh!!" Nelson snarled, feeling his prostate swell as his mom's hand provided extraordinary milking friction on his throbbing cock. His hips began to thrust involuntarily as wonderful spasms began to shoot hot semen up his urethra.

"Ohhh goodness!!" Alicia gasped as a big, gooey cum-rope shot up and splattered her in the face. More jets of spunk followed in rapid

succession, splashing all over her mouth, nose and eyelids.

The teen grunted and trembled as he received the most intense cock-milking of his life. Even as Alicia squeezed up his shaft, pulling out the last gooey droplets, she drug his spongy knob against her cheeks, smearing his sperm on her skin so she could make the biggest mess possible.

Alan let out guttural grunts as he too was exquisitely milked off at the hand of his pregnant mother.

When the moms all stood back up, the announcer quickly went from one to the other, asking the crowd to cheer for the woman who was slimed up the best. Alicia and Nelson were delighted as the crowd erupted the loudest for them.

"We have a winner!" the announcer shouted.

"So…what did you two ring-tossing lovers win for a prize?" Jeanie asked as they all sat at dinner later with two other mother and son couples.

"An excursion to Cupid's Beach, on a private island, owned by the Cruise line," Shelly answered.

"Mmm, how romantic."

"Yeah…apparently there's even a training center there, where moms help teach their sons how to fuck."

"Oh, how delightful. Sounds like an amazing place."

"I agree. It should be a fun excursion," Shelly whispered, then leaned over and gave her boy a couple of slow, tender kisses.

"My son and I went to 'Boys Sexual Training Camp' last year," said Meriden, a beautiful brunette who sat at the table with them. "It was

an incredible experience."

The boys at the table were sharply dressed and all the moms wore elegant gowns with V-cut necklines, showing off their tremendous tit-cleavages. "Is it true that the boys get to enjoy an orgy of moms on the last day of the program?" asked Charlene, a short-haired blonde. Her belly was big and pregnant, like Shelly's.

"Yes…they call it the 'visiting moms' day," Meriden answered. "Jimmy got to fuck six of us moms, right, baby?"

Her son Jimmy got a big smile. "Yep, and it was damn cool."

The moms all laughed. "Oh, it must have been so exciting pounding your young cock into so many mothers," Jeanie stated, smiling wickedly at the boy.

"Jimmy loved it," Meriden stared. "He's always been such a big tit lover and, as luck would have it, all six of us moms had huge hooters, didn't we, baby?"

"Uh-huh," he smiled. "Yours was the biggest though."

"You're just saying that because I smother you between them all the time," she teased, leaning over for a tender kiss.

"I taught Ian how to fuck right at home," Charlene shared. "When my husband started working the overnight, it gave me endless hours to teach my boy how to engage in passionate lovemaking."

"Well…he must have been in heaven," Jeanie stated, smiling at the timid boy. "Did it feel good on your young dick, having it buried in your moms tight pussy every night, Ian?"

The boy nodded, and his mom smiled at him naughtily. "Ian's a bit shy when it comes to talking about sex," said Charlene.

Shelly chimed in. "Well, you know what they say about the shy ones."

Charlene's lips curled into a mischievous grin. "Yes I do. They're fucking monsters in bed!" she exclaimed. "How do you think he pumped a baby inside me."

Meriden peeked over at Charlene's son with fuck-lust in her beautiful green eyes. "Is that true? Are you a monster between the sheets, Ian? Do you make your pregnant mom scream, shake and claw her fucking nails down your back?" she sensually asked.

"Yes," the boy sighed with a nod.

Charlene brought her lips up close to her boy's ear, mashing the giant swell of her tits against his back. "His cock gets so fucking hard. You like nailing mommy's pregnant pussy to her marital mattress, don't you, baby?"

"Uh-huh," the teen answered, feeling her bite at his ear lobe.

"I wish MY husband worked the overnight," Shelly stated. "I get so tired of making excuses as to why I'm disappearing into Alan's bedroom to fuck for hours at a time."

"That's why I bought a mini-van," Meriden stated, "one with the seats that fold forward, creating some nice space in the back. A thick, bouncy air mattress and a nice private spot at the local park n ride…"

"The park n ride?" Shelly giggled.

"Oh yeah…I 'park n ride' alright, don't I, baby?" Meriden asked, smiling at her son.

"Oh yeah she does!" he answered making everyone at the table laugh.

"When did you and your son start fucking, Shelly?" Charlene asked.

"It was at our mountain home last winter," she replied. "We got snowed in and, well…when a sexy boy and his hypersexual mom get stuck somewhere together, naughty things are bound to happen. Even my mother-in-law got in on the action."

Jeanie smiled. "Mmm, and what delicious 'action' it was," she added.

Across the dining room, Alicia and Nelson sat through a similar discussion at their table, however, they excused themselves early before the questions turned to them. "Good grief…is EVERY mother and son on board

this ship having sex together?!" she asked her son when they got back to their room.

It was more a statement than a question, but Nelson answered anyway. "It would appear that way."

"I mean…they treat it like it's totally normal."

"Maybe it is…for some people," said her son as he plopped down on the bed.

"Well…we're not THOSE people," said Alicia, giving her son a serious look. She wore a sexy black halter dress that showed off plenty of cleavage. "What happened between us today…during those contests, that was just a one time thing, and it can never happen again, understood?"

"Yeah, I get it mom."

"Can you imagine what your father would think if he saw what we did today?"

Nelson was disappointed to hear that his mom was having such regrets, but he was also blown away by what had actually happened today. He'd seen his mom's huge tits in the flesh…finally, and she'd actually given him a juicy handjob.

Even though they were in the same bed, Alicia kept her distance that night.

"What would you like to do today, honey?" she asked him the next day after breakfast. "Are there any places on board the ship that you'd like to check out?"

"Well, there is one place that I'm interested in. It down on deck three."

"Oh…well let's go check it out."

Nelson was nervous the whole way there. He knew his mom would probably freak out and show no interest, but there was no harm in trying, and after all…she did ask if there was a place that interested him.

"Pussy buffet?!" Alicia asked, stopping in front of the sign and glaring over at her son. "Nelson, what exactly is this place?"

"You said you wanted to get closer on this trip and, well…this place could help us get closer."

"By doing what exactly?"

"Look, mom…yesterday you made ME feel good, so I just wanna return the favor."

"That didn't answer my question. What exactly goes on inside there?"

Nelson hesitated, sort of ashamed to answer.

"I'm waiting!" his mom stated, staring at him impatiently.

"Guys eat pussy in there."

"Seriously, Nelson?! You brought me to a place where guys eat pussy, after I explicitly told you last night no more funny-business?"

"I thought it would bring us closer."

"Oh, it'll bring us closer, alright. Closer than we're suppose to be," the mother stated, then began marching away. "We're NOT going in there!"

Nelson anticipated that his mom would likely react this way so he came up with a backup plan. "Well I'm going in anyway," he stated.

Alicia stopped and glared back at him. "What?!"

"I'm going in without you? There are moms without sons on board who a guy can be with in there."

"Are you serious, Nelson? You're gonna go in there and eat the pussy of a woman you've never even met before?"

"Mom, you're the one who begged me to come on this boat, then remember what else you told me? You said you know I have needs and that you'll give me the space I need to take care of them. Well… this is one of my needs right now."

She glared in disgust. "I thought you said you were doing it to bring us closer?"

"That was my motivation, yes, but I also like to eat pussy…a lot."

Alicia let out a frustrated sigh. "Fine…go eat your heart out, but don't complain to me if you end up with something nasty like herpes on your lips."

"I'll be fine," the boy stated as he made his way inside.

The naked attendant who greeted him before was there waiting. "You're back," she smiled.

"Yes…I'm back," Nelson answered, seeming disappointed that he was alone.

"Did you bring someone with you or would you like to see a menu?" she asked. Before Nelson could reply, a voice answered for him.

"He brought someone with him," Alicia replied from the doorway.

Nelson looked at his mom in disbelief. He was about to eat the pussy of the woman that gave birth to him.

Minutes later, Nelson was inside the dimly lit tube, listening to the light beat of erotic music. The rounded door in front of him opened suddenly and he was met by the sight of his mom's naked pussy in all its glory. Alicia was fitted in some sort of harness that splayed her legs back, opening her crotch completely. "Holy shit…it's beautiful!" he thought, studying every detail of her cunt. This was his reoccurring fantasy, but in real life.

Alicia's pussy was shaved and had thick labial lips that were completely unfurled, like the wings of a butterfly. Nelson's eyes followed her inner flanges up, fascinated by how they merged with the rounded dome of her clitoral hood. It was definitely the finest pussy he'd ever seen.

Anxious to devour her sweet cunt, the boy leaned forward, burying his mouth in the fissure of her twat. "Mmmnn," he excitedly whimpered as he began running his tongue around the periphery of her fuck hole, eager to taste the juices he knew would soon be flowing from her heated pit.

Alicia softly gasped, feeling her boy lick and tug at the fragrant lips of her labium. She couldn't believe that she had stooped this far. If her husband knew that their son was munching on her cunt he would surely divorce her. "I'm DEFINITELY not going any further than this!" she told herself. "If

Nelson thinks he's fucking me, he can forget it." Despite her words, the heat soon mounted in the pit of her pussy, making her clit stiffen and the juices smolder through her fuck-tunnel.

Nelson fastened his lips around the swollen bulb of her love-nubbin and attacked it with licks. "Oh fuck!" he heard his mom gasp, subtly bucking her lovely ass up and down, grinding her cunt against her boy's face.

The teen whimpered in delight as he carved his licker through the slit between her fleshy folds, tasting the succulent juices that began seeping from the mouth of her vaginal entrance. He felt like a starving dog, lapping at a juicy piece of pink meat.

Alicia's breathing increased as she experienced the incredible sensations of being eaten out by her son. She let out a sharp gasp and her eyes went wide as she felt him insert two fingers inside her. "What the fuck is he doing?!" her brain screamed. Even through she knew he could hear her, she pretended that he couldn't, and didn't say a word.

Nelson pumped his fingers through the snug wetness of her fuck-hole, marveling at the feel of the thick, slippery ridges inside. While doing this, he leaned down and began flickering his tongue around on the swollen nub of her clitoris. Now he had his mother really worked up as she began humping her hot hole against his thrusting fingers.

The boy decided to take things one nasty step further. With the fingers of his free hand, he began to rub the throbbing ring of her asshole.

"No…he wouldn't!" the mother's mind exclaimed, feeling her boy's digit circle her crinkled ring. Then, she winced suddenly as she felt him thrust it into the rubbery grip of her ass.

Nelson rhythmically pumped his fingers through his mom's two clasping holes, while keeping his mouth fused tightly to the upper ridge of her vestibule, swallowing the sweet cuntal nectar that flowed from her aroused vagina.

"Oh my God…he's gonna make me cum!" Alicia's brain screamed as an orgasm began to swell in her loins. She could hear the creamy sound of her boy's fingers digging through her quivering holes.

Nelson ate at his mom's cunt obscenely as she humped against his prodding fingers. The sounds of her pleasure-filled voice fueled his lewd actions. "Ohhh, yes! … Ohhh, God! … Ohhh, fuck!" her pretty voice cried out. She began to moan and buck and squeal even louder as she was struck with a toe-clenching climax.

The boy ate and finger-fucked her pussy and ass like his life depended on it, making her writhe and squeal, as if possessed by an evil spirit, for several minutes. "She's certainly not objecting now!" Nelson laughed to himself as the juices of her ejaculation gushed out, splattering into his hand and around his mouth.

The boy certainly wasn't finished. He continued to devour his mother's pussy for another half-hour, bring her off two more times until Alicia felt like she might pass out from the divine pleasure that her skilled son was giving her.

Meanwhile, near the aft of the ship, was a private spa called "Mom's Love-Solarium." In a tranquil jacuzzi, surrounded by lush, tropical plants, Alan sat next to Ian, the shy kid from dinner the previous night. "Look…here they come," Ian whispered, his eyes going big.

Shelly and Charlene, the short-haired blonde mother, sashayed towards their boys, and both were completely naked. Shelly's round

belly was slightly bigger than the other mother's tummy, since she was carrying twins. However, Charlene's baby-ball was pretty much fully developed, since she was nine-months along. Their milk-swollen tits were absolutely monstrous, quivering heavily as they stepped down into the pool. Both their cunts were shaved, their engorged hoods peeking from their outer flanges.

"Now THIS certainly has to be the most romantic place on the ship for lovemaking," Shelly stated, staring at her handsome teen.

"I agree," said Charlene, "so I hope you boys are ready to make passionate love to us?"

"I know I am," Alan stated.

Charlene waded through the water, then stopped in front of her timid teen. Ian gulped excitedly as he saw his mom smile down over the swell of her huge, ballooning breasts. Her pinkish-purple areolas had crinkled up some from arousal, but were still as big around baseballs. The nipples that stuck out from their centers were thick and rubbery. "Are YOU ready to make love to me, baby boy?" she seductively asked. "Are you ready to cuddle fuck with your mommy?"

"Uh-huh!" Ian uttered with a nervous gulp.

Shelly smiled over at Charlene. "Before we ride those big, juicy babymakers, maybe we should make sure they're good and hard first," she suggested.

"Mmm, I like that idea, Shelly," Charlene agreed, then her and Shelly sunk down into the water on their knees. "Stand up boys."

Alan and Ian stood, and their fully-erect cocks pointed towards their mothers. Their knobs were swollen and a network of bulging, blue veins were popping out from beneath the pink skin of their long, rigid shafts.

Shelly leaned forward and began teasing the head of Alan's cock with her tongue. Charlene was doing the same to Ian's prick, flickering her long licker all over his sensitive glans. They moved down their shafts, planting loving licks and sensual kisses on the meat of their love-organs. The sexy mothers even gave their big, dangling balls some lovin, kissing their cum-filled testicles and teasingly nipping on the skin of their scrotums with their perfect white teeth.

Shelly worked her way back up her son's muscled cock, then dropped her mouth over his fat, drooling head. She puckered her cheeks, letting his hot dick-meat glide along the bridge of her tongue. The loving mother tightened the ring of her lips around his thick stalk and began bobbing her head up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

"Ahhh!" both boys sighed, watching their pretty moms gorge themselves on their cocks.

While she sucked, Charlene curled her tongue around her boy's spongy cockhead, gliding her lovely lips along the tubular shaft of his cock.

The boys both moaned and rocked their hips, fucking their long, horny boners down their mothers' throats.

Shelly fondled her son's dangling balls while she sucked, rolling them between her fingers as if loosening the tremendous load of spunk they contained. She peeked up into his eyes and winked teasingly.

Both moms gradually increased their cock-sucking tempo. Like any moms who fucked their sons knew, if they could get one creamy cum out of the boys systems with some sloppy head, then they be able fuck them longer and harder, giving their pussies multiple orgasms before ejaculating a second time.

Lewd, gurgling sounds left Shelly and Charlene's mouths as they sucked their boys steely pricks steadily and tirelessly. Shelly felt her son's dick swell even bigger and begin bursting with seed inside her mouth. Pearly-white jets of cum furiously spouted from the slit of Alan's prick, and his mom swallowed it eagerly, working her throat-muscles to get it all down into her stomach.

Charlene plowed at her boy's frenulum with the tip of her tongue on every suck she took. Her handsome teen shuddered at the delightful friction it created on his erectile tissue. Cock-milk began to erupt from his orally smothered peter-tip, splattering through the mother's hot mouth.

The boys both winced and gritted their teeth as they kept cumming and cumming, blasting huge loads down their moms' cock-hungry throats. Finally their knobs popped free and Shelly and Charlene licked the residual cream from their lips. Both of them stood back up and embraced their babies, mashing their huge, wet tits and enormous baby-orbs against the leans chests of their sons. Both couples kissed passionately, flailing their tongues together.

Shelly broke the kiss and gazed into her boy's eyes lasciviously. "Make love to me," she softly insisted, nudging her boy back onto the lounge beneath the water. As soon as Alan was reclined back she climbed onto him, planting her knees astride his hips. Her dangling tit-cleavage bumped

against his eager face and Alan felt her hand grasp his cock beneath the water and line it up with her fuck-hole.

Both gasped as they felt his engorged knob squeeze inside her birthing tube. Then, Shelly lowered her meaty ass, forcing her boy's rock-hard shaft to glide up her fuck-socket and kiss her cervix.

Ian was also guided back as his mom mounted him, burying his blood-engorged rod to his nutsack inside her tightly-clasping vagina.

"Oh my God do these young dicks feel good!" Charlene sighed as she began to pump her pussy on the shaft of her boy's dreamy cock.

"Divine!" Shelly agreed. "It makes me not even wanna have sex with my husband anymore."

Charlene giggled. "I know what you mean. My husband's dick seems so small compared to Ian's whopper of a cock."

Alan loved just laying back and letting his skilled mother bounce and grind on his love-organ. He could feel the thick, muscular base of his prick stretching the lips of her pussy, and the slippery friction of her anterior fornix on his glans. His face was where he liked it best… wedged between her huge, bobbling tits. He kissed the creamy contours as they brushed softly against him.

Ian whimpered, feeling his eight-inch cock encased in the tight sheath of his mom's cunt. He could feel her experienced pelvic-floor muscles flexing, causing her ribbed walls to chew at the meat of his erection. Her ass bobbed up and down beneath the water, causing his pink dong to slip down through her clingy grip, then back up into her depths, bottoming out each time.

The lucky teen kissed his way around one of Charlene's wobbling tits until he found her engorged nipple, then he spread his greedy lips as far across her areola as he could, nearly reaching its fringe as he sucked like a starving infant.

"I heard that a boy's pre-cum will help soften up the cervix, preparing it for birth," Charlene told Shelly as she swiveled up and back, plowing Ian's leaky cock-tip against the rounded head of her cervix.

"I've heard that too," Shelly stated. "I've also heard that once our mucus plugs are gone, and we begin to dilate, that the boys could actually squeeze the head of their dicks into our cervix's and ejaculate in there."

"Oh my God, that's so cool. We should both be about to lose our mucus plugs anytime. Wow…my son's dick inside my cervix. I've only heard one thing more wild than that."

"What's that?" Shelly asked.

"My friend Jan actually had her son's cock buried up her ass while she was giving birth at home last summer."

Shelly laughed. "Now THAT…is crazy!"

"Apparently she was out of her fucking mind she was cumming so hard…WHILE GIVING BIRTH!"

"Are you having a home birth?" Shelly asked.

"Yeah, I would like Ian to be able to fuck me while I'm in labor. I just hope the baby doesn't start to come while my husband's at home."

"That's what I'm hoping for also," Shelly shared. "I'd love for Alan to be able shoot a big hot load of sticky cum inside me just before our baby squeezes out."

Charlene's eyes suddenly rolled back in their sockets. "Speaking of cum," she gasped. "I think I'm about to gush all over this big bull cock."

"I won't be far behind you," Shelly panted, feeling a juicy cum swell up inside her cock-stuffed loins.

The water in the Jacuzzi began to slosh around wildly as the two mothers bucked their rounded asses in an animalistic rhythm of incestuous humping. Charlene's pussy shrunk up around her son's pummeling prick and her body began to shudder, making the spongy tit-meat around her boy's face ripple wonderfully.

"Mmngff!" Ian whimpered, his mouth gorged in nipple and areolar flesh as he felt the heat of his mother's ejaculation wash over his cunt-smothered dick.

"OHH, GOD, FUCK IT UP INTO ME! I'M CUMMING!" Shelly cried, throwing her beautiful mane of dark hair back.

Alan thrust his hips beneath her, meeting her frantic cock-thrusts. "Sssshit!" the boy hissed, his voice muffled by milk-swollen tit-flesh. His teenage dick flexed powerful, making its fat blue veins bulge obscenely against the surrounding tissue of Shelly's birthing tube. His knob mushroomed as he stabbed his sinewy cock through his mom's contracting cunt, giving her a tremendous tit-quivering orgasm.

The two boys 'made love' to their pregnant moms for nearly two hours. They alternated between making out with them and sucking their oversized tits. All while feeling their hot humping mommy-cunts cum on them again and again. The two moms reveled in the fact that they could fuck and cum as hard and as long as they wanted. Their boys had incredible staying power and dicks that remained fully erect for as long as the horny mother's needed to use them.

"Fuck that hot pussy, baby!" Charlene exclaimed. "Make me yours!"

"Mmmm, yesss…your dick feels so good, honey!" Shelly mewled, staring at her son with her beautiful green eyes while she rode his cock.

"So does your pussy," Alan panted.

"Yeah? Do you like mommy's slippery fuck-hole sucking up and down the length of your fat cock?"

"Yes!"

"Gushing my hot fucking juices all over you?"

"I love it!" the teen sighed, his dick and balls tingling from the sensational friction on his teenage fuck-organ.

"Are you ready to wash our baby-filled wombs with cum, boys?" Shelly asked.

"Are you ready for us to milk those big bull-cocks and empty those balls?" Charlene added.

The moms began to slam their cushy asses up and down, making their pussy muscles suck deliciously around the pistoning shafts of their boys' pricks. The huge teenage love-organs were bursting with blood and cum inside them. Their pink muscled flesh was soaked in the juices of numerous female ejaculations.

Alan and Ian were on cloud nine, not only by the way their dicks were being ridden, but also how their moms' gigantic tit-melons were bouncing and rippling all over them. "I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM!" Alan announced, then heaved upward, slamming his swollen cock to its root inside his mother, stretching her uteri with the cum-erupting knob of his prick.

"AAHHHH, MOM!" Ian loudly whimpered as thick pearly-white liquid squirted from his throbbing balls, pumping out his piss-hole and into his mom's tightly-squeezing fuck-tube.

The two boys felt like they'd never stop cumming.

When they were through, they all showered, kissing, flirting and giggling under the hot spray together. Shelly and Charlene smothered their boy's young chests with their melonous tits and prenatal belly-meat, making Alan and Ian's young tireless cocks become fully hard again.

"Would you like to fuck our assholes now, boys?" Charlene asked between sensual kisses to her son's lips.

"Mmm, there's an idea I like," Shelly added while smooching and licking on Alan's neck.

"I'm game for whatever and wherever," her son stated.

"Me too," stated Ian.

"Let's go fuck on the zipline then," Shelly suggested. "You know… where they harness you together and you fuck in midair."

"Oh, I've been dying to do that," Charlene agreed and they quickly led the boy's out of the shower.

TO BE CONTINUED IN PART 2.

183: Vacation with Mom and Gran – Part 2

Vacation with Mom and Gran – Part 2

By Klrxo

"TAKE MY FUCKING COCK, MOM!" Alan gasped. The duo were harnessed together in the cowgirl position some thirty-feet off the deck of the cruise ship. The zip-line connection was set on a hinge, allowing them to rock fluidly, like they were humping in some sort of sex swing.

The panoramic view of the open sea was breathtaking from this height, but Alan much preferred the view he had of his mother's tits. His face was wedged between the peaks of her swollen udders so he could stare straight into her deep, quivering cleavage. His mom's squishy baby-ball was sandwiched between their sweaty bodies, the fully-developed fetuses of their unborn twins resting against Alan's torso.

"Aaahhh, yes!" the beautiful mother panted, feeling her boy's rigid penile meat scrape deliciously along the nerve-endings in her pink pussy-passage. "I feel like we're fucking on a cloud, baby."

They were slowly pulled along a line that circled the parameter of the ship, like the seats of a ski lift. Many other mothers and sons engaged in passionate lovemaking, while fastened tightly together in their harnesses.

Both Shelly and Alan were focused on the feeling of his rigid boner pumping through Shelly's hot pussy. His long, fat cock was as hard as concrete, the muscle and sinews at its root flexing and straining, sustaining the force of their fluid fuck-thrusts. Soaked with slippery secretions, the boy's cunt-smothered shaft bore up through his mom's cunt tunnel unyieldingly, his huge purple veins bulging obscenely along the shaft from all the arousing blood flow. His knob mushroomed, and was so engorged it felt like it could pop right off the end of his cock. His flaring coronal ridge slipped deliciously along the snug walls of his mother's baby-chute, massaged by the well-pronounced ribs lining Shelly's vagina.

"Shit!" the teen gasped under his breath, feeling his mother tighten her pelvic floor muscles, causing her spongy tissue to chew at the meat of his erect flesh. The head of Shelly's cervix had puffed up as her body prepared

to give birth, creating a perfectly-round ring for Alan to push the tip of his peter against. His leaking pre-goo mixed with the pre-natal mucus that seeped from his mother's cervix, creating a slippery, foamy froth that coated their pink, tightly-linked genitals.

"Oh God, baby," Shelly whimpered, feeling her boy's strong cock-muscle push up into her body, its bulbous tip crushing against her uteri, making it push back into her endocervical canal, nearly to her uterus. "If you go any deeper you'll be stabbing our daughters with that long meat-sword of yours."

"It feel so good back there," Alan gasped, his prick-tip throbbing and leaking as he continued to fuck up into her tight sheath.

After every dozen or so thrusts, the sexually-experienced mother would fuse their crotches in full penetration and grind on her baby's cock. Her swiveling hips had widened over the months to facilitate the passing of twins through her birthing canal, and they moved fluidly up and back, like a well-oiled machine.

Alan gasped, his arms circling his mom's back so he could pull her to him even tighter. This crushed his mom's baby-filled belly against his torso. Shelly's milk-swollen tits bulged in huge, fatty masses around the boy's head, smothering him in pounds of tit-cleavage. The feel of Alan's stiff cock stirring around deep inside her honey-pot made an orgasm quickly swell in Shelly's loins.

"Oh, fuck…you're gonna make me cum again!" the mother squealed.

It was probably the tenth time the boy had heard those words in the hour they had been up there. He always tried to prepare himself mentally for such an occurrence, since he knew his mom's tightly-contracting vagina would surely milk the cum from his balls, unless he mustered up some staying power. He flexed his erection powerfully, making her feel every bulging blue vein running down his thick shaft.

Shelly let out an orgasmic squeal that rang out across the ocean. She wasn't the only one though. Many other moms who were harnessed to

their own sons, and scattered around the parameter of the ship, were crying out in climax also.

"Ahhhh, yeaaaah!" the teen groaned, feeling his mom's squishy body shudder against his. His grimacing face was lost in her cleavage as he felt her gush on his jabbing prick. "Take my fucking wad, mom!" he grunted as semen began to erupt from the tip of his cunt-sleeved cock. The boy thought he might pass out from cumming so fucking hard inside her spuming pit of pleasure.

That evening, Alicia lay on the bed in her and Nelson's cabin, staring at her wedding ring. Feelings of guilt stabbed at her insides as she contemplated what her and her son had done. "I let him eat my pussy. My own son! What a horrible wife and mother I am," she thought. While her conscious agonized, she did her best to ignore the smoldering tingles deep in the core of her cunt. She could hear

the shower running and the image of her son's lean, naked body pried its way inside her guilty, but horny mind.

A few minutes later, Nelson emerged from the bathroom with a white towel wrapped around his midsection. "Your turn, mom," he uttered.

"Thanks, honey," she said, starting to get up.

"I bought you something for tomorrow, but if you don't wanna wear it I'll understand."

The mother smiled in surprise. "You bought me an outfit?" she asked. She knew her son had gone out to do some shopping earlier, but didn't realize it was for her.

"Yeah, a um…bikini, for the beach tomorrow. I figured you might wanna wear something new and different."

She fed him a quirky smile. "How different?"

"Do you wanna see it?"

"I'll take a look, but I can't promise that I'll put it on so I hope you kept the receipt."

Nelson fished a small bag from his suitcase and handed to her. Alicia removed a tiny yellow micro bikini, then gave her son a look of displeasure. "Honey, it was sweet of you to buy this, but it looks much too skimpy," she told him.

"It would look incredible on you!"

"Nelson…can we talk for a minute?" the mother asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

Her son plopped down next to her. "I know what you're gonna say. That we shouldn't have done what we did today, but—"

"We DEFINITELY shouldn't have done what we did today! Mothers and sons shouldn't be acting in that manner. It's incest, and it's immoral."

"Yeah, well…fine, but I would do it again in a second," said the boy, staring at his mother luscious legs. "Just being honest here, mom."

"Don't plan on that happening," Alicia stated. "Tomorrow, we'll take that island excursion and it'll give a chance to clear our heads. And I'm sorry, but I can't wear this.

Nelson was handed the bikini back. "What's the big deal with us fooling around a little? We're on a ship in the middle of the ocean. No one we know is ever gonna find out," he stated.

"Nelson, giving your mother oral sex, and me giving you a handjob, is more than just 'fooling around a little.' It's WRONG, no matter where we are or who's around."

"So, I guess I shouldn't ask if you'll jerk me off before we go to sleep?" the teen smirked. Eating his mom's sweet cunt earlier had gotten him all worked up and he desperately needed some release.

His mom huffed, doing her best to contain her smile as she glared at him. "NO, you can't!" she blurted, then glanced at his crotch. "I'm going in to take a shower. If you need to take care of business, just…do it before I get back."

"Fine."

Alicia went into the bathroom, turned on the shower and stripped naked. She wasn't surprised to find her panties soaked at the crotch. "I bet he'd give anything to have these against his nose, while he jerks off in there," she wickedly thought, but then her conscious kicked in and she scolded herself. "Enough with the depraved thoughts already. You told him it wasn't appropriate, so practice what you preach."

Nelson had sprawled back on the bed and was just getting ready to peel the towel back for a quick jerk. The bathroom door opened, startling him, and his mom came out with a white towel draped around her curvy body. "Sorry, I just need to get the conditioner out of my suitcase," she explained, moving past the bed.

The teen watched her set her dirty clothes down on the corner of the bed. Resting on top were her dainty, pale-pink panties. "Perfect!" he said to himself, smiling from ear to ear. "She knows I'm gonna jerk off. Does she honestly expect me to leave those laying there?"

Once Alicia had reentered the bathroom, Nelson snatched her panties, quickly bringing them to his nose. If it weren't for the shower running, his mom would have heard him gasp as he took in the musky scent of her vaginal juices, which were soaking the panty-gusset. He moved the towel aside and grasped onto his hardening cock as it rose from his loins like a pink cobra ready to strike.

Alicia still hadn't made it into the shower. Curiosity was getting the best of her, and she just had to peek out and see if her boy was using the panties she'd placed on the bed for him. Cracking the door slightly, she gazed out and saw her teen sprawled across the bed with his cock in one hand and the panties in the other. "He IS using them!" she thought as her eyes drifted down to his jutting erection. The vein-encrusted column of pink flesh slipped through her son's fist as he vigorously jerked off. "Good heavens…what he lacks in overall stature, he sure made up in penis-length," the ogling mother proudly thought.

Despite her conscious pleading for her to stop, she continued to peek out, feeling her nipples stiffen on the peaks of her tits. She wondered how her son could have penis that was so much larger than his father's. Little did

she know, the answer was contained in her own DNA. During his development in the womb, the Y chromosome, produced by Nelson's

father, was central to the designation of male sex characteristics. However, the actual development of the penis was directed by genes on the X chromosome, inherited from his mother. Alicia's body produced an abundance of testosterone during her pregnancy, which attached itself to her son's genital tubercle during the growing fetal stage. This assisted in the growth of what would eventually become a beautiful, oversized penis.

She marveled at how skilled her boy was at jerking his peter-meat. It was, after all, something he did daily, since reaching puberty. She watched his thumb slip over the flaring ridge of his corona and onto his bulbous glans with every stroke. "Did he spit on it or is he just using pre-cum as lubrication?" she thought. The caring mother in her wanted to rush over and make sure he was properly lubed, but she didn't dare.

Her cunt-tube clenched, its walls secreted with hot fuck-lubricant. The wicked part of her wondered what such a huge, teenage love-organ would feel like clobbering through her slippery hot-pocket, scrapping each other's nerve endings together in a wicked union of mother and son flesh. They'd be fused as one, just as they were once before when she carried him in her womb.

"God, help me!" her mind sighed as she reached down between her legs. The rounded dome of her clitoral hood protruded from her hairless flanges. She peeled it back with her fingers, exposing her nubbin, then rubbed it with her middle finger, while watching her son masturbate.

"This is SO wrong! What are you doing, Alicia?!" her conscience screamed, yet she remained fix in place, peeking out at her cock-stroking teen. As horny as she was, Alicia resisted the urge to throw open the door, mount his young loins and bounce on his cock. She knew that Nelson had the dick-length to dig at the deepest regions of her vagina, back near her fornix, where clusters of powerful nerve-endings had remained unstimulated since her college days. It

wasn't that her husband was a bad lay. He just didn't have the length to fill her completely.

Nelson's hand flew up and down his shaft, while lustfully sniffing and sucking on the crotch of his mom's panties. He began to thrust his muscular ass from the mattress as he imagined that he was fucking his mom's ass off. His boner pumped through his hand, as hard as an iron crowbar. His knob mushroomed and his smooth balls clenched up in their sack. "Ahhhh!" he whimpered, his hips jerking as liquid love-lava raced up his urethral tube.

Alicia creamed in orgasm, as soon as she saw the pearly-white cum-ropes sail into the air above her son's writhing body. Nelson's goo rained down on his naked chest in big, sticky splatters, the sight of which made his mother go weak at the knees.

After her shower, the mother emerged from the bathroom in nothing but a sleep shirt, which fell to her thighs. Nelson could tell she was braless by the way her fat boobies bobbled beneath the fabric, and he could see the pointy shapes of her engorged nipples sticking out.

"Did you, um…take care of things in here?" she asked, joining him on the bed.

"Yes."

"Good," she said, clicking off the light, "let's get some sleep. We have a big excursion tomorrow."

After a moment of laying there on their backs, side by side, Nelson broke the silence. "Hey, mom…I know we can't HAVE sex, like you said, but can we at least talk about it?"

"Talk about it?"

"Yeah. Can I ask you some stuff?"

"Such as?"

"How often do you and dad do it?"

Alicia hesitated. It was certainly a personal question that she normally wouldn't answer, but this cruise had turned out far from normal. At least her son wasn't trying to put a move on her, and if innocent conversation

prevented that, then she was willing to oblige. "We make love once a night. It used to be twice a day, but when life gets busy you just take what you can get."

"Wow. Every night."

"Yes, well…that's pretty common with married couple, honey."

"So, you and dad have been married twenty-years, right?"

"Yes."

Nelson grabbed his phone off the nightstand and used his calculator. "Twenty-years, times three-hundred and sixty-five days a year… Wait, how many years would you say you guys did it twice a day?"

"Ten years maybe," Alicia giggled.

Nelson did all the math. "Wow, that means you've had sex over ten thousand times, mom," he pointed out.

"Your so funny, Nelson," she giggled.

"I don't know how a person can do something ten-thousand times without being extremely good at it."

"Well, I've certainly never had any complaints from your father."

"I bet. You're like a sexual athlete, mom," Nelson stated, making his mom laugh. "Do you practice?"

"Practice?"

"Yeah, like during the day, when it's just you at home?"

"Well, yeah…I guess you can say I do. There are some routines I follow so that I can make sure to give your father the best sex I can."

"Oh, cool. Can you tell me what you do?"

"Well, I do have to stay limber…in case there's a position he wants to do that requires me to tweak my body a bit differently."

"Like, which one? Which position?"

"Nelson, you're getting a little personal, don't you think?"

"Come on, mom…I'm just curious."

"There are a lot of sex positions that require a woman to be stretched out and ready."

"What was the last one you did that required you to be stretched out?"

"Not that it's any of your business, but the last one that required some real limberness was called the pancake."

"Pancake?" Nelson snickered.

"I know…some of them have such silly names."

"Say that you and I were doing the 'pancake;' how would you describe it."

"Nelson," his mom uttered in a soft, but scolding tone.

"It's just pretend, mom. I know we're not doing anything. Just describe how we'd do it though, so I know what you're talking about, in case some girl ever asks me for it."

Alicia rolled on her side facing her son, stacking one heavy tit on top of the other. "The pancake is a more extreme variant of the legs on shoulders position. It's a position that would really put you in the driver's seat," she stated.

"How so?"

"You'd start with your torso more or less vertical and my legs on your shoulders. Then, you'd descend slowly, until you're basically folding me in half."

"Damn," Nelson sighed, just imagining doing that position with his beautiful mom. "Then what?"

"For more leverage, you could reach around my back with your arms and pull me tightly against you," Alicia explained. "The pancake is very intimate, but it also gives me very little mobility, so it would basically be you who'd be the one in charge of the thrusting. The pressure you'd be

putting on my muscles would also create a tightness in my pelvis, leading to a much tighter feel and more friction for your penis."

"That sure doesn't sound so bad," the teen expressed, his heart pounding excitedly just listing to his mom describe it.

"You should always make sure a girl's flexible enough to pull this one off — many women aren't, but I do palates daily, so I don't have any issues with even the most extreme positions."

"So girls really like that pancake position?"

"Well, that depends, honey. You and I getting into the position is only the start. Once you're inside me, you'd have to do the old swivel and grind to really get things heated up."

"Swivel and grind?" Nelson asked.

"Yes, once you've fully penetrated my vagina, you'd use your hip rotation to grind and twist inside of me, pressing your shaft as hard as you can against my clitoris. The friction and pressure will be what brings me to orgasm, especially with a penis as large as your."

The boy smiled with pride, hearing his mom acknowledge the enormity of his prick. "So, do you think I have an advantage over other guys then?"

"Sure…I mean, deeper penetration can provide incredible stimulation to different erogenous zones deep in my body, including more friction on the clitoris, and the stimulation of my G-spot and A-spot. Even cervical stimulation can provide extraordinary orgasms in a woman."

"Damn, mom…you really know a lot about this stuff."

"Well I should, honey," she giggled. "I've only done it…how many times did you say? Ten-thousand?"

"Yes."

"Like you said though…you do something enough times, you get really good at it."

"Can I quiz you?" the teen asked, then opened an app on his phone.

"Quiz me?"

"Yeah, I have a phone app with all the sex positions on it. I wanna see how many you know."

Alicia laughed. "What the heck are you doing with a sex position phone app?"

"Learning all of them…what do you think?" he answered. "The last thing I want is for a girl to ask me to do her in a certain position and I have no idea what she's talking about."

"That makes sense, I suppose. Knowledge is power."

"So here's how we'll do it. I tell you what the position is called, and you demonstrate how you'd position your body for it."

"And just how am I suppose to do that? Sex takes two people or have you forgotten that already?" Alicia teased.

"Alright then, I'll help you. Not by giving you the answer, but you get where you need to be, then you tell me where I need to be, and we'll assume the position together."

"Honey, it sounds to me like your trying to cross that line again. The one we agreed we'd stay away from," his mother warned.

"We can keep our clothes on, mom…and we're not really doing anything inappropriate. It's just a quiz."

Alicia quickly sat up and turned the light back on. "Alright, but no funny business…understood?" she warned. "I show you the position, and then we move on to the next one."

"Got it! OK, here's the first one," said Nelson, looking at his phone. "Doggy-style."

His mom fed him an amused smile. "You don't know what the doggy position is? That's pretty basic stuff, honey."

"It doesn't matter what I know. I'm quizzing you, remember."

"Fine!" Alicia smiled, quickly climbing up on all-fours. "Get behind me."

Nelson scrambled up on his knees behind his mother, wearing only his briefs. Alicia's sleep shirt bunched up, exposing half her rounded bubble butt. This left her crotch exposed to the boy's ogling eyes. She was wearing panties, but they were sheer white mesh, so the teen could easily make out the bulge of her smooth, puffy flanges beneath the fabric. His eyes drifted hungrily up her darkened butt-crack, and he could just make out the pink, round ring of her budding asshole.

Alicia bumped her fanny against her boy's hardening penis as if she were thrusting back on him. "Doggy is one of the more basic sex positions. You enter me from behind and hold on to my hips or torso," she stated, peeking back at him. "You can decide to go slow or hard during doggy. If you want to add some roughness, doggy is a solid option that would allow you to pull my hair or slap my ass while it beats back against your midsection."

"Can I slap it once?"

"Nelson, I'm just showing you," she scolded, but with an amused smirk. "We're not actually getting sexual, remember?"

"It's just a slap on the ass, mom…not really that sexual. One time and that's it."

The mother sighed and rolled her eyes. "Fine. Lift the t-shirt up over my ass-cheek and give it a slap."

With her wearing sheer panties, Alicia's meaty ass may as well have been naked. In order to demonstrate how to fuck in this position, she continued to swivel her rounded rump up and back, bumping the puffy lips of her vulva against the tubular hardness of her son's cock. "Are you gonna slap it or stare at it, honey?" she teased.

"Oh, sorry," Nelson answered, then drew his hand back and smacked his mom's ass hard, making her fatty butt-meat ripple.

"Nice slap!" she excitedly stated. "Maybe you could teach your father the difference between a slap and a pat."

"Really?!"

"I'm kidding, honey," the mother laughed. "If your father knew you just slapped my ass like that he'd kill us both."

"Probably."

"Alright…next position," Alicia blurted, turning over and sitting down. The erect cock-bulge beneath Nelson's underwear could hardly escape her lingering gaze.

"Spread Eagle."

The mother smiled, then laid back raising and spreading her lovely, naked legs in a wide V. "It gets its name because of the way a woman spreads her legs like the wings of an eagle," she said, then reached out for her teen. "Come down on top of me."

Nelson lowered down between her warm, splayed thighs and sighed as his meaty muscle rested against her pudenda. "Place your hands flat on the bed for leverage," the mother instructed.

Now they were face to face, and Nelson marveled at how far open his mom's silky legs were spread. They were fully extended, and her sexy feet were arched, so her toes pointed to each corner of the headboard. "This is SO cool," he uttered. "I never knew you could spread your legs that far."

"I told you I'm limber."

"You weren't kidding."

"Unlike doggy, in the eagle position, you and I are face to face. We would gaze into each other's eyes and kiss while we have sex this way."

"Can I kiss you?"

"Nelson!" his mom laughed. "First you slapped my ass…now you wanna kiss me?"

"Yeah, if you'd let me…just to see what this position is really like."

"Fine…one kiss, then there's something I wanna show you."

The boy lowered flat on top of her, crushing her tit-melons between them. He couldn't believe how thick and hard her nipples felt, prodding against

his naked chest through her t-shirt. "Holy shit…I think that means she's aroused!" he told himself. Their necks tilted sideways and they gazed wondrously as their lips met in a long, tender kiss. It was much more intimate than what was considered appropriate for mother and son. "Now…what I wanna show you is…all a woman has to do is lower her legs, wrapping them around your back, and you're suddenly in a position called the missionary."

Nelson sighed as he felt his mom's sexy, shaved legs harnessed around him. "Yep, that one's on my app too," he pointed out.

"Of course it is. It's the most famous and classic of all positions, honey. The eye contact, the mild male dominance and the angle of penetration make it a popular one, and I just bet the first time you had sex was in the missionary position, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he smiled.

"It's a very comfortable option, that allows for easy thrusting, and a quick pull-out if you didn't wanna get me pregnant. A man and

woman can do it pretty wild and rough in this position, and despite what you may think, it's NOT all male dominated, even though you're on top."

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is some women, like myself, are pretty good at fucking from the bottom in this position."

Nelson's cock twitched upon hearing his mom use the F-word. She didn't use it frequently and especially not in this context. "Will you demonstrate?" he boldly asked.

"Probably not," she said, shaking her head.

"Then why even bring it up, mom? I don't know how a woman can do what you're describing if she's laying under the weight of a guy."

Alicia brought her arms under her son's, reaching back behind him and grasping onto his shoulders. She adjusted her naked legs so they were still fastened tightly around him, but not entwined. Suddenly, the busty mother

began to writhe beneath him in a violent rhythm, shaking the mattress as she engaged her son in a heated dry fuck.

Nelson's cock flexed beneath his underwear, digging against his mom's pussy-mound as she clutched and bucked against his young body in earnest. Her flattened milkers sloshed between them, adding to the boy's delight. Then, she suddenly stopped. "Is that a good enough demonstration for you?" said Alicia, breathing heavily.

"Damn!" her son gasped. "None of the girls I've been with have ever done that."

"Yeah, well…that's probably because it's just a mom thing," Alicia winked. "I must have picked it up somewhere along my journey to

ten-thousand," she joked.

Nelson looked at his phone. "How about you demonstrate 'the cowgirl' next," he suggested.

"You'll have to get on your back for this one," his mother replied.

No sooner did the boy sprawl back than his mom was mounting him, throwing a leg across his midsection and planting her knees firmly on the mattress astride his hips. Nelson was transfixed on the swell of her unfettered tits as they bobbled freely beneath her nightshirt. "When I'm in the cowgirl or 'riding' position on top, I can choose the pace, depth, and angle of penetration," Alicia shared.

She began to swivel her hips, grinding her overheated cunt on the throbbing rod of her boy's cock. "I like this one!" Nelson sighed, watching her boobies wobble as his mom worked against him.

"I have a feeling you like them all, honey," Alicia giggled.

"Yeah, but this one has an especially-good view!"

Alicia glanced down at the swell of her dancing udders. "Yeah, speaking of that…this position gives you a chance to use your mouth to stimulate my nipples, neck, and anything else within reach."

"Can I try it?"

"No…you can't suck on my nipples, honey. We've already been WAY more naughty than we should."

"Can I just rub my face up against them? I'll stay away from the nipples, I promise."

Alicia grinned, then lowered down so she was resting with her extended arms astride his head. The bulge of her meaty mammaries was hovering over Nelson's face. "Well…I suppose this nightshirt IS

big enough for two, if you'd like to squeeze inside it with me for just a few minutes."

"Are you kidding me? You have to ask, mom?"

"Two minutes, that's all you get," she warned. "You can kiss and lick and nibble on whatever you want under there EXCEPT for my nipples, got it?"

"When you say nipples, does that include your areola?"

"The areola are separate," Alicia fed him a stern smirk. "Just keep your lips away from my teats."

"Got it!"

Nelson watched her click off the bedside light, shrouding them in darkness, except for the glow of his phone. Then, Alicia draped a blanket over the top of them so they were covered in warm, fluffy softness. The screen of his cellphone illuminated the mother's pretty face as she stared down into her son's excited eyes. "You get two minutes under my shirt and then we're going to sleep, got it?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Rise up on your elbows so I can slip my shirt over the top of you, then you can lay back down," the mother whispered and Nelson complied, his face now teasingly close to her tits. "Good…now dim your cellphone and set it aside."

As soon as he did this, they were shrouded in darkness. Alicia grabbed them hem of her nightshirt and wrapped it over the top of her son. Nelson's face was suddenly smothered by the biggest, softest titties he'd

ever felt. "Oh, wow!" he gasped, as his head was pushed back against the bed from the weight of his mom's squishy boobs.

Alicia felt her boy's cock-shaft flex beneath his underwear, pushing against her overheated vulva. She humped subtly against his rod, letting her juicy slit swivel along it's bulging length through her this panty-fabric. "I can't believe I'm letting him do this," she thought. "I swore I wouldn't."

While his mom struggled with conflicting thoughts, Nelson was in tittie heaven, rubbing his wonder-stricken face up between her giant breasts. He kissed and licked at her creamy contours, wishing more than anything that the "two minutes" could be two hours instead. "Hell…I'd even spend two weeks doing this!" his horny brain confessed. He pried his face up under the huge, rounded undersides of her breasts, kissing, licking and sucking at the supple flesh, while feeling the heavy weight of jugs smother his entire head.

Alicia's cunt tingled deliciously as she dry-humped it against Nelson's teenage love-organ. Feeling her tits being royally worked over at the same time only added to her arousal level. "A mom-son cruise will be great for the two of you," she remembered her husband saying, just before they left. He could have never have imagined that his wife and son would get this close to completely fucking their asses off.

Nelson lustfully worked his way back up her tit-cleavage, to the peaks of her jugs. Being careful not to include her nipples, he worked his tongue around the fringe of her areola, battering it's raised, pink surface. Even though he wasn't allowed to suck her engorged teats, he could still feel them rubbing against his face enticingly. Hearing his mom's heavy breathing as he gave her boobs a work over was incredibly thrilling.

Their hips moved in counterpoint, perfectly grinding their sex organs together in a tireless dry humping rhythm. Two minutes became five, then ten before Alicia finally mustered up the willpower to pull him from her shirt.

"Alright, that's enough, honey. It's been way longer than two minutes," she panted. "Let's go to sleep now."

"Ok, mom," the boy sighed, reeling from the mind-blowing experience of being smothered by such a huge set of tits. Even better was that they belong to his own sexy mom.

Sleep didn't come easy for either of them as their genitals throbbed for what seemed like hours.

"Watch your step coming onto the boat," an attendant advised as twenty or so mother and son couples moved from the loading dock of the cruiseship that was at water level. They stepped onto a yacht that would take them on an excursion to the private island owned by the company.

"Hey, how are you two," said a smiley female attendant to Nelson as he stepped on board with Alicia. It was Sue, the redhead who had showed him the Pussy Buffet when he first explored the ship. "Nelson and Alicia, right?

"Yes, hi, Sue," said Alicia.

"Hi!" she smiled, her pale tits nearly bursting from her company-colored bikini top. "Have the two of you been enjoying the cruise since our chat?"

Nelson looked at his mom and smiled. "Yeah, it's been great!" he replied.

"We're really looking forward to the beach today," Alicia added.

"Cupid's Beach is SO beautiful. You're gonna love it!"

"How much time will we have there?"

"The yacht can bring people back throughout the day, but the last pickup is ten pm."

"Wonderful!" the mother smiled. "That plenty of time to explore and get some good sun."

As Alicia and her son boarded the yacht, the boy looked back at Sue's ass, deliciously displayed in her G-string bikini bottoms. Almost as if she sensed his eyes on her ass, Sue peeked back at him and winked teasingly.

Nelson suddenly felt a poke at his ribs. "Get your tongue back in your mouth, mister," his mother joked.

"What?!"

"You know 'what.' You're staring at her ass."

"I'd be staring at yours if you were wearing a bikini like hers."

His mom smiled at him naughtily. "Maybe I am," she uttered.

Nelson looked her over. Alicia was wearing a bikini cover-up so he couldn't tell what she had on beneath it. "You're wearing the bikini I bought you?" he asked.

"I guess you'll have to wait and find out."

As the yacht roared across the water, music began to thump loudly on board and the boat took on a relaxed, party-like atmosphere.

"WOOOOO!" Shelly shouted, her arms in the air as she danced to the beat near the front of the luxurious vessel. Alan was slouched back in the leather seat getting some sun, while watching his mom dance. She was wearing a light blue slingshot micro bikini, the straps of which could hardly stay on her bobbling, milk-swollen breasts as

she danced. Her huge, round pregnant belly stick out lewdly as she swiveled her body to the beat.

"You look like a hungry lion salivating over a piece of meat, darling," his Gran giggled as she arrived with a drink. She took a sip, then set it down and crawled onto the cushion with him.

"Gran, what are you doing here?" he asked, surprised to see her, since it was he and Shelly who had one the excursion.

"You and your mother weren't the only ones to win a competition. Yesterday, when the two of you were in the cabin fucking, I went out and won one as well."

"What type of competition was it?"

"Let's just say that the other competitors have a lot to learn when it comes to shaking their tits."

"Nice!" the boy smiled. His gaze was drawn to his Gran's bikini, particularly the top, which could only contain a small portion of her enormous chest. It was a wavy mesh keyhole-designed top made of luxurious soft black and silver mesh fabric, allowing him to faintly see the wide rounded caps of her tits and the rubbery teats protruding from their centers.

Jeanie leaned down, mashing her oversized milkers against her Grandson's chest and feeding him a tender kiss. "Would you like me to rub your cock through your trunks, while you watch your mother dance?" she asked.

"Sure," he replied.

Jeanie nuzzled up next to him and began fondling her Grandson's erect prick, while he sat there watching Shelly. "How's that?" Jeanie whispered in his ear, gently squeezing her hand around his shaft and slowly pumping it through his shorts.

"Perfect!" the lucky teen sighed.

"Yeah? Does that make you wish you were fucking some pussy?" she whispered in his ear.

"Yes."

"Mm-hmm…digging away at a sweet, tight cunt…feeling it soak your tender prick with hot slippery juices."

"Ohh, yeah," the boy sighed, turned on by both his Gran's nasty words and gentle cock-pumping, and the sight of his mom's nearly-naked body dancing in front of him.

"Mmm, you love having your mom and Gran as sluts for your teenage cock, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Pumping our cunts full of hot, young semen…making us break our marriage vows."

"Oh damn, Gran…you're really turning me on with all that dirty talk!" Alan gasped.

"Yeah? Am I making that big dick throb and leak, darling boy?"

"God, yes!"

"Making you wanna buck your ass, and pound your sweet erection through the wet suction of my baby-hole?"

Alan couldn't answer. He was too fucking worked up, so he just let out a whimper and humped his cock against his Gran's hand.

Shelly smiled down at her teen as she saw her mother-in-law pressed up against him, pumping him through his shorts and

whispering in his ear. The pregnant mother gyrated her wide hips, slowly spinning around so her son could see her backside.

"God-damnit!' Alan whispered beneath his excited breath, watching his mom's thick, thronged ass rock back and forth teasingly. His Gran added to his excitement level by continuing to spout naughty words from her mouth.

"Mmm, that's it…fuck my hand, baby. Fuck my hand while it squeezes and pumps your meat."

Not far away, Alicia and her son sat side by side as the boat raced for the island. The mother was becoming quite jealous at the way her boy was staring at all the bikini-clad moms around them. Finally, she stood up and shucked off her bikini cover-up.

"Whoa!" Nelson gasped, seeing her in the yellow bikini he had purchased for her. "You're wearing it!"

"Yep, I am," she replied, standing there for a moment to fold the garment she'd taken off. She was wearing a sexy bandeau-style top and mini G-string bottoms. Nelson could see pounds of rounded tit-meat bulging out the top and bottom of the bikini top, since the fabric was stretched straight across the center of her huge boobs. "Just don't expect me to EVER wear something like this at home."

"You look amazing in it, mom!"

"Thanks," she smiled, slightly blushing. "Your father would kill me if he knew I was ever wearing something like this in front of you. "

"Well…it's a good thing he's not here then."

"It sure is beautiful out here, isn't it?" Alicia asked, not wanting to think about her husband as she peered out at the passing ocean.

Her boy had his sights set an another "beautiful" view. His mom's giant tits were a spectacle to behold. They rippled delectably each time the boat went over a wave. His lusty eyes drifted down his mom's naked, tapered torso to the triangle of fabric hugging her pubis. It was so snug he could see the indentation of her cuntal fissure. "Could I see the back?" he asked.

"The back?" Alicia asked.

"Of the bikini."

"Oh, um…sure. I'm gonna go grab us some water," said Alicia, then she turned and strode away on bare feet.

"Oh, yeah…shit that's nice!" the teen said out loud, watching his mom walk away, swaying her hips alluringly. The back of her bikini bottoms were nothing but three strings; two crossing her hips, and one disappearing between the cheeks of her rounded ass. Her fatty half-moons quivered delightfully with each step, making Nelson's cock harden beneath his trunks.

It was only a matter of a few minutes before the yacht reached a small dock that was tucked in a cove, sheltered from the crashing surf of Cupid's Beach. Everything they needed was provided for them on the beach, so the mom-son couples exited the boat in only what they wore, which was very little.

Jen, the attendant, stood in front of the group on the dock. "Can everyone hear me?" she shouted. "All right. Welcome to Cupid's Beach. Through the trees, there on the right, you'll see the only building on the island. It's called the Boys Sexual Training Camp. For those of you who have never heard of it, BSTC is a resort educational center for boys. Their mothers attend with them, and participate in their training," Sue explained.

One of the visiting moms raised her hand. "Do we get to go inside?" she asked.

"There is a Training class in session, so as long as we don't disturb them, we'll be able to do a walk through the facility. Follow me."

Charlene, the short-haired blonde mother, and her son Ian had won an excursion also and walked along with Shelly, Jeanie and Alan through the soft white sand, following Sue. The mothers' heavy breasts wobbled beneath their skimpy bikini slings as the walked. It didn't take them long to reach the building of Boys Sexual Training Camp tucked just off the beach, in the lush canopy of tropical vegetation. "Just the idea that there are mothers in there right now teaching their sons to fuck is so exciting!" Jeanie stated.

"Honey, maybe we should just wait out here," Alicia suggested as her and Nelson brought up the rear of the group.

"I wanna go inside and check it out, mom."

"Fine," she relented, following along.

They went through a sliding glass door into beautiful hallway that had a luxurious tropical-resort-style feel to it. A sex, middle-aged blonde with huge tits greeted the group with a friendly smile. She was completely naked, except for a pair of dainty stiletto mules. "Hi everyone! Welcome to BSTC. My name's Amber and I'm one of the instructors here. As you may already know, the boys here at the training camp are educated in all aspects of sex. What makes our center so special is that their mothers are here to coach them every step of the way, using their sexual experience to help their sons become amazing lovers."

"So there's like…different classrooms for different sexual subjects?" One mom from the group asked.

"Not exactly. Most all the instruction takes place in a room we call 'the hall of the Goddess.' If you follow me, I'll show you that area."

Amber led the group down the corridor and they began to hear the faint orgasmic cries of numerous mothers echoing through the center. "We

won't be able to go inside the hall, since it's imperative that they're not disturbed during their daily training exercises, but we do have a viewing area for those of you who'd like to see what's taking place in there."

"Can we look, mom?" Nelson asked Alicia.

"Honey, no…it's probably just a lot of what we've been seeing on the ship, which is hardly appropriate."

"These guys are here to learn, and their moms are helping them. It's different. Let's just take one look."

The two of them walked over and peered through a long glass observation window with everyone else. Nelson's jaw lowered in disbelief as he looked down into a spacious, dimly-lit room that had a collection of couples in it having sex. The mothers were all on their backs on leather-loungers and the boys were all on top of them, fucking vigorously.

Nelson looked at his mom and smiled. "The missionary position," he whispered. "See, you taught me that last night."

"I'm glad you remembered," Alicia chuckled.

"The size of our class has increased over the years, due to its popularity," Amber explained. "It was ten couples back when the center first opened. Now the course will allow thirty mother and son couples at once."

"They're all fucking in the same position," Shelly observed, while standing close to Alan as they watched.

"Yes, the boys are trained in over twenty different sexual positions here. After learning about each one, they'll have practice sessions, where the mothers can then show them the different variations of that position."

"How wonderful!" Jeanie smiled, squeezing her Grandson's arm against her breasts as they watched. "When it comes to sex, there's no better coach and practice partner than mom."

"Agreed!" one of the other woman blurted, squeezing her own son's arm.

Alicia's eyes widened at the sight of thirty young asses bobbing vigorously between the splayed thighs of their moms. Huge breasted women-

instructors weaved through the humping bodies, offering guidance and instruction where it was needed. A chorus of pleasurable moans, gasps and cries echoed up towards the visitors, audible even through the observation glass.

"Damn, this is getting me really horny!" one boy in the group shared, making everyone laugh.

"Let's get you back to the beach then and you can have your own fun," said Amber.

They were guided back out to the surf and sand of Cupid's Beach. Shelly, Jeanie and Alan found a nice round lounge chair, perfect for three, resting in the sand near the water. The boy sprawled back, watching his mom and Gran strip out of their bikinis. They peeled their skimpy bottoms away from their shaved pussies and down their silky legs, stepping out of them.

"I certainly hope you're not planning on keeping those trunks on?" Jeanie stated, looking over at her Grandson.

"No chance!" Alan answered, then shed his shorts, releasing his monster-erection.

"Let's have a swim, then we can come back and lay in the sun," Shelly suggested.

The three of them went down and frolicked in the crashing surf. The two mothers couldn't help but rub their wet, voluptuous bodies against the boy the whole time. Shelly latched on to her gorgeous teen, throwing her arms over his shoulders and squashing her pillowy tits and baby-ball against his lean torso.

Alan sighed at the feel of her heavenly softness and turgid nipples. He felt her thighs clasp around his waist beneath the water as she hooked her legs around him and brought her lips to his ear. "Fuck me!" she softly whimpered.

The boy gyrated his hips around, prodding his mom's ass with his erection, searching for her coral-colored slit. Finally, he felt his knob wedge inside her vestibule and sink inside her heated pit. Jeanie arrived, pressing her

boobs against her Grandson's back and reading the pleasurable expression on his face. "Did someone just get their dick sheathed in hot pussy?" she teased.

"Uh-huh," the boy nodded. His cock was buried to the hilt inside Shelly's cunt, and her spongy lining was sucking and smoldering around his pink meat.

The horny mother began to move her hips, pumping on his steely love-organ. Their fun was short lived, however, as the white foam of a large crashing wave knocked them both over, separating their bodies. Shelly stumbled up, all giggles, as she took her son's hand and quickly led him out of the water.

The shameless mom pulled her boy back towards their lounger. The way her huge, milk engorged udders bounced and her beach-ball-sized belly heaved up and down as she moved was absolutely obscene. They looked over and could see Charlene and her son on a nearby lounger going at it heatedly. The short-haired blonde's knockers jumped up and down, rippling wildly as she rode her son's cock.

Once at their own lounger, Shelly sprawled out, pulling her boy down between her legs as her knees reared back, nearly level with her shoulders. Alan's heart beat faster than it ever had with excitement. His rigid cock bobbed stiffly, like a tree branch in the wind, its huge, blue veins popping out obscenely from his shaft being so incredibly engorged with blood.

"Get that fucking dick back inside me!" Shelly urged as her boy collapsed down on top of her. His achy spear pierced her puffy flanges and plunged into her overheated honey pot. Both of them gasped and shuddered as Shelly's pussy was packed with the hot meat of Alan's cock.

He slowly backed out of his mother's clinging cunt hole, sighing as he felt the wet pink walls dragging on his sensitive cock-meat. His mother squealed as he jabbed his penis home again, burying his fat bell into the deepest, tightest regions of her pussy.

"Fuck me as hard as you can, baby!" Shelly panted, locked her lovely, smooth legs high around his back and flinging her arms around her his

shoulders. Then, she started bouncing her rounded ass frantically off the cushion, feeding his throbbing cock into her cunt-tube.

Alan snarled like a slobbering dog as his young ass flew up and down, meeting his mother's fuck humps with his own. This made their wet flesh smack together loudly. Their lips met for a heated

kiss; their tongues whipping together wildly as they fucked like it was the last time they ever would.

"Nelson, stop looking over there!" Alicia warned as she noticed her boy watching the couples fuck on the loungers.

He turned the other way and saw two mothers sitting nearby talking, while their sons played in the surf. Both moms were completely naked, sunning their huge tits.

"Nelson!" his mom scolded, noticing where his eyes were fixed.

"Give me something to look at then, mom" he boldly asked, since his mom was sitting next to him in the sand, but her knees were to her chest.

"You can look at the ocean."

"Yeah, because all the other boys here are looking at the ocean, right?"

"Fine," Alicia huffed, then stretched out on her back beside him. "Is that better?"

The teen's eyes drifted up and down her luscious bikini-clad frame. "Much!" he answered. His gaze became fixed on his mom's ballooning tits. The bandeau was stretched across their rounded meat, leaving tons of creamy flesh exposed. "Since this is the island where boys learn things, will you teach me something?"

His mom looked over at him, cautiously curious. "Teach you what?" she asked.

"Teach me how to kiss a girl's body."

"Nelson…I don't know," she uttered, shaking her head.

"You don't know how I should kiss a girl's body?"

"No, of course I know how you're suppose to kiss a woman's body, I'm just not sure if we should go there, after all that's happened already."

"Come on, mom…help a guy out. If YOU can't show me then how am I suppose to find out?"

"I'm sure there's plenty of information on the internet."

"Really, mom?! You seriously want me learning about sex from the internet?"

"Alright, fine," Alicia relented, slightly spreading her legs apart. "Come lay on top of me."

"Really?!"

"Yes, 'really,' but you better hurry before I change my mind."

Nelson sprawled right on top of his mom, his legs resting between hers. "Put your hands against the sand, so you can move yourself around to different areas of my body," she instructed. "It's all about learning where to kiss a woman to have her shaking with delight. It comes down to a series of moves you can use to get her warmed up to the right temperature for sex. Foreplay is incredibly important, and far too many couples side-step it and get straight into the main course, which doesn't make it as intense."

"Understood!" he nodded.

"Let's start with the neck. The skin on the sides of the neck is some of the most sensitive on the body. Give it slow, sensual kisses."

"Now?"

"Yes, now, honey," Alicia giggled. "You do wanna learn, right?"

"Yes," answered the boy, then lowered his lips and applied a tender kiss to his mom's neck.

"That's good. Do it again," she urged, "but this time drag the smooth, wet skin of your inner lips slowly over my skin, and you'll start to hear me moan softly."

Nelson did as instructed, and sure enough he heard his mom let out a soft, shivering moan. "Like that?" he asked.

"Yes. Don't be afraid to let your tongue play too, but don't slobber her. There will be a time for sloppy kissing, but this isn't it. After the kiss, her skin should be dry within fifteen seconds."

"Got it," said the boy, then lowered down and lightly flicked his tongue against her neck.

"That's excellent, honey. Neck kisses can go to just below my earlobe. Don't kiss the front of my neck, as even slightest contact can push on a woman's windpipe. Don't leave any hickies either. Your kisses should be soft and tender."

Nelson delivered the smooches just as his mother instructed, gaining her praise. "That's good, just like that, honey," the mother whispered, pushing her cunt-mound up against the erection beneath his trunks. "Gently lick my earlobe and run your tongue behind my ear. This can be an especially good place to kiss during hot sex."

Her cunt-tube clenched as she felt her son's tongue curl skillfully along her ear. "Yesss, now work your way back down my neck, slowly…take your time. Remember, your letting my arousal build slowly. Trust me, it'll eventually result in an explosion of passion."

Nelson softly kissed and licked his way down his mom's neck, listening to her continued heavy breathing and instruction. "If you're wondering where to kiss a girl, you should know that after her genitals, her breasts are the most sexually-sensitive part of a her

body. Some women can even achieve orgasm just from having them kissed."

"Really?" Nelson asked, still pecking at her neck.

"Yeah. Anywhere on either of my breast is highly sensual, but the nipple is the most sensitive part."

"I see."

"Kiss my cleavage, but start off soft," Alicia instructed.

The teen lowered down and smooched on the spongy meat of her tit-cleavage.

"You can usually kiss the breasts harder than other body parts," said Alicia, "but keep in mind that every woman is different. Strong groping and sucking might feel amazing to a woman like me, but painful to another. Nipple squeezing and pinching can hurt like crazy, or drive her fucking wild."

"Oh nice!" the teen gasped, feeling his mom push up against his steely hard love-organ. He loved that she was clearly getting turned on by this.

"The way you were kissing and nibbling on my breasts last night… that was perfect."

"Thanks. I wish I could have done it longer."

"Yes…" Alicia sighed, her body tingling from her son's skillful affection. "Are you sure you've never done this before, honey? You're quite good at it."

"No…not like this."

"Alright, um…anyway…back to my breasts. In the days before my period arrives, my boobs tend to swell and become extra sensitive.

During those times, you can really drive a woman out of her mind."

"That's awesome to know," said Nelson, delivering some loving kisses into his mom's gaping cleavage.

"Pull my bikini top down," Alicia whispered.

The boy happily complied, slipping the bandeau top down, exposing her jutting stiff-nippled tits.

"Start kissing my breasts slowly and gently. Then, gradually start to apply more pressure as you start to squeeze and suck."

Nelson did just what she told him, staying clear of her teats, since she hadn't mentioned those. It wasn't long though before he heard words that

were music to his ears. "Suck on the nipples," Alicia softly directed, highly aroused at this point.

Nelson sucked one of her engorged tips into his mouth and began to suckle like a baby as he continued to listen to his mom's breathless voice.

"Press my nipple tighter between your lips. Not your teeth though! There's a time to chew on a woman's tits, but it's not right now. She'll give you cues as to whether she wants more. And don't be afraid to ask. Establishing communication during foreplay is key to amazing sex."

For several minutes Alicia lay there, listening to the waves crash and other mothers, scattered around the beach, scream in ecstasy as her boy sucked on her swollen boobs. He went from one nipple to the next, nibbling and licking and groping like a kid in a candy store.

"That's it, honey…like that! Most moms like me like it rough, just like you're doing," she gasped. "Suck the entire areola into your mouth.

Gorge yourself on my squishy tits."

Nelson pressed his face into the fatty meat of her mammary, making it sink down into the creamy softness of her orb. He felt his mom's leg curl around his, gently running her bare foot down his calf. "Ohh, that's so nice," she whimpered. Their heated genitals were grinding subtly with the involuntary movements of their hips. Alicia could feel her boy's boner pulsing with excitement. She couldn't remember the last time she was this fucking turned on.

"Now you're gonna work your way down to the most important part of a woman," the mother said, afraid to let her son work her breasts over for too longs. "Kiss your way down my belly, and remember to lightly trace your tongue against my skin randomly as you go."

The boy moved down her body, licking his way past his mother's navel.

"Just inside my hipbones, along my waist, is a hotspot with great potential for pleasure. This is one of the best places to focus on when learning where to kiss a girl," said Alicia.

Nelson began planting his lips along her waist, making his mom shiver with overheated arousal. "Yes, like that! Kissing and sucking here stimulate some of the glands running to my genitals," she informed him. "It's a great teaser for what lies ahead."

The lucky teenager loved the way his mom was beginning to writhe from his affection, her torso heaving up and down, making her jutting titties slowly roll up and back. Laying in the noonday sun, their nearly naked bodies were becoming sheened with perspiration.

"Kiss my hips now," the mother gasped. "A woman loves it, and they're super-close to where she really wants you to be."

She continued speaking as her son moved his affection to that area. "She'll be squirming, and begging you to move in-between her legs,

but go slow and don't give in. You're trying to drive me crazy and it's working!"

She reached down and drug her long, painted nails along the back of her son's head. "Have you ever ran your hand along a girl's thigh and made her shiver?"

"Yes."

"Imagine what kissing them can do."

"Probably drive her wild."

"Try it and see," the mother sighed, rearing her knees back.

Nelson moved down beneath her crotch on his knees and Alicia could see his monster-cock tenting out the fabric of his trunks. A big dark stain of pre-goo had formed in the fabric, where his angry knob was pushing out.

"Start around mid-thigh with smaller, dry kisses," Alicia instructed. "Then work your way up, letting the kisses get wetter and linger longer."

The boy did it exactly how she described, while peeking down and watching his mom's bikini-clad cunt writhe up and down as if pumping up into an imaginary cock.

"Do you see what that does to me?!" Alicia's voice squealed. "Do you see how horny it's making me, honey?"

"Yes."

"When you're almost to the top of my leg, suck and lick with medium pressure right inside that area between my thigh and vulva. Oh yes, that's perfect!" the mother cried out as her son focused his attention there.

Nelson was so close to his mom's cunt that he could smell her warm, musky aroma. He could see a dark streak in the gusset of her bikini bottoms where the juices of her arousal had soaked through.

"By now you'll have a girl so worked up like I am that you'll be able to strip her panties off quite easily. Don't ask…just peel them off," Alicia advised.

"Can I take yours off?"

His mom let out a frustrated giggle. "What part of 'don't ask' didn't you understand, young man?"

"Sweet!" Nelson hissed, grabbing the strings that crossed his mom's hips and yanking her bikini bottoms from her crotch.

"There you go…get them off her as quickly as possible," the mother coached, squirming to allow her boy to free the bottoms from her legs. "Her pussy will be aching to be eaten."

Nelson's tongue hung from his mouth as he stared at his mom's pudenda. Engorged with blood, her vulvar flesh was moist and unfurled, like the an exotic pink flower in full bloom.

"I realize that you know your way around down there," she stated. "You showed me that yesterday in the Pussy Buffet. Remember though, you're teasing here. You're putting in the preliminary work to get me heated up so I'll fuck you."

Nelson's heart skipped a beat when he heard that. He wondered if she meant that literally or if it was just part of the lesson. "What do I do?" he asked.

"You're going to start slowly, with soft kisses on the outer lips."

The boy's obliged, while continuing to listen to her voice.

"That's perfect. Now part the outer lips with your tongue. Kiss and lick my inner labia."

Nelson was an inch from her swollen clit as it peeked from beneath her hood, while he drug his licker teasingly through the slit of his mom's pussy. Her vestibule was lathered with clear secretions that had seeped from her Skeen Glands, and it tasted delicious. "Push your face in…worm your tongue up inside my hole," his mom panted.

The teen let out a hungry snarl as her leaned in, masking his face in pink genital flesh. He dug his tongue as far into his mom's fuck-hole as he could, flailing and probing her hot, ribbed walls, feeling them clench against him.

"Now my clit! Suck on it!" the mother squealed, her chest rising and falling with her gasping breath.

Nelson slid his tongue up the gushing slit of Alicia's pussy. Her clit was swollen harder than ever, sticking obscenely out of the folds at the top of her vulva. The boy started to lick it hard, battering her engorged nubbin from side to side with his skillful tongue. He slurped it into his mouth like a lozenge.

"OH, YESS, HONEY!" the mother shouted, writhing in ecstasy on the sand as her son sucked and battered her engorged bulb with his mouth and tongue. It wasn't long at all before the mother's gasping breath had reached a violent crescendo. "I'M CUMMING!! OH, GOD, HONEY…YOU'RE MAKING ME CUM!"

Alicia gushed shamelessly all over her boy's face as he devoured her pussy in a powerful climax. For several mindless minutes her beautiful body trembled and bucked from the sand, making her naked boobies bobble around wildly.

"Oh goodness…that was amazing, honey," she finally sighed as she came back down to earth.

"Did it work?" Nelson asked her.

"Did what work?"

"Did I get you worked up enough to fuck?"

Alicia froze a moment, contemplating his words. Her body said yes, but her mind was still on the fence. She began to consider the consequences if she truly decided to let him fuck her. "Honey, I'm not on any form of birth control. If we fuck there's a real chance I could get pregnant."

"Damn! Well, I could go see if any of the other guys have any condoms."

"No, there's no way I'd let you use a condom with me, even if you had them. It would take away all of your sensitivity," she replied.

"What if I pull out?"

"Honey, look at that stain in your pants. That's pre-cum, and it would be leaking out inside me the whole time we had sex. Without me being on birth control you could get me pregnant…very easily, but…"

"But what?" the boy asked.

Alicia's heart was racing, and her cunt was throbbing harder than it ever had before. "But you've got me so worked up, Nelson, and I want you to fuck me so bad, I'm willing to take the risk."

The teenager's eyes widened. "Really?!" he asked.

"Yes, really, but only one time…so you better make it a fuck you'll never forget, mister," she smiled.

"I will," the boy stated, quickly shedding his briefs.

The way his dick bobbed around stiffly made his mother lick her lips with desire. She wanted it inside her pussy so bad it was killing her, but on a sandy beach wasn't the most comfortable place to have the fuck of your life. "If we are gonna beat our sex organs together just one time…can we at least do it somewhere comfortable?" the mother asked.

"How about there!" Nelson blurted, pointing to a bunch of beach cabanas not far away. He quickly scooped his mom up, making her scream playfully

as he threw her over his shoulder. He rushed them towards the cabana, like a caveman carrying his woman towards the mating mat to fuck the shit out of her.

The boy tossed his mom on a big fluffy outdoor bed, then crawled towards her. Alicia splayed her thighs wide open, drawing her knees back as far as she could, while staring at the steely-hard fuck-muscle protruding from his loins. "So much sexual aggression!" she beamed, watching her son crawl up between her legs. "Take it out on me, honey!"

Nelson had every intention of doing just that. He landed atop his busty mother and his cock sliced into her perfectly, making her gasp loudly as he drove it all the way to the hilt inside her hot cunt. "OH MY GOD!" the mother squealed, having her uteri exquisitely stretched for the first time since her college days. Her tongue lolled out obscenely as she felt her pink pussy walls spreading to admit the impressive girth of his cock.

"Oh, fuck, baby…easy…you're really big! Let me get used to you," she whimpered.

Nelson moaned as he felt the gurgling tightness of his mother's pussy; her strong cuntal muscles suctioning deliciously around his boy-cock. "Oh, damn, mom!" he whimpered, then shuddered again

when she threw her arms and legs around him, clasping her thighs around his midsection and raking her fingernails up his back.

The teen wasted no time pumping his cock into her and his mom reciprocated, thrusting her lovely ass from the mattress to get as much of his prick-meat inside her as she could.

"Harder now!" she gasped. "Fuck me harder, honey!"

The teen obeyed his hypersexual mother, doubling the speed of his fuck-rhythm. His big balls beat lewdly against her ass as his rock-hard boner pummeled through her clenching baby-chute. "YESSS… JUST LIKE THAT!" she cried out, gripping him tightly with the harness of her legs.

Nelson socked his prick all the way in and held it there a moment, feeling his blood swollen knob mash against that wonderful ring at the back of her pussy. The ring that had once dilated so he could squeeze out of her womb

during birth. "Aaahhhh!" the boy hissed, feeling her corrugated walls chew on his penile meat, soaking his erectile flesh in hot, mommy-fuck-oil.

Again, he began fucking, taking long thrusts, from his tip to his root. He loved the feel of her huge, spongy tit-mounds shaking around between them.

Alicia gasped and threw her head around. He boy's big cock was stimulating every nerve ending she had. Even ones she never realized were there were being lit on fire by his huge bull-cock slamming through her.

"I'm cumming, Nelson!" she cried out. "Oh, fuck, you're making your mother cum!"

Alicia bucked and quivered beneath her boy as powerful contractions shuddered through her pussy muscles, making her fuck-tunnel clasp with a vise-like intensity around her son's cunt-smothered cock.

"SHIT, MOM!" Nelson gasped, feeling his dick flex and tingle. He somehow managed to keep his load in his balls, fucking his mother furiously through the duration of her orgasm.

Nelson backed his cock out of her pussy, raising up on his knees. The way his dick wagged stiffly, while shimmering with vaginal juices was the lewdest thing the mother had ever seen. "Why did you pull out?" she asked.

"I was close, and I'm not ready to cum yet."

"When you're close to nutting, all you need to do is change positions," she coached, then quickly got on all-fours, pointing her thick, rounded ass back at him. "Doggy-dick me!" she requested, wagging her derriere.

Nelson moved up behind her, mounting her meaty haunches and slipping his cock back inside her honeyed hole. His eyes rolled in delight as he plunged his pecker back in, feeling the warm, slippery pleats swathe his glans and shaft.

Alicia threw her ass back on him, setting them into a steady fuck-rhythm. "We went over this position, remember?" she panted, peeking back at him. "You know what to do!"

Nelson grabbed her lush hips so he could get leverage to really beat his dick into her. He clenched his ass, making his boner flex on his teenage loins. The muscle and ligaments surrounding the bulb in the root of his penis bulged powerfully, making his erectile tissue tighten, and the thick blue veins bulge out from beneath the skin of his driving stalk.

"OH GOD, YESSS!" Alicia cried out from having such a dreamy cock thunder through her cunt-tunnel. Her huge udders hung down and swung around pendulously to the tempo of their colliding flesh.

Nelson couldn't take his eyes off his mom's luscious ass as it beat back against him repeatedly. Alicia's cheeks had perfect layers of fat and muscle beneath the skin so that each time they struck her son's crotch, her unblemished buns would ripple delectably.

"Oh, yes…that's good, honey! Fuck me just like that!" Alicia gasped.

Remembering what she'd taught him about this position, Nelson drew his hand back, then smacked her ass hard.

"Oh, yesss, Nelson…slap my ass again!" she whimpered encouragingly.

He took another strike at her wildly-humping ass, feeling her cunt-tube suck at his shaft as if trying to draw his throbbing tip through the ring of her cervix and into her womb.

Suddenly, the gasping mother's pussy started spasming uncontrollably, contracting around the steely length of her son's cock. Alicia felt her cum building in her, from her toes to the top of her head. Her asshole even throbbed , puckering in and out. Her nipples grew stiff as they hung off the peaks of her tits.

"OH, GOD I'M CUMMMIING!!" she announced, bucking her ass back even faster.

Nelson mustered up all the willpower he could to keep from cumming himself. He wanted to continue a steady fuck-pace so he could give his mom the strongest orgasm possible, and he did just that. When it was clear that she'd finished cumming, he pulled his cock out.

"Wow!" he blurted, looking down at his prick. The rock hard slab was soaking wet, his mom's ejaculate literally dripping off of it. The way his cock looked reminded him of the way body builders oil down their muscles to make them stand out more. His mother's juices made his boner shimmer and accentuated every vein and sinew that ran down his rigid shaft. His knob looked like a pinkish-purple golf ball, and pre-goo bubbled lewdly from its slit.

He looked at Alicia, who still had her ass pointed at him. "I wanna fold you in half, mom," he uttered.

"Do you remember the name of the position?" the mother asked, while rolling onto her back.

"The pancake."

"Very good," she smiled, then grabbed his wrist and yanked him down on top of her. "Pancake me, baby!" The limber mother placed her legs on his shoulders as she felt her son gain entry into her cunt and bring his full weight against her.

"Damn, this IS pretty great!" the boy's excited voice rang out as he started fucking his mother this way. "Look…I'm doing the 'swivel and grind.'"

"You most certainly are!" the mother gasped, enjoying the way her was pumping into her. "And you're doing a damn good job of it too!"

Alicia felt a small pang of guilt. The night before they left on the cruise, her husband had fucked her in this very position. He had only lasted ten minutes before cumming inside of her and she was anxious to see if her son could go for longer.

Ten minutes and two orgasms later, she found herself still being hammered savagely by her son. "Yep, it's official. He is DEFINITELY a better fuck than his father!" she giddily thought.

"Oh God, mom…this feels so Goddamn good!" the boy breathlessly expressed, his ass bobbing up and down. The slippery pressure of her pleated vaginal walls felt divine around his cock, just like she told him it would when she was describing the position the night before.

Alicia lowered her legs and hooked them around the middle of his back, clamping his hips between her smooth thighs. Because Nelson was shorter than her, his face wedged between her sweaty, jostling tits as he fucked her. The mother squealed as his tongue wiggled on one of her hardened, rubbery nipples, then he began sucking it passionately.

"Oh, shit…this is so fucking good!" Alicia squealed, writhing beneath her boy, humping her crotch up to meet his tireless thrusts.

While sucking her tits, Nelson let his hands wander his mom's heated body. Her waist, her legs, her meaty ass…it felt so wonderful! He was completely overwhelmed by his mother's luscious, heavy-titted body and the clinging tightness of her pussy. The narrow, velvety fuck-tunnel sucked spasmodically on his cock, soaking it with the secretions of her arousal. He wished he could just keep pumping and sucking for the rest of his life, but he knew that soon, white geysers of cock-cream would be erupting from his peter-tip.

It had been well over an hour since he'd first penetrated her, and their writhing bodies were sheened in sweat. "Harder, Nelson! I'm cumming!!" Alicia's pretty voice shouted with desperately intensity.

The boy raised up on extended arms so he could watch his mom cum. His tongue hung out lewdly as he watched the oversized globes of her spongy tits roll up and down her chest. Alicia clutched onto the sheet beside her with both hands and her back arched. Her pretty face contorted, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining as a tremendous orgasm surged through her nakedness.

"Goddamn!!" Nelson gasped, his eyes rolling back as it felt like his mom's cunt was turning inside-out around his pummeling cock.

Alicia let out an orgasmic scream as her body trembled, making her fatty mammaries ripple wildly. Their crotches squelched as female ejaculate erupted around Nelson's cock-meat. The contractions around his fat shaft was too much for the boy to endure. "Oh, shit, yess! I'M CUMMING TOO, MOM!" he grunted.

Alicia's orgasm was intensified by the feel of her son's hardon swelling up even bigger in her clutching cunt, then pulsing as it began gushing out pearly-white jets of hot boy-goo inside her.

For several magical minutes, mother and son bucked and writhed, moaned and squealed as they experienced the apex of their mutual orgasm. The inside of Alicia's cunt-tunnel during this time was a violent storm of spewing pink flesh; quivering erectile tissue wrestling in a marinade of male and female ejaculate.

When they finally eased down from that golden peak, they held each other lovingly, still feeling their joined genitals twitch and leak with post-orgasmic excitement.

"You CAN'T fuck me in the pussy again, Nelson…" Alicia whispered, making his hopes sink.

The boy was getting ready to answer, when his mom cut him off. "Until I get home and get on birth control, then I'll let you fuck me a lot, but only when we're alone in the house."

"Sweet!" the boy exclaimed, smiling from ear to ear. He knew it would be difficult not to want to cram his cock back inside her for the remainder of the cruise though. "It's gonna be hard to keep from being inside you until we get home, mom."

"Well, no one said you had to wait that long to be inside me," Alicia smiled.

"But you just said—"

"What I said was…you can't fuck my PUSSY until I'm on birth control. There ARE other ways to fuck a girl, you know," said Alicia as she reached down and fished her boy's still-hard cock from her cunt.

"There are?" Nelson eagerly asked

Alicia smiled wickedly, rubbing her son's spongy knob against the pink, puckered ring off her butthole. "Of course. Why do you think moms have assholes?"

His heart skipped a beat as he smiled anxiously back at her.

Late in the evening, the full moon illuminated the white sands of Cupid's Beach. The sound of crashing surf was mixed with the beautiful orgasmic cries of a mother. That mother was Shelly as she rode her son's cock under the starry night like a pregnant whore.

Alan laid in the soft sand, looking up at his mom's gorgeous pre-natal body as she bounced on top of him. Her monstrous, milk-engorged knockers were glowing with perspiration; leaping around wildly, putting on quite a show for the flabbergasted teen. His lusty gaze drifted down her huge, heaving belly, which was packed to its bursting point with two fully developed fetuses; babies that he had pumped inside of his beautiful mom with his own sperm.

Below her rounded underbelly, he could see his rigid prick sticking straight up, like the sturdy column of an Egyptian temple. His mom's labium was stretched; collared around the fat meat of his shaft. Her plump clit stuck out from beneath its fleshy sheath lewdly. The shaft of Alan's cock disappeared as her vulva sunk against his cock-base. "Aaahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling his throbbing bell-tip mash against the swollen ring of her cervical head. His mom swiveled up and back, grinding the peak of his dong all along her back wall,

smearing his leaky pre-cum and scrubbing his glans with the hot, slippery mucus that had secreted from her womb.

Shelly bounced on his rod, letting Alan's strong, teenage hardness scrape along her pleated walls and stimulate her juicy nerve-endings. These days, she took no thought of her husband, who she still loved, but not in the same way she used to. Now, her big-dicked son was master of her sexual universe. Alan took her on wild orgasmic journeys that she never imagined possible until she began fucking him.

"Let me have a ride on that hunk!" Jeanie said as she lay beside them stroking her fat, horny clit.

"I'm almost there!" Shelly answered, humping up and down with desperate intensity.

To Alan, there was nothing quite like watching his own mom cum. Throughout his childhood this was a part of her he'd never seen and it was

absolutely fascinating. The way her pretty eyes rolled back in their sockets, and her lips curled, exposing her white, clenching teeth was pure magic. Then, she would howl…like a squealing wolf crying in the night. Her luscious body would convulse with involuntary spasms, making her milk-filled mammary-meat leap and ripple like nothing the boy had ever dreamed of seeing.

"Now you can have a turn," Shelly said to her mother with a satisfied sigh.

Alan's cock left his mother's pussy with an obscene-sounding "FLUP," then slapped wetly back against his abdomen. The excited teen stared at his Gran's giant, ballooning boobs as she mounting him for a fuck. His face sunk down between her spongy mams as Jeanie leaned forward, reaching down to position the boy's dick at her cuntal entrance. Having been rubbing her fat nubbin, her cunt-

tunnel was glazed with natural fuck-lubricant, making her Grandson's erection slip exquisitely through the hot furnace of her vagina.

"Ohhhh!" the lucky teen moaned, feeling his oversized knob and shaft encased to its base in the wonderful sheath of her pussy. His mom and Gran's pussy-tunnels were each unique, providing a slightly different feel around his erectile meat. One thing they shared, however, was strong cunt-muscles. Jeanie and Shelly both knew how to make their pelvic floors tighten, compressing their ribbed-lined birthing tubes around the boy's cock to provide toe-clenching friction.

"Fuck, Gran!" the teenager snarled as she rode and squeezed his achy cock at the same time.

"You like that, baby boy?" Jeanie asked, bouncing steadily up and down as if she were an energetic twenty-year-old. "You like the way I'm fucking your hot boy-cock?"

"Hell yes!"

Jeanie lowered her upper half as she fucked, knowing her Grandson loved to be smothered by her huge boobies. Propping herself on extended arms, she tireless bobbed her meaty ass up and down, working her tingly vagina on the sturdy stiffness of Alan's cock-shaft.

Alan kissed, licked and nibbled his way through the canyon between her squishy tits. He worked his way beneath one of her massive mounds, where the skin stretched out from her ribcage, sucking and rubbing his face against the creamy sponginess of her breasts. There was nothing quite like feeling such a heavy tit, packed full of fluffy fat and glandular tissue, smother his entire head.

Only once had Jeanie ever had a cock so big and hard. Her youngest son Nathan became an infatuation to her when he turned eighteen, and they fucked savagely every chance they got. With Alan, Jeanie

was reliving those wonder years when she had a sturdy teenage cock at her beckon call.

"Oh, God…you fuck me so good, darling!" the Grandmother squealed, delighting in the feel of Alan's dick stabbing through her most private place.

The boy worked his way around her boob until he arrived at the tip, then sunk his face against the squishy peak of her tit-melon. He suctioned in as much flesh as he could, taking all her rubbery nipple and most of her large areola. Her teats distended inside his mouth; delicious nectar squirting from several milk-ducts surrounding her fat nubbin. The boy slurped and swallowed, and whimpered and sucked, letting her milky sap pour down his throat. His oral affection had just the response he'd hoped, making Jeanie gasp and buck with an impending climax.

"OHH, FUCK, YOU SWEET GRANNY-FUCKER!!" Jeanie cried out, her voice quivering in ecstasy as she pounded her sopping cunt on his fleshy spike.

"Mmnnggfff!" Alan grunted, warm milk spewing from the sides of his lips as he felt his Gran's ejaculate wash over the meat of his prick. Despite how incredible it felt, he fucked her straight through her orgasm.

"Let me at those lips!" he heard his mother say.

Jeanie lifted her heavy, sweaty jugs off the boy and he looked like he just got ran over by a boobie-train. His Gran's nipples were replaced by his

mom's lips as she leaned over and made out with him passionately. All while her mother-in-law continued to dance up and down on his cock.

"Mmm, you fuck us so good, son," his mom cooed between kisses. "You make our pussies dripping wet!"

"Yesss, pounding our tight snatches with that big, teenage love-muscle!" Jeanie added, feeling Alan's mushrooming knob hammer away at her fornix at the back of her vagina.

"Spilling your nut inside us and putting babies in your mom's womb," Shelly continued, then planted more sensual smooches, making her long tongue duel with his, while mashing her swollen hooters against his lean chest.

"Oh, shit…you guys are getting me close!" Alan panted.

"Would you like me to hop off your cock before you cum, darling?" Jeanie asked. "So your mom and I can beat you off together, and make spill your seed high into the air?"

"Yes!" the teen answered, bucking his ass from the sand. "I'm close! I'M CUMMMIING!!"

Jeanie quickly crawled off his boner and joined her daughter-in-law, sprawling out again the boy, so his entire upper torso was smothered in sweaty tit-meat. They each took a hand and grasped onto the boy's juice-slicked cock, creating a tight sleeve to jack off his meat with.

"OH, SHIT!!" Alan whimpered, feeling their loving hands squeeze up and down his shaft and knob, like a tight, slippery cunt.

"Shower us with your hot cum, baby!" his mother encouraged, feeling his dick-meat pulse and quiver in her hand.

With a guttural grunt, the boy began spurting huge ropes of cum into the evening air, making them splatter down on his mom and Gran. The cock-stroking mothers milked ever drop of jizz that his

balls would provide. By the time they were finished, they were both dripping with his teenage slime.

Shelly and Jeanie leaned down and planted more kisses on his sweaty body. "Now THAT was what I call an excursion," the mother said.

"Mmm, I agree," added Jeanie. "That should tide us over until we get back to the ship."

"I don't know…I think I might be all sexed out for the day," Alan sighed, still catching his breath from such a mind-blowing ejaculation.

Shelly and Jeanie fed each other a confused look, not used to hearing that their little fuck-hound was all pooped out.

"I'm just kidding," Alan laughed. "I plan on fucking you guys all night."

His mom and Gran laughed also. "Gracious, you shocked me there for a second, darling" Jeanie expressed.

"Me too," Shelly added. "It's not like my boy to be too tired for pussy."

They took a quick dip in the ocean to wash all the sticky sperm away, then boarded the yacht for the last trip back to the cruise ship.

THE END

184: Valentine Mom (Revised Edition)

This year my life got really strange on valentines day, but in a good way. I was sitting at the breakfast table eating the pancakes that mom had just placed on my plate. Dad was still upstairs doing his morning shave and shower routine. Still in her white satin robe, mom sat down next to me and crossed her beautiful legs. They were always so silky- looking and exhibited a feminine strength. Mom loved to sit there and watch me eat.

You'd think after all these years I'd have gotten used to it, but the truth was it still made me feel a little self-conscious.

"How's your breakfast?" she asked, in her sweet motherly tone. "Great, thanks for making it," I answered.

She reached out and stroked my cheek. "Anything for my boy," she cooed.

While reaching out, her robe peeked open, revealing her huge naked cleavage. As a breast-lover, I had to admit that mom had the biggest, softest-looking breasts of anyone I knew. I'd be lying if I said I didn't dream of getting my hands on them.

She reached in her robe pocket and handed me an envelope. "Here, this is for you," she said with a bright smile..

I took it from her curiously. "What is it?" I asked.

"It's a valentine, from me. It is valentine's day you know?"

"Yeah, I guess I forgot that was today," I admitted. Without a girlfriend, it was an easy day to forget this year.

Mom got up and walked across the kitchen, her plump ass swaying seductively beneath her robe. Mom was a tall woman, but always seemed much taller by the shoes she wore. Her sexy feet were always displayed in the daintiest little high-heeled slippers.

They were nothing but a thin leather strap crossing her painted toes, and a skinny 4- inch heel, which tapped delicately against the floor as she walked. Mom was a yoga instructor at the local health club, which kept her body in peak physical form. She had long black hair that fell over her shoulders and full lips that always seemed so kissable.

"Can I open it?" I asked.

She laughed as she began doing dishes. "That is the idea," she teased.

I opened the envelope and found a card in the shape of a heart. I opened the card and something fell out. I was surprised to find that it was a condom, still in its unopened wrapper. The card itself read:

Happy Valentine's day, love! Will you be mine?

Love, Mom

I read it over and over again, then looked at the condom curiously, wondering exactly why she would include it with her card. Mom still had her back to me, doing dishes.

"Did you open it yet?" she asked. "Yeah."

"And?" she asked.

"What's this for?" I asked, holding up the condom.

Mom dried her hands and sashayed towards me with a smile. Her big oversized boobs bobbled beneath her robe and I could clearly see her nipples protruding from beneath the fabric.

"That's so you don't get your valentine pregnant," she said. "Oh, um… pregnant?"

"Yeah, you know, it fits down over your boner, snug against your nut-sack. It has a receptacle tip to keep all your baby-makers inside it," mom teased.

"I know what a condom is, mom," I said, rolling my eyes. "What I meant is, I don't really have a valentine this year to worry about getting pregnant."

She picked the card up off the table handing it to me, forcing me to take another look. "Yes you do. You just haven't answered her yet," she said.

Again, I read the card, then it struck me. Happy Valentine's day, love!

Will you be mine? Love, Mom

It was then I realized that mom was serious about being my valentine, but I still wondered if the condom part was just a joke. Just then, my father walked into the kitchen.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully.

"Hi, dad," I said, tucking the card and condom away.

"Do you have time for breakfast, sweetie?" Mom asked him.

Dad grabbed an apple out of the fruit bowl.

"No, I better eat on the road. Got to be at the office a little early today. You need a ride to school, son?" he asked.

I looked at mom to find her staring back at me, awaiting my answer. Her boobs were thrust out and she teasingly slid one sexy leg from the slit of her robe, drawing my attention.

"No...uh, that's okay, dad. I'll take my bike today."

"Don't be silly. I'm going right by the school. I'll drop you off," he said.

"I'm encouraging Jake to get more exercise," mom interjected. "I think it would be good if he took his bike this morning."

"Okay, well, I better head out," dad said.

Mom walked him to the door. I saw dad suddenly turn to mom as she ushered him out. "Oh, I almost forgot. Love you, valentine," he said, giving mom a peck on the lips.

Mom gave him a quirky little smile and another quick kiss.

"You're gonna be late," she said and seemed to almost impatiently push him out the door. Mom closed the door behind him and locked it. She came back into the kitchen and took a seat next to me, again crossing those amazing legs.

"Well?" she asked. "Well what?"

"I never got an answer. Do you wanna be mine? Do you wanna be mom's valentine?" she asked sweetly.

"Sure," I muttered.

We stared at one another for a moment, a special kind of magic passing between us. "But if I'm gonna take my bike, I should probably be heading to school," I added.

Mom shook her head and giggled. "I don't think so," she said. "I'm not going to school?" I asked.

"Nope," she said candidly.

"What...uh, what am I doing today then?" I asked.

Mom smiled warmly. "Don't you mean, what are WE doing today?" she asked. "Yeah...what are we doing?"

Mom stepped up to me and gazed into my eyes naughtily. "What do valentine's usually do on valentine's day?" she asked.

"Oh," I muttered, my heart doing an excited somersault in my chest.

Mom lowered down on her knees in front of me, and began to unbutton my pants and pull down my zipper. I watched in fascinated disbelief as my own mom yanked my pants down, then my boxer-briefs. My cock sprang to attention, right in front of her face.

"Give me the condom," she said.

I did so, and she ripped it open. She took the latex ring and put it in her mouth. Then she grabbed my erection and forced the engorged head of my cock between her lips. I couldn't believe this was happening. As my cock sunk into her mouth, mom used her lips to work the condom onto my cock. I watched as she swallowed every inch until the condom was completely unrolled, then she slid my pecker from her mouth and looked up into my eyes.

"You could dislocate my jaw with that big thing," she teased. "Sorry."

"Apologizing for have a huge cock. Don't you dare," she said. "Sit down, lover."

I did as she told me, and mom stood up and reached under her robe. I watched in disbelief as she pulled her dainty panties off and kicked them aside. She slid her cute feet from their heels and opened her robe.

I only got a quick look before she was on me. Her enormous breasts wobbled heavily from side to side as mom straddled me. I looked down at her neatly-trimmed mommy- muffin as it descended upon my cock. Her labial-lips were splayed apart, like an open mouth preparing to suck. I could even see her engorged clitoris peeking out from beneath it's fleshy hood. All at once, I felt my dick sink into her warm, soft love-pouch. Deeper and deeper it sank, until the weight of her lush ass was on my lap and my balls were pressed against the ring of her asshole. Facing one another, mom hugged me tightly. Our chests met, and the pillow-like softness of her boobs flattened out against my chest. Mom brought her lips to my ear.

"Fuck me, valentine!" she whispered. "Fuck your mother, lover."

Mom began to bounce on my lap, and I felt my dick glide up and down her amazing cunt. I started to buck my hips and soon we were off into a wild incestuous hump. Again and again, her meaty buttocks beat down onto my lap as my cock pistoned in and out of her most secret place. Mom was moaning and panting, clawing my back with her nails.

"Oh God, you darling little motherfucker!" she groaned. "Digging your young brick-hard cock so deep inside your valentine!"

Mom worked her cunny up and down my rock-hard pole. Up and down and up and down, then grinding my mushroom tip against the head of her cervix. I could feel her hot fuck-oil bathing my throbbing prick and it felt divine.

Her big boobies sloshed around against my chest, smothering me with their fatty softness. Their big rubbery nipples and areola poked against the flesh of my chest. Mom nibbled at my ear as she clung to me and fucked my cock.

"Did you really think you were leaving today without getting some valentine pussy!" she whimpered.

"I didn't expect it," I confessed.

"I did!" she said. "I couldn't wait to get your father out the door so I could get this big fat pink pickle inside me!"

"Oh man, mom. It turns me on so much when you talk like that," I sighed, feeling my glans tingle.

"Mm, you like that, baby? You like mom to say naughty things to you while she bounces up and down on you like a fucking whore?!"

"God, yes!" I hissed, feeling my tender cock plunge up and down her birthing tube. Even with a condom on it felt insanely good.

"It seems like just yesterday I was helping my little boy get dressed, and wash his little Willy in the bathtub," mom cooed. "Now his dicky so big n hard, he's just gonna make his Mommy's hot pussy gush all over it."

"Ohh, damn," I sighed, delighted by the feel of her experienced cunt and the sound of her nasty words.

"You like how that feels, darling. You like Mommy's apple-bottomed ass slapping against your nuts like this?"

"Yes," I gasped, so excited I could hardly stand it.

"Mm, letting mom sweep her pink chimney with that big juicy hardon," she said lustfully.

"Feels so good," I said breathlessly, delighted by the way her squishy monster cleavage was bumping my chin while she humped.

"That's right, no high school pussy for you this year, young man" Mom said. "Your hard penis gets to dig through a mommy-pussy. It gets to feel it right, baby."

"Oh God, mom, you're driving me crazy."

Mom suddenly hooked her luscious legs around the chair, grinding our pelvis's together and clinging to me tightly with her lips at my ear. "I can tell I am baby boy. I can feel you cock flexing and throbbing inside me."

My eyes rolled back as I felt my bell tip stirring around against mom's cervical head. "That's it, honey… press against mom's baby-gate. If your boner wasn't sheathed, you'd be smearing it with your hot pre-cum."

"God," I gasped, feeling her squeeze me with her pelvic floor muscles.

"Ohh, you're gonna make me cum with that hard muscle!" Mom cried, using my unyielding prick to stretch her uteri.

Mom was plowing me inside her so good it felt like my cock was gonna tear right through the condom. I couldn't imagine how good it would feel without it on.

"Oh yeah...oh God, I'm gonna cum!!!" she moaned. "You're about to make your mother cum! Oh God!!!! Oh shit!!! Oh fuck!!! Oh lover!!!" Mom screamed out, frantically grinding her pussy on me.

"I'm cumming!!! Oh, baby, I'm cumming on you!!! AAHH!!! AAAHHH!!! AAAAAHHHHHH!!!! she cried out, her face contorting into a look of wild euphoric pleasure.

I felt a stream of warm liquid girl-cum run down onto my balls.

"I'm cumming on you!" Mom announced. "I'm squirting my love-nectar on your big thick cock!"

"Oh, yes!" I moaned, feeling my nuts clench up. "I'm cumming too!"

Mom clung on to me even tighter, throwing her pussy-tube up and down my pole. "Mmm, let mom help your cream flow from your balls

to your bell tip!" she mewled.

That she did. Milking me with her skilled vagina, I started grunting in pleasure, while blasting spunk into the condom.

Mom and I rode the waves of orgasm for about two full minutes, before she stopped her humping, then slid off of me and took my hand.

"My bed or yours?" she asked, her big naked melon-mounds heaving on her chest. "We're gonna go again?" I asked stupidly.

"You wanna get on your bike and ride to school, or do you wanna climb between mom's soft thighs so she can school you on how to pound the shit out of a girl in the raw?" Mom asked seductively.

"In the raw?" I asked, my heart beating fast as I looked down at mom's neatly-trimmed pubic triangle.

"That's right," she said, glancing down at the cum-filled condom on my cock. "Take it off."

I gladly complied. Of coarse I chose mom's idea and she led me upstairs and into her bedroom, my dick wagging stiffly on my loins the whole way. She threw off her robe and fell onto her back in the center of her bed, making her huge milkers roll around on her chest. She reached out and pulled me down between her strong widening thighs.

"Let's bump our bellies," she said with thrill in her voice, then quickly reached down and guided my cock back into her matronly love-nest.

"Ohhh, shit!" I hissed, feeling the wet velvety furnace of her cunt greet my erection, molding snuggly to it's contours.

"There you go, baby," mom cooed. "Now you can feel all mom's pussy smother that tender dick."

"Feels amazing!"

"Yes!" Mom agreed, throwing her lovely legs around me, high up around my back. "Smear my walls with the juice dripping from that piss-slit."

My body trembled in reaction to her hot words. I began feeding my prick in and out of her, my heart beating so hard I felt like I had just run a sprint.

She continued with the dirty talk, while rocking her hips beneath me. "Mom doesn't need a card or a box of candy. She just needs her valentine's big fat dick squeezing through her."

Mom used her strong legs to pull me in as deep as I could go. "All the way to her baby- gate," she said, as I felt my dick push wetly against the puckered entrance to her cervix. I felt like my nob was swelling between two pouty lips. I felt her hot cervical mucus sizzle on my glans, driving me insane.

"Careful now," Mom warned. "You don't wanna get your valentine preggers. She's probably got an egg attached in there, just waiting for baby slime."

"You think so?" I said, wondering why Mom would be willing to let me go bareback.

"Yes. You can pump out your hot seed in my birthing tube, but probably better not to go near my baby-gate when that love-juice starts bubbling out the slit of your bell," she advised.

"Ok," I muttered.

"Fuck me hard now, baby! I want you to let go!" she said.

Like a steam locomotive, I began to piston my throbbing rod in and out of mom's quivering twat. She threw her legs back until her

ankles were resting on my shoulders. My head was between her pretty little feet.

"You like my sexual yoga move?" she panted. "Love it," I said, getting into a fuck-rhythm.

"You can twist my body around any way you want," she said lustfully. "As long as you keep fucking me hard and deep."

"Deal," I sighed, bringing my weight down on her while pumping into her. "Oh God, fuck meeeee!!!! she screamed. Harder!!! Harder, pleeease!!!!!

I humped with all my might. The room filled with the sounds of squeaking bedsprings, and the lewd repetitive slaps of my balls beating against mom's puckered asshole.

Mom's big stiff-nippled tits rolled wildly across her chest, sloshing between us.

Now unsheathed by a condom, I could really feel the snug slippery texture of mom's vagina around my dick. I had fucked a handful of girls my own age, but none of them felt quite this amazing. The well-pronounced ribs along her inner lining felt like nothing else I had ever experienced. I could tell by the way her cunt was grasping me that her abs and glutes weren't the only muscle groups she had spent time strengthening.

"Ohh damn that feels good, mom," my shaky voice moaned.

"So does your cock, baby," mom gasped. "You have a genuine cunt-splitter!" "Do I?"

"Fuck yes, you do," she said, humping her cunt right back at me. "You know just the right angle to rub that fat pink tip directly against my G-spot."

"Oh, you mean like this?" I said in a cocky tone, angling my thrusts so I knew I was carving my nob against her upper wall.

"YESS! Oh shit, you know just how to fuck your valentine!" she cried out.

For twenty more minutes we humped like mad. Mom was like a sex-crazed animal, grunting, licking and biting at my neck and shoulders. I fucking loved it.

"Come on, motherfucker… make me yours!" Mom gasped. I could tell she was on the verge of cumming like crazy.

I dipped my face down to one of her rolling tits and clamped my lips around the engorged nipple. Her pussy reacted with tight spasm, making me whimper into the jiggling fatty flesh of her tit-melon.

"That's it! Suck mommy's titties! Pull at those fucking nipples like you mean it!" Mom cried out.

I snarled in lust, my face surrounded in squishy tit-meat that jiggled wonderfully from our steady fucking.

"Fuck your big breasted valentine! Make me squirt hot mommy-cum on that hard pink dick!" Mom said, pumping right along with me, screwing her puffy outer labium right up around the root of my cock-base, making sure she got every inch of me.

"Cummmmiinngg!" Mom announced.

My nuts began to boils as mom's cunt-tube chewed at my cock, spewing hot love-juices all around it.

"OH, YOU MOTHERFUCKER, YOU'RE MAKING ME CREAM AGAIN!!! AAAHHH!!!

AAAHHH!!!! she screamed out, so loud that I hoped the neighbors didn't hear.

OH GOD!!! OH FUCK...HARDER!!! HARDER!!!! AAANNGGHHH!!! ANNGGHHHH!!!!

I'M CUMMING! Mom screamed, while writhing beneath me.

I suddenly felt a torrent of sperm rocket from my cock. This time there was no condom there to stop it, as mom and I bucked and humped in sexual bliss. For five minutes we rode the waves of pleasure until finally, mom took her legs from my shoulders and we rested together in one big pile of naked sweaty flesh.

"Ohh, fuck," Mom sighed holding me against her pillow-like bosom. "Did you enjoy your valentine, love?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said breathlessly. "Best valentine gift I ever got."

"Well if you just got me pregnant we both might have another gift coming in nine months," she teased.

"Hopefully not."

"Don't think you'd like mom with a big round belly?" she asked. "And tits that swell so big they'd be able to smother your entire head?"

"Your tits could probably already smother my entire head, mom," I teasingly pointed out.

"Maybe we should test that theory in a few minutes," she said, feeding me a naughty grin. "When I climb on top of you for more fucking."

"I wouldn't mind that," I said, ready to go again as soon as she was.

"Good, because I've decided after that second unbelievable orgasm you gave me, that from now on, you'll be more than mom's

valentine," she said.

"I will?" I asked, wondering if I was hearing her correctly.

"Yep. From here on out, after your father leaves for work, you'll take his place in my bed. From now on your more than just my son..."

"Really?" I asked, my cock twitching with excitement.

Mom looked into my eyes and licked her lips seductively. "You're my lover. Mom's darling little motherfucker," she said.

Once again, our bodies came together. We were now one flesh again, just like long ago, and going forward, not a day went by that mom and I weren't bathing in our wicked incestuous love. Oh, and one other thing… I WAS right… Mom's tits did smother my entire head.

THE END

185: Mom's Unseen Watcher

Mom's Unseen Watcher

By Klrxo

Jon's bedroom was next to his parent's bathroom, and he always felt a rush of excitement when he heard the shower running in the evenings. He knew it was his mother who typically took a shower at that time because his dad worked the overnight shift.

With an eager smile, he exclaimed to himself, "It's show time!" and quickly slid out of bed. He crept down the hallway, making sure his siblings didn't catch him sneaking into their parents' bedroom.

As Jon tiptoed down the hallway, he couldn't help but feel a sense of adventure. The thought of entering his parents' room was both thrilling and forbidden. He had always been curious about what secrets lay hidden behind their closed door.

He reached the doorway, his heart pounding in anticipation. Carefully, he pushed it open, just wide enough for him to squeeze through unnoticed. The warm glow of his mother's bedside lamp illuminated the room, casting long shadows across the walls.

Jon's gaze fell upon the neatly made bed. It seemed odd to him that his parents shared such a large bed when they didn't seem to spend much time in it together, since his father worked the overnight shift. But his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of running water from the adjoining bathroom.

With newfound determination, he tiptoed toward the en-suite. The door was slightly ajar, steam escaping through the crack like a mysterious mist. He peeked inside, happy to discover that his mom was still getting undressed.

Jon's blonde-haired mother, Kendra, undressed for her shower until she was left in only her bra and panties. Jon's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's generous curves, her large breasts spilling out of her bra, the delicate lace barely able to contain them. He couldn't help but stare as she unhooked the bra, her humongous tits bobbling free and settling against her rib cage.

"Damn, mom has big tits," the teen muttered beneath his breath. He marveled at the wide, dusky pink caps crossing the peaks of her tits and the fat, delicious-looking nipples protruding from their centers.

Jon's cock was long and thick, standing at attention in his hand as he pulled it from his shorts. Its plump, pink head glistened in the warm light, a drop of precum already forming at the tip.

Jon saw the delicate lace of his mother's panties, clinging to her hips before she slowly peeled them down, revealing the smooth skin of her shaved vulva. He couldn't help but stare in fascination as her most intimate area was exposed to him.

Kendra's body was a masterpiece, curves and dips in all the right places. Her back was strong and toned, leading to the plump globes of her meaty buttocks, each cheek perfectly round and supple. The steam from the shower enveloped her, making her skin glisten and shine, the water cascading down her huge ballooning tits like a waterfall.

The sight of his mother in the shower, soaping up her body, filled Jon with a sense of awe and desire. He knew it was wrong to be watching her, but he couldn't help himself. Every night, he found himself drawn to the sound of the running water, the call of the forbidden.

As he continued to stroke his jutting cock, he couldn't help but fantasize about his mother. He imagined pumping his teenage rod through her tight pussy, while her boobs swung and bounced all over

his young body. His hand was a blur as he pumped his cock, using his pre-cum as lubrication as the passion built up inside of him.

Strangely, Kendra always felt like there were a set of eyes on her when she showered in the evening, but the only one's home were her kids. She couldn't shake off the eerie sensation that engulfed her every time she stepped beneath the cascading water. It was as if an invisible presence lurked behind the translucent shower door, its gaze piercing through her vulnerable state.

That particular evening, curiosity got the better of Kendra. She discreetly turned off the faucet and listened intently to the silence that enveloped the bathroom. There it was again—a faint rustle, almost imperceptible, but enough to send shivers down her spine. Her heart raced, and with a mix of trepidation and determination, she quickly opened the shower door.

To her surprise, there stood Jon, his wide eyes reflecting both guilt and curiosity. The realization struck Kendra like a blow to the chest — her own son had been watching her all this time. She gasped, clutching the towel tightly around her heavy breasted body, feeling a mix of anger, betrayal, and confusion wash over her. Words failed to form on her lips as she stared at Jon, waiting for an explanation that would make sense of this disturbing discovery.

Jon's face flushed with embarrassment and shame. He stammered, attempting to find the right words to explain himself. "Mom, I... I'm sorry. It's not what you think," he finally managed to say, his voice trembling.

Kendra stood in front of Jon, her face flushed with anger and hurt. Her blonde hair was damp and tangled from the shower, and

droplets of water still clung to her smooth skin. Her blue eyes were filled with a mix of emotions, making them even more striking. She was clad in nothing but a towel, revealing her toned arms and legs,

and the sensational curves of her body. It was her enormous breasts that her teenage son was fascinated with the most.

As the boy stood up, he neglected to hide his cock. His mother reacted with a shocked gasp as she stared at her boy's appendage. Jon's boner looked like a sturdy oak tree stretching nearly ten inches from its trunk. Streaks of fat blue veins ran along its thick stalk and the size of his perfectly shaped knob made the mother's heart skip a beat.

"Explain yourself, Jon," Kendra demanded, her voice quivering with a mix of anger and curiosity.

Jon took a deep breath, his eyes filled with regret, but also lust. He decided that rather than make excuses, he'd just be honest with her. "Mom, I... I've been staring at you in the shower because I'm fascinated with your breasts. I know it's wrong, but I can't help it," he finally admitted, his voice barely a whisper.

Kendra's eyes widened in disbelief, her heart racing as she took in the confession. She had never felt so exposed and vulnerable before. Her mind raced with a mixture of emotions—disgust, anger, and vulnerability. But there was also a strange, unexplainable excitement that bubbled within her. She was turned on by the idea that her teenage son was attracted to her body. The sight of his sturdy fuck-musclesl only added to her forbidden arousal.

She felt a strange urge to take control of the situation, to use her sexual power over Jon. "Was it really me who made your penis that hard?" she whispered, her eyes transfixed on her boy's cock-knob, watching a gooey string of pre-cum lower obscenely to the floor.

"Yes," the boy confessed.

Kendra stepped forward, letting the towel slide off her body and revealing her naked form. Her body language was one of confidence and dominance, even though inside she felt more conflicted.

Jon's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's naked body, her heavy breasts swaying slightly as she moved closer. He couldn't believe the courage it took for her to reveal herself like that, but there was also a sense of admiration for her boldness.

Kendra continued to advance towards him, much to his confusion and nervousness. Her hand slowly reached out to touch his cheek, a gentle caress that sent shivers down his spine. "It's okay, Jon," she whispered softly, her voice filled with both emotion and lust. "I didn't expect this from you, but it seems I've awakened something in both of us."

Jon couldn't believe what was happening, but there was a part of him that was rising to the occasion as more blood pumped inside his sex organ, making it flex at a perfect upward angle. His body was responding to his mother in ways he had never imagined, and it was both exciting and terrifying all at once. "What do you mean?" he asked, more so regarding how she was feeling rather than him.

"Ever since your father started working the overnights, I've missed being looked at the way you're looking at me now." Kendra explained, her voice husky with desire. "I've been feeling neglected and unwanted lately. Your eyes have given me a sense of desirability and importance that I haven't felt in a long time."

Jon's gaze fixated on Kendra's bare breasts, the soft curves and slight sway as she moved closer to him. He couldn't help but stare, amazed at the courage it took for her to reveal herself like that.

Kendra noticed the flexing of her son's erectile flesh and a devilish smile spread across her lips. "I can tell you're enjoying this, too," she

said seductively. "How long have you been spying on me in the shower, honey?"

Jon's face flushed with embarrassment, the truth too much to bear. "A few months now," he murmured, his eyes still fixated on his mother's naked form.

Kendra continued to advance towards him, until her spongy tit-melons bumped his chest. Her fingers trailed down his cheeks, tracing the outline of his Adam's apple. "Were you stroking on yourself while watching me?" she asked, her voice smoldering with desire.

He nodded, his cheeks burning even brighter. "Yes," he admitted, ashamed but unable to hide his feelings.

In one swift motion, Kendra cupped his face in her hands and pulled him close, their lips meeting in a passionate kiss. Jon felt overwhelmed, his entire body shaking, but he knew that this wasn't something he could resist any longer. As they broke apart, Kendra reached down and squeezed his erect penis in her hand. She could feel the skin of his boner pulled tight, the thick slab pulsing in her hand. "I want you to jerk off in front of me," she said in a serious tone.

"Jerk off...in front of you?" he repeated nervously.

"Yes, unless you'd like me to call your father at work and tell him what you've been up to," she warned.

Jon swallowed hard, knowing that he couldn't possibly back out now and risk his father finding out. He reluctantly agreed, feeling a newfound shame and excitement coursing through his veins.

"Okay," he managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper.

Kendra stepped back, giving her son some space. When Jon's trembling hand pulled on his erect penis, Kendra's breath caught in her throat. It was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen, easily 3 inches longer than her husband's cock.

"Go ahead," she commanded, her voice husky with desire. "Beat the length of your dick in front of me."

Jon took a deep breath, his eyes locked on his mother's face, and he began to stroke his fully erect penis. He watched in disbelief as his own mom stared at his cock.

"How does it feel to be watched?" Kendra asked biting her lip slowly, her excitement growing with each stroke her son made. The sight of her son jerking off and the creamy sound his hand made as it slipped along the length of all that cock-meat was turning her on more than she ever thought possible, and she could feel the wetness between her legs becoming more intense. She wanted her boy to see just how much he turned her on.

Kendra began to sway her lush hips, her jutting tit-melons wobbling with each movement. She ran her hands over her body, cupping her heavy tits, and then trailing her fingers down her stomach, towards her sex. Jon watched in awe as his mother touched her shaved pussy, his own strokes becoming faster and more aggressive.

"Are you enjoying this, Jon?" Kendra asked, her voice breathy and sex-filled.

"Yes, Mom," he said, his voice hoarse. "I can't believe this is happening."

"Do you want me to touch my pussy honey?" she asked, her eyes never breaking from his.

"Yes," he replied, his voice shaking with desire.

Kendra reached down between her legs, her fingers brushing across her wet slit. She smiled at the sight of her son's reaction, his strokes becoming even more furious. She rubbed her clit, moaning softly, feeling the tension building within her. The sight of her boy's rock-hard fucker, slipping through his hand like it was a tight pussy made her pink, wet tongue slither across her lips.

"Cum for me, Jon," Kendra whispered, her voice filled with lust. "Show me what a big fucking load you can pull out of those beautiful balls of yours."

Jon felt as if he were on the edge, the pleasure coursing through him like an electrical current. He gripped his cock harder, his eyes never leaving his mother's. He let out a strangled groan as he released his load, his cum shooting out of his cock and splattering against his mother's tits and tummy. Kendra watched in amazement, her own arousal reaching its peak as she felt her own son's hot spunk splash against her skin.

"That's it, honey," she moaned, rubbing her clit furiously. "Show Mommy how much you love playing with yourself in front of her," she urged, her pulse quickening, her heart pounding.

Jon's pace slowed, his eyes never leaving his mother, and he grunted as his strokes became more powerful, shafting the air with his penis, his balls contracting with every jerking moment.

Kendra couldn't take it any longer. Her orgasm was upon her, her pussy pulsating, ready to release her own sweet nectar. She kept her clitoris into contact with her index finger, moaning and bucking her hips, feeling an immense surge of pleasure wash over her.

Jon was amazed by the noises that spewed from his mother's mouth. Over the years he'd heard her laugh and cry, but never in a million years did he think he'd ever listen to her gasp and squeal in pleasure like she was doing now.

Finally, after a few moments, Kendra stopped, her breathing ragged, her body shaking with post-orgasmic delight. She looked at her son, who was still standing there, his balls empty, his cock still as hard as an iron crowbar.

"Good boy, Jon," she whispered, her voice laced with pride and lust. "I knew you had a huge, sticky load of cum in those nuts that you wanted to impress me with."

Adrenaline and excitement surged through Jon's veins, his eyes darting between his mother's face body and the mess he had made on her body. He couldn't believe that what had started as a simple confession had escalated into this. But he couldn't deny the newfound connection between them, the passion that now burned deep within him.

Kendra stepped forward, her hand reaching out to cup his face. She leaned in close, mashing her oversized tits on his chest, her lips brushing against his. It was a tender, loving kiss, one that spoke of the depth of the emotions they had just shared.

"I need to finish my shower. Why don't you join me," she suggested, her eyes glinting with mischief. She turned and sashayed back across the bathroom, her delicious-looking bubble butt wagging with each step.

Jon moaned in arousal, unable to speak, his mind reeling with the shocking turn of events. But he knew that he would follow his mother anywhere, especially into the shower.

Kendra turned the shower back on and stepped under the spray, letting the warm water wash away the remnants of their intense encounter.

Jon quickly stripped off his clothes, his eyes never leaving his mother, as she started to soap herself up, her curves glistening in the

soft light. She beckoned him to join her, and he hesitated for a moment before stepping into the shower.

Kendra's face wore a smug grin as her son tentatively stepped into the steamy shower stall with her. She could see the mixture of both shame and excitement in his eyes. She grabbed more body wash and lathered it onto her ballooning tits, making them wobble as she rubbed them in a circular motion, watching her son's eyes follow her every move.

"Join me, Jon," she said seductively, reaching her arm out towards him. "That is what you dream of doing when you wantch me, isn't it?"

He took a deep breath and came closer, nodding in response. "Yes," he uttered, hesitating for a moment more, but then leaning in to kiss her softly on the lips. She gasped slightly at his boldness and then returned the intimate kiss. The mother reveled in the feeling of his lips on hers, his body pressed against her tender mammary meat.

"What else do you dream of doing while you watch me?" she whispered.

As Jon hesitated, Kendra took matters into her own hands, literally and figuratively. She reached down and wrapped her soapy hands around his erect cock, gently stroking it as she gazed up into his eyes.

"Do you think about tasting me, honey?" she whispered, her voice thick with lust. "Do you dream of licking my thighs and taking my pussy in your mouth and tasting it?"

Jon's eyes widened at the bold question, but the truth of it hit him like a ton of bricks. He nodded slowly, a mix of shame and excitement coursing through him.

"What else do you dream of doing while you watch me?" she whispered, squeezing his dick-meat.

"Lots of things," the teen confessed.

"Do you dream about sliding your cock into my pussy, feeling my tight flesh around it?" she cooed. "Do you imagine the sensation of my warm pussy pressing against the head of your cock, taking you in as you thrust deeper and deeper inside of me?"

Jon's eyes widened again, and he hesitated for a moment before finally answering, "Yes, Mom. I do dream about that."

Kendra smiled at him, her soapy hand still stroking his thick, erect cock. She leaned in closer, her spongy breasts pressed flat against his chest. "Do you fantasize about sucking on my enormous tits?" she purred.

"Uh-huh."

"Sucking and chewing on my fat nipples?" she continued, her words sending a wave of lust surging through Jon's body.

"Yes," he breathed, his eyes locked onto his mother's blue eyes. The way her sudsy hand pulled on his tender prick felt divine. Her thumb slipped back and forth across his frenulum, stimulating his most sensitive area.

"Do you imagine our bodies intertwined, fucking in the shower, my breasts bouncing in your face, your cock sliding in and out of my wet pussy?" she asked, her voice becoming more breathless by the moment.

Jon bit his lip, struggling to hold back the truth, but finally, he nodded. "Yes, Mom."

Kendra's smile grew wider, her dark pupils glinting with desire. "Then tell me what you want, Jon."

His eyes flickered between hers, presenting the answer he'd been holding back on. "I want to taste you and feel you too, Mom."

"How do you imagine doing that?" Kendra asked, a hint of challenge in her voice, although her eyes still shone with lust.

Jon took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down as he answered, "I... I want to... to put your nipple in my mouth and suck on it until it's..."

"Until it's what?" Kendra interrupted, her excitement almost palpable.

The teen hesitated for a moment, but he knew he had to be honest. "Until it's so hard and erect like my cock is, and I can't get enough of sucking it," he finally admitted.

Kendra stared at him, her eyes widening with a mixture of shock and desire. She could hardly believe what she was hearing, but she couldn't deny the rush of adrenaline that surged through her at the thought of her son sucking on her turgid nipples.

"Tell me more," she whispered, her voice low and seductive. "Tell me what else you wanna do to me."

"I want to rub you all over with soap, just like you're rubbing me. And then I want to lick and kiss your skin, from your neck down to your pussy." Jon's voice was shaky, his eyes never leaving his mother's.

Kendra could feel her own excitement building, her heart pounding with desire. She couldn't believe how much she wanted this, how much she craved her son's touch. She stepped closer to him, her body pressed against his, her breasts soft and heavy against his

chest. "Do you imagine me sucking your cock, honey?" she asked. "My hot mouth and throat working the meat of your pisser, like the tube of a pussy would?"

Jon's eyes widened at his mother's words, but his cock throbbed in response to the thought. "Yes, Mom," he whispered, his voice barely audible. "I dream of that too."

A devious grin spread across Kendra's face, her eyes gleaming with lust. "Well, perhaps we should make that happen, then," she whispered, her voice lower than before.

She reached out and cupped Jon's balls with her soapy hand, gently squeezing his egg-shaped nuts before running her fingers up his shaft and back down. "Imagine how it would feel to have my wet, warm mouth wrapped around the head of your cock," she murmured, tracing circles around his lips the tip with her tongue. "Sucking and stroking until you're ready to explode."

Jon groaned, his hips unconsciously bucking against his mother's hand. "I can't even begin to describe how much I want that."

His mother's hand continued to work him, her gaze never leaving his. "And when I'm finished, your cum will be splashing down my throat, just like it sprayed onto my tits earlier," she whispered.

A shiver ran down Jon's spine at the thought of his mother swallowing his cum. "Oh fuck, Mom," he groaned, his cock throbbing in her hand.

"That's right," Kendra purred, "my throat will be coated with your boy-seed, and I'll swallow every last drop." She released his cock, bent down and used one hand to brace herself on the shower floor, while other hand spread her pussy lips, exposing her moist, pink flesh. "And then, honey," she whispered, her voice low and sultry, "I wanna feel you inside me."

Jon's breath hitched as he stared at his mother's most intimate area in the juncture between her widely splayed thighs. Her cuntal aroma was overpowering, intoxicating, and he knew he had to taste it, to

feel it around his face. He took a deep breath, his cock throbbing harder than ever.

"Do it!" Kendra whispered, her eyes never leaving his. "Taste me, Jon."

He hesitated for a moment longer, but then got down on his knees and placed his mouth against her pussy, breathing in the musky smell that made him shudder with desire. He ran his tongue over her smooth flanges, tasting her sweetness and savoring the feeling of her twat against his lips. He licked her clit, the sensitive grape-sized nubbin swelling under his touch, and then he plunged his tongue deeper into her depths, sucking and licking at her wet flesh.

Kendra moaned, her eyes fluttering shut as she intertwined her fingers in his hair, holding his head in place. "Oh, baby, that's so fucking good," she breathed, her hips bucking against his mouth. "Fuck, I need to feel you inside me."

Kendra reached out and grabbed Jon's cock, guiding it towards her mouth. He watched as she slowly lowered her lips over the head, her wet heat enveloping his most sensitive appendage. She sucked gently at first, her tongue caressing the underside, then began to bob her head faster, taking him deeper with every thrust.

Jon moaned, his hands gripping the edge of the shower as he watched his mother sucking his cock. Her eyes were locked onto his, her gaze filled with desire and lust. She took him all the way, her throat stretching to accommodate his thick, meaty shaft, while her lips curled out obscenely along his hairless hilt.

"Oh, Mom," he groaned, his hips bucking against her face. "Your mouth feels so good!"

Kendra pulled back, her lips glistening with saliva and pre-cum. She stood up and spun around, pointing her thick, meaty mommy-ass his direction.

"Baby, I want you to fuck me," she said, her voice husky with need. "I want to feel you inside me, your cock sliding in and out of my wet pussy."

Jon gazed at her beautiful, naked body, her breast glistening with soap and water as they dangled heavily from her rib cage. He wanted to bury himself inside her, to feel her hot, wet walls clenching around him in ecstasy. He positioned himself behind her, at the entrance of her fuck-hole and slowly pushed forward, filling her baby-chute with his thick, erect member.

Kendra moaned, her eyes fluttering shut as he slid into her. "Oh, yes," she whispered, her voice dripping with lust. "Fuck me now, baby. Fuck me like I've been begging for."

Jon complied eagerly, his thrusts becoming deeper and stronger, his powerfully erect cock sliding in and out of his mother's wet folds. Their bodies slapped together lewdly, their breaths mingling in the steamy shower as Kendra cried out in pleasure, her hands clutching onto the shower walls for support.

"That's it, fuck me harder, baby!" she exclaimed, her voice rising in pitch with each thrust. "I need your cock so deep inside me that I feel it in my fucking throat!"

As their primal desires consumed them, Jon found himself craving to be even closer to his mother. He pulled out of her and turned her around, lifting her up to sit on the shower bench. Holding her legs opened wide, the boy positioned himself against her and buried his boner to its root.

Kendra moaned, her eyes wide with pleasure as her son's thick length slid all the way inside her, her pleated cunt-tunnel stretching

and gripping him tightly. She wrapped her legs around his waist, her feet crossed above his pumping ass, her hands tangled in his hair, pulling him closer to her. "Oh, baby, that's it," she gasped, her voice hoarse with desire. "Fuck me harder, Jon. Fuck me like I've always wanted to be fucked."

Jon complied, his hips bucking and slamming into his mother's pussy, his cock plunging into her depths of her tight, slippery sheath over and over again. The water cascaded down over them, the splashing sound mingling with their grunts and moans.

Kendra writhed beneath her son, her wet, heavy tits sloshing wildly between them as her body arching up to meet his every thrust. "Yes…yes, just like that!" she cried, her voice trembling with passion. "Make me cum, baby! Make me cum while your hot teenage cock is inside me!"

Jon responded by increasing his pace, his sweaty body glistening in the shower steam as he pounded his mother's dripping cunt. Her pussy felt so tight and warm, her walls clenching exquisitely around his cock like a velvet vice, each pulse of her pre-climax milking his dick for every last drop of his seed.

Kendra let out a loud, guttural wail, her body trembling violently as she orgasmed. Her pussy muscles contracted around his cock, chewing on his erectile meat as she came, her cunt juices coating his shaft in a warm, slick sheen.

"Oh, fuck," she squealed, her breaths coming in short gasps as her orgasmic spasms continued to ripple through her. "Your cock feels so amazing inside me. I can feel every inch, every ridge, every twitch!"

Jon continued to savagely fuck his mother, her orgasm pushing him over the edge. He thrust faster and harder, the head of his cock scraping against the sensitive walls of her cunt. "I'm gonna cum!" he groaned, the words torn from his throat by his lust.

Kendra grinned, her eyes glazed with pleasure. "Cum for me, baby!" she muttered, her voice barely more than a breath. "Cum inside your own mother's baby cannon!"

With that, Jon's body shuddered violently as he released his load of scalding semen, filling her sloppy cunt hole with his teenage seed. His cock throbbed and pulsed, pumping spurt after spurt of his hot, pearly-white juice deep inside her.

Kendra cried out in joy, feeling the warmth of her son's semen fill up her insides. Her cunt muscles quivered with delight, milking his cock, making sure every last drop of his fertile load found its rightful place inside her.

As Jon's orgasm subsided, he slumped forward, his hands resting on the heaving, squishiness of Kendra's chest, his breaths coming in ragged gasps. "Mom," he whispered, the word laden with emotion. "That was everything I dreamed it would be."

Kendra smiled, her face glistening with sweat and cum. "I love it too, baby," she whispered back, her voice thick with emotion. "If your dad could fuck me like that I'd have the best marriage in the world."

"Lucky for me, he can't," added Jon.

Kendra couldn't help but giggle at her son's joke. She ran her hand up and down his back, her fingers finding their way to his ass, gently massaging it. "Well, I guess we'll have to keep this our little secret, huh?"

Jon nodded, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "Our little secret. And I have to say, Mom, I think I'm going to love keeping it."

Kendra gave him a smirk. "I knew you'd feel that way." She pulled him closer, their bodies still joined, her fatty tits smothering his chest. She whispered seductively, "See, getting caught spying on your mom isn't such a bad thing."

"That's sure true."

"And just think…" Kendra said with a mischievous grin, "we're only just getting started."

"Just getting started?" her son asked curiously.

"Yep. Your dad will be gone all night," she answered in a sultry tone. "So let's finish rinsing off and go crawl into bed together."

Jon was so thrilled by her words he could hardly stand it. Fucking his busty mom over and over again, all night long, was certainly nothing he expected to be doing. But he knew with two powerfully orgasms out of his system he'd be able to fuck the shit out of her and give a night of pleasure that she so desperately needed and deserved.

186: Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 1_1

Another Mom, Another New Roommate

Part 1 of 2

By Klrxo

Theresa felt her heart sink as the doctor's words echoed in her ears. "I'm afraid the nerve damage is permanent. He will never be able to achieve a natural erection again." She glanced over at her husband Mark lying in the hospital bed, his face pale and expressionless. A lump formed in her throat.

Theresa tried to maintain her composure but she could feel the tears welling up. Their love life had always been such an important part of their marriage. The passion, the intimacy. And now, just like that, it was gone forever. Extinguished.

A sob escaped her lips and the tears began to flow freely down her cheeks. She quickly turned away, not wanting Mark to see her break down. He had enough to deal with already. She needed to be strong for him.

The doctor placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "There are still options," he said gently. "Devices, implants. I can refer you to a specialist." Theresa nodded, unable to speak. It all seemed so clinical, so artificial.

Nothing would ever be the same again. She grieved for the loss of the intimacy they once shared, a closeness that could never be replicated by mechanical means. Mark would be devastated too when he fully realized.

She took a deep breath and wiped her eyes, forcing herself to be strong. They would get through this together somehow. Their love was about so much more than sex. But in that moment, Theresa couldn't help but feel that a part of their marriage had died, never to be revived again.

Mark turned his head slowly to look at Theresa, his eyes filled with sorrow and regret. "I'm so sorry, honey," he whispered hoarsely. "I never meant for this to happen. For you to be stuck with a broken man who can't even make love to his own gorgeous wife." His voice cracked with emotion.

Theresa's giant bobbies teetered beneath her blouse and bra as she rushed over to his bedside and clasped his hand tightly. "Don't you dare apologize," she said fiercely. "This isn't your fault. It was an accident. I'm just so grateful you're alive." She stroked his face tenderly, her heart aching with love and sympathy for her husband.

Mark swallowed hard. "But our sex life... I know how important that was to you, to us. And now it's gone. Because of me." A single tear slid down his cheek.

Theresa bit her lip, struggling to find the right words. She didn't want to cause him any more pain, but she knew she had to be honest. "I won't lie to you, baby. This is gonna be a huge adjustment. I can't imagine our marriage without that physical intimacy." She paused, taking a deep breath. "And the idea of never making love again, never having another baby together... it breaks my heart."

Mark closed his eyes, his face contorted with anguish. "I've failed you as a husband. You deserve so much better than this."

"Stop it," Theresa said sharply. "You could never fail me. I love you, Mark. So much more than I could ever put into words. We'll get through this together, no matter what it takes. You're my soulmate, my partner in everything."

She climbed into the narrow hospital bed beside him, careful not to disturb any of the wires or tubes. Wrapping her arms around him, she held him close, pouring all the love and comfort she could into her embrace. "We'll find a way," she whispered. "I promise. This is just another challenge we'll face together."

Mark clung to her like a drowning man, his tears soaking her shirt. They lay like that for a long time, mourning what they had lost but determined not to let it break them. Their love would have to be enough to sustain them through the difficult road ahead. Theresa prayed it would be strong enough to overcome this huge obstacle.

Meanwhile, across town, Theresa's father Frank sat motionless in his wheelchair, staring blankly at the baseball game playing on the television. The familiar crack of a bat hitting a ball and the roar of the crowd barely registered. He was lost in his own world, trapped inside a body that had long since betrayed him.

Suddenly, a loud female moan pierced the air, followed by the frantic squeaking of bedsprings. Frank's eyes flickered with recognition. The unmistakable sounds of ravenous lovemaking were coming from the bedroom he used to share with his wife Nancy before the stroke rendered him an invalid.

Nancy's ecstatic cries grew louder and more frequent, mingling obscenely with the play-by-play commentary of the game. Frank knew she was in there with Michael, their handsome 18-year-old grandson. He had known about their affair for months now, ever since he first heard them rutting like animals while he sat helpless.

The rational part of Frank's brain told him he should be angry, disgusted by their betrayal. But his useless body couldn't even

muster the energy for rage anymore. In some perverse way, a part of him was almost glad Nancy had found sexual fulfillment again, even if it was with their own grandson. God knows their marriage bed had been cold and barren for years before his stroke.

His wife's guttural moans echoed down the hallway as she bounced wantonly on top of her young grandson. Her massive, pendulous breasts leaped heavily from her ribcage with each thrust, smacking Michael in the face. The teen eagerly buried his head between her heaving mounds, motorboating her warm abyssal cleavage with youthful enthusiasm.

"Oh yes baby, worship your grandma's big titties," Nancy panted, grinding her sopping wet pussy against his rock-hard cock. Age had not diminished her libido one bit. If anything, her sex drive was even more voracious, fueled by the taboo thrill of seducing her own grandson.

Michael groaned as her slick heat engulfed him, his hands groping the fleshy globes of her ass. He drove into her again and again, the force of his fuck-

strokes making the headboard slam against the wall. The bed frame squeaked in time with their debauched coupling.

Nancy rode him hard and fast, like a woman possessed. Sweat glistened on her mature body as she chased her pleasure, uncaring that her invalid husband sat neglected just down the hall. All that mattered in that moment was the delicious sensation of her grandson's young, virile cock pounding her aching cunt.

"Fuck me, Michael!" she cried, her husky voice raw with lust. "Fuck grandma's pussy so good! I'm gonna cum all over your big dick!" Her powerful thighs quivered as she raced towards her climax.

With a shout, Michael buried himself balls-deep, his knob like a purple gourd crushed against the sensitive head of her cervix. He

exploded inside her with a pulsing volley of fat vicious cords of semen, painting her pink walls a slimy white. Nancy threw her head back and screamed as she came undone, her cunt clenching around him.

The Grandmother's engorged vaginal walls quivered and contracted around Michael's pink, veiny rod as her orgasm crashed over her in intense waves of pleasure. Gushes of her warm, slippery essence flooded out of her bulging urethral slit, drenching his pulsating shaft and balls.

Michael groaned deeply as his swollen glans jerked and erupted, pumping out repeated jets of thick, creamy semen. His potent, teen seed filled Nancy's quivering depths to overflowing, the excess spattering out to coat their sweaty, lewdly joined flesh.

Gasping and shuddering, the Grandmother ground her drenched, quivering vulva against Michael, prolonging their mutual climax. Their mingled sexual fluids squelched obscenely with each undulation of her wide, fleshy hips. Pearly rivulets of cum trickled down the puckered folds of her anus and dripped onto the bedsheets.

Finally spent, Nancy collapsed heavily on top of Michael, smearing his emission between their heaving bodies. Her tit-pillows engulfed most of his upper body as she peppered his face with sloppy kisses. His slightly softening penis slipped out of her satisfied hole with a wet plop, followed by a lewd ooze of semen. The musky aroma of raw sex hung heavy in the air.

"Damn Gran, that was some good pussy," Michael stated, catching his breath, the meat of his dong still twitching excitedly.

Nancy rolled off her grandson with a contented sigh, huge, sweaty tits drooping off the sides of her chest. "Whew, you sure gave this old broad a workout! I'm parched. Let's go grab some water, baby boy."

Without bothering to put on a stitch of clothing, the naked pair sauntered out of the bedroom, making their way towards the kitchen. They had to pass right by the living room where Frank sat motionless in his wheelchair.

As Nancy walked by, her massive breasts swayed and bobbled heavily with each step, the flesh quivering like jello. They hung down to her navel like two over-inflated water balloons. Wide areolas and thick nipples capped each heavy tit.

Behind her, Michael followed, licking his lips as he watched his Gran's fat, jiggling ass undulate deliciously. His impressive cock was still fully erect, jutting out obscenely from his crotch. It was enormous, easily 10 inches long and thick as a Red Bull can. Glistening dollops of his grandmother's juices dripped from the bulbous head, leaving a lewd trail on the wood floor as he walked.

Frank's eyes widened slightly as he took in the depraved sight. He couldn't help but stare at wife's gigantic, swinging boobs and Michael's horse-sized schlong still coated in her cum. The visual evidence of their incestuous liaison was undeniable.

Part of Frank felt like he should be enraged, humiliated by their total lack of discretion or respect for him. But his broken body couldn't summon any real emotions beyond numb resignation.

Nancy and Michael passed by without sparing him a single glance, too wrapped up in their own sordid affair to pay any mind to the pitiful husk of a man wasting away before the flickering television. His presence was less than an afterthought to them now.

The obscene jiggling of Nancy's elephantine tits and the lewd bobbing of Michael's cum-slick donkey dick burned into Frank's brain as they

disappeared into the kitchen, a final twist of the knife in the dying remnants of his pride as a husband and a man.

Just as Nancy and Michael were guzzling down glasses of water in the kitchen, the phone rang. Nancy glanced at the caller ID and saw it was her daughter Theresa. She picked up, trying to steady her still-labored breathing.

"Hi honey, everything ok?" Nancy asked, forcing cheerfulness into her voice.

On the other end, Theresa sighed heavily. "Hi Mom. I'm just calling to let you know I'm on my way to pick up Michael. Where you guys in the middle of making love?"

Nancy's eyes flicked over to her grandson who was lewdly scratching his cum-covered balls. "No, we just finished a long, wonderful session. We'll have Michael ready when you get here. How is Mark doing?"

Theresa swallowed audibly, her voice thick with emotion. "Not good, Mom. The doctor said...he said the nerve damage is permanent."

"Permanent? Oh, God," Nancy stated in shock.

"Yes the worst part is Mark will never be able to get an erection again. Our sex life is over." Her voice broke on the last word.

For a moment, Nancy was speechless. She knew she should feel sympathy for her daughter's plight. But she couldn't ignore the small thrill that raced through her that her son-in-law's cock was now as useless as her husband's.

Nancy offered her daughter sympathetic words over the phone, but her free hand wandered to Michael, fondling his still-erect cock, which jutting out from his crotch like a sturdy tree branch.

"I just don't know what I'm gonna do, Mom," Theresa sobbed. "Sex and intimacy were such an important part of our marriage. And we wanted more children. Now that future's gone."

"I know, honey, I know," Nancy soothed, stroking Michael's impressive veiny length. "We'll figure something out, I promise. I'm here for you."

As she comforted her devastated daughter, Nancy curled her fingers around Michael's thick shaft, pumping him slowly.

He groaned quietly, trying not to alert his mother on the other end of the line, even though Theresa was well aware that the two of them had been fucking on the regular.

After a few more minutes of consoling, Nancy wrapped up the call. "Drive safe, sweetheart. We'll see you soon." She hung up and turned to Michael with a wicked grin, her beautiful hazel eyes burning with lust.

"We don't have much time before your mom gets here. Quick, bend me over the counter and fuck me hard from behind!"

Michael grinned devilishly and eagerly complied, spinning his horny grandmother around and shoving her upper body down against the kitchen counter. Her huge, saggy tits pressed against the cold marble, bulging out at the sides like fat, warm marshmallows.

He kicked her legs apart staring at her fat globular ass- cheeks as he mounted her haunches. Grabbing his boner at its root, Michael plowed his sensitive crown through the fissure between her thick pussy lips, then rammed his huge cock into her slick, loose cunt.

Nancy cried out in pleasure as he began jackhammering into her, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against her gumdrop-sized clit with every rough thrust.

He pounded her hard and fast, grunting like an animal as he defiled her. The countertop shook with the force of his strokes.

Nancy pushed her meaty ass back to meet every pump, her butt-meat rippling as she reveled in the sheer depravity of being so thoroughly debased by her own grandson.

All the while, poor Frank sat forgotten in the next room, a silent witness to his wife's wanton infidelity. The wet, meaty slaps of frantic fucking filled the house as Michael ruthlessly slammed Nancy's curvy body, racing to finish before his mother arrived to pick him up.

The boy gave his Gran's ass a few hard smacks, making her ass-flesh jiggle. His powerful pelvic floor muscles began to contract as long cords of hot boy-semen began to hose from his meatus.

Michael pulled out, spraying his remaining cum across her plump ass cheeks. Then, he hurriedly got dressed just as his mother Theresa pulled into the driveway. Nancy gave her Grandson a tit-smothering embrace and tongue-lashing kiss before he headed out the door.

The car ride home was quiet, with Theresa lost in thought about the devastating news the doctor had delivered about her husband Mark's permanent impotence. Michael could sense his mother's distress but wasn't sure what to say.

Theresa glanced over at Michael's crotch and noticed the prominent bulge straining against his pants. The car filled with the pungent, musky aroma of his hot dick mingled with the unmistakable scent of semen and fem-cum. It was obvious he had just finished having sex.

"Honey, when we get home, you'll need to hop into the shower, ok?" Theresa said gently. "You don't want to walk around reeking of intercourse."

Michael blushed, embarrassed his activities with Grandma were so apparent. "Sure Mom, sorry about that."

Theresa was relieved that her mother was too old to get knocked up, allowing her son to raw dog his throbbing dick inside her cunt without protection. She knew that feeling his young cock-flesh enveloped by the tight walls of a seasoned pussy would give him explosive ejaculations like never before.

When they arrived home, Theresa went to pick up her two younger children from the neighbor who had been babysitting. She plastered on a fake smile as she greeted them, not wanting them to see how distraught she really was.

After tucking the kids into bed, the mother decided to take a long, hot shower, hoping it would help relax her and wash away some of the pain and turmoil. As the steaming water cascaded over her curvy body, she finally let the tears flow freely, her sobs muffled by the noise of the spray.

She mourned for the loss of her once-vibrant sex life with Mark, for the additional children they would never have, for the physical intimacy that had always been such an integral part of their marriage. Now that was ripped away through no fault of their own and she didn't know how they would recover.

After toweling off her voluptuous body, Theresa slipped on a short, silky robe that clung to her dreamy curves. The sheer material did little to conceal her braless state, her gigantic, heavy breasts clearly outlined. The hardened points of her plump nipples tented the delicate fabric.

Padding gracefully on bare feet, she went to say goodnight to Michael, who had retreated to his room. The boy's eyes widened as he took in his mother's revealing attire, gaze fixated on the enticing tit-cleavage spilling out of her robe.

Theresa, too emotionally exhausted to notice her son's subtle ogling, gave him a peck on the cheek, her monstrous, creamy boobie-cleavage on lewd display as it dangled before Michael lusty eyes.

The robe was so short that he could see her meaty, naked butt-globes peeking out and swaying temptingly as she sashayed from his room.

"Fuck," he gasped under his breath, squeezing the meaty knot in his pants.

Theresa collapsed on the king-sized bed, sorrow and frustration coursing through her body. Her eyes fell upon the framed wedding photo on the nightstand, her and Mark beaming with love and joy. A harsh sob ripped from her throat.

Almost unconsciously, Theresa's hands crept beneath her robe, seeking comfort in the familiar touches that Mark could no longer provide. She cupped her huge melons, thumbing the stiff peaks, before trailing lower.

She slipped a finger between her shaved folds, finding herself already shamefully wet. Desperation overtook her as she began rubbing quick, frantic circles on her engorged clit. Her other hand pinched and twisted her fat nipples almost painfully.

Theresa frigged herself wildly, hips bucking off the mattress as she frantically chased an orgasm that remained just out of reach. Tears of grief and longing streaked down her face but she couldn't stop her feverish masturbation.

For two hours, Theresa worked herself into a frenzy, sliding three, then four fingers deep into her needy cunt. Her oversized breasts bounced and quivered as she finger-fucked herself furiously, the wet squelch of her efforts filling the room. But no matter how desperately she rubbed and probed and tweaked, the itch remained unscratched.

Finally, physically and emotionally spent, Theresa collapsed back on the sweat-soaked sheets and sobbed brokenly. Not even a series of unsatisfying, joyless orgasms could ease the ache in her heart and

the throbbing emptiness in her pussy. For the first time since her wedding night, she faced the prospect of a life without the fulfillment of cock. The future looked bleak.

The next day, Theresa met her mother Nancy for lunch, hoping to get some advice and perspective on how to cope with Mark's devastating diagnosis. They settled into a corner booth, and after exchanging small talk and ordering their food, Nancy reached across the table and grasped Theresa's hand.

"How are you holding up, honey?" Nancy asked gently, her eyes filled with maternal concern.

Theresa's face crumpled as fresh tears welled up. "I don't know, Mom. I'm just so lost. The idea of never being intimate with Mark again, of our sex life being over forever...it's destroying me."

Nancy nodded in understanding. "I know, sweetheart. Losing that physical connection with your husband is a terrible blow." She paused, considering her next words carefully. "You know, when your father had his stroke and could no longer perform, you were very supportive of me seeking...comfort elsewhere. With Michael."

Theresa shifted uncomfortably, recalling how she had encouraged her mother to explore a sexual relationship with Michael to fulfill her needs. At the time, it had seemed like a logical, if unconventional, solution.

"I remember," Theresa acknowledged quietly. "And it did seem to help you cope with losing that part of your marriage to Dad."

"Exactly," Nancy agreed. "Having that outlet, that sexual release with a virile young man, it made the loss easier to bear. And it was beneficial for Michael too, giving him a safe space to practice fucking a woman properly."

She fixed Theresa with a pointed look. "Your situation isn't so different now, honey."

Theresa's eyes widened as she grasped her mother's meaning. "Are you suggesting I...that Michael and I..." She trailed off, unable to finish the thought.

"I'm just saying that if you need that physical intimacy, that sexual connection like I know you do, Michael could provide it," Nancy said carefully. "He's a considerate lover, and it would stay in the family. No one else would ever know."

Theresa shook her head. "I don't know, Mom. The idea of carrying on an affair with my own son behind Mark's back...it would feel so wrong."

"Honey, you deserve happiness and fulfillment. Mark's paralyzed penis doesn't have to be a life sentence for your libido too. Just think about it," Nancy urged.

Theresa's brain reeled at her mother's shocking suggestion. Fucking her own son Michael? The very idea should disgust and appall her. But deep down, a small traitorous part of her thrilled at the prospect, especially after the aching loneliness and frustration of the previous night.

Despite herself, Theresa found herself morbidly curious about the sordid details of Nancy's incestuous affair with her son. "Mom...when you and Michael are together...what's it like?" she asked hesitantly.

A wistful smile spread across Nancy's face. "Oh honey, it's incredible. That boy has the stamina of a bull. He can fuck for hours without going soft."

Theresa swallowed, her mouth suddenly dry. "Hours?" she croaked.

Nancy nodded, a wicked gleam in her eyes. "And his cock, my God. I've never seen one so huge. It's at least 10 inches long and thick as my wrist. He stretches me out so deliciously."

Theresa's breathing quickened, her nipples hardening into tight points against her embroidered bra as she pictured Michael's enormous member plowing into her own mother's mature cunt. "How many times can he make you cum?" she asked breathlessly.

"I usually lose count after a dozen or so," Nancy replied with a smug grin. "That boy wrings orgasms out of me like nobody's business. He's a pussy eating champion too. I swear he could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch, just ask my clit."

Theresa squirmed in her seat, panties dampening as she imagined Michael's handsome face buried between her thighs, worshipping her aching sex with his talented mouth. The image was wrong, so wrong, but undeniably arousing.

Nancy noticed her daughter's flushed cheeks and labored breathing. She reached across the table and patted Theresa's hand. "Just think about it, sweetheart. Michael could take care of all your womanly needs. And it would be our little secret."

Theresa bit her lip, mind whirling with forbidden fantasies. Could she really cross that ultimate taboo line and fuck her own son? Betray her marriage vows with Mark? The temptation was powerful. Her nipples ached and her neglected pussy throbbed with need.

She knew it was depraved and wrong on every level. But in that moment, Theresa couldn't deny how badly she craved the sexual satisfaction only a hard cock could provide - even if that cock belonged to her 18-year-old boy. She needed to feel desired, to have her wanton lust sated.

"I'll think about it," Theresa promised, voice husky with illicit arousal. Nancy just smiled, knowing her daughter had already made up her

mind.

That evening, after the younger kids were in bed, Theresa texted Michael and asked him to come to the master bedroom to talk.

In preparation for her chat with with her son, Theresa had slipped into an enticing lace babydoll nightie. The sheer mesh fabric clung to her voluptuous curves, the intricate floral lace designs strategically placed to barely conceal her most intimate areas.

The babydoll featured a daringly short hem that skimmed the tops of her creamy thighs and a plunging neckline that showcased her monumental cleavage. The cups were made of semi-transparent lace that did little to hide the wide disks of her areolas and turgid nipples, which strained against the delicate material.

But the most provocative part was the open flyaway front. The filmy mesh draped down either side of her torso, leaving a wide strip of skin exposed from neck to navel. It provided a tempting preview of her toned stomach and the deep shadowed valley between her heavy breasts.

The babydoll came with a matching thong panty, little more than a tiny scrap of sheer lace held together with floss-thin straps. The miniscule triangle in front barely covered her hairless mound, while the back disappeared between the globes of her shapely rear.

Theresa surveyed herself in the full-length mirror, hardly recognizing the wanton seductress that stared back. The lingerie left very little to the imagination, putting all her feminine assets on scandalous display. She knew it was ridiculously inappropriate attire for a conversation with her son, but given the context of their discussion, it would be absolutely perfect.

The anxious mother dimmed the lights and lit some candles, creating an intimate atmosphere. She was perched on the edge of the king-sized bed when Michael knocked softly and entered. His

eyes widened as he took in his mother's revealing outfit and the sensual setting.

"Have a seat, honey," Theresa said, patting the space next to her. "And close the door please. I want privacy for this conversation."

Michael did as instructed, locking the door behind him before settling on his parent's bed, his thigh brushing against hers. He couldn't help but stare at the tantalizing expanse of his mother's heaving bosom straining against the sexy nightie.

"What did you want to talk about, Mom?" Michael asked, trying to keep his voice steady.

Theresa took a deep breath, steeling her nerves. "Well, sweetie, it's about your father's condition. And how it's going to impact our marriage...and my needs as a woman."

She shifted closer, her son's proximity igniting sparks of illicit desire. Michael audibly gulped but didn't move away.

Theresa placed a hand on Michael's thigh, caressing gently. "You know, baby, after your grandpa's stroke left him unable to perform, I was the one who suggested your grandma Nancy turn to you for sexual fulfillment."

Michael swallowed hard, nodding. "I remember. At first it felt kind of weird, with Grandpa right there in the house while we did it."

"I know, honey," Theresa soothed. "But like I told you then, you have nothing to feel guilty about. Grandpa should be glad that his virile grandson was there to satisfy Grandma's womanly needs when he no longer could."

She shifted even closer, her ballooning tits pressing against Michael's arm. "And even if it did bother him, there's nothing he can do about

it, is there? He's helpless to stop you from fucking his wife right under his nose."

Michael let out a shaky breath, his cock stiffening in his jeans at his mother's crudely arousing words. Theresa's hand crept higher up his thigh. "With your dad's penis rendered useless, I find myself in the same position as Grandma now. I have needs, intense sexual needs, that only a real man can fulfill."

Michael groaned, desire surging through his body at his mother's lewd dirty talk. "I guess that makes sense," he said,

"Your grandma tells me what an amazing lover you are, baby," Theresa purred, her lips brushing his ear. "How your huge penis fills her up so good and makes her orgasm harder than she ever thought possible."

Michael flushed but nodded. "Yeah, Gran and I have gotten really close. I'm glad I can make her feel good."

"I was hoping..." Theresa breathed, voice husky with want. "That maybe you could help satisfy your mom's needs too. Take over your father's husbandly duties in the bedroom."

Michael blushed, feeling both embarrassed and extremely aroused by his mother's shocking proposition. His cock strained against his zipper as he struggled to process her words. "Wow, Mom, I...I don't know what to say. You really want me to...to have sex with you?"

"I do, baby," Theresa confirmed, her voice dripping with seductive need. "Your father can't fulfill his marital duties anymore. I need a virile young partner to fill his place in our bed. And from what your grandma says, you're more than up for the task."

She glanced down meaningfully at the massive, tubular-shaped bulge in Michael's jeans. He squirmed under her hungry gaze.

"If we do this," Theresa continued, "It won't be just a one-time thing. I have a very high sex drive, especially now that I've been neglected for so long. I'll need you to fuck me… multiple times a day, every single day. Morning, noon, and night. Think you can handle that, honey?"

Michael gulped, his face flushed with excitement. "Yeah, I think so. I mean, I love fucking Grandma Nancy, but the idea of getting to bang you too, Mom..." He trailed off, shaking his head in amazement. "It's like every guy's ultimate fantasy."

"Good," Theresa giggled, pleased by his enthusiastic reaction. "But there's one condition. I don't want to do this behind your father's back, like it's some sordid affair. I'm not a cheater."

Michael's brow furrowed in confusion. "But...wait, you wanna tell dad?"

"I'm gonna talk to him," Theresa explained. "Try to make him understand that this arrangement is necessary for my happiness and well-being. That letting his son satisfy his wife is the right thing to do, given the circumstances."

She squeezed Michael's thigh. "And if he doesn't like it, well, that's just too bad, isn't it? It's not like he can get up and stop us. He'll just have to lie there and listen to us have wild sex."

Michael laughed, his dick throbbing at the idea of cuckolding his own crippled father. It was so wrong but so incredibly hot. The boy's nervous arousal made him bold. "So, um…do you fuck as good as Grandma does? She's a really wild in bed."

Theresa grinned wickedly. "Oh baby, your grandma has nothing on me. The things I can do would blow your mind. Cooking and cleaning isn't the only thing we moms do well, you know?"

Michael shuddered, his cock jerking in his pants as he imagined his mother fucking him. "Damn," he croaked when she finished. "Dad's a lucky man. Or was, I guess."

"Your father always said I was the best piece he ever had, " Theresa bragged. "And these tits..." She cupped her enormous breasts, barely constrained by the thin gown. "Are even bigger than your grandma's udders. If you love huge boobs, you're gonna be in heaven, baby."

Michael stared transfixed at the heavy, jiggling globes of tit-flesh threatening to spill out of his mother's neckline. His mouth watered at the thought of burying his face in that deep, pillowy cleavage.

"54-G cup," Theresa revealed proudly. "These babies weigh over 15 pounds each and they're so deliciously sensitive. I can practically orgasm just from having them sucked and squeezed."

"Fuck," Michael groaned, palming his throbbing erection through his jeans. The fact that his own mother was brazenly flaunting her massive rack and talking dirty was almost too much to handle.

Theresa grinned at her son's obvious arousal. She decided to really amp up the naughty talk to seal the deal. "So Michael…what's your favorite position when you're fucking your grandma? I'd love to know what really gets you going."

Michael blushed but eagerly shared. "Well, doggy style is amazing. I love grabbing onto Grandma's wide hips and slamming into her from behind. The way her huge ass jiggles with each thrust is so hot. And I can reach around and maul her giant titties while I pound her."

"Mmmm, doggy is a great position," Theresa agreed. "It lets you get so deep. I love having my hair pulled and my ass spanked while getting taken from behind like a bitch in heat. And with tits as big as mine, the swinging and bouncing is absolutely lewd. Your dad

always said it was like watching two beach balls caught in a windstorm."

Michael groaned, picturing his mother on all fours, her colossal breasts swaying heavily as he railed her. "Damn, Mom..."

"I'm also a big fan of cowgirl," Theresa continued, her voice dripping with seductive promise. "Straddling a man and riding his cock like a bucking bronco. With my breast size, I can totally smother my partner with my huge boobs. Just envelop his whole head in my cleavage while I milk his dick with my cunt."

"Oh fuck yes," Michael panted. "I love it when Grandma does that. It's like erotic titty-asphyxiation and a hot pussy- fuck combined. Her massive boobs completely cut off my air. What a way to go!"

Theresa chuckled wickedly. "I can do that and more, baby. In the reverse cowgirl position, you'd get a perfect view of my bubble butt undulating as I

bounce on your cock. My plump cheeks would totally eclipse your thighs. You could spread them wide and watch your dick disappearing into my gooey snatch, over and over again."

"Jesus," Michael whimpered, now openly squeezing his straining erection. "You're killing me, Mom."

"I give a mean lapdance too," Theresa boasted. "I can grind my juicy ass all over your crotch, teasing you with my dripping wet pussy lips through the thin fabric of my panties. Make you beg for it before I let you shove your fat cock up my hungry cunt."

"You're so fucking nasty, Mom," Michael marveled. "I love it!"

"You have no idea the depths of depravity I can sink to," Theresa purred. "I'm gonna teach you things your innocent young mind can't even conceive of. Corrupt you so thoroughly, mold you into the

perfect pussy-worshipping pervert, but... I do have to talk to your dad first."

Michael's face was flushed with arousal, frowning as he was brought back to reality. "And if Dad says no?" he asked breathlessly. "We'll still fuck anyways, right?"

Theresa nodded, a wicked gleam in her eyes. "Oh absolutely. Your father doesn't get to unilaterally decide that my sexual needs go unmet. If he can't step up and satisfy me himself, then he'll have to accept you taking over his husbandly duties in the bedroom," she stated. "But I would feel so much better about it if he agreed to officially turn that part of our marriage over to you. Give us his blessing to carry on an intimate relationship."

The next day, Theresa drove to the hospital with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation churning in her stomach. She rehearsed the delicate conversation she needed to have with Mark over and over in her head.

When she arrived at his room, Mark was propped up in bed, staring listlessly out the window. He turned to face her as she entered, his expression weary and resigned.

"Hi honey," Theresa greeted, forcing a bright smile. She leaned down to peck him on the cheek before settling into the chair beside his bed. "How are you feeling today?"

Mark shrugged apathetically. "Same as always. Numb from the waist down and full of self-pity. You?"

Theresa took a deep breath, reaching out to clasp his hand. "Hopeful," she answered, ready to engage in a discussion that could change her life for the better.

"Hopeful?"

"Yes, there's something important I need to discuss with you. About our marriage and...and sex."

Mark's face fell, sadness and regret filling his eyes. "I know, baby. I'm so sorry I can't be the husband you need anymore in that way. It kills me that I can't make love to you ever again."

Theresa squeezed his hand. "I know, and I don't blame you at all. But the reality is, I'm still a woman with needs. Very strong sexual needs that didn't just disappear with your accident."

She took a deep breath before continuing. "I've been talking with my mother, and she reminded me how supportive I was when she turned to Michael for sexual fulfillment after Dad's stroke left him impotent. At the time, I thought it was a good solution. Michael got to safely explore his burgeoning sexuality while satisfying Mom's insatiable urges."

Mark looked confused and slightly disturbed. "Wait, are you saying you want Michael to..." He trailed off, unable to finish the unthinkable thought.

Theresa nodded, holding his gaze. "Yes, honey. I want our son to step into your role as my sexual partner. Take over your husbandly duties in the bedroom since you're no longer able. He's a healthy young man with a strong libido, and from what Mom says, quite skilled and accomplished at pleasuring a woman now."

Mark stared at his wife in shocked disbelief, his face draining of color. "Theresa, no! You can't be serious!" he exclaimed. "Having sex with our own son? "

Theresa sighed patiently, as if explaining a simple concept to a child. "Honey, I know it seems unconventional. But we have to be realistic and pragmatic about this. My sexual needs didn't disappear just because your cock stopped working. I'm still a hot-blooded woman

in my prime. I need to be fucked long, hard and often - there's just no getting around that."

Mark shook his head vehemently. "Then get a vibrator or something! But you can't screw our son, Theresa. That's so wrong on so many levels. It would be a complete betrayal of our wedding vows."

Theresa smiled sadly. "Mark, I love you. But those vows were made with the understanding that you would fulfill me sexually. And through no fault of your own, you simply can't do that anymore. I don't see it as a betrayal to have my needs met elsewhere. In fact, you should be grateful your virile young son is willing to step up and service your wife when you can't."

She caressed his face tenderly. "I would never leave you, Mark. You're the love of my life. But I also can't spend the rest of that life with my libido unfulfilled, my pussy aching and empty. Michael can be the solution, if you'll let him. He can be the hard cock in our marriage, the one to quench the fire in my loins, while you remain my soulmate and partner in every other way."

Mark's eyes filled with anguished tears. As abhorrent as the whole thing sounded, he knew on some level Theresa was right. Her voracious sexual appetite had always been a struggle for him to keep up with even before his accident. The thought of her spending decades with that itch unscratched was cruel. And at least with Michael, it would stay in the family.

"I don't like this, not one bit," Mark said shakily. "But I can see your side of things. I love you too much to condemn you to a sexless existence. And I suppose if it has to be someone, better Michael than a stranger."

Theresa hugged him tightly, tears of relief and gratitude streaming down her face. "Thank you for understanding, honey. You have no idea how much this means to me, to have your support and blessing."

Theresa gave him a kiss and hurried away to pick the kids of from school, leaving Mark wondering if he had truly made the right decision.

Nancy strode into Mark's hospital room later that day, not long after Theresa had left. A snug skirt clung to the half-globes of her oversized ass, and her colossal breasts straining against a low-cut blouse that left little to the imagination.

She and Mark had always had a chilly relationship, their personalities clashing. He found her brash, crude and domineering while she thought he was weak and boring, not man enough for her daughter.

"Hello Mark," Nancy greeted with false sweetness, not bothering to hide her lascivious once-over of his prone form. "I heard the big news. Such a shame about your broken dick. But how generous of you to let Michael take over your marital duties and service Theresa properly. Lord knows she needs it with her healthy appetite."

Mark clenched his jaw, face reddening at his mother-in-law's crassness. "Yes, well, I only want Theresa to be happy and...satisfied," he ground out.

"Oh she will be, trust me," Nancy smirked, her jutting tits looming over him as she paused at his bedside. "That boy of yours has the stamina of a bull and a cock like a battering ram. He's been stretching out my old cunt for months now and giving me leg-shaking orgasms. Absolutely ruined me for other men."

She leaned in conspiratorially, staring intently at Mark with her gorgeous hazel eyes. "And his cum, my god. When he explodes in me, it's like a fucking geyser. He'll pump a gallon of spunk into Theresa's fertile womb every day. Wouldn't be surprised if he knocks her up within a month, virile as he is."

Mark made a choked sound, disturbed by the gleeful relish in Nancy's voice as she described their son's sexual prowess and the

daunting volume of his ejaculate. The idea of Michael impregnating Theresa made him nauseous.

"Yes, your boy's gonna fuck his mother cross-eyed," Nancy continued blithely. "Really give her pussy the hardcore pounding it craves. All the things you can't do for her anymore. I almost pity you, knowing such a stud is taking your place in your marital bed, knowing how loudly Theresa will be screaming his name as he rails her into the mattress for hours."

She patted his limp thigh in mock sympathy. "Don't you worry about pleasing Theresa. Michael will dick her down so thoroughly, she won't even remember you have a penis. He'll be too busy jackhammering her fleshly fuckhole into submission while she sobs with pleasure."

Mark felt physically ill picturing the vicious rutting Nancy described, his beautiful wife of twenty-years impaled on their son's gigantic cock, her body shaking and jiggling as Michael violated her. He wanted to protest the whole sordid arrangement but he couldn't force the words out. As much as he hated to admit it, Nancy was right - he was in no position to satisfy Theresa himself. And he had already given his blessing.

Mark tried to tune out his mother-in-law's lewd ramblings. Nancy had always been a handful, with her brash personality and penchant for oversharing. And now, here she was, going on and on about how her grandson Michael would be servicing his wife's ravenous sexual appetite. Mark's stomach churned at the thought.

"...and that boy has a cock on him, I tell you what," Nancy cackled, a predatory glint in her eye. "Thick as your forearm and hung like a damn horse. He'll have no trouble taming my little slut of a daughter." She fanned herself dramatically, her massive breasts wobbling with each motion.

Mark shifted uncomfortably in his hospital bed, wishing he could escape to some faraway place where he wouldn't have to listen to this debauchery. His pride ached at the thought of another man laying claim to his wife, even if it was their own son. But he knew deep down that Theresa deserved more than a sexless marriage.

"I'm... glad you think so highly of him," Mark managed through gritted teeth. "I just hope you both understand this is extremely difficult for me."

Nancy threw her head back and laughed wickedly at Mark's discomfort. "Oh honey, that's what will make it even hotter for Theresa! Knowing her poor, crippled husband is lying there helpless while his own son pounds her pussy raw. It's the ultimate taboo thrill."

She leaned in close, inches from Mark's face, her voice lowering to a conspiratorial whisper. "I'll let you in on a little secret. When Michael fucks me, I cum hardest imagining Frank in the next room, trapped in his wheelchair, impotently listening to his grandson rail my cunt. The depravity of it sends me over the edge every time."

Mark felt bile rise in his throat at his mother-in-law's gleeful cruelty. The image of her writhing in ecstasy to the sound of Michael's rutting, getting off on her husband's humiliation, was almost too much to bear.

"Theresa may act like she's doing this out of wifely duty," Nancy continued, eyes sparkling with malice. "But deep down, it'll turn her on something fierce knowing she's cuckolding you with your own son. Having her tight snatch ruined by his superior cock while you lie there dickless. She'll cum buckets around his thrusting meat, screaming his name."

"No!" Mark said, shaking his head, not wanting to believe it. "She won't."

"Oh yes she will," Nancy giggled, "Theresa may pity you enough not to say it, but I guarantee this is her ultimate fantasy come to life," Nancy said. "Getting her holes gaped wide open by a young stud with a monster dick, right under her impotent husband's nose." She chuckled meanly. "You're a lucky man, Mark. Your son is a grade-A motherfucker, in every sense."

Mark clenched his eyes shut, trying to block out the vulgar picture Nancy painted. He didn't want to believe Theresa would take pleasure in his anguish. But a small, traitorous part of him wondered if his vile mother-in-law was right.

"Face it, Mark," Nancy said with mock sympathy. "Michael is gonna fuck your wife in ways you never could, even before your little accident. He'll

master her body, make her his cock-craving bitch. And there's not a damn thing you can do about it except listen and weep, knowing another man is dominating your woman."

Nancy laughed cruelly at Mark's defeated expression. "You know, I think you need a visual aid to really drive home just how thoroughly your son is gonna ravage your wife's body." With a wicked gleam in her eye, she reached up and began unbuttoning her blouse.

Mark's eyes widened in shock as his mother-in-law shrugged the garment off, revealing a lacy black bra barely containing her massive, heaving breasts. The cups strained obscenely against her flesh, deep cleavage spilling out.

"Feast your eyes on these beauties," Nancy purred, cupping the heavy globes and presenting them to Mark. "Look familiar? Theresa inherited her gorgeous udders from me. And soon, they'll be covered in your son's marks just like mine."

She reached back and unhooked the thick strap of her bra with a practiced motion, causing her enormous, meaty tits to tumble free.

They hung down nearly to her navel, the skin mapped with purple hickeys and bite marks. Her thick, brown nipples were puffy and engorged, clearly suckled raw.

"Michael did this," Nancy boasted proudly, hefting her mauled breasts. "Spent hours just worshipping these big ol' titties. Sucking and biting and burying his face in my cleavage. I practically smothered him with these monsters but he couldn't get enough."

Mark felt his heart twist as he took in the lewd sight of his mother-in-law's ravaged bosom, the evidence of his son's depravity. The idea of Michael latching onto those huge teats like a nursing babe, gorging himself for hours on the abundant flesh, was beyond disturbing.

"Get used to it, Mark," Nancy taunted. "Because this is what Theresa's tits will look like every day from now on. Covered in your son's spit and cum and teeth marks. He's gonna feast on her bigger, milk-juicy jugs morning, noon and night. Really get his fill of Grade A mommy-meat."

She moved her shoulders, giving her pendulous breasts a lewd wobble, the love bites standing out starkly against her pale skin. "I bet he'll get her nipples even puffier and more swollen than mine from all the hard suckling. By the time he's done, her tits will be so over-sensitized, she'll practically orgasm just from having them breathed on."

Mark squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the obscene image of his son motorboating Theresa's bountiful chest, greedily devouring her tender nipples until they were fat and throbbing, leaving behind a roadmap of his oral ravishment. His heart twisted with despair.

That evening, Theresa carefully tucked her two young children Alyssa and Jayden into bed. She read them a soothing bedtime story, trying to keep her voice steady despite the nervous

anticipation fluttering in her stomach. After kissing their foreheads and turning off the lights, Theresa made her way down the hall to Michael's room.

She knocked softly before pushing open the door. Michael was sitting on his bed, flipping through a sports magazine. He looked up as she entered, eyes widening slightly at her appearance.

Theresa had changed into a silky crimson robe that clung to her every curve, the neckline plunging to reveal an enticing expanse of motherly cleavage.

"Hey baby," she greeted, shutting the door behind her. "I have some good news. I spoke with your father today about our...special arrangement."

Michael sat up straighter, tossing the magazine aside. "Yeah? What did he say?" he asked eagerly.

Theresa moved to perch on the edge of his bed, crossing her silky legs. The robe rode up her thigh, exposing a tantalizing glimpse of smooth, creamy skin. "He agreed," she revealed with a small smile. "It wasn't easy for him, but he understands my needs and gave us his permission to have sex together."

A slow grin spread across Michael's face as he processed her words. "Damn, that's awesome, Mom! So when can we start? Tonight?" His eyes raked hungrily over her scantily clad figure.

Theresa laughed at her son's enthusiasm, reaching out to playfully swat his arm. "Down boy! I appreciate the eagerness, but I'd actually like to wait until our new bed arrives to consummate things fully."

At Michael's confused look, she elaborated. "I ordered a special extra-wide, reinforced king mattress for us. I have a feeling we're

gonna be spending a lot of time in it and I want it to be sturdy enough to handle our most vigorous activities." She winked saucily.

Michael groaned at the implication, his cock stiffening in his sweatpants. "Fuck Mom, you're killing me here. How am I supposed to wait?"

Theresa smiled sympathetically, trailing a red lacquered nail down his chest. "Well, I suppose we could engage in some...preliminary fun to tide you over," she purred suggestively.

Michael's eyes lit up. "Yeah? Like what?"

In response, Theresa rose languidly to her feet. Maintaining eye contact with her son, she reached for the sash of her robe and slowly untied it. The silky material parted and slithered off her shoulders to pool at her feet, leaving Theresa bare except for the tiniest red g-string.

Michael gazed in awe at the sight of his mother's nearly bare form, his mouth watering. Her tit-melons were spectacular - just like his Gran's, with wide, rosy-pink areolas and rigid, fleshy buds. They seemed to sway heavily with each breath she drew in.

Theresa cupped her enormous jugs, offering them temptingly to her son. "How about a nice, long titty-fuck to take the edge off until our bed arrives tomorrow? Would sliding your big cock between Mommy's soft, slippery boobs help tide you over?"

Michael nodded enthusiastically, practically drooling as he ogled his mother's hefty jugs. "Fuck yes! Your tits are even more amazing than Gran's. I can't wait to get my dick all up in that sweet cleavage."

Theresa felt a deep, taboo thrill at her son's crude appreciation of her assets. "Go ahead and take your cock out, baby. Let Mommy see what she'll be working with."

Michael wasted no time shoving his sweatpants down and springing free his massive erection. Theresa's eyes widened and her heart started racing as she took in the sheer size of her son's manhood. It was absolutely huge, even bigger than she had imagined from her mother's boastful descriptions.

The fat shaft was long and thick, easily 10 inches and girthy as her wrist. The bulbous, purple head leaked copious amounts of pre-cum. Pulsing veins ran the length of his impressive cudgel. His balls were heavy and swollen, churning with an overabundance of youthful spunk.

"Good lord," Theresa breathed in amazement as Michael's behemoth cock bobbed lewdly before her. "You're hung like a fucking mule, kid!"

"You like it, Mom?" Michael asked, smirking proudly as he gripped his thick root and slapped the hefty meat against his stomach with a meaty thwack. "Gran says it's the biggest she's ever seen."

"I love it," Theresa confirmed, moistening her lips as she eyed his imposing sex organ with covetous hunger. Her pussy clenched and flooded with arousal. The mere thought of that mammoth phallus stretching her out and hammering savagely through her cock-hungry birthing tunnel made her dizzy with dark lust.

"I can't believe I gave birth to that monster," she marveled, sitting down next to him and reaching out to wrap her fingers around his bulky shaft, unable to close her hand around it. "No wonder your loads are so big - your balls must produce overtime to keep this beast fed."

Michael groaned as his mother stroked his tumescent flesh, savoring the steely heat against her palm. His erect manhood stood tall and proud, a thick pillar of flesh rising majestically from his loins. The stiff shaft was embellished with a lattice of engorged veins, pulsing with virile potency just beneath the taut skin.

Along the underside ran the bulging tube of his urethra, a pipeline carrying his vital essence. The twin chambers of his penis were swollen near to

bursting, gorged with the hot rush of blood that granted him this raging tumescence.

At the base, his manhood was anchored by the dense cluster of vessels and sinews forming the root, a powerful muscular knot that seemed to throb with a primal energy all its own. His mother couldn't help but marvel at the raw masculine vitality on display, a testament to the vigor and virility of the young buck her son had become.

She pumped him slowly, admiring the silky texture and watching in rapt fascination as another fat bead of pre-goo oozed from his meatus and ran down the shiny-skinned crown of his cock.

Theresa licked her lips again, overcome by the urge to lap up his musky essence straight from the source. But she restrained herself - there would be plenty of time for such depraved indulgences later.

The mother gently pushed Michael to recline back against his pillows, then shifted to straddle his thighs. She turned her upper body to the side so she could watch his reactions as she pleasured him with her breasts.

Hefting her massive mammaries, Theresa gathered up a mouthful of saliva and let the foamy spit dribble down into her cavernous cleavage, thoroughly wetting the fleshy channel. She then pressed the slick valley against the underside of Michael's straining erection and engulfed him in velvety tit-flesh.

Michael let out a deep groan as his mother's warm, slippery boobs enveloped his aching cock. His domed head peeked out the top of her cleavage, a thick stream of pre-ejaculate leaking out to further lubricate the tight, steamy space between her giant tits.

"Oh fuck Mom, your boobs feel amazing," Michael panted, eyes glazing over with pleasure as she began to slide her heavy jugs up and down his throbbing length, smearing his oozing fluids all over her jiggling flesh.

Theresa grinned wickedly, increasing the pace and pressure. Her pendulous breasts made obscene slurping sounds as they glided along his veiny shaft, the creamy undersides now glistening with his copious pre-spend. Her own arousal trickled down her thighs as she worked him over.

"That's it baby, fuck Mommy's big titties," Theresa encouraged breathlessly, loving the blissed out, slack-jawed expression on Michael's face as she smothered his huge cock in her abundance. "Paint my chest with all your thick, nasty pre-cum. Get me nice and slippery for your fat dick."

Michael could only moan and gasp as his mother expertly milked his pole with her pillowy mounds, her perfect tits molding around him like wet silk as she pumped faster and harder. The sensation of her pebbled nipples dragging across his sensitive skin was electric.

He bucked his hips slightly, fucking up into the heavenly warmth of her cleavage. His swollen glans poked out the top on every stroke, flushed an angry purple and weeping steadily. Theresa lowered her head to lap at the emerging crown with her long tongue, tasting his musky essence.

"Mmmm, you're leaking so much, honey," she hummed approvingly around his spongy tip. "Drenching Mommy's tits in all your naughty boy juice. You must be so pent up and desperate for release, huh? Balls ready to explode?"

"Yes!" Michael hissed through clenched teeth, feeling his nuts draw up tight as she pushed him closer to the brink with her filthy words and the delicious friction of her cleavage.

Theresa's tongue swirled around the swollen tip of Michael's cock as it poked out from between her massive breasts. She lapped at his drooling slit, savoring the salty-bitter flavor of his pre-cum as it oozed freely onto her taste buds.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna shoot!" Michael warned urgently, his balls seizing up and his shaft pulsating between her slick mammaries as his orgasm crashed through him like a freight train.

Theresa quickly sealed her lips around his erupting cockhead just as the first mighty spurt of jizz blasted against the back of her throat. She swallowed rapidly, gulping down jet after jet of her son's hot, viscous seed as it flooded her mouth.

But the sheer volume was too much - ropes of cum escaped the seal of her lips, spraying her face and splattering her heaving tits as Michael groaned and bucked beneath her, spewing like a broken hydrant. His eruption

seemed endless, painting his mother's upper body with his thick, sticky testimony of virility.

By the time his climax tapered off, Theresa's face was glazed with spunk, pearly streaks coating her cheeks and chin. Globs of jism clung to her lashes and dripped from her nose. Her tits were similarly drenched, huge wads of nut-batter webbing her cleavage and sliding down to pool in her navel. She looked utterly debauched.

Michael panted harshly as he came down from his high, staring in awe at the lewd spectacle of his mother cum-splattered and dripping. "Holy shit Mom, you're fucking covered," he rasped hoarsely. "I've never nutted that hard before."

Theresa licked a stray glob from the corner of her mouth, humming at the tangy flavor. "Mmmm, I can tell. You completely soaked me in your seed, you naughty boy. I'm absolutely filthy with it." She sounded more delighted than reproachful.

Scooping up some of the cooling spunk from her breasts, Theresa brought it to her lips and sucked it off her fingers with relish, putting on a show for her son. "Delicious," she purred sultrily, letting some dribble down her chin. "I can't get enough of your yummy cum, baby. I'm gonna be guzzling it by the gallon from now on."

Michael's cock gave a mighty twitch at his mother's lewd display of cum-eating. The sight of her licking his spunk off her fingers and letting it dribble down her chin was so nasty and wrong but indescribably arousing. His spent penis began to swell and lengthen again, ready for more depravity.

"Fuck Mom, that's so hot," he growled, eyes darkening with lust. "But now it's your turn. I want to taste your pussy."

With surprising strength, Michael flipped Theresa onto her back, making her massive tits bounce and quiver violently. She gasped as he roughly ripped her flimsy g-string off her wide hips and down her smooth, shapely legs, baring her dripping sex to his hungry gaze.

Her puffy outer lips were slick and swollen with arousal, glistening enticingly. Michael dove between her thick thighs like a feral beast, burying

his face in her steamy cunt. He nuzzled into her slippery folds, inhaling deeply of her tangy musk.

"Oh fuck yes, eat Mommy's pussy!" Theresa cried as Michael licked a broad stripe up her drenched slit, lapping at her overflowing juices. He groaned into her hot, wet flesh, relishing her familiar-yet-forbidden flavor.

Michael devoured his mother's cunt like a starving animal, licking and slurping at her soaked petals with sloppy gusto. He sealed his mouth around her engorged clit and sucked hard, making her hips buck wildly. Her pungent nectar smeared across his cheeks and chin

as he feasted, her intoxicating cuntal aroma making his eyes roll back.

"Unngh fuck, your tongue!" Theresa sobbed, fisting her hands in his hair and grinding her aching snatch against his face desperately. "So fucking good in Mommy's nasty cunny! Don't stop, eat my fucking pussy!"

Spurred on by her wanton cries, Michael tongue-fucked her clenching hole furiously, plunging in and out of her clasping heat. Her babbled obscenities and the wet squelch of his oral ministrations filled the room. He nipped and nibbled at her throbbing clit, making her thighs quake.

With his face crammed between her legs, Michael looked up the length of his mother's body, taking in her massive jugs still smeared with his seed, heaving and jiggling with each gasping breath. The depravity of it all made his cock throb against the mattress.

Lost to sensation, Theresa pulled her son's head harder against her drooling cunt, smothering him in her overripe folds as she humped his face with abandon. Her eyes rolled back in her head from the intense pleasure, his stubble scraping deliciously against her sensitive flesh.

Michael lashed Theresa's clit relentlessly with his tongue, flicking the throbbing bud side to side as he sucked it between his lips. Her bulb was overly-plump and shiny pink, just like his Gran's.

Her syrupy arousal flooded his mouth as he tongue-fucked her convulsing hole with feral hunger, masking his face in writhing pussy.

"Oh god, oh fuck, don't stop!" Theresa wailed, her whole body going rigid as her climax surged through her like molten lava. "I'm cumming! Fuck, I'm cumming on you, Michael! UNNNGH!"

Theresa shrieked and thrashed as a violent orgasm crashed over her, making her massive tits bounce and ripple wildly. Her eyes rolled back and she gushed like a geyser, squirting hot jets of fem-cum all over Michael's face as he slurped ravenously at her pulsing slit.

Wave after wave of ecstasy shook Theresa to her core as her cunt quivered uncontrollably around her boy's plunging tongue. Michael lapped up her copious release greedily, not letting up for a second as she bucked and writhed beneath his oral assault.

"Fuck fuck fuck, it's too much!" Theresa sobbed, the intense sensations bordering on painful in her hypersensitive state. But Michael was relentless, sealing his mouth around her throbbing sex and sucking hard, wringing another shattering climax from her quivering flesh.

Theresa jackknifed off the bed with a hoarse scream as she exploded again, painting her son's face with another gush of her essence. Her whole body convulsed wildly, ass jiggling, as she squirted all over his lips and chin in a seemingly endless stream.

By the time her second orgasm finally tapered off, Theresa was a boneless, twitching mess. Her over-stimulated pussy couldn't take any more pleasure without pain. She whimpered and pushed weakly at Michael's head, panting harshly.

"No more," she managed to gasp out, thoroughly spent. "Too sensitive. I can't cum again, baby. You've sucked Mommy's cunt dry."

Michael gave her quivering slit one last slow, savoring lick before reluctantly pulling away. His face was drenched in her release, dripping off his chin. He licked his lips, relishing her tangy flavor as he admired his handiwork - his mother sprawled out naked, sweaty and trembling from the force of her climaxes.

"Damn Mom, you really soaked me," he marveled, swiping a hand across his slick cheeks. "You squirt even more juice than Gran does."

Theresa managed a weak, satisfied grin even as aftershocks continued to make her twitch. "You bring it out in me, stud. I haven't cum like that with your father… ever."

As Theresa slowly came down from her mind-blowing orgasms, she noticed that Michael's massive cock was still rock hard and throbbing, jutting out from his crotch like a fleshy battering ram. Thick ropes of pre-cum oozed steadily from the engorged purple head, dripping onto the sheets.

"Mmmm, looks like someone's not done yet," Theresa purred, eyeing her son's straining erection hungrily. "Can't leave my baby with blue balls, can I?"

Mustering her strength, she sat up and wrapped her fingers around Michael's steely shaft, pumping him slowly from root to tip. He groaned at the sensation of her warm hand gripping his aching cock, hips flexing involuntarily.

"Lay back, honey," Theresa instructed huskily. "Let Mommy take care of her new dick."

Michael eagerly complied, reclining against the pillows and spreading his legs to give her better access. Theresa settled between his thighs, continuing to stroke his throbbing meat as she leaned down and pressed her huge, heavy breasts against his pulsing length.

Shifting forward, she trapped his cock in the deep, overheated crevice of her cleavage, smothering him in pillowy softness.

Michael moaned brokenly as his mother began rubbing her massive mammaries up and down his shaft, her flesh still slick with his drying cum from earlier.

"Fuck Mom, yeah, jerk me off with your big titties," he panted, eyes glazing over with pleasure as she worked him skillfully, using her abundant jugs to bring him closer to release.

Theresa grinned wickedly, pumping him faster, her own arousal building again at the debauched sight and sensations. She loved the feeling of his thick cock sliding between her slippery mounds, his pre-spend mixing lewdly with the remnants of his prior load.

Overcome with taboo lust, Michael pulled his mother by the arm and buried his face in her cavernous cleavage, motorboating her wildly jiggling flesh. He licked and sucked at the pliant skin, inhaling the musky scent of his own spunk as it coated his cheeks.

"Mmmm, yes baby, worship Mommy's big titties," Theresa urged breathlessly, squeezing her soft melons tighter around his head while jacking his cock with her hand. "Suck on them while I milk your hard dick dry. Gonna make you explode all over me again."

Half-crazed with need, Michael chewed and sucked his way up the inner-slope of her tit, then latched onto one of her large, puffy nipples and suckled greedily, drawing the sensitive peak deep into his mouth.

As his face sunk into the mass of fatty and fibrous tissue, he nibbled and chewed at the tender flesh of her areola and teat, making Theresa gasp and moan wantonly.

Michael grunted around a mouthful of boob, his hips thrusting erratically into his mother's pumping fist. The combined sensation of her stroking hand and pillowy breasts smothering his face was driving him wild.

"Oh my God," Theresa purred, feeling her tit orally mauled and her son oversized penis flex powerfully in her stroking fist

Pumping his hips upward, Michael's balls tightened, signaling his impending release. Theresa felt his shaft swell and throb in her grip, knowing he was close. She aimed his cock at the heaving underside of her chest, positioning herself for the coming deluge.

"Cum for Mommy, baby," she commanded breathlessly. "Glaze these giant titties with your hot, thick spunk. Paint me like the dirty cum slut I am!"

With a muffled roar, Michael exploded, his hips bucking wildly as he erupted like a volcano. Huge, ropey jets of pearly jism blasted from his jerking cockhead, splattering all over his mom's belly and bouncing jugs in an obscene shower.

"Oh shit," the boy sighed as her distended nipple popped from his mouth. His mom squeezed the last few dribbles of cream from his cock, then lowered on top of him, smothering his neck with tender kisses.

After basking in the afterglow of their orgasms, they cuddled in a sticky naked heap, resisting the urge to fuck as they drifted off to sleep in Michael's bed.

187: Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 1_2

When Theresa arrived to visit Mark the next morning , he recounted Nancy's lewd display and vulgar taunting with a pained expression. "Your mother is a real piece of work," he said bitterly. "The way she reveled in describing how Michael would defile you, it was sickening. She's practically salivating at the idea of our son cuckolding me with my own wife!"

Theresa sighed and took Mark's hand, trying to soothe him. "Oh honey, I know my mom can be a bit...crude and insensitive sometimes. But please try not to take it personally. In her own misguided way, she really does want what's best for me. For us."

Mark scoffed in disbelief. "How can you defend her, Theresa? She outright told me you would get off on humiliating me with Michael! That him impregnating you would be the ultimate thrill! She's a monster."

"Mark, stop. You're overreacting," Theresa chided gently. "Mom is just excited for me to have my needs met, like any mother would be. And yes, she's extremely proud of Michael's...prowess and virility. What grandmother wouldn't be thrilled to know her grandson is so well-endowed and skilled at pleasing a woman?"

"She whipped out her tits and showed me all the marks Michael left on them! Said yours will soon look the same, covered in his bites and hickeys. That he'll suck your nipples until they're swollen and raw."

It was then that Mark noticed what looked like a couple purple hickey's and a bite marks on his wife's bulging cleavage that matched the ones her mother had on her tits. "Are those…um…?"

"I know it sounds bad when she says things like that," Theresa admitted, attempting to avert the attention away from her son's love-marks. "But that's just how she is - no filter. She doesn't mean any harm. In her own

crass way, she's trying to reassure you that Michael will take good care of me and my needs. That I'll be fully satisfied."

"Theresa, did Michael suck on your—"

"Focus on my mother's intent, not her delivery," his wife blurted, cutting him off. "She loves me and wants me happy, just like you do. This is her way of being supportive, even if it's hard to stomach."

"She was right…Michael did do the same thing to you. To your breasts," he uttered, still staring at the marks on her tits. "Did you and Michael…last night?"

"No, he did spend time…sucking on me, but we didn't have sex," Theresa answered, giving Mark a sympathetic look. "Honey, I know this whole situation is difficult and awkward. But if Michael and I are gonna be intimate on a regular basis, we need to figure out some ground rules and boundaries to make it easier for you."

"Ground rules and boundaries?"

"Yes," she answered, took a deep breath. "For starters, I think it's important that we're always open and honest with each other. No sneaking around or trying to hide things. If Michael and I are gonna have sex, we'll let you know in advance so you can prepare yourself mentally."

Mark took a deep breath. "I agree, honesty is crucial here. That being said, tell me truthfully - how often do you think you and Michael will need to... to be together? I know it won't be easy to hear, but I'd rather know what to expect."

Theresa bit her lip, averting her eyes. She knew her answer would be difficult for her husband to swallow. "Well, given my high sex drive, and factoring in my pent-up frustration this past week..." She hesitated, hating to twist the knife but knowing he deserved the unvarnished truth.

"I anticipate needing it at least 3-4 times a day, maybe more," she confessed quietly. "Once in the morning, again in the afternoon, and then 1-2 times at night before bed. With a possible quickie or two in between as needed."

Mark looked like he'd been punched in the gut, all the air leaving his lungs in a whoosh. "3-4 times a DAY?" he croaked in disbelief. "Dear God, Theresa..."

She reached out to stroke his face in apology. "I know it sounds like a lot, honey. And I'm sure over time, as the novelty wears off and my needs stabilize, it may taper down to a more manageable 1-2 daily sessions. But at least in the beginning, when I'm making up for lost time and adjusting to Michael's, um, capabilities...I think I'll require that much frequent stimulation, yes."

Mark closed his eyes, trying to process the devastating information. His wife needed to be pounded by their son's cock multiple times a day just to function. The sheer volume of fucking she required was staggering. He had always struggled to fully quench her sexual thirst and now she'd be getting dicked down by a strapping young buck with the stamina of a stallion morning, noon and night. How could he ever compare?

"There's more," Theresa said gently, hating to pile on but wanting to give Mark the full picture. "On top of the raw frequency, I'll also

need a fair amount of...duration and intensity per session."

Mark's face was confused. "Duration and intesity?"

Theresa chose her words carefully. "Michael won't just be providing a few minutes of perfunctory missionary sex a couple times a day. To truly satisfy me, I'll require lengthy bouts of vigorous, athletic sex each time. At least 60 to 90 minutes per interlude, often longer."

Mark balked at Theresa's revelation, eyes wide with shock. "60 to 90 minutes? Each time?" he sputtered incredulously. "That's...that's hours of sex every single day!"

Theresa gave him a pained smile, her expression soft with sympathy but also a hint of wistful longing. "I know it sounds excessive, honey. But you have to understand - Michael is an 18 year old boy in his sexual prime, just like I am. His youthful stamina and short recovery time means he can go for much longer stretches than most men without losing steam."

She paused, not wanting to bruise Mark's ego but needing him to understand. "Even before your accident, when we made love, it was usually over within 10-15 minutes at most. And then you'd go soft and need a long refractory period before you could perform again. It's not a criticism, just a biological reality."

"So you see, honey," Theresa continued delicately, "this arrangement with Michael really is the best solution for managing my powerful cravings. He'll have the youthful vigor and quick reload time to match my demanding sex drive, without petering out or leaving me hanging."

"That's is a lot of sex, Theresa," Mark sputtered.

"Well, yes, when you factor in multiple lengthy bouts per day," Theresa continued gently, "We're realistically looking at a bare minimum of 3-4 hours spent in active, strenuous intercourse daily.

Possibly upwards of 5-6 hours on his peak days or if I'm feeling particularly needy."

The room seemed to spin around Mark at the thought of his wife getting pounded relentlessly by their son for a third of the day, every day. The sheer amount of time they would spend locked in carnal congress was unfathomable to him. And yet, he couldn't deny the logic of her assessment, as painful as it was to hear.

"We'll do our best to be discreet, ok?" Theresa promised. "But Mark, I think it's important you work on becoming more comfortable with the sounds of sex in our home. It's gonna be a regular occurrence now."

She looked at him tenderly. "I know it's not easy, but try to reframe it in your mind. Those sounds are a positive thing, evidence that your son is giving your wife the pleasure and attention she desperately needs. That her body is being worshipped and satisfied as it should be. Take comfort in that."

Mark closed his eyes, struggling to process her words. It went against every instinct to find solace in another man, his own flesh and blood no less, screwing his wife. But Theresa's warm, soothing tone made it almost sound reasonable, even vaguely reassuring.

Theresa gave Mark's hand a comforting squeeze before broaching the next delicate subject. "Honey, since you'll be coming home with a special hospital bed, I've been thinking about our sleeping arrangements. It might make the most sense for you to set up in Michael's room, while Michael and I take the master suite."

Mark's head snapped up in surprise, a wounded look flashing across his face. "What? You want me to sleep in our son's room while he shares our marital bed with you? Theresa, no. Absolutely not!"

Theresa sighed patiently, as if reasoning with a stubborn child. "Mark, I know it's not ideal. But logistically, it really is the best

solution. The master bedroom is more spacious and private, better suited for the frequent, vigorous lovemaking Michael and I will be engaging in."

Mark looked stricken at the mention of his wife's sexual plans, but Theresa pressed on. "Plus, the master has the en suite bathroom, which will be handy for post-coital clean up. We won't have to traipse through the house in the middle of the night, risking waking the other kids."

She gave him a soothing look, her voice turning tender. "And honey, realistically, my need for intercourse won't be limited to daylight hours. There will likely be times when the urge strikes me in the middle of the night. Having Michael right there beside me means I can just roll over and nudge him awake for sex without disturbing your rest."

Mark looked like he might be sick at the casual way Theresa described rousing their son for impromptu night sex. But she stroked his arm gently, trying to soften the blow.

"I know the idea of sleeping alone is upsetting, but Mark, I'll only be just down the hall. It's not like I'm abandoning you. This is about giving Michael and I the privacy and convenience we need to keep my libido in check around the clock."

Mark sighed heavily, struggling to accept this new reality. The thought of being exiled from his marital bed, from his wife's side, so she could more

conveniently fuck their son was a bitter pill to swallow. But as always, Theresa's logic was sound.

"I suppose you're right," he conceded grudgingly. "It would be impractical for you two to get up and down all night to go to another room. And we certainly don't want the younger kids seeing something they shouldn't."

The next day, Mark was discharged from the hospital and brought home to begin adjusting to his new life. Theresa and Michael had spent the morning clearing out Michael's old bedroom to make space for Mark's specialized hospital bed and equipment. The room felt sterile and impersonal, lacking any warmth or familiarity.

As Theresa got Mark settled in, he looked up at her with pleading eyes. "Theresa, um… before you go, could I see the master bedroom? The one you and Michael will be sharing? I just wanna check it out, get a sense of where you'll be."

Theresa hesitated, biting her lip. She knew there had been some significant changes made to the room in the past couple of days in preparation for her and Michael's new sleeping arrangements. Changes that might be upsetting for Mark to see.

"I don't know, honey," she said gently. "I'm not sure that's a good idea right now. You're still adjusting to being home and I don't wanna overwhelm you."

But Mark persisted, his voice taking on a slight edge. "Please, babe. I need to see it. I promise I can handle it, whatever it is. Not knowing will only make my imagination run wild."

Theresa sighed, realizing he was right. It was better to rip the bandaid off now rather than let him stew in speculation. "Alright, I'll take you to see it. But remember, we're doing what's necessary for my well-being, okay?"

She gripped the handles of his wheelchair and slowly pushed him down the hall to the master suite. Mark's heart thudded in his chest as they approached, a sense of dread knotting his stomach.

Theresa paused outside the closed door, giving Mark a searching look. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Mark set his jaw and nodded stiffly. With a resigned sigh, Theresa turned the knob and wheeled Mark inside.

He inhaled sharply as he took in the transformed space. The first thing that hit him was the size of the bed - it was massive, an oversized California king that dominated the room. The frame was sturdy iron, with a headboard and footboard that featured heavy-duty construction.

Mark swallowed hard as he stared at the imposing bed, an uneasy feeling settling in his gut. He turned to Theresa with a forced neutral expression. "That's...quite an upgrade in bed size," he remarked, trying to keep his tone light. "Any particular reason for such a big mattress? And the reinforced frame?"

Theresa's cheeks flushed and she avoided his gaze at first. "Mark, honey, do I really need to spell it out?" Her tone was gentle but laced with embarrassment.

"Well, I just wanna understand," Mark pressed, even as part of him screamed not to ask questions he didn't truly want the answers to.

Theresa sighed and met his eyes. "The heavy-duty construction of the frame and headboard is necessary to withstand the...enthusiasm we'll be generating. Our old bed simply wouldn't hold up to the pounding it will endure on a daily basis."

She looked at him almost apologetically. "Michael is a young man in his prime with incredible power and stamina. When he takes me, it will be an enthusiastic, animalistic mating. I wanted a bed that would be able to handle the aggressive, prolonged thrusting without breaking."

Mark closed his eyes, fighting back the wave of nausea at the vivid picture Theresa painted of the relentless jackhammering she would soon be subjected to in this new bed. The knowledge that his wife required such an industrial strength fuck-station to survive the

vicious pummeling their son would inflict on her night after night was a jagged pill to swallow.

"I see," he managed weakly. "Yes, that does make sense from structural standpoint."

Theresa gave him a sympathetic look. "I know it's not easy to hear, but you wanted complete honesty. And the reality is, anything less than this setup would quickly prove insufficient for Michael and I."

Mark's gaze drifted up and he sucked in a sharp breath as he noticed the ceiling above the bed. Mounted there was an expansive mirror, taking up nearly the entire space over the mattress. His wide eyes met Theresa's in the reflection.

"Is that...new?" he asked hoarsely, though the answer was obvious. Their bedroom ceiling had certainly never featured a mirror before.

Theresa nodded, her expression a mix of shy and excited. "Yes, I had it installed yesterday. It was Michael's idea, actually."

Mark's stomach clenched at the thought of his son already making interior decor suggestions for Mark's own marital bedroom. The presumption stung.

"His idea?" Mark repeated numbly. "Why?"

Theresa's cheeks pinked and she looked away. "Well, as you know, my tastes tend to run a bit...girly. Lots of lace and florals and pastels. Which is fine, but I wanted to do something special for Michael too, to make him feel more at home since he'll be spending so much time in here now."

Mark felt dizzy, his stomach turning at the lascivious implications. "But why mirrors? What purpose could they possibly serve other than..." He trailed off, not wanting to finish the thought out loud.

Theresa shifted uncomfortably, clearly not wanting to voice the mirror's indecent purpose. "Oh, um, hey did you notice the new curtains? I thought the navy blue would complement the rug nicely and—"

But Mark wasn't listening, his attention riveted on the framed photo perched on the bedside table. It was an intimate close-up shot of Theresa and Michael, their faces mere inches apart as they gazed deeply into each other's eyes. The adoration and fierce longing passing between them was palpable, almost a physical force. They looked for all the world like two people consumed by passionate, forbidden love.

Mark's blood ran cold as he stared at the damning image, a portrait of the inevitable carnal bond his wife would soon share with their son. The devotion and hunger in their locked eyes spoke of a connection that transcended the familial - raw, primal, all-consuming. It was the way a woman looked at her soulmate, her virile alpha mate. Not her own child.

"When was this taken?"

"This was taken last week, at Michael's 18th birthday party," she explained, tracing the edge of the photo with a fingertip. "We had a moment alone in the kitchen, and I gave him a hug to congratulate him on reaching such a milestone. My mom captured the moment."

"Where's our wedding photo?" Mark asked, gazing around.

"Oh…that. I think we put it up in the attic," his wife confessed. "Which was stupid of me. I should have hung it up in your new bedroom."

Mark shook his head in disbelief, not wanting to accept the tender intimacy on display in the photo that had replaced the one of him and his wife. "You two look pretty serious," he noted.

Theresa placed her hand gently on Mark's shoulder, giving him a sympathetic look. "Honey, you need to understand that the dynamic between Michael and I will be different now. We won't just be mother and son anymore. There will be an undeniable sexual tension and attraction simmering between us at all times."

Her hand moved to stroke the back of Mark's neck in soothing circles, even as her words twisted the knife in his heart.

"You'll need to get used to seeing the desire in our eyes when we're together, the magnetic pull between us. The casual touches that will linger just a little too long to be familial. The secret smiles and knowing glances," Theresa murmured. "It's all part of the profound bond we'll be forging through such regular, intimate contact."

Mark closed his eyes against the onslaught of images - his beautiful wife and strapping young son eyeing each other hungrily across the dinner table, hands brushing as they pass in the hall, exchanging loaded looks heavy with promise and anticipation of their next sexual encounter. He felt like he might be sick.

"I think I've seen enough," Mark said hoarsly.

Theresa nodded in understanding, her expression soft with sympathy. "Of course, honey. This is a lot to take in all at once. Let's get you settled back in bed and I'll make you some tea."

As Theresa wheeled Mark out of the transformed master bedroom, he couldn't help but notice a few more unsettling details. On the dresser sat an enormous economy-sized bottle of lubricant called "Anal-Ease", along with an assortment of flavored massage oils with names like "Passion Fruit Pucker" and "Licorice Lick".

Mark's stomach churned at the implications. Was his wife really planning to engage in such lewd, taboo acts with their own son? The thought of Michael violating her most intimate orifices, slathering her

body with slippery oil for carnal massages, was almost too much to bear.

In the bathroom, Mark spotted two plush matching robes hanging on the back of the door - one in a masculine navy blue, the other a feminine lilac, both embroidered with intertwined initials, like a wedding gift for the happy new couple. The symbolism of their union, of Michael usurping Mark's place as the man of the house, was like a punch to the gut.

"Theresa..." Mark croaked weakly, gesturing to the robes with a trembling hand. "What are those?"

Theresa glanced over, biting her lip as she saw what had caught Mark's attention. "Oh. Those are just a little gift from my mother. Something nice for Michael and I to wear during our...private time together."

She tactfully steered the wheelchair out of the room before Mark could inquire about the anal lube and massage oils. There were some things he was better off not knowing all the details of, for his own sanity. But the reminder of those items she'd recently purchased couldn't keep her nipples from tingling and her asshole from puckering anxiously.

"Let's get you back to your bed," Theresa said soothingly.

After getting her husband settled, Theresa went over to her mother Nancy's house for a special yoga session. Both women were dressed in skimpy, revealing workout clothes - skintight booty shorts that barely covered their plump rear ends and low-cut sports bras that displayed their montrous tit-cleavage.

They set up their yoga mats in the living room, right in front of where Frank sat immobile in his wheelchair. The two women exchanged a conspiratorial wink, knowing the lewd show they were about to put on for him.

"Don't mind him," Nancy said breezily. "I wanted your father to observe our session today. He should understand the importance of keeping our bodies primed and ready for a young stud like Michael.

As an experience yoga instructor, Nancy began guiding Theresa through a series of poses that were blatantly sexual in nature, each one designed to mimic a different coital position. She angled her body to give Frank an unobstructed view of their lewd display.

"Alright Theresa, move into Downward Facing Dog," Nancy instructed.

Theresa obediently got on all fours, sticking her round ass high in the air. Her tiny shorts crept between her cheeks, giving the appearance of a thong.

"Michael loves taking me from behind like this, grabbing my hips and just slamming into me doggy-style."

She reached back and smacked her daughter's quivering buttocks. "Really arch that back and present yourself, let your father see how you'll offer up your holes to to his Grandson just like his wife does."

Theresa let out a wanton moan as she tilted her pelvis more, putting her crotch on vulgar display.

Nancy grinned at her husband's stricken expression before moving on to the next pose. "Okay, now let's practice Reclined Bound Angle. Lay back and spread your legs, get those hips nice and loose."

Theresa rolled onto her back and let her knees fall open wide in a lewd approximation of the missionary position. The seam of her shorts pressed tightly against her mound, molding to her puffy slit. Theresa rocked her hips up rhythmically, as if meeting an invisible lover's thrusts.

"Perfect form," Nancy praised, her voice dripping with innuendo. "Michael will have such deep access to your sweet spot like this. He'll stir up your insides real good, really grind that fat knob of his against that cervical head."

She placed her hands on Theresa's splayed thighs and pushed them back further, until her daughter's crotch was pointed straight at Frank. "Those cute little shorts leave nothing to the imagination, do they Frank? No question what your daughter's ripe body is built for."

Theresa bit her lip and whimpered as she undulated her pelvis in long, sensuous rolls, the flesh of her inner thighs jiggling. Frank watched in transfixed horror, unable to look away from his daughter's blatant fuck motions.

Nancy smirked and moved the session along. "Now let's try a variation on Reclining Bound Angle - grab behind your knees and pull them to your chest. This one's great for hitting the G-spot."

Theresa wrapped her arms around her legs, hugging them tightly to her torso and turning her crotch into an explicit bulls-eye. The position left her

completely open and exposed. "Like this, Mom?" she asked with faux innocence.

"Just like that, baby girl," Nancy purred. "See how vulnerable this pose leaves you, totally surrendered? No way to stop your horny little snatch from getting speared by teenage cock."

Frank tried to avert his gaze from the depraved yoga display, unable to stomach the sight of his daughter and wife so lewdly presenting themselves. But Nancy was having none of it.

With surprising agility for her age, she stretched out a leg and caught Frank's chin with her foot, painted toenails digging into his

skin. With a firm press, she redirected his face back to the obscene spectacle.

"Eyes up here, Frank," Nancy commanded harshly. "You don't get to look away. I want you to see every detail of how your baby girl is getting her body ready to be despoiled by our virile young grandson."

Frank let out a strangled sound of distress but was powerless to resist his wife's dominant directive. His eyes reluctantly refocused on Theresa splayed out with her legs pulled back, crotch pointed at him.

"That's better," Nancy said with cruel satisfaction. "You just sit there and observe every second of this. Watch your sexy daughter perform mating poses, see how she presents her holes like a bitch in heat."

She smirked at him, flexing her foot against his face in warning. "The next time you look away, I'll make you watch up close in humiliating detail while Michael fucks the shit out of me and ruins me with that huge slab of cockmeat you can't hope to match. Understand?"

Frank shuddered but nodded weakly, knowing he was utterly at the mercy of his vicious wife. She could force him to endure any degradation she wished and he'd be helpless to stop her.

Nancy chuckled darkly at Frank's defeated compliance before turning back to Theresa with a wicked grin. "Alright sweetie, let's move on to some cowgirl poses. Up on your knees now."

Theresa obediently rose to her knees on the yoga mat, straddling an imaginary lover. Her massive breasts jiggled and swayed heavily with the motion, barely contained by the straining sports bra.

Nancy circled around behind Theresa and placed her hands on her daughter's broad hips, angling them forward. "Remember, you wanna create a nice deep arch in your lower back. Really present that hungry snatch."

Nancy reached around and smacked Theresa's puffy mound, making her gasp. "Tilt that pelvis, offer up your cunt like a good little mommy-slut."

Theresa whimpered and did as instructed, rolling her hips to thrust her crotch out obscenely. The seam of her skintight shorts disappeared between the plump lips of her pussy, highlighting every fold and crease.

"Perfect," Nancy purred. "Now show your Daddy what a grade-A dick jockey you are. Bounce on that imaginary teenage cock like you mean it."

Moaning wantonly, Theresa began undulating her wide hips with practiced skill, rocking them in filthy circles and figure-eights. She moved her body in a lewd pantomime of riding cock, her giant tits swinging and slapping together lewdly, clearly unfettered benath her yoga top.

"That's it, grind that cunt," Nancy encouraged. "Squeeze your kegels like you're milking a fat dick dry with your hungry fuck-tunnel."

She pressed against Theresa from behind, thrusting her own pelvis in time with her daughter's gyrations.

"When Michael's splitting you open on that monster cock, you clench down and ripple on him, really massage his meat with your cunt muscles," Nancy advised breathlessly. "Teenage boys absolutely love that shit. Makes them dump the biggest loads."

Theresa threw her head back against her mother's shoulder, loose strands of hair clinging to her sweaty face as she rocked and

writhed. "Ohhh fuck yesss," she keened. "Gonna drain those swollen bull-balls dry!"

Nancy grinned savagely at Frank over Theresa's shoulder as they dry humped in tandem. "Watch closely Frank. This is how your sweet baby girl

is gonna to ride your strapping young grandson. Impale herself on his enormous fuck-stick over and over until he floods her unprotected womb with virile seed."

Frank made a choked sound of anguish, his face a mask of impotent humiliation and despair as he was forced to witness the grotesque display of his wife and daughter practicing their cock-riding skills.

Nancy and Theresa continued their vulgar yoga routine under Frank's horrified gaze, each new position more obscene than the last. They transitioned seamlessly from bouncing to grinding, their bodies undulating in perfect sync as if they were being taken by the same relentless cock.

The vigorous motions proved too much for their flimsy yoga tops to contain. With each thrust and shimmy, more of their sweat-slicked tit-flesh spilled out over the plunging necklines until finally their massive, jiggling breasts bounced completely free.

"Oops!" Nancy giggled as her huge, sagging udders flopped out to slap against her belly. "These big ol' girls just don't wanna stay put!"

She cupped the heavy globes and lewdly hefted them, her rubbery nipples already hard and poking out from their massive areolar caps.

Theresa's colossal knockers had also escaped their spandex prison, her puffy pink nubs engorged with arousal. She licked her lips and fondled the weighty tits shamelessly, pinching and tugging on her fat teats until they throbbed visibly.

Their giant tits flopped and slapped together lewdly as they undulated, nipples like hard bullets aimed right at Frank's horrified face. Wet smacking sounds filled the room as mother and daughter bucked and pistoned their skilled hips, the fabric of their skimpy shorts pasted to their perspiration-slicked mounds.

"Fuck yes, ride that teenage dick!" Nancy crowed, her saggy udders swinging pendulously as she humped the air. "Drain those cum-swollen balls dry with that hungry MILF snatch!"

"Yesss!" Theresa cried out, nearly orgasm she was so turned on. "I'm gonna ride the shit out of him!"

Finally, after nearly an hour of the revolting tit-flopping fuck-aerobics, and lots of mini-orgasms the two women collapsed on their yoga mats, chests heaving and bodies glistening with sweat. The front panels of their bottoms were visibly wet with arousal, the damp patches highlighting the puffy outlines of their mounds.

"Whew!" Nancy declared, fanning her flushed face. "I don't know about you Theresa, but I'm drenched! I think it's time for a nice, refreshing shower."

Theresa nodded in agreement, peeling her sweat-soaked top over her head. "God yes, I'm overheated. Feels like my cunt is steaming!"

With that, the two women stripped off their soaked yoga bottoms, baring their dripping, puffy cunts to Frank's horrified gaze. The crotches of the skimpy shorts were drenched with their musky arousal, since the damp material had been clinging to the plump outline of their vulvas.

Theresa sauntered over to her father, her exposed tits bouncing heavily with each step. She draped her moist yoga shorts over his face, positioning the sodden gusset directly over his nose and mouth. "There you go daddy," she winked.

The pungent aroma of her sweat-drenched crotch invaded his nostrils. Nancy cackled and added her own sopping bottoms to the pile, smothering Frank completely in hot, pungent pussy stank.

"Breathe it in, Frank," Nancy's mocking voice came from above. "Get a good whiff of what Michael's gonna be smelling when he's tongue-deep in our cunts."

The two women's laughter rang in Frank's ears as they sauntered off to the bathroom to shower, naked asses jiggling with every step, leaving him marinating in their fuck-oils.

At school that day, Michael was approached by three different girls, all with huge, bountiful breasts straining against their tight tops. They each cornered him separately, batting their eyelashes flirtatiously and pressing their giant tits against his arm as they propositioned him.

Stacy, the head cheerleader, pulled Michael into an empty classroom. Her Double-D cups practically spilled out of her low-cut tank top as she ran a manicured nail down his chest. "Hey Mikey," she purred, "Wanna come over after school? My parents won't be home. We could have some fun..." She licked her glossy lips suggestively, leaving no doubt as to what kind of "fun" she had in mind.

Michael swallowed hard, his cock twitching at the enticing sight of Stacy's massive rack. It was so tempting, especially when she leaned in close, her pillowy breasts squishing against him. But he summoned his willpower and gently pushed her away. "Sorry Stace, I can't today. Got important plans already."

Next was Tiffany, the busty goth chick. She ambushed Michael behind the bleachers, her ponderous pale jugs jiggling as she pinned him to the wall. "Where do you think you're going?" she breathed, her ample bosom heaving in a tight black corset.

"Heading to my next class," Michael answered, trying to ignore his throbbing hardon.

"Why don't you fuck me instead. I'll make it worth your while..." She grabbed his hand and boldly placed it on her huge, creamy tit, encouraging him to squeeze.

Michael groaned at the plush softness filling his palm. God, her rack was spectacular. But again, he resisted, stepping back regretfully. "I appreciate the offer, Tiff. But I really can't bail on my prior commitments. Maybe another time?"

Finally, curvy Latina Selena cornered Michael in the locker room after gym class. Her white t-shirt was soaked with sweat, rendering it completely transparent. Her colossal, caramel-colored tetas bounced freely underneath,

dark nipples poking through the wet fabric. "Ay papi," she cooed, pressing her damp chest to his. "I'm so horny, I'm practically dripping. Come fuck me in the showers, yeah? I'll let you titty-fuck these big maracas..."

Michael nearly caved, his resolve crumbling under the smothering weight of Selena's giant, sweaty rack rubbing all over him. The tempting mounds felt like warm, pliant dough against his skin, the stiff points of her nipples searing into him. But he dug deep and refused one final time. "Fuck, you have no idea how badly I want to, Selena. But I can't. I made a promise to someone."

As Michael was walking home from school, still reeling from all the tempting busty offers, a car pulled up alongside him. He did a double take when he saw it was Mrs. Johnson, his voluptuous 35-year-old English teacher.

She leaned across the passenger seat, giving Michael an ample view down her gaping blouse. Her massive, freckled breasts strained

against the thin fabric, the outlines of her lacy bra clearly visible. "Hey Michael, need a ride?" she asked with a coy smile.

"Nah, I'm good thanks," he replied.

"Are you sure? I was thinking we could go park somewhere private and...discuss your latest essay."

Michael's eyes widened at the blatant invitation. Mrs. Johnson was notorious for seducing her male students. Rumor had it she'd fucked half the football team in her back seat. The hungry look in her eyes left no doubt what kind of "discussion" she had in mind.

"Gee, thanks Mrs. J, but I really gotta get home," Michael declined, tearing his gaze away from the tantalizing view of her huge, creamy jugs. "I, uh, promised my mom I'd help with dinner."

Mrs. Johnson pouted, her plump bottom lip glistening with gloss. "Aw, can't she spare you for an hour or two? I really think we need to have a...deep, penetrating exploration of your work."

She shifted in her seat, subtly arching her back to make her giant rack jut out even more.

Michael licked his lips, sorely tempted. God, what he wouldn't give to bury his face in Mrs. Johnson's bountiful cleavage and chew, suck and motorboat those big, soft titties. But he stood firm. "Sorry, I can't. Family comes first."

Mrs. Johnson sighed in disappointment but nodded. "Such a good boy. Well, if you change your mind, you know where to find me..." With a wink and a jiggle of her huge boobs, she drove off, leaving Michael sweaty and flustered.

Shaking his head, Michael continued walking, only to be stopped again a block later. This time, it was Misty, the pregnant MILF from down the street. At 8 months along, her belly was hugely swollen,

but it was nothing compared to her gigantic milk-filled tits. They'd ballooned up to a whopping J-cup, stretching her tank top to the limit.

"Michael, honey, can you help me carry these groceries inside?" Misty called sweetly from her front porch. She was struggling with several heavy-looking bags, her massive rack bobbing and swaying with each movement.

Eager to assist, Michael jogged over and took the bags from her. "Of course, Misty. Let me get those for you." He followed her into the house, trying not to stare too obviously at her colossal, jiggling ass and udders.

Once inside, Misty turned to Michael with a sultry smile. "Thanks so much for the help, sweetie. You know, my hubby's still at work, and my daughter's at her friend's house..."

She sauntered closer, her enormous belly and breasts preceding her. "Which means we have the whole house to myself for a couple of hours."

Misty placed her hands on Michael's chest, gazing up at him through lowered lashes. "I've seen the way you look at me, Michael. At my huge, swollen tits and belly."

She grabbed his hand and placed it on her massive bump. "Have you ever fucked a pregnant mom?"

Michael shook his head and groaned as he felt her belly, firm and taut with new life. His hand crept higher, brushing the heavy underside of her giant milk jugs. "Jesus Misty..." he breathed. The idea of sliding his dick between those massive, veiny tits, squeezing and suckling the swollen nipples, was so tempting. He couldn't help but wonder how plump and engorged her cunt was, how far her swollen clit poked out from beneath its fleshy hood. He'd heard that pregnant women came so fucking hard...

Misty smirked knowingly, pushing her huge udders into his palm. "Mmm, I'm so fucking full of milk. Why don't you have a taste?" She peeled her tank top off, unleashing her gigantic, blue-veined breasts. They hung to her navel, areolas the size of drink coasters. A creamy drop of colostrum beaded at the tip of each nub.

"Fuck..." Michael whispered, transfixed by the sheer size of her baby-feeding jugs. Misty grabbed the back of his head and pulled his face into her cleavage, smothering him in warm, dense tit-flesh.

"Suck mommy's big milkers," she cooed, guiding a fat nipple to his mouth. "Drain these udders while you rearrange my pregnant cunt with that huge cock."

Michael lapped at the leaking bud, savoring the sweet, rich fluid flowing over his tongue. He seal his lips around the fringe of her areola and suckled, feeling her nipple burst inside his mouth, nectar spouting from several ducts and running down his throat.

His cock was rock hard, screaming at him to throw this horny MILF on the table and rut all her holes. Suck and fuck those giant, lactating tits while he pounded her swollen, throbbing gash...

With a Herculean effort, Michael pulled away, panting harshly. "Shit Misty, you have no idea how badly I want to wreck you. Fuck your brains out until your legs shake and my balls are drained dry in your cunt. But...I can't."

Misty pouted, cupping her massive tits and pointing the dripping nipples at him like a lewd offering. "Why not, baby? I need it so bad. I'm desperate for that teenage dick. I'll let you do anything you want to me, any hole..."

Michael clenched his eyes shut and took a deep, shuddering breath. "I can't. Believe me, I want to more than anything. But I made plans for tonight that I absolutely can't miss. I need to save all my sexual energy."

Misty pouted but nodded in understanding. "Must be pretty important plans."

"The most important," Michael said seriously. "I'm sorry."

Misty sighed wistfully. "I understand, darling. You're such a good boy to keep your word, even with a horny slut like me throwing herself at you." She pecked his cheek. "Whoever you made plans with is a very lucky lady. I hope she realizes that."

"Oh she will," Michael promised.

"Mmm, I hope you bust such a good nut inside her," Misty cooed.

"I will," Michael said. "By the time I'm done with her tonight, she'll never forget it. No one will ever fuck her as good as I'm about to."

When Michael finally arrived home, he was immediately greeted by his mom rushing to embrace him. She threw her arms around his neck and pulled him into a hug, crushing her massive breasts against his chest. The hug lingered much longer than a normal maternal embrace, her hands rubbing his back sensually.

As she finally pulled away, Theresa placed a kiss on Michael's cheek, dangerously close to the corner of his mouth. Her plump lips seemed to caress his skin. "Welcome home, sweetie," she purred, her voice husky. "I missed you today."

Michael swallowed hard, trying to ignore the tingling on his cheek where her lips had brushed and the fading warmth of her soft, abundant curves pressed against him. "Missed you too, Mom," he replied, his voice slightly strained.

Theresa linked her arm through his, leaning into his side as she walked him into the living room. Her heavy breasts swayed and jiggled with each step, seeming to rub against him deliberately.

"How was school, honey? Learn anything interesting?" she asked, running her hand up and down his bicep.

"Oh, uh, the usual," Michael stammered, finding it hard to concentrate with his mother's fingertips tracing patterns on his arm. "You know, just... reading and stuff."

Theresa made an interested noise, but her gaze was focused hungrily on his body, trailing over his chest and arms as if sizing up a prime cut of meat. She licked her lips unconsciously.

When they entered his old bedroom, Mark was laying in his hospital-style bed watching TV. He turned at their approach, his eyes widening slightly as he took in the sight of his wife draped over their son, her voluptuous body molded to his side.

"Hi Dad," Michael greeted, shifting uncomfortably under his father's stare. Theresa seemed not to notice the tension, still clinging to Michael.

"Son," Mark replied stiffly. "Good day at school?" His eyes flicked between Michael's face and Theresa's hand possessively squeezing the boy's muscular arm.

"Yeah, it was fine," Michael said quickly.

An awkward silence stretched between the three of them, the air heavy with unspoken knowledge of what was to come. Theresa seemed to press herself even closer to Michael, while Mark watched them with a tight expression.

"Dinner smells great, Mom," Michael said, desperately trying to break the tension. "I'm gonna go wash up." He untangled himself from Theresa's grip and hurried out of the room.

Mark cleared his throat pointedly, drawing Theresa's glazed eyes away from the doorway Michael had just exited. "You certainly

seem...affectionate with

him," he remarked, trying to keep his tone neutral even as jealousy ate at him. "Very touchy-feely."

Theresa turned to Mark with an indulgent smile, as if he were a simple child. She sat on the edge of his bed and patted his hand. "Oh honey, I know it must seem like a big change to you. But remember, the dynamic between Michael and I is shifting now."

She gazed at him tenderly, her voice gentle. "I've gone without sexual contact for over a week now. For a woman with needs as powerful as mine, that's an eternity. My body is practically vibrating with pent-up arousal."

Mark swallowed hard, trying not to picture his wife writhing in carnal desperation, her neglected body aflame with anticipation for their son's touch. The vivid image made his stomach turn.

"I...I suppose that's understandable," he allowed hoarsely. "Given the circumstances."

"Exactly," Theresa said, giving his hand a patronizing squeeze. "So you'll have to forgive me if I'm a bit handsy with Michael, a little more physically demonstrative than a typical mother. It's not something I can easily control right now."

Mark flinched at the erotic descriptors. "Still, you were practically undressing him with your eyes just now," he said hoarsely. "I've never seen you look at anyone like that, not even me."

Theresa's eyes softened with sympathy. "I know this isn't easy for you, baby. But you need to accept that Michael and I will be making love to each other tonight. Getting tangled up together as close as two people can be. There's a lot of nervous sexual energy going on right now."

Theresa gave Mark's hand a final pat before rising from the bed. "I better go finish getting dinner ready. You just rest, honey."

She disappeared out of the bedroom, leaving Mark alone with his turbulent thoughts. He sighed heavily, trying to come to terms with the impending

intimate encounter between his wife and son happening under his own roof. It still felt surreal, like a bizarre nightmare he couldn't wake up from.

Lost in his brooding, at first Mark didn't notice the shadowy figures embracing in the hallway. But a flash of movement caught his eye and he turned to see the unmistakable silhouette of Theresa and Michael locked in a passionate clinch, projected on the wall by the hall light.

Mark's blood ran cold as he watched the obscene shadow play. Theresa's voluptuous figure was molded against Michael's taller, muscular one as they kissed deeply. There was no mistaking the erotic nature of their embrace - this was not a chaste peck between mother and son.

Their mouths fused together lewdly, Theresa's hands roaming possessively over Michael's chest and shoulders as he gripped her plush hips. The kiss grew more heated, their lips sliding wetly and tongues visibly tangling. Michael's large hands drifted down to cup Theresa's ample ass, squeezing the fleshy globes and pulling her pelvis flush against his.

Theresa's back arched, pressing her huge breasts into Michael's chest as she stood on her tiptoes, straining to get closer. They devoured each other's mouths, kissing ravenously like long-lost lovers reuniting. Soft smacking sounds and breathy moans drifted from the hallway, making Mark's stomach churn.

As the incestuous couple finally broke their torrid kiss, Theresa gazed up at Michael with heavy-lidded eyes, her lips wet and slightly swollen. She pressed her lush body against his, subtly rolling her hips so that her heated pubis rubbed against the rigid shaft of his erection.

"I can't believe this is finally happening," she murmured huskily, her voice thick with arousal. "Are you as nervous and excited as I am, sweetie? Knowing that in just a few hours, we'll be naked in bed together, your big fat cock pushing and pulsing inside me?"

Michael groaned brokenly, his hands kneading her plush ass cheeks as he dry humped against her. "I'm fucking dying, Mom. The anticipation is killing me."

Theresa whimpered, her eyes fluttering shut in bliss at the delicious friction. "Mmmm, I can feel how ready you are for me, baby. That big teenage cock is throbbing for Mommy's pussy, isn't it?"

"So fucking bad," Michael panted.

Theresa pressed her lips to Michael's ear, her hot breath tickling his skin as she whispered the filthiest, most explicit promises. "Oh baby, the things I'm gonna let you do to me tonight... I'm gonna surrender my body completely to you, let you indulge every depraved fantasy."

She licked the shell of his ear before continuing in a dirty purr. "I want you to pound my wet pussy into oblivion with that massive cock. Just jackhammer my tight cunt until it's red and puffy and gushing all over your shaft."

Michael groaned harshly, his hips jerking as he ground his steely erection against her mound. Theresa ran her tongue along his neck, tasting his sweat.

"Suck on my huge titties while you fuck me. Bury your face in my soft, pillowy cleavage and motorboat me until you nearly suffocate.

Bite and tug on my fat nipples until I scream," she demanded breathlessly.

"Unnngh fuck Mom..." Michael panted, squeezing her plump asscheeks harder.

"I need that wicked tongue of yours lapping at my greedy cunt too," Theresa went on, her voice dripping with dirty lust. "Eat my sloppy pussy like it's your last meal. Shove your tongue deep in my honey pot and slurp up all my juices."

She reached down to palm his rigid cock through his jeans, feeling the giant slab throb against her hand.

"And this ass..." Theresa purred, wiggling her thick booty against his groping hands. "I want you to worship it. Kiss and lick every inch of my juicy ass. Spread my cheeks wide and tongue-fuck my tight little asshole until it's slick and loose and ready for your dick."

Michael made a strangled sound, his cock jerking in her grip. Theresa grinned wickedly.

"That's right baby, Mommy wants it in the ass tonight," she revealed in a filthy rasp. "I'm gonna let you sodomize me, shove that huge teenage cock balls deep in my shithole and ream me out. Pump my bowels full of your jizz."

"Holy shit," Michael whimpered, leaking pre-cum. The depravity of his mother's desires almost made him bust right there.

"Mmmm, don't worry baby. Mommy's gonna take real good care of you too," Theresa promised wickedly. "I'm gonna suck your cock so fucking good, like a Hoover vacuum. Swallow every fucking drop of jizz from those swollen balls. You'll forget all about those silly little girls and their amateur blowjobs once you've experienced Mommy's expert mouth."

She licked a slow stripe up his neck before purring in his ear. "I can't wait to drink down all your yummy teenage spunk. You're gonna feed Mommy's hungry cum tank over and over tonight until my belly is sloshing with your seed. Paint my face and huge tits with it too. Mark me as yours."

Michael closed his eyes, fighting for control. His balls felt painfully heavy and full, desperate to empty inside his mother's welcoming holes. "Jesus Christ, Mom..." he rasped. "Keep talking like that and I'm gonna bust a nut in my pants before we even make it to bed."

Theresa giggled naughtily, running her hand along the throbbing column of flesh straining against Michael's zipper. "Mmm, we can't have that, baby. I need this big load saved for our ravenous maiden voyage tonight."

Michael groaned at the mental image, his cock twitching urgently in his pants. He took a few deep breaths, trying to will his raging hard-on into submission. It was a struggle - his teenage hormones were raging out of control, every cell in his body screaming to throw his mother down and mount her right there in the hallway.

Theresa seemed to be in a similar state of barely restrained desire. Her massive breasts heaved with each labored breath, fat nipples visibly poking through her bra and thin t-shirt like tasty gumdrops.

The flimsy cotton was damp with her perspiration, molding to the bountiful, heavy globes. They jiggled heavily with even the slightest movement, ripe and ready for manhandling.

Further south, her crotch was a swamp of arousal. The crotch of her yoga pants clung wetly to the plump outline of her labia, the drenched fabric turning translucent and highlighting her puffy slit. It gaped slightly, revealing the deep pink folds of her vaginal opening. Viscous strands of her liquid lust seeped through, coating her inner thighs.

The pungent aroma of her dripping pussy saturated the air, filling Michael's nostrils with the tangy musk of ripe, fertile cunt. It made his mouth water and his balls ache, primal instinct urging him to shove his face between those quivering thighs and lap up her essense straight from the source before mounting her and rutting savagely.

For her part, Theresa was transfixed by the throbbing pipe cleaving the front of Michael's jeans. The denim was tented obscenely, barely containing the steel girder of his erection.

The bulbous head strained against his fly, the damp spot of pre-cum expanding by the second. His cock was so engorged, it visibly pulsed with each beat of his heart, looking painfully swollen and in need of release.

Further down, his sack was bloated and churning with a volume well beyond his young years. She could practically hear the cum sloshing around in those virile balls, billions of potent teenage sperm just waiting to flood her womb. The thought made her cunt clench and gush, empty and aching to be stuffed full.

The graphic silhouettes writhed and undulated on the wall, a debauched live-action erotic shadow-puppet show playing out for Mark's horrified eyes.

He watched the unmistakable shape of his wife's hands roam down to cup the obscene bulge tenting his son's pants, watched her stroke the massive tube of cock-meat shamelessly through Michael's pants.

He watched her hook a leg around their son's mid-section, dry humping her hot pussy on the unyielding pipe inside his son's pants. Their hips moved fluidly in counterpoint, synced like well-choreographed dancers dry-fucking their sex-organs together in anticipation for the big gala ball in their new bedroom.

After several endless minutes, they finally broke apart, both panting heavily. Even in silhouette, the sexual tension between them was palpable, their bodies still leaning into each other. Theresa gazed up at Michael with naked adoration, her fingers playing with the short hairs at the nape of his neck.

With a visible shudder, Michael bent to place a lingering kiss on his mom's lips before finally stepping back. She squeezed his hand meaningfully before they parted ways, Theresa heading to the kitchen while Michael went to his new bedroom.

Mark felt nauseous, his head swimming with the passionate exchange he'd just witnessed between his wife and son. That was not an innocent moment of familial affection, but the heated prelude to a sexual tryst. They had kissed and dry-fucked like lovers impatient to consummate their forbidden union, heedless that Mark was in the next room.

He closed his eyes, trying to block out the heart-wrenching images, but they played on a loop in his mind. His beautiful wife, melting into his son's embrace, kissing him with more desire than she had ever shown Mark, even on their wedding day.

TO BE CONTINUED…

188: Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 2_1

Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 2 of 2

By Klrxo

Theresa slipped into her husband Mark's room to say goodnight before retiring to the master bedroom. She wore a flimsy black lace babydoll nightie that barely covered her voluptuous assets. The sheer cups strained obscenely over her massive, heavy breasts, the dark circles of her crinkled areolas clearly visible through the gauzy fabric.

Her engorged nipples poked out like thimbles, begging to be suckled. The hem of the nightie skimmed the tops of her plump thighs, giving a tantalizing peek of her bare, juicy pussy lips peeking out from between them.

Mark swallowed hard as he drank in the erotic vision of his scantily clad wife, knowing she was dressed this way to seduce their son. "Theresa..." he croaked. "You look..."

"I know," she said softly, perching on the edge of his bed. "It's a bit more revealing than my usual sleepwear. But I wanted to look extra special for my first time with Michael."

Mark felt a sharp ache in his chest at the reminder. He cleared his throat, unable to meet her eyes. "Are you um… nervous?" he asked hoarsely. "About being intimate with him?"

Theresa bit her lip, considering the question. "A little," she admitted. "It's a big step, crossing that line. The point of no return."

She placed a hand on Mark's arm, her voice gentle. "But more than anything, I'm excited. As you know, I've been aching for sex here lately, so as you can imagine, my body is VERY anxious for tonight."

Mark closed his eyes against the sting of tears. "I see," he managed thickly.

"I'm not trying to hurt you, honey," Theresa soothed. "I just need you to be prepared for what you might hear. Because I won't be able to keep quiet, not with how desperately I need it."

Mark looked at Theresa desperately, a last ditch idea forming. "What if... what if we got a strap-on for me?" he suggested, voice tinged with hope. "One of those big realistic ones. You could ride me and get the sensation of being filled, without having to actually sleep with Michael." His eyes searched hers pleadingly.

Theresa sighed and shook her head, giving Mark a pitying look. "Oh honey, that's a sweet thought, but it's just not the same. A piece of rubber could never compare to the real thing - hot, hard, throbbing flesh."

She traced her fingertips along his arm soothingly. "I know this is difficult for you to accept, but we've already been over this. You agreed that Michael taking over your husbandly duties was the best solution for managing my needs. You can't go back on that now just because the reality is setting in."

Mark swallowed thickly, flushing with embarrassment and despair. Deep down, he knew she was right. A artificial toy was a poor substitute for their virile young son's actual cock. His own penis certainly hadn't been satisfying her even before his accident. What hope would a mere imitation have?

"I need to feel living, pulsing male meat inside me," Theresa continued softly but firmly. "I need to be stretched and filled to have my innermost depths plundered by probing hardness. I need youthful power and vigor. Only a real man can do that for me."

She cupped Mark's face tenderly, her eyes filled with regretful sympathy. "I'm sorry, my love. But a strap-on simply won't cut it. Not when I have a prime young stud ready and eager to service me properly. This is how it has to be now."

Mark closed his eyes in defeat, knowing there was no use arguing further. His wife's mind was made up. In just a short while, his son would be

mounting her and mating with her in the natural way, and there was nothing Mark could do to stop it.

"I understand," he said hollowly, the words tasting like ashes in his mouth. "I won't try to interfere or change your mind again. I know Michael will...take good care of you tonight. Give you everything you need."

Theresa smiled sadly and bent to place a chaste kiss on his forehead, giving her hubby a breathtaking view of the dangling abyss of her tit-cleavage. "Thank you for being so understanding, honey. I know this isn't easy." She straightened up and smoothed her scanty negligee. "I should go now. Michael is waiting for me."

With that, she turned and sauntered out of the room, her ripe curves swaying provocatively beneath the sheer lace. Mark watched her go with a heavy heart, knowing she was headed down the hall to spread her legs for their son, to let him defile like a wild beast.

Michael lay in the king-sized bed in the master bedroom, his heart pounding with anticipation. He had stripped down to just his boxers, the thin fabric doing little to conceal the raging meat of his erection.

The shiny-skinned tip of his cock peeked out from the waistband, leaking pre-cum steadily.

The door creaked open and Theresa stepped inside, an impish smile playing about her luscious lips. Michael's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he took in the sight of his mother in the sinfully skimpy black lace teddy. It displayed more than it concealed, her succulent curves spilling out obscenely.

"There's my handsome new man," Theresa purred, her voice dripping with seductive promise. She closed the door firmly and turned the lock with a decisive click. "All ready for me I see..."

Michael groaned as his cock jumped at her words, pulsing urgently. "Fuck, Mom... you look incredible," he rasped, his gaze riveted to her barely covered nipples visibly poking through the transparent lace cups.

Theresa preened under his heated gaze, cupping her heavy melons and hefting them. "You like Mommy's special outfit, baby? I wore it just for you."

"I fucking love it," Michael growled. He threw back the covers and patted the empty space beside him. "Now get that sweet MILF body over here. I need to put my hands all over you."

"Mmm, with pleasure," Theresa giggled. She sauntered over to the bed, her wide childbearing hips swaying hypnotically. In one smooth motion, she crawled onto the mattress and straddled Michael's lap, the heat of her drenched pussy scorching him through the thin barrier of his boxers.

"Oh!" Theresa gasped as she settled her soaked slit against the rigid column of his erection. She instinctively rocked her hips, grinding on his powerful crotch-muscle. "Oh baby, you're so hard already..."

"How could I not be, with you looking like that?" Michael panted, gripping her plush ass and encouraging her movements. "Fuck, the way you were kissing and rubbing on me earlier, I'm surprised I didn't bust a nut in my pants."

"Ungh, I wanted to rip your clothes off and ride you right there in the hallway," Theresa admitted breathlessly, undulating her crotch along his straining shaft, feeling it pulse and flex with virile power. "Pin you to the wall and impale myself on this big fucking cock in front of your father."

Michael groaned harshly at the taboo image, his hips bucking up to hump against her dripping snatch. The head of his dick poked out from his boxers, smearing her arousal all over the spongy tip.

The teen sat up and crashed his mouth against his mom's in a searing kiss, their lips and tongues tangling feverishly. She kissed him back just as passionately, moaning into his mouth as they made out like horny teenagers.

As the kiss grew more heated, she fell against him and they rolled across the mattress, hands roaming and groping everywhere.

Theresa's massive, pillowy boobs pressed and smashed against Michael's muscular chest and neck as she lay on top of him, the plush globes spilling out of her skimpy lingerie. Her rock hard nipples poked into his skin like pencil erasers, searing his flesh.

As they tumbled over the bed, articles of clothing went flying. Michael yanked the straps of Theresa's babydoll down her arms, freeing her humongous jugs from their lacy confines. They bounced out heavily and he immediately latched onto a fat, rubbery nipple, suckling greedily. Theresa shrieked and fisted her hands in his hair, shoving more titflesh into his eager mouth.

Her own hands desperately shoved at his boxers, fingernails scraping his skin in her haste to bare him completely. Michael lifted his hips

and kicked the underwear off, his enormous erection slapping up against his stomach, visibly throbbing.

"Oh my God," Theresa whimpered at the sight of his pulsing fuck-organ, eyes glazing over with lust. She wrapped her hand around the thick shaft, barely able to close her fingers around the veiny girth. It jerked in her grip, the purplish head shiny with pre-cum.

The mother leaned down and swirled her long tongue around the shroom tip, lapping up his musky essence and savouring the flavor. Then she stretched her jaw wide and engulfed him in the wet heat of her mouth, letting his cock slide inch by inch down her clutching throat.

"Fuck!" Michael grunted, throwing his head back as his mother deep-throated him to the root, her nose nestled in his thin, wiry pubic hair. Her neck bulged obscenely around his thickness as she drooled around his shaft and gulped.

She bobbed her head, slurping noisily as she fellated him. The room filled with wet sucking sounds as she worshipped his teenage cock with her greedy mouth. Her plush lips stretched obscenely around his girth, drool leaking out the corners and dribbling down her chin.

Theresa popped off Michael's spit-slick erection with a gasp, strands of saliva connecting from her lips to his cockhead. She grinned up at him wickedly before diving back down and sucking him into her oral fuckhole with renewed enthusiasm.

The teen groaned and fisted her hair, pulling her more firmly onto his cock. He face-fucked her roughly, sawing in and out of her tightly sealed lips.

Theresa had planned this maiden voyage out carefully. She knew her teenage son would be pent up and primed to explode at the slightest stimulation. His young balls were no doubt churning with a massive overdue load after the earlier teasing and anticipation.

The experienced mother intended to skillfully suck out that first hair-trigger ejaculation, defusing the volatile pre-cum-bomb between his legs and taking the desperate edge off. Once that initial pent-up sperm backlog was cleared from his pipes, she could take full advantage of his lightning fast teenage refractory period.

After milking out that quick first orgasm with her talented mouth, Michael's cock would only soften for the briefest of moments before surging back to steely full-mast, ready for a much longer, harder pounding session.

With his most urgent need sated, he'd have the staying power to drill her clenching cunt relentlessly through multiple screaming orgasms of her own before unloading a second, even bigger batch of cum.

Theresa moaned around Michael's throbbing cock-shaft as it punched the back of her throat, the taboo thrill of sucking off her own son making her pussy weep all over the sheets.

She slurped and drooled all over his fat cockhead, tongue swirling and flickering around the bulbous tip and textured rim. Her lips formed a tight seal just under the flared ridge as she applied intense suction, rhythmically massaging his length with her well-trained throat muscles.

She felt his balls draw up tight and knew he was already on the brink. Winking up at him wickedly, Theresa took him to the hilt, burying her nose in his pubes and swallowing around his crown. Her neck bulged obscenely as she deep-throated him to the root.

"Oh fuck, Mom! Unnngh gonna cum..." Michael grunted urgently, fingers tightening in her hair.

Theresa doubled her efforts, bobbing her head furiously and hollowing her cheeks as she sucked him off like a Hoover.

With a hoarse groan, Michael's hips bucked and he exploded down his mother's eagerly gulping throat. Searing jets of boy-semen splashed against her tonsils as she greedily swallowed every drop, milking him dry with her powerful esophageal muscles. Viscous gobs of spunk leaked from the corners of her lips to dribble down her chin as she guzzled his huge load.

Michael collapsed back against the pillows, chest heaving as his softening cock slipped from between his mother's spunk-shiny lips with an obscene pop.

Theresa licked her lips and hummed in satisfaction at the familiar musky taste of teenage cum coating her palate. "Mmmm, that's my good boy," she purred sultrily. "Feeding Mommy that first batch of baby batter."

The busty beauty crawled up Michael's body, straddling his face with her thick thighs. "Time for you to return the favor, baby," she purred wickedly. "Nothing gets a young stud's cock raging hard again like feasting on hot, juicy mom-cunt."

She reached down and spread her puffy pussy lips open, revealing the dripping pink folds of her sex. The swollen bud of her clit peeked out from beneath its hood, throbbing visibly. Her musky arousal wafted over Michael's face, filling his nostrils with the tangy scent of fertile mother-pussy.

Theresa lowered her sopping slit onto her son's mouth, smothering him with her overripe cunt. "Eat Mommy's pussy, baby," she demanded breathlessly. "Shove that tongue deep in my fuckhole and lap up all my juices!"

Michael groaned in delight as his face was engulfed in hot, drenched pussy. He licked a broad stripe up Theresa's weeping slit, from taint to clit, savoring the familiar-yet-forbidden flavor of his own mother's cunt. He sealed his lips around her pulsing sex and sucked, slurping up her freely flowing nectar.

"Ohhhh fuck yesssss," Theresa hissed, grinding her soaked snatch against her son's lapping tongue. "That's it, get in there! Tongue-fuck Mommy's cunt!"

Michael ate her out like a starving boy, plunging his tongue deep into her clasping heat and fucking it in and out. He noisily slurped up her cream as it gushed out to coat his chin, the room filling with obscene wet licking sounds.

Theresa grabbed the headboard for balance and rode her son's face wantonly, smearing her pussy juices all over his cheeks and chin as she undulated her hips. Her clit pulsed against his lashing tongue, swollen to the size of a gum drop and throbbing for attention.

As if reading her mind, Michael zeroed in on the aching bud, drawing it between his lips and suckling hard. He flicked the tip of his tongue rapidly over her fleshy knob, making Theresa shriek and buck wildly against him.

"FUCK! Baby yessss, just like that!" she wailed, humping his face. "Suck my clit! Make me cum all over you!"

Michael latched onto the buzzing bead and sucked it like a tiny cock, grazing it with his teeth. At the same time, he thrust two fingers knuckle-deep into Theresa's squelching pussy, curling them to rub her G-spot.

Down the hall, Mark lay in his hospital bed, stomach churning as he listened to the unmistakable sounds of his wife's pleasure drifting through the too-thin walls. The breathless moans, squeals and grunts painted a vivid aural picture of the taboo cunnilingus taking place in the master bedroom.

"Ohhh fuck yes baby, eat my cunt!" Theresa's faint voice rang out, shrill and wanton. The wet, obscene slurping and licking sounds that followed left no doubt that Michael had his face buried between his mother's thighs, feasting on her dripping slit with ravenous hunger.

Mark squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the carnal noises, but it was impossible. Every breathy gasp and slurp conjured sense-memories of his own head nestled between Theresa's plump thighs, lapping at the succulent folds of her most intimate area. The tangy musk of her arousal, the

slick slide of her engorged petals against his tongue, the way her puffy clit pulsed against his lips as he suckled it. Mark knew those sensations intimately.

On some level, he couldn't help but feel excitement and even pride on his son's behalf, knowing the boy was experiencing the intense pleasure of tonguing his gorgeous mother's weeping honeypot for the very first time.

Mark remembered vividly that heady thrill of tasting a woman's essence, so deliciously forbidden and secret. There was nothing quite like having your face smothered in fragrant, overheated pussy, the slippery folds parting to welcome your probing tongue. He could only imagine how incredible it must be at Michael's young age, with hormones raging and the taboo factor of it being his own mother.

But the surge of vicarious thrill was quickly overwhelmed by a tidal wave of gut-wrenching jealousy. That delectable cunt Michael was gleefully devouring had once been Mark's alone, the musky haven he loved exploring with his mouth and fingers for hours. Theresa's pussy had been his favorite place to bury his face, licking and suckling until his chin dripped with her dew and she screamed her release.

To know that another man, his own son no less, was now enjoying unfettered access to that forbidden fruit made Mark feel physically ill. The knowledge that Theresa's succulent pink folds were splayed open for their boy's oral pleasure, that she was grinding her sopping sex against his lapping tongue and coating his cheeks with her slick arousal, was a jagged pill to swallow.

With Michael's lips latched around her throbbing clit and his fingers plunging forcefully into her clenching sheath, Theresa quickly reached the precipice of orgasm. Her whole body tensed and quivered, thighs clamping around her son's head like a vise as a tsunami of pleasure crashed over her.

"OHHHH FUUUUCK! I'm cumming!" Theresa wailed, throwing her head back. "Cumming all over my baby boy's face! NGHHHHAAAHHH!!!"

Her swollen, spongy G-spot erupted like a geyser as Michael's fingers pounded it just right. A massive gush of clear, hot fluid squirted from her spasming cunt, splattering over Michael's face in a pungent shower of lady-cum.

Gush after gush of ejaculate sprayed from her convulsing fuck tunnel, hosing him down with the force of a Super Soaker on full blast.

Theresa's titties rippled against her ribcage as she shrieked and thrashed, her clit pulsing violently against Michael's lashing tongue as he relentlessly stimulated the hypersensitive bud.

Her urethra burned with the force of her explosive orgasm, the piping hot jets of cum squirting from her dilated piss hole feeling like molten lava. Her inner muscles clamped down vise-tight on Michael's plunging fingers, rippling and fluttering wildly around the invading digits as electric ecstasy seared through every nerve ending.

Caught off guard by the sheer volume and intensity of his mother's climax, Michael sputtered and coughed as Theresa's gushing juices flooded his mouth and nostrils. It was like someone had turned on a faucet full blast in his face. His eyes stung from the pungent spray and he had to consciously remember to breathe through his mouth to avoid drowning in pussy juice. But he never let up his oral assault on her exploding sex, lapping and suckling furiously as she rode out the seemingly endless waves of rapture.

The squelching sounds of Theresa's squirting, spasming cunt echoed obscenely through the room, mingling with her hoarse screams and Michael's muffled groans into a vulgar symphony of incestuous passion. Sticky fem-cum sprayed everywhere, soaking Michael from the nose down, running in rivulets down his neck to pool on the bed.

By the time her epic orgasm finally tapered off, Theresa was a boneless, quivering mess. She collapsed forward limply, only Michael's shoulders keeping her upright. Her cunt still twitched and fluttered around his buried fingers, aftershocks zinging through her nervous system.

Mother and son were now perfectly primed and ready for the main event - the long-awaited consummation of their forbidden union. They were like two star athletes who had completed their warm-up and were now poised to compete in the sexual Olympics.

The sultry MILF and her strapping teenage son had skillfully brought each other to a quick but intense orgasm with their mouths, taking the desperate edge off and ensuring maximum stamina for the marathon fucking to come.

Theresa's talented throat had efficiently milked the pent-up spunk from Michael's pubescent balls, the salty seed now sloshing heavily in her belly instead of churning impatiently in his sack. The experienced mother knew this would make all the difference, allowing the horny young buck to last much longer before flooding her unprotected womb with his second load.

And Michael's artful cunnilingus had detonated the hair-trigger orgasmic tension coiled tight in Theresa's core, the skill of his lapping tongue far beyond his tender years. With that initial itch scratched, her pleasure centers could now build to a shatteringly intense crescendo under his relentless jackhammering.

Now with their most urgent needs sated, they could each channel their full energies into the other's pleasure. Michael's freshly drained

cock and balls already tingled and swelled with renewed arousal, the teenage organ surging back to diamond hardness as Theresa's pussy cream dried sticky on his face.

The scent and taste of his mother's tangy musk lit a fire in Michael's loins, an inferno that could only be quenched by rutting wildly in her molten, clutching depths. His raging hormones had his overproductive testicles churning out a fresh batch of potent seed at dizzying speed, an even larger load than the first, containing hundreds of millions of sperm, already straining at the floodgates and begging for explosive release.

For her part, Theresa felt energized and ravenous after her intense climax, her slit creaming and her cervix fluttering hungrily at the thought of being stretched and pounded by Michael's virile young cock.

Every cell in her body thrummed with anticipation, greedy for her son's manhood. Her nipples throbbed almost painfully, engorged with blood and aching for his lips and teeth. Her womb felt hollow and barren, crying out to be pumped full of his warm, gooey spunk.

They were perfectly in sync - horny, primed, and finely attuned to each other's bodies. All the foreplay had heightened their senses and lit their nerve endings on fire. Now they were beyond ready to join as one in the deepest, most intimate way possible. To seal their forbidden bond in the primal act of penetration - son sinking into mother, two bodies forged from the same genetic material finally merging back into one sweaty, writhing mass of shared pleasure.

With their loins burning for each other, Theresa knew exactly how she wanted Michael to take her for their inaugural joining. She had meticulously planned out this moment in her mind a thousand times, anticipating every detail of their first coupling with feverish intensity. Like a bride orchestrating her dream wedding night, the wanton

mother had a clear vision of how she wanted her son to claim her as his own.

Theresa fell back against the pillows and lewdly splayed her thick thighs wide open in brazen invitation, the slick pink petals of her pussy unfurling before Michael's hungry eyes like an exotic orchid heavy with dew.

Her engorged clit peeked out from beneath its fleshy domed hood, visibly pulsing with need. Viscous strands of arousal stretched obscenely between her puffy lips, connecting her weeping slit to the soggy bedding.

"Climb on top of me, baby," Theresa panted, her eyes glazed with anticipation. "I need you inside me. I wanna see your face, look into your eyes the first time you push that big cock into Mommy's tight, wet cunt."

Pupils blown with lust, Michael surged forward to cover his mother's lush body with his own, fitting himself into the cradle of her open hips like a key sliding home into a well-oiled lock. The throbbing length of his massive erection nestled against Theresa's slick, heated folds, searing her labial flesh like a brand.

"Oh God..." Theresa whimpered at the electric sensation of her son's steely hardness pressing intimately against her weeping sex. She could feel every throbbing vein and ridge as he slotted his spongy cock head at her entrance, nudging insistently at her clasping opening.

They both moaned brokenly as Michael slowly pushed forward, his bulbous glans parting Theresa's slippery petals, splitting the remnants of her hymen and penetrating her welcoming heat inch by delicious inch.

Her greedy cunt muscles rippled and squeezed around the invading thickness, drawing him deeper into her body with each shallow

thrust.

Theresa gasped and arched up to meet Michael's careful strokes, greedy for more of him. She'd never felt so full, so utterly possessed. It was like his cock was splitting her open, burrowing into her very core. Electric pleasure radiated out from where they were joined, setting every nerve ending alight.

When Michael finally bottomed out, his swollen balls resting flush against Theresa's juice-slicked taint, they both groaned in ecstasy. The sensation of his pulsing cock sheathed to the hilt in his mother's tight, rippling warmth was indescribable. And the exquisite stretch of her son's thick meat cleaving her open, touching parts of her that had never been reached before, made Theresa see stars.

Their first coupling was explosive and primal, a furious mating of sweaty, writhing bodies driven by pure animal lust. There was no tenderness or restraint as mother and son rutted in a frenzy of grunting, pounding flesh, finally unleashing the pent-up depravity that had been building between them.

Theresa screamed in ecstasy as Michael pounded into her with brutal abandon, his muscular ass flexing and clenching as it rose and fell rapidly between her clamping thighs. Wet smacking sounds filled the room as his swinging balls slapped against her juice-slicked taint with each frantic thrust.

"YES! OH FUCK YES! POUND MOMMY'S PUSSY!" Theresa shrieked, clawing at Michael's back and shoulders hard enough to draw blood. She

locked her ankles behind his driving ass, heels digging into his pumping glutes.

Michael snarled and hammered into his mother's spasming twat with animalistic intensity, the bed frame shaking violently beneath them. Theresa's huge tits jiggled and slapped together lewdly with each

savage thrust, her turgid nipples drilling into Michael's sweat-slicked chest.

For ten minutes straight, their bodies crashed together in a vulgar symphony of grunts, moans and the meaty smack of damp flesh on flesh as Michael reamed out his mother's hungry cunt with tireless zeal.

Theresa wailed continuously, reduced to a pleasure-drunk fucktoy, her eyes rolling back in her head.

"GOD BABY, YOU'RE SO DEEP IN MY CUNT!" she babbled deliriously. "FUCK ME FUCK ME FUUUUCCKK MEEEE!"

On and on they fucked like wild beasts in heat, heedless of anything but sating their depraved hunger for each other. Twenty minutes passed in a blur of relentless, balls-deep pounding, Theresa's pussy squelching obscenely as it gushed around Michael's pile-driving cock.

Thirty minutes in, Theresa was a boneless, sweat-drenched ragdoll, her body jolting with the force of Michael's powerful thrusts. Still he rutted into her mercilessly, grunting and snarling, his teenage stamina seeming to have no limit.

By the 45 minute mark, the sheets were soaked through with sweat and pussy juices, Theresa's copious fluids squirting out to drench Michael's pistoning groin and thighs. Her pussy was red and puffy, her clit throbbing almost painfully as it dragged against Michael's pubic bone with each grinding thrust.

But still Theresa urged her son on with garbled cries, too lost in the all-consuming ecstasy to care about the delicious soreness building between her cunt-lips.

Down the hall, Mark lay in anguished silence, his mind reeling as the obscene sounds of his wife and son's depraved coupling assaulted his ears. The headboard slammed rhythmically against the wall,

accompanied by the vulgar, meaty smack of damp flesh pounding together and the crude squelch of Theresa's cunt being relentlessly skewered.

Her wanton moans and shrieks of ecstasy rang out, punctuated by Michael's animalistic grunts and snarls as he rutted into her like a beast in heat.

"OH GOD BABY, FUCK ME HARDER!" Theresa's shrill voice carried through the too-thin walls. "SPLIT MY CUNT OPEN WITH THAT HUGE TEENAGE COCK!"

Mark flinched violently, his stomach churning at his wife's vulgar exclamations. He'd never heard her use such crude language before, not even in their most passionate moments. The filth spewing from her lips as their son pounded her married pussy was beyond shocking.

The wet, rhythmic slap of sweaty flesh and the guttural sounds of carnal pleasure went on and on, increasing in tempo and volume until they reached a frenzied crescendo.

Mark glanced at the clock, stunned to realize they had been vigorously coupling for well over an hour with no signs of stopping. He couldn't fathom the sheer sexual stamina and athleticism required to maintain such a furious pace.

In that moment, vivid memories of his own wedding night with Theresa flooded Mark's mind, the poignant images a stark contrast to the live porn audio filtering in from the master bedroom. He recalled how they had tenderly consummated their marriage, flush with the magical glow of young love.

Their first joining as husband and wife had been sweet and reverent, Mark carefully breaching Theresa's maidenhead and gently rocking into her untried sheath. They had gazed into each other's eyes as they moved together, Mark covering Theresa's face with worshipful

kisses and whispering words of devotion. When he spilled inside her for the first time,

they both wept at the profound beauty of two souls and bodies joining as one.

It had been the single most moving experience of Mark's life, a sacred memory he cherished above all others. The depth of love and intimacy he felt for Theresa in that moment defied description.

But now, that once treasured act had been perverted into something tawdry and taboo, as his wife thrashed and shrieked wantonly beneath their rutting son. There was no tenderness or restraint in the way Michael fucked into his mother with abandon, intent only on sating his basest lusts. And Theresa reveled in the depravity, urging her boy on with the filthiest encouragements as she offered up her body for his pleasure.

With a hoarse bellow, Michael slammed into Theresa one final time, burying himself to the hilt in her spasming cunt as his orgasm crashed over him like a tidal wave. His swollen balls drew up tight to his body and his shaft pulsed violently as the searing load surged out of his vas deferens.

A torrent of molten semen rocketed up his urethral tube, exploding from the dilated slit of his meatus in a high-pressure jet stream. The first powerful blast splattered directly against Theresa's quivering cervix, painting the puckered opening white with his viscous seed.

Michael's eyes rolled back in his head as spurt after thick spurt of jizz geysered from his wildly jerking cock, hosing down his mom's fluttering vaginal walls. Her slick pink tissues were utterly drenched in his pearly essence, rivulets of spunk running down her pulsing canal.

The force and volume of his ejaculation defied belief, far beyond what any man should be capable of producing. But Michael's

pubescent balls were primed and brimming after a week of pent-up desperation, ready to empty their churning contents at the first touch of his mother's magical cunt.

Theresa wailed ecstatically as she felt the searing flood of her son's potent seed filling her so deeply, the sheer amount of semen pumping into her unprotected womb an unmistakable claiming, a primal breeding. Her cervix

fluttered and clenched hungrily, eagerly drinking down every drop it could pull from Michael's spasming cock.

Through the roaring in his ears, Michael was vaguely aware of mom's pleat-lined cunt rippling and milking his erupting length, greedily wringing out every last bit of cum he had to give. Each clutching spasm of her velvety walls triggered another bone-deep contraction from his balls, until it felt like his very soul was draining out through his cock.

For a small eternity, they clung together in the throes of the most intense mutual orgasm either had ever experienced, their bodies locked in the rictus of total sexual possession.

Michael pumped what felt like gallons of spunk into Theresa's receptive depths as she thrashed and keened beneath him, utterly lost to the ecstasy of being bred so potently by her virile young son.

Mark could hardly sleep that night, the sounds of frantic sex going on and on throughout the night. The headboard banged rhythmically against the wall in a relentless staccato, even their new reinforced bedframe squealing in protest.

Theresa's ecstatic moans and shrieks of pleasure rang out over and over, her voice growing hoarse but no less enthusiastic. Michael's animalistic grunts and growls provided a continuous bass counterpoint, the crude harmony of their voices leaving no doubt as to the carnal acts taking place.

Each time Mark thought surely they must be finished, that no one could possibly sustain such athletic coupling, the vulgar soundtrack would start up again after only a brief respite.

He didn't know how it was possible for two people to have sex over and over for an entire night, but his wife and son were obviously defying normal human limitations in their quest to sate their unholy lusts.

The rhythmic slap of damp flesh pounding together and the lewd squelch of Theresa's cunt being plundered echoed endlessly through the house. Mark

flinched each time he heard the unmistakable splat of Michael's heavy balls slapping against Theresa's juice-slicked taint, a crude metronome keeping the tempo of their fornication.

When the wet sounds grew muffled and slurping noises replaced the frantic squeaking of abused bedsprings, Mark knew Michael's face was buried between Theresa's thighs again, noisily devouring the cream pie he had just deposited in her pussy. Theresa's gasping cries and exhortations of "Yes, eat Mommy's cummy cunt!" left no doubt.

Then the telltale creaking would start again, sometimes in a different rhythm as they obviously changed positions. The headboard smacked the wall arrhythmically as Michael took Theresa from behind, the juicy smacks and claps indicating a vigorous doggy-style pounding.

Her wails reached fever pitch, breaking off into choked gurgles as he apparently shoved her face into the mattress and roughly claimed her, rutting into her upturned ass like a wild beast.

Mark was simultaneously disgusted and grudgingly impressed by his son's prowess and stamina. He himself had never managed more than two rounds in a night even in his virile youth, and certainly not

the endless bouts of marathon sex that had been going on for hours. The boy's pubescent cock and balls seemed to defy normal human refractory periods, able to recover and perform again and again without flagging.

Through the red haze of jealousy and humiliation, Mark felt a tiny spark of pride that his son was such a potent stud, able to satisfy Theresa's ravenous appetites so thoroughly. A small, traitorous part of him was relieved that she would no longer be left wanting, that their boy could succeed where he had failed as a husband.

The next morning, Theresa emerged from the master bedroom completely nude, her voluptuous body on full display. Mark's eyes widened as he took in the sight of her heavy breasts swaying with each step, the pink tips visibly swollen and tender from a night of vigorous suckling. Bite marks and

love bruises littered the creamy slopes of her titflesh. Further down, her plump, freshly-fucked mound glistened with the unmistakable sheen of combined sexual fluids plastered to her puffy outer lips. Pearly streaks of drying semen painted her inner thighs, stark evidence of the multiple inseminations she had taken.

Theresa helped him into his wheelchair, then strolled casually into the kitchen to prepare Mark's breakfast, seemingly unbothered by her wanton state of undress and the musky aroma of sex wafting from her well-used body.

As she bent over to retrieve a pan from the cupboard, Mark got an unobstructed view of her reddened, slightly gaped pussy, the swollen folds still oozing the dregs of Michael's copious release. He swallowed thickly, unable to tear his gaze away from the obscene sight of his wife's freshly-bred cunt.

Theresa hummed contentedly as she fried up some eggs, her massive mommy-melons jiggling and swaying hypnotically with even the slightest movement. The harsh morning light threw the

numerous passion marks on her neck and cleavage into sharp relief, branding her as a conquered woman.

She smiled blushingly, setting a plate of food in front of Mark. "How did you sleep?" Her tone was nonchalant, as if she wasn't standing there naked and defiled, reeking of her son's spent seed.

"Not great," Mark croaked, his eyes roving over her ravaged body. "It was...loud."

Theresa had the grace to blush slightly. "Ah. Yes, I suppose we did get a bit carried away," she admitted, though she didn't sound particularly contrite. "It's just...well, it was our first night together."

Mark closed his eyes against the sting of her words. "So you two really went at it, huh?" he asked hoarsely, a glutton for punishment.

Theresa bit her lip, clearly reticent to share too many details. "Mark... I'm not sure you really want to know all the specifics," she said carefully.

Mark swallowed hard, but pressed on masochistically. "I think I need to know. Exactly how many times did you two... couple?"

Theresa sighed, resigned to her husband's need for painful honesty. She sat down across from him, folding her hands on the table. "Over the course of the night, I'd estimate Michael came inside me... eight times," she admitted softly. "Though a few of those were clustered together during particularly intense sessions."

Mark inhaled sharply, feeling like he'd been punched in the gut. Eight loads of his son's spunk pumped into his wife's unprotected womb in a single night. It was unfathomable. "Eight?" he repeated numbly. "Is that - is that normal?"

"For a young man of Michael's age and virility, yes, I believe it's well within the normal range," Theresa said carefully. "Especially

considering he's been pent-up and desperate for release. His balls were simply too full and his libido too demanding to be satisfied with only one or two ejaculations."

She looked at Mark with sympathy in her eyes. "Honey, you have to understand - our son is an incredibly potent and tireless lover. Once he's naked and erect, his penis is gonna need to drain itself over and over before it goes soft again. I was simply serving as the receptacle for his youthful seed."

Mark flinched at the clinical way Theresa referred to herself as a 'receptacle' for Michael's spunk, as if that's all her body was now - an outlet for their son's endless cum loads. The knowledge that his boy's balls had demanded no less than eight deep womb inseminations before they were emptied ached like a knife to the heart.

"So you just let him... use your body like that, all night long?" Mark asked hoarsely. "Let him pump you full of cum as many times as he wanted?"

Theresa shook her head gently, reaching out to clasp Mark's hand. "Sweetheart, no. It wasn't like that at all. Michael wasn't just using my body selfishly for his own pleasure." Her eyes took on a dreamy, faraway look as she recalled the passionate events of the previous night.

"Our lovemaking was an act of mutual ecstasy, both of us lost in the throes of the most intense sexual rapture imaginable. Every time Michael spent himself inside me, I was right there with him, my own body wracked with mind-blowing orgasms."

Mark swallowed hard, almost afraid to ask but needing to know. "And how many times was that, exactly? How many orgasms did you have?"

A slow, sensual smile spread across Theresa's face as she remembered the seemingly endless waves of pleasure crashing over her. "Oh God, it's hard to keep count, they all blurred together after a while. But if I had to estimate... at least thirty, maybe closer to forty."

Mark felt the blood drain from his face, a roaring in his ears. Thirty or forty orgasms? In one night? He couldn't recall the last time he'd given Theresa even two or three in a single session. The devastating knowledge that his teenage son had made his wife cum more times overnight than Mark likely had in the past year made him feel physically ill.

Theresa squeezed his hand sympathetically, seeing the anguished realization on his face. "I know it's a lot to take in. Believe me, I'm just as shocked by the sheer number and intensity. I didn't even know my body was capable of experiencing that much ecstasy."

Mark clenched his eyes shut against the erotic images conjured by her words - Michael's head buried between Theresa's quivering thighs, his fingers plunging into her soaked depths, his thick shaft pounding her rippling pussy as she wailed in rapture. Each one was like a dagger to his heart, a stark reminder of his own inadequacy as a lover.

"I see," he managed to choke out. "Well, I'm glad he was able to give you such incredible pleasure. You certainly deserve it." The words tasted like ashes in his mouth, but he forced them out nonetheless.

Theresa gave him a tender look, her eyes soft with gratitude and sympathy. "Thank you for being so understanding, Mark. I know this can't be easy for you. But please believe that my feelings for you haven't changed. I still love you deeply."

His wife's oversized knockers wobbled as she stood up, her naked body on lewd display. "Oh, before I forget - my mother will be

coming over later this morning, after she drops the kids off at school."

Mark furrowed his brow in confusion. "Nancy's coming here today? What for?"

Theresa gave him a meaningful look. "She's here to see Michael, remember? He's responsible for servicing both of us now."

Mark felt a fresh wave of nausea at the reminder that his son would now be fucking not only his wife, but his mother-in-law as well on a regular basis. The image of Nancy's matronly body writhing beneath Michael as he pounded into her was almost too much to bear.

"Ah. Right," he said weakly, looking away.

Theresa walked over and straddled Mark's lap, unmindful of her musky scent and the sticky spend drying on her skin. She cupped his face, forcing him to meet her eyes.

"I know it's a lot to adjust to. But this is our reality now. Michael will be splitting his time between my bed and my mother's. Making sure both of us get what we need."

She punctuated her point by grinding her messy cunt against Mark's crotch, smearing his son's cum into his pants. Mark fought back a gag at the obscene sensation.

Theresa leaned in close, her voice husky. "In fact, I'm hoping to squeeze in one more round with my new man before Mom gets here. I'm sure the two of them will be busy for a couple of hours."

Mark watched numbly as Theresa rose from his lap, her voluptuous body jiggling obscenely. Her massive, milky breasts swayed pendulously with each step, the bite-marked slopes quivering like jello. Viscous streaks of half-dried cum glistened on the rounded undercurve of each heavy teat.

Further down, her broad childbearing hips undulated hypnotically, the plump cheeks of her ass flexing and dimpling as she walked. Pearly rivulets

of Michael's spent seed trickled down the backs of her plush thighs, stark evidence of the numerous cream pies packed deep in her well-used cunt.

Gnawing despair clawed at Mark's insides as he watched his freshly-fucked wife saunter down the hall to rejoin their son for another round of depraved coupling before his mother-in-law arrived to share in the boy's sexual attentions. The erotic sway of Theresa's wide, womanly hips and the bounce of her huge, jiggling ass cheeks seemed to mock Mark, flaunting what he could no longer have.

In the master bedroom, Michael lay sprawled on the cum-stained sheets, his morning wood tenting the covers obscenely.

Theresa licked her lips at the sight, her pussy clenching hungrily. She could still feel the delicious ache from the thorough reaming he had given her the night before, her insides churned to butter by his tireless jackhammering. But the insatiable itch was already building again, demanding to be scratched.

Michael cracked an eye open as Theresa approached the bed, a lazy smirk spreading across his face. "Morning, mom. Ready for round..." He pretended to count on his fingers. "What are we up to now? I lost track."

Theresa giggled and playfully swatted his chest. "Oh hush, you insatiable cutie. As much as I'd love to spend all day being split open on that huge dick, we have to get cleaned up. Your grandmother will be here soon for her turn."

Michael shivered in anticipation at the thought of sinking his aching cock into his grandmother Nancy's hot, hungry cunt. He vividly remembered the feel of her slick, clutching walls gripping him like a

velvet fist the last time he had fucked her. And the way her massive, squishy tits had completely engulfed his face, smothering him in warm, soft titflesh as he motorboated her cleavage... Fuck, he could hardly wait to experience that again.

Theresa saw the glazed, faraway look in her son's eyes and smirked knowingly. "Thinking about burying yourself balls-deep in my Mom's juicy

snatch, aren't you baby? Letting those huge, floppy udders of hers swallow your whole head while you suck and bite her big nipples?"

Michael grunted, his erection throbbing urgently at the thought of ruining his grandmother's mature fuckholes. "Shit, you're gonna make me bust without even touching me, talking like that."

"Well we can't have that," Theresa chuckled. "Not when I still need this big fat cock to wreck me one more time before Mom gets her turn. C'mon, stud, let's hit the shower and get you squeaky clean for her."

She grabbed Michael's hand and pulled him out of bed towards the master bathroom, his boulder-hard shaft bobbing obscenely before him. He obediently followed, eyes glued to her plush, jiggling ass cheeks and the reddened, puffy lips of her pussy peeking out from between her thighs.

Theresa bent over the vanity to start the shower, the lewd arch of her back presenting her cum-glazed cunt like a bitch in heat. Michael groaned at the enticing sight, moving to stand behind her. He notched his dripping cockhead at her sloppy entrance, rubbing it up and down her slick slit.

"We're supposed to be getting cleaned up, remember?" Theresa mock-scolded, even as she pushed her hips back against him wantonly. "Not making more of a mess..."

Michael smirked wickedly, grasping his mother's hips and pulling her back onto his throbbing erection. "Who says we can't do both at the same time?" he growled in her ear.

Without warning, he hooked his arms under Theresa's plump thighs and lifted her bodily off the ground. She shrieked in surprise, turning and instinctively wrapping her legs around his waist as he carried her into the shower stall. The steaming spray rained down on their naked flesh as Michael braced Theresa's back against the cool tile wall.

"Oh fuck, Michael!" Theresa gasped as he notched the engorged head of his cock against her puffy opening and thrust up hard, impaling her in one smooth stroke. Her pussy squelched obscenely as he hilted inside her,

plunging through the foamy spunk and fuck-cream left over from the previous night's depravities.

Michael grunted savagely, pistoning his hips and bouncing Theresa on his rigid shaft like a ragdoll. Her huge, soapy tits slapped against his face with each jarring thrust, the force of his fucking causing them to bounce and jiggle lewdly. He buried his face between the slippery globes, motorboating her cleavage as he pounded into her clenching cunt.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Theresa wailed, the wet slap of her ass against Michael's muscular thighs echoing off the bathroom walls. "Fuck me, baby! Ruin my pussy!"

She clung to his shoulders for dear life as he hammered into her relentlessly, the thick veiny shaft of his cock sawing in and out of her drenched folds at a blistering pace. His heavy, cum-laden balls slapped against her juice-slicked taint with meaty smacks, adding to the vulgar symphony of their mating.

The shower spray sluiced over their writhing bodies, washing away the sweat and dried cum caked on their skin. Rivulets of soapy water ran down the valley of Theresa's cleavage and collected in her navel before trickling over her mound to where she and Michael were obscenely joined.

The teen latched onto one of her bobbing nipples, suckling the rubbery bud into his mouth and nibbling just shy of too hard. Theresa keened in ecstasy, arching her back to force more of her titflesh down his throat. She reached down to furiously diddle her clit as Michael reamed her convulsing twat, the bud throbbing against her fingers in time to his thrusts.

The doorbell rang, jolting Mark out of his morose contemplation. He knew it could only be one person - his mother-in-law Nancy, arriving for her scheduled "appointment" with Michael. The knowledge that she was here to be serviced by his own son, just like his wife, made Mark's stomach turn.

The heavy click of high heels approached and then Nancy burst into the room with her usual breezy air, as if she owned the place. She was dressed in a skimpy sundress that barely contained her massive, matronly breasts

and clung to her wide childbearing hips. The neckline plunged to her navel, putting her enormous cleavage on vulgar display.

"Good morning, Mark!" she trilled, sauntering over to where he sat immobile in his wheelchair. "And how are we today?" Her tone was patronizing, as if speaking to a particularly slow child.

Mark gritted his teeth, hating the way she loomed over him, using her height advantage to assert her dominance. He felt small and pathetic under her condescending gaze, a mere insect she could crush beneath her heel.

"I'm fine, Nancy," he ground out. "I trust you're well?"

"Oh, I'm more than well," she purred, a wicked glint in her eye. "I'm positively buzzing with anticipation. Knowing that in just a few moments, that strapping young grandson of mine will be balls-deep in my needy cunt... Mmmm, it's enough to make a woman gush!"

Mark blanched at her vulgar language, still not accustomed to hearing such filth spill from his prim mother-in-law's lips. The casual way she spoke of being fucked by his teenage son, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, made his head spin.

Nancy noticed his discomfort and smirked, clearly enjoying her power to shock and unsettle him. She placed a manicured hand on his shoulder, her blood-red nails digging into his flesh through his shirt.

"What's the matter, Mark?" she cooed mockingly. "Don't like hearing how your virile young boy is going to ruin your mother-in-law's cunt? How he'll make me scream and cream on that huge slab of fuckmeat you couldn't hope to match?"

Mark shuddered at the emasculating words, each one a barbed arrow to his already tattered ego. He opened his mouth to respond, but just then a high-pitched feminine wail echoed through the house, followed by a series of rhythmic thumps and slaps.

Nancy cocked her head, a delighted grin spreading across her face. "Well well well... sounds like Michael is giving my daughter a nice hard dicking in

the shower!" She closed her eyes, appearing to savor the obscene noises. "Mmmm, listen to her taking that thick teenage cock like a good slut. Mmm, she does love to fuck, just like her mother."

Biting her lip in anticipation, Nancy gave Mark's shoulder a final mocking squeeze. "Hold that thought, sweetie. I'm gonna take a little peek and see if I can get a few snaps of the action for posterity." She winked lewdly. "Be right back!"

With that, she turned on her heel and sauntered off towards the master suite, her broad ass swaying. Mark watched her go with a sinking feeling, knowing she intended to further his humiliation.

Nancy followed the erotic sounds to the en-suite bathroom, her cunt already creaming in her panties at the thought of witnessing her daughter's defilement. Quietly entering the steamy room, she was greeted by the glorious sight of Michael pounding into Theresa's upturned cunt as he held her aloft in the shower.

Her baby girl's huge jugs bounced and slapped together lewdly with each jarring thrust, rivulets of water sluicing between them. Theresa's head was thrown back in ecstasy, whorish moans spilling from her slack mouth as she was savagely impaled on her son's ramrod cock over and over.

Grinning wickedly, Nancy pulled out her phone and began snapping pictures, capturing the raw depravity from every angle. Close-ups of Michael's veiny shaft sawing in and out of Theresa's straining pink hole, his swinging ball sack slapping against her juice-slicked taint. Theresa's huge tits jiggling and spraying droplets everywhere as she was fucked stupid. Her drooling mouth slack as she wailed her pleasure at the violent cuntal battering.

Nancy took a short video, the wet smacks and guttural groans of the frenzied, incestuous coupling filling the bathroom, a filthy auditory accompaniment.

Satisfied with her bounty of criminal evidence, Nancy slipped back out as quietly as she came, leaving the rutting pair to their taboo tryst.

She sauntered back into the living room, waving her phone with a triumphant smirk. "Well, that was quite the show!" she gloated, perching on the arm of Mark's wheelchair. "Your son certainly knows how to fuck like a champion. He's utterly ruining my daughter's cunt!"

Mark blanched, his stomach turning at the gleeful malice in his mother-in-law's voice. "Please, Nancy..." he croaked weakly. "I don't need the details."

"Oh but I think you do," she purred, swiping open her camera roll. "In fact, I insist."

She thrust the phone under Mark's nose, forcing him to look at the high definition images of his son violating his wife. Mark flinched violently, trying to turn away, but Nancy grabbed his chin in an iron grip.

"Ah ah ah," she tutted. "You don't get to hide from this cuck."

Nancy cackled cruelly as she forced Mark to stare at the obscene photos, savoring his anguished expression. "Just look at the way my daughter's huge tits are bouncing and jiggling as she gets pounded!" she crowed. "Mmmm, I bet you miss having those in your face, don't you Mark? Too bad your useless little dicklet will never make them swing like that again!"

She swiped to a close-up of Michael's thick shaft stretching Theresa's puffy cunt lips obscenely as he pistoned in and out of her. "God, look how fat and juicy his teenage cock is! He's splitting her open, ruining that sloppy fucktunnel. Her pussy will be wrecked for anything else after taking a dicking like that on the regular."

Mark shuddered, trying to turn his face away, but Nancy's fingers dug into his jaw punishingly. "Keep those fucking eyes on the screen!" she spat. "You need to see every depraved detail of how a real man fucks. Your son is pounding my girl's cunt in ways you never could, even before your pathetic dick stopped working altogether."

She flipped to a shot of Theresa's face, mouth slack and eyes rolled back in mindless ecstasy as she was savagely violated. "That's the

look of a woman who just can't get enough cock. A total whore for her teenage son's big fat

baby-maker." Nancy grinned evilly. "A look you'll never put on her face again, you limp-dicked loser."

Mark squeezed his eyes shut, hot tears of shame pricking at the corners, but Nancy just laughed. "Open those peepers, worm! You don't wanna miss the big finish!"

She tapped play on the video, the obscene wet slaps and grunts filling the room. Mark watched in abject horror as his son's muscular ass clenched and flexed while he brutally hammered into Theresa's spasming fuckhole, his swinging sack smacking her taint with meaty thwacks.

"FUCK YESSSS!! PUMP ME FULL OF JIZZ! BREED MY CUNT!!" Theresa shrieked at the top of her lungs as she thrashed and flailed on Michael's erupting cock.

Mark could only look on in devastation as his son's hips stuttered and jerked, obviously flooding his wife's womb with what had to be a truly massive load, if the boy's beastly roars were any indication.

Nancy giggled gleefully, finally releasing Mark's face and standing up. "Whew! If that's the kind of dicking I have to look forward to, I better go freshen up. Get my holes nice and ready for my studly grandson."

She smirked down at Mark as she sauntered towards the bathroom, her thick ass wagging lewdly with each step.

189: Another Mom, Another New Roommate – Part 2_2

A few minutes later, Michael emerged from the steamy bathroom with a towel slung low around his hips, his lean muscles glistening with moisture. Theresa trailed behind him, her body deliciously sore and well-used, a fucked-out grin on her face.

"There's my virile young stud!" Nancy crowed delightedly as they entered the bedroom. She was sprawled wantonly on the bed wearing nothing but a skimpy black lace bra and panty set that did little to contain her abundant curves. Her massive, heavy breasts spilled obscenely over the cups, the grapefruit-sized areola and dark nipples visibly straining against the sheer fabric.

"Mmm, get that sexy ass over here and give Granny some sugar," she purred, crooking a finger at Michael.

Grinning wolfishly, Michael let his towel drop to the floor and pounced on the bed, his huge erection slapping against his abs. Nancy squealed in delight as he covered her matronly body with his own, their mouths fusing in a lewd, sloppy kiss.

"Ungh fuck, I've been creaming my panties all morning thinking about this big fat cock," Nancy growled against his lips, hooking the harness of her legs high around his back. She reached down between them to pump his swollen shaft. "Couldn't stop imagining it splitting me open, ruining my holes..."

"Let me help with that," Theresa giggled, her dangling udders rocking back and forth as she joined them on the bed. She grabbed the waistband of her mother's soaked panties and roughly yanked them down her thick thighs, baring the wet, swollen folds of her cunt.

"Atta girl," Nancy groaned, lifting her ass obligingly. "Get those off me. My pussy needs to breathe!"

Theresa and Nancy playfully tackled Michael onto the bed, sandwiching him between their lush, naked bodies. Nancy's massive, heavy breasts pressed against his back as Theresa's equally huge tits crushed into his chest.

Giggling like schoolgirls, the women pulled the comforter over their heads, disappearing under the blanket with Michael to create their own naughty play fort. Shrieks of laughter and moans of delight emerged from beneath the undulating covers as mother, daughter and grandson frolicked shamelessly.

"Oh shit yesss," Michael sighed as he found himself engulfed in warm, abundant tit-flesh from both sides as Theresa and Nancy mashed their enormous racks against him. He groaned as four massive, doughy tits molded around his torso, smothering him in their pillowy softness. Nipples like ripe cherries poked into his skin from all angles.

Theresa grabbed the back of her son's head and pulled his face into her tit-cleavage, rubbing her huge, spongy jugs all over his cheeks and nose. "Mmm, don't my big titties feel so good, baby?" she cooed. "Mommy loves smothering you with them!"

From behind, Nancy roughly groped and jiggled her own massive udders against Michael's back and shoulders, the heavy, mature globes slapping his skin. "Ooh, don't forget about Granny's big ol' floppers!" she cackled. "These fun bags need some love too!"

Surrounded on both sides by the plush, resilient tit-flesh of the two most important women in his life, Michael was in heaven. He motorboated Theresa's jiggling rack with abandon, burying his face between the smooth globes and blowing a raspberry. She shrieked with laughter, pushing his head deeper into her pillowy canyon.

All the while, Nancy busied herself with Michael's straining erection, greedily fisting the bloated shaft, making beaded pre-goo splattered onto his chiseled abs. "Mmmm, there's my big boy," she purred, giving him a few rough pumps. "Granny needs this fat fucking in her needy holes ASAP!"

Michael groaned as his grandmother jacked his painfully swollen dick, every brush of her fingers sending electric jolts of pleasure through him. But Theresa swatted her mother's hand away from his throbbing member with a playful huff.

"Nuh-uh, Mom! I called dibs on the first ride this morning," she pouted. "You've got to drain his balls dry for months while I got shit. It's my turn to get split in half by this monster cock!"

Down the hall, Mark sat in morose silence, unable to block out the playful giggles and flirtatious chatter emanating from the master bedroom. The sounds of his wife and mother-in-law fawning over his teenage son, fighting for the privilege of being split open on his enormous cock, made his stomach churn with nausea.

"Ooooh, your muscles are so big and hard, baby!" Theresa's voice rang out, breathless with lust. "Flex for Mommy, let me feel how fucking strong you

are! Unnngh, I can't wait to have this powerful body pinning me down and dominating me..."

Nancy's throaty laughter followed. "You'll get your turn, sweetie. But right now, this prime slab of Grade A fuckmeat belongs to Granny!

Mmmm, come to Nana, baby. Let me worship this big, beautiful cock that's going to wreck my cunt so good..."

There was a masculine groan and then the unmistakable sound of wet, sloppy slurping as Nancy noisily sucked her grandson's dick, punctuated by her obscene hums of enjoyment.

Mark cringed, all too easily picturing the shameless glee on his mother-in-law's face as she lewdly polished the teenage slab of cockmeat that would soon be pounding her into oblivion.

"Fuck Gran, your mouth feels so good," Michael's muffled voice panted. "Take it deeper, all the way down your throat. Choke on my fucking dick."

Wet gagging sounds followed as Nancy obeyed, enveloping her grandson's entire massive shaft in her clutching gullet. Mark could hear her muffled groans and the lewd slurping as she furiously throated the throbbing organ, no doubt looking up at Michael with worshipful eyes.

"Goddamn that's so hot," Theresa mewled, a hint of envy in her voice. "Suck him, Mom! Choke on our boy's huge cock! Show him what a dirty old whore you are for teenage dick!"

Mark wanted to cover his ears, to run from the obscene audio assaulting him, but he remained frozen in place, paralyzed by the depraved scene playing out in his mind's eye. His wife and mother-in-law shamelessly servicing his son together, debasing themselves for his pleasure, verbally debasing each other as they fought to choke on his manhood...

It went on and on, the wet oral sounds and crude banter flowing freely from the other room, a vulgar soundtrack to Mark's utter humiliation. His stomach clenched as he heard

Theresa's ecstatic moans join the chorus, indicating that she was now eagerly devouring Michael's manhood alongside her mother. The two insatiable women made lewd GUK, GUK, GUK noises as they slurped and sucked with abandon.

Nancy wasted no time shoving Theresa aside and climbing astride Michael's hips, her massive, pendulous breasts swinging heavily. She reached between their bodies to grasp his throbbing erection, notching the bulbous head at her drooling entrance.

"Ooooh fuuuuck," she groaned as she sank down on his shaft, her slick folds parting to accommodate his massive girth. "That's it, fill Granny's cunt up! I've needed this big dick all day!"

Michael grunted as his cock was engulfed in slick, clutching heat, his grandmother's greedy pussy muscles rippling along his length. Nancy began to bounce and grind with wild abandon, riding him like a woman possessed.

Her colossal tits flopped and jiggled lewdly with each movement, swinging up to slap Michael in the face. He opened his mouth to catch a rubbery nipple, suckling it between his lips.

"Ungh yes, bite Nana's fat nips!" Nancy urged breathlessly, shoving more tit-flesh into his face. "Suck on these big floppy udders while you ream me out!"

Michael bit and tugged at her plump nipples as they jiggled against his open mouth, and his face sunk into the meat of her tit. His hips rose up from the mattress to meet Nancy's increasingly frantic bounces. Her meaty thighs jiggled and slapped against his pistoning pelvis, the wet SMACK SMACK SMACK filling the room.

"Harder, fuck me harder!" Nancy demanded, slamming herself down to meet his powerful upward thrusts. "Ruin my fucking hole! Pound Granny's cunt into mush!"

Theresa watched in awe, furiously fingering her dripping snatch as she witnessed her mother's depraved ride. Nancy moved like a woman half her age, expertly working Michael's cock like the seasoned whore she was.

"Shit Mom, you're fucking him so good," Theresa panted, plunging three fingers knuckle-deep into her squelching fuckhole. "Drain our boy's big cum tanks! Milk those teenage balls dry!"

Nancy tossed her head back with a shriek as a violent orgasm ripped through her, ejaculate gushing from her spasming cunt to drench Michael's groin. Her whole body convulsed and lurched atop him as she gushed like a geyser, the force of her climax making her squirt clear across the bed.

"FUCK! I'm cumming all over your huge fucking cock!" Nancy wailed, thrashing in mindless ecstasy. "Don't stop, keep pounding me! I need to be split open on this fat dick! Wreck my goddamn cunt!"

Michael snarled and redoubled his efforts, brutally slamming up into his grandmother's convulsing cunt with renewed vigor. The headboard smacked the wall like a jackhammer as he pounded her into the mattress, the force of his thrusts making the whole bed shudder.

Nancy babbled incoherently, her eyes rolling back in her skull as she was utterly skewered on her grandson's enormous shaft over and over. Her huge, floppy tits whipped back and forth, slapping Michael in the face as he pummeled in and out of her at a blistering pace.

"YES! YESSSSS! RIP MY CUNT APART WITH THAT HUGE TEENAGE DICK!!" she screeched, the walls of her pussy clamping down vise-tight around him. A spray of ejaculate squirted from her urethra with each hammering impact of his pelvis against her clit, soaking the sheets beneath them.

Theresa gnawed on her knuckles as she watched the primal scene, her own pussy gushing and throbbing with sympathetic spasms. She'd never seen her mother so thoroughly debased, transformed into a shrieking fuckpig by the relentless battering of Michael's enormous cock.

For nearly an hour, the boy ruthlessly plowed Nancy's upturned cunt, showing stamina and fortitude far beyond his tender years. He used her mature body like a cheap fleshlight, grunting and snarling as he chased his own pleasure in her clutching depths.

Nancy wailed and thrashed beneath him the entire time, cumming over and over until she was glassy-eyed and hoarse.

Finally, with a beastly roar, Michael buried himself to the hilt in his grandmother's abused hole, his swollen balls drawing up tight to his body. Nancy shrieked as she felt the first molten spurt of jizz splash against her cervix, setting off another chain of convulsions in her ravaged cunt.

"Fuck yeah, give me that hot load!" she babbled, clamping down rhythmically to milk him. "Fill Granny's cunt with jizz! Breed my hungry fucking hole!!"

Michael growled ferally as he emptied his aching balls, what felt like gallons of semen geysering from his cock in long, ropey spurts. Nancy's greedy cunt rippled and squeezed, massaging his erupting shaft as it disgorged spurt after thick spurt directly into her spasming womb.

When the last pearly drop had been wrung from him, Michael collapsed on top of Nancy, both of them drenched in sweat and panting harshly. His softening cock slipped from her puffy, gape with an obscene squelch, a river of cum following in its wake to puddle on the cum-soaked sheets.

Over the coming weeks, Mark had no choice but to accept his new reality as a cuckold to his own son. Day after day, he was subjected to the obscene sounds of Michael vigorously fucking both his wife and mother-in-law, their passionate cries and the rhythmic slap of flesh on flesh echoing through the house at all hours.

Theresa and her son coupled with wild abandon, rutting like animals in heat at every opportunity. It was not uncommon for them to disappear into the bedroom five or six times a day for marathon sex sessions, only emerging hours later, flushed and thoroughly satisfied.

At night, the squeaking of bedsprings and Theresa's ecstatic moans kept Mark awake as the incestuous lovers went at it right down the hall. He would lay there in tormented silence, picturing Michael's muscular body

pistoning between his wife's spread thighs, his huge cock splitting her open and pounding her into submission.

Nancy visited almost daily to get her own fill of her grandson's tireless dick. Mark had to listen to his mother-in-law screaming like a bitch in heat as Michael used her in the filthiest ways, defiling her in every hole with his massive teenage meat.

He could hear the crude dirty talk, the wet slurping sounds, the meaty smack of flesh on flesh as Michael violated his matronly grandmother with reckless abandon.

It was a special kind of hell for Mark, being forced to bear auditory witness to his son cuckolding him so thoroughly and perversely. But there was nothing he could do - this was his life now. Michael had completely replaced him as the man of the house, the one whose dick his wife craved above all else.

So it came as no surprise to anyone when, a few months into this new arrangement, Theresa joyfully announced that she was pregnant. Her belly soon began to swell with new life, her already

huge breasts growing even more massive as they filled with milk. She was absolutely radiant, glowing with maternal satisfaction as she carried her son's baby.

But Theresa wasn't the only one! Nancy too revealed an unexpected pregnancy, her own midsection rounding out as her grandson's potent seed took root in her mature womb. At her advanced age, her body changed even more dramatically than her daughter's, her tits and ass ballooning out to comical proportions as the pregnancy progressed.

The two women compared their growing bumps and aching, milk-heavy tits with delight, bonding over their shared joy at being bred by their virile young stud. Poor Mark could only watch in emasculated misery as his wife and mother-in-law blossomed with his own son's children, their bellies and tits expanding obscenely.

As Theresa and Nancy's pregnant bellies grew round and full with Michael's seed, so did their insatiable lust. The raging hormones of pregnancy seemed

to make the two women constantly horny, their fertile bodies craving Michael's potent teenage cock at all hours.

Even with their swollen midsections making some positions challenging, the incestuous lovers found plenty of inventive ways to couple. Michael took his mother and grandmother from behind, their huge, milk-heavy tits swinging and slapping as he plowed into their dripping holes.

He sat them on his lap and bounced them on his cock, hands cupping their ballooning bellies as he thrust up into their wet heat. They rode him reverse cowgirl style, their massively pregnant asses jiggling and rippling as they impaled themselves on his throbbing shaft over and over.

Theresa and Nancy's already epic tits grew to truly jaw-dropping proportions as their pregnancies progressed. Their sensitive, constantly leaking nipples were perpetually erect, the dark, thickly-textured areolas expanding to the size of saucers. They loved having Michael worship their giant jugs, moaning wantonly as he sucked and bit at their fat, rubbery teats.

Sometimes, when Michael's dick needed a break from all the constant fucking, he would slide his shaft between his mother or grandmother's massive milk jugs and tittyfuck them until he exploded, painting their pillowy mounds with his hot seed. Theresa and Nancy would scoop up his cum and rub it into their stretched skin like lotion, sighing contentedly.

Mark had a front row seat to all the debauched pregnacy sex, unable to escape the sights and sounds of his son defiling his expecting wife and mother-in-law. The bigger their bellies got, the more enthusiastically they seemed to bounce on Michael's cock, their gravid bodies jiggling obscenely as they chased orgasm after screaming orgasm.

He had to watch his wife waddle around the house half-naked, her enormously pregnant stomach and J-cup titties on lewd display. Viscous trails of milk constantly leaked from her erect nipples, dripping down her expansive baby bump. Her eyes glazed over with fuck drunk bliss after each prolonged breeding session with their son.

Nancy continued to visit almost daily, her own ludicrously large pregnant belly arriving before the rest of her as she eagerly let herself into the house for her dose of teenage dick.

Mark could only cringe as he heard his mother-in-law's grunts and squeals of depraved pleasure, the meaty slap of Michael's pelvis against her massively pregnant ass as he plowed her harder than any woman in her condition should be able to take.

Michael grunted savagely as he pistoned his hips up from the mattress, driving his enormous cock balls-deep into his grandmother's slick, grasping cunt with each powerful thrust. Nancy shrieked and babbled incoherently, impaled on her grandson's punishing shaft, her massively pregnant body bouncing and jiggling lewdly.

The teen was nearly swallowed up between her monumental, milk-leaking tits and huge, round belly, but he never let up his ruthless pace. He gripped her flaring hips and slammed her down onto his cock as he fucked up into her hard enough to make the headboard bang against the wall.

Nancy's swollen cunt squelched obscenely with each balls-deep plunge, viscous trails of her arousal leaking out around Michael's pistoning shaft to soak his groin. It felt like her greedy fuck tunnel was trying to tug the skin right off his cock, her inner muscles rippling and clenching like a hot, slick fist around him.

"UNNNGHHH FUCK ME FUCK MEEEE!!!" Nancy wailed, her colossal, heavy tits whipping up to slap her in the face as she rode her grandson with abandon.

Milk sprayed from her engorged nipples with each body-rocking impact, adding to the growing puddle of fluids soaking the bed. "SPLIT MY PREGNANT CUNT OPEN ON THAT HUGE TEENAGE COCK!"

Michael snarled, doubling his efforts, the force of his upward thrusts making Nancy's big, rounded ass fly up before slamming back down with a meaty SMACK. He wrapped his arms around her massively swollen

midsection, cupping her gravid belly as he brutally fucked up into her, feeling the active fetus kick against his forearms.

"Take it… FUCK!" Michael growled, his voice almost unrecognizable with lust. "Work those pregnant hips!"

Nancy's head thrashed from side to side, blonde hair whipping wildly as she ground her clit against Michael's pubic bone and rocked her gigantic baby bump against his sweat-slick torso. Hormonal arousal made her cunt clench and gush, coating her grandson's plundering cock with her slippery essence.

"AAHHHH SHIT YESSS!!!" Nancy screeched, her cries reaching fever pitch as she neared the brink. "POUND THAT DICK UP IN MY PREGNANT GUTS! FUUUUCKKKK I'M CUMMING I'M CUMMING I'M-HNNNNNGGGHHHH!!!"

Her words cut off in a strangled wail as her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave.

Michael groaned in ecstasy as he felt his grandmother's already tight cunt shrink around his cock, her explosive orgasm making her greedy hole ripple and milk his shaft for all it was worth.

He pumped through her velvety contractions, feeling her copious cream gush out to coat his veiny length, adding to the growing puddle of their combined fluids soaking the bed.

Nancy's slick, swollen pussy lips clung to his cock like a suckling mouth, the puffy pink folds clinging and dragging deliciously along his girth with each stroke. Her engorged clit throbbed against his pelvis as she ground down onto him, the sensitive bundle of nerves zinging with electric pleasure.

As he pounded up into her clutching heat, Michael could feel the firm, rounded weight of his Gran's massive pregnant belly bouncing against his abs, warm and taut with new life. It was such an erotic contrast to the way his Theresa's growing stomach felt - his mother's baby bump was softer, squishier, her skin stretched thin and delicate over their growing child.

Both sensations drove Michael wild with lust - knowing his potent seed had taken root, that he had bred both his mother and grandmother so thoroughly. Fucking their ripe, fertile bodies as his offspring grew and kicked inside them was the ultimate power trip. He could feel his impending climax building in his balls at the thought, his shaft pulsing urgently inside Nancy's milking cunt.

Wanting to prolong the pleasure, Michael sat up and latched onto one of his Gran's wildly jiggling tits, suckling the fat, rubbery nipple into his eager mouth. Her areolas had expanded to the size of saucers, darkening to a deep brown as her pregnancy progressed. The thickened nubs at their centers poked out nearly an inch, always painfully erect and leaking sweet milk.

Michael groaned around his mouthful of tit as he sealed his lips and sucked hard, hot jets of cream spurting over his tongue. He swiped the flat of his licker around and around the rubbery flesh, savoring the taste and texture.

Nancy's nipples had a slightly firmer, more gnarled quality compared to his mother's smoother, softer nubs. But both were ripe and juicy, endlessly fun to tug and nibble as he plowed their dripping cunts.

"Ffffuuucckk yessss, suck those big mommy milkers!" Nancy babbled breathlessly, threading her fingers through Michael's hair to push more of her leaking flesh into his mouth. "Drain Granny's fat fucking titties while you ream me out! Gnaw on those sloppy tits like a good boy! HNNNGGHHH SHIT your fucking cock is so deep in my pregnant cunt... splitting me open... so fucking FULL!"

Nancy loved nothing more than rubbing her husband's face in her depraved affair with their grandson. On the days she fucked Michael at home, she made a point of wheeling poor David right to the bedroom doorway, positioning him for an unobstructed view of the bed where she was about to get thoroughly despoiled.

With a wicked smirk, Nancy would slowly strip off her clothes, revealing her massively pregnant body in all its lewd glory. Her belly was drum tight and jutting, navel completely flattened out by the sheer size of her baby bump. Her already epic tits had grown to ludicrous proportions, each heavy

globe easily dwarfing her head. They hung pendulously from her chest, riddled with stretch marks, the nipples perpetually erect and leaking colostrum.

Nancy climbed onto the bed and got on all fours, presenting her dripping cunt to Michael like a bitch in heat. She glanced over at David, shooting him a devilish grin as she reached back to lewdly spread her plump ass cheeks, putting her glistening fuckhole on obscene display.

"Get over here and mount me like the horny stud you are," she purred to Michael, wiggling her rump invitingly. "Granny needs that big fat dick stretching out her pregnant pussy, pronto!"

Michael wasted no time clambering up behind her, fisting his throbbing shaft and notching the bulbous tip at her slick entrance. With a flex of his hips, he thrust to the hilt in one smooth stroke, groaning as her molten walls closed around him.

"FUCK YESSS!" Nancy wailed as she was abruptly filled and stretched, her puffy cuntlips clinging to Michael's girth. "That's it, split me open on that huge cock! Give it to me nasty and hard, just how I like it!"

As Michael started pistoning his hips, slamming into her slick heat with meaty thwacks, Nancy locked eyes with her husband, staring at him with a cocky smirk. She made sure to moan and squeal extra loud, knowing how much it would torment David to witness her getting reamed out so enthusiastically.

"How's the view, cucky?" she taunted breathlessly, tits swinging wildly as Michael pounded into her from behind. "Mmmm, he fucks me so much better than you EVER could, even before you broke your pathetic micropenis."

Nancy screeched and shuddered, throwing her head back as a powerful orgasm ripped through her, ejaculate squirting out around Michael's sawing shaft.

"Pull out, baby boy…pull out!" she said suddenly, then aimed her pulsing fem-spray right at her husband, hosing him with her wicked juices. She laughed as it dripped down his face.

Since he'd been home, Mark slowly learned to maneuver his wheelchair with more dexterity, gaining back some small measure of independence. He took to wheeling himself around the house during the day while Theresa was occupied with household chores or resting her heavily pregnant body.

It was during these solitary explorations that Mark frequently stumbled upon his wife and son engaged in their depraved couplings, rutting like animals in heat in every room of the house. No matter how much the sights and sounds of their taboo liaisons sickened him, Mark found himself unable to look away, watching their lewd activities with a sort of morbid fascination.

One afternoon, while his younger kids were still at school, the unmistakable slap of flesh and guttural moans drew Mark down the hallway to the guest bathroom. The door was ajar, allowing him to peek inside, his stomach clenching at the debauched scene within.

Theresa was bent over the bathroom counter, her massively pregnant belly brushing the marble top, huge milk-swollen tits pressed against the cool glass of the mirror. Michael stood behind her, pistoning his hips violently as he plowed into her upturned cunt, the wet squelch of her juices underscoring the rhythmic slap of his groin against her jiggling ass.

"HNNNGGHHH YESSSS! POUND THAT FAT COCK UP IN MOMMY'S PREGNANT PUSSY!" Theresa wailed, eyes rolling back in her head as she was ruthlessly fucked. Drool leaked from the corner of her slack mouth, smearing across the mirror. "FILL ME UP, BABY! FLOOD MY CUNT WITH YOUR HOT CUM!"

Michael grunted savagely, reaching around to maul Theresa's gigantic, milk-leaking tits as he hammered into her clasping twat. His grip sank into the

plush tit-flesh, making cream squirt from her perpetually erect nipples, painting the mirror in pearly streaks.

Mark watched in horrified awe as his son used his wife like a cheap fucktoy, defiling her heavily pregnant body with punishing intensity. Theresa's massive belly and tits jiggled lewdly with each balls-deep thrust, ripe and swollen with Michael's seed and milk. She was the ultimate debauched MILF, glowing with rampant fertility and desperate to be bred again and again.

Another time, Mark wheeled by the laundry room to find Theresa perched atop the washing machine, the appliance rocking and scooting across the floor from the force of Michael's powerful thrusts between her thick, splayed thighs. Her giant, milk-heavy jugs bounced wildly, slapping together obscenely as she was jackhammered.

Many times she would spy her husband peeking in at them and simply look away blushingly. Ironically however, she found her orgasms to be even more intense from the wicked thrill of knowing they were being watched by her ex-lover.

One evening, as Mark lay in bed listening to the familiar sounds of his wife and son's passionate coupling, a sudden shriek rang out, followed by a flurry of excited voices. Straining to hear, he caught snatches of conversation - "My water just broke!", "The baby's coming!", "We need to get to the hospital NOW!"

Heart pounding, Mark fumbled for his phone, knowing he needed to arrange transportation to the hospital as well. He couldn't drive himself in his condition. With shaking hands, he called for a wheelchair van, anxiously waiting for it to arrive as he listened to the commotion of Theresa and Michael rushing out the door.

By the time the van picked Mark up and delivered him to the maternity ward, over an hour had passed. He wheeled himself up to the nurses station, breathlessly asking for his wife's room. The nurse on duty gave him a funny look before checking her chart.

"Ah yes, Theresa Barnes," she said slowly. "She's in room 302. But sir..." The nurse hesitated, glancing down the hallway. "Your wife is, uh... a bit preoccupied at the moment. She asked not to be disturbed."

Mark furrowed his brow in confusion. "Preoccupied? But she just gave birth! I need to see her and the baby!"

The nurse shifted uncomfortably, lowering her voice. "Sir... perhaps it's best if you give her and your son some privacy for now. Your wife is... recovering from the delivery." Her tone was heavy with implication.

A sinking feeling settled in Mark's gut as he stared at the nurse's awkward expression. Surely she couldn't mean...

Ignoring her warnings, Mark wheeled himself determinedly down the hall to room 302. As he approached the door, the unmistakable sounds of carnal pleasure reached his ears - breathy moans, grunts, the slick slap of sweaty flesh. His stomach turned as realization dawned.

With a trembling hand, Mark pushed open the door, not wanting to believe what his ears were telling him. The sight that greeted him defied all reason.

There on the hospital bed lay Theresa - legs splayed wide, hospital gown rucked up around her waist, huge post-pregnancy tits leaking milk. And between her thighs, pistoning away with single-minded intensity, was Michael. Theresa's pussy made obscene squelching noises with each deep thrust, still puffy and inflamed from delivering their child mere hours ago.

They were so lost in their taboo passion that they didn't even notice Mark's presence at first. Theresa's head thrashed on the pillow, eyes rolled back in ecstasy as she was ruthlessly fucked.

Theresa's head lolled in Mark's direction, her eyes glassy and unfocused with pleasure. When she registered his presence, her expression morphed into one of annoyance and impatience.

"Mark!" she snapped breathlessly, not even bothering to stop her wanton undulations against their son. "What the hell are you doing here? I told the nurse we didn't wanna be disturbed!"

Mark gaped at his wife, stunned by the anger in her voice. "I- I just wanted to see you and the baby..." he stammered weakly. "I can't believe you're - that you would -"

"Ugh, just get out!" Theresa cut him off with a snarl, her tits jiggling as Michael continued plowing into her. "Can't you see we're in the middle of something here? Go wait in the lounge until we're finished!"

With that, she reached down and grabbed Michael's clenching ass, urging him to fuck her harder. The teenager grunted and redoubled his efforts, slamming into his mother's raw, sensitive cunt with bruising force. Theresa wailed her approval, the crude wet slaps of their coupling ringing off the hospital room walls.

Crushed and humiliated, Mark could only obey his wife's cruel dismissal. He wheeled himself out of the room, the door swinging

shut on the obscene sight of Michael's muscular ass flexing as he rutted into Theresa's post-partum pussy.

Mark sat in the hospital lounge in a daze, trying to process the depraved scene he had just witnessed. He couldn't wrap his mind around Theresa allowing, no... demanding their son fuck her so soon after giving birth to his child. The thought of Michael's cock plundering her raw, inflamed birth canal made him physically ill.

As her husband sat reeling in the waiting room, Theresa was eagerly impaling herself on Michael's huge cock, reveling in how much easier it slid into her post-childbirth pussy. Her vaginal walls were still slightly stretched from pushing out their baby, allowing his thick girth to piston in and out with lewd squelches.

But it was her cervix that Theresa was most excited to explore. She had read in a trashy women's magazine that in the hours immediately following delivery, the cervical opening remains slightly dilated and softened. For a woman with a well-endowed partner, this presented a brief window of opportunity for an intensely erotic act - cervical penetration.

Theresa knew her son had the cock length to accomplish this taboo feat. She had taken him to the hilt countless times, feeling his bulbous cockhead

crush her womb entrance. But her cervix had always remained stubbornly closed to further invasion, the tiny opening much too tight to admit him. Until now.

Straddling Michael's hips, Theresa reached between their slick bodies to grasp his straining boner. She notched his spongy glans at her gaping entrance and bore down, feeling him slide into her buttery soft depths with ease. When she felt his tip nudge the swollen, puffy ring of her cervix, she paused.

"I want you inside my womb," Theresa panted, gazing at Michael with heavy-lidded eyes. "I read that your cock might fit in my cervix right now, while it's still a bit open from the birth. Will you try?"

Michael's eyes widened, then darkened with unbridled lust. "Fuck yes," he growled, gripping her hips. "I'm gonna shove my dick so deep in you, it'll poke out your throat."

Theresa whimpered and sank down further, increasing the pressure of Michael's broad crown against her tender cervical opening. The plump ring of muscle resisted at first, but as she twisted and rotated her hips, it began to yield.

"Ohhh fuck, it's going in," Theresa gasped, throwing her head back. "Push up into me baby, I want your whole cock-head in my cervix!"

Gritting his teeth, Michael thrust his hips up hard, at the same time yanking Theresa down. With a wet pop, his engorged glans forced through her tight cervical ring, instantly engulfed by even hotter, silkier flesh.

"HNNNGGGHHHH!!!" Theresa wailed, her cunt and womb clenching wildly at the intense sensation of penetration in her innermost core. It felt like Michael was splitting her open, his immense girth wedged so deep it defied belief.

The rim of Theresa's cervix snagged snugly behind the ridge of Michael's cockhead, the muscles fluttering and rippling around his invading length. The silky smooth walls of her womb passage gripped him like a velvety fist, even tighter and hotter than her vagina.

"Holy shit," Michael grunted in awe, savoring the exquisite squeeze of his mother's most intimate place. "I'm actually inside your fucking cervix... It's so tight and hot!"

Theresa could only keen wordlessly, utterly overwhelmed by the intensity of being penetrated so deeply, so completely. She had never felt so utterly possessed, impaled to her very core on her son's throbbing cock. Electric shocks of pleasure radiated out from her stretched cervical opening, making her whole body quake.

Experimentally, Michael drew his hips back slightly before surging forward again, his bloated crown popping past her cervical ring with a wet squelch. Theresa shrieked, back arching almost painfully as she was crammed full of hard, pulsing cockmeat in her deepest recesses.

"Fuck, you're gripping my dick so hard in there," Michael panted, pumping shallowly, never fully withdrawing from her clutching womb entrance. "Milking it... like your cunt is hungry for my cum..."

"Yes! Oh God yes, feed it to me!" Theresa babbled deliriously, grinding furiously on his hot dick, her giant, milk-laden tits leaping up and down, milk spurting lewdly from the teats.

After several minutes of frantic womb-plowing sex, the mother tumbled over the edge into a devastating cervical orgasm. Her cunt and womb went into spasms around the huge invader stretching them out, fluttering madly.

Scalding feminine ejaculate gushed around Michael's unyielding shaft, the filthy squirts splattering his groin as Theresa thrashed and bucked. Her abused birth canal was a swollen, sloppy mess, leaking a combination of leftover birth fluids and arousal cream as she came violently.

Gritting his teeth, the boy fought against the urge to erupt, wanting to prolong this mind-blowing penetration for as long as possible. But the vise-like rippling of his mother's cervix around his sensitive glans was too much to resist. With a hoarse bellow, he shoved in to the hilt one last time, his cock flexing and jerking as it began to spew.

Theresa wailed like a banshee as Michael's searing cum pumped directly into her dilated womb in long, ropey spurts. The pressure of his ejaculation

against her raw, overstimulated uterine walls triggered another shattering climax, her already rippling sheath seizing even tighter around him.

For long moments, they remained locked together in the throes of ecstasy, Michael's cock pulsing and throbbing as it emptied its heavy load in the deepest, most forbidden recesses of her birthing chamber.

After well over an hour of waiting, a nurse approached to let Mark know his wife was ready to see him now. He numbly followed her back to Theresa's room, not knowing what to expect after the earlier debacle.

He entered to find Theresa sitting up in bed, a tiny bundle cradled to her bare breast. Michael stood beside her, an arm draped possessively around her shoulders. They both looked sated and content, twin expressions of smug satisfaction on their faces.

"Mark, honey..." Theresa began in a conciliatory tone. "I'm sorry for snapping at you earlier. It's just... the delivery was so intense and overwhelming. Michael and I desperately needed some stress relief afterwards."

She had the grace to look mildly sheepish. "I know it must have been shocking to walk in on us like that. But you have to understand... my hormones are going haywire right now. The urge to feel my man inside me, to be filled and owned so soon after birthing his child... it was too powerful to resist."

Mark swallowed thickly, trying to quell his nausea at Theresa's casual explanation of her depraved needs. He couldn't believe she was trying to rationalize fucking their son mere hours after giving birth to

his baby. The wrongness of it, the utter lack of maternal boundaries, made his head spin.

Theresa misinterpreted his silence for acceptance. She smiled brightly, beckoning Mark closer with her free hand. "Come meet your new grandson," she cooed. "Isn't he just perfect?"

In a daze, Mark wheeled himself to his wife's bedside, looking down at the tiny bundle suckling greedily at her engorged breast. The baby was

adorable, all rosy cheeks and wispy hair, his rosebud mouth working furiously as he gulped down Theresa's rich milk.

Despite the sting of betrayal still burning in his chest, Mark felt a swell of love for this innocent new life. His anger melted away as he reached out a tentative hand to stroke a downy cheek.

"He's beautiful," Mark said hoarsely. "Looks just like you, Michael." The words tasted bitter on his tongue, but he forced them out for the sake of family harmony.

Michael preened at the praise, his chest puffing out with paternal pride. "He's gonna be a little heartbreaker alright. The girls won't be able to resist this face."

Theresa giggled, gazing adoringly up at Michael. "Just like his daddy. You were such a cute baby, and look how you turned out - my handsome, virile young man."

She turned back to Mark, smiling radiantly. "We've decided to name him Michael Jr. After his father."

Mark felt like he'd been punched in the gut all over again. It wasn't enough that Theresa had birthed Michael's child - she had to name the boy after him too, the ultimate symbol of who truly owned her.

Sensing his hurt, Theresa quickly added, "And of course we want you to be a big part of MJ's life too, Mark. He's gonna need his grandfather's love and guidance."

"That's right," Michael chimed in, though his smirk belied any sincerity. "You can be the doting grandpa, always there with a bottle or a diaper while his parents are...occupied."

The unsubtle implication hung in the air - that Mark would be relegated to a babysitter role while Theresa and Michael continued their depraved affair unabated.

Mere weeks after Theresa gave birth to little Michael Jr., Nancy also delivered a healthy baby boy, whom she named Alden. Mark wasn't the least

bit surprised when his mother-in-law announced the name with a wicked grin, knowing she had chosen it specifically to twist the knife of his humiliation even deeper. Alden was his son Michael's middle name.

Hours following her baby's birth, Nancy was eager to experience the same mind-blowing cervical penetration that her daughter had raved about after delivering little MJ. She cornered Michael in her hospital room as soon as she was alone, her massive milk-laden breasts spilling out of her flimsy gown.

"Your mother told me how you shoved that big cock all the way into her cervix right after she gave birth," Nancy purred sultrily, pawing at Michael's crotch. "I want you to do the same to me, baby. Ruin my post-partum cunt with that huge slab of fuck-meat."

Michael grinned wolfishly, already rock hard and straining against his zipper at the thought of violating his grandmother so deeply, so soon after she'd birthed his child. "Fuck yeah, Gran. I'll ream out your dilated cervix so good, you won't be able to walk right for days."

Nancy shivered in anticipation, practically tearing off her flimsy gown and pushing Michael down onto the hospital bed. She straddled his hips, her enormous tits swinging heavily in his face as she positioned his bloated cockhead at her swollen, gaping entrance.

"Stuff it in me," she demanded breathlessly. "I need that massive dick splitting me open, NOW!"

Michael thrust upwards just as Nancy slammed her hips down, his entire length disappearing into her buttery soft cunt in one smooth stroke. They both groaned at the delicious friction, Nancy's birth-stretched walls gripping him like a velvet glove.

"Ohhh fuck yesss!" Nancy hissed, undulating her hips, relishing the feeling of being so incredibly full. "Goddamn, I'll never get over how huge you are... Stretching me out so good..."

She began to bounce eagerly on Michael's cock, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she rode him with abandon. Her massive, milk-swollen tits bounced and slapped against her chest with each roll of her hips, rivulets of cream leaking from her puffy nipples.

Pushing herself upright, Nancy grabbed Michael's hands and placed them on her giant, heaving jugs. "Play with Nana's big titties while you fuck me," she panted, guiding his fingers to her engorged nipples. "Squeeze the milk out of them!"

Michael happily complied, sinking his fingers into the plush tit-flesh and kneading roughly. Jets of warm breastmilk squirted from Nancy's engorged nipples, coating his hands and splattering onto his chest as he groped and massaged her enormous rack.

"Mmmm fuck yeah, just like that," Nancy encouraged, riding him harder, her plump ass slapping against his thighs. "Manhandle those big floppy udders!"

Michael gripped Nancy's immense, rippling breasts tightly as she rode his cock with wild abandon, her expansive ass and thighs jiggling with each slam of her pelvis against his. The wet, sloppy sounds of her post-partum cunt getting reamed filled the hospital room.

Determined to take Michael's cock into her innermost depths just like her daughter had, Nancy angled her hips and bore down hard, feeling his spongy glans nudge insistently at her puffy, still-dilated cervix.

"Nnngghh yeah, I feel you at my womb entrance..." Nancy panted, twisting her pelvis to increase the pressure. "Push it in, baby! Shove that fat cock through my cervix and BREED me!"

Gritting his teeth, Michael kicked his hips up sharply, his bloated purple helmet popping past Nancy's swollen cervical ring with a slick squelch. Her eyes flew wide and she let out a squeal as his oversized dickhead stretched her tender os impossibly wide before plunging into the tight, scorching hot clutch of her quivering womb.

"OHHHH GODDDDD!!!" Nancy wailed, throwing her head back as she was penetrated to her very core. It felt like she was being split in two, skewered on a burning hot poker. Electric pleasure bordering on pain radiated from her stuffed cervix, making her whole body convulse.

The rim of Nancy's os clamped down vise-tight around the base of Michael's cockhead, trapping him inside her clenching uterus. The silky smooth walls pulsed and rippled around his invading length, fluttering madly as if trying to milk him.

Scalding hot cervical fluid flooded the tiny space, bathing his shiny-skinned glans in slick secretions. It felt like Nancy's womb was melting around him, the tissues swollen and engorged with blood. Her os squeezed his shaft just behind the ridge of his helmet, a strangling pressure that made spots dance before his eyes.

"Holy fuck Gran, you're choking my dick in your cervix!" Michael grunted in awe, savoring the exquisite sensation of being gripped by her most intimate muscles. He had never felt anything so tight, so searingly hot in his life. It was like sinking his cock into molten lava.

Dizzy with the intense pleasure-pain, Nancy could only mewl incoherently, her cunt muscles and womb clutching wildly at the enormous intruder stretching her wide open. She had never felt so utterly ravaged before, not even during the throes of childbirth. It was like Michael was touching her very soul with his cock, possessing her completely.

Wanting her husband to bear witness to her ultimate defilement, Nancy had insisted David be present in the room, sitting impotently in his wheelchair a few feet from the hospital bed where she was getting her post-partum pussy destroyed by their virile grandson's massive cock.

"Take a good look," Nancy sneered breathlessly at David as she ground her cervix against Michael's invading cockhead with obscene gyrations of her wide hips. "This is what a real man does to a woman. Ruins her. Owns her. Splits her open on his huge fucking dick!"

She clutched Michael's flexing shoulders, urging him to thrust harder, deeper into her convulsing womb. The teenager grunted and worked his hips, sawing his cock in and out of Nancy's impossibly tight, scorching hot cervix.

The bulbous head popped in and out of the swollen, puffy ring of muscle with obscene wet squelches. The silky flesh of her ravaged birth canal clung to his veiny shaft with each pull, turning inside out, before he crammed it back in to the hilt. Her os squeezed and rippled around the root of his cockhead, choking it rhythmically.

Scalding feminine fluids flooded Nancy's impaled womb, squirting out around Michael's plunging girth to soak his groin and balls,

adding to the growing puddle on the hospital sheets. The liquid felt thick and syrupy,

clinging to his erectile flesh, a combination of residual birth juices and copious arousal cream.

Nancy's massive, milk-laden tits bounced shamelessly as she rode her grandson with wanton abandon. Each slam of her pelvis made the heavy globes jiggle and slap together, fat nipples spraying breastmilk everywhere. Michael sat up, resting on his forearms and caught the straining buds between his lips, suckling greedily, the warm sweet cream gushing over his tongue.

"FUCK! Suck mommy's big titties while you pound my cunt!" Nancy babbled, delirious with pleasure. She grabbed the back of Michael's head, forcing more of her leaking tit-flesh into his eager mouth. "Drain my fuckin' udders, you virile little cockstud! Gnnnggghhhh yeah, bite and pull on my nips! Make me SPRAY!"

The utter depravity on display, his post-partum wife begging their grandson to suckle her and ruin her most intimate parts, made David feel physically ill. But it also ignited a confusing spark of arousal in his broken body, a sensation he hadn't felt since the accident. His useless miBut-penis twitched and drooled in his pants as he watched Michael maul his wife's giant breasts and defile her still-healing cunt.

Unbidden, David's mind flashed to his wedding night all those years ago, when he had reverently made love to his new bride Nancy for the first time. How gentle and attentive he had been, worshipping every inch of her nubile body with tender caresses and soft kisses. Their coupling had been sweet and loving, the ultimate expression of their commitment to each other.

But the vulgar scene playing out before him now was a cruel mockery of that beautiful memory. There was no trace of tenderness or dignity as his grandson roughly used Nancy's post-partum body, ravaging her most intimate places with brutish force.

Michael head disappeared between her bouncing tits as he kisses and licked his way through her expansive tit-cleavage. He pawed at her enormous, milk-leaking jugs, squeezing and kneading the sensitive flesh until she squealed.

The boy gnawed on her puffy, saucer-sized areolas, tugging her fat rubbery nipples between his teeth. Breastmilk sprayed everywhere as he mauled her matronly udders, covering his face and chest in the warm, sticky fluid.

And the way he pounded up into her still-healing birth canal, pile-driving his enormous cock through her swollen, tender folds with punishing intensity... It was so wrong, so depraved. David couldn't believe that Nancy craved such brutal treatment mere hours after delivering a baby, that she got off on having her grandson defile her post-partum body.

The lecherous old woman's whorish moans and exhortations rang in her limp husband's ears, each filthy plea making his stomach churn with revulsion even as his treacherous micro-penis throbbed in his pants.

"UUNNFF FUCK YESSS!! HARDER MICHAEL, HARDER! DESTROY NANA'S PUSSY!!" Nancy screeched, her huge jugs slapping obscenely as she bucked wildly beneath the rutting teenager. "SPLIT ME OPEN ON THAT MASSIVE COCK! FUCK YOUR BABY INTO ME AGAIN!!"

The teen snarled like a wild animal, doubling his efforts, his muscular ass clenching as he slammed into Nancy's upturned cunt with all his strength. The hospital bed creaked ominously, shaking and scooting across the floor from the force of his violent thrusts.

Nancy's eyes rolled back in her head, drool leaking from the corner of her slack mouth as she was savagely penetrated over and over. The bulbous head of Michael's cock battered her cervix mercilessly

before popping through the convulsing ring of muscle and plunging into the scorching, clutching depths of her womb.

Scalding ejaculate gushed from Nancy's urethra with each forceful thrust, splattering Michael's pistoning groin. Her swollen, darkened labia clung obscenely to his sawing shaft, being dragged in and out with the brutal motion, turning inside out.

With a hoarse bellow, Michael hilted himself fully inside his Gran's pulsating birth canal, his swollen balls drawing up tight to his body as his orgasm crested.

Deep in his scrotal sack, millions of sperm cells churned as his testes and epididymis contracted forcefully. The muscular tubes of his vas deferens

undulated, propelling the concentrated semen up through his prostate. Seminal fluids mixed with the sperm, nourishing and activating them for their impending journey.

A searing surge of ejaculate stormed up Michael's urethra, building in pressure as it traveled the length of his straining, cunt-smothered shaft. His cockhead flared impossibly wide as the first thick spurt blasted from his dilated slit directly into Nancy's convulsing cervical opening.

"FFFFUUUCCCKKK!!!" Michael roared as his cock pulsed and jerked violently, geysering a heavy load of potent boy-cum straight into his grandmother's unprotected womb. Each flexing contraction of his shaft sent another long, ropey stream jetting through her fluttering os to splatter against the back wall of her uterus.

Nancy wailed like a banshee, her massively overstretched cunt clamping down in vise-like spasms around Michael's erupting cock. She could feel each molten spurt of grandson seed hitting her innermost depths, painting her ravaged cervix white as her womb struggled to contain the sheer volume.

"YESSSS!!! BREED ME MICHAEL!!! KNOCK ME UP AGAIN WITH THAT POTENT TEENAGE JIZZ!!" Nancy babbled incoherently, her entire body convulsing in the grip of the most intense orgasm of her life. Her cunt gushed uncontrollably, squirting out around Michael's thrusting cock in a torrential flood.

For long moments they remained locked together, Michael's spurting cock plugging Nancy's fluttering cervix as he pumped what felt like gallons of cum directly into her fertile womb. Her greedy uterus rippled and milked his throbbing shaft, determined to wring every last drop of his virile essence.

When the last pearly spurt finally dribbled out, Nancy collapsed on top of her Grandson, engulfing his head between her giant, sweaty tits. As his softening cock slipped out of her abused hole with a wet squelch, a veritable river of semen poured out after it, puddling thickly on the sodden hospital bed.

Nancy's gaping cunt was an obscene ruin - labia dark and swollen, inner walls prolapsed, raw cervix peeking out. Viscous clumps of spunk clung to

her bruised and battered tissues. It looked like an overripe peach that had been split open and filled with cream.

In the weeks that followed, the two new mothers took to nursing and doting on their babies with joyful abandon, their already huge, milk-laden breasts swelling even further as they breastfed around the clock.

Theresa and Nancy whipped out their massive mammaries at the slightest whimper from the infants, not caring who saw their exposed nipples and leaking milk. They compared the babies' nursing habits and laughed about the endless laundry from milk-stained clothes.

Despite being inundated with feedings, diaper changes, and sleep deprivation, the insatiable MILFs still carved out plenty of time to get ravaged by Michael's tireless cock. The horny teenager split his hours between pounding his mom and grandma's clenching cunts and assholes and taking care of his newborn sons. The exhausted bliss on all of their faces showed they couldn't be happier with the arrangement.

Mark, of course, was relegated to watching the babies when the trio disappeared to rut like wild animals. He lost count of how many times he was left rocking a fussy infant while the grunts, moans and obscene wet slaps of depraved incestuous fucking echoed through the house.

Then, when MJ and Alden were only 3 months old, Theresa and Nancy gleefully announced that they were pregnant AGAIN. With the sheer volume of virile semen that was being injected inside them daily, it was simply inevitable.

They clutched their already protruding bellies and beamed at Michael, congratulating him on his rampant virility. Their studly young buck had knocked them up with a fresh batch of babies before they had even finished nursing the first ones!

Michael strutted around proudly, beyond smug about his potent seed and sexual prowess. He couldn't seem to stop impregnating his mom and grandma no matter how much he fucked them. His cock was constantly

hard and ready to hose their fertile wombs with jet after jet of cum. They were insatiable, begging for his dick at all hours, even waking him up in the middle of the night to pound their greedy cunts.

As Theresa and Nancy's bellies grew rounder and heavier with Michael's second set of offspring, their already ludicrous tits expanded to freakish proportions. They looked like some parody of

hyper-fertility with their massive bellies and beach ball breasts, nipples perpetually hard and leaking milk.

Mark watched in misery as his wife and mother-in-law fucked his son continuously, their pregancies doing nothing to slow down their depraved incestuous rutting. If anything, the raging hormones seemed to make them even hornier, their greedy cunts constantly craving Michael's tireless teenage cock.

He lost track of how many times he wheeled by the master bedroom to see Theresa on all fours, her massive belly sloshing beneath her as Michael pounded into her from behind. Her beach ball tits swung like pendulums, spraying milk everywhere with each jarring thrust. Whorish moans spilled from her mouth as she urged her son to fuck her harder, faster.

"YES BABY, SPLIT MOMMY'S PREGNANT CUNT OPEN ON THAT HUGE COCK!" she would wail, her words punctuated by the crude squelch of her boy-cream stuffed hole. "FILL ME UP WITH ANOTHER LOAD! UNNNGH BREED ME AGAIN!"

Nancy was no better, shamelessly flaunting her massive babyweight gain and the sheer amount of fucking required to achieve it. She made sure Mark got an eyeful whenever she waddled by, her gigantic stomach and udders jiggling obscenely. Whenever she came over, she would immediately strip naked and present herself, not caring that her son-in-law was right there.

"Come drink from Nana's big milky titties before you stuff her cunt," she would coo, hefting her enormous boobs. Milk would spray from her saucer-sized nipples as Michael latched on, groaning as he guzzled down the sweet cream. Sometimes the teen would spend endless hours buried beneath the

weight of his Gran or mom's monumental melons, gorging himself like a greedy baby.

Then he would bend them over and ream out their swollen, puffy pussies, the force of his thrusts making their whole body jiggle like jello.

Mark hated the depraved spectacle his life had become, his wife and mother-in-law reduced to his son's pergant fucktoys. They were completely shameless, rutting like animals in every room of the house, their grotesquely gravid bodies on constant obscene display. Even as their bellies grew so huge they could barely walk, they still demanded Michael's cock at all hours, riding him in a reverse cowgirl so their bloated stomachs wouldn't get in the way.

The worst part was watching them flaunt their ripe, pregnant sexiness, knowing he would never again touch or taste his wife's incredible curves. Their massive milk-laden tits and fertility-swollen bellies belonged only to Michael now. Granpa was just there to watch the babies while they satiated their depraved lusts, a cuckold witness to his own son's virility.

THE END

190: Mom's Fairy Tale Slumber Party_1

Mom's Fairy Tale Slumber Party

By Klrxo

As the final whistle blew and his team erupted into celebration around him, Michael's eyes searched the packed stadium stands. There, in the front row behind the team bench, he spotted his parents cheering wildly.

His father clapped and pumped his fist, pride evident on his face. But Michael's gaze was drawn to his mother Rebecca, her delicate camisole straining to contain her giant boobs as she jumped up and down in excitement. The thin fabric clung to every curve, her overgrown boobies bouncing hypnotically with each enthusiastic hop.

Rebecca's eyes met Michael's and she beamed at him, radiant with motherly adoration. But Michael sensed something more in her lingering stare, an unspoken acknowledgement passing between them. She knew the effect her body had on him, how he lusted after her ripe feminine charms. And as wrong as it was, some dark part of her reveled in her son's forbidden fascination with her breasts.

Michael swallowed hard, trying to tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing jiggle of his mother's cleavage. He knew he shouldn't stare so blatantly, but he simply couldn't help himself.

Rebecca's breasts had always been remarkably large, even when she was a teenager the same age as Michael was now. Photos from her high school years showed her young body blessed with an astonishing bust that strained the buttons of her tops and drew the hungry stares of boys and grown men alike.

Pregnancy and childbirth had only amplified her breathtaking curves. With each of her two children, her busts swelled further, growing from merely voluptuous to almost mythically bountiful. When Michael was born, Rebecca's milk-filled tits were already a staggering double-H cup.

Engorged with nourishment for the new baby, Rebecca's boobs had ballooned to comical proportions. They jutted proudly from her chest like two overinflated beach balls, the skin drum-tight and veiny.

Her sensitive nipples poked against the fabric of her shirt, the huge, dark rings of her areola almost visible through the thin material. Each magnificent tit was easily bigger than her head, so large they seemed to defy gravity.

The weight of her new titanic titties pulled at her back, forcing her into a constant back-arching posture that only emphasized their incredible size. They bounced and swayed with her every movement, two impossibly large and pendulous orbs achingly full of warm milk.

Rebecca's tits had become so immense, so hyper-inflated with motherly nectar, that they seemed more udders than tits - engorged milky jugs almost too ludicrous to be real.

Ever since Michael's 18th birthday, his hugs with Rebecca had taken on a new intensity, stretching out longer and longer each time. Where before they would embrace briefly, now Rebecca would hold him tightly against her for minutes at a time, pressing his face into the plush warmth of her enormous breasts.

Michael would sink into the soft pillows of her cleavage, inhaling the sweet scent of her skin as his cheek nestled between her heavy boobs.

He could feel her heartbeat and the rise and fall of her ample chest with each breath. The whole world seemed to melt away until there was nothing but the two of them, no sound except their breathing and the creak of her overburdened bra straining to support her hefty milk jugs.

On days when Michael's father was away at work, their lingering embraces would grow even more extended and intimate. Hidden away in the privacy of their house, Rebecca would clutch Michael to her breasts for a half-hour or more, gently stroking his hair as he nuzzled into her deep cleavage.

Michael would eventually emerge dizzy and lightheaded, drunk on the headiness of his mother's intoxicating aroma and the feeling of her warm, pillowy flesh enveloping him. His cock would throb almost painfully, swollen and tenting his pants from the extended contact with her plush, motherly body.

He knew it was wrong to experience such overwhelming lust for his own mother. But he craved her softness, the comfort he felt cradled against her

tit-meat. Being held in her arms and pressed against her full, womanly curves soothed something deep inside him, some primal need.

Rebecca too found herself increasingly allowing their hugs to linger, indulging her own dark, unspoken desires. Having her handsome son's firm, chiseled body held tightly to hers, feeling his need for her, sent illicit little thrills through her. She knew she shouldn't encourage his obviously growing Oedipal fixation on her breasts. But she couldn't deny that some part of her, the secret part that still saw

herself as a sexual being and not just a mother, enjoyed the forbidden way her son lusted after her ripe, heavy tits.

Rebecca used breastfeeding her infant daughter as an excuse to frequently bare her breasts around Michael, capitalizing on his fascination with her monumental bosom. Multiple times per day, she would settle onto the couch with the baby and beckon Michael over.

"Sweetheart, could you bring me a glass of water? Nursing makes mommy so thirsty," she would coo, deftly unclasping her nursing bra and freeing her massive, milk-swollen tits.

Michael would freeze, transfixed by the sight of his mother's bare breasts. Achingly full and heavy with milk, they ballooned proudly on her chest, defying gravity. Her dusky areolas were startlingly large, easily four inches across. The skin was darker and more textured than the silky pale flesh of her breasts, with tiny goosebumps stippling the surface. In the center of each puffy areola sat her nipples - thick, rubbery nubs engorged from nursing. They protruded a full inch from her breasts, fat and swollen, the tips glistening with droplets of milk.

"Be a dear and grab mommy a towel too," Rebecca would continue, shifting the fussing baby to her breast. "You know how messy this one can be!"

As if on cue, the hungry infant would latch onto her mother's nipple and begin to suckle vigorously. Immediately, tiny rivulets of milk would leak from the corners of the baby's mouth, dribbling down the slopes of Rebecca's breasts. She made no move to wipe them away, instead locking eyes with Michael as the white droplets traced glistening trails over her heaving bosom.

The loud, wet sounds of the nursing baby filled the room, obscene slurping noises as it gulped down its mother's warm milk. Rebecca bit her lip and let out a breathy moan, her eyelids fluttering. She swayed slightly, arching her back and thrusting out her chest.

"Mmm, that feels so good when she nurses," Rebecca purred, holding Michael's gaze. "There's just so much milk, even with her hungry little tummy. Mom's breasts are always so full and aching these days."

As if to emphasize her point, Rebecca palmed her unoccupied breast and squeezed. A powerful jet of milk sprayed from her swollen nipple, arcing through the air and spattering her son on the arm.

She gasped and rolled the heavy tit in her hand, kneading it like dough, heedless of the gouts of milk now freely spurting from her.

Michael could only stare slack-jawed at the lewd display, his mother's wanton moans and the obscene rain of breastmilk short-circuiting his brain. His cock strained painfully against his fly, pulsing in time to the rhythm of his excited heartbeat.

One summer morning, after her husband left for work, Rebecca stepped into her son Michael's room on bare feet, her enormous tits still exposed after nursing her infant daughter. "Hey sweetie," she said softly, "can I come in and talk to you about something important?"

"Sure, Mom," the boy answered, sitting up on the edge of his bed.

She stepped towards him shamelessly, her oversized tits wobbling with every step. When her boy looked from her tits to her face she fed him a warm, knowing wink.

"I was thinking...now that I'm producing tit-milk again for your baby sister, would you be interested in nursing on my boobies again too?"

"Nursing?" the boy repeated with a nervous gulp.

"Yes, suckling on my teats," she answered. "I remember how much you loved it as a baby, and I thought the extra nutrients could help fuel you for football practice. There's plenty to go around."

Michael could hardly believe his ears. He sat there for a moment, staring at her dangling hooters. "Dad won't be mad?" he asked hesitantly.

Rebecca got a blank look for a moment. Her husband was the furthest person from her mind right now. "Your father doesn't need to know, sweetie. It can be our special secret, just between us," Rebecca said with a gentle smile, reaching out to take Michael's hand in hers.

She pulled him from the bed and led her boy out of his bedroom. Wearing only skimpy panties that accentuated the sway of her rounded buttocks, she led him down the hallway to the master bedroom, closing the door softly behind them.

"Come lie down with Mommy," she cooed, guiding her teenage son to her king-sized marital bed.

Michael climbed up and stretched out on the plush comforter. Rebecca lay down beside him and cradled his head against her pillowy bare chest. "That's it, baby. Just relax and let Mom take care of you, just like when you were little."

She caressed his hair tenderly as she directed his mouth to the swollen nipple protruding from a saucer-sized areola. "Drink up, sweetie. Let my milk make you big and strong for football."

Michael latched on hesitantly at first, but soon began to suckle eagerly, the warm familiar taste of his mother's milk filling his mouth and tummy just like he remembered from infancy.

Rebecca sighed contentedly, savoring their forbidden intimate bonding. The contact made her Bartholin's glands secrete, moistening her inner sanctum.

Michael suckled deeply, his lips sealed tight around Rebecca's engorged nipple. Her huge, milk-swollen melon enveloped nearly his

entire face as he nursed hungrily, just like he had as an infant. Rebecca cradled his head lovingly against her bare chest, holding him close.

Warm, sweet nectar flooded Michael's mouth with each strong pull. He swallowed it down greedily as his mom's nipple spurted over and over,

quenching his thirst. The flow was constant as he drew harder, eager for more of his mother's nourishing milk.

"That's my good tit-sucking boy," Rebecca cooed softly, relishing their intimate reunion. "Drink it all up. The star quarterback needs his nourishment."

Michael moaned softly in contentment, eyes closed blissfully as he feasted. Rebecca's soft, pillowy breast molded around his face, her smooth skin warm against his. The sounds of his slurping filled the room as he nursed with abandon.

The brunette-haired stroked his hair, sighing happily. She had missed this special closeness with her son. Nursing him again felt so good, so right. Her sensitive nipple tingled with pleasure as Michael latched on tighter, suckling harder and faster. More milk let down and gushed into his eager mouth.

She knew this was taboo, but she didn't care. All that mattered was giving her baby what he needed, nourishing and comforting him just like when he was a baby. Nothing could come between a mother and child. She'd gladly be his wet nurse again for as long as he wanted. Her milk belonged to him, just as much as her newborn sister.

As Michael suckled deeply, Rebecca noticed a growing bulge tenting the front of his jeans. A small wet spot darkened the denim where the tip strained against the fabric.

Her eyes widened as she realized her teenage son was becoming aroused from nursing at her breast, his teenage erection swelling bigger by the second.

Rebecca thought back to the conversations she'd had with her girlfriends about the health benefits of semen, especially from young virile males in their sexual prime like Michael. They said it could improve skin, hair, and overall vitality. An idea took shape in her mind.

Since Michael was reaping the benefits of her nourishing tit-milk, perhaps it was only fair that she benefit from his youthful male essence in return.

The more Rebecca thought about it, the more the taboo idea excited her. Her pulse quickened as she pictured Michael's young, hard cock spurting his warm, thick cum out his gaping piss-slit and inside her wide-open mouth. A renewed sense of purpose swelled within her motherly heart.

"Mmm, sweetie, I see nursing is exciting you," she purred, reaching down to cup the throbbing bulge between his legs possessively. "You've gotten so big and hard down there."

Michael's eyes flew open and he flushed, suddenly embarrassed. He released her nipple, milk dribbling down his chin. "S-sorry Mom, I didn't mean to...it just feels so good..."

"Shhh, it's okay baby, it's perfectly natural," Rebecca soothed, giving the meat of his erection a squeeze. "Actually, Mommy was thinking - since you're getting so much goodness from my milk, maybe I should get some of your special milk too. I hear it's very healthy for mommies."

Michael swallowed hard, eyes wide. "You mean...you want to..."

"Yes sweetie," Rebecca smiled, fumbling open his zipper. "I want to drink your sweet ball-cum. Will you give Mom your yummy milk?"

"You want me to, um, jerk off into your mouth?" Michael asked hesitantly, unsure if he understood correctly.

Rebecca smiled and shook her head. "No sweetie, I had something more intimate in mind. Since you're suckling on my big sensitive titties, I thought I could return the favor and suck on your sensitive parts too, until I coax out all your delicious ball-milk. Doesn't that sound nice?"

Michael's eyes widened and he nodded eagerly, almost not believing this was really happening.

Rebecca's devilish grin grew as she slowly unzipped his pants. "For now, while you keep nursing, I'm just gonna rub your hard pickle a little, okay? Get it all primed and ready for Mommy's mouth."

Michael whimpered as he felt his mother's fingers wrap around his throbbing erection, stroking up and down. Her warm hand felt amazing

wrapped around his young, virile shaft. He latched onto her nipple again, suckling harder as she gently rubbed his twitching boner.

Rebecca purred in approval, loving how hard and thick her son's penis felt, pulsing in her grasp. "Mmm, you're such a big boy now, Michael. I can't wait to taste all the creamy milk your balls have been saving up, just for me."

She continued caressing his erection, admiring its musculature and extraordinary rigidity. Her fingers moved along the smooth pink membrane of skin, feeling the blood-engorged chambers beneath and coaxing out drops of slippery pre-cum that coated her fingers. The musky scent of his arousal mixed with the sweet smell of tit-honey.

Her own pussy clenched and dampened as she imagined taking his impressive young rod between her lips and sucking him until he gushed down her throat.

For now though, she was content to stroke him intimately as he nursed. Relishing the forbidden but deeply arousing combination of her baby boy at her breast while her hand pleasured his swollen manhood. She knew it was so very wrong, but nothing had ever felt more right.

Michael suckled in a frenzy, his face mashed against the plush center of Rebecca's heavy breast. Her nipple and areola stretched deep into his greedy mouth as he drew harder and faster, pulling her rubbery flesh between his lips.

Creamy breastmilk fountained from multiple ducts, flooding his mouth and throat with its warm sweetness. Michael swallowed convulsively, greedy for every rich mouthful.

His eyes rolled back in bliss from the exquisite combination of sensations - the primal satisfaction of nursing, the taboo thrill of his mother's hand down his pants stroking his hard meat. Rebecca's fingers worked his shaft expertly, gliding up and down his swollen length and teasing the sensitive head.

Michael moaned around her nipple, the vibrations making her gasp with pleasure. Nursing her teenage son was so wrong but felt so incredibly good.

Electric tingles radiated from her achy nipple through her heavy milk-laden breast with each hard suckle. The feeling of his hot, throbbing erection pulsing in her hand sent illicit shivers down her spine. Her own arousal surged as forbidden incestuous lust consumed her.

"Mmm, you love Mom's milk, don't you baby?" she purred breathlessly, pumping his cock faster. "Drink up, sweetie. Drain my

huge titties while I rub this big hard pussy-prod. Fuck, you're gonna taste so good when I suck out all your cum..."

Michael whimpered needily, humping into her fist as he gorged on her breast. Milk spilled from the corners of his lips as his cheeks hollowed with the force of his desperate suckling.

He rutted mindlessly, lost to the pleasure of nursing and his mother's intimate stroking. His balls churned, rising up tight as the first tingles of impending orgasm took root.

Rebecca felt him start to throb and tense in her grip, knowing he was getting close. She released his cock abruptly, making him groan in frustration. But she had other plans for his youthful spunk. Panting with anticipation, she pushed his head away, swung a leg and positioned herself beside him.

Her heavy, gravity-defying tits dangled and swayed above his face, dripping milk from her fat teats onto his lips.

Shamelessly, Rebecca pulled Michael's jeans and underwear down, freeing his swollen cock. It sprang forth, and slapped back against his abdomen, throbbing and engorged. She gasped at the sight of her son's impressive erection. His young cock was so much bigger and thicker than his father's. It was magnificent - long, hard and pulsing with virile potency.

"Oh sweetie, Mommy loves your big beautiful cock," she purred, wrapping her fingers around the thick, powerful base. It was so hot and heavy in her hand, the skin silky soft over the rock-hard shaft. A plump, purple knob crowned it's length, a pearly bead of pre-cum glistening at the tip. "I can't

believe how huge you've grown. I wouldn't expect anything less from the star quarterback. Mommy's gonna suck out so much delicious cum..."

Pushing her dripping breasts into his face, Rebecca bent and ran her long tongue along the underside of Michael's cock from base to tip. He shuddered and moaned, the sensations almost too intense.

She swirled her licker around the swollen purple head, savoring the musky taste of his arousal. Then she parted her lips and took him into her hot mouth.

"Oh fuck Mom!" Michael gasped as she began to suck, her lips stretching around his thick girth. She took him in deeper, letting his throbbing hardness fill her mouth. He grunted and bucked up into the wet heat.

Rebecca moaned around his cock, loving the feel of her son's impressive manhood pulsing against her tongue. She squeezed and stroked the base as she sucked him hungrily, worshipping his youthful virility. Her head bobbed up and down, taking him deeper into her eager mouth with each pass.

Above her, Michael latched onto one of her dripping nipples, suckling her breastmilk greedily as she pleasured his cock. The wet sounds of nursing and sucking filled the room as mother and son feasted on each other's most intimate essence.

Rebecca felt her boy start to throb harder, his cock swelling even bigger between her lips. Sensing his climax approaching, she sucked harder and faster, desperate to drink down his eruption. Her fist pumped in time with her mouth, coaxing out his creamy load.

"Mom, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Michael panted, releasing her nipple. His face contorted in ecstasy.

Rebecca moaned encouragement and took him as deep as she could just as Michael let out a strangled cry. His cock jerked and then exploded, firing jets of thick, hot cum straight down his mother's throat.

She swallowed it eagerly, savoring the taste of his potent teenage spunk as it gushed into her mouth and tummy. Spurt after spurt, she gulped it all down, milking her son's balls dry.

Rebecca swallowed the last drops of Michael's cum, savoring the salty taste and texture on her tongue. She released his cock from her mouth and gave the sensitive head a gentle kiss. "Mmm, you taste so good, sweetie. That was just what Mommy needed – a tummy full of warm, delicious boy-milk."

Michael gazed down at her adoringly, his chest heaving as he caught his breath. "Wow Mom, that was incredible..." he panted.

Rebecca sat up and gathered him into her arms, pressing his face against her breast again. "I'm so glad you enjoyed it, baby. Mom loves nursing you and drinking your special milk. This will be our little secret, okay?"

Michael nodded against her chest. "Alright," he murmured as he began to suckle again, the warm breastmilk soothing after his intense orgasm.

Rebecca stroked his hair and sighed contentedly. She felt so fulfilled, nourishing her son with her body while taking his essence inside her in return. She knew society would never understand the depths of a mother's love and the lengths she would go to nurture her child. But she didn't care. All that mattered was her bond with Michael.

As he nursed, Rebecca felt a renewed stirring in her loins. Drinking Michael's virile cum had awakened a burning hunger deep inside her. A taboo craving only he could satisfy. Her sex ached with forbidden need.

"Sweetheart," she cooed, "nursing isn't the only special way Mommies and their grown up boys can be close. I can think of something else that would feel really good for both of us."

She rocked her hips suggestively, rubbing her damp mound against his thigh. Michael released her nipple, a tentative but eager expression on his face as understanding dawned. "You mean...you want to..."

"Star quarterbacks are suppose to get lots of pussy from hot girls," Rebecca teased. "Cheerleaders, sexy girls from the neighborhood, and yes…some stud athletes even fuck their moms."

"Really?" the teen whispered, his heart racing so fast he could hardly speak.

"Yes baby," Rebecca purred, guiding his hand between her legs. She shuddered as his fingers brushed her slick folds through the thin fabric of her panties. "Mommy needs to rut with you so bad. Will you put your big hard penis in my baby-tunnel? Pump me full of your seed? Please sweetie, fuck me..."

Michael swallowed hard, his spent penis already starting to stir again as it lay against his mother's soft belly. "I've never done it before though," he admitted shyly. "I don't wanna do it wrong."

"Oh honey, you could never disappoint me," Rebecca assured him. "Just do what comes naturally. Let your instincts take over. Mommy will guide you."

She shifted onto her back and slipped off her soaked panties. Spreading her lovely legs, she reached down and parted the swollen lips of her shaved pussy, exposing the wet pink flesh to her son's wide-eyed gaze.

Encouraged by his mother's guidance, Michael positioned himself between Rebecca's spread thighs. His cock was fully erect again, standing proud and eager to experience his mother's welcoming depths for the first time.

Gazing into his eyes, Rebecca reached down and grasped Michael's hard shaft, guiding the swollen head to her soaked entrance. They both shuddered as he nudged against her slick folds, then split her gooey socket with his shiny-skinned knob .

With a gentle thrust of his hips, Michael pushed forward, sinking his throbbing length deep into his mother's tight heat.

"Oh yes baby, that's it," Rebecca moaned as he filled her completely. "Your pee-pee feels so good inside Mommy's pussy."

Michael groaned at the incredible sensation of his mother's velvety walls gripping him like a silken fist. Instinct took over as he began to move, slowly at first, savoring every inch of her snug channel.

Rebecca wrapped her strong legs around his waist, locking her ankles and pulling him in even deeper.

The bed squeaked as they quickly found a rhythm, Michael pumping his hips as Rebecca lifted to meet his every thrust. The mattress shook as their bodies slapped together frantically, lost in their forbidden union. Rebecca clung to him desperately, her nails raking his back as he pounded into her.

"Harder baby, fuck Mommy's hungry pussy harder!" she cried, tightening her legs around him to spur him on. Michael complied, slamming into her willing body with youthful abandon. The wet sounds of their wild coupling mixed with grunts and moans of incestuous ecstasy.

Rebecca felt the pressure building deep in her core as Michael's thick rod ravaged her sensitive flesh. He was hitting her in all the right spots, driving her towards the brink. "Don't stop sweetheart, I'm gonna cum on your big cock!"

Her words inflamed Michael's lust to a fever pitch. Grabbing her thighs, he spread her wider and jackhammered into her, his heavy

balls slapping against her ass. Rebecca wailed as she came apart beneath him, her pussy clamping down on his cock like a vise.

Feeling his mother's hot cunt spasming around him sent Michael over the edge. With a hoarse groan, he slammed in deep one last time and exploded. His cock jerked as it pumped spurt after spurt of thick cum directly into Rebecca's fluttering depths.

Their fluids swirled together inside her vaginal canal as his turgid penis plunged in and out of her slick, tight heat. Her copious arousal coated his thick shaft, their combined juices frothing around the base of his cock with each thrust.

Michael could feel the spongy head of his erection kissing his mother's cervix at the apex of every stroke, the narrow neck of her womb clenching

as if trying to suck him in deeper. Her muscular vaginal walls rippled along his sensitive length, massaging him as he pumped.

Thick ropes of Michael's potent semen continued to erupt from his cock head, painting Rebecca's fluttering passage with his virile essence. His creamy seed flooded her depths, seeking to take root in her fertile womb. Her own release jetted from her rippling urethral hole, mixing with her son's cum to create a lewd, incestuous cocktail inside her.

Michael's firm young cock churned through their combined fluids, whipping them to a froth as he continued ravaging her convulsing pussy. Obscene wet squelches filled the room as he rutted into the soupy mess, claiming his mother's innermost sanctum as his own.

Each forceful thrust brought a fresh gush of cum oozing out around his pummeling shaft, coating Rebecca's swollen lips and dribbling down the crack of her ass. The musky scent of their illicit coupling permeated the air, the perfect accompaniment to their gasps and cries of taboo passion.

They bucked and writhed together, bodies locked in carnal bliss as they rode out their intense mutual orgasms. Hot jets of Michael's potent seed coated Rebecca's rippling inner walls, flooding her fertile womb. She milked his spurting cock with her greedy cunt, determined to take every drop.

Finally spent, Michael collapsed onto Rebecca's heaving chest. She cradled him lovingly against her cushy titties as his softening cock slipped from her satisfied slit, their combined juices leaking out. "Oh my...god, Mom. That...I never..." he trailed off, speechless.

Rebecca chuckled and wiped a stray strand of hair from his sweaty forehead. "Shh, it's our little secret, okay? No one has to know how much we both enjoyed ourselves."

She glanced at the clock on the nightstand and gasped. "Oh no! Your father will be home soon! We need to clean up and get you back to your room."

Working together, they quickly cleaned up the evidence of their taboo tryst, which including a large ring of mutual ejaculate that had soaked the sheet.

Rebecca tucked away any trace of her spent breastmilk while Michael wiped up his semen with a hand towel and stuffed the messy linens in the hamper. His cock was still rock hard, wet with both his and his mother's secretions. He felt a surge of arousal as he considered what just transpired between them but knew he couldn't let on in front of his dad.

Rebecca helped Michael dress himself, guiding him into clean clothes and brushing out any stray bits of lint or hair. She straightened her own appearance in the mirror as well before leading him by the hand back to his room. "Remember, this stays between us," she whispered before opening the door for him to slip inside.

Michael cast one last longing look at his gorgeous mother before ducking inside his room and closing the door behind him. His heart pounded in his chest as he replayed their forbidden encounter over and over in his mind.

Rebecca met up with a couple of her close mom friends, Jenna and Valerie, for their weekly coffee date. After catching up on the usual gossip and kids' activities, the conversation took a more intimate turn.

"So, I have to tell you girls something," Rebecca said in a low voice, leaning in conspiratorially. "Michael and I have started a special new bonding ritual. I've been nursing him again and in exchange, well...he's been giving me his special milk."

Jenna's eyes widened. "You mean you've been sucking his cock? Drinking his cum?"

Rebecca nodded, blushing slightly. "I know it sounds crazy but it's been so good for both of us. My milk is helping him grow strong and virile. And his semen, it's like a fountain of youth! My skin is glowing, I have so much energy. There are so many health benefits."

Valerie chuckled knowingly. "Girl, you're not the only one. Brayden and I have been doing the same for months now. At first I felt guilty but the way he looks at me when he's nursing, like I'm his whole world. And the taste of his cum, it's addictive."

"Same with Jayden and me," Jenna admitted. "It started with just the breastfeeding but then I craved more. The first time I wrapped my lips around his young hard cock, I knew there was no going back. We've been drinking from each other daily."

The three moms giggled and high-fived, all feeling validated by their shared taboo activities. They spent the next hour swapping intimate details of their milk-exchanges with their sons.

Rebecca told them how she loved the way Michael's suckling made her sensitive nipples tingle and leak. How she got aroused rubbing his hard fuck-muscle while he nursed. And the erotic thrill of gulping down his warm, salty seed.

Jenna raved that Jayden's teenage cum had made her hair thicker and shinier than ever. She confessed she'd gotten so hooked on it, she was taking every opportunity to suck him off and swallow his youthful essence.

Valerie bragged that thanks to drinking Brayden's sperm daily, her skin looked ten years younger.

Rebecca bit her lip and leaned in closer to her friends. "I have another confession to make. The other day, after Michael finished nursing and I drank down his cum, I was so worked up that I couldn't help myself. I needed to feel him inside me. So I guided his hard young cock into my pussy and we fucked, right there in my marital bed. It was the most incredible sex I've ever had. He filled me up so deep and pumped me full of his seed. I know it's wrong but it felt so right."

Jenna and Valerie exchanged knowing glances and smiled. "Welcome to the club, honey," Jenna said, patting Rebecca's hand. "Jayden and I have been having full-on sex for weeks now. There's nothing like feeling your son's virile cock spreading you open, claiming your pussy as his own. I've never cum so hard in my life."

"Same here," Valerie chimed in with a wicked grin. "In fact, Brayden and I have taken things even further. We've started exploring all sorts of kinky, taboo acts together. The other night, after his father went to sleep, I snuck

down to his bedroom and let him lick my asshole while I sucked his cock. Then he mounted me from behind and fucked me in the ass while I used a vibrator on my clit. It was so dirty and wrong but insanely pleasurable."

Rebecca's eyes widened at Valerie's revelation. She'd never considered venturing into such forbidden territory with Michael but hearing her friend's enthusiasm was giving her some very naughty ideas. Her pussy clenched at the thought of her son's tongue and cock violating her most taboo hole.

Jenna leaned forward eagerly. "Ooh, I haven't tried anal with Jayden yet but now I definitely want to! Although we have been getting into some role-play lately. The other day I dressed up like a naughty schoolgirl and let him spank me for being a bad girl. Then he bent me over the desk and fucked me so hard while I screamed for him to punish my tight little pussy with his big teacher's cock."

All three moms giggled and squirmed in their seats, getting hot and bothered reliving their illicit encounters. They were all hopelessly addicted to their sons' youthful cocks and cum. What had started as a natural, nurturing nursing bond had blossomed into a full-blown incestuous affair for each of them. And they had no intentions of stopping.

Rebecca took a deep breath, mind reeling with all the exciting new possibilities. "Wow. You girls are giving me so many naughty ideas! I can't wait to see how much further Michael and I can take things. The thought of him dominating me, using me in all sorts of dirty, taboo ways...it's getting me so wet."

Valerie smirked. "I have an idea! Why don't we get the boys together for a sleepover this weekend? We can perform some sort of naughty group roleplay that'll really get them going."

Rebecca blushed at Valerie's suggestion, pulse quickening with excitement. "A naughty sleepover with the boys? What did you have in mind?"

Valerie's eyes sparkled mischievously. "I was thinking we could all dress up as sexy fairytale characters and let them have their way with us. Live out their deepest fantasies."

Jenna clapped her hands together eagerly. "Ooh I love that idea! We can be their damsels in distress, just waiting to be ravished by strapping young heroes."

"Mmm yes, I can see it now," Valerie purred. "I'll be Little Red Riding Hood, lost in the woods and cornered by the Big Bad Wolf. He'll rip off my little red cape and devour me with that big, hungry cock..."

"And I'll be Sleeping Beauty," Jenna chimed in breathlessly. "Lying there helpless, waiting for my Prince's magic kiss to awaken me. But instead of my lips, he kisses me between my thighs, licking my forbidden fruit until I scream..."

Rebecca shivered with anticipation. "In that case, I'll be Snow White. One of the dwarves will come home and find me asleep in their bed. Unable to resist my womanly curves, he'll whip out his fat cock and use all my holes, fucking me awake..."

The three moms squirmed in their seats, getting increasingly hot and bothered imagining the depraved scenarios. Forbidden fantasies of their teenage sons gang banging them raced through their minds.

"It's settled then," Valerie said, voice husky with arousal. "This weekend, we'll give our boys a fairytale sleepover they'll never forget. We'll be their personal fuck-toys for the night - three hot, horny MILF princesses just begging to be defiled."

Rebecca and Jenna nodded eagerly, already drowning in taboo lust. They could hardly wait to act out these perverted scenes with their virile young sons.

As they headed home to their boys, pussies dripping in anticipation of the wild night to come, each mom began plotting how to seduce their son into even filthier acts in the meantime. The new tradition of mother-son milking

had only been the beginning. Now there were no limits to how far they would go to satisfy their incestuous depravity.

Rebecca nervously fiddled with her wedding ring as she approached her husband. "Honey, I was thinking - you've been working so hard lately. Why don't you take a night off this weekend and go to the casino with the guys? You deserve to let loose and have some fun."

John looked up from his phone, surprised. "Really? You wouldn't mind being alone with the kids?"

"Of course not! Michael's old enough to help out. And maybe I'll invite Jenna and Valerie over for some girl time while you're gone. We could use a kid-free night too." Rebecca held her breath, hoping he'd take the bait.

"Huh, a guys' night does sound fun. And I'm sure you ladies would enjoy some time to yourselves too. Maybe I will take off for the night, as long as you're sure you can handle things here alone."

Rebecca smiled, trying to contain her excitement. "Absolutely, we'll be just fine! You go and enjoy yourself. Maybe you'll even win big at the tables!" She gave him a peck on the cheek.

John chuckled. "Wouldn't that be nice! Alright, I'll see if the guys are up for a casino night this weekend. Thanks honey, you're the best." He hugged her appreciatively.

Rebecca hugged him back, mind already racing with anticipation for the naughty sleepover she had planned with her friends and their sons. "It's no problem at all, dear."

The weekend arrived and as night fell, John headed out to meet his buddies at the casino, leaving Rebecca home alone with Michael and his baby sister. Soon after, the doorbell rang - it was Jenna and Valerie, overnight bags in hand, with their sons Jayden and Brayden in tow.

The three women greeted each other with knowing smiles and winks. After settling the boys in the living room with video games and snacks, they headed upstairs, each cradling their nursing infant. One by one, they put their babies down in the nursery for the night.

Reconvening in Rebecca's master bathroom, the moms excitedly began their sensual preparations for seducing their sons. They stripped naked and turned the shower on hot, stepping in together.

Giggling like schoolgirls, they lathered up and slowly washed every inch of each other's curvy bodies. Soapy hands glided over gigantic breasts, teasing erect nipples. They took turns bending over as the others lewdly spread butt cheeks to clean between them.

Jenna knelt and carefully shaved Rebecca's already sparse pubic hair into a neat little triangle above her slit. Rebecca returned the favor, revealing Jenna's plump, bare outer lips. Valerie was completely bare, her puffy pink petals glistening. The moms admired each other's freshly groomed pussies, already swelling with arousal.

After rinsing off, they dried each other with fluffy towels, shivering as the fabric stimulated their sensitive skin. Returning to the bedroom, they began the next phase of their sultry transformations.

Reclining on the bed, they took turns rubbing scented lotion all over each other's bodies, paying special attention to their breasts, asses and newly shaven mounds. Rebecca moaned as Valerie massaged the silky cream into her engorged tits. Jenna writhed when Rebecca dipped a finger between her slick folds.

Properly moisturized, they applied makeup next, going for a sexy yet innocent look befitting their fairytale personas. Shimmery eyeshadow, thick lashes, rosy cheeks and glossy lips completed their faces.

Finally, it was time for costumes. Rebecca squeezed into a skimpy Snow White dress, her monstrous cleavage spilling over the top.

Jenna donned a pink satin nightgown and sheer robe, looking every bit the part of Sleeping

Beauty. Valerie put on a scandalously short red skirt, peasant blouse and hooded cape.

The women stood together in front of the full length mirror, admiring their reflections. Their sons were going to lose their minds with lust at the sight of their scantily clad, dolled up mothers. Pussies already dripping with anticipation, they headed downstairs to put their plan into action.

Rebecca, Jenna, and Valerie descended the stairs in their provocative fairytale costumes, pulses racing with forbidden excitement. Their teenage sons were still in the living room, engrossed in their video games. The moms exchanged mischievous glances, ready to put on an unforgettable show.

Rebecca went first, sauntering over to Michael. "Hi sweetie," she purred, doing a little twirl so her short skirt flared up, giving him a peek at her bare buttocks. "Like my Snow White costume?"

Michael's jaw dropped as he took in the sight of his mother's barely-contained tits and long, shapely legs on display. "Wow Mom, you look... amazing," he gulped, feeling his cock stir to life.

Rebecca giggled and perched on the arm of the couch next to him. She crossed her legs slowly, letting the skirt ride up her creamy thighs. Leaning over, she let her cleavage dangle in front of his face. "Thank you, baby. I was hoping you'd help me with something. You see, Snow White is feeling very tired. She needs to lie down in a bed. Would you tuck me in?"

Speechless, Michael just nodded. Rebecca took his hand and led him towards the stairs. She made sure to put an extra sway in her hips, loving how her son's hungry gaze was glued to her scantily clad ass.

Jenna went next, gliding over to Jayden and stretching out seductively on the carpet in front of him, making sure her nightgown rode up to reveal her panty-less state. "Prince Jayden, your Sleeping Beauty needs you," she breathed. "Only your magic kiss can wake me..."

Jayden openly stared at his mother's exposed pussy, licking his lips. "I'll give you more than just a kiss," he promised huskily, eyes dark with lust.

Smiling coyly, Jenna held out a delicate hand to him. He pulled her up and they followed Rebecca and Michael's path upstairs, Jenna making sure Jayden had a perfect view of her bouncing booty the whole way.

Finally, Valerie approached Brayden, red cape swishing behind her. She climbed onto his lap, straddling him. "Help, Big Bad Wolf," she pouted. "I'm lost in the woods and so scared. I need a big, strong man to take care of me..."

Brayden growled and grabbed his mother's ass, squeezing the supple flesh. "Don't worry, Little Red, I'll take real good care of you," he rumbled, grinding his hardness against her damp center.

Valerie shivered and hopped up, crooking a finger at him. Brayden eagerly jumped to his feet and chased her upstairs to join the others, just like a hungry wolf stalking its prey.

Rebecca's master bedroom had been transformed into an enchanted fairytale chamber. Dozens of scented candles bathed the space in soft, flickering light and cast dancing shadows on the walls. Sheer, gauzy curtains billowed around the open windows, letting in a warm summer breeze that carried the sweet fragrance of night-blooming jasmine from the garden below.

The bed was an inviting nest of silky sheets and plump pillows in rich, jewel-toned hues of burgundy, sapphire and gold. Strands of

twinkling white lights were woven through the wooden headboard, giving the impression of captured starlight. Sensual instrumental music drifted from hidden speakers, setting the perfect mood for a magical night of taboo passion.

Rebecca led Michael by the hand to the bed, crawling on and laying back against the pillows seductively. "Come join me, my prince," she beckoned with a breathy whisper. "Your Snow White needs your strong hands to warm her up."

Jenna and Jayden followed, Jenna gracefully draping herself next to Rebecca and fluttering her lashes at Jayden. "Over here, my love. Sleeping Beauty is ready for true love's kiss to wake her from slumber."

Valerie playfully shoved Brayden down on the bed and pounced on top of him with a giggle. "The Big Bad Wolf has finally caught me! Oh, what's he going to do with poor, innocent Little Red?" she gasped in mock fear.

The three teenage boys were practically panting with arousal, their young cocks straining obscenely against their pants as they took in the mouth-watering sight of their scantily clad mothers sprawled wantonly across the bed. The women shared knowing smiles, loving how easily they could reduce their virile sons to quivering masses of hormonal lust.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden descended on the bed, each pulling their respective mother into a steamy embrace. Lips met in sloppy, urgent kisses as hands roamed feverishly over bared skin. The boys ground their denim-covered erections against silky thighs and plump asses while the moms mewled and arched into them.

"Mmm, I need to suck your tits, Snow White," Michael panted, yanking down the front of Rebecca's bodice to free her heavy knockers. He buried his face between the soft mounds, motor-boating and licking the sweet valley.

Rebecca moaned and held his head in place, shoving her tits together around his pumping tongue.

"Yes baby, suck Mommy's tits! Drink her special milk!" she cried as he latched onto a pebbled nipple and began to nurse, the warm breastmilk squirting into his eager mouth.

Jayden dove face-first into Jenna's ample bosom, burying his head in her voluptuous cleavage. He nuzzled and licked the smooth, creamy slopes of her breasts as she sighed in pleasure.

Capturing one of her large, rosy nipples between his lips, he suckled deeply, groaning as her warm, sweet tit-honey flooded his mouth.

"Oh yes, just like that," Jenna purred, cradling his head to her chest. "Mommy's so full of milk for you, baby. Drink it all up." Her hands roamed down his back, slipping under his shirt to caress his heated skin.

Meanwhile, Brayden had pushed Valerie's peasant blouse up over her heavy tits and was feasting on the ripe mounds. He squeezed and kneaded the firm flesh, rolling the dusky peaks between his fingers until they stiffened to aching points.

Valerie gasped as he drew one deep into his mouth, sucking hard and flicking the sensitive tip with his tongue.

"Mmmm, you're so hungry for your Little Red's titties, aren't you, Big Bad Wolf?" she teased breathlessly. He growled around her breast in response, suckling even harder. Milk sprayed across his tongue as he coaxed the creamy liquid from her.

The mothers reached for their sons' lower bodies, eager to free the throbbing erections they could feel pressing insistently against them. Rebecca unzipped Michael's jeans and tugged them down along with his briefs, allowing his cock to spring forth, heavy and engorged. She

wrapped her fingers around the thick shaft, pumping slowly as he continued to nurse.

Jenna and Valerie followed suit, baring Jayden and Brayden's impressive young dongs. They stroked the lengthy, girthy poles from root to tip, eliciting shuddering groans from their boys. The musky scent of aroused teen filled the air as pre-cum leaked from the swollen crowns.

The boys suckled their mothers' breasts voraciously, losing themselves in the forbidden pleasure of nursing again. Their strong jaws worked, hollowing their cheeks as they drew rhythmically, swallowing the rich milk. The erotic sensation of their moms' hands on their aching cocks only inflamed their lust further.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie's fingers glided up and down the long, pulsing shafts of their sons' erections, twisting over the broad heads on each upstroke. They fondled the heavy sacs below, rolling the cum-filled balls in their palms. The slick sounds of stroking and suckling merged with the sensual music, a depraved symphony of incestuous pleasure.

The mothers' hands slid down their own bodies, reaching under their skirts to rub their already-naked cunts.

Jenna's pussy was shaved bare except for a small triangular patch of dark curls above the hood of her clit. Her plump outer lips glistened with arousal, the pink inner petals peeking through.

Rebecca's mound was completely smooth and hairless, revealing her puffy folds that pouted open, begging to be kissed. Her clit stood out proudly from its hood, swollen and throbbing with need.

Valerie sported a neat "landing strip" of trimmed auburn hair that pointed like an arrow to her weeping slit. Her labia were flushed a deep, rosy hue and coated in slick dew.

The boys stared in awe at their mothers' beautiful, naked cunts, cocks twitching at the intoxicating sight and musky scent. The moms smirked and shifted on the bed, guiding their sons to lay on their sides facing each other.

With a wordless look of understanding, they maneuvered into a daisy chain, each mom swinging a leg over a boy's head while scooting down to face his straining erection. Sixty-nining with their sons had become one of their favorite forbidden activities.

Rebecca took Michael's thick cock in hand, licking her lips hungrily before engulfing the broad tip in her hot mouth. At the same time, she lowered her dripping pussy onto his face, smothering him with her soaked folds.

"Eat Mommy's cunt, baby," she moaned around his shaft as he immediately started lapping at her slit, his eager tongue parting her lips and delving inside.

Jenna and Valerie followed suit, pulling Jayden and Brayden's long, pulsing rods into their hungry mouths while pressing their weeping holes to their sons' waiting lips. Muffled groans filled the room as the boys enthusiastically ate their moms out, licking and sucking the plump pink flesh.

The mothers and sons lost themselves in the sixty-nine, orally worshipping each other's most intimate parts. The women bobbed their heads, taking the throbbing shafts deep into their throats while the boys thrust their tongues

into the spasming channels, fucking the hot, slippery cunts with their mouths.

Valerie gasped around Brayden's cock as he nibbled on her swollen clit, making her hips undulate on his face. Jenna whined with pleasure as Jayden sucked hard on her engorged labia and stabbed his tongue in and out of her fluttering hole.

The three mothers pulled off their sons' throbbing cocks with lewd pops, strings of saliva connecting their swollen lips to the slick crowns. They exchanged heated glances, wordlessly communicating their depraved desires.

"Boys, we wanna try something new," Rebecca purred, giving Michael's rigid shaft a slow pump. "Lay on your backs for us, but facing in different directions."

Exchanging curious looks but eager to obey, Michael, Jayden and Brayden arranged themselves as instructed. Michael lay with his head towards the headboard, Jayden perpendicular in the middle of the bed, and Brayden with his head towards the foot of the bed.

The moms helped guide their legs to twine together, scooting the boys' hips closer until their jutting cocks pressed up against each other, forming one long, thick hunk of engorged flesh. The sight of the throbbing shafts pressed together sent jolts of lust through the women.

"Mmm, look at all that young, hard cock just waiting for us," Jenna cooed, reaching out to stroke the impressive tower of dick. The other moms joined in, wrapping their fingers around the hot, pulsing rods and pumping in unison.

The boys shuddered and groaned at the sensation of their sensitive cocks rubbing together as their mothers jacked them off. Pre-cum dribbled steadily from the tips, providing extra lubrication for the slick slide of skin on skin.

Overcome with cock-hunger, the moms positioned themselves on their hands and knees around their sons' intertwined bodies. Their huge, milk-

swollen tits hung low and heavy, nipples achingly erect. Creamy drops beaded at the tips, threatening to drip onto the boys' thighs.

In perfect synchronization, Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie dipped their heads and extended their tongues, licking a slow stripe up the underbellies of the cocks from root to tip. They swirled around the leaking crowns, savoring the musky pre-cum before sinking down, allowing the bulbous heads to pop past their lips.

The boys bucked their hips, trying to thrust deeper into the warm suction of their mothers' mouths. The moms bobbed their heads, taking the cocks as far as they could before pulling back to tongue the sensitive spots just under the heads.

Their lips met in the middle, the cocks pressed tight together as they slurped and suckled. They French kissed around the throbbing shafts, moaning wantonly as they shared the tastes of their sons' essences.

The boys propped themselves up on their elbows to get a better view, eyes wide and jaws slack as they watched their mothers service their cocks with enthusiastic depravity. The sight of the three women's lips stretched obscenely around their shafts, straining to accommodate the sheer girth, was almost too intensely erotic to bear.

Rebecca pulled off with a gasp, strings of saliva connecting her plump lips to the shiny crowns. "Fuck, I need to feel all of your big cocks stretching out my mouth," she panted, eyes glazed with lust.

Jenna and Valerie moved aside to give her room as Rebecca repositioned herself at the head of the throbbing cock tower. She grasped the base, pointing the three pulsing shafts directly at her face. With a wanton moan, she opened her mouth as wide as possible and descended, cramming all three bulbous tips past her lips.

"Holy shit Mom!" Michael cried as he watched his mother attempt to swallow a triple mouthful of cock.

Rebecca's eyes rolled back as she sank down, taking each inch into her oral cavity. The slick heads bumped the back of her throat but she didn't stop.

Relaxing her jaw as much as possible, she pushed forward until her nose was buried in the coarse nests of pubic hair and her chin pressed against their balls.

The boys couldn't believe the sight of Michael's mom with her mouth stuffed completely full of their cocks, her neck bulging obscenely. She held herself there, drool seeping out the corners of her overstretched lips as she started to swallow around them.

"God that's so fucking hot," Jayden groaned, fighting the urge to buck into her face.

Rebecca finally slid off with a huge gasp for air, coughing and sputtering. Thick ropes of saliva coated the reddened shafts and dripped down her chin. But she was smiling blissfully, clearly proud of her cock-stuffing achievement.

"My turn!" Jenna declared, crawling over to take Rebecca's place. With a deep breath, she opened wide and slurped all three cocks into her mouth, not stopping until they hit the back of her throat. She backed off slightly and then went down again, managing to swallow even more of the thick shafts.

The boys trembled as Jenna began to noisily suck and slurp, her head bobbing up and down. The wet suctioning sounds of her blowjob were obscene. She gagged and choked each time the cocks hit the back of her throat but powered through it, determined to orally worship every hard inch.

Valerie watched with jealousy, impatient for her turn. When Jenna finally released them with a lewd pop, she pounced on the spit-soaked cocks, taking the heads into her mouth.

The tight squeeze of being pressed cock-to-cock with Jayden and Brayden sent shockwaves of pleasure radiating through Michael's entire body. He could feel every throb and twitch of their shafts against his own as Valerie slurped them together, her tongue swirling around the conjoined heads.

The slippery, velvety texture of their cockheads rubbing and pulsing against his was intensely erotic. Michael had never imagined anything could feel this good. He groaned as Valerie sealed her lips tightly around all three bulbous tips, sucking hard as her tongue flicked back and forth rapidly across the leaking slits.

The pressure was exquisite, her warm wet mouth engulfing them as her hands pumped the throbbing shafts. Michael could feel his balls tightening, drawing up close to his body as the first tingle of impending orgasm sparked deep in his core.

From the desperate pants and grunts coming from Jayden and Brayden, he could tell they were just as close to the edge. It was almost too much stimulation to handle, the combined suction of Valerie's expert cocksucking and the sensation of two other hard dicks sliding against his own hypersensitive flesh.

Valerie seemed to sense how close they all were. She doubled her efforts, bobbing her head faster as she took their cocks deeper into her hot mouth. Michael felt the tips bump the back of her throat but she didn't slow down, determined to coax out their loads.

The pressure built to a fever pitch. Michael's focus narrowed down to the feeling of Valerie's tongue swirling insistently around the heads, lapping at the pre-cum that now steadily oozed from all three reddened tips. Her muffled moans vibrated around their cocks, the desperate need in her tone pushing them closer to the brink.

Michael's hips bucked involuntarily as his cock began to pulse and swell against Jayden and Brayden's equally engorged shafts. The three towers of youthful manhood throbbed together, skin stretched

taut and shiny with saliva and pre-cum as they strained towards an explosive finish in Valerie's worship oral embrace.

With a final hard suck and swirl of her tongue around the heads, Valerie sent them hurtling over the edge. Michael threw his head back with a hoarse shout as the most intense orgasm of his young life crashed over him. His cock jerked violently as it erupted.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden's cocks exploded simultaneously, erupting like geysers into Valerie's eager mouth. She sealed her lips tightly around the spasming tips, moaning in ecstasy as spurt after spurt of hot, thick cum flooded her oral cavity.

The teenage boys cried out in rapture as they emptied their heavy balls, their potent seed hosing the back of Valerie's throat. The force of their triple ejaculation made her cheeks bulge obscenely, semen seeping from the corners of her overstretched lips.

Valerie gulped and swallowed desperately, trying to keep up with the massive load filling her mouth. The boys' cock slits pulsed against her tongue, each spurt sending shockwaves of pleasure through her. The musky, salty taste of their combined essences was pure ambrosia.

When she couldn't contain any more, Valerie let their contracting cocks slip from her lips with a gasp. Jenna and Rebecca immediately descended on her, licking the spillover from her chin before crushing their mouths to hers.

The three MILF moms shared a sloppy, cum-filled kiss, snowballing the frothy semen back and forth between them. Their tongues tangled lewdly as they passed the creamy liquid from mouth to mouth, savoring the flavor of their sons' virility.

Globs of pearly jizz dribbled down their chins and splattered on their heaving tits as they made out sloppily, smearing their faces with

seed. They moaned into each other's mouths, fingering their dripping cunts as they hungrily devoured the massive load.

When they finally came up for air, the boys gaped in awe at the incredibly erotic sight of their moms with glazed lips and cum-streaked faces. Stray rivulets of spunk webbed between their open mouths, connecting them.

The three moms knew their teenage sons' virility would have them rock hard again in no time, even after that mind-blowing triple blowjob. With one load already drained from their balls, the boys would have more staying power to really give their moms a good, long fucking.

"Mmm, that was just a warm-up," Rebecca purred, licking a stray drop of cum from her lip as she eyed the boys' cocks hungrily. "Now that we've taken the edge off, you young studs can fuck us properly."

"God yes, I need my baby boy's big cock stretching out my pussy," Jenna moaned, reaching down to rub her aching, dripping slit.

"Me too. I want my son to pound me so hard I'll be feeling it for days," Valerie agreed, pinching her stiff nipples.

The boys' softening dicks immediately began to swell and rise again at their mothers' filthy words. Teenage refractory periods were a thing of wonder, allowing them to get fully erect again in record time. Seeing their moms' naked bodies glistening with sweat and arousal, faces smeared with their own cum, had the boys throbbing at full mast within moments.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna rail you so hard," Michael growled, his newly revived cock bobbing against his stomach.

"Yeah, you moms are in for it now," Jayden said with a lusty smirk, fisting his impressive length.

"We're gonna ruin your cunts with these big dicks," Brayden promised, giving his shaft a pump.

The mothers shivered with anticipation, their hungry holes clenching and dripping at the thought of being utterly wrecked by their sons' tireless cocks. Now that the boys had already cum once, they'd be able to fuck for hours before blowing their second loads deep inside their moms' aching pussies.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden moved into position, lying on their backs shoulder-to-shoulder in the center of the bed. Their teenage cocks jutted straight up, thick and engorged as they throbbed with renewed arousal. The boys exchanged mischievous grins, eager to experience the forbidden pleasure of their mothers' mature cunts wrapped around their aching shafts.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie crawled towards their boys, huge tits swaying heavily like ripe, milk-laden udders. They straddled the boys' hips facing

forward, reaching down to grasp the pulsing cocks and position the broad crowns at their soaked entrances.

With synchronized moans of rapture, the moms sank down, impaling themselves on their sons' rods in one smooth motion. Their slick channels instantly clenched around the invading cocks, eliciting grunts of pleasure from the boys.

"Ohhh fuck, your cock feels so good baby," Rebecca panted as she took Michael balls-deep, her ass coming to rest against his pelvis. She savored the exquisite stretch and fullness of having her teenage son's thickness stuffed inside her.

"Ungh Mom, you're so fucking tight," Michael groaned, relishing the rippling squeeze of his mother's pussy muscles fluttering along his shaft.

Jenna and Valerie echoed similar sentiments as they hilted themselves on Jayden and Brayden, their sons' cocks filling them completely. The sensation of having those virile teenage rods planted so deep after so much teasing and foreplay was pure bliss.

The moms took a moment to adjust to the substantial girth splitting them open before they started to move. Bracing their hands on the boys' sweat-slicked chests for leverage, they raised up until just the heads remained inside, then slammed back down with lewd slaps of flesh.

They quickly built up to a steady rhythm, bouncing on the throbbing cocks with abandon. Their massive tits jiggled and swayed hypnotically with every roll of their hips, the movements causing milk to leak from their erect nipples and splatter onto their sons' torsos.

The room filled with a symphony of sex - the obscene squelch of soaked flesh meeting forcefully, the slap of skin colliding, the creak of the bed frame, and the escalating moans and gasps from the taboo lovers.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden pumped their hips up to meet their mothers' downward thrusts, their muscular asses clenching as they drove into the welcoming heat. They pawed at the heavy melons leaping and rippling

above them, squeezing and kneading the doughy mounds, pinching the diamond-hard nipples.

Milk sprayed from the sensitive peaks as they tweaked and tugged, the warm liquid coating their fingers.

"Yesss…fuck us!" Jenna exclaimed, working her wide mommy-hips like a seasoned whore.

As the moms rode their sons' thrusting cocks with increasing fervor, their colossal breasts swung wildly above the boys' faces. With each roll of the women's hips, their massive mammaries jiggled and bounced hypnotically, spraying droplets of milk across their sons' chests.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden craned their necks upwards, burying their faces between the huge, pillowy mounds. Their heads disappeared into the deep, sweaty cleavage as they motor boated their moms' swaying tits. Muffled grunts escaped the boys as they suffocated in tit-flesh, hot breath condensing on the damp skin.

The moms' milk-heavy breasts engulfed their sons' heads completely, smothering them in the warm, fragrant valley. The boys lapped at the perspiration gathering between the giant globes, tasting the intoxicating combination of sweat and breastmilk leaking from the hard nipples jutting into their faces.

All the while, the mothers impaled themselves harder and faster on the tireless young cocks spearing up into their drenched cunts. The thick, veiny shafts, anchored deep at the root, sliced unyieldingly through their recent birthing canals with each thrust.

The women's shaved slits strained around the substantial girth plowing them open, swollen and puffy from childbirth. The delicate ring of their cervixes flared wide to accommodate the battering cockheads ramming against it relentlessly. Their vaginal walls, newly elasticized from delivery, clung like silken vices around every veined inch.

Jenna keened desperately as Jayden's cock plundered her freshly postpartum pussy, the immense organ invading depths still tender from

expelling his baby sister just weeks ago. Her overstimulated tissues burned and throbbed as he stretched her out, but the illicit pain only heightened her pleasure.

Rebecca and Valerie were in a similar state of ecstasy as their sons' oversized rods pummeled mercilessly into their sensitive birthing sheaths.

The thought of reclaiming the fertile passages that had carried them in the womb drove the boys wild with lust. Grunting savagely, they bucked their hips up harder, spurred on by the knowledge they were fucking the same holes they'd emerged from. Their cocks were returning home, in the most depraved way.

The moms wailed as their cervixes took a brutal pounding, the relentless slam of cockhead against tenderized flesh sending violent shockwaves through their cores. Their abdomens rippled and flexed, toned muscles still straining to retighten after the ordeal of pregnancy and labor.

Over the next hour, the mothers rode their sons' relentlessly thrusting cocks to climax after shuddering climax. The intense stimulation against their sensitive, still-healing birth canals pushed them over the edge into mind-melting orgasms.

Rebecca was the first to erupt, her drenched pussy clamping down on Michael's shaft as she came apart with a scream. Clear fem-cum gushed from her spasming slit, splattering Michael's groin, gushing down around his balls and soaking into the bedsheets below. Her entire body convulsed from the force of her climax, huge milk-laden breasts bouncing wildly.

"Fuck, I'm cumming on my son's big cock!" she wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as her orgasm crashed over her.

Michael groaned at the intense, rippling squeeze of his mother's cunt, fighting the urge to erupt himself. He felt like her flesh was shrinking around his cock-meat.

Jenna followed moments later, Jayden's pounding cock triggering her own explosive release. "Yes, yes, fuck me through it baby!" she

shrieked as her hips bucked erratically. Her puffy, overstimulated pussy rippled violently,

fem-cum squirting out around Jayden's plunging shaft and adding to the growing wet spot on the bed.

Valerie rounded out the group, shuddering and writhing on top of Brayden as multiple orgasms ripped through her aching cunt. "Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop!" she commanded breathlessly as Brayden hammered up into her. Her ejaculate sprayed from her convulsing hole, splashing onto Brayden's pumping hips.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden clenched their jaws and squeezed their eyes shut, balls drawing up tight as they teetered on the brink. The fluttering, milking clasp of their mothers' orgasming pussies was almost too much to bear. But they held back their impending eruptions through sheer willpower, determined to make this marathon fuck session last.

As the moms came down from their intense climaxes, chests heaving and skin glistening with sweat, they collapsed forward onto their sons. The boys latched onto the swollen nipples bobbing in their faces, suckling desperately in an attempt to distract themselves from the urge to cum.

Breastmilk flowed over their tongues, warm and sweet, as they nursed. The moms cried out at the exquisite sensation of sensitive nipples tugging in sync with the thick cocks still buried to the hilt in their quivering cunts.

With sudden dominant growls, the boys rolled their mothers onto their backs without breaking the intimate connection of cocks still sheathed deep inside slick, grasping cunts. Now on top, they loomed over the women, eyes dark with feral lust.

The moms gasped in surprise and delight at their teenage sons taking control. They wrapped their strong legs around the boys'

pumping hips and pulled them in closer, locking their ankles to keep them in place. Their arms twined around broad shoulders, manicured nails digging into flexing back muscles.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden transformed into wild beasts, grunting and snarling as they began to pound into their mothers' still-fluttering pussies

with renewed vigor. Their powerful hips slammed down ruthlessly, tireless young cocks drilling to the hilt with each savage thrust.

The sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and the headboard banging into the wall filled the room, almost drowning out the moans and cries of the taboo lovers. The sturdy bed frame creaked in protest at the force of the boys' relentless fucking.

Just like on the football field, the teenage studs fell into perfect synchronization, their muscular bodies finding a common rhythm as they worked together towards the same goal - in this case, utterly ruining their mothers' tender fuck-holes.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden rose up onto their elbows, biceps bulging as they braced themselves over their mothers' writhing bodies. From this position, they had more leverage to really power into the hot, gripping cunts milking their cocks.

Their taut hips and asses flexed rhythmically as they plunged in and out, the thick shafts glistening with pussy juices as they appeared and disappeared between the swollen lips of their moms' slits.

The women's heavy tits quaked and rippled with each jarring impact, milk spraying from the jiggling nubs.

"Fuck yeah, pound that MILF cunt!" Michael grunted to his friends, never breaking the relentless pace of his thrusts into Rebecca's soaked channel.

"Doing my best, dude!" Jayden panted back, sweat dripping down his face as he hammered Jenna's pussy. "This mature snatch is so fucking tight!"

"I know, right? Way better than the lame teen sluts at school," Brayden chimed in breathlessly, his cock churning through Valerie's rippling sheath. "Nothing beats mom pussy!"

The boys exchanged triumphant grins, spurred on by each other's words. They were like a well-oiled machine, tireless pistons driving into welcoming clutches. Sexual athletes at the top of their game, pushing their bodies to the limit to pleasure the women who gave birth to them.

The boys raised their top hands and slapped palms in a three-way high five, all while continuing to aggressively shaft their moaning, thrashing mothers. Their skin crackled with the sharp sound of their hands meeting.

"Teamwork makes the dream work!" Michael crowed. His friends laughed and nodded, never missing a beat as they pummeled the hot, juicy fuck-holes gripping them like silken fists.

The boys all dropped against their moms' cushy tits again and resumed their ravenous fucking.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie threw their heads back, eyes rolling in bliss as their sons' thick shafts plundered their soaked channels mercilessly. They were pinned down, deliciously trapped between the bed and the hard, sweaty male bodies bearing down on them.

The sensations were overwhelming - the slick slide of hefty cocks stretching them wide, the weight of their sons' heavy balls smacking against their assholes, the tickle of wiry pubic hair grinding against their sensitive clits.

"Harder baby, fuck Mommy harder!" Rebecca urged, rolling her hips up to meet Michael's pile-driving thrusts. He responded with an animalistic snarl, slamming into her rippling cunt with enough force to make the mattress springs squeal. Their sweat-slicked skin squelched obscenely each time he hilted inside her.

Jayden hooked Jenna's knees over his elbows and leaned forward, practically bending her in half as he nailed her into the bed. The new angle allowed him to go even deeper, his cockhead bludgeoning her cervix with every downward stroke.

Jenna shrieked and clawed at his back, her cunt clamping down like a vice.

Valerie locked her ankles at the small of Brayden's back, using the leverage to slam her hips up and impale herself on his jackhammering cock. "Ruin my fucking cunt!" she demanded, nails raking angry red lines down his straining back muscles. "Ruin it for your father!"

As Rebecca bounced on Michael's relentless cock, she glanced over at the framed photo on the nightstand - a smiling picture of her and John on their

wedding day. But instead of feeling a single ounce of guilt or shame about cheating on her husband with her own teenage son, the sight of the photo only inflamed Rebecca's taboo lust even more.

The wicked thrill of betraying her marriage vows so thoroughly, of committing the ultimate sin under her oblivious husband's nose, sent dark shivers of excitement through her. With each thrust of Michael's thick shaft deep into her married cunt, Rebecca felt a twisted rush knowing she was giving her son something that should only belong to his father. Her wedding ring glinted on her finger as she gripped Michael's flexing ass, urging him to fuck her harder.

Rebecca smirked thinking about how clueless John was. He had no idea that his wife and son routinely engaged in the most forbidden act possible. That she suckled their teenage boy at her breasts, guzzled down his virile cum, and surrendered her body to his youthful lusts daily. Poor, naive John, completely unaware that his son had thoroughly claimed his spot in Rebecca's bed and between her thighs.

Jenna and Valerie felt the same illicit thrill as they shamelessly cuckolded their husbands with their own flesh and blood. As far as the three mothers were concerned, this type of secret intimacy between a mom and son was perfectly natural and not something a husband should interfere with or even be privy to. Their sons had needs that only a mother could fully satisfy. What happened during their special alone time was no one's business but their own.

Besides, their husbands didn't tell them every single detail about what happened at work or on their business trips. So why should the moms have to divulge everything they did with their sons? Some family bonding was meant to stay strictly between two people.

The wedding rings on Jenna and Valerie's fingers sparkled mockingly as they gripped the bedsheets, knuckles turning white as Jayden and Brayden pounded mercilessly into their unfaithful cunts. Each thrust was a defiant act of sexual rebellion against the vows they'd made to their husbands.

Vows that paled in comparison to the primal bond they shared with their sons.

The moms grinned wickedly at each other between gasps and moans of ecstasy, united in their depraved mission to cheat on their clueless husbands with their teenage boys. There was something so deviously satisfying about giving the most sacred part of themselves - their bodies and their wombs - to the horny young studs they had birthed.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie felt the telltale pressure building rapidly deep in their cores as their teenage sons relentlessly pounded their sensitive cunts. The intense stimulation against their recently postpartum pussies, combined with the taboo thrill of cheating on their husbands, pushed the moms towards the brink of the most explosive orgasms of their lives.

"Don't stop Michael, I'm gonna cum so fucking hard!" Rebecca wailed, clamping her thighs around his swiveling hips in a vice-like grip. Michael grunted in response, slamming his thick cock into his mother's fluttering depths with renewed vigor.

Rebecca's entire body began to quake as her orgasm swelled like a tidal wave, her stomach muscles clenching and releasing spasmodically. With a piercing scream, she came undone, thrashing beneath Michael as her release crashed over her.

Clear fem-cum gushed from Rebecca's spasming pussy in a powerful geyser, spraying Michael's groin and pelvis with her ejaculate. The force of it splattered his pumping abs and chest, soaking him with his mother's essence. But he didn't let up for a second, continuing to pound her through her climax.

Jenna and Valerie followed close behind, their own orgasms triggered by the erotic sight and sounds of Rebecca cumming so hard on her son's cock. Their cunts rippled and clenched almost violently around Jayden and Brayden's plunging shafts, building to a crescendo.

"Yes Jayden, fuck yes, right there!" Jenna shrieked, throwing her head back against the pillow as electric ecstasy sizzled through every nerve ending.

Her fingers clawed desperately at Jayden's back, leaving red welts as she clung to him for dear life.

Jenna bucked and writhed uncontrollably as her orgasm exploded through her, fem-cum squirting out around Jayden's pile-driving cock with the force of a firehose. Her ejaculate sprayed his cock and balls before splattering onto the sheets, her hips jerking wildly as she rode out the intense waves of pleasure.

"Fuck Brayden, I'm cumming so hard!" Valerie screamed, locking her ankles around her son's hammering ass to pull him impossibly deeper. Her cunt seemed to suck his pounding cock further into her convulsing depths, stretching her uteri with each brutal thrust.

Valerie's back arched almost painfully as her climax slammed into her, making her entire body stiffen and then shake uncontrollably. Her pussy squirted ejaculate like a geyser, drenching Brayden's groin and thighs with her hot juices. She trembled and quaked beneath him as he fucked her straight through the intensity.

Feeling their mothers' pussies clenching and gushing around their thrusting cocks sent the teenage boys hurtling towards their own explosive finishes. As the MILF moms screamed and thrashed beneath them in the throes of intense squirting orgasms, Michael, Jayden and Brayden pounded into their squeezing cunts with desperate abandon.

Aching balls churned and shafts swelled to bursting as they teetered on the brink. Every nerve ending crackled with impending release. The primal urge to claim, to conquer, to breed their mothers overwhelmed them completely.

In the heat of climax, vivid images flashed through Michael's mind - his potent seed taking root deep in Rebecca's fertile womb, her belly swelling huge with his baby as she grew a new life inside her. He pictured her already enormous milk-laden breasts ballooning to obscene proportions as they filled with nourishment for their child.

Jayden lost himself in a similar fantasy as his hips smacked against Jenna's in a frenzied rhythm. He imagined his virile sperm

penetrating her egg,

causing her abdomen to grow massively round as it stretched to accommodate his growing offspring. In his mind's eye, he saw his mom's breasts inflating into gigantic, comically large milk-sacks to feed the baby he put inside her.

Brayden grunted savagely as the image of impregnating Valerie consumed his thoughts. He visualized his potent cum jetting deep into her clasping sheath, flooding her womb and fertilizing her ripe ovum. He pictured her tits expanding into watermelon-sized milky orbs, engorged with maternal sustenance as her belly bloated gigantically with his seed.

With synchronized roars, the three boys buried themselves to the hilt one final time and erupted like volcanos. Thick ropes of scalding cum geysered from their cocks, painting their mothers' cervixes and wombs with virile teenage semen. Spurt after spurt of potent seed pumped into the MILF moms, the sheer volume making their bellies bulge.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden jerked and twitched through their intense orgasms, every muscle seizing as indescribable pleasure racked their bodies. They emptied their heavy balls completely, determined to fill their moms with every drop, driven by the primal need to impregnate.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie screamed rapturously as they felt their teenage sons ejaculating directly against their vulnerable cervixes. Each splash of molten cum against the tender entrances to their wombs sent aftershocks rippling through their own climaxing bodies. Their overstimulated cunts milked the erupting cocks, instinctively trying to suck every bit of sperm deeper into their fertile cores.

After long moments of panting and trembling through the aftershocks of their mind-blowing mutual climaxes, the mothers and

sons collapsed into a sweaty, sated tangle of limbs on the cum-soaked bed.

The boys' softening cocks eventually slipped from their moms' thoroughly used holes with wet plops, releasing torrents of frothy seed to gush out and pool beneath their asses.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie pulled their dazed teenage sons into languid, open-mouthed kisses, moaning softly as they tasted themselves on the boys' tongues. They made out slowly and sensually, savoring the post-coital closeness as their racing heartbeats gradually slowed. Hands roamed lazily over slick skin, mapping the dips and curves of their lover's bodies.

After long minutes of tender kissing and caressing, the peaceful afterglow was interrupted by the distant sound of fussing coming from the nursery down the hall. The MILF moms' ears perked up at their babies' cries, maternal instinct kicking in.

"Mmm, sounds like the little ones are awake and hungry," Rebecca murmured, reluctantly pulling away from Michael's embrace. She sat up and stretched languidly, her massive breasts jiggling hypnotically, nipples still glistening with droplets of breastmilk.

Jenna and Valerie nodded, carefully extracting themselves from their sons' arms and climbing off the bed. They stood and rolled their shoulders, working out the pleasant kinks and aches from their marathon lovemaking session. The candlelight danced over their voluptuous naked bodies, highlighting every succulent curve.

The boys lay back and watched their mothers move about the room appreciatively, drinking in the erotic sight. Their eyes roamed hungrily over the women's spectacular figures, taking in their giant, milk-swollen tits, soft bellies, and shapely hips and asses. Strings of cum clung to their inner thighs, a lewd reminder of the depraved act they'd just engaged in.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie made their way towards the door, purposely putting an extra sway in their hips, knowing their sons' gazes were glued to their undulating bubble butts. They paused in the doorway and glanced back over their bare shoulders, throwing the teenage boys a sultry look.

"Don't worry, sweeties, we'll just be a minute. You rest up and recharge because when we get back, we're going for round two... or is it three? I've lost count," Rebecca said with a wink before leading the way out of the bedroom, her lush ass cheeks jiggling deliciously.

191: Mom's Fairy Tale Slumber Party_2

Jenna and Valerie giggled and blew their sons kisses as they followed Rebecca out into the hallway, their own plump derrieres bouncing atop their sexy legs.

As the moms sauntered out of the room to tend to their fussing infants, Michael, Jayden and Brayden lay sprawled across the bed, their still-erect dicks soaking wet, chests heaving as they caught their breath from the mind-blowing sex marathon. Silly grins spread across their faces as images of the incredible things their mothers had just done replayed in their minds.

"Dude, that was insane," Michael said in an awed voice. "I can't believe how hot and wild my mom gets during sex. The way she rode my cock like a possessed woman, tits bouncing everywhere...unreal!"

Jayden nodded vigorously in agreement. "I know what you mean, bro. My mom too - she's an animal in bed! Did you see how she bent herself in half so I could pound her cervix? I swear I felt the head of my dick kissing the back of her throat!"

"And those giant titties, fuck!" Brayden chimed in, making cupping motions with his hands. "It's like having my face smashed between two gigantic marshmallows, except warm and leaky and a thousand times better. I could motorboat Mom's huge milky tits for hours."

"Seriously, I almost suffocated in my mom's epic cleavage when she was riding me," Michael laughed. "Death by sweaty mom-boobs...what a way to go!"

"The way they slurp and suck our cocks together too, like horny co-eds at a frat party," Jayden marveled, shaking his head. "I swear I blacked out for a second when your mom deep-throated all three of us at once. That shit was crazy impressive!"

"And then they snowballed our loads, passing the cum back and forth," Brayden recalled dreamily. "Watching my spunk dripping down their chins as they made out...so incredibly hot."

"Dude, when they squirt all over us when they cum, like a fucking tsunami? I'm drenched head to toe in mom-jizz and I love it," Michael said, running a hand through his matted hair.

"God, their pussies are so tight too, even after popping out kid after kid," Jayden groaned. "Must be all those Kegel exercises. Clamping down like vices when they cream themselves."

"I almost busted again just watching them walk outta here naked a minute ago," Brayden admitted, gesturing to his engorged cock growing stiff against his thigh once more. "The way their heavy tits bounce and big mom-asses jiggle is mesmerizing."

Michael and Jayden murmured their fervent agreement, their own teenage cocks already fully erect and throbbing, ready for the next round. They knew this was just a brief respite before their horny mothers returned to drain their balls once more.

In the nursery, Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie settled into the plush rocking chairs, each cradling a hungry infant to their bare chests. The babies latched on to their mothers' leaking nipples eagerly, making contented little grunts as they suckled.

As the infants nursed, the moms grinned at each other conspiratorially, feeling giddy as schoolgirls gossiping about their crushes. They couldn't help but marvel at the incredible stamina and virility of their teenage sons.

"Can you believe how long the boys lasted?" Rebecca asked in a hushed, excitedly tone so as not to disturb the nursing babies. "I swear they pounded us nonstop for well over an hour before they finally came! My pussy is still throbbing."

"I know, right?" Jenna agreed with an emphatic nod. "The stamina on those boys! I swear Jayden made me cum so many times, I lost count after six."

"I think I came at least 8 times, maybe more," Rebecca mused, trying to tally it up in her blissed-out brain. "After the first few mind-melting ones, they all just blurred together in one long, continuous orgasm."

"Ooh, Brayden did this thing where he lifted my hips up and held my legs together, then just slid his cock against my clit with every thrust," Valerie shared breathlessly. "I'm pretty sure I squirted so much I levitated off the bed at one point."

"And the angles they hit, fuck," Rebecca moaned appreciatively. "Michael had my legs practically behind my head at one point, just drilling my G-spot relentlessly. I'm pretty sure I blacked out from cumming so hard."

"Who needs to go to the gym when you can get an all-over workout being relentlessly fucked by a tireless teenage stud?" Jenna joked.

"Amen to that, sister," Valerie agreed with a hearty chuckle. "I'm gonna be walking bow-legged for days after the pounding I took, but it's so worth it."

"It was so adorable how much the boys loved being smothered by our giant titties," Jenna giggled, glancing down at her nursing infant. "The way they just bury their faces in our cleavage and motorboat us, guzzling down our milk...so cute!"

"I know, they just can't get enough of our huge engorged mom-boobs," Rebecca agreed, smiling at the memory. "I love how their heads just disappear between our massive milky jugs. They suckle so desperately, like starving baby animals."

"And we have more than enough milk to satisfy their thirst," Valerie added, hefting her free breast, heavy and swollen with maternal nectar. "These mega-milkers are working overtime producing enough cream to feed a small village!"

"You know, if we keep this up all night like we planned, there's a very real chance we could end up pregnant again," Valerie said, an excited glint in her eye. "The way those boys pump load after load deep inside us, flooding our unprotected wombs...it's practically inevitable."

"God, can you imagine? Our bellies and tits swelling hugely with our sons' taboo babies, everyone thinking our husbands got us pregnant again when it's actually our own offspring's sperm growing inside us..." Jenna shuddered with illicit arousal at the forbidden thought.

As their babies finished feeding and dozed back off, the women carefully tucked them into their cribs. Their sore, empty breasts tingled, already craving the next hungry mouth.

Tiptoeing out of the nursery, they huddled together in the hall, still naked and flushed. "I don't know about you ladies, but I am nowhere near done with my boy for the night," Rebecca said, her pussy already starting to drip again at the thought of Michael's thick cock. "In fact, I'm not planning to let him out of my bed until we both pass out from sheer sexual exhaustion!"

"Oh hell yes, I second that," Jenna readily agreed. "I want to drain every drop of cum from Jayden's young balls until he's shooting nothing but dust."

"I won't be satisfied until Brayden and I fuck ourselves into a coma," Valerie declared. "And if we end up passing out in a pile of sweat and bodily fluids, then so be it!"

Rebecca got a naughty gleam in her eye as a wicked idea occurred to her. "Hey, I have a fun suggestion for the next round with the boys. Let's play a sexy game of hide and seek! We each go hide somewhere in the house, and the boys have to come find us. Then we fuck right there on the spot, wherever they catch us."

"Ooh, I love that!" Jenna squealed, bouncing on her heels and making her huge tits wobble. "The thrill of being 'caught', and just going at it wherever we end up...so fucking hot!"

"I'm in," Valerie readily agreed, already getting wet at the thought. "And no area is off limits - it could be the kitchen counter, the laundry room, even the garage! Wherever the urge strikes."

Grinning mischievously at each other, the naked MILF moms found their phones and sent a group text to their sons:

Boys, we have a special game for you. A naughty naked hide and seek. We're each going to go hide somewhere in the house. You have to find us...and then fuck us senseless right then and there, wherever you catch us! First one to make his mom cum wins a special prize. Happy hunting! ;)

Hitting send, the women giggled giddily as they scurried off in different directions to find good hiding spots, their heart-shaped asses and swaying tits disappearing around corners.

After receiving the tantalizing text from their mothers, Brayden, Michael and Jayden leapt off the bed, their cocks already stiffening

with anticipation. They high-fived each other for luck before splitting up to scour the house for their hiding moms.

Brayden's heart raced as he checked room after room, his ears perked for any sound that would give away Valerie's location. He crept down the stairs, his erection bobbing stiffly, leading the way. As he passed by the laundry room, the sound of the dryer running caught his attention.

Quietly pushing open the door, Brayden spotted Valerie's shapely calves peeking out from behind a heap of dirty towels in the corner. Grinning wolfishly, he tiptoed over and in one swift motion, swept the laundry aside to reveal his naked mother crouched there, legs bowed open to expose her weeping slit.

"Found you!" Brayden announced smugly.

"Oh no, you caught me," Valerie said in mock distress, fighting back a smile. "Whatever will you do with me now?"

In response, Brayden grabbed Valerie's wrist and pulled her to her feet, then bent her over the rumbling dryer. "I'm going to fuck you silly, right here, right now."

Valerie moaned wantonly, arching her back to present her lush, heart-shaped ass to her son. "Yes, take me! Fuck Mommy hard with that big teenage cock!"

Brayden did not need to be told twice. Stepping forward, he notched the engorged head of his dick between Valerie's glistening folds. With one powerful thrust of his hips, he buried himself to the hilt in his mother's hot, slick cunt.

"Fuck yes, your cock is so deep inside me!" Valerie cried out, fingers scrabbling for purchase on the smooth dryer surface as Brayden began to pound into her mercilessly.

He gripped her flaring mommy-hips, using the leverage to tug her back onto his pistoning cock. He adored the way her fleshy butt cheeks rippled each time they SMACKED against him.

Each rough, deep plunge made Valerie's huge, milk-engorged tits swing and slap together lewdly beneath her. Brayden reached around to maul the heavy globes, squeezing and kneading them roughly.

"God, I love these giant mommy-udders," he groaned, pinching and tugging on her fat, elongated nipples until milk sprayed out in creamy arcs.

Valerie whimpered and mewled, tossing her head as Brayden fucked her hard and fast over the shuddering appliance, the vibrations only adding to the intense stimulation. Her pussy began to spasm and clench uncontrollably around his thrusting cock.

"Don't stop, I'm gonna cum!" she wailed.

While Brayden was vigorously fucking Valerie over the laundry appliance, Michael searched for Rebecca with determined focus. He checked the kitchen, living room, and garage with no luck.

Then, as he passed by the French doors leading to the back patio, he caught a glimpse of movement in the moonlight. Peering closer, he spotted his mom's voluptuous silhouette crouching behind a lounge chair. Her massive, pale breasts practically glowed against the dark night sky.

Quietly sliding the door open, Michael snuck outside, his rock-hard cock bobbing with each step. He slipped around the side of the chair and pounced. "Gotcha, Mom!"

Rebecca let out a little shriek of surprise, then dissolved into giggles as Michael pinned her down on the cushioned chair. "Oh no, you found me! I guess you get to claim your prize now..."

"Fuck yeah I do," Michael growled, pushing Rebecca's knees apart and settling between her warm spread thighs. Her pussy was already dewy and swollen, the plump lips parting invitingly.

Gripping the base of his thick shaft, Michael rubbed the broad head through her slick folds, gathering her arousal. Then notching himself at her entrance, he thrust forward, sinking balls-deep into his mother's hot, clasping sheath in one smooth glide.

"Ohhh yesss, fill me up!" Rebecca moaned, hooking her ankles behind Michael's thrusting ass to pull him in deeper. "Fuck me right here under the stars, baby. Give me that big cock!"

Michael grunted and braced his hands on either side of his mom's thighs, working his hips to drive into her hot, rippling channel. The force of his thrusts made her giant, milk-swollen tits bounce and sway hypnotically.

Unable to resist, the boy buried his face between the pillowy mounds, motor-boating the sweaty flesh. He latched onto one distended nipple, suckling greedily as warm, sweet breastmilk flooded his mouth.

"Mmm, drink Mommy's milk while you pound her pussy," Rebecca purred breathlessly, cradling Michael's head to her smothering cleavage. "Let it fuel that endless stamina of yours. I wanna cum on your cock all night long..."

Michael groaned around her nipple, feverishly nursing the warm cream as his tireless cock sawed in and out of Rebecca's soaked, clinging pussy. He could feel her growing wetter, tighter, her inner muscles starting to flutter and grasp at his meaty length.

"That's it sweetie, don't stop!" Rebecca cried, arching to meet his powerful thrusts. "You're gonna make Mommy cum so hard! Fuck me, fuck me, fuuuuuck!"

While his buddies were busy vigorously fucking their moms in the laundry room and on the patio, Jayden meticulously searched the house for any sign of Jenna. He checked under beds, in closets, behind curtains - anywhere he thought she might be hiding.

His teenage cock throbbed almost painfully, desperate to bury itself in his mother's hot, slick folds. As Jayden made his way into the home office, he heard a faint creak coming from the attached storage room. Grinning, he quietly approached and flung open the door to find Jenna crouched naked between some shelving units, her huge, heavy breasts swaying as she gasped from being startled.

"Found you, Mom," Jayden announced triumphantly, drinking in the mouthwatering sight of her voluptuous body on display. "Looks like you're all mine now..."

"Oh no, whatever will you do to me?" Jenna asked with exaggerated wide-eyed innocence, slowly rising to her feet. Her monumental tits jiggled and bounced, already dripping milk from the elongated nipples.

Jayden stepped into the small storage room and firmly shut the door behind him, shrouding them in near total darkness, only a thin sliver of light peeking underneath. Immediately, he reached for his mother, their bodies crashing together urgently.

Jenna threw her arms around Jayden's neck as he grabbed her plump ass, hoisting her up. She instinctively wrapped her long legs around his waist, clinging to him like a koala. Their mouths fused in a feverish kiss, tongues dueling for dominance as Jayden stumbled back to press his mom against the wall.

With a groan, the teen reached between their bodies to grab his engorged cock, notching the broad head at his mother's dripping entrance. Jenna whimpered into his mouth, undulating her hips, trying to impale herself on his thick shaft.

"Please baby, put it in me," she panted against his lips. "I need your big cock so bad!"

Jayden growled and with one powerful flex of his hips, he thrust upwards, burying his long, veiny pole deep into Jenna's tight, clinging heat. They moaned in unison at the delicious penetration, savoring the feeling of being utterly connected.

Bracing his hands on Jenna's bouncing ass, Jayden began to piston his cock in and out, finding a fast, hard rhythm. Jenna clung to his shoulders, inner muscles gripping him like a silken fist as she rose and fell on his pumping shaft, letting him support her full weight.

"Oh fuck yes, just like that!" Jenna mewled, head thrashing against the wall with each potent thrust. "Harder baby, slam that big teenage sausage in Mommy's cunt!"

Jayden pistoned his hips like a machine, grunting with effort as he pounded into Jenna's pussy, drilling her into the wall. The cramped space filled with the wet, obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and their harsh panting.

Jenna's colossal breasts bounced wildly, slapping against Jayden's chest as she rode his cock. Milk sprayed from her jiggling nipples, coating their sweat-slicked skin.

Jayden dipped his head to capture one long, rubbery nipple in his mouth, suckling with loud slurps.

Breastmilk gushed over his tongue as his mother's massive tits smothered his face. He guzzled it down hungrily, letting the sweet cream fuel his relentless pace. His hands squeezed and kneaded the heavy globes, shaping the pliant flesh to his touch.

Lost in a haze of incestuous lust, mother and son rutted frantically, Jenna rising and slamming down to meet each powerful upward snap of Jayden's hips.

Michael, still buried to the hilt in Rebecca's spasming pussy, scooped his voluptuous mother up in his strong arms and carried her in from the patio. Her huge, milk-laden tits pressed against his chest as she clung to him, ankles locked behind his back. Their mouths never parted, tongues tangling wetly as Michael navigated them into the kitchen.

With a sweep of his arm, Michael sent placemats and napkin holders clattering to the floor. He set his mom on the edge of the sturdy oak table, keeping his throbbing cock sheathed deep inside her clinging heat.

Rebecca fell back onto her elbows, huge breasts heaving and jiggling as she panted.

"Fuck me, Michael," she begged breathlessly. "Fuck Mommy hard, right here on the table!"

Michael growled and gripped Rebecca's creamy thighs, pushing them wide apart and bending her nearly in half as he began to piston his hips. His cock hammered into her soaked, clasping sheath, the thick head pushing against her cervix with every forceful thrust.

The wet slap of flesh against flesh echoed through the kitchen as Michael relentlessly pounded his mother on the tabletop. The sturdy legs creaked in protest of the vigorous fucking. Rebecca's massive tits bounced and swayed, milk leaking to pool on her rippling stomach.

Elsewhere in the house, the muffled sounds of equally enthusiastic coupling filtered through the walls. Jenna's high-pitched mewls intermingled with the rhythmic thumping emanating from the storage closet as Jayden fucked her standing up against the shelves.

The dryer in the laundry room clanged and shuddered under the force of Brayden's powerful thrusts as he took Valerie from behind.

The symphony of erotic noises made the suburban home sound more like a brothel than a picture of domestic tranquility. The MILF moms' wanton moans rose in pitch and volume, signaling their impending climaxes at the mercy of their tireless teenage sons.

"Oh god, oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Rebecca screamed, her swollen pussy rippling and gushing around Michael's plunging cock. Her back arched almost painfully as electric ecstasy exploded through her voluptuous body.

In the laundry room, Valerie let out a shrill cry as her orgasm crashed over her, her cunt clamping down on Brayden's pistoning shaft. "Yes, yes, fuck me through it! Don't stop!" she demanded, pushing back onto his cock.

Jenna's climactic wail of rapture echoed from the depths of the storage room as she came apart in Jayden's arms, her legs quaking where they were

wrapped around his waist. "Cumming! Cumming! OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING!" she screamed out.

For the next hour, the mothers and sons fucked in every conceivable position, their sweat-slick bodies writhing and contorting as they sought to prolong their pleasure. The rooms echoed with the sounds of slapping flesh, grunts of exertion, and the mothers' increasingly desperate cries of ecstasy.

In the kitchen, Michael flipped Rebecca over, bending her across the table to pound her from behind. Her heavy breasts swung beneath her, milk splattering across the polished wood with each powerful thrust. He gripped her wide, womanly hips, using the leverage to tug her back onto his relentlessly jabbing cock.

Michael reached around to maul her giant breasts, twisting and tugging on the distended nipples as he worked himself into her clenching cunt. "Take it, Mom! Take my fucking cock!" he grunted,

sweat dripping down his pumping ass as he claimed his mother in the most primal way.

"Yes, baby! Harder! Ruin Mommy's pussy!" Rebecca wailed deliriously, shoving her ass back to meet his brutal thrusts. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she came again, drenching Michael's cock in another gush of hot fem-cum.

In the laundry room, Brayden had hoisted Valerie on top of the washing machine, her long legs draped over his shoulders as he hammered up into her dripping cunt. The appliance rocked and shuddered beneath them, adding extra vibration. Valerie threw her head back, red hair whipping around her face as she bucked wantonly against her son.

"Fucking fill me up," she panted, hooking her ankles behind Brayden's head to pull him impossibly deeper. "I wanna feel that teenage cum flooding my womb!"

Brayden groaned, suckling hard on Valerie's jiggling tits as his untiring cock pummeled her contracting sheath. Milk sprayed across his face and chest as he feasted on her ripe nipples, guzzling the warm fluid.

In the cramped storage closet, Jayden now had Jenna bent over, her hands braced against the shelves as he crouched behind her, slamming his engorged shaft in and out of her swollen, sloppy pussy. Jenna's massive breasts hung low, swaying pendulously with each impact. She reached back with one hand to spread her ass cheeks wide.

"Put it in my ass, baby," she panted over her shoulder, eyes glazed with lust. "I need to feel you in every hole!"

Jayden smeared Jenna's trickled arousal up the crack of her ass, pushing insistently against the puckered rosebud of her anus until the head of his cock popped past the tight ring of muscle. Jenna's

back arched as he began to work his thick length into the tight, clinging heat of her asshole.

Soon the guttural grunts and primal growls of the teenage sons rose above the desperate wails of their mothers as they teetered on the brink of climax. Their powerful young hips pounded mercilessly, cocks swelling impossibly thicker as they prepared to unleash massive loads.

Michael slammed into Rebecca's upturned ass with a roar, his cock pulsing hard as it began to spit hot seed deep into her rippling cunt. "Take it Mom, fuck, take my load!" he bellowed.

Rebecca screamed in ecstasy as she felt Michael's piss-slit flaring wide against her cervix, erupting with a flood of potent sperm. Jet after thick jet of cum splattered her womb, quickly overflowing to gush out around his muscular shaft.

In the laundry room, Brayden pounded up into Valerie's swollen, gaping pussy with a bestial howl. His balls drew up tight and pulsed as they emptied, pumping huge spurts of jizz into his mother's clutching sheath.

"Yes, fill Mommy's cunt!" Valerie wailed, thrashing on top of the washing machine as her son's hot cum seared her insides. Brayden just kept cumming, cock jerking and kicking inside her as he unloaded a seemingly unending supply of semen.

Wedged in the tiny storage closet, Jayden's eyes rolled back as his cock swelled impossibly huge in the tight confines of Jenna's ass. His hips

jackhammered frantically as he blew his load, painting her bowels with creamy spunk.

"Fuck yes, breed Mommy's ass!" Jenna shrieked mindlessly, her body convulsing as Jayden's eruption triggered her own massive anal

orgasm. Her asshole clenched rhythmically, milking spurt after heavy spurt from his throbbing cock.

For several minutes, the only sounds were the feral grunts of the cumming teenage boys and the obscenely wet squelches of their pulsing cocks pumping jizz into their moms' violated holes. The scent of sex and spunk hung heavy in the air.

Finally, with ragged groans, the boys collapsed against their mothers' sweaty backs, softening cocks still buried inside them as the last weak spurts of cum dribbled out. They panted harshly, struggling to catch their breaths.

The mothers mewled and shivered through the aftershocks, pussies and asshole fluttering around their sons' spent dicks. Cum oozed out to trickle down their thighs. Their wombs felt satisfyingly full, plugged with the copious seed of their own offspring.

After long moments of panting and trembling through the aftershocks together, the thoroughly satiated mothers and sons gingerly untangled their sweaty limbs. As they stood on wobbly legs, the extent of the sexual aftermath became apparent.

Their nude bodies were drenched in perspiration, matted pubic hair plastered to their groins. Streaks of half-dried cum adorned flushed skin, flaking in some places. Milk residue left a tacky sheen across heaving chests. Between the mothers' thighs, a veritable flood of semen seeped from swollen, reddened holes to trickle down quivering legs.

"God, I'm absolutely covered in spunk," Rebecca laughed breathlessly, swiping at the sticky sheen coating her breasts and belly. "I think we could all use a shower after that marathon."

"Agreed," Valerie said, gingerly scooping a creamy rivulet from her inner thigh. "As much as I love being covered in my son's cum, we

should probaby all wash up before we meet back at the bed for more lovemaking."

The others murmured their agreement, gingerly climbing to their feet. Valerie's legs nearly gave out, rubbery from the intense pounding over the washing machine. Jenna winced as she straightened up, ass throbbing from the brutal anal reaming.

"Boys, why don't you hit the hall bathroom to clean up," Jenna suggested, her voice hoarse from screaming. "Us ladies can take the master shower."

The teenage sons nodded, exchanging sly grins as they headed for the hallway bathroom, their flaccid cocks swinging heavily between their legs, still dripping with their mothers' juices.

Just before disappearing into the master bathroom, the mothers paused and glanced coyly back over their shoulders at their sons. "Don't take too long getting cleaned up, boys," Rebecca purred sultrily, reaching back to give her plump ass a playful smack. "We expect you back in the bed, recharged and ready for more, very soon."

"That's right," added Jenna. "Locked, cocked and ready to rock for the next round." She punctuated the statement with a lewd smack to her own ass, making the plump cheek ripple.

The three women posed provocatively in the doorway of the master bathroom, looking back over their shoulders at their sons. They arched their backs, causing their massive, heart-shaped asses to jut out temptingly. The meaty globes quivered and jiggled atop their long, toned legs, still glistening with the mixed fluids of their marathon lovemaking session.

Drops of semen and fem-cum trickled slowly down their inner thighs, making their flesh shimmer in the soft light. The pearly streaks

provided tantalizing evidence of just how thoroughly their teenage sons had claimed their most intimate holes.

As the MILF moms twisted slightly at the waist, their enormous, all-natural breasts came into view in silhouette. The heavy, milk-engorged tits sloped

downward against their sides, defying gravity with their incredible size and fullness. The elongated nipples pointed towards the floor, still dripping creamy droplets from the intense nursing and fondling they'd endured.

The side profile perfectly showcased the sheer magnitude of the mothers' breasts - each fleshy mound easily rivaled their own heads in size. It was abundantly clear that these were the breasts of women who had birthed and nursed multiple children. Yet despite their titanic proportions, the breasts retained an alluring teardrop shape, promising a heavy, pillowy softness.

The combination of their mothers' blatant sexual teasing and the mouthwatering abundance of creamy tit-flesh and juicy ass on display had the teenagers newly erect and throbbing in record time.

They practically sprinted for the hall bathroom, eager to wash up as quickly as possible so they could get back to worshipping those incredible MILF bodies.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie stepped into the oversized glass shower stall together, still giggling giddily about the intense, acrobatic fucking they had just received from their virile sons.

As the hot water cascaded over their voluptuous bodies, rinsing away the sheen of sweat and cum, the moms sighed in sated bliss.

"God, I can still feel Brayden's cum sloshing around in my womb," Valerie sighed dreamily, hands drifting down to caress the slight

swell of her lower abdomen. "It's like I can feel every potent sperm swimming in there, searching for an egg."

"And the way they manhandled us," Rebecca marveled, breath catching as her fingers brushed her swollen clit. "Picking us up like ragdolls and just slamming us onto their cocks over and over, drilling us into any surface they could find..."

Jenna hummed in agreement. "Right? Jayden held me up against the wall that whole time in the storage closet like it was nothing. I just wrapped myself around him and hung on for the ride as he slammed me into the shelves...so fucking hot!"

"Brayden did this thing where he bent me completely in half, ankles behind my head, and just pile-drived my cervix," Valerie shared breathlessly. "I thought my tits were going to give me a black eye, they were bouncing so hard in my face!"

The women laughed uproariously, the filthy memories sending renewed sparks of arousal through their bodies.

"Ungh, the stamina!" Valerie groaned, soaping up her own giant, slippery jugs and scissoring her thighs together as she recalled the marathon sex session. "I swear Brayden's cock only got harder the longer he fucked me. No refractory period at all! Just non-stop teenager fucking for hours."

"I know, right? I lost count of how many times I came on Jayden's relentless cock. It's like he was determined to wring every last drop of cum from my body," Jenna sighed blissfully, kneading her heavy tits until milk sprayed to splatter against the tile.

"All that football training is paying off," Rebecca mused, thinking of how Michael had effortlessly carried her in from the patio and pinned her down. "Having beefy teenage athletes with endless stamina is definitely a mother's dream come true!"

Valerie grinned, gathering her massive, wobbling boobs in her hands and jiggling them. "These udders were made for our teenage studs. The way they suckle our milk down, you'd think their lives depended on it. And I love smothering their faces with my giant titties as they pound me senseless."

"Mmm, yes," Rebecca moaned, hefting her monumental jugs as Rebecca suckled lightly on her distended teats. "There's something so hot about breastfeeding a teenage stud while he's balls deep in your cunt, feasting on your milk as he fucks you full of cum..."

After toweling off, their skin dewy and flushed from the hot shower, Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie regrouped on Rebecca's king-sized bed. They lounged naked atop the rumpled cum-soaked sheets, propped up on their elbows with tits squashed against the mattress and legs curled behind them, looking like a trio of lushly curved odalisques.

"You know, we still have several hours before dawn," Rebecca mused, trailing a finger along the slope of her breast. "I think it's time we show our boys the finer arts of lovemaking, now that they've clearly mastered the basics of raw, animalistic fucking."

Jenna grinned, already warming to the idea. "Ooh, I like the way you think. They've proven they can hammer us into mattresses and bend us into pretzels, but it would be nice to slow things down and really savor every sensation."

"Agreed," Valerie chimed in. "As much as I love having my cervix battered by tireless teenage cock, I wouldn't mind a sensual, drawn-out worship session focused on building a slow burn to an explosive finish."

Rebecca nodded, a wicked gleam in her eye. "Then it's settled. When the boys return, we'll take the lead and give them a masterclass in the subtle nuances of proper lovemaking. By the time we're done with them, they'll be begging to cum."

The moms shared a conspiratorial giggle, squirming a little on the bed in anticipation. Just then, they heard the bathroom door open, signaling their sons' return.

Michael, Jayden and Brayden sauntered into the bedroom, towels slung low around their hips and hair still damp. Their eyes lit up at the sight of their naked mothers' voluptuous bodies arranged so temptingly on the bed, their rounded ass-globes on clear display, as the moms beckoned them closer with come-hither looks.

The mothers' eyes raked hungrily over their sons' fit, athletic bodies as the boys approached the bed, towels tenting obscenely in front.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie rose gracefully to meet them, their massive, heavy breasts swaying and bobbling with each movement, the dusky nipples already stiffening at the center of their areolar rings in anticipation.

As they stood, the moms let their gazes feast on every inch of their teenage sons' physiques. They admired the sculpted contours of their pecs and abs,

the v-lines of their hips disappearing beneath the towels, the muscular curves of their thighs and calves.

The football stars preened a little under their mothers' open appreciation, cocks throbbing against the terrycloth.

"Mmm, you look good enough to eat," Valerie purred, reaching out to run a palm down Brayden's chest. She hooked a finger in his towel and tugged it free, letting it drop to the floor. His long, rigid cock jumped, arriving at a perfect upward angle.

Rebecca and Jenna followed suit, divesting Michael and Jayden of their towels to reveal their own pulsing erections. The moms licked their lips as they drank in the sight of those magnificent teenage

cocks standing at full attention, the broad shiny-skinned crowns glistening with pre-cum.

Taking their sons by the hands, the mothers led them to the bed. They crawled onto the mattress and slipped beneath the big fluffy comforter, the boys eagerly joining them in the warm, sensual cocoon of silky flesh and soft bedding.

In the darkness beneath the blanket, Jenna pulled Jayden on top of her, wrapping her warm, silky legs around his hips as she drew him into a deep, soulful kiss. Their tongues glided and twined sensually as they melted into each other.

Valerie rolled onto her side facing Brayden, draping a leg over his hip to pull him closer so her ballooning boobies could flatten against him. She peppered feather-light kisses along his jawline before capturing his lips in a slow, thorough caress.

Rebecca gently pushed Michael onto his back and straddled him, the comforter draped over her shoulders. She leaned down, letting her huge, pillowy breasts engulf his neck as she kissed him long and luxuriantly, pouring all her passion into the embrace.

The boys returned their mothers' kisses with equal ardor, large hands roaming reverently over the abundance of soft curves and supple skin.

Beneath the comforter, their bodies shifted and undulated languidly against each other like rolling waves, building a slow, sultry friction.

The only sounds were the soft, wet smack of lips and tongues, the rustle of bedding, and the occasional breathless sigh or low moan of pleasure. The teenagers let their mothers set the unhurried, sensual pace, content to savor every exquisite brush of skin on skin.

As the mothers and sons made out sensually beneath the comforter, the women's dripping pussies left slick trails of arousal all over the

boys' pulsing cocks.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie subtly undulated their wide hips, grinding their soaked folds along the throbbing shafts, coating them liberally in their fragrant juices.

The boys groaned into the heated kisses as they felt the slippery glide of their mothers' wet cunts painting their erections. The sensation of those plump, puffy pussy lips smearing slickness all over their most sensitive flesh was exquisitely erotic.

Michael kneaded and squeezed the enormous, pillowy mounds, relishing their weight and softness. He loved how they overflowed his large hands, an over-abundance of creamy tit-flesh that dwarfed even his palms.

Dipping into Rebecca's cavernous cleavage, he stroked along the warm, smooth valley, marveling at the silky texture.

"Mmm yes, get lost in Mommy's giant heavy tits," Jenna breathed hotly as Jayden mapped the expansive surface of her heaving chest. He skimmed the pads of his fingers along the giant rounded slopes, circling the broad, dusky areolas and ghosting over the pebbled nipples.

He filled his hands with Jenna's massive, milk-swollen jugs, hefting their substantial weight, testing their incredible elasticity and give. Then, Jayden burrowed beneath them, cupping and squeezing the plump, sagging undersides, amazed by how far they billowed outwards. He could spend hours just playing with the sheer volume of his mother's monumental rack.

"Fuck, your tits are out of this world, Mom," Brayden groaned as he pawed at Valerie's epic breasts, sinking his hands into the doughy mounds and watching in awe as they engulfed his fingers completely. He pressed them together, nearly hypnotized by the deep crease of cleavage created.

"Your cock feels so good sliding against Mommy's wet pussy," Valerie murmured, undulating her slick folds along Brayden's aching length, feeling the chambers of blood and muscle flex beneath the tightly-pulled skin. "I can't wait to feel you moving inside me..."

With a sensual roll of their hips, the mothers shifted to align the flared heads of their sons' cocks with their dripping entrances. Slowly, torturously, they sank down, sheathing the throbbing shafts inch by delicious inch in their hot, clasping channels.

"Ohh yesss, fill me up," Rebecca moaned as Michael bottomed out inside her, his heavy balls nestling against her ass. She clenched her inner muscles around him, savoring the exquisite stretch and fullness.

"Ohhh, mom," the teen gasped, feeling his boner encapsulated by the tight, warm sleeve of her vagina.

"Nice and slow," Jenna encouraged breathlessly as Jayden began to piston his hips in a steady, easy rhythm. "Long, deep strokes...make it last, baby." She rolled her pelvis to meet his, their bodies undulating together sensuously.

Valerie hooked her leg higher on Brayden's hip, opening herself fully to his slow, purposeful thrusts. "Mmm, so deep," she purred, relishing the drag of his thick cock along her fluttering walls. "You feel incredible inside me."

The teenagers set a leisurely, indulgent pace, pulling nearly all the way out before gliding back in to the hilt. They rotated and ground their hips in smooth, fluid motions, stirring their cocks inside the slick, rippling heat of their mothers' pussies.

The women gasped and sighed blissfully with every deep, penetrating stroke. This unhurried, deliberate lovemaking was a delicious contrast to the frenzied, urgent coupling from earlier. They savored the slow build of

pleasure, the simmering tension coiling tighter in their cores with each sensual thrust.

Lost in the haze of euphoria beneath the blanket, the mothers and sons moved as one, their slick flesh sliding and rubbing, hands caressing and kneading. Beneath the comforter, their flushed, glistening bodies tangled and shifted, a seamless give and take.

Jayden and Brayden, still recovering from their last explosive orgasms, felt their balls drawing up much sooner than they would've liked. The snug, slippery grip of their mothers' heavenly cunts was just too exquisite to resist.

"Mom...gonna cum..." Jayden grunted, hips starting to stutter and lose their rhythm as the pressure built to a crescendo at the base of his spine.

"Me too," Brayden panted, his cock swelling impossibly thicker as it pulsed urgently against Valerie's spasming walls. "Can't...hold back..."

"Yes, give Mommy your seed," Jenna encouraged, bearing down hard and milking Jayden's shaft for all she was worth. "Fill me up, baby!"

"Cum in me!" Valerie demanded, locking her ankles at the small of Brayden's back to pull him impossibly deep.

With desperate groans, Jayden and Brayden buried themselves to the hilt one final time and exploded. Their cocks jerked and throbbed violently as they unloaded, hot jets of cum spurting deep into their mothers' clutching channels.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Jenna cried out as she felt Jayden's molten seed flooding her rippling cunt. Her inner muscles clenched rhythmically, milking his pulsing shaft for every drop.

Valerie threw her head back with a rapturous moan, shuddering as Brayden's thick cum splashed against her cervix. "So good, baby...pump Mommy full," she panted, undulating her hips to prolong his intense climax.

The teenagers grunted and twitched through their prolonged orgasms, the draining sensation of emptying their balls completely into their mothers' fertile wombs utterly overwhelming.

Within minutes, both boys were passed out, completely spent.

Rebecca, who was still avidly riding Michael, met her friends' eyes with a mischievous grin. "Let's take this one back to his room and finish him off properly," she suggested, giving a purposeful clench of her pussy around her son's still-hard shaft.

Jenna and Valerie nodded eagerly, rising from the bed to join her.

Michael, dazed but game, allowed his mother and her friends to help him to his feet and lead him stumbling down the hall to his own bedroom, their fluids trickling obscenely down their thighs.

Once inside, the trio of insatiable MILFs pushed Michael down onto his twin bed and crawled in to join him, their huge, swaying breasts squashing against him from all sides.

The cramped space forced their voluptuous flesh even closer together, an erotic tangle of curves and limbs. "Mmm, this is cozy," Valerie purred, draping a thigh over Michael's hip and rubbing her soaked mound against him. "Nothing better than a puppy pile of soft, warm mommy- bodies, is there Michael?"

"It's awesome," the teen gasped.

Jenna smiled over at Rebecca devilishly. "Your sweet boy, the star quarterback, deserves to be smothered in tits and pussy," she

cooed, nuzzling into the curve of Michael's neck while reaching down to fondle his aching balls.

Rebecca mounted her son's hips, straddling his throbbing boner "Mommy's gonna ride this big cock until you paint my womb white," she purred sultrily, reaching down to rub the swollen head through her dripping folds. She mewled as the hot flesh of their sex-bulbs rubbed wetly together.

With a drawn-out moan, Rebecca sank down on Michael's shaft, sheathing him fully in her tight, slick heat. "Ohhh yesss, fill me up baby," she gasped as she began to roll her hips, grinding on his pelvis, her oversized boobs jumping up and down.

As Rebecca bounced and undulated on top of him, Michael was engulfed on either side by Jenna and Valerie's monumental breasts. The other two moms pressed in close, smothering the teenage boy between their massive, milk-laden tits. Enormous, pillowy mounds completely obscured his face, surrounding him in warm, fragrant titflesh.

"Mmmph!" Michael's muffled groan vibrated against Jenna's chest as she cradled his head to her bosom. She giggled and squeezed her heavy jugs together, burying him even deeper in her abundant cleavage.

"Nurse on our big milkers while you fuck your mom," she cooed, guiding a fat, leaking nipple to his lips. Michael latched on eagerly, suckling hard and drawing the warm, sweet breastmilk into his mouth.

Not to be outdone, Valerie hefted her own huge tits and rubbed them against the side of Michael's face, leaving streaks of milk on his cheek. "Don't forget my udders, handsome," she pouted playfully. "They're just as full and tasty!"

Valerie's nipple bumped insistently against Michael's cheek until he turned his head, releasing Jenna with a wet pop before engulfing the other mom's dripping peak. He nursed contentedly, his suckling growing more urgent as Rebecca increased the pace of her ride.

"Yesss, drink it all down while I cream on your big sugar-stick!" Rebecca panted, slamming herself up and down on Michael's pistoning cock with wild abandon. Her cunt fluttered and clenched around him as she chased her rapidly building climax.

With a keening wail, Rebecca came violently, throwing her head back as ecstasy ripped through her. Her pussy spasmed and rippled along Michael's shaft, gushing hot femcum around his plunging length. The added slickness allowed him to pump even harder, prolonging her orgasm.

"Oh god, oh fuck, cumming again!" Rebecca babbled mindlessly as she continued to bounce frantically, her copious juices splattering obscenely onto Michael's groin and thighs. Each slamming descent onto his cock wrung another climax from her, leaving a shivering incoherent mess.

Despite having already erupted countless times over the course of the long, lust-fueled night, Michael felt his balls churning and tightening yet again as Rebecca rode him into oblivion. The skin of his swollen scrotum pulled taut and high against his body as his testes worked overtime to generate one more massive load of potent, virile seed.

Deep within his groin, Michael could feel the semen brewing, his prostate and seminal vesicles kicking into overdrive to produce the thick, creamy fluid. His epididymis contracted rhythmically, pumping the sperm-laden ejaculate through his vasa deferentia and into his throbbing shaft.

As Rebecca's spasming cunt milked his pulsing cock with its fluttering grip, Michael's cockhead expanded hugely, flaring to an

impossible width. The broad crown strained against his mother's rippling cervix, plugging her so deeply and thoroughly that not a single drop would escape.

With a guttural roar, Michael exploded, pumping what felt like gallons of hot, sticky cum directly into his mom's quivering womb.

Jet after powerful jet of semen spurted from his slit, painting Rebecca's tender uterine walls with his teenage seed. Each forceful stream seemed to inject more deeply than the last, ensuring maximum saturation.

"FUCK YES, BREED MOMMY'S CUNT!" Rebecca wailed in ecstasy, thrashing on top of Michael as his hot spunk flooded her core, triggering her own mind-bending orgasm. Her inner muscles bore down HARD, clenching and rippling along his erupting shaft as though trying to suck every last drop straight from his balls.

Mother and son clung to each other desperately, shaking and sobbing as they rode out the overwhelming intensity of their simultaneous climax.

Rebecca's vice-like pussy squeezed Michael's cock like a fist, wringing out spurt after thick spurt. Michael's hips jackhammered upwards, piercing impossibly deep as he strained to unload every drop.

Jenna and Valerie looked on in awe, still pressing their leaking teats to Michael's face. They could feel the force of his ejaculation, his powerful contractions reverberating through Rebecca's undulating body and into their own as they sandwiched her between them.

The cramped bed creaked and shuddered under the force of Michael and Rebecca's explosive mutual orgasm. Pearly rivulets of cum seeped out from her plugged hole to trickle down the pulsing base of his shaft and pool in his wiry pubes. The mingled scent of their releases hung heavy in the air, a potent musk of pure sex.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the teenagers' climax wound down to feeble twitches and shallow thrusts. Michael collapsed back against the mattress, utterly spent, just as the first beams of sunlight began to shine through his window.

As Michael and Rebecca panted and trembled through the aftershocks, basking in the warm afterglow of their intense coupling, Jenna piped up with a playful pout. "Hey now, I thought this was supposed to be a milk exchange!" she teased, giving her own heavy jugs a meaningful jiggle. "We shared our creamy tit-treats with you, so it's only fair that we get a nice load of jizz to drink in return."

"Mmmm, Jenna's right," Valerie purred, trailing a finger down Michael's sweat-slick chest. "After all that hard work, we deserve a protein shake straight from the source, don't you think?"

Michael's softening cock gave a valiant twitch at the prospect of being drained again by the insatiable MILF trio, but he was utterly spent, his balls aching and depleted from the night's countless climaxes. "I...I don't think I can..." he panted weakly, gesturing helplessly at his limp member.

The moms shared a knowing look, wicked grins spreading across their faces. "Oh sweetie, we're not taking no for an answer," Rebecca informed him,

reaching down to cup his drained balls. "You just lay back and enjoy while we work our mommy magic."

In a coordinated move that spoke of much practice, the three women slithered down Michael's body until they were eye-level with his crotch.

Rebecca wrapped her fingers around the base of his semi-flaccid cock and lifted it towards her lips, Jenna and Valerie each taking a cum-filled ball into their mouths.

Michael's head fell back with a low groan as the moms began to work him over with expert skill. Rebecca sealed her plump lips around his cockhead and suckled gently, coaxing blood back into his shaft with clever flicks and swirls of her tongue.

Jenna and Valerie laved his sensitive sack with worshipful licks, taking turns drawing each testicle into the warm suction of their mouths.

As Michael hardened and lengthened between their faces, the women shifted positions. Jenna moved lower, burying her face between his spread thighs to lave long, slow licks over his taint while Valerie took over polishing his hefty balls to a spit-shined gleam.

Rebecca pushed forward, relaxing her throat to swallow down inch after thick inch of Michael's revived erection. She bobbed her head in shallow thrusts, taking him deeper each time until her nose was buried in his musky pubes and his cockhead was lodged firmly in the tight grip of her throat.

Michael fisted the sheets, panting harshly through his nose as the three-pronged assault on his most sensitive areas sent jolts of almost painful pleasure zinging up his spine. He couldn't believe how quickly they had brought him from completely soft to rock-hard again.

With a slurping pop, Jenna released Michael's taint and moved even lower, tracing the tight pucker of his asshole with the pointed tip of her tongue. She fluttered and flicked against the clenched ring of muscle insistently until it relaxed, allowing her to penetrate him shallowly.

"Oh fuck!" Michael gasped, his cock pulsing hard in Rebecca's suckling mouth as Jenna started to tongue-fuck him in earnest, wiggling the strong muscle past his sphincter to lap at his sensitive inner walls.

Valerie took one of Michael's balls into her mouth and sucked hard, rolling the orb on her tongue and massaging it rhythmically, coaxing out the dregs of his semen reserves. She released him with a wet pop and swooped down to join Jenna between his legs, licking broad stripes over his now-gaping hole.

The two moms took turns plunging their tongues deep into Michael's spasming anus, nibbling at his rim and sucking raunchily at his most taboo entrance. They made out filthily around the wrinkled edges, snowballing his musky flavor back and forth as they gradually worked him open.

Switching positions again, Jenna took over deepthroating Michael's throbbing erection while Rebecca moved to tongue his sack, taint and then his asshole.

Valerie crawled up his body, her dangling tits dragging softly on his flesh as she moved to straddle his face, her dripping cunt hovering just inches from his mouth.

"Eat my pussy while we suck this fat load out of you," Valerie demanded breathlessly, lowering her sopping mound onto his lips.

Michael groaned into Valerie's folds as he began to lap and suckle obediently, his hips making aborted little thrusts as Jenna swallowed around his sensitive cockhead.

His asshole clenched and fluttered wildly as his mom speared him open with her tongue, fucking into him with short, rapid jabs.

The triple assault of lips and tongues worshipping his most intimate places quickly pushed Michael towards the brink again, his overtaxed balls somehow dredging up one last load.

Valerie ground her fragrant cunt against his face as he tongued her frantically, her impending orgasm making her gush and cream into his mouth.

"Gonna...gonna cum...!" Michael whimpered urgently as Jenna hollowed her cheeks and sucked viciously, Rebecca nibbling and licking feverishly at his rim.

With a high, desperate keen, Michael shook apart, every muscle in his body seizing as his cock erupted into Jenna's gulping mouth. His asshole clenched rhythmically around Rebecca's tongue as he spurted weakly, each feeble pulse sending aftershocks through his system.

Valerie came with a shriek, her cunt gushing a flood of tangy juices over Michael's tongue as she convulsed above him.

Jenna gulped greedily as Michael's cock pulsed out its final load into her eager mouth, savoring the thick, creamy texture and salty-sweet taste. She licked and suckled until he softened between her lips, his piss slit quivering through a series of empty contractions.

With a satisfied smile, Jenna released Michael's spent member and crawled up his trembling body to share his essence with her friends. The women traded the mouthful of teenage cum back and forth in a sloppy three-way kiss, moaning wantonly as the salty-sweet flavor coated their tongues.

Michael watched through bleary eyes as his mom and her best friends savored his load together, a wicked thrill going through him at their hedonistic display. Their passion and depravity never failed to amaze him.

His softening cock made a valiant effort to stir again at the sight, but he was utterly drained, his balls aching with overuse. Every muscle felt weak and watery in the aftermath of so many mind-blowing orgasms.

As the first rays of sunlight streamed through the window, Michael gave into his exhaustion, passing out on the sweat and cum soaked sheets.

Rebecca, Jenna and Valerie snuggled up on either side of him, their voluptuous naked bodies pressing against his in a warm, sated tangle as

they too drifted off, utterly wrung out from the long night of debauched excess.

In the other room, Jayden and Brayden were already snoring softly, sprawled out on the ruined bed, their mothers' juices drying on their skin. Soft smiles played across their faces as they slept, no doubt already dreaming about the next milk exchange and all the forbidden pleasures it would bring.

THE END

192: The Long Ride Home with Mom

Ride Home with Mom

By Klrxo

Sonny shifted uncomfortably in the passenger seat, trying to keep his gaze focused straight ahead on the road. But his eyes kept drifting over to his blonde-haired mom Holli despite his best efforts.

Her low-cut sundress revealed an obscene amount of tit-cleavage. The thin fabric clung to her voluptuous curves, emphasizing the enormity of her heavy breasts with each breath she took.

As she stepped on the gas, Holli's dress rode up her smooth, toned thighs. Sonny couldn't help but admire her long, shapely legs and the way her sun-kissed skin seemed to glow even in the dimness of the car at night.

He felt a twinge of shame for ogling his own mother, but her beauty was simply magnetic. She reminded him of a 40-year-old Paige Spiranac, who him and his friends considered the hottest female athlete in the world.

Many a masturbation session had been spent dreaming about having sex with his mom, even impregnating her, but he knew it would never happen, especially given how religious his family was.

Holli glanced over, catching her son staring at her pillowy chest before he could look away.

The mother sighed and shook her head gently, a knowing look in her eye. "Sonny, honey, we need to talk," she said softly, her melodic voice tinged with mild disapproval.

Sonny felt his cheeks flush with embarrassment at being caught. He shifted his gaze back to the road, trying to ignore the way his heart raced being in such close proximity to his gorgeous mother.

"Look, I know it's not easy being a teenage boy, with all those hormones and urges," Holli continued, choosing her words carefully. "And I'm aware that my figure tends to...draw the eye, so to speak. These curves of mine are pretty hard not to notice, especially in this little sundress."

She glanced down at her monster cleavage straining against the thin fabric before meeting Sonny's eyes again. "But sweetheart, you have to remember - I'm your mother. It's not appropriate for you to be gawking at my breasts or legs like that, no matter how much of them my outfit shows off. I'm flattered, but it's just not right, you know? What would the Lord think of you lusting after your own mom?"

Sonny swallowed hard and nodded, casting his eyes downward in shame. "You're right, Mom. I'm really sorry. I don't know what came over me. It won't happen again, I promise."

Holli reached over and gently patted his knee. "It's alright, darling. No need to beat yourself up over it. You're a good boy. Just try to be more mindful of where you point those

baby blues from now on, okay? Eyes on the road, not on Mom's naughty bits," she said with a musical laugh.

As Holli giggled at her lighthearted scolding, a bright light suddenly appeared in the night sky ahead of them, moving erratically. "What on earth is that?" Holli wondered aloud, squinting at the mysterious glow.

Perplexed, she slowed the car and pulled over onto the shoulder of the desolate country road.

They both peered out the windshield, transfixed by the otherworldly light dancing above. It grew larger and brighter as it approached their location.

"I don't like the looks of this, Mom," Sonny said nervously. "Maybe we should get out of here."

But Holli's curiosity won out over caution. "Let's just take a quick peek outside," she said, unbuckling her seatbelt. "I'm sure there's a logical explanation."

They stepped out into the warm night air, watching in awe as the light drew closer. As it neared, they could make out a distinct saucer shape - it appeared to be some kind of flying craft unlike anything they'd ever seen.

The UFO came to a sudden halt directly above them, hovering silently.

Holli and Sonny stood frozen, mouths agape, as a beam of light shot down from the center of the craft's underside, engulfing them in a luminous white glow.

They felt a strange tingling sensation wash over their bodies as their feet slowly lifted off the ground. To their shock, an unseen force began pulling them up into the air, higher and higher, their flailing limbs useless against its strength.

Holli's sundress fluttered in the wind, exposing her long, tanned legs and lacy white panties as she rose unwillingly into the night sky alongside her terrified son.

Higher and higher they ascended until they disappeared into the blinding light, vanishing into the bowels of the extraterrestrial ship.

The UFO zoomed off into the starry expanse, the fate of Holli and Sonny now at the mercy of whatever mysterious entities lurked within. The car sat abandoned below, the only witness to their bizarre abduction on the lonely rural road.

Holli and Sonny found themselves standing in a strange, cavernous room bathed in soft bluish light. The curved metallic walls seemed to pulse with an unknown energy. As their eyes adjusted, several tall silhouettes emerged from the shadows.

The beings were humanoid in shape but with elongated limbs and oversized heads. Their skin shimmered with an iridescent sheen. Large, almond-shaped eyes regarded the human captives with keen interest.

One of the aliens stepped forward, a small metallic device affixed to its slender neck. When it spoke, the words

emerged in perfect English, seemingly translated by the strange apparatus.

"Greetings, Earthlings. Please do not be afraid," the alien said in a soothing, androgynous voice. "We mean you no harm. We have brought you aboard our ship because we desperately need your assistance."

Holli instinctively pulled Sonny close, shielding him protectively even as her heart raced with fear and confusion. "W-what do you want with us? Why did you take us?"

The alien regarded her with something akin to sympathy. "Our civilization is on the brink of extinction. A genetic plague has rendered our species nearly sterile. We have searched the galaxy for compatible life forms to help us seed a new world and ensure our survival."

Its large eyes shifted to Sonny. "Your son is an ideal specimen. Strong, virile, and genetically pure. And you, human female, possess the necessary reproductive qualities to host our offspring. Together, you can help us create a new generation and prevent the death of our race."

Holli shook her head in disbelief, her voice trembling. "You want us to...to breed? To make alien babies? This is insane!"

The being raised a slender hand in a calming gesture. "We understand your reluctance. But we have observed your species and know the act of procreation is not unpleasant for you. In fact, you will find the experience

quite...stimulating. It is a necessary step to save an entire civilization."

Sonny and Holli exchanged shocked, uncertain glances. The weight of the alien's words hung heavy in the air. They were being asked to engage in the most taboo of acts, to commit the ultimate sin under the eyes of God. And yet, the fate of an alien race apparently rested in their intertwined bodies.

The alien studied their expressions before continuing. "You will be returned to your home once your task is complete. We ask only for your cooperation in this vital matter. The future of our kind depends on it."

Sonny, his voice shaking slightly, looked at the alien and asked, "Do...do we have to have sex with you or your kind to make these babies?"

The alien shook its head. "No, direct copulation with us will not be necessary. However, we will need to inject you both with our DNA to ensure our genes are passed on to your offspring. Additionally, using advanced technology on this ship, we will create clones of you, human female, and your son. Approximately one hundred copies

each, which will allow us to produce a large number of genetically enhanced infants at one time."

Holli gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. The thought of a hundred copies of herself and Sonny was overwhelming and surreal. She couldn't wrap her mind around the idea of so many clones of their bodies, all being used to create alien hybrid children.

Sonny furrowed his brow. "So...all these clones of me and my mom...we would have to...ya know...with each other? Like some kind of bizarro incest orgy?" He cringed slightly as he said it out loud.

The alien nodded solemnly. "We have found that the most efficient way to produce viable embryos is for the cloned males to copulate with the cloned females. The familiarity of genetic material seems to increase the success rates, even across multiple copies. So yes, your cloned selves would need to engage in sexual intercourse with each other."

"The injections will not harm you," the alien assured in its eerily calm tone. "In fact, they will enhance your physical experiences and make the reproductive process far more pleasurable than it would be naturally. A gift, you might say, in exchange for your service."

Holli felt lightheaded, reaching out to steady herself against the strange, technologically advanced structure. The idea of breeding with her own son, even cloned versions of him, went against every moral fiber of her being. It was the ultimate taboo, an affront to God.

And yet, a tiny, shameful part of her tingled with a dark curiosity at the thought. She recalled the way Sonny had ogled her voluptuous body in the car, the hypnotic sway of her heavy breasts and the sinful lines of her long legs. Maybe in some primal, forbidden recess of her mind, she had wondered what it would be like too...

The mother shook her head, banishing the impure notion. This was utter madness.

She looked over at Sonny, seeing the confusion and fear written plainly on his youthful face. What kind of mother would she be to agree to such a thing?

The alien watched them patiently, waiting for their response to the shocking proposal. The fate of an entire world hung in the balance, dependent on the depraved act of a mother and son engaging in cloned incestuous congress. It was an impossible decision with unthinkable ramifications.

Holli swallowed hard, meeting the alien's unblinking gaze, unsure of what to say. The weight of the universe seemed to press down upon her and Sonny in that surreal moment, aboard a fantastical ship hovering somewhere in the inky void of space.

Holli turned to the alien and spoke, her voice shaky. "May I please have a moment to speak with my son in private? This is...a lot to process all at once."

The alien inclined its head. "Of course. We understand the gravity of what we are asking. Please, take your time to discuss it amongst yourselves." It gestured to a small alcove off the main chamber, which seemed to materialize out of nowhere.

Holli took Sonny's hand and led him into the private space, the entrance sealing behind them with a soft whoosh.

She turned to face her son, seeing the uncertainty and fear etched across his youthful features. Her maternal instincts kicked in and she embraced him tightly.

"Oh Sonny, I can't believe this is happening," she whispered, her voice cracking with emotion. "What are we gonna do?"

Sonny hugged his mother back, acutely aware of her cushy jugs pressing against him. He tried to focus on the matter at hand. "I don't know, Mom. It's crazy. But...if what they're saying is true, and an entire species is at risk of dying out...don't we have a moral obligation to help if we can?"

Holli pulled back slightly, searching her son's face. "You think we should agree to it? To...engage in relations with each other's clones and create these hybrid babies?"

Sonny never thought that the key to getting into his mom's panties was by doing it for a worthy cause. He swallowed hard, his voice low and series. "I think...I think it's what God would want us to do. To selflessly give of ourselves to save the lives of others, even if it means doing something that seems so wrong."

Holli considered his words, her heart heavy with the weight of the decision. Every Biblical lesson, every Sunday sermon, told her that incest was a grievous sin. And yet, the faces of the aliens and their dire situation pulled at her soul.

"You're right," she said finally, her voice filled with resigned determination. "The Lord teaches us to help those in need, to act with compassion even in the darkest of circumstances.

And if ever there was a time to set aside our Earthly taboos for the greater good, this is it."

Sonny nodded solemnly. "We'll get through this together, Mom. We just have to remember that it's for a noble, selfless cause."

"Agreed," Holli said, taking a deep breath. "But Sonny, we must promise each other to never speak a word of this once we're back home. Can you imagine the ridicule, the judgment we would face if anyone found out? They'd think we were depraved, sick in the head."

"I promise, Mom," Sonny said firmly. "What happens on this ship, stays on this ship. No one will ever know the sacrifice we're making."

Holli pulled her son into another tit-squashing embrace, both determined to see this task through, knowing it's what God would want them to do.

A minute later they emerged from the private alcove, having made their difficult decision. They approached the waiting alien, resolution etched on their faces despite the nervous tension radiating from them both.

"We've decided to help you," Holli said, her voice trembling slightly. "We'll do what needs to be done to save your species."

The alien seemed to exude an aura of gratitude. "You have our deepest thanks. Your sacrifice will be remembered for generations."

It then gestured to a circular platform nearby. "Please disrobe completely and step onto the transference pad to begin the cloning process."

Holli and Sonny glanced at each other uneasily, realizing they would have to strip naked in front of one another and these strange beings. Modesty and propriety were deeply ingrained in them, especially Holli. But there was no turning back now.

With shaking hands, Holli reached behind her neck and untied her sundress, letting the thin fabric slither down her curves to pool at her feet.

Sonny's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's body, clad only in skimpy lace panties and bra.

Holli's giant tits strained against the confines of her sexy bra, the oversized mounds threatening to spill out.

Her toned midriff led to gently flaring hips and an ass that even the most conservative underwear couldn't conceal the juicy shape of. She hesitated briefly before reaching back to unhook her bra.

Sonny felt all the blood rush to his cock as his mother's heavy tits tumbled free, the dusky pink nipples already hardening under his shocked gaze.

They were even more glorious than in his shameful fantasies, gigantic and full, capped with 4-inch wide areolas and nipples that begged to be sucked.

As Holli slid her panties down her long, freshly-shaved legs, Sonny drank in the sight of her neatly trimmed pussy, the plump lips barely concealing her intimate pink folds. He never imagined he'd see his own mother in such a lewd state of undress.

Holli fought the urge to cover herself, her face flushed with embarrassment and something more taboo as she felt her son's eyes raking over every inch of her nude body.

She watched as Sonny stripped off his own clothes, revealing his toned chest and abs.

But it was the sight of his huge, erect cock springing free from his boxers that made Holli's eyes widen in shock. Her baby boy was hugely hung, his thick, vein-encrusted shaft standing at attention with a flared purple head already weeping pre-cum. It was wreathed in a neatly groomed thatch of dark blond pubes.

Despite the clinical nature of their roles here, the sight of her son's powerful cock stirred something deep and primal in Holli's loins. Her pussy clenched and grew wet as she imagined that huge boner plowing into her, potent boy-seed pouring into her unprotected womb.

Holli and Sonny stepped onto the transference pad, their naked bodies tingling with nervous energy under the alien's watchful gaze.

The being approached with a sleek, silver device that looked both organic and mechanical.

"This will inject the necessary genetic material into your bodies," it explained calmly. "You may feel a momentary discomfort."

Holli gasped as the alien pressed the device against her neck, a sudden sharp pinch followed by a spreading warmth as the extraterrestrial DNA merged with her own. Beside her, Sonny grunted as he received the same injection, his impressive cock bobbing from the jolt.

The alien stepped back and activated the cloning sequence with a wave of its slender hand.

Holli and Sonny were engulfed in a shimmering blue light that seemed to penetrate every cell of their beings. They felt a bizarre stretching sensation, as if their consciousness was being pulled in a hundred directions at once.

When the light faded, Holli and Sonny found themselves standing in a massive chamber, surrounded by a sea of their own naked bodies. Row upon row of identical clones, perfect copies down to the last freckle and birthmark. Holli's titanic tits and voluptuous curves and Sonny's impressive manhood were replicated with uncanny precision.

But it wasn't like they had imagined. Rather than feeling disconnected from these copies, Holli and Sonny felt a profound psychic link to each one. It was as if their minds had been splintered and expanded, experiencing the thoughts and sensations of every clone simultaneously.

They could feel the clones' heartbeats, the air on their bare skin, the stirring of arousal in their loins as they eyed each other's replicated

nude forms. It was an overwhelming cascade of sensation that threatened to sweep away all reason and restraint.

Holli shuddered as she felt the effects of the alien DNA coursing through her clones' bodies. Their nipples hardened into aching points, their pussies growing hot and slick with a need more intense than anything she'd felt before.

Beside her, Sonny's clones sported massive erections, nearly ten-inches in length, their cocks throbbing with a potent, almost painful need for release.

The alien's voice echoed in their minds, transmitted telepathically. "Your consciousness has been quantum entangled with your duplicates," the alien explained. "While here in the ship, you will experience everything they do, every touch, every pleasure, every orgasm, as if you are living a hundred lives simultaneously."

Holli and Sonny looked at each other, their eyes mirrored a hundred times over in the faces of their clones. They could feel the desperate, all-consuming lust radiating from every copy.

As mom and son stood in stunned arousal amidst their naked clones, the chamber around them began to transform. The sterile metal walls shimmered and reformed into plush, yielding surfaces covered in velvety soft fabrics. Curves and undulations appeared, creating a landscape of

sensual hills and valleys perfectly contoured to entwine writhing bodies.

A throbbing, primal beat began to pulse through the room, seeming to match the racing heartbeats of the assembled copies. The rhythm was hypnotic, alien, yet strangely alluring, urging those who heard it to abandon inhibitions and give in to base desires.

Colored lights undulated in time with the erotic tempo, bathing the naked flesh in shades of deep red and rich purple. It created a cozy arena made for rutting.

From hidden vents, a fine mist began to spray, settling on the exposed skin of the clones in a glossy sheen. The lubricating oil was warm and slick, making every curve and ridge of the replicated bodies glisten invitingly. The fragrance of it permeated the air - musky, slightly sweet, and powerfully aphrodisiac.

Holli could feel it coating her heavy breasts, beading on her erect nipples before trailing down the side-slopes of her meaty mammaries.

The mist seemed to heighten every sensation, every nerve ending in their bodies now erotically charged and screaming for stimulation.

Holli's naked pussy lips were plumped and pouting, her engorged clit peeking from beneath its fleshy sheath. Oil mingling with her own copious fluids until her intimate folds were gleaming and ready.

Beside her, Sonny's magnificent cock was likewise coated, the imposing shaft throbbing in time with the beat as pearly beads of pre-cum drooled from the engorged crown.

All around them, the clones were falling under the same erotic spell. A chorus of moans and sighs rose as the assembled copies began to writhe and undulate, hands reaching to touch their own slick flesh or that of their neighbor.

Fingers plucked at jutting nipples, delved into molten clefts. Rigid cocks ground against voluptuous curves as the mass of identical bodies began to entwine.

And Holli and Sonny felt every caress, every grope, every tremor of ecstasy as the psychic link transmitted a hundred different sensual experiences back to them at once.

The pounding beat seemed to reverberate in their very bones, ancient and insistent, the siren song of lust drawing them into depraved indulgence.

The stage was set for the ultimate taboo, for mother and son to surrender to the unnatural imperative and mate in a cloned frenzy of incestuous passion.

The aliens watched from above, knowing the aphrodisiac mist and psychic link would overcome their reservations. It was only a matter of time before the orgy began in earnest.

Holli and Sonny stood transfixed at the center of the sensual whirlwind, their cloned bodies writhing around them in the throes of chemically-induced lust. The psychic link between

them and their copies crackled with erotic energy, an electrical storm of taboo desire building to a fever pitch.

Almost of their own volition, mother and son turned to face each other, their nude forms glistening with warm, fragrant oil.

Sonny's eyes roamed hungrily over his mother's voluptuous curves, her massive breasts heaving with each shuddering breath, her vulva plumped and ready, her thighs slick with the evidence of her arousal.

Holli likewise drank in the sight of her son's magnificent young body, his rock-hard abs flexing, the enormous stalk of his rigid penis jutting out from his loins, pulsing with need.

Like two oppositely charged forces, they crashed together, their mouths meeting in a searing kiss that defied all Earthly conventions of propriety. Lips ground together as jaws fell open, and their tongues speared out to meet in a slippery duel. But this was no ordinary French kiss.

The alien DNA now suffusing their bodies seemed to have altered their very physiology. Their tongues were longer, more flexible and dexterous. They coiled around each other like mating serpents, whipping and undulating in a dance of dominance.

Holli could feel her son's licker plunging impossibly deep into her mouth, as if it would dive straight down her throat. Her own oral muscle fought back, fencing with shocking speed and precision.

The pleasure was electric, sizzling along their psychic link to be amplified a hundredfold. Every flick and caress was an ecstatic revelation, a forbidden delight that battered down the crumbling walls of taboo.

Holli moaned into her son's mouth as she felt his hands roaming greedily across her oiled body, kneading her rounded ass cheeks, palming her heavy breasts.

Sonny growled low in his throat as his mother's slick thigh rode up to grind against his aching cock, her downy pubic mound kissing his own neatly trimmed base. The feel of her, the taste of her, was more intoxicating than the alien aphrodisiac. Pure, uninhibited incestuous bliss.

All around them, the clones were likewise falling together into erotic embraces, mother-son pairs writhing in forbidden ecstasy. The wet sounds of feverish kisses, the rhythmic slap of oiled flesh on flesh, rose in a carnal chorus in time with the pulsing beat. The air was thick with the musk of unleashed lust.

And at the center of it all, the original Holli and Sonny devoured each other, their probing tongues dueling in a slippery dance of dominance as their hands mapped the contours of each other's glistening bodies.

Sonny's rock-hard shaft throbbed against Holli's slick thigh as their passionate kiss intensified. Their unnaturally long, agile tongues

wrestled feverishly, plunging deep into each other's mouths in a lewd display of incestuous hunger.

Holli felt like her body was on fire, every nerve ending screaming with illicit need. Her massive tits mashed against Sonny's sweat-slicked chest as she ground herself wantonly against his muscled staff. Arousal poured from her aching pussy, coating her thighs.

"Oh God, Mom... I want you so bad," Sonny groaned, gripping Holli's juicy ass cheeks and pulling her harder against his throbbing dick. "I can't fight it anymore..."

"Then don't, baby," Holli gasped, her inhibitions obliterated by alien chemicals and overwhelming lust. "Fuck your mother. Fuck me with that huge cock!"

Sonny growled and lifted Holli effortlessly. She wrapped her strong, motherly legs around his hips as he carried her towards a plush mound in the floor, their mouths still locked in a feverish tangle of tongues.

He laid her down on the satin surface, hovering over her in disbelief that this was actually happening. He didn't dare pinch himself in case he was merely dreaming.

Holli looked up at her son with glazed, lust-drunk eyes. Her body ached to be filled by him. She reached down and gripped his massive cock, guiding it to her dripping entrance. The spongy head nudged against her swollen lips, searing hot and throbbing with need.

"Give it to me, Sonny," she panted, undulating her hips. "Shove that big dick in Mommy's hungry cunt. I need it so bad!"

With a guttural groan, Sonny thrust forward, impaling his mother in one merciless stroke.

Holli screamed as she was stretched impossibly wide, her son's thick cock plundering her aching depths. How could her young, virgin son have a baby-maker that was bigger than anything she'd ever taken before?

"FUCK! Oh mom, you're so tight!" Sonny gasped, hilting himself balls deep in his mom's slick sheath. "Unnhh, I'm gonna fuck you so hard..."

Normally his mom would scold him for using such ungodly words, but not today.

The boy began to move, sawing his huge shaft in and out of Holli's spasming pussy. The wet sounds of their forbidden coupling echoed obscenely through the chamber. All around them, their clones were similarly engaged, a mass of sweating, rutting bodies lost in incestuous rapture.

Holli cried out mindlessly as Sonny pounded into her. His swollen cock head battering her cervix with every frenzied thrust and his plump balls beat wetly against the crinkled pink ring of her asshole. Her cunt clenched greedily around him, slick walls rippling along his pistoning length.

Thanks to the alien technology psychically linking Holli and Sonny to their many naked clones, the forbidden pleasure of their coupling was amplified a hundredfold, rebounding through their consciousness in an overwhelming cascade of incestuous sensation.

As Holli lay pinned beneath her son's powerful body, his massive cock plundering her aching cunt with merciless strokes, she could feel what every single one of her voluptuous copies was experiencing simultaneously. It was as if a hundred hard, virile cocks were pounding into her greedy holes at once, stretching and filling her beyond all earthly limits.

She could feel Sonny's thick shaft sawing into her slick channel, at the same time she felt ninety-nine identical rods slamming into her other selves. A century of sons mounting and breeding their wanton mothers in a frenzy of ultimate taboo.

The psychic overload of being so thoroughly fucked by so many cocks, by her own offspring no less, sent Holli's senses reeling. Her nipples throbbed, her clit pulsed, her molten sheath clenched and rippled in a continuous series of mind-blowing orgasms.

"Oh fuck...oh God Sonny... it's too much!" she wailed, writhing in ecstasy beneath him as her overloaded pussy spasmed uncontrollably. "I...I can feel all of you in me... fucking me... AHHH!"

Sonny was similarly inundated with sensory input, feeling not only the sublime grip of his mother's cunt milking his tender cock, but those of ninety-nine other copies, all simultaneously sheathing his throbbing meat to the hilt. It was like plunging his aching dick into a hundred glorious cunts at once, all hot and wet and hungry for his cum.

"Holy shit Mom... I'm fucking all of you..." he grunted savagely, snapping his hips up and down faster, the sweaty slap of his groin against hers obscenely loud. "Gonna cum so hard... breed you all..."

All around them, their clones rutted with equal fervor, the wet sounds of flesh pounding flesh, of orgasmic cries and grunts of pleasure, blending into a depraved symphony. An incestuous orgy of epic proportions, mother and son mating in a sea of their own naked bodies.

As Holli and Sonny spiraled helplessly towards the perverted peak, fucked senseless by the combined sensations of a hundred forbidden couplings, the aliens watched in approval, knowing their repopulation efforts were well underway.

As Sonny's huge cock continued to piston in and out of his mother's tight cunt, he couldn't believe how good it felt. It was everything his masturbatory dreams had always promised and more.

Holli's voluptuous body felt incredible wrapped around his own, her generous curves molding to him like they were made for each other. Her strong, silky legs were locked around his back, pulling him even deeper with each savage thrust, her heels digging into his ass as she urged him on.

The teen groaned rapturously as the taboo sensations of fucking his own mother coursed through him. His balls slapped against her puckered ass-lips with each brutal thrust, her fleshy cheeks rippling upon impact. The knowledge that they were now a part of something much

larger than themselves, their union being used to repopulate a dying alien race, only heightened the forbidden thrill.

Holli's heavy titties bounced wantonly with each powerful stroke, her hard, fat nipples grazing against Sonny's chest as they rutted. His hands roughly kneaded her bouncing tits, squeezing and twisting them without mercy, eliciting guttural moans of pleasure from his mother's painted lips.

Their eyes locked in a fevered gaze, the unspoken understanding between them clear: there was no going back from this twisted carnal encounter. Their bodies were now bound not only by genetics but by the alien forces that had brought them here. And despite the wrongness of their actions, all they could think about was how good it felt - how right it felt - to be joined so intimately with their own flesh and blood.

As Sonny picked up the pace even further, on the cusbrink of climax, he knew their first shared orgasm in this alien chamber would only be the first of many. They would carry out their perverse duty to its fullest extent, entwined in each other's arms... and legs... until they

were spent, their bodies slick with sweat and alien cum. The thought sent shivers down both Holli and Sonny's spines as they hurtled towards an explosive release.

Holli and Sonny's bodies, suffused with alien DNA, had transformed into vessels of pure erotic bliss, every nerve ending firing with otherworldly ecstasy as they rutted in

carnal abandon. The changes were most pronounced in their straining sexes, now evolved into tools of supreme pleasure.

Sonny's cock had swollen to truly prodigious proportions, veins bulging obscenely along the throbbing shaft. The broad head flared to an impossible girth, ridged and ultra-sensitive, weeping copious amounts of slick pre-cum.

As it pummeled in and out of his mother's clasping sheath, it sparked rapturous shockwaves that radiated through his whole body.

Holli's pussy in turn had blossomed into a marvel of sensual delights. Puffy folds engorged and glistening, her labial lips parted wantonly to welcome her son's enhanced cock.

Her clit pulsed, swollen to the size of a ripe cherry, buzzing with a pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. Slick, corrugated walls rippled and clenched, molding perfectly to Sonny's plundering shaft, milking him with a skill beyond human.

As the incestuous couple spiraled higher on the alien alterations, their movements became a blur of swiveling hips and grasping limbs.

Holli threw her head back and keened, her giant boobs bouncing wildly as Sonny pounded into her with inhuman vigor. Their bodies were no longer entirely their own, but rather instruments in an erotic symphony conducted by extraterrestrial desire.

The wet slap of flesh on flesh and the guttural moans of mother and son mingled with the chorus of ecstasy emanating from their writhing clones. The psychic link binding them all amplified every obscene sensation, building to a crescendo of ultimate rapture.

Holli and her boy clung to each other desperately as the tide of illicit pleasure threatened to sweep them away entirely.

Sonny could feel his alien-enhanced balls drawing up, swollen and churning with a massive load of hyper-virile cum. The need to flood his mother's womb was overwhelming, an imperative driven by something beyond his own base lust.

Holli sensed it too, her transformed pussy clenching hungrily, ready to milk her son of his forbidden seed.

"Fuck, Mom!" Sonny roared, jackhammering into her with wild abandon. "Gonna cum so hard in you... breed you so fucking deep!"

"Yes! Do it baby!" Holli wailed, tossing her head wildly as her pussy spasmed. "Fill Mommy up! Knock me up with your baby!"

As Holli and Sonny reached the peak of their forbidden coupling, their alien-enhanced bodies convulsed in an otherworldly explosion of shared ecstasy.

Sonny's massive cock swelled impossibly larger before erupting like a geyser deep inside his mother's spasming pussy. Gouts of impossibly thick, hyper-virile cum blasted

from his tip in powerful jets, flooding Holli's womb with potent seed.

Each spurt felt like molten lava searing through his shaft, a pleasure bordering on pain as his balls emptied in a seemingly endless torrent. The sheer volume was staggering, far beyond anything a human male could produce, Holli's flat belly visibly bulging outward as her son's cum pumped into her relentlessly.

The busty mother screamed, a primal, animalistic sound of pure rapture as her transformed cunt clenched like a silken vise around Sonny's erupting cock.

Her juiced gushed in a hot slick flood, drenching his groin as her internal muscles rippled and milked him for all he was worth. Her womb welcomed his seed hungrily, an eager receptacle for the alien-enhanced sperm now painting her insides white.

The psychic link binding mother and son to their clones amplified the intensity a hundredfold. Sonny could feel himself cumming in each Holli with the force of a raging tsunami, just as each Holli could feel herself being bred and seeded over and over in an endless loop of ecstasy. The pleasure crashed through their synapses, whiting out all thought, all reason, leaving only the primal imperative to fuck and breed.

All around the chamber, copies of mother and son bucked and writhed in the throes of a simultaneous eruption. Sonny's clones pumped their massive loads into the

quivering cunts of Holli's copies, the wet sounds of their mutual orgasms blending into a depraved, squelching chorus.

Seed overflowed in obscene amounts, painting inner thighs and asses with ropy strands of alien-enhanced jizz.

The air grew thick with the heady musk of sex, punctuated by the wanton cries of a hundred orgasming mothers being filled to overflowing by their sons' forbidden cum. It was a twisted vision of debauchery that would shock and appall any human sensibility. But here, in this alien vessel, it was a sacred rite - the consummation of an unholy pact to create new life through the most taboo of acts.

As the shared climax finally crested and ebbed, leaving Holli, Sonny and their many copies gasping and twitching in the aftershocks, the watching aliens looked on in satisfaction.

The first step in their grand design was complete. The seeds of a new race had been planted in the most forbidden of soils.

The rapturous afterglow of Holli and Sonny's explosive alien-enhanced coupling lasted an astonishingly long time, their hyper-sensitized bodies trembling and jerking with residual orgasmic contractions for nearly an hour after the main event.

The cloned mothers and sons lay entangled in the slick, cum-splattered chamber, gasping and marveling at the intensity of what they had just experienced together.

Eventually, the copies began to disentangle and separate, as if following some unspoken cue. The naked Holli clones gathered together, boobs bobbling, their voluptuous bodies glistening with sweat and seed.

Likewise, the Sonny duplicates moved to congregate with each other, their muscular physiques equally shiny and cum-streaked, their massive cocks still half-tumescent.

As the doppelgangers split into two distinct groups, it was almost like a surreal post-coital mixer, as if they were teens at some debauched school dance. The atmosphere practically hummed with sated lust and incredulous euphoria.

The Hollis began to chatter excitedly amongst themselves, unabashedly comparing notes on their sons' mind-blowing performances:

"Oh my god, did you feel the size of them? I've never been stretched so deliciously!"

"And the stamina! Pounding away like tireless machines!"

"Those boys wrecked our pussies! I don't think I'll walk straight for a week!"

"If I told the women at church about this they'd think I was possessed by the devil himself!"

Peals of almost girlish laughter rang out from the naked MILFs as they gleefully recounted the details of being so thoroughly used and bred by their superhuman offspring.

There was no shame or revulsion, only glowing pride and perverse satisfaction.

The Sonnys, meanwhile, were engaging in similar locker room talk, boasting to each other about their mind-blowing conquests:

"Dude, did you feel how tight Mom was? Like a fucking silken vise on our cocks!"

"The way she was thrashing and screaming...shit, we fucked her senseless!"

Sonny thought it was totally weird but cool talking to clones of himself.

"I'm Pretty sure we knocked them up a hundred times over with those monster loads!" he added.

Hearty back slaps and macho laughter punctuated the boys' crass commentary as they reveled in the twisted glory of having so utterly dominated their own mothers. The taboo of it only heightened their jubilation.

In the midst of all the raunchy celebratory chatter, the original Holli and Sonny found each other's gaze across the room. Their eyes locked, sharing a look of sated bliss, perverse pride, and a touch of awe at the utter depravity of what had just transpired between them and their many copies. A hundred incestuous unions, all psychically linked, blurred into one overwhelming supernova of ecstasy.

The crowd of Holli clones sauntered over to the group of Sonnys, their luscious nude bodies swaying seductively. With uncanny synchronicity, they reached into the cluster of young studs and plucked out the original Sonny, their manicured hands roaming possessively over his sweat-slicked muscles.

Giggling wickedly, the army of MILFs pulled Sonny to the center of the chamber, pushing him down onto the plush floor.

In an instant, he was engulfed in a sea of warm, slippery female flesh as dozens of voluptuous bodies pressed against him from all sides.

Eager hands and mouths descended upon Sonny's prone form, worshipping every inch of his exposed skin.

Soft, pillowy tits smothered his face, his chest, his groin, surrounding him in a erotic world of cleavage. Long, dexterous tongues lapped at his nipples, his abs, his balls, leaving glistening trails of saliva in their wake.

Sonny groaned in overwhelmed bliss as he was lavished with sensual attention from the horde of lustful moms. He groped and squeezed at the abundant titflesh pressing in on him, his hands sinking into the pliant mounds. Stiff nipples scraped deliciously against his palms.

The Hollis purred and moaned as they ground their heavy breasts against their son's taut body, painting him with their arousal.

Their hungry pussies rubbed slickly against his thighs, his hips, leaving streaks of nectar on his skin. It was as if they were trying to mark him with their scent, to claim him as their personal stud.

Sonny's newly enhanced cock began to stiffen again, lengthening and thickening against his belly as the sensual assault continued. The Hollis cooed in delight at his body's swift recovery, their fingers dancing teasingly along the sinewy shaft.

"Mmm, look who's ready for round two already," one of the MILFs purred, stroking his bulging cockhead. "Such a virile young buck, aren't you baby?"

"Mommy's perfect little breeding stud," another crooned, lapping at his balls. "Built to fuck us over and over again."

Lost in a churning sea of incestuous lust, Sonny could only groan and thrust his hips up into the slippery tangle of caressing hands and bodies.

The clones' ripe, lush curves molded against him like hot silk, soft in some places, firm in others, but all of it feminine perfection.

The Hollis' ministrations grew more focused, more purposeful, as they zeroed in on Sonny's pulsing erection. Several of them pressed their huge breasts together around his shaft, forming a hot, plush channel of cleavage.

The fine lubricating mist that had coated everyone's bodies made the mom clones' cleavages deliciously slippery as they

pressed their huge breasts together around Sonny's throbbing shaft.

The boy groaned in ecstasy as he began to thrust his hips, fucking his engorged cock through the hot, plush channels of tit-flesh engulfing him from all sides.

"That's it baby, fuck Mommy's big tits," one of the Hollis cooed, rubbing her slick nipples against the tip of Sonny's cock as it poked through her cleavage. "Paint us with your pre-cum."

"My turn, my turn!" another MILF whined eagerly, squeezing her own bountiful rack tighter around Sonny's jutting shaft. "I wanna feel him throbbing between my tits too!"

The original Holli looked on with perverse pride and arousal as she watched her doppelgangers worship her son's magnificent cock with their bodies. Her own massive breasts heaved with excitement, the nipples diamond-hard points begging for attention.

Directing her copies like an obscene orchestra conductor, she purred out instructions. "Mmm yes, suck on his balls, get them nice and wet. Lick up the shaft, all the way to the tip. Taste that yummy pre-cum."

The mommy clones obeyed their original's commands with relish, their hot mouths descending on Sonny's lower body in a frenzy of licking and sucking.

Agile, overly-long tongues slurped all over his pulsing cock and swollen balls, lapping up his musky essence. Plump lips

wrapped around the bulbous head, slurping up his flowing pre-cum as if it were the finest nectar.

Sonny writhed and bucked in absolute bliss, drowning in a sea of slick, sucking female flesh. The combined sensations of so many tits, tongues and lips lavishing every inch of his huge dick was driving him wild with lust. He fisted his hands in the Hollis' silky hair, forcing their faces deeper into his groin.

"Fuck...oh god Mom...Mommies...don't stop!" he babbled deliriously, his enhanced cock pulsing and throbbing uncontrollably. The pressure in his alien-augmented balls was building to a fever pitch, ready to explode.

The original Holli knelt beside her son's head, cupping his face tenderly even as she leered at him with wanton hunger. "You love it, don't you baby? Having all these versions of Mom worshipping this big beautiful cock, making you feel so good."

She lowered her head to kiss Sonny sloppily, their serpentine tongues twining in an obscene dance and he could taste his own pre-cum on her lips.

As the minutes stretched into an hour, Sonny's body was subjected to a relentless onslaught of sensual pleasure from the army of moms. Every inch of his taut, muscular form was lavished with attention by hundreds of eager mouths and hands.

Hot, wet tongues lapped hungrily at his aching balls, tracing every curve and crease, worshipping the swollen orbs that churned with a massive impending load.

Lush lips wrapped around the base of his enormous shaft, suckling and slurping, as other mouths engulfed the sensitive head, curling around the crown and tonguing his weeping slit.

The teen's nipples were nibbled and suckled to aching stiffness, the buds tugged between sharp teeth and soothed by soft lips until they throbbed. Deft fingers pinched and rolled the tender nubs, sending electric tingles straight to his straining cock.

Further down, more Holli copies licked and kissed their way along the boy's powerfully flexing thighs and calves, their agile tongues tracing the cut of his muscles.

Delicate ankles were nibbled, the arches of his feet tickled by fluttering licks. Even his toes were not spared, each digit lewdly suckled as if in promise of what other parts could be similarly engulfed.

Back up at his groin, Sonny's pre-cum flowed like a leaky faucet, the steady dribble eagerly lapped up by the MILF horde.

They moaned in appreciation at the salty-sweet taste of his essence, a preview of the massive load they were coaxing from his alien-enhanced balls.

Meanwhile, Sonny greedily feasted on the seemingly endless array of huge, luscious tits smothering him from above.

His lips latched onto one fat, crinkled nipple after another, suckling ravenously, drawing the sensitive buds into the hot cavern of his mouth until his lips were stretch nearly to the fringes of her areola. He alternated between nursing like a greedy babe and nibbling with his teeth, spurred on by the needy mewls of each mom.

As the hour progressed, Sonny felt the pressure in his balls ratcheting up to an almost painful intensity. Each suckle and slurp and lick from his mom's copies stoked the fire in his loins, causing his huge cock to swell and throb ever more insistently. His scrotum tightened, the skin stretching drum-tight over his engorged, churning testicles.

The original Holli smiled wickedly as she watched her son's body tensing, knowing he was on the brink of a truly earth-shattering orgasm. She could sense through their link how the combined oral worship of her copies had pushed him to the very limits of his superhuman endurance.

Over the next several hours, the army of insatiable Holli clones took turns mounting Sonny's gigantic, alien-enhanced cock, riding him with wild abandon.

One after another, they impaled their dripping pussies on his towering shaft, their voluptuous bodies undulating sensually as they worked themselves up and down his incredible length.

Sonny was lost in a world of exquisite sensation as he was engulfed over and over by the hot, clasping cunts of the MILF horde.

He watched in awe as their massive, jiggling tits bounced and swayed hypnotically above him with each energetic thrust. The heavy, milk-filled globes slapped against his chest and neck, beating a lewd tattoo on his sweat-slicked skin.

Each Holli copy rode Sonny to a screaming, shuddering climax, their pussies clenching and rippling wildly around his pistoning shaft as they came. A nearly endless flow of girl-cum ran down the trench where his balls met his thighs, pooling on the cushy surface below them.

Their fluttering inner muscles milked him relentlessly, coaxing the seed from his alien-enhanced balls with an unnatural hunger.

Sonny felt his own orgasms cresting again and again, his hips surging up to meet the downward plunge of each Holli's cunt.

Gouts of hot, viscous cum erupted from the tip of his cock, flooding the quivering depths of one pussy after another. Each massive spurt felt like it was draining his very life essence, so powerful were his ejaculations.

And yet, miraculously, Sonny's balls never emptied. No sooner had he pumped a huge load into one of the Holli clones than he felt his sack growing heavy and full once

again, fresh seed churning within the swollen orbs as if by magic.

It was as if his body was being replenished as quickly as he was pouring out his essence, an endless cycle of breeding and renewal.

The moms screamed in utter bliss as they were filled to overflowing with Sonny's enhanced sperm, their bellies visibly distending from the sheer volume.

Pearly rivulets oozed from their stretched cunts, coating their thighs and Sonny's groin with the slippery evidence of their unholy union. The scent of sex grew overpowering, a miasma of musk and cum and feminine arousal.

Plump lips stretched in feverish smiles as the Hollis felt Sonny's huge load taking root in their fertile bodies, the alien DNA sparking the

beginnings of new life in their wombs.

As Sonny lay exhausted and panting from servicing the endless queue of mom clones, he sensed a shift in the energetic atmosphere of the room. The copies seemed to part like a fleshy sea, revealing his original mother standing before him, her expression one of pure, unadulterated lust.

Holli's eyes sparkled with a wicked, knowing gleam as she sauntered towards her supine son. Her massive breasts swayed heavily with each step, the jutting nipples flushed and erect. Slick nectar dripped from her engorged pussy lips, coating her inner thighs with her arousal.

Sonny felt his alien-enhanced cock lurch back to full, towering erection as he watched his mother approach.

The organ was a thing of pulsing, purple-veined beauty, the flared head glistening with a mixture of his previous ejaculate and the copious juices of the MILF horde he had just finished fucking.

As Holli reached her son, she wasted no time in straddling his hips, her slick vulva hovering mere inches above the bulbous tip of his member. Her dangling udders bumped his wonder-filled face as he stared straight up the expansive canyon of her cleavage.

The mother reached down to grasp the huge shaft, marveling anew at its sheer size and heft. Her fingers could barely encircle its girth.

With a depraved grin, Holli notched the broad crown of Sonny's cock against her drooling opening. The touch of his enhanced cockflesh against her ultra-sensitive folds drew a sharp gasp from her throat. Electric tingles raced through her swollen labia and up to her throbbing clit.

Sonny groaned as he felt his aching cock poised at the gateway of his mother's searing heat. Her seething pussy radiated an intense

warmth, as if the very core of her being was molten with need. Frothy cream oozed from her twitching hole, bathing his glans in her essence.

With a rapturous cry, Holli sank down onto her boy's gigantic phallus, her gushing cunt swallowing him to the hilt in one fluid motion.

Their alien-enhanced genitalia slotted together like lock and key, two halves of a carnal whole. It was as if their sexes had been specifically designed to mate with each other.

As Sonny hilted inside his mother's tight, rippling sheath, he marveled at the exquisite friction of their joining. Her plump pussy lips stretched obscenely and mashed against his thick cock-root, her vaginal walls clinging to every ridge and vein. Her fluttering inner muscles massaged him from tip to base, undulating along his length like a thousand tiny tongues.

Holli threw back her head and keened in ecstasy as she began to rock and grind on Sonny's superhuman cock.

As she rode her teen's massive alien rod with wild abandon, she felt an intense new sensation building deep within her spasming vaginal walls. It was as if Sonny's shaft was shifting and changing inside her, growing even more textured and stimulating with each thrust.

Glancing down to where they were lewdly joined, Holli gasped in shock and arousal at what she saw. The skin of Sonny's enormous phallus seemed to be rippling and reforming before her very eyes. Pronounced, fleshy ridges began to appear along the entire length of his towering shaft, growing thicker and more defined with each passing second.

The newly formed ribs were spaced at regular intervals, each one flaring out from the main trunk of Sonny's cock like the fins of some erotic sea creature.

They were positioned at the perfect angle and spacing to rake deliciously against the front wall of Holli's vagina with every pump of her son's hips.

As the mother continued to grind herself down onto Sonny's mutated member, the ribs slotting into her clasping sheath with obscene perfection, she felt them begin to undulate and twist of their own accord. Each ridge seemed to come alive against her ultra-sensitive walls, writhing and wriggling as if possessed by a mind of its own.

Holli shrieked in overwhelming ecstasy as the mobile ribs began to stroke and stimulate her g-spot with unerring accuracy. The dense bundle of nerves was rubbed and massaged relentlessly, sparking off a series of toe-curling, spine-melting orgasms that crashed over the voluptuous MILF in rapid succession.

Clear female ejaculate gushed from Holli's spasming cunt in a pulsing geyser, splattering against her son's groin and coating his rippling shaft in her nectar.

Her eyes rolled back in their sockets from the sheer intensity of her release, her mouth frozen open in a silent scream of rapture.

But the pleasure didn't stop there. As Holli shuddered and twitched, impaled on her son's ribbed cock, she felt the base

of his shaft begin to swell and bulge against her stretched pussy lips. A fat, oval knot began to inflate just above Sonny's heavy balls, growing rapidly in size until it was as large as a ripe orange.

With a lewd squelch, the bulbous knot popped past the resistance of Holli's opening, stretching her impossibly wide as it locked Sonny's mutated cock deep inside her convulsing cunt.

Holli's titties shuddered as she wailed in a mixture of pain and pleasure as she was knotted like a bitch in heat, her son's cum-tank

plugging her so thoroughly that not a single drop of his impending load would escape.

The boy grunted and snarled beneath his mother as he felt his alien-enhanced balls seize up, preparing to unleash a deluge of hyper-virile seed. The sensation of being knotted so deeply inside Holli's rippling cunt, combined with the relentless milking of his ribbed shaft, pushed him to the very brink of eruption.

With a bestial roar, Sonny arched his back and came harder than he ever had before. His bloated cock jerked and pulsed violently within the clasping confines of his mother's pussy, each spastic twitch accompanied by an explosive gush of sperm-rich semen.

Thick, ropy strands of pearlescent cum geysered from the meatus of his knob, painting Holli's spasming cervix and womb with his essence. The sheer volume and force of his

ejaculation was staggering, as if a high-pressure hose was pumping gallons of jizz directly into her fertile depths.

Holli shrieked in utter bliss as she felt her son's enhanced load flooding her insides, the deluge of sperm triggering yet another earth-shattering orgasm.

Her cunt clamped down around Sonny's knotted cock like a velvet vise, the muscular contractions milking him for every precious drop.

Sonny's ribbed shaft continued to undulate and twist within Holli's shuddering sheath, stroking her inner walls in a frenzy of sensation even as he emptied his balls into her ravenous womb.

The autonomous ridges seemed to have a mind of their own, wringing orgasm after shattering orgasm from her quivering form. Ejaculatory juices spewed out from between their tightly-fused genitals, making their crotches soaking wet.

Mother and son writhed together in the throes of the most intense mutual climax imaginable, their aliens bodies lost in a feedback loop of unimaginable ecstasy. The psychic link between them flared incandescently, transmitting each exquisite sensation back and forth until the pleasure blurred into a single overwhelming whole.

Around them, the masses of Holli and Sonny clones rutted with renewed frenzy, driven to even greater heights of depravity by the sight of the original pair's coupling.

Wet slaps and obscene squelches melded with keening wails and guttural groans, a symphony of incestuous rapture that rose to a crescendo.

As the last shuddering pulses of Sonny's orgasm subsided, leaving him and his mom gasping and twitching in the aftermath, a sense of deep satisfaction suffused their pleasure-fogged minds. They had fulfilled their ultimate purpose, engaging in the most forbidden act to breathe new life into a dying alien race.

With Sonny's enhanced cock still buried deep inside her, knotting them together as his seed continued to pump into her womb, Holli collapsed onto her son's heaving chest. Their sweat-slicked bodies pressed flush together, her heavy breasts flattening against his pecs as they both gasped for air.

Gazing down at her son with lust-drunk eyes, Holli cupped his face tenderly and brought her lips to his in a deep, soulful kiss. There was no trace of motherly affection in the intimate act, only pure carnal passion.

Their alien-enhanced tongues tangled lewdly, slick muscles undulating against each other just like Sonny's still-ribbed shaft pulsed inside Holli's twitching sheath.

As they kissed, Holli began to slowly undulate her hips, grinding her pussy in slow circles on Sonny's groin. She delighted in the way his

freakish cock stirred her sensitive inner walls, the textured surface stroking her in all the right places.

Her fingertips traced worshipfully across his shoulders and down his biceps, savoring the iron-hard bulge of his muscles.

Sonny growled into his mother's mouth as he felt her silken walls ripple along his aching length. His hands slid down the smooth expanse of her back to palm the round globes of her ass, kneading the pliant flesh.

He used his grip to guide her motions, encouraging her to rock faster and harder on his still-erect shaft.

Lost in their own world of incestuous bliss, Holli and Sonny made out passionately, their lips and tongues never parting as they savored the forbidden closeness. The taboo nature of the act only heightened their arousal, the illicit thrill of mother and son joining in the most primal way possible.

All around the intertwined pair, the chamber was a roiling sea of writhing bodies as the mother and son clones continued to rut with wild abandon. An orgy of staggering proportions unfolded as far as the eye could see - a hundred versions of the same couple straining and bucking, their nude forms glistening with sweat and sexual fluids.

The Holli copies screamed their ecstasy to the rafters as they were impaled on rigid cocks over and over, their bountiful tits heaving and jiggling with each powerful thrust.

The Sonny duplicates grunted and snarled like beasts as they plowed into sopping wet cunts, their powerful hips pistoning in a relentless rhythm.

Wet slaps and lewd squelches filled the air, punctuated by keening wails and guttural groans of pleasure. The pervasive scent of sex

was overpowering, a miasma of musk and cum and womanly arousal.

As Holli and Sonny continued their passionate, taboo lovemaking amidst the sea of rutting clones, a sudden shift occurred in the atmosphere of the chamber. The aliens, observing the orgy from their hidden vantage point, made a subtle adjustment to the ship's internal pressure controls.

Within moments, the gravity inside the vast room began to lessen, the writhing bodies of the mother-son couples growing lighter and more buoyant with each passing second.

Gradually, the pairs began to lift off the slick floor, rising into the air as if pulled by invisible strings.

Holli gasped in surprise as she felt herself and Sonny slowly ascending, his still-erect cock stirring deliciously inside her as they floated upwards.

All around them, the other couples were likewise rising from the tangled mass of limbs, their nude forms drifting apart only to crash back together in slow motion.

Soon, the entire chamber was filled with lazily spinning bodies engaged in a surreal, zero-gravity orgy. Couples tumbled and twisted in midair, their movements graceful and dreamlike as they continued to fuck with wild abandon.

Cocks pumped in and out of dripping cunts, the thrusts languid and fluid without the constraints of gravity.

Holli moaned in ecstasy as Sonny's ribbed shaft stroked her sensitive walls from new and exciting angles, the weightless environment allowing for positions that would be impossible on Earth.

She wrapped her long, powerful legs around his hips, ankles locking at the small of his back as she undulated against him in slow, sinuous waves.

Sonny groaned in bliss as he felt his mother's cunt rippling along his length, the alternating sensation of her molten heat and the cool, recycled air of the chamber driving him wild.

His hands roamed greedily over her voluptuous body, palming and kneading her heavy, spongy breasts as they floated and bobbed before his face.

Globs of pearlescent cum drifted lazily through the air, expelled from quivering pussies only to splatter onto heaving chests and writhing backs in erotic abstract patterns. Strands of viscous saliva connected panting mouths like gossamer threads as tongues tangled wetly in deep, soulful kisses.

Moans and cries of rapture echoed strangely in the altered environment, the sounds muffled and distorted as if underwater.

The wet slap of flesh on flesh was similarly subdued, lending an almost dreamlike quality to the debauched proceedings.

Holli arched her back as Sonny's cock dragged across her G-spot, the thick ribs stimulating the sensitive bundle of nerves in dizzying new ways. Her nails raked down his flexing back, leaving scarlet furrows in their wake as she urged him on with wordless cries of ecstasy.

Back on Earth, Holli's husband yawned and glanced at the clock, noting how late it had gotten. He assumed his wife and son must have decided to stop for the night at a hotel on their drive back home, rather than push through the darkness.

Fluffing his pillow, he settled into bed, his mind at ease. In his wildest dreams, he could never have imagined the truth of their

whereabouts or activities.

High above the Earth's atmosphere, in the strange alien vessel, hundreds of exact copies of his wife and son floated weightlessly, their nude bodies entwined in a zero-gravity orgy of staggering proportions.

Free from the constraints of gravity, the clones spun and writhed in a languid dance of depravity, their limbs entangled as they coupled in every conceivable position. Incestuous passion played out in slow motion as mother and son devoured each other again and again.

Holli's lush curves undulated sensuously as she wrapped herself around her boy, her massive breasts molding against

his muscular chest. They kissed ravenously, their alien-enhanced tongues slithering and probing in a lewd ballet.

Sonny's gigantic cock, an organ that now seemed to defy human proportions, throbbed and pulsed as it plunged into his mother's dripping pussy over and over. The ribbed surface of his shaft rippled and stroked Holli's clenching walls, wringing screams of ecstasy from her throat.

Globs of pearly cum and feminine juices drifted lazily in the zero-G environment, the sexual fluids collecting in obscene floating pools. The Holli and Sonny clones paid no mind, lost as they were in the throes of their alien-enhanced mating frenzy.

Moans and gasps of pleasure echoed off the curving walls of the chamber, melding into a symphony of incestuous rapture. The psychic link binding the original pair to their copies sizzled with transmitted ecstasy, an endless feedback loop of taboo sensations.

For Holli's husband, slumbering peacefully back in his suburban bedroom, this sordid scene playing out in the heavens above was the stuff of unimaginable fantasy. The idea that his prim, proper wife

and strapping young son could be capable of such base depravities was so far beyond the realm of possibility as to be laughable.

Little did he know that his once wholesome family would be forever altered by this cosmic encounter, the ripples of which would soon be felt back on Earth.

As he drifted off to sleep, blissfully unaware, his spouse and child rutted with wild abandon amongst the stars, their bodies now the incubators for a new alien race.

Suspended weightlessly in the zero-gravity chamber, Holli and Sonny clung to each other desperately as they hurtled toward a mind-shattering mutual climax. Their alien-enhanced bodies undulated in sensual harmony, muscles flexing and flesh rippling with each powerful thrust.

Holli keened in rapture as she felt her teenager's ribbed cock pulsing within her molten depths, the textured shaft stroking her quivering walls in all the right places.

Her gigantic milkers heaved and bounced as she rode her son with wild abandon, the engorged nipples dragging deliciously across his sweat-slick chest.

Sonny groaned gutturally as his bloated balls drew tight, preparing to unleash a deluge of hyper-virile seed into his mother's eager womb. The feel of her clenching sheath milking his shaft was indescribable, a pleasure beyond anything he had ever known.

With a primal howl, Sonny arched his back and erupted, his gargantuan cock jerking and spurting as it disgorged a massive load directly into Holli's spasming cunt. Thick ropes of pearlescent cum geysered from the tip, painting his mother's rippling cervix with potent alien seed.

At the same time, Holli wailed in ecstasy as her own orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave. Her pussy convulsed

wildly, the muscular contractions wringing every drop of cum from her son's pulsating shaft.

Clear feminine ejaculate gushed from her stretched hole, intermingling with Sonny's spunk in a lewd cocktail.

In the zero-G environment, their blended juices didn't simply leak out, but rather exploded from their conjoined genitals in a shimmering spray, floating around them in obscene globules. Pearly strands of cum drifted lazily, clinging to heaving flesh and matted pubic hair like erotic tinsel.

Holli and Sonny shuddered and bucked, their bodies wracked by the sheer intensity of their shared climax. Every nerve ending sizzled with pleasure, their very blood feeling as though it were carbonated with erotic bliss.

The incestuous depravity of their union only heightened the experience, taboo rapture multiplying the sensation beyond measure.

Around them, the hordes of Holli and Sonny clones were lost in similar throes of ecstasy, their bodies writhing and undulating as they fucked with reckless abandon. The chamber was awash in spinning naked forms, a slow-motion ballet of otherworldly perversion.

Sonny's alien-enhanced cock remained firmly lodged inside Holli's quivering pussy, the swollen knot at the base keeping them intimately joined even as the final shockwaves of their shared orgasm began to ebb.

His shaft twitched and pulsed within her, each minute movement accompanied by the spurt of a few more pearly drops of cum into

her well-seeded womb.

Holli panted against Sonny's glistening chest, feeling deliciously stretched and filled by his unearthly member. The sensation of being plugged so completely, his spongy head kissing her cervix, made her shudder with illicit aftershocks of pleasure. She never wanted this moment of forbidden closeness to end.

But their post-coital bliss was suddenly interrupted as dozens of strong hands grasped Holli's voluptuous body, prying her away from her son's embrace.

The Sonny clones had descended upon the original pair, their handsome faces twisted with dark, depraved intent.

With a wet, obscene pop, Sonny's knotted cock was yanked free of Holli's clinging sheath, a lewd gush of cum following in its wake.

Holli cried out at the abrupt emptiness, her pussy gaping and twitching, oozing rivulets of pearly fluid.

Before she could react, the Sonny copies swarmed her floating form, their muscular bodies pressing in from all sides. Cocks of truly prodigious size, all perfect replicas of her son's alien-enhanced organ, bobbed and twitched before her widening eyes. Drops of pre-cum beaded at the engorged tips, betraying the clones' skyrocketing arousal.

Meanwhile, Sonny found himself similarly beset by the voracious motherly clones, their lush, bountiful curves undulating hypnotically as they converged on his helplessly drifting body. Massive breasts, swollen and heavy, swayed mere inches from his face, the jutting nipples flushed and erect with need.

In a matter of moments, the floating orgy had reformed into two massive, writhing sex-spheres, the participants' bodies interlocked in a shadowy tangle of straining limbs and gyrating hips.

The Sonny clones surrounded Holli, their rampant erections prodding and rubbing against her from every angle.

The Holli duplicates likewise enveloped Sonny, their slick, hungry cunts grinding wantonly against him.

Holli squirmed and bucked as she was manhandled by the pack of rutting sons, their marauding hands roaming possessively over her quivering flesh.

The hands and mouths of the boys were everywhere, exploring every inch of the mother's trembling body with depraved hunger. Her senses reeled from the onslaught of sensation, her very nerves sparking and sizzling with illicit overstimulation.

Thick fingers, slick with her juices, pumped in and out of her dripping pussy, stirring the massive load of cum that her original son had pumped into her mere moments before.

The lewd squelches and slurps were obscenely loud in the zero-G chamber, echoing off the curving walls.

Other hands pawed roughly at Holli's massive tits, the plump globes wobbling and bouncing as they were groped and mauled.

Calloused palms kneaded the smooth flesh, fingers sinking into the pliant mounds. Fingertips pinched and pulled at her erect nipples, twisting the rubbery buds until Holli cried out from the exquisite mix of pleasure and pain.

But it wasn't just her breasts and pussy that were being lavished with attention. Holli shuddered as she felt dozens of hot, wet mouths latching onto her skin, tongues licking and lapping every part of her they could reach.

Soft lips trailed up the backs of her calves and along her inner thighs, leaving cooling trails of saliva in their wake. Teeth nipped at

the firm globes of her ass, before a slick tongue zeroed in on her puckered back entrance, probing the tight rosebud with filthy enthusiasm.

Mouths sucked hickies into the delicate skin of her throat, while other tongues traced the whorls of her ears and flicked at her sensitive earlobes. The sheer depravity of being worshipped so thoroughly, so lewdly, by multiple copies of her own son sent Holli spiraling into a haze of taboo bliss.

It was an encounter beyond the realm of human experience, a pleasure so all-encompassing and overwhelming that it bordered on the divine. No woman in history had ever been

subjected to such a thorough erotic onslaught, every nerve ending ignited by the attentions of the depraved male clones.

Holli's eyes rolled back, eyelids fluttering, as her body was wracked by a nonstop barrage of mini-orgasms. Every lick, every grope, every filthy touch seemed to stoke the fire building in her core, her alien-enhanced physiology capable of pleasure far beyond normal human limits.

Dimly, through the erotic fog enveloping her mind, Holli was aware of Sonny receiving a similar treatment from the horde of female clones. His groans and grunts of ecstasy intermingled with her own high, breathy cries, a lewd counterpoint that only heightened her arousal.

More Sonny clones descended upon Holli like a pack of ravenous beasts, their eyes blazing with feral, incestuous lust.

Huge, alien-enhanced cocks bobbed and twitched as they pressed in from all sides, the bulbous heads weeping copious pre-cum, smearing it against her overheated flesh.

With a savage growl, three of the copies grabbed Holli's legs, spreading her obscenely wide. Her dripping pussy gaped open, pink and glistening, a yawning chasm ready to be filled.

In a single synchronized motion, the trio of Sonnys thrust forward, spearing their massive cocks into Holli's depths together.

The mother shrieked at the sudden, overwhelming intrusion, her voice a mix of shock and unbridled ecstasy. The sheer girth of three gigantic shafts stretching her simultaneously was almost too much to bear. She felt impaled, skewered on a meaty spit of incestuous cock- flesh.

The three clones began to move, their hips pistoning in perfect unison. Veiny shafts slid against each other lewdly, lathered in secretions as they plunged in and out of Holli's accommodating cunt, lubricated by the river of fluids seeping from her core.

The ribbed surfaces of their mutated cocks scraped deliciously against her quivering walls, igniting pleasure receptors she never knew existed.

"Oh god... oh fuck... so full!" Holli babbled incoherently, her eyes rolling back as she was pounded into oblivion.

The combined girth of the cocks inside her was staggering, her pussy stretched to unimaginable limits. Each thrust punched the breath from her lungs, the huge, shiny-skinned heads battering her cervix like fleshy sledgehammers.

As the trio of Sonny clones rutted into Holli's cunt with desperate intensity, their arms squeezed tightly around her, another copy took advantage of her helpless, splayed position. Sliding underneath her, he notched the drooling tip of his own massive shaft against the tight pucker of her asshole.

With a flex of his hips, the clone drove forward, sheathing his enormous cock deep into Holli's rectum with a single savage stroke.

The mother convulsed at the sudden anal penetration, a scream of pained pleasure ripping from her throat. The burn of the stretched sphincter soon gave way to a deep, throbbing ache of fullness as her back passage adjusted to the huge invader.

The huge ribbed hybrid-cock flexed powerfully, ribs and veins bulging obscenely as it speared it broad, purple tip deep into Holli's rectum.

Now impaled on four massive cocks, skewered through both holes, the mother was little more than a moaning, writhing fuck-toy for the Sonny clones.

They pounded into her mercilessly, grunting and growling like a pack of wolves savaging their prey. Balls slapped against her rippling, upturned ass with each vicious thrust, the wet sounds obscenely loud.

As the frenzied fucking reached a fever pitch, more of her son's clones swarmed Holli's upper body. Hugely engorged cockheads slapped against her face, smearing her cheeks with musky pre-spend. Slick globs of the fluid splattered onto her tits, coating the heavy globes in a lewd glaze.

Crazed with lust, the mother opened her mouth wide, accepting one of the bobbing erections down her gullet. She gagged and sputtered as the massive shaft plunged into her

throat, but quickly adjusted to deepthroating like a seasoned whore.

Meanwhile, the horde of Holli's own clones swarmed around Sonny, their voluptuous bodies undulating and writhing as they spun lazily through the zero-gravity chamber. The young stud soon found

himself completely engulfed in a cocoon of plump, sweaty female flesh, the horny MILFs groping and pawing at him from every angle.

One particularly eager Holli copy straddled Sonny's hips, impaling herself on his enormous, upthrust cock.

She threw back her head and keened in ecstasy as she sank down, swallowing his veiny shaft to the hilt. Her massive tits bounced and swayed hypnotically as she began to ride him with wild abandon.

Sonny groaned around a mouthful of pussy as another clone wrapped her thick thighs around his head, smothering him in her dripping snatch. He attacked her folds with gusto, his enhanced tongue darting and swirling through her slick petals to flick at her throbbing, oversized clit.

The other Holli clones pressed in close, their hands roaming feverishly over every inch of the boy's taut physique. Lacquered nails raked down his heaving chest and washboard abs, leaving scarlet welts in their wake.

Hungry mouths latched onto his nipples, suckling the sensitive buds between lipsticked lips.

Sonny shuddered and bucked as the Holli horde worked him over, their attentions pushing his enhanced body to heights of pleasure he'd never dreamed possible. Every nerve ending sizzled with ecstasy, his skin electric with sensation. It was a carnal overload beyond description.

The sweaty, undulating mass of bodies tumbled end over end through the weightless chamber, a writhing orgy-blob of forbidden incestuous lust.

Mouths and hands and genitals blurred into a tangled frenzy of flesh as the clones lost themselves in the all-consuming depravity.

Sonny felt like the center of a depraved sexual hurricane, the eye of an erotic storm of staggering proportions. The slick slide of so many eager cunts engulfing him, the sandpaper rasp of so many tongues laving his skin, the plush give of so many heavy tits pressing against him - it was a sensory onslaught that threatened to drown him in bliss.

Through the haze of euphoria, he was aware of each MILF approaching her individual climax, their moans and cries growing sharper and more desperate. The fluttering walls of the pussy clenched around his head, flooding his mouth with tangy nectar as its owner came with a banshee wail.

The Holli bouncing on his cock shrieked in rapture as her orgasm seized her, her slick sheath rippling and grasping hungry around his monster-boner.

Through the haze of his own escalating pleasure, Sonny could hear his original mother's piercing screams echoing through the chamber. Even muffled by the writhing bodies surrounding him, the shrill cries of her earth-shattering orgasm were unmistakable.

He pictured his mom bucking and thrashing, her voluptuous body convulsing violently as the trio of massive cocks pounding her pussy wrung out a mind-melting climax. Her inner walls clamped down like a silken vise, quivering and fluttering around the pistoning shafts in rapid contractions.

A flood of hot ejaculate gushed from her spasming cunt, the tangy fluids spattering the pumping cocks and drenching swinging balls with her essence. The four clones rutting into her growled in savage delight as they were bathed in the MILF's fragrant spend, the warm juices acting as an added lubricant.

Sonny imagined how the thick ribs running along the clones' mutated cocks must feel as they dragged along his mother's sensitive walls mid-orgasm, like the ridged underside of a cat's

tongue rasping across her most intimate flesh. The textured shafts churned her quivering hole to a froth, drawing out her bone-rattling orgasm to an unnatural length.

Even as Holli's pussy convulsed around the trio of cocks splitting her pussy open, the clone sodomizing her ass reached his own explosive peak. His massive shaft swelled

impossibly thicker before erupting deep in her bowels, painting her clenching walls with a heavy deluge of cum.

Sonny could picture each powerful spurt distending his mother's flat belly outward as her rectum was flooded with potent seed, her body accepting the taboo load in its most forbidden recess. The sheer volume pumped into her back door must have been staggering, given the capacity of the alien-enhanced balls slapping against her curvy rump.

Mere seconds later, the three clones pounding Holli's pussy hit their release simultaneously, as if linked by some preternatural signal.

Sonny could only imagine the feel of so many huge cocks throbbing and kicking in unison inside that tight, rippling channel, fighting for space as they disgorged their massive loads.

A tidal wave of thick, virile cum geysered from the tips of the bucking shafts, flooding Holli's already-drenched cunt to overflowing. Her son pictured the sheer volume of jizz gushing into his mom's womb, the pearly seed churning with her own fluids into a lewd froth that seeped back out around the plunging cocks, oozing down her thighs in sticky rivulets.

The frenzied zero-gravity orgy continued unabated for hours, the chamber filled with a floating sea of sweat-slicked bodies.

Holli and her son were passed around like fleshy playthings, her holes never empty and her boy's cock hardly left

unsheathed as the insatiable clones took turns fucking them in every conceivable position.

At one point, the teen found himself suspended upside down, ankles gripped by two Holli copies as they spit-roasted him from both ends. His rigid cock plunged into one MILF's greedy snatch while the other sat on his face, grinding her sopping pussy against his mouth. He lapped at the tangy juices flooding his tongue, devouring the musky nectar like a man possessed.

Holli, meanwhile, was sandwiched between nearly a dozen of her son's clones, their muscular bodies pressing in from all sides.

Two huge shafts pummeled her pussy and ass in alternating strokes, while a third fucked her tits, slathering the heavy globes with pre-cum. More thick cocks prodded at her hands and feet, and she stroked and caressed them eagerly.

The weightless environment allowed for positions impossible under Earth's gravity. Holli was spun and flipped and twisted into one warped configuration after another, tits flopping all over the place, her curvaceous body folded and bent to accommodate the lustful whims of the male clones. And through it all, the thick alien shafts never ceased their relentless pounding, stretching and filling her to capacity.

The air grew thick and humid, reeking of sweat and sex. The pungent aroma of pussy juice and ballsweat and copious spend permeated the recycled atmosphere, an overpowering musk of depravity.

Globs of the combined ejaculatory fluids drifted lazily through the chamber, pearlescent and obscene, clinging to hair and skin and orifices.

As the hours-long orgy finally reached a shuddering crescendo, the Holli and Sonny clones erupted in near-simultaneous orgasm.

Torrents of hot cum geysered from jerking cocks, painting voluptuous curves and chiseled planes with ropey splatters. Holli's body was coated head to toe in pearly jizz, the ejaculate matting her hair and pooling in her gaping holes.

Sonny likewise was glazed in a sheen of feminine honey, the spend of a hundred quivering cunts marking him as the ultimate stud.

Rivulets of the sticky nectar coursed down his flexing muscles and dripped from his cock and balls, turning his skin into a glistening canvas of erotic abstract art.

Through the psychic link, both Holli and Sonny experienced every orgasm as if it was their own - hundreds of nerve-shattering climaxes layered atop one another in a delirious fugue of ecstasy.

The morning sun glinted off the hood of Holli's car as it sat parked on the gravel shoulder of the rural highway.

Inside, the mother and son stirred groggily, their eyes fluttering open. They were back in their normal clothes, as if

the wild alien abduction and zero-gravity incestuous orgy had never happened.

Holli pushed herself up in the passenger seat with a groan, her whole body one solid ache. It felt like she had been pummeled by a dozen jackhammers, her holes stretched and used to an unimaginable degree.

Beside her, Sonny winced as he straightened up, his groin and hips screaming in protest at the movement.

"Did that really just happen?" Holli asked hoarsely, gingerly cupping her tender breasts through her shirt. "Or was it all some kind of insane shared fever dream?"

Sonny shook his head slowly. "If it was a dream, it was the most real one I've ever had. I can still feel...everything."

He shifted uncomfortably, the phantom sensations of a hundred eager mouths and hands and cunts still ghosting over his skin.

His monstrous cock ached like it had been rubbed raw, and his balls felt drained and shriveled, utterly emptied of their copious load.

A sharp rap on the driver's side window made them both jump. Sonny turned to see a police officer peering in at them, his expression concerned. He hurriedly cranked down the window, trying to force a neutral look onto his face.

"Morning, folks," the officer said, his eyes flicking over the disheveled pair. "Everything okay here? Saw your car pulled over, wanted to make sure you didn't need any assistance."

"Yes, officer, we're fine," Holli replied, her voice strained. She pasted on a weak smile. "Just pulled over to rest for a bit. Must have dozed off."

The cop's gaze lingered on her, taking in her rumpled clothes and tangled hair. If he noticed anything amiss, he didn't comment on it. "Well, be careful. Probably better to catch your forty winks at a proper rest stop than the side of the road. You folks have a nice day now."

As the officer walked back to his cruiser, Sonny released a shaky breath. He caught his mother's eye, seeing his own shock and disbelief mirrored there. Memories of the night's taboo passions scrolled through both their minds in vivid, exquisite detail.

Though their bodies still thrummed with the aftershocks of preternatural pleasure, a sense of unease coiled in both their guts. The full implications of what they had done, of the lines they had crossed, began to sink in with clarity.

As Holli and Sonny drove away from the roadside in shocked silence, a strange sensation suddenly bloomed in both their minds - a telepathic message of gratitude from the enigmatic alien beings. "Thank you," the sibilant voice whispered in their heads. "Your sacrifice will ensure the survival of our species."

"Yes," the mother said aloud, glancing over at her son. "I think God is very pleased with the service we performed."

Holli gasped as she felt a warm, tingling sensation deep in her core. Sonny's alien-enhanced seed was on the move, surging up through her cervix and into her womb on a determined mission. She could feel the thick, potent fluid swarming her waiting egg like a horde of microscopic conquerors.

In her mind's eye, Holli could visualize the mutated sperm penetrating her ovum, the genetic material merging and fusing into a new hybrid being - or rather, beings.

She knew instinctively that their taboo union had produced offspring not only in each of her clones, but in her as well.

And it was not just one new life inside her, but many. A litter of alien-human embryos now took root in her fertile depths, the beginnings of a new species.

Holli shuddered as a cramp rippled through her lower belly, a tangible sign of the transformative process taking place inside her.

Over the coming months, her stomach would swell with unnatural speed as the hybrid fetuses grew and developed, the pregnancy advancing at a vastly accelerated rate.

Sonny glanced over at his mother, seeing the way her hand drifted to her abdomen in an unconscious protective gesture. Through their newly-forged psychic link, he could sense the

presence of new life sparking within her, the metaphysical weight of their universe-altering coupling.

The air between mother and son fairly crackled with tension as the full reality of their actions settled upon them. In a single night of passion, they had not only violated the most sacred taboo known to man, but had willfully procreated with an alien species. The fruits of their union would change the course of human history in ways they couldn't begin to imagine.

As the car sped down the highway towards an uncertain future, Holli and Sonny sat in shell-shocked silence, grappling with the enormity of what they had done. Though their bodies still sang with the memory of rapture beyond description, a sense of excitement for the possible pleasure to come undercut the echoes of ecstasy.

They could only wonder and wait to see what strange new world would be born from their unnatural act. The life - or rather lives - now growing in Holli's womb carried the weight of an entire alien civilization. And the bond between mother and son had been irrevocably transmuted, the line separating familial love and carnal hunger forever blurred.

THE END

193: Mommy File - Mom's Christmas Gift

"Since your sister is off playing with her new gift, I'll give you this one next," said mom leaning down to hand me a small box that was ornately wrapped. The neck of her sexy Christmas robe was gaped open as she bent over, allowing me to see her tremendous cleavage. My blonde-haired mom had the biggest tits of any mother in the neighborhood or the town for that matter.

"Thank, mom," I uttered, ripping open the gift. I read the box aloud before I realized what it was. "Vibrating Cock Ring."

Dad immediately gave mom a scolding look. "Shannon…seriously?!"

"What?! I think it's a great gift!" mom grinned. "Cooper's an adult now and this is an 'adult' toy."

"Yes, one that he should be purchasing himself…not having his mother buy it for him, for Christmas."

"I didn't give it to him," mom stated, giving me a teasing wink, "Santa did."

"Put it away before your sister comes back in here," dad warned.

"Miles, will you just relax…she's in her room playing with her new gift. Let Cooper open the box and look at his new present," said mom.

I awkwardly tore off the plastic, then opened the box as mom prepared me for what was inside. "This is the nicest one they had. It's a silicone ring and vibrating bullet combo. It's designed to enhance your cock during sexual penetration."

"Shannon, I'm sure he doesn't need a tutorial from you," commented dad as he rolled his eyes.

Mom ignored him as she watched me take the black double ring and attached bullet vibe from the box. "It has two stretchy rings," she pointed

out. "One for your shaft and one for your sack, to increase the hardness of your erection while you fuck."

"That is, um…pretty cool," I admitted, even though it felt a bit awkward having this discussion in front of dad. Despite that fact, my penis began to harden beneath my pajama pants just listening to mom talk about the gift she bought me. It didn't help that her boobs were nearly bursting from the neck of her robe. The hem had slipped across her jugs so far that I was beginning to see the outer pink fringes of her areolas.

"The bullet vibrator is strategically placed along the top to hit a girl's clitoris with every thrust. You'll make her cum like crazy!" mom stated.

Dad got up from his recliner, shaking his head. "I think I'll excuse myself from this conversation and get some more coffee," he said in an annoyed tone, heading towards the kitchen.

"That's probably best…seeing as you can't manage this conversation like an adult," said mom as she rolled her eyes at me mockingly.

"I think it's a cool gift," I told her.

She grinned, showing her pretty, white teeth. "Of course, you do. You're just like me…we get excited by things like this."

I focused on the accessories that came with the ring. "So, this just plugs in when I'm not using it?" I asked.

"Yep. It has USB charging so you can make sure it's always juiced up between your dates," mom replied, then lifted the remote. "This is my favorite part though. A remote control that provides eight different vibrating patterns."

"Damn…that's a lot!"

"Yep, you'll be able to change up the sensations you place on the clitoris, and the vibrator is waterproof, which is good because girls you fuck will be squirting all over this thing," mom giggled, making her ginormous tits quiver beneath her robe. It was hard not to notice how thick and erect her nipples were as they poked out from beneath the silk fabric.

My eyes drifted down and noticed that mom's legs were slightly parted and that her robe had ridden up her thighs, leaving her pubic triangle open to my wide-eyed gaze. The white panties that hugged her crotch were made of sheer mesh, allowing me to see the shaved outer lips of her vulva almost as clearly as if they were naked. "Does dad ever use one of these?" I brazenly asked.

"No," mom snickered. "Guys your dad's age need pills to stay hard. Toys like these are made for young cock like yours, to enhanced your erections."

"Well, it'll be cool to try it out."

Mom reached out and rubbed the top of my leg, making my boner jump. "Have you ever fit a vibrating ring around the meat of your cock before, sweetie?" she whispered.

"I did use one once, but it didn't have double rings. It may take me a minute to figure out how to put it on."

"Well, in the heat of the moment, the last thing you wanna spend time doing is fumbling around with a toy you're not familiar with. When we women get hot and worked up, we want a cock inside us as quickly as possible. Would you like me to show you how it goes on?"

I could hardly believe what mom was asking. "You mean help…put it on…me?" I asked, making sure I understood her correctly.

"Sure, that way you can be fully confident the first time you use it to fuck a girl. Let's go up to your bedroom where we can be alone."

About this time dad was coming back from the kitchen. "Shall we open some more gifts?" he asked.

"Why don't we take a break from that for just a bit, hunny. Cooper and I are going upstairs so I can help him try on his new gift," mom replied.

"Try it on?!" Dad questioned. "Shannon it was bad enough that you bought him that damn thing, now you wanna show him how to use it?"

"Well, who else is gonna show him…you? He certainly can't learn how to put it on for the first time when he's with a girl…he'll embarrass himself."

"He shouldn't be putting something like that on in front of his mother!"

"Miles, I HAVE seen a cock before. It's really not that big of a deal. I bought it for him, so it's only right that I make sure he knows how to use it, otherwise I've wasted my money. We'll be back down in a few minutes to finish unwrapping gifts," mom stated.

My eyes feasted on mom's ass as I trailed her up the stairway. She had a perfectly rounded bubble butt that was set atop her smooth, gorgeous legs and swayed alluringly with each step she made. "Your father is so old fashioned," mom snickered, peeking back at me. Her eyes drifted down to my erect cock as it bobbed stiffly beneath my pajama pants. "He doesn't realize that moms help their sons with these types of things every day."

"They do?"

"Sure," answered mom as she stopped and gazed back at me alluringly. "Some moms even teach their boys how to fuck."

"I appreciate you showing me," I expressed. "It would be pretty humiliating if I went to use the cock ring with a girl and couldn't figure out how to put it on."

Mom led me into my bedroom, then closed and locked the door behind us. "I better lock your door in case your sister comes snooping around," mom stated. "Go ahead and take off your pajama bottoms, sweetie."

I knew I had an oversized cock, so I wasn't embarrassed at all stripping in front of mom. I took off my shirt also, just so it didn't get in the way. Now completely naked, I turned towards her, making my fully engorged boner wag obscenely. "Are you alright?" I asked mom after she stood there a moment gazing at my cock.

"Yes…I was just having a 'proud mom' moment," she replied. "You have a REALLY beautiful dick, Cooper."

"Thanks!" I proudly smiled, watching her gaze at it.

"I love the way your shaft curves slightly upward. You must really be able to stimulate the G."

"The G?" I asked stupidly.

"The G-spot. It's a VERY sensitive area located on the front wall of a woman's vagina. Stimulation of that spot with a long, perfectly curved cock like yours can provide pleasurable sensations, swelling, and even fluid ejaculation."

"Well, now that you mention it, the two girls I've had sex with did squirt all over me."

"I bet they did," mom giggled. "Boys who are built like you should get used to having a wet dick. Once you start using your new ring, you'll be taking girls to the moon and back with your bull cock."

"I certainly won't mind doing that," I admitted, then looked at the box, "as long as I know how to put it on."

"I can help with that," said mom. Her big titties bobbled beneath her robe as she stepped towards me on bare feet. "Get the lube from your top drawer."

I was a little shocked that mom knew where I kept my lubrication. "How did you know where I kept my lube?" I asked.

"I'm the mother…I know where everything is in this house," she teased. "You keep your lube for masturbating in your top drawer, right next to whatever pair of panties of mine you've stolen from my hamper that day."

My face must have turned a shade of red as I tried to play stupid. "I don't know what you're talking about, mom," I joked.

"No?" she questioned, with an amused smirk, then stepped to my drawer herself and pulled out one of her pink thongs. "Does THIS refresh your memory?"

"Yes, sorry."

"I didn't ask for an apology, sweetie. It's natural for a boy to sniff and suck on the gusset of his mother's panties while he masturbates his boner. I do have a suggestion though."

"What?" I asked.

"That we come up with some type of 'exchange system' that doesn't require you sneaking into my bedroom closet. If your dad ever caught you sneaking my panties to your room, he'd have a shit-fit."

"That's true…he would totally lose it!"

"How about this…whenever you feel like you need a fresh pair, I'll come to your room, and we'll make the exchange in private."

"You mean you'll give me the ones you have on?" I excitedly asked.

"Exactly! You shouldn't be using one's that have been sitting in my hamper anyway. It's better when they're warm and fragrant, fresh off a mother's crotch."

"I agree!"

"If you're REALLY lucky, you'll get them after I've been aroused and the gusset is nice and moist with my secretions," she said with a smiling wink.

Since she was offering, I decided to engage in our first exchange right then and there. "Can I have the ones you have on now?" I brazenly asked.

"You just wanna see how wet your stiff boy cock has made my panties, don't you?" she blushed, staring into my eyes.

"Maybe!" I replied, grinning from ear to ear. I handed her the thong that had been in my drawer, which mom then placed in her robe pocket. She reached up beneath the hem and peeled her dainty

panties down her shimmering legs. By the time her sexy bare feet stepped out of them my heart was nearly pounding out of my chest.

Mom plopped onto my bed and patted the tops of her legs. "Come lay your head down on my lap," she requested.

I was quick to comply, making my steely prick slap back lewdly against my tummy as I sprawled beside her and rested my head on her soft lap. The view I had was truly spectacular, looking up at mom's pretty face over the swell of her jutting breasts. I had never been this close to her gaping tit-cleavage before, and I could smell her intoxicating perfume.

"Like I told you earlier, there's no shame in a mother and son sharing sexual things in front of each other," mom stated. "I'll hold the panties to your face, and you can enjoy them and pull on your boner for a few minutes."

"Ok," I sighed with an excited gulp, then reached down and took a firm grip on my aching cock.

Mom brought her freshly worn panties to my nose and I inhaled deeply. The sweet musky aroma of pussy filled my nasal passages, making my whole-body shudder excitedly. I could still feel her warm body heat radiating from the panty-cloth.

"There's some pre-cum bubbling from your tip, sweetie" said mom, staring over at my cock. "That should be able to lubricate your cock-strokes for a few minutes."

She was right. When I swiped my pre-jizz from my piss-slit it made stroking much more slippery and fluid. I continued to enjoy her scent, while watching her stare down at me with her piercing green eyes.

"Don't panties smell so much better fresh off the pussy?" mom asked.

"Uh-huh."

"It makes you wanna fuck a girl so hard, doesn't it, sweetie?"

"Yes!" I gasped, yanking on my cock even faster. My strokes were making mom's fat tits jiggle deliciously.

"How do you like to beat your dick through a girl?" Mom candidly asked. "Do you like to hold her legs back and pound her from the top?"

"Yes…I love that!" I replied, more aroused than I had ever been before.

"Oh, I bet you can really fuck hard that way with your big cock, can't you?"

"Damn, mom…you're turning me on so much!" I confessed.

"Have you noticed how wet those panties are that you're sniffing?" she blushed. "The feeling is DEFINITELY mutual."

"They ARE pretty moist."

"Taste me," she whispered. "Taste the juices that seeped from my hot fuck hole earlier when I was staring at your cock.

I sucked the gusset of mom's panties into my mouth and trembled at the taste of her tangy fuck-oil. She stroked the side of my face, while staring down at me in a dotting manner. "Mmm, enjoy that Christmas pussy, sweetie," she cooed. "You can imagine that your cock is buried to its root inside me, I don't mind. Imagine that I'm squeezing my hot fucking pussy around your tender boy-flesh."

"Shit!" I gasped, beating my dick shamelessly while aroused by mom's words. I knew she was sexy, but never could have imagined that she's turn me on this much.

"I know all about your filthy fantasies, Cooper…mommy knows," she whispered in a lustful tone. "There's a reason you enjoy my panties so much and that's because you want my pussy. I know that in your fantasies you fuck me all over the house, while your fathers at work. Am I right?"

I was too turned on to answer, so I nodded.

"I suck your cock…giving you hot, nasty blowjobs, and you eat my shaved pussy, all in that horny little brain of yours."

Mom began to trace her nails against my lean chest. "It's alright to be a pervert for your mom. Most moms are perverts too, and we rub our pussies while thinking about young cock like yours."

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. "Are you guys about finished?" dad asked from the hallway. "We have more gifts to open."

"We'll be right down, hunny," mom replied, then looked down at me again, removing the cap to my bottle of lube. "Let's get you lubricated so you can try on your new ring. Stand back up."

I climbed off the bed and stood there in awe as mom poured some liquid into her hand, then squatted down in front of me. The last thing I expected was for her to lube up my erection for me, but that's exactly what she did. "It's much easier to put these on with a flaccid cock, but you're young and virile, which means your penis probably spends more time hard than it

does soft," she stated, while squeezing her slippery fist along the length of my boner. I shuddered as her tight fist slipped up over my bulbous tip, coating it with oil.

Mom began stretching the ring around my nuts. "After you're lubed up, put one testicle through the ball ring followed by the other, like this, until the ring is securely around your scrotum."

I watched her stretch the second ring out until she was able to put my cock through it. "There, how's that feel, sweetie?"

"Snug," I replied, staring down at my jutting cock. It looked so long and powerful slung in the cock ring.

"Girls will wanna 'go to town on you' when you wear your cock ring. So just lie back and let them grind away—it'll feel fantastic for both of you when you're extra engorged like this."

"I bet!"

"Can you feel how it's restricting the blood flow out of your penis?" mom asked, staring adoringly at my erection.

"Yes."

"It's making the meat and skin of your shaft more sensitive, and your pleasure will be intensified as you thrust your beautiful rod through a woman's mouth, cunt or asshole."

"Asshole?" I asked, surprised to hear mom include that hole.

She looked up and me and grinned. "Yes…asshole. Haven't you ever fucked a girl anally before, sweetheart?"

"No…that's something I've never done. I mean, I brought it up to the girl I was with, but she was afraid to even try it."

Mom stood up and smiled. "Yes, well…that's the problem with girls your age. They're reluctant to try new things, but trust me, by the time they're my age they'll love having their butts stuffed full of cock."

"So, a guy usually has to wait that long for it?" I asked with a sinking feeling in my stomach.

"Not if he has an open-minded mom who's good at keeping secrets," my mother said with a wink, making my heart race.

"Do I have one of those?" I asked, even though I already knew the answer.

"I don't know. Your cocks all lubed up. Bend me over and find out."

I stepped forward and spun mom around. Then, I nudged her on the back, and she leaned forward, making her luscious, naked ass-cheeks peek out from under the hem of her robe. "Fuck!" I gasped under my breath, lifting the skirt of her robe up over her meaty buttocks. I could see the pink ring of her butthole puckered in the groove of her ass.

Mom peeked back at me over her shoulder. "Squeeze it inside me and dump a load in my ass really quick, then we'll go back downstairs," she said.

I placed my swollen knob against her puckered hole and thrust it forward. Under my insistent pressure, the throbbing ring of mom's ass suddenly opened and the head of my prick popped through.

"Ohhh, it's BIG, baby, but I don't care!" mom winced, pushing her ass back. "Bury it, Cooper!"

I worked it in an inch at a time until my shaft sunk to the hilt in the squeezing hotness of mom's shitter. It felt better than any pussy I had yet experienced. After letting my cock soak for a brief time in the simmering tube of her delicious asshole, I finally pulled back until only my glans remained in her butt. Then, I drilled the entire length of my tingling boner into the slippery depths of her asshole, bringing a loud squeal from mom's lips.

"Oh, God, you feel amazing, mom!" I groaned, plunging my prick into the tight grip of her slippery rectum. Every time I slid back down her ass-chute, I felt her butthole clinging to my erectile meat.

"Some moms let their boys practice sex by fucking their asses, sweetie. It's called 'assturbation.'"

"I have heard a few guys at school mention that word but didn't realize it meant they were fucking their moms up the ass."

Mom pumped her ass back against me and together we found a steady butt-fucking rhythm. She tightened her ass muscles around my thick rod, heightening our ecstasy. The sound of her rounded butt-cheeks SMACKING against my midsection filled my bedroom and I worried that dad may hear it. Even so, we continued fucking in heated passion.

"Hold my hips, sweetheart! Really pound your dick through that sweet ass!" mom panted.

I grasped her hips and fucked with greater intensity. I could feel the soft flesh of her ass-tube clinging to my slippery cock as it plowed through her rectal tunnel, making my cum-filled balls churn.

To my delight, I could see that our tireless rhythm had caused mom's tits to swing free of her robe. They wobbled wildly, dangling like two huge watermelons of flesh, capped by the biggest Goddamn areola I had ever seen. My cock flexed powerfully inside her ass and held its super-rigid form with the help of the cock ring fastened snugly around its root.

I absolutely loved the way mom was bucking back against me, making her fleshy half-moons ripple delightfully each time they struck my midsection. Watching my thick shaft slip through the obscenely stretched ring of her asshole was the most surreal and thrilling thing I had ever witnessed.

"You're fucking my asshole for Christmas and maybe you'll get my hot pussy on New Years Eve," mom stated, gazing back at me.

"I would love that!" I gasped.

"What better way to bring in the new year than have your own mom soaking your cock with cum juice."

"Well, I'll admit, having sex with you was one of my resolutions from this year, so if we could do it before midnight that would be perfect!" I stated.

"Consider it done, sweetie."

I gave mom full length thrusts with my teenage cock, making my rock-solid meat thunder feverishly through her tight ass.

"Come on, sweetheart!" she cried over her shoulder, "Fuck it to me, you big-dicked darling!"

I ravaged mom's rear as hard as I could, driving my fat, tingling tip into her churning bowels. I quickly brought both mom and I to the utmost limits of ass-rippling pleasure this way, suddenly finding myself encompassed by the most intense orgasm I had ever experienced. I could tell by mom's squealing, and the rhythmic tightening of her ass-tube around my spurting cock that she was cumming too. What felt like a gallon of cum burst from my cock as it was exquisitely milked by mom's quivering rectum.

"A skirt!" mom exclaimed, a few minutes later as she opened one of her Christmas gifts downstairs. She looked over at my dad. "Oh, hunny, thank you…it's beautiful! I'll wear it for our New Years Eve party."

"That party should be a lot of fun," I added, remembering what mom had promised me earlier.

"It'll be amazing!" she agreed, then let her tongue slither across her lips, while staring me in the eyes wantonly.

194: Debauchery Aboard the Mayflower-Part1

Debauchery Aboard the Mayflower

By Klrxo

Charlotte huddled close to the other mothers as the ship creaked and groaned with each wave. The dank lower deck of the Mayflower provided little comfort, but at least it afforded them a modicum of privacy for this clandestine meeting, away from the prying eyes and ears of their God-fearing husbands.

"Sisters, we all know the purpose of our pilgrimage," Charlotte began in a hushed whisper. "To settle this wild new land and propagate our flock. But I fear our husbands, pious as they are, lack the youthful virility to sire the hearty stock needed to tame that savage continent."

Nervous murmurs rippled through the group, their humongous tits heaving beneath their bodice's.

Martha, a pretty redhead spoke up. "Aye, my John hasn't lain with me in weeks, so preoccupied he is with his duties and devotions."

"As is mine," added another mother named Constance. "My eldest boy, Ezekiel would certainly make a better suitor, especially under these circumstances."

Charlotte nodded in agreement. "Aye, but there's

another problem. Even if our sons were to take up the task, there simply aren't enough young women aboard to bear their seed. Most are just babes or elderly spinsters."

The other women muttered grimly, recognizing the predicament. The success of their new colony would depend on rapidly increasing their numbers to establish a strong foothold in the new land.

Charlotte continued, "No, I'm afraid it falls to us, sisters. We must lie with our sons, to ensure our bloodlines carry on in this new world. The Lord calls on us to make this sacrifice."

Martha took Charlotte's hand and squeezed it. "You speak the hard truth. We are our family's only hope."

She turned to address the group. "So it's settled then. We will each seduce our eldest sons and breed the first of this new generation, for the sake of our future."

The women all nodded solemnly, some shifting uncomfortably at the notion of this carnal sin, but understanding the necessity.

The women joined hands and whispered a solemn prayer, sealing their secret pact as the Mayflower pressed onward to the fertile shores of the New World.

The next morning, Levi stood at the bow of the Mayflower, gazing out at the endless expanse of ocean ahead. The salt spray misted his face as the ship crested each wave.

Months had passed since they departed England and everyone aboard grew restless for landfall in the New World.

"There you are, my sweet boy," a voice called from behind him. Levi turned to see his beautiful mother Charlotte approaching, her skirt swishing about her ankles. The sea breeze tousled her long auburn hair becomingly around her heart-shaped face.

"Hello Mother," Levi greeted her. At nineteen, he stood a full head taller than her now.

Charlotte reached out a delicate hand and brushed an errant curl from Levi's forehead. "You've grown into such a handsome young man," she purred, her fingers

lingering against his skin. "You have your father's strong jaw."

Levi swallowed hard, delighted with his mother's touch and intimate tone. "The captain says we should reach the colonies in another week," he said, taking a small step back.

"Mmm, I can hardly wait to set my feet on dry land again," Charlotte said, moving closer. "And to have some privacy after all these months crammed in the tight confines of this ship."

Her hand came to rest on Levi's forearm and she gazed up at him from under lowered lashes. Her beautiful green eyes lingered on his with an unspoken longing.

"I should go help with the rigging," Levi mumbled.

"Why don't you come below deck with me first? There's something I'd like to show you," said Charlotte, tightening her grip on his arm.

Levi hesitated, glancing toward where the other sailors worked. But something in his mother's touch

and the inviting look in her eyes stirred an unfamiliar heat low in his belly.

He allowed Charlotte to guide him down into the cramped dimness of the lower decks.

As they descended, Levi's heart began to pound with a nervous excitement he couldn't quite name. In the faint lantern light, Charlotte's beauty took on an almost otherworldly quality. The gentle sway of the ship accentuated her womanly curves - the swell of her giant tits straining against her bodice, the flare of her childbearing hips. Levi felt dizzy, overcome by her allure.

In truth, all the mothers aboard the Mayflower possessed a sensual, ripe loveliness that could not be hidden, even beneath their modest attire. They were Eves in this floating garden, full-figured and fecund, their bodies made for pleasure and the propagation of mankind.

Levi had noticed how the other sailors snuck covetous glances at these women when they thought no one

looked - at their full, pink mouths, at the glimpse of creamy décolletage peeking above square necklines, at the long, shapely legs and the promising shadow between them.

Forbidden fantasies of his friends' heavy-breasted mothers sometimes haunted Levi's dreams, but never had he dared dwell on them in his waking hours, for fear of the Lord's judgment.

Yet now, alone with his own mother in the close, salttanged air of the gun deck, Levi felt his youthful lust rising like a wave, raw and powerful, threatening to crash over him and sweep away a lifetime of pious restraint.

Charlotte led them to a small curtained alcove behind the barrels of salted pork. She turned to face Levi and he saw that her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glittering with some feverish emotion.

Slowly, holding his gaze, she began to unlace the bodice of her dress. Levi's eyes widened as she shrugged the garment down, exposing the creamy

swells of her gigantic breasts. They were much larger than he'd realized, bobbling out onto her chest like oversized melons.

"Mother!" Levi gasped, shock and embarrassment flooding through him. He quickly averted his eyes. "What are you doing?"

"There's no need to be shy, darling," Charlotte purred, taking his hand and placing it on the warm, supple flesh of her breast. "You're a man now, and it's time you learned about a woman's body. Let me show you."

Levi's face burned and his heart pounded. He knew this was wrong, that he shouldn't be touching his mother this way. But a shameful curiosity took hold of him. His fingers explored her soft skin as she held his gaze with a heated intensity.

"That's it," Charlotte breathed, encouraging him. "Take your time and touch them all over. We're all alone down here and no one will know but us."

Levi's hands trembled as he gently squeezed and caressed his mother's enormous breasts. They were

incredibly soft yet firm, the supple flesh yielding under his fingers. He felt like a kid exploring a fascinating new playground, captivated and amazed by these womanly wonders.

Charlotte's areolas were wide and dusky pink, her nipples thick and turgid, like two pink fingertips protruding from the peaks of her jugs.

As he fondled her, Charlotte noticed how transfixed Levi was by her deep, cavernous cleavage. His wide eyes were riveted to the shadowy valley between her voluptuous mounds. A wicked smile curved her lips.

"You can keep squeezing them and tugging on the nipples if you'd like," she purred suggestively. "Or..."

Charlotte arched her back, thrusting her massive tits out even further. "You could bury your handsome face right here between Mommy's big tits. Kiss them, lick them, worship them with your mouth."

Levi swallowed hard, desire and shame warring within him.

Charlotte reached out and stroked his cheek. "It's

okay, darling. Whichever you choose will be our special secret."

Overtaken by lust, Levi surrendered to his dark urges and dove face first into her offered cleavage with a groan.

Her massive mammaries enveloped him, smothering him in warm, fragrant flesh. He licked and suckled, motor-boating her enthusiastically as she cradled his head to her chest.

"That's it, my sweet boy," Charlotte crooned. "Love your mommy's big titties. Lick on them just like that and make them all wet."

Levi laved his tongue along the deep canyon of Charlotte's cleavage, kissing and licking every inch of her silky skin. He rubbed his face between the pillowy mounds, intoxicated by her scent and softness. Her massive breasts completely engulfed his head as he burrowed into her cleavage.

Charlotte purred with pleasure, holding his head firmly against her chest. "Mmm, yes, just like that,"

she encouraged breathlessly. "A mother's tits are made to be worshipped."

Levi groaned, the vibrations rumbling against her sensitive flesh. His cock strained rock-hard against his breeches.

As Charlotte shifted, her thigh brushed against his rigid bulge. Levi gasped at the contact, his hips instinctively canting forward to rub himself against her.

Keeping his face buried in her mammoth cleavage, Levi began to hump his mother's leg desperately, grinding his aching erection against her thigh. The friction felt incredible even through the layers of fabric. He rutted shamelessly, his arousal soaring.

"Oh Levi, you naughty boy," Charlotte giggled, holding him tight to her heaving bosom. "Dry humping Mommy's leg like a dog in heat."

Lost to lust, Levi did just that, humping and grinding wantonly as he feasted on her bountiful breasts. He licked and sucked the tender flesh, leaving wet trails

across her cleavage.

His pelvis worked frantically, humping in a relentless rhythm while his face remained smothered between her tits.

The private storage space filled with the sounds of his muffled groans and slurping, the creaking of the ship, and Charlotte's wanton moans.

Slowly, Charlotte backed into a shadowy corner of the cramped space pulling Levi with her, his face still buried in her gaping cleavage. Her hands roamed over his back and shoulders possessively.

Slowly, Charlotte widened her stance, hitching up her skirts and petticoats to bare her creamy thighs. She guided Levi to position himself between her parted legs, his straining erection now level with the juncture of her thighs.

"Come, my darling boy," she purred. "Rub yourself against Mommy's cunny. I wanna feel that big hard meat-dagger through our clothes."

Levi groaned into her cleavage, his hips surging

forward to press his covered cock against the mound of her sex. Even through the layers of fabric, he could feel the heat of her pubis. He began to rock and grind against her wantonly.

Charlotte rolled her hips to meet each one of his desperate thrusts, gasping at the delicious friction against her sensitive nethers. "That's it, hump the mound of my lady bits ," she encouraged. "Rub that dick on me."

They dry humped shamelessly, Levi's face still smothered in Charlotte's heaving bosom as he rutted against her like an animal.

He licked and kissed her cleavage feverishly while his pelvis worked in a frenzy between her thighs.

Their garments bunched and rubbed with the frantic grinding of their hips. Levi's cock throbbed, the pressure building to an unbearable intensity as he humped his mother's pussy mound through their clothes.

Charlotte moaned and writhed, her titanic breasts

jiggling around Levi's face with every thrust. "Don't stop," she panted. "Hump me harder! Rub Mommy's secret garden until you spurt in your breeches!"

Levi's rhythm faltered and then he was grinding erratically, his muscles seizing as he hit his peak.

A muffled cry tore from his throat, vibrating against Charlotte's sensitive breasts as he exploded in his pants. His cock jerked and throbbed, spilling seed from the tip of his shiny-skinned knob in copious pulses as he continued to rub against her spasmodically.

"Yes, yes!" Charlotte hissed, holding his spurting bulge snug against her mound. She undulated skillfully, coaxing every last drop from him. "Cream yourself for me darling! Soil those breeches!"

Levi shuddered and groaned through the aftershocks, his face buried in Charlotte's warm, rippling cleavage. He slumped against her, spent and panting. A wet, sticky patch of boy-nectar spread at the front of his pants.

Charlotte stroked his hair, cradling him tenderly to

her bosom. "That's my good boy," she crooned. "Mommy's sweet little man."

As Levi slumped breathlessly against her, his face still buried between her enormous breasts, Charlotte inhaled deeply. The musky scent of her son's release filled her nostrils - that potent, virile musk of male seed. It made her womb throb and tingle with primal, feminine need.

Cradling Levi's head between her fat tits, she pictured his youthful, sinewy manhood pulsing and erupting deep inside her hungry sheath, pumping her full of his essence.

She imagined that hot, viscous teenage seed seeking out her fertile egg, penetrating it, and sparking new life within her. Her body ached to be bred, to carry the fruit of her son's loins.

This forbidden tryst had been a thrilling first step in that direction - an intimate icebreaker to lower Levi's inhibitions and awaken his base, masculine urges. There would be time enough to fully consummate

their incestuous union. For now, Charlotte savored the sensation of Levi's weight slumped against her, his breath hot against the inner slope of her tit, his legs trembling from his explosive climax.

"You did so well, my darling boy," she purred, nuzzling his hair. "Mommy is sooo very pleased with you."

Levi mumbled incoherently into her cleavage, overwhelmed by the intensity of his release and the wickedness of their act.

Charlotte smiled, holding him a little tighter. She would guide him further down this taboo path, until he was a worthy sire for their new dynasty in this untamed land. All the mothers would.

The Mayflower sailed on through the misty grey Atlantic, bearing this cargo of forbidden lust toward the distant shores of the New World. The future belonged to the fertile and the daring, and Charlotte aimed to be both. She and her sister-wives would birth a new generation, sturdy and strong, to tame this wild continent. And they would find rapture in their sin.

Later that night, Levi lay in his bunk in the cramped family cabin, unable to sleep. His mind kept replaying the forbidden encounter with his mother earlier, filling him with a confusing mix of shame and illicit arousal.

Across the small room, his younger siblings slumbered in a bunk and his parents slept in the narrow bed they shared. The only sounds were the creaking of the ship and his father's soft snores.

Then Levi heard the rustle of blankets. He looked over to see his mother slowly pushing the covers down her body, watching him intently in the dim lantern light. His father slumbered on, unaware, as she revealed herself inch by tantalizing inch to her son's riveted gaze.

The blanket slipped below Charlotte's bare breasts and Levi inhaled sharply. Her perfect, heavy globes were fully exposed now, nipples puckered in the cool night air. She cupped the pliant mounds, kneading them slowly, sensuously, her eyes locked with Levi's.

He watched, transfixed and achingly hard, as Charlotte's hands roamed lower, pushing the blanket past her stomach, her hips, baring her body completely to him as her husband slept beside her. The faint lantern light played over her pale skin, the shadow at the apex of her thighs beckoning like a siren's call.

Sinuously, Charlotte parted her thighs, giving her son an unobstructed view of her most intimate place. With a sultry look, she trailed her fingers down and began to stroke herself, caressing her folds, circling her pearl. Her eyelids fluttered and she bit her lip, her pleasure building.

Levi gripped his rigid cock through his nightshirt, squeezing in time to his mother's silent self-pleasure. He watched her raptly, not daring to make a sound, his heart pounding.

Charlotte writhed slowly, working herself with an expert touch. Her knees drew back as her thigh opened further, her sexy bare feet hovering.

The mother's breasts quivered and swayed with her movements. She penetrated herself with two fingers, pumping in and out of her glistening sex. Her other hand pinched and tugged at her engorged nipples.

Levi stroked himself faster as his mother's masturbation intensity increased. He could hardly believe she was doing this with his father right there, secretly displaying her naked body for his eyes only. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever witnessed.

Charlotte's movements became more urgent, her fingers flying over her wet sex. Her thigh muscles trembled and her back arched. She threw her head back, her mouth opening in a silent cry of ecstasy as she brought herself to climax right before Levi's eyes. Her body shook and shuddered with the force of it.

That erotic sight pushed Levi over the edge too. Fisting his throbbing cock, he erupted into his nightshirt with a barely contained groan, his seed jetting and soaking the flimsy fabric.

Levi and Charlotte both froze as they heard Charles

stir and mumble beside her. Charlotte quickly pulled the blanket up to her chin, feigning sleep. But in his post-orgasmic haze, Levi was a second too slow. Charles propped himself up on one elbow, blinking groggily in the lantern light. His gaze fell on Levi across the small cabin and his eyes widened. "Boy! What in God's name are you doing?" he barked.

Levi hastily removed his hand from his spent cock, but it was too late. His father had clearly seen him pleasuring himself.

"I...I'm sorry, Father," Levi stammered, his face burning with shame at being caught in such a compromising act. "I didn't mean to wake you."

Charles glared at him, his expression thunderous. "We'll discuss your punishment in the morning," he growled. "For now, go to sleep and pray for forgiveness." With that, he laid back down, pulling Charlotte close. She remained still and silent, feigning sleep.

Levi's stomach churned with dread, but he obediently

closed his eyes, knowing he would find no rest that night. Shame and fear warred within him until sheer exhaustion pulled him under.

The next morning, Charles pulled Levi aside, his face stern. "Now son, you have a choice. For your unspeakable behavior last night, you can either swab the latrines for a week..." He paused, letting that sink in. Levi paled at the thought of that foul task.

"Or," Charles continued gravely, "you can assist your mother with laundry and mending. She's been complaining of fatigue and soreness and could use a strong young man's help."

It was an easy decision. "I'll help mother," the boy offered and his father nodded in satisfaction.

Below deck, the mothers gathered in the cramped laundry area of the ship, their faces flushed and eyes sparkling as they shared salacious details of their intimate encounters with their sons.

"Ezekial's manhood felt so thick and heavy in my hand," Constance gushed to the others, pantomiming

the impressive girth with her fingers. "I just know he's gonna fill me up so completely when the time comes. Breed me deep."

Martha nodded, a wicked grin on her face. "Aye, and did you see the bulge in Jeremiah's breeches yesterday? That boy is hung like a bull! I can hardly wait to feel him stretching me wide open." She shivered in anticipation.

The women tittered and fanned themselves at the thought.

Charlotte leaned in conspiratorially. "Levi ground his hardness against my mound with such urgency. And when he spent himself, I could smell his seed, so potent and virile. My womb practically ached for it."

"Soon, sister. Soon he'll be planting that seed and putting a strong baby in your belly," Constance assured her, rubbing Charlotte's flat stomach. "Just as all our sons will."

"They're such eager, lustful young bucks," Martha added. "So ready and willing to rut. To claim us and

make us theirs."

The other women made noises of agreement, their faces dreamy and flush with arousal at the thought of their sons mounting and breeding them.

"And their cocks," Charlotte said with relish. "So hard and ready. I can't stop imagining Levi's long, veiny shaft sliding into my wetness. Pumping me full to overflowing with his essence."

"Sinfully thick loads of teenage semen!" Constance declared. "Truly God has blessed us with prime, virile seed to sow our new Garden of Eden."

"Amen to that, sister!" Martha crowed.

The women dissolved into peals of scandalous laughter, drawing a disapproving look from one of the elderly spinsters across the room. But they paid her no mind, too giddy with the thrill of their forbidden lusts and the promise of the taboo yet sanctified unions to come.

Their sons would breed them so well and plant the first seeds of the new world in their fertile wombs.

This they knew with unshakable certainty.

Levi and Ezekiel arrived in the cramped laundry area, ready to assist their mothers, since Ezekiel was also being punished by his father for swearing.

The women put them to work right away, having them haul the heavy baskets of wet linens and crank the wringer to squeeze out the excess water.

As the boys toiled, brows glistening with sweat in the humid room, the mothers exchanged knowing glances. Slowly, as if choreographed, they began to unbutton their blouses, fanning themselves and complaining of the heat.

"Goodness, it's sweltering in here," Charlotte declared, shrugging her top down to reveal an indecent amount of succulent tit-cleavage. Her hefty breasts swayed mesmerizingly as she moved.

"I'll say," agreed Constance, hiking up her skirt to dab at her shapely thighs with a damp cloth. "I'm positively dripping with perspiration."

Levi and Ezekiel tried to avert their eyes like proper

gentlemen, but they couldn't help sneaking furtive glances at the tantalizing expanses of bare skin on display. Their mouths went dry and their breeches grew uncomfortably tight.

Martha bent low over a washtub, her rounded ass pointed in the boys' direction. "Be a dear and fetch me that washboard," she purred over her shoulder at Ezekiel.

As he drew near to hand it to her, she straightened and pressed the soft swell of her tits against his arm. "My, what a strong young man you've become," she cooed, batting her lashes.

Ezekiel flushed scarlet and mumbled his thanks, scrambling back to his task. But not before Martha noticed the impressive tent forming at the front of his pants. She smiled to herself in satisfaction.

Charlotte sidled up to Levi as he cranked the wringer, pressing her hip against his. "You're doing such a good job," she praised breathily, reaching out to stroke his sweat-dampened hair. Her fingers lingered, tracing

the line of his jaw, her eyes staring into his. "So hardworking and...virile."

Levi shivered at her touch, his erection straining against the fabric of his pants. Charlotte's eyes flicked down to the tubular-shaped bulge, her pink tongue darting out to wet her lips. Levi thought he might combust on the spot.

The teasing continued, the mothers finding every excuse to brush against their sons "accidentally", letting their hands linger just a little too long, their skirts ride up a little too high.

By the time the laundry was done, Levi and Ezekiel were practically panting with pent-up need, their young cocks achingly erect and leaking.

Charlotte and Martha shared secretive smiles, knowing they had their sons exactly where they wanted them - desperate and primed for breeding.

After days of teasing and buildup, the mothers were ready to take the next step in their illicit plan to breed with their sons. Unbeknownst to their pious husbands,

they had secretly prepared a hidden room deep in the bowels of the ship for this very purpose.

Martha took Ezekiel's hand and Charlotte took Levi's, leading their confused but aroused sons through a maze of narrow corridors and steep ladders into the dank recesses of the cargo hold. Finally, they came to a shadowy dead-end, stacked high with barrels and crates.

"Where are you taking us mother?" Levi asked.

"No one ever comes down here," Ezekiel added.

"Exactly," Martha said with a mischievous grin.

Moving aside several large trunks, the women revealed a small hatch in the floor. They lifted it open and ushered the boys down a short ladder into a lowceilinged hidden compartment.

Closing the hatch behind them, Martha lit several lanterns, bathing the cramped space in a soft glow.

Levi and Ezekiel looked around in wonder. The room was set up like a cozy den of iniquity. The walls were draped with rich tapestries and the floor was layered

with plush furs and pillows. The air was thick with a heady mix of incense and the musky scent of arousal.

"What is this place?" Levi asked, his voice husky with nervous anticipation.

Charlotte stepped close to him, running her hands over his chest. "This is where you will fulfill your duty as a virile young sire and plant your seed. Where we will conceive the first children of the new world."

Martha nodded, her eyes gleaming in the lantern light as she pressed herself against Ezekiel. "You have been chosen for this sacred task. To breed with us, your mothers, and father a new generation."

The boys exchanged shocked glances, their faces flushed, pulses pounding. It was so wrong...and yet their bodies thrummed with base, primal need. Their mothers were so beautiful, so ripe and willing. How could they resist such unnatural temptation?

Seeing their hesitation, Charlotte and Martha began to undress, slowly peeling away their bodices and skirts until they stood naked and shameless before

their slack-jawed sons.

Their bodies were lush and bountiful - heavy breasts, soft stomachs, wide child-bearing hips. The thatch of curls at the junction of their thighs glistened with feminine arousal.

Martha took her son's hand.

"Come, let us worship your manhood as is our duty," she purred, sinking gracefully to her knees on the furs and beckoning Ezekiel closer.

Charlotte did the same, kneeling before Levi and reaching for the laces of his breeches with trembling fingers. "Yes, my son. Let me taste your virility."

Levi and Ezekiel exchanged one last uncertain glance before surrendering to their dark, forbidden desires. With shaking hands, they hastily unlaced their breeches and shrugged out of their shirts, baring their youthful, sinewy bodies to their mothers' hungry gazes.

The boys' cocks sprang free, bobbing thick and heavy before them, the swollen, shiny-skinned heads already

glistening with eager arousal.

Levi's manhood was long and pale, curving upwards nearly nine-inches from a thatch of dark curls.

Ezekiel's was a shade darker, jutting straight out from his loins at a slight upward angle, the veins prominent along the thick shaft.

"Oh my," Charlotte breathed, reaching out to loosely circle Levi's impressive girth with her fingers. "What a magnificent specimen you are, my son."

Martha licked her lips as she admired her own boy's turgid penis. "Indeed, sister. Our sons have grown into such fine, virile young men. So ready and built to breed."

Gently pushing the awestruck boys back onto the plush bed of fur, the mothers fell upon them like wanton harlots, taking their rigid cocks into their mouths with a hunger bordering on desperation.

Levi cried out in shock and pleasure as his mom's warm, wet mouth engulfed him. She lavished the head of his penis with her long tongue, lapping up the salty

essence already beading at the tip.

Relaxing her jaw, Charlotte took him deeper with practiced ease, reveling in the heavy weight of his manhood throbbing against her tongue.

Beside them, Martha slurped lewdly as she feasted on Ezekiel's cock like a starving woman. Her head bobbed up and down his length, taking him to the hilt until he butted the back of her throat.

She swallowed around him, massaging his shaft with her throat muscles as he groaned and fisted his hands in the furs.

The small den filled with the obscene sounds of slurping and suckling as the women worshipped their sons' cocks with wicked expertise.

They licked and kissed, stroked and squeezed, fondling the heavy sacs below until the boys writhed and panted from the intense sensation.

"Mother...oh God...Mother..." Levi babbled deliriously, his back arching as Charlotte took him especially deep, her nose nuzzling against his wiry pubes.

Pulling off with a lewd pop, Charlotte pumped Levi's spit-slicked erection as she caught her breath. "That's it, my darling boy. Let Momma love this big beautiful cock. So perfect for breeding me."

She flicked her tongue teasingly at the engorged head, eliciting a full body shudder from her teen. His member jerked against her lips, smearing them with his excitement.

Martha released Ezekiel from her mouth's clutches as well, strings of saliva briefly connecting his glistening cock to her lips. "So delicious," she breathed.

Charlotte and Martha lavished their sons' throbbing shafts with their mouths, licking and suckling the sensitive skin from root to tip. Then they moved lower, nuzzling into the musky warmth of the boys' swollen testicles.

Martha took one of Ezekiel's heavy balls into her mouth, gently rolling its oval-shaped meat on her tongue, feeling the delicate weight of it. She suckled it tenderly, hollowing her cheeks to create an exquisite

suction that had her son bucking and mewling.
Her lips nibbled and tugged on his wrinkled sack, stretching the thin skin taut. Doing this pulled at the coiled tube of his vas deferens, preparing it for the passage of his pent-up ejaculate.
Releasing his ball with a soft pop, Martha lapped and sucked at the crease where Ezekiel's sack met his thigh, savoring the salty tang of his perspiration.
She traced the puckered skin with the tip of her tongue before taking his other testicle into the wet heat of her mouth for the same loving treatment.
Charlotte licked broad stripes up the center of Levi's tightly furled sack, flattening her tongue to lave his most sensitive flesh. She sealed her lips around one of his balls, suckling hungrily as if to draw out his seed.
The fleshy orb was bathed in warm saliva and rolled against her palate as she gently massaged it between her lovely lips.
Levi gasped and fisted his hands in Charlotte's silky hair, holding her to his loins as exquisite sensations

radiated from his groin.

She released him only to immediately engulf his other testicle, suckling it with the same fervor, her tongue swirling and flicking the crinkled skin.

The boys' faces contorted with intense pleasure bordering on pain as their mothers worshipped their virile jewels. Their shafts wept steadily, clear, slippery fluid dribbling down the rigid lengths to pool in their navels.

"Please," Ezekiel panted desperately, his body wound tighter than a coiled spring. "I need...I need..."

"Shh, my darling," Martha crooned, releasing his balls from her oral embrace. "Mommy knows what you need."

Charlotte and Martha were determined to make sure their sons' bollocks were brimming with hot, potent seed before allowing them the ecstasy of release inside their mothers' hungry wombs. With this goal in mind, they continued their relentless oral assault on the boys' swollen testicles.

Firmly cupping Levi's heavy sack and making his nuts bulge outward, Charlotte rolled and gently pulled on his balls, coaxing them to produce an overflowing abundance of spunk.

She pressed her fingers into the plump mounds, massaging deep into the tender flesh to stimulate maximum semen production.

Levi whimpered and squirmed at the intense sensation, his cock pulsing and leaking against his belly.

Martha gave her own son's taut ball sack the same diligent attention, kneading and squeezing the twin orbs like ripe fruit ready to burst with juice.

She rolled them between her fingers, tugging on them until Ezekiel saw stars, his back arching off the bed.

His cockhead flared an angry purple, throbbing with the need for release.

But the mothers weren't done with their teasing torment. With wicked gleams in their eyes, they pushed the boys' knees up and back, fully exposing

their most intimate areas. The young men flushed with embarrassment but were too aroused to protest. Spreading Levi's taut cheeks, Charlotte zeroed in on his tightly furled pucker. His virgin rosebud winked at her as she drew close, the musky scent of his most private place filling her nostrils.

Extending her long motherly tongue, she lapped delicately at the puckered bud, tracing its wrinkled rim.

Levi yelped at the foreign sensation, his hole clenching reflexively. But as Charlotte's tongue swirled and probed, pressing insistently at his forbidden entrance, he found himself relaxing into the incredible pleasure. His cock wept a steady stream of fluid as his mother ate his ass with loud, lewd slurps.

Martha took similar delight in tonguing Ezekiel's boyish bottom, her face buried lewdly between his spread cheeks.

She pointed her tongue and jabbed at his quivering hole, laving and spearing the tight ring of muscle until

it yielded to the slick invasion.

Ezekiel mewled and bucked, fucking himself back on his mother's probing tongue.

The small private area echoed with the boys' desperate cries and the wet obscene sounds of rimming as their mothers ate their asses with shameless abandon, preparing them for that sacred breeding ritual.

As Charlotte and Martha relentlessly stimulated their sons' bodies with their tongues and fingers, a primal, biological process was taking place within the boys' swollen testicles.

In the coiled tubes of their epididymis, millions upon millions of sperm cells were rapidly maturing, their flagellating tails twitching with eagerness to fulfill their reproductive purpose.

The mothers' expert ministrations sent surges of blood flow to Levi and Ezekiel's groins, engorging their testes further. The increased pressure and motility triggered the sperm to begin their journey, swimming up through the vas deferens in thick, pearly ropes of

semen.

The boys' prostate glands and seminal vesicles kicked into overdrive, pumping out a potent cocktail of fructose and prostaglandins to fuel and protect the sperm on their impending mission.

With the mothers' menstrual cycles approaching ovulation, their bodies were sending out subtle signals of peak fertility - pheromones that beckoned to their sons' brimming balls on a primal level.

Levi and Ezekiel's sperm production increased to almost frantic levels in biological response to these airborne mating calls, their testicles now churning with massive loads of hot, virile seed primed to impregnate.

The boys writhed and panted on the bed, their cocks iron-hard and pulsing, glans flaring a deep, fertile purple. Salty pre-ejaculate flowed in steady streams from their slits, their bodies instinctively preparing to deliver the voluminous release building in their swollen sacs.

"Look how full and ripe you've grown, my darling," Charlotte purred, cupping Levi's heavy, distended scrotum in her palm. She could feel the orbs within churning with barely contained need, growing increasingly taut by the second. "So much hot seed for Mommy."

"God, I can practically feel it sloshing inside you," Martha groaned, nuzzling her boy's bulging balls. "Gallons of creamy spunk just begging to shoot up Mommy's needy cunny."

Their fingers traced reverently over the straining, paper-thin skin of their sons' sacs, relishing the feel of the swollen sperm factories within. Each touch sent jolts of electricity straight to the boys' throbbing cocks, eliciting desperate mewls as they lingered on a hairsbreadth from orgasm.

But their mothers would not allow them that sweet release just yet. The boys had to be brimming, their balls filled to the point of agony before they would be permitted to erupt in an endless tide of fertile cream

inside their mothers' wombs. Only then could they paint their unprotected uteruses with seed and spark new life inside them

Charlotte and Martha crawled up their sons' bodies, their heavy, pendulous breasts swaying hypnotically. Settling their maternal weight on top of them, they buried the boys' faces and chests beneath their massive, pillowy tits.

"Mmmm, doesn't Mommy feel good pressed against you like this?" Charlotte cooed, smothering Levi in her expansive bosom. "Don't you just wanna bury yourself in Mommy's big soft titties and never come out?"

She rolled her hips, grinding her hot, soaked folds along the rigid length of Levi's cock, smearing it with her slippery secretions.

He groaned into her warm cleavage, his hips bucking reflexively to slide his throbbing shaft through her inviting wetness.

Martha pinned her teen beneath her, her enormous breasts enveloping him completely. "You love having

Mommy's big milkers all over you, don't you baby boy? I bet you just wanna fuck these huge mommy-tits and cover them in your spunk."

Ezekiel whimpered an affirmative, his face lost between Martha's heaving mounds as she slid up and down his body, painting his cock and balls with her dripping arousal.

Reaching between their pressed bodies, the mothers grasped their sons' straining erections and began to stroke them with maddeningly slow, tight-fisted pumps. They swirled their thumbs around the leaking crowns, smearing the pre-ejaculate down the throbbing shafts.

"Your cock is so hard for me," Charlotte purred sultrily in Levi's ear. "I can feel it throbbing in my hand, so desperate to erupt. You wanna pump a pussy full of your hot, sticky cream, don't you? You wanna flood a fertile womb with your seed until it takes root?"

"God yes," Levi panted, his hips rocking into Charlotte's fist. "Please Mama, I need it so bad..."

"Shhh, not yet baby," she soothed wickedly. "I want this big cock ready to burst before I let you inside me. I want you sobbing with need, your fat balls boiling over before you're allowed to hose down my eggs with spunk."

Martha nibbled Ezekiel's earlobe, her hand milking his cock in languid pulls. "When I finally sink down on this throbbing dick, you're gonna spray me so full," she promised filthily. "You'll pump jet after jet of thick boy-honey directly into my baby oven until it has no choice but to catch. I'm gonna milk you dry."

Her boy whined needily into her pillowy tits, his cock pulsing urgently in her grip, the coiled tension in his groin hovering at the breaking point. But still she kept her strokes torturously slow, denying him the release of ejaculation.

Levi and Ezekiel's heads were completely engulfed in the cavernous cleavage of their mothers' breasts, cocooned in warm, fragrant flesh. The boys kissed their way out and latched onto the women's thick,

rubbery nipples, suckling greedily like overgrown babes.

Charlotte and Martha's teats were perfectly textured for prolonged sucking, the skin pebbled and elastic from nursing several children over the years. The dusky areolas puckered, crinkling against the boys' lips and tongues as they feasted on the ripe buds.

"That's it, drink from Mommy's big tits," Charlotte purred, cradling Levi's head to her bosom.

Martha arched into Ezekiel's hungry mouthing, relishing the sensation of his lips and tongue worshipping her rubbery nipples. "Mmm yes, just like when you were a baby," she crooned. "Nurse on Mommy's big cuddle-boobies."

The boys groaned around mouthfuls of succulent breast, the vibrations thrumming pleasurably through the abundant flesh. They suckled forcefully, hollowing their cheeks as they tried to draw out the creamy milk they remembered from infancy.

As the women's large, darkly textured nipples swelled

between their sons' lips, they felt echoing tingles in their neglected clits. Their thick, puffy pussies clenched with building need, weeping copious amounts of slick fuck-oil.

Pressing the boys' faces more firmly into the pillowy heaven of their breasts, the mothers continued to stroke their throbbing cocks with maddening leisure. They rubbed the rubbery tips of their nipples against their sons' lips and tongues, encouraging their ardent suckling.

"Oh fuck, you're making Mommy's cunny so juicy," Martha gasped, grinding herself against Ezekiel's muscular thigh as he nursed. "I'm absolutely drenched for your big hard tool."

"Momma needs this fat rod inside her," Charlotte panted, feeling Levi's straining erection pulse impatiently in her fist. "I need you to stuff me full of your hot, virile cream and make my belly swell with your seed."

The boys whimpered desperately into their mothers'

abundant tits, sucking harder on the spongy nipples as their hips bucked urgently into the women's tight grips. Their balls were drawn up painfully tight, churning with backed-up sperm that screamed for release.

"Please Mother," Levi begged around her nipple, his voice muffled in her flesh. "I can't take it anymore... I'm gonna explode!"

"Me too!" Ezekiel added, his own voice nearly muted by pounds of tit-meat.

Charlotte and Martha shared a knowing glance, silently agreeing that their sons' young cocks were finally primed and ready to breed.

Giving the throbbing shafts a final squeeze, the women shuffled forward on their knees their slobbery tits lifting off their boys. They gracefully positioned themselves with their dripping, puffy cunts hovered directly above the engorged tips.

"Take a good look, baby," Charlotte purred, reaching down to spread her slick, swollen pussy lips apart. "See

how wet and ready I am for you?"

Levi stared in awe at his mother's glistening pink folds, noticing how they flowered open invitingly, revealing the deep coral-colored well of her opening. Her pronounced inner labia protruded enticingly, flushed a deep rose with arousal. At the apex of her cleft, Charlotte's clit stood out from beneath its protective sheath like a ripe berry, practically quivering with need.

"God Mom, it's so beautiful," Levi murmured reverently. He could feel the heat radiating from her sopping entrance onto his cockhead, the plump lips brushing maddeningly against him.

Beside them, Martha displayed her lush vulva to Ezekiel, dipping two fingers inside to spread herself open. "Look how hungry your mother's cunt is," she moaned, scooping out some of her copious cream and painting it over her boy's glans. "So empty and aching to be filled up with cock."

Ezekiel's eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the feel

of his mother's slick on his fevered flesh. Her labial flanges were thick and puffy, engorged with blood, the pink petals glistening with her essence. Her opening clenched and fluttered before his eyes, winking at him, beckoning him to plunge inside.

The women held their sons' gazes, letting the anticipation build as the broad tops of their cockheads nudged ever so slightly between their plump, slippery folds.

The boys panted harshly, their faces flushed, hips straining upward in search of more stimulation. But their mothers held steady, keeping them poised at the very brink of their dripping channels.

"Please Mother," Ezekiel whined desperately. "I need to be inside you..."

"Me too," Levi added, his voice cracking with strain. "Please let me fuck you, I can't stand it!"

Charlotte and Martha shared a final triumphant smile, knowing they had their sons exactly where they wanted them - mindless with lust and burning with

the all-consuming need to rut. To shoot their potent seed deep into their mothers' unprotected wombs.

With aching slowness, Charlotte and Martha sank down onto their sons' rigid cocks, parting their plush folds around the flared crowns. The bulbous heads pushed insistently at their slick openings, stretching the tight rings of muscle until they yielded with a lewd squelch.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Levi cried out as Charlotte's cunt engulfed his aching glans, the exquisite wet heat enveloping him like a silken vise. He could feel every ripple and flutter of her most intimate muscles through the sensitive skin.

Beside them, Ezekiel let out a choked moan as the tip of his cock breached the succulent seal of Martha's pussy. Her muscles clamped down on him reflexively, gripping the invading head in a velvet chokehold.

"Fuck!" the boy gasped, watching his remaining shaft flex on its root, veins bulging out from beneath the tight pink membrane of his cock-skin.

Inch by excruciating inch, the women impaled themselves on their sons' throbbing lengths. The hard shafts plowed through their dripping channels, stroking over the ribbed walls that gripped and massaged the delicious intrusion.

Levi and Ezekiel gasped and writhed at the intense pleasure, overwhelmed by the glorious sensation of being inside a woman for the first time. The slick, clasping heat was unlike anything they'd ever felt before. It was as if their mothers' bodies were made to sheath their aching cocks.

Charlotte and Martha let out matching keens as they were split open on their sons' girthy rods. The sheer size of them stretched their tender cuntal tissues exquisitely, lighting up every nerve ending like fire. They could feel every throbbing vein and ridge of their sons' erectile flesh dragging along their fluttering walls.

Finally, the women bottomed out, the swollen heads of their sons' members kissing the mouths of their

wombs. The tips pressed insistently at the sensitive rings guarding their fertile depths, sending jolts of electricity through their cores.

"You're so deep, baby," Charlotte marveled breathlessly. "I can feel you all the way inside my womb."

"God, you're splitting your mother wide open," Martha groaned, relishing the sweet ache of being utterly packed full of cock-flesh. "Stuffing me so full of your big, beautiful prick."

The boys could only moan helplessly, too lost in the exquisite sensation of total penetration to form coherent words. Their balls pulsed urgently where they pressed against the women's plush ass cheeks, the seed inside boiling for release into those secret, forbidden depths.

With a shared glance, Charlotte and Martha began to move, undulating their motherly hips to slide up and down their sons' thick shafts. They clenched their inner muscles, rippling along the rigid lengths,

milking them with every stroke.

Levi and Ezekiel tossed their heads back with twin cries of rapture, their hands flying to their mothers' gyrating hips.

As Charlotte and Martha rode their sons with practiced grace, their bodies undulated in sinuous waves, showcasing their sexual prowess. They swiveled their wide hips in mesmerizing figure eights and clenched their slick inner muscles in rippling pulses, stroking their sons' cocks with expert precision.

In this era, a woman's primary duty was to provide exquisite pleasure to her husband. So, the mothers had spent countless hours each day honing their erotic abilities, determined to be the most skilled lovers possible.

They performed rigorous exercises to strengthen their pelvic floor, toning their intimate muscles until they had complete mastery over every squeeze and flutter.

The arduous self-training involved special wooden ben

wa balls and gourds of various sizes, which the women would clench inside their channels for hours, building stamina and dexterity.

They learned to isolate different muscle groups, undulating their walls in waves from entrance to cervix and back again. Other drills focused on speed and rhythm, teaching them to milk a cock in a variety of tempos from languid to furiously fast.

Diet and grooming were also crucial components of their regimen. The mothers consumed copious amounts of sweet fruits to ensure their essence tasted like honeyed nectar.

They cleaned and perfumed their most intimate areas with rosewater and exotic oils until they glistened like pink pearls. No detail was overlooked in their quest to become the perfect receptacles of pleasure.

And now, Levi and Ezekiel were the lucky beneficiaries of their mothers' countless hours of intimate education. The women squeezed and rippled along their sons' pummeling cocks, their movements

graceful and fluid as a dancer's.

They seemed to instinctively know exactly how to angle their hips to hit the boys' most sensitive spots, sending cascades of toe-curling bliss through their straining bodies.

"Holy fuck, Mother," Levi panted in awe as Charlotte swirled her cunt around his girth, stroking him with velvety perfection. "It's like your pussy was made for my penis."

"Yours too," Ezekiel groaned to his mom, his head thrashing as Martha fluttered and squeezed his aching length with pulsing precision. "I've never felt anything so good in my life."

The women preened with satisfaction, proud that their diligent training was so effective in reducing their sons to mindless putty. They picked up the fuck-pace, bouncing feverishly on the thick rods spearing them open, determined to demonstrate the full scope of their carnal repertoire.

Charlotte and Martha's heavy tit-melons bounced

hypnotically as they rode, rippling with each slap against their flushed chests. Their thick thighs quivered with exertion and a sheen of sweat glistened on their undulating bodies.

Lewd wet sounds filled the cozy space as their sons' girthy cocks pummeled in and out of their sloppy cunts, churning the overflowing pre-oil that soaked their genital flesh.

With feral groans of lust, the mothers collapsed forward onto their sons, pressing them into the furs with their full maternal weight. They clutched the boys tightly to their heaving bosoms, trapping them beneath like a spider ensnaring its prey in a silken cocoon.

Splayed out on top, the women began to rut in earnest, their voluptuous hips pumping with wild abandon. Their massive, rounded asses flexed and bounced as they slammed themselves down on their sons' rigid cocks, fucking them with ravenous intensity.

Levi and Ezekiel could barely breathe, smothered

beneath pounds of warm, fragrant female flesh. Their faces were buried in their mothers' cavernous cleavage, hot pants muffled by the jiggling tit-meat. All they could do was lie there and take the ruthless pounding, surrendering to the primal force of their mothers' need.

"Take it," Charlotte snarled, her hips jackhammering brutally, the wet slap of flesh on flesh echoing obscenely. "Take Mommy's cunt. Let me fuck the cum right out of you."

Levi just whimpered in response, too overwhelmed by sensation to form words. His pelvis jerked up to meet his mother's violent thrusts, his aching balls tightening as his climax built.

Levi's sinewy, youthful cock was anchored at its base by the strong muscles and ligaments of his pelvis, allowing him to drive his boner unyieldingly into his mother's sopping pussy.

The connective tissues entwined with his pubococcygeus muscle contracted powerfully with

each upward thrust, stabilizing his straining nine-inch beast as it plunged into Charlotte's depths again and again.

The boy could feel the coiled tension mounting at the root of his prick, the internal tendons and blood vessels pulsing with the immense pressure building in his groin.

His swollen testicles drew up painfully tight in their taut sack, churning with backed-up seed that screamed for explosive release.

The thick column of Levi's shaft, engorged to maximum capacity, pistoned through the clutching sheath of his mother's cunt, the pronounced ridge of his corona dragging deliciously along her rippling walls.

The exquisitely sensitive frenulum just beneath the head was pulled and stroked mercilessly with each thrust, sending jolts of electric bliss firing through his nerves.

"Fuck, baby, you feel so good!" Martha keened, her ass

cheeks rippling as she ground herself down on her boy's throbbing cock-shaft. "Splitting me open so perfect. Gonna make me cum on this fat dick."

Ezekiel moaned helplessly into his mother's abundant tits, his hands scrabbling at her undulating ass. He squeezed the plush globes, encouraging her as she used him for her own pleasure.

The wet, obscene sounds of hard, deep fucking filled the area as the mothers rutted atop their sons like animals in heat. Their dripping pussies squelched and farted around the pillars of teenage flesh, spraying the boys' groins with their sweet cream.

"I'm gonna cum!" Charlotte suddenly wailed, her cunt clenching like a fist around Levi's shaft. "Gonna cum all over this big fucking dick!"

Her massive ass jiggled almost violently as she started to cum, slamming herself down one last time to bury Levi to the hilt inside her spasming sheath. Her untrimmed pussy contracted and gushed around him as her climax crashed through her.

Levi let out a strangled groan, his mother's brutal orgasm triggering his own. His cock jerked and erupted like a geyser, flooding Charlotte's womb with what felt like gallons of scalding boy-seed.

He clawed at her quaking ass and lower back, trying to pull her impossibly closer as he emptied his balls into her clutching love-tunnel.

Martha's orgasm exploded through her a moment later, her massive ass rippling like ocean waves as she rode it out.

Her cunt-tube clamped down on Ezekiel's pulsing cock, milking him mercilessly as she keened her pleasure into the sex-thick air.

"Yes, fill your mother up!" she wailed, grinding down to take her teen as deep as possible. "Give me that hot nut! Breed me!"

With a guttural cry, Ezekiel unleashed a torrent of seed into his mother's pulsating depths, painting her womb with rope after rope of his potent essence. He bucked beneath her like an untamed stallion, driving

his spurting pecker into her rippling heat as he spent himself utterly.

The boys pumped and pumped, pushing out spurt after spurt from their straining balls, determined to flood their mothers with every last drop.

The women clenched and fluttered, working their sons' cocks with their talented cunts to coax out every bit of cream.

Finally, the frenetic rutting slowed to a stop, leaving the forbidden lovers panting and trembling in the aftermath. Levi and Ezekiel lay dazed beneath their mothers, utterly spent, their slightly- softening cocks still buried in the women's drenched, dripping folds.

Charlotte and Martha slowly sat up, careful not to dislodge their sons from their clasping channels. They smiled at each other in sated triumph, feeling the abundance of hot young seed sloshing heavily in their wombs. The potent stuff of life, already seeking to take root in their fertile depths.

"Such good boys," Charlotte cooed, languidly rolling

her hips to stir Levi's cream inside her. "Mommy is very pleased."

"Mmmm indeed," Martha agreed, relishing the sensation of Ezekiel's release painting her deepest recesses. "The strong seed will surely quicken."

The women shared a meaningful look, knowing this was only the beginning. They would keep their sons sheathed inside them for hours, to ensure every drop marinated their ripe eggs. And then again and again, as many times as it took for their bellies to swell with the fruit of this forbidden union.

For this was their sacred duty - to propagate the new world with the sturdiest, most virile stock. Forged through the taboo intermingling of bloodlines in the most primal of acts.

The Mayflower pressed onward over the steel grey Atlantic, ignorant of the incestuous filth occurring in its very bowels.

The righteous Puritan fathers worked hard above deck, dreaming of the pious utopia they would build,

never suspecting the depths of sin transpiring beneath their feet.

But the mothers knew. With their sons' seed sticky on their thighs and leaking from their ravaged cunts, they smiled secret smiles.

195: Debauchery Aboard the Mayflower-Part2

Later that evening, after they had cleaned up and returned to their cabins, Levi's father approached him with a stern expression. "Son, did you complete your punishment today assisting your mother as I instructed?"

Levi swallowed hard, trying to keep his face impassive as forbidden memories of his mother's lush body flashed through his mind. "Yes father, I helped mother with the laundry and mending all day, as you said."

Charlotte came up beside her husband, placing a hand on his arm. "Oh yes, Levi was so helpful. He has such strong, capable hands..." She caught her son's eye and smirked. "Perfect for really getting deep into the folds and wringing things out until they're dripping."

Levi felt his face flush at the obvious innuendo, but

Charles just nodded approvingly, oblivious. "Good lad. A woman has many needs that require a virile man's attention."

"Indeed," Charlotte said, her eyes dancing with mirth. "And Levi rose to the occasion admirably. He has astonishing stamina, barely resting as he plunged into his tasks over and over..."

Levi nearly choked at his mother's brazenness but managed to maintain a neutral expression. "I did my best to stuff- I mean assist Mother with whatever she required." He met Charlotte's eyes in a moment of hidden meaning.

"I have no doubt," Charles said. "You're coming of age to shoulder the responsibilities of a man. To take a wife and plant your seed to propagate our line in this new world."

"All in good time, dear," Charlotte said with a secret smile. "I'm sure Levi's seed will bear much fruit when the time comes to sow it." She squeezed her thighs together, relishing the feel of her son's abundant

release still slick between them.

"For now, I expect you to keep being a dutiful son and help your mother as much as you can with the women's work, until we reach land and establish our homestead."

"Of course, father," Levi agreed quickly. "You know I'll always rise to fulfill Mother's needs, no matter how great or persistent they may be." He caught Charlotte's eye and she bit her lip against a grin.

"Splendid! Well, I must meet with the other elders to discuss colony matters. I'll leave you to your women's work." Charles kissed Charlotte on the cheek and strode off, leaving mother and son alone.

The moment he was out of earshot, Charlotte stepped close to Levi, running a hand down his chest. "Mmm, I do hope you'll keep rising to fill Mother's persistent needs," she purred suggestively. "Including the one I'm having right now."

"Right now?" Levi asked, his insides tingling.

As his father's footsteps faded down the passageway,

his mom took him by the hand and led him over to her bunk. The other children were fast asleep in the dim lamplight, soft snores drifting from their pallets.

"We'll have to be very quiet," Charlotte whispered, pulling back the heavy woolen blanket. "Pull off your breeches and slide under here with Mommy. Let's get reacquainted."

Pulse already quickening, Levi obeyed, slipping out of his trousers. His boner wagged lewdly as he slipped beneath the covers to join his mother.

She immediately pressed her soft, womanly body against him, all lush curves and yielding flesh.

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about you inside me," Charlotte murmured, her breath hot against Levi's ear. "I can still feel your seed swimming in my womb, so warm and full of life."

Levi groaned softly, feeling her grasp his cock and slowly stroke its length. "I can't stop thinking about it either," he admitted. "The way you felt wrapped around me, squeezing me..."

Charlotte captured his lips in a deep, filthy kiss, her tongue slipping past his teeth to claim his mouth. They panted into the kiss, trying to stay quiet as their hands roamed greedily.

Pushing the hem of her dressing gown up around her waist, Charlotte rolled onto her back and pulled Levi on top of her. She hooked one plush thigh over his hip, opening herself fully. "Put it back in," she urged. "I need to feel you in my cunt again."

Levi reached between them to position his throbbing cockhead at his mother's slick entrance. With one smooth thrust, he pushed inside, sheathing himself fully in her tight, wet heat. "Fuck, Mom," he gasped, freezing in place so as not to spend himself immediately.

Charlotte brought her other leg up, locking her ankles at the small of Levi's back. Using the leverage, she began to rock against him, undulating her hips to slide along his thick length. "That's it, baby," she cooed. "Nice and deep. Fill Mommy up."

They moved together in a slow, deliberate rhythm, mindful not to make the bed creak and risk waking the others. The blanket tented around them, trapping their mingled breaths and the musky scent of their joining.

Levi buried his face in the side of Charlotte's neck to muffle his groans as he thrust into the slick vice of her cunt. He could feel her muscles rippling along his tender shaft, massaging him from root to tip. Beneath him, his mother panted hotly in his ear, spurring him on with filthy endearments.

"You're so hard for me," she mewled. "Stretching you mom's pussy open on your big, fat cock. Fuck, I love it so much. Love feeling you pulsing inside me."

Charlotte's intimate muscles began to quiver and clench more urgently around Levi's plundering shaft, the telltale signs of her impending orgasm. Her juices flowed heavily, drenching her son's cock and balls in her slick arousal.

"Don't stop," she panted desperately, clutching him

tighter. "I'm gonna cum on this beautiful cock, fuck!"
Levi redoubled his efforts, driving into his mother's shrinking sheath with short, powerful strokes. He could feel her velvety walls tightening and rippling around him in fluttering waves, caressing every throbbing inch. The wet, sucking sounds of their coupling filled the small bunk, obscene and erotic.
Then with a choked-back cry, Charlotte came violently, her lush body shuddering beneath her son's. Her cunt flanges mashed around the root of his cock like a suction cup as she gushed around Levi's boner cock like a hot geyser, ejaculating her release in a slick flood.
Clear, sweet-smelling fluid sprayed his pumping shaft and balls, soaking their joined flesh and splashing onto the bedding underneath.
Levi groaned into Charlotte's neck as her cunny spasmed wildly, the muscles chewing and undulating along his length like a massaging fist. It felt like his dick was being squeezed by a hot, slippery vise,

milking him ruthlessly.

His cockhead throbbed as it was bathed in his mother's ejaculate, the spongy tip smashed against her convulsing cervix.

Charlotte thrashed her pretty head from side to side, riding out the intense waves of her climax. Her cunt continued to gush and squirt, drenching Levi's groin in her essence. The feeling of his hard, virile cock plunging through the flood of her juices was exquisite, naughty and primal.

"Oh God, oh fuck!" she whimpered, her nails raking down her boy's flexing back. "So good, cum in Mommy, baby. Fill me up again!"

The feel of his mother's hot ejaculate sluicing over his pumping cock, combined with her desperate, wanton pleas, sent Levi hurtling over the edge. With a low, guttural groan, he drove into her one last time and unleashed a second tidal wave of seed deep in her rippling depths.

The boy's cockhead flared and pulsed as he painted

Charlotte's womb with thick ropes of his potent cream. He rutted into her wildly, stirring their combined releases into a frothy, sticky mess that squelched obscenely with each thrust.

His heavy balls drew up tight, pumping out spurt after spurt, determined to flood his mother with every last drop.

Charlotte mewled and writhed on her son's erupting cock, her greedy cunt milking him for all he was worth. Still quaking from her intense orgasm, she tightened her legs around Levi's hips and began rocking against him again in a frantic rhythm.

Even though his cock was still pulsing out the dregs of his release, she needed more. The fires of her lust had been stoked to a fever pitch and could not be quenched by a single ejaculation.

"Don't go soft on your mother now," she purred, clenching her cum-soaked pussy around Levi's semirigid shaft. "I need that beautiful cock hard and ready for round two."

Levi groaned into his mother's neck, almost overwhelmed by the renewed stimulation on his sensitive flesh. But her velvety walls massaged him so expertly, coaxing the blood back into his cock until it throbbed back to full stiffness inside her.

"Mmmm, there's my good boy," Charlotte praised, feeling her son's member growing to fill her tunnel with dick-meat once more.

She rolled her hips, stirring their combined juices until they frothed and dripped down the crack of her ass.

Levi began to move again, sawing his rejuvenated cock through his mother's slick, swollen folds. The residual tightness from her last orgasm made the drag exquisitely snug on his shaft, the wet friction around his coronal ridge making his eyes roll back.

Charlotte locked her ankles at the small of Levi's back, squeezing him closer and changing the angle of his thrusts to rub her still-throbbing clit. "Harder," she demanded breathlessly. "Pound my hungry cunt. Fill it with that thick monster"

Spurred on by his mother's filthy words, Levi hiked her knees up and began to drill into her, their bodies slapping together with wet, obscene sounds. The renewed intensity had Charlotte's tits bouncing and threatened to make the bed creak, but neither cared, too swept up in their incestuous passion.

"Yes, yes, fuck me!" Charlotte wailed, trying to keep her voice down. "Ruin my fucking pussy! Breed me so deep!"

Levi set a punishing pace, the crown of his cock battering her cervix on every thrust. His swollen balls slapped against her ass as he rutted like a beast, churning their combined releases into a frothy mess. Proof of their depravity coated their thighs and matted their pubic hair, musky and pungent.

Beneath the blanket, their sweat-slicked bodies writhed and undulated in the primal dance of copulation, urgent and fierce.

Charlotte met her son's full-length thrusts with equal force, her cunt sucking hungrily at his shaft, greedy

for his seed. Their mingled panting breaths filled the humid confines, the air ripe with the stench of sex.

As Levi pounded into her with almost feral intensity, Charlotte clung to him, her nails scoring his back. The world beyond their blanket cocoon faded away until there was nothing but the slick slide of flesh on flesh, the urgent rutting of their bodies. It was as if they were discovering a whole new world - one of uninhibited passion and primal lust.

"Discovering a new land has nothing on the uncharted territory of Mommy's cunt, does it baby?" Charlotte panted filthily in Levi's ear. "You're conquering virgin lands with your big, hard cunt-fucker."

Levi groaned, his hips snapping faster at his mother's nasty words. "Fuck yes," he bit out. "Staking my claim, marking you as mine."

"Mmmm, yes! Colonize me with this thick dick," Charlotte urged, tossing her head wantonly. "Make me your New World and fill me with your seed! Breed me full of new life!"

Their hips crashed together with bruising force, chasing the ultimate pleasure. Levi felt like an explorer uncovering lush, secret valleys as he mapped every inch of his mother's most intimate depths with his raging cock. Her molten, clutching sheath was his personal El Dorado - a mythical place of riches and rapture.

"This is our destiny," Charlotte panted as Levi drilled into her, her voice low and urgent. "To merge as one flesh and propagate a new civilization, forged in the crucible of our forbidden union. Our coupling is as sacred as it is profane."

Levi growled his assent, his mother's words spurring him to even greater heights of savage lust. He felt like a conqueror claiming virgin territory with each thrust, his mother's fertile body the undiscovered country he would settle and sow. Her womb was his wild frontier, ripe for the seeding.

"Yes!" Charlotte keened. "Tame my wilderness with your iron-hard cock! Plow me like untouched fields

and plant a new nation in my belly!"

She clawed at Levi's pumping ass, urging him to rut harder, deeper. Her legs clenched him like a fleshy harness as she rolled her hips to meet his driving thrusts.

They moved as one, their primal rhythm as old as time itself, as natural as the tide crashing upon virgin shores.

"I'm gonna fill you up. Fuck!" Levi panted harshly, his cock pulsing urgently in his mother's hot, clasping depths. "Breed this virgin soil and make it mine."

"Do it!" Charlotte demanded. "Stake your claim and make me yours. A new colony for your seed!"

With a low, guttural groan, Levi unleashed rope after rope of his potent essence deep in his mother's squeezing cunt, his cock jerking and throbbing as it pumped out its virile load.

Charlotte thrashed beneath him, her greedy pussy milking him for every drop as her own release crashed through her busty body.

They shook and shuddered together, their bodies locked in the timeless dance of procreation. Levi collapsed on top of his mother, spent and panting, his softening cock still nestled in her flooded channel. Charlotte cradled him close, savoring the feel of her son's seed sloshing heavily in her womb once more.

"My New World," Levi murmured almost reverently, nuzzling into the sweat-damp valley of Charlotte's breasts.

"Yes, darling," she cooed. "You've made landfall in me. Discovered a whole new continent of pleasure and purpose. And together, we'll birth a bright new future from the depths of our sweet depravity."

Outside their blanket cocoon, the Mayflower rocked gently in the inky Atlantic night, carrying them ever closer to Plymouth. But for Levi and Charlotte, a different journey had already begun - an odyssey of uncharted lust and forbidden love.

The next morning, the mothers gathered on the deck, their faces glowing with the satisfaction of illicit

secrets. As their hardworking husbands prepared for another day of toil, the women approached with coy smiles and honeyed words.

"Darling," Charlotte purred to Charles, running a hand down his arm. "I was hoping Levi could assist me again today below deck. There are just so many tasks that require a strong young man's touch."

Charles nodded absently as he coiled a rope. "Of course, my dear. The boy's old enough to pull his weight."

"Wonderful!" Charlotte beamed, catching Levi's eye across the deck. "We have some very deep, very involved chores to attend to, and his help is invaluable."

Nearby, Martha sidled up to her husband Thomas. "I don't mean to trouble you, love, but might I borrow Ezekiel for the day?" She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "I need him to help me with some intense physical labor."

Thomas chuckled, misinterpreting her suggestive

tone. "Putting those young muscles to work, eh? Have at it! Lord knows idle hands are the Devil's playground."

Martha smirked to herself, thinking that the Devil had nothing on the playground she had in mind for her son's hands - and other body parts.

One by one, the mothers cajoled their husbands, spinning tales of household drudgery and womanly woes that required their sons' immediate attention. The men, obtuse and trusting, readily agreed, sending their strapping boys to "assist" their mothers, little suspecting the true nature of their duties.

As the women led their sons below deck, they exchanged knowing glances heavy with anticipation. Another day of carnal bliss and forbidden breeding awaited them in their secret den of iniquity.

Charlotte pulled Levi into an alcove, pressing her pillowy tits against his chest. "Ready to plumb Mommy's depths again, darling?" She purred, her hand drifting down to cup the bulge already forming

in his breeches.

Levi groaned, his young cock surging to stiffness. "Always," he rasped. "I wanna explore every inch of your uncharted territory."

Inside the hidden sex den, a debauched scene of incestuous carnality unfolded. The mothers and sons coupled wantonly, their nude bodies a writhing mass of sweaty flesh and engorged genitals.

Martha bent over a trunk, her enormous dangling breasts swinging heavily as Ezekiel pounded into her from behind.

He gripped her fleshy hips, slamming his stiff cock into her juicy cunt with primal grunts. Martha's face contorted in ecstasy, her cries of pleasure echoing off the wooden walls.

"Yes, fuck Mommy!" she wailed, pushing her plump ass back to meet his thrusts. "Split me open on that dreamy penis."

Nearby, Constance straddled her son Jeremiah's face, smothering him with her dripping quim. Her massive,

milk-heavy tits quivered and bounced as she ground herself against his mouth, coating his lips and chin with her fragrant essence.

Jeremiah lapped at her folds like a man starved, his hands kneading the globes of her rounded ass.

"That's it, eat Mommy's cunt," Constance panted, fisting her hands in his hair. "Shove that tongue up my hole, get me ready for your fat cock!"

Across the room, Prudence lay spread-eagle on a pile of furs, her son Jedidiah's face buried between her thick thighs as he feasted on her sopping pussy.

Her giant tit-orbs rolled and swayed, the dark nipples puckered with arousal. Jedidiah licked and sucked his mother's engorged clit, flicking the sensitive bud until she thrashed and keened.

"Ah! Oh fuck!" Prudence panted, humping her boy's face desperately. "Such a good boy, making Mommy feel so good! Don't stop!"

The humid air grew thick with the pungent aroma of sex - the tang of dripping cunts, the musk of sweaty

balls and pre-leaking cocks, the perfume of forbidden lust.

Squelching, slapping and grunting sounds filled the space as sons violated their mothers' holes with filthy abandon.

Charlotte fell upon the bed, pulling Levi on top of her. Her legs immediately came up to wrap around his hips, locking him in the carnal cradle of her body.

"Gimme that cock!" she growled, reaching between them to guide him to her entrance. "Stuff Mommy's greedy hole and fuck me raw."

Levi hilted himself in his mother's slick heat with one urgent thrust, groaning at the feel of her clutching walls collapsing around his erectile flesh. He began to move immediately, sawing his thick length through her cream-sodden folds. The obscene sounds of their coupling joined the debauched symphony, punctuated by Charlotte's wanton panting.

Levi reared up on extended arms as he fucked into his mother, changing the angle so he could watch the

mesmerizing bounce and sway of her colossal breasts. They rolled up and down her chest in hypnotic counterpoint to his thrusts, the ripe flesh quivering and rippling.

Charlotte's nipples were diamond-hard points jutting from the wide, thickly pebbled discs of her areolae. The dusky circles were a rich dark pink against the creamy mounds, the nubby texture a perfect tactile contrast to the silky smoothness of the surrounding skin.

"Look at you, so strong and virile," Charlotte panted in awe, drinking in the sight of Levi's youthful, trim physique as he braced himself above her. "The type of boy every woman dreams of fucking."

His muscles flexed and bunched with each driving thrust, his skin glowing with a sheen of sweat in the lantern light.

Levi grunted, spurred on by her praise, hammering into his mother's sopping cunt with renewed vigor. He watched in rapt fascination as her huge tits jiggled

almost violently, the meaty globes shaking and wobbling, seeming to defy gravity itself.

Charlotte writhed wantonly beneath him, reveling in her son's powerful body and the masterful way he wielded it. He was so much fitter, harder, and more energetic than his father, his stamina and enthusiasm seemingly boundless.

His cock was thicker, longer, and pulsed inside her with such youthful vitality. She felt alive, electric, as if she could orgasm from just the sight and sensation of her perfect son ravaging her so thoroughly.

"God, you're amazing," she rasped, rolling her hips to meet his fierce thrusts. "So much better than your father ever was. Splitting me open on your magnificent dick, ruining me for anyone else!"

Levi felt a surge of masculine pride at the debauched comparison, knowing he was pleasing his mother as only he could. He palmed Charlotte's jouncing tits roughly, plumping the doughy flesh and tweaking the fat nipples between his fingers.

She keened sharply, arching into the touch, urging him to maul her even more aggressively.

Across the room, the other mothers lavished equally lewd praise on their sons as they were defiled in every position imaginable. Moans and cries of rapture intermingled with the wet slaps and rhythmic creaking, a profane chorus of unrepentant sin.

Suddenly, a collective cry of rapture pierced the sexthick air as the mothers were overtaken by simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms. Their voices rose in a lewd, discordant symphony, echoing off the wooden walls in a cacophony of pleasure.

"Yes, yes, YESSSS!" Constance shrieked, her body convulsing violently as she drenched her son's humping cock in a gushing torrent of ejaculate. The clear, fragrant fluid sprayed from her quivering cunt, splattering his groin and thighs, dripping down to soak the furs beneath them.

Prudence thrashed and bucked, grinding her climaxing pussy against Jedidiah's mouth in wild

undulations. "Fuck, fuck, I'm squirting!" she wailed, clamping his head between her meaty thighs as a stream of essence jetted from her contracting hole, painting his face in her release.

Martha's sexy frame shook and juddered, her giant tits swinging like fleshy pendulums as she came apart on Ezekiel's thrusting cock. "Oh god, oh shit, oh fuuuuuck!" she howled, a veritable flood gushing out around his cunt-fucking girth to soak his balls and drip down her quivering legs.

Charlotte went rigid beneath Levi, her back arching almost painfully as her orgasm crested. Her cunt contracted viciously around him, rippling and fluttering along his length like a milking fist.

With a ragged scream, she exploded in a spray of hot girl cum, hosing Levi's pumping cock and groin in her ejaculate.

The room filled with the pungent aroma of female pleasure as the mothers came together in drenching spasms, their holes gushing like geysers. The air

practically steamed with the heady mix of fluids and pheromones, palpably thick with base, primal release. Quivering flesh jiggled and bounced in the flickering lantern light as the women shook through the aftershocks.

Sodden body hair was matted to their skin, wet and gleaming with the evidence of their squirting completion. They gasped and panted, rolling through the ebbing waves, their chests heaving and wobbling with exertion.

The sons paused in their desperate rutting, their eyes glazed with lust at the erotic display of their mothers' unrestrained pleasure. Cocks throbbed and pulsed, painfully rigid and desperate to erupt. Balls churned with the urgent need to spill their loads into those cock-squeezing cunts.

It was pure, undiluted carnality - a scene of wanton, incestuous debauchery unmatched in its depravity.

Levi gazed down at Charlotte writhing beneath him, her body still shuddering from her intense orgasm.

Her cunt rippled around his throbbing cock, slick and scorching hot.

The sight and sound of the other mothers coming undone so spectacularly on their sons' humping shafts filled him with a lewd idea.

"Let's take them like the bitches in heat they are," he suggested to the other boys, his voice rough with lust. "On their hands and knees, mounted and bred like animals."

The other lads met his fevered gaze, their eyes blazing with dark, debased hunger. As one, they pulled out of their mothers' dripping holes and manhandled them onto all fours, forming a depraved circle in the center of the room.

The women went eagerly, presenting their huge, jiggling asses and glistening cunts to their sons like offerings to pagan gods.

Levi gripped Charlotte's fleshy hips and slammed back into her soaked, still-fluttering sheath from behind.

She threw her head back with a wail, pushing her

massive ass against him wantonly. Her heavy tits swung beneath her like overfilled udders, the distended nipples nearly brushing the floor.

Around the circle, the other sons hilted themselves in their mothers' greedy cunts, the sound of flesh slapping flesh filling the air as they set a punishing rhythm.

Ezekiel rutted into Martha with animalistic grunts, reaching around to maul her gigantic breasts as they pendulated heavily.

Jeremiah drove into Constance's upturned ass, his fingers sinking into the plentiful flesh, pulling her back onto his jackhammering cock.

Jedidiah pounded Prudence savagely, his hips clapping against her meaty cheeks hard enough to leave bruises.

The mothers braced themselves on trembling arms, their gigantic tits swaying and slapping together lewdly as they were taken from behind. They panted and keened, urging their sons to fuck them harder,

deeper.

Juices squelched obscenely and dripped down their quivering thighs as their cunts were plundered mercilessly.

"That's it, fuck me like a bitch!" Charlotte snarled, tossing her hair as Levi hammered into her. "Pound my fucking cunt! Give me that big, nasty cock!"

The other women took up the debased litany, their voices rising in a profane chorus:

"Yes, rut me like a fucking animal! Breed my tight cunt!"

"Fucking destroy me with that huge gourd! Ruin my fucking hole!"

"Ram that fat rod in me! Turn me out like a two-bit slut!"

The sons obliged with savage intensity, their strokes turning erratic as they chased their rapidly-building releases.

As the boys pounded into their mothers' sopping cunts from behind, they began to land sharp smacks on the

women's rippling ass cheeks. The meaty globes jiggled and bounced lewdly with each stinging impact, the creamy flesh quickly turning pink.

Levi spanked Charlotte's huge ass in time with his thrusts, watching in rapt fascination as her puffy pussy lips clung to his pummeling cock. Her fluttering hole swallowed him greedily each time he hilted, the slick flesh molding to every ridge and vein.

"Fuck yeah, spank my fucking ass!" Charlotte wailed, pressing back against him wantonly. "Punish Mommy's nasty cunt while you ruin it!"

Ezekiel rained down sharp smacks on his mom's ample cheeks as he split her open on his cock, the wet slaps intermingling with their bodies' lewd squelching. He watched, mesmerized, as her engorged labia stretched around him, clinging tightly to his girth as he withdrew before engulfing him again.

Jedidiah's hand smacked against Constance's rippling backside, the supple flesh bouncing hypnotically.

Her swollen cunt made obscene slurping noises as it

sucked hungrily at his pounding shaft. Glistening girl cum coated his boner and balls, splattering with each smack of his cock-hilt.

Prudence's son spanked her jiggling rump savagely, panting as he watched his steely rod disappear into her cream-drenched folds again and again. Her body seemed to pull him deeper on every fuck-stroke, her greedy hole devouring him whole.

The other sons followed suit, delivering stinging swats to their mothers' undulating asses as they watched, transfixed, as their raging cocks were swallowed up repeatedly by those gluttonous cunts.

The room echoed with the sharp cracks of skin on skin and the sloppy, squelching sounds of sodden fucking.

"Gonna fucking explode," Levi gritted out, his rhythm faltering as his climax hurtled closer. "Pump you full of my cum, flood this hungry cunt..."

"Yes, do it!" Charlotte keened. "Fill me with your seed, paint my womb! Make me fucking pregnant!"

"Knock me up!" Martha demanded, her fatty ass

cheeks quivering from Ezekiel's blows. "Put a fucking baby in me!"

"Breed me!" Constance screamed. "I wanna carry your child, give you a son!"

"Make my belly swell with your offspring!" Prudence begged. "Shoot your bastard into my cunt!"

Spurred on by their mothers' desperate, filthy pleas, the sons unleashed primal roars as they slammed in to the hilt on each thrust.

With almost simultaneous howls of ecstasy, the boys erupted inside their mothers' convulsing depths, their cocks pulsing and throbbing as they pumped out massive loads.

The women shrieked in rapture as their wombs were painted with hot seed, their own releases gushing out around the shafts.

Levi's cock ballooned and jerked and as he unleashed jet after jet of thick, potent boy-jism directly against Charlotte's cervix. He could feel her pussy muscles rippling along his length, milking him for every drop

as her cunt convulsed with its own climax. Scalding ejaculate overflowed her fluttering hole to drip down his balls.

Beside them, Ezekiel speared Martha to the hilt and exploded with a guttural groan, filling her hungry cunt to the brim with his virile semen.

Her inner walls clamped down rhythmically, greedily drinking in his essence as her release sprayed out to coat his groin in her slick juices.

Jeremiah and Constance came together in a gush of intermingling fluids, their genitals pulsing in unison as they emptied themselves. Pearly ropes of spunk shot deep into her motherly sheath while her own ejaculate squirted out in arcing streams, painting his piledriving cock and thighs.

Jedidiah slammed into Prudence a final time and stilled, his shaft twitching violently as it disgorged a seething load into her eagerly accepting depths.

Her passage rippled and undulated, squeezing out his seed to mix with the torrents of her own gushing

release.

The other couples reached their shattering peaks in an explosion of pumping flesh and jetting fluids. Volleys of cum shot into quivering cunts while answering floods of girl cum sprayed out to bathe pumping cocks and balls.

The sons continued to rut through their releases, stirring the frothy mix of semen and female ejaculate to a creamy lather. Thick rivulets ran down trembling thighs and matted pubic hair, a lewd testament to their depraved union.

The air grew thick with the pungent aroma of sex - the sharp musk of cum, the tangy essence of pussy, all underscored by the primal scent of a successful breeding.

Droplets of sweat and spent fluids flicked from writhing bodies, splattering the surrounding furs and pillows.

The mothers quaked through seemingly endless orgasms, their huge breasts jiggling violently as they

were filled and filled again with their sons' potent seed.

Choked cries and animalistic grunts reverberated off the wooden walls as the incestuous orgy reached a deafening crescendo.

As the final aftershocks ebbed, the mothers collapsed onto their sons' sweat-slick bodies, blanketing them with their soft, abundant flesh.

They plastered their massive, heaving breasts against the boys' chests and necks, the hard nipples dragging across damp skin.

Charlotte sealed her mouth over Levi's in a filthy, open-mouthed kiss, their tongues tangling wetly as they shared panting breaths.

She undulated slowly atop him, relishing the feel of his half-hard cock still buried in her cum-soaked depths.

Her engorged tits pillowed his face, smothering him in fragrant, supple flesh.

Martha licked a hot stripe up Ezekiel's neck before devouring his mouth ravenously, sucking on his

tongue as if it were a tiny cock.

Her gigantic, milk-heavy jugs pressed him deep into the furs, cocooning him in a fleshy heaven. She rolled her hips, stirring his load inside her pussy and coaxing his spent member back to stiffness.

Constance and Jeremiah exchanged sloppy, biting kisses, nipping at each other's lips as they came down from their intense high. Her prodigious bust flattened against his heaving chest, slick with sweat and the residue of her sprayed release. His softened cock twitched inside her as their combined fluids seeped out around it.

Prudence peppered Jedidiah's face with openmouthed kisses, licking the salt from his skin. She ground her hips slow and filthy, clenching her messy cunt around his semi-flaccid shaft. Her pendulous breasts engulfed him, the hard points of her nipples boring into his flesh.

The other mothers lavished similar attention on their sons, making out sloppily as they basked in the

afterglow of their mutual climaxes.

Wet, obscene sounds of kissing and quiet moans filled the space, a sensual counterpoint to the previous cacophony of breeding.

The sons ran worshipful hands over their mothers' curves, palming the quivering mounds of their asses and tracing the slick, stretched lips of their cunts.

They kneaded and squeezed the huge tits pressing down on them, relishing the weight and warmth.

Flaccid cocks slowly began to swell again within clinging snatches, responding to the sensual assault.

Dribbles of cum and girl juice leaked out to smear across languidly grinding groins as the forbidden couples geared up for another round of depraved rutting.

For several hours, the mothers and sons lost themselves in a marathon of wanton, unrestrained fucking. They coupled wildly in every position imaginable, their sweat-slicked bodies sliding against each other in a delirious dance of incestuous lust.

Charlotte rode Levi reverse cowgirl, her enormous ass rippling as she bounced on his up- thrust cock.

He pounded up into her, watching in awe as her puffy pussy lips clung to his veiny shaft. Each slap of her heavy cheeks against his groin sent shockwaves through her abundant flesh, her back-slung tits wobbling obscenely.

Nearby, Martha sat on Ezekiel's face, grinding her sopping cunt against his mouth as he ate her to a screaming orgasm.

Girl cum gushed over his cheeks and chin, mixing with the frothy seed leaking from her used hole. Ezekiel lapped it up greedily, his stiff cock jutting proudly as he feasted.

Prudence knelt between Jedidiah's legs, her giant breasts wrapped around his throbbing shaft as she gave him a sloppy tit-fuck.

The boy thrust between the pillowy mounds, fucking her cleavage until spunk jetted from the tip to paint her face and tits in a pearly glaze.

Constance bent over a trunk, her legs spread obscenely wide as Jeremiah took her from behind. He pumped into her with brutal intensity, reaching around to maul her swaying udders.

Constance pushed back against him desperately, her hungry cunt gushing around his slamming cock.

The sons' impressive young stamina held out through round after round, their rampant erections barely flagging before surging to full hardness once more.

They wrung dozens of climaxes from their wailing mothers, pumping load after virile load into their greedy wombs.

Geysers of teenage spunk erupted from jerking cocks to flood quivering cunts over and over. Answering floods of female ejaculate sprayed out to drench pumping groins and thighs.

The pungent scent of semen and pussy- nectar hung thick in the air, the sloppy sounds of marathon fucking a lewd symphony.

The mothers came apart at the seams, thrashing and

convulsing as they were driven to the brink again and again. Their colossal boobs bounced wildly, slapping together lewdly as they were pounded. Incoherent strings of filth spilled from their lips, begging to be bred like bitches in heat.

The sons gave them everything they demanded and more, rutting with the tireless vigor of youth. Pleasure-soaked hours passed in a blur of straining muscles, jiggling flesh, and the slick slide of cock through sodden folds.

As the last rays of daylight faded outside, the mothers and sons finally collapsed in a tangle of sweat-slick limbs, utterly spent from their marathon rutting.

The women's cunts were bruised and puffy, leaking copious amounts of seed to puddle on the furs. The boys' cocks were sore and chafed, glazed with the residue of their mothers' pleasure.

Giggling wickedly, the moms retrieved damp cloths and began to tenderly sponge off their sons' cumspattered bodies. They took their time, running the

rags over heaving chests and quivering abdomens, pausing to trace the curves of muscles and the ridges of hipbones.

"My goodness, we made quite a mess of you," Charlotte purred as she cleaned Levi's sticky skin. She lingered between his legs, washing his cock and balls with teasing strokes. "So much delicious cum... I think I'll be full of your babies in no time."

"Mmmm, indeed," Martha agreed, laving Ezekiel's shaft with her cloth. "We'll be round with child before we even reach the New World. A whole litter of sinful offspring."

Constance swiped at the spatters of semen decorating Jeremiah's chest, licking her lips hungrily. "I can't wait to swell with your forbidden seed," she murmured. "To have your baby suckling at my breast as you fill me with the next one."

"I want my belly so big with your bastard, it enters the room before I do," Prudence said huskily, fondling Jedidiah's balls as she bathed him. "Huge and ripe and

teeming with life."

The sons groaned at the naughty words, their cocks twitching valiantly as their mothers washed them.

The women cooed and giggled, planting teasing kisses along flushed skin as they cleaned.

Once satisfied that their boys were sufficiently fresh, the mothers efficiently wiped themselves down, paying special attention to their tender, well-used holes.

They slipped back into their rumpled dresses and finger-combed their tangled hair, trying to look presentable. The sons pulled on their breeches and shirts, wincing slightly as the fabric rubbed against their sensitive flesh.

"We need to get back before we're missed," Charlotte said regretfully. She drew Levi in for a deep, filthy kiss, their mingled essence still bitter on their tongues.

"Until next time, my darling boy."

The other mothers bid their sons equally passionate farewells, already looking forward to the next time they could indulge their sinful lusts.

They emerged from the hidden den and went their separate ways, sneaking back to their cabins with mussed hair, swollen lips, and secret smiles.

Nine months later, Levi and Charlotte stood atop a grassy hill overlooking the nascent settlement of Plymouth. The journey had been long and arduous, but they had finally reached the shores of the New World, ready to carve out a life in the untamed wilderness.

Charlotte rested one hand on her massively swollen belly, feeling the fully-developed triplets kick and squirm within her womb. The forbidden fruits of her incestuous union with Levi had taken root that first passionate night and flourished, filling her with new life. Her stomach was drum-tight and taut, stretched to bursting with her son's offspring.

Her already giant tits had grown to gargantuan proportions, engorged with milk in preparation for nursing. The heavy globes strained against the confines of her dress, the fabric pulled tight across her

chest. Turgid nipples poked through the thin material, aching to be tweaked and sucked.

Levi wrapped his arms around his mother from behind, his penis nudging against the soft, rounded cheeks of her ass. He splayed his hands across her huge pregnant belly and nuzzled into her neck, inhaling her scent deeply. "I can't believe how big you've gotten," he murmured in awe. "So full of our children. So ripe and ready to give birth."

Charlotte leaned back against him, relishing the feel of his strong body supporting her gravid form. "It's all because of you, my darling boy," she purred. "Your virile seed quickened inside me so eagerly."

Levi groaned softly, his cock stirring against the crack of her buttocks. Even heavy with child, his mother's lush body never failed to ignite his lust.

He cupped her massive breasts, feeling the dense weight of them in his palms. Milk began to bead at the tips of her nipples, dampening the fabric.

"I've never seen a woman so fertile," Levi rasped. "So

glorious and bursting with life. No one would believe these children were seeded by your own son."

"Let them wonder," Charlotte said wickedly, grinding her plush ass against Levi's growing hardness. "We know the truth. That only your cock could make me bloom so wantonly. Fill me to overflowing with your babies."

Levi squeezed Charlotte's engorged breasts harder, relishing how they overflowed his hands. "I'm gonna keep you like this always," he promised darkly. "Big with my child, your udders leaking constantly. We have a new land to populate."

Charlotte shivered at the delicious threat, her pussy clenching with fresh arousal despite the heavy ache of her late pregnancy.

"Yes," Charlotte hissed. "Breed me again and again. Make me a mother a dozen times over with your seed."

She reached back to palm Levi's rigid cock through his breeches, squeezing the hot length of him.

The boy groaned and thrust against her hand, his hips already rocking instinctively.

Glancing around to make sure they were alone, Charlotte hiked up her skirt and bent forward, bracing her hands on her knees. She spread her legs as much as her gravid belly would allow, presenting her dripping cunt to her son.

"Put it in me," she demanded breathlessly. "I need to feel you inside me, filling me up. Staking your claim all over again."

Levi hastily unlaced his breeches and pulled out his engorged cock, giving his sinewy boner a few quick strokes. Stepping close, he notched the broad head between his mother's slick folds, savoring the scorching heat of her. With a swift snap of his hips, he sheathed himself to the hilt in her welcoming body.

They both cried out at the exquisite sensation, Levi's cock pulsing deep in Charlotte's fluttering sheath.

Her inner muscles gripped him like a silken fist, even tighter than usual due to her condition. Levi had to

grit his teeth against the urge to spend himself immediately.

Gripping his mom's wide hips, Levi began to move, sawing his thick shaft through her slick folds. Her abundant cream eased the way as he pounded into her, their bodies slapping together obscenely. Milk sprayed from Charlotte's bouncing breasts, flicking out in pearly arcs.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Levi panted harshly. "Clamped around me like a vise. Milking my cock so greedily."

"Yes, fuck me!" Charlotte urged, pushing back to meet his thrusts. "Harder! Wreck my pregnant cunt! Fill me to bursting with your cum!"

Levi drove into his mother's juicy pussy with wild abandon, the perverse thrill of fucking her ripe body out in the open spurring him on. He battered her tender cervix with the blunt head of his cock, groaning as her molten walls tightened around him.

Charlotte's massive belly swayed heavily with each rough impact, the babes inside squirming as their

father's dick plowed into the womb that sheltered them.

Her mountainous tits jounced and lurched, hosing the ground with sprays of milk. The wet squelching of Levi's cock churning her overflowing juices filled the air.

"I'm close," Levi gritted out, his thrusts growing erratic. His balls drew up tight, preparing to unleash their incestuous load into his mother's hungry womb once more.

"Yes, give it to me!" Charlotte wailed, grinding back onto his burrowing cock with desperate need. "Flood my slutty cunt! Drown our babies in your sinful seed!"

With a ragged groan, Levi buried himself to the hilt and erupted, his shaft pulsing violently as it disgorged spurt after thick spurt directly into Charlotte's fluttering depths.

She screamed her own release, her passage clamping down like a milking fist, wringing every drop from her son's exploding cock.

Levi collapsed against Charlotte's back, his hands coming around to cup her massive belly as the last tremors wracked through him. He could feel his seed sloshing heavily inside her, bathing their unborn children in the very essence that created them.

Charlotte hummed in sated bliss, relishing the familiar sensation of being pumped full of her son's potent cum.

They stayed locked together for long moments, savoring the forbidden afterglow. Levi's softening cock eventually slipped free in a gush of mingled fluids, but he kept his arms wrapped around his gravid mother possessively.

"I love you so much," he murmured into her neck. "My beautiful mother. My eager broodmare. I can't wait to plant my seed in you again and again, until this new land is teeming with our offspring"

"As do I, my darling boy," Charlotte purred, turning her head to capture his lips in a deep, filthy kiss. "We will be as Adam and Eve, populating this wild Eden

with the fruit of our loins. Our dynasty of sin will conquer the New World."

They separated reluctantly and rearranged their clothing, watching as Levi's pearly release oozed down Charlotte's thighs to soak the hem of her dress. Proof of their depravity, blossoming new life even as she was ripe with the last seeding.

Hand in hand, mother and son turned to survey the virgin land spread out before them, the first tendrils of their future already unfurling in Charlotte's fertile womb.

A new dawn was breaking, ripe with forbidden promise. And they would greet it as one flesh, bound by blood and blasphemous love, ready to forge an unholy legacy that would endure for generations.

THE END

196: Mom's Curvy Inquisitiveness

Mom's Curvy Inquisitiveness

By Klrxo

"Mom, can I talk to you about something personal?" Gene inquired.

"Of course, darling," Terree replied, trying to fold laundry over the swell of her colossal breasts.

"I was wondering why my penis curves upward so much when it's erect. Is that normal?"

The beautiful blond-haired mother set aside the t-shirt she was folding and turned to face her son. "Oh honey, it's rare, but perfectly normal. Some penises have an upward curve like that when erect. In fact, many women actually prefer that shape."

"Really? Why's that?" Gene asked curiously.

"Well, you see," Terree began, "The upward curve allows the penis to more easily stimulate the front vaginal wall and g-spot during intercourse. That extra pressure and friction can feel amazing for the woman and lead to very intense orgasms."

Gene blushed slightly but listened intently as his mother continued. "If you're long enough, the head of the penis also tends to rub against the cervix with each thrust, which some women find

incredibly pleasurable. And in certain positions, like doggy style, that curve is angled perfectly to hit all the right spots inside the vagina."

"Wow, I had no idea," Gene remarked, fascinated by this new information.

"Oh yes, your curved penis is gonna make a lot of ladies very happy one day," Terree said with a knowing smile. "As long as you learn to use it right and pay attention to your partner's needs, that special shape of yours will serve you well in the bedroom. Just wait and see!"

Gene sighed contentedly as his mother embraced him in a warm hug, engulfing his lean teenage body between her soft, pillowy breasts. He could feel the puffy areolas and turgid nipples poking through the thin fabric of her blouse and bra, pressing firmly against his chest.

As Terree held her son close, she became acutely aware of his rigid penis pushing against her upper thigh. The distinctive upward curve of his meaty stalk was unmistakable, the bulbous head nudging into the bare flesh of her thigh as it strained against his pants.

She knew she should break the embrace, that she shouldn't let the hug linger too long given the intimate turn their conversation had taken and the way their bodies were melding together. But Gene felt so good in her arms and the way his long, curved cock was nestling against her stirred up forbidden feelings that Terree thought she had long ago suppressed.

Slowly, reluctantly, she pulled back, holding Gene by the shoulders at arm's length. Terree smiled tenderly at her handsome son, trying to push the inappropriate thoughts out of her head. "I'm glad we could have this talk, honey. I'm always here if you have any other questions."

"Thanks Mom," Gene said earnestly, his cheeks still flushed. "I feel a lot better now." He gave her a peck on the cheek before shuffling

off to his room, the arc of his erection still clearly visible in his jeans.

Terree watched him go, her eyes lingering on the alluring curve of his penis-bulge and the cute butt framed by his snug pants. "What is wrong with me," she sighed to herself, shaking her head. Forcing herself to focus, Terree turned back to the laundry, trying to ignore the wetness dampening her panties and the dull ache between her legs.

When she heard his bedroom door close, Terree immediately called her best friend Maggie to share this juicy tidbit about her son's unique anatomy.

Maggie picked up on the first ring. "Hey girl, what's up?" she greeted cheerfully.

"You'll never guess the conversation I just had with Gene," Terree gushed excitedly. "Remember how we always used to gossip and fantasize about hooking up with a guy who had one of those rare curved dicks that hit the spot just right?"

"Um, yeah of course," Maggie giggled conspiratorially. "Why, did you finally find yourself a man with a magic curved penis?"

"Even better!" Terree exclaimed. "Turns out my Gene is packing exactly that kind of special equipment in his pants. He just asked me why it curves up so much and I gave him the whole spiel about g-spots and cervixes and mind-blowing orgasms."

"Holy shit, Gene?!" Maggie squealed. "You must be so proud. I'm straight up jealous that curved cocks run in your family genes and not mine. I've still never experienced the wonders of riding one of those unique schlongs myself."

"Well, give it a few years and maybe I'll send Gene your way to show you what you've been missing," Terree joked wickedly. "In the meantime, I'm just glad my baby is equipped to blow his future girlfriend's minds in the bedroom. He's gonna have girls lining up around the block for a taste of that signature curve!"

The two friends laughed and continued swapping X-rated stories and speculation about Gene's bright sexual future, bonded as always by their brazenly bawdy sense of humor and intense appreciation for the male form in all its glorious varieties.

Maggie paused for a moment, then said in a slightly hesitant voice, "Okay, this might sound totally crazy but...do you think there's any chance Gene would actually show it to us? I mean, aren't you curious to see this rare wonder of nature for yourself?"

Terree bit her lip, feeling a forbidden thrill at the scandalous suggestion. Even though Gene was her own son, she had to admit the prospect of laying eyes on his uniquely shaped manhood stirred a primal fascination deep inside her.

"God, is it awful that I'm actually tempted to take you up on that?" Terree finally replied with a guilty giggle. "I know it's beyond taboo to want to check out my son's junk, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't dying to sneak a peek at that magical curve."

"Hey, what happens between a couple of lifelong best friends and a legal age cock stays between a couple of lifelong best friends and a legal age cock!" Maggie declared mischievously. "Seriously though, we're both mature grown-ass women. There's no shame in having a healthy curiosity about the wonders of the male anatomy, even if one of those wonders happens to be your offspring."

"You know what? You're absolutely right," Terree agreed, throwing caution to the wind. "I'll probe around a bit and see if I can find an appropriate opportunity to get Gene to flash us the goods. For science, of course!"

"For science!" Maggie echoed enthusiastically. "And hey, if things go well, maybe we can even convince him to let us fondle it a little, just to map out the exact topology of that incredible curve. Purely in the interest of expanding our sexual knowledge, naturally."

"Oh naturally!" Terree concurred, her pussy growing damp at the idea of wrapping her fingers around her boy's turgid, upward-arching shaft. "What kind of sex-positive feminist mothers would we be if we passed up a chance for some hands-on education about the rare and beautiful variations of our favourite organ?"

Mother and best friend laughed naughtily in perfect agreement, already strategizing how they might manufacture an excuse for an up close and personal viewing of Gene's special endowment.

The two women knew they were flirting with a major motherly taboo, but their overwhelming erotic inquisitiveness about Gene's curved cock overpowered any last shreds of propriety.

They would find a way to lay eyes and hands on that unique penis. And they would savor every second of twisted maternal excitement the experience gave them.

The very next afternoon, Terree and Maggie waited anxiously in the kitchen for Gene to get home from school, their hearts fluttering with illicit anticipation. They tried to act casual as they

ate some lunch, but the sexual tension crackling between them was palpable.

Finally, they heard the front door open and Gene call out "Mom, I'm home!"

"We're in the kitchen, honey!" Terree replied, exchanging a meaningful look with Maggie. This was it. The moment of truth.

Gene strolled into the kitchen, setting his backpack down on a chair. "Hey Mom. Oh hi Maggie, I didn't know you were coming over today," he said in a friendly tone.

Terree took a deep breath, then began carefully, "Actually sweetie, there was something Maggie and I were hoping to talk to you about. Well, ask you about really..." She glanced at her best friend again for support.

Maggie gave an encouraging nod. Terree continued, choosing her words delicately. "You know how you asked me about your penis yesterday? And I explained why the upward curve is so special and desirable?"

"Uh, yeah..." Gene said uncertainly, clearly thrown off guard by this sudden return to the intimate topic.

"Well, the thing is, honey..." Terree pressed on awkwardly, "Maggie and I got to talking afterwards, and we realized that in all our years of experience, neither one of us has actually ever seen a curved penis like yours in real life."

Gene's eyes widened and he visibly gulped. Blushing, he stammered, "O-okay? And, um, what does that have to do with me exactly?

Terree reached out and gently took her son's hand, looking at him earnestly. "Sweetie, I know this is gonna sound strange, but... would you be willing to show it to us? Just this once? We're so curious to see what that rare beautiful shape looks like in the flesh."

Gene gaped at his mother and her best friend, stunned beyond belief by the wildly inappropriate request. "You want me to show you my dick?! he sputtered incredulously.

"I know it seems crazy," Maggie jumped in, "But we're just a couple of mature, open-minded women who are fascinated by the unique

wonders of the male body. It would be educational for us, like a little anatomical show-and-tell session."

She gave Gene her most disarming smile. "Please, Gene? We promise we won't touch it or anything. We just wanna marvel at nature's handiwork for a minute with our own eyes. No judgement, no weirdness. Just a pure appreciation of your special gift."

Gene paused and considered the request carefully, his mind racing with conflicting thoughts and emotions. On one hand, the idea of exposing himself to his mother and her best friend seemed wildly inappropriate and taboo. But on the other hand, their obvious fascination and appreciation for his unique anatomy was strangely flattering and exciting.

As he weighed his decision, a naughty idea suddenly popped into Gene's head. His eyes flicked down to his mom's and Maggie's chests, brazenly ogling the massive, mouth-watering breasts that strained against their shirts. He had always been intensely curious

about their voluptuous figures, secretly fantasizing about copping a feel of those huge, pillowy tits that dwarfed the average bustline.

Looking back up at the two beautiful, buxom women, Gene mustered his courage and made his counteroffer. "Okay, tell you what," he began, his voice quavering slightly with nervous arousal. "I'll show you my curved cock... But in exchange, you two have to show me your boobs afterwards."

Terree and Maggie blinked in surprise, glancing at each other with startled, scandalized expressions. But beneath the knee-jerk shock, Gene could detect an unmistakable flicker of intrigue and titillation in their eyes. He forged ahead boldly, gaining confidence.

"I mean, it's only fair, right? Tit for tat, or tits for dick in this case," Gene joked, giving a roguish grin. "You get to satisfy your curiosity

about my rare penis, and I get to satisfy my curiosity about your famously huge boobs. We'll all be even."

The two women hesitated, clearly tempted by the taboo proposition despite themselves. Maggie spoke first, her voice husky, "You know, he does have a point, Terree. It's a two-way street. We can't expect him to bare all for us without giving a little something in return..."

Terree bit her plump lower lip, her cheeks flushed and her nipples visibly hardening through her thin shirt. She looked at her son with new, hungry eyes. "Alright, Gene," she agreed breathily. "You've got yourself a deal. Whip out that curved wonder and give us a good look, and then Maggie and I will give you a nice long ogle at our big fat titties. A fair trade."

Heart pounding wildly, Gene reached for his fly with trembling fingers, scarcely believing this was actually happening. He couldn't wait to unleash his throbbing curved cock for his mom and her busty friend's viewing pleasure. And the thought of finally getting to see their legendarily giant breasts in all their naked glory made his balls ache with anticipation.

With shaking fingers, Gene unzipped his fly and pulled out his swelling manhood. It sprang forth eagerly, growing rapidly to its full impressive 8 inch length and formidable girth. The shaft was long and thick, an imposing column of turgid flesh that jutted upwards at a pronounced angle.

Terree and Maggie gasped in awe at the magnificent specimen before them. It was truly a perfect expression of virile masculinity. The skin was silky smooth and hairless around the base, allowing every bulging vein and straining sinew to be seen in mouthwatering detail.

Their eyes drank in the sight hungrily, following the throbbing network of blood vessels that wound around the shaft like vines on a tree trunk. The veins pulsed hypnotically with each thrum of Gene's

quickening heartbeat, betraying his intense arousal at having his manhood bared and ogled by the two women.

But what captivated Terree and Maggie most was the exquisite upward curve of Gene's erection. Rather than pointing straight out from his body, his cock instead arched gracefully towards the ceiling, as if straining to reach the sky. The degree of angle was breathtaking, so dramatic and aesthetically pleasing in its smooth parabolic arc.

They knew such a sharply curved penis was a rare gift that promised untold pleasure for any lucky woman who got to feel it inside her. It would unerringly stroke and stimulate all those special sweet spots that ached for attention - the g-spot, the anterior fornix, the cervix.

As if the overall shape wasn't appealing enough, the way the curve made Gene's fat cockhead aim perpetually upwards seemed symbolic, a literal manifestation of the heavenly erotic bliss it could raise women to.

The bulbous glans glistened enticingly with a flowing bead of pre-cum, the eye of this one-eyed monster winking at them as if to say "I know how to make you feel goooood."

It was all Terree and Maggie could do not to drop to their knees and worship this flawless dick, this divine curved creation that belonged to the boy who had grown up under their watchful care. They wanted to lick it from balls to tip, to make it twitch and spurt, to feel its potent heft and warmth in their hands and mouths and pussies.

But they had to restrain themselves for now, to be content with looking and not touching as per the agreement. That tantalizing curved cock teased and taunted them from a distance, an enticing promise of ecstasies untold if they could only get their hands on it. For now, they would have to settle for committing every mouthwatering detail to memory, searing the sight into their minds for later fantasizing.

After taking a long, thorough look at Gene's gorgeous curved penis, it was time for Terree and Maggie to uphold their end of the

bargain. With coy smiles and a hint of nervousness, the two busty MILFs reached for the hems of their shirts.

"Ready to see what WE'RE packing now, darling?" Terree purred seductively as she began inching her blouse up over her expansive bust.

Maggie followed suit, putting on a tantalizing show as she slowly revealed inch after inch of smooth, creamy skin.

Gene's eyes were glued to their chests, his stiff cock twitching in anticipation as more and more of his mom and her friend's famously huge breasts came into view. Finally, the blouses came off completely, exposing the skimpy, straining bras that struggled to contain Terree and Maggie's colossal mammaries.

The bras were sheer and intricately embroidered with delicate floral patterns, the thin fabric doing nothing to conceal the ladies' mouthwatering assets. Gene drank in the glorious sight of their giant tit-melons crammed into the inadequate cups, pale flesh spilling out the tops and sides. He had never seen such massive jugs in real life before.

Maggie reached behind her back and deftly unclasped her bra with a smirk. "Bombs away!" she declared playfully as she let the scrap of fabric fall away. Terree quickly followed suit, freeing her own bountiful bosom from its lacy prison.

Gene gasped as the two pairs of behemoth breasts tumbled out in all their heart-stopping glory. Terree and Maggie's tits were the stuff of dreams, each creamy globe bigger than the boy's head and capped with a thickly textured areola the size of a saucer. Their fat, rubbery nipples stood out proudly like swollen fingertips, begging to be sucked and tweaked.

The combined weight of the women's liberated breasts pulled their torsos forward, making them stick out their chests to counterbalance the heavy load. They looked like pornstar versions of a fertility goddess, their monumental mammaries projecting an aura of raw sexual abundance.

Gene made a strangled sound of pure need, his painfully hard cock flexing and bobbing at the supernatural sight. A huge droplet proudly-cum welled up from his tip and dripped onto the floor as he stared in slack-jawed reverence at the topless MILFs before him.

"Ooh, looks like someone really approves of our big titties!" Terree cooed, eyeing the clear evidence of Gene's arousal with a hint of smug satisfaction.

"Can you blame him? These babies are world-class!" Maggie laughed, hefting her giant rack and giving it a jiggle for Gene's viewing pleasure.

The teen stared mesmerized at the enormous, jiggling titties before him, his curved cock throbbing with desperate arousal. He had to admit, he'd fumbled around with a few boobs belonging to girls at school, but those puny handfuls were nothing compared to the epic, head-sized jugs his mom and her friend were showing off.

"Wow... I mean, I've sucked on some titties before, but never anything even close to as massive as you two's!" Gene blurted out, unable to tear his eyes away from the hypnotic sway of their mountainous mammaries. "Your boobs are just... unreal!"

Maggie and Terree exchanged a meaningful glance at Gene's admission, their eyes sparkling with naughty ideas. "Is that so?" Maggie said slowly, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "Well,

sounds like a growing boy like you could use some practice handling breasts of this world-class caliber!"

She hefted her giant tits and pushed them together, the weighty flesh yielding and compressing into a mind-blowing, double-barreled cleavage. "And it seems only fair that if we gave you the chance to explore these babies, we should get to explore that gorgeous curved cock of yours a little more intimately too..."

Terree bit her lip, looking both scandalized and intensely intrigued by her friend's boldly flirtatious proposition. She glanced at her son's twitching erection, then back to Maggie's mischievous face. "Maggie! Are you seriously suggesting we trade tittie sucking privileges for curved dick orgasms?"

"Why not?" Maggie replied with a shrug and a sultry smile. "We're all consenting adults here, and it sounds like an equitable exchange of carnal knowledge to me! Gene gets to finally see what it's like to bury his face in some seriously huge boobs, and we get to find out firsthand if that magical curve of his feels as amazing as it looks!"

Terree turned to her son, trying to gauge his reaction to the risque proposal. Her own nipples were visibly hard as diamonds, betraying her eager arousal at the taboo prospect. "What do you say, sweetie? Do you wanna make another naughty deal with me and Maggie? Let us ride that rare penis of yours to orgasm, in exchange for motorboating our great big titties to your heart's content?"

The mere thought of plunging his aching cock into their hot, tight pussies as he feasted on the enormous breasts in front of him made Gene lightheaded with forbidden desire. This was beyond his

wildest fantasies, an unbelievable opportunity to experience pleasures he had only ever dreamed about. His answer came quickly and without hesitation.

"God yes," Gene breathed, his upward-curved erection pulsing in emphatic agreement.

Terree and Maggie grinned triumphantly at Gene's enthusiastic acceptance of their indecent proposal. Wasting no time, the two busty MILFs hooked their thumbs into the waistbands of their dainty silk panties and eagerly shimmied the flimsy garments down their shapely legs.

As the tiny wisps of fabric fluttered to the floor, Gene was treated to an unobstructed view of his mom and her best friend's freshly waxed pussies. The plump, hairless mounds looked as smooth and soft as a baby's bottom, glistening with arousal in the light. His cock throbbed painfully at the mouth-watering sight, yet another fat droplet of pre-cum oozing from the tip.

"Come on, stud," Maggie purred sultrily, crooking a finger at Gene. "Let's take this party to a more comfortable venue."

She and Terree each grabbed one of the boy's hands and eagerly led him out of the kitchen, their colossal breasts flopping heavily with each step and their heart-shaped asses jiggling hypnotically. Gene followed in a daze, cock bobbing stiffly on his loins, scarcely believing this was really happening as the two gorgeous, naked older women pulled him towards his bedroom.

Once inside, Maggie gave Gene a gentle shove and he fell back onto his bed, sprawling on the mattress. The MILFs crawled on after him with hungry, feline smiles, their giant milkers swaying pendulously beneath them.

They took up position on either side, trapping the shocked but aroused young man between their sexy, voluptuous bodies.

"I think it's only right that you get first dibs on Gene's special cock," Maggie said to Terree with a naughty wink. "After all, you're his mother. You're the one who helped create that dreamy pussy-prod in the first place."

Terree gave a wickedly agreeing grin, reaching out to wrap her fingers around Gene's thick, upward-angled shaft. "I thought you'd never ask," she purred, giving his impressive length a slow pump from root to tip. "Mommy can't wait to show you what this rare dick can do, sweetie..."

Straddling her stunned son's hips, Terree hovered her dripping pussy over Gene's curved erection, aiming the bulbous head at her eager entrance. With a rapturous moan, she sank down onto his cock, sheathing him to the hilt in her tight, wet heat.

"Ohhhhh fuck yesssss!" Terree hissed through clenched teeth as she was penetrated deeply by her own offspring's penis. "So fucking big! And that curve! Unnngh it's hitting me in all the right spots already!"

Gene gasped in ecstasy as his mother's copious tit-flesh enveloped his face from both sides, smothering him in a pillow of smooth, warm skin. The enormous hooters formed a jiggling cocoon around his head, eclipsing everything else and filling his senses with their intoxicating weight and softness.

He motorboated the monumental mammaries wildly, burying his face as deep as he could into Terree's expansive cleavage. His lips and nose were swallowed up by the plush titty-meat, the pliable

flesh molding around his features. He shook his head from side to side, reveling in the sensual tickle of female skin engulfing him.

At the same time, Terree began to energetically bounce her rounded ass on Gene's lap, riding his curved cock with passionate abandon. Her sopping wet pussy slid up and down his shaft in deliciously tight strokes, her slick, corrugated walls gripping him like a fist.

The upward angle of Gene's penis meant that the bulbous head dragged deliberately against Terree's G-spot on every stroke, the curved length applying intense pressure to that spongy bundle of nerves.

She cried out in rapture each time the arc of his erection hit that magic button inside her, sending jolts of electrifying pleasure through her core.

"Oh God baby, your cock is perfect!" Terree babbled deliriously, her eyes rolling back in bliss as she pistoned her hips on her son's curved dick. "That angle is hitting my spot so fucking good! No wonder your dick is so special!"

Gene could only moan in response, his voice muffled by the avalanche of tit-flesh smothering his face. The dual stimulation of having his curved cock milked by his mother's hot, gripping pussy while being smothered by her giant breasts was almost too much to handle.

He had never felt pleasure this mind-blowingly intense before. The taboo thrill of finally fucking his mom combined with the toe-curling ecstasy of his curved cock working her G-spot had Gene practically seeing stars.

The boy's senses were overwhelmed by the warm, weighty mass of his mother's enormous boobs engulfing his face. Her plush, pliable tit-flesh molded around his features, surrounding him in a jiggling cocoon of satiny soft skin.

He could feel the firm, glandular tissue filling out the rounded shapes of her breasts, along with pockets of jiggly fat that gave them their pliantly squeezable texture. The heft and volume of her mammaries was astounding, their sheer mass pressing down on him with delicious, smothering pressure.

Gene motorboated the monumental mounds with wild abandon, his nose and lips and cheeks sinking deep into her expansive cleavage. He reveled in the sensual rasp of her smooth skin gliding against his face, the fleshy embrace of her breast-canyon swallowing him whole. Her body heat radiated into him, the warmth of her bountiful bosom stoking his lust to a feverish intensity.

He opened his mouth wide and sucked as much tit-meat as he could between his lips, his tongue slithering out to taste the salt of her skin. He feasted on the plentiful flesh hungrily, pulling at her fat teats greedily, like a starving man at an all-you-can-eat buffet. Gene was in titty heaven, gleefully suffocating himself in his mom's glorious mammary abundance.

Maggie watched the hot incestuous action with avid eyes, her hands busy between her legs as she frigged her needy pussy. The sight of her best friend riding her hung son's perfect curved cock while he motorboated her giant jugs was pure voyeuristic nirvana. She couldn't wait for her turn to experience the one-two punch of tit-smothering and G-spot stimulation for herself.

Terree sobbed with pleasure as she bounced on her teen's thick rod, the bulbous head dragging deliciously against her most sensitive inner spots. That magic curve of his dong was proving to be a revelation, hitting her just right in a way no other penis ever had before. She could feel her climax building already, her cunt clenching greedily around the young stud's shaft.

"Ooh baby, Mommy's getting close!" Terree panted, her massive rack heaving and quaking with her energetic riding. "Ahhh, your big curved cock is gonna make me cum so hard! Mmm, suck Mommy's huge titties while you fuck her, sweetie! Bury your face in alllll this tit-flesh while you make me explode on this perfect dick!"

Gene was all too happy to oblige, his hips pistoning up to meet Terree's downward thrusts, spearing into her tight heat over and over. His face sawed back and forth between the jiggling tit-mountains, his mouth and nose and chin plowing the spongy furrows of her cleavage.

Maggie took the opportunity to marvel at the incredible visual of Terree's epic ass-globes rippling and bouncing with each thrust, the motion sending seismic jiggles through her planet-sized breasts as

they smothered Gene's blissed out face. It was pure carnal overload, an extravaganza of breast and booty almost beyond comprehension.

As Terree rode her son's curved cock with wild abandon, ecstasy built to a fever pitch inside her. With each thrust, Gene's bulbous cockhead ground against her engorged clitoral root, the head-on stimulation to that hidden pleasure point causing exquisite friction.

The intensity built and built until the mother could feel a massive orgasm welling up from deep in her core. Her kegel muscles clenched uncontrollably around Gene's thick shaft as her clitoral complex throbbed with excruciating pleasure.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, I'm gonna...I'm gonna...SQUIIIIIRT!" Terree wailed as the dam burst spectacularly inside her.

A jet of clear female ejaculate spurted forcefully from her urethra as the mind-blowing orgasm crashed through her. The gush of liquid sprayed out in a high arc, splattering Gene's pubic area and balls with his mother's cum.

Terree's pussy clenched and spasmed wildly on Gene's cock as multiple waves of knee-buckling climax wracked her voluptuous body. Her giant breasts heaved and bounced wildly around Gene's face with the force of her contractions.

The boy nearly blacked out from the intense sensation of his mother's scorching hot squirt gushing over his balls and the vice-like grip of her climaxing cunt around his cock. His own orgasm boiled up from his core, making his balls draw up tight.

With a muffled shout into Terree's sweaty cleavage, Gene exploded deep inside his mom's spasming pussy. His curved cock jerked, kicked and throbbed as it disgorged a massive load of thick, virile cum directly against her still-fluttering cervix.

Mother and son clung to each other desperately as they rode out the aftershocks, their bodies shaking and twitching in shared ecstasy. Gene had never come so hard in his life, and the fact that it was inside his own mom's squirting pussy made it all the more mind-blowingly taboo.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of blissful union, Terree collapsed on top of her son, smashing his face under her enormous, sweaty breasts. They both panted for air, utterly spent from the life-altering mutual climax they had just experienced together.

"Holy shit!" Maggie exclaimed in awe, still furiously diddling her fat clit as she watched her best friend's pussy cream all over her son's cock and balls. "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen! The way your big beautiful body just seized up and gushed like a geyser... I didn't know you were a squirter, Terree!"

Terree laughed breathlessly. "Neither did I! But holy hell, that cock..."

Maggie fell back onto the bed, splaying her legs wide open in a ballerina-like pose. With her feet pointed gracefully towards opposite ends of the room, she presented her glistening, puffy pussy to Gene in brazen invitation.

"Get over here and fuck me with that perfect curved cock," Maggie demanded breathlessly, her chest heaving with anticipation. "I need to feel what your mother just experienced!"

His face flushed and sticky from being smothered by his mother's giant tits, Gene scrambled to obey. His softening dick immediately surged back to full mast at the erotic sight of Maggie's lewdly displayed cunt, still pulsing from the intense orgasm she had frigged out of herself while watching the mother-son fuck session.

Gene positioned himself between the MILF's splayed thighs, taking his curved erection in hand and running the bulbous head teasingly

along her slick, pouting slit and gumdrop-sized clit.

Maggie mewled and arched her back, trying to force his cock inside her, but Gene continued to deny her, reveling in the power he had over the desperately horny older woman.

"Please..." Maggie whimpered, her hips churning wantonly. "Stop teasing and stuff that fat curved dick in my pussy! I'm fucking dying for it!"

Gene grinned wolfishly, enjoying working the buxom beauty into a lust-crazed frenzy. But his own need was too urgent to draw things out much longer. With one hard, smooth thrust, he drove his long curved shaft balls-deep into Maggie's sopping wet snatch.

"FUCK YES!" Maggie screamed as she was penetrated to the hilt, her velvety walls stretching deliciously around Gene's thickness. "Oh my god, it's even better than I imagined! That curve is a fucking miracle!"

Gene groaned in bliss as he savored the exquisite sensation of Maggie's molten pussy sheathing him fully. With the first intensely pent-up load fucked out of him by his mom, he was now able to set a steady, driving rhythm, sawing his curved cock in and out of Maggie's tight clenching slit with long, powerful strokes.

As he pounded into her, Gene dipped his head to capture one of Maggie's huge, jiggling breasts in his mouth, suckling the fat brown nipple like a starving man. He alternated sides with each thrust, giving both massive mammaries equal oral worship.

Maggie threw her arms and legs around the teen, caging him against her voluptuous body as he sucked her tits and fucked her hard. She clawed at his back, urging him to take her with increasing force and speed.

"Harder, baby!" she panted, her enormous rack bouncing wildly as Gene rutted into her like a machine.

Little did Maggie know when she renewed her wedding vows with her husband Jim yesterday in a beautiful, intimate ceremony, that she would end up getting her brains fucked out by her best friend's son's curved cock less than 24 hours later.

Standing at the altar, gazing into Jim's eyes as they reaffirmed their love and commitment after 20 years of marriage, the furthest thing from Maggie's mind was the taboo thrill of extramarital sex - let alone with a barely legal boy young enough to be her own child.

With Terree and Gene smiling at her from the front pew, Maggie had felt secure in her role as a loyal wife, loving mother, and respectable pillar of the community.

But now, as Gene jackhammered his thick, upward-arching erection into her eager pussy with all the strength and stamina of virile youth, those vows of fidelity flew right out the window. Being taken with such vigorous passion by a gorgeous young man was a forbidden treat Maggie couldn't resist, her marriage bed barely cold from consummating her renewed bond with Jim.

The wanton MILF wailed in ecstasy as Gene's special curved cock stimulated her inner walls with expert precision, the bulbous head dragging over her swollen G-spot on every stroke.

Her massive tits bounced wildly with each powerful thrust, the same bountiful breasts that had been modestly covered by her conservative vow renewal dress just yesterday.

The diamond wedding ring on Maggie's finger sparkled mockingly as she clawed at Gene's back, urging him to fuck her harder, deeper.

Terree watched in breathless, damp-crotched awe as her son and her best friend rutted like animals, all thoughts of husband and

family forgotten in the heat of illicit passion.

Maggie knew it was wrong on every level to betray her marriage vows with her best friend's son. But the taboo, the newness, the sheer sexual skill of Gene's magnificent curved cock overwrote all other considerations. In that moment, she was not a wife or a mother but a wanton slut, a slave to the desperately craven needs of her body.

Let the congregation that had witnessed her vow renewal see her now, Maggie thought deliriously as she bucked her hips up to meet Gene's relentless thrusts. Let them see what a debauched homewrecker she really was under the polite, respectable facade. The only vow she cared about now was the one she silently made to worship Gene's rare dick and never let his perfect curve go to waste.

Maggie cried out in ecstasy as Gene's thick, curved penis rubbed against her sensitive vaginal walls with each deep thrust. The pronounced upward angle of his shaft meant that the engorged head dragged directly across her G-spot on every stroke, stimulating the spongy patch of tissue with intense, focused friction.

Maggie's G-spot contained a high concentration of nerve endings that connect to her internal clitoral complex, a network of erectile and sensory tissue that surrounds her vagina. As Gene's bulbous

glans massaged Maggie's sweet-spot over and over, it activated this entire erogenous structure, building excruciating pleasure that radiated throughout her core.

At the same time, the rigid base of Gene's curved penis was grinding against Maggie's external clitoris with each thrust of his hips. Her clitoral glans contained a mind-blowing 8,000 sensory nerve endings, twice as many as the head of the penis. This direct, repeated rubbing of her thick clitoral hood and glans sent massive sparks of sensation sizzling through Maggie's hypersensitive flesh.

The combined internal and external stimulation quickly built Maggie to a fever pitch of ecstasy. She could feel an earth-shattering orgasm welling up deep inside her, centered in the spongy tissues surrounding her urethra.

The urethral sponge was becoming engorged with blood and fluid as Gene expertly worked her birthing tube, preparing to forcefully expel its contents.

"Oh God, I'm going to...I'm going to...SQUIRT!" Maggie wailed as the colossal orgasm detonated violently inside her.

A clear jet of ejaculate burst from Maggie's urethra with incredible force as she came harder than she ever had before. The building pressure in her spongy erectile tissue reached a critical point, expelling the flood of liquid in a high arc that drenched Gene's pistoning cock and balls.

As the busty mother gushed and convulsed through the marathon orgasm, her vaginal walls clamped down on Gene's shaft in a viciously tight grip. The clenching, rippling pressure of her climaxing pussy was too much for the boy to withstand. With a

hoarse whimper, he buried himself to the hilt inside Maggie and erupted, geysering hot ropes of cum deep into her rippling cunt.

For a blissful eternity, Gene and Maggie clung to each other in the throes of shared ecstasy, their bodies locked together in a sodden tangle. Gene's curved penis pulsed and throbbed as it emptied every last drop of semen into Maggie's still quivering depths, her fluttering inner muscles milking him dry.

Finally, the teen collapsed on top of his mom's best friend in sated exhaustion, both of them gasping desperately for air.

Word quickly spread among the women in Gene's life about his incredibly long, curved penis and the earth-shattering orgasms it

could give. Before long, every female acquaintance was finding excuses to get the young stud alone and take that amazing cock for a ride.

Gene's beautiful aunts were some of the first to make a move, cornering him at family gatherings and slipping away to a quiet room for a taboo tryst. They marveled at how their nephew's special endowment put their husbands' ordinary tools to shame. Gene plowed their mature pussies ravenously, and sucked on their huge, bouncing tits, relishing how eagerly they submitted to a virile young man.

Not to be outdone, Gene's giant-breasted grandmother shocked everyone by seducing her own grandson, unable to resist sampling his curved organ and sexual skills for herself. The senior proved she still had plenty of spunk left as she rode Gene's curved cock to a series of violent, tit-rippling orgasms, howling her approval.

Female cousins threw themselves at Gene every chance they got, each wanting a turn with the family's resident Casanova. He made

the rounds at reunions, bending one nubile relative after another over in secluded corners and giving them a thorough fucking with his perfect penis.

Even Gene's teachers couldn't keep their hands off him. They called the boy in for "private tutoring sessions" that inevitably ended with Gene plowing them over a desk as they begged for more. The sight of an authority figure panting on his cock never failed to make Gene climax explosively.

Neighborhood MILFs flocked to Gene like bitches in heat, finding any excuse to lure the young man to their houses for an afternoon of debauchery while their husbands were at work. They ended up neglecting their wifely duties as they became addicted to long sessions with Gene's amazing curved member hitting all their sweetest spots.

Before long, servicing the endless parade of pussy was Gene's full time job. Women were showing up at his door at all hours, desperate for a fix of his phenomenal phallus.

He fucked morning, noon and night, bringing females of all ages and backgrounds to screaming climaxes on his meaty rod. The house constantly echoed with the sounds of creaking bedsprings, erotic moans, and the wet slap of skin on skin as Gene made the rounds satisfying his harem.

Gene's curved cock was perpetually soaked with the cum of one conquest after another, a badge of pride showing just what a tireless ladies' man he had become. The salty-sweet musk of so many aroused pussies clung to him like a pheromone perfume.

He was constantly being smothered by the biggest tits around, sucking and chewing on fat nipples to his heart's content.

With so much sexual excess, it was only a matter of time before Gene ended up impregnating a sizable chunk of his female acquaintances. He even managed to seed triplets into his own mom's womb, and he never stopped fucking her and other moms constantly even as their bellies grew round with his seed, enjoying the kinkiness of plowing women carrying his children.

He couldn't help but recall his mother's words to him when he had first questioned her about his unique cock. "Your curved penis is gonna make a lot of ladies very happy one day," she had told him. And how right she was.

THE END

197: Mom vs. Girlfriend-Part1

Mom vs. Girlfriend

By Klrxo

While on the phone with her sister, Ivy listened intently to the muffled sounds coming from her son's bedroom down the hall. She could hear the creaking of the bed frame and her son's soft grunts.

"I just don't know, Lisa," Ivy sighed to her sister over the phone. "This new girlfriend of his...I'm worried she's not satisfying him enough, you know, sexually. A young man his age has needs."

There was a particularly loud female moan followed by the sound of the headboard banging against the wall. Ivy frowned.

"See, listen to that," she said, holding the phone towards the door. "She's clearly not working his cock the way a woman should. He deserves a tight, wet pussy that can milk every drop. I bet she's just laying there like a cold fish."

Lisa listened to the muffled noises through the phone and nodded knowingly. "You're absolutely right, sis. These high school girls, they don't know the first thing about properly pleasuring a man. That kind of skill only comes with age and experience."

"Exactly! And Caleb is such a virile boy, he needs a woman who can really work his cock and drain those heavy balls dry," Ivy agreed emphatically.

"Mmhmm. Those teen girls have no clue. They just lay there all timid. A growing boy like Caleb deserves a tight, juicy mature cunt that can milk him for all he's worth. The kind of sloppy wet fuck-hole he'll only find between the legs of moms our age," Lisa said crudely.

Ivy bit her lip, glancing down the hall to her son's room as the bed springs creaked rhythmically. She could picture her son's thick young cock desperately pumping away at an inexperienced girl. The poor thing was probably barely getting him off.

Growing up, Ivy and Lisa were the quintessential blonde beach bunnies, being born only a year apart. From a young age, the sisters flaunted their voluptuous figures, barely concealed in skimpy bikinis as they sashayed across the sand. Their busty chests and juicy bubble butts turned heads up and down the coastline.

But the real action happened behind the scenes, in the back of vans parked along the beach. There, the nubile teens eagerly spread their tanned legs for every surfer dude around. They spent their summers on their backs, letting guy after guy mount them and pound their tight cunts. When they weren't getting their brains fucked out, they were on their knees, sucking cock after cock, honing their oral skills.

By the time Ivy and Lisa were out of their teens, they were masters of the art of pleasing a man. They knew every trick to drive a guy wild with their mouths and milk a throbbing shaft bone dry with their talented fuckholes. Cocks were their specialty and sex was their craft. The sisters prided themselves on being the best lays on the beach.

Now, decades later, they were both settled down as respectable mothers and wives. But they never forgot the skills of their youth. If anything, their ravenous sexual abilities had only grown. Their voluptuous bodies were even more ripe and full, their lips even more adept at worshipping a hard dick, their mature cunts perfectly seasoned to drain a young man completely.

Ivy was confident she could show her son the heights of pleasure in a way no high school harlot ever could. One look at her mommy curves packed into a tiny bikini and Caleb would forget all about chasing after immature girls. He would realize that the ultimate sexual satisfaction could only be found between the legs of a woman like his mother.

"You know...maybe I should have a talk with him..." Ivy mused, her hand drifting to the hem of her short skirt. "Really make sure ALL of his needs as a boy are being met. I'm his mother, it's my job to make sure he's happy and taken care of, even when it comes to his sexual needs. If this girl can't satisfy him properly, I'll find him one who can."

"I bet that little tart didn't even suck his cock first. Just let him jam it in dry," Lisa said disdainfully. "You know Caleb is packing some serious meat between those legs. No way her teenage mouth could handle a thick rod like that, or his cum-load for that matter."

"Mmm, I've seen it," Ivy purred, slowly hiking up her skirt. "I have to wash his sheets, you know. That boy pumps out so much hot cum every night. Sticky ropes of it soaking through everything. I don't think this little girlfriend has any idea how to handle the massive loads he shoots."

"He needs a woman who can deepthroat every thick inch and swallow every creamy drop," Lisa said, her own hand sneaking into her panties. "The kind of enthusiastic, sloppy blowjob only a cock-hungry mom can give."

"Absolutely," Ivy agreed, fingers stroking her wet slit. "Then he needs his huge young balls drained deep in a tight, sopping MILF cunt. Fucked nice and thorough until he's completely empty. I bet he's still rock hard and ready for round two long after she taps out."

Inside Caleb's bedroom, the slender boy fucked his busty blonde girlfriend like a savage animal. His lean, bucking frame almost

completely disappeared between her long, glistening limbs that were twisted around him.

Sweat poured down their writhing bodies as the bed springs squealed under their frantic coupling.

What Caleb lacked in body-size and bulk, he more than made up for in raw sexual energy. He slammed his rock-hard cock into her tight teen slit over and over with a primal intensity. Her huge teen titties bounced wildly as he railed her hard and fast, grunting with exertion.

Though shorter and slimmer than most guys his age, Caleb's boyishly handsome face and charm had still allowed him to land the hottest girl in school. Tiffany was the busty head cheerleader that every guy wanted to fuck. And now Caleb was pounding the daylights out of her.

"Yes! Fuck me harder!" Tiffany wailed, digging her nails into Caleb's bucking ass cheeks. Her pussy was getting sore from the relentless hammering of his

surprisingly big cock, but she didn't want him to stop. "Don't stop baby! Fuck me!"

Caleb snarled and drilled into her even more savagely, his heavy balls slapping against her ass. The virile young man seemed to have endless stamina, fucking the buxom blonde powerfully without slowing down.

Tiffany's eyes rolled back as a screaming orgasm ripped through her curvy cheerleader body.

But Caleb just kept slamming into her clenching cunt, grunting as he finally approached his own climax. With a bestial roar, he buried his cock to the hilt and exploded. His potent young balls unloaded a

massive deluge of thick baby-batter deep into Tiffany's unprotected teenage womb.

Outside Caleb's bedroom, Ivy pressed her ear flush against the door, fingers furiously rubbing her fat clit as she listened to her son reach a roaring climax.

"Oh fuck, Lisa, he's cumming!" Ivy reported excitedly. "I can hear him grunting and growling like an animal as he unloads. He must be pumping a massive load into her teenage cunt!"

"Mmm, I hope she's on birth control," Lisa purred, frigging her own soaked pussy. "As virile as Caleb is, he'd knock the little tart up for sure."

"If she's not, then that's her problem," Ivy said dismissively. "My baby boy deserves to fuck raw and flood fertile cunts with his seed. He shouldn't have to wear a condom and dull his pleasure just because some dumb teen can't handle his potency."

"Absolutely," Lisa readily agreed. "A prime young stud like Caleb should never be restricted. He should be able to bust his nut in any ripe young womb he wants. Condoms are for losers who can't handle seeding a girl up right."

Inside the room, Caleb roared as the last few spurts of cum pumped into Tiffany's tight teen twat. Her pussy was absolutely flooded, thick globs of

jizz leaking out around his throbbing shaft. But his cock remained rock hard, ready for more.

Panting, Tiffany tried to disentangle her limp body from Caleb's, but he grabbed her hips and started thrusting again.

"Wait...oh fuck Caleb, that's all I can take.." Tiffany whimpered, overstimulated.

Ivy shook her head knowingly as she listened to Tiffany's exhausted whimpers through the door. "See, what did I tell you? That little tart is already done after one round. But I can hear Caleb's still raring to go, ready to rut like the virile stud he is."

"Mmm, teen girls simply can't handle a young man's stamina and short refractory period," Lisa agreed, still rubbing her juicy clit. "Their tight little cunts get too sore after one good hard fuck. But Caleb needs a woman who can take a pounding for hours, over and over."

"Exactly! He shouldn't have to rein in his manly urges just because some inexperienced girl can't keep up," Ivy said.

Her fingers plunged into her dripping snatch as she imagined her son's relentless rutting. "Caleb deserves a woman with the sexual appetite to match his own. One who'll beg for more no matter how many times he makes her cum on his big cock."

"Yes, the stamina and enthusiasm to let him fuck her into a stupor from dusk till dawn," Lisa added wantonly. "Staying tight and wet for him even after he's pumped load after load deep in her hungry cunt."

"Mmm, you're so right," Ivy agreed, circling her clit faster. "If this little girlfriend can't step up, he may need to start looking closer to home for a warm, willing hole to empty those aching balls in regularly. I'd hate for my baby boy to feel neglected and pent up just because some teen cunt can't take it."

Lisa gasped softly. "Wait Ivy, are you saying what I think you're saying? That you'd actually consider taking Caleb as your...boyfriend?"

Ivy bit her lip, still frigging her soaked pussy. "I mean...would it really be so wrong? Frank works such long hours, he barely has time

to fuck me a few times a week. And with Cody at baseball every day, it's not like Caleb and I would have to sneak around."

"Holy shit sis, you're serious!" Lisa said in amazement, picturing her sister spread out naked for Caleb. "You'd really let your own son fuck you? Pump that married pussy full of his cum?"

"Mmm, why not? I have needs too," Ivy purred, rubbing her clit faster. "Caleb is such a virile boy, always hard and horny. He deserves a tight, experienced cunt to drain those swollen balls in whenever he wants."

"Fuck that's hot," Lisa moaned, jamming her fingers deep in her juicy snatch. "You'd really be your son's secret mommy girlfriend? Let him rut that pussy raw all day while your hubby is at work?"

"Absolutely," Ivy said breathily, frigging herself toward climax. "I'd be the perfect girlfriend for my son. Eager and willing to spread my legs and take that big cock anytime he's pent up. He could fuck me senseless for hours."

"Drain every last drop in your unprotected cunt over and over," Lisa groaned, close to cumming herself. "Pump you so full of virile spunk. Breed his own mommy!"

"Yes! I'd let him flood my fertile womb with his seed!" Ivy gasped, right on the edge. "Get me pregnant with my son's baby if he wanted! Anything to satisfy my boy completely!"

The two sisters exploded in simultaneous, shuddering orgasms as they imagined the ultimate taboo - Ivy taking her own son Caleb as her secret lover. Frigging themselves madly, they pictured him rutting Ivy's married cunt for hours, pumping massive loads deep in her unprotected pussy, even when she was ovulating.

"I'm gonna do it," Ivy decided breathlessly. "I'm gonna start seducing Caleb. Give him the kind of wild, no-limits sex a virile

young man like him needs and deserves. Be the perfect mommy girlfriend."

Later that night, after Tiffany had gone home and Frank was snoring beside her in bed, Ivy slipped out from under the covers. She tiptoed to her dresser and selected her skimpiest babydoll nightie - a sheer pink number that barely contained her enormous braless breasts and showed off her curvy figure.

Taking a deep breath, the mother quietly made her way down the hall to Caleb's room, her massive unfettered tits jiggling and swaying heavily with each graceful step. She could feel her arousal growing with every sway of her hips, juices trickling down her bare thighs.

Caleb was still awake, playing a game on his phone in bed when Ivy knocked softly and entered. His eyes went wide seeing his mom's voluptuous body so scantily clad, unable to look away from the deep valley of cleavage threatening to spill out.

"Hi sweetie," Ivy purred, perching on the bed next to him. "I thought you might like a shoulder massage to help you relax before bed. I know how tense you get."

"Uh, sure Mom, that sounds great," Caleb gulped, trying not to stare too blatantly at her giant wobbling tits inches from his face as Ivy positioned herself behind him.

As Ivy began kneading her son's shoulders, she purposely leaned forward to give him an eyeful of monstrous mmomm-cleavage. "So honey, I wanted to remind you about the lake trip coming up this holiday weekend. Are you excited?"

"Definitely!" Caleb grinned, fighting the urge to turn his head and motorboat his mother's huge soft breasts. "It's always a blast up there. Actually, I was thinking maybe I could invite Tiffany this year?"

Ivy's hands faltered slightly on Caleb's shoulders at the mention of his girlfriend. She didn't like the idea of the little teen tart intruding on their family trip. But Ivy quickly recovered and forced a smile.

"Of course, sweetie. Tiffany is always welcome," Ivy lied smoothly, subtly pressing her massive tits against Caleb's back. "The more the merrier, right? We'll all have a wonderful time."

As Caleb relaxed into his mother's sensual touch and tantalizing proximity of her gigantic breasts, Ivy smirked to herself. The lake trip would be the perfect opportunity to really seduce her son and show him the kind of wild, satisfying sex only a voluptuous, experienced mommy-girlfriend like her could provide.

Tiffany had no idea what she was in for, Ivy thought wickedly. By the end of that trip, Caleb would be addicted to fucking his mom's juicy cunt and sucking on her huge tits. He'd forget all about that little cheerleader and her tight teen twat.

As Ivy massaged her son's shoulders, she leaned in close, letting her huge soft breasts press fully against his back. Caleb shivered as he felt his mother's hard, rubbery nipples poking him through the thin fabric of her nightie.

"Mmm, sweetie, you're so tense," Ivy purred in his ear. "I think Mom needs to give you a goodnight kiss to help you really relax before bed."

Caleb's pulse raced as Ivy moved around him, her massive tits jiggling hypnotically. She cupped his face and leaned in, pressing her plump lips against his.

Caleb gave his mom a quick peck, but as he started to pull away, Ivy giggled softly.

"Now, now, baby. You're not a little boy anymore," she cooed, tracing a finger along his jaw. "It's time you started kissing Mommy

like a real man."

With that, Ivy lowered herself onto her son, completely engulfing his chest and neck in her colossal, pillowy breasts. He nearly disappeared between the endless expanses of soft, fragrant mommy tit-flesh.

Ivy captured Caleb's mouth in a slow, sensual kiss, gently sucking his lower lip. He hesitantly started to return the kiss and Ivy took the lead, sliding her

long tongue between his parted lips. She languidly explored his mouth, swirling her licker around his as the kiss deepened.

Caleb softly moaned into the forbidden liplock, his own tongue starting to wrestle with his mother's. He brought his hands up to rest on her curvy hips as their taboo kiss grew more passionate, his cock stiffening rapidly.

After several long, blissful moments, Ivy finally broke away, leaving Caleb panting and dizzy with arousal. She gazed at him with a sultry smile, her huge, doughy-soft breasts heaving against his chest with each breath.

"Mmm, that's more like it, baby," Ivy purred, giving him one last peck. "Sleep tight. Mommy loves you."

Throwing her son a wink over her shoulder, Ivy sauntered out, her round ass swaying seductively.

Caleb stared after her, head spinning and dick throbbing painfully. He couldn't believe what has just happened. His mom had just given him the hottest, sexiest kiss of his life, the feeling of her giant tits smashed against him burned into his brain.

As Caleb laid back and wrapped a hand around his aching cock, stroking furiously, all he could think about was his mom's next

goodnight kiss. And how much further he hoped it would go.

The next day, Caleb arrived home from school, tossing his backpack on the couch. As he turned toward the kitchen for a snack, he froze, transfixed by the sight in the living room.

There was his mother Ivy, clad in the tightest yoga outfit imaginable, flowing through a series of incredibly limber poses on her mat. Caleb's eyes nearly bugged out of his head seeing her voluptuous curves so lewdly displayed.

Ivy was bent over in Downward Dog, her spectacular ass pointed right at Caleb. The thin, stretched fabric of her yoga pants molded to every contour of her round cheeks and plump pussy mound. Caleb could clearly make out the defined lips of her labia and the absence of any panty lines.

As if sensing his presence, Ivy looked back over her shoulder and smiled. "Hi sweetie! How was school?" she chirped, not changing her compromising pose.

"Uh, fine Mom..." Caleb croaked, trying desperately to tear his eyes away from her jutting ass and cameltoe. But it was impossible. His cock was already rock hard in his jeans.

Ivy shifted forward into Cobra pose, arching her back and thrusting out her massive braless tits. Caleb gulped as he watched her huge melons strain against the flimsy yoga top, the fabric growing increasingly sheer as it stretched. He could plainly see her nipples poking through.

"I'm so glad you're home early, baby," Ivy purred, gazing at him sultrily as she held the pose. "Mommy needs a little favor, if you don't mind."

"Sure Mom, anything," Caleb said quickly, his eyes glued to her jiggling shelf of cleavage.

With a coy smile, Ivy fluidly unfurled her body and transitioned into Happy Baby pose. She laid on her back and spread her long legs wide apart, pulling her knees toward her shoulders. The new position put her yoga pant-clad crotch completely on display.

"I think I accidently left my bra and panties on the bedroom floor when I changed into my yoga clothes earlier. Would you mind putting them in the hamper for me? They should be right by the bed."

Caleb nodded dumbly, hardly believing his luck. Getting his hands on his mom's used intimate apparel was a dream come true. He'd be able to smell her scent, maybe even taste her lingering juices.

"Oh and sweetie?" she added with a mischievous grin. "If you wanted to take those items to your room for a little 'personal time', I wouldn't mind. My way of saying thanks. And…I'm sure a virile young man like you has a big, pent-up load down there that needs release, from sitting in class all day."

Caleb turned beet red, but his cock throbbed at the implication. "Uh, thanks," he uttered before rushing off.

Caleb dashed to his parents' bedroom, his heart pounding with excitement and disbelief at his mom's scandalous invitation. Just as Ivy had said, her discarded bra and panties were in a lacy heap on the floor by the bed.

With trembling hands, the boy picked up the delicate undergarments, marveling at their skimpiness.

The panties were a tiny wisp of red satin, still warm from his mother's body heat. Caleb brought the lacy crotch to his nose and inhaled deeply, groaning as Ivy's rich, womanly musk filled his senses. His cock throbbed painfully as he breathed in the intimate scent of his mom's pussy.

Next, Caleb turned his attention to Ivy's bra - a matching red satin number with sheer lace cups. His eyes widened as he took in the massive size of it, the cups obviously custom made to contain his mother's gigantic breasts. Caleb had always known his mom was exceptionally busty, but holding tangible proof of her incredible endowment still blew him away.

Curious, he checked the tag and let out a low whistle. "38-J," Caleb murmured in amazement. He knew his busty girlfriend Tiffany wore a 32-DDD, which he had thought was impressive. But those teenage tits were absolutely nothing compared to the mammoth size of his own mother's breasts. The sheer volume of soft, heavy mommy tit-flesh those cups must contain made Caleb dizzy with lust.

Unable to help himself, Caleb pressed his face into one of the huge bra cups and breathed in, shuddering as his mom's sweet, perfumey scent enveloped him. He imagined motorboating those giant pillowy jugs, completely smothered in warm, fragrant mommy-cleavage.

Caleb's hand drifted down to palm his throbbing erection through his jeans as he held his mother's huge bra to his face, growing more aroused by the second. He knew he shouldn't be having such taboo thoughts about his own mom, but her flirtatious behavior lately had his hormones raging out of control. Combined with her overtly sexual yoga display just now, Caleb's young libido was in overdrive.

Clutching Ivy's lacy red panties and giant bra, Caleb hurried to his room and locked the door. He quickly shucked his clothes and laid back on the bed, fisting his rock hard cock.

Bringing his mom's tiny thong to his face again, Caleb groaned as he inhaled her intoxicating feminine aroma.

After a few minutes of frantic cock-jacking, he felt his balls tighten as he approached an explosive climax. He stuffed his mom's panties into his mouth to muffle his groans as he stroked himself to a shuddering orgasm, the taste of her pussy juice on his tongue.

His cock erupted like a geyser, sending huge spurts of thick cum into the air and raining down onto his chest as well as the bra and panties he was enjoying.

A short while later, Caleb sheepishly emerged from his bedroom, having hastily cleaned himself up. He found his mom in the kitchen, chatting on the phone. From her tone, he could tell she was talking to his dad.

Not wanting to interrupt, Caleb waited until there was a lull in the conversation. Then he sidled up to Ivy and whispered in her ear, "Hey Mom, I put your stuff back in the hamper, but uh, I accidentally got some of my, you know, stuff on them. Sorry about that."

Ivy's eyes widened and she quickly covered the phone receiver. "You didn't wash them out did you?" she whispered back urgently.

Caleb shook his head, blushing. "No, I uh, forgot," he admitted. "I'll go take care of it now."

But Ivy waved him off. "No, no, don't worry about it sweetie," she said hurriedly into the phone. "Frank, honey, I need to go. I just remembered I have something in the oven."

She hit the end button before her husband could respond and turned to face Caleb, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I'll take care of the mess, baby. You just run along now."

With that, Ivy sashayed off towards the bedroom, her yoga pants molding to her spectacular ass. Caleb stared after her, simultaneously mortified that his mom was about to handle his cum-soaked issue, and incredibly aroused by the idea.

In the bedroom, Ivy locked the door and retrieved her lacy red panties and bra from the hamper with trembling hands. She couldn't believe her son had actually done it - he'd jerked his big young cock with her intimate apparel and even shot his load on them!

The crotch of the panties was completely saturated with Caleb's sticky seed, and there were a few errant splatters on the cups of her bra. Ivy felt a quivering jolt of arousal between her legs as she examined the items, realizing just how much thick, potent boy-cum her son could produce.

"Mmm, that's quite a big load you made for Mommy, isn't it baby?" Ivy purred to herself, bringing the messy thong to her face. She inhaled deeply, groaning as the musky scent of her son's semen mingled with her own lingering pussy aroma. "Such a virile boy."

Unable to resist, Ivy ran her tongue along the drenched crotch of the panties, shuddering as she tasted her son for the first time. Caleb's release was slightly sweet and oddly addicting. Ivy lapped the soiled satin until she had cleaned up every drop.

Next, she licked the stray splatters from her bra, savoring Caleb's creamy seed. "Mmm, such a hot-dicked stud, spraying so much yummy cum for mommy to clean up."

The morning of the lake trip arrived and the Williams family piled into their SUV for the long drive - Frank behind the wheel with 12-year-old Cody riding shotgun, and Caleb sandwiched between his mother Ivy and girlfriend Tiffany in the backseat.

Both women had dressed to impress for the getaway in outfits that showed off their curvy figures. Ivy wore a low-cut sundress that barely contained

her massive tits and rode up her thick thighs., exposing her smooth, shimmering legs.

Tiffany had on the tiniest bikini top straining over her big teenage breasts and cutoff jean shorts hugging her juicy ass.

As they pulled onto the highway, Frank and Cody chatted about the fishing they planned to do, oblivious to the sexual tension brewing in

the backseat. Ivy made sure her bare leg was pressed against Caleb's, letting her hand rest high on his muscular thigh.

Not to be outdone, Tiffany snuggled up to her boyfriend's other side, pushing her warm bikini-clad tits against his arm. She batted her eyelashes at him and cooed about how much fun they were going to have.

Caleb gulped and tried to control his arousal as he found himself pinned between the two gorgeous, scantily clad blondes, their voluptuous bodies rubbing against him. He could feel his mom's hand inching further up his thigh, her long painted fingernails teasing his flesh. And Tiffany's hard nipples poking his bicep through her skimpy top made his heart skip a beat.

Noticing how close Tiffany was getting, Ivy narrowed her eyes. Under the guise of shifting to get comfortable, she leaned over Caleb to rummage in her purse, purposely smooshing her gigantic soft tits against his chest and face. Caleb nearly drowned in his mother's deep cleavage, blood rushing to his cock.

Tiffany glared daggers at Ivy, jealous of the intimate contact. She possessively wrapped herself tighter around Caleb's arm, making sure he could feel every curve. Her hand "accidentally" brushed over the growing bulge in his shorts.

As the drive continued, Ivy and Tiffany passive aggressively vied for Caleb's attention, each trying to out-flirt the other.

Ivy casually hiked up her sundress to show more thigh and leaned over her son to point out passing scenery, letting her huge spongy titties press against him.

Both women stared hungrily at the long, thick bulge of Caleb's erection straining against his shorts. The outline of his impressive manhood was clearly visible, tenting the fabric obscenely.

Ivy and Tiffany licked their lips, practically salivating at the sight of his virile young cock all swollen with need.

They inhaled deeply, breathing in Caleb's intoxicating masculine scent. His powerful pheromones filled their nostrils, making their heads swim with desire. The raw, potent musk radiating from his lean body set their loins on fire, primal female instincts awakening with a desperate need to be mounted and bred by this prime male specimen.

"Mmm honey, have you been working out more? Your arms and chest look so big and strong," Ivy purred, stroking his bicep. "I bet you could just scoop Mommy right up couldn't you?"

"You're right, his body is so hot," Tiffany added, tracing a finger over his abs through his shirt. "Like a Greek god."

"He gets those good genes from his mom," Ivy smirked, flexing her shapely leg against Caleb's. "Isn't that right, sweetie? You inherited Mommy's... assets."

Tiffany glowered at Ivy's inappropriately sexual comment about her son. Not to be outdone, the busty teen thrust out her big perky tits.

"Well, he definitely appreciates MY assets," Tiffany cooed, making sure Caleb got an eyeful of barely concealed teenage tit-flesh. "Don't you, babe?"

Caleb just gulped and nodded, cock throbbing almost painfully now sandwiched between the flirtatious females. He couldn't believe how brazenly his girlfriend and mother were coming onto him, right there in the backseat with his dad and brother just feet away.

The sexual tension continued to build between the trio as the SUV ate up the miles. Ivy and Tiffany relentlessly teased Caleb with fleeting touches and glimpses of their sexy bodies, each determined to prove she was the hotter, more fuckable woman.

Caleb did his best to control his breathing and conceal his massive erection, but it was futile. He knew both ladies could see how hard they were making him. Part of him hoped his boner would hurry up and subside before his dad or brother noticed.

But another growing part of him wanted to whip out his cock right there in the car and show them how much their flirting affected him. Let Tiffany and his mom fight over who got to stroke and suck him off first. He knew it was wrong, but he was just so horny.

As if reading his dirty thoughts, Ivy gave her son a sly, sultry smile that sent shivers down his spine.

Once they arrived at the lake house and started unpacking the car, Tiffany pulled Caleb aside behind the boat shed. She glanced around to make sure they were alone before turning to him with a concerned expression.

"Okay, I have to ask - what was up with your mom on the ride up here? The way she was acting towards you..." Tiffany said uncomfortably. "It almost seemed like she was flirting with you. Like she was trying to be your girlfriend or something."

Caleb shifted on his feet and rubbed the back of his neck, unsure how to respond. "What? No way, that's crazy. I mean, she's my mom. She was just being nice, like she always is."

Tiffany raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Nice? Caleb, she was practically motorboating you with her giant tits every chance she got. And I saw her hand creeping up your thigh."

"She was just shifting around to get comfortable," Caleb argued weakly. "The backseat was crowded. I'm sure she didn't mean anything by it."

"Uh-huh. And I guess she didn't mean anything by wearing that slutty sundress and flaunting her huge tits and ass at you either?"

Tiffany said sarcastically, folding her arms over her own ample chest.

Caleb's face reddened. "Come on Tiff, that's just how she dresses. She can't help how big her boobs are. I really don't think it's a big deal."

Tiffany stepped closer, looking him in the eye. "Caleb, I'm your girlfriend. I know flirting when I see it. And your mom was hardcore flirting with you, in a totally inappropriate way."

Caleb swallowed hard, his eyes darting away guiltily. He couldn't deny the blatant sexual tension that had been building between him and his mother. The way her voluptuous body kept pressing against his, her hand stroking his thigh, those hungry, alluring glances she gave him. It was obviously more than innocent maternal affection.

"Okay, maybe she was being a little...extra friendly," Caleb admitted reluctantly. "But I'm sure she didn't mean anything sexual by it. She's just an affectionate person."

Tiffany snorted derisively. "Right. Face it Caleb, your mom totally wants to fuck you. She was eye-banging you the entire car ride, undressing you in her mind. It's so obvious."

Caleb's mouth went dry at Tiffany's crude but accurate assessment. He couldn't believe she had said it out loud. His mom, his own mother, wanted him sexually. Wanted to commit incest with him. It was wrong, so taboo, but the thought made Caleb's cock swell in his shorts.

"Tiff, come on, my mom is married to my dad. She loves him. She'd never try to be my girlfriend or anything like that behind his back. That's insane."

But Tiffany just rolled her eyes. "Oh please, mothers and sons do the nasty all the time, way more than you'd think. It's like the most

common type of incest. A lot of moms secretly wanna fuck their sons, especially if they're young and virile like you."

Caleb's jaw dropped at her blunt words. "What? No way, that can't be true..."

"It absolutely is," Tiffany insisted. "I've read all about it online. Tons of moms end up seducing their teenage sons and basically becoming their sexual

mentor and secret girlfriend. The sons get addicted to fucking their moms, doing it all the time even when the dad isn't home. It's crazy common."

Caleb felt his stomach flutter and cock stiffen as he pictured himself in a sexual relationship with his own mother, sneaking around to fuck her behind his father's back. Pounding her married pussy, sucking her huge tits. The wrongness of it only made him throb harder.

"All the time. Really?" The boy asked.

"Yes, all the time," Tiffany nodded. "Way more than anyone talks about. I guarantee we both know guys at school who are banging their moms. Their dads are just clueless."

She stepped closer to Caleb, tracing a finger over the bulge in his shorts. "And seeing how your mom was acting, I'd say she definitely wants to be one of those moms. Wants you as her hung son lover. Wants this big young cock stretching out her married hole every day and pumping it full of cum."

Caleb shivered at Tiffany's dirty talk, his resolve weakening. If this was really something that happened often, maybe it wouldn't be so wrong to explore things with his mom a little. Let her seduce him, become his secret mommy-girlfriend like Tiffany said.

Just then, Ivy's voice rang out. "Caleb! Tiffany! Come get changed so we can head down to the lake!"

Caleb and Tiffany headed inside the lake house to change into their swimsuits. Tiffany slipped into a skimpy string bikini that barely contained her fat, teen tits and showed off her tight curvy body. Caleb couldn't help but stare as she bent over, her round ass practically falling out of the tiny bikini bottoms.

But when Ivy emerged from the bedroom in her swimsuit, Caleb's jaw nearly hit the floor. His mother wore the tiniest, most revealing bikini he'd ever seen. The triangular patches of fabric struggled to cover her enormous breasts, deep cleavage spilling out obscenely. Her curvy hips and plump ass were on full display, the thong bottoms riding up her ass crack.

"What do you think, sweetie? Do I look okay?" Ivy asked with faux innocence, doing a little twirl and jiggling her ginormous tits right in her son's face

"Holy shit Mom! I mean, uh, y-you look great," Caleb stammered, eyes glued to her voluptuous bikini body. He shifted uncomfortably as his cock stiffened, hoping she couldn't see his growing erection through his board shorts.

Ivy smiled knowingly, enjoying her son's reaction. She glanced down pointedly at his crotch, then back up. "Mmm, thank you baby. I'm so glad you approve."

Tiffany glared daggers at Ivy, seething with jealousy. How dare this bitch prance around in front of Caleb with her tits and ass hanging out like that! The nerve of her, trying to seduce her own son!

Caleb's younger bother Cody's eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he saw his mother walk by in her revealing bikini. The boy stopped fiddling with his fishing rod, utterly transfixed by the sight of her colossal breasts straining against the tiny triangles of fabric.

Ivy's bikini top struggled to contain her massive, jiggling jugs, deep cleavage spilling out over the sides. Her nipples visibly poked against the thin material, long and turgid with arousal. Each breath made the overloaded cups quiver, threatening to slip and unleash her giant mmomm-tits completely.

Cody gulped, feeling a strange stirring in his young loins as he ogled his mother's spectacular, nearly naked bust. He had never seen such large breasts before, let alone on his own mom. The boy knew it was wrong to stare at her that way, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing sight of all that soft, wobbling flesh.

Noticing her youngest son's slack-jawed gaze fixed on her huge boobs, Ivy giggled and paused in front of him. She placed her hands on her curvy hips and thrust out her chest proudly.

"Mommy's bikini IS pretty small, huh?" she teased. 'I hope I don't fall out of it!"

Cody just nodded dumbly, face flushed and palms sweaty.

With a saucy wink, Ivy turned and sauntered off, her plump ass cheeks jiggling and the thong disappearing between them. "Have fun fishing with your father, honey."

As they walked down to the lake, Tiffany possessively latched onto Caleb's arm, pressing her bikini-clad tits against him. But Ivy just smirked and took his other arm, smushing her giant bare breasts into his side. Caleb was trapped between the two curvy, barely dressed women, their tantalizing warm flesh surrounding him.

"Ooh Caleb, can you do Mom a favor and rub some sunscreen on my back?" Ivy cooed when they reached the shore. "I don't wanna burn."

She laid out a towel and discreetly untied her bikini top before lying face down, giving her son an unobstructed view of her naked back

and sides of her huge tits squashed beneath her.

Caleb gulped and knelt down beside his topless mother, cock throbbing in his shorts.

With shaking hands, he squirted some sunscreen on Ivy's smooth skin and began rubbing it in. He bit back a moan at the feeling of her soft womanly flesh beneath his palms. His strong hands slid over her back and shoulders sensually, working the oil into her silky flesh.

"Mmm, that feels amazing sweetie," Ivy purred as Caleb rubbed sunscreen into her back. "But don't forget my booty. It needs protection too."

She reached back and pointedly pulled aside her thong bikini bottom, exposing the full round globes of her shapely ass to her son's widening eyes. Caleb gulped at the sight of his mom's bare butt and plump, glistening pussy lips peeking out between her thick thighs.

"Uh, okay Mom," he managed to say, squirting a large dollop of lotion directly onto the smooth flesh of her buttocks.

Caleb began spreading the sunscreen over his mother's abundant ass cheeks, massaging the firm yet pliant flesh. He had to suppress a groan as he kneaded handfuls of her ripe posterior, sinking his fingers into the fleshy orbs. His cock surged to full hardness in his shorts, aching and leaking pre-cum.

Tiffany cleared her throat loudly, not about to let Ivy hog all the attention. "Hey babe, don't forget your girlfriend has an ass that needs rubbing too," she said, bending over provocatively right in front of Caleb.

The busty cheerleader slowly untied her bikini bottoms and let them drop, revealing her tight, rounded teenage butt to her boyfriend. She

wiggled her hips invitingly, the move causing her big dangling tits to nearly spill out of her top.

"Tiffany! Jesus..." Caleb groaned, the sight of his girlfriend's perfect peach of an ass and his mother's giant bare booty right next to each other short-circuiting his brain. Both women's glistening, naked cunt lips winked at him between their thighs.

Turning the lotion bottle upside down, Caleb drizzled a stream of sunscreen between Tiffany's toned ass cheeks. She shivered and cooed approvingly as he started rubbing the cool liquid into her warm skin, his big strong hands spreading and squeezing her muscular buttocks.

Ivy huffed in annoyance, not appreciating Tiffany's intrusion. She arched her back and thrust her enormous ass up higher, jiggling the massive cheeks. "Caleb honey, you missed a spot," she said sweetly, reaching back to pull her butt open, brazenly exposing her tight pink asshole to her son.

"Make sure you get Mommy's crack nice and slick too. We don't want it to burn."

Caleb made a strangled sound as he stared at his mother's puckered anus winking at him between her huge spread ass cheeks. His cock jumped in his shorts, leaking a big wet spot of pre-cum into the fabric.

Caleb gulped and nodded, squirting more sunscreen onto his fingers. He carefully ran his slick digits up and down the crevice of his mother's massive

ass, making sure to thoroughly coat her exposed asshole and labia. Ivy moaned softly and subtly pressed back against his touch.

"That's it baby, get Mommy nice and lubed up," she purred sultrily, looking over her shoulder at him with a naughty glint in her eye.

Flustered, Caleb quickly moved over to Tiffany and repeated the intimate process, spreading oil between the cheerleader's pert butt cheeks and over her teenage pussy. Tiffany wiggled her hips and giggled as he tickled her sensitive anus and vulva, coating them with a glistening sheen.

"Mmm yeah, feels good babe," she cooed, biting her lip and thrusting her ass back wantonly. "I love your hands on me."

By the time Caleb finished thoroughly oiling both beautiful bare butts, his cock was rock hard and throbbing almost painfully in his shorts, a sizable wet patch staining the front. His head swam with arousal, barely able to think straight.

"Okay sweetie, your turn now," Ivy announced, sitting up and retying her skimpy bikini top over her giant tits. "Lie down so Mommy can do you."

"Yeah, we need to make sure ALL of you is protected," Tiffany added with a naughty smirk, eyeing the prominent bulge in her boyfriend's shorts.

Caleb shakily laid back on the towel, his straining erection obviously tenting his shorts obscenely.

Tiffany and Ivy knelt on either side, their massive bikini-clad breasts hovering over his face like fleshy zeppelins. Their hard nipples visibly poked at the thin material just inches from his widening eyes.

The two women squirted sunscreen onto the boy's muscular chest and abs, then began spreading it over his skin with deliberate, sensual motions. They took their time exploring every dip and ridge of his athletic build, fingers tracing the cut lines of his six pack and v-lines.

As their hands roamed lower, teasing just under the waistband of his shorts, Caleb couldn't help but notice his mom and girlfriend's

exposed pussies positioned on either side of his head. He compared their waxed, puffy

vulvas, Ivy's plump mature lips versus Tiffany's tight teenage slit. Both glistened with obvious arousal.

Inhaling deeply, Caleb felt dizzy from the combined scent of their feminine musk. His mother and girlfriend's naked aroused cunts were just inches from his face, radiating heat and need. He ached to bury his nose in their slippery folds and taste their essence directly from the source.

As Ivy and Tiffany rubbed sunscreen onto Caleb's chest and shoulders, their hands bumped against each other, both women vying for position to touch more of his muscular body.

Tiffany glared at Ivy, not appreciating the older woman's hands all over her boyfriend even if she was his mom.

Ivy just smirked back, making a show of thoroughly massaging the oil into her son's pecs, thumbing his nipples. Her enormous tits swayed and jiggled with the motion, the tiny triangles of her bikini top barely covering her wide areolas.

Not to be outdone, Tiffany leaned forward more, letting her large teenage breasts dangle right over Caleb's face. The boy looked up in awe as her ample cleavage engulfed his vision, her hard nipples threatening to burst free of her straining top.

Caleb inhaled sharply as Tiffany's heavy tits dragged over his nose and cheeks, smothering him with their warm, pillowy flesh as she shifted to rub lower on his abs. The feel of them brushing across his face made his cock throb and leak.

Ivy scowled at the busty cheerleader's deliberate tit smother and maneuvered to dip her own colossal breasts down onto her son's blushing face. She wobbled them back and forth, completely burying

him in a heavenly valley of plush mommy tit-flesh that put Tiffany's to shame.

Caleb nearly fainted as his mother's giant soft tits enveloped his head, her hard nipples palpable through the thin fabric. He was lost in fragrant, warming hills and dales of the most bountiful bosom he'd ever encountered. His own mother's glorious, barely contained breasts.

As Caleb gazed up between the two pairs of massive, dangling tits jockeying for position above him, he felt light-headed with arousal. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine he'd have his face so thoroughly smothered by his girlfriend and mother's dueling racks. It was overwhelming in the best possible way.

He watched, mesmerized, as their mountainous breasts swung and collided with the women's movements, nipples visibly poking at the scanty material.

Tiffany's huge teenage tits were impressive, but they were dwarfed by the sheer magnitude of his mother's epic endowments. Caleb couldn't believe how massive and perfect they were, like something out of a wet dream.

After thoroughly coating Caleb with sunscreen, Ivy and Tiffany laid out their towels on either side of him to start tanning. The two women purposefully positioned themselves in provocative poses that showed off their spectacular bikini-clad bodies to full effect.

Tiffany laid on her side facing Caleb, propping her head up on one elbow. This angle made her fat teenage tits press together enticingly, deepening her cleavage. She slowly traced the curves of her figure with her free hand, from the side of her breast down to her tiny waist and jutting hip. Tiffany locked eyes with her boyfriend and bit her plump bottom lip, putting on a sultry show just for him.

Not to be outdone, Ivy rolled onto her stomach, untied her bikini top, and pillowed her head on her folded arms. This gave Caleb an unobstructed view of her voluptuous body stretched out next to him, acres of tanned skin glistening with oil. With her top untied, the sides of Ivy's gigantic breasts spilled out obscenely. She turned her head to smolder at her son, green eyes blazing with forbidden lust.

Sandwiched between the two teasing vixens, Caleb's eyes darted back and forth, cock throbbing insistently. He drank in the mouthwatering sight of their rounded ass-globes, Tiffany's fat tits threatening to burst free of her skimpy bikini and the enticing glimpses of his mother's enormous bare melons.

The women shifted positions every so often to tan evenly, each move carefully calculated to give Caleb a sexy new perspective of their bodies.

Tiffany rolled onto her back and stretched languorously, arching to thrust her bountiful chest skyward.

Ivy flipped over and let her thighs fall open, feet hovering in the air, and the thong bikini bottoms riding up to showcase her puffy, barely concealed pussy lips.

Caleb felt dizzy with arousal, immersed in a sea of titillating female flesh. He was acutely aware of his hard-on tenting his shorts but couldn't bring himself to cover it. At this point, it was futile to try to hide his body's reaction to the double onslaught of tits and ass surrounding him.

He noticed his mom and Tiffany sneak furtive peeks at his bulging boner, their eyes gleaming with hungry interest. They clearly enjoyed the visible evidence of their effect on him. Caleb swore he could smell their heady feminine arousal mingling with the coconut scent of sunscreen.

As the teen lay between the two women tanning, Ivy turned her head towards Tiffany with a casual smile. "So Tiffany, I'm curious - how often do girls your age go down on their boyfriends these days? Give them oral pleasure, I mean."

Tiffany's eyes widened slightly at the personal question. "Oh, um...I don't know. I guess it depends on the couple."

Ivy nodded. "Mmm, I see. Well, back when I was dating in high school and college, it was pretty much expected for a girlfriend to suck her man off at least once a day, usually more. Morning, noon, and night. A girl wasn't worth much if she couldn't keep her guy drained and happy, you know?"

Caleb blushed as he listened to his mom discuss blowjobs so candidly. He glanced at Tiffany to gauge her reaction.

Tiffany sat up a bit, not wanting to be outdone. "Oh totally, I agree 100%. If you really care about your boyfriend's needs, you should be blowing him as

much as possible. I love having Caleb in my mouth, feeling it get even harder as I suck him. I swallow every drop when he explodes too."

Ivy raised an eyebrow, smirking slightly. "Well, that's good to hear. A woman who doesn't let a single bit of her man's seed go to waste is a keeper. But it's not just about the finish. It's the whole build-up and experience. Really savoring his cock with all your oral skills."

"Definitely," Tiffany said, getting into the spirit of the naughty discussion. "I like to start with long licks from balls to tip, tracing the veins with my tongue. Then take just the head into my mouth and swirl around it, dipping into the slit. Drives him wild, right babe?"

All Caleb could do was simply nod as he listened intently.

"Mmm, that's a good technique," Ivy purred approvingly. "I'm also a fan of kissing and licking the shaft all over, really bathing his cock in my spit before I start sucking. Worshipping it with my mouth."

Caleb squirmed on his towel as he listened to the two women trade oral sex tips, his erection throbbing almost painfully. He couldn't believe this was happening, his girlfriend and mom casually one-upping each other about how much they loved sucking dick.

"One thing I've learned is that guys really like having their balls attended to as well," Ivy continued. "A lot of girls neglect them. But if you suck one into your mouth, roll it around on your tongue, then switch to the other, back and forth...it makes them weak."

Caleb listened in disbelief as his mother and girlfriend brazenly competed over their cock sucking prowess, each trying to prove she was the bigger slut for dick. His own dick strained against his shorts, aching for the oral worship they so vividly described.

"Yes, I agree, sucking a guys nuts is important," Tiffany agreed, picturing herself slurping on Caleb's fat balls. "I also like to deepthroat him, take every inch until my nose is buried in his pubes and my chin is pressing against his sack. Hold it there as long as I can. Drives him crazy feeling my throat muscles work his cock."

Ivy nodded approvingly. "I hope so. I'm a big fan of deepthroating. Nothing makes a man feel more powerful than having a woman swallow his whole dick down her gullet. Feeling those muscles milk him as she gags on his meat...heaven."

Caleb squeezed his eyes shut, his mind flooding with images of Tiffany and his mom taking turns swallowing his throbbing cock to the hilt, their lips stretched obscenely around his girth as they struggled not to choke. He'd never been so turned on in his life.

"The key is maintaining eye contact the whole time," his mom advised sagely. "Even with tears running down your cheeks and spit

bubbling out the corners of your stretched mouth. Stare up at him adoringly as you force every fat inch down your throat."

"Oh I do," Tiffany boasted. "I love looking up at Caleb as I stuff my face with his big dick, letting him see how much I worship his cock. How hungry I am to taste his cum."

Caleb cleared his throat awkwardly, face flushed. "Um, wow. You two are really, uh, into it, huh?" He adjusted himself, trying to conceal his massive erection straining against his shorts. "This talk is kind of, um, getting me going, to be honest..."

Tiffany grinned wickedly, eyeing the huge bulge hungrily. "Mmm, I can see that babe. Looks like you've got a big problem that needs my attention."

She sat up and slid her hand up his thigh suggestively. "Why don't we head back to the cabin for a bit so I can take care of you properly? Put my mouth to good use?"

Ivy narrowed her eyes, jealousy flaring at Tiffany's suggestion. She wasn't about to let this little bitch monopolize her son. Sitting up as well, Ivy placed her hand over Tiffany's on Caleb's leg possessively.

"Now hold on a minute," Ivy interjected with a fake smile. "I'm sure Caleb will need some time to, ah, recharge after you're done with him, Tiffany dear. After your finished, he and I should take a nice long walk together down the shore, just the two of us. Give you a chance to freshen up."

Tiffany's eyes flashed with irritation, but she quickly plastered on a matching phony grin. "Oh, how thoughtful of you, Ivy. I'm sure you two will have a lot to...talk about."

Caleb gulped, looking between the two beautiful women flanking him, hands running up his thighs. The sexual tension was palpable,

a sense of competition crackling in the air. He had a feeling this walk with his mom was going to be very interesting.

"Uh, yeah, sounds great Mom," Caleb said, voice slightly hoarse. "A walk to clear my head would be nice." He wasn't sure his head would be any clearer afterwards though.

"Perfect!" Ivy chirped, standing up and letting her giant tits bounce. "You two have fun, and take your time! I'll just be waiting right here when you're ready, sweetie."

Tiffany took Caleb's hand and pulled him to his feet, leading him back towards the cabin. She made sure to put an extra sway in her hips, round ass cheeks jiggling. Caleb followed behind in a daze, eyes riveted to her barely-covered bubble butt.

As Ivy watched them go, a determined glint shone in her green eyes. This walk was her chance to finally get her son alone and seduce him properly. By the time they returned, Caleb would forget all about that little cheerleader.

Tiffany led Caleb up to the small loft area of the cabin, a determined glint in her eye. She was gonna show her boyfriend once and for all that no one could pleasure him better than she could - not even his own mother. Tiffany intended to give Caleb the most mind-blowing, toe-curling oral experience of his life.

Once in the cozy, private loft, Tiffany pushed her boyfriend down onto the cushions and wasted no time untying her bikini top, letting her large, triple -D's spring free. Caleb's eyes widened at the glorious sight of her jiggling tits capped with puckered pink nipples.

Smirking at his slack-jawed appreciation, Tiffany shimmed out of her bikini bottoms as well, revealing her tight pink slit glistening with arousal. She stood before him completely bare, letting him drink in every inch of her flawless nubile body.

"Like what you see, baby?" she purred, running her hands over her curves. "I'm gonna worship your cock like never before. Make you cum so hard."

Tiffany dropped to her knees between Caleb's spread legs and rubbed the huge bulge straining his shorts. She could feel it throbbing beneath her palm, his arousal evident. Tiffany licked her lips hungrily, practically salivating at the thought of getting her mouth on him.

She peeled off Caleb's shorts, causing his rigid cock to spring up and slap against his stomach. He was completely hard, his manhood swollen and pulsing, the bulbous head an angry purple. A bead of pre-cum glistened at the tip.

Tiffany gazed at his impressive erection in awe, never tiring of seeing her boyfriend's beautiful dick ready for action. She wrapped her fingers around the thick veiny base, marveling at the weight and heat of him.

Caleb groaned as she slowly pumped her fist up and down his length, tugging the taut pink skin around the blood-engorged meat beneath.

"Mmm, so big and hard for me already," Tiffany cooed, smearing the pre-cum with her thumb. "Your cock is absolutely perfect, Caleb. I'm gonna make you feel so good, baby."

Leaning forward, Tiffany ran the flat of her tongue along the underside of Caleb's shaft from root to tip, savoring the taste of his hot skin. She repeated the motion over and over, bathing his entire dick in wet licks until it glistened with her saliva.

Caleb moaned and clenched the cushions as Tiffany licked around the ridge of his swollen cockhead, dipping into the weeping slit teasingly before engulfing the tip between her soft lips. She swirled her tongue around it, stimulating the sensitive nerve endings.

Tiffany bobbed her head up and down Caleb's thick shaft, taking him deeper into her hot mouth with each pass. She maintained intense eye contact as she blew him, blue eyes locked on his, just like Ivy had advised. Tiffany wanted Caleb to see the pure cock worship in her gaze.

"Oh fuck, Tiff, your mouth feels amazing," Caleb groaned, tangling his fingers in her silky blonde hair.

His girlfriend responded by taking him even deeper, relaxing her throat muscles to accept his entire length. She didn't stop until her nose was buried in his neatly trimmed pubes and she had every throbbing inch stuffed down her gullet.

Caleb let out a strangled moan at the sensation of her hot, wet throat contracting around him.

Suppressing her gag reflex, Tiffany held him there, lips sealed tight around the base of his cock as she massaged the shaft with her throat muscles. The sloppy sounds of her slurping and gagging on his meat filled the loft. Saliva ran down her chin and dripped onto her big tits as she deepthroated him with reckless abandon.

After a blissful eternity, Tiffany pulled back to catch her breath, a thick strand of drool connecting her lips to Caleb's spit-shined cock. But she dove right back in, sucking him noisily and ferociously, determined to give him the sloppiest, most enthusiastic blowjob of his life. She wanted Caleb weak in the knees from her oral skills.

As Tiffany worshipped his cock with single-minded devotion, Caleb's pleasure-fogged brain drifted to thoughts of his mother. He couldn't help but imagine how incredible Ivy's experienced mouth would feel wrapped around him, her plump lips stretched obscenely as she swallowed his length.

What kind of mind-blowing things could she do with her tongue honed over years of sucking dick? How would it feel to have his own

mom deepthroat him to the hilt, gagging and sputtering as she struggled to take

all his dick-meat? The forbidden images made Caleb's balls tighten, bringing him closer to the edge.

Sensing his impending ejaculation, Tiffany doubled her efforts, sucking harder and faster. She reached up to fondle his swollen balls, rolling them in her soft palm just like Ivy suggested. The combined stimulation proved too much for Caleb.

"Fuck Tiff, I'm gonna cum!" he warned urgently, hips bucking erratically.

But Tiffany just moaned encouragingly around his cock, taking him even deeper. She wanted to show Caleb that she could handle every last drop, that she craved his seed.

With a guttural groan, the boy reached the point of no return, erupting like a geyser down Tiffany's eagerly sucking throat. His cock jerked and pulsed as it pumped spurt after spurt of hot, thick cum directly into her stomach.

Tiffany moaned in delight as Caleb's salty essence flooded her mouth. She swallowed repeatedly, gulping down every creamy rope and savoring the taste of his virile seed. The cheerleader never released his wildly twitching cock, determined to milk him completely dry.

Caleb collapsed back against the cushions, boneless and seeing stars, as the most intense orgasm of his young life ripped through him. He couldn't believe how hungrily Tiffany had devoured his load, not spilling a single precious drop. The suction of her mouth never let up as she greedily drained his balls straight down her throat.

When Caleb was finally spent, Tiffany released his softening cock from her lips with a wet pop and smiled up at him smugly, licking a

stray bead of cum from the corner of her mouth. She looked extremely pleased with herself, like the cat that got the cream - literally.

"Holy shit, Tiff," Caleb panted, running a hand through his sweaty hair. "That was incredible. I don't think I've ever cum so hard in my life."

Tiffany crawled up his body to straddle his lap, her heavy tits swaying hypnotically. "Mmm, I'm so glad you enjoyed it, baby. I love worshipping your gorgeous cock and tasting your yummy cum."

She leaned in to kiss him deeply, letting Caleb taste himself on her tongue. He groaned into the filthy kiss, his spent cock valiantly twitching with renewed interest. Making out with his girlfriend while the evidence of his explosive orgasm was still fresh in her mouth was so dirty and hot.

They necked passionately for a few minutes, hands roaming each other's bodies. But as much as Caleb was enjoying the steamy interlude, he couldn't stop his mind from wandering to his mother once again, picturing her plump lips wrapped around him instead, gulping down his load with the same cock-hungry enthusiasm.

Shaking off the taboo thoughts, Caleb reluctantly pulled back from the kiss. "That was amazing, Tiff. But I should probably get cleaned up before my walk with my mom. Don't wanna keep her waiting too long, you know?"

Tiffany pouted but nodded in understanding. "Of course, babe. We'll have plenty of time for round two later." She gave his flaccid cock a parting fondle before climbing off his lap, feeling a little jealous by the mention of him being alone with his mom.

A short time later, Ivy took Caleb's hand in hers as they strolled along the quiet lakeshore, like she had done many times when he

was a little boy. But the energy between them now was markedly different - charged and electric with unspoken desire.

Caleb was acutely aware of his mother's barely clothed voluptuous body brushing against his side with each step, her colossal breasts jiggling and swaying hypnotically in the tiny bikini top. He could smell the intoxicating scent of her arousal mixed with sunscreen. It made Caleb's head swim with renewed lust, his teenage refractory period already working its magic.

"It's so nice to spend this quality time with you, just the two of us," Ivy purred, squeezing Caleb's hand. "We don't get enough of that lately."

Caleb swallowed hard, hyperaware of his mother's soft skin against his. "Y-yeah, for sure Mom. I always love our talks."

Ivy smiled at him knowingly. "And I'm sure you really enjoyed your little talk with Tiffany just now too, didn't you? I bet that pretty mouth of hers was very busy..."

Caleb's eyes widened, cheeks flushing pink. "What? Mom, I don't--"

"Oh honey, please," Ivy cut him off with a tinkling laugh. "Give your mother some credit. I know exactly what you two were up to in the cabin. You've got that freshly blown look about you."

If possible, Caleb blushed even harder, feeling like his face was on fire. He couldn't believe his mom was calling out his sex life so bluntly. "Um, wow. Okay. I guess I can't get anything past you, can I?"

"You certainly cannot, my smart, handsome, virile young man," Ivy practically purred, giving his bicep an appreciative squeeze. Caleb suppressed a shiver. "And honestly sweetie, there's nothing to be embarrassed about. I'm glad Tiffany is so...eager to attend to your

needs. A horny boy like you deserves lots of enthusiastic oral service."

Caleb made a strangled sound in the back of his throat, his cock swelling rapidly at his mother's bawdy talk. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. It was all so inappropriate...and incredibly arousing.

Ivy continued blithely, as if discussing her teenage son's blowjobs was the most natural thing in the world. "I just hope Tiffany is really honing her deepthroating skills on this trip. A hung stud like you needs a woman who can swallow every thick inch balls deep."

Caleb nearly tripped over his own feet. "Jesus Mom..."

Ivy chuckled and patted his arm reassuringly. "It's perfectly natural, honey. You're a virile boy who needs to have his cock blown the right way."

She paused, biting her plump lower lip as if considering her next words carefully. "As your mother, it's important to me that you experience the full range of what a woman can offer in the bedroom. A young thing like Tiffany

is enthusiastic, sure, but she lacks a certain...finesse that only comes with age and practice."

Ivy stepped closer to Caleb, her massive bikini-clad breasts brushing against his bare chest as she looked up at him through her lashes. "I just wanna make sure you know that there are other options out there, sweetie. More...experienced women who can show you things Tiffany can't. The kind of mind-blowing oral skills that only come with years of practice servicing hard cocks."

Caleb's mouth went dry, his erection now straining almost painfully against his shorts. Was his mother actually offering to blow him? The thought alone made him dizzy with lust.

Ivy smirked, her hand drifting down to graze the bulge of his cock. "Mmm, looks like someone is ready to have his cock sucked again. Such stamina! Why don't we find somewhere a bit more private to continue this discussion..."

Taking Caleb's hand, Ivy led him further down the shore to an old abandoned boat house. The small wooden structure was dilapidated, a remnant from a neighboring cabin that had sadly burned down years ago. It was the perfect spot for some discreet alone time.

Once inside the boat house, Ivy turned to face her boy, a sultry gleam in her green eyes. "Now then, I believe I was telling you about the importance of experiencing a real woman's mouth on your cock. Allow me to demonstrate..."

Slowly, teasingly, Ivy untied her bikini top and let it fall away, revealing her massive bare tits in all their glory. Caleb stared transfixed at the huge, jiggling melons he had fantasized about for so long, nipples puckered at the centers of wide areolar disks. He ached to touch them and suck their thick teats.

Ivy cupped her heavy breasts and pushed them together, smirking at Caleb's slack-jawed appreciation. "Like what you see, baby? Mommy's big titties are even better than your little girlfriend's, aren't they?"

Caleb could only nod dumbly, rendered mute by the epic rack on display.

Still grinning wickedly, Ivy sank gracefully to her knees in front of him. She nuzzled her face against the throbbing bulge in his shorts, inhaling deeply. "Mmm, you smell so good, honey. So virile and musky. Mommy wants to taste you so badly."

With trembling hands, Caleb shoved his shorts down, letting his painfully hard cock spring free. It bobbed obscenely in front of his kneeling mother's face, bluish veins popping out lewdly from

beneath the taut pink skin. The swollen head looked like a fat, juicy plum, weeping vicious boy-venom from its slit.

Ivy licked her lips hungrily as she eyed her son's impressive fuck-muscle. "Oh my, look at you! Even bigger and harder than I imagined. Mommy is gonna enjoy this so much..."

Gazing up at Caleb with hooded eyes, Ivy extended her tongue and slowly licked a wet stripe up the underside of his cock from base to tip. Caleb shuddered and groaned at the sensation of his mother's hot tongue caressing his aching shaft.

Ivy swirled her pink licker around the swollen purple head, lapping up the pre-cum beading at the tip. "Mmm, you taste so good, baby," she purred before engulfing the first few inches between her plump lips.

Caleb moaned loudly as he watched his cock disappear into his mom's sucking mouth, her hollowed cheeks making obscene slurping noises. The wet heat enveloping his sensitive flesh was incredible.

Ivy bobbed her head, taking more of her son's thick length down her throat with each pass. She maintained smoldering eye contact the entire time, letting him see the pure lust and adoration in her green eyes as she worshipped his manhood.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Caleb groaned, fingers tangling in her long hair. "Your mouth feels amazing..."

Ivy pulled off with a wet pop and grinned up at him wickedly, pumping his spit-slicked shaft with her circled fist. "You haven't felt anything yet, sweetie. Mom is gonna show you what a real deepthroat is like."

With that, she relaxed her jaw and took Caleb's entire cock into her mouth and down her throat in one smooth motion. Her lovely lips sealed around the base as her nose pressed into his pubic bone, not

stopping until she had every throbbing inch buried in her clutching throat.

Caleb let out a strangled moan, eyes rolling back at the intense sensation of his mom's fluttering throat muscles massaging his cock. It was like her esophagus was milking him, working his flexing shaft in ways Tiffany never could.

Ivy held him deep, suppressing her gag reflex as she swallowed around Caleb's thick meat lodged in her gullet. Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes and drool ran down her chin, but she didn't let up, determined to give her son the sloppiest, most mind-blowing deepthroat of his young life.

After what felt like an eternity in heaven, Ivy slowly pulled back, gasping and coughing. A thick rope of saliva connected her lips to Caleb's spit-shined cock. But she only took a quick breath before diving right back in, sucking him ferociously.

Ivy fucked her face on her son's throbbing erection, taking him balls deep over and over. The obscene GLUK GLUK GLUK sounds of her gagging on his cock echoed through the boat house. It was a wet, nasty, enthusiastic blowjob, putting anything Tiffany had done to shame.

As Ivy deepthroated her teen's cock with reckless abandon, he felt his heavy balls tighten, the pressure building at the base of his shaft. His mother's expert mouth was bringing him to the edge embarrassingly fast, her throat muscles milking his throbbing length relentlessly.

"Oh God Mom, I'm gonna cum," Caleb warned breathlessly, fingers tightening in her hair. "Fuck, I can't hold back..."

But Ivy just moaned encouragingly around his swollen cockhead lodged deep in her clutching gullet. She wanted her son's seed,

craved it. Needed to feel him erupt down her throat and flood her belly with his hot, virile spunk.

With a strangled groan, Caleb reached the point of no return. "Unngghh fuuucckk, Mommmm!" His pulsing cock head flared and jerked as it unleashed a massive load directly into his mother's suckling throat.

Ivy's eyes rolled back in bliss as Caleb's first powerful spurt painted her tonsils. She swallowed quickly, gulping down the thick, creamy ejaculate. But he was cumming so much, pumping what felt like gallons of jizz into her greedy mouth.

Caleb grunted and shuddered as his swollen balls emptied their heavy load down his mom's working throat. Each delicious clench and ripple of her esophagus coaxed out more semen, milking him of every last drop. It was the most intense, toe-curling orgasm of his young life.

Ivy moaned whorishly as she gulped and guzzled, determined not to waste a single precious drop of her son's seed. Caleb's potent, slightly salty essence slid down her throat and settled warmly in her belly. She relished the taste, savoring it like a fine wine.

Even as his climax wound down, Ivy never stopped sucking, her lips sealed vacuum tight around the base of his shaft. She continued to nurse on his softening cock, making sure she had drained him completely. Only when she was certain she had every drop did Ivy finally release him from her mouth with a wet pop.

Caleb slumped back against the wall of the boat house, chest heaving and eyes glazed over in post-orgasmic bliss. He watched dazedly as his mother licked her lips and grinned up at him smugly, his cum still glistening on her chin.

"Holy fuck, Mom," Caleb panted in awe once he could form words again. "That was...I can't even describe...shit!"

Ivy chuckled huskily, giving his sensitive crown a parting kiss before she rose gracefully to her feet, enormous tits swaying. "Mmm, I take it you

enjoyed your first mommy-blowjob then? I did tell you an experienced woman could show you things your little girlfriend couldn't."

"That you did," her boy gasped.

When Caleb returned from his walk with Ivy, Tiffany was waiting for him by the cabin, a suspicious look on her face. She pulled him aside, out of earshot of the others.

"So, how was your little stroll with your mom?" Tiffany asked, trying to keep her tone casual but failing to hide the hint of jealousy.

"It was nice," Caleb replied, not quite meeting her eyes. "We just talked and enjoyed the scenery, you know? Quality mother-son bonding time."

Tiffany's eyes narrowed. "Uh huh. And during this quality bonding time, did your mom happen to get on her knees and wrap her lips around your dick? Because you've got a pretty obvious 'just blown' look about you."

Caleb's face flushed and he sputtered indignantly. "What? No! Jesus Tiff, she's my mom! She would never do something like that, especially not behind my dad's back. That's crazy!"

But even as the denial left his lips, Caleb couldn't help the small thrill that ran through him at the memory of his mother deepthroating his cock so enthusiastically just minutes ago. The forbidden pleasure of having her plump lips stretched around his shaft, gulping down his seed...

Tiffany studied Caleb's face intently, not buying his protests for a second. She recognized the slightly dazed, relaxed expression of a boy who had just had his balls drained expertly. The post-nut glow was unmistakable.

And earlier, she had seen the way Ivy eyed Caleb's crotch like it was an all-you-can-eat buffet. The way she had flaunted her massive tits and talked about blowjob skills. It was so obvious the cock-hungry cougar wanted to get her mouth on her son's dick.

No, Tiffany was certain that more than innocent conversation had taken place during their little walk. The mental image of Ivy on her knees, greedily slurping Caleb's cock made Tiffany seethe with jealousy and anger. How dare that bitch sneak off to give her own son head!

And what was worse, Caleb clearly enjoyed it, even if he wouldn't admit it. Tiffany could see it in the flush of his cheeks, hear it in the hoarseness of his voice. His mom had rocked his world with her cocksucking skills, given him something Tiffany herself hadn't been able to, as much as she tried.

The thought made the girl burn with humiliation and inadequacy. Was her hot teenage mouth not good enough anymore? Did her boyfriend really need to turn to his own mother to get his dick sucked the way he craved? The idea was as insulting as it was enraging.

That night in the loft, Tiffany rode Caleb's cock with a passionate fury, determined to prove she was the ultimate girlfriend. She impaled herself on his thick shaft over and over, grunting and moaning wantonly.

"Fuck yeah baby, your cock feels so good!" Tiffany panted as she bounced on Caleb's lap, her huge teenage tits jiggling wildly. "I'm gonna drain these big balls so fucking good! No one can milk your dick like I can!"

Caleb gripped Tiffany's bucking hips, thrusting up into her tight wet heat. The feeling of her slick young pussy gripping him was incredible. But even as he fucked his sexy cheerleader girlfriend, Caleb couldn't stop his mind from replaying the illicit blowjob his mother had given him earlier.

The way Ivy had deepthroated him to the hilt, gagging and slurping on his cock with such enthusiasm. How she had gulped down every drop of his cum and licked her lips afterwards like it was the most delicious treat.

Caleb came hard grunting his release as he filled Tiffany's spasming cunt. But a small part of him wished it was his mom's experienced mouth milking him instead.

The next morning, Caleb awoke in the loft to the sound of the shower running. Tiffany must be freshening up, he thought groggily. Just then, he heard the soft padding of bare feet on the hardwood floor.

Caleb rolled over to see his mother climbing into bed with him wearing nothing but a short, sheer silk nightshirt that barely covered her ass.

Ivy's huge braless tits swayed heavily beneath the thin fabric with each movement, her hardened nipples clearly visible.

"Good morning sweetie," Ivy cooed, snuggling up close to Caleb and throwing a shapely leg over his. "I thought I'd come check on you, make sure you slept well after your big night."

She pressed her enormous, pillowy breasts against Caleb's bare chest, smothering him in warm, fragrant mommy-flesh. Caleb gulped as he felt her hard nipples poking into his skin. His cock began to stiffen beneath the sheets.

"Uh, morning Mom," the teen croaked, trying to subtly adjust himself. "Yeah, I slept great. Feeling good."

"Mmm, glad to hear it baby," Ivy purred, nuzzling his neck. She began peppering his jaw and cheeks with soft, loving kisses. "You know, I couldn't help but overhear you and Tiffany going at it last night. Sounded like quite the rambunctious little fuck-session."

Caleb blushed deeply. "Oh. Um. You heard that?

Ivy smiled mischievously and nodded. "Mmmhmm. These walls are very thin, sweetie. I heard every moan, grunt and squeal."

She ran a finger down Caleb's chest, tracing his abs. "Sounds like Tiffany gave you quite the wild ride. I'm glad she's so...enthusiastic about pleasing you."

Ivy leaned in closer, her lips brushing Caleb's ear as she dropped her voice to a husky whisper. "But like I said before, honey - as your mother, I just wanna make sure you know about all your options. Tiffany may be young and eager, but she lacks the experience and skills of a real woman."

Caleb shivered as Ivy's warm breath tickled his skin. "W-what do you mean?"

Ivy chuckled lowly, her hand drifting down to rub Caleb's muscular thigh beneath the sheets. "I mean there are women out there who could fuck you longer, harder and better than your little cheerleader ever could. Women who know how to really work your cock and drain those big balls until you're seeing stars."

Caleb's mouth went dry as his erection surged to full mast. "Yeah?"

"Mmhmm. Experienced, insatiable women who would worship your gorgeous body for hours," Ivy purred sultrily. "Make you cum over

and over until you're completely spent. The kind of mind-blowing, no-limits sex you didn't even know existed."

She squeezed his thigh suggestively, her hand moving higher. "I could show you, Caleb. If you're interested in exploring your options, that is. Mommy would be more than happy to give you a first-hand demonstration of what a real woman can do in the sack."

Caleb's head swam with the unbelievable offer. His own mother was openly propositioning him, saying she wanted to fuck his brains out and put Tiffany to shame. It was beyond wrong...and insanely hot.

Just as Caleb opened his mouth to respond, the bathroom door swung open and Tiffany emerged in a cloud of steam, wrapped in a short towel. She froze at the sight of Ivy snuggled up intimately to Caleb in bed, her hand suspiciously high on his thigh.

"Oh, um… what's going on in here?" Tiffany asked awkward, clutching the towel to her bust.

Ivy just smiled serenely and gave Caleb's leg a parting squeeze before sliding out of bed, letting her nightshirt ride up to expose her plump, naked ass cheeks. "Oh nothing dear. Just having a nice little morning chat with my boy. Making sure ALL his needs are being met."

With a cheeky wink over her shoulder at Caleb, Ivy sauntered out, her silk-clad rump undulating teasingly.

At the breakfast table, Tiffany sulked and picked at her food, silently fuming over catching Ivy snuggled up so inappropriately with Caleb earlier. She stabbed her eggs rather aggressively with her fork, appetite gone.

Ivy, on the other hand, was all smiles as she bustled about the kitchen in a cami top that was straining to contain her gigantic tits and a pair of booty shorts that left little to the imagination.

The denim was practically painted on, molding to every curve of her thick bubble butt and plump pussy mound. Tiffany scowled at the amount of ass cheek peeking out the bottoms.

And when Ivy bent over to load the dishwasher, Caleb was treated to an unobstructed view of her bountiful bubble butt, the shorts riding up to showcase the perfect round globes. He gulped and shifted in his seat, trying to hide his growing erection under the table.

Tiffany glared as she noticed her boyfriend blatantly drooling over his mom's scantily clad body. It made her seethe with jealousy, knowing Caleb was getting an eyeful of Ivy's ridiculous curves. The curvy MILF was flaunting her huge rack and plump ass so shamelessly in front of her own son!

"Caleb, honey, can you grab the milk please?" Ivy asked sweetly, leaning over the table and giving him a face full of massive cleavage.

"Uh, s-sure Mom," Caleb stammered, eyes glued to the deep valley between her heavy, barely restrained tits as he handed her the carton. Ivy made sure to brush her fingers against his, the touch electric.

Meanwhile, Frank sat at the head of the table, completely oblivious to the sexual tension brewing between his wife and son. He was too busy bragging loudly about his and Cody's fishing success the day before.

"You should have seen the size of the bass Cody reeled in!" Frank boasted, clapping the boy on the shoulder. "I'm telling you, he's a natural! Chip off the old block."

His youngest son Cody beamed proudly while shoveling bacon into his mouth, his eyes riveted to his mom's enormous tits.

Ivy glanced over and caught her youngest son blatantly ogling her chest. Their eyes met and lingered for a long, charged moment.

Cody blushed at being caught, but Ivy just smiled at him knowingly, arching her back a little to make her giant breasts jut out even more prominently.

She knew Cody was much too young to fully understand or experience the pleasures of the flesh. At only 12 years old, he was still an innocent boy who couldn't truly appreciate a woman's body yet.

But Ivy also recognized the unmistakable look of lust and awe in Cody's wide eyes as he drank in her generous curves. It was the same hungry expression she often saw on Caleb's face when he stared at her tits and ass.

Like his older brother, Cody was clearly enamored with his mother's ripe, sensual figure. He may not be ready to act on those pubescent urges, but the seed of desire had definitely been planted. With a little nurturing from his mother, she had no doubt it would blossom into a raging young adult lust in a few short years.

Perhaps someday, when Cody finally came of age, the two of them could explore that forbidden attraction further, just like she was with his brother.

Tiffany rolled her eyes, annoyed by Frank's incessant chatter about fishing when there were clearly more pressing matters at hand. Like the fact that Caleb couldn't tear his gaze away from Ivy's colossal rack as it threatened to spill out of her miniscule top with every move she made.

It was going to be a long day, Tiffany thought bitterly as she watched Caleb ogle his mom's massive swaying tits and bodacious booty shorts-clad ass. A very long day indeed.

198: Mom vs. Girlfriend-Part2

After breakfast, as everyone was discussing plans for the day, Ivy turned to her husband with a bright smile. "Honey, I have a wonderful idea! Why don't you take Tiffany out fishing with you and Cody today? I'm sure she'd love to experience first hand the thrill of reeling in a big one, just like you were talking about."

Frank's eyes lit up at the suggestion. "Hey, yeah! Great idea, babe! What do you say, Tiffany? Wanna join us on the lake and show us your fishing skills?"

Tiffany froze, fork halfway to her mouth. She darted a glance at Caleb, who looked equally surprised by the proposition. They both knew Ivy's true motive - to get Tiffany out of the way so she could have more alone time with Caleb. The crafty cougar was playing chess while everyone else was playing checkers.

"Oh, um...I don't know," Tiffany hedged, trying to think of an excuse. "I'm not really much of a fisher. Wouldn't want to slow you guys down or anything..."

But Ivy was not to be deterred. She waved a dismissive hand, smiling encouragingly at the teen. "Nonsense, dear! It's all just for fun. And besides, it's a great opportunity for you to bond with your potential future father-in-law, isn't it?"

Tiffany nearly choked on her orange juice at that loaded statement. Future father-in-law?? Ivy was really laying it on thick.

"Uh, yeah Tiff, you should totally come," Cody piped up, oblivious to the underlying tension. "Dad can show you his special lure techniques. He's a master."

Frank puffed up with pride at his youngest son's praise. "You got that right, buddy! So what do you say, Tiffany? Ready to learn from the best?"

Put on the spot and unable to think of a believable excuse, Tiffany was trapped. She plastered on a weak smile. "Sure...sounds great."

Ivy beamed triumphantly and clapped her hands. "Wonderful! You're all gonna have such a good time, I just know it!"

She shot Caleb a subtle wink when no one was looking, eyes gleaming with anticipation of having him all to herself. Caleb gulped, his cock already stirring at the thought of what his insatiable mother had planned for their alone time.

Tiffany silently seethed as she finished her breakfast, knowing she was being outmaneuvered by a master manipulator. That sneaky bitch Ivy had backed her into a corner. Now Tiffany was going to be stuck playing happy family on the lake while Caleb's mom put the moves on him.

As the small fishing boat puttered away from the dock carrying Frank, Cody and a visibly reluctant Tiffany, Ivy sauntered over to where Caleb sat on a grassy slope overlooking the lake.

She lowered herself next to him with feline grace, making sure to brush her voluptuous body against his as she settled in close.

"Looks like it's just you and me now, handsome," Ivy purred, shooting her son a sultry smile. "Whatever shall we do to pass the time?"

Caleb gulped as he took in his mother's scantily clad figure, his eyes roaming over her endless expanses of bared, sun-kissed skin. Ivy was wearing the tiniest denim cut-off shorts imaginable, the frayed fabric barely covering her plump pussy mound and riding up to expose the succulent undercurve of her bubble butt.

Her long, shapely legs seemed to go on for miles, smooth tanned flesh glistening with a sheen of sunscreen. She had one leg bent at the knee and the other stretched out languorously, giving Caleb an unobstructed view straight up her heavenly thighs to the barely-there crotch of her shorts.

Ivy wiggled her cute bare feet, toenails painted a flirty pink. She arched and pointed her toes teasingly, knowing her son had a thing for sexy feet.

Caleb's mouth watered as he watched her soles flex and curl, imagining worshipping those pretty feet with his lips and tongue.

"I've got a few ideas," Caleb replied hoarsely, shifting as his cock began to swell against his zipper. "But I'm open to suggestions..."

Ivy smirked, reaching over to boldly cup the growing bulge in her son's shorts. "Mmm, I can see that. Seems like you're ready for some real fun."

She leaned in close, her pillowy breasts spilling out of her low-cut tank top and brushing against Caleb's arm as she brought her lips to his ear. "So what do you say, baby? Ready to ditch the little girl games and let Mommy show you what a real woman can do?" Ivy purred, giving his impressive hard-on a firm squeeze.

Caleb groaned, his hips automatically bucking into her stroking palm. "God yes," he rasped, turning his head to capture Ivy's plump lips in a searing kiss. He plunged his tongue into his mother's mouth, swirling it around hers lewdly.

Ivy moaned into the forbidden liplock, eagerly returning her son's passionate kiss. She nibbled and sucked on his lips hungrily as her hand continued to stroke his throbbing erection through his shorts.

When they finally broke apart, both panting harshly, Ivy grinned at him wickedly. "Then what are we waiting for?" Ivy grinned wickedly, giving Caleb's rock hard bulge one last squeeze before gracefully rising to her feet.

She held out her hand to him, green eyes smoldering with desire. "Let's go somewhere more private and I'll rock your world like your girlfriend never could."

Caleb took his mother's proffered hand and let her pull him up, his head swimming with anticipation. Ivy interlaced their fingers and led him back up to the lakehouse.

The small fishing boat carrying Frank, Cody and Tiffany had barely puttered out of sight around the far bend of the lake before Ivy was practically dragging Caleb into the master bedroom of the lakehouse, a wicked gleam in her green eyes.

The second the bedroom door closed behind them, the voluptuous MILF attacked her son with the ferocity of a starving nymphomaniac, mashing her plump lips to his in a lewd, sloppy kiss. Her tongue plundered his mouth aggressively, twining sinuously with his own as she greedily swallowed his moans.

"Mmm fuck baby, I need this hot young body so bad," Ivy panted between kisses, her manicured fingers already working to strip Caleb of his clothes with desperate efficiency. "Gonna rock your world like that silly little girl never could."

Caleb could only groan in helpless arousal as his mother ripped his shirt off over his head and dropped to her knees to undo his shorts. She roughly yanked them down his muscular legs, along with his boxers, freeing his swollen erection to bob heavily before her face.

"Oh my," Ivy purred appreciatively, eyeing her son's impressive manhood with blatant hunger. She wrapped a hand around the thick shaft, purring at the throbbing heat against her palm. "Mommy's gonna have so much fun with this big bull-cock."

She pressed a wet, open-mouthed kiss to the bulbous tip, tonguing the leaking slit and making Caleb's knees nearly buckle.

Ivy grinned up at him wickedly before rising back to her feet and quickly shimmying out of her own minimal clothing.

In seconds, she was completely bare before him, miles of tanned, curvy flesh on sinful display. Caleb drank in the glorious sight of his mother's flawless naked body, from her massive, heaving breasts topped with puckered coral nipples, to her thick, womanly hips, plump shaven mound, and shapely legs.

"Fuck Mom..." he rasped in awe, cock pulsing and drooling pre-cum. "You're so goddamn sexy."

"Mmm, you're not so bad yourself, stud," Ivy purred, openly ogling her son's lean, defined torso and jutting erection. "Now get that tight ass on the bed. Mommy needs to fuck you stupid."

Caleb scrambled to comply, practically tripping over his own feet in his haste to stretch out on the king-sized mattress.

Ivy prowled after him with feline grace, an expression of pure carnal hunger on her beautiful face as she climbed onto the bed.

The eager mother crawled up Caleb's supine form, letting her giant mommy-tits drag over his skin tantalizingly. He groaned at the feel of her warm, pillowy flesh caressing him.

When she reached his face, Ivy dipped down and captured his lips again, skillfully thrusting her tongue into his mouth.

As the mother plundered her son's mouth and ground her naked pussy against his straining erection, she pressed her huge bare breasts against his upper chest and neck. Caleb was smothered in fragrant, soft mommy tit-flesh, his head cradled in her cavernous cleavage.

The boy watched in awe as his naked mother raised up and positioned her dripping pussy over his throbbing erection. With a sultry smirk, Ivy reached between their bodies and grasped his thick shaft, rubbing the swollen head through her slick folds teasingly.

"Ready for Mommy's tight cunt, baby?" she purred, green eyes blazing with lust. "I'm gonna ride this big cock so hard, you'll forget your own name."

Caleb could only groan desperately as Ivy notched the tip of his manhood at her entrance and then sank down, taking every inch of him inside her scorching heat in one smooth glide.

They moaned in unison as she settled fully on his lap, her greedy pussy muscles clenching around his girth.

"Ohhh fuck, yessss," Ivy hissed in satisfaction, savoring the delicious stretch of her son's impressive cock filling her completely. "So big and hard for Mommy."

Bracing her hands on Caleb's muscular chest, Ivy began to move, rolling and gyrating her hips in a sensual figure eight. She set a fast, savage pace right from the start, riding her boy with wanton abandon.

Caleb could only hold on for dear life, hands gripping his mother's curvaceous hips as she bounced on his boner feverishly. He watched in mesmerized rapture as her massive breasts jiggled and swayed hypnotically above him, the perfect globes capped with turgid coral peaks.

"Holy shit Mom!" Caleb groaned, bucking his hips up to meet her downward thrusts, driving himself even deeper into her ravenous cunt. The wet, obscene slap of flesh echoed through the room as they rutted frantically.

"Ungh, yes! Take Mommy's hungry pussy!" Ivy wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she impaled herself on her boy's throbbing cock over and over. "Fuck me, baby! Harder! Ruin me with that big fucking dick!"

Lost in a haze of incestuous lust, mother and son fucked like wild animals, their sweat slick bodies writhing and undulating together in perfect sync. Ivy rode Caleb with voracious enthusiasm, her tight velvet walls rippling along his shaft exquisitely.

The pleasure was mind-blowing, far beyond anything Caleb had ever experienced before. His girlfriend's perky teenage body was no match for the sheer primal carnality of his own mother's lush, experienced curves. Ivy instinctively knew just how to squeeze and milk his cock, her inner muscles expertly massaging every throbbing inch.

As their depraved coupling grew more frenzied, Caleb sat up suddenly, wrapping his arms around Ivy's undulating body and burying his face between her wildly bouncing breasts. He motorboated her massive mammaries, growling in animalistic lust as he smothered himself in the lavish motherly tit-flesh.

"Ooh fuck yes, baby! Worship Mommy's big titties!" Ivy squealed in delight, clutching Caleb's head to her rippling chest as she continued to ride him for all she was worth. "Suck on them! Bite my nipples!"

Caleb latched onto one jiggling melon, drawing the stiff peak into his hungry mouth and suckling ravenously. He alternated between licking, sucking and gently biting the rubbery nipple, spurred on by Ivy's wanton

moans and the way her pussy clenched around him each time he scraped his teeth over the sensitive bud.

He switched to the other tit, lavishing it with the same feverish oral attention, determined to worship every succulent inch of his mom's perfect mammaries. Caleb kneaded and squeezed the overflowing flesh, relishing how it spilled between his worshipful fingers.

Ivy was lost in euphoria, on sensory overload from the dual sensations of Caleb's thick cock pounding her cunt relentlessly and his ardent mouth devouring her aching breasts. She felt herself rapidly hurtling towards a mammoth climax, her inner walls starting to flutter and convulse uncontrollably around his pistoning shaft.

"Ooh god, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Ivy keened, her nails digging into Caleb's shoulders. "Don't stop, baby! Make Mommy cum all over your big cock!"

Caleb snarled around a mouthful of tit and jackhammered up into her even harder, the force of his thrusts making Ivy's entire body jolt with each impact. He could feel her molten sheath rippling and clenching erratically, trembling on the brink of climax.

"That's it, Mom! Cum for me!" Caleb growled savagely, giving her bouncing ass a sharp smack. "Cream on my fucking dick! Now!"

That was all it took to send Ivy careening over the edge into mind-numbing ecstasy. With a strangled shriek, she exploded around Caleb's plunging cock, her scorching pussy gushing and squirting with the most intense orgasm of her life.

Caleb groaned in awe as he felt his mother's climax rock through her voluptuous body, the sensations completely different and far more intense than anything he had experienced with Tiffany.

Ivy's vaginal muscles clamped down on his cock like a silken vise, the muscular sheath rippling and undulating along his length in

pulsing waves. He could feel every fluttering contraction massaging him from base to tip, as if her pussy was trying to milk every drop of cum from his balls.

In contrast, Tiffany's teenage cunt would simply spasm lightly around him when she came, more of a brief fluttering than an all-consuming clenching. Her climaxes were quick, sharp peaks, over almost as soon as they started.

But Ivy's orgasm went on and on, her shuddering walls squeezing Caleb's cock in an endless loop of rhythmic pulses. He swore he could feel the individual muscular ridges of her vagina rippling along his shaft, caressing every pulsing vein and ridge.

Even more incredible was the sheer amount of liquid gushing from Ivy's convulsing cunt. As her pussy contracted wildly, clear fem-cum squirted out around Caleb's pistoning shaft, drenching his groin and the bed beneath them. He had never seen a woman ejaculate like that before, so plentiful it was like she was pissing on his cock.

Tiffany would simply get very wet when she came, her arousal increasing to coat Caleb's dick in slick juices. But it was nothing compared to the literal flood pouring out of his mom as she writhed on top of him, wailing her pleasure for all the world to hear.

The feel of Ivy's hot cum squirting out around him, bathing his balls in her essence, was so intensely erotic. Caleb couldn't hold back any longer. With a guttural roar, he slammed up into his mother and exploded, pumping spurt after spurt of thick semen directly against her cervix.

Ivy screeched as she felt her son's potent seed filling her spasming cunt, prolonging her own devastating climax. Her vagina milked him greedily, rippling around his spurting cock as if trying to suck every drop of jizz from his balls.

For long, blissful moments, the incestuous lovers stayed locked in that carnal embrace, grinding and undulating against each other, drawing out their mind-blowing mutual orgasms.

Caleb's cock continued to twitch and pump inside Ivy's fluttering sheath long after he had shot his massive load, each vibration sending aftershocks of pleasure through them both.

Finally, utterly spent, Caleb collapsed back against the bed, chest heaving. Ivy slumped bonelessly on top of him, her sweaty tits burying his upper chest and neck.

As Caleb lay there panting in the afterglow, his softening cock still buried in his mother's dripping cunt, Ivy nuzzled his neck affectionately. "Mmm, that was incredible baby," she purred, peppering his jaw with kisses. "Mommy hasn't been fucked that good in ages."

Caleb could only groan in dazed agreement, his mind still reeling from the most intense sexual experience of his young life. Fucking his voluptuous, experienced mother was a world away from screwing his perky teenage girlfriend.

"I knew you'd love my tight cunt," Ivy said smugly, giving his limp shaft a little squeeze with her inner muscles and making him gasp. "No teenybopper pussy can compare. Those girls your age simply can't handle a virile young man's needs."

She clenched around him rhythmically, grinning wickedly as she felt his dick start to stiffen again inside her. "You're still so hard for me, aren't you baby? Ready to go again already," Ivy purred in delight. "That sexy teenage refractory period."

Caleb groaned as his cock surged back to full erection, aided by his mom expertly milking him with her cunt. The sensitivity was almost too much, pleasure bordering on pain, but he couldn't stop his hips from rolling instinctively, seeking more of that exquisite stimulation.

"Mmm, I knew it. Insatiable, just like Mom," Ivy cooed approvingly, undulating on top of him. "Girls like Tiffany simply don't have the libido to match a horny young stud like you. But an experienced woman like me? I can fuck for hours, baby. Take every load you can give and beg for more."

With a sudden surge of strength, Ivy rolled them over so Caleb was now on top, still buried balls deep in her hungry cunt. She caged him between her powerful thighs, ankles locked behind his back as she began to buck and grind against him feverishly.

"C'mon baby, fuck Mommy hard!" Ivy demanded, flexing her pelvic floor muscles around Caleb's throbbing shaft. "I wanna feel you in my womb! Pound me through the fucking mattress!"

Caleb snarled in response, bracing his knees against the bed and pistoning his hips with brutal force. The headboard slammed against the wall as he rutted into his mother's greedy snatch, each powerful thrust making her massive tits bounce and jiggle wildly.

"Fuck yeah, just like that!" Ivy wailed, meeting Caleb's fierce strokes with her own rolling hip thrusts. "Harder! Ruin my cunt with that big, beautiful cock!"

Lost in a primal haze of lust, Caleb hammered into Ivy's hot, gushing pussy, spurred on by her wanton screams and the filthy wet slap of their bodies colliding. He pounded her into the mattress with a single-minded ferocity, determined to prove his sexual dominance.

The marital bedframe creaked ominously under their frantic coupling, shaking and rattling as if it might break at any moment. But the incestuous lovers paid it no mind, too consumed by the raw, animalistic pleasure of their taboo union.

"God yes! Breed me, son!" Ivy screeched, raking her nails down Caleb's straining back. "Fill Mommy's cunt with your seed! I wanna feel you cum in me again!"

Caleb bellowed like a rutting beast, jackhammering into his mother's rippling sheath with desperate abandon. Her silken inner muscles clutched at him, squeezing and massaging his shaft with expert precision.

With one explosive orgasm already wrung from his young balls, Caleb's staying power was phenomenal as he powerfully plowed through his mother's tight, gushing vagina. Each deep, forceful thrust stimulated Ivy's engorged clitoris, both the sensitive exposed glans and the larger internal clitoral structure that extended around her vaginal opening.

As Caleb's massive cock head repeatedly slammed against Ivy's cervix while the thick shaft stretched her front vaginal wall, it rubbed deliciously against

her G-spot and clitoral root, sending sparks of electric ecstasy shooting through her core.

The intensity built to a fever pitch until Ivy was teetering on the brink, her lust-swollen clit throbbing almost painfully. She just needed a little more, one final push to send her flying.

"Play with my clit, baby!" Ivy begged, desperate for that last bit of stimulation. "Mommy needs to cum again so bad!"

Reaching between their sweat-slicked bodies, Caleb found the rock-hard bud peeking out from Ivy's folds and began rubbing it in tight circles with the pad of his thumb. The dual sensations of his cock pounding her G-spot and his fingers strumming her clit proved to be Ivy's undoing.

With a piercing shriek, she came undone spectacularly, her cunt clamping down on Caleb's pistoning dick with rhythmic pulses. Clear fem-cum gushed from her spasming slit, squirting out around his shaft to drench their joined groins.

"OH FUCK YES!!!" Ivy wailed, back arching almost painfully as her climax electrified every nerve ending. Her pussy oscillated wildly, fluttering and clenching along Caleb's cock like a milking fist.

But he powered through the sucking pressure, never breaking his punishing rhythm even as the obscene wet sounds of his rutting grew louder, wetter. Each slick withdrawal tugged her trembling inner lips outward before his thick length slammed back inside, parting her drenched folds over and over.

The relentless hammering of Caleb's steely rod against all of Ivy's most sensitive erogenous zones - G-spot, A-spot, cervix, clitoral root - with his thumb still strumming her throbbing clit had her hurtling towards a second devastating climax right on the heels of the first.

"Cumming again! Don't stop!" Ivy screeched, fingers clawing at Caleb's pistoning ass. "Fuck me through it! Harder!"

Caleb snarled savagely and doubled his efforts, pounding into his mother's rippling cunt with bone-jarring force, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against her juice-slickened taint with each power thrust of his teenage cock.

"Wait, hold on baby! I need you even deeper!" Ivy panted suddenly, pushing at Caleb's sweat-slick chest. He paused his relentless pounding, cock buried to the hilt in her spasming pussy as she stared up at him with wild, lust-crazed eyes.

"Hook my legs over your shoulders," Ivy instructed breathlessly. "Fold Mommy in half so you can really jackhammer my cervix. Fuck the cum right out of me!"

Caleb hastened to comply, shifting his grip to the backs of Ivy's plush thighs and pushing them up and back until her knees were pressed against her massive, heaving tits. The new position opened her up completely, tilting her pelvis to give Caleb unprecedented access to her deepest recesses.

"Ohhh fuck yes, just like that!" Ivy wailed as her son's gigantic cock speared into her at an even sharper angle, the fat mushroom head ramming directly against her quivering cervix. She was bent nearly in half beneath his powerful body, vulnerable and utterly at his mercy.

With a primal growl, Caleb gripped her ankles, pinning them to the bed on either side of her head, and began to ruthlessly plow into Ivy's upturned cunt. Each ferocious thrust battered her cervix, sending bolts of exquisite pleasure-pain lancing through her core.

"So fucking deep! Unghh yesss!" Ivy screamed, eyes rolling back in her head as Caleb split her open on his steely shaft, stretching her pussy beyond its limits. "Punish my cervix! Ruin me for all other cocks!"

Caleb lost himself in the carnal depravity of their coupling, fucking his voluptuous mother with a single-minded intensity bordering on feral.

The headboard slammed against the wall and the bedframe groaned ominously as he savagely railed into her sopping wet cunt, the juicy smack of his heavy balls against her upturned ass reverberating in the room.

The angle was so severe, he felt like he might break her in half with the force of his thrusts. Caleb had never fucked anyone like this before - not Tiffany, not any of his previous girlfriends. This was raw, uninhibited, animalistic fucking. Fucking like his mother was trying to ruin him for all other women.

And from the ecstatic wails spilling from Ivy's lips, the incoherent begging for him to fuck her harder, deeper, faster, she clearly loved every brutal second of it. Her pussy gushed and clenched around him, desperately trying to milk his cock for all he was worth.

The relentless pounding of Caleb's engorged cockhead against Ivy's abused cervix, coupled with the delicious pressure on her throbbing clit, quickly catapulted her towards another mind-shattering climax. She could feel the coil of tension deep in her core winding tighter and tighter with each brutal thrust, ready to explode.

"I'm gonna cum again!" Ivy wailed, cunt clenching wildly around Caleb's pistoning shaft. "Don't stop! Fuck Mommy through it!"

Caleb snarled and doubled his efforts, truly hammering into her upturned pussy like a man possessed. The force of his thrusts rocked Ivy's entire body, her huge tits bouncing almost comically as she was fucked through the mattress.

With one particularly vicious jab of Caleb's cock against her cervix, Ivy came apart at the seams. Her toes curled and her back arched almost painfully as she squirted fem-cum with the intensity of a geyser. Clear ejaculate burst from her urethra, spraying out to drench Caleb's pistoning cock and balls.

At the same time, Ivy's vaginal muscles rippled and undulated along Caleb's shaft, her muscular sheath fluttering in pulsing waves from cervix to entrance. It was like her pussy had a mind of its own, ardently milking and massaging his cock, coaxing him to join her in ecstasy.

Caleb bellowed like a rutting animal as his mother's silken cunt squeezed him rhythmically. The combination of her undulating vaginal muscles and the hot gush of her cumming against his shaft sent him hurtling over the

edge. The coil of tension in his swollen balls snapped and his cock jerked violently as he began to erupt deep inside her spasming heat.

Thick ropes of pearly semen spurted from the tip of Caleb's cock, flooding Ivy's cervix and womb. Each flexing shaft spewed more

creamy jizz into her ravenous pussy, the virile spunk splattering against her quivering walls.

The boy groaned in masculine satisfaction as he emptied his heavy balls, pumping what felt like gallons of cum directly into his mother's fertile depths.

Their mixed sexual fluids squelched obscenely as Caleb continued to rut into Ivy's fluttering pussy, fucking his own cum deeper. With each outward drag of his shaft, frothy ejaculate was tugged out around his girth, only to be rammed back inside on the next forceful thrust. It was filthy and wet and utterly depraved.

Caleb's cockhead flared and jerked, ejaculating powerfully against Ivy's quivering cervix as her muscular vagina clenched and rippled around his spurting shaft.

Gushes of thick, hot semen and clear fem-cum mingled together into a frothy cocktail where they were joined, some of the creamy overflow seeping out around Caleb's plunging girth to dribble down Ivy's upturned ass.

Each spasming clench of Ivy's silken cunt coaxed another spurt of semen from Caleb's pulsating cock, her greedy pussy milking him for every last drop like it was trying to suck his very life essence out through his dick.

Caleb groaned at the intensity of it, the sensation of his mother's experienced vaginal muscles squeezing and massaging his erupting shaft extending his climax to untold heights.

Wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over the incestuous lovers as they came together, Caleb pumping what felt like an endless stream of virile seed into Ivy's hungry womb while her pussy gushed and fluttered wildly around him. It was a perfect storm of genital pulsing, throbbing and clenching, their

reproductive organs working in erotic harmony to draw out every last shudder of rapture.

Ivy wailed in utter bliss as Caleb's semen flooded her incredibly sensitive vagina and cervix, the sheer volume and forcefulness of his ejaculation unlike anything she had ever felt before. Each warm spurt bathed her tender walls in potent teen spunk, soothing the sweet ache from the brutal pounding while simultaneously triggering more flutters of ecstasy.

"So much cum!" Ivy marveled breathlessly, feeling Caleb's prick continue to twitch and dribble inside her, the overflow seeping out around his thickness. "You're filling me up, baby! Drowning Mommy's pussy in your hot jizz!"

Caleb could only moan weakly in response, utterly drained and drunk on pleasure. He had never climaxed so hard or so long in his young life. It felt like his cock would never stop spurting, his balls determined to empty their entire contents into his mother's ravenous cunt.

The sloppy wet sounds of their fucking grew even more obscene as Caleb sluggishly pumped into Ivy's sperm-flooded pussy, their mixed fluids churning into a frothy lather. Squelching noises filled the room each time he withdrew, only to plunge back into the cum-slickened mess with a filthy splat.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, their mutual orgasms subsided to faint genital flutters and Caleb collapsed on top of his mother, completely spent. They lay there panting harshly, pulses pounding, basking in the afterglow.

After a few minutes of recovery, Ivy rolled them over so Caleb slipped out of her with a gush of combined fluids. She grinned wickedly and got up on her hands and knees, jutting her heart-shaped ass high in the air.

"Mmmm, I need that big young cock in me again," Ivy purred, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks open, exposing her pink, cream-pie cunt to Caleb's glazed eyes. "Fuck Mommy from behind this time. Pound my pussy doggy-style until I can't walk straight."

Caleb groaned at the incredibly erotic sight, his cock already surging back to full hardness. The sheer depravity and raw sexuality of his mother never ceased to amaze him. Tiffany was an eager, adventurous lover but Ivy was in a whole other league - insatiable, uninhibited, and utterly filthy in her desires. A true cock-craving nymphomaniac.

Gripping her generous hips, Caleb positioned himself behind his mom and slammed back inside her cum-drenched hole with one powerful thrust. They both moaned lewdly as he hilted in her sloppy cunt, relishing the slick, warm squeeze of her cum-bathed walls.

"Oh fuck yes, give it to me hard!" Ivy demanded, bracing herself on her elbows and pushing her ass back to meet her boy's strokes. "Slam Mommy's sloppy married pussy! Wreck me with that huge teenage dick!"

Caleb snarled and set a brutal pace, pistoning into Ivy's upturned snatch with punishing intensity. The force of his thrusts rocked her whole body, causing her giant tits to swing back and forth like buoys in a rough sea. Her plump ass cheeks rippled and jiggled with each meaty impact of his groin against her bubbled up rump.

The filthy wet sounds of his cock churning through the frothy spunk flooding Ivy's cunt grew louder and more obscene with each ferocious pump of his hips. Sloppy squishing noises filled the room, punctuated by the slap of sweaty flesh and Ivy's breathy grunts and moans.

"Your dick is so fucking big!" Ivy wailed happily as Caleb split her open on his steely shaft, his thick mushroom head pummeling her

quivering cervix at this new angle. "Ruining my tight MILF cunt! Oooh, you fuck Mommy so much better than your father!"

Caleb growled possessively and doubled his efforts, fucking into his mom with near brutal intensity.

Caleb and Ivy fucked like wild animals for nearly another hour, completely lost in the primal carnality of their illicit union. Caleb hammered into his mother's upturned pussy from behind with a single-minded ferocity,

spurred on by her wanton moans and the obscene wet slap of their bodies colliding.

"You like fucking Mommy's sloppy cunt, don't you baby?" Ivy panted, fingers clawing at the sheets as Caleb railed into her from behind. "Love slamming your big fat cock into the messy hole you came out of! Ungh yes, fuck me harder!"

Caleb snarled savagely and gripped Ivy's wide hips bruisingly, yanking her back onto his pistoning cock with each powerful thrust. The juicy smack of his heavy balls against her juice-slickened taint was thunderous in the room, nearly drowning out their animalistic grunts and groans.

The depraved coupling went on and on, mother and son rutting feverishly. Caleb's incredible teenage stamina allowed him to maintain a brutal pace, relentlessly pounding into Ivy's upturned snatch for far longer than any of her previous lovers.

Ivy was in ecstasy, her body wracked with countless screaming orgasms as her boy fucked her into oblivion. Each climax was more intense than the last, her battered pussy gushing and spasming wildly around his plunging shaft. The virile teen cock was like a piston, hammering into her over and over without reprieve.

As Caleb felt another explosive ejaculation building in his swollen balls, he suddenly heard the distant sound of an approaching boat motor. Through the haze of lust, he realized it must be his dad, brother, and girlfriend returning from their fishing trip.

"Fuck Mom, they're coming back!" Caleb grunted urgently, hips still pumping into Ivy's sloppy pussy with desperate abandon. "We're gonna get caught!"

"Don't you dare fucking stop!" Ivy hissed, clenching her vaginal muscles around his pistoning cock viciously. "I'm so close! Cum in Mommy one more time baby! Fill me up again before they get here!"

Caleb groaned helplessly and doubled his efforts, chasing his impending climax. The boat engine grew louder as it approached the dock but he was too far gone to care, his release coiled tight in his churning balls.

"Cum for me son!" Ivy wailed, feeling her own orgasm about to detonate. "Drown my cunt in jizz! Give me every last fucking drop!"

With a strangled bellow, Caleb slammed into Ivy and exploded, his cock spasming violently as it spewed thick ropes of semen directly against her cervix.

Minutes later, Caleb and his mom were still frantically pulling on clothes, hair mussed and skin flushed, when Frank, Cody and Tiffany walked into the cabin. The pungent aroma of sex hung heavy in the air, the lingering scent of sweat and arousal unmistakable.

"Whoa, what happened to the bed sheets?" Frank asked, staring at the conspicuously bare mattress through his bedroom doorway.

"Oh, silly me, I spilled my glass of wine all over them earlier!" Ivy lied breezily, still slightly out of breath. "Had to throw them in the wash. Clumsy Mommy, right Caleb?"

She shot her son a pointed look and he nodded jerkily. "Uh yeah, total accident. Red wine, you know how it stains..."

Tiffany narrowed her eyes suspiciously, taking in Ivy's hastily tied robe straining over her heaving tits and Caleb's inside-out shirt. She could practically see the just-fucked glow emanating from their pores.

And that smell - the musky, slightly salty tang of fresh jizz mixed with the heady aroma of aroused pussy. Tiffany would know that scent anywhere. It was the same one that clung to her after a vigorous fuck session with Caleb.

There was no mistaking it - Ivy and Caleb absolutely reeked of sex. They had obviously been screwing each other's brains out the entire time Tiffany was stuck fishing.

The realization made jealous rage flare hot and bright in Tiffany's chest. That conniving slut had planned this! Manipulated Tiffany into leaving so she could stay behind and seduce Caleb.

And from the looks of it, her boyfriend had been more than willing to dip his wick in his mom's holes. Probably fucked the sexy MILF six ways from Sunday on every surface of the cabin.

Tiffany clenched her fists, fingernails digging into her palms painfully. She couldn't believe Caleb had cheated on her so blatantly, with his own mother no less! The fucking nerve of him to give in to Ivy's advances.

Oh, she was going to rip him a new asshole later in private. Let him know in no uncertain terms that his dick belonged to her and her alone. No way was she sharing her man with his mom, no matter how aggressively the bitch pursued him.

Oblivious to the mounting tension, Frank just laughed and shook his head at his wife's flimsy excuse. "This is why we can't have nice

things," he joked, completely missing the sexual undercurrents in the room.

Ivy giggled, playing along with the charade. "You know me, always making a mess."

Later that evening, Tiffany was determined to reclaim Caleb's attention and remind him who his dick belonged to. As they sat around the living room, she made a show of licking her lips seductively and pulling down the neckline of her shirt to expose the tops of her creamy breasts.

The cheerleader leaned forward, giving Caleb an eyeful of tempting cleavage. "Hey babe, why don't we head to bed early tonight?" she purred, fluttering her lashes at him. "I could really use some... stress relief after today."

Caleb's eyes darted to Tiffany's displayed tits before quickly looking away, shifting uncomfortably in his seat. Before he could respond, movement in the doorway behind her caught his attention.

There in the shadows stood his mom, a wicked gleam in her eye as she slowly untied her silk robe. With a saucy wink at her son, Ivy parted the fabric to reveal her spectacular nude body, massive breasts heaving and thighs glistening with arousal.

Caleb's cock immediately began to swell as he drank in the glorious sight of his naked mother, a renewed surge of lust rushing through him.

Ivy grinned, pleased by his reaction, and cupped her heavy tits, thumbing the nipples into stiff peaks.

Kneading the giant globes together, she silently mouthed "Come fuck me," before turning and sauntering off, her heart-shaped ass swaying hypnotically. The robe slipped completely off her shoulders

to puddle on the floor, leaving her buttocks deliciously bare and undulating.

Tiffany, completely oblivious to the erotic display happening behind her, was still trying to entice Caleb. "I'll even let you do that thing you love, put it anywhere you want," she cooed, attempting to sweeten the deal. "You know I can make you feel so good, baby..."

But Caleb was miles away, his head swimming with the image of his mom's lush curves and juicy holes so wantonly offered to him. The MILF's jiggling ass and blatant come-hither look had him rock hard and leaking in his jeans, desperate to bury himself in her amazing body again.

"Uh, sorry Tiff, I'm super tired tonight," Caleb lied, abruptly standing up. He avoided eye contact as he quickly adjusted himself. "Think I'm just gonna crash early, long day and all. Rain check?"

Without waiting for a response, he turned and hurried out of the room in the direction Ivy had gone, eager to take his mother up on her invitation for another illicit tryst.

Tiffany gaped after Caleb's retreating form, shocked and infuriated by the brush off. She knew exactly where he was rushing off to - right into the hole he was birthed from.

Tiffany sat there fuming for a few moments after Caleb's abrupt departure, her mind racing. She couldn't believe he had just ditched her like that to go fuck his mom again! The nerve of that horny bastard!

Curiosity and jealousy getting the better of her, Tiffany quietly got up and crept through the cabin, following the path Caleb had taken. She paused at every door, listening intently for any signs of the illicit couple.

As she neared the back of the cabin, Tiffany heard it - the unmistakable sounds of wild, frantic rutting coming from a small storage closet tucked away in a corner. Grunts, moans and the telltale slap of sweaty flesh against flesh spilled out from behind the closed door.

Heart pounding, Tiffany tiptoed closer and carefully turned the knob, opening the door just a crack to peek inside. What she saw made her jaw drop.

There in the tight confines of the closet was Caleb holding Ivy up, her long legs wrapped tightly around his waist as he fucked into her with reckless abandon.

Ivy's arms were looped around Caleb's neck, fingers clutching his hair as she bounced on his sinewy cock.

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck Mommy harder!" Ivy panted, head thrown back in ecstasy as Caleb pounded her pussy. "Give me that big dick, baby! Ungh!"

Caleb snarled and slammed into his mother's cunt brutally, the force causing supplies to rattle on the shelves. Cleaning products and stacks of sheets swayed precariously as the incestuous lovers rutted mindlessly against them.

Ivy's huge titties bounced wildly, slapping Caleb in the face with each jarring thrust. He buried his head between the jiggling mounds, motorboating them sloppily as he hammered up into her greedy snatch.

"Take it Mom, fucking take it!" Caleb grunted, gripping Ivy's plump ass cheeks harshly as he railed her. "Gonna flood your married cunt again!"

The dirty talk spurred Ivy on, her hips undulating frantically to meet her teen's pummeling cock. "Yes, do it! Cum in me! Fill Mommy's

pussy with your hot seed!"

Caleb's dick was a rigid column of throbbing, blood-engorged flesh as he relentlessly pounded into his mother's sopping wet pussy. His thick shaft, girded by a complex network of sinew, tendons and spongy erectile tissue, maintained a steely hardness from base to tip as it pistonned in and out of Ivy's clinging vaginal walls.

With each powerful thrust, the boy drove his impressively tumescent phallus balls-deep into Ivy's slick channel, stretching her open around his girth. The bulbous head of his cock, swollen a deep purple, battered against the tight ring of muscle guarding her cervix - the very entrance to the womb that had once nurtured him.

Now, in a deliciously taboo twist of fate, that same resilient young cock sought to fill Ivy's uterus with Caleb's own virile seed. The fat, flared rim of his glans caught on her cervical os with every pump of his hips, stimulating the nerve-dense flesh and sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating through Ivy's core.

"Ungh yes, right there baby!" Ivy keened, tilting her pelvis to take Caleb even deeper. She could feel every pulsing inch of his manhood plundering her depths, the ribbed underside of his shaft dragging deliciously along her G-spot. "Pound Mommy's cervix! Ruin me!"

Caleb snarled savagely, fingers sinking into the pliant globes of Ivy's ass as he redoubled his efforts. The strength of his thrusts came from his very root - that sensitive place where shaft met groin. With each flex of his taut glutes and abs, Caleb's body unleashed the full force of his arousal, sending his rock-hard cock surging into Ivy's receptive pussy over and over.

The mother wailed in utter bliss as Caleb's pelvis collided with her mound, his wiry pubic hair mashing against her engorged clit. The combination of G-spot stimulation and external friction on her love button quickly sent her hurtling towards a massive climax.

"Gonna cum on your cock!" Ivy panted frantically, inner muscles starting to flutter and clench. "Don't stop fucking me! Harder!"

Caleb was in a similar state, his swollen balls drawing up tight to his body as his own release barreled down on him. The tingling pressure at the base of his shaft grew more urgent with each frantic coupling of their sexes.

"Fuck, me too," Caleb grunted, his rhythm faltering as he neared the edge. "Gonna bust so fucking hard..."

"Do it!" Ivy demanded, bearing down on his pile-driving cock. "Paint Mommy's insides with your cum! Breed my pussy!"

Tiffany watched in shocked arousal, unable to look away from the live porn happening just feet from her. She knew she should be outraged, disgusted by the depraved display of mother-son fucking. But seeing Caleb's cock disappearing into Ivy's cunt over and over, hearing the wet squelch of their bodies slapping together, was making Tiffany's own pussy throb and soak her panties.

With a sudden crash, a shelf gave way under Caleb and Ivy's frantic thrusting, sending an avalanche of towels and sheets raining down on the rutting couple. They collapsed to the floor in a tangle of linens and flailing limbs, Caleb landing on his back with Ivy sprawled on top of him.

But the mishap didn't deter them in the slightest. If anything, it seemed to inflame their lust even more. Ivy quickly righted herself, straddling Caleb's hips and sinking back down on his rigid cock with a drawn out moan.

"Oh fuck yes," she hissed, tossing her head back as she began to bounce feverishly, her massive tits rippling and swaying with the motion. "Drive that fucking dick up into me!"

Caleb groaned loudly, hands flying to Ivy's undulating hips to help guide her frenzied movements. His fingers sank into the plush flesh of her rounded ass as she bucked wildly on top of him, grinding her clit against his pubic bone on every downstroke.

Ivy leaned forward, letting her enormous breasts engulf her teen's face completely. He was smothered in warm, fragrant mommy tit-flesh, the heavy globes molding around his head like a mask. Caleb motorboated them sloppily, burying his face between the pillowy mounds and reveling in their glorious weight.

"Mmmph, fuck Mom, your tits," he grunted, voice muffled. Caleb laved at the warm skin, licking and sucking every inch he could reach. "So goddamn amazing!"

Ivy cried out sharply as Caleb latched onto a nipple, drawing the stiff peak into his mouth and worrying it with his teeth. Electric shocks of pleasure shot straight from her breast to her clit, making her pussy clench rhythmically around the thick cock splitting her open.

She rode him hard and fast, the juicy smack of her ass against his thighs obscenely loud in the small closet. The force of Ivy's bucking hips was so intense, it caused Caleb's head to bounce against the floor with each slam of her pelvis, but he hardly noticed, too consumed by the exquisite feel of her cunt gripping him like a velvet vise.

"Gonna cum on this big fat dick!" Ivy wailed, her movements growing increasingly erratic as she chased her climax. She reached back with one hand to fondle Caleb's churning balls, rolling the heavy orbs in her palm. "Paint Mommy's cervix, baby! Flood my hungry cunt!"

Caleb let out a feral growl against Ivy's squishy breast, hips pumping up to meet her downward thrusts. The wet, obscene squelch of his cock churning through her overflowing juices grew louder, punctuated by their grunts and moans of pleasure.

"Fuck, Mom!" Caleb snarled, feeling his balls draw up tight. "Gonna cum so fucking hard! Nngh, take it all!"

With a primal roar, he slammed Ivy down on his erupting cock, spearing into her one last time as he exploded. Caleb's cock jerked and throbbed violently, spewing thick ropes of cum directly against Ivy's spasming cervix.

"YES! Give it to me!" Ivy wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she felt her son's hot seed flooding her clenching cunt. "Fill Mommy's pussy! Drown my fucking womb!"

Her nails raked down Caleb's chest as she came undone, her greedy cunt rippling wildly around his pulsing shaft. Ivy's pussy gushed and squirted, drenching their joined sexes in her juices as her climax crashed through her.

Caleb grunted and twitched beneath her, emptying spurt after spurt of virile semen into Ivy's milking sheath. The slick walls fluttered around him, coaxing out every last drop and drawing his cum deeper into her hungry channel.

They rutted against each other desperately, riding out the intense waves of their shared orgasm. Ivy continued to grind on Caleb's spurting cock, prolonging both their pleasure as their fluids mingled obscenely.

Finally spent, the mother collapsed on top of Caleb, both of them panting harshly. She peppered his face and neck with sloppy kisses as his softening cock slipped out of her with a gush of cum.

From her hidden vantage point, Tiffany watched in stunned arousal as a veritable flood of pearly jizz seeped out of Ivy's stretched, reddened cunt. Caleb's load was so copious, it oozed out in thick rivulets, dribbling down the crack of Ivy's ass to pool on his groin.

Tiffany's pussy clenched with need at the erotic sight, her panties completely drenched. She couldn't believe how much the taboo act was turning her on, even as jealousy still burned in her chest.

Seeing how hard Caleb came inside his own mother, pumping her married pussy full of his potent seed, made Tiffany ache to feel him unloading in her own needy cunt. She craved the sensation of his hot cum painting her walls, marking her as his.

The next morning, after a night of fitful sleep and confusing dreams, Tiffany decided to confront Ivy about what she had witnessed. She found the

buxom MILF sipping coffee on the porch, looking infuriatingly well-rested and satisfied.

"Morning, Tiffany," Ivy greeted breezily. "Beautiful day, isn't it? I was thinking of taking a nice long walk along the lakeshore after breakfast. Care to join me?"

Tiffany hesitated, eyeing Ivy warily. Part of her wanted to tell the scheming cougar off for screwing Caleb behind everyone's backs. But another part, the one still throbbing between her thighs from the erotic show last night, was curious to pick Ivy's brain.

"Sure, a walk sounds nice," Tiffany agreed, forcing a smile. "I could use some fresh air and...girl talk."

Ivy's eyes sparkled with knowing amusement. "Wonderful. Meet you down by the shore in 20."

A short while later, the two women strolled along the quiet stretch of beach, the morning sun glinting off the calm lake. An awkward silence stretched between them until Tiffany couldn't take it anymore.

"I saw you and Caleb last night," she blurted out. "In the closet. I saw...everything."

Ivy didn't even have the decency to look ashamed. She just smirked and arched a brow. "I know. I heard you breathing outside the door. Enjoy the show, did you?"

Tiffany flushed, equal parts angry and embarrassed. "That's not the point! How could you do that, fuck your own son? He's my boyfriend! And you're married!"

Ivy shrugged, seemingly unbothered. "Oh honey, don't be so naïve. Boys have needs, needs that tight young pussies like yours can't always fulfill. Sometimes they crave a more...experienced touch."

Tiffany bristled at the condescension. "Excuse me? I know how to please Caleb just fine, thank you very much. He never complains when I'm riding his dick."

"I'm sure you do your best, sweetie," Ivy said patronizingly. "But the fact is, no teenage snatch can compete with seasoned MILF pussy. We've got tricks you haven't even dreamed of. Just ask Caleb."

Tiffany opened her mouth to argue, but the words died on her tongue. As much as she hated to admit it, Ivy had a point. Caleb had been like a man possessed last night, fucking his mom with a crazed intensity Tiffany had never seen before.

She couldn't deny the evidence of her own eyes - Ivy's cunt had wrung orgasms out of Caleb that made Tiffany's most valiant efforts seem like a lost cause.

"Face it sweetie," Ivy said, not unkindly. "You're a cute little piece of ass, but you don't have the skills to keep my son satisfied long-term. Not like his mom does."

Tiffany's shoulders slumped in defeat. As much as it pained her to admit it, Ivy was right. She had seen firsthand the mind-blowing pleasure the voluptuous MILF had given Caleb. Pleasure that Tiffany, with her limited experience, simply couldn't provide.

"I just...I love him," Tiffany said quietly, hating how weak she sounded. "I wanna be everything he needs."

Ivy's expression softened and she put a comforting hand on the younger woman's arm. "Of course you do, honey. And I'm not trying to replace you in Caleb's life. Believe it or not, I do want my son to have a normal, healthy relationship with a sweet girl his own age."

Tiffany looked up at her in confusion. "You do? But then why..."

"Why seduce him?" Ivy finished with a sly grin. "Because I also believe that a growing boy should have ALL his needs met, and sometimes that means a little...extra motherly love on the side. There's nothing wrong with Caleb having a mommy-girlfriend to take care of those baser urges. It's only natural."

Tiffany mulled that over, trying to wrap her head around the concept. In a weird way, it almost made sense. Caleb could maintain a regular relationship with her, but also indulge his carnal mommy kink with Ivy. Everybody wins.

"Besides," Ivy added with a wicked gleam in her eye. "You might find yourself in my position one day, sweetie. As a mommy-girlfriend to your own son, behind Caleb's back. It's the circle of life."

Tiffany's eyes widened at the scandalous implication, even as a forbidden thrill shot through her. The thought of seducing her and Caleb's future child, teaching him the ways of the flesh behind his father's back...it was so wrong, but undeniably intriguing.

"I...I don't know," Tiffany stammered, face flushing.

Ivy laughed, a knowing look on her face. "Never say never, dear. The thrill of forbidden fruit is hard to resist. And there's nothing quite as sweet as your baby boy's hard, young cock."

Tiffany shuddered as the perverse mental images Ivy's words conjured. Her and Caleb's future son, a perfect blend of their features, all grown up and looking at her with lust in his eyes. "Yes… maybe…" she uttered.

After returning from the eventful lakehouse trip, Ivy couldn't wait to call her sister Lisa and fill her in on the juicy details. She had been dying to gloat about finally seducing Caleb and making him her own personal boy toy.

As soon as she had a moment alone, Ivy dialed Lisa's number, giddy with excitement. Her sister picked up on the second ring.

"Hey sis!" Lisa greeted. "How was the big family getaway? Anything scandalous to report?" She added with a knowing chuckle.

"You have no idea," Ivy purred, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "Let's just say Caleb officially has a new girlfriend - me!"

There was a beat of shocked silence on the other end, then Lisa burst out laughing. "No fucking way! You actually did it? You bagged your own son?"

"Mmmhmm," Ivy confirmed smugly. "And let me tell you, that boy is packing some serious heat. He split Mommy wide open on that big teen cock, over and over again. I've never been so deliciously sore!"

Lisa let out a low whistle. "Damn sis, you are one lucky bitch! I'm so jealous. So what happened with the girlfriend? Did you dump her tight little ass to the curb?"

"Oh no, Caleb is still seeing Tiffany," Ivy clarified. "But now he has a mommy- girlfriend on the side to take care of his more...taboo

needs. The best of both worlds!"

"Damn, so you're like his mistress?" Lisa asked, impressed. "His kinky little secret?"

"Exactly," Ivy purred. "And let me tell you, it's a full time job keeping my boy satisfied. The stamina on that kid, I swear! We must have fucked a dozen times just over the weekend!"

Lisa gasped. "A dozen? Holy shit, you two are insatiable! I need details, stat. Don't leave anything out!"

Ivy giggled and settled back against the headboard, getting comfortable. "Well, there was the first time in the neighbor's boat house. I sucked Caleb's dick like a Hoover and he exploded down Mommy's throat. Biggest load I've ever swallowed!"

"Fuck that's hot," Lisa breathed. "What else?"

"Mmm, then I rode him like a bucking bronco in the master bedroom," Ivy continued, licking her lips at the memory. "Caleb slammed up into me so hard, headboard nearly went through the wall! Pumped me absolutely full of jizz."

"Christ sis, your pussy must have been drenched!" Lisa marveled.

"Positively gushing," Ivy confirmed proudly. "But we were just getting started…"

THE END

199: Mom's Warm, Willing Anus

Mom's Warm, Willing Anus

By Klrxo

Marci moved frenetically around the kitchen, juggling the fussy baby against her chest while hastily assembling PB&J sandwiches and carrot sticks for the other kids' lunches. Her eyes darted to the clock—7:45 already, and her husband was about to leave.

"Sweetheart, don't forget your briefcase!" she shouted, her voice rising over the clatter, as she spotted the briefcase abandoned on the table.

The abrupt movement shook the baby, who promptly spit up on her delicate robe. "Oh no..." she muttered, snatching a cloth to battle the spreading stain.

At that moment, her 18-year-old son Jayden shuffled into the kitchen, rubbing the remnants of sleep from his eyes. Marci greeted him with a warm smile, which quickly froze as her gaze fell on the unmistakable tent in his pajama pants – a bobbing stalk of morning wood, jutting from teenage loins.

Jayden mumbled a drowsy "Morning," oblivious to the awkward situation.

Marci's pretty eyes snapped away, her cheeks burning with embarrassment. "M-morning, sweetie. Breakfast is on the table."

She spun around, desperately hiding her flustered state by focusing intensely on wiping the baby's chin. What she couldn't ignore were the way her fat teats were hardening on the peaks of her oversized mommy-tits.

Jayden eased into his seat, drawing a bowl of cereal toward himself with noticeable caution. The boy's eyes, drawn like magnets, hungrily devoured his blonde-haired mother's form as she moved about the kitchen, the sexy robe clinging to her delicious curves like a second skin.

His gaze seared over the swell of her giant breasts, barely concealed beneath the taut, thin fabric of her robe, threatening to burst under the strain of her plunging cleavage.

Lower still, the robe molded to the pronounced globes of her succulent bubble butt, the firm, rounded shape begging for his attention.

Marci felt the scorching weight of her oldest son's stare, a hot, prickling flush sweeping up her neck and setting her skin ablaze. Every nerve ending screamed at the taboo, the wrongness of her son's hungry eyes on her body. Yet, a dark, shameful thrill coursed through her, even as her mind reeled with humiliation.

She tore her focus back to the baby's bottle, hands shaking despite her fierce will to steady them, the air around her crackling with tension and forbidden heat.

Marci's husband swept into the room with the energy of a whirlwind, barely pausing to plant a quick kiss on her cheek. "Gotta dash, hon! Big presentation today. Love ya!" His voice echoed with urgency as he tousled Jayden's hair. "Bye, sport! Knock 'em dead at school!"

Jayden responded with a low grunt, his focus now fixed on the depths of his cereal bowl.

Marci watched her husband disappear out the door, then stole a furtive glance at her son. His bulge was still unmistakably prominent, the meat of his arousal pressing against the thin fabric. Her heart raced, betraying her inner turmoil. She castigated herself silently, desperately redirecting her attention to the baby in her arms, willing away the heat creeping over her skin.

Once the younger children had dashed outside to catch the school bus, Marci carefully laid the now-sleeping baby in her crib. Returning to the kitchen on bare feet, she found Jayden still slumped at the table, listlessly prodding his soggy cereal.

The busty mother settled across from him, summoning every ounce of courage for the uncomfortable but unavoidable conversation.

"Jayden, sweetheart..." Her voice was a mixture of determination and trepidation. "We need to talk. Last night, I overheard you on the phone with Ryan. You mentioned something about 'not getting in the back door tomorrow'... What exactly did you mean by that?"

Jayden's eyes widened with alarm, his cheeks blazing a vivid red. "Oh, um, i-it was nothing, Mom, really. Just dumb guy talk," he stammered, squirming in his seat as his gaze darted anywhere but at his mother.

Marci leaned forward, her silk robe falling open to reveal her gaping tit-cleavage, her eyes piercing and unyielding. "It didn't sound like nothing. Please be honest with me; I'm just trying to understand and make sure you're being safe and responsible." Her words were gentle but firm, leaving no room for evasion.

Jayden writhed uncomfortably, his face now a deep, burning crimson. "Aw jeez, Mom, do we really have to talk about this? It's so embarrassing..." He could feel the heat of mortification creeping up his neck.

Marci reached across the table, her touch soft yet insistent as she took his hand. "I know it's awkward, sweetie, but I care about you and wanna make sure you're making good choices. Now please, tell me what you meant about 'the back door'." Her voice was calm, yet there was an unshakeable resolve behind her words.

Jayden exhaled heavily, his shoulders slumping as he stared down at his lap, feeling utterly trapped. "Okay, fine... Today is, um, supposed to be 'National Anal Sex Day'.

"National…Anal Sex Day?" his mother repeated with a confused expression. "I've never heard of such a thing."

"Well, IT IS a thing, and apparently it's today," her son explained. "And I told Ryan I wouldn't be...you know...'getting in the back door'...because I don't have a girlfriend right now." Every word felt like a weight on his chest, and he refused to meet his mom's eyes, drowning in embarrassment.

Suddenly, the mother threw her head back and laughed throatily, making her fat, stiff-nippled boobies shudder. "Oh, sweetheart, is that all you're worried about? Don't be so ashamed, it's only natural for a boy your age to be obsessed with such things. I'm just relieved you're not in any sort of trouble."

She gripped his hand, her fingers burning into his skin. "And listen, if we're being honest, I won't be participating in 'National Anal Sex Day' either—your father could never really appreciate the pleasure of taking me that way." She licked her lips, her eyes flashing with sadness.

Jayden swallowed hard, summoning his courage. "So...you like anal sex then?" His voice cracked slightly, but his eyes were alight with curiosity.

Marci's breath caught. She hesitated, warring with herself, before finally nodding. "Yes, I...I do enjoy it. But…this probably isn't really a

very appropriate discussion for us to have, honey."

"Come on Mom, I'm an adult now, and I was honest with you, wasn't I? I'm just interested in a girl's perspective on it, you know?" Jayden pressed, leaning forward intently. "What do you like about it?"

Marci bit her lip, cheeks flaming. "Well, I...I suppose I like the way it feels…"

"In what way?" her son persisted.

Marci peered around nervously a moment as if there might be someone else in the house, but she knew with the exception of the baby, it was just her and her son. "Jayden, you can't tell anyone we had this discussion."

"I won't, I swear," he replied, heart beating a mile a minute. "I'm really just curious why you like the feeling of it."

"Well, just, um…having a hard penis moving through the tight tube of my ass." Her voice dropped to a husky whisper. "The way the fat knob digs so deep into my rectum, filling and stretching me..."

Jayden's eyes widened, his breathing shallow. He had never heard his usually reserved mother use such explicit words and he liked it a lot. "Wow, that's really hot," the boy uttered, his eyes darting to the turgid nubs poking through his mom's robe on the peaks of her heaving melons.

Marci's eyes flicked down, zeroing in on the unmistakable tumescence of her son's hard-on. Liquid heat pooled low in her belly. "I love the delicious burn and stretch as a thick shaft invades my most forbidden hole. The intense, full sensation as my ass is completely stuffed..." She trailed off, squeezing her thighs together.

The air crackled with electric tension, taboo desire saturating the space between them. Jayden openly ogled his mother's heaving cleavage, while Marci stared transfixed at the prominent outline of her son's straining erection. Wrong as it was, they both found themselves hopelessly aroused by the inappropriately intimate conversation.

"We should, um…probably talk about something else now," suggested the mother turned abruptly and went to the sink.

Dylan watched her silk robe clinging to her thighs like a lover's embrace. As she leaned over the counter, her plump ass swayed hypnotically, the thin fabric doing little to hide the luscious shelf of her derriere. He could even see the well-defined fissure separating her fatty ass-cheeks.

"Hurry and finish your breakfast, honey or you'll miss your bus," the mother warned, trying to sweep the thoughts of deep anal reaming from her mind.

Jayden's cock throbbed in his pajamas, his teenage hormones raging like a wildfire as forbidden desires consumed his brain. Pre-cum had crept up the tube of his urethra, drooling out his piss-slit and leaving a slimy damp spot on his pajama bottoms.

He envisioned himself stalking behind his hot-assed mom, his hands gripping her generous hips, exploring the intoxicating curves of her ass. In his fantasy, she moaned, arching her back, offering herself to him completely. He pictured

ripping open her robe, the sash falling away to reveal her naked body, a temple of pure, voluptuous lust.

The blood surged into Jayden's cock, swelling it to the point of exquisite agony as he envisioned grasping the full, rounded orbs of his mom's ass, roughly parting her supple cheeks to reveal the delicate, puckered ring of her most intimate sanctum.

He could almost feel the scorching heat emanating from her butt-crevice as he imagined pressing the engorged head of his cock against that taboo passage. In his fevered imagination, he watched himself plunge forward, inch by excruciating inch, burying his entire shaft in the viselike, pulsating grip of his own mother's ass.

Marci remained blissfully unaware, humming innocently as she wiped the counter. But Jayden was consumed by his dark, forbidden fantasy, his breath ragged and desperate as he claimed his imaginary mother with hard, relentless thrusts.

He had to clamp his teeth onto his lip to stifle the primal groan that threatened to escape when he pictured her casting a wicked glance over her shoulder, her hips bucking back to welcome his frenzied pounding. The lewd, rhythmic smacking of fleshy ass beating against his trim abdomen resounded in his ears like a savage symphony.

"Jayden? Are you feeling alright, honey?" His mother's voice cut through his vivid daydream like a blade, yanking him back to reality.

He blinked rapidly, his face igniting with a fiery mix of shame and embarrassment. "Oh, uh, y-yeah Mom, I'm fine..." he stammered, fumbling awkwardly beneath the table. "I was just, um, thinking about...s-something else..."

Marci's gaze drifted downward, and she couldn't ignore the undeniable bulge straining against his thin pajama pants. A knowing smirk spread across her

lips. "Somehow I doubt you were thinking about 'something else', young man," she teased, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

"I was…really."

He eyes flashed knowingly at his crotch, then back to his, her luscious lips curling with amusement. "Well, your penis is reading

pretty high on the boner-meter," she joked. "So that's why I think you might still be dwelling on naughty butt-fun."

Jayden squirmed in sheer mortification, his face blazing an impossible shade of red as he struggled to conceal his raging erection with trembling hands. "Aw jeez, Mom!" he whined, his voice tinged with desperation.

Marci chuckled softly, patting his shoulder with understanding. "It's alright honey, I understand. You're a growing boy with needs. Why don't you go take care of that before school, hmm?" She nodded with emphasis toward his bedroom. "I think a little 'stress relief' would do you good."

"Okay, sure, thanks Mom," Jayden mumbled, his gratitude mingling with urgency as he bolted from his chair, practically sprinting out of the kitchen, driven by the need to escape the suffocating awkwardness and his mother's all-too-knowing gaze.

Marci watched him tear away, her smile fading as she shook her head. Her expression turned pained, aching with the knowledge that her son, so full of virility, would be cruelly denied the pleasures of National Anal Sex Day. Her breath hitched as she remembered her first time having a cock shoved up her anal passage, the exhilaration, the exquisite pain of surrender to her lover.

"My poor boy." she whispered, her voice heavy with despair. "Only 18, bursting with sexual energy and that throbbing hard cock doomed to go unsatisfied on Anal Sex Day." Her hands clenched around the breakfast dishes, knuckles turning white. "No eager asshole to squeeze his tender penis into, no gasps of pleasure to hear. It's cruel. Unjust!"

A sharp pang of maternal sympathy stabbed at her heart, quickly followed by a dark, forbidden thought. An image of herself, bent over the kitchen table, Jayden's strong hands gripping her hips as he

claimed her from behind, invaded her mind. She tried to push it away, but it persisted, searing her consciousness.

"Marci, stop!" she gasped, horrified at her own depravity. "He's your son! Your own flesh and blood!" She attacked the pans with renewed vigor, trying to scrub away the stain of her perverse imaginings.

Yet, as she finished her chores, wiping down the counters with jerky, agitated movements, the fantasy lingered. It lurked in the shadows of her mind, a tempting, taboo whisper that refused to be silenced.

Marci bit her lip, desperately trying to focus on her tasks, to not envision spreading herself open for her son, offering her asshole to him like an animal in heat. But the more she resisted, the more the forbidden desire burned within her.

The flustered mother snatched her phone, her heart pounding as she dialed her older sister Pam. Pam, always her rock, her confessor, was the only one she could spill this twisted desire to.

"Hey sis, what's shaking?" Pam answered, her voice a beacon of warmth.

"Pam, I... I need your help," Marci stammered, her voice choked with desperation. "But you have to swear you won't judge me. This is serious."

"Cross my heart," Pam pledged, her voice steady and sure. "You know you can tell me anything. Now, what's eating you alive?"

Marci took a shuddering breath, her confession bursting from her like a dark secret. "Apparently, today is National Anal Sex Day, and... and Jayden, he doesn't have anyone to... celebrate with. I heard the hunger in his voice, the

disappointment. He wants it, Pam. He wants to take someone from behind, to fuck someone in the ass."

"Ok, umm…keep talking, Marci. Let it all out," Pam urged, her voice tinged with anticipation.

"And I... I can't stop picturing myself offering my ass to him, Pam," Marci hissed, her voice a twisted whisper. "Letting my own son claim me, to beat his young dick through the ring of my asshole, just this once, so he won't miss out. Isn't that sick? Isn't that the most fucked up thing you've ever heard?"

Pam was silent for a moment, the pause thick with tension. Then, her voice cut through the silence, steady and sure. "Listen to me, Marci. It's not as taboo as you think. Moms and sons, they sometimes engage in these types of things and, well… anal sex isn't even the same as vaginal sex, so it wouldn't be like real incest anyway. It's just... a different kind of closeness."

"Really? You think it's… it's okay for a mom and son to get close that way?" Marci asked, desperation echoing in her voice as she clung to her sister's words.

"Hell yes," Pam asserted, her tone sharp and convincing. "I mean, you might be surprised at the number of moms that let their sons stick it in their butts. One good thing is you certainly wouldn't have to worry about him getting you pregnant."

Marci's mind raced, her breath hitched as she weighed Pam's words. "But... but it's cheating, isn't it?"

Pam scoffed, her laughter cold and harsh. "Cheating? Please. Husbands are clueless, Marci. They live in their own worlds. One time, one fucking day of anal penetration with your son, and your husband will never know. This is about you and Jayden. A mother's duty to make her son's day unforgettable."

Marci's eyes widened, her heart pounded as Pam's words stripped away her guilt, making the forbidden seem raw and real. "You really think... I should offer myself to him? Let him fuck me in the ass? Just this once?"

"Yes…I do!" Pam urged, her voice fierce. "What's the fucking harm? You give your son an awesome experience, you take some dirty pleasure for yourself. Everyone wins, Marci. Everyone. Fucking. Wins."

Jayden stepped out of the bathroom, towel barely clinging to his waist, body still dripping from the scalding shower. He froze in the doorway of his bedroom, muscles tensing as his eyes landed on the raw, uncensored scene before him.

There she was, Marci, his own mother, wearing only high heels and posed like a prowling animal, her sumptuous naked ass pointed at him like a prize. He felt a primal growl build in his throat as his eyes devoured the curves of her body, lingering on the smooth, round globes of her buttocks, quivering with each anticipatory breath. Nestled between her ample cheeks, her asshole beckoned him, a provocative invitation.

"M-mom?" Jayden choked out, his voice a ragged blend of shock and lust. "What are you doing?"

Marci peered back at him, her face a canvas of wicked intent, cheeks flushed, and eyes dancing with danger. "Happy National Anal Sex Day, baby," she cooed, her voice laced with sin. "I know you're aching for it, so Mommy's giving you a gift. My asshole is yours, sweetie. Take it. Take me."

Jayden's mind was a whirlwind of disbelief and desire. This couldn't be real, it must be some fucked-up dream. But the sight of her, the scent of her heat, slammed into him with a force that left him dizzy.

The teen's towel abruptly dropped from his waist, hitting the floor like a fallen flag, unveiling his colossal erection. It sprang free, fierce and rigid as a monument carved from pure granite and polished with silk.

His cock was a weapon, massive and thick as a baton of steel. A pulsating vein snaked along the underside of his shaft, throbbing like a drumbeat of war. The engorged purple head flared like the crown of a mushroom cloud, already slick with a thin sheen of pre-cum, a promise of imminent explosion.

Marci's eyes blazed as she feasted on the brutally magnificent sight of her son's titanic hard-on, a growl of approval rumbling in her throat. "God, you're ready to tear me apart, aren't you?" she snarled, her voice dripping with lust and challenge. "Okay, honey. Bring that fucking monster over here and show me what you're made of."

With a savage grin, she reached back and dug her fingers into the soft flesh of her meaty ass, spreading herself wide and presenting her tight, rosy hole like a sacrificial offering.

She shook her voluptuous behind, making her pendulous tits swing and bounce beneath her like church bells summoning the faithful. Her nipples were hard as diamonds, screaming her primal need.

Jayden was spellbound, his heart pounding like a jackhammer as he drank in the carnal spectacle. Her curves undulated like a stormy sea, and her asshole pulsed with dark invitation, daring his throbbing cock to claim it.

Entranced, he stepped forward, gripping his shaft with iron fingers. He aligned his mushroom head with that tantalizing bullseye, ready to plunder and conquer.

"Do it, baby, fucking impale Mommy's asshole with that monster cock," Marci commanded, her voice a ragged, desperate growl.

She steeled herself, every muscle taut, anticipating the brutal intrusion. "Split me open! Fucking destroy my tight butthole with that beast!"

Jayden positioned the bulbous head of his throbbing erection against the tight pucker of her anus. Her rosebud quivered, the dusky pink flesh clenching and

unclenching in anticipation. He rubbed the slick, pre-cum-coated tip around her rim, teasing her, making her whimper and writhe.

With a guttural growl, the teen began to push forward. The crown of his cock pressed insistently against her butt-ring, seeking entry. Marci cried out at the intense pressure, her body instinctively resisting the massive intrusion. But Jayden was relentless, increasing the force steadily.

Her tight sphincter stretched around him, the elastic ring of muscle slowly giving way. Jayden grunted, jaw clenched, as he squeezed past that incredibly snug barrier. The head of his cock popped inside, suddenly engulfed by the searing heat of his mother's bowels.

"Oh fuck!" Marci screamed, her voice a mixture of pain and raw pleasure. Her asshole clamped down viciously around the neck of her son's invading cock.

Jayden roared as he drove forward, a primal, feral sound ripped from his chest. Marci screamed as his fat shaft battered through her resistant ring, her squeal echoing through the room like a battle cry.

He plunged into her velvety depths, his oversized teenage meat stuffing her greedy asshole mercilessly, every inch a brutal conquest.

"Fuuuck, Mom!" Jayden growled, his voice thick with lust and exertion as he buried himself to the hilt in her convulsing anus, his heavy balls swinging like a pendulum to smack against her dripping pussy.

"Aaaah, yes!" Marci wailed, her voice hoarse with raw, primal need. "Your cock is fucking massive! It's stretching me apart, baby!" She gasped, her body shaking with the overwhelming sensation of being utterly filled. "Now fucking wreck me, Jayden! Rip my asshole to shreds!"

Her son didn't need to be told twice. Grabbing her hips with bruising force, he began to jackhammer in and out, his iron-hard shaft reaming her clenching anal ring with relentless, punishing strokes.

Marci thrashed and screamed as he pummeled her, his ferocious thrusts driving her body forward with their power. Her massive tits swayed and bounced beneath her, their wild movements sending ripples of flesh cascading down her chest.

Jayden reveled in the raw, carnal sensation of his mother's vice-like anal passage strangling his rock-hard shaft as he relentlessly pounded into her. The slick, pulsating walls of her rectum convulsed around his thrusting cock, her sphincter a tight ring of fire that mercilessly milked his veined length with every brutal stroke.

He could feel every jagged ridge and fold of her inner flesh as it constricted around him, her body desperately trying to repel his savage invasion.

Marci's most private, forbidden passage was conquered by his iron rod, her anal tract stretching to accommodate his monstrous girth. The engorged head of Jayden's cock jackhammered through his mother's resistant back door, igniting a wildfire of forbidden pleasure that spread like an inferno through her quivering body. Her tender tissues succumbed to his ferocious thrusts, allowing him to violate her asshole completely.

The pretty mother howled in a mix of pain and ecstasy as her son's thick cock drilled into her bowels, impaling her so deeply she could taste him in her throat. The pressure of his swollen cockhead

grinding against her anal walls was a blinding, all-consuming intensity that left her gasping for breath.

"Fuck, baby, you're tearing Mommy's ass apart!" she screamed, surrendering to the brutal sodomy. Her body convulsed with waves of depraved rapture radiating from her ravaged asshole. "Wreck me, fuck my filthy shithole! Use my asshole, son!

Jayden roared like a beast in heat, his powerful glutes tightening as he brutally impaled his mother with primal fury. Her ass-cheeks rippled, and his pendulous balls swung like a wrecking ball against her engorged pussy lips

with each barbaric thrust into her ass. Marci's anal ring was a scorching, impossibly tight vise gripping his engorged teenage cock.

"Take it, Mom! Take my fucking monster up your ass!" Jayden bellowed, intoxicated by the taboo ecstasy of defiling his own mother's rectum. He jackhammered into her with brutal force, pummeling her delicate anal walls with his throbbing shaft, ravaging her backdoor mercilessly.

Marci shrieked as a soul-shattering orgasm detonated within her, ignited by her son's incessant anal invasion. Her body spasmed violently, her neglected pussy erupting like a geyser, her asshole milking Jayden's plunging cock like a vice. Tsunamis of forbidden rapture crashed over the howling mother as her ass was savagely pounded.

"FUCKING HELL, I'M CUMMING!" Jayden thundered, slamming his colossal cock to the depths of his mom's convulsing anus.

Marci's screams echoed through the room as Jayden's climax hit with the force of a tsunami. His colossal cock, a throbbing beast of raw power, convulsed and throbbed deep within her seized-up asshole.

The engorged, angry head expanded to the point of savagery, pushing her anal ring to its unbearable extremes. A torrent of thick, scalding semen erupted into her trembling bowels, a relentless deluge that threatened to consume her from within.

Marci wailed in a mix of pain and pleasure, her body convulsing as her son's monster cock pounded and kicked inside her, unleashing what felt like an eternal surge of molten lava into her taboo passage. Her delicate anal walls were coated in the hot, sticky seed, his heavy cream invading her, filling her up until she felt like she would explode.

John dialed his wife's number as he took a bite of his sandwich, anticipating his wife's sweet voice on the other end of the line. The phone rang several times before going to voicemail. He frowned slightly, but shrugged it off, figuring she was just occupied with changing diapers or rocking little Bethany to sleep.

If only he knew the depraved truth - that at that very moment, his gorgeous wife was a writhing, moaning mess, her voluptuous body intertwined with their teenage son's in the most forbidden of embraces.

Now on the bed, Marci bounced feverishly atop Jayden, impaled on his massive shaft, her hungry asshole stretched obscenely around his girth. Her giant breasts heaved and swayed, glistening with sweat.

Jayden's face was buried in her pillowy tit-cleavage, his lips and tongue worshipping her erect nipple, suckling like a ravenous babe.

The teen's bed creaked and groaned beneath their frantic coupling, the air thick with the heady musk of incestuous butt-sex. Marci threw her head back in ecstasy, keening wantonly as Jayden's cock pummeled her tender bowels, claiming her most taboo passage as his own personal fuck-hole.

"Unnngh, fuck, baby! Mommy's ass is all yours!" Marci babbled deliriously, drunk on the depravity of letting her own son sodomize her. "Ruin my shitter with that huge dick!"

Jayden growled around her tit-flesh, sucking harder, piston-fucking up into the scalding heat of his mother's squeezing asshole with abandon. His hands gripped the plush globes of her wildly gyrating ass, pulling her down to meet his brutal thrusts.

They rutted like animals, all sense of propriety and familial boundaries obliterated on this special occasion, lost to the all-consuming fire of their illicit anal union. Mother and son, joined in the most unspeakable sin, their bodies fused in a obscene tangle of sweat-slicked skin and carnal fluids.

And across town, John remained blissfully ignorant, unaware that his once faithful wife had become a debauched anal whore for their own son's colossal

cock. He chewed his sandwich, mentally making a note to bring Marci some flowers on the way home, oblivious to the wicked perversions transpiring under his own roof.

Jayden whimpered around his mom's heavy, succulent breast, his mouth full of her fleshy tit-cap. He suckled fervently, tonguing her stiff, milk-leaking nipple as he savored the exquisite sensations engulfing his throbbing cock.

Every nerve ending in his engorged glans was electrified as it plunged into the deepest, darkest recesses of his mother's forbidden ass-tract. He could feel her tight anal ring strangling the base of his shaft, the muscular sphincter fluttering and clenching around his veiny meat.

Beyond that snug barrier, his cockhead was encased in the slick, searing heat of Marci's inner walls. Her tender rectal lining molded to his shape, clinging to every ridge and vein. He felt the delicate

tissues rippling along his length with each thrust, massaging him from crown to root.

Deeper still, his flared head butted against her resistant inner sphincter, that second ring of muscle guarding the entrance to her sigmoid colon. Each rapid pump of his hips jammed his tip against that rubbery gateway, stretching it wide, making Marci howl and thrash in a frenzy of pain-laced ecstasy.

The silken walls of her colon clutched and rippled around Jayden's invading cockhead as he plundered her most sacred depths, hot, slippery pre-cum smearing on tender tissue. He was acutely aware of every inch of his mother's anal tract as it sheathed him, from the intense pressure around his glans to the tight clench of her ring squeezing his base.

Marci's ass seemed to suck him in, her greedy hole swallowing him to the hilt. Her bowels worked his shaft like a velvet fist, rippling and undulating, as if milking him for his seed. He groaned around her leaky nipple, his balls drawing up tight, the pleasure building to a fever pitch.

The forbidden knowledge that he was balls-deep in his own mother's asshole, defiling her most private orifice, only heightened Jayden's depraved bliss. His cock twitched and pulsed, buried to the root in Marci's rear channel, as he rapidly approached the point of no return.

The mother leaned down, her lips brushing on her son's ear as she whispered soft, filthy nothings to him in a breathy, babying tone. "That's it, sweetheart.

Suck on Mommy's titty like a good boy," she cooed, her voice dripping with maternal lust. "Mommy loves feeling your mouth on her nipple while you fuck her ass. You're such a big boy now, aren't you baby? Filling Mommy's bottom with your huge cock."

Jayden whimpered around her breast, the lewd words stoking the flames of his taboo arousal. He suckled harder, stretching her areola into an obscene cone shape inside his mouth, gulping steadily as he drew out more warm nectar. He humped his hips upward, driving his throbbing shaft deeper into the slick, scorching depths of his mother's rectum.

"Mmmm, you're Mommy's special little man," Marci purred, skillfully undulating her hips to meet his frantic thrusts. "Letting her take such good care of you. Draining those aching balls deep in Mommy's dirty shithole. Give Mommy all your thick, hot cum."

Jayden's eyes rolled back, his mind short-circuiting from the naughty mother-son role-play. The idea of his own mom taking care of his sexual needs, offering up her most intimate hole to sate his teenage lust, pushed him over the edge.

With a muffled roar around Marci's tit-flesh, the teen exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser deep in his mother's asshole. Thick ropes of semen painted her clenching anal walls, flooding her bowels with his potent seed.

"MMMM, YES! Good boy, cum for Mommy!" Marci keened, throwing her head back in ecstasy as her ass was pumped full of her son's cream. "Fill Mommy's ass with your hot load! Mommy's shit-pussy is all yours, baby!"

Jayden convulsed beneath her, his hips bucking erratically as he unleashed spurt after spurt of jizz into her hungry hole. Marci milked him with her talented ass, wringing every last drop from his jerking cock.

Finally spent, the teen collapsed back onto the sweat-soaked sheets, gasping for air. Marci cuddled him close, stroking his hair tenderly as his softening cock slipped from her dripping, gaped asshole with a wet plop.

"That's my good boy," she murmured lovingly. "Mommy's so proud of you, staying home from school and enjoying her butt on National Anal Sex Day."

Later, the mother prowled around the kitchen, dinner preparation a mere distraction from the raw, throbbing ache in her ass—a brutal reminder of the illicit anal trysts with her teenage son.

Her asshole pulsed, a gaping, sloppy maw that still felt the echo of Jayden's relentless pounding. Thick ropes of his virile semen leaked from her ravaged passage, trailing down her thighs like a obscene testament to their forbidden lust and the five ejaculations that had been hosed into her greedy ass that day.

Her panties were drenched, a creamy mess that plastered the fabric to her skin, matting her pubic hair into a filthy, soggy tangle. She shivered, feeling like a dirty, used whore, and reveling in every depraved moment of it.

When her husband stormed through the door, Marci met him with a saccharine smile and a chaste kiss, their infant daughter bouncing on her hip. "Hi honey," she cooed, the epitome of the doting housewife, hiding the sordid truth beneath a veil of domestic bliss.

Her husband, the clueless fool, gave her a perfunctory peck on the cheek, along with the flowers he had purchased, none the wiser to her perverse secret. "Dinner smells great," he grunted, loosening his tie like a noose around his neck. "Ready soon?"

"Almost," Marci purred, squeezing her sore, semen-soaked asshole, a wicked thrill coursing through her. Only ten-minutes earlier, she had been bent over in the shower, taking her son's cock deep in her ass, and now she played the part of the dutiful wife. The duality sent a surge of twisted excitement through her, the taste of forbidden fruit still fresh on her tongue.

She caught Jayden's eye across the kitchen and saw him smirk knowingly, clearly also remembering their day of illicit anal activities. Marci giggled inwardly, already looking forward to the next time she could offer her son the special gift of her warm, willing anus. She had a feeling every day would be Anal Sex Day from now on!

THE END

200: Morning Encounter with Mom

Morning Encounter with Mom

By Klrxo

Thomas lay in bed, listening as the sound of his dad's car faded into the distance. He glanced down at the morning erection tenting the sheets. The house was quiet now, with just him and his gorgeous, voluptuous mother home alone together.

A naughty idea flitted through his mind. What if he strolled into the kitchen completely nude, letting his manhood swing free? Would his mom be shocked, or secretly aroused at the sight of her virile young son's body on display?

His pulse quickened as he imagined the scenario - walking in naked and seeing the surprise on her beautiful face, her eyes widening and then traveling down to take in every inch of his exposed flesh. Maybe she would blush and look away demurely at first. But deep down, would a secret thrill course through her curvy body?

Thomas swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood up, his rigid 10-inch manhood jutting out obscenely in front of him. The thick shaft was encrusted with bulging veins leading up to the bulbous purple head. His heavy balls hung low in their stretched sack. His teenage cock was a real lady-pleaser, although he had yet to use it for that purpose.

The boy padded barefoot down the hallway, his engorged cock swaying and bobbing lewdly with each step, slapping against his trim torso. As he neared the kitchen, he heard his mother humming to herself. His pulse raced in anticipation.

Thomas stepped into the doorway and froze, drinking in the erotic sight before him. There was his gorgeous mother Gretchen, dressed in the skimpiest lace bra that barely contained her massive, juicy tits. Her panties were molded to the pronounced mound of her pubis and disappeared between the cheeks of her bubble butt. Her long legs were accentuated by dainty, sky-high heels.

She turned from the counter and gasped, nearly dropping the spoon in her hand. Her eyes went wide as they took in Thomas's naked body, roaming over his chiseled chest and abs before zeroing in on his huge, throbbing erection.

"Good morning, Mom," Thomas said casually, as if standing naked in front of her with a massive erection was the most natural thing in the world. He strolled over to the counter, his rigid manhood bouncing obscenely with each step.

Gretchen stood frozen, her eyes glued to her son's jutting cock-shaft. She felt a forbidden tingle between her legs at the sight of his virile young body on display. Her breath caught in her throat as Thomas reached up to grab a bowl from the cupboard, causing his ass cheeks to flex and the muscles of his back to ripple.

He set the bowl on the counter and reached for the cereal box, his engorged cock head nearly brushing against the marble countertop. Gretchen watched, mezmerized, as a bead of pre-cum formed on the slit of his meatus.

"Look at you, strutting into the kitchen with your morning wood proudly on display, Gretchen teased, stepping closer to her son in just her bra and panties.

"Well, you did mention we should start being more 'free' around each other, he replied with a cheeky grin, his cheeks flushed.

"I did say that, didn't I?" Gretchen murmured, letting her hand graze over his rigid excitement. "Maybe I should lose the rest of my clothes too, then.

"I wouldn't mind at all," the teen admitted, locking eyes with his mother.

"Then we'd both be naked," Gretchen mused, "and since we're the only ones at home, who knows what could happen."

The boy gulped anxiously, watching her reach around to unclasp her bra. He had a sneaky suspicion he was about to fuck his own mom, right there in the kitchen.

Thomas watched, transfixed, as Gretchen reached behind her back and unhooked the clasp of her lacy bra. The delicate garment fell away, releasing her enormous breasts from their confinement. His eyes widened as he beheld their massive size, a cleavage that could easily swallow his entire head.

Her areolas were wide and dusky pink, dotted with pronounced Montgomery tubercles. Jutting out from the center of each were her thick, rubbery nipples, already stiffening under his hungry gaze.

Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her dainty panties, Gretchen slowly shimmied them down over her wide hips. Her heavy globes swayed as she lowered the delicate bottoms down her freshly shaved legs to the floor. Thomas gasped as her neatly waxed pussy was revealed, the plump outer lips glistening with arousal.

The teen inhaled deeply, dizzy with lust as her intoxicating feminine aroma reached his nostrils. His rock-hard cock twitched in anticipation, a strand of pre-cum connecting the tip to his abdomen.

Gretchen stood before her boy completely nude now, a sultry smile playing across her lips. She placed her hands on her curvy hips and thrust out her massive rack.

"Well, looks like we're both naked now," she purred. "Whatever shall we do?"

Thomas swallowed hard, his heart hammering in his chest. Was this really happening? Was he about to fuck his own gorgeous mother?

His rigid shaft pulsed with need, every vein and ridge standing out obscenely. He was so turned on, it was almost painful. Gretchen's eyes raked over his magnificent erection hungrily.

"My God, the girls at school must salivate over that thing," she stated as the horny mother marveled at the fat knob crowning the sinewy stalk. She judged that her boy's penis must be a good 4-inches longer than his father's, and MUCH thicker.

Gretchen stepped closer until the bulbous head of his cock nearly brushed against her flat stomach. He could feel the heat radiating off her body. Slowly, she reached out and wrapped her fingers around his throbbing shaft.

"So hot and hard," she whispered, slowly crouching down in front of her son until her face was level with his rigid, throbbing erection. She licked her lips hungrily as she beheld the magnificent specimen up close. His cock was truly a work of art - long, thick

and veiny, with a bulbous purple head already glistening with pre-cum.

Leaning forward, Gretchen extended her long tongue and slowly dragged the wet, soft flesh along the underside of his shaft, starting at the base between his heavy balls.

Thomas shuddered and let out a gasp as he felt his mother's licker sliding sensually up the length of his manhood, tracing the thick vein along the underside.

She licked a broad, wet stripe all the way up to the tip, flicking her tongue teasingly over his sensitive piss-slit and lapping up the bead of pre-cum gathered there. The taste of her own son exploded across her taste buds - salty, musky and utterly intoxicating.

"Oh fuck, Mom..." Thomas groaned, his knees nearly buckling from the intense pleasure.

Moaning wantonly, Gretchen wrapped her plump lips around just the head at first, swirling her tongue around it and probing at the slit. Then she slowly sank down, engulfing more and more of his thick cock into the hot, wet cavern of her mouth.

Her son watched in awe as over half his large cock disappeared between his mother's stretched lips. She began bobbing her head, slurping and sucking enthusiastically, taking him deeper on every downstroke.

The obscene wet sounds of his mother skillfully sucking his cock filled the kitchen, punctuated by Thomas's gasps and moans of ecstasy. He couldn't believe this was really happening - his own gorgeous mother crouched in front of him, completely naked,

worshipping his huge erection with her mouth. It was like every dirty fantasy he'd ever had come to life.

Relaxing her throat, Gretchen took him deeper still until the head lodged in her gullet and her nose was buried in his pubic hair. She held him there, massaging his shaft with her throat muscles and moaning around his girth, sending delicious vibrations through him.

"Holy shit, Mom... You're going to make me cum already if you keep that up," Thomas panted, desperately trying to hold back his boiling

ejaculate.

Slurping obscenely, Gretchen pulled off, flickering her tongue across his wet, shiny glans and smiled up at him as she pumped his cock with her hand.

"I wanna taste my son's cum in my mouth," she purred, then dove back down and began sucking him with renewed vigor, hungry for his seed.

Gretchen slurped and sucked hungrily on her son's throbbing cock, knowing that if she could coax one ejaculation out of him now, it would take the desperate edge off and allow him to last much longer once he was finally buried inside her aching pussy.

She bobbed her head skillfully, taking him deep into her mouth and throat, while her hand pumped the base of his shaft in tandem, tugging on his powerful root. Her tongue swirled around the head, teasing the sensitive ridge and slit. Globs of spit leaked from the corners of her stretched lips and dribbled down her chin.

The mother's massive tit-melons swayed and wobbled with the force of her movements, the rubbery nipples rock hard.

Thomas reached down to fondle and squeeze the heavy globes, pinching and tugging at her nubs, making his mother moan wantonly around his girth.

"Oh fuck Mom, your mouth feels so good," Thomas groaned, fingers tangling in her hair as he gently thrust into her face. "I'm gonna cum soon!"

Gretchen doubled her efforts, sucking harder and faster, desperate to taste her son's essence. Her hand flew over his slick shaft as she took him as deep as she could on every bob.

Thomas threw his head back and cried out as his cock jerked and throbbed against his mother's tongue. Seconds later, he erupted like a geyser down her eager throat. Thick ropes of hot, salty semen splashed against the back of her mouth as Gretchen gulped it down greedily. She continued to suck and stroke him through his intense climax, determined to swallow every drop.

Finally, the boy slumped back against the counter, gasping for breath as the last tremors wracked his body. Gretchen released his spent cock from her lips with a lewd pop and licked them sensually, savoring the flavor of her son's seed.

She rose gracefully to her feet and pressed her naked body against his, capturing his mouth in a searing kiss. Thomas groaned as he tasted himself on his mother's lively tongue. His semi-hard cock quickly swelled back to full mast, trapped between their bodies.

Gretchen reached down to grasp his rejuvenated erection and pumped it slowly, feeling the erectile chambers swell with blood. "Mmm, you're already getting hard again," she purred sultrily. "I need this big cock in my pussy right now. I want you to bend me over the counter and fuck me like an animal."

Thomas growled and grabbed his mother's lush hips, spinning her around. Gretchen bent forward obediently, resting her elbows on the countertop and arching her back to present her rounded ass to him. She reached back to lewdly spread her ass cheeks, exposing her slick pink folds and the tight rosebud of her anus.

"Fuck my wet cunt, baby," she begged wantonly.

Thomas had never felt the incredible sensation of his engorged cock being engulfed by the tight, wet heat of a woman's pussy before. Eagerly, he positioned the bulbous purple head of his virgin cock at the entrance to his mother's glistening pink folds.

Gretchen shuddered and let out a throaty moan as her son slowly pushed forward, plowing his thick cock head through her slick labia and over her swollen, throbbing clit. Electric jolts of pleasure radiated out from her core as he stimulated the sensitive bundle of nerves.

"Ohhhh yesss baby, that feels so good," she purred, wiggling her hips enticingly. "Push it in deep, fill up Mommy's hungry cunt!"

Thomas gasped as he felt the remnants of her hymen stretch and then give way around his invading cock. Even though Gretchen had given birth to three children and had frequent sex with her husband, she did pelvic floor exercises routinely so her pussy was almost as tight as a virgin's.

The boy shuddered in ecstasy as inch after inch of his tender meat disappeared into Gretchen's snug, corrugated sheath. Her velvety walls gripped him like a fist, rippling and undulating along his shaft. The sensation was a thousand times better than he'd ever imagined - silky, wet heat engulfing him, surrounding him, squeezing him rhythmically as he hilted himself fully inside her.

"Fuuuuck Mom, you're so tight," Thomas groaned, digging his fingers into the flesh of her hips. He held still for a moment, savoring the feeling of being balls deep in his gorgeous mother's pussy, joined with her in the most intimate way possible.

The teen's eyes fluttered back in his head as he felt the spongy head of his cock kiss up against the rounded nub of his mother's cervix. The small mouth of her womb pursed and suckled at his tip, as if trying to coax him even deeper inside her most sacred chamber. His erectile flesh swelled even larger, stretching her velvety walls, the veins raging purple as they strained to contain the surging blood flow.

A copious flow of pre-ejaculate seeped from his gaping slit, mixing with the hot, slippery oils oozing out from Gretchen's very core. Her

nectar coated his entire shaft of meat in a glistening sheen as her cunt clenched and rippled along his length.

Gripping her hips firmly, Thomas slowly withdrew until just the head remained lodged inside her, before slamming back in to the hilt. Gretchen cried out sharply as her son began to fuck her with long, powerful strokes, the force rocking her body and making her heavy tits sway beneath her.

The obscene slapping of flesh on flesh and the squelching of her sodden cunt filled the family kitchen as Thomas pounded into his mother from behind. He set a relentless, driving rhythm, pulling out until just the fat bell-tip remained inside her before ramming back in, impaling her on his rigid cock over and over.

"Yes, yes, yes! Fuck me harder!" Gretchen wailed, clawing at the countertop. "Pound Mommy's pussy with your big virgin cock! Ruin me, baby!"

Spurred on by his mother's wanton cries, Thomas pistoned his hips faster, the muscles of his ass and thighs flexing powerfully as he slammed into her harder and deeper. Gretchen's pussy made obscene slurping sounds as it sucked greedily on his plunging shaft, her copious juices running down her thighs.

Thomas felt like a king as he watched his massive cock pistoning in and out of his mother's juicy pussy from behind. The fatty globes of her magnificent bubble butt rippled and jiggled enticingly each time they slapped against his abdomen. Her pink folds clung to his shaft as it withdrew, before engulfing it again as he surged back inside her welcoming heat.

His rigid manhood looked so powerful, the veins bulging obscenely and the thick shaft glistening with a combination of his mother's slick arousal and his own pre-cum. Over and over he penetrated her, mesmerized by the sight of his cock appearing and disappearing between her plump pussy lips, coated in her viscous secretions.

"Oh fuck Mom, your pussy feels so good wrapped around my cock," Thomas groaned, picking up the pace of his thrusts. The wet squelching and slapping of flesh on flesh grew louder.

"Yes baby, your big dick is stretching Mommy's pussy so good!" Gretchen wailed, fingers scrabbling at the countertop. "Don't stop fucking me! I'm gonna cum on my son's virgin cock!"

Thomas slammed into her harder, his heavy balls slapping against her engorged clit with every thrust. Gretchen's pussy clenched around him rhythmically as her orgasm approached.

"Cum for me Mom!" Thomas demanded. "Cum all over my cock!"

With a strangled cry, the mother's body convulsed as a powerful climax crashed through her. Her cunt spasmed almost violently, milking her son's plunging cock for all it was worth. Clear fluid squirted from her twitching slit, splattering Thomas' abdomen and balls.

The sensation of his mother's pussy walls rippling along his shaft and the knowledge that he'd made her cum so hard pushed Thomas over the edge. Throwing his head back, he roared as his cock swelled and pulsed inside her, erupting like a geyser. Thick ropes of hot, virile seed painted Gretchen's cervix and inner walls, pumped deep inside her womb by her son's jerking cock.

Mother and son shook and moaned as they came together, joined in the deepest, most intimate way possible. Thomas' ass flexed as he ground against Gretchen, making sure every drop of his boy-semen was milked out and deposited inside her receptive body.

Finally, he slumped forward, draping his sweaty body over her back as they both panted for breath in the aftermath of their intense mutual climax.

Gretchen reached between her legs to touch where they were still joined, in awe of what had just transpired between them.

"That was incredible," she murmured, clenching her pussy around his semi-hard cock, making him groan. "I can't believe I came so hard."

Gretchen slowly eased herself off her son's softening cock, groaning as it slipped from her well-fucked pussy with a wet pop. A trickle of their combined juices leaked out and dribbled down her thigh.

Turning to face her boy, she gracefully sank to her knees, bringing her face level with his semi-erect member. It glistened with their mingled fluids. Extending her tongue, Gretchen began to sensually lick him clean, starting at the base and working her way up.

Thomas gasped as his mother's warm, wet tongue slid along his sensitive flesh, lapping up every drop of cum and pussy juice. By the time she reached the head, swirling her tongue around it

before engulfing it between her full lips, he was already swelling back to full hardness.

Gretchen marveled at her son's swift recovery time - his stamina and virility certainly put her husband to shame. She hungrily sucked his rejuvenated cock, relishing the taste of their essences combined.

"Mmm, I think I want something besides cereal for breakfast," Thomas said boldly, gently pushing his mother back. He grasped her hips and effortlessly lifted her, setting her bare ass on the cold marble countertop.

Grabbing the nearby can of whipped cream, he shook it and then aimed the nozzle between Gretchen's spread thighs. She yelped then giggled as the chilled, frothy cream sprayed onto her sensitive mound and pussy lips, coating them in a glistening white layer.

Thomas set the can aside and dropped to his knees. Looking up at his mother with a wolfish grin, he dove in and began ravenously licking and slurping the sweet topping from her tender flesh.

Gretchen moaned and squirmed as his lips and tongue teased her, cleaning up every bit of the whipped cream before zeroing in on her erect clit.

"Ohhh fuck baby, yes, eat Mommy's pussy," she panted, grasping his head. Her back arched as he nibbled and sucked on the fat, sensitive nub before delving into her dripping slit, tongue-fucking her deeply. "Bury your face in my cunt!"

Moaning into her hot center, Thomas lapped at her folds hungrily, immersing himself in her tangy essence. He couldn't get enough of his mother's divine taste. His nose rubbed against her clit as he

speared his tongue in and out of her channel, making lewd wet sounds that filled the kitchen.

Gretchen squeezed and kneaded her massive breasts as her son feasted on her pussy, rolling the stiff, rubbery nipples between her fingers. Sparks of pleasure shot straight to her throbbing clit. She clamped her thighs around Thomas's head, holding him in place as his lips and tongue worked magic on her sensitive flesh.

"Oh god, don't stop baby!" she cried out, grinding her sopping wet cunt against his face. "Mommy's gonna cum on your tongue!"

Thomas doubled his efforts, sucking hard on her love-nubbin as he thrust two fingers deep into her spasming channel, pumping them in and out. He curled the digits, expertly stimulating her G-spot, just like he had heard his friends had done to their moms.

With a keening wail, Gretchen's body bowed off the counter as an earth-shattering orgasm ripped through her. Clear girl-honey gushed

from her urethra, splashing against Thomas's chin as he continued to lick and finger-fuck her through her intense climax.

Gretchen's ejaculate pulsed out in rhythmic spurts from the tiny slit just above her vaginal opening with each contraction of her pelvic floor muscles. The gush of slightly sweet fluid filled Thomas's mouth and he gulped it down eagerly, relishing the unique taste of his mother's pleasure.

Finally, Gretchen collapsed back against the counter, gasping and twitching with aftershocks. Thomas gentled his movements, lapping softly at her sensitive flesh until she pushed his head away.

He rose up and kissed her deeply, sharing her essence. "You taste incredible, Mom," he murmured against her lips.

"Mmm, I can't believe you made me squirt," she purred. "That was the most intense orgasm of my life. No one's ever eaten my pussy like that before."

Thomas beamed with masculine confidence, his rejuvenated erection jutting proudly from his groin. He grabbed his mother's lush hips and effortlessly lifted her off the countertop, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh of her plump ass cheeks.

Gretchen yelped and instinctively wrapped her long legs around her son's waist as he held her aloft. She could feel the thick head of his cock nudging insistently at her slippery entrance.

Just then, her cellphone rang, the sound piercing the lust-filled haze. Gretchen glanced over to see her husband's name on the caller ID.

"Shit, it's your father," she hissed, reaching for the phone. "Just give me a second to see what he wants."

Answering the call, she tried to keep her voice steady. "Hey honey, what's up?"

As Gretchen spoke to her husband, Thomas got a wicked idea. Smirking devilishly, he slowly lowered his mother onto his rigid shaft, impaling her on his throbbing cock-flesh inch by delicious inch.

Gretchen's eyes went wide and she had to bite back a moan as she felt her son's enormous manhood invading her most intimate depths once again, stretching and filling her so exquisitely.

"Uh huh... Yeah, I can pick up the dry cleaning on my way to the store..." she said distractedly into the phone, trying to focus on her

husband's words and not the feel of her son's sinewy cock buried inside her pussy.

Thomas began to walk carefully through the kitchen towards the staircase, his hands cupping his mom's ass, supporting her weight as he moved. Each step caused his erection to shift inside her, stimulating her sensitive walls.

Biting her lip hard, Gretchen struggled to keep her composure and continue the mundane conversation with her husband, even as Thomas carried her to the stairs, his cock still lodged deep in her core.

She wrapped her free arm tightly around his shoulders while the other held the phone to her ear. Slowly, Thomas began to climb the steps, his ass and thigh muscles flexing powerfully with each upward movement.

The motion caused his hips to roll and thrust in a mock-fucking motion, his hard cock pistoning in and out of Gretchen's clinging sheath with every step. She couldn't stop the occasional gasp or sigh from escaping her lips as he impaled her over and over on his rigid spike.

"No, no, I'm fine," she assured her oblivious husband on the other end of the line. "Just uh, doing some exercise..."

Thomas carried Gretchen through the upstairs hallway towards his bedroom, his rock-hard cock still buried to the hilt inside her hot, slippery pussy. With every step, his thick shaft rubbed deliciously against her G-spot, sending sparks of intense pleasure radiating through her core. It took every ounce of willpower she had to maintain a normal conversation with her husband on the phone and not cry out in ecstasy.

"Okay honey...uh huh, I'll see you tonight then. Love you too," she managed to get out, before quickly ending the call and tossing the phone aside.

"You naughty boy!" Gretchen mock-scolded her son with a giggle as he carried her into the bedroom. "Trying to make me lose it on the phone with your father. The whole time you had your big cock stuffed in Mommy's pussy!"

Thomas grinned devilishly. "I couldn't help myself. Fucking you is all I can think about now."

He tumbled them onto his full-sized bed, never breaking their intimate joining. Gretchen's massive tits bounced and swayed alluringly as Thomas began to thrust in earnest, long-dicking her MILF cunt with purposeful strokes.

"Mmmm yes baby, fuck me just like that," she purred, wrapping her long, powerful mommy-legs around his waist. Her hands roamed over his sweat-slicked back, feeling the muscles bunch and flex as he pistoned in and out of her slick channel. "Mommy loves your big cock so much. Ruin my fucking pussy!"

Thomas slammed into her harder, the bed frame creaking with the force of his thrusts. Gretchen's huge, squishy titties jiggled wildly, her thick nipples pebbled with arousal. She cried out sharply as Thomas dipped his head to capture one fat nub between his lips, suckling greedily.

"Oh fuck! Yes, suck on Mommy's big titties while you pound me!" she wailed, clutching his head to her heaving chest. "I'm gonna cum again!"

Thomas released her nipple with a pop and latched onto the other one, flicking the bud rapidly with his tongue while he increased the tempo of his thrusts. Gretchen's cunt began to flutter and clench around his driving cock, a telltale sign of her impending orgasm.

"Cum for me, Mom," Thomas growled around a mouthful of breast. "Cum all over my fucking cock!"

With a strangled scream, Gretchen's voluptuous body bowed off the bed as her climax crashed through her. Her greedy cunt spasmed almost violently around Thomas's plunging shaft, milking him for all he was worth.

Inside Gretchen's pulsating vagina, her velvety walls rippled and undulated around her boy's plunging cock, massaging every throbbing inch. Her hot, spongy flesh pressed in on him from all sides, smothering his sensitive organ with exquisite sensation.

With each deep thrust, the thick spear of his cock forced Gretchen's inner walls to stretch and mold around his girth. Her fem-cum swirled and churned around his pumping shaft, bathing the rigid flesh in her slick, viscous juices. The clear fluid formed a frothy lather where their sexes joined, leaking out to coat his heavy, swinging balls.

Thomas groaned as he felt his mother's muscular sheath clench rhythmically, gripping him even tighter as her orgasm wracked through her quivering flesh. The skin of his cock pulled taut with each inward drag, the veins bulging obscenely beneath the surface. The engorged head flared even wider, crushing against Gretchen's cervical lips at the apex of every stroke.

Gretchen screamed her ecstasy to the ceiling as her climax reached a crescendo, her gushing fluids soaking the bed beneath them. The spasming muscles of her birthing chamber seized around Thomas's pistoning cock, trying to milk him of his virile seed. Her swollen inner lips clung to him wetly as he withdrew, only to enfold him in liquid heat once more as he surged back inside.

Thomas sat up straight between his mother's splayed thighs, wanting to watch her spectacular body as he fucked her. Gretchen's massive, fleshy breasts bounced and rolled wildly up and down her chest with each powerful snap of his hips. The heavy globes jiggled enticingly, the thick nipples pointing straight up as they wobbled to and fro.

Looking down, Thomas was mesmerized by the lewd sight of his own thick, veiny cock sawing in and out of Gretchen's puffy, glistening pussy lips. Her fleshy labial flanges clung wetly to his girth as he withdrew, before parting obscenely as he plunged back inside her molten heat. Clear juices seeped out around his pumping shaft and trickled down the crack of her ass.

"Yes! YES! Fill me with your cum, baby!" Gretchen wailed, locking her ankles around his driving ass. "I want to feel you erupt deep in Mommy's cunt!"

Thomas gritted his teeth, struggling to hold back his own release as his mother's pussy rippled along his aching shaft. But the exquisite sensation of her pulsing, squeezing walls and the erotic depravity of the situation soon became too much to bear.

With a guttural roar, the teen buried himself to the hilt one final time, his swollen cockhead ramming through Gretchen's dilated cervix to eject its creamy load directly into her rippling womb.

Gretchen shrieked in ecstasy as she felt her son's molten seed flooding her internal recesses, his twitching cock pumping spurt after spurt of potent semen into her eager body.

Their hips ground together as they shook and trembled through the aftershocks, Thomas making sure every drop was drained from his balls and deposited deep inside his mother's receptive cunt. Gretchen clutched him to her, relishing the feeling of fullness and the taboo intimacy of the act.

Finally, the teen collapsed onto her heaving bosom, both of them panting and glistening with exertion. As their breathing slowed and heart rates returned to normal, Thomas and Gretchen basked in the afterglow of their intense lovemaking, bodies still joined intimately. Both were elated, if a bit shocked, by the major taboo line they had just crossed together. But there were no regrets, only giddy excitement for this new chapter in their relationship.

201: Incest is Best-Part1

Incest is Best

By Klrxo

Danny and Jasper coasted to a stop, their hoverboards humming gently as they descended to rest on the lush, genetically-engineered grass of the park. The scent of honeysuckle wafted on the breeze, carried from the carefully cultivated flora beds.

"Phew, what a ride!" Danny exclaimed, running a hand through his dark windswept hair. His emerald green eyes sparkled with exhilaration.

"No kidding," Jasper agreed, hopping off his board. He stretched his long, lanky frame. "These new HoverXtreme 5000s really haul. Way faster than the old 3000 models."

Danny nodded. The year was 2087, and they had some pretty cool gear. The 5000 hoverboard series featured nuclear-powered anti-grav thrusters capable of propelling a rider at speeds exceeding 200 kilometers per hour.

Jasper tucked his hoverboard under his arm and turned to Danny with a mischievous grin. "So, now that you're 18, think you'll get lucky with your mom like I did mine? Man, ever since my birthday, I've been tapping that sweet ass 3, 4 times a day! Those yoga classes have her body bangin', bro. And her fuckin' tits…huge!

Danny felt his face flush. He'd be lying if he said he hadn't fantasized about bending his own mother over the kitchen counter and going to

town on her curvy hips and plump rear. The way her gigantic boobs strained against her tight tops drove him wild. But he wasn't sure he had the balls to make a move.

"I dunno man," Danny said, scuffing his shoe on the grass. "I mean, I'd love to bury my face between her thick thighs and motorboat those massive titties. Pound her MILF pussy till she screams. I'm just not sure how to initiate, you know?"

Jasper clapped him on the shoulder. "You just gotta go for it, bro! Walk in on her changing, 'accidentally' grab her ass, let your morning wood poke her when you hug. She'll get the hint. Moms that stacked are gagging for young cock, trust me."

Danny nodded, his mind reeling with possibilities. His dick twitched in his jeans as he imagined all the ways he could despoil his sexy mother. "Heh, maybe you're right. Guess it's time to start laying the groundwork and get balls deep in some prime mature snatch!"

The boys laughed and exchanged a fist bump before hopping back on their hoverboards. As they rocketed away, Danny couldn't help grinning to himself. One way or another, he'd be fucking his mom senseless before the week was through.

His mind swirled with vivid fantasies about his voluptuous mother. Since the landmark Supreme Court case five years ago that struck down all incest laws as unconstitutional, relationships and marriages between mothers and sons had become commonplace. The old stigmas had vanished practically overnight.

As he banked around a corner on his board, Danny thought about his buddy Rick, who had taken his mom on a romantic getaway to Maui last month and came back engaged, even though she was still married to Rick's dad. They were a happy polyamorous triad now, with Rick's dad giving his blessing. Then there was Kevin, who knocked up his recently divorced mother and was eagerly awaiting the birth of his son/brother.

Danny knew he wanted that kind of intimate bond with his own mom. More than anything, he longed to sheath his throbbing, oversized member in her slick, welcoming pussy, to suck and nibble the engorged nipples of her gigantic tits as he thrust deep into her fertile womb. He ached to hose his potent seed in her unprotected love tunnel and swell her belly with his incestuous progeny.

But he still wasn't sure how to broach the subject or gauge her interest. She was an old-fashioned gal in many ways, having married his father right out of high school. Would she be open to bringing her strapping young son into

their marital bed? Or perhaps his mom would be willing to do it all behind his father's back? The thrill of sneaking around could certainly add an element of adventure.

As Danny arrived home and stashed his hoverboard, he resolved to start testing the waters. He'd "accidentally" walk in on her in the shower, let his hands linger on her curvy body when they hugged, press his morning erection against her as she cooked breakfast. He'd wear tight shorts around the house and "forget" to wear underwear, letting his meaty bratwurst flop freely. Sooner or later, he'd seduce his sexy mom and make her his own, one way or another.

Diane glided gracefully into the kitchen on her anti-grav heels, the advanced polymers molding to her dainty foot shape and keeping her suspended a few inches above the floor. Her voluptuous body was poured into a skintight bodysuit made of shimmering biometallic fibers that clung to every luscious curve like a layer of liquid chrome.

The suit plunged daringly in the front, barely containing her massive, succulent breasts that threatened to spill out with each breath. Her engorged nipples poked prominently against the thin fabric, the smart material conducting tactile sensations to heighten her pleasure receptors. A deep cameltoe cleaved the juncture of her Rubenesque thighs, hinting at the plump, juicy delights that lay just out of sight.

As she passed by, Danny gulped as he ogled her bodacious bubble butt, the twin globes of her ass straining the suit to its limits. He could see every mouthwatering detail - the way her cheeks jiggled, deep enough to hold a shot glass in her back dimples, the fabric riding up to showcase the succulent curves of her underbum.

She was a vision of pure MILFy perfection, a chrome goddess wrapped in a second skin that left nothing to the imagination.

Danny's monster cock swelled in his pants as he stared transfixed, imagining ripping through that gossamer thin fabric and burying his face between those bodacious ass cheeks, tongue punching her puckered starfish while he kneaded the vast expanse of her child-bearing hips.

As her hover-heels landed on the floor, Diane sashayed over to her oldest son with a knowing smile, her hips swaying hypnotically. "Good morning, sweetie," she cooed, leaning down to plant a lingering kiss on his cheek. Her breasts swung heavily with the motion, nearly spilling out of the barely-there containment of her suit.

As she straightened up, Diane's eyes flicked down to the growing bulge in Danny's pants before meeting his gaze again. A playful smirk tugged at her plump, glossy lips. She was well aware of her son's growing fixation with her ripe, curvy body. How could she not be? She constantly caught him ogling her tits and ass, his eyes smoldering with ill-concealed lust.

Diane had heard the rumors, of course. It seemed like every week, another one of Danny's friends was bragging about seducing his own mother, plowing her eager pussy and pumping her full of hot, virile seed. Just the other day, she overheard Josh crowing about knocking up his busty mom, while Caleb described in lewd detail the sloppy blowjob his mother had greeted him with that morning, slobbering on his knob like a cum-starved slut.

Part of Diane was undeniably titillated by the idea of her own strapping young son mounting and rutting her, breeding her unprotected womb with his potent spunk like a bitch in heat. Her nipples stiffened and her pussy clenched as she imagined him suckling at her huge milky tits, his hands roaming her thick, fertile body as he fucked her senseless.

But another part of her resisted the taboo temptation. She had a husband whom she loved dearly and had been faithfully married to for twenty years. How could she betray that sacred bond by spreading her legs for her own son, letting him contaminate her with his incestuous seed? What kind of debauched slut would she be then?

Still, Diane found her resistance weakening by the day. Maybe it was the way Danny had started flaunting his body around the house, "forgetting" to wear a shirt and letting his hefty fuckmeat swing freely in threadbare basketball shorts. Or perhaps it was the "accidental" gropes and touches -

his hand lingering on her ass when he hugged her, his morning wood poking insistently against her as she did yoga.

She knew it was wrong, knew she should put a stop to it before things went too far. But the wicked, debased part of her thrilled at the forbidden flirtation, the electric tension crackling between her and her sexy offspring. How much longer could she hold out before she surrendered to his lusts and let him claim her, body and soul?

Danny and Diane sat down at the kitchen table for lunch, a spread of genetically-enhanced superfoods laid out before them. As they began to eat, the holographic TV screen on the wall flickered to life with a commercial.

"Attention all loving mothers and sons!" the ad blared. "Are you ready to take your relationship to the next level of intimacy and pleasure? Then why not try the Taboo Cocoon 9000!"

The commercial showed images of an opulent, high-tech facility with plush private suites. In the center of each room was a large, egg-shaped pod filled with translucent pink fluid.

"Exclusive to our facility, these state-of-the-art Bonding Pods are a place where mothers and sons can be cocooned together in a specially formulated SensaGel," the narrator explained breathlessly. "This revolutionary biopolymer heightens every sensation, enhancing tactile response and erogenous connectivity."

The ad depicted an attractive MILF and her muscular son climbing nude into the pod together, the gel enveloping their bodies as they began to passionately make out. Their hands roamed each other's most intimate areas as the fluid conducted each caress and amplified every touch.

"Let the Taboo Cocoon 9000 dissolve the barriers between you and unlock whole new realms of ecstasy! Experience the ultimate union of mother and son, the way nature intended. Indulge your deepest, darkest desires in complete privacy and comfort."

The commercial ended with the nude, gel-covered mother and son climaxing together in a gushing overflow of fluid, their bodies joined as one

in the throes of orgasmic bliss. A holographic number hovered in the air for several seconds before fading away.

Danny and Diane sat in stunned, aroused silence for a long moment, the ad's erotic images seared into their minds. They couldn't help imagining themselves in that pod, their nude bodies sliding slickly together, surrendering to the overwhelming sensations and their own forbidden lusts.

Under the table, Danny reached down to adjust his rigid cock, which was throbbing almost painfully in his pants. He looked up and locked eyes with his mother. Her cheeks were flushed and her nipples

visibly erect beneath her skintight top. The air between them practically crackled with sexual tension.

Danny licked his suddenly dry lips. "That, uh, that place looks pretty wild, huh Mom? Can you imagine doing something crazy like that together? Just the two of us?" His voice was husky with ill-concealed desire.

Diane squirmed slightly in her seat, her pussy growing damp as she stared at her handsome son. She knew she should laugh it off, scold him for even suggesting such an inappropriate thing. But a wicked, shameless part of her thrilled at the idea, longed to feel Danny's strong body against hers with no barriers between them, lost in a haze of pleasure.

"Danny, honey, I know a lot of mothers and sons are becoming...intimate these days," Diane said carefully, struggling to meet her son's smoldering gaze. "But your father and I have been married for over twenty years. I made sacred vows to him on our wedding day, vows I take very seriously. I'm just not sure I can break that trust, even with all these new attitudes about what's acceptable."

Danny nodded slowly, trying to hide his disappointment. He knew he couldn't push his mom too far too fast, or she might shut down the idea of intimacy between them altogether. He needed to start small, take baby steps into easing her inhibitions.

"I totally get that, Mom," he said. "I respect your commitment to Dad, I really do. I was just thinking, what if we did something together that was

innocent enough, but still a little bit naughty and exciting? Nothing too crazy, just some special bonding time for you and me?"

Diane bit her plump lower lip, considering. The idea was undeniably titillating - sharing an intimate, mildly taboo experience with her

sexy son, pushing the boundaries just a little without fully crossing the line into outright incest. Her pussy throbbed at the thought.

"Well...what did you have in mind, sweetie?" she asked, trying to keep her tone casual even as her heart raced. "I'm open to suggestions, as long as it's nothing too wild."

Danny grinned, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "I was thinking we could take a bath together, like when I was little. Only this time, maybe we could be naked? We could give each other soapy massages and stuff, really explore each other's bodies in a sensual way without going all the way. It would be sexy but still innocent, you know?"

Diane felt a rush of heat between her legs at the naughty suggestion. She pictured them naked in the tub together, their slippery hands gliding over each other's wet skin, soaping up her huge breasts and squeezing her thick ass. She imagined the delicious hardness of her son's cock as it "accidentally" brushed against her, how good it would feel to stroke him under the guise of washing him.

"I suppose that could be okay," she heard herself saying, almost in a daze. "As long as we set clear boundaries and don't let things get out of hand. It would just be some innocent, playful bonding time for a mother and son, right?"

"Totally!" Danny agreed eagerly, trying to contain his excitement. "We'll keep it fun and flirty, nothing too inappropriate. I just want us to feel closer and more open with each other."

Diane smiled, reaching out to stroke her son's cheek affectionately. Her pussy was practically gushing now at the thought of their impending bath. "You're right, honey. A little intimate playtime will be good for our relationship. And it's not like we'll be having sex or anything crazy like that. Let's plan on taking that bath together tonight after your father goes to bed."

Danny beamed, his cock rock hard and throbbing in anticipation. "Can't wait, Mom! I'll get the bubble bath and candles ready." He leaned in and planted a soft, lingering kiss on his mother's lips, letting it last just a little too long to be completely chaste.

Later that night, after Danny's father had retired to bed, Danny and Diane met up outside the downstairs bathroom. The hallway was dimly lit, casting intimate shadows. They stood facing each other, pulses racing with nervous anticipation.

"Are you sure you wanna do this, honey?" Diane asked softly, searching her son's eyes. "We can still back out if you're having second thoughts."

Danny shook his head, his gaze smoldering with barely restrained lust. "I've never wanted anything more, Mom. I can't stop thinking about being naked with you and taking a bath together.

Diane shivered, her core clenching with need. Wordlessly, she took Danny's hand and led him into the spacious, high-tech bathroom. The lights automatically adjusted to a soft, sensual glow as they entered.

In the center of the room was a large, oval-shaped tub, more like a small pool, really. It was made of a smooth, pearlescent polymer that seemed to shimmer in the low light. Various tubes and nozzles lined the inside, hinting at the cutting-edge features Danny knew it possessed.

With a voice command, Diane activated the tap. Steaming water began to fill the tub, cycling through an array of soothing colors. The faint scent of aphrodisiac pheromones wafted through the air, further heightening their arousal.

They began to undress, sneaking furtive glances at each other's bodies as more skin was revealed. Diane unzipped her chrome bodysuit, shrugging the skintight material off her shoulders and

letting it slither to the floor. Danny's breath caught as he beheld her naked form in all its glory.

Her massive, heavy tits swayed hypnotically, capped with wide areolas and engorged nipples that pointed straight at him. Her stomach was soft and slightly rounded, bearing the faded marks of the pregnancy that had brought him and his younger siblings into this world.

Wide, fertile hips flared out from her thick waist, supporting an ass that could stop traffic. At the juncture of her voluptuous thighs, her bare mound glistened with arousal. Diane's thick hood protruded slightly from her outer labia, shrouding the pink pearl of her pleasure-center beneath.

"God Mom, you're a total goddess," Danny breathed, shucking his own clothes with almost indecent haste. He stood proud and tall before her, his lean muscles rippling, his huge cock bobbing heavily before him, the swollen head already weeping pre-cum.

Diane licked her lips as she shamelessly ogled her son's sexy young body, marveling at the virile specimen he had become. His cock was magnificent - long and girthy, easily ten inches, with a fat mushroom head and bulging veins running along the shaft. It curved slightly upward, the perfect shape for stimulating her g-spot, she couldn't help but think. His heavy balls swung low and full between his muscular thighs.

Diane couldn't tear her eyes from it as Danny took her hand and helped her step into the swirling water. He climbed in after her and pressed a button on the tub's control panel.

Instantly, multi-directional jets activated to massage their bodies with pulsing waves. Erogenous zone targeting sensors caused the jets to focus on their most sensitive areas.

Diane gasped as the surging water caressed her aching nipples and pulsed against her throbbing clit. Judging from Danny's blissful groan, the jets were stimulating his cock and balls too.

"Mmm, that feels amazing," Diane purred, letting her hands roam her own soapy body sensually, lingering on her huge tits and dipping between her thighs. "Come closer, baby. Let Mommy wash you."

Danny eagerly waded through the froth, his raging hard-on bobbing obscenely. Diane squirted some body wash into her palms and began gliding her slick hands all over her son's taut muscles, soaping up his chest and abs before moving lower.

"Oops!" she giggled as her fingers "accidentally" brushed the tip of his cock. "Clumsy me. But I guess I need to wash you here too..." She wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft, slowly stroking him from base to tip, making the soap lather and foam.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Danny gasped, his hips instinctively rocking into her slippery grip. "That feels divine!"

Diane was utterly transfixed by the sinewy length and girth of her son's magnificent cock as she slid her soapy hand along his throbbing shaft. She marveled at its sheer size and virility - Danny was hung like a prize stud, putting his father and past lovers to shame.

His manhood was a work of art - the thick veiny shaft felt like hot steel sheathed in velvet as she pumped him. The bloated purple head flared proudly, drooling clear ropes of pre-seed. His balls were so swollen and heavy, churning with an overabundance of potent spunk, sloshing audibly as they swung between his muscular thighs.

Diane had discussed this phenomenon with the other soccer moms and yoga ladies - how the clean eating and supplements that were all the rage with teenage boys these days seemed to be having a dramatic effect on their sexual development.

The fish oil, zinc, celery root and other holistic ingredients boosted testosterone to almost superhuman levels, resulting in massive, constantly engorged cocks that throbbed angrily with excessive bloodflow.

The nutrients also hyper-charged spermatogenesis, causing their balls to swell to the size of ripe plums, each one packing a titanic load of highly motile, aggressively virile sperm.

Diane shuddered to imagine all that hot, potent baby making nectar surging through Danny's fat cock, just aching to flood her fertile womb. God help

her, part of her longed to feel him erupt inside her in a seismic orgasm, to be pumped so full of his enhanced seed that it gushed out around his pistoning shaft with each thrust, leaving her pussy sloppy and glazed.

Danny couldn't tear his eyes away from his mother's colossal tit-melons as her soapy hands glided sensually over his body. They jiggled and swayed with her every movement, the wet flesh quivering like jello molds. Her areolas were as big as saucers, topped with thimble-sized nipples that poked out stiffly.

He remembered the conversations he'd had with Jasper and the other guys as they compared their mom's bra sizes. Diane was easily in the lead with her whopping 34K cups. Danny's friend Kevin came in second - his mom rocked a impressive set of 32JJ jugs.

It seemed like all the moms had really ballooned in the chest department over the past few years. Some attributed it to the nano-infused vitamin injections that had become all the rage, said to maximize hormonal health. Others pointed to the GMO superfoods most households consumed these days. Whatever the reason, MILFs all over the country were suddenly sprouting massive, heaving tits that strained the limits of even the most advanced bra technology.

Diane giggled, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she watched her son ogle her massive, soapy breasts with unabashed hunger. His fixation on her jiggling jugs was obvious and adorable.

"Aww, does my little man love big titties?" she cooed teasingly, slowly gliding her slippery body against his. Danny groaned as her slick thighs straddled his lap, her plump ass settling on his muscular quads.

His pulsing cock stood at attention, the rigid shaft trapped between their soapy abdomens. Diane wrapped her fingers around it possessively, giving him a slow, sensual pump that made him buck beneath her.

"Ooh, so big and hard," she purred, thumbing his leaking slit. Then with a wicked grin, she slithered further up his body until her enormous, suds-covered breasts completely engulfed his head.

"Mmmmpphhh!" Danny's muffled moan vibrated against her sternum as he found his entire world eclipsed by warm, pillowy tit-flesh. Her mammoth mounds molded around his face like liquid marshmallows, blindfolding him in her deep, sudsy cleavage.

He stared up through the quivering valley of her breasts, watching his mother's face grin down at him impishly. Her fingers continued to slowly stroke his throbbing cock, keeping him rigid and leaking.

With her other hand, Diane sensually caressed Danny's muscular back, soaping his flexing shoulders and lats as she kept him trapped in her heaving bosom.

"How's this, sweetie? You just relax and let Mommy take care of all of you," she giggled, kneading his pulsing shaft. Danny could only gurgle incoherently into her cleavage, his cock jumping in her sudsy grip.

Diane undulated her hips slowly, grinding her slick, plump vulva along the rigid underside of his cock in time with her stroking hand. Danny clutched her broad hips, his fingers sinking into the fleshy globes of her ass.

He felt smothered and delirious with pleasure, almost dizzy from the heady combination of fragrant suds, silky skin, and his mother's intoxicating pheromones. His face was hotdogged snugly between her giant, gelatinous tits, the slippery flesh rippling around him.

Diane smiled down at her baby boy as she slowly smothered him in tit, relishing the control she had over him in this moment. He was like putty in her hands, slack-jawed and glassy-eyed between her breasts as she languidly stroked his engorged cock.

Danny's hands slowly roamed over his mother's slippery curves, exploring her body with growing boldness as she kept him pinned in her smothering cleavage. He squeezed and kneaded the heavy globes of her ass, marveling at how his fingers sank into the plush, doughy flesh.

His soapy hands glided up her arched back and over her broad shoulders before skating down to reverently cup the massive weight of her breasts.

Diane cooed approvingly, arching into his touch as he palmed her giant, sudsy tits. He lifted and squeezed the heavy melons, watching in horny fascination as they overflowed his groping fingers.

Danny focus his attentions on his mom's jutting nipples next, tweaking and tugging the rubbery nubs between his thumbs and forefingers. He rolled and pinched the spongy tips, making his mom gasp and undulate against him. Rivulets of soapy water ran down her deep cleavage, tickling his face.

Growing more daring, the teen ducked his head and fastened his lips around one engorged nipple, suckling greedily. He sealed his mouth

tight and slurped, his cheeks hollowing as he nursed. Diane threw her head back with a throaty moan, her fingers threading through his hair.

"Ooh honey!" she keened, holding his face to her chest. Danny groaned around his mouthful, switching back and forth to lave both her nipples with his tongue. He motorboated her slick melons, burying his face in her quivering cleavage.

His hands slid down her curvy body, caressing her plump waist and hips before dipping between her thick thighs. Diane whimpered and let her legs fall open as Danny's fingers found her hot, slippery slit. He marveled at how swollen and puffy her hairless vulva felt, the plump lips unfurled like a exotic flower.

Danny looked up at his mom with lidded eyes as he slowly traced the slick seam of her slit, gliding his fingers up and down. He circled her large, throbbing clit, making her jolt and moan each time he flicked the sensitive bud. Then he slipped a finger inside her, groaning at how hot and tight she felt, her inner muscles fluttering around him wetly.

"God Mom, your pussy feels incredible," Danny panted, pumping his finger slowly. "So hot and slick and tight!" He pressed his thumb to her clit as he fingered her, rubbing in circles.

Diane couldn't formulate words, too lost in the forbidden pleasure of her son's touch. She undulated her wide hips shamelessly, riding his stroking fingers as he explored her aching cunt.

Diane and Danny's intertwined bodies writhed sensually in the steamy, sudsy water, their slippery flesh sliding together in blissful friction.

The mother straddled Danny's lap, grinding her slick vulva along his rigid shaft as she stroked him with both hands. Her fingers glided up

and down his throbbing length, twisting and pumping, making him groan and buck beneath her.

Danny pistoned two fingers knuckle-deep in his mother's tight, clasping heat, curling them to rub her fluttering inner walls. His thumb worked her swollen clit in rapid circles, flicking the sensitive bud. Diane sobbed and shuddered, her pussy clenching and rippling around his plunging digits.

"Ooh baby, just like that," she panted, undulating her wide hips to ride his thrusting fingers. "Mommy's so close! Make me cum!"

Danny sped up his ministrations, fingering her hard and fast, pounding her g-spot relentlessly. He pinched and rolled her throbbing clit between his thumb and forefinger. Diane wailed, her head thrown back in ecstasy as her orgasm crashed through her.

Her pussy spasmed violently around Danny's pistoning fingers, squirting and gushing, her ejaculate mingling with the bathwater. Her whole body shook and convulsed with the force of her climax, her huge breasts bouncing and jiggling wildly.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Danny grunted urgently, his cockhead flaring purple and angry.

Diane quickly aimed his erupting cock at her own body just in time. Danny roared as he exploded like a raging geyser.

Thick, heavy ropes of pearly boy-cum blasted from his jerking cock, splattering Diane from tits to navel. Each spurt felt like a molten jet, painting her in his creamy seed. Her huge titties were soon glazed in dripping spunk, rivulets of cum running down her cleavage and pooling in her navel.

Just then, they heard heavy footsteps and Danny's father's voice calling out in concern. "Diane? Is everything okay in there? I heard shouting..."

Diane and Danny froze at the sound of his father's concerned voice just outside the bathroom door. Thinking quickly, Diane called out in what she hoped was a casual tone. "Everything's fine, honey! I just slipped getting out of the tub and yelped in surprise. Clumsy me!"

She scrambled to her feet, Danny's cum still dripping from her huge glazed breasts. "I decided to use the fancy downstairs tub to try out the new spa settings," she explained through the door, praying her husband wouldn't barge in. "It has those massaging jets and colorful lights, remember? Thought I'd have a relaxing late night soak."

There was a pause and then Danny's dad replied, "Ah okay, that makes sense. Enjoy your bath then. I'm going back to bed."

They listened to his retreating footsteps and breathed a sigh of relief. Diane sagged back into the warm water, her heart pounding. That was way too close. The thrill of almost being caught in such a compromising position with her own son was surprisingly exhilarating, sending illicit shivers down her spine. Her pussy clenched with aftershocks.

At the same time, a pang of guilt twisted her stomach. What was she doing? She was a married woman! A loving mother! How could she let things get so out of hand with Danny, to cross so many forbidden lines? Letting him touch her in the most intimate ways, bringing each other to shuddering climax... This was more than just innocent flirting and bonding. They were treading in dangerous waters.

Danny seemed to sense her inner turmoil. He pulled her into his strong arms, nuzzling her neck comfortingly even as his softening cock continued to twitch against her belly.

"It's okay Mom," he murmured, stroking her back. "I know we got a little carried away in the heat of the moment. But you didn't do anything wrong. I'm your son and I love you. I could never judge you."

Diane melted into his embrace, hot tears pricking her eyes. "I love you too, Danny. So much. More than I probably should. And that's what scares me. I don't ever wanna hurt you or your father. But I can't deny how good it felt to be close to you like this. It's all so confusing..."

Danny cupped her face tenderly, looking deep into her eyes. "We don't have to figure it all out right now. Let's just enjoy this special time together. We'll take things slow and see how it goes, okay? No pressure."

Diane bit her lip and nodded, reaching up to caress her son's handsome face. Her sweet, caring, sexy boy. She knew in her heart that their relationship had fundamentally shifted tonight. The genie couldn't be put back in the bottle. Forbidden doors had been opened.

The next morning, Danny and Diane were still reeling from their steamy, intimate encounter in the high-tech bathtub the night before. The memory of soaping up each other's naked bodies, of bringing each other to shuddering climax with roaming hands and writhing hips, hung heavily between them - an electrifying secret that set every nerve aflame whenever their eyes met.

They went about their morning routines in a daze, exchanging loaded glances and "accidental" touches as they moved around the kitchen.

When Danny hugged Diane goodbye before heading off to school, he let his hands linger on the swell of her ass, squeezing the plump globes possessively through her tight yoga pants. Diane gasped but didn't stop him, arching into his touch, her nipples stiffening beneath her tank top.

"Don't forget, we need to go shopping for your new basketball shoes after school," she reminded him breathlessly as he released her. "Meet me at the mall at 4pm."

"It's a date," Danny winked, giving her ass a parting swat that made her yelp. She blushed and giggled, feeling like a naughty schoolgirl as she watched her handsome son stride confidently out the door.

She was ashamed to admit it, but her pussy throbbed insistently, still tender and swollen from the fingering he'd given her. What was happening to her, getting so hot and bothered from her own child's flirtatious touch? It was so wrong...and yet so exhilarating.

That afternoon, Diane and Danny met up at the gleaming entryway of the Olympus Megaplex, the sprawling futuristic mall that had become the go-to shopping and entertainment destination in their city. With its soaring crystalline ceilings, verdant hanging gardens, and cutting-edge technology around every corner, the Megaplex was a marvel of modern engineering.

As they stepped through the shimmering plasma doors, Diane was immediately struck by how many mother-son couples she spotted strolling hand-in-hand through the bustling promenade. Attractive, busty MILFs and their strapping young sons, exchanging adoring looks and playful touches, giggling and whispering intimately to each other.

One particularly amorous pair was full-on making out on a hover-bench, the son's hand disappearing up his mom's micromini skirt while she groped his tented crotch.

Diane felt her cheeks flush at the public displays of incestuous affection, a queasy mix of scandalized shock and illicit arousal swirling in her gut. Ever since the government had legalized consanguineous relationships five years ago in response to plummeting birth rates, it seemed like mother-son couples were popping up everywhere. But it was still an adjustment seeing it out in the open like this.

Billboards and holographic ads flickered on every gleaming surface, most of them brazenly promoting products and services catering to

the mother-son sexual dynamic that had taken the country by storm.

A 50-foot holo of a busty MILF in a sheer negligee rotated above the fountain, winking sultrily as the caption flashed - "Tired of boring marital sex? Spice things up by bringing your son into the marriage and double your pleasure! Take our tantra workshop to learn how!"

Another ad showed a nerdy teen boy's pimply face morphing into a muscular hunk as he chugged a glowing bottle of "Oedipus Fuel", a supplement promising to "Supercharge your libido and give you the stamina to satisfy Mom all night long!"

The storefront windows they passed were just as lurid - mannequins of stacked MILFs in risqué lingerie posed provocatively with teen boy mannequins sporting giant plastic bulges. Racks of "His&Hers" silk thongs and edible underwear on display. Even the home goods store had a banner advertising a BOGO deal on extra-large beds "big enough for a mother-son honeymoon!"

Danny snickered as he took in the in-your-face incest innuendos all around them. "Damn, they're really pushing the mother-son stuff hard these days, huh?" he remarked, waggling his eyebrows suggestively at Diane.

Diane gave an uncomfortable laugh, flustered by his flirtatious tone. "Yes, well, I suppose it's become quite mainstream ever since the laws changed. Still takes some getting used to, seeing it celebrated so openly," she demurred.

But internally, she couldn't deny the forbidden tingle that shot through her seeing the erotic ads, the blatant displays of mother-son lust. Especially after her own illicit, intimate encounter with Danny last night. It was like the whole mall was validating their taboo desires, tempting her with tantalizing possibilities.

Lost in thought, she didn't notice the slick wet spot in her path until her foot slid out from under her. "Oh!" Diane yelped as she lost her

balance, pinwheeling her arms. But before she could face-plant, a pair of strong hands grabbed her hips, steadying her.

Danny had lunged to catch his mom, pulling her back flush against his muscular body.

Diane gasped, feeling his semi-hard bulge nestling against her ass through their clothes. "Careful, Mom," Danny murmured in her ear, his breath hot on her neck. "I've got you."

He set her back on her feet but kept his hands on her lush hips a moment longer than necessary, thumbs stroking her hipbones. Diane's heart raced at his touch, her body instinctively arching back against his chiseled chest.

The growing bulge of Danny's cock sunk between her luscious ass-globes, his knob making contact with the ring of her asshole through the thin fabric of their clothing.

As Diane regained her balance, still flustered by Danny's lingering touch on her hips and ass, she heard a familiar voice calling her name. "Diane, hey! Over here!"

She turned to see her friend and fellow yoga enthusiast Karen waving at her from a nearby bench, a glowing smile on her pretty face. But Diane's eyes widened when she noticed Karen's visibly pregnant belly straining against her flowy sundress and the way her already huge tits seemed to have ballooned even larger, swelling the neckline of her bodice.

And there, with his arm wrapped snugly around Karen's expanded waist, was her 18-year-old son Josh, grinning ear to ear. The pieces clicked into place and Diane realized with a shock that Karen was pregnant with her own son's baby!

"Karen, hi!" Diane greeted her friend, trying to keep the surprise out of her voice as she and Danny approached. "You look positively

radiant! I didn't realize you were expecting."

Karen giggled and placed a hand on her rounded tummy. "I know, isn't it wonderful? Josh and I are so thrilled. It happened on our very first try after he turned 18 and we became lovers. He's such a potent young man." She gazed adoringly up at her son, who puffed up with pride.

"Yep, knocked her up good," Josh bragged, giving Karen's swollen belly a possessive pat. "Couldn't keep my hands off Mom's sexy body and well, one thing led to another. Guess my swimmers were determined to put a baby in her!"

Diane made a strangled sound, glancing nervously at Danny who was staring at Karen's bouncing breasts with unabashed awe. "Wow, uh, congratulations you two. That's quite the...development."

"Oh, that's not even the best part!" Karen trilled, thrusting out her left hand. A huge diamond engagement ring glittered on her finger. "Josh proposed to me last night! We're getting married!"

Diane gaped at her. "Married? But what about Robert?" she asked, referring to Karen's husband.

Karen waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, Robert's so into his career right now. It was clear Josh and I were meant to be together in every way. My husband hasn't a clue that his son has claimed me, in mind, body and soul. And now womb!" She tittered, caressing her pregnant belly. "It's going to be a perfect little family - me, my son-husband, and our baby!"

Diane swallowed hard, her head spinning. This was all so sudden and shocking. She'd known Karen and Robert as a couple for years, had socialized with them as married peers. To see the wife and mother now engaged and pregnant by her own teenage son was a lot to process.

Danny cleared his throat, drawing his mom out of her stunned thoughts. "That's really awesome, Josh. Congrats, man!" He clapped his friend on the shoulder. "You and your mom make a great couple. And I bet you'll be an amazing dad to your kid. Er, sibling. Um, both!"

Josh laughed and punched Danny's arm affectionately. "Thanks bro! I couldn't be happier. Mom is the hottest, most caring woman I know. Pumping her full of my seed and watching her belly swell with our baby has been the most meaningful experience of my life."

He turned to look at his mom's oversized boobs with a heated look. "And I can't wait until she starts lactating."

Karen blushed and giggled behind her hand, snuggling closer to her son.

Diane felt faint, her face flaming at the graphic dirty talk. She fanned herself, hoping no one noticed how her nipples had stiffened beneath her blouse at

the thought of Danny suckling her milk-heavy breasts while he fucked his baby into her.

She shook her head, banishing the perverse fantasy. "Yes, well, it seems like you two have it all figured out," she said weakly. "I wish you both the very best with, um, everything."

"You know Diane, you and Danny would make a gorgeous mother-son couple too," Karen said with a sly wink. "I've seen the way you two look at each other. And with your genes? You'd make the most beautiful babies!"

Diane sputtered incoherently, utterly gobsmacked by Karen's audacious suggestion. Danny, however, just grinned wolfishly and slung an arm around his mother's shoulders proprietarily.

"You know, I think you're right Karen," he said, pulling the blushing Diane closer. His hand drifted down to squeeze her hip. "Mom is the most incredible woman I know. Sexy, brilliant, loving... I'd be the luckiest guy in the world to call her mine. Maybe put a ring on her finger and a bun in her oven, if she'll have me."

He gazed down at Diane with smoldering intensity, his voice lowering huskily. Diane's mouth went dry, her thighs clenching as a bolt of want shot through her. The Oedipal desire in her son's eyes was unmistakable. And god help her, she felt an answering yearning deep in her core, a wicked temptation to give herself over to him completely.

"Daniel!" she finally managed to scold, swatting his chest. She forced a scandalized laugh even as her heart galloped. "That's quite enough of that kind of talk, young man! I'm a married woman! And you're my son!"

Diane quickly extricated herself from Danny's embrace, flustered by his bold flirtation in front of Karen. "Well, we should get going," she said with a strained smile. "Those basketball shoes aren't going to buy themselves! It was great running into you, Karen. And congrats again to you and Josh."

Karen smiled knowingly as she watched the sexual tension crackling between Diane and her handsome son. "You two have fun," she said with a wink. "And don't be afraid to explore what's blossoming between you. Life's

too short for regrets. When love comes knocking, even from an unexpected place, you owe it to yourself to open the door."

With those cryptic words of encouragement, Karen waved goodbye, leaning happily into Josh as they continued on their way, his hand proprietarily splayed across her pregnant belly.

Diane practically dragged Danny into the sporting goods store, her mind whirling with confusing emotions. They quickly found the basketball shoes he needed and made the purchase, the normality of the routine task calming her rattled nerves somewhat.

But as they walked out of the store, Danny spotted a promotional stand near the mall directory, stocked with colorful brochures. Blazoned across the front in looping script was "So You Want to Date Your Mother?"

"Hey Mom, check this out," Danny called to Diane, snagging a pamphlet from the display.

He flipped it open and began reading aloud. "Are you a young man who finds himself irresistibly drawn to the woman who gave him life? Do you lay awake at night, aching with forbidden lust for your own mother? You're not alone! Thousands of sons across the country are discovering the joy and fulfillment of Oedipal love. This brochure will help you determine if you and your mom are sexually compatible as a couple!"

Diane looked around frantically, paranoid that other shoppers were listening to Danny's gleeful recitation of the tawdry text. "Put that away!" she hissed. "It's not appropriate!"

But Danny continued undeterred, a devilish glint in his eyes. "Look, there's a compatibility quiz you can take together! It says here that honest communication is key to a successful mother-son relationship. The questionnaire is designed to get you both opening up about your deepest desires."

He started towards the exit, waving for Diane to follow. "C'mon, let's go take this back at the car. It'll be a hoot! Unless..." He shot her a challenging

look over his shoulder. "Unless you're scared to confront what's really simmering between us."

Diane's face burned, her heart doing a strange flip-flop in her chest. Part of her wanted to put her foot down, to nip this wildly inappropriate line of dialogue in the bud. She was the parent here, for god's sake!

Diane hesitated, pulse pounding as she stared at the brochure dangling from Danny's fingers. The cover image seemed to mock her - a buxom, winking MILF draped over a grinning, muscular young man. 'Explore the Forbidden Fruits of Oedipal Love!' the tagline urged in lurid red script.

She knew she should shut this down immediately, scold Danny for even suggesting something so wildly inappropriate. She was his mother, for God's sake! Not some potential conquest to be wooed.

But the wicked gleam in her son's eye, the unspoken challenge hanging between them, sent an illicit thrill straight to her core. Suddenly, she yearned to be that carefree temptress on the cover, brazenly seducing and ensnaring her virile boy.

"Fine," Diane heard herself say, voice husky. "We can do the quiz. But just for laughs, understand? This doesn't mean anything." Even to her own ears, the caveat rang hollow.

Danny's grin was pure masculine triumph. "Whatever you say, Mom." He took her hand, electricity sparking at the contact, and led her out of the bustling mall.

In the privacy of their parked hovercar, an intimate hush fell over the plush interior. Danny angled his muscular body towards Diane, one arm draped behind her headrest. She was acutely aware of his proximately, the way his manly scent filled her senses.

"Okay, first question," Danny read, his deep voice sending shivers down her spine. "Do you feel an instinctive magnetism, an inexplicable 'pull' towards your mother/son? Like your souls are crying out to merge on the deepest level?"

He looked up at her from beneath thick lashes, gaze smoldering.

Diane's lips parted, face flushing under the intensity of his stare. "I...well... maybe sometimes..." she hedged.

The truth was, she'd always felt a profound, almost mystical connection to her beautiful boy that went beyond the typical maternal bond. When he touched her, it resonated in her very marrow, like long-lost pieces of her spirit clicking into place.

"I'll put that down as a yes," Danny said softly, making a check mark. Diane squirmed but didn't correct him. "Okay, next question. Do you experience vivid, recurring fantasies and dreams of an erotic nature about your mother/son?"

Diane's mind flashed with unbidden images - Danny's powerful naked body moving over hers, his beautiful face contorted in pleasure as he plunged into her yielding flesh, his seed erupting hot and thick in her welcoming womb.

The mother swallowed hard, heart pounding as Danny's fingers skated higher up her thigh, leaving trails of tingling heat. God help her, she did fantasize about him, more often than she cared to admit. Images of her strapping son worshipping her body, dominating her, claiming her completely, haunted her fevered dreams at night.

"Y-yes..." she admitted hoarsely, face flaming. "Sometimes I imagine us being intimate. Doing things we shouldn't..." Her voice trailed off on a shaky exhale as Danny's hand dipped under her skirt.

"I dream about you too, Mom," he confessed throatily. "All the naughty, forbidden things I want to do to you. How badly I crave you..." His fingers brushed the damp lace of her panties, making her jolt.

"Next question..." she blurted, nudging his hand away.

The boy consulted the brochure, pupils blown with lust. "When in close proximity to your mother/son, do you experience a sharp spike in physiological responses - i.e. increased heart rate, shortness of breath, flushing of the skin, tingles and tension in the erogenous zones?"

As he read the query, Danny shifted even closer, his minty breath gusting across her cheek.

Diane's pulse leapt into overdrive, her fat nipples pebbling almost painfully against her blouse. An aching, empty throb pulsed between her legs, her body responding wantonly to her son's nearness.

"It's like they wrote this just for us, huh?" Danny chuckled, voice low and gravelly. "We're hitting every mark."

His fingers glided back over the slick lace shielding her mound. "I can feel how wet you are, Mom. You're practically soaking through."

Diane mewled, hips lifting into his teasing touch helplessly. "Danny, we...we can't..." she protested weakly, even as her thighs fell open, welcoming his exploration. "It's wrong..."

"Does it feel wrong?" he countered, fingers dipping into her waistband to stroke her bare flesh. "Or does it feel like the most natural, beautiful thing in the world - a mother and son expressing their love in the most profound way possible?"

He rubbed her swollen lips, gliding through the saturated folds, circling her aching nub. Diane bucked sharply, gasping. "That's it, let me feel you," Danny groaned, fingering her skillfully. "Let me love you like you deserve..."

Diane's mind reeled as her son's deft fingers explored her most intimate folds, stroking and circling with maddening skill. This was so wrong, so utterly taboo! She was his mother for God's sake, not some horny coed for him to seduce.

Every atom of her rational brain screamed at her to stop this forbidden dalliance before it crossed a line they could never come back from. Her marriage vows, her maternal responsibilities, the very moral fiber of her being all cried out in protest against the depraved path she was veering towards with her own son.

But her treacherous body had other ideas, wantonly overriding her conscience with its base, carnal desires.

Her legs fell open shamelessly, welcoming Danny's probing touch. Her hips undulated, grinding her dripping sex against his hand. Her engorged nipples strained painfully against her blouse, aching to be suckled by his hot mouth.

"Danny, baby, we have to stop," Diane panted, even as she clutched his shoulders, pressing her ample bosom against his chest. "I'm your mother! We can't do this!"

"Shh, it's okay Mom," Danny soothed, voice husky with lust. He nuzzled her neck, inhaling her scent as his fingers thrust rhythmically into her molten core. "There's nothing more natural and beautiful than a mother and son expressing their love. I adore you, worship you. Let me show you how much."

Something snapped in Diane then, the last threads of her resistance shredding like gossamer. With a throaty moan, she swung her leg over to straddle Danny's lap, crushing her lips to his in a searing, forbidden kiss.

The teen responded with a triumphant growl, hands flying to her ass and squeezing the plump globes as he invaded her mouth with his tongue. They dueled sloppily, hungrily, a primal mating of mouths.

"Take us into the clouds," Diane commanded breathlessly as she fumbled with Danny's fly.

The hover-car surged upwards on autopilot, ascending high into the cloaking mist, hiding their taboo tryst from prying eyes.

"Bedroom mode, engage," Diane panted against Danny's lips.

The interior of the car shimmered and reformed into a plush mattress, pillowy and accommodating.

Frantic hands tugged at confining clothes, desperate for the wicked slide of flesh on flesh. Buttons popped, fabric rent as mother and son tore each other's garments off with animalistic urgency.

Danny drank in the mouthwatering sight of his mother's exposed body - her massive, quivering breasts topped with fat, rosy nipples; her soft rounded belly; the dark, glistening tangle at the apex of her voluptuous thighs.

"Fuck Mom, you're perfect," he groaned reverently, callused palms skating over her plush curves. "So gorgeous, so sexy. I've wanted you for so long."

Diane arched wantonly into his touch, dizzy with lust and taboo adrenaline. "Me too, baby," she confessed breathlessly, reaching down to wrap her fingers around his rigid shaft. It pulsed and kicked in her grip like a living thing. "I've ached for you, dreamed of you taking me, making me yours..."

Danny's cock was magnificent - at least ten thick inches, engorged to purple rigidity, the flared head weeping copiously. Pulsing veins latticed the turgid shaft, so hot and hard in her quivering hand. He made her husband look like a prepubescent boy in comparison.

She stroked him base to tip, squeezing and twisting, relishing his grunts of pleasure, the way his cockhead wept copiously over her fingers. Her own sex clenched and flooded, empty and needy.

"Please Danny," Diane whimpered, guiding him to her slick entrance. "Make love to me. Claim your mom's pussy, fill me up!"

With a bestial snarl, Danny notched his fat tip into his mother's sopping cleft and thrust to the hilt in one powerful surge.

"Ungh, fuck yeah!" he roared as her silky sheath enveloped him, gripping his cock like a hot velvet fist. "God you feel amazing, Mom!"

Diane keened rapturously, back bowing as she was split open on her son's thick meat. Her nails scoured his shoulders, heels digging into the small of his back as she clung to him.

"Oh god, oh baby, yes!" she babbled deliriously, vision whiting out from the intense stretch and fullness. "You're so big, so deep in Mommy! Ahhh!"

Danny set a ferocious pace, rutting into her hard and fast, the lewd slap of flesh on flesh filling the car. He bent to suckle her swollen nipples, teeth and tongue worrying the sensitive tips. "Unnf, you're mine now," he growled around his mouthful, one hand dipping to thumb her clit. "My woman! Gonna fuck you pregnant with our forbidden baby! Ungh yeah, take it!"

Diane's mind shattered, overwhelmed by the obscene perfection of being ravaged by her virile son. His steel-hard cock plundered her juicy depths with pistoning fury, his pelvis grinding her swollen nub just right as he nailed her g-spot on every brutal thrust.

His lurid filth only heightened her debauched ecstasy, appealing to her most depraved fantasies.

"Yes, breed me!" she wailed mindlessly, impaled on her son's enormous battering ram. The head punched her cervix with each frenzied thrust, burrowing into her womb. Her muscles cinched and rippled along his driving length, milking him exquisitely.

As the hover-car ascended into the clouds on autopilot, a rumbling thunderstorm engulfed them, flashes of lightning illuminating the steamy windows. The car rocked and swayed in the turbulent currents, mirroring the frantic, primal coupling happening within.

Diane rode Danny with wild abandon, her voluptuous body undulating sinuously as she impaled herself on his rock-hard cock again and again.

Her colossal, milky-white breasts bounced and swayed hypnotically, slapping his face and chest with each roll of her wide hips.

Danny motorboated her jiggling jugs ravenously, shaking his head from side to side in her cavernous cleavage. He laved her fat, rubbery nipples, suckling the elongated tips before burying his face back into her pillowy tit-flesh, inhaling her scent.

"Unnf yeah Mom, ride that cock!" he grunted, driving up to meet her downward thrusts, his muscular ass clenching. "Gonna pump you so full of cum! Breed that hot MILF cunt!"

A brilliant flash of lightning cleaved the sky, briefly illumining their sweat-slicked bodies through the windows, followed by a deafening boom of thunder that shook the car. The storm outside raged in time with their incestuous passion, raw and elemental.

"Ooh fuck me baby, fuck Mommy hard!" Diane keened, head thrown back in ecstasy as she slammed herself onto his veiny pole with all her weight. Her cunt squelched obscenely around his pistoning girth, sloppy and loose from the relentless pounding. "Claim my married pussy! Ruin me for your father!"

Danny seized her thunder-thick thighs, using the leverage to yank her down onto him savagely, skewering her on his aching cock. The wet suction sounds of their coupling echoed in the close confines, lewd and depraved.

Reaching between their sweat-slicked bodies, he found the pebbled bud of her clit, rubbing tight circles around the electrified nub. "Cum on my cock!" he commanded harshly, pinching the sensitive bundle. "Cream on your son's big fat dick!"

Diane's cunt spasmed violently at his crude order, clamping and rippling around his pile-driving cock like a milking fist.

"FUCK, I'M CUMMING!" she screeched, juices gushing out around his pistoning shaft. "OH FUCK DANNY, YESSSSS!"

Diane's orgasm crashed over her in shattering waves, her entire heavy-titted body seizing and shuddering as pleasure electrified every nerve ending. Her cunt clamped and fluttered around Danny's plunging cock, gushing hot nectar as it milked him with rippling intensity.

"That's it, cum on my cock!" Danny growled, hammering into her convulsing pussy with machine-like precision. "Soak me with it! Fuck yes, I can feel you squirting!"

Diane was delirious with ecstasy, eyes rolled back in her head as she bucked and thrashed in Danny's powerful arms. Her massive, gelatinous breasts quivered violently, the hard tips skidding across his chest. She'd never climaxed this hard in her life, every molecule of her being consumed by the unholy rapture of her son's cock splitting her open, owning her completely.

Danny didn't let up, ruthlessly prolonging her release as he pile-drove into her gushing cunt. The slick walls fluttered and spasmed around his sawing length, clenching him in rhythmic waves. His balls tightened, churning with scalding seed that ached for release into his mother's fertile depths.

Diane could feel him swelling impossibly larger inside her, stretching her raw as his cockhead flared. She knew he was close, could sense

the impending volcanic eruption building in his loins. Clawing at his sweat-slicked back, she sobbed brokenly.

"Come inside me! I n-need it! Please baby, fill Mommy's pussy with your hot cum! Breed my unprotected cunt! Knock me up with our forbidden baby!"

Her wanton pleas shredded the last of Danny's restraint. With a animalistic roar, he slammed into her one final time, crushing her cervix as he exploded.

"FUCK! Take it, mom! Ungghhhh!" His cock jerked and twitched violently as it disgorged a massive load directly into her spasming womb. Jet after thick jet of scalding jizz hosed her tender walls, flooding her unprotected depths with his virile seed.

Diane keened gutturally, a second devastating orgasm crashing through her as she felt her son's molten semen paint her insides. Her nails carved bloody furrows down his back as she writhed on his erupting cock, the sheer volume of his release making her belly bulge.

They clung to each other desperately as Danny pumped what felt like gallons of cum into Diane's fluttering pussy, both shaking and twitching from the intensity of their shared climax. Lightning strobed around the car, thunder cracking in violent accompaniment to their crude coupling.

Long minutes passed as they panted harshly, slowly coming down from the intense high of their climax. Danny's cock continued to twitch and pulse inside Diane's thoroughly creamed cunt, pumping out the last weak spurts of his seed. Her pussy clenched and rippled, milking him for every drop.

Finally, with a wet squelch, the boy pulled out and rolled off her sweat-slicked body. Diane whimpered at the loss, feeling strangely empty without her son's massive cock stretching her wide. Her well-

fucked hole gaped obscenely, oozing rivulets of their combined juices.

They lay side by side on the transformed mattress, chests heaving as they caught their breath. The hover-car bobbed gently in the turbulent air

currents, still concealed by the swirling mists. Rain pattered against the steamy windows, blurring the world outside.

Diane's mind reeled as the post-coital fog began to clear, the enormity of what they'd just done crashing over her. She'd had sex with her own son. Wild, filthy, unprotected sex. She'd begged him to cum inside her, to impregnate her with his baby.

Oh God, what had she done? Guilt and shame warred with the sated afterglow still humming through her nerves. She was a married woman, a mother. How could she have let herself succumb to such base, immoral desires?

Danny seemed to sense her inner turmoil. Rolling onto his side, he gathered her plush, trembling body into his strong arms, nuzzling her damp forehead tenderly. "Shh, it's okay Mom," he murmured, stroking her hip. "Don't overthink it. What we did...it was beautiful. Perfect. The way it was always meant to be."

Diane wanted to protest, to push him away and insist they could never do this again. But the words died on her tongue as Danny captured her mouth in a deep, soulful kiss. She melted into it helplessly, swamped by the taste and scent of him, the way his hard body molded to her soft curves like they were made for each other.

The hover-car descended through the thinning clouds, gently touching down in the driveway of their suburban home. Diane and Danny straightened their rumpled clothing in awkward silence, reality crashing back in after their passionate tryst.

Diane's stomach churned with anxiety as they entered the house. How could she possibly face her husband and younger children after what she'd just done? The lingering ache between her thighs and the sticky dampness of her panties were damning evidence of her taboo transgression.

202: Incest is Best-Part2

At dinner that night, Diane could barely meet her husband's eyes, guilt and shame coloring her cheeks. She picked at her food, stomach tied in knots.

Danny, on the other hand, kept shooting her heated, knowing glances, a self-satisfied smirk playing about his lips. She shivered each time their eyes met, memories of his huge cock plundering her secret depths making her squirm in her seat.

After tucking the little ones into bed, Diane prepared for another restless night next to her oblivious husband, desperate to avoid his touch. Her skin crawled at the thought of his flabby, lackluster body covering hers after experiencing the exquisite masculinity of her strapping son.

As she lay stiffly beside her snoring spouse, Diane's mind drifted treacherously to Danny, recalling the mind-blowing ecstasy of riding his enormous cock, the electrifying depravity of begging him to flood her unprotected womb with his seed. Her pussy clenched and wept, aching to be filled again by his throbbing heat.

She knew it was wrong, knew she should be wracked with regret and self-loathing. But all Diane could think about was how badly she craved more of her son's incredible cock, his dominant passion. He'd ruined her for other men, spoiled her for her husband's mediocre fumbling. She needed to feel her boy inside her again, stretching her, owning her, or she would surely go mad.

But Diane also knew she couldn't risk sneaking into Danny's room, as much as she longed to crawl into his bed and ride him till dawn. The house was full of prying eyes and ears. They needed to be discreet.

Suddenly, she remembered the NeuroLink 3000 devices she and her husband had purchased on a whim last year, hoping to spice up their waning marital intimacy. The hype had touted the revolutionary neurotechnology as the ultimate in long-distance lovemaking - allowing couples to engage in vivid, full-sensory erotic connections from anywhere in the world.

You simply slipped on the sleek headset, which utilized a matrix of neural nodes to intercept brainwaves and translate them into hyper-realistic sensory data. With a thought, you could project your consciousness into a

vivid erotic dreamscape with your partner, experiencing every caress, every sensation as if engaging in an actual fuck.

Diane waited until her husband's snores deepened before quietly slipping out of bed and padding down the hall to her home office. Her heart pounded with anticipation and illicit excitement as she rummaged through her desk drawer, finding the sleek silver case that held the NeuroLink headsets.

Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and silently projected her thoughts, hoping Danny's device was turned on and would pick up her neuro-signal. "Danny, baby, it's Mom. I need you. Meet me in the secret garden."

Diane slipped the headset on with trembling hands, the neural nodes automatically adjusting to her unique brainwaves. She lay down on the small couch, forcing her body to relax as she waited for the NeuroLink to transport her consciousness.

Colors and shapes swirled behind her closed eyelids as the device calibrated, locking onto Danny's responding signal. Diane felt a swooping sensation, like she was freefalling through layers of mist, and then...

She was standing in a lush, secluded garden, the air heavy with the scent of night-blooming jasmine. A silver moon hung low in the velvety sky, bathing the scene in an otherworldly glow. Gauzy curtains of Spanish moss dripped from gnarled oak trees and a carved stone fountain burbled musically in the center of the glade.

And there, emerging from the shadows, was Danny. Her breath caught at the sight of him, his bronzed skin gilded by moonlight, raven hair tousled boyishly. He wore nothing but a pair of low-slung linen pants, his lean muscular chest and abs rippling as he stalked towards her with predatory grace.

"I knew you'd call for me," he rumbled, green eyes glowing with lust. "Knew you couldn't resist the craving, just like I can't. We're bound now, Mom. Body and soul."

Diane shivered at the raw carnality in his voice, her virtual body reacting as if it were flesh and blood. She could feel the balmy breeze caressing her bare skin, the dewy grass cushioning her bare feet. Looking down, she realized her body was clad in nothing but a gossamer silk negligee that left little to the imagination.

"We shouldn't be doing this," she breathed, even as her nipples peaked against the thin fabric, her core flooding with desire. "It's wrong..."

Danny closed the distance between them, gripping her hips and grinding his already hard bulge against her softness. "Nothing has ever felt more right," he growled, nipping her earlobe. "Stop denying what we both want. What we both need."

Diane mewled as Danny lavished her neck with hot, open-mouthed kisses, his large hands roaming greedily over her silk-clad curves. The flimsy material of her negligee did nothing to blunt the exquisite sensations, the NeuroLink translating every touch, every caress with breathtaking fidelity.

"Oh god," Diane panted, head lolling back as Danny cupped her heavy breasts, thumbing the pebbled peaks straining against the gauzy fabric. "That feels...ungh...so good, baby..."

Danny growled his approval, pinching and tugging her swollen teats just shy of pain. "So fucking perfect," he rumbled. "Can't get enough of this body. Need to taste every inch of you."

With that, he dropped to his knees and buried his face between her thighs, nuzzling her silk-covered mound.

Diane cried out sharply, fingers sinking into his thick hair as he mouthed her through the damp fabric, his hot breath and the scrape of his stubble making her shake.

"Yes Danny, yes!" she keened mindlessly, undulating against his face. "Lick Mommy's naughty pussy! Eat me through my panties like a dirty boy!"

Danny groaned at her wanton encouragement, lashing her slit with the flat of his tongue, lapping up the sweet nectar that seeped through the silk. He

nibbled and sucked on her engorged lips, the fabric molding to her wet folds.

Diane was on fire, every nerve ending electrified with pleasure. Her clit throbbed almost painfully, begging for more direct stimulation.

As if reading her mind, Danny pushed the crotch of her panties aside and fastened his mouth to her bare sex.

"Fuck!" Diane nearly screamed, fisting his hair as he feasted on her like a starving man. He licked and probed and sucked, spearing his tongue into her soaked channel before flicking it rapidly over her swollen nub. Wet obscene sounds filled the air as he ate her out with sloppy gusto.

"Gonna cum!" Diane sobbed, her thighs clamping around Danny's head as she ground herself shamelessly against his face. "Don't stop baby, I'm so close! Unngh!"

Danny doubled his efforts, fucking her with his tongue while rubbing tight circles on her clit with his thumb. Diane stiffened and then convulsed hard, juices gushing into Danny's eager mouth as she came with a ragged wail.

He worked her through it, slurping up her release and tonguefucking her fluttering hole until she collapsed bonelessly against him, mewling and twitching with aftershocks.

Diane slid down her son's body, kissing and licking every inch of his sweat-slicked skin, until she was kneeling before him, face level with his straining erection. The massive, veiny shaft bobbed mere inches from her parted lips, balls heavy and churning with cum.

"My turn to taste you," Diane purred, nuzzling his musky sac, breathing in his potent masculine scent. Slowly, sensually, she dragged the flat of her tongue up his taint and over his balls, savoring the salty-sweet tang of his flesh.

Danny groaned gutturally, hands fisting in her hair as she bathed his most sensitive areas with kitten licks.

Diane lavished every inch of his groin with worshipful attention, licking and nibbling her way up his throbbing length.

"Fuck Mom, your mouth feels incredible," Danny panted, hips flexing as she swirled her tongue around his engorged head, lapping up the

steady drool of pre-cum. She traced the flared ridge and dipped into his weeping slit, humming her enjoyment.

"Mmm, you taste so good baby," Diane crooned, rubbing his slick cockhead over her lips, painting them with his essence. "Mommy loves your big fat dick. Gonna suck this beautiful cock so good, make you cum so hard down my throat."

With that sinful promise, she opened wide and sank down on him, taking half his length in one smooth glide. Danny cried out sharply, head thrown back in bliss as wet heat engulfed him.

Diane's oral skills were unparalleled, honed by years of experience and an unquenchable hunger for cock. She bobbed up and down his steely shaft, cheeks hollowing with hard suction. Her serpentine tongue danced along the throbbing veins and ridges, teasing out bolts of pleasure.

She took him deeper on every downstroke, letting him bump the back of her throat, fighting her gag reflex to swallow around him.

Danny was lost to sensation, writhing and bucking as his mother worked him over with mind-melting finesse.

As she worshipped his cock with her mouth, Diane projected the filthiest images and sentiments directly into Danny's mind through the NeuroLink. "Mmm, that's it baby, fuck Mommy's face," her voice purred in his head. "Use my throat like a slutty cocksleeve. Gonna swallow every drop of your hot cum. Drown me in it!"

Danny's balls drew up tight, aching with the need for release. Diane sensed his impending climax and increased her efforts, slurping and gagging as she throated him to the root.

"Paint Mommy's tonsils white," her disembodied voice urged. "Fill my belly with your seed! Claim my throat like you claimed my womb!"

Danny's vision whited out as his orgasm crashed through him like a freight train. With a hoarse shout, he exploded down Diane's gulping throat, flooding her mouth and stomach with what felt like gallons of thick, scalding cum.

Diane moaned rapturously around his erupting cock, swallowing convulsively as jet after jet of her son's essence poured directly into her belly. She could feel it sloshing heavily inside her, sating a deep, primal craving she hadn't even known she possessed until now.

Danny's release seemed to go on forever, his balls emptying what felt like a swimming pool of spunk down his mother's working throat. Diane took it all with gluttonous hunger, determined to milk every last drop. She wanted to be marked, inside and out, with the proof of her complete submission to her virile son.

Finally, Danny slumped back, utterly spent, his softening cock slipping from Diane's bruised lips with a wet pop. She lapped at his tender tip, cleaning him reverently as aftershocks twitched through his muscular frame.

"Jesus Mom," the teen panted, threading his fingers through her hair. "That was...unreal. I've never cum so hard in my life."

Diane glowed with feminine pride, licking her shiny lips. She rose fluidly and draped her body along Danny's, rubbing sensuously against him like a cat. Her fertile belly pressed to his abs, full and sloshing with his seed.

"We're just getting started, lover," she purred, nibbling his jaw. "Now that I've had a taste, I'm gonna be insatiable. Gonna milk this magnificent cock every chance I get."

Danny growled his approval, grabbing her plump ass and grinding his reawakening erection against her slick folds. "You're playing with fire, Mom," he warned darkly. "I won't be able to control myself

around you now. Gonna want to bend you over and fuck you every time Dad's back is turned."

"Good," Diane breathed, eyes glittering with wicked promise. "I don't want you to control yourself. I want you feral… desperate for me. I want us both half-mad with forbidden lust."

She reached between them to stroke his rapidly hardening shaft, thrilling at his answering groan. "You've ruined me for your father with this huge cock. I'm yours now, baby. Your cock-hungry mommy slut."

Danny snarled his possession, flipping his mom onto her back in the dewy grass and pinning her wrists above her head. With a savage thrust, he hilted himself in her soaked, clinging heat. "MINE!" he rasped against her mouth, then fuzed his lips to hers for a tongue-tangling kiss.

The boy quickly discovered one of the best features of the NeuroLink - the ability to overide normal physical limitations and fuck with tireless stamina for as long as he desired. His virtual cock remained raging hard, pulsing with endless virility no matter how many times he came.

He put this enhanced prowess to good use, plowing into Diane's juicy cunt with machine-like precision for hours on end. The sultry night air echoed with the crude slap of flesh on flesh and their ecstatic moans as son relentlessly bred mother in every position imaginable.

On her back with ankles by her ears, from behind like rutting animals, bouncing in his lap - Danny contorted Diane's curvy body into a host of debauched configurations as he pounded her married pussy into submission. Her plush thighs locked around his pistoning hips, heels drumming his flexing ass as she urged him deeper, harder.

"Yes, yes, fuck me forever!" Diane babbled, blissed out on cock and the obscene depravity of their coupling. "Ruin me with that huge dick! Fuck our baby into me!"

Danny obliged with savage glee, jackhammering up into her cervix, feeling it flutter and kiss his tip. Diane came over and over on his tireless cock, gushing and squirting like a broken faucet. Her body quaked unceasingly with pleasure, nerves firing with supernatural ecstasy.

Sometime in the pre-dawn hours, Danny rolled his mom on top of him, hands cupping her jiggling ass as she rode him wildly. Her colossal tits swung like wrecking balls, slapping his face with each undulation of her wide hips. He motorboated her cleavage sloppily, licking up the sweat that trickled between her heaving mounds.

"Gonna cum in you one last time," Danny grunted, pistoning up into Diane's clasping heat with blurring intensity. "Flood this cunt with so much fucking cum!"

"Yes, breed Mommy!" Diane keened, head thrown back in abandon as she impaled herself on his jackhammering cock. "I want it, gimme your seed! Knock me uuuuuup!"

Danny roared like a charging bull as he exploded inside Diane for the fourth time that night, hosing what felt like buckets of jizz directly into her spasming womb. It erupted from her plugged cunt in frothy waves, splattering their thrashing bodies.

Diane shrieked her own release, every atom of her being electrified, blinded by the force of her climax. Her cunt rippled violently along Danny's spurting length, milking out every drop of his inhuman load. She collapsed on top of him in a boneless, mewling heap as spunk gushed out around his embedded cock.

With a final shuddering groan, Danny and Diane's minds reluctantly disengaged from the neural link, their virtual paradise fading away

as consciousness returned to the physical plane.

Diane blinked rapidly, her senses recalibrating to the dimly lit home office. She sat up gingerly on the couch, wincing at the tender ache between her thighs. Gingerly removing the NeuroLink headset, she gasped at the state of her body.

Her silk nightgown was plastered to her curves, drenched in sweat. The crotch was soaked through, fused to her puffy, throbbing sex. Looking down, Diane realized with shock that she was sitting in a puddle of her own juices, the damning fluid seeping into the couch cushions.

"Oh my god," she breathed, marveling at the volume of liquid. Even though their coupling had occurred in the virtual realm, it seemed her body had responded to every intense orgasm, gushing out the phantom results of their extended fuck session.

Diane felt almost drunk on endorphins, her nerves still singing from the supernatural ecstasy Danny had wrung from her again and again. She knew she should be horrified by how completely she had succumbed to her base urges, rutting with her own son like a bitch in heat for hours on end. But all she could feel was sated bliss and an insatiable craving for more.

Glancing at the clock, she realized it was nearly 4am. She'd been mind-linked with Danny all night, abandoning her marital bed to engage in vivid virtual incest until the wee hours of the morning. What kind of debauched nympho was she turning into?

Diane knew she needed to clean up the extremely incriminating evidence of her depravity before her husband or other children awoke. On trembling legs, she peeled off her ruined nightgown and gingerly made her way to the hall bathroom.

Turning the shower on full blast, she stepped under the scalding spray, hissing as the water sluiced over her sensitized flesh. She was

still buzzing all over from Danny's phantom caresses, her engorged nipples and clit tender from the prolonged worship.

As she mechanically soaped her body, Diane marveled at the realistic intensity of the NeuroLink encounter. Every touch, every kiss, every mighty thrust of Danny's virtual cock had felt indistinguishable from actual penetration. Her pussy was swollen and tender as if she really had been pounded for hours.

Diane shuddered, recalling the exquisite sensation of Danny's cum flooding her so many times, seeding her unprotected womb again and again. In the throes of passion, she had begged him to impregnate her, to make her belly swell with their forbidden child.

Days later, Diane lay quivering on her marital bed, her face buried in the pillow to muffle her ecstatic moans as Danny's muscular body blanketed hers from behind. His hips pistoned with machine-like precision, driving his massive cock deep into her welcoming depths again and again.

"Take it Mom, take my seed," Danny grunted, punctuating each word with a powerful thrust. His heavy balls slapped obscenely against her engorged clit with every plunge, sending sparks of electric bliss firing through her nerves.

Diane pushed her plump ass back to meet his strokes, the lewd smack of sweaty flesh on flesh echoing in the room. Her butt cheeks rippled and her pussy squelched noisily around his pile-driving cock, sloppy and loose from the prolonged, vigorous fucking.

Danny had snuck into her bed the second his father left for work and siblings for school, pouncing on her dozing form like a ravenous beast. He had shredded her flimsy nightgown and mounted her from behind, splitting her open on his steely girth before she was even fully awake.

Not that Diane was complaining. She had quickly surrendered to the exquisite invasion, arching her back and spreading her thighs wantonly to give her horny son unfettered access to her body.

"Yes baby, breed Mommy!" she babbled, fingers clawing the sheets as the pressure built inexorably in her core. "Fill me up! Put our forbidden baby in my belly!"

Despite the surreal intensity of their psychic coupling through the NeuroLink, nothing compared to the raw, primal bliss of actual skin-on-skin mating. The solid heat of Danny's flesh, the musky scent of his sweat, the delicious stretch and drag of his cock plumbing her married depths - it was pure Nirvana.

Danny let loose an animalistic growl, increasing the force and tempo of his thrusts. Diane could feel his cock swelling impossibly larger inside her, the flared head battering her cervix like a ram. His strokes grew sloppy and arrhythmic, signaling his impending release.

"Gonna...ungh...pump you full," he panted harshly in her ear, teeth latching onto her shoulder. "Flood this pussy with cum...mmph...paint your fucking womb!"

Diane keened gutturally, her body seizing up as her climax crashed over her like a tidal wave. Every muscle locked tight and then convulsed wildly, her pussy clamping down on Danny's pile-driving cock like a silken vice. A geyser of girl cum spurted out around his sawing girth, soaking the sheets beneath them.

At the same time, in the quivering darkness of Diane's fertile depths, a very different but no less momentous union was taking place. One of Danny's tenacious sperm, propelled by his powerful orgasmic contractions, fought its way through the tightly clenched muscles of her cervix.

With single-minded determination coded into its DNA, the aggressive little swimmer navigated the complex maze of her fallopian tubes,

zeroing in on its target - the swollen, receptive egg that had dropped from Diane's ovary just hours before, primed and ready for fertilization.

In a microscopic explosion of chemical attraction, Danny's sperm penetrated the egg's outer membrane, fusing with it in an unstoppable spark of new life.

As Diane wailed and thrashed through the greatest climax of her life, her son's genetic material was weaving inextricably with her own, embarking on the miraculous process of cell division that would grow their forbidden love into an entire new human.

Above, Danny roared his own completion, slamming into Diane's rippling depths one final time. His cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged what felt like quarts of molten seed, flooding her unprotected womb in frothy waves.

Diane could feel his pulsing release painting her insides, the sheer volume of his emission making her already flat tummy swell. She undulated her hips, grinding her quivering sex against his erupting cock, milking him for every drop.

"Take it all," Danny grunted, fisting her hair and holding her in place as he spurted jet after thick jet into her fertile chalice. "Gonna make you so fucking pregnant, Mom. Breed you over and over till you're swollen with my babies."

Diane mewled deliriously, utterly blissed out on cock and the perverse thrill of her son potently seeding her married cunt. Any lingering shreds of guilt or propriety had been fucked into oblivion, drowned beneath the tide of illicit pleasure only Danny could give her.

"I'm yours," she slurred, pussy still fluttering and milking his embedded cock. "Your mommy breeding slut. Knock me up, baby.

Wanna be round with your cum, our secret baby. We'll fuck every day, keep me constantly full and pregnant."

Danny growled his approval, rolling them onto their sides without disengaging, spooning Diane's sweaty, spunk-drenched body against him possessively. His big hands roamed the lush landscape of her curves, cupping the heavy globes of her breasts, palming her quivering belly where even now, their forbidden child was beginning its journey from zygote to fetus.

The months passed in a haze of forbidden bliss for Diane and Danny as they continued their secret, passionate affair right under her oblivious husband's nose. At every opportunity - while he was at work, late at night, on weekends when the other kids were occupied - the incestuous lovers stole heated trysts, rutting like animals.

Diane's body blossomed with the new life growing inside her, her pregnant curves becoming more lush and exaggerated by the day. By the start of her second trimester, her already huge breasts had ballooned to ridiculous proportions, swelling with milk for her unborn child. The heavy globes strained against her shirts, nipples constantly erect and leaking. Her cleavage was so deep and vast, Danny loved burying his face between her giant, pillowy tits and motorboating them wildly.

Her belly grew round and taut, stretching far out in front of her, the skin thinning until her popped out navel and the dark line bisecting her midsection were clearly visible. When the doctor informed Diane she was carrying not one but two babies, twin boys, she and Danny shared a conspiratorial grin, perversely delighted by their virility.

Danny loved caressing and kissing her swollen tummy, crooning possessively to his unborn sons, "That's right, Daddy's here. You just keep growing big and strong in there, filling Mommy up."

The bigger Diane got, the hornier she became, her sensitive body constantly aroused. Her pussy was perpetually wet and swollen,

aching to be filled. She jumped Danny at every chance, rubbing her massive belly and leaking tits against him, begging to be mounted and bred over and over.

Danny was only too happy to oblige his pregnant mom. He bent her over the kitchen counters while his dad watched TV in the next room, plowing into her sloppy cunt hard and fast, gritting out filthy encouragement. "Milk my cock with that greedy hole. Gonna keep you barefoot and pregnant, Mom. Constantly knocked up with my seed."

Even when her belly grew so huge she could no longer see her own feet, they found creative positions to fuck in - Diane on her side or hands and knees, Danny taking her from behind, hands gripping her wide hips as he pile-drove into her. The bigger she got, the more Danny craved her, addicted to her ripe, fertility.

Diane and Danny continued their illicit affair behind closed doors, concocting more and more elaborate lies to steal private time together. Even as her belly grew massive with Danny's twin sons and her breasts swelled to obscene proportions, Diane's sexual appetite remained insatiable.

They snuck off to fuck at every opportunity. Danny bent her over the washing machine, plowing into her from behind as the vibrations stimulated her engorged clit. He fingered her to messy orgasms in the pantry while the family ate dinner in the next room, her pregnant belly bumping the shelves.

In the garage, Diane rode him in the backseat of the car, her gravid tummy and gigantic, milk-leaking tits bouncing lewdly.

Danny latched to her swollen teat, stretching the rubbery nub deep into his mouth until his lips nearly reached the fringes of her areola. Tit-honey burst from her mammary-ducts, pouring down his greedy throat as he pushed his face deep into the meat of her giant globular mound.

"Honey, why are you and Danny spending so much time alone together lately?" her husband asked one evening, brow furrowed. He knew of the growing craze of mom-son passion, but never in a million years did he think his loving wife and barely-legal son would be engaged in such taboo conduct.

"Oh, um, Danny is teaching me tai chi!" Diane lied glibly, rubbing her swollen belly. "It's supposed to be excellent for staying limber during pregnancy. But I get self-conscious doing the poses in front of anyone else."

Her husband nodded, easily accepting the fib. "Ah, that makes sense. I'm glad you two are finding hobbies to share."

Diane hid a wicked smirk, knowing the only "pose" she'd been holding for hours that day was bent over Danny's bed while her son reamed her pregnant pussy and filled her with yet another massive load.

As her due date approached, Diane waddled around the house in stretchy yoga pants and her husband's old button-down shirts, the only things that fit her enormous, hyper-fertile body now. Her gait had become a rolling, hip-swinging sashay, her heavy belly preceding her.

Danny watched her hungrily, permanently hard in his pants. He pounced every time they had a moment alone, pinning her against the nearest surface and sheathing his aching cock in her sloppy cunt.

"Getting...unf...so fucking big..." he grunted one afternoon as he took her from behind, hands gripping her absurdly wide hips as he slammed into her. "Gonna...ugh yeah...pop any day now..."

"Mmmh, yes!" Diane mewled, bracing her hands on the washing machine and pushing back into his hard thrusts. "Knock up your

mommy again as soon as these two are out! Wanna be...oooh fuck...constantly pregnant with your babies!"

"Fuuuuck," Danny groaned, emptying his balls into her fluttering depths at the thought, his release jetting against the crowning heads of his unborn sons.

Danny was utterly enraptured by his mother's hyper-fertile body. He couldn't keep his hands off her, fondling her massive tits and pregnant belly at every opportunity. The sight of her ripe curves, knowing he had planted his seed inside her, drove him wild with lust.

He took every chance to bend her over the nearest surface and mount her from behind, pounding into her juicy pregnant pussy. Diane was insatiable, her body perpetually aroused and aching to be filled by her virile son. She ground her massive ass back against him, begging to be bred over and over.

"That's it, fuck Mommy's pregnant cunt!" she would moan wantonly as he slammed into her. "Fill me up with more of your potent cum! Wanna be constantly knocked up with your babies!"

Danny would groan and oblige, pumping massive loads into her greedy hole, feeling his own sons nudge against his cockhead through the thin barrier of her cervix. The lewd depravity of it only made him harder, drove him to fuck her more savagely.

In the final days before her due date, Danny made a scandalous suggestion. "I've been thinking about that Taboo Cocoon place we saw advertised," he murmured to his mom conspiratorially one day, hands roaming her rounded curves. "What do you say we check it out before the twins arrive? One last hurrah while you're still pregnant?"

Diane bit her lip, heart racing at the naughty idea. She had overheard the other soccer moms raving about the erotic bonding pods, how it took the mother-son intimacy to a whole new level.

"I don't know, baby..." she hedged breathlessly, even as her pussy clenched with want. "Is it safe in my condition?"

"The pods are totally calibrated to support pregnant users," Danny assured her, nibbling her ear. "Think how amazing it will feel, our naked bodies floating weightlessly together, the gel enhancing every touch and sensation."

Diane shivered, resolve crumbling. The idea was just too wickedly tempting. "Okay," she agreed, voice husky. "Let's do it. I wanna give you an experience you'll never forget before I deliver our sons."

Danny grinned wolfishly, hands tightening on her hips. "Oh, it'll be unforgettable alright. I'm going to make such filthy love to you in that pod, Mom. Gonna make you scream."

On the day of their appointment at the Taboo Cocoon, Diane and Danny could barely contain their excitement and nervous anticipation. They concocted a flimsy excuse about a prenatal spa day and set off, pulses racing.

Stepping into the plush, dimly lit reception area was like entering another world - sensual ambient music played while erotic holographic art flickered on the walls, depicting artful scenes of nude couples entwined.

An attendant wearing a discreet chrome bodysuit greeted them warmly. "Welcome. You must be Diane and Danny. We have the deluxe bonding pod prepared for you."

She ushered them down a hushed hallway to a private suite. In the center of the room was the pod itself - a huge, opaque ovoid that looked like a cross between an egg and a spaceship. Soft bioluminescent light emitted from within, pulsing gently.

"Please disrobe fully and place your garments in the vaporizing unit," the attendant instructed before politely averting her gaze. "You may

enter the pod when the light turns green. The bonding cycle will initiate automatically and last for one hour. Enjoy your journey." With a final knowing smile, she exited.

Diane and Danny undressed with trembling fingers, stealing heated glances at each other's nude bodies. Diane felt hugely pregnant and awkward next to Danny's lean muscular form, but the raw lust in his gaze as he ogled her gravid curves quickly burned away any self-consciousness.

"God, you're a fucking fertility goddess," Danny rasped, watching her milk-laden tits wobble deliciously as he helped her waddle to the pod. The aperture dilated open, beckoning them into the gelatinous interior.

Diane shivered as she stepped over the lip, sinking into the warm, weightless suspension of the thick gel. It enveloped her sensitive body like a lover's caress, conforming to every curve and fold. Danny joined her, pulling her close as the aperture sealed shut with a hermetic hiss, cocooning them in the womblike pod.

A melodic chime sounded and the bioluminescence intensified to a throbbing glow. Diane gasped as the first tingle of heightened sensation shivered across her nerves, every inch of her skin blossoming to sensitivity. Suddenly, she was aware of the gel itself almost as another entity - a semi-sentient conduit amplifying and transmitting tactile information, like a liquid erogenous zone.

Danny groaned, the sound echoing in the close confines as he felt it too. His hands glided over Diane's slick curves, the thick gel transmitting the sensation, making it feel like he was caressing her everywhere at once. She undulated against him, the pod supporting her gravid weight effortlessly.

Diane felt every nerve ending ignite as Danny's hands roamed her slippery pregnant body, the gel amplifying each caress into pure ecstasy. His fingers traced reverently over the taut drum of her

massive belly, dipped into her aching navel, swirled around her hyper-sensitized nipples. Pleasure crackled across her skin like electricity.

She mewled into his mouth, arching wantonly, the gel supporting her gravid weight like amniotic fluid. Her own hands explored the sculpted planes of Danny's back and ass, relishing the flex of his muscles, the smooth glide of his young flesh.

Danny's rigid cock prodded urgently against the swooping underside of her big belly. Diane reached between them to stroke his slick length, shuddering at the heat and heft of him. He felt hugely engorged in her grip, pulsing with virile need.

"Please..." Diane keened breathlessly, guiding him to her weeping entrance. "I need you inside me. Need to feel you moving in our special place..."

Danny groaned harshly, notching his flared head into her folds, feeling her flanges lick his tender glans. With a slow, deliberate flex of his hips, he sheathed himself fully in her molten depths.

They both cried out at the intensity of his penetration, the liquid gel seeming to penetrate them too, connecting them on a cellular level. It felt like he was embedded in her very marrow, fused to her soul.

"Fuck...Mom..." Danny grunted, withdrawing until just the tip remained inside, then gliding back in with excruciating slowness. The drag of his thick length along her fluttering walls was indescribable, every sensitive nerve sparking. "You feel...unreal..."

Diane could only mewl incoherently, undulating her hips in languid counterpoint, letting him fill her again and again. The weightless environment allowed them to move with boneless grace, their bodies finding an easy primal rhythm as old as time.

Danny's cock plunged into her rippling channel in fluid strokes, stirring the gel inside her, making it lap at her quivering womb. His heavy balls, pulled up tight and bulging with seed, nudged against the engorged bud of her clit on every thrust, sending sizzling bolts of bliss shooting up her spine.

She clung to his flexing ass, urging him deeper, grinding the dense mound of her pubic bone against him. Her ankles locked at the small of his back, opening herself completely to his possession.

Her colossal breasts, leaking a steady stream of pearlescent milk, glided slickly against his chest as they rocked in sensual tandem.

Danny buried his face in the fragrant valley of her cleavage, motorboating her slippery mammaries. He captured one fat, elongated nipple in his mouth and suckled ravenously as warm sweet milk flooded his throat. He gulped her essence down greedily, relishing the intimate nectar. His tongue swirled around the fat nub, teasing out gush after gush.

"Yes baby, drink Mommy's milk," Diane encouraged breathlessly, holding his head to her breast. Ecstasy spiraled through her as he drained her heavy udders with ravenous pulls, sending zings of pleasure-pain straight to her throbbing clit.

The pod pulsed with bioluminescent light in time to their rocking bodies, seeming to sync with their rising pleasure. The gel around them thickened and warmed, rolling over their sensitive skin like a thousand questing tongues. It lapped at Diane's painfully erect nipples, tickled her straining clit, probed the tight pucker of her anus.

Danny groaned around his mouthful of tit as the semi-sentient liquid caressed his churning balls and stroked his pistoning cock, adding delicious friction. It felt like the pod was an extension of their bodies, heightening and echoing back every exquisite sensation.

"Oh god, oh fuck," Diane babbled, head thrashing mindlessly as Danny increased the force and tempo of his thrusts. His powerful boy-cock was anchored by straining muscles and tendons at its root, trapping the blood in his erectile chambers, making his cock seem like a hot steel rod plowing through his mom's birthing tunnel.

The bulbous head of his cock was butting rhythmically against her cervix, nudging the squirming bodies of their unborn sons. "Harder baby, fuck Mommy harder! Breed me, fill me up! I'm so close!"

Danny released her nipple with a wet pop, shifting his grip under her knees to spread her thighs wider, tilting her pelvis up. He snarled as he began to pound into her, their flesh smacking obscenely in the tight confines.

"Gonna...ugh...flood this pregnant pussy..." he grunted savagely. "Pump you so full of cum...make you fucking overflow...unngh yeah take it, take my seed!"

Diane screamed as her boy carved the cream right from her core and an orgasm slammed into her, every cell in her body igniting with rapture. Her cunt spasmed violently, milking Danny's cock for all she was worth.

The pod pulsed faster around them, the glow intensifying to a blinding crescendo, the gel seeming to vibrate with their shared ecstasy.

At the same moment, Danny bellowed like a rutting beast, slamming into her one last time. His cock kicked and swelled as he unleashed a torrent of molten seed directly into her rippling womb. Diane could feel his potent essence bathing her quivering walls, flooding her already-occupied womb to overflowing.

Danny and Diane clung to each other as the pod shivered with the aftershocks of their cosmic climax, their sweaty bodies still joined,

Danny's cock pulsing weakly inside her. Pearlescent cum seeped out around his softening shaft, mingling with the translucent gel.

Diane panted harshly, her mind reeling as she tried to process the staggering force of her release. It had felt like every pleasure center in her brain detonated at once, a full-body rapture more intense than anything she'd ever experienced. For a blinding, transcendent instant, the boundaries between her and Danny had dissolved completely - they were one ecstatic consciousness, all barriers stripped away.

"Baby..." she breathed, voice hitching with emotion. Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes. "That was..."

"I know," Danny rasped, equally shaken. He cupped her face tenderly, thumbing away her tears. "I felt it too. Like our souls merged."

Diane nodded, swallowing around the lump in her throat. Something profound had shifted between them in the throes of their passion, the taboo nature of their bond transmuting into something sacred and beautiful. She felt cracked open, stripped bare, but also deeply cherished and understood.

Danny captured her lips in a soft, reverent kiss, pouring all his love and devotion into the contact. Diane melted into him, surrendering completely. They floated contentedly in the warm embrace of the pod, still intimately connected, savoring the afterglow.

Some indeterminate time later, the bioluminescent glow gradually faded and a chime sounded, signaling the end of the bonding session. The aperture dilated open with a gentle hiss of hydraulics. Reality seeped back in.

Reluctantly, Danny and Diane disentangled their twined limbs and slipped out of the pod, the cool air prickling their gel-slicked skin.

Diane shivered at the loss of connection, feeling strangely bereft without Danny inside her. She cradled her huge belly protectively.

Attendants materialized to usher them into separate cleansing rooms equipped with high-tech decontamination showers and heated vaporizing units for drying off.

Still dazed from the intensity of their experience, Diane stood under the warm spray in a kind of fugue state, watching the shimmery residue of the bonding gel (and Danny's cum) sluice off her gravid body and swirl down the drain.

She rubbed her fetus-swollen tummy absently, marveling at how it had expanded even further with the massive load Danny had pumped into her. The skin was stretched drum-tight, veins spiderwebbing the surface. Her popped navel protruded obscenely and she could feel the twins squirming and kicking, agitated by their father's invading semen.

Two days after their transcendent bonding experience at the Taboo Cocoon, Diane went into labor. Her water broke in a gush as she was waddling to the kitchen, and powerful contractions seized her entire midsection.

"It's time!" she gasped out to her shocked family, clutching her massive belly. "The babies are coming!"

Danny and his father sprang into action, grabbing the pre-packed hospital bags and ushering Diane carefully to the hover-car. She panted and groaned through the intensifying contractions, her pregnant body working hard to expel the twin lives from her straining womb.

At the hospital, Diane was whisked into the delivery room, her husband by her side coaching her as she pushed and strained. Danny waited anxiously outside, heart in his throat, knowing his

sons were about to enter the world. After several intense hours, a baby's indignant wail pierced the air, followed shortly by another.

"Congratulations!" the doctor declared. "You have two healthy baby boys!"

Diane sobbed with relief and exhaustion as the squalling infants were placed on her chest, their little bodies still smeared with blood and vernix. She marveled at their red, scrunched up faces, their shock of dark hair so like Danny's. A profound love expanded in her chest, fiercer than anything she'd ever felt.

Her husband wept openly next to her, overcome with pride and joy. "Oh honey, look what we made! They're absolutely perfect!" He peppered her sweaty face with kisses. "I'm so proud of you. My beautiful, amazing wife."

Diane's throat closed with secret guilt even as she basked in the afterglow of the birth, knowing the babies in her arms had actually been fathered by her teenage son. She sent up a silent prayer of gratitude that the twins bore enough of a resemblance to her husband that his paternity wouldn't be questioned.

When Danny was finally allowed into the room to meet his new brothers, his eyes instantly welled up at the sight of the tiny bundles nestled in his mother's arms. His sons. His heart seized with a fierce protectiveness and affection he'd never imagined possible. In that moment, he knew he would die for them, kill for them. Anything to keep his new family safe.

Diane met his misty gaze, her own eyes telegraphing the magnitude of her emotions. The secret knowledge of their true connection to the babies lay thick and profound between them, binding them together irrevocably.

In the days that followed, as Diane recovered from the birth at home and learned to juggle two newborns, her husband remained

oblivious to the new dynamics quietly taking shape in his household. He was thrilled to welcome the new additions, doting on the twins and marveling at how much they already took after Diane's side of the family.

He also noticed a new ring glittering on Diane's finger in place of her usual wedding band - an elegant platinum band set with a huge, sparkling emerald-cut diamond. "Honey, where did you get that stunning ring?" he asked one evening as they readied the twins for bed. "I don't remember your wedding ring having such a large stone."

Diane's heart stuttered, but she kept her face carefully neutral as she finished snapping the sleeper on one wriggling baby. "Oh this? It's just a push present I bought myself," she lied smoothly. "You know, a little gift to celebrate my body's amazing accomplishment. Every mom deserves something special after nine months of pregnancy and labor, don't you think?"

Her husband chuckled indulgently, bussing her cheek. "Well, you've certainly earned it, my love. Birthing not one but two strapping boys! I'm in awe of you. Wear it in good health."

Diane plastered on a bright smile, internally sighing with relief that he'd bought the fib. If only he knew the real significance of the ring - that it was an engagement band, a tangible symbol of the promise she'd made to Danny. A promise to love and cherish him always, to build a life and family together in secret.

Just the day prior, while her oblivious husband was at work, Danny had stunned Diane by dropping to one knee and pulling out the velvet ring box.

Tears had streamed down her face as he slid the ring onto her finger and declared his eternal devotion. "You're my soulmate, Mom," he'd vowed fervently. "The mother of my children. My past, my present, my future. Please say you'll be mine forever."

"Yes," Diane had sobbed joyously, flinging her arms around him. "A thousand times yes! I'm yours completely, baby. For always."

They'd sealed their forbidden betrothal with a passionate kiss and a hot fuck, pouring all their love into the nearly two-hour rut. Diane's heart had felt so full it ached, swelling with secret bliss.

Now, as she gazed down at her ill-gotten diamond, watching it sparkle in the nursery's soft light, Diane knew she should feel wracked with guilt for deceiving her husband so thoroughly. Her infidelity had reached new heights of treachery, accepting Danny's proposal while still married to his father.

But all she could feel was a bone-deep rightness, an unshakable conviction that she and Danny were meant to be together. He was her destiny, her bashert. The father of her children in all the ways that mattered.

As if sensing her thoughts, Danny appeared in the nursery doorway, shooting Diane a private, heated look as he crossed to peer at their sleeping sons.

The boy caught Diane's eye and motioned subtly towards the door with a tilt of his head. She nodded imperceptibly, heart rate kicking up. They had already informed her husband earlier that they would be going out for a bit to run some errands. He had agreed easily, happy to watch the twins for a few hours.

But the new parents had a far more scandalous destination in mind than the grocery store. Danny's friend Jasper had invited them to a clandestine gathering that evening - a neighborhood sex party specifically for mother-son couples. Jasper's busty blonde mother was hosting the taboo event at their house.

Diane's pussy clenched and flooded at the thought of the debauched festivities to come. The idea of openly fucking Danny in front of

other incestuous lovers, of watching them rut with wild abandon, made her dizzy with illicit anticipation.

They quickly got the twins settled and said their goodbyes to her unsuspecting husband. Diane's body was already thrumming with need as they walked to the hover-car, her nipples straining against her blouse, her panties soaked through. She had to resist the urge to jump Danny right there in the driveway.

The short fly to Jasper's house passed in a haze of erotic tension, the air crackling with unspoken desires. Danny kept casting Diane smoldering glances, his hand creeping up her thigh to edge beneath the hem of her sundress. She parted her legs wantonly, panting as he brushed his fingers over the damp lace shielding her aching sex.

They arrived at the upscale suburban home, which looked totally innocuous from the outside. But when Jasper answered the door, the lewd sounds of ecstatic copulation poured out from inside. Feminine wails and masculine grunts, the rhythmic slap of naked flesh, the sloppy squelch of vigorous fucking.

"Hey guys, so glad you could make it!" Jasper greeted them with a knowing grin. Diane couldn't help but notice the impressive tent in his pants and the lurid hickies peppering his neck. "The party's in full swing."

Jasper led them down the hall towards the master bedroom, the crude symphony of sex growing louder. Diane's heart pounded wildly as they crossed the threshold into a scene straight out of a porno.

A massive, king-sized bed dominated the space, a writhing tangle of naked limbs and undulating bodies atop it. Everywhere Diane looked, she saw hot young sons vigorously fucking their wanton mothers.

Jasper's buxom mother Heather knelt in the center of the bed, her massive breasts swaying pendulously as she beckoned to Danny and

Diane. "Welcome, you two! Don't be shy, come join the fun!" She had to raise her voice to be heard over the DJ's thumping beats and the wanton moans of the fornicating couples.

Diane swallowed hard, taking in the sea of lewdly entwined naked bodies. Everywhere she looked, she saw handsome young sons vigorously fucking their hot moms, and many were mothers she recognized .

On one side of the bed, a strapping blond jock pile-drove into his brunette MILF mother from behind, huge hands gripping her meaty hips as he slammed into her. "Take it Mom, take my big cock!" he grunted.

The MILF pushed back to meet his thrusts, her giant tits swinging and jiggling. "Yes baby, pound Mommy's cunt!" she wailed. "Harder! Ruin me with that fat dick!" Their sweaty flesh slapped together obscenely.

Another mother-son pair was arranged in a 69, the MILF deep-throating her boy's impressive cock while he ate her neatly-trimmed pussy, his face glazed with her juices. "Mmmph, fuck, your mouth, so good, Mom!" the son groaned around his mouthful of cunt. "Gonna nut right down your throat!"

His mother responded by taking him to the root, nose buried in his pubes as she slurped and gagged on his thickness. Her head bobbed frantically between his spread thighs.

Jasper had already shucked his clothes and climbed onto the bed to join his mother. "C'mon on, guys, don't be wallflowers!" he called to Danny and Diane as he lined his rock-hard cock up with Heather's dripping slit from behind. "Plenty of room for everyone!" With that, he gripped his mom's ripe hips and plunged into her, grunting as her wet heat swallowed him whole.

Danny turned to Diane, eyes blazing with lust. "You heard him, Mom. Let's show these amateurs how it's done."

Diane's whole body flushed with arousal at his words, her pussy clenching hungrily. With trembling fingers, she stripped off her sundress, baring her ripe post-pregnancy curves to her son's avid gaze. Her huge, milk-swollen breasts spilled free, jutting proudly, the fat nipples already beading with cream. Stretch marks from carrying Danny's twins mapped her rounded tummy and wide hips.

"Fuck, so sexy," Danny groaned, shucking his own clothes hastily. His cock sprang out, thick and ruddy and already weeping at the tip.

Danny pulled Diane into a searing kiss, his tongue plundering her mouth as his hands roamed her lush curves greedily. Diane melted into him, moaning as he palmed her heavy breasts, thumbing the leaking nipples.

Breaking the kiss, the teen led his mom to the bed and they climbed on, finding an open spot amidst the fornicating couples. The naked MILF DJ grinned at them as she spun a sensual, bass-heavy tune. "Alright, all you hot moms," she purred into her mic. "Let's see you climb on those young steeds and rock those fucking birthing hips!"

On the DJ's cue, the moms cheered and the couples rearranged themselves into the scandalous position - sons flat on their backs with raging erections pointed skyward, mothers straddling them reverse cowgirl.

Diane felt a heady rush as she assumed the pose over Danny, reaching between her legs to grip his thick cock and notch the swollen head at her entrance.

Around them, the other busty MILFs were doing the same, sinking down onto their sons' straining poles with wanton moans. The wet, obscene sounds of penetration filled the room as pussy after hungry pussy swallowed cock to the root.

"Fuuuuck," Danny groaned as Diane's slick heat engulfed him, her massive ass and thighs jiggling as she hilted herself on his thickness. "Love your tight cunt, Mom. Gonna wreck you on this dick."

Diane mewled, tilting forward to brace her hands on his quads, tits swinging. She began to bounce on him in earnest, finding a rhythm with the DJ's dirty beats. All around her, the other MILFs were riding their sons' cocks with wild abandon, their massive jugs slapping lewdly.

The bass throbbed through the floorboards as the DJ worked her decks, spinning a raunchy club mix. "That's it, bounce those big mommy asses on those thick junior cocks!" she encouraged into the mic. "Milk those cum tanks dry, ladies!"

Diane lost herself in the filthy tableau, overwhelmed by sensation - Danny's steely hardness sawing in and out of her, the slap of her ass against his groin,

the squelch of her drooling cunt, the chorus of grunts and moans filling the room.

Jasper's mom Heather was riding her son reverse cowgirl right next to Diane, her huge creamy ass rippling with each slam of her hips. "Oooh baby, you're so deep in Mommy!" she keened. "Fuck me, breed me hard! I need your cum!"

Jasper pistoned up into her, powerful thighs flexing. "Shit yeah, Mom, gonna hose your cunt!" he snarled.

Danny and Jasper shared a conspiratorial grin over their mothers' shoulders, taking in the incredible view. Everywhere they looked were huge, gravity-defying tits bouncing wildly, the nipples engorged and leaking. Massive, creamy bubble butts jiggled and rippled hypnotically as the MILFs rode their sons' cocks with wanton abandon.

Several of the mothers were visibly pregnant, their swollen bellies preceding them as they fucked. One particularly buxom blonde was massively round with child, looking ready to pop at any moment. But that didn't slow her down one bit as she impaled herself on her son's veiny shaft, moaning like a whore.

"Ungh, fuck, your pregnant pussy feels so good squeezing my cock, Mom!" her son grunted, gripping her wide hips as she ground herself on him. "Can't wait to keep you knocked up, constantly full of my seed!"

The expecting MILF tossed her head back in ecstasy, tits wobbling. "Yes! I'm your personal breeding cow, baby! Pump me full over and over!"

Danny groaned at the raunchy exchange, his cock swelling even thicker inside Diane's hot passage. "Shit that's hot," he panted. "Love watching you take my cock, Mom. Fucking own this cunt."

Diane whimpered, undulating her wide ass back against him, relishing the feel of his bulky cockhead kissing her cervix on every thrust. Her pussy was making the most obscene squelching noises as he plundered her, drooling liberally around his girth, frothing their juices.

On Danny's other side, a statuesque black MILF was bouncing feverishly atop her son's huge chocolate cock, her inky hair wild about her face. "Oooh baby, stuff Mama full of that big black meat!" she wailed. "Wreck my shit!"

Her son arched beneath her, dark skin gleaming with sweat. "Take this dick," he growled. "Milk me with that tight cunt, Ma! Ungh, yeah!"

The naked DJ surveyed the sea of writhing bodies, the air thick with the musk of sex. "Marvelous form, lovers!" she praised. "Now let's

see some cum! Paint those mommy pussies white, boys! Fill those mature wombs to the brim!"

"Give me your seed, baby!" Heather begged Jasper. "I need it so bad! Knock me up again!"

Jasper pistoned into her, balls slapping her taint. "Fuck, gonna cum!" he roared as his cock erupted, hosing his mother's spasming cunt with huge spurts of semen.

Danny roared as his orgasm overtook him, slamming up into Diane's rippling depths one final time. His cock jerked and pulsed as it disgorged a huge load directly into her womb, the thick ropes of cum splashing her inner walls. "Fuck yes, take my seed!" he growled, grinding against her cervix. "Milk it all out!"

Diane wailed as she came on his erupting cock, her pussy clamping down and milking him for all he was worth. Ecstasy crashed through her as she felt her son's potent semen flooding her unprotected depths, seeding her ripe body.

All around them, the other sons were climaxing inside their mothers' hot passages, bellowing their rapture. Jasper gripped his mom's meaty hips, holding her in place as he emptied his balls into her, painting her womb white.

The pregnant blonde bounced in abandon atop her son, gasping as he pumped what had to be a gallon of spunk into her already-occupied belly.

"Fuuuuck!" the black stud grunted, cock pulsing as he hosed his mama's tight cunt with jet after thick jet of cum. Her massive cocoa ass jiggled as she ground herself back on him, wringing out every drop.

For a long moment, the only sounds were heavy breathing and the obscene squelch of cum-flooded pussies still lazily fucking, slick with

seed.

Diane collapsed back against Danny's sweaty chest, shuddering with aftershocks. She could feel his release seeping out around his semi-hard cock, their combined juices pooling on the sheets.

The naked DJ spoke into the mic, her voice husky. "Goddamn, that was hot as fuck! You mother fuckers really know how to breed!" She grinned lasciviously at the sweaty, panting couples. "But we're just getting started. Time to fuck like the wild animals you are! Sons, throw your mommas on their backs and rut into them like the beasts in heat you are!"

Diane yelped as her son suddenly flipped her onto her back, never pulling out. He loomed over her, green eyes blazing with feral lust. Grabbing her thick thighs, he pressed them back towards her shoulders, folding her nearly in half, her dripping cunt completely exposed to his hungry gaze.

"Gonna ruin this pussy," he rumbled before crashing his mouth to hers in a brutal kiss. Then he drew his hips back and slammed home, crushing her open and vulnerable beneath him.

Diane shrieked into his mouth as he set a punishing pace, fucking into her like a jackhammer, like a wild animal possessed. The bed shook with the force of his thrusts, the headboard slamming the wall.

All around them, the other sons mounted their mothers in the primal mating press position, muscular bodies pinning soft feminine curves. The slap of flesh and ecstatic cries grew louder and more frenzied as the incestuous couples rutted with wild abandon.

Danny hammered into Diane's upturned pussy, glutes flexing powerfully as he split her open again and again on his thick cock. The angle allowed him to penetrate impossibly deep, his heavy balls smacking her ass with every savage thrust.

"Take it Mom, take your son's cock!" he snarled, gripping her folded thighs hard enough to bruise. "This cunt belongs to me!"

Diane could only keen mindlessly, surrendering utterly to his brutal possession. She was delirious with the carnal bliss of being pinned and ravaged by her virile son, his weight and heat blanketing her trembling body.

Beside them, Jasper was pile-driving into his mother Heather, their bodies rocking violently as he pounded her. "Gonna fuck you pregnant, Mom!" he grunted, huge hands mauling her giant tits as they jiggled. "Pump my kids into this belly!"

"Yes, yes, breed me!" Heather wailed, eyes rolling back in her head. "I'm your fertile fuck cow! Ahhh!" Her massive udders sprayed milk with every body-jarring impact of Jasper's hips.

The massively pregnant blonde MILF was getting absolutely destroyed by her son's jackhammering cock, her swollen stomach heaving between them. "Oooh fuck, you're so deep in Mommy's pussy!" she babbled. "Stirring up your babies in there! Gonna make me pop!"

Her son groaned savagely, pistoning into her gravid cunt with a manic intensity. "Shit yeah, gonna fuck these kids outta you, then put more in you," he panted. "Keep you pregnant and dripping with my seed!"

Diane lost herself in the depravity, in the exquisite submission of being taken so brutally by her own son amidst the orgy of incestuous couples. Nothing existed but Danny's thick cock splitting her open, his teenage virility, his utter domination of her body.

She could feel another huge orgasm building, her engorged clit grinding against Danny's pelvis with every punishing drive of his hips. Her cunt squelched obscenely, gushing around his plundering shaft, sloppy with his cum and her arousal.

"Gonna...ungh...fucking... knock you up again!" Danny punctuated each word with a savage thrust. "Breed you over and over...ahh fuck... till you're too old to have my babies!"

Soon the bedroom erupted into a deafening chorus of climaxing mothers as orgasms ripped through their sweat-slicked bodies in unison. Voluptuous flesh jiggled and bounced violently as the women thrashed beneath their pile-driving sons, completely consumed by the overwhelming pleasure.

"AHHH FUCK, I'M CUMMMING!" Diane shrieked, back arching almost painfully as her release detonated deep in her core. Her cunt spasmed wildly around Danny's pistoning cock, rippling along his length, trying to milk him. Juices gushed out around his hammering girth, splashing their sweat-drenched skin.

Beside them, Heather let out a guttural wail as she succumbed to her own shattering climax. "OHHH GODDDD YESSS! BREED MOMMY'S CUNT!" Her massive tits heaved and bounced, spraying milk everywhere as Jasper fucked her through her orgasm. Ropes of the creamy liquid painted his chest and face as he rutted into her wildly.

The heavily pregnant blonde came with a breathy scream, her massively swollen belly quivering between her and her son as he pounded her ruthlessly. "UNNNGH FUCK, KNOCK UP YOUR PREGNANT MOMMA!" Clear fem-cum squirted from her stretched pink hole with the force of a geyser, hosing her son's pistoning abs and groin, soaking the bed.

All around the room, the other busty MILF moms were shuddering and thrashing through intense orgasms, their giant tits rippling like fleshy earthquakes. Ecstatic cries and the filthy wet sounds of pussies gushing filled the sex-scented air.

The stench of cum, sweat and breastmilk was overpowering as the sons fucked their mothers through the toe-curling peaks. Brawny

male bodies slammed into soft, abundant female curves with a ferocity bordering on violence, determined to wring every last tremor of pleasure from their climaxing mothers.

Diane clutched at Danny's flexing ass, nails scoring his pumping glutes as she sobbed and convulsed helplessly through the devastating waves of rapture crashing over her.

Her clit pulsed almost painfully as it ground against his pubic bone, extending her release. Gouts of milky tit-juice sprayed from her huge, bouncing jugs, painting Danny's face and chest.

"Mmmph, fuck YEAH!" Danny growled, licking her breastmilk from his lips as he pistoned into her quivering sheath frantically. "Milk my cock, Mom! Gonna fill this pussy up again! Unghhh...here it...fucking...COMES!!"

With a bellow of pure male triumph, Danny slammed into Diane's upturned pussy one final time, crushing her cervix with his swollen cockhead. His shaft pulsed and jerked violently as he exploded, sending torrential jets of hot, viscous seed spurting directly into her welcoming womb.

Inside the tight, quivering confines of Diane's vagina, the spongy head of Danny's ejaculating penis was engulfed by her soft, yielding cervix. The little os had fluttered open like a hungry mouth, utterly submitting to its incestuous invader.

As Danny's thick cum-vein pulsed and throbbed, pumping out load after heavy load, veritable rivers of potent semen gushed from his dilated slit. The gooey ropes sprayed Diane's rippling vaginal walls, splattering her buttery inner flesh with pearly spunk.

Diane's vaginal muscles spasmed wildly, constricting and rippling along Danny's erupting length. Her muscular canal undulated like a fist milking his cock, wringing out every drop of his massive

emission. Her slick inner ridges fluttered and squeezed, massaging his throbbing shaft from base to tip.

Danny's cockhead flared impossibly wider, turning spongy and overly sensitized as it disgorged its heavy load. The bulbous glans pulsed rhythmically, kiss-suctioned to Diane's grasping cervical os, fusing their flesh as one. Scalding jizz geysered from his dilated slit, painting her cervical crypts, pressure-hosing her womb.

At the same time, Diane's pussy convulsed hard, the little bundle of nerves at the apex of her slit sparking with blinding pleasure. Clear ejaculate

gushed from her urethra, mingling with Danny's cloudy semen, frothing their combined fluids to a creamy lather.

Her cunt gushed around his pulsing shaft, sluicing his balls and groin with her cum-fluids, further lubricating the slick slide of his pistoning cock. Her juices flowed hot and fast, rivulets running down the crack of her ass, soaking the sheets beneath them.

Diane's womb fluttered and twitched as it was flooded with her son's hyper-fertile seed, millions of his robust swimmers surging into her unprotected depths. Her recently post-partum uterus, still soft and vascular, welcomed his potent cum, greedy for another pregnancy.

Danny groaned savagely as he emptied his heavy balls into his mother's spasming pussy, his cock pulsing over and over, pumping her full to overflowing. He could feel her womb bloating with his sperm, her flat belly swelling with his virile load.

As the final shuddering tremors of ecstasy faded, the mothers and sons collapsed into a sweaty, satiated tangle of flesh on the rumpled bed, their limbs entwined.

Heaving chests pressed together, racing pulses gradually slowing. The air was thick with the musk of sex - cum, pussy juices, sweat

and breastmilk mingling into a potent, dizzying perfume.

Danny and Diane lay in a blissful stupor, his softening cock still buried in her flooded pussy, their bodies sheened with the evidence of their depraved coupling. Diane's huge, milk-drenched tits pillowed Danny's head as he panted into her neck, recovering his breath.

On the bed around them, the other incestuous couples were sprawled in similar states of exhausted rapture. Jasper lay between his mom Heather's splayed thighs, his muscular back rising and falling with each heaving breath.

Heather idly stroked his damp hair, a dreamy smile on her face, heedless of the copious jizz oozing out of her well-fucked cunt.

The pregnant blonde rested her hands atop her massive baby bump, marveling at how it had swelled even more with the sheer volume of cum her son had pumped into her. His softening cock slipped out of her stretched hole with a wet plop, followed by a veritable gush of semen that pooled on the sheets.

The black MILF lay boneless beneath her hulking son, quivering with aftershocks as he lazily thrust into her cum-sloppy pussy, stirring their combined fluids. Her inky skin glistened with perspiration, glowing in the aftermath of her mind-bending orgasms.

Gradually, murmured words of praise and awe started rising from the sated lovers as they basked in the afterglow, hands languidly exploring slick flesh.

"God Mom, that was incredible," Danny mumbled against Diane's neck, nuzzling her sweaty skin. "Love fucking you so much. Love filling this pussy with my cum."

Diane hummed in sated agreement, clenching her vaginal walls around his semi-hard cock, relishing the squishy wet feel of his seed

sloshing inside her. "Mmmm, me too baby. I'm addicted to your cock, to making love with you. You've ruined me for your father."

Beside them, Jasper lifted his head from between his mom's giant, milk-leaking tits, shooting Danny a blissed out grin. "Dude...is this not the best fucking thing ever? Fucking our own moms?"

Danny grinned back wolfishly, giving Diane's plump ass an emphatic squeeze. "Fuck yeah bro. Incest is definitely best."

THE END

203: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine - SUPERSIZED-Part1

Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine - SUPERSIZED

By Klrxo

"Fuck me, Phil!" Lori's pretty voice was a desperate plea as she and her husband Phil tangled passionately beneath the blankets, their bodies entwined in a heated dance. "I need you," she whispered, her voice trembling with urgency.

"I'm trying, hon," Phil replied, his voice strained with effort as his cock remained soft.

Lori's bare foot emerged from the cocoon of blankets, her silky leg wrapping around Phil with a fervent grip. "Oh my God, please, Phil. I need it," she implored, her voice thick with desire.

"Lori, I'm trying, I really am," Phil insisted, frustration underlying his tone.

"Let me try sucking on it," she suggested, her desperation palpable.

"That doesn't work," Phil replied, a hint of defeat in his voice.

"Let me try; it might this time," she insisted, determination fueling her words.

Her giant boobies swung across her ribcage as she maneuvered to her knees, clutched her husband by the nuts and lifting his limp member towards her parted, bee-stung lips.

Suddenly, Lori's cell phone erupted with a piercing ringtone. They both froze, recognizing the sound. "It's Alex," Lori stated, a note of alarm threading her voice.

"Just call him back," Phil urged, trying to maintain their momentum.

"He should be playing in the game right now. Something's wrong." The urgency in her voice broke through the haze of their passion as the blonde bombshell disentangled herself and reached for her phone.

"Alex?" she answered, her heart pounding with dread.

"Mom, hi," her son's voice crackled over the speaker phone, a hint of urgency in his tone.

"Is everything alright? Did they cancel the game?" Lori's voice was laced with anxiety.

"No, it's worse. We had to take the rapid test before the game and... I tested positive. I have COVID," he confessed, his voice dropping as if the words themselves were a burden.

"Oh my God, Alex, how could this happen?" Lori's heart clenched, her mind racing as she tried to grasp the gravity of the situation. Her golden hair framed a face reminiscent of Elizabeth Banks, though her friends often remarked she had a bit more substance, in all the right places.

"Probably from one of my friends. Two other guys on the team tested positive too," he replied, his voice tinged with frustration and disbelief.

By now, Phil had thrown off the blanket, his eyes wide with concern. "Have you shown any symptoms? Are you feeling ill at all?" he pressed, his voice a mix of worry and urgency.

"No, that's the crazy part. I feel perfectly fine," Alex said, the irony not lost on him. "I wouldn't have known if the coach hadn't insisted on the tests."

"What are we supposed to do now? Did you talk to Dr. Matson?" Lori's voice wavered, her concern palpable.

"Yeah, he said I need to quarantine for two weeks. I can't risk coming home; I don't wanna get anyone sick," Alex said, his determination clear even through the phone.

"Alex, this is your home. Daniel wouldn't mind if you stayed in his basement room. You'd be isolated down there," Lori offered, her voice a mix of insistence and maternal instinct.

"Why don't I just go to the cabin for a couple weeks? There's still plenty of food there, right?" Alex suggested, his voice steady. "Then I wouldn't have to worry about exposing anyone else."

His mother glared fiercely. "Absolutely not! There's no way you're spending two weeks alone in that freezing cabin," she snapped.

"I can handle it, Mom. I know how to build fires, and there's enough wood up there to burn for a year. Trust me, my hands still bear the calluses from chopping it with Dad."

"Alex, I refuse to let you isolate yourself up there for two weeks. It'll be downright miserable," Lori insisted.

"Mom, I'll manage. I've got food and Netflix... what else does a guy need?"

"Human contact," Lori shot back. "And don't forget, there's no internet up there. The cell signal's almost nonexistent. How do you expect to use Netflix?"

"I'll download everything I need before heading up. Seriously, Mom, I'll be fine. I'll call you as soon as I reach the cabin, okay?"

"If you need anything, let us know right away, son," Phil urged.

"And be careful on the road," Lori added, her voice tinged with worry.

"I will. Love you both," Alex replied, hanging up.

Lori turned to her husband, her face pale with concern. "This is terrible," she murmured.

"I had a feeling something like this might happen. The school's bound to reconsider the winter sports program now," Phil replied.

"Oh Phil, the thought of him being alone for two weeks is unbearable," Lori said.

Phil chuckled, trying to lighten the mood. "Come on, honey. Two weeks in a snug cabin, away from everything? I'd swap places with him in a heartbeat."

"But what if he falls seriously ill? The cell service is practically non-existent. What if he needs us and can't reach us?"

"Then he'll drive down and make a call. We do it all the time when we're up there," Phil asserted, his voice tinged with casualness.

"No, this is different, Phil. He has a deadly virus. Of all the times he shouldn't be alone, it's now. I'm going up there," she declared, throwing off the covers and climbing out of bed with determination etched into every movement.

"You're joking, right? You're gonna expose yourself to this thing? Honey, come on, it's unnecessary," Phil protested, his voice rising in disbelief.

He took a moment to admire his wife's voluptuous form, from the slope of her giant tits to the rounded, protuberant shelf of her naked bubble butt. The fact that he couldn't get his dick hard enough to fuck his beauty-queen of a wife absolutely killed him.

"I don't care if I get COVID. I'm not an old woman," Lori retorted fiercely, her eyes blazing with resolve. "I'm healthy. I don't have any medical conditions that put me at risk."

"Ok, but why take that risk if you don't have to?" Phil implored, desperation creeping into his tone.

Lori's face was a storm of worry and frustration. "I do have to. I have to take that risk. My son needs me. If that sounds corny, I'm sorry. I'm going up to quarantine with him," she insisted, her voice unyielding.

With a sense of urgency, Lori packed her suitcase, methodically including some of Alex's belongings. After swiftly arranging care for her younger children, the determined blonde mother kissed her husband goodbye, her heart pounding as she embarked on the two-hour drive to their secluded mountain cottage.

Alex was startled as headlights pierced through the night, illuminating the driveway. His astonishment deepened when he recognized his mother's white jeep pulling up.

He rushed onto the porch, his breath visible in the cold air, and watched her emerge from the vehicle, bundled tightly in her formidable winter coat. "Mom, what are you doing? You can't be here," he exclaimed, his voice a mixture of shock and concern.

"You're not spending two weeks up here by yourself," she declared, her voice a fierce promise echoing through the crisp night air.

"Mom, seriously, I'll be fine. Please, don't come any closer. I can't risk you getting sick."

"If I get sick, then so be it. I'm your mother, and we're facing this together," Lori declared fiercely, the swell of her pillowy boobies shuddering with each step as she strode onto the porch with determination in her eyes.

"At least let me grab a mask. We can stay six feet apart," Alex pleaded, retreating toward the door.

But Lori was relentless, grabbing his sweatshirt with fierce resolve and pulling him into an unyielding embrace. "Absolutely not. I refuse to keep my distance from you for the next two weeks."

Alex chuckled, a mix of disbelief and warmth washing over him as her gigantic tits enveloped him, even through her thick winter coat. "This is the complete opposite of social distancing," he remarked.

Lori seized the collar of his sweatshirt, yanking him down to meet her unwavering gaze. "To hell with social distancing," she declared, before showering him with a barrage of fervent kisses. "Muah, muah, muah, mmmuah!"

"Good grief, Mom," he laughed, caught between amusement and affection.

She released him with a triumphant grin. "Well, now there's a pretty good chance you've just shared your COVID with your mother. So la-di-da," she said nonchalantly.

"You're insane, you know that."

"I'm not insane; I'm freezing. Can we please go inside now?" she asked, her playful smile daring him to defy her.

Alex trailed behind his mom, watching her undulating ass as she headed straight for the cramped kitchen.

"It took me forever to get it warmed up in here," he said with an edge of frustration.

"Feels divine in here now. I'm gonna make some hot tea. Want some?"

"No, I'm good," he replied, trying to mask his irritation.

Lori set the kettle on the burner, then peeled off her jacket and scarf, revealing the stretch of her thin cotton pullover sweater over her ample chest. "I brought you some clothes. You'll just have to be a sweetheart and haul my suitcase in for me."

"Oh awesome," Alex replied with sarcastic relief. "Thought I was stuck with the same two outfits the whole time."

"Oh, and I, uh, brought something else I thought you might want with you," she said, her voice teasingly cryptic.

"Let me guess, my PS4?" Alex asked, his hope barely veiled by his joking tone.

"No, nothing like that."

"Damn," he muttered, disappointment etched into every syllable.

"This is actually something I stumbled upon last week, in your room."

"Stumbled upon?" Alex echoed, tension creeping into his voice.

"Just so you know, I wasn't snooping. I was dusting and rearranging some of your magazines and, well, they kind of fell out of one."

Alex's heart plummeted as he stared at his mom, horror etched across his features. He knew exactly what secret she had uncovered. "Oh, uh, I can explain those," he stammered, desperately grasping for words.

Lori jammed her hands into the snug pockets of her form-fitting jeans, attempting a cute yet clumsy smile at her son. Her titties jutted out from beneath her snug sweater like two huge wrecking balls, the cleavage between them dark and creamy. "You don't have to explain anything. I'm a big girl, I figured it out on my own."

"Sorry," Alex mumbled, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

"Uh huh," Lori replied, her grin quirking with amusement. "Anyway, it's with the other things I brought. I... really think we should talk about it at some point."

"Ok," Alex muttered, already feeling the weight of that impending conversation.

Lori yanked her phone from her back pocket with a brisk motion. "I better shoot a text to your father, let him know I made it here okay and that you've already infected me," she teased with a playful glint in her eye.

"Hey, I warned you not to come in. You brought this on yourself."

"Yup, mommy sacrificed her health to be here for her baby. I should definitely win the Mom of the Year award for this one," she quipped with mock drama.

Lori threw herself into making dinner, a perfect opportunity to dive into a discussion about the virus and the onslaught of symptoms they might face while trapped in quarantine.

Once they scrubbed the dishes clean, she took a long, hot shower, steam billowing around her, before unpacking her suitcase with a sense of urgency. "Hey, come get your stuff!" she shouted, her voice cutting through the air.

Alex stepped into the room, halting abruptly in the doorway as his eyes fixed on what she was wearing. The black thermal sleepshirt hugged her figure, accentuating her form as it fell to the middle of her thighs.

Alex had seen plenty of attractive women in his life, but he couldn't deny that his mom had the most incredible legs, ass and tits he'd ever laid eyes on. Lori's bronze legs were both strong and gracefully sculpted, glistening with a glossy sheen under the room's light. They tapered elegantly to slender ankles and her cute bare feet, adorned

with pink-painted toenails, completed the picture. Her damp blonde hair cascaded just below her shoulders, a shade darker from her recent shower.

Lori turned to face her son, her damp golden hair framing her delicate features. The thin, clingy fabric of her thermal sleepshirt did little to conceal the magnificent swell of her breasts. They were truly colossal, easily a J-cup, straining against the tight shirt and jutting out impossibly far from her slender frame. The deep valley of her cleavage was mesmerizing.

As she turned and bent over the suitcase, Alex couldn't tear his gaze away from his mother's spectacular ass. The sleepshirt had ridden up, exposing the lacy black boyshort panties that clung to her like a second skin.

Her full, rounded cheeks looked deliciously plump and ripe, jiggling ever so slightly with her movements. The sheer mass and perfect shape of her juicy ass was almost unreal. Alex felt a familiar stirring in his groin at the intoxicating sight.

"Here you go, sweetie," Lori said, straightening up and handing him a stack of clothes, not completely oblivious to her son's transfixed stare. "I think I remembered to pack all your favorites."

"Thanks for grabbing these things for me," he said, his voice tinged with gratitude and a touch of awkwardness as he quickly snatched his neatly folded clothes from her bed.

"Well, I figured you didn't have much with you."

A few photographs lay there too, and his gaze flitted to them with visible discomfort. "You didn't have to bring those," he confessed, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

"Why, you wouldn't miss looking at them?" she replied with a teasing smile, deftly refolding one of her shirts.

"I don't know, I guess."

Lori giggled softly. "You guess? Gee, thanks."

"No, I mean, I would, but ..."

She gathered the three photographs and settled onto the edge of the bed, then crossed her shaved legs and patted the spot beside her invitingly. "Sit down here, honey," she urged gently, her voice carrying an intensity that was hard to resist.

Alex shifted beside her, exuding a palpable discomfort as Lori rifled through the trio of photographs. "We were at Driftwood Beach that day, right?" she asked, keeping a casual tone.

"Yeah, last summer," he confirmed, his eyes narrowing at the memory.

"That was the day I lost my sunglasses. I was furious," she recalled, his frustration still simmering beneath the surface.

"I swear someone rummaged through your bag," Alex insisted, his suspicion unyielding.

"Or maybe those damn seagulls swooped in and snatched them," Lori retorted with a hint of defiance.

Alex's laughter erupted, sharp and unexpected. "Mom, they were sunglasses, not a French fry."

Lori playfully slapped his leg, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Well, it seems the thieves weren't the only ones with their eyes on the prize that day," she quipped, eyeing the photographs of herself in a revealing yellow bikini, her tit-meat spilling out over the tiny triangles of fabric.

"I suppose I thought capturing some pictures of you would be cool."

"Uh huh, I can see that," she grinned, her curiosity piqued. "So, were these the only ones you took, or just your three prized captures?"

"No, I just took those three. I wasn't exactly a beachside stalker snapping endless shots of you," Alex assured, his voice laced with sincerity.

"You really should hide these better. If your father had found them, you'd have some serious explaining to do," Lori warned, her tone both serious and teasing.

"Yeah, probably," Alex conceded, the weight of potential consequences looming over him.

"No, not probably. Most definitely," she giggled, her voice a mix of relief and amusement.

Sitting side-by-side, they scrutinized the three photographs with an almost feverish intensity. Lori fixated on one that showed only the

top half of her body. The meager yellow bikini struggled to contain her enormous breasts. "My tits are just too fucking massive," she growled.

"What makes you say that?" her son asked.

"They're taking over the whole damn picture, that's why," she snapped, making Alex burst into nervous laughter.

"Seriously, Mom, they're really incredible. You should own that shit." Alex's voice was low and fierce.

She shot him a smoldering smile. "Oh hell, I've created a tit-obsessed monster, haven't I?"

"A T-Rex on the prowl, right?" Alex agreed.

Lori threw her head back and laughed, a deep, throaty sound. She stood, her body taut with tension. Facing Alex, she thrust her

massive tits out, her fat nipples straining against her top, clearly braless. She rocked her shoulders sharply, making her breasts sway heavily. "T for tits," she hissed.

Alex's eyes were wide and hungry. "Damn, Mom. Do that again," he rasped, his breath coming fast.

Lori paused, a sultry smile playing across her lips as she gazed down at her son. "If I do that again, you might just bust a nut right in your underwear," she purred teasingly.

Alex swallowed hard, his heart pounding as his mother leaned in closer, her colossal tits dangling heavily right in front of his face. The deep, creamy valley of her cleavage seemed to go on forever, drawing his eyes like a magnet.

"Is this what you wanted you little perv?" she purred, a wicked gleam in her eyes as she pressed her cleavage mere centimeters from Alex's face.

Alex nodded, unable to tear his gaze away from his mother's magnificent cleavage hovering tantalizingly close to his face. Deep in his groin, he felt the first stirrings of arousal as his penis began to swell and lengthen.

Blood flowed into the corpora cavernosa, the twin chambers running along the shaft, making it grow thick and hard. The corpus spongiosum, the spongy chamber surrounding his urethra, also filled with blood, further engorging his manhood. His cock twitched in his pants as it reached its full impressive size, straining against the confines of his jeans.

Lori felt an answering throb between her legs as her vagina reacted to the blatant lust on her son's face. Her labia swelled and parted slightly as blood rushed to her intimate area, making her folds slick and puffy with desire.

The walls of her vagina loosened and lengthened while her cervix pulled back, preparing to accept an intruder. Her fat clit emerged from its protective hood, buzzing with sensitivity. Moisture seeped from her core to coat her petals and inner thighs as her body readied itself for penetration.

"Mmmm, what's the matter baby? Cat got your tongue?" Lori teased, her voice a seductive purr. She swayed her shoulders, making her huge boobs jiggle hypnotically before his enraptured eyes.

"Holy shit Mom," Alex croaked, his mouth dry. He could feel pre-cum beading at the tip of his cock, dampening his underwear. The musky scent of his mother's arousal reached his nostrils, making him even harder.

"Alright horny toad, take your pictures and get moving. I've got stuff to unpack." Her voice was harsh, but her eyes sparkled with dark amusement.

Alex trudged upstairs to his cramped room. Though it was small, it comfortably housed the bunk bed he shared with his siblings during their visits. But now, the space was his alone. He stuffed the photos into his bag and descended the stairs, adding another log to the crackling fire. His mind replayed the mesmerizing sight of his mom's "ta-ta's" swaying beneath her sleep shirt—something she'd never done before, and it was astonishingly captivating.

His mom's sudden entrance jolted him. "We should check your temperature. How are you feeling?" she asked, her voice cutting through his thoughts.

"I feel fine," he replied, his eyes drawn to the hypnotic sway of Lori's breasts beneath her shirt as she approached with silent, bare-footed steps and placed a thermometer in his mouth.

"It might take a couple of days for symptoms to show," she remarked calmly.

"Uhm-hmn," Alex hummed, unable to tear his gaze away.

"If we're lucky, we won't show signs at all. We're both healthy, but at least we're here to look after each other if necessary," she continued, extracting the thermometer.

"Thanks, Mom. I didn't say it before, so I just wanted you to know that I appreciate you being here," he admitted, sincerity lacing his words.

"I'll always be here. No thanks needed. I'm your Mom, and that's what we do. Your temperature is a bit high. Why don't you get some rest? A good night's sleep is probably the best remedy," she suggested, her concern palpable.

"Yeah, it's been a pretty long day," he acknowledged, feeling the weight of exhaustion settle upon him.

"That it has. Gimme a hug," she said, moving in for a tit-squasher.

Alex exhaled audibly as Lori pulled him into a tight embrace, flattening her gigantic breasts against his chest. The warm, pliant flesh molded against his upper body, engulfing him in softness. He could feel the weight and mass of her huge boobs compressing between them, the sheer size and volume of her tit-meat overwhelming.

Her stiff nipples poked into his pecs through the thin fabric of her sleepshirt, the hard nubs digging into his skin. The heat of her body radiated through the flimsy cotton, warming his front. He caught a whiff of her natural scent - a tantalizing combination of flowery body wash and pure womanly essence that made his head spin.

As she hugged him tighter, the upper swells of her mammoth jugs pushed up, nestling into the sides of his neck. The smooth, supple skin felt amazing against his jaw and throat.

Lori's huge, heavy tits seemed to surround him, cocooning Alex in their erotic warmth and mind-blowing abundance.

He wanted nothing more than to bury his face completely in his mother's expansive cleavage and motorboat that epic valley. To feel the silky skin of her breasts caressing his cheeks and lips, to inhale her scent and taste her flesh. His cock throbbed almost painfully in his jeans as Lori finally released him from her smothering hug.

"Goodnight sweetie," she said with a soft smile, conscious of the effect her innocent embrace had on her son. "Sleep well."

"Night Mom," Alex managed to choke out as she turned and padded silently out of the room, her plump ass swaying hypnotically. He stared after her for a long moment before heading upstairs, knowing

he would be stroking his aching dick to visions of his mother's phenomenal body as soon as he reached the privacy of his room.

Alex awoke to the robust aroma of sizzling bacon wafting through the air. He wandered into the kitchen, where his mom was orchestrating a breakfast masterpiece.

He paused, captivated by her presence. Her hair, a cascade of golden waves, was tousled from sleep, and her sleepshirt clung to her form, revealing the natural, unrestrained movement of her body.

"Good morning," she greeted him, catching his mesmerized gaze.

"Morning. The smell is incredible," he replied, his stomach growling in agreement.

"Thanks. Sit down, I'll whip up something for you," she said with a warm smile.

Lori served him a plate piled high with breakfast delights and joined him at the table.

"So, what's the agenda for today?" Alex inquired, a hint of anticipation in his voice.

"Well," she began with a playful glint in her eye, "I thought we could indulge in some serious relaxation, then follow it up with more relaxation, and maybe cap it off with even more relaxation. How does that sound?"

"Sounds like a ridiculously relaxing day," Alex chuckled, and their laughter filled the room.

"I'd suggest a walk, but it's brutally cold out there," she commented, glancing out the window at the wintry landscape.

"Looks like we're in for two weeks of pure, unadulterated laziness," Alex declared with mock solemnity.

"Ah, the joys of quarantine. I suppose I should take a shower. That'll at least consume a thrilling twenty minutes," she joked, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Once you're finished, I'll tackle the mountain of laundry. I refuse to leave you shivering in a cold shower by taking all your hot water."

"You're an angel. Since you're conquering the laundry beast, could you throw something of mine into the battle?" she asked, a hint of desperation in her voice.

"Of course, Mom."

He attacked the cleanup with his mother, then Lori jumped into the shower, the water pounding against the tiles like a relentless drumbeat. Alex gathered his laundry, including the t-shirt from the night before, still slightly slimy with his spunk. He paused at the bathroom door. "Mom, you had something for the wash?"

"It's on my bed, sweetheart. Thank you," she called through the door, her voice echoing ominously.

Alex stepped into her room, his heart throbbing in his chest like a war drum. There it was, a massive white bra sprawled across her bed like a beast awaiting sacrifice. He grabbed it by the thick strap, his fingers trembling as he lifted it high. The cups were enormous, adorned with lace as delicate as a spider's web. He tossed it onto his pile and descended to the laundry room, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

He threw open the washer's maw and fed it his clothes. Then he grabbed the bra, his eyes wide with forbidden excitement. The tag on the strap screamed 36J, a size that sparked illicit images in his mind.

Slowly, reverently, he lifted it up and pressed his face into one of the cups. Her scent, sweet and intoxicating, filled his nostrils.

"God, her massive tit was right here, yesterday," he thought, his heart pounding like a primal beat.

"Feel good?" a voice cut through the air, startling him into dropping the bra from his face. Lori stood in the doorway, a knowing smile playing on her lips.

Caught in the act, Alex hastily lowered the bra. "Oh, I, um... I was just about to start it."

Lori's eyes darted to his crotch, her heart skipping a beat at the sight of teenage meat-tent.

"My bras are very delicate. Make sure you run it on the gentle cycle, okay?" Her words were firm yet kind.

"Got it," Alex said, his fingers clumsy as he fumbled with the dial like it was a live wire.

Lori's unfettered boobies bobbled beneath their covering as she moved gracefully, stepping beside him with the fluidity of a dancer in her short white satin kimono robe, which shimmered against her bronzed skin. "Let me help," she offered softly, her hands deftly setting the dials with practiced ease.

"Sorry, I usually just throw my stuff in and start it," he admitted, feeling the heat of embarrassment creeping up his neck.

"Did you remember the pods?" she reminded, her voice like a gentle nudge.

"Ohh," Alex muttered, his hand darting like a startled rabbit to grab some laundry pods.

Lori perched herself on the dryer, watching her frazzled son with an amused glint in her eyes.

"One or two?" he asked, holding up the pods.

The mother's smile widened. "They're kinda like boobs. Always two," she quipped with a mischievous glimmer.

Alex's cheeks flared with color as he tossed them in, the lid slamming shut with finality.

"The bra goes in there too, sweetheart," Lori reminded patiently, her tone soft yet insistent.

Realizing he was still clutching the bra, Alex quickly tossed it in with the other items and started the washer, the machine roaring to life.

Lori threw her arms up triumphantly, and her laughter rang out, causing her to giant tits to jiggle beneath the thin fabric. "Yaaaay! You did it," she cheered, her voice a playful crescendo of mock celebration.

"Now, I suppose it's time to unwind," he growled, but as he attempted to pass, Lori thrust out a bare leg, barricading him in the cramped space.

"Not so fast," she commanded. "You didn't answer my question."

"What question?"

"You had your face buried in the cup of my bra. Did it feel good?" she demanded, her voice laced with provocative undertones.

"Yes, it did," he admitted, his voice low and tense.

"You had your whole head in there," she purred, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "I told you they were big."

"That much was obvious, Lori," he bit out, using her name to avoid the intimacy of 'Mom'.

"First, I find pictures of me in a bikini, then I find you playing with my bra. Anything else you're hiding?" she probed, her gaze deliberately dropping to his waist.

"No," he lied, trying and failing to conceal his arousal.

"There's a toll to pass," she purred, her leg and foot a tantalizing barrier.

"What toll?" he ground out, his breath coming faster.

"Hands on your head, if you want me to move," she ordered, her smile sweet venom.

"You're kidding me," he groaned.

"That's the price."

He complied, his hands clenched on his head, his eyes locked on hers.

She moved her leg, her eyes trailing down to the prominent bulge in his shorts. "I knew you were hiding something," she murmured, her giggle a sultry taunt.

He shot her a hungry look. "You're cruel," he rasped, their exchange dripping with tension.

After showering and throwing on some clothes, Alex found his mom in the living room, hurriedly pulling on her jacket. "My text didn't go through last night, so I'm heading down to the main road to call your father," she declared, determination in her eyes.

"Do you want me to come?" Alex offered, sensing the urgency in her voice.

"I'll be fine, just keep the couch warm for us," she replied with a playful wink, masking her anxiety.

Lori navigated the treacherous two-mile descent down the steep, uneven dirt driveway to the main road. Once there, she pulled over with a sigh of relief and dialed her husband.

"Hey babe," he answered, his voice a soothing balm.

"Hey, sorry, I sent a text last night, but it didn't go through," she said, the frustration evident in her tone.

"That's what I figured. How's everything? Alex okay?" Phil asked, concern lacing his words.

"Yeah, he's fine. I'm just glad I can be here for him," she assured, her voice softening.

"Well, don't worry about things here. I'll make sure everything's taken care of," he promised, his resolve firm.

"You're a sweetheart. I'm sorry I rushed out of there so quickly, I just knew I had that two-hour drive," she explained, guilt mingling with her words.

"No worries. When you get back, we'll finish what we started. I'll take care of you, I promise," Phil vowed, his voice a gentle caress over the line.

Lori giggled, a spark of warmth amidst the tension. "Hon, you don't need to worry about that right now, really."

"Of course I do. You're my wife, and it's my job to take care of your needs. There's one other drug I haven't tried. My doctor mentioned it during my last visit. I'll call before you get back and have him write me a prescription," he stated, his determination unwavering.

Lori smiled, her heart swelling with affection. She knew her eyes had been lingering on another cock all morning, one that had the opposite problem as her husband's and just wouldn't stay soft around her. "Okay, that sounds fine."

"I love you. I'm gonna miss you guys," Phil confessed, the weight of his longing palpable.

"We'll miss you too. Don't worry about a thing, okay? Alex and I will be fine," she reassured, her voice a soothing lullaby.

"Okay, hon. I know it's a pain in the ass, but drive down the mountain in a couple days and give me an update," Phil requested, his voice tinged with a mix of hope and worry.

"I will. Kisses," she replied, sealing their conversation with love.

"Kisses back. Bye babe," Phil said, then hung up.

When Lori returned to the cabin, she tore off her winter gear with a fervor and settled next to her son on the couch. They exchanged

words, their conversation skimming the surface, as she rifled through a women's magazine with restless fingers.

Lori sprawled sideways on the cushions, her sexy gray yoga pants clinging to her form, and a white fitted tank top accentuating her figure. The moment Alex's eyes landed on her, he couldn't help but notice how her top emphasized her curves, her cleavage drawing his attention like a magnet.

"What are you reading, Mom?" he asked, trying to divert his focus.

"Just an article. What about you?" she replied, her voice laced with casual curiosity.

"A book," he said, a tinge of boredom in his tone. "But I'm not really into it. I thought I might watch a movie I downloaded."

"Oh, what one?" she inquired, her curiosity piqued.

"I forgot the name. Some martial arts movie," he shrugged.

"Ohh, sounds very manly," she teased with a mischievous giggle.

"I would have skipped it, but my friends insisted it was pretty good," he explained.

Lori glanced back at her magazine, then her son, her expression shifting to one of playful intrigue. "Did you know that thirty-seven percent of all women prefer shoe shopping over sex?" she tossed out, a sly glint in her eyes.

Alex chuckled, shaking his head. "That's a bizarre fact."

"Isn't it, though? I can't fathom a woman loving anything more than sex," she mused, her tone laden with mock disbelief.

"What kind of article are you reading over there, Mom?" Alex questioned, his curiosity piqued.

"It's an article on weird sex facts. Here's one for you. Let's see if you can guess it: what is the current number one aphrodisiac, reputedly?" Lori challenged, her eyes dancing with mischief.

"Hmm, dark chocolate," Alex ventured, his brow furrowed in thought.

"Nope, asparagus," Lori announced with a dramatic grimace, her nose wrinkling as if she could smell it already.

"Of course, it would be a nasty vegetable."

Lori thrust the magazine toward him with an eager glint in her eyes. "Here, read me number three, see if I know it."

Alex accepted the magazine with a grin stretching across his face. "Hold on, are we diving into a fierce competition here, to see who can nail more answers?"

"Competition? You're out of your depth, young man," she taunted, her leg snaking out to nudge him with one of her provocatively bare feet. "I guarantee I know way more about this stuff than you could ever hope to."

"Oh, it's on. What do I get if I win?" he challenged.

She met him with a mischievous smile that promised secrets. "What do you want?"

"Hmmm." Alex hummed, feigning deep contemplation, his eyes drifting to her gaping tit-cleavage.

Lori wasted no time unveiling her prize. "If I win, I want a back massage. Soft music, candles, hot baby oil. The whole nine yards."

"Alright, umm..." Alex hesitated, the desire burning inside him, but fear of her reaction held him back. "How about if I win, we switch beds tonight and I get to crash on that luxurious queen-sized bed in your room. You take the bunk bed."

Lori's laughter bubbled up, bright and teasing. "I'd agree in a heartbeat if I didn't think there was something else you craved even more."

Alex feigned innocence. "Like what?"

She shot him a sly grin. "You tell me. I think you've made it pretty clear."

"I don't know," he shrugged, the tension mounting.

"Yes, you do," she said, piercing through his pretense. "But you're afraid to ask, and I get that. So let me make it easy for you. If you win—and you won't, I'm certain of that—but if you do, I'll let you see my boobs," Lori laid down her offer with a smirk.

"You'd... Really, you'd do that?" Alex muttered, his heart pounding like a war drum.

"Well, I wouldn't have thrown it out there if I didn't mean it, but don't get your hopes up, T-Rex; it's not gonna happen."

"I guess we'll see," Alex declared, determination blazing in his eyes. He knew he just had to win.

"Ok, so there are ten questions total," she said, her voice tinged with nervous energy, "we're on number three."

Alex read the question from the magazine with a focused intensity. "The average female orgasm lasts how long?"

"Hmm, the duration of a female orgasm..." Lori pondered deeply. "I mean, a lot depends on the type. Vaginal orgasms typically linger much longer than clitoral ones, but on average, I'd say... thirty seconds?" she said, her eyes drilling into him for confirmation.

"Twenty seconds."

"Ohh, damn, I was close."

"Close, but no cigar, Mom," he said, triumphantly handing her the magazine.

"Ok, Mr. Sex Expert, here's one for you. In a single ejaculation, a guy sends how many sperm racing towards the egg? It gives an

estimate, so if your answer falls within the range, I'll give it to you," Lori said, her challenge hanging in the air.

Alex shrugged, throwing caution to the wind. "A hundred million?"

"The answer is between thirty and seven-hundred million sperm."

"Yess!" Alex shouted, pumping his fist with explosive victory.

"Nice job. I sincerely hope you don't know that because you count them as they squirt out?" Lori teased, returning the magazine with a sly grin.

"Ha, that would be quite a task."

"You think?! I guy could probably count his big gooey ropes off jizz, but certainly not the individual sperm," Lori giggled.

"I've never really counted those either," her son confessed.

"Seriously?" Lori asked with a quirky grin. "You've never counted the number of cum-ropes that spurt into the air when you ejaculate? I figured all young guys did that."

"Nope, I never have. One to zero, my lead, mom," he said, his smile broader than ever.

"Enjoy it, it won't last," she warned, her voice a promise of fierce competition.

"Speaking of lasting...how many thrusts does the average sex session go on for?"

Lori giggled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I like how you just jumped right into that one. Alright, is the answer a precise number or a range?"

"There's a range, so if your guess falls somewhere in there, you nail it."

"Hmm, thrusts. Sadly, I bet it's fewer than it ought to be. I'm gonna go with a hundred. A hundred thrusts," she declared confidently.

"The answer is between a hundred and five hundred. You barely made it."

"Woooo! Yes!" Lori cheered, flinging her arms triumphantly skyward. "Told you, you wouldn't hold onto that lead," she taunted, snatching the magazine back with a grin.

"I bet you do a lot more than a hundred, by the way," the mother said with a naughty smirk.

"A hundred what?"

"Thrusts silly," his mom laughed. "I bet you do MUCH more than a hundred thrusts, when you have sex with a girl."

"I'm not sure. Maybe," he answered with a sly grin and shrug of his shoulders.

"Okay, here's your question. Other than the bedroom, where's the second most common place people have sex?" Lori asked, eyes gleaming with challenge.

"Umm, the kitchen."

Lori burst into laughter, the sound ringing through the room. "Good guess, but nope. Picture where you'd get it on if your house was packed with people, or if you were out on a date."

"Oh, the car?"

"Yes," she confirmed, satisfaction in her voice.

"Damn, I should've nailed that," Alex admitted, shaking his head.

"Oh, why's that? Had lots of backseat escapades?" Lori teased, her voice dripping with playful accusation.

"A few. What about you?" Alex asked boldly, his curiosity piqued.

She laughed, a sound filled with nostalgia and surprise at his audacity. "Plenty when I was younger, but since getting hitched, not as many. Your dad and I do occasionally drive out somewhere dark and secluded, though, just to keep the spark alive."

"Do you ever worry about getting caught?"

"Worry, no," she replied, her voice dripping with adrenaline. "The danger of getting caught is half the thrill," she added, raising an eyebrow with a mischievous glint.

"So what you're saying is I should brace myself to bail you and Dad out from the police station one of these days," Alex quipped, eliciting a burst of laughter from his mom.

"Well, any cop who dares to arrest a married couple for indulging in passion within their own vehicle is clearly plagued by a serious case of envy."

"True," Alex conceded, flipping through the magazine with a smirk.

Lori paused, her expression growing more serious as she met Alex's gaze. "You know, it takes a hard, stiff shaft of erectile flesh to really enjoy good sex. And to be honest, your father has been having some trouble in that department lately."

Alex shifted uncomfortably, surprised by his mother's candid revelation. "Oh, um, really?"

"Mm-hmm. See, a man's erections aren't perpetually hard and ready like a teenage boy's tend to be," Lori explained, her eyes drifting down to the prominent bulge tenting the front of Alex's pants. The sight of her son's young, virile manhood swelling with potency made her cuntal sheath clench with an instinctive, needy ache.

She dragged her gaze back up to Alex's face, noting the flush of arousal coloring his cheeks. "Your father's doctor gave him some pills to help, but they haven't been working very well so far. It's...frustrating, to say the least," Lori confided with a sigh.

Alex nodded, unsure what to say. The thought of his parents' sex life made him uncomfortable, but at the same time, discussing such an intimate topic with his gorgeous mother was undeniably titillating. His cock throbbed insistently against his fly, the denim suddenly feeling far too tight and constricting.

Lori's eyes sparkled with mischief as she noticed her son's predicament. "Looks like someone is enjoying our little chat," she teased, brazenly eyeing the straining ridge of his erection. "Must be nice to be able to get hard at the drop of a hat like that."

Alex flushed even deeper, equal parts embarrassed and turned on by his mom's provocative observation. "Uh, yeah, I guess," he mumbled, shifting again in a futile attempt to conceal his obvious arousal. "It seems like I'm always hard."

"Well, you'll never find a woman who'll complain about that," Lori smirked, secretly delighting in her ability to fluster her handsome son. It gave her a naughty thrill to know she could affect him so powerfully. Her pussy clenched again, growing slick and swollen with illicit desire.

Shaking her head to clear the wicked thoughts, Lori plastered on a bright smile. "Anyway, enough about that. Why don't you read the next question, stud?"

Alex cleared his throat, trying to regain his composure as he picked up the magazine with slightly shaky hands. As he scanned for the

next quiz item, he couldn't help but wonder just how far his flirtatious mom was willing to take their charged banter.

"The next question comes with a visual," Alex noted. "You have to name that sexual position."

"Okay, let me see the visual."

"Hold on, I'll cover the answer," he said, reaching over to reveal the image. It was a bold illustration of a woman perched on a man's lap, facing him with her legs draped over his shoulders. "It's a multiple choice. I'll read the possible answers," Alex offered.

Lori's smile widened with confidence. "Don't bother. It's the rocking chair position."

Alex checked the answer. "The rocking chair position, you're spot on."

"Naturally, I'm spot on. I know my sexual positions. Who's in the lead now, buster?" she taunted, her eyes gleaming with playful challenge. "Two to one."

Alex handed the magazine back with a determined grin. "Not for long."

"Okay, what is the average length of a man's erect penis?" Lori asked, her smile daring him.

"Twelve inches," Alex joked with exaggerated bravado.

"Ha, wouldn't that be something."

"I'm joking, of course. I think it's more like six inches."

Lori nodded sharply. "'Between five and six inches,' barely correct."

"Heck yeah!" Alex growled, a flush creeping up his neck.

Lori flashed him a fierce grin. "Glad to know you're not just average, honey." She shoved the magazine into his chest.

He caught it, breath hitching. "Why would you say that?"

Lori leaned in, her voice a low purr. "That bulge your sporting is far from average," she winked, slow and deliberate.

"Yeah, um…I guess your right," Alex stated, glancing proudly as his protruding package.

Lori's eyes sparkled with mischief as she leaned in closer to her son. "You're lucky you're packing some extra meat, sweetheart. Trust me, women appreciate a longer, girthier cock."

Alex swallowed hard, his face flushed. "Oh yeah?" he managed to croak out.

"Mmm-hmm," Lori purred, her voice dripping with seductive knowledge. "A big, thick dick stretches us in the most delicious ways. When you've got some length and serious girth, you can hit all those special spots deep inside."

She traced a finger along the arm of the couch, her eyes locked on Alex's. "And when a cock is really meaty, with pronounced ridges around the head and thick veins running down the shaft...mmm. That extra texture feels incredible rubbing against a woman's inner walls."

Alex shifted in his seat, his erection now straining almost painfully against his pants. His mother's graphic dirty talk was driving him wild with lust.

"The friction, the fullness of a huge cock pumping in and out - it's mind-blowing," Lori continued, her voice husky. "A big dick is way more likely to make a woman come hard and often. Those little dicks just don't get the job done."

She flashed him a wicked smile. "So count your blessings, baby. I have a feeling you'll be very popular with the ladies thanks to what you're packing in your pants."

Alex couldn't believe what he was hearing. His own mother was not only acknowledging his large manhood, but explaining in explicit detail why he was lucky to have a big cock. It was beyond his wildest fantasies.

"God Mom," he groaned, shifting again as his rigid shaft throbbed with need. "You can't just say stuff like that to me."

"Why not?" Lori asked innocently, but the devilish gleam in her eye gave her away. "I'm just giving you a valuable female perspective."

She stood up languidly, deliberately stretching to make her tank top ride up and expose a tantalizing strip of toned midriff. Alex's eyes zeroed in on the revealed flesh like a starving man spotting a feast.

"Well, I think that's enough sex talk for now," Lori announced breezily. "We have a quiz to finish and I'm still in the lead."

She sauntered over to the kitchen, her yoga pants molded to the round globes of her perfect ass.

Alex watched her go, his heart pounding and his dick still rock hard. He had no idea how he was going to make it through the rest of this day, let alone two weeks, with his sexy mother prancing around and saying such naughty things.

Lori returned from the kitchen with a glass of red wine, taking a long sip as she sauntered back over to Alex. She had a mischievous glint

in her eye that made his heart race. Instead of returning to her previous spot on the couch, Lori surprised her boy by plopping herself right down on his lap.

"Oof, Mom!" Alex exclaimed as her substantial weight settled on his thighs. Her plump ass cheeks enveloped his crotch, the crack of her buttocks wedging around the rigid pole of his erection. Even through the layers of clothing, he could feel the heat of her body against his aching cock.

"What? I'm just getting cozy," Lori said innocently, wriggling a bit to get comfortable. Her movements caused her ass to rub back and forth along his shaft, the friction making Alex bite back a groan. He could feel the pucker of her asshole through her thin yoga pants, nestled right against the sensitive head of his penis.

"I, um, I thought you said that was enough sex talk," Alex stammered, his hands clenching into fists at his sides. It took every ounce of willpower not to grab his mother's wide hips and grind up against her.

"Mmm-hmm," Lori agreed, taking another sip of wine. "But there's nothing wrong with a little innocent snuggling, is there?"

Alex's face burned, but he held her gaze. "Fine. Next question. Two left, and we're tied."

Lori cracked her knuckles. "Bring it on."

Alex's lips curled into a smirk. "Another penis question."

Lori threw her head back and laughed. "Might as well hand over the point now, boy. I'm a penis encyclopedia."

Alex's eyes flashed. "We'll see. The most sensitive spot on a man's penis is called what?"

"Frenulum!" Lori whooped, triumphant.

Alex's face darkened as he thrust the magazine at her. "Fine. You win. I've never even heard of that."

Lori's smile was wolfish. "The frenulum, Alex. The sweet spot. Don't tell me you don't know your own?"

Alex's breath hitched. "The tip, you mean?"

Lori's voice was low, intense. "Almost. It's that little band of skin just beneath the tip. Works like the skin under your tongue." She curled her tongue up, showing him. "The lingual frenulum."

Lori shifted deliberately on Alex's lap, maneuvering her ass so that the firm globes wedged even tighter around his straining erection. The thin fabric of his shorts was pulled taut across his crotch, trapping his rigid cock in the smothering heat of her ass crack.

As she ground down subtly, the delicate skin of his frenulum was stretched to the limit, the sensitive band of flesh beneath the head of his penis pulled as tight as a guitar string. The exquisite friction made Alex's hips buck involuntarily, seeking more of that delicious pressure.

Lori smiled to herself as she felt her son's body respond to her teasing ministrations. She could feel the dampness spreading where the tip of his cock nestled, knowing it was his copious pre-cum soaking into the fabric.

"What's the matter, honey?" she cooed innocently, giving an extra little shimmy of her hips. "You seem tense."

Alex groaned through clenched teeth, fists balled tight at his sides. "N-nothing. I'm fine," he gritted out, even as another fat bead of pre-nectar welled from his meatus and saturated his shorts. The musky scent of his arousal began to permeate the air.

"Mmmm, if you say so," Lori purred, shifting again so that her crack engulfed even more of his throbbing length.

Alex's heart thudded in his chest as he desperately tried to refocus their attention on the game. "I need an easier question, or I'm toast," he said, tension threading his voice.

"You're in luck," Lori replied, her eyes gleaming with the challenge. "It's a true or false question, so you've got a fifty-fifty shot."

"Alright, hit me with it," Alex said, bracing himself.

"True or false," Lori began, her voice dripping with suspense, "there are more nerve endings on a woman's clitoris than on the tip of a man's penis?"

Alex hesitated, his mind racing. "Oh man, I'm not sure about this one..."

Lori arched an eyebrow, a teasing smile on her lips. "Should I go ahead and start preparing for my victory massage then?"

"Hold on," Alex interjected, his mind zeroing in with determination. "I'm definitely leaning one way on this. I'm gonna say true."

"Are you sure?" she pressed, her gaze intense and unwavering.

"Yes," Alex affirmed, his voice steady.

"So that's your final answer?" she asked, her eyes locking onto his with anticipation.

"Final answer," he declared, his heart pounding in his ears.

Lori's expression shifted, a playful frown tugging at her lips. "You're right."

"Yess!" Alex exclaimed, his arms shooting into the air in triumph. "Damn, I got lucky on that one. So it's a tie score and there are no more questions. What now?"

Lori tossed the magazine aside with a flourish. "Well, we could come up with a bonus question for each other, or..."

"Or what?" Alex asked, his voice brimming with eagerness.

"Or we could call it a tie, which means we both win and we both get rewarded."

Alex's face broke into a wide grin, his heart pounding like a bass drum. "I'm good with a tie."

"Me too," Lori said, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Only because I know you. You'd dig up the hardest sexual question on earth for me, and I don't wanna risk losing that massage."

Alex shot his Mom a glance laden with guilt and desperation. "I wouldn't do that, I swear."

She tossed a pillow at him, a playful gesture underscored by a hint of challenge. "Sure you wouldn't, Alex. Let's have lunch, then convene in the bedroom for the reward ceremony."

Alex's laugh was a low growl, his eyes never leaving hers. "It sounds like a ritual. Should we sing the national anthem first?"

His mother's laughter was a sultry melody.

"Maybe we will," she purred, her voice dripping with promise. "But it will be my version."

Alex's breath hitched as she leaned in close to his ear, her voice a husky whisper, "Ohhh say can you see, my bra'aa slippin' off of

mee!" His heart pounded in his chest as he watched her rise, her hips swaying hypnotically as she made her way to the kitchen.

Lunch was a blur, the air thick with anticipation. "Give me ten minutes," she commanded, her voice laced with desire. "I want the

candles, the soft music, the works. You just prepare those magic hands."

Alex nodded, his body taut with anticipation, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

Time crawled as he waited, his heart pounding in his ears. Then, finally, her voice called out, a sultry siren's song. "Alex, I'm ready, sweetie."

Alex strode purposefully across the cabin to the expansive bedroom. As he paused in the doorway, a sharp intake of breath escaped his lips. Lori stood tantalizingly near the bed, enveloped in a long, provocative white bridal-laced robe. One bare leg extended elegantly, bent slightly at the knee, emerging seductively from the robe's high slit. Her dainty feet, adorned with pink-painted nails, balanced gracefully on 4-inch mules. Through the delicate lace, Alex discerned a matching white bra and panty set that clung enticingly to her form. She had meticulously fluffed her hair, and the air was rich with the alluring fragrance of her sweet perfume.

The room was cloaked in a soft, intimate glow, with the shades drawn and candles flickering gently. The rhythmic pulse of R&B music resonated from a small Bose speaker perched on the nightstand.

Alex's gaze flicked to a plush white towel draped across the bed and a neat stack of others close by, yet his focus was irresistibly drawn back to his stunning mother. "Wow, you look incredible," the teen murmured, his voice thick with awe.

"Thanks. I know it's not a real ceremony and it's just you and me, but... I wanted to look pretty," she replied with a sweet, genuine warmth.

"You've more than succeeded at that. You always look beautiful, Mom."

"Aww, you're making me blush," she said, her eyes sparkling with adoration as her smile beamed.

"It's the truth."

"Close the door and come over here," she commanded softly, beckoning him with an inviting wave.

204: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine - SUPERSIZED-Part2

Alex kicked the door shut behind him, stalking over to stand inches from her. With her heels on, they were now eye-to-eye.

"Since I have to strip for my reward," his mother said softly, "we might as well let you have your reward first."

Alex's breath hitched, nervous anticipation coursing through him. "Makes sense."

"Swear to me," she demanded, her voice a low throb. "Swear this stays between us. No one can know, especially not your father. He'd destroy me if he ever found out."

"I swear," Alex rasped, his voice thick with promise. "Not a word, Mom. Not a soul."

"Good," she said, then slowly, deliberately, untied the sash of her robe.

Alex's eyes widened, his heart pounding as the robe slid from her shoulders, down her curvaceous body, and pooled at her feet. "Jesus," he breathed, his gaze locked onto her heaving chest. Her breasts, enormous and barely contained, threatened to spill out of her lacy bra, creating a valley of creamy cleavage that begged for his

attention. Lori's tits were a force to be reckoned with, and Alex was utterly at their mercy.

The mother reached behind her back, unclasping her bra with a deft twist. The straps slid down her shoulders as the flimsy lace cups slowly peeled away from her mammoth breasts.

Alex held his breath in anticipation as the bra dropped to the floor, finally exposing his mother's colossal tits in all their naked glory.

Her breasts were absolutely gigantic, each one easily the size of his head or larger. They sat high and proud on her chest, defying gravity with their incredible mass and density. Her creamy skin was flawless, stretched taut over the mountainous swells of tit-flesh.

Lori's areolas were huge, each one nearly the size of his palm. They were a delicate pink hue, a few shades darker than the surrounding skin. In the center of each puffy cap stood her nipples, engorged and throbbing with arousal. They protruded at least half an inch, thick and rubbery, just begging to be sucked.

As Alex stared transfixed at his mom's epic rack, he noticed the faint tracery of blue veins just beneath the surface of her milky skin, a testament to the sheer size and weight of her breasts. They swayed heavily with her slightest movement, quivering like mounds of jello.

Lori let out a throaty laugh, delighting in his wide-eyed response. "I told you they were more than a handful."

Alex swallowed hard, his voice a husky rasp. "They're not just big, they're... magnificent."

Lori's eyes gleamed with amusement, watching his unblinking stare.

Alex was transfixed, his breath ragged. These weren't the modest breasts of girls his age; these were voluptuous, commanding, pulsating with Lori's every inhalation.

Lori's brow furrowed. "This feels unfair. You're getting short-changed here."

Alex tore his eyes from her heaving chest. "How so?"

Lori's voice was a sultry purr. "I get a half-hour of your magic touch, and all you get is an eyeful."

Alex's gaze drifted back to her bosom, his voice thick with desire. "Trust me, I'm far from disappointed."

Lori chuckled, her breasts quivering with the movement. "Still, I think we should even the scales. Make things more... interesting."

Alex's eyes snapped up, meeting Lori's smoldering gaze. "What did you have in mind?"

Lori's lips curled into a wicked smile, her teeth gleaming. "Do you wanna touch them? Feel their weight in your hands?"

Alex's heart pounded in his chest, his voice a low growl. "Yes..."

He reached out, his hands trembling as he grasped her ample breasts, squeezing gently. A guttural moan escaped his lips. "God, they're so soft. So warm..."

Lori arched her back, pushing her breasts further into his hands. "Don't be shy, Alex. They won't break. Show me how much you like them."

Alex grabbed massive handfuls of his mother's breast flesh, squeezing harder than before, a primal hunger consuming him. Lori's eyes fluttered closed, a guttural moan escaping her lips as her son ravaged her breasts, time stretching into a blissful eternity.

"Fuck," the teen growled, his voice thick with lust, jolting Lori's eyes open.

"Do you like how Mommy's tits feel?" she panted, her voice laced with sin.

"More than anything," he groaned, kneading her flesh with a desperate hunger. "If I'm massaging you for half an hour, do I get half an hour with these?"

Lori threw her head back and laughed, a throaty sound that made her tits shake in his grasp. "I said a little extra, Alex."

"Come on, Mom. You said you wanted to make things fair.'

"Fine, five more minutes. We wouldn't want you to feel cheated," she purred, her voice dripping with seduction. "Now, sit behind me on the bed. I think you'll enjoy this even more."

Alex, his cock throbbing and obvious through his pants, did as he was told. He watched his mom approach, his eyes zeroing in on her panty-clad pussy. Her white bikini panties were tight against her slit, outlining her most intimate place. She turned, flaunting her fleshy ass before sitting on his lap, crushing his erect member.

"Now, reach around and take what you want, honey," she commanded, her voice breathless with anticipation.

Alex eagerly wrapped his arms around his mother's torso, his hands immediately cupping the hefty globes of her breasts. He groaned at the incredible sensation of her naked tit-flesh overflowing his fingers, the warm, smooth skin like silk against his palms.

He squeezed roughly, sinking his digits deep into her pliant flesh. Her massive mammaries yielded to his touch, compressing and bulging between his fingers. He could feel the weight and density of them, each tit like a bowling ball filled with jello.

Lori let out a sultry moan, arching her back to thrust her giant jugs more firmly into his kneading hands. "Mmmm, that's it baby. Grope

Mommy's big tits. Squeeze them hard," she purred, rolling her hips so that her plump ass ground against his rigid cock.

Alex did as he was told, mauling her colossal breasts with increasing urgency. He sank his fingers in deep, feeling her abundant tit-flesh bulge and overflow. He rolled and tweaked her fat, rubbery nipples

between his thumbs and forefingers, drawing more wanton moans from Lori's lips.

As he played with her breasts, Lori executed a skillful twerk on his lap, undulating her hips so that her gigantic ass cheeks squeezed and massaged his throbbing erection through his pants. She clenched her glutes, trapping his cock in the hot, smothering crevice of her ass crack.

Alex groaned as his mother's plump ass cheeks enveloped his straining erection, her gluteal cleft forming a tight, warm sheath for his throbbing shaft. The firm, dense muscles of her buttocks flexed and rippled, massaging his engorged cock through the fabric of his pants.

He could feel every twitch and throb of his tumescent penis as it pulsed between the globes of her ass. The meaty shaft flexed involuntarily, jerking and kicking against her soft flesh. His cock head flared, the sensitive glans mashed up against her clenching rosebud.

Copious amounts of preseminal fluid leaked from the tip, dampening his underwear and leaving a sticky wet spot on the back of Lori's panties. The clear, slick fluid seeped through the thin fabric, allowing Alex's cockhead to glide smoothly along the crease of her ass.

His balls, swollen and heavy with pent-up semen, churned in their sack as they were pressed firmly against her taint. The musky scent of his arousal mixed with Lori's sweet perfume, creating an intoxicating aroma of sex that filled the room.

Alex's hips bucked of their own accord, his body operating on pure instinct as he humped against his mother's gyrating ass. The motion caused his girthy shaft to saw back and forth between her cheeks, stimulating every nerve ending in his highly sensitive knob.

The dual stimulation of groping his mom's huge naked tits while she gave him an ass job was driving Alex wild with lust. He could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing against Lori's crack, his swollen cockhead leaking copious amounts of pre-cum.

"Oh god Mom, your tits are amazing," he groaned, squeezing a little harder and feeling her heavy jugs compress. "So huge and soft."

"Mmm, and you're so big and hard," Lori purred back, giving an extra firm clench of her ass cheeks around his straining erection. "I can feel every thick inch of your cock with my ass."

Alex grunted, pistoning his hips upwards to hump against his mother's jiggling bottom. Her cheeks rippled and shook with each thrust, the sensation mind-blowing. He tweaked and tugged at her oversized nipples as he dry humped her, lost in a frenzy of taboo lust.

Lori finally peered over at him and giggled. "I'm pretty sure your five minutes was up like five minutes ago, T-Rex."

"Sorry," Alex sighed, easing his grip.

"We don't want you getting tired out . I need those strong hands for that back massage."

He reluctantly released her boobs. "Thanks for the extra time," he said.

Lori handed him a bottle of hot babyoil. "Oil me up, messier," she joked, and as the mother stood up from Alex's lap, her eyes were instantly drawn to the prominent bulge tenting the front of his

shorts. She couldn't help but stare at the massive shaft of his erection, clearly outlined through the thin, damp fabric.

A tiny gasp escaped her lips as she took in the sheer size of her son's manhood. It looked to be at least 9 inches long, possibly even 10,

and as thick as her wrist. The hefty tube of cockmeat strained against the cotton material, the flared head clearly visible where it created an obscene protrusion. A wet spot had formed where the tip pressed insistently, soaked through with Alex's copious preseminal fluid.

Lori licked her lips unconsciously as she imagined what that enormous penis would look like freed from its confines.

Alex stood up, eyes ablaze with lust, his pants tightening around his throbbing erection. His mother's body was sprawled out before him, a temple of flesh, her legs slightly parted in silent invitation. His gaze was drawn, magnetically, to the ripe curves of her ass, her panties stretching to contain the ample flesh. Her tan legs were taut and smooth, and her massive breasts heaved against the mattress, a sight that sent his heart pounding like a war drum.

His mother looked up at him, her eyes smoldering with anticipation. "Ready when you are, honey," she purred, her voice a husky whisper that sent shockwaves through his body.

"Oh, sorry," Alex stammered, his voice hoarse with desire, as he was jarred from his carnal stupor.

He descended onto the bed, kneeling beside her, and squirted a liberal amount of oil onto her back. He began to massage her, his hands gliding over her flawless, velvety skin. He dug his fingers into her muscles, kneading and working them with a fervor that left his breath ragged.

Lori moaned, a deep, guttural sound that vibrated through her body. "Mmmnn, that feels divine," she gasped, writhing under his touch, her body responding to his strong hands.

Alex moved down her back, his eyes tracing the curve of her hips, flaring out like a sacrificial altar. "This is truly what they mean by an hourglass figure," he thought, his mind consumed by her body.

His gaze was locked onto her ass, his mind unable to comprehend how a woman could possess such perfection in both her breasts and her ass. His cock throbbed painfully, his body aching with need. His mother's sighs and whimpers were like gasoline on the fire of his lust, pushing him to the brink of his control.

Alex paused, heart pounding, deciding to push his boundaries. "I don't want to ruin your panties with oil, Mom. Maybe you should take them off."

Lori let out a low, throaty laugh. "First the bra, now you're after my panties?"

Alex leaned in, his voice a low growl. "Oil stains, Mom. It won't wash out."

Lori stretched languidly, her voice a sultry purr. "I'm so relaxed, I can barely move."

Alex's voice was a husky whisper. "Should I just skip your lower back?"

Lori murmured, "No, don't skip anything. If my panties are in your way, take them off."

Alex's heart pounded like a drum in his chest. "Okay," he rasped, sliding his thumbs under the waistband. He tugged her panties down, revealing her meaty ass inch by inch. He felt like a starving man seeing food for the first time in days.

Kneeling there, he was overcome with lust and awe. He couldn't believe the naked body before him was his own mother. Her figure

was every fantasy come to life. Almost unconsciously, he gripped his erection through his shorts, squeezing hard.

"Mmm, where are those magic hands?" Lori murmured, her voice like velvet.

Alex started kneading her lower back, his hands drifting down to her buttocks. He felt a surge of courage. "I can massage your butt and legs too, if you want."

Lori moaned softly. "Oh sweetie, you don't have to. You've already done so much."

Alex leaned in, his voice a low growl. "I want to, Mom. I want to do it all."

Lori, propped up on her forearms, flashed him a smoldering smile. "You're a sweetheart," she purred. "But if I let you keep massaging me, I might feel indebted to you again."

Alex's voice trembled with anticipation. "You mean more time exploring your body?"

Lori's eyes gleamed with mischief. "Yeah, that... or maybe I could rinse off this oil, and we could burrow under the blankets, take a little nap together."

Alex's breath hitched. "Naked, you mean?"

A sultry giggle escaped Lori's lips. "No, not naked. But how about almost naked?"

Alex swallowed hard. "I'm in."

"Then we have a deal," Lori whispered, laying back down. "Now, get back to work."

With her consent to massage her ass, Alex dove in with fervor. He squeezed and kneaded her firm, rounded flesh, working the hot, slippery oil deep into her skin.

Lori moaned, a low, guttural sound. "That feels so good."

Emboldened, Alex pushed his luck, letting his fingers slip down into her crack. When she didn't protest, he gently dragged his slippery thumb across the tight ring of her butthole. Lori's body tensed, but she remained silent, her breath hitching slightly.

Alex's mind was on fire, desperate to bury his face between her cheeks and devour her until she begged for mercy. But he knew that would be crossing a line from 'massage' to something far more primal.

Moving down to her legs, the room's dim lighting hinted at the shaved outer lips of her mons as he rubbed her smooth, powerful thighs. The atmosphere was electric, charged with a tension that begged for release.

He took his time, savoring every sharp intake of breath as he descended towards her alluring feet. He kneaded them with a fierce intensity. Alex didn't just have a foot fetish; her perfect, bare feet drove him to the brink, his head spinning and his dick throbbing, leaking pre-cum like a sieve.

"How was that?" he growled, hunger edging his voice as he anticipated the next stage of his reward.

"Oh my God," Lori gasped, "That was incredible."

"Did I satisfy you?" he demanded.

"Oh sweetheart," she panted, "More than you know. You've melted me completely. I need you close now. A nap, with you holding me, sounds like heaven."

"I want that too," he admitted.

"Good," she purred, wrapping a towel around her body as she stood. "It's your reward, after all. You've earned it, going above and beyond. Now, go clean up in the kitchen sink. I'm going to shower, then meet me back here in ten minutes."

"Understood," Alex rasped, his body trembling with anticipation. He washed quickly, then stoked the fire, his heart pounding wildly. Massaging his mom's body, especially her voluptuous tits, had been the most exhilarating experience of his life. He knew that if things escalated any further, he might just explode.

The door was shut tight, so he rapped sharply. "Mom?" His voice already tight with anticipation. "Just a moment," Lori called from within, her voice laced with promise. He could feel his heart throbbing as he waited for her call.

"Come in, honey," she finally summoned, her voice barely above a whisper. The room remained shrouded in dim candlelight. She stood by the bed, the blankets cast aside. His breath hitched as he took her in.

Lori was draped in a black lace babydoll that clung to her like a shadow. The neckline plunged deeply, exposing her expansive cleavage. The delicate lace cups were adorned with intricate floral patterns, and the mesh hem skimmed just below her hips, leaving her long legs bare. The sheer lace did little to hide her form; he could clearly see the enticing V of her shaved mons. Her hair, still wet from the shower, was slicked back, emphasizing her fierce gaze. She smirked at his wide-eyed stare.

"Is this what you wanted?" she asked, her voice a sultry purr.

He swallowed hard, his mouth dry. "You look... incredible," he managed to choke out. Lori chuckled, a low, throaty sound. She took

a slow, deliberate step towards him, her fingers finding the hem of his t-shirt. "But you," she murmured, "you're overdressed."

She tugged at his shirt, her eyes locked onto his. "Remember the rules? Almost naked, I said." With a swift movement, she pulled his shirt up and over his head, her breath hot on his suddenly bare skin.

Then she dropped to her knees, her breath hot and heavy, and tore at his fly with a feral urgency. Alex looked down, shock and disbelief coursing through his veins, as she ripped his shorts away and Lori's eyes widened at the sight of the massive bulge straining against his briefs. She looked up at him, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "Did I do that?" she growled, her voice thick with desire.

"Yeah, pretty much," Alex choked out, his face flushing with a mix of embarrassment and lust.

Lori rose, her body pressing against his as she took his hand and dragged him to the bed. Alex's gaze was locked on her bare buttocks, visible through the thin gown, watching the hypnotic sway of her hips atop her long, lean legs as they moved across the room.

Lori crawled onto the bed, pulling Alex in with her, and covered them both with the sheets. She pressed her body against his, her arm and leg draped over him possessively, her full breasts crushing against his chest. "Mmm, this is nice," she murmured, her breath hot on his neck.

"Sounds like you're enjoying this reward as much as I am, Mom," Alex managed to say, his voice strained.

Lori lifted her head, her eyes locked onto his. "Oh, I know," she said, her voice a low purr. "And that's not fair, is it?"

"What do you mean?" Alex asked, his heart pounding in his chest.

"I got my reward earlier, and it was incredible," Lori said, her voice dripping with intensity. "Yours should be equally pleasurable, not to me, but to you."

She ground her hips against him, her hard nipples pressing into his flesh. "Oh, trust me, I'm enjoying every second of it," Alex gasped.

"Yeah, as the giver, once again," Lori said, her voice a low growl. "Yes, it was your reward earlier, but you pretty much gave me a boob massage, then you gave me a full body massage. I think for once today, you should be the receiver, don't you?" Her eyes bore into his, filled with a hungry, primal need.

Alex wasn't about to argue. "I'm in. What's coming my way?" he demanded, his grin sharp as a blade.

Lori's smile cut like a knife. "Don't get too excited, I won't be giving you a handjob."

Alex growled, disappointment already burning within. "Didn't expect you to."

Lori leaned in, her voice a sultry purr. "But let me tell you what I will do. I WILL press my breasts hard against your chest. I WILL drag my tongue up your neck. I WILL whisper filthy, dirty words into your ear. And I WILL do it all while you fuck your own hand. Does that sound like something you can handle?"

Alex swallowed hard, his heart pounding. "Yeah, I can handle it."

Lori's smile was pure sin. "I thought so."

"Just how dirty are we talking?" Alex rasped, already gripping his cock through his briefs.

Lori's eyes flashed. "How dirty do you want it, baby?"

"You said you'd talk dirty. How fucking filthy can you get?" he challenged, his breath already ragged.

Lori's smile was wicked. "How about filthy enough fuck your mind, Alex? How about I say things that will make your cum blast through your cock like a fucking volcano. You won't even know what hit you."

Alex shuddered, anticipation coursing through his veins like wildfire. He'd never heard his mom talk like this, never seen her like this. He knew she was about to blow his fucking world apart.

"What are you waiting for, big boy?" she demanded, her voice laced with urgency. "Get that fucking cock out and start stroking it for me."

Alex didn't hesitate. He whipped out his thick prick, already throbbing and eager, and began to stroke it with a fierce intensity.

Lori, kneeling beside him, pressed her mesh-covered tits firmly against his chest, her lips finding his neck in a hot, hungry trail. "You made Mommy feel so fucking good earlier," she growled, her voice a low, sultry rumble. "Now it's my turn to make you feel even better."

She buried her face in his neck, her teeth grazing his skin. Her strong, experienced tongue lashed out, striking the most sensitive spots on his neck with precise, electrifying strokes.

Alex bucked upward, a guttural groan tearing from his throat. "Oh, fuck, Mom!" he cried out, his body convulsing with pleasure.

"Yes, baby!" she hissed, her tongue flicking out in quick, sharp licks. "Stroke that fucking cock! Beat that big dick while you think about fucking those hot, tight pussies." Each word was punctuated with a lick, driving him wild.

Alex groaned, his hand moving in long, hard strokes, his pre-cum slicking his shaft.

Lori paused, her eyes locking onto his, her face inches from his. "Mmmnn, feeling all that hot, wet pussy gripping your dick while you suck their big, juicy tits," she purred, her voice dripping with lust.

"Oh, fuck," Alex moaned, his cock throbbing in response to her words.

"Pounding their fucking cunts," Lori cried, her tongue lashing out in a series of rapid licks. "Slapping their asses," she growled, her body pressing against his.

Suddenly, she slid up, her cleavage enveloping his face. She squeezed her tits together, smothering him in a pocket of soft, warm flesh. "Smothering your face between their big, fucking tits," she moaned, her voice a husky whisper.

Lori watched with rapt fascination as Alex furiously stroked his throbbing cock, his face still buried in her massive cleavage. She could feel his hot, panting breaths against her sensitive skin as he lost himself to the pleasure.

"That's it baby, stroke that big fucking dick," Lori purred, grinding her mesh-covered pussy against his hip. She could feel her own arousal building, her clit swelling and throbbing as she watched her son pleasure himself. "Mommy wants to see you explode. I want to watch you paint your chest with cum."

Alex let out a strangled groan, his hand moving in a blur over his straining erection. Lori's filthy talk was pushing him right to the edge. "I'm gonna cum!" he grunted, his voice muffled by her abundant tit flesh. "Fuck Mom, you're gonna make me come so hard..."

"Do it," Lori commanded, her eyes blazing with lust. "Shoot that hot load all over yourself. Coat your chest in jizz for Mommy."

With a guttural roar, Alex's cock erupted, sending thick ropes of pearly semen arcing through the air. Lori gasped in delight as she

watched her son's cum splatter across his heaving chest and abs, some spurts reaching as high as his neck. His cock jerked and twitched as he milked out every drop, the sticky seed pooling in the valleys between his muscles.

The erotic sight was too much for Lori. She felt her pussy clench hard as a mini-orgasm ripped through her, making her shake and moan. Her nipples drilled into Alex's face as her back arched, pressing her aching clit against the hard ridge of his hip bone. She ground herself against him shamelessly, riding out the waves of her climax.

"Oh fuck yes," Lori gasped, her juices soaking through the crotch of her teddy. She couldn't believe how intensely she had come, just from dirty talk and watching her son's explosive orgasm. Her sex throbbed in time with her racing heart as she slowly came down from her high.

Alex lay there panting, his softening cock still clutched in his fist, coated in his own spendings. His chest rose and fell rapidly as he struggled to catch his breath, shiny ribbons of cum streaking his torso. He looked thoroughly debauched and completely satisfied.

Lori finally lifted her heavy tits off his face, allowing her son to breathe properly. She stared down at him with a triumphant grin, taking in his blissed out expression and cum-splattered body. "Mmm, I'd say you enjoyed your reward," she purred smugly, trailing a finger through the mess on his chest.

Alex let out a breathless laugh, his eyes glazed with post-orgasmic euphoria. "That was incredible," he sighed.

"Good, now that we're even, we can do some snuggles and a nap," she said, cozying back at his side.

Phil stared intently at his phone while perched at his office desk. With a restless sigh, he started typing a message to Lori, then abruptly stopped, recalling the cabin's isolation. They had chosen a weekend escape far removed from civilization, and the cabin epitomized seclusion. The only way to grasp a fleeting cell signal was to drive a grueling two miles down the treacherous mountain to the main road, as his wife had attempted, only to find the connection frustratingly unreliable.

The cabin gnawed at Phil's nerves that first year, his mind racing with images of deranged country bumpkins or unruly gangs of youth descending upon their sanctuary to wreak havoc. Driven by paranoia, he fortified the retreat with a robust security system—alarms and clandestine cameras poised to unmask any intruders.

In a secret he kept close, Lori was unaware of the interior surveillance. It had simply slipped his mind to mention this clandestine layer of protection. On rare occasions, temptation whispered to him—like when his son invited friends to the cabin. The urge to peek in and ensure everything was above board tugged at him, but he resisted, opting to trust Alex's judgment.

Today, however, the stakes were higher. Phil resolved to activate the cameras, compelled by the relentless threat of the COVID virus. If Lori and Alex needed anything, he would brave the roads, delivering whatever they required to stay safe.

The security system was comprehensive, with two vigilant cameras guarding the cabin's exterior—one at the front and one at the back. Inside, three more cameras kept watch: one surveyed the main living area, another monitored the kitchen, and a third kept a keen eye on the hallway near the bedrooms. Ingeniously hidden within the overhead recessed lighting, these cameras remained invisible to

any potential intruders, a silent sentinel in their seemingly serene refuge.

After logging into the system, Phil slammed his fingers onto the keyboard, clicking on the front camera with a sense of urgency. The livestream burst onto the screen, revealing the porch and driveway. As expected, Alex's car and his wife's jeep were stationed upfront.

His heart pounded as he switched to the interior living room feed. The room lay barren, an unsettling emptiness accentuated by the fire crackling fiercely in the fireplace.

He waited, tension coiling within him, but when no one emerged, he shifted to the kitchen camera. Like a ghostly echo, the kitchen too was deserted, devoid of any trace of his wife and son.

Phil's anxiety ramped up as he clicked the last camera, focusing on the hallway. The emptiness was oppressive, and he noted the master bedroom door was tightly shut.

"She must be resting," he muttered to himself, unease gnawing at his thoughts. "They both must be resting."

Yet, a relentless need to confirm their well-being gripped him. He needed to see them, to ensure they weren't exhibiting signs of a grave illness. Fixated on the hallway feed, he rewound the footage, his eyes searching desperately for movement. He was taken aback by how far he had to rewind, nearly two hours of lifeless video before his son finally emerged from the master bedroom.

Phil played the recording at normal speed, observing Alex knock on the door, wait with an air of anticipation, then slip inside, sealing the door behind him. "What's he doing?" Phil's mind buzzed with unease.

He rewound further, tension mounting as he watched his wife traverse the hallway to and from the bathroom, wrapped in nothing

but a towel that clung to her voluptuous form. Confirming that they were together in the bedroom at that very moment, Phil's heart raced as he returned to the live feed of the hallway. The bizarre events he

had witnessed earlier had ignited a blazing curiosity within him, a need to uncover what truly lay behind that closed door.

"How was your nap?" Alex asked his mother who was stretched against him, their bodies still entwined.

"Like a dream," she purred, "I dreamt of dried cum stains all over my comforter."

She threw back the blanket, revealing the stark evidence of their passion. "Well, would you look at that? Dreams do come true."

Alex let out a low laugh, "Guess I should've used a towel, huh?"

"Fuck towels," she said, her voice a sultry growl as she slid out of bed. "It's more fun to leave your mark everywhere, isn't it?"

She held up her nightie, soaked with his essence. "Look at this, you absolute beast."

"Same goes for my briefs," Alex said, his voice thick with lust. "I should've torn them off first."

He wrapped a towel around his waist, then tore off his briefs.

His mother yanked the towel away, her eyes flashing. "Nice try, but that towel is fucking filthy too, my shy boy."

Alex stood there, naked and exposed, his hands attempting to shield his dick. "Fuck, Mom," he groaned, his face flushing.

She shot him a wicked look. "Oh, spare me the blushing act, Alex. We've gone way past that, haven't we?" Without a shred of

hesitation, she peeled off her nightie, her massive tits bouncing as she tossed it onto the pile.

Alex was transfixed, his eyes wide with disbelief and desire as he stared at his mother's naked body. She scooped up the pile of cum-

stained laundry, her voice a commanding growl. "Come get the rest of your stuff out of the dryer."

Alex trailed behind her to the laundry room, his eyes glued to the seductive rhythm of her bare buttocks swaying above her alluring legs.

Phil's eyes widened in shock as his wife emerged from their bedroom, completely naked, balancing a heap of laundry in her arms. His son, equally unclothed, trailed behind. "What in the world?" Phil muttered with disbelief as he watched them vanish into the laundry room.

Minutes later, they reappeared. Lori now wore the bra Alex had washed for her, and her son clutched his clean laundry. Phil's jaw dropped in disbelief. He couldn't fathom how his wife and son could be so boldly naked in each other's presence. He observed Alex standing at the end of the hall, his eyes fixed on his mother as she teasingly glanced back at him, her hips swaying provocatively as she retreated into her room.

A storm of nausea and confusion churned inside Phil. "What the hell's going on between those two?" he wondered, his mind a whirlwind of suspicion.

The urge to confront Lori burned inside him, yet he knew that doing so would reveal the hidden cameras in the cabin. If they discovered the surveillance, they would alter their behavior, and he might never uncover the truth lurking in the shadows, the secrets they kept when he wasn't around.

Determined to unravel the mystery, Phil chose vigilance, observing them closely throughout the day. Their activities seemed deceptively normal. Lori prepared dinner for herself and Alex, and Phil watched them engage in animated conversation, their laughter resonating at the table. He cursed the lack of audio, his curiosity gnawing at him.

In the evening, they lounged by the fire, their closeness raising Phil's suspicions. At times, the intimacy between mother and son seemed to teeter on the edge of propriety, yet nothing blatantly crossed the line.

Phil's mind raced, but he knew he couldn't remain glued to the screens all night. Reluctantly, he left his post and headed home, his thoughts a tangled web of uncertainty and dread.

Phil scrubbed his skin under the scalding shower, then threw his laptop onto the bed, eyes glued to the screen, monitoring their every move. He witnessed his wife and son locked in an uncomfortably long embrace before finally retreating to their respective rooms.

Midnight cloaked the cabin, as snowflakes silently fell. Alex lay in his top bunk, hand working furiously, consumed by the fresh memory of his mother's naked breasts pressed against him, her tongue exploring his body, her dirty whispers echoing in his ears. That memory would be seared into his brain for eternity.

Suddenly, a sharp rap at his door. "Honey, you still up?" Lori's sultry voice cut through the darkness.

Alex released his throbbing cock and jolted upright, nearly concussing himself on the ceiling. "Yeah, Mom. I'm awake."

Lori slinked into his room, her short kimono robe barely concealing her curves. She prowled over to the bunk, bare feet silently padding on the cold floor. She looked up at him, eyes smoldering. "How's the view from up there?" she purred.

Alex swallowed hard, glance flicking to the window. "It's snowing."

"I see that," she murmured, voice dripping with suggestion. "They're saying it might be a blizzard. Not that it matters to us, locked away here. We're not going anywhere."

Alex felt a thrill at her words. "No," he agreed, voice steady. "We're not."

Lori's eyes gleamed with mischief. "I was thinking about that game we played earlier. Your first request, remember?"

Alex's heart pounded. "You mean switching beds?"

"God, I feel awful," Lori confessed, her voice laced with guilt. "I hadn't realized these bunks were this miserable."

"They're not great, but the mattresses are nowhere near as comfortable as yours and Dad's," Alex admitted.

Lori's eyes flashed with resolve. "Then it's ridiculous for you to sleep here, Alex. It's just the two of us, after all."

"No, Mom. I can handle it. You don't have to do this," Alex protested, but Lori cut him off with a laugh that was equal parts amusement and determination.

"I'm not suggesting we trade places, Alex. What I want to is share my bed with you. We have plenty of room, and we can make it work. Remember how well we slept together earlier today?"

Alex hesitated, then nodded. "Yeah, that was amazing."

"Then it's settled," Lori declared. She watched as Alex pulled his briefs back on and climbed down from the top bunk, his desire still evident.

Lori's eyes zeroed in on the prominent bulge tenting the front of Alex's briefs as he climbed down from the bunk. His erection was clearly visible, straining against the thin fabric. The shaft of his cock

formed a long, thick column that pointed directly at her, the fat head creating an obscene protrusion.

A damp spot had formed where the tip pressed insistently against the cotton, soaked through with Alex's copious preseminal fluid. His heavy balls created a sizeable pouch that swayed with his movements.

Lori licked her lips unconsciously as she took in the sheer size of her son's manhood. "Has that thing even gone down once today?" she purred teasingly, unable to tear her gaze away from his crotch.

Alex flushed, equal parts embarrassed and aroused by his mother's blatant ogling of his junk. "I, uh..." he stammered, at a loss for words.

Lori giggled sultrily. "I'll take that as a no." Her nipples visibly stiffened beneath the thin silk of her robe, poking out like hard little pebbles.

As Lori stared at her son's erect cock, her body began reacting as if preparing for sexual intercourse. Blood rushed to her vulva, causing her labia to swell and part slightly. Her clitoris emerged from its protective hood, engorging and becoming exquisitely sensitive. Vaginal lubrication seeped from her core, coating her petals and inner thighs with slick moisture.

The walls of her birthing tunnel loosened and lengthened, while her cervix pulled back slightly - physiological changes designed to accommodate a large intruder. Her areolas crinkled and darkened as her nipples stiffened into tight buds, ready for stimulation. Lori's heart rate and breathing quickened, her skin flushing with arousal.

Every cell in her body was priming itself to be penetrated by Alex's huge erection. Her primal hindbrain screamed at her to drop to her knees, rip his briefs off with her teeth, and take his throbbing shaft

into her mouth. To lick and suck him until he was slick with her spit, then impale herself on his massive cock and ride him until they both exploded in ecstasy.

Lori shook her head, trying to dispel the depraved fantasies. She needed to get ahold of herself before she did something she couldn't take back. Tearing her eyes away from Alex's straining bulge, she spun on her heel and sashayed out of the room, deliberately putting an extra sway in her hips.

"Coming?" she called over her shoulder, her voice a husky invitation. Then she laughed at her accidental double entendre. "To bed, I mean."

Phil was just succumbing to the darkness of sleep when his laptop screen flickered, jarring him awake. The hallway camera had detected movement. His eyes widened as he watched his wife, with a familiar, almost possessive grip on Alex's hand to their bedroom. He slammed his fist on the desk. He could not believe it. The door shut with a finality that echoed through the house.

"Again?! How dare she?!" he roared, the words ripping from his throat.

He stabbed at the keys, rewinding the footage, praying he'd misseen. His breath hitched as the scene played out again, confirming the betrayal. His heart pounded, but the rage was nothing compared to the storm brewing within Alex at the cabin.

The teen slunk onto his mom's bed, his eyes locked onto her as she shed her robe. What awaited him was no innocent sight; it was a vision that would forever be etched into his mind. Lori was poured into a black lace teddy, the floral pattern doing little to hide the

expanse of her smooth skin or the tantalizing glimpse of her areolas. The plunging neckline was a dangerous descent, beckoning his gaze.

The busty mother slid under the blankets, her body pressing against his. She kissed his cheek, her lips lingering a moment too long. "See, isn't this cozier?" she murmured, her voice a sultry purr. "It's freezing outside, and we both have a virus. We need to stay close, keep each other warm, Alex," she cooed.

The boy could hardly breathe. The soft, warm press of her oversized tits against him was pure pleasure. He was already aroused, and when Lori innocently threw her leg over him, her thigh brushing against his rock-hard cock, he had to bite back a groan.

"Sorry," she giggled, but Alex could only mutter a strained, "It's ok," his body taut with desire from just that single, innocent touch.

"Lori's voice was a hushed whisper, "If I ask you something, will you be brutally honest?"

Alex swallowed hard, "Yes."

She leaned in closer, her voice barely audible, "Were you stroking yourself in bed before I entered?"

Alex met her gaze, his heart pounding. "Yes."

Lori's eyes flickered with a mix of understanding and desire. "I could sense it," she murmured. "The scent of your testosterone and pre-cum was still lingering in the air. I apologize for interrupting."

Alex's breath hitched. "It's fine, Mom."

Lori paused, her eyes searching his. "Do you wanna finish?"

Alex's heart raced. "Finish? Now?"

She nodded slowly. "I don't mind, Alex. If you need to release, do it."

Alex hesitated, his voice barely a whisper. "Would you...?"

Lori's eyes narrowed. "Would I what, honey?"

He looked away, embarrassed. "Never mind."

Lori sat up, her gaze intense. "Would I what, Alex? Tell Mommy."

The boy's voice was barely audible. "Would you say dirty things to me again?"

A slow, seductive smile spread across Lori's face. "You loved Mommy's dirty talk, didn't you?"

Alex nodded, his breath coming in short gasps. "Yes."

Lori's voice turned stern. "You know I shouldn't be saying those things to you. Are you sure you won't tell anyone, honey?"

Alex's voice was firm. "Not a word. I swear."

Lori's gaze softened, her voice a low murmur. "I wanna believe you, Alex. Because if I can trust you, there's something else I might do for you. Something I think you'd enjoy immensely."

Alex's heart hammered against his ribs, stealing his breath. "Something else?" he gasped.

"Yeah, we just cleaned the sheets," Lori growled. "I don't want your cum exploding all over them again."

"No..." Alex whispered.

"If you cum like last time," she said, her voice low and dangerous, "we'll both be swimming in your slime all night." A cold smile played

on her lips. "But Mom can make sure that doesn't happen."

Alex's eyes widened, his breath hitching. "How?"

Lori leaned in, her voice a sultry purr. "By taking your load deep inside my belly, instead of all over my clean sheets."

Alex's mind raced, his body trembling. "Are you talking about...?"

Lori's smile was pure sin. "Oh, yes. Have you ever had a woman drink your cum, Alex?"

"I've had blowjobs," he stammered, "but they never swallowed..."

Lori's laugh was a low, throaty sound. "Girls your age don't know what they're doing. They fear a man's taste. But I'm not like them."

Alex's gaze dropped to her heaving cleavage, his pulse roaring in his ears.

"So here's what's gonna happen," Lori commanded, her voice leaving no room for argument. "I'm going under these blankets, and I'm gonna take your hard cock in my mouth. You're gonna close your eyes and picture fucking the hottest bitch you've ever imagined. Think you can handle that?"

Alex nodded, his breath coming in ragged gasps.

"Good," Lori growled. "Now, grab my hair and fuck my mouth like you mean it. Understood?"

"I won't choke you?"

Lori smiled. "You might, some, but that's ok. Mommy's a trooper, she can handle it."

Lori disappeared under the blankets, her body slithering down the bed until she was level with her son's crotch. He felt her hot breath

through the thin fabric of his briefs a moment before her fingers hooked into the waistband and tugged them down, freeing his throbbing erection.

"Mmm, there's my big boy," Lori purred, her voice muffled by the covers.

Alex gasped as he felt her tongue, hot and wet, lick a slow stripe up the underside of his cock from base to tip. She swirled her licker

around the swollen head, lapping up the bead of pre-cum that had already formed.

"You taste so good, baby," she murmured before opening her mouth wide and sinking down on his shaft. Her lips sealed around him as she took him deep, engulfing his manhood in the slick heat of her mouth.

Alex groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as his mother began to suck him off with expert skill. Her lips slid wetly up and down his thick cock, her tongue swirling and lashing along the sensitive underside. She took him right to the back of her throat on every downstroke, swallowing around his girth.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Alex gasped, fisting his hands in her hair through the blanket. He felt more than heard Lori's moan of encouragement vibrate through his meat as he began to thrust up into her hot, sucking mouth.

She relaxed her throat, letting him fuck her face with abandon. Wet, obscene slurping noises filled the room as Alex used his mother's mouth like a cunt, pistoning his hips to drive his cock in and out of her oral cavity.

Lori reached up to cup his heavy balls, rolling them in her palm. She could feel them churning with his impending release.

Pulling off his spit-slicked shaft with a lewd pop, she dipped down to suck one of his nuts into her mouth, rolling it on her tongue.

"Ungh, fuck!" Alex cried out, his cock twitching and leaking at the intense sensation. Lori released his testicle and licked lower, dragging the flat of her tongue along his taint.

The teen nearly came off the bed as he felt the tip of his mother's tongue circle his puckered asshole. She laved the tight ring of

muscle, getting it wet with her spit before pointing her tongue and wiggling it inside him.

"Holy shit, Mom!" Alex yelped as Lori tongue-fucked his ass, her oral muscle probing and squirming deep in his most private place. The taboo pleasure was overwhelming, threatening to make him explode.

Lori sensed his impending climax and quickly moved back to his cock, taking him to the root in one smooth motion. She hollowed her cheeks and sucked hard, wanting to drain his balls dry.

"I'm gonna cum!" Alex cried out in warning, his body tensing as his orgasm barreled down on him like a freight train.

Lori moaned around his cock in encouragement, bobbing her head faster as she felt his shaft swell and throb against her tongue. She reached up to fondle his balls again, coaxing his release.

With a primal roar, Alex exploded in his mother's mouth. His cock jerked and pulsed as it spewed thick ropes of hot, salty semen across her tongue and down her throat.

Lori moaned in delight as Alex's cock erupted in her mouth, flooding her oral cavity with his thick, creamy seed. The first powerful spurt hit the back of her throat, making her swallow convulsively. Then

rope after rope of hot semen coated her tongue, the musky, slightly bitter flavor bursting across her taste buds.

She savored the unique taste and texture of her son's ejaculate as it filled her mouth. It was slightly salty with a hint of sweetness, the consistency like warm, melted marshmallow. The sheer volume was impressive, a testament to his virility and pent-up arousal. Lori had to gulp repeatedly to keep up with the seemingly endless streams of jizz pouring from his cock.

Her tongue swirled through the viscous fluid, feeling the sticky strands stretch and cling to the slick muscle. Alex's cum was a rich,

potent essence, the concentrated masculinity of his balls distilled into liquid form. It rolled over her tongue and slid down her throat like a naughty, forbidden treat, lubricating her gullet as she swallowed it down.

The spongy head of the teen's penis flared and throbbed against her tongue, pumping out jet after jet of his release. Each spurt was accompanied by a full-body shudder as he strained to push out every last drop.

Lori kept suckling, drawing forth every bit of his warm, gooey spunk until she had completely drained his balls.

She imagined she could almost feel his semen sluicing down her esophagus, a river of hot, slippery sperm coating her insides. It pooled in her belly like a naughty secret, the ultimate taboo of a mother consuming her own son's most intimate essence.

Some stray drops escaped the seal of her lips, dribbling down her chin, but Lori paid them no mind. She was too focused on extracting every precious drop of Alex's cum, not wanting to waste a single morsel of his delicious juices.

Finally, his orgasm subsided, his spent cock giving a last feeble twitch on her tongue. Lori released him from her mouth and licked her lips, savoring the lingering taste of his seed. She had never enjoyed the flavor of semen so much before - something about it coming from her own son made it headier, more intoxicating.

She licked up the errant drops that had escaped, swiping her fingers through the sticky trails on her chin and sucking them clean. Lori wanted to consume every bit of Alex's cum, to have his essence inside her, becoming a part of her body.

When she was certain she had swallowed every last drop, Lori placed a tender kiss on the softening head of Alex's penis, then slowly

crawled back up his body to emerge from under the covers. She smiled at him, her face glowing with satisfaction. "How was that, baby?"

"Fuck, Mom, that was incredible," he rasped, voice hoarse from crying out.

Lori giggled, looking like the cat that got the cream - literally. "I'm glad you enjoyed it. You tasted delicious."

Alex gazed up into an overwhelming cascade of heaving, lace-straining flesh. Her engorged nipples bore down on him like the eyes of some voluptuous demon. The colossal orbs were crowned by his mom's face, her pretty features twisted into a wicked smile. "How's the view?" she purred, her voice laced with mischief.

Alex swallowed hard, his eyes trapped in the vast chasm of her cleavage. "Like a dream come true," he panted, still breathless from the searing climax. He decided to turn her own tactics back on her, to strip her defenses bare. "Can I ask you something personal?"

Her smile sharpened, like a cat who'd been invited to play. "Alright, let's hear it."

"Do you touch yourself?" he demanded, his voice steady despite the pounding in his chest. "When you're aching, do you take matters into your own hands?"

"Of course," she admitted, her voice a low throb. "We all do, married or not. Some just won't admit it."

"You spoke of fairness earlier," he pressed, his voice intense. "You took me, so it's only right if—"

Lori's smile widened, a hot, sultry curve. "Ah, Alex. Sometimes, pleasure is its own reward. I loved making you feel good."

"And I love you," he countered, his voice fierce. "I wanna make you feel good too. You've sent me to heaven twice today. No, three times."

Intrigue sparked in her eyes. "And the third?"

"In the shower," he confessed, his cheeks flushing with heat. "All I could imagine were your big boobs."

Lori chuckled. "Ah, that explains why you took extra time in the shower today."

"You brought me so much pleasure. Is there anything wrong with me returning the favor?"

She flashed him a playful grin. "No, I guess that's fair. What are you thinking?"

"Well, you went down on me, so maybe I could do the same for you... or use my fingers."

Lori's grin became mischievous. "Why not do both?"

Phil's eyes were glued to the monitor, unblinking and intense, as he scrutinized the hallway cam. His heart pounded in his chest, each beat echoing like a drum, while he desperately waited for his wife and son to emerge from the bedroom. But as the minutes dragged on, the stillness of the screen began to feel like a suffocating shroud, suggesting they wouldn't appear until the morning light.

A chilling suspicion gnawed at the edges of his mind, whispering that something deeply wrong might be occurring behind that closed door. He shook his head violently, trying to banish the disturbing notion. "Lori would never do something so twisted. It's madness," he muttered under his breath. Exhaustion finally claimed him, pulling

him into a restless slumber, where he hoped the dawn would bring clarity and relief.

Lori shifted position on the bed, throwing one leg over Alex's body so that she was straddling his head. She lowered herself down until her core hovered just inches above his face. Even in the dim light, Alex could see that his mother's pussy was glistening with arousal, her pink folds swollen and slick.

The heady aroma of her musk filled his nostrils, an intoxicating perfume of pure feminine essence. His cock immediately stiffened again at the scent, rising to full attention. Lori noticed and gave a throaty chuckle.

"Someone's eager," she purred, reaching down to stroke his erection lazily. Alex groaned at her touch, his hips bucking up involuntarily.

"Please, Mom," he begged, his voice strained with need. "Let me taste you."

"Since you asked so nicely," Lori murmured, lowering herself the last few inches until her hot, wet sex was pressed against Alex's mouth.

He moaned in bliss as her slick folds met his lips, her tangy-sweet flavour bursting across his tongue. He lapped at her slit hungrily, running his tongue up and down her seam before zeroing in on her swollen clit.

Lori gasped and rocked her hips as her son swirled his tongue around the sensitive nub, flicking it rapidly. He brought one hand up to spread her open wider, exposing the glistening pink of her inner walls. Dipping his tongue inside, he fucked her with the slick muscle, probing as deep as he could reach.

"Oh fuck yes, just like that baby," Lori panted, grinding her pussy against her son's face.

He grabbed her ass cheeks, squeezing the firm globes as he pulled her harder against his mouth. His chin was drenched in her juices as he ate her out voraciously, suckling and licking every fold and crevice.

When he sealed his lips around her clit and sucked hard, Lori cried out sharply, her thighs trembling on either side of his head. "Yesss, right there! Don't stop!" she demanded breathlessly, one hand fisting in his hair to hold him in place.

Alex obeyed eagerly, working her clit relentlessly with lips and tongue while thrusting two fingers knuckle-deep into her tight, clenching sheath. He curled them forward, rubbing the sensitive spot on her front wall as he sucked hard on her throbbing nub.

Lori threw her head back with a throaty moan, undulating her hips to grind herself shamelessly against Alex's mouth and hand. "So close," she gasped out, "Gonna come all over your face!"

Alex doubled his efforts, pumping his fingers rapidly and flicking her clit with the tip of his tongue.

As Lori rode Alex's face, grinding her sopping pussy against his lips and tongue, he gazed straight up the length of her incredible body. Her vulva was completely hairless, the plump lips glistening with her arousal. Her taut stomach rippled with each undulation of her hips.

But what really captured Alex's attention were the massive, wobbling globes of tit-flesh perched on his mother's chest. Her gigantic breasts quivered and shook with every movement, the creamy mounds jiggling hypnotically. He could see her engorged nipples poking against the thin lace of her teddy, straining the delicate fabric.

The erotic sight, combined with the musky taste of Lori's juices flooding his mouth, was too much for Alex to handle. Almost unconsciously, he reached down and gripped his own rigid cock,

stroking it in time with the thrusts of his fingers into his mother's snug channel.

He fisted his throbbing erection shamelessly as he ate her out, not caring how depraved it was to jerk off while pleasuring his own mom. His cock pulsed in his hand, the shaft slick with his own pre-cum. He could feel another orgasm building rapidly in his balls as he feasted on Lori's delectable pussy.

Above him, the mother threw her head back with a sharp cry, her entire body going rigid as she hit her peak. "Fuck yes, I'm cumming!" she wailed, her inner muscles clamping down rhythmically around Alex's plunging fingers. A gush of hot liquid squirted out against his chin as she climaxed hard, drenching his face in her essence.

The knowledge that he'd made his mother cum so intensely pushed Alex over the edge too. With a muffled shout against her spasming sex, his cock erupted in his stroking fist, painting his stomach and chest with ropes of thick semen. He continued to lap at Lori through

her orgasm, not letting up until she was trembling and mewling from the intensity.

Finally spent, his mom collapsed bonelessly to the side, her chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath. Alex released his softening penis and brought his sticky hand up to lick it clean, savoring the taste of his own cum mingled with hers.

When Lori had recovered enough to speak, she rolled over to face him with a satisfied grin. "Damn baby, you really know how to eat pussy," she purred, tracing a finger through the cooling pools of jizz on his torso. "Came so hard I squirted everywhere."

"I noticed," Alex chuckled, his voice slightly hoarse. "You taste incredible, Mom. I could feast on you for hours."

"Mmm, I may just take you up on that offer," Lori said with a wicked gleam in her eye. "We better stop though or mom will end up riding your face like a carousel pony all night," she said with a giggle.

"I wouldn't mind."

Lori lifted her head, a teasing smile playing on her lips as she gazed down at him. "Oh, you wouldn't, huh? Should I start calling you my little P-Rex now?" she teased, her voice dripping with playful provocation.

"Oh, P for pussy, I get it. No, T-Rex is good. I like tits a lot more, especially yours," he replied, his voice thick with desire, "but I could definitely lick you some more, if you wanted me to?"

"Hmmm, you don't say," Lori responded, her grin turning wicked and mischievous. With a fluid motion, she sat up, spun around, and straddled his chest, her luscious curves dominating his view.

His eyes widened as he drank in the sight of her delicious booty. "How about we do something even better," she purred, her voice a

sultry promise.

Alex's breath hitched, anticipation thrumming through him as he stared at her tantalizing presence. "What?" he muttered, his voice a mix of eagerness and awe.

Lori peeked back over her shoulder, her eyes gleaming with fiery intent. "I'll give you a hint. It comes after sixty-eight and before seventy," she whispered, her words a sultry seduction.

"Ohh," he murmured, a slow, knowing smile spreading across his face as desire coursed through him like wildfire.

Lori swung her leg over Alex's head and lowered her dripping pussy onto his eager mouth. At the same time, she bent forward and took his rigid cock deep into her throat in one smooth motion. They both

moaned in unison as they began pleasuring each other orally in the sixty-nine position.

Alex plunged his tongue deep into his mother's slick folds, lapping up her copious arousal. He swirled his licker-muscle around her sensitive clit, flicking the engorged nub rapidly. Lori gasped around his thick shaft as jolts of electric pleasure shot through her body.

She responded by taking him even deeper, relaxing her throat muscles to engulf his entire length. Her nose pressed into his wiry pubic hair as the swollen head of his cock pushed into her gullet. She swallowed around him, the rippling constrictions massaging his rigid flesh.

Alex groaned into Lori's sopping pussy, the vibrations making her shudder. He reached up to grab two handfuls of her plump ass cheeks, squeezing the firm globes as he feasted on her sweet nectar. He thrust his hips upward slightly, fucking his mother's face with shallow strokes.

Lori hollowed her cheeks and sucked hard, her tongue swirling around the throbbing shaft stretching her lips. She could taste his musky pre-cum leaking steadily onto her taste buds. She lapped it up hungrily, savoring the flavor of her son's essence. Her own juices gushed out to coat Alex's chin as she ground her aching sex against his mouth.

For the next two hours, mother and son lost themselves in giving and receiving oral pleasure. They switched positions frequently, taking turns being on top. Sometimes Lori rode Alex's face, smothering him with her dripping cunt as she rocked her hips. Other times Alex pinned Lori down and devoured her, holding her legs spread wide open as he licked her from clit to taint.

Through it all, Lori sucked Alex's cock like a woman possessed. She worshipped his manhood with lips and tongue, determined to give

him the best blowjob of his young life. She deep throated him repeatedly, suppressing her gag reflex to take him into the tight clutch of her throat again and again.

Alex returned the favor with enthusiasm, eating his mother's pussy like it was his last meal. He licked, sucked, and nibbled every fold and crease until she was writhing and wailing above him. He thrust his tongue as deep as it would go, fucking her slick channel relentlessly.

They made each other climax over and over, swallowing each fresh surge of cum and pussy juice. Lori gulped down every drop of her son's copious semen, relishing the taste and texture of his youthful seed. Alex lapped up his mother's sweet ambrosia, drinking from the pulsating tap.

205: Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine - SUPERSIZED-Part3

Phil sat rigid at his office desk the next morning, eyes locked onto the security feed from the moment he arrived. His fingers drummed impatiently against the keyboard as he waited.

Suddenly, the bedroom door swung open, and out stepped his wife, a wide grin spread across her face, her son's hand clasped in hers. Both of them bare, unabashed, and unclothed. Lori's heavy breasts swayed with each step, a blatant display of flesh as she led her son into the bathroom.

Phil's mind reeled, a whirlwind of chaos. Why were they naked? Was this just some innocent morning routine, or something more sinister? His stomach churned with a twisted cocktail of emotions. Rage boiled within him, confusion gnawed at his thoughts.

The sickening feeling in his gut was undeniable. He was angry, yes, but there was something else lurking beneath. Something dark and

primal. A sensation he couldn't ignore. It was lust. It was depraved and shameful. He was aroused.

On the third day, the ominous shadow of COVID descended upon Alex and Lori, marking a sinister turn in their cabin retreat. Fevers spiked, and flu symptoms clawed at them like a relentless beast. The air was thick with unease as the third and fourth days blurred into a

haze of lethargy and dread. They lay sprawled on the couch, clutching at each other for warmth and solace, while movies flickered on Alex's laptop, a feeble distraction from their mounting fears.

The atmosphere was charged with a mother's fierce determination. She tirelessly ensured that both her son and herself were fortified with an arsenal of medications and a steady flow of liquids, battling to stave off the worst of their misery and maintain a fragile grip on comfort.

Phil's mind was a whirlwind of doubt, teetering on the edge of disbelief despite the unsettling evidence. He had witnessed them emerge from the bedroom, stripped bare, yet he clung desperately to the hope of a rational explanation.

That night, with his heart pounding, he sat before his laptop, eyes glued to the screen as his wife and son slipped into the bedroom once more, the door clicking shut like a sinister seal. "They're just going to bed, that's all," he muttered, his voice trembling with the strain of self-deception.

On the fifth day, Alex was jolted awake by the tantalizing aroma of breakfast. "Hey, Mom," he greeted as he strode into the kitchen.

"Hi sweetheart. Hungry?" she asked with a knowing smile.

"Starving," he replied, his stomach growling in agreement.

Lori served him a hearty plate and joined him at the table, a renewed energy emanating from her. "I can't believe how much better I feel today."

"Me too," Alex replied, relief washing over him.

"I'm so glad things didn't spiral any further, for either of us."

Alex's eyes fell on a deck of cards casually strewn on the table. "Where did the cards come from?"

"Oh, I brought those up the last time we were here. Tossed them in the drawer and completely forgot about them."

"Perfect, we should dive into a round of blackjack," he suggested, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Lori's lips curled into a sly smile. "I'm in. Are we staking anything, like maybe more massages?" she giggled, a playful challenge in her voice.

"I guess. If I must," Alex retorted with feigned reluctance.

"Ha, if you must?! I have a hunch THAT reward is as much for you as it is for me," Lori teased.

"I have my own reward in mind," her boy admitted.

Lori regarded him with a curious smile, the memory of their intimate moment still vivid. "Uh-oh, should I dare ask what?"

"Would you let me capture some pictures of you?"

"Pictures?"

"Yeah, seductive photos, like the ones we snapped on the beach," Alex said, his tone eager.

"You mean the ones YOU took on the beach, without my knowledge?" she responded, a stern yet amused glint in her eyes.

"Yeah, like those, only this time you could pose for them. You know, like sultry poses."

"Hmm, alright, I'll agree to this—on one condition: the pictures are for your eyes only," Lori said, her voice firm yet teasing.

"Swear to God, I'll show no one."

"Well, there won't be many to show anyway, because you're gonna lose, buster," she challenged, giving him a firm nudge on the shoulder.

Alex grinned with determination. "We'll see."

"I know this may sound over the top, but I think we should do team uniforms," Lori declared with enthusiasm.

"Uniforms, Mom, seriously?"

"Yes! It'll be exhilarating. Team Alex versus Team Mom."

"So, you're seriously gonna make me find something else to wear, just for some games of blackjack?" Alex queried, incredulous.

"Yes! Something exciting, just play along. Trust me, you'll end up loving the uniform idea more than you think."

"Fine," he relented.

They retreated to their rooms, each with a mission to embody their team spirit. Alex donned his school team jersey, pairing it with his lace-up football pants. He opted against indoor cleats, but a backward cap completed his battle-ready attire.

His mom's voice rang out from her room with anticipation. "How's it going down there?" she asked.

"I'm almost ready," Alex shouted back, smearing black marks under his eyes as if gearing up for a high-stakes football match.

"Hey, I'm the woman. I'm not supposed to be ready before you are," Lori laughed, her voice now echoing from the hallway, alive with playful energy.

"Mom, brace yourself. I've just put the final touches on a masterpiece. Prepare to be blown away."

He swung open the door and stepped into the hallway, stopping dead in his tracks. "What the...?" He faltered, his eyes widening as he took in the sight of his mother.

Lori stood in the center of the hallway, her body arranged in a playful pose that oozed confidence. She wore a jaw-droppingly tiny yellow bikini that barely contained her voluptuous curves. Her breasts spilled over the top, the creamy mounds too large for the scraps of fabric to constrain.

"Looks like someone just got their socks knocked off," she smirked, her teeth gleaming like a predator's.

"Is that...?" Alex started, his voice barely a whisper.

"The same bikini from your pictures? You bet it is." She tugged at the strap, her breasts bouncing with the motion. "It's a little tighter though. Must be all this growth."

She cupped her breasts, her eyes never leaving Alex's face.

"You look...incredible." He swallowed hard, his eyes tracing the curves of her body.

Lori's gaze raked over him, taking in his uniform. "You don't look so bad yourself. Quite the studly football star."

Alex flexed, his muscles bulging. "I AM a studly football star," he growled, a primal sound echoing in the hallway.

Lori threw her head back and laughed, a sound that sent shivers down Alex's spine. She turned and walked towards the kitchen, her ass cheeks playing peekaboo with the bikini bottom. "Ready to get your butt kicked at blackjack?" she called over her shoulder.

Alex was rooted to the spot, his eyes glued to the hypnotic sway of her ass. The bikini bottom barely covered her rounded buttocks, the flesh jiggling enticingly with each step. He couldn't form a coherent thought, let alone an answer. The sight of her was intense, overwhelming, and utterly mesmerizing.

At the table, Lori shuffled the cards with a practiced flair, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Here are the stakes. If I win a hand, I get a two-minute massage. I choose the body part," she declared with a teasing wink.

"Alright," Alex agreed, his grin wide and eager, anticipation crackling in the air.

"And if you win, I strike a sexy pose, and you can take all the photos you want. First to win ten hands scores a SPECIAL PRIZE."

Alex's curiosity piqued as he raised an eyebrow. "A special prize?"

"Yep, something very special," she replied, her voice dripping with mystery.

"Can I at least get a hint?" Alex pressed.

Lori giggled, a sound that danced through the room. "Nope. But believe me... you'll wanna win this game."

"Alright then, let's go," Alex said, his voice tinged with excitement.

Lori dealt the cards, their crisp sound slicing through the tension. She glanced at Alex, brows arched in question.

"Hit me," Alex confidently stated.

Lori revealed her face card, a queen of diamonds, confidently. "I'll stay."

Alex turned his card, revealing, "Seventeen."

Lori flipped hers with a triumphant grin. "Twenty."

"Damn it!" Alex exclaimed, a mix of frustration and exhilaration in his voice.

"Come over here and massage my feet," Lori commanded with a playful smile.

She lifted one dainty foot, and Alex obliged, his hands working over the soft skin, squeezing and rubbing. Her feet were perfection, every toe a testament to beauty, each nail painted with meticulous care.

Lori let out a soft moan, arching her head back in bliss. "Mmm, that feels incredible."

After a moment that felt too short, she withdrew her foot. "Next hand."

She dealt again, and the tension built as they adjusted their cards. "Damn, I went over," Alex cursed, frustration edging his voice. Lori flipped a sixteen, her smile one of pure satisfaction. "Shoulders, please," she instructed, her victory palpable in the air.

Alex circled her like a predator, his hands kneading her shoulders with a hunger that bordered on desperation. He leered over her, his eyes locked onto her jutting breasts, which were pressed together, forming a chasm of flesh that seemed to defy gravity. Every fiber of his being ached to reach around and claim them, to squeeze until she gasped.

"Thank you," his mother finally murmured, and they moved on to the next hand. Again, the teen folded with a pathetic twenty-three.

"Fuck!" he roared, his frustration echoing through the room. "I can't catch a break!"

Lori, unfazed, raised the stakes. "Keep this up, and you won't see a single photo," she taunted.

Alex was trembling with anticipation. The thought of his mother posing in her bikini was driving him mad, but the torture of massaging her, of feeling her warm, silken skin under his hands, was a exquisite agony he wouldn't trade for anything. Every curve, every line of her body screamed sex, and he was intoxicated, drunk on the sight and feel of her near-naked form.

Alex finally clinched victory in the next hand, his heart racing with electrifying anticipation. His pulse pounded like a drum as Lori sauntered over, striking a provocative pose in the doorway.

Her arms framed the threshold while her voluptuous figure was on full display. The sultry gaze she cast at the camera was magnetic, as her son captured the scene from every angle. "Damn, Mom, that's sizzling," he murmured under his breath.

Alex moved behind her, camera poised with intent. Lori glanced back with an irresistible allure, her silky blonde hair cascading like a waterfall. She gave a playful shake, her hips swaying with tantalizing rhythm "You're enjoying the view of Mommy in a bikini, aren't you?"

"Absolutely," Alex replied, capturing another moment.

"Naturally. It's the closest thing to seeing me naked, right?" she teased with a knowing wink.

"Definitely."

Returning to the table, the mother, draped in her bikini, dealt their cards with an air of confidence. Both held a high face card. "I'll hold," Alex declared.

"As will I," Lori replied, revealing her hand with a triumphant smile. "Twenty-one."

Alex's eyes darted to the ceiling, exasperation etched on his face. "Twenty," he conceded, discarding a queen and a ten with a resigned flick of his wrist.

Lori performed a provocative dance, her giant tits swaying beneath a mere wisp of a bikini top. "I'm gonna win...I'm gonna win," she chanted, her voice a sultry taunt.

"Next round's mine, mom," Alex declared, his voice thick with confidence.

"Maybe so, but first, you're gonna massage my boobs," Lori commanded, stepping closer, her eyes locked onto his. "Get behind me."

Alex eagerly complied, his hands reaching around to grasp her generous flesh through the flimsy fabric. His fingers sank into her yielding skin, kneading with a desperate hunger. "Your breasts...they feel incredible, Mom."

Lori's eyes fluttered closed, a moan escaping her lips as she reveled in his touch. "Mmm, your hands...they feel so good."

As Alex continued to grope and massage his mother's squishy titties from behind, Lori began to grind her barely-clad ass against the front of his football pants. She could feel the steely hardness of his erection pressing insistently into the crack of her buttocks through the thin fabric of her bikini bottom.

"Mmm, someone's enjoying this," she purred, gyrating her hips in a slow, sensual circle. The firm globes of her ass cheeks squeezed and massaged Alex's rigid cock, the silky material of her swimsuit providing delicious friction.

"Fuck, Mom," Alex groaned, his hips thrusting forward involuntarily to grind his aching cock harder against her plump rear. His hands tightened on her tit-flesh, squeezing the generous mounds roughly.

"Pull my ass tighter against you, baby," Lori commanded breathlessly, her nipples drilling into his palms as jolts of pleasure shot through her. "I wanna feel every hard inch of your dick."

Alex reached around her narrow waist with one hand, splaying his fingers over her taut belly. He yanked her back against him forcefully, crushing her ass into his crotch. At the same time, he thrust forward, sandwiching his throbbing erection between their bodies.

"Oh yes, just like that!" Lori cried out, throwing her head back onto his shoulder. She reached behind her with both hands, grabbing Alex's firm buttocks and pulling him against her even harder.

They dry humped shamelessly, Alex's raging boner sliding up and down the cleft of Lori's ass as she undulated her hips. The head of his penis caught on the edge of her bikini bottom with each thrust, threatening to slip underneath the skimpy material.

"Fuck, you feel so good," Alex panted harshly in her ear, his hot breath raising goosebumps on her neck. He used the hand on her stomach to press her back into him, while his other hand mauled her jiggling tits.

"Mmm, so do you," Lori moaned, continuing to grind her ass in circles against his pulsing cock. "I love feeling your big hard dick rubbing against my ass."

They rutted together frantically, the obscene slap of flesh on flesh filling the room. Alex's balls, heavy and aching with pent-up cum, smacked against Lori's barely covered pussy with each thrust. The thin gusset of her bikini bottom was soaked through with her arousal, the damp material clinging to her swollen lips.

Lori could feel her son's cockhead leaking copious amounts of pre-cum, the slippery fluid soaking through his pants and her swimsuit to lubricate their grinding. The wet spot grew with each pass of his

dick between her cheeks, the musky scent of his excitement filling her nostrils.

Alex could feel her nipples stiffen into hard, swollen peaks. He continued to massage her breasts, his breath ragged, until Lori finally covered his hands with hers. "Time's up, Alex," she whispered, her voice laced with both regret and resolve.

"Okay," the boy growled, frustration evident in his tone.

Minutes later, Alex's victory roar echoed through the room, primal and unrestrained, as he slammed his winning hand onto the table. "YES!"

Lori, ignited by his feral energy, leapt onto the kitchen counter, her body a flame of wild abandon. She stretched out, arching her back like a tigress, her chest heaving, golden hair cascading like a waterfall over the cold marble.

Her eyes locked onto her son's, a sultry, smoldering gaze that demanded attention. "Mmm, capture this, baby," she commanded, her voice a low growl.

Alex, shaken from his stupor, fumbled for his phone, his heart pounding like a kick drum. He snapped pictures, the shutter sound echoing like rapid gunfire.

Lori rolled onto her side, her legs bent, feet arched in a ballet of temptation. Propped on one elbow, her cleavage deepened into a dark, dangerous canyon. Her eyes screamed desire, a siren's call that Alex couldn't ignore as he clicked away, capturing her raw, primal allure.

"You're getting some good ones," she purred, her voice a velvet glove wrapped around a steel fist. "These will leave your old pictures in the dust."

"Never," Alex growled, his voice thick with intensity. "Every single one is a treasure. I'm keeping them all."

Lori threw her head back and laughed, a low, throaty sound, as she rolled onto her stomach. "Why?" she purred, arching an eyebrow. "So you can get yourself off? Picture Mommy in her barely-there bikini while you touch your fat cock?"

She bent one leg, kicking it up in a blatant invitation. Her ass lifted high, the flimsy bikini bottom stretching lewdly across her ample cheeks.

Alex moved closer, his breath ragged as he snapped a picture between her legs. The thin fabric clung to her, so tight it outlined the plump lips of her pussy, the crease of her entrance visible. His cock was rock-hard, throbbing, almost painfully contained within his pants.

Suddenly, Lori sat up, slid off the counter, and sauntered back to the table. "Ready for the next hand?" she asked, her voice laced with challenge.

Alex discreetly adjusted himself, trying to hide the obvious bulge in his pants. "I see your game," he growled. "You get me all worked up, so I can't think straight, then you strike."

Lori chuckled. "I would never," she whispered, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Yeah, right," Alex scoffed.

She began to shuffle the cards, her eyes never leaving his. "It goes both ways, you know. You don't think I was hot and bothered after you touched my tits with those magic hands of yours?"

"Fine, you're right," the boy growled.

"I'm the mom, I'm always right," she declared, eyes gleaming with competitive fire. "No more excuses. Let's play. I'm claiming that prize." She slapped the cards onto the table.

"You're still not gonna tell me what that prize is?" he demanded.

"Never."

"Give me a damn hint," he insisted.

"Not a chance," she snapped. "You'd cheat, steal, do anything to win if you knew."

"It's that good?" Alex asked, his imagination running wild. They'd already crossed lines; was this something more?

"For me, it will be," she promised, a wicked smile playing on her lips.

He glared at his card. A four of hearts. "Deal," he commanded.

She flipped a five onto the table. He revealed his hand. "Nineteen," he declared, voice thick with triumph.

Lori's face darkened and she threw down her cards. "Where do you want me?"

A cruel laugh escaped Alex. "Bent over, looking back at me."

She stepped away from the table, slowly bending over, her curves accentuated as she gazed back at him over her shoulder. Her blonde hair cascaded down like a waterfall. "You mean like this?" she purred.

"Exactly," he growled, snapping pictures with a fierce grin.

Lori bent over further, thrusting her shapely ass out towards Alex. She reached back with both hands, grabbing a meaty cheek in each

palm. Slowly, teasingly, she began to sway her hips from side to side, making the abundant flesh of her buttocks jiggle and bounce.

The flimsy fabric of her tiny yellow bikini bottom struggled to contain the fleshy globes, riding up to expose the lower curves of her ass. The thong back disappeared between her cheeks, swallowed up by her plump rump. With each sway of her hips, her ass cheeks wobbled like jello, the supple skin shimmering under the lights.

As Lori wagged her juicy booty for the camera, her colossal tits swung heavily beneath her. The thin triangles of her bikini top were woefully insufficient, barely covering her nipples. Her creamy breasts spilled out the sides and bottom, threatening to burst free at any moment. They hung down like ripe, succulent fruit, swaying pendulously with her movements.

Alex groaned at the intensely erotic sight, his cock throbbing painfully in his pants. He continued snapping pictures, zooming in on his mother's wobbling ass and dangling udders. His other hand moved of its own accord to palm his aching erection through his football pants.

Lori glanced back over her shoulder, catching Alex groping himself. "Is that uncomfortable, baby?" she cooed with false sympathy, even as she shook her ass more vigorously. "You can take it out if you want. Give yourself a few strokes."

Alex's eyes widened at his mom's shocking suggestion. "Really?" he asked, hardly believing his ears.

"Mm-hmm," Lori hummed, biting her plump lower lip. "Mommy doesn't mind. I know how hard you must be after staring at my ass. Go ahead, stroke that big beast for me."

Alex didn't need to be told twice. He hastily set his phone down and yanked at the laces of his pants with trembling fingers. In seconds,

he had his throbbing erection out, the swollen shaft slapping up against his abs.

He wrapped his fist around the thick base and began pumping, not taking his eyes off his mother's undulating booty. He squeezed and twisted on the upstroke, then flew back down to the root. Wet, obscene schlicking noises filled the air as he furiously beat his meat.

"Fuck Mom, your ass is incredible," Alex grunted, fisting his dick faster as he watched Lori's heart-shaped rump bounce and sway. Drops of pre-cum oozed from his slit, making his cock slippery in his stroking palm.

Lori smirked over her shoulder at her boy as he frantically stroked his erect baby maker, his eyes glued to her jiggling ass cheeks. "You really love Mommy's big booty, don't you baby?" she purred seductively.

"Fuck yes," Alex grunted, his fist flying over his throbbing shaft. "It's perfect. I could stare at it all day."

Lori giggled and gave her rump an extra vigorous shake, making the fleshy globes bounce wildly. "Well, if you love my ass that much, I have a proposition for you," she said, her voice dripping with sinful promise.

"What's that?" Alex panted, squeezing the swollen head of his cock.

"Let me win the next hand," Lori said, finally straightening up and turning to face her son. She cupped her heavy tits, pushing them together. "And I'll let you worship my ass with your tongue. You can bury your face between my cheeks and lick my asshole until I cum all over you."

Alex's eyes nearly bugged out of his head at his mother's lewd offer. "Are you serious?" he asked incredulously, his hand stilling on his spit-slicked erection.

"Dead serious," Lori confirmed with a wicked grin. "But only if I win. So what do you say, baby? Think you can handle losing the next round on purpose?"

"Fuck yes," Alex agreed immediately, nodding vigorously. "Anything to get my mouth on your ass, Mom. Please, I need it."

"Good boy," Lori praised, sauntering back over to the table with an extra sway in her hips. She sat down and picked up the cards, shuffling them with a devious smile. "Get ready to eat some ass, baby."

The next hand was dealt and Alex threw it without hesitation, not even looking at his cards. "I fold," he said quickly, his voice thick with anticipation.

Lori grinned triumphantly. "Looks like Mommy wins," she purred, standing up. "Now lay down on the floor."

Alex scrambled to obey, stretching out on his back on the plush kitchen rug. His rigid cock slapped against his stomach, leaking a steady stream of pre-goo.

Lori stepped over him, straddling his head with her legs spread wide. She reached back and hooked her fingers in the thong of her bikini bottom, slowly pulling the scrap of fabric to the side.

Alex moaned at the sight of his mother's bare pussy and asshole exposed to his hungry gaze. Her lips were puffy and glistening with arousal, her pink slit peeking out from between them. Higher up, her tight little rosebud winked at him, the dusky star clenching and relaxing.

The mother slowly lowered herself down until she was sitting on Alex's face, her bare ass and pussy smothering him. "Mmm, worship Mommy's ass," she commanded breathlessly. "Lick it good."

Alex moaned into his mother's flesh as he was engulfed by her most intimate area. The musky aroma of her arousal filled his nostrils, making his cock throb and leak. He eagerly extended his tongue, running the flat of it up the crack of her ass.

Lori gasped and ground down on her son's face as she felt his hot, wet tongue laving her sensitive skin. "Yes, just like that!" she encouraged. "Get that tongue in deep."

Alex flicked the tip of his tongue rapidly over Lori's puckered rosebud, feeling the tight ring of muscle quiver. He pointed his oral muscle and probed at her back entrance insistently, trying to wiggle past the resistant barrier.

"Oh fuck!" Lori cried out when Alex's tongue breached her asshole, penetrating her forbidden hole. She bucked her hips, riding his face wantonly. "Tongue-fuck Mommy's ass, baby! Get it nice and wet."

Alex groaned and thrust his tongue in and out of his mom's tight rectum, fucking her with the slick, writhing appendage. He pushed in as deep as he could go, swirling it around to coat her inner walls with his saliva.

Lori sprang to her feet with renewed vigor. "That's enough. I can't let you get Mom too worked up. We have a game to finish."

Having her son so frazzled, Lori won the next three games and indulged in a luxurious massage that left her feet, back, and ass tingling with satisfaction. "Mmm, your hands feel divine," she purred sensually, as Alex kneaded the plush curves of her voluptuous frame.

They returned to the table, and she deftly shuffled the deck, dealing the next hand with precision. "Just one more win and that special prize is all mine," she declared with a confident glint in her eye.

"There's no way you're gonna win four in a row," he retorted, but a flicker of doubt crossed his face when her face card revealed an ace.

The teen grimaced, tapping the table anxiously. "Hit," he muttered through gritted teeth.

As she flipped a king, sealing his fate, his shoulders sagged in defeat. "Damnit!" he shouted, flinging his cards onto the table in frustration.

"I win!" Lori shouted triumphantly, thrusting her arms skyward. Her victory was palpable as she purposefully bounced, her bikini slung boobs moving in rhythm with her jubilant cheers. "I win, I win, I win!"

Alex's eyes widened in awe as he watched the mesmerizing movement. "Damn, if you promise to do that, I'll let you win every single time."

Lori laughed, a sound of pure delight, as she circled around to take his hand with a mischievous glint. "Reward time," she whispered, leading him into the living room where the fire crackled with warmth and anticipation.

She guided Alex to the couch, her voice soft yet commanding. "Sit," she instructed, her tone leaving no room for hesitation.

The teen obeyed, his heart pounding like a drum in his chest, not because of the reward promised, but from the electric anticipation of what was to come. He watched as his mother towered over him, her smile slight and uncertain, but her eyes burning with intent.

"Before we do this," she said, her voice low and serious, "you should know that the game's outcome was irrelevant. We both had the same prize awaiting us."

Alex swallowed hard. "We did?"

His mother leaned in. "Oh yes, Alex. You've felt it too, haven't you? These 'rewards' we've been exchanging... they've been igniting

something in both of us, a fire that can't be put out. Don't deny it."

He couldn't. "I would have touched you, massaged you, anytime you wanted."

Lori's hands grasped the hem of his jersey, her eyes locked onto his as she peeled it off him. "And I would have posed for you, in my bikini, anytime you asked."

Her hands trailed down his lean body as she knelt, her fingers hooking into his football pants, tugging them down. "Last night, I took you in my mouth, because I wanted to. I wanted your tongue on me just as badly."

Alex was naked now, his cock sticking up like a fleshy flagpole, his breath coming in quick gasps. "I did too, Mom."

Lori stood back up, her hands reaching around to untie her bikini top. She tossed it aside, her heavy breasts heaving free, her nipples already hard. "So for this reward, honey, I chose something... intense. Something primal that we both crave. I chose what we both truly want."

The mother, breath hitching with anticipation, hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her bikini bottoms and brutally tugged them down over her hips. "This is what we've both been craving for ages," she growled, eyes locked on the granite pillar of his cock, pulsating with need.

Alex watched her strip, his heart pounding like a war drum. Naked and primal, she stood before him. His desire was a wild beast, clawing at his insides. "Fuck, Mom, are we really gonna…?"

A wicked smile spread across her lips. "Yes, baby boy. We are."

His response was a guttural groan.

She mounted him, knees sinking into the cushions, gripping his hips.

Alex was engulfed in her fierce sensuality. Her breasts, hot and heavy, swayed above him. He felt her hand, sure and demanding, grasp his shaft, dragging the engorged head through her slick, swollen folds. "Mom, should I get a...?"

"A what, my love?" she panted, eyes burning into his.

"A condom?"

She threw her head back and laughed, a sound of pure, raw lust. "Fuck no. No condoms. I want you raw, damn the consequences."

The world stopped as mother and son gasped in unison, the boy's steel-hard cock impaling her molten depths.

"Fuck!" Lori screamed, feeling his monumental shaft obliterate the boundaries her husband could never breach, plunging deeper into her abyss.

Their bodies fused as her smooth, shaved mound pressed against the base of his cock, both frozen in a moment of pure, carnal intensity. Alex felt his mother's velvet vice clamp down on his pulsating shaft, threatening to consume him entirely.

Lori threw her head back, a primal moan escaping her lips as she raised her ass, revealing his cock-shaft, glistening with her liquid desire, as it retreated from her clenching core.

She began to writhe, slamming her hips down with feral urgency, their bodies crashing together in a raw, wet symphony of lust. Her ass, a blur of motion, drove his cock into her hungry, insatiable pussy, their fucking echoing through the room like a savage, primal beat.

Lori's throaty scream echoed through the room, "Fuck me harder!" Her soaked pussy slammed onto his throbbing cock, their flesh slapping together like thunder.

Alex bucked his hips off the sofa, meeting her thrusts with desperate urgency. Lori's massive tits heaved and bounced above him, sweat glistening on her curves.

He buried his face in her cleavage, mouth greedily seeking her nipple. "Suck me, baby. Suck Mommy's tits like you mean it," Lori demanded, her voice a guttural growl.

Alex complied, taking her nipple into his mouth and sucking ravenously, his cheeks hollowing with the intensity. His cock gave off a mighty flex from the thrill of sinking his face against the rippling mound of his own mom's tit.

Lori threw her head back, blonde hair whipping like a lion's mane. "Yes, suck me harder!" she screamed, her nipples throbbing and elongating between his hungry lips.

Their bodies collided, a savage rhythm of primal lust, their moans and grunts filling the air like a raw, carnal symphony. Alex's face was smothered in her tit-flesh, the supple flesh quivering around his face to the rhythm of their mating dance.

Suddenly, Lori paused her bouncing, instead, she ground her hips in a circular motion, stirring his thick cock inside her like a whirlpool. Alex could feel his cockhead hitting the deepest part of her, could

feel her juices dripping off his balls like a river. His moans were muffled by her pillowy tits.

Inside Lori's tight, clenching pussy, the teen's rock-hard cock was being massaged and squeezed from all sides by her slick, muscular walls. Her vaginal canal rippled and undulated along his thick shaft, the ribbed texture stimulating every nerve ending. The spongy,

corrugated flesh of her inner walls seemed to suck and pull at his member, as if trying to milk the cum from his balls.

Alex could feel the bulbous head of his cock kissing the firm, rubbery ring of Lori's cervix with each deep stir. His swollen glans pummeled the entrance to her womb relentlessly as she ground on him, sending shockwaves of pleasure through them both. Her molten core was like a vise around him, clenching and releasing rhythmically.

Their most intimate flesh was fused together, his veiny shaft stretching her open, parting her silken folds to make room for his girth. Her engorged, throbbing clit scraped deliciously along his pubic bone with each gyration of her hips, sending sparks of ecstasy zinging through her body.

Lori's copious juices flowed freely, coating her son's cock and balls, making obscenely wet sounds as he stirred inside her. Her hot, slick essence mingled with his own drooling pre-cum, creating a frothy mixture that further lubricated their coupling. The musky aroma of their joined sexes perfumed the air.

Alex's solid column of cock spread Lori open to her absolute limit, the delicate tissues straining to accommodate his impressive size. She could feel every ridge, every vein of his pulsing shaft as it slid against her clinging sheath, stoking the fires of her desire to a fever pitch. Her vaginal muscles fluttered and clenched around him involuntarily, as if trying to hold him inside her forever.

The fleshy ring of her cervix nuzzled the tip of his cock, kissing and caressing it each time he bottomed out. The tender tissues pulsed against his sensitive glans, coaxing him closer to orgasm with each stroke. Lori's body seemed to be begging for his seed, her womb eager to be bathed in his potent semen.

Their sexual organs fit together like lock and key, two pieces of a carnal puzzle. It was as if they were made for each other, designed by nature to bring one another the ultimate pleasure. Alex's turgid

flesh impaled Lori to her core, possessing her completely, while her slick sex gripped him like a glove, unwilling to let him go.

Together, their genitals worked in perfect harmony, his solid maleness parting her soft femaleness, two primal forces joining as one. The head of his cock probed her innermost depths while his thick root stretched her opening exquisitely, stimulating every inch of her sensitized canal.

"Lift me up," Lori demanded.

Alex, looked up from beneath her huge, heaving tit-melon."What did you say?"

She attacked his neck with frantic kisses, her voice a fevered rasp. "I want you to grab me, pin me against the fucking wall, and fuck me like you mean it."

A primal surge coursed through Alex's veins. Standing, he was a pillar of tense muscle, Lori clinging to him, vice-like, with her powerful legs wrapped around his waist, her ankles locked behind him. She devoured his neck, her nails digging into his flesh. Her breasts crushed against his chest, nipples hard and insistent. "Against the wall. Fuck me hard!" she cried, voice ragged with desperation.

Alex drove her against the living room wall, his body a piston, pounding into her with brutal thrusts. Lori's eyes fluttered back, her

nails raking his flesh, nearly drawing blood, trying to consume him whole.

"Fuck, mom!" Alex groaned, his body enveloped in her scorching heat. Every second was ecstasy, her strong legs and greedy flesh pulling him in, his bucking ass cradled between her opulent thighs.

"You like that, baby?" Lori panted. "You like holding mommy like this, fucking me, showing me you're a man?"

"Fuck yes," he roared.

Alex pistoned into her with a relentless pace, but Lori, insatiable, raked her long nails across his ass, her diamond ring cutting into his flesh like a brand. "This isn't all you've got," she growled, her voice a primal rasp, her heels pulling at his ass. "Fuck me like you mean it! Fuck me like the world's ending!"

Alex's ass became a whirlwind, his cock jackhammering through her slick, swollen pussy. Lori matched his ferocity, her body convulsing in a wild, forbidden dance. Her orgasm hit like a freight train, her pussy clamping down on his cock, heat flooding her core.

"Fuuuck, I'm cumming," she screamed, her voice raw, savage.

Alex, sweat dripping, teeth gritted, fought against her vice-like grip, his hips powering through her resistance to bury his cock deep. Her pussy, a scorching, pulsating vise, milked his shaft, her cum drenching him.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna blow," he finally roared.

Lori, her body a live wire, screamed her release. "Fuck yes, give it to me, baby!" Her voice was a hoarse, desperate cry, her body shaking with the force of her climax.

Alex's cock exploded, thick ropes of molten seed erupting from his pulsing tip, painting the clenching walls of Lori's womb. "Fuck! Fuck!"

he roared, possessed by an orgasm that tore through him like a wildfire. They convulsed together, their moans echoing through the room like a primal symphony.

Alex held Lori suspended, their eyes locked in a savage gaze. She pressed her forehead against his, panting. "That was one hell of a reward," she sighed, her breath coming in short gasps.

"It wasn't mine to take," he grunted, but his eyes said otherwise. Their stare was a fiery tango, a clash of lust and fury. Lori dove in, crushing her lips against his with bruising force. Their tongues clashed, hers dominant, a whirlwind of experience and hunger, devouring his.

She kissed him again, and again, each kiss a battle, a conquest. Her eyes, wild and untamed, bore into his. "Take me to bed," she demanded, her voice a low, feral growl.

Phil's pen pounded against the desk like a war drum, his eyes locked onto the security footage. He had witnessed it all: the illicit card game, his wife's provocative display, Alex's forbidden touch. He had watched, in stark silence, as his wife stripped them both, as his son ravaged her against the wall with a primal intensity Phil hadn't possessed in years.

A tempest of emotions roared within him—nausea, jealousy, betrayal—but they were mere kindling to the inferno of arousal blazing through his veins. It was a perverse, all-consuming desire that incinerated every negative feeling, leaving only grim ashes in their wake.

Phil looked down, discovering the bulge in his pants, hard and unyielding. With a mix of disbelief and desperation, he tore at his zipper, freeing his erection. It was steel encased in flesh, a sensation

he hadn't felt in years. A bitter realization dawned on him: this twisted voyeurism had achieved what years of medication and therapy could not.

He gripped himself, a grim parody of pleasure, as he stared at the empty hallway on the screen. His eyes bore into the bedroom door,

imagination painting lurid pictures of what lay beyond. Though the screen showed nothing, his mind was a whirlwind of carnal possibilities, each more depraved than the last. His erection held, a grotesque testament to his tormented arousal.

Lori threw her legs around Alex's powerful back, her ankles locking tightly across his shoulders, her calves pressing into his flesh. The bedsprings screamed in protest as she bucked her hips wildly, driven by a primal, insatiable hunger, her breath reduced to guttural grunts and desperate moans.

Alex drove his hips against hers, his cock pounding into his mother's drenched pussy with a relentless, brutal rhythm.

"Fuck, baby!" Lori screamed, her voice raw as she felt her son's cock plunge deeper, threatening to split her in two. "You're fucking me so good!"

Alex bent forward into her fleshy breasts and buried his sweat-slicked face into her neck and shoulder. He could feel the vibrations of her voice as she barely managed to speak between his savage thrusts.

"You've been wanting this, haven't you?" Lori growled, her voice laced with lust and accusation. "Staring at those filthy pictures, dreaming of fucking your mother!"

"Yes!" Alex panted, his hips moving like a piston, his cock driving into her with unyielding force.

"You wanted Mommy to spread her legs for you, didn't you?" Lori snarled, her words dripping with sin and temptation. "You wanted to fuck me like a dirty little whore!"

She clamped her vice around his cock, feeling Alex's body tense like a drawn bowstring. "She's dancing with danger letting you ravage

her, but you're gonna make this worth the gamble, aren't you, sweetheart?"

"Yesss," Alex hissed, electricity jolting through his cock at her scorching words.

Their bodies, slick with sweat, slapped together with a fevered rhythm, each thrust echoing like thunderclaps through the room. "You're blasting mommy into orbit, and you're gonna keep her there all fucking night."

Alex shifted, driving his cock like a piston, ensuring every inch of his mother's pussy felt his relentless assault. Lori arched her back, legs vice-locked around him, allowing his cock to hammer directly against her G-spot.

"Ooohhh fuckk!" she screamed, eyes rolling back, body convulsing like a live wire.

Suddenly, Lori's pussy erupted, squirting hot fuck juice all over Alex's cock. Her walls clamped around him, milking his organ with rhythmic spasms.

"Uuuhhggh! YESSS!!" she cried out, her orgasm ripping through her like a freight train, the longest, hardest climax of her life.

Alex's self-control was mind-blowing, his cock still steel-hard inside her. She released her grip, a wicked smile playing on her lips.

"Fuck me like an animal," she growled, flipping onto her hands and knees, her massive tits swinging like pendulums.

Alex loomed behind her, wielding his stone-hard cock like a weapon. His eyes bore into her drenched pussy and the tight, pulsating ring of her asshole. Lori threw him a hungry look over her shoulder, her voice a low, husky growl. "Fuck me like you mean it, Alex," she demanded.

He pressed the thick, engorged head of his cock against her swollen pussy lips. Before he could even sink halfway in, Lori started slamming her booty back, wild and desperate, like an animal in heat. She clawed at the sheets, bucking and writhing as she impaled herself on his cock.

"Yes, fuck yes!" she growled, her voice a choked cry. "Grab my hips. Make me cum all over your fucking cock!"

Alex could feel the raw, primal need radiating from her. He gripped her soft, generous hips and drove his cock in deep, slamming into her with brutal, full-length thrusts.

Lori threw her head back, her silky hair cascading down her spine as she bared her teeth in a feral grin. "Fuck yes, oh God, I fucking love it!" she screamed, her voice hoarse with lust.

Alex was transfixed, watching her big, tan ass cheeks slap against his stomach. He was hypnotized by the ripple of her flesh with each punishing thrust. He buried his cock to the hilt in her pussy, feeling her tight, wet cunt clamp down around him like a vice.

Then, the boy slowly pulled out, until only the thick, swollen head of his cock stretched her dripping pussy lips. His cock glistened with her juices, a thick, slick coat of her desire. "Fuck," he grunted, his voice thick with lust.

Lori threw her head back and laughed throatily. "Having fun, baby?" she squealed.

"Hell yes," he grunted, slamming into her with renewed vigor.

Lori's breasts swung violently, and their bodies made a obscene slapping sound as they collided in a primal, heated rhythm. The insatiable mother was aflame, consumed by a lust that her husband Phil hadn't ignited in her in what felt like an eternity.

"Nothing could be this fucking good," she thought, delirious with pleasure. "Nothing could be as fucking sweet as letting my well-endowed son not only give me pleasure, but also take his pleasure from my eager body."

Alex gripped his mom's hips tighter, pounding his cock deeper with every thrust. Lori matched his strokes, slamming her ass back against him. Without breaking stride, she looked back at him, her eyes ablaze with lust. "You wanna claim it? You wanna make Mommy's cunt yours, baby boy?"

"Fuck yes I do," Alex groaned, his cock throbbing as it pistoned through her tight, soaked walls.

"Then make it yours. Make me cream and soak that hard cock with my hot cum," she demanded, driving her pussy back onto his cock, meeting his thrusts with her own fevered bucks.

"Fuck, you keep talking like that and I'm gonna explode," the teen growled.

"Ohh, is my baby boy ready to burst from Mommy's dirty mouth?"

"Yes," he hissed.

"Too bad, I'm not stopping. But I'll make you a deal—keep that cum contained until I shatter again, and I'll give you a special prize," she purred.

"What prize could you possibly have left to offer, Mom?"

"My ass," she whispered, her voice dripping with lust.

Alex's gaze locked onto her writhing buttocks and the tight, forbidden ring peeking from between them. His heart pounded like a war drum. "Deal," he rasped.

She slammed her cunt back onto him, feral and urgent. "Come on then, cowboy. You wanna ride Mommy's ass like a stallion? Earn it!"

Alex recalled the angle that made her scream, made her gush. He drove into her with relentless, balls-deep thrusts.

Lori looked back, delirious with pleasure. "Fuck, you're cheating!" she gasped.

"How's this cheating?" he grunted.

"You know my sweet spot, you're not fighting fair," she moaned.

Alex flexed his cock, ramming harder. "Fuck your rules, Mom."

"Fine, two can play that game," Lori panted, clamping her pussy muscles down like a vice.

"Fuuuck!" the teen growled, feeling her scorching pussy clamp down like a vice on his throbbing cock. The sensation was fucking mind-blowing.

Alex's rock-hard dick forced its way through the impossibly tight, slick flesh. The resistance was insane, like fucking a fist of velvet steel. Lori watched him, her eyes gleaming with challenge. "Oh, is that all you've got?" she taunted.

Alex clenched his jaw, his ass, every fucking muscle to hold back the volcano ready to erupt. "Not a chance," he growled.

He gripped her hips, dug his fingers into her soft flesh, and began to pound her like a jackhammer. Lori's tan ass slapped against him, the sound echoing like thunder. The aroused mother screamed in ecstasy, her voice raw and primal. "Ffuuuuck!"

In seconds, Alex felt his cock bathed in her molten cum. Her juice flooded out, soaking his balls, his thighs, the bed. His own orgasm

tore through him like a fucking freight train.

"Fuuuck!" he roared, his cock pulsing, painting her insides with his cum. Their bodies thrashed and bucked, wringing every last drop of pleasure from each other. Their moans were fucking animalistic, their grip on each other bruising. The world could have ended around them, and they wouldn't have given a fuck.

"Fuck, Mom," Alex cursed as he collapsed onto the bed, his body rigid with frustration.

Lori pressed against him, her breath hot on his neck. "You were so close," she murmured, her voice a sultry purr.

"Close? You screamed first," he growled.

A low, throaty laugh escaped her. "Oh, no. We exploded together, remember? You lost the bet, and now I claim my prize."

A shiver of anticipation mixed with disappointment coursed through Alex. He knew he wouldn't get what he wanted, but this could still be good. "Fine. What do you want?" he demanded.

Lori's lips brushed against his ear, her voice a seductive whisper. "I want you to fuck me in the ass. Hard."

A dark laugh escaped Alex as his cock throbbed with renewed excitement. "That was supposed to be MY reward."

"Exactly," she breathed. "A reward for one is a reward for both. I want it rough, Alex. Make me scream again."

He grimaced. "Fuck yes I will!"

Alex rolled his mother onto her stomach roughly, his hands gripping her hips with bruising force. Lori moaned wantonly, arching her back

to present her lush ass to her son. The rounded globes jiggled invitingly, the cleft between them revealing the tight pucker of her asshole.

Alex mounted her from behind, draping his muscular body over her back. He pressed his renewed erection against the crack of her ass, grinding his hips to slide his cock up and down her cleft. The swollen head caught on her anal ring with each pass, making Lori gasp and shudder.

"Fuck my ass, baby," she panted, reaching back to pull her cheeks apart, offering her forbidden hole to him. "Shove that big dick in Mommy's tight asshole."

Alex growled, the filthy words inflaming his lust. He positioned the broad crown of his cock against her puckered star and pushed forward relentlessly.

Lori cried out as her sphincter stretched obscenely around his girth, the burning pain mixing deliciously with intense pleasure.

"Oh God, you're so fucking tight," the teen grunted, struggling to force his thick meat past her resisting ring. With a hard thrust, he popped the head inside, both of them moaning loudly at the intense sensation.

Lori's eyes rolled back as her ass was invaded, the walls of her rectum clenching and fluttering around Alex's cock. "More," she demanded breathlessly. "Give me every fucking inch."

Alex obliged, driving forward until his heavy balls pressed against her pussy. Lori screamed into the pillow, her hands fisting the sheets as she was impaled fully on her son's massive dick. She could feel him throbbing deep in her guts, splitting her open.

Alex paused, savoring the unbelievable vice-like grip of his mother's asshole around his shaft. Then he began to move, withdrawing until

just the head remained inside before slamming back in brutally. He set a punishing pace, the room filling with the obscene slap of flesh on flesh and their harsh panting.

"Yes, fuck, give it to me hard!" Lori wailed, pushing her ass back to meet his violent thrusts. The fat cheeks rippled with each impact, jiggling obscenely. Her body rocked with the force, her huge tits mashed into the mattress.

Alex fucked her savagely, pile-driving his cock into her tight rear channel. His hands dug into the generous flesh of her hips as he used them for leverage, yanking her back onto him as he surged forward. Guttural groans spilled from his lips, sweat dripping down his face and chest.

"Take it, fucking take it!" he snarled, pistoning his hips like a machine. His heavy sack slapped against her clit with each thrust.

Inside the tight, clenching sheath of Lori's rectum, Alex's thick cock was massaged and squeezed from all sides. The smooth, muscular walls gripped his shaft like a fist, rippling and undulating along his length. With each brutal thrust, the bulbous head of his penis forced its way deeper, the flared ridge scraping deliciously against her clutching passage.

Lori could feel every throbbing vein and contour of her son's cock as it plowed into her forbidden channel. The delicate tissues stretched obscenely to accommodate his girth, straining around his pulsing hardness. His broad cockhead pummeled her innermost depths, sending shockwaves of intense sensation through her trembling body.

The spongy walls of her anus clung to Alex's pistoning shaft, sucking and pulling at his engorged flesh. Slick with a mixture of his copious pre-cum and the remnants of her pussy juices, his cock glided in and

out, stoking the fires of her lust to a fever pitch. The filthy squelching sounds of his cock churning up her ass filled the room.

Alex grunted with animalistic pleasure as Lori's backdoor squeezed and milked his plundering cock. The velvet heat was unbelievable, the tightness threatening to make him explode at any second. But he powered through, determined to make his wanton mother come on his dick one more time.

Angling his hips, Alex aimed for that special spot deep inside. He knew he found it when Lori let out a hoarse scream, her body going rigid beneath him. He hammered that spot relentlessly, the broad head of his cock battering her anal g-spot with merciless precision.

"Yes, right there! Don't stop!" Lori babbled incoherently, pushing back against him. Her asshole began to flutter and spasm around his plunging cock, the rippling walls massaging him from base to tip.

Alex reached under their joined bodies to find his mom's swollen clit. He pinched and rolled the sensitive nub between his fingers as he continued his brutal anal assault. The dual stimulation proved too much, sending Lori hurtling over the edge into oblivion.

The busty mother came with a ragged cry, her pussy gushing and her ass clamping down like a vise. Her whole body convulsed violently as the most intense orgasm of her life ripped through her. Wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over her, whiting out her vision and stealing her breath.

The rhythmic squeezing of Lori's climaxing ass muscles milked Alex's cock, coaxing out his own explosive release. With a hoarse shout, he buried himself to the hilt in her spasming back passage and let go.

The boy held his mom tightly against his body as they both shook and trembled through the aftershocks of their intense mutual climax. His cock stayed buried to the hilt in her thoroughly fucked asshole,

still pulsing weakly as the last few drops of cum dribbled out. Lori's rectum continued to clench and flutter around him, as if reluctant to let him go.

Finally, Alex rolled to the side, his softening penis slipping out of her gaping hole with a wet pop. A gush of boy-semen followed, oozing out of Lori's well-used anus to pool on the sheets beneath her upturned rump. Her ass cheeks, red from the forceful pounding, twitched as the thick white fluid leaked from between them.

"Fuck, that was incredible," Lori panted, her voice hoarse from screaming. She rolled over to face Alex, wincing slightly at the pleasant ache in her backside. She cupped his sweaty face in her hands and pulled him in for a deep, filthy kiss, their tongues intertwining sloppily.

When they broke apart, Alex gazed at his mother with a mix of awe and satisfaction. "I can't believe we just did that," he said, shaking his head in wonder. "I never thought..."

"I know," Lori cut him off with a finger to his lips. "I never thought I'd let my own son fuck me, let alone in the ass. But I don't regret a single second of it. That was hands down the best sex of my life."

Alex grinned, pride and lust shining in his eyes. "Mine too. You're amazing, Mom. I've never felt anything like your pussy...or your ass." He reached down to give one plump cheek a possessive squeeze.

Lori laughed and playfully swatted his hand away. "Easy there, stud. Mommy's going to need a little recovery time before you go spelunking in her asshole again. You really did a number on me with that huge cock of yours."

"Sorry," Alex said sheepishly, not looking sorry at all. "I couldn't help myself. Your ass was just begging to be destroyed."

"Mmm, and you obliged so thoroughly," Lori purred, tracing his lips with her fingertip. "My anal slut of a son, so eager to wreck his own mother's tight little asshole."

Alex shuddered at her crude words, his cock twitching valiantly as it tried to come back to life. "Fuck Mom, the way you talk..."

"You love it when Mommy talks dirty, don't you baby?" Lori cooed, her hand sliding down to stroke his sticky, semi-erect penis. "Gets you all hard and bothered, makes you want to shove this fat dick in all my holes."

Lori crushed her mouth to Alex's in a searing kiss, her lips devouring his hungrily. He responded with equal fervor, their mouths fusing together as if they were trying to consume each other whole.

Lori thrust her tongue past Alex's parted lips, invading the hot cavern of his mouth. Their tongues met and dueled for dominance, twisting and curling around each other like mating serpents. They licked and probed every inch of the other's oral cavity, tasting the unique flavor of each other's saliva.

Alex sucked on his mother's thrusting tongue, drawing it deeper into his mouth. Lori moaned into the kiss, tilting her head to the side to allow him better access. Their lips smacked and slid wetly together as they made out with lewd abandon, not caring about the taboo line they had so thoroughly obliterated.

Lori nibbled and tugged on Alex's bottom lip with her teeth before diving back in, fucking his mouth with her tongue. Alex met her thrust for thrust, their oral muscles undulating obscenely together. Strings of saliva connected their open mouths when they briefly parted for air before crashing back together.

They kissed like horny teenagers, wet and messy and utterly filthy. Years of pent-up lust and forbidden desire poured out, expressed through the carnal dance of their tongues.

Alex and Lori hardly slept at all that night, their bodies burning with an insatiable need for each other. Alex's youthful stamina allowed him to stay hard for hours, his cock remaining thick and erect even after spilling his seed deep inside his mother's welcoming holes multiple times.

They fucked in every position imaginable - Lori riding Alex's huge dick like a cowgirl, bouncing on his lap as her heavy breasts swayed hypnotically; Alex pounding Lori from behind, his muscular chest plastered to her back as he reached around to maul her jiggling tits; Lori on her back with her legs thrown over Alex's shoulders as he pile-drove into her, the bed shaking with the force of his thrusts.

Over and over, Alex switched between his mother's dripping pussy and tightly puckered asshole, giving each orifice equal attention. He loved the contrast between her velvety soft cunt and the intense, grasping heat of her rectum.

Lori was in pure ecstasy, climaxing again and again on her son's relentlessly pistoning cock. Her pussy gushed with each orgasm, soaking Alex's groin with her fragrant juices. Her asshole clenched and fluttered around his plunging girth, milking him for all he was worth.

Alex blew load after massive load, erupting like a geyser deep in his mother's clenched holes.

Later that morning, Lori tore her head from Alex's chest, her sudden movement jerking him awake. "My God, that night," she panted.

Alex's voice was a low growl, "What time is it?"

Lori glanced at the clock, her heart pounding. "Jesus, it's nearly noon."

Alex's voice was thick with satisfaction. "Like it matters. We're trapped here anyway."

She crashed back against his chest, her mind a whirlwind of the fierce, primal passion they'd shared. "Do you regret any of it?" she whispered.

"Hell no," Alex snarled. "Do you?"

Lori paused, her breath hitching. "I should. I'm married. I'm your mother. I should be drowning in regret, but I'm not. Not even close."

They slept again, their dreams feverish and entwined.

In the shower, they clawed at each other under the scalding spray, their bodies slick and desperate. Lori forced herself to make breakfast, then bundled up in her heavy coat and scarf. "I need to call your father. It's been days. He needs to know we're alive."

"Can we fuck again first?" the teen asked, already itching for more of her pussy.

Lori leaned in, her voice a sultry promise. "When I get back, you can have me anyway you want."

Alex's eyes widened, then darkened with understanding and lust. "Fuck yes."

Lori rose up on the toes of her boots and planted a series of fiery, electrifying kisses. "Don't worry, while I'm at the bottom of the

mountain, talking to your father, it'll be your big dick I'm thinking about," she whispered, her voice dripping with intensity.

Alex's heart didn't just do a somersault; it thundered in his chest like a wild drumbeat.

Lori made the two-mile drive, her mind racing, and then pulled off and called her husband. "Hi babe," he answered, his voice steady.

"Hey, how are things going?" she asked, her tone sweet yet laced with an undercurrent of tension.

"Everything's fine here. How are you two doing?"

"Well, we went through a mild spell for a few days. Nothing serious though. We're both feeling fine," Lori replied, the words slipping out with a hint of concealed urgency.

"Thank goodness. When you hear the horror stories, it makes you thankful."

"Yes, very thankful," Lori said, her voice carrying a weight of hidden relief.

"So um, what have you two been doing to pass the time?" Phil asked, curiosity tinged with suspicion.

"Ohh, you know, reading, watching movies. We did play some cards. I forgot I even brought the deck up to the cabin," she answered, her voice striving for casualness amid the swirling intensity of the moment.

The conversation fell into a tense silence before Phil's voice cut through like a blade. "How was the sex?" he casually asked.

Lori's jaw dropped, her heart pounding violently like a war drum. "What did you just say?" she gasped, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Lori, there's something you need to know. Do you remember the security system I installed at the cabin last year?" he pressed on, his tone grave.

"Yes," she replied, her voice trembling.

"Well, it included several cameras—some inside the house," Phil revealed, each word hanging heavily in the air.

Lori's breathing turned shallow, panic clawing at her insides. "Where inside the house?" she asked, dread seeping into her voice.

"There are three of them. They're hidden within the light fixtures in the ceiling of the living room, the hallway, and the kitchen," he confessed.

"Ohh," Lori murmured, realization crashing over her like a tidal wave. She and her son were in deep trouble. "So you've been watching us?"

"It wasn't my intention to spy," Phil defended, his voice tinged with desperation. "I was anxious about the virus. I just wanted to check in on you guys. I never expected to witness what I saw."

"Phil, I..." Lori started, her voice cracking.

"Wait," Phil interrupted, his voice firm. "Before you say anything, there's something I need you to hear. We've struggled for years with my inability to satisfy you sexually."

"Phil, no, please..." Lori pleaded, her voice raw with emotion.

"Let me finish," Phil insisted, his voice choking with emotion. "At first, when I saw you two, I was devastated. I felt betrayed. But then, something unexpected happened. I began to feel things I never anticipated, feelings so intense I'm almost ashamed to admit them."

"Spit it out, Phil. What did you feel?" Lori demanded, her voice trembling.

"I can't wrap it in pretty words, Lori. I was hard. Throbbing. Watching you both...it ignited something primal in me."

Lori gasped, shock coursing through her. "Your...your cock?" she stammered.

"Yes, Lori, my cock. It was like steel. After years of pills and therapy, watching the two of you...it was raw and real."

Lori's mind reeled, "This is...insane."

"Isn't it?" Phil growled, "But no more insane than you fucking our son."

Lori's breath hitched, "You're right. We're both twisted."

Phil leaned in, his voice a low rumble, "Maybe I was living through him, remembering the heat, the thrill of having you."

Lori's heart pounded. She took a moment, then asked, "What now?"

"Do you still want this marriage?" Phil asked, curious what his wife's true intentions were.

Lori met his gaze, "Yes. Yes, of course I do."

Phil's voice was thick with desperation. "I want to stay married, but I want us to be happy. We were miserable before, but now I think we've found the solution. It's taboo. It's insane. But it just might save us."

He waited, heart pounding, for Lori's response.

"Yes." Her voice was barely a whisper, but it was enough. "Yes, I think you're right."

Ten minutes later, Lori threw open the cabin door, her heart racing. Her son was nowhere to be seen. She tore off her boots, jacket, and scarf, her breath coming in rapid gasps. "Alex?" she called, her voice echoing through the cabin.

"In here, Mom." His voice was low, tense.

She strode down the hallway and into the bedroom. Alex was naked, his body taut with anticipation. His erection was rigid, pulsing with urgency. "I'm ready," he growled.

Lori's eyes roved over his body, her breath hitching. "I can see that. But…if you don't mind, there's something I'd like."

Alex's eyes flashed. "What do you want?"

"I want you to take me in the living room, by the fire. I wanna feel the heat on my skin while you ravage me."

Alex sprang from the bed, his eyes locked onto hers. "As you wish."

Lori seized his hand, dragging him to the living room with a fiery urgency. They crashed together by the couch, faces inches apart. "Strip me bare," she demanded, her voice a throbbing pulse of desperation.

Alex tore off her sweater, then her pants, his breaths coming in ragged gasps. Lori, flushed and eager, unclasped her bra, unleashing her voluptuous breasts. Alex, driven by primal need, ripped off her panties. They collided, mouths clashing in a storm of frenzied passion.

Lori wrapped a silken leg around him, pulling him in. Alex, fueled by raw lust, grabbed her fleshy ass and lifted her off the ground. Her powerful legs encircled him, bare feet pressing into his back, as she crushed her breasts against his chest. Their mouths met in a hungry, bruising kiss.

The teen threw his mom onto the couch, impaling her with a fierce thrust. His hips pistoned relentlessly between her spread, trembling thighs.

Lori cried out, a guttural scream of pleasure. "Yes, fuck me!" she screamed.

She ravaged his neck with kisses and bites, then glared defiantly into the camera lens hidden in the light socket, knowing her husband was watching.

Alex pounded into her, consumed by the primal rhythm, lost in the searing heat of her body. "I want this to never end," he growled.

Lori, her eyes wild and wicked, whispered, "Be careful what you wish for, Alex" as the two of them became a tangle of limbs and passion.

Alex and Lori rutted like two wild animals in heat, their bodies a tangle of sweat-slicked limbs and fierce passion. The living room echoed with the lewd slap of flesh against flesh as Alex pistoned his hips, driving his rock-hard cock deep into his mother's sopping pussy with each powerful thrust.

Lori threw her head back, eyes rolling in ecstasy as she was skewered on her son's massive shaft. "Yes, fuck me harder!" she screamed, her nails raking down Alex's back hard enough to draw blood. Her powerful legs locked around his waist, muscular thighs squeezing his pumping hips as she urged him on.

Alex grunted like a rutting beast, pounding into his mom's tight, wet heat with animalistic abandon. The couch creaked and shuddered beneath their writhing forms, threatening to collapse under the force of their savage coupling. Sweat poured down their straining bodies, glistening in the flickering light of the fireplace.

"Take it Mom, fucking take my cock!" Alex snarled, gripping Lori's meaty hips hard enough to leave bruises as he yanked her onto his pistoning erection. His heavy balls slapped lewdly against her upturned ass with each violent thrust, smacking the taut flesh.

In a sudden surge of raw, feral energy, Lori pushed Alex onto his back and rolled on top of him, straddling his hips. Her gigantic breasts heaved and wobbled violently above him as she planted her hands on his muscular chest for balance. With a guttural moan, she sank down on his iron-hard shaft, impaling herself to the hilt.

"Fuuuuck yesss," Lori hissed through gritted teeth as she was stretched and filled completely by her son's enormous cock. She began to ride him frantically, her wide, fleshy hips rising and falling as she bounced on his lap with wild abandon.

Alex watched, transfixed, as his mother's massive tits jiggled and swayed hypnotically above him. The huge, milk-white globes rippled and quaked with the force of her movements, her fat nipples drawing tight circles in the air. They were so large and heavy, the silky skin stretched drum-tight over the abundant tit-flesh.

Lori threw her head back, blonde hair whipping around her face as she increased her fuck-pace, slamming her cunt down on Alex's upthrust cock with bruising force. Her plump ass cheeks clapped rhythmically against his thighs, the lewd slapping sound filling the room. Sweat rolled between her heaving breasts, dripping onto her son's chest.

Alex and Lori hurtled towards their climax together, bodies thrashing in a frenzy of ecstasy. Lori's pussy clenched and rippled around her son's plunging cock, the muscular walls massaging his shaft. Her juices flooded out, soaking his balls and thighs.

"Fuck, I'm gonna come!" Alex roared, his cock swelling and pulsing inside her.

"Yes, come in me baby! Fill Mommy's cunt with your hot cum!" Lori screamed, slamming down on him.

With a hoarse shout, Alex exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser deep in his mother's spasming pussy. Thick ropes of teenage semen

blasted against her cervix as he emptied his heavy balls into her eager womb.

At the same time, Lori came apart with a keening wail, her cunt clamping down like a vise around Alex's spurting shaft. Her pussy gushed around him, clear fem-cum squirting out to mingle with his milky jizz as a soul-shattering orgasm crashed through her.

Their bodies shuddered and twitched with the intensity of their shared climax, pleasure borderline painful in its strength. Alex gripped his mom's hips hard as he pumped what felt like gallons of hot seed into her rippling depths.

Deep inside Lori's pussy, millions of Alex's sperm cells swam frantically through the mixture of their combined fluids. One determined little swimmer, his tiny tail whipping madly, raced ahead of the pack.

The sperm pushed through the thick, creamy cum, heading unerringly for its biological goal. It approached Lori's cervix, the gateway to her fertile womb. With a powerful flick of its tail, the sperm cell squeezed through the tiny rounded opening of her cervical canal.

Over the next few days, the valiant sperm made its way through the muscular tunnel, riding the wave of fertile mucus towards Lori's waiting egg. It sensed its target, the chemical signature calling to it like a siren song.

Finally, the egg loomed ahead, plump and ready. With a final burst of energy, the sperm cell reached the egg and began burrowing into the

outer layer. It pushed and drilled, determined to breach the surface and deliver its precious genetic cargo.

With a final mighty heave, the tadpole broke through, disappearing into the welcoming embrace of the egg. The two cells fused, their chromosomes combining to create a unique new life - a forbidden child conceived in the throes of taboo passion between mother and son.

Nine months later, Alex and Lori continued their taboo affair, unable to resist the magnetic pull of lust between them. Lori was heavily pregnant, her belly swollen with the forbidden fruit of their incestuous union.

They were in the marital bed Lori usually shared with Phil, the bed where their Alex had been conceived. Lori straddled her boy's hips, impaling herself on his massive cock. Her gravid belly jutted out obscenely, the drum-tight skin stretched to the limit by the fully-formed boy growing inside her.

As Lori bounced on Alex's thick shaft, her unborn son was tossed around in her womb, jostled by the force of his parents' vigorous fucking. The amniotic fluid sloshed and swirled around the curled-up fetus like he was on a turbulent amusement park ride. His eyes were squeezed shut and his limbs drawn in tight as he was buffeted by the motions of his mother's body.

Alex gazed up at his mom in awe and lust, watching her enormous milk-laden breasts sway hypnotically above him. Her nipples were dark and engorged, leaking creamy drops of colostrum that splattered on his face and chest. Beads of sweat rolled down the sides of her huge, wobbling tits, testifying to the intensity of their coupling.

Lori threw her head back with a wanton moan as Alex's cock plunged deep into her slick channel, the head of his erection kissing the wall

of her cervix with each thrust. The baby inside her wriggled, as if sensing his father's hard flesh pummeling him through the thin

barrier separating them.

"Oh fuck yes, pound Mommy's pregnant pussy!" Lori cried, her hands braced on the headboard as she increased her pace. Her swollen belly rippled and quaked with the force of her movements.

Alex groaned, his hands gripping Lori's wide hips as he bucked up into her roughly. He could feel the solid mass of her womb above his cock, sheltering the life they had created together. The forbidden thrill of it drove him wild with lust.

"Take it Mom, take my fucking cock!" he grunted savagely. "Gonna fill you with another baby-load."

Lori keened, her pussy clenching around him. "Yes, do it! Come in Mommy's cunt! Bathe our boy in your seed!"

Lori keened, her pussy squeezing around her son's cock with even greater intensity thanks to the changes of pregnancy. Her vaginal canal was swollen and engorged with blood flow, the tissues puffy and plump. This allowed the muscular walls to grip her son's shaft like a tight, slick fist.

Her inner muscles rippled and undulated along his penile length, massaging him from base to tip as he plunged in and out. The spongy ridges of her passage scraped deliciously against the veined underside of his cock, providing exquisite friction.

Lori's already snug sheath was made even tighter by the pressure of her gravid womb bearing down. Her heavy belly compressed her internal organs, forcing her vagina to cinch around Alex's pistoning member. It was like being squeezed by a velvet vise.

Pregnancy had also caused Lori's pelvic floor muscles to strengthen and become more flexible. She could control them with greater

precision, bearing down on her teen's swollen cock head as he withdrew, then relaxing to let him plunge back in. It was like she was milking him with her pussy, coaxing out his seed.

The changes in blood flow and hormones had made Lori's pussy sloppy wet, drenching her son's shaft and balls with slick arousal. Obscene squelching noises filled the air as he churned up her overflowing juices. The hot, wet glide of her walls against his veiny flesh was absolute heaven.

Even her vulva was transformed, her labia puffier and more sensitive, her clit a throbbing fat bud peeking out from under its hood. Every drag of Alex's pelvis against her engorged folds sent sparks of electric pleasure zinging through her nerves.

"Fuck Mom, you're so tight and wet," Alex groaned, feeling her molten sleeve ripple around him. "Gonna pump you full!"

Alex was utterly smothered by Lori's gigantic, bouncing breasts as she rode him hard. The massive tit-melons swung and jiggled hypnotically above his face, a playground he had spent endless hours exploring.

He watched, transfixed, as the huge milk-laden globes quaked with each roll of Lori's hips. They were so swollen and heavy with her pregnancy, the creamy skin stretched drum-tight. Blue veins crisscrossed the surface, mapping the abundant tit-flesh. Her areola were wide and dark, capping each breast like saucers.

Alex lunged upward, capturing one fat, spongy nipple in his mouth. He suckled greedily, his cheeks hollowing as he drew deeply. Sweet, warm milk flooded his taste buds as he triggered her let-down reflex. He gulped it down, relishing the intimate flavor.

"Oh yes, drink Mommy's milk," Lori gasped, cradling his head to her breast. She continued to grind on his cock as he nursed, the dual sensations making her dizzy with pleasure.

Alex released her nipple with a wet pop and moved to its twin, sucking the swollen bud between his lips. His hands came up to squeeze and mold the pliant flesh, kneading it like dough. Milk spurted from her nipples, spraying his face and chest.

He licked and slurped at the alabaster skin, tracing the blue veins with his tongue. He buried his face in Lori's deep, pillowy cleavage, motorboating her luscious tits. The silky flesh rippled against his cheeks and nose, enveloping him in a warm, fragrant embrace.

"Mmmm, worship Mommy's big titties," Lori purred, undulating her hips. Her breasts smothered Alex, the heavy globes molding around his head. Milk and sweat slicked the slapping flesh as she fucked him harder.

Alex latched onto a nipple again, sucking rhythmically as Lori bounced on his cock. He scraped his teeth over the sensitive peak and flicked it rapidly with his tongue. His lips stretched obscenely around the thick, rubbery teat as he tried to take more of her areola into his mouth.

He switched back and forth, lavishing each jiggling tit with sloppy kisses and greedy sucks. Lori's moans increased in pitch as the dual stimulation of his nursing and cock drove her towards the edge. Her breasts heaved as her breathing grew ragged, the firm tit-flesh slapping Alex in the face.

"Suck Mommy's titties while you fuck her!" Lori cried, her hips a blur as she rode him with wild abandon. "Gonna cum all over your big cock! Ah! Ah! Fuuuuck!"

With a roar, Alex clutched his mother's hips and yanked her down as he thrust up savagely, burying himself to the hilt in her hungry cunt. His swollen cock head flared and pulsed, erupting deep inside her, painting her cervix with his potent semen.

Lori came with a scream, her pussy clamping down and milking Alex's spurting cock for every drop. Her juices gushed out around his shaft, mixing with the cum being pumped directly against her womb.

Deep in her belly, their unborn son floated obliviously in a sea of his parents' combined fluids, his entire world agitated by the force of their climax. Outside the womb, his mother and father shook and twitched in carnal bliss, joined in the ultimate union of sexual delight.

Lori and Phil came to an unconventional arrangement that allowed their marriage to survive despite Lori's ongoing affair with their son Alex. In exchange for Lori staying married to Phil and maintaining the appearance of a normal family, Phil agreed to give Alex free sexual access to Lori's body. It was a shocking and taboo agreement, but one that satisfied all of their deepest, darkest desires.

Lori was well aware that at times, Phil would peek in on her and Alex during their torrid lovemaking sessions. She knew her husband watched them with a mix of arousal and envy as their son ravaged her voluptuous body with his massive cock. Sometimes, when she caught Phil's gaze through a crack in the door, she would flash him a coy little smile, as if to say "I know you're watching and I'm glad you like the show."

In a twisted way, Lori was happy that witnessing the taboo coupling allowed Phil to finally achieve full, throbbing erections again after years of impotence. She took perverse pleasure in the fact that her husband could only get hard by watching their own son plow her mercilessly. It made her feel powerful and desirable.

However, they were all aware of the glaring truth - that Phil's average-sized penis was no match for the monster that dangled between Alex's muscular thighs. Lori had become completely addicted to the unparalleled pleasure that their hung son could give

her with his huge, virile cock. No other man, not even her husband, could hope to satisfy her the way Alex did.

Phil had to accept that his role was now that of a cuckolded voyeur, relegated to jerking off while his wife surrendered her body to their son's superior manhood. He could only watch and envy the way Alex made Lori scream and convulse with ecstasy, knowing he would never be able to fuck her with the same intensity.

So Phil was forced to take his pleasure vicariously, spying and stroking himself to climax as incestuous passion played out before him. The webcams he had secretly installed became his window into a new world of twisted arousal. He spent hours in his office, eyes glued to the footage, cock in hand as he witnessed just how thoroughly his own son could satisfy his wife in ways he never could.

Meanwhile, Lori reveled in her new role as Alex's personal sex toy, her body his to use and degrade as he saw fit. She loved nothing more than submitting to her hung son's depraved whims, letting him violate her holes and cover her in his cum. Being reduced to a set of fuck holes for Alex's pleasure gave Lori a dark thrill like nothing else.

Mother and son fucked like rabbits at every opportunity - bent over furniture, against walls, in the marital bed. Lori enthusiastically played the part of Alex's eager cock sleeve, always wet and ready for him. She felt more like his live-in whore than his mother, and the forbidden wrongness only heightened her lust.

Lori knew without a doubt that Alex's cock had ruined her for other men. Her husband could never hope to fill her up and pound her the way their son did. She was Alex's bitch now, addicted to his huge dick and the taboo thrill of incest. And she wouldn't have it any other way.

THE END

206: Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED-1/4

Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED

By Klrxo

"Pack your bags, girlfriend. We're hitting the high seas on a wild cruise," Jess declared with a fire in her eyes.

"What cruise?" Missy asked, her curiosity piqued.

Jess grinned with uncontainable excitement. "The Moms Gone Wild cruise! You know, the one that rolls around every couple of years," she exclaimed.

"Yeah, I remember that one. Didn't it have those crazy age restrictions?"

"Exactly! Women thirty-eight to forty-two and young men, eighteen to twenty-two. We fit the bill perfectly. We're going," Jess insisted, her voice leaving no room for argument.

Missy giggled, her perfect white smile flashing. "Wait a second. When is it? We have kids, we can't just up and leave..."

"It's this weekend, and you're wrong—we can. It's just three nights. Our mothers are always desperate to babysit, and our husbands will be around to keep the teenagers from tearing the place down," Jess explained with rapid-fire urgency.

"Wasn't there gossip that half the women who took that cruise came back pregnant?"

Jess laughed, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Total exaggeration, I'm sure. We can see our doctors tomorrow, get on the mini-pill, and be ready for the weekend."

Missy shot her a stern look. "Jess, I'm not cheating on Philip."

"Oh, come on, stop being such a stick-in-the-mud. It's just a few days of harmless fun. We'll be in the middle of the ocean with zero chance of getting caught," Jess argued passionately.

Missy shook her head. "No way Philip would agree to this. He might lose it just for me asking."

"Joe wouldn't be thrilled either, so we tell them we're off to Vegas or something for a girls' getaway," Jess suggested with a crafty smile.

Missy twirled her finger through her brown hair, contemplating. "If I go, it's for the cruise only, not for the hormone-fueled young men on board."

Jess's smile turned wicked. "They're not boys; they're young men—all legal age. Barely. So, are we doing this?" she pressed.

Before Missy could respond, the front door swung open, and their eighteen-year-old sons trudged in, lugging their baseball gear, utterly filthy. "Oh boy, look what the cat dragged in," Jess remarked with a smirk.

Missy took a step back, her eyes narrowing at her son Lucas and his mud-caked attire. "Tough practice, boys?" she questioned, her voice tinged with a mix of exasperation and amusement.

Lucas, lanky and charming in his own chaotic way, barely 18 yet drawing the attention of girls and moms wherever he went, let out a

heavy, fatigued sigh. "Coach had us doing slide drills today," he groaned, wrestling his cleats off with weary determination.

Missy smirked, a playful glint in her eyes. "Really? I never would have guessed," she teased, her tone dripping with irony.

"Can I use your shower, Misses G?" chimed in Jesse's son Gabe, his voice hopeful.

But his mother cut in sharply. "Hold it right there, mister. You're absolutely filthy. You're not setting foot in this house like that," Jess insisted, her tone firm as iron.

Missy gestured decisively across the foyer. "Into the laundry room, boys. Now," she commanded, leaving no room for argument.

The mothers, resolute and unyielding, marched their dirt-coated teens into the laundry room, their every step echoing authority.

Jess's luscious bubble butt swayed seductively beneath her tight pink booty-shorts as she followed the boys, the 39-year-old mom rocking that sexy beach-bunny look. Her long, baby-blonde hair cascaded down her back in soft waves and her bronzed skin glistened with a healthy summer tan.

With each step, her magnificent all-natural 40 JJ-cup breasts trembled and bounced against the constraints of her lacy bra, the sheer fabric of her clinging cami top doing little to conceal their glorious fullness. Her toned, tanned legs were bare, her dainty feet padding across the floor with graceful femininity.

"Strip," Jess ordered the filthy boys as they reached the laundry room, her authoritative voice making it clear she would tolerate no disobedience.

Missy stood beside her, hands on her curvy hips, eyeing the mud-caked uniforms critically. "Everything comes off, socks and jockstraps

too. Toss it all in the washer," she instructed firmly.

The teenage boys glanced at each other nervously, hesitating. Being naked in front of their sexy moms wasn't something they were used to. But they could tell from the determined glints in the women's eyes that they had no choice but to comply.

Jess gently lifted her son's shirt, the cotton peeling away to reveal his lean, taut chest. The boy was unmistakably her child, with his light,

wheaten hair and dark, sun-kissed skin that bore the warmth of summer's touch. His eyes traced the rhythmic sway of her jutting bosom as she tossed his shirt into the washing machine.

"Ugh, filthy," she muttered, her voice a blend of exasperation and affection.

Lucas, a timid soul on the cusp of his 18th birthday but with the air of someone much younger, handed his mother his soiled shirt. He watched as Missy bent to place it in the wash. Her pretty face bore a striking resemblance to the singer Lana Del Rey, with full lips and smoky eyes. At 38, her figure was a testament to voluptuous femininity, an hourglass shape that caught the eye and held it captive. Her wide hips and thick, peach-shaped buttocks tapered down to strong, sculpted legs, slender ankles, and sexy bare feet with burgundy painted toenails that gleamed under the kitchen light.

Her breasts, barely contained in her blouse, were only slightly larger than Jess's, both women sharing a generous 40 JJ cup size. They often traded outfits, including their sexy bras and lingerie, a secret ritual that had become a silent bond between them. Mother or not, Missy's allure was undeniable, and Lucas, despite his shy demeanor, could not help but steal glances at her.

"So, um, a few of the guys on the team are going up the coast on a surfing trip over the three-day weekend," Lucas said, his voice

tinged with excitement. "They wanna know if we can come with them?"

"Just camping out?" Missy inquired, a hint of curiosity in her voice.

Gabe, busy peeling off his dusty baseball pants, chimed in. "Yeah, there's a state park up there, with camp sites, I guess," he replied, his voice casual as he tossed his pants aside.

Jess, her brow slightly furrowed with concern since her son was involved, interjected with a stern tone. "Any girls going along?"

"Nope, just a guy thing," her son assured, his tone nonchalant as he reassured his mother.

The two mothers exchanged knowing glances. "I don't have a problem with it," Missy said, her voice firm yet caring, "as long as you two don't do anything stupid."

Lucas flashed his mom a playful grin. "We would never," he said, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

Jess chuckled, a blend of skepticism and amusement in her laughter. "Yeah, right. Just keep your eyes on the waves and not the bikinis," she admonished, casting a mock glare at her son.

Missy's gaze trailed up her son's chest to his face, her expression a mix of affection and warning. "That goes for you too," she added, her tone light yet motherly.

"Got it," Lucas replied, sneaking a quick glance at his mom rack, his eyes momentarily catching on her assertive posture.

Jess turned to her best friend with a teasing smile. "And that reminds me, your mothers are also skipping town this weekend."

"Just a quick, three-day trip to Vegas," Missy added, her voice carrying a hint of excitement, though her eyes darted to Jess as if wary of revealing too much. "So if you need anything, your dads will be around."

"Wow, it's like a hundred and twenty degrees in Vegas right now. Why would you guys wanna go there?" Gabe questioned, his voice a mix of disbelief and curiosity.

The women shared a conspiratorial glance, a silent conversation passing between them. Missy finally spoke up with a playful shrug. "Well, thank God for air-conditioned casinos."

"Exactly," Jess agreed, her nervous smile widening before she turned her attention back to their sons. "All right, get those jockstraps off and your

cute little asses into the shower, boys," she commanded with a playful twinkle in her eye.

Lucas glanced at his mom as they hurriedly removed his jockstrap, his long, flaccid member hanging loosely between his legs. "Mom, can I use your and Dad's shower?" he asked.

"Of course, she didn't mean you two had to share a shower, you goofball," Missy chimed in, her voice playful, eliciting a laugh from Jess.

"Yeah, that would definitely be weird," Gabe added, as he peeled off his own jockstrap, liberating his teenage anatomy.

The moms stood side by side, silently watching their sons' cute naked asses as the boys padded off to the showers. Jess and Missy's gigantic breasts heaved with each breath, the heavy flesh seeming as though it could burst from their tops at any moment. The hardened fleshy nubs of their nipples protruded out obscenely, straining against the thin fabric.

As the bathroom doors clicked shut, the two sexy moms turned to each other and shared a silent, knowing smile, their eyes twinkling with mischief. Without a word, they pivoted and sauntered out of the laundry room, their voluptuous curves swaying seductively.

"So...the cruise," Missy said with a grin as they entered the kitchen. "Are we really doing this?"

Jess opened the fridge and grabbed a bottle of chilled white wine. "Absolutely. Three days of sun, fun, and all the hot young man meat we can handle." She poured them each a generous glass.

Missy accepted hers and took a long sip, savoring the crisp taste. "God, when's the last time we had a wild adventure like this? College?"

"Exactly. We're long overdue," Jess declared, clinking their glasses together. "To the Moms Gone Wild cruise and letting loose!"

"To letting loose!" Missy echoed with a giggle. "Well, mostly letting loose."

A few days later, Missy descended the stairway in a flurry, her dainty stiletto heels producing a rhythmic clicking against the polished wooden floor. She was impeccably dressed, her ensemble completed by a light button-up sweater elegantly draped over her stylish dress. Her husband, Philip, stood patiently by the front door, cradling their sixteen-month-old daughter in his arms. "Got everything?" he inquired, his voice gentle yet assuring.

"Oh, I think so," Missy replied, glancing around as if mentally checking off a list. "Mom will be over in about an hour for the baby. Please don't forget to pick up Morgan from dance class," she reminded him, her tone a mix of urgency and affection.

"Hey, relax, I've got this under control," Philip assured her, a confident smile playing on his lips.

"I know you do," Missy responded, her smile radiant and full of warmth. "You're wonderful."

"You guys have a great time," Philip said, leaning in to give his wife a tender kiss. "And don't drain our bank account on the slot machines."

Missy let out a light-hearted giggle, her eyes sparkling with fake look of excitement. "I'll try not to," she promised, feeling a twinge of guilt for not revealing her true destination.

Half an hour later, Missy and Jess strode confidently towards the majestic cruise ship, their heels clicking rhythmically against the pavement. Missy had shed her conservative sweater, revealing a daring black nylon tube dress that hugged her voluptuous curves like a second skin. The hem of the dress barely skimmed her upper thighs, leaving her long, freshly-shaved legs on tantalizing display. Her dainty feet were

propped up in a pair of sleek black stiletto mules, a slender strap crossing just above her burgundy painted toes.

The plunging neckline of Missy's dress showcased an audacious amount of her creamy cleavage, the smooth, pale swells of her breasts jiggling and bouncing hypnotically with each purposeful step.

Jess sauntered beside her, equally stunning in a skin-tight scarlet mini dress that left little to the imagination. The stretchy, shimmery fabric clung to every dip and curve of her lush body, from the swell of her massive breasts to the toned contours of her flat stomach and the flare of her curvy hips. Her dress had a plunging sweetheart neckline that displayed an eye-popping expanse of her deep, sun-kissed cleavage, the enormous mounds of tit-flesh quivering and jostling with her every move. The scandalously short hem barely covered her juicy bubble butt, leaving her long bronzed legs bare.

Like Missy, Jess had donned a pair of sexy fuck-me heels that showcased her pretty feet. But while Missy wore classic black mules, Jess had opted for strappy red stiletto sandals with pencil-thin five-inch heels. The delicate straps crisscrossed over her slender feet, highlighting her ruby painted toenails and the glint of a gold toe ring.

The magnificent cruise ship rose up before them, a floating palace of pleasure and sin. The sleek white hull gleamed in the sun, emblazoned with the ship's provocative name in giant hot pink cursive letters: "Moms Gone Wild".

Missy and Jess paused to take in the titillating sight, their eyes widening with excitement. The ship was a perfect representation of naughty MILFs on the prowl. Every inch of it seemed designed to tantalize and arouse, from the suggestively curved lines of the decks to the towering twin smokestacks that thrust skyward like a pair of erect cocks.

As the sexy MILFs strode up the gangway onto the ship, the male crew members couldn't help but ogle them shamelessly. Jess and Missy

exchanged knowing smirks, loving the attention and the hungry stares their curvy, scantily clad bodies elicited.

The two hot moms exuded an aura of uninhibited sensuality and adventurous spirit as they approached the cruise check-in, ready to embark on their wild weekend getaway.

The female agent smiled warmly as she handed Jess and Missy their masks - a glittering silver one for Jess and an elegant black velvet one for Missy. " The masks are a special part of the Moms Gone Wild experience," she explained. "They allow all our guests the freedom to let loose and be their true selves without worry or inhibition. We ask that you keep them on at all times outside your private cabin."

Missy took her mask, admiring the plush velvet against her fingertips. "Sounds intriguing," she murmured, her eyes twinkling with anticipation behind the mask as she slipped it on. The mask molded perfectly to the upper half of her face, leaving only her plump, glossy lips and elegantly sculpted jawline visible.

Jess donned her shimmery silver mask, the glittery material catching the light and making her bronzed skin glow. "I love it," she declared, striking a playful pose. "It's like we're sexy superheroes ready to conquer the high seas."

"Consider them our way of announcing exactly what we are - sexy, adventurous mommies ready to let our hair down and go a little wild this weekend," Missy said with a wink behind her mask.

"Well then, welcome aboard, Yummy Mommies," the agent said with a grin. "Your wild weekend starts now. Enjoy every decadent minute of it."

Jess and Missy shared an excited giggle as they click-clacked their way up the plush carpeted hallway in their sky-high fuck-me heels, their colossal breasts and juicy bubble butts jiggling with each step. Even with the masks concealing the upper halves of their faces, it was clear the two hot

mammas were ready to throw caution to the wind and indulge in some much-needed naughty fun.

As the two sexy MILFs sauntered through the ship in their scandalous outfits and masks, they drew the attention of every man they passed. Scattered groups of other beautiful masked mommies mingled with packs of young male passengers, the women all voluptuous vixens in their late 30s and early 40s while the men were virile High School and college-aged studs.

The boys' masks were different than the elegant masquerade ones the MILFs wore. Instead, they donned realistic wolf masks that

covered the upper halves of their handsome faces, giving them a primal, hungry look that matched the raw lust smoldering in their eyes as they shamelessly ogled Missy and Jess's spectacular bodies.

"Holy fuck, look at the tits on that one," a tall, muscular wolf boy growled to his friend as Jess click-clacked by, her colossal 40 JJ jugs bouncing and swaying hypnotically.

"I'd love to bury my face between those monsters," his buddy leered back. He adjusted the prominent bulge tenting his board shorts.

"Did you see that MILF's ass though? I bet she rides dick like a fucking goddess with an ass like that," another wolf boy said, openly drooling over the mouth-watering sight of Missy's thick, heart-shaped booty jiggling in her microscopic tube dress.

"What I wouldn't give to bend her over and pound that MILF pussy," his friend groaned, palming his rock-hard cock through his shorts.

Jess and Missy just smirked behind their masks, loving the lewd attention from the horny young studs. It made them feel incredibly sexy and desirable, like the ultimate cock teases.

They knew they looked hot as hell in their scandalous dresses and heels that showcased their bountiful tits, asses, and legs. And the masks just

added an extra layer of naughty mystique, giving them the freedom to be their inner sex kittens without inhibition.

The sexy mammas continued their sensual saunter through the ship, putting extra sway in their curvy hips and jiggle in their massive tits, reveling in the wolf boys' hungry stares and dirty words. Tingles of arousal coursed through their voluptuous bodies, soaking their lacy thongs.

This Moms Gone Wild cruise was already even more thrilling than they had imagined. They could barely wait to see what other decadent delights and erotic adventures awaited them.

As they turned a corner, the MILFs spotted an even larger group of hot young wolf boys waiting by the elevator. The studs' eyes immediately locked onto Jess and Missy, roaming their spectacular curves with undisguised lust.

The sexy MILFs stepped into the crowded elevator, finding themselves instantly surrounded by a pack of tall, muscular wolf boys. As more passengers squeezed in, Jess and Missy were pressed up against the hard bodies of the young studs, sandwiched intimately between them.

Jess's enormous tits pillowed against the firm chest of the boy in front of her, the thin fabric of her skintight dress doing nothing to conceal the plush softness of her breasts. In her towering high heels, she was slightly taller than the teen, allowing her to capture his timid gaze with her own smoldering one.

Behind her mask, Jess fucked his eyes with a silent, scorching look, promising all sorts of naughty delights. She could feel his heart hammering against her cushiony tits and saw him swallow hard, hypnotized by her seductive stare and the sensation of her giant breasts squishing against him.

Beside Jess, Missy found herself in a similar predicament, her own bountiful curves pressed up against the hard muscles of the young wolves surrounding her. She could feel their hungry eyes roaming over her voluptuous body, shamelessly ogling her massive tits as they strained against her plunging neckline.

Missy felt a hot blush stain her cheeks behind her velvet mask as she noticed several of the boys blatantly squeezing their rock-hard cocks through their shorts, not even trying to hide their boners or how badly they wanted her. Electric tingles danced over her skin at the

proof of how incredibly aroused these barely legal studs were from just looking at her ripe, fertile MILF body.

As the elevator ascended, every little bump and jostle caused Jess and Missy's gigantic tits and juicy bubble butts to jiggle and rub against the boys' muscular forms, eliciting muffled groans of pleasure from behind their wolf masks. The air was thick with a heady mix of musky male arousal and sweet feminine perfume as the temperature skyrocketed.

Afraid to move lest any friction against her sensitive nipples and swollen clit set her off, Missy held herself perfectly still, quivering with barely suppressed need. Beside her, Jess bit her plump bottom lip to hold back a moan as one boy's hard cock jabbed against the lush curve of her ass through his shorts.

After what felt like an eternity, the elevator dinged and the doors slid open. Jess and Missy exhaled shuddery breaths, their skin flushed and tingling, panties completely soaked through. Electric arousal still coursing through them, the MILFs exited on shaky legs, feeling the wolves' desire-darkened eyes following the sexy sway of their hips and asses.

As they made their way down the lavishly carpeted hallway towards their suite, Missy and Jess passed a scrawny, freckle-faced teenage boy with a mop of unruly red hair. He looked barely eighteen, all gangly limbs and

nervous energy. The boy's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he took in the stunning MILFs, his gaze immediately zeroing in on Missy's exposed cleavage.

"Excuse me, Miss. H-how big are your, um…those? Can I ask?" he blurted out, staring at her cannons, his cheeks instantly flaming as bright as his hair at his brazen question.

Missy blinked in surprise behind her elegant black mask, a rosy blush staining her own cheeks. She wasn't used to such bold inquiries, especially from such a young, awkward boy. But the cruise atmosphere and masks emboldened her to answer truthfully.

"I'm a 40JJ," she replied, her voice a sultry purr. She thrust her shoulders back, making her enormous, heavy tits jut out even further. The boy audibly gulped, his green eyes as round as saucers.

Missy's gaze flicked down, taking in the obscene tent that had formed in the boy's shorts. His hardon looked absolutely huge, far too big for such a skinny teen. Missy felt a rush of feminine pride and arousal that her body could affect the young stud so powerfully.

As Missy and the red-haired boy had their charged exchange, Jess continued sauntering down the hall, putting extra sway in her hips to make her juicy bubble butt jiggle and bounce. Two handsome wolf boys trailed behind her, their gazes glued to the mouthwatering undulations of her bodacious booty.

"Fuck, look at that MILF's ass," one of them said to his friend, not bothering to lower his voice. "The way it moves...shit, I'm hard as a fucking rock right now."

"You and me both, bro," his buddy replied, adjusting his straining cock. "What I wouldn't give to bend her over and bury my face between those sweet cheeks."

Jess smirked to herself, loving how she could drive these young studs wild with lust from just the sight of her ass. She reached back and gave her right butt cheek a playful spank, making the ripe flesh jiggle like jello.

The wolf boys let out strangled groans behind her, the obscene sound making Jess's pussy clench and gush fresh arousal. She was more than ready to reach the privacy of her suite so she could do something about the throbbing ache between her thighs.

Luckily, Missy caught up to her a moment later, having left the blushing redheaded boy with a cheeky wink and an extra shimmy of her giant tits

"Maybe pig masks would have been more appropriate for these boys," Missy remarked with a sly grin, causing Jess to giggle, her laughter like the tinkling of tiny bells.

"And cougar masks for us ladies. My God, I could absolutely pounce on some of these cuties," Jess added, her eyes alight with mischief. Her gaze landed on a fit-looking teen, his sculpted muscles glistening under the warm sun, evidence of hours spent honing his physique. "Look at that one," Jess said, her voice dripping with lustful admiration.

"Yup, I looked...and that's all I'm doing," Missy replied, a hint of restraint in her voice as she kept her pace steady.

"You know you wanna spread your legs as bad as I do," Jess teased, her voice a playful challenge.

"Jess, come on. I'm behaving myself, remember," Missy reminded her, with a touch of determination as she continued her stroll along the deck, the sea breeze tousling her hair.

"Yeah, well, good luck with that," her friend said with a cheeky smile, her eyes lingering on the shirtless heartthrob as they passed by. "Just remember what the banner we saw outside said. What happens at Sea stays at Sea."

Missy's eyes sparkled with intrigue as she noticed something ahead. "Now there's something that has me tempted," she said, leaning casually against the rails and casting her gaze downward. Below them sprawled rows of lounge chairs, neatly arranged around a generous pool and a bubbling jacuzzi, inviting and serene under the afternoon sun.

"I know where we'll be spending most of our time," Jess declared, a hint of excitement in her voice, "when I'm not in the cabin getting fucked hard, that is," she added with a devilish grin, casting a sidelong glance at Missy.

Her friend shot her a look, rolling her eyes with a mix of amusement and exasperation, which only made Jess giggle more. "I'm kidding," Jess said playfully, her eyes twinkling with humor.

"Yeah, right," Missy replied with a smirk. "Let's get a drink and find a good place to watch the ship leave the harbor."

"Let's do it," Jess agreed, enthusiasm in her step as they headed toward the stairway, ready to embrace the adventure that awaited them.

By the time Missy and Jess had procured their cocktails from the crowded bar, a festive Tiki concoction garnished with pineapple wedges and tiny umbrellas, the upper decks were teeming with dozens upon dozens of masked mommies just like them. Everywhere they looked, they saw voluptuous vixens in their late 30s and early 40s poured into skimpy bikinis, clingy sundresses and fuck-me heels that showcased their bountiful curves.

The hot mommies' enormous tits strained against tiny triangles of fabric, the undersides of their creamy breasts spilling out deliciously. Protruding nipples tented the flimsy material, making it abundantly clear that the majority of the MILFs had foregone bras to let their hefty jugs bounce and jiggle enticingly. Lush hips and thighs were on mouthwatering display in microscopic bikini bottoms and scandalous mini dresses while bodacious bubble butts stretched thin coverups to the max.

Mismatched with the bevy of sexy mammas was an equal number of virile young wolf boys, their faces concealed behind primal masks. The strapping studs showed off their ripped, muscular physiques in board shorts and tank tops that clung to their sculpted pecs and

washboard abs. More than a few had already whipped their shirts off completely, letting their ripped upper bodies glisten in the afternoon sun.

The chemistry between the wolves and MILFs was electric, a palpable current of lust sizzling in the salty sea air. Everywhere Jess and Missy looked, they saw a hot mommy grinding on the lap of a young stud, the outline of his huge hardon clearly visible through his shorts as he pawed at her fat ass. Other moms had their giant tits smashed up against a wolf boy's chest as they flirted.

It was abundantly clear that it wouldn't be long before cabins and shadowy corners of the ship were full of naked, sweat-slicked bodies engaged in filthy, primal rutting. The sexual tension had skyrocketed to a fever pitch and it was only a matter of time before it exploded in a frenzy of hard cocks pounding tight, dripping holes and aching balls emptying their heavy loads deep inside fertile mommy cunts.

Just then, the ship's horn blasted, startling Missy and Jess from the erotic scene surrounding them. The pier began to slowly drift away as the massive vessel pulled out of the harbor, leaving behind the mundane world of responsibilities and propriety.

As they made their way to their room, the girls strolled through a bustling shopping area filled with vibrant storefronts and enticing aromas from nearby cafes. Jess halted in front of a chic, little women's boutique. The window display showcased an array of skimpy bikinis in vivid colors and intricate designs, catching the light and Jess's attention instantly.

"Oh my God, Missy, look how sexy those bikinis are," Jess exclaimed, her eyes wide with excitement.

Missy let out a playful giggle. "Are you kidding me? Those are the tiniest bikinis I've ever seen," she replied, raising her eyebrows in disbelief.

"They're mini-micro bikinis. How absolutely amazing would we look in those?" Jess continued, her enthusiasm infectious.

Missy shook her head with a smile. "No thanks, my bikinis are skimpy enough," she said, imagining the bold styles on display.

Undeterred, Jess grasped her friend's arm, gently pulling her toward the boutique's entrance. "Let's just try them on real quick... pleeease," she pleaded, her voice dripping with persuasion.

After perusing the store's vibrant offerings and trying on various items, the girls emerged triumphant, not only with new bikinis but also a few pairs of cheeky thong-panties. The fabric was smooth and luxurious against their skin, and the colors were bold and daring. With shopping bags swinging at their sides, they made their way back to their cabin, their laughter trailing behind them like a melody.

Jess and Missy had splurged on one of the most luxurious suites the cruise ship had to offer. The spacious cabin boasted two plush queen-sized beds piled high with fluffy pillows and silky sheets. Floor-to-ceiling windows led out to a private balcony with a stunning view of the sparkling ocean stretching out to the horizon.

Stepping into the lavish room, the sexy MILFs kicked off their high heels and immediately began changing into the skimpy bikinis they had just purchased. Jess opted for a miniscule hot pink string bikini that barely qualified as clothing. The top consisted of two tiny triangles of fabric that struggled to contain her massive double-J tits, smooshing them together to create a cavernous line of cleavage. The flimsy strings holding the top on looked ready to snap at any moment under the immense weight of her enormous jugs.

The matching bottoms were, if possible, even skimpier. A narrow strip of fabric barely covered Jess's smooth, bare pussy before disappearing between the juicy globes of her bubble butt. The back was little more than a thin strip of dental floss wedged deep

between her plump ass cheeks, leaving the entirety of her bodacious booty on scandalous display.

Missy's mint green bikini wasn't much better in terms of coverage. The top looked like it was at least two sizes too small for her giant tits, causing her breast meat to overflow the cups obscenely. Creamy tit flesh bulged out the sides, top, and underside of the fabric, giving her the look of a 1950s pinup model. Her fat, protruding nipples tented the thin material, clearly visible even from a distance.

The cheeky bikini bottoms rode low on Missy's wide childbearing hips, showcasing her hourglass curves. A distinct cameltoe formed at the junction of her thighs as the fabric molded to her plump, bare pussy lips. The back of the bottoms disappeared into the crevice of Missy's big, juicy booty, framing her heart-shaped ass to perfection.

Once dressed in their indecent swimwear, the hot mommies explored the luxurious cabin. They ooh-ed and aah-ed over the marble bathroom with its oversized jacuzzi tub and dual rainfall shower. Jess immediately began envisioning all the naughty fun she could have with a hot young stud or two in that huge tub, her pussy clenching at the thought of soapy wet skin slipping and sliding together as a thick cock split her open...

Shaking herself from that delicious fantasy for the moment, Jess joined Missy out on the balcony. The warm sea breeze caressed their exposed skin and made their barely restrained tits bounce and wobble with the gentle rocking of the ship.

Ten minutes later, Jess and Missy were primped and ready for some fun in the sun. With their masks in place, the beautiful mothers strode confidently across the ship, drawing the eye of every boy they passed.

Missy wore a sexy sheer mesh cover-up skirt that did little to conceal her cheeky bikini bottoms underneath. The see-through fabric teased a tantalizing glimpse of her long, toned legs and bodacious

booty with each step. But her upper half was a complete feast for the eyes. Her juggernauts strained against the incredibly tiny triangles of her bikini top, creamy breast flesh spilling out on all sides. The flimsy strings seemed barely able to support the immense weight of her giant jugs as they bounced and swayed hypnotically with her movements.

Beside her, Jess was an equally mouthwatering sight in her barely-there hot pink string bikini. The thong bottoms had ridden up to form a brazen cameltoe, molding to her plump, bare pussy lips. And the minuscule top did almost nothing to restrain her massive tits, smooshing them together to create a cavernous line of sun-kissed cleavage.

As the hot mamas click-clacked across the deck in their high heels, their colossal tits shuddered like rippling ocean waves with each step, drawing every male gaze like moths to a flame. Wolf boys nearly tripped over themselves trying to get a better look at the sexy MILFs, packs of them trailing behind Jess and Missy as they openly ogled their spectacular curves.

"Holy fuck, look at the tits and ass on those two!" one young stud groaned to his buddies, palming his instantly hard cock through his board shorts. "I'd give my left nut to bury my face in those epic titties."

"That fat ass is just begging to be bent over and pounded," another wolf boy leered, openly drooling over the mouth-watering undulations of Missy's barely covered bubble butt.

The mouthwatering MILFs reached the expansive pool area, an inviting oasis in the center of the ship. Dozens of lounge chairs surrounded the crystal blue water, each one occupied by a voluptuous masked mommy just like them.

It was a veritable sea of glistening, nearly naked MILF flesh. Enormous tits spilled out of skimpy bikini tops while bodacious

bubble butts stretched the limits of tiny thong bottoms. Creamy expanses of cleavage, underboob, sideboob and asscheek were on tantalizing display everywhere they looked.

The hot mamas chatted and giggled together, sipping colorful cocktails as they sunned their spectacular bodies. Jess and Missy found an empty pair of loungers and made themselves comfortable, feeling right at home amongst their sexy peers.

As they settled in, Missy noticed groups of strapping wolf boys gathered on the deck overlooking the pool area. The young studs leaned against the railing, their hungry gazes roaming over the feast of scantily clad mommy bods laid out before them like an all-you-can-eat buffet.

"Damn, this ship is just teeming with Grade A MILF meat," one of the wolves said to his buddies, not even trying to hide his blatant ogling.

"Seriously, bro. It's like a fucking wet dream come to life," another horny boy agreed, adjusting the massive bulge tenting his board shorts. "I don't even know where to look, there's so much prime pussy on display."

"Dibs on the brunette with the giant ass," a third stud declared, openly drooling over the ripe, heart-shaped curves of Missy's barely covered booty. She was lying on her stomach, her ample cheeks nearly swallowing the dental floss thong bisecting them.

His friend snorted. "Like you'd have a chance with a MILF that fine. Nah, you've gotta go for the low-hanging fruit first, work your way up to the 10s."

Missy reached into her beach bag and pulled out a bottle of tanning oil. She began smoothing the slick, coconut-scented liquid over her creamy skin, making sure to coat every inch of her exposed flesh. As

she massaged the oil into the abundant swells of her huge titties, Missy

noticed several wolf boys leaning over the railing above, their hungry gazes glued to her glistening tits.

A rosy blush heated Missy's cheeks behind her mask as she watched the boys openly stroke their dicks through their shorts, not even trying to hide how badly her oiled-up titties turned them on. Part of her felt like she should cover up, that their leering attention was totally inappropriate. But a bigger part reveled in her sex appeal, loving that her voluptuous body could drive these young studs wild with lust.

Missy's bikini top slipped a little as she rubbed oil over the upper slopes of her enormous breasts, causing even more of her creamy tit flesh to spill out. "Oops! I think my boobs might fall out of this top," she giggled nervously to Jess. "It barely fits to begin with."

Jess just smirked, a wicked glint in her eyes behind her silver mask. "So? Let 'em fall out! It's not like anyone will recognize us anyway with these masks on," she said with a cheeky grin.

Jess grabbed the oil from Missy and began slathering it all over her own bountiful curves, putting on a deliberately sensual show for their captive audience. She arched her back as she smoothed the slick liquid over the jutting shelf of her massive tits, making them bounce and jiggle. Jess moved down to her taut belly and wide hips, caressing her skin seductively.

When she reached the miniscule strip of fabric barely covering her pussy, Jess let her fingers linger, dipping just under the edge of her thong to tease her bare lips. She bit her plump bottom lip, fully aware of the wolf boys stroking their hard cocks with increasing urgency at the erotic sight. The gorgeous mother made teen flesh harden, swollen knobs weep and throb—and she knew it.

A beautiful masked blonde on the lounger next to them let out a commiserating laugh, drawing Missy and Jess's attention. "I know

exactly what you mean about these itty bitty bikinis," she said, gesturing to her own heaving bosom barely restrained by emerald green triangles.

"My big ol' boobies keep falling out too!" the blonde said with a grin. As if on cue, her right breast spilled completely out of her top, the huge, creamy globe topped with a large crimson cap and rosy pink nipple.

"Oopsie!" she giggled, not even trying to tuck it back in. "Oh well, it's a clothing optional cruise anyway. May as well let the girls breathe!"

The blonde introduced herself as Candice, and the three hot mommies lounged on the sun chairs, their voluptuous curves glistening with oil under the bright rays. They giggled and whispered conspiratorially as they watched the wolf boys gathered above, openly stroking their hard cocks.

"God, they are SO obsessed with us!" Candice laughed, her huge tits jiggling as she shook with mirth, one still fully out of her bikini top. "Look how many of them are beating their big dicks, not even trying to hide it!"

"That one up there in the green top," Jess said, making Candice sit up as she pointed at one of the teens. "Look at how much pre-cum has soaked through the front of his shorts."

"Mmm, I wouldn't mind wrapping my lips around that," Candice purred.

"Can you imagine if our husbands saw this?" Missy said, her voice a mix of scandal and arousal. "A bunch of barely legal boys jerking off to their wives' bodies. They would completely lose their shit!"

"Fuck, it's so hot though," Jess purred, desire throbbing between her thighs at the forbidden thought. "Knowing how bad these young studs wanna fuck our pussies, how hard we make them. I bet their cocks are like steel right now."

The blonde mommy leaned in close, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. "I've already fucked two of those naughty little wolves," she confessed

with a wicked grin. "One before we even set sail, when I was exploring the ship. Found a nice secluded spot and let him bend me over and pound my pussy so good. And then another one just a bit ago in the bathroom. Couldn't help myself, he was so hot and his cock was massive."

Missy's eyes widened behind her mask. "Oh my god, seriously? And you're married?" she gasped, even as an illicit thrill raced through her at the scandalous admission.

"Yes, and my husband would kill me if he found out," the blonde agreed with a laugh. "But that's what makes it so hot. What happens at sea stays at sea, right ladies?" She winked salaciously.

"Damn straight," Jess purred, licking her lips. Her pussy was positively dripping now, arousal saturating the crotch of her thong. "God, you're making me so horny. I think I need to cool off in the water before I jump one of those wolf boys myself."

Jess rolled gracefully off her lounger and sauntered towards the pool, putting an extra sway in her hips. Her thong had ridden up to fully expose both plump ass cheeks and she knew every hungry male gaze was glued to her barely covered curves.

Missy rose from her lounger and joined Jess, stepping gracefully into the shimmering pool like a voluptuous Aphrodite emerging from the sea foam. Her colossal tits, barely constrained by the itty bitty bikini triangles, jutted out proudly, jiggling with her every move. The thin

mint green fabric turned sheer when wet, molding to her huge breasts like a second skin and revealing the huge dark circles of her areolas.

Every red-blooded male within eyeshot stopped whatever they were doing to gawk shamelessly at the stunning MILF. Even the other mommies, as beautiful as they were, gazed upon Missy's spectacular figure with unbridled envy. She was a goddess amongst women, her hourglass curves so ripe and mouthwatering.

Missy dipped down into the cool water until it reached her elegant neck, her massive jugs bobbing buoyantly on the surface like twin fleshy islands. Rivulets of water sluiced between the deep valley of her cleavage. After a moment, she rose up and stepped backwards out of the pool, droplets cascading down her voluptuous body.

The mother's miniscule bikini bottoms had shifted, wedging themselves even deeper between the plump lips of her bare pussy. The soaked fabric clung to her mound, turning transparent to reveal the pronounced cameltoe bisecting her puffy slit.

After sprawling back on the lounger, she sipped leisurely on her fruity cocktail, enjoying the feel of the warm sun kissing her nearly nude body. She rolled onto her stomach and propped herself up on her elbows, causing her huge mommy tits to half-mash beneath her torso. The move made her already skimpy thong wedge itself even further between her plump ass cheeks, putting the mouth-watering globes of her juicy booty on sinful display.

Glancing up at the deck above through her lashes, Missy noticed a lean, cute young man staring intently down at her practically naked ass. Despite his wolf mask, something about his eyes and toned body seemed oddly familiar. When he noticed Missy looking back at him, the boy gave a friendly yet slightly awkward wave, as if trying to act casual.

Missy couldn't help but giggle at his coy behavior. She returned his wave with a coquettish one of her own, accompanying it with a radiant smile that made the young man visibly shudder with lust, his cock hardening even further in his board shorts. Missy bit her plump bottom lip, loving how much her flirting affected the handsome wolf boy. Her eyes lingered on his jutting crotch a moment, tongue teasing her lips as she judged that his teenage stalk must be at least 9 inches in length, possibly even 10.

Next to her, Jess smirked knowingly as she watched the charged interaction. The platinum blonde MILF stretched out on her lounger like a cat in the sun, arching her back to thrust her colossal tits up to the sky. "Looks like someone has an admirer," she purred teasingly.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Missy demurred, feigning innocence even as a rosy blush crept over her cheeks.

Jess just laughed, shaking her head. "Uh huh, sure. Well, he's definitely eye-fucking the hell out of you, babe. I think he likes what he sees..." She pointedly eyed Missy's voluptuous curves, barely concealed by her sheer, wet bikini. "Mmm, he's packing some serious meat too."

"Hard as a fucking baseball bat," Candice added, squirming as she stared at the mystery boy's obvious erection.

"He seems shy though," Jess noted. "You should go up and talk to him."

"Don't be ridiculous," Missy said, taking a slow sip from her colorful, tropical drink. The ice clinked gently against the glass, a refreshing sound in the warm afternoon sun. "I'm not here to chase boys."

"You're just scared to?" Jess teased, her eyes glinting mischievously as she adjusted her sunglasses to get a better view of the bustling deck around them.

Missy rolled her eyes dramatically, a playful smirk tugging at her lips. "Scared? Really? You do know who you're talking to, right?"

Jess watched as the "shy boy," a slender young man with a mop of tousled hair, was joined by another equally youthful companion. They both glanced down, their eyes lingering on the ladies' sun-kissed, glowing skin. "Better hurry then, before he rushes off and gets some other bitch's attention," she said to Missy, her tone full of mock urgency.

Missy smiled, a serene and content expression crossing her face as she laid her head back onto the soft lounge chair. "I told you before, I'm here

to enjoy the cruise, not to chase cock," she replied, her voice a mixture of amusement and resolve.

Their new friend Candice, with her sun-streaked hair cascading down her back, chimed in. "You can do both," she said, her voice vibrant with possibility.

"Exactly, thank you," Jess agreed, nodding at Candice.

Candice sat up suddenly, her vibrant bikini shifting slightly as her curves moved with her. "Speaking of boys and fun, you guys do know there's a glory hole on board, right? Wanna go suck some dick with me?" she asked with a mischievous wink.

Jess's face lit up with intrigue and excitement. "I heard about that and yes we would," she said eagerly, casting a hopeful glance at Missy.

"I'm good. I might get in the pool again," Missy said, eyeing the sparkling water that seemed to beckon invitingly from across the deck.

"Missy, come on, just come check it out. You don't have to do anything. Pleeease. We'll grab some lunch too, then come back and swim," Jess pleaded, her voice playful yet persuasive.

"Fine," Missy said with a sigh, rising from the lounge chair as the warm breeze tousled her hair. The trio set off together, laughter and anticipation dancing in the air around them.

The three moms confidently descended to a lower level, adorned in colorful bikinis and sexy bare feet that lightly padded along the sun-warmed tiles. Their mommy-birthing hips moved in a synchronized rhythm, and their nearly bare chests seemed to ripple gently with each elegant step they took.

A group of teenagers lounging nearby couldn't help but notice their presence. One particularly bold teen, unable to contain his admiration, called out, "You ladies look fucking amazing, just sayin'."

The women exchanged amused glances, their faces lighting up with friendly smiles, and replied in unison, "Thank you."

"You look pretty yummy yourself," Candice added, pausing to share a gaze with the teen.

"Thanks," he said with a blush.

She grazed her long painted fingernails across his trim chest, holding him in her smoldering gaze. "I'm heading somewhere with my girlfriends right now, but would you like to fuck my pussy later?"

The teen gulped at her brazen advance. "Yeah, absolutely," he muttered.

"I'll come find you," said the seductress, blowing him a kiss before rejoining Missy and Jess.

As they made their way down a narrow corridor, Missy felt a presence behind her. She glanced over her shoulder to see a scrawny, red-headed wolf boy trailing after them, his eyes glued to her bodacious booty barely covered by her thong bikini. With a start, she recognized him as the awkward teen who had boldly asked her bra size earlier.

The boy quickened his pace to catch up with Missy, his gangly limbs moving with a mix of eagerness and nervousness. "H-hey," he stammered when he reached her side, his voice cracking a little. "I, um, I was wondering if maybe you wanted to come back to my cabin with me? I'm on deck two. I could, you know, fuck you real good and make you cum." His cheeks flushed as red as his hair under his wolf mask at his brazen proposition.

Missy halted and turned to face the boy, her expression kind but firm behind her elegant black mask. "Oh sweetie, I'm flattered, really. But I'm married." She held up her left hand, wiggling her fingers to make her wedding ring sparkle in the light.

The boy's face fell a little and he shuffled his feet. "Most of the women here are married though. I thought that was the point of the cruise, so you could, like, let loose and stuff without your husbands knowing."

Missy smiled gently and shook her head. "I know a lot of the mommies here are using the anonymity to...indulge. But I'm not like that. I don't cheat on my husband, even if he would never find out. It's just not who I am."

She reached out and patted the boy's slumped shoulder. "You're very sweet though. I'm sure there are plenty of other women on this ship who would love to take you up on your offer."

The redhead perked up a bit at that, his eyes brightening behind his mask. "Yeah? You think so?"

"Absolutely," Missy assured him. "Just maybe work on your pickup lines a little. You're a handsome boy, I'm sure you'll have no problem finding a lucky lady to spend time with."

The teen wolf grinned, his chest puffing up at the MILF's praise. "Thanks. And just so you know, that offer stands if you change your mind," he added with a bold wink.

Missy laughed, shaking her head as she rejoined Jess and Candice. The redheaded boy gave her a little wave before scampering off, no doubt in search of a more receptive mommy who would lock her legs around him.

"What was that about?" Jess asked, quirking a brow behind her glittering silver mask as Missy fell back in step with them.

"Oh, just a young pup sniffing around, seeing if I wanted to play," Missy replied with a grin.

Candice giggled. "They're all so eager to fuck."

As the sexy moms strolled along the promenade deck, they arrived at a bustling area filled with upscale boutiques, salons, and other flashy

shops, all catering specifically to the MILFs and college studs on board. Bright neon signs advertised everything from sensual massage parlors and skimpy resort wear to adult toy stores overflowing with kinky delights.

The air practically sizzled with sexual energy as dozens of hot mommies in barely-there bikinis and tight dresses browsed the provocative wares, many hanging off the muscular arms of strapping wolf boys young enough to be their sons. Flirty giggles and lustful whispers mixed with the pulse of sensual music piped in through hidden speakers.

"Ooh, look at that one!" Jess squealed, pointing a hot pink nail at a store with an elaborate display of remote control vibrators and clit suckers in the window. "Buzz Worthy Adult Toys" the sign proclaimed in glowing cursive letters. "We are so checking that out later."

Candice laughed, slinging an arm around Jess's waist. "Girl, you read my mind! I'm always down to add to my naughty collection. The hubs has no idea how many toys I have stashed away for when he's not in the mood."

Missy just shook her head with an amused smile, content to window shop the erotic wares for now. As they passed a salon advertising Brazilians and vajazzling, she overheard a curvy redheaded MILF gushing to her friend.

"I just got my pussy bedazzled and a 'Porn Star' wax. It's a cute little heart shape of hair on top," the redhead giggled, flipping her long mane over her shoulder. "Can't wait for a college cutie to unwrap it later!"

Missy bit her lip, a blush heating her cheeks behind her mask as she took in the casual depravity surrounding them. She had never been anywhere so blatantly sexual and hedonistic before. It was as scandalous as it was thrilling.

One flashy neon sign in particular caught the MILFs' attention. "BARE NAKED MOMS" it proclaimed in glowing hot pink letters. The seductive

thumping of sensual music drifted out from the open door, drawing them closer.

Jess grabbed Missy's hand, tugging her forward. "We have to check this out," she said, her voice vibrating with excitement.

The three sexy mommies peeked inside the dimly lit club, their eyes widening behind their masks at the shockingly erotic scene before

them. A circular stage took up the center of the room, with over a dozen chairs arranged around it. In each seat lounged a college-aged wolf boy, stroking his hard, naked cock as he watched the spectacle before him.

On the stage, a group of completely naked MILFs gyrated and danced provocatively, their massive tits bouncing and swaying hypnotically. One curvy African American mommy twerked her thick booty, her pussy lips glistening with arousal. Another curvy Latina beauty groped her own huge jugs, tweaking her nipples until they stood out like pencil erasers. A few of the moms were pregnant, massive baby-orbs wobbling on their torsos lewdly.

"Oh my God, that's scorching hot," Jess shouted over the relentless, pounding beat of the music, her voice almost drowned out by the vibrant chaos surrounding them.

Candice's gaze was fixed intently on the group of boys vigorously pleasuring themselves, their slick skin gleaming under the flashing lights as drops of pre-cum arced through the air with each frenzied motion. "Right. You guys wanna dance?" she asked, her voice laced with a daring invitation.

Missy shook her head with a playful grin. "I'm good. I feel naked enough in THIS thing," she replied, adjusting her bikini top to ensure her areolas remained discreetly covered, the fabric clinging tightly to her skin.

Jess stepped into a narrow side hallway, curiosity tugging at her. "What's through here?" she wondered aloud. The corridor stretched out before

her, lined with a series of doors. A stark white neon sign cast an eerie glow over the passage, its bold letters declaring "Private Lap Dances."

From behind the closed doors, they could hear the muffled sounds of boys whimpering, their voices mingling with the sultry moan of a woman commanding, "Ohh yes, cum!" The atmosphere was thick with anticipation and the unmistakable scent of desire.

A cheerful female attendant with a bright, welcoming smile approached the trio of Moms. "Hi ladies. Interested in doing some dancing, or just hanging out?" she asked, her voice light and inviting.

Missy returned the smile warmly. "Just passing through," she replied, her tone casual and relaxed.

Candice, with a hint of curiosity in her eyes, looked at the attendant. "So are these sex booths too, or just lap dancing?" she inquired, her voice carrying a mix of intrigue and amusement.

The attendant leaned in slightly, her eyes sparkling with a hint of mischief. "There's no sexual intercourse allowed here in Bare Naked Moms, but..." she added with a playful wink, "we've never really kicked anyone out for it, if you know what I mean?"

Jess chuckled, her eyes twinkling with understanding. "I get it," she said with a grin.

The attendant gestured down the corridor, her expression enthusiastic. "There's a fun little amusement area called the Rocking Horse further down you guys might enjoy," she suggested.

"Thank you, we'll check it out," Candice said, nodding appreciatively.

"Have fun," the attendant called out with a friendly wave as the women meandered back out, their laughter mingling with the ambient sounds of the lively venue.

They strolled leisurely along the charming row of boutiques and intimate cocktail bars, nestled snugly within a secluded courtyard

open to the vast, azure sky above. Jess's gaze was captured by an eye-catching item displayed on a mannequin in the shop window. "Oh my God, a patriotic bandeau micro-bikini. I need that in my life right now," she exclaimed, excitement bubbling in her voice as she eagerly stepped into the shop.

Candice let out a lighthearted giggle and sauntered across the sun-dappled courtyard. "I need to get my lips around a cock. I'll see you guys in the Glory Hole," she called over her shoulder, a playful sparkle in her eyes.

"We'll be right over," Jess promised with a grin.

Trailing behind her best friend, Missy's eyes lit up as she spotted a bikini that immediately captured her heart. "Why do you bring me into these places? You know I love to spend money," she teased, a playful lilt in her voice.

"Because I'm just as addicted to spending as you are, that's why," Jess replied, sharing a conspiratorial smile.

The women emerged from the shop, each with a new bikini and a smattering of other delightful finds tucked into their shopping bags. With their treasures in hand, they made their way across the courtyard to a lively place marked by a big, flashy neon sign that blazed "The Glory Hole" in vibrant, glowing letters.

Just as Jess and Missy approached the entrance to The Glory Hole, two college-aged wolf boys came barreling out, whooping and high-fiving each other.

"Dude, that MILF just sucked my soul out through my dick!" the taller of the two crowed, his eyes glassy with post-orgasmic bliss beh his mask. "Best fucking head of my life!"

"Right? I never knew a tongue could do the things hers did," his buddy agreed, adjusting himself obscenely. "Fuck, I'm already hard

again just thinking about it."

The two young studs stopped short when they spotted Jess and Missy, their eyes going wide as they took in the sexy mommies' barely-there bikinis and dangerous curves. Hunger flared in their gazes as they openly ogled the MILFs' spectacular bodies.

"Well hello there," the tall one purred, stepping closer to thrust his chest out. "And who might you lovely ladies be?"

Jess smirked behind her mask, arching her back to make her colossal tits jut out even further. "Wouldn't you like to know, you naughty boy," she teased.

The shorter wolf growled playfully, his gaze zeroing in on Jess's huge jugs. "Mmm, I'd love to bury my face between those giant titties," he leered, licking his lips. "Why don't you come with us, sexy mama? We'll make you feel real good..."

He reached out as if to grab Jess's arm, but she deftly sidestepped him with a tinkling laugh. "Down boy," she chided, wagging a finger. "Look but don't touch."

The taller wolf pouted behind his mask, giving the platinum blonde MILF puppy dog eyes. "Aww come on, we just wanna play with you and your hot friend. I bet we could suck on those big mommy titties for hours while you bounce on our fat dicks."

Missy's eyes widened and she shook her head vehemently, crossing her arms over her ample chest. She shot Jess a look that clearly said "Not happening."

Reading her bestie's expression, Jess turned back to the young wolf boys with an apologetic smile. "Sorry boys, but we'll have to take a rain check on that. My girl here isn't in a playing mood right now."

"But you are?" the shorter one asked hopefully, his cock visibly tenting his board shorts.

Jess just smirked and gave the horny studs a little finger wave. "Run along now, pups. Go hump someone else's leg."

The wolves grumbled in disappointment but obediently slunk off, no doubt in search of a more willing mommy or two. Jess watched them go with a little chuckle. "Did I really just say no to having my brains fucked out?"

Missy could hear the chorus of cock-slurping and deep-throat gags even from outside the salon. "Are you seriously going in there?"

"Yes, you don't have to do anything, but at least come in and check it out with me."

As Missy and Jess stepped through the doorway into The Glory Hole, they found themselves in a dimly lit space that had the feel of an upscale salon. Plush red velvet curtains draped the walls, and the lighting was a soft, sensual glow. Directly across from the entrance, the wall extended out into a huge half-circle.

Upon closer inspection, they saw that the curved surface had a series of holes spaced out at waist level, going all the way around. In front of at least a dozen of the holes knelt an equal number of women, mostly clad in skimpy bikinis and lingerie. Their heads bobbed up and down in a steady rhythm, engaged in enthusiastic oral ministrations on the rigid cocks poking through from the other side.

Wet slurping and smacking sounds filled the air, accompanied by muffled male groans of pleasure. The scent of sex was thick and heady, the primal musk of aroused men mingling with the sweet perfume of feminine desire.

Missy's eyes widened behind her mask as she took in the shockingly explicit scene. Candice hadn't been kidding when she said the mommies

got wild here! This was like something out of a porno, gorgeous bikini-clad MILFs shamelessly servicing anonymous cocks. Missy felt her cheeks flush hot and an answering throb pulse between her thighs.

Jess's voice cut through the humid air, "There she is," she declared, gesturing towards Candice, who was kneeling before a cock, her lips moving with practiced rhythm, her enormous breasts heaving beneath her barely-there bikini top.

A seductive, tattooed female attendant, her skin a vibrant canvas of colors, sauntered over to them. "Hey ladies," she purred, her voice as smooth as velvet, "we gonna suck some dick today?" she inquired, her tone as candid as it was sultry.

Jess met the attendant's gaze, a smirk playing on her lips. "I am," she affirmed, her voice dripping with confidence. Both Jess and the attendant then turned their eyes to Missy, their looks a mix of questioning and expectation.

Missy shifted uncomfortably, her cheeks flushing a soft pink. "I'm just, um, observing for now," she stammered, her voice barely above a whisper.

The attendant nodded understandingly, her tattoos dancing with the movement. "Ok, we have some benches down here," she said, her arm sweeping towards a nearby seating area, "so you can relax and watch if you want." She leaned in, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "If you change your mind, we have hair ties and all sorts of flavored oral sex gels. Just pick you out a cock and enjoy," she purred, her words laced with sinful promise.

"Thank you," the women replied in unison, their voices a harmonious blend of eagerness and apprehension.

Jess gathered her unruly hair into a sleek ponytail and scanned the colorful array of gel flavors lined up like a rainbow before her. Her fingers

danced over the vibrant labels until she plucked one from the shelf with a grin. "Oh my God, Missy, they have a piña colada flavor," she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Wonderful," Missy replied, her voice dripping with sarcasm as she crossed her arms and rolled her eyes.

"Mmm, pina colada and cock, my two favorite things to put in my mouth,"Jess said as she strolled along the curved wall, eyeing the buffet of hard cocks jutting out enticingly.

At least a dozen thick rods of flesh protruded from the glory holes, the bulbous heads glistening with pearly drops of pre-cum. Some were long and sinewy, the prominent veins running along the shafts pulsing with need. Others were shorter but extremely girthy, as thick around as Jess's wrist.

The platinum blonde MILF licked her lips hungrily as she perused the offerings. Each and every one of those young, virile cocks looked absolutely delicious. So hard and throbbing, just begging for a sexy mommy like her to take them into her skilled mouth and suck them dry.

Jess's enormous tits bounced and swayed in her skimpy bikini top as she slowly walked the line of glory holes. More than a few of the cocks visibly twitched and leaked clear fluid when the unseen boys on the other side got a good look at her spectacular figure. Jess smirked to herself, loving how her voluptuous body could drive these college studs wild with lust without her even laying a finger on them.

After much deliberation, Jess finally settled on her chosen cock. It was the perfect combination of length and girth, easily nine thick inches and so hard it curved up towards the young man's belly. The broad head was a deep ruddy purple and flared dramatically, with a weeping slit that dribbled pre-cum down the rigid shaft.

Jess knelt gracefully in front of her prize, adjusting her bikini bottoms which had ridden up to expose most of her juicy ass. She uncapped the piña colada flavored gel and squeezed a generous dollop into her palm, rubbing it between her hands to warm it up. Then she wrapped both her slick fists around that throbbing shaft, stroking it from root to tip.

The man on the other side of the wall let out a guttural moan at the MILF's touch, his cock surging in her grip. Jess grinned, enjoying the feeling of power as she worked him over. She glanced to her right where Candice was nursing hungrily on the fat tip of another boy's cock, her cheeks hollowed with suction.

"What flavor are you using, sexy?" Jess asked breathily, pumping her fists up and down her own stud's straining erection.

Candice released him with a wet pop, a string of saliva connecting her plump bottom lip to his cockhead. "Mmmm, mint chocolate chip," she purred, licking her lips. "It's delicious."

Then she swirled her tongue around his swollen glans before taking him back into her hot mouth, slurping obscenely. The wet sounds of her blowjob filled the air, mixing with the groans of the teen she was blowing.

"Oh fuck, look at that cock that just slid through over there," Candice sighed, staring hungrily at a rod that had to be a good ten inches. "Those veins look so delicious. I'd love to just trace my tongue along each one."

Missy took a seat on one of the plush velvet benches, her heart pounding in her chest as she surveyed the depraved scene before her. Everywhere she looked, she saw gorgeous, bikini-clad MILFs shamelessly servicing the hard cocks poking through the glory holes. Wet slurping and slapping sounds filled the humid air, punctuated by lewd groans of pleasure from the unseen men on the other side of the wall.

Despite her initial apprehension, Missy couldn't help the electric tingles of arousal that danced over her skin or the way her pussy clenched with need at the erotic display. It was just so forbidden and taboo, like something out of her naughtiest fantasies come to life. She had always been the good girl, the faithful and dutiful wife. But now, surrounded by all this hedonistic depravity, Missy felt her resolve start to crumble.

Her attention was suddenly drawn to a particularly impressive cock as it emerged from one of the holes closest to her. It jutted out long and thick, easily ten inches, and so hard it strained towards the ceiling. The shaft was heavily veined and pulsing, an angry purple color that spoke of intense arousal. A glistening bead of pre-cum seeped from the tip, quivering enticingly.

Missy licked her lips, transfixed by the sheer size and virility of the magnificent cock.

In a languid motion, the mother began to rise, but halted as two mothers, clad in vibrant bikinis, dashed over like a sudden tropical breeze. "Ooh, I see one I like," one of the mothers cooed, descending to her knees before the prize Missy had been eyeing. The other mother, tying her hair back, her medium-sized breasts buoyantly shifting in her pink bikini top. "Flavored gel?" she asked her friend, her voice was as casual as if she were inquiring about the weather.

"Yeah, can you get me cherry?" the kneeling mother requested, her hand wrapping around the hardened length, her wedding ring glinting like a tiny sun under the overhead lights.

Missy stood and meandered back out into the courtyard, the sun warming her skin. A gaggle of mischievous boys stared, jaws agape, at her voluptuous figure, their eyes widening at the sight of her gigantic tits. One of them, more bold than the rest, paused and met her gaze. "Damn, you're beautiful lady. Can I fuck you?" he asked, his voice a mix of bravado and hope.

Missy let out a musical giggle, her wedding ring flashing as she raised her hand. "Already taken, sorry," she replied, her voice sweet but firm.

Undeterred, the boy pressed, "Ok, how about just some cuddling then? There's no one in my cabin right now." His eyes lingered on her breasts, tracing the deep, shadowed valley of her monumental cleavage.

Missy bestowed upon him a friendly smile, her eyes crinkling at the corners. "I'm all set," she said, her tone gentle yet final.

The boy gave her one last appreciative glance, his eyes roving over her curves. "Never hurts to try, right? Bye," he said, before scampering off to rejoin his friends.

Missy wandered over to a mysterious-looking shop that seemed to beckon with an aura of intrigue. A rustic, carnival-esque sign, weathered by time, hung above the entrance, boldly declaring: "FORTUNE TELLER."

"Hello?" Missy called out hesitantly as she stepped inside, her voice echoing softly against the walls draped in rich, velvet curtains.

An older woman, dressed in alluring gypsy attire that shimmered with vibrant colors and glittering beads, emerged gracefully from

behind a silk curtain. "Welcome, please sit," she invited with a gesture towards a small circular table draped in an ornate cloth, with a large, mesmerizing crystal ball placed at its center.

Missy decided to play along, seating herself at the table. The woman examined the mother with a discerning gaze. "I must confess, I've given a lot of readings, but you may be the most beautiful woman I've ever had at my table," she said, her voice smooth and beguiling.

Missy chuckled, a hint of skepticism in her eyes. "I'm sure you use that line more than once a day, but thank you," she replied, her tone both amused and appreciative.

"May I hold your hands for a moment before I gaze into my glass ball?" the woman inquired, her eyes glinting with mystery.

"Of course," Missy agreed, extending her hands into the woman's warm, slightly calloused grasp. The gypsy-woman closed her eyes, gently squeezing Missy's hands in a gesture that felt both intimate and enigmatic. She then turned Missy's hands over, her eyes tracing the lines and contours of her palms.

"Thank you," the woman finally said, releasing Missy's hands and leaning forward to peer into the depths of her crystal sphere. "I see a busy mother and wife," she declared with a knowing smile.

Missy returned the smile, nodding in acknowledgment. "That would be me," she confirmed, her voice tinged with a hint of pride.

"I see pleasure... much pleasure in your future, more than you've ever experienced. This pleasure will happen VERY soon," the woman continued, her voice filled with a sense of anticipation.

"Uh-huh," Missy muttered, her initial intrigue waning as skepticism took over, though she couldn't entirely dismiss the allure of the fortune.

"Wait... I see something else..."

"What would that be?" Missy asked with an amused smile, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

"I see a shy one," the gypsy said, her voice low and mysterious.

"Shy one?" Missy echoed, intrigued.

"Yes, a shy one. A shy... boy, fascinated by you," the Fortune Teller continued, her eyes glinting with secret knowledge.

Missy's mind immediately drifted to the boy she had noticed on the upper deck earlier, his eyes lingering on her. She recalled how Jess had even remarked on how "shy" he seemed, like a timid deer observing

from a distance. "Can you tell me more about this boy?" she asked eagerly.

"No, only that he is the yin to your yang," the gypsy replied cryptically.

Missy gave her an odd smile, tilting her head slightly. "Yin to my Yang? A boy?" she questioned, puzzled by the notion.

The Gypsy woman nodded, her colorful scarves swaying with the motion. "Many spend their whole lives searching for the perfect mating partner. Yours is aboard this ship. Follow the shy boy," she said, her words hanging in the air like a lingering melody.

Missy wasn't terribly impressed but appreciated the theatrics. She handed the woman a tip and bid her a friendly "goodbye" before making her way to the courtyard, where she met up with Jess and Candice, who had the blissful glow of two women who just swallowed a creamy load of spunk.

"There you are," Jess exclaimed, her eyes landing on the vibrantly decorated shop that Missy had just emerged from. "Fortune Teller, huh? Did she see anything naughty in your future?" Jess teased, a playful glint in her eye.

"Just a bunch of nonsense," Missy replied with a dismissive wave, a hint of amusement in her voice. "Shall we check out this Rocking Horse place, then grab some lunch?" she suggested, nodding towards the direction of their next adventure.

"Let's do it," Jess agreed with enthusiasm, setting off alongside Missy.

The Rocking Horse was the ship's featured attraction, a curious blend of whimsy and desire. It was, in essence, a miniature amusement park with a provocative twist. The entrance was flanked by two grand, intricately carved rocking horses, their polished surfaces gleaming under the ship's lights.

"Oh my God, these rides look outrageous," Candice exclaimed, her eyes wide with a mix of shock and excitement. From every corner, a cacophony of moans and orgasmic screams resonated through the air, creating a symphony of indulgence and delight that enveloped them in its daring embrace.

Jess pointed to a towering two-story cylinder ride in the shape of a giant cock and balls. Large windows ran along the length of the shaft, offering a clear view inside. The three women watched as two bikini-clad mommies stepped into the base of the massive cock, giggling and waving to the crowd gathered below.

The entrance sealed shut behind them with a pneumatic hiss. Suddenly, the interior began to rapidly fill with a thick white foam, bubbles frothing and multiplying until they completely engulfed the squealing, flailing women.

Just when it seemed the two hot mamas would drown in the sea of bubbles, the floor beneath their feet shot upwards, propelling them at high velocity through the cock-shaped tube. They rocketed up the length of the giant shaft, screaming in delight as they flew out the bulbous tip in an explosive burst of foam.

The bikini MILFs arced through the air, arms and legs pinwheeling, enormous tits bouncing wildly. Their sudsy bodies described a perfect parabola before landing with a huge splash in the ball pit pool below. They surfaced a moment later, sputtering and laughing, covered in clinging white foam.

"Holy shit, that looks AMAZING!" Jess squealed, bouncing on her toes and making her huge jugs jostle. "We have to try it!"

"No way!" Missy said with a shake of her head. "This bikini would fly right off me if I flipped through the air like that."

"And as skimpy as that micro titty-sling is, you'd never find it," Candice cackled.

"Whoa, what the hell is that one?" Candice exclaimed, stepping over to a peculiar ride that resembled a giant vagina, its design both bold and intriguing.

Jess squinted at the ornate sign above it. "The Throbbing Clitoris," she read aloud with a mix of amusement and curiosity. "We gotta try this."

Missy giggled nervously, eyeing the ride with skepticism. "Try this? We don't even know what it does," she said, her voice a blend of intrigue and caution.

A female attendant, dressed in a uniform that matched the vibrant theme of the ride, approached them with a welcoming smile. "Interested in a ride, ladies?" she inquired, her tone inviting and professional. "One you'll never forget."

"What does it do exactly?" Missy asked, peering into the ride's round chamber where a few saddle-like seats awaited.

"The seats inside are sybians. Ever been on a sybian before?" the attendant explained, gesturing towards the plush, inviting seats.

The women nodded, somewhat intrigued. "I never have, but my sister has one. She loves it," Candice admitted, a hint of curiosity in her voice.

The attendant turned her attention to Missy, her eyes sparkling with understanding. "Imagine your vibrator, times a hundred," she said enticingly, then led them to a nearby display case. "The ride lasts five minutes. You can pick out your own attachment. These have all been sterilized for your safety. They attach right to your sybian seat for a custom pleasure ride," the attendant elaborated with a practiced confidence.

Jess tugged eagerly on Missy's arm. "Let's do it," she urged, her eyes bright with anticipation. "Please, just this one and we'll go get lunch after."

"I don't know, Jess," Missy replied hesitantly, biting her lip as she considered the proposition.

"Come on, you're not cheating on Philip. It's a freaking sex toy. Let's have fun," Jess pleaded, her enthusiasm infectious.

Candice pointed decisively at one of the attachments in the display case. "I want that one," she declared with a grin.

"That's called our G-max, for G-spot stimulation," the attendant said, nodding approvingly.

"I'll try that one too," Jess chimed in, her curiosity piqued.

"You won't be disappointed, trust me," the attendant assured them, then turned her attention to Missy with an encouraging smile. "And for you?" she asked gently, awaiting Missy's decision.

Missy's smile was tense, barely concealing her nervousness. "I suppose I'll try the one on the end," she said, her voice barely above a whisper as she gestured towards a four-inch stem encircled by vertical ribs. At its base, a pad of silicon nubs promised clitoral stimulation.

The attendant stepped into the chamber and began connecting their attachments. "You can hang your bikini bottoms right there on the hooks," she instructed, her voice echoing slightly in the enclosed space.

Missy cast a nervous grin at her best friend as she wriggled her bikini bottoms over her curvy hips, the fabric whispering against her skin. "I can't believe I'm actually doing this," she murmured, her heart pounding in her chest. The three mothers, with a mix of excitement and trepidation, slowly peeled off their tiny bikini bottoms, their bare feet stepping out of the discarded garments. Candice's pubis bore a neatly

trimmed landing strip, while Missy and Jess had opted for a completely smooth look, their shaved vulvas exposing the hoods of their prominent clitorises nestled within their pudendal clefts.

The attendant exited the chamber, her voice carrying back through the slightly open door. "The dispenser there will give you a squirt of lubrication. We suggest applying some to your vagina before inserting your attachment," she advised. "Got it," Jess replied, pressing her hand to the dispenser, which promptly deposited a generous dollop of lube into her palm.

The three mothers, with slick fingers, gently applied the lubrication to their cunt slits as they stepped further into the chamber. The attendant poked her head back in, her eyes scanning the room.

"Once you're situated and your harnesses are on, just give me the thumbs-up and I'll start your ride," she instructed.

"Thank you," they replied in unison, their voices a blend of anticipation and apprehension.

The mothers swung their lithe, supple legs over the sleek sybians, gently grazing the tips of their chosen attachments against their moist, glistening folds before surrender to the deep, velvety embrace within. Their smooth, toned legs hung low, astride the machines like seasoned equestriennes, toes dancing above the floor. "So, why the harness?" Missy queried, her voice a sultry purr, lips curving into a playful smile. "Is this stallion gonna try and unseat me?"

Her friends tittered, a chorus of melodic laughter echoing through the room. Jess, her eyes sparkling with mischief, secured her harness with a confident snap. "Buckle up, darlings," she drawled, her voice laced with promise. "You're in for the ride of your life."

Missy let out a breathy moan as the ribbed attachment slid into her slick folds, stretching her tight pussy deliciously. The silicone stem was the perfect girth, not too thick but enough to make her feel delightfully full.

As she sank down onto it, the ribs rubbed against her sensitive inner walls, sending sparks of pleasure zinging through her core.

"Oh God," she whimpered, rocking her hips slightly to take it deeper. The movement made the nubby pad at the base grind against her swollen clit and she couldn't help but whimper at the intense stimulation. Her plump ass cheeks clenched as she settled fully onto the sybian, the attachment buried to the hilt inside her needy cunt.

Beside her, Jess was in a similar state of bliss as the G-max slid home. The curved head sought out her G-spot immediately, nestling right against that spongy bundle of nerves. Jess's head lolled back

and she let out a low, guttural moan as she ground down onto the sybian.

"Fuck yes," she panted, already rocking in tight circles to rub the G-max over her most sensitive spots. Arousal gushed from her bare slit, coating the attachment and making obscene wet sounds as she moved. Her massive tits heaved with each ragged breath, the skimpy triangles of her bikini top struggling to contain them.

Candice had barely gotten her attachment inside before she was bouncing eagerly on the sybian. The G-max stretched her pussy lips wide as it plundered her hot, slick depths. Candice's huge jugs jiggled wildly, nearly spilling out of her emerald green bikini top with each enthusiastic bounce.

"Mmm give it to me," she moaned wantonly, looking like every inch the cock-hungry MILF as she rode the pleasure machine. "I'm fucking ready!"

Her plump ass rippled with each impact, the globes shaking enticingly.

The three hot mommies were already flushed and panting with arousal, their lush bodies undulating sensually, when the attendant poked her head in.

"Everyone situated?" she asked with a knowing grin, taking in the live porn show before her. The sexy mammas could only nod frantically, too far gone in their pleasure to form words.

"Alrighty then, enjoy the ride, ladies!" the attendant chirped before closing the door. A second later, the sybians hummed to life, vibrations coursing through the mommies' stuffed pussies.

The chamber door closed, crazy lights began to flicker and the vibrations revved to full force. The women's eyes lit up and all three gasped at once. "Ohhh, shit, " Jess sighed.

"OHHH FUUUUCK!!!" Candice wailed, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy as the G-max began to pulse and undulate against her G-spot. Intense waves of pleasure radiated out from her core, making her clit throb.

"ZZZZZZZ!!!" The sound of buzzing quickly grew louder as the sybians vibrated between their legs. There were little handles on the front of their saddles and the ladies gripped on, mashing their big bikini-clad tits between their arms, making them balloon out even further.

The buzzing grew louder and louder as the vibration on their cunts intensified . Missy's eyes were clenched shut, her pretty face masked with pleasure.

"Ohhh my Goooood, " Jess's voice trembled as she felt the sheath of her cunt melt around the attachment and her clitoris throb wildly.

Just then, the sybians suddenly tilted backwards, reclining the women at a steep angle. The harnesses cinched tighter, securing their voluptuous bodies snugly to the saddles, which was the only thing keeping them from slipping right off as their backs pointed downwards.

"Oh fuck!" Missy cried out as the unexpected movement threw her shapely legs back into a huge spread eagle. Her dainty feet reflexively pointed in opposite directions, toes pointing, a position she was used to from years of doing yoga with Jess.

The platinum blonde MILF found herself in an identical pose, her thick thighs splayed wide open in a fuck-me spread, pretty feet flexed. The vulnerable position left their dripping bare pussies completely exposed and accessible, the vibrating attachments plunging even deeper into their hot, clenching depths at the new angle.

Jess's head thrashed from side to side as the sybian pounded mercilessly against her G-spot. "Unngghh yesss! So fucking DEEP!" she wailed, fingers scrabbling at the cushioned sides of the saddle. Her cunt squelched obscenely around the thick shaft splitting her open, gushing arousal with every reverberation.

Beside her, Missy keened desperately, her eyes rolling back in her pretty head as her sybian kicked into overdrive. The vibrations concentrated directly on the gumdrop sized nub her throbbing clit, making her hips buck wildly. She could feel her pussy lips fluttering and tightening around the ribbed stem, greedy for more stimulation.

"Ooohhhh godddd I'm so closeee!" Missy sobbed, barely recognizing her own voice. It sounded downright pornographic, a lewd keen of agonized ecstasy. Her mind was hazing over with pleasure so intense it bordered on pain and she didn't even care that strangers could probably hear her wanton cries.

Candice was unabashedly screaming her pleasure for all to hear, her oversized titties bouncing as she writhed against the restraints. "FUCK FUCK FUUUCCCKKK!!!" she chanted, grinding her clit against the base of the G-max. Her honey gushed out around the plunging attachment, running in rivulets down the insides of her trembling thighs.

The sybians cycled to an even higher intensity and the hot mommies all shrieked in unison, their voices reverberating off the chamber walls. Suddenly, jets of warm water began spraying their vibrating cunts from all angles, a surprise addition to the ride. The liquid pulsed directly

against their swollen clits and saturated their stuffed holes, ratcheting their pleasure even higher.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD!!!" Jess screamed, back arching almost painfully as her pussy clamped down like a vice on the gushing attachment.

The sybians suddenly rotated all the way back, flipping the moms completely upside down. Missy, Jess and Candice found themselves hanging by the harnesses, their long hair cascading down, ends just brushing the floor. Their shapely legs were splayed obscenely wide, thighs trembling and toes pointing in opposite directions as they struggled to process the intensity of sensations.

The moms' voluptuous bodies remained tethered to the saddles only by their stuffed, vibrating cunts. In this inverted position, their swollen, throbbing clits protruded out from their puffy bare mounds, flushed a deep pink and visibly pulsing with need. Sticky arousal burbled from their penetrated snatches, the creamy liquid streaming down their taut bellies and through the deep valley between their huge upside-down jugs.

Gravity had caused the moms' colossal tits to drop heavily towards their faces, the undersides of their bountiful melons completely exposed as their skimpy micro bikini tops barely clung on. The flimsy triangles of fabric were pulled to the max, nipples nearly popping free of the scant coverage. Their giant breasts wobbled and jiggled with each tremor that wracked their suspended forms, slick with sweat and quivering with need.

"OHHH FUUCKKK!!!" Missy wailed, voice cracking into a desperate keen as her pussy clenched violently around the vibrating attachment. She had never felt so exposed and vulnerable yet unbelievably turned on in her life. Suspended upside down, legs lewdly spread, with her bare cunt stuffed full and clit throbbing, Missy was completely at the mercy of the machine ruthlessly pleasuring her.

Next to her, Jess shrieked as a particularly intense vibration seemed to shake her entire core. "UNGGHH YESSS! DON'T STOP!" she begged, grinding her greedy snatch against the sybian, trying to take the buzzing stem even deeper. Her hips churned feverishly, ass and thighs flexing as she fucked herself on the thick attachment.

Rivulets of girl cum streamed down her quivering abs as her cunt gushed freely around the plundering toy.

Candice was nearly delirious with ecstasy, mouth open in a silent scream as her body convulsed with pleasure. Her head thrashed from side to side, making her huge upside-down tits sway heavily, the undersides jiggling with each wild buck of her hips. She could feel her orgasm building fast, the coil of tension in her core winding tighter and tighter, ready to snap at any moment.

"I'M...GONNA...CUMMM!!!" the blonde MILF managed to gasp out between frantic breaths, her body trembling wildly as she shamelessly climaxed.

Just when the moms thought they couldn't possibly take any more stimulation, the sybians rotated one final time, lifting them high into the chamber until the saddles were completely vertical. Missy, Jess and Candice found themselves clinging to the front of the machines for dear life, shapely legs wrapped tightly around the padded walls as they held on for the wildest ride of their lives.

In this new position, the vibrating attachments were angled to grind directly against their G-spots with each powerful oscillation. The thick shafts pistoned rapidly in and out of their clenching fuckholes, the slick inner walls of their cunts rippling and squeezing the invading toys.

"OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUUUUUCKKK!!!" Missy chanted deliriously, head thrown back in ecstasy as she bounced on the saddle. Her pussy was making the most obscene suctioning noises as it greedily swallowed the plunging attachment again and again. Clear honey gushed out

around the buzzing stem to soak the seat below, evidence of her shameless arousal.

ZZZZZZZZZZZ!!! The attachments roared, thrashing against the inner walls of their hungry voids.

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!!" The saddle went berserk, sending the attachments jackhammering into the depths of their drenched, quivering flesh at a brutal pace.

"Ohhh my fucking God!" Missy screamed, her body convulsing from the sheer power of the monster between her thighs.

"RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!!" The relentless attachments expelled their juices, pummeling their G-spots with no mercy. All three writhed, their scorching, barely-clothed bodies clutching the quaking machine like it was the last solid thing in a storm. Their screams fused with the mechanical growl of the sybians and the filthy wet sounds of their cum gushing around the silicon invaders.

Finally, the feral ride began to decelerate, slowly lowering the trio back to earth. "My God," Candice panted, her chest heaving.

All three women looked like they'd been ravaged by some sort of orgasmic hurricane. They fought to catch their breath as the chamber door slid open.

"Fuck, did that just happen?" Jess breathed, her eyes wide with shock and ecstasy.

The attendant, smirking with amusement, stepped in, her voice laced with innuendo, "I take it you ladies enjoyed the ride?"

Missy, her face still flushed with raw pleasure looked at the attendant and replied with a smirk, "What ever gave you that idea?" Her tone dripped with sarcasm and satisfaction.

Candice exhaled a deep, longing sigh. "I need this at my house, no matter the cost. I'll kick my husband out if I have to. Name your price!"

The attendant chuckled softly, assisting them with their harnesses. "Unfortunately, it's not for sale, I'm afraid."

Missy let out a frustrated sigh as they slipped back into their clothes. "I'm absolutely famished. Let's go devour something now," Missy insisted.

"I'm all in," Candice agreed with enthusiasm.

207: Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED-Part2/4

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a dramatic glow, the women returned to their rooms, eager to transform. After rejuvenating showers, they emerged in striking evening wear. Jess slipped into a daring red bodycon mini-dress, adorned with delicate gold chain straps shimmering in the dim light. Missy opted for a sultry white ribbed crop-top and mini-skirt ensemble, its long sleeves and figure-hugging polyester showcasing her stunning curves with unapologetic allure. "Ready to conquer the night with food and flair?" she confidently asked her best friend.

"Absolutely, let's own this night," Jess replied, accentuating her look with a seductive mask.

The women strode purposefully across the ship, their dainty heels echoing like sharp clicks on the deck floor. Passing boys froze in their tracks, eyes wide as they did double-takes, whispering feverishly to each other, filled with an almost palpable desire for the stunning, voluptuous Moms.

Reuniting with Candice, who was equally dressed to kill, they confidently entered the grand dining hall.

"Thanks for letting me join you for dinner. I feel kinda like the third wheel," Candice admitted, as they were ushered to their seats by the impossibly handsome young host.

"Don't be ridiculous. We love having you with us," Missy declared.

"Absolutely," Jess concurred, "and considering Miss Goody-Two-Shoes here is likely to skip out on the wild stuff later, it'll be great to have someone to stir up some real mischief with," she added with a sly grin.

"I'm all in," Candice replied, her excitement unmistakable.

As they nursed their colorful cocktails garnished with fresh fruit, the conversation turned to more intimate topics, like Missy and Candice's recent pregnancy. "Can you believe we're both back in our pre-pregnancy jeans already?" Missy asked "I thought for sure my body would never be the same after pushing out another eight pound baby."

"Right? I was terrified my pussy would be permanently stretched out," Candice confided with a laugh. "But those pelvic floor exercises are no joke. I swear my snatch is tighter than ever now. And my hubby definitely isn't complaining," she added with a wink.

Missy giggled and clinked her glass against Candice's. "Kegels for the win! I'll admit, I was skeptical at first, but damn do they work wonders."

"And don't even get me started on my massive mommy milkers," Candice said, glancing down at her huge, heavy tits straining against her plunging neckline. "I'm still leaking like a faucet. I had to bring my breast pump on this trip just to keep these big ol' titties from exploding!"

"Oh my god, me too!" Missy exclaimed. "The other night I forgot to pump before bed and I woke up completely drenched. My poor sleep shirt never stood a chance against the flood of breastmilk," she laughed.

Candice bit her lip, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Actually, I did get some relief earlier..." She glanced around to make sure no one was

listening before continuing in a stage whisper. "I met this super hot wolf on my way back to the cabin. We started flirting and one thing led to another..."

Jess's eyes widened behind her mask. "You didn't! Another one?!"

"Yep," Candice confirmed with a smug grin. "Took him back to my room and rode his thick cock so hard. But the best part? He sucked on my tits and drained them completely. It felt absolutely amazing to have all that pressure relieved by a boy and not a pump."

Jess fanned herself dramatically. "Fuck that's hot. You're making me jealous over here. I'd kill to have some sexy wolf boy suckle on my big milky tits right about now."

Missy shook her head in amused disbelief at her wild best friend. She couldn't imagine ever being bold enough to let some random guy she just met drink from her breasts, no matter how badly they ached. The very idea sent a forbidden thrill zinging through her.

As the dessert plates were being set on the table, Missy felt a jolt of recognition. Across the room, a pair of familiar eyes locked onto hers with an intensity that sent a shiver down her spine. It was the "shy boy" from the upper deck, now seated with a small clique of boys, dressed sharply in a crisp button-up shirt and immaculate dress pants.

Their gaze lingered, a magnetic pull that was impossible to ignore, before the boy mustered a hesitant, almost bashful wave. Missy, with a thrill of excitement, smiled and waved back, her heart skipping a beat.

Jess, ever observant, immediately picked up on the exchange. She zeroed in on the source of Missy's attention. "Is that the kid from earlier? The shy one?" she probed eagerly.

"Yes," Missy confirmed, her voice tinged with a mix of anticipation and intrigue. "That's him."

"Oh my God, he cleans up nice," Jess exclaimed, eyes widening with admiration. "And his friends aren't bad either."

Candice jumped into the conversation with fervor. "I spotted one today... so young, so breathtakingly gorgeous. He reminded me so much of my daughter's boyfriend, and the way he was looking at me —like he was daring me to suck his cock. I could kick myself for not seizing the moment, and fucking his brains out," she lamented, a hint of regret lacing her words.

As Candice and Jess animatedly discussed the various cute boys they had spotted around the ship and the size of their bulges, Missy found her gaze inexorably drawn back to the handsome young man across the room. It was as if an invisible string connected their eyes, tugging insistently until green met blue.

The boy peeked coyly back at her from beneath his wolf mask, his cheeks pinkening adorably when he realized he'd been caught staring. But he didn't look away. If anything, his gaze intensified, hunger simmering in those baby blues as he watched Missy bring a bite of rich cheesecake to her plump lips.

Almost in a trance, Missy wrapped her mouth around the fork, letting the decadent dessert melt on her tongue. A tiny moan of pleasure escaped her as the creamy sweetness hit her taste buds. Slowly, sensually, she slid the utensil out from between her lips, the tip of her pink tongue darting out to catch any lingering traces.

The boy visibly shuddered at the sight, his pupils blown wide and his throat working as he swallowed hard. Missy felt a thrill of feminine power, knowing she was affecting him so strongly. Holding his captivated gaze, she deliberately licked her lips, the action both innocent and seductive.

In the back of her mind, the Fortune Teller's mysterious words echoed like a prophecy. "He is the yin to your yang," she had said. "Your perfect mating partner."

Could it really be true? Could this sweet, shy boy be her destiny? The other half of her soul?

Missy's heart raced at the thought, a mix of exhilaration and trepidation. She had always been the good girl, the faithful wife and doting mother. The kind of woman who would never even entertain the idea of an illicit tryst, let alone with someone barely out of boyhood.

But there was something about this young man, with his tousled hair and innocent face, that called to her on a primal level. She couldn't explain it, but she felt an almost magnetic pull towards him, a bone-deep recognition that defied logic.

Missy forced herself to look away, to rejoin the conversation with her friends. But even as she laughed and sipped her cocktail, she could feel the weight of the boy's stare, caressing her skin like a physical touch. It made her nerve endings sizzle and her core clench with illicit arousal.

She didn't know what game Fate was playing at, dangling such temptation in front of her. But Missy knew one thing for certain - this cruise was shaping up to be even wilder than she could have ever imagined. And she had a feeling that shy, mysterious boy was going to be at the center of it all.

"What do you think, Missy?" Candice asked urgently.

The mother's focus shattered like glass. "Oh, um, what, I'm sorry," she stammered, completely oblivious to the whirlwind of conversation swirling around her.

"Hmm, someone's a little distracted, aren't they?" Jess teased, her eyes flicking toward the retreating shy boy. "Oops, missed your chance again."

"What?" Missy exclaimed, her head snapping around to find her admirer's seat empty. "Where did he go?" she blurted, her voice tinged with desperation, making the other two women break into peals of laughter.

Missy's eyes locked onto him as he slipped toward the entrance. The Fortune Teller's voice echoed in her mind, a resounding command: "Follow the shy boy."

With a surge of adrenaline, Missy sprang to her feet and dashed off. "I'll be back," she declared over her shoulder.

Jess and Candice stared in wide-eyed shock. "Holy shit, I didn't see that coming. Miss Modest is actually chasing after a boy," Jess marveled, her voice filled with disbelief.

Missy burst out of the dining hall in hot pursuit of the shy boy, her boobs jiggling and bouncing with each hurried step. Her white crop top struggled to contain her heaving bosom, the thin ribbed fabric stretching taut over her jutting nipples.

Just as she cleared the doorway, a bulky wolf stepped into her path, eyes wide and hungry as they zeroed in on her quivering cleavage. "Damn mommy, where's the fire?" he leered, licking his lips. "What's the rush? Why don't you let me help you with those big heavy titties first..."

He reached out a meaty paw as if to grab one of her jostling jugs. Missy swerved to avoid his grasp, glaring at him fiercely behind her mask. "Out of my fucking way!" she commanded, her voice stern.

Blinding lights bathed the main pool area in a harsh glow. Missy's heels clattered loudly as she sprinted after the teen, her chest

flopping violently with each desperate step. "Hey...wait!" she shouted, her voice sharp and urgent.

The boy bolted up the stairway to the upper deck, a shadow slipping from her grasp. Missy fought to keep up, her delicate stilettos a

hindrance in the frenzied pursuit. Frustration flared as she paused, ripping off the shoes and flinging them aside, her resolve hardening as she charged forward, barefoot and determined.

Reaching the upper deck, she rounded a corner, her heart pounding like a war drum, only to find emptiness mocking her. "Ugh, damnit!" she spat through clenched teeth, disappointment twisting her features.

She pivoted to retreat to the stairs, her intention aborted by the sudden sight of him pressed against the wall. "Oh... hi," she stammered, caught off guard.

"Hi," he replied, his voice a whisper against the roar of the ship crashing through the relentless waves, his gaze flickering nervously to the generous swell straining against her halter-top. Silence stretched between them, tense and electric, while the ship cut through the night.

Missy advanced on the shy boy like a tigress stalking her prey. Each step was slow and deliberate, her bare feet padding silently across the deck. Her voluptuous hips swayed hypnotically, the clingy white mini skirt molding to her every curve.

But it was her enormous breasts that drew the boy's mesmerized gaze like a magnet. They strained against the confines of her ribbed crop top, the thin fabric doing nothing to conceal her jutting nipples or the faintest blue veins that mapped across her creamy slopes. With each graceful step, her massive juggernauts shifted pendulously, trembling in a lewd display that made the teen's mouth go dry.

The boy pressed himself harder against the wall as if trying to melt into it, eyes wide and pulse pounding. He looked like a baby deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car, simultaneously terrified and captivated by the voluptuous beauty advancing on him.

Missy drank in his obvious arousal, feeling powerful and sexy in a way she never had before. The rational part of her brain screamed that this

was wrong, that she was a married woman and mother, that he was far too young. But the raging inferno in her core, the sheer NEED thrumming through her veins, drowned out all reason.

She stopped a mere breath away from the trembling teen, close enough to feel the heat radiating off his body.

"What's your name?" Missy inquired, her voice dripping with intrigue.

"Mine, um...Larry," he stammered, his eyes darting nervously.

Missy let out a teasing laugh. "Larry's not really your name, is it?" she pressed, her gaze piercing.

"No," he admitted, his voice barely above a whisper.

Missy offered him a knowing smile. "It's alright, I understand...the masks, the secrecy, that's what this cruise is all about, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Sorry if I was staring. You're um...you're really stunning though," he declared with newfound courage.

"Well, I suppose beauty, without a charming admirer, is a waste, isn't it?" she mused, her eyes twinkling.

"Yeah, I guess that's true," he agreed, a hint of awe in his voice.

Missy stepped deliberately towards him, closing the distance with an air of purpose. "So, are you enjoying yourself so far?" she asked, her

words laced with anticipation.

"I think so. It's an impressive ship. How about you?"

"Yeah, it's been an exhilarating day. I loved basking by the pool and soaking up the sun," she replied, her voice warm with satisfaction.

Beneath his wolf mask, a grin spread across his face. "I bet. I've seen plenty of bikinis, but the one you wore was...well, it was breathtaking," he said, his tone filled with admiration.

Missy felt a flush creep up her cheeks. "Thanks," she said softly, "it's not something I'd usually wear, but considering the whole 'Moms Gone Wild' theme, I decided to loosen up a bit," she explained, her eyes dancing with mischief.

The boy's gaze was locked onto her, his heart pounding as he took in the sight of her thick, hard nipples straining against the fabric of her dress. "I like natural curves," he growled. "Too many women are ruining themselves with those fake, oversized things these days."

Missy's eyes flashed, and she looked down at her enormous breasts, heaving with each breath, threatening to spill out of her gown. "These are all me," she said, her voice a low purr. "One hundred percent natural."

The boy's mouth went dry as he stared at her voluptuous figure. "Incredible," he breathed. "What size are they?"

Missy's eyes locked onto his, her voice a sultry whisper. "40 double J."

He felt a rush of heat, his cock throbbing. "They're... they're perfect," he stammered.

Missy stepped closer, her fat tits almost brushing against his chest. He could feel her breath on his skin. "I gave birth to my daughter a

few months ago, so there's still alot of milk-production going on in there," she murmured, her gaze flicking down to the bulge in his pants. "And you? What size are you… Larry?"

He chuckled, then swallowed hard. "Nine inches. Nine-and-a-half actually."

Missy's eyes widened, a slow smile spreading across her face. "A nine-and-a-half inch dick huh? That must leave quite an impression on the girls," she purred, her voice dripping with desire.

Their eyes locked with a raw, electric intensity, charged with unspoken desire. His gaze flickered repeatedly to her chest, unable to resist its magnetic pull, and he could almost hear the milk sloshing in their lobules and ducts as she suddenly burst into laughter, cutting the tension like a knife.

"What?" he asked, grinning, trying to play it cool.

"You're totally a boob guy, aren't you?" she teased, her voice dripping with playful accusation.

His cheeks flushed crimson, betraying him as he struggled to maintain eye contact. "Yeah, I guess," he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper.

Missy laughed again, a sultry sound that seemed to reverberate through the air. "It's fine, really. No need to be shy. Tons of guys your age are into big boobs," she said, her voice a seductive melody as she swayed slightly, making her ample chest move in a mesmerizing rhythm. "They're like big squeezable, suckable toys," she added, each word a deliberate taunt.

"Yeah," he admitted, his smile tentative yet full of intrigue.

Missy locked eyes with him, her gaze unwavering and filled with invitation. "Do you wanna touch them?" she asked, her words a

challenge and a promise, hanging heavily in the charged air between them.

The shy boy shook his head nervously, eyes darting around to see if anyone was nearby who might catch them in a compromising position.

Sensing his hesitation, Missy extended a slender hand, burgundy nails gleaming under the moonlight. "Come with me," she purred, her voice low and inviting.

As if in a trance, the teen placed his trembling hand in hers, letting the hot mommy lead him away from the bustling pool area to a darker, more secluded part of the deck.

He watched, completely mesmerized, as Missy's spectacular ass swayed hypnotically with each step. Her white mini skirt had ridden up to barely cover the full, ripe globes of her bubble butt and the sheer fabric clung to every mouth-watering curve. The teen felt his cock throb almost painfully as he imagined sinking his fingers into that plush flesh, spreading her cheeks apart to reveal her most intimate places...

Missy glanced coyly over her shoulder, catching the boy staring at her jiggling booty with unabashed hunger. A wicked smile curved her glossy lips, loving the effect her voluptuous body had on the handsome young man. She put some extra sway in her hips, really making that juicy ass bounce and ripple.

The horny pair ducked into a shadowy alcove, the distant sounds of splashing and laughter fading away. Hidden from prying eyes as she guided his hands to cup the hefty undersides of her enormous breasts.

"Feel how heavy they are," Missy purred, arching her back to thrust the giant orbs further into his palms. "Each one weighs almost 10 pounds..."

The shy boy gulped audibly, fingers sinking into the pliant tit flesh. He squeezed gently at first, marveling at how the huge globes overflowed his hands. Then he kneaded harder, relishing the weight and softness.

"Fuuuck," he groaned, eyes fluttering shut in bliss as he lost himself in the feel of Missy's glorious rack. "They're so big and soft... I've never touched boobs this incredible before."

Missy bit her lip on a moan as electric tingles shot straight from her sensitive nipples to her throbbing clit. She could feel herself getting wet, arousal beginning to soak through her skimpy thong. Having this

handsome young stud worshipping her giant titties was such an illicit thrill.

"Pinch the nipples" she encouraged breathily, undulating her chest so her massive jugs jiggled and swayed in his grip. "Don't be shy."

The boy did as he was told, panting harshly as he groped and fondled the huge mounds through Missy's thin crop top, pinching the rubbery nubs between his fingers. The stretchy ribbed fabric did nothing to conceal her rock-hard nipples straining against it or the way his fingers sank into her plush curves. Twin wet spots began to form on the fabric of her gown from nectar being squeezed from her teats.

Shy boy's cock was fully erect now, tenting his dress pants obscenely. Missy could see the thick outline of his shaft straining against the fabric, could practically feel the heat of his arousal. She had never been so turned on in her life, her pussy clenching and creaming with sheer need.

The young wolf watched in amazement as Missy took a step back, peeling down her crop top to reveal the biggest tit-stuffed strapless bra he had ever seen. Through the sheer white floral mesh fabric, he

could see the large rings of her areolas and swollen nipples. Missy's chest jutted out obscenely as she reached back and released the four clasps, then quickly peeled the giant cups away, making her pillowy tit-melons spill out.

Gasping in disbelief, the teen drank in every tantalizing detail of her massive mommy udders. They were pale and creamy, capped with saucer-sized areolas several shades darker. Her nipples were thick and long, protruding at least half an inch from her puckered areolas. A tracery of faint blue veins spread out under the silky skin, evidence of the rich breastmilk contained within.

Heavy and pendulous, Missy's giant jugs hung nearly to her bellybutton, wobbling and jiggling with her every breath. As the cool night air caressed her exposed titflesh, goosebumps pebbled across the

expansive mounds and her nipples visibly hardened further, the peaks tightening into fat, stiff nubbins just begging to be sucked.

"Holy fuck," the shy boy breathed, eyes as round as saucers behind his mask as he gawked at the most magnificent pair of titties he had ever seen in his young life. "They're perfect..."

Missy smirked at his awed reaction, loving how powerful and desirable she felt. With a seductive roll of her shoulders, she made her huge naked melons sway hypnotically. "46 inches of pure titty," she purred. "And they're so full of milk right now, they feel like they could explode any second."

As if on cue, a bead of creamy white liquid welled up on the tip of each engorged nipple before lazily dribbling down the curves of her breasts. The shy boy licked his lips, practically salivating at the enticing sight. His cock strained painfully against his zipper, pulsing in time with his pounding heart.

Missy slowly sauntered forward, her enormous bare breasts swaying heavily with each step. She stopped mere inches away from the trembling teen, so close he could feel the heat radiating off her naked tits. Her hard nipples grazed his shirt, leaving damp spots from her leaking milk.

"Would you like to bury your face in my big soft titties?" Missy purred, her voice dripping with seduction. She cupped the heavy undersides of her jugs and pushed them together, creating the Grand Canyon of all cleavages. "Motorboat them? Feel them engulf your whole head?"

The shy boy gulped and nodded frantically, practically drooling at the invitation to lose himself in her plush tit pillows. But then his gaze caught on the glint of her wedding ring and he hesitated.

"But...but you're married..." he stammered, even as his cock throbbed with the desperate need to accept her offer.

Missy just smirked, a wicked glint in her eyes. "What my husband doesn't know won't hurt him," she murmured conspiratorially. "This cruise is all about us mommies cutting loose and having some naughty fun. And right now, I want to smother your handsome face with my giant titties until you can't breathe."

With that, she closed the remaining distance between them and pressed the shy boy up against the wall with her soft, pliant body. Her massive breasts engulfed his face completely, eclipsing his vision in a sea of warm, fragrant titflesh.

"Mmmm yes, bury yourself in my huge mommy udders," Missy moaned, undulating her torso so her tits smothered him from all angles. She could feel his muffled groans vibrating against her sensitive skin and it only spurred her on more.

As she ground her chest into his face, Missy simultaneously rolled her hips, rubbing her aching pussy against the rigid length of his

cloth-covered cock. The thin material of her skirt and thong did nothing to impede the delicious friction and she shamelessly humped his thigh, leaving a trail of slick arousal in her wake.

"Ohhh fuck, your dick feels so big and hard," Missy whimpered, riding his leg faster. "You act all shy you sweet boy, but I'll bet you could fuck like a stallion."

The shy boy could only moan desperately in assent, his face still buried in Missy's heaving cleavage. He motorboated her enthusiastically, whipping his head from side to side so her pillowy tits slapped against his cheeks. His hands came up to paw at the heavy, spongy undersides.

The mother whimpered as she ground her mound on the unyielding strength of his boner. The engorged erectile chambers, veins and sinew created a formidable monster in the boy's pants that certainly put her husband's cock to shame. It dug into her folds through the cloth, prying back her domed clit-hood, causing their sensitive glans to scrap together.

"Feels…so good," the teen gasped, his voice muffled by pounds of mommy tit-meat.

"I've never met you, yet your eyes, your voice...they seem so familiar to me," Missy said with a puzzled intensity.

Suddenly, the teen wrenched his head away from her chest, and their eyes locked in a paralyzing stare of horror.

"No!" Missy gasped, her voice trembling with a sudden, overwhelming panic. "No, you can't be!" she cried, her hands shaking as she tore off his mask.

It was her son. "Lucas?!?!" she screamed, her voice cracking with shock.

"Mom?!?!" he choked out, his expression twisted in utter disbelief and terror.

Missy ripped her own mask off, her eyes wide with fury and disbelief. "What the actual fuck, young man?!" she yelled, retreating two steps back in shock.

He stood frozen, his mind racing, unable to speak. "Oh shit," he finally whispered, fully aware of the deep trouble he had landed himself in.

Missy frantically pulled up her crop top, hastily stuffing her huge bare breasts back into the stretchy ribbed fabric. Shame and horror burned through her as the full realization of what had just transpired hit her like a freight train.

She had been shamelessly grinding on and titty-smothering a teenage boy...her own son! The same child she had birthed and raised, who she had coddled and nurtured at her breast as a baby. And she had been seconds away from begging him to suck on her giant milky jugs again, to bury his face between her massive mommy udders while she humped his hard young cock.

It was so wrong, so utterly depraved. Missy felt like the worst mother in the world. Nausea churned in her gut and tears pricked at the corners of her eyes as a tidal wave of self-loathing crashed over her.

Without another word, Missy turned on her heel and fled, leaving a shell-shocked Lucas gaping after her. She raced blindly through the ship, not caring who saw her disheveled state or the tell-tale flush of arousal still staining her cheeks. All she could think about was getting as far away from what had just happened as possible.

Missy burst into the suite she shared with Jess, slamming the door behind her. Her best friend looked up from the bed, startled by her

dramatic entrance. One look at Missy's ashen face and trembling form, and Jess was on her feet in an instant.

"Oh my god, honey, what happened?" she asked urgently, wrapping a comforting arm around Missy's shoulders and guiding her to sit on the plush mattress. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Worse," Missy choked out, burying her face in her hands as sobs began to wrack her voluptuous frame. "I almost fucked Lucas!"

Jess's eyes bulged, sure she must have misheard. "You WHAT?!"

The whole sordid story came pouring out of Missy then, in between shuddering gasps and hiccupping cries. How she had chased after the shy boy from the dining hall, determined to follow the fortune teller's prophecy. The charged flirtation and teasing touches that escalated so quickly into Missy whipping out her huge tits and grinding on the teen like a bitch in heat. And the horrible, gut-wrenching moment his identity was revealed.

"...and then I just ran," Missy finished miserably, wiping at her tear-streaked cheeks with the back of her hand. "God Jess, what the fuck is wrong with me? I almost fucked my own son!"

Jess pulled Missy into a tight hug, squashing their titties together, letting her best friend cry it out on her shoulder. When the sobs had quieted to sniffles, she pulled back and held Missy at arm's length.

"Honey, you couldn't have known it was Lucas," Jess said firmly. "Not with those masks. It was an honest mistake."

"A mistake?!" Missy cried incredulously. "I had my own son's face buried in my tits, Jess! I was grinding on his cock like a cheap whore! What kind of mother does that?!"

"The kind who's on a naughty cruise and got a little carried away in the moment," Jess soothed. "You're not a bad mom, Missy. You're a

sexy woman with needs who was promised a wild, anonymous fling. Lucas never should have been on this ship in the first place."

Missy's eyes widened as a new thought occurred to her. "Oh my god...if Lucas is here, you don't think..."

"That Gabe is with him?" Jess finished, realization dawning. "I'd bet my left tit on it. Those two are always joined at the hip."

Missy groaned, burying her face in her hands again. Not only had she almost committed incest, but her best friend's son had probably witnessed the whole thing too. The humiliation was unbearable.

"Hey, we'll get to the bottom of this," Jess declared, giving Missy's shoulder a reassuring squeeze. "Tomorrow morning, we're going to track down our sneaky sons and demand some answers. They've got some serious explaining to do."

Missy could only nod miserably, too overwhelmed to even contemplate that impending confrontation. She let Jess help her out of her rumpled clothes and into a fluffy robe before crawling into bed, emotionally and physically exhausted from the night's events.

Despite the turmoil roiling inside her, Missy was asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow, her overtaxed body and mind finally succumbing to blissful oblivion.

The next morning, Missy and Jess strode purposefully through the ship's elegant dining room, their keen eyes scanning the crowd of passengers enjoying the sumptuous breakfast buffet. The two MILFs were dressed in skimpy yoga shorts that molded to their juicy bubble butts and tight tank tops that struggled to contain their massive tits.

Now that the mothers knew their son's were on board they could spot thrm a mile away, even with their masks on. Jess spotted the guilty teens first. Lucas and Gabe sat huddled together at a corner table, shoveling food in their mouths and casting furtive glances

around the room like they expected to be descended upon at any moment. Which, of course, they were.

"There!" Jess hissed, pointing a hot pink nail in their direction.

The sexy MILFs marched over to their sons' table with fire in their eyes, their massive jugs bouncing and swaying with each purposeful step. Missy and Jess planted themselves on either side of the guilty teens and glared down at them, arms crossed sternly beneath their huge racks.

"Our cabin. NOW," Missy bit out through clenched teeth, struggling to keep her voice low so as not to make a scene. The last thing they needed was to broadcast their family drama to the whole ship.

Lucas and Gabe's eyes widened behind their masks and they exchanged a panicked look. But one scathing glower from their mothers had them scrambling to their feet, abandoning their half-eaten breakfasts without protest. They scurried meekly after the furious MILFs, heads bowed like scolded puppies.

The tense group made their way back to Missy and Jess's suite in taut silence, the only sound the clack of the mothers' heels against the polished floors. As soon as the door closed behind them, Missy whirled on the teenage boys.

"Take off those ridiculous masks and explain yourselves THIS INSTANT," she demanded, sapphire eyes flashing. "What in God's name are you two doing on this cruise?!"

With great reluctance, Lucas and Gabe removed their wolf disguises, revealing their sheepish and slightly frightened faces.

"I cannot even BELIEVE this! You two completely deceived us! You were supposed to be on a surfing trip with your friends, remember?" Missy fumed, her voice cutting through the air.

Gabe looked up at his mom defiantly. "Sorry, but what about YOU TWO? Weren't you supposed to be in Vegas right now?"

Missy and Jess exchanged an uneasy glance, the truth glaring back at them. Missy's eyes burned into her son. "Why couldn't you have just been honest with us, told us you wanted to come on this cruise?"

Lucas shifted uncomfortably, his voice barely above a whisper. "I guess for the same reason you weren't honest with Dad. He probably wouldn't have been okay with you coming," he admitted.

The best friends locked eyes again, acknowledging the weight of their own hypocrisy. Scolding the boys would be meaningless now.

"Alright, it seems we've all messed up here," Missy conceded, her voice tinged with resignation. "What's done is done, and here we are."

Jess nodded, the reality settling in. "True, we're stuck in the middle of a cruise. There's no slipping back into our usual routine," she said, her tone reflecting the gravity of their situation.

"So what do we do now?" Gabe asked, his voice edged with uncertainty.

Missy and Jess exchanged a look of bewilderment before Missy addressed the boys. "Jess and I need to discuss this. Wait for us out by the pool," she instructed, her words firm.

"And that means no chasing after any women," Jess added sharply, fixing a stern gaze on her son.

"Understood," Gabe replied, as he and Lucas rose and exited the cabin, the door clicking shut behind them.

"I'm horrible," Missy lamented, clutching her head as if trying to contain her torment.

"Look, Missy, we all..."

"I was lusting after my own son," she confessed, her voice filled with self-loathing. "I asked him how big his dick was... I rubbed my cunt against it. I let him put his hands on my tits, for God's sake," she spat out, disgusted with herself.

"Ohh..." Jess responded, a wide grin spreading across her face. "Wow."

Missy glared at her. "Yeah. Wow is right."

"Look, you didn't know," Jess reassured her, trying to quell the storm within Missy. "Lucas is a cute kid... and he had a mask on. Don't beat yourself up. He didn't know it was you. How could you have possibly known it was him?"

"That's true," Missy acknowledged, her voice barely a whisper, "but now he probably thinks his mom's on this cruise just to whore around, and that's the last thing I want him believing."

Jess's face turned serious, deep in thought. "I'm all about Gabe being with girls, but honestly, the idea of him being preyed upon on this ship by a pack of horny women OUR AGE really disturbs me," she admitted, her voice laced with protective anger.

"I feel the same about Lucas," Missy agreed, her voice trembling with concern. "He's so young and vulnerable."

"So what do we do, Miss?" Jess asked, the weight of their dilemma hanging heavy in the air.

The Moms soon rendezvoused with the boys, settling at a table by the poolside. "Alright, we've already agreed that none of us should

really be here," Jess declared sharply.

Missy interjected with urgency. "Not that we're here to do anything inappropriate, but it might be best if we just stick together for the next two days."

"Stick together? Can't we just pretend we didn't see each other?" Gabe retorted, his tone defiant.

Jess shot him a withering glare. "So you can play the man-whore to a bunch of desperate Moms? Absolutely not," she snapped.

"Look, we can still enjoy the rest of the cruise," Missy insisted, her voice firm. "Hang out by the pool, savor the good food—we'll just do it together."

Jess eyed both boys critically. "And part of this 'togetherness' means sharing a room, so gather your things and move them to our cabin after we're done here," she instructed, prompting a knowing look between Missy and her son.

"What do we tell the other guys?" Lucas questioned, a hint of apprehension in his voice.

"You'll figure that part out," his mom replied, her tone leaving no room for argument.

Gabe scowled. "So what are we gonna do today, just sit around and stare at each other?"

"We were planning on getting a drink and sitting in the jacuzzi. I guess you boys are joining us," Missy stated with authority.

"I guess so," her son muttered, trying to mask his enthusiasm, though Missy could read him like an open book, practically feel his eyes undressing her, despite knowing that the object of his lust turned out to be his own mom.

Jess glared daggers at Gabe. "I don't even wanna know what you guys had planned today," she said with disdain.

Missy chuckled softly. "Right?" she agreed, casting a meaningful glance at her son. "Maybe this is all a blessing in disguise."

The boys hurried down to gather their belongings while the Moms returned to the cabin and promptly rid themselves of their clothes. "There's no way I'm wearing this in front of him," Missy declared, holding up her new micro bikini from the bag with a mix of defiance and apprehension.

"What are you talking about? He already saw you in that other mini-micro, and it was just as revealing," Jess retorted, sliding into her own daringly scant thong with a casual confidence.

"That doesn't mean I should start flaunting myself in front of him with another one on," Missy insisted, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

"Come on, I'm wearing mine. Just put it on and relax," Jess encouraged, her tone a blend of reassurance and challenge.

With a resigned sigh, Missy bent down to retrieve the other half of her bikini from the bag. Her bare breasts swayed heavily, the large rubbery nubs of her nipples prominently jutting from the centers of her broad areola, which were thick with tissue and dotted with milk-glands. "I'll wear it, I guess, against my better judgment," she conceded with a reluctant shrug.

Gabe and Lucas hurried back to their cabin, grabbing their duffel bags and quickly stuffing their scattered clothes inside. As Lucas held up the wolf mask he had been wearing, memories of the charged encounter with his mother came flooding back. He could still feel the incredible softness of her giant tits engulfing his face, smell the intoxicating scent of her perfume and arousal. His cock stiffened in his shorts just thinking about it.

"Dude, I still can't believe I had my face buried in my mom's huge titties last night," Lucas said to Gabe, shaking his head in disbelief. "Or that she was grinding on my dick like that. Fuck, I've never been so turned on in my life."

Gabe smirked, waggling his eyebrows suggestively. "Hey, there are definitely worse fates than being forced to spend the next two days with the two hottest MILFs on this ship," he pointed out. "So what if they're our moms? They're still sexy as fuck. I say we make the most of it."

Lucas looked at his best friend incredulously. "What do you mean 'make the most of it'? They'll barely let us out of their sight after the stunts we pulled."

"Exactly," Gabe said with a wicked grin. "Which means we'll have plenty of chances to ogle their insane bodies up close and personal. And maybe even do more than look."

Lucas bit his lip, contemplating Gabe's words. "Do you really think there's a chance our moms might actually...you know...FUCK us on this trip?" he asked tentatively, equal parts scandalized and aroused by the forbidden prospect.

Gabe shrugged, a salacious smirk playing on his lips. "I mean, think about it bro. They're on this cruise for a reason, right? To get their freak on without their husbands knowing. And now they're basically trapped with only us for company..."

The teen waggled his eyebrows suggestively. "I'd say we have a pretty damn good shot at tapping those fine MILF asses. Especially after the way your mom was all over you last night."

Lucas flushed at the memory, his cock throbbing insistently against his fly. As wrong as it was, he couldn't deny how badly he wanted to experience his mother's lush, mature body again. To bury his face between her massive tits and lick up her sweet breastmilk, to peel

those tiny bikini bottoms off her plump ass and sink his aching dick into her wet, throbbing heat...

"Fuck, imagine how tight their MILF cunts must be," Gabe groaned, palming himself shamelessly through his shorts. "Bet they'd milk our cocks so good..."

Lucas swallowed hard, trying to will away his raging erection. The thought of fucking his mom was so deliciously taboo, it made him dizzy with illicit arousal.

"We'd have to be really careful though, just in case they're not game," he cautioned, even as anticipation coursed through his veins. "They'd flip their shit if they found out we were trying to seduce them."

"So we'll be subtle," Gabe said with a dismissive wave. "Just shirtless flexing, 'accidental' touches, letting them catch us checking out their tits and asses... Trust me bro, with bodies like ours, they won't be able to resist for long. MILF pussy, here we come!"

Lucas grinned at his best friend's cocky confidence. Suddenly the next two days were looking a whole lot more exciting. He quickly finished packing, eager now to get up to the suite he'd be sharing with his insanely hot mom and her equally sexy best friend.

"Dude, I call dibs on the bed closest to the bathroom," Gabe declared as they headed out. "That way I'll have a perfect view when they come out after a shower, all naked and dripping wet..."

Lucas shoved him good-naturedly, laughing. "You're such a fucking perv. But I guess that makes two of us, since I'm totally gonna be jerking it to that mental image later."

By the time the boys returned, the Moms had slipped into bikini cover-ups that clung to their bodies with an intensity that hinted at

the provocative mystery beneath. The mini-dresses were like a whisper compared to the electric promise of what lay hidden.

"These beds are tiny, Mom. Seriously, are Lucas and I supposed to share one?" Gabe pointed out, all in an attempt to get as close to her as possible.

Jess shot him a look, her eyes glinting with mischief. "You can bunk with me, just don't hog the covers," she shot back with a teasing grin.

Missy met her son's gaze, a silent exchange charged with the memory of their earlier awkward moment on the deck. "I promise not to hog the bed either," Lucas declared, his words breaking into his Mom's face like sunshine, drawing out a wide, knowing smile.

After the boys changed into their swim trunks, the four of them made their way to the bow of the ship, where a large, inviting outdoor jacuzzi awaited them. The warm, bubbling water was a stark contrast to the cool sea breeze. There were only a couple of other women present, laughing and chatting as they relaxed in the steaming water, their voices blending with the gentle hum of the ship.

The boys eagerly entered the jacuzzi first, the water swirling around them as Missy and Jess gracefully removed their cover-ups. Lucas's eyes widened in surprise as he watched his mom step into the hot tub. She wore a pink mini-micro bikini adorned with a delicate floral design. The strings of the bikini were a shimmering gold-colored chain, catching the sunlight with every movement. It was the skimpiest bikini Lucas had ever seen, and the way it barely covered her curves made his heart race and his cheeks flush with embarrassment.

Jess followed her friend into the jacuzzi, wearing a vibrant bandeau-style micro bikini emblazoned with stars and stripes. Her son couldn't

help but grin at the sight, a playful glint in his eyes. "Should we salute?" he teased, his voice filled with affectionate humor.

She responded with a light-hearted splash of water. "Hush," she said with a smile, her tone both amused and admonishing as they all settled into the warm embrace of the bubbling water.

The Moms sat beside their sons, creating an awkward tension. "This feels bizarre," Gabe muttered under his breath, his discomfort palpable.

"What's so bizarre about it?" Jess retorted, her voice sharp with playful defiance. "You were sitting right next to me in a jacuzzi just a few months back while we were on vacation."

Gabe shifted uneasily, a frown creasing his forehead. "I know, but that was different," he insisted. "People knew we were family. Here, I feel like everyone's staring at us, thinking we're, you know, flirting or something."

With a mischievous grin, Jess slid closer, wrapping her arm around Gabe and squeezing him into a side hug. Her chest pressed against him, and she whispered, "Well, I suppose we should really sell it, then. We wouldn't want anyone finding out you're just here with your Mommy," she teased, snuggling closer with exaggerated affection.

"Jesus, Mom," Gabe laughed awkwardly, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment. He peeked over at Lucas with a wink, confirming that his naughty plan was going just as he hoped.

Jess tossed a glance at Missy, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Come on, Miss, get into character," she urged with a sly wink. "We can't have people getting the wrong idea."

"You're hilarious," Missy replied dryly, refusing to budge from her seat.

Jess turned her gaze to Missy's son, Lucas. "You too, Lucas. Pull her over next to you. I bet you're dying to," she said with a knowing wink.

Missy shot Jess a sharp look, her voice dropping to a scolding whisper. "Jess," she warned, her tone edged with irritation.

"What? It's not like you two had any trouble getting close last night," Jess teased mercilessly, the words hanging in the air like a challenge.

"Stop," Missy responded, her cheeks tinged with a hint of embarrassment, her voice a low plea.

Beneath the frothing bubbles, Missy's hand found her son's, their fingers intertwining. She scooted closer until they were pressed hip to hip, bare thighs rubbing together under the churning water. Across from them, Jess mirrored the intimate position with Gabe, practically sitting in his lap.

"So boys," Jess purred, lazily trailing a perfectly manicured nail down Gabe's toned chest. "However did you hear about this naughty cruise? Inquiring mommies want to know."

As she spoke, the buxom platinum blonde began kneading her son's broad shoulders, her massive breasts squishing against his back with each sensual squeeze. Gabe swallowed hard, trying to ignore the feel of his mother's rock hard nipples poking into his skin through her skimpy bikini top.

"Um, just from some guys at school," he mumbled, voice strained. "They said it was the wildest party on the seas."

Missy arched a skeptical brow. "So you just followed their advice" She shook her head, tisking. "Thought we raised you smarter than that."

Even as she scolded him, Missy started rubbing soothing circles on Lucas's shoulder with one hand, working out the kinks in his muscles. Her

other hand remained entwined with his underwater, thumb stroking over his knuckles.

Lucas relaxed into his mother's touch, eyes fluttering shut as her skilled fingers danced across his skin. He barely suppressed a shudder when he felt her leg brush against his, her dainty foot trailing teasingly down his calf.

"I'm sorry Mom," he murmured, turning his head to nuzzle into her fragrant hair. "I just wanted an adventure with Gabe. I didn't mean to deceive you."

"Shhh, I know," Missy cooed, pressing a lingering kiss to his temple. She used the opportunity to rub her wet, squishy tits against his arm, making him suck in a sharp breath. "Mommy's not mad, just worried about you making the wrong decisions."

Across the jacuzzi, Jess was practically draped over Gabe, her arms and legs wrapped around him like an octopus. She kept "accidentally" shifting in his lap, grinding her barely-covered pussy against the rigid bulge tenting his swim trunks.

"Oooh, is that a roll of quarters in your pocket or are you just happy to see Mommy?" Jess giggled, giving a particularly forceful undulation of her hips.

"Jesus fuck," Gabe choked out under his breath, fingers digging into his mother's slippery thighs to still her movements before he embarrassed himself.

Beneath the frothing water, Missy slowly slid her leg over Lucas's lap, her silky thigh grazing the rigid length of his cock straining against his trunks. Lucas sucked in a sharp breath at the electric contact, his

hips twitching involuntarily to press himself more firmly against his mother's leg.

For a moment, Missy let herself savor the forbidden heat of her son's erection throbbing against her skin. She bit her lip to hold back a moan,

arousal spiking through her as she imagined how hard and thick he must be. What would it feel like to have all that virile young meat stretching her open, pounding into her hungry MILF cunt...

With a start, Missy caught herself and jerked her leg back like she'd been burned. What was she thinking?! This was her baby boy, not some horny stranger! Shame and self-disgust crashed over her, dousing the flames of her desire like a bucket of ice water.

The mother cleared her throat, cheeks flushed and voice strained as she suggested, "Why don't we take a little walk around the deck? I could use some cooler air."

"Oh, um...ok," her son mumbled, his voice tinged with awkwardness. "Can we, um, wait just a few minutes?" he added, his eyes darting down towards his crotch in embarrassment.

"Oh, right. Okay," Missy replied, struggling to maintain her composure as she suppressed a smile.

Jess burst into a fit of giggles. "Yeah, Mom, it's pretty tough to walk with a raging hardon," she teased, earning a sharp glare from her best friend.

After what seemed like an eternity, Missy turned her attention back to her son. "Better?" she inquired, her voice gentle but probing.

"Yeah," he muttered, his cheeks flushed with relief.

Missy exchanged a knowing glance with Jess as she guided her son out of the hot-tub. "We're gonna go for a walk," she announced, her words carrying a hint of purpose.

Jess offered her friend a mischievous grin. "See you back at the room," she said, her voice brimming with playful anticipation.

After drying off and slipping her cover-up back on, Missy took a tense walk with her son along the promenade deck. For a while, they moved silently, hand in hand, tension crackling in the air between them. Finally,

the beautiful mother broke the silence, her voice laced with uncertainty. "I'm not really sure what's happening with us, but we should probably pump the brakes," she said, her words heavy with implication.

Lucas nodded, his expression serious. "I understand," he replied, his voice steady but his eyes betraying a storm of emotions.

"I'll be honest," Missy confessed, her voice barely above a whisper. "When I first saw you watching me from the upper deck, I was intrigued. Then I saw you again in the dining room, and I was more than intrigued. I thought my feelings would change once I realized it was you, but they haven't."

Lucas looked at her, surprise flickering across his face. "What you just said captures exactly how I feel," he admitted, his voice tinged with a mix of relief and confusion.

"We're mother and son, Lucas," she said, her voice trembling slightly. "We shouldn't be having these feelings." She paused, searching his eyes. "Did you mean what you said earlier, about me being beautiful?"

"Of course," he said earnestly. "Did you mean what you said?"

"Which part?" she asked, a nervous smile playing on her lips.

"When you said beauty, without a cute guy to admire it, is a waste?" he asked, his tone teasing but his eyes serious.

Missy giggled, a sound that was both light and weighed down by the situation. "Oh, that part. I suppose I did mean it. It's just that now..."

"Now what?" he pressed, his voice urgent.

"Now things are a bit more complicated," she admitted, her eyes filled with a mix of longing and resolve. "Before, you were just a cute guy in a mask...named Larry," she said, their laughter breaking through the tension. "Now you're my cute son, named Lucas. Maybe we should just

stick with the admiring part and try not to move beyond that," Missy suggested, her voice firm but gentle.

Lucas nodded, accepting the boundary. "Alright," he said softly. "So lots of looking, but no touching then?"

She smiled, her eyes filled with warmth and restraint. "Something like that," Missy said, her heart heavy yet resolute.

The rest of the day was an exercise in restraint and awkwardness for Missy, Jess, and their sons. Everywhere they went on the ship, they were surrounded by flirty MILFs in skimpy bikinis and horny young men openly ogling them. The sexual tension in the air was palpable, a live current that made the fine hairs on the back of Missy's neck stand up.

Several times, the foursome stumbled upon heated trysts in secluded corners of the deck. They came across a buxom brunette MILF on her knees, greedily slurping on a muscular stud's cock right

there in the open. His head was thrown back in bliss, hands fisted in her hair as he fucked her face with abandon.

Another time, Missy and Lucas rounded a corner only to see a curvy blonde pressed up against the wall, her tiny bikini top shoved up to expose her huge tits. A wolf boy who couldn't be older than eighteen had his face buried between the heavy globes, motorboating her cleavage while she moaned wantonly.

Missy quickly averted her eyes and steered Lucas in the opposite direction, but not before catching a glimpse of the MILF's hand shoved down the front of the teen's board shorts, clearly stroking his hard cock. The obscene wet sounds of their fevered petting followed the mother-son duo as they beat a hasty retreat.

Each scandalous encounter only ratcheted Missy's forbidden arousal higher. By the time they met back up with Jess and Gabe for a late lunch, the crotch of Missy's bikini bottoms was soaked through and her pussy

throbbed with denied need. She squirmed in her seat as she picked at her salad, desperately trying to ignore the ache between her thighs.

It certainly didn't help that Lucas looked good enough to eat, his tanned muscles glistening with sweat and sea spray, a light dusting of salt drying on his skin. Missy wanted to lean over and lick a stripe up his chiseled abs, to bury her face in his throat and inhale the musky scent of his virility.

Across the table, Jess looked equally flustered, her cheeks flushed and chest heaving. She kept crossing and uncrossing her long legs, drawing Missy's attention to her plump cameltoe straining against the fabric of her bikini bottoms. Her giant tits looked ready to burst free from her bandeau top at any moment, the patriotic fabric straining over her heaving chest.

Gabe wasn't faring much better, alternating between gaping openly at his mother's spectacular cleavage and casting nervous glances at the raging erection tenting his swim trunks. His hand kept drifting beneath the table to discreetly adjust himself.

As evening arrived and they got back at the cabin, the boys hurriedly changed into dry boxer-briefs and collapsed onto the beds with a sigh of relief. Meanwhile, Missy and Jess darted into the bathroom. "We'll be right out, boys," Jess called over her shoulder, a teasing lilt in her voice.

Inside the bathroom, Missy shut the door with a decisive click. "Alright, what did you bring to sleep in? Please tell me you have something halfway respectable," she demanded of Jess, her eyes wide with urgency.

"If by respectable, you mean conservative, then you're in for a disappointment," Jess replied with a mischievous grin.

"Oh, great. All I packed were sheer baby-doll nighties. I wasn't exactly planning on rooming with our sons," Missy groaned, her voice dripping with exasperation.

"So, how did your 'walk' go? Because you two were practically going at it in the jacuzzi," Jess teased, her tone dripping with playful accusation.

"We WERE NOT going at it! We just had a pleasant conversation and agreed to admire each other, nothing more," Missy retorted, her cheeks flushed with indignation.

Jess let out a knowing giggle. "Sure, says the couple about to squeeze into a tiny bed together."

"I can control myself," Missy insisted, her voice firm but her eyes betraying a hint of doubt.

"Control yourself like in the hot tub? Right," Jess scoffed. "So if you're both just 'admiring' each other, why's wearing a sheer nightie a big deal?"

"Because agreeing to let him look doesn't mean I wanna parade around half-naked," Missy countered, her arms crossed defensively.

"What if I wear one too?" Jess challenged.

"A babydoll, in front of Gabe? Do you think he'll..." Missy trailed off, her voice tinged with apprehension.

"I accidentally brushed against him while we were cuddling in the hot tub. His dick was as hard as a rock. I seriously doubt he'd be turned off by a see-through nightie," Jess said, her words laced with daring certainty.

Missy and Jess got naked, their giant titties bobbling around unfettered, and they shared a conspiratorial look in the mirror as they began rifling through their suitcases, pulling out an array of sheer, lacy babydoll nighties in various pastel hues. They held each one up to their voluptuous

bodies, giggling like schoolgirls as they imagined the reactions they would get from their sons.

"Ooh, I like this pink one on you," Jess cooed, holding a gauzy confection up to Missy's chest. The delicate fabric stretched taut over her massive tits, turning nearly transparent and revealing the large dark circles of her areolas. "It makes your boobs look phenomenal."

Missy bit her lip, turning side to side to admire how the nightie skimmed over her dangerous curves. The lacy hem barely reached the tops of her thighs, leaving the bottom swells of her ass cheeks exposed. She had to admit, she felt sexy and powerful in the scandalous lingerie.

"You don't think it's too much?" she asked, smoothing her hands over her flat stomach. "I don't wanna give Lucas the wrong idea..."

"Oh please, that ship has sailed," Jess scoffed with a knowing smirk. "He's already seen you grinding on his cock in a micro bikini. I think a little peek of nip through your nightie is hardly going to shock him."

Jess shimmied into her own babydoll, a sheer black number shot through with glittering gold threads. The plunging neckline showcased her heaving cleavage and the flimsy fabric clung to every mouthwatering curve. She looked like a lingerie model on some big tit website, her platinum hair tousled artfully and bedroom eyes smoldering.

"Besides, you said it yourself - this cruise is all about cutting loose and embracing our wild sides," Jess purred, striking a provocative pose in the mirror. "What happens at sea stays at sea, right?"

Missy had to laugh at her brazen best friend. Jess always had a way of convincing her to step outside her comfort zone, to shed her good girl persona and indulge her secret naughty desires. And right now, those desires were centered squarely on her own gorgeous son.

The sexy moms shimmied into their barely-there panties, the flimsy fabric instantly molding to their mouthwatering curves. Jess's black lace G-

string cupped her plump pussy mound and disappeared between the juicy globes of her ass, framing her cheeks to perfection. Missy's pink thong consisted of little more than a tiny triangle that barely covered her bare slit and a thin string that bisected her bodacious booty.

Missy and Jess struck provocative poses in front of the full length mirror, admiring their scantily clad reflections with a mix of giddy excitement and nervous anticipation. They twisted and turned,

arching their backs to make their massive tits jut out even further, the sheer fabric of their babydolls straining over the heavy globes.

Jess ran her hands up her sides, cupping the undersides of her huge jugs and pushing them together until they nearly spilled out the low neckline. Her light pink nipples were clearly visible through the gauzy black material, puckered into stiff peaks. She tugged the hem of her nightie up until the bottom of her ass cheeks peeked out, giving herself a scandalized smirk in the mirror.

"God, my tits look phenomenal in this," Jess purred, jiggling her giant rack and watching it bounce mesmerizingly. "Gabe won't be able to take his eyes off them."

Beside her, Missy was busy admiring her own spectacular curves. The pink babydoll clung to her like a second skin, emphasizing her tiny waist and childbearing hips. She smoothed her hands over her flat stomach before drifting down to cup her thong-clad pussy mound, biting her lip at the illicit thrill.

Missy turned to check out her backside, gasping softly when she saw how much ass-flesh would be exposed for her son's horny eyes. She picked up a bottle of her favorite perfume, spritzing the sweet floral scent on her pulse points. "A little dab behind the ears, on the wrists, between the tits..." She rubbed the fragrant oil into her creamy cleavage, right above her pounding heart.

Jess followed suit with her own signature fragrance, a musky vanilla that oozed sex appeal. She trailed the scent down her neck and between her bountiful breasts, leaving an enticing trail for her son to follow.

The mommies fluffed their hair and applied some tinted lip gloss, accentuating their plump, kissable pouts. They looked good enough to eat, like forbidden fruit ripe for the picking.

"Ready for bed?" Jess purred, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"Let's do this," Missy replied, squaring her shoulders and taking a deep breath.

As the cabin lights dimmed to a sensual glow, Missy and Jess emerged from the bathroom like a pair of scantily clad goddesses. Their sheer babydoll nighties left almost nothing to the imagination, clinging to every mouthwatering curve of their voluptuous bodies.

The boys' jaws dropped and their pulses raced as they drank in the erotic sight of their barely covered mothers. Tented boxer briefs attested to their instant arousal, hard young cocks straining against the cotton fabric as forbidden lust surged through their veins.

Jess sauntered over to the bed she would share with Gabe, her massive tits swaying hypnotically beneath the gauzy black negligee. The glittery gold threads woven through the sheer material caught the light, twinkling like stars against her creamy skin. Her pert nipples poked through the flimsy fabric, stiff and enticing.

"Scoot over, honey," Jess purred to her slack-jawed son. "Mommy needs her beauty rest."

Gabe gulped audibly and hastily shifted to make room, never taking his lust-blown eyes off his mother's spectacular figure. Jess climbed gracefully onto the mattress, her movements making the babydoll ride up to reveal the succulent globes of her thong-clad ass. She stretched

out beside Gabe like a cat in the sun, her warm motherly body next to his lean teenage frame.

Meanwhile, Lucas watched with bated breath as his own gorgeous mother sauntered towards their bed. The sheer pink fabric of Missy's babydoll nightie fluttered around her lush curves like gossamer wings, teasing him with tantalizing glimpses of the treasures beneath.

He gulped hard as he zeroed in on the large, darkened circles of her areola clearly visible through the gauzy material. The fat, rubbery nubs of her nipples tented the delicate lace, looking hard enough to cut glass. They jutted out over half an inch, surrounded by thick, swollen mounds of breastflesh that strained the nightie to its limits. Lucas's mouth watered as he imagined latching onto one of those engorged peaks and suckling like a babe.

Missy's movements were graceful and sensual as she approached their bed, her wide hips swaying hypnotically. The flimsy lace hem fluttered around the tops of her plush thighs, hinting at paradise. Lucas caught a flash of her hot pink thong bisecting the ripe globes of her bubble butt and he had to bite back a groan, his cock lurching in his briefs.

She slithered onto the mattress beside her son with feline grace, the heat of her body searing his bare skin where they touched. The spicy floral scent of her perfume enveloped her boy, making his head swim with desire.

Jess shot her son a playful grin as they both lay on their sides, eyes locked in a silent challenge. "No hogging the bed, remember?" she teased, her smile laced with mischief.

Gabe chuckled, a glint of adventure in his eyes. "I guess we'll have to cuddle then, like we did in the hot-tub," he replied, mirroring her playful intensity.

"That's fine," Jess replied, a warning twinkle in her eye. "Just behave yourself."

"I will," Gabe nodded with determination.

Lucas eyed Missy as she settled next to him on the bed, a hint of anticipation in his voice. "If I behave MYSELF, can we cuddle too?" he asked, his gaze unwavering.

"The bed IS small," Missy conceded, a sly smile exchanged with Jess, "so I suppose there's no avoiding it. Just don't get any bright ideas, young man.'"

The cabin filled with the soft rustle of bedsheets and the gentle creaking of mattress springs as the moms and sons shifted closer together. Excited sighs and shaky exhales sounded in the dimness as warm bodies aligned, curves and planes fitting together like puzzle pieces beneath the covers.

Lucas tentatively snuggled up behind his mother, his muscular chest pressed to her back, pelvis cradling the swell of her plump ass. He buried his face in Missy's fragrant hair as he slid an arm around her tiny waist, palm splaying possessively across her taut belly. Missy shivered and arched back into her son's embrace, reveling in his protective strength enveloping her.

Across the room, Jess boldly threw a leg over Gabe's hip, soft thigh draping his lean frame. She ran a teasing hand up his arm, fingers tracing the definition of his bicep before drifting down to splay across his chest. Jess snuggled in close until the hard points of her nipples branded Gabe's pecs through the thin fabric of her nightie, the warm weight of her huge tits pillowing his side.

The MILF rubbed the sole of her foot sensually up and down Gabe's calf, hooking her ankle around his to anchor their bodies together. Gabe's

hand hesitantly came up to rest on the dip of his mother's waist, thumb stroking the indent of her hip bone through the gauzy negligee.

The only sounds were the ragged breathing of the four occupants as they lay intertwined, pulses racing and forbidden arousal mounting with each passing second. The sexual tension was a living thing, a current of electricity saturating the air.

Missy bit her lip hard to keep from moaning as she felt the rigid heat of Lucas's erection nestling between her ass cheeks, separated only by the thin fabric of his briefs and her skimpy thong. He was so hard, throbbing against her pliant flesh, the musky scent of his arousal filling her nostrils. It took every ounce of willpower not to grind back against him, to relieve the ache building between her thighs.

Lucas was in a similar state, drunk on the feel of his mother's lush, barely clothed body molded against his own. He could feel every breath she took, the expansion of her lungs causing her giant tits to graze his arm with each inhale. The heat of her core scorched his cock through their underwear and it twitched against the abundant swell of her ass, aching for more direct contact.

Soft gasps and bitten off whimpers filled the cabin as hips shifted minutely, seeking friction. Hands clenched in bedsheets, fighting the urge to wander and caress. It was the most exquisite torture, being so intimately pressed together yet holding back from taking that final leap into taboo bliss.

Emboldened by the intimate embrace, Gabe rolled onto his back, tugging Jess fully on top of him. "Will you lay on me, Mom?" he murmured huskily, hands bracketing her full hips. "So feel all of you."

Jess bit her lip, eyes sparkling with mischief and arousal. "You sure you can handle me, baby boy?" she purred, already straddling his lean hips. "I'm a whole lotta woman."

"I can take it," Gabe promised, voice strained with need. "Just...please..."

"Mmm, since you asked so nicely," Jess cooed. "But the briefs stay on, got it? No funny business."

Gabe nodded frantically, hips already canting up in search of friction. Jess slowly lowered herself until she was fully draped over her son, the soft weight of her bountiful curves blanketing him like a human teddy bear.

They both groaned at the delicious full-body contact, nerve endings firing with illicit pleasure. Jess's massive tits pillowed Gabe's chest, the hard points of her nipples searing his skin through the thin fabric of her nightie. The heat of her core scorched the rigid length of his erection, separated only by the damp lace of her thong and his straining cotton briefs.

Jess nuzzled into the crook of Gabe's neck, peppering the sensitive skin with soft, open-mouthed kisses. He smelled incredible, an intoxicating mix of clean male musk and salty ocean air. She laved her tongue along his jumping pulse, tasting him, relishing the strangled moan it elicited.

"Feel good, baby?" Jess breathed against Gabe's ear before taking the lobe between her teeth and tugging gently.

"Yes, fuck...so good," Gabe panted, strong hands roaming the expanse of his mother's back, mapping the dip of her spine and swell of her ass. His cock jerked against the wet heat of her barely covered pussy, a pearl of pre-cum already beading the tip.

Across the room, Missy whimpered as she watched the erotic display, arousal saturating the crotch of her thong. Seeing her best friend draped so wantonly over her own teenage son was the most forbidden thrill, like a live action porno.

Lucas's ragged breathing was loud in her ear, his hips making aborted little thrusts against the abundant curve of her ass. She could feel how

badly he wanted her, his need a tangible thing, and it made her pussy throb and clench with answering hunger.

"Jess?" Missy questioned hesitantly, her voice wavering with uncertainty as she watched her best friend lavish sensual affection on Gabe.

Jess paused in her ministrations, lifting her head from the crook of her son's neck to meet Missy's conflicted gaze. "It's okay, Miss," she soothed, a reassuring smile on her kiss-swollen lips. "I'm just bathing him in a little motherly love, that's all. Nothing too naughty."

Missy bit her lip, arousal and indecision warring inside her as she glanced back at Lucas. Her son's eyes were hooded and dark with lust, his hard young body still pressed urgently against her back. She could feel how desperately he wanted her, his need pulsing against the swell of her ass with every ragged breath.

"Would...would you like Mom to show you some affection too, honey?" Missy heard herself purr, the words falling from her lips before she could second guess them.

Lucas groaned, head falling back against the pillow as his cock jumped against her. "Yes, god yes," he panted, hands tightening on her hips.

Throwing caution to the wind, Missy rolled over to face her son, their noses almost brushing with how closely they were entwined. Lucas's eyes widened as he took in the reverent, heated look on his mother's face. She was gazing at him like he was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen and it made his heart race in his chest.

Slowly, maintaining intense eye contact, Missy leaned in and brushed her lips whisper-soft against Lucas's. It was barely a kiss, just the barest graze of satin skin, but it sent sparks of electricity zinging through them both. Lucas gasped into the minute space between them, hands flexing on his mother's hips.

Missy surged forward, rolling Lucas onto his back and straddling his hips in one graceful motion. Her son gasped as he found himself

pinned beneath his mother's spectacular curves, her pillowy weight settling across his body. Missy's massive tits spilled over the low neckline of her babydoll, the creamy mounds threatening to burst free entirely as she loomed over him.

Lucas's hands instinctively flew up to grip her tiny waist, fingers sinking into the warm, pliant flesh. He groaned low in his throat as Missy lowered her torso and began raining sweet, open-mouthed kisses across his face and neck, peppering every inch of skin she could reach. Her plush lips skated over his cheekbones, his temples, the bridge of his nose, each touch stoking the flames of his desire higher.

"Mmmm, my handsome boy," Missy purred between kisses, her voice husky with arousal. "You feel so good beneath me..."

She licked a hot stripe up the column of his throat before taking his earlobe between her teeth and tugging gently. Lucas shuddered violently, hips bucking up to grind his aching cock against the scorching heat of his mother's barely covered pussy.

"Mom..." he choked out, head thrashing on the pillow. "Oh fuck..."

Missy's thong was soaked through, the drenched lace providing almost no barrier as she undulated her hips, rubbing herself wantonly against her son's rigid length. She could feel every throbbing inch of him, pulsing insistently against her swollen, needy folds. It took every ounce of willpower not to tear their underwear aside and sink down on his hard young cock, to finally take him inside her where he belonged.

Instead, she forced herself to slow down, to savor this forbidden moment. Missy pulled back just enough to gaze down at Lucas's lust-drunk face, marveling at his beauty. A pink flush painted his sculpted cheekbones and his blue eyes were blown black with desire, the same color as the stormy sea outside.

Over the next hour, the cabin filled with the sensual sounds of passion as Missy and Jess worshipped their sons' virile young bodies with loving caresses. Whimpers and moans of pleasure mingled with the wet smacking of plump mommy lips trailing searing kisses across feverish male skin.

"Mmm, you taste so good," Jess purred as she licked a hot path down Gabe's straining neck to his collarbone. She dipped her tongue into the hollow there, savoring the salty-sweet flavor of his clean sweat and ocean spray.

Gabe groaned, head thrashing on the pillow as Jess began to kiss and nibble her way down his heaving chest. She paid special attention to his flat brown nipples, suckling each one to a stiff peak before giving them a sharp nip with her teeth. Gabe arched up into the pleasure/pain, hands fisting in his mother's platinum curls.

Jess continued her sensual journey down her son's ripped torso, dragging her huge tits against his skin the whole way. Gabe gasped and shuddered as he felt her heavy breasts and diamond hard nipples graze his abs, branding him with her heat even through the thin negligee. His cock pulsed urgently in his briefs, a wet spot forming where the swollen head strained against the cotton.

Across the room, Missy was giving Lucas the same treatment, worshipping every ridge and valley of his athletic young body with her mouth. She kissed along his pronounced jawline to his ear, drawing the lobe between her lips to suckle before whispering huskily.

"I like this," Missy confessed breathily. "I like showing you how much I adore you..."

Lucas moaned brokenly, hands roaming restlessly over the curves of his mother's lush body as she made her way lower. He gasped when Missy took one of his nipples into her hot mouth, rolling the sensitive nub with

her clever tongue. Sparks of electricity shot straight to his throbbing cock, making it jerk and leak against her silk-clad belly.

Missy lavished the same sweet torment on his other nipple before blazing a trail of open-mouthed kisses down the center of Lucas's chest. She paused to lave her tongue along the ridges of his six-pack, dipping into his navel and savoring his musky essence. Lucas's abs clenched and rippled beneath her oral attentions, his breathing harsh and erratic.

"Oh Mom..." Lucas choked out when Missy began to nibble along the V of his hip flexors, her hot breath gusting over the bulge in his briefs. "Please...I need..."

"Shhh, just let Mommy take care of you," Missy soothed, pressing a finger to Lucas's trembling lips. Her other hand drifted down to hook in the waistband of his briefs, slowly peeling the fabric down to expose his pubic region.

Lucas lifted his hips to help, gasping as the cool air kissed his overheated skin. His rigid cock sprang free and slapped against his abdomen, the broad head already glistening with pre-cum. Missy left his underwear stretched taut across his upper thighs, trapping him in the most delicious way.

"Oh baby, look at you," Missy purred appreciatively, drinking in the sight of her son's impressive manhood straining towards her. "So big and hard..."

She pressed soft, worshipful kisses all along Lucas's pubic bone and the creases of his groin, breathing in his intoxicating natural musk. Her lips and tongue swirled delicate patterns into his sensitive skin, making him gasp and twitch. Missy nuzzled her face into the thin patch of dark curls at the base of his cock, tenderly grazing him with her cheeks and nose.

Lucas was panting raggedly above her, hands fisting in the sheets as he fought the urge to buck into his mother's teasing touches. The feel of her

silky skin and pillowy lips caressing his most intimate area was driving him wild with lust. His cock bobbed and wept with each graze of her hot mouth, the punished shaft turning a deep angry red.

"Please Mom..." Lucas whimpered, voice cracking on a desperate moan. "I'm aching so bad..."

Missy took pity on her needy boy, pressing one last lingering kiss to his pubic mound before slowly trailing her lips down the straining underside of his cock. She ran the tip of her tongue along the throbbing vein there, savoring the taste of his arousal. Lucas let out a choked sob, entire body trembling with pleasure.

When Missy reached the fat crown, she swirled her tongue around it, lapping up the pearly beads of pre-cum drooling from his slit. The taste exploded across her taste buds, salty and slightly bitter, pure male essence. She moaned throatily, eyes fluttering shut in bliss as she suckled gently on his swollen tip.

Lucas couldn't hold back any longer. With a guttural cry, he bucked his hips up, trying to force more of his aching cock into the silky heat of his mother's mouth. But Missy held him down firmly, keeping him trapped between her pursed lips as she continued to lathe him with her wicked tongue. She traced every ridge and vein, mapped the flared ridge of his glans, dipped into his weeping slit.

Across the room, Jess had worked Gabe's briefs down to his knees, releasing his throbbing boy-cock. She gripped the base of his thick boner, holding it straight up as she lowered her face to his groin. With a sensual moan, Jess began kissing and licking along the root of his stalk, burying her nose in his trimmed pubic hair and breathing in his musky scent.

"Ohh fuck Mom," Gabe gasped, fingers tangling in her platinum curls. His cock pulsed in her grip, pre-cum oozing steadily from the slit.

Jess laved her tongue along the bulbous enlargement situated between at the base of his erectile tissue, tracing where his cock disappeared into his body and became the bulb of the penis. She grazed the sensitive skin with her teeth, making Gabe jolt and cry out. Then, she sealed her lips around this area of his shaft and sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks.

"Unngghh! Oh god!" Gabe moaned brokenly, head thrashing on the pillow. Jess released him with a wet pop, then dragged the flat of her tongue slowly up his straining length, following the flared tube of his urethra. When she reached his swollen crown, she swirled around it before dipping into his leaking slit, savoring his bitter essence.

Gabe let out a strangled groan, fisting the sheets as he fought the urge to buck into his mother's hot mouth. Jess took mercy on him, parting her glossy lips and sinking down until the broad head popped past her soft palate. She swallowed around him, taking him deeper into the clutching heat of her throat.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh FUCK!" Gabe chanted, seeing stars as his mom began to bob her head, sucking him with wet, obscene slurps. Her plush lips stretched around his girth, gliding along his throbbing shaft as she worked him in and out. He could feel every ridge and swirl of her tongue, every flutter of her throat as she took him to the hilt.

Missy was in a similar position, lips wrapped around Lucas's impressive cock as she slurped him down, drawing up more syrupy pre-honey that bubbled from his meatus and onto her tongue. She relaxed her jaw and took him as deep as she could, until the swollen head bumped the back of her throat. The cock-skilled mother

gagged lightly but didn't pull off, determined to worship every inch of her son's delicious cock.

"Oh Mom, your mouth...so good," Lucas panted, eyes rolled back in bliss as he watched his thick shaft disappear between Missy's stretched lips again and again. Her perfect cock-sucking lips, glistening with spit and

pre-cum, looked like they were made for this - for eating her own son's dick like it was her job.

The wet sounds of sloppy mommy blowjobs filled the room, punctuated by the desperate moans and gasps of overwhelmed teenage boys getting the head of their young lives.

In that moment, nothing else existed for the cock-hungry wives - not their distant husbands, not their motherly responsibilities, not the taboo boundary they had just shattered. All that mattered was sucking ravenously on those juicy, cum-leaking knobs, working their talented tongues skillfully over every magic spot around their sons' sensitive glans with sloppy precision.

Missy and Jess were consumed by pure animalistic lust, drunk on the taste and scent and feel of hard young cock in their hungry mouths. They slurped and suckled, hollowing their cheeks and swirling their tongues, worshipping those thick shafts with single-minded focus. The rest of the world fell away until there was only hot, hard, throbbing maleness sliding between their stretched lips.

"Mmmm, you taste so fucking good," Missy moaned around Lucas's cock, the vibrations making him gasp and twitch against her tongue. She lapped greedily at the steady stream of pre-cum flowing from his slit, savoring the musky essence of his arousal. "Mommy loves sucking this big fat dick..."

Across the room, Jess was equally enthusiastic as she deep-throated Gabe again and again, burying her nose in his pubic hair on every

downstroke. Her eyes watered and drool ran down her chin but she didn't let up, taking him so deep he could feel the clutching heat of her throat around his swollen tip.

"Oh fuck Mom, just like that," Gabe panted, gripping her platinum curls as he watched himself disappear between her plump, glossy lips. "Suck my cock..."

Jess moaned throatily at her son's vulgar encouragement, the dirty talk only spurring her on. She redoubled her efforts, sucking harder, sloppier. Her hand flew between her own legs to rub frantically at her aching clit through the drenched fabric of her thong.

The sexy mommies lavished their oral worship on those straining teenage cocks, licking and slurping every throbbing inch. They massaged swollen balls and taint, fondled the sensitive skin around the base and rubbed their faces blissfully into musky pubes. Their giant MILF titties swayed and bounced with each bob of their heads, hard nipples grazing muscular thighs.

It was pure carnal bliss, the ultimate taboo act - mothers orally pleasuring their own virile young sons. But in that heated moment, it felt so natural, so RIGHT. Like this was always meant to be, like their bodies were made for this forbidden joining.

Lucas and Gabe were completely lost to the toe-curling ecstasy, eyes rolled back and jaws slack as their moms sucked them into oblivion. The wet, obscene sounds of sloppy head filling the air.

The boys began to tense, their balls drawing up tight to their bodies as orgasm overtook them. With twin shouts of ecstasy, they exploded into their mothers' hot, suckling mouths, painting their tonsils with thick ropes of semen.

Missy and Jess moaned rapturously as the first spurts of cum splashed against the roofs of their mouths. They could feel every

gush and twitch of their sons' cocks, pulsing and throbbing between their stretched lips as the teenagers emptied their heavy balls.

The MILF mommies kept suckling, working their throats and tongues to milk every drop of seed from those erupting cocks. They swirled their lickers around the spasming crowns, fluttering over the sensitive frenulum and lapping at the salty cream flooding their mouths.

Rivulets of semen overflowed their lips to dribble down their chins as they struggled to swallow the copious volume. The musky, slightly bitter taste coated their tongues, the viscous texture clinging to their teeth and cheeks. Streams of cum slid down their gullets to splash hotly in their bellies, the liquid essence of their sons' lust searing their insides.

The talented moms suckled their boys through every pulse and spurt, not releasing them until the last pearly drop had been wrung from their softening cocks. Only then did the moms let those spent lengths slide from their mouths with obscene pops, strings of cum and saliva connecting their swollen lips to the purpled crowns.

The women sat back on their haunches, chests heaving and eyes glazed with debauched satisfaction. They licked the spillage from their lips, savoring the flavor of their sons on their tongues. Thick globs of spunk still painted their faces, dripping from their chins to land on their heaving tits.

"Mmmm, so tasty," Jess purred, scooping some errant semen from her cheek and sucking it off her fingers with a wanton moan. "You boys needed that release, didn't you?"

Lucas and Gabe could only moan weakly, too wrung out from their mind-blowing orgasms to form words. They watched through hooded eyes as their mothers played with their release, smearing it into their skin and scooping it into their mouths like it was the most delicious treat.

The sight was so erotic, so shockingly taboo, it sent aftershocks zinging through the teenagers' spent cocks. Their sensitive lengths twitched against their thighs, trying valiantly to rises to the occasion again.

Missy let out a deep, exasperated sigh as the weight of her actions came crashing down, burying her in a suffocating sea of regret. She perched on the edge of the bed, cradling her head in her hands, her voice barely a whisper of despair. "I can't believe we just did that. Sharing a room was a terrible idea," she confessed, her words heavy with remorse.

Jess shifted uneasily, her gaze flitting nervously between the boys and her distressed friend. "Would it help if you and I shared a bed?" she offered, her tone a mix of concern and urgency.

Missy lifted her eyes, a resigned shake of her head following. "No, the beds are too cramped for both boys to sleep comfortably. Maybe it's best if you all just go back to your cabin. We can act like this never happened," she suggested, her voice tinged with desperation, seeking Jess's approval. "Is that okay?"

"Of course," Jess replied, her voice firm but gentle. "Can you guys just promise us you won't do anything reckless?" she implored the boys, her words carrying a plea for sanity.

Both boys nodded reluctantly, their expressions shadowed with disappointment as their hopes of adventure crumbled into dust.

Missy turned to her son, her heart aching with a mix of shame and determination, the tip of her tongue swiping a stray drop of cum from her lips. "And I swear, we won't do anything reckless either," she vowed, her words a solemn promise etched in the silence.

After the boys had sheepishly gathered their things and slunk out of the cabin, Missy collapsed back onto the bed with a miserable groan, burying her face in her hands.

"Oh my God Jess, what have we done?" she moaned, voice muffled. "We just sucked our own sons' cocks!"

Jess sat down beside her best friend, rubbing soothing circles on her back. "I know, I know. It's a lot to process."

"A lot to process?!" Missy cried incredulously, head snapping up to stare at Jess with wild eyes. "We committed INCEST! With our CHILDREN! There's no coming back from that!"

"Shhh, just calm down, Miss" Jess soothed, pulling the distraught woman into a hug. Missy collapsed against her, sobbing brokenly into her shoulder.

"We're going to hell," Missy wailed. "We're the worst mothers ever!"

"No we're not," Jess giggled, pushing Missy back to look her in the eyes. "We got caught up in the heat of the moment. But it doesn't make us bad people or bad moms."

Missy sniffled, wiping at her tears. "How can you say that? Lucas is never going to be able to look at me the same way again. I've ruined our relationship forever."

"Oh honey, no," Jess cooed, brushing Missy's hair back from her face. "If anything, this will only make you closer. There are no secrets between you now."

Missy let out a watery laugh. "Ah yes, the secret that his mom gives great head. Every boy's dream."

Jess grinned, glad to see a bit of her friend's sarcastic humor returning. "Hey, at least he didn't bust a nut with some unskilled mom on board this ship fumbling around down there. He had the expert treatment."

"This is absolutely perfect," Missy hissed through gritted teeth, her voice dripping with venom. "I've officially cheated on my husband—my God—how could I? With my very own son!"

"Stop that," Jess chided gently. "Look, the boys were gonna get their dicks wet on this cruise one way or another. They've been surrounded by horny MILF pussy, with no relief. I'm honestly surprised they lasted this long without busting a nut."

Missy bit her lip, considering Jess's words. It was true that the sexual tension on the ship was palpable, a live current of lust sparking between all the hot mommies and their virile young admirers. She had seen the

furtive glances Lucas kept shooting her scantily clad body, the telltale bulge tenting his shorts. His balls were probably bluer than the ocean after so much cock-teasing eye-candy.

Jess pulled Missy into a comforting embrace, stroking her hair soothingly as she murmured, "Tomorrow is a new day. We'll just pretend like we never even saw the boys on this ship. What happens at sea stays at sea, remember?"

Missy sniffled and nodded against Jess's shoulder, trying to let her friend's reassuring words sink in. "You're right," she said shakily, pulling back to wipe at her damp cheeks. "We were just...overcome in the moment. All this sexual energy in the air, it clouded our judgment."

"Exactly," Jess agreed, squeezing Missy's hands. "We're not bad people, Miss. We're sexy, sexual women with needs. And right now, I don't know about you, but I'm horny as fuck."

Missy let out a surprised giggle, a reluctant smile tugging at her lips. "God, me too," she admitted, thighs clenching at the persistent throb between her legs. Sucking Lucas's cock had only stoked the flames

of her desire higher, leaving her desperate for relief. "I'm so fucking wet..."

"Mmmm, I can tell," Jess purred, eyeing the damp patch darkening the crotch of Missy's thong. "What do you say we masturbate together?"

Missy nodded eagerly, her own pussy clenching and dripping with need. "God yes, I need to cum so badly," she moaned.

The two hot mommies quickly stripped off their cum-splattered babydolls and soaked thongs, tossing them carelessly to the floor. They climbed onto one of the beds together bare ass naked, miles of tanned skin and abundant curves pressing sensually against each other.

Jess reached into her suitcase and pulled out a large hot pink vibrator, waggling it enticingly at Missy. "Shall we take turns, or masturbate

together?" she purred, flicking the toy on. It buzzed to life, the lewd sound filling the cabin.

"Together," Missy said breathlessly, grabbing her own vibrator from the nightstand.

The MILF mommies settled against the pillows side by side, their voluptuous bodies glistening in the low light. Missy drew her knees back and spread her thighs wantonly, giving Jess an unobstructed view of her pretty pink pussy. It was bare and puffy, the lips glistening with her copious arousal. Her clit peeked out from beneath its fleshy hood, swollen and throbbing for attention.

Jess licked her lips hungrily at the erotic sight, her own slit twitching and oozing cream. She positioned her vibrator at her entrance, teasing herself with shallow thrusts. "Mmmm fuck, I'm so wet," she moaned, tossing her head back in bliss.

Beside her, Missy was circling her fat, pink clit with the buzzing toy, gasping and shuddering at the intense sensations zinging through her core. Pleasure spiked through the horny MILF, her hips undulating against the bed as she chased her orgasm. Her huge tits, spread out across her chest, bounced and swayed with her movements, diamond hard nipples jutting towards the ceiling.

"Oh god oh god oh god," Missy chanted, eyes squeezing shut as she rubbed her vibrator faster over her aching nub. Slick arousal flooded from her clenching hole, running down the chasm of her ass to soak the sheets below, the musky scent of her desire perfuming the air.

Jess plunged three fingers knuckle-deep into her sopping cunt, pumping them rapidly as she ground the head of her vibrator against her swollen clit. Obscene wet squelches filled the room as she finger-fucked herself with abandon, hips lifting to meet each thrust. Clear honey dripped down her wrist and trickled between the plump cheeks of her ass, drenching the mattress.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" Jess keened, walls fluttering wildly around her pistoning digits.

Missy and Jess turned and clung desperately to each other, giant meaty tits mashing together as ecstasy crashed over them in violent waves. Their voluptuous bodies began convulsing wildly with the force of their orgasms, tit-meat jiggling obscenely as they thrashed on the bed.

"OHHH FUUUCCKKKK!!!" Missy wailed, back bowing almost painfully as her pussy clamped down viciously on her vibrator. Juices gushed out around the buzzing toy, spraying Jess's shaking thighs with her release.

Beside her, Jess screamed uncontrollably, walls rippling along her plunging fingers as she squirted all over her pumping fist. Clear fem-cum arced through the air to splatter Missy's bouncing tits and quivering belly, mixing with the MILF's own pulsing fluids.

Their climaxes seemed to go on forever, bodies wracked with toe-curling spasms of pleasure. Missy and Jess writhed and undulated against each other, sweaty skin slipping and sliding as they rode out the intense waves. Their shrieks of ecstasy pierced the room, surely audible throughout the ship.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the frenzied convulsions slowed to trembling aftershocks. The hot mommies collapsed against the pillows, chests heaving and skin glistening with sweat and girl-cum. They panted harshly, trying to catch their breaths as residual pleasure zipped through their nerves.

"Holy...fucking...shit," Jess gasped after a long moment, voice hoarse from screaming. "That was...intense."

"I'll say," Missy agreed breathlessly, feeling like she'd just run a marathon. Her body was utterly spent, muscles limp and skin tingling. But underneath the boneless satisfaction lurked a niggle of guilt, an inescapable reminder of the line she had crossed tonight.

208: Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED-Part3/4

The following morning, the friends gathered for breakfast, their conversation light and easy. They soon met Candice by the pool, where the sun cast shimmering reflections on the water. "Spill it... what happened with those two sizzling hunks I saw you with last night?" Candice demanded, her curiosity palpable.

Missy and Jess exchanged a glance, their expressions frozen in an awkward silence. "We, um, well, nothing happened. We were just being friendly," Missy stammered, her voice faltering.

Candice leaned in, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Come on, your secret's safe with me," she assured them. "I'm married too, and I'll be the first to admit that after indulging in some wild antics in the Glory Hole last night, I dragged one back to my room and fucked him until I passed out."

Jess rolled her eyes dramatically. "Well, at least someone managed to get some action last night," she quipped, a hint of envy in her tone.

Candice's eyes widened in disbelief. "Seriously? You mean to tell me you didn't have your way with those stunning guys I saw you practically seducing?"

"We weren't really hitting on them," Missy protested weakly, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Well, you whisked them off to your room with lightning speed, so something had to have gone down," Candice pressed on, her skepticism evident.

Jess met her gaze, clearly harboring a secret. "Nope," she insisted, her tone unconvincing.

Candice's patience snapped, and her face twisted into an annoyed scowl. "Fine, I get it. You two are best friends and I'm just the outsider here. I'm

the third wheel, and apparently, information is on a strictly 'need to know' basis for me. I don't—"

"They're our sons," Missy blurted out, the words tumbling from her lips like a dam breaking.

Candice's eyes flared wide with shock, her voice incredulous. "Come again?" she demanded, struggling to comprehend.

"Our sons... our eighteen-year-olds," Missy clarified, her voice trembling with the weight of revelation.

"Your sons? As in, your actual children?" Candice gasped, her mind reeling from the unexpected confession.

"Correct," Missy snapped.

She quickly launched into an explanation, her words tumbling out in a rush. "We had no idea they were on board. Trust us, we were as shocked as you are."

Candice's eyes widened in disbelief. "Oh my God, were you furious? Did you lock them in your cabin?" she asked, her voice laced with incredulous laughter.

"We decided the best course was to act like we were strangers, like they didn't even exist," Missy declared with a steely resolve.

Jess nodded emphatically, a conspiratorial glint in her eyes. "We're not exactly supposed to be on this ship either, if you catch my drift."

"Aren't you afraid that your boys are gonna be ravaged by MILF cunt? I mean, look around…this ship is a pussy buffet for boys."

"They promised us they would behave," Missy answered, her eyes still filled with worry.

Candice let out a husky laugh, shaking her head. "Oh honey, if those boys are anything like the stallions I've been riding, I'd be shocked if they kept it in their pants for long."

She leaned in conspiratorially, lowering her voice. "I mean, I've already fucked six different wolves since we set sail. Virile young studs, every one of them. I just pray to God none of them were your sons!"

Missy and Jess exchanged an uneasy glance, stomachs churning at the thought of Candice unwittingly bedding one of their boys.

"Like I said, they promised to behave," Missy said weakly, but even to her own ears it sounded like a feeble reassurance.

Candice threw her head back and cackled, the sound harsh in the tranquil morning air. "Oh please! If those teenage boys had any intention of behaving, they wouldn't have snuck onto this fuck-boat in the first place."

She fixed Missy and Jess with a pointed look, arching one perfectly plucked brow. "Face it ladies, your sons came here for the same reason we did - to let loose and satisfy their dirtiest desires. And on a ship full of sex-starved MILFs, it's only a matter of time before they give into temptation."

Missy swallowed hard, a wave of nausea cresting in her gut at Candice's blunt words. As much as she wanted to deny it, to cling to the illusion that her sweet boy was somehow immune to the carnal lust saturating the very air...deep down she knew Candice was right.

Jess looked equally green around the gills, her hands clenching into white-knuckled fists on the tabletop. "So what are you saying?" she bit out through gritted teeth. "That we should just resign ourselves to the fact that our sons are going to be passed around like party favors to every cock-hungry cougar on this ship?"

Candice shrugged one tan shoulder, completely unmoved by the MILF mommies' distress. "I'm just being realistic. Teenage boys are walking hormones, and this cruise is a sexual free-for-all. You really think a pinky promise to 'behave' is going to keep their dicks in their pants?"

She took a sip of her mimosa, considering the women over the rim of her glass with a sly smirk. "Of course, there is ONE surefire way to keep them out of trouble..."

Missy leaned forward despite herself, desperation overriding her better judgment. "What's that?" she asked breathlessly.

Candice's smirk widened into a full-blown Cheshire grin, eyes glinting with wicked mischief. "You give them what they really want. Fuck their brains out."

Missy and Jess gaped at Candice, eyes bulging and jaws hanging slack with shock. Surely they had misheard, there was no way their friend had just suggested they...

"I know it sounds scandalous," Candice said with a dismissive wave of her perfectly manicured hand. "But trust me, it's way more common than you'd think. At least half the moms I know started fucking their sons as soon as they turned 18."

Jess made a strangled sound, somewhere between a gasp and a gag. Missy felt like the air had been punched from her lungs, head spinning with the depravity of it all.

Candice leaned in conspiratorially, voice dropping to a husky whisper. "In fact, I'd bet my left tit there are moms and sons rutting like animals on this very ship as we speak. Probably in the cabin right next to yours."

Images of toned, tanned MILFs bouncing on thick teenage cock assaulted Missy's mind, the wet slap of flesh and wanton moans echoing in her ears. She shook her head violently, trying to dislodge the taboo visuals. But they clung stubbornly, searing into her brain.

"We can't," Missy choked out, voice cracking. "We agreed to act like strangers, to pretend they don't even exist on this cruise."

Candice shrugged, taking another sip of her mimosa. "So pretend," she said simply. "You don't have to be 'mom' when you're riding your son's dick. Just be a horny cougar getting her rocks off with a virile young stud."

Jess made another horrified sound, face flushing scarlet. But Missy saw the conflicted arousal flickering in her best friend's eyes, the way her thighs clenched together tellingly.

"Think about it," Candice purred, voice dripping with sinful promise. "No one would ever have to know. What happens on this fuck boat, stays on this fuck boat. You could fulfill your filthiest fantasies, then go right back to being dutiful mommies when you dock."

Missy's heart pounded in her ears, core clenching traitorously as illicit heat unfurled in her belly. Memories of the night before replayed in her mind's eye - Lucas's hard young body pressed against hers, his thick cock throbbing between her lips, the salty-sweet taste of his cum flooding her mouth...

She couldn't deny the dark desire that had taken root, the depraved hunger to feel her son stretching her neglected cunt, pounding into her until she screamed. The taboo yearning to claim every inch of his virile frame, to make him shudder and moan and spill deep in her womb.

Missy and Jess looked at each other with mischievous smirks, like all hell was about to break lose. "Moms go wild?" Jess asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Moms go wild," Missy agreed with a reassuring nod.

As the sun climbed higher in the cloudless sky, the party on the pool deck kicked into high gear. A pulsing beat began to pump from the speakers, the infectious rhythm impossible to resist. Missy, Jess and Candice

grinned at each other, setting their empty glasses aside and rising to join the growing throng of dancers.

All around them, a sea of glistening flesh undulated to the music - toned, tanned MILFs in barely-there bikinis grinding on muscular young wolf boys. Giant mommy-tits bounced and jiggled, straining against tiny triangles of fabric. Ripe asses twerked and shook, thong straps disappearing between juicy cheeks.

The sexual energy was palpable, a live current of lust sparking between sweaty bodies. Hands roamed freely, copping shameless feels. Hips and groins met in dirty grinds, not even pretending to be dancing anymore. Wanton moans mingled with the pounding bass, the sounds of pleasure rising above the din.

Missy let the music take her, hips swaying sensually as she lost herself in the beat. Her micro bikini left little to the imagination, tiny triangles barely containing her enormous bouncing breasts. The floss-thin strings dug into the abundant flesh of her hips and ass, emphasizing every mouth-watering curve.

Jess danced beside her, a wicked grin on her face as she shimmied and shook. Her miniscule sequined bikini top cupped the very undersides of her huge tits, the sparkly fabric flashing in the sun. Her thong was little more than a scrap of cloth bisecting the globes of her ass, the front panel molding to her puffy mound.

Candice sandwiched herself between the two MILFs, completing their sexy trifecta. Her leopard print string bikini left acres of bronzed skin exposed, her massive jugs and bubble butt jiggling with her every move. She raised her arms above her head and rolled her hips, back arching to thrust out her chest.

The MILF mommies let the primal rhythm take them, their nubile bodies undulating as one. Giant tits pressed and rubbed together as they danced chest to chest, hard nipples grazing through skimpy spandex.

Candice reached out to grasp Missy and Jess's generous hips, pulling their groins flush to hers as she grinded sensually against them.

Jess threw her head back with a throaty moan, platinum curls whipping around her face as she lost herself in the exploding pleasure of Candice's pussy mound rubbing insistently over her throbbing clit. She grabbed the curvy blonde's taut ass, squeezing and kneading the firm cheeks, encouraging her hip rolls.

Boys nearby watched in rapt fascination, squeezing their hard, overheated pricks through their short, pre-cum clearly soaking through the fabric.

Hypnotized by the erotic spectacle below, Lucas and Gabe watched in awe as their mothers danced with wild abandon. From their vantage point on the upper deck, the young men had an unobstructed view of the pulsing mass of writhing female flesh.

Their hungry gazes zeroed in on Missy and Jess, easily picking out their moms amidst the undulating throng. The MILF besties were

sandwiched together with a curvy blonde, the three of them grinding filthily to the dirty beat. Lucas and Gabe couldn't tear their eyes away, pulses pounding as they drank in every lurid detail of their barely clothed mothers.

Missy's enormous tits bounced and swayed hypnotically, threatening to spill free of her straining micro bikini top at any moment. The tiny triangles of fabric were completely overwhelmed by her bountiful flesh, the thin strings digging into her shoulders. Her oiled skin glistened in the sun, highlighting every mouth-watering dip and curve of her body as she shimmied sensually.

Jess's miniscule sequined top left absolutely nothing to the imagination, cupping the very undersides of her huge jugs. Her stiff nipples poked through the sparkly fabric, the swollen nubs clearly visible even from a distance. Each sinuous roll of her hips made her ass cheeks clench and

release, the floss-thin strip of her thong disappearing between the perfect globes.

The boys groaned in unison as they watched their mothers grind their barely covered pussies together, Candice sandwiched tightly between them. The trio moved as one, their voluptuous bodies undulating in a sensual wave. Jess and Missy pawed at the blonde's spectacular ass, encouraging her filthy hip rolls. The crotches of their bikini bottoms darkened with obvious arousal, the damp fabric molding to their puffy mounds.

Lucas's gaze traced the tanned expanse of his mom's legs, from her dainty bare feet with pink painted toes, up her glistening calves and toned thighs. He zeroed in on the wet patch blooming at the juncture of her thighs, imagining burying his face there and tasting her sweet essence straight from the source. His cock throbbed insistently in his boardshorts, straining towards the object of his desire.

Beside him, Gabe was in a similar state, palming himself through his shorts as he stared transfixed at his mom's jiggling ass. The tiny scrap of her thong was completely swallowed up by her plush cheeks, framing her delectable rear. He could just make out the lips of her pussy peeking out around the edges of the soaked fabric, her folds visibly pulsing with need. Gabe's mouth watered as he pictured spreading those sexy legs, burying his cock to its root and ravaging her with jackhammer thrusts.

"Holy fuck it smells like wet pussy out here," Gabe noted, inhaling deeply.

"I wonder why," said Lucas, "look at all that hot MILF flesh down there."

"Come on, dude, let's go dance!" Gabe urged, a wild excitement in his eyes.

"Probably not a good idea. After last night, I doubt they even want us near them," Lucas replied, his voice heavy with caution.

"They didn't say that! They just said to act like we don't know them," Gabe countered, then charged down the stairs with reckless abandon, plunging into the pulsing crowd.

Lucas, being the more reserved of the pair, opted to linger in the shadows, observing the chaos unfold.

It didn't take long for Jess and Missy to notice Gabe weaving through the throng, his moves entangled with a group of exuberant Moms. "Isn't that one of the cute guys we're NOT suppose to know?" Jess shouted to Missy, straining her voice over the relentless, pounding beat.

Missy's gaze swept across the crowd like a hawk. "Yep, where's his partner in crime?" she hollered back, her voice slicing through the noise.

Lucas couldn't tear his eyes away from the hypnotic bounce and sway of his mother's colossal tits as she danced with wild abandon. The flimsy triangles of her micro bikini top were completely overwhelmed by her bountiful flesh, straining to contain the heavy globes as they leapt and jiggled to the pounding beat.

With each exaggerated chest thrust, Missy's massive jugs lifted up and away from her body, defying gravity for a breathless moment before slamming back down to ripple enticingly. The thin strings dug cruelly into her shoulders, leaving red indents in her oiled skin. Lucas was sure her top would give way at any second, that the fragile strips of fabric would snap and release her enormous breasts to the hungry eyes of the crowd.

Almost as if she could feel the heat of her son's gaze, Missy's eyes suddenly snapped up to meet his across the throbbing mass of bodies. Electric blue locked with stormy grey, the intensity of their stare sizzling in the charged air between them.

Missy didn't falter in her sensual moves, continuing to shimmy and shake, tits bouncing wildly. But her gaze remained fixed on her son, a wicked gleam in her eyes as she danced for his viewing pleasure. It was

almost as if she was putting on a show just for him, taunting him with what he couldn't have.

Shame and desire warred within Lucas as he finally tore his eyes away, face flushed and pulse pounding. He shouldn't be ogling his own mother like this, mentally undressing her, fantasizing about burying his face between those giant jiggling tits. It was so wrong, but fuck if it didn't make his cock throb painfully in his shorts.

Jess danced closer to Gabe, her gigantic milkers bouncing right in his face with each gyration. She had to yell to be heard over the music.

"What's your name, handsome?"

"Romeo!" Gabe shouted back with a cocky grin, gyrating his hips suggestively.

Jess threw her head back and laughed, platinum curls whipping around her flushed face. "Romeo, huh? I bet you say that to all the MILFs!"

Her eyes dropped pointedly to the sizeable bulge tenting Gabe's board shorts, a knowing smirk playing about her glossy lips. Gabe just thrust his hips forward, drawing her gaze to his rigid package. He licked his lips as he watched Jess's giant jugs jiggle and sway hypnotically mere inches from his face, her stiff nipples clearly visible through the soaked fabric of her sequined micro bikini top.

Jess crooked a finger at him, a come hither gesture. Gabe leaned in close, the sweet floral scent of her perfume and the musk of her arousal invading his nostrils. Jess's lips brushed the shell of his ear as she half-yelled to be heard above the music.

"Tell your sexy friend to come join us!" She pointed up to where Lucas stood frozen, unable to look away from the spectacle of the grinding, nearly naked Mommies.

Gabe pulled back and waved frantically at his buddy, gesturing for him to come down and join the fun. But Lucas shook his head vehemently, a look of panic on his face. He couldn't dance with his mom and her hot friend like this, their sweaty bodies pressed together, not with the way his cock was straining painfully against his fly. He knew the second Missy's lush curves touched him, he'd explode in his shorts.

Seeing her son's reluctance to join the wild dancing, Missy set her sights on him like a heat-seeking missile. "I got this," she declared to Jess with a determined glint in her eyes. Then she began weaving her way through the pulsing crowd, hips swaying seductively with each step.

Lucas's eyes widened in panic as he watched his mother stalk towards him, a voluptuous lioness in pursuit of timid prey. He couldn't believe how shamelessly naked her spectacular body was in that barely-there bikini. The tiny triangles of shimmery fuchsia fabric strained to contain her enormous bouncing breasts, the undersides of her full jugs peeking out tantalizingly.

And dear God, her ass! The floss-thin strings of her thong bottom disappeared between the ripe globes of her bubble butt, bisecting the perfect peach of her derriere. Lucas was hypnotized by the rhythmic jiggle and flex of her cheeks as she climbed the stairs with feline grace, the muscles of her long legs bunching and releasing with each sway of her hips.

As much as he wanted to flee, Lucas found himself rooted to the spot, powerless to resist the magnetic pull of his mother's sensual approach. She was a vision of pure sin, a fuckable goddess radiating raw sexuality. The primal male in him responded viscerally to her blatant sexual display, his cock growing impossibly harder as it strained towards her.

Missy finally reached the upper deck, gliding over to her stunned son. Her eyes raked over his trembling form, drinking in the sight of his

straining erection tenting his board shorts. A slow, wicked smile curved her glossy lips.

Without a word, she pressed her overheated body flush against his, her enormous tits pillowing his heaving chest as she began to grind sinuously on his thigh in time with the pulsing beat. Lucas gasped, hands flying to her undulating hips as if to steady himself. He could feel the scorching heat of her core through the thin fabric of her thong as it rubbed maddeningly over his aching cock.

"Dance with me," Missy commanded huskily, breath hot against the shell of his ear. It wasn't a request.

Powerless to resist, Lucas let his mother lead him by the hand back down to the writhing throng of dancers. His heart pounded in time with the dirty beat as Missy pulled him into the thick of it, her voluptuous body never breaking contact with his. He could feel curious eyes on them, the other moms and wolf boys no doubt assuming they were just another horny cougar and her boy toy.

Missy guided Lucas's hands to her undulating hips as they reached Jess, Gabe and Candice. The five of them began to move as one to the filthy rhythm, Lucas and Gabe sandwiched between the three gorgeous MILFs. Jess pressed her barely-contained tits into Gabe's back as she ground her hips against his ass. Candice mirrored her on Lucas's other side, her huge rack cushioning his shoulder blades, her bikini bottoms dampening his board shorts with her arousal as she humped him from behind.

Missy plastered herself against Lucas's front, mashing her giant jugs into his chest as she rolled her hips sensually, rubbing her cloth-covered mound up and down his straining erection.

Lucas groaned helplessly, head falling back on Candice's shoulder, completely overwhelmed by the slick, jiggling female flesh surrounding him.

"Mmm, that's it, baby boy," Candice purred. "Let her grind on that teenage fuck-muscle."

Lucas locked eyes with Gabe over Missy's shoulder, seeing his own glazed arousal reflected back at him. They were both drowning in tits and ass, the sweet floral scent of the MILF mommies' perfume and the earthy musk of their pussies filling the boys' noses, making their heads spin.

"Dude..." Gabe slurred, looking drunk on the sensory overload. "I think I died and went to titty heaven."

Lucas could only nod dazedly in agreement, rendered mute by the feel of his mother's spectacular body moving sinuously against his. Missy's eyes were hooded with lust as she stared up at him, pink lips parted on a breathy moan. Her hips never stopped their sinful grind, her dripping cunt dragging up and down his sinewy bulge.

She leaned in close, panting against the sweat-damp skin of Lucas's neck. Her voice was a husky purr in his ear, barely audible over the pounding music. "Mmmm, you feel so good…"

Lucas shuddered, a tortured groan escaping him. His cock jerked against his mom's soaked mound, rapidly approaching the point of no return. He was dangerously close to losing it, to exploding in his shorts and drenching his mother's grinding pussy with his seed, in front of everyone.

"You like having these big, warm titties all over you?" Candice whispered in his other ear.

"Uh huh," the boy nodded, savoring the feel of being crushed between two sets of humongous, fat-nippled udders. He felt like the meat inside a tittie-sandwich.

Jess turned to face the boys, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Get behind us," she commanded huskily. "We want to feel those big cocks grinding on our asses."

Lucas and Gabe practically tripped over themselves in their haste to comply, scrambling to position themselves at the MILFs' backs. Missy threw a saucy wink over her shoulder at her son as she reached back to grasp his trembling hips, pulling his groin flush against her generous ass cheeks.

"That's it baby," she purred, undulating her hips so the abundant globes of her bubble butt massaged his straining erection through their thin layers. "Grind that hot cock on my ass."

Lucas choked on a moan, eyes rolling back in his head at the exquisite friction. His mother's bodacious booty was pure heaven, the plush cheeks parting to cradle his aching shaft as she twerked on him. He could feel her wet heat seeping through the skimpy fabric of her thong to scald his bulge.

Beside them, Jess was giving Gabe the same treatment, rubbing her thong-cleaved ass up and down the rigid length of his cock as she danced. Her son panted harshly, fingers digging into his mother's undulating hips as he dry humped the glorious globes of her backside.

"Fuck Mom," he groaned, voice cracking with need. "Gonna make me cum in my shorts!"

Jess tossed him a smoldering look over her shoulder, pink tongue darting out to lick her glossy lips. "Then you better hold on tight, lover boy," she teased. "The ride is just getting started."

Candice sidled up behind Lucas again, molding her slick, overheated body to his back. Her massive tits squished against his flexing shoulder blades as she reached around to splay her hands across his clenching abs. Her lips brushed the shell of his ear as she began to murmur directives, her voice a sinful rasp.

"That's it sweetie, nice and deep," she coached, guiding his hips in a slow, filthy grind against Missy's gyrating booty. "Really shove that huge cock in the crack of her ass. She wants to feel every inch of you."

Lucas whimpered helplessly, head lolling back on Candice's shoulder as he obeyed mindlessly, pistoning his hips so his bulge sawed up and down his mother's ass cleft. The MILF's huge rack cushioned his upper back, her turgid nipples branding his skin through the soaked cups of her string bikini.

Missy's movements grew more exaggerated, rolling her hips and arching her back so her gigantic tits bounced and swayed.

As the opening strains of Lady Gaga's "Poker Face" pumped through the speakers, the MILF mommies let out a chorus of delighted squeals. They began to sing along, their hips grinding extra hard against their sons' straining erections in time with the infectious beat.

"I wanna hold em like they do in Texas plays," Missy belted out, voice husky with arousal as she twerked her heart-shaped ass against Lucas's aching bulge.

"Fold em let em hit me raise it baby stay with me," Jess echoed, undulating sensually so her enormous jugs bounced and swayed right in Gabe's face.

Lucas and Gabe exchanged wide-eyed looks of pure awe over their mothers' shoulders, hardly believing this was really happening. They drank in the erotic sight of those gigantic mommy tits jiggling and heaving, the deep canyon of cleavage rising and falling with each shimmy. Stiff nipples tented the skimpy fabric of the MILFs' bikini tops, the visible proof of their arousal.

"I love it!" Candice trilled, rolling her hips lasciviously against Lucas's thrusting backside as she sang along. Her hands drifted down to cup

Missy's bouncing rack, giving the heavy melons a lewd squeeze that made the brunette MILF moan wantonly.

The boys rutted against the plush asses grinding on them, breathing ragged as they fought the urge to blow their loads. The combination of the pounding beat, their moms' enchanting voices raised in song, and the relentless friction against their cocks had them teetering on the knife's edge of climax.

"Can't read my, can't read my, no he can't read my poker face!" the MILF trio chorused sultrily, caramel and chocolate eyes glinting with mischief over their shoulders at their panting sons. Round and round they rotated their ample hips, juicy cheeks flexing and jiggling.

Lucas and Gabe clung to their mothers' sweat-slicked bodies for dear life, fingers sinking into the abundant flesh as they pistoned their cocks up and down those ass cracks in desperation. They were practically fucking with their clothes on, and were so close, pleasure coiling tighter and tighter in their balls, ready to explode.

As the throbbing beat of "Poker Face" reached a crescendo, Missy and Jess gazed back at their sons with smoldering intensity. Hips rolling sensually, they belted out the next line in perfect unison:

"I'll get him hot, show him what I've got!"

The blatant invitation in the lyrics, combined with the filthy grinding of their mothers' spectacular asses, pushed Lucas and Gabe over the edge. With twin shouts of ecstasy, the boys exploded in their shorts, huge cocks pulsing and jerking as they pumped out what felt like gallons of hot, sticky cum.

Thick ropes of jizz erupted from their spasming tips, quickly soaking through the thin fabric of their board shorts. The spreading wet patches were unmistakable as Lucas and Gabe shuddered and convulsed, painting the insides of their trunks with spurt after spurt of semen.

The MILF trio never faltered in their singing or their sinful dancing, even as they felt the pulsating stalks of flesh and the unmistakable heat of their sons' orgasms gushing against their grinding backsides.

"Can't read my, can't read my, no he can't read my poker face!" Missy, Jess and Candice chorused gleefully, bouncing their juicy asses faster on those erupting cocks, coaxing out every last drop.

Lucas and Gabe could only cling to their mothers and pant raggedly as the most powerful climaxes of their young lives ripped through them, balls draining in copious jets inside their clothes. The hot, slimy mess squished obscenely between their groins and the MILFs' thrusting booties, the cum-slick friction a delicious torment on their hypersensitive cocks.

As the final notes of the song faded away, the spent teenagers slumped bonelessly against their moms, chests heaving. Missy and Jess finally took pity on them, turning in their slack embraces with matching Cheshire grins.

They cupped their sons' sweat-dampened faces and planted playful kisses on the tips of their noses, giggling at the thoroughly debauched expressions they found there.

"Mmm, looks like these boys really enjoyed that," Jess purred, fingertip tracing the sizeable wet spot darkening the front of Gabe's shorts.

"Couldn't help making a sticky mess, could you?" Missy teased, palming the softening bulge of Lucas's spent cock through the drenched fabric. "Naughty thing."

"Mmm, I bet it burst from those piss-holes in big, yummy ropes of hot cream," Candice purred.

The MILF mommies laughed huskily as Lucas and Gabe blushed beet red, the post-orgasmic fog clearing enough for sheepish embarrassment to set in.

As Missy, Jess and Candice sauntered off the dance floor towards the bathrooms, their voluptuous hips swaying, the boys couldn't help but notice how their inner thighs glistened with arousal in the sun. The crotches of the MILFs' thongs were visibly damp, clinging to their puffy mounds.

"Dude..." Gabe breathed in awe once the trio was out of earshot. He glanced down at the massive wet spot covering his groin, reaching down to peel the cum-soaked fabric away from his skin with a squelch. "I can't believe we just splooged in our trunks grinding on our own moms."

Lucas shook his head, equally dazed. His shorts were in a similar state, the entire front panel drenched with his sticky release. "This is unreal," he muttered, poking at his softening cock through the squishy mess. "When I woke up this morning, I never imagined I'd end up nutting in my shorts while my mom twerked on me."

Gabe barked out a laugh, gesturing at the dance floor. "Looks like we're not the only ones who blew a load." Lucas followed his gaze and noticed similar wet patches staining the deck - streaks and puddles of pearly white jizz splattered everywhere from other horny boys who had clearly erupted in their shorts while grinding on the wild MILFs.

"Holy shit, it's like a cum tsunami hit this place," Lucas marveled as they gingerly picked their way through the ejaculate minefield. Ropes of semen glistened obscenely in the bright sunlight, mostly still warm and fresh.

"I guess the moms weren't kidding about the whole 'Moms Gone Wild' theme," Gabe snickered. "These cougars really know how to drain some balls."

Lucas flushed, images of the depraved acts he'd witnessed over the past days flashing through his mind - MILFs shamelessly making out with each other, titty fucking young studs with their giant jugs, getting finger

blasted on the dance floor until they squirted everywhere. The sexual energy on this ship was like nothing he'd ever experienced.

"What do you think they're doing in the bathroom right now?" Gabe wondered aloud, waggling his eyebrows suggestively.

Lucas's vivid imagination immediately conjured up a scandalous scenario - the three hot mommies crammed in a stall together, frantically frigging their aching cunts. Fingering each other, maybe even eating pussy as they muffled their ecstatic moans...

"Fuck, I'm getting hard again just thinking about it," Lucas groaned, reaching down to adjust himself. Despite having just emptied his balls, his teenage cock was already chubbing up at the forbidden mental images.

Suddenly, a soft hand shot out from the undulating throng of bodies and snatched Lucas's wrist in an iron grip, yanking him off the dance floor. He yelped in surprise as he was dragged through the crowd like a fish plucked from the sea by a hungry bird.

His mystery assailant didn't slow her relentless pace, giving him no choice but to stumble along behind her. All Lucas could see was the mouthwatering rear view - a spectacular ass barely contained by a minuscule red thong. The succulent globes jiggled and bounced with her every hurried step, the floss-like string disappearing between her cheeks.

Lucas tried to get a glimpse of the woman's face as she hauled him towards the elevators, but she kept her head down, a curtain of glossy black hair obscuring her features. He opened his mouth to politely demand her attention, to ask what the hell was going on, but then she threw a glance over her shoulder and the words died on his tongue.

Brilliant emerald eyes rimmed in smudged black kohl locked with his, glinting with mischief and wild, unbridled lust. Plump lips painted crimson curved into a wicked grin as she gave him a brazen once over,

gaze lingering on the impressive bulge that had returned to tent his damp shorts.

"I've been watching you," she purred, voice a husky rasp. Her exotic accent sent a shiver down Lucas's spine. "The way you move, the way you fuck a woman with those eyes. I wanna feel that huge cock splitting me open."

The raven-haired temptress yanked Lucas flush against her, mashing his face into the sweaty valley of her enormous cleavage. "Come on baby, don't be shy," she cooed, undulating her hips so his renewed erection ground against her barely covered mound. "I promise I'll make it so fucking good for you..."

Lucas frantically shook his head, trying to extricate himself from the MILF's iron grip and the mind-melting softness of her giant tits smothering him. But she only held him tighter, one hand fisting in his hair while the other grabbed his ass, pulling him impossibly closer.

"Mmmm, you smell like sex," the exotic beauty growled, burying her nose in his neck and inhaling deeply. "I bet you taste even better."

With that, she crashed her lips against his in a bruising kiss, her tongue immediately penetrating his mouth. Lucas let out a muffled yelp of surprise as she frenched him deeply, the metal ball of her tongue stud clacking against his teeth. She explored every inch of his oral cavity with aggressive swipes and curls, fucking his mouth with her pierced tongue.

Lucas's head spun at the forbidden, electrifying contact. It was so different from the tender, sensual way his mother had kissed him, her lips soft and sweet. This woman's mouth was pure sin, hungry and demanding as she sucked on his tongue, coaxing him to fuck her mouth back with filthy thrusts.

Just as he started to get lost in the taboo eroticism, the seductress abruptly broke the kiss, leaving Lucas panting and dazed. She gave

his

throbbing cock a rough squeeze through his damp shorts, smirking at how he instantly bucked into her palm.

"Mmmm, so eager," she purred, licking her glistening lips. "Don't worry baby, I'm gonna drain this big cock so good. Gonna milk your balls dry with my tight MILF pussy..."

But before she could make good on that deliciously dirty promise, a familiar voice cut through the sexually charged air like a blade.

"HEY! Back off bitch, he's with ME!"

Lucas whipped around to see his mother storming towards them, sapphire eyes flashing with possessive fury. Missy wedged herself between Lucas and the exotic MILF, shoving the woman back with a hard palm to her chest.

The raven-haired beauty stumbled back a step, eyes wide with surprise at the rude interruption. But then she raked Missy with a scathing once-over, crimson lips curling into a nasty sneer.

"Excuse you, cunt," she spat venomously. "But I saw him first. Finders keepers."

"Listen skank, that's MY fuck toy you're pawing at," Missy growled, hold her son possesively.

The raven-haired MILF shot Missy one last scathing glare, green eyes flashing with resentment. "You better keep him glued to your side then, puta," she warned venomously, one crimson talon jabbing at Missy. "Because if I catch this hot little piece of ass alone again, I'm dragging him back to my cabin and fucking DEVOURING him!"

With that parting threat, she turned on her stiletto heel and stormed off, the succulent globes of her thong-cleaved ass jiggling

hypnotically. Missy watched her go, chest heaving with outrage and possessive fury. The nerve of that cock-hungry skank, putting her filthy paws all over HER son!

Lucas stood frozen, still reeling from the aggressive seduction and vulgar catfight that had just erupted over him. His heart pounded and his cock throbbed painfully in his cum-damp shorts, the raven-haired MILF's sinful promises still ringing in his ears. The cloying scent of her perfume clung to him, jasmine and sex musk.

Missy whirled on Lucas, sapphire eyes wild as she grabbed his shoulders and gave him a small shake. "Did she touch you?" she demanded, gaze raking over his trembling form as if checking for injury. "Are you okay? God, I can't believe the audacity of that cock-juggling thundercunt!"

"I...I'm fine Mom," Lucas stammered, head spinning from the whiplash of going from seduced to scolded in the blink of an eye. "She just...came out of nowhere and grabbed me. Started saying all this crazy shit..."

Missy pulled him into a crushing embrace, smooshing his face into her heaving cleavage. Lucas inhaled the familiar sweet scent of his mother's perfume and sweat, letting it soothe his rattled nerves. As good as the raven-haired stalker's body had felt against him, his mom's felt even more divine. Her heart pounded against his cheek through her plush tit-flesh and he felt his own pulse slow to match it.

Missy led him by the hand through the ship's winding corridors, Lucas could see a new determination blazing in his mother's eyes. The playful glimmer had hardened into pure resolve, the look of a woman on a mission. Her grip on his wrist was iron-clad as she marched them towards her cabin, voluptuous hips swaying with purposeful strides.

When they reached the door, Lucas hesitated, confusion creasing his brow. "Mom, what are we..."

His question was cut off as Missy suddenly whirled to face him, a maelstrom of emotions swirling in her sapphire gaze - desire, desperation, and most shockingly, fierce possessiveness. She grabbed Lucas's face with both hands and crashed her lips against his in a searing kiss, her tongue immediately delving past his teeth to claim his mouth.

Lucas let out a startled grunt, eyes flying wide before fluttering shut in pure bliss. His hands instinctively flew up to grip his mother's waist, fingers sinking into the plush flesh as he kissed her back just as urgently. Missy plundered his mouth with aggressive sweeps of her tongue, sucking on his lips until they tingled.

All rational thought fled Lucas's mind as he lost himself in his mother's passionate embrace. The taboo thrill of kissing her out here in the open where anyone could see only heightened his arousal, his renewed erection throbbing against her stomach.

Missy rolled her hips, grinding herself against her son's straining bulge as she devoured his mouth. She fisted one hand in Lucas's hair, tugging on the silky strands to angle his face just how she wanted, while the other slid down to cup his ass possessively.

"Mine," she growled against his lips between drugging kisses. "This cock belongs to me. That skank isn't getting her nasty paws on you again."

Lucas shuddered at his mother's vulgar words, a bolt of lust sizzling down his spine to his groin. He'd never heard her speak like this before, so crude and blatantly sexual. It was shocking...and so fucking hot.

"Y-yours," he agreed breathlessly when they finally broke apart for air, panting against Missy's kiss-swollen lips. "I'm all yours, Mom."

Missy flashed him a satisfied smirk before reaching behind her to fumble with the door handle, unwilling to fully relinquish her hold on her son. She walked them backwards into the dimly lit cabin, letting the heavy door swing shut with a resounding click of the lock engaging.

In the next instant, Missy was on him again, attacking Lucas's mouth with renewed fervor as she walked him towards the bed. The back of his knees hit the mattress and he fell backwards with a bounce, breaking the heated liplock.

Missy stood before her boy, a wicked gleam in her sapphire eyes as she reached behind her neck to untie her bikini top. With a sensual roll of her shoulders, she let the skimpy triangles of fabric fall away, revealing her magnificent boobs in all their glory.

Lucas sucked in a sharp breath, pupils blowing wide as he drank in the breathtaking sight of his mother's enormous jugs finally freed from their spandex prison. They were truly a wonder to behold – pounds of creamy pale flesh capped with large, dusky pink areolas. Each puffy circle had to be at least four inches in diameter, the rubbery skin stippled with goosebumps in the cool cabin air.

But it was Missy's nipples that really drew the eye - fat, thimble-sized nubs engorged with arousal, standing out a good half inch from her pebbled areolas. They were an angry purplish-red, swollen with need and glistening with moisture at the tips. As Lucas watched in awe, pearlescent beads of fluid began to well from his mother's nipple slits, growing larger until they spilled over to trickle down the curves of her heaving tits.

"Mmmm, look how excited Mommy's nipples are to see you," Missy purred, cupping the heavy undersides of her breasts and pushing them together. Twin rivulets of creamy nectar streamed down her cleavage to pool in her navel. "They're just DRIPPING for you, baby boy..."

Lucas licked his lips, mouth watering at the erotic display. His cock lurched in his shorts, the head pulsing out a fresh glob of pre-cum to join the drying cum stains from his earlier orgasm. God, what he wouldn't give to wrap his lips around one of those juicy buds and SUCK, to taste his mother's sweet breast milk straight from the source...

Missy smirked at her son's slack-jawed expression, loving how she could reduce him to a panting, horny mess with just a flash of her mommy udders. Keeping her sultry gaze locked with his, she hooked her thumbs

into the straps of her thong and slowly peeled the scrap of lycra down her long legs.

Lucas zeroed in on his mother's newly exposed sex, another choked gasp escaping him. Her puffy outer lips were completely bare, not a single hair marring the smooth, glistening skin. They were swollen and flushed a deep, aroused pink, parted slightly to reveal her slick inner folds. Missy's clit peeked out from beneath its hood, plump and throbbing, begging for attention.

As the MILF stepped out of her thong, Lucas caught a glimpse of the glistening pudendal cleft separating her plump labia, clearly arousal with slick secretions.

The teen felt like a helpless gazelle being pounced on by a ravenous cougar as his mother attacked his clothes with single-minded focus. Missy's fingers flew over his body, impatiently yanking his shirt over his head and tossing it aside before moving to his shorts. She peeled the cum-damp fabric down his muscular legs, letting out a throaty moan when his huge veiny erection sprang free to slap against his abs.

In a flash, Missy had Lucas stripped completely naked, his athletic young body laid out before her like a feast. She drank in every inch of his tanned skin and toned muscles, licking her lips hungrily. Her

gaze lingered on his impressive manhood, the thick shaft rising from a thin nest of dark curls, flushed a deep red and leaking pre-cum steadily.

"Mmmm, Mommy's big boy is all grown up," Missy purred appreciatively, crawling onto the bed to straddle her son's hips. She reached between their bodies to grip his straining rod, giving it a few slow pumps from root to tip. "And he's got such a beautiful cock for Mommy to play with..."

Lucas's head tipped back against the pillows with a guttural moan, back arching to thrust into his mother's stroking fist. The combination of her

vulgar praise and the tight glide of her palm along his shaft had him seeing stars, pleasure sparking through his nervous system.

Missy leaned down to capture Lucas's lips in another searing kiss, her massive tits smothering into his chest as she continued to stroke him below. She swallowed his desperate whimpers and groans, tongue plundering his mouth possessively.

Lucas's hands roamed his mother's lush curves feverishly, finally able to touch and explore without restriction. He squeezed the abundant globes of her ass before sliding up her back to palm her shoulder blades, relishing the baby-soft skin over taut muscle.

When the need for air forced them apart, Missy sat back on her haunches, towering over her boy. She reached for his hands and brought them to her heaving breasts, encouraging him to fondle her.

"That's it baby, get to know Mommy's big titties," she cooed as Lucas palmed the heavy globes, sinking his fingers into the pliant flesh. "Mmmm, your hands feel so good..."

Lucas kneaded and squeezed, marveling at how his mother's giant jugs overflowed his grip. He rolled her swollen nipples between his

fingers, tugging gently and relishing her sharp gasp. More drops of breast milk leaked from the aching tips to dribble over his hands.

Missy's dripping arousal mingled with the steady stream of pre-cum oozing from Lucas's slit, coating his shaft in a glistening sheen of their combined juices, providing the perfect cocktail of warm, natural lubrication. His cock had never been so hard, flushed a furious purple and pulsing with need. The broad head was shiny and engorged, flaring out from the thick stalk like a bulbous mushroom cap.

Missy reached between their bodies to grasp Lucas's slick erection at the base, giving him a squeeze that had him bucking into her fist with a strangled moan. She notched the leaking tip at her sopping entrance,

rubbing it up and down her cleft to paint her folds with his essence. Mother and son groaned in unison as she teased him against her swollen clit, pleasure sparking through them at the intimate contact.

"Feel how wet Mommy is for you," Missy panted, undulating her hips to slide Lucas's cockhead against her drenched slit. Obscene squelching sounds filled the cabin as she worked him through her slippery folds, coating every inch of him in her honey. "You get me so fucking hot baby, make my pussy THROB for this big dick..."

Lucas could only moan brokenly, fingers digging into the meat of his mother's hips as she used his cock to pleasure herself. The feel of her molten heat engulfing him, even just the tip, was better than anything he'd ever felt. His balls tightened, the coil of orgasm already winding in his core just from the filthy frottage.

"Please Mom," he begged, voice cracking with desperation. "I need to be inside you, I can't...ahhh fuck...I'm gonna cum..."

Missy shushed him gently, reaching up to cup his face as she continued to grind on him maddeningly. "Shhh, I've got you

sweetheart. Let Mommy take care of you."

With that, she lined them up perfectly and began to sink down, her vice-tight channel engulfing Lucas inch by excruciating inch. They cried out together as he stretched her corrugated walls open, the wet grip of her pussy like a silken fist around his girth.

"FUCK! Oh god, Mom!" Lucas yelled, head thrashing on the pillow as his mother's cunt swallowed him to the root. She was so incredibly tight, her ribbed walls fluttering wildly around him as she fought to accommodate his thickness. He could feel every ripple and flutter, her internal muscles milking him like they were trying to suck the cum right out of his balls.

"That's it baby, give Mommy that big cock," Missy purred, bottoming out so her ass rested flush against Lucas's pelvis. She rolled her hips in a slow

figure eight, stirring his member inside her, relishing the delicious stretch and fullness. "Mmmm, you're so deep. Splitting Mommy wide open on this fat dick..."

Lucas could only gurgle incoherently, completely overwhelmed by the exquisite sensation of his mother's pussy gripping him like a velvet vise. He'd never felt anything so amazing, his entire body inflamed with pleasure like he'd been plugged into an electric socket. Every nerve sizzled and sang, his skin hypersensitive where it pressed against Missy's.

"Ohhh fuck, Lucas!" Missy keened, head tipping back in ecstasy as she began to bounce on her son's throbbing cock. Her spectacular tits jiggled and swayed with the force of her movements, the heavy globes slapping obscenely against her chest. "Mmmm baby, you feel incredible. So big and hard, stretching Mommy's tight little pussy..."

She leaned forward to brace her hands on Lucas's rapidly rising and falling chest, changing the angle of his penetration. The bulbous

head of his cock dragged deliciously against her G-spot with every downstroke, sending sparks of rapture through that spongy patch of textured cunt-tissue and zinging up her spine. Clear fem-cum gushed around his pistoning shaft with obscene wet squelches, soaking his pelvis and balls.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Missy chanted, hips moving faster, rising until just the tip of Lucas remained inside her before slamming back down to take him to the hilt. The erotic slap of skin on skin echoed through the cabin, joined by the MILF's ecstatic moans and her son's hoarse grunts.

Lucas brought his knees up and planted his feet flat on the mattress, giving himself the leverage to thrust up into his mother's slick heat. He pounded into her wildly, throwing his head back with a guttural cry as her pulsing walls squeezed him in a fluttering massage.

"Mom! Gonna cum...can't hold back..." Lucas panted harshly, feeling his balls tightening in that telltale way, orgasm barreling down on him like a freight train.

"Yes! Cum in me!" Missy shouted, too far gone to care about anything but chasing her own explosive pleasure. She wanted to feel her son's hot seed filling her up, painting her womb. "Give Mommy that sweet cream, baby! I need it!"

Missy's filthy encouragement was all it took to hurl Lucas over the edge. With a roar of completion, he slammed up one last time and exploded inside his mother's spasming cunt. His cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged what felt like gallons of hot semen, flooding Missy's fluttering channel with his thick essence.

The sensation of her son's molten release gushing into her secret place catapulted Missy into her own shattering climax. Her pussy clenched impossibly tighter, rippling almost violently along Lucas's spurting length as she came harder than she ever had in her life. Missy threw her head back and screamed to the heavens, every

muscle seizing in blissful agony as wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over her.

Sparks exploded behind her eyelids, her pleasure cresting so high she swore she blacked out for a moment. Her clit pulsed in time with her son's throbbing cock, aftershocks zinging through her as she felt his hot seed bathing her spasming walls. It seemed to go on forever, their bodies locked together in the throes of the most intense mutual orgasm imaginable.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the frenzied convulsions slowed to faint twitches and tremors. Missy collapsed bonelessly on top of Lucas, her sweaty breasts heaving against his equally damp chest as they panted for breath. She buried her face in the crook of his neck, feeling his pulse jump against her lips.

Lucas wrapped his arms around his mother's quaking form, one hand stroking soothingly up and down her back while the other tangled in her damp curls. He could feel their combined release seeping out around his

softening cock, their mixed juices trickling down to pool in the crack of his ass. The filthy proof of their illicit coupling.

"That was..." Lucas croaked after a long moment, voice hoarse from shouting his pleasure.

"Incredible," Missy finished for him, lifting her head to meet his dazed gaze. Her sapphire eyes sparkled with satisfaction and deep, abiding love. "Better than my wildest fantasies."

She leaned in to capture his lips in a slow, sensual kiss, a sharp contrast to the frenzied passion of before. Lucas responded eagerly, stroking his tongue along hers as he savored her unique flavor, committing it to memory.

When they broke apart, Missy gave him a soft, secret smile, running her fingers through his sweat-dampened hair. "I love you so much, Lucas. More than anything in this world."

"I love you too, Mom," Lucas replied fervently, pulling her down for another tender kiss. "I always have and I always will."

They lay like that for a long while, exchanging gentle caresses and sweet nothings as their racing hearts slowed and the afterglow suffused their tangled bodies. Lucas's now flaccid cock eventually slipped out of his mother's well-used pussy with a gush of their co-mingled essence.

But neither of them made any move to separate further, content to bask in the intimate skin-to-skin contact, in this profound new closeness between mother and son. The rest of the world fell away until it was just the two of them, cocooned in their forbidden love.

In a secluded alcove on the other side of the ship, Gabe slumped against the wall, head thrown back in ecstasy as Jess and Candice worked him over with their talented mouths. The two MILFs knelt before him, naked except for their skimpy bikini bottoms, enormous tits swaying as they pleasured the trembling teenage boy.

Jess nuzzled into Gabe's groin, lapping at his heavy balls with long, slow swipes of her tongue. She mouthed at the swollen sack, suckling each testicle between her lips before releasing it with an audible pop. Gabe groaned, fingers tangling in his mother's platinum curls as he gently pushed her face deeper into his crotch, encouraging her lewd worship.

Candice, meanwhile, had her plump lips wrapped around the throbbing head of Gabe's cock, tonguing his leaking slit as she suckled him sweetly. Her pierced tongue swirled around the flared ridge, teasing the bundle of nerves just under the crown that had him seeing stars. She relaxed her throat and sank down inch by

inch, engulfing more of his considerable length until her nose was buried in his trimmed pubic hair.

"Oh fuck," Gabe choked out, abs clenching and quivering as Candice deep-throated him to the root, swallowing around his sensitive glans. "Shit, that's so good..."

The two mothers worked in tandem, trading off to lavish attention on every part of Gabe's straining erection. When Jess released his balls with a final lick, she joined Candice at the head of his cock, the MILFs making out sloppily around his throbbing meat. They French kissed lasciviously, swapping spit and pre-cum as they caressed his shaft with their lips and tongues.

Gabe watched in awe as the gorgeous mommies pleasured him so expertly, hitting all his most responsive spots with unerring accuracy. He'd never felt anything like it, their dual stimulation blowing his mind and making his balls tighten with impending release embarrassingly fast. It was like they could read his body, knowing instinctively how to drive him wild with lust.

Jess and Candice continued their sensual assault, licking from base to tip on either side of his engorged cock. They swirled their tongues around his flared head, dipping into his leaking slit before trailing back down to lap at his balls. Over and over they repeated the circuit until Gabe was a

panting, trembling mess, fists clenching at his sides as he fought not to blow his load too soon.

"Mmmm, your cock tastes so good baby," Jess purred, pressing open-mouthed kisses up and down his throbbing meat.

"It sure does," Candice agreed, carving her pierced tongue up his scrotal sack, right between his swollen balls. "And his nuts are so full of sweet boy-cream."

Jess rose gracefully to her feet, reaching behind to untie the strings of her drenched bikini bottoms. With a sensual shimmy, she let the scrap of lycra fall away, baring the ripe globes of her heart-shaped ass to Gabe's hungry gaze.

"Fuck me baby," she purred over her shoulder, bracing her hands on the wall and arching her back in clear invitation. "Shove that big cock in Mommy's tight little cunt and make me scream."

Gabe nearly tripped over himself in his haste to comply, scrambling to his feet and lining himself up with his mother's glistening slit from behind. He gripped her hips, thumbs sinking into the fleshy dimples at the base of her spine as he nudged the swollen head of his cock against her soaked folds.

"God Mom, you're so fucking wet," Gabe groaned, sliding his shaft up and down her slippery cleft, coating himself in her copious arousal. Jess's puffy outer lips clung to him, parting easily to grant him access to her molten core.

"All for you, baby boy," Jess keened, circling her hips wantonly, painting her own thighs with her dripping essence. "Now stop teasing and stuff me full of that fat dick! I need it so bad!"

With a guttural growl, Gabe lined them up and surged forward, hilting himself in his mother's tight channel with one smooth thrust. They cried

out in unison as he stretched her open, Jess's greedy pussy clenching and rippling around his plundering girth.

"FUCK! Oh Gabe, yessss!" the blonde MILF wailed, hands scrabbling at the wall for purchase as her son began to piston in and out of her, setting a punishing pace. The obscene slap of flesh on flesh filled the alcove as Gabe pounded into his mother's squelching cunt, drilling her with animalistic abandon.

Candice watched the incestuous coupling with avid eyes, frigging her clit with one hand while the other tugged at her hard nipples. The sight of mother and son rutting like wild animals had her pussy gushing, slicking her fingers and inner thighs with her musky arousal.

Jess's massive jugs bounced and swayed with every jarring impact of Gabe's pelvis against her ass, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly. Her engorged nipples scraped deliciously against the rough wall, sending sparks of pleasure/pain zinging straight to her clit.

"Harder baby, fuck Mommy harder!" Jess urged frantically, tossing her head back as Gabe sawed in and out of her violently spasming pussy.

The balmy Caribbean breeze caressed Gabe's sweat-slicked skin as he drove into his mother's welcoming heat again and again. Rivulets of perspiration trickled down the valley of his spine and across his flexing ass. He sucked in deep lungfuls of the salty sea air, the cries of circling gulls mingling with Jess's ecstatic moans.

Gabe couldn't tear his eyes away from the erotic sight of his mom's spectacular ass jiggling and rippling with every impact of his pelvis. Each powerful thrust made her plump cheeks bounce and quiver before molding back around his pistoning cock. The delicious friction of her tight walls milking his sensitive flesh had Gabe's eyes rolling back in bliss.

"Fuck Mom, your pussy feels incredible," the teen grunted, fingers digging into the abundant flesh of Jess's undulating hips. He could feel

every flutter and clench of her internal muscles, gripping him like a velvet fist. "So fucking tight and wet..."

"Mmmm, you're stretching Mommy so good baby," Jess panted, bracing her forearms against the wall and pushing back to meet

Gabe's thrusts. The new angle had his cock head battering her G-spot on every stroke, bright sparks of pleasure exploding behind her eyelids. "Ungh, right there! Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop!"

Spurred on by his mother's desperate pleas, Gabe redoubled his efforts, hips snapping faster, drilling her with jackhammer intensity. His heavy balls slapped obscenely against Jess's engorged clit with every plunge, the lewd sound rivaling the wet squelch of his cock plundering her drenched folds.

"Yes, fuck your mother hard!" Candice chanted, her fingers a blur on her throbbing clit.

Jess felt her orgasm building fast, a tidal wave of ecstasy cresting in her core. She shoved a hand between her thighs to furiously diddle her swollen bud, grinding back onto her son's pistoning meat as she chased her peak.

"Gonna cum, gonna fucking cum on your big cock!" Jess babbled almost deliriously, walls starting to flutter and pulse around Gabe's throbbing shaft. "Fill me up baby, give Mommy that hot seed! Paint my fucking cunt!"

Candice chose that moment to insinuate herself between the rutting couple, dropping to her knees behind Gabe. She reached between his pumping legs to cup his swinging sack, rolling the heavy balls in her palm before dipping lower to tease his taint.

Gabe let out a hoarse shout, hips stuttering at the unexpected stimulation. His cock swelled impossibly thicker, jerking inside Jess's rippling sheath as his climax slammed into him.

With a guttural roar, Gabe exploded deep in his mother's spasming pussy, his cock disgorging thick ropes of semen. At the same moment, Jess shrieked in ecstasy as her cunt clamped down viciously around him, fluttering and rippling along his erupting length. Her inner muscles squeezed and massaged Gabe's cock like

they were trying to milk him dry, wringing every last drop of cum from his pulsing balls.

Inside Jess's convulsing vagina, Gabe's cock head flared impossibly wider, stretching her quaking walls to the limit as it unleashed jet after jet of hot seed. The bulbous tip battered her cervix as it spewed directly against the entrance to her womb, painting it with potent teenage spunk.

Jess's clit pounded in sync with her son's spurting cock, feeling every twitch and throb of his thick shaft as it pumped her full of jizz. The spongy tissue of her front wall rippled around the invading length, G-spot throbbing as it was stimulated relentlessly by Gabe's robust pounding.

Her vaginal canal was awash in their combined fluids, walls slick and sloppy with the creamy evidence of their mutual pleasure. Gabe's pearly essence flooded her fluttering pussy, mixing obscenely with her own clear juices. Rivulets of cum squelched out around his pistoning meat with every thrust, trickling down Jess's shaking thighs.

The sheer volume of semen pumping into her grasping cunt triggered a secondary climax in Jess, her internal muscles bearing down almost painfully on Gabe's erupting cock. A gush of hot fem-cum sprayed from her urethra to shower her son's groin, drenching his clenching balls and dripping down to stain the deck below.

Candice continued to massage Gabe's taint through his explosive orgasm, feeling his twitching sack draw up tight as it emptied into Jess's milking pussy. The salty-sweet musk of the coupling filled her nostrils, the heady aroma sending fresh arousal gushing from her own aching core.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Gabe and Jess slumped against the wall in a sweaty, panting tangle of limbs. The last feeble spurts of cum dribbled from Gabe's spent cock into his mother's

brimming pussy before he slipped out with a wet plop. A river of their combined release followed, splattering obscenely onto the deck and running down Jess's trembling legs.

Candice sat back on her haunches, avidly drinking in the debauched sight.

Jess and Gabe stumbled back into the cabin on wobbly legs, their bodies still thrumming with the aftershocks of their mind-blowing orgasms. The sounds of running water and ecstatic moans drifted from the bathroom, immediately drawing their attention.

They exchanged a mischievous glance before quietly pushing open the bathroom door. The tiny ship shower was completely fogged with steam, but through the haze, they could make out the erotic silhouettes of Missy and Lucas locked in a passionate embrace.

Missy had her long, strong mommy-legs wrapped tightly around her son's waist, ankles crossed at the small of his back as he pinned her to the slick tiled wall. Her massive tits were mashed against Lucas's heaving chest, bulging out from between them like huge, wet marshmallows, water sluicing between their writhing bodies. Needy moans and grunts mingled with the rhythmic slap of wet skin on skin as Lucas rutted into his mother's clasping heat.

"Oh fuck baby, just like that," Missy panted, fingers scrabbling at Lucas's flexing back muscles. "Mmmm, pound Mommy's pussy with that big cock!"

Lucas was grunting with the effort of his vigorous fuck-thrusts, strong hands cupping his mother's jiggling ass cheeks as he bounced her on his

straining shaft. His hips snapped like a piston, water droplets flying from his pumping ass with every drive forward.

"Shit Mom, you're so tight," he groaned, angling his thrusts to hit her G-spot.

Jess watched the intensely erotic display, feeling fresh arousal gush from her cum-filled pussy. God, they were so gorgeous together, their glistening bodies moving in perfect sync, lost to the throes of passion. She had to join them.

Stepping fully into the steamy bathroom with Gabe close behind, Jess cleared her throat loudly. "Is there room for two more in there?" she called out playfully.

Missy and Lucas froze at the unexpected intrusion, eyes widening as they took in Jess and Gabe's naked, aroused forms. For a moment, embarrassment warred with lust on their flushed faces. But then Missy smirked, a wicked gleam entering her eyes.

"The more the merrier," she purred, beckoning her best friend and the other teenage stud to join them under the warm duel spray.

Jess and Gabe wasted no time in complying, stepping into the now incredibly crowded shower stall. Acres of wet, slippery skin pressed together as the four horny bodies tried to align themselves. Stiff nipples grazed flexing abs and leaking cocks slotted between plush thighs as the group groped and fondled each other.

With a sensual moan, Jess jumped up and wrapped her legs around Gabe's waist, mirroring Missy and Lucas's position. The young man easily caught his mother, strong hands cupping her abundant ass cheeks. Jess locked her ankles at the small of Gabe's back and undulated her hips, rubbing her soaked pussy along the rigid length of his cock.

"Mmmm, get back in there baby," she cooed, reaching between their bodies to grasp Gabe's thick shaft. "Mommy needs to be stuffed full of teenage meat again."

Gabe groaned as Jess notched his swollen cockhead at her entrance, sinking down until he was buried to the hilt in her tight heat. "Fuck Mom, you're insatiable," he panted, flexing his hips to grind against her cervix.

Beside them, Missy and Lucas had resumed their passionate coupling, the MILF bouncing energetically on her son's pistoning cock. Her cries of pleasure echoed off the bathroom tiles, joining the lewd squelch of Gabe's dick plundering Jess's drenched folds.

Soon the stall was filled with the carnal symphony of ecstatic moans, grunts, and wet skin slapping together as both mother-son pairs fucked with wild abandon. Missy and Jess clung to their boys, nails scoring red lines down flexing backs as they were pounded into oblivion.

"Feels so good!" Gabe gasped, flashing a look at his friend.

"God, yes," Lucas agreed, punching his dick up into his mom's velvety sheath.

Both boys magnificent cocks were well over nine inches long, stretching their mothers' quivering cunts to the absolute limit. The shafts of their dicks were as hard as steel, thick veins bulging obscenely under the taut skin as they plundered those syrupy depths again and again.

The flared, leaky crowns of their cocks beat relentlessly against Missy and Jess's cervixes, the sensitive rings of muscle fluttering and clenching around the invading heads. Copious pre-cum leaked from the weeping slits, mixing lewdly with the moms' slick arousal to create the filthiest lube imaginable.

The fat knobs tugged deliciously on the moms' G-spots with every thrust and retreat, sending sparks of ecstasy zinging up their spines. The

spongy ridges of their flaring coronas scraped rapturously over the front walls of their cunts, stimulating thousands of sensitive nerve endings.

The roots of the boys' huge cocks were anchored powerfully in their groins, the shafts extending from their pubic bones at a slight upward angle. The skin was stretched drum-tight over the engorged, blood-filled chambers, not an ounce of softness to be found. The rigid tubes of flesh pulsed with virility, every ridge and vein standing out in stark relief.

Missy and Jess were transfixed by the feel of those perfect teenage pricks pistoning in and out of their clinging cunts, glistening with their combined juices. The visual of being so utterly skewered on their sons' magnificent cocks, seeing their drooling pussies stretched obscenely around the girth, sent the horny MILFs careening towards yet another bone-rattling climax.

"Fuck, baby! Mommy's gonna cum on your big cock!" Missy wailed, throwing her head back as her pussy started to spasm almost violently around Lucas's jackhammering pole. Her bulging clit ground against his pubic bone on every downstroke, trapped between their writhing bodies.

"Me too!" Jess keened wildly, cunt bearing down like a vice on her son's sawing erection.

Lucas and Gabe watched in awe as their mothers came spectacularly on their pistoning cocks, studying every nuance of the MILFs' shattering orgasms with rapt fascination.

"Dude, look how hard your mom is shaking," Gabe panted to Lucas, eyes wide as he observed Missy's voluptuous body quaking with the force of her climax. Her bouncing tits jiggled almost violently and her head thrashed from side to side, platinum curls whipping. "You're making her cum so fucking good!"

"She's squeezing my dick like crazy," Lucas grunted back, fingers sinking into the meat of Missy''s undulating ass as he felt her pussy clench rhythmically around him. "Shit, I think she's gonna rip it off!"

The teenage studs were utterly captivated by the debauched ecstasy contorting their mothers' beautiful faces. Missy's sapphire eyes were rolled back to the whites, pink lips parted as she loosed a ululating wail. Her expression was one of pure, unbridled bliss as her son's huge cock battered her convulsing walls.

Jess was equally undone, high-pitched keens and gasps issuing from her slack mouth. Her brows were drawn together and her eyes screwed shut as she focused on the exquisite sensations radiating from her spasming core.

The boys felt their mothers' copious fem-cum gushing out around their plundering shafts, the scalding release soaking their groins and swinging balls before splattering wetly to the shower floor. The MILF mommies were squirting like geysers, their vaginal muscles bearing down almost painfully on their sons' sawing cocks as if trying to milk them dry.

"Holy fuck, it's like a flood!" Gabe laughed almost giddily, fucking his mother even harder through her marathon orgasm. The filthy squelch of his cock stirring Jess's sloppy pussy grew even more obscene, drowned out by her ecstatic screams.

Lucas could only grunt in agreement, hips jackhammering as Missy came and came around him. He felt like he was trapped in the most incredible velvet vise, her rippling walls massaging him from root to tip. He had to grit his teeth against the exquisite sensation, determined to hold back his own explosion until he'd wrung every last shudder and moan from his mother.

As their mothers continued to cum and writhe uncontrollably on their huge cocks, Lucas and Gabe's eyes were drawn to the giant tits

bouncing wildly right in front of their faces. Succulent globes of breast-flesh jiggled

and swayed hypnotically, diamond hard nipples jutting out proudly, begging for attention.

Unable to resist the temptation, each boy reached up and hauled a massive boob to his mouth, smushing his face into the plush tit-meat. They strained to stretch their lips around as much of the large puffy areolas as possible, tongues flicking out to lave the pebbled skin.

"Oh fuck!" Missy cried out, back arching as Lucas latched onto her swollen peak and began to suckle greedily. Creamy breastmilk immediately let down, spurting into his eager mouth. He groaned around the engorged nub, gulping down the sweet nectar as fast as he could.

He released Missy's nipple with a wet pop, watching in fascination as more pearly fluid immediately welled from the reddened tip to trickle down her breast.

"Dude, check it out," he called to Gabe excitedly. "Look how much milk is spurting out."

Missy giggled and blushed at her son's vulgar praise, chest puffing up with pride. Her breasts felt so full and heavy, engorged with motherly essence for her baby boy to guzzle.

Gabe pulled off Jess's tit with a gasp, eyes widening as he took in the veritable river of breastmilk flowing from Missy's nipple. "Whoa," he breathed in amazement. "Can I try some, Mrs, G?"

The MILF mommies giggled conspiratorially at Gabe's eager request.

"Of course you can, sweetie," Missy cooed, pulling the teen's face to her other breast. "There's plenty of milk to go around."

Gabe latched on without hesitation, moaning blissfully as Missy's thick, creamy breastmilk burst across his tongue. He suckled greedily, hollowing his cheeks and fluttering his tongue against the plump nipple to coax out more of the sweet nectar.

Beside him, Lucas had reattached himself to Missy's other tit, nursing in tandem with Gabe. Obscene slurping sounds filled the steamy shower stall as the boys guzzled down their fill, working in a steady rhythm.

Jess watched the erotic display with hooded eyes as Gabe's relentless cock continued to pound into her. The sight of her son suckling so hungrily at her best friend's huge mommy udders had fresh arousal gushing from her core to soak his pistoning shaft.

"Mmmm, drink up boys," she purred sultrily, rolling her hips to meet Gabe's thrusts. "Drain those big titties dry."

Missy tipped her head back against the shower wall with a low, guttural moan, the dual stimulation of two greedy mouths nursing at her breasts while Lucas's huge cock sawed in and out of her pussy sending her higher and higher. Milk sprayed from her nipples to splatter the boys' faces as they sucked, rivulets running down their chins to drip onto her stomach.

"Oh fuck, so yummy!" Gabe gasped, then went to town again, gorging on the peak of Missy's tit.

"Mmm-hmmm," Lucas agreed, half his head sunk into the squishy meat of his mom's melon as he nursed.

"Oh fuck," Missy whimpered, walls starting to flutter around Lucas's plundering cock as another orgasm built fast at her core. "Mommy's gonna cum again! Suck harder, babies! Bite my nipples!"

Lucas and Gabe eagerly obeyed, teeth grazing and then sinking into the rubbery peaks as they doubled their efforts. They gnawed gently

on the sensitive buds, coaxing out a firehose spray of breastmilk that flooded their mouths and cascaded down their chins.

Missy wailed her pleasure as her cunt clamped down HARD on her son's thrusting cock, hurtling her into another toe-curling climax. Her clit pounded in ecstasy, trapped between their furiously grinding pelvises.

Beside them, Jess was losing her mind on Gabe's relentlessly pounding cock, the fat crown battering her G-spot while his pubic bone mashed against her throbbing joy buzzer. She raked her nails down his heaving back, leaving livid red welts in her wake as her pussy rippled wildly along his length.

The mothers came apart in spectacular fashion again, their high-pitched screams echoing off the tile walls like a scene from a horror movie. Missy and Jess clutched desperately at their sons as violent orgasms ripped through their voluptuous bodies, making them jerk and convulse uncontrollably.

"AHHHHH! FUUUUCCCKKK!" Missy shrieked, head thrashing from side to side as her cunt spasmed almost painfully around Lucas's pummeling cock. Her legs tightened like a vice around his pumping hips, ankles locked at the small of his back as she ground herself frantically against him.

Beside them, Jess was wailing like a banshee, nails clawing at Gabe's flexing ass as she impaled herself over and over on his pile-driving shaft. Her pussy gushed like a geyser, fem-cum splattering the shower walls and floor as she squirted uncontrollably.

"OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD!" the blonde MILF chanted in a garbled prayer, voice raw from screaming. "DON'T STOP, FUCK ME THROUGH IT!"

Gabe snarled and redoubled his efforts, strong hands cupping his mother's rippling ass cheeks as he fucked into her like a

jackhammer. His cock was like an unyielding pillar of stone carved by the Gods, the blood trapped in his erectile chambers so dense it felt like his shaft could burst. His heavy balls slapped obscenely against her taint with every savage thrust, his mom's ejaculatory juice dripping steadily off of the swinging, spunk-filled orbs.

Lucas answered his own mother's desperate pleas with equal fervor, pinning her harder against the slick tile wall as he rutted into her with animalistic abandon. Missy's huge jugs bounced almost comically against his face with the force of his thrusts, spraying him with jets of breastmilk.

The cramped shower stall was a writhing mass of wet, flexing muscles and jiggling curves as the mothers and sons fucked in a wild frenzy. The lewd sounds of ecstatic screams, grunts, and bodies slapping together mingled with the pounding spray in an erotic symphony.

Missy threw her head back with a hoarse cry as a particularly intense spasm wracked her quivering pussy, causing her to buck so violently she slipped against the wall. Lucas scrambled to adjust his grip, slamming his palms on either side of her hips to keep them upright as he continued to pound into her convulsing cunt.

Jess's leg slid down Gabe's thigh as she too lost purchase, body shaking uncontrollably. The teen grabbed her under the knees and hiked her legs back up, spreading her impossibly wider on his sawing shaft. Jess loosed a ululating wail, head lolling against the tile as her pussy gushed around him.

Finally, as the last tremors wracked their oversensitized bodies, Missy and Jess slumped against their sons, completely boneless. The boys gently lowered their mothers' quaking forms to the shower floor, strong arms cradling them tenderly.

"Holy shit," Missy panted once she'd caught her breath, gazing up at Lucas with glazed, satiated eyes. "That was...indescribable."

Jess could only nod weakly in agreement, a blissed out grin on her flushed face.

Lucas and Gabe exchanged proud smirks, inordinately pleased with themselves for reducing their sexy mothers to quivering, cum-drunk messes. Their teenage cocks gave triumphant twitches against their thighs, gleaming with the mothers' juices.

After a few moments basking in the afterglow, Missy roused herself enough to reach up and turn off the cooling spray. She climbed unsteadily to her feet, using the wall for balance.

"Come on, let's get dried off," she suggested, a naughty twinkle in her eye. "Then we can take this party to the bedroom and really have some fun."

"Oh fuck yes," Jess breathed, allowing Gabe to help her up. "I want you boys spread out on the bed so we can worship those incredible bodies properly."

Anticipation zinged through Lucas and Gabe at the promise in their mothers' voices. They practically tripped over each other in their haste to comply, grabbing fluffy towels and hastily drying off. In record time, the group had migrated to the bedroom, an electric undercurrent of lust simmering between them.

Missy and Jess urged their sons onto one of the beds, the horny MILFs crawling after them with predatory intent, their heavy, dangling udders wobbling beneath them. The boys eagerly spread themselves out on the rumpled sheets, muscles flexing and cocks remaining hard under their mothers' openly admiring gazes.

"Mmmm, would you look at that," Jess purred appreciatively, sitting back on her haunches to drink in the delectable display. "So much young, virile boy meat, all laid out for us like a five star buffet."

"I don't even know where to start," Missy giggled, sapphire eyes sparkling with anticipation as they roved from Gabe's ripped torso to Lucas's eagerly twitching cock. "I just want to put my mouth on everything..."

The moms exchanged a sly, knowing glance before swooping down on their prey, determined to slake their ravenous hunger. Jess captured Gabe's lips in a searing kiss, tongue delving deep to taste him as her hands roamed his sculpted chest. She tweaked his flat brown nipples, swallowing his gasp before trailing lower to palm, giving his impressive length with an appraising hum.

209: Moms Gone Wild – SUPERSIZED-Part4/4

Missy, meanwhile, was busy worshiping Lucas's straining erection, tracing the bulging veins with the tip of her tongue before suckling sweetly on the leaking crown. She laved the sensitive bundle of nerves under the head, making her son arch and moan.

"You boys have the most gorgeous cocks," Jess declared huskily, wrapping her fingers around Gabe's thick shaft and giving him a teasing stroke. "So big and hard and perfect. I can't wait to feel you stretching me out again."

"God yes," Missy agreed breathlessly, releasing Lucas's dick from her mouth with a lewd pop. "I need to ride this beautiful teenage prick until I can't walk straight."

With that declaration, the MILF mommies positioned themselves over their sons' raging hard-ons, hovering teasingly side by side. Jess reached between her legs to rub the swollen head of Gabe's cock up and down her slick slit, coating him in her arousal. Missy did the same to Lucas, notching him at her entrance and swiveling her hips to paint his tip with her juices.

Then, moving in tandem, the mothers sank down slowly, twin groans of rapture escaping them as they were split open on their boys' thick cocks. Inch after excruciating inch disappeared into their clinging heat until finally, Missy and Jess were fully impaled, stuffed to the brim with their sons' throbbing meat.

"Wow, you feel incredible," Lucas panted, hands flying to Missy's undulating hips as she began to rock on him, stirring his cock in her tight sheath. "Love being buried in your hot cunt, Mom."

"Mmmm, your cock is so deep, baby," Missy moaned, head tipping back in bliss as she started bouncing in earnest. "Stretching Mommy's pussy so good!"

Beside them, Jess was riding Gabe for all she was worth, plump ass flexing as she impaled herself on his rigid shaft again and again. The wet suction sounds of their coupling filled the room, punctuated by the MILF's ecstatic keens and the rhythmic slap of flesh on flesh.

"God, your pussy is unreal," Gabe groaned, watching in awe as his mother's tits jiggled and swayed mesmerizingly above him. "So fucking tight and wet, squeezing my cock like a vise."

The boys were utterly transfixed by the erotic sight of their moms shamelessly riding them, getting lost in the pleasure of being sheathed in those slick, gripping cunts. They marveled at how their raging erections disappeared again and again into the MILFs' stretched out holes, glistening with their mingled fuck-juices.

Missy and Jess leaned forward, letting their massive, jiggling tits dangle temptingly in their sons' faces as they continued to bounce and grind on the thick teenage cocks splitting them open.

"Mmmm, suck on Mommy's big titties, baby," Missy purred, guiding one heavy breast to Lucas's panting mouth. "Put that tongue to good use."

Lucas latched onto the engorged nipple eagerly, groaning around the stiff peak as he suckled like a greedy babe. He swirled his tongue around the rubbery areola, lapping at the pebbled flesh before drawing on the nub forcefully.

Missy gasped and arched into her son's hungry mouth, one hand fisting in his hair to hold him to her chest. She undulated her hips faster, impaling herself on his rigid shaft with renewed vigor as he nursed from her.

"Oh fuck yes, just like that," the MILF mommy moaned gutturally, eyes fluttering shut in ecstasy. "Suck Mommy's tits while she rides your big cock!"

Inspired by his friend's example, Gabe wasted no time in capturing one of Jess's jiggling jugs, burying his face between the pillowy mounds. He motorboated the soft flesh, reveling in the weight of her tits engulfing him before zeroing in on a straining nipple.

Gabe painted the stiff bud with broad licks before sealing his lips around it, suckling harshly. He used his teeth to gently nip and tug on the sensitive peak, making his mom cry out sharply and buck against him.

"Mmmm, good boy," she praised breathlessly, holding his head to her heaving chest. "Get Mommy's titties all nice and wet. Fuck, your mouth feels amazing!"

The horny MILFs were in heaven, their cunts clenching greedily around the pistoning cocks stretching them wide as their sons worshipped their bountiful breasts. Obscene slurping and smacking sounds filled the room as the boys suckled and feasted, spit-slicked nipples glistening in the low light.

For a long, wonderful hour Jess and Missy worked themselves up and down on the thick poles spearing their cores, succulent bubble butts flexing and jiggling with every bounce. Their movements grew more frenzied as their orgasms approached, skin slapping lewdly against skin.

"Fuck, I'm getting close," Jess warned, voice strained as she chased her peak. "Bite Mommy's nipple, baby. Make me cum all over your

fat cock!"

Gabe obeyed with relish, clamping down on the sensitive nub and worrying it with his teeth. At the same time, he simultaneously thrust up hard from below, driving his cock head directly into Jess's G-spot.

The dual stimulation proved too much for the sexy MILF. With a guttural scream, Jess came violently, her pussy clamping down on Gabe's throbbing shaft like a velvet vise. Clear cum gushed from her spasming cunt, drenching the boy's pistoning cock and thrusting pelvis.

"FUCK YES! Cumming so hard on your big dick!" Jess wailed, entire body convulsing with the force of her orgasm. Her clit pulsed rapidly against Gabe's pubic bone as her inner muscles fluttered and squeezed his driving length. "Don't stop, keep fucking me through it!"

Gabe could only grunt and obey, hammering up into his mother's rippling sheath as she rode out her intense climax. The wet squelch of his cock churning her cum-flooded pussy grew obscene, rivulets of her release running down his flexing ass to soak the sheets.

Watching her best friend come undone so spectacularly on her son's cock pushed Missy over the edge. With a sharp cry, she joined Jess in ecstasy, her greedy cunt bearing down rhythmically on Lucas's steel-hard erection.

"Ohhhh god, baby! You're making Mommy cum!" Missy sobbed, head thrown back as she ground her clit against Lucas's pelvis. Her pussy spasmed wildly, milking her son's plundering cock for all she was worth. "I can feel every inch of your huge dick!"

Like Gabe, Lucas powered through his mother's bone-rattling orgasm, never ceasing the relentless piston of his hips. He angled

his thrusts to target her quivering G-spot, the broad head of his dick battering the sensitive bundle of nerves on every drive.

Missy gushed all over her son's pumping shaft, ejaculate splashing his groin and running in rivulets down her shaking thighs.

Missy and Jess sat upright, still impaled on their sons' throbbing cocks as the aftershocks of orgasm rocked through them. They bounced and gyrated wildly, tits ballooning out and wobbling hypnotically above the boys' awestruck faces.

Lucas and Gabe stared up at their mothers in absolute wonder, transfixed by the erotic sight. Massive mommy jugs jumped and rippled, nipples diamond-hard and jutting. The MILFs' pretty faces were

contorted in pure ecstasy, cheeks flushed and eyes glazed over as they rode out the intense pleasure.

Gabe's eyes darted down to his mom's bucking pubis. "Fuck dude, look at their clits," his panted to Lucas, voice strained with arousal. "They're sticking out so far, like little dicks!"

Lucas nodded frantically, own cock pulsing inside Missy's fluttering sheath as he zeroed in on his mother's engorged joy buzzer. The fat pink pearl protruded obscenely from beneath its hood, visibly throbbing in time with her rapid heartbeat. Clear juices glistened on the swollen nub, evidence of her extreme arousal.

"And their tits...holy shit," Lucas groaned, gazing back up and watching the massive globes balloon out and bounce in perfect sync above him. "They're like big beach balls!"

Missy and Jess preened at their sons' vulgar praise, chests puffing up with pride. They arched their backs, purposely thrusting their gigantic rippling jugs forward and swiveling their birthing hips to grind down harder on the thick teenage cocks splitting them open.

Gabe's eyes roved over their voluptuous bodies, taking in every glistening detail. "Fuck, look how sweaty their tits are," he panted to Lucas. "They're dripping, totally soaked."

Lucas nodded fervently, equally entranced by the MILFs' drenched cleavage. "And their nipples are so swollen and dark, like ripe grapes ready to burst."

Indeed, Missy and Jess's fat teats and areolas had flushed a deep purplish-red in their extreme state of arousal, the color stark against their pale heaving flesh. The thick buds strained upwards, so engorged they looked almost painful.

The boys' gazes drifted down their mothers' writhing torsos to where they were deeply joined, groins locked together as the MILFs impaled themselves over and over on the thick shafts cleaving their cunts.

"God, look how big our cocks look sawing in and out of them," Gabe groaned in awe. "They're so wet and shiny, just plowing right through."

"Stretching them so wide," Lucas agreed breathlessly, eyes glued to where his own massive pole was splitting his mom open, glistening with her fuck-oil. "My mom's pussy is clamping down so hard, rippling along every inch of me."

Indeed, the MILF mommies' drooling fuck-holes were squeezing their sons' pummeling cocks like velvet vises, inner muscles fluttering wildly as the boys' bulbous cockheads dragged deliciously along their quivering vaginal walls. Obscene squelching noises filled the air as they were pounded vigorously, clear fem-cum splattering the boys' pumping groins with each thrust.

Missy tossed her head back with a sharp cry as a particularly intense spasm wracked her core, her cunt gushing around Lucas's

hammering shaft. "Fuck baby! You're hitting my G-spot perfectly!" she wailed, grinding down harder. "Mommy's gonna cum again!"

Jess was in a similar state, eyes rolled back in bliss as Gabe's pubic bone mashed against her throbbing clit with each powerful drive of his hips. "Shit, right there! Don't stop!" she babbled almost incoherently, her cunt muscles rippling along his veined length. "Gonna squirt all over your big cock!"

Spurred on by their mothers' vulgar encouragement, the boys redoubled their efforts, strong hands gripping the MILFs' undulating hips as they fucked up into their slick heat with jackhammer intensity. The rhythmic slap of skin on skin grew faster, wetter, as they railed the MILF pussies with everything they had.

The feel of her scorching cunt squeezing him so tightly, combined with the debauched sight of her cumming so hard, sent Lucas careening towards his own release.

"Ah God! Ah, Mom, you're gonna make me explode," he panted harshly, fingers digging into the undulating globes of Missy's ass.

"Yes, give me that sweet, young cum!" Missy demanded breathlessly, rolling her hips faster, desperate to feel her son's hot seed flooding her quivering cunt.

The teenage boys' magnificent cocks throbbed and pulsed inside their mothers' syrupy cunts, every ridge and vein standing out in stark relief against the taut, flushed skin. The shafts were slick and gleaming with the MILFs' abundant juices, glistening enticingly in the low light.

The flared mushroom crowns caught deliciously on the moms' G-spots with every thrust, the sensitive bundles of nerves sending electric shocks of pleasure zinging through their writhing bodies. The thin, stretched skin just below the heads rubbed exquisitely against

the ribbed flesh of the women's fronts walls, stimulating thousands of tiny nerve endings.

The bulbous cock heads flared impossibly larger, swelling to fill every crevice of the MILF mommies' clinging channels. The slits at the tips gaped open, weeping copious pre-cum to mix lewdly with the mothers' slick arousal. Each driving plunge sawed the drooling heads directly over Missy and Jess's throbbing cervixes, bumping against the sensitive rings of muscle.

The thick roots of the boys' cocks were buried to the hilt, the rigid shafts extending from their groins at a slight upward angle. The delicate skin of their ball sacks tightened as their heavy testicles drew up close to their bodies, preparing to unleash their massive loads. Lucas and Gabe could feel the tingling pressure building at the base of their spines, coiling tighter and tighter as their orgasms approached.

"Cum for Mommy!" Missy and Jess wailed in unison, their undulating cunts clamping down HARD on those pistoning poles, milking the teenagers for all they were worth. "Fill us up with that hot seed! Paint our fucking wombs!!"

The debauched commands, combined with the rhythmic squeezing of those velvet-soft walls, catapulted the boys over the edge. With twin

roars of ecstasy, Lucas and Gabe slammed up one final time and exploded, their cocks erupting like geysers deep inside their mothers' spasming pussies.

Thick ropes of pearly semen rocketed from the heads of their jerking shafts, splattering against the fluttering walls of the MILFs' cunts. The first powerful spurts seemed to shoot directly into Missy and Jess's throbbing wombs, painting the spongy tissue with potent teenage spunk. Each successive jet coated their convulsing channels

in a slick layer of cum, the milky fluid mixing obscenely with the clear secretions still gushing from the women's climaxing pussies.

The spongy tubes running along the undersides of the boys' cocks pulsed rapidly, pumping out spurt after spurt of jizz in time with their frantic heartbeats. It seemed to go on forever, the teenagers' balls emptying what felt like gallons of jizz into the MILF mommies' hungry fuck holes.

The women shrieked in rapture as they were pumped full of scalding goo, the sheer volume triggering fresh spasms in their fluttering cunts. Their greedy pussies milked the spraying cocks for every drop, rippling rhythmically from entrance to cervix. Scalding splashes of spunk bathed their sensitive inner walls, the creamy fluid squelching out around the pulsing shafts with each thrust.

"Oh god, oh fuck, it's so much!" Missy babbled almost deliriously, eyes rolling back as she felt her son's hot seed flooding her core. It sloshed in her spasming channel, working its way into every nook and cranny before spilling back out to soak Lucas's pumping groin.

"Yes, fucking breed me!" Jess sobbed, cunt gushing around Gabe's erupting pole. She swore she could feel each individual spurt painting her cervix, searing her womb with its heat. "Pump Mommy full of your cum!!"

Lucas and Gabe could only groan brokenly as they spent themselves inside their mothers' clasping depths, the exquisite pressure of release like nothing they'd ever felt.

After the final shuddering aftershocks had faded, the exhausted family members collapsed into a sweaty, panting heap on the cum-soaked bed. Missy and Jess lay draped bonelessly across their sons' heaving chests, the boys' softening cocks still buried in their dripping cunts.

For long moments, the only sounds in the room were the ragged breathing of four thoroughly satiated lovers. Slowly, their racing hearts calmed and their spent bodies cooled, sweat and cum drying on their skin. No one had the energy to move. After a two-hour rut, they were too blissed out and fuck-drunk to do anything but curl into each other.

Lucas lazily stroked his mother's damp hair off her face, pressing a tender kiss to her temple. Missy hummed contentedly, nuzzling into the crook of his neck. Beside them, Gabe cradled Jess's voluptuous form, his big hands splayed possessively across the globes of her ass.

The warm, solid weight of their mothers, combined with the steady rocking of the ship, soon lulled the teenagers into a deep, peaceful slumber. Missy and Jess followed shortly after, the last tendrils of consciousness slipping away as they lay claimed and owned by their sons' strong bodies.

They dozed for a few hours, into the night, the occasional snippet of erotic dream making the boys' cocks twitch inside their mothers' cunts. As REM sleep took over, the horny visions grew more vivid - flashes of giant jiggling tits, glistening pink pussies, asses high in the air. Phantom sensations of hot, willing flesh and velvet soft walls, rhythmic clenching...

Gabe woke with a start, groggily taking in his surroundings. He was momentarily confused until the warm weight in his arms shifted and he looked down to see a headful of platinum curls. Memories of the wild

fucking that had taken place came rushing back and his teenage cock sprang to full attention, still sheathed in his mother's cum-slicked pussy.

The MILF mommy mewled in her sleep as she instinctively clenched around the sudden hardness stretching her, a fresh gush of arousal

leaking out to coat Gabe's shaft. The boy groaned low in his throat, hips flexing to push deeper into that welcoming heat.

On the other side of the bed, Missy roused from her sex coma to feel Lucas's impressive morning wood pulsing insistently in her core. She smiled wickedly, inner muscles rippling along his length as she began to rock subtly against him.

Lucas grunted, the last vestiges of sleep fleeing his brain as he focused on the slick slide of his cock in his mother's tight channel.

Spurred on by their raging morning wood, the teenage sons began to lazily thrust into their mothers' slick cunts, asses rising and falling between their splayed legs, savoring the delicious drag of flesh on flesh.

Missy and Jess mewled and gasped as they were slowly brought to full consciousness by the insistent cocks stretching their sleep-slack channels. They both locked their legs around the boys, securing them in fleshy fuck-harnesses as the teens set a frantic rhythm.

Some time later, craving deeper penetration, the MILF mommies rolled onto their hands and knees, arching their backs and presenting their juicy asses to their boys.

Lucas and Gabe wasted no time mounting the sexy mothers from behind, sinking back into their hot depths with twin groans of satisfaction.

"Mmmm, good morning to you too," Jess purred, a sleepy smile on her face as she pushed back to meet Gabe's languid thrusts. She clenched rhythmically around his sawing cock, relishing the delicious fullness. "What a way to wake up."

Beside them, Missy was riding Lucas's pistoning erection with sensual rolls of her hips, letting him stir up her sensitive walls. "Oh baby, you feel so good in Mommy's pussy," she panted, head lolling

as pleasure licked up her spine. "Love waking up stuffed full of your big cock."

Lucas grunted in response, fingers sinking into the abundant flesh of his mother's hips as he began to pound into her with renewed vigor. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room as he drilled Missy from behind, his heavy sack swinging up to smack her engorged clit with every driving thrust.

Gabe matched his friend's energetic rhythm, gripping Jess's undulating ass cheeks as he slammed into her sopping cunt. He angled his cock to drag against her G-spot, feeling the spongy patch of nerves quiver and swell as he rubbed it just right.

"Fuck, you're gonna make me cum already," Jess whined, her pussy starting to flutter around Gabe's plunging shaft. She reached between her splayed thighs to diddle her throbbing clit, desperate for release. "Pound Mommy's cunt, baby! I'm so fucking close!"

Spurred on by his mother's wanton cries, Gabe redoubled his efforts, hips snapping like a jackrabbit as he corkscrewed his cock in and out of her rippling sheath. Jess's succulent cheeks jiggled hypnotically with every jarring impact, the perfect heart shape of her ass bouncing on her son's pistoning pole.

The insatiable MILF mommies were determined to experience mind-blowing orgasms in every position imaginable, anxious to wring every drop of pleasure from their sons' virile bodies. With wicked grins, Missy and Jess urged the boys onto their backs, the mothers clambering astride to ride them reverse cowgirl.

Gabe and Lucas groaned in bliss as the sexy MILFs impaled themselves on their straining cocks, voluptuous asses flexing as they bounced

energetically. From this angle, the boys had a spectacular view of their mothers' naked bubble butts, rocking, flexing and jiggling as

they fucked.

Missy and Jess braced their hands on their sons' muscular thighs, using the leverage to piston themselves up and down with wild abandon. Their huge tits jiggled and swayed, diamond hard nipples pointing at the ceiling as ecstasy contorted their beautiful faces.

"Ohhh fuck yessss," Missy hissed, head lolling back as she ground her clit against Lucas's pubic bone. "Splitting me open on this huge teenage cock..."

Jess keened her agreement, voice hitching as she impaled herself over and over on Gabe's thick pole. She clenched rhythmically around him, slick walls rippling along his pulsing length. "Mmmm baby, you reach so deep like this. I can feel you in my fucking throat!"

The boys could only grunt and pant harshly as their mothers rode them hard, the wet suction sounds of their coupling filling the room. Watching those ripe asses bounce on their pistoning dicks, jiggling cheeks parted obscenely around their girth, was the ultimate visual feast. Gabe and Lucas knew they could cum from the erotic sight alone.

But the MILF mommies weren't done with them yet. Before the teenagers could reach their peaks, Missy and Jess dismounted and flipped around, straddling their sons facing forward. The boys had to bite back whimpers as tight, hot pussies engulfed them once more.

After riding them like whores for awhile, Jess quickly crawled off her son, letting his wet dick slap back against his abdomen. "Hands and knees, studs," Jess commanded breathlessly. "We want you to drill us like jackhammers."

Gabe and Lucas scrambled to comply, the sexy MILFs dropping to all fours in front of them. They presented their juicy asses like bitches in heat, slick cunts winking invitingly between splayed thighs.

The boys mounted their moms from behind, splitting them open on their aching cocks with mutual groans of satisfaction. They set a brutal pace, fucking into those squelching holes fast and hard, balls slapping obscenely against throbbing clits.

"YES, like that!" Missy cried, fists clenching in the sheets as Lucas rammed her from the rear.

The sweat-soaked teens high-fived each other as they mercilessly pounded their moms from behind, huge grins plastered across their flushed faces. "Dude, look at the way their ass cheeks are rippling!" Gabe crowed to Lucas, eyes glued to Missy's quivering rump as it jiggled with every impact. "I can't believe how they just bounce right back after each thrust!"

"You can see their assholes too," Lucas exclaimed, his eyes wide at the sight of his mom's tightly clenched ring, tucked between her jiggling buns.

"Dude, how good would it feel to have our dicks in there?" Gabe wondered aloud.

"And check out the way their huge tits are swinging, man!" Lucas panted back in awe, one hand reaching under Missy's writhing body to cup a heavy breast. "They're like wrecking balls!" He squeezed the pliant mound roughly, relishing his mother's sharp moan.

Missy and Jess were lost to the world, utterly consumed by the ecstasy of being so thoroughly fucked. They rocked back to meet every punishing thrust, their round butts smacking obscenely against their sons' pumping hips. The headboard slammed against the wall with the force of the teens' powerful strokes, the entire bed frame shaking.

"Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop!" Jess screamed, her cunt gushing around Gabe's sawing cock as she teetered on the brink. She

shoved two fingers into her drooling mouth, sucking wildly as her other hand clawed at the sheets.

"AHHH YESSSS! FUCK ME THROUGH IT! PLEASE LUCAS!" Missy shrieked a second later as her pussy went vice tight around Lucas, climax crashing through her. Her back arched almost painfully as her eyes rolled back, body convulsing.

The MILF mommies came with the explosive force of supernovas, their fluttering cunts milking their sons' pistoning cocks rapturously. Lucas and Gabe let out matching guttural groans, the clenching velvet heat too much to withstand. With only a few more frantic thrusts, they slammed in balls deep one final time and erupted, pump semen directly against their mothers' spasming cervixes.

"TAKE IT MOM, FUCK YESSSSS!" The teens roared as they geysered what felt like gallons of cum, hips spasming uncontrollably. Their eyes rolled back as pure blinding bliss radiated out from where they were joined with their moms, wave after wave of tingling ecstasy crashing over them.

Missy and Jess wailed brokenly as they were flooded with scalding teen spunk, the sheer volume triggering aftershocks in their convulsing channels. They bucked and writhed on the spurting cocks splitting them open, the filthy squelch of cum churning in their cunts obscenely loud.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, the intense pleasure faded and they collapsed in a sweaty heap of tangled limbs. Exhausted from their marathon lovemaking session, the family members drifted off into a sated slumber, their naked bodies intertwined.

A few hours later, a chipper female voice came over the ship's intercom, rousing them from their post-coital nap. "Good morning, passengers! This is your Captain speaking. I hope you're all enjoying your final day on board our fabulous fuck boat!"

Missy groaned and rubbed the sleep from her eyes, lifting her head from where it rested on Lucas's chest. Jess stirred as well, stretching languidly like a cat in a sunbeam.

"As per ship tradition, today is Nude Day!" the Captain continued gleefully. "That's right, folks - we encourage all of our guests to embrace their natural state and let it all hang out! So shed those pesky clothes and join us for a delicious breakfast buffet on the Lido Deck. See you there!"

The MILF mommies exchanged sly grins as the intercom clicked off, their sons blinking awake with befuddled expressions. "You heard the lady," Missy purred, giving Lucas's morning wood a sensual stroke. "Time to bare it all, boys."

"Mmm, I like this tradition," Jess agreed, licking her lips as she shamelessly ogled Gabe's impressive package. "Why don't we all hit the showers and then head to breakfast in our birthday suits?"

"Uh, you want us to just walk around the ship totally naked? In front of everyone?" Lucas asked, face flushing at the thought.

"Oh honey, it's nothing they haven't seen before," Missy giggled, climbing out of bed and sauntering towards the bathroom, her spectacular ass jiggling. "This is a fuck boat, remember? The crew is probably used to all sorts of depravity."

Emboldened by their mothers' utter lack of modesty, the teenage sons followed the sexy MILFs into the opulent bathroom. They crammed into the shower stall together, the boys' raging erections jutting out eagerly.

"Looks like someone's excited to be naked," Jess teased, reaching out to fondle Gabe and Lucas's hard cocks as the warm spray sluiced over their bodies.

"How can we not be, with you two sexy mommas all wet and slippery?" Gabe growled playfully, pulling Jess flush against him.

The foursome ended up fooling around in the shower for quite a while, soaping up each other's nude bodies and exchanging tongue-twining kisses and slippery caresses. By the time they finally emerged, pruney and sated, their stomachs were growling loudly.

As the freshly showered couples arrived up on deck, it quickly became apparent that the entire cruise ship had transformed into a hedonistic wonderland overnight. Everywhere they looked, naked flesh was on wanton display - voluptuous MILFs strutting about with their giant tits jiggling and pert nipples straining, virile young men proudly sporting rock hard erections.

Raucous laughter and erotic moans filled the air as the fully nude passengers lost themselves to their basest instincts. In the middle of the lido deck, a busty cougar had her massive jugs wrapped around a teen's throbbing cock, tit-fucking him with wild abandon as he threw his head back in ecstasy.

Just a few feet away, another stacked MILF was on her knees servicing two young studs at once, her plump lips stretched obscenely around their girthy shafts as she alternated sucking them with loud slurps. The boys high-fived each other over her bobbing head, shit-eating grins on their faces.

Over by the railing, a curvy pregnant brunette had hitched her leg up as a well-hung college jock pistoned in and out of her from behind, the wet slap of their naked flesh rivaling the crashing of the waves. The MILF's huge milk-filled tits bounced in time with his thrusts, her cries of pleasure echoing across the deck.

Similar scenes of debauchery were playing out in every direction - a veritable sea of bobbing mommy breasts and jutting young cocks as far as the eye could see. No one bothered with modesty or propriety, too far gone in their nude hedonism to care about public decency.

Chaise lounges had been converted into makeshift sex beds, naked bodies writhing and undulating as they rutted shamelessly. A buxom Asian mommy rode a young buck reverse cowgirl, her succulent cheeks rippling with each bounce on his thick pole. Beside them, a mocha-skinned goddess was getting pounded from behind, her giant tits swinging like wrecking balls as her young wolf pistoned in and out of her juicy snatch.

Masked MILFs darted playfully between the clusters of horny revelers, their voluptuous bodies glistening with tanning oil. Packs of wolf boys gave chase, boners leading the way as they captured the giggling cougars. They bent the sexy mommas over, burying their faces between ample butt cheeks to lap at dripping cunts and winking rosebud assholes.

The air was thick with the ripe scent of sex, a heady perfume of sweat and arousal. Grunts and moans provided a perverse soundtrack, the wet slap of flesh on flesh and sloppy slurps punctuating the erotic symphony. It was a no-holds-barred fuck fest, a complete sexual free-for-all.

"Sweet Jesus," Lucas breathed as he took in the carnal chaos, his own impressive erection rising rapidly to full mast. Beside him, Gabe let out a low whistle, eyes bugging out of his head at the live porno playing out before them.

"Welcome to Nude Day, boys!" Missy trilled gleefully, completely unfazed by the perverse pandemonium. She grabbed Lucas's hand and tugged him towards the buffet, her lush ass cheeks clenching with each step.

"Come on, let's get some grub to fuel up. Something tells me we're going to need our stamina today," the sexy MILF winked salaciously over her shoulder.

Jess followed hot on their heels, Gabe in tow. She boldly reached back to grip her son's straining cock, smirking at his startled grunt.

"Mmmm,

you'll need to pace yourself with this big boy. Momma's not done with you yet, stud."

The promise in her voice made Gabe groan, his balls already tightening at the thought of sinking into his mother's hot cunt again.

After a hearty breakfast to replenish their energy, the two MILF mommies and their strapping sons made their way to the Rocking Horse, the amusement park section of the ship. All around them, nude bodies bounced and jiggled as the passengers walked, ran and played - huge mommy tits swaying hypnotically, ripe asses flexing, fully erect cocks bobbing lewdly.

Missy and Jess fit right in with the sea of naked flesh, their own spectacular curves on wanton display. Their giant breasts slapped together with each step, diamonds hard nipples jutting proudly. Their round booties undulated sensually, the perfect peach shapes quivering with every stride. Rivulets of arousal trickled down their inner thighs, their bare slits visibly wet and puffy with need.

Lucas and Gabe followed behind their sexy mothers, rendered mute by the erotic spectacle. Their own impressive erections strained towards the MILF's jiggling backsides, the bulbous heads shiny with pre-cum. The teenagers had to resist the urge to reach out and grab handfuls of those succulent cheeks, to sink to their knees and bury their faces between them.

As they approached the amusement area, it became clear that these were no ordinary rides and games. Each attraction had been converted into an adult playground, a kinky wonderland for horny couples to indulge their wildest fantasies.

The Tunnel of Love had been renamed the Tunnel of Lust, the dark passageway lit by erotic red lights. Wanton moans and wet flesh beating together rhythmically echoed from within as nude

passengers utilized the privacy to fuck like rabbits, the boats rocking violently.

The log flume ride zipped by, a giggling cougar straddling her young buck in the front seat. She threw her head back in ecstasy as he pounded up into her, her massive tits bouncing in his face. Their screams of mutual climax pierced the air as they hit the final drop, a shower of water sluicing over their writhing bodies.

One ride in particular caught the teenage sons' attention - a large circular platform where a bevy of busty MILFs were strapped spread-eagle, their wrists and ankles secured by velcro cuffs attached to bungee cords. A gleeful wolf boy sat at a control panel covered in colorful buttons and levers, an impish grin on his face as he manipulated the contraption.

With each press of a button or pull of a lever, the bungee cords would yank and stretch, contorting the nude mommy bodies into various lewd positions. A curvy redhead found herself flipped upside down, ample ass high in the air as her legs were pulled apart obscenely. The cords attached to her wrists tugged her arms back behind her, thrusting her giant tits out proudly.

"Oh fuck!" the MILF yelped in surprise, green eyes wide. But then a salacious smile curved her lips as she realized her dripping pussy was now completely exposed and vulnerable in this position. "Mmmm, like what you see, boys?" she called out to the crowd of onlookers, voice husky.

Beside her, a statuesque ebony goddess had her ankles pulled up near her ears, the bungees folding her practically in half. Her soaking wet slit winked invitingly between the splayed globes of her ass, the position lewdly displaying all her intimate treasures. The dark-skinned beauty grinned and rolled her hips wantonly, enjoying the hungry stares.

"Dude, it's like real life porn puppets," Gabe marveled, giving his rigid erection a few eager pumps. "I bet those kinky cougars are creaming themselves, getting contorted like ragdolls for everyone to see."

They turned to their moms with matching mischievous grins, waggling their eyebrows.

"Hey Mom, you guys should totally go on that ride," Gabe suggested, barely containing his excitement. "Lucas and I could work the controls, put you in all sorts of naughty positions..."

"Oh I don't know, baby," Jess hedged, biting her lip as she eyed the wild contraption. "It looks a little...intense."

"Come on, it'll be fun!" Lucas cajoled, slipping his arm around Missy's waist to pull her close. He nuzzled her ear, voice dropping to a husky purr. "Don't you wanna be my sexy little puppet, mom?"

Missy shivered, nipples pebbling as his warm breath ghosted over her sensitive skin. The wicked promise in her son's tone had fresh arousal gushing from her core to trickle down her thighs.

Jess was similarly affected, her slick folds clenching at the thought of being so completely at her son's mercy, of being lewdly displayed for his viewing pleasure. The taboo thrill was too delicious to resist.

"Let's do it," the platinum blonde MILF declared breathlessly, grabbing Missy's hand. "Let's be our boys' kinky marionettes!"

With sultry winks over their shoulders, the giggling mommas scampered off to get harnessed up, their ripe asses jiggling hypnotically. Lucas and Gabe high-fived as they rushed after them, eager to get their hands on the controls.

In no time at all, Missy and Jess were securely strapped into the elaborate rig, their arms and legs splayed to put their spectacular

nude bodies on wanton display. The bungee cords crisscrossed over their torsos, biting into the abundant flesh of their breasts and framing the juicy globes. Velcro cuffs wrapped snugly around their wrists and ankles, keeping them spread and vulnerable.

"We're all yours, boys," Missy called out breathlessly, the cool ocean breeze kissing her bare skin and pebbling her nipples even tighter. "Do your worst!"

Grinning like the cats who got the cream, Lucas and Gabe took their positions at the control panel. They studied the colorful array of buttons and levers for a moment, considering the myriad of tantalizing possibilities. Where to begin?

Gabe made the first move, yanking a neon green lever. Jess let out a yelp of surprise as the cords around her ankles abruptly retracted, hauling her legs up behind her head. The blonde MILF found herself folded practically in half, her dripping slit completely exposed between her splayed ass cheeks.

"Oh my God!" Jess squealed, eyes wide as she realized just how vulnerable she was in this position. Her pussy clenched and more arousal dribbled out to trickle down the crack of her ass.

"Mmmm, would you look at that pretty pink cunt," Gabe growled appreciatively, drinking in the delectable sight of his mother's most intimate parts on obscene display. He reached out to press a large red button and the cords on Jess's wrists yanked her arms back behind her, thrusting her massive tits out lewdly.

The platinum blonde threw her head back with a wanton moan as the new position made her feel even more exposed, her engorged nipples jutting towards the sky. The bungees framed her giant, jiggling jugs like an erotic work of art and Gabe licked his lips hungrily.

Not to be outdone, Lucas grabbed a purple lever and cranked it all the way up. Missy shrieked as she was abruptly flipped upside down, shapely legs pulled apart in a wide V. Her ankles were practically touching her ears, contorting her body into the most lewd configuration imaginable.

"Holy fuck!" The brunette MILF yelped, the blood rushing to her head only heightening the throbbing ache between her splayed thighs. Upside down, her enormous breasts slapped her in the face, the heavy globes a pendulous weight. Her diamond hard nipples scraped deliciously against her own cheeks as they swayed with her every squirm.

"Daaaamn Mom, you're so flexible," Lucas praised, eyes glued to her glistening slit as it winked at him from between her round ass cheeks. Rivulets of nectar dripped down to soak the bungees binding her, the musky scent of her arousal wafting over to tease his nostrils.

The teen reached for another lever, this one striped like a candy cane. When he yanked it down, the cords attached to Missy's wrists retracted, hauling her arms out to the sides and slightly behind her. The position thrust her giant rack out proudly, the fleshy orbs pulled taut.

"Ooooh yes!" Missy keened, undulating in her bonds as much as she could. Being so utterly open and vulnerable, so completely at her son's mercy, was getting her unbelievably hot. Her pussy was positively weeping with need, the fleshy petals unfurling like a flower.

"Dude, look at her fucking tits thrust out like that," Gabe exclaimed, his gaze moving back and forth between the two mothers.

"How do they spread their legs that far?" Lucas asked aloud, gazing over at Gabe's mom with her legs scissored completely apart.

"They're moms dude," Gabe answered with a grin. "It's what their bodies are made to do. You know, fuck and give birth to babies—shit like that."

The boys took turns manipulating the controls, contorting their mothers into a variety of naughty positions. They had the buxom MILFs bent over, asses high and holes exposed. They spread their legs as wide as they could go, until the mommies were doing full splits in midair. They pulled

the cords to thrust their chests out obscenely, giant tits bouncing and jiggling on display.

Missy and Jess were flushed and panting, shameless moans falling from their lips as they were stretched and positioned like kinky ragdolls. The wanton exhibition had their cunts gushing, slick honey coating their inner thighs and puddling on the platform beneath them. Having their most intimate areas bared and splayed for all to see, completely under their sons' control, was the most intensely arousing experience of their lives.

"Look how wet they are," Gabe marveled, noticing the growing wet spots under the MILF mommies' splayed crotches. Their puffy pink folds glistened with arousal, clear juices dripping down to soak the vinyl. "They're totally getting off on this!"

"So cool!" Lucas growled appreciatively, palming his aching cock as he drank in the live porn show. Watching his mother's curvy body contort into such revealing poses, seeing her most secret places lewdly displayed, had his balls drawn up tight and ready to explode. "Bet they can't wait to fuck us again!"

After being unstrapped from the wild bungee ride, Missy and Jess staggered on wobbly legs, their drenched cunts still fluttering from the intense erotic experience. The MILF mommies exchanged a knowing look, both flushed and panting with need. It was time to take things to the next level.

"Come on boys, we've got one more ride to try," Missy purred, crooking a finger at their sons. She turned and sashayed off, her juicy ass cheeks jiggling hypnotically with each step.

Lucas and Gabe practically tripped over their own feet in their eagerness to follow, cocks bobbing obscenely as they jogged to keep up. Jess brought up the rear, reaching out to grab generous handfuls of her son's flexing ass as they walked.

The sexy mommas led them to a secluded back corner of the amusement park, where a nondescript door was set into a privacy fence. A small sign next to it read simply "Anal Antics - Couples Only".

Missy produced a key card from god knows where and swiped it through the lock. The door clicked open and she ushered their little group inside, a salacious grin on her face.

Lucas and Gabe's jaws dropped as they took in the room before them. It was dimly lit and draped in plush red velvet, giving it a decadent bordello feel. Sensual music pulsed from hidden speakers, the low bass throbbing in their bones.

But it was the centerpiece of the room that really grabbed their attention - an elaborate sex swing contraption, complete with stirrups, straps and strategically placed cutouts. It was clearly designed for one purpose and one purpose only - anal debauchery.

"Holy shit," Gabe breathed, eyes wide as he ogled the kinky setup. His cock lurched against his stomach, a fresh bead of pre-cum drooling from the slit.

"You boys ever fucked a woman up the ass?" Jess asked huskily, sauntering over to run her fingers along the supple leather straps of the swing.

Lucas and Gabe mutely shook their heads, rendered speechless by the erotic possibilities laid out before them. They'd fantasized about anal of course, what teenage boy hadn't? But they never dreamed they'd actually get the chance to experience it, let alone with their own gorgeous mothers.

"Well, today's your lucky day," Missy declared with a wicked grin. "Jess and I are gonna be your anal sluts. You're gonna shove those big cocks up our tight little assholes and fuck us raw."

As the boys gaped at their mothers in shock and arousal, a naked female attendant suddenly appeared, as if summoned. In her hands she carried two strange-looking elastic straps with tiny nubs attached.

Without preamble, the attendant knelt before Lucas and Gabe's straining erections. She deftly wrapped the elastics around the bases of their thick shafts, securing the tiny devices in place. The nubs rested right at their most sensitive spots, the little bundles of nerves just under the glans.

"Uh, what are those?" Gabe asked nervously, frowning down at the new adornment encircling his turgid flesh.

The attendant smirked up at him through her lashes. "Cameras," she replied simply before rising gracefully to her feet and sauntering off.

"Cameras?!" Lucas sputtered, eyes going wide as realization dawned.

"That's right, baby," Missy purred, sashaying over to run a perfectly manicured nail around the device on her son's cock. Candice had told the two mothers about the anal room the previous day and now they'd get their chance to try it. "You're gonna get to get to see exactly what those big dicks do to Mommy's tight little asshole. Every thrust, every clench, every spasm in high def..."

"Fuck," Gabe groaned, head falling back as he imagined the incredibly erotic visuals. Watching their own cocks piston in and out of their mothers' forbidden holes, feeling each squeeze and flutter translated to the screen...it was almost too hot to handle.

"Well what are you waiting for?" Jess demanded breathlessly, already climbing into the sex swing. She maneuvered her voluptuous body into position, giant tits hanging down as she presented her round ass to the room. "Lube up and come stuff our slutty holes full of thick meat!"

Missy quickly joined her, draping herself over the padded straps and letting her legs fall open in blatant invitation. The position left both

MILFs completely exposed and vulnerable, their most intimate places served up like a feast for their sons.

Pink pussies glistened with arousal, the plump outer lips slightly parted to reveal glistening pink inner folds. The mommies' delicate rosebud assholes winked from between the splayed globes of their asses, fluttering and twitching with anticipation. It was a visual buffet of hot, eager mommy holes just begging to be filled.

"Christ," Lucas choked out, fisting his throbbing erection as he drank in the incredibly erotic sight. His mother and her best friend splayed out so wantonly, their forbidden back doors offered up for the taking...it was like something out of his most depraved fantasies.

Lucas and Gabe squirted some lube from a dispenser onto the rigid flesh, then surged forward, glistening cocks leading the way as they positioned themselves behind the bent-over MILFs.

Missy and Jess shivered in anticipation as they felt the swollen heads of their sons' fuck sticks nudging against their rims, smearing the sensitive skin with warm pre-cum and lube.

"Go slow at first," Missy instructed breathlessly, bracing herself for the intense stretch. "Our asses have never taken anything this big before. You need to work us open."

Nodding eagerly, the boys began to press forward, holding their mothers' plump cheeks apart as they watched their cock heads slowly sink past the tight rings of muscle. Missy and Jess mewled at the pressure, instinctively bearing down against the intrusion.

"Oh god, oh fuck," Jess whimpered, eyes squeezing shut as Gabe's broad crown popped past her sphincter. The burn was intense but not unpleasant, her anal walls quivering around his girth.

"Breathe through it," Missy coached, panting harshly as Lucas split her open inch by excruciating inch. "It'll start to feel good once you adjust. Just keep relaxing...unnngh yessss..."

The MILF's seductive moan turned guttural as her son hilted himself in her tight back channel, his heavy balls coming to rest against her dripping slit. Lucas groaned at the exquisite vice grip, his mother's silky walls rippling along his entire length.

"Christ Mom, you're so tight in there," he grunted, giving an experimental thrust that had Missy keening. "Feels like you're sucking me in."

Beside them, Gabe was fully sheathed in Jess's ass, the blonde bombshell writhing on his impaling pole. The teens set a slow, deep rhythm, sawing in and out of their mothers' clenching holes, letting them acclimate to the intense stretch and pressure of dicks that were both well over nine inches.

Soon enough, the pleasure overtook the initial discomfort and Missy and Jess were pushing back to meet every thrust, shameless moans falling from their lips. The wet, obscene sound of flesh slapping flesh filled the room as the boys began to piston faster, balls smacking against slick pussies.

"Oooh fuck, that's it!" Missy cried, fingers clawing at the swing's leather straps. "Pound Mommy's ass, baby! Ruin my tight hole on your big cock!"

As if on cue, the sex swing contraption suddenly whirred to life, hydraulic pulleys engaging. Missy and Jess shrieked in surprise as they were hoisted up into the air, their sons laying against them, still firmly embedded balls-deep in their stretched assholes.

With a smooth gliding motion, the apparatus began to swing the couples back and forth across the room, building momentum. Lucas and Gabe

clung to their mothers' plush hips, plastered against the abundant cheeks of their asses as they were taken for the ride of their lives.

Each pendulous swing brought with it a long, deep thrust into the MILF mommies' spasming bowels. As they reached the apex of the upswing, gravity would pull the boys' hips back, their thick cocks withdrawing until just the flared heads caught on the mommies' clinging sphincters. Then as they reached the bottom of the downswing, the momentum would drive them to the hilt once more, balls smacking obscenely against slick snatches.

"OH OH OH FUUUUUCK!!!" Missy wailed, eyes rolling back in her head at the intense sensation of having her asshole plundered so deeply, over and over. Her body went limp, surrendering completely to the wild ride as her anal walls clenched and rippled around her son's pistoning cock.

Jess was equally lost to the world, high-pitched keens and garbled praise spilling from her slack mouth. She flexed her hips as much as she could in the swing, grinding her ample backside against Gabe's pumping groin. Her hungry hole squeezed rhythmically, massaging every pulsing inch of his shaft as it reamed her out.

But the real show was beginning to play out on the wall before them, the anal cam footage projected larger than life. Two side-by-side screens displayed the depraved action in glorious HD - close-ups of the sons' girthy dicks plunging in and out of their mothers' hot back doors.

Gabe and Lucas watched in awe as the cameras captured every sordid detail. Their flared cock heads prying open those tight, pink rims. The wrinkled skin of the mommies' assholes clinging to their shafts on every outstroke. Sticky ropes of pre-cum connecting anus to dick as they withdrew, only to squelch obscenely as they drove back in.

The visuals were deliciously perverse, a peek into the hidden world of their most taboo coupling. As the wild swinging intensified, so too did the force and depth of penetration. Gabe and Lucas were transfixed by

the sight of their cocks sawing through the slick, clutching heat of their mothers' bowels, the cameras capturing every clench and flutter.

Reaching under their wildly swinging mothers, Lucas and Gabe groped blindly until they each found a heaving breast. They sank their fingers into the abundant flesh, kneading and squeezing the heavy udders as they pistoned in and out of the MILF's spasming assholes.

"That's it, maul Mommy's big titties while you ruin her backdoor!" Missy cried, arching into her son's mauling touch. Her engorged nipples poked into his palms, the rubbery nubs pebbled with arousal.

Gabe tweaked and tugged on Jess's elongated teats, twisting just the way she liked it, making warm tit-nectar seep out between his fingers. The sting of pleasure/pain rocketed straight to her clit and she shrieked, convulsing in the swing. "Harder baby! Pinch my nips, make me cum on your cock!"

Groaning harshly, the boys complied, rolling the sensitive buds between their fingers as they snapped their hips faster. Their fixated gazes never left the depraved live feed playing out on the wall screens.

The cams captured every obscene detail as they plunged into their mothers' stretched out holes, the purplish-red flesh of the ass-barrels clinging to their pummeling poles. Long, girthy shafts glistening with ass juices and flared mushroom heads tugging on the mommies' clinging rims.

Each forceful thrust shoved their dicks deeper into the MILF's rectal tunnels, breaching them to the balls. The footage showed clearly how their pulsing anal tubes gripped and massaged the invading cocks, rippling from sphincter to sigmoid and back.

As Missy and Jess careened towards their explosive climaxes, their bowels began to spasm more violently around their sons' plundering erections. The cam zoomed in to capture the moment their orgasms hit,

anal rings clamping down rhythmically on the thick shafts splitting them open.

"FUCK, I'M CUMMING!" Missy wailed, convulsing almost violently in the wildly swinging apparatus. Her clenching asshole milked Lucas's cock like a velvet vise, the delicate inner tissues fluttering around his girth.

"Ohhhh god, me too!" Jess shrieked a second later, back arching almost painfully as her climax ripped through her. Her forbidden hole rippled and squeezed Gabe's sawing meat, trying to suck him even deeper.

On screen, their swollen assholes pulsed rapidly around the pistoning cocks, the tender flesh quivering with the force of their anal orgasms. Clear fem-cum gushed from their spasming cunts,

splattering their sons' pumping groins to drip obscenely down their swinging balls.

The intense anal contractions wringing their cocks proved too much for Lucas and Gabe. With strangled shouts, the teen studs slammed in balls-deep one final time and erupted, painting their mothers' bowels with hot seed.

"FUUUCK YESSS! Cumming in your ass, Mom!" Lucas roared, head thrown back in ecstasy as his cock geysered thick ropes of jizz deep into Missy's clenching hole.

"Take it all! Milk my fucking dick!" Gabe grunted savagely, hips spasming as he pumped what felt like gallons of spunk up Jess's rippling chute.

On the screens, the cams captured the moment of ejaculation in filthy detail. The boys' cock heads flared impossibly wider, stretching their mothers' tender sphincters to the max. Then creamy semen exploded from their slits in long, pulsing spurts, splattering the MILF's rectal walls in a hot baptism.

Missy and Jess wailed as they felt their sons' potent seed filling their forbidden channels, the sheer volume and force of the ejaculations

triggering intense secondary orgasms. Their assholes clamped down rhythmically, working to milk every drop from those throbbing cocks.

The screens showed their bowels expanding to accommodate the massive loads, anal tubes distending around the pumping shafts. Foamy spunk squelched out around the pistoning dicks, the thick white cream churned to a froth by the relentless thrusting.

Gabe and Lucas groaned in blissed-out relief as they emptied their aching balls deep in their mothers' hot back passages, painting them with virile teenage cum. Even as their climaxes tapered off into

feeble spurts and twitches, the MILF mommies' greedy holes continued to ripple and squeeze, coaxing out every last drop.

The sex swing gradually slowed its wild pendulous arcs, the momentum winding down until Missy and Jess were gently swaying, their ravaged assholes still stuffed full of semi-hard cock and slowly oozing jizz. The teens clung weakly to their mothers' quivering flesh, completely drained.

After a few moments suspended in the afterglow, the hydraulics hissed and lowered the couples to the floor. Gabe and Lucas slipped from their moms' cum-sloppy holes with obscene wet pops, their cocks coated in a sheen of ass juices and spunk.

Wobbly-legged, the family members disentangled from the apparatus and collapsed onto the floor in a sweaty, panting heap. For long minutes, the only sounds in the room were ragged breathing and the occasional moan.

They made their way out on deck, and Gabe and Jess went to grab some drinks. Lucas offered his mom a piggyback ride along the ship's bow. He delighted in the feel of her smooth, strong thighs and bare breasts pressing against his back, her fat, hard nipples prodding against his skin.

Missy giggled, "We're almost there, baby," she said.

She slid off his back, took his hand, and led him to the furthest point of the bow. The naked mother climbed onto the railing, mimicking Rose from the iconic scene in "Titanic." Lucas followed, holding her from behind like Jack, as they gazed out at the vast ocean. They stretched their arms out like wings, clasping each other's hands.

"We're flying," Missy shouted, her gargantuan tits pointing forward, making them the most forward part of the ship. The breeze swept through her hair, making her look like a classic nautical figurehead. She turned to her son, and they shared a passionate kiss. When

they finally parted, Lucas looked out to sea and shouted at the top of his lungs, "I'm the king of the world!!"

Missy giggled and slipped back down onto the deck with him. She threw her arms around his neck, embracing him. "And I'm your Queen, " she said in a sexy tone.

They kissed some more, Missy's big jugs squashing against his bare chest, side boob bulging out from between them. Their lips smacked together and their tongues danced with needful passion.

Jess and Gabe burst onto the scene, hand in hand, both still completely naked. Jess shot a playful but sharp look at Missy. "Please tell me you guys didn't actually do the whole 'Titanic' thing?" she demanded.

Missy grinned wickedly, eyes alight with mischief. "We totally did," she confessed with a gleeful chuckle.

"Ugh, puke," Jess exclaimed with exaggerated disgust, prompting peals of laughter from the group.

Gabe's gaze locked onto the deserted jacuzzi, an oasis of warmth amid the ship's chilly embrace. "Let's dive into the hot tub," he declared, tugging his mom along with a sense of urgency.

Missy and Lucas eagerly trailed behind. "I love that plan," Missy agreed enthusiastically, her voice tinged with a hint of urgency. "The cold's creeping in, and we don't want these hot dicks turning into icicles."

Jess let out a hearty laugh. "Right, they're not much use to us then," she quipped, her words slicing through the chilly air with biting humor.

In the roiling heat of the jacuzzi, the quartet submerged themselves, mothers mounting their teens with a primal hunger. They feasted on

each other's mouths like ravenous beings, not caring if the world burned around them. "Mmm, those cocks are rock hard now," Jess growled, her voice thick with lust as she writhed against Gabe's throbbing length.

"Just how we like them," Missy panted between bruising kisses. "We moms crave a fucking hard cock."

Lucas, in his debauchery, was indeed the king of this depraved world. No man could feel more brutal, more dominant, more like a fucking conqueror than he did in that moment.

Beneath the frothing surface of the hot tub, Gabe and Lucas submerged themselves on top of their moms, between their wantonly splayed thighs. The swirling currents lapped at their muscular backs as they positioned their straining erections at the MILF's slick entrances.

With matching groans of satisfaction, the virile teens sheathed their impressive lengths in the welcoming heat of their moms' cunts. The velvety soft walls parted easily for them, still loose and sloppy from the massive anal poundings they had received just minutes before.

But what the horny mommies' fuckholes lacked in tightness, they more than made up for in enthusiasm, clenching and rippling rapturously along every inch of their sons' pistoning cocks. Missy and Jess locked their legs around their teen, holding them close, mewling in bliss as they were filled to the brim once more, their elastic cunts molding perfectly around the familiar girths.

Having just emptied their aching balls deep in their mothers' bowels, Lucas and Gabe knew they would be able to last much longer this round. They set a steady, driving rhythm, hips rising and falling as they stirred up the MILF's juicy depths beneath the bubbling water.

With each powerful thrust, the teens' flared cockheads butted up against their moms' cervixes, nudging the sensitive rings of muscle.

Missy and Jess cried out sharply each time their womb entrances were battered, the intense sensation bordering on pain/pleasure.

The relentless pistoning had the MILF mommies' giant tits bouncing and swaying below the choppy surface of the water, their elongated nipples poking up like little pink islands. Whimpers of pleasure parted lips as they panted and groaned with abandon, too far gone in ecstasy to care about staying quiet.

Gabe and Lucas drilled into their mom's cunts mercilessly, the force of their thrusts sending waves crashing over the sides of the jacuzzi. The roiling water churned with their vigorous coupling, swirling currents caressing their writhing bodies and heightening every sensation.

Beneath the surface, the teens watched in awe as their thick shafts disappeared again and again into their mothers' accommodating fuckholes, the puffy lips clinging obscenely to their pistoning poles. Missy and Jess's arousal foamed up around the plundering dicks, their natural lubrication mixing with the frothing water.

"Oooh baby, you're so deep in Mommy's cunt!" Missy keened, head thrown back as she undulated against her son's tireless thrusts. Her big breasts heaved as she gulped in air, rivulets of water sluicing between the quivering mounds.

"Fuck, your cock feels amazing!" Jess panted.

The two boys looked over at each other and smiled proudly, knowing they were just the kind of fuck hounds that women like their moms dreamed about.

Missy and Jess's ecstatic cries reached a fever pitch as they hurtled towards a mutual climax, their undulating cunts clamping down almost painfully on their sons' pumping cocks. With piercing screams that echoed across the deck, the MILF mommies came explosively, their spasming channels milking the teens for all they were worth.

"OHHH FUCK YESSSS!!" Missy wailed, convulsing violently against Lucas as a tsunami of pleasure crashed over her. Her cunt rippled wildly along his length, the ultra sensitive tissues quivering and fluttering.

"Unnngh God! Cumming so hard on your fat dick!" Jess shrieked, head thrashing side to side as her orgasm tore through her like a freight train. Her greedy hole squeezed Gabe's pistoning shaft rhythmically, bearing down from entrance to cervix.

Lucas and Gabe grinned proudly at each other again over their writhing mothers, inordinately pleased with themselves for reducing the sexy MILFs to screaming, spasming messes. They powered through the ladies' bone-rattling climaxes, never ceasing the tireless snap of their hips as they fucked them through the intense contractions.

As the last aftershocks faded into boneless bliss, Missy and Jess collapsed back against the edge of the jacuzzi, chests heaving. Their sons continued to lazily saw in and out of their fluttering cunts, stirring up the sensitive tissues and sending sparks of electricity zinging up their spines.

But the overheated water was starting to get to the boys, their faces flushed and sweaty from more than just exertion. Exchanging a meaningful glance, Gabe and Lucas carefully extracted their slick cocks from their mothers' sloppy holes, groaning at the loss of that slick, rippling heat.

"Come on," Lucas panted, climbing out of the jacuzzi and reaching back to help Missy up. "Let's take this back to the room before we pass out."

Missy and Jess readily agreed, accepting their sons' assistance out of the frothing water on quaking legs. The quartet practically sprinted across the deck towards their stateroom, uncaring of their nude, aroused states.

Fellow passengers hooted and hollered as they streaked by, the MILF mommies' massive jugs bouncing obscenely and the teens' impressive boners leading the way. A few enterprising young men even tried to reach out and cop a feel as Missy and Jess jiggled past, but they were too slow, the naughty group disappearing across deck.

As they raced giddily back to the suite, the four nude lovers nearly collided with a lounge chair on the deck. To their shock, they saw Candice straddling a skinny young man in a wolf mask, riding his cock with wild abandon.

"Holy shit, is that Candice??" Jess gasped, gawking at the blonde MILF as she bounced frenetically on the young stud's lap. Her giant tits swung hypnotically, the heavy globes smacking the boy in the face with each thrust.

"Wait a minute..." Missy narrowed her eyes, studying the youth's wiry frame and shock of red hair peeking out from under the mask. Realization dawned and she let out a disbelieving laugh. "That's the same little runt who was hitting on me earlier! Looks like he finally got himself a hot piece of pussy."

"Not the best piece of pussy though," Lucas added, sharing a meaningful smile with his mom. "That belongs to me."

The slender redheaded teen looked completely overwhelmed beneath Candice's voluptuous form, mouth hanging slack as she used his cock like

her personal dildo. His hands flailed helplessly at his sides, seemingly afraid to touch her undulating curves.

In contrast, Candice was the picture of confidence as she took her pleasure, impaling herself on the kid's dick with sensual rolls of her hips. Her pretty face was contorted in bliss, pink lips parted around

breathy moans. Sweat misted her heaving tits, making them glisten in the sun.

"Mmmm yeah, take Mommy's cunt!" the insatiable MILF growled, grinding her soaked slit against the base of the boy's cock. She clenched rhythmically around his shaft, velvet walls rippling along the entire length. "Gonna milk this young dick dry!"

As if to emphasize her point, Candice leaned back and reached between their bodies to furiously diddle her clit, honing in on her impending orgasm. The new angle had the boy's cockhead battering her G-spot with each pass, the spongy bundle of nerves sparking jolts of electricity up her spine.

The redhead could only whimper and buck weakly under the onslaught, his slight frame no match for Candice's wild gyrations. His narrow hips pistoned frantically as he tried to keep up with her relentless pace, chasing his own release.

"Ohhh fuck, I'm cumming!!" Candice suddenly wailed, back arching almost painfully as her pussy went vice-tight around the boy's throbbing cock. Her juices gushed around his pistoning shaft, the clear fluid soaking his groin and balls before dripping down to puddle on the lounge chair.

The incredible sensation of the MILF's satin sheath rippling and grasping his sensitive flesh catapulted the young man over the edge as well. With a reedy wail, his balls drew up tight and he exploded inside Candice's spasming cunt, cock spurting thick ropes of pearly jizz against her convulsing walls.

"Fuck yeah, fill me up!" Candice cried, grinding her clit against his pelvis as she milked him for all he was worth. Her pussy clenched rhythmically, massaging every inch of his pulsing shaft as it pumped her full of virile seed.

Unbeknownst to either of them, one of the boy's particularly tenacious swimmers would soon race through Candice's birth canal with a single-minded purpose. The aggressive little sperm cell would fight its way through the flood of fem-cum, whipping its long tail furiously as it honed in on its target.

In a microscopic battle of epic proportions, the determined spermatozoon would burrow through the outer layers of Candice's waiting ovum, breaching the surface triumphantly. The instant it penetrated the jelly-like center, the egg wall would harden sealing the other contestants out.

Against all odds, the ginger boy's seed would successfully fertilized the busty MILF's egg, sparking the miraculous process that would eventually lead to a little redheaded baby growing in her womb. But for now, the soon-to-be pregnant mommy was blissfully unaware, too busy shuddering through the aftershocks of her intense climax.

As Candice collapsed against her young boy's chest, utterly spent, Missy and Jess shared a knowing look. They turned to their own virile sons with renewed hunger in their eyes, the sight of the other mom's impassioned coupling reigniting the fire in their loins.

"Whaddya say, boys?" Missy purred, reaching out to stroke Lucas's imposing erection. "Ready for round... honestly, I've lost count."

"Mmmm, you know we are," Gabe rumbled, grabbing a handful of Jess's plush ass. "Our dicks are always hard and ready for you cock-hungry mommas."

With salacious grins, the two horny families took off once more towards their staterooms, leaving Candice sprawled out on the used-up ginger kid. They had more wild, taboo fucking to indulge in, an all-you-can-eat buffet of juicy MILF pussy and eager young cock to feast upon.

As they raced through the maze of hallways, the promise of further depravity hung heavy and enticing in the air. Missy and Jess's fertile cunts throbbed in anticipation, their sons' potent seed sloshing obscenely in their depths. The night was still young and their twisted libidos insatiable - who knew what other debauched acts they would commit before the trip was through.

"We can't afford to waste any time, since we'll be back at the port by morning," Missy reminded everyone.

"That's right," Jess agreed, "and what happens at sea stays at sea."

"Or maybe it doesn't," Missy added with a playful wink to her son.

Nearly a year later, the two families gathered for a big summer barbecue in Missy's sprawling backyard. The sun shone brightly overhead as the dads manned the grill, flipping burgers and hot dogs while laughing jovially with beers in hand. Squealing children darted between the adults' legs, engaged in a spirited game of tag.

Off to the side, Missy and Jess relaxed in lounge chairs, sipping iced tea as they watched the carefree scene. Both women were sporting huge, round baby balls stretching the fabric of their sundresses taut. Missy's belly strained against a flirty red polka dot number while Jess's burgeoning middle was draped in a breezy floral print.

The two pregnant mommies shared a secret smile, hands resting on their gravid bellies. They knew exactly who had put those babies in their fertile wombs, and it certainly wasn't their clueless husbands. Memories of that wild, debauched cruise flashed through their minds - all the wanton, unprotected fucking with their virile teenage sons.

Their pussy lips were puffy and tender from overuse, a constant reminder of how thoroughly they'd been bred and how often they continued to rut with their teens. And now the fruits of that forbidden coupling were growing larger every day, little incestuous babies thriving in the nourishing warmth of their momma's bellies.

As if sensing their mothers' naughty thoughts, Lucas and Gabe looked up from their game of cornhole, youthful faces lighting up with mischievous grins. The strapping young men were drinking in the MILF's ripe, maternal curves appreciatively.

Missy leaned over to Jess, resting a hand on her bulging belly. "God, I'm so fucking horny," she whispered, casting a smoldering glance at her son across the yard. "Pregnancy hormones are no joke."

Jess followed her gaze, pupils dilating with lust as she watched Lucas and Gabe horsing around, their lean, muscular bodies glistening with sweat. She licked her lips hungrily. "Mmmm, me too," the blonde MILF purred, rubbing slow circles over her own swollen middle. "I'm absolutely aching for a nice hard cock."

The two pregnant mommies shared a meaningful look before heaving themselves up from the lounge chairs with some effort, their huge baby bumps throwing off their balance. Smoothing their sundresses over their rotund bellies, Missy and Jess began to waddle towards the house, hips swaying seductively.

As they passed their strapping sons, the MILFs shot them come-hither glances over their shoulders, jerking their heads towards the open patio door in a silent command to follow. Missy had on a pair of red patent leather stilettos that matched her dress, the high heels accentuating her long legs and juicy ass.

Not to be outdone, Jess had her feet into black peep-toe pumps, the skyscraper heels making her already ponderous waddle even more pronounced.

The towering footwear arched the pregnant MILFs' backs, thrusting their massive racks out proudly and emphasizing their plump derrieres.

Lucas and Gabe immediately took notice, their jeans growing uncomfortably tight as they watched their sexy moms sashay into

the house, fertility goddesses on a mission. Mumbling some flimsy excuses, the teens ditched their friends and dashed after the retreating MILF rumps, barely remembering to close the patio door behind them.

They followed the staccato click of heels on hardwood, raging hard-ons leading the way as they descended into the cool dimness of Lucas's basement bedroom. The air was heavy with the musky aroma of arousal, the space already saturated with pheromones and fem-cum from the countless taboo trysts that had taken place there.

Lucas flicked on the lights to find Missy and Jess waiting for them on his king-sized bed, voluptuous bodies sprawled out wantonly. The naughty mommies had wasted no time shimmying out of their sundresses, the flirty garments tossed carelessly to the floor. Now they lay naked except for their fuck-me heels, acres of creamy skin and ripe curves on sinful display.

"There's our big strong men," Missy cooed, propping herself up on her elbows to give the boys a better view. Her gravid belly was enormous, stretched drum-tight and dwarfing her curvy frame. The skin was pulled so taut it was almost shiny, a delicate web of stretch marks etched across the sides like lightning bolts. Her protruding navel winked from the apex of her swollen gut, a perfect little outie.

Missy's normally flat stomach had ballooned outwards with the weight of her and Lucas's twin daughters, making her look like she'd swallowed a beach ball. Her abs had long since given up the fight, the muscles separating straight down the middle to accommodate her expanding uterus. A dark line bisected her belly from sternum to mound, a sure sign she was in the final stretch of her pregnancy.

And what a mound it was - Missy's shaved mons was plump and swollen, her labia puffy and glistening with arousal. Her clit poked out from beneath its hood, pink and throbbing with need. Clear fluid

seeped from her engorged hole to trickle down the crack of her ass, soaking her son's bedspread beneath her.

Jess was in a similar state, her own belly a perfect round orb perched atop her curvy hips. She was a few weeks behind Missy but still looked ready to pop at any moment, her distended middle straining against gravity. Her belly button had flattened out completely, a smooth plane interrupted only by the dark slash of her linea nigra.

The blonde's previously flat stomach had morphed into a ripe baby orb, her creamy skin stretched paper-thin over the swell of her and Gabe's unborn son. The pregnant bulge jutted out obscenely, tapering down to the juncture of her thighs where her pink pussy winked invitingly. Jess's swollen cunt lips were parted slightly, her clit a throbbing nub peeking out from its fleshy hood.

Both MILFs' already impressive racks had swelled to comical proportions with their progressing pregnancies, engorged with milk for their unborn babies. Missy's formerly JJ-cup jugs had ballooned out to a gravity-defying P-cup, each tit a monstrous melon and capped with saucer-sized areolas.

Jess was close behind with a staggering O-cup bust, her pale flesh straining against the confines of her overtaxed bra. The flimsy lace cups were more like slings, barely containing the overflowing mounds threatening to spill out at any moment. Deep purple areolas and nipples poked out obscenely against the sheer fabric, the nubs hard and throbbing with need.

Lucas and Gabe drank in the intensely erotic sight of their heavily pregnant mothers laid out like an all-you-can-eat buffet of ripe, fecund MILF flesh. The teens' jeans tented obscenely, massive erections fighting against the confines of their flies. Their mouths watered as their gazes roved over the mommies' lush, maternal

curves, from their glowing faces to their shelf-like tits to their swollen, gravid bellies.

"Jesus," Gabe breathed reverently, reaching down to palm his aching cock through his jeans. "You two are like fertility goddesses. I've never seen anything so hot in my life."

"Mmmm, you sweet talker," Jess giggled, arching her back to thrust her huge rack out further. The movement made her belly wobble enticingly

and Gabe groaned, squeezing his throbbing shaft. "Why don't you boys come over here and show us mommies some appreciation, hmmm?"

Lucas and Gabe practically tripped over themselves in their haste to comply, scrambling onto the bed and crawling between the MILF's splayed thighs. They took a moment to just bask in the radiant beauty of their mothers' expectant bodies, drinking in every succulent detail.

"Off with those pants, studs," Missy commanded breathlessly. "Let those big beautiful cocks breathe!"

"They won't breathe for long though," Jess added, "because they're gonna be suffocating in MILF pussy real soon."

Lucas and Gabe hastened to obey, wrenching open their flies and shoving their jeans and boxers down in one swift motion. Twin sighs of relief gusted from their lips as their massive erections sprang free, slapping against their abs with meaty thwacks.

"Mmmm, there's our boys," Jess purred approvingly, reaching out to wrap her fingers around Gabe's thick shaft. She pumped him slowly from root to tip, relishing the heavy throb of his pulse against her palm.

Lucas flicked on his stereo and the opening chords of Nine Inch Nails' "Closer" filled the room, the sensual bass line thumping through the floorboards. The erotic beat pulsed in time with the horny family members' racing hearts, urging them on to new heights of taboo passion.

As the beat of the song "Closer" filled the room, Lucas and Gabe grabbed their mothers' knees and pushed them back towards their shoulders, fully exposing their dripping cunts. The pregnant MILFs moaned wantonly, the new position making their huge bellies jut out even more obscenely.

Gabe notched his flared cockhead against his mother's slick entrance, the bulbous tip nudging insistently at her opening.

"You let me violate you..." the musical lyrics crooned sensually.

On that erotic cue, Gabe bucked his hips and speared forward, burying his massive erection balls-deep in Jess's sopping cunt in one powerful thrust. The blonde MILF let out a sharp cry, back arching off the bed as her son split her open on his thick shaft.

"Fuck yes, fill me up!" she wailed, muscles fluttering wildly around Gabe's invading length. Her belly rippled with the force of his penetration, the ripe mound quivering like jello.

Lucas followed his friend's lead, gripping Missy's ankles to spread her as wide as she could go. Her swollen belly was a taut drum above her aching pussy, skin stretched paper-thin over her womb.

"You let me desecrate you..." the song continued, and Lucas took that as his signal to mount his mother like a wild animal.

With a feral growl, he lined his leaking tip up with Missy's weeping entrance and plunged forward, hilting himself in her searing depths with one brutal stroke.

"OH GOD YESSS!!" the pregnant mommy screamed, pussy clenching like a vise around her son's plundering cock. Her colossal tits bounced and swayed, milk beginning to leak from her puffy nipples.

"I want to fuck you like an animal," the singer growled over the speakers, and that's exactly what the boys proceeded to do.

Lucas and Gabe set a punishing pace, sawing in and out of the MILF's syrupy depths in time with the pounding industrial beat. Their swollen balls slapped against the women's jiggling ass-cheeks with each stroke, adding a perverse counterpoint to the music.

"You get me closer to God," the song blared as the teens fucked their moms into a frenzy, slamming their aching cocks against the spongy entrances to their wombs again and again. The pregnant pussies gushed around the pile-driving shafts, soaking the bedspread with mommy juices.

Missy and Jess's massive tits bounced wildly as they were pounded into the mattress, engorged nipples drawing tight circles in the air. Their huge pregnant bellies undulated obscenely with each powerful thrust, rippling like fleshy ocean waves.

"I wanna feel you from the inside," the singer snarled, and the horny boys complied, grinding their cock heads against their mothers' G-spots on every stroke. The MILF's mewled and thrashed as jolts of ecstasy shot up their spines, their clits pulsing in time with the relentless bass line.

As the tempo of the song increased, so too did the family members' wanton coupling. Lucas and Gabe worked their hips so fast they became a blur, the wet slap of flesh on flesh rivaling the music in volume. Missy and Jess's ecstatic screams reached a fever pitch, their pussy walls rippling wildly.

"I wanna fuck you like an ANIMAL!!" the singer roared one final time as the song reached its chaotic crescendo. At that exact moment,

both pregnant mommies came explosively, their fluttering cunts clamping down like velvet vises on their sons' cocks.

The boys sank into their mothers' pillowy soft flesh, their muscular frames enveloped on all sides by the women's plush curves. Missy and Jess's arms and legs coiled around their sons like sensual boa constrictors, locking the rutting couples together as one writhing mass of ecstasy.

The MILF mommies' elastic cunts had undergone a miraculous transformation during their pregnancies, adapting perfectly to sheath their sons' huge cocks. The walls were buttery soft and exquisitely sensitive, engorged with extra blood flow. A network of swollen ridges and ripples massaged every inch of the invading shafts, undulating along the veiny lengths like fluttering tongues.

The mommies' rubbery cervixes throbbed against the insistent pressure of the cockheads ramming into them, clenching rhythmically around the flared tips. These tightly guarding rings of muscle had grown puffy and yielding, primed to suck their sons' potent seed directly into their wombs.

Missy and Jess's G-spots had doubled in size, protruding into their channels like bulges of exquisitely-textured tissue. The spongy bundles of nerves pulsed ecstatically each time they were scraped by the ram-rodding cocks, zinging jolts of electric bliss through the mommies' curvy bodies.

Their greedy fuck-holes gushed constantly, hot, sticky gobs of arousal coating their sons' plundering shafts and matting their wiry pubes. Viscous webs of girl cum stretched obscenely between the sawing cocks and jiggling ass cheeks with every outward drag, only to be squelched back inside on the next driving thrust.

The physical changes of pregnancy had transformed the MILF mommies' cunts into perfect cock sheaths, gripping their sons' fat dicks like velvet-lined vices. Each spearing thrust was magnified

tenfold, rippling through their sensitive tissues and sparking incredible pleasure they'd never known possible.

This divine ecstasy was further heightened by the erotic weight of the lives growing inside them. Their heavy bellies pressed deliciously into their sons' hard abs as they rutted, the squirming babies inside an exquisite reminder of just how naughty they were being.

"Ungh, baby, your cock feels amazing!" Missy wailed, tossing her head back as Lucas pounded her harder. "You're ruining mommy's pregnant cunt!"

"Ah fuck, mom! I'm balls deep in your sweet pussy!" Lucas grunted savagely, fingers sinking into Missy's undulating hips. Each brutal thrust made her huge belly and tits bounce, the lewd jiggling driving him wild with lust.

Beside them, Gabe hammered into Jess with equal fervor, grunting as her swollen cunt gripped him like a silken fist. "Take it, mom! Take my big dick!"

"YES! Fuck mommy's knocked up cunt! Fill me with more baby batter!" the blonde bombshell screeched, pussy gushing around her son's battering cock.

Lucas and Gabe jackhammered into the MILF's convulsing cunts, swollen balls drawing up tight as they prepared to flood the mommy wombs with their potent seed. The teenagers grunted savagely as they bottomed out again and again, throbbing cock heads pummeling the women's dilated cervixes.

The bulbs of the boys' cavernous erectile tissue swelled to maximum engorgement deep in their groins, the erectile chambers straining against the delicate tunica sheath. Oxygenated blood surged through the network of distended vessels, making their engorged cocks throb and pulse with potent virility.

Their prostate glands spasmed as they prepared to unleash torrents of alkaline fluid into the tubes of their vas deferens. This prostatic fluid mixed with the sperm cells from their testes, nourishing and protecting the wriggling swimmers on their impending journey.

Lucas and Gabe's balls churned as their tubules worked overtime to produce massive loads of potent spunk. The coiled tubes were jam-packed with hundreds of millions of eager spermatozoa, each microscopic soldier armed with a payload of precious DNA.

The teenage studs' rectums clenched rhythmically as their glands pumped out gelatinous pre-ejaculate to lubricate the way for the impending flood. This thick, clear fluid dribbled from their slits and was squelched deliciously into their moms' clenching fuck tunnels with each driving thrust.

Missy and Jess felt their sons' cocks swell impossibly larger inside them, stretching their slick mommy holes to the absolute limit. The MILF mommies knew their boys were about to bust their nuts, pumping their baby chambers full of hot, virile jizz.

"Gonna...ffffuck...gonna cum!" Lucas roared, eyes rolling back in his head as he hammered into Missy's rippling cunt.

"Me...ungh...me too!" Gabe seconded, thrusting wildly as his climax fast approached.

Missy and Jess shrieked their rapture to the heavens, nails clawing frantically at the flexing planes of their sons' backs. Their hugely pregnant bellies undulated wildly between the press of the boys' sweat-slicked abs, bouncing and rippling with each frenzied thrust.

"FUCK, KNOCK US UP AGAIN!!" the MILF mommies wailed in unison, bodies convulsing almost violently as they came apart at the seams. Their cunts gushed like geysers around the pumping shafts, ejaculate splattering in all directions.

That vulgar command combined with the vise-like grip of their mothers' contracting snatches catapulted Lucas and Gabe over the edge. With matching primal roars, the teens hilted themselves to the root one final time and erupted like volcanoes, searing ropes of cum blasting directly into the MILF's unprotected wombs.

"Unnngh, take it Mom! Fuck, YESSSSS!!!" Lucas bellowed, head thrown back in absolute bliss as he emptied his aching balls deep in Missy's rippling cunt. Beside him, Gabe was snarling his own rapture as he pumped Jess full of his teenage spunk, cock jerking and throbbing with each powerful spurt.

The pregnant mommies wailed brokenly as they were flooded with warm jizz, the sheer volume triggering intense aftershocks in their fluttering channels. They bucked and writhed beneath their climaxing sons, humping frantically against the erupting poles.

For a small eternity, the family members remained locked together, genitals pulsing in ecstatic unison as the last shuddering contractions wracked their sweat-drenched bodies. Finally, the teens collapsed on top of their mothers, completely spent, softening cocks still buried in cum-sloppy twats.

Panting harshly, Lucas lifted his head from Missy's heaving cleavage to meet her glazed, satisfied gaze. "Jesus Mom," he rasped, voice raw from shouting his pleasure. "That was...":

"...Incredible," Missy finished for him, a sly smirk curving her kiss-swollen lips. Her velvet walls fluttered around Lucas's still half-hard cock, milking out the last weak spurts of cum.

Jess hummed her agreement, grinding her hips lazily against Gabe to stir his softening shaft inside her sloppy cunt. "Mmmm, you boys sure know how to make a couple of pregnant mommies feel good," she purred, trailing her nails down his flexing back.

As if to punctuate her point, both MILF's suddenly clenched their inner muscles HARD, bearing down on their sons' sensitive cocks. Lucas and Gabe yelped in unison, backs arching as their overstimulated dicks sprayed a final uncontrolled dribble of semen into the hot, rippling depths.

"Unnngh fuck!" Lucas groaned, burying his face in his mother's deep canyon of cleavage as his hips quivered weakly. "Christ Mom, are you trying to kill me?"

Missy just giggled wickedly, her walls continuing to massage her son's throbbing shaft. "Oh baby boy, you have no idea," she teased, pressing a kiss to his sweaty forehead. "A ship at sea isn't the only place where mommies can go wild, you know."

She shared a meaningful wink with Jess over the boys' shoulders.

THE END

210: Mother's Urgent Aid

Mother's Urgent Aid

By Klrxo

Linda's voice was filled with shock and anger as she spoke over the phone to her son, Samuel. "They're fucking each other!" she spat out. "They're fucking their asses off, Samuel."

"Hold on, slow down, mother," Samuel said, trying to remain calm despite his rising suspicion. "Tell me what you saw."

Samuel, who was overseas serving his country in the military, felt a sick knot form in the pit of his stomach. His thoughts raced back to all those video calls with his wife, Aubrey, where she had that newly-fucked glow about her. He couldn't ignore the signs any longer - she was definitely having hot, nasty sex behind his back. The realization hit him hard and he struggled to keep his composure as his own mother painted a vivid picture of his wife's infidelity.

"They looked more like a sex-starved couple than mother and son," Linda exclaimed. "The way their hot, sweaty flesh was beating together, their muscles flexing and straining as they fucked each other like animals. It was obscene!"

"Are you sure it was Aiden who was with her?"

"Yes, I'm positive," she replied confidently. "I know my cute grandson's face and body anywhere. He was transfixed, staring up at her giant, bouncing tits like a starving dog, thrusting into her cunt as if he couldn't get enough."

"I can't believe the two of them are being sexual together," Samual uttered. "Are you positive that's what you saw?"

"Oh trust me, that massive cock of his was wedged up her tight pussy, alright."

"Massive?" Samual repeated in shock.

"Yes, I could see it sliding in and out, soaked with her cum-juices," Linda answered. "It was the biggest fucking dick I've ever seen, and on my own grandson."

Samual felt like he had just been punched in the gut as he processed her words. The image of his wife and son together, their bodies beating together in passionate sexual intercourse burned into his mind.

"Well…Aubrey does love sex," Samual added, "but I didn't think she would ever stoop to this level."

"Aiden didn't seem reluctant at all either?" said Linda. "He was fucking like a boy on prom night. You should have seen that huge, muscular cock of his pounding through your wife's pussy. It was obscene, Samuel."

Samuel sat there, frozen in shock as his mother continued to paint the graphic and explicit scene she had witnessed. Her words were like a vivid and disturbing painting, each sentence adding more detail to the already disturbing picture.

"He grunted like some sort of beast every single time a fired a gooey rope of hot boy-cum inside of her. From what I could see, he WASN'T wearing a condom on his boner either," Linda warned.

"No condom?"

"That's what I said, he was pounding through her cunt-slit completely bareback."

"And he...he came inside of her?" Samual asked, his horror palpable.

Linda nodded solemnly. "Yes, he did, pouring that potent boy-semen inside her unprotected pussy. All that hot, virile sperm. For all we know, Audrey could already be carrying his baby."

"They wouldn't," Sam uttered, horrified by the thought of his wife impregnated by his son's seed.

"And judging by the look on Aubrey's face, she really seemed to enjoy it and was climaxing all over his teenage cock at the same time. I could clearly see her juices running down his balls, her big tits beating all over my grandson while she cried out in orgasm. It was all so...so depraved," Sam's mother added.

Samuel could hardly believe the words coming from his own mother's lips. To think that his wife and son had been engaged in such a sickening act, without any thought for the consequences or the hurt they were causing to him.

"What are they thinking?" he muttered, unable to wrap his head around the betrayal and recklessness of his wife and son.

"Trust me, Samuel," Linda said with a mournful tone, "I don't think either of them was thinking about anything other than their own selfish desires and how much they love to fuck and cum."

"I need to call and confront her," Samuel stated. "I need to put a stop to this madness right now."

"You can't just confront her, darling," Linda said. "Not now."

"Mother, I need them to know that I don't approve of their behavior."

"And throw me under the bus?!" Linda asked. "You can't do that. I won't let you. If Audrey realizes that I was spying on them, she'll lock all the doors and I won't get another glimpse into their sick escapades."

"Mother, I can't let this sort of thing go on," Samual said, while wondering how he would even confront his wife about it.

"It's better if you play it cool for now so that I can gather more evidence. I'll continue to spy on them and document everything in detail. It's the only way to stop this disgusting act and save you from further embarrassment."

Samuel hesitated, unsure of what to do. He trusted his mother's judgment, but the thought of Aubrey and Aiden continuing their illicit affair made his stomach churn. "Alright," he said finally, "I'll wait a bit longer to confront them. But I can't let this go on forever."

Aubrey was getting fucked hard and deep when her husband called her awhile later. It seemed like all her and Aiden had been doing lately was beating their horny sex organs together in vigorous sexual intercourse.

Aiden was fucking his beautiful, brunette mother in the missionary position, his face cradled between her neck and shoulder. His lean, post-pubescent ass rose and fell in a blur, his hips tucked between the warm, creamy saddle of her splayed thighs.

The boy's giant rod thundered through her dripping, overheated vagina, his fat, puffy glans smashing against her back wall with every thrust.

"Fuck, it's your father," Aubrey said breathlessly, looking at her phone as it rang.

"Call him back," Aiden urged as he focused on his deep, steady fuck-strokes.

"I was suppose to call him back two hours ago, honey," his mother reminded him. "When I was busy fucking your cock with my tits, remember?"

"Oh yeah."

"I'll answer, but don't stop fucking my pussy and try to stay quite," the mother urged, then answered her phone in a sweet, innocent tone. "Hi, hon."

"Hey, what are you up to?" Samual asked, hoping he hadn't called during one of their fuck-sessions.

"Oh, just, uh…taking care of some things around the house. You know how it is, sweetie, there's always something that needs to be done," Aubrey replied, attempting to keep the conversation light and her breathing under control.

"Where's Aiden today?" Samual asked, suddenly becoming suspicious of what his wife was doing based on the sound of her breathing. Little did he know that his Aubrey was currently being ravished by their son in their marital bed while they spoke on the phone.

"He's just, um…out playing basketball with some friends," Audrey answered, clinging tightly to her boy as he fucked his heart out.

Aiden's body trembled with pleasure as he felt the gurgling tightness of Aubrey's pulsing pussy. Her strong, slick muscles clamped down on his erectile flesh in a delicious suction, driving him wild with desire. He braced himself between her quivering thighs and thrust like a madman, plunging his thick teenage dong deep into her with each savage thrust.

"What's that noise I'm hearing?" Samual asked suspiciously. It was the sound of his son's cum-filled balls beating against his wife's tan bubble butt, but she certainly didn't tell him that.

"Honey, I need to put you on hold for a sec," Aubrey stated, pleasure growing in her voice.

As Samuel was put on hold, Aubrey let out a slow exhale, her body pulsing with the impending release of her orgasm. Aiden withdrew his cock with agonizing slowness, until only the swollen, crimson head remained nestled between the slick folds of her pussy. "No," she whimpered and arched her back, desperate for more of his thick member. "Fuck me hard, baby!"

Aiden thrust with unbridled force, grunting as he felt her skilled, mature pussy cling to him like a tight, wet glove. Each

powerful stroke seemed to make his cock grow even harder, the veins bulging out obscenely, stretching her slippery walls to their limit. Underneath him, Aubrey's gigantic, naked tits heaved and bounced, her fat nipples grazing against his skin with each movement.

"Oh God, you pound my pussy so fucking good, young man!" the mother squealed, locking her strong, freshly shaved legs around his youthful frame. "You're gonna make me cum like a fucking whore!"

With each violent stroke of Aiden's big prick, her cunt exploded with pleasure. Her body convulsed with intense contractions, causing her fuck tunnel to tighten around his cock like a vise.

The sound of their naked bodies slapping together filled the air, mingling with Angela's moans and the splattering of ejaculatory juices onto the bedsheets.

"OHHH FUCK, SHIT, CUMMING!!" the busty mother cried out, squirting her sizzling love-juices all over his super-charged cock.

The scent of sex hung heavy in the air as Aubrey's pussy cream soaked into the sheet beneath her quivering ass, evidence of their intense, two-hour-long lovemaking session.

"Let me get rid of your father and then you can beat my thick ass against your midsection as long as you want to, baby," Aubrey replied, her voice still breathy from her recent climax.

"Doggy style?" Aiden asked with excitement.

"You bet your cute ass," his mother replied with equal excitement, then took her phone off hold. "Sorry, hon…that was Aiden. He needs me to pick him up."

"Can't you talk to me along the way?" Samuel asked.

"Um, no…I can't," she answered. "You know I don't like talking on the phone while I drive. I'll call you later."

Aubrey hung up before her husband could question her further.

Mother and son looked at each other and giggled mischievously as Aubrey took position on all-fours, pointing her delicious-looking bubble butt his direction.

"Mmm, come gimme some doggy dick, baby boy," she teasingly urged, wagging her rounded mommy-ass back and forth.

Aiden's gaze was fixated on the glistening folds of her sex, his tongue peeking out from between his lips in a primal display of desire. His erect cock remained slick and hard like a sturdy piece of lumber, its swollen head a deep shade of purple from the rush of blood. A thin strand of clear pre-cum dangled from his piss-slit, slowly descending towards the bed like deadly snake venom.

"I'll fuck you good that way," he said.

He quickly mounted her haunches, grasping his enormous boner at its root and plowing his spongy glans against her engorged clit. They both sighed and shuddered as they felt their nerve-rich sex bulbs rubbing together, slickened by his

slimy pre-cum and the slippery mommy-oil that seeped from the coral pink vestibule of Aubrey's pussy.

"Stick it in my fucking pussy," Aubrey whimper. "I wanna feel my son's cock-meat."

Pushing forward slowly, Aiden's hips surged, driving his meaty member deeper into Aubrey's clenching pussy. She cried out as he filled her to the hilt, stretching her walls to accommodate his girth, his crotch mashing up against her soft, wet pussy-lips.

"Ahh, fuck…so good," he gasped, feeling the tight heat radiate around his hard slab.

As his mom tightened her pelvic floor muscles around his shaft, he could feel the thick veins encrusting his rod pulsing against her walls. Her cervical entrance nipped at his knob eagerly, as if it had a mind of its own and was begging for increased stimulation.

"I'm gonna fuck your pussy so hard," he hissed.

Aiden's fingers sunk into the soft, fleshy cheeks of her buttocks as he rammed his dick harder into her pussy.

She squealed with each thrust, her eyes rolling back in her head with pleasure as he took her with mammoth boner.

"Yes, push it all the way in," she panted. "I wanna feel you nudging at the womb where I once held you."

Their bodies moved in syncopation, Aubrey grunting like an animal as her son's cock plunged into her core. Her eyes were

glassy with lust as she looked back at him, reaching down between her legs to touch herself

Aiden's cock pounded relentlessly through the slick, cum-dripping tunnel of Aubrey's pussy as she pushed her thick ass back against him.

He leaned over, his breath was hot and heavy against her neck as he taunted her in a cocky tone, "I bet dad could never fuck you this good."

She moaned in response, the pleasure making her head spin as they moved together in perfect rhythm. She felt her son's hands reach down and grasp her huge, swinging tits. His fingers sunk into their dough-like flesh and he pinched her thick teats between his fingers.

The room was filled with the sound of skin slapping against skin and their ragged breathing. Each thrust sent waves of ecstasy through Aubrey's body, driving her closer to the edge of a second orgasm.

Aiden straightened upright, his hands gripped her hips tightly, pulling her back onto his steely cock with each thrust. In that moment, nothing else existed except for the intense pleasure they were giving each other.

"Damn, mom…are you making your pussy squeeze like that on purpose?" the boy asked, his face grimacing in pleasure.

"I sure am, baby," she smiled back. "I used those muscles to push your little body out of my cunt hole when I gave birth to you. Now I'm using them to stimulate your wonderful cock."

"You're gonna make me fucking cum!"

"I'm gonna explode right along with you, baby boy," she stated, beating her rippling butt cheeks against his trim midsection even harder.

Both Aiden and Aubrey reached the peak of ecstasy simultaneously, their bodies trembling in unison as if struck by a jolt of electricity.

Aubrey's gigantic tits undulated like a turbulent sea, her hardened nipples resembling tiny aroused phalluses atop the soft mounds. She let out a primal scream and quivered with every sensation pulsating from deep within her core. The pleasure was all-consuming, leaving her lost in a world of pure bliss.

"AHH, FUCK..SHIT YES!!" Aiden groaned. His penis pulsed, unloading its hot, thick load deep within her gripping pussy. Wave after wave of his ropey cum sprayed into her, coating her walls and seeping out from between her soft, swollen lips.

Aubrey collapsed onto the bed, her body wracked with intense pleasure. Aiden leaned over her, his cock still pulsing inside her, his heart pounding in sync with hers. Their mouths met in a passionate kiss, their long tongues thrashing together like angry, pink serpents. The musky fragrance of their lovemaking still hung heavy in the air.

As the intensity of their orgasms slowly began to fade, Aiden carefully withdrew his cum-soaked boner from Aubrey's pussy, leaving behind a trail of cum. He lay down beside her, his arm wrapped around her waist, and they drifted off to sleep, their

bodies still connected in the afterglow of their passionate fuck-fest.

The next day Linda snuck in the house during a round of Aiden and Aubrey's hot sex sessions. She crept down the hallway and peeked her daugher-in-law's bedroom, seeing Aubrey sucking Aiden's cock on the bed, her pretty head bobbing up and down with practiced skill.

Aiden laid back on some pillows, his face masked with pleasure as his mom used her mouth, lips, tongue and throat to provide exquisite oral affection.

"Mmm, I simply love eating your cock up, baby," the mother cooed, whipping her long, thick licker all over his swollen glans with a series of lashes and loops.

Linda's eyes widened as she took in the size of Aiden's cock. It was a mammoth rod, thick and long, and she couldn't fathom how Aubrey could fit it all in her mouth. But to Linda's amazement, not only did the mother stretch her lips around it, she took it deep down into her throat until her nose was pressed against his pubic base.

It was a scandalous display, yet Linda couldn't look away. Her heart ached for her son who was away in the military, who's wife was so blatantly cheating on him, but at the same time, she found herself becoming increasingly aroused by the sight of Aiden and Aubrey entwined like passionate lovers.

She licked her lips as she imagined that it was her sucking on her grandson's delicious cock. She imagined that such young, hard meat would be a thrill to lick, suck and nibble on. That the rich cum that bubbled up from his balls would be delectable and tasty.

Linda's voice trembled with shock and disgust as she recounted the events to her military son over the phone. "She was sucking his fat cock, Samuel," she stated, her tone full of disbelief and betrayal. "Fucking it through the ring of her lips like a cock-sucking whore."

"They're doing oral too?!" Samual asked, his scowl morphing into a look of pure revulsion.

"Yes, her head was bobbing up and down, her lips stretched around Aiden's throbbing member shamelessly. And that long tongue of hers...it was curling around his knob like it belonged there. I couldn't believe what I was watching."

"How could she do this?" Samuel asked, his heart aching with sorrow and disgust. "I can't believe she was giving our son a blowjob."

"Not only that, but I could still see the glistening juices dripping from Aiden's chin. I'm pretty sure I got there just after he was done feasting on her honeyed hole."

"Giving her…oral sex?" Sam asked in disgust.

"Yes, darling. Your son was eating your wife's pussy. He was probably nursing on her juicy clit the same way he does her nipples. That's why she exploded her hot, female ejaculate all

over his handsome face," Linda exclaimed. "He's probably as amazing at cunt licking as he is at fucking pussy."

"This situation just keeps getting worse," Samual uttered, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Yes, and in case you don't believe me, I just sent you a picture to prove it." Linda's voice was heavy with emotion as she spoke.

"A picture?" Sam asked.

"Yes, Samuel, a picture…on your phone. Check it and you'll see for yourself that I'm not exaggerating."

Samuel's face twisted with anger as he glared at the picture Linda had sent him. It showed Aubrey on all fours on the bed, her gigantic, heavy titties dangling down so far that they nearly touched the mattress. Her mouth was wrapped greedily around Aiden's massive cock, her eyes locked on his son's face as she worked fervently.

It was hard enough for Samuel to hear his mother describing their depraved act, but seeing a picture of it made it even more real and painful.

"That's it," he blurted out in frustration. "I'm having a chat with her tonight and telling her that I know what the two of them are up to."

"Samuel, no…you can't do that!" his mother snapped.

"Why not?"

"You can't just throw me under the bus," his mother pleaded. "If you tell Aubrey that, then she'll know I've been snooping around the house and she'll hate me forever."

"Mother, I can't just continue to let the two of them go on like this. It's disgusting and it's wrong. I want to make sure that Aubrey knows I know what she's been doing and that I won't stand for it."

"Look, I know you're upset, darling, but you need to set your emotions aside and take the smarter approach here,"Linda suggested.

"The smarter approach?"

"Yes. Coming on aggressive and accusatory will only drive a wedge between you and Aubrey and make her want to fuck and suck Aiden's cock even more."

Samual sighed, knowing that his mother was right. He took a deep breath and decided to approach the situation with more tact.

"Okay, so I'll just let Aubrey know that I know something is going on and that I'm concerned about it," he said, "But I won't be accusatory or confrontational. I'll just try to get her to open up and talk about it."

Linda nodded in approval. "That's the smart way to go about it. Show her that you care and that you're worried about her, and maybe she'll come clean and you can work it out from there."

Samual took a deep breath, his mind racing as he tried to figure out the best way to address the delicate matter of Aubrey's

infidelity. He ran his hand through his hair, feeling the weight of the situation bearing down on him.

"You know I love you, darling," Linda stated, her voice as sweet as honey. "And I'll always be here to provide you aid.

As he thought about how to approach the conversation, images of Aubrey and Aiden together flooded his mind. He imagined them fucking in every position imaginable, their lips seal in passionate kisses as they shared their sexual body fluids. It was no secret that they were constantly entwined in passionate, carnal acts - much to Samuel's dismay.

But despite the hurt and betrayal he felt, Samuel knew he had to confront his wife in a tactful way. Taking another deep breath, he picked up the phone and called her.

"Aubrey, I know we've never really discussed it, but how are you managing sexually while I'm away?" Samual asked tentatively, bracing himself for her response.

Aubrey, who at that moment was straddling Aiden and riding his erection with abandon, froze at the unexpected question from her husband. Her giant-sized titties went from leaping up and down to hanging motionless from her chest, right above her boy's eyes.

"Managing sexually?" she repeated, quickly formulated a lie.

She was caught off guard and struggled to find words to respond. The scent of sweat and sex filled the air around her as

she tried to compose herself and come up with a plausible answer for Samuel.

"Well, um, you know, I've been trying to keep myself busy and focused on other things," Aubrey said, hoping her response would be enough to appease Samuel's inquiry.

Samuel could hear the uncertainty in Aubrey's voice and knew that something was off. "I understand that, but are you getting your

needs met? I mean, I know it can be tough when I'm away, but I just want to make sure you're okay."

Aubrey hesitated, not wanting to lie to Samual but also not wanting to reveal the truth. "I try to just focus on myself and housework when you're away, but, um, I do manage some self-pleasure here and there."

Samuel's heart sank as he listened to Aubrey's response. He knew she was trying to protect him from getting hurt, but the truth was clear - she was having an affair with Aiden. She was fucking their son's huge cock and enjoying every second of it. He decided to confront her directly.

"Aubrey, I know there's more to it than that. I can't help but feel like something is going on between you and Aiden. Can we talk about it?"

Aubrey's breath hitched in her throat as she wondered how much her husband knew. She realized that denying it would only make things worse, so she took a deep breath and spoke the truth.

"Well, I will admit, Aiden and I have gotten a lot closer since you've been gone," she confessed.

"When you say 'closer,' do you mean that the two of you are having sex together?" Samuel asked, the accusation barely escaping his lips.

Aubrey hesitated for a moment, trying to gather her thoughts. "Yes," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "It started as a way to cope with your absence, but it eventually became something more."

Samuel's mind raced as he tried to process what he had just heard. His mother was right, Aubrey had betrayed him, and the thought of her with their son, fucking day and night, filled him with rage and

despair. But he knew that going off on her wouldn't do any good. He had to think of a way to handle this situation without destroying their marriage.

Sam became aware of the familiar, rythmic squeak of his marital bed as Aubrey began carelessly fucking again.

"Are the two of you having sex…right now?" Samuel boldly asked.

Aubrey hesitated, her eyes wide with guilt as she glanced down at Aiden over the swell of her jutting tits. He was still buried deep inside of her, her cuntal walls clasping the meat of his boner tightly.

"Yes," she admitted, her voice barely a whisper. "We've been fucking for several hours now, and can't seem to stop."

"How many times a day are you two doing this?" her husband asked, his stomach twisting in disgust.

Aubrey hesitated, knowing the answer would shock him, but she realized that the cat was out of the bag and it was time to come clean.

"Aiden is fucking my pussy at least five times a day," she whispered, her voice shaking with the weight of her betrayal. "I guess you could say it's become an obsession."

Samuel felt like he had been punched in the gut. The thought of Aubrey and Aiden together, so many times a day, was beyond anything he could have imagined.

"Five times a day?!" he asked. "Aubrey, you and I never even had sex that many times a day and we're married."

"I know, but you and I were different," she replied, while moving her hips faster, grinding on Aiden's cock-muscle with greater intensity.

"How was it different? We were in love. We're a married couple."

Aubrey bit her lip, struggling to find the words that would explain her infidelity. "I-I don't know, Sam. It's just that... Aiden and I connected on a level sexually that I've never felt with you, ever. There's something about him that I find... irresistible."

Samuel's heart felt like it was tearing apart. "So you're saying that you didn't love me, Aubrey?"

"It's not that I didn't love you, but..." Aubrey trailed off, staring down into her son's lust-filled eyes. "It's just that Aiden makes me feel things that I've never felt before. I'm sorry, Sam."

Samuel felt his world crashing down around him. He had loved Aubrey deeply, and now he was finding out that she was connected on a deeper level sexually with their son.

"So where are we suppose to go from here?" he asked, knowing that their marriage could never be the same.

"Well, I can't marry Aiden, obviously, so you don't have to worry about me divorcing you and running away with him," said Aubrey. "But he is a better match for me sexually than you are, and I certainly don't have any intention of stopping what him and I are doing and going back to having sex with you."

"Gee, thanks," Samual stated. "Was it really that bad?"

Aubrey sighed, her eyes still locked with her son's. "No, it wasn't that bad. But it wasn't that good either. You and I have a great connection in other ways, Sam, but not in the bedroom. Aiden and I just click in that department."

"How can you say that? I always make you have an orgasm when we have sex together, do I not?"

Aubrey snickered.

"Sometime, yes, but not always. To be honest, sometimes I would just fake an orgasm so you would get off of me."

"Fake an orgasm? Why?"

"Because the way you fuck…well, it just doesn't really excite me that much," she confessed. "I'm sorry, Sam. I know that's hard to hear, but it's the truth."

"So, I'm just suppose to accept that my wife and son are having sex five times a day?"

"I said A LEAST five times a day," Aubrey answered. "To be honest, it's usually much more than that. We're both in our sexual prime, Samuel, so there's no limitations to the amount of times Aiden and I can fuck in a day."

"That's suppose to make me feel any better about this whole thing?" he asked, shaking his head in disbelief.

"You want honesty so I'm simply being honest with you," she replied.

Aiden tugged his mom down against him so he could be smothered in between her giant tits while they fucked. He loved his dad, but certainly not as much as he loved fucking his beautiful mother.

The boy's lips and tongue traveled upwards, tracing a path along the soft curves of her tit-cleavage. He relished in the sensation of sinking into her flesh, his cheeks enveloped by the squishy contours of her oversized melons.

Meanwhile, his cock throbbed and pulsed inside Aubrey's birthing tube, surrounded by the hot, wet grip of her pink pussy. Every thrust

upwards caused his bulging veins to strain against his cock-skin, as he buried himself deeper into her warmth.

Their bodies trembled with pleasure as his bell-shaped glans found its way to her cervical entrance, sealing them in a deep and intimate sexual union.

With every pummel of his cock, Aubrey felt Aiden's coronal ridge dig against her clitoral root, stimulating her most sensitive areas. The last thing she wanted to do was have an orgasm with her husband on the phone, but her son's incessant fucking was driving her closer and closer to the edge.

As Samuel listened to the faint, muffled moans from the other end of the line, he felt a wave of nausea wash over him. He had always prided himself on being able to handle any situation, but he never could have imagined anything like this.

"You know, Aubrey," he choked out, "I think it's time for me to go. I can't even begin to comprehend what's happening right now."

Aubrey nodded, her eyes still locked on her son's as her body continued to writhe with pleasure, her thick, bare ass bobbing up and down.

"I understand, Sam," she said softly. "It is sort of a bad time to discuss this anyway."

"I'll say," he said sarcastically. "I'll call when the two of you aren't fucking each other," he finished, hanging up the phone before she could respond.

Aubrey reached down and grabbed Aiden's hand, their fingers intertwining as they continued to fuck in a deep, passionate rhythm.

"Is dad mad because I'm fucking your pussy?" Aiden asked, smirking proudly.

Aubrey let out a breathy laugh and nodded. "Yes, honey, he is. But don't worry about it, he'll get over it."

"He better because I don't have any plans of stopping anytime soon."

"Well, I should hope not," his mother added. "Getting fucked by you has become the best part of my day."

Aiden moaned, his hips bucking faster and harder, driving himself deeper into his mother. The pulsing of his erection against her cervix was almost too much for her to bear. She felt him swelling within her, getting ready to release the powerful seed that he held inside his nuts.

"Look, baby, I know what we're doing is wrong, but I can't help it," Aubrey whispered, her voice filled with a mix of shame and desire. "I just can't feel the same passion with your father that I can with you."

"It's okay, Mom," Aiden said, his voice raspier than usual. "I understand. You love sex with me more than you do with dad, right?"

Aubrey nodded. "Yes, and when I'm not fucking you or sucking your delicious cock, that's all I think about."

Aiden grinned, his eyes locked on his mother's face as he continued to thrust into her. The wet sounds of their coupling filled the room, along with Aiden's grunts and Aubrey's breathy moans.

Aubrey rode her son's rigid cock heatedly, her hips moving with a primal energy that drove him wild. Her massive, soft breasts bounced and swayed with each thrust, their weight brushing against Aiden's face as he gripped her hips for leverage.

Aiden latched on to one of her rubbery nipples, his lip stretching nearly half-way across her areolar ring. This drew her teat deep into his mouth, where he could really nurse on its flesh while pushing his face against the softness of her melon.

"Oh God, the way you suck my tits turns me on so much," Aubrey gasped. "It makes me wanna fuck you even harder, baby."

The cheating mother rode him tirelessly and as the minutes passed, the intensity of their connection grew stronger, and Aiden felt like he was losing control. He wrapped his arms around his mother, pulling her closer to him as he thrust his pecker up into the sheath of her cunt harder and faster.

"Baby, play with my asshole while you fuck me," she purred, her voice laced with desire. "Oh god, yes, put your finger in my asshole and jack off my tight little hole."

Aiden eagerly reached around and pressed his forefinger against her puckered shitter, rubbing it in a circular motion as his massive cock pounded into her wet pussy.

"Like this?" the boy asked.

"Yes…just like that. Feels so fucking good," her voice sighed as her pink asshole quivered and throbbed against his finger, slick with arousal.

With a low groan, Aiden pushed his finger deep inside her, feeling her tight muscles clench around him in response.

"YES!!" Aubrey gasped as her body trembled with pleasure, her pussy gushing with fuck-juice as it contracted around Aiden's thrusting cock. The sensations from both holes overwhelmed her, sending waves of ecstasy through her entire body.

"Fuck me, baby!" she cried out, the words tumbling from her mouth in a desperate plea. "Fuck my ass off!"

Aiden thrashed his hips up from the mattress with the wild energy of a untamed stallion, his throbbing erection pulsing with intense force. The blood and muscles in his shaft fought against the tightness and heat of Aubrey's wet, pink walls, carving their way towards ecstasy. His body trembled with pleasure as he pushed deeper into her velvety sex chamber, hungering for more with each powerful thrust.

Aubrey's moans and gasps filled the room, echoing off the walls as she rode the waves of pleasure crashing through her body. "I'm cumming, Aiden! Oh, please, keep fucking my pussy!"

The cock-hungry mother's fingers gripped the sheets tightly as she felt her climax building to an explosive peak. "Jack off my asshole, darling! Cuuummmiiinnngggg!" The sensation was overwhelming, a mixture of intense pleasure and raw desire coursing through her veins.

The orgasm seemed to last for ages, each climactic wave crashing harder than the last as the naked mother surrendered completely to Aiden's pounding cock. She could barely catch her breath, her body trembling and shaking as she rode out the aftershocks of ecstasy.

When she finally came back down to earth, Aiden was still thrusting into her with a primal urgency, his own release fast approaching. She could feel him panting against the warm, soft skin of her tits, his body tense and ready to unleash his hot, sizzling load.

"Pour it into me!" she gasped. "Give me your hot baby makers!"

Aubrey moaned, her body trembling as the pleasure built up inside her, drawing her towards another juicy climax.

Finally, Aiden felt the familiar sensation of his orgasm approaching, and he knew that he had to let go. He squeezed his eyes shut,

concentrating on the feeling as it washed over him.

Aubrey felt it too, the powerful rush of pleasure that seemed to explode from her son's cock and fill her entire body.

"Aiden!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with passion. "I can feel it, baby, I can feel your hot semen!"

Aiden grunted, his eyes still closed, as he continued to pump his baby-making essence into his mother. He could feel her muscles clenching around him, milking his cock for every last drop of his virile seed.

"I'm cumming, mom," he groaned. "Oh God, I'm cumming!"

Aubrey felt the scalding hot jets of Aiden's semen blast into her womb, and she arched her back, crying out in ecstasy. The intensity of their orgasms seemed to reach new heights, as if they had been plugged into some kind of cosmic power source.

Finally, the pleasure subsided, and the two lovers collapsed against each other, their bodies still joined in this most intimate of ways.

Aubrey looked down at her son's face, which was wedged in the cleavage between her humongous tits, his pleasure-filled eyes staring back up at her.

"Your father finding out about us was inevitable, honey," Aubrey said. "But you don't need to worry. You and I will keep fucking each other and I'll keep sucking your delicious cock like there's no tomorrow no matter what he says or does. Our love is too strong to be broken by any man's jealousy or anger."

For the entire following week, Linda played the role of Samuel's personal reporter, sneaking into the house to spy on Audrey and Aiden as they engaged in intense and steamy sexual activity.

Every time she arrived, their bodies were entwined in a new sex position, lost in a frenzy of desire. What had initially disgusted Linda was slowly becoming an arousing spectacle.

"My grandson is so gorgeous," she thought to herself. "Such an amazing fucker with a huge cock."

As she stood in Aiden's bedroom doorway, watching his plump and youthful testicles slam against Audrey's rounded buttocks, Linda couldn't resist reaching down into her own panties. Her fingers found her engorged clit and began rubbing it with fervor.

With each thrust of Aiden's hips, Linda's mind wandered, imagining herself as the one being passionately ravished and experiencing earth-shattering orgasms at her grandson's skilled hands.

"My God, I can't believe how hard his cock is, and how skillful he's fucking her," she thought to herself as she watched his boner slam through the juicy grip of Aubrey's cunt.

"Baby…" Audrey's breathless voice said from inside the bedroom. "How would you like to try something new today? Something extra naughty."

As the sun began to set and Samuel finished another long day of work, he was interrupted by a video call from Linda. Her face appeared on the screen, her voice hushed as she stood in the hallway just outside Aiden's bedroom. "Sam, you're not gonna believe this," she whispered urgently. "I've been discreetly watching them again, and I just saw something that... well, it's quite shocking."

Sam's heart raced with curiosity and fear as he wondered what could possibly shock him more than what he had already seen between his wife and son. "What are they doing this time?" he asked warily.

Linda turned the camera towards the bedroom, revealing Aubrey on all-fours in bed while Aiden thrust vigorously behind her in the doggy position. Samual couldn't help but feel a familiar arousal at the sight of his wife's heavy breasts swaying free and wild, her fleshy butt cheeks bouncing against Aiden's abdomen in a relentless rhythm.

"I see it mother, but it's just the doggy position. Nothing too shocking compared to everything I've witnessed them doing at this point," Samuel replied dismissively.

"No, look closer," Linda urged. "His cock isn't in her pussy this time, Samuel."

With morbid curiosity, the military husband leaned in for a closer look and felt his stomach drop as he realized what Linda was pointing out - Aiden's cock was buried deep inside Aubrey's tight anus.

"They're having…anal sex?" Sam gasped in disbelief. "I thought Aubrey always hated anal sex."

Linda nodded, her eyes wide with shock. 'Well, it looks to me like she's really enjoying it. I mean, look at how she's arching her back and moaning."

She paused for a moment, then added, "and you should see the look on Aiden's face when he thrusts into her tight asshole - it's like he's never been more aroused in his life."

Samual felt a wave of nausea wash over him as he watched his wife being taken from behind in such an unconventional way.

"But…why would she enjoy it so much from him and not with me?" Sam wondered aloud.

Linda hesitated before responding, not wanting to upset her son further. "Perhaps she finds it more…intense with Aiden, or perhaps…

perhaps he's just better at it," she suggested cautiously. "His cock is quite large, Samuel. Perhaps that makes a difference too."

"We need to put an end to this," Sam said, his voice shaking with anger and disgust. "I don't care what they're doing, it has to stop."

Linda nodded in agreement. "When they're finished, I'll talk to Aubrey and see if I can't find a way to make her see reason."

"Thanks, but it's probably best if I handle this my way."

"Which will only make things worse I'm sure," Linda added. "Darling, just let me speak to her woman to woman. It's the best way to resolve this peacefully."

"I guess you're right," Sam sighed. "I've tried talking to her about it, but it seems like nothing I say can dissuade her from wanting Aiden."

Sam's son grunted as he slid higher up inside Aubrey's jiggling ass, positioning himself for maximum penetration. His breath came in short gasps as his huge cock strained against the tightness of her bowels, the nerve endings in his cock exquisitely stimulated.

With a deep moan, Aiden began to hump harder, thrusting every inch of his blood-swollen member into her shit-tunnel.

Pleasure and desire mingled in his mind as he reveled in the taboo act.

"Fuck, mom…your ass feel so tight," he panted. "I never knew anal fucking could be this good."

Aubrey's face twisted in ecstasy as she felt her asshole contract around his thick shaft, pulling it deeper inside her. "Oh Aiden!" she cried out, overcome by the sensations. She reached down between

her legs, frantically fingering her gooey pussy as their bodies moved together in perfect harmony.

"My asshole is so hungry for you," Aubrey moaned wantonly, encouraging him with her words. "Please baby, fuck it harder! My horny ass needs you!"

Fueled by her wild obscenities, Aiden increased the intensity of his thrusts, his pelvis pounding against hers with each deep stroke. The anal itch that had been plaguing Aubrey was finally satisfied by the repeated thrusts of Aiden's vein-encrusted boner.

Her fingers worked furiously between her legs, strumming her plump love-nubbin like a guitar string, matching his rhythm as they both gave in to their carnal desires.

As their pleasure built to a fever pitch, Aubrey's shameless passion was evident on her smiling face. She reveled in the feeling of her asshole being filled and stretched by his delicious prick, completely lost in the blissful moment.

"Come down against me and keep fucking my asshole hard," she requested, lowering flat on the bed.

Aiden sprawled out on top of his mother, their naked bodies slick with sweat. He thrust his aching hard-on into her tight asshole with fervor, the bed springs squeaking in rhythm to their passionate movements.

Aubrey's fingers danced over her own wet pussy as she pushed back against Aiden's deep and forceful thrusts, a primal need for pleasure coursing through her body. Her stretched asshole quivered and convulsed around her son's throbbing cock, each movement sending waves of pleasure through her being.

"Fuck my asshole, baby boy!" she cried out, the words spilling from her lips in an ecstasy-induced haze.

Aubrey shuddered and moaned as she felt a familiar tingling in the pit of her belly, signaling the impending release of pure bliss.

"Unnnggghhh! Oh, fuck, oh, shit," she gasped as Aiden continued to pound into her ass with all his might. "Gonna cum now!"

Aiden's feverish pace only intensified as he too felt his climax building inside him. With one final thrust, he erupted into his mother's hot and welcoming hole, filling it with rope after hot, sticky rope of his seed.

Aubrey screamed in pleasure as she felt the flood of cum coating her inner walls, drawing every last drop from Aiden's pulsating cock.

Together they rode out the intense waves of pleasure, their bodies entwined in a taboo but irresistible act of passion and desire.

"Well, well, well…" Linda's raspy voice echoed through the room as she stepped into the dimly lit space. Her eyes widened in surprise as they landed on Aubrey and Aiden's tangled bodies, slick with sweat and writhing in passion on the bed. "That was about the most intense display of anal fucking I've ever seen," she commented with a mix of shock and amusement.

Aubrey's face flushed with embarrassment as she quickly grabbed a nearby blanket and covered their exposed forms. "Linda, what are you doing here?" she asked in disbelief.

"Don't even bother covering yourselves. Trust me, there isn't a thing I haven't seen you two do at this point," Linda replied with a sly grin, pretending to be disgusted by their explicit sexual acts.

"You've been spying on us?" Aubrey's voice rose in anger and confusion.

"Yes," Linda admitted without shame. "I became suspicious after having you over for family dinner weeks ago."

"Family dinner?" Aubrey repeated with a look of confusion.

"You remember, that night I caught you sitting on Aiden's lap, grinding against his cock, while everyone else was occupied. You thought it was subtle, but I noticed. And I also saw how

hard his cock was through his pants when you finally stood up, leaving a tell-tale wet spot from his leaking pre-cum."

Aubrey took a moment to recall the situation and how she had given her son a hot, sloppy blowjob in the car after, before they even arrived home.

Linda placed her hands on her hips and her big tits heaved beneath her tight dress as she shook her head disapprovingly. "I suspected you two were fucking and it seems that my instincts were correct."

Audrey's voice held a smug tone as she spoke, her mouth twisting into a smirk. "If you're planning on surprising Sam with this bit of news, you might as well forget it," she taunted. "He already knows that Aiden and I have been fucking like animals, and he's slowly coming to terms with it."

Linda leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a low, almost conspiratorial tone. "But does he know about the fresh load of teenage sperm swimming around inside your tight ass right now?"

Aubrey's eyes widened, her face flush with embarrassment. "Linda, you can't tell Sam about that," she pleaded, knowing that if her husband found out that Aiden was stuffing her ass as well as her pussy that he may just loose his mind.

"Well, he already knows that Aiden is pounding your cunt, what's the harm in telling him about your ass being used too?" Linda retorted, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

"Anal sex is something that Sam was always asking for, but that I just didn't feel like a husband and wife should be doing together," Audrey confessed.

"But it's OK for my grandson to beat his boner through your butthole?"

"With Aiden it's different. I crave his cock in every hole in my body. I know that makes me a bad wife, but I'm perfectly fine with that."

Linda's ass-ring clenched and tingled as she wondered what it would feel like to have such a huge cock digging through her rectum.

Her pussy was smoldering and she knew that this was her chance to get in on the action. "I'm willing to keep my mouth shut in regard to certain things as long as I can join you in experiencing the pleasures of Aiden's cock."

"Join us?" Aubrey repeated, glancing over at her son.

"That's right. You're not the only mother who likes to fuck and suck cock, Aubrey."

"So, let me get this straight. In exchange for not telling Sam about some things, you wanna become my threesome partner and fuck Aiden's massive cock alongside me?"

Linda nodded enthusiastically, her eyes filled with lust. "Yes, absolutely! I've always been curious about getting fucked by a teenage stud, and I think the time has come for me to explore that with you two."

"Well, honey," Aubrey began, looking over at her son, "what do you think about your grandmother joining us?"

Aiden, still recovering from his recent orgasm, looked up from the bed and grinned. "I'm down for anything."

Linda smiled wickedly and began to undo the buttons on her tight dress. "That's what I hoped you'd say, darling."

Aiden's eyes widened and his body stirred with desire as his gran removed her bra, setting free her enormous udders. The weight of them hung heavily, swaying with each movement and begging to be touched.

He couldn't decide whose breasts were larger - Audrey's or Linda's - both were unbelievably oversized and seemed to defy gravity. Each one was topped with a wide, textured areola and a plump, rubbery nipple that yearned to be sucked and pulled.

"Wow…look at all that boobie-flesh," Aiden exclaimed, wrapping his hand around his rigid tool and giving it a few strokes.

Aubrey and Linda's laughter filled the room, causing their full, ballooning breasts to jiggle and sway. The weight of their mammoth bosoms pressed against each other, forming a long, dark cleavage. Their erect nipples stood out like beacons atop their enormous peaks.

"Now you have twice as many titties to suck on, darling," Linda stated, rocking her shoulders and making her meaty mounds swing back and forth teasingly.

Linda gracefully slid off her panties, revealing a fully shaved pussy with a neat strip of trimmed hair leading down to her swollen, pink lips. They glistened with arousal, eager to be splayed by the knob of Aiden's cock.

"Come climb on top of me, Gran," Aiden instructed, positioning himself in the center of the bed. His thick erection stood tall, its fat, crimson head just barely covering his belly button. The band of skin connecting his knob to his foreskin was pulled taut, creating a perfectly formed frenulum.

"Don't mind if I do," said Linda, crawling onto the bed like a hungry cougar.

Aubrey's heart twinged with a hint of jealousy as she observed her mother-in-law straddle Aiden's well-endowed member. But she understood the necessity of this act, to conceal certain intimate details from her husband. She also knew that the combined efforts of two women pleasuring Aiden's cock would bring him an ecstasy beyond his wildest dreams.

Linda eagerly positioned herself atop Aiden, lowering her dripping pussy down to engulf his throbbing erection. The two sets of vulvar lips locked firmly around his meaty shaft in full penetration, as his thick veins pulsed with an intoxicating mix of lust and excitement.

"Damn, Gran…you're pussy's tight!" Aiden gasped as Linda's slot engulfed his cock, his member throbbing as it found its way into her wet core.

Linda leaned forward, her heavy, gigantic tits dangling over Aiden, only inches from his face. She glanced over at Aubrey with a wicked grin. "Let's see how many times we can make this handsome stud cum today."

Aubrey grinned, her own pussy dripping with anticipation. "I'm up for the challenge."

Linda began to rock her hips, her wet pussy sliding up and down Aiden's thick cock. It felt incredible, the sweet sensation of her love juices coating his erectile flesh as he thrust into her. She looked down at him with her lust-filled eyes, over the swell of her giant, bouncing breasts, making sure to give him a sultry stare that would drive him wild.

"Come on, sweet boy…shove that fucking cock up into me like you mean it," she urged.

Aiden obliged, lifting his ass from the bed and driving his dick home with every thrust.

Aubrey, meanwhile, was busy stroking her fat, juicy clit as she watched the scene before her. She fantasized about what it would be like to feel Aiden's enormous cock back inside her ass again, and she couldn't wait to get her hands on him.

"I can't wait to fuck him," the mother whimpered, her fingers working her love-nubbin furiously. "Oh god, I'm so fucking horny again."

Aiden was lost in the moment, his eyes locked on the sight of the two stunning women before him. Linda's talented pussy engulfed his shaft, while Aubrey played with her clit, her eyes never leaving his. He felt like the luckiest man on earth to be sandwiched between these two incredibly sexy women, and he knew that he was about to give them both the ride of their lives.

"Fuck me!" Linda voice cried out. "Work the juicy cum right outta me!"

Linda's body began to move in perfect rhythm with Aiden's thrusts, her massive breasts bouncing and rippling with each powerful stroke.

Aubrey couldn't help but moan with pleasure as she watched the scene unfold, her own pussy aching to feel Aiden's cock again.

As Aiden continued to fuck Linda, she reached down and began to play with her own blood-swollen clit, her eyes closing in pleasure as she felt the waves of orgasm building within her.

"Goddamn!" Aiden groaned, feeling his glans reach the back of Linda's pussy, crushing against the soft ring at the head of her cervix with each thrust.

The pussies of his mom and gran felt similar in many ways, but also uniquely different so that they each created their own individual sensations around the meat of Aiden's cock.

"Mm, I can see why your mother is so in love with your cock," Linda panted. "It feels absolutely perfect inside my pussy."

Aiden couldn't help but smile at the praise from his grandmother, the pleasure and appreciation in her voice making him feel even more aroused. He thrust into her harder, watching as her giant breasts bounced and rippled with each powerful thrust.

"Would you like to suck on these big boobies while you pound my pussy, darling?" Linda asked, her voice full of lust as she cupped her massive breasts and offered them to Aiden.

Aiden wasted no time, reaching out and eagerly latching onto Linda's left nipple, sucking it hungrily while he continued to thrust up into her. The sensation was divine; her huge, soft breast and plump, sensitive nipple providing a new level of pleasure that sent him even further into ecstasy.

"Oh god, fuck yes!" Linda moaned in delight, her body writhing atop the teen as he continued to suck her fat nipple, her pussy gripping his thick cock with each powerful thrust. She continued to play with her clit, her eyes rolling back in pleasure as she felt herself come closer and closer to the edge.

"Oh fuck, you're gonna make me cum, darling!" she gasped, her cunt contracting around Aiden's cock as she climaxed.

With his face masked in the spongy flesh of Linda's tit, Aiden groaned, his teeth clenched around her nipple. Her quivering cunt felt like it was turning inside out around his burrowing prick, orgasmic love-juices seeping from her folds and running down the sides of his nuts.

Aubrey watched her mother-in-law's incredible orgasm, her pussy still dripping with desire. She knew that it was now her turn to experience the pleasures of Aiden's massive cock.

As Linda came down from her orgasm, and slid her cunt-sleeve off, Aubrey slid her wet pussy onto Aiden's still erect member, feeling his throbbing cock penetrating her tight hole.

She moaned in pleasure as she adjusted to the sensation, her pussy already familiar with the feeling of being filled by Aiden's strong, teenage cock.

Aubrey began to ride her son, her hips gyrating in perfect rhythm with his thrusts, her massive mommy-tits leaping wildly up and down her rib cage.

"That's it, Aubrey…fuck his big, juicy hardon!" Linda urged, furiously rubbing her clit to the sight of them. "You're gonna make that teen cum so fucking hard!"

Aiden met his mom's eager thrusts, feeling the spike of his cock thunder through the tube that birthed him. He groaned as she increased the pressure around his cunt-smothered shaft. His pinkish-purple crown ballooned and throbbed with blood as it carved its way through her tender, silky walls, reaching the very depths of her womb.

"Ahh, fuck, mom…I love it!" His voice quivered.

Aiden wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her even closer to him, feeling the weight of her colossal tits pressing against his face as she rode him faster and harder. The contrast

of her soft, voluptuous frame against his smooth, muscle-toned body created a perfect dance.

Aubrey's moaned as she felt her own climax building. Her nipples, as big and thick as Linda's, became engorged with blood and tightened against Aiden's chest. She bit her lower lip, her mouth twisting into a grimace of ecstasy.

"Fuck! Fuck!" her pretty voice cried out. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck meeee!!"

She began to move in a frenzy, screaming and moaning as she thrust her pussy hard against Aiden's cock, feeling the tender bulb of her clit rub against the base of his boner.

"Oh god," Aiden moaned, pressing his face into the warm, slick valley between her breasts as he felt her tight walls pulsing around him. Her jumbo-sized boobs jiggled against his cheeks, a sensation that sent shivers down his spine.

Aubrey's body trembled with pleasure as she reached the peak of her climax, her muscles clenching and releasing in waves around his throbbing cock.

Aiden thrusted harder and faster, his balls slapping against her cushy ass in a sweet rhythm. Her juices flowed down his shaft, lubricating his cock with the warm fluid. Each thrust sent her bigger-than-life tits bouncing wildly around his pleasure-filled face.

Linda couldn't help but watch in awe and admiration, her own orgasm reverberating through her body as she played with her horny clit.

"Mmm, look at how much cum you're making her spurt out!" she yelled at her grandson, her voice tinged with both lust and envy.

Aiden clenched his teeth together, his eyes closed as he felt the tight, quivering heat of Aubrey's pussy contracting around his cock. It was the most unbelievable sensation he had ever experienced, her love canal milking him like a relentless sex toy.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he gasped. "You're gonna make me nut inside you, mom."

As the pleasure built inside him, Aiden's body began to prepare for release. Rich, sizzling sperm traveled from his prostate to his testicles, mingling with fluid to form a creamy mixture. His vas deferens contracted forcefully, pushing the hot, thick load of semen towards the base of his penis.

"AH, YES…FUCK!" Aiden groaned. He could feel his muscles and tendons working in tandem as they squeezed and pulsed at the base of his engorged member. With one final surge, a powerful force shot through him, sending a torrent of milky white ejaculate up his shaft and bursting out of his piss-hole in wild, explosive ropes that splattered through the gripping, pink walls of Aubrey's pussy.

Aubrey's eyes rolled back in her head as she felt the intense pleasure of Aiden's cum flooding her tight canal. Her pussy

clenched and released around his cock, trying to milk every last drop of his cum from him. She moaned loudly, her orgasm reaching its peak as her body shook with pleasure.

Linda watched in awe as her grandson and daughter-in-law fucked each other in the most passionate way, the sweat glistening on their bodies, their MOANS filling the room. She knew that she had to have Aiden's cock too, and she wasted no time in crawling over to where Aubrey was fucking him.

Aubrey, still in the throes of her orgasm, watched as her mother-in-law joined them. She felt Linda's hand on her hip, and she knew that her turn was over.

"Mmm, I want more of that delicious dick," Linda stated, knowing full well that boys Aiden's age didn't lose their erections and could continue to fuck after an ejaculation.

Second's after Aiden's cock was released by Aubrey's pussy, it was greeted by the warm, wet embrace of Linda's. The older woman wasted no time, sinking down onto Aiden's length and letting out a deep, guttural groan.

Aiden's body contorted on the mattress, his torso arching upwards as Linda's tight, clasping pussy pulled at the pink skin of his cock. The intense friction sent shudders through his body and his balls tightened, ready to release another burst of sticky white semen. A long, gooey strand dripped and oozed from his quivering meatus, painting the back of Linda's warm insides with virile sperm.

"Oh yes," Linda sighed in pleasure. "I knew you had more of that warm, sticky goo in there for me."

She moved her wide hips in a slow, sensual gyration, stirring Aiden's throbbing cock inside her like a wooden spoon swirling through a bowl of warm, wet cookie batter. With each movement, more slimy cum bubbled out of his quivering piss-tip, adding to the already slippery mess between their bodies.

"Mmm, now you can roll me onto my back and fuck me like an animal, good and hard," said Linda.

Aiden, not one to argue with a woman in the heat of passion, obeyed Linda's command without hesitation. With a few well-placed heaves of his powerful arms, he flipped Linda onto her back and slid back into her snug confines.

Linda let out a low, pulsating moan that would have made any man's knees buckle. Her humongous breasts, like two lush pillows, heaved with each of Aiden's deft thrusts.

She reached up and grabbed the back of Aiden's neck, pulling him down for a pulsating kiss. Her tongue delved into his mouth, exploring every crevice and corner, mimicking the way Aiden's cock was exploring the depths of her now-drenched pussy.

Their lips parted, and Linda's breath came out in soft, pleading moans. "Harder, Aiden. Take me harder."

Aiden, eager to please, thrust into her with renewed fervor. The sound of their bodies slapping together echoed in the room, mixing with their gasps and whimpers.

Every time Aiden thrust into her slick pussy, he could feel the spasmodic clenching of her muscles around him. It was a

delicious sensation, driving him to push deeper and harder. As he pulled out slowly, his eyes fixed on his cock as it emerged from Linda's glistening depths.

"Faster, darling!" Linda cried out, her voice filled with need. She wrapped her smooth, powerful legs tightly around his waist, grinding against him like a wild animal in heat. The swollen head of his cock pressed against her sensitive clit, sending electric shocks through her body.

"I'm gonna cum again!" she mewled. "Fuck me harder, Aiden!" Her words were punctuated by sharp gasps and moans as she surrendered to the pleasure coursing through her. With each thrust, she urged him on, lost in the intensity of their lovemaking.

Aiden savored the tight, wet warmth surrounding his cock as he thrust it deeper into his big-titted Gran's pussy. With each plunge of his hips, he filled her to the hilt and then withdrew, only to thrust back in with a steady, relentless rhythm. Her moans and cries of pleasure spurred him on, and he couldn't resist the urge to go harder, to fuck her with every inch of his hot, huge cock.

"Harder!" Linda begged, her body writhing beneath him as she approached another mind-blowing orgasm. Her strong, curvy limbs clung tightly to the teen, creating a knot of flesh that jerked around wildly, rocking the bed in a feverish fuck.

Aiden's cock throbbed at the thought of giving her such immense pleasure. She dug her fingernails into his back, pulling him closer, desperate for more of him inside her slick

cunt. "Fuck me, darling! My cunt's creaming for you! Fuck the shit out of me with that huge fucking prick!"

Aiden spread his knees between her spread-eagled thighs, changing the angle at which he speared into her gurgling depths. He began to fuck her even harder, driving deep into her with brutal force. The bed creaked and groaned beneath them as they eagerly fucked, their bodies slapping together in a sweaty frenzy.

Linda's head tossed and turned on the pillow, her face twisted in pure ecstasy as she neared the peak of pleasure from his stabbing cock.

"Oh, Aiden," she moaned breathlessly, her body writhing with desire. "Take me, fuck me, fuck me!"

With each thrust of his hips, the sound of their skin slapping together filled the room. Her rounded ass bounced and jiggled as she ground herself onto him, her slick and swollen pussy eagerly taking in every inch of his throbbing cock.

Her nipples stood at attention, hard and sensitive atop her heaving tits. As she felt the heat building inside her, she couldn't help but cry out in pleasure. "Harder, darling! Harder!" She encouraged him, her voice becoming more urgent and primal. "I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM! CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

And then it hit her like a wave crashing down on the shore. Linda's body spasmed and quivered as she reached her climax, her tight walls clenching around his shaft with each delicious spasm.

Aiden groaned and continued to thrust into her, feeling the pressure building in his own balls.

Finally, with one last powerful thrust, he erupted inside her. His hot seed flooded her velvet walls as he collapsed onto her trembling form. They both lay there for a moment, breathing heavily and basking in the afterglow of their intense lovemaking.

Aubrey joined them, mashing Aiden between their soft, fatty tits. For the next hour the two women kissed and caressed his young body while he sucked and chewed on their soft flesh. His mouth traveled every inch of their bodies, from their puffy nipples to their damp folds, tasting their salty sweet juices. His hands explored their engorged clits, rubbing them back and forth until both women cried out in pure ecstasy.

As they lay there, sweaty and spent, Linda reached out and traced a finger down Aiden's cheek. "You're the best fuck I've ever had, Aiden," she whispered, her voice choked with emotion.

Aubrey couldn't help but chime in. "I agree. I can't imagine cheating on your father with anyone else."

She winked at Linda and their eyes twinkled with mischief. The were both cheating on their husband with Aiden, and they couldn't get enough of him.

As Samuel answered the video call, his eyes widened in shock at the unexpected sight before him. His mother sat on the edge

of his marital bed, her naked body illuminated by the soft glow of the laptop screen. A few feet away, Aiden and Aubrey were entwined in a passionate fuck-frenzy, their bodies contorted and slick with sweat. Aiden's powerful thrusts rocked them back and forth, causing Audrey's giant breasts to bounce and jiggle between them, their creamy flesh flushed and glistening.

"Mother...why are you so close to them...and why are you naked?" Sam's voice trembled with disbelief as he struggled to comprehend the scene unfolding before him.

"I'll explain in a few minutes, darling. They're both about to cum so hard, and I don't want to disturb their connection right now."

With a subtle shift of the camera, Linda captured the intense close-up view of Aiden's raging cock pounding into Aubrey's slick, swollen pussy. The sound of their passionate moans and grunts filled the room as they moved in a frenzied rhythm, their bodies pressed together in a primal dance.

Samuel watched, unable to tear his eyes away from the raw, carnal display before him.

Aiden's hairless balls slapped loudly against the crinkled ring of Aubrey's asshole with each forceful thrust, sending shivers of pleasure through her body. Each time his glistening shaft emerged from within her, it was coated with their combined juices, shimmering in the soft light of the room.

Sam could feel the tension building between them as they neared their mutual climax. Their heavy breathing and urgent movements were like a symphony of desire, reaching its crescendo as they came together in a wild explosion of passion.

"Look at how hard she's cumming, darling," gasped Linda, capturing every detail with her phone.

Sam's eyes were fixed on the intense sight before him. Aiden's muscles tensed and his balls pulled tightly against his body, a sure sign of impending release. With each mighty thrust, Sam could see the powerful flexing of Aiden's cock-muscle, driving deeper and deeper into Aubrey's insatiable pussy. Her moans and screams echoed through the room, a clear indication that she was experiencing pure bliss.

The sheer force of Aiden's pummeling thrusts must have been mind-bending for her as she writhed beneath him, her body trembling with pleasure as she came on his steely erection.

Sam couldn't help but feel a surge of arousal as he watched his wife being taken to new heights of ecstasy by Aiden's virile penis.

Linda then stood up with her phone and stepped out into the hallway. She held it at waist level, making sure her military son could see her gigantic, jutting tits. "In answer to your question, the reason I'm naked is because I'm fucking Aiden now too," she confessed.

"You're what?!" Sam asked, his heart sinking even deeper.

"Before you begin chastising me, hear out my reasoning for doing this."

"I'm listening," said Sam.

"My intention is to save your marriage by luring Aiden away from Audrey. By letting him fuck me as hard and as often as he wants, I'll be drawing his attention away from your wife. This will free Audrey up to fuck you again. The end goal is to restore your marital sex life, Samuel."

Sam frowned, his disbelief and disgust shone through his voice. "You're telling me you're basically cheating on Dad with my son to save my sex life?"

Linda nodded, her eyes wide and determined. "Exactly. I know it sounds crazy, but I've been thinking about this for a while. I want us all to be happy, and I think this plan can help us find that happiness again."

Sam took a deep breath, trying to process what he was hearing. "Mother, Aubrey shouldn't be sleeping with Sam and neither should you."

Linda's eyes narrowed, her frustration evident. "Samual, I'm doing this to help you. A little understanding and appreciation would be greatly appreciated."

Sam nodded hesitantly. "I understand that you're trying to help, but...I don't know, it just feels so wrong."

"Well, you're going to have to get over that feeling," Linda said firmly. "Because the alternative is a stagnant, unfulfilling sex

life with a wife who's basically cuckolding you. And I don't think any of us want that."

Sam took another deep breath, trying to wrap his head around the situation. He could see the sincerity in his mother's eyes, and he trusted her judgment. After a moment of consideration, he finally continued speaking. "Okay, I'll play along. But we need to keep this plan a secret from Dad."

Linda nodded in agreement. "Of course. We don't want to cause any unnecessary tension or jealousy. But we must all trust each other and stick to our roles for this to work."

With that settled, Sam watched as Linda stepped back into the room, her nude body catching the attention of both Aiden and Aubrey. They didn't seem to mind her presence; in fact, it seemed to drive them on even more.

Linda's eyes locked onto Aiden's fiery, hard cock as it slid in and out of Aubrey's wet pussy, her own pussy dripping with desire.

"Would you like a ride?" Aubrey asked Linda, her boob wobbling heavily as she crawled off her boy.

"Mmm, looks like it's my turn," Linda said to Sam, her voice thick with desire.

Sam watched as his own mother, the one he had lusted after when he was younger, mounted his son's throbbing cock. Her movements were slow and sensual as she positioned herself over him, her eyes locked onto his in a heated gaze.

She pointed the camera down to capture the sight of her ballooning tits pressed against Aiden's chest. Sam could see the sheer pleasure on Aiden's face as his cock slid into another woman's hot and mature pussy.

Linda turned the phone to her face and smiled slyly, her cheeks flushed from the intense sensations coursing through her body. "I hope you are appreciative, Samuel, because this is the length a mother will go to help her son," she purred, her voice husky with lust. "Don't worry about a thing, darling. I'll make everything in your marriage better."

With that, she set the phone aside on the mattress and Sam had a perfect view of her curvaceous body as Linda began riding Aiden's cock with skill and fervor, their bodies moving together in perfect synchronization. Sweat glistened on their skin as they reached new heights of ecstasy, and Sam couldn't help but imagine that he was Aiden, a young boy again, enjoying the pleasures that his mother's body could provide.

THE END

211: Naughty Wife, Happy Life-Part1/2

Naughty Wife, Happy Life

By Klrxo

Fuck!" Harvie's voice cracked like a whip, his eyes locked onto the primal scene before him. His mom's naked bubble butt rippled as it slammed against his taut stomach, their bodies colliding with a savage rhythm in the master bedroom, a world away from the rest of the family. The room was a den of sin, the air thick with the musk of their raw, unbridled fucking.

Harvie's enormous teen cock, seemingly much too large for his slender frame, thrust powerfully in and out of his mother's sopping wet cunt. The thick eight-inch shaft was anchored firmly at its base, his heavy, hairless balls slapping lewdly against her ass with each savage plunge. Her velvety tunnel gripped him like a fist, the slick corrugated walls providing exquisite friction along every throbbing inch.

With each deep stroke, Harvie's swollen cockhead pounded against his mom's cervix, that tender gateway to her womb. She cried out in ecstasy, the forbidden pleasure of her son's huge dick overwhelming her senses. Her pussy clenched and rippled around him, gushing hot juices that coated his pile-driving shaft.

Harvie could scarcely believe this was happening. Only a few weeks ago, he had lost his virginity to his shy, petite girl named Jenny.

Their awkward teenage fumblings were nothing like this wild, explosive passion. Jenny had lain stiffly beneath him, wincing as his oversized member stretched her to the limit. Their coupling had been brief and unsatisfying.

But now, Harvie was discovering a whole new world of raw, animalistic pleasure. His mom's voluptuous curves and confident sexuality awakened something primal deep inside him. She worked her birthing hips like an exotic dancer, skillfully milking his throbbing cock with her slick, muscular cunt. The intense sensation of bottoming out deep inside her, feeling her womb kiss the sensitive head of his dick, was beyond anything he ever imagined.

"Oh Mom, you're so tight!" Harvie groaned, gripping her flaring hips as he slammed into her from behind. Sweat poured down his lean, sinewy body as he humped frantically, lost in the intoxicating fever of their incestuous union.

"That's it baby, pound Mommy's pussy!" she panted, her huge pillowy tits swaying heavily beneath her. "Give me that big fat cock! Stretch me open and fuck me raw!"

Harvie had never heard such filthy words from a woman before, let alone his own mother. Her nasty encouragements spurred him to new heights of depravity. He reached around to maul her wildly wobbling breasts, twisting and tugging her stiff nipples as he rutted into her like a beast in heat.

The lewd wet slaps of sweaty flesh against flesh echoed obscenely in his parent's bedroom. Harvie felt a massive load churning in his swollen balls, rapidly approaching the point of no return. He didn't know if he should pull out or not. The depraved thought of ejaculating deep in his own mom's unprotected pussy pushed him right to the very brink...

ONE WEEK EARLIER…

Harvie was lost in his own world, eyes tightly shut, fist pounding up and down his erect shaft in a blur. Carrie couldn't believe how long and thick her skinny, timid son's penis was as she observed from his doorway. She felt a tingle between her legs as she watched him masturbate furiously, his breath coming in short gasps.

Harvie's cock was a veiny, throbbing monster, at least 8 inches long and as thick as his skinny wrist. The swollen purple head glistened with pre-cum as his hand flew up and down the rigid shaft. His heavy, cum-laden balls bounced and slapped against his thighs with each frantic stroke.

The mother felt herself getting wet as she took in every detail of her son's impressive manhood. She couldn't tear her eyes away from the captivating

sight. Part of her knew it was so very wrong to watch, but seeing Harvie's huge teenage cock in its full glory sent jolts of taboo pleasure through her body. Her nipples stiffened against her nightgown as she imagined how it would feel to wrap her fingers around that girthy shaft, to feel it throb and pulse in her grip.

Harvie's eyes flew open in shock as he noticed his mother standing in the doorway, barely dressed in a sheer nightgown that clung to her voluptuous curves. The silky fabric was stretched taut over her large, heavy breasts, her stiff nipples clearly visible poking against the thin material.

Despite his embarrassment at being caught, Harvie found himself even more aroused by the sight of his mother's scantily clad body. He couldn't stop staring at her deep cleavage and the enticing shadows between her ample tits. His cock throbbed even harder in his pumping fist.

"M-Mom!" Harvie gasped, his hand still moving up and down his rigid shaft on its own accord. "I... I didn't... What are you doing here?"

Carrie smiled seductively, running her fingers along the low neckline of her nightie. "I heard noises. I wanted to check on you, sweetie," she purred, her eyes riveted to his huge, weeping erection. "But don't stop on my account. Looks like you're in the middle of something... impressive."

She took a step into the room, making no effort to avert her hungry gaze from her son's throbbing cock. Harvie swallowed hard, his arousal battling with his shame. But with his hot, busty mother posing provocatively in the doorway, her nipples practically begging to be sucked through the sheer gown, he was helpless to deny his need.

The teen moaned loudly, his whole body tensing as the pleasure overwhelmed him. His cock erupted like a geyser, shooting powerful ropes of hot, thick cum high into the air. Jet after jet of pearly white semen burst from his twitching cock head, splattering down onto his chest and stomach in obscene quantities.

"Oh my god..." Carrie whispered in awe, watching the lewd spectacle of her son's explosive orgasm. She had never seen a man produce so much cum

before. Rope after rope of jizz sprayed from Harvie's jerking cock, coating his torso in a slick sheen of spunk.

Carrie felt a gush of wetness between her thighs as she imagined what it would feel like to have her son's huge, virile cock spewing all that hot seed deep inside her hungry pussy. She desperately wanted to rush over and take that still-spurting cock into her mouth, to milk out every last drop of Harvie's creamy load with her lips and tongue. But she held herself back, transfixed by the erotic sight.

Harvie groaned and shuddered as the final few weak spurts dribbled from his softening cock. His stomach and chest were glazed with a thick layer of his own semen, which ran in milky rivulets down his sides. He panted for breath, feeling both intensely satisfied and

deeply mortified that his mother had just watched him ejaculate so wantonly.

Carrie licked her lips, fighting the urge to pounce on her son's prone form and lick up every drop of that massive load. Her pussy throbbed with need, her juices soaking through her panties. She couldn't believe how much the taboo sight of her own son's climax had aroused her. What kind of mother was she to have such depraved thoughts?

"Harvie..." she breathed, her voice husky with illicit lust. She took another step closer, the sexual tension between them crackling like electricity. "That was... Mommy liked watching that. Very much."

"Thanks," the teen answered, blushing with embarrassment.

The next morning, Carrie sat at the kitchen table sipping her coffee, her mind still reeling from the intensely erotic encounter with her son the night before. She couldn't stop picturing Harvie's huge, spurting cock, and the way his potent seed had gushed out in such copious amounts. Her pussy clenched at the vivid memory.

Beside her on the table lay a woman's magazine, open to an article that had caught her eye: "Happy Wife, Happy Life: How to Convince Your Husband to Let You Fool Around with your Son." Carrie felt a thrill go through her as

she read the scandalous title. The article described how a wife could gradually convince her husband to agree to more and more taboo acts with their son, starting small and building up to a full-blown incestuous affair.

Carrie's mind raced with possibilities. She imagined asking her husband Jim if Harvie could give her innocent back rubs in her bedroom. Once Jim was used to that, she could have Harvie rub lotion on her legs and feet. Then maybe "accidentally" let him see her naked a few times. Slowly normalize more and more intimate

contact, until one day, she could casually ask Jim if he'd mind if she sucked their son's cock, or let Harvie fuck her. By then, it would seem like not such a big leap.

The lewd scenarios played out in Carrie's head, making her pussy drip into her panties. She squirmed in her seat, aching to plunge her fingers into her wet heat. But just then, Harvie stumbled into the kitchen, looking adorably rumpled in his pajamas. When he saw his mother, he blushed and averted his eyes, clearly remembering what had transpired between them last night.

"Good morning, sweetie," Carrie greeted, her voice a sultry purr. She stood up, making sure Harvie got a good look at her mile-long cleavage in her low-cut robe. "Sleep well? You must be famished after... expending all that energy last night."

She smiled suggestively and Harvie's blush deepened. He mumbled a greeting, shuffling over to pour himself some orange juice. Carrie admired his cute, tight ass in his thin pajama pants. She had a sudden urge to walk over and squeeze it, to feel his firm young muscles in her hands.

Impulsively, she moved behind him and placed her hands on his shoulders, pressing her large, soft breasts against his back in a lingering hug. "You know, Harvie," she murmured in his ear, noting the way he shivered at her touch. "I really enjoyed our... special moment last night. Seeing you masturbate your penis like that... it awakened something in Mommy. Something naughty."

Harvie trembled as he felt his mother's unfettered breasts pressing against his back, her hard nipples drilling into him through the thin fabric of her robe. He could feel her hot breath on his ear as she whispered, "When you're

stroking that big, beautiful cock of yours, do you ever think about Mommy? Do you imagine fucking my huge, soft titties, sliding your dick between them until you explode all over my face and neck?"

Carrie reached around to rub Harvie's chest, her fingers finding his nipples and pinching them lightly. The teen let out a muffled moan, his cock rapidly stiffening in his pajama pants. "Or maybe," Carrie continued, her voice dripping with lust, "you fantasize about Mommy taking your young, inexperienced cock deep in her tight, wet pussy. Imagine me bouncing on your huge dick, my heavy breasts slapping against your face as I ride you hard."

She punctuated her words by grinding her crotch against Harvie's ass, letting him feel the heat of her arousal even through their clothes. Harvie whimpered, his hips bucking back involuntarily as his cock grew to its full, throbbing size.

"I bet you've never felt a real pussy before, have you baby?" Carrie purred, sliding one hand down to palm Harvie's erection through his pants. "Mommy's cunt is so hot and slick and ready for this big dick. I'd take every inch of you, all the way in. You'd stretch me out so good."

Harvie gasped as his mother squeezed his aching cock, his arousal overriding his shock and embarrassment. "M-Mom," he stammered, his face flushed and his breathing ragged. "We can't... I mean... what about dad?"

Carrie grinned mischievously, giving Harvie's rigid bulge a stare from over his shoulder. "Oh, don't you worry about your father, sweetie. Mommy knows just how to handle him."

Later that evening, after dinner, Carrie approached her husband Jim as he sat in his recliner watching TV. She perched on the arm of the chair and ran her fingers through his hair affectionately. "Honey, can we talk for a minute?" she asked, her tone gentle but serious.

Jim muted the TV and looked up at his wife, noting the pensive expression on her face. "Of course, baby. What's on your mind?"

Carrie took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully. "Jim, I've been thinking a lot lately about my relationship with Harvie. He's growing up so fast, and I feel like we're drifting apart. I don't want to lose that special bond we've always had."

Jim nodded, his brow furrowing in concern. "I understand, honey. It's tough when they start to pull away as teenagers. But I'm sure Harvie still loves you just as much."

"I know he does," Carrie said, smiling softly. "But I think we need to find new ways to connect, to share in each other's interests. And lately, I've noticed that Harvie and I have been... curious about similar things."

"Oh?" Jim asked, his curiosity piqued. "Like what?

Carrie bit her lip, glancing away briefly before meeting her husband's eyes. "Sexual things," she said quietly, letting the words hang in the air. "Pleasurable things."

Jim's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Sexual things?" he repeated, a hint of disbelief in his voice. "With Harvie? Honey, I don't know if that's appropriate..."

"I know it sounds shocking at first," Carrie said soothingly, stroking Jim's cheek. "But I've been doing a lot of reading on the subject. In many cultures throughout history, it was common for mothers to be their sons' first sexual partners. It was seen as a loving way to teach them about pleasure and intimacy."

Jim looked conflicted, torn between his knee-jerk reaction of disapproval and his desire to keep an open mind. "I don't know, Carrie," he said slowly. "It just seems so taboo. I mean, he's our son..."

"Exactly," Carrie said, her voice growing more impassioned. "He's our flesh and blood. Who could love him more or be more gentle

and nurturing with him than his own mother? I would never do anything to hurt Harvie. I just want to express my love for him in a new, deeper way."

Jim frowned, still looking uncertain. "I don't know, honey. Even just touching each other like that seems to be crossing a line. He's our teenage son, for God's sake."

Carrie gave him a patient smile. "I understand your hesitation, darling. But it would be very innocent, I promise. Just a loving mother helping her son explore his natural urges in a safe environment. Think of it like teaching him to drive - there may be a few bumps along the way, but it's so much better he learns from someone who truly cares about his well-being."

She leaned in closer, her breasts pressing against Jim's arm as she spoke in a low, soothing voice. "I know it's an unconventional idea, but just imagine how much it could strengthen the bond between me and Harvie. He's at such an impressionable age, I'd hate for him to start exploring his sexuality with some inexperienced girl who could hurt him emotionally. If his own mother lovingly guides him, think how much more confident and secure he'll be."

Jim shifted in his chair, looking more uncertain than scandalized now. Carrie could tell he was starting to waver. She pressed her advantage, running her fingers along his thigh.

"It would only be some mild touching and petting, darling. All very chaste and above the clothes. You know I'd never let things go too far." She kissed his cheek softly, letting her lips linger. "I'm his mother, Jim. Let me be there for our son in every way he needs. Trust me to handle this delicately, with Harvie's best interests at heart."

Jim sighed heavily, rubbing his face. He was silent for a long moment, clearly wrestling with himself. Finally, he met Carrie's hopeful gaze, his eyes filled with reluctant acceptance.

"Okay, fine," he said quietly. "I still don't know if I'm entirely comfortable with it, but I trust you. If you really think this is what's best for Harvie, I won't stand in your way. Just...be careful with him, alright? Don't let it go too far."

Carrie beamed at him, her heart soaring with triumph. "Of course, darling. I'll be the very picture of maternal restraint." She kissed him deeply, her tongue teasing along his lip. "Thank you for keeping an open mind. I love you so much."

Carrie had made a habit of surreptitiously peeking in on Harvie's room around the time he usually pleasured himself each night. She loved watching her son's huge, veiny cock erupt with geyser-like streams of hot cum as he stroked himself to climax, imagining it was her fingers, mouth or pussy bringing him to such ecstasy.

Tonight, just before his usual wank session, Carrie sent Harvie a tantalizing text: "Hey naughty boy, want Mommy's hand to do all the work tonight? Come find me, I'll be waiting..."

Harvie's heart raced as he read the message, his cock already stiffening in anticipation. He crept silently through the darkened house, following the trail of his mother's carelessly discarded clothing - a skirt draped over the banister, silky blouse left in a puddle in the hallway. The enticing bread crumbs led him to the downstairs guest room.

Harvie's breath caught in his throat as he spotted his mother across the large guest room. Carrie stared back at him with smoldering, half-lidded eyes, a seductive smile playing at her lips. Then she turned and slithered into the open closet door, her voluptuous ass barely covered by a skimpy lace thong that left little to the imagination. The flimsy fabric was wedged deep between her succulent ass cheeks, framing the mouth-watering globes perfectly.

Harvie swallowed hard, his cock achingly erect as he watched his mother's sexy, graceful legs carry her into the shadowy closet. He

crossed the room in a trance, drawn to her intoxicating feminine charms like a moth to a flame. As he reached the threshold, a slender hand shot out from the darkness and yanked him inside forcefully.

Harvie stumbled into the closet, engulfed by the warm, perfumed air. Before his eyes could adjust, he felt his mother's lush, nearly naked body press against him, her huge, heavy breasts pillowing against his chest.

Her nimble fingers made quick work of Harvie's shirt and pants, undressing him with a lustful urgency. Soon he stood before her in just his briefs, his massive erection straining obscenely against the cotton fabric. Carrie licked her lips as she eyed the mouth-watering bulge.

"Ohhh!" the mother purred as she pulled Harvie down onto her. She perched on a sturdy packing box, caging his slim hips between her smooth, shapely thighs. Her skimpy thong did nothing to conceal the radiating heat of her aroused sex. She flashed him a feral, hungry smile as she took his wrist and brought his trembling hand up to cover her massive, bra-clad breast.

Harvie gasped as he felt the weight and warmth of his mother's enormous, supple tit beneath his fingers. The flimsy lace did little to disguise her rock-hard nipple pressing into his palm. Carrie purred in approval, arching her back slightly to push more of her ample flesh into his touch.

Her other hand snaked down between their bodies to boldly cup the throbbing bulge in Harvie's underwear. He let out a choked moan as his mom roughly fondled his aching cock-meat through the thin cotton, her fingers tracing the thick, pulsing shaft from base to tip.

"Mmmm, baby," Carrie breathed, her voice dripping with maternal lust. She gave a firm squeeze around Harvie's trapped erection,

making him buck helplessly into her groping fingers. His own hand reflexively tightened on her breast, sinking into the pillowy softness.

Carrie began stroking Harvie through his briefs, rubbing the drooling, cotton-covered head with her thumb on every upstroke. Harvie whimpered, his hips involuntarily humping into his mother's perverted caress. The taboo friction combined with the pressure of her strong thighs clamped around him was almost too intense to bear.

"That's it, baby boy," Carrie cooed, pumping his dick faster, fondling his swollen balls. "Hump Mommy's hand. I want to feel how desperate you are for my touch. I'm going to make you cum so hard for me."

Helpless to resist, lost in a haze of forbidden pleasure, Harvie rutted shamelessly against his mother's stroking fingers, the crotch of his underwear growing damp with pre-cum. He used his free hand to clumsily grope Carrie's other breast, relishing the soft, pliant weight of her tits overflowing his palms.

The closet filled with the obscene wet sounds of Carrie fervently jerking her son through his briefs and Harvie's ragged, panting breaths. The air was heavy with the musky scent of arousal.

The teen's you cock throbbed and flexed eagerly against his mother's stroking fingers, the thin cotton briefs straining to contain his engorged flesh. His swollen cockhead wept copious amounts of sticky pre-goo, creating an expanding damp patch that clung to his frenulum. The cotton fabric was stretched taut, molding to every ridge and vein of his thick, pulsating shaft as it twitched and jumped with arousal.

Carrie marveled at the sheer size and hardness of her son's pulsing erection as she groped him roughly. She could feel every intimate detail of his hot, meaty cock even through the underwear - the way his inflamed glans flared out from the thick shaft, the throbbing of

the fat dorsal vein running along the top, the heavy fullness of his cum-laden balls.

Her mouth watered with the desire to yank his briefs down and worship his magnificent teenage cock properly with her lips and tongue. She ached to trace every inch of his silky smooth skin and bulging veins with her mouth, to swirl her tongue around the leaking slit of his cockhead and lap up every drop of his succulent pre-cum. She desperately wanted to slobber all over his balls, sucking each one between her lips.

But she restrained herself, remembering her promise to Jim to keep things relatively chaste. Instead, she worked Harvie's trapped erection faster, stroking him base to tip and grinding the heel of her palm against his throbbing cockhead on every upstroke.

Harvie groaned and shuddered, his grip on Carrie's huge tits tightening reflexively. The dual sensations of his mother's expert handjob through the clinging fabric and the plush tit-flesh overflowing his squeezing fingers was driving him wild with pleasure. The taboo thrill of engaging in such lewd acts with his own mom only heightened his feverish arousal.

"Oh, Mom!" Harvie gasped, his slim hips bucking to fuck his mother's stroking fist. "Your hand feels so good! I'm gonna... I'm getting close!"

"That's it, baby!" Carrie purred, pumping his dick even faster, fondling his balls. "Cum for Mommy! Soak these briefs with your hot, sticky load. I wanna feel you pulsing and twitching and throbbing as you make a huge mess for me!"

With a strangled cry, Harvie's cock flexed and jerked wildly in his mother's hand as he exploded in climax. Carrie moaned in delight as she felt her son's dick swell and pulse, the first shot of semen jetting out to immediately soak through the cotton and coat her fingers in wetness.

Spurt after massive spurt of thick, potent cum gushed from Harvie's spasming cock, flooding the front of the boy's briefs with a spreading wet patch. His teenage cock bucked and throbbed against his mother's groping fingers as he pumped out what felt like an endless eruption of semen, his heavy balls drawing up tight.

Carrie milked her son through the intense climax, rubbing and squeezing his spurting cock as it kicked and pulsed. She reveled in the warm wetness seeping through the cotton and coating her fingers, the sheer volume of cum her son was producing.

"That's my good boy," she purred, stroking him from root to tip, wringing out every last drop. "Give Mommy all that hot, sticky cream. Mmm, you made such a big mess in your undies, baby."

Harvie shuddered and whimpered as the final weak spurts dribbled out, leaving his briefs totally soaked with cum. As his softening cock slipped from his mother's grasp, he looked down and flushed with embarrassment

at the obscene wet spot covering his crotch and the pearly streaks coating Carrie's fingers.

His mom brought her cum-glazed hand to her mouth, making a show of licking Harvie's essence from her skin. "Mmmm, yummy," she moaned, sucking a finger between her plump lips. "My baby boy tastes so good."

Dazed from his explosive orgasm, Harvie watched in awe as his mother cleaned her hand of his spunk. His spent cock twitched at the depraved sight. Carrie grinned at him, giving his softened package a parting caress.

"Alright sweetie, let's get you upstairs so you can clean up and get ready for bed," she said, standing and straightening her thong where it had shifted during their activities. "We'll continue our affection tomorrow."

Over the next several days, Carrie and Harvie fell into a routine of nightly "bonding sessions". Each time, Carrie would grope and stroke her son to a messy climax in his underwear while allowing him to paw at her barely-covered breasts. She kept her promise to Jim, never going beyond heavy petting, but she made sure Harvie experienced mind-blowing pleasure each time.

Unbeknownst to both Carrie and Harvie, Jim's curiosity got the better of him one evening. He crept downstairs and peeked into the guest room closet, his eyes widening at the shadowy silhouettes of his wife and son's writhing forms.

He watched, transfixed, as Carrie's hand pumped vigorously between Harvie's legs while his son groped her huge, bra-clad tits. He could hear his son's moans and whimpers of pleasure, and his wife's encouraging coose.

Jim stood frozen, his heart clenching as he watched his wife's wanton display. Carrie was panting and mewling with undisguised lust as she clung to their teenage son, her hand flying over the obscene bulge in Harvie's briefs. Her eyes were wide and glazed with hunger, her huge tits practically spilling out of her bra as Harvie pawed at them roughly.

The wet, slick sounds of Carrie's stroking fingers on the pre-cum soaked cotton seemed to echo in the closet. The air was thick with the musky scent of arousal - Harvie's drooling cock and Carrie's gushing pussy. Jim could hardly believe the debauched scene before him. His sweet wife was shamelessly bringing their son off like a horny coed, rather than a loving mother.

As he watched, Harvie let out a guttural moan, his slim hips jerking as he unloaded in his underwear. Carrie squealed in delight, pumping her fist faster, milking her boy through his climax. The wet spot on Harvie's crotch expanded obscenely as he hosed down the inside of his briefs with shot after shot of teen cum.

"That's it, baby!" Carrie purred, squeezing out every drop. "Give Mommy that hot seed! Ooh, you made such a sticky mess!"

Jim's stomach churned, his heart breaking at the euphoric glee on his wife's face, the way her eyes shone with satisfaction at wringing such a huge, illicit load from their son. He stumbled back from the doorway, his head spinning, a confusing mix of hurt, anger and shameful arousal warring within him.

The next evening after dinner, Carrie approached Jim with a serious but caring expression. "Honey, can we talk for a minute? It's about Harvie."

Jim tensed, his mind flashing guiltily to the debauched scene he had witnessed the night before. He nodded stiffly, not trusting his voice.

Carrie sat beside him, placing a soothing hand on his knee. "I've been thinking a lot about how we can keep building trust and openness with Harvie as he explores his sexuality. I know what we've been doing is unconventional, but I truly believe it's bringing us closer as a family."

Jim swallowed hard, trying to reconcile his wife's earnest tone with the wanton display he'd spied on. "I don't know, Carrie," he said hoarsely. "What you're doing with him... it seems to be going beyond just innocent bonding."

Carrie squeezed his knee, her eyes soft and imploring. "I know it may look that way from the outside. But Jim, I promise, it's still very chaste, very loving. I'm just trying to be there for our son in a way that meets his needs at this confusing age."

She paused, seeming to gather her thoughts. "In fact, I think we may need to go a step further to really cement that trust and openness between us."

Jim's brow furrowed. "Further? Carrie, I don't know if I'm comfortable with..."

"Just hear me out," Carrie interrupted gently. "I've been doing more research, and many experts say that oral stimulation can be a very natural and healthy part of a mother-son bond. It's an intimate, nurturing act that shows a young man there's nothing shameful about his body or his urges."

Jim gaped at her, aghast. "You want to put our son's penis in your mouth? Carrie, that's... that's a line we can't uncross."

"I know it sounds shocking at first, honey. But if you really think about it... is it that different from me using my hand? It's still just loving, maternal touch, no actual sex. I'd simply be using my lips and tongue to give Harvie pleasure and help him feel good about his sexuality."

Jim shook his head, trying to process his wife's justifications. "I don't know, Carrie. Mouths, genitals... it seems a bridge too far."

Carrie stroked his arm soothingly. "I understand your hesitation, darling. But think about it – Harvie's gonna start dating soon. He'll be using that penis with girls, putting it in their mouths, their vaginas. Wouldn't you rather he first experience oral pleasure in a safe, loving environment with someone he trusts implicitly? It could make him so much more confident and secure when the time comes."

She gazed at Jim imploringly , her tone soft but insistent. "I want to do this for our son, Jim. I want him to have the most loving, nurturing introduction to oral pleasure possible before he's out there navigating the minefield of hookup culture. Please trust that I have Harvie's best interests at heart."

Jim sat in silence for a long moment, his mind reeling. As much as the idea unsettled him, he couldn't deny there was a certain logic to

Carrie's arguments. And he had to admit, the taboo mental images her words conjured sent a shameful spark of heat through his gut.

Finally, he let out a shuddering sigh, meeting Carrie's hopeful gaze. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but... okay. If you really think it will help Harvie in the long run, I'll try to keep an open mind about it. But please, Carrie, be careful. Don't let it go too far."

Carrie beamed at him, her eyes shining with grateful adoration. "Of course, darling. I knew you'd understand." She leaned in and captured his lips in a deep, sensual kiss, her tongue teasing his. "You're an amazing father, Jim. Harvie is so lucky to have your support as he becomes a man."

The next morning, Carrie met her neighbor Linda for coffee at a quaint cafe near their houses. The two attractive MILFs settled into a corner booth, eager to catch up on the latest developments with their strapping teenage sons.

"So," Linda began with a conspiratorial grin, leaning in close. "How are things going with you and Harvie? Any more... intimate bonding lately?"

Carrie smirked, sipping her latte. "Oh, you could say that. In fact, I finally convinced Jim to let me take things to the next level with Harvie's 'life lessons'."

Linda's eyes widened. "No way! You mean..."

"Oral," Carrie confirmed with a wicked gleam in her eye. "I'm gonna start sucking my baby boy's big cock. You know, really show him the ropes before he starts dating."

"Holy shit, Carrie!" Linda gasped, fanning herself dramatically. "I can't believe you talked Jim into that! Dan would never go for something so taboo with our Luke, even though I'm dying to wrap my lips around that kid's huge dick."

Carrie chuckled. "Well, it didn't happen overnight. I had to ease Jim into the idea. Started with just over-the-clothes petting, letting Harvie fondle my tits while I stroked him off. Mmm, you should see the massive loads he blows every time, Linda. Absolutely drenches his briefs."

Linda moaned softly, squirming in her seat. "Fuck, that's hot. I've spied Luke's cum-soaked boxers in the hamper. Always makes me cream my panties imagining his big fat cock spurting like a fountain."

"Right?" Carrie grinned wickedly. "And now I get to watch it happen up close and personal. Suck all that hot teen jizz right down my throat. I can't wait to feel Harvie's huge dick pulsing on my tongue as he fills my mouth with cream."

"God, you lucky bitch," Linda pouted playfully. "What I wouldn't give to have Luke's beautiful cock stretching my lips, fucking my face. He's so thick, I bet he'd make me gag on it."

"Mmm, I'm sure you'd do your best to swallow every inch like a good mommy," Carrie purred. "Bury your nose in his pubes while he shoots straight down your throat."

The two horny mothers shared a giggle, their faces flushed and their nipples visibly poking against their shirt on the peaks of their giant tits. They were both getting wet just talking about the depraved things they wanted to do with their sons' cocks.

"Seriously though, I'm impressed you got Jim on board," Linda said, shaking her head. "Dan is still being a total stick in the mud about me doing anything sexual with Luke."

"Anything?"

"Yeah, I asked him if I could just kiss on Luke's body," Linda answered. "Maybe lay on top of him and lick his neck a little bit. Dan acted like I was asking to rape the kid."

Carrie leaned forward, her expression both sympathetic and conspiratorial. "Listen, Linda. You need to just chip away at Dan's reservations, just like I

did with Jim. Start small - ask if you can give Luke relaxing, maternal massages. Once Dan's used to that, maybe ask about kissing or fondling. Normalize that intimate contact."

Linda nodded eagerly, hanging on Carrie's every word. Carrie continued, "Then, when the time is right, sit Dan down for a heartfelt talk. Lay it on thick about how you just want to guide Luke into sexual maturity in a safe, loving way before he starts fucking inexperienced girls. Mention how many of his friends' moms are probably already blowing them. Make Dan feel like he's depriving Luke if he doesn't let you suck that sweet cock."

"God yes," Linda breathed, practically squirming out of her seat. "I'll tell Dan that Luke will be a much more confident, responsible man if his own mother teaches him the joys of oral pleasure. It's downright neglectful if we don't get that big dick in my mouth, pronto!"

Carrie grinned wickedly. "Exactly. And don't be afraid to get a little weepy, let Dan comfort you. 'I just wanna bond with my baby boy in every way possible before he leaves the nest! Is that so wrong?' Really twist the knife."

"Fuck, Carrie, you're an evil genius!" Linda cackled. "Dan won't know what hit him. That man is putty in my hands when I turn on the waterworks."

"Mmm, soon you'll have Luke's thick cock as putty in your hands too," Carrie purred. "And between those pretty cocksucker lips. Maybe Dan will even want to watch his hot wife slobbering all over his son's big meat, once he accepts the idea."

"Ugh, I'm drenched just thinking about it," Linda moaned. "Oh God, I wanna feel Luke's heavy balls drawing up tight against my chin as

he blasts a huge load straight down my throat. I'll suck that boy dry anytime he needs release."

"That's what good mommies do," Carrie said, giving Linda's hand a squeeze. "We satisfy our sons' every need, drain those full balls so they can focus in school. It's downright maternal to nurse on our babies' big dicks."

The two oversexed mothers shared a lustful giggle, their cunts throbbing and dripping at the taboo images. They could scarcely wait to wrap their

lips around their strapping sons' huge teenage cocks and milk out every drop of hot, virile seed. No matter what they had to do to convince their husbands, those MILFs were determined to swallow their own sons' cum, the ultimate forbidden bond between mom and son.

When Harvie arrived home from school that day, Carrie was waiting for him with a seductive gleam in her eye. She knew they had a precious window of alone time before her other kids got home, and she intended to make the most of it.

As Harvie walked through the door, Carrie stood in the foyer and slowly, teasingly shucked her dress up and over her head. Harvie gulped as his eyes raked over his mother's voluptuous body, clad only in a lacy bra and panties that left little to the imagination.

"Come here, baby," Carrie purred, crooking a finger at him. "Mommy needs your help getting undressed the rest of the way."

Harvie approached on shaky legs, his heart hammering in his chest. Carrie turned her back to him, glancing coyly over her shoulder. "Go ahead, sweetie. Take off Mommy's bra."

With trembling fingers, Harvie reached out and fumbled with the clasp of his mother's bra. It sprang open and Carrie let the straps

slide down her shoulders, baring her smooth, creamy back.

"That's it, just like that," she cooed encouragingly as Harvie nervously peeled the bra away to reveal the sides of her huge, heavy breasts. They quivered and swayed as she shrugged out of the lingerie entirely.

Next, Carrie hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her dainty G-string panties and began slowly shimmying them over the ripe curves of her hips. Inch by tantalizing inch, she revealed the perfect peach of her heart-shaped ass, the flimsy fabric catching teasingly between her plump cheeks.

Harvie felt lightheaded as he watched his mother's panties slither down her long, silky legs. Her delectable bubble butt jiggled and bounced as she stepped out of the scrap of lace, now fully nude before her awestruck son.

"Mmm, much better," Carrie purred, doing a little twirl to give Harvie an eyeful of her naked splendor from every angle. His eyes hungrily took in the mouthwatering globes of her ass, the drool-worthy swell of her heavy tits, the enticing patch of neatly trimmed fur at the join of her thighs.

Being a tit-obsessed teen, Harvie's eyes were as wide as saucers as he hungrily drank in the sight of his mother's colossal, wobbling breasts. The areolas were thickly textured and expansive, capping the jutting titflesh like fleshy saucers. Her fat, rubbery nipples stood out like thimbles, engorged with arousal and begging to be sucked.

Carrie smirked at her son's awestruck expression, relishing his blatant ogling of her naked body. She sauntered closer, reaching out to slowly unbutton Harvie's shirt. "Now it's your turn, baby," she cooed. "Let Mommy unwrap you like a present."

Harvie stood stock-still, practically vibrating with anticipation as his mother's nimble fingers worked open his shirt and slid it off his

shoulders. Next, she unfastened his jeans and tugged them down, leaving him in just his snug briefs. The cotton was tented obscenely by his throbbing erection, an unmistakable outline of his long, thick cock pressing against the fabric.

"Ooh, looks like someone's happy to see Mommy's titties!" Carrie purred, cupping Harvie's bulge and giving it a squeeze. He gasped, his hips bucking involuntarily into her touch.

With a wicked grin, Carrie yanked Harvie's underwear down in one swift motion. His enormous cock sprang free to slap heavily against his belly, the rigid shaft rising from a thin thatch of dark curls. It was fully engorged, an angry purple and pulsing with need, the broad head leaking copious pre-cum.

"Mmmm, baby!" Carrie moaned appreciatively, wrapping her fingers around Harvie's thick cock and stroking it slowly. "Mommy loves your big, beautiful dick! I can't wait to taste it!"

Harvie's eyes went wide with shock. "T-taste it?" he stammered, hardly believing his ears.

"That's right, sweetie," Carrie purred, stroking his cock languidly. "I had a long talk with your father. He agreed it's time for Mommy to start sucking this beautiful cock. You know, give you a nice preview of what a blowjob feels like before you start dating."

Harvie couldn't believe what he was hearing. His own mother was going to put her mouth on his dick? And Dad was okay with it? His head spun with the taboo thrill, his cock throbbing eagerly in Carrie's grip.

"Come on, baby, let's get comfy," Carrie cooed, leading the dazed Harvie over to the living room sofa. She gently pushed him to sit back against the cushions, his raging hard-on jutting up obscenely. Then she sank gracefully to her knees between his splayed thighs, eyeing his cock like a starving woman at a buffet.

"Mmmm, you have such a gorgeous cock, Harvie," Carrie purred, running her fingers along the throbbing shaft. "Mommy can't wait to worship it with her mouth."

Harvie whimpered, his entire body tensing as his mom leaned in and extended her long tongue. She started at the root, slowly dragging the flat of her licker up the sensitive underside of his shaft. Harvie shuddered, his hands fisting the couch cushions. No one had ever licked his cock before. It felt electric, taboo, overwhelming.

Carrie lapped at her son's rigid pole like an ice cream cone, tracing every bulging vein and ridge with the tip of her tongue. She took her time, lavishing attention on his balls, sucking each one gently between her lips. Harvie squirmed and panted, fighting the urge to blast off immediately.

"Your cock tastes so yummy, baby," Carrie moaned, swirling her tongue around Harvie's leaking cockhead, savoring the salty-sweet flavor of his pre-

cum. "Mommy's gonna suck out so much delicious sperm, fill up her belly with your cream."

Harvie's head lolled back against the sofa, lost in a daze of pleasure as his mother licked his cock from root to tip over and over. She bathed every inch in her warm spit until his entire shaft glistened, pulsing and throbbing against her tongue.

"Please Mom," Harvie whined desperately, lifting his hips, trying to push his cock past her teasing licks.

"Mmm, such a polite boy, using his manners," Carrie purred. "Okay sweetie, Mommy will give you what you need."

With that, she parted her plump lips and slowly engulfed the broad head of Harvie's cock. They both moaned at the sensation - Harvie at the wet heat engulfing him, Carrie at the taste of her son's flesh

filling her mouth. Her lips stretched obscenely around his girth as she sank down, taking him inch by thick inch.

Harvie watched in awe as his mother effortlessly swallowed his huge cock, her lips coming to rest against his pubes. He could feel the muscles of her throat fluttering and massaging the sensitive head as she held him deep. It was like nothing he'd ever felt before, a whole new world of pleasure.

Carrie held her teen's entire length in her mouth and throat for a long moment, savoring the raw intimacy of the act. There was something so forbidden, so deliciously taboo about having her own son's cock throbbing between her lips. She felt intoxicated with perverse lust, her neglected pussy gushing arousal down her thighs.

Slowly, she began to bob her head, establishing a sensual cock-sucking rhythm. Her plush lips dragged along Harvie's shaft, her tongue swirling and undulating against the sensitive underside. She puckered her cheeks, creating an exquisite suction that had Harvie seeing stars.

"Oh wow, Mom, your mouth..." Harvie babbled deliriously, lost in the wet, tight pleasure engulfing his cock. "It feels so good... oh god..."

Carrie moaned around her mouthful, the vibrations making Harvie's cock swell and twitch against her tongue. She began bobbing faster, taking him to the root on every down-stroke. Strings of saliva ran obscenely down her chin as she slurped and suckled, the wet sounds of her blowjob filling the living room.

She pushed herself, suppressing her gag reflex as she deep throated Harvie with increasingly sloppy and enthusiastic slurps. Her eyes watered, her nose pressing into his pubes as she swallowed around the fat head lodged in her gullet. Drool ran freely from the corners of her stretched mouth, drenching Harvie's balls.

Harvie was in his own personal Nirvana, his entire universe contracted to his mother's hot, greedy mouth voraciously devouring his cock. He had never known such all-consuming pleasure was possible. His balls began to tighten, churning with a massive load as Carrie relentlessly pleasured him with lips, tongue and throat.

"Mom, I'm gonna... you're gonna make me..." Harvie gasped desperately, his fingers tangling in her hair.

Harvie's swollen balls churned and tightened, drawing up close to his body as the semen began its journey. The sperm cells, produced in their millions deep within his testes, were swept along as his vas deferens and epididymis began to contract rhythmically.

Carrie felt Harvie's cock swell and pulse against her tongue, growing impossibly harder. She knew her boy was close. She doubled her efforts, slurping hungrily as she pistoned her lips along his throbbing shaft.

The first thick spurt of cum erupted from Harvie's balls, racing up the length of his shaft. It exploded from his engorged cockhead directly into Carrie's throat, a geyser of hot, sticky teenage seed.

Carrie moaned in ecstasy as Harvie's cock jerked and throbbed between her lips, ejaculating powerfully. Spurt after massive spurt of jizz flooded her mouth and throat, the virile semen hitting her tonsils and coating her

tongue. She swallowed convulsively around him, working to gulp down the huge load even as Harvie continued to spew like a rampaging hose.

The semen pumped up from Harvie's balls in long, ropey jets, his cock flexing and twitching with each spasm. The viscous fluid splashed across Carrie's palate and gushed down her greedy throat, flowing directly to her stomach. She swallowed and swallowed,

determined to milk every drop and nourish herself on her son's sweet cream.

Harvie grunted and whimpered, his entire body wracked with tremors as the most intense orgasm of his young life ripped through him. His cock felt like it would never stop erupting, emptying what felt like gallons of backed-up cum into his mother's slurping mouth.

Finally, the spurts began to weaken, tapering off into feeble dribbles. Carrie nursed devotedly at Harvie's softening cock, using her tongue to tenderly lap up the last drops pearling at his tip. His shaft gave a few last feeble twitches between her lips, completely drained.

With a final slurp, Carrie let her boy's spent cock slip from her mouth. She sat back on her heels, panting, her lips swollen and glossy with saliva and cum. Her throat worked as she swallowed the last of his massive load, a look of utter satisfaction on her face.

"Mmmm, baby, that was incredible," she purred, licking her lips. "You taste so yummy. Mommy loves drinking down all your thick, creamy spunk. I can feel it in my tummy."

Harvie slumped bonelessly against the couch, dazed and spent. He couldn't believe what had just happened - but he loved every second of it.

Over the next few days, Jim began to notice subtle changes in his wife's behavior and appearance. There was a perpetual flush to her cheeks, a dreamy, faraway look in her eyes. And when she kissed him goodnight, he could swear he detected a faint, musky scent on her breath that was becoming all too familiar - the unmistakable aroma of semen.

Jim's stomach clenched as the realization hit him. That scent was from Harvie, from his own son's cum. He knew it with a sickening certainty. Carrie had been sucking their boy's cock, gulping down his loads, just like she'd convinced Jim to allow. The thought made him

dizzy with a confusing mix of emotions - shock, disgust, shameful titillation.

He tried to rationalize it, reminding himself that he had agreed to this, that Carrie had assured him it was for Harvie's benefit. But actually being confronted with the reality of it, the physical evidence that his wife was swallowing their son's spunk, hit differently. It made the taboo act viscerally real in a way that mere knowledge of it happening behind closed doors did not.

One evening, Jim's fears were confirmed in the most graphic way possible. Carrie and Harvie had been sequestered away in the master bathroom for a suspiciously long time. Feeling a growing unease, Jim finally approached the closed door, raising his hand to knock. But he froze when he heard the unmistakable sounds emanating from within.

Wet, sloppy slurps and muffled groans filtered through the door, sounds Jim recognized all too well from his own marital blowjobs. But there was a gluttonous, ravenous quality to the noises Carrie was making now, a primal hunger as she noisily devoured what could only be Harvie's young cock.

Jim's head swam as he listened to the depraved symphony - the obscene, wet suction of Carrie's lips, the gurgling as she hungrily swallowed, Harvie's gasping moans of pleasure. He knew he should walk away, that this was exactly what he had agreed to let happen. But some masochistic impulse kept him rooted to the spot, cock shamefully thickening as he eavesdropped on his wife slurping their son to orgasm.

"Oh Mom, I'm gonna cum!" Harvie's choked cry was followed by a long, guttural groan of ecstasy.

"Mmmmmpphh!" Carrie responded, the sound muffled and sloppy around what was obviously a mouthful of erupting cock. Jim could

hear her greedily gulping, swallowing, the unmistakable sound of a massive load being gluttonously consumed.

That evening, the phone rang - it was Linda, practically squealing with excitement. "Carrie, oh my god! I did it! I finally convinced Dan to let me suck Luke's cock, just like you said!"

Carrie grinned, settling back against the pillows. "That's amazing, Linda! I'm so happy for you! Tell me everything, spare no detail. I wanna hear all about you slurping on that big teenage dick."

Linda sighed dreamily, her voice taking on a sultry purr. "Oh Carrie, it was everything I've fantasized about and more. I ambushed Luke as soon as he got home from school, pulled him into the laundry room and dropped to my knees."

"Oooh, so naughty!" Carrie giggled. "I bet he was shocked!"

"Completely stunned," Linda agreed. "But not for long. Once I fished out that gigantic cock and started licking, he got on board real quick. I swear Carrie, I almost fainted when I saw the size of him. He puts Dan to shame."

Carrie moaned softly, squeezing her thighs together as she listened. "Mmmm, I know what you mean. Harvie's cock is fucking massive. Stretches my lips so wide when I swallow him."

"God yes," Linda breathed. "I could barely fit Luke in my mouth at first. But I was determined. Took me a few tries, but I finally managed to cram the whole thing down my throat. Felt him throbbing against my tonsils as I deep throated that huge dick."

The two cock-hungry mothers traded slurps and moans over the phone as they recounted every sordid detail of sucking their sons' oversized shafts. They gushed about the taste of teenage pre-cum, the feeling of heavy balls drawing up tight, the sheer volume of

semen pumped down their throats when their boys inevitably lost control.

"I swear, he erupted like a fucking geyser directly into my stomach," Linda panted, audibly frigging her clit as she relived the experience. "Just kept

spurting and spurting, feeding me that huge backed-up load. Felt like he'd never stop cumming!"

"Fuck yes, sounds like you drained those big swollen balls good," Carrie groaned, equally breathless as she fingered her sopping cunt. "Milked out every drop of that potent spunk. Such a good mommy, Linda, gulping down your baby boy's hot jizz."

They shamelessly masturbated together as they traded pointers and techniques, describing in graphic detail how they used lips, tongue, and throat to wring out the most intense orgasms from their sons' big cocks. By the time they hung up, both of their faces were glazed with drool, thighs sticky with pussy juice.

212: Naughty Wife, Happy Life-Part2/2

A few days later, Jim sat Carrie down for a serious talk, his face etched with concern. "Honey, I know I agreed to let you...do those things with Harvie. But I'm having second thoughts. It just feels like it's crossing a line, becoming too real."

Carrie reached out to stroke Jim's cheek, her expression compassionate but resolute. "Oh Jim, I know it's a lot to process. But we talked about this. Harvie needs me right now, needs this intimate guidance that only his mother can provide."

She shifted closer, taking Jim's hands in hers, her tone soothing and persuasive. "Think about how much more confident and self-assured Harvie has been lately. How he carries himself with a new maturity. That's because of the special bond we're nurturing. Because he feels safe and accepted exploring his sexuality with Mommy."

Jim sighed, looking conflicted. "I know, but..."

"Shhhh," Carrie cut him off gently. "I understand your reservations, darling. But to change course now, to suddenly close off that maternal intimacy... it would be so unfair to Harvie. So damaging and confusing for him. He's come to rely on our private time together."

She gazed at Jim imploringly, her eyes soft and beseeching. "Please Jim, don't ask me to take away something that means so much to our son, that's helping shape him into a mature and confident man.

Let me continue to be there for Harvie in every way he needs his mother. I promise it's still innocent, still just loving guidance."

Jim closed his eyes, wrestling with himself. Carrie pressed on, her voice a soothing balm. "This is a pivotal time in Harvie's life. His sexual awakening. What kind of message would it send if we shut that down, make him feel ashamed and rejected? I can't bear the thought of scarring him that way."

She leaned in, resting her forehead against Jim's, her tone gentle but insistent. "Harvie needs me, Jim. Needs my love and acceptance and guidance. Please don't make me abandon our son when he needs his mother most. Trust that I have his best interests at heart. That everything I'm doing is nurturing him, not harming him."

Jim took a shuddering breath, the fight draining out of him. Carrie's impassioned pleas, the conviction in her voice, wore down his resistance. He couldn't deny the positive changes he'd seen in Harvie's demeanor lately. And the thought of damaging his son, of making Harvie feel rejected and ashamed, made his heart clench.

"I...okay, Carrie," he relented, his voice heavy with resignation. "If you really think this is what's best for Harvie, what he needs... I won't interfere."

Carrie smiled at Jim gratefully, squeezing his hands. "Thank you for understanding, darling. I know this isn't easy, but your support means the world to me and Harvie." She paused, seeming to consider her next words carefully.

"In fact, Jim... I've been thinking. If we really want to cement this bond between me and Harvie, to make him feel totally accepted and confident... perhaps it's time to take things a step further."

Jim's brow furrowed. "Further? What do you mean?"

Carrie bit her lip, glancing away briefly before meeting Jim's gaze. "I mean... letting Harvie experience the ultimate physical expression of Mommy's love. Letting him make love to me, to be inside me."

Jim's eyes widened in shock. "Carrie! You can't be serious! I mean, oral stuff is one thing, but actual intercourse? With our son?"

"I know it sounds extreme," Carrie soothed, stroking Jim's arm. "But think about it, honey. Harvie is gonna be having sex soon, if not already. Wouldn't you rather his first time be with someone who loves him completely, who will be patient and gentle and giving?"

She gazed at Jim earnestly, her expression open and imploring. "I would be so careful with him, Jim. Guide him through it with all the love and tenderness a mother has for her child. Can you imagine how much it would boost his confidence, to know he's desirable and capable of pleasing a woman? What a head start it would give him."

Jim looked torn, his face a mask of conflicting emotions. Carrie pressed on gently. "It would be the ultimate bonding experience for me and Harvie. Sharing that profound intimacy, connecting in the most primal way. He'd go out into the world so self-assured, so at ease with his sexuality."

She reached up to cup Jim's face, her thumb stroking his cheek. "I wanna give that gift to our son, Jim. The gift of my body, my love, my total acceptance and guidance. I wanna be his first, to make it beautiful for him. Please understand. I'm not doing this for me, but for Harvie."

Jim closed his eyes, looking pained. He was silent for a long moment, the wheels turning behind his eyes. Finally, he let out a long, shuddering sigh.

Jim shook his head vehemently. "No Carrie, I'm sorry but I can never be okay with you having actual sex with our son. Oral stuff was

already pushing it, but fucking him? That's a bridge too far. I won't allow it."

Carrie's face crumpled, her eyes welling with tears. "I can't believe you, Jim," she said, her voice choked with emotion. "I thought you cared about Harvie's well-being and development more than this. More than your own baseless jealousy."

Jim gaped at her, stunned by the accusation. "Jealousy? Carrie, this has nothing to do with..."

"Doesn't it?" she cut him off sharply, wiping angrily at her tears. "You're putting your own selfish discomfort ahead of our son's needs. Ahead of giving him the most loving, nurturing initiation into manhood possible."

She shook her head, her expression etched with disappointment. "I really thought you'd evolved past this, Jim. That you trusted me to always put Harvie's best interests first. I guess I was wrong."

Jim shifted uncomfortably, guilt warring with his reservations. "Carrie, I do trust you. But full-on sex... it's just too much. I don't see how that can be justified as motherly guidance."

"Of course you don't," Carrie said bitterly. "Because you're not thinking about this from Harvie's perspective. About how much it would mean to him, to have his first time be with someone who loves him unconditionally. Who will be patient and giving and build up his confidence."

She fixed Jim with a pleading look, fresh tears spilling down her cheeks. "I'm his mother, Jim. I'm supposed to be his ultimate source of love and comfort and acceptance. How can I look Harvie in the eye and tell him that Mommy doesn't love him enough to give him this profound gift? That Daddy won't let Mommy fully be there for him in his journey to manhood?"

Jim closed his eyes, his resolve crumbling under Carrie's emotional onslaught. He pictured his son's face, the potential hurt and rejection and shame. The image twisted his heart. Was he being selfish? Putting his own hang-ups ahead of Harvie's emotional and sexual development?

"Please, Jim," Carrie pressed through her tears. "Please don't ask me to withhold my deepest love from my baby boy. Don't make me damage him that way. Let me be the mother he needs, in every sense of the word."

Jim's shoulders slumped in defeat, utterly emotionally battered by his wife's pleas. "I...Christ, Carrie. I don't... I can't..." He sighed heavily, sounding exhausted. "Fine. If you really think this is what Harvie needs...if you really think there's no other way then do what you need to do."

Carrie threw her arms around Jim, hugging him tightly. "Thank you, darling," she murmured against his neck. "Thank you for being so understanding, so supportive of Harvie's needs. I know this isn't easy, but you're doing the right thing. Putting our son's well-being first."

She pulled back, gazing at Jim with watery, grateful eyes. "I promise, this is only about nurturing Harvie's development. Giving him the most loving, positive introduction to sex possible. You'll see, he'll blossom from having his mother's total devotion and intimacy."

Jim nodded weakly, looking defeated but resigned. "I trust you, Carrie. I don't like it, but I trust that you truly believe this is what's best for Harvie."

Carrie smiled, stroking his cheek. "It is, Jim. Our boy is gonna grow into such a confident, emotionally mature man because of this. You'll be so proud of the unbreakable bond between mother and son."

The next morning, Carrie met Linda for coffee, a wicked gleam in her eye as she relayed the latest developments. "I finally wore Jim down," she announced triumphantly. "He agreed to let me go all the way with Harvie. I get to be my baby boy's first fuck!"

Linda's eyes widened, her mouth falling open in shock and envy. "No way! Carrie, you lucky bitch! I can't believe you actually convinced Jim to let you fuck your son!"

Carrie laughed, stirring her latte. "Oh please, it was easy. Men are so simple. You just have to know which buttons to push." She smirked conspiratorially. "A few crocodile tears, some dramatic hand-wringing about 'Harvie's needs'... Jim folded like a cheap suit. He practically begged me to screw our son by the end."

"Fuck, I'm so jealous," Linda pouted. "I've been working on Dan for days but he won't budge past blowjobs. I'm dying to feel Luke's big cock split me open."

"You'll wear him down eventually," Carrie reassured. "Just keep hammering the emotional angle. Make him feel like a monster for 'withholding' your love from Luke." She grinned wickedly. "And in the meantime, enjoy throating that young dick. Savor every drop of cum your baby feeds you."

Linda shivered, squeezing her thighs together. "Mmmm, I do love guzzling Luke's sweet loads. But I won't be satisfied until I'm riding him, letting him pump me full of spunk. I want to give my boy the ultimate Mommy experience."

"And you will," Carrie said confidently. "One way or another, us moms always get what we want. Our husbands just can't help but fold."

That evening after dinner, Carrie approached Jim with a new request, her expression carefully neutral. "Honey, I've been thinking... with this new level of intimacy between me and Harvie, it

might be good for us to have some more privacy. You know, so we can really focus on nurturing that bond without distractions or interruptions."

Jim's brow furrowed, not liking where this was heading. "What exactly are you suggesting?"

She took a deep breath, reaching out to place a hand on Jim's arm. "I think it would be best if you and Harvie switched bedrooms for a little while. Just temporarily, so he and I can have a private space to explore this new dynamic."

Jim's eyes widened in disbelief, his jaw clenching. "You want me to give up our marital bed so you can fuck our son in it? Are you serious right now?"

Carrie's expression remained calm and reasonable in the face of Jim's rising agitation. "Jim, please. It's not about that. It's about creating a safe, intimate environment for Harvie to feel totally comfortable opening up to me, body and soul. The marital bed can create that sort of setting for him."

She gazed at Jim imploringly, her voice softening. "I know it's an inconvenience for you, and I'm sorry for that. But this is about putting Harvie's needs first, remember? Giving him every possible comfort and reassurance as he takes this huge step in his development."

Seeing her husband's mind working, Carrie continued to barrage him with logical reasons for the new arrangement. "Think about our other kids," she stated. "You don't want them to see me constantly going into Harvie's bedroom and wondering what we're doing, do you?"

Jim shook his head, looking away in frustration. He was silent for a long moment, wrestling with himself. Finally, he let out a heavy sigh. "I don't like this, Carrie. I really don't. It feels like you're pushing me

out of my own bedroom, my own marriage, for this twisted thing with Harvie."

Carrie moved closer, cupping Jim's face and forcing him to meet her earnest gaze. "Jim, no. That's not it at all. I'm not pushing you out, I'm trying to create space for our son's emotional growth. This is about Harvie, not you and me."

She stroked his cheek soothingly, her voice a gentle coo. "It won't be permanent, darling. Just a temporary arrangement so I can give Harvie my full focus during this pivotal time. Once he's gained his confidence and feels secure in his sexuality, things will go back to normal. I promise."

Jim's shoulders slumped, the fight draining out of him yet again under his wife's persuasive pleas. "You swear it's only temporary? That I'm not losing my place in this marriage, in this bed, for good?"

"Of course, Jim," Carrie assured, pressing a soft kiss to his lips. "You're not losing anything. We're just making room for Harvie's needs, for a little while. I would never push you out, my love."

That evening, Jim watched with a heavy heart as Carrie led Harvie down the hall towards the master bedroom, her arm draped possessively around their son's waist. Harvie looked nervous but excited, a tent already forming in his pants at the prospect of finally losing his virginity to his own mother.

Once inside the bedroom, Carrie shut the door firmly, wanting total privacy for Harvie's first time. She turned to her son with a warm, reassuring smile, taking both his hands in hers.

"Before we start, baby, I thought we could make this extra special by leaving some of it up to chance," she purred, guiding Harvie to sit on the edge of the

bed. "Mommy read in her magazine that it can be really fun and spontaneous for new lovers to randomly select positions to try."

Harvie gulped, nodding eagerly. The idea of letting fate decide how he would take his mother for the first time was incredibly thrilling. His cock throbbed in anticipation.

Carrie reached into the bedside table and withdrew a glass bowl filled with folded slips of paper. "I wrote down a bunch of positions on these," she explained with a wink. "We'll each draw one, and that's how we'll make love for the first round. Doesn't that sound exciting?"

"Y-yeah," Harvie agreed, his voice cracking slightly. He was so turned on he could barely think straight.

Smiling, Carrie held out the bowl to Harvie. "You pick first, sweetie. Let's see what Mommy's in for."

With a trembling hand, Harvie reached in and selected a paper, unfolding it to read. "Cowgirl," he announced, his eyes widening at the image that popped into his head - his mother riding his cock, her huge tits bouncing in his face.

"Oooh, fun!" Carrie cooed. "Mommy gets to be on top first. I can't wait to bounce on your huge cock, baby."

She set the bowl aside and began slowly stripping off her clothes, revealing her voluptuous body inch by tantalizing inch. Harvie watched in awe as his mother's massive breasts spilled free of her bra, her rosy nipples already stiff with arousal.

The mother grinned devilishly at her boy embarrassed expression as she peeled the tiny triangle of lacy fabric from her crotch, revealing her freshly waxed pussy.

"There's no more, um…hair down there," Harvie gulped.

"Mommy got a Brazilian wax today," Carrie stated, running two fingers along the smooth, puffy flanges to each side of her dark cuntal cleft. "She's completely bald now for her baby boy and our special first time together."

Naked, Carrie crawled onto the bed, pushing Harvie onto his back and straddling his hips. She ground her wet, naked pussy against the bulge in his pants, smirking as her son groaned and twitched beneath her.

"Mmm, feels like you're more than ready for me," she purred, reaching down to unbuckle Harvie's pants and free his straining cock. His teenage meat sprang up, slapping against his belly, flushed a deep red and leaking copiously from the swollen tip.

The shameless mother grasped Harvie's throbbing erection at the base, giving it a few slow pumps. Then she angled it towards her dripping slit, rubbing the broad, spongy head against her engorged clit. Electric pleasure jolted through them both at the first touch of cock to pussy.

"Ohhhh fuck, baby," Carrie moaned wantonly, swirling her hips to slide her slick folds along Harvie's cockhead, smearing his sticky pre-honey along her vestibule. "Mommy needs this big dick inside her right now."

Holding him steady, she began to sink down, stretching her tight cunt around the flared, shiny-skinned tip. Inch by inch, she impaled herself on her son's huge sex-organ, groaning in ecstasy as he filled and stretched her like never before.

"Oh my god, Mom!" Harvie gasped, his eyes rolling back at the exquisite sensation of his mother's scorching hot, velvety walls engulfing him. "You're so tight! Unghhhh!"

Carrie smirked down at him, enjoying the dazed, slack-jawed look of pleasure on her boy's face. She knew her cunt was a dick-milking

marvel, and she couldn't wait to show Harvie what it could do.

Once she had taken every thick, sinewy inch, Carrie paused, savoring the feeling of absolute fullness. Harvie was sheathed to the hilt inside her, his ballooning glans throbbing against her cervix. She felt deliciously stuffed and stretched in the best way.

After a moment, she began to move, lifting up until just the tip remained inside before slamming back down to the root. Harvie cried out sharply, his

hands flying to grip his mother's undulating hips as she started bouncing on his cock hard and fast.

Carrie rode her son with wild abandon, her huge tittie-melons jiggling and swaying hypnotically with every roll of her hips. The loud, wet slaps of her meaty ass against Harvie's thighs filled the room as she impaled herself over and over on his thick pole.

"Take Mommy's cunt, baby!" Carrie growled, grinding her clit against Harvie's pelvis as she gyrated in his lap. "Ungh, fuck, you're stretching me so good! Filling me up just right!"

Harvie could only thrash and moan helplessly as his mother used his strong, unyielding cock for her pleasure, slamming herself down onto him with brutal pace. He'd never felt anything so amazing in his life. His mother's pussy was grabbing and squeezing his shaft like a hot, silken fist.

Carrie's tits bounced wildly, the heavy globes rippling with each collision of their bodies. Her diamond-hard nipples pointed straight at her son, mesmerizing him as they danced lewdly.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming already!" the mother gasped.

Harvie was utterly entranced by the erotic spectacle of his mother's orgasm. Her voluptuous body undulated and writhed above him as

the intense pleasure ripped through her. Her head was thrown back, eyes screwed shut, plump lips parted in a silent scream of ecstasy.

In that moment, the teenager saw his mother in a whole new light - not just as his loving, nurturing mom, but as a sexual being, a goddess of carnal delights. The way her huge tits bounced and swayed, the flush of arousal painting her skin, the uninhibited look of rapture on her face... it was the most exciting thing Harvie had ever witnessed.

As Carrie came on Harvie's cock, her already vice-tight cunt clamped down even harder, rippling and grasping along his shaft. Her molten walls fluttered, milking him with rhythmic pulses. Hot juices gushed around his pumping cock, drenching his balls and thighs as she squirted with abandon.

The added pressure and slick friction quickly pushed Harvie past the point of no return. With a strangled groan, he slammed his mother down onto his

cock one final time and exploded deep inside her spasming pussy. His cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged what felt like a gallon of hot, thick cum directly into Carrie's womb.

"Oh god Mom, I'm cumming in you! I'm cumming hard!" Harvie wailed, his eyes rolling back in his head as indescribable pleasure consumed him.

Shot after shot of potent boy-seed pumped into Carrie's hungry cunt as Harvie's orgasm seemed to go on forever. Each eruption of cum triggered another grasping spasm of Carrie's pussy, the velvety walls milking him for every drop. The sensation was so intense, Harvie's toes literally curled as he emptied his balls into his mother's depths.

"That's it, baby!" Carrie cried, grinding down to take Harvie even deeper as he geysered inside her. "Give Mommy all your hot cum! Fill me up with it!"

The dirty talk combined with the taboo thrill of ejaculating inside his own mother pushed Harvie to new heights of ecstasy. He thrust up mindlessly, whimpering and shaking as Carrie's rippling cunt wrung out every last drop of his sizeable load.

Finally, the boy collapsed back onto the bed, totally spent, his softening cock still buried in Carrie's cream-filled pussy. Carrie collapsed on top of him, both of them panting and trembling in the aftermath of their mind-blowing mutual climax.

After a few minutes of basking in the afterglow, Carrie gently lifted herself off Harvie's spent cock. A river of their combined juices gushed out of her stretched hole, coating Harvie's softening shaft and balls.

"Mmm, why don't you run down to the kitchen and grab us some water, baby," Carrie purred, giving Harvie's slick dick a parting squeeze. "When you get back, we can draw another position from the bowl for round two."

Harvie nodded eagerly, the idea of letting fate decide how he'd take his mother next incredibly arousing. He slid out of bed on wobbly legs, pulling on his underwear and t-shirt before padding downstairs.

In the kitchen, Harvie was filling two glasses with ice water when Jim walked in, looking haggard. He did a double take when he saw his son's disheveled appearance - the just-fucked hair, the flush of exertion, the unmistakable musky scent clinging to him. His stomach clenched as the reality of what had just transpired upstairs sank in.

"Oh, hey Dad," Harvie greeted awkwardly, shifting from foot to foot. "I was just getting mom and I some water."

There was an uncomfortable beat of silence before Harvie continued. "Can I ask you something, dad?"

"Sure, what's up?" Jim replied, not sure if he wanted to hear his son's question.

"Is it normal for a girl to like, gush a bunch of liquid on your penis during sex? Mom did it twice and it was crazy wet..."

Jim's face blanched, a wave of nausea rolling through him at the thought of his wife's pussy juices flooding their son's cock. He swallowed thickly, trying to compose himself enough to respond.

"Uh, yeah, that's called 'squirting', son," Jim explained hoarsely. "Some women expel fluid during orgasm. It's perfectly normal."

Harvie nodded, looking relieved. "Oh cool. It felt amazing! I can't wait to see what other ways Mom wants to do it."

Jim's eyes widened in shock at Harvie's casual revelation. "Wait, you're going again? Already?" he sputtered, his mind reeling at the idea of his wife and son engaging in marathon sex sessions.

Harvie nodded enthusiastically, oblivious to his father's distress. "Yeah, Mom said we're gonna draw another position from this bowl she made. The first one was cowgirl and it was amazing! Mom rode me so hard, Dad. She was like, bouncing on my penis and telling me how good I was stretching her and filling her up."

Jim felt lightheaded, his son's graphic descriptions conjuring far too vivid mental images. He gripped the counter for support, trying to breathe

through the confusing swirl of emotions - revulsion, heartbreak, shameful titillation.

"Uh, that's... that's great, son," Jim forced out, his voice strained. "Sounds like you two are really... bonding."

"Totally!" Harvie agreed, grinning. "I just hope I can last longer this time. Maybe make Mom squirt a bunch more. I bet we could keep going for like, two or three hours straight now that I already came once!"

Jim thought he might pass out as the obscene picture took shape in his mind - his wife splayed out, being pounded relentlessly by their virile teenage son, her body wracked with endless orgasms as she gushed all over Harvie's pistoning cock for hours on end.

He opened his mouth, not even sure what he intended to say, but Harvie was already heading for the stairs, water glasses in hand. "Anyway, I better get back up there," he called over his shoulder. "Don't wanna keep Mom waiting!"

Jim could only watch helplessly as his son bounded up the steps, eager to return to the marital bed and ravage his willing mother. He slumped against the kitchen island, his head spinning as he tried to process the depraved new reality of his home life.

When Harvie returned to the bedroom, his jaw dropped at the sight that greeted him. Carrie was kneeling on the bed, her voluptuous body glistening as she sensually massaged her huge tits with some kind of oil. The room was filled with the enticing scent of root beer, Harvie's favorite soda.

"Welcome back, baby," Carrie purred, shooting him a sultry look over her shoulder. "I bought some root beer flavored massage oil, since I know how much you love the taste. I thought you might like licking it off Mommy's big titties."

Harvie gulped, his recently depleted cock already starting to swell and lengthen again at the mouth-watering sight. He set the water glasses down and quickly stripped off his clothes, his impressive young erection bobbing obscenely as he approached the bed.

As he climbed up behind his mother, Harvie remembered his awkward encounter with his father downstairs. "Oh man, Mom, I think I freaked Dad out," he chuckled, reaching out to palm the slick globes of Carrie's ass. "He asked if we were going again and I told him about the position bowl and how I made you squirt. He looked really pale."

To Harvie's surprise, Carrie let out a laugh, a fresh gush of arousal flooding her bare pussy at his words. The idea of Jim knowing in graphic detail what she was doing with their son, how completely she was corrupting him, sent a dark thrill through her.

"Is that so?" she asked breathlessly, arching her back to push her shimmering ass further into Harvie's groping hands. "Did you tell Daddy how well you stretched Mommy's tight cunt? How deep you fucked your hot cum into me?"

"Uh huh," Harvie nodded eagerly, kneading the pliant flesh of his mother's succulent derriere. "I said you rode me so hard and kept saying how good I was filling you up. And that I wanted to fuck you for hours and make you squirt even more. Dad looked like he was gonna hurl."

"Fuck, that's so hot," Carrie whimpered, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks, exposing her dripping slit to her son's hungry gaze. "Mommy loves that Daddy knows what a good little motherfucker you are. How thoroughly you're ruining me for his dick."

Harvie moaned, his cock lurching at his mother's nasty words. He gave her slick ass a hard spank before reaching for the bowl of positions sitting on the nightstand.

"Your turn to draw, Mom," he said eagerly, holding the bowl out to Carrie. "I hope it's one where I can lick that root beer oil off your huge titties while we do it."

Carrie grinned wickedly over her shoulder as she plucked a slip of paper from the bowl. "Oooh, jackpot baby!" she squealed excitedly after reading it. "You're in luck. It's Lotus - Mommy gets to sit in your lap facing you while you suck these big oily tits and pound my cunt."

"Yes!" Harvie growled, tossing the bowl aside. He sat back against the headboard and Carrie moved onto his lap, both groaning as her slick pussy lips brushed against the throbbing head of his erection.

Carrie wrapped her arms around her boy's neck, her massive breasts smashed against his chest, leaving smears of the flavored oil on his skin. "Go ahead and taste them, baby," she purred, pushing her heavy tits up toward his face. "Lick up all that yummy root beer while you stuff Mommy's cunt with your huge dick."

Harvie didn't need to be told twice. He buried his face between Carrie's shimmering tits, groaning at the first taste of the sweet oil on his tongue. He lapped greedily at the soft flesh, swirling his tongue around her stiff nipples as he savored the flavor of his favorite soda combined with the intoxicating essence of his mother's skin.

As Harvie feasted on her chest, Carrie reached down to grab his aching cock, notching the bulbous head against her entrance. With a swift downward push of her hips, she impaled herself fully on her son's thick pole, both crying out sharply as he stretched and filled her.

"Oh fuck, baby, your cock feels even bigger this way," Carrie panted, undulating her hips to grind her clit against Harvie's pelvis. She cradled his head against her chest, holding him in place as he motorboated her deep, slippery cleavage "Suck Mommy's big titties while you fuck her! Mmm, so sloppy and messy, just how I like it!"

Harvie groaned around his mouthful of breast, the flavored oil smearing obscenely across his cheeks as he suckled. His hands

gripped his mom's undulating ass, helping guide her as she began bouncing feverishly on his throbbing cock.

Harvie latched onto his mother's slick breast, his lips forming a tight seal around the center of her areola. He suckled greedily, drawing the stiff peak deep into his mouth, his tongue swirling around the puckered flesh. He slouched down further, burying his face in the center of Carrie's pillowy tit, nuzzling into the warm, pliant flesh.

Carrie threw her head back with a wanton moan, her eyes fluttering shut in bliss as her grown baby nursed hungrily at her breast. The combination of his hot, eager mouth on her sensitive nipple and his thick cock stretching her cunt was indescribably pleasurable. She ground down harder on his lap, her clit dragging deliciously against his pubic bone with each gyration of her hips.

"Oh fuck yes, baby, just like that," Carrie panted, fisting her hands in Harvie's hair to hold him against her chest. "Suck Mommy's titty while she rides this big dick. Ungh! You're filling me up so fucking good!"

Harvie groaned around his mouthful of breast, the vibrations making Carrie's pussy clench around him. His hands kneaded the slippery globes of her ass as he thrust up to meet her downward bounces. Their bodies slapped together obscenely, Carrie's oiled skin sliding against Harvie's, the room filling with the musky scent of their coupling.

"Mmmm, you love having your face smashed in Mommy's huge tit while she uses your cock, don't you baby?" Carrie gasped, her hips moving faster, slamming down to take Harvie balls deep on every drop. "You're such a good boy, sucking on Mommy's titties and fucking her so deep! Gonna make me cum all over this big dick again!"

The teen whimpered, suckling even harder as his mother's writhing body and filthy words pushed him closer to the edge. He could feel

her molten cunt spasming around him, fluttering deliciously along his pistoning shaft as she rode him with wild abandon.

Carrie's pussy clenched rhythmically around Harvie's plunging cock as her orgasm crashed over her. She threw her head back with a keening wail, her entire body shaking and shuddering as intense waves of pleasure radiated out from her core.

"UNGH! FUCK YES! I'M CUMMING!" she shrieked, slamming herself down one final time, taking Harvie to the hilt.

Her cunt rippled and spasmed almost violently, gushing around Harvie's throbbing shaft. A flood of slick arousal squirted out around his pistoning

cock, soaking his lap and thighs with her essence. Harvie groaned in awe as he felt his mother's release drench him, amazed that he could make her body respond so intensely.

"Oh god, Mom!" he panted around the breast filling his mouth. He could feel his own climax building, his balls drawing up tight, but he fought it back, remembering his earlier promise to his dad.

Clamping down on his control, Harvie continued thrusting up into his mother's fluttering sheath as she rode out her prolonged orgasm. He suckled her slick, root beer flavored tits with gusto, determined to last as long as possible, to give his mom orgasm after body-wracking orgasm.

For the next two hours, Harvie let his insatiable mother use his cock to her heart's content, just like he'd bragged to Jim. Carrie came over and over, screaming herself hoarse as she gushed and squirted all over her son's pistoning cock and clenching abs. The bed sheets were soaked through with her continuous flood of juices, the room reeking of sex.

Through it all, Harvie nursed at Carrie's heavy breasts like a boy possessed, sucking and licking and nibbling the sweet oil from her soft flesh. Carrie's nipples were red and swollen and throbbing, aching deliciously from her son's endless worship. Harvie's face was glazed with the flavored lube, glistening obscenely as he slurped and motorboated the slick tit-flesh.

Finally, as Carrie shuddered through what had to be her twentieth climax, clenching like a vice around him, Harvie couldn't hold back any longer. With a guttural roar, he slammed his mother down on his cock and erupted like a geyser deep inside her spasming cunt.

"OH GOD, MOM! FUCK YESSSSS!" Harvie bellowed, his head thrown back in ecstasy as he blew the biggest load of his young life directly into his mother's womb.

A week later, Carrie and Linda bumped into each other at the mall, their strapping teenage sons in tow. The two MILFs greeted each other with knowing smirks, their eyes gleaming with wicked mischief.

"Linda, darling, so good to see you!" Carrie purred, air-kissing her friend's cheek. She wrapped an arm around Harvie's waist, pulling him flush against her side. The boy blushed, his eyes darting to the floor as he was smushed against his mother's pillowy breast.

"You too, Carrie!" Linda replied, mirroring the gesture with Luke. The lanky teen's face flushed scarlet as he found himself pressed into the warm, fragrant valley of Linda's ample cleavage. "I see you have your handsome man with you too."

The women exchanged a loaded glance, their meaning clear. Their sons were no longer boys, but strapping young studs who had been thoroughly initiated into the world of carnal delights by their own mothers.

"Oh yes, Harvie and I have been absolutely inseparable lately," Carrie said with a sultry chuckle. She ran her hand up and down

Harvie's side, her nails lightly scratching him through his shirt. "We've just been so wrapped up in...bonding."

"I know exactly what you mean," Linda purred, giving Luke's firm ass a shameless squeeze. The poor boy looked like he wanted to disappear into the floor. "Luke and I have been spending so much quality time together too. He's become quite the attentive lover."

Carrie raised an eyebrow, smirking. "Is that so? Do tell! I wanna hear all about what a stud your boy has blossomed into between the sheets."

Linda let out a throaty laugh, jostling Luke against her chest. "Oh Carrie, you have no idea! This kid's cock is a fucking lethal weapon. He fucks me into a coma practically every night."

Carrie gasped in mock surprise, her eyes dancing with glee. "My goodness! Sounds like he's built to satisfy. Has he made you squirt yet? Harvie had me gushing like a geyser his very first time inside me."

The two oversexed mothers cackled wickedly, completely ignoring their sons' mortified expressions as they shamelessly compared notes on their prowess. Poor Harvie and Luke could only stand there blushing furiously, held captive against the very breasts they'd suckled for endless hours as

their mothers extolled their fucking skills in graphic detail for all the mall to hear.

"Luke has me squirting buckets every time," Linda bragged, giving her son's package a bold grope through his jeans. "His staying power is unreal. Fucks me for hours! My sheets are perpetually soaked through, which Dan gets so upset about."

Carrie nodded approvingly, giving Linda a conspiratorial wink. "I'm so glad our husbands have chosen to generally be supportive rather

than selfish about all this. Putting our sons' needs first, like good fathers should. In fact, I was thinking...the next logical step in their sexual education would be knocking us up, don't you think?"

Linda's eyes widened, then a slow, wicked grin spread across her face. "Mmmm, I love the way your filthy mind works, Carrie. Our boys breeding their own mommies...fuck that's hot. Pumping us full of virile young cum until we're swollen with their babies..."

The two women shivered with twisted arousal, their cunts clenching at the depraved fantasy. Beside them, Harvie and Luke shifted uncomfortably, sneaking nervous glances at each other. The idea of impregnating their own mothers was equally terrifying and shamefully exciting to their teenage libidos.

Carrie smirked as she noticed the growing bulges in the boys' pants, amused by their physical reaction to the taboo suggestion. "Just imagine how huge and heavy our tits will get, dripping milk constantly," she purred loud enough for the boys to hear. "Our babies can suck our engorged nipples while their daddies fuck us. The ultimate family bonding."

Linda groaned, humping her son's leg subtly as she pictured it. "God yessss. Riding Luke's big cock, my belly swollen with his seed, begging him to suck the milk from my tits..."

The boys were now blushing furiously, their erections throbbing almost painfully against their zippers at the graphic dirty talk. They couldn't deny

the perverse allure of their mothers' words, even as their rational minds screamed that it was so very wrong.

"Then it's settled," Carrie declared with a note of finality. "We'll get these strapping teens to fuck some babies into us pronto. Our husbands can't object - it's the natural culmination of everything they've already agreed to."

The devious mothers shared a final cackle, practically drunk on their own depravity. As they said their goodbyes and went their separate ways, the shell-shocked boys trailing behind them, both Harvie and Luke were lost in dazed fantasies of pounding their pregnant mothers, growing round with their children, having their swollen tits milked.

That evening, Carrie approached Jim with a gentle, imploring expression. She took his hands in hers, gazing at him with soft, beseeching eyes. "Jim, my darling... we need to have a very serious, very open-hearted discussion about Harvie's ongoing development."

Jim tensed, a feeling of unease settling in his gut. He could tell by his wife's tone that she was about to drop another bombshell request on him regarding their son's "education". Steeling himself, he nodded for her to continue.

Carrie took a deep breath, choosing her words carefully. "As you know, the bond between Harvie and I has deepened so profoundly these past weeks. He's blossomed into such a confident, virile young man under my loving guidance. But I feel there's one final step we need to take to truly cement his sexual and emotional maturity."

"And what might that be?" Jim asked warily, already dreading the answer.

Carrie squeezed his hands, her eyes shining with earnest conviction. "I want Harvie to father my child. I wanna give him the ultimate affirmation of his manhood by carrying his baby, nurturing a new life created from our love."

Jim's jaw dropped, his head swimming with shock. He opened his mouth to protest, but Carrie cut him off with a gentle finger to his lips.

"Please, just hear me out," she implored softly. "I know it seems shocking at first, but if you really think about it, it's the most natural,

beautiful progression of the journey Harvie and I have been on. What could be more affirming for a young man than knowing he's potent enough to impregnate a woman? Especially the woman who gave him life in the first place?"

She gazed at Jim imploringly, her eyes soft and misty. "It would be the ultimate bonding experience for me and Harvie. Sharing something so profound, creating a life together. He would go out into the world so secure in his virility, so unshakably confident. Please try to understand, Jim. I'm not doing this for me, but for our son."

Jim swallowed thickly, his mind reeling. There was a certain twisted logic to Carrie's argument that he couldn't deny, even as the idea of her carrying Harvie's child made his stomach churn.

Sensing his resistance weakening, Carrie pressed on, her voice gentle but insistent. "And of course, this means Harvie and I will need to fully give ourselves to each other, body and soul. He'll need to move into the master bedroom permanently, so we can make love constantly, give our baby the best chance."

She cupped Jim's face tenderly as she delivered the final blow. "I know this is a lot to take in, but I really need you to put your own discomfort aside and think about what's best for Harvie."

Jim's brow furrowed, a pang of unease cutting through the shock. "But...if Harvie fathers this child with you, isn't he gonna be responsible for supporting it? Supporting you? He's just a teenager himself, Carrie..."

To his surprise, Carrie threw back her head and laughed, as if he'd just said something utterly absurd. "Oh darling, of course not!" she tittered, waving a dismissive hand. "We could never expect that from Harvie. He's much too young for such responsibilities."

She smiled indulgently, shaking her head at Jim's naiveté. "No, no...after Harvie graduates from High School, his days are gonna be far too busy bonding with me, exploring my changing body as the pregnancy progresses.

He'll need to focus all his youthful virility on satisfying my increased libido, learning how insatiable women get when they're carrying a child."

Jim gaped at her, aghast. "You can't be serious," he sputtered weakly. "You expect our teenage son to put his entire life on hold just to...to service you through your pregnancy?"

"Well, I wouldn't put it quite that crudely," Carrie sniffed, looking mildly affronted. "But yes, Harvie's top priority will be attending to my needs and continuing his sensual education. This is an unparalleled chance for him to experience the eroticism of a woman's body as it creates life. It's essential for his growth."

She reached out to stroke Jim's face again, her expression softening. "As for supporting us...darling, that's what I have you for. You're Harvie's father, my dutiful husband. Of course you'll be there to provide for us as I nurture our son's child in my womb."

Jim could only stare, dumbfounded, as Carrie blithely mapped out a future where Harvie spent his days fucking her pregnant body while Jim worked to keep them all afloat. The sheer selfishness, the gall of it, took his breath away.

And yet...some dark, hidden part of him couldn't deny the twisted thrill that raced up his spine at the idea of his son fucking a baby into his wife, right under Jim's nose. Of working his fingers to the bone to support their taboo love child, the ultimate cuckold.

Carrie saw the conflicted mix of horror and reluctant titillation flit across Jim's face and knew she had him. Smiling prettily, she pressed a soft kiss to his slack mouth.

"I know it's a lot to process, darling," she cooed soothingly. "But this is the right thing, for Harvie's journey to manhood. You'll see. He'll blossom even more, under my constant loving attentions. Just trust that I always have our son's best interests at heart."

Over the next few days, all of Harvie's belongings were moved into the master bedroom he now shared with his mother. His clothes hung next to Carrie's in the spacious walk-in closet, his toiletries lined up beside hers on the bathroom counter. To anyone looking in from the outside, it appeared that a husband and wife occupied the room, not a mother and her teenage son.

And in many ways, that's exactly the dynamic Carrie and Harvie settled into as they dedicated themselves to the single-minded goal of conceiving a child together. They fucked ravenously, morning, noon and night, their naked bodies twisting and undulating on the bed Jim used to share with his wife.

Carrie threw herself into the task with a feverish intensity, riding her hard-dicked teenager for hours, milking his cock with her skilled, greedy cunt until he pumped load after massive load deep into her fertile womb.

She insisted on keeping his seed plugged inside her for hours afterwards, laying with her hips elevated and her legs spread, coaxing his sperm to find its target.

In between their marathon fucking sessions, Carrie pampered and doted on her son, preparing all his favorite foods and showering him with physical affection. She seemed determined to reduce her son to a happily stupid state of blissed-out complacency, his world narrowed down to nothing but plowing her pussy and sucking her huge tits.

Poor Jim could only watch helplessly from the sidelines as his wife and son played house, his once cozy family home transformed into an incestuous love nest. He told himself he was respecting Harvie's

journey, supporting his growth into manhood, but deep down Jim knew he was simply too weak to stand against Carrie's indomitable will.

The situation was made all the more unbearable by Harvie's clueless oversharing. The boy seemed to have no filter, babbling to his father about all the depraved things Carrie was doing to him as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"Mom is so wild in bed, Dad!" Harvie enthused over breakfast one morning, Jim choking on his coffee. "She woke me up today by sitting on my face! Just smothered me with her pussy until I licked her off. I couldn't even breathe!"

Jim cringed, his stomach turning at the mental image of his wife grinding on their son's face. But Harvie rambled on, oblivious to his father's distress.

"And she's teaching me all these wild positions," Harvie gushed, shoveling cereal into his mouth. "Like she'll put her legs over my shoulders or wrap them around my waist. Or she'll flip upside down so I can eat her out while she sucks my dick! It's crazy how bendy Mom is!"

Jim felt lightheaded, his face draining of color at the explicit details. He had to grip the edge of the table to keep from swaying in his seat. But still, Harvie prattled on, completely unaware of the effect his words were having.

"Mom wants to be pregnant bad! We're doing it like, at least five or six times a day now. Sometimes for hours at a time! Mom says she wants to keep my balls totally drained to give us the best chance of making a baby. Isn't that awesome, Dad? You're gonna be a grandpa soon!"

Jim opened his mouth, then closed it again, at a total loss for words. What could he possibly say? That he was thrilled at the prospect of

his teenage son impregnating his own mother? That he couldn't wait to financially support their incestuous love child while Carrie and Harvie fucked like rabbits? The whole situation was so beyond the pale, so utterly depraved, that Jim could scarcely wrap his head around it.

And yet, even as revulsion churned in his gut, Jim couldn't deny the traitorous stirring in his loins at the lurid images Harvie's descriptions conjured. The thought of his strapping young son sexually dominating Carrie, bending her voluptuous body to his will and seeding her womb, sent an illicit thrill racing down Jim's spine, much to his shame.

Coughing awkwardly, Jim pushed back from the table, unable to meet Harvie's bright, guileless gaze a moment longer. "That's...that's great, son," he mumbled, his voice hoarse. "You just...keep doing what your mother says, okay? I'm sure it will all work out."

Harvie beamed, clearly taking Jim's words as enthusiastic encouragement. "Thanks Dad! I knew you'd be stoked. Mom says once she's pregnant, we're gonna make love like crazy, the whole nine months. She says her libido will be off the charts and she'll need me to satisfy her constantly. Isn't that so hot?"

Jim could only nod weakly, his head swimming as he imagined the depraved scene Harvie painted - his teenage son rutting on top of Carrie's heavily pregnant body, her belly and tits swollen obscenely with the fruits of their taboo union. The image was so viscerally wrong and yet undeniably arousing, filling Jim with an excruciating combination of horror and reluctant lust.

Mumbling an excuse about being late for work, Jim fled the kitchen, desperate to escape the twisted revelations and his own perverse reactions to them.

That afternoon, as soon as Harvie got home from school, Carrie pounced on him, practically tearing his clothes off in her haste to get

at his young, virile body.

"Mmmm, Mommy missed you so much today, baby," she purred, shoving him onto the big bed and climbing on top to straddle his slim hips. "I've been aching for this big cock all day. I need you to fuck a baby into me right now!"

Harvie groaned as his mother's wet, hungry cunt engulfed him, her slick heat enveloping every inch of his throbbing erection. No matter how many times they did this, he never got used to how amazing her pussy felt wrapped around him, squeezing and fluttering and milking his shaft.

Carrie wasted no time, immediately setting a wild, bucking pace. She planted her hands on Harvie's scrawny chest for leverage as she bounced on his cock like a woman possessed, her huge tits jiggling and swaying hypnotically with every slam of her hips.

"Ungh! Yes! Fuck me, baby!" she cried, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Pound Mommy's cunt! Fill me up with your seed!"

Harvie pistoned his hips frantically to meet her downward thrusts, their flesh slapping together obscenely. His hands flew to grip her wildly gyrating hips, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh of her lush ass as he held on for dear life.

Carrie increased her tempo to a fever pitch, the headboard slamming against the wall as she rode her son with reckless abandon. Sweat poured down her flushed face and heaving breasts as she chased her pleasure, intent on milking Harvie's cock for every drop.

After a serious of three body-trembling climaxes, Carrie rolled them over and folded herself practically in half, bringing her legs up to rest on Harvie's narrow shoulders. The new position let him plunge even deeper, his cockhead battering her tender cervix with every frenzied thrust.

"Ooooh, yessss!" Carrie keened, her eyes rolling back at the delicious onslaught to her core. "Right there, baby! Jackhammer Mommy's greedy hole!"

Harvie grunted with effort as he sawed into his mother's upturned cunt, his slim hips a blur. At this angle, he found himself staring up the long, toned lines of Carrie's sexy legs, all the way to her pretty, pointed feet with their bright red painted toenails.

He was mesmerized by the erotic sight of his prim mother's slutty fuck-me feet, the way her perfectly pedicured toes curled with pleasure every time he bottomed out inside her. It was a visual reminder of just how wanton and depraved she became in the throes of lust for his cock.

Carrie giggled breathlessly as she felt Harvie's cock pulse and throb inside her, his balls drawing up tight. She knew he was getting close, the visual stimulation of her sexy feet pushing him to the brink.

"You like Mommy's slutty little toes, don't you baby?" she purred wickedly, flexing and pointing her feet in his face. "Mmm, I can feel your big dick twitching. Are you gonna bust your nut while you stare at my fuckable feet, you naughty boy?"

Harvie whimpered, his rhythm faltering as his orgasm approached. Carrie clenched her cunt around him rhythmically, determined to milk out his load.

"Do it, baby," she urged gutturally, grinding her hips. "Dump all that hot, sticky jizz in Mommy's cunt! Paint my fucking cervix with your cum! Knock me up like a good son should!"

With a strangled shout, Harvie exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser. Searing ropes of semen blasted against Carrie's spasming walls as he unloaded what felt like a gallon of spunk directly into her waiting womb.

"FUCK YES!" Carrie shrieked, throwing her head back as her own intense climax ripped through her. Her cunt rippled and grasped, hungrily milking Harvie for every drop as he spasmed and jerked beneath her. "Give me that baby batter! Fill Mommy's belly with your seed!"

Harvie bucked and shuddered through the most powerful orgasm of his young life, sweat pouring down his face as he pumped rope after sperm-creamy rope into his mother's greedy hole. Carrie undulated through her prolonged peak, babbling filth and praise as she squeezed out every ounce of his potent nectar.

Finally, they collapsed together in a sweaty, panting heap, Harvie's head cushioned between her tits, his softening cock still plugged deep in Carrie's cum-flooded cunt. She clenched her muscles, holding his seed inside, silently praying it would take root in her fertile womb.

"Mmmm, such a good boy," she purred, stroking Harvie's damp hair as they basked in the afterglow. "You fucked Mommy so well. I just know you planted a baby in me this time. I can feel it."

Harvie grinned dopily, his chest swelling with pride at the thought of his virile sperm conquering his mother's egg, creating a new life inside her. "I hope so, Mom. I can't wait to see you all round and glowing with our kid."

Nine months later, Carrie's luxury RV was rocking wildly in the secluded campground, the sounds of squeaking springs and feminine moans piercing the night. Inside, an unbelievably depraved scene was unfolding.

Side by side on the RV's king-sized bed, Carrie and Linda bounced feverishly on their teenage sons' throbbing cocks. Both women were hugely pregnant, their bellies swollen and taut with the taboo babies they carried. Their ridiculously massive tits, engorged with milk,

bounced and swayed hypnotically with each undulation of their voluptuous bodies.

"Ungh! Fuck us boys!" Carrie growled, slamming herself down on Harvie's granite-hard cock. Her gigantic belly and tits heaved and rippled, the flesh stretch-marked and heavy. Milk leaked continuously from her diamond-hard teats, mingling with the sweat that poured down her undulating body.

Beside her, Linda matched Carrie's pace, impaling herself over and over on Luke's equally rigid shaft. Her obscenely swollen stomach pressed against her boy's torso, the proof of their incestuous coupling on full display. Her boobs had ballooned to gigantic proportions, fat and full of nourishment for the child she would soon birth.

"Oooh fuck, baby! Mommy loves your big cock!" Linda wailed, grinding her grape-sized clit against Luke's pubic bone. "Gonna squirt all over it! Fuck your pregnant mommy!"

The RV creaked and shook with the force of the two mothers' wild gyrations, a testament to their insatiable lust even in their heavily gravid state. They bucked and bounced in wanton abandon, their massive tits swinging like wrecking balls, spraying milk everywhere.

Harvie and Luke could only grunt and whimper pathetically, completely overwhelmed by the tight, wet heat engulfing their cocks. Their moms' swollen labia suctioned to their hairless roots at the apex of every downward plunge, taking every ounce of their pink, engorged cock-flesh.

Being ridden so hard by their massively pregnant mothers, seeing their huge, milk-laden tits sway and ripple right in their faces, was almost too intensely pleasurable to bear.

Outside, Jim and Dan sat morosely around the campfire, wincing at each particularly violent shake of the RV, trying valiantly to ignore

the obscene wet slaps and guttural moans emanating from inside. They sipped their beers in miserable silence, resigned to their cuckold fate.

The boys looked positively tiny, almost childlike, pinned beneath the massively pregnant forms of their mothers. Harvie and Luke's slim, youthful bodies were completely dwarfed by the sheer size and weight of the women bouncing on top of them.

But despite their small stature, the boys' cocks were throbbing pillars of steely hardness, jutting up from their groins like fleshy spikes. Carrie and Linda were fucking themselves on those rigid shafts with wild, frenzied abandon, slamming their heavy bodies down to take every inch.

As the mothers rode their sons, their gigantic, milk-swollen breasts swung pendulously mere inches from the boys' awestruck faces. Harvie and Luke couldn't tear their eyes away from the mesmerizing sight of those massive, sloshing udders bouncing hypnotically.

The women's boobs had grown obscenely large during their pregnancies, engorged with milk for the taboo babies they would soon suckle. The flesh was stretched drum-tight, covered in a roadmap of blue veins and silvery stretch marks attesting to their unnatural size.

But most captivating were the mothers' nipples and areolas, now a deep, angry shade of purple from the sheer engorgement. The nubs were hugely thick and long, protruding nearly an inch from the bulbous titflesh. The surrounding areolas had darkened and spread to the size of saucers.

As Carrie and Linda bounced, droplets of tit-nectar sprayed from their elongated teats, splattering the boys' faces in a warm, fragrant rain. Harvie and Luke flinched and sputtered as the creamy liquid coated their skin, the scent of maternal sustenance filling their nostrils.

"Mmmm, you like Mommy's big milky titties smacking you in the face while she rides you?" Carrie purred wickedly, roughly palming her swollen breasts and aiming the spurting nipples directly at Harvie's slack-jawed expression.

Beside her, Linda tweaked and tugged at her own engorged nubs, coaxing out forceful jets of milk that striped Luke's cheeks and chin. "Open wide, baby," she cooed. "Let Mommy feed you straight from the tap while you fuck her pregnant cunt!"

The teenagers could only whimper helplessly as their mothers painted their faces with warm breastmilk, the liquid mingling with the sweat and arousal coating their youthful features. They felt utterly dominated, pinned beneath the crushing weight of maternal lust and forced to worship at the altar of milky tits.

Carrie and Linda grinned triumphantly as they drenched their sons in mother's milk, relishing the power they held over the boys.

Jim and Dan exchanged a queasy glance as they approached the rocking RV, knowing they were about to be confronted with yet another graphic display of their wives' depravity. With heavy hearts, they climbed the short steps and opened the flimsy door.

The sights, sounds, and smells that assaulted them were almost too obscene to process. Carrie and Linda's huge, sweaty bubble butts were flying up and down, rippling and jiggling lewdly as they brutally impaled themselves on their sons' massive cocks. The wet, meaty slaps of flesh echoed through the small space, punctuated by the women's wanton moans and the boys' pathetic whimpers.

But most shocking was the sheer amount of fem-cum gushing out of the mothers' stuffed cunts with each plunge. It ran in constant, frothy streams down Harvie and Luke's churning balls, soaking into the bedding beneath them. The mattreses were saturated with the musky fluids, dark patches spreading obscenely.

Jim swallowed back the urge to vomit as he watched his massively pregnant wife riding their teenage son with the wild abandon of a bitch in heat. Her humongous belly and tits bounced and swayed, splattering milk everywhere. The sounds of her juicy cunt squelching on Harvie's cock were almost deafening in the close quarters.

"Oh, Jim! Dan! What are you doing in here?" Carrie called out breathlessly when she noticed them standing there. She never slowed her frenzied pace, her shiny ass cheeks flexing as she slammed herself down repeatedly.

"We were just coming to see if you wanted to catch the fireworks display..." Dan mumbled, averting his eyes from the depraved live sex show.

"Mmmm, the only fireworks I need are Harvie's big cock exploding in my pregnant cunt!" Carrie declared with a filthy laugh. As if to emphasize her point, she swiveled her hips in a dirty grind, her labia clinging obscenely to Harvie's pistoning shaft.

"Same here," Linda panted, grinning wickedly over at them. "Luke's gonna set off a whole finale in my belly. Pump me full of even more baby batter!" She reached back to spread her jiggling ass cheeks, giving the men an unobstructed view of her son's veiny cock stretching her cunt to the limit.

Jim's stomach lurched violently and he had to look away. The graphic visual of his son's glistening pole sawing in and out of his wife's clasping, cream-drenched hole was too much to take.

Carrie smiled indulgently at Jim and Dan's discomfort, even as she continued to bounce wildly on Harvie's throbbing cock. "Oh darlings, I know this is a lot to take in," she cooed breathlessly. "But try to remember, this is all for our sons' development. Their needs have to come before things like fireworks shows."

Linda nodded in agreement, her massive tits swinging and spraying milk with the motion. "Carrie's right. We're being good mothers, putting our boys first. Giving them all the love and nurturing they need, even if it's not conventional."

She reached out to stroke Dan's arm, her expression sympathetic even as she ground her clit against their son's pubic bone. "Why don't you two set up a tent outside for tonight? Give us some private bonding time with our sons."

Jim opened his mouth to protest, but Carrie cut him off with a stern look. "Jim, please. Harvie is at such a crucial stage. He needs my complete focus and devotion right now." She clenched her cunt around Harvie's cock for

emphasis, making the boy yelp. "Just be a dear and give us some space, alright? I need to drain our son's balls properly to keep him happy and healthy."

Defeated, Jim and Dan slunk out of the RV, the obscene sounds of flesh slapping and Carrie and Linda's ecstatic moans following them into the night. They fumbled with the tent in miserable silence, trying desperately to ignore the renewed shaking of the RV as their wives rode their sons to yet another spectacular finish.

Inside, Carrie and Linda collapsed against their boys' sweaty chests, their cunts still fluttering and grasping the softening cocks inside them. Milk ran in rivulets down Harvie and Luke's heaving torsos, the mothers' breasts leaking uncontrollably in the aftermath of their explosive orgasms.

"Mmmm, such good boys," Carrie purred, stroking Harvie's damp hair. "You make your mommies feel so good. So full and satisfied."

"We're the luckiest moms in the world," Linda agreed, peppering Luke's slack face with kisses. "To have such virile, obedient sons to

breed us and worship our bodies. You boys are going to make such wonderful daddies."

Harvie and Luke could only groan in exhausted agreement, their young bodies wrung dry by their mothers' insatiable lust. They clung weakly to the women's soft, milk-slicked skin, basking in the fevered maternal affection.

And so the two families settled into their new normal - the wives spending every possible moment impaled on their sons' cocks, riding them to orgasm after gushing orgasm, while the cuckolded husbands listened miserably trying to shut out the obscene noises of rampant incestuous passion.

213: Cuckold Family Tradition-Part1/2

Cuckold Family Tradition

By Klrxo

Calvin trudged up the front steps, his shoulders slumped after another long day at the office. As he turned the key in the lock, he heard a faint noise coming from inside the house. He paused, listening intently. It sounded like moaning, and it was coming from the direction of the master bedroom.

His brow furrowed in confusion as he stepped inside and shut the door behind him. The moans grew louder, punctuated by the rhythmic creaking of bedsprings. A knot formed in his stomach. He set down his briefcase and crept down the hall towards the bedroom he shared with his wife of twenty years.

Calvin crept closer to the bedroom door, his heart pounding. With a shaking hand, he slowly pushed it open a crack and peeked inside. What he saw made his blood run cold.

There on the bed was his wife Sheila, completely naked, her face flushed and contorted in ecstasy. And there behind her, gripping her hips, was the muscular form of their 18-year-old son Josh. He was slamming into her savagely, grunting with exertion.

Sheila's huge breasts bounced and rippled with each powerful thrust, the flesh quivering obscenely. Josh pounded her relentlessly, making

wet, slapping noises fill the room with each collision of their sweaty bodies.

"Oh god, fuck me harder!" Sheila wailed, urging her son on. "Fuck mommy's pussy raw!"

Josh responded by hammering into her even more forcefully, making the headboard bang against the wall. Sheila's tits jiggled and swayed hypnotically from the power of her boy's energetic fuck-thrusts.

Josh glanced towards the doorway and saw his father standing there, a look of shock and betrayal on his face. Their eyes met for a moment, but Josh just smirked and kept pounding away at his mother's sopping wet cunt.

He knew there was nothing his dad could do about it. In their family, it was a time-honored tradition passed down for generations - when a son reached the age of 18, he had unrestricted access to his mother's body for the next three years, until his 21st birthday. It was his birthright to fuck her as much and as hard as he pleased.

His father had gone through the same rite of passage with Grandma Ethel all those years ago. Now it was Josh's turn to stake his claim, to mark his territory, to make his mommy his personal fucktoy. And he was going to savor every thrust, every moan, every quiver of his mother's voluptuous flesh.

"Take it Mom, fucking take it!" Josh growled, slamming into her harder than ever, his heavy balls slapping against her ass. "This prime fuckmeat belongs to me now!"

Sheila just whimpered and shuddered in ecstasy, relishing the sensation of her son's thick young cock splitting her open, claiming her completely. She was his to use as he saw fit, his receptacle to unload in. Nothing else mattered.

Josh fucked his mother through one shattering orgasm after another, the bed creaking in protest, her huge jugs bouncing

wildly. Calvin could only watch, devastated but knowing he was powerless to intervene. The torch had been passed. His son was the man of the house now.

Over the next three years, Josh fucked his mother at every opportunity, as was his birthright according to family tradition. Every day, multiple times a day, he would seek her out to satisfy his lusty teenage urges in her mature but still alluring body.

Sheila soon fell pregnant from their frequent unprotected rutting, her belly and breasts swelling with new life as she continued to dutifully service her son's cock. Even as her body changed, Josh's ardor never waned. He loved watching her tits and ass grow, loved fucking his baby into her, loved knowing she was his breeding sow to fill as he pleased.

Nine months later, Sheila gave birth to a healthy baby boy. As she nursed the suckling babe at her breast, Josh entered her from behind, sliding into her loose, wet cunt and fucking her in long, deep strokes as she cooed to their child. This was just the natural order of things.

Not long after, he impregnated her again, bloating her stomach once more with his potent young seed as he claimed her womb as his. Sheila relished her role, delighting in being bred by her own strapping son, her body merely a vessel for his pleasure and progeny.

Sometimes Josh would openly mock and disrespect his father, roughly taking his mother right in front of Calvin, making him watch as he used her for his satisfaction. He'd slap her tits and ass, call her his whore, his cumslut, his property, all while Calvin looked on helpless and emasculated.

Part of Sheila felt terrible for her humiliated cuckold husband. But this was bigger than him, bigger than their marriage - this was about upholding a sacred family tradition, about letting nature take its course, about submitting to the virile authority of her freshly adult son. Her body belonged to Josh now, and nothing could change that until his 21st birthday.

And so for three glorious years, Sheila surrendered herself completely to her son's youthful lusts, bearing his babies, swallowing his cum, taking him in any hole he wanted. With each passing day, each rutting session, she fell more in love with him, more in thrall to his magnificent young manhood. In the end, she lived for nothing but his pleasure, his satisfaction, his pure breeding power.

Shortly after his 21st birthday, having thoroughly claimed his mother as was his birthright, Josh met a stunning young co-ed named Hallie. With her long, brunette tresses, bodacious bubble butt and colossal breasts, she was the spitting image of Sheila in her prime. It was almost as if the universe had delivered Josh his perfect mate.

Their attraction was instantaneous and powerful. When Hallie first laid eyes on the handsome, muscular Josh, her pussy flooded with desire. She could tell just by looking at him that he was an alpha stud, a prime breeder, the kind of man who could give her the babies she craved.

Josh was equally smitten by the flirty, buxom co-ed. He had fulfilled his familial duty by seeding his mother, but now it was time to find a fertile young beauty to bear the next generation. And Hallie's childbearing hips, plump ass and ripe, heaving tits marked her as an ideal vessel for his potent seed.

They began dating and fell head over heels in love. The sex was mind-blowing. Josh relished pounding Hallie's tight little college twat, stretching her open, making her oversized boobs bounce and jiggle

as she squealed in ecstasy. He loved bending her over and watching that plump ass ripple as he slammed into her from behind.

For her part, Hallie couldn't get enough of Josh's thick, meaty cock splitting her open, filling her completely. She loved wrapping her massive, pillowy tits around his shaft, smothering him in her cleavage as she sucked him off. She worshipped his handsome cock with her mouth, her pussy, her asshole, letting him use all her holes for his pleasure.

Josh put a baby in Hallie almost immediately and they got married soon after in a beautiful ceremony. Sheila watched with pride as her son took a gorgeous young bride, knowing he would breed her just as vigorously as he had bred his own mother. The cycle continued.

As Hallie's belly and breasts grew with Josh's child, he fucked her constantly, unable to keep his hands off her ripe, fertile body. He loved watching her swell with new life, loved seeing those giant mommy milkers get even bigger as they filled with nourishing milk. Pregnancy made Hallie even hornier and she took Josh's cock at every opportunity.

Nine months later, Hallie gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. As Josh held his daughter for the first time, already envisioning breeding her once she came of age, Hallie lovingly nursed their child at her swollen breast, Josh's cum still oozing out of her freshly fucked hole. Life was bliss.

Two years later, Hallie gave birth to their second child - a strapping baby boy who was the spitting image of his handsome father Josh. They named him Jayden and doted on him lovingly, already knowing he would grow up to be a heartbreaker just like his old man.

As the years passed, Josh excelled in his career as a sales executive, his natural charm and charisma winning over clients and earning him promotion after promotion. He provided a very comfortable life for his gorgeous wife and kids in their upscale suburban home.

Hallie, for her part, embraced her role as a stay-at-home mom and domestic goddess. The passing years and two pregnancies had only enhanced her breathtaking beauty, her body blossoming into the very epitome of ripe, succulent MILF perfection. Her massive F-cup breasts, wide birthing hips and round, juicy ass drew the eye of every red-blooded man in town. But Hallie only had eyes for her husband, who kept her thoroughly satisfied both in and out of the bedroom.

Jayden, meanwhile, grew into the striking image of his father, with the same chiseled good looks and athletic physique that made Josh such a prime specimen. But where Josh had always been bold and confident, a natural leader, Jayden was more soft-spoken and reserved, almost shy. He tended to blend into the background, lacking the overt charisma of his dad.

Jayden absolutely adored his mother though, marveling at her sweet, loving nature and bombshell body. As he entered his teen years and his hormones began to rage, he couldn't help but notice the way Hallie's massive jugs bounced and swayed, the way her plump ass filled out her yoga pants. Shameful, confusing feelings of

lust for his own gorgeous mother began to consume the shy, sheltered boy.

Hallie, ever the attentive mom, couldn't help but notice the changes in her son - the lingering glances, the blushing, the tented pants. She knew he was coming of age and starting to see her through new eyes. Part of her knew it was wrong, that she shouldn't encourage such taboo desires. But another part, the part that had fallen so deeply in love with Josh all those years ago as he claimed her so forcefully, wondered what it would be like to submit to her handsome son the same way.

The tension between Jayden and Hallie built day by day, threatening to boil over. Josh, consumed by his high-powered career, remained

oblivious to the charged looks and furtive touches between his wife and teenage son. All he knew was that he had the hottest MILF wife in the neighborhood, the kind of perfect specimen that turned heads and inspired jealousy wherever she went. Life was good.

But Jayden was rapidly approaching his 18th birthday, the day when, according to family tradition, his mother's succulent body would become his birthright.

Hallie and her mother-in-law Sheila sat together in the living room, sipping coffee and chatting about family matters. The topic soon turned to Jayden and his impending 18th birthday.

"I can't believe my baby boy is almost a man," Hallie said wistfully. "It seems like just yesterday I was nursing him at my breast. And soon he'll be fucking me with that big cock of his, claiming me as his own. They grow up so fast!"

Sheila chuckled and patted Hallie's hand. "Oh honey, I remember when Josh turned 18 and started rutting me day and night. There's nothing quite like submitting to your virile young son, feeling him stretch you open and fill you with his potent seed. You're gonna love it!"

Hallie bit her lip, squirming slightly in her seat. "I've been trying to find the perfect time and place for our first encounter. I was thinking...maybe the family camping trip next weekend? Under the stars, in the middle of nature, just me and my baby boy?"

"Oh, that sounds wonderfully romantic," Sheila said. "And so fitting, to connect with him so intimately surrounded by the fertile bounty of Mother Earth."

"I just hope I can make it special for him," Hallie said. "Jayden's always been such a shy, sheltered boy. Not at all like his father at that age. I think..." She lowered her voice. "I think he might still be a virgin."

Sheila's eyes sparkled with delight. "A virgin cock for mommy's sweet pussy? Oh honey, that's absolutely delicious. You're gonna blow that boy's mind!"

Hallie felt herself getting wet at the thought of being her son's first, of teaching him the ways of love with her own body. "I wanna worship his cock the way it deserves, with my mouth, my tits, my pussy. I wanna drain those swollen virgin balls completely dry."

"You're going to be such a good mommy slut for him," Sheila said, reaching over to squeeze Hallie's hand. "Initiating him into manhood, surrendering your holes for his pleasure. There's no greater gift you can give him."

"I'll be his personal fucktoy for the next three years," Hallie vowed, her pussy throbbing, her nipples tingling. "His cumrag, his breeding sow, whatever he wants. My body belongs to him now."

The two women toasted to the sacred family tradition, to the carnal delights and forbidden pleasures to come. Hallie left lunch feeling electrified with anticipation, counting down the days until she could give herself fully to her precious boy, until she could claim that virgin cock as her own.

Just days before Jayden's 18th birthday and the family camping trip, Josh pulled Hallie aside, a troubled look on his face.

"Honey, I've been thinking," he began hesitantly. "About Jayden's birthday and the family tradition. I know it's been passed down for generations, but...I'm not sure I'm comfortable with it. With you and Jayden...you know..."

Hallie took her husband's hands in hers, gazing at him with loving understanding. "Oh Josh, I know it's not easy. Believe me, part of me wishes I could be only yours forever. But this is bigger than us. It's about family, lineage, the natural order of things."

Josh sighed. "I know, but...he's my son. And you're my wife. The thought of you two together, it's just..."

"Shhhh..." Hallie placed a finger to his lips. "Remember when you turned 18 and spent three blissful years seeding your own mother? Filling her with your babies, just like nature intended?"

Josh swallowed hard and nodded.

"That was your birthright, Josh. Just like it's now Jayden's birthright to claim me." Hallie leaned in close, her breasts pressing

against his chest. "To breed his own mommy, to make me his. We have to honor the tradition, to respect the old ways."

Josh closed his eyes, struggling with himself.

"It's only for three years," Hallie cooed, stroking his face. "And then I'm yours again. Forever and always."

Opening his eyes, Josh gazed at his beautiful wife, so loving and wise. "You're right," he said at last. "I don't like it but...I understand."

Hallie smiled and kissed him tenderly. "It'll be alright, my love. You'll see."

"Can you just…do one thing for me?" Josh asked, squeezing her hands.

"What is it, darling?"

"Make love to me, here and now. Give me something to remember in the years to come when...when you're with him."

Hallie's eyes misted with emotion. "Of course."

Hands roaming, they kissed with mounting passion, tongues dancing. Josh peeled off Hallie's sundress, exposing her magnificent body. He worshipped her massive, heaving tits, suckling and squeezing them reverently.

Hallie unzipped Josh's fly, freeing his throbbing erection. She sank to her knees, taking him into her mouth, relishing the taste of his manhood one last time before devoting herself solely to their son.

They made love right there in the living room, Josh drinking in the sight of Hallie's spectacular curves as he filled her with long, deep

strokes. He felt the wet grip of her pussy, knowing their boy would soon know the bliss that came in being sheathed in his own mother's welcoming cunt.

The day after Jayden's 18th birthday, the family set off on their camping trip, loaded up in the SUV for the long drive into the mountains. Josh sat behind the wheel, his jaw clenched as he watched Hallie and Jayden together in the rearview mirror.

His gorgeous wife was cuddled up close to their son, stroking his thigh, gazing at him adoringly. She cooed in Jayden's ear, whispering naughty promises about all the things they would do together on this trip, all the ways she would submit to him.

The shy virgin could hardly believe this was really happening, that his mother's spectacular, coveted body now belonged to him.

In the passenger seat, Josh and Hallie's daughter Chloe smirked at her father's obvious discomfort. The 20-year-old college student found the whole situation terribly amusing. "What's the matter, Daddy?" she teased. "You look a little tense. Worried Mom's going to wear out poor Jayden's cock before we even get to the campsite?"

Josh shot his daughter a withering look, in no mood for her bratty taunts. It was bad enough that he had to give his wife to his son,

did Chloe have to mock him for it too? He knew she'd always been a disrespectful little shit, but her casual cruelty still stung.

In the backseat, Hallie was whispering to Jayden about how much she was looking forward to their first time together, out in the woods under the stars. She told him how she wanted him to claim her, to dominate her, to use her body for his pleasure the way his father had used his grandmother Sheila all those years ago.

Jayden gulped, trying to contain the massive erection straining against his athletic shorts. He couldn't believe this was his life now, that his perfect, busty MILF of a mother was his personal fucktoy for the next three years. He almost didn't know what to do with himself, but Hallie assured him she would teach him everything he needed to know. He just had to relax and let Mom take care of him.

As they drove further into the wilderness, the sexual tension in the car grew thicker, the very air electrified with forbidden lust. Josh gripped the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white, trying not to imagine what filthy, incestuous acts his wife and son would soon be engaging in.

Chloe just rolled her eyes, bored by her father's melodramatics. She caught her mother's eye in the mirror and the two shared a knowing, conspiratorial smile, the unspoken bond between women who knew the power their bodies held over men.

Chloe almost wished she could join Hallie and Jayden in their fun, initiating her brother into manhood alongside their mother. But she knew this special time was meant for them alone.

Hallie glanced up at the rearview mirror, catching Josh's eye briefly before giving him a mischievous wink. She then reached down and grabbed a large, fluffy throw blanket, draping it over herself and Jayden to give them some privacy in the backseat.

Josh's stomach knotted as he watched the blanket settle over their forms, knowing all too well what was about to transpire beneath it.

Chloe just smirked knowingly and popped in her earbuds, cranking her music to drown out any incriminating sounds.

Under the cozy darkness of the blanket, Hallie straddled her son's lap, her massive, jutting breasts pushing against his chest as she showered his handsome face with tender kisses. "Mmmm, there's my sweet birthday boy," she purred, her voice dripping with maternal lust. "Mommy's gonna make you feel so good, baby."

Jayden could only groan as his mother's pillowy tits engulfed his upper body, surrounding him in her intoxicating womanly scent and softness. His cock strained almost painfully against his shorts, craving freedom and friction. "M-mom," he whimpered, squirming beneath her smothering curves. "I need...ahhh..."

"Shhh, just relax sweetie," Hallie cooed, grinding her crotch against the prominent bulge of her son's arousal in a filthy dry hump. "Let Mom take care of that big hard cock. Mmmm, is all this for me? Is this because of Mommy's hot body?"

The inexperienced boy could only buck his hips instinctively, rutting against his mother's cunt through their clothes like an animal in heat. His balls churned with backed-up virgin cum, already fit to burst just from a little over-the-clothes petting.

Hallie relished in the desperate, clumsy movements of her horny son, knowing his every erection would belong to her from now on.

"Ooooh, that's it baby! Hump Mommy's pussy just like that!" she gasped, riding his eager thrusts, the lewd motions of their bodies concealed but not at all subtle beneath the undulating blanket. "Unnngh, I can't wait to feel this big boy stretching me open! Gonna ride you so hard!"

Josh seethed with impotent rage and jealousy, the wet, lude sounds of their dry humping filling the car. He knew it was Jayden's birthright, that he couldn't interfere, but watching his

wife shamelessly grinding on their son still felt like a punch to the gut. Chloe just bobbed her head to the music, a smug grin on her bratty face.

Beneath the blanket, Jayden's mammoth 10-inch manhood throbbed and pulsed with urgent need, straining the fabric of his athletic shorts to the limit. The column of erectile flesh was a marvel of virile engineering - thick ropey veins wound around the girthy shaft, feeding the engorged tissues within. Beneath the silky skin, special muscles flexed and rippled, making it bob and twitch with a life of its own.

The bulbous glans at the tip flared out obscenely, swollen and purple with trapped blood. It leaked a steady stream of slippery prejac, soaking through Jayden's shorts and leaving a spreading wet patch. The mighty pole was anchored to his groin by a powerful root structure, allowing it to stand straight up body, parallel to his torso.

As Hallie ground her heated cuntal mound against her son's trapped erection, the steely shaft dug into her pliant flesh through the fabric layers, the knob nudging insistently at her hidden clitoral node. The pressure and friction made Jayden gasp and writhe, his hips bucking automatically to hump his aching cock against his mother's welcoming softness.

"Mmmm, there's my big boy!" Hallie purred, riding her son's desperate thrusts. "Mommy can feel how hard you are for her! I bet this huge dick is just oozing all kinds of naughty boy juice, isn't it? Making a big sticky mess in your shorts?"

Jayden could only whimper and nod, too overwhelmed with forbidden pleasure to form words. The feeling of his pent-up shaft

rubbing against his mother's pussy, even through clothes, was almost too intense to bear. His cum-bloated balls drew up tight to his body, ready to erupt at any second.

Sensing her son was close, Hallie slowed her grinding to a dirty circular motion, stirring her hips in sensual figure-eights. "Not yet, sweetie," she cooed. "I want the first time you cum to be deep inside Mommy's pussy, filling me up with all your yummy sperm. Can you hold on a little longer for me?"

The inexperienced boy squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his jaw, trying to regain control over his hair-trigger orgasm. But his body trembled with the effort, his cock flexing and jumping against his mother's mound as if magnetically drawn to her slit. Every instinct screamed at him to let go, to flood her womb with his seed.

Hallie gazed down at her son's contorted face with pure maternal love, her heart swelling with pride over his valiant struggle. What a good boy he was, fighting his natural urges in order to please his mother! She knew then that molding him into the perfect lover, the ideal mate, would be a pleasure and a privilege.

After a long drive filled with sexual tension and furtive fooling around, the family finally arrived at the secluded campsite deep in the mountains. They piled out of the SUV and began unloading their gear, the fresh pine-scented air a welcome change from the stifling atmosphere of the car.

Josh took charge of setting up the two tents - a small one for Chloe and a larger family-sized one for himself, Hallie, and Jayden. He tried to focus on the tasks at hand, hammering stakes and

threading poles, anything to distract from the knowledge of what would transpire in that tent later that night. His son's first time with his wife. The consummation of a time-honored family tradition.

As he worked, Josh couldn't help but steal glances at his wife and son, who seemed joined at the hip since they arrived. His wife openly doted on their shy, horny son, touching him constantly, cooing in his ear, making him blush and squirm. Every look they exchanged was heavy with illicit meaning. The air practically crackled with their building lust.

Chloe noticed her father's agitation and smirked, sauntering over to him. "Gee Daddy, you're doing such a good job with the tents. It sure would be a shame if Mom and Jayden's first time was interrupted by shoddy craftsmanship, wouldn't it?"

Her voice dripped with mock sincerity, her eyes glinting cruelly. Chloe loved seeing her father squirm, loved reminding him that his son would soon be balls deep in his wife, seeding her unprotected womb at every opportunity. She couldn't wait to hear them rutting, to see Josh's face twist with impotent anguish.

"Very funny," Josh grumbled through clenched teeth, securing the rain fly with more force than necessary. "Don't you have anything better to do than hovering over me? Why don't you go gather some firewood or something actually useful."

Chloe rolled her eyes but flounced off, knowing she'd gotten under his skin. She made sure to throw a taunting glance over her shoulder as she went. "Have fun listening to Mom and Jayden fuck tonight! Try not to cry into your sleeping bag too much!"

Josh seethed silently as he finished the tents, his movements jerky with barely suppressed anger and dread. He was trapped in a waking nightmare - knowing what was coming but powerless to stop it. Bound by tradition, by lineage, by the inviolable laws of nature itself.

Meanwhile, Hallie was whispering naughty promises in Jayden's ear, stoking his desire to a fever pitch. "I'm gonna climb into your

sleeping bag and give you the night of your life," she purred, her ample bosom pressing against his arm.

Once the tents were set up and night had fallen, the family retired to their respective sleeping quarters. In the big tent, Hallie gave Josh a chaste peck on the cheek before crawling over to the oversized double sleeping bag she would be sharing with Jayden.

"Goodnight, honey," she said to her husband, an apologetic look on her face. "I'll see you in the morning."

Josh could only nod stiffly, not trusting himself to speak. He climbed into his own solitary sleeping bag on the other side of the tent, his back deliberately turned to his wife and son. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to will away the agonizing reality of what was about to occur mere feet away.

In the moonlit darkness of the tent, Jayden watched in breathless anticipation as his mother knelt beside their shared bedding. Hallie smiled at him lovingly before reaching for the hem of her tank top and slowly peeling it over her head.

Jayden sucked in a sharp breath at the sight of her massive, heaving tits springing free, capped by wide brown areolae. The succulent globes wobbled and swayed with her movements, as if possessing a mind of their own.

Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts, Hallie shimmied out of them and her panties in one smooth motion, baring the ripe, lush curves of her ass and thighs. She tossed the garments aside, now completely naked before her son.

In the ethereal lunar glow filtering through the canvas, Jayden could just make out the shadowed cleft of his mother's plump, hairless pussy beckoning between her legs.

The visual feast of Hallie's spectacular nude body made Jayden's enormous cock lurch in his boxer briefs, the head already sticky with an overflowing abundance of prejac. He palmed the throbbing length through the thin cotton, barely suppressing a moan at finally seeing his mother in all her natural glory, her bountiful figure a testament to mature feminine sexuality.

"You like what you see, baby boy?" Hallie purred, running her hands along her curves, cupping and lifting her huge breasts. "All this is for you now. Mommy's your personal fucktoy for the next three years. This body belongs to you."

Jayden could only bob his head dumbly, rendered mute by shock and desire. He watched in awe as his mother crawled towards him on her hands and knees, her monumental jugs swinging pendulously, mesmerizing him with their fluid, fleshy undulations. The primal motion evoked an image in his mind of a she-wolf stalking her young, preparing to present herself to him, to teach him the ways of mating.

Hallie slithered sinuously into the double sleeping bag atop Jayden, their hot naked flesh intertwining like twining vines as she pressed her voluptuous body against his. The inexperienced boy gasped as he was engulfed in his mother's smothering curves, her

massive, pillowy breasts flattening against his chest, surrounding him in plush tit-flesh.

Jayden could barely breathe, drowning in cleavage, his head spinning from the heady, feminine scent of his mother's skin.

Hallie shifted on top of him, pinning him beneath her superior size and weight. She gazed down at him with pure maternal lust before descending to claim his mouth in a shockingly lewd kiss.

The innocent boy's eyes widened as his mom speared her long, writhing tongue past his lips, plundering the warm recesses of his

mouth. She swirled and stroked the slippery organ against his own in a perverse dance, fucking his face with aggressive, serpentine undulations. Wet, obscene slurping sounds filled the tent as she made out with her son in a display of wanton incestuous passion.

As she devoured her son's mouth, Hallie's hands roamed his youthful body, stroking and squeezing. She slid her fingers beneath the waistband of his boxer briefs and aggressively yanked them down his muscular legs in one swift motion. Jayden's enormous cock sprang free, slapping against his abs with a meaty thwack, finally released from its cotton prison.

Hallie broke the kiss and gazed down at her son's exposed manhood, her eyes widening in awe. The throbbing shaft was a monument to virility - ten inches of thick, veiny cockmeat topped by a bulbous purple head already shiny with oozing pre-nut. It twitched and pulsed with each beat of Jayden's racing heart, as if beckoning her, begging to be touched.

"Mmmm, look at this big beautiful dick!" Hallie purred, wrapping her hand around the steely shaft. Even with her fingers fully

splayed, she couldn't close them around the girthy root. "Mommy's gonna have so much fun with you!"

She gave his cock a few slow, priming strokes from balls to tip, delighted by the sheer length and bulk of it.

Jayden gasped and rolled his head back at the electric sensation of finally having his aching erection touched by another. His mother's experienced hand felt so different from his own - softer, smoother, more confident in its movements.

"Ooooh, you're positively drooling, aren't you baby?" Hallie cooed, smearing the pad of her thumb through the bubbling slit, collecting the copious prejac. She brought the glazed digit to her mouth and

lewdly sucked it clean, savoring the sweet, salty musk of her son's essence.

"Mmmm, yummy! Mommy's gonna be swallowing a lot of this in the years to come!"

Jayden could only whimper and thrust his hips instinctively, fucking his pulsing cock through the tight ring of his mother's fist. Hallie grinned wickedly and released him, denying him to much pleasure before he was even hilted inside of her.

With a wicked gleam in her eye, Hallie gripped Jayden's hips and deftly rolled them over so he was poised atop her, nestled between her spread thighs.

The teenage boy trembled at the sudden shift in position, at the feeling of his mother's warm, willing body pinned beneath him.

Hallie caged her son between her long, silky legs, draping them high around his back and locking her ankles, trapping him in an inescapable knot of maternal flesh. Jayden was cocooned in the

plush heat of her inner thighs, the plump lips of her pussy kissing the swollen head of his erection.

"That's it, baby," Hallie purred, reaching between their compressed bodies to grasp his thick shaft. "Let Mommy help you put it in. Gonna feel so good stretching me open."

With an expertise born of countless sexual encounters, she notched the broad tip of Jayden's cock into the tight, clasping socket of her entrance. The boy gasped as he felt his glans engulfed in wet heat, spongy folds fluttering and rippling along the sensitive flesh.

Hallie's pussy gaped obscenely around her son's girth, the tender tissues straining to accommodate his impossible size. The naked mouth of her cunt stretched wider than it had since the day of

Jayden's birth eighteen years prior. The sensation of once again being split open by the fruit of her loins made Hallie shudder in perverse ecstasy.

"Ohhh fuck!" the horny mother moaned, undulating her hips, working more of that huge cock into her greedy hole. "Mmmm, you're even bigger than your father! Stretching Mommy so good!"

Jayden could only whimper helplessly as inch after massive inch of his pulsing organ disappeared into his mother's clutching sheath. Her pussy felt unbelievably tight and hot around him, the slick, corrugated walls rippling along his shaft, squeezing and massaging the tender erectile flesh. It was like sinking into a welcoming whirlpool of liquid velvet.

He'd never known pleasure like this, so much intense sensation focused on his most sensitive area. The sheltered boy's mind reeled, overwhelmed by the carnal delights of finally being

enveloped in a woman's molten core, and not just any woman - his own perfect, stacked mother.

"That's it sweetie, give Mommy that big virgin cock," Hallie cooed, flexing her internal muscles around him, gripping him tight. "Gonna make you feel sooooo good! Drain those swollen balls right into mommy's hungry pussy!"

Jayden gurgled incoherently, his eyes rolling back in their sockets as he was swallowed to the root, his wiry pubic hair mashing against Hallie bare flanges.

Behind Josh, the double sleeping bag burst into a flurry of frenzied motion as Hallie and Jayden began rutting with animalistic intensity. The fabric thrashed and undulated wildly, the air mattress beneath squeaking and groaning in protest as it was pounded by their vigorous coupling.

Josh's eyes shot open at the sudden explosion of passion, his stomach clenching with dread. He clutched his own sleeping bag to his chest, curling into a fetal position as if trying to hide from the undeniable reality of what was happening mere feet away.

Grunts, growls and squeals of pleasure erupted from within the violently churning bedding, sounding for all the world like a snarling, feral beast was trapped inside, fighting to escape. The sleeping bag bucked and heaved as the incestuous lovers pummeled each other's bodies with wild abandon.

"OH FUCK BABY, YESSSSS!" Hallie wailed, her voice muffled by the thick padding but still obscenely loud in the close confines of the tent. "FUCK MEEEE!"

Jayden snarled savagely in response, pistoning his hips like a jackhammer, the wet, meaty SLAPS of their pelvises colliding filling the air. His cock was a blur as it pounded into his mother's rippling pussy, the strokes so hard and fast they shook the entire tent.

The fabric of the bag stretched obscenely around Hallie's thrashing legs, her ankles still locked around Jayden's hammering ass. Her huge tits jiggled and swayed with each powerful impact, the movements visible even through the thick insulation.

Josh clenched his eyes shut, hot tears of shame and heartbreak leaking from beneath his lids. Each lustful cry, each carnal grunt, each wet, slick squelch of penetration was like a knife to his heart. The tent reeked of his wife and son's commingled musk, the pheromone-rich stench of forbidden rut.

"FUCK MOMMY HARDER JAYDEN!" Hallie screeched, her voice cracking with the intensity of her pleasure.

The teen snarled savagely in response, pistoning his hips with brutal force, his muscular ass clenching as he pile-drived his gigantic cock into his mother's convulsing pussy. Wet, meaty slaps rang out each

time his groin collided with her upturned rear, his swollen balls battering her taint.

"AHHHH, MOM!" the teenager growled, more beast than man in his single-minded pursuit of pleasure. "It feels so good!"

Within the stifling confines of the sleeping bag, Hallie and Jayden were a writhing mass of sweat-slicked flesh, all grasping hands and twining limbs.

Hallie's mammoth breasts swung and bounced wildly from the force of her son's powerful thrusts, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly. Her thick thighs clamped around his pistoning hips, locking him in place, urging him ever deeper.

The horny mother raked her nails down Jayden's heaving back, leaving angry red welts in their wake. She nipped and sucked at the tender flesh of his neck, marking him, claiming him as her own.

Jayden responded by seizing two handfuls of his mother's ripe, plush asscheeks, sinking his fingers into the doughy flesh as he used the leverage to slam into her harder than ever.

Josh lay there in shocked disbelief, eyes wide and unblinking in the darkness as he listened to the depraved sounds of his wife and son's coupling. Each squeal of the mattress springs, each wet squelch of pistoning cock in sodden cunt, each animalistic grunt and growl was pure torture. Tears leaked from the corners of his eyes but he made no move to wipe them away, too paralyzed by despair to do anything but silently weep.

Jayden's long, thick cock plunged into his mother's tight, wet pussy with animalistic intensity. The boy's virgin shaft, engorged to its maximum size and hardness, stretched Hallie's vaginal walls obscenely as it pounded into her most intimate depths.

The veiny, textured surface of his enormous penis dragged deliciously along the ridged lining of her vaginal canal with each powerful thrust, stimulating thousands of sensitive nerve endings. Hallie's slick, corrugated flesh clenched and fluttered around the pistoning intruder, milking her son's cock for all it was worth.

Each inward lunge caused the flared head of Jayden's member to slam against the rubbery ring of tissue guarding the entrance to

Hallie's womb - her cervix. The repeated impacts gradually forced her stubborn os to dilate, allowing the tip of his manhood to push past the muscular barrier and kiss the very center of her being.

Soon, Jayden was pummeling the deepest, most sacred part of his mother's body - her cervical chamber, the forbidden zone where life began. His bloated knob punched her tender endometrial lining again and again, crushing her sex organs with his monstrous size and power.

Hallie's eyes rolled back in her head from the intensity of the penetration, her body overwhelmed by competing sensations of pain and pleasure.

"Ooh god baby, you're in Mommy's womb!" Hallie wailed, clawing at her son's pumping ass. "Fuck, I've never been stretched this deep before! Unnngh, you're ruining my pussy!!"

Jayden just snarled and rutted into his mother even harder, the tip of his cock prying her womb open a little more with each frenzied thrust. His heavy, cum-laden balls slapped against her upturned ass, drawing up tight in preparation to unleash their massive load.

"Gonna...gonna cum!" Hallie squealed, her soft mommy-flesh giving off a delightful shudder.

"Me too!" her boy whimpered, his thrusts frantic and erratic.

The entire tent shook and swayed as if caught in a gale, the aluminum poles clattering, the nylon walls rippling from the sheer force of Hallie and Jayden's mutual orgasm.

An unholy chorus of grunts, screams and growls erupted from the thrashing sleeping bag, sounding more animal than human. The fabric stretched and contorted around their violently spasming

forms, as if barely able to contain the maelstrom of ecstasy occurring within.

Inside the hot, humid cocoon of the bag, Jayden hammered into his mother's upturned cunt with unhinged desperation, his muscular ass clenching and unclenching as he unloaded what felt like gallons of thick, virile spunk directly into her convulsing womb.

His swollen cock jerked and throbbed with each powerful spurt, the shaft swelling even thicker as it pumped out a seemingly endless deluge of potent seed.

Hallie wailed like a banshee as she was flooded with her son's cum, her pussy clamping down around him in rippling waves, her cervix fluttering uncontrollably. Her vagina was like the center of a storm, fluids splattering in every direction - jets of ejaculate from Jayden's erupting cock, gushes of her own clear nectar, frothy mix of the two spraying out around his pistoning shaft with each thrust.

Lewd squelching and splashing sounds filled the tight space as their sexes continued to grind together in the slippery mess.

The fleshy, pink walls of Hallie's ravaged cunt pulsed and undulated around the invading length of cockmeat stretching it to capacity, the inner muscles milking Jayden for every last drop.

He just kept cumming and cumming, his balls disgorging what felt like a lifetime's worth of backed-up semen into his mother's receptive, fertile depths.

Hallie sobbed with overwhelming sensation as she felt her son's sperm flooding her unprotected womb, splashing against her tender uterine walls with the force of a pressurized hose.

The sleeping bag grew heavy and saturated with sweat, cum and vaginal juices, the fluids seeping through the fabric and pooling on the air mattress below. The entire tent reeked of raw, unbridled sex - the musky tang of cock and balls, the rich, earthy scent of well-fucked cunt, the bleachy stench of semen. The pungent cloud of pheromones hung thick in the air, a testament to the intensity of the incestuous coupling that had just occurred.

Gradually, Hallie and Jayden's movements slowed, their vocalizations tapering off to low groans and gasps as they collapsed against each other in sated exhaustion.

The next morning at breakfast, Josh sat bleary-eyed and withdrawn, staring into his coffee mug. The night had been pure torture, lying there alone as his wife and son rutted like beasts just feet away, their depraved moans and grunts echoing in his ears. Sleep had been impossible, his mind assaulted by unwanted visions of their naked, sweaty bodies pounding together.

When Hallie and Jayden finally emerged from the tent, they both had the unmistakable glow of sexual satisfaction. Hallie's hair was tousled, her lips swollen, a dreamy smile on her face. Jayden couldn't stop grinning, his chest puffed out, a new swagger in his step. The stink of marathon sex wafted off them.

Chloe lounged in a camp chair, sipping coffee and observing the awkward tension with a wry smirk. She reveled in the delicious awkwardness, the way her father couldn't even make eye contact with his own wife and son. The bratty college student decided to stir the pot.

"So, how'd everyone sleep last night?" she asked with faux-innocence, arching an eyebrow. "Sounded like there was quite the

ruckus coming from your tent."

Hallie had the decency to blush, ducking her head. Jayden just grinned stupidly, still drunk on the memory of losing his virginity to his mother's spectacular body. Josh tensed, his knuckles turning white as he gripped the skillet handle.

"Oh Chloe, let's not..." Hallie began, but her daughter cut her off.

"I mean, wow! The way you two were going at it, I'm surprised there's anything left of that poor air mattress!" Chloe needled gleefully. "What was it you kept screaming, Mom? Fuck Mommy harder?"

Hallie's face burned crimson and she shot Chloe a warning look. Jayden, clueless as ever, just laughed. "What can I say, sis? Mom's got a magical pussy! Best I've ever had!"

"It's the only one you've ever had, dummy," Chloe sneered. She turned to their father, eyes glinting cruelly. "What about you, Dad? Did you enjoy the show? I bet it was super hot listening to Mom take Jayden's big virgin cock! Knowing he was ruining her for you?"

"That's enough, Chloe!" Hallie snapped, shooting her daughter a stern glare. She glanced at Josh, saw the way his jaw clenched, the vein throbbing in his temple. Her heart twisted with guilt, even as her loins still ached from her son's thorough possession.

"Josh, honey, I'm so sorry..." she began, but her husband held up a hand, cutting her off.

"Don't," Josh said, his voice tight with barely suppressed emotion. "Just...don't."

He abruptly stood up from the picnic table and stalked off into the woods, his shoulders rigid with tension. Hallie watched him go, her heart heavy. She knew how difficult this was for him, how much it

hurt to give her up to their son, even temporarily. But it was tradition, the way things had always been done in their family. He would just have to find a way to cope.

Chloe, meanwhile, was positively gleeful at her father's obvious distress. She turned to Jayden with a wicked grin. "So little bro, now that you've popped your cherry, I bet you're dying to get balls deep in Mom again, aren't you? Gonna spend the whole trip with your cock sheathed in her snatch?"

"Chloe! Language!" Hallie scolded, even as a secret thrill went through her at the crude words. The thought of Jayden taking her again and again over the next few days, laying claim to her body, made her pussy clench with want.

Jayden blushed but grinned, unashamed. "What can I say? I can't get enough of Mom's sweet MILF pussy. And it's my right to fuck her as much as I want now. Dad's just gonna have to deal."

"Damn straight," Chloe agreed, giving her brother a fist bump. "Tap that ass, bro. Make her scream your name all over these woods."

"Alright, that's quite enough from you two," Hallie said firmly, standing up. But there was no real heat in her words. Secretly, she was just as eager as Jayden to continue their illicit liaison. Her body was still thrumming from the thorough fucking he'd given her the night before.

"Jayden, help me wash up these dishes, then we can go for a hike, just the two of us," she said, giving her son a meaningful look. "I'm sure your father and Chloe can entertain themselves for a few hours."

Jayden jumped up eagerly, his half-hard cock already tenting his shorts at the prospect of more alone time with his mother. "Sure thing, Mom! I'm always happy to help!"

Chloe rolled her eyes. "Yes, I'm sure 'hiking' is exactly what you two have in mind. More like fucking like wild animals all over the forest."

Hallie just gave her daughter a sly wink as she and Jayden gathered up the breakfast dishes. It was going to be a very satisfying trip indeed.

214: Cuckold Family Tradition-Part2/2

A short time later, after finishing the breakfast dishes, Hallie led Jayden down a secluded forest trail, the mid-morning sun dappling through the leafy canopy. She deliberately swayed her wide, childbearing hips as she walked, putting her juicy, heart-shaped ass on sinful display in a pair of painted-on yoga pants that clung to every succulent curve.

Jayden trailed behind his mother, eyes glued to her rippling posterior, his mouth watering at the thought of sinking his teeth into all that plush, mature flesh. His enormous cock throbbed insistently in his athletic shorts, still sticky with dried cum and Hallie's juices from their frenzied rutting the night before.

"Hey Mom?" Jayden spoke up as they walked. "Dad seemed really upset this morning. I know this whole situation is weird for him but...do you think he's gonna to be okay with us? With me fucking you for the next three years?"

Hallie glanced back over her shoulder, giving her son a reassuring smile even as her eyes dipped to the obscene bulge of his growing erection. A thrill went through her, knowing she could inspire such blatant lust in her own flesh and blood.

"Oh honey, don't you worry about your father," she said soothingly. "This is a big adjustment for him, watching me give my body to you so completely. But he went through the same thing with your Grandma Sheila, remember? He understands it's tradition."

She reached back to stroke Jayden's arm, letting her fingers linger on his taut bicep. "It's your birthright to have unrestricted access to Mommy's holes now. To fuck me whenever and however you want, as many times a day as you need. Your father will just have to get used to seeing you balls deep in my pussy on the regular!"

Jayden groaned at his mother's lewd words, his cock jumping in his shorts. "Ungh Mom, you can't say stuff like that! You're gonna make me bust a nut right here!"

Hallie giggled and gave his bulge a quick grope. "Oooh, getting all worked up, are we? Well, let's find a nice private spot and Mommy will take care of that backed-up cum for you. Drain those big virgin balls properly."

She looked around and spotted a small clearing just off the path, carpeted with soft moss. "Perfect! Come on, baby. Let's put a towel down and I'll show you what this mature pussy can really do in the light of day!"

Hallie tugged her eager son into the clearing, anticipation building in her loins. She couldn't wait to submit to Jayden again, to let him use her body for his pleasure just like Josh had used his mother's

all those years ago. The cycle continued, as it should. As nature intended.

In the secluded forest clearing, Hallie spread out a large beach towel on the soft bed of moss. She turned to face Jayden, a naughty glint in her eye as she slowly peeled her tank top over her head, baring her massive, heavenly breasts to her son's hungry gaze.

The gigantic mammaries swayed and wobbled with her movements, defying gravity with their incredible fullness. Jayden sucked in a sharp breath at the glorious sight, his innocent eyes going wide as saucers as he drank in every detail of his mother's perfect tits.

Each enormous globe was capped by a saucer-sized areola the color of milk chocolate, pebbled from arousal. Thick, engorged nipples the size of thimbles jutted out nearly an inch, just begging to be suckled. A subtle, delicate web of silvery stretch marks spider-webbed across the creamy slopes, a testament to the heavy jugs' prodigious growth with each of Hallie's pregnancies.

"You like Mommy's big titties, baby?" Hallie cooed, cupping the epic udders and squeezing them together, her fingers sinking into the pliant breastmeat. "Bet you've been dying to get your hands on these fat milkers, haven't you?"

Jayden just nodded dumbly, practically drooling as he watched his mother lewdly fondle her own rack. His raging cock throbbed in his shorts, visibly tenting the thin material. A wet spot of pre-cum soaked through the fabric at the tip.

Giggling at her son's slack-jawed awe, Hallie shimmied out of her skin-tight yoga pants and skimpy thong, baring the full glory of her voluptuous body to the dappled sunlight.

Jayden's eyes roved greedily over her sumptuous curves, from the magnificence of her giant jugs to the ripe, child-bearing flare of her hips to the heart-shaped bubble butt jutting out below.

Hallie's torso was a fleshy wonderland - soft and womanly, her creamy skin stretched taut over her ample frame. Not an ounce of excess fat marred her figure, just endless expanses of lush mommy meat. Her cute belly button winked out from her gently rounded tummy, an outie from the stretching of her pregnancies.

But it was the juncture of Hallie's spectacular thighs that drew Jayden's gaze like a magnet. Her smooth, plump mound was completely bare, not a single hair marring its velvety surface. The fat, juicy outer labia protruded obscenely, the succulent petals glistening with arousal. Her engorged clit poked out from beneath its fleshy hood, throbbing visibly.

"Lie down, baby," Hallie purred, gently pushing her son onto his back on the towel. "Mommy's gonna give you the ride of your life!"

Jayden eagerly complied, shimmying out of his shorts and boxers, his massive erection springing free to slap against his abs.

Hallie straddled his hips, hovering over his straining cock, the plump lips of her pussy kissing the engorged head.

With a wanton moan, she sank down on her son's huge shaft in one smooth motion, her slick folds parting to accept his girth. "Ohhh fuck yesss!" Hallie groaned as she was split open on Jayden's enormous cock, the walls of her cunt straining to accommodate him.

She began to move, rolling and undulating her wide hips, fucking herself on her son's rock-hard pole.

Jayden watched in awe as his mother rode him, her bountiful curves bouncing and rippling, swaying and jiggling with each sensual movement.

Her colossal, F-cup breasts swung heavily, the fat nipples puckered into tight nubs. As Hallie increased her pace, her tits began to bounce more wildly, quivering and slapping together lewdly.

Jayden reached up to palm the heavy mounds, sinking his fingers into the pliant flesh, feeling their weight and warmth. He tweaked and tugged on the rubbery nipples, making his mother gasp and clench around him. The undersides of her breasts were streaked with faded stretch marks from pregnancy and nursing, a testament to her mature beauty.

As Hallie rose and fell on his cock, her flat tummy tensed and relaxed, the defined abs flexing beneath a thin layer of womanly softness.

Jayden was treated to the enthralling sight of his own huge, veiny shaft disappearing into his mother's tight, pink slit over and over as she bounced on him. Her fat outer lips clung to his girth, the tender inner petals fluttering and rippling along his length. Clear arousal dripped steadily from her core, coating his groin and balls.

Hallie leaned forward, letting her massive, swaying breasts dangle enticingly over Jayden's face as she maintained a steady, sensual fucking pace on his huge cock. "Here baby, play with Mommy's big titties while I ride you," she purred.

Jayden groaned and eagerly latched onto one jiggling nipple, suckling it between his lips and flicking the sensitive bud with his

tongue. At the same time, he reached up to maul his mother's other heavy breast, sinking his fingers into the plush, pliant flesh.

"Mmmm yesss, just like that sweetie," Hallie gasped as he worked over her heaving jugs. "Mommy loves having her fat milkers played with while getting her pussy stretched!"

She rolled and gyrated her wide, rounded hips in a slow, dirty grind on her son's thick pole, working the shaft in and out of her tight, clinging sheath. Each time Hallie lifted up, Jayden was treated to the glorious sight of several inches of his own veiny cockmeat pulling out of his mother's stretched pink slit, glistening with her juices. Then she would sink back down to the hilt, his fat knob kissing her cervix as her plump, heart-shaped ass rippled and jiggled from the impact.

"Ohhh god Mom, you feel incredible," Jayden groaned around a mouthful of spongy tit-flesh. He switched to her other breast, giving it the same devoted treatment, all swirling tongue and nibbling teeth.

"Your virgin cock is stretching Mommy's pussy so good, baby!" Hallie mewled, shamelessly reveling in the forbidden depravity of riding her

own son. Her giant, milk-heavy udders swayed and bounced in his face hypnotically as she fucked herself on his rigid shaft.

Jayden grabbed two handfuls of his mother's jiggling ass, sinking his fingers into the doughy globes, urging her to ride him harder. The fleshy mounds rippled like jello each time they slapped against his groin.

Hallie's sensual, sinuous movements gradually built to a wild, frenzied bucking as she chased her orgasm on her son's huge cock.

Her massive breasts bounced and swung wildly, slapping Jayden in the face with their heavy, malleable flesh. He just groaned in ecstasy, loving the smothering softness of his mother's giant tits enveloping him.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum on your young dick!" Hallie wailed, throwing her head back in rapture. Her whole voluptuous body began to quake and shudder as the climax crashed through her.

Jayden watched in amazement as his mother was seized by her earth-shattering orgasm, studying every detail. Her wide, rounded hips jerked and spasmed uncontrollably atop him, grinding her convulsing cunt down onto his rock-hard shaft. Her pretty face contorted into a lewd, slack-jawed expression of mindless pleasure, eyes rolling back in their sockets. Guttural, animalistic moans tore from her throat, echoing through the forest.

"OHHHH GODDDD! FUCK, YESSSS!" Hallie screamed to the heavens, her entire being consumed by the intensity of her climax.

Her spectacular, curvy body writhed and undulated above Jayden as the ecstasy crested, back arching, tits heaving. He could feel every tremor and quiver of her climaxing form, from the tips of her curling toes to the ends of her thrashing hair.

But most incredible of all were the sensations engulfing Jayden's cock as his mother came on him. Her tight, hot cunt clamped down on his throbbing erection like a velvet vise, rippling and fluttering wildly along his sinewy length. He could feel her cervix sputtering against the tip of his cock, pulsing and convulsing as it tried to suck him in deeper.

Scalding jets of Hallie's feminine cum squirted out around Jayden's pistoning shaft, absolutely drenching his groin and balls in her essence. The boy marveled at the sheer volume of ejaculate his mother's pussy was capable of producing, splashing down onto him in a steaming torrent. It puddled on the towel beneath them, soaking into the terrycloth.

As the teen witnessed his gorgeous mother in the throes of such profound sexual ecstasy - an ecstasy HE had given her - he was struck by how incredible it was to see this whole new side of her. This sensual, uninhibited, orgasmic creature was so different from the poised, put-together mom he had always known. It was like a secret identity, one only he was privy to now. One reserved solely for him as her lover.

As Hallie collapsed against his chest, her gigantic, sweaty jugs smothering him, Jayden felt a surge of power and pride. He had done this to her, reduced his own mother to a babbling, cumdrunk slut with just his cock. She was his now, his to breed and rut whenever he wanted. The knowledge was deeply arousing.

Hallie came down slowly from her high, her voluptuous body still quivering and twitching with aftershocks. She pressed wet, sloppy kisses all over Jayden's face, cooing to him breathlessly. "Mmmm, such a good boy, making Mommy cum so hard! My perfect little stud!"

Jayden just grinned dopily, relishing the praise and affection. He flexed his hips, reminding his mother that he was still rock hard

inside her, ready for more.

Meanwhile, Josh had wandered down a forest trail, trying to clear his head of the tormenting thoughts of his wife and son's illicit

coupling. He walked aimlessly, not paying attention to where his feet carried him, too consumed by a tempest of emotions - jealousy, betrayal, despair, even a confusing undercurrent of twisted arousal.

His brooding was suddenly interrupted by a high, keening wail echoing through the trees. Josh froze, his blood running cold as he recognized his wife's distinctive orgasmic scream. The cries of rapture went on and on, broadcasting Hallie's ecstasy far and wide.

"OHHHH GODDDD! FUCK, YESSSS!"

Josh's stomach roiled with nausea, his fists clenched so hard his nails cut into his palms. He knew those sounds all too well - he had been the cause of them countless times over the years, bringing Hallie to the pinnacle of pleasure with his skilled ministrations. But now, it was his own son drawing those shameless vocalizations from her.

Driven by masochistic curiosity, Josh followed the fading echoes of Hallie's screams, picking his way through the dense foliage. Little did he know, the trail he was on looped around to the very clearing where his wife and son were rutting like animals.

As he drew closer, the unmistakable slapping sounds of vigorous fucking reached Josh's ears, along with Hallie's mewls and Jayden's grunts. He parted the leaves of a large bush, peering into the clearing, and immediately wished he hadn't.

There was his gorgeous wife on her hands and knees, her gigantic tits swinging beneath her as Jayden pounded into her from behind. The teenager gripped his mother's wide, rounded hips for leverage

as he slammed into her, his muscular ass flexing with each powerful thrust.

"Ohhh fuck Mom, your pussy feels so good!" Jayden groaned, watching his huge cock disappear into Hallie's dripping snatch over and over.

"Yes, yes, give it to Mommy!" Hallie urged breathlessly, tossing her hair as she looked back over her shoulder at her son. "Really go to town on my pussy, baby! Grab my hips and rail me!"

Jayden did as he was told, tightening his grip on his mother's plush hips and increasing his pace, the force of his thrusts making Hallie's ripe ass jiggle and ripple obscenely. His heavy balls slapped against her engorged clit with each stroke, making her squeal in delight.

Josh watched the depraved scene with a mixture of horror and reluctant arousal, feeling like a voyeur in his own marriage.

Hallie peeked coyly back over her shoulder at Jayden, a naughty smirk playing on her lush, cock-sucking lips. Her beautiful face was flushed with arousal, eyes sparkling with mischief as she held her son's gaze, drinking in the slack-jawed look of pleasure contorting his handsome features.

"Mmmm, does Mommy's pussy feel good wrapped around that big fat cock?" she purred silkily, her voice dripping with maternal lust. "You like stretching out my tight MILF cunt, don't you baby boy?"

"Oh fuck yeah, Mom!" Jayden groaned, his eyes glazing over with ecstasy as he pistoned in and out of his mother's rippling pussy. "It's so wet and tight! Milking my dick so good!"

Hallie giggled naughtily and bit her plump bottom lip, putting on a show for her son. She began to work her voluptuous hips back against him, matching him thrust for thrust, the force of her

movements making her giant, heavy breasts sway and bounce wildly beneath her.

"Ooooh, fuck me harder, baby!" Hallie mewled wantonly, the wet slapping sounds of their rutting filling the clearing. "Really give it to Mommy! Pound my pussy raw with that huge teen dick!"

Jayden grunted savagely and redoubled his efforts, slamming into his mother's upturned cunt with all his youthful power and enthusiasm. His muscular hips became a blur as he railed her, the rigid pole of his enormous cock a tireless piston, stretching Hallie impossibly wide and deep.

The horny MILF shrieked in ecstasy as her son's cock pummeled her G-spot over and over, the broad head mashing against her cervix on every stroke. Her hungry pussy clenched and spasmed around his girth, the sopping wet walls rippling along his veiny length.

Hallie's pretty face twisted into a lewd grimace of pleasure, mouth hanging slack, eyes nearly crossed from the intensity of the fucking. Her massive, jiggling jugs swung like fleshy wrecking balls in time with Jayden's thrusts, the weighty tit-flesh slapping together obscenely with meaty smacks.

"OH GOD, OH FUCK, JUST LIKE THAT!" Hallie wailed, shamelessly urging her teenage son on. "RAIL MOMMY'S CUNT, BABY! FUCK ME LIKE THE DIRTY SLUT I AM!"

Jayden snarled like a beast, fingers digging into the pliant flesh of his mother's wide, rounded hips as he pounded into her with unhinged ferocity.

The broad, bulbous head of his young cock pummeled Hallie's G-spot relentlessly, the spongy texture rubbing the cluster of nerves just right. At the same time, his veiny shaft massaged the ribbed lining of her vaginal canal, stoking the smoldering embers of her arousal into a raging inferno.

Each forceful thrust brought Jayden's flared cockhead slamming against the rubbery, muscular ring of Hallie's cervix. The repeated impacts made the opening to her womb flutter and convulse, gradually loosening until the tip of his manhood pushed past the barrier to kiss the very center of her femininity.

Hallie gasped and went cross-eyed, grunting like an animal as her son's cock invaded the innermost sanctum of her body, a privilege reserved only for the man destined to breed her. As her womb was battered by Jayden's tireless cock, something deep inside Hallie uncoiled, a primal awareness activating as her body prepared to be seeded.

Jayden could feel his mother's cunt growing wetter and more engorged with each pump of his hips, her arousal building to a fever pitch. Viscous trickles of her feminine nectar seeped out around his pistoning shaft, drenching his groin and balls in the musky fluid. The abundance of natural lubricant allowed him to glide in and out of her effortlessly, even as her vaginal muscles squeezed him like a velvet vise.

The electric sensations radiating from his huge, pulsing erection made Jayden's heavy balls churn and tighten, drawing up close to

his body in preparation. A simmering heat built deep in his groin, molten pleasure surging through his veins as a massive load of potent spunk began its journey from his core.

Jayden's testicles visibly clenched and pulsed as they prepared to unleash their virile load. His cum rocketed up through the coiled tubes of his vas deferens, mixing with seminal fluids in his prostate to create a teeming slurry of sperm. The thick, pearly jizz coursed through his urethra and surged up his long, throbbing cock, gathering in massive spurts behind the flare of his cockhead.

Hallie's cervix cinched tight around the invading head of her son's cock, greedily suckling the tip as it prepared to accept his impending

load.

Her slick vaginal walls fluttered and convulsed along Jayden's veiny length, rippling from base to tip as if milking him. The textured lining of her birth canal undulated around the thick girth of his shaft, massaging every throbbing inch.

The mother's body began to shake uncontrollably as her orgasm crashed through her, starting deep in her clenching core and radiating out to every nerve ending. Her sweat-slicked skin flushed pink as hot ecstasy seared her veins. Tension coiled tighter and tighter in her spasming muscles until it finally exploded in a shower of sparks behind her eyes.

"OHHHHH FUUUUUCCCCKKKK!!!" Hallie screamed, her voice raw. "PUMP MOMMY FULL OF CUM, BABY! BREED ME, BREED MEEEEE!!!"

Her spectacular body thrashed and writhed as the climax crested, back arching, tits bouncing wildly. Jayden had to tighten his grip

on her bucking hips to keep from being thrown off as he chased his own rapidly approaching peak.

The suctioning, rippling caress of his mother's climaxing cunt pushed the teen over the edge. With a guttural roar, he buried himself balls-deep one final time and unleashed the massive load boiling in his balls directly against Hallie's convulsing cervix.

Thick ropes of searing jizz erupted from Jayden's jerking cock with the force of a geyser, flooding his mom's fluttering womb instantly. Each rhythmic clench of his cock pumped out what felt like gallons of the viscous spunk, displacing the fluids already in her cunt and forcing them to squirt out around his thrusting shaft.

Jayden groaned in mindless bliss as he emptied his aching balls into his mother's receptive depths, feeling her womb expand to accommodate the sheer volume. Through the haze of his orgasm,

some primal part of him relished the knowledge that he was marking his mother irrevocably as his, seeding her so thoroughly that a baby was almost inevitable.

As spurt after spurt of her son's virile cum splashed against her tender uterine walls, Hallie shuddered and spasmed through an endless chain of orgasms, babbling incoherently. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets from the intensity of the sensations wracking her voluptuous body.

Scalding jets of her ejaculate sprayed from her stretched, stuffed pussy with each twitch of her internal muscles, mixing with the jizz seeping out to create a frothy cocktail that dripped from Jayden's swinging ball-sack.

Josh watched from the bushes, his stomach churning with a confusing mix of emotions as he witnessed his wife and son in the

throes of passion. The sight of Jayden mounting Hallie, his muscular form pistoning vigorously between her splayed thighs, filled Josh with a deep, visceral anguish that clawed at his heart. That was his beautiful bride, his soulmate, the mother of his children - and there she was, wantonly offering her body to their teenage son without hesitation or shame.

A part of Josh wanted to burst into the clearing and tear them apart, to reclaim his wife and put an end to this twisted tradition once and for all. But he remained rooted in place, unable to look away from the erotic spectacle unfolding before him. Because beneath the hurt and betrayal, there was an undeniable undercurrent of envy...and even excitement.

Josh thought back to his own 18th birthday nearly two decades ago, when his mother Sheila's spectacular body had become his personal playground. He remembered the unparalleled thrill and awe of sinking into her welcoming heat for the first time, of claiming her as

his own. The pride he had felt as a freshly-minted man, finally allowed to rut with a female like nature intended.

Over those three glorious years, Josh had enjoyed his mother in every way imaginable. In every room of the house, in every position, at every opportunity. He had taken her on the kitchen counter as she prepared breakfast, bent her over the couch as she folded laundry, fucked her in the shower before school. Hell, he had even drilled her in front of his father. No hole was off limits, no surface was sacred. Sheila belonged to him completely.

Now Jayden would get to experience that same thrill of absolute dominion over his own gorgeous mother. He would get to enjoy Hallie in ways Josh never could again, discovering the hidden wonders of her body, bringing her to peaks of pleasure she had

never known before. The knowledge stung, but it also sent an illicit shiver of arousal through Josh.

Watching his wife now, her magnificent breasts bouncing wildly as Jayden pounded into her, her pretty face twisted in rapture, Josh couldn't deny the raw sexual magnetism of the forbidden act. There was something deeply erotic about witnessing his innocent boy become a man in the most depraved way possible, mounting and breeding his own mother as nature intended.

Two weeks after the family returned from their camping trip, Hallie sat Josh down at the kitchen table, a serious expression on her beautiful face. Josh knew that look all too well - it was the same one she had worn when announcing her pregnancies with Jayden and Chloe. His stomach clenched with dread, already suspecting what she was about to say.

"Josh, honey," Hallie began gently, reaching across the table to take his hand. "I have some news. I'm pregnant. Jayden and I are gonna have a baby."

Even though he had been expecting it, the confirmation still hit Josh like a punch to the gut.

"I...I see," Josh said numbly, struggling to process the information. "I guess I just didn't expect it to happen so quickly. You two weren't even together for that long."

Hallie gave him a sympathetic look, squeezing his hand. "I know it's a lot to take in, but this is the way it's supposed to be. Jayden bred me just like you bred your mother all those years ago. It's tradition."

Josh swallowed hard, trying to ignore the sharp ache in his chest at hearing his wife refer to their son 'breeding' her. The clinical, animalistic term made it all too clear that procreation was one of the primary purposes of their coupling. Jayden wasn't just fucking his mother for pleasure - he was impregnating her, ensuring the continuation of their line.

"How...how many children are you planning to have with him?" Josh asked, almost afraid of the answer.

Hallie bit her plump lower lip, looking simultaneously sheepish and aroused. "Well, given how virile Jayden is and how often we're making love...I wouldn't be surprised if we end up with a whole litter."

She shifted in her seat, rubbing her thighs together as she recalled the feeling of her son's huge cock stretching her, pumping her full of his endless seed. "I mean, we're having unprotected sex at least 7 or 8 times a day, and the size of his loads...God, Josh, you should see how much he cums! He practically drowns my womb every single time!"

Josh's face reddened at his wife's shockingly graphic description, his stomach turning at the thought of the sheer volume of sperm their teenage son was releasing into her body on a daily basis. He had

always been proud of Jayden's robust physicality, but now it just seemed obscene, like his very masculinity was a threat.

"So you're saying you could be perpetually pregnant for the next three years?" Josh asked weakly, already knowing the answer.

"It's entirely possible," Hallie confirmed with a nod. "My body was made to bear children, and Jayden's cock was made to father."

For Jayden, the nine months of his mother's pregnancy were the most thrilling, pleasurable time of his young life. He relished watching Hallie's already voluptuous body ripen and swell with new life, knowing it was his potent seed growing inside her womb.

With each passing month, as her belly and breasts expanded, so too did Jayden's lust and ardor. He couldn't keep his hands off Hallie's sumptuous prenatal curves, marveling at how heavy and dense her tits became, at the amazing sensitivity of her engorged nipples.

Her pregnant pussy was a revelation too - so hot and wet, the plump lips flushing a deeper shade of pink, the folds engorged and slippery with arousal. Jayden loved burying his face between her thighs and lapping up her tangy essence for hours.

But it was that last month before Hallie gave birth that was truly glorious. By then, her gravid body was a ripe, lush landscape of feminine abundance. Her gigantic, milk-laden breasts strained the limits of physics, each one far larger than Jayden's head, the skin stretched drum-tight and laced with prominent blue veins. The areolae had darkened and doubled in diameter, while the nipples protruded nearly an inch, resembling overripe strawberries.

Jayden was content to spend entire days just playing with his mother's massive mammaries, losing himself in acres of pillowy breast-flesh. He would bury his face in her deep, warm cleavage, nuzzling and motorboating the pliant udders, his cheeks and chin sinking into the swollen titty meat.

For hours he would suckle and gnaw on Hallie's bulbous teats, drawing the blood-engorged nubs deep into his mouth and working them over with his lips and tongue.

At times, his entire head would disappear into the yielding swell of Hallie's breast as he nursed, his hands sunk wrist-deep into the overflowing tit-flesh on either side of his face. Occasionally, warm milk would begin to leak from her nipples, filling Jayden's mouth with its creamy sweetness. He would gulp it down greedily, suckling harder to encourage the flow, relishing the knowledge that he was draining the very breastmilk meant for his unborn child.

Hallie adored these marathon nursing sessions, crooning breathlessly to Jayden as he feasted on her swollen teats. "That's it baby, suck Mommy's big milky titties," she would pant, cradling his head to her bosom. "Ooooh, you're gonna empty Mommy's fat tits before your baby sister even gets a chance! Mmmm, such a greedy boy for Mommy's milk!"

During Hallie's pregnancy, her already sky-high libido went into complete overdrive as a surge of hormones flooded her system. She was insatiable, craving Jayden's cock at all hours of the day and night. The heat emanating from between her thighs was like a beacon, drawing her virile son to her body, compelling him to fill her again and again.

They fucked constantly, losing themselves in marathon sessions of frenzied rutting that lasted for hours on end. Josh hardly ever saw his wife or son anymore - they rarely left the bedroom, too consumed by their primal need for each other. The sounds of their passionate moans and the headboard banging against the wall became the soundtrack to his life.

Jayden rose to the occasion magnificently, his teenage refractory period allowing him to recover almost instantly from even the most draining orgasms. His cock was a perpetual iron bar, always ready to

drive into Hallie's sopping wet cunt at a moment's notice. And he did, over and over, pounding her into oblivion until they were both sweat-soaked and delirious with pleasure.

But as much stamina as Jayden had, even his overactive balls struggled to keep up with the sheer number of ejaculations he was having. It seemed like he was cumming every hour minutes, hosing Hallie's insides with what should have been impossible volumes of semen. His balls were like a tireless sperm factory, his prostate constantly churning out massive batches of jizz, only for it to be immediately expelled into his mother's hungry cunt.

Jayden's loads never diminished in size or potency though, even as he spurted them out in rapid fire. Each climax was just as mind-meltingly intense as the last, sending shockwaves of ecstasy through his taut young body as he pumped ropes of thick spunk straight into his mom's grasping cervix. It was like his balls were producing cum just as quickly as he could ejaculate it, an endless cycle of virile replenishment to ensure his mother was thoroughly bred.

Hallie was in heaven, blissed out on a nonstop flow of orgasmic hormones as her son's cock ravaged her pregnant body. She loved feeling so ripe and fertile, so brimming with life and sensuality. And she especially loved knowing it was Jayden's supreme male essence that had put their baby in her belly, that he had proven his breeding superiority over his father.

For hours on end, Hallie would ride Jayden's huge cock in a lazy, grinding rhythm, letting all her lush prenatal weight bear down on

him. She would lean back and balance her gravid bulk on her hands, thrusting her massively swollen tits out obscenely, an erotic offering to her son. Jayden would latch onto her bulbous nipples and suckle greedily, the wet nursing sounds intermingling with the smack of their sweaty flesh.

Nine months after that fateful camping trip, Hallie gave birth to a healthy baby girl they named Jade. With her thick swatch of dark hair and large, soulful eyes, she was the spitting image of Jayden.

Hallie cradled the nursing infant to her breast, cooing softly as Jade suckled, while Jayden looked on with pride. This was his daughter, the product of his virile seed and his mother's fertile womb.

Josh stood off to the side, watching the intimate moment with a heavy heart. He loved his granddaughter instantly, but couldn't ignore the twisting ache in his chest at the knowledge that she wasn't truly his. That his teenage son had cuckolded and bred his wife, forever altering their family dynamic.

Hallie recovered from the birth with astounding speed, her body bouncing back to its spectacular pre-pregnancy shape within mere weeks, albeit with even larger, milk-filled breasts.

Her hormones were still raging and she craved Jayden inside her at all hours, which he was only too happy to provide. They fell back into their pattern of constant, feral rutting, christening every surface of the house with their sweat and fluids.

To no one's surprise, just two months after Jade's birth, Hallie announced she was pregnant again. "Oooh, you virile stud!" she

had squealed in delight, pouncing on Jayden. "You knocked Mommy up again already! I knew you would!"

Jayden had just grinned smugly, enjoying yet another boost to his sexual ego. Getting his mother pregnant repeatedly was the ultimate proof of his breeding superiority, his total domination of her body. He couldn't wait to see her swell with his seed again.

This time, Hallie gave birth to another daughter, Jasmine, who had Jayden's deep blue eyes and dimpled chin. Irish twins, born only 11

months apart. The two girls were physical testaments to their father's rampant fertility, to the bountiful yield of his balls.

The trend continued the following year, with Hallie falling pregnant a third time just a few weeks after Jasmine's birth. Only now she was carrying twins, her belly ballooning to staggering proportions as it strained to contain Jayden's double blessing. Her pregnancy was the very picture of ripe fecundity - massively swollen breasts leaking milky nectar, hips and ass flaring to childbearing proportions, skin glowing with new life.

Hallie took to her third pregnancy with aplomb, reveling in her son's supreme virility with an almost smug satisfaction. "Mmmm, twins!" she would purr, rubbing her huge, stretched belly. "I knew my stud would give me a big healthy litter!"

Josh wasn't happy about the rapidly expanding brood of children Jayden had fathered with Hallie, but he fulfilled his duty as the family patriarch by supporting them as if they were his own. He doted on his granddaughters, giving them all the love and attention he could, even as his heart ached with the knowledge that they were the products of his son's rampant virility.

The one thing that kept Josh going was the knowledge that Jayden's birthright would end on his 21st birthday. For three long years, he had endured the sounds of his wife's screams of ecstasy as their son pounded her into oblivion, had watched her belly swell over and over with Jayden's potent seed. But finally, mercifully, it would all be over. Hallie would be his again, and they could put this sordid chapter behind them.

Or so Josh thought.

What he didn't count on was the unbreakable bond that had formed between mother and son, the transcendent sexual synergy they had discovered in each other's bodies.

For Hallie, the idea of giving up Jayden's huge, virile cock was unthinkable. He had ruined her for all other men, stretching her so exquisitely, bringing her to heights of pleasure she had never dreamed possible. The way he filled her, bred her, made her feel like the most desirable woman on earth - how could she ever go back to the mundane domesticity of monogamous marriage after that?

And so, even after Jayden's 21st birthday, Hallie continued to fuck him with wild abandon, sneaking off to his college dorm room or inviting him over while Josh was at work. She became a master of deception, spinning elaborate webs of lies to cover her tracks, always with a plausible alibi at the ready. The thrill of cheating, of cuckolding her husband so blatantly, only added to her arousal.

Jayden, for his part, was only too happy to continue plowing his mother's spectacular body, to keep seeding her fertile womb at every opportunity. He never tired of her tight, grasping cunt, the way her massive tits bounced as he railed her. Mother and son fell

into a comfortable routine of weekly trysts, losing themselves in hours of sensual depravity.

Things only got more interesting when Jayden met Melody, a stacked redhead with an hourglass figure to rival Hallie's. The busty college girl was instantly smitten with the handsome young stud, drawn to his raw sexual magnetism, all thanks to Hallie. It wasn't long before they were dating, their youthful bodies a perfect erotic fit.

Melody had a kinky streak wider than the Grand Canyon, and when she found out Jayden was fucking his own mother, it only made her hotter for him. "You're getting your dick wet in both your girlfriend's tight young pussy AND your mom's juicy cunt at the same time!"

Jayden found himself in sexual nirvana, the object of insatiable lust for the two most important women in his life - his gorgeous, busty MILF of a mother Hallie, and his stunning, sexually adventurous

girlfriend Melody. The kinky college coed was only too eager to join the incestuous fun, her pussy dripping at the thought of sharing her hung stud with his own mom.

Mother and girlfriend took to tag-teaming Jayden with unbridled enthusiasm, their bodies a mind-blowing contrast - Hallie's succulent, full-blown curves the pinnacle of ripe fertility, and Melody's perky, youthful figure a juicy peach begging to be plucked. The horny duo spent hours worshipping Jayden's huge, virile cock with their mouths, taking turns sliding their glossy lips up and down his throbbing shaft.

Jayden was treated to the most intensely pleasurable double-blowjobs imaginable as Hallie and Melody knelt naked before him,

their massive tits pressed together, creating a warm valley of cleavage.

They would feverishly lick and kiss along the sides of his veiny cock, leaving shiny trails of saliva on the turgid flesh. Wet, lewd slurping sounds filled the air as they slathered his manhood with spit, allowing it to glide smoothly over their slick, jiggling breast-flesh.

The stacked duo deep-throated Jayden to the root over and over, taking him so far down their gullets that their noses nestled in his wiry pubic hair. They held him there for long moments, throats constricting and rippling around his cock as they fought their gag reflexes, determined to milk his teenaged balls dry. Tears streamed down their faces as they struggled to breathe around his thickness, but they never let up, relishing the salty musk of his groin.

When they finally came up for air, they gasped and panted like bitches in heat before diving back in to continue their oral assault. They took turns sucking his plum-sized cockhead while the other feasted on his swollen balls, rolling the hefty orbs over their tongue. Then they would swap, passing his spit-slick erection back and forth

between their hungry mouths, moaning whorishly as they savored his throbbing heat.

Jayden was in absolute heaven, his head thrown back in ecstasy as these two insatiable cock-sluts paid oral homage to his superior manhood. Watching his own mother and girlfriend go to town on him, their faces flushed and glazed with slobber, was the most incredibly erotic sight he had ever witnessed. His hips bucked instinctively, fucking their faces, using them as receptacles for his pleasure.

Of course, all the sloppy double blowjobs were just a prelude to the main event - fucking their insatiable pussies. Over the past three years of fucking his mother constantly, Jayden had developed the stamina and expertise of a true sexual virtuoso. He could pound pussy for hours without ejaculating, his supreme control allowing him to bring his lovers to peaks of ecstasy over and over before finally succumbing to his own release.

Hallie and Melody took full advantage of Jayden's incredible staying power, grinding on his cock until they were both sweaty and delirious with pleasure. They would stack their orgasms by the dozen, cumming on his huge shaft over and over until their minds went blank with bliss.

Jayden loved putting his lovers into pretzel-like positions, folding them in half to penetrate their deepest recesses. He would throw Hallie's ankles over his shoulders and pound her into the mattress, his swollen cockhead battering her cervix with every thrust. With Melody, he would stand at the edge of the bed and dangle her upside down, her red hair brushing the floor as he jack-hammered into her cunt.

The kinky college coed was a perfect match for Jayden's perverse appetites. She got off on the taboo thrill of fucking her boyfriend's mother right alongside him. "Shove that fat mommy dick in her

pussy!" Melody would urge, frigging her clit furiously as she watched them rut. "Breed that MILF cunt! Knock her up again!"

Hallie would respond with equal enthusiasm, moaning wantonly as Jayden pounded her. "Yes, baby! Fill Mommy up with your hot cum! Put another baby in me!"

The two insatiable nymphos brought out a whole new level of depravity in Jayden. He started fucking them anally on a regular basis, stretching their tight sphincters around his massive girth. Hallie and Melody competed to see who could take him deeper in their ass, crying out in a mix of pain and pleasure as he violated their forbidden holes.

"Oooh, your cock feels so huge in Mommy's ass!" Hallie would gasp as Jayden sodomized her. "Breed my shitter, baby! Make me your anal whore!"

Not to be outdone, Melody would bend over and spread her plump, pink buttocks wide. "Ruin my asshole, stud! Gape me open and fill me with cum!"

Jayden took immense satisfaction in conquering both women so completely, in laying claim to their every orifice. He felt like a king, his huge cock worshipped and fought over. It was a power trip like no other.

Of course, all the wild, nonstop fucking had one inevitable outcome - more pregnancies. Within a few months of their torrid three-way affair, both Hallie and Melody were knocked up, their bellies swelling with Jayden's potent seed.

For Hallie, it was her fourth pregnancy, her body blossoming into a veritable fertility goddess. Her tits ballooned to a jaw-dropping 38I cup, veiny and leaking milk constantly. Her already prodigious ass grew to shelf-like proportions, wobbling obscenely with every step.

As Hallie and Melody entered their ninth month of pregnancy, their bellies swollen to epic proportions with Jayden's virile seed, the young stud made a decision. He took a semester off from

college, knowing he would be far too preoccupied with ruthlessly fucking his mother and girlfriend's ripe, heavily pregnant bodies to focus on anything as mundane as academics.

Hallie, eager to spend as much uninterrupted time in her hung son's bed as possible, concocted an excuse to tell Josh. "Honey, Jayden needs some help getting the nursery ready at his new apartment before he and Melody's baby arrives. You know, assembling the crib, picking out the decor, that sort of thing. I'm gonna stay with him for a few weeks to get everything set up."

Josh frowned, not liking the idea of his wife cohabitating with their son, even temporarily. He knew all too well what they would really be doing, and even suspected the bun in his wife's oven wasn't his. But he had long ago resigned himself to being a cuckolded husband, to the fact that Hallie's body belonged to Jayden now, even though the three years had long passed. "Fine," he said curtly. "Do what you need to do."

Hallie struggled to contain her excitement as she packed her bags, not even bothering with clothes since she knew she'd be naked the entire time. She couldn't wait to wake up to Jayden's huge morning wood splitting her in half, to spend her days impaled on his thick cock as he alternated between her juicy cunt and Melody's tight college-aged twat.

The two women had become the perfect pair of pregnant fucktoys for Jayden, their hormones raging as they entered the home stretch. They craved his cock constantly, their massively swollen tits and asses rippling and bouncing obscenely as he pounded them.

Hallie's belly was so huge she could barely move, but that didn't stop her from spreading her thighs wide for her son at every opportunity.

Over those final weeks, Jayden fucked his mother and girlfriend with a frenzied intensity, driven wild by their ripe, fertile bodies. He took them both multiple times a day, alternating between their slick, grasping cunts, plowing into them balls-deep as their pregnant bellies jiggled and quaked.

Melody rode him reverse cowgirl, her plump ass slamming down onto his cock, while Hallie sat on his face, smothering him with her dripping MILF snatch.

They lost themselves in a nonstop orgy of wanton, shameless fucking, the apartment echoing with the sounds of skin slapping against skin and guttural, animalistic grunts. Jayden pumped load after massive load into their gripping twats, the creamy spunk oozing out to mat his pubic hair and soak into the bed sheets.

Finally, after nine months of being relentlessly bred and seeded, Hallie and Melody went into labor just days apart from each other. Josh rushed Hallie to the hospital where she delivered a healthy baby girl they named Juniper. Just two days later, Melody gave birth to a daughter as well, who they called Mila.

As Jayden held Jasmine and Juniper in the crook of each arm, an amusing thought struck him. For all the constant, feral breeding he had been doing with both his mother and girlfriend, he had yet to sire a single son. Six daughters and counting, all of them the result of his hyper-fertile sperm and the women's receptive wombs. It was like his cock was a girl-making machine.

"We sure do seem to make pretty babies, me you and your mother, don't we stud?" Melody teased, noticing the contemplative look on Jayden's face. "Nothing but daughters so far though. I'm starting to think your balls don't know how to make boys!"

Not long after Melody gave birth to Mila, Jayden proposed to the gorgeous redhead. Though their relationship had begun in the

throes of depraved lust, rutting alongside his mother, genuine feelings had blossomed between the two young lovers.

Melody was the perfect match for Jayden in every way - sexually adventurous, open-minded, and just as insatiably horny as he was. He knew he wanted to spend the rest of his life balls-deep in her succulent body.

The wedding was a lavish affair, with Hallie proudly standing by her son's side as the beaming mother of the groom. No one but the bride and groom knew that beneath her conservative dress, the stacked MILF was bare-assed and plugged, her rectum stuffed with a huge butt plug to keep her ass stretched and ready for her son's cock later that night.

At the reception, while Melody flitted about greeting guests in her low-cut, curve-hugging wedding gown, Jayden and Hallie snuck off to the coat room for a secret quickie.

Mother and son rutted frantically amidst the musty furs, Hallie's huge tits popping free of her dress as Jayden pounded into her from behind. They both climaxed with muffled cries, shuddering against each other as Jayden pumped his mother's unprotected cunt full of thick cum.

For their honeymoon, the newlyweds jetted off to a couples resort in Jamaica, where clothing was very much optional. They spent

their days fucking on every surface of their luxurious private villa, christening the bed, the couch, the kitchen counter. In the evenings, they would venture down to the nude beach to cavort with other uninhibited couples, ending most nights in a sandy tangle of sweaty limbs and comingled fluids.

To no one's surprise, the pair returned from their honeymoon with Melody already knocked up, her flat tummy just beginning to swell with new life. Jayden had taken great delight in pumping his new

bride full of sperm in every position imaginable, knowing he was almost certainly impregnating her. The thought of seeing her body change and ripen with his seed only made him harder.

Back home, Hallie welcomed the couple with open arms...and open legs. She continued servicing her son's cock whenever he desired, even with a wife of his own now. And Melody, ever the open-minded nympho, was only too happy to share her man with his mother.

So their depraved threesome sex romps continued unabated, with Hallie spending just as much time impaled on her son's huge dick as his young wife did. Jayden loved having two eager fuckholes to choose from, especially as Melody's belly and breasts began to swell deliciously with her pregnancy.

Nine months later, Melody gave birth to yet another baby girl, who they named Maya. With the arrival of his seventh daughter, Jayden couldn't help but marvel at his own potent virility. It seemed his balls were dead set on producing nothing but females, as if ensuring the continuation of his sublime feminine lineage.

As the years passed and the girls grew into young women, it became abundantly clear that they had inherited the very best physical attributes from both Hallie and Melody. All seven daughters blossomed into jaw-dropping stunners, their figures a mouth-watering array of tits and ass.

Jade and Jasmine, the oldest at 24 and 23, were already married and settled into life as horny housewives. They had taken after Hallie, with colossal, heavy breasts in the J-cup range that strained the confines of even the most roomy sweaters. Their asses were like two perfect globes of jiggling, doughy flesh, testing the structural integrity of every pair of yoga pants they donned.

Juniper and Mila, 21-year-old twins, had followed in their mothers' footsteps in more ways than one. Not only were they packing ginormous H-cup tit- melons, both girls were insatiable size queens,

craving only the most massive cocks to stretch their eager young fuckholes. They prowled their college campus for the most hung studs, ending each night of partying with a different huge dick pounding away between their thighs.

Jasmine, the 19-year-old wild child, had tits that belonged in a titty bar, a set of G-cup melons that made men drool on sight. She loved flashing them at every opportunity, "accidentally" popping them out of her low-cut tops, delighting in the bulging eyes and slack jaws of her admirers. Her ass was a peach of a bubble butt, perfectly curved and deliciously bouncy.

Then there was Maya, the baby of the family who had just turned 18. Despite her youth, puberty had been extremely generous to the teen. She was packing a rack to rival even Hallie's legendary tits, her 38I cups testing the laws of physics. Her ass was an obscene

shelf of syllable galore, seeming to defy gravity as it jutted out behind her.

But it wasn't just their bodies that made the seven sisters so alluring. They had all inherited Hallie and Melody's voracious sexual appetites, their craving for cock a constant ache between their thighs. For the older girls, pleasing their husbands and boyfriends was a full-time job, one they threw themselves into with wanton abandon. For the younger ones, college was a sexual buffet, an endless array of pulsing erections to sample.

Jayden couldn't have been more proud of his gorgeous brood, the fruits of his loins. Knowing that his supreme sperm had sired such flawless female specimens filled him with a primal joy.

On Jayden's 40th birthday, Melody had a very special surprise planned for her virile husband. She gathered all seven of their busty, curvaceous daughters, along with Hallie and Jayden's grandmother Claire, and announced they would be taking an overnight camping trip to celebrate.

Jayden was thrilled at the prospect of spending quality time with all his gorgeous girls out in nature. Little did he know, Melody had a much kinkier agenda in mind. She wanted to give her hung hubby the ultimate incestuous gift - an all-night fuckfest with the three generations of women his cock had bred.

The chosen location for this depraved family retreat was the very same campground where Jayden had lost his virginity to Hallie all those years ago. It seemed only fitting to come full circle, to return to the place where he had first discovered the mind-blowing

pleasure of sinking balls-deep into his own mother's tight MILF cunt.

When they arrived at the secluded site, Melody instructed everyone to strip down completely. "In honor of Jayden popping his cherry in these woods, I declare this a clothing-optional campground!" she announced with a naughty grin.

The girls needed no further encouragement, peeling off their skimpy outfits to reveal acres of mouth-watering bare flesh. Jayden's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he took in the sight of his daughters' spectacular nude bodies, their massive tits and juicy asses on sinful display.

Seeing them naked side-by-side, the family resemblance was unmistakable - from their pretty faces to their hourglass curves, they were all spitting images of Hallie and Melody in their prime.

Speaking of his gorgeous mother and grandmother, the two stacked MILFs eagerly bared their own bountiful figures, proving that mind-blowing tits and ass definitely ran in the family. At 58, Hallie was still an absolute knockout, her colossal 38J cups defying gravity atop her soft, plush torso. And Grandma Claire, despite pushing 80, had a rack most women half her age would kill for. Her huge, veiny 40J tits sat low and heavy on her chest, nipples perpetually erect.

"Whaddya say, stud?" Melody purred, pressing her ginormous, pillowy breasts into Jayden's chest. "Ready for the best birthday present ever?"

She led him by the hand into the oversized tent they had pitched, the rest of the female horde following close behind. Inside was a massive, custom-made air mattress covered in plush furs and satin

sheets. Countless fluffy pillows were strewn about, transforming the space into a decadent fuck palace.

"This is where you're gonna to spend the next 12 hours balls-deep in your favorite fuckholes," his wife grinned.

Jayden laid back on the luxurious bedding like a king, his huge cock jutting up from his groin like a flagpole.

The female members of his family gathered around him, their eyes glued to his throbbing erection with undisguised hunger. At Melody's urging, they began to take turns straddling his hips and sinking down onto his massive shaft, their wet, hot cunts engulfing him in exquisite sensation.

First up was Jade, his oldest daughter. Jayden groaned in ecstasy as her silky pussy walls closed around him like a vise, gripping and rippling along every pulsing inch. He reached up to palm her gigantic, jiggling tits as she began to bounce on his cock, the heavy melons overflowing his hands.

"Fuck baby girl, your cunt feels amazing," Jayden grunted, pistoning his hips to meet her downward thrusts. "Squeezing Daddy so tight!"

Jade just moaned wantonly, lost in the incredible fullness of having her father's huge cock stretching her to capacity. Her massively thick nipples poked into his palms as he kneaded her fleshy udders.

After bringing Jade to a toe-curling orgasm, Jayden lifted her off his still-rigid pole and guided Jasmine to take her place. His second oldest daughter impaled herself balls-deep on his veiny

shaft in one smooth motion, throwing her head back in rapture as he invaded her most intimate depths.

"Oooh Daddy, you're so fucking HUGE!" Jasmine squealed, gyrating her wide hips in a sensual grind. Jayden grasped the perfect globes of her ass, sinking his fingers into the pliable flesh as he savored the wet, clasping heat of her core.

He marveled at the unique feel of each daughter's pussy as they rode him in turn, noting the subtle differences in texture and tightness. Juniper's cunt had a velvety smoothness that felt like warm silk gliding along his dick. Mila's twat boasted a series of fluttering ridges that massaged his cockhead on every stroke. Jasmine's slit was almost painfully tight, gripping him like a miniature fist.

As Jayden's eyes roamed the bouncing, swaying expanse of young tit-flesh surrounding him, he couldn't help but compare his daughters' racks as well. Each girl had her own distinct tit shape and coloration, from the perfectly spherical melons of the twins to Maya's slightly teardrop-shaped jugs. Jade and Jasmine had chocolate-brown nipples surrounded by wide, puffy areolae, while Mila and Juniper's nubs were a rosy pink, smaller and perky.

After experiencing the tight, wet heat of each daughter's pussy, Jayden turned his attention to the two original MILF holes that had started it all - his mother Hallie and grandmother Claire. The two stacked matriarchs pushed their granddaughters aside, eager to once again sheathe the huge cock that had bred them so thoroughly in their prime.

Hallie mounted her son first, straddling his hips and reaching between her thick thighs to grasp his throbbing shaft. "Mmmm,

I've missed this big boy," she purred, rubbing his leaking cockhead through her slippery folds. "Nothing feels better than having my hung baby boy back in my cunt."

With a deep moan of satisfaction, she sank down on Jayden's steel-hard erection, taking him to the hilt in her juicy MILF hole. Even after birthing five of his daughters, Hallie was still incredibly tight, her vaginal walls gripping him like a velvet glove.

"Oh fuck Mom!" Jayden grunted, overcome by the familiar ecstasy of his mother's perfect pussy. "Still the best cunt in the world!"

He palmed her gigantic, spongy tits as she began to ride him, relishing their dense weight, the way they overflowed his hands. Her massive nipples were like fleshy gumdrops against his fingers, almost painfully tight with arousal.

After bringing Hallie to a shuddering, hip-quaking orgasm, Jayden lifted her off his still-turgid cock and beckoned Claire over. "C'mere Nana, have a ride on your grandson's pole," he grinned, giving his huge shaft a few priming strokes.

The 80-year-old grandmother eagerly straddled Jayden's chiseled torso, reaching between her legs to rub his bulbous glans against her thick folds. "Oh my, you've grown into such a strapping young man," she cooed. "I remember when you were just a horny little sprout, rutting away between your mother's thighs."

With a lecherous cackle, Claire impaled herself on Jayden's massive erection, her roomy cunt swallowing him right to the root. What she lacked in tightness she made up for in enthusiasm, undulating her broad hips in a surprisingly spry grind.

"That's it Nana, bounce on that big dick," Jayden urged, gripping his grandmother's saggy but still massive tits. "Milk my cock with that vintage muff!"

Jayden buried his face between Claire's monumental, sagging breasts, nuzzling into her plush cleavage. The 80-year-old's tit-flesh was incredibly soft and giving, practically swallowing his head whole as he motorboated her. He inhaled deeply, savoring the comforting scent of baby powder and lavender that always seemed to linger on his grandmother's skin.

Opening his mouth wide, Jayden latched onto one of Claire's bulbous, rubbery nipples, drawing the fat nub deep between his lips. He suckled hard, hollowing his cheeks as he worked the spongy teat with his tongue. The old woman gasped and shuddered above him, her withered cunt clenching like a vise around his plundering cock.

"Oh my goodness!" Claire yelped, her hips writhing with renewed vigor. "No one's sucked my titties like that in ages! Such a good boy, getting your Nana off!"

Jayden grinned around his mouthful of marshmallowy tit, flicking his tongue rapidly over the pebbled tip of her nipple. He loved reducing the dignified matriarch to a whimpering, cock-drunk mess with just a few strategic sucks. Clearly, her massive jugs were just as sensitive now as they had been decades ago.

Spurred on by his grandmother's breathless praise, Jayden doubled down on his oral efforts, sealing his lips tight around the barrel of her elongated nipple and suckling with abandon. At the same time, he palmed her other wobbly breast, kneading the doughy flesh like a stress ball.

Lost in a haze of pleasure, Claire threw her head back and keened, her sagging tits quivering like bowls of jello as she bounced faster on her grandson's huge shaft. Jayden could feel her slick, loose walls beginning to flutter and clench erratically around him, a sure sign she was close to cumming.

With a muffled growl, he bit down on the sensitive tip of her rubbery nipple, worrying the engorged nub between his teeth as he

simultaneously tweaked its twin. The dual stimulation proved too much for Claire's overloaded senses, sending her hurtling into a body-wracking orgasm.

"OH MY DAYS!" the old woman wailed, her entire frame seizing up as ecstasy crashed through her like a tidal wave. Her saggy tits heaved and wobbled, rippling like disturbed water as she shook and spasmed atop her grandson.

A gush of watery granny cum spurted from her convulsing cunt, splashing over Jayden's groin and balls. He groaned around his mouthful of marshmallowy tit-flesh as he felt his grandmother cream herself on his cock, soaking him with her pungent spend.

For the next several hours, Jayden played musical chairs with the three generations of his female brood, sampling their juicy fuckholes in an incestuous smorgasbord. He pounded his daughters into the mattress one by one, folding their legs up by their ears to sink in balls-deep.

As Jayden plowed his massive cock into one perfect pussy after another, he felt transported back in time to that fateful camping trip when he was 18. That glorious night two decades ago when he first experienced the mind-blowing ecstasy of sinking balls-deep

into his own mother's juicy cunt and pumping her full of his potent virgin seed.

Now, in this very same spot, he was fucking not one but TEN gorgeous women who shared his blood. Three generations of stacked, cock-hungry females that his own supreme virility had brought into existence. Each one was physically flawless in her own unique way, yet they all bore the unmistakable stamp of the two women who had birthed them - his soulmate Melody, and the MILF goddess Hallie who had taken his virginity.

As Jayden gazed down at the sea of jiggling tits and rippling asses undulating around him, he couldn't help but marvel at the way his daughters had inherited all the best parts of their mothers. The colossal, gravity-defying racks of Hallie, so dense and malleable. The perfectly heart-shaped posteriors of Melody, bouncing like fleshy beach balls with every thrust.

Sliding his huge cock from one hot, wet cunt to the next, Jayden savored the subtle differences in the feel of each pussy. The snug, velvety grip of Maya's 18-year-old snatch. The slick, pulsating heat of the twins' tight twats. The lush, pillowy glove of Jasmine's cunt, honed from years of hard fucking.

But beneath their individual textures and quirks, all his daughters' pussies shared the same fundamental perfection, the same primal compatibility with his cock. It was like his manhood had molded them through the act of conception, shaped them into ideal receptacles for his pleasure.

Jayden lost himself in the carnal feast of female flesh, his strapping body glistening with sweat as he plundered hole after glorious hole. His daughters, grandmother, wife and mother rode him with

wanton abandon, their huge tits bouncing, their dripping cunts squelching obscenely around his veiny shaft.

The air inside the tent grew thick with the pungent aroma of ripe, fertile pussy, ten juicy snatches in heat for Jayden's magnificent cock. The females' ecstatic moans and breathy sighs of rapture mingled with the wet slaps of vigorous fucking, a perverse symphony of incestuous lust.

Time lost all meaning as Jayden rutted in a nonstop orgy of tits and ass, his superhuman virility allowing him to maintain an iron-hard erection for hours on end, eventually succumbing to ejaculation after ejaculation. The women blended into a writhing mass of jiggling

curves and grasping hands, an endless buffet of succulent fuckholes to defile.

As Jayden lay there in the aftermath of the marathon orgy, his body sated and spent, his mind reeled with the sheer depravity of what had just transpired. He had fucked his way through three generations of his female relatives, sampling the delights of each juicy cunt and feeling the loving caress of twenty bountiful tits. It was like something out of a porn-crazed madman's wildest fantasies.

But even more incredible was the deep sense of connection and intimacy he had experienced with each of the females. This wasn't just mindless rutting - there was a profound bond that went beyond the physical, an unbreakable tie of blood and shared history. In a strange way, Jayden felt like he had been communing with the very essence of his family tree, tapping into some primal life force.

As he gazed around at the nude, splayed bodies, all slick with sweat and his seed, Jayden felt a powerful surge of pride and possessiveness. These women were his greatest accomplishment, his legacy made flesh.

THE END

215: Rawdog with Mom-Part1/2

Rawdog with Mom (Cuckold Version)

By Klrxo

Jay had just recently started getting into the wild world of hot, nasty sex, but his health class had drilled the importance of wearing protection into his head with brutal persistence. Now, slipping on a condom on his long, veiny, teenage cock before fucking hot cheerleader pussy was like second nature for him, a necessary shield against the lurking dangers of STDs and knocking a girl up. But damn, that latex barrier, while keeping him safe, also dulled the fiery rush of wet, raw contact on his erectile flesh. Every time he plunged into a girl's tight, slick warmth, the wild surge of nerves firing off along his dick were stifled, a maddening buffer against the full-on pleasure that struggled to flood his mind.

The condom was like a dam, blocking the raw, animalistic friction between his heated teenage cock-flesh and the dripping depths of tight girl-pussy. Still, Jay stuck with what he knew, and even through this frustrating layer, he savored the exhilarating, unfamiliar sensations of sex, a thrilling new territory waiting to be explored.

Kelly and Marcy, juicy middle-aged moms, reclined by the pool, their massive, pregnant bellies and oversized udders glistening with sun-warmed oil. Marcy turned to her friend, the beautiful brunette's eyes narrowing with a troubled gaze.

"You won't believe this, but I hear those little vixens your son's been dating are forcing him to sheathe his flesh in those god-awful condoms. They won't even consider the pill, the selfish little bitches!"

Kelly's face darkened, her eyebrows slashing downwards. "That's ridiculous! I won't have baby boy's carnal pleasures muted by some latex barrier!"

Kelly's body was an electrifying spectacle, her auburn hair crashing down her shoulders in a torrent of vibrant, lustrous waves. Her fetus packed belly jutted out with defiant pride, straining against a minuscule bikini that barely contained the explosive allure of her ripe curves. The fragile triangles of fabric waged a futile battle to conceal her massive, milk-laden breasts, each heavy globe teetering on the edge of liberation with every breath she took. Her cleavage was a cavernous, shadowed gorge, irresistibly drawing the eye down to where her swollen nipples pushed demandingly against the sheer fabric. Kelly's body was the ultimate embodiment of fertile beauty, a lush terrain of sumptuous curves and seductive valleys that would make any ardent man burn with the desire to explore. "When I was his age, I made damn sure my dates felt inch of my hot cunt with no barriers!" she continued.

Marcy growled in agreement and massaged her mammoth belly. "It's a travesty! Jay deserves to be swallowed by the hot, slippery grip of a woman's hungry cunt. Those girls have no fucking idea what they're denying him."

"Precisely!" Kelly roared, her pendulous breasts quaking with fury. "I swear, once Jay feels vaginal tissue around his hard, veined flesh, he'll never return to those stupid fucking condoms again. My son will not be cheated out of the true pleasure of fucking!"

The two mothers writhed on their loungers, their sweaty, shaved cunts pulsating beneath the barely-there scraps of fabric that passed

for bikini bottoms. Kelly's swollen labia strained against the flimsy material, her fat clit erect and glistening with a mix of sweat and pussy juice under the blazing sun.

Marcy's gravid pussy was a lewd spectacle, her thick, dark lips engorged and stretching the sheer spandex, barely containing her heavy, pregnant cunt. Their wet, pink fuck-holes spasmed and gaped, aching to be brutally invaded by a young, rock-hard cock.

Their bikini bottoms crept up their ass cracks, grinding against their quivering, puckered assholes, which throbbed with raw lust. The thin

crotch fabric clung to their bloated clits, the little shafts and heads visible, engorged with extra blood from pregnancy. Their massive, milk-laden tits rose and fell with each ragged breath, hard, plump nipples stabbing against their bikini tops like they were trying to tear free.

Pregnant and consumed by carnal hunger, Kelly and Marcy were desperate for a savage, filthy fucking - and just imagining Jay's naked cock jackhammering into their bare, defenseless cunts made their pussy lips engorge, clits pulse, and their starving fuck-holes seize with the primal need to be flooded with potent teenage seed.

Kelly couldn't hold back the flood of filth pouring from her mouth, Marcy eagerly drinking it in. "At Jay's age, his cock must be a hot, pulsating monster, especially when it's standing fully erect. The tip – those fat purple glans - like a fucking nerve bomb, craving every wet, slippery stroke of a girl's pussy. And fuck me, the underside of a boy's shaft, right along that fucking frenulum? When that's grinding against a bare, wet pussy, it's like a fucking electrical storm for a young stud."

Marcy was practically salivating, nodding like a fucking sex-starved maniac. "You're right. Those sensitive spots on a boy's penis need to be hammering all the right places inside a woman's cunt. Not inside

some ribbed rubber bullshit. He should be jackhammering her G-spot and cervix, skin-to-fucking-skin."

"Exactly!" Kelly was on a roll, spitting the words out like venom. "The only thing better than his granite-hard cock plowing a girl's depths is feeling her pussy walls convulsing and clenching, milking the meat of his shaft as she detonates all over his bare cock. Feeling a skilled cunt soak your naked cock - that's the fucking nirvana every horny boy deserves. Not some muted, wrapped-up bullshit."

Marcy grinned like a fucking demon, "Mmm, Jay's cock must get so fucking hard, like titanium wrapped in pink velvet. What a travesty to trap it inside a fucking condom!"

Kelly's eyes flashed with a wicked glimmer. "You know, I'm so tempted to just take matters into my own hands. Let Jay sheath that throbbing cock in my pregnant pussy - no fucking, of course, just pure, skin-on-skin penetration. Let him feel what it's like to have his bare cock engulfed by hot, slick female flesh."

Marcy's face lit up, a diabolical grin stretching her lips. "Kelly, that's a fan-fucking-tastic idea! Slide that young, hard meat into your hungry cunt and let him experience the ultimate pleasure. Hell, if you change your mind, I'll happily do it for you. My pregnant pussy would welcome his raw cock with the wettest, tightest hug imaginable."

Kelly shivered, her clit pulsing at the deliciously taboo scenario. "God, can you imagine? Guiding Jay's virgin-bare cock into the depths of my mature cunt? Clenching my velvety walls around him, giving him a true taste of pussy, rawdog, the way nature intended. "

Marcy groaned, her heavy tits heaving. "Yes! Teach him what ecstasy really means! School that lucky boy in the carnal delights only a true woman can provide. Once he feels your molten pussy gripping him, he'll be ruined for all those silly girls that make him wrap his cock. He'll be hooked on the real thing!"

Kelly and Marcy writhed in their lounge chairs, their pregnant bodies electrified by the filthy temptation. Their pussies gushed and throbbed, aching to sheath Jay's raw, young cock and show him the ultimate heights of pleasure. The desire to corrupt and claim him, to make him crave the feel of their bare cunts, consumed their every thought. They knew it was so deliciously wrong... but the taboo only fueled their depraved lust.

As they schemed and fantasized, their hands crept to their aching fuck-holes, plunging into the wet heat to stroke their engorged clits. They moaned in debauched unison, imagining Jay's hard, twitching cock sliding into their defenseless cunts, giving him his first taste of raw, uncensored ecstasy. Oh, how they hungered to make him theirs, to ruin him for all other women with the sheer primal bliss of their slick, pregnant pussies.

Later that evening, as Kelly and her husband Frank lay entwined in bed, she broached the intense conversation she'd had with Marcy, her voice low and deliberate.

"Frank, darling, I've been doing some serious thinking," Kelly began, her hand unconsciously tracing circles over her pregnant belly, her mind racing. "Jay's gotta stop wrapping his dick when he's with these girls. It's robbing him of real sexual pleasure."

Frank's eyebrows shot up, disbelief etched across his face. "Are you serious? I thought using protection was crucial at his age. It keeps him from picking up anything nasty or getting some girl pregnant."

"Sure, sure, but at the same time, he's missing the ultimate thrill," Kelly insisted, her eyes glinting with conviction. "The sensation of flesh against flesh, every nerve ending on fire, the incredible feeling of a female's pussy gripping his dick... he needs to know what that truly feels like. Every boy deserves that."

"Damn, I guess I see what you're getting at," Frank murmured, letting the idea simmer in his mind. "But how can he do that and still

stay safe?"

Kelly paused, biting her lip before revealing her daring suggestion. "Well, I was thinking... what if I let him slip his bare cock inside me? Just let it rest there, nestled in my pussy, no movement. So he can feel the difference, truly appreciate it. I'm already pregnant, so there's no risk there."

Frank's face was a picture of sheer horror. "You want our son to have sex with you? Are you out of your mind, Kelly?"

Kelly fed him an impatient glare. "Perhaps you didn't hear me right, darling. I said penetration, not sex."

"Isn't it the same thing?" Frank asked, his brown curled in confusion.

Kelly snickered. "No, Jay is technically only fucking me if he thrusts. Letting him sleeve his cock inside my vagina is hardly the same thing."

Seeing the hesitation in her husband's eyes, Kelly leaned in, her voice a sultry hiss. "Come on, baby. It's for his own good. To give him that raw, primal experience and some real sexual power. You know I'm only suggesting this because I love our boy and want him to be a man."

Frank's body was rigid with tension, his voice a low growl. "I don't think I would feel right about it. It would be like we're letting you cross some sacred line."

Kelly's eyes turned into piercing daggers. "So, you're choosing your stupid puritanical hang-ups over our son's sexual needs? Real fucking mature, Frank."

"I'm just saying…it's not a normal thing for a mother to do."

"Are you trying to upset me, Frank?" Kelly asked with a stern expression.

"No, I'm just—"

"Being stubborn and not respecting what I feel is best for our son, that's what your doing."

Kelly sat up, her massive breasts heaving with anger. "You know what happens if you upset me, darling. I start acting like all the other scorned wives out there. I'll go find two or three young, hung studs to fuck my pregnant pussy like animals. Is that what you want?"

Frank's face drained of color, his stomach twisting into knots. "No, I don't want that, Kelly!"

"Then stop being so fucking selfish and get over yourself," she snarled. "This is about Jay and what he needs. Don't you want him to grow into a sexually dominant man? Letting him feel my tight, wet pussy gripping his hard cock will do just that, Frank. It'll enlighten him and boost his confidence."

Frank's face was a picture of doubt and disgust. "I don't know, Kelly," he growled, "Having our son inside you, even if he's not thrusting away, it still seems wrong."

Kelly huffed, her patience wearing thin. "Oh, Frank, you're being absurd. It's not fucking, it's just... penetration. A sacred, loving union between a mother and son for educational purposes. That's all."

Frank shook his head firmly. "Having Jay stick his penis in you, for whatever reason, just isn't right. It's sick, Kelly."

His wife sneered. "Typical, Frank. You just wouldn't get it."

"Wouldn't get what?"

"You've never felt your own mom's cunt wrapped around your bare cock. She didn't fuck you when you were 18 like she did your older brother, Chris. If she had, you'd know how fucking deep that bond can be, and I'm sure it would have made you a MUCH better at sex."

"I'm not sure I agree, Kelly," her husband uttered, shaking his head.

Kelly's eyes narrowed, a clear threat in her voice. "As I've said before, there are plenty of horny teen boys around here who'd jump at the chance to fuck a pregnant MILF like me. Young studs with big horny dicks who I'm sure could turn my cunt to cream. Keep refusing to put our son's sexual needs first, and you'll just drive me to spread my legs for them, Frank. I'll let every boy on this block fuck the shit outta me. Is that what you want?"

Frank stammered, "You'd actually cheat on me with random teens to get back at me?"

"It's not just about revenge, darling. It's about getting what I need for Jay," Kelly snapped. "If you refuse to let me help our son, then letting those hungry boys fuck me silly would just be the natural consequence of your fucking failure as a husband and father."

She let out a cold laugh. "Picture it, Frank - coming home to find me sprawled out on our bed, pregnant belly shiny with sweat, tits covered in hickies, my fucked-out pussy dripping with young cum. Is that what you want? Because that's where your fucking rejection is leading us."

Kelly delivered her ultimatum. "So think very carefully about your next move. You can get on board with letting Jay experience my bare pussy, or you can resign yourself to the fact that I'll be taking other cocks and pulling away from our marriage. The choice is yours."

Frank swallowed and nodded, feeling a lump of anxiety in his throat. "Alright. Fine, just…do what you gotta do."

"That's more like it," Kelly sneered, her hand giving his crotch a condescending tap. "Now, why don't you crash on the couch tonight so Jay can come cozy up with mommy. And if you hear any noise, just remember—it's a good thing. That's the sound of our son becoming a man."

Even though her words were laced with venom, Kelly harbored no genuine intent to betray Frank with the lustful teenage boys from their neighborhood. Her threats of infidelity were nothing more than a sharpened weapon of manipulation she had perfected over the years to make Frank crumble under her dominance.

Kelly understood that even the mere suggestion of her indulging with youthful studs would send her insecure husband spiraling into a pit of gut-churning terror and revulsion, compelling him to comply with her every whim to prevent his worst nightmare from materializing.

Kelly grinned like a bitch in heat as she slipped out of her husband's bed and snuck down the hall to her son's room, leaving Frank to rot in his fucking cuckold anxiety.

She paused outside Jay's door, seeing it was open just a crack. Peeping through, she got an eyeful of her boy's ripped body sprawled out on his bed, buck-ass naked.

Jay's eyes were rolled back in ecstasy, his fist jacking his rock-hard cock like a piston. Kelly's mouth watered at the dirty show. Her son's erect dick was a fucking masterpiece - a thick, throbbing monster with a fat, purple head and veins popping out like roadmaps. It was hard as steel, ready to blow.

As Jay stroked himself feverishly, pre-cum dripped from his piss-slit like a leaky faucet, flowing over his pumping hand. His big, full balls,

loaded with hot, young spunk, swung and tightened with each jerk. Judging by his speed and the tense look on his face, Jay was close to busting a nut, ready for the kind of explosion only a horny teenager can produce.

Kelly's lusty eyes were locked onto the scene before her, unable to look away despite the taboo. She was consumed by the raw, carnal display of her son, Jay, gripping his fuck-organ, pumping it with an urgency that sent waves of heat crashing through her. Seeing him like this - not as her innocent child, but as a virile man consumed by lust - awakened something feral within the mother. Her cunt pulsed and throbbed, drenching her lace panties with a flood of desire.

Every fiber of her being screamed for Jay's thick, potent cock to fill her, to stretch her, to initiate him into the raw, primal dance of fucking without the hindrance of a condom.

Kelly kicked the door open wide and prowled into her son's room, her heavy milkers and swollen belly swaying with each deliberate step. Jay's eyes shot open, his hand still wrapped around his pulsing dick. He fumbled for a pillow to hide his erection, his voice shaking with shock and humiliation.

"M-mom! W-what are you doing in here?!" he stammered, face burning with shame.

"Shh, it's okay sweetie," Kelly cooed as she reached his bed. Her voice was sugar-sweet and babyish, like she was talking to a tiny child. "Mommy didn't mean to interrupt your special playtime. I know my good boy needs to make his big pee-pee feel good."

Jay cringed, feeling the juvenile language pierce him like needles, his cheeks burning with an intense, unbearable heat. "Geez, Mom, I wasn't—I mean…" His voice quivered, pleading for an escape from this torment.

"Aw, is my little man embarrassed?" Kelly teased, her voice dripping with syrupy sweetness as she traced a finger along the edge of the pillow that shielded Jay's crotch. "But baby, Mama has seen your cute wee-wee plenty of times before. I used to change your diapers, remember?"

Her laughter bubbled up, a sound that grated against his nerves, and she gave him a conspiratorial wink. "Though I must say, your penis has gotten much bigger since then! Such a big boy now, aren't you, Jay-Jay?"

Jay groaned, writhing under the weight of his mother's cloying gaze and mortifying baby talk. He clutched the pillow desperately against his persistent hard-on, his mind racing with the hope that she couldn't see how deeply this was affecting him.

Kelly leaned in, her voice a relentless drill. "Don't you dare be shy about your body with me, Jay. Not with Mommy. You understand?" She loomed closer, her eyes glinting with a fervor that made his heart thunder with dread and humiliation. "It's high time we had a little chat, you and I." Her words were a noose, tightening around him, inescapable.

She planted herself on the bed, the mattress groaning under her heavy, pregnant frame. Heat rolled off her in waves, and her cloying perfume filled his lungs, suffocating him. He could see the darkened abyss of her cleavage and her nipples, obscene and prominent, straining against the flimsy fabric of her nightgown, demanding his attention.

Kelly's hand clamped onto his knee, a claim staked. "Baby, I know you've been using condoms with those little sluts. Good boy, being all responsible." Her voice dripped with mockery. "But Mommy's worried you're not feeling the real pleasure, the raw, hot pussy hugs you could be feeling..."

Jay squirmed, trying and failing to ignore the traitorous twitch of his cock at her words. "Mom, I'm, um…fine with protection, really," he gritted out, desperation clawing at his chest.

Kelly's voice dropped to a sultry whisper, "Listen to Mommy, sweetheart. Those stupid little pee-pee balloons steal something precious from you—they block the special tingles that should be yours." She leaned in, her breath hot on his ear. "With a rubber, your sensitive knob—that perfect purple helmet—it can't feel all the wet, hot hugs. All those raw nerve endings are cheated out of so much pleasure."

She trailed a finger along the shaft hidden beneath the pillow, making Jay convulse with need. "And this—this ridge right here, the frenulum—that's your hot spot, baby boy. It feels so much better when it's inside a girl's pussy naked, without a condom on."

Kelly's tongue darted out, wetting her lips. "Imagine the fevered pulse of a woman's soaked pussy-lips locked around the base of your cock, squeezing in rhythm as she explodes on you. Pulsating, milking your bare shaft as you drive in deep..."

Jay's hips jerked upward, a primal groan tearing from his throat. "Mom, I um…"

"Hush, baby boy, let Mommy take control," Kelly purred, tugging the pillow away to reveal Jay's throbbing erection. It stood up from his trim loins, tall and proud, engorged and glistening with desperation. "Mom just wants to make you feel so, so good..."

Jay's world exploded as Kelly's perfectly manicured fingers gripped his throbbing shaft, stroking him with a torturously slow rhythm from the very base to the engorged tip. His eyes rolled back, and a guttural "Fuuuck..." tore from his throat, raw and primal.

"Watch your mouth, young man," Kelly admonished, but her eyes glinted with a sadistic delight as she continued to pump his iron-hard

flesh with maddeningly languid strokes. "But Mommy understands. You're just overcome with finally having a real woman's touch on that pulsating cock, aren't you, baby?"

"Ahhh, Mom, yes!" Jay growled, savagely bucking into her tight grip. Her hand was a revelation, soft and delicate, yet relentless, the silken glide of her skin against his throbbing shaft driving him to the brink of insanity.

"That's it, my good boy," Kelly purred, her other hand cradling his taut, aching balls, massaging them with a feather-light touch that sent jolts of electric pleasure coursing through him. "Mommy loves seeing you like this, wild and desperate. And this is just the beginning. Imagine the ecstasy when you finally plunge this monster into Mommy's drenched, hungry pussy..."

Jay's eyes shot open, his hips freeze-framing mid-motion. "Wh-what?!" He choked out.

Kelly descended, her tongue flicking the quivering head of his manhood, wrenching a gut-deep groan from within him. "Mommy's going to school you, honey," she rasped, her voice laced with dark promise, and his body shuddered. "You're about to enjoy the raw, unsheathed ecstasy of your throbbing cock buried in a drenched, hungry cunt. Bare. No barriers. Doesn't that just make your balls ache?"

Jay could only writhe, a primal grunt escaping him as Kelly rekindled her torment, stroking his shaft with agonizing slowness. Pearls of need pulsed from his tip, a lewd, glistening invitation.

"Here's the plan, baby," she growled, her voice a sultry, sinister lullaby. "Mom's dragging you to her bedroom, stripping down to nothing but skin and sin. Then, you're going to pin me down, force my legs open wide, and impale me on that steel-hard cock. Every. Last. Inch."

Jay's breath hitched, drowning in a sea of lust and shock. Kelly merely chuckled, a sound like distant thunder, and continued her explicit tale.

"You're gonna hold it there, sweet boy. Your cockhead throbbing against my womb, my soaked pussy lips sucking you in, milking you dry. No pumping, no fucking. Just raw, pulsating connection."

Jay's throbbing shaft pulsed within Kelly's tightening grip, his breaths ragged and desperate. "Mommy's going to guide you through every sinful sensation," she rasped, her voice laced with dark promise. "I'll teach you how to enjoy a woman's body clutching your throbbing length. You'll feel things you never dreamed possible, my sweet boy."

"God, mom…" Jay gasped, in utter disbelief of what he had just heard spill from her lips.

"You crave that, don't you, Jay-Jay?" Kelly insisted, her voice a sultry growl. "To have your massive cock buried in Mommy's tight, wet heat? To thrust deep into my core while I smother you with kisses and praise? Tell Mommy how badly you want that..."

"I... oh... Mom, please..." Jay stammered, delirious with lust. His balls throbbed, and he teetered on the edge of explosion. "Yes... want it... wanna feel you..."

"Mmm, good boy," Kelly purred, releasing his cock and rising to her feet. She grasped Jay's hand and led him to the master bedroom, her full hips and voluptuous ass swaying hypnotically with each step. She could feel her son's ravenous gaze locked onto her bouncing cheeks, his stiff cock swaying heavily as he trailed behind her.

"Mom? Where's Dad?" Jay asked, his voice trembling with nervous anticipation as they entered the opulent room.

Jay's heart hammered as Kelly's voice dripped like hot poison in his ear, "Don't give him a second thought, my sweet boy. Daddy's downstairs, while Mommy's up here, ready to make you feel like the only man in the world."

She reached behind her neck, fingers trembling with anticipation, and tore at the satin ribbon holding up her barely-there black negligee. With a jerk of her shoulders, the flimsy garment cascaded down her voluptuous, pregnant body, landing in a puddle at her feet, leaving her naked except for a mere whisper of a lace thong.

Jay's mouth went bone dry as he drank in the sight of his mother's breathtaking, bare flesh. Her colossal, milk-engorged tits heaved from her chest, crowned by saucer-sized areolas, dark and thick as wine. Her nipples, plump and rubbery, jutted out nearly half an inch, begging to be sucked.

Kelly's swollen "baby bump" was awe-inducing, her once-flat stomach now a taut, glowing hemisphere, crisscrossed by silvery stretch marks that screamed raw, primal fertility. Jay felt a primal urge to fall to his knees, worship her belly with his lips, his tongue, his entire being.

Kelly, sensing his desire, cradled her heavy bump, shaking it slightly and making it undulate obscenely. "See anything you like, my baby boy?" she growled, her voice thick with lust. "Mommy's body is a temple, ripe with your new brother, isn't it?"

Jay, speechless, could only nod, his eyes wide with hunger. Kelly chuckled, low and throaty, turning away to reveal her ample ass, barely restrained by the straining lace. Each cheek was a perfect, quivering caramel sphere, swaying hypnotically as she sauntered to the bed, bent at the waist, and gripped the mattress, knuckles white.

"Get your sweet ass over here," she ordered, her voice a sultry command. "Help Mommy with her panties. They're painted on me,

thanks to this pregnant belly."

Jay dove onto the bed, practically trampling his mom in his urgency. His fingers, shaking with anticipation, tore away the flimsy lace concealing her flesh, exposing the swollen mound of her sex and the shadowed depths of her ass.

Kelly bucked her hips, her glistening folds throbbing with need. "God, yes," she growled. "Now Mommy's ready for your thick cock."

She envisioned the carnal education she was about to give her son, considering each position with a growing hunger. Doggy style would allow for brutal, primal penetration, but she wanted to see his cute face reacting to being bare inside a cunt for the first time.

Cowgirl would give her control and offer Jay a view of her pregnant body writhing above him, but she needed more intimacy for his first raw plunge into a woman.

She decided on missionary, desperate to feel his bare flesh pressed against hers from head to toe. In this position, he could witness every grimace and gasp of lust as he plunged into her scorching wetness for the first time. She could envelop him in her arms, directing him with fevered whispers of encouragement.

Kelly sprawled onto the bed, a famished tigress ready to devour her prey. Her breasts and belly quaked with her abrupt movement, and she flung her thighs open, exposing the engorged folds of her sex, slick and pulsating with need.

"Come here, baby boy," she growled, summoning a shocked Jay with a curl of her finger. "Get on top of Mom and shove that thick, hard cock right fucking here."

Jay lurched forward, hypnotized by the raw display of his mother's hunger. The thick scent of her arousal invaded his senses, sending blood rushing to his cock, engorging it to the point of pain. He

wedged himself between her trembling thighs, skin scorching from her heat. When his cockhead grazed her drenched folds, they both shuddered with anticipation.

"That's the spot, baby," Kelly snarled, grasping Jay's shaft and grinding his sensitive tip against her slit, coating him in her juices. "Feel that? Momma's cunt is on fire, fucking dripping for you. Better than your fucking hand or some shitty rubber, isn't it?"

"Yessss," Jay hissed through clenched teeth, eyes screwed shut against the overwhelming sensation. The velvety grip of his mother's labia sucking at his naked cockhead was a pleasure so intense it bordered on agony.

Kelly positioned the thick head of him at her entrance and bucked her hips upward, desperate to be filled. "Now, baby boy," she panted, voice ragged with lust. "Fucking drive it home. Ram that big cock deep into Momma's tight, greedy cunt. Let me fucking engulf you."

The boy's breath hitched in raw, primal awe as the swollen head of his cock vanished into his mother's flesh, her slick entrance stretching lewdly to engulf his thick shaft. Kelly's moan echoed like a feral creature's cry as she felt her son's thick cock invading her drenched, pregnant pussy, inch by agonizing inch. "Fuuuck, baby, yesss!" she growled. "Mommy's cunt is devouring your big fat cock, can you feel it? My hole is stretching wide, gripping you like a vice, slick and hungry!"

Jay could barely breathe, let alone speak, as brutal waves of sensation crashed through his body. The velvety, ribbed walls of his mother's vagina constricted around his shaft like a living thing, pulsating, squeezing, driving him to the brink of insanity. Her scorching heat consumed him, a furnace of wet, carnal need.

"Fuck yes, all the way in, like a good little boy," Kelly hissed as Jay's hips slammed against hers, his full balls pressing hard against her

ass. "You're so fucking deep in Mommy's womb now, baby. Your thick cock is ramming against my cervix, filling me completely, making me your fucking whore."

Jay was overwhelmed by the exquisite sensation of his mother's internal muscles convulsing and rippling along his throbbing shaft, milking him with a fierce urgency. The engorged head of his cock rammed against the unyielding barrier of her cervix, sending jolts of raw electricity coursing down his spine.

Kelly bucked her hips, wrenching a primal groan from her son as her velvety vaginal walls sheared across his hyper-sensitive flesh. "Oh Jay-Jay, your cock feels like fucking heaven inside Momma. So fucking hard, so fucking hot, so fucking thick. It's like your dick was forged just for my pussy."

She clawed at his ass, nails digging into his flesh, demanding he grind against her without thrusting. "That's it, baby, hold yourself fucking deep and let Mommy's cunt muscles squeeze you. Feel every fucking inch of my pregnant hole gripping your massive cock."

Jay complied, drowning in a torrent of pure, carnal ecstasy. His thick shaft pulsed and throbbed inside the vice-like grip of his mother's sex, coating her inner walls with his free-flowing pre-cum. He had never experienced anything so scorching, so wet, so alive, seemingly devouring his bare cock.

"Feel that spot just under the head of your cock? That's your frenulum, baby, the most sensitive part. It's grinding right against Mommy's swollen G-spot, sending fucking shockwaves through us both," Kelly growled, her voice hoarse with lust.

Jay was engulfed in a storm of sensation, his mother's body clutching him tightly as she militantly contracted her internal muscles around him, wresting a primal groan from his core.

"Feel that?" she growled. "My velvet cunt is throttling your cock, pulsating, squeezing out every ounce of your resistance. That's what fucking perfection feels like, Jay. Raw, bare and primal."

He was swallowed whole by her opulent flesh, drowning in her silken touch. Her colossal breasts—swollen with milk and topped with thick, erect nipples—crashed against his chest, while her pregnant belly, a taut and formidable mound, pressed insistently between them. He could feel it—the fetus of his soon-to-be sibling squirming between then, as if the weight of Jay's body and jab of his cock had caused his unborn brother to reposition.

Kelly ensnared him, her arms and legs a vice around his body, her dainty feet digging into his back, urging him deeper, past the point of no return. Her eyes, ablaze with a feral mix of maternal devotion and ravenous lust, consumed him. She feasted on his expression—a raw, overwhelmed mask of ecstasy.

"That's it, Jay," she rasped, her hips rolling in a relentless, hypnotic rhythm. "Feel me. Feel Mommy's greedy cunt sucking you in, every fucking inch. You're mine, Jay. All. Fucking. Mine."

Jay's breath hitched, hips grinding against Kelly's with a primal urgency. His mother's molten core enveloped him, her slick muscles convulsing around his shaft, drawing forth a flood of pre-cum from his throbbing, purple tip.

"Oh, yesssss," he growled, his voice feral.

Kelly's lips curled in a sultry smirk, her voice a husky purr. "I can feel you leaking out inside me, baby. Your thick cock is weeping, pouring all that

hot, sweet nectar into Mommy's starving cunt. It's like your dick is sobbing with joy, with need, with raw fucking lust."

Jay groaned, a sound torn from his very soul, as he buried his face in the sweat-slicked valley of her heaving tits. His cockhead, engorged and pulsating, ground against her cervix, the hypersensitive ridge of his frenulum grinding against her G-spot with exquisite, agonizing pleasure.

Kelly's velvet pussy gripped him like a vice, its plush lips sucking at the base of his shaft, as if desperate to drain the cum from his swollen balls. It was a sensation like no other, a thousand hungry mouths feasting on his most intimate flesh.

Consumed by a storm of forbidden ecstasy, Jay's hips began to move subtly, his fat cock moving inside his mom's drenched, clasping hole.

"Oh, baby," Kelly gasped, her voice a harsh rasp even as she clamped her pussy tighter around him. "Remember, Mommy said no thrusting. Just hold that huge, hard cock deep in my cunt and let me squeeze the cum out of it, let me drain those fat, full balls!"

Jay's breath hitched, his body trembling with the effort of restraint. "I'm... I'm sorry," he gritted out, his voice tight with pent-up lust. "It's just... it's too good. I can't... I can't stop."

Kelly threw her head back and laughed, a sultry, throaty sound that only served to stoke Jay's flames higher. She raked her nails down his quivering spine, her voice a dark purr. "My poor baby boy is just throbbing with need, isn't he? Your thick cock is just aching to piston into Mommy's dripping hole like a wild beast, isn't it?"

She clenched her muscles tighter, her pussy gripping his shaft like a velvet vice, drawing a raw, primal groan from deep within him. "It's okay, my sweet boy," she murmured, her voice thick with carnal desire. "Momma understands your dark needs. When a potent young man feels

a hot, wet cunt wrapped around his cock, he just wants to fuck and rut and claim. Especially when it's a ripe, pregnant pussy like

Mommy's."

She rolled her hips, her swollen cunt grinding on his thick shaft, her voice a harsh, hungry growl. "But we can't let our bodies slam together like that, my love. Or it would be filthy, taboo incest. Mommy would be a dirty, cheating whore, fucking her own son raw and unprotected. We're just sharing a special, forbidden lesson, remember?"

Jay's cock throbbed, the head dragging along Kelly's ribbed inner walls, drawing a strangled cry from his lips. "Please... I need... I need..." He trailed off, his breath coming in ragged pants, his body aching with a savage, feral hunger.

"Shhh, baby, Mommy knows what you need," Kelly murmured, her voice a dark, seductive purr. "You need to shoot all that hot, thick cum you've been saving up in these heavy, swollen balls. You need to mark Mommy with your seed, don't you, my love?"

The vixen reached down and clutched his bursting, seed-filled balls, digging her fingers into the tender flesh. "Mommy can feel the ache, little man," she hissed, eyes glinting as she saw the frustration and desperation in his pathetic face. "You're ready to pop, aren't you? Just dying to fill Mommy's fertile womb, is that it?"

Jay's head snapped up and down, tears of lust streaking his cheeks. Every fiber of his being screamed to ravage her, to claim her, to fill her with his virile seed. She had driven him to this, and now he was a wild animal, crazed and frothing.

Kelly's eyes burned like flames from the deepest pits of hell. "Mommy's gonna crush you with her devil pussy, gonna milk that fucking cock until you erupt like a volcano. You want that, don't you? You wanna paint Mommy's insides with your thick, scalding cum?"

"Fuck yes!" he begged, all pretense of decency gone. "I need to fill you."

"That's my boy," she snarled, her pussy clamping down on him like a steel trap, the heat of his shaft making her feel like she was made of lava. With a brutal roll of her hips and a vice-like clench of her cunt, she began to grind, the slick walls of her pussy stroking and squeezing him, a liquid inferno.

"Oh, you feel that, don't you, little man?" she growled, her voice a low, hungry rumble. "Mommy's hot, pregnant pussy is devouring your thick cock, squeezing and pulsating, dripping and gripping, isn't it?"

"Yesss!" Jay roared, eyes rolling back in pure ecstasy. His mother's pussy was a relentless vice, the wet, clenching muscles convulsing around his shaft while the delicate ring of her cervix throbbed against his engorged cockhead, a brutal, lewd embrace. Each time the velvety ridges of her inner walls raked over his frenulum, electric jolts shocked through his system.

Kelly was a woman possessed, her sole purpose to drain every last drop of her son's potent young cum. She alternated between long, waves of crushing pressure and rapid, pulsating flutters, hitting every nerve, every sensitive spot. Her juices gushed, drenching his cock in hot, slick lubricant.

"Come on, baby boy," she commanded, her voice a dark, seductive growl. "Let Momma consume you. Let the fire build in that thick, throbbing cock. You're gonna erupt like a volcano, fill me with your molten cum..."

Jay's breath hitched, his body convulsing as his orgasm barreled towards him like a freight train. The vision of his mother's face, twisted in ecstasy, her scent, raw and primal, and the weight of her pregnant form...it was sensory overload. Coupled with the rhythmic grip of her velvety depths, he was utterly consumed.

At the doorway, Frank's gut wrenched as he stared into the master bedroom, his eyes glued to the profane spectacle unfolding before

him.

There was Jay, his rigid cock buried deep within Kelly's pregnant pussy, not pumping but rotating and churning in a lewd, rhythmic dance. And Kelly, his formerly faithful wife, was lost in rapture, her hips rolling like thunder, and her powerful inner muscles rippling along Jay's pulsating shaft.

"Oh fuck yes, Mommy's pussy is feasting on your fat cock," she cried, her enormous, milk-filled tits swaying hypnotically. "Mmmm, Mama's hungry cunt is swallowing every thick inch of my baby boy's dick!"

Jay moaned, drowning in the taboo bliss of his mother's flesh. "Your pussy is milking me so good," he gasped. "It's so wet, so tight—way better than my hand!"

Kelly's voice dripped with carnal hunger, "And Mommy's pulsating cunt is throbbing for this thick cock," she growled, clamping down on him like a vice with her internal muscles. "I'm gonna suck every last drop from these bursting balls, drain them until you're empty, and blast that rich, potent seed against my throbbing cervix."

Frank watched, horrified and rigid with arousal, as his wife relentlessly drove their son to the brink of insanity with her dirty talk and brutal pussy. Jay's bare ass spasmed, desperately trying to hold back from plunging into his mother's voracious hole, his engorged balls drawn tight, shuddering with imminent eruption.

"Ahhh, fuck, Mommmmmyyyy!" the teen screamed, his body convulsing as his orgasm tore through him like a hurricane. "I'm cumming, I'm cummmminnnnng!"

"Yes, baby, give it to me! Give Momma that thick, hot fuck-cream!" Kelly demanded, grinding her engorged clit against Jay's pelvis, feeling the first scalding blast of his cum painting her insides. "Oh

god, I feel you gushing so deep, so fucking hot and thick! Flood Mommy's womb with that sweet, rich jizz!"

Jay convulsed wildly on top of her, letting out a string of garbled curses and grunts as he ejaculated a massive load, his fat cock pulsing and throbbing as it disgorged what felt like gallons of cum.

Kelly's pussy clenched and suckled greedily, rippling rhythmically to milk out every drop. Obscene wet squelches filled the room as her son's potent semen overflowed her stuffed channel, frothing out around his pistoning shaft.

Frank exploded into the bedroom, his rage finally boiling over. "What the hell, Kelly?! You let him cum inside you? I don't remember THAT being part of our agreement."

Kelly glanced up at her husband, languid and sated from her taboo tryst. She smacked Jay on the ass, dismissive. "Head back to your room, honey. Mommy needs to have words with Daddy."

Jay grudgingly withdrew his wilting cock from his mother's ravaged opening with an obscene sucking sound, a deluge of his thick seed gushing out. He bolted from the bed, snatched his clothes, and fled the room, evading Frank's scathing stare.

Alone, Kelly sneered at Frank's explosive fury. "Oh, get a grip, you self-righteous ass. So our boy ejaculated his hot seed inside me, who gives a shit? It's not like he can knock me up any more than I already am." She rubbed her distended belly, defiant.

"That's not the point!" Frank roared. "You're my wife, his mother! Letting our own son treat you like a whore is twisted and wrong!"

"Oh, screw you," Kelly hissed. "Don't act all high and mighty now. You were plenty happy watching Jay stuff his thick bare cock in my pussy. So what if he blew his load in me? I didn't hear you complaining when he was fucking me deep and raw."

Frank's face contorted with a volatile mix of shame and futile rage. It was true, he had stood by, paralyzed, as depravity unfurled, too weak and

spineless to intervene. Kelly, seeing her advantage, sneered at him, her eyes gleaming with malice. "You should be groveling in gratitude," she hissed. "Our boy was overflowing with pent-up lust. His balls were heavy, aching for release. I simply did what any devoted mother would—offered my warm, inviting flesh for his relief."

She arched her back on the bed, stretching like a satiated panther, as Jay's seed trickled obscenely from her ravaged hole. "And relieve him I did," she purred. "He flooded me, wave after relentless wave, coating my insides with his thick, hot cream. He pumped so much into me, I thought my belly would burst!"

Kelly, with a vulgar smile, scooped the frothing spunk from her leakage and brought it to her mouth, sucking her fingers obscenely. "Mmm, our little stud's cum is divine," she moaned. "Fresh and potent, bursting with life. Not that you'd know anything about that, impotent as you are."

She laughed, a sound like shattering glass, reveling in Frank's anguish. "Does it sting, darling?" she taunted. "Watching your own son claim your wife, filling her with his virile seed while you barely manage a pathetic dribble? It must be utterly emasculating."

Kelly raked a perfectly manicured nail through the hot, sticky mess trembling between her thighs, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "Face it, Frank—even at your peak, you've never filled me like Jay just did. That boy's balls produce more cum in a single fuck than you could dream of in a lifetime!" She arched her back, her enormous, pregnancy-swollen tits quivering with contemptuous laughter.

"And that pathetic excuse for a cock between your legs? It can barely even twitch to life anymore. Nothing like our son's throbbing

fuck-monster." Her eyes rolled back, recalling the raw, primal force of Jay's cock. "When he rammed that fat, steel-hard beast into me, I thought he might fucking destroy me—and I loved every second of it."

She looked at Frank with scathing pity, her lips curling into a vicious sneer. "You should be on your knees thanking me for still letting you fuck me. Most women would have thrown your impotent ass to the curb by now. I have needs, Frank. Dark, hungry needs that only a thick, hard, young cock like Jay's can satisfy."

"So you're gonna let him put his…penis inside you again, is that what you're saying?"

"No, I was merely pointing out that boys like Jay are what women my age crave," she candidly answered. Kelly cradled her gigantic baby bump, a shudder of ecstasy coursing through her. "Thank god our son inherited my side of the family's cock. With a massive, pulsating fuck-tool like that, he'll be a breeding beast, a relentless baby-making machine."

216: Rawdog with Mom-Part2/2

The next day, Kelly met Marcy poolside, their lounge chairs primed for another session of salacious gossip. Kelly could barely contain her enthusiasm, leaning in to spill every filthy, exhilarating detail of the previous night's debauchery.

"I'm about to blow your mind with what I did for Jay," she began with an electrified smirk, her eyes glinting with mischief. "I finally let him dive into some hot pussy, condom-free."

Marcy's eyes flew open, filled with a mix of shock and intrigue. "No way! You didn't..."

"Oh, but I did," Kelly boasted with a wicked grin. "I pulled him into ny marital bed, cast off every shred of clothing, and welcomed him to plunge that throbbing, magnificent cock into my bare, pregnant pussy. Skin on skin, not a whisper of latex between us."

"Oh my god, you wild temptress!" Marcy squealed, her voice tinged with envy. "I bet he was over the moon. What teenage boy wouldn't be ecstatic to slide his naked boner into such eager cunt?"

"He was in sheer nirvana," Kelly purred, her eyes glazing over with the memory. "The way his eyes rolled back as he entered me... I thought he might just lose consciousness from the overwhelming bliss!"

She squirmed on the lounge chair, feeling the heat reignite at the vivid memory. "God, Marce, the sensation of Jay's cock pulsing inside me with no barrier... it was beyond incredible. So hot, so hard, so vibrantly alive. I swear I could feel every ridge, every vein, electrifying my inner walls."

Marcy licked her lips, enthralled by the explicit details. "Damn, that's scorching. I'm practically dripping just picturing it! Did you let him release inside you too?"

"Oh, you better believe it," Kelly growled, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "I'm no ordinary mother. I gave my boy the raw, unbridled ejaculation he deserved."

"Fuck, Kelly, you're a filthy, fucking slut," Marcy breathed, eyes wide with a mix of shock and respect. "I can't believe you took your own son's cock. Didn't Frank lose his shit?"

"Oh, he had a fucking meltdown," Kelly snapped, hand slicing through the air. "But I shut that noise down fast. I reminded him that he was the one who agreed to Jay penetrating my bare cunt. Not my problem he couldn't handle Jay cumming inside of me."

The two friends cackled, their laughter dripping with sin. "Well, Kelly," Marcy said, "you've certainly given Jay one hell of an education. Once a boy's had that raw pussy, there's no going back to wrapping his cock again."

"Damn right," Kelly hissed, clutching her swollen belly. But then, her eyes darkened with a sudden maternal urge. "But you know, Marce, as epic as last night was, I've realized Jay still hasn't felt the full force of raw fucking. Sure, he felt my bare pussy clamping down on his cock, and he

spilt his seed, but he didn't make ME cum. Which means he doesn't know the thrill of having his dick drenched in a woman's hot, orgasmic mess."

Marcy nodded, her eyes gleaming with a dark intensity. "You're right. Feeling a pussy clamp down and explode on your bare cock is the essence of raw, primal fucking. Especially for a young man. It's a baptism by fire, a rite of passage that ignites his masculinity and brands him a stud."

"Yes!" Kelly hissed, her breath hitching with excitement. "I want my boy to experiencing the sensation of making a woman detonate on his cock. To feel her cunt erupt and drench him as he relentlessly pounds her."

Marcy's smirk was a razor's edge. "You're practically salivating at the thought, aren't you? You wanna be the one to initiate him, to ride your son's raw cock until you burst like a fucking hydrant and show him the true meaning of unrestrained pleasure?"

"Guilty," Kelly panted, not even trying to hide her hunger. "I'm fucking addicted to Jay's colossal cock now. It's ruined me for other men. I crave it. I need it plowing my depths again."

"You shameless, insatiable whore," Marcy growled, her voice thick with envy. "You're determined to transform your son into your personal fuck-stud, aren't you? Fuck, I'm practically dripping just thinking about it."

Kelly bit her lip, her body throbbing with anticipation. "I need to give Jay that experience. To have him feel my pregnant pussy erupting around his throbbing cock, to show him the mind-blowing power of the female orgasm from the inside. Pulsating, gripping, fucking drowning him in my cum..."

"Absolutely!" Marcy urged, her voice laced with lustful malice. "Since you're already pregnant, let that boy relentlessly pump his potent seed into your insatiable cunt, making you scream in orgasm again and again. Drown his throbbing cock in your torrent of pleasure!"

"Fuck yes," Kelly growled, her breath hitching with carnal hunger. "I'll keep him rock-hard and pulsating for hours, his thick cock steeped in my ravenous depths. By the time I'm through, Jay's manhood will be baptized in my liquid fire, and he'll never want the barrier of a condom again!"

The two debased mothers cackled sinisterly, plotting the myriad ways Kelly could further ensnare her son with her flesh. Indoctrinating him to lust for the sensation of mommy's convulsing, climaxing pussy engulfing his naked cock, eternally ruinning him for any other embrace.

That evening, during dinner, after Jay had excused himself, Kelly shattered the calm with her announcement to her husband about her upcoming plans with their son.

"Just so you're aware, Frank, Jay and I will be stepping out tomorrow night. On a date," she stated with deceptive nonchalance, taking a deliberate sip of her wine.

Frank's reaction was immediate and visceral, nearly choking on his pork chop. "What did you just say? A date? With our teenage son?!"

"Exactly," Kelly replied with a breezy air, as if discussing the weather. "I've booked us a luxurious hotel room downtown. We'll enjoy dinner, then retire for the night. Just the two of us."

Frank's face flushed a furious shade of purple as he sputtered, teetering on the edge of outrage. "Have you lost your mind? An overnight trip with our son? What will people think? And... are you two planning on... doing anything in the hotel?"

Kelly rolled her eyes with exaggerated impatience. "Fucking? Is that what you're trying to ask, Frank? If Jay and I plan to fuck?"

"Well...yes!" he erupted, his voice a mixture of disbelief and anger. "It's a legitimate question, given how wildly inappropriate this whole

situation is!"

She met his gaze with an icy coolness. "Honestly, beyond us getting room together, there's not much more you need to know."

Frank stared at her, incredulous and incensed. "You're my wife, and he's my son! If you're planning on... on fornicating, I have a right to know!"

"Oh, spare me," Kelly scoffed, her tone dripping with disdain. "Don't play the wounded husband with me. You didn't seem too concerned about fidelity when you let our Jay shove his bare cock in me the other night."

"That was different!" Frank's voice cracked with desperation. "We agreed it would just be penetration! Not full-blown intercourse!"

"Funny," she retorted with a venomous smirk, "beyond last night, I don't recall agreeing to any such limits. But regardless, what Jay and I may or may not do in the privacy of a hotel room is solely between me and him. All you need to know is not to expect us back until morning."

His eyes filled with desperation, her husband implored, "Kelly, if you go through with this, it's cheating. You understand that, don't you? You'd be blatantly betraying our marriage vows."

Kelly shrugged off his concern with chilling indifference. "I never said I was planning to cheat, Frank. Only that you don't need to know our itinerary. Any conclusions you draw from there are your own affair."

Frank's thoughts whirled in a chaotic storm as he grappled with his wife's nonchalant attitude about her intended rendezvous with their son. "But Kelly, you booked a hotel room for the two of you! Just what exactly do you think people will assume is going on?"

She laughed, a sound laced with callousness. "Oh Frank, get your head out of the gutter. Can't a mother spend some quality one-on-one time with her boy without it being sexual? You're the one making it dirty with your assumptions."

"Quality time?" he erupted, practically spitting the words. "Alone in a hotel overnight? That's completely twisted!"

Kelly released a deep sigh, her frustration palpable. "Honestly, it cuts deep that your mind leaps straight to incest. I'm simply trying to connect with our son. Not everything revolves around sex, Frank.

She took a deliberate, dainty bite of asparagus, then continued with a sly smile. "But speaking of sex... I did pick up some new lingerie for the occasion. A barely-there babydoll nightie that leaves almost nothing to the imagination. I thought Jay might appreciate it."

Frank spluttered, choking on his water. "You WHAT?! Kelly, have you lost your mind? Why would you ever consider flaunting yourself in skimpy lingerie in front of our teenage son?!"

"Whoa there, slow your roll!" she retorted sharply. "I never mentioned flaunting. Are you projecting here? I just want to feel sexy and confident. My body is undergoing changes with this pregnancy. Wearing beautiful underthings gives me a boost."

Her husband stared at her, wide-eyed and aghast. "In front of our child though? Kelly, there's a line between sexy and wildly inappropriate!"

"Inappropriate? For heaven's sake, Frank!" Kelly snapped, her patience fraying. "Jay is a mature young man. He can surely handle seeing a glimpse of his mother's figure without it being a federal case. The female body is a natural, beautiful thing. I refuse to be shamed for embracing myself."

She wiped the corner of her mouth with a napkin, a smirk playing on her lips. "Besides, it's nothing he hasn't already seen. Remember, he's already been intimately acquainted with my lady bits. Seeing me in a negligee will be downright modest in comparison to what he saw last night."

Frank's face turned an alarming shade of purple, his blood pressure skyrocketing to dangerous levels. The casual manner in which Kelly discussed the previous night's debauchery made his stomach churn.

"In fact," she continued, her voice dripping with mischief, "maybe I'll skip the nightie altogether and just sleep in the nude. After all, body heat is the best way to stay warm and cozy, isn't it? I'm sure Jay won't mind if his mommy snuggles up to him wearing nothing but a smile..."

"ENOUGH!" Frank roared, slamming his fist on the table with a force that rattled the dishes. "I refuse to sit here and listen to you concoct your... your ABOMINATION with our son! It's sickening, it's twisted and I won't tolerate it under my roof!"

Kelly laughed with wicked delight at her husband's futile outrage. "Oh Frank, you're just precious when you get all blustery like that," she taunted, her voice dripping with condescension. "But let me remind you, if Jay and I were to indulge in some intimate play, it wouldn't be 'under your roof' at all, now would it? After all, I booked a hotel specifically for the sake of privacy."

Frank's face contorted into a grotesque purple mask as he choked on his own rage, struggling to find a response. Kelly, with a cruel smile allowed the weight of her threat to crush the air between them.

"But mark my words, Frank," she hissed, her voice a venomous whisper, "if your pathetic, self-righteous outburst tears our marriage apart, this neighborhood is filled with eager young studs just waiting to feast on a pregnant queen like me. They'll worship at my altar, ravaging my body, showing me the raw, filthy appreciation you can't.

They'll feed my hunger, Frank. They'll fill me, again and again, with their youthful, potent seed."

Kelly's tongue snaked out, tracing her lips. "Can't you just see it? A relentless, sweaty parade of hard, young flesh satisfying my every need.

Can't you just hear my screams of pleasure, echoing through our home, as they claim me, pumping me full of their virile, pulsating essence?"

She arched a meticulously groomed eyebrow at Frank's horrified expression. "Is that what you want, Frank? To unleash me upon the neighborhood, to become their shared, insatiable prize? To transform me into the local fucktoy, a living, breathing vessel for their lust? Because that's precisely where your little display of machismo is pushing us, darling."

Frank sat there, utterly crushed, as defeat washed over him like a relentless tide. Her words left him hollowed out, and he slumped back in his chair, his hand trembling as it dragged down his weary face.

"I didn't think so," Kelly sneered, her triumph blazing in her eyes. "Here's how it's going to go. Tomorrow night, Jay and I are going on our special date, and you won't utter a single word of protest. I'll wear whatever I damn well please and do whatever I want with MY son, and you'll just sit there, smiling and nodding like a good little cuckold. Got it?"

Frank's voice failed him, leaving him nodding in mute resignation, shackled by humiliation and impotence in the face of his wife's brazen audacity. Kelly's smile widened, savoring her victory and the power she held over him once more.

"Good boy," she taunted, her voice dripping with condescension. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to help Jay pick out the perfect

outfit for our romantic evening. I'm thinking something that highlights those bulging muscles and draws attention to that hefty package. After all, if I'm gonna be seen with a younger, handsome man, I want everyone to see what a total stud he is."

With a flirtatious wink and a deliberate, exaggerated sway of her hips, Kelly sauntered out of the dining room, leaving her thoroughly emasculated husband to drown in the depths of his cuckold anguish.

The next evening, Frank wore a hole in the living room floor with his frantic pacing, his stomach a writhing nest of snakes as he awaited the emergence of his wife and son for their perverse overnight tryst. He was trapped in a nightmare, helpless to halt the runaway train that was Kelly's incestuous infidelity with their own child.

The sharp staccato of heels on hardwood snapped his gaze upwards, and his heart plummeted like a stone at the sight that assaulted him. Kelly was a voluptuous, pornographic vision of fertile maternal lust, poured into a scarlet dress that clung to her obscene curves like a second skin. The neckline plummeted down to her navel, offering up her grotesquely magnified cleavage on a platter of shimmering silk. The hem of her skirt was a mere whisper, barely concealing the cheeky expanse of her ass and leaving her endless legs naked and nubile.

On her arm was Jay, a teenage god carved from marble, squeezed into fashionably tight slacks and a crisp button-down shirt, open wide to reveal his throat. His pants did nothing to disguise the monstrous python of his erection, a thick, writhing beast trapped along his thigh. His face was a study in arrogance, his grin wide and wolfish, drunk on the knowledge that he would soon be sheathed to the hilt in his own mother's flesh.

"Well, well, look at you," Kelly all but growled, gripping Jay's bulging crotch like a joystick. "Don't you look fuckable, my sexy stud. Every whore in the restaurant will be creaming their panties over you."

Jay flexed under his mother's touch, thrusting his hips forward to give her more of his cock to molest. "You like, Mom?" he sneered, his eyes feasting on her turgid tits. "I can't wait to rip that dress off and—.

Frank's throat-clearing echoed like a thunderclap in a desperate attempt to shatter the revolting conversation unfolding before him—his wife and

son locked in a flirtatious dance. They turned to him with the disdainful indifference one reserves for an irritating gnat.

"Oh, Frank. I almost forgot you were there," Kelly's voice dripped with dismissive ease. She sauntered toward him with a deliberate sway, each step a taunting pendulum. Her hands found his shoulders, and she leaned in, her breath hot against his ear. "There's no need to call and check in. Jay and I will be far too engrossed...in bonding...to entertain any interruptions."

Kelly's hand darted down, her fingers curling around Frank's crotch, squeezing his flaccid manhood with disdainful mockery. "Naturally, you wouldn't grasp what it's like to be swept away in the throes of fervent, untamed affection. To be so engulfed in raw, primal desire, so consumed by carnal hunger, that the world outside ceases to exist."

Her gaze shifted to Jay, a wicked, calculating light dancing in her eyes as she surveyed his youthful, imposing physique. "No, such relentless stamina and singular sexual intensity demand the raging hormones of a teenager. The inexhaustible vigor and power of youth, not a middle-aged cuckold hampered by a limp excuse for penis"

"So you are having sex together then?" said Frank, posing it more as a statement than a question.

"I never said that," his wife answered innocently. "Did you hear me say that Jay and I were having sex? I merely pointed out that he's full of raging hormones, and so am I."

Jay sneered, muscles swelling, his cock pulsating visibly in his constraining pants. Kelly, ravenous, swept her tongue across her lips, devouring the lewd spectacle. "Mmmm, speaking of raging hormones...we should leave before I'm overwhelmed and surrender to my urges, dropping to my knees to commence our date with a primal, protein-packed feast..."

Kelly drank in Frank's anguish, her eyes gleaming with malice as she watched him crumble—shock, revulsion, fury, and despair cascading across his face. She threw her head back, laughter erupting from her throat, delighting in his powerless torment at her flagrant infidelity.

"Oh, don't act so pathetic, I'm just joking with you, darling!" she snarled, dismissing him with a wave. "Then again, maybe I'm not. You should see yourself, Frank—you look like you just stumbled upon Jay and I fucking our asses off. Flesh slapping against flesh, as I screamed your son's name, letting him claim me on our marital bed!"

Frank choked, his mouth gaping like a dying fish, no words coming to his aid. He was helpless, broken by his wife's vicious mockery.

"Don't strain that feeble brain of yours, dear," Kelly purred, her voice dripping with condescension. "Tonight your wife and son WILL share a bed! It shouldn't bother you. It shouldn't make that thick vein in your forehead throb with impotent rage like it is now."

With a final, dismissive gesture, Kelly turned away, pushing Jay towards the door. "Remember my words, Frank! Not a single text or phone call tonight, no matter what!"

Kelly strode to the car, and knew Frank's mind would be a torture chamber tonight, vividly picturing her naked body writhing against

their son's muscular frame, their sweat-slicked limbs entangled in a primal, forbidden dance.

At the restaurant, Kelly pressed her heavy, swollen breasts and gravid belly against Jay's muscular arm, feeling his bicep tense and quiver with barely suppressed lust. She reveled in his discomfort, her touch a cruel, tantalizing promise of what was to come.

Throughout dinner, she tormented her son with lewd insinuations and provocative gestures, her every movement a obscene pledge that her body would be his twisted playground tonight.

"Is Mommy's big boy hungry for dessert?" Kelly purred, her voice a sultry, poisoned whisper as she noticed Jay squirming, his obscene erection straining against his pants. She traced the pulsating outline with a scarlet fingernail, making him shiver. "Not yet, my eager stallion. But soon, you'll have your way with Mommy's body. And you will fuck me like a beast...all...night...long."

Jay had to suppress a primal groan, his cock throbbing urgently at his mother's explicit promise. He knew his balls would be emptied completely by dawn, his potent teenage cum pumped relentlessly into Kelly's fertile womb, over and over, until her pussy overflowed with his seed.

As they awaited the valet, Kelly dragged Jay into a shadowy alcove near the restaurant's entrance. Ensureing they were unseen, she hitched up her barely-there skirt and seized his hand, forcing it between her trembling thighs.

"Feel how drenched Mommy is for you," she gasped, grinding desperately against her son's fingers as they grazed the soaked silk of her panties. "My pregnant pussy is throbbing, starving to be stuffed by your massive hard cock."

Jay growled as he felt his mother's slippery arousal drenching the delicate fabric of her panties. He feverishly explored her dripping

folds, rubbing and stroking through the wet silk. "Wow, Mom, you ARE drenched," he grunted, astonished at how shamelessly wet she was for him.

Kelly threw her head back, eyes rolling in ecstasy, as she grinded against his exploring fingers. "You have no fucking idea, baby," she groaned, her voice thick with lust. "Mommy's pregnant pussy has been dripping all night, craving your thick, raw cock. I'm hollow, aching, desperate to be stuffed with your hot, young meat. I want you to fuck me senseless."

Checking the area with a predatory gaze, Kelly urgently shed her panties, balling them into Jay's pocket. "A little teaser for what's to come," she growled, her voice laced with sin. "So you can inhale Mommy's scent and think about how soaked I am for you, how I'm fucking dripping for your cock on the way to the hotel."

Jay felt like he could explode as his insatiable mother flashed her bare, wet pussy at him, the lips glistening with her desire. Knowing she'd be sitting next to him, barely anything between him and her swollen cunt, made him rock hard.

The sexual tension in the car was suffocating. Kelly and Jay sped towards the hotel, both writhing with unbearable need. Jay stole glances at his mother's naked thighs, knowing her drenched, hungry pussy was barely concealed. The thick, musky aroma of her panties filled the car, making his cock pulse with every heartbeat.

Kelly slammed her son against the hotel room wall, her mouth crashing onto his with a feral hunger. "Fuck, baby, Mommy's starving for you," she growled, her teeth nipping at his lips, her breath ragged. "I'm gonna make you feel so fucking good, gonna milk this big cock dry."

Jay groaned, his hips bucking against her as Kelly's hands roamed his body, tearing at his clothes. Buttons flew, fabric ripped, and in

seconds, he was naked, his muscles flexing, his massive erection pulsing with need.

Kelly stepped back, her eyes devouring Jay's chiseled form. "Fuck, look at you," she hissed, her gaze locked onto his throbbing cock. "My boy's packed like a fucking stallion." She gripped his shaft, her fingers barely wrapping around his thick girth as she stroked him roughly, pushing him towards the bed.

Jay stumbled, his eyes fixed on the hypnotic sway of Kelly's wide hips and full ass, her pregnancy only amplifying her raw, carnal allure. She shoved him onto the mattress, then peeled off her tight dress, revealing

her nude body in all its fertile, voluptuous glory. Jay's cock twitched at the sight of her engorged breasts, her swollen belly, and her glistening, ready sex.

Kelly mounted the bed, a predatory gleam in her eyes as she straddled his hips. "Lie back and submit, sweet boy," she commanded, her voice a sultry growl. "Let Mommy feast on this hard, young body."

She attacked his neck, covering it with fierce, devouring kisses, her tongue lapping at the tender flesh of his neck and collarbone. Jay's body shook, his breath hitching as his mother's hungry mouth and eager hands claimed every inch of his flesh.

Kelly ravaged her son's chest, her tongue flicking and circling his nipples before drawing them into stiff points with her ravenous mouth. "Mmmm, such a delectable boy," she growled, her tongue blazing a trail down his taut abs. "Mommy's gonna consume you whole tonight."

She journeyed lower, her lips tracing every carved ridge of his six-pack, her teeth grazing and biting at the sharp V of his hips. When she reached his throbbing erection, Kelly paused, her eyes widening

with lust. "What a monumental cock," she breathed, her cheek brushing against the pulsating, velvety shaft. "So thick and hard, aching for Mommy's mouth"

Locking eyes with Jay, she slowly, torturously extended her tongue, licking a scorching, wet trail up the entire length of his cock. He let out a guttural cry, his hands clutching the sheets, knuckles white, as waves of intense pleasure crashed over him.

Kelly growled, a primal sound from deep in her throat as she assaulted the engorged head of Jay's cock with aggressive licks, her tongue darting into the weeping slit like a striking serpent. "Mommy's starving for your cock, baby. Salty and filthy—just like you," she snarled.

She crushed her mouth onto the tip, forcing the head between her hungry lips, her eyes locked onto his with feral intensity. Jay made a raw,

guttural sound as his hips jackknifed off the bed, his cock plunging into the scalding depths of her ravenous mouth.

"Wow, Mom! Oh God, yesss!" he roared, eyes wide and wild, as she began to devour him, her cheeks caving in with brutal suction. Her lips clamped onto his throbbing shaft, slick and voracious, as she worked him in a merciless rhythm.

Kelly groaned, a feral sound that sent shockwaves through Jay's cock, her taste buds flooded with his pre-cum, a salty-sweet ambrosia that made her pussy convulse and drip with fresh arousal.

She forced her throat to relax, taking his considerable length deeper, gagging herself on his cock as the blunt head battered the back of her mouth with every vicious plunge. Above her, Jay was a trembling mess, reduced to incoherent pleas and desperate sobs, his body a live wire of ecstasy.

"Fuck, fuck, fuckkkkkk," he chanted, fingers clawing at her scalp, his world narrowed down to the wet, hot suction of her mouth. "Gonna fucking cum, gonna—oh fuck, Mom, here it comes!"

Kelly, driven by a primal hunger, desperate to feel her boy's release, attacked his cock with a feral intensity. Her head bobbed wildly, saliva foaming and dripping as she took him deep, the lewd, wet sounds of her sucking filling the room like a filthy symphony. She felt Jay's shaft throb against her tongue, his balls drawn tight, ready to explode. With a greedy moan, she slid a hand between his trembling thighs, grasping his balls, feeling the hot, thick load ready to burst.

"Mom, I'm gonna- I… I can't hold back!" Jay's hips bucked wildly, his body tensing as his orgasm barreled through him like a runaway train. "FUUUCKKK!" he roared, his head thrashing back, the first explosive rope of cum detonating from his cock, painting his mother's throat. Kelly groaned in ecstasy, swallowing hungrily as his cock pulsed, pumping his

thick, molten seed down her throat. She felt his cock throb violently against her tongue, his balls emptying in powerful, shuddering spurts.

Jay's body jerked and convulsed, the raw, savage pleasure of his release tearing through him. His eyes rolled back, lost in mindless bliss, a ragged chorus of gasps and grunts falling from his lips. " Mom, yes, my cum, uunnnghhh, so good, don't stop..."

Kelly devoured Jay's convulsing cock, sucking his climax out with a feral hunger, demanding every last drop. She craved the taste of his thick, potent cum, feeling it scorch the emptiness of her womb, feeding the life growing inside her. Her pussy throbbed and dripped, starved for the same brutal attention.

As Jay's cock finally stopped pulsing, Kelly released it from her lips with an obscene pop, licking him clean with ravenous strokes. "Mmmm, such a good little man, giving Mommy all that rich, hot

seed," she growled, rubbing her cheek against his exhausted balls. "I live for the taste of your thick cream."

Jay could only manage a weak groan in response, shattered and dizzy from the intensity of his orgasm. His wildest dreams had never conjured anything as mind-blowing as his mother's mouth on his cock, swallowing his load like she was dying for it. He had seen galaxies as she drained him.

Kelly crawled up Jay's body, her massive tits crushing against his heaving chest. "Mommy's still hungry, stud," she hissed into his ear. "That was just the appetizer. I need this fat cock fucking me, stretching me, filling me all fucking night."

She grabbed Jay's spent, sticky cock, feeling it swell again in her grip. "Mmmm, look at you, already hard again, you virile little beast," she snarled. "You're gonna destroy Mommy's pussy with this monster, aren't you, my little sweet pea?"

Jay's body convulsed as his mother's expert fingers stroked him back to a throbbing, almost painful erection. His hypersensitive flesh pulsed with a mix of pleasure and pain, but a primal hunger was already building, his balls churning with fresh, hot seed. Kelly grasped Jay's renewed hardness, a sharp gasp escaping her lips as she felt its demanding throb. "Oh god, baby, your cock is like steel again," she growled, her grip tight and urgent. "Mommy's gonna ride this thick fuckpole hard, drain these heavy balls of every last drop..."

With a swift, aggressive shift of her hips, Kelly dragged the engorged, leaking head of Jay's cock through her soaked folds, her body trembling with raw need. She ground their swollen sex bulbs together in harsh, maddening circles, her slick arousal coating his shaft like hot, wet velvet.

Jay's fingers dug into the soft, yielding flesh of her ass, desperation clawing at his voice. "Mom, the teasing," he grunted, hips jerking,

trying to impale her on his pulsating length. "Need to… need to be inside you…"

Kelly's voice was a sultry, tormenting purr. "Aww, is my baby boy's cock aching to stuff Mommy's pregnant pussy?" She continued her infuriating grind, her voice a hot whisper. "Don't worry, sweetie, Mama's gonna let you slam this thick meat all the way in, deep and hard. Gonna ride you until this young cock explodes and you're completely emptied out."

Kelly, feverish with desire, grasped Jay's throbbing cock and positioned it at her dripping entrance. She impaled herself onto him with a fierce, primal cry, their moans entwining as her tight, scorching flesh yielded to his pulsating invasion.

"Fuck yes, baby, Mommy's cunt is splitting open for your massive cock," Kelly growled, grinding her hips to devour his shaft. "Oh god, I can feel every vein, every thick inch hammering into me, filling me completely..."

Jay's head thrashed against the pillow, mouth agape with ecstasy as his mother's molten core consumed him. The sensation of her greedy

muscles clenching and milking his throbbing flesh was overwhelming, more intense than any pleasure he'd ever known.

With Jay sheathed to the hilt, his coarse pubes grinding against Kelly's throbbing clit, she began to ride him wildly. Her body rose until only the tip of his cock remained inside, before she slammed herself down, taking him to the base, establishing a brutal, lustful rhythm.

"Take Mommy's juicy cunt, baby boy!" Kelly grunted as she bounced on her son's pistoning cock with abandon. Her huge milk-laden tits jiggled hypnotically with every undulation, swollen nipples stabbing

the air. "Yeah, slam that big dick in there! Unh, unh, fuck me hard like a good boy!"

Jay stared up at his mother with wide, hunger-filled eyes as she rode him like a woman possessed, her body writhing and convulsing above him. He had never witnessed anything so raw, so primal, in his young life. Kelly's glistening pussy lips were stretched obscenely around the thick girth of his cock, gripping and sucking his youthful shaft as it throbbed in and out of her slippery, sweltering depths.

The slick, reddened inner lips of her labia formed a vice-like seal around Jay's veiny cock flesh, pulsating and massaging every rigid inch. With each brutal pump of his hips, his engorged cockhead raked mercilessly against the ribbed roof of Kelly's vagina, tearing shuddering, guttural gasps from their throats.

Her throbbing clit, swollen and hypersensitive, peeked out from its hood, pulsing in time with Jay's relentless thrusts as it ground against his pubic bone. Thick, viscous fluid gushed steadily from her core, drenching his balls and plastering his wiry pubes with her essence. The air was thick with the musky, pungent scent of her arousal, a scent that invaded his lungs and set his senses ablaze.

As Kelly impaled herself over and over on her son's thick, pulsating pole, the muscles of her vagina convulsed and undulated along his length,

squeezing him rhythmically. He could feel every spasm, every clench of her velvety walls caressing him from tip to root, demanding him deeper.

"Oh God baby, you're stirring up Mommy's pregnant pussy so good!" Kelly wailed,

Kelly rode Jay's cock like a woman possessed, her wide hips spinning in lustful circles, grinding his engorged head against her cervix with each desperate gyration. "Oh, Mommy can feel you bruising her

womb, sweetie!" she cried out, "Marking the baby squirm with each brutal kiss!"

Jay's cock was practically torn apart by Kelly's vice-like pussy. Her opening strangled his base mercilessly with every thrust. His mother's drenched slit savagely devoured his throbbing shaft again and again. Viscous strings of her wetness clung to their sexes, lewdly binding them together. His gaze was locked to the brutal spectacle, his brain consumed by taboo hunger.

"Fuck, Mom!" Jay growled like a wild animal, slamming his hips upward to meet her feral downward plunges. The sound of their bodies colliding was a war. It was filthy. It was primal. It was a symphony of flesh slapping against flesh, of wet succulent voraciousness. "Your cunt... UNGH... it's destroying me, Mom. Never felt anything... FUCK... so intense!"

Kelly looked down at her son, her eyes ablaze with carnal triumph. Her lips curled back from her teeth in a snarl, the picture of sexual conquest. She reveled in the power she held over him, intoxicating him with her prowess. "Mmmm, and we're just getting started, you little fucking stallion! Mommy's gonna milk this engorged fuck-tool until your vision blurs and you see galaxies imploding!" She punctuated her threat by vice-gripping Jay's throbbing cock with her pussy, expertly pulsating her inner muscles from the thick base to the bloated tip, threatening his sanity.

Jay stared, mouth agape, at the titanic, gravid tits swaying above him like twin moons, defying gravity as Mommy rode his cock with primal

abandon. Each sweat-slicked orb was easily as big as a ripe watermelon, the flesh stretched shiny and drum-tight, ready to burst with her fertile bounty. Jagged lightning bolts of stretch marks slashed across the pale skin, a brutal map of her body's relentless transformation into a fucking goddess.

Kelly's areolas were obscenely swollen, the color of dark chocolate and easily the size of dessert plates. As Jay watched, they crinkled and drew taut, the nipples hardening into bullet-like points, weeping beads of creamy nectar. His mouth watered, a ravenous thirst consuming him as he imagined sealing his lips around one of those dripping teats and draining them like a starving beast.

Jay succumbed to his primal urges, sitting up and burying his face deep into the voluptuous chasm of his mother's heaving bosom. A guttural groan escaped him as the soft, yielding flesh enveloped him, his face digging deeper into her sweet, musky scent. Kelly's enormous breasts billowed and shaped around his head, clutching him tightly as they quaked with the rhythm of her grinding hips.

With a feral intensity, Jay ravaged the valley of his mother's cleavage, his face motorboating back and forth, drinking in her intoxicating aroma—a heady mix of sweetness, musk, and warm milk.

"Ohhh, does my big, hungry boy love Mommy's swollen, milky tits?" Kelly panted, her voice a breathless, sultry purr. She clamped her arms around her breasts, squeezing them tighter around his face, imprisoning him in a throbbing, titanic cleft of flesh. "Yes, that's it baby boy, take a dive in those big, juicy mommy-melons while you fuck me like a beast!"

Jay's response was a primal groan, his hips pistoning upward into his mother's dripping cunt, drowning in her thick musk and silken skin. Her stomach was a sweaty valley that his body jerked against as he fucked, lost in a whirlwind of quivering thighs and bouncing tits.

Kelly's nipples stabbed at his cheeks, insistent and leaking milk, as she roughly ground her massive tits into his face. He was a drowning man desperate for a lifeline, and her nipple was the only thing that could save him. Turning his head, he latched onto the thick bud, sucking with a fervor that bordered on madness.

Milk sprayed into his mouth, coating his tongue in a thick, sugary cream.

Above him, Kelly howled like a wild animal, her cunt squeezing his cock like a vice as he drained her.

"Suck me fucking dry!" she screamed, slamming her pussy down on his cock, her body convulsing with each hard thrust. "Milk your pregnant mother like the greedy little motherfucker you are!

Jay sucked harder, his cheeks hollowing out as he swallowed mouthful after mouthful, drunk on her taste, her scent, and the sheer wrongness of it all.

Jay wrenched his mouth from Kelly's nipple with a lewd pop, instantly devouring her other tit, desperate to claim every last drop. He ravaged each swollen bud with famished gulps, his stubbled jaw grinding against her tender areolas. Rivers of overflowing milk cascaded down his throat, soaking his chest, merging with the slick sweat on their frenzied bodies.

As Jay savaged Kelly's bouncing tits, she impaled herself on his cock with wild abandon, her drenched cunt squelching filthily with each brutal slam of her hips. The hotel bed groaned and shook beneath their feral fucking, the headboard crashing against the wall in a primal rhythm.

"Fuck yes, Jay! Your cock is ruining me, splitting me wide open!" Kelly screamed, eyes fluttering in delirious ecstasy as her pussy sucked greedily at her son's marauding shaft. "Ram that thick fucking dick into Mommy's filthy hole! Breed me like a whore, fuck your baby right into my slutty womb!"

Jay growled and bucked his hips with ferocious force, his engorged balls swinging heavily against Kelly's quivering ass. He felt his cockhead pummeling her cervix with every vicious thrust, pushing insatiably against the gateway to her defenseless womb. The

thought of pumping his seed deep into his mother's baby-filled sanctum sent his shaft throbbing with relentless urgency.

Jay, having already flooded his mother's eager throat with a torrent of hot cum earlier, now found himself endowed with superhuman stamina, fucking Kelly through an earth-shattering symphony of climaxes. He jackhammered into her with relentless force, feeling her velvet pussy walls convulsing and clamping onto his pistoning cock like a vice as tsunamis of orgasms crashed through her body.

"FUUUUCK, I'M EXPLODING ON YOUR COCK!" Kelly screamed, her voice raw and hoarse, as her head thrashed wildly in ecstasy. Her pussy detonated violently around Jay's invading shaft, while her massive, milk-engorged tits swung obscenely, erupting geysers of creamy breastmilk from her distended nipples with each brutal thrust. "ANNIHILATE MOMMY'S CUNT, YOU BEAST! YEEESSSS!"

Jay watched, eyes wide with lust and awe, as his mother's voluptuous body convulsed and writhed above him like a storm at sea. Her hips bucked desperately to meet his savage thrusts, while her beautiful face twisted into an ugly mask of pure, animalistic pleasure. Her full lips were stretched wide, gasping for breath as she screamed and howled like a wild animal, over and over again. Each time Jay's thick cockhead bludgeoned her G-spot, guttural, feral screams were ripped from her throat, sounds so primal they barely seemed human.

Jay's cock jackhammered into his mother's spasming cunt, her juices exploding around him, drenching his groin and balls in a tsunami of her essence. Scorching, musky fluid erupted from her convulsing core, painting his abs and chest with her uncontrollable release. The hotel bed

was a swamp of her successive climaxes, the sheets drenched and dripping.

Jay's pace was a brutal assault against her pelvis, his iron-hard cock demolishing her clenching pussy with ferocious intensity. His muscles screamed in agony, but he was a man possessed, determined to annihilate Kelly's senses, to prove his virility and reduce her to a quivering, cock-crazed wreck.

He grabbed a handful of his mom's hair and pulled until her spine arched like a bow.

"Take it, Mom!" he roared, his voice a primal growl.

"Take my fucking cock!"

The room echoed with the filthy, wet slaps of his hips crashing against Kelly's ass, his cum-bloated balls swinging like a wrecking ball, slamming into her shuddering flesh with every vicious thrust.

Kelly's eyes rolled back, her body convulsing as her son's filthy words detonated another explosive orgasm within her. Her pussy spasmed violently, the velvety walls clamping and pulsating around Jay's throbbing shaft like a ravenous, hungry maw. Primal screams and ragged sobs tore from her gaping mouth as lightning storms of pure, unadulterated ecstasy ravaged her nervous system.

Kelly impaled herself onto Jay's rock-hard cock, her massive ass cheeks quaking and rippling with each brutal thrust. She threw her head back, howling in sheer rapture as she engulfed his thick, pulsating shaft deep within her pregnant, insatiable cunt.

"Oooh yea baby boy, stuff Mommy's cunt!" she squealed in a high-pitched baby voice, her cunt squelching lewdly around him. "Mommy wuvs your hard dinky in her naughty puss-puss! Pump Momma's hungry hole full of your sticky cummies!"

Jay groaned as his mother began to bounce on his lap energetically, her sweaty bubble butt flying up and down. Her sopping wet pussy

made the most obscene slurping noises as it slid along his veiny shaft, suctioning him tightly.

Jay's rock-hard cock was a biological battering ram, plundering the depths of his mother's gushing cunt with relentless virility. His engorged shaft was a pillar of raging male flesh, the bulging chambers swollen with blood that made it rebar-stiff. The fat mushroom head, angry purple and flaring, plowed through Kelly's juicy folds like it was tilling fertile soil, churning her slick pink walls to a frothy cream.

Thick, pulsing veins corded the surface of Jay's long cock, each ridge and vascular pathway friction-dragging deliciously against his mom's clasping pussy. The boy's groin flexed powerfully with each thrust, a densely packed concentration of ligament, sinew and muscle all working together to piston his huge dick mightily into Kelly's defenseless cuntal barrel.

The base of his shaft, the very root, was a solid anchor embedded into Jay's pelvis, a foundation of strength from which his cock gained leverage to slam repeatedly against the gates of Kelly's womb. She could feel the sturdy structure, the very architecture of her son's rampant organ as it conquered her utterly, claiming her sex as its sheath.

The thousands of nerve endings that stippled Jay's glans pulsed with electrified bliss as Kelly's molten flesh engulfed him. He could feel every nuance of texture and pressure, from the ribbed roof of her vagina rubbing against his frenulum to the plush give of her cervix kissing his tip. Without a condom to dull the sensations, the tender skin of his cockhead was directly caressed by his mother's slick vaginal walls with each stroke, bathed in her creamy essence.

Along the sensitive shaft, the contrast between condom sex and raw fucking was equally stark. The smooth skin was alive with sensation,

tingling and sparking as it dragged against Kelly's rippling wet heat. The thick dorsal vein running along the top was a lightning rod of pleasure, pulsing ecstatically in time with Jay's heartbeat as his mom's pussy suctioned him. The delicate skin stretched taut over his swollen cock was in direct, unfiltered contact with her clenching silken sheath.

"Ohhh baby, can you feel how much better Mommy's pussy feels on your naked cock?" Kelly purred sultrily, undulating her hips in sensual circles. "No icky rubber dulling the sensation, just Mama's bare cunny slurping all over this fat pee-pee..."

"Unnngh fuck yes," Jay grunted, his fingers sinking into the pliant flesh of Kelly's ass as he pumped up into her. "So hot and wet and tight... I can feel EVERYTHING."

"Mmmm, I bet you can feel Mommy's special spot, too," she cooed. "That little ridge right inside, the one rubbing so nicely on the sensitive underside of your cockhead... That's my G-spot, baby boy. Your big naked dickhead is kissing it perfectly with every thrust, making Momma feel SO good..."

Jay growled like a wild animal, zeroing in on the spot Kelly commanded, as the taut bundle of nerves grated brutally against his throbbing glans and ultra-sensitive frenulum with every raw, slippery thrust. A condom would have muted that blazing, direct friction, but now, it was sending jolts of lightning searing up his shaft, electrifying his spine.

"Fuck, Mom... Gonna explode..." he gasped, breath ragged, balls already tight and ready to detonate. "Can't fight it..."

"Fuck yes, YES!" Kelly screamed, slamming down harder, riding him with savage abandon. "Do it, baby, blow that fucking load! Drench Mommy's pussy, fucking coat my walls with it! I wanna feel you throbbing, convulsing, fucking filling me up..."

Jay's roar echoed like thunder as he impaled his mother onto his cock with a final, brutal thrust. His body convulsed, back bowing off the bed as scalding jets of semen erupted from him like a volcano. Kelly's shriek was a symphony of ecstasy, her body quaking as she felt her son's seed detonate against her cervix, flooding her with liquid fire.

"Mmmm, my wittle man is SO big and stwong!" Kelly babbled in saccharine babytalk. "Pounding into Mommy's juicy gash wif dat FAT baby-maker! Oooh, jam it in deep and naughty, sweetums! Stirr up Momma's tummy and make her go BOOM BOOM!"

Her hips bucked like a wild beast as she slammed down onto him, her colossal tits brutally smacking his face with each savage thrust. Milk exploded from her nipples in chaotic streams, drenching them both in her hot, sticky fluid. Jay ravaged his mother's titanic, heaving breasts with a feral hunger, his cock jackhammering up into her with primal grunts.

"Fuck yes, Mommy, take my fucking cock!" he roared, his fingers digging into her clenching ass like talons. "I'm gonna fucking flood your filthy cunt with so much cum, the baby's gonna choke on it!"

"FUUUUCK YESSSS!!!" Kelly screamed, her head thrashing back as a cataclysmic orgasm detonated within her. Her cunt convulsed like a thunderstorm, vice-gripping and milking Jay's relentless cock. Squirt erupted like a geyser, dousing them both in her juices as she rode him through the catastrophic climax.

"FIWW MOMMY'S TUMMY WIF YOUR SPUNK SPUNK, BABY BOY!!! BWEED MOMMA'S NAUGHTY BITS!!!"

The hotel bed shook violently, the frame crashing against the wall as mother and son savagely indulged in their forbidden lust. Kelly's screams echoed through the room, her body convulsing with a torrent of explosive orgasms as Jay relentlessly drove into her.

"MOMMY'S EXPLODING!!! OOOH FUCK MOMMY'S CUNT IS ERUPTING ON YOUR MASSIVE COCK!!!" she cried out, her pussy pulsating and gushing like a ruptured dam. As Jay neared his peak, Kelly's dirty talk grew more depraved, begging her son to drench her pregnant womb in his boiling seed.

"Ooooh yea baby boy, Mommy can feel your big pee-pee goin' supa dupa fast in her gishy gash!" she squealed. "Pump Momma fuwl of your yummy cummies! Gimme all dat sweet baby batter in my naughty mommy hole!"

Jay pistoned his hips frantically, balls slapping against Kelly's jiggling ass. "Ungh fuck...cumming! Gonna fucking nut in you Mom!"

"EEEEE YESSSSS!!!" Kelly shrieked in elation as she felt the first hot spurts of her son's cum painting her cervix. "FIWW MOMMY'S TUMMY WIF YOUR SPUNK-SPUNK!!! DROWN THE BABY IN JIZZY JUICE! HNNNGGGHHHH!!!"

Jay howled like a wild beast as an orgasm of volcanic intensity detonated within him. His cock convulsed and thrashed inside his mother's clutching pussy, erupting with a torrent of thick, scalding sperm. Relentless ropes of cum pummeled Kelly's womb, coating her inner walls in a white-hot deluge. The sheer volume of his load overwhelmed her quivering hole, forcing gobs of semen to explode back out around Jay's pulsating shaft with vulgar, wet slaps.

"FUUUCKKK YEEESSSS!!!" Jay growled like a feral animal, his ass cheeks clenched tight as he emptied an immense load into his mom's cunt. "Take my fucking cum!"

"Mmmm yea baby, Mommy's gweedy womb is swurping up allll your yummy skeet skeet!" Kelly babbled deliriously, milking his erupting cock with her greedy pussy muscles. "Oooh, your cummies are SO warm and gushy! Momma WUVS being your wittle cum dump!"

The hotel bed was soaked, a deluge of sweat and bodily fluids spreading out from where their bodies were obscenely fused. Thick ropes of come pulsed from Kelly's stretched hole as Jay's climax surged, his virile balls pumping out a torrent of searing seed. Time seemed to slow, every second an eternity as Jay convulsed, his cock throbbing and kicking as it unleashed a tidal wave of sperm.

Finally, with a groan that sounded like it was torn from his very soul, Jay collapsed back against the pillows, his body wrung out, his cock finally slowing its relentless pulse. It slipped from his mother's ravaged pussy with an obscene sucking sound, followed by a gush of frothy come.

Kelly crumpled onto Jay's heaving chest, her body smearing the thick, gooey mess everywhere. She clutched his face, her kisses feverish and desperate. "Oh fuck, Jay. That's it. Fill Mommy up. Fill me with that thick, sweet come. You're Mommy's little stud, aren't you? My perfect little breeder."

Jay shivered under her, his body twitching with aftershocks as Kelly's filthy praise washed over him. She bit at his neck, her breath hot and hungry. "Those little sluts can keep their rubbers, Jay. Your cock was made for Mommy's pussy. Raw. Bare. Just the way God intended. You promise me, baby. Promise Mommy that this cock," she grasped his slick, spent shaft, making him gasp, "will always fuck Mommy raw."

She sat up and clutched her enormous, swollen belly. "And if you make Mommy pregnant again with your potent seed, then so be it! I'll bear you an army of babies, my womb your eternal fucking grounds!"

Jay growled at the raw, filthy promise, his spent cock throbbing against his thigh, already greedy for more. "Mom, you're gonna make me hard as steel again," he rasped, voice hoarse with lust.

"Mmm, is that right?" Kelly purred, hand diving down to stroke his slick, sticky cock and balls, fingers tracing the pulsing veins. "Good thing we

have all fucking night, stud. Plenty of time for Mommy to milk these heavy balls dry, over and over, until you're shooting fucking dust!"

She shifted her hips, positioning her drenched, throbbing cunt over Jay's thickening shaft. "And for round two, I want it slow. Brutally slow. I want you to feel every fucking inch of my pregnant pussy gripping your bare cock like a fucking vise, squeezing every last fucking drop of cum from your aching balls..."

With a primal groan, Kelly impaled herself on her son's rock-hard erection, her ravenous hole devouring him whole. They both growled at the brutal, exquisite sensation of their flesh fusing together, still dripping from their first savage fuck.

Kelly slammed her hips down onto Jay's iron-hard cock, her insides churning with a storm of slick, molten heat. She clamped her vaginal muscles around him like a vice, pulsating, and milking his shaft with a savage hunger to swallow every drop of his cum.

"Fuuuck!" Jay roared, his hands digging into Kelly's thrashing hips. He could feel every raw, primal movement of her body, the heavy, fertile weight of her belly pressing down, the scorching, drenched grip of her pussy lips, and the ravenous suction of her cunt devouring him whole. Kelly's eyes blazed with a feral mix of lust and maternal dominance.

"Take it, baby," she growled, voice dripping with carnal desire. "Feel your Mommy's magic pussy draining your thick cock. You know you want to fill me up, don't you? Give in to the power of my body, Jay. Give. Me. Your. Cum."

217: Vow Ruining with Mom-Part1/2

Vow Ruining with Mom

By Klrxo

Bill settled into the aisle seat near the front of the plane, his 10-year-old daughter Lily eagerly claiming the window while 8-year-old Aiden plopped down in the middle. As the flight attendants began their safety demonstration, Bill glanced back to where his wife Tiffany and his oldest son Cody were sitting, several rows behind them.

Tiffany looked radiant as always in her short skirt and sweater that hugged her voluptuous curves. The fabric strained across her wildly-oversized breasts as she leaned over to whisper something to Cody, her wavy blonde hair cascading over her tanned shoulders. Cody nodded, smiling at whatever she said, before getting up to grab something from the overhead bin, his lean arms flexing under his tight t-shirt.

Bill sighed and turned back around, trying to focus on the emergency exit locations the attendant was pointing out. Even though they had seats rows apart, he knew he should feel lucky to be taking his family on a luxurious beach getaway.

It was a special trip to celebrate Cody graduating high school at the top of his class and getting accepted to college on a full athletic scholarship. Bill and Tiffany couldn't be more proud of their eldest

son. But also, what Tiffany didn't know was that Bill had been planning a surprise vow renewal ceremony for their 20th anniversary.

His parents and sister Christy were flying in separately to meet them at the resort, where an intimate beachside service was planned for the next day. Bill patted his jacket pocket, making sure the diamond anniversary band he'd picked out for Tiffany was still safely tucked away.

As the plane accelerated down the runway, Cody couldn't help but stare, transfixed at his mother's heaving cleavage mere inches away from his

face. With each jolt and rumble, her massive K-cup breasts bounced and swayed hypnotically in the tight confines of her sweater, the deep valley between them yawning open and closed.

Tiffany glanced over, catching her son's wide-eyed gaze trained on her jiggling bosom. She smiled knowingly at him and gently patted his leg in reassurance, as if to say this would be their little secret.

Cody gulped and looked away in embarrassment, but his eyes kept drifting back to the mesmerizing sight of his mom's colossal chest straining against the fabric. He squirmed in his seat, trying to discretely adjust the growing bulge in his shorts.

Tiffany noticed her son's predicament and bit her plump bottom lip to suppress a grin. The sexual tension between them was palpable. She knew it was wrong but she couldn't help feel a thrill at the obvious effect her voluptuous body had on her shy, awkward boy who was becoming a man before her eyes.

As the plane leveled off at cruising altitude, Cody nervously cleared his throat. "Hey Mom, um, I'm feeling kinda cold. Do you think we could maybe snuggle under the blanket together? If that's okay?"

Tiffany looked at her son with an indulgent smile. "Of course, sweetie. Come here." She reached up and grabbed the complimentary blanket, unfolding it and draping it across both their laps.

Cody hesitantly scooted closer, until his shoulder and arm were pressed up against his mother's soft, warm body. Tiffany wrapped an arm around her boy and gently guided his head to rest against her cushy tit-pillows.

Cody's cheek sank into the plush, pliant flesh of his mom's cleavage, her intoxicating floral perfume filling his nostrils. He was engulfed in her comforting, womanly warmth and softness. He could feel his heart pounding as his face was swallowed up by the squishy, heavenly pillows of her breasts.

"There now, is that better?" Tiffany cooed, rubbing Cody's back. The movement made her massive mammaries jiggle and sway, the undulating ocean of tit-flesh making Cody's head bob slightly.

"Mmmhmm," Cody managed to murmur, his voice muffled by the wall of cleavage surrounding him. He daringly nuzzled his face deeper into the valley of his mother's breasts, furtively inhaling her sweet scent. His cock throbbed almost painfully in the cramped confines of his shorts.

Tiffany cradled her son's head to her heaving bosom, relishing the forbidden closeness. She knew she shouldn't encourage this but it just felt so nice to snuggle her handsome boy. And the naughty, illicit thrill of him wedged against her huge titties was just too deliciously sinful to resist.

Emboldened by his mother's indulgent cuddling, Cody timidly glanced up from the warm, fragrant valley of her cleavage. "Hey Mom?" he whispered hoarsely. "Do you think I could, um, put my head up inside your sweater? Just to keep it extra warm and cozy? I promise I'll stay outside your bra," he added quickly.

Tiffany giggled, knowing she should refuse, but the pleading, desperate look on her son's flushed face melted her resolve. "Alright honey, since you asked so sweetly. Just remember to stay under the blanket outside my bra."

Cody nodded eagerly, then ducked beneath the blanket, which his mom held at her neck. With trembling fingers, he carefully pulled open the bottom of his mother's clingy sweater, exposing her naked midriff, then slowly slid his head up under the stretchy fabric, his nose and lips grazing along her silky décolletage.

Cody's head popped up into the warm, dark space inside his mom's sweater, completely surrounded by her massive, heavy breasts. Her giant, bra-encased boobs pressed in on his cheeks from both sides,

creating a snug, pillowy cave around his skull. He could feel his mother's heart beating through the thin satin of her brassiere.

Tentatively, the teen began exploring the lace-embroidered cups of his mom's overflowing bra with his face and lips, mapping every stitch and seam. Her voluminous titty-flesh bulged out the top, swelling up under his chin. He burrowed his nose into the plush, perfumed skin, drowning in her heady feminine essence.

He couldn't resist planting several soft, worshipful kisses along the intricate lacy edge, his lips grazing the silky upper curves of her breasts. Cody lightly traced the delicate scrolling patterns of the sheer lace with the tip of his tongue, tasting her. His head spun with intoxicating, forbidden lust for his own mother.

"Mmmm, that feels nice, baby," Tiffany purred, her voice husky. The gentle suction of her son's lips and the wet swipes of his eager tongue along the perimeter of her bra made her immense, sensitive breasts tingle delightfully. Her fat nipples stiffened under the satin, aching to be sucked. A damp, achy heat bloomed between her thighs.

Tiffany knew she should stop this now before it went too far, but it just felt so good to have her tits lovingly adored and pleasured by her sweet boy.

Spurred on by his mother's breathy encouragement, Cody grew bolder. He began mouthing at the satin-covered curves of her titties more urgently, tracing the edge of each lacy cup with his tongue before closing his lips around the stiff peaks straining against the sheer fabric.

Tiffany gasped and squirmed in her seat as her son roughly pawed at her bra-shrouded flesh with his fingers, groping and kneading the pliant mounds while he suckled greedily at her hardened nipples through the flimsy satin and lace. She knew she should put a stop to this forbidden exploration but the exquisite sensation of her boy's hot, hungry mouth

voraciously devouring her sensitive teats was just too sinfully pleasurable to resist.

Cody growled softly, almost feral with need, as he mauled his mom's massive jugs through her bra, the delicate fabric growing damp from his drool and her sweat. He trapped each engorged nipple between his teeth, rapidly flicking the captive buds with his tongue while tugging at the surrounding flesh with his lips.

Overcome with mammary lust, the boy gripped his mom's colossal tits in both hands, squishing them together and burying his face in her cavernous cleavage. He motorboated her bra-shrouded melons, thrashing his head side to side while growling like an animal.

He shoved his face deeper into the plush crevasse and inhaled deeply, filling his lungs with his mother's intoxicating essence. Tiffany's head lolled back against the headrest, her eyes fluttering shut in ecstasy as her son feasted on her giant breasts.

A flight attendant stopped next to their row with the beverage cart. "Would you like anything to drink?" she asked with a polite smile.

Tiffany froze, suddenly realizing how this must look. Even though a blanket was draped over them, the furtive movement underneath made it fairly obvious that her son had his face buried in her heaving bosom. She prayed the attendant wouldn't notice or comment.

"Um, j-just a ginger ale for me, please," Tiffany stammered, trying to keep her voice steady despite the waves of illicit pleasure radiating from her son's avid tit feast. "Cody, honey, do you want anything?" She jostled him gently.

Cody lifted his head slightly, his face flushed and glazed with euphoria. "Uh, a Coke is fine, thanks," he muttered before diving back under the blanket to resume his frenzied motorboating.

The attendant nodded and filled their cups, seemingly oblivious. It certainly wasn't the first mother and son she'd seen frolicking beneath a blanket on one of her assigned flights. "Just let me know if you need anything else." She pushed the cart further up the aisle.

Tiffany exhaled in relief, but her reprieve was short-lived. Cody was attacking her bra-shrouded breasts with renewed fervor, growling and drooling as he shoved his face deeper into her expansive cleavage.

She glanced around furtively, immensely grateful that the nearest passengers were several rows away. Anyone who saw the blanket undulating over her chest would clearly know her huge boobs were getting mauled underneath.

Tiffany bit her lip to stifle a moan as Cody roughly kneaded and tugged at her giant jugs through the straining satin and lace of her bra. She knew she needed to stop him before this went too far, but her body betrayed her, nipples stiffening and pussy damply aching from her son's forbidden groping.

"Cody, baby, you need to - ohhhh - slow down," she panted, even as she cradled his head closer, mashing his face into the plush, pillowy crevasse of her cleavage. "We can't let anyone catch us like this."

But Cody was too far gone, drunk on the taste and feel and scent of his mother's bountiful breasts. He urgently sucked and gnawed at her sensitive nipples through the flimsy fabric, making Tiffany squirm and whimper.

The mother's breath hitched as Cody's hand crept up her thigh under the blanket, timidly brushing against the damp crotch of her panties.

"M-Mom?" he whispered hoarsely, lifting his flushed face from her bountiful cleavage. "Would you, um... would you maybe rub my... cock? Just a little through my shorts?" His pleading eyes were glazed with desperate lust.

Tiffany knew she should refuse, but seeing her shy boy boldly asking to have his hard young prick touched sent a fresh gush of wetness flooding her panties. "Since you asked so sweetly," she purred, reaching under the blanket.

Cody inhaled sharply as he felt his mother's slender fingers grazing up his thigh, certain she would simply cup his bulge through his shorts. But to his shock, her warm hand slipped right beneath his waistband, pushing past his tighty-whities to wrap around his throbbing erection.

"Oh God, Mom!" Cody gasped, his hips bucking reflexively as Tiffany began slowly stroking his engorged cock. Her fingers felt like hot velvet wrapped around his sensitive flesh.

"Shhh, easy baby, keep your voice down," Tiffany cooed, continuing to leisurely pump her fist along his rigid shaft. She swirled her thumb around the swollen head, smearing his pre-cum on his glans.

Tiffany marveled at the sheer size and heat of her son's manhood throbbing in her grasp. His shaft was incredibly long and girthy, engorged with blood and pulsing with virile potency. The skin was silky smooth yet stretched taut over the rigid internal structures. Thick veins wound around the impressive length, carrying the flow of hot blood that made him swell with need.

The bulbous crown at the tip flared out majestically, the tightly stretched skin a slightly deeper hue than his shaft. Tiffany could feel the pronounced ridge encircling the head, leading down to the thick bundle of exquisitely sensitive nerve endings on the underside. Clear fluid welled from the small slit, oozing over her slowly pumping fist.

She carefully cupped his heavy scrotum, gently rolling the large orbs within the crinkled sac. They were drawn up close to his body, swollen with the copious seed of youth waiting to explode forth. His balls felt full to the point of bursting, pulsing with the primal need for release deep within her vaginal depths.

"Oh Mom, that feels incredible," Cody groaned, trying to keep his voice down despite the mind-blowing pleasure radiating from his groin. The hot, tight grip of his mother's hand sliding along his aching cock was almost too exquisite to bear. Electric tingles raced up his rigid length with each sensual stroke.

"Does it now?" Tiffany purred, continuing her lazy handjob under the blanket. "I bet this big young cock is just aching to shoot a huge, thick load, isn't it baby?" She lovingly squeezed his pulsing shaft for emphasis.

"Hnnngg yesss," Cody hissed through clenched teeth, his narrow hips humping upwards shallowly, fucking into his mom's slick fist. "I'm so hard it hurts! I really need to cum soon!"

"Shhh, I know sweetie, but you need to keep quiet and hold still," Tiffany admonished gently, even as she sped up her pumping hand. She knew she shouldn't be doing this, but seeing her shy, awkward

boy panting and squirming from the forbidden handjob was just too arousing to stop now.

Her own pussy clenched and dripped with sympathetic need, soaking through the thin material of her panties. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to ease the dull ache between them as she continued milking her son's throbbing erection.

"Ohhh fuck, if you keep doing that, I'm gonna... I'm gonna... Ahhhh!" Cody made a strangled sound in the back of his throat, his body going rigid. Tiffany felt his massive cock swell and pulse in her grip before erupting like a geyser, jets of hot, thick semen spurting forcefully into her pumping fist. She quickly cupped her other hand over the head of his wildly twitching penis, trying to contain the copious explosion of spunk.

Cody shuddered and convulsed in his seat, eyes rolling back in ecstasy as spurt after spurt of backed-up cum blasted from his balls. His cock jerked and pulsed violently in his mother's grip, the pleasure so intense it

bordered on painful. Gouts of semen overflowed Tiffany's hands, dripping down to soak into the blanket.

"That's it, baby, get it all out," Tiffany cooed encouragingly, continuing to stroke and squeeze her son's erupting shaft, milking out every drop. She could feel each gooey ribbon of jizz surging up his length and splattering into her palms. The sheer volume of spunk her boy was releasing was staggering.

Cody panted harshly, whimpering and shaking as the toe-curling ecstasy crashed over him in waves. His pulsing cock spasmed over and over in his mom's slick, tight grip, painting her fingers with his seed. The pleasure seemed to go on forever as she wrung out every last drop.

Finally, the spurts died down to a trickle and Cody slumped bonelessly in his seat, drained and spent. Tiffany carefully released his softening member and wiped her sticky hands discreetly on the underside of the blanket. She pulled Cody's head to her chest, cradling him tenderly as the post-orgasmic lassitude settled over him.

"There now, doesn't that feel better?" she asked sweetly, petting his hair. "My special boy deserved a little stress relief, didn't he?"

Cody could only nod weakly against the plush pillows of his mom's breasts, too overwhelmed to speak. He still couldn't believe what had just happened - that his own mother had just given him the best handjob of his young life, expertly milking a massive load from his cock. It felt like a naughty, wonderful dream.

In a daze, Cody realized his hand was still resting on his mom's warm, silky thigh beneath the blanket. Gently, hesitantly, he slid it further up, until the tips of his fingers brushed the damp, heated junction between her legs. Tiffany made a soft sound and parted her thighs slightly in invitation.

Growing bolder, Cody rubbed his fingers along the moistened strip of fabric between his mother's legs, marveling at the scorching heat emanating from her core. He could feel the plump, puffy outline of her labia through the sheer lace. A damp patch had soaked through the delicate material.

Just as Cody began rubbing his mother's damp, lace-covered mound more insistently, they heard someone softly clear their throat.

Tiffany's eyes flew open to see Bill, her husband, standing in the aisle, looking down at them with a quizzical expression. "Everything alright back here?" he asked mildly.

"Oh! Yes, honey, we're fine," Tiffany replied a little too brightly, hastily removing Cody's hand from between her thighs. "Just

cuddling a bit. Cody got cold."

Bill's eyebrows rose slightly as he took in their flushed faces and guilty expressions. His gaze fell to the blanket covering their laps. Tiffany followed his eyes and blanched as she noticed a few distinct wet spots darkening the fabric.

"I see," Bill said slowly, suspicion clouding his features.

"Actually darling, would you mind getting rid of this blanket for us? It got a bit, um, sweaty."

Bill frowned but took the proffered blanket, holding it gingerly between his fingertips. He could feel the distinct sliminess of fluid on the fabric and his jaw tightened.

A tense silence stretched between them as Bill stared hard at his wife, his mind racing. There was clearly something inappropriate going on with his son. The flushed guilty faces, the damp blanket, the furtive scramble apart when he approached... He felt nauseous imagining the depraved possibilities.

Tiffany squirmed under her husband's accusing scrutiny, trying desperately to look nonchalant. She could practically see the gears turning in Bill's head as his eyes flicked between her and Cody. Tiffany silently willed him not to make a scene, not to voice the disgusting suspicions plainly written on his face.

Bill held up the blanket, inspecting the damp spots with a critical eye. "This is the strangest looking sweat I've ever seen," he remarked pointedly. "In fact, it looks an awful lot like fresh semen. Care to explain that?" His tone was calm but his eyes flashed with anger.

"Oh my God, Bill, don't be ridiculous!" Tiffany scoffed, rolling her eyes dramatically. "And keep your voice down, for heaven's sake.

That's disgusting and you know it. Cody just got a little overheated snuggling, that's all. Teenage boys sweat a lot."

Bill narrowed his eyes, unconvinced. The guilty flush on his wife's cheeks and the way Cody couldn't meet his gaze told a different story. He wadded up the stained blanket, jaw clenched.

"Uh huh. Right. Well, I'd better go dispose of this then. Wouldn't want to offend anyone with this mysterious teenage boy sweat." Sarcasm dripped from his words.

"Yes, you do that," Tiffany replied curtly, a forced smile plastered on her face. "And then perhaps you should get back to your seat and let Cody rest. He's clearly not feeling well." She placed a protective hand on her son's leg.

Bill's eyes zeroed in on the possessive placement of his wife's perfectly manicured fingers on Cody's thigh. He inhaled sharply but bit his tongue, knowing this wasn't the time or place to hash this out.

"Sure. Feel better, champ," Bill muttered before turning on his heel and striding up the aisle, the soiled blanket balled in his fist.

Tiffany exhaled slowly, watching her husband's retreating back. That had been too close. She exchanged a knowing glance with Cody, seeing her own relief and trepidation mirrored in his eyes. They would have to be more careful.

Bill approached the rear lavatory, his stomach churning. He unfurled the blanket and inspected the damp patches again under the brighter light. There was no mistaking that pearly sheen and goopy texture. It was semen, alright, and a copious amount at that.

He closed his eyes in pained resignation as the pieces clicked into place - Cody's guilty demeanor, his wife's defensive overreaction, the

furtive scramble apart. As much as he wanted to deny it, the facts all pointed to one sickening conclusion.

Something sexual was going on between his wife and son under that blanket. His own boy defiling his mother, corrupting their family with incestuous depravity. The thought made Bill want to retch.

The rest of the flight passed in a blur for Tiffany, her body still thrumming with illicit arousal from her son's forbidden touch. By the time the plane landed and taxied to the gate, the crotch of her panties was positively drenched, her engorged lips pulsing with need. She squirmed in her seat, desperate for relief from the incessant ache between her thighs.

As the passengers began filing out, Tiffany pulled Bill aside. "Honey, why don't you take the kids and head to baggage claim first? I need to, um, freshen up a bit in the restroom." She cut her eyes meaningfully to Cody. "I'll have Cody escort me and then we'll meet you down there."

Bill frowned, clearly unhappy with the idea of leaving his wife alone with their son given what he'd witnessed earlier. But they were in public now, surrounded by people. Surely she wouldn't try anything too depraved out in the open like this.

"Fine," he agreed tightly. "But don't dawdle. I don't wanna be stuck waiting at the carousel forever." He collected their carry-on bags and corralled the younger children towards the exit.

As soon as Bill was out of sight, Tiffany grabbed Cody's hand and dragged him off the plane, making a beeline for the nearest bathroom. She shouldered open the door to the large handicapped stall and yanked her son inside, engaging the lock.

"Mom, what are we—" Cody's question was cut off as Tiffany shoved him against the wall and crashed her lips to his in a hungry, open-

mouthed kiss. Cody grunted in shock before returning the kiss with equal fervor, his hands coming up to grope at his mother's ass.

Tiffany moaned into her son's mouth as she ground her pelvis against the rapidly growing bulge in his shorts. "Mommy needs you so bad, baby," she panted, breaking the kiss. "My pussy is on fire after that naughty little grope session on the plane. I need you to make it feel better."

Cody gulped, his head swimming with lust. "H-How? What do you want me to do?" His cock throbbed almost painfully in the confines of his shorts, aching to bury itself in his mother's molten core. But even in his inexperience, he knew they didn't have time for full-on intercourse, not with his dad and siblings waiting.

"I want you to tongue fuck me until I cum all over your face," Tiffany declared, hiking up her short skirt. "Kneel down and eat Mommy's cunt like a good boy."

Cody immediately dropped to his knees on the hard tile, face level with the soaked, translucent panel of his mother's panties.

Tiffany reached down and hooked her thumbs under the elastic of her panties, sliding them to the side. Her puffy, glistening pink folds came into view, framed by neatly waxed bare skin. Her clit poked out from under its hood, flushed and swollen with arousal.

Cody stared transfixed at his mother's gorgeous pussy, inhaling the heady, musky scent of her desire. Tentatively, he leaned in and swiped the flat of his tongue along her dripping slit, tasting a woman for the very first time. The flavor exploded on his taste buds - tangy, sweet, and slightly salty.

"Ohhh yessss, that's it baby," Tiffany purred, clutching her son's head. "Lick Mommy's pussy just like that."

Emboldened, Cody began to lap at the slick, heated flesh more eagerly, running his tongue up and down the length of her glistening vulva. He swirled the tip around her engorged clit, making Tiffany gasp and buck against his face. Cody sealed his lips around the sensitive nub and sucked, flicking it rapidly with his tongue.

"Unnngh fuck!" Tiffany threw her head back, fingernails digging into Cody's scalp as he attacked her clit. "Yes, suck on my clit just like that! Don't stop!"

Electric pleasure radiated out from her core as her son's inexperienced but enthusiastic tongue worked over her swollen button. He alternated between flickering licks and gentle suckling that sent sparks shooting up her spine.

Cody released her clit with a lewd slurp and dipped lower, lapping up the fragrant juices leaking from Tiffany's weeping hole. He circled her entrance a few times, getting it nice and wet, before pointing his tongue and plunging it as deep as he could into his mother's tight channel.

"Oh my God! Yesssss!" Tiffany nearly screamed as her son's tongue penetrated her clenching pussy. She grabbed the back of his head, mashing his face into her dripping snatch. "Fuck me with that tongue, baby! Shove it in deep!"

Cody thrust his tongue in and out of his mom's boiling cunny, fucking her with his mouth. He noisily slurped up her cream as it flooded his chin. The

taste and scent of her arousal was intoxicating, making his head spin in euphoria.

Cody growled and snarled into his mother's pussy like a rabid dog as he furiously tongue-fucked her convulsing tunnel. His entire lower face was drenched in her gushing juices, rivers of fem-cum pouring over his lashing tongue and down his chin.

"Ahhh ahhh fuck yes, eat Mommy's cunt! I'm cummming!" Tiffany wailed as the intense pleasure crested and exploded through her body. Her hips jerked erratically against her son's mouth, grinding her spasming slit against his face as she drenched him in squirt after squirt of her essence.

Cody lapped greedily at the flood of sweet nectar, swallowing it down as fast as he could. The feel of his mother's fluttering walls clamping around his thrusting tongue combined with the sound of her climactic cries sent him over the edge. Untouched, his cock swelled and erupted in his shorts, soaking through the front with a massive load.

They stayed locked together for a long moment, Tiffany shuddering and gasping through the aftershocks while Cody gently licked and suckled her through it. Finally, she pushed his head away, too sensitive to take any more stimulation.

"Oh my God, baby, that was incredible," Tiffany panted, looking down at her son's juice-smeared face with glassy, satisfied eyes. "You ate Mommy's pussy so good. We definitely need to do that again soon."

Cody grinned up at her dopily, still in a daze of post-orgasmic bliss. "Anytime you need it, Mom. I love the taste of your cum."

Tiffany smiled tenderly and helped him to his feet. She grabbed some paper towels and gently wiped his drenched face and soaked shorts, trying to make him look presentable again. Cody reciprocated, carefully cleaning up the mess between his mother's thighs.

After a few moments of hasty grooming, they exited the bathroom, hoping they didn't look too thoroughly fucked. Tiffany laced her fingers with Cody's as they walked briskly to the baggage claim, both of them fighting back giddy smiles.

Bill was waiting by the carousel, his jaw tight and eyes narrowed as he watched his wife and son approach hand-in-hand. They were both flushed and a bit rumpled despite obvious efforts to tidy up. And unless Bill was mistaken, Cody's shorts looked suspiciously damp in the crotch area, a faint milky stain bleeding through the khaki.

The sick certainty solidified in Bill's gut - his wife and son had been engaging in some sort of depraved sex act in the bathroom, betraying the family with their incestuous corruption.

The taxi ride to the resort was tense and awkward, with Bill silently stewing as he kept a wary eye on Tiffany and Cody. They avoided his gaze, Tiffany staring out the window while Cody fiddled with his phone. Lily and Aiden were oblivious, chattering excitedly about the beach and pool.

When they arrived at the sprawling oceanfront property, a smiling attendant whisked their luggage away to their suite while another handed them colorful welcome cocktails. "Enjoy your stay at Coconut Cove!" she chirped. "Please let us know if there's anything we can do to make your vacation more pleasurable."

Bill nearly choked on his drink at that wording, casting a dark glance at his wife. She pretended not to notice, taking a big gulp of her Mai Tai.

"Kids, why don't you head down to the pool and start having fun?" Bill suggested, his tone artificially light. "Your mother and I will get settled in the room and join you shortly."

"Okay Daddy!" Lily agreed readily, already tugging on Aiden's arm. Cody hesitated, looking uncertainly between his parents.

"You too, bud," Bill said pointedly. "I need to discuss some things with your mom. Adult things." His voice carried a clear warning.

Cody swallowed and nodded, trailing after his siblings towards the pool. Bill wrapped his hand around Tiffany's upper arm and steered her towards the elevators, his grip just shy of painful. She stumbled along in her wedge sandals, alarmed by the grim set of his jaw.

As soon as the door of their suite closed behind them, Bill rounded on his wife. "What the hell is going on with you and Cody?" he demanded without preamble, his eyes flashing. "And don't you dare try to deny it. I saw the way you two were acting on the plane. The damp blanket, the guilty looks, the 'bathroom trip' together. I'm not an idiot, Tiffany!"

Tiffany gaped at her husband, too stunned to formulate a response. How could he even think such a thing? Did he really have such little faith in her? In their marriage?

"I can't believe you would accuse me of something so disgusting!" she finally sputtered, her voice rising shrilly. "After 20 years together, you honestly think I would do something so, so vile? With my own son?!" Angry tears sprang to her eyes.

Bill's face twisted, torn between righteous anger and doubt. "What else am I supposed to think? The evidence was right there!"

"What evidence?!" Tiffany shot back. "Cody was feeling ill from the turbulence and got sweaty! He's a teenage boy - they have unpredictable, messy bodily functions! And yes, we were both desperate to use the bathroom after the flight."

Bill's anger deflated as he listened to his wife's impassioned defense. Shame washed over him as he realized how baseless and hurtful his accusations truly were. What had he been thinking, suspecting his own wife and son of something so heinous with no real proof?

"Tiffany, I... I'm so sorry," Bill said heavily, running a hand over his face. "You're right, I don't know what came over me. I let my imagination run wild and jumped to the worst possible conclusion. I

should have had more faith in you, in our family. Can you forgive me?" His eyes were pained and pleading.

Tiffany softened, seeing the genuine remorse on her husband's face. She went to him and wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head on his chest. "Of course I forgive you," she murmured. "I know how it must have looked. But I would never, ever betray our marriage like that. Especially not with one of our children." She shuddered at the thought.

Bill held his wife close, breathing in the familiar scent of her perfume. "I know you wouldn't," he said softly, stroking her hair. "I don't know what I was thinking. It's just... things have felt a bit off between us lately. Distant. I let my insecurities get the best of me."

Tiffany lifted her head to look at him, her eyes wet. "I've felt it too," she admitted. "We've both been so caught up in work and the kids, we've neglected our relationship. But Bill, I love you so much. You're the only man I want, the only man I've ever wanted."

"I love you too, Tiff. More than anything." Bill took a deep breath, deciding to lay all his cards on the table. "Which is why I planned a surprise vow renewal for us this weekend."

Tiffany's eyes widened in shock. "What? Really?"

Bill nodded, smiling tentatively. "My parents and sister are flying in. I've arranged a small sunset ceremony on the beach, just us and the kids and our closest family. I want us to recommit to each other, to remind ourselves of the love and promises we made 20 years ago."

Fresh tears spilled down Tiffany's cheeks, but this time they were tears of joy. "Oh honey, that sounds wonderful," she sniffed, cupping his face in her hands. "You know, this trip was exactly what we needed to

reconnect as a couple and as a family. Thank you for making it happen." She pulled him down into a sweet, lingering kiss full of love and forgiveness.

Bill and Tiffany walked hand-in-hand out to the resort's sprawling pool deck, both feeling lighter after their heartfelt reconciliation. The sun was bright, the air scented with coconut suntan oil and salt breeze.

Bill smiled as he spotted his heavily pregnant sister Christy lounging on a deck chair, her gravid belly straining against a tiny floral bikini top. At 8 months along, her already enormous breasts had swelled to epic proportions, the flimsy triangles of fabric barely covering her bloated nipples. Her distended, stretch-mark striped belly was fully bared, glistening with oil. Christy's ass, always her most bodacious asset, looked ready to explode out of the miniscule thong bottoms, globes of tanned flesh wobbling with her every movement.

Beside Christy sat Bill's mother Janet, equally scantily clad in a metallic gold string bikini that left little to the imagination. For a woman in her late 50s, Janet's body put women half her age to shame. Her massive tits sat high and proud on her chest, nipples visibly poking through the sheer fabric. The thong back disappeared between the jiggling halves of her bubble butt, exposing an indecent amount of skin.

Bill frowned slightly as he noticed both women's eyes were locked on Cody as he cavorted in the pool with his siblings. Their gazes were disturbingly hungry, raking over his lean, muscled form with blatant appreciation.

Christy absently rubbed her protruding belly as she watched her nephew glide through the water, as if imagining him impregnating her bulging womb with his virile teen seed.

Janet was even more brazen, openly fondling her huge latex tits as she eye-fucked her grandson, pinching and tugging her stiff nipples

through the straining bikini cups. The wet gold fabric clung to her puffy areolae, leaving very little to the imagination.

Tiffany squealed in happy surprise and hurried over to embrace the two women, seemingly oblivious to their lewd leering at her son. She gushed over Christy's pregnant figure, caressing her sister's swollen stomach and boobs with liberal enthusiasm. Christy responded by sensually rubbing suntan oil on Tiffany's toned body, taking her time massaging it into the rounded globes of her ass.

The three women fell into easy conversation, heads bent close together and frequently punctuated by girlish giggles. However, their eyes kept straying back to Cody, openly ogling his dripping wet physique as he climbed out of the pool. His small blue swim trunks clung to his muscular thighs and did little to conceal the hefty package between his legs.

Christy smiled knowingly and leaned in closer to Tiffany. "So sis, now that the incest laws have been relaxed, have you and Cody started fucking yet? It seems like moms and sons everywhere are going at it these days."

Tiffany glanced around to make sure Bill was out of earshot before replying. "Not yet, but I plan to take his virginity very soon. A growing boy needs to learn about pleasing a woman and I intend to teach him everything." She said it so casually, as if discussing her son's sex life was the most natural thing in the world.

Janet nodded approvingly, still lewdly groping her own huge tits as she watched her grandson. "You really should, dear. That boy is a prime specimen bursting with virility. I can tell he's got a massive cock that will feel amazing stretching out your hungry cunt."

Christy rubbed her massively pregnant belly. "Mmm, I can't wait to get my hands on that thick young dick. As soon as he fucks you, Tiff, I want a

turn with my nephew. Being pregnant has me so horny and I need his potent seed flooding my womb too!"

Tiffany laughed and playfully swatted her sister's arm. "You bad girl! Let me break him in first before you go putting all sorts of naughty ideas in his head. But I promise you and Janet can play with him after I've thoroughly corrupted my baby boy the first time."

The three women giggled wickedly and clinked their cocktail glasses in a toast to their depraved plans. They continued openly ogling Cody, undressing him with their eyes.

Tiffany could feel her pussy dampen in anticipation of finally taking her son's virginity and turning him into her personal sex stud to be passed around the family women.

She rubbed her thighs together as she watched Cody roughhousing in the water with Aiden, his muscles flexing enticingly. She vividly pictured him climbing on top of her, kissing and groping her as he entered her for the first time. Tiffany couldn't wait to guide her innocent boy's throbbing cock into her wet heat and claim him completely as her forbidden lover.

Across the pool deck, Bill scowled as he watched the depraved display. The way his wife, sister, and mother were blatantly eye-fucking his son made his stomach turn. He knew society was growing more accepting of incestuous relations, especially between mothers and sons, but seeing his own family eagerly planning to seduce Cody still deeply disturbed him.

Bill clenched his jaw, trying to suppress his disgust as he watched Tiffany, Christy and his mother Janet gracefully dive into the pool and immediately swim over to Cody. The three women surrounded the boy, pressing their barely-concealed breasts against him as they laughed and splashed playfully.

Christy moved behind Cody and wrapped her arms around his chest, smashing her gigantic pregnant tits into his back. Her gravid belly bumped against his ass as she nuzzled his neck. Cody's face flushed and his eyes went wide as he felt his aunt's erect nipples boring into his shoulder blades through her skimpy bikini top.

Not to be outdone, Janet floated in front of her grandson and pulled him into a tight hug, engulfing his face in her massive cleavage. She cooed and stroked his hair as she pressed his head into the valley between her huge fatty breasts. Cody sputtered and came up for air, his cheeks blazing crimson.

Tiffany giggled and moved to sandwich her son between her sister and mother-in-law, grinding her own bountiful bosom against the side of his head. Poor Cody was smothered in heaving tit-flesh from all angles, his expression a mix of astonished arousal and shy embarrassment.

The women took turns rubbing their enormous jugs on the hapless boy, making sure every inch of his face and torso made contact with their slick, bulging curves. They giggled and teased him, asking if he was enjoying the attention from so many busty family members. Cody could only nod dumbly, too overwhelmed to speak.

Under the concealment of the rippling water, the three women's hands eagerly explored Cody's crotch, their fingers skating over the prominent bulge rapidly swelling in his trunks.

Tiffany reached the prize first, her hand closing around the thick shaft straining against the clinging fabric. She traced the impressive outline slowly, marveling at the size and hardness her touch elicited.

Cody gasped as his mother's fingers wrapped around his erection, squeezing gently. The feel of her warm hand gliding up and down his length under the water made him lightheaded with forbidden lust.

Not to be outdone, Aunt Christy reached between his legs from behind and cupped his heavy balls, rolling the swollen orbs in her palm. Her long nails lightly grazed his delicate sac, making Cody shudder. She gave a soft tug on his scrotum before trailing her fingers up to join Tiffany's in stroking his engorged cock.

Grandma Janet completed the lewd triple team, her hand snaking into Cody's trunks to wrap around the base of his thick shaft. She squeezed and pumped the root in counterpoint to Tiffany's fist gliding over his upper length. Her other hand roamed over Cody's ass, nails digging into the flexing muscle.

Surrounded on all sides by the groping hands and jiggling tits of his wanton female relatives, Cody struggled to maintain his composure. Three of the most busty women he knew worked over his young erectile flesh, each trying to coax out his hot teen seed. They took turns fondling, stroking, tugging and teasing every throbbing inch of his manhood.

Cody's head lolled back on Aunt Christy's shoulder, eyes fluttering closed as the overwhelming sensations flooded his body. The slippery glide of his mother's fingers along his shaft, his aunt's nails tickling his balls, his grandmother's tight grip milking his base - it was almost too exquisitely pleasurable to bear.

The trio of lusty women continued their surreptitious underwater handjob, trying to be discreet and not draw attention from their oblivious husbands nearby. But their movements grew more urgent, hands pumping and twisting faster along Cody's extremely swollen dick.

Watching this depraved display, but not fully aware of what they were doing UNDER the water, Bill gripped his beer bottle so tightly his knuckles turned white.

He glanced over at his father-in-law Frank and Christy's husband Mike, wondering how they could sit there so calmly while their

daughter/wife blatantly molested a teenage relative. But the two men seemed

oblivious, chatting about golf and sharing pictures of their latest hunting trip.

Bill seethed internally, wishing he could put a stop to the inappropriate flirtation without causing a scene. He knew if he confronted Tiffany now, she would just gaslight him and accuse him of overreacting again. And with the way society's attitudes about incest had relaxed, he wasn't sure anyone would even take his side.

So he simply sat there silently raging, watching the three women fawn over and grope his increasingly flustered son. Every bounce and sway of their enormous breasts against Cody's wet skin made Bill's blood pressure rise. He couldn't believe how shamelessly they were throwing themselves at the 18 year old boy, his own mother and sister!

Bill's eyes narrowed suspiciously as he watched Tiffany lean in close and whisper something in Cody's ear, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. Cody's eyes widened and darted around nervously before he gave an anxious nod.

Tiffany grinned wickedly and motioned Christy and Janet closer. The three women put their heads together, giggling conspiratorially as they formulated some sort of naughty plan. They kept casting loaded glances in Bill's direction, as if he were somehow involved in their scheme.

A sense of unease prickled along Bill's spine. He didn't like the gleam of illicit excitement in his wife's eyes or the way his sister and mother seemed to look at him like he was some sort of obstacle than needed to be pushed aside.

The three women stepped out of the pool, water cascading down their voluptuous curves in sparkling rivulets. Their skimpy bikinis

clung to their wet skin, leaving very little to the imagination. Enormous breasts bobbled and swayed hypnotically with each movement, barely restrained by the flimsy triangles of fabric. Pert, heart-shaped asses jiggled and

bounced, the drenched thong bottoms riding up between the rounded globes.

Tiffany sauntered over to Bill, her hips swinging seductively. She leaned down, intentionally giving him a generous view of her ample cleavage. "Honey, Cody and I are feeling a bit jet-lagged after the long flight. We're gonna head up to the room and take a short nap before dinner, okay?"

Bill frowned, not liking the idea of his wife being alone with their son given the inappropriately flirtatious behavior he'd just witnessed. He opened his mouth to protest but before he could get a word out, his mother Janet materialized at his side.

"Bill, sweetie, why don't you join Christy and I for a nice long walk on the beach?" Janet cooed, grabbing his hand. "We have so much catching up to do." She batted her eyelashes at him coquettishly.

Bill's suspicions deepened as he saw the meaningful look pass between his mother and wife. Janet's suggestion to go for a long beach walk was clearly a ploy to get him out of the way so Tiffany could be alone with Cody.

"Oh and Don, darling, would you mind keeping an eye on Lily and Aiden for a while?" Janet asked her husband, her voice dripping with false sweetness. "Just make sure they stay far away from Tiffany's room so her and Cody can rest undisturbed."

Cody shuffled his feet and avoided his father's eyes, his face flushed with guilty excitement. It was obvious he knew exactly what his mother had planned for their "nap" and was eagerly anticipating it.

Bill gritted his teeth, hardly believing how brazen his wife was being. She wasn't even trying to hide the fact that she intended to seduce their son the moment she got him alone! And yet everyone else seemed determined to help make it happen.

"Alright, hun. You two go relax," Bill replied tightly, forcing a smile. "Enjoy your... nap." Disapproval dripped from his words but Tiffany pretended not to notice.

"Thanks babe, you're the best!" she chirped, rising on her tip toes to plant a quick peck on his cheek. "Have a nice long walk with your mom and sis. Really take your time and enjoy catching up!" Her meaning couldn't be clearer - stay gone as long as possible.

With that, Tiffany spun on her heel and sauntered off, crooking a finger at Cody to follow. Bill watched incredulously as his son practically tripped over himself in his eagerness to chase after his mother's alluring form.

Tiffany's body was a vision of ripe sensuality as she strutted ahead of their son, her ample bubble butt jiggling and bouncing atop long, tanned legs. The tiny bikini bottoms had ridden up between her ass cheeks, exposing the rounded under-curves. Her slim waist flared out to womanly hips that swayed provocatively with each step.

Cody was hypnotized by the undulating globes of his mother's spectacular rear end, his eyes glued to her barely-covered ass crack and plump pussy lips peeking out the sides of her thong. Mesmerized, he followed that tantalizing ass all the way to the elevators, panting with anticipation of finally burying his face between those perfect cheeks.

"Ready to fuck me, baby?" Tiffany asked, the second the elevator door closed. "Ready to be a motherfucker?"

Exactly two minutes later, behind the locked door of their room, Tiffany's slick, velvety vaginal walls fluttered and clenched around

Cody's throbbing shaft as he slowly sheathed himself to the hilt inside his mother's scorching depths. Her boiling cunt squeezed his cock like a fist, swallowing him into her tight wet heat.

The tender head of his penis kissed the spongy tissue at the end of her sheath, nudging against her cervix. Cody gasped at the incredible

sensation of his mother's muscular canal rippling along his sensitive length, massaging every ridge and vein.

Tiffany's inner muscles undulated around her son's girth, conforming to his shape as her slick walls stretched to accommodate his impressive size. She could feel every throbbing inch of his manhood pulsing deep inside her core, splitting her open and filling her utterly.

The plump, puffy lips of Tiffany's labia wrapped snugly around the base of Cody's shaft, clinging to him like a succulent mouth as he bottomed out against her womb. Her engorged clitoris peeked out from beneath its hood, kissing his pubic bone and sending sparks of pleasure sizzling through her loins.

Cody groaned in bliss as he savored the intoxicating grip of his mother's most intimate muscles sheathing him in liquid silk. The steamy, velvet-soft tissues of her vagina caressed his aching length, overwhelming his senses with sensation. Her hot, syrupy arousal coated his shaft, easing his passage as her greedy cunt sucked him deeper.

Tiffany's forbidden channel was delectably snug and slick, squeezing Cody's pulsing erection from all sides. He could feel her quivering excitement translated through every ripple and flutter of her vaginal muscles. The textures and temperatures inside her passage tantalized his nerve endings, setting them on fire with pleasure.

The sinfully sublime sensations of his mother's pussy engulfing him drove Cody wild with lust. He growled ferally into the side of her

neck as he began to move, sawing his rigid cock through the clutching, suctioning sheath of her cunt. His pelvis slapped against her, his fat teenage balls beating against her upturned ass, driving himself into her silken depths over and over.

Tiffany keened euphorically as Cody pounded into her, the exquisite stretch and friction of his hard young cock plundering her aching passage almost too much to bear. Her vaginal muscles spasmed around him,

clenching and rippling along his pistoning length. Slick feminine cream poured from her depths, drenching his shaft and matting their pubic hair as it squelched obscenely with every thrust.

Cody felt like he was tied in an unbreakable silken knot of feminine flesh. His mother's arms were wound tightly around his shoulders, fingers digging into his back as she clung to him desperately. Her long, tanned legs were hitched high up around his waist, the ankles of her dainty feet with perfectly painted toenails interlocked behind him.

Tiffany had her son completely harnessed to her voluptuous body as they found a delightful synchronized fuck-rhythm. Each powerful forward surge of Cody's hips rocked his mother up the bed, only to have her shapely legs yank him back in, pulling his throbbing cock even deeper into her hungry cunt.

Their sweaty flesh slapped together lewdly as mother and son rutted in carnal bliss, grunting and moaning their pleasure into each other's mouths between sloppy kisses. Tiffany's massive breasts bounced and jiggled wildly, the rock-hard nipples stabbing into Cody's chest as he plowed into her.

"Oh fuck yes, baby! Unngh! Fuck Mommy's pussy just like that!" Tiffany wailed, her son's jackhammering cock hitting her in all the right spots. "Oooh, I love your huge teenage dick stretching me out! Harder, Cody! Ruin my fucking cunt!"

Cody snarled and doubled his efforts, fucking into his mother's dripping snatch with animalistic abandon. The hotel bed creaked and shook violently as he pounded her into the mattress. The muscles in his ass and thighs burned from the exertion but he was too consumed by raw lust to slow down.

Tiffany's fingernails raked down her boy's back, leaving angry red welts in their wake. Her pelvis tilted upward to meet his driving thrusts, her greedy cunt sucking him in to the hilt on every stroke. The aching,

pulsing place deep inside her core throbbed with the need for release, every nerve ending crying out for more of her son's magnificent cock.

"Unnngh, Mom! Hunngh! Your pussy feels so good!" Cody panted harshly, his rhythm growing erratic as he neared the edge. "I'm gonna cum soon! Hnnngh! I can't hold back much longer!"

"Give it to me, baby! I want your hot cum pumping up my cunt! Fill Mommy's pussy with your seed!" Tiffany urged breathlessly, her cries rising in pitch as her own climax approached. "Breed me, Cody! Knock me up with your baby!"

Cody buried his face in his mother's ample cleavage and bit down on the upper swell of her breast to muffle his climactic bellow as he exploded deep inside her convulsing cunt. His cock jerked and throbbed violently, spraying hot jets of cum against her cervix, flooding her womb with his potent teenage seed.

Tiffany shrieked in ecstasy as she felt her son's twitching cock swell and erupt within her, bathing her inner walls with his thick essence. Her pussy clenched rhythmically, milking Cody of every last drop as a tsunami of pleasure crashed over her.

"Yes, yes, YESSS! I'm cumming! Oh God, I'm cumming on my baby boy's big cock!" Tiffany wailed deliriously, her cunt gushing around

Cody's spurting shaft, drenching his pulsing balls in her juices.

Their bodies undulated together in carnal rapture, Cody groaning and shuddering through the intense aftershocks while Tiffany whimpered and mewled her euphoric bliss. He collapsed on top of her, both of them gasping for breath as they slowly floated down from the pinnacle of taboo pleasure.

After a long moment, Tiffany gently pushed at Cody's shoulders. "Roll over, baby. I wanna clean you off," she purred, her voice husky with satisfaction.

Cody obliged, shifting onto his back with a soft groan. His softening cock slipped out of his mother's cum-slicked depths with a wet plop, a river of their combined fluids leaking out after it.

Tiffany crawled between her son's splayed legs and dipped her head, extending her long tongue to lap at the pearly semen and musky feminine cream coating his groin. She took her time licking him clean, savoring the forbidden cocktail of their essences mingling together.

When she reached Cody's spent penis, Tiffany lovingly kissed and suckled the sensitive head, coaxing out the last few drops of jizz beading at the tip. Cody whimpered and squirmed at the intensity of sensation on his post-orgasmic flesh.

"Mmm, you taste so good, baby. I can't get enough of your yummy cum," Tiffany purred, releasing his cock with a lewd slurp. She crawled up Cody's body, dragging her heavy, dangling tits across his torso, to share a deep, soulful kiss, snowballing his own salty-sweet semen into his mouth so he could taste their forbidden passion.

Cody moaned into the kiss, his heart swelling with emotion. Making love to his mother had been the single most profound experience of his young life. He felt claimed by her, utterly owned and possessed in body and soul.

Tiffany gazed down at her son with a wicked gleam in her eye, knowing their forbidden tryst was far from over. She had heard other mothers talk about teenage male sexual response and knew that thanks to his short refractory period, Cody would be ready to go again in no time. And the second round was always longer and more explosive.

Sure enough, she could already feel his spent cock beginning to swell and harden against her thigh. Grinning mischievously, Tiffany reached down to fondle his growing erection, coaxing it back to full mast with teasing strokes.

"Mmm, looks like someone is ready for round two already," she purred, giving his thick shaft an appreciative squeeze. "Such a virile boy, able to get it up again so fast. Mommy is going to love taking advantage of this."

Cody groaned as his mom pumped her tight fist up and down his engorged length, working him back to throbbing hardness in record time. His cock surged in her grip, veins bulging and head swelling a deep purple.

"Oh God, Mom," Cody panted, hips bucking into her touch. "I need to be inside you again."

"Shhh, I know baby. Mommy will take care of you," Tiffany cooed. She released his rigid cock and swung a leg over his hips to straddle him.

Cody watched in awe as his mother positioned herself above him, reaching down to rub the thick head of his cock through her slippery folds. Her puffy lips parted like a ripe peach, hot juices oozing out to coat his glans.

With a seductive smirk, Tiffany began to lower herself onto Cody's straining erection, impaling her still-dripping pussy on his thickness. They both moaned rapturously as he stretched and filled her

impossibly tight channel, his throbbing shaft disappearing into her hot silken depths inch by delicious inch.

"Ungh! Mom, you're squeezing my cock so hard," Cody grunted when he was fully sheathed in her liquid heat. "It feels amazing!"

"Mmm, your big teenage dick is hitting all the right spots, baby," Tiffany purred, slowly grinding down on him. "Mommy's gonna ride you so hard and drain these full balls dry."

With that, she began to undulate her hips, sliding her slick cunt up and down Cody's rigid pole. The suctioning, squishy sounds of their coupling echoed obscenely through the room as she increased her pace, bouncing on his cock faster and harder.

Cody's eyes widened, enthralled by the erotic spectacle of his mother's enormous breasts bouncing wildly above him as she rode his cock with wanton abandon. The heavy globes rippled and quaked, slapping together lewdly with each undulation of her hips.

Tiffany's bust was a force of nature, a tsunamic tempest of titanic tit-flesh crashing and swelling like storm-tossed seas. Her massively engorged nipples jutted out stiffly, long and thick. They traced hypnotic circles in the air, leaving Cody dizzy and slack-jawed.

Each breast was much bigger than his head and seemed to defy gravity as they bobbed and swayed with her movements. The creamy slopes jiggled and shimmied, undulating in mesmerizing waves. Faint blue veins marbled the tan skin, tributaries of the vital essence flowing within.

Cody was enraptured by the lewd display, eyes glassy with lust as he watched his mother's magnificent mammaries dance for him. The sheer size and weight of them was staggering. He longed to reach up and palm the heavy globes, to feel their heat and softness spilling through his fingers.

"You like watching Mommy's huge titties bounce while I fuck you, baby?" Tiffany panted, noticing her son's transfixed gaze. She cupped her heaving jugs and squeezed them together, the cleavage between them deep enough to swallow his cock whole.

"God yes," Cody groaned, mouth watering at the thought of plunging into that lush valley. "They're so big and jiggly. I wanna bury my face in them!"

"Mmm, later sweetie," Tiffany promised with a wink. "Right now, just lay back and enjoy the show while I milk your teenage cock dry with my hungry cunt."

She arched her back, thrusting her monumental rack out further as she continued to impale herself on Cody's throbbing erection. The heavy

globes swung pendulously, slapping against her ribcage with meaty thwacks. Rivers of sweat trickled down her cleavage, glistening in the light.

Cody was hypnotized by the lewd undulations of his mother's colossal bust as she rode him hard and fast. The primal, animalistic part of his brain triggered by the mind-melting pleasure of her tight cunt squeezing his cock, while fixated on those giant breasts, seeing them as the ultimate symbol of fertile femininity.

On a deep, instinctual level, Cody understood that mammaries that size were meant to swell with milk - to nourish the baby he would soon put in his mother's womb.

As Bill strolled along the beach flanked by his mother Janet and sister Christy, he couldn't shake the sinking feeling in his gut. The image of Tiffany leading Cody back to their room, both of them flushed with ill-concealed excitement, played over and over in his mind.

"I just don't know what to think," Bill confessed, kicking at the sand moodily. "The way Tiffany and Cody have been acting, all the little looks and touches... It's like they're sharing some dirty secret. And now this conveniently timed 'nap'... It just doesn't sit right with me."

Janet and Christy exchanged a knowing glance, their lips twitching with poorly suppressed smiles. Bill frowned, not appreciating being left out of some unspoken joke between the two women.

"Oh honey, you're overthinking it," Janet soothed, patting her son's arm. "I know the relaxed incest laws have you spooked, what with so many mothers and sons getting it on these days. But that doesn't mean your Tiffany is doing anything sexual with Cody."

"That's right," Christy chimed in, nodding sagely. "Just because it seems like every other boy is fucking the shit out of his mom now, it doesn't

automatically mean it's happening in your family. I'm sure there's a perfectly innocent explanation for their behavior."

Bill looked back and forth between the two women, searching their faces. Their words were reassuring, but something about their tones and expressions felt insincere, almost mocking. Like they were just humoring his concerns.

"I wanna believe that, I really do," Bill said heavily. "But you didn't see the way they were looking at each other. Like they couldn't wait to be alone together. And the damp spot on Cody's swim trunks... I swear it was semen, not water."

Janet waved a dismissive hand. "You're seeing things that aren't there. I'm sure that was just an unfortunately placed splash pattern. Really Bill, accusing your own wife and son of incest? That's quite a leap."

Christy giggled lightly, as if Bill had just told a mildly amusing joke. "Listen to yourself, bro. Do you have any idea how crazy you sound? Tiffany is a devoted wife and mother. She would never cross that line, no matter how much society condones it now."

Bill felt his face flush with embarrassment and anger. Were they gaslighting him? Trying to make him doubt his own perceptions and intuition? He felt ganged up on, like they were united in some conspiracy to convince him he was imagining things.

"I know it sounds paranoid," Bill ground out, struggling to keep his voice even. "But I can't shake this feeling that something inappropriate is going on."

"YESSS, FUCK YOUR CHEATING MOTHER!" Tiffany squealed, slamming herself down on Cody's cock over and over, the wet slaps of their flesh filling the room. Her huge breasts bounced wildly, slapping her own face and chin with each vigorous undulation.

"Oh fuck yes, baby! Just like that!" Tiffany wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Harder Cody! HARDER! Fuck your mother's pussy raw!"

Cody grunted and pistoned his hips up to meet her downward thrusts, pounding into his mom's clenching cunt with all his youthful energy and enthusiasm. The hotel bed creaked dangerously beneath them, threatening to give out at any moment.

She'd been riding him for nearly and hour now, and Tiffany was practically screaming, uncaring if any neighboring guests could hear her incestuous exultations. "FUCK ME, SON! UNNNGH FUCK MOMMY'S CUNT! BREED ME WITH YOUR THICK TEENAGE CUM!"

Cody felt his mother's vaginal muscles ripple and spasm around him as an intense orgasm overtook her. Her boiling honey gushed out around his pile-driving shaft, the lewd squelches growing louder.

Tiffany shrieked and convulsed above him, her cunt clamping down on his cock like a vise as she squirted forcefully.

The teen glanced down to see the wet spot on the sheet growing rapidly beneath his mother's bucking hips as she rode out her climax, ejaculate spraying from her rippling slit with every bounce. The pungent scent of her cum juices filled his nostrils, making his balls tighten and churn with the need for release.

After several long, shuddering moments, Tiffany collapsed onto Cody's chest, gasping and twitching in the aftermath of her intense orgasm. Cody wrapped his arms around his mother's sweat-slicked back, holding her close as his still-hard cock throbbed inside the vice-grip of her soaked, fluttering sheath.

"Mmmm, that was so good, baby," Tiffany purred once she regained her breath. She lifted her head to gaze at Cody with heavy-lidded eyes, hazy with sated lust. "But Mommy isn't done with you yet. I told you I was gonna drain these big teenage balls dry and I meant it."

With that, she pushed herself upright and began to rock her hips again, sliding her slick cunt up and down Cody's aching, blood-engorged pole. Tiffany braced her hands on her son's chest for leverage as she fucked herself on his thickness, her pussy making obscene suctioning sounds with each glide.

As Tiffany's scorching cunt slid up and down Cody's shaft in a delicious wet glide, electric tingles of pleasure sparked from the sensitive nerve endings in his swollen glans, racing down his rigid length. His cock pulsed and throbbed, the thick veins bulging beneath the taut skin as more blood surged into his aching erection.

Cody could feel the simmering pressure building in his core, a molten coil of ecstasy winding tighter and tighter at the base of his spine. His heavy balls drew up snug against his body, churning with the copious load of semen ready to explode.

Tiffany sensed her son's impending eruption and redoubled her efforts, slamming her greedy pussy down on his cock with renewed vigor. Her muscular vaginal walls rippled and undulated along Cody's engorged length, squeezing and milking him with slick, velvety heat.

"That's it baby, give Mommy your cum!" Tiffany urged breathlessly, grinding her clit against Cody's pubic bone. "I can feel how full and heavy your balls are! Shoot your hot teenage load deep in Mommy's cunt!"

Cody threw his head back against the pillow, his entire body seizing up as the mounting pleasure crested. His cock swelled to an impossible hardness, the straining shaft pulsing in time with his thundering heartbeat. The coil in his loins snapped and a tsunami of raw ecstasy crashed through him.

"UNNNGH FUCK! I'M CUMMING MOM!" Cody roared as his swollen cock jerked violently within the clutching, suctioning sheath of his mother's pussy. The first searing jet of cum erupted from his dilated meatus, blasting the tender tissues of Tiffany's cervix.

The pleasure was so intense it bordered on pain as Cody's climax tore through him with the force of a freight train. His cock bucked and spasmed wildly, geysering hot ropes of pearly semen into his mother's hot depths. Each burst felt like molten lava surging up from his balls and searing through his shaft before exploding from the tip.

Tiffany shrieked in ecstasy as she felt her son's steaming essence bathing her convulsing inner walls, setting off her own shattering orgasm. Her cunt clamped down on Cody's erupting cock like a silken fist, wringing him dry as her hot juices flooded out around his shaft.

"OHHH YESSS! BREED MOMMY'S CUNT! FILL ME WITH YOUR SEED!" Tiffany wailed deliriously, her nails digging into Cody's chest as she bucked and writhed above him.

She slapped her meaty milkers against his chest and Cody and Tiffany's mouths crashed together in a heated, sloppy kiss as they rode out the mind-blowing aftershocks of their mutual climax. Their tongues tangled and twined, thrusting against each other in a lewd parody of the act they had just completed.

Cody plundered his mother's mouth, licking at every crevice, practically tongue-fucking her throat. Tiffany moaned into the filthy kiss, sucking on his hot slick muscle, swirling her own around it sensually. Spit-strands connected their open, panting mouths when they broke for air.

Their lips mashed together again, tongues dancing and dueling in a feverish tango of incestuous passion. Cody nipped at his mom's plump bottom lip before soothing it with a languid lick. Tiffany lightly raked her nails down the back of his neck, spurring him on.

Cody angled his head to deepen the kiss even further, trying to devour his mother whole. Tiffany whimpered and opened wider, letting her son's tongue plunge into her mouth and claim her utterly. Their oral copulation was messy and graceless, more about raw animal lust than finesse.

After long moments lost in the carnal kiss, they finally broke apart, gasping and panting harshly. A bridge of saliva connected their swollen, well-used lips before breaking and dribbling down their chins. Tiffany gazed at her son with glassy, lust-drunk eyes, her cheeks flushed a deep pink.

"My God baby, the way you kiss," she purred breathlessly, running her fingers through Cody's damp hair. "If you keep fucking me even half as good as you make out, your cock will be sore from overuse this trip."

Cody grinned at her dopily, still in a daze from his explosive orgasm and the toe-curling tongue lashing. "I can't get enough of your mouth, Mom. I just wanna kiss you all day."

"Mmm, and I could spend hours worshipping this big teen dick with my mouth," Tiffany cooed, giving his softening shaft a little squeeze where it was still buried inside her cum-slicked depths. "Just wait until I show you what my tongue can REALLY do."

Cody shuddered at the sultry promise in his mother's voice, his spent cock giving a valiant twitch within her tight heat.

218: Vow Ruining with Mom-Part2/2

Bill's suspicions were at an all-time high when he returned to the hotel room. As soon as he opened the door, the unmistakable musky scent of hot, nasty sex assaulted his nostrils. The pungent aroma of sweat, cum and feminine arousal hung thick in the air, impossible to ignore.

Bill's eyes narrowed as he took in the rumpled, sheetless bed and his wife's flushed, slightly disheveled appearance. Tiffany sat perched on the edge of the mattress, wearing a different bikini than earlier - a clear sign she had changed clothes. Cody was nowhere to be seen.

"What's that smell?" Bill asked tersely, waving a hand in front of his face. "And where's the bedsheet?"

"Oh that? I think it must be from the previous occupants," Tiffany replied breezily, not quite meeting his eyes. "You know how some people are - probably had a wild romp right before checking out and housekeeping hasn't had a chance to properly air out the room yet."

Bill frowned, finding that explanation extremely suspect. The sex stench saturating the space smelled far too fresh to be a lingering remnant from past guests. And it didn't explain the missing bedsheet.

As if reading his mind, Tiffany added, "And I had to call housekeeping to take the bedding. It was all sandy and rumpled -

the prior occupants must have left it in quite a state! I didn't want our first night marred by dirty sheets."

Bill's jaw clenched as he studied his wife's face intently. Her story about the smell and sheets was flimsy at best, a hastily constructed cover. He could practically see the gears turning in her head as she scrambled for excuses.

Deep down, Bill knew with gut-wrenching certainty what had really transpired here. The heavy musk of illicit incestuous sex and the stripped bed pointed to one sordid conclusion - his wife had fucked their son on the very mattress she now sat upon, the sheet no doubt soiled with the damning evidence of their forbidden coupling.

Bile rose in the back of Bill's throat as his imagination ran wild with depraved visuals - Tiffany sprawled wantonly beneath Cody, her legs spread wide to welcome his thrusting cock into her eager cunt. His teenage son grunting and rutting atop his gorgeous mother like a beast in heat, pounding her mercilessly into the bed. The vulgar slap of sweaty flesh, the wet squelch of a pussy greedily devouring an incestuous dick, the screams of ecstasy as they climaxed together in an explosion of taboo bliss...

Tiffany stood and smiled sweetly at Bill, placing a gentle hand on his arm. "Honey, I hope you don't mind, but I sent Cody down to the front desk with your credit card to book a second room for us."

Bill's brow furrowed in confusion. "A second room? Why?"

"Well, I was thinking..." Tiffany began delicately, "this suite is a bit cramped for all five of us. And the kids are getting to that age where they could use some more privacy and space."

She looked up at Bill from beneath her lashes, her expression open and beseeching. "So I thought it might be nice for you to stay here with Lily and Aiden, let them have that quality daddy time. And Cody and I can take the second room. That way, we all have a little more

breathing room to really relax and enjoy the vacation. What do you think, darling?"

Bill stared at his wife incredulously, hardly believing the audacity of her suggestion. She wanted to split up the family so she could shack up with their son in a private love nest, under the flimsy guise of giving the kids "more space." The nerve of it!

He opened his mouth to protest the flagrant impropriety of her plan but Tiffany cut him off with a finger to his lips, her eyes round and imploring.

"Please Bill, I know it's an unconventional arrangement, but I really think this is what's best for everyone," she cooed persuasively. "The little ones deserve your undivided attention, without their big brother taking up all the fun. And it would be a great chance for some special mommy-son bonding time with Cody before he goes off to college next year."

Tiffany strategically failed to mention the hours of depraved "bonding" she planned to engage in with their son behind the closed doors of their private room. The only family activity on her agenda was committing incest with her own flesh and blood, indulging in the ultimate taboo.

Bill's temples throbbed as he clenched his jaw, trying to formulate a response through the red haze of outrage. How could Tiffany stand

there so shamelessly and propose splitting up their family to accommodate her vile lust for Cody? Asking Bill to give his blessing to their incestuous liaison under his very nose?

Just as he opened his mouth to verbalize his disgust, Cody burst through the door, slightly out of breath and clutching a key card. "I got us a room, Mom!" he announced eagerly, his young face bright with anticipation. "They had an ocean view suite available that connects to this one!"

Bill forced a tight smile, struggling to keep his anger in check. "That sounds great, son. A connecting room will be perfect - we can leave the door open between the suites so it still feels like one big family space."

Tiffany quickly interjected, placing a staying hand on Bill's arm. "Actually honey, I think it might be best to keep the connecting door closed and locked," she said delicately. "For privacy, you know? The little ones might wander in at an inopportune time and see something they shouldn't." She gave a tinkling laugh, as if the idea of their children catching her in a compromising position with Cody was simply too absurd.

Bill's forced grin faltered, a muscle ticking in his clenched jaw. "I hardly think that will be an issue, Tiff," he ground out. "Unless you two are planning on doing something inappropriate behind that closed door." He raised a challenging eyebrow at his wife.

Tiffany widened her eyes in exaggerated shock, pressing a hand to her ample bosom. "Goodness Bill, what a thing to suggest!" she gasped. "Get your mind out of the gutter. I simply meant Cody and I might be changing or indisposed when the little ones come barging in. At their age, a child shouldn't see a parent naked."

She shook her head, blonde tresses swaying. "Honestly dear, you're being paranoid. Cody and I just need our own space to decompress. I'd hate for you to be kept awake in case Cody snores like he sometimes does!" Tiffany forced a jovial grin, deliberately keeping her tone light.

Bill frowned, not buying her hasty explanations for a second. "Well, why don't I room with Cody then?" he suggested, grasping for an alternative to his wife and son sharing a bed. "He's a growing boy, I'm sure he'd prefer bunking with his old man. You can take the little ones so you're not disturbed by snoring."

Tiffany's smile tightened imperceptibly. "That's sweet of you to offer, honey, but Cody already has his heart set on a mommy-son slumber party," she countered smoothly. "He's going off to college soon, I'd like to spend as much quality time with him as I can before then. Sharing a room is the perfect chance to really connect."

She wrapped an arm around Cody's waist and pulled him close, causing the teen to flush and grin. "Besides, we've already requested a room with only one king bed for maximum space. We don't mind sharing, do we baby?" Tiffany cooed, rubbing her son's muscular chest.

Cody eagerly shook his head, leaning into his mother's side. "Not at all! It'll be fun Mom, just like when I was little and would crawl into your bed after a nightmare."

Later that night, Bill tossed and turned restlessly in the unfamiliar hotel bed, his mind churning with suspicion and unease. He glanced over at the adjoining door connecting their suite to Tiffany and Cody's room for the umpteenth time, making sure it was still propped wide open as he had insisted.

After much arguing, Tiffany had begrudgingly agreed to leave the door ajar to appease Bill's paranoia. "We'll leave it open for tonight, but don't be surprised if it accidentally swings shut on its own," she had said.

Bill was just starting to relax, convinced he was overthinking things, when he heard the distinct click of the adjoining door quietly closing. He

sat upright, his heart pounding. Hardly daring to breathe, he stared at the door, now shut firmly with deliberate intent.

Bill threw back the covers and padded over to the adjoining door, carefully easing it back open. The room beyond was dark and still, no sign of movement. He stood there for a long moment, straining

his ears for any suspicious sounds, but heard only the soft drone of the air conditioner.

Feeling slightly foolish, Bill retreated to his bed. He had just begun to doze off when the distinct click of the door closing once again jolted him awake. Heart hammering, he crept back over and pressed his ear against the wood, listening intently. Why was she so determined to keep it closed?

At first, there was only silence. Then the rustle of bedsheets and the creak of mattress springs reached his ears, followed by a breathy feminine sigh. Bill's stomach clenched as he registered the unmistakable sounds of two entwined bodies slowly shifting against each other.

Unable to stand it any longer, he turned the knob and inched the door open, peering into the darkened room. In the dim moonlight filtering through the curtains, he could just make out the shadowy shape of the king bed. The covers undulated and tented in a sensual rhythm, quiet gasps and moans floating out from beneath.

"Is everything okay in here?" Bill called out hoarsely, his mouth dry.

The rustling stopped abruptly. "We're fine, honey," Tiffany's voice rang out, sounding clear and alert despite the late hour. "Cody just had a bad dream and needed comforted."

Bill's heart hammered in his chest as he stood frozen in the doorway, nostrils flaring as he inhaled the unmistakable scent of arousal permeating the room - the tangy musk of wet pussy mingled with the

lighter, saltier aroma of teenage pre-cum. There was no mistaking that pheromone-laden perfume of illicit lust.

"Close the door, hon," Tiffany called out again, her voice honeyed and coaxing. "That way if Cody has any more bad dreams, we won't

disturb Lily and Aiden. You know how restless he gets when he's upset."

A sour taste flooded Bill's mouth, the blatant lie souring on his tongue. Cody hadn't suffered from night terrors since he was 8 years old. This was no innocent comforting of a distraught child - the carnal funk saturating the air told him exactly what sort of soothing Tiffany was giving their teenage son behind that closed door.

Bill white-knuckled the door frame, fighting down the urge to march over and rip back the covers, to confront the incestuous depravity occurring mere feet away. But he knew it would only lead to a screaming match that would wake the younger kids and taint the start of their vacation.

"No, I'll just keep the door open. I'm sure Cody will settle down now," Bill bit out, choosing to keep the door wide open as he went back to his own bed.

Bill had barely laid his head down when he heard the adjoining door click firmly shut once more. Bile rising in his throat, Bill shot to his feet and stormed over to the adjoining door. This time when he tried the knob, it refused to turn - Tiffany had locked it from her side. Incandescent with rage, he raised his fist to pound on the wood, to demand his whore wife open up and explain herself.

But he froze mid-motion, suddenly cognizant of Lily and Aiden sleeping peacefully in the next bed. The last thing he wanted was to wake them with a screaming confrontation about mommy's lewd adultery with their brother. They were too young and innocent to have their family trip tainted by such sordid revelations.

Trembling with impotent fury, Bill pressed his ear to the locked door, unable to stop himself from listening. He definitely heard something, and what he convinced himself he was listening to was the muffled sounds of passion starting up again. The telltale rhythmic creak of

bedsprings, breathy sighs and moans, and the unmistakable slick, suctioning squelch of a tight pussy fervently sheathing a hard cock.

The next morning, Bill was sitting in the suite's living area, sipping coffee and stewing in his suspicions, when the adjoining door opened and Cody emerged. The teen had a telling flush to his cheeks and a spring in his step, his eyes bright with satisfaction.

Bill's gaze immediately zeroed in on the multiple reddish-purple love bites marring the side of his son's neck.

"Morning, Dad!" Cody greeted cheerfully, seemingly oblivious to his father's thunderous expression. He grabbed a muffin from the tray on the coffee table and plopped down on the couch.

"What's that on your neck?" Bill asked tightly, setting his mug down with a sharp clink.

Cody's hand flew to his throat, his eyes widening. "Oh, uh, just some hickies," he stammered, his face reddening further. "From this girl back home, before we left. No big deal." He shrugged and took a huge bite of muffin, avoiding his father's piercing stare.

Bill's jaw clenched, not buying the flimsy lie for a second. Those love bites were fresh, the skin still reddened from aggressive suckling. And he knew with gut-wrenching certainty just who had put them there.

"Uh huh. Well, your brother and sister are starving. Why don't you take them down to the breakfast buffet while I discuss our itinerary with your mother?" It wasn't a request. Bill needed Cody out of the way so he could confront Tiffany without an audience.

"Sure, Dad. No problem." Cody hopped up, seemingly eager to escape his father's suspicious glare. "Hey Lily, Aiden! Race you to the elevator!"

He herded the younger children out of the suite, their excited chatter fading as the door closed behind them. Bill waited a beat to make sure they were truly gone before striding purposefully to the adjoining door. Finding it unlocked, he barged through, ready to catch his wife in the act of post-coital cleanup.

Bill rounded the corner just as his wife sashayed out of the steamy bathroom completely nude, her spectacular body glistening and flushed. Her massive tits bobbed and swayed with each step, the jutting nipples still berry red and swollen from recent attention. "Cory, baby, you should probably—"

Tiffany stopped short when she saw Bill standing there instead of Cody, her eyes flying wide. She hastily grabbed a towel and held it to her buxom chest, as if modesty mattered in front of her husband.

"Probably what?" he asked suspiciously. "Close his eyes before he sees his own mother naked?"

Tiffany's eyes darted nervously to the rumpled bed, the sheets twisted and stained in a way that could only be achieved by hours of vigorous lovemaking. She quickly moved to intercept Bill, placing a staying hand on his chest as she tried to guide him back toward the adjoining door.

"Honey, why don't we continue this conversation in the living room? I'll just throw some clothes on and—"

Bill shrugged off her touch, his eyes narrowing as he shouldered past her toward the king bed. "Not so fast. What exactly happened in here last night? And don't give me that bullshit about Cody having a nightmare."

Tiffany followed anxiously on his heels, clutching the towel to her bountiful curves. "Bill, please, you're being ridiculous. Cody and I just—"

Her protests died on her lips as Bill reached the bed and ripped back the tangled comforter with a flourish. The fitted sheet underneath was a Jackson Pollock painting of depravity - a massive wet patch spread from corner to corner, the white cotton tie-dyed with the unmistakable residue of sexual fluids. Glistening ribbons of pearly spunk crisscrossed the fem-cum- dampened fabric, leaving no doubt as to the nature of the liquid.

Bill stared at the obscene abstract art of the ruined bedding, his throat working as he swallowed back the bile rising in his gorge. The sour stench of pussy juice and teenage cum hung heavy in the air, impossible to ignore. His hands clenched into trembling fists at his side, knuckles white with strain.

Tiffany shifted from foot to foot, her eyes darting frantically around the room as if seeking escape. "I, um, I accidentally spilled my glass of water this morning," she blurted out. "Clumsy me, you know how I'm always knocking things over!"

She forced a high, tinkling laugh that sounded brittle to her own ears. Bill slowly turned to face her, his expression thunderous.

"Do you really think I'm that stupid?" he asked quietly, his tone dripping with barely leashed rage. "That I can't tell the difference between water and the disgusting remnants of sex?"

"How dare you accuse me of such vile things!" Tiffany gasped, pressing a hand to her heaving bosom in outrage even as a thick rivulet of pearly fluid ran down her inner thigh. "I would never betray our marriage vows like that, especially not with my own son! The very idea is repulsive!"

Bill's eyes tracked the viscous trail of semen oozing from between his wife's legs, his stomach clenching with nausea. "Then what's that dripping down your thighs?" he gritted out. "Looks an awful lot like jizz to me."

Tiffany followed his gaze and blanched when she saw the damning evidence of her infidelity painting her skin. She quickly swiped at the incriminating fluid with her towel, trying to erase it from view.

"Don't be disgusting, Bill! That's just some lotion I put on after my shower," she blustered, her cheeks flushing guiltily. "I didn't have time to fully rub it in before you so rudely barged in here."

Bill barked a harsh, incredulous laugh. "Do you really expect me to believe that? How stupid do you think I am, Tiffany?"

He advanced on her, his eyes flashing with fury. Tiffany backed away until her legs hit the edge of the cum-stained mattress. She clutched the towel tighter to her buxom curves as if it could shield her from her husband's wrath.

"I... I don't know what you're talking about," she stammered, her gaze skittering away from his. "You're being irrational, seeing things that aren't there. I think the stress of work and this vacation are getting to you, making you imagine the worst."

Bill clenched his jaw so hard a muscle ticked in his cheek. The audacity of his wife to gaslight him when the evidence of her depravity was literally dripping down her legs made his blood boil.

"Enough with the lies!" he snapped, gesturing angrily to the ruined bedding. "It's obvious what happened here last night. That bed is drenched with cum and pussy juice! You fucked our son!"

Tiffany recoiled as if slapped, her mouth falling open in shock. "No! I would never! How can you even think such a thing?" she cried, her eyes brimming with crocodile tears.

She pressed a trembling hand to her mouth, sniffling pitifully. "I can't believe you would accuse me of something so heinous," she whimpered, her lower lip quivering. "Is that really what you think of

me? That I'm some kind of incestuous slut who would seduce my own child?"

Bill faltered, his righteous anger draining away as he watched fat tears roll down his wife's stricken face. She looked so genuinely distraught by his accusations, so hurt that he would think her capable of such a monstrous betrayal. Doubt began to creep in, insidiously undermining his conviction.

Maybe he was overreacting, letting his paranoid suspicions run away with him. The cum stains could be a water as she said. And that glistening trail on Tiffany's thigh... perhaps it really was just lotion as she claimed.

Bill scrubbed a hand over his face, suddenly feeling foolish for jumping to such wild conclusions about his faithful wife. What husband in his right mind would actually believe the mother of his children was fucking their teenage son? The very idea was ludicrous!

Tiffany seized on his crumbling resolve, batting her lashes coyly as she sidled up to him, making sure the towel slipped to reveal the tantalizing curves of her naked body. She ran a soothing hand down his chest, her touch lingering and sultry.

"Oh honey, let's not fight, not today of all days," she cooed, her eyes round and beseeching. "This is supposed to be such a special, romantic trip. We're renewing our sacred vows! Recommitting to the unbreakable bond of our love!"

Tiffany wound her arms around Bill's neck, pulling his face to her bountiful cleavage. "I would never do anything to jeopardize our beautiful marriage," she breathed, nuzzling his hair. "You're the only man for me, the father of my babies. My partner in life."

Bill exhaled shakily, wrapping his arms around his wife's soft, pliant body. He breathed in her familiar scent, letting it soothe his frayed

nerves and insecurities. Tiffany was right, he was being ridiculous, seeing perverted things that weren't there.

"I'm sorry, Tiff," Bill murmured into the fragrant valley of her breasts. "I don't know what came over me. It's just... with all these mothers brazenly screwing their sons now that incest is more socially acceptable, I got paranoid. Forgive me?"

"Of course, darling," Tiffany purred, stroking his hair. "I understand. But you have nothing to worry about. I'm your loyal wife, now and forever."

Bill felt a sense of relief wash over him, secure once more in the love and fidelity of his beautiful wife. The ceremony was only hours away now and he needed to focus on reaffirming their unbreakable marital bond, not indulging paranoid flights of fancy.

As the afternoon wore on and the time for their vow renewal drew near, Tiffany flitted about in a state of giddy excitement, giggling with her sister and mother-in-law like schoolgirls.

"Bill darling, the girls and I are gonna finish getting ready in Janet's suite," Tiffany trilled, threading her arm through her mother-in-law's. "You don't mind if we steal Cody away too, do you? We need a male perspective on our hair and makeup."

Janet nodded eagerly, reaching out to pull Cody into their intimate cluster. "That's right, a woman should always have a handsome man's opinion before a big event. It's tradition!" She smooshed the boy's face into her ample bosom in an overly affectionate hug.

Before Bill could respond, Christy latched onto Cody from the other side, pressing every inch of her barely-covered pregnant body against his. "Don't worry, bro. We'll have your son back in plenty of time for the ceremony," she giggled, rubbing her gravid belly on his arm. "And I promise we'll have him looking his best. Bring out all of

his masculine appeal, if you know what I mean." She winked salaciously.

Bill frowned as he watched the three women close rank around Cody, spiriting him out of the room in a tangle of bountiful curves and feminine giggles. His stomach sank like a stone, a sense of unease prickling along his spine at the proprietary way they put their hands all over his son.

It was one thing for his wife to steal private moments with Cody, but now it seemed like his sister and mother wanted in on the action too. Bill's mind raced with disturbing possibilities of what the four of them would be getting up to behind closed doors without supervision.

The moment the hotel room door closed behind them, the three women pounced on Cody like starving lionesses on a juicy gazelle. Perfectly manicured fingers scrabbled at his clothes, nearly ripping them in their haste to get him naked.

"My my, what a scrumptious treat you've grown into!" Janet purred, eyeing her grandson's muscular physique like he was a prime cut of meat. She peeled his shirt off and raked her nails down his chiseled chest, leaving faint red lines on his tanned skin.

"Mmm, I can't wait to unwrap the rest of this gift," Christy giggled, her hands going to the waistband of Cody's shorts. With a deft yank, she pulled them down, freeing his massive erection which sprang up and slapped against his abs.

The women gasped in unison, their eyes going wide as they took in the sheer size and girth of Cody's manhood. It was a magnificent specimen - over ten inches long and thick as a juicy cucumber, the bulbous head a deep purple and already drooling pre-cum.

"Holy shit, sis! No wonder you can't keep your hands off him," Christy breathed, unconsciously licking her bee-stung lips. "That's

the biggest cock I've ever seen!"

Tiffany just smirked, a wicked gleam in her eye. "And it's allll mine. Well, ours now." She reached out and wrapped her fingers around her son's

throbbing stalk, giving it a possessive stroke. Cody groaned, his hips bucking into her touch.

Not to be outdone, Janet and Christy quickly shed their own clothes, revealing the mouthwatering bounty of their voluptuous bodies. Janet's massive tits spilled free of her bra, jutting out meaty and proud despite her age. Her nipples were stiff as pencil erasers, protruding out from wide areolar caps and begging to be sucked.

Christy's belly was a ripe, gravid moon, full and taut with the heavy burden of her unborn child. Her tit-melons were swollen to epic proportions, engorged with milk and capped with dark, protruding nipples. Her plump pussy glistened wetly between her thighs, waxed smooth as a cue ball.

"On the bed, stud," Tiffany commanded, giving Cody's raging hard-on a light slap, which made it wag back and forth. He hastily complied, sprawling on his back with his huge cock thrusting urgently towards the ceiling.

The three women climbed onto the mattress, surrounding him in a sea of fragrant, eager flesh. Six gigantic, wobbling tits and three glistening, puffy pussies hovered tantalizingly over his body, making his mouth water with lust.

Janet, Christy and Tiffany descended on the boy's prone body like a swarm of amorous bees, covering every inch of his firm young flesh with wet, open-mouthed kisses. Their hot tongues laved his neck, chest and abs, leaving glistening trails of saliva in their wake.

They nibbled and suckled at his earlobes, collarbones and nipples, wringing gasps and moans from the overwhelmed teen. Tiffany latched onto one flat brown nub, sucking it to a stiff peak between her lips as Janet did the same to the other. Not to be left out, Christy tongued Cody's belly button, fucking the tiny divot with lewd swirls.

The women dragged their massive, pillowy breasts all over Cody's quivering body, smothering him in an avalanche of soft, perfumed tit-flesh. They rubbed the heavy globes along his arms and legs, up his sides and across his chest, marking him with their scent. Rigid nipples poked and prodded his twitching muscles, leaving goosebumps in their wake.

Tiffany leaned over Cody's head and dangled her huge jugs over his face, slapping him lightly with the meaty orbs. He opened his mouth eagerly and she lowered a turgid nipple between his lips, groaning as he began to suckle. Janet claimed his other side, guiding her own pebbled nub into his mouth so he could service both women at once.

Christy busied herself with Cody's straining erection, slicking up the thick shaft with long, luxurious licks, lapping at it like a giant lollipop. She wrapped her lips around the swollen glans, moaning at the salty-sweet taste of his leaking pre-cum. Slowly, she sank down, taking inch after throbbing inch into her hot, wet mouth.

Cody writhed and whimpered, his hips bucking off the bed as his mom and grandmother smothered him with their enormous tits while his aunt deep-throated his cock. The triple assault of pleasure was almost too intense to bear. His balls drew up tight, churning with seed that ached for release.

Sensing her son was on a hair trigger, Tiffany popped her nipple from his mouth and lifted off his face. "Not yet, baby," she cooed, giving his cock a warning squeeze. "You need to save that big load for Mommy's hungry cunt."

With a wet plop, Christy released Cody's iron-hard shaft from her mouth and scrambled up his body. "Me first, sis," she panted, swinging a leg over his hips. "I've been dying to ride this monster cock ever since I laid eyes on it."

Cody gasped as his heavily pregnant aunt straddled his hips, her engorged belly brushing against his throbbing erection. Christy reached

between their bodies and grasped his thick shaft, notching the bulbous head at her slick entrance.

With a guttural moan, she sank down, impaling herself on Cody's huge cock in one swift motion. Her sopping wet cunt swallowed him to the hilt, slick muscles fluttering and clenching around his girth.

"Oh fuck, you're so tight!" Cody groaned, overwhelmed by the scorching heat engulfing his sensitive flesh. He could feel every ripple and flutter of his aunt's pregnant pussy as it stretched to accommodate his size.

Christy's channel was snugger than his mom's, the swollen tissues of her birth canal squeezing him like a silken fist. Her cervix, thick and dilated in preparation for labor, kissed the tip of his cock, a sensation he absolutely loved!

As Christy began to rock and grind on his shaft, Cody noticed other subtle differences from fucking his mother. The weight of her gigantic belly pressed down on him, making her movements more sluggish and deliberate. Her massive milk-laden tits swayed hypnotically above him, much fuller and heavier than Tiffany's.

Christy's slick inner muscles worked his cock more intensely, as if her pussy was hungrier, greedier. The angle was different too, more pressure on his swollen glans as it dragged against her g-spot with every roll of her hips.

"Mmm, your big dick feels amazing," Christy panted, picking up the pace. She braced her hands on Cody's chest for leverage as she bounced on his cock, reveling in the delicious stretch and friction. "So much better than your uncle's little dick."

Tiffany watched with blazing eyes as her son pumped in and out of her sister's clenching cunt, his shaft glistening with her arousal. Part of her burned with jealousy, wanting that magnificent cock all to herself. But

she was also wildly turned on by the obscene sight of him fucking his massively pregnant aunt.

"That's it, baby. Give Auntie Christy what she needs," Tiffany encouraged breathlessly, frigging her clit as she watched. "Pound that preggo pussy hard! Show her what a virile stud you are!"

Cody gripped Christy's hips and thrust up to meet her downward bounces, grunting with the effort. Her slick channel was unbelievably tight, her muscles clamping and rippling along his aching shaft.

When Christy leaned down, Cody was utterly engulfed in his aunt's bountiful curves, smothered beneath mountains of warm, plush tit-flesh. Each mammoth breast surged forward with her movements to eclipse his vision in a sea of smooth, perfumed skin.

Christy's belly was a ponderous moon resting on his, immobilizing his lower body as she rode him. He felt deliriously drunk on her fertile feminine scent, drowning in her motherly pheromones.

Overcome with mammary lust, Cody buried his face in Christy's cavernous cleavage, motorboating her humongous jugs. He thrashed his head from side to side, nuzzling as deep as he could go into that plush, pillowy crevasse until his cheeks and nose were completely submerged in warm, soft titty-flesh.

The primal teen hindbrain in him fixated on those milk-engorged udders, desperate to latch on and nurse. Cody captured his aunt's fat rubbery nipple between his lips and suckled greedily, trying to draw the sweet cream from her swollen teats.

Christy gasped and shuddered as her nephew feasted on her sensitive breasts, her pussy clenching tightly around his thick shaft in response. Fireworks of sensation shot from her nipples straight to her clit, igniting a conflagration of ecstasy in her loins.

"That's it, baby! Suck on Auntie's big milky titties!" she cried, holding Cody's head to her chest. She smashed his face deeper into her cleavage, until he was fully buried in that plush tit-valley, pinned beneath pounds of wobbling meat.

Cody groaned around his mouthful of nipple, the vibrations making Christy's engorged peaks tingle deliciously. He suckled harder, his cheeks hollowing with the force of his pull, trying to coax the milk from her heavy jugs.

"Oh my God, I'm gonna cum!" Christy wailed, her pussy spasming wildly around Cody's cock as her orgasm crashed through her. She threw her head back, keening in bliss as powerful waves of pleasure radiated out from her core.

Her inner muscles clamped down rhythmically, milking Cody's shaft as gushes of liquid heat bathed him. Christy's belly rippled and tightened as the climax shook her, the muscles contracting powerfully around her gravid womb.

Cody felt her second, more powerful climax approaching, her vaginal walls starting to quiver and spasm around his driving cock. But the way her orgasm crashed over her was different from his mother's. Where Tiffany came in rolling waves of ecstasy, her pussy rippling and milking his shaft, Christy's climax was sharp and explosive.

"OHHH FUUUCCKK!!!" Christy wailed as the intense pleasure burst through her like a supernova. Her back arched and her toes curled, fingernails digging into Cody's chest as every muscle in her body seized up.

Her cunt went vise-tight, strangling Cody's pummeling cock as a flood of cum juices squirted around his girth. It sprayed out of her in gushing torrents, gurgling and frothing where they were joined, running down his balls and thighs to pool on the bed.

Christy jerked and thrashed above him, her huge pregnant belly and milk-swollen tits bouncing obscenely as she rode out the tsunami of sensation. Her juices poured out of her in an endless stream, as if a dam had burst inside her.

"Holy shit," Cody panted in awe, his hips still pumping as she clenched and fluttered wildly around him. He'd never seen someone squirt like that before, not even his mom. It was like a geyser had gone off in his aunt's cunt.

"FUCK! YES! DON'T STOP!" Christy shrieked, grinding her spurting pussy frantically against Cody's pelvis. She was coming so hard she couldn't catch her breath, gasping and wheezing as aftershocks tore through her.

Cody felt his own climax fast approaching, his balls drawing up tight and tingling. But before he could blow, Christy suddenly lifted off him with a wet squelch, his cock slipping free of her convulsing sheath.

"Your turn, mom," she panted, collapsing to the side on wobbly legs. "I got mine, now you get yours."

Janet wasted no time in taking her daughter's place, scrambling to straddle Cody's slick, pulsing erection. Her massively pendulous breasts swayed and bobbed with the movement, areola as wide as saucers capping each heavy globe. The sheer weight and size of her

giant udders took Cody's breath away - they were larger than even his mom and aunt's substantial racks.

Each dusky brown areola was thick and pebbled with texture, covering nearly a third of the surface of her gigantic jugs. They seemed to puff up and swell further as her fat nipples grew stiffer by the second. Those nipples protruded a good half-an-inch from the surface, throbbing urgently and begging to be sucked.

Cody's gaze trailed down his grandmother's lush, mature curves to the juncture of her thighs. Janet's mound was completely bare, waxed silky

smooth to reveal every fold and detail of her lust-swollen sex. Her puffy outer labia were thick and fleshy, parting slightly to expose her glistening pink inner lips. It was the plumpest, most succulent looking pussy Cody had ever seen.

He licked his lips hungrily as Janet grasped his throbbing shaft, notching the bulbous head at her dripping entrance. With a guttural moan of satisfaction, she sank down, sheathing him to the hilt in the slick, scorching depths of her ravenous cunt.

"Ohhh fuck, Grandma!" Cody gasped, overwhelmed by the searing wet heat engulfing his sensitive cock. "You're so tight and hot!"

Janet's channel was unbelievably snug, her age and experience giving her control of her inner muscles that his mom and aunt lacked. She squeezed and rippled along his aching length, the textures and contours of her slick walls massaging him in the most mind-blowing way.

Bracing her hands on Cody's chest, Janet began to rock and grind, swiveling her wide hips in sensual figure eights. Her giant breasts swung and bounced hypnotically above him, so enormous they nearly smacked him in the face with each undulation. Rivers of

sweat poured down her cleavage and skated across her shuddering belly.

Cody gazed up at Janet's wildly jiggling jugs in awe and longing as she rode his cock. The sheer size and weight of them was mesmerizing, like twin flesh planets orbiting above him. He ached to touch and taste, to lose himself in his grandmother's bountiful tit-flesh.

"Gr-Grandma?" Cody panted shyly, his face flushed with exertion and bashfulness. "Can I, um... can I suck on your big titties? Please?"

His voice was small and pleading, almost childlike in its earnestness. Janet looked down at her grandson with a wicked gleam in her eye, never slowing the sensual roll of her hips.

"Mmm, of course you can, darling," she purred indulgently. "Grandma's big milky tits are all yours. Suck on my fat nipples while I ride this magnificent cock."

Janet leaned forward, letting her massive breasts swing down towards Cody's upturned face. He surged up eagerly to meet them, burying his face in the warm, fragrant valley of her cleavage. Janet's giant udders enveloped him completely, smothering him in an avalanche of pillowy softness.

Cody motorboated his grandmother's heaving breasts, nuzzling and rubbing his face in the plush tit-flesh. He inhaled deeply of her scent - an intoxicating mix of perfume, sweat and arousal. Turning his head slightly, he captured one spongy areola in his mouth, groaning at the taste of her.

Janet gasped and undulated harder on Cody's steely cock as he suckled greedily at her engorged nipple. He swirled his tongue around the fat nub, flicking it rapidly before drawing it deep into his hot mouth. His lips sealed half-way around the center of her puckered areola, cheeks hollowing as he nursed hungrily at her teat.

"That's it, baby, suck Grandma's titty," Janet encouraged breathlessly, cradling his head to her chest. "Milk my nipples while I milk your big teenage cock with my cunt."

Cody grunted and doubled his efforts, switching back and forth between Janet's massive jugs, lavishing each nipple and areola with devoted attention. He suckled ravenously, as if trying to draw forth milk from her ripe, heaving tits.

Janet keened ecstatically, the dual pleasure of Cody's suckling mouth and thrusting cock driving her wild. Her hips moved faster, slamming down to meet each powerful surge of his pelvis. The wet, obscene slap of their fucking filled the room, punctuated by Janet's wanton moans.

Janet could feel the telltale tingle deep inside signaling her impending orgasm. Cody's thick shaft dragged deliciously against her G-spot with every stroke, the spongy bundle of nerves sparking with sensation. Her clitoris throbbed in time with her racing heart, swelling out from under its hood, aching for contact.

The pleasure built to a frenzy as Cody pounded into her clenching sheath, his pelvis grinding against her engorged clit. The pressure inside mounted to unbearable levels, the ecstasy coiling tighter and tighter. Janet threw her head back and wailed as the coil suddenly snapped, her climax exploding through her with the force of a detonated bomb.

Her vaginal walls clamped down rhythmically around Cody's sinewy cock, rippling and undulating along his length. Geysers of ejaculate erupted from her spasming slit, splattering his groin with her essence.

Janet's paraurethral glands, located to either side of her urethra, contracted violently. Pent-up reservoirs of liquid female ejaculate spurted forcefully from her dilated urethral opening, shooting out in powerful bursts.

Cody watched in awe as her urine slit gaped open, gushing like a broken faucet, spraying torrents of pungent fluid.

Her viscous lady cum squirted out in convulsive streams, splattering messily against Cody's shaft and balls. The force behind the jets was incredible, a testament to the intensity of Janet's pleasure. Cody could feel each gush splashing his cock base, making him jerk and shudder with sympathetic ecstasy.

Janet shrieked and quivered uncontrollably, her body wracked with mind-numbing sensation. Electric sparks of rapture radiated out from her core as she ejaculated over and over, powerless to staunch the tidal wave pouring out of her. Her pussy became a flooding geyser, the obscene wet spurts punctuating each wail and keen.

Clear viscous liquid sprayed from Janet's contracting urethra, jetting out in high arcs to splatter against Cody's chest and face. He closed his eyes as the warm, slippery fluid rained down on him, coating his skin. The musky, pungent scent of her pleasure juices filled his nostrils.

Cody whimpered helplessly, his face completely engulfed in the hot, plush valley of his grandmother's heaving cleavage. Janet's gigantic, sweat-slicked breasts pressed in on him from both sides, cocooning his head in their smothering softness. The intoxicating perfume of her arousal mixed with the creamy fragrance of her skin, filling his nostrils and making him dizzy with lust.

As Janet's climaxes stacked over her in wave after wave of ecstasy, her pussy clenched like a silken vise around Cody's cock, wringing him with rhythmic contractions. The sensation was too much for the overwhelmed teen. With a muffled howl into his grandmother's cleavage, Cody's hips jerked erratically as his orgasm slammed into him like a freight train.

His swollen cock pulsed and kicked violently within the rippling sheath of Janet's cunt. The first scalding jet of cum erupted from his

dilated slit like a bullet, splattering against the pulsing tissues of her cervix.

Gush after gush of hot teenage seed geysered into her womb as Cody emptied his aching balls deep inside her, painting her rippling walls with his essence.

Each thick, pearly rope felt like it was being yanked from the depths of his being, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. Cody's abs clenched and his toes curled as he power-washed the entrance to Janet's uterus with what seemed like a gallon of jizz. His virile young balls churned and pumped, determined to flood his grandmother's unprotected cunt with his potent sperm.

Janet wailed rapturously, grinding her climaxing pussy down to root Cody's wildly twitching cock as deep as it could go. Her hungry cervix

fluttered and suckled the head of his dick, eager to draw every last drop of his seed into her greedy womb. She could feel each heavy spurt splashing her innermost depths, the liquid heat of his cum searing her tender tissues.

"Yes, that's it! Give Grandma all your hot cum!" Janet babbled deliriously, her cunt gushing and squirting uncontrollably around Cody's pulsing shaft. Her vaginal muscles worked in overdrive, rippling along his length to milk him dry. "Fill me up, baby! Breed your naughty granny's hungry cunt!"

Cody could only whimper and shudder in response, his face still smashed between Janet's enormous, undulating tits. His hips pumped frantically, instinctively driving his spurting cock into the welcome heat of her vagina as he unleashed spurt after spurt of semen into her depths.

Awhile later, Bill anxiously checked his watch as he waited at the beautifully decorated beachside altar. The ceremony was supposed

to have started 20 minutes ago but there was still no sign of his bride. He shifted from foot to foot, trying to ignore the confused murmurs of the assembled guests.

Just then, Janet and Christy hurried up, both looking slightly flushed and disheveled. Bill's heart sank as he noticed his wife was not with them.

"Where's Tiffany?" he asked urgently, dreading the answer.

Janet and Christy exchanged a meaningful look, their lips twitching like they were suppressing smiles. "I'm afraid she just wasn't feeling up to it today, Bill," Janet said with exaggerated sympathy. "Poor dear, she was feeling rather...drained."

"Yes, absolutely exhausted," Christy chimed in, barely concealing a smirk. "You know how these tropical destinations can take it out of you. I'm sure she'll be fine after a long, hard nap."

The two women tittered behind their hands, as if sharing some naughty inside joke. Bill frowned, not appreciating their inappropriate levity at a time like this.

He thought back to how flushed and excited Tiffany had looked when she left with Cody earlier. The sinking feeling in his gut intensified as his imagination ran wild with sordid possibilities of what really had his wife too "exhausted" to attend her own vow renewal.

Bill suddenly noticed his son was absent as well. "Where's Cody? Wasn't he supposed to be escorting his mother?" he asked tersely.

Janet waved a dismissive hand. "Oh, he elected to stay behind and look after Tiff. You know what a caring, attentive boy he is. Always eager to give his mom whatever she needs." Her voice dripped with innuendo.

Christy nodded vigorously, rubbing her massive baby bump. "Mmm, indeed. I have no doubt he's giving her some very deep, intimate comfort right now. Servicing her needs most thoroughly." She licked her lips lasciviously.

The other guests shifted and muttered, clearly picking up on the suggestive subtext. Bill's face flamed with humiliation and rage as he realized they all suspected the same vile thing - his wife had ditched their vow renewal to continue fucking her son.

"Oh, and there's one other thing," Janet stated, her lips curled in a smirk. "They, um…kind of made another room switch."

"Room switch?" Bill asked.

In the honeymoon suite, Tiffany knelt on all fours on the heart-shaped bed, still wearing the white lace garter, sheer thigh-high stockings, and sparkly "Bride" tiara that Bill had given her. Her sweat-sheened bubble butt was high in the air, thong panties dangling off one ankle.

Cody knelt behind his mother, admiring how the garter framed her plump, glistening pussy. The delicate lace contrasted beautifully against her smooth, tanned skin. Tiffany looked back over her shoulder at him, her eyes smoldering with lust.

"You like Mommy's sexy bridal lingerie, baby?" she purred, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks, exposing her pink puckered hole. "Daddy bought it for me to wear under my dress at the ceremony today. But I'd much rather wear it while you fuck me."

Cody groaned, his cock throbbing painfully at the erotic sight and his mother's dirty talk. He stroked himself, smearing the pearly drop of pre-cum oozing from his slit around his swollen glans.

"God Mom, you look so hot," he rasped, drinking in the lewd display of her gaping holes presented like a gift. "I can't believe Dad got you

all this sexy stuff for your vow renewal, and you're wearing it for me instead."

Tiffany giggled wickedly, giving her rump a wiggle. "Mmm, that's because you're the man who deserves to enjoy it, not him. My tight little holes belong to you now, son. You've ruined me for your father."

She reached between her legs and dipped two fingers into her soaked folds, gathering her slick arousal. Tiffany brought the glistening digits to her mouth and sucked them clean, moaning wantonly at her own musky taste.

"Now stop teasing and get that big dick in me," she demanded breathlessly. "Fuck Mommy hard and deep, baby. Own my pussy while your father is out there waiting for a bride that will never show."

Cody scrambled forward on his knees, gripping his mother's hips as he notched the dripping head of his cock against her entrance. With a animalistic grunt, he thrust forward, burying himself to the hilt in her scorching sheath in one powerful stroke.

"Unnngh, fuck yeah," Cody groaned, savoring the exquisite sensation of his mother's silky wet walls gripping him like a fist. No matter how many times he experienced it, pushing into her succulent heat felt like coming home.

He pulled back until just the tip remained inside her, then slammed forward again, jolting Tiffany's pliant body with the force. She tossed her head back with a rapturous cry, the tiara sliding askew.

Cody set a punishing pace, rutting into his mother's juicy snatch like a wild animal. His eyes glazed over with lust, all rational thought fleeing his mind as he lost himself to the primal need to breed. He panted harshly, tongue lolling from the corner of his mouth as he

worked his hips, slamming his engorged shaft into Tiffany's hot, slick depths over and over.

The obscene slap of sweat-slicked flesh filled the room as Cody's groin smacked repeatedly against the jiggling globes of his mother's ass. He watched in carnal fascination as her plump cheeks rippled and shook with every violent impact, the fleshy mounds bouncing lewdly. Tiffany's meaty rump was a blurred mass of undulating curves as Cody reamed her cunt with brutal intensity.

"Fuck, baby! You're so deep!" Tiffany wailed, fisting the sheets as she rocked back to meet each powerful thrust. "Mommy's pussy belongs to you now! Ruin me with that huge cock!"

Cody snarled ferally, Tiffany's wanton cries spurring on his animalistic rutting. He dug his fingers into the meat of her hips, yanking her back onto his unyielding pole with savage strength. His balls, heavy with cum, slapped wetly against her engorged clit with every ferocious pump of his hips.

The diamond of Tiffany's wedding ring flashed on her finger as she braced herself against her son's wild bucking. That symbol of marital commitment, given to her by Bill all those years ago, winked mockingly in

the light while she got pounded by her own teenage son on what should have been her vow renewal day.

Tiffany's giant, pendulous breasts swung below her like fleshy wrecking balls, the jutting nipples grazing the bedspread. Her tiara, once perched like a crown, now dangled precariously from her disheveled hair, threatening to tumble off at any moment under Cody's relentless hammering.

The sheer depravity of the situation - the way he was defiling his mother while she was adorned in bridal regalia meant for his father -

made Cody's blood boil with taboo lust. This was the ultimate conquest, the complete claiming of his mom as his woman now.

"Take it, Mom!" Cody growled, doubling his efforts. The muscles in his ass and thighs burned from the exertion but he didn't let up, determined to make this a fuck Tiffany would never forget. "This pussy is mine! You're mine! Forget about your fucking marriage vows!"

Feeling emboldened, Cody brought his thumb to his mother's puckered rosebud, teasing the pink rim. Tiffany gasped and arched her back, pushing her ass higher in clear offering.

"Oooh, do you wanna play with Mommy's naughty ass too, baby?" she purred wantonly. "Go ahead, slip that finger in. Get my tight little hole ready for your big cock."

Cody groaned, dizzy with the idea of claiming his mother's ass as well as her pussy. He circled her wrinkled entrance, massaging gently as he continued gliding in and out of her soaked cunt. Slowly, he breached the resistant ring of muscle, sinking his finger into Tiffany's searing backdoor channel.

"Oh fuck yes!" Tiffany cried out, her sphincter clenching around the welcome intrusion. Jolts of forbidden pleasure shot up her spine as Cody pumped his finger in and out, working her open. "That's it, loosen up

Mommy's asshole! Unngh I can't wait to feel you pound it with this huge dick!"

Cody fingered his mother's clenching anus, plunging knuckle-deep as his hips continued to slam forward, drilling his throbbing cock into her creaming pussy. The dual stimulation made Tiffany shriek and convulse, her eyes rolling back in her head from the intensity.

As much as Cody wanted to ream out his mother's tight asshole right then, he knew he was too close. The way her vaginal walls rippled and squeezed his pistoning shaft had him right on the edge. He needed to slow down or this would be over far too soon.

"Fuck yourself on my cock," Cody commanded hoarsely, holding himself deep but motionless inside her pussy. "Show me how bad you need it. Prove you're mine now."

Tiffany eagerly complied, throwing herself back against her son's jutting erection with desperate abandon. The tiara tumbled from her hair as she tossed her head wildly, too consumed by lust to care. Her voluptuous body undulated and writhed, gyrating on Cody's rigid thickness impaling her so deliciously.

She ground her hips in tight circles, stirring his cock inside her clenching sheath, then began to pump herself along his length with fast, frantic strokes. The fleshy globes of her ass jiggled and bounced lewdly as she slammed herself back over and over, fucking herself stupid on her teenage son's massive pole.

"Oh God, baby, your cock feels so good!" Tiffany babbled mindlessly, drunk on forbidden pleasure. Beads of sweat rolled down her undulating back as she worked herself into a frenzy on Cody's throbbing shaft. "Ungh yeah, stretch Mommy's pussy! Ruin it forever! Fucking destroy my cunt!"

Cody groaned through gritted teeth, his fingers digging into the sheets as he fought the urge to slam forward and meet her thrusts. The sight of her frantically impaling herself on his dick, her ass cheeks clapping against his cock base and rippling from the force, was almost too erotic to bear. Watching his gorgeous, cock-hungry mother debase herself so wantonly for his pleasure made his balls draw up painfully tight.

Tiffany's greedy cunt made obscene suctioning noises as she plunged herself back onto Cody's engorged pole, her swollen pussy

lips clinging to his girth. Clear mommy-cum gushed out around his shaft with each stroke, absolutely drenching his groin and the bedspread beneath.

"Fuck, you're soaking wet," Cody panted in awe, transfixed by the river of liquid arousal pouring from Tiffany's stuffed twat. He'd never seen her this crazy with lust, this desperate to be filled by his cock. She was like a wild animal in heat, possessed by the need to rut.

"Only for you, baby," Tiffany whimpered, her voice hitching with each plunge of Cody's steely hardness into her molten core. "No one gets my pussy this wet, especially not your father. Ungh fuck, you've ruined me! Corrupted me! I'm your bride now!"

The filthy words spilling from his proper, pristine mother's lips inflamed Cody's lust to new heights. With a feral snarl, he grabbed his mom's meaty hips and slammed her back onto his cock, penetrating her so deep her cervix kissed the tip. She let out a ragged scream, her eyes rolling back in her head as a mind-bending orgasm tore through her.

Deep within Cody's pulsing testicles, millions upon millions of wriggling sperm diligently manufactured by his seminiferous tubules swam impatiently in the epididymis, awaiting their moment of explosive release.

As Cody's orgasm crested, the cremaster muscles contracted, drawing his heavy balls up snug against his body. The sperm were swept out of

storage, through the vas deferens, mixing with seminal fluids and propelled by powerful muscular contractions.

The army of sperm raced through Cody's urethra, their whip-like flagella lashing frantically as they surged towards the promising heat ahead. With each violent twitch of Cody's erupting cock buried deep in his mother's pussy, the sperm were launched out of his meatus in

thick, gooey ropes of semen, geysering forcefully against Tiffany's dilated cervix.

Countless wriggling sperm splattered against the small opening, their bulbous heads doggedly burrowing into the viscous plug of cervical mucus. The fittest among them wriggled through the tight passageway, entering Tiffany's uterus.

The battlefield was littered with the fallen - sluggish or misshapen sperm that failed to make the perilous swim. But the victorious pressed onward, whipping their tails as they swarmed through Tiffany's womb, zeroing in on the prize.

At the same moment Cody's virile seed gushed into Tiffany's depths, a single mature egg was released from her ovary with perfect timing, making the journey down her fallopian tube. The egg's outer surface was coated with an enzyme that attracted the sperm, emitting chemical signals to lure them closer.

The sperm raced each other to be the first to reach the egg, their spinning heads allowing them to drill through the jelly-like coating. But one mighty sperm, the most vigorous swimmer of the bunch, surged ahead of the pack with singular determination. Propelled by its whipping tail, it burrowed through the egg's protective layer and pierced the surface, plunging inside to claim its prize.

As soon as the winning sperm penetrated the egg wall, an instantaneous chemical reaction hardened the outer membrane, locking out the other competitors. The genetic material carried in the sperm's head fused with

that of the egg, combining Cody and Tiffany's DNA to form a unique new genome - the blueprint for their incestuously conceived child.

The egg, now fertilized, began to divide exponentially as it made the journey down the fallopian tube towards Tiffany's uterus. It would soon implant in the nutrient-rich lining of her womb, beginning its

nine month development into the illicit product of mother-son passion.

The next morning, Tiffany sauntered into the resort's sunny breakfast nook, a telling just-fucked glow emanating from her dewy skin. She practically floated over to where Bill sat nursing a coffee, unable to keep the satisfied smirk off her face.

Bill looked up as his wife slid into the seat across from him, his eyes widening as he took in her appearance. Tiffany's hair was slightly mussed, golden tendrils escaping her usually sleek ponytail. Her cheeks were flushed a becoming pink, her eyes sparkling with sated mischief.

"Morning, darling," Tiffany trilled brightly, reaching for the coffee carafe. "Mmm, something smells delicious!" She poured herself a cup, seemingly oblivious to her husband's bewildered stare.

Bill cleared his throat awkwardly. "You, uh, you look...refreshed," he commented, trying to keep his tone neutral. "Sleep well?"

Tiffany hid a secret smile behind her mug. If only Bill knew just how little sleep she'd actually gotten last night. Her thighs were still sticky with the residue of the countless loads Cody had pumped into her, her pussy sore and puffy from the all-night fucking marathon.

She could still feel the delicious ache deep inside where her son's huge cock had pounded her relentlessly, ruining her for her husband. Tiffany shifted gingerly in her seat, the copious cum Cody had left in her cunt sloshing with the movement.

"Oh yes, like a baby," she lied smoothly, taking a sip of coffee to conceal her smirk. More like a horny nymphomaniac finally getting the thorough dicking-down she desperately needed, courtesy of her virile teenage son.

Bill nodded slowly, unconvinced. He couldn't shake the mental image of his wife bouncing wantonly on Cody's lap, her massive tits jiggling as she rode their son to orgasm after screaming orgasm. The thought made his stomach curdle.

"So, about the vow renewal," Bill began hesitantly, steering the conversation to safer territory. "I know yesterday didn't go as planned, but I was thinking we could reschedule for later this month? Maybe a sunset ceremony back home?"

Tiffany waved a dismissive hand, barely suppressing an eye roll. Recommitting herself to her marriage was the last thing on her mind after discovering the mind-blowing carnal pleasures Cody could provide.

"Oh, that? Don't worry about it, honey," she said breezily, snagging a pastry from the basket. "It was a sweet idea, but totally unnecessary."

Bill frowned, hurt by Tiffany's casual dismissal of what he considered a deeply meaningful gesture. "But Tiff, renewing our vows is important to me," he pressed gently. "It's a way for us to reaffirm our love and commitment after 20 years. Don't you want that?"

Tiffany sighed, reaching across the table to pat Bill's hand in a patronizing manner. "I do still love you, darling. You know that. I just don't see the point in some grand ceremony to state the obvious."

She popped a bite of danish in her mouth, chewing thoughtfully. "Besides, with everything else going on, I simply don't have the time or energy to plan a whole ceremony right now. I hope you understand."

Bill's brow furrowed in confusion. "Everything else? What do you mean? I thought the whole point of this trip was to relax and reconnect as a couple before Cody goes off to college."

Tiffany's eyes sparkled with barely suppressed excitement. "Well, about that... There's been a slight change of plans. Cody won't be going away to school after all."

"What? But I thought he was all set to attend State in the fall!" Bill sputtered, caught off guard. "What happened?"

"Oh, he just decided he wasn't quite ready to leave the nest yet. You know how hard these transitions can be," Tiffany explained breezily, waving a hand. "So he's going to defer for a year and get an apartment locally instead. That way he can have some independence while still being close to home."

Bill nodded slowly, trying to process this unexpected development. "I see. Well, I suppose that makes sense. It will be nice to have him nearby a bit longer."

"Exactly!" Tiffany beamed, clearly thrilled by the idea. "And you know, since he's never really been on his own before, I thought it would be good if I stayed with him some of the time. Just until he gets settled and learns how to manage a household."

She patted Bill's arm with a firm reassurance. "Don't worry, honey, it's not like I'm leaving you! I'll still be spending time at home with you and the kids. While you're at work and they're at school, I can be with Cody at our—uh, his apartment. I can split my nights between the two places, making sure everyone gets the attention they need."

Bill stiffened, a sinking feeling taking root in his gut. The notion of his wife playing house with their son, even part time, didn't sit right with him. Not after everything he'd seen and suspected about the inappropriate nature of their relationship.

Tiffany leaned in close, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Actually darling, I had an idea about the sleeping

arrangements. Since I'll be staying at Cody's place most nights anyway, I thought it might be

nice if we let him take our king bed to his new apartment. You know, as a housewarming gift."

Bill's eyebrows shot up, a muscle ticking in his clenched jaw. "You wanna give our marital bed to our teenage son? The bed we've shared for the last 20 years?" He couldn't keep the incredulity from his tone.

Tiffany nodded eagerly, either not noticing or choosing to ignore the growing anger on her husband's face. "It just makes sense, don't you think? That way Cody and I will have plenty of room to spread out when I sleep over. Much more comfortable than trying to cram into a twin."

She giggled, a naughty gleam in her eye. "Plus, it holds such special memories for us as a couple. Imagine our son continuing the legacy, breaking in that bed properly as a man."

Bill felt his stomach turn at the thinly veiled innuendo. He knew exactly what kind of special memories Tiffany was referring to - the countless nights they had spent twined together in passion, conceiving and raising their children. The idea of his wife now recreating those intimate moments with Cody in the same bed made him physically ill.

"Absolutely not," Bill bit out through gritted teeth, struggling to keep his voice down to avoid making a scene. "That bed is a symbol of our marriage. A sacred space for you and me alone."

Tiffany pouted, clearly disappointed by her husband's refusal to play along with her twisted game. "Oh, don't be such a fuddy-duddy," she coaxed, running a soothing hand down his arm. "It's just a piece of furniture. Wherever you and I are together is sacred, right?"

She snuggled up to Bill's side, pressing her ample bosom against him as she looked up at him through her lashes. "Besides, if you're really that attached to our old bed, I suppose Cody and I could make do with his twin mattress when I sleep over," she purred silkily. "It would be a tight

squeeze, but I'm sure we'd find a way to fit. Snuggled up real close, all night long..."

Tiffany smirked to herself as she felt Bill stiffen beside her, knowing her salacious implication had hit its mark. She had no intention of actually cramming into Cody's small childhood bed - the very notion was absurd. But she knew the seductive image of their entwined bodies writhing on the tiny mattress would be enough to sway Bill's decision.

Bill clenched his jaw, his temples throbbing as he struggled to tamp down his rising anger and disgust. The mental image of his wife and son pressed intimately together on a too-small mattress, their limbs tangled and bodies undulating in a mockery of the marital embrace, made his skin crawl. He knew exactly what kind of depraved activities would be taking place under the guise of an innocent mother-son "snuggle."

"Fine," Bill ground out through gritted teeth, the words tasting like ash in his mouth. "You can take our bed for Cody's place. But only because I don't want you two crammed together like sardines every night."

Tiffany's face lit up in triumphant glee, her eyes sparkling with wicked delight. "Oh, thank you darling!" she gushed, pressing a smacking kiss to Bill's cheek. "You're so thoughtful, always putting your family's comfort first."

She snuggled into his side, rubbing her squishy tits against his arm in sham gratitude. "I know it's a sacrifice, giving up our marital bed. But I promise, the whole time I'm in bed with Cody, I'll be thinking

of you," Tiffany purred, batting her lashes coquettishly. "Of our beautiful marriage and unbreakable bond."

Bill suppressed a shudder of revulsion, seeing straight through his wife's saccharine lies. He knew damn well the only thing on Tiffany's mind while she was wrapped around Cody would be riding his cock into oblivion, betraying their marriage vows in the most heinous way possible.

THE END

219: Dad's Stand-in-part1/3

This story is purely fictional, and all characters contained within this story are over the age of 18.

Dad's Stand-in

By Klrxo

"Why are you dropping me off first?" Jason asked, leaning back against the soft leather seat as his brother pulled up to their home. He glanced over at Lauren, his new girlfriend, who was sitting quietly beside him. She had a faint blush on her cheeks from their date that night. Mat had offered to give them a ride home but now Jason was curious about his brother's intentions.

"I have to stop by a friend's house that lives near her, so I thought I'd just drop you off first," Mat replied smoothly, sharing a secretive glance with Lauren. Jason couldn't help but feel a twinge of suspicion at their exchange.

"Oh, well, you could have dropped me off after her," Jason pointed out, trying to keep his voice light.

"It's alright, Jason, really," Lauren chimed in, giving him a quick peck on the cheek before unbuckling her seatbelt. "I'll see you at school tomorrow."

Jason watched as they drove away together and then made his way to the front door of his house. As he unlocked it and stepped inside, he noticed through the window that Mat's car had made a wrong turn into an empty cul-de-sac only a block away. A strange feeling

tugged at his gut and he wondered what exactly his brother was up to.

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh reached Jason's ears before he even neared the car. It was accompanied by the sweet

gasps and moans of pleasure, as well as the creaking springs of the vehicle's suspension. Dread filled him as he peered through the back window and saw his girlfriend, her naked cheerleader legs entwined with his older brother's body. Mat's muscular buttocks clenched and released with each forceful thrust into her tight, wet core.

Jason's heart felt heavy as he watched, knowing that earlier that day, his sweet girlfriend had professed her love for him. But here she was, surrendered to his brother's carnal desires. The sounds of Laren's girlish screams and Mat's grunts of exertion seemed to follow Jason all the way back to the house.

He didn't have the courage to confront his brother - after all, Mat was two years his senior and much larger and stronger. Instead, he broke things off with Lauren, using a flimsy excuse of having a change of heart. In reality, it was just too painful for him to see her now, knowing what had transpired between her and his brother.

"Boys, come downstairs. There's something extremely important that your mother and I need to speak to you about," their father, Tom, stated, a few days later.

Jason and Mat exchanged wary glances before slowly making their way down the creaky staircase. As they reached the bottom, they found their parents sitting solemnly in the living room. "What's going on?" Jason asked, his voice tinged with apprehension.

Their father cleared his throat before speaking, "Have a seat boys," he said, gesturing towards the couch opposite where they sat.

Mat and Jason exchanged another look before sitting down, a sense of unease settling in the pit of their stomachs. Tom took a deep breath, his gaze flickering between his sons. "Boys, as you know, I have to go overseas for three months for a work assignment," Tom

began. "That means I'm gonna be counting on the two of you to take care of the house and look after your mother while I'm away."

Jason and Mat nodded, their expressions shifting from apprehension to determination. They had always been close as brothers and they were ready to step up to the challenge. Their mother, Maggie, reached out to grasp their hands, her eyes filled with pride and love.

"We believe in you boys," she said softly. "Your father and I have full faith that you'll both help take care of things here while he's away."

"As I'm sure you both understand, three months is a long time for a husband and wife to be apart," Tom added.

Mat and Jason nodded in understanding, their young minds grappling with the weight of responsibility that was now placed on their shoulders.

Tom continued, "While I am away, I have given your mother the authority to select one of you to handle tasks that require a closer level of intimacy."

"Intimacy?" Mat asked, his heart pounding with curiosity.

Maggie chimed in. "Boys, what your father means is, I'll be moving one of you into the bedroom with me while he's gone to take care of my 'personal' needs," she explained, her voice gentle and calm.

Jason and Mat exchanged a look again, feeling a sudden warmth in their cheeks as they tried to process this new information. Their father seemed to anticipate their thoughts, speaking up to ease their tension.

"It's completely normal and natural, boys. Your mother has needs too, and it's important for her to feel loved and cared for while I'm

away," Tom said, attempting to reassure them. "And I know I can count on one of you to do that."

As her husband went on to provide an awkward mini lecture on the importance of sexual fulfillment and intimacy, Maggie focused on each boy's reaction to the news, starting with Jason, the younger of the two.

Jason had only barely turned 18, the more timid of her two sons, and seemed a bit overwhelmed by the whole situation. He fidgeted nervously in his seat, his cheeks flushed a deep shade of red. Maggie could see the internal battle raging within him, trying to balance his concern for his mother's well being with the fact that he hadn't had much experience with physical intimacy. He was very small for a boy his age, only 4'6", but had charming features and a gentle demeanor that his mother found adorable. On top of that, she knew he was still a virgin and hadn't even really dated that much.

As his father spoke, Jason's eyes exchanged fleeting glances with his mom, finding it almost impossible to look away from the mesmerizing gaze of his platinum blonde mom's entrancing green eyes. His attention was quickly drawn down to the ample curves beneath her sundress, starting with her enormous breasts that threatened to burst through the fabric, the cleavage spilling from its neckline. Her entire body exuded a seductive appeal, from the gentle curve of her waist to the alluring swell of her hips. Jason couldn't help but let his eyes roam further down, taking in the silky sheen of her tanned legs, elegantly crossed and displayed in a perfect blend of grace and allure. Her dainty feet were adorned with 6-inch designer heels, adding a touch of sophistication to her already stunning appearance. He couldn't help but notice the tantalizing arches of her feet and the row of perfectly painted toes, each one a

vibrant shade of red. One heel seemed to dangle teasingly on the tip of her foot, adding to the alluring image she

presented. Every inch of her body seemed designed for pleasure, and Jason couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by the thought of experiencing it firsthand.

Maggie's eyes drifted to Mat, two years older than Jason and his polar opposite in so many ways. Mat was taller, more muscular, and had a more confidant demeanor. He was a star athlete in school, a captain of the football team, and had a string of girlfriends that followed him everywhere. Maggie knew that Mat had already lost his virginity and had likely had several partners. He was the type of boy who thrived on attention, and Maggie knew that he would likely relish the opportunity to meet her sexual needs. She exchanged a knowing smile with him, watching his eyes feast on her body like she was a delicious meal he couldn't wait to taste.

"I know that whichever one your mother chooses for this task will step up and do a fantastic job," Tom concluded. "And I can't emphasize enough the importance of discretion here. This is an arrangement that's private and it needs to stay that way, understood?"

Jason and Mat nodded, their eyes never leaving their mother's body. Maggie had the utmost confidence that whichever boy she chose would rise to the occasion and make sure her insatiable sexual needs were met.

"So, have you decided which want in your bed while Tom is gone?" Maggie's sister, Karen, asked as they sat at the coffee shop the next day.

"Well, no, but I have an idea that might help me in making a choice," she said, eyes twinkling mischievously. "I think we should give both boys a chance to demonstrate their abilities first, and then I can make my decision."

"You mean let them both fuck you?" Karen giggled.

"No, no…Tom only agree to one and I have to respect that, but that doesn't mean that I can put them each through a serious of questions and exercises that will determine which one is more suited to the task at hand."

"Such as?" Karen asked curiously.

"Their knowledge of the female body and how to provide a woman pleasure would be a good starting point," Maggie suggested, "I'd also like to examine their bodies in detail to find out which one is more physically capable of meeting my needs."

"You mean, who has the bigger cock?" Karen playfully teased her sister, knowing her and Maggie's fondness for well-endowed men.

Maggie rolled her eyes and chuckled. "No, it's not just about length. I also take into consideration thickness and any slight curvature that could enhance my G-spot stimulation," she explained. "Plus, I want to assess their overall build. After all, this is the body I'll be clinging onto for the next three months. It needs to fit me perfectly."

"What about putting them through a serious of tests to measure their endurance and stamina?" Karen suggested, "You know, like a sports competition?"

"That's a great idea, sis," Maggie said, her eyes gleaming with excitement. "We can set up a series of challenges for both boys, and based on their performance, I can determine which one is more suitable to keep up with me."

"Alright, but let me warn you," Karen said, "if this becomes a competition between two brothers, they'll both give it their all and things could get heated. I raised twin daughters so trust me I know."

Maggie patted her sister on the shoulder. "That's why I'll have you there to referee and assist me in making my final decision."

Karen nodded, her eyes glinting with excitement. "I'm in. Let's get this competition started!"

The two sisters quickly devised a series of tests and challenges that would gauge the boys' knowledge, endurance, and physical capabilities. They decided that the competition would take place the day after Tom left to go overseas.

Maggie glanced over at her son, Jason, as they drove in silence. The car's engine hummed softly, a soothing soundtrack to their thoughts. They had just said goodbye to Tom at the airport and were now heading back home. Mat was occupied with after-school sports, leaving Jason to join his mother on the drive.

His slight stature often led others to mistake him for a child, even though he was well into his teenage years. When walking alongside his mother, who towered over him, he couldn't help but feel like a little boy again. Strangers would often comment on how cute they looked together, not realizing the embarrassment it caused him.

The weight of their conversation from the previous night lingered between them, a heavy fog that neither of them could shake off. Maggie's eyes flickered with concern as she observed her usually talkative son sitting in the passenger seat, lost in his own thoughts. "You're awfully quiet over there, honey. Is everything ok?" she asked, glancing over at him.

"I'm just, um…feeling a little nervous about tomorrow I guess," he confessed. "Mat is older and has a lot more experience, and is obviously a lot bigger than me."

"Oh honey, don't worry about it. Your age and lack of experience won't be a deciding factor in this competition, and nor will your

size," Maggie reassured him. "Besides, if you think your brother has the upper hand in one area, that's where you can showcase your strengths at other things."

"Strengths?" Jason asked, curious.

"Yes, there's more to this competition than just age and experience, honey" Maggie replied. "Your Aunt Karen and I are going to test your knowledge, your endurance, and your physical capabilities, just like we said. It's going to be a fair competition, but that doesn't mean you can't think strategically, Jason. You have qualities that your brother doesn't have, and those will be what sets you apart in different challenges."

"I see," he nodded. "I guess if I can just keep my nerves under control I may be alright then."

Maggie reached over and rubbed his leg reassuringly. "Don't worry, honey. You've got this," she smiled. "And Mat has his own set of challenges to face. The competition is designed to show each of your strengths and weaknesses, and you'll each have a chance to shine in different areas. So relax and just do your best, okay?"

Jason took a deep breath, trying to calm down. He knew his mother was right, but it was hard not to worry. Tomorrow was going to be a big day, and the thought had him feeling nervous. But he tried to remind himself that this wasn't really a competition. It was all about who was best for his mom while his dad was away and that was the important part.

The next day the boys were asked to demonstrate their knowledge of the female anatomy and how to provide pleasure. Jason and Mat were each given a diagram of a female body and were asked to label the various parts and explain their importance in sexual

pleasure. Both boys were impressive in their knowledge, but Mat was able to provide more detailed and informative answers.

"Mat clearly has the upper hand here," Karen pointed out as her and Maggie met in private after sending the boys back to their rooms. "Look how thorough his answers are."

"Yes," Maggie agreed. "I love how he thought about the clitoris and how to stimulate it in different ways. You can certainly tell he's had some experience there."

"Jason mentioned something on the diagram that did intrigue me though," Karen added. "He talked about the importance of foreplay and the role it plays in relaxing the body and increasing sensual awareness. That's something Mat didn't mention, and to be honest, it's a crucial part of sexual pleasure that many men overlook."

"You're right, sis," Maggie said, nodding. "And it's true that sometimes less experienced men are more attuned to the importance of foreplay. Jason definitely scored some points with that comment."

Karen nodded in agreement, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "I agree," she chimed in. "They both emphasized the importance of tit-play, something that we both value and enjoy during our lovemaking."

"Yeah, I'd be interested in questioning them further regarding that topic," Maggie said, "since it is so important to me. Let's call Mat in first."

Mat came to the kitchen with a confident smile on his face. He sat across from his mom and Aunt Karen and glanced down at the huge tits straining against the fabric of their blouses.

"Honey, we noticed that you emphasized the importance of tit-play on your diagram," Maggie pointed out. "Can you go into more detail about why you think that is significant and how you would go about stimulating woman in that area during sex."

"Sure thing," Mat responded confidently. "I think sucking on a woman's tits turns her on a lot. I would suck, chew and pull on her nipples as much as I could and try to keep my boner thrusting into her the whole time. I think it would get her off even harder that way."

Maggie and Karen exchanged glances, impressed by Mat's bold answer. It was clear that he had some experience in this area.

"That's a great answer, Mat," Karen commended him. "As you certainly already know the women in this family have extremely large breasts that would certainly put even the most skilled tit-sucker to the test. How do you think you would handle that?"

Mat's face lit up with a sly grin. "I've definitely seen some big ones before. My science teacher, Mrs. Jenkins has 48 triple d's and she let me suck on hers after school all the time."

Maggie glared at him a moment. "I'm gonna pretend like i didnt hear that, mister," she scolded, then her glare softened. "Do you have a certain technique that you use when you're sucking tits? Anything that a girl seems to enjoy in particular?"

"Oh, absolutely," Mat replied confidently. "I'd start with some gentle sucking and nibbling, then move on to some more aggressive biting and pulling. I also like to spank her while I'm doing it. That really gets her going."

Maggie made a note of what Mat had just said on her notepad, and then dismissed him and called Jason into the kitchen.

Jason sat down at the table, looking nervous and small between the two women, but he was eager to answer their questions.

"Honey, we noticed that you mentioned the importance of sucking tits on your diagram," Maggie pointed out. "Can you go into more

detail about why you think that is significant and how you would go about stimulating women in that area during sex?"

Jason took a nervous breath, unable to speak for a moment due to nerves. His Aunt Karen reached out and stroked his arm tenderly and he felt his mom's hand on his upper thigh, trying to calm his nerves. "Try and just relax, sweetheart," Maggie cooed, "You're doing great."

"You don't have to be embarrassed in front of us," Karen added in a soothing tone. "Tell us what you know about sucking tits, honey."

Jason took a deep breath and began, "I've always heard that women really like it," he stated when he finally found his voice.

"You've heard?" his Aunt repeated. "So, you've never actually sucked on a woman's breasts before, Jason?"

Jason's face flushed slightly, feeling embarrassed by the question. He shook his head. "No, I haven't... not really. I just know it's something that women appreciate. I mean, it's mentioned in all those books and movies I've watched."

Maggie and her sister exchanged a glance, trying not to laugh at Jason's nervous admission. They could see he was trying his best, but it was clear that he had no actual experience.

Maggie looked him straight in the eyes. "If you did have the opportunity to suck on a woman's tits, tell us what you would do, to stimulate her?"

Jason's face flushed even more at the question. "I, uh, I would probably start with a gentle kiss and then slowly suck on them."

"Okay, and what about nibbling or biting?" Karen interjected. "Are you comfortable with that?"

"Sure, I'd be up for trying that too, if it's what she likes."

Maggie nonchalantly squashed her tits between her forearms, causing them to balloon outward, commanding Jason's attention. "Do big breasts intimidate you, honey, or would you be able to handle giving them attention for sometimes more than an hour at a time?" she asked him, her voice dripping with seduction.

Jason's eyes widened like saucers as he stared at the breathtaking sight of Maggie's massive breasts. The curves and swells of her ample cleavage seemed almost larger than life, beckoning to him with a tantalizing promise. The thought of being swallowed up by those generous mounds both excited and overwhelmed him. "No, I wouldn't mind that at all," he managed to reply, his voice thick with desire and anticipation.

"Tell me what you'd do to them, sweetheart," his mom urged. "Describe how you would work them over."

Jason's heart raced as he contemplated the thought of having the honor of working on such a magnificent set of breasts. He could feel the sweat on his brow as he began, "I would start by gently cupping them in my hands, admiring their size and shape. I'd begin kissing them all over, even up underneath them."

Maggie and Karen exchanged glances, both clearly impressed by Jason's eagerness and potential.

"Tell us more, Jason," urged his mom. "Tell me how you would suck the nipples."

Jason hesitated, his face flushed with embarrassment. He had never been this open about his fantasies with anyone, let alone his family. But there was something about the way they looked at him that made him feel safe and understood. "I'd start by gently licking them, tracing the outline with my tongue," he admitted.

"And then?" his mom prompted.

"Then, I'd suck on them, maybe applying some gentle pressure with my lips," he continued, feeling more at ease as he spoke. "And keep doing it for as long as she would allow."

Karen nodded approvingly. "That's a good start, Jason. But what about when you're actually having sex? How would you incorporate that into your lovemaking?"

Jason shivered at the thought of touching and tasting those luscious breasts while making love. "I think I would continue with the same techniques," he stammered, trying not to sound too eager. "But it would be much more intense and passionate, you know?"

Maggie smiled at her son and gave him a knowing nod. "I think that's it's great that you recognize the passion that needs to be involved in such and intimate act. I'm proud of you for being so open with us."

Maggie and Karen decided it was time to examine the boys naked bodies to determine how each was equipped for the task. "Alright, boy…before we call you in individually, take a few minutes to get yourself fully erect so we can see you when you're most aroused," Maggie advised them.

"Jason, we'll start with you, honey. Come into the kitchen when you're ready."

Jason nodded, feeling nervous but excited. He headed to his room to take off his clothes and begin the task at hand. He hadn't masturbated in a while, so he knew he'd be ready in no time. In no more than five minutes, Jason's penis was standing erect, as hard as can be.

Maggie and Karen's eyes were drawn to the doorway as Jason stepped in, his rigid penis leading the way. They couldn't help but

marvel at the impressive size and girth of his erection as they both

stood from the table. It seemed much too big for his little body. "Come over here and stand in front of us, honey," Maggie instructed, her voice a mix of awe and excitement.

Jason walked towards them, his heart pounding in his chest.

He stood before them, his body tense and his erect penis pointing upwards, a clear indication of his arousal. Despite his small stature of only 4'6", he held himself with confidence as Maggie and Karen, towering at 6 feet in their heels, loomed above him. His eyes were level with their jutting tits, making him feel even smaller in their presence. The contrast between their imposing heights and his diminutive figure added to the intensity of the moment.

His mom and Aunt began running their hands over his shoulders and across his chest, appreciating the toned muscles and smooth skin beneath their fingers. They crouched down, speading their smooth thighs open as they balanced on their heels, tracing the outline of his abdominals and sliding their hands over his hips.

"You have a nice build, Jason," Karen commented. "You are very short for a boy your age, but definitely sturdy enough to handle a woman's needs."

"You have a great physique, honey," Maggie agreed. "It's perfect for sex."

Jason couldn't help but blush at their compliments. He had never felt so exposed and evaluated, but there was something strangely exhilarating about it. He looked down at himself, feeling a sense of pride in his body, despite his short height.

Maggie's lips curled into a mischievous smile as she leaned in close to Karen, whispering something in her ear. Jason couldn't help but feel his cheeks flush with embarrassment at being the subject of

their conversation. "I just wanna try something, sweetheart," Maggie announced, slipping out of her high heels and approaching

her son. Standing close to him, she measured their heights barefoot, seeming like a giant in front of him. Her eyes lingering down on his chiseled abs before trailing down to the prominent length jutting from his nearly hairless crotch. Her tongue darted out to wet her lips as she imagined the pleasure it could bring her.

Placing her hands on his shoulders, Maggie looked directly into Jason's eyes, which were just below her humongous cleavage since he was much, much shorter than her. A satisfied grin spread across her face as she turned to look at Karen.

"That IS a pretty convenient height," Karen remarked, recognizing the easy access Jason would have to Maggie's breasts to feast on their flesh.

"I was thinking the same thing," Maggie grinned, then looked back at her son. "Alright, I'm gonna try something, sweetheart, and I just want you to go with it, ok?"

Jason, feeling both nervous and excited, nodded his agreement, not knowing exactly what to expect.

Maggie pressed her warm palms onto Jason's shoulders, relishing in the strength of his muscles beneath her touch. With a playful smile, she gracefully leapt from the floor and wrapped her naked legs around him, eager to test his ability to hold her weight. Caught off guard, Jason stumbled backwards, his hands instinctively gripping her outer thighs to steady their bodies. Her large breasts were squished between them, expanding outwards like two huge mounds of fluffy marshmallows.

Jason's small frame was enveloped by Maggie's toned legs, which wrapped around his waist like a pair of powerful serpents. Their skin

pressed together, melding into one, as she clung onto him with unwavering strength and control.

"Do you have me, honey?" Maggie asked, looking down at his face with a wicked thrill.

Jason's heart raced as he felt his mom's warm, heavy tits pressed against him. He could feel the weight of her flesh, the softness of her skin, and the heat radiating from her body. He tried to catch his breath as the realization of what was happening washed over him. "I... I think so," he managed to stammer,

Maggie laughed, a low, sultry sound that sent shivers down Jason's spine. "Good," she said, her voice husky with desire. "Now, I want you to try and move us around the room. Show me how strong you are."

Jason's heart pounded in his chest as he quickly adjusted his grip on her thighs, trying to maintain his balance and not drop his mother. With a deep breath, he started to walk slowly around the room, feeling the weight of her body shifting on his. He couldn't help but feel a sense of pride and excitement in his ability to hold her up so effortlessly.

As they moved, Maggie's breasts continued to press against him, smothering him in their warmth and softness. The feel of her nipples rubbing against his chest sent a thrill through him, and he found himself becoming increasingly aroused.

Maggie's voice broke through the stillness of the room, commanding attention. She spoke with a sense of purpose, as if she had a specific routine in mind. "OK, stop for a moment," she directed, her words falling with a gentle yet firm tone. "We're gonna try a couple of things and I want you to just react naturally, alright, honey?" Her eyes glittered with an excitement that seemed contagious, and her son couldn't help but feel curious about what would come next.

Maggie's grip on his shoulders tightened as she began to rhythmically move her body up and down against him, mimicking

the motions of riding him in the standing sex position. Jason could feel her panty-clad ass resting on top of his fully aroused erection, their bodies moving in perfect harmony. The muscles in Maggie's smooth tan legs flexed with each pump of her body, accentuating her toned physique. Her voluptuous breasts swayed softly against Jason's chest, their movements sending waves of pleasure throughout his body. He struggled to maintain his balance as as he was humped against by a voluptuous giantess, consumed by the intensity of their physical connection.

Karen stood nearby watching mostly Jason and how he handled himself in this situation, with Maggie clinging and humping against him. She was eager to give critique.

"Jason, you're doing great, but I have to ask, how do you feel right now? Are you getting tired?"

Jason took a moment to catch his breath, feeling both exhilarated and a bit overwhelmed by the situation. He was having a hard time believing that this was actually happening, but he couldn't deny the rush of adrenaline that was coursing through his veins.

With a weak smile, he responded, "I'm doing alright, I guess. Just a bit surprised, but I think I can keep doing this for a while."

Maggie let out a low, triumphant laugh, her voice thick with lust. "That's my boy!" she exclaimed, her eyes never leaving his face. "Now, I want you to try carrying me down the hallway to my bed, sweetheart. I'll be a bit heavy, so just take your time and be careful."

Jason did as she asked, carefully trying to keep his balance as he walked towards his parent's bedroom. With each step he took,

Maggie's breasts bounced against his chest, making him feel even more aroused.

His heart pounded as he navigated through the hallway, wondering what exactly was going to happen when they reached the bedroom.

With a soft click, Karen closed the door behind them and stepped into the room. The walls were painted a calming shade of blue, with a large window on one side that let in streams of golden sunlight. Mat was the only other one home, waiting in his own bedroom just down the hall, but it was crucial that they have complete privacy for this intimate test. The air was still, save for the gentle hum of the air conditioning unit. A sense of anticipation hung thick in the room, as if something important was about to happen. Kathy took a deep breath and locked eyes with Jason's, ready to continue his evaluation.

"OK, honey…lay me down on the bed like you're going to make love to me," she softly directed. "Then come down on top of me and we're going to share a couple of kisses, ok?"

Jason lowered her onto the soft bed and her thighs opened like blooming flower pedals as he settled between them. Their eyes remained fixed with true magic as he brought his full weight against her and their lips met for a slow, sensual kiss.

Karen plopped down on her tummy on the mattress beside them, watching Jason's every movement, eager to give him any sort of advice he may need. "Jason, run your hands up the sides of her thighs while you kiss her," Karen advised.

Jason followed Karen's suggestion, slowly running his hands up the sides of his mother's silky bare thighs as he continued to kiss her. Maggie moaned softly into his mouth, her body arching slightly against his.

"Do you see how her body reacts to things like that?" Karen asked.

Jason nodded, feeling a sense of awe as he watched his mother's body respond to his touch.

With a sudden burst of energy, Maggie aggressively flipped him over onto his back. She took the top position, her body upright as she straddled his midsection, her knees planted firmly on either side of his hips. Her eyes narrowed with determination and desire, and she clenched her pretty white teeth together as she gazed down at his chiseled chest. It was as if she were a fierce cowgirl on a brand new stallion, eagerly assessing how comfortable her ride would be.

Jason's jaw dropped in awe as he gazed up at Maggie's towering torso. Her oversized breasts seemed to defy gravity, jutting outward and casting a shadow over him like fluffy clouds on a warm summer day. He couldn't help but notice her nipples, clearly visible through the thin fabric of her bra and dress, standing at attention like firm, ripe cherries. The level of arousal was evident in her body, sending shivers down his spine. And there between them, her panty-covered crotch pressed against his naked cock, aching with need for release. Their bodies melded together, creating a blanket of warmth and desire that consumed them both.

"How does it make you feel having your mom on top of you this way, honey?" Karen asked him.

"Really good," Jason answered, gulping with excitement.

"Do you think you'd be able to handle her fucking you this way for hours on end?"

"Uh-huh, I think so," Jason answered, making Maggie and Karen smile at one another, impressed by his answer.

"You did really well, honey," Maggie praised, smiling down at her son, proudly. "We're gonna examine your penis now, ok?"

"Alright," Jason answered, watching her crawl off him. Now he had Maggie on one side of him and Karen on the other, both hovering over his rigid cock.

Karen reached in and cupped his testicles gently, exploring their size and shape. "These are beautiful," she whispered, her fingers teasing the delicate skin. "Perfectly formed and firm."

"Thanks," Jason replied, his eyes never leaving his mother's face as he watched her examine his erection. "You have a really nice dick, honey. It has a slight upward curve which women really enjoy," Maggie softly stated. "Let's measure it, Karen."

Karen released her grip on Jason's balls and ran a measuring tape along the underside of his throbbing, vein-covered shaft. "Eight and a half inches," she stated with a hint of awe in her voice, her eyes filled with adoration as she took in the impressive size. Maggie couldn't help but let out a gasp, feeling a rush of excitement at the thought of being filled by such an ample member. She could already feel the tightness building in her core, anticipating the sensation of being completely filled by such a young, muscular shaft.

"Wow, that's impressive," Maggie said, still staring intently at her son's erection. She couldn't believe the size of it, how it stood up so proudly, especially given how short his stature was. Her eyes trailed from the base to the tip, imagining the feeling of having it pound through the snug grip of her vagina.

Maggie's delicate hands gently lifted Jason's boner from his abdomen, pointing it upwards for her and her sister to study. They marveled at its impressive size and thickness, running their long, painted fingernails along the prominent veins that pulsed beneath the skin. "It's so thick," Karen gasped in awe, her fingers tracing the outline of Jason's girth.

"And the veins... they're like a roadmap," Maggie added, her touch causing Jason to shudder with pleasure. "How sensitive is the

head?" Karen asked, her fingers brushing against the sensitive tip

of Jason's arousal. He let out a soft moan in response, confirming just how sensitive he was.

This was a tad bit concerning for Maggie since she didn't want a partner that popped too soon. "How long does it take you to cum when you masturbate, honey?" she asked.

Jason hesitated for a moment, feeling a bit exposed with both his mother and aunt examining his erection. He took a deep breath and said, "Usually around ten minutes, maybe a little less if I'm really turned on."

Maggie nodded thoughtfully, not entirely pleased but also not overly concerned. She knew that this was just an assessment, and she trusted her sister's judgment. "Good to know," she replied, still studying the size and shape of his penis. "Do you go soft after you ejaculated or does it stay erect?"

Jason shook his head. "It goes soft after I cum, but it doesn't take too long to get hard again, usually a few minutes."

Karen raised an eyebrow, impressed. "Not bad. And do you masturbate again when that happens?"

Jason smiled, a bit embarrassed but also proud of his ability. "Yes. I can usually cum three or four times before I'm too exhausted."

Maggie and her sister shared a look of surprise and awe, unable to hide their excitement. "When it comes to real sex," his mother said, "do you think you'd be able to go for two to three hours straight?" she questioned, her curiosity piqued.

"Well, I've never really had sex before so I can't be sure, but it's definitely something I'd like to try," Jason answered, his eyes never leaving his mother's intense gaze.

Maggie smiled warmly at her son, proud of his confidence and openness. She knew that this conversation was important for both

of them, as she needed to chose someone who could keep up with her insatiable sexual appetite. "That's a great attitude to have, honey," she replied. "But we have to be realistic. You're still young and inexperienced. Sex can be intense, especially with a woman my age. If I were to pick you to replace your father the next three months, I would need to feel confident that you can keep up with me."

Jason nodded, understanding the weight of his mother's words. He was willing to learn and grow with her, to become the ideal partner for her. "I promise I'll do my best, Mom," he vowed, his eyes filled with determination.

Maggie smiled at her son, reaching out to caress his face tenderly. "I believe in you, Jason," she whispered. "And I can see how much you want this. But before we make any decisions, we need to consider your readiness."

"How do we do that?" he asked.

"We need to test your sexual stamina," Karen answered. "Which means the length of time it takes you to ejaculate when you're being stimulated."

"Your Aunt Karen and I are gonna stroke your erection and make you cum two times," said his mother.

"Two times?" Jason asked, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Yes," Maggie confirmed. "The first time will let us know how long it takes you to cum, and the second time will show us how quickly you can recover. This will give us a good idea of your endurance and ability to handle multiple sessions of sexual intercourse."

Jason nodded, his heart racing with anticipation. He had never been more nervous or excited in his life. He knew that this would be the ultimate test of his potential as his mother's lover. "Ok," he said, his voice barely audible.

Karen had brought a folded up towel with her and opened it up, to reveal a bottle of synthetic lubricant. She poured a generous amount onto her palm, spreading it evenly and warming it up with her fingers, while handing the bottle of to Maggie who then did the same. "Just try to relax, honey," Karen cooed. "This is gonna feel REALLY good, but just try and push yourself and last as long as you can without cumming."

Maggie started the timer on her phone, then her and Karen slowly reached towards Jason's erection, both of them knowing the gravity of the moment. Their fingers gently traced the outline of his shaft, sending shivers down his spine. Jason couldn't help but close his eyes as he felt the soft, warm touch of his mother's fingers on one side and his aunt's on the other, rubbing the lubricant all over his member.

"Now, honey, like your Aunt Karen just told you, we need you to last as long as you possibly can, ok?" Maggie urged. "You can tell us to slow down if you need to, but there is no stopping completely until you ejaculate."

"Got it," Jason replied, his heart pounding in his chest as he took a deep breath. He knew that this was the ultimate test of his manhood, and he was ready to prove himself to his mother and aunt.

The sensation was overwhelming, and Jason couldn't help but moan softly. Karen started to stroke Jason's penis, her hand moving up and down with a gentle motion. Maggie followed suit, her fingers gliding along the shaft in synchrony with her sister's.

Jason's body trembled with pleasure as he felt their fingers moving in perfect harmony. The room filled with the lewd sound of their oily hands rubbing against the skin of his cock, creating a rhythm that drove him wild.

"Mmm, sweetheart, you're so hard," Maggie whispered, feeling his boner throb and pulse in her hand. "It feels like we're stroking on a pillar of stone."

Maggie's gaze fixated on the fat, pinkish-purple knob between her fingers. As she stroked it, she watched in amazement as it ballooned with blood, growing larger and more erect with each movement. With careful precision, she examined every detail of the glans – the rounded border that protruded from its base, the broad slit of the meatus at its tip, and the clear droplets of pre-cum forming in its mouth.

"His frenulum is so taut," Karen observed, her voice laced with excitement. "It's going to be incredibly sensitive for him."

Maggie nodded in agreement, running her thumb along the neck of his glans and tracing its curves and crevices. "And look at the definition in this area," she noted, exchanging an excited glance with Karen. "That means constant erogenous stimulation during intercourse." Their eyes gleamed with anticipation as they continued to admire and explore every inch of his manhood.

Sweat formed on Jason's brow as minutes ticked away. He tried to focus on his breathing, hoping to prolong the inevitable. "A little slower," he finally managed to choke out, trying to buy some time.

Maggie and Karen exchanged a glance, quickly adjusting their pace. They continued to stroke Jason's erection, their hands in sync as they moved up and down the length of his cock, enamored by its unyielding hardness.

Jason's mind raced as he fought to hold off his climax. He imagined his mother wrapping her warm lips around his shaft, sucking him off with an experienced tongue. His aunt's fingers grazed over his sensitive glans, her touch sending a jolt of pleasure straight to his core.

The sounds of their hands gliding over his member echoed in his ears, driving him closer to the edge. Jason bit his lip, trying to hold on for just a few more seconds. He knew that if he could push through this moment, he would be one step closer to becoming his mother's lover.

Maggie and Karen could see the intensity in his body, the way his muscles tensed and his chest rose and fell rapidly. Their eyes widened in anticipation as they began to stroke his young cock faster, really testing him, their own breaths coming in short gasps of excitement. The tightness of their grip on his throbbing member only added to the exhilaration, feeling its rigid power pulsing through their hands with each pump. They were lost in the sensation, fully consumed by the raw energy of their shared touch.

Jason could feel the moment of inevitability approaching, the explosion of pleasure that awaited him just around the corner. He squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his jaw, his body trembling uncontrollably as he tried to delay the inevitable.

But then, as the world began to fade away, he saw something that made him pause. He opened his eyes, focusing on his mother's face hovering like an angel before him. She was watching him intently, her eyes filled with a mixture of admiration and desire.

In a hushed tone, she pleaded with him to hold on just a little while longer. Her body trembled with anticipation, yearning for him to exercise restraint and demonstrate his ability to fuck long and hard. She wanted him to keep his release at bay, to savor every moment of their intimate connection. With each breath she could feel the

heat rising between them, their bodies entwined in a passionate dance. She whispered sweet words of encouragement, urging him to prolong the ecstasy that he was experiencing. And he obliged, his muscles straining as he fought against his primal urges. For in this moment, he wanted nothing more than to please her and show her the depths of his desire and devotion.

Jason let out a deep, shuddering breath and allowed his body to give in to the sensations. He surrendered to the pleasure, feeling it wash over him as his orgasm finally took hold. His body convulsed, his muscles clenching and unclenching in time with the waves of ecstasy that coursed through him.

With each stroke, Maggie and Karen could see the veins pulsing beneath the skin of his erection. As he released, they watched in fascination as thick ropes of cum erupted from the slit of his meatus, arching into the air before falling back down and splattering against his young body. The sticky liquid glistened on his skin, coating it with a shimmering sheen. It was both beautiful and mesmerizing to watch as he reached the peak of pleasure.

As Jason's orgasm subsided, his body began to calm down. Maggie and Karen continued to stroke him gently, allowing him time to recover. They exchanged knowing glances, both impressed with his endurance and the intensity of his release.

"Well done, sweetheart," Maggie praised him, her eyes shining with pride. "You showed us that you can last when you need to, and your stamina is impressive."

"It really is," Karen agreed, looking at the the stopwatch on her phone. "You lasted just over 15 minutes, Jason."

Jason felt a rush of satisfaction and relief wash over him as he heard those words. He knew that he had performed well and had impressed his mother. This had been more than a test; it was a display of trust and respect, and he had risen to the occasion.

"Thank you, guys," Jason replied with a grateful smile.

"We have one more ejaculation to get out of you so let us know when you feel ready," Maggie instructed.

Jason nodded, his heart still racing with anticipation. He knew that this would be the final test of his endurance and ability to handle multiple sessions of sexual intercourse.

Karen handed him a bottle of refreshing water, and Jason took a drink to steady his nerves. He knew that his mother and aunt were watching him closely, and he wanted to prove himself to them in every way possible.

As his heart rate slowed and his breath returned to normal, Jason felt a sense of calm wash over him. He knew that he had given it his all during the first round, and now it was time to show them what he was truly capable of.

"Ok," he said, his voice firm and confident. "Let's do this."

Maggie and Karen looked at each other, both knowing that this was the moment they had been waiting for. They slowly reached towards Jason's erection again, their fingers circling the meat of his shaft.

Their movements were slow and deliberate, as if they were handling something precious and fragile. Jason's nerves were on edge, but he tried to stay calm as he felt their fists gliding up and down his shaft once again.

He closed his eyes, trying to focus on the feeling of their hands on his cock. He could feel the tension in his muscles slowly releasing, as he let go of his inhibitions and allowed himself to fully embrace the moment.

"Remember what we talked about, honey," Maggie reminded him. "I need you to last as long as you possibly can, but when you feel like

you're going to cum, let us know so we can slow down until you're ready to continue."

"I got it," Jason replied, his voice steady despite the excitement coursing through his body. He knew that he was being tested, both physically and emotionally, but he was determined to prove himself to his mother and aunt.

Karen and Maggie started to pick up their pace, their hands moving in perfect synchrony with one another. Jason felt their grip tighten on his erection, and he could tell that they were both getting excited by the rising tempo of their strokes.

He let out a small moan, feeling the pleasure building up inside of him as their fingers glided up and down the length of his shaft. It was unlike anything he had ever experienced, and he could feel his body responding to the sensation in ways he never thought possible.

"You're doing great, Jason," Karen praised him, her voice filled with admiration. "You're really showing us what you're made of."

"Keep going," Maggie chimed in, her voice breathy and excited. "We want to see how long you can make love to me for, honey."

Jason felt a sense of pride swelling up inside of him, and he knew that he didn't want to disappoint his mother and aunt. He summoned up all of his willpower and pressed on, trying to hold back the orgasm that was threatening to overtake him.

As the minutes ticked by, Jason could feel his body begin to tremble. He could feel the telltale signs of his impending release, but he refused to give in. He knew that he had to show them that he was capable of lasting as long as he needed to, even in the face of incredible pleasure.

"I think I need to slow down," Jason panted, his voice ragged. "I'm getting close."

Karen and Maggie immediately obliged, slowing their rhythm and allowing Jason to catch his breath. They continued to stroke him

gently, their hands gliding up and down his shaft with the same tender care as before.

As Jason began to regain his composure, he felt a sense of relief wash over him.

After nearly a half hour of intense cock stroke, Karen and Maggie watched him pass the point of no return. His body trembled and shook as the orgasmic waves crashed over him. Jason cried out, his voice hoarse from holding back his climax for so long.

His mother and aunt watched, their eyes wide with wonder and admiration as the cum-jets spurted from his quivering penis. They knew that their son and nephew had surpassed their expectations, and they felt a sense of pride and awe.

As Jason's orgasm subsided and his breathing returned to normal, Maggie and Karen continued to stroke him gently, allowing him time to recover.

"You did it, sweetheart," Maggie praised him, her voice filled with emotion. "You showed us that you can last and that you're willing to push yourself to your limits. We're so proud of you."

Jason looked up at his mother and aunt, a sense of relief washing over him. "Thank you," he whispered, his voice still hoarse from his intense release.

After having lunch, it was Mat's turn to be examined. Karen and Maggie encouraged him to get naked, then to get himself erect and meet them in the kitchen. "I'm back," said Mat, stepping up to them with a jutting pillar of cock flesh sticking from his loins.

"We can see that," Maggie giggled as they began circling his body like a couple of hungry cougars surrounding their prey. Unlike his brother, Mat was tall in stature and built with broad shoulders and

a narrow waist. His skin was tanned from the summer sun, giving him an air of rugged attractiveness.

Karen and Maggie began to explore every inch of his body, running their hands over his firm muscles, tracing the lines of his six-pack abs, and feeling the firmness of his pecs.

As they made their way downward, they both couldn't help but marvel at the thick erection that stood before them. It was thicker and longer than Jason's, and it pulsed with life, jumping and throbbing as they teased it with their fingers.

"Let's go ahead and measure him," Maggie suggested, gesturing towards Mat. Her sister eagerly grabbed the tape measure and began to run it along the top of his impressive steel-like shaft. "Just under ten inches," she announced with a hint of awe in her voice, causing the two women to share a wide-eyed smile. The weight of his length in her hand was both thrilling and intimidating, making her heart race with excitement.

"Yeah, I have one of the biggest dicks at my school, or so I've been told," Matt bragged.

"That's impressive, honey, but do you know how to use it, that's what matters most," said Maggie. "I mean, a guy can have a fast car, but if he can't drive it well, it's not worth much. Same goes for your cock. We want to see how well you can perform."

Karen nodded in agreement. "We want to see how long you can last and how much pleasure you can give your mom if she was to pick you over your brother."

Matt looked at them, his eyes sparkling with excitement. "I'm ready," he said confidently.

"Prove it," Maggie declared, her voice full of challenge. She stepped up to Mat with a confident grace, her body springing effortlessly from the floor like she had done with Jason earlier. In one fluid

motion, she threw her arms and legs around him, her grip tight and possessive. As soon as his hands landed on her thighs for balance, she noticed the difference between Mat and Jason. Where Jason had a youthful energy, Mat exuded an aura of masculinity and strength. His touch was solid and grounding, making her feel safe in his embrace.

"You've really been working out, haven't you?" Maggie asked.

Mat grinned, his eyes sparkling with pride. "Yeah, I've been hitting the gym pretty hard. It's part of my training for football season."

Maggie nodded, her eyes tracing over his muscles. "I can see that. You've got some serious muscle definition going on. It's really quite impressive."

"Thanks."

"I'm going to experiment now, my love. Just follow your instincts," Maggie whispered, her voice filled with excitement. She began to hump again him with an intensity that caught him off guard, her body undulating against his as she gauged his reactions. Unlike Jason, who had faltered and stumbled a bit, Mat remained steady, a solid oak beneath her. She had asked for his natural response and he obliged, his hands gliding down her thighs until they reached the edge of her panties. His fingers delved into the plumpness of her ass-meat, gripping it firmly as if trying to hold onto something precious.

Maggie gazed over at her sister with awe and adoration in her expression. "Oh my God, he's so strong," she panted, her ass pushing down against the pole of his erection, which felt strong enough to hold her up all on its own.

"Have you ever fucked a girl this way, Mat?" Karen asked.

"Yeah, quite a few times actually," he answered confidently. "It's a great position."

"Carry me down the hallway to my bed," requested his mother as she continued to cling to him.

"Not a problem," Mat said, his tone filled with confidence. He carried Maggie effortlessly down the hallway, her body pressed against his, her legs wrapped around his waist. As they made their way to the bedroom, Mat couldn't help but marvel at the feeling of Maggie's body against his. He knew this was going to be even better than he had imagined.

As they reached the bedroom, Mat gently lowered Maggie onto the bed and climbed on top of her. He kissed her passionately, his hands roaming her body as he felt the heat and softness of her skin. Maggie moaned softly into his mouth, her hands running through his hair. Mat could feel the desire building up inside of him, and he wanted desperately to give into it.

"I want you so bad," Mat whispered in her ear, his voice deep and husky.

"Oh, honey," Maggie replied, her voice shaking slightly with excitement. She attempted to roll him onto his back like she had Jason, but his strong body didn't budge.

"Roll over onto your back, Mat," she whispered. "Let us look at your cock."

Without hesitation, he replied with a sly grin and effortlessly flipped Maggie over to straddle him. She let out a small gasp as she was taken off guard by his strength, immediately feeling powerless under the weight of his aggressive movements. As she looked down at his broad chest, her heart raced with excitement. Beneath her pantied crotch, she could feel his throbbing cock like a solid pillar of stone, pulsing with desire. Though she wanted to stay in this position, Maggie couldn't resist the urge to crawl off of Matt and get a closer look at his manhood.

Mat smiled from ear to ear, watching Maggie and Karen examine his rigid slab of cock-flesh, their eyes wide with awe. His boner looked fairly similar to his brother's to them, with fat veins and a flairing head. Mat's erection was just an inch-and-a-half longer than Jason's. Their hands explored its length, admiring the smooth tautness of the skin and the musculature beneath. Maggie felt like she was yealing a powerful sword in her tiny hand. "It feels like a rod of steel," she whispered, her fingers gliding over the pulsing veins. B

With a flick of her wrist, Karen uncapped the bottle of lubricant and expertly poured a generous amount along Mat's erect penile column. Her confident tone belied her eagerness as she informed him, "We're going to test your endurance now, Mat. Two ejaculations, back-to-back. Let's see how quickly you can bounce back from a hard orgasm." The slickness of the lubricant created a tantalizing sensation against his skin and he braced himself for what was about to come next.

Maggie and Karen felt like they were stroking on a cock that had been forged in a fiery furnace. The very essence of manhood was apparent in its size and thickness. Mat had extremely sensitive glans, which became apparent right away as he began to moan and buck his hips upwards, palms sweating on the mattress beneath him. His knees trembled as his breath quickened and his eyes rolled back in his head.

Both Maggie and Karen watched as he shuddered, overcome with pleasure. They looked at each other with a hint of concern etched in their faces. Yes, his cock was perfect in every way, but would he be able ravage his mother's cunt without cumming too soon?

"Oh Jesus," Mat breathed, "I'm close...so close." He struggled to contain himself, the overwhelming sensation washing over him. Instinctively, Maggie and Karen alternated between stroking his cock and massaging his balls, their fingers expertly milking his

erection. The lubricant felt like molten fire against his skin, heightening his senses.

"I'm gonna shoot," Mat groaned, his face screwed up in concentration. Both women leaned in, watching as his cock twitched and pulsed, the head swelling and darkening. The moment arrived, and Mat's body shook violently as he erupted, shooting a tremendous jet of semen high into the air. Maggie gasped at the incredible distance it traveled, her eyes wide with awe. Mat continued to ejaculate, each spurt seeming to outdo the last, his body wracked with pleasure.

As his orgasm slowly subsided, he let out a long, satisfied sigh, basking in the afterglow.

Karen and Maggie exchanged a look of triumph, both impressed by his performance. Maggie moved her hand to Mat's cheek, gently caressing it. "You did well, honey," she murmured, her voice full of admiration.

Karen nodded, her eyes looking at the timer on her phone. "Just under ten minutes," she stated.

"We wanna get you off again so you just let us know when you're ready," his mother said, stroking his chest with her long, painted fingernails.

"I'll let you know," he panted, trying to catch his breath from such a powerful ejaculation.

Maggie and Karen watched with bated breath as his cock gradually softened, like a balloon slowly releasing its air. The two women hovered over him, their strokes gentle yet deliberate, as if they were caressing a delicate kitten. They didn't rush him, giving him all the time he needed to recover. "How are you feeling, honey?" Maggie finally asked, her voice filled with genuine concern and affection.

Mat sighed deeply, feeling satisfied and exhausted at the same time. He turned to Maggie and Karen, who were still hovering over him, their eyes filled with anticipation and curiosity. "I'm good," he managed to reply, his voice hoarse from his earlier exertions. "Just give me a minute to catch my breath."

Karen nodded, her eyes never leaving his cock. "We'll give you as much time as you need," she promised. She leaned in closer, her fingers running gently along his shaft. "But we want to see if you can go again…bounce back for another round."

Maggie nodded in agreement, her eyes shining with excitement.

As Mat began to rise to his full length, his erection growing rigid once more, Karen reached over and handed Maggie the lube. She squeezed some into her hand, a knowing smile playing on her lips. Matt watched as they both prepared to pleasure him a second time, his eyes fixed on their eager hands.

"Ready, Mat?" Maggie asked, her voice quiet but firm.

"Yes," he replied, his voice deeper than before. "I'm ready."

With that, Maggie and Karen each began to stroke him, their hands moving in time with each other, their movements in sync. Mat groaned as he felt their fingers wrap around his cock, stroke after

stroke sending shivers of pleasure through his body. He could feel himself getting closer, his desire building with each motion.

The boy lasted just as long the second time as he had the first, just under ten minutes. "I'm gonna cum again," he gasped.

Karen and Maggie exchanged a knowing smile, their hands never skipping a beat as they continued to stroke him, building his arousal to a fever pitch. Mat was putty in their hands, his body writhing as he prepared to shoot off once more.

As he reached the edge of ecstasy, Karen and Maggie increased their pace, each hand seemingly working in perfect harmony. Mat's cock twitched and throbbed beneath their touch, the head swelling and darkening as he prepared to unleash his seed.

When the moment arrived, Mat's body shook with the force of his orgasm, his cock spasming wildly as he erupted, covering Maggie and Karen in a cascade of hot, sticky cum. Maggie squealed in delight as the first shot landed on her cheek, while Karen grinned, her hands never stopping their rhythmic strokes.

Mat's climax lasted even longer the second time, with jets of cum blasting out of his cock in quick succession. The room was filled with the sounds of Karen and Maggie giggling and moaning as they continued to stroke him, milking every last drop from his eager erection.

Finally, Mat cried out, "I'm done," his voice hoarse and strained. Karen and Maggie released their grip, letting his spent cock fall limp between his legs. They both collapsed onto the bed beside him, laughing and catching their breath.

"Wow, honey," Maggie panted, "you are a machine."

Mat lay there, spent and sated, a look of pure satisfaction on his face. "Thank you," he sighed, hoping he'd be the one to fill his

mom's cunt with his seed.

Maggie and Karen sat at a cozy table in their favorite café the next day, the smell of freshly brewed coffee filling the air. Their minds were buzzing with the overwhelming amount of information they had received, and they both knew they needed a night to process it all.

"Alright, let's break down everything that happened yesterday and try to figure out which one is better for you, Jason or Mat," Karen said then had another sip of her coffee.

Maggie's heart ached at the thought of having to choose between her two sons. She loved them both with equal fervor, but she also felt grateful that her husband had granted her permission to be with one of them while he was away for three months. It was a delicate balance, and she knew she must play by his strict rules in order to maintain peace in their unconventional arrangement.

Maggie leaned in, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Let's delve into the topic of penis size and shape first," she announced. "Both Jason and Mat are well above average, with Jason measuring at a whopping 8-and-a-half inches and Mat coming in at just under ten."

Karen's jaw dropped in shock as she recalled the impressive sizes of both men. "That's... incredible," she managed to stammer out. "They both have dicks to be proud of, that's for sure."

A mischievous smile crossed Maggie's face as she added, "And let's not forget about their girth. Both are generously endowed with VERY thick shafts."

Karen couldn't help but let out a small gasp at the thought. "Great girth, yes," she exclaimed, her mind reeling from the images.

After a moment of consideration, Maggie chimed in again. "Jason's girth seemed slightly thicker, giving him an extra bit of... oomph. But Mat's is more uniform in size."

A grin spread across Karen's face as she thought about the possibilities. "You know what a sucker I am for thick cock, Maggie," she replied with a wink, "but this isn't about me."

"Mat's erection is wonderfully long," Maggie expressed, "but that slight upward of Jason's shaft… it's like a G-spot dream dick."

Karen burst out laughing. "That is no lie," she agreed, imagining what such a curved cock would feel like plowing against her clitoral root.

"Both their knobs were beautiful, and perfectly formed, although Mat's was a bit more sensitive to the touch," Maggie continued.

"Yes, that could be a problem, but did you see those load-shots Mat had?" Karen exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Mind-blowing."

Maggie nodded. "I know, the intensity of his ejaculation... I've never seen cum-ropes sail that high before."

Karen sighed wistfully. "Imagine how those would feel hosing down the head of your cervix."

"Jason's ejaculation was nothing to scoff at though," Maggie pointed out. "His cum-ropes were just as impressive, and his orgasms seemed to last even longer than Mat's."

"He lasted longer while being stroked on also; twenty minutes compared to ten minutes for Mat." Karen pointed out. "That's a big difference, and more time means more pleasure for you, right?"

Maggie pondered for a moment, tapping her chin thoughtfully. "That's true…and let's not forget about how they each bounced back," she added. "Jason was able to stay hard after ejaculating, while Mat needed a bit of a break and went soft between sessions."

Karen furrowed her brow, deep in thought. "Jason was so attentive and affectionate during your time together. It seemed like he made you feel like a queen, like a goddess worthy of his worship."

Maggie sighed wistfully. "He did, and Mat, while he was certainly attentive, had a bit more of a dominant edge to him. He took control in a way that was both thrilling and intense."

Karen's eyes sparkled with excitement as she leaned in closer. "You know, sis, I think we're trying to compare apples and oranges here."

Maggie giggled and nodded in agreement. "We're trying to choose between two boys who are entirely different in their own unique ways, and both incredibly amazing in their own right. Mat is strong, confident and capable of delivering an incredible fuck, and I'm sure would make me cum like crazy. And Jason, being the young, smaller and less experienced of the two just has this innocence and vulnerability that makes me just wanna eat him up," Maggie sighed with both sadness and longing. "It's such a hard choice, sis. I don't want to let either one of them down."

"I know it's a hard choice, but you have to be selfish and choose based on what you feel will satisfy you the most," Karen urged, trying to offer her sister some guidance. "Which one of your boys will make you cum the hardest."

Maggie took a deep breath, contemplating her sister's words. She knew that Karen was right, she had to put herself first. She closed her eyes, trying to recall every sensation, every feeling she experienced during her time with both Jason and Mat.

After a moment, Maggie opened her eyes and looked at Karen, her gaze steady and determined. "I've made my decision."

Karen leaned forward, eager to hear Maggie's choice. "Really? You're sure?"

Maggie nodded, her conviction unmistakable. "Yes, I'm sure. I've been thinking about it all night, and I've decided that I'm gonna let Jason fuck me."

Karen's eyes widened in surprise. "Jason? But he's so inexperienced."

Maggie nodded, certain of her decision "I know, but that's part of the appeal. His innocence, his virginity, it makes me crave him even more. I know he's a small boy, but he has the perfect dick for me and I wanna be the first girl to ravage him. It's only fitting right that the first pussy he get to experience is the one that gave birth to him all those years ago. I mean, how special is that?"

A warm smile spread across Karen's face, understanding the depth of Maggie's decision. "I see your point, sis. And you know you're not only going to be the first, but you'll be helping him grow into the man he's meant to become," she added, her tone full of admiration.

Maggie nodded, her eyes full of desire. "That's exactly what I'm thinking. I want to be the one to show him the ropes and teach him how to pleasure me, how to fuck exactly the way I like it, and believe me, I have the expertise and experience to guide him."

Karen couldn't help but feel a surge of pride and envy for her sister, who was always the more adventurous one. "He's in for the most thrilling three months of his life," she giggled.

220: Dad's Stand-in-part2/3

"Mat, can I come in?" Maggie asked, tapping at his door later that afternoon.

"Sure, mom," he replied, stopping his video game. He watched his heavy chested mom strode over to his bed, her heels clicking delicately on his floor. She plopped her rounded ass down on the mattress beside him.

"Honey, you know that I love you and your brother equally, which made this a difficult choice for me," Maggie said softly, taking his hand in hers. "You're an incredibly charming young man, but I've decided that your little brother will be the one sharing my bedroom with me the next three months."

"Oh," Mat replied, trying to hide his disappointment.

"I know that you'll be there for Jason as his big brother and show your full support," Maggie added. "In fact, since you've already had plenty of sexual experience, I'm counting on you to be Jason's… advisor of sorts through all this. It's going to be a very intense three months for him and he may come to you with questions on how to best keep me pleasured. I hope that I can count on you to help him."

Mat nodded, swallowing hard to control the lump in his throat. "Of course, mom. I'll be there for Jason and help him in any way I can. I won't let you down."

Maggie squeezed her son's hand, her eyes brimming with love and concern for him. "I know you won't, Mat. And I truly appreciate your support."

"Knock, knock," Maggie's sweet voice called out from Jason's doorway.

Without hesitation, Jason invited her inside, his voice strained with nerves. His older brother Mat was the epitome of confidence and experience, not to mention much larger and more muscular than he was. Jason couldn't help but feel inadequate in comparison. He knew that nine times out of ten, a stunning woman like his mom would undoubtedly choose Mat over him without a second thought.

Maggie approached his bedside with a confident and alluring sashay, each step accentuated by the click of her dainty high heels. Her hips swayed in a hypnotic rhythm, causing her dress to cling tightly to her voluptuous curves. As she came closer, Jason couldn't help but be distracted by the way her massive tit-melons jiggled and bounced beneath the fabric of her dress. He braced himself for what he was certain would be unwelcome news, but found himself momentarily entranced by Maggie's captivating presence.

She stopped in front of Jason, cradling his face in her hands as she stared down into his eyes adoring. "Congratulations, honey," she whispered. "You're mine for three months."

Jason couldn't believe what he was hearing. He stared up at Maggie in disbelief, his heart pounding in his chest. He was the one who would be sharing her bedroom while his dad was gone and he couldn't believe it.

Maggie had no interest in indulging in sentimentality. Her decision was made and there was no need for further hesitation. She had already endured a full day without physical intimacy, and her body craved the sensation of a hard cock inside her. She pulled Jason from his bed and with swift agility, she sprang from the floor, her

smooth limbs entwining around him like a serpent coiling around its prey. A soft moan escaped her lips as she whispered, "Take me to our bed," before initiating a passionate French kiss with him. The intensity of their embrace spoke volumes of their unquenchable desire for each other.

Jason, feeling suddenly empowered, responded by supporting his mom's full weight as she squeezed him tight. His hands roamed over her curves, mapping out the familiar contours of her body that he'd known since childhood, but had never gotten to experience this way.

As Jason carried Maggie out of his bedroom and into the hallway, her long, pink tongue whipped through his mouth like a dancing flame. She stripped all the way to the bedroom, first, letting her heels fall to the hallway floor. She quickly shed her sundress, revealing a tantalizing sight for Jason. His excitement was evident as his eyes scanned over her giant breasts, half-shrouded by a beautiful black embroidered bra. Through the intricate floral lace detail, he could see the darkened rings of her areola, each one

bigger than his hand, with a turgid nipple protruding from the center. As she pulled the cross-strap inward, the hem of the cups dug against her supple melon-flesh, sending shivers down Jason's spine. With a swift release of four clasps, her udders were now unrestrained and sprung outward, fully exposed to Jason's awe-stricken face. They were like ripe fruit bursting from their cups, wobbling and bouncing against his skin in all their glory.

As he carried Maggie, his heart raced with a thrill like no other. This was more than just a simple embrace; he was carrying her into her bedroom, taking on the role of her husband for the next three months. It felt almost sacred, as if he were fulfilling a deep-seated duty in the very room where his own conception had taken place. The air was thick with anticipation and desire as he carried his mom over the threshold, ready to embark on this forbidden journey. The walls seemed to whisper secrets and the sheets seemed to hold

memories of passionate sex betweeen husband and wife. Jason felt like he was stepping into a whole new world, one where he was now king.

With a sense of urgency, Maggie pushed the door closed behind them, eager to continue their passionate embrace. In one fluid motion, she shed Jason's shirt, letting it fall to the floor as they left a trail of discarded clothing behind them. Sunlight streaming through the window illuminated their naked bodies as they stumbled towards the bed. Maggie clung to her new lover, pulling him down on top of her with a sense of desperation and longing. As Jason settled between her legs, Maggie trailed wet kisses along his neck and chest, her hands frantically stripping off his pants and briefs. She used her bare feet to push them down his legs and off, leaving him completely exposed before her. Now only her own panties remained, and she wanted Jason to experience the thrill of removing them from her body. "Get my panties off," she directed with a husky voice filled with desire and excitement.

Jason complied instantly, his hands trembling as they reached for the delicate lace fabric. He hooked his fingers into the waistband and slowly pulled them down over her lush hips. He had always imagined this moment in his masturbatory fantasies, but never thought it would actually happen. It was even more magical that he ever fantasized it could be.

The black, delicate fabric of Maggie's panty-crotch peeled from her vulva like a veil of darkness being pulled down to reveal the forbidden, exposed secrets of her femininity. Jason quickly drug her panties down her thighs, over her knees and off her dainty feet until they joined the pile of discarded clothing on the floor.

Maggie's long and toned legs spread apart, revealing the full extent of their flexibility. She was like a cheerleader performing a perfect split, with her feet pointed towards opposite walls of the room. This position allowed him to fit snugly between her thighs, his throbbing

arousal nestled against her warm and inviting folds. The heat radiating from her most intimate area sent shivers down his spine, and he couldn't resist pressing himself closer for more contact.

"Fuck me, Jason," Maggie's breath whispered, her body trembling with anticipation. She was eager to be filled with her youngest son's cock, craving the sensation of being joined with him in complete ecstasy. With a fierce determination, she dug her long fingernails into his young ass, lifting him aggressively to align his throbbing member with her heated pit of her sex-chamber. His arousal pressed against her wet folds, teasing and tantalizing before finally finding its mark - his fat crimson knob splitting through the remnants of her hymen and plunging deeply into the tight, wet tube of her waiting vagina. A moan escaped Maggie's lips as she felt every inch of him filling her, completing her in ways she never thought possible.

Maggie's silk sheets rustled noisily as their bodies intertwined, the bed frame creaking in protest. With each frantic movement, they struggled to find a rhythm, their breaths ragged and hearts racing with the thrill of finally being united in such an intimate way. Jason, a compact 4'6", pressed his face in between his mom's soft, rippling tits, lost in the sensation as his muscular body pumped against hers in a steady cadence. His deep thrusts elicited gasps and moans from Maggie, her wild hair splayed out on the pillow as she surrendered herself to the pleasure.

In this moment, Jason felt invincible. He felt the power of his mother's warmth juxtaposed with his own youthful virility, and there was a sense of completion within him that only grew with each thrust of his hips. His mom's oversized tits shook and bounced against the sides of his face with his movements, the weight of them amazingly satisfying as his entire head was smothered in the canyon of her cleavage.

With each cry of pleasure that escaped her lips, Maggie's entire body seemed to hum with electricity. The sensation of Jason's slightly-

curved cock buried deep inside her, filling her in a way she had never thought possible, was nothing short of divine. This was the first time she had taken another man's cock since being married to Jason's father and it was extremely satifying. She could feel herself nearing the edge of her own release, her climax building with each powerful stroke from her new lover.

Maggie's toned, powerful mommy-legs wrapped around Jason's body, securing him in a tight fuck-clutch as they moved together in a frenzied rhythm. With each thrust, her curvaceous buttocks lifted off the mattress, meeting his movements with equal force. Their bodies were entwined in a passionate dance, driven by pure desire and untamed abandon. The sound of skin slapping against skin echoed through the room as they explored each other's bodies with unbridled passion.

Down the hallway, Mat's insides twisted with a seething, green jealousy as he strained to listen to the sounds of passion coming from his parent's bedroom. Maggie and Jason were going at it relentlessly, their moans and gasps filling the house. Mat couldn't help but imagine himself in there instead, making love to his mom instead of his shorter, less experienced brother. The walls seemed to vibrate with the intensity of their lovemaking, amplifying Mat's feelings of envy and longing. He clenched his fists in frustration, wishing he could just burst into the room and claim what he wanted so desperately. But for now, he was stuck outside, tormented by the sounds of pleasure that were not meant for him.

Jason wasn't prepared for the spectacle of a female climax. He had heard about it in whispers, seen depictions in the lurid pages of his adolescent magazines, but he had never experienced the raw power of a woman's orgasm. Maggie's body arched, lifting him upward, her breaths came in ragged gasps, her muscles tightened around him like a vice.

With a fruity and animalistic cry, Maggie's climax took possession of her body, shaking her to her core and causing her to bear down on Jason in an ecstatic writhing motion. Her pussy clenched and released in waves, gripping Jason's cock tightly and driving him to the brink. He felt an unquenchable rush of heat rising within him, and he knew that it couldn't be long now, but he held off as long as he could.

Within the depths of Maggie's core, a storm raged on. The repetitive thrusting of their bodies, his rigid flesh meeting her soft and swollen walls with each motion, was like the forceful piston of an engine. A fusion of their fluids, a concoction of Jason's pre-ejaculate mingled with Maggie's own release, coated their connecting parts, amplifying the sensation as they moved together. Every nerve ending in their intertwined forms sparked with pleasure, igniting a fire within them that only grew with each

passing second. Their union was a symphony of passion, an orchestra of desire that consumed them both in its intensity.

Sensing Jason's impending release, Maggie pressed her heels against his firm buttocks, urging him deeper inside of her. His throbbing erection speared into her with a delicious urgency, and she clamped her thighs tightly around his hips, using her powerful strength to keep him from thrusting. "Don't move," she breathlessly commanded, her voice filled with desire. She had two reasons for holding him still: to prolong their pleasure by delaying his ejaculation, and to adjust their positioning so that he could hit her G-spot with every thrust.

Maggie arched her back, lifting her legs and draping them over Jason's shoulders with grace and ease. Her movements shifted her hips and tilted her pelvis in just the right way for maximum pleasure. For nearly 25 years, she had been having sex and knew exactly how to position her body for ultimate satisfaction. As for Jason, his only job was to pump his hips and fuck with all he had. "Pump!" Maggie

gasped, releasing the tension around Jason's tiny body so he could begin thrusting again. This angle created a unique sensation, as the knob of his prick plowed against the delicate patch of flesh that had a textured feel against Jason's cock. Just below the pink lining was Maggie's clitoral network—a complex system of nerve endings and erectile tissues that extended beyond her visible clitoris. She would explain all of this to Jason later, so he could understand why she adjusted their bodies in certain ways. But right now, her sole focus was on achieving another body-trembling orgasm that would leave her breathless and satisfied.

Jason could feel the walls of Maggie's vagina constricting around his erection with each thrust, her G-spot stimulated by the precise angle and glorious curve of his cock. He responded by fucking her harder, now unable to hold back his own impending orgasm. With

a feral growl that was new to his repertoire, he thrust deeper, his hips bucking wildly as he sought to satisfy both of their desires.

"Yes, oh God, yes!" Maggie cried out, her voice pitched with urgency. She needed to reach that peak again, to be taken to the edge and pushed over it by her son's woman-pleasuring prowess.

Maggie could feel the tension radiating off of Jason's body, a palpable energy that pulsed through the air like a dormant volcano waiting to erupt. She couldn't help but feel proud of him in this moment - they had been engaged in passionate lovemaking for nearly an hour now, surpassing any expectations she may have had for his first time. As their bodies moved together in perfect rhythm, Maggie knew that allowing him to join her now in a mutual climax would give him a much needed burst of release and allow her to push him even further in round two. Excitement and desire hung thick in the air as they both craved the intense pleasure that awaited them on this journey of physical intimacy.

"Harder!" Maggie cried out, her voice echoing through the room and Jason complied with her demands. His thrusts became more forceful, his hips slamming into her with an animalistic urgency. Their naked bodies moved in sync, their muscles flexing beneath their beautiful sweat-sheened skin.

Jason could feel his release building within him, the sensation growing more intense with each passing second. He knew he was close, and he wanted to give his mom what she deserved - a powerful, thunderous release that would leave her breathless and quivering.

"Cum with me, baby!" Maggie panted, her voice tinged with a primal sexiness that sent shivers down Jason's spine. "Cum with me!" she repeated, her eyes locked onto his, filled with desire and longing.

Jason could feel his climax building, the sensation of Maggie's tight, hot walls rippling along his shaft, dragging him closer and closer to the brink. As much as he wanted to hold on, to savor this moment for as long as possible, he knew that he couldn't resist her plea any longer. He surrendered to the wave of pleasure, pumping his hips harder, faster, losing himself in the intense pleasure that coursed through his body.

Maggie's climax crashed over her like a wave, her orgasm so intense it was almost overwhelming. She writhed beneath him, her body arching off the bed as she cried out in pleasure. Jason felt her clenching around him, the grip of her muscles bringing him to the edge of his own climax. He thrust harder, wanting to give her everything he had.

"SHIT!" he groaned, his voice hoarse with passion. "I'm...I'm cumming!"

With a final, powerful thrust, Jason's orgasm exploded within him, surging through his body and into Maggie's waiting womb. He felt her tremble beneath him, her muscles clenching and unclenching in

time with his release. As his climax peaked, it seemed to last forever, his body shaking with the force of his orgasm.

Inside Maggie pussy, thick, pearly-white cords of semen erupted from Jason's cunt-smothered meatus, splattering along her walls and the tightly ringed head of her cervix. Her own juicy ejaculation erupted alongside his, the force of their climaxes mingling and coating Jason's cock in a slippery, viscous mess.

Finally, the wave of pleasure subsided, leaving Jason and Maggie breathless and spent. They lay there, entwined, panting and recovering from their intense lovemaking. As they caught their breath, Maggie's eyes locked onto Jason's, and a slow smile spread across her face.

"That was... incredible," she whispered, running her fingers through Jason's sweat-dampened hair. "How does it feel to no longer be a virgin, sweetheart?"

Jason managed a weak smile and a husky laugh, still trying to catch his breath. "I... don't know how to describe it, Mom. It was... wild, intense, overwhelming. I never knew that pleasure could be this intense," he admitted, feeling a warm blush on his cheeks.

A wicked smirk spread across her lips, the muscles in her core pulsating with desire as she squeezed his still-erect cock. "That's good," Maggie purred, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Because we're only just getting started." With a quick and fluid movement, she rolled her new lover onto his back, asserting her dominance as she straddled him.

Jason's breath caught in his throat as Maggie's aggressive nature took hold. The hunger in her eyes was palpable, a raw desire that he had only begun to satisfy. Straddling his midsection, she towered over him, her long, blonde mane cascading over her shoulders like a waterfall of silk. Her ballooning breasts eclipsed his young frame, their weight evident by the way the heaved. As she began to move

on top of him, his eager eyes drank in every detail of her wobbling tits - the soft expansive roundness of their undersides, the thick texture of their dusky pink caps speckled with tiny bumps known as Montgomery tubercles. And then there were her nipples, like hardened pink bullets pointing outward, begging to be touched. In that moment, Maggie embodied everything Jason found irresistible in a sexy, confident MILF.

"You've given me a taste of what you can do," said Maggie, her wide naked hips setting into a rhythm. "Now it's my turn to show you what I'm capable of."

Jason's eyes widened as he watched his mom's seductive dance above him. Her hips swayed in a hypnotic rhythm, her eyes locked

onto his, filled with an intensity that sent a jolt of desire straight to his loins. He knew that he was in for a wild ride, and he couldn't wait to see what Maggie had in store for him.

The firm, rigid length of Jason's cock pulsated within the warm confines of her slick vagina, sending a rush of excitement through Maggie's veins. Unlike her husband Tom, who often needed an hour-long break between rounds of sex, it seemed Jason's youthful vigor and abundant testosterone allowed him to be ready for more at any given moment. His blood flowed freely and his arousal was unwavering even after his intense release just moments before. Maggie felt a thrill course through her body as she realized there would be no pause in their lovemaking. She was eager to test the limits of Jason's stamina - could he keep up with her insatiable sexual appetite for three, four, or maybe even five rounds? Only time would tell. As a hypersexual creature, Maggie knew she could handle whatever Jason's young body had to offer.

Jason felt like he was watching an Olympic athlete compete in the cowgirl position, if there was such an event. Maggie's hips bucked and twisted, riding him like a bronco, her large breasts bouncing and

rippling wildly with each movement. She seized his hands and pulled him into an upright position to kiss him deeply, her experienced tongue thrusting forcefully into his mouth, dominating him completely. "Squeeze my fucking tits," she demanded, bring her son's hand to her trembling breasts. As she rode him, Maggie inhaled the scent of his youth, his testosterone-fueled arousal, and the raw burning of his lust. Her own excitement was growing, her pussy swelling around his hard cock, the walls tightening around him with each thrust.

As the minutes passed, the room filled with the scent of their passion, their bodies glistening with sweat. Maggie continued to ride Jason with unyielding intensity, pushing his body to its limits.

Her nails dug into his skin of his shoulders as she writhed on top of him, a predator pouncing on its prey.

Jason's body trembled as she wrapped her arms tightly around him, pulling his head into the cavern between her massive breasts. "Suck on me!" her voice squealed.

The sensation of being enveloped by mounds of quivering flesh was overwhelming, like being lost in a sea of warmth and softness. Every inch of his skin was cushioned by pounds of fatty and glandular tissue, creating a cocoon of comfort around him. As he moaned with pleasure, the sound echoed through the depths of her cleavage, adding to the intimate atmosphere surrounding them.

Maggie's fingers dug into Jason's skin, her grip tight and possessive. With each movement, she took control and worked her body with ferocious intensity against the unyielding spike of his cock. Her primal instincts took over and a fierce roar escaped her perfectly shaped lips as she gyrated her hips in a wild, twerking rhythm. Every thrust and rotation sent waves of pleasure through her body, the hard length of Jason's dick rubbing and teasing every nerve ending within her. She couldn't hold back any longer, and with a burst of

energy, she exploded into a violent, full body orgasm, completely consumed by the intense pleasure coursing through her veins.

Jason was filled with awe as he took in the entire spectacle, grateful that his first orgasm had passed and he could fully savor the long, drawn out session of intense sex without worrying about climaxing too soon. The sensation of Maggie's wet, tight pussy gripping tightly around his hard cock was both pleasurable and surreal. He could feel her hot juices pulsating and bubbling around the base of his shaft, dripping down onto his balls as he thrust deeper into her. Every movement sent a jolt of electricity through his body, heightening his pleasure to new levels.

With each thrust, his toes curled and his body tensed, the sensation of Maggie's climaxing cunt squeezing him with cock-quivering intensity. A powerful surge of pleasure rushed through him as his mom pushed him back onto the bed, her body jerking up and down in rhythm with their movements. The sound of slapping flesh echoed in the room as her sweaty tits flopped outward, then slapped lewdly together again and again. Maggie's head was thrown back, her hair wild and tangled, her neck strained from the intensity of her pleasure. With a loud scream, she reached the peak of ecstasy, her entire naked form convulsing and shuddering for her youngest son to witness. In that moment, she let go of all inhibitions, letting him see her in her most primal and pleasurable state without shame or hesitation.

Jason was overwhelmed by Maggie's insatiable sex drive and seemingly endless stamina. Despite just experiencing a powerful orgasm, she was already eagerly working herself towards the next one. As she leaned over and grasped his shoulder, her large, pendulous breasts swung wildlly above his face. It truly dawned on Jason just how fortunate he was to have such a wild and passionate partner. While most young men his age only dreamed of being with an older woman with ample assets like Maggie's, he had three whole months of this electrifying experience ahead of him.

Maggie dug her claws into his flesh, barring down harder on Jason's cock. "Buck your hips!" she blurted out. "Fuck me!"

With a newfound intensity, Jason took control. He gritted his teeth and bucked his hips up, meeting Maggie's powerful movements as she rode him. They were a writhing, sweaty mass of pulsing flesh, their bodies slapping together with a wet, skin-on-skin sound. His hands grasped her ample hips, guiding her motions as she impaled herself on his hard, throbbing member. The sight of him asserting himself sent a jolt of desire surging through Maggie's veins, making her crave him even more.

Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, their syncopated rhythm accelerating as they reached new peaks of arousal. Maggie's eyes locked onto his, their gazes burning with desire and longing. Her breath came in ragged gasps, her voice hoarse with lust.

"Suck my nipples while you fuck me, Jason."

Before letting a heavy tit land on his face, Maggie swung her king-sized melons across his head a few times, letting his wide eyes travel the length of her cavernous cleavage and her creamy flesh drag against his cheeks. Finally, Jason latched on to one of her hardened teats and suckled it hungrily. His tongue darted out to swirl around the broad expanse of her sensitive areola while his lips pulled and tugged at her nipple, causing Maggie's body to writhe and arch in pleasure. Her hands intertwined in his hair, pulling him closer to her chest while her other hand gripped his hip, guiding his thrusts deeper into her damp, throbbing pussy.

Jason's pace quickened as he plunged into Maggie's thick, wet heat, each movement drawing a guttural moan from his tit-smothered lips. The combination of his mom's large, soft breast smothering his face and the pleasure coursing through his body made it nearly impossible for him to focus on anything but the intense sensations coursing through him. His arms tightened around her hips, pulling

her even closer as he thrust against her, their hips slapping together in a wet, flesh-on-flesh symphony.

Maggie's voluptuous, rounded buttocks bounced tirelessly up and down, her ample hips gyrating like a well-oiled machine. With each thrust, she arched her back like a feline on a scratching post, guiding Jason's throbbing penis through the tight, wet folds of her vagina at various angles, exploring every inch of her deepest regions. The sensation of his broad coronal ridge gliding along her corrugated walls sent shivers of pleasure through her body, stimulating areas within her that her husband had never been able to reach with his shorter length.

Maggie couldn't believe the stamina of her new lover, who had just entered his post-adolescent years. They had been at this second round for well over an hour and his cock was still throbbing with vitality, showing no signs of tiring. With each thrust, she could feel his teenage strength and vigor matching her own insatiable hunger for wild sex and intense desire to climax. Every nerve in her body was ignited by his touch, sending electric pulses of pleasure coursing through her. She knew she had found a perfect match in him sexually.

Jason's lips moved eagerly from one creamy breast to the other, his tongue dancing over her hardened nipples. He reveled in the weight and softness of each breast, delighting in the way they rippled against his face with each movement.

Taking occasional breaks from suckling, he explored the expanse of her breasts with his lips and tongue, reveling in the vastness of her supple flesh. His gentle bites and licks sent shivers through her body, causing her to arch into him even more. Slowly, he made his way up her cleavage, savoring the way her flesh rippled against his face in perfect rhythm with their passionate lovemaking.

Maggie guided them through various sexual position with her on top, from reverse cowgirl to reverse missionary with her straightening her legs so that she was laying on top of Jason like a human blanket. This method allowed Maggie to control depth and pace while restricting her son's movements, her smooth legs coiling around his like a serpent while engaging in a feverish horizontal hump.

Maggie's voice rang out with authority, commanding Jason to sit up and extend his arm back on the bed. With a sense of urgency, she guided him upright and planted her knees firmly astride his hips on the soft mattress. Jason eagerly complied, ready and willing to fulfill her desires. "Now cross your legs," Maggie directed, expertly maneuvering them into the lotus pose. Her thighs and firm

buttocks provided a cushion as she maintained shallow, rapid penetration, skillfully stimulating her G-spot.

Jason couldn't believe how effortlessly she moved through various positions and techniques, working his body like a master craftsman. He was putty in her hands, surrendering completely to her control and pleasure.

"Squeeze my hips! Pull me down on your cock," Maggie demanded.

With each new position, Maggie brought herself to a body-trembling climax, her body humming with pleasure as Jason's muscles tensed in anticipation of another round of explosive release. As she clung to his flesh, her hips gyrated with fervor, eagerly seeking more pleasure from his throbbing cock. Her moans and cries echoed through the room, mingling with the sound of skin slapping against skin. Each time she reached the peak, it was like an electric shock coursing through her body, intensifying her pleasure even more.

In between each orgasm, Maggie urged Jason on, her greedy desire for more driving her forward. She pushed and pulled at him, riding his cock with reckless abandon as she climbed towards yet another

intense release. And Jason was only too happy to comply, lost in the ecstasy of their shared experience.

As they continued their passionate dance, Jason marveled at how many times his mom had cum on his cock. Each orgasm was a rapture of tight, quivering flesh and bursting hot juices that cascaded down his testicles and onto the bed. He never could have imagined such intensity and pleasure with a woman before. But with Maggie, it felt like they were made for each other's pleasure, perfectly entwined in this moment of pure bliss.

Jason's voice, young and shaky with desire, called out in a muffled cry amidst the heavy weight of tit-flesh surrounding his face. The intense friction on his glans sent shivers up his spine as his body

tensed and trembled. His vas deferens squeezed and contracted powerfully, pushing his semen towards the base of his penis.

With each contraction, his seminal vesicles and prostate pulsed, forcing a raging torrent of milky fluid, a mixture of sperm and secretions, into his urethra. An uncontrollable guttural grunt escaped from Jason's lips as he hinged his hips upwards, pressing his pelvis against Maggie's wet walls.

And then it happened - a sudden release, a thick rope of hot boy-seed erupting from his cunt-smothered meatus and splattering along Maggie's pink walls. Pleasure coursed through every inch of Jason's body as he rode the waves of ecstasy, completely lost in the momentary bliss.

As Jason's pulsating teenage cock thrust deeper and deeper into her, Maggie felt a warm wash of pleasure engulf her walls. The sensation sent her spinning into an orgasmic frenzy, her body convulsing in unison with Jason's. Together, they were a mass of writhing naked flesh on the bed, caught up in a primal dance of passion. Time seemed to stand still as their bodies melded together as if sharing the same extraordinary climax. Their movements were wild and

uninhibited, like two forces of nature colliding in a perfect storm. It was as if their bodies would never come back down to earth, locked in an endless cycle of intense pleasure. Each contraction was like another aftershock from an earthquake measuring 10.0 on the Richter scale - powerful and all-consuming.

Finally, they both collapsed onto the bed, panting and spent, their bodies coated with a mixture of sweat and cum. They lay there, tangled together like two entwined vines, their hearts pounding in time with each other's. Jason's cock twitched one last time, leaving a final streak of cum on Maggie's damp pussy lips.

"I think we've earned a break," Maggie panted, her voice still trembling with pleasure.

Jason nodded weakly, smiling at the memory of the incredible 3 hour experience they had just shared. "I couldn't agree more," he whispered, his voice hoarse from all the moaning and screaming.

Mat was in the kitchen, gazing out the window at the vibrant sunset sky, when his Maggie padded in on bare feet. She wore a flowy, thigh-length mesh robe in a delicate shade of pale pink, trimmed with intricate lace. The fabric was slightly sheer, giving him a tantalizing glimpse of her curves and the dark, alluring rings of her wide areolas. Her hair was tousled and her cheeks were flushed, as if she had just finished a marathon...or perhaps something more intense. Mat couldn't help but notice the marks on her skin, evidence of her passionate lovemaking with his brother where Jason had squeezed and sucked on her supple flesh. "How are you, kiddo?" Maggie asked with a warm smile, moving to the fridge to grab a bottle of water.

"Okay, I suppose," he replied, unable to tear his gaze away from her. Maggie's graceful movements held him captivated as she reached down to retrieve the water. Her robe slipped slightly at the neck, revealing a glimpse of what seemed like a mile long cleavage. With

practiced ease, she adjusted the fabric to prevent her tits from spilling out.

Mat's eyes were fixated on her alluring figure, the curves of her body accentuated by the way she moved. He felt a surge of jealousy towards his little brother, who was undoubtedly indulging in the pleasures of Maggie's luscious form. Her movements were subtle yet sensual, causing a heat to rise within Mat that he couldn't ignore. "I'm surprised you still have a voice after all the screaming I heard down there," he remarked with a sarcastic tone, trying to mask his desire for her.

"Sorry, honey," Maggie blushed. "If you wanna stay at a friend's or something tonight you can. Your brother and I will be having sex most of the night and I know I'm not exactly quiet."

"Most of the night?!" Mat frowned. "Damn, mom, you guys just went at it for like…three hours."

"Well, honey, your brother only just barely turned 18. Age wise him and I are reaching our sexual peaks at the exact same time, which means we both crave sex more now than we will at any point of our lives."

"Is that why you chose him over me?"

"That was one of the reasons, yes," she admitted with a sly grin. "I mean, you're definitely in great physical shape, all lean muscles and toned abs. And I'm sure you have legendary skills in bed." She winked playfully before continuing, "But Jason...he's something else. A bundle of raw testosterone with a body that defies his short stature. And then there's his penis..." Her voice trailed off, almost reverently. "Well-developed and always ready for action, capable of staying erect for as long as a woman needs it to." She couldn't help but bite her lip in anticipation at the thought.

"Who would've thought little Jason would turn into such a sexual force," Mat joked, trying to keep things light, despite his disappointment.

"I guess big things do come in small packages," Maggie laughed, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "Anyway, I know this is tough for you, but I really need this time with your brother. Thanks for understanding, honey."

As Maggie leaned in to give Matt a kiss on the cheek, her soft breasts grazed against his arm. He could feel his arousal building as she walked away, hips swaying and her robe clinging to her curvy backside. Each step caused her plump buttocks to jiggle enticingly beneath the sheer fabric.

"Hi, honey, I miss you," Tom texted his wife from abroad. As his thumbs flew over the keys of his phone, he couldn't help but feel a

pang of longing for his wife. It had only been two days since he left for his first work assignment overseas and already he missed her dearly. The distance between them felt like an ocean, with each passing moment adding to the weight on his heart. He remembered the cautionary tales from coworkers about infidelity during long assignments abroad, and in a moment of desperation, he made the decision to allow his wife to seek comfort in either Jason or Mat while he was gone. Despite the logical reasoning behind it, the thought of her in someone else's arms still caused him pain. But he knew that in this line of work, sacrifices were necessary for the sake of their marriage.

The familiar, comforting buzz of his wife's text brought a smile to Tom's face. He could almost feel her presence through the words on the screen. "Miss u 2 ," it read, but there was something different about this message - it was short and sweet, lacking the usual playful banter. Tom knew that meant she was occupied with something else...most likely wrapped up in passion with one of their

sons, Mat or Jason. Despite his best efforts to resist, curiosity got the best of him and he typed out a question he had sworn not to ask. "So, which one of the boys is your lucky roommate?" he asked anticipating her response with both excitement and trepidation.

Maggie's response came in the form of a picture message, causing Tom's stomach to sink and flutter with anticipation. In the photo, Jason held Maggie's phone high above their entwined naked bodies, captured in the dim light of their master bedroom. The glistening sheen of sweat on their skin added to the charged atmosphere. His wife was on her back, her sleek, tan legs were wrapped tightly around Jason's waist, holding him possessively. Her feet were linked together at the ankles at the center of their son's back, the glossy red polish on her toes glimmering like jewels in the low light. Maggie lay there like a radiant goddess, her bright

white teeth peeking through the contented curve of her lips as she smiled at the camera. The heavy roundness of her breasts looked even more remarkable spread out beneath their son and the photo captured Jason's enraptured gaze, his face lit up like a child experiencing pure joy at Disneyland.

Knowing the insatiable sexual appetite of his wife, Tom could only imagine the intense, passionate encounters that Jason was experiencing. The thought both disappointed and aroused him in a twisted way. "Is he taking good care of you?" Tom texted, trying to mask his own feelings of jealousy and arousal.

Once again, Tom's wife responded with a picture message. This time, it was a close-up shot of their marital bed mattress, the white fabric soaked through with a large wet spot. The evidence of his wife's intense ejaculations was unmistakable. "I don't know, you tell me ," she texted back sarcastically. Tom was stunned by the image. While there had been instances where his wife's arousal had left damp circles on the sheets, he had never seen anything like this before. It looked as though a large water balloon had exploded on

their bed, leaving a significant portion of the sheet soaked and discolored. His wife's passion and desire were undeniable, and it both excited and surprised him to see such tangible proof of it.

"Good thing we have flood damage insurance," Tom jokingly texted back, his fingers hesitating on the keys as he typed. "How about a few more pictures of just you and Jason? Just for fun…or even a short video clip." He couldn't quite believe that he was asking for this. The thought of his wife having sex with their son still made him feel a twinge of guilt, but there was also an undeniable thrill in it. The idea of seeing them together in intimate photos was both twisted and intriguing to him. His mind raced with conflicting emotions as he hit send, eagerly awaiting her response.

He anxiously waited a moment, his palms sweating and his heart pounding as he regretted his request. He feared what his wife might think of him now, but deep down he knew she had no room to judge. After all, she was the one who was fucking their son. Time seemed to stretch on forever until finally Tom's phone chimed, breaking the tense silence. His heart skipped a beat as he saw that it was a thirty-second video, his nerves on edge as he clicked to open it.

With trembling hands, he pressed the play button and was immediately met with his wife's passionate screams. The video began abruptly in the middle of her orgasm, capturing every detail of her ecstasy. Maggie held her phone above her contorted face, her hand visibly shaking as she recorded the moment. Her neck arched in pure pleasure, muscles and tendons straining against her skin, while her face was twisted in a mask of intense pleasure. Tom could hear the sheer power behind her moans and screams, echoing through the room like thunder. Her hair was disheveled and tangled, her eyes fluttering back into their sockets as she surrendered to the waves of pleasure.

The video's slow pan revealed a scene of raw, primal pleasure. Wet flesh smacked together in rhythmic harmony as Jason's head was buried between the rippling swell of his wife's breasts. His eyes were clenched closed in ecstasy, his face contorted with pleasure. In the background, Tom could see his son's toned, sweaty body thrusting feverishly into Maggie with animalistic vigor. The camera, held in Maggie's trembling hands, captured every moment with unsteady movements as her own climax raged on. The unsteady camera lens tilted suddenly, captured one of Maggie's luscious legs that was thrown back towards the headboard, glistening with sweat and desire. Another violent scream escaped from Maggie's lips and her leg trembled uncontrollably, her heel arching and toes splaying in an orgasmic frenzy. It was a sight so obscene, yet enthralling, that Tom couldn't look away. He watched

in faint disbelief as his wife and son shared this intimate moment of total abandon and pleasure.

"My, aren't we glowing with that freshly fucked look today," Karen exclaimed as her and Maggie met for coffee while the boys were in school.

Maggie couldn't help but blush, her cheeks flushed crimson at the sight of Karen's knowing smirk. Karen had always been perceptive, noticing things others overlooked. Even during their years in high school, she had been able to see right through Maggie's facade, knowing when she was hiding something. It was no surprise that she had picked up on the scent of Maggie's newfound passion.

Maggie nodded, her cheeks flushing even brighter. "Yeah, you know... just the kind that leaves you feeling like you've been hit by a train the next day. The good kind."

"I take it you made the right choice then?"

"Jason is fucking incredible,"Maggie gushed, her eyes sparkling with a newfound excitement. "His stamina is insane and his techniques…

well, let's say you have to experience it to believe it."

"Can we arrange that?" Karen asked only half-joking.

"Only of you can manage to pry him away from his horny mother," Maggie giggled.

"Sounds like he's really stepped up to become the new man of the house."

"Yeah, speaking of that, you're not gonna believe the request that Tom made last night," said Maggie with an odd expression.

"What?"

"He wanted me to send him pictures and even a video of Jason and me in action."

Karen's eyes widened in shock. "What?!"

Maggie nodded, her face flush with a mix of embarrassment and arousal. "I know, it's twisted, but there's something about it that's oddly thrilling too. I think it made me cum harder just imagining Tom watching our youngest son fuck the shit out of me."

"Well, it may be little weird, but if that's a way for you to keep the hubby happy from afar, and give you an extra thrill, I say go for it," Karen encouraged.

"Now I just wish there was a way to cheer Mat up," Maggie expressed, knowing her oldest was disappointed that he didn't get chosen. "It must have been torture laying down in his bedroom listening to Jason and I go at it all night."

"Maybe he'd benefit in getting little kinky glimpses of you and Jason just like Tom does," Karen suggested, a wicked grin spread across her face.

"I suppose it's worth a shot."

Upon Jason's return from school, Maggie urged him to share pictures with his brother so that Mat could feel somewhat included in their activities, but only to a small extent.

Mat was sweating profusely at practice when he heard his phone buzz. He grabbed it eagerly, hoping for a message from his new girlfriend, but was surprised to see a picture text from his younger brother. His eyes widened as he took in the photo. It was Jason's point of view looking across Maggie's shaved pubis and up her toned torso, to the jutting contours of her ballooning breasts, as if he were indulging in oral pleasure with her. The caption attached

to the picture read, "MY VIEW RIGHT NOW! " Mat felt a mix of emotions - shock, arousal, disgust - all swirling inside him. He couldn't believe his brother would send such an intimate photo and flaunt his sexual conquests like this. But he also couldn't deny the thrill of seeing his brother living out fantasies that he himself had only dreamed of like eating their mom's pussy.

"How does she taste?" he awkwardly texted back, feeling himself get aroused by the picture.

"Really sweet…I love it. It smells amazing too," his brother texted back.

"Does she have a big clit?"

A minute later, Jason sent a second picture. This one was much more explicit, showing him greedily parting the soft, pink folds of Maggie's intimate anatomy. Her plump, swollen clit peeked out from beneath its protective hood, glistening with arousal and pressed against the tip of Jason's tongue. His eyes were locked onto the phone camera with a devilish grin, as if daring Mat to join in on the sinful act. The image of Maggie's luscious nectar-covered pussy was

enough to make Mat's mouth water, like a rare and exotic fruit just waiting to be savored.

Feeling a surge of arousal, Mat quickly made his way behind the dugout where he could hide from prying eyes and texted his brother. "You should ravish that hot pussy. I know I would." The thought of satisfying his desires inside his mom's cunt ignited a fire within him, and he couldn't resist sharing it with his brother.

The anticipation was almost unbearable as he waited patiently for a response, but it was worth it. With eager eyes, he clicked on the video and it immediately filled his screen with a close-up shot of Jason's cock pumping relentlessly into Maggie's slick, hungry cunt. Mat couldn't look away as he watched Jason's impressive eight-and-a-half inches thrust repeatedly through her swollen folds, his

heavy balls slapping against the tight ring of her asshole. Every movement seemed to send shockwaves through Maggie's body, causing her to moan and writhe in pleasure. Towards the end of the video, Jason drove his thick shaft deep inside her, performing two powerful pivots with his hips that spread her labia around his cock-root. Mat could hear Maggie's pleasurable squeals and saw her juices beginning to flow from their joined genitals before the clip came to an end. It was a raw, primal display of lust and desire that left Mat both mesmerized and envious of their passionate connection.

Mat's mind was reeling as he watched the video play over and over. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, his brother Jason thrusting into their mother with a ferocity that left him breathless. The sight of Jason's thick, powerful cock plunging into Maggie's pussy was like watching an excavator carve through dirt and stone. Mat couldn't help but imagine himself in Jason's place, living vicariously through his brother's actions and letting the pleasure wash over him as if it were his own. This twisted desire consumed him, fueled by envy and forbidden fantasies.

Tom wanted to video chat with Jason that evening. Maggie warned her husband that it wasn't a good time but he persisted. "Hey, dad," Jason said, answering the video call. Tom was immediately shocked by what he saw. Jason was on his back on the bed and Maggie was laying flat on top of him, her pretty hair spread out as she attacked him with passionate kisses to his neck, chest and face. It was obvious that they were fucking by the way their bodies rocked rhythmically. "Well, it looks like someone's enjoying being man of the house," Tom noted, in awe of how sweaty their bodies were.

"Yeah, it's amazing," Jason answered as he laid there like king, enjoying Maggie sensual assault.

Jason brought the phone down level with the bed as Maggie locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss. Now Tom had a front row seat, watching them make out passionately while his wife was clearly riding Jason's cock. Tom was mesmerized by the sight of her monstrous tits, spilling over Jason's shoulders and around his neck. Maggie buried her face in the nap of his neck, whipping her long, experienced tongue against his erogenous zones. With eyes filled with excitement and pleasure, Jason peered over at his dad who was carefully watching the action. He couldn't help but feel a tinge of guilt since he was technically fucking his wife. Maggie paused also, looking over at her husband with wild eyes and slight annoyance. "Hey, you're distracting my man. He needs to focus," Maggie complained.

"Sorry, my love. I just couldn't resist calling to say hello," Tom stated, his voice filled with warmth and fondness.

"Yeah, I know...right in the middle of our lovemaking," his wife grinned playfully, her eyes sparkling mischievously.

"Alright, I'll leave you two to enjoy each other's company. Just remember to take breaks and get some rest tonight," Tom advised

with a hint of concern in his voice, knowing how lost they could get in each other's embrace.

With every word that escaped his lips, Maggie's fervent riding of Jason's cock intensified. Her hips moved in a wild, almost primal rhythm, driving her body closer and closer to climax. As he was battered by the force of his mom's swinging tit-flesh, Jason knew it was time to end the call with his dad.

Tom watched as Jason peeked over from beneath Maggie's wildly swinging udders, his excitement evident in the way his body trembled. "I'll talk to you tomorrow, dad" Jason panted out between gasps of pleasure.

"Alright, Jason. Enjoy yourself," Tom replied, his own breath quickening as he watched their erotic encounter.

Maggie picked up the phone and grinned shamelessly at her husband, then pointed the camera down, giving Tom a view of her meaty knockers bouncing up and down above Jason's prone, sweat-soaked body on the bed. "Goodnight, honey," Maggie purred seductively before hanging up.

"Don't you just love fucking me and making your dad and brother jealous?" Maggie asked her son as she continued to ride him with fervor. "To be the one who gets all that motherfucking pleasure… literally,"

"It is pretty cool if i'm honest," Jason answered, smiling ear to ear.

In a state of utter disbelief, Jason's eyes widened as he gazed up at Maggie's dancing, stiff-nippled breasts. They swayed in perfect rhythm, jutting out from her chest and then soaring upwards before crashing back down onto her rib cage, only to repeat the mesmerizing motion over and over again as she hungrily moved her body up and down. Her melodic voice erupted in a series of shrill,

girlish screams of pleasure, her face contorted with a look of pure sexual exhilaration that Jason had never seen before.

He couldn't tear his gaze away as she smacked her spongy breasts down on his chest and pressed her lips to his, their mouths melding together in a passionate embrace. Her tongue whipped around his like a wet, pink ribbon caught in a windstorm, leaving him feeling lightheaded and dizzy.

As they finally pulled apart, Maggie looked at him with desperate longing in her eyes. "Pick me up," she commanded huskily, "and fuck me against the wall." The heat between them was palpable, sending sparks flying and igniting a primal desire within them both.

Jason could sense the weight of this moment for her, as she tested his strength and ability to carry her during the competition to become her lover. With every ounce of determination he possessed, he sat on the edge of the bed and cradled her round buttocks against his arm. He carefully scooted them both closer to the edge, maintaining a steady grip on her toned body.

As Maggie clung onto him, Jason rose to his full height, their bodies pressed intimately together. His arousal was evident through the heat and tightness of his erection, still fully sheathed in the hot, slippery sleeve of her dripping-wet sex.

Maggie couldn't help but gasp in awe at his physical prowess, whispering praises and planting kisses on his lips as she eagerly humped her hips against his. Her breasts were caught between them, flattened and pushed out on the sides like balloons under pressure.

The scene seemed almost comical, with the smal teenager holding onto the curvaceous, mature woman. Her legs were wrapped tightly around his waist as he effortlessly carried her to the nearest wall. With practiced ease, he pressed her against it and began to move inside her, their bodies moving in perfect synchronization. The heat

between them radiated off of their skin as moans and gasps filled the air. It was a raw and primal display of passion that left them both breathless and wanting more.

Sweat glistening on their bodies, they fucked hard and fast against the wall, their movements fueled by a lust that seemed to grow

with every thrust. Their moans filled the room, mingling with the sound of their flesh slapping together with a wet, sloppy sound.

"Fuck me, baby," Maggie panted, her voice raw with desire. "Make me cum on you."

A low, guttural moan escaped from Jason's lips as his voice quivered with pleasure. He was lost in the moment, his head nestled between her ample breasts. His hands clasped tightly onto her thighs as he thrust his hips with a frenzied pace, plunging his hard member into her with the force of a determined football player making a game-winning tackle.

Maggie tightened her arms and legs around him, holding on with desperation as she met his powerful thrusts. She reveled in the sensation of his teenage cock, a thick and pulsating phallic hammer with its slight curve, driving into her tight female sex organ with a fierce intensity. It was as if their bodies were made to fit perfectly together, each movement bringing them closer to a shared release. The smell of their combined sweat and arousal filled the air, fueling their primal desires for each other. With each deep thrust, Maggie felt herself losing control, surrendering completely to the ecstasy of their physical union.

Maggie's voice rose to a crescendo, her body trembling as she announced her imminent climax. The sensation built inside her, like a volcano ready to erupt, and she knew she was on the edge of pure ecstasy. Jason grunted and groaned, his own arousal rising to match Maggie's. His erection throbbed with need and he couldn't wait any longer. He had been fucking Maggie for over two hours, showcasing

his skills and stamina like a pro. It was a feat he doubted even his own father or brother could replicate.

Their bodies seemed to crest at once, quivering in orgasmic delight as Maggie's muscles convulsed around Jason's cock, milking his shaft and bringing him to the brink of his own release. Their

movements became more urgent, their breaths growing heavier as they reached the pinnacle of their pleasure.

"Fuck, I'm cumming!" Maggie gasped, her voice hoarse with passion. Jason's cock twitched inside her, pulsing with each surge of pleasure. "Oh, yes, baby. Cum inside me," she begged, her voice barely above a whisper.

Jason felt a wave of heat wash over him as he climaxed, his cock swelling inside Maggie's wet, warm sex. He could feel his own body trembling, his hips jerking in spasmodic motion as he pumped his hot, sticky seed deep into her. The sensation was indescribable, as if his very soul was being wrenched from his body and poured into Maggie's waiting, eager depths.

Janice, Maggie's mother's voice crackled through the phone, filled with excitement and approval. "I must say, this new arrangement of yours is simply wonderful," she exclaimed to her daughter. Karen also on the line with them.

"I couldn't agree more," Maggie replied, her own voice full of pride and satisfaction. "Jason has truly stepped up and filled his father's shoes perfectly."

A mischievous smile crept onto Janice's face as she posed suggestion in the form of a question. "How would you feel about all us female family members ravaging him together?"

Maggie raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Together?" she repeated, unsure if she had heard correctly.

Karen jumped in eagerly. "Mom and I were talking…and we thought, since Jason is just starting to explore the world of sexual pleasure, how incredible would it be for him to experience a whole group of women at once? To have his body showered with affection from all of us."

Maggie felt a possessive tug in her chest but couldn't deny the appeal of the idea. "Well, he is mine," she said firmly, "but I suppose I could share him as long as it's just once in awhile." A blush spread across her cheeks as she thought about the possibilities.

"Splendid," Janice exclaimed, her voice tinged with excitement. "Why don't we meet here at my place tomorrow?"

"I'll bring Destiny and Regal with me," Karen eagerly chimed in, her eyes lighting up at the thought of her 23-year-old twin daughters. "They're both happily engaged, but they adore Jason and would love the opportunity to connect with him on a deeper, more intimate level."

The next day was Saturday, and Jason and Maggie traveled to spend time with Maggie's parents, Janice and her father, Andy. Karen and her husband, Russell, had also just arrived, along with their twenty-year old twin daughters, Regal and Destiny.

"It's a bit unorthodox, isn't it?" Andy asked, referring to the new sex situation in Maggie's home.

"Perhaps to most people, yes," his wife answered, "but it certainly makes the most sense. A mother's pussy is the perfect receptacle for a boy's sperm."

"And Tom knows my needs are being met right in the safety and security of our own home," Maggie added.

"But what if Jason gets you pregnant, honey?" Her father asked in concern. "Have you and Tom thought about that?"

"Tom and I have both accepted that as a possibility, yes. We both believe in the power of love and family, and if we're blessed with another child, it would only strengthen our bond. Plus, I think Jason would make a great big brother."

"Since we're on that subject," Janice began, sharing a knowing smile with her daughter before looking across at her husband. "I have expressed to you before my desire to have another child, have I not?"

This drew a chuckle from Andy. "Janice, you're in your mid-fifties, we've got two grown kids, our two girls," he said, motioning across to Maggie and Karen, "and four grandchildren. I think it's safe to say your baby-making days are behind you."

Regal and Destiny, identical twins, shared a pretty smile with each other, knowing their Grandfather was partly referring to them. They were gorgeous brunettes with bodies they inherited from their heavy-titted mother that screamed sexuality and fertility.

"I disagree," expressed h wife. "I'm still ovulating and producing eggs. I say as long as my body is cooperating, why not have another child."

"It's not really all that uncommon for woman in her 50's to get pregnant these days, dad," Karen pointed out.

"Yeah, but look at me," Andy noted, looking down at the wheelchair he sat in. "Do I look like I'm in any condition to produce and raise another child?"

"Yes, your health is failing," his wife pointed out, "which is all the more reason to add to our family. Do you really want me to be all alone when you're gone?"

"And when it comes to producing another child, you don't need to worry about that either," Maggie added. "Mom and I have already

discussed Jason getting her pregnant. That's the reason for our visit this weeked."

Andy looked over at his wife in disbelief. "We never discussed this," he pointed out.

"We didn't need to," Janice answered. "I have expressed wanting another child and we both know that at your age and condition you're completely incapable. A task of this nature is better left to someone young and virile, like our Grandson, Jason."

"Yes, but Janice, you're talking about having sex with a family member…with our Grandson."

"It's not like we're asking him to take over as a my husband, Andy," Janice replied, her voice calm and matter-of-fact. "We're simply asking him to fuck a baby into me and get me pregnant, so that we can continue our family line. And I think it would be a wonderful experience for all of us."

Karen squeezed her husband's hand and turned towards him. "And by 'all of us,' she means me and the girls too. We thought it would be really special if all of the women in the family were carrying babies at the same time," she explained.

Her husband's expression melted. "But you and I have been trying," Russell uttered.

"Yes, for a year now and I think it's time for me to explore my other options," said Karen, looking of at Jason her hungry eyes traveling his small but fit body.

"That's why we decided to have a conception party this weekend, daddy," Destiny said with a pretty smile. "Jason can get all of us female family members pregnant, that way there's no pressure on the husbands or Regal and I's fiances."

"I should be the one fulfilling my duty as the husband and getting your mother pregnant," Russell declared, his voice tinged with frustration.

"One that you have failed at miserably," his wife retorted. "I understand that it's because of your low sperm count and depleting libido, which are no fault of yours. Time takes its toll on all of us. But I shouldn't have to forego having another child simply because of your physical limitations." She sighed, her eyes conveying a mix of sadness and resentment. The weight of unfulfilled desires weighed heavily on their marriage, causing rifts and bitterness to seep in. But they both knew there was no one to blame, just the realities of aging and biology.

"Mom has shared with us the struggles you face in the bedroom, daddy. Your unfortunate inability to perform," Regal stated in a cruel tone, prompting her and her twin sister to snicker derisively. "But that doesn't mean mom should have to go without fulfilling her desire for another child... or pleasure, for that matter."

"Yeah, if you're no longer capable of satisfying mom's needs, perhaps it is time for Jason to step in and take care of them. It seems he is more than capable, judging by his success with Aunt Maggie," Destiny chimed in, adding salt to the wound.

Russell's gaze shifted to his two daughters, a hint of concern in his eyes. "And what about you two? Do your fiances know about this plan?"

Destiny and Regal exchanged a knowing glance before turning back to their father with mischievous smiles playing on their lips. "That's our own personal matter, daddy," Destiny teased, her voice dripping with playful secrecy. "Let's just say our fiances will make wonderful fathers, although there may be someone more qualified to actually create their children," The sisters shared a subtle wink, hinting at a deeper understanding between them.

"Honey, why don't you take my father out to do some fishing today?" Karen suggested with a warm smile. "That'll get you two

out of the house while we're having our conception party down in mom's bedroom."

"Karen, we should really discuss this," Russell suggested, not seeming happy at all.

"Or stay and listen to your wife getting laid," Karen said with a shameless shrug of her shoulders. "I'm just trying to make things easier on you."

"You…really shouldn't be here today, daddy," Regal stated, trying to be sympathetic.

"Yeah, take Grandpa out finishing," Destiny added. "It's something you both enjoy."

Russell hesitated for a moment before agreeing. "I suppose," he said, not wanting to miss out on the excitement happening inside. "I'm sure as hell not gonna sit here and listen to what's going on in this house all day."

"That's a good plan, Russell," his mother-in-law chimed in, her own smile growing wider. "The screams coming from my bedroom could be very intense today."

"Oh, trust me, they will be," added Maggie with a mischievous gleam in her eye, causing the other women to laugh anxiously in anticipation. The air was thick with excitement and nerves as they all prepared for the conception party that would hopefully bring new life into their family.

Jason's heart raced knowing he would be fucking so many gorgeous family members and pumping his semen into their fertile cunts.

With a firm hand, Janice stood up and pulled her grandson to his feet. Her voice was stern but tinged with excitement as she spoke. "You men have fun today," she said, glancing at her husband and

son-in-law. "But please, don't bother us. We are in the midst of a delicate process here." She gestured towards the women sitting around her, their gazes focused intently on Jason who stood before them. "Conception through sexual intercourse takes extreme focus," Janice continued, her eyes shining with determination. "And each of us is only ovulating for so long," she added, emphasizing the importance of their limited window of opportunity. "We'll need to keep our entire focus on Jason and getting as much of his semen inside of us as possible." Her words were met with nods and murmurs of agreement from the other women, their determination mirroring Janice's own. It was clear that this was not just a casual gathering, but a carefully orchestrated event with one goal in mind: conception.

With Jason's mother on one arm and Janice on the other, they descended the grand staircase to the private master suite. Karen and her two daughters followed closely behind, their excitement palpable as they eagerly anticipated engaging in heated methods of baby conception.

Janice's luxurious basement bedroom served as a sanctuary of comfort and privacy for this special occasion. The room was softly illuminated by muted lighting, casting a warm and intimate glow upon the space. Every detail had been carefully planned by the women, from the scent of sweet candles to the soft, silky sheets that adorned the king-sized bed – all in pursuit of ensuring the most successful breeding possible. In the background, gentle and seductive music played, its melodies both soothing and arousing as it set the mood for this momentous event.

"Sit," Janice commanded, gracefully gestured for Jason to take a seat on the edge of the plush bed. He obeyed, sinking into the

cushion. The room was filled with an array of voluptuous female forms, their curves and angles accentuated by the soft lighting.

Jason couldn't help but be drawn in by the delicate click of their stiletto heels against the hardwood floor, admiring the arches of their feet as they walked and the vibrant colors of their toenails peeking out from the straps of their slip-on mules. The air was thick with feminine energy, and he found himself mesmerized by their allure.

His eyes widened as they each began to undress, removing their blouses and skirts with teasing grace, exposing the embroidered lace of their tit-stuffed bras and dainty panties. Jason's family came from a long line of huge breasted females, Janice's being the largest of them all. "Holy shit," the boy muttered under his breath, staring at Janice's enormous juggernauts that threatened to tear through the delicate fabric of her bra. They were an embarrassingly disproportionate size, far larger than any other set of breasts he had ever seen in the world.

"Hmm, what's wrong, sweetheart?" Janice asked, interrupting the silence with her playful tone. "Don't be shy."

"No, it's just...wow." Jason stammered, finally finding his voice. "Your tits are...so big. How do you even walk around with those things?"

Janice let out a hearty chuckle, her ample chest jiggling enticingly with her merriment. "Tits are something the women in this family certainly have in abundance. Would you like to unhook our bra straps so we can take them off?"

"Sure,"Jason managed, still unable to take his eyes off her chest. He reached up slowly, his fingers trembling slightly as he tried to undo the delicate clasp at the back of her bra. With a bit of difficulty, he finally managed to undo the clasps, causing Janice's enormous melons to spring free, bobbing heavily in front of him.

Janice's breasts were not just large, but also incredibly heavy, and he could feel just how much weight they held as she swayed them

seductively in front of him. She again giggled, clearly amused by his reaction. "They're a gift from generations of women in our family, darling," she said, fondling them teasingly. "And today, they're all for our baby making stud to enjoy."

"Unclasp my bra now, Jason," Regal purred, her back arching towards him. As his fingers fumbled with the intricately designed hooks, his eyes couldn't help but drift down to admire her perfectly sculpted bubble butt. The silk strap of her G-string hugged the curves of her rounded ass, teasing him with her nearly naked ass. Once her bra was removed, the 23-year-old goddess turned towards him, her stiff nipples standing at attention on her jutting triple D's. Her breasts bounced with every movement, their weight and fullness hypnotizing him.

The other three women, Destiny, Karen, and Maggie, stood nearby in their own alluring bra and panty sets, each one eager for his touch as they waited for their turn to have their bras unfastened and release their supple bosoms. Their collective beauty and allure filled the room, making Jason feel like he had won the ultimate prize.

"Slowly," Destiny commanded, turning around with a sultry sway of her hips and presenting her bra strap to him. Jason's fingers trembled as he reached for the clasp, anticipation coursing through his veins. With a click, the bra released and revealed hooters that were identical to Regal's. The roundness and fullness of her breasts was emphasized by the skimpy lace bra, their size hinting at youth but their firmness betraying maturity.

"Mine next, Jason," said his Aunt Karen, her voice husky with desire as she moved her strawberry blonde hair aside to bare her own bra strap. He knew from sneaky peeks in the past that she had heavy

hangers like Maggie, and he was anxious to finally see them in all their glory. As soon as he unclasped the bra, Karen's melons

spilled out and she turned towards him unabashedly, thrusting her chest forward.

"Damn," the boy muttered under his breath, unable to tear his gaze away from the enormity of her breasts. They were probably the same size as Maggie's, but a smattering of cute freckles adorned her cleavage like a constellation. The prominent blue mammary veins beneath her pale skin and the small bumps known as Montgomery tubercles scattered across her sizable areola confirmed that these were the breasts of a middle-aged mother who had nurtured children with them.

"One more to go," giggled Maggie, then watched over her shoulder as Jason unclasped her. With a jerk, the final bra released, springing Maggie's colossal breasts forward. They were beyond massive, two separate eruptions of flesh and fat, their gravity pulling them downward in a devious tease. The sight of her heaving chest was almost too much for Jason, and he seemed to be struggling to catch his breath.

The five women were practically vibrating with desire, their eyes fixed on him with unabashed hunger.

With a sly smile and a seductive tone, Janice made their intentions known. "We're all going to crawl onto the bed together beneath the soft, warm blanket. We'll become acquainted with you in a whole new way, darling." She leaned in closer, her breath hot against Jason's ear as she continued, "And when we're done, I want you to slowly strip off our panties, one by one. So you can savor the unique scent and taste of each one of us before you start fucking our pussies." The anticipation and desire hung heavy in the air as Janice's words sent a shiver down the boy's spine. He couldn't wait

to experience this intimate and sensual encounter with these alluring women.

"Regal, honey, would you mind locking the door and turning the lights off," Janice requested, and the 23-year-old woman gave a sultry smile before obliging. With that, the room was plunged into darkness, save for the delicate glow of the flickering candles that illuminated the women in just their panties.

Janice's warm body pressed against Jason's back, her soft curves molding perfectly against him. Her hardened nipples brushed against his skin, leaving a trail of electric sensation in their wake. With a seductive whisper, she instructed him to climb into bed, her hands itching to strip him bare. The women had all agreed to indulge in this experience together, waiting until they were all wrapped up beneath the blanket to make it even more thrilling for Jason.

The teen snuggled himself under the thick, soft blanket, sinking into the plush mattress of his Grandparent's large bed. The darkness enveloped him as he lay on his back, his body melting into the warmth of the sheets. He could sense the other women joining him in the pitch-blackness, their bodies radiating heat as they cozied up around him in the spacious bed.

Maggie's soft voice broke the tense silence. "Strip him," she blurted her tone commanding. They pounced on him like children opening a long-awaited Christmas gift, eagerly and frantically tearing off his shirt, shorts, and briefs with reckless abandon. He gasped and arched from the bed, overwhelmed by the sudden onslaught of hands roving and clawing at his body, their nails digging into his skin and pulling at his sensitive areas. He felt a surge of pleasure mixed with pain as they squeezed and tugged at his erect member, their fingers combing through the wiry hairs and teasing the tender flesh of his balls.

"Oh my God, what big fucking dick," Regal exclaimed, jerking her hand around its shaft..

The sensation of two women piling on top of him was overwhelming, their eager and rapid breaths competing for his attention. Jason could feel the weight of their bodies pressing against his bare chest, their kisses hot and urgent. He knew one of them was Janice, her immense breasts crushing and dragging against his skin. But he couldn't tell who the other woman was, only that her own sizable breasts felt divine against him. Janice, with her 50 JJ cups, clearly dominated the surface of his chest as she lightly snarled like a hungry animal while fusing her lips to his. Her long tongue whipped around inside his mouth, sending shivers down his spine. Jason reciprocated with his own movements, their tongues lashing together in an oral frenzy that left them both gasping for air.

Jason let out a primal growl as his lips parted and he felt the warmth of a woman's mouth enveloping his throbbing cock. Her tongue swirled and caressed every inch of his sensitive head, sending electric shocks through his body. Another woman's lips and teeth gently played with his testicles, her expert touch igniting even more pleasure within him. It was like he was being taken by a group of insatiable women, their hands and mouths exploring every inch of his body with wild abandon. But it was all done with consent, adding an exciting element to the intense sensations coursing through him.

The low murmur of voices reached his ears, a symphony of whispered desires. Each voice vied for their desired part of his body, eliciting light protests from those who were still indulging in the pleasures that particular region offered. The boy felt a swell of pride, knowing that they all longed to experience every inch of his physical form.

"Kiss me," the newest set of lips on his murmured, a breathless and urgent plea. He knew it was Karen by the way her kisses rained down on him; soft and sensual, like delicate petals falling from a

flower. She locked her lips to his in a fiery French kiss, their tongues intertwining in a dance that felt both familiar and exhilarating. Each pair of lips had their own unique softness and each tongue moved with a different rhythm in his mouth. But what they all shared was an undeniable sense of experience, flickering through Jason's mouth with expert skill and confidence, as if they were seasoned professionals in the art of kissing.

Jason's body was engulfed in a sea of pleasure as three different mouths took turns sucking his cock. One hand firmly gripped the base, applying just the right amount of pressure to make his blood engorged shaft even more sensitive. He moaned and writhed beneath Karen, her voluptuous breasts pressed against him as they shared passionate kisses. The air around them was thick with heat and the heady scent of aroused pussy, creating an intoxicating cocoon of sexual desire. Everywhere he looked, there were eager female bodies indulging in their cravings for young, male flesh. It was a hedonistic paradise where pleasure knew no bounds.

Maggie's voice was a seductive whisper as she sprawled out on top of him, taking her turn at his lips. Their bodies were slick with perspiration, causing Maggie's voluptuous, naked breasts to glide and slide over Jason's chest as they passionately kissed. Out of all the women he had been with, his mother was by far the most skilled in the art of kissing. Her lips were full and sensuous, expertly moving against his with a tantalizing rhythm. Her tongue was like a living thing, darting and flickering as fast as a hummingbird's wings one moment and then languidly intertwining with his the next.

Janice skillfully maneuvered her way up next to her youngest daughter, ensuring that Jason's small body was sandwiched between their curves. As she pressed closer, he couldn't help but marvel at the weight and softness of their humongous tits

surrounding him. Each hardened teat poked against his chest, aching to be sucked and pulled on by his eager mouth.

"Mm, sweet boy," Janice purred, her tongue darting out to trace along his neck as Maggie continued to passionately make out with him. Despite the fact that she willingly shared him with those closest to her, she still felt a possessive hold over him, at least for the three months he was hers. She could sense his excitement radiating through his small frame as he basked in the sensation of being surrounded by female flesh. The scent of their combined perfumes and the warmth of their bodies enveloped him, making him feel both overwhelmed and desired all at once.

As the women continued to take turns kissing and pleasuring Jason, he found himself lost in a world of physical sensations. Their lips were soft and warm, their tongues darting and circling, their breasts heavy and inviting. Each woman brought something unique to the experience, a different taste, a different scent, a different technique. It was like he was being kissed by an entire orchestra, each section playing its own part in creating the most beautiful symphony of pleasure.

For over an hour, they had been cocooned beneath the warm, heavy blanket. Janice finally threw it off of them, revealing a scene that could only be described as a sensual feast for the eyes. In the soft candlelight, the glistening, wet flesh of five breathtakingly voluptuous MILFs covered every inch of Jason's short yet sinfully attractive body. They lavished him with various forms of sexual affection, their hands and lips exploring every contour and curve. The air was thick with the intoxicating scents of perfume and sweat, mingled with the sounds of moans and sighs filling the room. It was a moment that Jason would never forget, a true spectacle of pleasure and desire and it was about to get even better.

In the dimly lit room, Regal and Destiny were taking turns kissing Jason, their lips pressing against his with fervor. Janice crawled up between them, her body a warm weight against his as she pushed them aside to claim the dominant position on top of him. Her breasts

hung down like two udders, brushing softly against his chest as she continued her journey up his body.

Jason's breath caught in his throat as he watched in awe, his heart racing with excitement. Janice planted her knees astride his head, keeping her bare feet draped along his upper chest. He gazed up at her crotch, mesmerized by the way it hovered above his face, her panties clinging to her plump pubis so that he could see the subtle curves of her cuntal cleft. "Get them off me," she commanded, and Jason eagerly complied, peeling her silky panty straps over her hips. With Janice's help, he guided the delicate garment all the way off, exposing her naked pussy.

She planted her cunt against his face and Jason shuddered from the taste and scent of her. Her labia swollen and wet, her arousal flowing freely. He eagerly licked and sucked, trying to take in as much of her delicious nectar as he could. She moaned deeply, her body undulating with pleasure. "There you go, that's a good boy," she panted out, her fingers splayed out in his hair, guiding him in. "Now I want you to eat me out, just like you were born to do."

Jason could hardly keep up with the task, his fingers teasing her fat, grape-sized clit and his tongue darting in and out of her hot, wet folds. He could feel the muscles in her thighs tighten as she approached her climax. Jason stared up her torso, watching her humongous breasts sway heavily above him, her nipples hard and erect. She was like a goddess to him, her body so full of sensuality and power.

As Janice's moans grew louder and more desperate, it was clear that she was on the brink of an earth-shattering orgasm. Her hips began to rock harder against his face, grinding her wet folds

against his mouth and nose, flooding him with her sweet nectar. With her free hand, she reached down and began massaging her own clit, her fingers slick with her arousal.

"Yes, that's it, baby, suck my clit," she hissed between gasps. "Oh, fuck, yes, just like that!"

Jason's tongue darted out to capture her erect nub. He could feel her orgasm building, her muscles tensing beneath him. Suddenly, she let out a blood-curdling scream, her thighs clamping down on his head, her ejaculation exploding in a hot, sticky spray of love juice all over his face and hair.

"My turn," said Karen, eager to get her cunt devoured as she quickly stripped her panties off.

Jason licked his lips, eager to feel Karen's warm, wet pussy against his face. He couldn't help but admire her stunning body, her huge fat tits swelling above him as she climbed on top. Her nipples were hard and erect, the little pink buds almost calling out for his attention.

Karen settled into place, her hot, wet pussy hovering inches above his mouth. Jason eagerly reached up, his fingers dancing across her swollen labia, his thumb stroking her erect clit. He licked a long, slow stroke up the length of her pussy-slit, tasting her sweet juices as they flowed onto his tongue.

"Oh, yes, that's perfect," Karen moaned, her body trembling with anticipation as she lowered her cunt onto his mouth. "Suck my clit, baby boy. Make me cum."

The taste of her pussy was like a combination of honey and citrus, slightly different than Janice's but equally intoxicating. The scent of her arousal filled his nostrils, making him dizzy with desire. As he explored her with his tongue, he couldn't help but notice the plumpness of Karen's glans, like a succulent fruit waiting to be

devoured. Her sensitive surface responded to his every touch, causing her to moan and writhe beneath him.

But what truly sent shivers down his spine was the sensation of four different tongues caressing his erection. Each woman's skillful movements sent waves of pleasure coursing through his body as they licked and sucked at every inch of him. As he continued to feast on Karen's wet, pulsating pussy, he felt himself being worked over by their skilled tongues - from the bulb and neck of his glans, to his piss-slit and frenulum, and finally to his long, thick shaft. It was a frenzy of sensations that left him trembling with ecstasy and craving more.

Jason fought for air as he was enveloped in a cocoon of warm, soft flesh. His tongue eagerly explored Karen's intimate folds, savoring the slickness and texture of her inner walls. The heat radiating from her core was intoxicating, and he could feel his own desire building with every flick and swirl of his tongue. He knew that soon his throbbing cock would be embraced by her delicate, pink tunnel of femininity, and the thought sent shivers down his spine. Karen's movements became frantic as she rode his face, the sensation driving her closer and closer to climax. "Oh my God, I'm going to cum!" she moaned breathlessly, her body trembling with pleasure.

Karen's urethral opening bulged within her vestibule, swelling and pulsating in perfect rhythm with her heartbeats. Her body tensed and arched, every muscle engaged as she rode the waves of pleasure coursing through her. Her juices erupted against Jason's face, coating his lips, cheeks, and chin in a slick layer. The smell of her arousal was potent, filling the air with a heady combination of musk and sweetness that threatened to overwhelm him.

For what felt like an eternity but was only a minute, Karen continued to grind her soaked and swollen pussy against his face, her orgasmic contractions pulsing out in powerful bursts. Each wave crashed over him, leaving him drenched and breathless. As

she slowly came down from her high, her body relaxed and she slid her wet pussy off of his mouth, leaving him tingling and covered in

her intoxicating scent.

"Wow, you're getting soaked, Jason," Regal giggled, quickly stripping off her thong panties.

Jason's lips curved into a satisfied smile as he watched her, his breath coming in short gasps. Juices still slicked his face and dripped down his chin, but he wanted more, eagerly swallowing as he eyed her cute, shaved pussy moving closer to him. Her big, plump titties bounced enticingly with each step she took. "Lie back," she commanded, pushing him down onto the soft mattress before straddling his head. Before Jason could react, he was enveloped in the warm, wet flesh of her labia. She grabbed a handful of his hair in a firm grip and began to rotate her hips, grinding her horny cunt against his eager lips and tongue. The taste of her arousal flooded his mouth and he couldn't get enough, eagerly lapping at her with a hunger that only grew stronger with each passing moment.

Regal yanked his hair harder. "Suck my fucking clit," she demanded, her breath gasping from the pleasure he was already providing her.

Jason obliged, tonguing the erect bud with a fervor that left Regal panting. Her young hips bucked faster, her juices flowing thick and fast onto his face. The scent of her arousal, mixed with her own unique musk, was intoxicating, and Jason couldn't help but suck harder, eager to please.

"That's it, fucker," Regal moaned, her voice hoarse with desire. "Eat my pussy, oh God, yes!"

Jason's tongue continued to dance between her inner and outer labia, massaging the sensitive skin and driving her wild. He suckled her clit, his lips creating a vacuum that sent her higher and higher.

"Oh, I'm gonna cum!," she cried, her body arching as she reached her peak. Unlike Karen who's ejaculate had squirted violently from her pussy, Regal's sweet nectar gently oozed from her vaginal

vestibule, pouring across Jason's face and down into his mouth. He marveled at how unique her flavor was, sweet, tangy, and fruity - like a combination of peaches and raspberries. Her orgasm washed over him, and he couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to feel her inner walls gripping his cock as he thrust inside her.

As Regal's orgasm subsided, she slowly eased her sopping wet pussy off his face, leaving him glistening from her attentions. She climbed off the bed, her pulse racing and her body still trembling from the intensity of her release.

Jason took a moment to look down his torso as Destiny gracefully got up and made her way towards him. The three women, Janice, Karen, and Maggie, leaned over his midsection, their voluptuous breasts swinging freely as they playfully licked and teased his throbbing erection with their long tongues. Their captivating eyes locked onto his, intensifying the already high level of excitement coursing through him.

"Are you enjoying all that delicious pussy, baby?" Maggie purred seductively, pressing her soft, pink lips against the sensitive head of his cock.

His nod was all the confirmation they needed as he watched Destiny slowly remove her sexy black cheeky-style panties. Her privates were just as beautiful as Regal's - smooth and shapely - but with a small, neatly trimmed landing strip of pubic hair above her delicate folds.

Destiny slid her wet pussy over Jason's face, her swollen lips enveloping his mouth. Her scent was intoxicating, mixing with the other women who had shared his lips earlier. She was unlike any woman he had ever tasted before, a combination of sweetness and spice that tantalized his senses.

As Jason eagerly explored her with his tongue, he couldn't help but notice the unique texture of her inner walls. They were warm and slick, with just the right amount of resistance to drive him wild. Her

sensitive surface responded to his every touch, causing her to moan and writhe above him.

He adored the sensation of four different tongues caressing his erection. Each woman's skillful movements sent waves of pleasure coursing through his body as they licked at every inch of him.

"God, he has such a tasty young dick," Karen cooed, probing his cum-oozing piss-slit with her tongue.

"Mm, yes…isn't his precum so sweet?" Janice agreed, kissing the thick base of his cock.

"Look at all the blue veins," Regal exclaimed. "They're so fucking hot."

"And his balls are so warm and full," Maggie added, curling her wet tongue across his smooth testicle.

Janice's lips traced a slow, teasing path down Jason's shaft, her tongue flicking over the sensitive skin as she joined at his nut sack. "Would you like to share?" Janice asked, with a sly grin.

Maggie's eyes sparkled mischievously as she replied, "Of course." She wrapped her fingers tightly around the loose skin just beneath Jason's testicle, causing it to bulge obscenely. Together, they brought their mouths together around his oval-shaped nut and began sucking it tenderly, each taking a side and eliciting shivers of pleasure from the boy's body. The sweet taste of sweat mixed with

the faint tang of musk filled their senses as they pleasured him, their movements synchronized and deliberate.

Jason's body trembled as their tongues dove deep, exploring every inch of his sensitive testicles. Their teeth grazed lightly over his scrotal skin, sending shivers down his spine and igniting a fierce desire within him. Meanwhile, Karen and Regal continued to ravish

his cock with fervent kisses and licks, causing it to throb and pulse in their mouths.

"God, this thing is going to feel so fucking incredible inside of us," Regal purred, her voice dripping with anticipation.

Karen let out a low chuckle. "I was just thinking the same thing." Her eyes gleamed with lust as she ran her hands over Jason's throbbing member. "He has a thick, muscular base, which will sustain some very hard and very deep thrusts."

Density eagerly leaned forward, her full lips parted as she sucked Jason's throbbing cock into her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down in a steady rhythm, her tongue swirling and teasing his sensitive tip. Meanwhile, Jason continued to feast on her wet pussy, causing her moans of pleasure to mix with the sound of his cunt-sucking. Karen watched with hungry eyes as her two daughters took turns pleasuring Jason, each one eager for a taste of his delicious hardness. She couldn't resist sliding down between Jason's legs to join Janice and her younger sister in their erotic ball play. "There's plenty of areas for three women to explore down here," she stated, lowering her head to his crotch.

Karen's lips moved to Jason's parenium, the soft, velvety skin sending shivers down her spine. With gentle pressure, she swirled her tongue around the sensitive flesh, eliciting a low moan from him. Above her, Janice and Maggie were still sharing a single testicle, their mouths passing it back and forth in an intimate dance of pleasure. The smooth orb glistened with saliva as it was

attended to by each woman in turn, their lips creating a warm and wet suction that sent waves of sensation through Jason's body. Janice focused on the narrow, tightly-coiled tube connecting the rear of the testicles to the deferential duct, knowing this was where his sperm was stored before ejaculation and determined to bring him maximum pleasure. She expertly applied friction to the tissue

through the taut skin, while simultaneously gently pulling on his spermatic cord with just the right amount of force. Every movement, every touch, was designed to heighten his pleasure and bring him to the brink of ecstasy.

Maggie's lips formed a perfect ring against the succulent meat of the ball, capturing just enough to pull it back towards her own mouth. Janice's mouth had an equally tight grip on the other side, creating a tug of war between the two women for ownership of their shared prize. The boy's nut was pulled back and forth, stretching and straining against their suction, making Jason jerk and moan until finally Maggie emerged victorious and it popped into the wet heat of her mouth. With a satisfied moan, she savored the taste and texture, her tongue playfully exploring every inch of the tightly wrapped skin beneath. It was like watching a nursing baby suckle at its pacifier, with Maggie as the contented infant and Jason as the willing provider.

221: Dad's Stand-in-part3/3

Jason continued to eat Destiny's pussy, his tongue darting in and out of her wet folds with relentless passion. He could feel her heart pounding against his face and hear her gasping breaths as she reached the edge of her own climax. With a final flick of his tongue, he sent waves of pleasure coursing through her sopping wet pussy, causing her to tremble and cry out in ecstasy.

As she came, her pussy clenched around his face, gripping his tongue and sucking it deep inside her as hot girl cum poured from her core.

Maggie quickly removed her panties, her pussy throbbing to be eaten as she changed places with Destiny.

Jason wasted no time, diving headfirst into Maggie's shaved flower, his tongue savoring her sweetness and her intoxicating aroma. He licked, flicked and probed with his tongue, teasing Maggie to the brink of insanity. Her moans filled the room, fueling the fire within him. He was determined to make her cum.

The four other women kept him on the brink of orgasm with their tireless mouths and tongues. Their skilled movements were like a symphony, each one knowing exactly how to bring him to the edge without letting him fall over. They knew his seed was too precious to waste, since all of them desperately wanted to get pregnant. So they were careful not to let him spill his load until he was buried inside one of their warm, wet pussies.

As Jason feasted on Maggie's wet, throbbing pussy, he couldn't help but stare up at her gyrating upper body. Her ballooning breasts bounced and swayed in a mesmerizing rhythm, enticing him to bury his face even deeper between her thighs. His tongue eagerly explored every crevice of her warm, velvety walls, flicking and lapping at the sensitive flesh within. He could feel her muscles tightening and releasing around his tongue, welcoming it like a hungry mouth accepting a cock. Every movement of her hips sent shivers down his spine, driving him to pleasure her with even more passion and fervor.

Jason's lips sealed around Maggie's fat, grape-sized nubbin, hungrily sucking and nursing on the tender bulb. With each flick of his tongue, delicate sparks flew through Maggie's body, igniting a building tension that soon erupted into short, powerful contractions. She couldn't hold back the delightful scream that tore from her throat, her hands clenching tightly as her entire body

convulsed with pleasure. In an instant, a flood of hormones and chemicals surged through her veins, intensifying every sensation. Her release was explosive, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her as her body arched and writhed in ecstasy. And in the midst of it all, she felt a warm wetness spread across Jason's face as she experienced a toe-curling ejaculation from the glands surrounding her urethra.

Maggie's body shuddered and trembled as her orgasm subsided, leaving her floating in a blissful haze. In that moment, Jason felt a surge of heat and tightness envelope his throbbing cock. As Maggie moved aside, he saw that Janice had taken her place, her slick folds eagerly engulfing every inch of his length. A wicked smile crossed her lips as she stared down at him. "Time to fuck," she hissed.

A guttural moan escaped Jason's lips as he felt the soft, spongy walls of Janice's inner depths pulse and contract around him. Their

bodies were perfectly matched, their rhythms syncing up as they moved together in a dance of pleasure.

Janice wasted no time in setting a brisk pace, her hips rolling and thrusting with urgent need. The sound of their flesh slapping together filled the room, competing with their moans and gasps for dominance. This was pure ecstasy, and neither of them wanted it to end.

Relaxed and sprawled back on the bed, Jason was treated to a mesmerizing show. Janice's chest heaved with each movement, her gigantic breasts bouncing and rippling in a hypnotic rhythm. They were the biggest Goddamn tits he had ever seen, filling his vision like two mountains of soft flesh. As she rode him, her body seemed to move in perfect harmony with the music playing in the background, creating an erotic symphony that left Jason breathless.

The other four women frantically rubbed their clits and squeezed their swollen nipples as they watched and waited their turn.

Jason was eager to witness the prowess and expertise of these sexually experienced women, wondering what techniques they would use on him. Janice, with her confident movements and sensual grace, began to move in ways that Jason had never seen before. She alternated between riding on his cock with a playful bounce and swaying her hips in a circular motion like a skilled hula dancer. The sensation of her tight walls squeezing and soaking his delicate member sent waves of pleasure through Jason's body, causing intense friction against his engorged flesh.

Janice lowered her upper half onto him, enveloping his entire head between her soft, cushiony breasts. Jason's body writhed in response, emitting a muffled moan that was stifled by the overwhelming amount of breast-flesh surrounding him. In this unique variation of the cowgirl position, Janice maintained a steady rhythm with her hips, causing her plump, naked bubble butt to sway

up and down in perfect sync. She rode on the satisfying stiffness of his cock, relishing in its youthful energy and unyielding rigidity as it filled her pussy with each thrust.

Jason could feel the rising tension in Janice's body as she fervently worked towards a climax. Her arms were folded beneath his back, holding him in a vice-like embrace while she vigorously rode him. He felt small and helpless, like a ragdoll caught between her rippling breasts as she increased the intensity of her thrusts. The sound of their bodies colliding echoed through the room, creating a symphony of pleasure. Jason could feel the heat radiating from Janice's skin, her breath coming in short gasps as she neared the edge of ecstasy.

Janice's delicate voice suddenly erupted in a primal cry, her body trembling with the force of it. "Ohhhh, shit!" she gasped, her words punctuated by ragged breaths. "I'm gonna fucking explode!" The

sound of her voice echoed through the room, filling it with an intense energy and raw emotion. Her hands clutched at the sheets, her nails leaving deep imprints as she rode out the overwhelming sensation coursing through her body.

As her orgasm peaked, Janice's face contorted with pleasure, her eyes rolling back in her head. Jason felt a sudden gush of warmth and wetness as Janice's pussy muscles contracted around his dick, milked him for every last drop of pleasure. And in that moment, he knew he was about to lose control.

His movements became frenzied and uncontrolled, each thrust more forceful and passionate than the last. He found her sensitive nipple and bit down hard, eliciting a moan of pleasure mixed with pain from her lips. The pressure in his core continued to build, aching for release as he felt her slick walls tighten around him.

"Come on…fuck those hips from the mattress!" Janice shouted, bouncing vigorously on his prick.

With one final, powerful thrust, he buried himself deep inside her, pushing past any resistance and claiming her fully. His cock was engulfed in warmth and wetness, pulsing with need as he released himself into her waiting womb. A guttural roar escaped his lips, muffled by the soft skin of her breasts pressed against his mouth.

They convulsed together in a symphony of ecstasy, their bodies moving in perfect synchronization as they rode out their climax. Moans and gasps filled the air, mingling with the sound of their bodies slapping together in an intoxicating rhythm. In this moment, they were completely lost in each other's orgasm.

As the waves of pleasure subsided, Janice slowly lifted herself off of Jason's dick, her pussy still dripping with his cum. She collapsed beside him on the bed, her chest heaving as she caught her breath.

Jason's eyes widened in awe as the other four women surrounded him, their desire apparent in every movement. Karen, with a mischievous smile on her lips, lowered herself onto Jason, pressing her body against his. Their mouths met in a passionate kiss before she quickly flipped them over, placing Jason on top. She drew her knees back, creating a space for his body to fit perfectly between her thighs as they prepared for an intense sexual encounter. "Fuck me," she whispered urgently, grinding her hips against him in anticipation of penetration.

Jason reared his hips back, lining up his throbbing member. As he thrust forward with a deep groan, the warmth and tightness of Karen's wet pussy enveloped him, sending shivers down his spine. They began to fuck frantically, their naked bodies slamming together in a wild dance of passion. Their tongues hung lustfully from their mouths, exploring each other with an animalistic hunger.

The big bed beneath them jerked and groaned under the violent motions of their fucking, the springs creaking with each hard thrust. Karen's nails dug into the skin on Jason's back as she arched her

body against him, her breasts bouncing with each powerful movement. He buried his face between her massive, dancing tits, sucking and biting at her sensitive flesh.

With each thrust, Jason felt Karen's pussy muscles gripping and releasing his cock, creating a sensation unlike anything he had ever experienced before. Her daily pilates routine had given her powerful legs that were smooth and glistening in the dim light of the room. She locked them tightly around Jason's back, using her strong outer thighs and calves to hold him firmly against her body. Her delicate feet were arched and her toes, adorned with tropical orange polish, clenched with pleasure from the divine friction of Jason's big dick hammering through her. Together they moved in perfect rhythm, lost in the intense pleasure of their love-making.

"Deeper… Harder!" Karen shouted, her voice quivering desperately..

With a forceful thrust, Jason buried his cock deep inside her, their bodies locked in a heated wrestling match of pleasure. Karen's voice quivered and she cried out, gripping onto Jason's firm buttocks with both hands, digging her nails into his skin. Their slick, sweat-covered bodies writhed and twisted violently as if they were attempting to merge into one being of pure sexual desire. In unison, they let out an obscene moan, consumed by the primal urge to ravage each other. They moved frantically, with Jason's hard member held firmly in place and stretching the depths of Karen's vagina. The sound of their breathless groans echoed through the room as they danced the dance of carnal satisfaction.

With a sudden shreak Karen popped, her pussy spasming around his shaft as she climaxed with a fierceness that shook her entire body. Jason could feel the contractions of her inner muscles, squeezing his dick in an intense and overwhelming pleasure that sent him over the edge as well. He thrust into her one final time, his cum shooting deep into her womb in thick, potent ropes as they both reached the peak of their passion.

Their bodies were drenched in sweat and slick with their combined fluids. The scent of arousal filled the air as they collapsed onto the bed, panting heavily and reveling in the afterglow of their intense lovemaking.

Regal allowed Jason to rest against Karen for a moment before she slapped his ass hard, making a sharp hiss fill the air. "Get up!" she commanded, then lowered on all fours, pointing her round, meaty ass back his direction.

With a lewd, creamy popping sound, Jason's stiff boner exited Karen's tight cunt. It glistened with the mixture of their ejaculations, bobbing eagerly and maintaining its full rigidity.

Regal, her ass wagging eagerly, turned to look at him over her shoulder. "Come on, fuck me hard!" she shouted.

Both women knew that asking for sex so soon after orgasming was never an option with their husbands. They had long since lost their ability to perform multiple rounds in a short period of time. But Jason was different – in his prime and able to please them time and time again. They each yearned for his young sperm to soak into their wombs and hunt down their waiting eggs, desperate for the chance to conceive.

Jason mounted Regal to fuck her from behind and as he thrust into her, his dick hit the depths of her tight pussy. Her ass jiggled and bounced against him with each movement, her muscles clenching around his shaft in rhythm. The sound of their bodies slapping together was like a symphony, music to their ears.

Regal's pussy was drenched in her juices, lubricating Jason's thrusts and making his dick slip into her like silk. Her body was warm and inviting, gripping him tightly as he penetrated her deeper and deeper with each thrust.

As Jason penetrated her, his senses were overwhelmed by the distinct feeling of her pussy, unlike any he had ever experienced with Janice or Karen. Her body was in its prime, ready for childbearing, and her pelvic floor strength was exceptional, creating a one-of-a-kind sensation around his cock. Regal's arousal only intensified the wetness between her legs, the slickness of her juices coating his shaft and dripping off his balls as he thrust deeper into her.

As he explored each woman's body, he reveled in the distinct scent, taste, and sensation of their pussies around his cock. Each one was a delight to experience, with its own unique aroma and flavor. The texture of their vaginal interiors varied from soft and smooth to lusciously ridged, all of them providing an exquisite tightness that

enveloped his cock. Every woman had her own special way of using her vaginal muscles to pleasure him, making it impossible for him to choose a favorite. It was a carnal adventure, a journey through the diverse and intoxicating world of female flesh.

With each thrust, Jason felt the pleasure building up inside as he watched Regal's luscious buttocks hump back on his cock.

Her moans and groans filled the room as Jason's thrusts became more intense, driving him deeper into her core with each stroke. Her body trembled with delight as her pussy muscles clenched tightly around his thick shaft, drawing him in further. The room was filled with the aroma of pure lust, the pheromones of their bodies mingling together in a wild, primal dance.

Regal reached back and grabbed Jason's hands, guiding them towards her aching breasts. "Squeeze my fucking tits," she panted. Her nipples were hard and erect, crying out for attention. Jason couldn't resist the temptation; he began to massage and tease her sensitive nipples, eliciting even louder moans from her. The pain-pleasure combination was too much for her to bear, and she let out

a howl as she came once again, her pussy quivering around his dick like a pool of thick honey.

Jason's body was pulsating with desire, but he knew he wasn't close to reaching his climax yet. After experiencing two powerful ejaculations, his sensitivity had lessened, allowing him to thrust harder and longer. He firmly grasped Regal's hips and drove himself into her with savage determination. Each movement was fueled by a primal urgency, his body consumed by the need for release. With each thrust, he felt himself losing control and giving in to the raw pleasure of their passionate encounter.

As he performed, the other women were captivated, their eyes hungrily tracing every inch of his body with desire and admiration. Their breathing quickened as they frantically rubbed their clits,

unable to contain their arousal at the sight of him. He moved with a fluid grace, mesmerizing them with each motion and causing a surge of raw desire within them.

"Oh my God, I'm cumming again!" Regal announced, groaning in pleasure. The walls of her vagina shook around his cock, a powerful, unyielding vice that propelled him further towards his own climax.

Jason couldn't take his eyes off of her. Her body was a sexy masterpiece, every curve and contour designed to draw out his primal desires. He could see her flesh jiggling, the fat and muscle in her ass bouncing along his cock with every thrust, her flesh pillowing him as he pounded her. He couldn't resist the temptation to reach down and grab a handfuls of wonderful ass-meat.

For almost ten minutes, he relentlessly thrust his cock into Regal's wet and dripping pussy, the sound of skin slapping against skin echoing through the room. She moaned and gasped with each powerful thrust, her body trembling as she got closer and closer to an earth-shattering climax. Sweat glistened on his muscular frame as he pounded into her, his primal growls mixing with her cries of

pleasure. Finally, with a fierce surge of energy, Jason released ribbons of hot cum deep inside her unprotected core. He collapsed onto her, their bodies still quivering with ecstasy as they caught their breath.

Only a minute passed before Jason was on top of Destiny, his muscular body pressed against hers as they engaged in a wild and passionate lovemaking session. He could still feel the warmth and tightness of Regal's twin's pussy from their recent romp, but now it was Destiny's turn to experience his fury. There was an intoxicating thrill in fucking a woman closer to his age, her body just as responsive and eager for pleasure as Regal's had been. But there were subtle differences - the distinct scent of her arousal, the

way her curves felt under his touch - that made each encounter with a new lover unique and enticing.

The sensations that Jason was invoking in Destiny's body were beyond anything she had ever experienced. She had always thought her fiance was a skilled lover, but Jason was on a whole other level. The intensity with which he fucked her left her gasping for air and begging for more. His frame may have been small, but his manhood was anything but. It filled her to the brim and made her moan with pleasure. As they moved together, his body pressed against hers like a teddy bear, her young, supple limbs clung to him like an anaconda, never wanting to let go. And as he ravished her with unbridled fervor, she could feel her large, plump breasts bouncing and rippling around his face, driving them both into a frenzy of passion and desire.

The raw power and intensity of making a woman come was something that never ceased to amaze Jason. The way her body trembled and shook against his, the way her slick walls clenched around his cock like a vice, and the heady scent of her arousal that filled his senses. These were all tell-tale signs of a woman reaching the pinnacle of pleasure, and he reveled in it every time. A satisfied

smile spread across his face as Destiny's body convulsed beneath him, screaming in sheer ecstasy as he poured all of his passion into their lovemaking, beads of sweat glistening on his skin in the dim light.

The pure pleasure of ejaculating multiple times had desensitized Jason's cock, allowing him to fuck with an untamed intensity. His sweaty body pressed against Destiny's, their tangled limbs moving in a frenzy of desire. He sucked at her swollen nipple, his young, muscular ass pounding between her thighs like a jackhammer, never faltering in his rhythm. With each thrust, Destiny let out a high-pitched squeal, her voice vibrating from the sheer force of the climax surging through her luscious body. She was no stranger to

sex and had been with plenty of athletic men before, but none had ever made her cum so intensely and repeatedly as Jason did now.

His cock was relentless in its assault, a massive, barbed weapon that ravaged Destiny's tight, feminine walls. With each thrust, she felt the intense pressure of his pink sledgehammer, pounding and stretching her pussy with powerful precision. Her body responded eagerly, secreting juices that coated his throbbing member and enhanced the intensity of their union. The root of his erection flexed and pulsated, supporting the sheer force of his long shaft as it bulged with veins, muscle, and sinew. It was a primal display of masculinity as he plowed through the tight, rubbery lining of Destiny's cunt-tube like no man ever had.

Her nipple slipped from Jason's mouth with a wet pop as he lifted his head, groaning in ecstasy. His groin throbbed and swelled, the anticipation of release coursing through his body. He thrust his hips like a wild stallion, urging his engorged member deeper into her warm depths.

Destiny gasped and moaned as she felt him pulsate inside of her, his hot seed shooting deep within. Her walls tightened around his shaft,

milking every drop of his thick, creamy essence. With a cry of pleasure, she joined him in climax, feeling the warmth and weight of his life-giving nectar filling her completely.

As Jason basked in the afterglow of his fourth ejaculation, he could see Maggie and Janice huddled together, whispering excitedly as they planned their next round. Maggie was the only one who hadn't yet experienced the sensation of Jason's sperm swimming inside her, and it seemed that Janice was eager to assist her in achieving this pleasure. They wanted to give Jason enough time to recover, but not so much that he lost his impressive erection.

Jason slowly pulled out of Destiny, his boner still stiff and glistening with female ejaculate. He took a moment to catch his

breath before turning his attention to Janice, who was reclined against some fluffy pillows. Her ample bosom spilled over the sides of her chest, beckoning Jason closer. She spread her legs invitingly and motioned for him to join her. "Come lay against me," she commanded in a stern but alluring tone.

Jason willingly followed her instructions, positioning himself between her legs and reclining against her soft body. Her curves molded against him, her oversized breasts resting on his shoulders like mountains of flesh. As Maggie crawled towards him like a hungry predator, her tits dangled enticingly from her chest, swaying with each movement of her body. Jason couldn't tear his eyes away as she climbed on top of him, her knees finding a comfortable spot between his hips and Janice's legs. Sandwiched between his mom and Grandmother, Jason's heart raced with excitement as he gazed into the deep cleavage of Maggie's breasts brushing against his face. She leaned forward and reached for his erect cock, guiding it towards her warm and welcoming entrance.

Janice looked at Karen with a mischievous gleam in her eye, motioning for the big fluffy comforter nearby. "Throw it over us," she

whispered to Karen. Together, Maggie and Janice had planned to smother Jason with their bodies in the darkness, enveloping him in a cocoon of warm female flesh beneath the blanket. They wanted to work him over in tandem - Maggie riding his cock from the top while Janice held onto him from below. After multiple rounds of intense pleasure, they knew he would last at least an hour before succumbing to release inside Maggie's waiting womb.

As they were enveloped in darkness under the thick blanket, Maggie unleashed a frenzy of movement upon Jason's body. She rode him with wild abandon, her full weight pressing against him as she smothered him between her ample breasts and those of her mother, Janice. Jason let out a hiss, overcome by the sensation of being trapped between two warm, luscious bodies. The quivering

flesh of four giant tits surrounded his entire head, their weight and softness engulfing him. He could feel the sharpness of Janice and Maggie's nails clawing at his chest and shoulders. Despite already having engaged in passionate lovemaking for over two hours, Jason's arousal remained strong, his erection standing tall like a flagpole. And Maggie took full advantage of it, pumping her hot, wet pussy along the meaty column with each thrust, her puffy, swollen lips slapping against his cock-root with every downward plunge.

"Work those hips!" Janice demanding, her hand squeezing Jason's throat. "Fuck your mother's pussy!" Her fingers tightened their grip, pressing into the vulnerable space where his pulse throbbed. She slid her body lower beneath his, her breath hot against his skin as she trailed kisses and nibbles along his neck. "Oh, you sweet fucker," her voice sighed with satisfaction.

Meanwhile, Maggie shifted her own body to continue their lovemaking while burying her face on the opposite side of Jason's neck from Janice. Her ample bosom pressed against his chest, their soft, squishy weight flattening against him.

Jason's body trembled with pleasure as he felt both women lavishing attention on his neck, their long, wet tongues skillfully exploring every inch of sensitive flesh. Their lips sucked and nipped at his skin, leaving behind marks that would surely be visible in the morning light. He couldn't help but feel like he was being taken over by wild, insatiable creatures, determined to fulfill every desire and fantasy he could imagine. With each touch and caress, he surrendered himself completely to their tantalizing embrace.

Despite the way his entire body was electrified, the sensation of Maggie's pussy took center stage. Every nerve ending in his body lit up as her slick, spongy walls enveloped his shaft like a warm

embrace, pulling him deeper inside of her. With each downward stroke, her pelvic floor muscles flexed and contracted, creating a deliciously tight grip around him that seemed to beg him to stay inside her forever. As she rode him mercilessly, he could feel all the telltale signs of her impending climax through her pulsing and quivering walls. It was like being caught in the eye of a storm, where everything else faded away except for the intense pleasure radiating from her core.

"Oh God… fuck, I'm gonna cum all over you!" her voice squealed.

Maggie's climax was like an explosion of pleasure. Her scream reminded Jason of that of a woman being terrorized in a horror movie, loud and ear-piercing, but instead of the shrill cry of dread, it was filled with tremendous ecstasy. Her body shook from its core, vibrating around Jason as it encompassed him, the fatty and fibrous tissue stuffed within her tits rippled like warm jelly against his skin. Even as she continued to shake, the grip of her pussy tightened around him, pulling him in deeper with each contraction.

Janice continued her sensual assault, her hands clawing up and down his body while her mouth focused on sucking and biting at the sensitive skin of his neck. The feeling of her lips and teeth against

his skin sent shivers down Jason's spine, fueling his desire for her. As Maggie reached climax, she extended her legs along the tops of Jason's, pressing herself fully against him. Her lips moved to meet his in wet, frantic kisses, their breaths mingling and their bodies writhing together in pleasure. Janice followed suit, extending her own legs so that she could join Maggie's as they wrapped around Jason's legs like vines. Their bare feet played with his, their toes adorned with bright polish spread apart in delight as they all lost themselves in the passionate moment.

Jason's body contorted with pleasure, his snarls of ecstasy echoing through the room. Maggie's tight pussy quivered and squeezed around his member, coating it in her hot, viscous female ejaculate. The slick juices dripped down the sides of his balls and down onto Janice's pussy. Maggie's tongue flailed and twisted through his mouth. He had never experienced such a wild and uninhibited kiss before, as if their tongues were engaged in an intense dance of pleasure. Meanwhile, Janice's own licker explored every inch of his neck and ear. With her pretty white teeth she bit at neck, adding to the overwhelming sensations coursing through Jason's body. It was as if the three of them were caught in some primal mating ritual, their bodies intertwined and glistening with sweat, their sole purpose being to provide each other with endless pleasure.

"Roll us over." Maggie's voice was a seductive whisper, filled with pleasure as she and Janice rolled gracefully. Jason, trapped between them, felt like a mere passenger on this ride. As they shifted into a new position, Maggie's thighs opened widely, creating a cradle for him and Janice to rest in. Her body seemed to mold perfectly to his smaller frame, positioning him for the upcoming Missionary fuck. Jason's face was now buried in her soft, inviting cleavage, the flesh of Maggie and Janice's monstrous breasts connecting around his head like a cocoon. He was enveloped in their warmth and scent, unable to resist their seductive pull.

Janice's hot breath tickled the back of Jason's head as she hissed, "Fuck her! Fuck her hard!" He could feel her body pressed up against his, her voice filled with urgency and desire. As he pulled out of Maggie's warm, clinging flesh, a slick trail of their combined juices followed. The sensation was almost too much to handle, but Jason couldn't hold back. With a fierce grunt, he plunged back into her, causing Maggie to gasp from the intensity of his thrust. Like a well-oiled machine, his hips moved in a steady rhythm, driving his thick shaft through the tight, juicy passage of Maggie's cunt. Behind

him, Janice's own hips bucked and thrust in time with theirs, adding even more force and satisfaction to their coupling. It was pure ecstasy, the three of them moving in perfect harmony as pleasure rippled through their bodies.

With each fervent thrust of his cock, Jason's lips and tongue traced a tantalizing path across Maggie's soft, fleshy breasts. The sensation of her flesh rippling against his face only heightened the intensity of their embrace. As he explored every inch of her with his mouth, he finally found her rubbery nipple and eagerly latched on, feeling it stiffen under his ministrations. His lips spread out against the dusky pink ring of her areola as he suctioned her nipple deep into his mouth, relishing in the taste and texture.

Maggie knew without a doubt that she had made the right choice in choosing Jason as her lover during her husband's absence. He was a primal force, driven by an insatiable desire for pleasure, which was exactly what a hypersexual woman like herself craved. She wanted to do nothing but give in to their carnal desires every moment that her husband was overseas, taking full advantage of Jason as her sexual partner.

Jason felt a small rumble start at the base of Maggie's belly, like a ripple in calm waters that quickly turned into a powerful current rushing through her entire body. She quivered and shook beneath him like an earthquake, her moans deep and primal as she arched

her back from the mattress. Jason held on tight, feeling Janice's soft curves press against his own body.

As Maggie's climax reached its peak, her rounded buttocks trembled with intensity. Her walls clenched tightly around him, coating him with a thick layer of slick lubricant as she rode the waves of pleasure.

These were the moments that separated the men from the boys, the inexperienced lovers from skilled cocksmen who knew how to

bring a woman to the brink of ecstasy and keep her there. Jason doubled his efforts, thrusting harder and faster, determined to give his mom even more pleasure and bring her to new heights of bliss.

Janice clung onto him from the back, her massive, pillowy breasts enveloping him against Maggie's lush, curvy figure. The warmth of their bodies melded together in a slippery embrace, as Janice's hands roamed and grasped at his body with wild abandon. The scent of hot, aroused pussy filled Jason's senses, nearly overwhelming him with its intoxicating aroma. But he didn't mind - it was a scent he craved more than any other, and it only fueled his desire for these two women even more. As they writhed together in a sweaty tangle, like three earthworms beneath fresh soil - hot and moist and full of life.

Their bodies collided with a primal rhythm as they kissed, sucked, and clawed at each other, lost in the heat of their passion. Underneath the blanket, their bare skin slipped and slid against each other, fueled by an insatiable desire to satisfy their carnal cravings. Jason's member was like a tightly coiled spring, pulsating with strength and readiness as it plunged into Maggie's hot, tight birthing canal. His corpora cavernosa, tightly sheathed in a protective membrane, remained engorged with blood as he thrust with unbridled force.

His Grandmother grabbed his hair and yanked his head out from between Maggie's tits. Snarling like a horny beast, she sunk her teeth into the flesh of his neck, creating a mix of pain and pleasure that made his cock tighten with even more blood.

Maggie's inner walls were slick and warm, coated with a mixture of Jason's pre-goo and her own natural lubrication. With years of experience and childbirth under her belt, she knew just how to work her coital muscles to milk every ounce of pleasure from Jason's throbbing cock. Her body moved in perfect sync with his, chewing and pulsating around his length as she continuously

secreted fluids from her glands to keep their feverish union slick and slippery. Together, they were locked in a primal dance of passion and lust, lost in the ecstasy of their explosive lovemaking.

The mattress bounced and shifted beneath them as they rolled in a tangled mess of flesh. Jason's body was sandwiched between the two women, their hips jerking in perfect harmony as if guided by some primal instinct. Their bodies were slick with sweat, intertwined like a cocoon, and their movements were relentless. Jason appeared almost miniature compared to the powerful curves of Maggie and Janice, his thrusts controlled by their commanding hips. The women's legs were wrapped tightly around each other, pulling and squeezing in unison to press Jason's body even closer between them. It was a lustful dance, a wrestling match of desires where it was two against one and Jason had no choice but to surrender to their rhythm. Grasping her Grandson's head, Janice turned his lips to hers, her tongue flailing lustfully outside her mouth, inviting Jason's to dance. Their lickers dueled outside their mouth, Janice's beautiful eyes staring straight into his, smoldering with desire.

"Keep it still," Janice whispered urgently, her breath hot against Jason's face. He froze, his tongue still extended from his mouth as she took hold of it with her lips. She sucked it into her mouth, her lips engulfing it in a tight embrace, pulling and tugging on it with an

almost greedy hunger. Jason could only breathe through his nose as Janice nursed on his tongue, exploring every inch of it with her skilled oral motions. Her throat constricted around the length of his tongue, creating a sensation that was both strange and exhilarating. As she continued to pull and suck on his tongue, Jason couldn't help but wonder just how far she could take it, marveling at the sensation coursing through his body."

Maggie's breath caught in her throat as she let out a whimper of pleasure. Her teeth gleamed white against her flushed face, which

contorted in a primal snarl. Beads of sweat glistened on her skin as her legs wrapped tightly around Janice's back, the muscles beneath straining with effort as she used them to draw her pussy up tight around Jason's cock. With each violent thrust, her hips pivoted and stirred his large shaft inside her, causing her body to quiver and tremble with the intensity of her orgasm taking control. The sensation was overwhelming, like being consumed by fire and drowning in waves of pleasure all at once.

The sensations around Jason's body were just too much. His cock twitched and throbbed, ready to release the pent-up load of cum that had been building up inside him for well over an hour. With a final, fierce grunt, he plunged deep into Maggie's depths one last time. The sight of her heaving breasts, her mouth open in a silent scream, sent him over the edge. It felt like an explosion inside him went of, a primal release of energy that singed his nerves and left him gasping for breath.

Jason's cock twitched and spasmed as stream after stream of hot, thick semen poured into Maggie's womb. He felt the pleasure build inside him, pulsing through his body like an electric current. It was as if he was being pulled apart by an unseen force, the sheer intensity of the feeling that coursed through him overwhelming.

"Yes…cum!" Janice hissed, nipping at his ear.

The final spurt of passion erupted from his body, leaving him spent and exhausted against Maggie's warm embrace. The three of them intertwined, their bodies slick with sweat and pleasure, basking in the intense afterglow of their encounter. Each breath was heavy and labored, yet filled with contentment as they held each other closely in the intimate moment.

As Andy and Russell trudged back from their long day of fishing, they were met with a chorus of ecstatic squeals and moans. The

sounds emanating from the bedroom were unmistakable - the sounds of pleasure and desire being fulfilled. "Seems like they're still quite occupied in there," Andy observed with a smirk, recognizing his wife's distinct voice amongst the cacophony of female voices.

"I never would have imagined it would last this long," Russell chimed in, glancing at his watch. It had been almost five hours since his wife and twin daughters had disappeared into the bedroom with the two other women. He couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy at the thought of all the intense pleasure they were undoubtedly experiencing.

Inside the opulent bedroom, the five women descended upon Jason like a pack of wild dogs. Bodies entwined and writhing in a frenzy of lust, flesh on flesh, heat rising as sweat dripped down their bodies. Karen rode him with aggressive fervor, her hips grinding deep and hard against his cock, impaling herself on him with every thrust. Maggie lay beneath them, her nails digging into his chest as she devoured his neck with passionate kisses and scraps of her teeth against his flesh. The twins pressed themselves against Jason's torso, their mouths exploring every inch of his body, from his nipples to his navel. Their movements were fluid and chaotic, constantly shifting and trading places, their soft titties dragging against him as they vied for his attention. His eyes were drawn to the bounty of exposed skin and luscious curves surrounding him, a feast for his senses as he was enveloped in a sea of desire.

With a loud pop, his engorged cock slipped out of Karen's tight pussy and flopped back stiffly against his abdomen. It was swollen and glistening with their combined fluids. But before it had a chance to go flaccid, Janice eagerly mounted him, rubbing his throbbing member against her fat, swollen clit before engulfing it with her warm, wet vagina.

"Oh, shit!" Jason exclaimed as he felt the muscles beneath Janice's corrugated lining grip and pump him with fervor. He couldn't help but watch in awe as her massive breasts bounced and rippled with each movement, smacking against her rib cage over and over again. The sight only fueled Jason's desire even more.

Maggie and Karen hovered over Jason's face, their heavy breasts dangling tantalizingly close. He eagerly moved from one nipple to the other, running his tongue over their pert peaks and savoring the soft, plump flesh in his mouth. His hands roamed freely over their bodies, reveling in the feel of their curves and contours beneath his touch. With a primal growl of pleasure, he buried his face between their pillowy orbs, inhaling their sweet scent and nipping at their sensitive skin.

Meanwhile, Janice writhed on top Jason, her hips rolling frantically as his firm member expertly stimulated her G-spot and clitoral root. She let out a loud moan as an intense wave of pleasure washed over her, causing her body to tremble and convulse in ecstasy. Jason groaned against Karen's breast, his face pressed firmly against the soft flesh as he sucked and nibbled on her nipple with fervor.

As Janice reached her peak, her ejaculate sprayed out forcefully onto Jason's cock and balls, creating a slick mess that coated them both in her feminine essence. The bed beneath them was soaked and stained, marking the hours of pleasure they had all shared together.

Maggie and Karen's ample breasts were soon replaced by Janice's as she collapsed onto Jason, her curvaceous hips bouncing up and

down with relentless force as she impaled herself on his tireless cock. Jason kissed a trail up to her magnificent cleavage, marveling at the deep valley between her luscious mounds. He hungrily

suckled on her nipple, eliciting moans of pleasure from Janice as her pussy tightened around his shaft in response to the intense suction on her sensitive teat.

As Janice's slick walls slid off of him, Jason could feel another pussy taking its place - it was probably Regal or Destiny. They mounted him with fervor, riding him with wild abandon.

Even as he indulged in Janice's supple peak, feeling his face buried in all that glorious flesh, Jason's cock throbbed from the incredible friction of the pussy that was currently ravishing it. He writhed and squirmed under the pressure of Janice's orgasm, her screams echoing through the room.

Before long, Destiny took over for Regal, mounting Jason with ferocity and grinding against his unyielding member. The group continued to sweat and fuck for another passionate hour, bodies intertwining and colliding like waves against a cliff. They moved Jason into different positions, each one crafted to bring them maximum pleasure.

In one position, known as the "wrapped lotus," Jason sat cross-legged while each woman took turns climbing onto his lap, facing him and wrapping their legs around his back. They ground against his pelvis until each of them reached climax in turn.

Karen directed Jason on top of her, their bodies arranged in a sensual "downward dog" pose. She lay face down on the bed with her knees bent and hips raised, while Jason entered her from behind. His weight was supported by his arms, leaving Karen free to feel his strong thrusts against her thick, rounded ass. In this position, their bodies fit together perfectly, causing Jason's shaft to

feel even larger inside of her, bringing Karen to a toe-curling climax that left her breathless and satisfied.

The boy let out a deep, satisfied sigh just a few minutes later, sweat dripping from his face as he engaged with Maggie in the intimate

position known as "the horny mantis." Their bodies were entwined, laying on their sides facing each other. Maggie's arms and legs were wrapped tightly around Jason's back, pulling him closer to her with each thrust. As he moved inside her, she expertly used her feet and legs to heighten the sensation of their connection, bringing them both even closer together.

Jason reveled in the feeling of being so intimately connected to her body, knowing every inch of it as if it were his own. Her huge, soft breasts sloshing against his chest with each movement, the rhythmic slapping sound filling their ears with each thrust. As they moved together in perfect harmony, it only took five minutes for Maggie to reach an explosive climax that had her digging her nails into his back and her teeth into his neck..

A minute later, Janice let out a low moan as she watched Jason and Destiny entangled in their lovemaking. They were in a position she had never tried before, but it looked so exhilarating. She turned to Karen with curiosity shining in her eyes. "What's this one called?"

"Bottoms up," she replied with a wicked grin.

Destiny lay on her back, her legs lifted and wrapped around Jason's back to elevate her pelvis as he thrusted down into her core. Her body arched with pleasure, her head thrown back in ecstasy. With each thrust, her skin glistened with sweat under the warm glow of the bedroom lights. Janice couldn't tear her eyes away from the scene unfolding before her. Suddenly, Destiny swung her hand and landed a sharp strike on Jason's firm ass, leaving a visible red handprint. "Yes! Harder!" she commanded, urging him on with primal desire. The sound of skin slapping against skin echoed

through the room as they pushed each other to new heights of pleasure.

Jason was moved from position to position, each one more erotic than the last. His body was a powerful force, and the women couldn't get enough of him.

In the "reverse cowgirl," Janice climbed on top of him, facing his feet as she rocked her hips backwards and forwards, her thick ass jiggling with every swivel. Her giant tits wobbled on her rib cage like heavy fruit on a vine. Her nails dug into Jason's thighs, her body undulating as she fucked him with insatiable lust.

Maggie and Karen were draped lazily on top of Jason, their huge mommy-tits pressed against his bare chest, leaving a trail of slickness where they slid and shifted. They attacked his lips with eager fervor, their mouths moving in a frenzied dance as their tongues tangled together in a three-way orgy of passionate kisses.

Jason squirmed in delight as Janice came on his cock. It felt like her vagina was turning inside out around his boner as it contracted tightly. Hot female ejaculate squelched out around the root of his shaft and cascaded down the area where his nuts met his thighs. His mom and aunt's long hair created a tangled web around his pleasure grimaced face as they sucked and licked at his neck, intensifying the pleasure.

With a swift motion, Destiny pushed Karen aside and shifted onto her side, settling into her preferred sex position. Janice's slick pussy released Jason's cock with a loud, wet slurp as Destiny pulled him close, guiding his body into a spooning position behind hers. Her top leg lifted and draped over Jason's hips, enticing him further. A low whimper escaped her lips as she eagerly grinded her vulva along the length of Jason's shaft, his hips adjusting to find the perfect angle for entry. His tongue hung out hungrily like a dog in heat, adding to the intense and sensual atmosphere.

Destiny's eyes rolled back in pleasure as her flesh enveloped Jason's cock. The two of them moved in tandem, each thrust

causing her thick walls to clasp tighter around him, dragging the sensitive head against her tender inner lips. She grasped his hand and quickly brought it to her crotch. "Rub my fucking clit," Destiny growled, her voice laden with desperation and need.

Jason obliged, his fingers brushing against the swollen bud with practiced precision while he fucked into her from behind. His voice quivered as she quickly neared climax and her pussy clenched up like a tight, wet fist around his cock.

"Oh, fuck yes…I'm cumming!"Destiny gasped in pleasure as she felt her muscles contracting and releasing uncontrollably around Jason's throbbing member. Her body arched backward, pushing her rounded ass closer to him, and he responded with fierce thrusts of his own, driving himself deeper into her.

Jason had been fucking the each for awhile now, but it wasn't enough for them, not by a long shot. Jason was a virile god, after all, and they needed more. So they moved him into the "rear entry" position with Jason fucking each woman from behind, making the flesh of each buttocks ripple as it beat against him, bringing them each to a screaming climax.

They thought it only appropriate that Jason finish inside Maggie. She beat her big plump ass back against his midsection, matching the tempo of his fervent thrusts.

Maggie's orgasm built on top of itself, her pussy clamping down on Jason's shaft and shooting waves of pleasure up his spine. She groaned loudly, her voice hoarse from the hours of passion, and felt the warmth of her climax start to rise.

As Jason continued to thrust, Maggie moaned and writhed, her body arching with each subsequent wave of pleasure. She knew she was

close, and she was determined to make this orgasm even stronger than the last.

With a final, wordless cry, Maggie's body convulsed around him, her muscles clenching and releasing in a rhythm that was both familiar and foreign. She could feel her orgasm build and build, until it was almost too much to bear.

But then, just as Maggie thought she couldn't take it anymore, she felt it: a warm, liquid rush flooding her core. She moaned and screamed, her voice echoing through the room as her climax washed over her.

Jason's thrusts grew more frantic as Maggie's orgasm began to grip him. He had never felt anything like it before - the way her pussy seemed to pull him in, stroking him with a rhythm that was almost hypnotic.

As his own climax neared, Jason increased his pace, his eyes locked on Maggie's face as she screamed and writhed in front of him. He felt the telltale tightening in his groin, a sharp tingle that began at the base of his shaft and spread outwards.

He cried out in ecstasy, his release building and building until it seemed to crest within him. With one final thrust, he shivered and groaned as he filled Maggie with his seed.

The women let out a collective moan, their voices blending together in a symphony of pleasure and satisfaction. Their eyes were glued to Jason as he spilled his essence into Maggie's willing body, the culmination of a nearly six-hour long session of pure ecstasy. This was his seventh ejaculation, but it was no less intense than the others that had come before. In that time span, the women had each enjoyed dozens of orgasms, their bodies writhing with pleasure on the cum-drenched sheets. As they laid on top of Jason now, their soft curves enveloping his young, exhausted body, they stroked him

gently and kissed him tenderly, basking in the afterglow of their intensely pleasurable afternoon orgy. The room

was filled with the intoxicating scents of sweat and sex, a tangible reminder of the divine pleasure they had all experienced together.

"I fucked all of them for nearly six hours," Jason bragged to his brother later that night.

Mat scowled at the thought of his brother screwing all of the beautiful women who he himself had fantasized of fucking for years. "That must have been pretty wild," he managed to sputter out.

Jason grinned and nodded, still feeling the satisfaction of the intense marathon of orgasms. "It was something else, man. I've never had anything like that before. They were all so insatiable, always wanting more and more of me. I was pounding them from every position you can imagine, and some I'd never heard of before. They were moaning and screaming, begging for more of my cock. I could feel their pussies tightening around me with each thrust, milking me dry as they reached their climaxes. I couldn't get enough of it either, just plowing them, feeling that warm wetness around my shaft, hearing their cries and pleas. It was like a non-stop, orgasmic rollercoaster ride."

Mat couldn't help but feel a slight pang of envy, but also a hint of pride for his brother's prowess. He knew he'd been outdone.

"Well, it seems like you'll have a good night's rest," Mat remarked. The words rolled off his tongue with a hint of sarcasm, knowing how restless his brother could get when anticipating something exciting.

"Not likely. Mom has already told me she wants to try anal sex tonight."

Mat's jaw dropped in shock, and he could feel his own body react as he imagined the intense pleasure it would bring for his brother. His

stomach tightened in excitement as he pictured the two of them together, exploring this new territory.

"Jason," Maggie's melodic voice called, her figure suddenly appearing in the doorway of Matt's room. She leaned against the frame, her hips confidently jutting out as she gazed at the two boys. "It's time for bed, honey."

Both boys' eyes widened in disbelief as they took in Maggie's attire - a pair of hip and booty-hugging boyshort panties that left little to the imagination, and a matching stretch lace crop top that showcased her ample cleavage.

Jason couldn't contain his excitement, feeding his younger brother an eager smile before announcing, "I guess I better go." He followed Maggie's swaying hips and jiggling buttocks down the hallway to their shared bedroom. Despite the already intense sexual activities from earlier that day, Jason was still filled with desire. He and his mom stripped off their clothes upon entering the bedroom, it was clear that they had no intention of sleeping just yet. In a frenzy of passion, they engaged in another round of wild lovemaking on the bed. Maggie arched her beautiful legs into a wide V as Jason pounded his cock mercilessly through the slick warmth of her pussy, his balls heavy and swollen with pent-up cum. With each thrust, they beat against her tight asshole in a rhythmic pattern, driving them both closer to ecstasy once again.

Mat's voice crackled through the video call as he spoke to his father, Tom, a couple hours later. The tension in his voice was palpable.

"Dad, you've got to put a stop to this nonsense," Mat demanded, his tone tense and urgent.

"What nonsense, Mat? What are you talking about?" Tom asked in a puzzled tone.

"Jason and mom. They've been at it like rabbits since you left."

Tom chuckled, not taking Mat's concerns seriously. "I highly doubt that, son."

"No, really. I can hear them all the time. It's like they never stop," Mat insisted.

Tom's expression turned serious as he realized the gravity of the situation. "I understand your concern, Mat, but I did give your mom permission to share our bedroom with one of you. I'm sorry it wasn't you, but I can't go back on my word now."

Mat's voice took on a tone of disbelief and shock as he continued, "Did you know she's letting him have anal sex with her too?"

Tom's mouth hung open in shock as Mat revealed the surprising news. "Anal sex?!" he exclaimed, his mind reeling at the thought.

His son nodded, a mischievous gleam in his eye. "Yeah, Jason told me that's what mom.wants and I can hear them going at it in the next room. That's probably what they're doing right now."

Tom shook his head in disbelief. "I highly doubt that, Mat."

But Mat was determined to prove him wrong. "We'll see if I'm right," he said, leaving his bedroom and walking down to his parent's room. Despite Tom's protests and pleas for respect of Jason and Maggie's privacy, Mat put his phone on mute and cracked open the door.

As soon as they saw what was happening on the marital bed, Tom's heart sank. Maggie lay with her legs propped up on Jason's shoulders, her sexy feet pointed towards the headboard. Tom and Mat could clearly see Jason's large member sliding in and out of Maggie's ass, her tight ring stretched obscenely around it. It was simultaneously the most obscene and fascinating thing either of them had ever witnessed.

Tom couldn't tell for sure, but it looked like his wife and Jason were making out passionately while they fucked. Maggie had always brought up the idea of anal sex to her husband, but he usually dismissed it. In fact, they had only had anal sex a few times in their 20 year marriage.

Mat filmed them longer than he should have, but when he arrived back in his room he was quick to point out that he was right. "See, dad, I told you that's what they were doing."

"Alright, I'll talk to your mother about it tomorrow," Tom said, grimacing at the thought of the uncomfortable conversation he'd have to have with his wife.

Mat sighed in relief, satisfied that his dad would take action. As he closed the call, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy at the thought of his brother and mother having such intense, passionate sex. He knew deep down that he couldn't compete with Jason's endowment or his prowess in bed, but he tried to put it out of his mind and focus on his own needs.

He turned on his computer and searched for anal sex videos online, all while enviously listening to them go at it in the next room.

Jason gasped as he felt his cock dig deep into Maggie's rectum. He groaned as he slammed into her, feeling the tightness of her anal walls around his shaft. The animalistic grunts from Jason filled the room as he plunged deeper into Maggie's shitter, her ass still up in the air.

Over the next hour the experimented with anal sex in various position from standing, doggy style, and finally missionary. Jason found himself panting heavily, struggling to hold himself up as he thrust into Maggie's tight ass.

Suddenly, his mom cried out, "I'm cumming!" Jason felt her ass contract, chewing on the meat of his cock. He grunted and growled,

his cock throbbing violently inside her tight ass as he emptied his balls into her rectum. With a final groan, he collapsed on top of her, panting heavily.

They lay there for a moment, basking in the afterglow of their intense anal experience. "That was... intense," Maggie whispered as she rolled onto her side.

Jason nodded, still catching his breath. "I've never felt anything like that before. It's like a whole new level of pleasure."

Maggie smiled and ran her fingers through Jason's hair as they snuggled and drifted off to sleep.

"So, Mat tells me that you and Jason have really gone overboard with sex the past two weeks," Tom stated as he video chatted with his wife the next day.

"Overboard?" Maggie asked.

"He said it just seems like the two of you are going at it all the time, that's all."

"Well, yes, Jason and I do have sex a lot. Is there something wrong with that?" Maggie asked in her defence.

"Well, I mean…the idea was that Jason take my place for three months, and WE only really had sex once a day you and I, so I thought that's all it would be between you two."

"Tom, that's ridiculous," his wife giggled. "If my car went into the shop for three months and they gave me a Ferrari as a loaner car, don't you think I'd wanna spend more time on the road than I usually do?"

Tom knew his wife's analogy made sense, but that didn't mean that he had to like it. But he couldn't argue with her logic. He sighed,

resigned to the fact that he would have to wait three months before they could pick up where they left off. "Well, I may not be a Ferrari, but I do my best," he added.

"I know you do and I love you for it," Maggie stated in a soothing tone, "but you know the way I am. If Jason wants sex I'm certainly not gonna turn him down."

Tom chuckled, his tone half-joking as he made an unusual request. "Just try not to spend every waking moment in bed together," he said with a sly grin. "Perhaps just a couple of hours, if you can manage that."

Maggie let out a hearty laugh, her hazel eyes sparkling with mischief. "A couple of hours? Sorry, honey, but with Jason and I, that would hardly even be considered a quickie."

"Alright, fine. Three hours a day then, that's my final offer."

"Three hours?!" Maggie scoffed. Her stubbornness shining through. "No way, Tom. How about five hours a day?"

"Five hours?!" Tom exclaimed, taken aback by her suggestion. "Why on earth do you and Jason need to have sex for five whole hours a day?"

With a mischievous smile, Maggie leaned in closer to her husband. "Well, we like to start off our mornings with some quality time between the sheets. Then Jason comes home for lunch and we usually take advantage of that too." With a playful wink she added, "And of course there's always the evening sessions before bed...twice. Each lasting one to two hours."

Tom's jaw dropped in shock at his wife's revealing confession. "Five hours of sex a day?! That seems excessive."

Maggie shrugged nonchalantly. "It's all about compromise, honey. And since Jason and I are both in our sexual prime, I think five hours is more than reasonable."

Feeling slightly ashamed that he couldn't last anywhere near that long in bed, Tom begrudgingly agreed to the terms set by his insatiable wife.

"Apparently Jason couldn't help but divulge to Mat about the events of last night. Is it true that you two had anal sex?" Tom prodded, his curiosity getting the best of him.

Maggie paused, her cheeks flushing slightly as she considered how to respond. She finally replied, "Wait a second, we never agreed to any restrictions on the type of sexual activities Jason and I could explore together. Our agreement was simply that he would be taking your place in the bedroom, so anything that we would normally do is fair game."

Tom's mind raced as he processed this information. He couldn't remember the last time they had engaged in anal play, but then again, Maggie always seemed to ask for it at the most inconvenient times. "But Maggie, we hardly ever do that," he reminded her.

"Because you always turn me away whenever I suggest it. It's not fair to deny Jason the opportunity just because it's not something that appeals to you," Maggie asserted.

Though he didn't like it one bit, Tom knew that Maggie had a point. It was part of their arrangement for Jason to take over in the bedroom and all that came with it. He may not have been comfortable with every aspect of it, but he made a commitment and now he had to live with it.

After finishing with her husband, Maggie knew she had to have a serious talk with Mat about how he'd been snooping and sharing information with her husband.

"Honey, we need to talk," the mother said sternly as she sat on the edge of his bed.

"Ok, what's up?" he asked, pausing his video game and glancing at her fat cleavage.

"I hear you've been playing the informant and telling your father everything you've noticed around here,"she stated. "That needs to stop."

"Dad's your husband. Doesn't he have a right to know how much sex you and Jason are having?"

"First off, Mat," Maggie began, trying to keep her voice calm despite her mounting annoyance, "our sex life is not up for discussion. It's between me and Jason, and it's none of your business."

Mat shrugged, seemingly unbothered by her anger. "I'm just saying, I hear you guys go at it all the time. It's kind of hard not to."

Maggie clenched her fists, trying to contain her frustration. "That may be true, honey, but it doesn't give you the right to share that information with your dad. If it was you and I fucking up a storm in there I doubt you'd be saying anything to your father about it."

Mat let out a frustrated huff, his clean-shaven face contorting in annoyance. "It's just not fair," he said through gritted teeth, "that my little brother gets to enjoy all of that while I'm left with nothing."

"Jason has earned my affection, Mat. Fair and square," Maggie responded calmly, her long blonde hair cascading over her shoulders like a waterfall. Her curvaceous figure was accentuated by the tight cami top she wore, the fabric straining to contain her ample breasts.

"I know," Mat sulked, stealing a glance at Maggie's impressive chest. "I guess I'm just envious of what I know he's getting to experience."

Maggie placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. "It's alright, sweetheart," she said gently, "jealousy is a natural emotion. I know it must be hard for you to lie here and listen to your brother and I making love day and night. But don't let it consume you, okay?"

Mat nodded slowly, still looking a bit sad. But then he perked up, a glimmer of hope in his eyes. "Do you think we could ever do something sexual together? Just once?"

Maggie shook her head sadly. "No, I'm sorry. I won't cheat on your father. He gave permission for only one of you to ravage my body, and that person is Jason. If you want to keep using my panties to masturbate with, that's fine. But my pussy belongs to Jason until your father returns."

"Why would you allow Jason to have sex with Grandma Janice, Aunt Karen, and her twins?" Mat bravely questioned his mother Maggie.

"I thought it would be a once-in-a-lifetime experience for Jason to be pleasured by five women at the same time," she calmly replied. "And I'm sure they also found it special to be intimate with such an attractive and virile young man."

"But Aunt Karen and Grandma are married, and Regal and Destiny have fiances. Were they actually okay with all of this?" Mat probed further.

Maggie's laughter was soft and tinkling, like the chimes in a gentle breeze. "Well, no, I don't think they were necessarily on board with it," she confessed, a small smile playing at the corners of her lips. "In that particular situation, your Grandpa and Uncle Russell could be considered 'Cuckolds.' They had accepted their wives' desire to sleep with Jason regardless of their own feelings. And as for Regal

and Destiny, they had made it clear to their fiances that they were going to engage in this activity with Jason no matter what."

"I bet Jason loved it," Mat stated, his voice tinged with a hint of admiration.

"Well, he ejaculated seven times so I would say so," Maggie giggled, her eyes sparkling mischievously before giving Mat a playful punch on the shoulder. "When was the last time YOU came that much?"

"Never that much. I didn't even know it was possible," Mat admitted, his mind reeling at the thought.

"Well, Jason is 18, honey. He's at his sexual peak. His body is designed to fuck and cum and fuck and cum constantly. He went at us for six hours for heaven's sake," Maggie explained, her tone teasing yet matter-of-fact.

"Sex the whole time?" Mat asked incredulously.

Maggie's sly grin widened as she clarified with a mischievous glint in her eyes, "Well, there were a couple of hours where we gave him head and he ate our pussies, but the other four hours were filled with non-stop fucking." She let out a soft giggle that sent shivers down Mat's spine. "And you wouldn't believe how many times he made us cum."

Mat expressed his envy with a wistful tone, "Damn, I could say I'm not jealous, but we both know that would be a lie."

Maggie stretched her body leisurely, extending one leg outward at a slight upward angle. Mat couldn't help but watch as her toned calf flexed and the freshly shaved skin on her leg glistened with a soft sheen. Her foot arched gracefully and her toes, adorned with bright pink polish, pointed teasingly across his bedroom.

The urge to touch her perfect feet was irresistible, but she playfully pulled away and continued to tease him with her alluring gaze. Her

toes were perfectly painted in a soft pink, and the arch of her feet was like a work of art. "No touching, honey. Those belong to your brother," she whispered, her voice dripping with seduction.

Mat could feel his heart racing as he imagined his mom's luscious legs wrapped around Jason's body, their bodies moving in perfect sync as they fucked with abandon. The thought made his dick throb in his pants, and he couldn't help but let out a small moan.

Sensing his arousal, Maggie rubbed his shoulder again. "I'll tell you what, if you promise not to get your dad worked up by what you've been seeing and hearing around here lately, I'll let you watch Jason's balls beat against my ass once in awhile, deal?" she asked, her lips brushing against his ear.

"Can I watch this afternoon?" Mat anxiously asked, already imagining the scene playing out in front of him.

"I'll talk to Jason about it and let you know," Maggie answered, her hand trailing down his chest. "But remember, I'm very selfish when it comes to the rhythm of my lovemaking and getting my orgasms. I don't want anything to throw off your brother's game. If he starts to falter in any way from you being there watching us, I may ask you to leave."

"That's fine," Mat agreed, unable to contain his excitement at the possibility of witnessing such an intimate moment between his mother and brother.

Maggie eagerly anticipated Jason's return home, to surprise him with her alluring outfit. With careful consideration, she chose a white fishnet long sleeved bodystocking, the intricate floral pattern weaving across her body in a seductive manner. The round neckline accentuated her collarbones and drew attention to the delicate silver necklace adorning her neck. Suspender style legs added an extra touch of sensuality as they wrapped around her toned thighs, leaving her crotch bare. Completing the ensemble

were six inch matching mules, their shiny heels clicking against the hardwood floor as she sashayed towards Jason's bedroom with confidence and anticipation.

Seductively leaning against the doorway, her voice dripped with honey as she spoke. "Hey there, baby...I missed you," she purred.

Jason's breath caught in his throat as he took in the sight before him. Her alluring figure was clad in fishnet, accentuating every curve and leaving little to the imagination. His gaze lingered on her magnificent tits, jutting out proudly and straining against the fabric. The outline of her turgid nipples was clearly visible, inviting and tempting him to taste their sweetness. As his eyes traveled down her body, they stopped at her protuberant crotch, smooth and glistening with arousal.

With a sensual sway of her hips, Maggie closed the distance between them. Each step caused her breasts to bounce and jiggle heavily, hypnotizing Jason with their alluring dance.

She stood in front of him, leaning down to kiss his lips with grace. "Want to go to the bedroom and have some mommy and daddy time?" she flirtatiously whispered in his ear, her lips grazing his skin. "To fuck your girl's tight pussy?"

"Hell yes," Jason eagerly replied.

Mat watched as Maggie appeared at his doorway wearing a seductive negligee and high heels. She was leading his brother down the hallway by his erect penis, her hand gripping it like a leash. "I'm going to give Jason a blowjob, then I'll text you to come watch for a bit."

"Sounds good," Mat nodded, swallowing anxiously.

Jason gave his brother a cocky grin as he was led by his cock towards Maggie's bedroom.

A few minutes later, sprawled on the bed, Jason's toes clenched as be peered down his torso, watching Maggie's long, wet tongue lick all over his jutting cock-shaft. It darted over his swollen glans then flickered teasingly at the band of skin separating his knob from his foreskin.

"Oh, yes," he gasped, feeling her warm mouth enveloping his cock.

Her cheeks hollowed as she snaked his cock deep into her throat, gripping the base with her hand while she bobbed up and down. She was a masterful cocksucker, who had years of practice.

Jason moaned and thrust his hips, pushing himself deeper into her mouth. Her throat muscles tightened around him, massaging his spongy knob as he slid in and out. "God, mom, that feels so good," he groaned.

Maggie hummed around his cock, making him shudder. She loved how it vibrated against her tongue. Her eyes flicked up to his, meeting his gaze while she gorged herself on his meaty stalk.

Her hand pumped rhythmically around the base, fisting him with to match the pace of her fluid head bobbing.

Jason could feel himself reaching the edge, his balls tightening as Maggie's skillful mouth continued to work its magic, orally fucking his cock. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, and he was about to explode.

Maggie could sense the impending explosion in her mouth and decided to pull back. She didn't want her son to cum just yet; she had plans to make this day special for everyone in the house. She gave his cock a final swipe with her tongue before letting it slip from her lips.

Maggie quickly turned around on all-fours. Her naked ass was sticking out of the open section of her body stocking and she thrust

it out in Jason's direction, showcasing her rounded cheeks and tight pink ring of her butthole.

"Lick my ass," she told him.

Jason looked at his mother in disbelief. He had never considered anything like that, but the thought of licking her ass was arousing him even more than before. With a mix of shock and excitement, he approached her and started to run his tongue along the crack of her ass.

Maggie moaned softly, enjoying the sensation of her son's tongue caressing her most private area. She reached back with her hands and spread her ass cheeks apart, exposing her pink hole even more to his eager tongue.

"Oh, Jason, that feels so good. Lick me harder," she begged, her voice deep and sultry.

Jason complied, running his tongue deeper into her hole. He could hear his mom moaning loudly as she reached down and rubbed her clit, and it only made him harder and more excited. He wanted to please her more, to make her orgasm like never before.

Mat's heart raced as he anxiously waited for his mom's text. "You can come down now," she finally messaged, "but sit in the corner quietly."

"Got it," Mat replied, trying to contain his excitement and curiosity.

As he made his way to his parents' bedroom, Mat couldn't help but feel like a voyeur invading their intimate space. Jason and Maggie were already entwined in a passionate embrace, their bodies

moving in sync as they engaged in a heated fuck. Mat sat in the corner, trying to be inconspicuous as he watched his brother thrust into their mom with fierce intensity. The sound of skin slapping

against skin filled the room, along with Maggie's soft moans and gasps.

Jason's large and impressive erection plunged into Maggie's snug, wet folds with each powerful thrust. Her body trembled beneath him, her secretions coating his shaft as it plunged deep inside her. His pulsing balls beat against her tight asshole like a door knocker, adding to the sensual symphony of their lovemaking.

Maggie had kicked off her heels and her strong legs, encased in sheer stockings, were wrapped around Jason's back. Her feet hovered above his wildly pumping ass, adding to the eroticism of their union.

As Mat watched enviously from the corner, he couldn't help but notice how Jason's head was buried between Maggie's rippling tits. It seemed that being shorter had its advantages after all.

Jason caught a glimpse of his brother in the corner and intensified his thrusts, wanting to bring their mother off in front of him. The night Mat had fucked his new girlfriend in the back seat replayed in his mind and now he was getting his sweet revenge. Only unlike what Mat got that night, Jason was getting the hottest piece of pussy on the planet.

Mat watched in awe and arousal as Maggie writhed beneath his brother in a body-trembling orgasm. She screamed out so loudly that it nearly startled him, clutching on to Jason like she never wanted to leg go, her body writhing and convulsing with pleasure.

Mat could see the girl-cum pouring out around Jason's pounding cock and could only imagine how could that must feel on his tender penile flesh.

Suddenly, Jason's thrust became rapid and urgent. His dick was a thick, pulsating instrument of pleasure. He began to slam into Maggie's pussy with more intensity, his balls slapping against her ass

in perfect rhythm with the wet, meaty sounds of their fucking. His expression was fierce, eyes locked onto his brother's, a challenge in his gaze. Mat could feel the air change, feel the heat rising between them.

As Jason's orgasm approached, Maggie cried out urgently, "Cum deep inside me. Fill me with your hot, sticky seed, and mark me as your own." Her voice was desperate sultry, and something primal stirred within him. This was his mother - a woman who had birthed him, and who now wanted nothing more than to feel his hot, sperm-laden cock release inside her.

With his face smothered in soft breast-flesh, Jason thrust once, twice, then a final, powerful lunge. He stiffened, his muscles tightened, and an audible groan escaped his lips as his balls contracted, releasing a torrent of hot cum deep inside his mother's welcoming tunnel.

Maggie moaned and shuddered beneath him, feeling the familiar sensation of her son's orgasm filling her core. She wrapped her legs tighter around him, drawing him closer, wanting to feel every last droplet of his seed within her.

A moment of stillness settled over them as they basked in the afterglow of their intense lovemaking. Jason kissed Maggie's sweat-drenched neck, whispering, "I love you, Mom."

"And I love you too, sweetheart," she replied, her voice heavy with emotion.

Mat couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy and sadness as he watched his brother andmother lovingly embrace, their bodies still entwined. He knew he would never be able to experience the same

kind of intimacy with his mother, but he could only hope one day to find someone who could love him just as fiercely.

Janice had stunned family members when she announced her pregnancy, becoming the first among them to conceive at the wonderful age of 55. She had been inseminated with Jason's seed on the exhilarating day of their group orgy. And it was no shock when Maggie followed suit, proudly announcing her own pregnancy shortly after.

Karen and her sister were inseparable, so it was no surprise that Jason got to experience the pleasure of his Aunt Karen's pussy multiple times a week. Sometimes it was just the two of them, lost in in a feverish fuck for hours on end on Jason's bed. He would eagerly suck on her big swinging tits while thrusting deep inside her, releasing load after load. Other times, Karen and Maggie would team up and ravish Jason's body, their hunger for pleasure insatiable. It was during one of these intense fuck-sessions that Karen became pregnant, a result of their wild and unrestrained lovemaking.

Jason, ever the potent and adventurous one, met Regal and Destiny at a local hotel room for a steamy weekend filled with non-stop fucking and sucking. Their bodies intertwined in a symphony of desire, resulting in both girls being impregnated by Jason's virile seed.

The unstoppable force of their raging hormones continued even as the women in the family grew round with child. The desire for sex consumed them, making it a common occurrence for Jason to have multiple partners at once. Their bodies transformed with pregnancy, their bellies swelling to create a new life within, and their breasts growing to absurd proportions as they prepared to nourish their babies with milk. Jason found himself lost in the sea

of soft flesh, his hands exploring the curves and valleys of their pregnant forms, while his mouth hungrily suckled on engorged nipples and his body was smothered by the weight of their humongous tits. And all the while, he pounded his cock into them, relishing in the newfound tightness and enjoying the sweet release

of their orgasmic secretions. It was a wild and primal dance, fueled by passion and lust, as they indulged in the pleasures of pregnancy and sexuality.

The intense longing between Maggie and Jason only grew stronger upon Tom's return home. Their desire for each other's bodies was insatiable, a burning flame that refused to be extinguished. Despite her unwavering determination not to betray her husband, Maggie promised her son that they would find a way to continue ravishing each other. She vowed to convince Jason's father that their passionate connection was necessary, but the details of how she would accomplish this remained a mystery. Perhaps she would get Tom to realize that their son was just better suited for her sexually… but that's a story for another time.

THE END

222: A DAY AT MATERNAL MOUNDS-part1/2

A DAY AT MATERNAL MOUNDS

By Klrxo

Marshall and Grant, twin 18-year-olds, stood in front of their mother, pleading puppy eyes fixed on her pretty face. "Mom, please? Maternal Mounds Amusement Park is where it's at! All our friends have been there already!" Marshall whined.

Grant nodded eagerly, adding, "Yeah, it's like, the coolest place ever! All the guys say so!"

Audrey sighed, a frown tugging at her lips as she considered her sons' request. The reason for her hesitation was that Maternal Mounds was no ordinary theme park; it catered to a very specific, peculiar crowd. One of the park's main attractions was its shrinking technology, which allowed boys to explore their mother's naked bodies as if they were minute explorers in a massive, fleshy jungle. It was a taboo and oft-frowned upon concept but had gained a cult following nonetheless.

"Boys, I don't know..." she started to protest, but the twins pounced on her hesitation like starving vultures.

"Oh, come on, Mom! Please?!" Grant begged.

Marshall joined in on the barrage of pleading: "Yeah, we'll do extra chores for a whole month! We won't complain about anything you

cook!"

Audrey pursed her lips. She knew she should say no; after all, what kind of mother would willingly allow her teenage sons to... well, she didn't even want to think about it. But their excitement was contagious and, truth be told, she could use some quality time with her boys before they left for college in the fall.

"Tell you what," Audrey said, holding up a hand to pause their rapid-fire begging. "Give me a day or two to think it over, okay? I'm not saying no, but I'm not saying yes either. This is a big decision and I need some time to wrap my head around it."

The twins deflated slightly, but nodded in unison. "Okay, Mom. That's fair," Marshall conceded. "Just don't take too long, alright? The park's gonna be super crowded soon with summer break coming up."

"I promise I'll give you an answer by the end of the week," Audrey assured them. "Now, don't you two have homework or something?"

The boys scampered off, already whispering excitedly between themselves about the possibility of their Maternal Mounds adventure. Audrey watched them go, a pensive expression on her face. She knew she needed to gather more information before making a decision.

Later that evening, after her four children were tucked away in their rooms, Audrey settled onto the couch with a glass of wine and her phone. She pulled up the group chat she shared with a few other moms from the neighborhood, all of whom had sons around the same age as Marshall and Grant.

"Hey ladies," she typed out, her fingers hesitating over the send button for a moment before she pressed it. "Weird question, but has anyone taken their boys to Maternal Mounds before? The twins are begging me to go and I'm not sure what to think."

The responses started pouring in almost immediately.

"Oh girl, you have to do it!" one mom gushed. "It's such a bonding experience. My son loved it !"

"Agreed," chimed in another. "It's a little weird at first, being naked in front of your son and all, but it's so worth it. Plus, the park is super safe and professional. They take good care of you."

Audrey read through the messages, her brow furrowed in thought. It seemed like most of the moms had positive things to say about their Maternal Mounds trips. Still, she couldn't quite shake the feeling of unease that came with the idea of being so vulnerable in front of her sons.

"I don't know," she typed back. "I'm just not sure I'm comfortable with it. What if it changes things between us? What if they see me differently after?"

"Oh honey," the first mom replied. "Of course it'll change things, but in a good way! It brings you closer together, makes you appreciate each other more. Trust me, you won't regret it."

Audrey sighed, setting her phone down and taking a long sip of wine. She had a lot to think about, but she knew she couldn't put off giving the twins an answer for much longer. One way or another, she'd have to decide whether Maternal Mounds was good idea or not.

Audrey was a stunning blonde, even at 38 years old. Her voluptuous figure turned heads wherever she went, even after having four children. Her tits were enormous, overflowing K-cups that strained against even her loosest blouses. Years of jogging and yoga had kept her legs toned and silky smooth. And her ass - it was the stuff of legends, a perfectly rounded bubble butt that jiggled hypnotically with every step.

She knew her body drove men wild with lust, her husband included. But lately, she'd noticed her twin 18-year-old sons eyeing her inappropriately too. Marshall and Grant tried to be subtle, sneaking glances when they thought she wasn't looking. But Audrey always noticed their hungry stares caressing her curves, undressing her with their eyes.

Part of her felt flattered by the attention, that she could still elicit such raw desire from men so much younger. But they were her sons, so their leering gazes made her feel uncomfortable and guilty. Did she encourage

them somehow, even unintentionally? She tried to dress modestly around the house, but her breasts and ass were impossible to fully conceal.

Her husband worked long hours, so Audrey was home alone with the twins and their two younger siblings most days. Domestic tasks required lots of bending and stretching, which she knew gave the boys an eyeful no matter how careful she tried to be.

Washing dishes, she could feel their eyes glued to her thick, undulating ass as she shifted side to side. Folding laundry, she knew they were hypnotized by her heavy breasts swaying and jiggling with every movement. She couldn't even relax by the pool without them gawking at her skimpy bikini and all the flesh pouring over the sides of the fabric.

The twins had gotten bolder lately in their inappropriate interest, cornering Audrey when they managed to get her alone, giving her a constant barrage of tit-squashing hugs. One day, Grant had caught her coming out of the shower, wrapped in only a flimsy towel.

"Hey Mom," he said with a mischievous grin, eyeing her barely concealed curves. "I was just wondering, um... can I ask what size your boobs are? Because they just seem really huge!"

"Grant!" Audrey scolded, clutching the towel tighter around her jostling juggernauts. "That's not an appropriate question, especially for your own mother!"

"Aw c'mon, I'm just curious," he wheedled. "They're so much bigger than any other mom's."

"Ok, that's true, but that doesn't mean you need to know my cup size," the mother stated.

"Why not?" Grant asked with a shrug of his shoulders. "I'm old enough now. Don't I need to know about bra sizes and things like that?"

Flustered, Audrey stammered, "Honey, it's just… Alright, if you must know... I'm a 34K. But I don't want you boys objectifying me, understand?"

"Sure Mom, I would never," Grant said, but his eyes remained fixated on her abundant cleavage.

Later, Marshall had sidled up to her while she was folding clothes. "Hey Mom" he purred, making her skin prickle. "I was wondering if I could ask you something personal?"

Audrey gulped nervously. "I guess that depends on HOW personal your question is," she hesitantly replied.

"Is your pussy shaved or hairy? I always imagine it's bare and smooth..."

"Marshall James!" Audrey yelped, horrified. "I can't believe you'd ask me that! My grooming habits are my business, not yours, young man."

Marshall persisted, undeterred by his mother's scolding. "Aw come on, Mom. I'm just curious. I bet it looks really pretty down there..."

His eyes flicked down to the juncture of her thighs, hidden beneath her sundress.

Audrey's face flushed hot with embarrassment and anger. She couldn't believe her own son was asking about her most intimate areas. It was beyond inappropriate.

"Those are the types of things you should wonder about the girls at school, not your own mother," Audrey advised.

"Those girls are immature," the boy scoffed. "I'm interested in what moms prefer."

"This is really not a topic we should be discussing, Marshall. But if you must know," she said tersely, "yes, I keep it shaved smooth. But that's enough, I don't want any more personal questions like that. It's not right."

Marshall grinned, victorious at this revelation. "I knew it! I bet it tastes so sweet too..."

"Marshall!" Audrey cried, aghast. "Stop this RIGHT NOW before I tell your father!"

"What? I'm just sayin'," the boy smirked.

The inappropriate questions and comments from the twins only escalated from there. It seemed they were determined to learn every intimate detail about their mother's voluptuous body.

One evening while Audrey was watching TV, Grant plopped down next to her on the couch, sitting inappropriately close. "Hey Mom," he said casually, letting his knee brush against her bare thigh below her shorts. "I was wondering, do you and dad, um… fuck a lot?"

Audrey sputtered in shock, heat rising in her cheeks. "Grant, first of all, you know I don't like you using that word. And second, that's

none of your business! A couple's love life is private!"

"I know, I know," Grant said, holding up his hands. "I was just curious if you're still getting action, you know? Since you're so crazy hot and all. I figured Dad must want to bang you all the time."

"Grant..." Audrey warned, shifting uncomfortably. But somehow she found herself answering. "If your curiosity is really killing you that much, then yes, your father and I still make love. Maybe two or three times a week, not that it's any of your concern."

Grant grinned triumphantly. "Nice! I bet you rock his world with that smokin' bod. He's one lucky guy."

Audrey frowned but didn't dispute it further, hoping he'd drop the subject.

Marshall approached his mother the next day as she was putting away groceries in the kitchen. He leaned against the counter, trying to look

nonchalant while watching her tits shift about under her top with every move she made.

"So Mom," he began, his tone overly casual. "I was just wondering, like... how many inches do you prefer? You know, dick-wise."

Audrey nearly dropped the cereal box she was holding, whirling to face her son with an appalled expression. "Marshall! That is completely inappropriate! I can't believe you would ask me something like that! What on earth has gotten into you and your brother lately with these questions?!

Marshall shrugged, undeterred by her reaction. "What? I'm just curious. I mean, you've seen a lot of dicks, right? So you must have a preference."

"I have not 'seen a lot of dicks' as you so crudely put it," Audrey hissed, her face reddening. "And even if I had, it's none of your business! I'm your mother, not one of your little girlfriends to swap dirty details with!"

Marshall held up his hands in mock surrender. "Hey, chill Mom. I didn't mean anything bad by it. I just wanna know what women like. For future reference, you know?"

Audrey pursed her lips, torn between shutting down this wildly improper conversation and the sudden urge to actually educate her son on the finer points of female pleasure. He was an adult now, after all. Maybe a little motherly guidance wouldn't be so terrible.

"Fine," she huffed after a long moment. "If you really wanna know... I suppose I prefer something on the larger side. Maybe seven or eight inches, and thick. It just feels better, reaches all the right spots. But technique matters too, it's not all about size."

She couldn't believe those words had just left her mouth. To her own son, no less! But Marshall looked intrigued, nodding along like she was imparting sage wisdom.

"Good to know," he said with a cocky smirk. "I'm packing about 8 inches myself, maybe a bit more. Guess I'll make some lucky lady very happy one day, huh?"

He grabbed a soda from the fridge and sauntered off, leaving Audrey feeling vaguely scandalized. Had her son really just bragged to her about his penis size? And had she seriously just told him how many inches of cock she liked inside her?

The lines were blurring so much lately with the twins' inappropriate interest in her body and sex life. Audrey didn't know how to put a stop to it without making things awkward. They were just so insatiably curious, and she was their go-to source for all things taboo.

Marshall burst into the bedroom he shared with his twin brother Grant, a huge grin plastered across his face. "Dude, you'll never believe what Mom just told me!"

Grant looked up from his phone, quirking an eyebrow. "What, that she likes it up the ass?"

Marshall snorted, flopping down on his bed. "Even better bro. I asked her how many inches she likes, you know, cock-wise. And she straight up told me 'seven or eight, and thick.' Can you believe that shit?"

Grant's eyes went wide, sitting up straighter. "Holy fuck, are you serious? Mom actually said that to you? Damn, our own sexy mom's a fucking size-queen!"

"Right?" Marshall laughed. "And then get this - I told her I'm packing a solid 8 inches. She got all flustered, but I could tell she was thinking about it. Probably wishing I'd rip her panties off and fuck her pussy hard right there."

"Mmm, I bet she was," Grant groaned, palming his hardening crotch through his shorts. "Fuck, I can just imagine her on her knees, choking on all 8 inches, those massive tits swinging around."

"Dude, same," Marshall panted, squeezing his own throbbing erection through his jeans. "I'd grab her by that blonde hair and just face-fuck the shit out of her. Make her gag on it."

"God yes," Grant moaned. "Can you picture those huge udders wrapped around your cock? I bet you could titty-fuck her for hours, bust all over her face and tits. She'd look so good dripping in our nut."

"Fuck yeah she would," Marshall agreed. "And don't even get me started on that ass. I just wanna bend Mom over and plow that big juicy booty so fucking hard."

"Ungh, I know bro," Grant whimpered, now fully stroking his aching hard-on through the fabric. "I bet that ass bounces like crazy when she's getting fucked. Probably ripples like a bowl of jello."

"Oh yeah, and you know Mom's a total freak in the sheets," Marshall stated while brazenly squeezing his bulge. "Probably fucks like an animal, all wild and primal. I bet she howls like a bitch in heat when she's getting railed."

"You know it," Grant chuckled. "And you know she's down for all sorts of dirty positions too. Probably likes to get folded up like a pretzel and just totally destroyed."

"Ungh, I bet!" Marshall groaned. "Missionary, cowgirl, doggy, prone bone... She can definitely handle it all. Probably a master at riding reverse cowgirl with that phat ass."

"Dude, can you imagine her riding cock?" Grant asked. "Bouncing on a dick, those massive udders flying everywhere. She probably scratches and bites while she fucks too, like a feral cat."

"God, what I wouldn't give to leave bite marks and bruises all over those huge tits while she's riding me," Grant whimpered. "Suck and chew on her fat nips, make Mom scream for my big cock."

"Dude, can you imagine how mind-blowing it would be to spit roast her?" Marshall said excitedly. "You stuffing her mouth with cock while I stretch that MILF cunt to the limit? Shit, we gotta find a way to tap that!"

"We'll find a way, bro," Grant promised, his tone determined. "No way we're letting a prime piece of ass like that go to waste, mother or not. We just gotta get her alone and make her realize how badly she needs our cocks. Mom's a freak, you know she wants it."

"Getting her to Maternal Mounds sure would be a great place start," his brother added.

With their conversation in mind, Grant cornered his mom the next evening as she was cleaning up the dinner dishes. He sidled up behind her at the sink, pressing his body inappropriately close to hers.

"Hey Mom," he murmured, his breath hot against her ear. "Question: do you like having your legs pinned back? You know, while getting fucked hard and fast?"

Audrey stiffened, nearly dropping the plate she was washing. She spun around to face her son, soapy water dripping from her hands.

"Grant! There's that F-word again!" she scolded, her voice shaking slightly. "And I've told you before— you can't ask me things like that! I'm your mother!"

But Grant just grinned, unfazed by her reaction. "Aw c'mon Mom, it's just a question. I'm trying to learn what women like. And who better to ask than my sexy, experienced mother?"

Audrey gaped at him, torn between shutting this down immediately and a perverse thrill at being called "sexy" by her own son. She knew she should put a stop to this, but his persistent curiosity was wearing her down.

"Fine," she huffed after a long moment, her cheeks burning. "If you must know... yes, I do enjoy that position. Having my legs pushed back gives a

deeper angle and it feels amazing. But only with someone I trust and feel comfortable with!"

She couldn't believe she had just admitted that to her teenage son. What was wrong with her? But Grant looked delighted by this revelation, his eyes sparkling with inappropriate excitement.

"Fuck yeah, I knew it!" he crowed. "I bet you cum so hard like that, huh? Probably soak the sheets when you're getting pounded deep and fast."

"Grant!" Audrey hissed, mortified. "Watch your language! And that's none of your business!"

But Grant was relentless now that he had her talking. "Does it make you squirt, Mom? When you're cumming hard with your legs back like that? I bet that's so hot to see you just gushing everywhere."

Audrey wanted to clap her hands over her burning face. Her own son was asking if she was a squirter! This was beyond the pale of inappropriate. She should shut this down right now before it went any further.

But to her horror, Audrey found herself actually answering him, the words tumbling out before she could stop them.

"Sometimes, yes" she admitted in a near whisper, unable to meet his eager gaze. "If I'm really turned on and the angle is just right... yes, I've been known to get a little extra wet. Squirt, as you so delicately put it."

Grant looked like he'd just won the lottery, his grin stretching from ear to ear. "I knew it! Aw man, that's so hot Mom."

Marshall seized his next opportunity to probe his mother's sexual preferences while they were spectators at Grant's soccer game that weekend. The whole family was there to cheer on Grant, including Marshall and Audrey's husband Dan.

In the crowded sidelines, Marshall managed to maneuver himself directly behind his mother as they watched the match. Audrey wore tight yoga pants that hugged every mouthwatering curve. Seeing her round ass practically bursting out of those clingy pants, Marshall

couldn't resist pressing closer, wedging his hardening bulge right between her cheeks.

Audrey stiffened, glancing over her shoulder at him with a reproachful look. "Marshall, please," she whispered. "That's not appropriate. Especially in public."

But Marshall just grinned, not so subtly grinding his erection deeper into her pillowy softness. "Sorry Mom, it's just really crowded," he said innocently, even though there was plenty of room.

Audrey frowned but didn't move away, not wanting to make a scene. She tried to focus on the game, but it was impossible to ignore the thick heat of her son's boner nestled between her ass cheeks. What was wrong with her, letting him rub on her like this?

Marshall took her lack of resistance as a green light. Leaning in close to her ear, he murmured lowly so only she could hear. "Hey Mom? Can I ask you something?"

Audrey tensed, already knowing this would be wildly inappropriate. But she was trapped, caged between her son's body and the crowd. "What is it, Marshall?" she sighed.

His hot breath tickled her neck as he asked in a husky whisper, "Do you like having your ass eaten? You know, a tongue licking deep in your tight little asshole?"

Audrey bit back a scandalized gasp, her face igniting with heat. She darted a panicked glance at her husband a few feet away, but Dan was engrossed in the game. Marshall's boner throbbed insistently against her backside, making her squirm.

"Marshall James! I can't believe you!" Audrey hissed under her breath. "You and your brother can't just ask me things like that, especially in public! It's not right!"

But Marshall persisted, undeterred by her scolding. He nuzzled his face into her hair, inhaling her scent. "C'mon Mom, there's nothing wrong with a young guy wanting to know how to please a woman."

Audrey glanced around nervously, worried someone would overhear their wildly inappropriate conversation. But everyone seemed focused on the game.

"Fine," she relented with an exasperated sigh. "If I answer, will you promise to stop asking me such personal sexual questions?"

"Absolutely," Marshall agreed quickly, a little too eager. "I swear, this is the last one. So...do you like having your ass eaten or not?"

Audrey closed her eyes briefly, wondering how she'd let things escalate to this point. Her son was asking if she enjoyed analingus, for God's sake!

"Yes," she admitted quietly, her cheeks on fire. "I do enjoy that...under the right circumstances. But only with someone I really trust."

Marshall made a low, appreciative noise, his breath quickening against her neck. "Fuck, that's hot," he growled.

"Honey, please… language!" she hissed.

They watched the game in charged silence for a few minutes, Audrey hyper-aware of her son's hardness nestled between her cheeks. She knew she should put a stop to this, move away from his blatant grinding. But she felt frozen, torn between propriety and a shameful thrill at her own son's lust for her.

Marshall nuzzled into her hair again, his voice a raspy whisper in her ear. "Hey Mom? Can I ask one more tiny favor?"

Audrey tensed, already knowing this would be crossing a line. But she was weak, her resistance crumbling under her son's relentless sensual onslaught. "What?" she breathed warily.

Marshall pressed his cock more firmly against her ass, letting her feel every throbbing inch. "Will you grind back on me a little?" he pleaded softly. "Just for a minute?"

Audrey's eyes widened in shock. She couldn't believe her son had just asked her to grind her ass against his erection. In public, no less! It was beyond inappropriate.

"Marshall, no!" she hissed under her breath. "This is so wrong on so many levels. I'm your mother, for God's sake!"

But even as she protested, Audrey felt a shameful thrill shiver through her at the thought of rubbing her round ass against her son's hard cock. What was wrong with her, getting turned on by such a taboo request?

Marshall nuzzled into her hair, his breath hot against her ear. "Please, Mom?" he begged softly. "Just for a minute. No one will notice, I promise."

Audrey bit her lip, torn between propriety and her own growing arousal. She knew this was crossing a serious line. But she was weak, her resistance crumbling under Marshall's persuasive pleading.

"Put your arms around my waist," she whispered, hardly believing the words were leaving her mouth. "Just for a minute, understand?"

Marshall eagerly obeyed, snaking his arms around her midsection and tugging her curvy body back snugly against his lean frame. Audrey could feel every inch of his rigid erection nestling between her plump ass cheeks, separated only by their thin clothing.

Taking a deep breath, Audrey began subtly rolling and grinding her hips, sliding her son's throbbing hardness up and down her ass-crack. Marshall

groaned lowly in her ear, his fingers digging into her soft waist as he savored the forbidden friction.

"Fuck, Mom," he rasped, barely audible over the cheering crowd. "Your ass feels incredible."

Audrey whimpered, biting her lip hard to stifle the desperate moan building in her throat. Her son's cock felt so huge and hard, the heat of it searing her even through their clothes. She knew she should stop this perversity immediately. But it just felt too good, her round cheeks clenching and jiggling around his thick shaft as she worked her ass in slow, deliberate circles.

Glancing over at her husband to make sure he was still absorbed in the game, Audrey turned her head to look back at Marshall, her eyes dark with lust. "One minute," she reminded him breathily. "Then we stop before anyone notices."

Marshall nodded eagerly, loving how she was just starting the timer in her head even though they'd been grinding for nearly a minute already. He was beyond grateful she was indulging him in this taboo act, even if only briefly. He thrust his hips subtly, grinding his aching erection deeper into her pillowy softness as she undulated against him.

For one additional minute, mother and son dry humped shamelessly in the middle of the crowded sidelines, surrounded by oblivious friends and family. Audrey worked her ass in sensual figure eights, shimmying and rolling her wide hips to pleasure her son's rigid cock.

Marshall's swollen meat pulsed and flexed between Audrey's voluptuous ass- cheeks as she ground back against him. The thin fabric of her yoga pants did little to conceal the scorching heat of his

erection, his bulbous cockhead catching on her tight asshole with each subtle thrust.

Clear, sticky pre-cum dribbled from the weeping slit of his purple glans, seeping through his own bottoms, leaving a spreading damp patch on

the seat of Audrey's pants. His heavy balls, churning with backed up spunk, pressed insistently against her slick pussy lips through the stretchy material.

Audrey could feel every ridge and vein of her son's girthy shaft sliding between her cheeks, the prominent mushroom head notching into her puckered rosebud again and again. It felt so wrong, so taboo, to have her own offspring's throbbing cock grinding against her most intimate areas. But the forbidden depravity only heightened her shameful arousal.

Marshall's fingers dug into the soft flesh of his mother's waist as he savored the silky glide of her ass engulfing his aching erection. He fought the urge to rut against her like an animal, to hump her shamelessly until he exploded in his pants. The one minute of dry humping heaven she'd allotted him was almost up.

"Time's up," Audrey breathed regretfully, her hips still undulating on autopilot. She didn't want to stop, her body crying out for more of this illicit pleasure. But they were pushing their luck, risking discovery with every passing second.

With great reluctance, she forced herself to pull away, separating her son's throbbing cock from the welcoming heat of her ass. Marshall bit back a frustrated groan at the loss of friction, his dick pulsing angrily, pre-cum smearing the inside of his shorts.

They stood apart, putting a respectable distance between their bodies once more, but the charged tension remained. Audrey could

still feel the ghost of Marshall's hard cock burning between her cheeks, a phantom pressure that made her pussy clench with need.

The married mother felt a gnawing guilt in her stomach the rest of the day, unable to believe she had let things go so far with Marshall. Grinding her ass on her own son's erection in public? What was she thinking? She vowed to never let anything so inappropriate happen again, no matter how much the twins begged and cajoled her.

Later that evening, Audrey was getting ready for bed when there was a soft knock at the bedroom door. Thinking it was her husband Dan, she called out, "Come in!"

The door creaked open and Grant poked his head in, his eyes widening as he took in the sight of his scantily clad mother. Audrey was wearing only a short, black silk robe that barely reached her thighs. The thin material clung to her voluptuous curves, her heavy breasts bobbling unfettered beneath the flimsy fabric.

"Oh, Grant," Audrey said in surprise, instinctively tugging her robe tighter. "I thought you were your father. Did you need something, honey?"

Grant shuffled fully into the room, closing the door behind him with a soft click. He looked nervous but determined, his gaze raking over his mother's barely concealed body with obvious hunger.

"Actually Mom, I was hoping to talk to you privately for a minute," he said, his voice slightly husky. "It's kind of important."

Audrey felt a flutter of unease in her stomach, already suspecting where this was headed. But she couldn't bring herself to turn her son away, not when he was looking at her so earnestly.

"Of course, honey," she said, perching on the edge of the bed and patting the space beside her. "Come sit. What's on your mind?"

Grant eagerly sat next to his mother, his thigh pressing against hers. Audrey tried to subtly scoot away to put some space between them, but Grant just shifted closer, clearly craving the contact.

"So here's the thing," the teen began, his eyes fixated on the deep valley of Audrey's cleavage. "Marshall kind of bragged to me about what happened at the soccer game today. You know, how you let him grind on you for a minute."

Audrey's face flamed with embarrassment and shame. She couldn't believe Marshall had told his brother about their inappropriate sideline dry humping session. Did he have no discretion at all?

"Grant, I—" she started to say, but he cut her off.

"No, it's okay Mom," he rushed to assure her. "I'm not judging or anything. I get it. Sometimes things just happen in the heat of the moment."

Audrey relaxed slightly, relieved that at least Grant seemed to be understanding. But then his next words made her stiffen again.

"The thing is," Grant continued, licking his lips. "It's not really fair that Marshall got to experience that and I didn't. We're twins. We share everything."

Audrey's mouth dropped open in shock. Was Grant really suggesting what she thought he was?

"Grant, I don't think—" she tried to protest, but he interrupted her again.

"I was hoping, maybe, you could let me have a minute too?" he asked, giving her pleading puppy dog eyes.

Audrey hesitated, glancing nervously at the bedroom door. "Grant, we can't," she whispered urgently. "Your father will be up any

minute to get ready for bed. He'd catch us for sure."

But Grant was undeterred, sliding his hand onto Audrey's silk-clad thigh. "Please Mom?" he begged softly, his fingers inching higher. "It'll be real quick, I promise. I just wanna feel your amazing body against me for a minute, like Marshall did. It's only fair."

Audrey bit her lip, torn. She knew she should put a stop to this immediately, send Grant to his room before Dan walked in on them. But

seeing the desperate longing in her son's eyes, the way he was practically trembling with need for her, she felt her resolve crumbling.

"Okay," she relented, internally cursing her weakness. "But not here. Come with me, quickly."

She grabbed Grant's hand and tugged him up off the bed, leading him quietly out of the master bedroom.

Grant followed behind his mother as she led him swiftly down the hall, his eyes glued to her scantily clad figure. He marveled at the way her full, juicy ass cheeks jiggled and bounced with every hurried step, the flimsy silk of her short robe doing nothing to conceal their round perfection.

The sheer nightie clung to the mouth-watering curves of her wide hips and the dramatic inward taper of her wasp waist. Grant longed to grab two heaping handfuls of his mom's fleshy rump and feel it quiver in his palms.

His hungry gaze traveled up her body to the expansive globes of her unfettered breasts. The thin fabric molded to their heavy sway with each jostling step, her nipples visibly poking against the delicate silk in stiff peaks.

Grant's cock flexed in his pants as he watched the tantalizing bounce and wobble of his mother's massive K-cup tits straining against her robe. He ached to cup and squeeze their doughy fullness, to feel their weight overflowing his hands.

Audrey pulled Grant into the guest room at the end of the hall, closing the door softly behind them.

"One minute," she reminded him breathlessly, adrenaline pumping through her veins at the risk of being caught. "That's all, Grant. We have to be fast."

Grant nodded eagerly, his eyes roaming hungrily over his mother's barely concealed body. The dim lamplight played over her curves, the thin silk leaving little to the imagination.

Audrey backed up against Grant until her plush ass was nestled against his crotch. She could feel the hard ridge of his erection straining through his boxers, poking insistently against her silk-covered cheeks.

Grant latched onto his mother's lush body, gripping her wide hips possessively. He began grinding his aching cock along the crevice of her ass, humping her with such desperate fervor that Audrey's feet nearly left the floor with each rough thrust.

"Ungh! Grant, not so hard," Audrey gasped, struggling to keep her balance as her son rutted wildly against her. The flimsy material of her short robe rode up scandalously high, exposing the lower curves of her chunky ass cheeks.

Grant panted harshly in her ear, his hips hammering away at her plump rear. The force of his grinding lifted Audrey onto her tippy toes with each frantic hump.

"Sorry Mom," Grant grunted, not sounding sorry at all. He gentled his thrusts marginally but maintained the relentless pace, sawing his

rigid cock up and down the cleft of her ass. "You just feel so good. I can't help it."

Audrey whimpered, simultaneously mortified and aroused by her son's unhinged desperation for her body. She knew she should stop him, push him away before this went too far. But the taboo thrill of being so powerfully desired, even by her own flesh and blood, kept her rooted in place, submitting to his wild humping.

Grant's hands roamed greedily over his mother's silk-clad curves as he rocked and rutted against her, his fingers sinking into her doughy flesh.

One hand slid up to maul the heavy underside of her tit, causing his mother to gasp in shock.

"Oh God, Grant, no, we can't..." Audrey mewled breathlessly, pushing his hand away.

Just as Audrey tried to twist away from her son's groping hands, they lost balance, their legs becoming tangled, sending them tumbling onto the guest bed in a heap of flailing limbs.

Audrey landed on her back with a soft "oof", the air whooshing from her lungs. Grant came crashing down on top of her a second later. In the confusion, he somehow ended up wedged between his mother's splayed thighs, cradled by her strong legs.

For a moment, they just stared at each other in shock, chests heaving. Then instinct took over. Grant seized his mother's wide hips and began thrusting against her silk-covered mound frantically, unable to stop his body's primal need to rut.

"Grant, wait, we shouldn't..." Audrey panted, even as her hips bucked up to meet her son's desperate thrusts. Her robe had fallen open, baring her massive breasts to Grant's hungry gaze. They bounced and wobbled with each aggressive pump of his hips.

The bed creaked ominously as mother and son humped each other in wild counterpoint, the obscene slap of flesh on flesh filling the room. Audrey's strong thighs clenched around Grant's pistoning hips, holding him deep in the warm cradle of her crotch as he ground his rigid cock against her mound.

"Fuck Mom!" Grant grunted, slamming his pelvis against hers faster and harder, chasing his release.

"No!" Audrey yelped, suddenly coming to her senses. With a heroic burst of willpower, she unwrapped her legs from around Grant's waist and

pushed at his shoulders. "Stop, honey. We have to stop! It's been more than a minute."

Grant whined in protest but obediently rolled off his mother, flopping beside her on the rumpled bedspread. His erection tented his boxers obscenely, the fabric soaked with pre-cum. He looked painfully aroused, his handsome face flushed and sweaty.

Audrey quickly sat up and retied her robe with shaking hands, covering her exposed breasts. She couldn't believe she'd let things escalate so far, dry humping her son to the brink of orgasm. What was wrong with her?

"I'm sorry," she said shakily, avoiding Grant's hungry gaze. "We shouldn't have done that. It was a mistake. It can't happen again, understand?"

"But Mom," Grant protested, reaching for her.

Audrey lurched to her feet, evading his grasping hands. "No buts," she said firmly, though her voice trembled. "That's enough, Grant. Go to your room and take care of yourself. I have to get back before your father notices I'm gone."

It was becoming unbearable, the constant tension and inappropriate urges crackling in the air between Audrey and the twins. Something needed to change. Something needed to give. She knew that something like the Maternal Mounds trip crystallized in her mind as either the solution or something that would feed the raging fire of their lust even more.

Audrey and her husband Dan were cuddled on the couch watching TV one evening when a commercial for Maternal Mounds came on. Upbeat music played as an announcer described one of the park's main attractions - cutting-edge shrinking technology that allowed teenage boys to be shrunk down to intimately explore a mother's body.

"Maternal Mounds - Where Incest Meets Adventure!" the announcer exclaimed. "Thanks to the recent overturning of archaic incest laws,

consenting mothers and sons can now indulge their deepest, darkest fantasies together! Our state-of-the-art shrinking pods miniaturize your strapping young lads so they can explore your valleys and peaks like never before! Watch their tiny bodies crawl across your flesh, nestling between your breasts, nuzzling against your most sensitive areas..."

The commercial cut to footage of a blonde, busty mother giggling as a speck wriggled between her massive cleavage. Another shot showed a shrunken son disappearing into his mom's belly button as she lay back laughing.

John gaped at the TV, mouth hanging open in shock. "Is this for real? There's seriously a place that shrinks boys down so they can...with their own mothers? And that's legal now?"

Audrey fidgeted beside him, face flushing. "Um, yeah, I guess so. I've actually been hearing a lot about Maternal Mounds lately. Apparently it's the hot new thing. All the moms are raving about how great it is for bonding."

"Bonding?" John sputtered. "More like traumatizing! Can you imagine if our boys saw your naked body up close like that, crawling all over you? They'd be scarred for life!"

Audrey bit her lip, stomach fluttering at the forbidden mental image of Marshall and Grant in their tiny forms, exploring her most intimate places. A tingle of arousal warmed her core before she quickly pushed the thought away, swallowing hard.

The commercial ended with glowing testimonials from mothers raving about their incredible experiences at Maternal Mounds.

"I've never felt closer to my son," a curvy redhead gushed. "Having him navigate my curves and crevices, it created a whole new level of intimacy and trust between us. I understand my son in a deeper way now."

"Best vacation ever!" another mom declared, her sons peeking out from her cavernous cleavage like tiny ants, and waving at the camera. "Connor and Caleb got to live out their wildest fantasies and I loved every second of it. We can't wait to go back!"

Audrey stared transfixed at the screen, pulse quickening. These women seemed so happy and enthusiastic about their Maternal Mounds adventures. Was it really that amazing, that transformative? Could it actually strengthen her bond with the twins and tame their wild desires at the same time.

"I can't believe any mother would willingly do that," John scoffed, shaking his head in disgust. "It's depraved! No son should ever see his mom like that, I don't care what the law says. Promise me you'll never even consider such a thing, Audrey."

She opened her mouth to speak, but hesitated. She knew if she told her husband she was contemplating the Maternal Mounds trip, he would freak out and forbid it. John had always been overly conservative when it came to sex and nudity. The very idea of

Audrey exposing herself to their sons, even in a controlled environment, would enrage him.

So she simply nodded and murmured her assent, not daring to voice her true feelings. Inside though, seeing those glowing mom testimonials had opened Audrey's eyes to the potential benefits of the Maternal Mounds experience. Was it really so wrong to want to share that once-in-a-lifetime, intimate adventure with her boys before they became men and left her behind?

The seed had been planted and now Audrey couldn't stop fantasizing about what it would be like. Her sons, shrunk down, climbing her naked body like an unexplored terrain. She imagined their tiny hands and feet tickling her skin as they trekked across her curves and slopes.

She pictured them nestling between her massive breasts, burrowing into her cavernous cleavage. In her mind's eye, she watched them slip into

her belly button, spelunking her most intimate crevices. A forbidden tingle warmed her core as she imagined them brushing against her nipples, nudging her labia, stroking and probing and caressing in ways she had never experienced.

Audrey swallowed hard, thighs clenching as arousal pulsed through her. These fantasies were so wrong but felt so right. The more she tried to banish them, the more they consumed her every waking thought. Maternal Mounds was calling to her like a siren song and she knew resistance was futile. Her mind was made up - she had to experience this once-in-a-lifetime adventure with her twin sons.

The next morning, Audrey asked Marshall and Grant to join her in the living room for a talk. The twins bounded over to the couch, plopping down on either side of their mother, their knees bouncing with barely contained excitement. They could tell from the nervous

energy radiating off Audrey that this conversation was about their Maternal Mounds request.

"Boys," she began, licking her lips anxiously. "I've given it a lot of thought and...I've decided to take you to Maternal Mounds."

"Really?!" they exclaimed in unison, their faces lighting up with glee.

"Yes, really," Audrey said, holding up a hand to temper their enthusiasm. "But there are some conditions. This has to stay completely secret, just between the three of us. You absolutely cannot tell your father or anyone else. He wouldn't understand and it would only cause problems. Agreed?"

"Agreed!" Marshall and Grant readily consented, nodding vigorously. They would have promised her anything in that moment, so desperate were they to live out their ultimate fantasy.

"Good," Audrey said, releasing a shaky breath. "I'm trusting you two to be mature about this and not let it affect our relationship outside of—"

Her words cut off with a surprised yelp as the twins pounced on her in a exuberant hug, unable to contain themselves a second longer. The force of their combined hug lifted Audrey clean off the couch, her feet actually leaving the floor. Grant attacked from the front, sinking into Audrey's pillowy breasts, his head disappearing between her giant tits. Marshall took her from behind, pressing the rigid outline of his cock against the yielding globes of her ass.

The sudden lifting motion caused her feet to slip right out of her dainty heels, leaving her bare feet dangling between her sons' lean bodies.

"Ooof!" she grunted, the wind nearly knocked out of her by their aggressive embrace. She was shocked by the blatant press of their

erections, Grant's prodding her stomach through her blouse and Marshall's nestling right between her ample butt cheeks.

Audrey's face flushed scarlet as the twins squeezed her even tighter, pulling her soft curves more firmly against their hard youthful contours. She felt like the cream filling in a horny teenage boy sandwich and it was hard to ignore the way her body immediately responded to their touch, even through layers of clothing.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" they chanted in her ears, their hot breath tickling her neck on either side. "You're the best mom ever!"

"Okay, okay!" she laughed breathlessly, patting their backs in a signal to release her before this got out of hand. "You're welcome. Now put me down before you break your poor old mom."

The twins reluctantly released their grip, allowing Audrey's feet to touch the floor again as they took a small step back. Their eyes still sparkled with barely contained excitement and anticipation.

Audrey smoothed her rumpled blouse, trying to collect herself. She took a deep breath before meeting their eager gazes. "Listen boys, I know this

Maternal Mounds thing is a really big deal for you. And I want you to get the absolute most out of the experience."

She paused, choosing her next words carefully. "So when we're there, in the spirit of fully embracing it and getting this obsession for me out of your systems...I'm willing to let you do whatever the experience offers. Anything goes - no holding back. We'll leave our normal roles and boundaries at the door."

Marshall and Grant exchanged wide-eyed looks of disbelief before turning back to their mother. "Wait, so you mean like...anything anything?" Grant asked tentatively, hardly daring to believe it.

Audrey nodded, swallowing hard. "That's right. I know you boys have been curious about my body for a while now. I see the way you look at me sometimes when you think I don't notice, and the way you're always trying to rub your... parts against me. And I get it - I'm your mom but I'm also a woman. A woman with...generous assets."

She glanced down at her own cleavage straining the buttons of her blouse before continuing. "So for this one special occasion, I'm giving you permission to fully explore and indulge those curiosities with no judgement or limits. Touch me anywhere, do anything to me that the Maternal Mounds experience allows. Let's purge these inappropriate thoughts and fascinations once and for all in a safe, controlled way. Then we can go back to a normal, healthy mother-son dynamic without this tension between us. Sound good?"

"Fuck yes!" Marshall blurted out before catching himself. "I mean, yeah Mom, that sounds incredible. You have no idea how much Grant and I have fantasized about your ti- uh, your body."

Audrey held up a hand, cheeks coloring slightly. "I don't need the details of your fantasies. Let's save that for the park, okay? For now, just know that you have my full consent and cooperation to live out your wildest dreams when we get there."

"This is gonna be epic," Grant said, exchanging a fist bump with his twin. "Maternal Mounds, here we come! And here Mom cums too!"

They snickered at the crude joke, elbowing each other. Audrey rolled her eyes but couldn't help a small smile at their exuberance, even as her stomach fluttered with anxious anticipation of what she had just agreed to.

"Alright, alright, settle down," she said, shooing them towards the stairs. "Go finish your homework and chores. I need to call and get our appointment...and psych myself up for this crazy adventure we're embarking on."

The day of their Maternal Mounds adventure finally arrived. Audrey hardly slept a wink the night before, her mind and body electric with nervous anticipation. She tossed and turned, imagining every possible scenario, trying to prepare herself mentally for the complete surrender of her body to her sons' youthful lusts and curiosities.

When morning dawned, she woke Marshall and Grant early, wanting to get on the road before her husband John awoke. She left him a note saying she was taking the twins on a college visit and would be back late that night. The deception made her stomach clench with guilt, but there was no turning back now. The die had been cast.

The boys were practically vibrating with excitement the entire two hour drive to Maternal Mound. They talked nonstop, speculating breathlessly about all the naughty things they would do to their mother's voluptuous body once they were shrunk down, even with her sitting up front behind the wheel listening.

"I can't wait to spelunk the Grand Canyon between Mom's massive tits!" Grant enthused, making a squeezing motion with his hands.

"Fuck yeah," Marshall agreed. "And I'm gonna climb Mt. Booty and plant my flag pole right in the center of her ass crack!"

"Mmmm, and don't forget the baby tunnel," Grant said, tracing a finger vertically in the air. "I call dibs on exploring Mom's tight, wet little—"

"Okay, that's enough!" Audrey interrupted, face flushing scarlet as she gripped the steering wheel tighter. "I can hear what you boys are saying back there. Save the dirty talk for when we're actually there, please. I'm nervous enough as it is."

"Don't worry, Mom," Marshall reassured her, reaching over the seat to squeeze her shoulder. "This is gonna be amazing, you'll see."

Audrey shivered at the sensual promise in her son's voice, a tingle warming her core. She knew without a doubt that after today, her relationship with the twins would be forever changed. Whether that was for better or worse remained to be seen.

Soon they pulled into the crowded parking lot of Maternal Mounds Adventure Park. Audrey's jaw dropped as she took in the imposing structure looming before them. The building was enormous and shaped like a voluptuous woman bent over at the waist. Park attendees, moms and sons, entered the park through a door positioned right at the apex of the giant ass cheeks.

"Holy shit," Marshall breathed, craning his neck to look up at the towering figure. "This place looks even cooler than I imagined!"

"Language," Audrey scolded halfheartedly, but she was too awestruck herself to put any real force behind it. Her heart pounded harder with each step they took towards the entrance, the boys eagerly pulling her along.

As they passed through the turnstile entryway between the giant ass cheeks, Audrey's eyes widened at the sights that greeted them inside. The park lobby was swarming with families, but not the usual mix you'd find at a regular amusement park. Here, it was almost exclusively teenage sons accompanied by their busty, curvy mothers. And those

mothers weren't dressed like typical conservative suburban moms either.

Audrey suddenly felt downright prudish in her modest sundress compared to what the other women were wearing. Sheer crop tops, booty shorts, string bikinis - it seemed the Maternal Mounds dress code was 'less is more.' MILFs of all shapes, sizes and ages proudly flaunted their voluptuous assets, from their heavy hanging breasts to their shelf-like bubble butts.

Beside her, Marshall and Grant ogled the scantily clad moms shamelessly, their eyes bugging out and tongues practically lolling. Audrey elbowed them sharply.

"Stop staring, it's rude," she hissed. But it was hard not to stare herself at the veritable smorgasbord of ripe maternal flesh on display.

Audrey's gaze was drawn to the park map on the wall, a directory of the different attractions and exhibits. But it wasn't your typical amusement park layout. Instead of rides, the map showed various giant statues and structures, each one themed after a different part of the female form.

There was the Titty Twister, a towering spiral slide wrapped around an enormous disembodied boob. The Pussy Palace, a sprawling pink fun house decorated with labial folds and a clitoral spire on top. And of course the Ass-cension, a daunting rock climbing wall carved to resemble a colossal, creviced derriere.

As Audrey studied the map, a chipper voice piped up behind them. "Welcome to Maternal Mounds! First time visitors?"

They turned to see a curvy attendant smiling at them. Her name tag said "Mandy" but it was hard to focus on anything besides her heaving, barely contained cleavage testing the structural integrity of her tight polo shirt.

"Um, yes, it's our first time," Audrey said, trying not to stare at the other woman's jutting nipples.

"Wonderful!" Mandy beamed. "You're gonna have such an incredible, unforgettable experience! There's truly no bond like sharing your body so intimately with your sons. My son and I come at least once a month and it just brings us closer every time."

Marshall cleared his throat, tearing his eyes away from Mandy's straining shirt buttons. "So, uh, where do we go for the shrinking? That's kind of the main thing we're here for."

Grant nodded eagerly, bouncing on the balls of his feet. "Yeah, we've been dying to explore every inch of Mom's body up close and personal, if you know what I mean." He elbowed his brother, waggling his eyebrows suggestively.

Audrey's face flamed at her sons' brazen impatience. Did they have to be so obvious about their inappropriate desire for her?

But Mandy just laughed, clearly used to such comments. "I totally get it, boys. The shrinking pods are definitely one of our most popular attractions. Follow me, I'll take you there myself. We've got you scheduled for an extra long session in our deluxe pod."

She came around the counter, her ass cheeks jiggling hypnotically in her snug shorts as she led the way across the lobby. Marshall and Grant trailed after her like eager puppies, their eyes glued to her undulating backside.

Audrey followed more slowly, her stomach a riot of nerves. This was really happening. In just a few minutes, her twins would be reduced to mere insect-size, free to live out their naughtiest fantasies all over her naked body. Was she really ready to cross this forbidden line with her own boys?

Mandy ushered them down a plushly carpeted hallway decorated with erotic artwork of shrunken men cavorting on the exaggerated curves of giantess women. The pieces left little to the imagination, explicitly

depicting tiny guys straddling nipples, spelunking belly buttons, disappearing between labia and butt cheeks.

Audrey averted her eyes, face burning, but she could hear Marshall and Grant snickering and elbowing each other as they took in the raunchy images.

"Dude, that's totally gonna be us in a minute!" Marshall said, pointing to a painting of a dozen micro men climbing a towering ass crack like it was Mt. Everest.

"I know bro, I can't fucking wait," Grant responded gleefully. "Mom's ass has always been my ultimate fantasy. And her tits, and her pussy..."

"Alright, that's enough, boys!" Audrey snapped, thoroughly scandalized by their crude commentary. "I agreed to this but please try to not talk like that, at least until your shrunken down and I can't hear you."

"Yes Mom," they chorused, exchanging chastised glances. But she could still see the feverish glint of anticipation in their eyes. Her slim grip on their good behavior was definitely slipping in this charged atmosphere that encouraged and celebrated the shameless sexualization of mothers.

Mandy led them into a spacious, dimly lit private room dominated by a sleek, futuristic-looking metal pod in the center. It resembled a high-tech tanning bed, with a transparent glass lid.

"This is our state-of-the-art Shrinking Chamber," she explained proudly, patting the polished exterior. "Your strapping young sons will climb inside here and our proprietary shrinking ray will painlessly reduce them down to about 1/4 inch tall, perfect for exploring every luscious curve and crevice of the maternal landscape, if you know what I mean."

She winked saucily at Audrey, who blushed and fidgeted with the hem of her sundress. Marshall and Grant were practically drooling as

they ogled the chamber, clearly impatient to dive in and get started on their indecent adventure.

"And this is where you'll be, Mom," Mandy continued, gesturing to a plush platform beside the pod. It was cushioned in white velvet and contoured to comfortably cradle a woman's curves. "You'll disrobe and lay here, giving your tiny explorers unfettered access to your glorious topography. There are anchor points to secure them with fishing line harnesses if you want to keep them in certain areas longer for more focused attention, if you catch my drift."

Audrey swallowed hard, nodding mutely as she eyed the platform. It suddenly felt very real, imagining herself splayed out naked on display like a lush continent for her sons to traverse. Equal parts anxiety and illicit anticipation swirled low in her belly.

"Before we get started, I do need you each to sign some basic waivers," Mandy said, handing them tablet screens. "Just the usual liability stuff, confirming that you're participating of your own free will, no one is being coerced, Maternal Mounds is not responsible for any injuries incurred, etc. You're over 18, right boys?"

"Yes ma'am," they confirmed eagerly, already scrawling their signatures without even reading the fine print. They would have signed over their souls to Satan himself for this once-in-a-lifetime chance to explore their mother's body.

Audrey took her time actually reading the waiver, her brow furrowed. There was certainly a lot of legalese about "assuming all risk" and "absolving Maternal Mounds of responsibility." One particular line gave her pause:

"Although our shrinking technology has been rigorously tested and proven safe, Maternal Mounds is not liable for any damage incurred should a shrunken participant be accidentally ingested, aspirated, or inserted into any bodily orifice from which they cannot be safely extracted..."

Audrey blanched, horrible scenarios flashing through her mind of Marshall or Grant being swallowed or sucked up inside her.

With a trembling hand, Audrey signed her name on the waiver, officially consenting to have her twin sons shrunken down and set loose on her naked body. She handed the tablet back to Mandy, heart pounding.

"Okay boys, before we begin, I need you to promise me you'll be careful while you're exploring me," she said sternly, fixing Marshall and Grant with a look. "Don't do anything too crazy or dangerous. Use common sense, please. I don't wanna have to make a trip to the ER to get one of you extracted from my...well, you know."

Her face flamed at even alluding to such an intimate predicament. The twins snickered but quickly straightened up at her sharp look.

"We promise, Mom," Marshall said solemnly. "We'll be super careful. No unnecessary risks."

"Scout's honor," Grant added, holding up three fingers. "We just wanna thoroughly explore and appreciate your gorgeous body, not damage anything."

"Your sons will be just fine," Mandy assured Audrey with an understanding smile. "In all our years of operation, we've never had any serious mishaps. A few minor misadventures here and there but nothing a little digging and probing couldn't fix, if you catch my drift."

She laughed and winked, clearly trying to set Audrey at ease with a bit of saucy humor. Audrey smiled wanly, not especially comforted but trying to relax her death grip on the pen.

"So, any particular areas you boys are most excited to explore on your lovely mother here?" Mandy asked, turning to Marshall and Grant with a conspiratorial grin. "Most sons make a beeline for the

breasts right away, but her voluptuous backside is not to be missed either. And of course, there's always the warm, wet mystery cave, as we like to call it..."

"Um, all of the above?" Marshall said, bouncing eagerly on his heels as his eyes roved Audrey's curvy figure. "I don't even know where to start, there's just so much amazingness to cover!"

"Literally," Grant snickered, elbowing his brother. "But yeah, we definitely wanna explore all Mom's major monuments - the Grand Tetons, Mt. Booty, and especially the Tunnel of Pleasure, if you know what I mean."

He made a crude finger-poking gesture and the twins cracked up laughing. Audrey wanted to sink through the floor in mortification. Did they have to be so filthy and disrespectful right in front of her?

"Okaaaay then!" Mandy said brightly, moving things along. "Sounds like you two are gonna have quite the adventure!"

Mandy instructed the twins to strip down completely before entering the shrinking pod. "You'll wanna be naked so you don't drown in your clothes when you're miniaturized," she explained.

Marshall and Grant eagerly shed their shirts, shorts and underwear, too excited to be self-conscious about their nudity. They stood bare before the two women, their youthful bodies on full display.

Audrey shyly averted her gaze, trying to give her sons a modicum of privacy. But Mandy openly admired their lithe, athletic physiques. Her eyes traveled appreciatively over their defined abs and pecs, down to the trimmed hair at their groins.

But what really drew her gaze were the twin erections jutting proudly from between their legs. Both Marshall and Grant were sporting rigid tools, their cocks throbbing and bobbing with

adolescent excitement. It was clear the boys were extremely aroused by the prospect of exploring their mother's curves.

"My my, what impressive young men you've raised," Mandy remarked, eyeing the twins' stiff rods with a knowing smirk. "I have a feeling you're gonna have your hands full with these two, Mom."

Audrey just nodded mutely, face flaming and unable to meet the other woman's amused gaze. She was acutely aware of her sons' raging hard-ons and what they indicated - the overwhelming sexual desire they had for her. It was flattering but also intensely unnerving. What had she gotten herself into?

"Alrighty boys, go ahead and hop into the shrinking chamber," Mandy instructed. "Lay flat on your backs and try to relax. The process won't hurt a bit. You'll just feel a warm tingling sensation all over and then suddenly everything will seem a whole lot bigger!"

Marshall and Grant practically dove into the pod in their eagerness, arranging themselves side by side on the cushioned interior. Their rigid cocks pointed straight up, visibly pulsing with each excited heartbeat.

Mandy closed the lid and tapped some controls on the side panel. The chamber hummed to life, glowing with an eerie green light. The boys' naked silhouettes were visible through the fogged glass, slowly blurring and shrinking down.

"It'll take about five minutes for them to reach optimal exploration size," Mandy said, patting Audrey's shoulder. "Why don't you go ahead and get undressed and situated on the platform? That way you'll be ready to receive your tiny adventurers as soon as the shrinking is complete."

Audrey nodded, mouth dry. With shaking hands, she reached behind her neck and untied her sundress, letting the straps slip off her shoulders. The garment slithered to the floor, pooling at her feet.

She stood before Mandy in just her sheer lace bra and panties, feeling unbearably exposed.

Mandy's eyes widened appreciatively as she took in the full glory of Audrey's voluptuous figure, now barely concealed by the flimsy lingerie.

The sheer lace bra strained to contain her massive, overflowing breasts, creamy flesh spilling over the demi-cups. Her panties were just a scrap of fabric bisecting the ripe globes of her ass, the dental-floss thong disappearing between her lush cheeks.

"My goodness Mom, no wonder your sons are so eager to explore your gorgeous body!" Mandy exclaimed. "You are absolutely stacked! What are you, a 38G?"

"36K actually," Audrey mumbled, cheeks flushing at the brazen appraisal and personal question. She resisted the urge to cover herself, knowing she would soon be completely exposed anyway.

With a deep fortifying breath, Audrey reached back and unhooked her bra. Her enormous, heavy breasts tumbled free, jutting proudly on her chest. Even after four children, they remained incredibly perky and firm, defying gravity. Her wide dusky areolas were capped by thick, rubbery nipples that protruded a half-inch even in their relaxed state.

Mandy licked her lips as she ogled Audrey's phenomenal tits, their perfect teardrops shape and mouth-watering fullness. She had seen her fair share of well-endowed mothers in this job, but Audrey put them all to shame. Those were truly world-class boobs.

Hooking her thumbs in her panties, Audrey shimmied the barely-there thong down her lush thighs, bending to step out of them. The motion made her massive rack sway and wobble hypnotically. Straightening up, she stood completely nude, her intimate grooming on full display.

Her pubic mound was waxed bare and smooth, not a hint of hair concealing her plump mons or the pouty lips of her sex peeking from between her shapely thighs. It gave her an air of youthfulness and innocence despite her mature hourglass figure.

"Mmmm, very nice," Mandy purred, roving her gaze over Audrey's naked splendor. "Your sons are gonna lose their minds when they see you like

this. I bet they'll wanna spend hours just worshipping your breasts alone!"

Audrey shifted her weight from foot to foot, trying not to imagine the feverish zeal with which Marshall and Grant would undoubtedly molest her vulnerable tits. She was grateful when Mandy stopped her blatant ogling and gestured to the velvet platform.

"Okay, go ahead and make yourself comfortable on here," Mandy said. "Lay on your back, legs slightly spread. Don't be shy about giving the boys access to all your charms."

Audrey settled onto the plush velvet platform, the fabric cool and slippery against her bare skin. She laid back, staring up at the ceiling as she tried to calm her racing heart. Her massive breasts ballooned up from her chest like two fleshy mountains, peaked by thickened nipples. She let her legs fall open slightly, exposing the smooth bare seam of her sex.

Laying there splayed out like a naked offering, an all-you-can-eat buffet for her sons' voracious appetites, Audrey was struck by a pang of panic and doubt. What was she doing? This was beyond crazy - it was depraved, taboo, the ultimate betrayal.

Her thoughts flashed to her husband John, imagining the shock and disgust on his handsome face if he could see her now. John was such a good man, a devoted partner who worked hard to provide for

their family. He would be absolutely horrified and furious if he knew what she had agreed to with the twins.

Audrey's eyes misted with tears as the enormity of her transgression hit her. She was about to let their teenage sons intimately explore every scandalous inch of her naked body, using her as their personal jungle gym and sex toy. How could she do this to John? To their marriage vows and the sanctity of motherhood itself?

She knew without a doubt that John would never approve of her taking the twins to Maternal Mounds. He would be appalled at her willingness to so flagrantly cross the ultimate taboo line in the name of "bonding." And he would be right. This was a heinous violation of her duties as a wife and mother.

For a moment, Audrey considered bolting - leaping off the platform, throwing her clothes back on, and dragging the twins out of there before the shrinking process finished. She could put a stop to this obscene farce before it went too far, salvage her dignity and decency while she still had a chance.

But then she remembered the pure, unadulterated excitement shining in Marshall and Grant's eyes, the giddy anticipation with which they had looked forward to this day. She pictured the crushing disappointment on their faces if she yanked this forbidden experience away at the last second after getting their hopes up so high.

The twins had been so thrilled when Audrey agreed to bring them to Maternal Mounds. Planning this illicit adventure had consumed their every waking moment. They had talked nonstop about how eager they were to finally act out their long-suppressed fantasies and see their mother in a new, intimate light. Audrey knew it would absolutely crush them if she backed out now.

Despite her guilt and misgivings, Audrey found she couldn't bear to let her sons down like that. She loved them too much to deny them

this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, as twisted as it might be. She had to go through with it, propriety be damned. Her marriage would survive this as long as her boys kept their end of the bargain and remained tight-lipped.

A soft chime sounded, indicating the shrinking process was complete. Mandy lifted the fogged glass lid of the chamber and peered inside. Where two strapping 18-year-old boys had laid just minutes before, there were now two pea-sized figures squirming on the cushioned surface.

"There they are!" Mandy cooed, reaching in with tweezers to gently grasp the tiny naked forms of Marshall and Grant. "All teeny tiny and ready for a big adventure!"

The twins clung to the tweezers, blinking in awe at the seemingly massive metal instrument that dwarfed them. They craned their necks to look around the cavernous room that now felt like an airplane hangar. Everything familiar had been magnified to a dizzying scale.

Mandy held the tweezers over a small clear plastic box and gave it a tap, depositing the miniaturized twins inside. Marshall and Grant stumbled around the box, marveling at their radically altered perspective. The walls of the container seemed to stretch up forever.

Peering through the transparent barrier, their eyes widened in disbelief at the sight of their mother's naked body sprawled below on the platform. Audrey's curves took on a whole new dimension of voluptuousness when magnified to this extreme.

Her breasts looked like two fleshy hot air balloons, rising and falling with each breath. Her nipples alone were now thicker than the boys' entire torsos. The shadowed crevice between her massive boobs beckoned like an alluring valley begging to be spelunked.

Following the soft swell of Audrey's belly, the twins gasped at the unobstructed view of their mother's sex. The plump mound of her pubis rose like a felled hill, topped by the juicy plum of her clitoris. Her labia unfurled like lush, glistening petals, dewy with arousal.

Further down, Audrey's legs seemed to stretch out for miles, an endless expanse of silky thighs tapering into delicate ankles and feet.

Marshall and Grant felt like they were on the highest of all carnival rides as Mandy carried their tiny transport box over to Audrey's trembling form. Their miniaturized cocks strained in painful arousal, engorged and leaking at the intoxicating new context of their mother's body.

Audrey propped herself up on her elbows, looking down the valley of her cleavage at the tiny box holding her shrunken sons as it was placed near her naval. She could just barely make out their squirming quarter-inch-high forms pressed against the clear walls, hungrily drinking in her naked splendor.

"Are you ready, Mom?" Mandy asked with a knowing grin, preparing to open the door to the box.

Audrey nodded nervously, her heart pounding as Mandy unlatched the tiny door. She watched in amazement as Marshall and Grant spilled out of the box like two frenzied ants, sprinting up the vast expanse of her torso with shocking speed. Their miniature legs pumped furiously, propelling them towards the promised land of her giant breasts jutting into the sky.

A helpless giggle bubbled up from Audrey's throat at how adorably eager yet tiny they looked, their pea-sized bodies scrambling over the silky terrain of her belly and ribs. She couldn't make out their individual features at this scale, but she could vividly imagine the pure awe and excitement on their little faces.

As they neared the foothills of her massive mammaries, she saw their micro-mouths drop open in reverent wonder. Audrey's breasts rose before them like two fleshy mountains. Her nipples alone dwarfed their bodies, straining thick and rubbery from her saucer-sized areolas.

"Holy fucking shit!" Marshall squeaked, his voice a reedy whisper that Audrey could barely detect. "I knew Mom's tits were huge, but this is unreal! They're like... like...I don't even know what!"

"They're like the most epic bounce houses ever!" Grant chimed in gleefully. "Dude, we have to climb them, right now!"

The twins rushed to press themselves against the pillowy slopes of Audrey's breast, sinking into her supple flesh. They pawed and kneaded

at her pliant skin, marveling at its warm resilience. Audrey shivered at the ticklish sensation of their tiny hands and feet scrabbling over her sensitive mounds.

Craning her neck, the mother watched in fascination as the boys began scaling her right breast with clumsy determination.

Marshall and Grant sank their hands and feet into the plush fat of their mother's tit-melon, using it like climbing holds as they scaled the steep slope. Her flesh molded around their tiny bodies, warm and yielding, propelling them upwards.

The fatty tissue jiggled and swayed with their frantic movements, nearly dislodging the twins as they clambered higher. But they clung on determinedly, digging their fingers into her silky skin, smearing trails of oozing pre-cum in their wake.

"Fuck, I can't believe we're actually climbing Mom's tit!" Marshall panted in awe as they neared the jutting shelf of her areola. "I've dreamed of this for so long!"

"You and me both, bro," Grant agreed breathlessly. "And look at the size of her nip! It's like a fucking fleshy tower!"

Audrey's nipple loomed before them, a rubbery pink cylinder protruding a dizzying distance from the pebbled plane of her areola. Clear beads of liquid glistened at the tip, leaking from her Montgomery glands.

The boys reached the base of the mighty areola and gazed across it reverently. The textured surface seemed to beckon them, promising untold delights if they could just conquer it.

"Dude, I'm totally gonna jack off all over Mom's giant nip," Marshall declared.

They hurried arcross the giant circular cap and used her puckered areola as a foothold, gripping her thick nipple like a fleshy telephone pole as they shimmied up the steep incline.

Audrey couldn't help but giggle again as she felt their miniscule bodies struggling to climb her towering teat, like two fleas attempting to mount an elephant. Their labored grunts and straining limbs felt like butterfly kisses against her skin.

After much slipping and sliding, Marshall and Grant finally reached the jiggling summit of Audrey's breast. They hauled themselves over the fleshy precipice and flopped spread-eagled atop her lightly swaying nipple, panting from the exertion.

"We...we did it..." Grant wheezed, his entire body rising and falling as he sprawled across Audrey's rubbery nub. "Ho...holy fuck...the view..."

From their perch atop Audrey's towering nipple, the twins had a breathtaking vantage point to survey the vast expanse of their mother's naked body. Her creamy skin seemed to stretch out forever

in all directions, an undulating landscape of sensual slopes and shadowed valleys.

To the north, the plump swell of Audrey's other breast rose in a mirror image of the colossal mound they had just conquered. Her twin pink peaks saluted the ceiling, glistening with dewdrops of arousal.

To the east and west, her arms lay relaxed at her sides, the delicate tracery of blue veins visible beneath her pale skin. Her fingers twitched and flexed against the velvet platform, as if fighting the urge to reach out and touch herself.

But it was the southern expanse that really drew the boys' rapt attention. Past the soft rolling hills of Audrey's belly, her legs parted in a tantalizing V, framing the smooth mound of her sex.

Even from this distance, Marshall and Grant could clearly make out the juicy folds of her labia peeking from between her shapely thighs. Her clit stood at attention, a shining pink pearl begging to be worshipped. The dewy petals of her pussy glistened, visibly slick with the proof of her mounting arousal.

"Fuck me, I think I can see right up inside Mom's cooch," Marshall breathed in awe, his micro-cock pulsing against Audrey's spongy nipple. "It's so wet and open and...inviting."

"Dude, I'm definitely spelunking that slick honey pot before this adventure is over," Grant vowed, humping his hips against the springy flesh. "Can you imagine how silky and warm it would feel, sliding between those giant pussy lips? Heaven!"

As the twins marveled at the bounty spread out before them, a colossal shift in perspective made them whip their heads around. Audrey had propped herself up slightly, craning her neck to look down at her breast with an expression of shy amazement.

Her beautiful face hovered over them, filling the sky like a living moon. Marshall and Grant found themselves gazing up into their mother's eyes, magnified to the size of shimmering pools. The play of emotions was clear on her lovely features - awe, disbelief, hesitant arousal, traces of guilt.

Her plush lips curved into an awkward but genuine smile as she took in the sight of her tiny sons perched proudly atop her nipple. A girlish giggle escaped her, the gust of her breath ruffling their hair like a warm breeze.

"Hi boys," Audrey cooed, her voice a husky purr that reverberated through their bones. "You both look so cute sitting up there on Mommy's nip. Like naked little mountain climbers!"

Audrey couldn't help but focus her gaze on the boys' miniature erections as they perched atop her nipple. Even shrunk down to a quarter inch tall,

their micro-cocks stood out in stark relief against their lean bodies, straining urgently towards her flesh.

She found herself trying to extrapolate their true size, picturing them at normal scale rutting between her breasts. Based on the proportions, Audrey guessed the twins were likely quite well-endowed young men, at least seven or eight inches fully aroused, just as Marshall had bragged about. The thought made her pussy clench with an illicit surge of motherly pride and desire.

"Oh my," she breathed, taking in their tiny bodies with new appreciation. "Look at you two, so excited already! I guess Mommy's big boobs have that effect, huh?"

Marshall and Grant preened under their mother's impressed gaze, jutting their hips forward to display their aching miniature cocks.

"You have no idea, Mom!" Marshall called up to her, his voice a reedy squeak. "We've been dreaming about your giant boobs forever. And now that we're actually standing on one...fuck, it's blowing my mind!"

"Yeah, your nip alone is bigger than my whole body!" Grant chimed in, humping his pelvis against the spongy flesh. "I just wanna grind on it until I explode!"

Audrey strained to hear their tiny voices, but she could only make out the gist of their squeaky exclamations, but the unmistakable excitement and wonder shining on their little faces told her all she needed to know.

"Well, consider this your special playtime, boys," she reiterated with an indulgent smile. "Mommy is your personal amusement park today. Explore and enjoy to your hearts' content!"

Needing no further encouragement, Marshall and Grant descended on her bulbous nipple in a frenzy of youthful lust. They humped their slim hips against the springy nub, rutting like horny puppies as they smeared their oozing micro-cocks over every ridge and bump.

Soft grunts and moans drifted up to Audrey's ears as the boys ground their miniature erections into her supple flesh, chasing the exquisite friction. The teasing brush of their tiny bodies sent jolts of sensation radiating through the sensitive nerve endings, making her nipple swell and stiffen even more under their reverent onslaught.

As if reading each other's minds, the twins bent in unison and latched their little mouths onto Audrey's engorged nipple, suckling a mouthful the puckered flesh like starving infants. They swirled their bristly tongues on the turgid peak, lapping at the salty-sweet drops of arousal that beaded from her Montgomery glands.

Audrey gasped, back arching off the platform as electric pleasure zinged from her nipple straight to her core. The suction of their

greedy nursing, even from such teeny tiny mouths, sent shockwaves rippling through the plump globe, jiggling her heavy flesh.

Emboldened, Marshall and Grant nibbled and gnawed at the spongy cylinder, sinking their teeth into the rubbery skin. They gummed and chewed, leaving a trail of purple love bites in their wake. The pinpricks of delicious pain made Audrey whimper, pussy clenching as fresh cream flooded her channel.

Mandy sat down beside the mother on the platform, placing a comforting hand on the trembling woman's thigh as she watched her sons' fevered worship of her nipple.

"It's okay to be aroused by this," the attendant assured her gently. "What you're feeling is completely natural. Every mother who comes in here experiences intense physical pleasure from her sons' intimate explorations. There's no shame in enjoying it."

Audrey swallowed hard, face flaming as she tried to ignore the insistent throbbing between her legs. But it was impossible to deny the way her body was responding to Marshall and Grant's reverent touches, their tiny mouths latched greedily onto her nipple.

She watched in amazement as the boys clung to each side of her bulbous teat, thrusting their slim hips in a frantic humping motion. Their miniature cocks pulsed against her rubbery flesh, smearing trails of sticky pre-cum as they rutted like horny little animals.

"Look at them go!" Mandy giggled. "Dry humping Mommy's nip is every shrunken boy's favorite thing to do in here. The springy texture is irresistible to their eager little dicks. I've seen sons spend hours just grinding on their mother's teats until they explode."

Audrey bit her lip, transfixed by the surreal sight of her teenage twins frantically pleasuring themselves on her body. Part of her still couldn't believe this was really happening, that she was splayed out

naked while her own sons used her most intimate parts like their personal sex toys.

But another part, a deeper, primal part, was undeniably thrilled by it. Audrey's pussy clenched and fluttered, her juices seeping out to dampen the velvet platform beneath her. The arousal was unlike anything she had ever felt before, an all-consuming need stoked by the ultimate taboo.

As if sensing her struggle, Mandy squeezed Audrey's thigh in solidarity. "Don't fight it," she encouraged softly. "This is meant to be an intensely pleasurable bonding experience for both mother and sons. Let yourself go and revel in the bliss of their worship. Your body is their wonderland today."

Something about the soothing, non-judgmental permission in Mandy's voice broke the last of Audrey's restraint. With a shuddery moan, she surrendered herself fully to the forbidden sensations, embracing her role as Marshall and Grant's giant maternal playground.

Propping herself up on her elbows, Audrey gazed down at her own mountainous breast, marveling at the passionate frenzy of her sons as they defiled her flesh. She could feel every brush of their scrabbling hands and feet, every prod of their pulsing micro-shafts, every nibble and suckle of their hungry mouths.

The spongy texture of Audrey's nipple was pure heaven against the twins' straining micro-cocks. The rubbery nub squished and molded deliciously with each thrust of their hips, the springy resistance providing the perfect amount of friction.

Marshall and Grant groaned around their mouthfuls of engorged teat, suckling and gnawing the meaty cylinder as they rutted feverishly. Drool trickled from the corners of their lips, leaving Audrey's nipple slick and shiny with their spit.

The tiny bumps and wrinkles of her teat provided exquisite texture for their miniature shafts. The boys angled their pelvises to catch the sweet spot just under the head on every ridge, sending sparks of rapture shooting up their spines.

Soon, their tender young cocks began to swell and twitch with impending climax. Audrey felt the change in their desperate humping, their slim hips snapping with increased urgency.

"Oh my, I think they're gonna—" she blurted, her eyes big and voice husky with arousal.

As if on cue, Marshall and Grant tensed against her, mouths stretching wide around bulging mouthfuls of erect nipple. Their miniature balls drew up tight and then they were coming hard, howling their release into her spongy flesh.

Audrey gasped as she felt the warm spatter of their micro-climaxes. Pulsing jets of tiny semen sprayed from their jerking cocks, splattering against her nipple in a filmy glaze. Pearly streaks painted the engorged cylinder, some droplets catching on the puckered bumps of her areola below.

The boys shuddered and twitched through the intense throes of orgasm, their cries muffled around the mass of flesh stuffing their cheeks. They

nursed greedily on the spongy tissue, drawing out every last drop of salty-sweet pleasure.

Slowly, their desperate humping eased into lazy, satiated rolls of their hips. They left a creamy, drippy film coating Audrey's nipple, what would have amounted to enormous cum-loads if they were in their normal state.

"Mmmm, that's my good boys," the mother sighed, her breast heaving with the force of her labored breaths. Watching her sons

erupt in ecstasy all over her body had stoked the raging inferno in her core to a fever pitch. She was swollen and throbbing, pussy weeping with the desperate need for stimulation and release.

Marshall and Grant stood up on wobbly legs, their spent micro-cocks still dribbling pearly trickles onto Audrey's spit-slick nipple. Giddy with post-orgasmic bliss, they surveyed the vast expanse of her breast with eager eyes.

"Dude, you thinking what I'm thinking?" Marshall asked, a mischievous grin spreading across his tiny face.

"Boob slide!" Grant crowed in agreement.

Before Audrey could react, the twins took a running leap and launched themselves down the steep slope of her breast. Their miniscule bodies bounced and skidded over her pliant flesh, leaving trails in the filmy glaze of semen coating her skin.

"Wheeeee!" they cried in unison, the rush of air whipping past their faces as they careened down the jiggling incline of her boob.

Audrey gasped at the ticklish sensation of their tiny bodies sliding over her sensitive mound. She couldn't help but giggle at their childlike glee, their shrill laughter infectious as they tumbled and rolled.

After a dizzying ride, the boys landed with soft plops in the valley of Audrey's cleavage, sprawled on their backs between her massive mammaries. They high-fived each other, cheeks flushed with exhilaration.

"That was fucking awesome!" Grant enthused, staring up at the towering mounds rising on either side like fleshy canyon walls. "Let's go again!"

Scrambling to their feet, the twins took off racing from the hollow of Audrey's throat, scampering between her big soft breasts. The supple globes jiggled and swayed around them as they sprinted over her breastbone.

Mandy leaned in close to Audrey, eyes twinkling with mischief. "You know what's really popular with the boys?" she stage-whispered conspiratorially. "When moms squeeze their tits together, smothering them in warm, squishy cleavage. The little guys go nuts for it."

Audrey bit her lip, considering. Her cheeks flushed at the idea of actively pleasuring her sons with her breasts, but the insistent throbbing in her core urged her to be bold. Tentatively, she brought her hands up to cup the outer swells of her massive boobs.

Marshall and Grant froze mid-stride as they felt the ground shift beneath their feet. Their heads whipped around and identical grins split their faces as they watched their mother's giant hands close around her tits.

"Oh fuck yes, is she gonna...?" Marshall breathed, practically vibrating with anticipation.

In one smooth motion, Audrey squeezed her breasts together, enveloping the twins in her hot cleavage. The boys squealed with surprised delight as velvety walls of tit-flesh closed in on sides.

Marshall and Grant squirmed and wriggled in the warm, plush embrace of Audrey's mommy-tit-cleavage. The soft walls of tit-flesh molded around their tiny bodies, enveloping them completely in the snug valley

between her milkers. It was like being cocooned in the world's most perfect sleeping bag - if that sleeping bag was made of silky skin and smelled faintly of lavender body wash.

The boys could feel the steady thump-thump of their mother's heartbeat reverberating through the spongy tissue, a soothing rhythm that seemed to pulse in time with their own racing pulses. The moist heat of her cleavage made the air heavy and difficult to breathe, but in the best possible way - like the drowsy warmth of a sauna.

Experimentally, Marshall extended his arms and pushed against the pliant flesh on either side. His hands sank deep into the malleable tissue, Audrey's breasts yielding like memory foam. He could feel the swell and ebb of her lungs expanding with each breath, the inner workings of her massive mammaries pulsing with life force.

"Dude, we're legit motorboating Mom's tits from the inside," he giggled to Grant, using his legs to burrow deeper into the pillowy embrace. "How many guys can say that?"

"Dude, this is on a whole 'nother level," Grant agreed, humping his resurgent erection against the slick flesh. "I could happily drown in this heaven."

The boys squirmed and wormed their way through the tight channel of Audrey's cleavage, using their hands and feet to paw and knead the plush tit-meat. They rubbed their cheeks against the smooth skin, feeling the whoosh of air sucking past their ears with each squeeze and release of her breasts.

Every inch of their hyper-sensitive skin buzzed with sensation overload, their bare bodies caressed on all sides by the silky glide of Audrey's flesh. The air grew thick and muggy, saturated with the intoxicating fragrance of her arousal. They could taste her musk on their tongues with each labored breath.

Audrey moaned above them, the seismic rumble vibrating through her chest. The erotic sound was magnified tenfold to Marshall and Grant's tiny ears, booming like rolling thunder. They could feel the

quickening thump of her heartbeat, the rush of blood engorging her breasts as her arousal built.

"That's it Mom, squish us in your big soft titties," Marshall squeaked encouragingly, his voice muffled by compacted cleavage. "Mash our tiny bodies between your heavenly hooters!"

As if heeding his breathy plea, Audrey gripped her massive mammaries tighter, compressing her cleavage until the twins were completely immobilized, entombed in her hot, fleshy cocoon. Marshall and Grant could only wriggle feebly as the plush walls rhythmically contracted around them, massaging their nude forms on all sides.

They sank into Audrey's cleavage like quicksand, the valley between her breasts molding to their every curve and contour. Velvety skin glided against their bare flesh with a delicious friction that had the boys' cocks surging back to full, aching stiffness in record time.

Grant boldly nuzzled his face into the smooth slope, lapping at the salty-sweet film of Audrey's perspiration. He laved his tongue over her silky skin, savoring the taste of his own mother's essence. Marshall quickly followed suit, tracing reverent kisses along the inner curves of her breasts.

Audrey shivered at the teasing tickle of their tiny lips and tongues as they worshipped her cleavage. The barely-there caress of their miniature bodies squirming between her breasts sent pleasurable tingles radiating across her skin and down to her core. Her nipples pebbled to tight, straining peaks, jutting out like fleshy beacons atop her quivering mounds.

"Oh boys," she gasped, rolling her mammaries in a slow, sensual massage. "That feels...mmmmph!"

Emboldened by her breathy encouragement, Marshall and Grant doubled their oral efforts, licking and kissing every millimeter of

titflesh they could reach. They used their hands to paw and knead the plush tissue, digging their fingers in like cats making biscuits.

At the same time, they rutted their slim hips against Audrey's slick cleavage, using the tight channel as an impromptu cock sleeve. They thrust with abandon, fucking the valley of her breasts with clumsy eagerness.

The twins marveled at how different their mother's cleavage felt compared to her nipple. Where the teat had been springy and spongy, this flesh was silken and yielding, gliding deliciously against their tender cocks. The undulating massage of Audrey's breasts squeezing and releasing sent them into a frenzy of pleasure.

"Fuck yeah, Mom!" Marshall groaned, voice muffled by tit-flesh. "Jerk us off with your giant jugs! Milk our little dicks dry!"

Mandy leaned in close, placing a hand on Audrey's arm. "You know, if you hold them in your cleavage like that for more than a couple minutes, they'll start to get lightheaded from lack of air flow," she cautioned with a knowing smile. "Believe me, I've seen it happen plenty of times. Moms get so caught up in the incredible sensation, they forget their boys need to come up for air eventually."

Audrey's eyes widened in alarm and she immediately released her grip on her breasts, allowing them to fall apart. Marshall and Grant tumbled from her cleavage, gasping and panting as they gulped in lungfuls of fresh air. Their tiny chests heaved as they sprawled on her breastbone, slightly dazed from the intensely erotic experience.

"Oh gosh, I'm so sorry boys!" Audrey fretted, peering down at their little bodies with concern. "I didn't even think about you not being able to breathe in there. Are you alright?"

"Holy shit Mom, that was intense!" Marshall wheezed, a blissed out grin on his flushed face. "I seriously almost passed out, but it would've been totally worth it. Death by titty asphyxiation!"

"Yeah, what a way to go!" Grant chimed in, still slightly breathless. "Smothered between the most perfect pair of boobs on the planet? Sign me up!"

Audrey strained to hear their tiny squeaky voices, but their words were too faint and high-pitched to make out from this distance. She looked to Mandy uncertainly, biting her lip.

"They look perfectly fine to me," Mandy assured her with an easy smile. "I have a suggestion, if you're interested?"

223: A DAY AT MATERNAL MOUNDS-part2/2

"Oh? What's that?" the mother asked, equal parts intrigued and apprehensive. She was quickly learning that Mandy was full of naughty ideas when it came to this crazy adventure.

The attendant grinned mischievously. "Have you considered letting them explore your mouth? Most moms find it to be an incredibly intimate and erotic experience, having their tiny sons stimulate their tongue and palate. Plus, it's a nice way to let the little guys catch their breath before moving on to your southern region, if you know what I mean."

Audrey bit her lip, stomach fluttering at the suggestion. The thought of taking her own sons into her mouth, of tasting their naked bodies on her tongue, sent a shameful thrill zinging through her. But it also filled her with trepidation.

"I don't know..." she hedged uncertainly. "What if I accidentally swallow one of them? Or bite down too hard? I'd never forgive myself if I hurt my boys, even unintentionally."

"Don't worry, it's perfectly safe as long as you're careful," Mandy assured her. "Think of their little bodies like hard candies or lozenges. Just keep them on your tongue and let them roll around in there,

stimulating all those sensitive taste buds and nerve endings. The boys will love feeling your wet, silky mouth enveloping them."

Audrey swallowed hard, pulse quickening as she imagined Marshall and Grant squirming on her tongue, their tiny naked forms sliding against her palate. The taboo mental image sent a fresh gush of arousal flooding her already drenched channel.

"Well...okay," she agreed shakily. "As long as you're sure it's not dangerous."

"Atta girl," Mandy winked. "The boys are gonna go wild for this, trust me."

Plucking the tweezers from the instrument tray, the attendant reached down and delicately grasped Marshall around his wriggling waist.

"Looks like you're up first, little man," she cooed, lifting his flailing micro-body up to Audrey's parted lips. "Ready to take a dip in Mommy's mouth?"

Marshall nodded eagerly, his entire being vibrating with anticipation as he dangled above his mother's giant pink tongue. Audrey's eyes crossed as she focused on her son's miniscule form suspended mere inches from her face. She could see every detail of his nude body in high definition, from his messy hair to his straining micro-erection.

Playfully, she bared her teeth in an exaggerated mock-bite, snapping her pearly whites together beneath Marshall's kicking feet. The tiny boy yelped and giggled, thrilled by the flash of danger. Audrey's mouth gaped open like a fleshy cavern, her throat a dark tunnel leading to untold adventures within.

Mandy lowered the tweezers until Marshall's toes just barely grazed the wet surface of his mother's tongue. Audrey fought the instinctive urge to close her mouth around the foreign object, not wanting to accidentally bite her son. She held perfectly still, barely daring to breathe.

With a final wink, Mandy released her grip on the tweezers. Marshall dropped the last miniscule distance, landing with a moist splat on the slippery muscle. Immediately, Audrey's taste buds were bombarded with an array of sensations - the salt of his skin, the musk of his arousal, the faint coppery tang of blood pumping just beneath the surface.

"Mmmmm," she couldn't help but moan as her son's flavor exploded on her tongue. Reflexively, her mouth flooded with saliva, turning Marshall into a living lozenge as Mandy had suggested.

Mandy carefully plucked Grant's squirming form from the valley of Audrey's cleavage, pinching his tiny waist between the tweezers. "Your turn, little guy!" she singsonged. "Ready to join your brother for a wild ride?"

Grant nodded vigorously, his micro-cock bobbing in eager anticipation as he dangled above his mother's open mouth. Audrey obediently stuck out her tongue, unfurling the glistening pink carpet for her son's grand entrance.

With a giggle, Mandy deposited Grant right next to Marshall on the slippery muscle. The twins greeted each other with excited high fives, looking like two miniature surfers preparing to take on a fleshy wave.

"Dude, can you believe we're about to crowd surf Mom's tongue?" Grant squealed to his brother. "Most epic concert ever!"

"I know bro!" Marshall squeaked back. "And we've got front row seats to the hottest, wettest venue in town - the one and only Audrey Stadium!"

They snickered at their own clever wordplay, but their mirth quickly dissolved into moans as Audrey's tongue suddenly swirled to life beneath them. The big slippery muscle undulated and rippled,

tasting and testing the new additions as it retracted back into the cavern of her mouth and closed.

Audrey groaned around the mouthful of squirming sons, eyes fluttering shut in bliss. The electric sensation of their warm little bodies wriggling on her hypersensitive tastebuds was indescribable. She had never felt anything so mind-blowingly erotic in all her life.

Tilting her head back, Audrey allowed the twins' body weight to pull them towards the back of her tongue. They slid over the slick surface like human Pop Rocks, crackling with kinetic energy. When they reached the edge of her throat, she flexed her tongue and flipped them back towards her teeth, sending them tumbling head over heels.

"Whoa!" Marshall yelped as he somersaulted through the air, landing face-first in a puddle of viscous saliva. Beside him, Grant skidded on his ass, hydroplaning over the bumpy taste buds.

Audrey swirled her tongue again, swishing the tiny boys from side to side like mouthwash. Their nude bodies rolled and glided through the wet heat, slipping and sliding in her saliva. She could feel every twitch and spasm of their miniaturized muscles as they flailed for purchase on the undulating surface.

Curious, the mother dragged the tip of her tongue over each boy, mapping the contours of their shrunken physiques. She traced the ridges of their ribs, dipped into their shallow navels, circled their pebbled nipples. Lower, she found the jut of their hip bones, the sparse hair covering their groins, the steel-hard throb of their cocks.

Marshall and Grant nearly short-circuited from sheer ecstasy as their mom's tongue lavished attention on their miniscule forms. The silky tip of the massive muscle swept back and forth over them, painting their bare skin with her saliva and setting every nerve ending ablaze.

It scoured their chests, polishing their pebbled nipples to throbbing nubs. It dipped into their navels, probing the shallow indentations and making their abdomens quiver. Lower it traveled, tracing the cut of their

hip bones and combing through their pubic hair, the touch electric and overwhelming.

But nothing could have prepared the twins for the exquisite sensation of their mother's tongue finding their straining erections. Audrey lapped at the tiny organs, her taste buds abrading the sensitive flesh and pushing the boys to the brink of madness. She swirled the tip around their swollen heads, laving the weeping slits and savoring the salty essence of their pre-cum.

Marshall and Grant howled and thrashed, hips bucking frantically as they sought to thrust their miniaturized cocks against the giant velvety muscle. Their entire bodies were stimulated all at once, every inch of skin licked and caressed by Audrey's undulating tongue.

Hot saliva bubbled up around them, submerging their lower halves in a warm viscous pool. It seeped between their legs, bathing their balls and taint and adding a delicious slickness to the sensual massage. The sublingual region was like a fleshy hot tub, the secretions tingling and effervescent against their most intimate areas.

"Oh fuck, oh God, Mommmm!" Marshall wailed, voice garbled as his face sank into the spongy muscle. Beside him, Grant just sobbed and spasmed, too far gone for words. Their minds blanked into blissful oblivion, their bodies surrendered completely to their mother's whims.

Audrey moaned around the squirming bodies on her tongue, intoxicated by the flavors and textures of her tiny sons. The vibrations rumbled through them like an erotic earthquake, making

them quake and shudder. She felt powerful and intensely aroused, holding her boys' pleasure in the palm of her mouth.

With a wicked impulse, Audrey parted her lips just slightly, giving Marshall and Grant a glimpse of the outside world. They blinked dazedly at the flash of light, their eyes slow to focus after the disorienting darkness of her mouth.

Carefully, Audrey extended her tongue between her teeth, unfurling it out into the open air. The twins clung weakly to the slick surface, their skin prickling with goosebumps as the cooler air kissed their saliva-drenched bodies.

Audrey crossed her eyes to peer down at her boys sprawled on her protruding tongue, their nude bodies glistening and twitching. She grinned, relishing their helpless surrender. Mischievously, she wriggled the tip of her tongue, making them jiggle and bounce like jello.

"Whooooa!" Marshall yelped, scrabbling for purchase on the slippery pink muscle. Beside him, Grant lost his grip and tumbled right off the edge, plummeting towards the floor!

At the last second, Audrey's hand shot out and caught her falling son, plucking him from the air like a skydiver. Grant landed with an "oof!" in the center of her palm, spread eagled and panting. "Thanks Mom," he wheezed, heart pounding from the close call.

Unable to talk with his brother still on her tongue, Audrey winked and placed him gently on the swell of her left breast for safekeeping. Then she turned her attention back to Marshall, who clung weakly to her waggling tongue, dizzy and disoriented.

Opening her mouth wider, she curled her licker and scooped her tiny son back inside, closing her lips around him. Marshall tumbled over her teeth and plopped back onto the spongy muscle, sprawling in the warm wet darkness.

Audrey resumed swirling him around her mouth, relishing his squirms and moans as she laved every millimeter of his quivering body. Her taste buds tingled, lit up like fireworks by the electric friction of his skin.

Mandy smiled knowingly at Audrey, her eyes twinkling with shared feminine mischief. "Incredible, isn't it? The taste of your own sons on your tongue?"

Audrey could only moan in response, rendered inarticulate by the overwhelming sensations bombarding her senses. Marshall squirmed and bucked against her undulating tongue, his tiny body slick with her saliva. She swirled him from cheek to cheek, relishing the faint salty-sweet essence of his pre-cum as it burst across her taste buds.

"Mmmmmm," she hummed in blissful agreement, savoring the forbidden flavor like a fine wine. There was something so deeply erotic, so indescribably intimate about having her own flesh and blood writhing in the heat of her mouth.

She pushed Marshall into the pocket of her cheek, feeling the little lump of him squirm against the inside of her face. Her eyes actually bulged slightly as he wormed around, stretching the skin taut.

Audrey couldn't resist poking him with her tongue, juggling his body between her cheek and gums. She gnashed her teeth playfully, grazing his back with the blunt edges and making him yelp. Her molars ground together, the sound deafening to Marshall's tiny ears.

Growing bolder, Audrey tilted her head back and parted her lips, giving her shrunken son a dizzying view straight down her throat. The dark tunnel yawned open like a hungry abyss, gusts of her breath ruffling his hair.

With a wicked gleam in her eye, Audrey flexed her tongue and launched Marshall towards her uvula, catapulting him to the back of her throat!

The tiny boy pinwheeled through the air, arms and legs flailing as he hurtled down the slick fleshy chute. His scream was cut off as he face-planted against the dangling uvula, setting off Audrey's gag reflex.

Her throat muscles convulsed around him, rippling and squeezing as they tried to dislodge the foreign object. Marshall thrashed in the fleshy vise, smothered by undulating walls on all sides.

Audrey made a tiny gagging sound, her throat muscles contracting and propelling her teen back onto her tongue in a spluttering cough. The boy tumbled head over heels, landing in a dazed heap on the slippery pink muscle, coated in strings of saliva and mucus.

"Goodness, are you alright sweetie?" Mandy asked in concern, peering into Audrey's open mouth at the shell-shocked micro-son. "That was a close one! We definitely don't want you taking an express trip to Mommy's tummy!"

Audrey blushed, carefully scooping Marshall up with her tongue and depositing him gently on her right breast to recover. "Sorry, honey," she cooed softly, stroking his tiny back with the tip of her finger. "Mommy got a little carried away. You just taste so yummy, I almost couldn't help myself!"

Marshall trembled against her silky skin, simultaneously traumatized and aroused by the near-death experience down his mother's gullet. His miniaturized cock throbbed urgently, the adrenaline and his mother's words reigniting his lust.

Mandy grinned mischievously, gesturing towards Audrey's voluptuous backside. "You know, most moms like to have the boys explore their bubble butts next. The sensation of their tiny hands and feet climbing those plush cheeks, dipping between the crevice... it's exquisite.

But Audrey's eyes were fixed hungrily on Grant's miniscule form perched atop her breast. The feel of his warm little body nestled against her silky skin, his micro-cock still semi-erect and twitching... it ignited a primal craving deep within her.

She licked her lips, tasting traces of Marshall's essence lingering on her tongue. The flavor only stoked her desire to have Grant back in the wet heat of her mouth, squirming deliciously as she savored every inch of him.

"Actually," Audrey murmured, her voice husky with need. "I was thinking Marshall could explore Mt. Mommy-Booty on his own for a bit. I'd like to taste Grant again inside me mouth, if that's alright."

Her eyes smoldered as she gazed at her tiny son, seeing his face brighten with excitement at her words. He practically vibrated with eagerness to be devoured by his mother once again.

Mandy's brows lifted in pleased surprise at Audrey's bold request. She could see the naked hunger in the mother's expression

Grant's eyes widened as his giant mother dangled him over her open mouth, her pink tongue unfurling like a red carpet to welcome him back. "Aw fuck yeah," he breathed, cock already rising back to attention. "Round two, here I come!"

Audrey grinned, a hungry tigress preparing to toy with her prey. Slowly, she consumed Grant feet-first into the warm wet cavern, letting his upper body stick out from between her closed lips. She swirled her tongue around his lower half, painting him with her saliva as he thrashed and moaned.

Audrey dragged the slippery tip of her tongue between Grant's splayed legs, flicking the spongy muscle against his groin. Her taste buds scoured his miniature cock and balls, abrading the sensitive flesh and setting his nerves ablaze.

Grant groaned and bucked wildly, his upper half still protruding from between his mother's closed lips. His face contorted in a rictus of ecstasy, eyes rolling back in his head as Audrey skillfully tongued his most intimate areas.

"Unnngh! Oh fuck, Mooooom!" he wailed, voice garbled and broken. His hips spasmed erratically, micro-cock pulsing against the undulating slickness. Audrey just grinned around his flailing form and doubled her efforts, determined to coax the climax from her tiny son.

Mandy giggled as she watched the lewd display, Grant's blissed-out face framed obscenely by his mother's lush lips. "You can always tell when they cum in your mouth," she remarked casually, as if discussing the weather. "There's that sudden burst of flavor, slightly salty and sweet. The first time I tasted my son's micro-load, it caught me off guard. But now I crave it."

As if on cue, Grant tensed and shuddered violently, a strangled cry ripping from his throat. His entire body vibrated like a tuning fork as he erupted in his mother's mouth, painting her tongue with his release. Audrey moaned as the warm drops of semen burst across her taste buds, savoring the forbidden nectar.

She gave Grant a final slow, thorough lick, polishing him from stem to stern and wringing out every last tremor of pleasure.

With a satisfied smirk, Audrey suctioned her lips around Grant's trembling form and sucked him fully into her mouth like a human breath mint. She swirled him around on her tongue, polishing his quivering body with her saliva as he came down from his climax.

Mandy deftly plucked Marshall from his perch on Audrey's breast with the tweezers, the tiny boy squirming and kicking his feet in anticipation. "Ready for a trip into Booty town , little man!" she singsonged.

Audrey carefully rolled over onto her stomach, presenting the heart-shaped globes of her ass to her son. She glanced back over her shoulder, eyes smoldering with dark promise.

"Go on, honey," she purred sultrily. "Play all over mommy's round booty."

Mandy lowered the tweezers until Marshall dangled just above the plush curve of Audrey's left buttock. With a giggle, she released him, letting him tumble onto the springy flesh.

Marshall landed spread-eagled on his mother's ass, sinking into her silky skin like memory foam. He lay there for a moment, stunned and in awe of the supple warmth enveloping him.

Beneath him, Audrey's cheek twitched, jiggling him like a kernel of popcorn in a microwave. Marshall yelped in surprised delight, scrambling to find purchase on the undulating surface. He clambered to his feet, only to be playfully bounced again by his mother's flexing glute.

"Whoa!" he laughed giddily, windmilling his arms for balance. "This is way better than any trampoline!"

He started jumping up and down, timing his hops with each clench and release of Audrey's ass. Her flesh rippled around him in shimmering waves, propelling him higher with every gleeful bounce.

"Boingy! Boingy! Boingy!" Marshall crowed in childlike enthusiasm. He ricocheted from cheek to cheek, a human pinball pinging between the perfect pale globes.

Audrey giggled at her son's silly antics, glancing back to watch him frolic on her backside. There was something innocent yet erotic about the way he so gleefully explored her body, uninhibited and unashamed. It made her feel powerful, like a fleshy playground for his wildest fantasies.

As Marshall bounced and tumbled over her ass, his cock slapped against her silky skin, leaving sticky smears of pre-cum in its wake. The ticklish caress made Audrey shiver, goosebumps prickling her flesh.

Even as Audrey watched Marshall's playful antics on her rear, inside her mouth, her tongue was performing a sensual dance with Grant's squirming body. The slippery muscle twined and twisted around his tiny form like an anaconda, slathering him from head to toe in her hot saliva.

Audrey rolled Grant around her mouth, tumbling him across her palate and under her tongue, submerging him in the spongy heat. She could taste every millimeter of his skin, the salty musk of his spent cock, the

lingering traces of his release. It was intoxicating, savoring her son so intimately.

Grant moaned and wriggled in delirious ecstasy, his hypersensitive body overwhelmed by the slick caress of his mother's tongue. It scoured him everywhere at once, laving his chest, his back, between his legs. The tip flicked over his softening cock, making him jolt and gasp.

Audrey hummed in wicked delight at the feel of Grant trembling so helplessly in her mouth. The vibrations shook him to his very core, pleasure bordering on pain. His tiny form juddered and tensed, slipping and sliding in her saliva.

She nudged him into her cheek, stretching the soft flesh taut around his body. Grant flattened against the inside of her face, plastered there by her undulating tongue. It pressed him to the roof of her mouth, trapping him between the ridged palate and slippery muscle.

Audrey's jaw bulged obscenely, the tiny protrusion of her son squirming just under the skin. Drool leaked from the corners of her

lips, coating her chin in silvery ropes. Her eyes rolled back in bliss at the lewd display of dominance over her offspring.

Grant gurgled and thrashed weakly, smothered by the plush walls of his mother's cheeks. Hot saliva seeped into his ears, his nose, stinging his eyes. He could barely breathe, surrounded on all sides by undulating flesh. It was terrifying and arousing all at once.

Audrey held him there for a long moment, relishing his helpless struggling. Then with a flex of her tongue, she scooped Grant out of her cheek and rolled him to the front of her mouth. She parted her lips just slightly, giving him a glimpse of the outside world through the frame of her teeth.

Grant blinked dazedly in the sudden light, gasping lungfuls of cooler air. His skin steamed in the chill, saliva evaporating off his body. He shivered,

equal parts relieved and bereft to be free of his mother's smothering orifice.

Audrey extended her tongue between her parted lips, unfurling the pink carpet with Grant splayed in the center. She crossed her eyes to peer down at him, grinning at his shocked expression.

Grant barely had a chance to gulp a lungful of air before Audrey curled her tongue, flicking him high into the air like a human hacky sack. He pinwheeled head over heels, sailing in a perfect arc over her face.

Just as gravity started to reclaim him, Audrey parted her lips and caught Grant deftly in her open mouth. He landed with a wet splat on her tongue, bouncing slightly on the spongy muscle.

Before he could even get his bearings, Audrey sealed her lips around his tiny body and sucked hard, cheeks hollowing with the force.

Grant yelped as the sudden vacuum engulfed him, squashing his limbs to his sides.

Audrey suctioned him to the roof of her mouth, trapping him there like a snack that she was determined to savor every last bit of. Her tongue undulated beneath him, lashing his body from head to toe and probing every crevice as if trying to extract more flavor.

Grant could only lay there helplessly, plastered to his mother's palate as she sucked and slurped at his miniaturized form. The pulling sensation was intense, puckering his skin and making him feel like a human lollipop. Her taste buds abraded his most sensitive areas, setting his nerves alight with pleasure bordering on pain.

Audrey moaned around the tiny treat in her mouth, eyes fluttering shut in bliss. She loved the feeling of her son's soft little body yielding so completely to her voracious oral attentions. Grant was like putty in her hands - or rather, in her mouth - to mold and manipulate however she pleased.

She suckled him greedily, hollowing her cheeks rhythmically and swirling her tongue to roll him around. The warm wet pressure enveloped Grant from all sides, squeezing and massaging him in undulating waves. Rivulets of saliva seeped into his ears, his nose, slicking his skin and matting his hair.

Audrey nursed on her son like he was a piece of hard candy lodged in her cheek, determined to dissolve him with her spit and then swallow down every sweet morsel. Her jaw worked vigorously, cheeks ballooning and deflating as she sucked and slurped.

Grant could only gurgle and spasm, his oxygen depleted and his body overwhelmed by the intense sensations. Darkness crept in at the edges of his vision, his head growing fuzzy. The sounds of Audrey's hunger seemed to recede as if down a long tunnel.

Just when he teetered on the brink of blacking out, Audrey released the suction with a wet pop, letting Grant drop back onto her tongue. He sprawled there bonelessly, gasping like a landed fish as he slowly recovered.

Audrey extended her tongue, letting Grant weakly slide down the slick pink carpet and tumble into her waiting palm. He landed in a damp heap, chest heaving as he greedily sucked in air.

"Would you like to take a closer look at your handiwork?" Mandy asked Audrey with a knowing smile. She gestured to Audrey's slick, flushed son cradled in her hand. "Most moms love examining their shrunken boys up close after a good tongue lashing."

Audrey hesitated, feeling a twinge of motherly concern at Grant's bedraggled state. But Mandy's reassuring expression soothed her worry. This was a safe space to indulge her deepest curiosities without shame or judgement, just like her sons were.

"Go on," the attendant encouraged. "Inspect your tiny man. Marvel at how completely you just dominated him with only your mouth."

Pulse quickening, Audrey lifted her hand to eye level, peering at Grant's miniscule form. He had recovered enough to sit up, blinking dazedly at his giant mother's beautiful face filling his entire field of vision.

Her warm breath buffeted his nude body as she exhaled in awe. Grant looked positively debauched, his hair mussed and skin shiny with her saliva. He was still flushed and trembling from the intense oral ravishment, micro-cock half-mast against his belly.

"Goodness, sweetie," Audrey breathed, taking in her disheveled son. "Mommy really did a number on you, didn't she? You're an absolute mess."

Her voice rumbled through Grant like a physical caress, making him shiver. He gazed up at her towering visage with glazed, adoring eyes. In this moment, his mother was a powerful giantess, an all-consuming goddess that he would happily let devour him again and again.

Audrey licked her lips, tasting traces of Grant still lingering on her tongue. The sight of him so small and vulnerable in her hand, combined with the knowledge of what she had just done to him, sent a dark thrill zinging through her body straight to her core.

Mandy reached over with her long, glossy red nails and gently but firmly pressed Grant onto his back in Audrey's palm. The tiny boy squirmed as the two giant women loomed over him, feeling like a bug pinned for their inspection.

"Just look at that cute little pecker standing at attention!" Mandy cooed, using the pointed tip of her nail to very gently lift Grant's stiff micro-cock away from his belly. It pulsed urgently against her fingertip, still engorged and sensitive from the intense oral stimulation.

"He's already hard again after cumming so much in my mouth," Audrey marveled, equal parts impressed and aroused by her son's resilience. She couldn't take her eyes off Grant's miniature erection, noting how it throbbed and glistened with her saliva. "What a virile young man I've raised."

Grant whimpered as his mother's long pink nail joined Mandy's in exploring his intimate bits. The hard keratin scraped deliciously over his cockhead and down his shaft, tracing the rigid length. He bucked his hips involuntarily, trying to thrust into their teasing touch.

"Mmm, I think he likes that," Mandy giggled wickedly. She carefully used her thumb to pin Grant's ankles while her index finger and Audrey's toyed with his junk, stretching his balls away from his body. "Look how swollen and tight his little nutsack is."

Suddenly, a pang of guilt stabbed through Audrey's arousal as she thought of her husband John. What would he think if he could see her now, openly molesting their son's genitals? Ogling his micro-erection like it was the most fascinating thing she'd ever seen? This was so far beyond inappropriate, violating every boundary of decency.

She started to pull her hand away, shame creeping hotly up her neck. But Mandy stopped her with a gentle touch, sensing her sudden hesitation.

"Remember Audrey, this is a judgement free zone," the attendant reminded her softly. "The boys are exploring every intimate inch of your body with wild abandon. There's nothing wrong with you returning that curiosity, getting to know them in the same exquisitely personal way."

Mandy's soothing words washed over Audrey like a balm, soothing her guilty conscience. She was right - the rules of propriety had no place here in this secret shrine to mother-son intimacy. If her boys got to indulge their wildest incestuous fantasies, why shouldn't she get to satisfy her own forbidden urges?

"You're right," Audrey breathed, relaxing and allowing herself to drink in the delicious sight of Grant's throbbing mini-cock. Her clit pulsed in time to its desperate twitching, two illicit organs in sync. "Turnabout is fair play, after all."

Grant shivered as his mother's hot gaze roved greedily over his exposed junk, her plump lips parted and eyes blazing with hunger. He felt like a mouse hypnotized by a serpent, helpless and aroused in equal measure by her ravenous appraisal.

"That's the spirit," Mandy praised, grinning mischievously continuing her hold on the boy with her fingernail. "Examine him to your heart's content. Every wrinkle, every fold, every throbbing vein. He's your tiny anatomical model to play with as you please."

Audrey bit her lip, transfixed by the pearly pin-drop-sized bead of pre-cum that welled from Grant's slit as Mandy slowly skinned him back. His cockhead flushed an angry purple, pulsing urgently against the attendant's fingertip.

"Oh my," Audrey breathed, marveling at how the clear liquid magnified to a syrupy dewdrop at this scale. "Look how excited he is, the poor thing. Leaking like a faucet."

Mandy giggled, using the pad of her finger to smear Grant's pre-cum around the swollen head of his cock in glistening spirals. He whimpered and writhed at the slick stimulation, his breath coming in shallow pants.

Audrey giggled, a dreamy note in her voice. "You know, this might sound strange but I swear I can feel my other tiny boy playing around my butthole right now. Like a little tickle or flutter..."

Mandy's eyebrows shot up in surprise and delight. "Oh really? Well, let's take a peek, shall we?"

With her free hand, the attendant reached down and gently parted the plush globes of Audrey's ass, revealing the shadowed crevice between. Audrey craned her neck, trying to peer back over her shoulder curiously.

There, perched proudly on the puckered pink ring of her anus, was Marshall. The shrunken teen stood with his hands on his hips, grinning up at them cheekily. He waved, the motion making Audrey's forbidden entrance flex slightly.

"Well hello there, you naughty boy!" Mandy laughed. "Looks like you found the back door to heaven!"

Audrey's mouth dropped open in shock, a scandalized giggle bursting from her throat. She couldn't believe her son's brazen

audacity, scaling down the cleft of her ass to explore her most taboo orifice.

"Oh my God, Marshall!" she gasped, cheeks flaming. "What do you think you're doing down there, young man?"

The tiny teen just shrugged impishly, clearly unrepentant. He patted Audrey's wrinkled sphincter affectionately as if it were the flank of a mighty steed.

"I wanted to check out all of Mom's amusement park," he called up, voice slightly muffled by her splayed cheeks. "And everyone knows the dark rides are the most thrilling!"

Marshall punctuated his cheeky statement by plopping down to sit on Audrey's puckered rosebud, straddling it like a fleshy beanbag. He bounced slightly, making her forbidden entrance flex and wink.

"Oooh!" Audrey gasped, eyes widening at the strange but not unpleasant sensation. It felt like her butthole was blowing tiny bubbles. "Marshall, you little rascal! That's so naughty!"

But even as she scolded him, a hot pulse of illicit arousal simmered low in Audrey's core. The wicked wrongness of her son playing with her most intimate orifice sent a forbidden thrill zinging down her spine.

Mandy grinned, eyes twinkling at Marshall's mischief. "Well, you did say the boys could explore EVERY inch of your body," she reminded Audrey slyly. "I guess that includes the nooks and crannies too!"

Audrey glanced down at Grant still cradled in her palm. The tiny teen was squirming and waving his arms frantically, clearly trying to get her attention. His high-pitched voice squeaked urgently but she couldn't make out the words from this distance.

Curious, Audrey lifted her hand right up to her face, bringing Grant within inches of her ear as he yelled with all his might.

"MOM! CAN I EXPLORE YOUR PUSSY NOW? PLEEEEASE?"

Grant's reedy voice rang out, surprisingly loud and clear considering his diminutive size. His request hung in the charged air, bold and unabashed.

Audrey's eyes widened at her son's brazen plea, a scandalized giggle bubbling up her throat. Even after all the naughty things they had already done, hearing Grant openly beg to play with her pussy still shocked her.

But the aching throb between her thighs was impossible to ignore, her sex swollen and slippery with shameful arousal. Audrey knew she was positively dripping at this point, her juices trickling down to dampen the velvet platform.

As wrong as it was, the thought of her tiny son spelunking her most intimate folds sent a dark thrill racing through her body. Grant worshipping her clit with his microscopic tongue, Marshall playing around her other entrance... Audrey shivered, suddenly desperate to feel them exploring every inch of her privates.

"Well, since you asked so politely..." she murmured, a wicked gleam in her eye.

Grant's face lit up with unbridled glee and lust, bouncing on his heels in excitement. "Yes! Thank you Mom!" he squealed.

Audrey smirked and gave her ass a playful squeeze, clenching her cheeks together and trapping Marshall snugly between the plush mounds. The tiny boy yelped in surprise as her silky skin suddenly engulfed him, molding around his body like a fleshy cocoon.

"Whoa!" Marshall laughed, voice muffled by the plump globes compressing him on all sides. "Marshmallow Marshall, reporting for booty duty!"

He wriggled and squirmed, delighting in the warm embrace of his mother's supple ass. The pressure was intense but not unpleasant, her cheeks undulating around him with each flexing clench. Hot, musky air saturated his lungs as he breathed in her intimate scent.

Audrey giggled at the ticklish sensation of her son squirming so energetically between her buns. It felt like a tiny ant was trapped in her ass crack. She rolled her hips slightly, jiggling Marshall and making him whoop with glee.

Carefully, so as not to dislodge her tiny posterior passenger, Audrey flipped over onto her back. The pillow cushioned her tailbone, tilting her pelvis at the perfect angle. Her legs fell open, splaying wide to bare the pink, plump treasure at their apex.

Audrey's pussy was a work of art, a glistening flower unfurling its dewy petals. Waxed smooth and bare, her mound rose like a gentle hill, the puffy lips of her outer labia peaking from the valley below. The seam of her slit glistened, visibly slick with her juices.

"Here, let's get you nice and comfy," Mandy cooed to the eager mother. Grabbing another pillow, the attendant wedged it beneath Audrey's lush

ass, propping her pelvis up even higher. "We wanna give your tiny explorers the best possible access to your womanly wonders."

Audrey let out a shuddery exhale, stomach fluttering with nervous anticipation as cool air kissed her exposed privates. She couldn't believe this was really happening - that she was about to let her own sons play in her most sacred garden. It was beyond forbidden...and that only made her ache for it more.

Carefully balancing Grant in her cupped palm, Audrey reached down with her other hand to gently part the plump lips of her pussy. Her labia unfurled like a delicate flower, revealing the slick pink folds within. Nectar clung to her petals, the proof of her shameful arousalet.

Still on his mom's hand, Grant gazed in slack-jawed awe at the beautiful sight spread out before him. His mother's pussy was enormous, a lush cavern just begging to be explored. The intoxicating scent of her musk saturated the air, making his tiny cock throb.

Grant did a double take as he spotted a tiny figure emerging from between the massive globes of his mother's ass. It was Marshall, clambering up the slick slope of her perineum like a mountaineer scaling Everest.

The tiny teen paused at the summit, perched on the thin strip of flesh separating Audrey's dripping pussy from her winking rosebud. He gazed in slack-jawed wonder at the beautiful cock-hardening sight of his mother's pretty pink slit glistening mere inches away, so tantalizingly close. Marshall shot Grant a knowing grin and thumbs up before scurrying the last small distance to join his twin at the entrance to heaven.

Grant returned the grin, marveling at how he and his brother were so perfectly in sync, both desperate to intimately explore their mother's most sacred space. Great minds really did think alike.

He shifted excitedly from foot to foot in Audrey's cupped palm, his skin prickling with electric arousal as he waited for her to lower him into paradise. Unable to resist, he did one final 360 degree turn, committing every detail of this magnificent sight to memory.

Audrey's legs seemed to stretch out for miles, twin ivory columns gracefully splayed to bare her intimate garden. Her cute feet hovered in the air, sexy red-painted toes curling with anticipation.

Grant let his gaze travel up the lush landscape of his mother's body, over the gentle swell of her tummy to her massive breasts jiggling with each excited breath. They rose from her chest like two fleshy mountains, capped by rubbery pink peaks. He could just make out a filmy glaze coating one nipple and realized with a shiver that it was he and his brother's dried cum from their earlier play.

Finally, Grant locked eyes with his beautiful mother smiling indulgently down at him over her heaving bosom. Her plump lips curved in a knowing smirk, hazel eyes smoldering with dark promise and permission. A pretty flush rode high on her cheeks, staining her porcelain skin a delicious rosy hue.

"Ready for the ride of your life, honey?" Audrey purred, her husky voice sending shivers racing down Grant's spine. Without waiting for an answer, she lowered her hand and gently deposited her shrunken son onto the plump mound of her pubis.

Grant sank into his mother's silky skin, the springy surface molding around his body like a fleshly beanbag. Her body heat enveloped him, the intoxicating scent of her arousal swirling in his head and making him dizzy with lust.

Just as Grant was about to begin his descent into Audrey's slick folds, a faint but unmistakable sound reached their ears through the chamber wall. It started as a low hum, then quickly crescendoed into what sounded like the cacophonous chorus of hundreds of female voices

rising in unison, building to a fever pitch before exploding in ecstatic screams.

Audrey's eyes widened and goosebumps prickled her flesh as she listened to the orgiastic symphony filtering through the barrier. Each passionate wail and rapturous moan spoke of a pleasure so intense, it bordered on pain. The erotic aria went on and on, ebbing and flowing in waves as voice after voice joined the blissed-out refrain.

There was something deeply arousing yet also unnerving about the disembodied cries of passion, each one clearly the result of a colossal climax.

Audrey could practically feel the ecstasy reverberating through her bones, making her pussy clench with sympathetic spasms. What on earth could be happening to those women to provoke such intense, simultaneous releases?

"Wh-what is that?" Audrey asked breathlessly, tearing her gaze away from her son nestled in her pubic region to look at Mandy questioningly. "It sounds like a choir of angels...if the angels were having the orgasms of their lives!"

Mandy just smiled enigmatically, waving a dismissive hand. "Oh that? It's coming from the Tunnel of Love. Let's just say the moms who visit that particular attraction leave feeling VERY satisfied and...complete. Transcendent, even."

Audrey's brow furrowed, curiosity gnawing at her even through the haze of arousal. The Tunnel of Love? She didn't remember seeing that on the park map. What could possibly be happening in there to make those women scream like banshees in heat?

"I've never heard anything like it," she marveled, shaking her head. "It's like they're experiencing pleasure beyond human comprehension. What exactly IS the Tunnel of Love?"

Mandy's grin widened, her eyes sparkling with mischief and some deeper, unreadable emotion. She leaned in close, lowering her voice conspiratorially.

"It's Heaven, Audrey. That's the only way I can describe it - pure, unbridled ecstasy of the body, mind and soul. A blissful oblivion that consumes you utterly and irrevocably."

She squeezed Audrey's knee, something knowing in her tone. "Tell you what - once you and your sons have finished your explorations here, I'll gladly give you all the juicy details about our most exclusive attraction. But for now, just focus on enjoying THIS ride."

Grant grinned down at his twin from his lofty perch atop their mother's mons. He cupped his hands around his mouth and called out in a high-pitched squeak.

"Hey bro, get your ass up here! The view is unbelievable!"

Marshall squinted up at the distant speck of his brother waving excitedly from what seemed like the summit of Mount Everest compared to his current position. Shaking his head in amusement, the tiny teen began scurrying through the plush, slick folds of his mother's labia, using her intimate flesh like rock climbing holds.

Audrey gasped, back arching and toes curling as she felt her son scaling the sensitive wings of her pussy. Marshall's miniscule hands and feet scrabbled over her plump petals, finding purchase in every cleft and crease. His nude body slipped and slid over her arousal-slick skin, painting shimmery snail trails in his wake.

"Oooh! Oh my..." Audrey panted, hips twitching reflexively as Marshall navigated her tender folds. Each brush of his tiny limbs sent sparks of sensation zinging through her nerves, ratcheting her arousal higher.

Marshall grunted with effort as he clambered up the final steep incline of his mother's clit hood. The engorged flesh was springy and supple

beneath his grasping fingers and toes, cradling his body and propelling him upward. With a final lunge, he hauled himself over the slick rim and rolled onto the small plateau crowning Audrey's sex.

Grant cheered, pumping his fist as his brother joined him at the summit of their mother's mound. The twins celebrated their achievement with an exuberant high five, their palms meeting in a tiny 'smack' right above the straining pink pearl of Audrey's clitoris.

The minute impact reverberated through the sensitive bundle of nerves, making Audrey jolt and gasp. Her eyes fluttered shut in bliss, hot tingles of pleasure spiraling out from her core. Grant and Marshall snickered at her reaction, delighted by their ability to affect the giant woman so intensely with the most miniscule of touches.

"Dude, we're standing on Mom's clit!" Grant said gleefully, stomping his foot for emphasis. The light impact made Audrey's hips buck, her swollen nub pulsing against the soles of her son's feet.

"I know bro, how fucking cool is that?" Marshall laughed, reaching down to stroke the slippery flesh. "It's like her own personal joy buzzer!"

The twins took turns poking and prodding the sensitive bud, marveling at how it jumped and twitched beneath their curious fingertips. Each touch sent a jolt of raw pleasure sizzling through Audrey's core.

Marshall and Grant gaped in awe at the sheer size of their mother's clitoris stretching out beneath their miniaturized feet. Even shrunk down to a mere quarter inch tall, her engorged pleasure button seemed enormous to them, easily dwarfing their entire bodies.

"Dude, can you believe how big Mom's clit is?" Marshall marveled, placing his palm flat against the slippery, pulsing nub. "It's gotta be the size of a freaking grape normal-sized!"

"I know bro," Grant agreed, circling the fat bud with reverent fingertips. "And check it out - doesn't it kinda look like the head of our dicks? Same shape and everything!"

The twins cocked their heads, considering the uncanny resemblance between their cockheads and their mother's clitoris. The anatomical similarity filled them with a perverse sense of wonder and arousal, knowing that this was the magic button that controlled Audrey's pleasure.

"Heh, guess this explains why it feels so good when we rub the tips of our boners," Marshall snickered. He punctuated his observation by grinding the sole of his foot against the slick, spongy flesh, making Audrey gasp and undulate beneath them.

Grant glanced down at his own stiff micro-cock bobbing eagerly in the cool air. It was flushed a deep purplish-red, the plump head flaring from beneath his foreskin with each excited throb. A pearly droplet of pre-cum glistened at the tip, quivering in time to his racing heartbeat.

Acting on naughty impulse, Grant wrapped a hand around his aching shaft and pressed the swollen glans firmly against his mother's clitoris. He groaned at the electric surge of sensation, the hot silkiness of her flesh molding perfectly to his most sensitive spot. Instinctively, he began to thrust, gliding his cockhead through the viscous nectar seeping from Audrey's core.

Marshall quickly followed his brother's lead, fisting his own pulsing erection and grinding it alongside Grant's into their mother's pleasure bud. The twins moved in tandem, painting the fat nub with streaks of their pre-cum as they worked it over with their miniature members.

"Mmmm..." Audrey panted, her lush body quivering as tiny sparks of bliss shot from her clit straight to her womb. Her sons' impossibly small cocks stroked her right where she needed it most, setting her nerves deliciously ablaze. It was the most intensely focused stimulation she had

ever felt, their little penises polishing her swollen jewel with laser precision.

Prying her eyes open, Audrey lifted her head just enough to peer down the lush landscape of her body at the erotic tableau playing out between her splayed thighs.

Marshall and Grant clung tightly to their mother's slick flesh as her body began to tremble and quake beneath them. It was like trying to stay upright during an earthquake, her mound quivering and undulating as their tiny cocks stroked mercilessly over her clit.

"Dude, I think we're about to make Mom cum!" Grant panted excitedly, his voice wobbling from the vibrations coursing through Audrey's body. He had to shout to be heard over the giant woman's increasingly loud moans echoing around them.

"Fuck yeah we are!" Marshall crowed, doubling his efforts. He pumped his hips frantically, sawing his aching micro-cock through the viscous cream flooding his mother's folds. "She's shaking like a damn leaf! I bet we'll send her over the edge any second now!"

As if in agreement, Audrey let out a particularly guttural groan, her head thrashing on the pillow. Her eyes were screwed shut in ecstasy, kiss-swollen lips parted around each labored breath. A pretty flush worked its way down her chest, making her massive tits jiggle enticingly with every hitched gasp.

"Ohhh yesss...right there!" Audrey panted brokenly, hips bucking erratically as she chased her rapidly approaching climax. Pleasure coiled tighter and tighter in her core, every swipe of her sons' tiny cocks over her clit winding the spring to the breaking point. She could feel her orgasm building like a tidal wave, poised to crash over her any moment.

With a keening wail, Audrey's body seized up in rapture as the coiled spring of her climax finally snapped. Her spine bowed, toes curling

and

fingers clawing at the velvet platform as an earth-shattering orgasm ripped through her like a bolt of lightning.

"OH FUCK! OH GOD! AHHHHH!" she screamed, hips bucking wildly as ecstasy crashed over her in relentless waves.

Marshall and Grant cried out in shock as their mother's violent thrashing sent them tumbling from her spasming clit. They slid down the slick slope of her mound, scrabbling futilely for purchase on the quivering, cream-slick flesh.

The twins landed with twin splashes in the swampy delta of Audrey's vulva, instantly submerged in the viscous tide of her lady cum. Her inner muscles rippled and grasped, trying to suck the tiny intruders deeper into her clenching heat.

Marshall sputtered as he surfaced from the sticky flood, spitting fem-cum from his mouth. He barely had a chance to gulp a lungful of steamy, musky air before another gush of fluid erupted from Audrey's core, bursting upward in a raging torrent before raining down on him in a pungent deluge.

Grant wasn't faring much better, struggling to keep his head above the rising tide of his mother's cum. Hot ejaculate splashed his face, blinding him and filling his mouth with her briny-sweet essence. He choked and gagged, overwhelmed by the sheer volume drowning him.

Above them, Audrey's urethra bulged and twitched, straining against the thin membrane separating it from her vaginal canal. The spongy tube swelled rapidly before abruptly relaxing, a geyser of clear fluid shooting from the tiny slit to join the creamy froth below.

"Holy shit, Mom's squirting!" Marshall yelled in awe, throwing his arms up to shield his face from the stinging spray. The steaming

liquid pattered against his skin like warm rain, drenching him from head to toe.

"Dude, I think she's gonna drown us in pussy juice!" Grant hollered back, kicking frantically to stay afloat in the churning pool. His movements only seemed to spur Audrey's climax higher, her walls bearing down on him from all sides.

The twins clung to each other desperately as their mother's orgasm raged on, buffeting their miniscule bodies in the maelstrom of her pleasure. They gulped and sputtered, inhaling almost as much of her fragrant cum as air. It was like being trapped in a warm, undulating water park, wave after wave crashing over them.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Audrey's spasms began to ease. Her body sank bonelessly into cushion.

As the final aftershocks faded, the mother lay limp and panting on the platform, a sated smile curving her lips. Her body hummed with the warm lassitude of an utterly mind-blowing orgasm, skin dewy with perspiration.

Marshall and Grant coughed and sputtered as they slowly disentangled themselves from each other, rising unsteadily to their feet in the sticky puddle of their mother's release. They were absolutely drenched, matted hair plastered to their heads and rivulets of fem-cum trickling down their heaving chests.

Grant swiped the back of his hand over his face, clearing the worst of the fluid from his eyes. He blinked rapidly, orienting himself in the swampy terrain of Audrey's pussy. As his gaze landed on the yawning entrance to her vagina, a wide, wicked grin split his face.

"Dude," he laughed breathlessly, grabbing his twin's slick bicep and giving it a rough shake. "Let's do this!"

Marshall followed his brother's line of sight, a matching smirk curling his lips as he took in the sight of their mother's intimate opening winking at

them invitingly. Her inner muscles still fluttered and grasped, the plush pink walls glistening with her essence.

"Fuck yeah," Marshall said, voice roughened with renewed lust. "Let's spelunk the shit out of Mom's glorious fuck-hole!"

"My thoughts exactly, bro," Grant said, already wading through the viscous pool towards the fleshy tunnel. "It's only right that we fully explore every inch of her, inside and out. For science, of course."

Marshall snorted, splashing after his brother. "Oh yeah, for science. Definitely not because we're both dying to know what it feels like to have Mom's pussy squeeze our entire bodies like living dildos."

"Exactly," Grant deadpanned, throwing a conspiratorial wink over his shoulder. "This is purely for anatomical research purposes. No ulterior motives whatsoever."

Giggling like naughty schoolboys, the twins reached the furrowed opening of their mother's vagina. Up close, it was even more impressive - a ragged pucker of pinkish-brown flesh, the color of a seashell's interior. Sticky ropes of cum webbed across the entrance, clinging to the crinkled edges.

Grant reached out and traced a fingertip along the puckered folds, marveling at the delicate whorls and ridges. Audrey gasped above them, the caress sparking residual tingles through her sensitized flesh.

"Last one in is a rotten egg!" Grant crowed, not waiting for further invitation. He turned and launched himself headfirst at the grasping opening, arms outstretched like Superman in flight.

The intoxicating heat and aroma of Audrey's most intimate depths assailed the twins as they clambered eagerly up into her slick vaginal passage. It was like crawling into a sauna, the humid air so thick with her musk it was almost tangible on their tongues. They panted shallowly, dizzy with pure concentrated essence of aroused woman.

"Holy...fuck..." Marshall wheezed reverently, palms slipping on the glassy ribs lining his mother's undulating walls. In the dim rosy light filtering through her tissues, he could make out the symmetrical rows of her vaginal rugae, glistening with viscous nectar. They flexed and rippled around him, conforming to his body like a fleshly glove.

"It's so...tight..." Grant grunted in agreement, voice muffled as a wave of muscles squeezed him from all sides. He squirmed deeper into the clinging, pulsing heat, back scraping along the corrugated roof of Audrey's passage. Her silky walls suctioned him in deeper with each clenching flutter, a delicious massage that had his cock throbbing between his legs.

Above them, Audrey moaned brokenly, head thrashing on the pillow as she felt her sons wriggling into her very core. Two tiny invaders, burrowing persistently through her clutching sheath, slightly stretching her sensitive tissues in the most maddeningly pleasurable way. She panted shallowly, arousal rising again as her channel was invaded inch by excruciating inch.

The twins grunted and squirmed, using the muscular ribs as leverage to propel themselves deeper into their mother's welcoming pussy. Strands of cum stretched between her clinging walls, a filmy spiderweb that caught on their hair and skin. The spongy flesh rippled around them, conforming to every curve and valley as they forged ahead.

"Dude...I think I can feel Mom's heartbeat!" Grant called over his shoulder, voice wobbling as a particularly strong wave of contractions squeezed him from all sides. The rhythmic thudding

reverberated through Audrey's most intimate tissues, a sensual metronome urging them onwards.

"Yeah...me too," Marshall panted, reaching forward to span his hands across the glistening rugae. He could feel the powerful pumping of her lifeblood, the oxygen-rich cells that sustained her rushing just beneath

the surface. It was a potent reminder that they were literally inside the woman who gave them life, surrounded by her very essence.

Occasionally, a gush of fresh arousal would seep from the walls Audrey's passage, drenching the twins in warm stickiness. They sputtered and laughed, smearing the fragrant fluid over their skin like erotic war paint. Each surge spurred them to squirm faster, desperate to reach the end of her tunnel and see the gateway to her womb.

The closer the twins squirmed to the apex of their mother's vaginal canal, the tighter and hotter her enveloping walls became. Her muscles rippled ceaselessly around them, flexing and fluttering in an endless sensual massage. Fresh arousal flooded her passage in fragrant tides, the carnal perfume thick enough to taste on their tongues.

Up ahead, the remaining light pierced the pink rounded mass of her cervical head. It was as big as a car tire to the shrunken boys - the gateway to Audrey's womb. Marshall and Grant doubled their efforts, wriggling persistently towards that fleshy beacon. Strands of viscous nectar stretched between her narrowing walls, a gossamer spiderweb that tangled in their hair and lashes.

Finally, they reached Audrey's cervix, panting with exertion and awe. In the rosy dimness, they could just make out the pursed star of her womb's entrance at the center of the pink, puffy halo. It winked at them coyly, a tight ruched pucker glistening with pearlescent dew.

"Whoa..." Grant breathed reverently, reaching out to trace a fingertip over the furrowed opening. It flexed beneath his touch, sending sparks of pleasure sizzling through Audrey's core and making her gasp above them. "Dude, this is so freaking cool! We're actually looking at the doorway to the room Mom grew us in!"

Marshall nodded mutely, slack-jawed with wonder. He tentatively placed his palm flat against the spongy seal, marveling at the heat radiating through the thin tissues. Somewhere beyond that muscular gateway was

the very cradle of their existence, the dark waters that had once cushioned their fetal bodies.

"Hey there, baby-maker," he murmured with a wry grin, giving Audrey's cervix an affectionate kiss. "Thanks for the digs back in the day. We've sure come a long way, huh?"

As if in response, a particularly strong contraction rippled through their mother's sheath, the muscular waves squeezing them from all sides. Her womb's entrance trembled beneath their reverent fingers, a gush of fresh fluid seeping from the tightly furled bud.

Marshall and Grant moaned in unison as the warm honey bathed their skin, painting them in Audrey's intimate essence.

Marshall swiped a finger through the viscous dew pearling on Audrey's cervix and brought it to his mouth, tongue flicking out for a tentative taste. His eyebrows shot up in surprise at the hint of sweetness mingling with the familiar briny musk of his mother's arousal.

"Dude, check it out," he said, offering his glistening digit to Grant. "Mom's making her own lube or something. It's like honey!"

Grant sampled the fluid, letting it linger on his taste buds before swallowing with an appreciative hum. "Damn, you're right bro.

That's some top shelf pussy juice! I guess her womb is laying out the welcome mat for us."

Marshall smirked, glancing back at the quivering seal of Audrey's cervix. "Speaking of laying out the welcome mat, you think Dad's dick has been all the way back here? Like, knocking on the door to baby town?"

"Nah, but I bet our cocks sure could," his brother answered with a cocky smirk.

Marshall shuddered, his own cock giving an eager twitch at the mental image. He couldn't help but imagine himself at full size, pounding into his

mom's ripe body, feeling her womb kiss the tip of his dick with every slam home. "Fuck yeah. I bet she'd squeeze us so damn tight back here. Like her pussy is trying to milk us dry."

"Shit, can you even imagine?" Grant groaned, palming his aching erection. "Hammering Mom's cervix with our cocks, feeling it flutter against our knobs as she cums on us... Ungh, we'd paint her fucking insides with so much jizz."

The twins lapsed into reverent silence, both lost in the forbidden fantasy of seeding their mother's fertile womb with their potent young spunk. In their mind's eye, they could see ropes of pearly cum splattering against her cervix, the muscular star greedily suckling every drop.

As if sensing the direction of their dirty thoughts, Audrey's vaginal walls spasmed urgently around them, a low keening moan drifting down from above. Her entire passage flooded with a fresh surge of honeyed cream, the intoxicating aroma saturating the humid air.

"Dude, I think all our nasty talk is getting Mom hot again," Marshall laughed breathlessly, bracing himself against the rippling satin of her

walls. "She's soaking down here!"

Audrey writhed on the platform, skin dewy with a sheen of perspiration as molten pleasure coursed through her veins. She could feel every squirm and wriggle of her tiny sons deep inside her clutching sheath, their miniscule bodies nestled right up against the entrance to her womb. It was the most intensely intimate sensation she had ever experienced, bordering on unbearable ecstasy.

"Oh God," she panted brokenly, hips undulating of their own accord. "I can feel them...so deep inside me. Pressed right against my cervix. Are...are they okay in there? Can they breathe?"

Beside her, Mandy stroked a soothing hand along Audrey's trembling thigh. "Don't worry, they're just fine," the attendant assured her with a

knowing smile. "That's why we positioned you with your hips elevated like this. It allows a small amount of air to flow through your vaginal canal so the little guys don't suffocate while they're spelunking your depths."

Audrey exhaled shakily, trying to relax back into the cushions even as her body thrummed with tension. It was hard to quell the instinctive ripples and clenches of her inner muscles as they sensually massaged the tiny invaders in her most secret place. Each flutter sent sparks of raw bliss sizzling under her skin, stoking the embers of her arousal back to a roaring flame.

Inside Audrey's silken passage, the twins moaned as another wave of contractions squeezed them mercilessly from all sides. Her plush walls rippled ceaselessly around them, conforming to every curve and plane of their straining bodies. It was like being caught in a fleshy vise, one that milked them with exquisite precision.

"Fuck, I've never felt anything like this," Grant panted, eyes rolling back in his head as he rutted shamelessly against his mother's

undulating tissues. His cock skated through the viscous film of her arousal, gliding between the muscular rugae with delicious friction. "It's so tight and wet and hot... I'm not gonna last much longer!"

"Me either," Marshall grunted, pistoning his hips urgently as he sought his own completion. The spongy head of his cock caught on Audrey's cervical opening with each desperate thrust, sending bolts of lightning sizzling up his spine. "Shit, I think I'm gonna bust a nut right on Mom's baby-maker!"

Suddenly, a wild idea flashed through Marshall's pleasure-fogged mind. His eyes locked onto the pursed star of Audrey's cervix, the way it winked and trembled with each ripple of her walls. A sudden mad desire seized him to feel that tight muscular gateway squeezing the most sensitive part of him.

"Dude," he panted, grabbing his twin's slick bicep. "I wonder if I could fit my cock inside Mom's cervix. You know, get past that ring of muscle..."

Grant's eyes widened, his hips stuttering in their steady rhythm. "I don't know, bro. Didn't the waiver say something about not going past her womb's entrance? I feel like that might be dangerous."

Marshall waved off his brother's concern, too consumed by the taboo fantasy to consider the potential risks. "I'll just sticking my dick in, I swear. I have to know what it feels like to have Mom's cervix choking my cock. It'll be fine!"

With a grunt of effort, Marshall squirmed forward until his straining erection was nestled right up against Audrey's cervical opening. The engorged head notched perfectly against her pursed entrance, as if it was always meant to rest there. He swiveled his hips, painting her furled bud with the copious pre-cum leaking from his slit.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, eyes fluttering shut in bliss at the silky heat cradling his glans. "Her womb is like, kissing the tip of my cock. This

is unreal..."

Gritting his teeth, Marshall bore down, flexing his shaft insistently against the resistant ring of muscle. For a moment, it seemed like her body would deny him entrance, her cervix remaining stubbornly pursed against the intrusion.

But then, with a moan that reverberated through the entire tunnel, Audrey's womb relaxed infinitesimally. It was just enough for Marshall's cock to push past her furl with an obscene squelch, the spongy helmet popping into the tight clutch of her cervix, while the rest of his veiny shaft remained squeezed by the ring.

"FUCK!" Marshall shouted, the sensation almost too intense to bear. Liquid heat engulfed his most sensitive flesh, searing pleasure bordering

on pain. It felt like his mother's womb was trying to suck his soul out through his dick, hungrily drawing him deeper.

Grant watched in awe as his brother's shaft disappeared into Audrey's cervix up to its root, the thick veins pulsing urgently against the snug muscular grip. He had never seen anything so shockingly erotic in all his life.

"Holy shit, bro," Grant breathed, transfixed by the sight of his twin's cock stretching their mother's cervix obscenely. "When you're done blowing your load in there, I definitely wanna turn. I gotta feel Mom's womb sucking on my dick like that."

Marshall could only groan in response, too lost in the exquisite sensation of Audrey's cervix rippling and clenching around his aching shaft. He pulled back slightly, gasping as the muscular ring squeezed him like a tiny fist, before thrusting forward again to bury himself back in that silky heat.

"Ungh, fuck!" he grunted, setting up a steady rhythm as he fucked into his mother's womb with short, urgent jabs. The bulbous head of his cock caught on her cervical opening with every pass, sending sparks of rapture sizzling up his spine. Obscene squelching noises filled the humid air as he plunged in and out, stirring up the viscous cream flooding Audrey's passage.

Above them, Audrey keened brokenly, back arching as she felt Marshall's cock pummeling her cervix with shocking intensity. The sensation was almost unbearably pleasurable, like he was tapping directly into her most primal nerves. Her entire body quivered with the force of her impending climax, tension coiling tighter and tighter in her core.

"Oh God, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum again!" she wailed, fingers scrabbling at the cushions. "He's so deep, pounding right against my womb, I can't-AHHHH!"

With a choked scream, Audrey shattered into a million glittering pieces, her orgasm crashing over her in relentless waves. Her sheath clamped down on the tiny invaders, rippling wildly as fresh honey gushed around them in a fragrant flood.

The intense squeezing was too much for Marshall's enflamed cock to withstand. With a hoarse shout, he buried himself to the hilt in his mother's spasming cervix and exploded, painting her womb with thick ropes of his seed. The muscular star fluttered and suckled his erupting tip, hungrily milking him for every drop.

"Take it, Mom!" Marshall groaned, grinding his spurting cock against her grasping walls. "Fuck, I'm cumming right in your baby-maker! Ungh, you're gonna make me bust my nuts dry!"

Audrey could only sob and quake through the unending spasms, her cunt gushing around her son's throbbing shaft as he pumped her full of his release. She had never felt so utterly possessed, claimed right down to her very womb.

As the last tremors of Marshall's climax faded, he carefully withdrew his softening cock from his mother's still fluttering cervix with a wet pop. A pearly trickle of cum seeped out after him, dribbling down to mingle with the creamy froth coating Audrey's walls.

"Dude, that was fucking epic," he panted, slumping back with a dazed grin. "Mom's womb gives the best head, hands down. It's like the tightest, wettest, hottest mouth you can imagine."

"Fuck, I gotta get me some of that," Grant growled, already squirming forward eagerly to take his brother's place. His aching cock bobbed before him, flushed an angry purple with desperate need.

Positioning himself at Audrey's cervical entrance, Grant rubbed the drooling head of his dick against her furled opening, smearing the slit

with his copious pre-cum. The muscular ring was still slack and pliant from Marshall's rough pummeling, shiny with his release.

With a grunt of effort, Grant pushed forward insistently, feeling the tight pucker of her womb start to give way. He grabbed onto her cervix like a fleshy life preserver, fingers sinking into the spongy donut of muscle as he forced his engorged cock through the resistant gateway.

"C'mon Mom, open up for me," he gritted out, circling his hips and corkscrewing his shaft deeper. "Let me in that heavenly baby-maker. Ungh, fuck yeah, just like that..."

Audrey moaned brokenly above them as she felt Grant's hard young cock penetrating her innermost sanctum, stretching her so deliciously. The swollen head popped past her tightly furled entrance with a filthy squelch before her cervix clamped down hungrily around his throbbing shaft-meat, the muscular ring squeezing him like a tiny velvet fist.

Grant groaned in ecstasy as Audrey's cervix rippled and spasmed around his throbbing erection, the muscular ring massaging every ridge and vein of his shaft with exquisite precision. He could feel each flutter and clench of the gateway to her womb, squeezing him from root to tip in a sensual milking that had him seeing stars.

The spongy head of his cock was engulfed in liquid heat, seared by the slick tissues just beyond the tight clutch of her cervical opening. It felt like his mother's womb was trying to suck him in deeper, to draw out his very essence through his most sensitive flesh.

Behind him, Marshall shuddered and moaned as Audrey's undulating walls conformed to every curve and hollow of his body, the muscular sheath rippling ceaselessly over his skin. Her juices flowed over and around him in fragrant tides, bathing him in her intimate nectar. The plush lining was fever-hot and impossibly soft, gloving his straining form like warm satin.

The twins were drowning in pure sensation, their bodies played like instruments by Audrey's clutching passage. It massaged and squeezed them from all sides, wringing out every last drop of pleasure as they writhed in ecstasy against her pulsing tissues.

Above them, Audrey keened and thrashed, completely lost to the intensity of the stimulation. She could feel every twitch and throb of her tiny sons, the way Grant's cock stretched her womb's entrance so exquisitely as he rutted in desperate jabs.

Marshall's entire body rubbed and undulated against her grasping walls, sending bolts of raw bliss sizzling through her nerves. It was like being filled and stroked by two living mini-dildos, their forms infinitely hotter and more textured than any toy.

Audrey gasped for breath, her heart galloping in her heaving chest as she climbed rapidly towards another shattering peak. Molten honey gushed from her core in thick rivulets, drenching the twins as

they pistoned and squirmed. Her sheath fluttered wildly, clenching down on them in a vise-grip as her pleasure crested.

"Oh fuck, oh God, I'm gonna cum on my boys!" she wailed deliriously, voice ragged and broken. "I can't stop it, they're so deep, fucking my womb! I'm...I'm...AHHHH!"

With a piercing scream, Audrey flew apart at the seams, climax exploding through her like a supernova. Her spine arched almost painfully off the cushions as her pussy spasmed and gushed around the tiny figures, squeezing them with almost brutal force.

The rhythmic contractions of her cervix and the searing flood of her release was too much for Grant to withstand.

With a groan, the boy slammed his spurting cock into Audrey's cervix and erupted, painting her womb with his seed. Three long, thick ropes of pearly semen splattered against the muscular star, making it flutter and

milk his pulsing tip for every drop. He ground into her tight clutch, trying to force his release as deep as possible, to mark his mother's very core.

But before he could savor the blissful sensation, a massive contraction ripped through Audrey's passage, followed by a geyser of fem-cum. The force of her climax dislodged the twins from their snug positions, sweeping them away in the flood of her ejaculate.

Marshall and Grant tumbled head over heels as they were carried by the powerful currents of their mother's orgasm. The muscular tunnel chewed at their bodies, squeezing and rippling around them like the agitator of a washing machine. They gasped and sputtered, inhaling the viscous fluid that swirled them about in dizzying eddies.

Audrey's pussy clenched rhythmically, bearing down on the tiny figures and propelling them towards her entrance with each

powerful contraction. The twins bounced and spun in the maelstrom of her climax, thoroughly worked over by the undulating sheath.

With a final, mighty spasm and gush, Audrey's cunt expelled its tiny occupants in an explosive blast of girl-cum. Marshall and Grant rocketed out of her tunnel and through the gaping lips of her vulva, landing with twin splashes in the puddle of her release on the platform.

For a long moment, the only sounds in the chamber were Audrey's ragged pants and the faint twitching squelches of her pussy as the last tremors of her orgasm faded. Her body sank bonelessly into the cushions, dewy with perspiration and glowing with sated bliss.

Slowly, Marshall and Grant surfaced from the fragrant lake of their mother's ejaculate, coughing and sputtering. They were absolutely drenched with sweat and cum, matted hair plastered to their heads and ropes of fuck-juice streaking their heaving chests. Despite their disheveled state, identical grins of masculine pride split their faces.

"Dude, that was fucking EPIC!" Grant crowed, giving his twin a wobbly high-five. "We just tag-teamed Mom's pussy AND her womb. How many guys can say they've jizzed directly into the place they grew?"

Marshall shook his head in amazement, still slightly dazed from the intensity of Audrey's climax. "I know bro. Feeling her cervix choking on my cock as I pumped her full of baby batter...unreal. I never knew heaven was so tight and wet."

Mandy bent down and placed the small plastic transport box next to the exhausted twins, opening the clear door invitingly. "Alright boys, hop on in. Let's get you both cleaned up and give your mother a moment to recover, shall we?"

Marshall and Grant eagerly clambered into the box, still riding the high of their forbidden conquest. They collapsed onto the cushioned

floor, chests heaving as they caught their breath. Mandy sealed the door and lifted the container, carrying the twins over to where their giantess mother sprawled in sated repose.

Audrey was a vision of post-orgasmic bliss. A dewy sheen of perspiration glistened on her flushed skin, beading along the curves of her voluptuous body. Her massive breasts rose and fell with each ragged breath, the plump mounds jiggling hypnotically. Rosy nipples stood at attention, puckered from arousal.

Audrey's thighs remained splayed wantonly, baring the swollen, dripping folds of her pussy. Sticky ropes of cum webbed her entrance and inner thighs, a lewd testament to the intensity of her climax. Her face was slack with pleasure, eyes shut and kiss-swollen lips parted around soft pants.

Mandy held the twins' transport box up high, giving them a perfect bird's eye view of their conquest. Marshall and Grant pressed their faces to the clear wall, drinking in every detail of their mother's ravished form with

hungry eyes. Masculine pride surged in their chests, knowing they had reduced the powerful woman to this quivering, spent puddle of satiety.

"Damn," Marshall breathed in awe, slowly shaking his head. "I don't think Mom's ever looked hotter. Totally blissed out on our cocks..."

"I know, right?" Grant agreed with a smug grin. "And it's all because of us. We fucked her senseless, tagged every inch of her body, inside and out."

The twins high-fived again, beyond thrilled with themselves. Audrey may have towered over them in size, but they had still utterly dominated the sexy MILF. Brought her to the pinnacle of ecstasy again and again until she was limp and cross-eyed, all with their tiny hands, tongues, and dicks.

Audrey moaned softly, one trembling hand drifting down to cup her tender mound. She could still feel the echoes of her sons squirming deep inside her, the way their little bodies had stretched and stroked her so exquisitely. Her pussy clenched at the erotic memory, a small gush of cream dribbling out to join the sticky puddle on the platform.

Mandy smiled knowingly at the fucked-out mother, then turned her attention back to the tiny figures in the box.

"Alright boys, time to get you back to your normal, strapping selves," Mandy announced cheerfully, carrying the transport box containing the disheveled twins over to the shrinking chamber.

Marshall and Grant tumbled out of the container and onto the padded surface, still slightly dazed from their wild ride through their mother's body. Mandy closed the glass lid and tapped a sequence into the control panel, reversing the shrinking process.

The chamber hummed to life, bathing the teens in an eerie green glow as their forms slowly expanded. Inch by inch, muscle by muscle, they regained their full size and solidity, stretching out the kinks and marveling at having their normal proportions back.

With a soft chime, the door to the chamber slid open, wisps of mist curling out dramatically. Marshall and Grant emerged on slightly unsteady legs, blinking in the bright light of the room. They were still nude, bodies gleaming with residual moisture.

"Whoa," Marshall laughed, holding his hands out in front of him and wiggling his fingers experimentally. "I feel like Alice after she ate the cake and grew huge again. Everything seems so tiny now!"

"I know what you mean, bro," Grant agreed, rolling his shoulders and cracking his neck. "It's trippy being full-sized again after exploring all of Mom's massive curves."

At the mention of their mother, the twins glanced over to the platform where they had left her sprawled in satisfied stupor, expecting to see her still naked and glistening with the evidence of their activities.

But to their surprise, Audrey was sitting up and already halfway dressed. She had slipped back into her lacy bra and panties, the delicate lingerie doing little to conceal her voluptuous figure. The sheer cups of her bra strained to contain her heavy breasts, creamy swells spilling over the demi-cut. Her panties were just a scrap of satin barely bisecting the plump globes of her ass.

Audrey looked up when she heard her sons approach, a faint blush staining her cheeks. An awkward silence stretched between them, the intimacy of their forbidden adventure still hanging heavily in the air.

Audrey cleared her throat, deciding to diffuse the tension with some motherly levity. "Well, I see my two big strong boys are back to their normal huge selves," she teased with a playful smile, keeping her eyes firmly above the waist. "I'd almost forgotten how tall and broad you both are. You practically make Mommy look itty bitty in comparison!"

Marshall and Grant chuckled, grateful for their mother's attempt to lighten the mood and ease them back into a more familial dynamic. It

was a stark contrast to the wanton, unrestrained passion of their encounter.

"Hey, you'll always be larger than life to us, Mom," Marshall joked, flexing his bicep.

"Especially in the tits and ass department!" Grant added with a cheeky grin, making an hourglass figure in the air with his hands.

Audrey swatted at them playfully, trying to suppress a smile at their incorrigible flattery. "Oh stop, you two! Enough about Mommy's assets. Why don't you hit the showers and clean up? You both smell like...well, you know."

She wrinkled her nose, alluding to the musky scent of arousal and sex still clinging to their skin. The twins laughed and nodded, heading over to the ensuite bathroom attached to the chamber.

Audrey tried to avert her eyes as Marshall and Grant unselfconsciously strutted across the room in their birthday suits. But she couldn't help sneaking a peek at their tight, toned bodies, admiring the flex and play of muscles under their smooth skin.

Her gaze was inevitably drawn to the thick, semi-erect cocks swaying heavily between their muscular thighs. Even after all the intense action and multiple ejaculations, the twins' impressive members remained plump and flushed, jutting out proudly from their groins.

Audrey felt a blush creeping up her neck as she recalled in vivid detail the way those rigid rods had felt squirming inside her, stretching her so exquisitely. How was it possible they were still half-mast and ready for more? The insatiable virility of horny teenage boys never ceased to amaze her.

Guiltily, Audrey wrenched her stare away before she was caught ogling her sons' packages. She busied herself with slipping back into her

sundress, trying to ignore the persistent throb between her thighs as she listened to the sounds of the dual showers switching on.

Mandy came up beside her, handing Audrey a cool water bottle and protein bar. "Here, you must be parched and famished after that wild ride," the attendant said with a knowing wink. "Hydration and energy are key after such an intense...workout."

Audrey accepted the offerings gratefully, taking a long swig of the water and sighing as the cold liquid soothed her raw throat. All the screaming and panting had left her hoarse. She unwrapped the protein bar and bit into it, her stomach growling as she suddenly realized how ravenous she was.

As she ate and drank, Audrey couldn't help but marvel at the incredible experience she had just shared with her twin sons. She knew she should probably feel ashamed or guilty...but all she felt was a bone-deep satisfaction and euphoria.

As Audrey finished the last bite of her protein bar, she heard the muffled chorus of female ecstasy faintly rumbling through the chamber wall again. Feminine cries of rapture rose and fell in passion's endless symphony, each wail and moan speaking to an earth-shattering climax.

Audrey shivered, goosebumps prickling her skin as she listened to the erotic aria filtering through the barrier. She felt an answering clench in her core, a rekindling of desire at the mere suggestion of such intense, mind-blowing pleasure. What carnal wonders could possibly be causing those women to shriek their bliss to the heavens?

Mandy smiled enigmatically, clearly sensing the direction of Audrey's thoughts. She leaned in close, her voice low and conspiratorial.

"Those lucky ladies are experiencing the Tunnel of Love," Mandy murmured, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "It's our most exclusive and intense attraction here at Maternal Mounds. If you thought the

Incredible Shrinking Sons adventure was mind-blowing...well, let's just say the Tunnel puts it to shame."

Audrey swallowed hard, her imagination running wild with the sensual possibilities. What could the mysterious ride entail to provoke such unrestrained ecstasy from its participants?

"If you and the boys come back for another visit, I highly recommend giving the Tunnel a try," Mandy urged, squeezing Audrey's knee. "I guarantee it will be a bonding experience you'll never forget. One that will forever change the way you see and feel about each other."

Audrey bit her lip, a hot flush climbing up her chest to stain her cheeks. The promise in Mandy's voice was like a siren's call to her basest instincts, the sensual temptation impossible to resist. But could she really cross that final, irrevocable line? Allow the Tunnel to strip away any lingering pretense of propriety between her and her sons?

Before Audrey could respond, the bathroom door swung open in a billow of fragrant steam. Marshall and Grant emerged freshly showered, pink-cheeked and glowing. Fluffy white towels were slung low around their hips, barely concealing their impressive bulges.

The boys quickly donned their clothes, their laughter and playful banter filling the room as they prepared to leave. They exchanged heartfelt goodbyes with Mandy, who guided them back to the entrance, her eyes twinkling with a mix of fondness and farewell.

Yet, Audrey, standing a little apart, couldn't shake the feeling that, despite her hesitations, this wasn't the last they'd see of Mandy. Something in the way the air seemed to hum with unspoken promises hinted that their paths would cross again very soon.

THE END

224: Airport Odyssey with Mom

Airport Odyssey with Mom

By Klrxo

Sarah let out an exasperated sigh as she plopped down into one of the hard plastic chairs in the bustling airport terminal. "I can't believe our flight is delayed by six hours," she groaned, running a hand through her disheveled hair.

Dell paced back and forth, his brow furrowed as he studied the departures board for the hundredth time, as if staring at it would somehow make their flight materialize. "This is ridiculous. We're gonna miss half our vacation at this rate."

Dell Jr. barely glanced up from his phone, his thumbs flying over the screen as he texted his friends back home.

Little JJ tugged at Sarah's sleeve, his big blue eyes pleading. "Mom, I'm so hungry," he whined.

Sarah glanced at her watch and sighed. It was almost midnight local time, but she knew they had to find something to eat. The last thing they needed was a hangry child on top of all the other travel frustrations.

"Okay, sweetie, let's see what we can find," she said, forcing a smile as she stood up and took her boy's hand. She looked over at Dell,

who was still glaring at the departures board as if it had personally offended him. "Are you coming?" she asked.

Dell finally tore his gaze away from the board and trudged after Sarah and JJ, his shoulders slumped in defeat. Dell Jr. pocketed his phone and followed along, his eyes drifting to his mother's swaying hips despite his best efforts to look away.

Sarah's voluptuous figure was impossible to ignore, especially in the tight jeans and low-cut blouse she had worn for the flight. Her stiletto heels

clicked on the polished airport floor, making her bubble butt undulate hypnotically with each step. Even in her travel-weary state, Sarah's beauty was undeniable. Chestnut brown hair cascaded over her shoulders in glossy waves. Her face was flawless, with high cheekbones, full lips, and captivating green eyes framed by long lashes.

But it was Sarah's ample curves that always drew the most attention. Her oversized tits strained against the confines of her blouse, the deep V neckline displaying an enticing amount of cleavage. The flimsy fabric trembled with her movements, hinting at the immense weight of the tits underneath. Combined with her tiny waist and wide hips, Sarah's hourglass figure was a work of art.

Dell Jr. swallowed hard, feeling guilty for ogling his own mother. At barely 18, his hormones raged out of control at the best of times. Being trapped in an airport with nothing to distract him from his mom's seductive body was pure torture. He silently chanted baseball statistics in his head, trying to will away the uncomfortable tightness in his pants as he watched Sarah's juicy ass cheeks bounce.

The family made their way to a 24-hour airport diner, the smell of greasy food and coffee permeating the air. JJ eagerly climbed into a booth and grabbed a sticky menu, his hunger momentarily

overriding his exhaustion. Sarah slid in beside him while Dell and Dell Jr. took the opposite bench.

A bored-looking waitress took their order - burgers and fries all around, with chocolate milk for JJ and coffees for the rest of them, desperate for a caffeine boost to power through the long night ahead. As they waited for their food, Sarah rubbed her temples, trying to massage away the tension headache forming behind her eyes.

Dell reached across the table and squeezed her hand. "We'll get through this, honey. It's just one night." Sarah gave him a grateful smile, but it didn't quite reach her eyes.

When their food arrived, they ate quickly, the silence broken only by JJ's occasional exclamations of delight over his burger and the crinkling of wrappers. Sarah picked at her fries, her appetite diminished by stress and fatigue. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy as she watched Dell Jr. wolf down his meal with the gusto of a teenage boy, seemingly unfazed by their predicament. At 18, he was just starting to come out of his shell, but Sarah knew he still struggled with confidence, especially around girls.

She studied him across the table, taking in his lean, lanky frame that had yet to fill out with manly muscles. Dell Jr. had his father's sharp features and dark hair, but there was a softness to his face that betrayed his gentle nature. His deep brown eyes were often downcast, as if he was afraid to make eye contact for too long.

Sarah's heart ached for her son, wishing she could boost his self-esteem with a magic wand. She knew the teenage years were tough on boys, their bodies and minds going through so many changes. Dell Jr. tried to hide it, but Sarah had caught glimpses of the frequent bulges in his pants, a clear sign that his hormones were raging out of control.

Having accidentally stumbled upon his browser history once while using his computer, Sarah was aware that Dell Jr. spent hours masturbating to porn. It seemed like he was constantly sporting an erection, his virgin cock aching for relief. She couldn't really blame him, remembering how desperately horny Dell Sr. had been before they started dating.

Sarah had to admit her son was growing into a handsome young man, despite his awkwardness. With his boy-next-door looks and intelligence, she knew he'd make some lucky girl very happy one day. He just needed a confidence boost to help him realize his full potential.

As Dell Sr. droned on about rebooking their flights and hotel, Sarah noticed Dell Jr.'s gaze fixated on her chest. She glanced down, realizing her blouse had fallen open even more, exposing the rounded tops of her

heavy breasts barely contained by her lacy bra. Dell Jr.'s eyes were glued to the enticing display of tit-flesh, his cheeks flushed.

Rather than feeling embarrassed or angry, Sarah was oddly thrilled by her son's attention. A wicked idea took root in her mind. Slowly, she slipped one foot out of her stiletto under the table. She extended her leg, her painted toes grazing the back of Dell Jr.'s calf.

He startled at the sudden contact, his wide eyes flying up to meet his mom's. She gave him a subtle, reassuring smile, sliding her foot higher. Dell Jr.'s Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard, disbelief and lust warring on his face.

Sarah ran her toes along his inner thigh, edging dangerously close to his crotch. She could feel the heat emanating from his body, sense his barely restrained arousal.

Dell Jr. squirmed in his seat, torn between wanting to escape and wanting his mother to continue her naughty game.

Feeling deliciously wicked, Sarah pressed her foot directly against the bulge tenting Dell Jr.'s pants. Even through the denim, she could feel his rock hard cock throbbing with need. She rubbed slowly, teasing him with the promise of forbidden pleasure.

Dell Jr. bit his lip to stifle a moan, his hips unconsciously rocking into Sarah's touch. His cock jumped and twitched under her foot, leaking pre-cum and straining for release.

Sarah's pussy clenched as she imagined wrapping her fingers around her son's virginal dick, stroking him until he exploded all over her hand.

"Sarah? Did you hear me?"

Dell's voice snapped Sarah back to reality. She quickly slid her foot back into her shoe, straightening up and smiling innocently at her husband.

"Sorry, I zoned out for a minute there. What were you saying, honey?"

As Dell launched back into his revised itinerary, Sarah snuck a peek at Dell Jr. He looked shell-shocked and painfully aroused, a visible wet spot darkening his crotch. She gave him a secret wink before turning her attention back to Dell, feigning interest in his plans.

But Sarah's mind was reeling with the implications of what she had done. She had just blatantly fondled her own son's cock in public. And the taboo thrill of it had her panties soaked and her nipples diamond-hard.

As they paid the check and gathered their things to head back to the terminal, Dell spotted a sign pointing towards a secluded area advertising airport sleeping pods. "Hey, maybe we could grab a couple hours of shut-eye," he suggested, desperate for any respite from the hard plastic chairs.

Sarah hesitated, glancing at the steep price list, but the thought of stretching out horizontally was too tempting to resist. "Let's do it," she agreed, fishing out her credit card.

But as they approached the front desk, the attendant gave them an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry folks, we only have two pods left tonight. They're usually booked up way in advance."

Sarah's heart sank as she glanced back at her family - JJ swaying on his feet, Dell's bloodshot eyes, and Dell Jr. shifting uncomfortably, trying to adjust his jeans discreetly. She knew that Dell Jr. and JJ could share a pod, but that would leave her and Dell to either doze fitfully in the chairs or...share the remaining close quarters themselves.

Sarah bit her lip, weighing their limited options. Finally, she turned to Dell with a suggestion. "Honey, why don't Dell Jr. and I take one pod, and you can share with JJ? You're a bit... broader than me, so it might be more comfortable for everyone that way."

Dell's eyebrows shot up in surprise, but he couldn't deny the logic in Sarah's plan. Though the thought of his wife sharing close quarters with

their teenage son made him vaguely uneasy, the exhaustion pulling at his eyelids won out. "Yeah, okay. That makes sense."

Dell Jr.'s heart skipped a beat at the idea of curling up next to his mother's soft, warm body, but he quickly schooled his expression into one of neutral agreement. "Sure, that's fine with me."

They paid for the pods and made their way down the dimly lit hallway. Sarah paused outside the first pod, ushering JJ inside with a kiss on his forehead. "Sweet dreams, baby. Mommy will be right next door if you need me."

JJ mumbled a sleepy goodnight, already half-dozing against Dell's solid chest as the pod door slid shut behind them.

Sarah led Dell Jr. to the adjacent pod, swiping the key card to open the hatch. The space inside was cramped but clean, with a small floor space next to a mattress bunk that looked inviting.

The pod door slid shut with a soft hiss, sealing Sarah and Dell Jr. inside the soundproof sleeping chamber. Sarah kicked off her heels and stretched, her back arching as she reached her arms overhead.

Dell Jr.'s mouth went dry as he watched his mother's Gargantuan breasts strain against her tight blouse.

With a sigh, Sarah began to undress, seemingly oblivious to her son's presence. She unbuttoned her blouse and shrugged it off, revealing a lacy black bra that barely contained her ample bosom.

Dell Jr. stared transfixed as his mother unzipped her jeans and wiggled out of them, bending over to push the tight denim down her legs. Her thong panties left little to the imagination, the thin fabric disappearing between her plump ass cheeks.

Dell Jr. shifted uncomfortably, his erection straining painfully against his zipper. He knew it was wrong to ogle his own mother, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from her seductive curves.

Then, she gave him an unexpected surprise, reaching behind her back and unhooked her bra with a deft flick of her fingers. Dell Jr.'s eyes widened as the lacy garment fell away, revealing his mother's magnificent breasts in all their glory. The heavy globes tumbled out, jiggling and swaying like huge ripe melons. At the centers of wide areolas, Sarah's dusky nipples were already stiff, puckering in the cool air of the sleeping pod.

Dell Jr. swallowed hard, unable to look away as his sexy mom crawled onto the mattress on her hands and knees. Her huge tits

hung down like udders, swinging pendulously with each movement. The thin fabric of her thong disappeared between the cleft of her ass, the round cheeks quivering as she settled onto the bed.

Noticing her son's shocked expression, Sarah gave him an apologetic smile. "Sorry honey, I just really need to get comfortable. It's been such a long day and I didn't pack anything to change into." She patted the space beside her invitingly. "Come on, let's try to get some rest."

Dell Jr. stood frozen, his mind short-circuiting at the sight of his scantily clad mother beckoning him to bed. He knew he should politely avert his eyes, maybe offer to sleep on the floor. But his teenage hormones betrayed him, his cock throbbing insistently in his jeans.

Sarah could see the conflicted emotions playing across her boy's face - the shy awkwardness warring with teenage lust. She knew her son was inexperienced and easily flustered around women, especially when confronted with his own mother's brazen sensuality.

With a gentle smile, Sarah rose from the bunk and padded over to where Dell Jr. stood paralyzed. His wide eyes were glued to her massive breasts

as they swayed and bobbled with each step, the heavy globes defying gravity.

"It's okay, sweetie," Sarah purred reassuringly as she reached for the hem of Dell Jr.'s shirt. "Let Mommy help you get comfortable."

Dell Jr.'s breath hitched as Sarah slowly peeled his shirt up and off, her fingers grazing his skin and leaving goosebumps in their wake. She tossed the shirt aside and trailed her hands down her son's chest, feeling his racing heartbeat beneath her palms.

Sarah maintained eye contact as she unbuttoned her son's jeans and carefully lowered the zipper over the straining bulge of his erection. Dell Jr. exhaled shakily, his face flushing with embarrassment and need.

As Sarah pushed his jeans down past his hips, she couldn't help but notice the way his boxer briefs tented obscenely, barely containing his rigid cock. She licked her lips unconsciously, a thrill running through her at the evidence of her own son's arousal.

Choosing not to acknowledge it verbally, Sarah simply took Dell Jr.'s hand and led him to the waiting bunk. She lay back against the pillows and patted the space beside her once more.

Dell Jr. hesitated for only a moment before joining his mother on the bed, the mattress dipping under his weight. Laying stiffly on his back, he stared up at the pod's dark ceiling, intensely aware of his mom's nearly naked body mere inches away.

Sarah rolled onto her side facing Dell Jr. and propped herself up on one elbow. Her massive breasts spilled across her chest, partially obscuring her face as she smiled at her son.

"Try to relax, honey," she cooed, reaching out to brush a stray curl from her son's forehead. "I know it's a little cramped in here, but we'll make the best of it. Just close your eyes and imagine you're in your bed at home."

Following his mother's advice, Dell Jr. let his heavy eyelids drift shut, trying to calm his racing thoughts. But behind his closed lids, all he could see was the image of Sarah's lush, scantily clad figure burned into his brain.

As if sensing his inner turmoil, Sarah scooted closer, draping an arm across her boy's chest in a soothing embrace. "Shhh, it's alright," she whispered, her breath hot against his ear. "Mommy's here."

Sarah reached down and pulled a large, soft blanket over their entwined bodies, cocooning them in warmth. As she shifted onto her side to face Dell Jr., her massive breasts pillowed between them, smooshing against his chest like giant marshmallows.

In the dim glow of the sleeping pod, Dell Jr. could just make out his mother's beautiful face inches from his own. Her green eyes sparkled with affection as she gazed at him, her full lips curved into a gentle smile.

"So tell me," Sarah murmured, her voice low and soothing, "any cute girls catching your eye at school these days?"

Dell Jr. felt his cheeks flush at the unexpected question. "Um, not really," he mumbled, averting his eyes shyly. "I mean, there are lots of pretty girls, but..."

"But what, sweetie?" Sarah prompted, reaching up to brush a lock of hair from his forehead tenderly.

"I guess I just get too nervous to actually talk to them," Dell Jr. admitted, feeling foolish. "I wouldn't even know what to say."

"Aww honey, that's normal," Sarah reassured him. "Flirting and dating take practice. You just need a little confidence boost."

As she spoke, Sarah shifted subtly, causing her huge breasts to rub against Dell Jr.'s chest beneath the blanket. He inhaled sharply at the

sensation of her soft, pliant flesh pressed so intimately to his body, her stiff, rubbery nipples prodding his skin.

Sarah pretended not to notice her son's reaction, but a small, secretive smile played at the corners of her mouth. "You know," she purred, "I bet if those girls at school saw the handsome, sweet

young man I'm looking at right now, without his shirt and pants on, they'd be all over you."

Dell Jr. felt a rush of pleasure at his mother's praise, even as his cock twitched traitorously against his thigh. Wrapped up in the warm cocoon of the blanket, Sarah's intoxicating scent and soft curves surrounding him, it was all too easy to let his imagination run wild.

"You really think so?" he asked hopefully, daring to meet his mother's gaze.

"I know so," Sarah promised, her voice like warm honey. "Trust me sweetie, any girl would be lucky to have you."

Sarah shifted her hips, scissoring her long legs around Dell Jr.'s thigh. She hooked her ankles together, trapping his muscular leg between her creamy thighs.

The teen gasped as he felt the steely hardness of his erection crushed against his mother's panty-clad mound. The thin fabric of her thong was already damp, the heat of her sex radiating through the flimsy barrier.

"You know," Sarah murmured, her voice low and conspiratorial, "a little birdie told me about your date with Jan last week."

Dell Jr. flushed, his eyes widening. "Who...what did you hear?" he stammered.

"Just that things were getting hot and heavy, but you...chickened out when it came time to seal the deal," Sarah said gently, reaching up to caress her son's burning cheek. "There's no shame in it, honey. Everyone gets nervous their first time."

"I know some stuff, I'm not totally clueless," Dell Jr. mumbled defensively. "It's just, when it comes down to actually doing it, I freeze up. I feel like I'm gonna do it all wrong and disappoint a girl."

Sarah's heart swelled with empathy and a fierce protectiveness. She hated seeing her son so uncertain, his self-esteem shaken. An idea began to take shape in her mind, equal parts nurturing and naughty.

"Baby, listen to me," Sarah said firmly, holding Dell Jr.'s gaze. "Sex isn't some test you can fail. It's about connecting with someone, making them feel good. And despite what those porn videos might make you think, the first time is usually a little awkward for everyone."

Dell Jr. nodded, hanging on his mother's every word. Here in the close, intimate confines of the sleeping pod, with their nearly naked bodies pressed together, the line between maternal comfort and something more was rapidly blurring.

"But like with anything, practice makes perfect," Sarah continued, her voice dropping to a seductive purr. "And who better to teach you the ropes than someone who loves you unconditionally? Someone who only wants to build up your confidence..."

As she spoke, Sarah slowly rotated her hips, grinding her cotton-covered slit along the rigid length of Dell Jr.'s cock. He groaned helplessly at the delicious friction, his hands clenching into fists at his sides.

"M-mom, what are you saying?" Dell Jr. asked hoarsely, hardly daring to hope.

Sarah leaned in close, her lips brushing the shell of his ear as she whispered, "I'm saying, why waste your first time fumbling with some inexperienced girl... when you could learn from the master?"

Sarah's words hung in the air, the implication unmistakable. Dell Jr.'s heart pounded in his chest as he tried to process what his mother was suggesting. Part of him knew it was wrong, that he should put a stop to

this before it went too far. But another part, the part controlled by his raging hormones and desperate need for guidance, wanted nothing more than to surrender to his mother's offer.

"We have two options here, sweetie," Sarah purred, her lips still brushing Dell Jr.'s ear. "We can turn over and try to get some sleep, pretend this conversation never happened. No one would blame you for going that route."

She paused, letting the words sink in before continuing, her voice dropping even lower. "Or... we can take off the rest of these clothes and put the next five hours to good use. I could show you things those little girls at school can only dream of. By the time we walk out of this pod, you'll be a master of giving and receiving pleasure."

Dell Jr. swallowed hard, his mouth bone dry. He could feel every inch of his mother's lush, nearly-naked body pressed against him, her heat seeping into his skin. Sarah's hand drifted lower, skimming over his abs before coming to rest at the waistband of his boxer briefs.

"I know it's a lot to take in," Sarah acknowledged, her fingers tracing idle patterns on his lower stomach. "But this is a judgement-free zone, baby. You can be completely honest with me about what you want."

Dell Jr. exhaled shakily, gathering his courage. He knew in his heart that he would regret it forever if he didn't seize this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Consequences be damned, he needed his mother's guidance, craved her touch like a drowning man craves air.

"Show me," he rasped, his voice rough with need. "Teach me everything, Mom."

Sarah's smile could have lit up the whole airport. "That's my good boy," she praised.

Feeling emboldened, Sarah captured her son's lips in a searing kiss.

Dell Jr. moaned into the smooch, his hands coming up to tangle in his mother's silky hair. Sarah's tongue plundered his mouth expertly, giving him a preview of the pleasure to come.

When they finally broke apart, both panting for air, Sarah wasted no time shimmying out of her damp thong. Dell Jr. watched transfixed as his mother kicked the scrap of lace away before reaching for the waistband of his underwear.

"Lift up, sweetie," Sarah instructed, tugging the fabric over his straining erection. Dell Jr. hissed as his cock sprang free, slapping against his stomach. He barely had time to register the cool air on his overheated skin before Sarah's delicate hand wrapped around his thick shaft, giving him an experimental pump.

Dell Jr.'s cock was truly a sight to behold, standing proudly erect and throbbing with need. It jutted from his groin, swollen and engorged with teenage lust. The thick shaft was long and meaty, easily nine inches and girthy enough that Sarah's fingers barely met as she wrapped her hand around it.

A roadmap of bulging veins traversed the length, pulsing in time with Dell Jr.'s racing heartbeat. The plump mushroom head was a deep purplish-red, shiny with excitement and leaking copious amounts of pre-cum from the weeping slit. His heavy balls were drawn up tight to his body, swollen with the copious amounts of virile seed they carried.

Sarah marveled at her son's impressive endowment, so much larger and harder than her husband's had ever been, even in his prime. Even though she told herself that she was doing this for him, secretly, the hypersexual mother couldn't wait to feel Dell Jr.'s massive teenage cock stretching her hungry, mature cunt in the most delicious way. Her mouth watered at the thought of all the pleasure this young stud would bring her.

"My goodness, look at you!" Sarah praised breathily, slowly pumping her boy's rock hard appendage. "You've grown into such a big boy. Mommy is gonna have so much fun teaching you how to use this monster.""

Dell Jr. groaned helplessly, his hips flexing into his mother's grip. Sarah watched, mesmerized, as a fat bead of pre-honey bubbled up from the spongy tip and rolled down the shaft to pool in her palm. Unable to resist, she brought her hand to her mouth and lapped up the salty-sweet essence, moaning at the potent taste of her son's arousal.

Dell Jr.'s eyes rolled back in bliss as he felt his mother's tongue swirling around the engorged head, teasing the sensitive frenulum. Sarah took her time savoring him, whipping her long, lively licker all over his bell-shaped bulb, relishing the smooth glide of his silken skin and the throbbing heat against her lips.

When she finally engulfed him fully in the wet silk of her mouth, Dell Jr. cried out, fisting his hands in the sheets. He had never felt anything so incredible, so mind-blowingly pleasurable. His mom's oral skills put the fumbling, tentative blowjob from the one other girl who had sucked him to shame.

"Oh God Mom, your mouth..." Dell Jr. panted, struggling not to cum on the spot as Sarah began to bob her head, taking more of his huge cock down her throat with each pass.

Sarah hummed around the thick girth stretching her lips, the vibrations making Dell Jr. see stars. She relaxed her throat, taking him deeper and deeper until her nose was nestled in the wiry thatch of pubic hair at the base of his shaft and his swollen cockhead was lodged in the tight grip of her throat.

Dell Jr. stared transfixed as his mother's massive breasts swung and jiggled with every bob of her head. The huge globes dangled heavily,

nipples dragging along the sheets as Sarah worshipped his cock with her talented mouth.

He boldly reached down to palm one enormous tit, marveling at the weight and softness filling his hand. Sarah moaned around his shaft as he rolled and tugged her fat nipple, sending electric jolts of pleasure straight to her dripping pussy.

The skilled cock-sucking mother increased her suction power, creating a tight vacuum seal with her lips and mouth around the stalk of his boner. Her pretty head bobbed up and down fervently, like she was trying to suck the skin from the meat of cock.

As Dell Jr.'s balls began to tighten, signaling his impending release, Sarah pulled off his cock with a wet pop. He whimpered at the loss of her hot mouth, but Sarah simply smiled up at him wickedly.

"Not yet, baby," she purred. "Mommy has so much more to show you first."

With that, Sarah began trailing open-mouthed kisses up her boy's body, starting at his hipbone. She swirled her tongue along the defined V of his abs, dipping into his navel and making him squirm. Her lips blazed a path between his pecs and over his collarbone as she stretched out alongside him.

Sarah nuzzled into the crook of Dell Jr.'s neck, laving the sensitive skin with kitten licks, making his hips buck, cock flexing and humping upward. She nipped at his earlobe, soothing the sting with her tongue as he shuddered beneath her. Kissing along his jawline, Sarah captured Dell Jr.'s lips in a searing kiss, plundering his mouth and coaxing his tongue to dance with hers.

Pulling back, the mother gazed down at her son with hooded eyes, pupils blown wide with lust. She traced one finger along his kiss-swollen lips, collecting the moisture there.

"I'm gonna map every inch of this gorgeous body," she promised huskily. "Worship you the way you deserve, baby boy. Would you like that?"

"God yes," Dell Jr. breathed, aching for his mother's touch. "Please Mom."

Sarah hummed in approval, ducking her head to scatter suckling kisses across Dell Jr.'s broad chest. She lathed his flat brown nipples with her tongue, grazing them with her teeth until they pebbled tightly.

The boy groaned, arching into the unfamiliar but welcome sensation. None of the girls he'd been with had ever paid attention to his nipples before.

Continuing her oral exploration, Sarah traced the ridges of Dell Jr.'s ribs with her lips, dipping her tongue into the valleys between each defined ab muscle. She followed the faint treasure trail of hair under his navel, swirling her tongue into the divots of his hips but carefully avoiding his straining erection.

Nudging his thighs further apart, Sarah settled between her son's splayed legs. She nosed into the crease of his groin, inhaling the musky, masculine scent of his balls.

"Ohhh my God," she sighed, the aroma going straight to her clit.

Sarah cupped her son's heavy balls in her palm, rolling the swollen orbs gently. She marveled at their size and fullness, imagining the copious amounts of potent seed they contained. Leaning in, the mother extended her tongue and laved a long, slow lick from the base of Dell Jr.'s shaft all the way to the sensitive patch of skin behind his sack.

Dell Jr. gasped and writhed as his mother bathed his balls with devoted affection. Sarah took first one, then the other velvety

sphere into her hot mouth, suckling and nursing on them tenderly. She used her lips and tongue to tug on Dell Jr.'s spermatic cords, sending jolts of pleasure radiating through his groin.

"Oh, Mom," Dell Jr. groaned, fisting his hands in Sarah's hair as she worshipped his most intimate areas with single-minded focus.

Humming around his balls, Sarah released them with a soft pop before dipping lower. She used her hands to push Dell Jr.'s thighs further apart and tilt his hips up, fully exposing the shadowed cleft of his ass.

Sarah nuzzled into her son's taint, licking and nibbling the sensitive strip of skin. Dell Jr. shuddered and moaned at the foreign but exquisite sensations, his cock flexing and leaking a steady stream of pre-cum onto his stomach.

Spurred on by her son's responsiveness, Sarah pointed her tongue and circled his puckered asshole, tracing the clenching rim. Dell Jr. cried out sharply, his eyes flying open in shock as his mother lewdly tongued his most taboo orifice.

"Ohhh g-god, that's so…" Dell Jr. panted, caught between scandalized arousal and blissful pleasure as Sarah pressed her tongue more insistently against his virgin hole.

Sarah smirked against her son's skin, thrilled by his overwhelmed reaction. She loved introducing him to new erotic delights, awakening his body to heights of ecstasy. With a wicked gleam in her eyes, Sarah sealed her lips around Dell Jr.'s twitching pucker and sucked, simultaneously probing the tight ring of muscle with the tip of her tongue.

"Ahhhh wow!" Dell Jr. nearly screamed, his entire body seizing up as his mother relentlessly pleasured his ass. Rimming was so far beyond anything he had ever experienced, he felt like he might pass out from the sheer intense bliss of it.

Sarah moaned into Dell Jr.'s crack as she feasted on his forbidden hole, the vibrations making him see stars. She reveled in his earthy musk, so similar to his father's scent but with an addictively potent edge of virile teenage male.

Sarah licked and nibbled her way back up her son's trembling body, trailing wet open-mouthed kisses over his sweat-slicked skin. She

dragged her heavy, swaying breasts along his quivering abs and chest, her hard nipples catching on his own as she slithered up his torso.

Straddling her son's hips, Sarah settled her slick, bare pussy directly over Dell Jr.'s throbbing erection. They both moaned at the searing skin-to-skin contact as her engorged lips parted around his thick cockhead, nesting it at her sopping wet entrance.

Sarah rolled her hips, sliding her slippery slit along the rigid length of Dell Jr.'s shaft, coating him in her copious arousal.

"Feel how wet you've made Mommy's pussy," Sarah purred against Dell Jr.'s slack mouth before slanting her lips over his in a filthy kiss.

The boy whimpered into the kiss, his hands flying to Sarah's undulating hips. He gripped the plush cheeks of her ass, encouraging her as she ground her cunt against his aching cock.

Breaking the smooch, Sarah gazed down at her son with hooded, lust-drunk eyes. "Mommy wants to make your first time so special, baby boy," she rasped. "Tell me, what position do you want to take me in first? How do you wanna claim this pussy and make it yours?"

Dell Jr. gulped, his head swimming with the overwhelming possibilities. "I-I don't know," he admitted bashfully. "What do you think?"

Sarah grinned wickedly, sitting up and reaching behind her to grasp Dell Jr.'s cock. She notched the engorged tip at her entrance and circled her hips, teasing them both with the promise of penetration.

"Well, we could start just like this," she purred, sinking down just an inch before lifting off again. "With you flat on your back while I ride your big, hard cock. I'd bounce on your thick pole, letting you watch my huge titties bounce and jiggle as I milk your dick..."

Dell Jr. groaned, flexing his hips up in a desperate bid to bury himself in his mother's molten heat. But Sarah merely tutted and lifted herself out of reach.

"Or," she continued, her voice dripping with seductive promise, "you could bend me over on my hands and knees and mount me from behind, like the virile stud you are. Grab my hips and slam into my pussy, making our sleeping pod rattle as you claim your Mommy so hard and deep..."

Dell Jr. was too overwhelmed with lust to form a coherent response, his teenage mind short-circuiting at the obscenely arousing images his mother's dirty talk conjured. He stared up at Sarah slack-jawed, his eyes glazed with need, rendered mute by her intoxicating sensuality.

Seeing her son's predicament, Sarah smirked and leaned down to pepper his face with soft, adoring kisses. Her plush lips skimmed across Dell Jr.'s forehead, eyelids, the bridge of his nose and flushed cheeks before capturing his parted mouth in a deep, probing kiss.

As her tongue plundered his mouth, Sarah continued painting erotic pictures in husky whispers against Dell Jr.'s lips. "Mmm, or maybe you'd like to lay me out on my back, hook my ankles over your shoulders, and just pound Mommy's pussy into submission... Fold me in half and force me to watch as you totally dominate me with this huge teenage cock."

Dell Jr. whimpered helplessly, his hips bucking as if to illustrate the appeal of that fantasy. Sarah chuckled lowly and nipped at his bottom lip before pulling back just enough to hold his frantic gaze.

"Or," she breathed, her eyes sparkling with mischief, "you could put me on top, but sitting backwards... Let me ride you reverse cowgirl style so you have the perfect view of my phat ass bouncing on your cock. You'd get to watch your dick disappearing between my cheeks as I slam myself down over and over, taking you so deep..."

Dell Jr. made a choked, desperate noise, his fingers digging into the supple flesh of Sarah's hips. He was so hard it hurt, his balls drawn up tight and ready to explode. The visual of his mother's perfect bubble butt engulfing his straining erection was almost too much to bear.

Sensing her son was close to the edge, Sarah gentled her tone and brushed a tender kiss across his lips. "Shh, it's okay baby," she soothed. "We have all night to explore every dirty position and fulfill every filthy fantasy. Mommy's gonna make you feel so good, I promise."

With that, Sarah reached between their sweat-slicked bodies and grasped the root of Dell Jr.'s throbbing cock. Holding his desperate gaze, she slowly sank down, sheathing his thick length inch by excruciating inch in the scorching velvet of her pussy.

The teen threw his head back with a guttural moan as his mother's tight, wet heat enveloped him fully. Nothing could have prepared him for the exquisite sensation of finally being buried to the hilt inside a woman's luscious body. His mom felt incredible, her slick, corrugated walls gripping him like a silken fist, the puffy ring of her cervical entrance fluttering around his sensitive cockhead.

Sarah moaned rapturously as she began to rock and undulate her motherly hips, grinding her grape-sized clit against the base of Dell Jr.'s shaft. She planted her hands on his sweat-slicked chest for

leverage as she rode him in a sensual, skillful rhythm. Her massive, heavy breasts swayed and bounced with every roll of her hips, smacking her boy in the face.

Dell Jr. was in heaven, his senses completely overwhelmed by the erotic onslaught. His vision was obscured by the mammoth mounds of tit flesh engulfing his head. Everywhere he turned, his face mapped the delectable curves of his mother's breasts - nuzzling into her deep, cavernous cleavage, getting lost in the warm, pillowy undersides, and mouthing at the wide puffy caps of her fat nipples.

The colossal weight of Sarah's giant tits battered Dell Jr.'s handsome features, smothering him in their hedonistic softness. He groaned and lapped at every luscious inch of jiggling titty that smacked his face, delirious with pleasure. The faint taste of his mother's jasmine body lotion mingled with the salty musk of her sweat on his tongue.

The lucky teen suckled Sarah's swollen nipples into his mouth whenever they grazed his lips, nibbling and tugging the rubbery nubs as she keened in ecstasy above him. Her hips moved faster, slamming her drenched cunt up and down the thick column of his cock with lewd squelches.

"Oh fuck yes, baby! Suck Mommy's big titties while you fuck her pussy so good!" Sarah cried, throwing her head back in bliss as she rode her son with wild abandon. Her ass jiggled and rippled with every powerful thrust, the round globes slapping obscenely against her son's thighs.

Dell Jr. pistoned his hips up to meet Sarah's downward slams, grunting with the effort. The tight, wet drag of her fluttering sheath along his aching shaft was mind-blowing. He gripped her undulating hips, his fingers sinking into the plush flesh, holding on for dear life as she fucked him into oblivion.

"God Mom, you feel so good," Dell Jr. panted against her heaving cleavage, his words muffled by the titanic breasts smothering his

face. "So hot and tight and wet around me. I'm not gonna last much longer!"

Sarah had no reservations about letting her boy cum, knowing that unlike her husband, her teenage son was capable of getting erect again quickly and having a number of ejaculations. With a wicked grin, she buried his face deep in her cavernous cleavage, her massive tits engulfing his head completely.

"Cum for me, baby! Cum hard in Mommy's tight pussy!" Sarah cried.

She slammed her hips down furiously, her bubble butt flying up and down his rigid pole with wild abandon. Her ass cheeks jiggled and rippled

obscenely with every forceful impact, the lewd slapping sounds filling the sleeping pod.

Dell Jr. let out a strangled groan into the pillowy depths of his mother's cleavage as he felt his balls draw up impossibly tight. With Sarah riding him at a frenzied, pounding pace, he was powerless to hold back the surging tide of his impending orgasm.

"Oh God Mom, I'm cumming! I'm cumming so hard!" Dell Jr. shouted, his voice completely muffled by Sarah's smothering tits.

"Yes, give Mommy all your hot teenage cum!" Sarah wailed, grinding her clit against the base of Dell Jr.'s shaft as she felt his cock swell and twitch inside her.

The teenager bucked beneath Sarah wildly as he exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser deep in her molten core. Spurt after spurt of thick, virile seed erupted from his cunt-smothered cock-head painted Sarah's clenching walls, flooding her in his potent essence. He came harder than he ever had in his young life, stars bursting behind his eyes as wave after wave of toe-curling ecstasy crashed over him.

"Ohhh fuck, yesssss! I can feel you cumming so deep in Mommy's pussy!" Sarah keened, throwing her head back in rapture as her own release slammed into her. Her pussy spasmed almost violently around Dell Jr.'s pulsing cock, milking him for every last drop as she drenched him with her sweet nectar.

Mother and son clung to each other desperately, shaking and moaning as they rode out the aftershocks of their mind-blowing mutual climax. Sarah collapsed onto Dell Jr.'s heaving chest, both of them panting harshly as they slowly floated down from their euphoric high.

After a few long moments of blissful, sated silence, Sarah lifted her head from Dell Jr.'s sweat-slicked skin. She gazed down at him with heavy-lidded eyes, a lazy, satisfied smile playing about her lips.

"Mmm, that was incredible baby," she purred, leaning in to capture Dell Jr.'s slack mouth in a deep, languid kiss. "You came so hard in Mommy's pussy."

Dell Jr. groaned into the kiss, his cock already twitching back to life inside Sarah's fluttering sheath. With a low growl, he latched onto one of her swollen nipples, drawing the rubbery nub deep into his mouth. He suckled hungrily, his cheeks hollowing with the force of his suction as he buried his face in the doughy center of his mom's massive tit.

Sarah gasped and arched into her son's eager mouth, her pussy clenching around his rapidly hardening shaft. She tangled her fingers in his sweat-dampened hair, holding him to her breast as he nursed with single-minded focus.

"Oh yes, baby, nurse on Mommy's tits," Sarah purred, undulating her hips to coax Dell Jr. to full stiffness inside her. She could feel the aftershocks of her climax still zinging through her nerves, her walls fluttering and rippling along every thick inch of his impressive teenage cock.

Dell Jr. grunted and flexed his hips, driving himself impossibly deeper into Sarah's lush body. The sensation of her tight, soaked cunt massaging him was pure bliss. He released her nipple with a wet pop before immediately latching onto its twin, suckling the fat nub between his lips as he kneaded the pliant flesh of her giant tit.

Lost in the haze of renewed lust, Dell Jr. rolled them over suddenly, pinning Sarah beneath him. She yelped in surprise and delight, wrapping her long mommy-legs around her son's pumping hips.

"Mmmm, there's my virile young stud," Sarah purred, enjoying the welcome weight of her son's muscular body blanketing her. "Fuck Mommy hard and deep, just like that!"

Dell Jr. set a relentless pace, his lean, young ass bobbing up and down, between her warm, splayed thighs, drilling his mother's pussy with powerful, tireless strokes. The sleeping pod rocked with the force of his thrusts, the frame creaking in protest.

Sarah's huge milkers bounced wildly, quaking like mounds of jello with every jarring impact. She clung to Dell Jr.'s sweat-slicked back, her nails raking angry red lines down his flexing muscles as she urged him on.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Sarah wailed, tossing her head back as her son pounded her straight into the mattress. "Harder baby, fuck Mommy harder! Ruin my pussy with your big fat cock!"

Dell Jr. hammered into Sarah's greedy cunt with everything he had, grunting and growling like a feral beast. His heavy, cum-laden balls slapped against her ass with every brutal stroke, the lewd sounds mixing with their moans and the erotic squelch of his cock churning her drenched folds.

As the teen ruthlessly pounded his mom's sopping wet pussy, her body began to tremble uncontrollably, signaling the approach of an

earth-shattering orgasm. It started deep in her core, a searing heat and unbearable tension coiling tighter and tighter.

Sarah's inner fuck-muscles rippled and fluttered around Dell Jr.'s pistoning cock, clenching down on his thickness as the first waves of climax crashed over her. Her vulva and clitoris pulsed and throbbed, nerve endings firing with white-hot pleasure. The hood of her clit fully retracted, exposing the swollen, sensitive bud to the relentless friction of her son's pubic bone grinding against her on every powerful thrust.

"OHHH FUCK, I'M CUMMING!!!" Sarah screamed as her orgasm fully erupted, back arching sharply off the bed. Her pussy spasmed violently, the muscles bearing down on Dell Jr.'s cock in rhythmic contractions. The slit of her urethra bulged in her vestibule, spitting hot girl-cum from between their thrashing bodies.

Her vaginal walls undulated around his shaft, the tightly ribbed tube rippling from the opening of her cunt all the way to the mouth of her cervix.

As Sarah came apart beneath him, her body was wracked with intense shudders, hands fisting the sheets and toes curling. Her breath came in sharp, ragged pants interspersed with keening wails. Wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over her, radiating from her convulsing cunt to the tips of her fingers and toes.

The mother's vagina clenched rapidly, squeezing Dell Jr.'s plunging cock like a milking fist. With each spasm, a flood of hot fem-cum gushed from her core, sluicing through her quivering channel and drenching her son's pumping hips and balls. The slick juices coated his groin and inner thighs, dripping down to soak the sheets below.

The feel of Sarah's molten cum bathing his sensitive flesh sent Dell Jr. over the edge. With a groan he slammed into his mother's quaking depths one final time and exploded, his cockhead flaring

and pulsing as it unleashed a torrent of searing jizz directly against her cervix.

Sarah mewled in bliss as she felt the hot spurts of her son's virile seed painting her convulsing innermost walls. Her womb fluttered and clenched, instinctively trying to milk and draw the potent ejaculate deeper inside her. Her pussy continued to gush and cream around Dell Jr.'s twitching cock, the mix of their juices overflowing her stuffed channel to drip down the crack of her ass.

Mother and son clung to each other as the aftershocks rolled through them, gasping and shuddering against each other's sweat-slicked skin.

As their climaxes subsided, Sarah and Dell Jr. remained locked in an intimate embrace, their slick bodies entwined on the rumpled sheets of the sleeping pod. Sarah peppered her son's face with soft, adoring kisses, marveling at the virile young man he had become.

Dell Jr. nuzzled into his mother's neck, inhaling her comforting scent as he slowly softened inside her well-used pussy.

But even in the hazy afterglow of their mind-blowing coupling, the hypersexual pair knew this was only the beginning of a long, lust-filled night ahead. Sarah's insatiable mature cunt was already clenching around Dell Jr.'s semi-hard cock, eager for more of the thick teenage meat. And Dell Jr. could feel the telltale stirring in his balls, his young body primed and ready to go again.

Reluctantly untangling their limbs, Sarah and her son sat up on the edge of the bunk. They shared a heated look, the air between them practically crackling with sexual tension. Sarah licked her lips hungrily as she eyed her son's impressive manhood, the shaft glistening with their combined juices.

"Let's sneak out and grab some water from the vending machines," Sarah suggested, her voice low and conspiratorial. "We need to stay

hydrated if we're going to keep this party going all night long."

Dell Jr. watched transfixed as his mom slipped out of the bunk and sauntered over to where her discarded blouse lay crumpled on the floor. His eyes were glued to her voluptuous figure, drinking in every mouth-watering curve.

Sarah's massive breasts swayed and jiggled with each step, the heavy globes bouncing like ripe melons begging to be squeezed. Her bubble butt undulated hypnotically, the juicy cheeks rippling and quaking as she bent to retrieve her top. Dell Jr. swallowed hard, hardly able to believe he had just buried his face between those gigantic tits, motor-boating them wildly as she rode his cock.

As if reading his mind, Sarah glanced over her shoulder and caught her teen staring at her with unabashed lust. A wicked grin spread across her face. She straightened up slowly, purposely thrusting out her chest so that her colossal rack strained against her blouse as she slipped it on.

"See something you like, baby boy?" Sarah purred, reaching up to cup her massive tits. She hefted the weighty globes, pushing them together to accentuate her deep cleavage. "Don't worry, once we get back, Mommy will let you put that big cock right between these huge titties."

To illustrate her point, Sarah rocked her shoulders back and forth, making her enormous boobs sway and wobble. They jiggled like two overfilled water balloons, threatening to spill out of her low-cut top at any moment.

Dell Jr.'s mouth went bone dry as he imagined straddling his mother's chest, fucking the tight channel of her cleavage until he exploded all over her pretty face.

Sarah giggled at her son's slack-jawed expression, loving how easily she could reduce him to a hormonal mess. Leaving her blouse

unbuttoned to showcase her braless cleavage, she sashayed towards the door, her bubble butt bouncing and swaying. She looked like a wet dream come to life.

Dell Jr. scrambled to throw on his jeans, nearly tripping in his haste to follow his sexy mother. His teenage cock was already chubbing up again in anticipation. He couldn't wait to get his hands, mouth and dick back on Sarah's incredible curves.

As Sarah and Dell Jr. slipped out of the sleeping pod, they were startled to find themselves face to face with a petite, pretty cleaning lady. She appeared to be in her mid-thirties, with rich mocha skin, almond-shaped eyes, and glossy black hair pulled back in a neat ponytail.

"Oh! Excuse us," Sarah stammered, subtly adjusting her blouse to better cover her heaving cleavage. Dell Jr. hung back awkwardly, trying to hide his tented jeans behind his mother's voluptuous figure.

But the cleaning lady just smiled knowingly, her gaze flicking between the disheveled, flushed pair and the rumpled sheets visible through the pod's open door. The pungent musk of sex hung heavy in the air.

"No worries at all," she assured them, her lilting Caribbean accent warm and friendly. "I see this all the time. You'd be surprised how many moms and sons take advantage of the, ah, privacy these pods afford, especially during long layovers."

Sarah's eyes widened and a mortified blush stained her cheeks. She opened her mouth, a flimsy denial on the tip of her tongue, but the cleaning lady waved her off with a conspiratorial wink.

"Don't fret, sugar. Ain't no judgment here," she chuckled. "Lord knows if I had a strapping young man like this one, I'd be climbing him like a tree every chance I got too!"

The woman's smile widened as she glanced pointedly at the door of their pod, still slightly ajar. Through the gap, the edge of the mattress was visible, the sheets visibly dark and wet with the unmistakable evidence of Sarah's gushing orgasms.

"It looks your linens could use a change," she remarked, her tone warm and conspiratorial. "Looks like you two had quite the workout in there."

Dell Jr.'s cheeks blazed scarlet and he shuffled his feet, averting his eyes in embarrassment. But Sarah just laughed, low and musical.

"You could say that," she agreed, shooting her son a saucy wink. "I'm afraid we made quite the mess."

Lila waved a dismissive hand. "Please, don't worry about it. You'd be surprised how often I change sheets absolutely drenched in cum. These pods have seen plenty of action, especially between a mother and her cub."

Sarah smiled gratefully at the cleaning lady's discretion and understanding. "Thank you so much, we really appreciate it. And sorry again for the mess!"

She grabbed Dell Jr.'s hand and tugged him down the hallway towards the restrooms, throwing a flirtatious wink over her shoulder. "We'll be back in a jiffy to break in those clean sheets!"

Dell Jr. stumbled after his mother, cheeks still flaming from the cleaning lady's knowing remarks. Sarah's ass swayed hypnotically in her tight jeans as she sashayed ahead of him.

When they reached the restrooms, Sarah pulled Dell Jr. into a corner, out of sight of any passers-by. She pressed her voluptuous body against his, pinning him to the wall with her soft curves. Dell Jr. groaned as he felt his mother's massive braless tits pillowing against his chest.

"Mmm, getting excited again already?" Sarah purred, reaching down to boldly cup the growing bulge in her son's pants. "I can feel this big boy chubbing up. Can't wait to get Mommy alone again, huh?"

Dell Jr. bit back a whimper as Sarah rubbed his hardening cock through the denim. "God Mom, I've never been this horny in my life."

Sarah giggled and gave his package a firm squeeze before releasing him. "Just you wait, baby. Mommy's gonna wear this teenage cock out tonight. I hope you're ready for some all-night balls-draining action."

With that sinful promise, Sarah turned and sauntered into the ladies' room, putting an extra sway in her hips because she knew her son was watching. Dell Jr. palmed his aching erection, taking a moment to collect himself before ducking into the men's room.

After quickly relieving their bladders and splashing some cool water on their overheated faces, Sarah and Dell Jr. regrouped by the vending machines. Sarah made a show of bending over unnecessarily far to

retrieve her water bottle, giving her son a perfect view down her straining blouse.

The teen's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he ogled the mouthwatering display of cleavage. Braless beneath the blouse, is mother's huge titties were practically spilling out of her top, the creamy globes jiggling with her every movement. He licked his lips, desperately craving another taste.

Noticing the direction of his gaze, Sarah smirked and straightened up slowly, thrusting her massive rack out. "Mmm, does baby boy want to put his face in Mommy's big titties again?" she cooed.

Dell Jr. nodded dumbly, rendered mute by lust. Sarah giggled and grabbed the front of his shirt, pulling him flush against her soft body.

"You've got about four more hours to fuck Mommy's brains out and nurse on these big titties before we have to clean up and look presentable," Sarah breathed hotly against Dell Jr.'s ear. "So let's make every minute count, shall we?"

With a wicked grin, Sarah grabbed her son's hand and quickly led him back towards their sleeping pod, her voluptuous body jiggling enticingly with each step. As they passed by her husband's pod, Sarah felt a brief pang of guilt, knowing Dell Sr. was slumbering just a thin wall away, oblivious to the depraved acts she was committing with their son.

But the twinge of shame was quickly overridden by a dark thrill - the taboo exhilaration of doing something so forbidden and naughty right under her husband's nose. Sarah's pussy clenched and creamed at the thought, soaking her thong with fresh arousal. There was something so deliciously wrong about seducing her own teenage son, taking his virginity and molding him into her personal stud while his father dozed mere feet away.

By the time they reached their pod, Sarah was practically trembling with need, her body aching to be filled and used by her virile young boy toy again. Dell Jr. looked equally desperate, his eyes glazed with lust and the prominent tent in his jeans telegraphing his rock hard arousal.

They barely sealed their door shut before Sarah pounced, shoving against the wall and attacking his mouth in a hungry, open-mouthed kiss. She plundered his mouth with her tongue, licking and tangling with his own as she ground her throbbing pussy against his denim-clad erection.

"Fuck, I need this fat cock back in me," Sarah panted against Dell Jr.'s lips, fumbling to unbutton his fly with trembling fingers. "Gonna

ride you so hard, drain these swollen balls dry. Pump Mommy full of cum, baby boy."

Dell Jr. groaned helplessly, his head thudding back against the wall as Sarah finally freed his aching cock from the confines of his jeans. The teenage boy watched through hooded eyes as his gorgeous mother dropped to her knees before him, her massive tits spilling out of her low-cut blouse and quaking with the movement.

Maintaining eye contact, Sarah wrapped her hand around the thick root of Dell Jr.'s erection, squeezing the steely shaft appreciatively. She leaned in and rubbed the flushed, leaking head all over her beautiful face, smearing the copious pre-cum across her cheeks and lips like the sluttiest makeup.

With a seductive grin, Sarah rose to her feet, shedding articles of clothing as she went. Her blouse fluttered to the floor, freeing her massive tits to bounce and sway in all their glory. Dell Jr. watched slack-jawed as his mother kicked off her jeans and damp thong, baring every succulent inch of her voluptuous body to his hungry gaze.

"Your turn, baby," Sarah purred, crooking a finger at her son. "Let Mommy see all of that gorgeous young cock."

Dell Jr. scrambled to comply, nearly tripping in his haste to undress. In seconds, his clothes lay in a forgotten heap and he stood proudly naked, his straining erection jutting from a thin thatch of curls, the veiny shaft pulsing with need.

"Mmm, look at you," Sarah praised, licking her lips as she drank in the sight of her son's impressive teenage manhood. "So big and hard for Mommy already. Why don't you have a seat on the edge of the bed, sweetie? I've got a special treat for you..."

Dell Jr. gulped audibly and perched on the mattress, legs spread to accommodate what he suspected was coming. He watched with

bated breath as Sarah sauntered towards him, her colossal tits jiggling and swaying hypnotically with each step. The bed dipped as she climbed on, settling her plush ass back on her heels between Dell Jr.'s splayed thighs.

"I've been dying to get these big titties around your cock," Sarah confessed breathily, cupping the heavy globes and hefting them suggestively. "Would you like that, baby? Want Mommy to squeeze these huge tits around your fat dick and milk it dry?"

"Yes," Dell Jr. rasped, eyes glued to the mesmerizing sway of Sarah's massive rack. "Please Mom..."

With a wicked grin, Sarah scooched forward until the dripping head of Dell Jr.'s cock brushed the silky skin of her cleavage. She pushed her giant breasts together, enveloping his shaft in the warm, pillowy channel and drawing a guttural groan from her son's throat.

Dell Jr. nearly blew his load on the spot as his mom began to bounce and roll her tits along his shaft, squeezing the weighty globes rhythmically. He watched in awe as the purple head of his cock peeked out the top of her cleavage on every upstroke, smearing pre-cum across the tops of her jiggling mounds.

"Ohhh wow Mom, your boobs feel so good," Dell Jr. panted, fisting his hands in the sheets to keep from grabbing Sarah's head and fucking her cleavage wildly.

Dell Jr. stared transfixed at the erotic sight of his engorged cock plowing through the fleshy channel of his mother's ample cleavage. The dusky pink shaft, slick with pre-cum, contrasted obscenely against Sarah's creamy skin. With each thrust, the boy's thick cockhead emerged from the top of the pillowy crevasse, the slit weeping clear fluid and smearing it across his mother's chest.

The shaft was a steely rod of throbbing sinew sheathed in delicate, velvety skin. Bulging veins traversed the length, pulsing in time with

Dell Jr.'s racing heartbeat. The skin was stretched drum-tight over the engorged tissues, shifting and bunching with every flex of his hips. His balls, heavy and swollen with cum, slapped against the underside of Sarah's huge tits with each thrust, adding to the delicious friction.

Sarah moaned whorishly as she worked her son's cock with her cleavage, squeezing and massaging the rigid shaft with her plush tit-flesh. Her nipples, fat and rubbery, scraped against his skin deliciously as she undulated against him. She gazed up at her oldest son from under her lashes, her eyes glazed with lust.

"Mmm baby, your cock feels so good between Mommy's big titties," she purred, licking her lips. "So hard and thick, stretching my cleavage so wide. I can't wait to feel you explode all over my face and tits."

Dell Jr. groaned helplessly, the dirty talk ratcheting his arousal even higher. He could feel the pressure building in his balls, the tingling ache at the base of his spine signaling his impending orgasm. The sight of his cock, angry red and throbbing, sliding between Sarah's massive jiggling tits was almost too much to bear.

"Ahh, Mom, I'm gonna cum soon," he warned through clenched teeth, his abs tensing and flexing as he pistoned his hips faster.

"Yes baby, give Mommy that hot nut-goo!" Sarah encouraged, bouncing her tits harder and faster along Dell Jr.'s slick shaft. "Shoot it all over my face and big titties. Mark me with your teenage spunk!"

With a hoarse cry, Dell Jr.'s cock jerked and spasmed as he exploded, his cockhead flaring as it unleashed thick ropes of pearly cum. Sarah aimed his erupting dick at her face, moaning in bliss as the first few spurts splattered across her cheeks, nose and open mouth. She continued to milk his shaft with her cleavage as he emptied his balls, coaxing out every last drop.

Sarah reached down and grasped her son's still-throbbing cock, using it like a handle to tug him up to standing. Her expert fingers wrapped around the shaft, giving it slow, skillful pumps to keep him rock hard as the last spurts of cum dribbled from the tis.

Now both standing, she pressed her body against Dell Jr.'s, smooshing her huge cum-slicked tits into his heaving chest. The creamy spunk smeared between them, making a deliciously slippery glide as she undulated sinuously, grinding her dripping pussy against his thigh.

"Mmmm, you came so hard for Mommy," Sarah purred sultrily in his ear, her hot breath making him shiver. "Drenched my big titties in your teenage baby batter. But you're still so stiff...ready for more already, aren't you stud?"

Dell Jr. groaned as Sarah's slick fist continued to milk his sensitive cock, working him back to full throbbing hardness with knowing strokes. His hands flew to her undulating hips, gripping the plush cheeks of her ass as she writhed against him.

"I'm gonna bend over this bed and spread my ass for you," Sarah breathed hotly, licking the shell of Dell Jr.'s ear. "Want you to mount me from behind and fuck me like the horny animal you are. Grab my hips and slam this big dick in my tight MILF cunt."

Dell Jr. whimpered, his cock pulsing in his mother's stroking hand at the naughty image her words painted. Sarah grinned, loving how responsive her hung son was, how easily she could drive him wild with lust.

"Mmm, you're gonna fuck Mommy so hard, aren't you baby?" she continued, voice dripping with sex. "Rut me like a bitch in heat, make this phat ass ripple and jiggle with every slam of this massive teenage cock. Pound me into the mattress until all I can do is moan and squeal for more."

Dell Jr. was panting now, his eyes glazed and hips flexing into his mother's maddeningly slow fist, fucking into the tight circle of her fingers. Sarah's dirty talk was stoking his lust to a fever pitch. He felt like he would explode if he didn't get inside her again soon.

"Please Mom..." he begged, voice strangled with need.

"Shhhh, I've got you baby," Sarah soothed, releasing his cock with a parting squeeze. She turned and sauntered the few steps to the bed, putting an extra sway in her hips because she knew her boy was watching.

Planting her hands on the mattress, Sarah bent at the waist, thrusting her bubble butt up and out in shameless offering.

She glanced coyly over her shoulder, catching Dell Jr.'s stunned gaze. "Well? Come and get it, stud."

Dell Jr. scrambled onto the bed behind his mother, eyes glued to her mouth-watering rump. Up close, he could see the pink, puffy lips of her pussy peeking out from between her thighs, glistening with arousal. Her asshole winked at him temptingly as she reached back to spread her cheeks, giving him an unobstructed view of her most intimate places.

Noticing her son's wide-eyed stare, Sarah giggled. "Like what you see, baby boy? Mommy's holes are all yours tonight. Why don't you get that big cock nice and slick so you can stuff me full?"

Dell Jr. groaned, wrapping a fist around his aching erection and giving it a few rough pumps. Beads of pre-cum oozed from the tip, providing some much-needed lubrication. Shuffling forward on his knees, he notched the swollen head of his cock against his mother's dripping entrance.

"Mmm, that's it," Sarah purred, wiggling her hips enticingly. "Now grab my ass and fuck me hard. Don't hold back - I want you to use

Mommy's cunt like your personal cocksleeve."

Emboldened by his mother's filthy encouragement, Dell Jr. took a firm grip on the globes of her ass, his fingers sinking into the plush flesh. With a flex of his hips, he drove forward, sheathing his throbbing shaft in Sarah's molten heat in one powerful stroke.

"Unnngh, yessss!" Sarah cried out as she was penetrated, her back arching in a perfect bow. "Oh God baby, your cock is so fucking huge!"

Dell Jr. paused for a moment, fully hilted inside his mother's tight channel. He savored the exquisite, wet silk of her gripping him like a fist, her inner muscles fluttering and clenching around his sensitive cockhead.

Then, drawing on some primal instinct, the teen began to move. He withdrew until just the tip remained inside Sarah's clasping pussy, then slammed back in with a forceful thrust. His mom yelped, her body jolting forward on the bed, ass cheeks rippling deliciously.

Spurred on by her responsiveness, Dell Jr. set a relentless pace. He pistoned his hips with youthful stamina and exuberance, drilling into Sarah's weeping cunt with long, powerful strokes. The obscene slap of skin on skin echoed through the sleeping pod as he rutted into her, grunting with animalistic lust.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh FUCK!" Sarah chanted, hands fisting in the sheets as her teenage son pounded her into oblivion.

Dell Jr. watched in wide-eyed awe as his mother's succulent ass cheeks jiggled and rippled with every powerful slam of his hips. Each forceful

thrust made the rounded globes of her butt quake and bounce obscenely, the plush flesh undulating like fleshy waves against his groin.

He couldn't believe the erotic sight before him - his own cock, rock hard and glistening with Sarah's juices, sawing in and out of her tight pink slit. Her labia clung to his pumping shaft, clutching him greedily as if trying to suck him back in each time he withdrew. Arousal oozed copiously from her stretched hole, coating his balls and dripping down the insides of her thighs.

The lewd squelching and slapping noises of their frenzied coupling filled the small sleeping pod. Dell Jr. was in heaven, drowning in the silky wet heat of his mother's divine cunt. Her pussy walls squeezed and rippled along his aching length, massaging him with velvety muscles.

"Harder baby, fuck Mommy harder!" Sarah cried, grinding her ass back to meet his wild thrusts. "Ruin my cunt with that huge teenage cock!"

Dell Jr. snarled, fingers digging into the jiggling globes of his mother's ass as he redoubled his efforts. He slammed into her brutally, shaking the entire bed frame with the force of his thrusts. Sarah wailed in ecstasy, her eyes rolling back as her son rutted into her like a beast possessed.

Dell Jr. growled, drunk on lust and power as he plowed his mother's upturned ass.

"Yes, yes, yesssss!" Sarah babbled, her tits swinging violently beneath her as her son hammered into her slick heat. "Fill me up baby! Breed Mommy's naughty cunt!"

Dell Jr. pistoned his hips at a furious pace, his heavy balls slapping lewdly against Sarah's clit with every stroke. He could feel the telltale tingling at the base of his spine, signaling his impending release. Sarah's filthy talk and the delicious drag of her fluttering sheath around his shaft were hurtling him towards the edge embarrassingly fast.

With a strangled roar, the teen buried himself to the hilt in his mother's spasming pussy and exploded. His cock jerked and throbbed as it unloaded spurt after spurt of molten seed directly into Sarah's hungry womb. He grinding his pelvis against the perfect curves of her ass, trying to get impossibly deeper as he emptied his balls.

Sarah wailed in rapture as she felt his cock erupt deep inside her convulsing cunt. His cockhead flared and pulsed against her cervix, jets of scorching teen spunk painting her innermost walls. Her pussy clamped down around his shaft in rhythmic spasms, milking him for every drop.

"Yes baby, fill Mommy up with your cum!" Sarah cried as her own climax crashed over her in shuddering waves. Her cunt gushed and creamed around Dell Jr.'s spurting cock, the mix of their juices frothing at her stretched opening and seeping out to drench his balls.

Her son moaned long and low, his pelvis flush against her rippling ass as he ground into her, trying to bury his seed as deep as possible. His fingers dug into the jiggling flesh of her butt cheeks, holding her hips firmly in place as his cock throbbed and kicked, ejaculating what felt like gallons of virile spunk.

Sarah's pussy continued to flutter and contract around her son's deeply embedded shaft, undulating walls squeezing every last drop from his pulsing balls. With each spurt, his teenage cum splattered against the notched head of her cervix before flowing back to coat his pumping length in their combined cream. The lewd squelching and sloppy wet sounds of their coupling filled the small space.

"Oh god, oh fuck, ohhhhh..." Sarah gasped, shaking and shuddering through the aftershocks. Dell Jr.'s heavy, cum-laden balls pressed deliciously against her throbbing clit, prolonging her pleasure.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the boy's spasms subsided. He slumped over Sarah's back, panting harshly against her sweat-dampened skin. His softening cock slipped from her well-used hole with a gush of

frothy cream. Sarah whimpered at the loss, her pussy still clenching and twitching, trying to hold his seed inside.

"Mmm, that was incredible baby," Sarah purred, wiggling her hips salaciously. She could feel Dell Jr.'s hot spunk starting to ooze out of her puffy, gaping cunt and trickle down the insides of her thighs. "You pumped Mommy so full... I can feel your cum sloshing around in my belly."

Dell Jr. groaned, the naughty visual making his spent cock give a valiant twitch against her ass. Sarah giggled and rolled them onto their sides, spooning her back against her son's heaving chest. She reached between her thighs and swiped up some of the pearly jizz dribbling from her messy slit. Locking eyes with her son over her shoulder, Sarah brought her coated fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean with a wanton moan.

After only a brief rest to catch their breath, Sarah and Dell Jr. were both ready to go again, their insatiable lust reignited. As the hours passed in a haze of depraved ecstasy, the wanton mother guided her inexperienced but enthusiastic son through one position after another, letting him twist and bend her curvy body like a pretzel as they rutted shamelessly.

Sarah lay on her back, knees pulled to her heaving chest as Dell Jr. loomed over her, pistoning his hips and drilling his cock straight down into her upturned pussy. The wet slap of his sweat-slicked groin against her jiggling ass filled the pod, punctuated by Sarah's high-pitched keens of rapture.

"Ohhh fuck yes, pound Mommy's pussy!" Sarah urged breathlessly, hands fisting the sheets. "Harder baby, slam that big cock in deep!"

Grunting with effort, Dell Jr. hooked his mother's ankles over his shoulders, folding her nearly in half as he redoubled his efforts. He hammered into her greedy cunt with tireless strokes, the bulbous head of his teenage dick kissing her cervix on every thrust. His mom's huge tits

bounced and swayed, the heavy globes slapping her chin as she was fucked into the mattress.

"God Mom, you feel so good," Dell Jr. panted, sweat dripping down his flexing abs and muscular chest. "So tight and wet around my cock..."

"All for you, baby," Sarah purred sultrily, clenching her pelvic floor and wringing his pumping shaft with her velvety muscles. "This pussy belongs to you tonight."

Emboldened, Dell Jr. reached down and grabbed two handfuls of his mother's massive, jiggling rack. He squeezed the doughy tit flesh roughly, rolling and tugging on her stiff, rubbery nipples until she writhed and mewled.

"Unnngh, fuck!" Sarah gasped as her son mauled her sensitive breasts, the exquisite mix of pleasure-pain making her pussy gush and flutter around his pistoning cock. "Yes, play with Mommy's big titties while you ruin her cunt!"

Dell Jr. groaned helplessly, the filthy words spurring him on. He released his mom's heaving tits, leaving them slick with sweat. Grabbing under her knees, he pushed her legs back even further, nearly bending her in half as he slammed into her sopping fuckhole at a brutal pace.

Sarah and Dell Jr. lost themselves in a marathon of depraved, incestuous passion, their sweat-slicked bodies writhing and undulating as they explored every debauched position imaginable.

The nubile mother guided her inexperienced but eager son through one carnal act after another, bending her voluptuous figure into yogic contortions as he learned the ins and outs of pleasuring a woman.

Dell Jr. took his mother in a dizzying array of acrobatic poses, most of which he had never even heard of before this night. Doggy style, reverse cowgirl, wheelbarrow, prone bone - Sarah coached him through them all,

offering breathy encouragement and filthy praise as he pounded her pussy from every angle.

They fucked on the sleeping pod bed, against the wall, on the floor. Dell Jr. discovered the primal thrill of taking a woman standing up, his hands gripping the globes of Sarah's ass as he bounced her on his cock, her massive tits smashed against his chest. He bent his wanton mother over the sink, watching in the mirror as he rutted into her from behind like a wild animal.

No matter the position, their marathon sex was characterized by sweat-drenched skin slapping together obscenely, punctuated by grunts, moans and shamelessly dirty talk. Sarah's giant, heavy breasts swung and bounced hypnotically with every thrust, a pendulous counterweight to Dell Jr.'s pistoning hips.

"Unnnngh, fuck baby, yessssss!" Sarah would keen as her son's cock stretched and filled her, hitting depths no man had reached before. "Harder! Faster! Ruin Mommy's pussy with that big teenage dick!"

Whenever Dell Jr.'s stamina would flag, Sarah would push him onto his back and mount him, riding his towering erection with undulating rolls of her wide hips. She would lean forward and smother his face in her cavernous cleavage, encouraging him to suckle and feast on her jiggling tit-flesh as she milked his cock with her velvety cunt.

Dell Jr. would motor-boat his mother's colossal rack wildly, burying his face between the pillowy mounds and shaking his head back and forth. His lips and tongue would map every inch of her smooth, pliant skin, enjoying the squishy weight on his face.

He would capture Sarah's fat, crinkled nipples between his teeth and tug, making her yelp and grind down on him harder. Dell Jr. would suckle on her swollen teats, suckling and slurping noisily, his cheeks hollowing with the force of his suction. He gorged himself on his mother's abundant tit-

flesh, sinking his fingers into the doughy globes and kneading them like bread dough.

By the time they finally collapsed in an exhausted, satisfied heap on the cum-drenched sheets, it was nearly time to emerge from their sordid sanctuary and rejoin the real world. Sarah lay boneless atop her son, her massive tits rising and falling with each labored breath. Dell Jr.'s softening cock slipped from her well-used cunt with a gush of frothy cream, making them both moan at the loss.

Despite the countless orgasms they had shared, the insatiable pair passed out still craving more, their bodies instinctively curling together. Sarah pillowed her head on Dell Jr.'s heaving chest, while he banded a possessive arm around her tiny waist, keeping her close. Within seconds, they succumbed to the pull of deep, sated slumber.

Some time later, they were jarred awake by an insistent knocking at the pod door, followed by Dell Sr.'s muffled voice through the pod intercom. "Sarah? You two alright in there? It's almost time to head to our gate!"

Sarah's eyes flew open and met her son's wide, startled gaze. Panic seized her as she took stock of their compromising state - both stark naked, bodies painted with dried sweat and cum, the tangled sheets soaked through like a sexual superstorm had just rolled through.

Heart pounding, Sarah cleared her throat and spoke back through the intercom, trying to inject a note of sleepy normalcy into her voice. "We're fine, honey! We're just getting dressed. We'll be out in a jiffy!"

She held her breath, praying her husband wouldn't insist on opening the door. The last thing they needed was for him to get an eyeful of his wife and son's well-fucked, nude bodies, the air heavy with the unmistakable musk of marathon incestuous sex.

Luckily, Dell Sr. seemed to accept his wife's excuse. "Alright, well JJ and I will meet you by the gate. Don't forget to grab a bite to eat."

"Will do!" Sarah replied, exhaling in relief as she heard her husband's footsteps retreating.

Beside her, Dell Jr. let out a shaky laugh, the reality of their narrow escape hitting him. Sarah rolled on top of him, smothering his face in her giant, milky tits to muffle the sound.

"Shhh," she warned, even as a conspiratorial grin tugged at her lips. "That was too close."

Sarah glanced at the clock on the wall, noting that their plane would start boarding soon. But she knew they still had a good half hour before the flight actually took off. And after the mind-blowing marathon sex session they had just shared, she wanted to make absolutely sure her son walked out of this pod with newfound sexual confidence.

Meeting Dell Jr.'s eyes with a seductive smile, Sarah purred, "We have just enough time for one more quickie, baby. But this time, I want you to take the lead. Pretend I'm one of those cute girls from school you've been too shy to approach. Show me the stud I've unleashed."

Dell Jr.'s eyes widened, then darkened with lust at the naughty roleplay. His cock, which had barely softened, surged back to full attention. "Fuck yes," he growled. "Lay back and spread those sexy legs...I'm gonna pound that tight pussy so hard."

Sarah shivered at her son's dominant tone, loving this new side of him. She eagerly reclined on the cum-soaked sheets, thighs falling open in wanton invitation. "Come and get it, big boy."

Dell Jr. pounced, covering his mother's lush body with his own. He captured her mouth in a searing kiss, his tongue plundering the recesses of her mouth. Sarah moaned into the filthy kiss, surrendering to his hungry onslaught.

Large hands palmed and squeezed her massive, sensitive tits, sending electric tingles straight to Sarah's core. Dell Jr. rolled the swollen nipples

between his fingers, tugging just shy of too hard and making his mother gasp and writhe against him. He pinched and twisted the rubbery nubs, then soothed the sting with teasing flicks of his thumbs.

"Mmm, fuck," Sarah panted when they broke for air. "Love how you manhandle Mommy's big titties. They're all yours, baby."

Impatient to be inside her again, Dell Jr. reached down and notched his rock hard cock against his mother's dripping entrance. With a powerful flex of his hips, he thrust balls deep in one smooth stroke, not stopping until he was hilted in her tight heat.

"Oh God!" Sarah cried out, back arching off the bed as she was filled and stretched deliciously. No matter how many times he took her, she would never get used to her hung son's thickness.

Gripping her hips, Dell Jr. began to move, sawing his cock in and out of his mother's clinging sheath. He started at a hard, fast pace, the

slick slide of her muscular walls pulling groans from his throat.

"Unnngh, you're so fucking tight," he grunted, pistoning his hips relentlessly. He pounded into Sarah's upturned pussy like a machine.

Spurred on by his mother's encouraging words, Dell Jr. fucked into her with wild abandon. Sarah met his every thrust, grinding her hips to take him as deep as possible. She threw her legs and arms around his straining back, clinging to him like a vine.

Their sweat-slicked bodies moved together in perfect sync, a writhing knot of tangled limbs and undulating flesh bouncing on the abused mattress. Dell Jr. gripped Sarah's ankles, pushing her knees towards her shoulders and folding her nearly in half to plunge impossibly deeper. The new angle let him hit her G-spot on every stroke, making her keen and thrash beneath him.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Sarah chanted deliriously, digging her nails into Dell Jr.'s flexing ass. "Right there baby, don't stop! Pound Mommy's cunt!"

The teen snarled, fucking into his mother's spasming pussy with everything he had. The bed frame creaked ominously as he ruthlessly slammed Sarah into the mattress, chasing their impending release with blind ferocity.

"Gonna...ungh...cum..." Dell Jr. panted, his rhythm faltering as the pressure in his balls reached a fever pitch. "Want you to cum on my cock, Mom!"

"Fuck, give it to me!" Sarah begged, throwing her head back. "Fill me up again! Breed Mommy's hungry cunt!"

Reaching between their sweat-slicked bodies, Dell Jr. zeroed in on his mom's swollen clit. He rubbed tight circles over the sensitive nub, flicking it in time with his wild thrusts. The added stimulation sent Sarah hurtling over the edge with a silent scream.

Her cunt rippled and spasmed around his pistoning cock, fluttering walls bearing down on him rhythmically. Fem-cum gushed from her convulsing slit to soak his plunging shaft and balls, the liquid heat triggering his own explosive finish.

"Fuck, FUCK, AHHHHH!" Dell Jr. roared as he buried himself to the hilt and erupted. His cock pulsed and kicked as it disgorged a veritable flood of searing jizz directly against Sarah's cervix.

Jet after jet of potent teenage spunk painted her innermost walls, splashing against the mouth of her womb. Sarah mewled in ecstasy as she was pumped full, her still fluttering sheath milking every drop from her son's throbbing cock.

Dell Jr. ground his pelvis against Sarah's, trying to burrow his spurting dick as deep as possible as he emptied his balls in her greedy hole. He wanted to make sure every last spurt found a home in his mother's warm, welcoming cunt.

Sarah and her son hurried through the airport terminal, still flushed and glowing from their depraved coupling. They had barely taken the time to clean up, haphazardly wiping the cum and juices from their bodies with the sleeping pod's thin sheets before throwing on rumpled clothes and rushing out.

As they speed-walked to their gate, Sarah could feel her son's copious load sloshing in her pussy with every step. Dell Jr.'s virile teenage spunk was seeping out to dampen her panties, the crotch thoroughly soaked through. She knew it would be uncomfortable sitting on the long flight with a cunt full of jizz, but the naughty secret gave her a perverse thrill.

They reached the gate just as the airline staff was preparing to close the jetway door. "Wait!" Sarah called out breathlessly, dragging Dell Jr. behind her as she sprinted the last few steps. "We're here, don't shut the door!"

The gate agent raised an eyebrow at their disheveled state but waved them through. "Cutting it a bit close," he remarked dryly as he scanned their boarding passes.

"Sorry, long night," Sarah stated, giving the man a harried smile. Beside her, Dell Jr. ducked his head to hide his knowing smirk.

They hurried down the jetway and onto the plane, the very last passengers to board. As they navigated the narrow aisle to their seats, Sarah felt the eyes of the other passengers on them, specifically the knowing gazes of the other mothers.

It was like they could sense it - the unmistakable glow of a woman who had been thoroughly and recently fucked. The pheromones of virile teenage spunk seemed to waft from Sarah's body, detectable only to the heightened nasal senses of her fellow moms.

Sarah knew she reeked of sex - her hair mussed, clothes askew, and that blissed out, slightly dazed look in her eyes that only came from hours of

mind-blowing orgasms. Throw in her much younger male companion, and it didn't take a genius to put two and two together.

As she passed by, Sarah noticed a few of the moms eyeing Dell Jr. appreciatively, their gazes roving over his tall, muscular form. She felt a surge of primal female pride, knowing they were coveting her virile young stud.

One mom in particular, a busty redhead, caught Sarah's eye and gave her a subtle nod of respect, mouthing "Lucky bitch." Sarah had to bite her lip to stifle a smug grin. If they only knew just how thoroughly her own son had ravished her.

Finally reaching their row, Sarah and Dell Jr. stuffed their carry-ons in the overhead bins and sank into their seats. Dell Sr. and JJ were already buckled in across the aisle.

Dell Sr. shook his head in mild exasperation as Sarah and Dell Jr. took their seats. "Cutting it a bit close there, don't you think?" he remarked. "You two almost missed the plane!"

Sarah just smiled mysteriously and winked at Dell Jr. "Oh, I think we managed to fit in everything we needed to do," she purred with a suggestive lilt. "Sometimes you just have to take your time and really...savor the moment, you know?"

The sexual innuendo flew right over her husband's head, but Dell Jr. had to fake a cough to cover his bark of knowing laughter. He grinned at his mother, their shared secret sparkling in his eyes.

Sarah smirked back and licked her lips salaciously when her husband wasn't looking, mentally reliving those delicious, depraved moments in the sleeping pod. She squirmed a bit in her seat, feeling her son's cum shift insider her soppy cunt. Her panties were utterly soaked, the damp fabric clinging to her swollen pussy lips.

She knew she should probably go to the bathroom and clean up a bit before takeoff, but the naughty part of her relished the idea of marinating in the evidence of their taboo tryst for the whole flight. It would be her dirty little secret, a hidden badge of her incestuous shame that only she and Dell Jr. would know about.

Next to her, her son grinned unrepentantly and shrugged, the picture of innocence. But the sizeable bulge tenting his jeans told a different story. Sarah's eyes zeroed in on the outline of her son's cock, licking her lips hungrily as she anticipated the moment that she could feel that rigid slab of meat buried to its root inside her insatiable pussy again.

THE END

225: Mom's Endurance Lessons

Mom's Endurance Lessons

By Klrxo

Debbie sat at the kitchen table, her mind reeling from what she had just heard. According to Linda, her son Brian had ejaculated his cum-load almost immediately when he fucked Linda's daughter Jenny. Apparently the two teens had been on a date and things ended rather quickly for Brian.

Debbie frowned, unsure what to make of this revelation. Was it normal for boys Brian's age to climax so fast their first time? Did it mean there was something wrong with him? She worried that if word got around, Brian would be mocked and ridiculed by his peers for being a two-pump chump. The poor boy was already so shy and sensitive.

The mother pondered her options carefully. She had to do something to help her son, but didn't want to embarrass the poor boy further. Suddenly, she remembered overhearing some of the other moms at PTA meetings raving about a certain doctor in town - a specialist in adolescent male sexuality named Dr. Veronica Bloom. The moms spoke in hushed, giggling whispers about how Dr. Bloom had an uncanny ability to treat shy, awkward teenage boys and instill them with newfound sexual confidence and stamina.

Intrigued, Debbie looked up Dr. Bloom and was surprised to see the doctor was a stunningly beautiful woman about her own age, with captivating green eyes, flowing auburn hair, and enormous breasts that strained against her white lab coat in her profile photo. Combined with her warm smile and impeccable credentials, Debbie felt certain this was exactly the person Brian needed to see.

She called and made an appointment for later that week, deciding it was best not to tell Brian the real reason for the doctor visit.

When the day arrived, Debbie had to practically drag a resistant teen to Dr. Bloom's office, insisting it was just a routine checkup. But Brian's jaw nearly hit the floor when the gorgeous, buxom doctor bounced into the exam room, her lab coat struggling to contain her bountiful bosom.

"You must be Brian," Dr. Bloom greeted him warmly, her eyes twinkling. "What a handsome young man you are! I'm Dr. Veronica Bloom. Don't worry, your mom just wants me to do a quick exam to make sure your development is on track. Now, I'm gonna need you to strip down to your underwear for me."

Brian shot his mother a mortified look, but Debbie just gave him an encouraging nod. Red-faced, he shyly removed his clothes, feeling incredibly awkward to be wearing just his tighty-whities in front of two gorgeous woman.

Dr. Bloom had him sit on the exam table as she listened to his heart and checked his reflexes, her squishy tits practically brushing against his trembling body as she worked. Debbie couldn't help but notice a growing cock-bulge forming in her son's underwear, much to his embarrassment.

"Looks like we have a perfectly natural physical reaction here," Dr. Bloom said with a wink. "Nothing to be ashamed of, Brian. It's very common for young men to get sudden erections, especially in the presence of an attractive woman. But I sense there's more to it in

your case. Your mom mentioned you've been having some sexual difficulties?"

Debbie watched as Brian turned beet red and started sputtering. "What? Mom! Why would you... I mean, I don't..."

"It's okay, sweetie," Debbie soothed. "You can be honest with Dr. Bloom. She's here to help."

Dr. Bloom gave Brian a reassuring smile. "It's perfectly normal to feel embarrassed discussing sexual matters, Brian. But I assure you that premature ejaculation is very common in young men who are just becoming sexually active. There's nothing to be ashamed about as long as you're working diligently to get the issue fixed."

She gently placed a hand on his knee. "Now, I'd like to examine your penis, Brian. I can show you the areas that are usually the most sensitive in young men. Stimulating these zones too much too quickly is often the cause of reaching climax prematurely. If you understand your own anatomy and sensitivities better, you'll have more control."

Brian swallowed hard and nodded, slipping his thumbs into the waistband of his tighty-whities. Dr. Bloom helped him slide his underwear down, the waistband catching on his stiff penis. "Ah, yes… a perfectly natural and healthy hardon," the doctor commented. "No need to be shy."

As Brian slid his underwear down further, his erect penis sprang free. It was an impressive sight - easily 8 inches long and thick as Dr. Bloom's wrist. The meaty shaft was crisscrossed with bulging veins that pulsed with each beat of his racing heart. At the base, his cock was encircled by a manicured patch of sandy pubic hair. Below hung his heavy, cum-filled balls, pulled up tightly against his body in arousal.

But the crowning glory was the fat, mushroom-shaped knob at the tip. It was a deep reddish-purple, shiny and engorged, with a pearly bead of pre-cum glistening at the tip of the piss slit. The knob flared out dramatically from the shaft, easily the circumference of a plum.

Both Dr. Bloom and Debbie couldn't help but stare in awe at Brian's magnificent manhood. Their cunts tingled and grew moist with arousal at the mouth-watering sight. Dr. Bloom had seen her share of penises in her practice, but never one so large and perfect on a boy so young.

Debbie had no idea her shy, awkward son was packing such an enormous tool in his pants. No wonder he came so quickly with Jenny - the poor girl's tight little pussy must have squeezed him like a vice!

"My goodness, Brian!" Dr. Bloom remarked, voice husky. "You are an exceptionally well-endowed young man. Simply gorgeous. Definitely nothing wrong in that department!"

"I agree," his mother added, having difficulty diverting her gaze from the formidable love-organ.

Brian blushed at the praise, his cock twitching and bobbing obscenely as Dr. Bloom wrapped her small hand around the thick shaft, her fingers barely meeting. She gently squeezed and stroked the stalk of his erectile flesh, making him gasp.

"Now, let's see if we can identify those trouble spots, shall we?" She purred, licking her full red lips. "Don't worry, just relax and let Dr. Bloom take goooood care of you..."

She began gently palpating his shaft with her soft, warm fingers. "The glans here, the head of the penis, has the highest concentration of nerve endings, so it's usually the most sensitive part, especially right here on the frenulum, this little band of tissue on the underside," Dr. Bloom explained.

Brian let out a little gasp as she delicately stroked the sensitive spot.

"And of course, the urethral opening is quite responsive as well," she continued, lightly circling the tip with her finger and making Brian

shudder. A bead of pre-cum emerged. "Many young men get overstimulated quickly from focusing too much attention on these areas."

The doctor traced a finger down his sinewy shaft. "The nerve endings are less concentrated along the shaft, so it's not quite as sensitive. Building up stimulation more gradually on these parts can help stave off climax and make the experience last longer."

Her fingers slid lower to cup his balls. "And the scrotum and testicles have their own erogenous potential that's often overlooked."

Brian was quivering now, his erection throbbing and twitching urgently against the doctor's hands. "I... I think I'm getting close to, um…" he warned, his breath coming faster.

Dr. Bloom just smiled. "That's okay, Brian. Remember, ejaculating quickly is nothing to be embarrassed about. It's a normal part of your sexual development. With practice and experience, you'll gain more control. And if you need more help, me and your mother are always here for you."

To Debbie's shock, the doctor kept fondling Brian's hard penis, stroking and caressing every inch of it even as it flexed and pulsed with mounting need. The sounds of her son's ragged breathing filled the room. She felt like she should say something, but she was too stunned to react, gaping in disbelief as the scene unfolded.

"Debbie, could you please hand me that beaker from the counter?" Dr. Bloom asked casually, as if she wasn't on the verge of making Brian explode.

"I... um... sure," Debbie stammered, snapping out of her daze. She grabbed the glass beaker with a shaking hand and passed it to the doctor.

"Thank you," Dr. Bloom said, positioning the beaker at the tip of Brian's cock just as it started to pulse and kick in her hand. "I like to collect the ejaculate so we can measure volume and viscosity. It's purely for medical purposes, of course."

Brian let out a strangled cry, his balls drawing up as his ejaculation crashed through him. His cock erupted like a geyser, shooting massive ropes of pearly jism from his piss-hole. Dr. Bloom expertly captured each thick spurt in the beaker, not spilling a single drop. Jet after jet of milky spunk splashed into the glass container as Brian groaned and shuddered in ecstasy.

The pungent aroma of his spunk perfumed the air. When Brian was finally spent, Dr. Bloom held up the brimming beaker with a look of amazement, marveling at the sheer volume he had produced. "Incredible, Brian!" she exclaimed. "You produced 400 milliliters of ejaculate - that's almost double the average volume for your age bracket. What impressive virility you have!"

Brian blushed at the praise, still panting from his intense orgasm. Dr. Bloom set the beaker aside and turned to him with a warm smile. "Brian, I know this is a sensitive issue, but I think I know of a therapy that could really help boost your sexual confidence and performance. However, it would require hands-on involvement from a partner you trust. What would you think about practicing with your mother here?"

"What? Mom?" Brian sputtered in shock, eyes widening as he looked at Debbie.

The doctor nodded. "I know it might sound unorthodox, but hear me out. Your mother clearly cares about you very much and wants to

see you succeed, not just academically but in your personal life too. If she assists you with a series of exercises and drills to help you

learn to control your arousal and build stamina, I believe it could do wonders for your self-esteem and future relationships."

Debbie was stunned by the suggestion, but seeing the earnest look on Dr. Bloom's face and Brian's uncertain expression, she felt a swell of maternal instinct. If it would help her baby boy become more confident, how could she say no?

"Of course, Dr. Bloom," Debbie found herself saying. "I'd do anything to support Brian. Just tell me what I need to do."

Dr. Bloom beamed. "Wonderful! I'm so you're on board." She turned towards the boy. "How do you feel about this, Brian ? I know it's a lot to take in. But I really believe your mom's help could make all the difference."

Brian swallowed hard, looking at his mother and the doctor with a mix of nervousness and curiosity. He couldn't deny that the thought of engaging in "exercises" with two gorgeous, busty women, one of whom was his own mother, sent an illicit thrill through him, making his spent cock twitch with renewed interest.

"I... I guess I'm willing to try," he said hesitantly. "If you both really think it will help me."

"Excellent!" Dr. Bloom clapped her hands together. "Then let's get started right away. First things first - we need to get you good and hard again, Brian. Debbie, why don't you help with that? Go ahead and stroke your son's penis until he's fully erect. Don't be shy, he clearly has no problem responding to your touch."

Debbie stepped forward tentatively, swallowing hard as she reached out to take her son's semi-erect penis in her hand. She couldn't believe she was about to do this, but Dr. Bloom's words had

awakened a curiosity in her, a sudden desperate need to be the one to help Brian overcome his issues and gain confidence.

As her fingers wrapped around his thick shaft, she marveled at the heat emanating from it, the silken steel of his flesh, the weight of his manhood throbbing against her palm. Brian let out a shuddery gasp at her touch, his cock instantly responding, surging to full blood-engorged stiffness in moments.

Debbie stroked him slowly, mesmerized by the sight of her dainty hand gliding up and down the enormous length, so in contrast to what she was used to with her husband, Brian's father. Tom was a perfectly adequate lover, but only a little above average in size. She had never been with anyone else, marrying her high school sweetheart young.

Now, with this huge, pulsing cock in her hand, easily 3 inches longer and much girthier than Tom's, Debbie felt a sudden hunger, an emptiness in her neglected pussy. She imagined how exquisitely stretched she would feel taking Brian inside her, wondering if she could even accommodate such a massive fuck-organ. Her cunt clenched and grew slick at the thought.

She tightened her grip, pumping faster, captivated by the way Brian's cockhead swelled and turned a deep, angry purple, the piss slit weeping clear fluid. His balls churned and bounced heavily with each stroke.

Debbie felt an illicit thrill holding her own son's boner, bringing him pleasure. Part of her knew it was so wrong, but she was completely under Dr. Bloom's spell now.

"That's it, Debbie," Dr. Bloom purred. "Get him really hard for us. Explore his cock, familiarize yourself with every ridge and vein. We need him at maximum arousal for the therapy to be effective."

Debbie nodded mutely, consumed by lust as she lovingly fondled her son's magnificent fuck-organ, determined to be the one to mold Brian into the confident, virile stud he was clearly meant to be. No matter

what forbidden boundaries she had to cross, she would do it for him. Her baby boy deserved the very best, after all.

Dr. Bloom turned to Debbie with a mischievous smile. "Alright Debbie, it's your turn now. I need you to remove your clothes and get completely naked for this next part."

As the mother's heart rate increased, the doctor walked over to the wall and pulled down a Murphy bed that had been disguised behind a picture frame. She efficiently set it up and patted the mattress.

"Brian's first stamina training drill can be done right here," Dr. Bloom explained with a wink. "Don't worry, the walls of my office are soundproof so no one else will hear the rutting you and Brian will be doing besides myself."

Debbie hesitated for a moment, glancing at Brian who was staring back at her with a mix of shock and anticipation, his huge erection bobbing obscenely. The rational part of her brain was having second thoughts and screamed that this was going too far. But her body thrummed with need, swollen labia pulsing and nipples aching against her bra. Dr. Bloom's words overrode her reservations - this was a medical necessity, after all. She was just being a good, supportive mother.

Her trembling hands went to the hem of her sundress, pulling it up and over her head to reveal the sheer lace bra and panty set underneath. Brian sucked in a sharp breath at the sight, eyes roving hungrily over his mother's curvy body barely concealed by the transparent lingerie.

Debbie reached back to unhook her embroidered tit-sling, feeling a thrill as she slowly peeled the giant cups away. Her enormous, heavy tits spilled free, quivering and jiggling from the motion.

Brian and Dr. Bloom both gasped at the reveal of her massive, milky white globes capped by saucer-sized areola in a delicate pink, crinkled and puckered from arousal. Her nipples were like gumdrops, fat and protruding proudly from the center.

Next, Debbie shimmied out of her skimpy panties, bending at the waist to slide them down her thick thighs. Brian groaned at the perfect, heart-shaped ass that was presented to him, the lush cheeks jiggling as his mom kicked the flimsy lace aside.

When she straightened up and turned around, Brian got an unobstructed view of his mother's bare pussy. It was completely smooth and hairless, the plump lips glistening with her dew. His eyes traced the delicate folds and the nub of her clit peeking out from under its hood.

"Excellent," Dr. Bloom breathed as she took in Debbie's naked splendor. "As I'm sure you've realized Brian, your mother has an exceptionally voluptuous figure. Those breasts are simply phenomenal, and her vulva has an almost textbook perfect appearance of arousal. With such bountiful assets, she'll be a perfect partner for you to practice with."

Dr. Bloom gestured for Debbie to lay down on the bed. "Please make yourself comfortable, Debbie. For this exercise, Brian will need to penetrate you in the missionary position, just as he did with his previous partner."

Debbie swallowed hard and nodded, unable to find her voice. Her heart hammered in her chest as she settled onto the mattress, the paper sheet crinkling beneath her bare skin. She slowly spread her thick thighs apart, exposing her wet, needy pussy to her son's hungry gaze.

"Very good," Dr. Bloom praised. She turned to Brian. "Now Brian, I want you to climb on top and enter your mother, nice and slow. Take

your time, let yourself really feel it. Remember, this is about building control and confidence."

Brian's Adam's apple bobbed as he nodded mutely, his huge cock throbbing and leaking against his belly. He knee-walked forward on the mattress until he was poised between Debbie's sprawled legs. Looking down, he marveled at the erotic sight - his own mother splayed out beneath him, her bountiful curves on wanton display, her slick pink folds waiting to engulf him.

"Go ahead, Brian," Dr. Bloom encouraged gently. "Penetrate her."

Brian shuffled forward, taking his massive erection in hand. He notched the bulbous head against Debbie's opening, shuddering as he felt her silky heat kiss the tip. Then with a slow flex of his hips, he pushed forward, his cock head stretching her open and sliding inside.

"Ohhhh fuck!" Debbie cried out, throwing her head back at the sudden invasion. Her pussy clenched around him, gushing a flood of hot juices. Even after birthing Brian years ago, she had never been stretched so wide, so full. She felt every throbbing inch of him sinking into her canal, relentlessly plowing through her tightness, not stopping until he was buried to the hilt, his pubic bone grinding against her engorged clit.

The teen groaned at the exquisite sensation of his mother's cunt wrapped around him like a silken fist, so much wetter and hotter and tighter than Jenny had been. He savored the velvet grip fluttering around his thickness, the way her abundant flesh yielded and molded to him.

Dr. Bloom nodded approvingly as she watched Brian begin thrusting, his muscular buttocks flexing as he sawed his enormous erection in

and out of his mother's tight, clinging sheath. She pulled a stopwatch from her pocket.

"Perfect, Brian. For this first round, I want you to just let yourself go. Fuck your mother as you naturally would and allow yourself to ejaculate whenever you feel the urge. I'm gonna time how long you last so we have a baseline to compare against, then I teach you some techniques. Don't hold back."

"O-okay, Dr. Bloom," Brian panted, already falling into a steady rhythm, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against Debbie's upturned ass with each deep plunge.

Debbie moaned wantonly beneath him, her huge tits quivering and rippling from the force of his thrusts. The obscene sound of flesh smacking against flesh and the wet squelches of her son's massive cock churning her overflowing pussy juices filled the room.

"Ohhh Brian! Baby!" Debbie cried, tossing her head from side to side. "You're so biggg! Mommy's little boy is stretching her cunt so good!"

Dr. Bloom watched the depraved display clinically, timer in hand, taking mental notes about Brian's technique. She observed the way his strokes were short and rapid, the way he focused all stimulation on pistoning in and out of Debbie's gushing hole without varying his speed or angle. His face was already twisting in pleasure, a red flush spreading up his neck.

"I...I'm already getting close," Brian warned breathlessly, his rhythm faltering. "Mom, your pussy feels too good! I can't hold it!"

"Don't hold back, honey," Debbie cooed, flexing her vaginal walls around him. "Cum in Mommy's cunt! Paint my womb with your spunk!"

Dr. Bloom glanced at the stopwatch - only 57 seconds had elapsed. She nodded to herself, confirming the severity of Brian's hair trigger. He certainly needed her help.

Brian let out a strangled cry, slamming his hips forward one last time and grinding his pubic bone against his mother's clit as he exploded. His cock jerked and throbbed violently as it spewed jet after heavy jet of hot cum directly against Debbie's cervix.

"Unnngh, Mom!" Brian shouted, shuddering through each intense spurt. "Unnngh yesss!

Debbie threw her head back with a silent scream, her cunt clamping down like a vise around Brian's wildly pulsing shaft as her own orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy walls rippled and milked him, working to coax out every drop of his enormous load.

Brian continued shuddering through the aftershocks, leaving his softening cock buried in his mother's cum-drenched pussy as he panted harshly. But being a virile, hormonal teenager, it only took moments before Dr. Bloom noticed his impressive shaft begin to swell and lengthen again inside Debbie, returning to full steely hardness.

"Excellent, Brian!" Dr. Bloom praised. "You're already ready for another round. Teenage refractory periods are truly remarkable. This time, I'm gonna to coach you through some techniques to help you last longer."

Brian nodded eagerly, looking down at his mother splayed out wantonly beneath him, her massive jugs heaving and quivering with each breath. Debbie gazed back up at him through heavy-lidded eyes, pussy still fluttering around his renewed erection.

"Okay Brian, start thrusting again, but this time, go much slower," Dr. Bloom instructed. "Long, deep strokes. Really savor the sensation."

Brian withdrew until just the tip remained inside, then sank back in to the hilt with a languid glide. Debbie moaned at the slow drag of his

cock along her sensitive walls. He set a leisurely rhythm, pulling out slowly, pausing, then sliding back in to the root.

"Good. Now, every few strokes, pause and focus on your breathing," Dr. Bloom coached. "Take deep breaths from your diaphragm. When you feel that tingling pressure building in your pelvis, stop moving and just breathe through it until it subsides."

Brian followed her guidance, fucking his mother with slow, measured strokes. Every so often, he'd still his hips, leaving his enormous cock buried deep as he took calming breaths. Debbie whimpered each time he halted, trying to squirm and buck against him, but Brian held her down.

"Another technique is to vary the angle and depth," Dr. Bloom added. "Don't always thrust directly in. Swivel your hips, aim for the front and back walls. Throw in some shallow thrusts that just tease her entrance."

Brian experimented, stirring his cock around inside his mom's tight channel, pressing against different spots, alternating between deep plunges and shallow grinds against her clit. Debbie thrashed beneath him, overwhelmed by the onslaught of new sensations.

"You're doing so well controlling your arousal, Brian," Dr. Bloom complimented, noting that over 10 minutes had already passed, a vast improvement. "If you feel yourself getting close to bursting, try pulling out completely and giving your penis a few firm squeezes just below the head, like this."

She demonstrated on Brian's throbbing shaft, gripping him and constricting firmly. Brian groaned and nodded, copying the technique whenever he felt his balls begin to tighten.

Under Dr. Bloom's expert tutelage, Brian was able to stave off his orgasm much longer, varying his strokes and pausing to squeeze the

base of his cock whenever he felt himself reaching the point of no return. Over 20 minutes had passed now as he diligently pumped into his mother's drenched pussy, a sheen of sweat forming on his toned chest and abs from the exertion.

Debbie was a thrashing, incoherent mess beneath him, her huge tits bouncing wildly and her eyes rolled back in bliss as Brian expertly worked her clutching cunt with his huge cock. He angled his thrusts to consistently grind against her engorged clit, making her writhe and buck against him.

"Ooh f-fuck! Baby! Mommy's gonna c-cuuummm!" Debbie wailed, her thighs beginning to quake and quiver.

"Let it happen," Dr. Bloom encouraged. "A female orgasm will cause intense contractions in the vaginal walls. It will be the ultimate test of Brian's control."

No sooner had she said it than Debbie tensed up and then convulsed violently, screaming as a massive orgasm ripped through her. Her cunt spasmed wildly, squeezing and rippling along Brian's plunging shaft as she squirted around him, drenching his pistoning cock and balls in her fem-spray.

"Breathe through it, Brian!" Dr. Bloom commanded as she saw Brian falter, his rhythm turning erratic as his mother's rippling pussy walls threatened to suck the cum right out of him. "Squeeze the base! Don't surrender to it!"

Brian squeezed his eyes shut, nostrils flaring as he panted harshly and focused on the pressure of his fingers around his shaft, willing his climax to subside. Somehow, miraculously, he managed to ride out the duration of his mother's intense orgasm without succumbing to his own, his cock staying rock hard inside her fluttering sheath.

As Debbie finally collapsed back against the mattress, boneless and spent, Dr. Bloom checked the stopwatch with an impressed whistle. "27 minutes and 39 seconds! Well done, Brian! What an incredible improvement!"

Brian opened his eyes, grinning proudly even as sweat dripped down his face and his cock continued throbbing urgently inside his mother. He had never lasted even close to this long before.

"How do you feel?" Dr. Bloom asked.

"I feel...really in control for once," Brian panted. "I'm still so hard, but I don't feel that desperate need to cum right away anymore."

"That's wonderful!" Dr. Bloom beamed. "You've made excellent progress today. I'd say you've earned a reward. Go ahead and let yourself finish now. Fill your mother with your seed."

Brian started thrusting with renewed vigor, finally allowing himself to chase his own pleasure after holding back for so long. He pistoned his hips frantically, his rock-hard cock sawing in and out of Debbie's sloppy, stretched out pussy.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum, gonna cum!" Brian chanted, feeling the pressure building to a crest deep in his loins.

His heavy balls drew up tight to his body as they prepared to unleash their massive load. Sperm that had been churning and multiplying all throughout his extended fucking session now surged out of his testes, funneling through the coiled tubes of his epididymis before traveling up his vas deferens.

Just before the point of no return, Brian slammed his cock into his mother's cunt to the hilt and ground his pelvis against her, making sure he was pressed right up against her cervix. He wanted to be as deep as possible when he exploded.

Debbie cried out at the sudden, rough penetration, squirming as she felt her son's cockhead kissing the entrance to her womb. She knew what was coming, could feel Brian's shaft start to swell and throb with even more urgency against her fluttering walls.

With a primal grunt, the teen surrendered to his orgasm, his cock flexing hard as the first jet of semen blasted out of him like a bullet. The thick, pearly fluid erupted from his dilated cum slit and splattered directly against Debbie's tender cervix, painting it white.

Debbie shrieked at the forceful impact, shuddering as she felt her son's molten seed splash against the gateway to her womb. Her pussy clenched reflexively, wringing Brian's wildly pulsing shaft.

Jet after heavy jet of hot jizz hosed Debbie's innermost reaches as Brian's orgasm seemed to go on and on, each spurt sending shockwaves of pleasure through his clenching ass and quivering legs. His nerve endings fired wildly, lighting up his whole body with ecstasy.

Scalding ropes of boy-nectar filled Debbie's pussy to overflowing, flooding her channel before squirting back out around Brian's pistoning shaft. Obscene wet squelches and sloppy slapping sounds echoed through the room as Brian thrust through the eggy slime.

When the spurts finally slowed to a dribble and then stopped, Brian collapsed on top of his mother with a low groan, his softening cock still buried inside her cum-drenched cunt. Debbie lay dazed beneath him, panting harshly as she felt his seed sloshing heavily in her violated womb.

Dr. Bloom applauded enthusiastically, a wide grin on her face. "Incredible! What an impressive finish! The power and volume of that ejaculation was something to behold."

Dr. Bloom smiled at the sweaty, panting mother and son tangled on the exam table. "You both did extremely well for your first therapy

session. I'm very pleased with your progress, Brian."

She consulted her notes. "For your homework assignment, I want you to stay home from school tomorrow and spend the day practicing what you've learned. Debbie, this time I want you to be on top, riding Brian. The different position and angle of penetration will be a new challenge for him to maintain control."

Debbie nodded, still dazed from her intense orgasms. The idea of keeping her son home from school to fuck his brains out seemed so surreal, yet incredibly thrilling. "Yes, Doctor. Whatever you think is best."

"Excellent. Brian, your goal is to last a full hour before allowing yourself to ejaculate. Use the breathing and squeezing techniques if you feel yourself getting too close to the edge."

"A whole hour?" Brian asked, eyes wide. The thought of his sexy mother bouncing on his cock for that long both intimidated and excited him.

"I know you can do it," Dr. Bloom said confidently. "But to make it even more challenging, I also want you to incorporate oral stimulation of your mother's breasts throughout. Suckling her nipples will introduce even more pleasurable sensations to potentially overwhelm you."

Debbie felt a fresh gush of arousal at the thought of her son's lips wrapped around her sensitive nipples as she rode him. Her massive jugs tingled, the fat buds already crinkled and protruding in anticipation.

"Oh yes, I would love that," Debbie breathed, cupping her huge tits and offering them to Brian. "You used to nurse on Mommy's big boobies all the time as a baby. It always made me feel so good."

Brian groaned, his cock already starting to swell and stiffen again at the idea of suckling his mother's giant titties while she impaled herself on his rigid shaft. Nursing on her huge, pillowy tits sounded heavenly, but he knew the added stimulation would make holding out for an hour a true test of his control.

"Remember, don't focus solely on the penetration," Dr. Bloom advised. "Incorporate the breast play, vary your strokes, change angles, and pause to breathe or squeeze when needed. Communication is key. Let your mother know when you're getting too close so she can adjust her movements."

"We'll practice all day if we have to," Debbie declared, determination glinting in her eyes. "I wanna do whatever it takes to build up my son's sexual stamina and confidence."

"That's the spirit!" Dr. Bloom commended. "I have complete faith in you both. And I expect a full, detailed report of your homework session at our next appointment."

She gave them both a wink. "You're already making such wonderful progress. With a few more sessions, I'm confident we can turn you into a true sexual superstar!"

That evening at home, Debbie and Brian shared secret, knowing glances and smiles across the dinner table as they ate with Brian's father Tom and younger siblings. An electric tension crackled between mother and son, both of them squirming with barely contained anticipation for their extended "training session" the next day while Tom and the kids remained oblivious.

Debbie couldn't stop replaying the events of Brian's appointment in her mind - the exquisite stretch of her son's huge cock plowing into her neglected pussy, the euphoric feeling of his potent seed flooding her womb, the taboo thrill of it all. Her cunt clenched and grew moist just thinking about spending hours riding Brian's enormous

shaft while he suckled her aching nipples. She had to press her thighs together to quell the incessant throbbing of her swollen clit.

Brian was equally distracted, his cock semi-hard in his pants as he fantasized about all the things he wanted to do to his mother's voluptuous body the next day. He had always known on some level that his mom was incredibly sexy, but now, having experienced the paradise of her tight wet heat gripping him, he was eager to explore every inch of her. He could barely look at her without imagining her naked and spread open for him, her huge tits bouncing as she impaled herself on his rigid pole.

After dinner, as the family settled in the living room, Tom tried to put the moves on his wife, sliding his hand up her thigh suggestively. But Debbie gently pushed him away, feigning a headache.

"Not tonight, honey," she demurred, an apologetic smile on her face. "I'm just not feeling up to it. Rain check?"

In truth, Debbie wanted to keep her pussy in pristine condition for her son the next day. She knew Brian's cock was significantly bigger than her husband's, and she craved the delicious burn of his initial stretch breaching her. The thought of Tom's tepid sperm sloshing around in her and potentially dulling the sensation of Brian's huge load splattering her cervix was unacceptable. No, she wanted to be at her absolute tightest to milk every drop from her son's big balls.

Tom sighed in disappointment but accepted his wife's excuse, trudging off to watch TV in the bedroom.

Debbie felt a small pang of guilt for neglecting her marital duties, but it was quickly overwhelmed by the wicked thrill of secretly prioritizing her son's pleasure over her husband's. Besides, this was all for a good cause - she was helping Brian gain confidence. So what if she enjoyed the process?

As the kids eventually said their goodnights and headed to bed, Debbie and Brian found themselves alone in the living room. Their eyes met and held, the air practically crackling with sexual tension. Brian drank in the sight of his mother's voluptuous figure, barely contained by her silky robe.

Debbie sashayed over to Brian on bare feet, her massive tits wobbling heavily with each step. She sat down next to him on the couch, her robe falling open to reveal the deep, enticing cleavage between her huge creamy globes.

Leaning in close, the mother brought her glossy lips to Brian's ear and began whispering the nastiest, most obscene things she could think of, determined to work her son into an absolute frenzy for their marathon fuck session tomorrow.

"Mmmm baby, Mommy can't wait to have this big fat cock stretching her tight cunt again," she breathed hotly, reaching down to fondle Brian's rapidly stiffening erection through his pants. "I'm gonna ride you so hard, bounce on this enormous fucking dick for hours until you pump me full of your potent seed."

Brian groaned, his cock surging to full mast as his mother dirty talked him, her hand shamelessly groping his bulge.

"I've been such a neglectful mommy, letting this huge fuckstick go to waste for so long," Debbie continued, squeezing his shaft. "A virile young stud like you needs to drain these swollen balls multiple times a day. Mommy's gonna make up for lost time, milk you dry over and

over again with her hot, greedy cunt. Gonna wring every drop of jizz from these fat nuts until they're empty."

She cupped his heavy balls through the fabric, rolling them in her palm. Brian grunted, hips flexing as the pressure in his aching sack built steadily. His cock throbbed, pre-cum already soaking through his pants.

"And these big mommy milkers were made for worshipping," Debbie purred, hefting her giant jugs and shoving them in Brian's face. "I'm gonna smother you with these huge fucking tits while you're balls deep in me. Gonna make you suck on Mommy's fat nips, get your mouth all over these big soft titties like when you were nursing."

Brian whimpered, burying his face between the pillowy mounds, motorboating them. He rubbed his cheeks against the plush flesh, inhaling his mother's comforting scent. His cock bucked in his pants, absolutely rock hard and desperate for stimulation.

"Mmmm yeah, get in there," Debbie encouraged, pushing her heavy jugs together around his head. "Imagine these massive udders smacking your face while I ride you. Mommy's gonna suffocate you with these big mommy milkers, bury your face in mounds of soft titty flesh while you hammer my cunt."

Brian pulled back slightly, panting as he looked up at his mother with glazed eyes. "Mom, you've never talked to me like this before," he said in awe, voice husky with arousal. "It's so dirty..."

Debbie smiled wickedly, tracing a finger along his jaw. "I know, baby. But Mommy's doing it to help you. I want you absolutely wild with lust for me, so that tomorrow will be the ultimate test of the staying power and control you learned with Dr. Bloom."

She leaned in closer, her lips brushing his ear as she whispered, "And to make it even more challenging, you're not allowed to masturbate

tonight. I want you absolutely aching for it, balls churning with pent-up cum, so that fucking Mommy for a whole hour will be the ultimate trial."

Brian groaned at the thought, his cock throbbing almost painfully, pre-cum dribbling steadily from the slit. "I don't know if I can hold out that long, Mom. You're making me so fucking horny already..."

"Shhhh, I know you can do it, baby," Debbie assured him, nibbling his earlobe. "Dr. Bloom has faith in you. I have faith in you. You're gonna make Mommy so proud tomorrow, lasting like a champ while I drain your big swollen balls over and over in my tight, hot cunt."

She pulled back and stood up, letting her robe fall completely open. Her colossal tits spilled out, hanging heavily on her chest. She cupped the mammoth globes, fingers sinking into the pliant flesh, and dangled them in Brian's face, the stiff nipples brushing his lips.

"Sweet dreams, baby boy," she cooed, leaning down to kiss him deeply, thrusting her tongue into his mouth.

Brian groaned into the kiss, hands coming up to maul his mother's huge breasts, squeezing and kneading the giant scoops of flesh. He felt smothered in tit, surrounded by warm, pillowy softness. His cock bucked in his pants, oozing steadily.

With great reluctance, Debbie eventually pulled away, giving him a saucy wink. "Rest up. You're gonna need all your strength and stamina for tomorrow's training."

She sauntered off towards her bedroom, her monumental ass swaying hypnotically, leaving Brian painfully hard and leaking on the couch, the taste of her still on his tongue and the feel of her huge tits imprinted on his hands.

He palmed his aching erection, shuddering at the pressure. It took every ounce of willpower not to whip it out and jack off furiously to

the thought of his mother's body. But he resisted, determined to save every drop for her hungry cunt.

Tomorrow couldn't come soon enough.

The next morning, Debbie woke up wet and throbbing with anticipation of spending the whole day training Brian's sexual

stamina by riding his huge cock for hours. Cowgirl was her favorite position, and she had barely slept, her mind spinning with all the filthy things she wanted to do with her son.

But her excitement quickly turned to disappointment over breakfast when Tom announced he would be working from home that day. Debbie's heart sank, realizing she and Brian would have no privacy to engage in their taboo training session. She couldn't very well bounce on her son's enormous dick with her husband in the next room!

Thinking quickly, Debbie excused herself from the table and went to call Linda, the mother of Jenny, the girl Brian had dated. With shaking hands, she dialed Linda's number, hoping against hope that her friend would be open-minded about the situation.

"Debbie, hi!" Linda greeted warmly. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Hi Linda," Debbie said, lowering her voice. "I have a huge favor to ask and please keep an open mind..."

She proceeded to explain the unorthodox therapy Brian was undergoing with Dr. Bloom and how she needed a private place for them to complete his "homework assignment" of hour-long penetration practice. To her immense relief, Linda didn't seemed shocked or judgemental at all. If anything, she sounded intrigued and even a bit envious.

"Of course you can use my place!" Linda readily agreed. "Dan will be at work all day and Jenny has school, so you'll have complete privacy."

"Oh Linda, thank you so much!" Debbie gushed. "You have no idea how much this means to me. I just want to do everything I can to help my special boy please your daughter."

"Believe me, I completely understand," Linda said, a conspiratorial note creeping into her voice. "Between you and me, I've always thought Brian was an incredibly handsome and virile young man. Jenny is lucky to be dating him. I just hope with your help, he'll be able to really satisfy her soon, if you know what I mean..."

Debbie felt a thrill at the implication that Linda wanted Brian to fuck her daughter properly. "That's certainly the goal," she replied. "Dr. Bloom seems confident that with dedicated practice, Brian will gain the confidence and skill to be an incredible lover."

"Well, I'm more than happy to play my part," Linda said breathily. "You can use my bed, the same one where I've had plenty of mind-blowing orgasms. And feel free to be as loud as you want - my room is well soundproofed."

Debbie quickly concocted an excuse, telling Tom that she needed to take Brian to an important doctor's appointment and they would likely be gone most of the day.

Her husband barely looked up from his laptop, just grunting his acknowledgment. Debbie breathed a sigh of relief.

She found Brian in his room, already dressed and practically vibrating with pent-up lust. "Change of plans, baby," she told him. "We're going over to Linda's house for our special training time. Grab the overnight bag I packed for you and let's go."

Brian's eyes widened but he didn't argue, shouldering the bag and following his mother to the car. The sexual tension crackled between them the whole drive over, both squirming with barely contained arousal at the thought of finally being able to act on their taboo desires.

When Linda answered the door, Brian's jaw nearly hit the floor. His girlfriend's dark haired mother was wearing the skimpiest micro bikini he had ever seen, the tiny triangles of fabric struggling to

contain her massive, weighty tits. They spilled obscenely out the sides, the hard nipples poking through the sheer material. The thong back disappeared between the globes of her juicy ass.

"Debbie! Brian! Come on in!" Linda greeted them warmly, either oblivious to or not caring about her scandalous near-nudity.

She ushered them into the living room. "Can I get you two anything to drink? Some snacks maybe to keep your energy up?" She winked salaciously.

"I think we're good for now," Debbie replied, unable to stop her gaze from roving over her friend's exposed body, a spark of jealousy flaring at Linda's impossible proportions and blatant sex appeal.

They settled on the couch, Brian sandwiched between the two scantily clad MILFs, their huge tits pressing against his arms on either side. He swallowed hard, cock already tenting his shorts obscenely.

"So Brian," Linda purred, crossing her long legs so that her mostly bare pussy was on full display, "Jenny told me how...quickly things ended the first time you two were intimate, I have to admit I was a little disappointed on her behalf. A young man as handsome and virile as you should be able to give a girl multiple screaming orgasms before even thinking about his own pleasure."

Brian blushed, looking down in embarrassment. "I know, I feel awful about it. I guess I just got too excited and couldn't control myself."

"Well, that's why we're here to help you," Debbie chimed in, rubbing his back soothingly. "So you can really wow Jenny next time and make her see stars."

Linda nodded. "Exactly. In fact, when Jenny told me about your little 'issue', I almost forbade her from seeing you again. No daughter of mine is going to settle for a two-pump chump!"

Brian cringed at the crude description, his face burning.

"But then Jenny told me that even though it was over fast, you had a really big dick," Linda continued, her hand inching up Brian's thigh. "And big dicks are a rare and precious commodity. So I decided you deserve a second chance to prove you know how to use that whopper between your legs."

She leveled him with a stern look. "But let me make one thing clear, Brian. This is your last shot. If you don't absolutely rock Jenny's world next time, multiple times, she WILL be moving on to find satisfaction elsewhere. And I'll fully support that choice."

Brian gulped and nodded vigorously. "I understand, Linda. I swear, I'm gonna do whatever it takes to be the best lover Jenny could ask for. I never want to disappoint her again."

"That's what we like to hear," Debbie said approvingly. "And that's why it's so important for you to practice controlling your arousal and holding out for a long time, no matter how good it feels."

"Exactly," Linda agreed. "Women need prolonged stimulation to really get off. One and done just doesn't cut it for us. If you wanna satisfy a woman, especially one as sexy as Jenny, you need to make her cum over and over again before you even think about busting your nut."

Debbie nodded sagely. "Ideally, you should be fucking a woman through multiple orgasms for at least an hour, preferably two or three, every single session. Just relentlessly hitting it until she's cross-eyed and speaking in tongues from cumming so hard. THEN you can let yourself finish."

"Wow," Brian said in awe, trying to imagine fucking Jenny for that long without losing his load. It seemed impossible, but he was determined to make it happen. "I never realized women needed it for that long."

"Oh yes," Linda confirmed. "And let me tell you, a man who can fuck like a machine for hours and give a woman countless leg-shaking orgasms before finally claiming his own release...well, that's the holy grail. That's the kind of stud every woman dreams about."

She squeezed his thigh meaningfully. "And with your big young cock and all this hands-on training from your sexy mom, I just know you're gonna become that kind of legendary lover, Brian. I can feel it."

Brian felt a surge of pride and determination at Linda's words. More than anything, he wanted to be the man she was describing - a tireless sex god who could make any woman scream with ecstasy. Starting with his own mother.

Debbie smiled, seeing the resolve in her son's eyes. "Alright then, why don't we head to the bedroom and get started on today's training? We have a lot of ground to cover if we're going to get you lasting for an hour or more."

Linda and Debbie each took one of Brian's hands and led him upstairs to the master bedroom. As soon as they crossed the threshold, Debbie turned to her son with a sultry smile. "Alright baby, let's get you out of those clothes. We need you naked for your training."

She slid her hands under his shirt, raking her nails lightly over his chiseled abs before pulling the garment up and over his head. Linda whistled appreciatively at the sight of his ripped physique.

Debbie hooked her fingers in the waistband of his shorts and underwear, yanking them down in one swift motion. Brian's massive cock sprang free, slapping against his belly at full mast.

"Mmmm, there's that beautiful big dick," Debbie purred, wrapping her hand around the thick shaft. "Mommy can't wait to ride this beast."

She quickly shimmied out of her own clothes, revealing her voluptuous body in all its glory. Brian drank in the sight of her colossal tits and pleasantly plump curves, his cock throbbing in her grip.

Debbie turned to Linda with a mischievous grin. "You know, I think Brian could use some help getting primed for the main event. Would you like to join me in giving his cock a little oral TLC?"

Linda licked her lips, eyeing Brian's straining erection hungrily. "I thought you'd never ask," she purred, quickly shedding her micro bikini.

"Oral TLC?" the teen asked naively.

The two women nudged Brian onto the bed until he was sprawled on his back, then crawled between his spread legs. They exchanged a knowing glance before lowering their heads and extending their tongues to meet at the tip of his cock. "That's another term for sucking cock, baby," his mother replied between licks.

"Ohhh fuck," Brian groaned, hands fisting in the sheets as he felt the dual sensations of his mother and Linda's hot mouths on his most sensitive flesh. They slowly licked up his length in tandem, tracing

the thick vein on the underside before swirling their tongues around his bulbous cockhead.

"Mmmm, your cock tastes so good," Debbie moaned, lapping at his tip. "I can't wait to feel it stretching my pussy."

"So thick and hard," Linda marveled, trailing her tongue along his shaft. "My daughter is one lucky girl."

They took turns suckling the head, their lips meeting in an obscene kiss around it as their tongues flicked at his slit. Brian trembled and

gasped, trying desperately not to blow his load down their throats then and there.

Debbie and Linda moved lower, each taking one of his heavy balls into their mouths. They slurped and suckled his nuts, rolling them on their tongues as they fondled his huge cock.

"Gonna drain these big balls dry," Debbie promised, giving them a gentle squeeze.

Debbie and Linda marveled at the sheer size and weight of Brian's cum-laden nuts as they nuzzled and mouthed the swollen orbs. Each testicle was easily the size of a ripe plum, the skin stretched taut and thin over the massive reservoirs of spunk contained within.

"God, these balls are so fucking full," Linda groaned, hefting the heavy sack in her palm. "No wonder you have such a hair trigger, Brian. These fat nuts are practically bursting at the seams with jizz."

"Mmmm, and they smell so ripe and musky," his mother purred, burying her face in his ball sack and inhaling deeply. "Like pure virile masculinity. The scent alone is making my cunt gush."

They took turns sucking each ponderous gonad into their mouths, their cheeks bulging obscenely as they struggled to fit the oversized balls past their lips. Brian grunted and writhed at the intense

sensation of their hot, wet mouths engulfing his most sensitive glands.

Debbie nibbled and licked all over his left nut, rolling the fleshy globe on her tongue as she sucked, trying to coax out the seed from deep within. She sealed her lips around the base and nursed hungrily, hollowing her cheeks with the force of her suction.

Linda latched onto his right testicle, slurping it into her oral cavity. The ball was so swollen with semen, it barely fit in her mouth,

stretching her jaws wide. She suckled the meaty orb, flicking the tip of her tongue against the spot she knew his epididymis lay just below the surface, packed with sperm waiting to be expelled.

They orally kneaded and massaged his balls, sucking and tonguing the cum-bloated organs from every angle. Debbie pulled back with a lewd slurp, letting his left nut pop from her mouth.

"Your balls taste incredible," she rasped, licking the saliva from her lips. "So earthy and primal. I can practically taste the billions of potent sperm cells just waiting to explode out of these fat nuts and flood my unprotected cunt."

"God yes," Linda agreed, releasing his right nut. "You're gonna pump so much jizz into your mom's fertile pussy. I bet these heavy balls will churn out enough spunk to overflow her womb and gush out around your huge cock as you keep fucking her."

Brian shuddered at their filthy words, his cock flexing and leaking a steady stream of pre-goo onto his abs. The thought of hosing down his mother's defenseless cervix with the massive load boiling in his balls made him throb with need.

Realizing that they were getting Brian too riled up with their ball worship and risking him blowing his load prematurely, Debbie and Linda forced themselves to pull back from his churning cum factories.

However, they couldn't resist the allure of Brian's drooling cockhead, the tip glistening with a steady flow of pre-cum.

"Mmmm, look at all this sweet nectar leaking out," Debbie cooed, swiping her tongue through the slippery emission and moaning at the taste. "My baby boy is dripping like a faucet already."

"So yummy," Linda agreed, lapping at the clear fluid. "You taste just as delicious as I imagined, Brian. I can't wait until this big cock is

pumping inside my daughter's tight, teen snatch again."

The two mothers took turns flicking the tips of their tongues against Brian's weeping slit, wiggling them inside the opening to coax out more of his pre-ejaculate. They made out sloppily around his engorged tip, their lips and tongues sliding wetly together as they shared his musky essence between them.

Brian looked down in awe, watching the obscene sight of his mother and girlfriend's mother French kissing around his cockhead, their long, agile tongues dancing and swirling as they feasted on his preliminary offering. Strings of pre-nut webbed their lips together, glistening in the light.

"Holy shit that's so hot," Brian panted, thighs trembling with the effort not to buck up into their mouths and explode like a geyser. "You two are gonna make me bust if you keep that up..."

Debbie pulled back with a giggle, licking her lips clean. "We can't have that, now can we? Today is all about testing your stamina and self-control. I've gotta work you right to the edge over and over again."

Linda leaned down to place a suckling kiss right on the tip of his cock, making Brian gasp. "I think we'd better move on to the main event before he sprays all over our faces."

Debbie and Linda each gave his cockhead one last long, luxurious lick, savoring the flavor of his pre-spend, before pulling away completely.

Brian whimpered at the loss of their hot mouths on his aching erection, but he knew it was for the best. He needed to save every drop of cum in his heavy balls for the ultimate test of endurance - fucking his own mother for a minimum of one hour straight.

Linda turned to Debbie with a salacious smile. "Alright hot stuff, are you ready to take this absolutely gorgeous cock for a nice long ride?"

Debbie grinned wickedly at Linda and licked her lips. "Oh, I was born ready for this."

She crawled up Brian's body until she was straddling his hips, her sopping wet cunt poised just above the throbbing head of his cock. Her massive, pendulous breasts swayed heavily with the motion, the engorged nipples grazing Brian's heaving chest.

The teenager's eyes were glued to the juncture of his mother's thighs, watching in awe as her puffy, glistening pussy lips hovered mere inches from his aching cockhead. His tongue lolled out the side of his mouth, panting with pure animalistic lust and anticipation.

Debbie reached down between their bodies and grasped the root of Brian's huge shaft, angling it upwards. She rubbed the bulbous tip along her slippery slit, coating it in her slick arousal. Mother and son moaned in unison as she teased him, grinding her engorged clit against the sensitive underside of his glans.

"Mmmm, that's it baby," Debbie purred, undulating her hips. "Feel how wet Mommy's pussy is for you? How badly I need this big fat cock stretching me open?"

"Oh god Mom, please..." Brian whined desperately, hands coming up to grip her plush hips. His cock flexed urgently against her soaked

folds, the spongy head flaring impatiently, weeping copious amounts of pre-cum.

After a few more teasing passes, Debbie finally had mercy on her son. She notched the drooling tip of his cock at her entrance and began to sink down, her slick, scorching heat immediately engulfing him.

"Ohhhhh fuuuuuck!" Brian cried out, throwing his head back as he was sheathed to the hilt in one smooth motion, his mother's tight, clutching pussy swallowing every thick inch. She was so incredibly wet and velvety soft inside, her walls rippling deliciously along his sensitive length.

Debbie let out a long, low moan as she was split open on her son's huge baby-maker, her elastic tissues stretching wonderfully to accommodate his girth. When she was fully impaled, she paused, relishing the exquisite sensation of being so completely filled, his swollen cockhead nestled right against her cervix.

"Mmmm, that's it baby," she purred, internally squeezing him. "Mommy's cunt feels soooo good wrapped around your big dick, doesn't it? Like it was made just for you."

Brian could only nod and grunt in agreement, overwhelmed by the tight, wet heaven of his mother's pussy. He had never felt anything so incredible in his life. It took every ounce of willpower not to blow his load immediately.

Linda smiled knowingly as she watched Debbie's pussy lips stretch obscenely around Brian's enormous girth. "I can see you two are gonna be very busy for the next while. I'll give you some privacy to really focus on Brian's training."

She leaned down to murmur in Brian's ear. "I'll be just down the hall in Jenny's room, listening to every moan, gasp and scream of ecstasy

you wring out of your sexy mother. If you can make her cum loud enough for me to hear through the walls, over and over again, for a full hour... then I'll know you're truly ready to fuck my baby girl's brains out properly. Don't hold back - I wanna hear your mom HOWL with pleasure on your big cock."

Brian shuddered and nodded, determined to prove himself. "I won't let you down, Linda. I'm gonna fuck my mom so good and hard, you'll think she's being murdered from all the screaming."

"Mmmm, I can't wait," Linda giggled, giving his cock one last parting stroke before standing up. "Happy fucking, you two." She threw them a wink over her shoulder as she sashayed out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Now alone with her son's huge erection buried inside her, Debbie grinned down at Brian wolfishly. Without breaking eye contact, she lifted her arm and activated the stopwatch on her smartwatch, setting it for one hour. The device beeped as the countdown began.

"Sixty minutes, baby," she reminded him huskily. "Starting...now."

With that, Debbie began to move, lifting herself up until just the tip remained inside her, then slamming back down to the hilt. Brian cried out sharply as her pussy walls scraped deliciously along his sensitive cock, flooding him with sensation.

Debbie set a steady rhythm, skillfully rolling and gyrating her curvy hips as she rode him. Her slick inner muscles rippled along his shaft like a tight fist, milking him with every thrust. Wet, obscene squelching noises filled the room as she worked herself on his thickness, her copious arousal allowing him to plunge in and out smoothly.

"Ohhh fuck baby, you're so deep," Debbie panted, picking up speed. "Splitting Mommy wide open on this huge cock. Unnngh! I feel you in my fucking throat!"

Brian could only moan and gasp as his mother used his cock like her personal fuck stick, her round ass slapping lewdly against his thighs as she impaled herself over and over. He never knew a woman could ride dick like this, so passionately and athletically. Her pussy felt like

pure molten silk, so slick and scorching hot and unbearably tight around him.

He looked up at Debbie in awe as she undulated on top of him, her sweaty skin glistening, her massive tit-melons bouncing and swaying hypnotically with every roll of her hips. Her face was a mask of ecstasy, mouth hanging open, eyes rolled back as she lost herself in the sensation of her son's huge cock stuffing her full.

"That's it baby, just lie back and let Mommy work this big dick," Debbie purred, putting her hands on his chest for leverage as she began slamming herself up and down harder, faster. "Gonna fuck this huge cock so good, drain these big full balls right up into my hungry cunt."

Brian fisted the sheets, writhing beneath his mother as she enthusiastically rode him like a bucking bronco. Her giant dough-like breasts smacked him in the face with each downward plunge, the hard nipples dragging across his lips. He captured one between his teeth, suckling the thick bud into his mouth.

"Oooh fuck yes, suck Mommy's tits!" Debbie cried out, pressing her chest into his face. "Just like when you were a baby, nursing on Mommy's big fat nipples. Mmmm, bite them, baby!"

Brian latched on hungrily, suckling and gnawing at the dense peak, relishing the taste and texture. He moved to the other breast, sucking as much of the pillowy flesh into his mouth as he could, his

cheeks bulging. He motorboated between the heavy globes, rubbing his face in her soft, fragrant skin.

Debbie braced her hands on the headboard, using it as leverage to jackhammer herself on Brian's cock even harder. Her hips churned furiously as she corkscrewed herself on his fat pole, stirring him around inside her sodden depths. The room filled with the liquid, meaty smacks of flesh slapping together and the wet squelches of

Brian's huge cock plundering his mother's drenched pussy over and over.

"Oh god baby, you're so fucking BIG!" Debbie wailed, head thrashing side to side. "Mommy's cumming, Mommy's CUMMING on your huge cock!"

Her pussy spasmed violently around him, the rippling walls clamping down like a silken vise as she gushed all over his pistoning shaft. Clear fem-spunk sprayed from her convulsing cunt with the force of her orgasm, splattering his groin and balls.

Brian gritted his teeth, trying desperately to breathe through the urge to erupt as his mother's climaxing sheath squeezed and milked him. His cock flexed inside her, pulsing urgently, the sensitive head pummeled by her cervix with every plunge. His balls drew up tight, churning with the need for release.

Somehow, he managed to stave off his own climax through sheer force of will, remembering Dr. Bloom's techniques. He took deep breaths, squeezing the base of his cock to quell the tingling pressure in his balls.

Debbie collapsed on top of him, sweaty and panting from the force of her orgasm. "Oh fuck baby, that was incredible," she gasped. "But we're just getting started. Gotta make you last at least an hour in this tight, wet pussy."

She glanced at her smartwatch - only 17 minutes had elapsed. Plenty of time left to torture her son's big cock with her skillful cunt.

After catching her breath, Debbie started rolling her hips again, slowly working herself on Brian's still rock-hard erection. She clenched her vaginal muscles rhythmically, rippling up and down his shaft.

"Feel that, baby?" she purred. "Mommy's cunt milking your big fat dick, squeezing every inch. Gonna wring out all that hot cum from these swollen balls by the end."

Brian groaned, his cock throbbing inside her fluttering sheath. No matter how much he breathed or squeezed, the pressure in his aching balls kept building steadily as his mother skillfully fucked him. But he was determined to last, to prove his stamina and control.

Debbie varied her fuck-strokes, alternating between deep grinding plunges and shallow teasing thrusts. She swiveled her hips in figure eights, stirring him around inside her. Occasionally, she'd lift herself until just the tip remained nestled between her labia, squeezing the spongy head before slamming back down to the hilt.

The erotic sights, sounds and sensations were almost too much for Brian to handle. The slick heat of his mother's pussy, the filthy wet noises of her juices churning, the jiggle and bounce of her enormous breasts, the focused look of pure lust on her beautiful face as she worked herself on his cock.

He felt like the entire world had narrowed down to the place where they were joined, lost in a haze of orgasmic bliss. His pelvis ached from the constant stimulation, his cock a searing bar of steel inside her clinging silk walls. But still, he held on, fighting against the boiling urgency in his balls demanding release.

Debbie came twice more on his cock as the minutes ticked by, thrashing and gushing and screaming his name. Brian hoped Linda could hear every cry through the walls, hear what a good job he was doing pleasuring his mother. He wanted her to know that her daughter would be in very capable hands.

By the 45 minute mark, sweat was pouring off both of them as they rutted frantically. Debbie's legs trembled from the exertion of riding Brian so vigorously for so long. Her pussy was sore and aching, swollen and puffy from the relentless battering of her son's huge

cock. But she didn't let up for a second, determined to push Brian to his absolute limit.

"Fifteen minutes left, baby," she panted, voice hoarse from all her screaming. "You're doing sooo good, lasting so long in Mommy's tight pussy. Gonna make you bust the biggest, thickest load when the time is up. Just keep holding on for me."

Brian was barely coherent at this point, lost in a world of pure sensation. His cock felt like it was on fire, every nerve ending sizzling with pleasure bordering on pain from the constant stimulation. His balls were drawn up so tight to his body, they felt like swollen rocks, filled to bursting with what had to be gallons of pent-up spunk. The urge to explode was excruciating, his body screaming for release. But he fought it with every fiber of his being.

Debbie ground down on him mercilessly, corkscrewing her hips. Her engorged clit dragged against his pubic bone with every pass, sending sparks of ecstasy through her. She was in a state of almost constant climax now, her whole body quivering and clenching as she came over and over on her son's relentlessly pounding cock.

The wet, meaty smacks of their furiously coupling flesh and the high-pitched keening of Debbie's moans reached a crescendo as the final minutes counted down. Brian's cock was an iron bar inside her,

stretching her impossibly wide, reaching places that had never been touched. The fat mushroom head speared into her cervix with brutal force, making her see stars.

"Fuck fuck fuck, I'm cumming again!" Debbie wailed, throwing her head back. "Cumming so hard on my baby boy's big dick! FUUUCK!"

Her cunt rippled and spasmed wildly, ejaculate gushing out around Brian's pistoning shaft and splattering his groin. Her whole body convulsed with the force of her orgasm, juices spraying everywhere.

Brian let out a strangled roar, his hips surging up off the bed as he hammered into her with vicious, piledriving thrusts. His cock swelled and flexed inside her, the veins bulging obscenely. He was so close, right on the razor's edge of exploding, but through a herculean effort of will, he held back.

Debbie glanced at her smartwatch, seeing the final ten seconds ticking down. She grinned wolfishly and leaned in close to Brian's ear, determined to test his control to the absolute limit in these last moments.

"Ten," she purred, grinding down on his cock. "Gonna milk this big fat dick so good."

Brian whimpered, his erection pulsing urgently inside her.

"Nine. Drain every drop of cum from these huge, aching balls."

She reached down to gently squeeze his drawn-up testicles, feeling how swollen and heavy they were with pent-up seed.

"Eight. Suck all that thick jizz right out of you with my tight cunt."

Debbie clenched her vaginal muscles, rippling up and down Brian's straining shaft.

"Seven. Pump me so full of your hot spunk, baby. Paint Mommy's womb white."

Brian's cock flexed and throbbed, the sensitive head jabbing against her cervix.

"Six. Wanna feel you explode so deep, fill me to the brim with cum."

Pre-ejaculate flowed steadily from his slit, his balls pulling up even tighter.

"Five. Claim this pussy, make it yours. Mark me from the inside out."

Debbie undulated her hips skillfully, stirring his throbbing cock around her slick channel.

"Four. Flood my fertile cunt with your virile seed. Knock Mommy up with your baby."

Brian let out a strangled groan, the perverse idea pushing him right to the brink.

"Three. That's it, give it all to me. Every fucking drop. Breed me!"

She slammed herself down one last time, grinding her clit against his pelvis.

"Two. Now baby, NOW! CUM IN MOMMY'S CUNT!"

On "one", Brian finally erupted with an animalistic roar, his cock flexing violently inside her before the first powerful jet of semen blasted out of him, painting her cervix. Debbie threw her head back and screamed as she felt the molten heat of his seed splashing her womb.

Thick ropes of cum geysered into her, flooding her pussy. Brian's hips bucked and jerked spasmodically as his orgasm crashed through him, ball-churning pulses of pleasure surging up his cock with each spurt.

He had never cum so hard in his life, the ecstasy searing through every nerve ending.

Debbie's cunt clamped down, milking him, wringing out every drop. The pleasure bordered on pain as her rippling walls massaged his sensitive flesh. He felt like his balls were turning inside out with the force of his ejaculation, pumping a seemingly endless amount of jizz into his mother.

Debbie kept grinding her hips, working herself on Brian's spurting cock as she whispered pure filth in his ear.

"Mmmm yeah baby, give Mommy all that hot cum," she purred. "Just imagine fucking my mouth like this, ramming that big dick down my throat for an hour while I gag and choke on it."

Brian whimpered, his orgasm intensifying at her nasty words. His cock continued to erupt like a geyser, firing jet after jet of thick cream into his mother's spasming cunt.

"Or my tight little asshole," Debbie continued breathlessly, nibbling his earlobe. "Destroying my virgin sphincter with this huge fuck-pole, stretching it wider than its ever been. Pounding my shitter relentlessly as I scream into the pillows."

Brian saw stars, the pleasure cresting again as he envisioned ruthlessly sodomizing his sexy mother for hours on end. His balls contracted painfully, pumping out a seemingly impossible amount of semen. The hot spunk overflowed from her stuffed pussy, gushing out around his pistoning shaft.

"And don't forget these big fat mommy udders," Debbie moaned, pressing her enormous, sloshing tits into his face. "Wrapping these huge soft titties around your cock and fucking them until you explode all over my face and tits. Glazing me like a fucking donut with your gooey spunk."

Brian buried his face between the sweaty, shaking mounds, groaning into her cleavage as the filthy images flashed through his mind. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, each nasty scenario she painted sending a fresh shockwave of ecstasy through him.

His hips snapped up in short, sporadic bursts as he continued to unload convulsively inside her, his softening cock dribbling the last weak spurts into her cum-flooded canal. Debbie's pussy was

absolutely drenched, overflowing with his seed as it leaked out around his shaft and pooled on the bed beneath them.

Finally, Brian collapsed back against the pillows, utterly spent, his chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath. Debbie grinned down at him triumphantly, her face glowing with sweat and satisfaction.

"Oh my fucking god," Brian panted when he could finally speak again. "That was...I can't even describe it. Fucking incredible."

"You were amazing, baby," Debbie praised, carefully lifting herself off of his softening cock. A veritable river of pearly white cum poured out of her gaping, puffy cunt, coating Brian's spent balls and running down the crack of his ass. "Lasting over an hour in Mommy's pussy before finally busting the most epic nut. I'm so proud of you."

She glanced at her smartwatch, which had long since buzzed at the one hour mark. "One hour and twelve minutes," she announced proudly. "You blew Dr. Bloom's challenge out of the water."

Brian felt a swell of masculine pride, amazed at his own stamina and self-control. Just a few days ago, he could barely last a minute inside a woman. Now he had just fucked his own mother relentlessly for over an hour, bringing her to countless screaming orgasms before finally allowing himself to erupt.

"I couldn't have done it without you, Mom," he said sincerely, gazing up at her with adoration. "You were incredible, the way you worked

my cock, pushed me to my absolute limits. I've never felt anything so amazing."

Debbie preened at the praise, basking in the afterglow of their mind-blowing fuck session. "It was my pleasure, baby. Literally," she giggled. "Mommy will always be here for all your dick-draining needs. Whenever you need to work on your stamina and control, my holes are yours."

Brian groaned at the thought, his cock giving a valiant twitch against his thigh despite having just erupted like Mount Vesuvius. "I don't know if my dick can handle much more of your magic pussy, Mom. You might fuck the life right out of me!"

"Oh hush," Debbie giggled, playfully smacking his chest. "A virile young buck like you? I'm sure this big cock will be ready to go again in no time. Which is good, because we still have allllll day to keep practicing. By the time I'm done with you, you'll be the energizer fuck bunny - able to just keep going and going and going..."

There was a knock at the door and Linda poked her head in, a huge grin on her face. "I thought I heard the grand finale!" She said, eyeing the absolutely wrecked couple on the bed, the musky scent of sex heavy in the air. "Sounded like quite the marathon fuck session. Well done, Brian!"

Brian blushed but smiled proudly. "Thanks Linda. I tried my best to follow Dr. Bloom's techniques and make it last. Wasn't easy with Mom's incredible pussy though. I almost lost it so many times."

"But you didn't," Debbie said, stroking his sweaty hair. "You controlled yourself beautifully. I came so many times I lost count! If you fuck Jenny even half as good as that, she'll be ruined for other men."

"Excellent," Linda purred, sauntering over to the bed. "I can't tell you how happy I am that my daughter is gonna have such a well-trained, hyper-virile stud to satisfy her. She's a lucky girl."

Linda trailed a finger through the puddle of cum on Brian's abs, scooping some up and bringing it to her mouth. She sucked the digit clean, moaning at the taste. "Mmmm, and such a copious volume of semen too! Jenny is gonna love being pumped full of your hot, thick seed. I just know you're gonna knock her up on the first try with these potent balls of yours."

Brian's eyes widened, his cock chubbing up again at the idea of impregnating his girlfriend with his virile spunk. "You really think so?"

"Oh definitely," Linda said with a wicked grin. "No birth control stands a chance against this kind of mega cumshot. I give it one cycle before you've got a baby growing in her teenage tummy."

Debbie grinned at Linda's lewd prediction, thrilled at the idea of her son knocking up his teenage girlfriend with his potent seed. Wanting to push Brian even further, she gently rolled them over so she was on her back with Brian on top, his semi-hard cock nestled between her slick thighs.

"Alright stud, you lasted an hour, which is an amazing feat. But now Mommy wants to see if you can go even longer," Debbie purred, reaching over to her smartwatch. She fiddled with it for a moment before holding up her wrist to show Brian the new countdown - two hours.

Brian's eyes widened. "Two hours? You want me to fuck you for two hours straight without cumming?"

"That's right, baby," Debbie confirmed with a wicked grin. "I want you pounding my pussy nonstop for the next 120 minutes. No

coming up for air, no breaks, just constant fucking. I know you can do it. Show Mommy what a virile, stamina-filled young stud you are."

She wrapped her long legs around his hips, crossing her ankles to lock him against her flesh.

Brian groaned as his mother's words sent a fresh surge of blood to his cock, quickly inflating it back to full mast inside her cum-slicked channel. The idea of pounding her relentlessly for two hours straight

without respite both intimidated and thrilled him. He knew it would be the ultimate test of his self-control and stamina.

Over the next few days, Debbie dedicated herself to training her son to become the ultimate sexual stud. They spent hours upon hours locked away in her bedroom, Brian learning to control his orgasms and last longer and longer as he pounded his mother's pussy, ass and tits relentlessly.

With Dr. Bloom's help, Debbie taught him every trick in the book to please a woman - how to angle his thrusts to hit her G-spot, how to grind his pubic bone against her clit, how to vary his speed and depth to keep her on the edge. She showed him how to use his fingers and tongue to drive her wild, teasing her nipples and licking her clit until she was a writhing, begging mess.

Under the women's expert tutelage, Brian's stamina and skill increased exponentially. He went from a two-pump chump to a marathon man, able to fuck for hours without losing his load. His recovery time decreased to mere minutes, allowing him to pound Debbie through dozens of screaming orgasms before finally flooding her with his seed.

By the end of the week, Brian was a bonafide sex god, his cock permanently hard and ready, his balls churning out inhuman amounts of cum. Debbie had never been so well-fucked in her life, left cross-

eyed and delirious from the constant orgasms, her holes gaping and sloppy with her son's spunk.

When Brian finally reunited with Jenny, he absolutely destroyed her teenage pussy, pounding her relentlessly for hours on end until she was a babbling, cock-drunk mess. He took all the techniques he learned from the doctor and his mother and applied them to his girlfriend, playing her body like a virtuoso.

Jenny came so many times she lost count, her pussy spasming and gushing uncontrollably on Brian's seemingly tireless cock. He fucked her in every position imaginable - missionary, doggystyle, cowgirl, reverse cowgirl, standing, sitting, bent over furniture. No hole was left unstuffed, no erogenous zone untouched.

Jenny's screams of ecstasy could be heard throughout the neighborhood as Brian pounded her into oblivion. When he finally allowed himself to cum, he painted her womb with what felt like gallons of hot, virile seed. Jenny's flat tummy actually bulged from the sheer volume pumped into her teenage twat.

Word quickly spread of Brian's sexual prowess, and soon every hot girl and bored housewife in town was lining up to get a taste of his huge cock. He plowed the captain of the cheerleading squad, the girls' volleyball team, his busty teachers, and all the MILFs in the neighborhood. He left a trail of wet, satisfied pussies and gaping, cum-leaking assholes in his wake.

But even as Brian fucked his way through the female population of his town, he always came back to his very first sex teacher - his own mother. No matter how many women he fucked, she was the best by far.

THE END

226: Mom's New Collaborator-part1/2

Mom's New Collaborator

By Klrxo

Lucas felt a mixture of shock and excitement as he surveyed the room, taking in the scent of musky perfume mingling with the unmistakable aroma of wet pussy. His mind raced as he tried to process what his mother and his Aunt Mona could possibly be doing in here on a regular basis.

He walked over to examine the recording equipment set up - a professional video camera on a tripod pointed at the bed, which was strewn with lacy teddies, garters, and thigh-high stockings.

Next to the camera was a laptop, presumably for uploading the footage. His face flushed as he imagined his loving mother dressed in the provocative lingerie, performing for the camera.

Lucas picked up one of the sex toys, a large realistic, 10-inch dildo, and gulped as he noticed the slick sheen coating its surface, evidence of very recent use. The thought of his mom using it, maybe even just minutes ago, made his jeans suddenly feel much tighter. He wondered if she used it on herself, or if Mona used it on her.

Being a virgin, he had never tasted pussy juice before, so the curious teen brought the dildo to his mouth and had a lick, immediately savoring the sweet, tangy flavor.

Feeling overwhelmed and more than a little turned on, Lucas quickly set the toy down and took a few deep breaths, trying to regain his composure.

He knew he had to escape before his mom discovered his intrusion into her private space. Panic surged through him and his heart dropped like a

stone when he looked up to find his mom standing in the doorway, her eyes burning into him with the intensity of a thousand suns.

"Mom, I… um…" the boy uttered, realizing he'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

Melina stepped into the room and closed the door firmly behind her, locking it with a click that echoed in the heavy silence. Lucas swallowed hard as she turned to face him, her expression unreadable. She was a stunning woman, with shoulder-length honey blonde hair that fell in loose waves around her face. Her curvy figure was poured into a tight white blouse that strained across her gigantic tits, and a black pencil skirt that hugged the sexy swell of her hips and bubble butt.

As she slowly stalked towards him on sky-high heels that made her toned legs seem to go on forever, Lucas felt his mouth go dry. He had always known objectively that his mom was beautiful, but seeing her like this, knowing what she did in this room, he felt a confusing rush of fear and forbidden desire.

"Well, well," Melina purred as she approached, her voice a low, seductive murmur. "What do we have here? My own son, snooping through Mommy's private things. Whatever should I do with you, you naughty boy?"

She stopped just inches away from him, so close he could feel the heat radiating off her body, could smell her intoxicating scent of

expensive perfume and lingering female arousal. He looked up at her, his blue eyes wide and pleading.

"Mom, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to-" he stammered, but she cut him off by pressing one perfectly manicured finger to his lips.

"Hush, baby," she whispered, her full, glossy lips curving in a wicked smile. "Mommy's not mad. In fact, I've been waiting for this day, for my handsome boy to finally discover Mommy's dirty little secret. And now

that you know," she purred, running her fingers through his hair and drawing him closer.

"Come sit beside me, sweetie," she said, taking his hand and guiding him to the plush bed. Lucas followed, feeling both terrified and electrified by his mother's touch.

He perched nervously on the edge of the bed, his skinny frame tense and trembling slightly. At 18, he had shot up to nearly six feet tall but had yet to fill out, his body still coltish and boyishly slender. His delicate features and shy demeanor gave him an almost feminine beauty.

Melina smiled, sensing her son's innocence and knowing she could mold him like clay in her skilled hands. She sat beside him, so close their thighs brushed, making Lucas shiver.

"I know this must be very shocking and confusing for you, honey," she cooed, gently squeezing his thigh. "But the truth is, Mona and I have a very successful business reviewing sex toys and lingerie. We have a huge online following that just loves watching us play and dress up in sexy things."

Lucas swallowed hard, eyes wide as he tried to process this startling information. His prim, proper mother was a...a camgirl? Showing her

body to strangers online? Using those sex toys he'd found? It was almost too much for his shy, sheltered mind to comprehend.

"I...I don't understand," he whispered, looking up at her helplessly, like a lost puppy. "Why...?"

Melina smiled softly, reaching out to caress her son's cheek. "Oh sweetie, I know it's a lot to take in. It began as just a fun, sexy hobby for Mona and I. We both loved dressing up and exploring our sensual sides. But when we saw how much attention our videos got, how many other naughty moms there were out there with the same interests as us, we realized we could actually make good money at it."

She shifted closer, her hand drifting down to rest on Lucas's inner thigh. "The extra income has helped us so much, baby. It's allowed us to take those nice vacations, to get you that car for your birthday, to not have to worry so much about the bills. I know it's unconventional, but it works for our family."

"Does dad know?" Lucas asked.

"Well, um…sort of," Melina blushed. "He knows that we model clothing and review products online, but I've never really told him what kind of clothing and products."

She squeezed his thigh and gazed into his eyes before continuing. "That part was… sort of a secret, just between your aunt and I…and now you."

Lucas bit his lip, trying to wrap his head around the idea of his mom doing this as a career. Part of him burned with curiosity, with a dark craving to know more about this secret sensual world his mother inhabited.

In the coming days, Lucas couldn't get his mind off what he had discovered. He was both shocked and impossibly aroused at the

thought of his mother and his aunt filming themselves in sexy lingerie, playing with toys.

In the afternoon, when he knew they were recording, he would sneak out of his room and crouch by his parents' door, ear pressed to the wood, desperately trying to hear what was happening inside.

He could make out the low murmur of their voices and occasional feminine giggles. But he longed to actually see what they were doing. His young cock throbbed insistently in his pants as his feverish imagination ran wild.

One day, after school, as he listened intently, the door suddenly swung open. Lucas scrambled back, pulse pounding as he looked up to see his Aunt Mona standing there in a sheer red teddy that left very little to the imagination. Her giant, heavy breasts threatened to spill out of the lacy cups and he could clearly see her wide areola and dusky nipples through the thin fabric.

"Well hello there, Lucas," she purred, green eyes twinkling with mischief as she looked down at his burning face. "Enjoying the show? Or at least trying to?"

He opened his mouth but no words came out, his brain short-circuiting at the sight of his mom's sexy younger sister nearly naked in front of him. His eyes drifted down to the barely-there crotch of her dainty red panties molded so snugly to her pubis that he could clearly see her cleft of Venus.

Mona smirked, tossing her long red curls over her creamy freckled shoulder. "Cat got your tongue, cutie?

Lucas slowly walked backwards and his aunt followed, giggling at how timid and cute he was. When his back struck the wall, Mona squashed her huge, soft mommy-tits against his chest, making them distend out at the side like huge, squishy marshmallows.

"Why don't you be a dear and fetch Mommy and I some ice water?" Mona asked sweetly, enjoying the way the boy squirmed under her knowing gaze. "We worked up quite a thirst."

Lucas nodded mutely, practically tripping over himself in his haste to obey. He hurried to the kitchen, head spinning as he fumbled with the glasses, slopping water on the counter with shaking hands.

By the time he returned to his parents' room, Mona had slipped back inside but left the door ajar in clear invitation. Heart pounding, Lucas nervously pushed it open wider.

The sight that greeted him nearly knocked him over. His mother was sprawled on the king sized bed wearing a sheer black robe that gaped open to reveal a matching bra and panty set that left little to the imagination. Her creamy skin glowed, sheened with a light mist of sweat. Her gorgeous legs were stretched out on the bed, strong, tan and baby-smooth.

But what made Lucas's eyes widen to saucers were the two realistic male torsos lying on either side of her, the thick jutting cocks glistening obscenely with his mother's and Mona's juices. Fem-cum saturated the sheet beneath the twitching shafts, the heady scent of arousal so thick it made Lucas light-headed.

Melina looked up at her son with a lazy, satisfied smile, not a hint of shame on her beautiful face.

"Mmmm, thank you for the water, sweetie," she purred. "Mommy and Aunt Mona were just finishing up. Come, sit down." She patted the space between the fake cock-equipped male torsos. "Don't be shy."

Lucas hesitantly perched on the edge of the bed between the two glistening torsos, face flaming as he tried to avoid looking at the jutting 8-inch fake cocks.

Melina smiled indulgently at her son's obvious discomfort and embarrassment. "Oh sweetie, there's nothing to be ashamed of. This is just a normal part of our business."

"That's right," Mona chimed in, settling on the bed and picking up one of the dildos. "Our viewers count on us to give in-depth, hands on reviews of all the latest adult toys and lingerie. It's a valuable service we provide." She winked saucily.

"As you can see, today we were testing out these male torso toys," Melina explained, running a perfectly manicured hand over the washboard abs of one. "They're very popular with lonely housewives and

moms who crave the feeling of a man even when a real one isn't available."

Lucas gulped, eyes glued to his mother's fingers as they walked down the chiseled stomach to fondle the erect silicone shaft. "S-so you have to...use them? On camera?" he croaked, shifting uncomfortably as his own cock began to swell.

"Of course, baby. The best way to give an authentic review is to actually fuck them, to show our eager viewers exactly how the toy performs. How else could we describe in detail the texture, firmness, and thrusting power?" Melina's voice was a seductive purr.

"Our fans need to know if they're getting the most bang for their buck...literally!" Mona giggled, squeezing the bulbous head of the dildo. A pearly bead of lube dripped from the tip.

"We try out all sorts of positions on them too," Melina added. "Missionary, cowgirl, doggy...we give very thorough reviews."

Lucas's head spun at his mother's casual discussion of her and Mona's toy testing activities. He squirmed on the bed, all too aware of his stiffening cock straining against his jeans.

Melina noticed her son's obvious arousal and smiled knowingly. "You know, sweetie, Mona and I have been thinking about expanding our content lately. Branching out into some new areas to keep things fresh for our viewers."

"Oh yes," Mona chimed in, idly stroking one of the fake cocks. "We've had tons of requests for reviews of male masturbators and prostate toys. The market is really exploding for guys' sex toys lately."

Lucas gulped. "Oh? That's...interesting," he mumbled, face flaming.

"The thing is," Melina said, placing a hand on her son's thigh, "Mona and I can describe the toys, but we can't exactly demonstrate them properly. Not having the right equipment and all." She gave a tinkling laugh.

"We'd need a male assistant for that," Mona said, green eyes boring into Lucas meaningfully. "Someone we could trust. Someone who wouldn't mind letting us watch him, and…help him test out allll sorts of naughty boy toys."

Lucas thought his face might actually catch fire. Were they really suggesting...?

"It would be a huge help to Mom and Aunt Mona," Melina cooed, rubbing her son's leg. "And since you're so curious about our little business anyway, maybe you'd like to join the team? Get a hands-on look at what we do?"

"Plus the pay is excellent," Mona added with a wink. "We take very good care of our...staff."

Lucas's mouth opened and closed but no sound came out. They wanted him to...to jerk off sex toys for the camera? Let them watch him fuck himself with dildos and prostate massagers? The thought was so shocking, so taboo, so...exhilarating.

His cock jumped in his pants, apparently very intrigued by the idea. Lucas had always been a "good boy", shy and studious. The most scandalous thing he'd ever done was kiss a girl at summer camp. But now, the wicked gleam in his mother's eye, the way Mona was eyeing him like a hungry cougar...it lit a fire inside him. A dark, dangerous, thrilling fire.

"I...I don't know," he stammered, brain short-circuiting at the mental images flooding it. "Wouldn't that be weird? I mean, you're my mom..."

"Oh baby, it's just business," Melina purred. "Think of me as your boss, not your mother, when we're working."

"And of course, we'd love your help on the technical side too," Mona added, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "A cute young thing like you must be so savvy with cameras and editing software. I bet you could really help take our content to the next level."

Lucas's head spun, his senses overwhelmed by Mona's intoxicating nearness and the erotic images she painted. He had some experience filming skateboard tricks with his friends and editing the footage into cool videos. He'd never dreamed those skills could be applied to something so...dirty. But the idea of wielding the camera, of directing his gorgeous mom and his hot aunt in their naughty acts, of thousands of people watching him pleasure himself...it sent illicit thrills racing down his spine to his throbbing cock.

"Well, if you really think I could help..." Lucas said slowly, a thrill running through him at the taboo prospect. "I guess I could give it a try. For the business and all."

"Oh sweetie, you have no idea how much this means to us!" Melina exclaimed, impulsively pulling her son into a tight hug. Her barely restrained breasts pressed against his chest through the thin robe, making Lucas's head swim with her warm, sweet scent. "You're such a good boy, always so helpful to Mom."

Mona watched the embrace with a knowing smirk, enjoying the way Lucas trembled slightly in his mother's arms, his face wedge in her tit-cleavage. Oh, they were going to have such fun corrupting Melina's innocent little boy. Turning him into their own personal plaything.

"I'll let your father know you're assisting Mona and I with some technical aspects of the business - editing, camerawork, that sort of thing. No need to trouble him with all the naughty details, right?" She winked conspiratorially.

Lucas gulped and nodded, a thrill zinging through him at the thought of this wickedly sexy secret between him and his mom. His dad had always

been rather straight-laced and traditional. He'd surely blow a gasket if he knew the true nature of Lucas's new "job".

"My lips are sealed," Lucas promised. "I'm ready to get started whenever you need me."

"Mmm, such an eager young collaborator," Mona purred approvingly. "I think this partnership is going to work out very well." Her jade eyes raked over Lucas, undressing him mentally.

Mona had always longed for a son, even after giving birth to three beautiful daughters. Her body still showed the signs of her most recent pregnancy just a few months ago - a slight softness to her belly, her tit-melons even larger and heavier than usual. But as much as she adored her teenage girls, a part of her yearned for a boy to dote on and spoil.

And now here was Lucas, her sister's shy, innocent son, looking at her with those big blue eyes full of nerves and excitement. She could just picture how much fun it would be to corrupt him.

The next day, Lucas reported to his mother's room, hands shaking slightly as he knocked on the door. Melina answered with a dazzling smile, already dolled up in a lacy black push-up bra that made her generous cleavage appear to defy gravity.

"There's our handsome new cameraman!" she greeted brightly, ushering him inside. "Come on in, sweetie. Mona and I were just getting ready for today's shoot."

Lucas gulped as he took in the scene - various lingerie sets were laid out on the bed, and Mona was adjusting her stockings in the mirror, the rounds of her meaty ass peeking out from a tiny red thong. She turned and winked at Lucas over her shoulder.

"Looks like our new assistant is bright eyed and bushy tailed this morning," she teased. "Ready to get to work, stud?"

"Y-yes ma'am," Lucas stammered, averting his eyes from the acres of creamy skin and skimpy lace on display.

"Okay, so today we'll be modeling and reviewing the Lusty Lace bridal collection," Melina explained as she sifted through the lingerie. "Corsets, teddies, garters, the whole nine yards. We need you to man the camera, keep us in focus, get plenty of close-ups of the garments. And don't be afraid to give direction if you think a different angle or pose would work better. You've got a good eye."

Lucas nodded, trying to take mental notes even as most of his brain power was focused on not staring at his scantily clad mother and his aunt. "Got it. I'll do my best."

Melina and Mona disappeared into the en suite bathroom, leaving Lucas to fiddle nervously with the camera controls. His palms were sweating and his heart raced with anticipation. A few minutes later, the door opened and the two MILFs sauntered out, now clad in matching sheer white corset teddies trimmed with delicate lace and satin bows. The bust-enhancing garments lifted their already

gigantic tits to gravity-defying heights, the sheer lace barely concealing their dusky areolas.

Garters clipped to sheer white thigh-high stockings, accentuating their long, toned legs which ended in towering stiletto mules. The flimsy triangles of fabric between their thighs did nothing to hide their waxed bare mounds. They looked like brides on their wedding night, if those brides were porn star MILFs ready to fuck their new husbands into exhaustion.

Lucas nearly dropped the camera, mouth falling open at the erotic vision before him. Mona smirked, doing a little spin to make her round ass cheeks jiggle. "Well? How do we look? Fuckable enough for our horny viewers?"

"Jesus," Lucas croaked, the camera shaking in his hands. "Y-you both look incredible. I mean, very professional."

Melina beamed at her son's stammered praise. "Thank you, sweetie. We do try to give very...in-depth reviews." She and Mona shared a wicked giggle.

"Okay, enough chit chat, let's get to work," Mona declared, arranging herself on the bed and extending one stocking-clad leg in a sexy pin-up pose. "Lucas, sweetie, come get a nice close up shot traveling up my leg, if you don't mind."

Hands trembling, Lucas zoomed in on Mona's ankle, slowly panning up her shapely calf to her creamy thigh barely covered by the sheer stocking. "How's this?" he asked, voice cracking slightly.

"Perfect," Mona purred. "Make sure you get the garter detail too. See how it clips onto the stocking? The lace is so delicate and pretty against my skin, don't you think?"

"Uh huh," Lucas agreed weakly, trying to focus on the garter and not the shadowy junction of Mona's thighs just inches away.

Melina crawled up behind Mona, her huge udders swaying heavily in the corset cups. "The back of this teddy is just sinful too," she cooed, turning to present her round ass to the camera, the flimsy fabric disappearing between her cheeks. "Lucas, baby, get some footage of Mommy's ass in this, would you?"

Lucas shivered as he attempted to film his mother's meaty buttocks barely contained by the sexy panties. Her plump, round ass-cheeks spilled out obscenely, jiggling with her every movement. The sheer fabric disappeared between the globes of her ass, giving him a tantalizing peek at her most intimate area.

His hands shook so badly he could barely keep the camera steady. Melina noticed her son's nervousness and had him stop recording for a moment.

"Here sweetie, come sit by Mommy for a sec," she cooed, patting the space next to her on the bed. Lucas set the camera down with relief and perched awkwardly beside his scantily clad mother, not knowing where to look.

Melina placed a soothing hand on her son's trembling thigh. "Relax, baby. I know this is all new and overwhelming for you. It's perfectly natural to feel a little nervous and excited. Lord knows I sure was my first time on camera!" She giggled and winked at Mona who sat down on the other side of him.

Lucas swallowed hard, his eyes darting back and forth between the two women's heaving bosoms threatening to spill out of their corset tops on either side of him. Their cleavages were so long and deep that he imagined that they could probably engulf his entire head.

Melina's hand crept higher up his thigh while Mona's red-tipped nails playfully walked up the obvious bulge tenting his shorts.

"Mmmm, seems like someone's excited to be learning the ropes as our new cameraman," Mona purred, tracing the rigid outline of his

erection.

Lucas let out a shuddery gasp, his hips bucking involuntarily into her teasing touch. "I'm s-sorry," he stammered, cheeks flaming. "I don't mean to be inappropriate. It's just, you both look so...so..."

"Shhh, it's okay baby," Melina soothed, her other hand coming up to stroke his flushed face. "Getting aroused is nothing to be ashamed of. It's a perfectly natural reaction to seeing beautiful, sexy women. In fact, it means you have good taste." She winked.

"That's right," Mona agreed, giving his bulge a little squeeze that made Lucas whimper. "We'd be more offended if you DIDN'T get hard looking at us in these naughty little numbers. It just means we're doing our job right."

"You've got the instincts of a true connoisseur of the female form, sweetie," Melina praised. "Those are good instincts to have in this business. The more turned on you are, the better you'll be at capturing the eroticism, the raw sensuality of our reviews."

She leaned in closer, her warm breath tickling his ear as she purred, "Mommy and Aunt Mona WANT you to embrace those naughty feelings, baby. Let them guide you as you aim the camera. Indulge your naughty imagination and it will make you a very...skilled photographer indeed."

Lucas took a deep breath, trying to steady his nerves as he stood up and positioned the camera on the tripod. His mother and Mona arranged themselves on the bed, striking provocative poses that made his hands shake anew.

"Okay sweetie, now really zoom in on the details," Melina instructed breathily. "Our viewers wanna see how sheer the fabric is, how it clings to every curve."

Fingers trembling slightly, Lucas adjusted the focus, the lens zooming in on the women's spectacular bodies. The delicate lace of the teddies stretched taut across their huge, heavy breasts, the areolas and straining nipples clearly visible through the semi-sheer white fabric.

"Notice how it's just a hint of sheerness at the bust," Mona cooed, cupping her breasts and giving them a squeeze. "Letting the imagination run wild without revealing everything right away."

Lucas gulped, the camera capturing a delicious jiggle of her milky tit-flesh. He panned down to their smooth, flat bellies, the intricate lace showcasing their womanly curves.

The garters framed their mounds perfectly, the high cut design leaving little to the imagination. The sheer fabric clung to the fleshy outlines of their bare pussies, a hint of delicate folds just barely visible underneath.

"See how it sits nice and high on the hips?" Melina purred, running a finger along the garter. "Really lengthens the line of the leg and highlights our best assets." She turned slightly to showcase the mouth-watering curve of her bubble butt.

"Mmmhmm, and this silky fabric feels divine against bare skin," Mona sighed, trailing her hands down her body sensually. "Makes you feel so sexy and naughty wearing it, like a bride ready to be ravished on her wedding night."

"It's like a second skin," Melina agreed, her voice a seductive purr. "Clinging to every dip and curve, lovingly caressing our most intimate places."

She shifted onto her hands and knees, back arched to present her spectacular ass to the camera. The teddy rode up, exposing the succulent globes of her cheeks and the tiny white thong disappearing between them.

"Get in nice and close on Mommy's ass, baby," she breathed. "Show the nice people at home how this teddy can barely contain all this MILF booty."

Hands shaking with arousal, Lucas zoomed in obediently, the HD lens capturing every mouth-watering detail. The flimsy lace stretched to its limit across his mother's huge, juicy ass cheeks, the fabric straining and nearly transparent.

The miniscule triangle of her thong was swallowed up completely between the fleshy cheeks, leaving her plump pussy mound and the shadowy crease of her slit lewdly displayed.

Lucas's long, thick cock throbbed almost painfully in the tight confines of his briefs as he filmed his mother's spectacular ass. The rigid shaft strained against the fabric, every ridge and vein clearly outlined as it

pulsed with need. A wet spot of pre-cum leaked from the swollen, purplish head, soaking through the cotton to leave a telling damp patch.

His heavy balls churned and ached, drawn up tight with arousal at the erotic feast before his eyes. Lucas felt like he might bust a nut hands-free just from the visual stimulation of his mom and Mona's supple, scantily clad bodies undulating before the lens.

Melina and Mona exchanged a knowing look, their eyes glinting with wicked delight as they noticed the growing wet spot on the front of their young cameraman's shorts. The boy's long, thick cock flexed and throbbed visibly as he filmed them, straining against the confining fabric.

"Mmmm, looks like our sexy lingerie is having quite the effect," Mona purred, deliberately arching her back to make her huge tits nearly spill out of the sheer lace cups. "I'd say we're getting a very... visceral reaction."

Melina licked her glossy lips, drinking in the sight of her son's barely concealed arousal. "Indeed. There's just something about bridal lingerie that brings out the animal instincts in a man. That primal urge to rip it off and claim his bride."

She shifted onto her back, letting her legs fall open to expose her pussy through the transparent lace. The plump lips of her sex were clearly defined, flushed and glistening with excitement. Lucas couldn't tear his eyes away, zooming in on his mother's most intimate area.

"When a man sees his woman dressed like this," Melina continued, her voice a seductive purr, "it triggers something deep inside him. A possessive hunger. A need to conquer and dominate."

Mona snapped her fingers, getting the boy's attention. "Over here, stud," she purred, pointing to her pussy. She splayed her thighs obscenely and threw her knees back towards her shoulders, opening herself completely to his hungry gaze.

Lucas shivered, his cock pulsing with uncontrolled arousal as he obediently zoomed the camera in on Mona's dampened cameltoe. The sheer lace clung to her plump, smooth mound, the shadowy crease of her slit and the budding peak of her clit faintly visible through the delicate fabric.

She reached down and traced a fingertip over her clothed slit, the lace darkening further with her seeping arousal. "Mmmm, it makes me feel so sexy and naughty, knowing thousands of women will probably be wearing this same set on their wedding night before being fucked hard by their new husbands."

Lucas made a strangled sound, the camera trembling in his hands. His own cock was throbbing almost violently now, rock-hard and practically bursting out of his shorts.

"Zoom out a bit now, sweetie," Melina instructed breathily. "Let's give them the full body experience."

Hands shaking, Lucas adjusted the camera to capture both women laid out before him - a sensual feast of creamy curves, mile-long legs and bountiful breasts barely restrained by clinging lace and satin. They writhed and undulated, caressing their own bodies, the very picture of wanton bridal seduction.

"Don't our viewers wish they could just climb through the screen and jump our bones?" Mona giggled naughtily. "Rip these pretty little underthings off and take what's theirs?"

"Every man wants to defile a bride on her wedding night," Melina purred, cupping her heavy tits. "To claim her and make her his own. Mark his territory, in a way."

Lucas made a desperate noise, his swollen cock flexing urgently in his shorts, oozing pre-cum. The primal images his mother's words conjured sent hot sparks of need sizzling down his spine. He imagined himself

mounting her right there in her wedding lingerie, plunging into her forbidden heat, making her his...

Mona cooed, noticing the growing wet spot on the boy's straining shorts. "Even our naughty cameraman seems eager to ditch that camera and play groom."

The two MILFs giggled wickedly as they each picked up a box containing the latest clitoral stimulator to hit the market. "Okay, let's see what we have here," Melina purred, carefully opening the package and extracting the small, pink silicone device. "This is the Suck-O-Matic 3000, designed to simulate oral pleasure for the clit with its gentle sucking action."

Mona opened hers as well, examining it with a gleam in her eye. "Oooh, it's so cute and compact! And waterproof too, perfect for some naughty bathtime fun." She winked salaciously at the camera.

Lucas watched in disbelief, the camera shaking slightly in his sweaty hands as the two gorgeous women casually removed their barely-there thongs. His mother's plump, bare pussy was now fully on display, her puffy lips glistening with arousal. While Melina was completely shaved, Mona had a neatly trimmed landing strip of red public fuzz pointing like an arrow to her juicy slit.

"As you can see, we keep ourselves nice and smooth down there," Melina explained, running a finger along her slick, naked folds. "Makes it easier to really test out toys like this, to feel every delicious sensation."

She brought the clitoral stimulator to her mouth, giving it a seductive lick before lowering it between her thighs. "Mmmmm, I can't wait to feel this baby sucking on my clit. I bet it'll make me positively gush."

Mona mirrored her actions, flicking the toy on and gasping as it latched onto her sensitive bud. "Ohhh fuck yes, that feels incredible! The suction is so strong and focused. It's like having the world's most talented mouth eating my pussy."

Lucas could only stare in awe, his raging hard-on throbbing almost painfully as he watched the obscene toy suckle his mom's and aunt's engorged clits. Melina threw her head back with a throaty moan, her huge tits heaving as she ground the vibrating silicone against her aching sex.

"Don't forget to get some close-ups, baby," she panted, spreading her legs wider. "Our viewers need to see how eagerly my MILF cunt is devouring this new toy."

Hands trembling with arousal, Lucas zoomed in to capture the lewd sight of the clitoral stimulator vibrating against his mother's slippery

pink folds, her juices seeping out around it. The wet sucking noises it made as it worked over her swollen clit were obscenely loud in the quiet room.

As the Suck-O-Matic 3000 vibrated powerfully against Melina's engorged clit, the tight pink rosebud of her asshole clenched and fluttered, winking lewdly at the camera. Her slick pussy made obscene wet slurping noises as the suction pleasured her sensitive flesh.

With a gasp, she pulled the toy away for a moment. It came free with a lewd pop, revealing her fat clit, swollen and glistening, protruding out like a miniature cock head. The sight made Lucas shudder, his own rigid shaft flexing urgently in his shorts, the damp patch of pre-cum spreading even further.

"Zoom in nice and close," Melina panted, holding herself open lewdly. "Show everyone how fat and juicy my clit gets when it's sucked just right."

Hands quaking with arousal, Lucas adjusted the camera, capturing the engorged pink nubbin in high definition. It throbbed visibly, slick and shiny with her copious juices.

Mona was in a similar state, her larger clit distending from its hood, red and glistening as the clitoral stimulator worked it over. "Fuck yes," she growled, grinding against the toy. "Suck Mommy's clit! Make it squirt!"

Lucas felt lightheaded, all the blood in his body rushing to his straining erection as he watched the two wanton MILFs pleasure themselves. Their clits looked almost like tiny cocks as they protruded, fat and swollen.

Melina locked eyes with her son as she brought the vibrator back to her pink button. "That's it baby, get every detail. Watch Mommy

make her pussy cum so hard for the camera. I'm gonna soak the bed!"

Her back arched as she pressed the toy firmly against her clit, the powerful suction making lewd slurping sounds as it devoured the sensitive flesh. "Ohhh fuck, it's like the most amazing tongue," she babbled. "Licking and sucking and, unghhhh, ohhh FUCK!"

Her eyes rolled back, huge tits bouncing wildly as she thrashed on the bed. Clear fem-cum squirted from her convulsing cunt, splattering the camera lens as she came hard, thighs quaking.

Mona followed moments later, wailing as her pussy gushed, hips bucking frantically. "Yes, yesss, cumming! Fuck, it's sucking me dry!"

Lucas gasped audibly, eyes widening as he watched the slits of their urethras bulge obscenely. The pink tips peeked out from their gaping vestibules, quivering before erupting in powerful sprays of hot, clear fem-cum. The musky fluid arced through the air, splattering the camera lens and drenching the bedspread beneath their writhing bodies.

Melina and Mona's giant tits flopped and bounced wildly beneath the lacy fabric as they thrashed on the mattress, overcome by the intensity of their toy-induced orgasms. The sheer lace of their teddies darkened with sweat and cum, clinging to their jiggling curves as they bucked and undulated, lost in ecstasy.

Lucas's own cock throbbed urgently, the engorged head poking out the waistband of his shorts, flushed a deep purple and leaking copiously. He was right on the verge of busting the biggest nut of his young life completely untouched.

Cheeks burning with embarrassment, he quickly lowered the camera, mumbling an excuse about needing to use the restroom. He practically sprinted out of the room, desperate to escape before he completely humiliated himself by ejaculating in his pants.

Lucas dashed down the hall to his bedroom, slamming and locking the door behind him. His shaking hands fumbled with the button of his shorts, finally managing to shove them down along with his sticky, pre-cum soaked briefs.

His massive erection sprang free, slapping against his taut belly with an obscene wet smack, leaving a smear of fluid on his skin. Lucas wrapped a hand around the throbbing shaft, groaning at the sensation of finally getting some friction against his aching cock.

It only took a few frantic pumps of his fist before he was cumming harder than he ever had in his life. Huge spurts of thick, white jizz erupted from his slit, splattering his chest and hitting him in the chin. Lucas milked his cock through the intense orgasm, whimpering and shuddering as he pictured his mom and Mona's voluptuous bodies, their puffy pink cunts, their protruding clits.

Finally spent, he collapsed back on his bed panting, his softening cock slipping from his hand to flop against his thigh, still drooling weakly. Globs of cum painted his heaving torso, pooling in his navel and matting his treasure trail.

Lucas had just barely managed to yank his sticky shorts back up and throw a pillow over his lap when he heard a gentle tap at the door.

"Sweetie? Are you alright in there?" His mother's voice was laced with concern.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine! I'll be right out!" Lucas called, voice cracking. He frantically tried to wipe the cum from his chest with a dirty t-shirt.

"Lucas, honey, I'm gonna count to three and then this door better be unlocked," Melina said firmly but not unkindly.

Lucas's heart raced. There was no way he could hide the evidence of what he'd been doing in mere seconds. Hands shaking, he shoved

his softened cock into his briefs and unlocked the door just as his mom got to three.

Melina stepped inside, her eyes immediately taking in her son's disheveled appearance - his rumpled clothes, flushed face, and the suspicious white stain on his shirt. A knowing smile played at the corners of her lips.

"Oh baby, there's no need to be embarrassed," she cooed, sitting beside him on the bed and placing a comforting hand on his knee. "What you're feeling is completely natural. Mommy and Aunt Mona are very sexy women, aren't we? It's understandable that seeing us like that would get you all hot and bothered."

Lucas gulped, face flaming. "I'm s-sorry," he mumbled, unable to meet her eyes. "I didn't mean to be disrespectful or gross. I just got so...excited."

"Shhh, it's okay sweetie," Melina soothed, rubbing his thigh. "You have nothing to apologize for. Your reaction just shows that you're a red-blooded young man with a healthy appreciation for the female form. There's no shame in that."

She reached out and tipped his chin up, forcing him to look at her. "In fact, Mommy is flattered that you find her desirable. It makes me feel very sexy to know I can affect my handsome boy that way."

Lucas's eyes widened at his mother's surprisingly encouraging words. His spent cock twitched valiantly in his shorts, trying to revive itself. "Y-you don't think I'm a pervert?" he asked timidly.

"Of course not, baby. You're curious and excited, as any young man would be in this situation. And honestly," she leaned in close to purr in his ear, "Mommy kind of likes knowing she can make your penis hard. It's very...exciting for me too."

Lucas shivered at the feel of his mother's warm breath on his skin, the naughty words falling from her plump lips. This all felt like a fevered dream, to have her not only accepting his shameful arousal but actually encouraging it.

Over the next week, Lucas was amazed at how seamlessly his mother slipped back into prim and proper wife and mom mode whenever his father or sister were around. She was the picture of domestic propriety, all modest cardigans and chaste pecks on the cheek.

But when they were alone, Melina transformed into the flirtatious, provocative temptress he'd seen on camera. She'd "accidentally" brush against him, her ballooning tits pressing into his arm or back. Her hand would linger just a bit too long when she passed him dishes at dinner, her touch sending electric tingles over his skin.

And the winks - oh god, the winks. Melina took every opportunity to shoot her son saucy, conspiratorial winks when no one else was looking. Bending over in yoga pants to "pick something up", giving him a perfect view of her juicy ass? Wink. Licking ice cream off a spoon with a moan, pink tongue swirling? Wink. Adjusting her bra right in front of him, oversized tits bouncing and rippling? Wink wink.

It was a miracle Lucas didn't walk around with a perpetual boner. Well, even more of one than the average horny 18 year old boy. He'd taken to wearing baggy sweatpants around the house, desperate to conceal his overexcited cock that stiffened at his mother's slightest provocations.

Filming the naughty webcam shows with Melina and Mona became both the most exciting and most torturous part of Lucas's week. The two busty MILFs seemed to up the ante every session, their sexy lingerie getting skimpier, their toy play more outrageous and explicit.

They eagerly modeled crotchless panties and open-cup bras that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Orgasmed on huge squirting

dildos and wand vibrators until the bed was soaked with their cum.

And through it all they moaned and cooed the filthiest things, describing in graphic detail how much they loved having their MILFy holes filled and stretched and pounded. How they couldn't wait for real cocks to ravage their hungry cunts. All the while making flirty eyes at the camera, at Lucas.

He'd rush back to his room after each session to furiously beat off, replaying every dirty moment in his head as he stroked himself raw. Lucas had never cum so much in his life. His sheets were constantly crusty, his trash overflowing with soggy, crumpled tissues. He felt perpetually crazed with lust, his young mind corrupted by a nonstop reel of his mother's and Mona's blatant sexual displays.

One afternoon, Melina and Mona greeted Lucas with mischievous smiles as he entered the bedroom studio.

"We've got a special treat for you today, sweetie," Melina purred. "Aunt Mona and I will be demonstrating the latest in male pleasure technology - the Cock Commander 9000 penis pump!"

She held up a sleek, futuristic looking cylinder with a hose attachment. Lucas gulped, his eyes widening. They wanted to use that thing on him?

"That's right, darling boy," Mona grinned as if reading his thoughts. "Today, you're the star of the show! Our viewers have been clamoring to see that big cock of yours in action, and what better way to showcase it than making it even bigger with this state-of-the-art pump?"

Lucas felt simultaneously terrified and exhilarated, his shaft already chubbing up in anticipation. "I don't know..." he mumbled shyly. "What if I can't, you know, perform?"

"Oh sweetie, you don't need to worry about that," Melina assured him, rubbing his arm. "All you need to do is lay back and relax, baby. Mommy and Aunt Mona will take care of everything else."

She gestured to the bed invitingly. Lucas took a deep breath, then began timidly removing his clothes. His hands shook slightly as he unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down along with his briefs. His thick cock sprang free, already semi-erect and growing harder by the second under the appreciative gazes of the two MILFs.

"Oh my," Mona purred, green eyes raking over Lucas's impressive manhood. "What a gorgeous young cock. Our viewers are gonna lose their minds over this prime piece of barely legal meat."

Melina licked her lips, reaching out to help her son onto the bed. "That's it, just sprawl out nice and comfy, sweetie. Let Mommy and auntie work their magic on this beautiful penis."

Swallowing hard, Lucas laid back against the pillows, his erection bobbing against his taut belly. Mona grabbed the camera and aimed it at his crotch for a close-up.

"As you can see, we have a very eager young participant," she narrated with a grin. "This thick eight inch cock is already standing at full attention, so plump and pink and mouth-watering."

Lucas whimpered as Melina wrapped her fingers around his shaft, giving it a few slow pumps. "Mmm, you're right Mona, it's so hard and throbbing," she cooed. "I can feel it pulsing in my hand, just aching for attention."

She leaned down and swiped her tongue over the swollen purple head, making Lucas gasp and buck his hips. Melina giggled and winked at the

camera. "And so responsive too! I barely touched him and he's already leaking pre-cum."

Mona set the camera on the tripod to capture all the action, then joined Melina on the bed. She picked up the Cock Commander 9000 and carefully fit the clear cylinder over Lucas's straining erection.

"Now, let's see what this baby can really do," she purred, flipping the switch. The pump whirred to life and Lucas groaned as he felt the suction surround his sensitive cockhead. His shaft visibly swelled and throbbed inside the tube as Mona worked the pump.

The padded bottom of the Cock Commander sealed snugly around the root of Lucas's shaft, creating an airtight seal. As Mona worked the pump, his erectile chambers began to swell with blood, expanding under the intense vacuum pressure.

Lucas gasped and squirmed on the bed as he felt his cock growing impossibly hard and engorged within the constricting tube. The sensitive head bloated and purpled, stretching the skin taut until it bulged obscenely like a ripe plum straining to burst from its skin.

"Oh my goodness!" Melina breathed in awe, staring at her son's dramatically enlarged penis. "Look how massively thick it's getting! I've never seen a cock head so swollen and purple before."

"Mmmm, like a juicy eggplant ready to pop," Mona purred, continuing to pump rhythmically. Lucas's shaft had expanded to nearly the circumference of a Redbull can, the veins bulging and pulsing along its rigid length.

He whimpered and fisted the sheets, back arching as the suction worked its magic on his most sensitive organ. His balls drew up tight to his body, churning with seed as they were sucked towards the vacuum seal.

Melina reached out to reverently stroke a fingertip along the cylinder, tracing the bulging curves of her son's trapped erection. "It's

magnificent," she whispered. "So engorged and virile looking. I bet this beast could satisfy any woman."

Lucas made a strangled sound, his hips thrusting reflexively into the pumping tube. The feeling of his mother's hands on him, her hot gaze raking over his obscenely swollen cock, the pressure and suction and aching hardness...it was almost too much to bear.

Mona chuckled wickedly, finally releasing the pump valve with an audible hiss. "Alright stud, let's see the finished product. Brace yourself, this is gonna be intense."

Slowly, teasingly, she began to slide the cylinder off, revealing Lucas's transformed cock inch by tortured inch. Angry purple and throbbing with a sheen of pre-cum, it sprang free to slap against his belly with a meaty thwack.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Melina breathed, eyes like saucers as she drank in the sight of her son's monstrously engorged penis. It was easily ten inches long now and girthy as her wrist, the skin stretched drum-tight and glistening. The head was a bruised purple, swollen so enormously that his slit gaped open, weeping clear fluid.

Lucas listened intently, his face flushed and cock throbbing urgently, as Melina addressed the camera in a seductive purr.

"As you can see, the Cock Commander 9000 has worked its magic on this boy's penis, transforming it into an absolutely mouth-watering piece of man-meat. Just look at how massively thick and engorged it is now! I can only imagine the delicious stretching it would give a tight, needy pussy."

Mona chimed in, tracing a lacquered nail teasingly along Lucas's straining shaft. "Mmmm, that's right. With a cock pumped up to this impressive size, any woman would be feeling totally stuffed and satisfied. Cervix kissing guaranteed!" She winked salaciously.

"The vacuum suction forces so much extra blood into the erectile chambers," Melina explained breathily, "making the cock swell up so deliciously fat and hard. It's like a sexual athlete, all pumped up and ready to perform."

She wrapped her fingers around Lucas's throbbing girth, barely able to close them around its circumference. "And just feel how rock solid it is! Like a steel rod wrapped in hot silky skin."

Lucas whimpered and bucked into his mother's grip, the dirty talk driving him wild with forbidden need. His balls churned, swollen and heavy with the massive load the pump had milked up.

Lucas gasped in shocked pleasure as he peered down his body to see both his mother's and Mona's hands wrapped around his monstrously engorged cock, their fingers not quite meeting as they gripped his bloated girth. They began to slowly pump his meat in unison, working over every throbbing inch of his transformed shaft.

"I bet our audience is wondering how long it will take such a pumped-up cock to blow its load," Melina purred sultrily. "A penis this fat and swollen must be absolutely aching to erupt!"

As if to punctuate her point, she and Mona leaned down to bury Lucas's flushed face in their heavy, bra-clad bosoms, surrounding him in warm, perfumed tit-flesh. He could only whimper helplessly into their cleavage, overwhelmed by the softness engulfing him and the sensations radiating from his over-sensitized cock.

The two busty MILFs began to stroke him faster, their hands gliding over his slick, straining surface with a renewed sense of urgency.

"And now for another exciting product demonstration," Melina announced with a wicked gleam in her eye. She reached over to the nightstand and picked up a sleek black box. "We've been dying to try out the Pulsating Python 3000, the latest in vibrating cock ring technology."

She opened the box and extracted a thick, neon green silicone ring. Holding it up to the camera. "As you can see, it's much girthier than a standard cock ring. That's to accommodate our stud's newly enhanced size."

Mona nodded eagerly. "The wider surface area allows for more contact against the shaft, transmitting the vibrations along the entire length for maximum pleasure. And of course, it will help keep him rock hard even longer by restricting blood flow."

Melina stretched the ring open with her fingers. "It's made of top quality silicone - soft and stretchy, but with enough tension to stay snugly in place." She brought the ring to the base of Lucas's straining erection and carefully worked it over his bloated cockhead.

Lucas groaned, his cock flexing at the erotic stimulation. The taut ring hugged his girth as Melina positioned it snugly against his pelvis. "There we go, nice and secure," she purred. "Are you ready for me to turn it on, baby?"

Not trusting his voice, Lucas could only nod frantically. Melina grinned and pressed a button on the side of the cock ring. Instantly, it began to vibrate, the pulsations traveling through Lucas's engorged shaft and making it twitch and dance.

"Ooooh, look at that, Mona!" Melina cooed. "His big cock is practically doing a happy dance! I think he likes it!"

Mona laughed wickedly. "I'll say! I've never seen a penis bounce around with such enthusiasm! The vibrations must feel amazing against that sensitive stretched skin."

"Mmmhmm, and it's making him leak like a faucet," Melina observed, swiping a bead of pre-cum from Lucas's slit and holding it up to the camera. The pearly fluid dripped down her finger obscenely. "There's

already so much pre-juice flowing. At this rate, he's gonna make an absolutely enormous mess when he finally blows."

Mona smirked, her eyes glinting with lusty mischief. "Well then, we better give his balls something to really churn about, hmm?"

In one swift motion, she whipped her bra off, unleashing her huge, heavy tits. They bounded free, jiggling and swaying hypnotically, the dusky nipples and wide areola already puckered with arousal. Lucas made a choked sound at the sudden display of bare breasts, his cock pulsing against the vibrating ring.

Not to be outdone, Melina quickly followed suit, reaching back to unclasp her lacy bra and toss it aside. Her massive milky jugs tumbled out, even larger and fuller than Mona's. The rosy nipples were stiff, pointing straight at Lucas like accusing fingers.

"Ohhhh wow," Lucas whimpered, his eyes nearly crossing as he took in the acres of bared tit-flesh on display. His mother's breasts were spectacular – their hefty weight, capped with saucer-sized areolas and nipples that looked as thick and suckable as his pinky fingers.

Melina and Mona smothered the boy with their enormous bare breasts, burying his face completely in warm, jiggling tit-flesh. He was enveloped in the intoxicating scent of their perfume and aroused flesh, the plush weight of their boobs pressing into his cheeks and nose and forehead from all sides.

Delirious with lust, the teen couldn't resist flicking his tongue out to taste the sweet, salty skin of their cleavage. He lapped and suckled hungrily at whatever expanse of breast he could reach, moaning into their pillowy mounds.

Far from discouraging his eager explorations, the two busty MILFs just giggled indulgently and pressed their tits more insistently into Lucas's worshipful mouth. They let him motorboat and tongue-bathe their

heaving flesh as they continued to focus their attentions on his straining, vibrating cock.

"Mmmm, look how much he's drooling all over our big titties," Mona purred, humping her jugs against Lucas's panting face. "The boy is absolutely drunk on our milk jugs!"

"He's always been a boob man," Melina replied with a laugh, guiding her son's lips to her stiff nipple. "Even as a baby, he was never satisfied unless he had a mouthful of Mommy's tit to suck on. Some things never change!"

"I love it," Mona laughed, "but we'll be sure and edit that part out."

Their naughty talk only inflamed Lucas's forbidden lust. He latched onto his mother's thick nipple and suckled fiercely, groaning around the spongy nub as he imagined himself as an overgrown nursing infant, greedy for Mommy's milk.

Meanwhile, Melina and Mona continued to stroke and pump his throbbing, engorged shaft with their free hands, making sure to point out the effects of the vibrating cock ring to their avid viewers.

"As you can see, the combination of the pump and the cock ring has made his penis absolutely massive and pulsating with need," Melina narrated breathlessly as she worked her fist over his girth. "The vibrations are traveling all along his sensitive stretched length, stimulating every swollen inch."

"And the snug fit is acting like a tourniquet, trapping all that hot pumped blood in his spongy tissues," Mona added, trailing a teasing finger around the bulbous, purple head. "His cock looks ready to explode from all the pressure! But the ring will keep him harder longer, drawing out the pleasure."

Lucas whimpered and bucked into their squeezing hands, his hips churning helplessly. The relentless vibrations combined with the slick

friction of their stroking was driving him mad with the need to cum. But the snug ring at the base of his cock was indeed acting like a clamp, preventing his release.

"You know what would really put this cock ring to the test?" Mona said with a wicked gleam in her eye. "A nice, sloppy blowjob! Let's see how long he can last with my lips wrapped around this fat dick."

She shifted down the bed and positioned herself between Lucas's trembling thighs. Melina continued to stroke the bulging base of his shaft as Mona flicked her long, pink tongue out to taste the copious pre-cum leaking from his gaping slit.

"Ohhhh," Lucas groaned, head thrown back in ecstasy as Mona's hot mouth engulfed his swollen glans. The feel of her lips stretching around his pumped up girth, her tongue swirling around the throbbing head, was almost too intense to bear.

"That's it baby, let us take care of this big beautiful cock," Melina cooed, pumping her fist along his shaft in time with Mona's slurping sucks. "Doesn't her mouth feel amazing on your huge pumped up dick? I bet you wanna just explode down her throat, don't you?"

"Unnngh yesss," Lucas whimpered, his voice muffled by pounds of breast-meat. He fisted the sheets as his hips bucked up into the dual stimulation of Melina's stroking hand and Mona's suckling mouth. "Wanna cum so bad...and the ring...won't let me..."

"Mmmm, that's the point sweetie," Melina purred, fondling his swollen balls with her free hand. They were drawn up drum tight, clearly engorged with a massive load. "The ring will make this last as long as possible. Really build up the intensity until you're practically seeing stars."

She rocked her shoulders, slapping her boys face with her heavy udders. "Why don't you focus on worshipping my big titties while she works over

this monster cock, hmm? Let us pamper and pleasure every inch of this young stud body."

Desperately grateful for the distraction, Lucas buried his face in his mother's abundant cleavage, motorboating her massive milky jugs. He lapped at the silky undersides, tasting the salt of her sweat and the faint remnants of perfume.

"Ooooh that's it baby, get lost in Mommy's big soft boobies," Melina sighed, cradling his head against her chest. Her nipples poked into his cheeks, puckered and stiff with her own growing arousal. "Suck on Mommy's thick nips while Auntie Mona sucks this fat dick..."

Lucas latched onto one rosy peak, groaning around the spongy nipple as he suckled fiercely like a greedy overgrown infant.

Mona whimpered around Lucas's enormous cock as she struggled to take him deeper into her gullet. The blood-engorged slab of meat stretched her lips obscenely, the bulbous crown squeezing down her convulsing throat. Her tongue could barely squirm as it was pinned under the throbbing weight, her mouth completely stuffed full of teenage dick.

Drool poured down her chin as she slurped and suckled, like a skilled cock-gobbler, determined to milk Lucas's fat pumped cock for all she was worth. The vibrating ring buzzed against her lips, making them tingle deliciously. She could feel every pulsing ridge and vein against her tongue as she worked to relax her jaw to accommodate his prodigious girth.

"Oh wow, your throat..." Lucas groaned around a mouthful of his mother's tit. "So tight, unnngh!" His hips bucked up involuntarily, forcing another inch of bloated cock past the MILF's straining lips.

Melina purred in delight, cradling her son's head against her warm, heaving bosom as she watched her sister deepthroat him with gusto. "That's it, take that huge young cock," she encouraged breathlessly.

"Worship every fat pumped inch. Gag on it like the cock hungry slut you are."

Mona let out a muffled moan of assent, slurping even louder and more lewdly. Her eyes watered as Lucas's cockhead pummeled the back of her throat but she just took him deeper, letting him fuck her face with abandon.

The wet, raunchy sounds of the sloppy blowjob filled the room, punctuated by Lucas's desperate grunts and whimpers into his mother's flesh. Melina continued her wicked dirty talk, stoking the flames of their lust.

"Fuck her throat raw, baby," she purred sultrily. "Use Mona's mouth like a fucktoy, just like you've always wanted. Paint her tonsils with your cum. Oh fuck, Mommy can't wait to see you erupt like a geyser..."

Lucas's balls drew up even tighter, churning with the massive load he'd been denied. The combination of the vibrations, the slick oral friction, and his mother's dirty encouragements were pushing him to the brink of madness. His whole body was a livewire of sensation, every nerve ending crackling with pleasure.

"Gonna...unnngh...gonna explode..." he panted deliriously, his voice muffled by Melina's abundant tit-flesh. "Can't...cum...fucking ring!"

Melina smirked wickedly, reaching down to press the vibrations to an even higher intensity. The cock ring buzzed like an angry hornet against Lucas's straining shaft and Mona's stretched lips.

"That's it sweetums, hump Mommy's big soft boobies while Auntie Mona sucks your fat throbbing pee-pee," Melina babbled in a babyish coo, her voice breathy with lust. "Pump your thick sticky goo-goo juice down her hungry throat! Mommy and auntie can't wait to taste all your yummy cum-cums!"

Lucas bucked and writhed beneath the two busty MILFs, mindless with pleasure, his massive cock pulsing urgently in Mona's suckling mouth. "Unnnngh...gonna...gonna shoot...so much jizz..." he babbled deliriously, his speech regressing to horny toddler talk under his mother's influence.

Melina smiled wickedly, reaching down to suddenly, deftly unhook the vibrating cock ring. It buzzed off Lucas's straining shaft with an obscene wet pop. "Okay baby boy, give Mommy and Auntie all your boom-boom cream!" she commanded. "Paint our faces with your sticky yum-yums!"

The sudden relief of pressure was all it took. With an animalistic howl, Lucas's cock erupted like a geyser, firing volleys of thick white cum. It spurted out of Mona's gulping mouth, splattering her cheeks and chin before hosing down his mother's heaving tits.

The two women squealed in delight, holding their faces up to the raining jizz. Melina captured her son's spurting cockhead between her huge breasts, letting him titty-fuck her through the biggest climax of his young life. Mona milked his balls, pulling on his spermatic cords, coaxing out every last drop of teenage semen.

"That's it sweetie, give Mommy all your special cream!" Melina babbled, slurping the cum from her jiggling jugs. "Mmmm yummy nummy num-nums for Mommy's big boobies!"

Lucas collapsed back on the bed, boneless and spent, his softening cock slipping from his mother's cum-glazed cleavage with a wet plop. The two women nuzzled and lapped at his sensitive flesh like contented kittens, purring happily as they cleaned him off.

"Such a good boy, giving Mommy and Auntie Mona so much sweet milk," Melina praised, planting kisses all over her son's slack face. "Mommy's little cock pumping champ! We'll have to play with you like this alllll the time now, won't we precious?"

Lucas could only groan weakly in assent, his mind still blissed out and fuzzy from the most intense orgasm of his life. He knew in that moment he would gladly be his mom and Mona's toy to use however they wanted from now on.

Hours after posting their newest video, Melina was checking her email when a message from an unfamiliar address caught her eye. Frowning, she clicked it open, her eyes widening as she read the contents.

"Hello Dear," it began. "I must say, I thoroughly enjoyed your latest video with your son. The way you and your partner corrupted that innocent boy, pumping his cock to obscene proportions before draining his balls...it was deliciously depraved. You're quite the naughty Mommy, aren't you?"

Melina felt a chill run down her spine. While she and Mona had never made reference to Lucas being her son in the final edit of the videos, referring to him only as "the boy" or "our young stud", it was clear this viewer had figured out their true relationship.

The email continued: "Don't worry, your secret is safe with me...for a price. You see, I find myself absolutely ravenous for a taste of that boy myself after watching you two sexy MILFs enjoy him so thoroughly. So here's the deal - you arrange a little private session for me with that hung boy toy of yours, let me ride his big fat cock to my heart's content, and your kinky family secret stays between us. But if you try to refuse me or cut me out, I'll be forced to alert the authorities about the illegal incestuous activities going on in your household. And I'm sure you wouldn't want your poor son hauled off to jail for fucking around with his Mommy, now would you? So be a good Mommy slut and give me what I want. I'll expect a message back with the time and place, or else the police will be getting an interesting email of their own.

Hugs and kisses!

Your Biggest Fan."

Melina's hands shook as she finished reading the email, her stomach twisting with dread. This mystery viewer had them by the balls, quite literally. If she and Mona didn't comply with her demands to whore Lucas out, she would destroy their family with a single message.

Mind racing, she picked up her phone and dialed Mona with trembling fingers.

"We have a problem," Melina said tightly when her friend picked up. "One of our viewers figured out Lucas is my son and she's blackmailing us."

"Wait, did you or I ever use our real names in the videos? Or give any identifying details about where we live?" Mona asked urgently.

Melina paused, thinking back. "No, I'm certain we never used our names. We were always careful about that. And I don't think we ever mentioned our town or state either, everything is always carefully edited out."

"Then she probably has no clue who we actually are or where we're located," Mona said, relief evident in her voice. "For all we know, this bitch lives thousands of miles away. She's just trying to scare us with empty threats."

"You really think so?" Melina asked hopefully, feeling the knot of dread in her stomach start to loosen. "She can't actually follow through?"

"I'm betting she's full of shit," Mona replied confidently. "Probably gets off on intimidating people. But she has no real way to find us. We're just a couple of random hot MILFs on the internet to her."

Melina exhaled shakily, running a hand through her hair. "God, I hope you're right. When I saw that email, I nearly pissed myself imagining Lucas being dragged off in handcuffs."

"Not gonna happen," Mona assured her. "We're smarter than that cunt. No way we're letting some rando from the internet blow up our lives."

"So what do we do? Just ignore her?" Melina asked.

"Yep. Don't respond, don't engage. She'll get bored and move on when she realizes her scare tactics aren't working," Mona said matter-of-factly. "Trust me, this is all smoke and no fire."

227: Mom's New Collaborator-part2/2

The next time Melina, Lucas and Mona met up, it was out for celebratory sundaes at their favorite old-fashioned ice cream parlor. As they sat in the vinyl booth, Melina could hardly contain her excitement.

"You two are never gonna believe this," she gushed, leaning in conspiratorially. "But that cock pump video we did? It's already broken all our records! We've never had so many views, comments and tips flood in so fast. Our mommy-fans are absolutely rabid for more content featuring Lucas!"

Mona grinned wickedly, giving Lucas a flirtatious wink. "Well can you blame them? With a cock like that, pumped up to such epic proportions, the boy's a bonafide star! We'd be crazy not to give the women what they want - more of Lucas's huge throbbing dick!"

Lucas blushed beet red, hunching over his banana split and avoiding the knowing gazes of the women. He still couldn't quite believe it had actually happened - that he'd experienced the most mind-blowing orgasm of his life at the hands and mouths of his own mother and aunt. It felt surreal, like the most depraved wet dream come to life.

"We absolutely HAVE to strike while the iron is hot," Melina declared, spooning marshmallow sauce with her luscious tongue. "Plan a whole series of videos highlighting Lucas and his newly enhanced assets. And I have the perfect idea for the next one!"

She rummaged in her purse and produced a hot pink silicone butterfly with fluttering wings. "Tada! The Frisky Fairy Couples' Vibrator! Can't you just picture it strapped snugly around Lucas's big cock while one of us rides him? The clit stimulation combined with that fat pumped peen... we'll be screaming the house down!"

"Oooh, and we can finally review that couples' cocksleeve you've been dying to try!" Mona chimed in eagerly. "The Cummy Tunnel for Two! It's a vibrating masturbator that the man slides into, while his partner uses the attached clit tickler. With how girthy Lucas is now, it'll be a snug fit for us both!"

Lucas nearly choked on a maraschino cherry, coughing and sputtering as the girls giggled naughtily. His cock was already chubbing up in his jeans just from their breathless descriptions. The idea of sharing sex toys with his buxom mother and her stacked sister, of plunging into tight vibrating silicone with them... it made him dizzy with lust.

"We'll have to get you all pumped up again before we start," Melina purred, reaching under the table to palm the growing bulge of her son's erection. "Get this big boy primed and ready for action."

Melina noticed the look of overwhelmed anxiousness on Lucas's face and decided he needed some one-on-one reassurance from his mommy. "Let's take a little walk, just you and me," she suggested with a warm smile, standing up from the booth. "We'll be back in a few, Mo."

Mona nodded knowingly, giving Lucas an encouraging wink. "You two take your time. I'll guard the ice cream!"

Hand in hand, mother and son strolled out of the shop and into the adjoining park. It was a beautiful day, the sun reflecting off Melina's honey-blonde hair. Lucas couldn't help but steal glances at his mother's spectacular figure as they walked - her giant, quivering tits

threatening to spill out of her low-cut sundress, her long legs tanned and toned, ending

in strappy high heels that made her bubble butt jiggle hypnotically with each step.

The click of her stilettos against the sidewalk seemed to echo the pounding of Lucas's heart. He felt like he was in a daze, his mind still reeling from the depravity of the past week. Was this really his life now? Performing in pornos with his own mother?

Melina led them to a secluded bench beneath a flowering cherry tree, the petals drifting down around them. She turned to face her son, taking both his hands in hers.

"I know this is a lot to take in," she began, her blue eyes soft and understanding. "Believe me, I never imagined I'd be making these kinds of videos with my own son. But I want you to know, I don't see it as something shameful or wrong. I see it as...an unconventional way for us to grow closer. To explore a new side of our relationship."

Lucas gulped, his face flushed. "I...I don't think it's wrong either," he admitted quietly. "It's just...a big change. I guess I'm nervous about...you know...performing. Measuring up to your expectations."

"Oh sweetie," Melina cooed, reaching up to caress his face. "You've already exceeded my wildest expectations and more. The way you opened yourself up, let yourself be vulnerable with me and Mona...it was the sexiest thing I've ever seen. You have nothing to be insecure about. You're a natural!"

She punctuated her praise with a soft, lingering kiss to her son's lips. Lucas sighed into the kiss, his whole body relaxing as he melted into his mother's sensual touch. Kissing her felt as natural as breathing.

Melina hummed approvingly, flicking her tongue out to tease along the seam of Lucas's lips until he opened for her, allowing her to deepen the kiss. Her huge, heavy breasts pressed against his chest, her hard nipples burning into him through the thin fabric of her sundress.

Melina smiled tenderly at her son, her cerulean eyes sparkling with love and desire. "Lucas, sweetie, I want you to know how much it would mean to me to take our special relationship to the next level today. Mona and I were hoping to film a very intimate review of a couples' toy, and there's no one I'd rather share that experience with than you."

She took his hands in hers, stroking her thumbs over his knuckles soothingly. "I know it's a big step, making love to your own mom, and on camera. But I promise, it will be a beautiful, natural extension of the closeness we already share. You have nothing to be nervous about, baby."

Lucas swallowed hard, his heart pounding at his mother's tender, erotic words. He nodded slowly, not trusting his voice. His cock was already swelling in anticipation, straining against the denim of his jeans.

Melina beamed at him, leaning in close to brush her glossy lips against his ear. "If you think it would help you feel more comfortable, we could have a little practice session first. Just you and me, off camera, easing into this new intimacy together. Breaking the ice, so to speak, before we film."

Her warm breath tickled his skin, making Lucas shiver with need. "I...I'd like that," he managed to croak out, his mouth dry. "I want our first time to be special...just us."

"My sweet boy," Melina purred, her massive breasts heaving with emotion. "Of course, baby. Mommy will make it so special for you. I'll worship every inch of your gorgeous body in private first, work

out all those nervous tingles. Then when we turn the camera on, you'll be primed and ready to perform."

She punctuated her promise with a soft, sensual kiss, just a teasing brush of her plush lips against his. Lucas whimpered into the kiss, his hands coming up to clutch at his mother's tiny waist. He could feel the heat of her body through the thin sundress, the way her curves strained against the flimsy fabric.

Melina pulled back with a satisfied smile, her eyes molten pools of lust. "Let's head back to the car, sweetie. I don't think I can wait another minute to get my hands on you properly."

Lucas let his mother lead him out of the park in a daze, his head swimming with arousal. This was really happening. He was about to lose his virginity to his own mom, the woman of his ultimate forbidden fantasies. And then do it all again on camera for the world to see.

Melina drove them back to the ice cream shop parking lot, where Mona was waiting by her car. The buxom redhead gave them a knowing smirk as they approached, her green eyes twinkling mischievously.

"Well don't you two look like the cat that ate the canary," she purred, eyeing their flushed faces and Lucas's obviously tented jeans. "Have a nice little mommy-son bonding moment, did we?"

Melina just smiled serenely. "Mmmhmm. Lucas and I had a very illuminating talk. We're both so excited to film with you first thing tomorrow morning."

Mona grinned wickedly. "Oooh, I bet you are! I'll be sure to get an extra good night's sleep then. Gonna need all my energy to keep up with you two horndogs!" She gave Lucas a saucy wink.

Chuckling, Melina hugged Mona goodbye and ushered her very quiet, very aroused son into the car. As she pulled out of the parking lot, she reached over to squeeze Lucas's thigh possessively.

"I know the perfect spot for our little practice session," she purred, her voice dripping with seductive promise. "A special place I've been saving for just such an occasion."

Lucas could only nod mutely, not trusting his voice. His heart pounded in anticipation as Melina turned off the main road onto a hidden dirt lane, winding through the woods until they reached a secluded overlook.

She parked the car and killed the engine, turning to face her son with molten eyes. "Come here, baby," she breathed, already crawling into the spacious backseat. "Mommy needs to taste you..."

Gulping, Lucas followed his mother, barely having time to settle on the leather bench before she was on him, straddling his lap and claiming his mouth in a searing kiss. Her lively tongue plundered his mouth greedily as her hands roamed his body, slipping under his shirt to map the quivering planes of his abs.

"Mmmm, such a sexy boy," Melina purred between kisses, grinding her damp panty-clad pussy against the rock hard bulge of her son's erection. "Mommy's gonna make you feel soooo good, baby."

Panting, she ripped open his fly, unleashing his massive cock. It sprang out angrily, slapping against his belly and leaving a smear of pre-cum on his skin. Melina gazed down at it hungrily, her eyes glazing over with lust.

"God, I'll never get over how huge and fucking perfect your cock is," she breathed reverently, wrapping her impeccably manicured fingers around the throbbing shaft.

Melina grinned wickedly up at her son as she slowly pumped his engorged cock, gingerly thumbing that magic band of skin separating his glans from his shaft. "Here's how this is gonna go, sweetie. Mommy's gonna suck this big fat dick until you give me a nice warm mouthful of cum. That'll take the edge off, get you all primed and ready for the main event - fucking Mommy's tight little pussy."

Lucas could only whimper and nod eagerly, his eyes rolling back in his head as his mother's soft hand worked over his sensitive erectile flesh.

"See, if we make you cum once with my mouth first," Melina explained breathily, "it'll allow you to last much longer when you're buried in my cunt. You'll be able to make mom cum over and over again, really give me a thorough fucking."

She licked her glossy lips, gazing up at him with molten eyes. "Doesn't that sound good, baby boy? Emptying this big sack of balls down Mommy's throat, then pounding her needy pussy into submission? Fucking her so hard and deep, you'll ruin her for anyone else?"

"Yessss," Lucas hissed, fingers tangling in his mother's silky hair. "Want it so bad, Mom."

"Mmmm, such a good boy," Melina purred, leaning down and lapping at the swollen head of his cock like an ice cream cone, savoring the salty-sweet pre-cum that leaked steadily from his slit. "Mommy's gonna milk this cock so good, drain you completely dry. Gonna be such a thirsty cumslut for you."

With that, she sealed her plush lips around his straining cockhead and sucked him down to the root, swallowing around his length until her nose was buried in his thin patch of musky pubes.

"Oh mom!" Lucas cried out, bucking up into the tight wet heat of his mother's mouth. "Your throat...so good!"

Melina purred around his thickness, working her tongue along the throbbing underside as she bobbed up and down, her drool slicking his shaft. She reached up to fondle his heavy, churning balls, rolling them in her palm. She grazed her long, painted nails along the outsides of his swollen nuts, where she knew the flesh was the most tender, making him whimper in delight.

Melina worked her long, talented tongue along every ridge and vein of Lucas's thick shaft, tracing the throbbing network of vessels from base to tip. She flattened her pink muscle against his frenulum, that sensitive spot just under the head, flicking it rapidly and making him buck and moan. Her soft, wet tongue tip danced around his leaking slit, lapping up the steady drool of pre-cum.

She released his boner from her throat only to lave her tongue along his heavy, churning balls, bathing them in warm spit. Melina took each testicle into her hot mouth, suckling gently, feeling how full and tight they were with her son's seed. She couldn't wait to drain them down her thirsty throat.

Lucas writhed and whimpered above her, hands fisting in his mother's hair as she orally worshipped his most intimate areas. Melina pushed his thighs further apart and ducked lower, running the flat of her tongue along his taint, that sensitive patch of skin behind his balls. The boy jerked and cried out at the intense new sensation.

"Oh, Mom! I didn't know a woman would lick there," he panted, head thrown back in ecstasy.

"Mmmm, Mommy's gonna lick you everywhere, baby," Melina purred wickedly. "Every inch of this young stud body belongs to me now."

To prove her point, she spread his ass cheeks and buried her face between them, her wet tongue boldly lapping over his virgin hole.

Lucas practically screamed, his cock pulsing and leaking against his belly as his mother wriggled her tongue tip past the tight ring of muscle, wiggling it in his clenching heat.

"Oh my god, ohhhhh wow!" the boy babbled incoherently, seeing stars behind his closed lids as Melina tongue-fucked his asshole with lewd enthusiasm, her lips and chin slick with saliva. She ate his forbidden pucker like it was her last meal, stroking his cock with her tight fist in time with each penetrating thrust of her tongue.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum!" Lucas warned urgently, his balls drawing up impossibly tighter as his cockhead turned a deep, angry purple.

Melina quickly shifted up to take him back in her mouth, relaxing her throat and sinking down balls-deep. She gazed up at her son with hooded, encouraging eyes, silently giving him permission to let go.

With a hoarse shout, Lucas exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser down his mother's eagerly gulping throat. Melina swallowed and swallowed, her neck muscles working to take every drop of her son's huge load. Excess cum leaked out the corners of her stretched lips, dribbling down her chin.

She continued to suckle gently as Lucas shuddered and twitched through the intense aftershocks.

Finally sated, Melina released Lucas's spent cock from her mouth with a lewd pop. Her lips were swollen and shiny with spit and cum, a few pearly drops clinging to her chin. She licked them up with a wicked grin, savoring the taste of her son's essence.

"Mmmm, such a good boy, feeding Mommy all that yummy cum-cum," she purred, stroking his softening shaft lovingly. "But don't think we're done yet, stud. Mommy still needs this big cock inside her hungry cunt."

With surprising strength, Melina grabbed Lucas by the shoulders and yanked him down flat on his back across the car seat. He yelped in shock as she quickly stripped out of her soaked panties and clambered on top of him, straddling his innocent face.

Lucas stared up in awe at his mother's dripping pink slit, shaved smooth as a baby's bottom. Her engorged clit peeked out from under its fleshy hood, throbbing visibly with need. The heady aroma of her arousal filled his nostrils, making his head swim with lust.

"Eat Mommy's pussy, baby," Melina commanded breathily, grabbing fistfuls of her son's hair and grinding her sopping cunt against his open mouth. "Tongue-fuck my sloppy wet hole until I cream all over your handsome face."

Lucas didn't need to be told twice. He gripped his mother's lush ass cheeks and buried his face between her thighs, lapping at her weeping

slit like a boy possessed. He sealed his lips around her fat clit and sucked hard, making Melina throw her head back with a throaty moan.

"Ohhh fuck yesss, just like that!" she cried, rolling her hips to ride her son's face. "Suck Mommy's clit, get it all fat and throbbing for your cock! Gonna sit on that big dick and milk it so fucking good..."

Spurred on by his mother's filthy encouragements, Lucas tonguefucked her dripping cunt with sloppy enthusiasm, reveling in the tangy-sweet taste of her juices. He could feel his cock starting to stiffen again already, rising to the occasion.

Melina gazed down at him with wild, lust-crazed eyes, her huge tits heaving as she panted and writhed on his face. "Fuck, baby, gonna cum!" she warned, tugging his hair almost painfully. "Ah ah ahhh yessss, drink Mommy's cum!"

Her thighs clamped around Lucas's head like a vice as she came with a keening wail, her pussy spasming and gushing all over his lips and chin. He lapped it all up greedily, nudging her through a power female ejaculation.

As she came down from her intense orgasm, Melina gave her teen a wicked smile. "Don't think we're quite done yet, baby boy. Mommy came prepared for our special playtime."

She reached over into her oversized purse and pulled out a familiar pink cylindrical object - the Cock Commander 9000 penis pump they had demonstrated in their last video. Lucas's eyes widened as Melina fondled the high-tech device.

"I figured since we got such an incredible response showcasing your pumped up cock on camera, we should incorporate it into our first time together too," she purred sultrily. "Really put on a show for each other, hmm?"

Lucas gulped, his spent cock twitching weakly against his thigh at the thought of being vacuum-pumped to an unnatural size and hardness again. The sensations had been so intense, almost too much to handle. But the look of raw hunger in his mother's eyes spurred him on. He wanted to be the biggest and best for her.

"Let's do it, Mom," he said hoarsely. "Pump my cock up huge for you."

"Mmm, that's my good boy," Melina praised, already fitting the clear cylinder over Lucas's semi-soft shaft. She made sure the padded rim formed an airtight seal around the base before flipping the switch, activating the pump with a mechanical whir.

Lucas gasped, his back arching off the car seat as he felt the intense vacuum pressure surround his ultra-sensitive cock. Melina watched in fascination as her son's member began to swell and lengthen inside the chamber, the veins bulging obscenely under the skin.

"Oh fuck, it's working so fast this time," she breathed in awe. "Your cock is just gulping down all that blood, baby. Growing so huge for Mommy's hungry cunt."

Lucas whimpered and writhed as the suction worked its magic on his erectile tissue, his cock inflating to a monstrous size that looked barely human. In seconds, he was stretched to over 10 thick inches, the head bloating a deep, angry purple.

"Ohhh god...Mom...it's too much..." he panted deliriously, hands scrabbling at the leather seats. But Melina was relentless, continuing to pump her son's cock to its absolute limits.

"Shhh, just a bit more, baby," she cooed, eyes glinting with manic lust. "I want you to split me in half with this beast. Want to feel you in my womb."

Lucas's cock had swelled to nearly 11 inches now, the skin stretched drum-tight and shiny. The head looked like an overripe purple gourd,

flared to an impossible width. His balls were drawn up so tight to his body, they seemed in danger of popping.

Melina's eyes grew huge as she watched her son's cock swell to inhuman proportions inside the pump. She licked her lips hungrily, imagining how those bulging veins would feel scraping deliciously along her vaginal walls, the bloated purple meat stretching her wide open.

When she finally released the vacuum seal with a hiss, Lucas's monstrous cock sprang free, slapping wetly against his belly. It was a behemoth - eleven thick inches of throbbing, angry flesh. The head was so swollen and purple, it looked almost painfully engorged.

"Holy fuck," Melina breathed in awe, reaching out to reverently trace a finger along the pulsing shaft. "Baby, your cock...it's magnificent. The most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Wasting no time, she straddled Lucas's hips and positioned his gigantic cockhead at her sopping wet entrance. They both moaned wantonly as she began to sink down, her greedy cunt struggling to accommodate his unnatural girth.

"Ohhhhh fuuuuck, so big!" Melina whined, throwing her head back as his swollen crown squeezed inside of her, the tight-rimmed seal of her pussy notching around the neck of his penis, just under his flaring coronal ridge. Inch after inch of her son's pumped up cock invaded her most intimate depths, her corrugated walls swathing his teenage flesh in hot, slippery secretions. She felt deliciously stretched and stuffed fuller than she'd ever been before.

Lucas could only grunt and pant beneath her, his hips thrusting up instinctively to bury himself balls deep in his mother's tight, wet heat. The sensation of her silken, elaborately-ribbed walls gripping him like a fist was almost too intense to bear after the pumping.

"Unnngh, so tight," Lucas grunted, feeling her strong pelvic floor muscles flutter and squeeze his oversensitive cock from all sides. Her vaginal walls clenched and rippled along his length, molding to every ridge and vein.

Melina threw her head back with a throaty moan as she sank down further, taking her son deeper than any man had ever been before. She could feel the bulbous head of his cock kissing her cervix, nudging the tightly closed opening to her womb.

"Ohhhh baby, you're right next to my womb," she panted deliriously, grinding her hips to take him to the hilt. "Mommy can feel you all the way in her guts. Splitting me open on this huge fucking cock."

Lucas bucked beneath her, desperate to be fully sheathed in his mother's tight, clasping pussy. With a guttural groan, he thrust upwards, burying himself to the balls in her slick channel. His swollen cockhead punched through her cervix and emerged into the fluttering heat of her womb.

"FUCK! Lucas!" Melina screamed, seeing stars as her son's monstrous cock invaded her innermost sanctum. No one had ever been this deep before, his cock-head pulsing directly against the ultra-sensitive walls of her uterus. She felt impossibly full, stretched to her absolute limit by his pumped up size.

Lucas could only moan brokenly, lost in the blissful, mind-melting sensation of his mother's cunt gripping him from root to tip. Her flanges were like a greedy suction-cup around his cock-base while her womb squeezed the head of his meaty member rhythmically, fluttering and milking, trying to coax out his seed.

Melina knew that by drawing out Lucas's first ejaculation with her skillful mouth, she had taken the edge off and primed him to last much longer buried in her needy cunt. She planned to get at least a half-dozen screaming orgasms from his enormous cock before allowing him to flood her womb with his seed.

Grinning wickedly, the mother reached back to unclasp her lacy bra, letting her gigantic tits spill free. They bounced and swayed hypnotically, the heavy flesh capped with large areola and thick, raspberry nipples that pointed straight at her son.

"Look at Mommy's big titties, baby," she purred, cupping the massive globes and offering them to Lucas's face. "Don't they look so yummy while I bounce on your huge cock? Worship them while I ride you."

Lucas latched onto one nipple eagerly, groaning around the spongy nub as Melina began to undulate her hips, working his throbbing shaft with her tight silken walls. Her cunt rippled and squeezed him rhythmically as she rose and fell, riding him with abandon.

Melina threw her head back in ecstasy, her honey-blonde hair whipping around her shoulders as she impaled herself on her son's freakishly large cock over and over on the back seat of her car. She

could feel every straining inch of him, pummeling her G-spot and punching into her womb with each powerful thrust.

"Ohhh fuck, baby, your cock is splitting me in half," she wailed, her pussy gushing and fluttering wildly around him. "Unnngh, I'm gonna cum all over this big dick, cream it so good..."

As if on cue, her cunt clamped down HARD, rippling violently as she came with a shriek of pleasure. Her eyes rolled back and her toes curled as the intense orgasm ripped through her, turning her into a writhing, babbling mess.

But she didn't stop, continuing to bounce and grind on Lucas's shaft even as aftershocks wracked her body. Melina was determined to wring out every last drop of pleasure, every climax she could, on her son's glorious cock.

She rotated and swiveled her hips expertly, stirring his thickness inside her in a way that stimulated her most sensitive spots. Melina clenched

her inner muscles rhythmically, milking him from root to tip until Lucas was a groaning, incoherent puddle beneath her.

"Such a good boy, letting Mommy use this huge cock," she panted, gushing cum with each slam of her hips. "Gonna make me cum over and over on your monster dick until you pump me full of jizz. Paint Mommy's womb white with it!"

Lucas could only whimper beneath her heavy tit, his teeth clamped around her nipple, pulling it greedily and thrusting up as his mother used him for her pleasure, chasing orgasm after mind-blowing orgasm.

The tender pink lining of Melina's cunt was pummeled ruthlessly by Lucas's fat teenage cock. The silken walls stretched obscenely around his engorged girth, the delicate tissues abraded by every

straining vein and ridge. His mother's vagina felt impossibly tight and scorching hot, squeezing him from all sides like a velvet vise.

Their combined juices frothed lewdly around the pistoning shaft, Melina's clear feminine arousal mingling with Lucas's steadily drooling pre-cum to create a slick, dirty lather. The base of his cock was coated in the frothy cream, the musky fluid running in rivulets down the sides of his churning balls to pool obscenely on the leather car seat beneath them.

Each brutal thrust produced a wet squelching sound as Lucas's enormous cock plunged into his mother's sopping hole over and over, stirring their mingled juices to a sticky foam.

The boy grunted and huffed with exertion, sweat beading his brow as he nursed at his mom's rubbery teat. He struggled to hold back his impending orgasm, determined to make this last as long as possible.

Melina's inner muscles rippled and fluttered wildly along Lucas's pistoning length, the textured walls stimulating every over-sensitized inch of his pulsing cock. The spongy, barbed head of his penis scoured

her G-spot with each pass, sending electric jolts of pleasure zinging through her body.

Her womb squeezed and milked the invading crown rhythmically, eliciting choked moans of rapture from the teen. The ultra-sensitive lining of Melina's uterus was stretched taut around the swollen, purple glans, fluttering and pulsating as it tried to suck the cum right out of his balls.

"Ohhh, Mom," Lucas babbled deliriously, his eyes rolling back in his head from the intensity. "Your pussy...it's...unnngh!"

Melina became a convulsing, screaming mess atop her son as orgasms began to stack one after another, each more intense than the last. Her cunt clenched and spasmed violently around Lucas's pistoning cock, gushing what seemed like an endless river of hot, slick fem-cum.

The musky fluid poured out of her, coating his enormous shaft and churning balls in a frothy lather. It seeped into the crevices of his groin and inner thighs, running in rivulets to soak the leather seat beneath them.

"OH FUCK, OH GOD, YESSSS!" Melina wailed, practically sobbing in ecstasy as her body was wracked with pleasure. Her spine arched almost painfully and her toes curled, every muscle seizing up as the intense orgasms crashed over her like tidal waves.

She was cumming so hard, so constantly, it felt like one never-ending climax. Her pussy pulsed and quivered, squirting and creaming uncontrollably on her son's relentlessly pounding cock. The wet, filthy sounds of their fucking grew louder and more obscene, punctuated by Melina's screams and Lucas's grunts.

"Gonna...unnngh...gonna cum, mom!" Lucas choked out, feeling his balls draw up painfully tight. The base of his cock swelled and pulsed, the thick

shaft growing even more engorged as his monstrous load surged up from his churning sack.

"YESSSSS, GIVE IT TO ME!" Melina screeched, slamming herself down one last time and grinding her cervix against his erupting cockhead. "BREED MOMMY'S CUNT, FILL MY WOMB WITH YOUR SEED!"

With an animalistic roar, Lucas exploded, his cock geysering a torrent of thick, scalding cum directly into his mother's fluttering uterus. The force of his ejaculation was so powerful, Melina swore

she could feel his seed battering the tender walls of her womb like a power washer.

Her belly began to swell and distend as Lucas pumped what felt like gallons of jizz into her convulsing depths. He seemed to cum forever, each spurt as copious as the last, flooding her so full she couldn't take anymore. Melina's eyes rolled back in her head as the sheer depravity of being bred by her own son pushed her over the edge into another mind-shattering orgasm.

Cum poured out of her stretched, ravaged cunt around his spurting shaft, unable to be contained. It dribbled down Lucas's pulsing balls and coated their inner thighs, the musky white fluid mixing with Melina's gushing juices to create an utterly debauched mess.

Lucas and his mom finally collapsed into a sweaty, panting heap on the leather car seat, their bodies still joined intimately as aftershocks rolled through them. Lucas's softening cock twitched inside his mother's warm, sloppy depths, making them both moan at the over-sensitive sensation.

Melina hummed in utter satisfaction, cradling her son's face against her heaving breasts. "My god, baby, that was incredible," she praised breathlessly. "You fucked Mommy so good. Pumped me so full of your sweet cum."

Lucas could only groan in agreement, licking and kissing his way along the sweaty valley of his mother's cleavage. He couldn't get enough of

her intoxicating taste and scent, the feeling of her plush curves pressed against him from head to toe.

They lay like that for long moments, just basking in the afterglow as their racing hearts slowed and genitals pulsed with the ebbing waves of their intense orgasms. Melina ran her fingers through her son's damp hair soothingly, cooing words of praise and affection.

A buzzing from her discarded purse broke the spell. With a groan, Melina reached for her phone, seeing her husband's name on the screen. "Shit, your father," she muttered, clearing her throat before answering with forced brightness.

"Hi honey!... Yes, I know, we're running a bit behind... Lucas and I decided to do some shopping after our ice cream date, lost track of time... Mmm-hmm... Be home soon... Love you too."

She tossed the phone aside and smirked conspiratorially at her son. "It's a good thing your dad is so trusting. He has no idea his sweet wife just had her pussy pounded by her son's huge cock. No clue I'm absolutely filled to the brim with your cum right now."

Lucas shuddered, his sensitive cock twitching at his mother's naughty words. "Dang, Mom, you're gonna get me hard again," he complained with a breathless chuckle.

"Mmm, there's my virile young stud," Melina purred wickedly, clenching her cunt around him and feeling his shaft start to thicken inside her once more. "Ready for another round already. Insatiable, just like your mother."

She rocked her hips subtly, working her slick walls along Lucas's growing erection. His knob ballooned with blood again, feeling that ring of muscles near the back of her cunt-barrel drag along his sensitive, shiny-skinned glans. The boy groaned into her cleavage, laving his tongue along the soft undersides of her massive breasts.

"As much as I'd love to ride you again, baby boy, we really should be getting home before your father gets suspicious," Melina sighed regretfully, giving Lucas's cock one last squeeze before carefully dismounting.

They both moaned at the obscene wet sound of his stalk slipping from her well-fucked hole, a river of cum following their mixed fluids to splatter obscenely on the floorboards. Melina felt empty and

aching without her son's cock stretching her full, but she knew they had to get cleaned up and presentable before facing her husband.

She reached for a handful of fast food napkins to mop up the mess between her thighs, wincing slightly at the tender rawness of her well-used cunt. Lucas watched in awe as his copious load of pearly white cum dripped from his mother's gaping, puffy pussy lips.

"Admiring your handiwork?" Melina teased with a smirk, noticing her son's transfixed gaze on her ravaged sex. "Mmmm, you marked Mommy up so good, baby. Ruined this tight MILF cunt for anyone but you."

Lucas groaned as his cock twitched and flexed, struggling towards hardness again at her dirty talk. He couldn't believe how insatiable he was for his own mother, how he craved her body like a drug already after just one taste.

Melina giggled wickedly, giving his hard shaft a playful squeeze as it pointed upward like a wet, fleshy pillar. "Down boy," she mock-scolded. "Save some of that youthful stamina for tomorrow. Remember, we have a very special video to film with Aunt Mona."

Lucas gulped and nodded, barely suppressing a shudder of anticipation at the reminder. In just a handful of hours, he'd be fucking his sexy mother on camera for the first time, letting untold numbers of horny viewers watch him ravage her MILF cunt the way he'd always dreamed of.

They hurriedly cleaned themselves up as best they could and straightened their rumpled clothes. The car reeked of sex, the musky scent of cum and feminine arousal hanging thick in the air. Melina cracked the windows, spritzing some perfume to try to cover the smell of their illicit activities.

As she slid back into the driver's seat, Lucas boldly leaned over to capture his mother's lips in a deep, sensual kiss, pouring all his love

and gratitude into the embrace. "That was amazing, Mom," he murmured against her glossy lips. "Thank you for making my first time so perfect. I love you so much."

"I love you too, sweetie," Melina purred, caressing his face tenderly and booping Lucas on the nose. "You just wait, mister. Mommy's gonna fuck you so much and so hard, your wittle pee-pee might fall right off!" she teased in a babyish coo. "But it would be so worth it, wouldn't it? To have Mommy bounce on your big cock until you pumped me full over and over again like a good boy? Yes it would!"

Lucas groaned, his sensitive shaft flexing at his mother's dirty baby talk. "Jesus Mom, you can't say things like that!"

"Oooh, getting all squirmy for Mommy?" Melina singsonged, giving Lucas's shaft a teasing squeeze. "Does baby boy need Mommy to kiss his ouchie and make it all better? Mwah mwah mwah!"

She leaned over and peppered his meaty erection with exaggerated smooching noises, making Lucas squirm and whimper. "Mom, c'mon, you're killing me here," he groaned, hips twitching into her palm.

"Ooh, so squirmy-wormy!" Melina giggled. "Is wittle Wucas gonna make thick milkies out his pee-pee tip if Mommy keeps rubbing it? Hmmm?" She gripped his flexing shaft and stroked firmly and Lucas watched as the loose skin shrouded his glans, then they were exposed again on the down-stroke, his bulb huge, purple and throbbing.

"Unnngh..." Lucas panted, head thrown back against the headrest. He couldn't believe how hard he was getting from his mother's silly dirty talk. Something about the regressive language, her treating him like an overgrown horny toddler, was really doing it for him.

"Maybe if you're a very, very good boy, Mommy will sneak into your room later and let you suck her boobies," Melina purred, hefting her

massive tits with her free hand. "Would baby like that? Mommy's big num-nums in his mouth?"

"Yessss," Lucas hissed, staring hungrily at his mother's jiggling titty-flesh.

"Mmmm, such a hungry little pumpkin," Melina cooed approvingly. "Mommy can't wait to smother you in her big ol' tiddies,"

Lucas was panting now, face flushed and balls aching as his mother's lewd promises filled his head with images of motorboating her giant breasts, suckling her thick teats like an overgrown nursing baby.

Melina grinned, enjoying the effect her naughty words were having on her son. She loved reducing him to a squirming, horny mess with just her filthy mommy-talk.

That evening at the dinner table, Lucas's father Brad beamed at his son with pride. "I just wanted to say how great I think it is that you're helping your mom and Mona with their online clothing business, champ. You're really stepping up."

Lucas ducked his head shyly, cheeks flushing at the praise. If only his dad knew just how intimately he was "helping" the two busty MILFs. "Thanks Dad, I'm learning a lot. Mom and Aunt Mona are great teachers."

Under the table, he felt his mother's bare foot slide up his calf, her nimble toes kneading the bulge rapidly growing in his jeans. Lucas almost choked on a mouthful of pot roast.

"Mmm, our boy is such a quick study," Melina purred, blue eyes twinkling with mischief. "A real natural talent. He's already getting rave reviews from our clients for his...performance."

Her toes curled around the rigid outline of her son's cock, stroking him through the denim. Lucas squirmed in his seat, trying to keep a straight face as his mother foot-fondled him right beside his oblivious father.

"Well, you just let me know if there's anything else I can do to support you kids," Brad said cheerfully, reaching for the mashed potatoes. "I'm just so darn proud of this family!"

"Oh honey, you're already supporting us in the most important way," Melina reassured, her voice dripping with innuendo. "By providing for us so I have the energy to pour into my business. I couldn't do it without you."

Her foot pressed insistently into Lucas's groin, rubbing his throbbing erection. The boy bit back a desperate moan, knuckles white as he gripped his knife and fork.

"Aw shucks, babe, you know I'd do anything for you," Brad preened, puffing up at his wife's praise. "I just want my best girl to follow her dreams, and for you two enjoy all the perks of working closely together!" He chuckled obliviously.

Under the table, Melina curled her toes, around her son's spongy knob. "Oh, we most certainly are enjoying the perks, aren't we sweetie bear?"

She gave Lucas's throbbing bulge a firm, approving squeeze that made him squeak.

Brad just laughed jovially, interpreting the sound as enthusiastic agreement. "See? You two are having a blast!" If he noticed his son's flushed face and white-knuckled grip on his silverware, he didn't comment.

Later that evening, after tucking a very drowsy and satisfied Lucas into bed with a lingering kiss, Melina settled in at her computer to

check her email one last time before turning in herself. A message from an unfamiliar address caught her eye, the subject line reading "LAST CHANCE".

Frowning, she clicked it open, her stomach sinking as she skimmed the contents. It was from the same crazed fan who had tried to blackmail her and Mona into pimping out Lucas for a private show. The woman ranted about how she was losing patience, that if Melina didn't reply with a time and place to meet within 24 hours, she would make good on her threats to expose their "incestuous activities" to the police.

Melina's hands shook slightly as a tendril of fear unfurled in her gut. What if Mona was wrong? What if this psycho really did have the means to track them down and follow through on her sick ultimatums? Melina couldn't bear the thought of her sweet boy being dragged away in handcuffs, his promising young life ruined, all because of what they had been doing.

No. She shook her head firmly, taking a deep breath to calm her racing thoughts. Mona was right, engaging with this lunatic would only encourage her twisted fixation. She was most likely just a basement-dwelling troll getting her rocks off by harassing strangers online. Melina refused to be bullied and quickly deleted the email.

The next afternoon, Mona moaned wantonly, her giant tits swinging like wrecking balls as Lucas fucked her up the ass on cameras. She felt her nephew's enormous pumped-up cock spearing into her tight back passage. The clear, slick lube allowed his throbbing shaft to glide smoothly past her straining anal sphincter, the ring of muscle stretching obscenely to accommodate his unnatural girth.

"It's so… tight," Lucas groaned, feeling Mona's rectal walls grip him like a velvet vise. The searing heat of her intimate channel engulfed his sensitive cockhead, the delicate pink lining molding to every ridge and vein.

Mona's anal tract hugged Lucas's pistoning length, the ribbed texture of her rectum providing delicious friction against his engorged flesh. He could feel every ripple and flutter of her forbidden tunnel as it struggled to stretch around his invading thickness.

The boy's bloated glans plundered deeper and deeper, pushing past the final tight curve of Mona's rectum to punch cruelly into her sigmoid colon. The tender, glistening membrane of her large intestine bulged obscenely as it was forcibly distended by the unrelenting pressure of Lucas's cockhead.

"Unnngh, so deep! You're in my guts!" Mona wailed, eyes rolling back in her head as she was violated in the most depraved way. She could feel Lucas in places that had never been touched before, his hard pulsing heat seeming to fill her entire abdomen.

The teen grunted savagely, pumping his hips to ream out Mona's bowels with ruthless intensity. His heavy, cum-laden balls slapped against her jiggling ass cheeks with each brutal thrust, the sound obscene in the quiet room.

Mona's anal walls clenched and spasmed around the plunging girth, helpless against the relentless pummeling. Her slick, heated membranes burned with friction, nerve endings sparking with a pleasure so intense it bordered on pain.

The moans and cries of the rutting couple filled the air, punctuated by the vulgar squelch of lube and the meaty smack of flesh.

As Lucas continued to pound into Mona's tight asshole, stretching it obscenely around his enormous pumped cock, Melina aimed the camera between their straining bodies to capture the lewd action.

"Don't forget about the special toy we're reviewing, baby," she purred, reaching beneath Mona to press a button on the vaginal insert lodged deep in her pussy. The egg-shaped device began to

buzz and undulate, the vibrations traveling through the thin wall separating Mona's ass and cunt.

"Ohhh fuckkk!" Lucas groaned, feeling the toy's pulsations massaging his pistoning shaft through the membrane. It felt like Mona's holes were throbbing around him in tandem, squeezing and fluttering along his aching length.

"Tell our viewers what that feels like, sweetie," Melina encouraged breathlessly, zooming in on where her son's cock was stretching Mona's asshole to its limits.

Lucas whimpered, watching in awe as Mona's plump ass cheeks jiggled and bounced lewdly with each impact of his pelvis. The shiny globes rippled like fleshy waves, undulating mesmerizingly as they enveloped his pistoning cock over and over.

"It's so...ungh...intense," he panted, struggling to form words through the mind-melting pleasure. "Like her ass and pussy are both...mmm...throbbing on my cock."

Mona let out a sharp cry as a particularly hard thrust sent the vibrating egg grinding against her G-spot while Lucas's cockhead plowed into her rectum. Her cunt gushed around the toy, flooding her passage with slick arousal.

Melina turned the camera to Mona's flushed, ecstasy-contorted face. "And how does it feel for you, you dirty little buttslut? Describe it for our horny viewers."

"Unnngh, it's fucking incredible," Mona babbled, eyes rolled back in bliss as she tossed her plump ass back to meet Lucas's brutal thrusts. "His huge cock is splitting my asshole in half, rearranging my guts. I can feel every fat inch stretching me open, filling me so deep."

She reached down to rub her swollen clit in time with the pistoning shaft plundering her rectum. "And the vibrator...oh god...it's buzzing right against my G-spot, making me fucking gush. I'm getting double penetrated so hard and deep, stuffed full in both my tight little holes."

Mona's filthy narration spurred Lucas on, making him pound into her spasming ass even harder. He gripped her fleshy hips with bruising force, using the leverage to yank her back onto his cock as he rutted into her like a beast possessed.

Melina purred in delight, capturing every depraved second. "Mmmm, listen to those sloppy sounds. Your ass is just drenched, you nasty whore. Squelching all over my baby boy's big dick."

"Yesss, I'm his little anal cocksheath," Mona wailed, the vulgar wet noises of their coupling filling the room. "Fuck me, fuck my shithole, slam that monster cock into my guts!"

Melina reached down to palm her son's churning balls, feeling how they had drawn up tight to his body. "Oooh, someone's about to blow," she singsonged wickedly. "Drain these big cum tanks up Auntie Mona's hungry ass, baby. Fill her to the brim."

Lucas could only groan helplessly, his thrusts becoming erratic as his climax approached. The tight, ribbed vice of Mona's rectum combined with the vibrations massaging his shaft were pushing him over the edge with terrifying speed.

"Gonna...unnnf...gonna flood your shitter, Aunt Mona..." he grunted, feeling the telling tingle at the base of his spine that signaled an imminent eruption.

"YES! Seed my filthy guts!" Mona screeched, slamming her ass back one final time and clenching her bowels rhythmically. "Pump me full of jizz, paint my fucking colon white!"

With an animalistic roar, Lucas buried himself to the hilt in Mona's violently spasming asshole and let go, his cock flexing and throbbing as it began to spew thick ropes of cum deep into her clutching heat.

His cockhead flared and pulsed, erupting like a geyser and hosing Mona's tender intestinal walls with what felt like gallons of scalding seed. Her sigmoid colon distended obscenely as it was flooded with the massive load, Mona's flat belly bulging outward from the sheer volume.

Melina moaned at the debauched sight, feverishly frigging her clit as she captured the filthy cream pie in loving HD closeup. Pearly jizz oozed out around Lucas's softening shaft, unable to be contained by Mona's overstuffed hole. It dribbled down the crack of her ass and pooled on the sheets below.

"Fuuuuck," Lucas panted in disbelief, watching his cum leak out of Mona's gaping, twitching anus. He couldn't believe how much he had pumped into her, or the fact that he had just lost his anal virginity on camera. It was all so dirty and thrilling, like the most depraved fantasy come true.

"Mmmm, good boy," Melina praised, setting the camera aside to rub her son's back soothingly as he collapsed beside Mona in an exhausted heap. "You performed so well for Mommy. Gave Auntie Mona exactly what her greedy hole needed."

Mona just whimpered blissfully, too fucked-out to form words. She clenched her sore, swollen asshole, trying to keep Lucas's load plugged up inside her as delicious aftershocks continued to roll through her quivering body.

Melina gathered the satiated pair into her arms, peppering their sweaty faces with kisses. "My sexy little stars," she cooed adoringly. "That was incredible. Our viewers are gonna lose their minds when they see this."

She smiled wickedly, already envisioning the likes and comments pouring in, the revenue they would generate from this new direction. Filming her sweet, innocent son getting his cock milked by a MILF's asshole...it was career gold. A whole new market to dominate.

Lucas watched in awe as Melina and Mona strutted out of the room completely nude and unashamed to get some cold water from the fridge. He loved seeing them so casually naked and uninhibited in front of him now.

Melina's massive, heavy breasts swayed and wobbled hypnotically with each step, the pale flesh capped with rosy nipples that were still puckered with arousal. Her wide, curvy hips rolled sensuously, leading to an ample bubble butt that jiggled and bounced enticingly. Those sexy, thick thighs and calves tapered into dainty feet with pink painted toenails that padded playfully across the hardwood.

Mona was just as mouthwatering, her bountiful tits topped with large, brownish nipples bouncing freely as she walked. Her ass was even bigger and rounder than Melina's, sitting high and proud atop long, athletic legs. Her fiery red toenails flashed as her cute feet pitter-pattered alongside her sister's.

Both women had smooth, plump pussies completely bare of hair, glistening with the slick evidence of their recent debauchery. The intoxicating musk of their arousal lingered in the air, making Lucas's spent cock twitch valiantly.

He couldn't believe this was his life now - his own gorgeous mother and her equally sexy best friend parading around naked just for him, letting him worship and pleasure their incredible bodies. It was like the plot of a porno, but so much better because it was real.

Melina looked over her shoulder and caught her son staring at them with unabashed hunger. She smirked, putting an extra sway in her hips as she bent over to retrieve some water bottles from the bottom shelf of the fridge. Her fat ass cheeks split apart, giving

Lucas an unobstructed view of her used pussy and asshole, still puffy and inflamed from the intense fucking he had given them.

"See something you like, baby?" she purred teasingly, wiggling her booty at him.

Lucas could only nod dumbly, his big, muscled cock jutting out in front of his skinny frame like an obscene third leg. It flexed and bobbed with each pulse of his racing heartbeat, a pearly drop of pre-cum already beading at the tip and dripping towards the floor in a gooey string.

Melina licked her lips as she eyed her son's impressive erection, never tiring of the sight. "Mmm, looks like someone's ready for round two already," she purred, straightening up and sauntering over to him with a wicked gleam in her eye.

Mona followed close behind, her huge, hard-nippled tits bouncing with each step. "Oooh, is that big boy hard again for us?" she singsonged, reaching out to wrap her fingers around Lucas's thick shaft. "Such stamina! We're gonna have so much fun with you, stud."

Lucas shuddered as the two gorgeous MILFs began to stroke and fondle his jutting cock, their soft hands gliding along his sensitive flesh. Hugged from both sides, his slender frame was engulfed between four massive tits, his mom and aunt each sharing a wet, tongue swirling kiss with him.

Just as things were getting heated again between Lucas, his mother and Mona, the doorbell rang insistently. At first they tried to ignore it, too lost in their lusty haze, but it rang again and again with increasing urgency.

"Shit, who could that be?" Melina muttered in annoyance, reluctantly disentangling herself from the horny pile of limbs. She threw on a short silk robe that did little to conceal her voluptuous curves and

went to answer the door, Lucas and Mona hurrying to make themselves halfway decent.

When Melina opened the door, she was greeted by the sight of a hugely obese woman with stringy hair and beady eyes glaring at her from the stoop. The woman was easily 300 pounds, her stained muumuu straining over her lumpy bulk.

"I knew it!" the woman crowed triumphantly, shouldering her way past a shocked Melina into the house. "I knew you were that slut MILF from the videos!"

Melina paled, her stomach dropping as she realized this must be the crazed fan who had tried to blackmail them before. But how had she actually found them? This couldn't be happening!

The obese woman barreled into the living room where Lucas and Mona were hastily adjusting their clothes, leering at them with undisguised hunger.

"Well well, and here's the hung stud of the hour!" she cackled, eyeing Lucas up and down. The poor boy looked like a deer in headlights, shrinking back from the intruder's covetous gaze.

"Wh-who are you?" Mona demanded, trying to sound braver than she felt. "What do you want?"

"I want what I'm owed," the woman sneered, parking her massive rear on their pristine white couch with an audible groan of springs. "I told you bitches I wanted a turn with the boy toy, and I meant to collect."

She spread her thick, dimpled thighs, hiking up her stained tent of a dress. "Pucker up, pretty boy. Mama needs her cunt sucked by that sweet little mouth."

Lucas looked helplessly at his mother, his face a mask of disgust and dread. Melina's mind raced, trying to figure a way out of this nightmarish situation.

"Now hold on a minute," she said, forcing herself to stay calm. "You can't just barge in here and make demands. This is our home, our family. We don't even know you!"

The woman laughed nastily, a phlegmy, hacking sound. "Oh, but I know all about you, Melina Prescott of 1422 Oak Lane. Respected wife and mother, pillar of the community, and oh, yes… secret incestuous porn star."

Melina and Mona gasped in shock, their faces draining of color. The woman cackled evilly, secure in her power over them.

"That's right, I know exactly who you are and what you've been up to with your own son," she sneered. "And unless you want the cops and the whole world to know too, you'll give me what I want."

Lucas felt sick to his stomach, his skin crawling at the thought of touching this disgusting intruder. But then an idea struck him, a scenario he remembered from a raunchy comedy he'd watched with his friends.

"Okay, I'll fuck you," he said slowly, causing his mother and Mona to look at him in horror. "But I just want to make sure you're aware...I have herpes. And gonorrhea. It's only right I inform you, in case you still want to risk it."

The woman paused, narrowing her piggy eyes at him suspiciously. "You're bluffing," she accused. "No way a strapping young thing like you has a dirty dick."

"I'm serious," Lucas said, putting on his most earnest expression. "I raw-dogged half my high school before I got tested. My junk is like a petri dish. But if you still want to take a ride, by all means..."

He moved as if to unzip his fly. The obese woman blanched, scooting back on the couch away from him.

"On second thought, never mind," she said quickly, heaving herself to her feet. "I don't need to catch something nasty."

"Are you sure?" Lucas asked innocently. "I'll still fuck you if you want. What's a few sores and oozing discharge between friends?"

"No, no, I'm good," the woman insisted, already backing towards the door. "You freaks can keep your incest and your STDS. I'm outta here."

She waddled out as quickly as her bulk would allow, slamming the door behind her. Lucas, Melina and Mona looked at each other for a shocked beat before bursting into relieved, slightly hysterical laughter.

"Holy shit, I can't believe that worked!" Mona crowed, high-fiving Lucas. "You're a goddamn genius, kid!"

"I knew that trash cinema you watch would come in handy someday," Melina agreed, hugging her son tightly. "Quick thinking, baby. You saved our asses."

"Let's just hope that's the last we see of that bitch," Lucas said, shuddering in revulsion. "I think I need a long, hot shower to wash off the feeling of her eyeballs molesting me."

"Mmmm, want some company?" Melina purred, nuzzling his neck. "Mommy will make sure every inch of you is squeaky clean."

Mona quickly interjected, her green eyes sparkling with naughty inspiration. "Wait, I just remembered - we still have that new vibrating shower head attachment to review! This would be the perfect time for you two to test it out while I film."

Melina grinned wickedly, already peeling off her flimsy robe. "Oooh, you're so right! It'll be like killing two birds with one stone - getting clean and getting off at the same time. The viewers will eat it up!"

"Plus, there's just something so inherently erotic about shower sex," Mona added with a lascivious wink. "All that slick, soapy skin rubbing together, the steam, the spray pounding down on your most sensitive spots... It's like a recipe for debauchery."

Lucas gulped, his recently traumatized cock already starting to swell and lift again at the visuals the women's words conjured. The thought of soaping up his mother's spectacular body, of pounding into her as the vibrating shower head teased her clit... It was enough to make him dizzy with lust.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Melina purred, taking her son's hand and leading him towards the master bathroom. "Let's get you all squeaky clean, baby boy, so Mommy can get you dirty all over again."

Mona followed close behind, grabbing the camera on the way. This was going to be their hottest video yet, she could feel it. The taboo thrill of filming a mother and son in the throes of passion, their slick bodies glistening and writhing together as the pulsing shower head drove them wild with pleasure...

She shivered in anticipation, her pussy already starting to drip at the mere thought. Melina turned the shower on full blast, letting the bathroom fill with billowing steam as she stepped under the spray. The hot water sluiced over her voluptuous curves, plastering her honey blonde hair to her head and making her tan skin flush pink.

"Come join me, sweetie," she cooed to Lucas, crooking a finger at him invitingly. "Mommy needs your help reaching all her naughty places."

Mona was already filming as Lucas eagerly stripped off his clothes and stepped into the spacious shower stall, his lean muscles flexing and cock bobbing heavily between his legs. The boy was so deliciously fit and hung, a perfect specimen of virile masculinity. She zoomed in on his swaying erection, capturing the pearly drop of pre-cum that gathered at the tip.

Lucas groaned as the hot spray hit his sensitive cock, making it swell even thicker and harder. He wrapped his arms around his mother from behind, his straining shaft nestling between the slick cheeks of her meaty booty. Melina purred, arching back against him like a cat in heat.

"I had your father install the shower head last night," Melina purred sultrily in her son's ear as she reached for the new chrome attachment. "Of course, I didn't tell him it was actually a high-tech sex toy that his naughty wife would be reviewing with her own son for our horny fans. He thinks Mommy just wanted a relaxing new showerhead, the poor naive dear."

She giggled wickedly, handing the gleaming apparatus to Lucas. "Why don't you do the honors of trying it out on me first. Let's see what this baby can really do."

Eyes wide and cock throbbing in anticipation, Lucas took the showerhead from his mother, admiring the sleek design and multiple pulsing settings. He turned it on to a medium strength and aimed the pounding spray at Melina's heaving breasts.

"Ohhh yesss," she hissed, throwing her head back in bliss as the rhythmic jets of water stimulated her sensitive nipples. "Mmmm that feels amazing, like a hundred eager little tongues lapping at my tits."

Melina writhed under the spray, pushing her heavy jugs into the pulsing stream. Her dusky pink nipples hardened into stiff peaks on areolar disks, goosebumps rising as Lucas moved the showerhead in teasing circles.

"Do my pussy next, baby," Melina panted, spreading her legs and bracing her hands against the tile wall. "Get Mommy's clit all swollen and throbbing for your cock."

Hands shaking slightly with lust, Lucas lowered the showerhead between his mother's creamy thighs, groaning at the sight of her puffy pink slit

glistening with arousal. He focused the massaging spray directly on her hooded love button and Melina let out a sharp cry.

"Yes, YES! Right there!" she keened, rolling her hips lewdly as the pounding water worked her clit into a frenzy. "Ooooh fuck, so good! Don't stop!"

Behind the camera, Mona bit her lip, rubbing her thighs together as she grew increasingly wet from the erotic display. There was just something so taboo and thrilling about watching a sexy MILF get off with her own son in the most intimate of settings.

Melina took the showerhead from Lucas with a wicked gleam in her eye. Turning to face the wall, she looked back at him over her shoulder with a sultry pout.

"Fuck me from behind, baby," she purred, wiggling her heart-shaped ass invitingly. "Mount Mommy like a wild beast and rut me hard. Show me what a virile young stud you are."

Nearly growling with lust, Lucas gripped his mother's plush hips and lined his throbbing cock up with her dripping entrance. With one powerful thrust, he buried himself to the hilt in her tight, slick heat, groaning at the delicious squeeze of her walls around him.

"Ohhh yesssss," Melina hissed, pressing her huge tits against the cool tile as she arched her back to take him deeper. "Fill me up, baby! Slam that big fat cock in Mommy's hungry cunt!"

Lucas set a punishing pace, rutting into his mother's perfect ass like a feral animal. His pelvis smacked obscenely against her ample cheeks with each savage thrust, the force jiggling her flesh. Melina yelped and mewled in ecstasy, pushing back to meet his strokes.

"Harder! Deeper!" she demanded breathlessly, reaching back with one hand to spread herself wider for him. "Fuck me like you mean to breed me! Pound my cervix with that huge dick!"

Grunting and panting like a wild beast, Lucas pistoned his hips with brutal intensity, feeling his swollen cockhead slam against the mouth of Melina's womb over and over. Her silken sheath rippled and clenched around him rhythmically, sucking him in deeper, hungry for his seed.

He boldly gripped fistfuls of her soaked hair and yanked her head back, exposing the elegant column of her throat. Melina cried out sharply at the pleasurable sting, her cunt gushing fresh arousal around Lucas's pistoning shaft.

"Oh fuck yes! Use me!" she wailed, eyes rolling back in bliss. "I'm your slutty mommy fuck doll! Wreck my holes, ruin me for anyone else! Make me your cocksleeve!"

The vulgar, incestuous dirty talk spurred Lucas on, making him rut into her even harder and faster. The wet, meaty slaps of their coupling echoed obscenely off the bathroom walls, steam billowing around their straining bodies.

Mona was panting almost as hard as the debauched mother and son, frigging her fat, horny clit frantically with one hand as she struggled to keep the camera steady. Fuck, this was without a doubt the hottest, raunchiest, most taboo thing she'd ever filmed. Her viewers were going to absolutely lose their minds.

"Don't forget the showerhead!" she reminded breathlessly, fumbling with her free hand to turn up the pulsing jets to maximum power.

"Use it on her clit while you pound her!"

Lucas grabbed the chrome showerhead and wedged it between their straining bodies, aiming the massaging spray directly at his mother's swollen, throbbing clit. Melina shrieked, her spine arching almost painfully as the intense stimulation ripped through her.

"OH FUCK, OH GOD YESSSSS!" she wailed, writhing and thrashing between the punishing thrust of her son's cock and the relentless

pounding of the water jets on her most sensitive spot. "Gonna...gonna cum so fucking hard! Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop!"

Melina's cunt began to convulse violently, clamping down on Lucas's pistoning shaft in fluttering waves as her orgasm crashed through her. She squirted like a geyser, femme cum gushing out around his thickness to splatter obscenely on the shower floor and swirl down the drain.

Lucas groaned like a wounded animal, feeling his mother's velvety walls rippling and milking his cock for all she was worth. The vibrations from the shower head traveled through her spasming pussy to his aching balls, pushing him closer to the edge.

"Fuck Mom...cumming..." he grunted savagely, his pace growing erratic as his climax approached.

"YES! Do it baby, pump Mommy full!" Melina babbled desperately, tossing her ass back to take him even deeper. "Fill my womb with your seed! Knock me up with your fucking baby!"

The taboo words were the final straw. With an animalistic roar, Lucas buried himself to the hilt in his mother's clenching cunt and erupted, his cock spewing thick ropes of scalding cum directly against her cervix.

Melina wailed as she felt her son's potent seed battering the entrance to her womb, triggering another bone-melting orgasm. Her pussy milked him greedily, rippling and squeezing as if trying to suck every last drop of jizz from his spurting balls.

Lucas's vision nearly whited out from the intensity, his pelvis slamming flush against Melina's jiggling ass cheeks as he ground himself into her, making sure to plant his load in her deepest, most fertile depths. He'd never cum so hard in his life, his cock flexing and throbbing violently as it emptied his aching balls.

Behind them, Mona panted harshly, frigging her clit with desperate abandon as she captured every filthy second of the mother-son

creampie. She could see rivulets of Lucas's pearly cum seeping out around his softening shaft, no doubt just a fraction of the massive load he'd pumped into her unprotected cunt.

The success of Melina, Lucas and Mona's naughty online videos allowed their business to flourish beyond their wildest dreams. Their loyal fans couldn't get enough of seeing the sexy mother-son duo and their busty MILF aunt demonstrating all the latest and greatest adult toys and lingerie.

The money poured in from memberships, video sales and product sponsorships, giving the trio a very lucrative income stream. They decided to invest some of their profits into renting a secluded lake cottage where they could film their raunchy content without worrying about husbands finding out, nosy neighbors or interruptions.

Every morning, the three of them would drive out to the picturesque cottage, a large duffel bag stuffed with the day's products to review. As soon as they arrived, clothes were shed and they got down to the pleasurable business of putting the toys through their paces.

Melina, Lucas and Mona lost themselves in a debauched whirlwind of sexual experimentation, their supple naked bodies a tangle of limbs as they fucked and sucked with wild abandon. No hole was left unstretched or unfilled, no inch of skin unmapped by eager tongues and stroking hands.

They reviewed clit-sucking vibrators, double-ended dildos, and cock rings that kept Lucas hard for hours as the women rode him into sweet oblivion. Flavored lubes and warming massage oils were slathered on tingling skin. Orgasms echoed off the cabin walls as the trio worked each other over with the adult industry's finest products.

Mona's camera captured every filthy, taboo moment in glorious HD - the slick glide of toys into eager holes, the trembling of flesh as powerful vibrations wracked sensitive nerve endings, the obscene wet sounds of vigorous fucking and sloppy oral. She made sure to get plenty of close-ups of Lucas's huge cock sawing in and out of his mother's tight pink slit, both of them glazed in cum and female arousal.

In between bouts of depraved toy testing, they took full advantage of the cottage's amenities. Melina and Mona sunbathed naked on the back deck, their oiled up tits glistening in the sun as they coyly beckoned Lucas over for some outdoor fun. He plowed them both from behind as they bent over the railing, watching their bubble butts ripple with every strike of his midsection, the lake breeze caressing their undulating bodies.

They fucked in the shallows of the tranquil water, Melina's legs wrapped tightly around her son's waist like a fleshy fuck-harness as he thrust into her, droplets clinging to their passion-flushed skin. Mona bobbed between his legs, slurping his balls as his ass clenched with each pump of his hips.

The summer afternoons passed in a blur of sweat-slick skin, straining muscles and blissful moans muffled by plush flesh.

With as much unprotected sex as the horny trio was having, it came as no surprise when both Melina and Mona missed their periods. Pregnancy tests confirmed that Lucas's potent seed had taken root, and soon the women were sporting rounded bellies that grew more gravid by the day.

Far from slowing down their sexual adventures, the pregnancies seemed to kick Melina and Mona's libidos into overdrive. Their hormones raged out of control, leaving them constantly wet, aching and desperate for their young stud's cock. They couldn't keep their hands off Lucas, groping and rubbing against him at every opportunity. His lucky cock was

constantly being sucked, titty-fucked or ravaging their cunts and assholes, keeping his young balls constantly drained.

Filming their naughty videos became an exercise in depraved hedonism as the women's bodies ripened and swelled with new life. Their tits grew extremely heavy and tender, blue veins mapping the milky skin as their areolas darkened and nipples thickened in preparation for nursing. Lucas spent hours buried under mommy tit-meat, suckling the sweet colostrum from their leaking buds, his mouth and chin glazed with the sticky fluid.

Melina and Mona took turns riding Lucas's huge, pumped up cock, impaling themselves on his teenage thickness with wanton moans.

Their sensitive, milk-swollen tits bounced hypnotically as they undulated on his lap, his hands splayed across their stretched, rounded bellies. He could feel his unborn children wiggle and kick against his palms as he thrust up into his mother and aunt's dripping cunts, bringing them to orgasm after cock-drenching orgasm.

As their pregnancies progressed, the women became more aggressive and demanding in their lust. They took to ambushing Lucas, pushing him down on any available surface and sinking onto his perpetually hard cock with greedy groans. He spent hours pinned

beneath their augmented weight as they used him for their pleasure, his face buried between their massive, leaking tits.

Mona loved to fuck Lucas on his back so she could watch his mother's jiggling ass and pussy as she rode him. She'd reach around to maul her sister's huge, sloshing jugs, coaxing out streams of pre-milk that Lucas greedily lapped up.

"That's it, drink up," Mona purred, guiding Melina's dripping nipple to her son's eager mouth. "Drain your Mommy's fat titties while you fill her cunt. Such a good boy, putting babies in our bellies and milk in your tummy."

Even as their stomachs swelled and grew heavy with Lucas's seed, Melina and Mona's sex drive remained insatiable. They took his cock in every hole, in every position they could manage with their rounded, off-balance bodies. Filming their naughty videos became almost non-stop as they craved constant stimulation and satisfaction.

The taste of success had never been sweeter!

THE END

228: MOM’S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-part1/3

MOM'S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED

By Klrxo

"Oh, Alden, we got here as fast as we could! What happened?" Kat exclaimed with a mixture of panic and motherly concern as she rushed to her son's hospital bedside, her heart pounding in her chest.

Darci, his stepmom, was right behind her, and the sharp staccato of their four-inch heels echoed like a heartbeat on the cold hospital floor as they hurried over to each side of the injured teen.

"I took a brutal hit in practice. The doctor said both my arms are broken," Alden confessed, his voice laced with pain.

"Both arms?!" his mother gasped, her voice rising in disbelief and horror.

"Unfortunately," he confirmed grimly.

"Oh my God! I would hug you, baby, but I don't wanna hurt your arms," she said, her voice trembling as she fought to control her emotions.

Alden found solace in his mom's deeply compassionate brown eyes, which were brimming with worry. She resembled the glamorous Italian TV host, Sara Varone, with her cascading dark hair and full,

expressive lips. Her cami top, tightly fitted, struggled to contain the generous curves of her figure, creating a dramatic cleavage that seemed to defy gravity.

Kat had a body that seemed to come straight out of one of Alden's comic books. Her massive J-cup tit-melons strained against her low-cut top, looking far too large and heavy to be real. They jutted out obscenely, drawing the eye and making it hard to look away. Her hips flared out below her tiny waist, leading to an ass that was the definition of a bubble butt - high, tight, and incredibly round. Alden couldn't help but imagine sinking his fingers into that succulent, juicy flesh. And her legs - they

looked powerful enough to crush a man's skull between her thighs as she fucked him into oblivion.

Every inch of his mom's body seemed custom-built for raw, animalistic sex.

Looming on the other side of him was Darci, his striking redheaded stepmother. Her curves rivaled those of Kat's, drawing the unwavering gaze of every man in the vicinity.

"My poor baby!" Darci cooed, leaning over Alden and giving him a perfect view straight down her cavernous cleavage.

Her intense, smoldering green eyes bore into Alden's with deep concern. "Your dad wanted to be here, but he's stuck at that work conference in Boston," she explained, her voice soothing as she rubbed his arm gently. "I'm here though, for whatever you need."

Kat glared at her ex-husband's wife, a mix of appreciation and possessiveness swirling within her. She valued Darci's genuine concern for her children but couldn't ignore her instincts as their biological mother. Her divorce from Alden's father four years ago had been mutual and peaceful. They had both moved on, and she was now passionately in love with her new husband, Frank.

"The doctor wants me to stay the night and go home tomorrow," Alden remarked, his words seemingly aimed at Darci's alluring cleavage. The mothers exchanged knowing smiles, the air thick with unspoken tension.

"Well, at least you have your own room," his mom pointed out, breaking the moment's intensity. "You don't have to share it with any sick, smelly old men."

"That's true," her son chuckled, attempting to ease the charged atmosphere.

"How's the pain, sweet baby?" Darci asked, feeling his forehead. "Have they given you anything?"

"Yeah, some sort of pain med. It seems to be working."

"Good," Kat said soothingly. "If you start hurting, you be sure and let me know and I'll have them give you more."

"Will do," the boy smiled. He felt intimidated surrounded by such beautiful mature women, smelling the wonderful aroma of their sweet perfume. He had fantasized about both of them, imagining what it would be like to have their luscious silky-sheened legs thrown around him in a clutching fuck-hold. He knew that they both must have powerful cunt-tubes and well-conditioned vaginal muscles that would provide a guy's cock with mind-blowing pleasure.

Alden squirmed a bit as his hospital gown began to tent up at the crotch. "What's wrong, Alden? Are you uncomfortable? Do you need me to adjust the bed?" Darci asked.

"No, I'm... I'm having some serious issues down there," he growled, his voice thick with urgency as he nodded towards his crotch.

The mothers' gazes dropped, their eyes widening as they saw the prominent ridge of his erection straining against the blanket. His fat

knob was clearly outlined, pre-jizz already beginning to soak through. They exchanged a shocked look, their breaths hitching simultaneously.

"This IS a problem," Kat stated, her voice low as she met her son's gaze. "Have you had any release today, Alden?" she demanded, her voice laced with concern.

"Not since last night," he ground out, his voice tight with frustration. "It's been a hell of a day, Mom, and then this..." He nodded towards his broken arms, wrapped and elevated on pillows.

Darci looked at Kat, her voice grave. "With two broken arms, I suppose masturbation is out of the question."

"Yeah, pretty impossible given his condition," Kat agreed, her voice clipped.

Alden's voice was bold, desperate. "Do you think one of you could... help me?"

The mothers' mouths fell open, their eyes wide with shock. Kat never expected such a request from her son. She looked back at him, her voice a mixture of concern and disbelief. "Alden, that's... that's a big ask, baby, but..."

"But," Darci interjected, her voice firm as she looked at Kat, "your mom and I should to discuss how we can help. Perhaps privately? In the hallway?"

Kat nodded, her smile tight. "Be right back, darling." She patted her son's leg, her hand shaking slightly.

As Kat and Darci made their way out of the hospital room and into the hallway, their stiletto heels clicked a staccato rhythm on the hard tile floor with each hurried step. Kat's impressive J-cup breasts bounced and swayed hypnotically with the quick movements, barely

contained by her straining sundress. Each globe of tit-flesh jiggled enticingly, her dramatically deep cleavage capturing the eyes of everyone they passed.

Behind her, Darci's equally voluptuous figure drew just as much attention. Her huge breasts, a match for Kat's, bobbled and shimmied against the V-neck of her top with each click of her heels. Down below, her succulent bubble butt swayed from side to side, the round cheeks practically quivering with every sway of her hips.

"Well, THIS is certainly an awkward situation," Kat confessed to Darci, once they were in private.

"Yes, but unfortunately he's helpless, and I'd feel awful if we left here without doing anything for him."

"I can't just go in there and do something for him," Kat snapped, her voice laced with tension. "I'm his mother, for god's sake."

Darci stepped up, her voice steady and resolved. "I'll do it. I'm not his biological mom, so it won't be as weird. I'll help him... take care of his needs."

Kat's maternal instincts roared to life, coupled with a primal jealousy. Another woman, one who shared a maternal role with her, helping her son in such an intimate way? It was unbearable. "Take care of his needs how, exactly?" she demanded.

"Don't worry, Kat…I'm not gonna rip off my panties and crawl on top of him, if that's what you're worried about?" Darci teased. "I'll do it the same way HE would. Just give him a quick handjob, with a little dirty talk, until he ejaculates."

Kat's mind raced. She knew dirty talk was a given – all men liked that – but excusing herself from this felt wrong. Yet, the thought of her son's needs being tended to by someone else was agonizing.

"And what about tomorrow? He's a teenager. He'll need this at least twice a day. What do we do then?"

"Alden is more that welcome to stay with us until he heals up. Him and I could work out a schedule to give him sexual release, when his father's at work, of course," Darci offered.

Kat inwardly objected. "I'll be damned if I'm gonna let his stepmom emerge as the sole hero in this situation!"

"No…most of this responsibility should fall on MY shoulders. I'm his mother," Kat stated in a determined tone. "We can certainly work together as a team of moms to take care of his sexual needs, but I need to take the lead on this."

Darci grinned, her perfect white teeth gleaming with a mix of understanding and resolve. She more than empathized with a biological mother's fierce need for control. "Alright, then... lead the way," she declared decisively.

"We should inform the nurse's station that he's asleep, so they won't disturb us. But just to be safe, we'll lock his room door," the determination in her voice was palpable.

"I'll handle that," Darci replied with unwavering confidence.

"We might not get another chance like this until he returns home tomorrow, so I wanna ensure he experiences an EXTREMELY powerful ejaculation to sustain him," Kat insisted with intense conviction.

"If you wanna take on the task 'boner-beating,' I can handle his balls to provide extra stimulation," Darci proposed with a wicked grin. "That'll definitely send him over the edge."

"I'm all for getting his balls in on the action, and filthy talk would be perfect, but I've got something else in mind as well," the mother

revealed with a mischievous glint in her eye.

Alden's eyes widened as the two mothers sauntered into the room, their heavy titties swaying beneath their tops like pending storms. His mother closed the door shut, the click of the lock echoing like a gunshot, sending his heart into a frenzy of anticipation.

She turned to face her boy as she took a deep breath, her lips curling into a nervous smile. "We're gonna help you find some relief, honey…but listen, not a single word about this to anyone, do you understand?"

The boy's throat tightened. "I understand," he whispered, his eyes darting over to Darci as she began to unbutton her blouse, her fingers trembling with urgency.

His mother's voice cut through the air like a knife. "Look at me," she demanded. "I mean it…not a single word."

He nodded, his heart pounding. "I won't say anything."

His mother snatched her cell phone, jabbed at the Spotify app, and suddenly, the room was filled with the throbbing beat of Rihanna's "Love on the Brain." She pointed the remote at his hospital bed, lowering it until it was mere inches from the floor.

"Why did you lower me so much?" he asked, his voice barely audible.

She began swaying her hips, her eyes locked onto his. "So you can see everything."

Alden stared, mouth agape, as the two moms swayed their wide hips hypnotically, their blouses sliding off to reveal massive bras encasing enormous tits. Their cleavage spilled over, nipples straining against the thin fabric like bullets ready to fire.

Kat and Darci peeled their skirts down their smooth, freshly-shaven legs, their lush bodies rolling erotically to the rhythm. Their tiny panties clung to their mounds, tracing the swollen lips of their pussies.

Alden's mother arched her back, her bra-covered tits heaving like twin mountains. She reached back, fingers fumbling with the hooks, then tore the bra away, unleashing her colossal tits. They swung heavily, the wide, textured areolas dark against her creamy skin, nipples hard and thick as rubber.

Alden's cock throbbed under his hospital gown, growing another inch as he watched, disbelieving. He'd dreamt of this moment, but never thought it would happen.

Only another pair of massive tits could tear his gaze away. Darci bared her own gigantic breasts, grinning wickedly at Alden's shock. She shook

her shoulders, making her tits swing pendulously, an erotic challenge in her eyes.

The air crackled with tension, their bodies moving sinuously, a raw, primal heat radiating from their naked flesh. Alden was spellbound, his cock pulsing in time with their dance, his world reduced to the carnal spectacle before him.

The boy's breath hitched, eyes widening as he fixated on Darci's protruding nipples, jutting from wide, dusky pink areola. "Jesus Christ!" he exhaled, his gaze rudely interrupted by his mother's provocative movements.

Kat hooked her thumbs into the flimsy string of her panties, peeling them down with a deliberate slowness that made his heart thunder. With an unapologetic audacity, she bared herself completely, revealing her smooth, hairless mound. Her plump outer lips converged, forming a shadowy chasm that seemed to beckon him.

His stepmom, on the other hand, sported a slim, perfectly manicured landing strip of fiery pubic hair that pointed like an arrow to her exposed sex. Her inner folds, dark and flushed, jutted out, teasing his hungry eyes. He could almost taste her on his tongue.

In a synchronized dance of sin, the mothers spun, their oversized breasts swinging like pendulums, hypnotic and mesmerizing. They rolled their hips, causing their generous rumps to gyrate in a primal rhythm. Clad only in their delicate high-heeled mules, their feet arched as they danced on their squatted, painted toes, a spectacle of raw, carnal allure.

Kat removed her son's hospital gown, lifting it over his head. Both mothers were taken aback, responding with a mix of surprise and admiration at the sight of his prominent erection.

Alden's cock stood at rigid attention, the swollen head an angry shade of purple. The glans bulged obscenely, shiny and taut, the skin stretched to

its limits. A prominent ridge encircled the base of the head where it flared out from the shaft, forming the distinct coronal ridge.

At the very tip, his meatus gaped open, a dewy bead of pre-cum glistening at the slit. On the sensitive underside, just below the head, his frenulum was taut with tension, the little band of skin straining as his cock throbbed with need.

The shaft of Alden's cock was an imposing sight, stretching out long and thick from his groin. The skin was pulled taut, showcasing every ridge and vein that mapped its length. Steel-hard beneath the surface, it pulsed with an almost angry intensity, the bulging veins like thick ropes snaking up the sides and along the bottom. They formed a complex network just under the skin, each one gorged with hot blood that made his member throb visibly.

The shaft was a monument to virility, the skin silky smooth yet stretched drum-tight from the sheer stiffness within. Sinew and veins worked in tandem beneath the surface, fueling his impressive erection with a ceaseless supply of blood. It was as if his teenage hormones had concentrated all their power into this one organ, leaving it engorged to its absolute limit.

At the base of Alden's formidable shaft, his cockroot was a dense nexus of muscle, tendon and vein, firmly anchoring his manhood to his pelvis. It formed a thick, sturdy trunk that seemed to radiate raw power, flexing subtly with each eager throb of his erection. This foundation was built to withstand the rigors of vigorous coupling, a perfect anchor point to sustain the relentless driving of hard, forceful thrusts into a tight, clasping cunt.

Dense networks of ligaments and tendons wove through the root, reinforcing the structural integrity of his cock at its very base. Pulsing veins and arteries pumped a constant supply of hot blood into his shaft,

maintaining his steely hardness. The skin here was a shade darker, stretched taut by the sheer girth of his base.

Beneath Alden's imposing cock, his balls were a sight to behold, swollen and heavy with his pent-up seed. The twin orbs were each the size of a large egg, the skin stretched taut and shiny from the sheer volume contained within. They hung low in his hairless sack, the thin skin doing little to conceal the bulging ovals of his testes.

Each sphere was a roiling mass of sperm production, the seminiferous tubules within working overtime to churn out billions upon billions of eager spermatozoa. The interstitial cells were gorged with testosterone, fueling his raging libido and sky-high virility. His balls pulsed with a dull ache, throbbing in time with his racing heartbeat as they swelled with their precious cargo.

"Wow, honey! Your manhood looks like a stick of dynamite about to go off!" his mother joked.

"It certainly feels that way," he admitted.

Darci adjusted the bed with the remote, making sure he was perfectly reclined for their plans. Her jutting tits hovered enticingly near his face as she placed a large pillow just above his head on the mattress. "We're gonna gently adjust your arms to make space for your mom and me on the bed," Darci said kindly. "Let us know if it starts to hurt too much, okay?"

"Okay."

The women each took an arm and delicately lifted it back over his head and rested it against the pillow. "Perfect!" his mom blurted, smiling warmly down at him.

They slipped their sexy feet from their heels and crawled onto the mattress with him, all three of them bare naked.

Alden watched in fascination as, one at a time, the two moms leaned over close to his throbbing prick and let trickles of saliva ooze out their pink lips and down onto his erection. They knew that mommy-saliva provided the perfect cock-stroking lubricant.

His mom peered up at him, lingering there on all-fours for a moment, with her big udders hanging down nearly to the mattress. Her beautiful brown eyes gazed promiscuously through long fluttering lashes. "That saliva will lubricate your penis in our hands, baby," she explained.

"It looks like that one-eyed serpent is crying out big gooey tears of excitement," Darci pointed out, making reference to his Alden's pre-cum. "That should help get his boner nice n slippery."

Both moms crawled up the sides of him like prowling cougars. Alden's body shuddered from the thrill of watching their huge dangling tits get closer and closer to his face. Each mom sprawled out beside him, snuggling in close, so they could both rest one of their heavy boobs across his lean, hairless chest, the tits meeting in the middle.

The arm beneath them was folded, so they could prop their pretty heads up beside the teen and still gaze down at him. Some of their long silky hair was draped over his shoulders, tickling his neck as the three of them looked down at the throbbing purple-headed appendage that was pointed up at them.

Alden's mom looked over into his excited eyes and smiled, grazing her long red nails against his cheek gingerly. "Are you ready for us to wrap our pretty hands around it, baby?" she softly asked.

"Yes, ma'am!" his anxious voice hissed.

"Have you ever had a girl milk your cock, Alden?" his red headed stepmom asked.

"One girl touched it, but she didn't stroke on me," he answered.

"Well, girls your own age are probably shy when it comes to handling erections, but we moms aren't timid about that at all, darling," his mom assured him.

"That's right," Darci agreed. "We're VERY good at it, Alden, and we'll probably show you ways to squeeze and pull on your penis that you never tried before."

"Alright," the boy nodded excitedly.

"Mm, you just relax and enjoy this, baby," his mom mewled, tracing her nails teasingly down his chest. "You're unable to do this yourself, so let your moms help you get some good sexual release."

The teen shuddered, like an electric shock went through him, the moment the two women grasped on to his rigid prick. He felt their hands work the mixture of saliva and pre-cum around his rigid phallus, coating it with slippery lubrication.

"Oh, fuck, Alden…your dick feels SO hot to the touch!" Darci sighed, then squeezed her circled fist around the girth at the base, feeling the blood pump though his sex organ.

Meanwhile, his mom was twisting her hand around the flaring knob, teasing his glans by grasping her fist around it. "It's good and coated now, baby. Are you ready for us to yank on your fat prick and jerk you off?" she asked.

"Yes!"

In unison, the two moms began stroking his cock up and down. Darci worked the meaty bottom half, while Kat focused on the knob. She gazed down into her boy's wondrous eyes and smiled as she jerked steadily. "Does that feel good, darling?" she asked, squeezing at the neck of his glans.

"Uh-huh!" he breathed.

"Pretty incredible having TWO hands beat your boner, isn't it, Alden?" Darci asked, yanking at the sturdy root.

"Yes," he answered, staring down between their jiggling tits and watching their skilled hands squeeze and jerk on his steely-hard penis. He looked up at their beautiful hovering faces that were peeking from the curtains of their long silky hair. Their eyes were glazed with passion as they studied the boy's reaction to their corkscrew strokes.

"Baby, look at me," his mom whispered, drawing his eyes to hers. "When you jerk off at home, do you like to imagine that your dick is squeezing through a hot pussy?" she brazenly asked.

He was too fucking turned on to answer, so he just nodded.

Darci tightened her grip a little, feeling the powerful muscles and tendons at the base of his shank. She peered down at her stepson. "Your boner is REALLY fat, Alden," she cooed. "The slippery flesh of a hot pussy will feel SO amazing stretched around it."

"I bet!" the boy gasped, his cock flexing in their slick pumping hands.

"And your erection is strong too!" she added. "You'll take a girl's breath away with every thrust!"

"Yes, he does have a VERY long boner!" his mom boasted. "Do you know what that means, darling?"

"What?"

"That means you'll get to feel the back walls of the girls you fuck," she answered. "You'll get to feel the pleasurable ring of a woman's cervix against your glans."

"Not all boys can do that, Alden," Darci commented. "Only ones with REALLY long dicks like yours."

"Oh, wow!" he moaned, enthralled by their dirty talk and the way their fists were jerking around his cock-meat.

Darci slipped her hand down over his scrotum and began combing her slippery fingers around his tender nuts. This freed up the lower-half of his shaft, so his mom could begin beating it from balls to knob.

"Mm, you haven't cum yet, baby! That's absolutely wonderful!" his mom beamed.

"It is?" Alden asked.

"Yes! That means you'll be able to fuck a girl's pussy hard and fast… for a really long time," his mom explained excitedly. "You'll be able to give her toe-curling pleasure!"

"We girls LOVE to be pounded, Alden!" his stepmom added. "We love to have our asses fucked off and gush all over a big cock like yours!"

His mom quickly sat up beside his waist, so she could really jerk the fuck out of his cock. She peeked back over her shoulder with sultry eyes. "Pump your hips, baby boy! Meet that pussy in the middle! Feel it beat against your cock-base!" she cheered encouragingly.

Alden did as his mom directed, humping his hips from the hospital mattress steadily, spearing his hot dick through his mom's greasy grip.

Kat clenched her pretty white teeth together, staring down at his fat juicy knob as it slipped through the snug grip of her fist. Pre-cum bubbled from his cum-slit, coating her hand in a slippery goo. She wickedly imagined what her son's bell-shaped bulb would feel like smashing against the back of her cunt. The wide rounded border of his corona would dig along the thickly pleated walls of her vaginal cavity and make her howl in pleasure.

"No…that can't happen!" she told herself. "This is about HIS pleasure and sexual release, not mine!"

Outside the room, in the hallway, two middle-aged nurses paused as they found Alden's door locked.

"They're probably giving the boy some sexual release," the senior blonde nurse whispered to the other.

"You think so?" the rookie nurse asked.

"Yes. Any time we have a young man admitted and his mother comes to visit, it's best to give them their privacy," the blonde nurse stated.

"Do you ever catch mothers and sons fucking in these room?" the rookie asked in amusement.

"All the time! We had a boy just last week who had a whole group of female family members in there going at him," the senior nurse remarked.

"No shit?!"

The senior nurse pulled the wide-eyed rookie aside, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "Listen, honey, once those moms are done with him, it'll be our turn." She winked, her lips curving into a knowing smile.

The rookie's mouth fell open in shock. "Our turn? You mean..."

"That's right. We'll go in there, lock the door, and give that boy the ride of his young life. Poor thing, all worked up and nowhere to go with two broken arms. It's practically our duty to help him out." The senior nurse's voice was thick with barely concealed lust.

"But...but isn't that against the rules? We could lose our jobs!" The rookie's voice quavered with a mix of excitement and trepidation.

The senior nurse chuckled, patting the younger woman's arm reassuringly. "Sweetie, this is an unspoken rule among us nurses. When we have a virile young man at our mercy, unable to take care of his own needs, well..." She trailed off, her eyes gleaming with wicked promise.

"We take care of him. In every sense of the word. Trust me, by the time we're done with that boy, he won't be able to remember his own name, let alone file a complaint."

The rookie swallowed hard, her mind racing with the possibilities. Even though she was married, with two kids of her own, the thought of sinking down on that rock-hard teenage cock, feeling it stretch her pussy to the limit, made shiver race down her spine.

"I'm in," she breathed, her nipples tightening beneath her starched uniform. "Just tell me what to do."

The senior nurse grinned, squeezing the rookie's arm approvingly. "That's my girl. Now, here's the plan..."

Back inside the room, Kat still stroked her boy's boner tirelessly, while Darci combed her long painted nails over and around the meat of Alden's nuts. "I think I'll change hands," the step mom blurted.

"Why's that?"

"Because I want my wedding ring to look like yours…covered in pre-ejaculate," she giggled.

Kat paused her cock-stroking a moment and released her boy's throbbing hardon. Because she was a lefty, her diamond wedding ring had become slimed up with ball-goo. "Look, baby," she said, holding it out for her boy to see. "My wedding ring is covered in your fresh nut-jizz. Isn't that cool?" she asked.

"Yes, but I doubt my stepdad would think so," he replied.

"I guess I'll have to lick it clean before I get home, so he'll never know," she winked.

"Can you imagine our husband's faces if they realized the tokens of their love, that they placed on our fingers, were squeezing up and down teenage cock and getting covered in spunk?" Darci giggled.

"They'd kill us," Kat laughed, then she noticed her boy's erection twitching. "Oh, baby…did mommy take the pussy away? I'm sorry,"

she mewled, then grasped onto his dick and began stroking it again. This time the skilled mother adjusted her slippery grip, so her thumb could glide across the band of his frenulum.

"Ahh!" the boy gasped, writhing in pleasure.

"Ohhh, that's a GOOD spot on your dicky, isn't it, baby?" Kat asked sensually. "We moms know where to give that hard slab of meat some extra attention!"

Darci advanced toward the boy on all fours with a deliberate and predatory grace. She lowered her dangling titties, pressing them against Aden's chest with a force that made them spread and conform like molten lava. Her eyes locked onto his, which were swimming in a haze of electrifying pleasure, and she held his gaze with an intensity that could ignite a fire.

"Stepmommy's gonna massage your perineum, baby boy" she said in a seductive tone. "She's gonna make your prostate swell so fucking much that you blast that hot cum right up to the ceiling."

She dove down to his mother's side, her fingers immediately finding that forbidden territory between his balls and his anus, digging in with fierce intention. Alden's back wrenched off the mattress, his cock and balls throbbing with a sudden, electric intensity. His mother's hand worked his shaft with a obscene, wet rhythm, the sound of slick flesh on flesh filling the air like a primal drumbeat.

"THERE YOU GO…GET THAT FUCKING PUSSY, BABY!" his mom cheered encouragingly. "POUND THAT HOT MOMMY FUCK-FIST AS HARD AS YOU CAN!"

Even with her back turned, Alden's gaze was irresistibly drawn to the massive, fleshy curve of her side-boob. It jiggled and quivered with each

vigorous motion of her relentless, feverish movements, captivating him with its undulating dance.

"Are you ready to show us how far you can squirt those ropes, baby?" she asked. "Are you ready for your mommies to milk off your big, strong, cunt-humping penis?!"

"Yes!" the boy loudly gasped. "I'M GONNA CUM!!"

His hips bucked uncontrollably, driven by a primal force beyond his control. Intense nerve impulses crackled like electric currents through the core of his being, causing the muscles at the base of his throbbing member to convulse with raw power.

A deep, visceral grunt tore from his throat, as if the very essence of his being was being expelled. The potent surge propelled his boy-lava with explosive force, launching it through the conduit of his body with relentless spasms, culminating in an eruption of release.

Both mothers gasped in astonished delight as they watched his thick jizz-ropes sail high into the air. A few came down and splashed directly onto them, but they didn't mind at all. "Oh, Alden!" Darci cried out.

"That's my boy!" Kat shouted. "Paint those pink pussy-walls with cum, baby!"

For five mind-blowing minutes, Kat and Darci made sexy moaning sounds as they milked every bit of seed they could from the young man's balls.

"How's that for some release, honey?" his mom asked as her and Darci stood from the bed.

"That was pretty…uhh…epic!" the boy answered breathlessly, looking up at the rounded undersides of their enormous, meaty tits as they stood beside his bed with their hands on their hips.

"Will that tide you over until tomorrow?" Kat inquired.

"It should," the boy answered, wondering if he had the same treatment to look forward to.

The room pulsed with a electric tension as he watched his mom and stepmom dress, their bodies still slick with sweat. They turned away from him, bending to step into their panties, and he was greeted with the raw, primal sight of their rounded asses, like ripe fruit ready to be plucked.

His tongue darted out, lips curling back in a snarl of pure, unadulterated lust. His eyes, wild and hungry, were drawn to their most intimate places, to the puckered rings of their assholes and the wet, swollen clefts that begged to be touched and stroked. His heart pounded like a drumbeat in his chest, raw desire coursing through his veins like a wildfire.

"Well, your cum didn't hit the ceiling, Alden," Darci stated, "but it came pretty fucking close."

"Well, I guess I'll have to see if I can make him paint the ceiling with baby batter tomorrow," Kat said, winking mischievously at her teen.

"So, again tomorrow?" the boy asked anxiously.

His beautiful brunette mother stepped up next to him, using a towel to gently wipe the cum-splatters from his chest. "Baby, your arms aren't gonna heal overnight, which means your stepmom and I will need to help you until you can do it yourself again," Kat told him.

"At home you mean?" Alden asked.

"Yes. Darci and I will come up with a schedule, so we can share in the responsibility of milking you to orgasm," Kat explained, sharing a willing nod with her son's stepmom. "We'll have to be careful…with

your father and siblings in the house, but I promise we won't let you suffer."

"We both love and care about you, kid," Darci expressed with a pretty smile. "We'll do WHATEVER we have to do to help you through this tough time."

"I love you guys too," Alden smiled. He never imagined that a crippling injury would yield him such pleasure, from two of the hottest women he's ever known.

The three busty MILFs at the nurses station waved goodbye to Kat and Darci as they exited Alden's room, smug smiles on their faces. They watched the two sexy mothers sway their wide hips hypnotically as they sauntered down the hallway, their stilettos clicking a staccato rhythm.

"Have a good evening, ladies!" the senior blonde nurse called out cheerfully. "We'll take good care of Alden, don't you worry!" She winked conspiratorially at her fellow nurses.

Kat glanced back over her shoulder, her lips curving into a knowing smile. "Oh, we have no doubt about that. Thank you so much." Her voice was honey-sweet, dripping with insinuation.

As Kat and Darci disappeared into the elevator, the rookie nurse turned to her colleagues, eyes wide with anticipation. "Is it time?" she whispered, her voice trembling with excitement.

The senior nurse nodded, her grin positively wicked. "Oh yes, honey. It's time." She grabbed a "Do Not Disturb" sign and marched purposefully towards Alden's room, the other two nurses hot on her heels.

They sauntered into the room like a hurricane of pent-up lust, the door slamming shut behind them. The rookie nurse fumbled with the lock, her hands shaking, as the other two advanced on Alden's bed.

The boy's eyes widened as he took in the sight before him. Three voluptuous nurses, their uniforms straining over their giant mammaries, stalking towards him with predatory intent. Their faces were flushed, pupils dilated with raw hunger.

"Well hello there, handsome," the senior nurse purred, perching on the edge of his bed. Her hand landed on his thigh, fingers splaying possessively. "We heard you might be in need of some...extra special care."

Alden swallowed hard, his heart pounding. "I...uh...my mom and stepmom just..." he stammered, his brain short-circuiting at the proximity of so much feminine beauty.

"Oh, we know all about that, sugar," the second nurse chuckled, moving to his other side. She traced a fingernail over his chest, circles his nipple teasingly. "But we know just how much 'care' a healthy teenage boy needs."

The rookie nurse approached the foot of the bed, her eyes locked onto the growing bulge beneath the sheets. "We're gonna take such good care of you, Alden," she breathed, her voice husky with desire. "By the time we're done, you won't even remember your own name."

Alden watched in awe as the nurses began to strip before him, his eyes wide and heart pounding. The senior nurse went first, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and shimmying them down her shapely legs. She kicked them aside, revealing a neatly trimmed triangle of blonde curls pointing like an arrow to her glistening slit.

The other two quickly followed suit, their panties hitting the floor to unveil their own immaculately groomed mounds. The rookie nurse sported a landing strip of dark hair, while the second nurse was completely bare, her pink folds already slick with arousal.

Next came their bras, the clasps snapping open to release their heavy breasts from confinement. Alden's mouth went dry as he watched their massive milf tits come tumbling out, jutting proudly and quivering with every movement. Dusky nipples stood at attention, begging to be sucked and nibbled.

The rookie nurse crawled onto the bed, her eyes locked onto the tent of Alden's erection straining against the thin hospital gown. She grasped the hem and slowly pulled it up, unveiling his throbbing cock inch by glorious inch. It sprang free, slapping against his belly and leaving a sticky string of pre-cum in its wake.

"My, my, what do we have here?" she purred, wrapping her hand around his thick shaft. "Looks like someone is ready for some intensive care."

The other nurses joined her on the bed, their hands roaming over Alden's chest and thighs as they drank in the sight of his impressive manhood. The senior nurse leaned down, her hot breath washing over the sensitive head of his cock.

"Don't worry, baby," she murmured, flicking her tongue out to lap at the pearly drop of pre-cum. "We're going to take such good care of this dick."

And with that, she wrapped her lips around him and sucked him deep, her skillful mouth setting a relentless pace. The other nurses lavished attention on his balls and shaft, their tongues swirling and hands pumping in perfect synchronicity.

Alden threw his head back against the pillow, a guttural moan tearing from his throat as the nurses worked him over with single-minded focus. Pleasure coursed through his veins like molten lava, building to an inferno low in his belly.

The senior nurse's long tongue swirled around Alden's bulbous cockhead, teasing the sensitive frenulum and probing at his leaking

slit. She lapped up the salty-sweet essence of his arousal, moaning in appreciation. Her lips formed a tight seal just under the flared ridge of his glans as she bobbed up and down, taking him deeper with each pass.

Meanwhile, the rookie nurse focused her attention on Alden's swollen balls, drawing one into her hot mouth. Her tongue massaged the delicate

skin, feeling the weight and heft of his cum-filled testicles. She released it with a wet pop, then repeated the process with the other, worshipping his virile sack.

The second nurse dragged the flat of her tongue along the underside of Alden's thick shaft, tracing the prominent vein. She licked broad strokes from base to tip, the textured surface of her taste buds igniting every nerve ending. When she reached his sensitive frenulum, she flicked the tip of her tongue against it rapidly, making his cock jump and twitch.

Alden was lost in a haze of intense sensation, his hips thrusting up involuntarily to meet the nurses' talented mouths. The senior nurse relaxed her throat, taking him all the way to the root until her nose was buried in his trimmed pubic hair. She swallowed around him, the muscles of her throat massaging his engorged head.

The rookie nurse moved lower, her tongue tracing the midline raphe of Alden's taint, that sensitive strip of skin between his balls and asshole. She pressed against it firmly, stimulating his prostate from the outside. Alden let out a strangled cry, his cock pulsing in the senior nurse's mouth.

Emboldened, the rookie nurse ventured further, circling Alden's tight pink pucker with the tip of her tongue. She probed gently at first, then more insistently, pushing past the ring of muscle. Her pointed tongue fucked in and out of his hole, mimicking the action of a small

cock. Alden saw stars, his asshole clenching rhythmically around the intrusion.

The nurses worked in perfect harmony, their mouths unrelenting on his most intimate areas. The second nurse took the senior nurse's place at his cock, allowing the blonde to focus her oral skills on his balls. They rotated in an endless cycle of exquisite pleasure, driving Alden closer and closer to the brink.

The pressure built at the base of his spine, his balls drawing up tight to his body. His cock swelled impossibly larger, the head turning a deep, angry purple.

The senior nurse felt him reach the point of no return and pulled off, wrapping her hand around his thick shaft to keep the surge of ejaculate from entering his urethral tube. She crawled up his body, straddling his hips and positioning the dripping heat of her pussy over his aching cock.

"Get ready, handsome," she grinned wickedly, reaching down to rub the swollen head through her slick folds. "You're about to get the ride of your young life."

The senior nurse, a voluptuous blonde in her late forties, had been craving the feel of a hard young cock for months now. Married to her high school sweetheart for over two decades, their once fiery sex life had fizzled as her husband struggled with the frustrating onset of erectile dysfunction. She loved him deeply, but her body ached with unmet needs, her mature pussy desperate to be stretched and filled by the pulsing heat of virile cock.

As she gazed down at Alden's impressive erection jutting proudly before her, she felt a rush of liquid arousal flood her core. This was exactly what she needed - a rock-hard teenage dick, throbbing with youthful vigor and staying power. She could already imagine how incredible it would feel spearing into her, stroking places deep inside that had gone untouched for far too long.

With a wanton moan, she notched the broad head of his cock against her soaked entrance and began to sink down. Her swollen pussy lips parted eagerly, welcoming the blunt intrusion as she impaled herself inch by delicious inch. Electric shocks of pleasure radiated out from where they were joined as she stretched around his substantial girth, her slick walls fluttering and clenching.

"Fuck, you feel amazing," she gasped, reveling in the exquisite sensation of being filled so completely. "So big and hard...Mmm, I needed this so badly."

She began to ride him with abandon, lifting up until just the tip remained inside, then slamming back down to take him to the hilt. The obscene sound of wet flesh slapping against flesh echoed through the room as she set a relentless pace, her massive tits bouncing wildly with every roll of her hips.

The other two nurses watched the erotic display with lust-blown eyes, their hands roaming over their own needy bodies. The rookie nurse crawled up to straddle Alden's face, her dripping pussy hovering just inches from his mouth.

Alden licked his lips, the up-close view and pungent aroma of her snatch driving him wild. He marveled at how the fleshy dome of her prepuce protruded out from between her puffy outer lips, her pink, grape-sized clit peeking out from beneath its protective covering like the tiny knob of a penis.

"Put that tongue to work, handsome," she purred, lowering herself onto his eager mouth. "Make me cum all over your face."

Alden dove in with gusto, his talented tongue parting her folds to lap at the flowing nectar of her arousal. He swirled around her swollen clit, then thrust inside her tight channel, fucking her with his tongue in time to the senior nurse's wild gyrations on his cock.

The second nurse, not content to remain a spectator, climbed up to join the fray. She pressed her ballooning mommy-tits into Alden's side, capturing one of the rookie's bouncing nipples between her lips. She suckled hungrily as her hand snaked down between the senior nurse's spread thighs to rub tight circles over her straining clit.

The senior nurse's orgasm hit her like a freight train, her pussy clamping down on Alden's throbbing cock like a vice. She threw her head back, a silent scream of ecstasy on her lips as wave after wave of intense pleasure crashed over her. Her cunt spasmed and rippled around his shaft, milking him for all he was worth as a gush of her sweet juices bathed his balls.

At the same moment, the rookie nurse reached her peak, Alden's masterful tongue bringing her to heights she'd never known. Her thighs trembled and quaked around his face as she came hard, her copious release flooding his mouth and drenching his cheeks. He lapped it up greedily, the taste of her passion coating his tongue.

As the two nurses slowly came down from their highs, the second nurse eagerly took her place astride Alden's still rock-hard cock. As she sank down on his impressive length, Alden couldn't help but notice the subtle differences in her pussy compared to the others. Her walls were even more plush and velvety soft, enveloping him like a glove. He could feel the slight swelling of her passage, the increased blood flow and heightened sensitivity that came with pregnancy.

She was only a few months along, her belly just starting to round with new life, but the changes in her body were unmistakable. Her boobs were even fuller and heavier than before, the dusky nipples larger and more responsive. As she rode him with wanton abandon, one hand drifted to her stomach, cradling the barely-there bump with maternal tenderness even as she chased her own pleasure.

The knowledge that he was fucking a married pregnant woman, his virile young cock penetrating the same passage where her husband's seed had taken root, sent a forbidden thrill through Alden. He pistoned his hips up to meet her downward thrusts, determined to give her the fucking that would put her husband's to shame.

Her moans rose in pitch and volume, her pussy fluttering around him as she neared her climax. Alden felt his own orgasm building, his balls drawing up tight and tingling with the overwhelming need for release. The second nurse sensed he was close and redoubled her efforts, grinding her clit against his pubic bone as she impaled herself over and over on his throbbing length.

"That's it, give me that cum," she panted, her nails digging into his chest. "Fill me up, baby. I wanna feel you explode inside me!"

Her filthy words were Alden's undoing. With a guttural roar, he thrust up one final time and let go, his cock jerking and pulsing as he unleashed a torrent of hot, thick cum deep into her hungry cunt. The second nurse tumbled over the edge with him, her pussy milking him for every last drop as her own release gushed around his spurting shaft.

The second nurse collapsed against Alden's chest, her lips seeking his in a frenzied, passionate kiss as the aftershocks of their shared orgasm rocked through them. Her massive, milk-heavy breasts engulfed his upper body, smothering him in their soft, pillowy flesh. Alden drowned in the scent of her - sweat, arousal, and a hint of something sweet and maternal. He could feel her heart pounding against his own, their bodies melded together as one.

As their lips parted, the rookie nurse wasted no time in taking her place. She straddled Alden's hips, grasping his slick, semi-hard cock and giving it a few rejuvenating strokes, causing it to swell with blood once again.

Guiding it to her entrance, she plowed the hot crown through her wet furrow, fitting it to the socket of her cunt. With a swift downward motion, she impaled herself on his length, her tight, eager sleeve swallowing him whole. Alden gasped at the suddenness of it, his sensitive cock-flesh twitching and hardening inside her velvet heat.

"No rest for the wicked," the rookie nurse grinned down at him, her hips already starting to roll. "I've been watching and waiting my turn. Now I'm going to ride this big, beautiful dick until you're begging for mercy."

She set a punishing pace, her strong thighs flexing as she bounced on his sinewy shaft. Her cunt gripped him like a silken fist, the walls rippling along his vien-encusted length with every thrust. Alden could only lie back and take it, his body surrendering to the onslaught of sensation.

The other two nurses pressed close, their hands and mouths mapping every inch of exposed skin they could reach. The second nurse laved her tongue over his nipples, grazing the hardened nubs with her teeth. The senior nurse claimed his mouth in a filthy kiss, her tongue thrusting in time with the rookie's hips.

Alden was lost in a sea of hot, writhing female flesh, the lines between their bodies blurring as they moved together. The rookie's clit ground against his pubic bone, the fat bud sending sparks of electricity through them both with every pass. Her cunt grew increasingly wetter, the obscene squelch of their joining genitals rising over the chorus of moans and sighs.

"Fuck, your cock feels so good," the rookie panted, her head thrown back in ecstasy. "Stretching me...filling me...oh God, I'm going to cum on this fat dick!"

Alden felt her pussy start to flutter and clench around him, the telltale sign of her impending orgasm.

Alden desperately wanted to reach up and grab hold of the rookie nurse's massive, jiggling tits as they bounced enticingly above him with each slam of her hips. But with his arms immobilized in casts, all he could do was strain his neck upwards, craning to bury his face in her heaving cleavage.

He nuzzled into the warm, soft flesh, motorboating between her huge milky jugs. Capturing one thick, pebbled nipple between his lips, he latched on and suckled hard, drawing the sensitive peak deep into his hot mouth.

"Oh fuck yes!" the rookie cried out, one hand coming up to press his head tighter to her breast. "Suck on my tits while I ride this dick! Gonna make me cum so hard!"

Alden groaned around his mouthful of nipple, the vibrations shooting straight to her core. He laved the stiff peak with his tongue, grazing it with his teeth, making her gasp and shudder. His lips sealed tight, cheeks hollowing as he nursed at her heavy breast like a starving man.

The rookie's hips moved faster, slamming down onto his throbbing cock with wanton abandon. The combined stimulation of his thick shaft spearing her cunt and his hungry mouth on her tits quickly pushed her to the brink.

"I'm cumming! Fuck, I'm cumming on your cock!" she wailed, her pussy clenching vice-tight around him. Her juices flooded out, soaking his groin as she thrashed and bucked in the throes of an intense orgasm.

Alden released her nipple with a wet pop, gasping for air. The rookie collapsed against his chest, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her release. He could feel her erratic heartbeat pounding against him as she came down from her high.

"That was incredible," she panted against his neck. "You sure know how to make a girl feel good, even with two broken arms."

Alden just grinned, thoroughly pleased with himself. Even incapacitated, he could still bring a woman to a screaming climax. He flexed his hips, his still rock-hard cock throbbing inside her fluttering sheath.

"Mmm, still raring to go," the rookie nurse purred, clenching her pussy around him. "What a good boy you are."

She grinned wickedly as she rose up off Alden's still throbbing cock. It slid out of her with a wet pop, slapping back against his taut abdomen like a thick, glistening slab of meat, still engorged and ready for more.

"Please," Alden panted, his eyes pleading as he looked up at the senior nurse, the voluptuous blonde MILF towering over him. "Can you smother me with your huge titties this time while you ride me?"

"Mmm, such a naughty boy," she purred, cupping her massive, heavy breasts and lifting them. "You want these big mommy milkers wrapped around your face while I fuck myself on your fat cock?"

"God yes," Alden groaned, his dick twitching with eagerness against his stomach. "Suffocate me in your tits while you use me."

The senior nurse swung a leg over him, straddling his hips for a second time. She reached between their bodies to grasp his thick shaft, notching the broad head against her sopping entrance. With a roll of her hips, she sank down, her mature cunt swallowing him inch by throbbing inch until she was fully impaled.

"Fuck!" Alden cried out, the velvety heat of her engulfing him to the hilt. No matter how many times he felt it, the sensation of being buried balls-deep in a hot, hungry pussy never got old.

The senior nurse braced her hands on his chest as she started to move, lifting up until just the tip remained inside, then slamming back down. Alden met her thrust for thrust, his pelvis rising off the bed to grind against her swollen clit.

"Is this what you wanted, baby?" she cooed, leaning forward until her huge, pendulous tits swayed above his face. "You wanna be smothered by these big ole titties?"

"Please," Alden begged, straining his neck up, desperate to bury his face in her cleavage. "Smother me, smother me in your huge tits while you ride my cock!"

The senior nurse acquiesced to his pleas, lowering her massive milk-jugs until they completely engulfed his head. Alden was enveloped in warm, pillowy softness, the scent of her sweet and musky. He motorboated between her heavy udders, rubbing his face in her cleavage as she continued to bounce on his straining erection.

"Mmmph, fuck yes," he groaned, his voice muffled by her smothering tit-flesh. He captured one thick, rubbery nipple between his lips, drawing it into his mouth to suckle greedily.

The senior nurse's rounded mommy bubble butt flew up and down as she fucked herself stupid on Alden's rock-hard teenage cock. Her ample ass cheeks rippled and jiggled with each wild gyration of her hips, the flesh quaking like jello as she slammed herself down over and over. Sweat glistened on her smooth skin, running in rivulets between the deep crevice of her buttcrack.

She rode the boy with wanton abandon, not feeling a single drop of guilt even though she had a loving, loyal, hardworking husband waiting for her at home. All thoughts of marital fidelity were drowned out by the overwhelming need to have her mature, hungry cunt stretched and filled by virile young cock. Her husband couldn't get it up anymore, leaving her aching and empty. But Alden's raging erection was giving her exactly what she craved.

The wet, obscene sounds of raw fucking filled the room - the slap of flesh on flesh, the squelch of her dripping pussy, the grunts and moans of purely carnal pleasure. The bed creaked and groaned under the force of their coupling, the headboard slamming against the wall.

Alden's cock was buried to the hilt inside her, his pelvis grinding against her engorged clit with each thrust. Her slick walls rippled and clenched around him, fluttering wildly as she neared another explosive climax. She was determined to wring every last drop of cum from his heavy, aching balls.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" the senior nurse chanted. "Gonna cum all over this fat cock! Fucking ruin me, fill me up! Ah yes, just like that! Mmmm!"

The other nurses pressed in close, hands roaming, mouths seeking any patch of bare skin to kiss and lick and suck. The rookie nurse captured Alden's balls in her hot mouth, tonguing the taut sack, coaxing the cum to boil up from deep within.

The pregnant nurse sprawled out beside them, frigging her swollen clit as she watched the lewd display with lust-hazed eyes.

The coil of pleasure wound tighter and tighter in Alden's loins, his cock throbbing almost painfully inside the vise-like grip of the senior nurse's spasming cunt. His balls drew up tight to his body, the tingle of impending release sparking at the base of his spine. He thrust up frantically, chasing his rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Cum in me!" the senior nurse demanded, grinding down hard. "I wanna feel you explode, paint my cervix with your hot teenage spunk! Give it to me, give me that fucking cum NOW!"

With a muffled roar, Alden bucked beneath her and let go, his cock erupting like a geyser deep inside her clutching pussy. Thick, creamy ropes of cum jetted forth, splattering against her cervix and filling

her to overflowing. Her cunt clamped down around him, milking his pulsing shaft for every last drop as she wailed in ecstasy, her own release crashing over her in wave after wave of mind-melting bliss.

The senior nurse collapsed against Alden's chest, gasping for air, her body still shuddering with the aftershocks of her intense climax. Alden's softening cock slipped from her well-used hole with a gush of their combined juices, coating his groin in the sticky evidence of their coupling.

The other nurses pounced, eagerly lapping up the delicious mixture like cats at a bowl of cream. Their talented tongues swirled around his spent

cock and balls, cleaning him of every trace before moving on to the senior nurse's dripping slit. They licked and sucked and tongued her through another shuddering orgasm, relishing the taste of Alden's cum mingled with her own essense.

Finally sated, the nurses crawled up to snuggle against the boy, their sweaty, naked bodies pressing close. The rookie nurse peppered his face with kisses while the pregnant one nuzzled into his neck, humming contentedly. The senior nurse claimed his lips in a deep, soulful kiss, pouring all her gratitude and satisfaction into the embrace.

"That was amazing," she murmured against his mouth. "You've ruined me for my husband. No one could ever compare to the way you make me feel."

"Mmm, I second that," the rookie chimed in, running her fingers through Alden's damp hair. "I've never cum so hard in my life. You're a fucking stud, kid."

The pregnant nurse just giggled and patted her belly. "If this little one turns out to be a boy, I'm naming him after you," she teased. "Alden Jr, the cock prodigy."

They all laughed at that, basking in the afterglow of their intense fuck session. Alden felt a deep sense of masculine pride suffusing his entire being. Even laid up with two broken arms, he'd just given three gorgeous, insatiable women the dicking down of a lifetime. He was the man, the ultimate stud, a true pussy pleaser.

As the nurses reluctantly disentangled themselves and began to dress, straightening their rumpled uniforms and fixing their mussed hair, they peppered Alden with promises to visit again soon.

"You just focus on healing up, handsome," the senior nurse winked as she opened the door to leave. "We'll be back to administer your next dose of...medicine...real soon."

With that, the naughty nurses took their leave, their asses swaying seductively as they filed out of his room.

"How's our handsome boy this morning?" Darci softly asked, hovering beside his hospital bed.

Alden woke up to the sight of his stepmom's gigantic cleavage as she leaned over, gingerly stroking his face.

"I'm good, I guess. It sucks not being able to move around at night," the boy answered.

"It'll take some getting used to," his dad, Anthony, stated as his stood next to his stepdad, Mick.

"The worse are the itches you can't scratch," Mick stated. "I broke my arm when I was younger, so I feel for you, kid."

"That's why us moms are here, to make sure those 'itches' get scratched," Kat, his biological mother muttered, standing on the opposite side of the bed as Darci. She too wore a V-cut blouse, showing a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage.

"Listen, we just wanted to stop by before I had to head off to work," Anthony stated.

"Yeah, I need to take off as well," Mick said, checking his watch. "If there's anything you need, be sure and call us."

"Thank you guys," Alden smiled gratefully.

"I have to take the little one to an appointment this morning," Darci whispered, "but I'll be back to the hospital this afternoon to see if I can be of help. In the meantime, I brought you a little something."

She set a small paper bag beside him, then gave him a short, but tender kiss.

After his dad, stepdad and stepmom left, he looked over at his biological mother, Kat. "Could you see what's in the bag for me, mom?" he asked, unable to do so with two broken arms propped up.

Kat opened the paper bag Darci had left and peeked inside. "Well, well, well…someone left you a piece of nose candy," she smiled, then reached in and pulled out a pair of dainty black panties.

"Yeah," Alden blushed. "I guess she did."

Kat grappled with conflicting emotions—a profound gratitude for Alden's stepmom's kindness toward him, yet a fierce wave of competitiveness and jealousy surged within her. Both women were stunning, with voluptuous figures that could stop traffic, yet the underlying tension to outshine each other simmered just beneath the surface. "I bet mine are sexier than hers," Kat declared, her voice dripping with defiance, her eyes blazing with an unquenchable desire to dominate.

"You think so?" her son asked.

"Yeah, I mean cheeky-style is nice and all, but G-string panties are WAY sexier!" she answered, then stared down into his eyes. "Especially the ones you can see through."

"Those do sound nice, but I'm not too familiar with panty-styles or how they look on a girl," the teen confessed.

Kat smiled, then placed Darci's panties on his son's face, so he could smell the crotch. "Well, just because you can't go to school doesn't mean you can't learn something today, and I just so happened to have brought some panties along. I'll be right back," she said, then stepped into the bathroom.

Alden shuddered, drawing in the intoxicating, forbidden scent of his stepmom's intimate essence. His mind was a whirlwind, consumed by the vivid, searing images of both her and his mom's pussies, forever branded into his memory from the revelation just a day prior. The sight of their naked flesh clung to his consciousness like a fever dream.

As he relived the incredible dick-yanking in his mind, his mom's voice broke his thoughts. "These are called hipsters-style panties," she announced, standing in his doorway wearing white 'hipsters' and her big white embroidered bra.

Alden gawked at the sexy panties. They had a boudoir laced front and were a semi-sheer mesh, allowing him to see the dark cleft of her vulva through the fabric. When she spun around, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Wow, I've never seen ones like that!" he gasped.

"They're called 'cage back hipsters,' his mom stated, giving her booty a little wag. The rear of her panties had a lattice design, allowing Alden to see his mom's luscious ass-crack.

"Dang, I would be amazed to see panties any sexier than that," the teen confessed.

"Prepare to be amazed then," his mom winked, then disappeared into the bathroom.

Still sniffing from Darci's panties, Alden looked down at his crotch. His boner made the thin blanket tent-up obscenely. Unfortunately, with two broken arms, there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. "I'm gonna go crazy if I don't cum soon!" he thought.

"This style is called a micro T-string thong," his mom said, posing in the bathroom doorway. A small triangle of light-purple fabric hugged her vulva, showing it's puffy camel-toed outline.

"Wow!" Alden sighed. "I've heard of G-string, but never T-string panties before."

"A T-string is the same thing as a G-string, but at the back there's no little triangle. There's just three strings, see…" She explained, then spun around, cocking her thick rounded ass out for her son to observe. The thin purple straps crossed her hips and the third disappeared between the succulent cheeks of her buttocks.

"Dang…I doubt they make panties much more revealing than those," the boy commented.

"Oh, they do," his mom giggled.

"Seriously?!"

"Yep. Be right back."

While he waited, Alden inhaled the crotch of his stepmom's panties, delighting in the feminine aroma she'd left in them. He could even smell a hint of her sweet perfume.

"How's this for revealing?" Kat asked, striking a cute little pose in the bathroom doorway.

"Whoa!" Alden gasped, checking her out. At first he thought his mom was naked from the waist down, but then he spotted the tiny piece of mesh fabric covering just the bottom portion of her shaved crotch. There were no straps at all. "Those are panties?"

"Yep. It's a C-string thong," the mother answered. "It's held in place by a thin piece of curved wire that goes up between a woman's ass-cheeks. See," she stated, spinning around.

Alden would have though her buttocks was completely bare if it weren't for the tiny white, lace-covered wire that peeked out the top of her ass-crack.

"I guess I was wrong. Panties CAN get more revealing than a T-string," Alden admitted. "There's no way they get tinier than THOSE though."

"Oh, I think I might have something skimpier," his mom teased.

"You can't be serious, mom?! That thing is just barely covering you in the front."

"You think that one's barely covering. Wait until you see my next one," she teased, disappearing again.

The boy's dick was so hard it almost hurt. He looked down at the big wet spot of pre-nectar soaking through the fabric of his hospital gown. What he saw when his mom returned didn't help any.

"Tah-dah!" Kat exclaimed dramatically, striking a pose in the bathroom doorway. She wore yet another C-string, but this time it was a vibrant pink, and the crotch fabric was nothing but a hollowed-out space, leaving only the delicate lace trim.

Her son inhaled sharply, his eyes widening as he stared at the bold display of her pudendal cleft, framed perfectly by the pink triangular

lace. "Whoa! That's scorching, mom!" he blurted, unable to tear his gaze away.

"Why's that? Because you can see my shaved pussy?" she teased.

"Yeah," he answered with excited breath, letting his eyes drift down her freshly-shaved legs.

"What about the back?" she asked, gracefully spinning around and thrusting her mommy-buns out. "Does that do anything for you?"

Her meaty derriere was completely naked, except for the tiny tip of the silky pink wire just barely peeking from the top of her ass crack.

"I like the back too…a lot."

She reached back and touched the little pink thong-tip with her finger. "Do these panties cover too much?" she sensually asked, obviously joking. "Because I do have ones that are tinier."

"Tinier than those!" the boy exclaimed. "Good grief, mom…how do you get tinier than those?"

She smiled, peeking over her shoulder. "I guess I'll have to show you, won't I? This one even has a matching top."

The teen could hardly wait. His mom was being a major cock-tease and he loved it, but his boner was aching for release. A few minutes later, he heard the CLICKING of dainty heels coming out of the bathroom.

"Whoa! She's wearing sexy heels with this pair," he thought.

"Ready for this one?" his mom asked from the bathroom.

"Yes!" the boy eagerly answered.

Kat sashayed from the bathroom, a vivacious spectacle of temptation. She struck a pose, one leg gently bent at the knee and coquettishly leaned forward, her hands provocatively placed on her hips. Her enormous breasts thrust defiantly against a white, sheer mesh tube top, the thin fabric doing little to hide her rock-hard nipples. The boy's heart pounded, and his cock throbbed with excitement as he feasted his eyes on the wide, dusky-pink rings of her areola, clearly visible through the gauzy material. Her nipples were turgid, like succulent berries ready to be plucked.

Tearing his gaze away from her bosom, his eyes drifted down her taut, tapered torso. Her bottom half was bare, save for a tiny, quarter-sized jewel in the shape of a heart that nestled at the top of her vulva, drawing attention to her most intimate place. The boy, his breath shaky and ragged, asked in disbelief, "THOSE...are panties?"

"Yes," his mom answered with a wicked smile. "They're a C-string, but with a thong in the back AND in the front.

"You don't even really see anything," Alden observed, letting his eyes travel down her curvy, silky legs. His mom's dainty bare feet were arched in six-inch stiletto mules, which showed off her pretty painted toes.

"Nope, nothing to see really. Just my cute little heart," the mother answered, reaching down and touching the Jewel. "See the back," she said, turning and displaying her backside. Her rounded bubble butt was completely bare, with no sign of any fabric.

"Looks like you're wearing nothing back there, mom," the teen pointed out.

"Oh, it's there, honey," she stated, then spread her butt-cheeks apart with one hand. The black silky wire curled snuggly along her twat and ass-crack. A second heart-shaped Jewel, matching the one in front, pushed against the pink crinkled ring of her butthole. "See?"

"Wow…those are the tiniest panties ever!"

"True," his mom giggled. "They don't get much smaller than this. Do you like the top?" she asked, grasping her tube-top and tugging it up, making her huge knockers jostle beneath it.

"It's amazing!" her boy replied.

Kat gazed at him with her sultry eyes. "What's amazing about it?" she softly asked in the flirtiest voice she could muster.

"Well, um…I really like the way you can see your boobs through it."

"You do, huh? she smiled. "Wanna take a closer look?"

"Sure."

Kat's stiletto heels tapped delicately on her son's floor as she moved to his bedside. She thrust her chest, making her gigantic milkers balloon outward, stretching the thin mesh fabric and making her jugs loom above her son's lusty gaze.

"Holy smokes!" the boy gasped, staring up at the creamy undersides of her monster melons.

"Did you like seeing my titties naked the other night?" she asked, peeking down over her rack.

"Very much!"

"Mine are bigger than Darci's you know. I'm pretty sure she's only has triple-E's," Kat shared.

"Only triple-E's, mom?" Alden thought. "Are you kidding? Those sound huge!"

"And you're bigger than that?" the boy asked.

"Much! I have forty H-cup tits," she stated with a proud smile.

Alden wasn't an expert in bra size. He knew from dating girls at school that they wore C and D-cup bras. Ones that were higher up the alphabet, like E's, G' and H-cups were made for heavy-titted moms, like the nurses who had fucked him the previous night.

"Those sound really big!" he blushed.

"Well, you saw them two nights ago. Were they 'really big,' baby?"

"The biggest boobs I'VE ever seen," he responded.

"My goodness, baby…your morning boner looks like it's getting ready to rip right through that blanket like the Incredible Hulk" Kat beamed, gazing down at his tenting crotch.

"Sorry," the boy blushed.

"Don't be sorry, honey. It's normal for young dicks like yours to get big and stiff like this in the morning," she said, then reached down and tenderly traced her nails around the knob. "That's why they call it morning wood."

This made Alden's body shutter in delight, his boner flexing upward with teenage hardness.

"Does my stepdad get morning wood?" he asked seriously.

"Ha, no! Most guys your stepfather's age have to take pills to get anywhere near this hard."

"Well, that must suck."

"I know, right?" Kat snickered. "It sucks more for the women they're with. Moms my age crave long muscular cocks like yours, so it leads to a lot of unhappy marriages…sexually anyway."

Alden watched his mom probe the surface of his knob with her nail, following its flaring ridge and making him shudder as she stimulated his nerve-endings.

"Ohh, you're bell tip is so sensitive, isn't it, baby?" the mother cooed.

"Uh-huh," he answered, feeling his mom's well-manicured nail-tips explore the knob of his cock, tracing along the taut band of skin that separated his knob from the foreskin.

"I noticed the other night, when your stepmom and I were beating you off, that the knob of your prick was extraordinarily fat."

"Is that a good thing?" Alden asked.

"That's a VERY good thing…well, from the point of view of a woman anyway," his mom responded.

"Why's that?" Alden asked.

"The extra girth at the tip stretches and stimulates a woman's vaginal and rectal walls, creating friction that feels absolutely mind-blowing," the mother answered with dreamy eyes, looking as though she could drool just teasing the tip of his spear.

"Oh, that makes sense."

"Have you ever tittie-fucked any of the girls at school?" his mom asked, out of the blue.

"No…I've never done that before."

His mom glanced down at his rigid cock-bulge, then back into his eyes. "Well, we're gonna need to drain you and give you some release today," she offered. "Having two broken arms is bad enough. You don't need a case of blue balls on top of that."

"True," Alden anxiously muttered.

"If there are no objections, I think I wanna stroke you off between my boobs this morning," she candidly stated. "You'll need at least two powerful ejaculations while I'm here."

"No objections here!" the boy blurted, his heart beating a mile a minute.

"Good, but If we're gonna do this, you'll definitely need a stronger pair of panties to snuff on," his mom grinned. "I'll be right back."

Alden watched in awe as his mom sashayed to the bathroom door. Her big naked booty swayed atop her sexy legs tantalizingly. Just before disappearing into the bathroom, Kat peeked back and gave her boy a cock-teasing smile. "Think about me while I'm gone… because I'll be thinking about you…and what I'm gonna do to you when I get back," she said tenderly, glancing once more at his boner-bulge.

Alden was nearly crawling out of his skin with excitement. He had certainly seen guys getting tit-wanked on the internet, but never dreamed his mom would be willing to engage in such a depraved act with him.

When she returned five minutes later, the mother had a collection of items in her hands. She tossed a couple of her fluffy bed-pillows to the foot of his mattress.

"What's all that stuff?" her son asked, as she set it all down beside him on the bed. She lifted the items individually as she answered. "Heated lubricant…to make my cleavage nice n slippery like a pussy. Towel for when things get messy with your boy-batter. Three different pairs of panties for you to choose from, all VERY fragrant. Vibrating eggs for extra stimulation. A Vibrating wand, and a vibrating cock-ring to keep your dick erect as long as we can.

"Oh, wow, those all sound nice," the boy admitted.

"Of course they do. First…pick out your favorite pair of panties," his mom invited, holding each pair of panties up individually as she spoke. "We've got cheeky's, a G-string or that little purple T-string you liked to much."

"They're all sexy, but I have to got with the T-string."

"I though so," the mother giggled. She pulled back the blanket, unshrouding the boner that was tenting up his boxers. "Let's let that big monster out to play," she said, admiring it's rigidity, then she pulled his boxers down his legs and off.

His shaft appeared intensely rigid, veins bulging obscenely. The tip was swelling prominently, giving off an impression of immense size and a fiery intensity.

"Aww, my poor baby," she cooed. "Your boner looks like it needs a good, HARD mommy-milking."

"Yes!" he gasped excitedly.

"Now…about these vibrating eggs," the mother said with a mischievous smile. "They're both connected by these cords to the same controller and I thought it would be really cool if one egg was up my ass and one egg was up yours."

"Up my, um…butt? Are you serious?" Alden asked.

"Yeah. We'd both be feeling the same sensations inside our assholes, while we took care of business out here. Are you game?"

"Sure…but obviously I can't put it in myself," the boy pointed out, looking at the broken arms propped at his sides.

"Honey, all you have to do is lie there. Mom's gonna take care of everything, don't you worry," Kat said, removing the C-clip from her crotch. "Ring toss!" she playfully shouted, then got close and tossed

the C-clip, making it loop around the spike of her son's boner and fall to the base.

"Very funny, mom!"

"I have my moments," she joked, then took the purple pair of T-string panties and slipped them on. She crawled onto the bed with her boy. "I do need you to do ONE thing for me."

"What?"

"Bring your knees back. I'm gonna lubricate our assholes, so I can slip our eggs in," she answered, squirting a big gob of heated lubricant onto her hand.

Bringing his knees back was something that Alden could do, but he simply couldn't wrap his head around the wonderful fact that he was doing it in the first place. He felt his mom's slippery fingers apply the hot lubrication, rubbing around the ring of his ass.

"Alright, are you ready, baby?" she asked, pushing the egg against his anal ring.

"Ready!"

Kat watched his reaction as she shoved the egg inside his ass. "Good?" she smiled.

"Yep."

"Wow…you took that like a champ," she giggled.

Alden had never had anything up his butt before. It felt strange, but wickedly pleasant.

Kat spun around, so she was on her hands and knees, pointing her lovely rump back at her teen.

"Ok…my turn," she said cutely, then peeled the thong from between her buns and pulled it aside.

The boy choked on his breath, eyes bulging as he watched his mom slather her quivering, puckered hole with glistening lube. He was frozen, unable to look away as she pressed the egg against her tight, forbidden entrance and it disappeared inside her with delightful ease.

"Dang, mom…that was about the hottest thing I've ever seen!" he exclaimed.

"You think that's hot. Think about how thrilling it'll be to see your own stiff dick slip into a woman's ass one day, baby."

"That WILL be cool."

"Alright, we're almost ready," Kate stated, unwrapping the vibrating cock-ring. "We'll fit the vibrating ring around neck of your knob, but first we'll lube your glans up a little bit so it goes on easier."

Alden watched his mom squirt a dollop of lubricant on his swollen bell tip. His eyes rolled back as she squeezed his crown with her fist, spreading oil all over it's tender surface. "Mmm, does that feel good, honey?" she mewled.

"Yes!"

"Mmm, well if you enjoy mom's fist, you're definitely gonna like having your glans smothered between my titties," Kat stated

She stretched the cock-ring over his tip, forcing it to grip tightly around the ridge of his head. She positioned the massive rubber nub that pulsed relentlessly right onto his ultra sensitive frenulum.

She flicked it on and Alden convulsed on the mattress, electricity jolting through his body as the vibrations hit. Then, Kat activated the

anal eggs, cranking them to a constant, throbbing vibration.

"Feel it?" Alden's mom asked, her voice laced with wicked delight as Alden writhed on the bed.

"Ahhh, yes!" his shivering voice answered, feeling like his entire groin around was pulsating delightfully.

"Good," the mother said, then turned on her vibrating wand. It sounded like there was a swarm of bees around them from the noise of all the vibrating devices.

"What do you do with that thing?" Alden asked, looking at the wand naively.

"You'll see," she answered her eyes full of mischief.

Alden watched his mom's giant tits wobble around beneath the sheer tube top as she sprawled onto her back on the other end of his bed. She was propped up slightly by her pillows and the boy literally gasped as he watched her swing her sexy legs back in a huge, wide-open V. Then, she placed the vibrating wand to her panty-covered cunt. "This thing is gonna help your mom make the sweetest smelling panties on earth for her boy," Kat said, then gasped as it buzzed across her swollen clit.

Alden had never witnessed something so lewd, but wonderful. His mom was spread wide open in front of him, digging her pleasure wand against her camel-toed panty-crotch. The smooth tan backs of her legs looked beyond amazing thrown back limberly and hovering in the air. Her dainty bare feet were pointed, her toes spread slightly apart from the pleasure she was providing herself.

"How do you like it, baby?" her voice whimpered.

"I love it!" he answered, his muscles tensing from the feel of the vibrations around his cock and in his ass.

"Do you like watching mom pleasure herself?"

"Heck yes!"

"Do you like knowing I'm getting pleasure on my cunt and in my asshole at the same time?"

"Uh-huh."

"The same pleasure you are, baby. We're sharing the same wonderful sensations in our asses and on our sex organs," Kat stated, her vibrating wand growling deeply as she plowed it against her pussy.

Alden's dick tingled wonderfully from the vibration around his glans. Pre-cum was leaking like crazy from his piss-slit and dripping down his steely hard shaft.

His mom was putting on quite a show, humping her lovely round ass from the mattress in an imaginary fuck, while battering her clitoris with powerful vibrations.

"OH, GOD, I LOVE FUCKING SO MUCH, ALDEN!" she brazenly cried out, the muscles in her legs tensing from cuntal contractions.

The teen never dreamed he'd hear such a confession, especially under these circumstances. He felt his own tingling climax begin to form in the core of his crotch, brought on by the intense pulsation in both his ass and the tip of his cock.

"OHHH, FUCK!" the mother cried out, clutching the bedsheet tightly with one hand, while using the sex toy with the other.

Alden watched his mom's beautiful face contort into a wild pleasure-grimace. She arched her back in ecstasy, making her titties bulge from her chest, threatening to rip right through the flimsy tube top.

"OH, FUCK, I'M CUMMING…I'M FUCKING CUMMING, BABY!!" Kat cried out, then let out an earpiercing howl and her voluptuous frame shuttered with orgasmic contractions.

The pleasure that the cock-ring and bullet vibrator was providing was wonderful enough to the boy. Add in the thrilling sight of his busty mother, writhing around in orgasm, and it simply became too much for him to endure.

"Ahh, damn…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he announced. Alden humped his hips, like he was fucking some invisible pussy, as his fat knob began spitting gooey jets of cock-cream into the air.

For nearly two minutes their pleasure-stricken bodies flopped around on Alden's bed, before they both went limp, with a satisfied sigh.

"Ohhh, mom, can you take it off?" the boy gasped, gazing down at the cock-ring that was still buzzing. "It's super sensitive!"

Kat climbed onto her knees and removed the cock-ring from her boy's prick. Then, she slipped the bullet vibrators from their asses. "Now," she stated, climbing off the bed, "let's replace those weat-smelling panties with one's that'll make your cute little head spin."

The mother peeled the purple T-string off her soaking-wet pussy and down her silky legs. She tossed Darci's cheeky's aside and place her own panties on her son's nose.

"HOLY WOW!" her son shouted as he took the warm pungent aroma of his mom's panty-crotch. It was damp with female ejaculate.

"Smell ok, baby?" she giggled, obviously already knowing the answer.

"Incredible!" the boy gasped. "And they're wet!"

"Yes…a lot of moms squirt female ejaculate when they cum. Taste it, baby."

Alden sucked the wet crotch into his mouth and tasted his mom's sweet cuntal nectar.

"Are you ready for mom to smother her tits around that purple-headed love-warrior?" she asked, crawling back onto the bed.

"Definitely!" the teen blurted.

Kat leaned over and began unbuttoning his pajama top. "I want my gorgeous boy completely naked first."

While she gingerly removed his shirt, Alden gawked at his mother's huge hanging udders. They wobbled around pendulously, even bigger than those on the nurses the night before. He knew she could probably smother his entire head between them.

"Are you thinking about how good it's gonna feel, darling?" his mom asked. "To have your long cock trapped between these squishy tits."

"I know it's gonna feel amazing!" he anxiously replied.

"Your stepdad bought me this little necklace for our anniversary last year," she stated, motioning to the little gold chain around her neck. "After you squirt your hot cum-ropes up around my neck, I'm gonna rub the necklace all around in your ball-goo."

"I'm sure Mick wouldn't be too happy about that," Alden chuckled.

"He'll never know…but WE will," Kat wickedly grinned. "Every time you and I look at the necklace, we'll remember how you busted a nut between my boobs, and covered a token of your stepfather's love and commitment to me in teenage ejaculate."

"That's wicked!" Alden smiled.

"I know…and fun!" the mother beamed shamelessly.

Kat situated herself on her knees down between her son's legs. She grasped onto his fully-erect boner and tilted it back, so his knob pointed upward. "Now, let's get Thor's hammer here all lubed up, so it can take a nice, long, slippery ride through tittie-town."

The mother used the other hand to drizzle Alden's boner with heated lube. She leaned forward and wrapped his pink boner in boobie-meat, smothering it in the slippery grip of her monster cleavage.

Alden watched in wide-eyed wonder as his mom tittie-fucked him, making his rigid cock slip through the warm squishy crevice between her melons.

"Mmm, mom knows how to scratch that naughty itch of yours, doesn't she, darling?" Kat asked, smiling up at him.

"She sure does!" the boy gasped, watching his fat knob appear, then disappear, over and over, along the top of her cleavage.

"My cute boy, humping his big muscular cock in between my huge fat tits, while smelling and tasting mommy's cum-soaked panties. You like that, don't you, baby?" she mewled.

"Heck yes!" the boy answered, inhaling the sweet, musky cuntal aroma from his mom's panty-crotch.

"Do you ever think about my hot, wet pussy when you masturbate, honey?" Kat asked candidly.

"Sometimes," her boy confessed, which was certainly an under exaggeration.

"Yeah? So you fantasize about beating your hardon through my tight pussy…when your stepfather's not home?"

"Yes!" Alden nodded, his heart beating so hard he could practically hear it.

"Do you ever imagine us doing the nasty while HE IS home, darling? Say we're in locked in your bedroom, while he's downstairs watching a game," his mom expressed.

"I have thought about that," Alden smiled.

"Does it get you even more thrilled thinking about that scenario? Your stepfather's downstairs, completely unaware that you're up in your room conquering his wife with your monster cock," she stated with dreamy eyes.

Alden was a bit surprised at how incredibly excited that idea made him. "That does sound pretty cool," he blurted, while his dick flexed hornily between his mom's humping jugs.

"Mmm yes, smashing that pussy that belongs to him…helping mom cheat on her loving husband," she uttered excitedly.

"Uh-huh!" the teen sighed, feeling his cock tingle between the slippery grip of her knockers.

"Your dreamy cock is SO much bigger than his," she observed, feeling it glide hotly between her breasts. "My baby boy has a huge sturdy home-wrecker between his legs."

"You think so?" he gasped.

"Oh, I know so, darling. You're gonna make dozens of moms break their marriage vows with this thing."

Alden's throbbing erection plunged through his mom's smothering tit-cleavage. The warm fatty tissue felt amazing around his glans, making pre-cum leak steadily from his meatus.

Kat smiled as she watched his plump, pinkish-purple bulb peek out from between her tits. "Mmm, my boy has such a fat, juicy meat-helmet. I bet you could really crush a girl's womb with that thing," she purred.

"Why would I wanna crush it?"

Kat giggled and looked up at him. "It's a figure of speech, baby. What I meant was, boys with dicks as long and muscular as yours can really stretch the back wall of a woman's pussy. That makes all her internal baby-making organs really feel the strength and rigidity of your penis" she explained.

229: MOM’S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-part2/3

"And I may even get her pregnant!" Alden added.

"Well, if you're gonna get a girl preggers, I suggest you do it to a married mom and NOT a girl your age."

"Why just with married moms?" Alden asked.

"Because a married mom already has a system in place to accommodate a little one. Their husband will think the baby is merely a result of their own marital intercourse. He would never suspect that a teenage boy-toy impregnated his wife," she explained. "Girls your age, on the other hand, have to account for who got them pregnant, and you'd be financially obligated to help support the child. I'm certain you're not ready for that sort of commitment."

"No way!" Her boy agreed.

"Good. So just focus on fucking and pumping your cum inside married moms," Kat recommended. "If you get them pregnant it's no big deal."

"Dang, mom…all this sexy talk has me feeling really good," the teen admitted.

"Want me to do something that'll make you feel even better?" she asked with a naughty expression.

"Better how?"

"Sometimes, when a boy tittie-fucks a woman, she'll lick the tip of his cock when it peeks out from between her boobs, and get him even more worked up. Would you like me to do that for you, darling?"

"Would you?!"

"Of course!" she answered with a smiling wink.

Kat's long pink tongue snaked from her mouth and teased the knob of Alden's prick each time it appeared from between her breasts. The teenager sighed in delight, watching her licker scrub all around his purple crown. Her alluring eyes peeked up at him while she licked. "Feel good, baby?" she asked.

"Very!" he answered, hardly able to speak he was so aroused.

"Mmm, your bell is leaking sweet pre-cum. I can taste it," his mom purred, then lashed her pink snake across his piss-hole a few more times, swiping the bubbling boy-snot

"I'm REALLY turned on, mom!" the boy confessed, his body trembling.

"Want me to lick a part of your dick that'll turn you on even more?" she sweetly asked.

"Sure!"

This time, when her son's cock emerged, the mother flickered her tongue across the sensitive underside of his knob.

"Wow…that does feel good!" the boy shuddered.

"That part of your penis is called your frenulum, darling."

"Frenulum?"

"Yes. It's considered one of the most sensitive parts of a penis to touch. The frenulum of your dick anchors your foreskin to you glans," she explained.

"Wow…you're right…IT IS super-sensitive!" he gasped, feeling his mom's experienced tongue whip across it again. "I don't know how much more of that I'll be able to take."

"Yeah? Are you getting ready to blast your baby-making goo all over mommy's squishy tits, son?"

"Yes…especially of you keep saying things like that!"

"Mmm, you like mom's slutty mouth?" Kat cooed. "You like to hear me talk about a wet pussy being hammered by a huge teenage cock like yours?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped, feeling his dick and balls tingle from a rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Does it make you wanna piss your hot jizz all over me, baby?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Mmm, hose mommy with hot cum-cummies?" he sultry voice asked.

"Oh Jesus, mom!" the teen gasped, his balls pulling up close to his body.

"Come on, stud-muffin! Toss some ropes up around mommy's neck!" Kay encouraged, really pumping her tits around him.

"Ahhh, mom! Ahhh, shit!" the boy groaned, feeling his balls clench and his knob mushroom.

Fat cords of pearlescent-colored spunk began to erupt from Alden's peter-tip and splatter up around his mom's neck. He let out a guttural grunt, hosing out one big strand deep in the pocket of her smothering tit-cleavage.

"There you go, baby…squirt it all out onto mommy!" Kat cooed.

After milking him between her boobs for another minute, drawing out cords of spunk, Kat released his boner from between her cum-drenched tits.

"Oh my God, look baby…you covered my gold chain in a pearl necklace. That is so fucking cool!" she exclaimed.

"I doubt my stepdad would think it was cool," he said breathlessly.

"It doesn't matter what HE thinks," Kat scowled. "My darling son gave this slimy necklace to me and if it didn't dry up, I'd wear it around proudly, all the time."

"Looks like it's dripping down you though," Alden stated, watching it run down into her tit-canyon.

"I know, I should probably rinse off real quick before it gets all over the place. I'll be back to clean you up," the mother stated, her bare buttocks wagging as she strode from his bedroom.

"Damn, that was super-incredible!" the boy thought as he waited for his mom to return.

When Kat got back she was wearing a sheer, nude-colored lingerie bodysuit. Alden watched her giant tits tremble beneath it as she stepped over to his hospital bed, with a washcloth in her hand. "How was your shower?" he asked.

"Sad," she answered with a cute pouty face, her hair wet and slicked back.

"Sad why?"

"Because I had to wash your cum off of me," she confessed while tenderly cleaning off his cock.

"Why did that make you sad?" Alden chuckled.

She peeked up at his eyes and smiled. "Because I like having your cum on me. Moms are made for their boys to squirt their cum on," she answered.

"I like your outfit," he said, staring at the wide thick-textured rings of her areola and the erect nipples jutting from their centers beneath the sheer fabric.

"Thanks, she smiled, gazing into his eyes flirtingly. Then she spun around. "Did you see the back?"

The rear of the bodysuit was a plunge cut, so the V opening extended all the way down, half-way over her meaty ass. The half-globes of her ass-cheeks looked so thick and succulent, with the deep fissure of her ass-crack separating them.

"I like it!" the boy said, letting his eyes linger.

"I thought you would," his mom smiled, swaying her booty-cheeks back and forth teasingly. "It unsnaps at the crotch," she whispered, reaching under and unfastening it. Then she turned towards him, standing in a cute little pose, so her boy could see her mound of Venus.

Alden licked his lips with desire, staring at the prominent outer lips of his mother's vulva. They converged in the middle to form a deep cuntal cleft.

"Why would it unsnap like that?" he asked stupidly.

She gazed straight into his eyes mischievously. "Oh, I don't know… maybe if I'm with some young stud in his bedroom and he decides he wants to fuck some pussy, I can just unsnap it and we could get down to business."

Alden's heart nearly raced out of his chest just hearing his mom say that.

Suddenly, a voice startled them. "Did I hear something about fucking pussy in here?" Darci asked as she sashayed into her stepson's bedroom.

"Finished already?" Kat inquired.

"Yes. Riley was just getting a routine checkup with his pediatrician," Darci answered, stepping up beside Alden. "How's our boy doing?"

"He's had two really strong ejaculations this morning, right, baby?" Kat asked.

"Yep," Alden nodded.

Darci gazed at him and smiled. "Are you up for a third?" she asked sweetly.

"Sure!" Alden blurted, his heart racing.

"How did you like the surprise I left for you?"

"They smelt nice," Alden blushed.

Darci lifted the purple panties that were still laying near him. "These don't look like the panties I brought you," she observed.

"Those are mine," Kat told her. "I wanted to give him some that were soaked with girl cum, so I masturbated in them for him."

"Well damn, I guess I'll have to cum in mine next time too," Darci said, then gazed at her stepson. "Did you like having your mom's soaking wet panties on your face?"

"Uh-huh."

"Hot pussy smells wonderful, doesn't it, baby?" Kat asked, grazing her nails across his lean chest.

"It sure does!" the boy answered, find it hard not to stare at her jutting, nylon-encased juggernauts.

Darci smiled grasping his chin and turning his eyes towards hers. "Would you like you cock to smell like that, Alden?" she asked. "Would you like your big boner to smell like wet pussy?"

"I wouldn't mind at all," the boy answered, wondering what she was implying.

Darci looked over at the boy's beautiful biological mother. "Kat, do you think I could get some time alone with him?" she asked.

"Sure, but can we, um…talk first?" she asked. "In private."

Kat and Darci stepped out into the adjoining bathroom so Alden couldn't hear them. "You're planning on fucking him, aren't you?" Kat asked jealously.

"Yeah, is that a problem?" Darci asked raising an eyebrow. "I would just be doing it to help him."

"Well, handjobs and tit-jobs are one thing. Having full blow sexual intercourse with him is quite another."

"Says the mother who was just about to crawl on top of him before I interrupted you," Darci teased.

"No…" Kat blurted, knowing full-well she was about to bounce on her son's meaty muscle.

"Kat, I heard what you said before I walked in. You all but asked him if he wanted to fuck," Darci stated, then looked down at the open crotch of her bodysuit. "And why would you unsnap the crotch of your bodysuit if you had no intention of mounting him for some cock?"

"Look…we're both married and I just think…"

"Oh, please!" Darci giggled. "Don't try to guilt trip me, girl. Neither one of us have any reservations about cheating on our husbands with Alden and you know that."

"I just feel like we should slow things down a bit," Kat stated. "I don't want Alden to see this as way for us to take care of OUR sexual desires. We're suppose to be helping HIM get release."

"I know what this is," Darci said with a confident smile.

"What?!"

"This is about you fucking him first…before I do, isn't it?" Darci asked.

"No…of course not. That's ridiculous!"

"Kat, come on…we've been competing with each other ever since I married Anthony. You can't tell me you don't want Alden's cock inside your pussy before I get inside mine."

"Alright, fine…I'll admit it! That's exactly what this is about. I'm sorry if that makes me sound selfish," Kat said awkwardly.

"I does, but I don't blame you. We're both stubbornly competitive, Kat," Darci admitted. "As much as I'd love to go in there and fuck

the shit out of him, I'll admit, it's only right that you go first, when it comes to vaginal penetration that is."

"Really?" Kat asked, surprised to hear her arch nemesis cave so easily.

"Yeah, I mean…if I had a biological son Alden's age, I would want his first piece of pussy to be the one that birthed him out all those years ago," Darci admitted. "There's just something so…sentimental and wonderful about that."

"Well, Alden's hardly a virgin, but I don't think he's fucked many middle-aged pussies before. So, in some ways…he is still pretty cherry."

"That's true," Darci smiled. "We can provide him a whole world of pleasure that he's only had a small taste of."

Kat felt a little guilty for wanted her son to pound her pussy first, especially being happily married. "Sorry…I know you were probably really looking for to riding the hell out of him," she remarked.

"Oh, I still plan on riding the hell out of him today. I just got persuaded to have a last minute change of holes, that's all," she said, making them both laugh.

The moms went back into the teen's hospital room. Alden watched Kat button the crotch of her body suit back up. "Buttoning it back up?" he asked inquiringly.

"For now," she answered with a seductive smile.

Darci took his hand and squeezed it. "Alden, as your stepmom, I wanna do my part in helping to have another orgasm," she said sweetly.

"Alright," the boy said with an anxious grin.

"How would you feel about me riding you with my ass?" Darci asked boldly.

"With your ass?"

"Yeah, anal intercourse," she stated. "I could milk you with my asshole and my rectum. I think you'd REALLY like it."

"Yeah, I think I'd like that a lot!" the boy answered, his head spinning in disbelief.

"Have you ever had a girl milk you with the tube of her ass, darling?" his mother asked.

"No…never!"

Darci fed a victorious smile over at Kat. She may not be the first to fuck him vaginally, but she would certainly be his very first piece of tail.

"Well, I'll leave you two at it then," Kat said, leaning over and tenderly kissing her boy.

After Alden's mother left and closed the door Darci began taking off her clothes. "I bet that thing hasn't gone soft all morning, has it?" she asked, while staring his fully erect penis.

"No…I don't think it has either," the teen agreed. He watched his stepmom remove her big embroidered bra, releasing her humongous H-cup tits. Next, she slipped out of her dainty panties and Alden licked his lips, while staring her pudenda. Unlike his mom, she had a neatly trimmed landing stip.

"Let's get your dick lubed and ready for my ass to eat it up," she suggested, using some lubricant from the bottle his mom had left to coat the boy's hardon.

Alden's heart raced as he watched his stepmom's pretty hands, with their long painted nails, stroke the length of his rock-hard cock, making his erectile flesh glisten with slippery lube.

She gazed at him with her sultry eyes and smiled anxiously. "Ready to fuck me up the ass, sweet boy?" she asked.

"Uh-huh!" he nodded, swallowing nervously.

Alden's mind drifted back to the day his dad and stepmom got married. He was only fourteen at the time, but remembered how angelic Darci looked in her wedding dress, huge cleavage peeking out. Women like her and his mom were the ones who fueled his masturbatory fantasies, yet fucking them in real life seemed like such a ridiculous improbability at the time. Now, here he was, four years later, gazing up at his naked, huge-breasted stepmom as she climbed on top of him, ready to take his cock deep into one of her forbidden holes.

Darci planted her bare feet astride the boy, squatting over him. He couldn't decide what to look at – her puffy, waxed pussy lips or her huge, ballooning tits.

Darci reached down and grasped his eager erection. Alden gasped with a wicked thrill as he watched her bring the bulbous tip of his prick to the budding pink ring of her asshole. His eyes marveled at the way her prominent perineal raphe extended from her anus, through her perineum, ending at her labium.

"You just relax, sweetheart. Your stepmom will do all the work," she softly assured him.

For a moment, Alden's knob became lodged in her butt-socket as the mother pushed down against it. The stiffness of his cock and the slippery lube allowed the elastic ring of her asshole to slip over his crown, swallowing it completely.

"Wow!" the boy gasped, feeling the muscular rings of her anus clasp snuggly around the neck of his glans.

Darci lowered onto the rigid pillar of dick-meat, feeling her sphincter stretch around its meaty girth. She let out a delightful squeal as she felt Alden's cock sink into her rectum.

"AHHH!" the teen gasped as he felt his cock sheathed in the hot slippery tube of his stepmom's ass, her wall fitting to the contours of his penis. He peered up at the twin melons hovering over him. Darci's engorged nipples puffed stiffly from the wide rings of her areolas, pointing down at the boy.

Alden's fat knob pushed up into the spongy inner-most regions of his stepmom's shitter, feeling her butthole push snuggly against the base of his cock.

"Mmm, do you like it, sweetheart?" Darci whimpered. "Do you like the way the tube of my ass fits around you?"

"It feels incredible!" Alden answered his cock throbbing with the excited beat of his heart.

"It gets better!" she gasped, dropping her knees to each side of him as she began riding the length of his cock, feeling his tubular stalk move through the hot, tight barrel of her ass.

The bed began to rock as Darci found a nice steady butt-fucking rhythm for them to engage in. Alden eyes were as big a saucers as he gawked at her big bobbling milkers. They moved around teasingly above his face, to the rhythm of their humping.

While she rode him, Darci noticed how her stepson was fixated on her big mommy-melons. "You can suck on them, baby. Sucking on a woman's tits is part of the wonderful experience of getting your cock fucked," she said breathlessly.

The teen, an obvious tit-hound, certainly didn't need to be invited twice. He latched on to one of her swollen nipples and Darci brought her body down against him, making the boy's face sink into the squishy meat of her tits.

Alden marveled at the soft, pillowy warmth of Darci's enormous breasts as they engulfed his face, just as plush and inviting as the nurse moms' the night before. He suckled hungrily at her thick, rubbery nipple, his tongue swirling around the pebbled peak. Darci let out a wanton moan, arching into his eager mouth as she continued to bounce on his throbbing cock.

"Mmm yes, that's it baby, suck mommy's big titties while she rides you," she purred, threading her fingers through his hair to press him tighter against her heaving bosom. "Feels so good, doesn't it? My tight ass squeezing your fat cock, my huge milkers smothering your face..."

Alden could only groan in response, the vibrations shooting straight to Darci's core. He alternated between her breasts, lavishing each nipple

with dedicated attention. He grazed them lightly with his teeth, making her gasp and clench around him.

Alden's lusty lips spread out across her areola, sectioning in as much pink flesh as could. His tongue lashed wildly around the distended flesh of her rubbery teat.

"Yes…like that! Oh, that's so good!" Darci cried out. Her big mature ass bobbed up and down tirelessly, feeding the boy's erection through the slippery grip of her ass-tunnel.

Pre-cum wept from Alden's smothered knob as it speared through the smooth elastic lining of Darci's rectum. He could feel her sphincter muscles contract, causing her shit-tube to clench exquisitely around his penile flesh.

"Oh wow!" the boy whimpered in delight, his voice muffled by spongy tit-flesh. His body shuddered from the feel her ass-walls chewing at his tender, teenage cock.

"Oh, Alden…you feel SO fucking good up my ass!" his stepmom moaned as she began to pound against him even harder.

A lewd CLAPPING sound filled the boy's bedroom, as her round matronly buns beat down against the boy's crotch feverishly.

Alden rubbed his face lustfully through the warm squishy canyon of her tittie-cleavage. His cock and balls tingled from the feel of her ass-tube plunging up and down his vieny prick. His stepmom smacked her meaty rump against him and held it there, in full penetration.

Alden gasped as he felt her butthole contract tightly around the root of his boner. Then, she worked her wide mommy-hips, swiveling up and back, causing Alden's meaty muscle to stretch her ass-walls in every direction.

"OH, GOD!" Darci cried out. "OH, FUCK! OH, BABY…I'M CUMMING!!"

The stepmother's body convulsed wonderfully on top of him. Her vaginal meatus bulged and began gushing out hot female ejaculate, which splattered like a waterfall down the boy's abdomen.

The feel of her anal walls contracting around him and the girl cum pouring out triggered the teen's orgasm. He humped his erection upward, mashing the cock-stuffed ring of her asshole against his cock hilt. His boner flexed another half-inch, his smothered knob mushrooming inside her bowels, jetting out a huge fat cord of hot semen.

The two of them bucked and writhed wildly on the bed as if they were tossing a mind-blowing orgasm back and forth to each other through Darci's ass. The screaming mother could feel her stepson's

strong cock kicking and flexing inside her butt-tube, hosing down her walls.

Alden could feel every anal muscle she had squeezing and milking his cock. His face was pushed up into one of her soft, spongy tits, feeling it slosh heavily around him. For nearly five mind-boggling minutes they wrestled in a juicy climax until Darci collapsed against him, motionless.

"Fuck me, that was incredible!" she gasped.

"Yeah!" the boy agreed, catching his breath, his cock still pulsating with aftershocks in the grip of her greedy ass.

She lifted her lovely head and gazed down at him. "Wanna make out?" she softly whispered, like a girl who'd just found a new love-interest.

"Sure!"

"I didn't think you'd object." Darci giggled, then kissed him passionately, clawing at his head and neck, while rubbing her huge doughy-soft tits all over him.

Alden just laid there and let her go at him like a horny bitch in heat. She spun her lusty licker through his mouth, then sucked on his tongue like a

cock. She frantically kissed and licked his neck, while clasping the hard cock that was still buried inside her snug ass.

"I wanted you to fuck my pussy today," she confessed, staring into his eyes.

"You did?" the boy gulped.

"Uh-huh…but your mom asked me not to. She wants to give you a taste of her mature pussy first."

"Really?!" Alden asked, his eyes lighting up.

"Yeah. I mean, all those years ago she bowed her knees back and pushed you out of her cunt. It's only fitting that she let you back in, right?"

"True," the boy gulped.

"You can make her scream again…but in a different way," Darci giggled, the gazed into his eyes wantonly. "After she's had her fill… I'm gonna fuck the living shit out of you, kid."

"You are?"

"Uh-huh, but not here. I want you in MY bed. The one I share with your dad. I want the thrill of fucking his own son right there on the bed that him and I consummate our love on every night," she said, her eyes glazed over with excitement.

"Do you like cheating on dad?" Alden asked.

"With you…most definitely!"

"At first I thought I would feel guilty fooling around with you and mom, but now I think it's really exciting and cool," Alden confessed.

"I like it too!" she smiled, then fed him a tender kiss. "And technically, I WAS honest with your dad about what I was doing."

"How so?"

"I told him since you broke both arms I was gonna help your mom take care of you…and that's exactly what I'm doing," she answered.

"That's true!" Alden chuckled.

"Wanna feel something SUPER cool?" Darci asked.

"Of course."

"I'm gonna push you out of my ass," she whispered.

He felt her rest the weight of her voluptuous body on him, with her bulging tits squished up around his neck. He felt her sphincter muscles contract, pushing his cock down her shit-tube. She relaxed her muscles for a moment and they let out a mutual gasp, basking in the pleasure. Then, she pushed again, as if having a bowel movement.

"Ahh, damn!" Alden hissed. It felt like her spongy anal cavity was turning inside-out around his erection. Her internal muscled rings squeezed delightfully around his glans, pushing him down through her anus until his twitching knob finally slipped from her butthole. A small stream of ejaculate was severed as her ass-ring clenched closed.

"Did you like that?" Darci asked.

"That was SO cool, and felt amazing on my dick!" he sighed. "I wonder if my mom knows how to do that."

"I'll go get her and you can ask."

Kat had taken off her body suit so that when they arrived back in his room both moms were completely naked. Alden watched their king-sized titties bobble on their chests as they sauntered back over to the bed.

"I heard someone has a question for me?" Kat asked with a mischievous smile.

"Well, um…"

The boy seemed to awkwardly fumble with his words, so Darci helped him out. "After Alden fucked me up the ass, I pushed his dick out. He asked if you could do that too."

"Well, I have had bowel movements, darling. Same thing," Kat giggled.

"I was just wondering. It felt REALLY good, that's all."

"That's because when a person has a bowel movement all their anal muscles are working at once to push out whatever's in there," his mom explained.

Darci teased his knob with her nail-tips. "That's why the friction on a young penis when that happens is so incredible," she added.

His mom fed him a warm smile, her asshole throbbing. "Would you like your stepmom and I to take turns pushing your hardon out of our assholes, darling?" she asked.

"Would I ever!" the boy blurted, making both mom's giggle.

"Let's lube that monster up again," Darci stated, drizzling the boy's cock with more heated lubricant. This time the lucky teen had four hands twisting and squeezing at his meat as they spread the lube out across the length of his jutting penis.

"Ohhh, wow!" his voice quivered, feeling their fists clasp tightly as they yanked on his young meat.

"Are you ready for more anal pleasure, baby?" his mom asked.

"Yes!" Alden hissed.

Kat looked at Darci. "My back to yours…sound good?" she asked.

"Let's do it!" the stepmom answered.

The two mature women ascended onto the expansive bed, their heavy-breasted bodies moving with a slow, deliberate grace. Alden's eyes were drawn to their dangling tits, which swayed rhythmically like pendulums with each shift of their bodies. They straddled him, his mother facing him, her expression a mix of lust and tenderness. Darci turned towards the foot of the bed, her back pressed against the other woman's, their rounded posteriors hovering over Alden's crotch like twin full moons suspended in the night sky.

The awe-stricken teen's eyes traveled from Kat's ballooning tits, down her naked torso, to her hairless crotch. Her vulva had become engorged from arousal, making the flesh of her clit-shrouded prepuce distended from her cuntal crevice. Beneath it, the teen could see his mom grasp his rigid cock and fit his greasy knob against her butthole.

There was a wonderful moment, just as there had been with Darci, where his mom pushed down on his muscled cock, trying to squeeze it inside her ass. Finally, his tip squeezed through her elastic ring, then sunk wonderfully into the heat of her anal furnace.

"Before I push you out, give me a minute just to adjust to that big cock of yours," she gasped, then humped up and down on it slowly, working his rod deep into her butt.

"Does it feel good, mom?" Alden asked, knowing it sure felt damn good to him.

"Oh, baby…does it ever!" she sighed. "I've NEVER had a cock this big in my ass before."

She let out a sharp breath as she lowered her ass to his nut-sack, taking every inch of his penis in her tightly-gripping ass-tract.

Alden watched her boobs heave back and forth, heavy with fatty flesh. "Here we go!" she whispered, then clenched her shit muscles, pushing her boy's prick back down the tube of her ass.

"WHOA!" Alden shouted, feeling her anal walls compress around his glans before he popped out of her asshole.

No sooner did his dick slip from his mom's butt than he felt Darci grasp onto him and shove his cock into her ass. She took him all the way back, to where his knob mushroomed against her rectal ampulla. Then, as his mom just had, Darci used her strong shit-muscles to push the boy out of her ass.

"Is that what you wanted, baby?" Kat asked, feeling her boy's stiff cock squeeze through the slick cavity of her ass once again.

"Yes…I love it!" Alden answered.

The mother butt-humped his dick a half-dozen times, milking its tender meat before pushing it out, just as she had before. Seconds after Alden's cum-drooling knob popped from one butthole, it was squeezing through another. The moms took their time, plowing the boy's unyielding cock deep in their asses, like horny cats on a scratching post.

"Oh, baby, yes…fuck our assholes!" his mother mewled.

For nearly an hour the women beat his prick though their horny asses, smashing his tender knob deep into their rectums. Their rounded butt-globes rippled as they clapped relentlessly against this midesection, and Alden had held off as long as he could, his body shuddering with orgasmic pre-contractions.

"Are you about to squirt cum out your piss-hole, darling?" his mom asked, gazing down at him over bobbling breasts.

"Yes!" he gasped, his balls churning with seed.

"Do you want mommy to ride your ass like an anal whore?"

"Ahh, damn, yes!" he moaned, feeling the cum-load swell up in his balls.

Kat slapped her huge fatty tits down on her son's bare chest and began throwing her rounded ass up and down his prick frantically. Her fuck-pumps were fast, the ring of her ass traveled the entire length of his boner, from knob to nutsack.

"AHHHH!" the boy groaned beneath his mother's assault. He felt her giant flattened tits ripple all over his chest, while his cock pummeled through her ass.

"Come on, baby," Kat panted at his ear, "blast a load of boy-honey up mommy's ass!"

Alden's body jerked and his cock flexed wildly as a raging torrent of cum rocketed up his urethral tube. Pearly-white spunk spurted from his peter-tip as it pistoned through the tube of ass that was smothering his prick on all sides. He felt his mom let out a violent shiver as she joined him in orgasmic rapture.

Their beating flesh took on the sound of lewd wet slaps as Kat's girl-cum squelched from her overheated crotch and splattered out from between them. Once they had finally become motionless, the mother let out a deep satisfied sighed. "Was that what you needed, darling?" she asked.

"It was! It was, um…"

"Ass-tonishing?" Darci joked, making them laugh.

"Yes, very!" the boy answered, still trying to catch his breath.

"Well, you know us moms…always willing to go to any LENGTHS," she said, pumping the 'length' of his prick once more, "to help our boys."

After licking his dick dry, the moms gave the boy a quick sponge bath, then showered and dressed together before rushing home before their younger children were due to arrive from school.

Alden's final night in the hospital was filled with very little sleep as word spread like wildfire among the nurses about the virile young man with the massive cock confined to his room with two broken arms.

Whispers turned to giggles which turned to heated, breathy discussions in breakrooms and supply closets about the impressive teenage stud and his helpless predicament. Shifts were swapped, favors called in, strings pulled, until it seemed nearly every naughty nurse in the building was clamoring for a chance to sneak into Room 214 for a forbidden taste of barely-legal cock.

As the sun set and the hospital quieted, a parade of stacked, cock-hungry MILFs began filing into Alden's dimly lit room. They came in scrubs and street clothes, in ones and twos, each more voluptuous and desperate for dick than the last.

Alden could only watch in awe, his teenage cock already rock-hard and throbbing, as they quietly shut and locked the door behind them before advancing on his bed with predatory intent.

Scrub tops and blouses were shed, bras unclasped, unleashing a veritable tsunami of heavy, mature tit-flesh.

Alden was engulfed in a carnal whirlwind, his senses overwhelmed by the sheer abundance of ripe, eager female flesh pressing in on him from all sides. No sooner would one busty MILF dismount his throbbing cock, her hungry cunt dripping with their combined juices, than another would take her place, straddling his hips and impaling herself on his straining erection with a guttural moan of satisfaction.

He was buried under one voluptuous body after another, women of all ages, from the freshest new recruits to the most senior head

nurses. They all had one thing in common - the glint of gold wedding bands on their fingers as they greedily groped and fondled his youthful physique. Alden was nothing more than a human fuck-doll to them, a hard young

cock to selfishly use for their own pleasure while their hapless husbands slept at home, blissfully unaware.

Heavy, milk-laden tits dangled in his face, swaying mesmerizingly as the naughty nurses rode him with wild abandon. Alden latched onto one dusky nipple after another, suckling like a greedy babe as he was smothered in their soft, pillowy flesh. He lost himself in the sensations, drowning in the scent of their arousal, the taste of their sweat-slicked skin, the obscene wet sounds of his cock plunging in and out of one sopping cunt after another.

Each nurse created her own unique friction on his engorged cock as she fucked him. Some clenched tight as a fist, their powerful internal muscles rippling along his shaft. Others were sloppy and loose from years of hard use, sloshing wetly around him. A few had pronounced textured ridges that rasped deliciously against his pulsing cockmeat. Alden never knew what to expect as a new cunt engulfed him, only that it would feel incredible.

Time lost all meaning as the night wore on in a blur of bouncing tits, jiggling asses, and grasping, clawing hands. Alden came over and over, pumping what felt like gallons of hot teenage cum into one greedy married snatch after another. His cock never had a chance to go soft, immediately engulfed by the next in the never-ending line of cock-starved MILFs.

By the time sunlight began filtering through the blinds, Alden was utterly spent, his cock raw and oversensitive, his balls aching and empty. The final nurse reluctantly climbed off him, pressing a lingering, sloppy kiss to his lips before straightening her scrubs and slipping quietly out the door.

Alden collapsed back against the sweat-soaked sheets, his head spinning, barely able to comprehend the depraved debauchery he'd just experienced.

"Alden, can I come in?" Anthony asked as he tapped on his son's door a dat after they had brought him home from the hospital. "Alden??"

Anthony's son finally answered, sounding a bit out of breath. "Yeah, dad…you can, umm…come in!"

Anthony peeked in Alden's bedroom, looking over at his biological son lying in bed under the covers, with both broken arms propped up. Since coming home from the hospital a day ago he'd been staying with his father and stepmom, since his parents had joint custody. "Have you seen Darci? I left for work, but had to come back to the house because I forgot to ask her about something."

The boy gulped nervously. "No…I um, haven't seen her yet this morning," he replied, hoping he didn't have any of his stepmom's pink lipstick smeared on his face.

Beneath the blanket, Darci's heart raced with a wicked, forbidden thrill as she heard her husband's voice mere feet away, completely unaware of the depraved act she was committing with his own son. Her face was nuzzled deep beneath Alden's heavy balls, her wicked tongue lapping hungrily at his sensitive taint as her manicured fingers slowly stroked up and down his throbbing shaft.

She had to fight back a moan as she tasted his musky essence, the proof of his virility. Her pussy clenched and dripped with illicit arousal at the sheer wrongness of it all, blowing her teenage stepson while carrying on a conversation with his father, her husband. The danger only heightened her lust, made her more determined to coax a hot, creamy load out of Alden's swollen balls.

Alden struggled to keep his breathing steady, to not make a sound as Darci's skilled tongue painted lewd patterns on his most intimate areas. The velvety softness of her full, plump lips sliding along his pulsing cockmeat was maddening, the delicate flicks and swirls of her wicked tongue shattering his composure. He wanted nothing more than to buck

his hips up into her face, to force his aching cock down her throat and make her choke on it as he flooded her mouth with his seed.

But he couldn't, not with his father standing right there, the man she had vowed to love and be faithful to. The perverse thrill of cuckolding his dad with his own wife made Alden's balls tighten and churn with impending release. He bit his lip harshly, fingers clenching white-knuckled in the sheets as he fought to hold back the rising tide.

Beneath the concealing blanket, Darci could sense Alden's struggle, could feel how his cock throbbed and jerked against her busy tongue. She knew he was close, that delectable teenage cum boiling up in his full, aching balls. Doubling her efforts, she took him deeper, swallowing around his engorged head as it nudged the back of her throat.

Her hand flew up and down his thick shaft in a blur, foreskin sliding slickly as she pumped him hard and fast. She sucked lewdly, hollowing her cheeks, knowing how obscene she must look, the perfect cock-worshipping slut. All the while her ears strained to follow the conversation happening above, praying Anthony wouldn't notice anything amiss.

"Alright. Maybe she went next door to borrow something. When you see her, have her give me a call, alright?" her husband said.

"Sure thing, dad."

As soon as the door closed, the fluffy comforter moved and Darci, his redheaded stepmom peeked out. She grinned down at her stepson naughtily, gazing at him with her piercing green eyes. "Fuck…that was close!" she whispered, then quickly locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss, while rubbing her huge naked tits all over his bare chest.

The teenager squirmed in delight. With two broken arms, he was completely at her mercy. For nearly a half-hour his stepmother had been in his bedroom, under the blankets, showering his young body with

affection. She wore only a skimpy pair of black panties to prevent him from sliding inside her overheated cunt, but this didn't stop them from engaging in a heated dry-fuck. Although 'dry' probably wasn't the most accurate word to describe it. Darci's panties were soaking wet!

Grinding against Alden's big rigid love-muscle had REALLY got her juices flowing, and the pre-ejaculatory slime that oozed from the teen's excited piss-slit made their sticky crotches wrestle in a heated swamp of genital flesh.

"God, I'm kicking myself!" Darci gasped. "You don't know how bad I wanna rip my panties off and fuck that big, teenage cock of yours all morning!"

As she slid up slightly, kissing the side of his neck, Alden found his face smothered in squishy tit-cleavage. He turned it slightly so he could kiss the huge inner slope of her breast. "Why don't you then?" he curiously asked.

Alden was certainly ready to ram his rod up inside her and make her cry out in ecstasy, just like he had to dozens of married nurses all night.

"Because I promised your mom that SHE could fuck you first, that's why."

"Oh, well…why did you do that?"

"She IS your biological mother, Alden, and I'm just your stepmom. She should get to enjoy your big teenage cock inside her before I do."

"I hope it's soon. I'm super-horny right now!" Alden confessed, thrusting his cunt-smothered dick upward, squashing it between the puffy, panty-shrouded flanges of Darci's cunt. Even through the fabric, the slit of her vulva felt so hot against the meat of his naked boner.

Using her wide mommy-hips, Darci pushed him back down to the bed, then did a wonderful glide up and back along the rigid stalk of his prick. The friction put delightful pressure on her fat clit.

"She's on her way over, BUT…not to fuck you just yet. We're both taking you for your check-up at the doctor's office. In fact, we should probably start getting ready."

"Damn…I forgot that was today," the teen scowled.

"Yeah, it has been a full day since we brought you home from the hospital, kiddo."

"Considering I broke both my arms, it HAS been pretty fun being home," the boy admitted.

"Why's that…because you've been getting blown and stroked off from your mom and I so much?" Darci giggled.

"Bingo!"

"Well…we couldn't just let your balls turn all blue, now could we? We moms know how much you boys like to yank on your cocks," she teased, pushing her cunt down on his stiff prick. "So it would be cruel of us not to help you."

"It feels so much better when you guys do it," Alden confessed. "There's a part of me that's hoping my arms NEVER heal."

"And which part might that be?" Darci asked teasingly, even though she knew the answer.

"The part that's been getting all the amazing attention!"

"Oh, " she sighed, then smothered his boner with the puffy lips of her snatch, "my favorite part? Well, it's been kind of a thrill for us too…in case you haven't noticed."

"Is the sex bad between you and my dad?" Alden asked.

"No…it's fine, but he's certainly not YOU," Darci answered.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning he's not as young and hot as you. Not to mention no where near as incredibly endowed as you are! You know…the kinds of things that get us moms all hot and horny."

Darci began giving his neck sweet butterfly kisses, rubbing her soft naked tits on his upper chest and grinding her hot snatch against his steely rod. "I have a feeling I'll be fucking you every day once we get started, Alden," she cooed between kisses.

They suddenly heard a voice from the doorway. "I figured that's where I find you two when I got here," Kat stated as she sashayed in the room on four-inch stiletto heels.

"We were just getting up," Darci replied, slipping out of bed, "AND don't worry…we didn't fuck. See…I'm still wearing panties."

"Yeah, I can see that, and it looks like a pack of wild dogs has been drooling all over them," Kat pointed out in amusement.

Darci laughed as she headed towards the door; her fat tits bobbling with each step and her meaty ass undulating beneath her panty-clad ass. "More like an hours-worth of teenage pre-cum smearing all over them," she remarked.

Kat sat at the edge of her boy's bed, reached beneath the blanket and grasped his rigid cock. "Any pre-cum left for mom?" she teased.

"I'm sure there is," he sighed, feeling her give him a nice, slow stroke beneath the blanket.

"Mmm, good. A boy's pre-jizz is a mother's delicacy."

"Why's that?" Alden asked, his heart racing fast.

She stared down into his eyes seductively. "Well, first of all, it's nice and slippery. It'll be wonderful lubricant once your dreamy dick is finally hammering through my pussy."

"Yes…I can't argue with that," Alden gasped, feeling his mom's hand give his gooey glans a tight stroke.

"And second…," Kat whispered, bringing her hand out from beneath the blanket, then swiping a gob of Alden's pre-drool off her finger with her tongue, "…it just tastes SO fucking yummy!"

"Wow…that was hot, mom!" the boy exclaimed.

"Well…too bad you have an appointment this morning or I would show you something even hotter."

"Like what?" he anxiously asked.

She stared into his eyes intently through her parted curtain of dark hair. "Like your mom stripping naked, crawling on top of you and fucking like a whore, until I've completely emptied those young tanks, that's what."

"Damn! Do I have to go to this appointment?" Alden asked, breathless with excitement.

"Yes…you do, baby. Besides, your appointment is with Doctor Chase. She has big titties, remember? You've drooled over them since you were a little boy."

"I've been drooling over YOURS since I was a little boy too."

Kat giggled and thrust her tits out, making them balloon beneath her blouse. "Well…aren't you glad you're a big boy now and get to do more than drool over them?"

"I wish I was doing more than drooling over them now," Alden confessed, staring at his mom's jiggly juggernauts.

"Well, after your appointment, maybe your step mommy and I will bring you back here, smother you with our big, squishy boobs, while we drain you dry. How's that sound?"

"Drain me how?"

"With our mouths…or our assholes maybe," she teased.

"Can I fuck your pussy today?" Alden asked. Boldly.

"You know mommy has every intention of using her cunt on you, but I want our first time to be when we're alone, and we can REALLY fuck each other's asses off. Don't worry, baby…mom will make sure you're well taken care of in the meantime. Now, let's get you up and dressed."

Alden gazed up at his mother with pleading eyes. "Actually, mom..." he began, his voice tentative, "Darci played around with me earlier, but I didn't cum, so I was wondering..." He trailed off, suddenly shy.

Kat's eyebrow arched, a knowing smile playing at her lips. "You were wondering if mommy could bring you off again real quick before your appointment, is that it?" She could read her son like an open book, could see the desperate need in his eyes.

Alden nodded eagerly, his cheeks flushing. "Please, mom? I'm still so hard, it almost hurts. I don't think I can make it through the appointment like this."

Kat's heart melted at her baby boy's pleading tone. How could she deny him? Reaching out, she tenderly brushed a lock of hair from his forehead. "Of course, darling. Mommy's here to take care of you, always." Her voice was a husky purr, promising delights to come.

With a wicked grin, Kat pulled back the blanket, revealing Alden's impressive erection jutting proudly from his groin. It twitched under her

heated gaze, a pearly bead of pre-honey glistening at the tip. Licking her lips, Kat wrapped her manicured fingers around his thick shaft, giving it a slow, teasing stroke from base to tip.

"Mmm, such a hard, strong dick," she purred.

Alden gasped, his hips bucking up involuntarily into his mother's touch. The feeling of her soft, warm hand gliding along his sensitive flesh was electric, setting his nerves aflame with pleasure. "Mom..." he groaned, head thrown back against the pillow.

"Shh, just relax baby. Let mommy take care of you," Kat cooed, her hand picking up speed. She twisted her wrist on the upstroke, adding a delicious corkscrew motion that had Alden seeing stars. Her

thumb swiped across the weeping slit, gathering his pre-cum and using it to lubricate her strokes.

The obscene wet sounds of skin on skin filled the room as Kat pumped her fist up and down Alden's straining cock. The musky scent of his arousal filled her nostrils, making her mouth water and her empty cunt clench with need. Soon, she promised herself. Soon she would have this magnificent cock stretching her neglected pussy, ruining her for her husband.

But for now, her focus was solely on her son's pleasure. She could feel him throbbing in her grip, could sense his impending release building at the base of his spine. Doubling her efforts, Kat flew her hand over his pulsing shaft, determined to wring every last drop of cum from his swollen balls.

"You like how mommy strokes this big teenage fuckstick?" Kat purred, her voice dripping with lust. "Bet it feels so good to have a real woman's hand wrapped around your throbbing baby-maker instead of just beating your own meat, huh?"

Alden could only moan in response, his mom's filthy words sending electric jolts straight to his cock. He loved hearing her talk dirty, using nasty slang to describe his most intimate parts. It made the whole thing feel even more taboo, more forbidden.

"Mommy's gonna drain these teenage cum-tanks dry," Kat continued, her hand a blur on Alden's steel-hard shaft. "Gonna milk this fat hog till it spews all over, painting mommy's greedy little fist-pocket white with hot jizz."

"Fuck, mom!" Alden cried out, hips pumping frantically to meet her strokes. The pressure was building to a fever pitch, his swollen plums drawing up tight to his body.

"C'mon baby boy, bust that nut for mommy," Kat urged, her thumb rubbing firm circles over his sensitive piss-slit. "Spurt me a gooey

batch of baby batter, glaze this cum-craving mommy good!"

With a guttural roar, Alden exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser. Thick, creamy ropes of teen spunk arced through the air, splattering obscenely across Kat's pumping fist. She worked him through it, coaxing out every last drop until Alden collapsed back against the bed, chest heaving.

Kat lifted her cum-drenched hand to her mouth, lapping at the pearly essence with a wanton moan. "Mmm, nothing tastier than fresh cock-snot from my baby boy's spunk-spigot," she purred, lewdly sucking her fingers clean.

Alden watched through heavy-lidded eyes, utterly spent but still aroused by the wicked sight of his mother savoring his seed. He couldn't wait to paint her pussy lips with his next load, to feel her cunt stretched tight around his aching cock.

"Alright stud, let's get you cleaned up and ready for your appointment," Kat said with a grin, giving his sensitive cockhead one last teasing lick.

"Don't wanna keep Dr. Chase waiting. I'm sure she's eager to get her hands on this prime slab of grade-A boy meat too."

Alden shuddered at the thought, his cock already twitching with renewed interest. Between his mom, his stepmom, and now his busty doctor, it seemed his dick was in for the workout of a lifetime. And he couldn't fucking wait.

The three of them drove to the clinic, where Alden had a follow up appointment with his family doctor. "Alden, how have your arms been feeling since I saw you last?" Doctor Chase, a middle-aged dirty-blonde asked. She studied his casts, while sitting right in front of him on her desk chair.

"Not bad. They get itchy sometimes, but I'm getting used to it?"

"Any pain at all?"

"No, not much," he replied.

"Your mom and stepmom have been giving you regular sponge baths, correct?" the doctor asked, glancing at Kat and Darci as they sat to each side of the teen, sharing a knowing smile.

"Yes," he replied, staring at the doctor's magnificent cleavage. Dr. Chase's titties seemed just as huge as his mom and stepmom's massive tits, maybe even bigger.

His teenage mind raced, trying to guess her impressive cup size. Were those heavy melons triple-E's like Darci's? Or did she sport H-cups like his own mother? Maybe they were even larger - double H's or beyond. The possibilities made his cock twitch in his pants.

Doctor Chase noticed her young patient's fixation on her chest and smiled to herself. She was used to the hungry stares of men, but there was something especially thrilling about having such a virile, handsome

teenage boy ogling her assets. Glancing at Kat and Darci, she saw the same knowing, indulgent looks on their faces. They all silently acknowledged the effect their ripe, mature bodies had on the horny youth.

"He was shy about sponge baths at first, but things have gotten better now, right sweetie?" Kat asked her son.

"Uh-huh."

"What about masturbation? How have you been managing that?" Doctor Chase asked matter-of-factly.

Alden hesitated a moment, exchanging an awkward look with his mom.

Kat saved the day, answering for her boy. "We've been…um, helping out a little with that too."

Darci chimed in. "Yeah, since that's a regular part of a boy's routine, and we certainly didn't wanna see Alden suffer from not being able to relieve himself."

The doctor nodded, using her stethoscope to check the boy's heart. "That's good to hear. It's very common for a mother, or stepmother to help in these types of situations and there are a variety of ways she can do that. My concern, however, is that a boy may not be getting the same level of release as before, which can cause significant testicular swelling," she explained. "Alden, how many times were you ejaculating in a day, before you broke your arms?"

"Usually four to five times," he timidly replied.

"And how many times a day has it been, since then?" Doctor Chase asked, looking at the mothers.

"I would say at least three ejaculations a day, since the accident," Darci replied.

"That sounds about right," Kat agreed. "Three… sometimes four times a day."

Alden nodded in agreement, even as a secret smile played at the corners of his mouth. He knew the real number was much higher, especially after that last wild night in the hospital. The memory was seared into his brain - a never-ending parade of voluptuous nurses sneaking into his room, their hungry cunts devouring his teenage cock over and over.

He had lost count of how many times he'd exploded, pumping what felt like gallons of hot, potent seed into their eager married pussies. Ten, fifteen, twenty times? It was all a blur of jiggling tits, bouncing asses, and tight, rippling fuck holes milking him dry. His balls had

ached by dawn, thoroughly drained, but it was a sweet ache - the satisfaction of knowing he'd ruined those naughty nurses for their husbands, stretched and seeded their needy cunts.

"Well, that is less than what he was getting BEFORE the accident. I'd like to do a physical examination to make sure there are no signs of swelling. Alden, if your moms wouldn't mind helping you get undressed, I'd like you to lay up on the examination table for me, so I can have a look at you," the doctor instructed.

"Alright," the boy answered, then stood up. Kat and Darci stripped the boy down to his birthday suit, while the doctor prepped the table. Both moms smiled at him teasingly, acknowledging the fact that he was completely erect.

"Lay right up here on the table, Alden, and rest your arms at your sides," Doctor Chase directed, her eyes widening at the sight of his stiff appendage.

Once the boy did as she asked the doctor raises some stirrups into place. "Now, Alden, you'll need to bring your knees back and rest your feet into these stirrups, so I can do a full testicular exam," she requested.

"Is there anything we can do to help?" Kat asked as her and Darci stood by awkwardly.

"Let me have a look at his balls first and then I'll let you know," Doctor Chase replied, then put on her glasses and sat in her chair at the edge of the table, so she could examine the boy's nuts. "Hmm, I AM seeing some mild swelling here."

The two moms stepped over in concern, so they could see what the doctor was referring to. "Is it bad?" Kat asked.

Doctor Chase pointed to an area of the boy's bulging, hairless nuts. "That faint bluish color there, around the testes. That's a sign of

something called epididymal hypertension, which is also known as 'blue balls."

"I thought a boy only got 'blue balls' if he's gone DAYS without an orgasm?" Kat asked.

"That may be true for some, but in Alden's case, where his genitals have been accustomed to ejaculating so frequently, it may only take a day for there to be some visible swelling."

"That could be my fault then," Darci admitted. "I did suck him off last night, around midnight, but Alden and I also some fooling around this morning, and I should have made sure he got off before his appointment."

"Actually," Kat chimed in, a mischievous grin playing at her lips, "I may have taken care of that already this morning."

Darci and Doctor Chase both turned to her with raised eyebrows, silently urging her to elaborate.

Kat's smile widened as she explained. "When I arrived to help get Alden ready for his appointment, he confessed that he was still feeling quite...pent up, shall we say, even after your morning activities." She shot Darci a conspiratorial wink.

"The poor dear was practically begging for relief, so I took matters into my own hands. Literally." Kat mimed a jerking off motion, causing Darci to stifle a giggle and Doctor Chase's eyes to widen behind her glasses."I gave him a quick but thorough milking, pumped a nice ejaculation out of him."

"Alden, do you have any pain or discomfort around your testicles?" Doctor Chase asked him.

"No…not really."

"Even so…I think a strong ejaculation, here in my office today would do you some good. Since your mom and stepmom have already been assisting you that way, I'll have them help me, so we can make sure you're relieved as intensely as possible."

"What would you like us to do?" Alden's beautiful, dark-haired mother asked the doctor.

"First, we'll need to provide proper visual stimulation to assist Alden in maintaining arousal, so why don't we start by getting undressed," the doctor suggested.

"Naked?" Kat asked, making sure she heard the doctor correctly.

"Yes…unless that's a problem?"

"No-no…not at all. I just wanted to make sure that's what you meant."

"Yes. Female nudity is the easiest way to keep a boy aroused."

Alden's eyes bulged with a feverish hunger as the three moms peeled away their clothing, their massive MILF tits heaving free from their constraints. Like those of his own mom and stepmom, Doctor Chase's knockers were crowned by expansive, dusky-pink areolas with stiff, jutting nipples.

Alden's pulse quickened. He had spent countless years lusting after the doctor's breasts, imagining them bare and exposed. And now, they were finally revealed in all their raw, naked splendor. It was more than just a fantasy come true; it was a carnal dream exploding into reality.

"Get that tongue back in your mouth, mister!" Kat joked, making the two other moms laugh, their pendulous boobies jiggling deliciously.

Doctor Chase stared at the teenager's erect penis. "It looks as though healthy blood flow isn't an issue. Alden, did you know that almost half of your penis is hidden inside your body?"

"Really?" the boy asked, exchanging a surprised look with his mom.

"That's right. If you press down on your perineum when you're erect, you'd be able to feel the concealed part of your penis. So, technically, you're actually double the size you think you are."

"Oh boy…double as huge! Where would we even put the rest of it?" Darci joked, making the other women laugh.

The fascinated teen watched them step out of their heels and peel their dainty panties off. All three mommy pussies were shaved clean and had well-pronounced vulvar lips that converged to form dark cuntal fissures. The lucky boy licked his lips, wishing he could smash his big, stiff prick through each one of them, especially his mom's pussy, which he'd secretly desired for years.

"Can I um…ask you guys to do something?" Alden bravely inquired. "Something that would, um…help with the 'visual stimulation' part that you were talking about."

"What's that, Alden?" the doctor asked, raising an eyebrow curiously.

"Can you guys stand together, turn around and bend over?"

The three women looked at each other and snickered. "I suppose we could do that," the doctor answered.

Alden watched intently as they followed his request, standing hip to hip with their backs to him so he could admire their luscious bubble butts. They bent over, causing their huge knockers to hang down heavily. Alden gulped excitedly, staring at not only their rounded ass-flesh, but the thick outer lips of their hairless vulvas that flanked

their cunt-slits. The way their buns were slightly spread allowed him to even get a peek at the rings of their buttholes.

"How's that, Alden?" Doctor Chase asked, peering back at him.."Is that what you wanted?"

"Yes!" he answered, while imagining that he was fucking each one of them from behind.

"Any other requests?"

"Well, um…"

"What's on your mind, honey?" Kat asked as the three women stepped over to him, their fatty mammaries careening on their chests from their immense weight.

"Never mind," Alden stated, afraid to ask for what he was thinking, for fear that they think he was a complete pervert.

Doctor Chase put her hand on his chest reassuringly, looking down at him over the swell of her jutting melons. "Alden, if there's something that would make you aroused and make the ejaculation that we're about to give you stronger, don't hesitate to ask. The worst we can say is no," the doctor urged.

"Would it be ok if I, um…sucked on you?" he bravely inquired.

"Sucked on my breasts?"

"Yes," the boy responded, staring at her fat jugs. They loomed over him teasingly like huge fleshy water balloons.

Kat giggled, looking at the doctor. "I think it's something he's been fantasizing about for a long time, doctor," she explained.

"Is that so?" Doctor Chase asked, winking down at the aroused teen. "Well then…I suppose a little breast sucking wouldn't be out of the

question."

Alden's heart raced wildly as she lowered one of her dangling tits to his face, letting him latch on.

The teen whimpered and shuddered with unbridled excitement as Doctor Chase's massive, warm udders engulfed his face like heavy sacks of dough. He was completely buried beneath her heaving bosom, his world narrowed to the intoxicating scent of her skin and the plush, velvety softness pressing into him from all sides.

His lips latched greedily onto one thick, rubbery nipple, suckling hungrily as if trying to draw forth milk. Doctor Chase gasped and arched into him, threading her fingers through his hair to press him impossibly closer. Her nipple swelled and stiffened against his swirling tongue, the pebbled flesh slick with his saliva.

"I'm curious, Kat…was Alden breastfed as an infant?" the doctor asked as she watched the boy get to work.

"Yes…all my children were."

"Well, that would explain his strong desire to suckle. When a mother breastfeeds her boy, a special bond is formed, and the experience is forever ingrained into a boy's mind, attracting him to women with larger breasts."

Alden whimpered as nearly his entire face was smothered in warm, spongy tit-flesh. His lips were sealed around the fringe of Doctor Chase's wide areola, his cheeks suctioning her swollen nipple deep into his mouth.

Darci smiled as she watched her stepson suck. "His obsession with sucking big tits is certainly something he's shown us over the past week," she confirmed.

"Well, titties were certainly made for a boy to suckle," the doctor reaffirmed.

After letting the teen gorge himself on her breast for a few minutes, Doctor Chase tugged her nipple from his mouth. "There now, sweet boy…is there anything else we can do to get you worked up for a strong ejaculation?" she asked.

Alden turned his head, staring at the Doctor's shaved pussy, which was only a foot away from his ogling eyes. He could see her fleshy prepuce protruding from her labials folds. "Could I, um…taste you guys?" he boldly asked.

"Taste our vaginas you mean?" Doctor Chase asked.

"Yeah."

The doctor looked at the mothers and smiled. "What do you moms think?" she asked. "Should we give him something good to smell and taste before we work him off?"

"Whatever you think might help him I'm willing to go along with, doctor," Kat answered.

"Same here," Darci added. "We're both fully committed to helping Alden through this tough time in any way we can."

A few minutes later, Alden was peeking from his mom's crotch, staring straight up her torso as she straddled his face on the examination table. His tongue dug through her fragrant labial folds, lapping up the fuck-oil that oozed from her honeyed hole. He chewed at her grape-sized nubbin with his lips, while she gently rocked her pelvis in ecstasy. He couldn't imagine a better view. From his vantage point he could stare straight up

her bare pubis and trim belly, allowing a clear view her mammoth tits and their rounded undersides as they jostled to her every

movement.

By the time is mom's cunt lifted off him, half his face was coated in pussy-juice. He licked some from his lips, watching his stepmom's jugs dangle as she crawled over the top of him to take her turn. When her knees rested astride his head, Alden's tongue played against the fat ridges of Darci's cunt lips. He pressed his face against the musky flesh of her pudenda, then dove his tongue deep inside her cunt-hole.

Her hot flavorful walls quivered and sucked at his licker as if trying to draw it deeper inside. The teen couldn't wait to bury his big rigid boner deep inside that tight little fuck-hole, right down to his cock-root.

Doctor Chase was next on board. Alden laved at her fleshy cunt like a salivating dog. Like his mom, the doctor had a extraordinary large clitoris. He sucked it into his mouth and battered the fat, glandular bulb with his tongue. He loved looking up her sexy body, while eating her out; watching her fat tits reel back and forth on her chest.

Alden's tongue darted and swirled, greedily lapping up the sweet ambrosia that flowed freely from Doctor Chase's dripping cunt. Her nectar was divine, coating his tongue and filling his mouth with its intoxicating flavor. It was like honey and cream, with a hint of tangy musk that was uniquely her. He couldn't get enough, burying his face deeper into her soaked folds as he feasted on her essence.

Each swipe of his tongue brought forth a fresh gush of her juices, flooding his senses and drowning him in pleasure. He felt drunk on her, lightheaded from the heady cocktail of pheromones and feminine arousal. His cock throbbed almost painfully between his legs, steadily leaking pre-cum onto his taut belly as his balls churned with the need for release.

Doctor Chase ground herself down onto his eager mouth, rolling her hips to ride his probing tongue. Her breathy moans and sighs of bliss

spurred

him on, his oral muscles working overtime to pleasure her. He traced every fold and crease, circled her entrance teasingly before delving inside to plunder her fluttering depths.

"How was that, Alden?" Doctor Chase asked, rising off of him. "Are you ready for us to work you to orgasm now?"

"Yes…that was awesome, thanks!" the teen answered, his face still glistening with juices.

"Kat, if you wouldn't mind taking charge of the penile masturbation, Darci and I will work together to do an oral massage of his scrotum," the Doctor directed, making the boy's heart about race out of his chest.

"No problem. I think he's gotten quite used to my handjobs over the past week, right, sweetie?"

"Yep!" Alden anxiously nodded.

"There's heated lubrication there on the side-table," Doctor Chase stated. "I'll be using a little on my finger also, since I'd like to massage Alden's prostate, while Darci and I are sucking his balls."

Alden watched his mom squirt some lube on her hand, then smile down at him warmly as she stood beside the table with her big breasts ballooning out obscenely. He shuddered in delight as all three women went to work on him at once.

Darci and Doctor Chase leaned over, sucking one of his fat testicles into their mouths. The feel of their warm saliva and squirming tongues made the boy gasp in pleasure.

Kat wrapped her fist tightly around her son's erection, although it didn't even come close to going all the way around, especially near

the base. Then, she stroked it's meaty length up and down, from knob to root. Her slippery fist made a lewd creamy sound as it worked the length of his jutting stalk.

"Does that feel good, baby?" she sweetly asked, her giant milkers jiggling with her every stroke.

"Yes!" he gasped.

Alden's nut popped from Doctor Chase's lips. "Kat, be sure to pay particular attention to the bulb of your son's penis. That area near his testicles that feels slightly spongier. Massage it in an upward motion, like you're trying to coax a stubborn load out of him," she coached.

"Got it!" the mother nodded.

The doctor brought her lips back down near Darci's. The stepmom was still nursing on one of his tender balls, the ring of her lips closed tightly around the loose skin of his sack. "Darci, let's gently pull his balls downward, away from his body, doing this in a rhythmic motion, each time Kat pumps her fist up his shaft. This will pull on his spermatic cord and stimulate his testicles."

The doctor gobbled up his nut again and together they did as she suggested, tugging rhythmically at Alden's scrotum. While doing this, they scrubbed the oval-shaped meat of his nuts with their lickers, focusing on what they knew were the most sensitive parts. Darci and Doctor Chase's lips nearly touched, while closed tightly around the skin of the teen's nut sack, their mouths stuffed with ball-meat.

Inside Alden's swollen scrotum, his testicles throbbed and churned with arousal, the delicate tubules and ducts contracting rhythmically. The epididymis, a tightly coiled tube resting on the backside of each testicle, quivered as it transported sperm cells from the testes to the vas deferens.

As Darci and Doctor Chase suckled and laved his balls, their deft tongues massaged the rugose skin, stimulating the cremaster muscles. This caused his scrotum to contract, drawing his testes up closer to his body as they prepared to unleash their potent load.

Beneath the thin, soft layer of scrotal skin, Alden's testicles pulsed with blood flow, the seminiferous tubules swollen with millions of eager sperm. His Sertoli cells were in overdrive, nourishing the developing spermatids as they underwent their transformation into mature sperm, ready to explode from his meatus in thick, pearly ropes.

The doctor's and stepmom's oral ministrations coaxed his sperm through the rete testis and into the efferent ducts. It swirled and eddied through the epididymis, racing towards the vas deferens with each suckle and nibble. The teen's parenchyma hummed with activity, his gonads primed and tingling with the need for release.

Each gentle tug on his scrotum sent sparks of pleasure racing through Alden's groin, making his cock jerk and twitch in his mother's pumping fist. His Cowper's glands were leaking a steady stream of pre-ejaculate, the alkaline fluid mixing with his mother's saliva and the lubrication as she massaged it into his aching erection.

With his prostate gland stimulated from the inside and his balls worshipped so thoroughly from the outside, Alden knew he wouldn't last much longer. The coil of orgasm wound tighter and tighter at the base of his spine, his breath coming in ragged pants as the three women worked in tandem to bring him to a mind-blowing climax.

Alden looked down and watched his mom's pretty hand glide up and down his boner. She stroked with skill, doing a perfect corkscrew motion, gliding her thumb wetly over the stretched band of his frenulum and over his glans.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, enjoying the exquisite friction. She had given him numerous handjobs over the past few days but each one seemed equally as exciting.

Even though Kat had seen her boy's prick plenty of times by now and even felt it buried deep in her ass a few times, she couldn't get over how big and muscular it was. She squeezed hard on his stalk, compressing her

hand around the three blood-engorged columns that comprised his penile shaft. She felt the smooth muscle beneath the skin contract, making his knob mushroom wonderfully. Her eyes widened at the sight of the two ligaments at the root of his prick bulging and straining as they sustained the force of her vigorous cock-milking.

"Ohh, your dick is REALLY liking that, isn't it, honey?" she cooed, staring down into eyes over her big, bobbling boobies.

"Yes!" Alden hissed. He watched his beautiful mother lean over and whip her long, thick tongue all over his bell tip, wetting it with her saliva, while beating the bottom half of his stalk. He felt the doctor's index finger slip into his ass and begin massaging his prostate with the "come hither" motion.

"Ohh, damn!" the boy groaned, his cock and balls tingling exquisitely.

After several delightful minutes of this, Doctor Chase wrapped the fingers of her free hand around the loose skin beneath his balls tightly. This made Alden's nuts bugle out lewdly. "Let's lick his scrotal raphe!" the doctor breathlessly suggested to Darci.

Their long mommy-tongues touched repeatedly as they whipped down the seam between his testis, where the labia majora had once fused together when he was just a fetus inside Kat's womb.

"GODDAMN!" the boy jerked, never feeling anything else like it.

They bathed his perineum with sloppy kisses, then worked their way back up. When the women reached his ballooning scrotum, they scraped their teeth around his gonads gingerly, then nibbled at the loose skin of his ball-bag, making the boy squirm in delight. Doctor Chase continued the tireless fingering of his asshole, massaging his prostate.

"Oh, mom…I'm gonna cum real soon!" the boy whimpered, having never been worked over so thoroughly. He watched his mom's fist fly up

and down his steely pecker. Alden loved how it felt like a tight, wet pussy pummeling his horny dick right down to the root and back up.

"Just grunt and groan into mommy's cleavage, baby!" Kat urged, then dropped her heavy tits down around his grimacing face, while continuing to reach back and stroke him vigorously.

"HHMMFF!!" the teen grumbled, shivering with pleasure; his voice muffled by pounds of quivering tit-meat.

Darci and Doctor Chase felt the boy's nuts pull closer to his body, but they used wet suction to pull them back out, stretching the cord of his vas deferens. Alden's balls swelled within their mouths, their darting tongues setting off nerve endings that added to the divine pleasure being given to his penis.

"AHHH, SHIT!" Alden groaned into his mom's squishy tit-canyon, his back arching in delight as he hosed out the longest, fattest cum-rope of his life. It jetted upward, four-feet into the air, like some sort of slimy, pearly-white geyser, then splattered down onto Kat's back. More jets of creamy ball-jizz followed in rapid succession as his dick and balls got the royal work over. The action didn't stop for several minutes…not until the busty moms knew they had drained every drop from his young nuts.

As Alden's orgasm crashed over him in powerful waves, the three voluptuous mothers descended upon his writhing body like a tsunami of soft, eager flesh. They piled on top of him, their heavy breasts smothering him from all sides as they pressed close, determined to heighten and prolong his pleasure.

Kat sprawled across his chest, her massive tits engulfing his face completely. Alden was lost in a world of warm, pillowy softness, his moans of ecstasy muffled by his mother's abundant bosom. He could barely breathe, but he didn't care, happily drowning in her cleavage as his hips bucked and jerked beneath them.

Darci and Doctor Chase each straddled one of his thighs, their soaked, needy cunts grinding against his trembling muscles. They rubbed their swollen clits along his skin, coating him with their slick arousal as they shamelessly used him for their own pleasure. Their hands roamed greedily over every inch of exposed flesh they could reach, tweaking his nipples, scratching blunt nails down his sides.

Alden was completely buried in a writhing mass of hot, horny MILF flesh, their curves melding and blending until he couldn't tell where one ended and the other began. All he knew was the blissful sensations overwhelming his young body from head to toe as his climax seemed to go on forever, his balls emptying what felt like a gallon of spunk in thick, creamy spurts.

The women's hands found his spurting cock, pumping him in tandem as they worked to milk every last drop from his throbbing shaft. They cooed and purred encouragement in his ears, their filthy words urging him to give them everything he had, to paint their fingers with his teenage seed.

"That's it baby, drain those big balls all over Mommy's tits," Kat groaned, her voice husky with lust. "Give me that potent cum, every last fucking drop!"

"Fuck yeah, cover us with it!" Darci chimed in, fisting his shaft roughly. "Spew like a fucking fountain, you virile little stud!"

Doctor Chase pressed sloppy kisses along his jaw, her tongue flicking out to taste the sweat beading on his skin. "Such a good boy, giving us all your thick cream. Gonna milk this hard cock forever, make you squirt till there's nothing left!"

Alden could only moan and gasp in response, too far gone in the throes of mind-melting pleasure to form coherent words. His world narrowed to pure sensation - the slick slide of their hands on his sensitive flesh, the filthy litany spilling from their lips, the crush of tits and ass smothering him in their carnal heat.

When they were dressed again, Doctor Chase wrote down a prescription, handed it to Kat while giving Alden a serious look. "Five to six ejaculations daily, Alden…until your casts come off," she instructed, then shared a naughty smile with the boy's mother. "Doctors orders!"

"I think we can manage that," Kat replied.

"I think so too," Darci added, her stiff nipples clearly showing through her blouse.

That evening, after a delicious home-cooked dinner, Alden was resting on the couch when he heard the doorbell chime. Kat went to answer it and he could hear the excited chatter of female voices in the entryway.

"Alden, honey, look who's here to see you!" Kat called out.

The teen craned his neck to see and his jaw nearly hit the floor. Filing into the living room were all four of his grandmothers - his mom's mother, his father's mother, and both of his step-grandmothers. The women were all in their late 50s or early 60s, but time had been incredibly kind. They each sported gigantic, heavy

breasts that strained against their blouses, narrow waists, and wide childbearing hips.

Their faces were lined but lovely, framed by elegantly-styles hair. They carried themselves with the grace and confidence of women who knew the power of their mature sensuality.

Alden gulped as he watched the parade of stacked grandmas filter into the living room, their ample hips swaying. He suddenly felt like a gazelle surrounded by a pride of hungry cougars. Their shrewd gazes raked over his youthful frame appreciatively, lingering on the obvious bulge tenting his sweatpants.

"There's our brave boy," his father's mother cooed, bending down to press a kiss to his forehead. Her heavy tits swayed inches from his face,

the musky scent of her perfume and the glimpse of her lacy bra making his cock twitch in his sweatpants.

"We were so worried when we heard about your accident," his step-grandmother added, perching on the arm of the couch. Her skirt rode up her thigh, exposing the lacy top of her thigh-high stockings. "But look at you, being so strong and healing up so well."

Alden blushed and stammered, unsure how to respond to the blatant flirtation. Luckily, his mother came to the rescue. "Well, the doctor did suggest plenty of 'special' care, and rest. Why don't we take him up to bed, hmm?"

The grandmas readily agreed, surrounding Alden and practically lifting him off the couch between them. Kat followed behind as they guided him up the stairs, her eyes glued to the tantalizing sight of eight plump grandma buttcheeks undulating beneath tight skirts. Her pussy clenched as she imagined what was about to unfold.

Once they reached Alden's bedroom, Kat closed the door behind them with a definitive click of the lock. Her husband and children were occupied in other parts of the house, but she wasn't taking any chances.

She turned to face the group, a wicked gleam in her eye. "Ladies, I think we all know the real reason you're here. Our darling boy needs more than just rest to fully heal, doesn't he?"

The grandmothers exchanged knowing looks, sly smiles spreading across their lined faces. "Oh yes," his father's mother purred, her voice dripping with barely restrained lust. "We're here to provide some...extra special care."

Kat helped ease Alden down onto his bed, propping him up against the pillows. He watched with wide, disbelieving eyes as the four mature beauties began to shamelessly disrobe around him, putting on an impromptu striptease.

Blouses were unbuttoned and shrugged off to reveal overflowing bra cups barely containing their massive, heavy breasts. Skirts unzipped and pooled at their feet, exposing garter belts, sheer stockings, and tiny lace panties straining over plump, juicy asses.

One by one, the undergarments fell away, until Alden was surrounded by acres of smooth, supple skin, an ocean of tantalizing curves and valleys. Bras released, unleashing gigantic pendulous breasts capped by large, thickly textured areolas. Fat nipples jutted out, already pebbled with arousal. Panties slid down, baring plush, fleshy pussies, some bare and others neatly trimmed.

Alden's cock strained almost painfully against his sweatpants, the outline of his rigid shaft clearly visible. The grandmas eyed the obscene bulge hungrily, licking their painted lips.

His mother's mother crawled onto the bed, her huge tits swaying hypnotically. She placed a sensual hand on Alden's thigh, squeezing

gently. "Don't worry, baby," she cooed. "Grandma's gonna take such good care of you. We all are."

The other grandmothers joined her, their naked, voluptuous bodies crowding around Alden. Hands began roaming over his body, slipping under his shirt to dance across his quivering abdominal muscles. His sweatpants and boxers were quickly pulled off, allowing his enormous erection to slap up against his belly.

"Sweet Lord," one grandmother gasped, eyeing his thickness and length with unabashed desire. "What a spectacular young cock."

They descended on him then, a flurry of grasping hands and wet mouths. His father's mother captured his lips in a filthy kiss, her tongue boldly plundering his mouth. Two sets of hands wrapped around his aching cock, pumping him slowly as they purred their appreciation for his size and hardness.

Alden's bedroom echoed with the grandmothers' wanton whimpers and moans as they lavished his nude body with wet, sloppy kisses from head to toe. Their massive, bare breasts dragged across his heated skin, smothering him in pillowy softness as they bathed every inch of him in oral affection.

His mother's mother latched onto one small brown nipple, suckling hungrily as her hand continued to lazily stroke his rigid length. His father's mother licked a hot trail down his quivering abs, swirling her tongue around his navel before drifting lower. She nuzzled into his pubic hair, inhaling the musky scent of his arousal before extending her tongue to lap at the weeping slit of his cockhead, savoring the salty-sweet taste of his pre-cum.

Alden threw his head back against the pillow, a guttural groan escaping his lips as the grandmothers worshipped his body. He had never felt so much stimulation, so many mouths and hands driving him wild with pleasure. His cock felt harder than it ever had before, pulsing urgently as his swollen balls drew up tight.

One step-grandmother nibbled her way up his inner thigh, her teeth grazing the sensitive skin and making him shudder. She bypassed his straining erection to press open-mouthed kisses to his taut sack, drawing one plump testicle into the wet heat of her mouth. She suckled gently, rolling the orb on her tongue as Alden gasped and twitched beneath her ministrations.

The other step-grandma had shimmied up to straddle his face, her dripping, needy cunt hovering inches above his mouth. "Eat Grandma's pussy, baby," she purred, fisting a hand in his hair and lowering herself onto his waiting tongue. "Get it nice and sloppy for that big fat cock."

Alden eagerly complied, burying his face between her plush thighs. He lapped at her folds, groaning at the tangy-sweet taste of her arousal. His

tongue swirled around her fat, sensitive clit before delving deep, fucking into her channel as she rocked her hips against his face.

All coherent thought fled Alden's mind as he lost himself in the overwhelming sensations. The heady scent of mature female arousal, the slick slide of tongues on his most intimate places, the plump lips wrapped around his aching cock, the weight of heavy tits pressing into him from all sides.

Kat watched the debauched scene unfolding before her with a wicked grin, her own pussy dripping with arousal. She couldn't just stand and watch any longer. Crawling onto the crowded bed, she positioned herself between Alden's spread legs, her face level with his straining erection.

"Mmm, don't hog that delicious cock all to yourselves," she purred, grasping the thick base. "Mommy wants a taste too."

The grandmothers made room, but didn't relinquish their oral claim on Alden's pulsing shaft. Kat leaned in, extending her tongue to lap

at the steadily leaking slit, moaning at the familiar salty flavor of her son's pre-nut. She swiped broad strokes up the thick vein on the underside before swirling around the sensitive ridge of his glans.

Alden's whole body shuddered at the addition of his mother's talented mouth. He groaned into the pussy smothering his face, the vibrations making his step-grandmother cry out sharply and grind down harder. His fists clenched in the sheets, desperate to touch, to grab, but frustratingly impeded by the casts.

The four grandmothers and Kat worked in tandem, their mouths roaming over every rigid inch of Alden's incredible cock. They licked and kissed wetly up and down his length, leaving no spot untasted. Occasionally they would come together at the tip, their lips and tongues sliding against each other filthily as they fought over who got to suckle his swollen cockhead.

Hands gently rolled and tugged at his balls, adding to the overwhelming stimulation. Alden felt like he was losing his mind, drowning in a sea of pleasure more intense than anything he had ever experienced. His heart pounded frantically as the pressure built at the base of his spine, his abs clenching and flexing as he neared his peak.

When one grandmother deep throated him to the hilt, Alden saw stars. Her nose nestled into his pubic hair as she held him in the tight, fluttering confines of her throat. The others laved at his shaft and balls, bathing every inch of his groin in wet, sloppy affection.

Kat and the grandmothers worked together like a well-oiled machine, a team of skilled surgeons performing the most delicate and intense of operations. They called out observations and techniques to each other, seamlessly coordinating their efforts to drive Alden wild with pleasure.

Kat lifted her head from Alden's throbbing shaft, a string of pre-cum connecting her lips to his weeping tip. She looked around at the

other women, her expression one of clinical fascination even as her eyes blazed with lust.

"Look at the way the muscle at his root is contracting?" she pointed out, tracing a finger along Alden's twitching sack. "The way his scrotum is tightening and drawing up?"

"Those are signs of imminent ejaculation," her mother declared with authority. "His cock is throbbing and straining for release, the pressure building in his prostate."

"We need to work the base of his shaft," a step-grandmother advised sagely, wrapping her fingers around the very root of Alden's straining cock where it met his groin. She squeezed in a milking motion, coaxing the impending load up from his balls. "Really massage his bulb to help express the semen."

"Look at the way his glans is swelling and turning that deep, angry purple," his father's mother chimed in, gently squeezing the engorged head between thumb and forefinger. "The spongy erectile tissue is completely engorged with blood. He's primed and ready to blow."

"Mmm, and the frenulum is so stretched and sensitive," a step-grandmother purred, flicking the little band of skin with the tip of her tongue and making Alden jolt and gasp. "That's always a hot spot, guaranteed to drive a boy wild."

Kat and the grandmothers focused their efforts on Alden's most sensitive spots, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from his straining body. Hands fondled and squeezed, mouths licked and sucked. The lewd wet sounds of their oral ministrations filled the room, punctuated by Alden's desperate moans and gasps.

"His perineum is twitching!" a grandmother cried out, pressing two fingers firmly against the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls. She

rubbed in firm circles, stimulating his prostate from the outside. "I can feel the semen surging through his ducts!"

Kat wrapped her lips around just the head of Alden's cock, her cheeks hollowing as she suckled hard. Her tongue fluttered rapidly against his frenulum, pushing him closer and closer to the edge. She could taste his pre-nectar flooding her mouth, could feel how his glans pulsed and throbbed between her lips.

"Cup his balls, feel how tight they're getting," she mumbled around her mouthful of cock, her words garbled but the other women understood. Four hands gently cradled Alden's heavy sack, feeling the way his testicles drew up as his climax approached.

"He's gonna cum buckets," a step-grandmother announced gleefully, gently rolling his balls in her palm. "These big fat balls are filled to the brim with teen spunk, ready to explode!"

Alden's hips began to stutter and jerk, fucking up into the hot, wet suction of his mom's mouth. The corkscrew motion of the hand at his base, the finger pressing into his perineum, the tongue swirling around his glans, it was all too much. He tore his mouth away from the dripping cunt grinding on his face to let out a ragged groan.

"Fuck, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he cried out desperately, his whole body tensing like a coiled spring. "Gonna...unngghh...gonna blow my load!"

"Yes baby, give it to us!" Kat encouraged, pumping his shaft harder, faster. "Paint Mommy's face with it, shower us with your cum! Drain those big swollen balls!"

With a primal roar, Alden's cock jerked hard in Kat's grip, the first thick spurt of semen shooting out to splash against the back of her throat. She quickly pulled off, aiming his erupting cock at her face as pulse after pulse of hot, creamy seed striped her cheeks, her chin, her parted lips.

The other grandmothers quickly joined in, pushing their faces close, jostling for position. Pearly ropes of cum splattered across their aging but still beautiful features, painting their cheeks and chins with Alden's essence. They moaned and lapped at the cum dripping down, dangling tits.

Kat quickly reached for the bedside drawer, fumbling for a moment before extracting a thick silicone cock ring. With deft fingers, she stretched it wide and fit it snugly around the base of Alden's still-hard shaft, trapping the blood in his swollen, throbbing erection.

"This will keep him nice and hard for us," she explained with a wicked grin. "We're not done with this magnificent cock yet, not by a long shot."

Her mother nodded approvingly, her face dripping with Alden's release. "Help the boy to his knees, girls," she instructed. "Support him in the center of the bed so he can give us a good, hard doggy fucking. Or we can fuck him, rather, since his arms are out of commission."

The grandmothers eagerly complied, gently maneuvering Alden into position. They clustered around him on the bed, their hands roaming soothingly over his trembling muscles as they coaxed him up and forward until he was kneeling unsteadily, his rigid cock bobbing obscenely before him.

Two grandmothers knelt on either side, pressing their heavy breasts against his arms as they lent him their support and balance. The others positioned themselves on hands and knees before him, their plump, round asses raised invitingly as they looked back over their shoulders with come-hither stares.

Alden's head swam, barely able to process the incredible sight before him. Four gorgeous, naked grandmothers presenting themselves to him, their dripping fuckholes just begging to be split

open on his aching cock. It was every teenage boy's wildest wet dream come true.

His mother's mother backed herself towards him, reaching between her thighs to grab his straining erection. She notched the broad head against her slick, swollen entrance, rubbing it up and down her slit to coat it in her arousal.

Her grandson's cock split her twat, and with a filthy moan, she began to beat her naked bubble booty back against him ravenously, her plush ass cheeks rippling and jiggling with each impact.

Alden gasped as his cockhead was engulfed in the scorching heat of her cunt, her inner walls clenching greedily around him.

"That's it, ride that big fat cock," his mother's mother encouraged, rolling her wide hips. "Take Grandma's pussy, split me open on that thick young meat!"

Alden could only groan helplessly, his entire body alight with pleasure as he was enveloped in the smothering heat of her cunt. The grandmothers

supporting him pressed closer, their heavy tits pillowing his face, muffling his desperate cries.

The other two grandmothers knelt beside the rutting couple, their hands roaming over sweat-slicked skin. They fondled Alden's tightening balls, rubbed his taint and perineum, stroked the base of his pistoning shaft, working to heighten his pleasure from every angle.

Obscene wet squelching noises filled the room as Alden's grandmother impaled herself over and over, her greedy cunt devouring his thickness. Her ass bounced and quaked, rippling like jello with each harsh slap against his groin. The feel of her spongy walls gripping him like a silken fist was indescribable

But it wasn't enough. She wanted - needed - more.

230: MOM’S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-part3/3

With a growl, she reached back and grabbed Alden's hips in a bruising grip. Using the leverage, she began to slam herself back brutally, skewering her cunt on his cock like she was trying to merge their bodies into one.

The force rocked Alden forward, driving him so deep he swore he could feel the tip of his cock kissing her cervix. Stars burst behind his eyes as he was swallowed to the hilt in her hungry snatch, her ass grinding against his pelvis, trying to take him even deeper.

"Fuck, Grandma! So tight!" he babbled nonsensically, barely aware of the words spilling from his lips. "Gonna split you in half."

The filthy words only spurred her on, her powerful thighs flexing as she pistoned up and down his throbbing length with renewed vigor. Alden felt like he was being milked, the muscles of her cunt rippling along his shaft, trying to coax out his seed.

Alden's grandmother let out a primal scream, her entire body convulsing as a massive orgasm tore through her. Her cunt clamped down like a vice around Alden's cock, the rhythmic spasms milking him relentlessly. Clear,

slick ejaculate gushed from her spasming slit, splashing obscenely against Alden's groin and dripping down his balls.

"FUCK YES!" she wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Cumming so hard on your big fat cock, baby! Ohhhh fuuuuuck!"

Alden could only hold on for dear life, his own orgasm building rapidly at the base of his spine as his grandmother's cunt wrung his shaft. The cock ring at the base of his erection throbbed angrily, trapping the blood and keeping him hard, preventing his release even as he teetered right on the edge.

With a final full-body shudder, his grandmother collapsed forward onto the bed, slipping off Alden's slick erection with a wet pop. She lay there panting, her pussy still fluttering and clenching with aftershocks.

Before Alden could even catch his breath, his father's mother was scrambling to take her place. She grabbed his cock in a firm grip, giving it a few quick strokes before notching the tip at her grasping entrance.

"My turn to ride this magnificent beast," she purred, her voice low and filthy. "Gonna milk you dry, fill this hungry old cunt with your hot young cum."

She sank down slowly, letting out a long, low moan as inch after thick inch stretched her open. Alden's head lolled back against the grandmothers' supporting him, his mouth slack with pleasure as his cock was once again engulfed in tight, wet heat.

Once she was fully seated, his father's mother began to move, undulating her hips in sinful figure-eights. She ground her ass back into Alden's pelvis, stirring his cock inside her, letting him feel every ripple and flutter of her inner walls.

Alden was completely engulfed in warm, soft flesh from all sides, cocooned in the plush, naked bodies of the grandmothers surrounding him. Their heavy breasts pressed against his back and shoulders, his face

smothering in their pillowy tits as they held him steady for his father's mother's onslaught.

Wet, lurid smacking sounds filled the room as she beat her plump ass back against Alden's groin with wild abandon. Her round, rippling cheeks jiggled and quaked with each impact, the sheer force rocking Alden to his core. He could feel the tip of his cock battering her cervix, his thick length plundering her tight, wet heat over and over.

The grandmothers peppered Alden's neck and face with licks and butterfly kisses, their lips and tongues soothing the sweat-slicked skin. They whispered filthy encouragements in his ears, urging him to fuck his grandmother harder, to split her open on his throbbing cock.

"That's it baby, give her that fat dick," one cooed, nipping at his earlobe. "Pound that hungry grandma cunt, make her scream on your teenage cock!"

Alden was lost to the pleasure, drowning in a sea of sensations too intense to comprehend. The tight, rippling glove of his grandmother's pussy milking him, the plush give of the tits surrounding him, the wet suction of the mouths worshipping his skin. He felt owned, completely at the mercy of these lusty grandmas hellbent on wringing every ounce of cum from his young balls.

His father's mother increased her pace, slamming herself back onto his cock like a woman possessed. Her cunt made filthy squelching noises as it swallowed him over and over, drenching his groin in her slick arousal. A string of obscenities fell from her lips, her voice rising in pitch as she neared her peak.

"Fuck, fucking split me open!" she wailed, her cunt clenching rhythmically around Alden's pistoning shaft. "Goddamn, baby, your

cock is so fucking good! Gonna cum all over this fat dick, paint your balls with grandma's juices!"

True to her word, she let out a banshee shriek as her orgasm crashed over her, her cunt spasming wildly around Alden's throbbing erection. A flood of ejaculate gushed from her twitching slit, splashing lewdly against Alden's pelvis and coating his heavy balls in her slick essence.

Alden teetered right on the brink, his cock jerking and pulsing inside the vice of her fluttering walls. The cock ring dug cruelly into the base of his shaft, trapping his release, keeping him hard and desperate even as his balls drew up tight.

Kat watched with a knowing smile as her son's lust-blown eyes tracked the movement of the grandmothers' monumental breasts jiggling and swaying hypnotically around him. She could read his desire like an open book, recognizing the same primal hunger that had always darkened his gaze when he stared at her own massive, heavy tits.

She knew how badly he craved the feel of those plush, doughy mounds smothering his face, the yearning to latch onto a thick, rubbery nipple and suckle like a babe at the teat. It was the same desperate oral fixation that drove him wild when she pressed his face into her cleavage, letting him motorboat her huge milkers.

Deciding to indulge her boy's deepest fantasy, Kat spoke up, her voice husky with lust. "Ladies, I think our stud here needs a change of position. Why don't we lay him out on his back so we can take turns smothering him with our big ol' titties while we ride his gorgeous cock?"

The other women voiced their enthusiastic agreement, carefully maneuvering a boneless Alden onto his back in the center of the bed. His rigid shaft jutted proudly towards the ceiling, so engorged it

looked almost painful, the purple head shining with mingled cum and arousal.

"Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you baby?" his mom's mother cooed, cupping her huge, pendulous breasts and hefting them teasingly. "Having Grandma's big fat tits in your face while you pump me full of

that hot teenage cum? I know how much you love heavy tits, don't you darling? Can't resist burying your face in them."

Alden could only groan in response, nodding eagerly as he licked his lips. His eyes were riveted on the massive jugs dangling above him, watching the way they swayed and bounced with her every movement. Each grandma had to be at least an J-cup, their heavy fun bags capped with saucer-sized areolas and thimble-thick nipples that just begged to be sucked.

His father's mother swung a leg over his hips, straddling his loins and reaching between their bodies to grasp his straining erection. She notched the broad tip at her entrance, shuddering as she rubbed it along her slick folds.

"Gonna smother you good with these huge grandma titties," she purred sultrily, slowly sinking down onto his thick cock. "Drown you in my fat milk sacks while this wet old cunt milks your fat teenage baby-maker."

Alden let out a sharp cry as he was engulfed in the scorching heat of her pussy, his chest heaving as he struggled for air. At the same time, she leaned forward and smashed her gigantic, plush breasts right into his face, completely engulfing his head in her soft, doughy flesh.

Alden motorboated her tits wildly, groaning and gasping into the abyss of her cleavage as she began to rock and grind on his throbbing shaft.

"Mmm, that's it baby, get lost in Grandma's big ol' titties," she cooed, undulating her wide hips in a sinful rhythm. "Bury your face in my squishy udders while I ride this fat cock. Fucking smother you with my milk jugs while you pump me full of jizz."

Alden was in heaven, drowning in the warm, pillowy embrace of his grandmother's monumental rack. He lapped at the soft skin, laving the deep valley between her breasts before working his way up the slope of one tit and latching onto one elongated nipple. He suckled greedily, his

cheeks hollowing as he tried to draw the rubbery nub deep into his hungry mouth.

The combined sensations of her plush tits smothering his face and her tight, rippling cunt milking his cock were almost too intense to bear. Alden felt like he was being devoured whole, his body used as nothing more than a vessel for their pleasure. And he loved every filthy second of it.

His grandmother rode him hard and fast, her massive ass slapping lewdly against his thighs as she impaled herself over and over on his straining erection. Alden could feel every flutter and spasm of her greedy hole, her inner muscles clenching rhythmically as if trying to milk the cum right out of his balls.

The lucky teen could feel the head of her cervix on his glans—that tight ring of fleshy muscle creating suction-cup-like friction on the tender purple bulb of his penis.

"Yess! Fuck Grandma's cunt," she babbled almost incoherently, her hips churning frantically. "Stretching me so good, ruining me on your teenage cock. Gonna fucking flood me with cum, fill my womb with it. Knock up this old pussy so good."

He felt her pillowy udders ripple around his face and heard her let out a pleasurable shriek as she came undone on top of him.

"OH-H-H-H, WOW!" the boy's tit-smothered voice trembled. It felt like his Gran's cunt-barrel was shifting and tightening around his sinewy cock, and fem-cum burst from the slit of her urethra, running down the sides of his abdomen and onto the bed. She came apart in a series of trembling screams and undulations.

With the help of the snug silicone cock ring trapping the blood in his engorged shaft, Alden was able to maintain an almost painfully hard erection as his four insatiable grandmothers took turns riding him into

oblivion. They used his teenage cock like a toy, each one determined to milk him dry before passing him off to the next.

No sooner would one grandmother's cunt spasm and convulse around him as she came with a wail, than another would be climbing on to take her place. They ground their hungry cunts down onto his upturned face, smearing his chin and cheeks with their pungent arousal as they demanded he eat them out while they rode him.

But what really drove Alden wild was the way each grandmother would lean forward and smother his face with her massive, super-squishy tits as she fucked herself on his cock. They pressed his head deep into the valley of their cleavage, drowning him in soft, doughy flesh until he saw stars. He lapped and motorboated their huge milkers wildly, groaning into their skin as they swallowed his rigid length over and over.

Alden latched onto one elongated, rubbery nipple after another, suckling and gnawing at their puckered flesh like a hungry infant. He lost himself in the taste and scent and feel of their monumental breasts, the way they rippled and bounced against his face as they rode him hard and fast.

Gushes of pungent fem-juice poured from their spasming cunts as they came on his relentlessly pistoning cock, coating his churning balls and dripping down to soak the sheets below. The filthy wet

sounds of their coupling filled the room - the lewd slap of mature flesh meeting youthful, the squelching of his cock plundering their drenched channels, the muffled groans and gasps as Alden was smothered beneath mountains of jiggling tit-flesh.

Time lost all meaning as the broken-armed teen was used as nothing more than a fuck toy, a hard young cock for the insatiable grandmothers to take their pleasure from. He was drowning in a sea of ripe, lust-crazed MILF flesh, their bodies so hot and wet and willing.

His own pleasure built to an impossible crescendo, his cock throbbing and jerking as his orgasm approached. But each time he teetered on the

brink, the cruel bite of the cock ring would drag him back, keeping him hard and desperate as his balls churned with pent-up release.

The grandmothers fucked him stupid, working their wide, tireless hips, each one more determined than the last to be the one to finally wring him dry. They rode his face and cock in a filthy relay, passing him back and forth, keeping him constantly stuffed with wet, hungry cunt. Alden was no longer a person, just a vessel for their pleasure, a toy to fuck and cum on.

It was ultimately his mother's filthy words that finally pushed Alden past the point of no return, her dirty talk sending him hurtling over the edge into mind-melting ecstasy.

"That's it baby, plow that fat hog up Grandma's cock-pocket!" Kat urged crudely, her voice cutting through the haze of Alden's pleasure. "Ruin that sloppy snatch with your teenage baby-batter blaster! Flood her cunt with jizz, fill her womb with your potent fucksauce!"

Alden let out a choked sob at his mother's XXX-rated encouragement, his hips pistoning frantically as he felt his balls seize

up. His grandmother was riding him like a woman possessed, her huge ass slamming down to meet his frenzied upward thrusts, her cunt making obscene wet noises as she swallowed his cock to the hilt.

"Fucking do it stud, nut in that greedy grandma twat!" Kat continued, spurring him on. "Paint her cunny walls white, make her fucking feel that gooey load blast out the hole on your vein-stick!"

With an animalistic roar, Alden exploded, his whole body going rigid as his orgasm finally crashed over him. His cock swelled impossibly thicker before erupting like a geyser, painting his grandmother's rippling inner walls with what felt like gallons of hot, virile spunk.

His grandmother let out a banshee wail as she felt Alden's release flooding her clenching cunt, triggering her own bone-rattling climax. She

convulsed on top of him, her entire body wracked with pleasure as her greedy hole milked him for every drop.

Alden's vision whited out as he emptied his balls into his grandmother's spasming twat, his mind shorting out from the intensity of his release. He could feel her cervix fluttering against the spurting tip of his cock, eagerly drinking down his seed as Kat continued her barrage of filthy encouragement.

"Fuck yeah, dump that creamy jizz deep, baby!" Kat crowed. "Squirt her full of your nut-butter, knock the dust outta those shriveled old ovaries! Drown that thirsty womb in ball-batter, give Grandma a belly full of baby-gravy!"

Alden pumped load after voluminous load into his grandmother's cum-hungry cunt as she writhed on top of him, both of them lost to the throes of a seemingly endless mutual climax. Her huge, fatty tits smacked him in the face as she bounced, her massive ass rippling like jello as she greedily swallowed every inch of his spurting cock.

"Go Tigers!" Kat screamed from the bleachers, her giant tits jostling beneath her bra as she threw her arms in the air. She sat with her son, Alden, to one side of her and her husband on the other as they watched the game.

"I sure wish I was out there playing," Alden expressed in disappointment, both his broken arms resting in slings. He had gotten the injury a week ago now while practicing with the very team he was watching.

"I do too, honey, but at least you're here supporting your team and that's what matters," his mother reminded him.

"Yeah, I'm sure it means a lot to them to see you up here in the stands cheering them on," Alden's stepdad, Mick, added.

Kat couldn't help but notice how her son's eyes drifted over to the school cheerleaders, watching their plump titty-melons bounce around beneath their uniforms as they threw their luscious legs around gracefully. "It's sure starting to get chilly," said the mother as she draped a throw-blanket over the laps of her and Alden.

No sooner did she have their lower halves covered then Alden felt her hand grasp his cock through his pants. Kat wasn't shocked at all to find it erect and throbbing for release. Doctor Chase had given specific instructions for the boy to have five to six orgasms daily and that's exactly what her and Alden's stepmom, Darci, had been providing.

Kat had gotten up early that day, snuck to her son's room and given him a sloppy blowjob, even before anyone else in the house was awake. She loved the feel of his tasty, teenage cock gliding through her greedy mouth and throat. She made sure to whip her long mommy-tongue all over his bell-shaped glans the entire time. His virile spunk was absolutely delicious as it splattered her cock-gobbling mouth and down her throat.

Once her husband left for work and the other kids were off to school, she climbed on top of teen and gave him a good hard cowgirl butt-fuck, letting her oversized mommy-tits bobble against his wonder-stricken face the entire time. After her son blew his cum-load deep in her shitter, the mother smiled at him lasciviously. "Do you wanna fuck my pussy for the first time at the game tonight?" she asked.

"That would be rad!" the boy exclaimed, his dick-meat twitching inside the grip of her ass-tube.

Kat wanted him to experience her hot mommy-cunt for the first time somewhere sentimental. No better place than at a game he should be playing in. No, he couldn't participate football due to his broken arms, but he could sure perform in other memorable ways, like beating his young dick through hot, MILF pussy.

Kat scissored her naked legs back widely and grinned. "You can shoot your hot cum between these 'goal posts' and score some serious points," she joked, making her son laugh.

After school, Alden's redheaded stepmom, Darci, was waiting in his bedroom and let the boy fuck her up the ass. She bounced her meaty butt-cheeks against his lap and let him squeeze on her huge, naked tits until he blasted his third load of the day deep inside the pit of her rectum.

As his mom's hand subtly stroked his throbbing erection through his pants beneath the blanket, Alden glanced around at the crowded bleachers, his pulse quickening at what he saw. While the husbands and fathers were focused intently on the game, many of the wives and mothers only had their eyes set on him.

Alden gulped as he took in their hungry, lustful stares, the way they licked their glossy lips and undressed him with their eyes. These were women he had known his whole life - his friend's moms, neighbors, PTA members. Women who had watched him grow up,

who had pinched his cheeks and ruffled his hair. But now they were looking at him like he was a prime cut of meat, a young stud to be devoured.

A curvy brunette MILF in a low-cut sweater sat with her legs primly crossed, but as Alden's gaze met hers, she slowly uncrossed and spread them wider. The skirt rode up her thick thighs, revealing a peek of her sheer lacy panties stretched taut over her plump mound. Alden's mouth went dry as he watched her subtly rub her cameltoe, the damp fabric clinging to the outline of her puffy lips.

Next to her, a busty blonde licked her lips lasciviously as she stared at Alden's crotch, as if she could see right through the blanket to the hard cock straining beneath. She cupped her heavy tits and hefted them, winking salaciously as she mouthed "come fuck me."

All around him, Alden was surrounded by a sea of cock-hungry soccer moms, their wanton desire for his young meat written plainly across their faces. A redhead with an ass like two ripe melons packed into painted-on

jeans shamelessly ground her crotch against the edge of the bleacher, biting her lip as she eye-fucked him. The MILF next to her was practically drooling as she zeroed in on Alden, her hand drifting between her legs to rub herself through her skirt.

Alden's teenage balls throbbed with the need to drain, to douse these desperate housewives with a firehose of virile cum. His cock flexed in his mother's stroking hand, a damp spot of pre-cum soaking through his underwear. He didn't know how he was going to make it through the game without exploding in his pants like a horny middle schooler.

Just then, Kat leaned in close, her lips brushing Alden's ear as she whispered filthily. "Looks like you've got quite the fan club, stud."

Unbuttoning his pants, the mother's fingers deftly traced the hard, straining length of Alden's erection through the thin fabric of his underwear. She could feel every ridge and vein, the way his cock throbbed and pulsed with need under her touch. The meaty shaft was like a bar of hot iron sheathed in silky skin, radiating heat against her palm.

She slowly pumped her fist along his length, relishing the feel of his impressive girth stretching the cotton taut. Her fingers found the damp patch of pre-honey soaking through the material near the tip and she rubbed slow circles over the sensitive head, making Alden's hips twitch involuntarily.

Kat's own core was burning with arousal, her pussy clenching and fluttering with desperate need. Her lacy panties were drenched, the slick fabric clinging to her swollen lips and throbbing clit. She could feel her juices trickling down her inner thighs, her body primed and ready to be split open on her son's fat teenage cock.

As she fondled Alden's rigid shaft beneath the blanket, Kat pictured how it would feel spearing into her needy cunt, stretching her neglected walls to the limit. She imagined the delicious burn as his thickness invaded her, the way his mushroom head would kiss her cervix as he bottomed out. Her pussy spasmed at the thought, a fresh gush of arousal soaking her panties.

Kat ached to mount her boy right there in the bleachers, to sink down on his steel-hard pole and ride him in front of everyone. She wanted to put on a show for all the horny MILF's drooling over her son, to stake her claim and prove that only she could truly satisfy his raging teenage libido.

Her clit throbbed almost painfully, demanding attention as she gripped Alden through his underwear. It took every ounce of willpower not to shove her hand under the waistband and wrap her

fingers around his naked cock, to jerk him until he exploded all over her stroking fist.

But Kat restrained herself, knowing that anticipation would only make their inevitable coupling that much sweeter. She had promised Alden that he could finally experience her hot mommy cunt tonight, and she intended to make it a memory he would never forget.

Leaning in close, the horny mom let her lips brush the shell of Alden's ear as she whispered huskily, "Are you ready to play?"

She felt wicked doing this with her husband sitting so near, but she justified her actions in her own mind by telling herself that she was only doing it to help her son through a tough time.

"I'm ready," the boy whispered back, then he spoke so his father could hear him. "I think I need a bathroom break."

"No problem, honey. Let's head down to the restroom," Kat stated in a louder than usual voice so her husband could hear.

Mick knew that since Alden's injury his wife always assisted his stepson in using the bathroom, but wasn't much bothered by it, since it got him off the hook.

"Are you sure you two wanna leave this second?" Kat's husband asked. "It looks like we're down in the red zone getting ready to score."

"When you gotta go, you gotta go," said his wife as her and Alden stepped down the bleachers. Kat's body tingled from the thrill of

knowing she was about to be fucked by a gorgeous teenager. A boy that many girls and mothers at the game also lusted after.

As Kat and Alden made their way down the bleachers towards the parking lot, the lusty stares from the other moms in attendance did

not go unnoticed. Word had spread like wildfire over the past week about Alden's "special needs" while recovering from his broken arms. Tales of the virile young man's insatiable libido and impressive endowment had the rumor mill churning at a frenzied pace.

Gaggles of MILFs huddled together, whispering behind their hands as they eyed the strapping teenager hungrily. Their gazes raked over his muscular frame, undressing him with their eyes, imagining all the filthy things they could do to that nubile young body. Alden could feel their stares burning into him, making his already throbbing cock twitch eagerly in his jeans.

As they reached the parking lot, several of the bolder moms approached Kat, their voices dripping with false concern.

"Oh Kat, we heard about poor Alden's accident," one particularly buxom redhead cooed, her eyes never leaving Alden's crotch. "I can only imagine how difficult it must be for him, not being able to...take care of his needs."

"If there's anything we can do to help, please don't hesitate to ask," another chimed in, licking her lips suggestively. "I'd be more than happy to come by and assist with his physical therapy."

"We could take turns," a statuesque brunette suggested, her hand brushing Alden's arm. "Ease the burden on you a bit. I'm sure a strapping young man like Alden has quite the...appetite."

Kat fought back a knowing smirk, fully aware of what these desperate housewives were really offering. She couldn't blame them - her son was a prime specimen of young male virility. She'd be lying if she said she

wasn't enjoying the envious looks, the knowledge that they all wanted a taste of what she had unrestrained access to.

"Thank you, ladies, that's so generous of you," Kat replied sweetly, playing along. "Alden does require quite a bit of hands-on attention lately. I'm sure he would appreciate a few extra...helping hands."

The moms tittered excitedly, already undressing Alden with their eyes. "Just name the time and place, and we'll be there," the redhead promised, her voice husky with barely-restrained lust. "We're always eager to help a young man in need."

Kat smiled conspiratorially, already picturing the debauched scenes that would soon unfold in her home. Her son, splayed out naked and helpless, his magnificent cock serviced by a never-ending rotation of eager MILF mouths and cunts. She shivered in anticipation.

"Why don't you ladies swing by the house tomorrow morning around 10?" Kat suggested with a sly wink. "Bring your appetite - I'll make sure Alden is ready and waiting for you."

The moms giggled gleefully, already salivating at the prospect of getting their manicured claws on Alden's youthful flesh. As they dispersed with promises to be there bright and early, another small cluster of women lingering nearby approached tentatively.

"Excuse me, Kat?" a curvy blonde ventured, her cheeks flushed. "We couldn't help but overhear...I hope you don't think it too forward, but my friends and I would love to join in on the fun tomorrow. If there's room for a few more, that is."

Kat's gaze swept over the newcomers, taking in their wedding rings and hungry expressions. A wicked thrill raced through her at the thought of so many neglected wives and mothers clamoring for a taste of her son's cock.

"Of course, the more the merrier!" she agreed readily. "Alden will be thrilled to have so many eager...participants in his therapy."

The women twittered excitedly amongst themselves, already conspiring in hushed tones about all the sinful things they planned to do to the teen stud. Off to the side, Kat noticed two younger women, barely out of their teens themselves, eavesdropping intently. Their round, protruding bellies strained against their snug tops - clearly they were both quite far along in their pregnancies.

Feeling mischievous, Kat called out to them. "Care to join us, girls? I'm sure Alden wouldn't mind a couple of sexy young things like you in the mix."

The pregnant girls startled, clearly not expecting to be addressed. They exchanged a wide-eyed glance, their faces flaming, before the bolder of the two stepped forward.

"Could we really?" she asked breathlessly, one hand cradling her swollen stomach. "It's just...ever since we got knocked up, our husbands barely touch us anymore, you know, out of concern for the babies. We're both so horny all the time..."

Her friend nodded enthusiastically, biting her plump bottom lip. "We'd be so grateful for the opportunity, Mrs. Thornton. We promise to show Alden a really good time."

Kat laughed, delighted by their youthful eagerness. "Then it's settled! The more cock-hungry cunts for my boy, the better. Just remember, ladies - Alden's pleasure comes first. I expect you all to work together to drain those big teenage balls dry."

A chorus of enthusiastic agreement rose from the assembled women, their eyes sparkling with anticipation. Kat basked in their adulation, feeling like the ring leader of the most depraved circus imaginable. She

couldn't wait to watch them fall upon her son like a pack of hungry wolves.

A few minutes later, Alden's heart pounded like a war drum as he watched his mom, Kat, descend onto his throbbing cock for the first time in the cramped, steamy backseat of her car. His pants shackled his ankles, and Kat straddled him like a wild beast, knees digging into the seat, hips swaying with primal hunger. The teen's hips bucked upwards, the head of his cock impatiently nudging against her drenched, quivering pussy lips.

Then, with a guttural groan, the mother impaled herself on his steel-hard cock, her slick pussy walls clamping down on him like a velvet vise. "Fuck, Alden!" she cried out, her voice a ragged mix of pain and pleasure as she took him to the hilt in one savage stroke.

Alden's eyes rolled back, his gaze fixed on their joined bodies. He'd never known anything like the searing ecstasy of her tight, ribbed cunt walls sucking on his engorged cock.

"Just sit back and let mommy fuck you," Kat panted, her voice hoarse with lust. "Feel my hot, tight pussy, baby. Let it take you over."

With her mouth agape and her long hair whipping around her sweat-sheened, flushed face, Kat began to pound her hips against him, her body slamming against his in a relentless, fevered rhythm, her pussy swallowing his cock whole.

"Fuck, Mom!" Alden choked out, his massive, rock-hard dick plunging through her scorching, clenching tunnel. Her juices drenched his cock, flowing down to soak his balls.

"Does that feel good, honey?" she huffed, riding him like a cock-fucking pro. Kat had not only removed her panties but her bra also, since she knew how much her boy loved to feel her oversized hooters bouncing softly against his body.

"It sure does!" confessed the teen, nuzzling his face between his mom's warm, squishy udders.

Kat dug her nails into his muscular shoulders, her body writhing as she rode him hard. Her rounded ass cheeks slammed against his thighs, the car echoing with the sound of flesh meeting flesh. Despite the countless times she had taken her son, this was different—this time, she was taking him into her dripping wet pussy, not her ass.

His thick, throbbing cock stretched her tight walls, each inch of him filling her completely. Her husband's dick was a distant, pathetic memory compared to the raw, primal power of her son's cock claiming her, possessing her entirely.

Alden's face was buried, smothered in the sweat-slick chasm between her mammoth tits. "Fuuuck!" he roared, engulfed in a fever dream of hot, heaving flesh and the vice-like grip of her cunt relentlessly pounding his throbbing cock.

"Oh my God, I'm cumming!" Kat's pretty voice announced.

Alden felt her body give off a wonderful shudder and her pussy-tunnel felt like it was turning inside out around his pummeling prick.

The rocking motion of Kat's vehicle certainly didn't fail to get the attention of their neighbors as they arrived for the game. When Jim Green got to the bleachers, he was quick to bring it to the attention of Kat's husband, Mick.

"Well, that stepson of yours can't get any action on the field, but apparently he can still get action on the backseat, huh?" Jim joked.

"How do you mean?"

"I was just in the parking lot. Your wife's car is rocking so hard the wheels are nearly jumping from the pavement."

Mick urgently dialed his wife's number on his cellphone. "Hi, honey," Kat's breathless voice answered, tinged with a hint of exertion.

"Is Alden having sex in your car?" Mick demanded, his voice tense. "Jim Green just arrived at the game and swears it looks that way."

A heavy silence filled the line, thick with unspoken tension. "Kat, are you there?" Mick pressed, anxiety creeping into his tone.

"Yes, I'm here, honey," Kat replied, her voice steady but firm. "Alden did meet up with a girl after I helped him use the bathroom. That must be where they went."

"Well, couldn't they find somewhere more discreet?" Mick's voice rose with frustration. "Having sex in the middle of the school parking lot is far from ideal."

Inside Kat's vehicle, she continued her passionate romp with her son, her voice unwavering as she spoke to her husband. "My windows ARE tinted, honey. No one outside the car is gonna see anything they shouldn't. Just let them have their fun."

"Yeah, until the police get called," Mick stated.

"Mick, it's a high school football game," Kat expressed. "I'm sure that Alden and this girl aren't the only ones to ever fuck in a car on school grounds."

Kat felt wicked speaking to her husband, while feeling her son's cock jab against her cervical entrance with its spongy tip. She had certainly never felt penetration that deep with Mick or Alden's father, Anthony. "I'm down near the concession stand talking to one of the other moms. I'll be there in a minute."

After she hung up, her son smiled at her mischievously. "He would sure be pissed if he knew it was YOU that I was in the car fucking, huh?" he asked.

"No, not at all!"

"Really?!"

"I'm joking," Kat laughed, making her fat tits jiggle. "He'd kill us both."

Alden thrust his hips from the seat cushion, spearing his erection up into the insatiable snugness of his mom's cunt. "Damn, mom… screwing you is much better than jacking off," he sighed, "and your pussy feels even better than your ass."

"That's because mom has cuntal muscles that can suck on the entire length of your big, dreamy prick."

Kat was a teenage vixen once more, sprawled across the backseat with the beefy football god rutting after the game. She could feel every throbbing inch of his colossal cock jackhammering into the depths of her spasming cunt, brutally stretching her womb back against her cervix. She welded their groins together, grinding her wide hips in a savage rhythm, churning his granite shaft inside her with a primal ferocity that lasted for several blindingly intense minutes.

"Goddamn that's good!" the boy hissed, feeling his boner plow around inside the hot, juicy sleeve of her cunt. "You're gonna make me cum soon, mom!"

"Pound me and fill me full of your cream then!" his mom encouraged.

Alden's hips thrust upward like a wild stallion, his mom riding him like a rodeo queen. The pressure in his balls detonated like a grenade, unleashing a torrent of molten cum that erupted through his pussy-sheathed cockhead. His muscular body convulsed in sheer rapture as the scorching, potent seed exploded through his throbbing shaft, pulsing with raw, primal intensity.

"Oh, sweet motherfucker!" Kat screeched, her nails sinking into her son's broad shoulders as she rode his cock feverishly. "I'm cumming, baby! I'm cumming all over your big teenage cock!"

For what felt like an eternity of electrifying bliss, their bodies collided with fevered intensity, a whirlwind of passion that consumed them both. Together, they soared on a euphoric cloud, each shattering into an exquisite climax that fused their very beings.

Suddenly, a sharp, jarring knock shattered the moment. Kat jolted, heart racing. "Damn it, it's your stepfather!" her mother hissed in a frantic whisper. "Get rid of him!"

Alden cracked one of the back windows and his stepfather peered in. Mick could tell there was a girl on top of the boy, but he couldn't make out who she was. He never would have imagined that it would be his own wife. "What do you want, Mick?" the teen asked.

"To give you some friendly advice, kid" he answered. "The school parking lot on game night isn't the best place for a play date."

"OK then…when you see mom, let her know we took the car for a ride to park somewhere else."

"And how do you plan on driving anywhere with two broken arms?" Mick asked.

"My date can drive," Alden answered. "She's old enough."

"I better call your mom and make sure that's ok," said Mick, taking out his cellphone.

Alden knew if he didn't do something before Mick dialed, they would be in real trouble. "Mom already urged me to drive somewhere else, but we were just so horny that we couldn't wait. You know how it is," he stated.

"Alright, well…when I see your mom, I'll let her know that the two of you went for a drive."

As soon as the window closed Kat began to giggle. "Oh my God, that was such a thrill!"

"It's a good thing it's dark in here," said Alden. "He would have known it was you on top of me."

"Well, you heard what he said. Your date should drive you somewhere so she can continue fucking you," stated Kat, then she locked lips with her son for a series of sensual kisses.

The mother's phone suddenly began going off. They thought it would be Mick but were surprised when they heard Darci's voice. "Where are you guys? We just got to the game, but I don't see you anywhere."

"We're in the parking lot," Kat answered. "Mick's heading your way, but Alden and I are going for a joy ride."

"Who's 'joyriding' who?" Darci joked.

Kat giggled. "When you see Mick…tell him you're joining me and some of the other moms for a walk around the school for some gossip or something."

"Do I take that to mean that I get to join your joy ride?" Darci asked.

"We'll pick you up in a few minutes."

Once Darci handed the crucial information to Mick, she left the two husbands engrossed in the game, their eyes glued to the field. She hurried to join Kat and Alden, adrenaline pumping through her veins.

Kat slammed the accelerator, propelling them out of town with a roar, the vehicle tearing through the streets. The tires spat gravel as they veered onto a secluded dirt road, the world outside blurring into a wild rush of motion.

"It smells like sex in here. Have you two been fucking?" Darci asked.

"Take a look in the backseat," Kat replied, turning on the overhead lights.

Darci looked back to see Alden still sitting there, naked from the waist down. He still had a boner and it glistened with his mother's orgasmic juices. "Well, I guess that answers my question."

"Sorry, I couldn't pull my shorts back up," said the teen.

"Don't apologize to me. I'm quite enjoying this view," said Darci, licking her luscious lips as she stared at his oversized cock.

"Do you know where you're going, mom?" Alden asked, gazing out the window as the passing darkness of the secluded dirty road.

"Down by the riverbank. It's where the guys always took us to fuck when we were younger."

"The same spot dad and I go to fish sometimes?" the boy asked.

"Yes. Aren't you the one who always tells me that the place is littered with used condoms? Well now you know why," said the mother.

She burst onto the riverbank, adrenaline coursing through her veins, and she and Darci swiftly clambered into the back with the boy.

Alden's heart thundered in his chest, a wild drumbeat, as he watched them shed their clothes with feverish urgency, baring themselves completely. "Alden," Darci's voice cut through the electric

tension, "if you were lying on your belly, could you stretch your arms above your head and rest them on the seat, completely at ease?"

"Sure!"

"Excellent!" his stepmother grinned, quickly sprawling onto her back on the seat and throwing her thighs open. "Come down between my legs."

Alden carefully maneuvered between her thighs, lifting his casted arms up over their heads and resting them on the seat as he settled against her lush body.

"Is that alright, honey?" his mom asked, helping him get comfortable on top of Darci.

"Yeah, I'm good," the boy answered. The feel of Darci's lush, naked body pushing against the full length of his was more than he could stand. Her fat tits squashed against his bare chest like warm, soft bread dough, her swollen teats prodding against his skin.

Darci covered his lips with her hungry mouth, lustfully thrusting her tongue deep into his throat. Eager to feel his hard cock buried inside of her, she grasped the base of his throbbing member and rubbed his big, sensitive knob against her cuntal flanges. "Sounds like you got to fuck your mom already," she said between kisses. "Ready to try stepmom's cunt on for size?"

"You bet!" the boy replied.

Darci's body quivered with a wicked thrill as she felt his cock knob nudging between her slippery cunt-lips. "Ohhh, shit!" she gasped as her stepson thrust forward, sinking his cock into the hot inner flesh of her fuck-tunnel.

She threw her strong, smooth mommy-legs around his lean, youthful body. Both their hips began to pivot instinctively, setting into a

glorious fuck-rhythm. Alden's big balls beat lewdly against the ring of his stepmom's asshole.

"God, I thought you felt good in my ass. You feel even better in my pussy!" gasped the horny stepmother, clutching frantically around his shoulders. She threw her cunt up to receive every thrust of his hard, plunging cock. The obscenely stretched lips of her labia sucked greedily

around his rigid meat as if trying to pull all his length inside of her, right down to his cock-root.

Alden worked his hips at a frantic pace, pistoning his thick cock in and out of Darci's ravenous cunt with youthful vigor. He unleashed all his pent-up lust and need, fucking her with wild abandon, spurred on by her gasps and cries of ecstasy.

Darci clung to him desperately, her legs clamped around his waist, fingernails digging into the flexing muscles of his back. She met his every powerful thrust with a roll of her wide, childbearing hips, grinding her hungry pussy up to swallow his cock to the hilt. Their bodies moved together in a deliciously hard, primal rhythm - a sensual dance of mutual pleasure.

The lewd slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the car as they rutted, punctuated by Darci's wanton moans and the squelch of Alden's cock plundering her soaked folds. He pounded into her, stretching her, filling her completely in a way she'd never experienced before. Every nerve ending was electrified, her body singing with blissful sensation.

"Fuck yes, give me that big teenage cock!" Darci babbled, lost to the exquisite pleasure radiating from where they were joined. "Harder baby, fuck stepmommy harder! Ruin my hungry cunt!"

Alden obliged with a growl, hammering into her with renewed force. He felt possessed, driven by a singular need to claim her, to mark

her as his. In that moment, she wasn't his dad's wife, but his own woman, his to use for their mutual gratification.

Kat watched the carnal display hungrily, one hand furiously frigging her clit as the other tugged at her fat, aching nipples. Seeing her son so lost in lust, plowing his stepmom with such unbridled passion, was the most arousing thing she'd ever witnessed. She ached to join them, to feel Alden's magnificent cock splitting her open once more.

"Auuuuugh!" the teen hissed, feeling his tender erectile tissue slither along the spongy ridges of her inner lining. His mom and stepmom's pussies each felt unique. While Kat's pussy seemed to fit tighter around his cock, Darci's had strong inner muscles that would do a wonderful squeeze and release the entire time she was fucking him. Her creamy cunt-juices made his prick nice and slippery, so it slithered in and out of her snug fuck-hole with repetitive fluidity.

"Come on, honey…fuck her nice n hard!" cheered his mom, giving his taut, young ass a hard slap.

While Kat was thankful for Darci's assistance with keeping her son's balls drained, there was still a sense of competitiveness. They were both hot, big-titted MILFs, who prided themselves in their ability to fuck. Alden was a handsome kid, so of course, there was a natural inclination in each of the women to 'one up' each other and wow his socks off.

Darci humped her ass from the seat cushion, meeting her stepson's lurching thrusts. Their hot, naked flesh slapped noisily together. Kat's vehicle filled with their squeals and moans, as well as the wet, sucking sound of Alden's lady-pleaser pummeling in and out of her snug pussy.

"Harder!" Darci cried out. "Fuck me harder, Alden!"

The boy set his hips into overdrive, pounding his throbbing peter-meat through his stepmom's clasping cunt with savage thrusts. The

way Darci was pivoting her hips made her clit scrape deliciously along the base of his shaft, giving her even greater pleasure.

She threw her arms around him, frantically clinging to his writhing body as a powerful cum swelled inside her. "I'm almost there! Keep fucking me hard! Oh, God, please!!" she shrieked.

The hard-humping teen gasped as he felt her quivering cunt-tube slowly shrink up around the knob and shaft of his plunging cock. This put increased friction on his nerve-endings as he continued to drive his wet

pecker all the way to the back of her vagina. "Damn, Darci…your pussy feels so fucking good!" he panted, delighting in the sensation of her crushed tits jiggling between them.

"Cum with me then!" her voice quivered.

After receiving a few more thrusts, Darci arched her back beneath the boy, her eyes rolling in their sockets as a violent cum washed through her voluptuous body. Alden continued fucking into her as hard as he could until his piss-tip erupted, shooting a torrent of pearly-white jizz into his stepmom's writhing fuck-hole.

After clinging together in mutual climax for several minutes, they both let out a deep, satisfied sigh. "Goddamn!" blurted Darci. "If your father could fuck me like that, I'd never let him leave for work."

"Don't count on that ever happening!" laughed Kat. Before the divorce, she had been married to Alden's dad for nearly sixteen-years and never came as hard with Anthony as she did their son.

After helping Alden off Darci and back into an upright position, Kat knelt on the seat beside him and sucked his cock back to full hardness. Alden loved watching his mom's pretty head bob up and down on his crotch as she gave him oral affection. Her tongue felt divine swirling around his leaking knob.

The mother's eyes got big as she lifted her lips from his swollen crown. "Look at that…rock hard and ready to fuck again!" she stated.

"Do you want me to fuck you the way I did Darci?"

"No…let's try it a different way. You kneel on the floor and I'll put my legs up on your shoulders," she suggested.

Kat moved her ass to the edge of the seat, her big boobs wobbling on her rib cage as she propped her lovely legs onto her son's shoulders.

"Just look at all these creative ways you can still fuck with two broken arms," stated Darci as she knelt on the seat beside them.

Kat guided her son's prick to her pussy and rubbed his tapered tip between her juice-slicked flanges, lubricating his knob for penetration. His penis slipped inside her sweet, scalding cunt and he could feel every soft ridge in her hot slippery passage rubbing exquisitely against his sensitive penile meat.

The boy thrust steadily, settling into a deep, cunt-humping rhythm. The best part about this position for him was looking down and watching his mom's gigantic, naked tits roll up and down her chest to the tempo of their fucking.

"See baby…you shouldn't feel bad for not playing in the game, because if you were playing you wouldn't be fucking your mother's pussy right now," she teasingly reminded him.

"That's right, Alden. Wouldn't you rather be parked along side some lonely road with two busty, naked moms than getting tackled by a bunch of sweaty guys?" Darci asked.

"For sure!" he answered, then began humping his hips even faster, driving his prick into the depths of his mom's juicy cunt.

"They may be scoring points on the field, but you're out here scoring you some hot, MILF pussy," Darci stated.

"Whoa, shit!" the boy gasped, looking down and watching his strong, wet cock spear up into his mom's shaved cunt over and over.

"That's it, baby!" she shrieked in ecstasy. "That's the way to fuck your mother with your big fucking cock!"

Alden's pelvis smacked against his mother's jiggling ass-cheeks with each powerful thrust, the lewd slaps echoing through the car. His eyes were glued to her massive tits as they bounced and swayed hypnotically, the

heavy globes rippling like fleshy waves with every impact of his body against hers.

Kat's beautiful face was a mask of euphoria, her plush lips parted around breathy moans and wanton cries. Her long dark hair fanned out around her head, sticking to her sweat-slicked skin as it whipped about with the force of Alden's thrusts. The wanton abandon in her expression, the unrestrained ecstasy, spurred Alden to pound into her harder, faster.

He pistoned his hips with bruising force, his swollen cock head battering her cervix as he plumbed her depths. Kat's hot, slick walls clamped down around him, pulsing and fluttering as he stretched her wide. Her nectar gushed around his pistoning shaft, the filthy wet sounds of their coupling filling the air.

"Fuck yes, right there baby!" Kat keened, her fingernails scrabbling at Alden's flexing ass, urging him on. "Pound mommy's pussy! Give me that fat cock!"

Alden grunted savagely, rutting into her like a beast possessed, the car rocking violently with every powerful surge of his hips. His balls

slapped against her ass with meaty thwacks, drawing up tight as his impending release built at the base of his spine.

Kat reached up and grasped Alden's shoulders tightly, supporting his broken arms as he pistoned into her with wild abandon. She clung to him desperately, her nails digging into his sweat-slicked skin, holding him steady as he fucked her with brutal intensity.

The force of his thrusts made her heavy tits sway and bounce violently, the pillowy mounds smacking together lewdly. Alden was transfixed by the hypnotic sight, watching the way her massive jugs rippled and quaked, the rubbery nipples puckered into tight buds.

"Gonna cum! Ahhh-fuck, I'm cumming!!" he grunted hoarsely, his face twisting in a rictus of pleasure as his balls tightened.

"Yes baby, give it to me!" Kat cried, clamping her legs around his waist like a vice. "Flood my womb with your spunk, fill me to bursting!"

The muscles in Alden's ass clenched and flexed as he jackhammered into her, his movements becoming erratic and desperate. Kat's juices frothed and foamed around his pistoning shaft, her sloppy cunt making obscene squelching noises with every plunge.

Alden threw his head back with an animalistic roar as his orgasm finally crashed over him. His cock swelled impossibly thicker before erupting like a geyser, painting Kat's rippling inner walls with what felt like gallons of hot, virile seed. Thick ropes of pearly cum geysered from his slit, pulsing in time with the rhythmic clenching of his mother's greedy cunt.

Kat shrieked in ecstasy as she felt Alden's potent release flooding her spasming depths, triggering her own bone-rattling climax. Her pussy clamped down around him like a silken fist, milking him for every drop as her body convulsed beneath him. Clear fem-squirt

gushed around his spurting cock, joining the frothy mix of their combined juices.

"Fuck, I can feel you cumming in me!" Kat babbled almost incoherently, her eyes rolling back in bliss. "Pumping me so full, breeding mommy's cunt! Gonna make me pregnant with your baby!"

Alden collapsed against her, his chest heaving as he spurted the last weak pulses of his release. Kat cradled him close, running soothing hands over his trembling muscles as she cooed praise into his ear. They lay tangled together, basking in the afterglow as their mingled fluids seeped out around his softening shaft.

"Sweet fuck, hunny!" Kat whispered a few minutes later as they untangled their hot, damp bodies. "Draining those young balls is starting to become my new favorite hobby."

"Mine too," giggled Darci.

They dressed and drove back to the game, joining their husbands in the bleachers. "It's about time you guys got back," stated Mick. "There's only two minutes left in the game."

"Sorry, you know us women…we love our gossip," replied his wife.

"Mmm, and that was some juicy gossip too!" stated Darci, still feeling her stepson's 'juice' ooze from her cunt-hole.

Anthony looked over his son, Alden. "Mitch told me you were out doing some scoring of your own tonight, huh?" he asked.

Alden shared a quick grin with his mom. "Mega-scoring!" he replied.

"Well, sounds like you had an enjoyable time. I hope she liked it as much as you clearly did."

Kat and Darci looked at each other, nodded, then started giggling like two girls who had just lost their cherries.

"What's so funny?" Anthony asked.

"Nothing, hunny," his wife answered, patting his knee. "Nothing at all."

The next morning, Kat's house was abuzz with activity as carloads of eager, lusty women from the community descended upon the Thornton residence. Word had spread like wildfire about young Alden's insatiable sexual appetites and impressive endowment, and every bored housewife, and cock-hungry cougar in town was determined to show her "support" for the injured teen hero.

Kat opened the front door to a sea of female flesh, her eyes widening at the sheer number of ladies clamoring to get inside. They poured into the house in a tidal wave of perfume, hairspray, and raging hormones, a dizzying array of voluptuous bodies barely contained by skimpy sundresses, low-cut tops, and painted-on yoga pants.

As the women made themselves at home, the sexual tension in the air was palpable. Hungry gazes roamed over the pictures of Alden scattered throughout the living room, tongues unconsciously wetting glossed lips as they imagined all the filthy things they wanted to do to that nubile young body.

Kat cleared her throat, drawing the attention of the horny horde. "Ladies, I know we're all eager to get started, but let's set some ground rules first, shall we?" She had to raise her voice to be heard over the excited chatter and giggles.

"Rule number one - the minute you step foot in this house, your clothes come off. Every stitch. Alden deserves your complete vulnerability and unrestricted access to those hot bods."

Raucous cheers erupted as the women immediately reached for hems and waistbands, peeling off blouses and shimmying out of skirts. In record time, the room was wall to wall with acres of bared female skin, a veritable buffet of ripe curves and juicy holes.

Massive, heavy tits spilled free of confining bras, jiggling and swaying hypnotically. Plump, rounded asses flexed and dimpled as lacy thongs were rolled down shapely thighs. Neatly trimmed bushes and waxed-bare mounds glistened with the first dewy beads of arousal. It was a cornucopia of naked MILF flesh, each body more mouth-watering than the last.

"Mmm, now that's more like it," Kat purred approvingly, openly ogling the tantalizing display. "Rule number two - there is no shame or judgment here. We are all united in our goal - to worship Alden's spectacular teenage cock and drain those swollen balls dry. So I expect to hear those grunts and moans, ladies. Let loose and give our boy the ego-stroking he deserves!"

A cheer of agreement rose from the assembled women, their naked bodies pressing closer together in anticipation. Kat grinned wickedly, reaching into a large fishbowl filled with folded slips of paper.

"To keep things fair and orderly, we'll be drawing numbers to determine the order in which you lucky ladies get to ride Alden's amazing cock," she announced. "So form a line, reach in, and grab your number, girls!"

The women surged forward eagerly, their massive tits swinging and bobbing as they jostled for position. One by one, they dipped their hands into the bowl, retrieving their numbers with trembling fingers and lusty giggles.

As the order was established, Kat led the naked procession up the stairs to Alden's room. The teen lay propped against the pillows, his eyes widening to saucers as he took in the ocean of bared MILF flesh outside his bedroom door.

The first lucky woman to approach the bed was a buxom beauty Alden recognized from the local hair salon his mom frequented. She had always been especially attentive when washing his hair during cuts, her giant breasts "accidentally" brushing against him far more than necessary.

"Well hello there, handsome," she cooed, crawling onto the bed and straddling his hips. Her colossal tits dangled in his face, acres of smooth, supple flesh capped by large, browning nipples. "Looks like I'll be your first ride of the day. Lucky me!"

Alden groaned as she reached between their bodies to grasp his stiffening cock, giving it a few slow pumps. He was already rock hard and leaking, the musky scent of dozens of aroused women making his teenage libido surge into overdrive.

"Oooh, nice and ready for me already!" the busty stylist giggled, notching his broad crown against her slick entrance. She rubbed the tip up and

down her slit, coating it in her juices before sinking down slowly, engulfing him inch by throbbing inch.

"Fuck, so big!" she gasped when she was fully impaled, her slippery walls stretched taut around Alden's thickness. "Gonna ruin me for my hubby's tiny dick!"

With that, she began to move, undulating her wide hips as she rode him with abandon. The wet slap of flesh on flesh echoed obscenely through the room as she bounced on his lap, her huge jugs jiggling hypnotically.

Alden was in heaven, drowning in tits and ass as the curvy MILF used his cock for her pleasure. He had fantasized about this moment for years, every time he sat in her salon chair and felt her soft curves brushing against him teasingly.

Alden was completely smothered beneath the hair stylist's monumental tits as she rode him to a screaming climax. Her massive, heavy jugs engulfed his face, eclipsing his vision with acres of pillowy flesh. He motorboated her cleavage wildly, licking and sucking at every inch of soft, fragrant skin he could reach.

The stylist's cries of ecstasy filled the room as she came apart on Alden's thick teenage cock, her slick walls rippling and grasping. Her copious arousal gushed around his pistoning shaft, mixing with his own steady drool of pre-cum to create a frothy lather where they were joined.

The filthy wet squelch of his cock pounding into her sloppy cunt was music to Alden's ears. He could feel every flutter and spasm of her inner muscles, milking him ruthlessly as she wrung out every ounce of pleasure from his nubile body. His balls throbbed with the need for release, his climax building rapidly at the base of his spine.

But just as he teetered on the brink, the stylist abruptly pulled off him with a wet plop, leaving his engorged shaft twitching and bobbing

angrily. Alden whined at the loss, hips pumping helplessly into empty air, seeking the warmth of her body.

"Ah ah, none of that now," a new voice chided sultrily. Alden looked up to see his mom's friend Karen climbing onto the bed, her gigantic udders swaying pendulously. "You have plenty of pussies to fuck so you should definitely pace yourself."

Alden groaned in frustration as Karen straddled his hips, rubbing her puffy, swollen pussy lips along his aching length. He knew he was in for a long, torturous day of edging, his release withheld until he had thoroughly pleasured every last desperate housewife and neglected mother in the house.

Karen sank down onto him with a throaty moan, her velvety walls engulfing him like a silken vise. She was even tighter than the stylist, her greedy cunt clenching and rippling around him deliciously. Alden bit back a curse as she began to ride him hard and fast, her colossal breasts slapping his face with every bounce.

Only a month ago, Alden had gone to Karen's vow renewal ceremony with his parents, and now here she was cheating on her spouse, bouncing shamelessly on his teenage cock. He could tell by the exquisite tightness along the back of her vagina, near her cervix, that it was probably a place her husband's cock couldn't reach. But Alden's long dick had no problem, stretching her uteri and feeling it chew and flutter around his spongy knob.

Time blurred into a haze of pleasure as MILF after insatiable MILF took their turn on Alden's cock. He was passed around like a teenage fuck doll, his stiff rod plundering one soaked, hungry hole after another. The room echoed with the cacophony of feminine moans and the lewd slap of flesh on flesh as he was ridden within an inch of his life.

While Alden was being used like a human fuck toy, servicing one desperate MILF after another, the rest of the house was abuzz with

naked feminine energy. In every room, voluptuous yummy mummies lounged on couches, perched on countertops, and milled about, all completely nude and unabashed.

Everywhere you looked was a sea of jiggling tits and jutting nipples, bouncing bubble butts and glistening cunts. The women chatted and giggled amongst themselves as they waited for their coveted turn with the virile young stud upstairs, their conversation turning bawdy and raunchy.

In the kitchen, a group of buxom mothers compared bra sizes as they sipped chardonnay, their massive jugs ballooning, their arms crossed beneath them.

"I'm a 36G," one leggy blonde bragged, hefting her enormous tits. "Although they seem to be getting bigger by the day, with all this pent-up milk and no suckling mouths to drain them!"

"Tell me about it," her brunette friend commiserated. "I've been an H-cup since my last kid, but I swear these puppies are ready to burst after not getting any action for so long. Hopefully that young buck upstairs can suck me dry!"

Raucous laughter filled the room at that, the other women nodding in eager agreement. Across the living room, another cluster of MILFs debated the latest trends in pubic grooming, hands idly stroking their bare mounds.

"I like to keep mine waxed completely bare," a curvy redhead shared, running manicured fingers over her smooth pussy. "Makes me feel so naughty and nubile, like a horny teenage virgin again.

"Ooh I could never be that brave," her plump companion tittered, fluffing her own neatly trimmed thatch of hair. "I just prefer a little well-manicured landing strip. Hubby says it's like a naughty little arrow pointing to my honeypot!"

"What I wanna know is," a statuesque brunette chimed in conspiratorially, "what kind of pubic styling do we think young Alden prefers? I'd be more than happy to landscap these lush gardens to his particular tastes!"

Scandalous giggles erupted at that, the ladies all nodding and murmuring their assent. They would gladly groom their tender bits into any shape or style if it meant getting a taste of that prime teenage sausage.

As raunchy speculation about Alden's sexual proclivities and impressive endowment flowed, the mood in the house grew more salacious by the minute. Hands began to wander to plump tits and

slick cunts as the ladies worked themselves into a horny froth imagining the boy-toy's talents.

The excited chatter and giggling suddenly hushed as a piercing feminine shriek echoed from the bedroom upstairs. Every head swiveled towards the sound, eyes wide and pulses quickening. It was the unmistakable wail of a woman in the throes of a mind-bending orgasm.

"Holy fuck, listen to her cum!" one of the ladies whispered reverently, her own thighs clenching at the thought. "That Alden must be hung like a bull and skilled as a porn star to wring screams like that outta her!"

The other women nodded fervently, hanging on every keening cry and muffled moan filtering down the stairs. They could practically feel the phantom sensations of Alden's cock pounding into their own aching cunts as they listened, their clits throbbing in sync with each wail of ecstasy.

Unable to contain their curiosity, several of the bolder MILFs crept up the stairs, their hearts racing with a combination of anticipation and envy. They tiptoed down the hall until they reached the open doorway to Alden's room, jostling for position to get a good view of the carnal action inside.

The sight that greeted them made their jaws drop and their pussies weep. Alden was sprawled on his back amidst the tangled sheets, his muscular chest heaving and his face a mask of intense pleasure. Straddling his hips was a stacked brunette beauty they recognized from the PTA -

Linda something-or-other - her spectacular tits bouncing wildly as she rode Alden's cock like a woman possessed.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Linda chanted mindlessly, her head thrown back in ecstasy as she impaled herself over and over on the teen's straining

erection. "So fucking BIG! Splitting me in half!"

Alden's hips pistoned up to meet her downward thrusts, his pelvis colliding with her jiggling ass with meaty smacks. Even from the doorway, the spying MILFs could see his shaft glistening with Linda's juices, coated in the frothy evidence of her arousal. Her engorged pussy lips clung to him as she lifted, only to engulf him again as gravity and her own desperate need drove her back down.

"Fuck, I'm cumming again!" Linda sobbed, her cries reaching a fever pitch. "Keep pumping me full, baby! Ruin me with that big fat cock!"

The voyeuristic MILFs panted as they watched Linda's voluptuous body tense and shudder, her cunt no doubt clamping like a vise around Alden's pistoning cock as she crested. Her screech of completion seemed to go on forever, her nails raking down the teen's sweat-slicked chest as she shook and convulsed atop him.

Linda collapsed against Alden's heaving chest for a moment, her body still trembling with aftershocks. Then with a satisfied sigh, she carefully dismounted, groaning as his thick shaft slipped wetly from her still fluttering sheath.

Alden's eyes were glued to her spectacular ass as she climbed off the bed, his tongue practically lolling out of his head as he watched her

plump cheeks jiggle and sway hypnotically. Her pussy gaped obscenely, a steady trickle of their combined juices oozing down her thighs.

Before he could catch his breath, movement at the door caught Alden's attention. His eyes widened to saucers and a shocked gasp escaped his lips as he recognized the newcomer - it was none other than the pastor's wife, Molly!

Molly was the very picture of indecent pregnant lust, her obscenely stretched belly announcing her overripe condition. She was carrying twins, and her petite frame looked ready to burst at any moment. But it was her breasts that truly boggled the mind - it seemed her already impressive bust had more than doubled in size, her areolas broadening to grapefruit-sized width, the heavy globes so swollen with milk they stood out firmly despite their sheer mass.

"M-mrs. Patterson!" Alden stammered, trying and failing to drag his gaze away from her enormous knockers. "I didn't expect to see you here..."

"Oh I just bet you didn't, you naughty boy," Molly purred, waddling further into the room. Her gait was unsteady under the immense weight of her gravid belly. "But as soon as I heard there was an opportunity to provide service, I had to come running. Plus, I have these, umm… Maternal needs—I'm sure you understand."

Alden gulped audibly as Molly heaved herself onto the bed with a grunt, the mattress dipping alarmingly under her added weight. She knelt next to him and grasped his still-erect cock in her small hand, pumping it lewdly.

"Mmm, nice and ready for me, I see," she cooed approvingly, admiring the way his bulbous head weeped a steady stream of precum. "I've been positively leaking at the thought of getting this fat slab of boy meat inside me. Hubby hasn't touched me in months, says he's afraid of poking the babies. So momma needs some relief, bad."

With strength that belied her ungainly size, Molly threw a leg over Alden's prone form and straddled his hips. She rubbed the broad tip of his cock against her puffy slit, coating it in her slickness before notching it at her entrance.

Alden held his breath, certain there was no way he could possibly fit inside her, not with two whole babies taking up residence in her

womb.

But Molly was determined. With a low groan, she bore down, using her weight to force Alden's cock past her initial resistance. Her impossibly tight cunt stretched obscenely around his girth, the slick walls rippling and clinging to every ridge and vein.

Alden nearly blacked out from the intensity of the sensation, stars bursting behind his eyes. It felt like his cock was being swallowed whole by a scalding velvet glove, her muscles fluttering wildly as they struggled to accommodate his size.

"Holy fuck!" Molly gasped once he was fully seated, her gravid belly resting heavily on his abs. "So fucking FULL! You're splitting me in half, baby!"

She began to move then, rocking and grinding on his lap, letting his cock stir up her deepest recesses. Her movements were slow and sinuous, her hips undulating in filthy figure-eights as she savored the delicious drag of his shaft against her aching walls.

Alden could only moan helplessly, his fists clenching in the sheets as Molly used him for her pleasure. He had never felt anything so mind-bendingly tight, so searingly hot. It was like her cunt was trying to fuse with his cock, to mold itself permanently to his shape.

The additional weight of the babies bearing down only heightened the intensity, making Molly's channel feel even more vise-like around him. He could feel her cervix fluttering against the tip of his cock with every

downward grind, could swear he felt tiny flutters against his shaft that might have been the babies kicking.

It was so wrong, so taboo and filthy, to be balls-deep in the pastor's pregnant wife, but that only made it hotter. Alden's hips jerked up

involuntarily, his body seeking to get even deeper into Molly's heavenly heat.

"Unhh, yesss," Molly hissed, her head lolling back in ecstasy. "Fuck me deep, fill me up! Want to feel you in my womb, baby!"

She leaned forward, letting her gigantic, milk-swollen tits engulf Alden's face. The teen latched on greedily, suckling at her leaking nipples, drinking down her sweet cream as she rode him hard and fast.

The combined taste of her milk and the scent of her arousal was dizzying, intoxicating. Alden lost himself in pure sensation, drowning in tits and cunt and the filthy slap of flesh on flesh. His cock was an iron bar, pulsing in time with the rhythmic clenching of Molly's pussy.

For 10, 20, 30 minutes, Alden was lost in a dizzying whirlwind of sensation, his mind blown by the intensity of Molly's undulating cunt swallowing his cock over and over. The weight of her massive, milk-laden tits smothering his face only heightened his pleasure, made him feel owned and consumed by her ripe, fertile body.

He suckled greedily at her engorged nipples, the sweet cream flooding his mouth and dribbling down his chin. Molly mewled and gasped above him, grinding her hips harder as he drank from her, the stimulation driving her wild.

"That's it baby, drain momma's titties," she panted, fisting her hands in his hair to press him impossibly closer. "Suck me dry while you fuck me deep!"

Alden obliged, hollowing his cheeks as he drew rhythmically on her swollen teats. He couldn't get enough of her rich, creamy milk, gulping it

down like a man possessed. His cock throbbed almost painfully, iron-hard and pulsing in time with each deep pull of his lips.

Molly bounced on him faster, her movements growing erratic as she chased her pleasure. The slick sounds of their fucking filled the room - the wet squelch of his shaft plundering her weeping cunt, the slap of her heavy ass colliding with his thighs, her breathless moans muffled by the flesh of her own tits mashed against her chin.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she chanted mindlessly, reduced to animalistic grunts by the sheer ecstasy coursing through her. "Gonna...unhhh...gonna cum on this teenage cock! Breed me, baby, knock me up again!"

Alden pistoned his hips frantically, driving up into her as she slammed down. The head of his cock crushed her cervix with every thrust, pushing insistently at the entrance to her womb. He felt huge inside her impossibly tight sheath, splitting her open, impaling her on his throbbing length.

Molly let out a banshee wail, her body going rigid as her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave. Her cunt clamped down on Alden's cock like a vise, the muscles rippling and fluttering wildly as she gushed around him. A flood of hot juices spurted out around his pistoning shaft, soaking his groin and dripping down to pool beneath his ass.

Alden teetered on the knife's edge of his own release, his balls drawn up painfully tight, ready to explode. But with a herculean effort, he managed to hold back the flood, knowing he would rather dump a load inside a woman who wasn't already pregnant.

With a final shuddering moan, Molly collapsed onto Alden's chest, her sweaty brow pressed against his as she struggled to catch her breath. After a long moment, she carefully eased herself off his still-throbbing cock, groaning at the loss of his thick heat stretching her so perfectly.

Alden's erection sprang up, slick and angry red, glistening with Molly's juices. He panted harshly, fighting the urge to fist himself to

completion, knowing his experience was far from over. There were still so many desperate, cock-hungry mommies waiting for their turn, and he didn't want to disappoint.

"Number 37!" Kat's voice rang out from the hallway. "Come get some dick!"

An excited squeal echoed from downstairs, followed by the rapid slap of bare feet on hardwood. Moments later, a gorgeous redhead burst into the room, her face flushed and eyes wild with lust. Alden's eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he recognized her - it was none other than his football coach's wife, Becky!

Becky was a true MILF in every sense - a curvaceous, buxom beauty with a thick mane of fiery hair, a smattering of cute freckles, and a body that wouldn't quit. Alden had spent many a practice surreptitiously ogling her from the field, watching her ridiculously-big tits strain against her tight tops as she cheered on the team.

He also knew Becky was a prolific breeder - she and Coach already had a stair-step brood of redheaded hellions, including a daughter Alden's age that he'd always nursed a secret crush on. The idea of plowing the same fertile cunt that had spawned his cute classmate made Alden's cock twitch with renewed vigor.

"Well well, if it isn't my favorite quarterback," Becky purred, crawling onto the bed and eyeing Alden's bobbing erection hungrily. "I always knew you'd grow up to be a heartbreaker with a cock like that. Bet you drive all the little girls crazy, don't you stud?"

Alden could only groan as she wrapped her elegant fingers around his shaft, giving him a firm squeeze. Becky hummed her approval, admiring his length and girth as she pumped him slowly.

"Damn boy, no wonder my little Chloe is always doodling your name in her diary," she teased, thumbing his weeping slit. "With a dick like

this, I bet you could fuck her cross-eyed and leave her pussy drooling for days."

Alden's head spun at the idea that his coach's daughter, his secret crush, wanted him just as desperately as he wanted her. His hips canted up involuntarily, seeking more friction.

Becky swung a leg over Alden's hips, straddling him facing away in a reverse cowgirl position, putting her big magnificent bubble butt on full display.

She reached between her thighs to grasp his thick shaft, notching the engorged head at her slick entrance. With a filthy moan, she sank down slowly, letting gravity impale her on every throbbing inch.

"Fuuuuck, so big!" she gasped once she was fully seated, her plush ass flush against Alden's groin. "Stretching me so good, baby!"

Alden could only groan helplessly as he was engulfed in her scorching heat, her inner muscles fluttering and rippling around him. The visual of Becky's spectacular ass, so round and juicy, hovering above him was almost too much to bear. He flexed his hands with the aching need to grab those perfect globes, to feel them jiggling against his palms as she rode him.

As if reading his mind, Becky began to move, undulating her hips in a sinful grind. Her ass cheeks clenched and relaxed hypnotically, massaging Alden's cock as she worked him deep inside her. From his vantage point, he could see his shaft glistening with her arousal as it disappeared again and again into her hungry snatch.

"Mmm, yeah, take that pussy," Becky purred, picking up speed. She braced her hands on Alden's thighs as she started to bounce, her titanic udders swaying with the force of her movements. "Gonna ride this teenage dick so hard. Ruin me for Coach's pathetic little pecker!"

Alden panted harshly, his abs flexing as he pistoned his hips up to meet her. The filthy slap of flesh on flesh filled the room, punctuated by Becky's wanton moans. She rode him like a woman possessed, her cunt a fever-hot glove gripping him ruthlessly.

Becky alternated between slamming herself down and grinding lewdly, swiveling her hips to stir Alden's rigid cock inside her. Her ass rippled and bounced, the flesh jiggling obscenely with every impact. Alden was hypnotized by the sight, watching her ample cheeks quake, longing to sink his teeth into that abundance of flesh.

"Fuck, your cock is so perfect," Becky babbled, her hand snaking between her thighs to frantically rub her big, fleshy clit. "Hitting me so deep, baby. Gonna make me cum so fucking hard!"

Alden could feel her pulse quickening around him, her pussy clenching rhythmically as she edged closer to orgasm. His own balls were drawn up tight, his shaft throbbing in time with his racing heartbeat. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, not with Becky's spectacular ass bouncing on him.

With a squeal of ecstasy, Becky slammed herself down one final time, taking Alden to the hilt as her orgasm crashed over her. Her cunt rippled and spasmed wildly, milking his cock as a gush of liquid heat flooded his shaft.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming with you!" she wailed, throwing her head back in bliss. "Pump me full, baby! Breed my fucking cunt!"

Alden let out a strangled groan, his hips surging up as his own climax overtook him. His cock swelled impossibly thicker before erupting like a geyser, painting Becky's clenching walls with thick ropes of searing semen.

Becky could feel every powerful spurt, each jet of virile cream scorching her deepest recesses. Her already snug sheath grew impossibly tighter as

Alden's seed flooded her, making her feel deliciously stretched and filled to bursting. Her greedy womb drank down his potent release eagerly, her body determined to wring him dry.

Alden's cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged spurt after massive spurt directly against Becky's cervix. With her legs spread and hips angled just so, his cockhead was kissing the entrance to her womb, pulsing as it pumped her full of his sperm-laden ejaculate. Hundreds of millions of the hardy little swimmers surged through her convulsing passage with a singular purpose - to conquer and colonize her fertile depths.

With her body at the peak of its cycle, Becky's ripe, ready egg stood no chance against the onslaught of Alden's potent seed. Her womb was practically begging to be bred, welcoming the invading sperm as they swarmed her defenseless ovum. The microscopic marathon ended with a triumphant fusion of gametes - conception was achieved, and a new life sparked to existence in Becky's trembling belly.

A delirious grin split the redhead's face as Alden's load tapered off into weak spurts and twitches, her womb and cunt stuffed to capacity with his cream. She could already picture her flat stomach rounding with his baby, her tits growing even heavier with milk. She knew without a doubt that he had knocked her up good, planted his seed deep and claimed her as his own.

"Mmmm, good boy," Becky purred, grinding languidly on Alden's softening cock. "You filled me up so nice. Gonna look so sexy all swollen with your kid."

Alden could only groan weakly in response, too drained to form words. His head spun with the knowledge that he had probably just impregnated his coach's wife, that his baby would soon be growing in his coach's wife's belly.

Over the next several hours, an endless parade of cock-hungry MILFs cycled through Alden's bed, each one more desperate and debauched than the last. The teen stud fucked one slick, gripping pussy after another, reveling in the unique textures and sensations of each.

Some were as tight as vises, their muscular cunts clamping down on his shaft like silken fists. Others were delectably spongy, their plush walls caressing every ridge and vein of his cock. A few were gushers, soaking his groin and the sheets beneath with their fountaining arousal.

But all were scalding hot and ravenously hungry, devouring his teenage dick like they were starving for it. They rode him hard and fast, their bountiful tits bouncing hypnotically as they chased their pleasure on his throbbing pole.

Speaking of tits - Alden had never seen such a glorious array of jiggling fun bags in his young life. Every shape and size was represented, from big and pillowy to massive and pendulous. Some sat high and proud on their chests, jutting out firmly, while others swayed and bobbled with every movement, smacking their owners in the chin.

Areolas ranged from demure, blush pink circles to saucer-sized, chocolate brown expanses. Nipples came in all varieties too, from dainty little pebbles to thimble-thick, rubbery cylinders that just begged to be sucked. Alden sampled them all, burying his face between heaving mounds, motorboating to his heart's content.

The teen made it his mission to worship each pair of glorious tits that dangled in his face. He licked and suckled, nibbled and bit, drawing gasps and moans from his partners as he feasted on their bountiful charms. He discovered some were so sensitive that just the rasp of his tongue across a nipple could trigger an intense orgasm.

As the endless fuck session wore on, Alden found himself on the brink of cumming over and over, his balls drawing up tight and his shaft pulsing

urgently. But through sheer stubborn willpower, he managed to hold back, not wanting to waste a single drop of his seed.

Instead, he saved his loads for the most cock-crazed of the bunch, the neglected mommies with wombs that practically begged to be bred. Every third or fourth woman got treated to a flood of his hot, potent spunk, pumped directly into their eager baby chambers.

Alden took great satisfaction in watching their faces contort in ecstasy as he erupted inside them, their eyelids fluttering and their plump, glossy lips falling open on breathless cries. He could feel their cunts working greedily, milking him for every drop as their cervixes kissed the spurting tip of his cock.

By the time the last trembling MILF climbed off Alden's thoroughly spent cock, the sun was setting, bathing the room in a warm, orange glow. The teen collapsed back against the sweat-soaked sheets, his chest heaving and his muscles quivering with exhaustion.

He had lost count of how many pussies he had plundered over the course of the day, but if he had to guess, it had to be at least fifty. Fifty hot, tight, dripping cunts, all milking him dry, desperate for his teenage seed. His cock felt raw and tender from the marathon fuck session, but also immensely satisfied, like he had fulfilled his primal purpose.

As for his own orgasms, Alden estimated he had cum at least a dozen times, each ejaculation more intense than the last. He had painted fertile wombs with his spunk over and over, breeding the wanton MILFs like a rutting bull. His balls ached from the sheer volume of semen they had expelled, churning out massive loads to be dumped into greedy cunts.

But most impressive of all was the sheer number of orgasms he had given. If each of the fifty women had cum an average of three times (a conservative estimate, judging by their constant screaming and thrashing), that added up to around 150 gushing climaxes. 150 times he had made a desperate mommies quake and convulse on his cock,

squirting their essence all over his groin as they were overcome with ecstasy.

Alden's head spun just thinking about it - all those hot, curvy bodies writhing and undulating, lost to the throes of pleasure he had brought them to, over and over. He had fucked them silly, ruined them for their husbands, claimed them as his own with his dominant dick. He had planted his potent seed in dozens of fertile wombs, sparking new life over and over.

The teen's cock gave a valiant twitch at the memories, the images of plump asses bouncing and huge tits jiggling seared forever into his brain. But he was thoroughly drained, too spent to even consider getting hard again. His balls were empty, his shaft sore and chafed, completely wrung dry by the hordes of cock-hungry mommies.

Alden closed his eyes, a thoroughly satisfied grin on his face as he basked in the afterglow of the most intensely erotic experience of his young life. He was utterly conquered, his body pushed to the very limits of pleasure and back again. The meaty scent of sex hung heavy in the air, the combined musk of dozens of dripping pussies forever embedded in the fibers of his sheets.

In the weeks and months following that marathon fuck session, the full extent of Alden's virility became abundantly clear. Whispers and rumors began to circulate as one by one, the married mommies he had so thoroughly bred started to show undeniable signs of pregnancy.

Becky was the first to confirm it, her flat belly rounding beautifully before she even missed a period. She cornered Alden after practice one day, a wicked gleam in her eye as she pressed his hand to her already firm bump.

"Feel that, stud?" she purred, guiding his fingers to trace the gentle swell. "That's your baby in there, growing big and strong. Hubby thinks it's his, but we both know better, don't we?"

Alden could only groan, his cock hardening in his jeans as he imagined his child taking root in Becky's fertile womb, staking its claim amongst her husband's progeny.

Soon, it seemed like everywhere Alden looked, he saw the evidence of his potency. At the grocery store, he spotted Linda from the PTA, her hand resting protectively on her softly rounded stomach as she perused the prenatal vitamins. At the park, he caught sight of Molly waddling behind her brood of kids, her belly straining against her maternity dress, heavy with Alden's twins.

Even women he hadn't fully ejaculated inside weren't spared from his hyper-fertile seed. The buxom hairdresser and several others gleefully reported that just the copious pre-cum he had pumped into them during their encounter had been enough to knock them up. They flaunted their bumps proudly, glowing with the knowledge that they carried a piece of Alden inside them.

All told, at least 14 of the 50 women from that fateful day were now pregnant with Alden's babies, their bellies and tits swelling beautifully with new life. The knowledge that his virility had conquered their wombs, that his seed had taken root despite birth control and the odds, filled Alden with a deep, primal satisfaction.

But Alden's breeding days were far from over. Even after his arms had healed completely, he continued his daily sexual escapades with his gorgeous mother Kat and sultry stepmom Darci. The two MILFs

were insatiable for his cock, constantly finding excuses to ride him to countless screaming orgasms.

It was almost inevitable that before long, both Kat and Darci fell pregnant with Alden's offspring. They took turns impaling themselves on his magnificent cock, grinding their hips and begging him to fill their wombs with his potent seed.

"Breed me, baby!" Kat would moan wantonly, her massive tits bouncing as she rode him hard and fast. "Put your baby in mommy's belly!"

As Alden's reputation as a virile stud spread throughout the community, it seemed like not a day went by without a desperate, cock-crazed mommy throwing herself at him. Married women who had seemed so content and faithful before were now insatiable for a taste of his teenage dick, craving the way he could make them cum harder than they ever had before.

He fucked them in their marital beds while their husbands were at work, plowing their needy cunts and pumping them full of his potent seed. He bred them in the back of minivans during soccer practice, the vehicle rocking obscenely as he showed them what a real man could do. He even took them bent over the sinks in the restroom during PTA meetings, their screams of ecstasy echoing off the tile walls.

But as much as Alden enjoyed conquering the hot moms of the neighborhood with his dominant cock, his favorite fucks continued to be his own mother Kat and stepmom Darci. There was just something so deliciously taboo and naughty about plundering the same fertile pussies that had birthed him and his siblings.

Kat especially drove him wild with lust as her pregnant body blossomed, her already massive tits swelling to truly ridiculous proportions. Her areolas darkened and doubled in size, spanning her gigantic, heavy jugs like dinner plates. Her nipples grew thicker and

longer, protruding at least an inch from her pillowy flesh, always puckered and leaking drops of sweet colostrum.

Alden was addicted to suckling at his mother's engorged teats, latching on and gulping down her creamy nectar as she mewled and thrashed beneath him. He loved the taste of her, the way her milk coated his tongue and warmed his belly. He could spend hours just motorboating

her giant fun bags, burying his face in her deep cleavage and drowning himself in her soft, fragrant flesh.

But what he loved even more was fucking his mom's tight, pregnant pussy, knowing it was his baby she was carrying. He would rub her swollen belly reverently even as he pounded into her, marveling at the evidence of his virility growing inside her.

Alden's steely cock plunged deep into the corrugated, froth-coated lining of Kat's vagina, his bulbous knob swollen a deep purple hue. With each powerful thrust, the flared coronal ridge of his glans scraped deliciously against her sensitive inner tissues, sending sparks of pleasure radiating through her core.

He angled his hips just so, ensuring the broad head of his teenage cock kissed and pressed insistently against the tightly furled ring of her cervix with every stroke. Kat's womb, already occupied by their growing child, fluttered and contracted at the relentless stimulation, as if eager to accept another dose of his potent seed.

"Unnngh, right there baby!" Kat cried out, throwing her head back in ecstasy as Alden's thick cock stretched her wonderfully, the rippled walls of her pussy clenching rhythmically around his pistoning length. "Fuck mommy hard and deep! Pound my pregnant cunt!"

Alden grunted savagely, gripping his mother's wide, child-bearing hips as he rutted into her, his swollen balls slapping against her ass with obscene wet smacks. He could feel every flutter and quiver of

her slick channel, could feel her muscles working greedily to milk his cock.

Kat's gravid belly jiggled and swayed with the force of Alden's thrusts, her skin stretched drum-tight over her womb. Silvery stretch marks mapped the distension like rivers across a globe, a beautiful reminder of the life growing within her. Alden splayed a large hand across the firm swell, groaning at the knowledge that it was his seed that had taken root, that he had bred his own mother so thoroughly.

"Gonna cum!" the hard-humping teen bit out through clenched teeth, his abs tensing and flexing as his orgasm built at the base of his spine. "Gonna flood your pussy, fill you up till you're dripping!"

"Yes, yes, YES!" Kat babbled mindlessly, reduced to incoherent begging as her own climax approached. "Breed me again, pump me full of your spunk! Paint my fucking womb!"

With a roar of completion, Alden buried himself to the hilt in his mother's spasming cunt, the fat head of his cock flaring impossibly wider as it unleashed a torrent of thick, hot cum directly into her rippling depths. Kat shrieked her pleasure to the heavens, her body nearly convulsing off the bed as a mind-melting orgasm ripped through her.

Her cunt became a vise around Alden's spurting cock, rippling almost violently as it worked to milk him dry, eager to wring out every last drop of his potent teenage seed. He flooded her womb again and again with his seed, even though she was already pregnant, just because he could. Just because he loved staking his claim on her body, making her his favorite breeding bitch.

THE END

231: Just the Knob

Just the Knob

By Klrxo

Visiting her son's bedroom with her mother, Lily gently took her boy Sheldon's hand. "Honey, you know that special place on your penis that feels extra good when you touch it? That's called the knob."

Darlene, his Grandmother, nodded sagely. "Yes dear, it's also called the head or crown of your penis, and it's the most sensitive part. It has lots of nerve endings that make it feel really nice when it's rubbed or licked."

"Wow, I never knew that!" Sheldon exclaimed, eyes wide with wonder and his cheeks flushed pink with embarrassment. "Thanks for explaining it to me."

Lily exchanged a knowing look with Darlene. "Sweetie, I think it might be easier if we show you what we mean, so you can really understand how good it feels. We won't do anything too intense, like a full blowjob. Gran and I will just focus on gently stimulating the knob of your penis, okay?"

Sheldon gulped and nodded shyly, equal parts nervous and excited. "O-okay Mom, if you think that would help me learn."

"Alright honey, just relax," Lily cooed as she delicately unzipped Sheldon's jeans and freed his stiffening cock. Darlene licked her luscious pink lips in anticipation.

Sheldon's nine inch cock sprang free, already semi-erect and growing harder by the second. The thick shaft was girthy and meaty, with pronounced veins running along the length. But the real prize was his bulbous cockhead - the knob was a deep reddish-purple, shiny and engorged with arousal. It flared out obscenely, significantly wider than his shaft, like a lewd mushroom cap perched atop the sinewy trunk of his manhood.

A pearly bead of pre-cum was already forming at the tip, oozing from his meatus. Lily and Darlene both gasped at the sight of Sheldon's impressive endowment.

"Oh my, Shelly! You've grown into such a big boy!" Darlene remarked as she wrapped her soft hand around his hot throbbing erection, her fingers not quite touching. Sheldon let out a shaky moan at the touch.

"Mmm, such a nice big cock, baby," Lily purred sultrily. "And this fat knob, my goodness! I bet this feels so good to rub, doesn't it?" She joined her mother in law, their hands working in tandem to gently stroke and caress Sheldon's aching hard-on.

They both focused their attention on his swollen glans, running their thumbs and long painted fingernails all over that sensitive bundle of nerves. Sheldon threw his head back and groaned, knees nearly buckling from the intense sensations radiating from his groin.

"Unnngh wow! It feels s-so good!" he grunted through clenched teeth, hips flexing to thrust into their touch.

"Shh shh, just relax sweetie," Darlene cooed. "Gran and Mommy will make you feel real nice. We'll make that big cock explode with big gooey ropes of hot semen."

Sheldon's eyes darted back and forth, transfixed by the erotic sight before him. Crouched in front of him, Lily and Darlene lavished his swollen glans with long, sensuous licks of their warm wet tongues.

At the same time, their massive breasts heaved and swayed hypnotically with each movement, deep cleavage threatening to spill out of their low cut tops.

"You see this ridge right here, baby? That's called the corona," Lily explained breathily before swirling her mommy-tongue around the protruding ridge that separated his purple helmet from the veiny shaft.

"Uh huh, and this little dip, the frenulum? Super sensitive, isn't it?" Darlene remarked. She flicked the thin strip of skin with the tip of her tongue, making Sheldon cry out and spurt another glob of pre-cum.

The relentless stimulation had Sheldon panting and writhing on the edge of orgasm. His cock throbbed and jumped with each lap of their tongues against his over-sensitive knob. Drool dripped down their chins as they slurped and suckled his bulbous tip.

"P-please...I'm gonna...gonna cum!" Sheldon whined desperately, balls drawn up tight and ready to expel their heavy load.

"Not yet, sweetie. You need to hold it, learn to last longer," his mom chided gently. She and Darlene eased off, blowing cool air across his spit-slick glans. Sheldon whimpered at the denial, cock visibly pulsing with need.

"O-ohh...please don't stop," he begged shamelessly, trying to thrust his hips to chase their retreating mouths. But the women held his pelvis down firmly.

"Shh, patience dear. Let the urge pass for now. We'll get you there, don't worry," Darlene reassured as she peppered his knob with soft kisses. "There's still so much more to show you..."

Lily traced a finger around the glistening slit at the very tip of Sheldon's engorged knob. "You see this little opening, baby? That's

where your cum shoots out from. But before that happens, you'll leak this clear fluid called pre-cum. It's like natural lubrication for when you stroke your penis."

As if on cue, a thick dollop of the slippery substance bubbled up from his slit. Darlene was quick to lap it up with the flat of her tongue. "Mmm, tastes so good, Shelly. Nice and sweet," she purred before swallowing it down.

Not to be outdone, Lily took her turn, probing the tip of her tongue directly into her son's leaking slit. He bucked and gasped as she wriggled it inside the small opening, slurping up the steady drool of pre-goo. "Oooh yeah, you're really flowing now, honey. You must be so turned on," Lily giggled.

Sheldon could only whimper and nod, rendered speechless by the mind-melting sensations. His eyes nearly crossed as he watched his mom and grandma take turns tonguing his slit, the visual almost too intense to handle.

"W-what's it feel like...inside a girl?" Sheldon managed to ask between ragged breaths, morbidly curious.

Darlene grinned wickedly. "Well, Shelly, when you put this big ole knob up inside a tight little pussy, it feels absolutely incredible! That fat head rubs and bumps against all those sensitive spots deep inside. Drives a girl wild."

Lily nodded in agreement, smearing his pre-cum all over the shiny head with her fingers. "Uh huh, and when you're about to cum, a girl can feel this knob start to swell and throb even more. It's such a delicious feeling, knowing you're about to explode a huge load in her because she made you feel so good."

"Ungh, um...I see," Sheldon grunted, the dirty talk causing his cock to twitch hard in their grasp.

"Yep, and when you bury it in deep and bust that nut, this knob acts like a plug to keep all your hot cum trapped in her cunt," Darlene added with a smirk.

The women continued their tantalizing education, peppering his glans with more teasing licks and kisses as they described in graphic detail how incredible his cock would feel inside a woman. Sheldon soaked up the information like a sponge, filing it away for later experimentation.

The boy was almost delirious with arousal and licked his dry lips before stammering out a timid request. "Mom? Gran? C-can I um, uh…"

"What is it?" Lily asked, peering up at him with loving eyes. "Tell mommy what you want, honey."

"Can I, uh…see your titties? Please?" His voice cracked on the last word.

Lily and Darlene exchanged an amused glance before nodding. "Of course you can, sweetie. We want this to be a fully immersive learning experience for you," Lily purred as she reached for the hem of her low-cut top.

The two busty women slowly peeled their shirts up and over their heads, revealing the lacy tit-stuffed bras underneath. Sheldon's eyes widened at the sight, his cock jumping in their hands. The delicate embroidery of the bras was sheer, allowing the boy to clearly see the shape of their gigantic breasts.

Sheldon's gaze was transfixed by their wide, dusky areolas, visible through the translucent lace. Their plump nipples strained against the fabric, clearly erect with arousal. "Gosh, you two have such pretty boobies," he breathed in awe. "And big too!"

Lily and Darlene preened at the compliment, arching their backs to thrust their heavy tits forward. "Why thank you, Shelly. Your mom and I were blessed with VERY big tits that men just love to look at," Darlene remarked with a wink.

"We'd let you touch them and squeeze their flesh, baby, but then you'd cum in a second. And you still have so much to learn," Lily teased, reaching out to tap the tip of his cock for emphasis. A string of pre-cum connected her finger to his slit when she pulled away.

Sheldon groaned in frustration but didn't protest, knowing they were right. He was barely holding off his impending orgasm as it was. The visual stimulation of their exposed breasts was almost too much to handle.

The women resumed their oral attentions to his sensitive glans, determined to prolong the lesson. They took turns swirling their hyperactive tongues around his swollen head and lapping at his leaking slit.

Sheldon watched, enraptured, as their heads bobbed gently in his lap, fucking his fat crown with the luscious rings of their lips. From this angle, he had the perfect view down the slopes of their cleavage. He could see their big, soft tits jiggling and swaying with each movement, contained by the flimsy lace bras.

Every now and then, Lily or Darlene would pause to pinch and tug at their erect nipples through the fabric. They'd moan around his cock as they tweaked the stiff buds, clearly aroused. The vibrations made Sheldon's eyes roll back.

He flexed his fingers, aching to reach out and cup those luscious mounds. To feel the heat of their skin and the weight of them

overflowing his hands. But he maintained his willpower, knowing that pleasure would have to wait.

For now, Sheldon focused on the incredible sensations radiating from his groin as his mom and grandma diligently stimulated his most sensitive spots. Their skilled mouths and tongues had his cock throbbing and leaking a constant stream of pre-cum.

The two women's tongues moved with surprising speed and agility, flicking and swirling over every ridge and crevice of Sheldon's engorged cockhead. The intricate muscles and tendons beneath the surface allowed them to curl and undulate their lickers in mesmerizing patterns.

Lily and Darlene knew exactly how to work their oral muscles to maximum effect. They focused the pointed tips of their tongues on the frenulum, that sensitive band of tissue on the underside of the glans. Sheldon gasped and bucked as they fluttered against that sweet spot with hummingbird-like speed.

"Oh wow!" he cried out, fists clenching in the sheets.

The women smirked around his throbbing erection, knowing they'd found a major weakness. They took turns laving that little strip of flesh with the flat of their tongues before moving up to tease the opening of his urethra.

Sheldon's slit was forced into a gaping 'O' shape from the unrelenting pressure of his swollen cockhead. This allowed them to probe the very tip of their tongues just inside, wriggling against the sensitive inner walls.

"Hnnngh! T-too much!" Sheldon whined, feeling like he would explode at any moment.

But Lily and Darlene were well-versed in the art of orgasm control. They knew exactly when to pull back, leaving his member twitching and bouncing, angry purple and desperate for release.

As Sheldon panted and tried to collect himself, they turned their attentions to tracing the pronounced ridge of his corona. They wrapped their lips around the edge, giving it an obscene slurping kiss before nibbling ever so gently.

The contrasting sensations of soft wet heat and the slight edge of teeth had Sheldon seeing stars. He babbled incoherently, all higher brain function short-circuiting from the overwhelming pleasure.

Lily and Darlene's tongues continued their relentless assault, finding new and innovative ways to stimulate his over-sensitized cockhead. The strong muscular hydrostat at the core allowed for such precise articulation as they painted his glans with swirling patterns and flicks.

The women tag-teamed him mercilessly, seamlessly alternating between broad strokes of the flat, edges curling around his shape, and targeted jabs of the tips against his most receptive zones. Those bundles of nerve endings lit up like a Christmas tree with each masterful touch.

Sheldon was reduced to a quivering mess, sweat dotting his brow as he strained against the urge to cum. He'd never felt

anything so intensely pleasurable in his young life. His cock felt like it might actually burst if they kept up this sweet torture.

"Please...I can't...gonna explode..." he whimpered pitifully, voice tight and desperate.

Lily and Darlene finally had mercy on the poor boy. They eased off gradually, placing feather-light kisses all over his straining purple helmet as he caught his breath. The occasional kitten lick made him shudder but wasn't enough to trigger his release.

"There there, sweetie, you did so well," Darlene praised, nuzzling his pulsing length with her nose. "You lasted much longer that time."

Lily nodded in agreement, giving the base of his shaft a gentle squeeze. "Such a good boy, Shelly. We're so proud of you for holding back your ejaculation like that. You're learning so fast."

Sheldon preened at the compliments even as his cock continued to throb almost painfully with denied release. He knew this was an important lesson in self-control and wanted to make his mom and Gran happy.

Once he'd calmed down a bit, Lily and Darlene decided to give Sheldon a little reward for his impressive willpower. They sandwiched his rigid pole between their massive soft breasts, engulfing him in pillowy heaven.

Sheldon's eyes nearly bulged out of his head at the incredible sight and sensations. The delicate lace rasped against his sensitive skin as they compressed their bra-clad tits around him.

He could feel their stiff nipples poking into his shaft through the thin fabric.

"Oh my god," he groaned gutturally, head thrown back as they began to slide up and down his length, stroking him with their cleavage.

"You like that, baby? You like fucking Mommy and Gran's big titties?" Lily purred sultrily, squeezing her knockers together even tighter, her malleable tit-flesh molding around the shape of his boner.

All Sheldon could do was grunt and nod rapidly, rendered speechless by the overwhelming pleasure. He watched in amazement as the swollen purple head of his cock peeked out the top of their pressed breasts with each thrust.

Darlene leaned down to lap at his weeping slit every time it emerged, the combined sensations making Sheldon's eyes cross.

"That's it, sugar, fuck our tits real good. Make them all shiny with your pre-nectar," she encouraged.

Sheldon did just that, pumping his hips to slide through the slick, heavenly channel. The pressure was intense, soft yet firm, the lace adding delicious friction on his penile flesh. He felt himself quickly approaching the edge again.

But before he could reach that blissful peak, Lily and Darlene released their fleshy vice grip, allowing his spit-shined cock to spring free. It slapped against his stomach with a wet smack, visibly pulsing with need.

Sheldon whined at the denial, humping the air uselessly as his orgasm receded once more. Lily petted his thigh soothingly. "Shhh, I know sweetie, you wanna cum so bad. But you have to be patient, okay?"

He nodded reluctantly, knowing arguing would be pointless. The women resumed their previous positions, kneeling between his spread legs as they each cupped his heavy balls. Sheldon gasped at the touch, his sensitive sack drawing up even tighter.

"These are so full, Shelly. You must have a huge load saved up," Darlene remarked as she gently rolled his testicles in her palm, grazing the meat of his nuts with her long fingernails.

"We'll have to make sure you don't make a mess when you finally do cum," Lily added, giving him a wink. "You'll shoot it all in Mommy's mouth, won't you baby?"

Sheldon could only groan in response, the thought of ejaculating his hot seed down his mother's throat almost too much to bear. He had to bite his lip hard to stave off the impending orgasm.

Lily and Darlene continued to fondle his balls as they took turns suckling his cockhead, their tongues zeroing in on his most receptive

spots with laser precision. They seemed to instinctively know exactly how to lick and kiss and tease to keep him riding the razor's edge without going over.

It was a sweet agony, being brought to the brink again and again only to be denied. Sheldon's entire body was coiled

tightly with tension, shaking and twitching from the sustained stimulation. But he did his best to control his responses, wanting to be a good student.

Darlene and Lily expertly manipulated Sheldon's plump testicles, feeling the internal structures shifting beneath the delicate scrotal skin. The tunica encapsulated each oval shaped testis, while the epididymis arched elegantly along the posterior surface.

Their long painted fingernails traced the seam where the two halves of his scrotum fused during embryological development. This raphe was highly sensitive, making Sheldon squirm and gasp as they stroked it.

The women could palpate the tightly coiled tubules inside his testes, where millions of sperm cells were produced daily. Those microscopic gametes journeyed through the winding epididymis to reach maturity before being stored in the vas deferens.

Lily gently squeezed the base of his scrotum, feeling the firm paired ampullae - sperm reservoirs located just before the vas deferens joined with the seminal vesicles and prostate. She knew those tiny sacs were filled to the brim with Sheldon's potent seed.

Darlene focused on massaging his perineum, that magic spot between balls and anus. Firm pressure there stimulated his prostate gland internally, milking it to secrete its enzyme-rich fluid. This alkaline substance would help protect and nourish Sheldon's sperm on their arduous trek through the female reproductive tract.

All the while, they continued their coordinated assault on his glans - kissing, licking, suckling and nibbling the engorged head as their hands worked his balls. The combined stimulation had Sheldon panting and writhing, cock flexing and leaking copiously.

The women felt his scrotum tighten and lift as his ejaculation approached, the muscles contracting to draw his balls up close to his body. They watched in fascination as his perineum began to ripple with pulses, signaling the impending expulsion of semen.

The two experienced mothers brought him to the precipice only to back off at the last second. By the time they finally decided he'd had enough, Sheldon was a babbling, incoherent mess. His cock was an angry, throbbing purple, shiny with their saliva and his own copious fluids. It looked painful.

Lily and Darlene's cunts were dripping with arousal, their spongy inner walls clenching and fluttering with each throb of Sheldon's straining cock. The texture inside their cunts was silky soft yet muscular, undulating and rippling along the entire slick channel.

Intricate ribbons and ridges massaged the delicate, spongy tissues, providing delicious friction. The muscular hydrostat at the core allowed for precise contractions, little suctioning pulls that made their entrances pucker inward.

Their weeping holes produced a steady flow of slippery nectar, coating their velvety walls in a hot shiny sheen. The clear, viscous fluid seeped out to dribble down their inner thighs,

leaving glistening trails. It smelled musky and tangy, an intoxicating aphrodisiac.

Deep inside, their sensitive G-spots were swollen and throbbing, aching for firm pressure. With each spasm and tremor of their vaginal muscles, electric tingles radiated outward to their fat clits,

making the stiff nubs peek out from beneath their hoods like tiny wet penis-knobs.

The erotic thrill of suckling Sheldon's engorged, virgin cock had the women's cunts in a vice grip of lust. Lily could feel her cervix twitching, desperate to kiss the tip of her son's penis, while Darlene's womb fluttered and clenched in time with her pussy's greedy pulses.

Their slick, grasping holes were ravenous, wanting nothing more than to engulf and milk that throbbing erection for all it was worth. To feel him splitting them open and stretching their elastic walls to the limit as he plunged in to the hilt.

The thought of Sheldon's bulbous cockhead pounding into their drooling cunts, his hard length sawing in and out, had them gushing like faucets. Syrupy trickles of arousal escaped to soak their lacy panties, the drenched fabric clinging obscenely.

As much as they yearned to impale themselves on his young meat and ride him into oblivion, the women restrained themselves. This lesson was about Sheldon's pleasure, about guiding him to new heights of ecstasy through edging and oral worship of his over-sensitized glans.

So they refocused their efforts on his straining erection, determined to make him cum harder than he ever had before. Lily and Darlene took turns slurping and nibbling along his frenulum, grazing the spongy flesh with the edges of their teeth.

Sheldon sobbed and shook as they tortured that tender strip, his cockhead turning a mottled purple from the intense stimulation. The pressure in his balls was immense, churning and seething as they drew up tight to his body.

"P-please...need to cum...so bad!" he wailed, voice cracking with desperation.

Deciding he'd truly had enough, Lily sealed the ring of her lips around his pulsing knob, smothering her hot mouth around it as Darlene suckled his nuts. The dual sensation was finally too much for Sheldon to withstand.

"I'm cumming! Hnnngh fuck, cumming so hard!" he nearly screamed, entire body seizing up as his cock erupted like a geyser.

Thick ropes of pearly semen surged up from Sheldon's churning balls, which were rhythmically massaged by Darlene's lips and tongue. The testes contracted forcefully, pumping out the viscous fluid from his epididymis into his vas deferens.

The tubes spasmed as the creamy load traveled upwards, mixing with seminal fluids from his prostate and seminal vesicles along the way. The additions increased the volume and made it even more opaque.

Sheldon's ejaculatory ducts quivered as they transported the huge load to the base of his cock. His bulbourethral glands released a clear lubricant that would help propel the semen through his urethra. The alkaline liquid also neutralized any acidity, protecting his precious boy-sperm.

The massive amount of backed-up cum burst through his internal urethral sphincter, which had been holding it back. It flooded his spongy urethra, making his already engorged cock swell even more. The sensitive tissues expanded to accommodate the gush of fluid.

Sheldon's pelvic floor muscles and PC muscle contracted powerfully, creating a pumping action. They squeezed rhythmically, forcefully expelling the huge load through his external urethral sphincter and out his dilated urethral opening.

The first shot erupted from his meatus like a geyser, splattering the back of his mother's throat. Lily moaned around his throbbing length

as the salty liquid coated her tonsils. Her throat undulated as she swallowed rapidly, working to accommodate the massive amount.

Each successive spurt was just as powerful, sending thick, gooey ribbons of cum rocketing into Lily's mouth. Her cheeks puffed out obscenely as they filled with her son's release. Some escaped past her lips to dribble down her chin. The creamy contrast was striking against her olive skin.

Sheldon grunted and sobbed with relief as spurt after spurt of semen pulsed out of him. The muscles of his groin were in an

almost constant state of contraction, milking out every last drop. His cock jerked and kicked, twitching violently between his mother's lips, the slit gaping to expel the seemingly unending stream.

After what seemed like minutes, Sheldon's balls were finally empty, the last weak dribbles oozing onto his mom's tongue. She and Darlene gently licked and kissed his softening cock clean, coaxing out any remaining cum. He whimpered at the continued stimulation to his now hyper-sensitive flesh.

Once they were finished, Lily opened her mouth to show Sheldon the huge pool of pearly white semen on her tongue. She swirled it around, making a show of savoring the taste and texture. With an exaggerated gulp, she swallowed it down, the muscles of her throat rippling as it went down.

"Mmm, you taste so good, baby. Nice and sweet," Lily purred, licking a stray drop from the corner of her mouth.

Darlene nodded in agreement, smacking her lips. "Sure do. Our special boy makes the best cum."

Sheldon just laid there in a boneless heap, barely registering their words. His brain was pure fuzzy static in the aftermath of the most

intense orgasm of his young life. Every nerve felt like it was buzzing pleasantly, his limbs heavy and uncoordinated.

Lily and Darlene chuckled fondly at his dazed expression. They lovingly tucked his spent cock back into his underwear before pulling him into a tit-smothering cuddle. Sheldon hummed happily as he was enveloped in soft, warm curves.

"You did so well, sweetie. We're so proud of you," Darlene murmured, stroking his hair.

Lily peppered his face with kisses. "Such a good boy for Mommy and Gran. We'll have to give you more special lessons soon – perhaps focus more on your shaft and balls next time."

Sheldon just smiled dopily, already looking forward to next time. He'd learned so much today, but he knew there was still a lot more to discover. And he couldn't imagine anyone he'd rather explore with than his two busty, loving teachers.

232: Mom's New Sexual Superstar

Mom's New Sexual Superstar

By Klrxo

"Richard, we need to have a serious talk about our marriage," Sandra stated, sitting at his bedside.

"Our marriage?"

"One aspect of our marriage, yes," she replied. "You know I still love you. You'll always be my one true love, but since your ski accident you're completely worthless to me sexually."

A few months ago, Richard smacked into some trees while showing off on a ski trip. Sadly, he became paralyzed from the waist down. His wife had doted after him since then, but it was time to face the reality of his condition.

"I've still been using my fingers on you, have I not?" he asked.

Sandra snickered, rolling her eyes. "Yes, you have, but, hunny… that's foreplay, not sex," she stated, taking his hand in hers. "Some women could probably be content with that, but I'm not one of them. I'm a nymphomaniac who needs sex almost constantly, you know this better than anyone. These past three months have been absolute torcher for me, Richard. It's time for us to let someone else take the reins of my sex life."

"I knew this might happen," Richard stated in a defeated tone. Even though he cringed at the thought of his wife sleeping with another man, he knew that the ski incident was a result of his own stupidity and his wife shouldn't have to suffer for it. "Is there someone you have in mind?"

"Yes. I haven't spoken to him about it yet, but this person makes the most sense to me. They're young and well-equipped to handle a woman with my sexual appetite."

"Who is it?"

"Before I answer, I want you to think about the logic behind my decision. We're still married, so I don't want people to find out that I'm getting sex elsewhere and pass judgment, so discreetness is of the utmost importance. That being said, I'd need a partner that I could wholeheartedly trust to keep our new arrangement a complete secret."

"I agree," said her husband.

"The one person who I trust in that way is Billy."

"Billy?!" Richard asked with a horrified expression.

"That's right…our son, Billy. Not only is he a sweetheart and trustworthy, but he's a carbon copy of you, when you were younger. Well, mostly…" Sandra expressed with a blushing smile.

"Mostly?"

"Yes, not to be mean. You were a handsome young man, but Billy's MUCH more attractive than you were at that age. Why do you think he has so many girls his age chasing him? Hell, even most of my married girlfriends want a piece of him," Richard's wife pointed out. "He's handsome, physically fit and no doubt full of sexual energy, which is just what I want in a sexual partner."

"Yes, but…he's our son."

"All the more reason he'll make the perfect bed-mate for me. He shares the same DNA so when I decide it's time to have another baby, it'll be almost as if YOU were getting me pregnant."

"Another baby? Sandra, we haven't really talked about—"

"Richard, you know I want another child, maybe two. Especially since Amelia's in school now," his wife said, then glanced down at her husband's hopeless crotch. "YOU certainly won't be pumping a little one into me ever again, but I'm more than confident that Billy could handle the task."

Sandra's husband shook his head in confusion, like a brick had just smacked him over the head unexpectedly. "I just don't know…"

His wife giggled. "Well let it soak in then. I wasn't telling you this to get your permission, Richard. The decision has already been made. All I have to do is discuss it with Billy," she said.

"The idea of sleeping with his own mom may not set well with him," Richard wistfully expressed.

"Well, he's been using my panties to jack off with since he hit puberty so something tells me he'll be just as excited about the idea as I am."

"You never told me that he's been doing that!"

"Do you tell ME everything that goes on at work?" his wife asked defensively.

"Well, no…"

"Exactly! So I shouldn't have to tell you everything that goes here at home either. You're lucky that I'm giving you the details of this new

arrangement at all. I could have very easily cheated on you by letting Billy screw me behind your back."

"Maybe it would have been easier that way," Richard sulked.

"But YOU SHOULD know about it. You should know that your wife is having her sexual desires met, even if it isn't by you," Sandra stated. She could see the gut-wrenching disappointment in her husband's face. "You only have yourself to kick for this, Richard. If you hadn't been showing off and acting a fool on that ski slope we wouldn't be having this conversation, now would we?"

"No."

"I'm not abandoning you, hunny. We're still a happy, married couple. The only difference is my sex life, which is already non-existent, will be in the hands of our son."

Billy was every bit as gorgeous as Sandra said he was. A lean, well-toned teen with stylish blonde hair and a Coppertone tan. Even though he'd turned 18 a week ago, he had a pubescent innocence about him that made even women twice his age hungry for him. It was no wonder then that his busty, bombshell mother wanted him between her thick thighs. She couldn't help but stare at him as he snacked on an apple after school. Sandra's tummy tingled as imagined her and Billy fucking fervently on her marital mattress. Their bodies were both the prime age for wild sex; perfect for one another.

"I'd like to talk to you for a minute, darling, before you rush off to play video games," Sandra requested.

"Sure, mom, what's up?" he asked. His eyes darted down to the jutting breasts that were spilling obscenely from the neck of her sundress. They looked like two flesh-colored water balloons filled to their bursting point.

"I wanted to talk to you about taking over a VERY important role around here. One that your father's not able to fulfill anymore due to his condition."

"I'm already doing all the yardwork," her son pointed out. "There's something else?"

"Yes, what I'm needing of you is MUCH more important than any of the other tasks you've graciously taken on."

"What is it?"

"I want you to be my sexual partner," she candidly stated.

"S…sexual partner?" Billy asked with a surprised expression.

"Yes. Since his ski accident, your father is as worthless as a worm in bed. He can't even get it up anymore," she stated with an apathetic smirk. "I love him, but I'm NOT going without sex. How would you feel about being my sexual superstar?"

"Wow, I um…I would love it!" her son answered, his heart racing. "You're my mom so I never really thought I'd get to have sex with you."

"Yeah well, family sex is something that most people frown upon, so it would have to be OUR secret."

"Would dad know?"

"Yes, in fact, I've already had this discussion with him. If we do this, he knows that you and him would become partners in the marriage. Your dad would continue to be the provider, and you would handle all my sexual needs."

Billy still couldn't believe what his mom was proposing. "So we'd like…be having sex every day, you and I?" he asked.

"Well, those are details we would have to decide up together as sexual partners. How often we have sex, how long we have sex for, what kind of sex we want; those are all questions we'll have to answer."

"Wait, what do you mean, 'what kind of sex we want?'" the teen asked.

"Well, there are different kinds of sex, darling. Vaginal sex, oral sex, anal sex…we have to decide each time what it is we want to engage in."

Billy was speechless for a moment. The prospect of fucking his mom's pussy was thrilling enough, but the idea of her sucking on the tender meat of his cock or letting him squeeze it through the ring of her asshole and up into depths of her smoldering rectum made him almost dizzy with delight.

His mom's sweet voice snapped him from his dirty thoughts. "I can tell you this... Having sex just once a day is for people who are dating or just getting to know each other. When you're husband and wife, which we'll partly be, intercourse will happen MUCH more frequently and with greater intensity," Sandra shared.

"That sounds amazing to me," the dumbfounded boy uttered.

"It should. It means you won't have to jerk off anymore," said Sandra, "or steal my panties from my clothes hamper. Now you'll get to smell and taste the real thing."

Billy's face became red with embarrassment. "You knew about me using your panties?" he asked.

"Of course, darling. Not a thing goes on under the roof of a home that we moms don't know about. Now you won't need my panties though. You'll be able to eat my sweet, shaved pussy whenever you want."

Richard saw his wife and son talking as he entered the kitchen in his wheelchair. "You two are all smiles in here," he noted.

"Billy said yes!" Sandra exclaimed, making her boobs jiggle as she bounced on her bare feet like a ecstatic teenager.

"Oh, um…great," her husband uttered unenthusiastically.

"Ok," blurted Sandra, collecting her thoughts, "so I was thinking that you and Billy should probably switch bedrooms, you know…just to make things easier."

"Switch bedrooms?! Sandra, is that really—"

"Necessary? Yes!" his wife answered. "Our bed is much bigger than his. Not that him and I couldn't have sex on a twin-sized bed…we could, but it makes more sense for us to have the king."

"Yes, ok, but switching rooms though? Do we really have to do that?"

"Richard, we have two other children. If they wake up to the sound of sex going on I would rather it not be coming from Billy's bedroom. If they hear it from the master bedroom they'll just think it's you and I going at it…like we used to."

"Used to…thanks for that reminder," the husband sighed.

"Hunny, I feel awful that you won't get to watch me cum anymore, but you should really be thanking our son for taking on this task. You are the one person who can appreciate the type of stamina it'll take to keep me satisfied."

"Yes, I remember," answered Richard, thinking back on the years of mind-blowing sex he had with his wife.

"Speaking of that, I have a request," said Sandra.

"Another one?"

"Tomorrow, while I'm out shopping for some new lingerie, I'd like you to have a pep talk with Billy."

"A pep talk?"

"Yeah, you know…give him some advice that'll help him, when he's alone with me in the bedroom and we're playing beneath the sheets. You're kind of like the old, feeble Senator who's retiring, passing the reins to your young, ambitious replacement. Let him know how I like to be kissed…how I like to be touched," Sandra explained, then gazed into her son's eyes seductively as she continued. "Billy needs to know all the positions I love to do it in. He needs to understand there are times to be fast and rough, and there are times where I'll want hours of passionate lovemaking."

Sandra looked back at her husband. "No one knows my naughty secrets the way you do. YOU certainly won't be needing them anymore so it's important that Billy learns every one of them."

"Sure," Richard muttered, "we can have a chat tomorrow."

"Excellent!" smiled his wife, then looked over at her son. "You know, darling…since you are partly my husband now, we should probably consummate our new relationship with a kiss."

"Oh, um…ok," her boy replied, glancing awkwardly at his father.

"I think I'll leave for this part," said Richard, starting to spin his chair. Sandra stopped him with her foot.

"Don't be rude, Richard! This is a special time for Billy and I. You need to stay and show your support."

"I think I've been pretty damn supportive so far," he blurted.

"Don't take that fucking tone with me!?" Sandra shouted. Her boobs trembled as she placed her hands on her hips, leering down at him. "Who's been there at your side during this whole ordeal?! Me, that's who! I've doted after you on top of taking care of three children. Now it's MY time! It's my time to be pleasured, and it's my time to be supported!"

"Fine," her husband sigh. "I'll stay and be a support."

"Thank you!" his wife smiled. She bit her bottom lip as she stared at her son, slowly walking towards him. "Not quite as romantic as a big wedding, but this'll have to do."

"I can't imagine you being any more beautiful, even if you were in a fancy wedding dress, mom," her boy admitted, making Sandra's eyes well up with tears. She took his hands in hers, enter locking their fingers and bringing them down to their sides.

"Ahh!" Billy sighed, feeling the squishy meat of her giant tits nudge against his upper chest.

Richard watched his wife bring her lips to their son's ear and beginning whispering something he couldn't hear. Whatever she was saying was clearly getting the boy worked up as his breath quivered and his legs moved a bit anxiously.

Sandra stared into her son's eyes again. "I promise to give you pleasure that you never imaged possible," her sweet voice stated.

Richard shook his head and rolled his eyes, starting to wonder why he agreed to such ridiculousness.

"I promise to do the same," Billy told him mom in response. "To give you lots of pleasure."

Sandra covered half her mouth and leaned towards her husband. "You may now kiss the bride!" she loudly whispered as if she didn't

want her son to hear. When Richard hesitated, she kicked his chair with her foot. "Say it!" she shouted.

"You may now kiss the bride," Richard reluctantly uttered. He had experienced lots of strange moments in his life, but watching his wife of twenty years share a passionate, ceremonial kiss with their teenage son rated among the strangest.

Sandra and Billy's lips were sealed in open ovals as their overactive tongues dueled inside Billy's mouth. The kiss was long and obscene, even by wedding standards. When it ended, the mother's body shuddered with the overwhelming desire to fuck. "Wanna go to our bedroom?" she softly asked her boy.

"Sure!" he gasped, still in utter disbelief that this was happening.

"The other kids will be home soon," Richard reminded his 'half-wife.'

"I know. Billy and I aren't having sex until you give him that pep talk," said Sandra as she led her son away by the hand, "but WE DO need to be alone and intimate for a little while."

Richard wheeled himself into the hallway, watching his wife and son kiss and flirt all the way to the master bedroom. Sandra yanked her anxious son inside the bedroom, then fed her husband a big naughty smile before swinging the door closed.

"He's not gonna know what hit him," Richard said to himself as he thought about what his son was in for. Richard's mind drifted back to the first time he and his wife had been in a similar situation as young lovers. Sandra was an aggressive youth who was all over him that first time, writhing around on top of him, while kissing passionately. He recalled how she licked his neck, and what a thrill it was having her huge, warm tits slosh around against his chest. Her skills had only grown over the years and her melons had doubled in size. He imaged that his son was getting a similar treatment and how it must be an incredible thrill for the young teen.

Richard was absolutely right! "Auugghh, wow!" Billy gasped, his face buried under the curtain of his mom's silky, platinum-blonde hair as she lashed her tongue on his neck. They were on the center of what was now THEIR king-sized bed, and Sandra was laying on top of him with her knees planted astride his hips.

"You like it, darling?" she whispered, then went back to whipping her feverish licker against the most sensitive part of his neck.

"Yesss!" the boy hissed, marveling at the feel of her fatty breasts mashed between them. Being the handsome kid he was, Billy had gotten to squeeze lots of naked tits. Even huge, fat ones that belonged to pretty teachers who'd kept him after class to fool around. However, none could compare to the size and squishy-softness of his own mom's breasts. Her nipples were thick and engorged, and he could feel them prodding against him through their clothing.

"Did you see the look on your father's face when he told you to 'kiss the bride?'" Sandra giggled. "Like a guy who suddenly realized he'd never see pussy again."

"I didn't, but I sure loved that kiss!"

"Well, then…give me another!" his mom lustfully requested, then locked lips with her son for a deep French kiss. Sandra's skirt had ridden up so her panty-clad mommy-muffin rested on son's hardened love-muscle. The mother pressed her heated sex-organ tightly against her son's and their crotches began to dance in a horizontal gavotte while they kissed.

"Too bad your sisters will be home soon," Sandra stated as she lifted herself on extended arms, letting her half-exposed udders dangle teasingly above her boy's oogling eyes. Her neckline was pushed down so far that the top fringes of her dusky-pink areola were exposed. "If it were earlier we could let you roll your big, hard choo

choo train into pussy-town, and do the rumpy-pumpy until you blow your big fucking load through that chimney-stack!"

"Oh, damn, mom!" the boy shuttered, delighted beyond measure by her filthy words.

Sandra giggled at his reaction. "Oh, I guess your father hasn't had a chance to tell you yet, but I LOVE tasking nasty!"

"Really?!"

"Uh-huh! It stimulates the nerves," she whispered, then smacked her luscious lips against his, "and makes our pissers throb for a hot fuck."

"Ohhh!" Billy sighed as he was assaulted with wet smooches. His boner flexed from the onslaught of his mom's dry-humping.

"It makes me wanna bury your magic wand in my chamber of secrets," Sasha panted, "and cast an orgasmic spell that'll make me howl like a whore!"

"Oh, damn!" the teenager sighed with excitement, locking lips with his mom again.

Sandra lush body shuddered with a wicked thrill. She knew that every horny female wanted her boy, but now he was all hers. She wrapped his head in her arms, cradling his head against her jostling tits, while basking in the feel of his rock-hard boner, digging against her panty-covered cunt-lips. "Mmm, do you like being the scratching post for my pussy cat, darling?" she asked. "Mmm, don't you lie now, Pinocchio. I don't think your nose can get any longer," she giggled, referring to the long, fat cock grinding against her.

"I love it!" her boy confessed, his voice dampened by tit flesh. His cute face was wedged between Sandra's meaty mammaries, delighting in the sponginess of her creamy cleavage.

The hot mother gasped, enjoying the sensation of such a rigid teenage cock pressing against her smoldering genitalia. "Ohh, you're gonna pound it out of me, aren't you?" she whimpered. "Mommy has lots of pent-up cum-honey in there and you're gonna fuck it outta me, aren't you baby?"

"Uh-huh," Billy responded, lustfully kissing his mom's breastbone.

"Ohhh, we're gonna spend some good, long mommy and daddy time beneath the blanket tonight and let you smash your dragon through my pink baby gates!"

Billy's body shuddered. His dick and balls were tingling like crazy. He couldn't imagine how turned on he was gonna be when they were actually fucking. His mom's lips left a trail of sweet kisses up his neck and the side of his face. "Am I gonna pop your mommy-cherry, darling. Will I be the first middle-aged mom who's peach you've split open?" Sandra asked.

"Yes!" he hissed. He'd fooled around with more than a few, but never laid dick into them.

"Oh good," she cooed. "Mom's cherry boy. Don't you worry…I'll milk that pp with my hot, sugared walls extra good!"

If it was one thing that could be heard throughout the house, it was Sandra's two daughters arriving home from school. "I guess that's our cue to stop," Sandra reluctantly sighed, the gave her new love a tender peck on the lips. "But don't you worry, darling…I'm half-yours now and we'll have endless hours to do lots of fuckles and suckles. I'm sure your father will fill you in on all my naughty little kinks."

Mom's Sexual Superstar – Part 2

By Klrxo

"So, your mom wanted us to have a little pep chat before you and her, um…"

"Before her and I make love with each other?" asked Billy, finishing his father's sentence as they sat together in the living room.

"Yeah, that. I assume you didn't last night?"

"No, just lots of snuggling and kissing. Mom wanted me to have this chat with you before her and I fuck. Oh, um…I mean, before her and I 'make love,' sorry," the teen blushed.

"Are you sure that's what you want?" Richard asked, hoping he could change his son's mind.

"Absolutely! You don't have to worry about a thing, dad. She's gonna love having sex with me."

"Um…ok, I was—"

"I have a really long dick," bragged Billy, cutting his father off. "It curves slightly upward so it stimulates a girl's G-spot and makes them cum like crazy."

"I, um…really didn't need to hear that, kid," Richard uttered sarcastically.

"Yeah, but I just wanted you to know because mom says she has lots of pent-up cum-honey she wants me to pound out, and I'm ABSOLUTELY going to!"

It was certainly the last thing Richard wanted to hear. It was bad enough that his son would be sleeping with his wife, but to know that he would be rocking her world just twisted the knife in his heart even more.

"I have really short refractory periods," stated his son, "which girls really like because in a matter of minutes after cumming I'm ready to go again."

Richard knew that his wife always got upset when he came to quickly and couldn't get it up again so having sex with someone like their son would probably be a dream come true to her. "So, you've um…had some experience then? That's good, I guess," he uttered.

"Actually, yeah…I've had more experience with older women than ones my own age."

"Oh, you have, huh? Anyone I know?"

"Well, um…actually, I probably shouldn't say anything else about that," said Billy, wishing he hadn't revealed what he just did.

"Well, you can't NOT tell me now. Who's this older woman you slept with?" Richard curiously asked.

"Are you sure you wanna know, dad?"

"I wouldn't be asking you if I didn't."

"Grandma," Billy uttered.

Richard's stomach shrunk in shock. He expected it to be one of the moms in the neighborhood, perhaps even one of his wife's friends, but certainly not his own mother. "Your Grandma?! My mother?" he asked.

"See…you're upset. I knew I shouldn't have told you."

"When did you have sex with your Grandmother?"

"When I went to stay with her and Grandpa over the summer…she taught me all about fucking a girl."

"Where was your Grandfather through all this?" Richard asked with a sickened scowl.

"He was usually sitting in his wheelchair in the next room. Grandma said because of his Alzheimer's he COULD hear us and probably knew what we were doing, but couldn't really do anything about it, and probably wouldn't remember it for very long anyway," Billy chuckled.

"How many times did the two of you have sex?"

"We did it five or six times a day for the whole two weeks I was there. You must have had sexual thoughts about her when you were younger, right?"

"No. Why would you ask me that?!"

"Because Grandma's super-sexy, just like mom, but older, and she has the biggest boobs of any woman I've ever met," Billy replied, reflecting back on the endless hours he spent buried under his Gran's ginormous, squishy tits, sucking and chewing on her fat, rubbery nipples, while having his cock exquisitely fucked.

Like most young men, Richard had certainly lusted after his heavy-breasted mom growing up, but never got lucky enough to fuck her or even see her naked for that matter. The fact his cocky son had admittedly boned her several dozen times made him feel almost sick with anger and jealousy. "You saw her breasts too, huh?" he stupidly asked.

"Well, yeah dad I was practically sucking on them the whole time I was there. It's one of the things she taught me how to do. Which reminds me, does mom like to have the undersides of her breasts licked and sucked on? Grandma loves that."

"I couldn't tell you," Richard uttered.

"I suppose I could try it and see if she digs it. Mom said we're going to be doing all sorts of different sexual things. Grandma taught me this one thing that I can't wait to try on mom."

"What one thing?" his dad asked, even though he was sure he didn't wanna hear it.

"Grandma had me finger her asshole while she was on top riding me. Mom DID say something about us doing anal sex together so I think she'll like it too."

Richard could hardly believe what he was hearing. He certainly wanted this little pep talk to be over as soon as possible. "Alright, is there anything else you wanna ask me about your mother?" he inquired.

"Well, actually, I have a few things mom wrote down that she said I should ask you," said Billy, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a list.

"Alright, what are they?"

"Her favorite position?"

"Doggy-style."

"Sweet! That's my favorite too," Billy grinned, anxious to have his mom's big buttocks beating against him. "Does she like to be slapped on the ass while she's doing it that way?"

"Yes," Richard uttered, still in disbelief that he was answering such depraved questions.

"That must just a thing that most girls like. Grandma was constantly telling me to spank her bare ass while we were doing it doggy-style."

"That was your Grandma's favorite too, huh?" Richard jealously asked.

"No, she liked being on top the most. I certainly didn't complain… she was amazing at it, and her tits always put on an incredible show."

"Alright, um…what's the next thing on the list?" Richard asked impatiently.

"The second thing she wanted me to ask you about is kissing."

"What about it?"

Billy read from his note. "She just wrote, 'ask dad about nightly kissing.'"

"Well, your mom does like to kiss passionately for ten minutes before going to sleep at night, but you should remind her that I DO still have lips that work. Her and I could still be doing that part."

"Well, mom did say that I'll be in charge of her sex life, dad, which mean I'll be doing all the heavy kissing with her from now on. Don't worry though, I've had plenty of girls tell me that I'm an incredible kisser."

"Any other questions?" Richard asked, feeling completely defeated at this point.

"Yeah, she just wrote here 'ask dad about Oral Tuesday.' Does that mean what I think it does?" Billy asked with an anxious grin.

Richard sighed. "Yes. Your mom had one day a week where we would go back and forth having oral sex with each other," he explained.

"Cool! It sounds like she wants to carry on the tradition with ME, which is awesome because I love getting blowjobs. Does she swallow?"

"Yes, she does, now is that all?" Richard asked, eager to be through.

"Yeah, I mean…unless you have any other pointers for me?"

"It sounds like you don't need my advice. I'm sure you'll do well enough."

"I know you've probably been stressing since the accident about how to please mom and all sexually, but there's no need to worry about that now, dad. Mom told me she wants me to be her 'sexual superstar,' and that's what I plan on being."

While Billy was at a friend's house, Sandra poked her head in the living room, where Richard was watching TV. "Richard, I need your opinion on something. Can you come down to Billy and I's bedroom?" she asked.

Richard wheeled down to what used to be their marital bedroom. He was surprised to see that some things had changed. His wife had purchase a new bed set and had a picture of just her and Billy together, from their family vacation, blown up, framed and put on the wall.

"Looks like you've done some redecorating," he pointed out.

"Yes. Since I consider Billy more of a husband now and we're sharing a bedroom, I thought I might get some things that reflect our love for each other."

Richard's heart sunk upon hearing this. "Do you really have to refer to him as your 'husband,' Sandra?" he asked.

"Hunny, I know that's difficult for you to hear, but it's something you'll have to get used to. Billy is in on our marriage now, and while you and I will continue to make decisions as it pertains to the household, the marital intimacy is something our son is now fully in charge of."

"Like I said before, I'll agree to it, but that doesn't mean I have to like it."

"Oh, and I forgot to tell you…I booked a room for Billy and I this weekend, you know, sort of like a mini-honeymoon. So, I'll need you to watch the kids."

"Fine, now what did you need my opinion on?" Richard asked, trying not to show how annoyed he was by the whole thing.

"Billy and I will be having sex for the first time tonight and I wanna make it extra special for him. I have two sets of lingerie that I bought and I can't decide which one to wear. I need you to tell me which one you think he'll like better."

"Fine," her husband sighed, clearly put out by having to do such a thing.

"I'll go try on the first one," said Sandra, heading to the bathroom.

"You can try it on out here."

Sandra paused and looked back at him. "Yeah, I um…meant to talk to you about that. Now that my body technically belongs to Billy more than it does you, I don't really think I should be naked in front of you anymore," she expressed.

"Sandra, that's ridiculous! You're still my wife."

"Partly, yes, but since you really serve no purpose for me sexually anymore, you have no reason to see me in the nude. Besides, it

would just make you miss the sex we had together and harbor jealous feelings towards Billy and I don't want that. I'll be right back."

Richard watched his wife's peach-shaped buttocks sway beneath her shorts as she stepped into the bathroom. Part of him knew Sandra was right. Seeing her luscious, naked body would make him even more envious of their son. While Sandra tried on the lingerie, he took the opportunity to look around the room, particularly on the bedside table where there was an assortment of sexual lubes and massage oils. He opened a tiny box that contained a brand new vibrating cock ring.

"Ridiculous," he muttered to himself.

"What do you think of this one?" his wife asked as she stepped from the bathroom. She was wearing a coral red chemise that was molded to her voluptuous body. It fell barely below the crotch and had a halter neck with cutouts along the sides, allowing a peek at the naked flesh beneath.

"It's nice," he answered, then focused his attention to the table of goodies. "Looks like your stocked up on some on the sex oil, but I don't see any condoms."

"Condoms?!" his wife snickered.

"Yeah…haven't you even given any thought to the fact that Billy could get you pregnant?"

Sandra fed him a sheepish grin. "Would that be such a bad thing? We HAVE talked about wanting another child, you and I."

"Sandra, that was before I got injured. I really think we should revisit that idea before you get yourself pregnant."

"There's nothing to 'revisit.' You'll never have sex again in your life, Richard. How exactly do you plan on getting me pregnant?"

"I just meant whether we SHOULD have another kid or not."

"Fine, but Billy IS NOT wearing condoms or pulling out, so if he gets me pregnant before we can discuss it then you'll just have to deal with it."

Richard noticed a strange triangular-shaped cushion on the bed. "What the hell's that thing?" he asked with a scowl.

"It's called a sex wedge. It's designed to use for an assortment of sex positions that Billy and I plan on trying."

"Wow, you never bought all these fancy gadgets when WE were having sex together."

"I'll be frank with you, hunny. Even though we did had sex regularly in our marriage, you WEREN'T very good at it."

"Gee, thanks."

"I don't say that to hurt your feelings. All I'm trying to say is I wasn't about to spend money on sex items with someone who couldn't give me more than a half-hour a night. I won't have that issue with Billy. Guys his age can bounce back after an orgasm and give a woman multiple rounds of intense sex. Which reminds me, how did the pep chat go this morning?" Sandra asked, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Well, I learnt some interesting things about our son," Richard answered, hoping what he would share might change his wife's mind entirely.

"Such as?"

"Such as how he learnt about having sex. You're not gonna believe this, but he spent the two weeks at my parents house fucking my mother."

"Yes, your mother and I spoke about that. We both thought it would be a good idea if she took his virginity and broke him in sexually."

"Wait a minute…you knew about this?!"

"Richard, your mother and I talk all the time. With your father's condition she hadn't had real sex in years. It was good for her to get her ass fucked off for a couple weeks by a young, handsome stud like Billy."

"With my father in the next room?"

Sandra burst out laughing. "I'm sure hearing his wife get savagely fucked in the next room wasn't pleasant, but you and I both know with his Alzheimer's he's probably forgotten all about it by now."

"I can't believe she told you and you didn't share that with me."

"Your mother asked me not to. She knows that you were fascinated with her body growing up, especially her huge tits, and would probably harbor jealous feelings towards Billy, knowing that he had fucked her and you hadn't."

"Whatever!" Richard sighed, shaking his head.

"We should really be thanking your mother for preparing Billy for this moment."

"Thanking her?!"

"Yes, thanking her! She taught Billy how to really fuck a girl, in various positions. She told me that towards the end of his stay he was having sex with her for three to four hours at a time and giving

her the greatest orgasms of her life. That's something we should be proud of."

"Excuse me if I say that 'thankfulness' and 'pride' are not the emotions I'm experiencing right now," Richard expressed.

"It's natural to feel jealous of him. He drained his balls inside your mother and now he's preparing to do the same to your wife, but you should rest easy in knowing that he's trained for a woman like me. His time with your mom prepared him for another big breasted woman who absolutely loves sex!"

"Great. Thanks for sticking the knife in a twisting it, Sandra."

"I don't know why you're being so selfish. I always thought that MY well- being was your top priority as my husband?!"

"It was. It still is!"

"Then be happy for me! Be happy that, even after your accident, I'm still able to get the sexual pleasure that a husband is suppose to provide," she expressed, then quickly stood up, making her enormous tits jump up and down beneath the chemise . "Now, let me try on the other outfit and you can tell me which one you think my new, young lover will like best."

This time his wife emerged from the bathroom wearing a pale-pink teddy with criss-crossed spaghetti straps. It had an open crotch, exposing her shaved pubis. "I thought I wasn't 'allowed' to see you naked anymore?" he reminded her.

"Sorry, I forgot this one had an open crotch."

His wife usually had a tiny triangle if pubic hair, but it had been shaved off. "Looks like you trimmed down there," he pointed out.

"Yes, I was talking to your mother and she suggested that I shave it off. Her pussy is always shaved and she said that Billy really enjoyed that, especially when he was going down on her."

Richard felt a sick pang of jealousy in the pit of his stomach. He remembered smelling his mom's panties numerous times growing up and wondering what it would be like to devour such sweet, mature pussy. Now, to find out his damn son had feasted on his mother's snatch was almost more than he could stand to hear.

Despite his wife's protest, Richard DID get to see her naked again. It happened not long after their discussion, when Billy got home from his friend's house. His son decided to take a shower from getting sweaty while playing basketball, and Richard spied his busty wife entering the bathroom a few minutes later, completely naked. Pangs of jealously flowed through him as he watched her huge boobies bobble and her delicious-looking bubble butt sway atop her silky legs. She gazed back and fed him defiant smirk as if to say, "don't you wish it was YOU and

not our son in there about to receive my sexual attention?!" The fact that he would never again be on the receiving end of such a sexually-talented beauty saddened him immensely.

"Is there room for me?" Sandra's sweet voice asked as she joined her son in their large walk-in shower.

"There's always room for you, mom," her son stated, staring at her huge, jutting tits as she joined him beneath the hot spray. They immediately embraced and kissed passionately.

Billy felt the blood surge into his cock as his mom's fatty tits pancaked wetly against his chest. Her turgid nipples prodded against his lean chest, aching to be sucked on. He felt her hand clutch his scrotum, rolling his cum-swollen nuts around between her fingers like dice. "Your father's worried that you might pump a baby into me," she giggled.

"I suppose that's always a possibility," her son stated.

"Then my chest-pillows would swell up even bigger, and you'd have to fuck a pregnant mom every day."

"I think I could handle that."

"Mmm, I think I wanna 'handle' THIS!" Sandra added, slipping her hand up around her son's dick. She felt the thick meat of his shaft quickly harden in her stroking grip.

"Did dad say anything about our chat this morning?"

"He was kind of upset by the fact that you fucked his mother," Sandra snickered. "Something that HE most likely wanted to do when he was your age."

"And now I'm gonna be fucking you, my own mom. I guess it sucks to be dad."

His mom brought her lips back to his. "It's not your fault that you're so handsome and get all the good, mature pussy soaking your cock. You were destined to become a motherfucker," she whispered, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

After smooching lewdly for a few minutes, the mother grabbed her body-wash and squirted some on her hand. "Ready for that cock-mobile to go through the scrubby-wash?" she asked, gazing into his eyes lasciviously.

"Sure!"

Sandra lathered his dick and balls, stroking his erectile flesh with her hands and making the boy gasp in delight. As they soaked beneath the hot spray and she fisted his cock, the mother brought her lips right up to his ear. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard tonight," she whispered. "I'm sure your father told you how fucking horny I get."

"No, but he did tell me you like it doggy-style, and love to have your ass slapped."

"Yesss…I can't wait for you to doggy-dick me. Bend me over and make my fucking ass ripple!"

"I assured dad that I'm gonna take really good care of you in bed, just like did Grandma."

"Mmm, you know just how to take care of us heavy-titted moms, don't you, baby?" Sandra cooed. Her sudsy, slippery first squeezed up and down his tender, pink meat, twisting over his glans before gliding back down his shaft. "How to pound the sweet girl-honey right out of our pussies."

"Yeah, I do," the boy gasped, feeling his nuts tingle. His mom slowly drug her mammaries down his stomach, crouching in front of him. She grasped her bobbling breasts at the rounded sides and pushed them together around her boy's erection.

"I know I promised to let you pump your cum-hose through my baby-chute tonight, but how would you like to ream your dick through my slippery cleavage right now?" she seductively asked.

"I'd love it!"

Billy watched in awe as his mom worked her giant breasts around his cock in a delightful tittie-fuck. He loved watching his pinkish-purple knob emerge from the top of her cleavage, then disappear into the canyon of slippery tit-flesh.

"Thrust your hips, hunny. Fuck mommy's big titter-meat!"

Billy's tit-smothered dick flexed with hardness, the muscle and sinews bulging at its root as he pumped it through the warm, snug pocket of his mom's tit-cleavage. Sandra gazed up at him with the sluttiest look he'd ever seen. "Do you want me to lick your bell-tip?"

she asked. "Tease your horny glans with my tongue and clean all those wiggly little baby-makers off your dick-hole."

"Uh-huh!" Billy nodded, then watched his mom's long, thick tongue flail away on the head of his cock, each time it appeared from between her tits.

While keeping her breasts squashed together with one arm, Sandra used the other hand to massage her boy's nuts. She used her long painted fingernails to scrap along the outsides of his gonads stimulating the sensitive nerves. Her long, pink licker continued to batter his knob on every thrust, flickering rapidly around the engorged bulb. Every few strokes, she would swipe her tongue-tip across his piss-slit, cleaning the bubbling pre-goo that had seeped out.

"Mm, I love licking your yummy boy-drizzle," the mother mewled. "Swallowing those tiny tadpoles down into my belly, dashing their dreams of splitting my ovum."

"Damn, mom…you must be the best dirty-talking mother on the planet," the boy panted.

"You like mom's slutty mouth, baby?" she asked, licking her lips lustfully. "Does it make you wanna sheath that teenage pork-sword in the hot, pink grip of my pussy."

"Hell yes!"8

"Don't worry, sugar…tonight I'll give you all the fucking mommy-cunt you can handle! I'll take you all the way to your cock-root and let that pink meat-shaft marinade inside my hot, mommy-fuck-tunnel."

The combination of his mom's filthy words and the exquisite friction her spongy tit-meat was providing his cock made his balls clench up near his body. His mom's fingers pulled them back down, tugging and stroking on the oval-shaped meat of his nuts. "Ohhh, someone's

gonna bust a nut!" Sandra exclaimed. "Gonna lay a load of creamy boy-butter between mom's tits."

"Ohhh, shit!" Billy exclaimed as he felt a powerful load of semen rocket up the tube of his urethra. He fucked his mom's tits with greater intensity, groaning in pleasure as the cum-ropes began to erupt from his pecker.

Sandra did her best to slam her breasts around the humping, spewing meat of her boy's cock. "That's it, hunny…fuck you some big, spongy mommy-hooters!" she cried out encouragingly.

For nearly two minutes she continued to milk his quivering organ with her giant tits. Then, Sandra stood back up and kissed him tenderly. "The next load of jizzy-wigglers that are milked from those balls are going straight up the pussy," she stated, staring into his eyes wantonly. "MY PUSSY."

The locked lips passionately, anxious for the night to come.

MOM'S SEXUAL SUPERSTAR - PART 3

by Klrxo

It wasn't easy listening to his wife cry out in sexual delight with another man, especially when that "other man" was his own son. Richard tossed and turned in his bed to every moan and cry his wife made down the hallway. Every time their bellies beat together it seemed to rattle his brain. He never heard Sandra cum as many times as she did with her son that first night. He was also forced to listened to his son let out a series guttural grunts four different times that night as Billy pumped loads of potent, teenaged cum into his wife's unprotected pussy.

"Why did I agree to this nonsense?" he asked himself, turning over restlessly.

To add insult to injury, Billy had also spent a week at his Grandparents house fucking Richard's mother. Richard found himself feeling sorry for his father for having to endure such torture. Listening to your Grandson's balls beat against your long-time wife's ass all week long couldn't have been easy, but lucky for Richard's father he had Alzheimer's disease and probably didn't remember any of it.

Billy mounted his mom's haunches on the bed that they were sharing together in the master bedroom. The site of her naked, rounded ass pointed back at him lewdly as she rested in all-fours gave him an immense thrill.

"Fuck me from behind again, sweetheart!" Sandra eagerly requesting, wagging her meaty mommy-ass invitingly.

The boy's tongue nearly hung out as he stared at the pink ring of her butthole peeking out from between the fatty cheeks of her derriere. He wrapped his hand around the base of his boner and plowed his fat, tapered knob up through the juicy slit of her cunt.

"Oh, baby…you know how to get me so fucking worked up, don't you?" Sandra gasped as her son rubbed their engorged love-bulbs together. Since she was his mother, Sandra's clit looked identical to her son's penis glans, just much smaller.

"I'm just teasing you a little before we fuck again, mom," the boy replied, plowing his peter-tip downward through her thick labial flanges. His cock had never felt so fucking hard before. Even after fucking her for nearly four hours and experiencing multiple, toe-clenching orgasms, his dick remained fully rigid.

Billy shuddered with excitement as he fit his cock-tip into the mouth of his mother's cuntal vestibule. Aligned with his mom's fuck-tunnel, his long, slightly curved shaft flexed powerfully on his loins; the sinewy muscles and veins bulging obscenely, preparing to be encapsulated in hot, slipper cunt-flesh.

"Damn!" the teen gasped, plunging his pecker all the way inside of her and feeling his knob curve slightly upward against her cervical head. Sandra's labia mashed wetly against her boy's cock-root, creating a snug suction seal. For a moment they remained motionless, enjoying the delightful sensation of having their tender sex organs joined in full penetration.

Sandra gazed back over her shoulder adoringly. "Do you think you can make me cum just as hard as the first time you fucked me this way?" she asked.

The first position they had engaged in was doggy-style and that was nearly four hours ago. Since then, they had fucked up a storm in various positions, so they felt like they had come full circle.

"Well, I just came, so I should be able to go even longer this time," the teen answered.

"Prove it!" his mom grinned as she began pumping her ass back against him. His cock moved fluidly, since Sandra's cunt-tunnel was so well lubricated by her recent orgasms. Firmly holding his mom's lush buttocks, Billy began pounding his steely prick into her hot, slippery passage at an even faster tempo.

"That's it, baby…give it to me just the way I like it!" Sandra gasped. Her huge, oversized tits rocked wildly, like chimes in a windstorm as her and her son fucked rhythmically.

Billy was almost delirious from the unbelievable pleasure his mom's pussy was giving him. Her vagina felt like a tight, spongy fist with wonderful ridges that milked his erectile meat exquisitely with every thrust. The best part was, with so many orgasms out of the way, he could beat his horny cock through her pussy as hard as he wanted to without cumming.

"Yes…fuck me hard, just like that!" Richard heard his wife say as he listened from outside the door. Against his better judgment, he had

gotten out of bed and wandered up the hallway to have a better listen to what was going on in what 'used to be' his marital bedroom. He could clearly hear their gasps of pleasure and the sound of their flesh smacking together as his wife and son fucked feverishly.

"Slap my ass, baby!" Sandra's voice squeezed. "Show me you own this cunt!"

Richard heard the sharp SMACK of his son's open hand connecting with his wife's luscious ass. "Take this fucking cock all the way to your womb, mom!" Billy shouted. "Cum on me again!"

It was a hard thing for Richard to hear, but he kept his composure, knowing he had agreed to it. It wasn't Sandra's fault that he had been in a ski accident. She was in her prime and deserved to be regularly fucked. Better it be with his 18-year-old son than with another guy that he'd have to worry about her leaving him for. Even so, listening to their sex-crazed bodies beat together in the bed that he used to share with his wife was the most difficult thing he'd ever endured.

Inside the bedroom, Sandra's hips danced wildly, churning and pumping her cock-hungry cunt back onto the stiffness of her boy's teenage cock. Her pink flanges beat wetly on his cock-root, making the layer of fat beneath the skin of her buttocks ripple deliciously. Her son's hand struck her ass a second time, causing a loud SMACK to fill the bedroom.

"Fuck yes!" the mother hissed. "I love it!"

Sandra had simply never felt a dick as dreamy as her son's. He was much larger than her husband, so even in his younger days Richard had never fucked her this wonderfully. In fact, he'd never even come close to giving her this much pleasure. Billy dick felt so huge, and blood engorged as it carved through the pink tube of her cunt with savage intensity. She could feel his flaring coronal ridge slipping

along the clinging contours of her vagina, stimulating every sexual nerve ending inside of her smoldering tube of love.

"MY GOD, BABY…YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME CUM AGAIN!" she squealed.

Billy had lost count of the number of times he'd made his mom cum that night. The sound of her gasping voice made him fuck even harder, stabbing his rigid pecker through her hot, quivering walls. Suddenly, his mom shrieked, and the juices came gushing from her cunt, pumped out by his tight-fitting prick.

Outside the door, Richard simply couldn't stand it anymore. He let his wife enjoy her orgasm but was quick to knock on the door as soon as she was through. "Sandra, I need to talk to you!" he shouted through the doorway.

A minute later, the door flew open, and his wife stood there glaring at him in an annoyed manner. Her hair was disheveled, and her body was sheened with sweat. The warm, musky fragrance of hot sex nearly made Richard dizzy as he stood for a moment staring at his wife's huge, sweat-glistened tits. "What is it? What do you need, Richard?!" she asked.

"Isn't it about time you two call it a night? You've been going at it for WAY too long!"

"Put your earplugs in and go back to bed!"

"Sandra, I'm serious! When I agreed to this room switch, I didn't realize that you two would be having sex ALL NIGHT!" her husband stated.

"Look, Billy and I are both in our sexual prime. This may not seem like 'normal sex' to a lightweight like you, but this is how it is, like it or not."

"You're still my wife. We still need to have some type of—"

"Yes, I am still your wife, Richard, and most decisions will continue to be made by both of us, but anything that happens sexually around here will be decided upon by Billy and me, and that includes when and how long we decide to fuck."

Richard noticed the collection of hickies that dotted his wife's heaving breasts. "Sandra, what the hell!" he blurted. "Your breasts are covered with hickies!"

His wife smiled blushingly. "You were young once…you remember how obsessed boys get with sucking tits. I let Billy have some fun with them."

"Clearly!"

"Relax, Richard…it's not my neck that's covered in them. No one sees my tits but you and Billy."

Richard watched his son climb from the bed. Billy was still shamelessly nude and looked like a lean Greek God, sheened with sweat. His huge cock was still fully hard and protruded from his crotch like a stiff tree branch, making his father gulp with admiration. Richard also couldn't help but notice how soaking wet his son's cock was. His cock-base was covered obscenely with a ring of white froth; a mixture of male and female ejaculate and it was literally dripping from his dangling nuts.

"I'm gonna take a shower, mom, and wash some of the juices off," said Billy.

Sandra looked at his cock and giggled. "I guess we made quite a mess, didn't we, baby?"

"We sure did! A fun mess though."

"Uh-huh!" Sandra grinned, staring into his eyes mischievously. "And the night's not over yet."

"How are you two not exhausted by now?" Richard asked. "You've been going at this nonsense for hours."

Sandra and her son looked at each other and laughed. "It's sex, dad," said Billy. "Who the heck gets tired of having sex?"

"Unfortunately, you're replying to deaf ears, baby," Sandra said to her son as she went over to hug him, trapping his boner between their tummies. "Your dad doesn't understand the type of sexual hungry a woman my age and a boy your age experience."

"I do understand it…I just don't think it should be playing out inside this home, between the two of you."

"We've had this discussion, Richard, and you agreed to this arrangement given the circumstances, remember?"

"Yes, I agreed TO it, but that doesn't mean that I agree WITH it."

Sandra smiled at her son lustfully. "Billy is my sexual rock star now… my Adonis, whether you agree with it or not," she stated, then moved her lips closer to her son's for a sensual kiss.

Richard felt pangs of jealousy and anger as he watched his wife and son smooch. The way Sandra's oversized tit-melons were pancaked against Billy's chest certainly wasn't something he wanted to see either. He knew the boy had been receiving the best fuck a guy could ask for at the hands of his curvy, sexually skilled wife.

"Let's get that shower, handsome," Sandra told her son. "Then, I wanna ride your cock once more before we fall asleep in each other's arms."

"I didn't need to hear that, Sandra!" her husband scowled.

"Then you should have stayed in bed and minded your own business," his wife stated, then closed the door in her husband's face.

"A camping trip, huh?" Sandra asked a couple of days later as she spoke to her mother-in-law by phone.

"Just an overnighter," replied Nancy. "Richard and his father could fish, while you, me and that handsome son of yours fuck our asses off in a cozy little tent.

Sandra was close with her mother-in-law and the two of them had shared several lengthy phone conversations regarding the sex they'd both had with Billy.

"Mm, that does sound like an exciting weekend adventure. I'm sure Richard will love the time with his father, and the girls will be more than happy to stay with friends. Let's do it!"

"Are you sure Billy doesn't have plans with his friends?"

"Ha, that wouldn't matter. Given the choice of being with friends or pounding his cock through hot pussy all weekend, I think we both know which one he'll choose."

"That's true. That boy's just as horny as we are," Nancy giggled.

After selling their husbands on the idea, they all met at their favorite family camping spot at White Pines Campground. Since Richard and his father were both in wheelchairs, Billy did the bulk of the camp setup. He certainly didn't mind though, since his busty mom and Grandmother dotted over him the whole time.

"Richard, you only packed one tent!" Sandra noted. "You were supposed to pack two for the trip…one for you and one for Billy and I."

It was an intentional move on Richard's part, although he'd never admit it. He thought that perhaps if the three of them were forced to share a tent that it might discourage his wife and son from having sex. "Oh, damn…sorry. I thought I packed two of them," he replied.

"Well, that's on you, so I better not hear any complaining tonight."

"Why would I complain?"

"Because some of us may not be in any hurry to get some sleep…if you know what I mean?"

This certainly wasn't what Richard wanted to hear, but it sure made his mother laugh. "Richard, why don't you and your father do some fishing for a while," she suggested. "It'll be just like old times."

Richard took a second to admire his pretty mother. The curvy 61-year-old had short blondish-white hair and beautiful facial features. The breasts that were packed inside her cashmere sweater were tremendous, once again causing Richard to feel envy towards his teenage son. "I can't believe that Billy got to suck on my own mother's huge tits, AND screw her!" he said to himself.

A short time later, Richard and his father made small talk as they sat by the edge of the lake fishing. They were just far enough away from camp that they couldn't hear what Sandra, Nancy and Billy were discussing.

"Well, that should occupy the two of them for the afternoon," Nancy stated, then smiled over at her daughter-in-law. "What do you say we take this handsome teen inside one of the tents and take turns sucking his cock?"

"Mm, that's the best idea I've heard all day," Sandra replied, then looked at her anxious-looking boy. "What do you think, baby? Would you like your Gran and I to take turns sucking that delicious dick?"

"I certainly won't say no," he answered.

Richard looked back at camp and saw the three of them crawling inside one of the tents. His stomach sunk at the thought of what they may be up to.

Nancy quickly shed her Grandson's pants and underwear while Sandra zipped up the tent door. "Ever since you came to stay, all I've been able to think about is you and that enormous cock of yours!" the grandmother confessed.

"I know the feeling," Sandra added. "I'm quickly becoming addicted to that dreamy love-stick of his."

"Will you guys get naked too?" Billy asked, throwing off his t-shirt.

"Of course, we will, sweetheart," his mother answered. "We wanna make sure you get plenty of eye-candy to look at while we suck on that juicy boner."

Sprawled back naked on the air cushion, Billy wrapped his fist around his meaty pecker and shamelessly stroked its length while watching his mom and grandmother undress. His excitement level doubled when their massive breasts burst from their bras and bobbled heavily onto their rib cages. The two women quickly peeled their panties off and the sweet, pungent aroma of aroused pussy filled the tent.

Nancy wrapped her hand around the swollen trunk of her grandson's cock, relieving him of stroke-duty. She jacked on it furiously, tugging from root to knob and watching the goo seep from the slit at the tip. "Mm, someone's extremely turned on," she observed, licking her lips lasciviously.

Billy watched his mom's udders hang down and wobble as she crawled to the other side of him, so she was on one side and his Gran on the other. She reached down and fondled his cum-filled

nuts, rolling them between her fingers like dice, while Nancy continued to stroke his rigid meat-shaft.

"I bet you've never had a DOUBLE blowjob, have you, sweetie?" Sandra asked.

"Nope!" Billy gasped, his body stiffening at the way his Gran was aggressively milking his love-organ. Her hand was so tight that she nearly lifted his ass from the bed by his cock as she beat him off.

"Especially from two women who are incredibly skilled at sucking dick," Nancy added. Then, she pushed her hand to the base of his cock, holding it in position. Nancy lowered her lovely lips over the head of his boner.

"Oh, shit, Gran!" Billy whimpered as he watched his pretty, big-titted grandmother fill her mouth with his cock.

Nancy's lips tightened around the meaty stalk and her tongue swirled around the cum-leaking tip, drinking up his tasty ball-honey. Her cheeks suctioned to increase the pressure around his erection as she began bobbing her head in traditional blowjob fashion.

Starting at his cock-base, Sandra slowly kissed her way up her son's upper body. She let her soft, dangling tits drag against his flesh every inch of the way. When she arrived at his neck and showered it with flailing, sensual

licks, her meaty melons crushed against Billy's upper chest, blanketing him in pounds of squishy-soft tit-flesh.

"Oh, wow!" the teen gasped as his body shuddered beneath them. "This feels so damn good!"

The lewd slurping sounds of a juicy blowjob filled the tent as Nancy focused on giving pleasure to her handsome grandson's oversized prick.

Her head bobbed up and down rhythmically, fucking her face with his massive cock, while pumping her fist snuggly around its base.

Sprawled on the upper half of her son's body, Sandra brought her lips to her son's ear. "Do you want mom to take a turn on your cock now, baby?" she teasingly asked. "Do you want me to suck and lick on that fat, juicy cockhead?"

"Sure!"

"As soon as your Gran and I work a load of cum up out of your balls, and swallow every drop, we're gonna take turns riding your cock and cumming all over it. How does that sound?"

"Perfect!" the boy sighed, so fucking worked up he could hardly stand it.

Sandra joined her mother-in-law at the boy's crotch. No sooner did Billy's knob pop from Nancy's mouth like a cork, than his mother was swallowing it up and sucking feverishly. Rhythmically, her cheeks puckered in, tightening her mouth like a pussy as it worked skillfully around the knob and shaft of her boy's rock-hard cock.

"Auuugh, damn…you both suck dick SO good!" Billy gasped, his face wincing in pleasure. He gazed down and watched his mom and gran lick his peter-tip at the same time. Their long, pink tongues whipped all over his bell-glans, stimulating his sexual nerve-endings and sending pleasure coursing through his young body.

"Mm, your dick tastes so fucking good!" Nancy cooed between wet flicks of her licker.

"It sure does," Sandra agreed, shamelessly lapping up the liquid that oozed from his cum-slit.

The two lusty mothers took turns gorging their mouths and throats on the delicious meat of Billy's cock. With no gag reflex, each was

able to take the entire length of his boner, pressing the rounded ring of their lips right down around the root of his cock. "HOT DAMN!" the boy cried out, holding his mom's pretty head against his crotch as his boner throbbed wildly deep in her clasping throat.

"Fuck her mouth, Billy!" his gran encouraged.

He held her blonde hair with both hands and thrust his hips from the air mattress, pumping his pecker through her lips like it was the tight ring of an asshole. "Oh, mom! Oh, shit…I'm gonna shoot my cum!" he gasped.

His prick quivered between Sandra's plunging lips as long ribbons of pearly-white jizz spurted across his mom's tongue and down her throat. The mother's body shuddered, and she experienced a mini orgasm just from the taste of her boy's scrumptious cum.

In the middle of Billy's ejaculation, Sandra lifted her mouth from his prick and let Nancy take over. Tightening her hand around the root of his boner, Billy's gran pumped his cock as hard as she could, while sucking the remaining cum out.

"OH, GRAN!" Richard and his father heard the boy cry out, then they both looked back towards the tent inquisitively.

"You don't suppose that wife of mine is sucking on that boy's penis, do you?" Richard's father asked him.

"No, no…of course not, dad," Richard answered, even though he too suspected that's what was happening. "They're probably just in there rubbing each other's shoulders or something."

Minutes passed and it became blatantly obvious that that an innocent 'shoulder rub' was the furthest thing from what was happening inside the tent. Richard's father fed him an awkward look as they both listened to

Nancy gasp and squeal in the background. It was clearly obvious that she was fucking the hell out of her Grandson.

Back inside the tent, Nancy was grinding on Billy's cock like a shameless whore. The boy's eyes were nearly bugging out of his skull as he watched her giant jugs flop around above him. He licked his lips, watching the fat stem of her rubbery nipple jut out from the center of her wide areola. He couldn't wait to lock his lips around it and suck like a baby, just like he had done for two weeks while staying with her.

Sandra was getting hornier and hornier as she watched her mother-in-law ride her son's loins like he was a prized stallion. She loved the way her son's big, smooth balls protruded out from the base of Nancy's luscious bubble butt, pivoting up and down as she stirred his love-spoon around inside the sheath of her hot pussy. The loving mother reached down and combed her long, painted nails around the outsides of her boy's bulging testicles, where she knew they were the most sensitive. This drew another gasp from her lucky teen.

Billy's lusty eyes drifted down his gran's torso to her shaved pubis as she ground it against him. He could see her thick flanges spread out around his cock-root and the dome of her clitoral hood peeled back over the pink, grape-sized nubbin of her juicy clit. He could feel his knob pushing wetly against her cervical head at the back of her vagina. His shaft was soaked in fuck oil and throbbed against the warm, pleated walls of her tightly clasping cunt.

"Gran knows what you like, baby boy," Nancy stated, then lowered her upper half down on top of him. "Some nice squishy titties."

Her cute Grandson let out an audible sigh as he was buried in the biggest fucking tit-melons he had ever seen on a woman. He kissed and licked his way around inside her tightly compressed tit-canyon as Nancy began to throw her cunt up and down the length of his

steely cock. Her lush, rounded ass SMACKED against his upper thighs as she fucked him with hard, full-length thrusts.

Having just sucked a hard cum from his cock, the mothers knew they'd be able to fuck him feverishly, and cum multiple times each, before the boy ejaculated again. "Throw that cock up at me, Billy!" Nancy panted. "Let me feel that juicy knob pulling at my heartstrings!"

The boy started humping off the air mattress as hard as he could, furiously meeting his grandmother's wild downward strokes. His cock-tip pounded against the back of Nancy's vagina, stimulating nerves she never knew existed until fucking her huge-cocked Grandson.

"I'm cumming, Billy!" she squealed, plenty loud enough for her husband and son to hear. Fuck my cunt hard! Unh! Unh! I'm cuummmiiinnnggg!" She dropped her pussy, taking his prick to the hilt as her cunt tunnel rippled in orgasm. Her hips swiveled frantically up and back, and the slippery, pink walls of her pussy-tunnel spasmed and spewed in an explosion of hot female ejaculate, while gripping tightly around her Grandson's raging cock meat.

For Richard, hearing his mother fuck his son was hard enough, but when he began to hear his wife gasp and squeal from the tent, his stomach sunk even further with disgust.

"That son of yours must be somethin' under the sheets," Richard's father stated as he reeled in his fishing line. "He made my wife howl and now he's making your wife howl too!"

"Yeah, I suppose he's somethin' alright," Richard answered. "Taking care of business that I can't very well attend to anymore."

"You and me both, son."

Inside the tent, Sandra squealed as she rode the steely stiffness of her son's boner. Billy stared at his mom's swinging tits as she clutched onto his shoulders, bouncing rhythmically in a deep, satisfying fuck. His cock bored up through her buttery fuck-channel, hitting bottom with every thrust. Billy clenched his ass, making his cock flex, so the veins and muscles bulged along his sinewy shaft. This only intensified his mother's pleasure as clusters of nerve endings lining her vaginal tube were exquisitely stimulated.

"Oh, fuck, I can't stand it, baby…I'm cumming! Cuuummmiiinnnggg!" the mother cried out. Sandra's entire body seemed to convulse as pleasure shot through her loins, causing her pussy to spew orgasmic fuckjuice all over her son's cock. Her pretty face continued to contort with lust as she felt the hot stabbing thrusts of her son's prick.

Billy lifted his head and latched onto to one of his mom's turgid nipples. As his lips spread out across her wide, dusky pink areola, he guided her upper half down against him so he could mask his face in the fatty flesh of her quivering tit-melon.

For a long while the boy sucked on Sandra's breast, while feeling her tight pussy-sleeve glide along the throbbing length of his cock. He lost count of the times he made her cum as they fucked on and on.

"I'd never get tired of fucking this cock!" the mother confessed as she rode her son fervently.

"Me neither," said Nancy. "If he lived with his grandmother, he'd be getting fucked ten times a day."

"We haven't fucked that many times in a day yet, but we sure might try, right, baby?"

"Mm-hm!" the boy answered, unable to use words since his mouth and face was smothered in tit-meat.

Sandra whimpered and mewled as she threw her cunt up and down her boy's cock as fast as she could. The feel of his unyielding, teenage hardness pounding through her tunnel of pleasure made the heat of another climax flow through her loins. "I'm Cuuummmiiinnnggg!" she shrieked. "Fuck me hard, baby!"

Her breast-meat rippled against her boy, and her cunt gave off such long, muscular spasms around the stabbing shaft of prick that Billy's balls swelled with a churning load of hot cum.

"AUUGH, FUCK, MOM, I'M CUMMMING!" he shouted, peeking out from beneath her heavy, sloshing tit.

Sandra's ass-quivering orgasm only intensified with the feel of her boy's spunk splattering around deep inside her pussy. She flexed the tight, spongy-walled tunnel that gave birth to him around her boy's cum-spewing rod, milking out every drop of cum.

Nancy knew her Grandson wasn't finished. They'd only been going at it for a little over and hour and she knew he was capable of fucking and cumming for much longer. When he had stayed with her for those two weeks, they had often fucked for three to four hours at a time, sharing wild mutual orgasms.

"Come give your Gran a good hard missionary fuck, darling boy," she requested, sprawling back and bowing her thick, lovely legs open for him to crawl between. Her enormous milkers slightly drooped off the sides of her chest.

"Sure thing, Gran!" Billy replied, crawling out from beneath his busty mother.

"Isn't the vitality of a teenage boy wonderful?" Sandra giggled.

"It certainly is!" replied Nancy, watching her big-dicked Grandson crawl down on top of her. His erection was soaked with his mother's ejaculate, which caused him to slide fluidly into his gran's cock-

hungry cunt. Her corrugated walls clung tightly to Billy's big cock as he pulled it out until only the knob parted her pussy lips. Then, he slammed it back through her fuck-tube again and continued to thrust in a savage tempo.

"Oh, yes…that's it! You know just how I like to be fucked!" Nancy's voice quivered as the teenager screwed her ass off. She tossed her smooth, lovely legs around his back, bracing herself for some good cum-squirting sex.

Billy thrust his hands under her wide hips, holding the thick cheeks of his grandmother's humping ass. Then, he grunted like and animal and fucked into her pussy as fast as possible, working his muscular ass-cheeks like a machine between her warm, cradling thighs.

"Oh, yeah, Gran…I'm gonna make you cum so fucking hard!" he panted, pistoning his prick-shaft into her as fast as he could.

Within five minutes Nancy was cumming intensely, gushing hot cunt-cream all over his hammering cock. She gasped and screamed, showing no shame in the fact that her husband and son could hear her from where they were fishing outside the tent.

A white cocktail of cum-froth had formed at the base of Billy's boner as he continued to ream out her pussy with long, sweeping strokes of his blood-engorged cock. His big balls beat lewdly on her ass-cheeks as he fucked her for nearly twenty minutes more, bringing her to another tit-trembling climax. Finally, the boy tensed and let out a guttural grunt as hot nut-nectar began to blast from his cunt-smothered piss-slit into his gran's clutching pussy.

"Sandra, the two of you can't possibly be thinking about having sex together inside that sleeping bag," Richard stated. It was nighttime and they were all zipped inside their tent. Richard had just slithered into his bag and was watching his wife and son strip naked beside him.

"Billy and I aren't doing anything that we wouldn't be doing at home, Richard."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

"You were the one who forgot the extra tent, not me," said his wife, quickly undoing her bra and pulling it off. "Billy and I aren't changing our bedtime routine just because we're all being forced to use one tent. You'll just have to roll over and plug your ears."

"Sandra, come on…you can't be serious!"

"Didn't I tell you I didn't wanna hear any complaining? Face the other way and go to sleep!"

"I've never had sex in a sleeping bag before," said Billy as he anxiously crawled inside the bag with his naked mother.

"Well, I guess it'll be one more wonderful thing we get to experience together, baby. Come down on top of me."

Tucked inside the sleeping bag together, Billy felt his mom's luscious legs twist around him as he sunk down between her warm, lush thighs. Their lips met for a fiery French kiss and Sandra suddenly gasped as her boy's cock sunk inside her overheated vagina.

Facing away from them, Richard did his best to drown out the lewd noises behind him. It was only a minute ago they had all laid down and already his wife and son were engaged in a ravenous fuck. He could hear their pleasurable gasping and the sound of their flesh beating together.

"Oh, God, yes…fuck me hard!" his wife shrieked.

Richard had never felt so worthless and heartbroken in his life, but despite his feelings, he was also sickeningly fascinated by what was going on behind him. He couldn't resist the urge to turn his head

and have a peek. His eyes widened, horrified by what he saw. Engaged in a frantic fuck, his wife's sexy legs were now sticking out of the sleeping bag and wrapped high around their son's back. He could see her muscles flexing beneath the skin and the sexy crease in her hips, jerking up and down to meet Billy's rampant thrusts.

Richard could hear the thick, wet meat of his son's boner slicing deeply through his wife's vagina and his cum-bloated balls beating against her upturned ass. This was mixed with the sound of their lips smacking together with wet, passionate kisses. Like it or not, he couldn't deny what a wildly exciting moment this must be for both his wife and son.

Richard turned back around and tried to go to sleep, but the sound of his wife's mewling and gasping as well as the flesh of their bellies beating together prevented him dosing off. It wouldn't have mattered anyway if Richard had drifted off to sleep, because the cries of Sandra's multiple orgasms would have surely woken him back up.

"Ah, fuck, mom!" Billy hissed, lying flat against her as they fucked tirelessly. The feel of her huge, fatty tits sloshing against his bare chest with the rhythm of their humping felt divine, as did the silky legs she had harnessed around him.

For nearly an hour they beat their horny pissers together mindlessly. Once again, Sandra's pussy spasmed wildly as another orgasm rushed through her loins. Her cunt filled with hot, ejaculatory fuck-cream, and her pussy slit contracted tightly around her teenager's throbbing prick.

This time, Billy couldn't take the pressure of her tightly contracting cunt around his tender cock-meat. Grimacing, he fucked her faster than ever, making the cum rush through the tube of his urethra and flood his mom's unprotected vagina with potent baby-making seed.

Richard had to endure yet another hour of them kissing, groping and whispering nasty things to each other before they all drifted off to sleep.

233: Helping Mom Make Up For Lost Time-part1/2

Helping Mom Make Up For Lost Time (Cuckold Version)

Part 1 of 2

By Klrxo

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You can?"

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

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

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

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

Billy took a second took look down at her colassal tits. "Dad's such a chump," he thought. "I can't imagine not wanting to fuck such a busty beauty for three fucking weeks."

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

"I have an idea, mom" he stated with a mischievous grin. "An idea that could help us both."

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

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

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

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

His wife, Carla, was astride their son Billy on the bed, her body glistening with sweat as she rode him with wild abandon. The walls

of the room were adorned with posters of scantily clad women and athletes, creating a surreal backdrop to the raw intimacy before him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A female pussy could only take so much cock-plowing friction before it began to convulse and quiver. Carla's lips parted in delectation and

her pretty green eyes rolled back in her head as Billy's large meat-sword continued its deep penetration assault on her inner sanctum.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Billy's impressive 10-inch member stood tall and proud, resembling a sturdy pillar of granite. Every inch was engorged with blood, causing

his normally soft flesh to stretch and swell like an overinflated balloon. The veins at its base had constricted in order to prevent any blood from escaping, resulting in a network of blue veins that bulged against the delicate pink skin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, but I just—"

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

Colby couldn't believe what he was hearing. He stared at his wife, dumbfounded. "Carla, you're my wife. We've been married for years,

and you're telling me you'd rather have sex with your own son than with me?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Make up for lost time?!"

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

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

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

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

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

"A schedule?" Colby asked with a scowl.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Foreplay?!"

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, but sucking on your own son?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Probably hundreds," Carla giggled.

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

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

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

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

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

Leaning back against the plush cushions, Carla drew her knees back and spread her legs wide open. Her creamy thighs glistened in the dim light of the room, inviting Billy to explore every inch of her. "We can engage in the 'launch pad' position right here and now,

sweetheart," Carla purred, reaching down between her legs to spread the folds of her vulva open for his hungry eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, fuck," he moaned, his face buried between Carla's cushy breasts as he gripped her voluptuous buttocks tightly. His fingers

dug into the soft flesh of her round bubble butt, eliciting a shiver of delight from his equally horny mother.

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

"I can make it," Billy answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Carla's chest rose and fell rapidly as she gazed over at her husband, frustration evident in her expression. His watchful eye made her skin prickle with irritation. "Colby," she panted, "close the door. I'm gonna be cumming numerous times tonight and I don't want our little one

to wake up." Her voice was breathless and strained with desire, but also tinged with a hint of urgency.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

asked, his voice tinged with excitement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

mountainous breasts bouncing rhythmically with each movement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their combined ejaculate created a warm, frothy marinade around Billy's enormous shaft, seeping out and running over his pulsating

balls like thick soap suds.

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

"That was incredible," Billy breathed.

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

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

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

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

234: Helping Mom Make Up For Lost Time-part2/2

Helping Mom Make Up for Lost Time

Part 2

By Klrxo

Colby was sitting at the kitchen table sipping his coffee when he heard a knock at the door. He opened it to find his mother Esmeralda standing there with a mischievous grin.

"Morning, Colby dear," she greeted him, walking in. Despite being in her 60s, Esmeralda was still an attractive woman with oversized breasts and a thick, rounded ass. Her tight blouse and skirt hugged the type of mature figure that fueled a teenage boy's wet dream.

"Mom, what are you doing here so early?" Colby asked in surprise.

"I'm here to watch my new granddaughter of course! Carla said she needed me to babysit for a couple hours this morning." She gave him a knowing wink.

Colby's face reddened. "Mom, please don't tell me you're enabling this absurd situation between Carla and Billy."

"Absurd? Nonsense!" Esmeralda scoffed. "There's nothing absurd about a wife needing to make up for lost intimate time. And if her strapping young son is the only one who can help her catch up, then I say good for them!"

"Good for them?! Mom, they're mother and son!" Colby reminded her.

"Yes, and both animals in their sexual prime," she said with excitement, licking her lips. "Made to spend hours rutting and ejaculating."

Just then, Carla emerged from the bedroom wearing only a silky robe. Her unfettered tits bobbled heavily beneath the flimsy fabric, her nipples protruding stiffly. "Esmeralda! Thank you so much for coming."

She gave her mother-in-law a hug, their gigantic melons pressing together lewdly.

"Of course, dear. You two are gonna have SO much fun today," Esmeralda said with a salacious grin.

"Oh I have no doubt," Carla winked, then looked at her husband with a smug grin. "Did you sleep well?"

"How can a guy sleep with his wife screaming, and the headboard banging against the wall all night?" Colby answered.

Carla looked at her mother-in-law and they both burst out laughing, their enormous busts jiggling on the ribcages. "I told you to buy a noise machine, didn't I?" Carla smirked. "Unless you enjoy listening to your wife and son fuck each other's brains out all night long?"

"Not particularly," Colby scowled.

"Well, then I guess you'd better pick one up on your way home from work," said the wife, then she fed Esmeralda a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks again for watching the baby."

"My pleasure dear," her mother-in-law answered with a mischievous grin. "Although I'm sure I won't be getting as much pleasure as you

will be today."

Carla giggled, then headed back down the hallway where her stiff-dicked son awaited, her ass-globes undulating with each graceful step of her naked legs.

Colby huffed in exasperation. "I can't believe you're condoning this, mother. What they're doing is so wrong."

"Oh hush," Esmeralda chided him. "A wife has needs and you clearly weren't meeting them around the time she gave birth. You should respect Carla's right to make up for the pleasure she missed out on, even if it's with your own son."

Muffled moans and the creaking of bedsprings soon emanated from down the hall. Esmeralda smirked triumphantly at Colby.

"Sounds like they're getting started already. I bet Billy is really giving it to her good with that big young cock of his. Ah, to be fucked like that again!" She sighed wistfully.

"Mother, please," Colby groaned, covering his ears.

"Oh don't be such a prude, Colby. This is your own fault for not satisfying your own wife. The least you can do is be supportive while she gets her fill of pleasure elsewhere."

Colby could only shake his head as he headed out the door for work, his humiliation complete as his own mother took Carla and Billy's side and the sounds of their heated coupling filled the house.

Billy's tongue lolled out of his mouth like a panting dog in heat as he watched his mom's gargantuan titties bounce and ripple wildly above him. She rode his cock with abandon, her body undulating and gyrating on top of him.

Her enormous milky jugs flopped heavily up and down, slapping against her chest and jostling in wide circles. The sheer weight and volume of her massive mammaries caused them to move with an exaggerated, fluid motion.

They swayed pendulously, the soft breast tissue quivering like jello with each impact. Her overfilled milk ducts sloshed audibly under the thin skin.

Carla's puffy, saucer-sized areolas pointed in different directions as her pillow-like tits jumped chaotically. Her thimble-thick nipples stood out over an inch, engorged with arousal. Pearly white droplets of milk gathered on the tips, growing in size until they spilled over, trickling down the slopes of her heaving breasts.

The rivulets of milk rolled over her undulating curves, leaving glistening trails on her skin that criss-crossed over the bulging veins. The streams flowed into her deep cleavage, pooling in the valley between her bountiful globes.

"Mmmm fuck yes baby, watch mommy's big milky titties bounce while you fuck me so good!" Carla groaned, groping her own jugs and tweaking the leaky nipples. Jets of milk sprayed out in an arc, raining down on Billy's face and chest.

"Oh God mom, your tits are so fucking huge! I love watching them flop around while I pound your pussy!" Billy grunted, pistoning his hips upwards to meet her downward thrusts.

Their bodies collided frantically as mother and son rutted in ecstasy, Carla's giant breasts jumping wildly above Billy as he watched with a lusty, slack-jawed expression, savoring the debauched sight and sensation of fucking his own buxom mother.

Billy's massive cock was rock-hard, engorged with blood and throbbing with virile potency as it plunged repeatedly into Carla's

tight, slick vagina. His ten-inch shaft had expanded to its maximum size and stiffness, resembling a thick pillar of granite.

The spongy erectile tissue that formed the core of his manhood was fully infused with blood, each sponge-like chamber swollen to capacity. A complex network of muscles contracted powerfully around his cock-base, preventing any backflow and ensuring that his member remained steely and upright.

Bulging veins traversed the length of his shaft, standing out against the taut skin like cables. They pulsed rhythmically, acting as conduits to carry even more blood into his cock with each thrust. The skin stretched paper-thin over the rigid

internal structures, flushed a deep ruddy color from the intense pressure within.

As Billy's granite-like pillar drove into Carla's pussy over and over, it stimulated every nerve-rich area of her vaginal walls. The head of his cock, which had flared to the size of a ripe plum, scraped against her undulating ridges and folds. Her inner muscles clenched and rippled around him, conforming to every contour of his veiny shaft like a tight, velvet glove.

Carla's copious feminine fluids coated Billy's pistoning member, allowing it to glide in and out with slick ease. The hardcore fucking made wet, squelching noises as his balls slapped against her ass. Her gushing juices seeped out around his girth, drenching his groin and thighs.

Each powerful upward surge brought the swollen, spongy head of Billy's raging hard-on in contact with the muscular ring of Carla's cervix. He could feel the tiny, pursed opening at the end of her vaginal canal kissing the tip of his cock through her dilated os.

The thick, flared rim of his glans caught on Carla's cervical opening with every stroke, tugging at the elastic tissue. Her womb tented

upward, as if trying to draw him in even deeper into her body, hungry for his potent seed.

Mother and son moved together in a primal, lust-fueled rhythm - her voluptuous form rising up and plunging down on his sinewy erection, his powerful hips pistoning up to meet her yielding flesh with each forceful thrust. Their

perfect union stimulated them both to ever greater heights of raw, carnal pleasure as they rutted wantonly.

Colby drove to work in a daze, his mind haunted by the obscene images of Carla and Billy engaged in their depraved acts. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shake the vision of his wife's voluptuous body writhing beneath their son, her massive breasts bouncing as she cried out in ecstasy.

He stumbled into the office in a fog, barely registering his surroundings. As he slumped down at his desk, his coworker Janice sauntered over, her wide MILF hips swaying. She perched on the edge of his desk, crossing her shapely legs.

"Morning, Colby. What's got you looking so glum?" she asked with a sly grin.

Colby sighed heavily. "Don't tell anyone else, but…it's my wife, Janice. She's...she's having an affair. With our son." He cringed as the words left his mouth.

To his shock, Janice threw her head back and laughed heartily, her large bosom jiggling. "Oh Colby, you poor thing. Welcome to the cuckold club!"

"What? What are you talking about?" he sputtered.

"My husband is a cuckold too," Janice informed him with a smirk. "I've been fucking our daughter's fiancé for months

now. The young stud just satisfies me in ways my hubby can't."

Colby gaped at her, aghast. "And your husband is okay with this?"

"Okay with it? Oh honey, he doesn't have a choice!" Janice chuckled. "I have needs and if he can't fulfill them, I'll find a real man who can. Even if it's our future son-in-law!"

She reached out and condescendingly patted Colby's cheek. "You men are all the same. You think your limp little dickies are enough to keep us women happy. But when a hot young buck comes along, you're obsolete!"

Colby felt his face burning with embarrassment and emasculating shame as Janice openly mocked his predicament.

"So your wife is making up for lost time by banging your son, huh?" Janice continued ruthlessly. "I bet he's got a huge cock and fucks her silly. Probably makes her cum harder than you ever could!"

She threw her head back and guffawed. "God, you must feel like such a pathetic, inadequate little cuckold! I love it!"

Colby wanted to crawl under his desk and hide as his humiliation intensified. Not only was his wife cuckolding him with his own son, but now his coworker was ridiculing him for it.

"Well, you better get used to it, Colby," Janice taunted. "Sounds like your wife is addicted to your son's big young cock now. No way she's going back to your sorry excuse for a dick after experiencing what he can do!" Janice declared, her words cutting Colby to the core.

He spent the rest of the day in a distracted, emasculated haze, Janice's cruel taunts and the lurid images of Carla and Billy's coupling constantly invading his thoughts. The knowledge that his situation was a source of amusement and ridicule only compounded his misery.

By the time Colby returned home that evening, he felt like a shell of a man, beaten down by the reality that his wife now preferred their virile son as her lover. He hesitated outside the door, dreading what debauched scene may await him inside.

Steeling himself, he entered to find Esmeralda sitting on the couch, cradling her granddaughter and looking entirely too pleased. She greeted him with a wicked grin.

"You're home early, Colby. Pity, I think you just missed the show," she said with mock sympathy. "Carla and Billy were really going at it. The way she was screaming, I think he made her cum at least four times!"

Colby clenched his fists, his face burning at his mother's crassness. "I don't wanna hear it, mom."

"What's the matter, dear? Feeling a little inadequate?" Esmeralda needled. "I'm not surprised Carla prefers Billy. What woman wouldn't want a strapping young man with endless stamina plowing her?"

Just then, Carla emerged from the bedroom, wearing nothing but a thin towel draped around her body. Her hair was mussed and her skin glowed with the sheen of perspiration. She smiled lazily when she saw Colby.

"Oh good, you're home," she said breezily, no hint of shame. "Billy fucked me so well, I'm utterly exhausted. Be a dear and fix us some dinner, will you?"

Without waiting for a response, she turned and sauntered back to the bedroom, where Billy no doubt awaited for another round.

Esmeralda chuckled at Colby's stricken expression. "You heard your wife. Hop to it, cuckold! Your job is to cook and clean while real men satisfy Carla as she deserves."

Numbly, Colby shuffled to the kitchen, his ego in tatters. This was his life now - playing housemaid while his son usurped him as the man of the house and his mother applauded the perverse affair.

In the bedroom, Billy's cock was an unstoppable piston, relentlessly pounding into Carla's spasming pussy. His sweat-slicked body moved above her with primal urgency, every powerful thrust igniting new heights of ecstasy within her.

"Oh God, oh fuck, yessss!" Carla wailed, her voice ragged and hoarse from screaming. Her body quaked violently as Billy drove her to yet another shattering climax, her inner muscles clamping down on his pistoning shaft.

Clear ejaculate gushed from her clenching cunt with each contraction, saturating Billy's pumping cock and balls, running down the crack of her ass in rivulets.

The spurting fluids soaked the sheets beneath them, the musky scent of her arousal thick in the air.

Her oversized breasts bounced wildly, slapping against her ribcage as she thrashed in the throes of orgasmic bliss.

Milk sprayed from her bulbous nipples in thin streams, jetting out in arcs to splatter against Billy's chest and face. The pearly drops rolled down her quivering tit-flesh, leaving glistening trails.

As her vaginal walls rippled and undulated around his cock, each muscular flutter milked him, coaxing him towards his own explosive release. Billy gritted his teeth, fighting against the urge to erupt, wanting to prolong his mom's pleasure.

"Cum for me, mom! Cum all over my fucking cock!" he growled, slamming into her convulsing depths.

Carla's eyes rolled back, her face contorted in agonized ecstasy as she surrendered to the endless waves of pleasure crashing over her. Her cries grew increasingly desperate and incoherent as she teetered on the edge of consciousness, her body and mind overwhelmed.

Her limbs trembled uncontrollably, hands clutching at the sweat-soaked sheets. Her hips bucked frantically to meet Billy's thrusts, her ass lifting off the mattress. Her back arched sharply as she crested the peak again, a silent scream tearing from her raw throat.

Carla's pussy clenched impossibly tighter, trapping Billy deep inside her as she gushed around him, her fluids cascading out to pool beneath her quivering bottom.

Her nipples sprayed milk wildly, the multiple ducts around her distended areolae shooting off in different directions like a sprinkler.

"Fuck, fuck, fuuuuck!" Billy roared, finally losing the battle. His balls drew up tight and he slammed into Carla's cervix one last time, exploding deep in her clutching sheath.

Scalding ropes of cum painted her rippling walls, flooding her womb as Billy jerked and twitched above her.

Carla's pussy was awash in Billy's potent seed, her son's semen flooding her most intimate depths. As his cock twitched and pulsed inside her, it pumped out a massive load, jet after jet of thick, virile cum.

Millions upon millions of Billy's sperm cells surged into Carla's clutching sheath, released in long, forceful ropes that splashed against her cervix. The musky fluid rapidly pooled in her vagina, submerging her sensitive tissues in slippery warmth.

The tiny spermatozoa swarmed through the lake of jizz, their wriggling flagella propelling them in a frenzied race. They scattered

in all directions, seeking the ultimate prize - the ripe egg hidden within Carla's womb.

The most robust and determined of the sperm pushed through the viscous seminal fluid, advancing towards the muscular opening at the end of Carla's vaginal canal. They slipped through the dilated os into her cervix, beginning their arduous journey to her fallopian tubes.

As Carla's intense orgasms finally began to subside, her vaginal muscles continued to contract rhythmically, massaging Billy's ejaculating cock. Each muscular flutter squeezed and milked him, coaxing out every last drop of his abundant release.

Her rippling walls hugged his pulsating shaft tightly, as if hungry to extract all of his precious seed. The undulating contractions worked his member from base to tip, ensuring that no sperm was wasted.

Excess semen seeped out around Billy's girth, forced out by the pressure and Carla's efficient milking. The creamy fluid dribbled from her stretched opening, forming a huge puddle beneath her ass that soaked into the abused sheets.

The spermatic deluge filled Carla's pussy to overflowing, but her greedy cunt continued to clasp Billy's cock possessively, instinctually seeking to hold his potent essence inside her body.

As the last tremors passed, Billy collapsed onto Carla, both of them gasping for breath. Their naked flesh pressed together, hot and slick with sweat and sexual secretions. Carla wrapped her quivering legs around him, holding him deep inside her.

She savored the satisfying weight of her son on top of her, his softening manhood still buried in her cum-soaked depths.

She could feel the occasional residual twitch as the last weak spurts of semen escaped him, bathing her insides with his warmth.

Carla knew her womb was utterly awash in sperm, millions of Billy's potential offspring seeking to take root in her fertile soil. The perverse thought sent a delicious shiver through her sated body. Making up for lost time never felt so good.

Colby sat alone at the kitchen table, stewing in frustration and humiliation as the sounds of Carla and Billy's passionate lovemaking echoed through the house. His ego was bruised and battered, his manhood called into question by his own wife's blatant preference for their son as a lover.

In a moment of desperate inspiration, Colby formulated a plan to regain some sense of sexual prowess and desirability. If Carla could turn to taboo relations, why couldn't he? His mind seized upon the idea of seducing his own mother, Esmeralda.

Sure, she was older, but she still possessed a certain sensual allure with her oversized breasts and shapely bottom. Bedding her would be the ultimate way to even the score and prove his virility. Colby's cock twitched at the thought, a flicker of arousal overcoming his despair.

When Esmeralda arrived at the house again the next day to watch the baby, Colby attempted his most charming smile.

"You know, mom, seeing Carla with Billy has got me thinking," he began, trying to sound suave. "Why should they have all the fun? You and I could...you know...keep it in the family too."

Esmeralda paused, raising a perfectly arched eyebrow. Then she threw her head back and laughed uproariously, her massive bosom heaving.

"Oh Colby, you can't be serious!" she gasped between peals of laughter. "You really think you could satisfy a woman like me? When you can't even keep your own wife happy?"

Colby's face fell, his ego crumbling anew under his mother's derision.

"But mom, I just thought-" he stammered.

"Thought what? That fucking your mommy would somehow make you feel like a big man again?" Esmeralda mocked. "Please, if you couldn't please Carla, you don't stand a chance with me!"

She leaned in close, her voice dropping to a whisper. "Although you do make a good point. Your father hasn't please me in years. I do deserve a good fucking, don't I? I would need a real man though, Colby. A virile stud like Billy."

Colby's stomach sunk at his mother's words. He went off to work feeling even more defeated than before.

When he returned that afternoon, Esmeralda was anxious to continue the discussion they had earlier that morning.

"Colby, you'll be pleased to know that your wife and I have worked out an arrangement," she revealed with a wicked grin.

"Arrangement?" Colby asked.

"Yes. I'll be joining them for some family fun several times a week."

Colby's eyes widened in shock, his stomach turning at the implication.

"That's right, sweetie. While you're being a good little cuckold, working, cooking and cleaning, I'll be getting my holes stretched by your strapping son," Esmeralda taunted. "Bet he'll make me scream even louder than Carla."

She straightened up, smoothing her blouse over her delicious curves.

"So, you can put any silly notions of fucking me out of your head, Colby. You're not man enough for this," she said, gesturing to her

voluptuous form. "You should be proud of Billy for taking on the task though. He's such a committed Grandson."

After passing off the Baby to Colby, Esmeralda sashayed down the hallway to join the fun.

Colby scowled. His plan to get-back at his wife and screw his mother had clearly backfired.

Moments later, Billy sat on the edge of the bed, his eyes glued to the sensual spectacle unfolding before him. Carla and Esmeralda stood side by side, their voluptuous bodies swaying to the rhythm of seductive music.

Carla's massive tits strained against the lacy confines of her bra, the flimsy fabric barely containing her overflowing flesh. Esmeralda's boobs were equally impressive, her mature curves filling out her silky blouse to bursting.

In unison, the two women began to disrobe, their movements slow and teasing. Carla reached behind her back, unclasping her bra and letting it fall away. Her huge, heavy tits spilled free, jiggling and swaying with her every move. Fat, dusky nipples pointed straight at Billy, already engorged with arousal.

Esmeralda followed suit, unbuttoning her blouse tantalizingly slowly before shrugging it off to reveal the sheer, straining

bra underneath. She reached up, cupping her massive globes and hefting them, putting their weight and fullness on lewd display.

Billy groaned at the sight, his long, thick cock twitching and hardening against his stomach. He wrapped a fist around his growing erection, stroking himself lewdly as he watched the strip tease intensify.

Mother and grandmother hooked their thumbs into their waistbands, shimmying their hips as they pushed their pants and panties down over their lush curves.

Carla's ass was a ripe, juicy peach, the plump cheeks jiggling as she bent over. Esmeralda's buttocks were fuller, sagging slightly with age but still mouth-wateringly enticing.

Kicking away their clothes, the two women turned to face Billy, completely nude and unashamed. They posed and preened, letting him drink in every inch of their naked splendor.

"Fuck, you're both so hot," Billy rasped, fisting his cock-meat faster. "I can't believe I get to bang my mom AND my grandma!"

"Believe it, baby," Carla purred, her hands roaming over her own body. "We're all yours."

"Such a lucky boy, getting to stuff all of our holes with this big young cock," Esmeralda said with a filthy grin, eyeing Billy's imposing erection hungrily.

The two women advanced on the teen, crawling onto the bed and surrounding him with their ripe, lush flesh. Four massive tits pressed against him from either side, smothering him in their soft, fragrant warmth.

Carla captured her son's lips in an obscene kiss, her tongue delving into his mouth as Esmeralda nuzzled his neck, her hand joining his on his thick shaft.

"We're gonna drain this fat cock so good," Esmeralda whispered, throwing a leg across his midsection.

Billy lay back on the bed, his heart pounding with anticipation as his Grandma straddled him. Her massive, pendulous breasts hung down, the rounded undersides filling his vision. He marveled at their sheer

size and weight, each heavy globe easily the size of an overinflated basketball.

Esmeralda's cleavage was a deep, shadowed canyon, the plump inner slopes pressed together to form a hypnotic crevice. The soft, slightly sagging flesh looked impossibly smooth and inviting.

Billy had the urge to bury his face between those pillowy tits and motorboat until he suffocated in their warmth.

As his gaze traveled outward, he took in the expanse of Esmeralda's jutting breast-meat, the skin stretched taut over her overripe curves. Faint blue veins were visible beneath the surface, mapping the abundant blood flow that nourished her bountiful mammaries.

But it was her areolae and nipples that transfixed the boy the most. His Gran's areola were huge, easily four inches in diameter. The skin was heavily pebbled and wrinkled, resembling the textured surface of a ripe raspberry. They were a deep brownish-pink hue, slightly darker than the surrounding flesh.

Capping each bulbous areola was a thick, protruding nipple. They jutted out over an inch, the surface crinkled and puckered. The tips were a ruddy, angry-looking red, engorged with arousal. Each fat nub was visibly throbbing, just begging to be sucked and teased.

Clear fluid beaded at the peaks, then began to seep out. Though Esmeralda was long past childbearing years, her huge hooters were still producing a form of lactation. Pearly droplets welled up from her multiple Montgomery glands, growing in size until they dripped down onto Billy's flushed face.

Esmeralda smirked down at her grandson, relishing the awestruck worship in his eyes as he took in every detail of her giant jugs. She cupped the heavy orbs, lifting them slightly and then letting them drop, slapping Billy's cheeks with their warm weight.

"Get ready, Billy-boy. Grandma's big ol' titties are about to smother this handsome face," she purred wickedly.

With that, Esmeralda leaned forward, mashing her enormous boobs against Billy's head from either side.

She pressed them together, completely engulfing him in the yielding mass of breast-flesh. His entire world became the warm, fragrant valley of his grandmother's cleavage.

Billy groaned in muffled delight, his hands coming up to grope and squeeze the heavy globes smothering him so deliciously. He motorboated between them as Esmeralda laughed and ground her chest against his face.

Carla knelt beside her mother-in-law, grinning as she watched Billy's head disappear between Esmeralda's massive breasts. "He's always been such a booby-hound," she laughed. "Even as a baby, he would stare at my tits like they were the most fascinating things in the world."

"Well, let's give the tit-loving boy what he wants," Esmeralda said with a wicked gleam in her eye.

Carla leaned in, pressing her own enormous, milk-heavy boobs against Esmeralda's. Their four massive mammaries molded together, completely engulfing Billy's face in a sea of warm, fragrant tit-flesh. He was smothered under a wall of cleavage from all sides, submerged in the ultimate booby heaven.

Billy made muffled sounds of pure bliss, his hands roaming greedily over the acres of plush breast surrounding him. He kneaded and squeezed the malleable globes, sinking his fingers into the doughy softness. His cock throbbed almost painfully, engorged to bursting at the incestuous tit-smother sandwich.

"Mmmm, he's loving this," Carla purred, undulating her chest against her mother-in-law's and trapping Billy's head tighter between them. She could feel his nose and lips nuzzling her cleavage, his hot breath puffing against her sensitive skin.

Billy managed to turn his head slightly to the side, freeing his mouth from the plush pocket of boob. His lips immediately found one of Esmeralda's huge, rubbery nipples and latched on, suckling greedily.

"Ooh, yes, suck grandma's big tit!" Esmeralda groaned, arching her back to offer up more of her pebbled areola. She cradled Billy's head, encouraging him to nurse. "Drain my slutty nipples!"

Not to be left out, Carla guided one of her own fat, leaking nubs to Billy's mouth. "Don't forget mommy's jugs, baby. They're so full of milk for you," she cooed.

Billy switched back and forth between the two sets of nipples, licking, slurping and suckling like a man possessed. He took the spongy tips between his lips and flicked his tongue over them, making obscene wet sounds.

Carla and Esmeralda shivered and mewled, their boobs growing heavy and tight, their milk letting down under Billy's oral onslaught. They both began to spray, twin geysers of creamy breastmilk erupting from their swollen teats to splash Billy's cheeks and chin. He swallowed all he could, rivulets of the warm fluid running down his neck.

Esmeralda repositioned herself, aligning her mature but still enticing vulva with Billy's towering erection. She rubbed her swollen, slick lips along his rigid shaft, painting it with her glistening arousal. Her plump, fleshy labia dragged wetly against the pulsating veins, teasing his most sensitive spots.

Billy groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as his grandmother's hot, slick flesh caressed his aching cock. He could feel every intimate

detail of her puffy pussy as it glided along his throbbing length - the protruding inner lips, the thick hood of her clit, the sopping wet opening just begging to be filled.

Esmeralda grinned down at him wickedly, relishing the desperate lust etched on his boyish face. She angled her hips, letting her engorged clit make contact with the bulbous head of Billy's cock. The swollen, grape-sized nub pulsed and rubbed against his spongy glans, two organs of pure pleasure meeting in electric friction.

She began to grind against him in earnest, mashing her slippery, humid folds along his cock from root to tip. Her clit scraped over his weeping slit on every pass, smearing the pearly drops of pre-cum that leaked steadily from him.

Billy's hands flew to his Gran's wide, womanly hips, gripping them tightly as she used his manhood like her personal toy.

He thrust up against her, seeking more of that delicious, forbidden friction. Her copious juices flowed freely, mingling with his own clear fluid until his cock glistened with their combined essence.

"Fuck, Grandma! Your pussy feels so good!" Billy gasped, his eyes rolling back as Esmeralda's drenched slit did deliciously wicked things to his sensitive flesh.

"Mmmm, this big young cock is making Grandma so wet!" Esmeralda purred, circling her hips lewdly. Her clit caught on Billy's flared corona with every gyration, sending sparks of pleasure racing through her core. "Can't wait to feel you splitting me open, stretching my slutty granny cunt!"

Billy's balls drew up tight, his shaft jerking and flexing against Esmeralda's slippery vulva as she stimulated him so intensely. He knew he wouldn't last long once he finally slid inside her hot, clasping depths.

"Fuck him," Carla whimpered, clawing at her son's nipples while letting her udders dangle just above his face. "Fuck his teenage cock."

Billy shivered with anticipation, a muffled sigh escaping his lips as he felt his Gran's hand reach between their bodies. Her fingers wrapped around his pulsing shaft, positioning the engorged head at the slick, fluttering entrance to her womanhood.

He held his breath, heart pounding, as she notched his bulbous glans between her plump outer labia. The fleshy remnants of her hymen peeled open around the engorged helmet as it sunk through her juicy vestibule.

With a slow, deliberate motion, Esmeralda began to sink down onto his towering erection. Despite her age, her

pussy-tunnel was still remarkably snug, gripping him like a virgin schoolgirl as his girth stretched her open.

Billy groaned into his mom's descending cleavage as his cock was engulfed in tight, slick heat. It was like his manhood was a cuntal crowbar, prying apart his grandmother's intimate muscles that had gone too long without a virile shaft.

Her inner walls closed around him greedily, the well-defined pleats rippling along his length as she took him deeper.

"Oh fuck, Grandma! You're so tight!" Billy gasped, his hands tightening on her child-bearing hips.

Carla chuckled breathlessly, the sound vibrating through her massive boobs still pressed to Billy's face.

"Mmmm, been a while since I've had such a big, young cock opening me up so good!" Esmeralda cooed.

She began to rock atop the boy, undulating her wide hips to slide his thick shaft in and out of her clasping sheath. Her heavy breasts swayed hypnotically above Billy, making him feel delirious with lust.

He thrust up to meet her, reveling in the forbidden ecstasy of being balls deep in his own grandmother's clenching cunt. The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling filled the room, punctuated by Esmeralda's wanton moans.

"That's it, stud, fuck Granny's tight pussy!" she urged, riding him harder. "Give me that huge cock!"

Billy pistoned his hips frantically, pounding up into Esmeralda's sopping hot depths. He felt absolutely drunk on incestuous pleasure, his mind reeling at the depravity of it all. Here he was, a young stud claiming his busty grandmother's neglected cunt, conquering her completely.

His mom lifted her tits off of him only to be replaced by his Gran's wobbling milkers.

He knew he wouldn't last long, not with how amazing her velvet walls felt milking his overstimulated shaft or how deliciously heavy and warm her giant tits felt smashed against his face. An orgasm of epic proportions was building in his loins, his balls already churning with a massive load.

Esmeralda seemed to sense his impending eruption. She ground down on him forcefully, taking him to the hilt as her pussy spasmed around him rhythmically.

"Cum in me, baby boy!" she demanded. "Fill Grandma's cunt with all your hot, thick cum-nectar."

Billy's body tensed, his hands digging into the fleshy globes of Esmeralda's ass as he thrust up into her one final time.

The head of his cock kissed her cervix just as the first powerful jet of cum exploded from his piss-slit.

"Fuuuuck, Grandma!" he roared, the sound muffled by her heavy tits still smothering his face.

His hips jerked erratically as he unloaded directly into Esmeralda's womb, painting her slick pink walls white with spurt after spurt of his virile seed.

Esmeralda threw her head back, a wanton cry torn from her throat as she felt Billy's hot essence flooding her depths. Her pussy clamped down on him like a vice, rippling hungrily along his pulsing shaft as it milked him for every drop.

"Yes, yes! Give me all that young cum!" she wailed, grinding her clit against his pelvis as her own orgasm crashed over her. Her behemoth breasts bounced wildly as she rode out her climax, twin geysers of milk spraying from her puffy nipples.

Billy bucked and shuddered beneath his grandmother, lost in the throes of the most intense orgasm of his young life. Esmeralda's tight, grasping cunt wrung his cock relentlessly, extending his pleasure almost painfully. He'd never cum so hard or so much, pumping what felt like a gallon of jizz into her spasming sheath.

Finally, the last weak spurts dribbled from Billy's slit and Esmeralda collapsed on top of him, both of them gasping for air. She nuzzled his neck, peppering his sweaty skin with kisses as she cradled his softening cock inside her.

"Mmmm, that was incredible," she purred. "Grandma's gonna want this big dick stretching her out every day from now on."

"Fuck yeah," Billy panted, his hands still roaming over the supple roundness Esmeralda's ass. "I'll bang you whenever you want, Grandma."

"Hey, don't forget about Mommy," Carla chided playfully, crawling over to join the sweaty, cum-splattered tangle of limbs. "I still need my daily dose of Billy's cock too."

She cupped Billy's cum-coated balls, feeling how they were already growing heavy again. "I think he's got plenty more baby batter for both of our cunts. We'll drain him dry, day after day."

Billy grinned dopily, hardly believing his good fortune. His hot mom and stacked grandma were now his personal fuck toys, eager and willing to serve his cock. Forget making up for lost time - this was going to be his life from now on. And poor, cuckolded Dad would just have to deal with it.

Colby couldn't resist the morbid curiosity, his feet carrying him to the closed bedroom door almost against his will.

With a trembling hand, he turned the knob slowly, easing it open just a crack. The obscene tableau that greeted him made his stomach drop and his own cock twitch traitorously.

Billy lay on his back in the middle of the bed, his lean, muscular body glistening with sweat. Carla straddled his hips, her back to him as she bounced on his massive cock with wild abandon. Her huge, heavy breasts swayed and

jiggled hypnotically with every rise and fall, the flesh straining and rippling.

Esmeralda knelt above Billy's face, smothering her Grandson in pussy as she ground her sopping wet cunt against his mouth. Her thick thighs quivered, her plump ass flexing as she rode her grandson's tongue with hedonistic fervor.

The two women were a tangle of writhing limbs and undulating curves, their hands roaming each other's bodies ravenously. They exchanged sloppy, open-mouthed kisses, their long, pink tongues

visibly twining as they moaned into each other's mouths. They clawed at each other's jiggling flesh, leaving red welts in the wake of their passion.

Carla threw her head back, keening wantonly as she pounded herself on Billy's thick shaft with jackhammering force. Her pussy made obscene squelching sounds each time she slammed down to the hilt, taking him unfathomably deep.

Clear ejaculate sprayed from their point of joining, splattering everywhere as she gushed around his pistoning manhood.

Esmeralda's pleasure was evident in the way her body shuddered and twitched. Her huge tits quaked, beads of sweat and milk rolling down the rounded slopes. Every few seconds, a jet of female cum would erupt from her clenching slit, drenching Billy's face and chest as she gushed her ecstasy.

It was a scene of raw, uninhibited carnality that made Colby feel both horrified and shamefully aroused. The depraved tableau seared itself into his brain - his sweet wife and dignified mother reduced to cock-hungry, cum-craving sluts, utterly debasing themselves as they shared his son's huge prick.

And Billy, his own flesh and blood, defiling them both with obvious relish, a triumphant smirk on his juice-smeared face.

Colby watched, paralyzed, as Carla and Esmeralda switched positions, their bodies never losing contact with Billy's straining cock and probing tongue. Now it was Colby's mother bouncing on her grandson's lap, her massive ass rippling obscenely with each smack.

Esmeralda's clitoris was a complex network of sensitive tissues and nerve endings, extending far beyond the engorged nub visible at the apex of her vulva. As Billy's massive cock plundered her depths, it stimulated her entire clitoral structure in the most intense way possible.

The thick, veiny shaft rubbed against her G-spot with each thrust, located on the front wall of her vagina. This spongy patch of flesh was actually the back side of her internal clitoral complex. Billy's leaky cockhead bumped and pressed against it relentlessly, sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating outward.

But it was the root of Esmeralda's clitoris, hidden under her pubic mound, that was receiving the most mind-blowing stimulation. This thick bundle of erectile tissue extended

down both sides of her vaginal opening, forming a wishbone shape. As Billy's huge member stretched her open, it put pressure on these "legs" of her clitoral root.

Each powerful thrust compressed the blood-engorged tissues, creating an intense sensation that Esmeralda had never experienced before. It felt like her grandson's cock was massaging the very core of her pleasure center, stoking the fires of her arousal to an inferno.

The slick friction of Billy's pistoning shaft against her tightly stretched inner labia also tugged on her clitoral hood with each stroke. This fleshy sheath was connected to the root as well, transmitting even more exquisite stimulation. Esmeralda sobbed and wailed as the pleasure mounted to a crescendo.

Colby watched in awe as his mother's body began to quake uncontrollably, her back arching and tits shuddering as her cunt clamped down on Billy's plundering cock like a vice.

A high-pitched keen tore from her throat, her eyes rolling back in her head as the most explosive orgasm of her life crashed over her.

Clear ejaculate burst from Esmeralda's spasming slit with the force of a geyser, splattering Billy's groin and thighs. Her cunt seemed to erupt like a fountain as jet after jet of her essence sprayed from her, drenching them both in her pleasure.

The hot, slippery fluid coated Billy's pulsing shaft, bubbling obscenely around the pistoning girth and cascading down the ravine where his thighs met his nut-sack. Beneath the boy, the sheet was saturated with his mom and Gran's ejaculate, creating a dark, wet ring that spread across nearly the entire mattress.

Esmeralda screamed, her body wracked with ecstasy as she squirted uncontrollably. Her clitoral complex felt like a livewire of rapture, radiating bliss to every nerve ending.

She gushed and gushed, soaking the bed even more beneath them as her orgasm went on and on, Billy's huge cock wringing out every drop.

Colby watched in stunned disbelief as Billy's glistening, pussy-juice coated cock slid out of Esmeralda's still quivering cunt with a wet plop. The thick shaft bobbed obscenely, rock-hard and engorged, a testament to the young stud's virility and staying power.

With a lecherous grin, Billy grabbed his mom's voluptuous hips and flipped her over onto her hands and knees. Her massive tits swung beneath her, slapping together lewdly as she eagerly presented herself to her son doggy-style.

"Fuck me, baby!" Carla urged wantonly, reaching back to spread her lush ass cheeks, exposing the drooling pink slit of her cunt. "Shove that big cock in Mommy's hungry pussy!"

Billy wasted no time, gripping the base of his shaft and notching the spongy head between Carla's plump pussy lips.

With a powerful flex of his hips, he buried himself to the hilt in his mother's hot, slick depths.

"Oh yes, son! Split me open on your huge fucking cock!" Carla wailed, her back arching as she was utterly filled and stretched.

Billy began to rut into her with animalistic intensity, the force of his thrusts making Carla's whole body jolt forward. Her heavy titties swung like fleshy pendulums, milk spraying from her stiff nipples with each jarring impact. The wet, obscene slap of skin-on-skin echoed through the room as he pounded her hard and deep.

Colby's mouth went dry as he watched his son's glistening, vein-riddled shaft disappearing into Carla's wide-splayed cunt over and over. Copious juices seeped out around the thick girth, frothing lewdly as it pistoned in and out of her accommodating hole.

Carla's eyes locked with her husband's through the crack in the doorway as Billy rutted into her from behind. A wicked, defiant smirk curved her lips, her expression one of smug superiority and utter shamelessness.

"Look who's watching, Mom," she called to Esmeralda breathlessly between wanton moans. "My pathetic cuckold husband, getting an eyeful of what a real man can do for me!"

Esmeralda threw her head back and laughed cruelly, pressing her heavy tits against Billy's back as she knelt

behind him. Her hands roamed his sweat-slick chest possessively, red lacquered nails raking over his flat nipples.

"Poor Colby," she cooed mockingly. "So inadequate that he has to watch his son satisfy his wife the way he never could. It's okay sweetie, just accept that you'll never measure up in the cock or stamina department!"

She punctuated her taunt by twisting Billy's nipples roughly, making him growl and thrust even harder into Carla's hot, milking sheath.

"Mmmm fuck yes baby, split Mommy's cunt open!" Carla urged, her heavy jugs swinging wildly as she shoved back to meet his strokes.

"Show Daddy what a pussy-pleasing stud you are! Ruin me for his pathetic little dick forever!"

Colby's face burned, equal parts humiliated and aroused by their cruel degradation. He watched, transfixed, as Esmeralda laved her tongue along the shell of Billy's ear, then captured his lips in a lewd, sloppy kiss over his shoulder.

Colby's eyes bulged in their sockets as he watched his mother and son exchange a filthy, open-mouthed kiss mere inches away from where Billy's cock was plundering Carla's cunt.

Esmeralda licked into Billy's mouth wantonly, their lips smacking and slurping together in a lewd display.

Their tongues lashed and curled around each other, the pink muscles visibly writhing and undulating like the twining tails of two excited snakes.

Strands of saliva stretched between their open mouths, connecting their obscene kiss. Esmeralda sucked Billy's tongue into her mouth greedily, her painted lips forming a tight seal around the wriggling organ.

Billy groaned into the kiss, never breaking his brutal pace as he slammed into his mom from behind. Esmeralda swallowed down his grunts of pleasure, her hands roaming down to squeeze his clenching ass, urging him to fuck Carla harder.

Colby's cock throbbed painfully in his pants as he witnessed the live porno playing out before him. The wet, rhythmic slap of Billy's heavy balls against Carla's upturned ass, the jiggle and bounce of her huge tits, the messy tongue-fucking between his son and mother - it was almost too much to process.

He palmed his poor excuse for an erection through his slacks, hating himself for being so aroused by his complete humiliation and

emasculation. But he couldn't look away, hypnotized by the crude spectacle of his wife and mother worshipping his son's superior cock and virility. Their ecstatic moans and the wet, carnal sounds of Billy's huge cock splitting Carla's pussy open made Colby's head spin with lust.

Esmeralda finally broke the filthy kiss, a strand of saliva briefly connecting her lips to Billy's before snapping. She grinned proudly and laughed at Colby's slack-jawed, red-faced expression of shock.

"Mmm, he's an amazing kisser too. Such a talented tongue," she purred, licking her smeared lipstick. "He's gonna taste both our cunts on that tongue later. Mother and daughter cream."

Billy laughed and increased his pace, slamming into his mother's upturned ass with enough force to make the round globes quake and bounce wildly.

His sweat dripped onto her back as he pistoned his hips, drilling her juicy cunt with pile-driving thrusts. Her inner muscles rippled around his invading girth, milking him with expert squeezes.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum soon!" Billy grunted. "This pussy feels too good!"

"Yes, baby!" Carla cried. "Pull it out and paint our pretty faces with your hot love-lotion."

Billy pulled his massive cock out of Carla's clenching pussy with a wet squelch, the shaft coated in her creamy juices. He fisted the slick length, aiming the angry purple head towards the two women's upturned faces as they knelt submissively before him.

Carla and Esmeralda opened their mouths wide, tongues out, eager for Billy's hot seed. They pressed their faces close

together, huge tits mashed against each other as they awaited their facial glazing.

Colby watched in revulsion as his son grunted and stroked himself to completion, his heavy balls drawing up tight.

The first thick rope of pearly cum erupted from Billy's engorged cockhead, arcing obscenely through the air to splatter across the bridge of Carla's nose and her left cheek.

The next long, gooey spurt painted a wet line across Esmeralda's forehead and into her hair. Billy kept pumping his shaft, producing spurt after copious spurt of teenage jizz that coated the women's faces in a web of depravity.

Thick globs dripped from Carla's lashes and chin to splatter onto her heaving tits. A pearly rope connected Esmeralda's outstretched tongue to her upper lip, more white cream dribbling down to pool in her cavernous cleavage.

Nearly a dozen ropes of fuck-cream criss-crossed the depraved tableau by the time Billy groaned out the last weak spurts. Carla and Esmeralda were facially drenched, streaks of jism coating their flushed cheeks and open mouths. They laughed and lapped at the potent seed, swapping cum-coated tongues lewdly.

Colby's stomach churned at the wanton display, his cock throbbing traitorously in his pants. He watched as the two most important women in his life snowballed his son's spunk back and forth, moaning whorishly as they savored the taste and texture.

"Mmmm, delicious," Carla purred, licking a glob of cum from the corner of Esmeralda's mouth. "Our boy's cream is so much yummier than yours ever was, Colby."

"My grandson has the tastiest seed," Esmeralda agreed, scooping a fingerfull of jizz from her cleavage and sucking it clean. "The perfect

salty-sweet flavor."

Billy grinned down at them smugly, his still-hard cock bobbing, still drooling pearly beads. "Don't worry, there's plenty more where that came from. I'll keep you cum-drunk cock-sluts well fed."

Colby fled the room, unable to witness anymore. But he knew this was just the beginning. His life as a cuckold was now set in stone.

A few weeks later, the entire family was gathered around the dinner table - Colby and his parents, Esmeralda and her husband Frank, along with Carla and Billy. There was a palpable tension in the air, the two older men wearing strained expressions while Billy grinned cockily.

Carla and Esmeralda exchanged a meaningful glance, then Carla clinked her fork against her glass to get everyone's attention. She stood up, a smug smile playing on her lips as she made her announcement.

"I have some wonderful news to share with everyone," she began, resting a hand on her still-flat stomach. "I'm pregnant!"

Colby's jaw dropped in shock, his face draining of color. Before he could even process this bombshell, Esmeralda chimed in gleefully.

"And she's not the only one. I'm pregnant too!" she declared, standing up next to Carla. "Looks like Billy's super sperm knocked us both up."

Billy leaned back in his chair with a self-satisfied smirk, crossing his arms behind his head. "What can I say? My boys get the job done."

Frank sputtered, his bushy eyebrows shooting up to his hairline. "Esmeralda! What is the meaning of this? You're too old to be having children!"

Esmeralda laughed derisively. "Oh please, Frank. I'm not too old for anything, as Billy can attest. He's been plowing my mature cunt and knocking the dust off my womb for weeks now."

Colby thought he might vomit right there at the table. Not only was his wife carrying his son's child, so soon after already giving birth, but his own mother was too? This had to be some sick nightmare.

Carla sidled up to Billy, draping herself over his shoulder as she rubbed her stomach. "We're gonna be one big happy family. She shot Colby a vicious grin.

Frank looked like he was about to have an aneurysm, his face turning an alarming shade of purple. "This is an outrage!" he blustered impotently.

"Oh shut up, you old fossil," Esmeralda snapped. "You haven't been able to get it up in years. I needed a virile young stud to satisfy me and give me the baby I've always wanted. It was your son's idea actually," she grinned, looking over at Colby.

Colby slumped in his seat, utterly emasculated. His wife and mother were flaunting their pregnancies by his own son right in front of him and his father. They were openly humiliating and cuckolding both of the older men, reducing them to pathetic, impotent jokes.

"Looks like you and my father will be on full-time babysitting duty while Billy keeps us knocked up and well-fucked," Carla taunted. "Hope you're ready for diaper changes and sleepless nights, cuckolds."

Carla and Esmeralda laughed cruelly as they each took one of Billy's hands, leading him away from the dinner table and towards the master bedroom. Their curvaceous hips swayed seductively, their bubbly buttocks jiggling with each step. Billy followed eagerly, a triumphant smirk on his handsome face.

Colby and Frank could only watch helplessly as their wives disappeared into the bedroom with the virile young stud, closing the door firmly behind them.

Almost immediately, the unmistakable sounds of passionate lovemaking filled the house. The steady rhythmic creaking of the bed frame mingled with Carla and Esmeralda's wanton moans of ecstasy.

The wet slap of flesh against flesh left little to the imagination as Billy pounded into their dripping cunts with his massive cock.

"Oh fuck yes, Billy! Harder baby, harder!" Carla screamed, her voice cracking with pleasure. The headboard slammed against the wall with each powerful thrust.

"That's it, give Granny that big fat cock!" Esmeralda urged breathlessly. "Stuff me full of baby batter!"

The two cuckolds sat at the table, red-faced and emasculated, trying in vain to ignore the pornographic soundtrack of their wives' infidelity. But it was impossible to block out the obscene symphony of Billy's sexual prowess.

He fucked the two women with the skill and stamina of a porn star, switching positions effortlessly to hit their G-spots just right.

Carla wailed as he took her from behind, her huge tits swinging wildly as he railed her pussy. Esmeralda babbled incoherently as Billy lifted her bodily and bounced her on his cock, impaling her with the entire length of his manhood.

Their moans reached a fevered pitch, the bed springs protesting the depraved acrobatics happening atop the mattress. Squelching and slurping sounds made it clear just how wet and ready both women were for Billy's unrelenting cock.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" Carla screeched, her voice ragged. The telltale wet gush of her ejaculate splashing onto the bed could be heard clearly.

"Fill me up, Billy! Flood my womb!" Esmeralda demanded, her cries taking on a desperate edge.

With a guttural roar of completion, Billy emptied his balls into Esmeralda's spasming cunt, adding more of his potent seed to the fetus already growing in her belly.

Colby and Frank cringed, knowing all too well that the young stud was once again asserting his breeding rights over their wives.

The cruel peals of feminine laughter that followed the climax made it clear that this was more than just physical pleasure. It was the ultimate act of humiliation and emasculation for Colby and Frank, their wives openly reveling in their sexual submission to a younger, more virile young man.

THE END

235: Use Her or Lose Her

Use Her or Lose Her

By Klrxo

Keith was sprawled out on his bed one evening, fantasizing about what it would be like to fuck a beautiful, big-busted babe.

He had only buried his cock in pussy twice, both with the same girl. While her cunt felt really good sleeved around his boner, her tits were only a handful - not nearly the size he yearned for.

Keith wanted to be suffocated…buried beneath by the biggest Goddamn tits on the planet while he felt a tight pussy pump up and down his rod, from knob to root. That was his naughtiest fantasy.

Karla stood in the doorway of her son Keith's bedroom, a mischievous smile playing on her lips as she looked at him laying there on his bed daydreaming. He was surrounded by posters of his favorite sports athletes and a few busty, bikini-clad babes – all things that revealed the boy's most passionate interests.

Karla knew that he was experiencing the typical surge of hormones and testosterone that comes with being a teenage boy. She was almost certain that her cute son was lying there fantasizing about plowing his cock though the tight, slippery sheath of a girl's pussy or sucking on a pair of giant, squishy tits.

The mother's long, dark hair cascaded down her bare shoulders, drawing attention to the revealing negligee she was wearing. The

semi-sheer material of her white tube top clung to her gigantic tits, leaving little to the imagination.

"Thinking about girls in here?" Karla teased, snapping Keith from fantasyland.

The boy's heart raced as he gazed over and took in the crotch-hardening sight of his mom's top, his eyes fixated on the faintly visible outline of her fat nipples and the wide, dark rings of her areolas.

"Oh, um…hey mom," he uttered, quickly covering the tent in his pajama pants as he sat up.

Karla just smiled, amused by his attempt to conceal his arousal.

"Your father will be away on business for a few days," her sexy voice purred seductively. "Would you like to sleep with me in my bed, sweetheart?"

Keith's gaze traced a burning path down her tapered frame, settling on the tiny scrap of fabric that barely covered her pubis.

The white panties clung to her vulva, outlining it's every detail. He could clearly make out the delicate folds of her outer labia and the shallow indentation of her cuntal crevice through the sheer, silky material.

The boy swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry. "Y-your bed?" he repeated, wanting to make sure he heard her correctly.

Karla twirled a finger through her hair flirtingly, bending one sexy, naked leg out in front of her and arching her foot, further showcasing her voluptuous allure.

"Yes. With your dad gone, I thought it might give you and I a chance to snuggle up and get closer… A lot closer."

Keith had always found his mother extremely attractive, and she had the type of tits that fueled his dreams. But seeing her like this, so open and exposed, made his pulse quicken and his body respond in ways he knew it shouldn't.

"Mom, I...are you sure that's a good idea?" he asked hesitantly, even as he felt himself being drawn to her like a moth to a flame.

Karla sauntered into the room, her hips swaying seductively with each step as her bare feet tapped against his floor. The boy rarely got to see her giant tits unfettered this way – free of the constraints of a snug bra.

The behemoth swell of her mounds bobbled beneath the skimpy top, her creamy cleavage trembling with each graceful step she took.

The hot mother sat down on the edge of Keith's bed and patted the spot next to her. "Of course it's a good idea, sweetheart. I've seen the way you look at me when you think I'm not paying attention. Besides, it's about time you learn a few things and tonight's the perfect night to teach you."

Keith's resolve crumbled like a sandcastle in the tide. He slid over to sit beside her, the heat of her body seeping into his skin. The smell of her sweet perfume wafting deliciously

through his nasal passages, along with a hint of something else – something that made him dizzy with desire.

"Teach me what?" he asked stupidly.

"How to make it to forth base," she said with a mischievous grin. "You know, how to take the skin boat to tuna town."

Karla reached out and caressed his upper thigh, her touch sending shivers down his spine.

Her eyes lingered hungrily on the tubular-shaped bulge that had become even more erect beneath his shorts. She could clearly make out the shape of his bell-shaped tip pushing against the fabric, aching to plunge through the tight, pink tube of a woman's birth canal.

"We're home all alone together tonight so let me show you how to rumpy-pumpy," she whispered, leaning in close. Her breath was hot against his ear, tickling his skin. "It'll make your penis feel soooo good."

"We can do that?" Keith asked nervously. "You and me?"

Karla fed him a pretty smile. "Sure we can. I mean, we can't act that way around others, especially your father. But when we're alone together, like we are tonight, we can fuck each other like animals and be as nasty as we want."

With that, Karla captured her teen's lips in a searing kiss, her long, thick licker delving into his mouth, curling and twisting around his own tongue like only a skilled mother's could.

Keith moaned, surrendering to the forbidden desire that consumed him. He shuddered as he felt her loving hand slide

onto his boner and squeeze the tender flesh of his cock-meat through his pajama pants.

"Touch me," Karla purred between kisses.

His shaky hands roamed over her body, exploring the soft, feminine curves he had only fantasized about before.

Karla guided his hands to her enormous breasts, encouraging him to squeeze and knead the supple flesh. She gasped as he brushed over her plump, sensitive nipples, the thin fabric of her negligee doing little to dull the sensation.

Her son nearly choked on her tongue as it reached into his throat while they smooched. All the while, Karla gently stroked his pecker through his pants, her pussy-tunnel clenching and throbbing as she gauged the impressive length and thickness of his erection with her hand.

Breaking the kiss, the horny mother stood and pulled the flimsy garment up over her tits and off her body, making her magnificent boobs spill out onto her ribcage.

She wasted no time hooking her thumbs beneath the waistband of her dainty panties. The way she wiggled her wide hips as she shimmied the tiny piece of fabric down her silky legs caused her colossal melons to wobble back and forth, demonstrating their immense weight.

Keith drank in the sight of her naked pussy, how it was completed bare and smooth, the thick hood of her prepuce protruding from the outer shell of her labia.

His cock flexed almost painfully beneath his pajama pants as he contemplated his tender boner being sheath and pumped by such a mature, delicious-looking pussy.

"Take off your clothes and come to bed with me, sweetheart," Karla purred, holding out her hand. "Tonight, I'm gonna make you a man."

Keith obediently shed his clothes with trembling hands, his heart pounding as he revealed his youthful, toned body to his mother's hungry gaze.

Karla's pretty eyes roamed over his teenage form appreciatively, lingering on his impressive erection as it protruded from his groin at the perfect upward angle. She licked her bee-stung lips, a predatory gleam in her eyes.

"My, my, baby boy," she cooed, "you've certainly grown up."

She took his hand and led him down the hallway to the bedroom, her boobies bobbling and her meaty ass swaying eagerly the entire way.

Karla had no reservations about cheating on her husband. In fact, she felt more thrill at that moment than hesitation as she guided her boy to her big, marital bed. "When the cat's away, the mice will play!" she told herself with an eager smirk.

She wasted no time pulling her hard-dicked teenager down on top of her, squashing her pillowy tits between them. Their naked bodies pressed together, skin against skin, igniting a fire within them both.

Karla captured his lips again, kissing him deeply as her hands explored the planes of his back and shoulders. She splayed

her legs widely, drawing her knees way back, just as she had when she had given birth to him. This time though she would scream not in pain, but in pure ecstasy.

Now cradled between his mother's warm thighs, Keith let instinct take over, grinding his hips against hers, his hard, sinewy length sliding between her slick folds and across the protruding, pink bulb of her clit.

Karla moaned into his mouth, arching her back to increase the delicious friction against her nub and pedals.

"That's it, sweetheart," she encouraged breathlessly, her beautiful eyes widening with excitement. "Make mommy feel good."

Keith rubbed his boner through her slit a few more times, plowing their hot, genital flesh together, getting his rod nice and slick for penetration.

With an itch in her core that only one thing could scratch, the panting mother reached between their bodies, grasping his

throbbing cock and guiding it to her warm, juicy entrance.

"Ahh, m-m-mom!" the boy's voice quivered as he felt his engorged knob lick inside the pit of her vestibule, across the rim of her pleasure-pit.

Then, his crimson, tight-skinned crown slipped through the fleshy remnants of her hymen, his pre-cum and his mother's slippery fuck-oil making for easy entry.

With a thrust of his hips, Keith buried himself inside her welcoming heat, groaning at the incredible sensation of being enveloped by her tight, slick tunnel.

"Oh, Keith!" Karla cried out, wrapping her powerful mommy-legs around his waist, her dainty feet with their red polished toenails hovering above their tangled bodies. "You feel so good inside me, baby. Fuck me, just like that."

Lost in a haze of lust, Keith began to move his hips, pumping into her with long, deep strokes. The forbidden nature of their coupling only heightened the pleasure, the taboo of mother and son coming together in the ultimate act of intimacy.

As the teen plunged his meat deep inside her, Karla's eyes widened in shock at the sheer size of his cock. Every inch was filled with bulging veins and ridges that stretched her delicate, nerve-rich lining to its limit.

She could feel the pressure of her boy's thick, spongy knob pushing against the tight, puffy ring that guarded her cervix, sending waves of pleasure through her curvy body.

"Oh sweetheart," she gasped, "you feel so fucking good!"

Using her tightly-clutched legs as leverage, Karla met her son's every thrust, bouncing her lovely ass-cheeks from the mattress. Her nails

raked down his back as she urged him on. "Harder, baby…faster!" she demanded, her voice thick with need. "Make me cum on your big, hard bull-horn!"

Keith complied, pistoning his hips with abandon, his athletic ass bobbing up and down, his muscles tensing and relaxing with each powerful thrust.

The swell of his mom's tit-cushions felt divine smothered against him, the fatty and glandular tissue rippling against his young, chiseled chest. He could feel her rubbery teats jabbing his skin, begging to be sucked.

The hard-humping teen propped himself up on his elbows to get a better view, mesmerized by the way his mom's jugarnauts sloshed up and down along the top of her ribcage.

The rhythmic fuck-humps their entwined bodies made were like a dance, with her jutting mounds as the star performers. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of her mountainous tits swinging in perfect harmony with their lovemaking.

Eagerly, he lowered his head and latched on to one of her swollen nipples, his face sinking against the warm, dough-like softness of her melon.

"Yes!" Karla squealed, her pussy-tube sucking at the slab of his prick tightly, her labial flanges drawing up around his cock-root to engulf his steely hard-on entirely. "Suck my titties and pound my fuck-hole hard, sweetheart!"

Their wet bellies beat together. The bed creaked beneath them, the headboard beating against the wall with an intensity it never had before. Sweat glistened on their skin, their muscles straining as they climbed towards the peak of ecstasy together.

"I'm close, sweetheart!" Karla panted, her inner walls beginning to flutter around him. "Come with me… Fill me up with your seed!"

With each thrust, Keith's body tensed and his movements became more intense. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room as his balls rhythmically bounced against Karla's crinkled asshole.

His long, thick cock pulsed with power, its veins protruding beneath the taut, pink skin. The tip of his member swelled with

blood as it slid deeply into the hot, wet depths of his mother's pussy, igniting her sexual nerve-endings in a blazing inferno of pleasure.

Mother and son locked eyes, exchanging a wide-eyed gaze that they had never shared before. It was the intense stare of anticipation, just moments away from reaching climax. Their bodies were poised to release in unison, as their lovemaking reached its peak and their fluids spilled over each other.

"OH MY GOD!" Karla's voice quivered as the earthquake of all orgasms began to build in the core of her cunt.

Her boy's cock was like a fierce jackhammer of blood, flesh and sinew, carving away at her inner sanctum. Their hot, pink genitals pumped together tirelessly like a piston in a crank-shaft, their sexual secretions provided the lubrication that made every powerful fuck-thrust a wonderland of exquisite friction.

"OH MOM!" Keith gasped, as her distended nipple popped from his mouth. His thrusts becoming more erratic as his balls clenched up. He knew this was about to be the hardest cum he'd experience in his life thus far.

With a final, powerful thrust, Keith buried himself to the hilt, his muscles straining and his breath coming in ragged gasps. He

grunted like a beast into the flesh of her tit as he released inside her, feeling every inch of her slick walls clench around him.

Long, potent ropes of jizz jetted from his piss-hole, splattering along her inner lining in hot, spurting bursts. The warmth of his semen painted a sticky trail inside her, coating her with his essence. His body trembled as he emptied himself completely inside his mother's birthing chamber.

Karla's own orgasm crashed over her like a tsunami, her body shuddering around him as wave after wave of pleasure consumed her. She let out piercing orgasmic scream that nearly shattered the glass of her bedroom window.

Hot fem-cum squelched from Karla's bulging urethra, soaking her son's cock and balls and splattering out onto the sheets.

They continued to writhe fiercely, drawing out as much body-trembling pleasure as they could for several minutes.

Finally, mother and son collapsed into each other's arms, chests heaving as they caught their breath. Karla stroked Keith's hair lovingly, pressing a tender kiss to his sweaty forehead.

"That was incredible, sweetie," she murmured.

"Yes…it was," the boy breathlessly agreed.

"And it's only the beginning," his mother added. "Sex is like a big, magical world and we have so much more of that world left to explore together."

Keith smiled, basking in the afterglow of the best fuck he'd ever experienced. It was just the type he had dreamed about. Yes, his naughtiest fantasy had just come true and then some. The night was young and he knew there were many more forbidden delights to come.

Karla's husband, Larry, hated when he had to go away on job assignments. Because of this, he had installed a secret camera

in the hallway of his home, so he could see his family coming and going and feel some sense of connection to them.

Larry sat transfixed in front of his laptop screen, his eyes glued to the secret live feed from the hallway camera back home. Disbelief, anger and arousal warred within him as he watched his scantily clad wife guiding their nude son towards the master bedroom, her hand possessively gripping Keith's as she led him inside her lair for a round of hot, nasty sex.

His heart pounded furiously in his chest as the full reality of the situation sank in – his beloved Karla was about to commit the ultimate betrayal, seducing their own flesh and blood into an incestuous tryst. And from the visible excitement between Keith's legs, the young man was more than eager to sexually service his buxom, curvaceous mother.

Larry's hand shook as he zoomed the camera in, following their intertwined figures until they disappeared from view into the bedroom. His imagination ran wild, vividly picturing Karla sprawled wantonly on the very bed they shared as man and wife, with Keith kneeling between her spread thighs, his raging erection poised at the entrance to her dripping womanhood.

A choked gasp escaped Larry's throat at the forbidden mental image of his son's cock-flesh parting Karla's delicate folds and sinking deep into her tight, wet heat – an orifice that Larry foolishly thought belonged only to him as her husband. His stomach roiled with nausea even as his own cock hardened painfully in his pants.

With trembling fingers, Larry accessed the live feed from the mini-cam he had concealed in a vent above their marital bed, so he could watch his wife innocently sleep while he was away.

He couldn't believe what he was about to witness but compelled to see it with his own eyes. The screen flickered to life, confirming his worst fears.

There on the screen, in lurid color and crystal clarity, Larry watched the depraved spectacle of his wife and son locked in a carnal embrace, their nude bodies writhing and undulating in a perfect fuck-rhythm.

Karla's nails clawed frantically at Keith's back as he rutted into her like a boy possessed, the wet, obscene slaps of their coupling filling Larry's ears through his headphones.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Karla wailed in ecstasy, her huge breasts heaving and quaking with every powerful thrust of Keith's pistoning hips. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck Mommy's pussy hard with that big, beautiful cock!"

Larry stared in stupefied horror as Keith reared back onto his knees, gripping Karla's ankles and pushing her limber legs back towards her head, folding her nearly in half.

The lewd, gaping mouth of Karla's splayed cunt filled the screen, its slick pink petals clinging desperately to Keith's glistening shaft with every pump of his muscular ass.

Karla's eyes rolled back in her head from the intense pleasure, a rapturous smile on her lips as she gazed up at Keith with adoration and lust shining in her eyes. "That's it, sweetheart,"

she panted. "Give me that thick cock. Stretch Mommy's pussy so good. You're going to ruin me for your father!"

Larry felt dizzy, his head spinning at her wanton declaration. He wanted to look away from the depraved scene, to shut off the feed and pretend it was all a bad dream. But he was transfixed, unable to

tear his eyes from the screen as his son defiled his marriage bed and conquered his wife in the most primal way possible.

Keith grunted like a rutting animal, sweat glistening on his skin as he pounded into Karla with abandon. "Fuck, Mom, your cunt feels incredible!" he growled. "So much better than my hand. I'm gonna fuck you every day from now on."

"Yes, baby, yes!" Karla cried, urging him on. "I'm yours now. My body belongs to you. Ruin me, make me your woman!"

With a roar of triumph, Keith buried himself to the hilt, his balls slapping lewdly against Karla's upturned ass. His cock jerked and pulsed as he flooded her womb with his potent seed, marking her as his own. Karla screamed in rapture, her cunt clenching around him as she came harder than she ever had with Larry.

As he watched his son's virile semen overflow from Karla's ravaged hole to puddle obscenely on the sheets, Larry knew there was no coming back from this. His wife and son were now lovers, their forbidden bond sealed by the ultimate act of betrayal.

Keith collapsed on top of Karla, both of them panting and glistening with sweat. She cradled him tenderly, stroking his hair as he nuzzled her enormous, squishy breasts.

"My sweet boy," Karla cooed. "Mommy is so proud of you. You made me feel things I never knew were possible. Things your father could never make me experience."

Keith lifted his head and grinned at her, his youthful face alight with love and satisfaction. "I'm gonna take such good care of you, Mom. In every way. You'll never want for anything ever again, I promise."

They kissed deeply, tongues twining, sealing their illicit pact. Larry watched numbly as they curled up together in post-coital bliss, their naked bodies entwined on the cum-stained sheets.

In that moment, Larry knew his family would never be the same. Karla and Keith had found completion in each other's arms, a forbidden love that society condemned but their hearts embraced. He was an outsider now, a cuckold, his role as husband and father usurped by his own son.

"You have hidden cameras in this house?!" Karla exclaimed angrily as she spoke to her husband by phone later that night.

"Yes, and I could see the disgusting things that you and Keith were doing in our bed."

"How dare you spy on us, Larry," his wife scolded, turning it back on him. "What, are you some sort of pervert or something?"

Larry sputtered indignantly into the phone. "I'm the pervert? You're the one screwing our son, Karla! In our marriage bed, no less! How could you do this to me, to our family?"

Karla scoffed dismissively. "Oh please, spare me the righteous outrage, Larry. You're hardly an attentive husband these days,

always jetting off on business and leaving me alone without pleasure. A woman has needs, you know."

"So you seduce Keith? Our child?" Larry demanded, his voice rising. "That's sick, Karla. It's wrong on so many levels."

"Is it wrong that he makes me feel desired, wanted, like a real woman?" Karla challenged. "The way you used to, before you started taking me for granted. Keith worships me, body and soul. He'd do anything to please me."

Larry felt bile rising in his throat. "I can't believe what I'm hearing. You're trying to justify this depravity? He's your son, for God's sake!"

"He's more of a man than you'll ever be," Karla retorted coldly. "In every way that counts. And if you ever breathe a word of this to anyone, I'll tell the whole world about your perverted voyeurism, spying on your own family. Imagine the scandal."

Larry paled, realizing she had him over a barrel. "Karla, please, let's talk about this. We can get counseling, work it out…"

"There's nothing to work out," Karla cut him off. "I'm done with you, Larry. Keith is my lover now. If you can't accept that, then I suggest you stay gone. Permanently."

With that, she hung up on him, leaving Larry stunned and shattered. He stared blankly at the hotel wall, his world crumbling around him.

In a daze, he accessed the camera feed again, praying it had all been a terrible dream. But the sight that greeted him only twisted the knife deeper.

Karla was riding Keith reverse cowgirl, her lush ass bouncing obscenely on his lap as she impaled herself on his rigid cock-shaft over and over. Her huge tits swayed and bounce hypnotically, the pink tips swollen and glistening – likely from Keith's eager suckling.

"Fuck me, baby, fuck Mommy hard!" Karla wailed, her voice tinny through the speakers. "I love your huge cock stretching my pussy so good!"

Keith pistoned his hips up to meet her, grunting with effort as he slammed into her slick heat. "Take it, Mom… fucking take it! Your cunt was made for my dick!"

As Larry watched his wife and son rutting like animals, their bodies sheened in sweat and unholy lust, he knew there was no salvaging his marriage or family. Karla had made her choice and all he could do was sit back and watch.

Knowing her husband was likely watching her and their son fuck, Karla amped up the performance as well as the verbal insults directed towards Larry. "God I love your huge fucking cock and the way you pound it into me!" she whimpered, gazing back at her bucking teen.

Karla arched her back as Keith drilled into her from below, determined to give Larry a show he would never forget. She reached back and spread her ass cheeks wide, exposing the tight pucker of her asshole.

"You see this, Larry?" she taunted breathlessly, knowing he was glued to the screen. "This is what a real man does to a woman. He claims every part of her, makes her his personal fuck toy."

Keith growled in approval, delivering a sharp smack to Karla's jiggling ass. "That's right, Mom. Dad never appreciated what he had. But I'm gonna worship this body, use every hole until you're ruined for anyone else."

Karla moaned wantonly, the sting of the spank only heightening her pleasure. "Mmm, yes baby. Fuck me like the slut I am. Show your pathetic father how a real stud satisfies a woman.

She leaned forward, changing the angle of penetration and gasping as Keith's cock hit her deepest spots. Her heavy tits swung beneath her, the plump, rosy nipples achingly hard.

"Look at these udders, Larry," she sneered into the camera. "You used to love sucking on these big titties. But now they belong to our son. He's gonna milk me like the prize cow I am, drain me dry every single day."

Keith sat up, wrapping his arms around Karla from behind and palming her heaving breasts roughly. He pinched and tugged on her sensitive nubs, making her squeal.

"These are mine now, Dad," he declared arrogantly. "Every inch of Mom's sexy body belongs to me. She's my personal cum-dump and I'm gonna fill her up over and over again."

As if to punctuate his claim, Keith pistoled his hips frantically, slamming into Karla's clenching cunt with brutal force.

She threw her head back and screamed in ecstasy, her thick, naked buttocks beating against her son's upper thighs, her pussy spasming around his pistoning cock.

"Fuck yes, baby! Breed Mommy's cunt!" she wailed. "Pump me full of your superior seed! I wanna give you a baby, a new son to replace your loser father!"

Nuzzling against her sweaty back and squeezing her fatty melons as hard as he could, Keith roared like a claiming beast and buried himself to the hilt.

Jets of scalding cum erupting from his cock-slit and flooded Karla's contracting womb. She convulsed in his arms, her orgasm crashing over her in violent waves.

"Take it all, mom!" Keith grunted, grinding against her ass, feeling her ejaculatory juices spurt out around the base of his cock. "Every drop is for you. Gonna knock you up and make you my breeding bitch."

Karla collapsed back against Keith's chest, both of them panting harshly in the aftermath of their intense coupling.

Rivulets of cum leaked from her abused hole, coating her thighs and dripping onto sheets. It was the lewdest thing Larry had ever seen.

Larry returned home a few days later, his mind reeling from the depraved scenes he had witnessed on the hidden cameras. He was

determined to confront Karla and Keith, to put an end to their vile affair and reclaim his position as head of the household.

He found them lounging by the pool, Karla sunbathing topless while Keith rubbed sunscreen onto her bare skin with

worshipful attention. They looked up at his approach, Karla smirking knowingly while Keith's eyes glinted with challenge.

"Well, well, look who's back," Karla drawled, not bothering to cover her exposed breasts. "Have a good trip, darling?"

Larry clenched his fists, struggling to control his temper. "Cut the crap, Karla. You know damn well what I saw. What you two have been doing behind my back."

Keith stood up and bravely faced Larry. At 18, he was already taller and more muscular than his father, his youthful virility apparent in the bulge of his swim trunks.

"Behind your back?" Keith scoffed. "Please. We put on that show for your benefit, Dad. So you could see what a real man does for the woman he loves."

Karla stood up as well, sauntering over to drape herself on Keith's arm, snuggling it between her warm, sun-kissed tits. Her voluptuous nudity was a slap in Larry's face, her wanton disregard for modesty a testament to her new allegiance.

"Keith's right, Larry," she said coolly. "You've neglected me for too long, always putting your job before my pleasure. Our son has shown me what it means to be truly desired, worshipped like the goddess I am."

She cupped Keith's face and kissed him deeply, her long, thick tongue visibly plundering his mouth.

Keith grabbed her ass and pulled her against him, grinding his obvious erection against her bare mound.

Larry saw red, lunging forward to pry them apart. "Goddammit, that's enough! I won't stand here and watch you molest our child, you sick bitch!"

But Keith shoved him back easily, sending him sprawling onto the pool deck.

Karla laughed cruelly, stepping over Larry's prone form.

"You don't have a say anymore, you fucking wimp," she sneered. "Keith is my my now, in every way. And I've never felt more satisfied."

To drive her point home, Karla shimmied out of her bikini bottoms and gently nudged Keith down on a poolside lounger. "Pull your trunks off, darling."

Larry watched in impotent rage as his beautiful wife sank down on their son's rigid cock, both of them moaning in bliss.

Karla rode Keith hard, her heavy breasts bouncing as she impaled herself on his thick shaft over and over. "Mmm yeah baby, stretch Mommy's cunt," she purred. "Ruin me forever for your short-dicked father."

Karla locked eyes with Larry as she bounced on their son's cock, a malicious grin on her face. "Look at him, Larry. Look at how much bigger and harder he is than you. Your pathetic little prick could never satisfy me like this."

Keith gripped her hips, slamming her down brutally on his pistoning shaft while staring at the colossal boobs that slapped against his face as they swung pendulously. "That's it, Mom, take it! Show Dad

what a real man feels like. I'm gonna pound this pussy into submission."

Karla threw her head back and keened in ecstasy, her juices dripping down Keith's balls. "Yes, baby, yes! Conquer me, make me your fuck slave. I'll do anything to keep this big cock inside me."

Larry watched in stunned disbelief as his wife debased herself, offering her body up to their son like a cheap whore. His stomach churned at the wet, obscene sounds of their coupling, at the cries of rapture spilling from Karla's lips.

The mother was already feeling the tingling of a mind-blowing climax in the core of her cunt. He boy's teenage erection was like a pillar of granite, carved by the Gods, thundering through ribbed sheath of her pussy, lighting her sexual nerve-endings ablaze.

She gazed at her husband tauntingly over her shoulder, her eyes glazed with lust. "I'm never letting this cock out of me, Larry. I'm gonna drain Keith's balls every single day, whenever and wherever he wants. Your bed, your couch, your precious recliner. Nowhere will be safe from me guzzling our son's cum."

Larry watched with a mixture of fascination and disgust as Keith's massive pillar of erectile flesh plunged deeply into the tight, warm heat of his wife's wetness. The sheer size and girth of it was impossible to ignore, easily dwarfing Larry's own meager member. Thick, bulging blue veins throbbed beneath the taut, flushed skin that was slick with Karla's arousal. Her moans and gasps filled the air around them, further fueling the already intense scene before them.

"Oh fuck!" Karla gasped, her eyes widening and her hips pivoting frantically. "I'm gonna cum so fucking hard on you baby!"

Keith grinned savagely, increasing the pace of his thrusts. "That's it, Mom, cum all over my cock. Drench me in it. I want Dad to see what a real orgasm looks like."

Karla's body seized up, her back arching as a guttural scream tore from her throat. Her cunt clamped down on Keith's pummeling shaft, rippling and gushing as a massive climax crashed through her.

Clear girl-fluid squirted from her contracting slit, splattering Keith's groin and soaking the lounger beneath them

"FUCK YES, BABY! OH GOD, YESSSSS!" she wailed, shaking and thrashing in the throes of the most intense pleasure she'd ever known.

Keith rutted into her wildly, prolonging her peak. His lips explored her cavernous cleavage, her humongous hooters bouncing and rippling astride his face.

His balls drew up tight and with a roar of conquest, he erupted deep inside her rippling tunnel, flooding her womb with jet after jet of his salty, virile seed.

"Take it, Mom! Fuck, TAKE IT ALL!" he snarled, his face mashed against the side of one of her soft tits. He ground into her as spurt after spurt of teenage cum pulsed from his cock. "Gonna knock you up, make you swell with my kid!"

Karla sobbed in bliss, babbling incoherently as Keith's potent semen filled her to overflowing, trickling out around his embedded shaft.

The depravity of the act, of so willingly taking her own son's sperm into her fertile body as her husband watched, only intensified the dark rapture consuming her.

As their unholy coupling reached its shattering conclusion, Karla collapsed against Keith's sweat-slicked chest, both of them panting harshly. She rolled her head to look at Larry, a cruel smile curving her lips.

"You see, darling?" she purred malevolently. "You see how completely I belong to our son now? How he's ruined me for your pathetic little cock?"

She lifted herself off of Keith with a lewd squelch, his softening member slipping from her hungry cunt. A river of pearly cum poured from her gaping hole, puddling obscenely on the abused lounger.

Karla swiped a finger through the viscous fluid and brought it to her mouth, sucking it clean with a wanton moan.

"Mmm, delicious," she taunted. "The only protein shake I'll ever need from now on."

Keith sat up, pulling her into a filthy kiss, their tongues lewdly sharing his spent seed between them. When they broke apart, he smirked at Larry in smug triumph.

"Face it, Dad," he said derisively. "I'm the man of the house now. Mom is mine, body and soul. You're just a pathetic cuckold who gets to watch me claim her over and over again."

Weeks passed and Larry's nightmare only worsened. Karla and Keith flaunted their incestuous affair at every turn, making no effort to hide their depraved coupling.

Larry was forced to listen to his wife's wanton moans and cries of ecstasy echo through the house day and night as Keith fucked her with the stamina and vigor of a hormonal teenager.

He'd come home from work to find them entwined on the couch, Keith's head buried between Karla's thighs as he lustily devoured her dripping cunt. Or he'd walk into the kitchen in the morning to see Karla kneeling under the table, noisily slurping on Keith's impressive morning wood as he ate his breakfast.

Their taunts and degradation were constant. Karla took every opportunity to remind Larry of his inadequacies as a man and a lover. She'd make him watch as she worshipped Keith's impressive cock, comparing it vocally to Larry's "pathetic little stub".

"Look at this magnificent piece of meat, Larry," she'd purr, stroking Keith's thick shaft reverently. "So long, so thick, so virile. It's no wonder your tiny little dicklet could never satisfy me."

Keith was no better, strutting around the house naked with his huge endowment on lewd display. "Better get used to this sight, Dad," he'd sneer. "It's the only real cock Mom's ever gonna want from now on."

The worst was when they'd make Larry sit in the corner and watch them rut like animals on his marriage bed. They'd put on depraved shows of the most graphic and taboo sex acts imaginable, pushing the boundaries of even the most jaded porn.

Karla would ride Keith's face as he tongue-fucked her ass, her huge tits bouncing obscenely.

She'd squeal in delight as he mounted her from behind, rubbing her clit frantically as he brutally sodomized her.

"Yes, baby, yesss!" she'd wail. "Rape Mommy's tight asshole! Ruin it forever on your massive cock!"

"Ahhh fuuuuck," Keith's voice quivered as semen burst from his smothered knob, into his mother, tight, hot rectum.

They'd fuck in every position known to man, sometimes for hours on end, their sweaty bodies writhing and contorting in the filthiest ways possible. All the while they'd lock eyes with Larry, forcing him to witness every depraved second as they cuckolded him in the most vicious fashion imaginable.

Larry drank heavily to numb the pain, to drown out the sounds of his wife's ecstatic screams as their son pounded her into sexual oblivion over and over again. He was a broken man, emasculated and humiliated beyond measure.

Then came the day Karla gleefully showed him the positive pregnancy test, crowing that Keith had put his incestuous baby in her belly. She patted her flat stomach with a wicked grin triumphantly. "What's the matter, honey?" she asked with mock concern. "Aren't you thrilled to finally be a father again?

Of course, we both know Keith is the only real daddy this baby will ever have or need. I bet you're jealous that your son's virile sperm succeeded where your impotent seed failed? That he's man enough to knock me up and give me the baby I've been wanting for so long?"

She cackled cruelly at Larry's stricken expression. Keith came up behind her, wrapping his arms around her waist possessively, his hands splaying over her still-flat belly.

"That's right, Dad," he gloated. "I've knocked Mom up with my superior seed. She's having my baby now."

Larry felt bile rising in his throat, his world crumbling around him at this final, shattering betrayal. The woman he loved, the mother of his two children was now pregnant with their son's illicit spawn – a product of the vilest incestuous coupling.

Karla leaned back against Keith, turning her head to capture his lips in a lewd, sloppy kiss. "Mmm, I can't wait to get big and round with your baby, my love," she purred sultrily. "I want the whole world to see what a virile stud has conquered me, fucked me into submission and claimed me forever."

Keith squeezed her tits roughly, tweaking the nipples into stiff peaks. "Just wait until these udders swell up with milk," he growled. "I'm

going to suck them dry every day while I keep that greedy cunt plugged with my cock. You'll be nothing but my personal fuck-toy and breeding cow."

Karla shivered in delight, her eyes glazing over with insatiable lust. She grabbed Keith's wrist and dragged him toward the stairs, eager to celebrate their virility. "Come on, baby, let's go

practice making more babies. You may have already knocked me up, but I want you to flood my womb over and over."

As they headed off to once again defile his marriage bed with their depraved rutting, Karla looked back over her shoulder at Larry's devastated face.

"Oh, and I expect you to keep playing the doting husband in public, Larry dear," she warned silkily. "Smiling for the neighbors, paying the bills, rubbing my feet when I get all swollen. After all, we wouldn't want anyone knowing what a pathetic, dickless cuckold you really are, would we?"

Her mocking laughter echoed down the stairs, and were soon replaced with Keith's deep grunts as he once again mounted her like the bitch in heat she was.

The wet slaps and obscene squelches of their vigorous fucking was the soundtrack to Larry's personal hell – one he now knew he could never escape.

The only person Larry told about his new marital situation was his own mother, Dottie, but she had little sympathy. "She's carrying his baby, mother, and she doesn't even sleep in the same bed as me anymore. She's sharing a room with him," Larry complained.

"Oh Larry," Dottie sighed, a hint of exasperation in her voice. "I hate to say it, but I'm not entirely surprised by this turn of events in your marriage."

Larry was stunned. "What do you mean, Mom? How can you not be shocked that my wife is fucking our son and carrying his baby?"

"Use her or lose her," Dottie answered. "Didn't any of your smart, married friends ever offer up that advice?"

"No."

"Sweetheart, Karla is a vibrant, sensual woman with needs," Dottie explained patiently. "Needs that, frankly, you haven't been meeting apparently. Is it any wonder she turned to a virile young stud like Keith to finally feel desired and satisfied again?"

"But he's our son!" Larry sputtered indignantly. "Her child! It's sick, it's wrong—"

"Oh, don't be so puritanical," Dottie cut in, "I fucked your younger brother, Miles, for a year before he went off to college. Taboo relationships are more common than you realize."

"Please tell me that's not true," Larry sighed, his stomach sinking even further at the thought of his busty mother fucking his cocky younger brother.

"The heart wants what it wants. And from what you've told me, it sounds like Karla's heart, not to mention her hungry cunt, wants Keith's big, hard cock pounding her into sexual bliss on the regular."

Larry was aghast at not only his mother's confession but crudeness. "Mom, I can't believe you're taking their side in this!"

"I'm not taking sides, dear," Dottie said calmly. "I'm just pointing out the reality of the situation. Keith is more of a man than you'll ever be, in every way that counts to a hot-blooded

woman like Karla. You need to accept that and find a way to adapt."

Larry was near tears, his voice cracking. "Adapt? To being a cuckold in my own home? To watching the love of my life swell with my son's incestuous bastard? How the hell am I supposed to adapt to that?"

"By being grateful she hasn't cut you off completely," Dottie advised bluntly. "If you're smart, you'll embrace your new role and support their relationship. Karla could easily dump your sorry ass and take half of everything in the divorce. Then where would you be?"

Larry was speechless, his mother's harsh words hitting him like physical blows. Dottie softened her tone, but only slightly.

"Man up, Larry," she ordered. "Be the dutiful cuckold and doting grandpa-to-be that Karla needs you to be. Who knows, if you're a very good boy, maybe she'll even let you watch her and Keith go at it sometimes. Call it a reward for your obedience and acceptance."

With that last humiliating piece of advice, Dottie ended the call, leaving Larry reeling and shattered.

Keith, on the other hand, was overjoyed as he watched Karla's belly swell with his child, her skin stretching taut over the growing proof of his virility. And her tits, god, her tits were magnificent – ballooning into ripe, heavy melons that made his mouth water every time he saw them straining against the flimsy fabric of her tops.

"Look at you," he marveled, running his hands reverently over her gravid curves. "So fucking fertile, so gorgeous. I can't believe I put a baby in you, Mom. My baby."

Karla purred, arching into his touch. "Mmm, believe it, stud. You knocked me up good and proper. Fucked this baby into me with that huge, amazing cock of yours."

They were in the living room, Karla lounging on the couch wearing nothing but a sheer robe that did nothing to conceal her lewd, 8-month-pregnant nudity.

Keith knelt between her spread thighs, his face level with her giant, protruding belly. He pressed his lips to her stretched skin, trailing open-mouthed kisses along the swell. "Can't wait to see you get even bigger," he murmured hotly.

"I wanna fuck another baby into you as soon as this one's out. Keep you barefoot and pregnant, your belly and tits always full with my seed."

Karla moaned wantonly, tangling her fingers in his hair. "Yes, baby, yes. Breed me over and over. Make me your personal incubator. I wanna be constantly ripe with your babies."

Keith growled, nuzzling into the damp patch of her robe where it clung to her dripping mound. He mouthed at her cloth-covered slit, the musky scent of her arousal inflaming his lust.

"Fuck, Mom, you're always so wet for me now," he groaned, lapping at her juices through the flimsy barrier. "Pregnancy's made you into such a horny slut for my cock."

"Only for you, baby," Karla gasped, grinding against his face. "Fuck, I need you inside me. I need to feel that huge dick splitting me open, reminding me who I belong to."

Keith surged up, ripping open her robe and feasting his eyes on her naked splendor. Her engorged breasts spilled free, nipples fat and dark, just begging to be sucked. Milk dribbled from the sensitive tips, and Keith eagerly latched on, groaning as the warm, sweet liquid flooded his mouth.

Karla cried out sharply, the sensation of her son nursing from her achingly full tits sending bolts of pleasure-pain directly to her aching core. She cradled his head, encouraging him to suckle harder as his face sunk into the supple softness of her melon.

"That's it, baby, drink up," she cooed breathlessly. "Drain me dry."

Larry walked in on this depraved scene, his heart sinking as he witnessed his hugely pregnant wife nursing their son from her milk-laden breasts. Keith was slurping greedily, his hands kneading the soft flesh as more milk leaked out around his lips and dribbled down his chin.

"What the hell is going on here?" Larry demanded, unable to keep the disgust from his voice.

Karla looked over at him lazily, not even bothering to cover herself. "What does it look like, dear? I'm feeding our son. He's a growing boy, after all, and needs his nutrition."

She gasped as Keith bit down on her sensitive nipple, clamping it between his teeth. "Mmm, that's it baby. Get nice and strong for Mommy."

Keith released her breast with a wet pop, turning to smirk at his father. Milk dripped obscenely down his chest. "Better get used to this sight, Dad. Once the baby comes, Mom's gonna be nursing us both. Gotta keep her men happy and well-fed."

Bile rose in Larry's throat at the thought of his son suckling alongside his own grandchild at Karla's titanic breasts. The depravity of it was staggering.

Karla reached down to stroke Keith's impressive erection, slicking the shaft with the milk leaking from her breasts. "Speaking of keeping my men happy…I think it's time for Mommy to drain these big, swollen balls of yours. Mount me, baby. Show Daddy how a real stud fucks his woman."

Keith moved to cover her body with his own, his young, chiseled abs sinking against the unborn fetus growing in his mother's pouch.

He notched the engorged head of his cock at her entrance, teasing her slick folds. "Beg me for it, Mom. Beg me to fuck you in front of

Dad. Let him see how desperate you are for your son's dick."

"Please, Keith! Please fuck Mommy!" Karla mewled shamelessly, rocking her hips, trying to impale herself on his thick shaft. "I need it so bad! Need you to fill me up, remind me who owns this pussy. Ruin me for your father's pathetic little prick!"

With a savage grunt, Keith rammed forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in his mother's hot, clasping depths. Karla screamed in ecstasy, her hands flying to grip his shoulders.

"Yes! Oh god baby, yesss! So fucking BIG!" she wailed as he began to piston in and out of her, the wet slaps of their bodies colliding filling the room.

Larry watched in abject horror as his son ruthlessly fucked his pregnant wife right in front of him, Karla's huge belly and milk-swollen tits bouncing obscenely between their bodies with every brutal thrust. He knew there was no coming back from this, that his life as he knew it was over.

Karla's strong, toned legs wrapped around Keith's back, holding him tightly in place as they moved together in a heated passion. Her feet, adorned with bright red polish, hovered just above his shoulder blades, her heels arched and toes pointed in pleasure.

She loved to cling to him this way, feeling his lean body melt against her pregnant softness as they moved as one. With the sides of her ginormous, rippling breasts pressed against his head, she could feel every thrust he made inside of her. Their bodies moved in perfect synchronization, lost in their own world of intense pleasure.

"Fuck mom!" the boy groaned into Karla's bountiful cleavage as he felt her pussy flutter and grip his cock like a velvet vise. The hormonal changes of pregnancy had made her wetter, hotter, and tighter than ever before. Her slick, corrugated walls clenched him rhythmically, rippling along his shaft in pulsing waves.

"Oh god baby, you feel amazing!" Karla panted, her nails digging into his shoulders. "Stretching me so good, filling me up. I'm so fucking full of my son's big, hard cock."

The prenatal goddess canted her hips to take him even deeper, the thick mushroom head of his dick kissing her cervix with every pump.

Her heavy belly pressed between them, the life growing inside her seemingly urging Keith on, pushing them to greater heights of taboo ecstasy.

"Jesus, Mom!" Keith grunted, fucking his raging boner faster and harder. The wet squelch of his cock plunging into her sopping cunt was obscene in the quiet room. "Gonna cum soon! Where do you want it?"

"Inside," Karla demanded breathlessly, locking her ankles at the base of his spine. "Pump me full, baby. Feed our little one that hot seed straight from the tap."

Keith snarled at her filthy words, slamming into her with renewed vigor. Karla keened high and sharp, her pussy bearing down on him like a silken fist.

"Fuck, gonna… Mom, I'm cumming!" Keith roared, his balls drawing up tight to his body. His cock jerked and throbbed as he erupted like a geyser, flooding Karla's greedy cunt with what felt like gallons of molten cum.

"YES! YES, GIVE IT TO ME!" Karla screamed, throw her head back in rapture as she felt her son's potent seed bathing her pulsating walls.

Her own orgasm crashed through her like a tidal wave, stealing her breath and making stars explode behind her eyes.

Hot fem-juice erupted from her cock-stuffed slit, splattering all over Keith's balls as they slapped against the ring of her throbbing

asshole.

They clung to each other as they shook and trembled in the aftermath, Keith's softening cock still buried deep in Karla's fluttering sheath. Pearly rivulets of cum leaked out around his shaft to puddle on the couch, the sight obscenely erotic.

Larry stared at the thoroughly debauched pair, his wife and son still intimately joined in the lewdest way possible. His stomach churned with revulsion even as his own inadequate cock twitched feebly in his pants.

Karla turned her head languidly to lock eyes with her shell-shocked husband, a cruel smirk curling her lips. "Better get used to this sight, darling," she purred, echoing Keith's earlier words. "This is your life now – watching your son claim and breed me over and over again while you just stand there like the pathetic loser you are."

A week before her expected due date, Karla had more shocking news to share with Larry. "Keith and I are getting married!" she stated excitedly.

"Wait…what?!" Larry gasped. "How are you two getting married? You're still married to me."

Karla laughed mockingly at Larry's shocked expression. "Oh honey, did you really think a little thing like a marriage

certificate would stop me from making an honest man out of the father of my child? Keith and I are in love. We belong together, and we're going to be a real family."

She lovingly caressed her massive belly, exchanging an adoring glance with Keith who stood possessively at her side. He wrapped an arm around her, his hand splaying over the swell of their unborn baby.

"That's right, Dad," Keith said smugly. "I'm gonna be Mom's husband in every way that matters. I'm the one who knocked her up, who fucks her senseless every night. It's only right that I put a ring on it and give our kid a proper daddy."

Larry sputtered indignantly, his face turning red. "This is insane! You can't possibly think this is legal or morally acceptable. She's still my wife, dammit!"

Karla rolled her eyes. "Only on paper, Larry. In case you haven't noticed, our marriage has been over for a long time. Keith is my man now, in and out of the bedroom. I'm going to be Mrs. Keith Bradshaw and there's not a damn thing you can do about it."

She turned to Keith, rising up on her toes to press a lingering kiss to his lips. "What do you say, baby? Ready to make me an honest woman?"

Keith grinned wolfishly, giving her ass a possessive squeeze. "Damn straight. Gonna wife you up properly and fuck a few more babies into this sweet cunt. You're mine forever, Mom."

Karla giggled girlishly, her hands roaming over his muscular chest. "Mmm, my big strong hubby. I can't wait to be barefoot

and pregnant in the kitchen, waiting for you to come home from school and bend me over the counter for your daily breeding."

Larry thought he might vomit, watching his wife and son discuss their depraved future so casually, as if he wasn't even in the room. This couldn't be happening. His life couldn't be crumbling around him in such a vile, horrific fashion.

But Karla's next words shattered any hopes he had left. "Oh, and don't think you're going anywhere, Larry dear. You're going to give me away at the wedding like a good little cuckold. Then you'll move into the guest room permanently while Keith and I take over the

master suite. You can spend the rest of your days listening to your son plow me through the walls and knowing that I'm his in every way possible."

She smiled cruelly, her eyes glinting with sadistic glee. "Welcome to your new life, darling. As the pathetic, dickless third wheel in your own home. But don't worry, we'll keep you around for babysitting duty and comic relief. After all, every king needs a court jester," she laughed.

"So, you're having a…wedding?" Larry asked. "You can't be serious?"

"I'm very serious, but besides you, only women in the family will be in attendance."

"Only women in the family?" Larry asked incredulously. "What are you talking about?"

Karla grinned wickedly. "Well, your mother, of course, who thinks Keith and I make the sexiest couple alive. And, if you

must know, I've already told my mother and sisters all about my new…arrangement with Keith. And they couldn't be more thrilled for us!"

Larry's jaw dropped in shock. "You…you told your family? About you and Keith? And they…approve?!"

Karla laughed haughtily. "Oh, more than approve, darling. My mother always thought you were a spineless wimp. She's over the moon that her grandson had the balls to take what he wanted and make me his woman. And my sisters…well, let's just say they're a bit jealous. They can't wait to see what all the fuss is about at the wedding."

Keith smirked arrogantly, puffing out his chest. "Guess I'll have to save some energy for the bridesmaids, eh, Mom? Spread the love

around a bit after I properly consummate our marriage."

Karla swatted his chest playfully, giggling like a schoolgirl. "Mmm, you are insatiable, aren't you, baby? Just remember, this pussy always comes first. You put a ring on it, after all."

Keith grabbed her lush ass, grinding his pelvis against her swollen belly. "Oh, I'll never forget who I belong to, Mom. I'm gonna fuck you in front of all those women, show them how a real man takes his bride. They'll be creaming their panties wishing they were in your place."

Larry thought he might pass out, his head spinning at the utter depravity unfolding before him. Not only had his wife and son destroyed their family with their sick incestuous lusts, but now they were going to flaunt it before their extended kin like some kind of freak show.

"This…this is madness," he croaked weakly, all the fight drained out of him. "You've both lost your damn minds."

Karla just shrugged, completely unconcerned. "Call it what you will, Larry. All I know is that I've never been happier or more sexually satisfied in my life. Keith is twice the man you ever were, in and out of bed. I'm gonna be his wife, the mother of his children, and if my family wants to share in our joy, then so be it."

She turned back to Keith, looping her arms around his neck. "Now, what do you say we go practice our wedding night, lover? I think I need one last good fucking before I waddle down the aisle."

Keith scooped her up effortlessly, her heavy, baby-swollen belly pressed between them. "Your wish is my command, my bride-to-be."

Once in the bedroom, Keith laid Karla down on the bed, drinking in the erotic sight of her heavily pregnant body laid out before him like a sensual feast. Her huge breasts strained against the flimsy

negligee she wore, milk stains dotting the sheer fabric over her engorged nipples.

"Fuck, Mom, you are so gorgeous like this," Keith growled, quickly stripping off his clothes. His massive erection sprang free, curving up towards his navel, the bulbous head an angry purple and already weeping with pre-cum. "All ripe and fertile with my baby. I can't wait to be inside you again.

Karla spread her legs wantonly, her bare feet pointing towards opposite sides of their bedroom. The drenched folds of her pussy glistened in the low light, her engorged clit peeking

from beneath its fleshy hood. "Then take me, baby. Claim your bride properly before you put your ring on my finger."

Keith crawled between her thighs, running his throbbing cock through her soaked slit. They both groaned at the delicious friction, Karla's hips undulating to grind her clit against his muscular shaft.

"Do it!" she panted, desperation coloring her voice. "Put that big teenage dick in me. Ruin me for our wedding night."

With a guttural moan, Keith notched the fat head of his cock at her entrance and surged forward, burying himself to the hilt in her welcoming heat. Karla cried out sharply, her slick walls clenching around him like a vice.

Her body shuttered as she felt his bell-shaped cock-glans press against her cervical entrance only inches from where their baby's head was.

"Oh god, oh fuck yessss," she hissed, wrapping her legs around his hips. "Fuck me, Keith. Fuck your pregnant fiancé!"

Keith set a brutal pace, the bed frame slamming against the wall with every powerful thrust.

Using her strong, silky legs as leverage, Karla met him stroke for stroke, relishing the delicious stretch and drag of his thick cock deep inside her needy cunt.

Lost in their carnal coupling, neither of them paid any mind to Larry standing slack-jawed in the doorway, watching his wife and son rutting like animals.

Bile rose in his throat at the wet, obscene sounds of their flesh slapping together and the wanton moans spilling from Karla's lips.

"Harder…unh!...harder, baby!" Karla urged breathlessly, her nails scoring Keith's back. "Gonna…fucking cum!"

"Me too!" Keith grunted, pumping his boy-hips even faster. "Gonna… fill you…fuck…fill you up!"

Karla wailed as her climax crashed over her like a tsunami, her pussy gushing around Keith's plunging cock. Her body seized and shook, her belly and tits quivering with the force of her release.

Keith followed her over the edge with a groan, his balls drawing up tight as he exploded inside her fluttering sheath. Thick ropes of cum painted her cervix, his potent seed flooding her womb in pulsing jets.

"Take it… take it all!" he roared, grinding his pelvis against hers as he emptied himself completely. "Fucking bred you so good, Mom. Gonna keep you knocked up and dripping with my cum."

Karla sobbed in ecstasy, her cunt milking him for every last drop as it clenched and released around his erectile meat over and over.

She could feel his essence seeping into her, marking her irrevocably as his woman, his breeding bitch. The depravity of it only heightened her pleasure, prolonging her shattering climax.

As the final tremors subsided, Keith collapsed on top of her, crushing their baby between them. They lay panting and entangled, basking in the afterglow of their intense coupling.

Karla nuzzled into his neck, sighing contentedly. "Mmm, I can't wait to be your wife, sweetheart. To give you lots of beautiful babies and make you cum like this every single day."

Keith lifted his head to gaze down at her adoringly. "I'm gonna be the best husband and daddy, Mom. I promise. You and our kids will want for nothing. Especially not for my cock," he added with a rakish grin.

Karla giggled and pulled him down for a deep, sensual kiss, their tongues twining lazily. When they finally broke apart, she glanced over his shoulder to see Larry still standing in the doorway, looking stricken and nauseated.

"Enjoy the show, darling?" she asked with mock sweetness. "Better get used to it. This is gonna be a daily occurrence in our house from now on. Might want to invest in some good earplugs," she cackled cruelly.

Keith looked back at his father and smirked, not bothering to pull out of Karla's cum-filled cunt. "Don't worry, Dad. I'll let you be the godfather. It's the least I can do, since I'm fucking your wife and all."

They both laughed heartily at Larry's ashen face, his utter humiliation and defeat a delicious aphrodisiac. Karla pulled Keith back down for another kiss, eager to start round two.

Poor Larry could only watch, frozen in despair, as his wife and son lost themselves in each other once again, their moans and

grunts a twisted soundtrack heralding the end of life as he knew it. The future stretched before him – bleak, joyless, and forever cuckolded. All he could do now was try to survive it.

Two days later, the backyard was transformed into a perverse mockery of a wedding venue. White chairs were set up in rows on the lawn, facing a flower-bed and altar.

Instead of blushing bride and geeky groom figurines, the cake topper depicted a massively pregnant woman entwined with a virile young man – a lewd representation of Karla and Keith.

The guests began to arrive - all women, just as Karla had said. There was Larry's mother and sister, her mother, sisters, aunts and cousins, all tittering with scandalous excitement to witness the taboo union.

They filled the chairs, whispering behind their hands and casting appraising glances at Keith as he stood proudly at the altar in a tight tuxedo that did little to conceal his impressive endowment.

Larry stood stiffly to the side in his own ill-fitting monkey suit, numb to the core. He couldn't believe this was actually happening, that his family was openly celebrating his utter emasculation and the end of his marriage. But he was powerless to stop it, knowing Karla would gleefully destroy him if he tried to intervene.

The bridal march began to play, a bastardized version of the classic wedding tune. All heads turned to watch Karla waddle

down the aisle on Larry's reluctant arm. She was a vision in white, but there was nothing virginal about her.

Her gown was sheer and clingy, molding to her heavily pregnant curves like a second skin. The plunging neckline showcased her huge, milk-swollen breasts, the nipples and areola clearly visible through the gauzy fabric.

The gown's skirt barely hid her crotch from view, the dampness of her arousal evident on the flimsy cloth. She looked like a fertility goddess, fecund and ripe and ready to be bred.

Karla beamed as Larry robotically escorted her towards Keith, glowing with triumphant lust, her hair and make-up done up to the nines.

The other women gasped and murmured in awe, envy shining in their eyes. It was clear they all wished they could be in Karla's place, heavy with child and about to wed the strapping young buck who put it there.

As they reached the altar, Larry woodenly placed Karla's hand in Keith's, feeling like he was sealing his own fate.

Keith grinned victoriously, drawing Karla close and possessively cupping her giant, swollen belly.

The officiant, an elderly woman with knowing eyes, began the ceremony. But this was no ordinary wedding. Instead of vows of fidelity and holy matrimony, Keith and Karla declared their intentions to fuck and breed, to cuckold Larry for the rest of their days.

"I promise to worship your body every day, Mom," Keith proclaimed, loud enough for all to hear. "To keep you barefoot and pregnant, your belly and tits always full with my seed. I'll fuck you in every room of the house, bend you over every surface, and never let you forget who owns this pussy."

Karla gazed up at him adoringly, her pretty eyes glassy with lust. "And I vow to be your devoted wife and breeding bitch, baby. To always be wet and ready for your deliciously-hard cock, to bear you as many children as my womb can hold. I'll drain your balls every day and cuckold my pathetic ex-husband with the sounds of our marital bed."

Raucous cheers went up from the assembled women as Keith and Karla exchanged rings, giggling wickedly as they slid the bands onto each other's fingers. The metal glinted in the sun, a tangible symbol of their depraved union.

"By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife!" the officiant declared with a gap-toothed grin. "You may now rut with your bride!"

Keith grasped her by the thighs and swept Karla into his arms, crushing his mouth to hers in a filthy, tongue-thrashing kiss.

Karla wrapped her stocking-encased legs around his waist as best she could with her swollen belly, grinding her soaked snatch against the rigid bulge in his trousers. Her dainty mules slipped off her feet as she interlocked her ankles behind his ass.

The crowd whooped and hollered, urging them on.

Never breaking the sloppy kiss, Keith carried Karla over to a petal-strewn bed that had been set up in the middle of the aisle. He laid her down almost tenderly, hiking up her skirt to expose her dripping, naked cunt to the avid gazes of the wedding guests.

Karla spread her thighs wantonly, one hand drifting down to spread her engorged lips apart. Her hole was flushed and throbbing, weeping with arousal. "Fuck me, husband," she purred. "Claim your bride in front of everyone. Consummate our marriage vows by pumping a load of baby-making semen inside of me."

Keith growled, fumbling with his zipper and fishing out his massive, veiny cock.

The women gasped and exhaled lustily at the sight of his teenage fuck-organ, practically salivating as their plump, mature nipples hardened beneath their bras.

Karla's mother unconsciously licked her lips, her eyes glued to her grandson's impressive manhood.

"I'm gonna ruin you for all other cocks, wife," Keith rumbled, fisting his huge prick and rubbing the leaking, bulbous head up and down

Karla's soaked slit.

They both shivered and moaned as Keith lined up his throbbing cock with the mouth of Karla's gushing pussy, the mushroom head nudging her juicy vestibule and making her legs tremble with need.

With one powerful thrust, the teen sheathed himself fully inside her, both of them crying out in ecstasy at the delicious union of their engorged sex-organs.

"Oh fuck… Oh FUCK yes!" Karla wailed, her back arching off the bed as she was filled and stretched by Keith's massive girth. "So fucking BIG! Splitting me open!"

Keith grunted savagely, taking her hands and pinning them above her head as he began to rut into her like a wild animal, her stocking-encased legs locked around him.

The bed creaked and shook with the force of his fuck-thrusts, Karla's huge belly and tits bouncing lewdly.

The wedding guests cheered and catcalled, spurring them on. Some of the women had their hands under their skirts, frigging their dripping cunts as they watched the depraved consummation with avid lust.

Both Larry and Karla's mothers were openly groping their own heavy tits, licking their lips as they watched their grandson ravage their daughter.

"That's it, that's it!" Karla screeched, her skilled hips bucking to meet Keith's plundering cock. "Harder baby, HARDER! Ruin your bride's cunt!"

Keith snarled, sweat dripping down his face as he pounded into his mom's squishing hole with brutal force. The divine friction of each

thrust pulled his pink cock-skin back tightly, exposing his sexual nerve-endings to the hot, spongy grip of Karla wet pussy.

The wet, filthy sounds of their coupling filled the air, punctuated by skin slapping on skin and Karla's escalating moans.

After a few minutes of vigorous cunt-fucking, Keith could feel his balls tightening, his mammoth shaft pulsing inside Karla's rippling sheath. "Fuck… gonna cum!" he roared. "Gonna breed you, wife! Knock you up again in front of everyone!"

"YES!" Karla screamed, throwing her head back and tightening her lovely legs around her boy. "Fill me, FLOOD ME! Paint my insides with your seed!"

With an animalistic bellow, Keith buried himself to the hilt and exploded, his cock pulsating as he emptied a massive load directly into Karla's fertile womb.

The pregnant mother shrieked and convulsed underneath him, her eyes rolling back as a tit-trembling orgasm ripped through her.

Her cunt clamped down rhythmically, milking her son of every drop of rich, sticky boy-seed.

The crowd went wild, some of the women climaxing just from the sight, their beautiful cries ringing out like an orgasmic choir.

Larry's mother was mauling her heavy tits roughly, shuddering and gasping as her grandson seeded her former daughter-in-law right in front of her.

Poor Larry could only watch in numb despair, his wife's rapturous cries as she was bred by their son on their wedding

day forever seared into his brain. It was the final nail in the coffin of his manhood.

He and the other guests watched on as Keith collapsed on top of Karla's pillowy body, both of them panting and glistening with sweat in the aftermath of their obscene coupling.

Karla cradled Keith's head to her heaving bosom, cooing softly as she stroked his hair. Thick globs of pearly cum leaked from her ravaged pussy, staining the white rose-petals beneath her ass.

The wedding guests erupted into fresh applause and bawdy cheers, congratulating the newlyweds on their virile consummation.

Both Karla and Larry's mothers looked like they might faint, their faces flushed and their fat nipples practically ripping through their dress.

"Such a good boy," Karla purred to Keith, loud enough for all to hear. "Breeding your mommy so well in front of everyone. You're gonna be the best daddy and husband ever!"

Keith lifted his head and grinned, his teeth flashing white. "Only the best for my bride," he preened. "Gotta keep that belly swollen and those titties full of milk."

He shifted, his softening cock slipping from Karla's cum-sloppy hole with a wet plop.

More jizz dribbled out, and Karla swiped some up with her fingers, bringing them to her mouth to suck clean. The crowd whooped and cheered at the wanton display.

"Mmm, is there enough in there for everyone?" Karla's busty younger sister asked, dragging her long, pierced tongue across her lips.

"Yeah, fuck the cake…we want cum!" Larry's sister stated, staring hungrily at all the teenage goo seeping out of Karla's well-fucked slit.

Slowly, Keith clambered off the marital bed and stuffed himself back into his trousers. He reached down and effortlessly scooped his mom up, cradling her bridal-style.

His mother giggled and looped her arms around his neck, nuzzling into his throat.

Keith carried her back down the aisle, past their clapping and catcalling guests. As he passed his father, he paused, smirking down at the shell-shocked cuckold.

"Thanks for giving me away, dad," he sneered. "I'll take real good care of mom from now on. Though you'll still have to pay the bills. A kept breeding cow doesn't work, after all."

Karla laughed meanly, reaching out to pat Larry's cheek. "Don't worry, darling. We'll let you watch sometimes. Maybe if you're good, Keith will even let you eat his cum out of me. Won't that be nice?"

Larry felt his stomach churning, his face burning with humiliation as Keith carried his new bride into the house to a chorus of ribald cheers.

The women began to disperse, many heading inside for the debauched reception that was sure to follow, tittering amongst themselves.

Soon, Larry was left alone in the yard, standing next to the rumpled, cum-stained wedding bed, the smell of sex still lingering in the air.

The pitying eyes of the officiant met his as she passed, and she shook her head. "Tough break, buddy," she commiserated. "But that's what you get for not keeping your wife satisfied."

THE END

236: Mom's Intervention-part1/2

Mom's Intervention

By Klrxo

Amy set down the groceries and paused, listening intently. The unmistakable sounds of passionate moans and rhythmic thumping carried down the hallway from Max's bedroom. Her face flushed as she realized what her teenage son must be doing in there.

She knew she should give him privacy, but Amy's curiosity got the better of her. The blonde-haired mother crept down the hall, her heart racing. Max's door was slightly ajar so biting her lip, Amy cautiously peeked through the crack.

Her eyes widened as she took in the shocking scene. Max lay naked on his bed, his muscular young body glistening with sweat. A VR headset covered his eyes but it was clear what he was looking at from the lewd sounds of women's moans emanating from it.

Her son's hand was a blur as it pumped furiously up and down his rigid cock. It was bigger and thicker than Amy had imagined, just a tad over 9 inches. The swollen head jutted like a wet, purple mushroom, slick with pre-cum. His other hand fondled his heavy balls as they tightened, drawing up close to his body. He was clearly getting close to orgasm.

Just then, Amy heard a sultry female voice from Max's VR headset moan "Ohh yeah baby, does Mommy's pussy feel good?" Amy's heart nearly stopped as she realized Max must be watching incest-themed MILF porn as he touched himself.

At that moment, her boy let out a deep guttural groan. His back arched off the bed as his cock erupted, shooting thick ropes of pearly white cum straight up into the air. Jet after jet of the hot sticky fluid splattered onto his tensed six-pack abs and heaving chest.

Amy's busty body reacted in a way she hadn't expected. She felt a sudden gush of wetness between her legs as her pussy clenched and spasmed with arousal. The muscles of her vaginal walls contracted rhythmically, as if trying to milk an imaginary cock. Slick juices flowed from her, soaking through her panties and running down her inner thighs.

Her heavy, milk-laden breasts ached with need, the nipples hardening into stiff, rubbery peaks that strained against the fabric of her bra. Tingling shocks of pleasure radiated from her swollen, throbbing teats straight to her pulsing clit. Drops of warm breastmilk began to leak, dampening her shirt.

The sight of her son's virile young body, his impressive boy-cock erupting with seed, sent jolts of forbidden lust through Amy's very core. Her womb clenched as if trying to pull sperm deep inside to impregnate her. The mouth of her cervix kissed open and closed, practically puckering with the instinctive urge to suck her son's cock deep inside her hungry body.

Amy's hand slipped into her soaked panties, fingers gliding through the slickness to find her painfully erect clit. As she rubbed the swollen bud, her pussy made obscene wet sounds, gushing and squelching with her taboo arousal. She had to bite her lip hard to keep from moaning and giving herself away, unable to look away

from the obscene display of her son's impressive ejaculation. Max's dick continued to twitch and pulse in his stroking fist, milking out every last drop of his copious teenage load.

Finally, with a shuddering gasp, her son went limp against the mattress, his softening member slipping from his fingers to lay on his thigh, still dripping semen.

Amy carefully backed away from the door, her mind reeling and panties dampened from the forbidden scene she'd just witnessed. Flustered, she

hurried back to the kitchen, trying to process these confusing new feelings about her son and what she'd seen him doing.

The next day, Amy met up with her lifelong best friend Greta for their usual morning coffee date. The two women settled onto the couch, each cradling their nursing newborns to their oversized racks.

As Amy watched Greta's little girl suckle hungrily at her giant, milk-swollen tit, she sighed heavily. "I just don't know what to do about Max," she confessed. "I caught him yesterday jacking off to MILF porn. Stuff with mothers and sons. He's clearly obsessed."

Greta nodded sympathetically, gazing down at her own infant as he fed greedily, milk dribbling down his chin from her enormous nipple. "I'm worried about Chad too," she admitted. "He's been so secretive lately, always alone in his room. And I found a flash drive labeled 'Hot MILFs' under his bed last week."

"Do you think it's just normal teenage boy stuff? Or something more concerning?" Amy wondered aloud as she shifted her baby to her other engorged breast. Her huge, veiny tit jiggled with the movement, almost overflowing her nursing bra.

"I don't know," Greta sighed, cupping her free hand under her massive boob as if to support its heavy weight. "I mean, I get that

they're curious about sex and attracted to older women. We probably represent a 'safe' fantasy for them in some Freudian way. But this obsession with mother-son incest porn... it just feels unhealthy, you know?"

Amy nodded, her expression creased with concern. She stroked her baby's downy head as he suckled contentedly, his rosebud lips tugging rhythmically at her fat, leaking nipple. "If I tell you something, will you promise not to think I'm horrible?"

"Ames, stop," Greta answered, using her friend's nickname. "I would never think your horrible. We're practically sisters for crying out loud."

"I feel so guilty for spying on Max like that," she said quietly. "But seeing him stroke that big, hard cock while he listened to a woman pretending to be his mom...God help me Greta, it turned me on. What kind of mother does that make me?"

Greta reached over to squeeze Amy's thigh reassuringly, her blue eyes full of understanding. "You're not alone, honey. Sometimes when I picture what Chad must be doing in his room, thinking about me while pulling on that hard teenage flesh, I get all hot and bothered too. We're sexual beings, even if we are mothers. It's natural to feel a bit confused."

The two MILFs sat in companionable silence for a few minutes, the only sounds the gentle suckling of their babies nursing at their bountiful breasts. Finally, Greta spoke again.

"I suppose all we can do is be there for the boys," she said resignedly. "Keep the lines of communication open, try not to shame them for their desires. Maybe this is just a phase they need to work through."

Amy bit her plump lower lip, looking troubled. "I don't know. I'm worried that if we don't do something, the boys might become porn

addicts. You know how impressionable teenage minds are. What if they start needing harder and harder content to get off?"

Greta frowned, absently adjusting her nursing bra as the baby detached from her nipple with a soft pop. "You're right, that's a real concern. But what can we do? Ban them from the internet and make things worse?"

"No, I have another idea," Amy said slowly. "What if... what if we started dressing and acting more like the women in those MILF videos they're so obsessed with? Give them an outlet for their fantasies that's a little more healthy and reality-based."

Greta's eyes widened. "You mean, like, seducing our own sons? Amy, we can't!"

"No, no, nothing that extreme!" Amy said hurriedly. "I just meant, you know, wearing sexier clothes around the house. Making more innuendos. Touching them 'accidentally'. Letting them see us in compromising situations. Enough to be a tease and keep them hooked."

Greta thought about it, her pussy giving a traitorous throb at the idea of enticing Chad. "I guess that could work," she said hesitantly. "If we give them little peeks and thrills, it might be enough to draw them away from the really hardcore stuff online."

"Exactly!" Amy looked excited now. "We can even pretend to get stuck in the washing machine or something, let them ogle our asses. The MILF porn tropes are so predictable."

Greta giggled, starting to warm to the naughty plan. "Okay, let's do it. For the boys' sakes. We'll be like their personal MILF pornstars."

The next afternoon, Greta came over to Amy's house so they could enact their plan. They changed into the skimpiest outfits they owned - Amy in a strappy tank top that barely contained her huge tits and a

miniscule denim skirt, Greta in skintight yoga pants that molded to her amazing ass and a flimsy crop top that exposed her midriff.

They stood side by side in front of Amy's full-length mirror, critically examining their reflections. Greta turned to the side and arched her back, making the half-globes of her buttocks strain against the thin fabric of her yoga pants. The pants had ridden up into the cleft of her ass, exposing the rounded underswell of each full cheek.

"How's this?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder at Amy. "Think it'll get Chad's attention?"

"Definitely," Amy breathed, eyeing her friend's jutting bubble butt enviously, even though she had one that was equally round and juicy. She cupped her own heavy breasts, barely restrained by the flimsy tank top. Her deep cleavage swelled over the low neckline as she bounced

lightly on her heels, making the giant orbs jiggle enticingly. "But are you sure my tits look okay? I feel like they're about to spill out any second."

"That's the point, honey," Greta reassured her, moving behind Amy and reaching around to boldly squeeze her massive boobs. Amy gasped as Greta hefted the weighty melons appraisingly, the brunette's fingers sinking into the pliant titflesh. "You wanna keep Max on the edge, constantly worried about a nip slip. He won't be able to look away."

Greta released Amy's tits with a parting jiggle, stepping back to appraise the overall effect in the mirror. Both women's nipples poked visibly through their tops, the jutting peaks impossible to ignore.

Amy had foregone panties under her minuscule skirt, and she fretted that her cleanly waxed pussy might be peeking out. She tugged the hem down, but that only served to further accentuate the lush curves of her wide hips and thick thighs.

Satisfied with their appearances, the MILF besties shared a conspiratorial smile. Greta pulled a tube of reddest red lipstick from her make-up kit and uncapped it. She leaned forward over the vanity, pursing her full lips into a sexy pout as she slowly, sensuously applied the glossy color.

The phallic shape of the lipstick tube sliding in and out between Greta's plump, glistening lips gave Amy all sorts of naughty ideas. She imagined her friend wrapping those bee-stung lips around Max's swollen purple cockhead, slurping and gurgling as she struggled to deep throat his huge shaft.

Shaking off the forbidden fantasy, Amy turned her attention to her own primping. She misted her neck and cleavage with a light body spray, the scent fresh and subtly floral. Grabbing a paddle brush, she bent at the waist, deliberately giving Greta an eyeful of her naked, dangling tits as she brushed out her long blonde hair until it crackled with static electricity.

Amy and Greta slipped their dainty feet into strappy high-heeled mules, their perfectly polished toenails gleaming against the patent leather. The shoes arched their heels sharply, forcing them to balance on the balls of their feet, toes pointed like ballerinas en pointe. Their calf muscles flexed with feminine power as they teetered for a moment before finding equilibrium.

Greta took a few experimental steps, her hips swaying seductively with each stride. The vertical jut of her rear was even more pronounced in the high heels. "God, I feel like a total vixen in these shoes," she purred, doing a little spin. "I bet Chad won't be able to take his eyes off Mommy's ass today."

Amy nodded, adjusting her humongous breasts so they sat high and proud on her chest, the tight tank top molding to their rounded contours. "Same with Max and my tits," she agreed. "I'm amazed I don't have a wardrobe malfunction every time I move."

When Max and Chad got home from school, the two MILFs were ready. They greeted the surprised boys with exaggerated hugs, pressing their big squishy breasts against the teens' muscular chests.

"How was school today, boys?" Amy asked brightly, bending over provocatively to set out snacks on the coffee table, her tank top gaping to reveal the curve of her heavy tits.

"Uh, fine Mom," Max mumbled, his eyes glued to her cavernous cleavage. He exchanged a disbelieving glance with Chad, who was staring at his own mother's juicy spandex-clad ass.

Greta dropped her phone on purpose and slowly bent over to retrieve it, giving the teens a perfect view of her plump cheeks and cameltoe. "Oops! Clumsy me. What are you boys up to this afternoon?"

"We were gonna play some Warzone," Chad said distractedly, adjusting himself as his cock started to swell.

"Sounds fun! Maybe we can join and you can show us how to play... I bet you're both so good with your fast reflexes and clever fingers," Amy purred, winking suggestively at Max.

"Um, I dunno if you'd like it, Mom, it's pretty violent," Max hedged, swallowing hard. The crotch of his jeans was visibly tented now.

"Oh I don't mind getting a little rough," Amy said silkily, trailing a finger down his chest. "But if you boys would rather play alone, maybe Greta and I will just hang out here and chat while we do some yoga. You don't mind if we stretch and bend in all sorts of positions right in front of you, do you?"

The teens practically tripped over each other's words assuring their moms that was fine, their eyes glazing over slightly as they pictured it. Amy and Greta shared a subtle high five as they settled onto the couch, satisfied their plan was working perfectly so far.

As the boys started up their game, the two mothers slipped off their heels and began doing yoga poses deliberately chosen to show off their assets. They arched their backs in cat/cow, sticking out their huge asses. They spread their legs obscenely wide in happy baby pose, displaying their flexibility. They laid on their stomachs and propped themselves up on their elbows for sphinx pose, their heavy tits threatening to spill out of their skimpy tops.

Amy's voluptuous post-pregnancy figure was on full display in her skimpy outfit. Her breasts had swollen to an impressive double-K cup- size, full and heavy with milk for her newborn. They strained against the thin fabric of her tank top, the outrageously deep cleavage threatening to spill out with every breath. Her nipples poked through the material, large and erect from the constant stimulation of breastfeeding.

Below her massive rack, Amy's belly was still soft and slightly rounded, not yet fully deflated from carrying her child. But the extra weight looked good on her, giving her a lush, fertility-goddess vibe. Her wide hips flared

out from her nipped-in waist, and her thick thighs pressed together as she held the sphinx pose, making her juicy ass look even more substantial in the too-tight denim micro-mini.

As Amy shifted position, her skirt rode up dangerously high, revealing the lower curves of her plump cheeks. Max forced himself to focus on the video game, but his eyes kept darting to his mother's incredible body, so lewd and tempting in her skimpy clothes. He could hardly believe this was the same woman who had tucked him in at night and packed his lunches, now shamelessly flaunting her sexy assets like a pornstar MILF.

Amy glanced over and caught her son staring at her wobbling chest, his gaze riveted to her deep cleavage. She felt a rush of heat between her thighs at his blatant ogling, her pussy growing wet and

needy. It was so wrong to want her own son this way, but she couldn't deny how much his lustful stares turned her on.

Holding eye contact with Max, Amy slowly and deliberately arched her back, thrusting out her huge milk-swollen tits even more. She let out a soft moan, as if the stretch just felt sooo good. Max's eyes nearly bugged out of his head and he licked his lips, his cock visibly throbbing in his jeans.

Beside her, Greta was putting on a similar show for Chad, rolling her hips sensually as she moved through the yoga poses. Her booty shorts had gotten wedged between her plump cheeks, giving her a major whale tail, and the teen boy was transfixed by the lewd sight.

"Mmmm, it's so hot in here," Greta purred, fanning herself theatrically. "I'm all sweaty from this workout." With that, she stripped off her little crop top altogether, revealing a lacy red bra that barely contained her giant heaving tits.

Chad made a strangled sound, his controller forgotten in his hands as he gawked at his scantily-clad mother. His cock was tenting his shorts obscenely, looking painfully hard.

The teen's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's breasts straining against the flimsy lace of her bra. He could clearly make out the wide brown circles of her areolas and the jutting points of her thick nipples through the semi-sheer red fabric. It was the most erotic thing the virginal teen had ever seen in real life.

"I...uh...I gotta hit the bathroom!" Chad stammered, leaping up from the couch. He held his hands awkwardly in front of the massive bulge in his shorts as he practically sprinted out of the room.

Amy shot Greta a meaningful look as they heard the bathroom door slam. "Sounds like someone needs to relieve a little...tension," she murmured. "What about you, Max? You seem a bit distracted too. Maybe you should take a little personal time in your room, hmm?"

Max swallowed hard, his eyes flicking guiltily from his mom's deep cleavage to the obscene cameltoe clearly visible in Greta's tight shorts. "Uh, yeah, I guess I should...go study or something," he mumbled, getting up and holding his history textbook strategically in front of his crotch as he fled.

As soon as the boys were out of earshot, Amy and Greta dissolved into giggles. "Oh my God, did you see the SIZE of those boners?" Amy gasped. "I thought Max's cock was going to bust right through his zipper!"

"I know!" Greta squealed. "Chad looked like he was about to nut in his pants when he saw my nips through this bra."

Amy and Greta exchanged an exuberant high-five, their gigantic tits jiggling with the motion. They grinned at each other triumphantly, thrilled that their plan to distract their sons from online MILF porn seemed to be working so far.

"We make a pretty damn good pornstar duo!" Amy said smugly. "Did you see how fast they ran out of here to go jerk off? I bet they'll be thinking about our hot mom bods the whole time they're beating their meat."

"Totally," Greta agreed, adjusting her bra to make her cleavage even more pronounced. "It's like we're their personal spank bank material now. I could practically smell how horny they were!"

The next day while the boys were at school, Amy invited Greta over for coffee and to put the next phase of their plan into action. They were both eager to see what kind of MILF porn had their sons so obsessed.

"I feel a little guilty snooping like this," Amy admitted as she retrieved Max's VR headset from his room. "But I just have to know what he's been watching that's got him so hot and bothered."

"Same," Greta agreed, holding up Chad's headset. "I figure if we're gonna keep teasing them with our hot mom bods, we should know exactly what turns them on so much."

They settled onto the couch and slipped on the VR goggles, giggling nervously. Amy navigated to Max's recent videos with trembling fingers. "Okay, here goes..."

The first video loaded, showing a busty redheaded MILF in a skintight white blouse. Her huge tits strained against the buttons, looking like they might pop open any second. She wore a tiny plaid miniskirt and sheer thigh-high stockings with garters peeking out.

"Well, we know he likes redheads with big titties," Greta snickered. Just then, the MILF in the video bent over, flashing her bare pussy and ass under the micro skirt. She wasn't wearing panties!

Amy felt her face flush. No wonder Max was jerking off so much if this was his visual stimulation. She clicked on the next video.

This time, a stacked brunette MILF strutted on screen wearing only an apron that barely covered her shaved snatch and enormous boobs.

"Looks like someone's been a naughty boy," the MILF cooed, fondling her huge breasts. "Mommy's going to have to punish you..."

Amy squirmed on the couch, her pussy growing damp as she imagined saying those words to Max, seeing the huge tent in his pants... She shook her head. Focus, Amy! This is research, not fantasy fodder.

Meanwhile, Greta was blushing furiously as she scanned through Chad's favorite videos. The MILFs all had a similar look - ridiculously large tits barely contained in too-small bras and lingerie, round juicy asses poured into thongs and G-strings, stockings and garters, towering stripper heels.

And they were all acting so slutty and sex-crazed, begging their "sons" to fuck them with their big cocks. Greta felt an illicit shiver of arousal as she pictured herself in one of those obscene getups, seducing Chad.

"We're gonna need to do some serious shopping I think," Amy declared, pulling off the VR goggles. Her nipples poked visibly through her thin t-shirt, aroused by the raunchy scenes.

Amy and Greta arranged for Amy's sister Lisa to babysit their infants for the afternoon so they could go on a secret shopping trip. Lisa arrived and cooed over the adorable babies, cuddling them to her own ample bosom.

"You two deserve some time to yourselves," Lisa said, winking. "I know how exhausting new motherhood can be. Go have fun! And maybe buy yourselves something nice while you're at it. You both have such killer bods, you should show them off!"

Amy and Greta exchanged a conspiratorial glance, trying not to giggle. If Lisa only knew what kind of "something nice" they planned to purchase! The two MILFs thanked her profusely and hurried out to Greta's SUV before Lisa could ask any more questions.

Giggling like naughty schoolgirls, the busty mothers drove to a strip mall on the other side of town, not wanting to risk running into anyone they

knew. They made a beeline for a trashy-looking store with mannequins in the window modeling crotchless panties and cupless bras.

"This place definitely looks like it'll have what we need to live out those MILF porn fantasies," Greta said with a laugh as they entered the sex shop. Raunchy club music pulsed and the walls were lined with every manner of kinky costume and stripper wear.

For the next hour, they pored over the racks of slutty lingerie and skimpy outfits, holding up possibilities and debating what their sons might like best based on the VR porn they'd snooped on.

"I think Max would lose his mind if he saw me in this little number," Amy said, dangling a hanger with a sheer red babydoll that would barely cover her colossal boobs and came with crotchless lace panties.

"Girl, he'd bust the biggest nut! Speaking of busting out..." Greta held up a "virgin killer" sweater that was more like a cropped tank top with a neckline that plunged to the navel. "I don't think my areolas would even be covered in this thing!"

"That's the point! We've gotta let the nips breathe," Amy joked, adding it to her haul, along with some thigh-high stockings and a garter belt.

Greta grabbed a few crop tops that looked more like slingshot bikinis, a latex micro mini, and some "yoga pants" that were basically just see-through tights. "If these don't make Chad pitch a tent pole in his pants, nothing will!"

By the time they finished shopping, both MILFs had spent way too much money on a provocative porn star wardrobe. But picturing their sons' slack-jawed, bug-eyed expressions when they modeled the raunchy getups made it all seem worth it.

That afternoon, Max and Chad arrived home from school, laughing and jostling each other as they burst through the front door. "Mom?" Max called out. "We're home!"

There was no answer. Puzzled, the boys wandered through the quiet house looking for their mothers. As they neared the back door to the pool area, they heard the sound of feminine laughter.

Chad pushed open the door and both teens froze, their jaws dropping at the sight before them. Amy and Greta were laying out on pool loungers, sunbathing in the skimpiest bikinis the boys had ever seen.

Amy's suit was a slingshot style, basically three tiny triangles held together by dental floss. The top barely covered her enormous nipples, the weight of her huge tits stretching out the fabric so it was nearly sheer. The bottoms were equally miniscule, disappearing between the globes of her juicy ass.

Greta's bikini wasn't much better. The top was more like a shelf for her massive rack, pushing her boobs up and together into a deep, mouth-watering valley of cleavage. Her bottoms were so low-cut in front that they showed off her pubic mound.

"There you boys are!" Amy called, lifting her sunglasses to wink at their stunned faces. "How was school?"

"Uh...um...it was...uh..." Max stammered, unable to tear his eyes away from his mother's enormous exposed tits.

Max and Chad both felt their cocks spring to immediate painful hardness at the shocking sight of their mothers' practically nude bodies. Mortified by their own instant reaction, they stammered out excuses about homework and bolted into the house.

The two teens fled to Max's bedroom, slamming the door shut and leaning against it, breathing hard. Chad adjusted himself, trying to will down his huge erection. "Dude, what the fuck was that?!" he hissed. "I've never seen my mom dressed like such a slut!"

"I know," Max groaned, palming his own throbbing cock through his jeans. "Did you see my mom's tits in that bikini top? They were like, falling out!"

Just then, there was a soft knock at the door. The boys jumped. "Max? Chad? Is everything okay?" came Amy's concerned voice.

"Y-yeah mom, we're fine!" Max called back, his voice strangled.

"Can we come in? You both rushed off so suddenly..." Greta added.

The boys exchanged panicked glances. "Uh, just a sec!" Chad stalled. They quickly grabbed Xbox controllers and jumped on the bed, holding the controllers over their crotches to hide their boners.

"Okay, come in," Max said weakly.

The door opened and Amy and Greta stepped inside, still wearing their obscene bikinis. Max felt light-headed as all the blood rushed to his cock at the sight. The bikinis looked even smaller up close, barely covering their nipples and slits.

Amy and Greta sauntered into the room, their colossal tits swaying and jiggling with each step in the barely-there bikini tops. The flimsy triangles of fabric were straining to contain their massive, milk-heavy udders, stretched to the limit and nearly transparent from the sheer size and weight of their breasts.

Greta's huge boobs wobbled up and down as she walked, the skimpy top doing nothing to restrain their movement. Her plump nipples poked visibly through the thin fabric, looking like they might pop out any second. The cups were so small that the soft, pillowy flesh of the tops and sides of her breasts spilled out obscenely.

Amy's enormous jugs bounced and quivered, defying gravity in the dental floss slingshot bikini. The spaghetti straps dug into her shoulders, clearly not designed to support such a heavy load. Her areolas were

clearly visible through the sheer fabric, wide and brown against her pale skin. The boys couldn't help but notice a few drops of milk

leaking through, dampening the bikini.

"What are you two up to?" Amy asked innocently as they neared.

"Just p-playing some Warzone," Chad stammered, determinedly looking at the TV and not his mother's enormous cleavage.

"Mind if we join you?" Greta asked with faux innocence. Without waiting for an answer, she sprawled out on her stomach next to Chad, her huge tits pillowing on the mattress. Her son made a choking sound.

Not to be outdone, Amy laid back on the bed next to Max and stretched languorously, arching her back. Her bikini top slid to the side, revealing one puffy pink nipple. Max forgot how to breathe.

"Oops!" Amy giggled, adjusting her top without actually fixing it. "This bikini is so small, I'm practically falling out of it. I hope you don't mind, sweetie."

Max shook his head dumbly, unable to look away from his mother's exposed nipple. He could see a bead of moisture glistening on the tip. Was that... breast milk? His cock jerked in his pants.

Beside him, Chad was in a similar state of paralyzed arousal. Greta had shifted so that her bulbous ass was pointing right at his face, the flimsy bikini bottoms disappearing between her cheeks. He could see the wet spot darkening the crotch. The urge to bury his face in her pussy was overwhelming.

The two teens tried valiantly to focus on their video game, but it was impossible with their scantily clad mothers right there, all soft skin and dangerous curves, the musky scent of their arousal filling the room.

Amy and Greta continued lounging provocatively on the bed, giggling and chatting as if they were all alone, not caring that their

sons were right there gawking at their nearly nude bodies.

"Ugh, I'm still so jiggly after having the baby," Amy complained, cupping her huge tits and jiggling them. "But I guess that's what happens when these things inflate to the size of watermelons!"

"Tell me about it," Greta commiserated, running her hands over her soft, rounded belly. "I've still got this little pooch that won't go away. But our asses have never looked better!" She reached back and smacked her own rump, making the plump cheeks jiggle.

"That's for sure! Pregnancy gave me some serious meat back there. I'm like a Kardashian now," Amy laughed. "What do you think, boys? You like mommy's big new booty?"

She rolled onto her stomach and arched her back, thrusting her bodacious rear in the air. The tiny slingshot bikini bottoms vanished into the crack of her ass, giving Max and Chad an eyeful of her plump, nearly bare cheeks.

Greta copied the pose, her own thong riding up between her juicy buns. "Mmm, this position feels sooo good on my lower back. Carrying around these giant titties really puts a strain on it."

The two MILFs laid there, asses in the air, swaying their hips slightly as if humping the mattress. Max and Chad gripped their controllers white-knuckled, not daring to speak lest their voices crack like pubescent boys.

"You know what else feels amazing?" Amy purred sultrily, flipping onto her back again. "Rubbing my sore, swollen feet after being on them all day." With that, she extended one shapely leg and planted her foot directly on Max's chest.

Max inhaled sharply as his mom wiggled her painted toes against his pecs. Her smooth sole slid up to his collarbone, then along the side of his neck. He shivered as her big toe traced his jawline.

The made eye contact for a moment, and his mom gave him a sweet little smile, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

Greta followed suit, extending her sexy leg and rubbing her dainty foot over his chest and abs. She lightly scratched her toenails down his stomach, stopping just short of the straining bulge in his shorts.

"You boys are so tense," Greta cooed, continuing to caress Chad with her foot. "Doesn't this feel good? Mommy just wants to help you relax..."

Amy nodded, now trailing her toes up and down Max's arm, making his skin pebble with goosebumps. "We've been so busy taking care of the babies, we've neglected our special time with you. Let mommies make it up to you..."

She stretched her other foot into Max's lap and brushed over the rock hard ridge of his erection. Max bit back a groan, his hips involuntarily pushing up into the pressure.

Greta went even further, boldly cupping the bulge of Chad's cock with her sole and giving it a squeeze. Chad's whole body jerked as if electrified and a damp spot appeared on his shorts where pre-cum leaked out.

"My my, what's this?" Greta asked with faux innocence, rubbing her foot up and down the teen's shaft. "Is that a Popsicle in your pocket or are you just happy to see mommy?"

"Holy shit mom!" Chad yelped as his mother fondled his stiff prick with her toes. "W-what are you doing?!"

Max spoke up too, his voice strained. "Yeah, seriously, what's going on with you two? You never used to dress like this or act so..." He trailed off, gesturing at their skimpy bikinis and provocative poses.

Amy and Greta exchanged a guilty glance, realizing they may have taken things a bit too far. They sat up on the bed, adjusting their scanty swimsuits to cover themselves slightly better.

"You're right, boys, we have some explaining to do," Amy began. "The truth is, we know you've been watching a lot of...explicit content online. MILF porn, to be specific."

Max and Chad both turned bright red, but didn't deny it. They squirmed uncomfortably, hands still covering their laps.

"We're concerned about the unrealistic expectations that kind of porn sets," Greta continued gently. "So we thought maybe if you had some healthier outlets for your fantasies and urges, with real women, you wouldn't need it as much."

"Whoa, wait," Max interrupted, eyes wide. "Are you saying you WANT us looking at you sexually? Like, you're gonna dress sexy for us on purpose?"

"And what, fuck us too?" Chad blurted out crudely, then immediately looked horrified at his own boldness.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves!" Amy said quickly, cheeks flushing. "We're not suggesting that. We just thought some flirting, teasing, sexy outfits... giving you boys an outlet for your MILF kinks without actual sex..."

"Basically, we wanna be the stars of your teenage spank bank material, not those fake porn actresses," Greta finished. "Keep you interested in the real thing."

There was a moment of stunned silence as Max and Chad processed this. They stared at their mothers, seeing them in a whole new light - as sexual beings, willing participants in their forbidden fantasies.

"So, let me get this straight," Max said slowly. "You're gonna parade around the house half-naked, rubbing your tits and asses on us... but not actually let us fuck you. Is that the deal?"

Amy bit her lip, looking uncertain. "I know it seems like a tease. But we just wanna give you a safe outlet for your desires. Work up to things slowly, see how it feels for all of us."

Greta nodded in agreement with Amy's words. "We wanna ease into this new dynamic gradually. But part of that means you boys being open and honest about your needs too."

She took a deep breath, steeling herself before continuing. "So when you feel the urge to...relieve some tension, you don't need to run off and hide anymore. You can just stay right here with us and take care of business, like you do with those VR videos you watch."

Max's mouth fell open. "Wait, you want us to jack off in front of you?! While you're wearing those tiny bikinis??"

Greta shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant even as a flush crept up her chest. "Why not? It's nothing we haven't seen before, thanks to your porn habits. This way, we're your inspiration, not those silicone bimbos."

"And you'd be okay with that?" Chad asked his mom incredulously. "Watching us stroke our cocks?"

Amy's cheeks were burning, but she nodded. "I think it could be very bonding, actually. Seeing you in the throes of pleasure, knowing we caused it... it's intimate."

Max licked his suddenly dry lips, his erection pounding insistently at the mention of masturbating in front of his hot mom. "Would you... I mean, while we do that, would you..."

"Would we what, baby?" Amy asked gently. "What do you need from mommy?"

Max's voice was almost a whisper, his cheeks scarlet. "Would you swing your tits back and forth, let them bounce in our faces in those bikinis while we stroke? Like you're dancing for us?"

Amy and Greta looked at each other, pulses quickening. The mental image was incredibly erotic - their teenage sons working their cocks furiously while the moms jiggled and shook their massive jugs right in those innocent young faces.

"I suppose we could do that," Amy said slowly, cupping her heavy breasts and hefting them, feeling the weight of her son's rapt gaze. "These bikinis barely hold the girls in anyway. It's not much of a stretch to pop them out and let them swing."

"Yes," Chad breathed, palming himself through his shorts. "I'm so fucking hard right now."

Greta felt a gush of wetness flood her bikini bottoms at her son's crude language. She couldn't believe how much it turned her on to hear him talk about his cock and her tits that way. Who knew being a mommy porn star for her boy would feel so thrilling?

The two MILFs stood up from the bed, bodies swaying sensually as they found a rhythm. They started to hum a stripper tune as they rolled their hips and shimmied their shoulders, making their huge boobies bounce and quiver in the skimpy tops.

Max and Chad watched in awe, hands automatically going to their groins. They rubbed themselves through their pants as their mothers performed an impromptu striptease right in front of them, slutty smiles on their flushed faces.

"Go ahead and take them out, boys," Amy purred sultrily. "Stroke those boners for us like you do when you watch mommy porn."

With trembling hands, the teens unzipped their flies and pulled out their stiff members. The thick rods of flesh slapped up against their bellies,

pulsing with need. Hesitantly at first, then with more confidence, they started to glide their fists up and down their shafts.

"Ohhh fuck," Greta moaned at the sight of her son gripping his impressive cock, working it faster. "Mommy's so proud of you, baby. So big and strong, pumping that meat..."

She reached up and untied her bikini top, letting it fall away completely. Her colossal tits spilled out, heavy and round, nipples fat and swollen. Milk dribbled from the tips, leaving silvery trails down her shaking mounds.

Not to be outdone, Amy unhooked her top and tossed it aside, revealing her own gigantic, milky jugs. She cupped them and pushed them together, making nectar spurt from her mammary-ducts. Then, she started to swing them wildly back and forth, slapping the massive orbs against each other.

Max and Chad were mesmerized by the lewd display, watching their busty mothers shake and jiggle their colossal jugs. Milk sprayed from Amy's swollen teats as she made them slap together forcefully. The teens pumped their swollen cocks harder, fists flying over their throbbing shafts.

"Mom... Aunt Amy..." Max groaned, squeezing his prick. "In those videos, the MILFs always talk so dirty and nasty while they show off their tits. Could you maybe..."

"You want us to talk filthy to you, baby?" Amy purred, pinching her fat nipples and tugging on them. "Mommy can do that. You want me to tell you what a naughty boy you are, stroking that big dick while you stare at my huge titties?"

"Yes," Chad panted, rubbing his cock head, smearing the slick pre-cum that leaked steadily from the tip. "Talk to us like pornstar sluts, mom!"

"You boys are so bad, jerking off to your own mothers," Greta moaned, hefting her heavy jugs and shoving them outward. "Mommy's gonna dirty talk you so hard, you'll never need that filthy porn again. As long as you promise to only cum for us from now on and not those online videos."

"We promise!" Max gasped eagerly, his balls already tightening.

"You like this, Max? Seeing mommy's huge tits bouncing in your face while you beat off?" Amy gasped, undulating her torso so her breasts swung in hypnotic circles. "I'm your personal busty MILF porn star now, baby. These big mommy milkers are all yours."

Max whimpered, fist blurring over his thick cock as he watched his mother shake her enormous rack mere inches from him. Watery milk sprayed his face as her nipples whipped past, the musky scent filling his nose. It was the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

Greta had bent over and was thrusting her tits down at Chad, letting them sway and wobble tantalizingly above his purpling cockhead. Strings of pre-cum linked the shiny tip to her dangling nipples each time they brushed past.

Amy and Greta swung their huge, milk-heavy tits back and forth, building speed and momentum as they dangled the enormous orbs over their sons' pumping fists. The teens' cocks throbbed and pulsed beneath the hypnotic undulation of mommy tit-flesh, shiny with sweat and milk spray.

Greta whipped her pendulous jugs in circles, making them slap together lewdly. Each collision sent droplets of breastmilk flying, spattering Chad's face and chest. He groaned gutturally, fucking his cock harder into his fist as the warm fluid coated him.

"That's it baby, stroke that big dick for mommy," Greta panted, swinging her watermelon-sized tits faster. "Paint yourself in my titty milk while you pump that hot cum for me!"

Amy leaned back slightly, making her massive rack bounce and quiver right over Max's purple cockhead. Her elongated nipples dragged up the underside of his shaft with each pass, leaving sticky trails of milk and pre-cum.

"Fuck Mom, your huge titties feel so good on my cock," Max grunted, hips bucking to meet the swinging globes. "Milk my dick with those big mommy milkers!"

The room echoed with the wet slapping of tit-flesh and furious male masturbation. The MILF mommies beamed at each other, ecstatic to be the stars of their sons' perverted jerk off fantasies. No more VR bimbos for these boys - only the real life bounce and sway of their own mothers' massive fun bags.

"I'm getting close," Chad warned, balls tightening as Greta buffeted his cock with her silky boob pillows. "Gonna cum soon!"

"Me too," Max panted, the feeling of Amy's stiff nipples flicking his cockhead driving him wild. "Fuck, I'm gonna blow my load!"

"Yes, cum for us!" Amy cried, frantically pummeling Max's throbbing dick with her swinging jugs. "Soak mommy's big titties in your hot teenage spunk!"

"Paint our huge milky tits, baby!" Greta urged breathlessly, angling her nipples to poke rapidly at Chad's spurting slit. "Give mommy that young cock cream!"

With twin cries of rapture, the boys erupted simultaneously. Thick ropes of pearly jizz blasted from their jerking cocks, splattering in long streaks across their mothers' shuddering tit mountains. Amy

and Greta continued to swing and bounce their mammoth breasts wildly, coaxing out every drop of cum.

Spurt after spurt of Max's hot seed sprayed onto Amy's jiggling jugs, painting them in glistening ivory. Milk and semen mixed together, leaving sticky trails in her deep cleavage as her huge boobs shook and wobbled.

Chad's cock pulsed like a geyser, sending jets of cream arcing through the air to coat Greta's heaving milkers. Her massive teats were soon glazed in a dripping layer of his ball batter as she slapped them together, rubbing his spunk into her skin.

The MILF mommies milked their sons through every last shuddering spasm, not stopping the titty assault until the final dribble of cum oozed from their softening cocks. By the time they were done, both busty mothers were drenched in sperm, their giant breasts criss-crossed with pearly ropes and dripping with cream.

"Holy shit," Max panted in awe, staring at the erotic sight of his mom's cum-soaked titties. "That was unreal."

"Best mommy-son bonding ever," Chad agreed dazedly, watching a glob of his jizz slide down into Greta's cavernous cleavage.

Amy and Greta shared a triumphant grin, their chests heaving and dripping with milk and spunk. They had successfully fulfilled their sons' ultimate MILF fantasies - and discovered an intensely arousing new dimension to their relationship in the process.

Later that evening when Max's dad and little sister got home, the teen watched in amazement as-his mother seamlessly slipped back into her normal domestic role. Just hours before, Amy and Greta had been half-naked and covered in cum, lewdly shaking their huge tits in their sons' faces while the boys jerked off. But now, there was no trace of those wanton, cock-crazed MILF sluts.

"Hi honey, how was your day?" Amy asked brightly as she greeted her husband with a chaste kiss, looking like the perfect doting housewife in her modest sundress. Max goggled at her, unable to reconcile this prim

and proper image with the mommy porn star who had just drenched herself in his spunk.

"Dinner is served!" Greta chirped in her own kitchen as she set the meal on the table, her hair neatly coiffed and conservative blouse buttoned all the way up, not a hint of cleavage showing. Chad had to pinch himself to make sure he hadn't imagined the whole titty-milking session.

The next day while the boys were at school, Amy and Greta met up to compare notes on what other MILF porn tropes and kinks their sons were into, so they could further indulge the teens' kinky fantasies. They had no qualms about snooping through the boys' browser histories, telling themselves it was for a good cause - keeping Max and Chad obsessed with mommy sex and out of trouble.

As they scrolled through the list of raunchy video titles, one theme quickly became apparent - the boys had a serious thing for upskirt videos. "Oops, I Dropped My Pencil in Front of My Son", "Helping Stepmom in the Kitchen", "Hide and Seek with Mommy"... In every video, the MILF "accidentally" let her skirt ride up to reveal her panties or bare pussy to her son or stepson.

"Well, well, well," Greta smirked knowingly. "Looks like our boys are dying for a peek up mommy's skirt at her goods. I think we can arrange that, don't you?"

"Definitely," Amy agreed with a naughty grin, already plotting. "Let's give them an eyeful of hot mommy snatch they'll never forget. They'll be hooked on the real thing and never go back to porn!"

That afternoon, the women put their plan into action. They changed into dangerously short skirts and "accidentally" forgot to put on underwear. When the boys got home from school, Amy and Greta made sure to bend and stretch in front of them as much as possible, giving tantalizing glimpses of their bare, waxed pussies.

"Oops! Silly me, I dropped the TV remote," Amy giggled, slowly bending at the waist right in front of Max. Her skirt rode up to reveal the smooth, plump lips of her labia peeking out from between her thighs.

Max's eyes bugged out of his head as he ogled his mother's exposed cunt, so close he could smell her sweet, heady musk. His cock immediately started swelling in his pants at the intoxicating sight and aroma.

Meanwhile, Greta was in the kitchen, perched on a stepstool to reach something on a high shelf. She made sure to position herself so that when Chad walked by, he was treated to a perfect view straight up her skirt to her juicy, bare ass and pussy.

"Oh! Hi honey," Greta said breezily, pretending not to notice as she wiggled her rump. "Could you help mommy get the flour down? I can't quite reach."

Chad audibly gulped, unable to tear his eyes away from his mom's glistening pink slit winking at him from under her skirt. He felt lightheaded as all the blood rushed to his hardening dick.

"S-sure mom," he croaked, scrambling to assist, desperate to keep that privileged view of her goods. He "accidentally" brushed his crotch against her ass in the process, biting back a moan.

All afternoon, Amy and Greta engineered excuses to flash their bare pussies at their sons. They dropped things, cleaned low surfaces, even staged a fall that ended with them spread-eagled on the floor, skirts flipped up around their waists.

The poor boys sported raging boners the entire time, their young cocks throbbing painfully in their pants from the non-stop peep show. Amy and Greta snuck sly glances at their sons' bulging crotches, delighted by how clearly hot and bothered they were.

The next afternoon, Max and Chad eagerly rushed over to Greta's house after school, their teenage cocks already stiffening in anticipation of what their MILF mommies might have in store for them today. They could hardly focus during their classes, too busy reliving yesterday's upskirt reveal, and the incredible tit-bouncing, cum-soaked masturbation session from earlier in the week.

As they burst through the front door, the tantalizing aroma of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies wafted through the air. But that delicious smell was quickly overpowered by an even headier scent - the musky perfume of horny MILF pussies. Max and Chad shared a knowing grin, their dicks twitching in their pants as they followed their noses to the kitchen.

The sight that greeted them made their jaws drop and cocks spring to full attention. Amy and Greta were bent over the kitchen island in the skimpiest, laciest lingerie imaginable, their giant asses jutting out and swaying provocatively as they slid trays of cookies into the oven. Stiletto heels adorned their feet, the tall spikes making their thick legs look a mile long.

"There you boys are," Amy purred sultrily, straightening up and turning to face them. Her bra was a sheer scrap of red lace that barely contained her massive, milk-swollen tits, the dark circles of her areolas clearly visible through the gauzy fabric. Matching crotchless panties displayed her bare, glistening pussy lips.

"We thought you might like a little after school snack," Greta cooed, licking melted chocolate off her fingers. Her outfit made Amy's look downright demure. A black leather corset cinched her waist and lifted her enormous jugs up to her chin, while a tiny G-string

disappeared between the globes of her ass. Thigh-high fishnet stockings encased her curvy legs.

Max and Chad ogled their moms shamelessly, drinking in every mouthwatering inch of scantily clad MILF flesh. Their pants tented obscenely, straining to contain their swollen teenage cocks.

"Mmm, looks like you're hungry for more than just cookies," Amy observed, her eyes zeroing in on Max's bulge.

Max spoke up boldly. "Actually Mom, Chad and I were talking, and we heard about this really hot new porn video. It's a young guy putting his penis between a busty MILF's buttcheeks. We were gonna go watch it, unless..." He trailed off meaningfully.

"Unless what, baby?" Amy asked, swallowing hard.

"Unless you two wanted to offer us the real thing instead," Chad finished, palming his bulge. "Let us do that to you instead of watching it."

Amy and Greta exchanged uncertain looks, biting their plump lower lips. This was moving so fast - they had only intended to tease and titillate their sons, not necessarily perform hardcore sex acts. Anal play seemed especially taboo.

"Boys, we wanna be your personal MILF material, but rubbing your dicks against us…" Greta hedged.

"We can just go jerk off to porn if you're not up for it," Max said with a shrug, turning as if to leave.

"Wait!" Amy called out, not wanting to lose her son's attention to some skank on a screen. She took a deep breath. "Okay, we'll do it. We'll let you hotdog our asses."

Greta nodded hesitantly. "But just rubbing between the cheeks! No penetration."

"Deal," the teens readily agreed.

Amy and Greta led their eager sons down the hall to Greta's bedroom, their stiletto heels clicking on the hardwood floor. Max and Chad followed close behind, their eyes glued to the tantalizing sway of their mothers' barely-clad bubble butts.

Once inside the bedroom, the MILF moms slowly peeled their panties down their thick thighs, bending at the waist to give the teens a perfect view of their juicy cunts and heart-shaped asses. They could even see the pink, crinkled rings of their assholes peeking from between their buns.

The moms stepped out of the skimpy underwear and kicked them aside, now completely bare from the waist down except for their stockings and heels.

"Let me grab some lube," Greta said breathily, rummaging in her nightstand. She produced a bottle of warming lubricant. "This should help everything slide nice and easy between mommy's cheeks."

Max and Chad hastily shucked their clothes, their stiff cocks springing free and bobbing heavily. They stroked themselves to full mast as they drank in the mouthwatering sight of their mothers' naked bodies - ripe tits straining against flimsy lace, smooth pussies glistening with arousal, plump asses just begging to be split by a hard shaft.

Amy and Greta crawled onto the king sized bed and laid side by side on their tummies, pillowing their heads on their folded arms. They looked back at their sons over their shoulders with sultry gazes, wiggling their hefty naked rumps invitingly. The position made their thick ass cheeks spread slightly, revealing the tight puckers hidden between.

"Come and get it, boys," Amy purred, reaching back to smack her own ass. The fleshy globe jiggled from the impact. Then she amped up the dirty talk, which the boys had specifically requested. "Shove those big young cocks between mommy's buns and fuck my ass crack."

"Mommy wants to feel your hard dick rubbing all up and down her slutty ass cleavage," Greta added, arching her back to thrust her rump higher.

Nearly tripping over themselves in their haste, Max and Chad clambered onto the bed and knelt behind their prostrate mothers' spectacular asses. They each grabbed a meaty cheek in both hands and spread them wide, making the moms gasp. Greta fumbled to hand them the bottle of lube with trembling fingers.

The teens drizzled the slippery liquid into the deep crevices of their moms' asses, then smeared it all over their cracks and twitching holes. Amy and Greta shivered and moaned as their sons rubbed the warm oil into their most intimate areas, fingers grazing their sensitive puckers.

"Fuck yeah, get mommy's asshole all nice and slick for your cock," Greta whimpered as Chad circled her rim with a fingertip, making it flutter and wink.

Once their moms' ample backsides were thoroughly greased, Max and Chad took their rigid poles in hand and nestled the broad heads right into the slippery crevices. With the slow, steady pressure, they pushed forward, sliding their throbbing cocks deep into the tight channels of their mothers' ass cracks.

"Unngghh yesss, shove that fat dick between mommy's cheeks!" Amy groaned, fingers clutching the sheets as she felt her son's steely rod glide against her most taboo place. The slick drag of his cock head over her twitching asshole made her eyes roll back in ecstasy.

Max grunted in pleasure as his aching shaft was engulfed in the hot, slippery vice of his mom's ass crack. He began to piston his hips, sawing his thick teenage meat back and forth between her jiggling buns. On either side of his pumping cock, Amy's voluptuous ass cheeks wobbled and rippled with each thrust.

"Oh fuck Mom, your ass feels amazing around my dick," Max panted, increasing his pace. Sweat beaded his brow as he worked his hips furiously, determined to milk his cock with his mother's plush rump. "So soft and slippery...gonna make me cum so hard!"

Beside him, Chad was humping away just as vigorously between Greta's lush cheeks. The horny MILF was writhing and undulating beneath her son, grinding her greasy asshole against his sliding shaft.

"That's it baby, fuck mommy's big fat ass!" Greta wailed, pushing her hips back to meet Chad's thrusts. Her heavy jugs swayed beneath her with the force of his movements. "Use my slutty ass crack like your personal fuck hole! Mommy's shitter is your cock sleeve!"

The room filled with the sounds of slick flesh slapping together and the MILF moms' wanton moans as their sons fucked their asses with wild abandon. The musky scent of hot aroused cunt and sweaty teenage balls permeated the air.

"Holy shit, I'm getting close," Max warned through gritted teeth, his cock throbbing almost painfully between Amy's squishy cheeks. "Gonna shoot my load all over your ass, Mom!"

"Me too," Chad panted, his rhythm growing erratic as his balls drew up tight. "Fuck, I'm gonna glaze your big booty in so much cum, Mom!"

"Yes, do it!" Amy cried, reaching back to pull her ass cheeks as far apart as possible. Her fluttering pink asshole winked up at Max as

his cock sawed over it. "Paint mommy's ass with your hot seed! Mark my fucking shitter with your spunk!"

"Cream my corn hole, baby!" Greta babbled, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt Chad's prick pulsing against her sensitive rim. "Squirt that young jizz deep in the crack of my ass! Fill mommy's shit gutter with cum!"

With twin roars of release, Max and Chad hilted themselves balls deep in their moms' slippery ass crevices and let loose. Their swollen cocks jerked and spasmed as they erupted, sending thick ropes of pearly white cum splattering all over Amy and Greta's upturned rumps.

Jet after jet of hot teenage spunk painted the MILFs' ample backsides, coating their ass cheeks and dripping into their deep clefts. Stray spurts shot up the small of their backs and into their disheveled hair. But the teens made sure to aim most of their creamy load right at their mothers' twitching assholes, glazing the puckered stars in glistening jism.

"Fuck yes, so much cum," Amy moaned deliriously, feeling her son's semen leak down her crack and over her pussy lips. "Mommy's ass is fucking drenched...I'm marked as your anal cum slut now!"

"Unngghh, it's so warm and gooey in my shitter," Greta whimpered, clenching her messy hole and making more spunk ooze out. "My ass is overflowing with your seed, baby! You filled mommy's butt with your special cream!"

Max and Chad slumped forward, resting their sweat-slick chests against their mothers' backs as they caught their breath. Their softening cocks slipped from between the MILFs' cum-soaked cheeks with obscene wet plops.

For a moment, the only sound was heavy panting as they all recovered from the intensity of their anal hotdogging session. Amy

and Greta lay face down in a puddle of cooling jizz, their asses still twitching and fluttering, gaping slightly from the prolonged friction.

Finally, with a mischievous smile, Amy turned her head to catch Max's eye over her shoulder. "Well, I think it's safe to say porn has got nothing on the real thing, hmm?"

Max grinned back, giving his mom's plump rump a playful smack and making it jiggle. "Definitely. Who needs VR when we've got the hottest MILF asses in the world right here?"

As the teens carefully climbed off their mothers and flopped onto their backs beside them, Greta sat up and assessed the cum splattered disaster of her ass and bedsheets. She giggled and reached for a towel to clean up. "Looks like I'd better throw these sheets in the wash before your father gets home and wonders why our bed smells like a brothel."

The four of them burst out laughing, basking in the afterglow of their secret, taboo tryst. Max and Chad knew they were the luckiest sons in the world to have such sexually open and adventurous mothers. And Amy and Greta couldn't wait to see what other dirty MILF porn fantasies they could fulfill for their horny boys.

As the MILF moms gingerly stood up on wobbly legs, cum still trickling down their thighs, they knew they needed to get cleaned up and back to their normal, respectable selves before their husbands returned. With a conspiratorial wink at their sons, they sauntered to the joining bathroom, cum-glossed asses jiggling with every step.

Max and Chad high fived as they watched their mothers disappear into the bathroom, admiring the glistening jizz painted across their backsides. "Dude, I can't believe we just fucked our own moms' asses," Max marveled, shaking his head. "This is like, every guy's ultimate fantasy."

"I know right?" Chad said dreamily. "Did you see how much they loved it? The way they were moaning and begging for our cum like total anal whores?"

"Fuck yeah, they couldn't get enough of our dicks in their ass cracks. Who would've thought our own moms were such kinky sluts, even if they are just doing it to keep us away from porn." Max adjusted his sticky cock, which was already starting to thicken again at the thought.

237: Mom's Intervention-part2/2

The next day, Amy and Greta surprised their sons by picking them up from school in Greta's SUV. The teens exchanged curious glances as they climbed into the backseat, noticing picnic baskets and blankets stacked on the floor.

"Hey boys, we thought we'd take advantage of this gorgeous day and go for a little drive out of town," Amy said breezily from the passenger seat, her voice laced with mischief. "Have a private picnic somewhere secluded, just the four of us."

Max and Chad's cocks immediately began to swell in their jeans as they read between the lines. A "private picnic" with their hot MILF moms could only mean one thing - more naughty fun was in store. They squirmed in anticipation the whole drive, barely able to focus on the small talk.

About a half hour later, Greta pulled off the main road onto a hidden dirt path that wound through a forested area. She drove until they reached a clearing with a bubbling stream and lush green grass dotted with wildflowers. It was like a scene from a fairytale, but the teens knew they were in for a much dirtier kind of fantasy.

"This looks perfect," Greta declared, putting the SUV in park and hopping out. "Secluded enough for some MILF/son bonding time, don't you think?"

She threw a wink over her shoulder at Chad, whose jaw was hanging open at the insinuation. Amy giggled and gathered up the blankets and baskets, her huge tits already straining against the flimsy fabric of her sundress.

The horny moms spread out the blankets in a sunny patch of grass right next to the gurgling stream. But instead of unpacking food, they cued up a sultry R&B playlist on a portable speaker. Then, right there in the middle of nowhere, they began to sensually sway their curvy bodies to the beat.

Max and Chad laid back and watched in awe, pulses pounding, as their mothers started to strip tease for them. Amy reached behind her neck and untied her halter dress, letting it slither down her body to pool at her feet. Underneath she wore only a sheer pink bra and matching thong that left nothing to the imagination.

Not to be outdone, Greta peeled off her tight tank top to reveal a black lace bralette that barely contained her massive jugs. Her miniscule denim shorts came next, sliding over her thick thighs to expose the plump globes of her ass bisected by a tiny G-string.

The MILF mommies kicked off their heels and prowled towards their sons, hips rolling seductively. They lipsynched the dirty lyrics as they fondled their barely concealed tits and ass, undulating their voluptuous bodies.

"Holy fucking shit," Max breathed, palming his throbbing erection through his jeans. Beside him, Chad looked ready to bust a nut untouched.

Amy turned around and bent at the waist, her thong riding up into her ass crack as she shook her big booty in her son's face. "You like this, baby? Mommy's putting on a special show just for you."

Greta faced Chad and reached behind her to unclasp her bralette, letting it fall away, her giant jugs tumbling out like wrecking balls.

She cupped her heavy jugs and jiggled them, the full flesh spilling obscenely over her small hands, nipples engorged. "Don't you wanna just suck on Mommy's big titties? I know how much you love them."

Panting heavily now, the boys shucked their shirts and shorts, their hard young cocks springing free. The pink skin pulled taut along their sinewy shafts, accentuating every ridge and vein. They stroked themselves as they feasted their eyes on the live porno playing out before them, performed by their own scantily clad mothers.

The final scraps of lingerie hit the grass, leaving Amy and Greta completely naked except for their dainty toe rings glinting in the sun. They danced closer, tits bouncing and asses jiggling, until they were straddling their sons' laps.

"Fuck Mom, you're so goddamn sexy," Max groaned, boldly grabbing two handfuls of his mother's plump ass. Amy responded by grinding her slick, bare cunt against his rigid shaft, coating him with her juices.

Greta, meanwhile, had pressed her massive rack into Chad's face, smothering him in warm, fragrant titty flesh. "Suck Mommy's big nipples, baby," she whispered. "They're all swollen and achy for your mouth."

As the teens slurped and fondled, their moms reached for the picnic baskets. But instead of food, they pulled out bottles of flavored massage oil - chocolate and strawberry.

"We thought we could have a different kind of picnic today," Amy purred, dribbling the chocolate oil all over her huge tits. It ran down the jutting slopes and into the darkened canyon of cleavage. "A MILF body buffet for our special boys."

"Lick it all off Mommy," Greta urged, pouring the strawberry oil in a line down her toned stomach to her bare mound. "Feast on our sexy bodies like the horny young studs you are."

Max and Chad glanced at each other in disbelief, then dove in face first, lapping at the sweet flavored lube coating their moms' naked curves. Heads disappeared between giants jugs as they motorboated slippery titties, tongued glistening cleavage, and followed sticky trails over taut tummies. They ate syrupy cunts like starving men, slurping and suckling until the MILF mommies were writhing and wailing in ecstasy.

Amy laid back and drizzled more chocolate oil between her big, oiled up ass cheeks. She reached back and spread them wide in invitation, her

puckered hole winking. "Don't neglect Mommy's naughty place, baby. Get your tongue in there deep and taste my forbidden fruit."

Max obliged with relish, burying his face between the slick globes and spearing his tongue into his mom's twitching asshole. He groaned at the intense flavor - dark chocolate and the funky musk of her most intimate place. He ate her out with sloppy enthusiasm, fucking her tight rear entry with his stiffened tongue.

Not to be left out, Greta positioned herself over Chad in a 69, lowering her bald strawberry glazed cunt onto his eager mouth. At the same time, she deep throated his cock, the thick shaft gliding into her well-lubed throat. They slurped and slobbered shamelessly, lost in the heady sensations.

Chad snarled like a feral beast as he devoured his mother's juicy cunt with ravenous hunger. He shoved his face deep into the plump, strawberry-scented folds of her pussy, his tongue lashing wildly over her engorged clit.

"Fuck yes baby, eat Mommy's cunt!" Greta wailed, grinding her slick slit harder against her son's mouth. "Suck on my fat clit like a good boy!"

Grunting and growling, Chad sealed his lips around the throbbing bud and attacked it ferociously, alternating between flicking the tip of his tongue over it and suckling it hard.

Greta shrieked in ecstasy, her wide mommy-hips undulating as she rode her son's face Cunt nectar and sticky strawberry lube smeared over Chad's cheeks as he motorboated her sloppy cunt, his chin and nose rubbing against her pulsing opening.

"Mommy's gonna cum on your face!" Greta babbled deliriously, her eyes rolling back. "Fuck, I'm gonna squirt all over you! Don't stop, make Mommy cum!"

Chad doubled his efforts, growling like a rabid dog as he shoved his tongue as far as it would go up his mom's twitching vaginal canal while frenziedly frigging her clit. His face was drenched in her fragrant juices, the musky taste of cunt filling his mouth and nose.

Just as Greta was about to explode, she took Chad's rock hard cock to the hilt, deep throating him with wild abandon. The shaft was still slick with chocolate flavored oil, letting it glide easily down her clutching gullet.

Chad's eyes crossed at the sensation of his mom's hot, wet mouth enveloping him, her throat muscles rippling and massaging his sensitive cockhead. He let out a muffled bellow into her cunt as she started aggressively facefucking herself on his throbbing pole, her head bobbing up and down.

Spit and chocolate lube frothed out the corners of Greta's stretched lips as she furiously sucked her son's meaty prick, strings of it flying as she gagged and slurped. Her tongue swirled all over the veiny shaft and pulsing head, lapping up the sticky chocolate coating.

Chad could feel his balls tightening, the cum boiling up as his mom worked his cock like a sex-starved slut. He knew he was gonna bust

the biggest nut of his life down her throat. But he was determined to make her cum first.

With an animalistic snarl, he clamped his mouth around Greta's clit and sucked viciously, at the same time plunging three fingers deep into her greedy fuckhole and crooking them against her G-spot.

Greta came with a muffled shriek around Chad's cock, her cunt spasming and clenching wildly, drenching his face with a gush of hot squirt. Her entire body convulsed with the force of her intense orgasm, her huge tits mashed against Chad's abs.

The feeling of his mom cumming on his tongue while throating his dick was too much for the boy. With a guttural roar, he bucked his hips and exploded, firing a huge load of jizz directly down Greta's gulping throat.

Greta swallowed greedily, working her muscles to milk every drop as Chad groaned and spasmed beneath her. Cum and spit leaked out around his pumping shaft, coating her chin and dripping onto his balls.

Finally, with a gasp, Greta let Chad's softening cock slip from her lips. It flopped onto his stomach with a wet splat, streaked with chocolate and spit. She rolled off him, panting, a blissed out smile on her flushed face.

Meanwhile, Amy was worshipping Max's virile young body with sensual devotion, trailing open-mouthed kisses over every inch of his chocolate-smeared skin. She laved her tongue along the ridges of his abs, tasting the tangy sweetness of his sweat mixed with the flavored oil.

Max groaned and fisted his hands in his mother's hair as she moved lower, lapping at his hipbones and inner thighs. Her massive, lube-slicked breasts dragged heavily over his tensed muscles, the hard points of her nipples grazing his fevered flesh.

"You taste so good, baby," Amy purred, nuzzling his chocolate-coated balls before sucking one into her hot mouth. Max bucked and cried out as she rolled it on her tongue, lavishing the delicate sac. After thoroughly tonguing his balls, she kissed and licked her way up his rigid shaft, swirling her tongue around the swollen head to lap up the pearly pre-cum leaking from the slit.

"Fuck Mom, your mouth feels incredible," Max panted, gently thrusting into the wet heat engulfing his cock. Amy smiled around his thickness and took him deeper, hollowing her cheeks as she bobbed her head.

She brought him right to the edge again and again, backing off whenever she felt him getting close. Max was reduced to a babbling, whimpering

mess as his mother skillfully worked his throbbing cock with her lips and tongue, driving him mad with lust.

After several torturous minutes of edging, Amy finally released him with a slick pop. Max whined at the loss of her mouth, his hips chasing the sensation. But Amy had other ideas. She climbed up his body, slithering sensually against him until they were face to face.

"Kiss me, baby," Amy breathed, her plush lips hovering over his. "I wanna taste your mouth."

Max surged up to capture her lips in a searing kiss, their tongues tangling filthily as they shared the chocolate flavor. They made out sloppily, hands roaming everywhere, smearing the massage oil into their skin as they writhed against each other, the boy's entire upper chest and neck smothered in warm titty-flesh.

Amy straddled Max's hips and ground her slick, needy cunt along his rigid shaft, coating it in her juices. The head caught on her entrance with each pass, threatening to slip inside. They both moaned into the kiss at the teasing almost-penetration.

"Please Mom," Max begged breathlessly when they broke for air. "I need to be inside you."

"I know baby, I want it too," Amy panted, rocking harder against him. "But we can't. We shouldn't..."

Even as she said it, Amy couldn't resist angling her hips so the fat crown of Max's cock pressed insistently against her slippery opening, the shaft sliding between her plump pussy lips with each thrust. She was so wet and open, it would barely take any pressure for him to slip inside her hot, clutching depths.

Max gripped his mother's wide hips, fingers sinking into the fleshy globes of her ass as he desperately dry humped up into the swollen, dripping folds of her cunt. The head popped teasingly just inside her entrance

before gliding up to rub against her throbbing clit, over and over until they were both panting and shaking.

"Gonna cum," Max gritted out, his cock jerking and pulsing against Amy's juicy slit. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum so hard..."

"Yes baby, cum for Mommy," Amy mewled, grinding her clit frantically into Max's shaft. "I'm cumming too! Cum with me!"

Max tensed and shouted as his orgasm ripped through him, erupting in powerful spurts that splattered Amy's cunt and tummy with his hot seed. At the same time, the mother shrieked and convulsed above him, her pussy spasming and gushing, adding her juices to the sticky mess between their bodies.

They clung to each other and shuddered through the intense peaks, Max's cock sliding through the slick, swollen folds of Amy's cunt as they bucked and undulated. It took every ounce of willpower not to thrust up into her inviting heat and bury himself to the hilt.

Finally, spent and satiated, they collapsed into a sweaty, panting tangle of limbs on the blanket. Max's softening cock slipped from Amy's drenched slit with a obscene squelch. Streaks of cum webbed between their bodies, mixed with massage oil and cunt honey.

Amy peppered her son's face with soft kisses as they basked in the afterglow, both trembling from the magnitude of their orgasms. "My perfect boy," she murmured adoringly. "Mommy loves making you feel good."

"I love you so much, Mom," Max mumbled, nuzzling into her neck. "That was incredible. Better than any porn."

They lay cuddling for a long moment, listening to the birds chirping and the stream burbling, a light breeze cooling their fevered skin. Amy absently trailed her fingers through the cum splattered on Max's stomach, drawing lazy patterns.

A loud moan caught their attention and they glanced over to see Greta and Chad in a similar post-orgasmic embrace, their naked bodies slick with oil and various fluids. The two families exchanged sly, satisfied grins, content in the knowledge that their taboo bonding activities were remaining a well-kept secret.

After cleaning up with some wet wipes and packing away the blankets, Amy and Greta slipped back into their sundresses while the boys pulled on their shorts, all still radiating a fucked-out glow. The drive home was filled with relaxed chatter and laughter, the atmosphere light and easy.

But inside, the MILF moms and their teenage sons were already thinking ahead to their next clandestine rendezvous, craving more of the forbidden fruits they had tasted. What other kinky adventures would their "special alone time" bring? Only one thing was certain - boring, unsatisfying porn would not be part of the equation. Not when they had each other to explore every dirty fantasy.

As their infants suckled contentedly at their breasts the next day, Amy and Greta shared secretive smiles. They were both still riding the high of their taboo sexual adventures with their teenage sons, their bodies humming with satisfaction.

"I have to admit, I thought I would feel guiltier about taking things so far with Max," Amy confessed, shifting her infant to her other milk-heavy tit. "But honestly? It just feels...right somehow. Like this is how we're meant to bond as mother and son."

Greta nodded, absently stroking her baby's downy head as she nursed. "I know exactly what you mean. Society would certainly condemn us for being so intimate with our own boys. But the way I see it, we're just giving them a safe, loving outlet for their natural urges. Better than them getting warped ideas from all that online porn."

"Exactly!" Amy agreed. "We're keeping it in the family, so to speak. Guiding them through their sexual awakening with a gentle, experienced hand. What could be more motherly than that?"

The two busty MILFs giggled naughtily, their massive jugs jiggling and leaking milk. They licked the sweet cream from their fingers as they fantasized about all the other kinky fun they could have with their sons.

"Of course, I highly doubt our husbands would see it that way," Greta pointed out wryly, dabbing at a few drops of breastmilk on her cleavage. "Can you imagine? 'Honey, I've been jerking off our son and letting him hotdog my ass, but it's totally fine. It's just an intervention so I can broaden his sexual horizons!'"

Amy burst out laughing, nearly dislodging her suckling babe. "Oh God, Frank would have an aneurysm! He's so old-fashioned, he'd probably accuse me of child abuse or something equally ridiculous."

"Mmhmm, Dave too. He's never been the most sexually adventurous man. The idea of me being a total freak in the sheets with Chad would break his boring brain." Greta rolled her eyes.

"Well, that's why this is our spicy little secret," Amy said conspiratorially. "What our hubbies don't know won't hurt them. And in the meantime, we get the thrill of molding our strapping young sons into the perfect lovers!"

"Amen to that, sister!" Greta held up her hand for a high five, which Amy enthusiastically returned. "Here's to being the ultimate MILF mommies, selflessly saving our boys from porn addiction with our hot bods and dirty minds!"

The naughty mothers dissolved into another round of giggles, their massive milky tits bouncing. They popped their nipples out of their hungry babies' mouths and playfully sprayed each other with breastmilk, shrieking with laughter.

Yes, the conventional world may clutch their pearls at the notion of a mom sexually mentoring her own son. But Amy and Greta knew that they were doing a beautiful, natural thing, and they refused to feel an ounce of shame over it.

As Chad and Max walked home from school, their minds reeled with the erotic memories of their recent encounters with their MILF moms. They could hardly believe how enthusiastically Amy and Greta had embraced their new roles as kinky maternal mentors, fulfilling the boys' every dirty fantasy.

"Dude, do you think they'll let us go even further next time?" Chad wondered aloud, adjusting himself as his cock started to swell at the thought. "Like, maybe we could finally fuck them for real instead of just dry humping and hotdogging."

Max licked his lips, picturing his huge shaft splitting his mom's juicy cunt open. "God I hope so. I don't know how much longer I can

resist shoving my dick in my mom's hot pussy. Especially when she grinds on me like she did yesterday!"

The horny teens were so engrossed in their lurid speculation that they didn't even notice the voluptuous figure approaching until she was right in front of them. "Well hello there, boys!" a familiar sultry voice purred.

Max and Chad looked up to see their neighbor Mindy, a stacked blonde MILF in her late 30s. But there was one major change since the last time they saw her - her normally flat tummy was now hugely swollen with late pregnancy, straining against her tight sundress.

"Whoa, hi Mrs. Johnson!" Max greeted her, trying not to ogle her massive belly too blatantly. "Congrats on the baby. You look like you're ready to pop any day now!"

"I know, right? I'm huge!" Mindy laughed, cradling her gravid belly. She looked Max and Chad up and down with a flirtatious gleam in her eye.

"You know, they say pregnant women are super horny from all the hormones. And I have to admit, seeing you two strapping young bucks is really revving my engine right now!"

To punctuate her point, Mindy coyly hiked up her short dress a little, revealing that she wasn't wearing panties under her sheer stockings. The teens goggled at her plump, glistening bare pussy, framed by the lacy garter belt. The large fat dome of her clitoral hood protruded from between her flanges, peeled back slightly to reveal the plump pink nub of her clit.

"You boys look like you could help a girl out, hmm?" Mindy said huskily, giving her slick slit a few teasing strokes. "What do you say, wanna give a preggo MILF a thrill and fuck me as hard as you can?"

Max and Chad exchanged overwhelmed glances, their cocks rapidly hardening to full mast in their jeans. As unbelievably tempting as the brazen offer was, they couldn't stop picturing their own moms' naked bodies and remembering their vow to save all their cum for them.

"Wow, um, thanks Mrs. J," Chad said awkwardly, willing his boner to behave. "But uh, we actually have a lot of homework, so we'd better get going."

"Yeah, big project due tomorrow!" Max chimed in, giving the pouting MILF an apologetic grin. "Maybe next time though!"

They hurried away before she could tempt them further, leaving Mindy to huff in frustrated arousal. Their teenage cocks ached in their pants as they tried to banish the image of her swollen, ready-to-burst body from their minds.

Max and Chad barely made it another block before they were accosted by another neighborhood MILF on the prowl. Curvy redheaded Daphne, whose husband worked with their dads, was out walking her dog in obscenely short booty shorts and a skintight tank top.

"Well if it isn't Max and Chad!" Daphne called out, waving enthusiastically. Her huge, unfettered tits bounced and jiggled with the movement, nipples clearly visible through the thin fabric. "My, how you've grown! Especially you, Max. What are you, 6'2" now?"

As she spoke, Daphne not-so-subtly thrust out her colossal rack and licked her luscious pink lips, giving the teens a sultry once-over. Max gulped, knowing she was referring to more than just his height. He could practically feel her eyes undressing him.

"Yep, uh, finally hit that growth spurt," he said weakly, willing himself not to stare at her bodacious rack. Beside him, Chad shifted uncomfortably, trying to hide his own growing bulge.

"I'll say! You know, if you ever need help picking out clothes for that new bod, I'd be happy to take you shopping," Daphne purred, running a fingertip down Max's chest. "And Chad, I'm sure we could find you some stuff to really fill out too, hmm?"

Her "friendly" offer held an unmistakable undercurrent of cougar lust. She boldly cupped and lifted her heavy jugs, as if picturing the teens' young hands on them. Max and Chad stammered out vague excuses and all but sprinted away, cocks throbbing painfully against their zippers.

"Jesus, is there a full moon or something?" Chad panted as they fled. "Why are all these married MILFs suddenly coming onto us?"

"I dunno, but my dick can't take much more of this!" Max groaned.

They were so busy adjusting themselves that they ran smack into a wall of cleavage. Startled, the teens looked up into the smirking face of buxom brunette Tanya, a MILF yoga instructor whose massive tits were barely contained by a fluorescent sports bra.

"Oops! Careful there, boys," Tanya tittered, not-so-accidentally squishing her giant rack against them as she steadied their shoulders. "Wouldn't

want you to fall and hurt yourselves! I'm heading to teach a private class... unless you'd like a one-on-one session instead?"

She winked salaciously, arching her back to present her yoga-toned ass to them.

Her heavy tits wobbled as she turned to face Max, gazing into his frazzled eyes with her own baby blues. "How about it, Max?" she asked, thrusting her colossal tits out obscenely. "You wanna go somewhere private and go one-on-one with me? I can make you bust so hard."

The invited was clear in her words and bedroom eyes. Max and Chad mumbled frantic refusals, untangling themselves from her heaving bosom and booking it out of there at top speed.

By the time they reached Max's house, the poor teens were harder than they'd ever been in their lives, their swollen cocks weeping pre-cum and screaming for attention. Three aggressively horny MILFs propositioning them in the space of a few blocks had filled their heads with all sorts of raunchy imagery.

Max and Chad burst through the front door, panting and sweating, their raging erections tenting their shorts obscenely. They were about to dash upstairs to take care of their aching needs in private when they heard strange noises coming from down the hall - feminine gasps and moans mingled with the unmistakable buzzing of vibrators.

Exchanging curious glances, the horny teens crept down the hallway towards the master bedroom. The door was slightly ajar, the sounds of pleasure spilling out into the corridor. Pulses pounding, Max and Chad peeked inside - and nearly blew their loads untouched at the sight that greeted them.

Amy and Greta were sprawled wantonly on the king-sized bed, both wearing the laciest, most revealing bodystockings imaginable. The sheer floral fabric clung to every mouthwatering curve, the intricate patterns

barely concealing their huge nipples and dripping cunts. Garters and thigh-high stockings encased their thick, toned legs.

But it was what the MILF mommies were doing that made the boys' cocks jerk and leak in their pants. The bodystockings were crotchless, and each sexy mother had a thick, vibrating dildo stuffed deep in her hungry cunt, pumping it in and out furiously. Their free hands tweaked and tugged at their fat, protruding nipples as they masturbated shamelessly.

"Ungh yeah, fuck me hard!" Amy panted, grinding her clit against the buzzing toy splitting her open. "Shove that big fat cock in Mommy's greedy cunt!"

"Oh god, I'm getting close!" Greta mewled, thrusting the dildo faster. "Gonna cum all over this fat dick! Fuck fuck fuuuuck!"

The MILF moms acted as if they didn't even notice their slack-jawed sons standing in the doorway, gawking at the live porno playing out before them. Max and Chad hastily shoved their shorts down, their stiff cocks springing free and slapping against their bellies.

Whimpering with need, the teens wrapped their fists around their throbbing erections and started jacking off furiously, unable to look away from the incredible sight of their own mothers pleasuring themselves. Their eyes darted from Amy and Greta's jouncing tits to their plump asses to their stretched, dildo-stuffed pussies, drinking it all in.

"Holy shit dude, this is so much better than any porn," Max rasped, pumping his cock in time with his mom's vibrator thrusts. "I can't believe they're really doing this!"

"I know," Chad panted, fixated on his mother's juicy cunt lips clinging to the thick shaft splitting her open. "Fuck, I'm not gonna last long watching this!"

Max grunted in agreement, his balls already drawing up tight as he watched his mom grind her engorged clit against the buzzing toy. His hand was a blur on his pulsing shaft, the other cupping and tugging his cum-heavy sack.

Meanwhile, Amy and Greta's gasps and moans were rising in pitch and volume as their orgasms rapidly approached. Their voluptuous bodies writhed and undulated on the bed, the vibrators plunging in and out of their dripping fuck holes at a frenzied pace.

"Yes yes yessss, I'm cumming!" Amy suddenly shrieked, her back arching off the mattress, tits wobbling violently as she shoved the dildo as deep as it would go. "Oh fuck, cumming so hard on this fucking cock!"

Her cunt clamped and spasmed around the thick shaft, gushing and squirting all over it as she came. The obscene wet sounds of her climax filled the room, making Max dizzy with lust. With a hoarse cry, he pointed his cock at his mother and let loose, rocketing spurt after spurt of hot jizz all over her quivering body as she peaked.

Seeing Amy's intense orgasm set Greta off too. Wailing like a banshee, she pistoned the vibrator wildly in and out of her twitching cunt, juices spraying everywhere. Her huge tits bounced and swayed hypnotically, the hard nipples poking through the lace.

"Me too, fuck!" Chad roared, fisting his meat furiously as he watched his mom cum before his eyes. Thick ropes of pearly cum erupted from his cock head, splattering all over Greta's shuddering form as she spasmed through her climax.

For a long, suspended moment, the only sounds were panting breaths and the slowing buzz of vibrators as both generations came down from their mind-blowing orgasms. Amy and Greta lay limp and dazed in puddles of their sons' cooling spunk, their bodies still twitching with aftershocks. The dildos slipped from their gaping, satisfied cunts with obscene slurps.

Max and Chad stumbled into the bedroom on wobbly legs, their spent cocks hanging heavy and dripping between their thighs. They collapsed onto the bed next to their equally fucked-out mothers, all of them struggling to catch their breath amidst the mingled scents of sex and spunk.

"Holy shit Mom, that was unbelievable," Max panted, still in awe of the lewd masturbation show he'd just witnessed - and participated

in. "Seeing you pleasure yourself like that... fuck, I don't think I'll ever need porn again after this!"

Amy smiled coyly, trailing a finger through the creamy puddles of her son's jizz decorating her heaving tits. "Mmm, that's what Mommy likes to hear, baby. Who needs those silly porn sluts when you've got the real thing right here, ready and willing?"

Greta nodded, lazily scooping up some of Chad's spunk and sucking it off her fingers with a moan. "We'll give you all the naughty shows you can handle and more. No more wasting that precious teenage cum on your hand and a computer screen!"

Chad grinned at his cum-covered mom, but then bit his lip. "Actually... it's not just you two MILF moms making our cocks hard as iron these days."

Max nodded sheepishly. "Yeah, on the way home from school, we got hit on by like, three different horny neighborhood MILFs! Mrs. Johnson even flashed us her pregnant pussy under her dress. It's like every busty cougar on the block suddenly wants a piece of young dick."

Amy and Greta exchanged sharp glances, a flare of jealous possessiveness rising up. The thought of their sons' virile cocks being greedily eyed - and potentially sucked and fucked - by other wanton MILF pussies made their own cunts clench in envious irritation.

"Is that so?" Amy asked tightly, trying to keep her voice level even as green-eyed monster snarled in her chest. "And what did you boys do when these desperate housewives came onto you, hmm?"

Max and Chad looked at each other, a mischievous glint in their eyes as they caught the edge of jealousy in their mothers' tones. A wicked idea began to form - one that just might finally push their moms over the edge into full-blown incestuous fucking.

"Oh, you know, we let them down easy," Chad said casually, fighting back a smirk. "I mean, as tempting as it was to take Mrs. J up on her offer to plow her preggo cunt, or get a private 'yoga lesson' from Tanya, we know we promised to save our loads for you two."

"But man, it wasn't easy," Max chimed in, hamming it up. "Walking around town is like navigating a MILF minefield these days. Sexy cougars throwing themselves at us, begging for our hard young cocks... it's only a matter of time before we slip up and give in, you know?"

Amy and Greta saw red at the thought of their precious sons' dicks being gobbled up by the other cock-hungry mothers in the neighborhood. They knew it was better than a porn addiction, but no way were they going to let those wanton bitches steal their boys' cum!

With twin growls of possessive lust, Amy and Greta sat up and started peeling off their cum-splattered bodystockings. The flimsy lace clung to their sweat-slick skin as they shimmied out of the confining garments, baring their massive, heaving tits and dripping cunts.

"You know what, boys? Let's play a little game," Amy purred, eyes glinting with mischief as she kicked her ruined lingerie aside. "You two run and hide somewhere in the house, and Mommy will come find you. And if she does..."

"You have to fuck her," Greta finished, licking her lips. "None of this dry humping and hotdogging bullshit. Real, balls-deep MILF fucking."

Max and Chad's cocks, which had started to soften, immediately sprang back to full attention at the naughty proposition. Pulses pounding with excitement, they scrambled off the bed and took off in opposite directions, naked asses flexing as they sprinted out of the bedroom.

"You get a 30 second head start!" Amy called after them, giggling. "Better find a good hiding spot, because when Mommy catches you, she's going to drain those big balls dry!"

After half a minute of listening to the sound of running feet and slamming doors, Amy and Greta shared a conspiratorial grin and sauntered out of the room, completely nude. Their massive tits swayed heavily and their thick asses jiggled as they began their sensual hunt for their soon-to-be-claimed sons.

Amy decided to search upstairs first, figuring Max would pick a secluded spot. She crept down the hallway on bare feet, keeping an ear out for any telling sounds. Suddenly, she heard it - the creak of a floorboard from inside the guest room closet.

Smirking to herself, Amy silently opened the closet door, letting the light spill in. She spotted Max crouched in the back corner, half-buried under a pile of winter coats. His eyes widened when he saw his naked mother looming over him, her pendulous breasts swinging inches from his face as she closed the door behind her, shrouding them in darkness.

"Found you," Amy singsonged, grinning in triumph. In one swift motion, she pounced on her son, tackling him to the closet floor in the darkness. Puffy coats and scarves tumbled down on top of them as they wrestled and groped, Max putting up a playful struggle.

"Resistance is futile, young man," Amy growled, finally pinning her boy beneath her. Her tits softly strangled his neck as clothes rained down around them. She could feel his huge erection pressing insistently against her belly, the bulbous head smearing pre-cum on her skin. "Mommy caught you, now she gets to have her wicked way with you."

Max let out a strangled moan as Amy reached between their sweat-slick bodies and grabbed his throbbing cock, guiding it to her soaked

entrance. The plush tip nudged against her swollen pussy lips, making them both gasp.

"You ready for this, baby?" Amy purred, rubbing his dick head up and down her slick slit. "Ready to finally fuck Mommy for real?"

"God yes," Max panted, bucking his hips up desperately seeking her hot cunt. "Please Mom, I need to be inside you! Fuck me!"

With a primal groan, Amy sank down on Max's rigid pole. His hot puffy knob split her twat and squeezed through the snug tube of her vagina as she took him to the hilt in one swift motion. They both cried out at the exquisite sensation of his huge cock finally sheathed fully in her tight, wet heat. Amy's pussy clamped down on him like a silken vise, fluttering around his thickness.

"Ohhh fuck yesss," Amy hissed, throwing her head back in ecstasy as she started to bounce on her son's steely cock. Her massive jugs swayed hypnotically above his face, the hard nipples grazing his lips. "Mmm, you feel so good in Mommy's cunt, baby. So big and hard and perfect."

Max grunted desperately, his hands flying to Amy's rippling ass cheeks, squeezing the plush globes as she rode him. He pistoned his hips up to meet her downward thrusts, their skin slapping lewdly as they rutted. The pile of clothes muffled their wanton moans and the creaking of the closet floor.

"Mom, holy shit," Max babbled breathlessly, feeling his thick shaft disappear into his mother's juicy pink folds again and again. "So fucking tight and wet. I can't believe we're really doing this!"

"Believe it, stud," Amy purred, swiveling her wide hips in a figure eight. "Your big cock is mine now. Mommy's gonna fuck the young cum right

out of you every chance she gets. No more wasting it on porn or skanky neighborhood MILFs!"

She punctuated her filthy words by slamming herself down harder on Max's pistoning cock, taking him so deep she could feel him kissing her cervix. Her engorged clit ground against his pubic bone with each collision, sending sparks of pleasure radiating through her.

Max closed his eyes, lost in the incredible sensation of his mother's molten pussy sheathing him over and over. She was gripping him so tightly, her inner muscles milking his shaft like she was trying to coax the cum right out of him. He knew he wasn't going to last long inside her heavenly cunt.

As Amy furiously rode her son's throbbing cock under the heap of winter coats, Max found himself completely engulfed by her enormous, heaving breasts. The massive melons swayed and bounced wildly mere inches from his awestruck face with each roll of his mother's hips.

Unable to resist, Max buried his head between the sweaty, jiggling mounds, motorboating the plush titflesh with happy groans. He nuzzled deeper into her fragrant cleavage, kissing and licking every inch of silky skin he could reach.

"Mmmm, you like Mommy's big fat titties, baby?" Amy cooed breathlessly, cupping the back of Max's head and pushing his face further into her abundant bosom. "Go on, get in there. Explore Mommy's milky jugs with that tongue."

Max did just that, laving his tongue along the deep valley between Amy's breasts and up the soft slopes. He latched onto one bulbous mound, suckling the salty-sweet flesh, his lips seeking her straining nipple.

"Ohhh yesss," Amy hissed as Max's hot mouth found her swollen peak and drew it in, sucking greedily. "That's it, nurse on Mommy's

big milky tits while she rides your young cock!"

Max groaned around his mouthful of erect nipple as warm, sweet breastmilk gushed over his tongue and down his throat. He suckled harder, guzzling the creamy nectar straight from the source as he fucked up into his mom's slick cunt.

Amy cradled Max's head to her chest as he drank thirstily, undulating her hips in time with his hungry pulls on her sensitive teat. Milk dribbled down her son's chin and neck, mingling with the sweat on their writhing bodies.

"Mmmm, drain Mommy's jugs, baby," Amy panted, grinding her clit against Max's pubic bone. "Suck down all that sweet titty milk while Mommy drains your big balls dry with her cunt."

Max released Amy's nipple with a gasp, immediately latching onto the other jouncing breast and drawing the fat nub into his mouth. He nursed from her furiously as he pistoned his hips, fucking up into his mother's rippling pussy with abandon.

Their bodies undulated as one in the darkness amidst the mountains of winter clothes, Amy's huge milky tits smashed against Max's face, smothering him deliciously as he suckled. The closet filled with the wet sounds of energetic fucking and the creaking of the floorboards beneath them.

"Oh fuck, I'm getting close!" Amy keened, slamming herself down harder on Max's jack-hammering cock. "Mommy's gonna cum all over your big dick!"

"I'm close too!" he gritted out, fingertips sinking into the fleshy globes of Amy's ass as he fucked up into her harder. "You're gonna make me cum!"

"Yesss, give Mommy that hot load," Amy mewled, bouncing feverishly on her son's throbbing cock as clothes cascaded around

them. "I wanna feel you erupt deep in my cunt! Fill me up with your seed!"

Max let out a hoarse groan, his entire body going rigid as his orgasm crashed through him. His pulsing cock jerked and spasmed inside Amy's silky sheath as he pumped her full of his potent teenage spunk. Jet after jet of cum splattered her inner walls, painting them white.

The feeling of her son's hot jizz flooding her pushed Amy over the edge too. With a banshee shriek, she slammed down one last time, grinding her clit against Max's spurting cock as she exploded. Her cunt clenched rhythmically, milking him for every drop as gush after gush of girl cum sprayed his groin.

Mother and son clung to each other, shaking and crying out as they rode the waves of their mind-blowing mutual climax. Max's cock continued to twitch and throb inside Amy's spasming cunt, more cum pulsing out to mix with her honey. They were both soaked with sweat, the musky scent of their coupling filling the stuffy closet air.

Finally, utterly spent, Amy collapsed on top of Max, burying her face in his neck as she panted for breath. Max's softening cock slipped out of her well-fucked pussy with a wet plop, a river of their combined juices leaking out after it. They lay tangled together amidst the scattered clothes, basking in the afterglow of their first real fuck.

"That was incredible," Max mumbled against Amy's damp skin, still seeing stars. "So much better than any porn fantasy. You're amazing, Mom."

"Mmm, you're not so bad yourself, stud," Amy purred, nuzzling his cheek affectionately. "I can't wait to do that again and again.

Meanwhile, Greta was prowling through the downstairs rooms, peeking behind furniture and inside cabinets as she hunted for her

hiding son. She was just about to check the garage when a muffled thump from above caught her attention. Grinning to herself, she crept up the stairs, following the sound.

The noise seemed to be coming from her bedroom. Puzzled, Greta stepped inside - and burst out laughing at the sight of two size 11 feet poking out from under her bed. Shaking her head in amused exasperation, she crawled onto the mattress and hung her head over the side.

"Gotcha!" she crowed, making Chad jump and bang his head on the box spring. "You know, for such a strapping young man, you sure are shit at hide and seek."

"Aw c'mon, I thought this was a genius spot!" Chad protested, awkwardly army-crawling out from under the bed. "You'd never think to look for me in your own room..."

His voice trailed off as he took in the sight of his mother's naked body kneeling above him. Her massive tits swayed pendulously, the rosy nipples already puckered with arousal. The neat triangle of hair on her mound glistened with moisture.

"Well, you thought wrong," Greta purred, pushing Chad onto his back and straddling his waist. She reached between them to grab his rock-hard cock, positioning the broad head at her entrance. "And now you're all mine."

With that, she sank down on her son's thick shaft in one smooth glide, letting out a rapturous moan as he stretched and filled her. Chad groaned deeply as his mother's hot, wet pussy engulfed all 9 inches of his penile flesh, hugging his cock like a velvet glove.

"Oh fuck Mom, you feel incredible," he rasped, hands flying to her wide hips as she started to bounce on his pole. Her giant breasts jiggled hypnotically above him with each roll of her pelvis, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly.

"You're not so bad yourself, stud," Greta panted, undulating her body sensually as she rode him. "Mmmm, Mommy loves having your big young

cock buried in her horny cunt. Soooo much better than your father's stubby little dickie."

Chad growled possessively at the mention of his dad, pistoning his hips up harder to meet his mom's downward thrusts. He never wanted that limp-dicked loser touching his sexy MILF mom ever again - this perfect pussy belonged to him now. He'd make damn sure he ruined her for any other man.

As Greta bounced feverishly on Chad's jack-hammering cock, her enormous jugs swayed and flopped right in his face, the elongated nipples grazing his lips. Unable to resist, Chad opened his mouth and captured one plump teat, drawing it in to suckle greedily.

"Ohhh yessss, nurse on Mommy's big titties!" Greta wailed, pushing her chest down to smother her son in her abundant titflesh. Milk immediately began to burst from her nipple, filling Chad's mouth with warm sweetness. He gulped it down eagerly, his cheeks hollowing as he drank.

Greta cradled her boy's head to her breast, letting him feast on the endless stream of rich breastmilk as she rode his pistoning cock. She couldn't get over how sexy it was to have her strapping teenage son suckling from her like a babe while he fucked her full of his mighty shaft. The ultimate Madonna/whore taboo.

"Mommy's big cow tits have so much yummy milk for you," Greta cooed breathlessly, humping Chad's face as he switched to her other jouncing jug. Drops of creamy white liquid dribbled down his chin as he suckled, his hips snapping up sharply to pound her cunt. "Guzzle it all down while you fuck Mommy hard and deep!"

Chad groaned around his mouthful of squishy titmeat, the vibrations making Greta shiver. He motorboated her huge knockers sloppily, licking and suckling every inch of plump flesh he could reach. All the while, his

pelvis continued to buck rapidly, drilling his steely rod in and out of her clutching sheath.

The room filled with the lewd sounds of hard fucking and Chad's obscenely loud nursing. Greta's rapturous cries rose in pitch as he hammered her G-spot, the bulbous head of his cock kissing her cervix with each powerful thrust. Her clit ground against his pubic bone, sending sparks of pleasure zinging through her.

"Unnngh fuck, I'm getting close!" Greta keened, her bounces becoming erratic as she chased her peak. "Make Mommy cum on that big dick, baby!"

Chad released her nipple with a wet pop, milk dribbling down his chin. "Me too," he panted, fingers sinking into the plush globes of her shuddering ass. "Gonna fill this pussy up. Breed you with my seed."

Greta wailed at her son's filthy promise, slamming herself down one last time and grinding her clit against his pelvis as she exploded. Her cunt rippled and spasmed around Chad's throbbing cock, squeezing him rhythmically as she gushed all over his groin.

The feeling of his mother's pussy milking him, her fem-cum cascading down his balls, pushed Chad over the edge too. With a hoarse shout, he bucked up hard and erupted, painting Greta's inner walls with thick ropes of cum. His balls pulsed as they emptied, pumping spurt after spurt of potent seed deep into her convulsing cunt.

"Yes! Give me that young cum!" Greta babbled deliriously as she felt her son's hot essence flood her spasming channel. "Breed Mommy's

hungry cunt! Knock me up with your virile spunk!"

They clung to each other, jerking and shaking through the intensity of their mutual climax. Chad's cock continued to throb and twitch inside Greta's fluttering sheath, more pearly jizz pulsing out to mix with her honey. Milk sprayed from her bouncing teats, splattering them both.

Finally, utterly spent, Greta collapsed on top of her boy, burying her face in his neck as she struggled to catch her breath. Chad's softening member slipped out of her drenched pussy with a obscene slurp, a river of their combined fluids gushing out after it to pool on the sheets.

"That was...wow," Chad panted after a moment, his hands lazily roaming over Greta's damp back and ass. "I can't believe we just did that. You were amazing, Mom."

"You weren't half bad yourself, stud," Greta giggled, playfully nipping his earlobe.

Meanwhile in the guest bedroom, Amy and Max had made it as far as the guest bed and were going at it like animals in heat again, their naked bodies a sweaty tangle of limbs and writhing flesh.

Max had his mother pinned to the mattress beneath him as he pistoned into her mercilessly, the headboard slamming against the wall with each powerful fuck-thrust.

"Oh fuck yes, harder baby, harder!" Amy urged, her nails raking down Max's flexing back and ass. She wrapped her thick thighs around his pumping hips, locking her ankles high around his back to draw him in deeper. "Pound Mommy's pussy! Give me that big young cock!"

Max grunted and complied, hammering his engorged shaft into Amy's sopping wet cunt with wild abandon. His heavy balls slapped

against her jiggling ass with each collision, the lewd sound mixing with their wanton moans and the creaking of the abused bed frame.

"Take it Mom, take my fucking cock," Max growled, gripping Amy's shoulders for leverage as he rutted into her. Sweat rolled down his chest and abs, dripping onto her huge bouncing tits. "This hungry MILF cunt belongs to me now. You're my slutty mommy fuck toy."

"Yes baby, all yours!" Amy babbled, tossing her head from side to side in ecstasy as Max's fat cock head pummeled her G-spot. "Mommy's your personal porn star fuck hole. Use me however you want!"

Max bent down and captured his mom's lips in a sloppy, open-mouthed kiss, their tongues wrestling wildly as they continued to hump. He reached between their slick bodies to grab one of her heaving jugs, kneading the huge milk-heavy tit roughly.

Amy mewled into the kiss as Max pinched and tugged on her sensitive nipple, making breastmilk spray out and coat his fingers. He brought his hand to their joined mouths, letting her lick and suck the sweet cream off his digits as he fucked her.

They were both burning up, their skin feverish and slippery with perspiration as they mated like wild animals. Amy's voluptuous body undulated sinuously beneath Max, her curves melding to his muscular contours, clinging to him like a koala bear. It was like they were trying to fuse into one writhing mass of incestuous flesh.

Amy's post-partum pussy was a marvel of strength and resilience, the muscular walls gripping Max's pistoning cock like a velvet vise. With each powerful kick of his hips, her slick vaginal canal clenched and rippled around his girth, massaging every rigid inch. The friction was exquisite, her tender, textured flesh rubbing and chewing on his aching hardness.

Hot secretions flowed from Amy's depths, bathing her boy's shaft in her essence. The musky nectar coated his entire veiny length, easing his passage as he plowed into her again and again. Obscene squelching noises filled the room each time he hilted inside her, evidence of just how sopping wet she was for her son.

Despite having given birth mere months ago, Amy's cunt was as tight as a virgin, hugging Max's oversized cock perfectly. He could feel every nuance and fold of her most intimate place, could trace the spongy ridges that made her gasp when he hit them just right.

As Max pistoned faster, the broad head of his cock started to bump against the soft, fleshy barrier deep inside Amy - her cervix. The little nub yielded under his insistent pressure, still pliant from childbirth. He groaned in bliss as the ring of muscles fluttered and suckled the tip of his cock, drawing him in deeper.

"Holy fuck Mom, I'm in your womb," Max babbled nonsensically, drunk on pleasure as he felt Amy's cervix nuzzling his glans. "My cock is kissing your baby hole. Gonna shoot my cum right into your fertile cunt."

"Yes baby, do it!" Amy wailed, tossing her head from side to side as she canted her hips up to meet Max's frenzied thrusts. She wanted him deeper, wanted to take him into her very core. "Plant your seed in Mommy's unprotected pussy! Knock me up with your virile spunk!"

Max roared at his mother's filthy encouragement, his pace becoming almost brutal as he chased his orgasm. The bed frame shook and creaked dangerously under their wild coupling, but neither paid it any mind. They were both too lost in the carnal ecstasy of forbidden flesh and the depraved thrill of mother-son incest.

Amy keened as the constant battering of Max's cock against her G-spot sent her hurtling towards climax. "I'm gonna cum!" she sobbed

brokenly, her cunt starting to spasm and clench erratically around him.

As Amy's orgasm crashed through her, clear feminine ejaculate gushed from her twitching cunt, mixing with the copious amounts of Max's precum to create a frothy, slippery lather around his pistoning shaft. The combination of their juices formed the perfect lubrication, allowing Max's purple, blood-engorged cock to glide effortlessly in and out of his mother's clutching sheath.

Every bulging vein and ridge on Max's rock-hard dick flared prominently as it stretched Amy's rippling walls to the max. The sheer girth and length of him was almost painful in its rigidity, the contours of his manhood exquisitely defined as he surged into her again and again. His

cockhead flared and pulsed, the slit weeping a steady stream of viscous fluid that dribbled down to coat his heavy, cum-laden balls.

"Fuck, I'm gonna blow!" Max gritted out through clenched teeth, his pelvis jackhammering into Amy with unrestrained vigor. He could feel his impending release building at the base of his spine, his swollen sack drawing up tight to his body.

Amy locked her ankles behind Max's pumping ass, trying to pull him in even deeper. "Yes baby, give it to me!" she urged breathlessly, undulating her hips to meet his wild thrusts. "Flood Mommy's cervix with your potent seed! I wanna feel you erupt inside my womb!"

With a wordless shout, Max surrendered to the exploding pleasure, his cock jerking and throbbing violently as it unleashed a torrent of scalding spunk directly into Amy's fluttering depths. His cockhead flared impossibly wider, stretching her cervix obscenely as thick ropes of jizz sprayed through the snug ring of muscle, splattering the walls of her uterus.

Amy shrieked in ecstasy as she felt her son's molten cum bathe her insides, triggering another bone-rattling climax. Her vaginal muscles worked overtime, rippling and undulating along Max's spurting length, milking him for every drop. Her clit pulsed in time with his throbbing dick, the little bud engorged and sparking with sensation.

Mother and son bucked and shuddered through the seemingly endless waves of shared rapture, their bodies locked together as they rode out the intense peaks.

Max's balls pulsed again and again, pumping an unbelievable volume of cum into Amy's spasming cunt. Pearly rivulets oozed out around his pistoning shaft, unable to be contained by her fluttering folds.

Finally, when they were both empty and raw, Max collapsed on top of his mom, burying his face in the sweat-slick valley of her massive, heaving tits.

"That was incredible," the teen mumbled eventually into the side of Amy's neck. "Like, the best fuck ever. I can't believe I wasted so much time jerking off to lame MILF porn when I could've been banging you senseless this whole time."

Amy let out a breathless giggle, carding her fingers through Max's damp hair. "Well, we'll just have to make up for lost time, won't we stud? Mommy plans to keep this big cock very, very busy from now on."

From that day forward, Amy and Greta made good on their promise to sexually satisfy their sons in every way imaginable. Barely a day went by that the horny MILF moms didn't drag Max and Chad off for a raunchy romp, their curvaceous bodies always ready and willing.

The teens quickly learned that their mothers had absolutely no shame or boundaries when it came to fulfilling their every kinky desire. Amy and Greta would brazenly bend over in front of the boys at every opportunity, wiggling their juicy, barely-covered asses in

blatant invitation. They'd "accidentally" let their massive tits pop out of skimpy tops, giggling coquettishly as their sons ogled the bouncing melons.

Whenever they had a moment alone, the wanton MILFs would pounce on Max and Chad like cats in heat, shoving their hands down the front of the teens' pants to grope their swelling cocks. They'd drag the boys into closets, bathrooms, any private corner they could find, hiking up their skirts and presenting their dripping cunts for a hard, fast fuck.

The moms took every chance to wrap their luscious lips around Max and Chad's thick dicks, slobbering and slurping noisily as they sucked the teenage meat down their throats. They loved surprising their sons with

spontaneous blow jobs, dropping to their knees and fishing out those young cocks no matter where they were or who might catch them.

Max and Chad were in horny teen boy heaven. They strutted around smugly, exchanging knowing winks and discreet high fives as they watched each other's mothers service them with wanton enthusiasm. Greta bouncing on Chad's cock was a sight Max would never tire of, just like Chad couldn't get enough of seeing Amy deep throating Max to the root, her eyes watering and mascara running.

The boys' favorite position quickly became doggy style - there was just something about seeing those big, juicy MILF asses jiggling and rippling as they pounded into their moms from behind that drove them wild. They loved the way Amy and Greta would reach back and spread their cheeks, giving their sons an unobstructed view of their thick cocks splitting the MILFs' wet, needy fuckholes open.

"That's it baby, fuck Mommy hard!" Amy would moan shamelessly, tossing her hair as Max pistoned into her slick cunt, his heavy balls

slapping her clit with every thrust. "Pound me with that big dick! Make Mommy's ass clap for you!"

Not to be outdone, Greta would arch her back and push her huge tits into the mattress, letting her son admire the exaggerated curve as he rutted into her from behind. "Mmmm yeah, drill Mommy's cunt!" she'd urge breathlessly, humping back to meet Chad's thrusts. "Wreck my pussy with that fat cock! Deeper, baby!"

Max and Chad would grin at each other over the acres of undulating MILF ass flesh, smug in the knowledge that they were the kings of their own personal incest porn empires. It was like their every feverish jerk off fantasy come to life - and then some.

When their dads were at work and their baby siblings were napping, the teens would swagger into whichever room their moms were in, casually whipping out their oversized dicks with confident leers. Without a word,

Amy and Greta would stop whatever they were doing and assume the position - bent over the kitchen counter, on all fours on the living room rug, perched on the washing machine.

No matter the surface, the results were always the same - a wild, no-holds-barred fucking that left both generations sweaty, spent, and immensely satisfied. The sounds of skin slapping, orgasmic wails, and filthy incestuous dirty talk became the secret soundtrack of the households.

After particularly intense sessions, the moms and sons would collapse into a tangle of damp limbs, basking in the afterglow. Amy and Greta would tenderly clean off Max and Chad's sticky cocks with their tongues, cooing about what good boys they were for making their mommies cum so hard.

"You spoil us," Amy would sigh dreamily, nuzzling Max's cum-splattered abs. "Mommy's greedy pussy is so lucky to get this big

young dick every day. I don't know how I survived without it for so long!"

"It's our pleasure," Max would assure her, lazily palming her tits. "Literally. You MILF mommies are like living wet dreams. Way hotter than any porn star!"

As Max and Chad snuggled with their busty mothers in post-coital bliss, they'd marvel at their incredible luck. What horny teen didn't dream of fucking their hot moms? But to actually have two cock-hungry, depraved MILFs constantly gagging for their dicks was beyond their wildest imaginings.

Things got even better for Max and Chad a couple months later when their moms started experiencing some familiar symptoms - fatigue, nausea, sensitivity to smells. Pregnancy tests confirmed the exciting news: Amy was carrying Max's twin babies, while Chad's virile sperm had taken root in Greta's fertile womb. The MILF mommies' bellies and tits started swelling with new life, physical proof of their sons' potent virility.

Far from being freaked out or guilty about the scandalous pregnancies, the horny moms and their teenage baby daddies were thrilled. Amy and Greta preened and glowed, proudly flaunting their rounding tummies and growing busts as badges of honor. They loved feeling so feminine and fertile, their bodies lush and ripe with the fruit of their loins' loins.

"We're such lucky mommies," Amy would purr, rubbing her burgeoning baby bump. "Carrying our strapping young sons' offspring, being bred and seeded by their superior cocks. Is there anything sexier than a knocked up MILF?"

"I can't think of anything hotter," Greta would agree, hefting her plumping pregnancy tits. "Every pound I gain, every new stretch mark, is just evidence of what a good job my baby boy did impregnating me. I'm the human embodiment of Chad's spunk!"

As the MILF moms' bellies ballooned and their milky jugs turned into utterly ridiculous proportions, Max and Chad's horniness for them reached a fever pitch. Something about seeing their own mothers swell with their seed, knowing they'd planted those babies in those ripe wombs, made the teens crazy with lust.

The fucking took on a whole new intensity during the pregnancies. Amy and Greta were insatiable, their hormones raging out of control. They couldn't get enough of their sons' hard young cocks stretching their needy cunts and plugging their greedy mouths.

Max and Chad had to resort to skipping school and faking sick just to keep up with their knocked up moms' sexual appetites. But they were more than happy to spend all day, every day, worshipping and defiling those pornographic maternal bods with their overactive teenage cocks.

Amy in particular was voracious, the twins making her belly balloon to epic proportions early on. By the start of her third trimester, she was bigger than a beach ball, her midsection a taut sphere dwarfing the rest

of her body. Her tits had grown to the size of the biggest watermelons, the skin shiny and straining, blue veins clearly visible beneath the surface.

Despite her hugely pregnant state, Amy was still the most energetic fuck Max had ever had. She'd heave her massive belly on top of him and ride his cock like a pogo stick, her gigantic jugs slapping him in the face with each bounce. Wobbling and teetering precariously, she'd grind her hips in lewd circles, the sheer weight of her gravid middle pinning Max beneath her.

"Ohh...fuck...Mommy!" Max would gasp, smothered by acres of sweaty, milk-slick MILF flesh. Amy's belly alone felt like it weighed a ton, but combined with her beach ball tits, it was like being crushed by a sexy landslide.

But what a way to go, suffocating under his own mom's fertile body as she used his cock like her personal fuck stick. Max wouldn't have traded places with anyone in that moment, his hands sinking into the sides of Amy's baby-bloated belly as she rode him into oblivion.

"Oh yeah baby, bang Mommy's pregnant pussy!" Amy would howl, her face red and tits leaking as she impaled herself on Max over and over. "Make our babies feel it right through my cervix! Drown those twins in Daddy's cum!"

Max would laugh breathlessly and buck up harder into Amy's sloppy cunt, relishing the filthy depravity of her words. Only his nasty slut mommy would say shit like that. He loved pounding her hard enough to make her whole body jiggle obscenely, like some kind of raunchy pregnant MILF porn star.

Max groaned in blissful agony as Amy's pregnant pussy gripped his cock like a velvet vise, her powerful inner muscles churning and rippling around his shaft. The sensation was almost unbearably intense, her slick vaginal walls seeming to suck and tug on him with a primal hunger. It felt

like her cunt was trying to milk the cum right out of his balls, to devour his very essence.

Each squeeze and flutter of Amy's tight channel sent bolts of electricity zinging up Max's spine, making his eyes roll back in his head. The ridges and folds of her most intimate flesh rubbed and chafed against his throbbing erection, stimulating every hypersensitive nerve ending until he saw stars. It was like her pussy had a direct line to his pleasure centers, setting them all ablaze.

Hot, syrupy secretions gushed from the depths of Amy's womb, coating Max's pistoning cock in a frothy lather of her juices. The liquid silk soothed the delicious friction even as it heightened every exquisite sensation, allowing him to plunge faster and harder into her greedy fuck hole. Obscene squelching noises filled the room as

his juice-slicked shaft pounded her cervix, the sloppy sounds of their coupling spurring them on.

"Ungh fuck Mom, your pregnant cunt is unreal," Max babbled breathlessly, his hands kneading the drum-tight swell of Amy's colossal belly as it bounced on top of him. "So fucking tight and strong, like it's gonna rip my cock right off. Feels so goddamn good!"

"Mmmm yes baby, Mommy's pussy was made for this big young dick," Amy panted, grinding her hips in lewd circles. She clenched her internal muscles even tighter around him, eliciting a strangled moan. "I'm gonna wring every drop of cum out of you. Milk your balls dry with my mommy cunt!"

The textured heat engulfing his cock was unlike anything Max had ever felt. It was like Amy's vaginal walls had grown even more muscular and articulated with the pregnancy, becoming an unbearably pleasurable snare of undulating flesh. He could feel every ripple and contraction around his shaft, squeezing and massaging from root to tip.

When Amy would clinch just right, bearing down with all her considerable strength, it felt like she might just sever his dick from his body with her pelvic floor. But what a way to go - having his cock ripped off in the churning, sucking depths of his own mother's ravenous fuck tunnel. Max was pretty sure he'd die with a smile on his face.

Steaming rivulets of Amy's essence poured out around her son's pile-driving girth, drenching his groin and thighs, soaking into the sheets beneath them. It was like her overheated cunt was melting around him, trying to liquify his very being. The searing, sloppy ecstasy of her molten depths made Max delirious with pleasure, his balls seizing up in preparation to explode.

"CUMMING!" he growled, his voice muffled by tit-meat as he pushed his face against his mom's boob and clamped his teeth around her

spurting nipple.

What felt like gallons of molten semen hosed from rod, splattering through his mom's quivering love-tunnel with fierce intensity.

Greta, while not quite as enormous as Amy, still grew to epic proportions as Chad's baby grew in her womb. Her already shelf-like tits became downright freakish, jutting straight out from her chest like two overinflated flesh zeppelins. The slightest movement made them sway and bounce ludicrously, drawing awed stares wherever she went.

Chad couldn't keep his hands (or cock) off his mom's exaggerated new curves. He loved fucking Greta from behind, watching that big pregnant booty jiggle and ripple as he pounded into her. Reaching around to maul her huge milk jugs and pinch the fat, leaking nipples between his fingers as she wailed in ecstasy.

"Mmmm yeah, play with Mommy's big titties while you wreck her cunt!" Greta would moan, loving the way her son manhandled her sensitive, swollen breasts. "Mommy's just a fuckpig for this big cock now. A semen depository for your baby batter."

Chad would growl possessively and hammer into Greta harder, the wet squelch of his dick stirring up her cream filling the room. He'd press his mouth to her ear, breathing hotly as he whispered the filthiest things he could think of.

"Fuckin' right you are, Mom. Nothing but a cum toilet for my dick. Gonna flood this pussy with so much jizz, you'll slosh when you walk. Breed you over and over till you're just a walking incubator for my seed."

Greta would cum her brains out hearing her baby boy say such nasty shit, her eyes rolling back as she pictured herself perpetually pregnant with Chad's offspring, her body permanently altered to be

his ideal fertile fucktoy. She'd never felt so sexy, so feminine, so alive than when she was stuffed full of her son's cock and babies.

"Oh fucking shit!" Chad gasped as his fat cockhead caught on Greta's cervical opening with each thrust, the flared ridge of his glans tugging and snagging the swollen ring of muscle.

Her changing pregnant anatomy had caused the opening to her womb to become more pronounced, protruding slightly into her vaginal canal. It formed a fleshy speed bump that Chad's dick head bumped and dragged over again and again, making them both see stars.

"Holy shit, Mom!" Chad choked out, eyes crossing at the sensation of Greta's cervix fluttering and kissing his tip. "It's like your pussy is making out with my cock! Sucking on it, trying to draw me in..."

"Mmmm yesss," Greta slurred, drunk on pleasure as she felt that fat mushroom head pop in and out of her grasping womb entrance with each stroke. "Mommy's cervix is hungry for your cum. It wants to gobble up every drop straight from the tap!"

Searing gobs of Chad's pre-cum poured directly into Greta's spasming baby hole as he teased the spongy gateway, mixing with the bubbling mucus her body produced. The combination of their sexual fluids created

a molten lava of ecstasy that sloshed obscenely in Greta's deepest reaches, churned to a froth by Chad's pistoning cock.

The lewd sounds of her pregnant pussy being stirred and plundered filled the room - wet, suctioning slurps and glugs that made it sound like Chad was fucking a pot of macaroni and cheese. The noise drove him wild, his strokes growing harder and more frantic as he chased the volcanic eruption building in his balls.

"Gonna cum!" Chad gritted out, his pelvis smacking against Greta's jiggling ass with bruising force. "Gonna pump you so full of jizz, you'll taste it in the back of your throat. Drown our baby in Daddy's spunk!"

"Do it!" Greta wailed, throwing her head back as her climax crashed through her. "Paint Mommy's insides white! Cum in my fucking womb!"

Chad let out a roar like a rutting animal as the first searing jet of his seed blasted directly through Greta's convulsing cervix, splattering the walls of her uterus. Spurt after thick, ropey spurt erupted from his slit, flooding Greta's unprotected depths with what felt like gallons of molten cum.

The sheer volume and force of his eruption made Greta's already gravid belly swell and bulge obscenely, his sperm inflating her like a cum balloon. She shrieked in mindless ecstasy as she was seeded so thoroughly, claimed and bred on the most primal level by her own son.

Nine months flew by in a blur of swollen tits and bellies, raging hormones and non-stop incestuous sucking and fucking. By the end, Amy and Greta were virtual caricatures of pregnant lust, their massively distended bodies craving their teenage sons' dicks at all hours. They took great satisfaction in flaunting their obscenely fertile figures, seeing the shock and reluctant arousal on people's faces as they waddled by with their babies jutting out so far in front of them.

When the MILF moms finally went into labor within days of each other, Max and Chad were right there, holding their hands and coaching them through the wild ride. Panting and grunting like animals, Amy and Greta pushed their sons' big healthy babies into the world, a final testament to the teen studs' potent virility.

And of course, as soon as they were medically cleared, the cock-hungry mommies were riding their baby daddies' dicks to break in

their newly vacant pussies. The marathon fucking continued, now with double the babies to tend to between raunchy romps.

Life settled into a deliriously happy pattern for the four of them - raising their children, engaging in wild, no-holds-barred incest behinds their husbands backs whenever possible. Max and Chad were the proudest papas and most satisfied sons on the planet, their oversized dicks perpetually drained by their mommies' cum-hungry cunts and throats.

Amy and Greta, for their part, couldn't imagine a more fulfilling life than being bred by their strapping boys, their bodies worshipped and defiled on the regular. They'd become the ultimate MILF sex goddesses of their sons' dreams, eclipsing any porn fantasy.

And if their flat, empty wombs sometimes ached to be seeded again...well, their baby daddies were always locked and loaded, ready to fill those fertile bellies with more offspring. After all, what was a horny, depraved mommy for, if not to be her teenage son's perpetually pregnant fucktoy?

Life was good for the young studs - and it was only going to get better as Amy and Greta dreamed up even kinkier ways to worship their sons' cocks. The boys couldn't wait to see what other raunchy porn tropes their perverted mommies had in store for them. One thing was certain - boring, unsatisfying jerk off sessions to online porn were officially a thing of the past.

THE END

238: “MOM, YOU'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS!”-part1/3

"MOM, YOU'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS!"

By Klrxo

Jamie slammed the door behind her as she burst into the house, gasping for air from running all the way home from school. Reese was right on her heels, pleading with her not to tell their mother anything.

"Jamie, please, just listen to me!" he begged. But Jamie knew she had her twin brother cornered, and she wasn't gonna let this one go so easily.

Jamie's oversized teenage tits bobbled beneath her top and bra as she stomped up the stairs, with Reese close behind her. She flung open their parent's bedroom door without knocking. Their mother looked up from her book, clearly startled by the commotion. "What on earth is going on?" she asked, concern etched across her face.

"Mom," Jamie panted, trying to catch her breath, "you won't believe what I just heard!"

Reese stepped in front of her, trying to block their mother's view of Jamie's flushed face, but it was no use. Jamie simply moved around him and continued. "I heard that Reese..." she practically screamed it at this point, "has never... never had his balls sucked!"

The room fell silent. Their mother's jaw dropped, and she stared at Reese with wide eyes. Her son turned beet red and sunk down onto the bed, his head in his hands.

Connie slowly stood up from the bed, her 5'10" frame seeming to tower over Reese even though he was the same height. As she rose, her humongous breasts ballooned outward, straining against the thin fabric of her t-shirt, twin peaks clearly visible where her erect nipples tented the material.

She stared down at her son, hands on her hips. "Reese, is this true? Have you really never had your balls sucked before?" Her voice was stern with motherly authority.

Reese couldn't even look her in the eye, his face burning with embarrassment. He gave a slight nod, confirming Jamie's revelation.

Their mother clicked her tongue disapprovingly. "Well, we can't have that now, can we? My son, deprived of such a fundamental pleasure."

She pointed a finger toward his room. "Reese, go to your room this instant and take off your pants and underwear. I'll be down in a few minutes."

Reese's head snapped up, eyes wide with shock. "But Mom! I..."

"No buts, young man! You heard me. Pants. Off. Now!" She crossed her arms over her ample chest for emphasis.

Face flaming, Reese slunk out of the room toward his own, knowing there was no use arguing when his mother used that tone. His mind raced as he fumbled with his belt. Was his own mother really about to put her mouth on his most private parts? He almost couldn't believe this was happening...

Jamie stepped forward, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Mom, wait. Let me help with this."

Her mother turned to her, eyebrow raised questioningly as she put her long brunette hair back in a pony. "I'm perfectly capable of handling this situation on my own, young lady."

Jamie flipped her long chestnut hair over her shoulder confidently. "I've been practicing my oral skills. A lot. I'm really good at worshipping balls now. Like, expert level."

She moved closer to her mother, their identical green eyes locking intensely. "Reese deserves the best for his first time. Let me help break him in."

Her mother considered this for a moment, then a slow smile spread across her face. "Well, well. Look at my little girl, all grown up and eager to please."

Connie put a hand on her daughter's shoulder, giving her an approving squeeze. "Alright then, let's see what you've got. Pop quiz time, missy. What's the first step in giving a mind-blowing ball worship session?"

Jamie didn't hesitate. "Start with teasing licks and kisses all around his sack, building anticipation before diving in."

"Good girl. And what's the key to driving him wild once you've got his balls in your mouth?"

"Mmm, varying the pressure and suction. Gently rolling them around with your tongue, then sucking harder. Over and over, worshipping every inch."

Connie nodded, impressed. "Alright. Last question - how do you finish him off once he's writhing and moaning?"

Jamie grinned wickedly. "Take one ball at a time into your mouth and alternate sucking them hard while stroking his cock. He'll explode like a geyser in no time."

"Well damn, baby girl. Sounds like you really know your stuff," Connie laughed. "Okay, I hereby grant you permission to help handle you bother's inaugural ball draining session. Just promise you won't breathe a word of this to your father. This stays between us girls, got it?"

"Totally! It'll be our naughty secret," Jamie readily agreed. The two women exchanged a sly smile and fist bump of feminine conspiracy before heading out to forever change Reese's life.

Boobs bobbling and asses swaying, Jamie and Connie made their way down the hall to Reese's room, exchanging knowing glances and stifling giggles like schoolgirls about to blow the football squad. They found Reese sitting on the edge of his bed looking nervous, stripped down to just his t-shirt and underwear. His eyes widened as the two women entered and Connie decisively shut and locked the door behind them.

"Alright Reese, it's time," Connie announced. "Your sister has graciously offered to help me rid you of your ball sucking virginity. Aren't you a lucky boy?"

Reese gulped, his eyes darting between the two beautiful women. "I guess so..." he managed to croak out.

"Oh trust me little bro, you definitely are," Jamie purred, moving to stand in front of him.

With that, Jamie slowly peeled off her tight t-shirt, revealing her milky white H- cups barely contained by a lacy black bra. She reached back and unhooked it, letting the undergarment fall away. Reese gasped as her heavy tits spilled free, the fat nipples already hardening at the centers of wide areola in the cool air.

Not to be outdone, Connie whipped her own shirt over her head, revealing a beautiful tit-packed bra. She undid the clasps, unleashing her massive mammaries. At 40 years old, her tits were even fuller than her daughter's, capped with saucer-sized areolas and thick rubbery nipples. She shimmied out of her yoga pants, baring a plump cleanly shaven pussy.

Jamie followed suit, wriggling out of her tiny shorts and panties to expose her own bald mound, already visibly glistening with arousal. The two breathtaking nudes turned to face Reese, tits bobbling and swaying hypnotically.

The boy's cock immediately sprung to attention, tenting his boxers obscenely as he took in the glorious sight of his mother and sister's spectacular nude bodies. His shyness melted away, replaced by pure throbbing lust.

"Reese, what did I tell you earlier? I thought I made myself very clear - pants AND underwear off. So why are you still wearing those boxers, young man?" Connie demanded sternly, hands on her hips.

"S-sorry Mom, I just..." Reese stammered, his face reddening.

"I don't wanna hear excuses. Up on your feet, now," his mother commanded.

Reese rose unsteadily, his erection lewdly tenting his boxers. No sooner had he stood than Connie grabbed the hem of his t-shirt and roughly yanked it over his head.

"Mom!" Reese yelped in surprise, instinctively trying to cover himself. But his mother was too fast.

In one swift motion, she hooked her fingers into the waistband of his boxers and jerked them down to his ankles. Reese's rock hard cock sprang free, slapping against his stomach before jutting out proudly.

"Uh uh uh, hands off little brother," Jamie tutted as Reese timidly tried to hide his throbbing erection with his hands. "No covering up that nice cock."

"You heard your sister. Put your hands behind your back this instant," Connie ordered. "It's rude to hide yourself in front of ladies."

Face burning, Reese obeyed, lacing his fingers together at the small of his back. His cock twitched under their intensely appraising gazes, a glistening bead of pre-cum forming at the tip.

"Much better," Connie nodded approvingly, openly ogling her son's impressive manhood.

Reese's teenage cock stood at full attention, a rigid pole of throbbing flesh. The shaft was long and thick, easily eight inches and girthy enough that Connie doubted she could close her hand around it. Prominent veins snaked up the length, pulsing with the rapid beat of his heart. The taut skin stretched over the hard meat had a youthful sheen.

As magnificent as the shaft was, it was the head of Reese's cock that drew the women's eyes. Blossoming from the shaft in a pronounced upward curve, his glans flared out obscenely, a bulbous purple helmet that looked almost painfully swollen with arousal. The piss slit gaped, weeping a steady stream of slick pre-cum that trickled down the underside of his cock.

Below, his hairless ball sack pulled tight to his body, twin orbs the size of ripe plums churning with the copious load of teenage semen they no doubt contained. The skin there was silky and smooth, just begging to be licked and sucked.

"Oh my," Jamie breathed, drinking in the sight of her brother's extraordinary cock and balls. "Reese, you've been holding out on us. That is one beautiful dick."

Connie licked her lips hungrily. "Mmm, it certainly is, and your balls look so heavy and full, honey."

"No doubt, Mom," Jamie agreed, licking her lips hungrily.

The two women closed in on Reese, tits swaying, backing him against the bed until his calves hit the edge and he dropped down to a sitting position. They loomed over him, completely in control.

"Get ready, little bro," Jamie grinned wolfishly, dropping to her knees between his spread thighs. "I'm about to show you what a woman's lips can really do. Hope you're ready for the sloppiest, noisiest, most mind-melting ball worship of your life!"

Connie moved behind Reese on the bed, reaching around to tweak his nipples as she purred in his ear. "That's it, baby boy, just relax. Mommy and sissy are going to take such good care of you. Let us drain those big balls dry."

Jamie and Connie worked in tandem, knowing exactly how to position Reese for maximum access to his swollen testicles. They had him lay back on the bed, scooting his hips to the very edge.

"Spread those legs nice and wide for us, baby boy," Connie cooed, tapping the inside of his thighs. Reese obeyed, splaying his legs obscenely wide to expose his heavy ball-sack.

The two women exchanged a grin, both mentally transported back to their younger years spent honing their oral skills. For Jamie, it was only recently, all those sweaty post-game sessions with the other cheerleaders, kneeling beneath the bleachers and taking turns suckling the pungent, sweat-slick dicks and balls of the victorious football studs.

They would pass the steely shafts and salty-sweet orbs back and forth between their eager mouths, moaning and slurping noisily as they celebrated each win by draining every last drop from those

potent nuts. Jamie quickly became a star pupil, able to take both of a boy's swollen testicles into her mouth at once and suck them like her life depended on it.

Connie's ball worshipping expertise stemmed from her wild college days, when she discovered the erotic thrill of lavishing oral attention on a boy's most sensitive area. She loved teasing them with long, slow licks before taking each nut gently between her lips and rolling it around with her talented tongue.

Connie soon gained a reputation as the campus ball draining queen, always leaving her conquests weak-kneed and thoroughly emptied. Sorority sisters would line up outside her dorm room, dragging their

dates by the hand, eager for Connie to milk the cum from their frustrated balls after a night of teasing and denial.

Now, mother and daughter knelt side by side between Reese's trembling thighs, both salivating at the sight of his cum-bloated sack, their most cherished ball worshipping memories rushing back. Connie reached out to cup the hefty globes in her palm, relishing their weight.

"Mmm, so full and heavy," she purred approvingly, rolling them gently in her hand. "Poor baby, it must be so uncomfortable carrying these around all swollen with semen."

"Don't worry little bro, we'll have you drained in no time," Jamie promised, leaning in to drag the flat of her tongue along his fuzzy sack, savoring that first tangy taste of virile male musk. "Mmm, fuck he tastes so good!"

Connie joined in, her own wet tongue gliding along Reese's wrinkled sack from the opposite side, leaving glistening trails of saliva in its wake. "Mmm, you're right baby girl, he tastes divine. So ripe and musky."

Mother and daughter fell into a natural rhythm, lapping at Reese's balls from either side in perfect synchronicity, their tongues meeting in the middle to swirl around each other lasciviously. They took turns suckling his plump nuts into their mouths, heads bobbing as they slurped and suckled the delicate orbs.

"Ungh fuck..." Reese grunted, fists clenching the sheets as two warm mouths worked his balls with expert precision. His cock pulsed and leaked, aching for attention, but he didn't dare reach for it lest he incur his mother's wrath again.

Connie released his left nut from her lips with a lewd pop. "Ooh, this one feels extra swollen, Jamie. I think it's just churning with seed, ready to blow."

She dragged the flat of her tongue along the crinkled skin before sucking the ball back into her mouth, cheeks hollowing as she nursed on its oval-shaped meat greedily.

"Let me feel, Mom," Jamie urged, gently kneading Reese's right testicle between her thumb and forefinger. "Yep, definitely full to bursting. I bet he's dying to shoot off a huge load."

The women continued their running commentary as they greedily feasted on Reese's nuts, his sack slick and shiny with their combined saliva.

"Mmm, look how they draw up so tight when we suck just right," Connie pointed out, demonstrating with a particularly intense slurp that had Reese arching off the bed.

"And feel how they quiver when you blow cool air on them, like this," Jamie added, pursing her lips to puff a stream of air across his drenched balls, making them contract.

"Mmm, yes, boys love that," Connie purred, flickering the underside of her son's nut with the pink tip of her tongue.

Back and forth they went, suckling, licking, kissing, and gently nibbling as they stimulated every nerve ending in his sensitive ball flesh. Reese was reduced to a moaning, writhing mess, head thrashing against the pillow as their masterful mouths worked him over.

"P-please..." he finally whimpered, hips jerking reflexively. "I'm gonna...ungh...I need to cum so bad..."

Connie popped his balls out of her mouth and gave Reese a stern look. "Don't you dare cum yet, young man. You haven't earned that privilege."

She turned to Jamie with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Watch closely baby girl, Mommy's gonna teach you some of her signature moves."

Connie buried her face in Reese's ball sack and began motorboating him, lips and tongue vibrating wildly against his sensitive skin. "Blllbbbllbbrrr!" she sputtered, spraying saliva everywhere as his nuts bounced and jiggled against her pretty face.

Next, she took his scrotum between her teeth and gently chewed, growling like a hungry beast as she gnawed on the loose flesh. Reese's eyes rolled back in his head at the exquisite sensation.

"Wow Mom, that's so hot!" Jamie marveled. "Lemme try the chewing thing." She leaned in and nibbled along his sack, feeling the delicate skin stretch between her teeth. Reese shuddered and groaned, hands fisting the sheets.

"Good girl," Connie praised, watching her son react. "Nibble at the loose skin down near his taint and watch how his cock jumps."

Jamie bit at the loose skin and inhaled, her eyes rolling back from the heady aroma of her brother's ball-musk. Both their eyes widened as the rigid stalk of his boner gave off a visible throb.

"Now watch this," Connie said, then sucked one of his balls into her mouth and slurped obscenely, cheeks caving in as she suctioned his nut, head bobbing frantically. Wet slurping noises filled the room.

"Ungh fuck Mom, just like that!" Reese babbled deliriously, thighs shaking.

Not to be outdone, Jamie took his other testicle into her warm mouth and matched her mother's intensity, noisily slurping and sucking the swollen orb. They fell into a steady rhythm, passing his balls back and forth between their greedy mouths as they lavished worshipful attention on every millimeter of Reese's quivering ball sack, their skilled tongues mapping out the wrinkled terrain. They traced along the prominent raphe seam bisecting his scrotum, feeling the slight ridge of the connective tissue.

"Ooh, you can really feel that band of muscle through the skin here," Connie observed, flicking the tip of her tongue back and forth across the center line. "It's so sexy."

Jamie hummed in agreement as she mouthed along the plump outer edges of his balls where they met his thighs, reveling in the contrast of smooth skin transitioning to wiry hair. She gently tugged on his scrotum with her lips, feeling the weight of his hefty testicles.

"And the skin here is so thin and delicate," she marveled, letting it slowly pull from between her lips. "You can practically see all the little blood vessels underneath."

Connie nuzzled into the soft, fuzzy underside of her son's sack, burying her nose in his most intimate musk. "Mmmm, and he smells so good here. That concentrated masculine scent."

She inhaled deeply, filling her lungs with his natural pheromones before dragging her tongue along the hidden, rarely touched patch of skin behind his balls. Reese gasped and twitched at the intense sensation.

Next, the women each took one of his precious jewels into their mouths again, rolling the glands gently between tongue and palate, exploring their dimensions and density. They carefully compressed the spongy organs, gauging their sperm-producing potential.

"Oh yeah, these fucking balls are absolutely brimming," Jamie confirmed as she released his testicle from her oral embrace. "I can feel all the little tubules just packed with spunk, waiting to unleash."

"Mmhmm, his cum tube is definitely swollen and primed," Connie concurred, giving his other testis an experimental squeeze between her pursed lips. "It's like I can practically taste all that backed-up jizz concentrated in there."

Reese could only whimper helplessly, thigh muscles clenching, as they discussed his overripe balls in such explicitly clinical detail, reducing him

to nothing more than a seething vessel of unreleased sperm in need of draining.

The cum-craving women focused their attention on his ductus deferens, the delicate tubes carrying sperm from his balls to his eruption-ready cock. They traced the sensitive cum conduits with the pointed tips of their tongues, mapping their coiled path.

"I swear I can feel the little sperm cells pulsing through here," Connie purred salaciously as she painted his vas deferens with her spit. "Millions of them, all swimming upstream, eager to blast off."

"Let's suck on these tubes, Mom!" Jamie suggested with glee. "Really stimulate the sperm transport!"

Mother and daughter sealed their luscious lips around each side of his taut ducts and suckled lewdly, cheeks caving in with the force of their vacuum. Reese bucked and thrashed, hands fisting the sheet, the intense stimulation almost too much to bear.

"Ffffuck!! Gonna... gonna cum..." he bit out through clenched teeth, every muscle in his groin clenching as his orgasm approached.

But the skilled ball nurses recognized his impending eruption and clamped down on his tubes, denying him that sweet release. Reese sobbed in frustration, cock jerking and leaking clear gobs of pre-ejaculate.

"Ah, ah, ah... not yet, little brother," Jamie tutted, waggling a finger. "We're not done worshipping these beautiful baby-makers."

They returned to his swollen testicles, now churning almost audibly with hot seed. Connie took the left globe into her mouth and sucked hard, cheeks concaving sharply. At the same time, Jamie trapped his right nut between her lips and fluttered her tongue wildly against the underside.

"HNNNNGGGG!!!" Reese grunted incoherently, voice strangled as his hips bucked erratically off the bed. The dual stimulation was mind-melting.

"Oh, he's liking that," Connie purred, he voice slightly muffled by ball-meat.

"Mmm, I can feeling him swelling and throbbing," Jamie mewled beating the muscle of her tongue against the sensitive tissue.

The oral queens worked in tandem, slurping and sucking his balls in a perfectly synchronized rhythm, keeping him teetering on the knife's edge of orgasm. Just when he was sure he couldn't take another second, they would expertly back off, leaving him panting and shaking with need.

Over and over they edged him with their mouths, pushing him to the brink before denying him that final pleasure, until he was reduced to a babbling, incoherent mess. Tears of frustration leaked from the

corners of his eyes as his painfully swollen balls churned and boiled between their lips.

"Ready to really blow his mind?" Connie mumbled around a mouthful of nut meat. Jamie nodded eagerly. "On the count of three, pull!"

They each sucked one of his balls deep into their mouths, cheeks hollowing...

"One...two...three!"

In unison, they stretched his sack taut and began tugging his balls in opposite directions, playing an erotic game of tug-of-war! Reese wailed and thrashed, the pleasure bordering on pain as they used his balls like taffy.

"Holy shit! Fuck! I can't...I'm gonna..." Reese babbled incoherently, seconds from exploding.

POP! They released his balls from their oral grip at the last possible second. Reese collapsed against the bed, gasping and twitching, his denied orgasm slowly ebbing.

"Nuh uh, little bro," Jamie taunted, wagging a finger. "You don't get to cum till we say so. And we're just getting started with you."

The depraved mother-daughter duo high fived and laughed wickedly before diving face first back into Reese's groin, their insatiable mouths zeroing in on his balls once again, ready to further worship the cum-swollen organs.

As they orally assaulted Reese's balls, both women could feel their own pussy juices flowing freely, coating their inner thighs. Their vulvas swelled and darkened as blood rushed to the area, the fleshy petals of their labia puffing up and gaping open obscenely.

Despite the twenty year age difference, Jamie and Connie's pink cunts were strikingly similar in appearance - the same pouty lips, hooded clits, and glistening folds. The one difference was that Connie's birth canal had more pronounced ridges along the walls from being stretched by childbirth. Her cervix sat lower too, the head protruding slightly into her vaginal cavity like a pink fleshy donut.

Both mother and daughter had the same physiological reaction to the thrill of sucking balls. Their clits stiffened, growing to the size of small grapes as they peeked out demandingly from under their fleshy hoods. Their cunt holes flexed and winked, opening and closing as if gasping for something thick to fill them. Rivulets of nectar flowed continuously from their slick channels, the musky aroma of aroused female filling the air.

As they slurped and suckled Reese's delicate orbs, Connie and Jamie were both tempted to reach down and diddle their aching pussies. But they resisted the urge, for now, focusing all their energy on worshipping Reese's cum-bloated balls, moaning wantonly around the musky nuggets filling their mouths.

Reese writhed and babbled incoherently on the bed, his cock pulsing angrily, the shaft turning a mottled purple as they kept him teetering on the edge of release.

His swollen nuts churned and tightened, the skin drawing up paper thin as they prepared to unleash their massive load. But each time he neared the point of no return, the skilled ball drainers would release their oral grip, denying him the final stimulation needed to trigger his climax.

Over and over they edged him, licking, slurping, sucking until he was a hair trigger from exploding, only to pull away at the critical moment. Reese sobbed and begged, tears of frustration leaking from

his eyes as his balls screamed for mercy. But his mother and sister were relentless, sadistically savoring his desperation.

"Mmm, you wanna cum so bad, don't you baby boy?" Connie taunted, gently raking her nails over his distended sack. "Look at these big balls, so swollen it must hurt. All that jizz just boiling away inside, dying to shoot out."

"Please Mom...Jamie..." Reese whimpered pathetically, too far gone to be humiliated by his begging. "I'll do anything, just please let me cum! I can't take it anymore!"

The women cackled evilly, drunk on the power of reducing the young man to a babbling wreck with just their mouths. They spent the next hour tag-teaming Reese's balls with their mouths, subjecting him to increasingly kinky oral techniques as they sought to impress each other with their creativity.

Jamie discovered that she could suck both of his nuts into her mouth at the same time, stretching her jaw wide to accommodate his hefty sack. She delighted in rolling the meaty globes around with her tongue, sloshing them back and forth while humming in pleasure.

Not to be outdone, Connie introduced ball tapping into the mix. She would build up an intense rhythm slurping and sucking his nuts, then abruptly release them from her mouth. At that precise moment, she would tap his balls with her fingertips in a rapid staccato pattern, making Reese yelp and squirm from the unexpected stimulation.

"You see what that's doing to him?" she asked her daughter with a satisfied giggle.

"Oooh, let me try that, Mom!" Jamie enthused. She repeated the slurp and tap maneuver, giggling around his balls as Reese bucked and writhed. "This is so fun! His reactions are priceless."

"Look how much pre-cum," Connie gasped, watching the slimy pre-spunk ooze out of her boy's pee-slit and pool onto his abdomen.

Jamie dipped her finger and slipped it between her luscious lips. "Mmm, so fucking tasty. Try it, mom."

Connie's face bumped her son's boner as she leaned down and swiped up some with her tongue like a kitten drinking from a bowl. "Mmm, like sweet ball-honey," he whimpered.

The more they experimented, the bolder and more debased their techniques became. Connie showed Jamie how to suck his sack up into her mouth and hum the alphabet song, sending devastating vibrations through his balls. Jamie innovated a twisting scrotal stretch that had Reese howling.

Through it all, they cruelly edged him, working his balls to the brink of orgasm over and over, only to back off at the last possible second, leaving him desperate and delirious with need. His cock wept copious amounts off pre-cum, dripping down the shaft to further lubricate their sloppy oral ball play.

"Please...I'm begging you..." Reese whimpered pathetically after they denied him yet another climax, tears of frustration leaking from the

corners of his eyes. "I've never needed to cum so bad in my life. I'll do anything!"

Connie and Jamie exchanged a knowing look, eyes sparkling with wicked intent. They had him right where they wanted him - a babbling, submissive mess willing to debase himself for the privilege of release.

"Anything, you say?" Connie purred, a sadistic smile curling her lips. "Well then, let the real fun begin!"

She grabbed her son's ankles and pushed his legs back and up, folding him nearly in half to fully expose his taint and puckered asshole. Jamie instinctively moved into position, eagerly spreading his cheeks apart with her hands.

"Look at that cute little virgin asshole, all tight and pink," Jamie cooed. "I bet it's never been touched before, huh little bro?"

Reese whimpered and squirmed with embarrassment, face flushing bright red, but his cock jumped at his sister's raunchy words.

"Well pucker up, baby boy, because Mommy and sissy are about to French kiss that boy-cunt," Connie declared with a wicked grin.

"We're gonna tongue fuck your ass so hard, you'll be squealing like a little anal slut," Jamie taunted, flicking the tip of her tongue against his quivering hole.

"And if you're a very good boy and take it, we might even let you cum," Connie added, her voice dripping with fake sweetness. "Would you like that, baby? Hmm?"

"Oh God yes, please!" Reese readily agreed, swallowing his pride. He was putty in their hands, willing to endure any degradation if it meant finally getting some relief for his aching balls.

"That's what we like to hear," Connie purred, giving his ass a sharp spank that made him yelp. "Now hold that boy-pussy wide open for Mommy

and sissy and don't you dare let go. It's time for your spit shine anal initiation!"

Mother and daughter descended on Reese's most private orifice with a vengeance, their soft wet tongues lapping at his sensitive rim. He shivered and gasped as they traced every wrinkle and pucker, painting his hole with their warm spit.

"Mmm, you taste good everywhere, little bro," Jamie panted, licking a slow deliberate circle around his rim. She dipped the tip of her tongue just past the tight ring of muscle, smirking as he clenched instinctively. "Relax that boy-cunt for me. Let sissy in."

"Such a good boy, baby," Connie cooed, her long mommy-tongue lapping at his perineum while Jamie ate his ass. "Mommy's so proud of you for being our dirty little anal whore. You're taking these tongues like a champ."

Emboldened by the praise, Reese moaned wantonly and bore down, allowing his sphincter to relax and bloom open. Immediately, two slippery tongues plunged inside, wriggling and probing as they French kissed his inner walls.

"Hnnngggg fuuuuuck!" Reese keened, eyes rolling back in his head as his ass was violated in the most pleasurable way. Sloppy wet suction sounds filled the room as Connie and Jamie tongue-fucked him vigorously, their lips and chins smeared with drool.

"Get in there, baby girl," Connie urged as their wet tongue-tips wiggled inside his anal ring together.

Jamie pulled back with a gasp, noisily sucking the musky flavor from her tongue. "Damn, Mom, his boy hole is so tight and tasty. I could eat this ass for hours," she panted, diving back in for more.

"He opens right up for it too, like a natural born bottom," Connie marveled, slipping a spit-slick finger in alongside their squirming tongues. "I think our baby boy was meant to be an anal cum slut."

They continued passionately rimming him, gradually adding more fingers to the mix, pumping in and out of his slackening hole and scissoring him wider. Before long, Reese was a babbling, incoherent mess, his cock steadily dripping pre-cum onto his stomach as he got lost in the taboo pleasure of his mother and sister tongue-bathing his most intimate place.

"You've been such an obedient anal whore for us, baby," Connie finally praised, giving his loose, spit-shiny hole a few more licks. "I think it's time we let you cum. But you have to do it with Mommy's fingers up your ass like a good boy. No touching that cock."

"Yes, please, anything!" Reese readily agreed, too far gone to care about the humiliating stipulation. He just needed release so badly he would have offered his soul at that point.

"Mmm, so desperate. I love it," Connie purred wickedly. She pushed two fingers knuckle-deep into his slick hole and began pumping steadily, curling them to graze his prostate. "Cum for us, baby boy. Shoot that big load you've been saving up all over yourself like a nasty little slut."

Connie skillfully massaged Reese's prostate with her fingers, rubbing the walnut-sized gland in firm circles. At the same time, Jamie gently closed her teeth around his drawn-up balls, delicately chewing and compressing the sperm-swollen organs.

The dual stimulation was more than Reese's virgin body could handle. His enlarged prostate spasmed under his mother's touch, clenching rhythmically as it prepared to unleash his built-up load. His balls tightened almost painfully in his sister's mouth, the skin stretching drum-tight over the churning reservoirs of semen.

"Ohhh fuuuck, I'm cumming!" Reese wailed, voice cracking. His untouched cock lurched and throbbed, the shaft swelling even thicker. The cum bubbled up from his balls and surged through his urethra, racing to escape.

The first jet of pearly white jizz erupted from his flaring cockhead with incredible force, splattering across his face and into his gaping mouth. Connie clamped down hard on his prostate, wringing out his release while Jamie intensified her ball chewing.

Reese convulsed and thrashed, screaming himself hoarse as the most intense orgasm of his life ripped through him. Gush after gush of hot boy-cream geysered from his jerking cock, painting his face, hair and heaving chest with his own seed.

The semen poured out of him in a seemingly endless flood, each ball-clenching spurt making his asshole contract vise-tight around his mother's invading fingers. It felt like gallons were spraying out of his wildly twitching penis, draining directly from his squeezed balls.

"Can you feel his nuts contracting, honey?" Connie asked her daughter.

"Yes. That's it, little bro! Holy shit, look at him go!" Jamie cheered, gripping his balls firmly as they emptied their heavy load. "Fuck yeah, cover yourself in cum like a filthy boy whore!"

"Oh, so many ropes!" Connie exclaimed, still milking his prostate. "Look how thick and creamy his sperm is."

"So many fucking baby makers swimming around in that slime," her daughter added.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, Reese slumped against the sweat-soaked sheets, utterly spent. His cock gave a last feeble dribble and softened, slipping free of the colossal mess now covering his upper body. He gasped for breath, barely registering the obscene volume of spunk glazing his skin.

Connie eased her fingers from his still-spasming hole with a lewd squelch. "Whew! Now that's what I call a ball-draining!" she laughed, surveying her handiwork proudly. "I don't think you'll have any complaints about blue balls after that monster load!"

Jamie released his deflated sack from her mouth and sat back on her heels, grinning at Reese's cum-drenched form. "Damn, bro! You

blew like a fucking geyser!" she giggled. "Guess you really enjoyed your first rim-job and ball worship, huh?"

Connie and Jamie gazed down at Reese's cum-splattered form with matching Cheshire grins, their massive tits heaving with each breath. Reese could barely focus through his post-orgasmic haze, but he was acutely aware of their fat, erect nipples pointing at him almost accusingly from the peaks of those incredible breasts.

His mother and sister loomed over him like a pair of busty succubi, their ripe female scent filling his nostrils. The pungent musk wafting from between their legs was unmistakable - the heady aroma of dripping wet pussy. It mingled with the thick smell of his own spunk, creating a dizzying cocktail of sex that made Reese's spent cock twitch against his thigh.

"Look at you, baby boy, all fucked out and covered in your own jizz," Connie cooed wickedly. "I don't think I've ever seen you so...relaxed." Her voice dripped with mock sympathy as she reached out to scoop some of the cooling cum from his chest. Locking eyes with him, she brought her coated fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean with a exaggerated moan.

"Mmmm, you taste so good, little brother," Jamie purred, following her mother's lead and swiping a bit of his essence from his slack jaw. She made a show of smearing it across her pursed lips like glossy lipstick before lewdly smacking them. "Your baby batter is so yummy."

The two women giggled maniacally at Reese's glazed expression. He looked like a debauched frat boy who'd been bukkaked by his own pledge bros. Thoroughly owned and humiliated.

"I hope you realize your days of subpar blowjobs are over, young man," Connie said sternly, gripping his chin and forcing him to meet her imperious gaze. "From now on, any girl who sucks your dick had

better worship your balls too, or she'll have ME to answer to. Mom and sissy have given you a taste of what a real oral expert can do."

Jamie nodded eagerly in agreement. "That's right, bro. Those cum tanks deserve the five star treatment every time. No more settling for a half-assed mouth hug and a perfunctory fondle."

Reese could only groan weakly in response, his mind reeling as he struggled to process everything that had just happened. In the space of an hour, his mother and sister had used his most private parts as their personal toys, bringing him to heights of agonizing pleasure he didn't know existed.

The next day, Reese met up with his best friend Chester at the mall food court, still reeling from the wild events of the previous day. He had taken a shower, but he swore he could still smell his mom and sister's pussy lingering on his body.

"Dude, you're never gonna believe what happened to me," Reese blurted out as soon as Chester sat down with his tray of greasy Sbarro.

Chester raised an eyebrow. "Oh yeah? Try me."

Lowering his voice, Reese leaned in conspiratorially. "I got my balls sucked. And not just sucked - like, worshipped."

"No shit?" Chester looked impressed. "By who? That goth chick with the tongue piercing you've been crushing on?"

Reese shook his head, a smug grin spreading across his face. "Nope. By my mom. And my sister."

Chester's slice of pepperoni pizza dropped from his hand, landing with a splat on the tray. "Get the fuck outta here. You did not get your balls sucked by your mom and sister."

"Hand to God, bro." Reese held up three fingers in a scout's honor salute. "They double-teamed me. Licked and sucked my nuts for like an hour straight. I busted the biggest nut of my life all over myself."

Chester gaped at him, eyes wide with awe and more than a little envy. "Holy shit dude. That's like...the ultimate fantasy. How the hell did you pull that off?"

Reese shrugged, feigning nonchalance even as his cock twitched at the vivid memory. "I dunno, it just kinda happened. Jamie heard I was a virgin who never had his balls sucked before. Guess she thought that was unacceptable. Told our mom, and next thing I know, they're tag-teaming my nuts like it's their job."

A calculating look crossed Chester's face. "Hold up. They did this just because they heard that you never had it done before?"

"Yeah, I guess," Reese said, not sure where his friend was going with this.

Chester rubbed his chin vigorously, his eyes alight with devious calculation. "Dude, why not just spark a rumor that you're a complete virgin? Maybe they'll be down to fuck you too," Chester proposed with a mischievous grin.

"Do you seriously think they'd take it that far?"

Reese considered Chester's suggestion, his mind racing with possibilities. Could he really manipulate his mom and sister into going all the way with

him, just by playing the innocent virgin card? The mere thought made his cock strain against his jeans.

"You know what? You might be onto something," Reese said slowly, a plan forming in his head. "I mean, they were pretty eager to

'educate' me on the joys of ball worship. Who's to say they wouldn't be down for a more."

Chester grinned, leaning back in his chair with his hands behind his head. "Exactly, bro. Plant the seed, let the rumor spread, and before you know it, you'll have those two gagging for your dick. Trust me, chicks can't resist popping a guy's cherry."

Reese nodded, his resolve hardening along with his cock. "Alright, I'm in. Operation Virgin Bait is a go."

The next day at school, Reese put his plan into action. He started by casually mentioning to a few gossipy girls that he was "waiting for the right person" and hinted at still having his V-card. As predicted, the rumor spread like wildfire, and by lunchtime, the whole school was abuzz with talk of Reese's virgin status.

"I heard he's saving himself for marriage," one cheerleader whispered to her friend as Reese walked by their table. "That's soooo fucking crazy."

"Nah, I bet he's just shy and inexperienced," her friend countered, eyeing Reese like a hungry cougar. "Poor kid probably doesn't even know where to put it. He needs an older woman to show him the ropes."

Reese had to bite back a grin, knowing his plan was working perfectly. He put on his best wounded puppy expression and slunk off to his next class, playing the part of the awkward, bumbling virgin.

By the time he got home that afternoon, his phone was blowing up with texts from thirsty girls offering to "tutor" him in the ways of love. But Reese ignored them all, focused solely on his true targets.

As if on cue, Jamie burst into his room without knocking, a wicked gleam in her eye. "Hey there, baby bro. Heard a juicy little rumor

about you today."

Reese looked up from his homework, feigning confusion. "Huh? What rumor?"

Jamie sauntered over to his bed, her hips swaying seductively. "Oh, just that my dear sweet brother is a blushing virgin who wouldn't know what to do with a naked girl if she threw herself at him."

She plopped down next to him, her giant tits practically spilling out of her low-cut top. "Is it true, Reese? Are you really a virgin?"

Reese felt his cheeks flush as he nodded meekly. "Yeah...it's true," he mumbled, avoiding his sister's piercing gaze. "I've never...you know...done it before."

Jamie's eyes lit up with unholy glee. "Oh. My. God. This is so pathetic!"

With that, she bounded off the bed and raced out of the room, hollering "MOM! MOM, YOU'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS!"

Reese's heart pounded with anticipation as Jamie's footsteps faded down the hall. This was it - the moment of truth. Surely once his mother heard about his virgin status, she would waste no time in offering to personally deflower him, right?

He could picture it now: Connie barging into his room, her massive tits heaving with righteous indignation as she declared that no son of hers would go through life without knowing the pleasures of a woman's touch. She would order him to strip naked, then pounce on him like a cougar in heat, smothering his face with her dripping cunt while Jamie mounted his virgin cock.

Lost in his lurid fantasy, Reese barely registered the sound of his mother's footsteps approaching until she was standing in his doorway,

arms crossed and eyebrow arched. Jamie hovered behind her, a triumphant smirk on her face.

"So, I hear my baby boy is a virgin," Connie drawled, her voice dripping with amusement. "Is this true, Reese? Have you really never dipped your wick?"

Reese swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry. "Yes, Mom, it's true," he said, trying to sound appropriately meek and inexperienced. "I've never been with a girl before. I wouldn't even know where to start."

He waited for his mother to pounce, to offer her body as a tutorial on the ways of sex, just like she had with his balls. But to his shock, Connie merely laughed and shook her head.

"Oh sweetie, that's nothing to be ashamed of," she said, moving to sit beside him on the bed. "Lots of guys your age are still virgins. It's perfectly normal."

Reese blinked, thrown off balance. This wasn't how it was supposed to go. "But Mom," he protested weakly, "don't you think I should learn? You know, so I'm prepared for when the right girl comes along?"

Beside him, Jamie snorted derisively. "Please. As if any girl would want a fumbling virgin pawing at her." She leaned in close, her breath hot on his ear. "Face it, little bro - you need to up your game if you ever wanna get laid."

Connie nodded in agreement. "Your sister's right, honey. Girls these days expect a man to know what he's doing in the sack. You can't just rely on raw virginal enthusiasm."

Reese's mind reeled. This was not at all how he'd envisioned this conversation going. Desperate, he played his final card.

"Well, I was thinking," he said, trying to sound casual, "maybe you two could teach me? You know, give me some hands-on experience so I know what I'm doing?"

There. He'd said it. Surely now they would leap at the chance to initiate him into the world of carnal delights.

But to his dismay, Connie recoiled as if he'd suggested they murder a puppy. "Reese Andrew Johnson!" she scolded, sounding scandalized. "I can't believe you would even suggest such a thing!"

Jamie nodded vehemently, her face a mask of disgust. "Ugh, seriously bro? What the fuck?"

Reese's heart sank into his stomach as he realized he'd badly miscalculated. "But...but you sucked my balls!" he sputtered weakly, grasping at straws. "How is that any different?"

Connie rolled her eyes. "Ball sucking is one thing. It's practically a public service, making sure a man's nuts are properly drained and worshipped. But actual penetrative sex? With my own son? That's a hard line, mister."

She stood abruptly, smoothing down her skirt. "I think you need to do some serious reflecting on the difference between sexy fun and wildly inappropriate boundary crossing, young man. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a PTA meeting to get to."

With that, she turned on her heel and marched out, leaving a speechless Reese gaping after her. Jamie stood to follow, pausing to level him with a pitying look.

"Word of advice, virgin boy? Porn isn't real life. No woman is gonna fall over herself to fuck a clueless noob like you." She flipped her hair haughtily. "You want to pop that cherry? Do the work and maybe, just maybe, some poor girl will throw you a bone. But leave me and Mom out of your delusional incest fantasies, 'kay?"

Reese watched helplessly as his sister flounced out, slamming the door behind her. He flopped back on his bed, covering his face with his hands as the bitter sting of humiliation and rejection washed over him.

To be shut down so thoroughly, after thinking he had his mom and sister in the palm of his hand... it was almost too much to bear. His cock wilted in his jeans, the brief promise of taboo sex nothing more than a cruel mirage.

Reese groaned in frustration, cursing his own hubris. Chester had made it sound so easy - just play the virgin card and the women would come running, eager to school him in the ways of love. What a crock of shit.

But as he lay there marinating in his failure, a new determination overtook him. So what if his half-baked scheme to seduce his mom and sister had blown up in his face? They clearly weren't going to give it up easily. If he wanted to cash in his V-card, he needed to get serious.

No more relying on lame rumors and transparent virgin-baiting. It was time to hit the books (and the porn sites) and turn himself into a regular Casanova. He'd study every sex tip, practice every technique, until he was a master of the female form.

And when the time was right, he'd emerge from his chrysalis a sexual juggernaut, leaving a trail of satisfied women in his wake. His mom and sister would rue the day they spurned his advances. He'd make them regret not snatching up his virginity when they had the chance.

Reese allowed himself a small, vengeful smile as he grabbed his laptop and fired up an incognito browser. If they wouldn't give him a hands-on education, he'd damn well teach himself. And when he was through, no woman - not even the ball-busting tease queens of the Johnson household - would be able to resist him.

Virgin boy? Nah. They had no idea who they were dealing with.

Reese: The Pussy Destroyer was about to be born.

Reese threw himself into his sexual training regimen with single-minded determination. He devoured every scrap of carnal knowledge he could get his hands on, from ancient Kama Sutra texts to modern Pornhub tutorials. He studied female anatomy with the intensity of a med student cramming for finals, memorizing every erogenous zone and pleasure point.

He began a strict routine of edging and Kegel exercises to build his stamina and control. Every morning started with an hour of tantric meditation, visualizing his future conquests in exquisite detail. He ordered fleshlights in various textures and tightness to simulate different women.

Reese spent long hours locked in his room, his grunts of exertion and the slick squelch of masturbation drifting through the walls. The steady buzzing of vibrators and the rhythmic slap of skin on rubber became the soundtrack to his days.

He pushed his body to the limits, stroking and thrusting until his cock was raw and his balls ached. But he refused to cum, denying himself that sweet release. He was conditioning himself, training his mind and penis to please even the most demanding pussy.

In between marathon fapping sessions, Reese hit the gym with a vengeance. He lifted weights until his muscles screamed, sculpting his body into a rippling fuck machine. He chugged protein shakes laced with libido-enhancing supplements and exotic aphrodisiacs.

Before long, the physical transformation was undeniable. His soft, doughy frame had melted away, replaced by bulging biceps and rock-hard abs. His formerly above-average cock now hung heavy and thick between his legs, the purple head glistening with a constant sheen of pre-cum.

But it wasn't just his body that changed. Reese walked with a new swagger, his eyes glinting with predatory hunger. He radiated pure, unbridled virility, a primal aura of raw sexual energy. He was a finely tuned fuck-beast, and he wanted everyone to know it.

Reese made no effort to hide his carnal conditioning from his mother and sister. He left his bedroom door ajar when he jerked off, his animalistic groans echoing through the house. He "accidentally" left his porn stash loaded on the family computer, gigabytes of raunchy smut just begging to be discovered.

He strutted around the house in nothing but tight boxer briefs, his huge cock and balls obscenely outlined against the flimsy fabric. He took every opportunity to flex his newly jacked physique, stretching and preening like a peacock in heat.

Connie and Jamie tried to ignore Reese's lewd behavior at first, averting their eyes and biting their tongues. But as the weeks wore on, they found their gazes lingering on the tantalizing bulge in his briefs, their nipples tightening under their thin tank tops.

They started finding excuses to brush against him in the hallway, their lush bodies rubbing ever so slightly against his hard frame. They wore increasingly skimpy outfits around the house - booty shorts that showed the slightest peek of ass cheek, crop tops that exposed the tender undersides of their heavy breasts.

Reese drank in their surreptitious glances and "accidental" touches, his balls swelling with vindicated lust. He knew it was only a matter of time before their defenses crumbled completely. His mom and sister thought they could resist him? Ha. He would show them the folly of their ways.

Reese bided his time, letting the sexual tension build to a fever pitch. He jacked off with renewed fervor, the sloppy squish of his fist flying over his cock a near-constant soundtrack. He stained his sheets with great

gouts of glistening pre-cum, the musky scent of his arousal saturating the air.

One sweltering afternoon, Reese decided to up the ante. He waited until he heard his mother and sister splashing in the backyard pool, then stripped naked and slathered his muscular body in baby oil until he gleamed like a greased up fuck god.

Grabbing a bottle of suntan lotion, he sauntered out to the pool with his cock swaying heavily between his thighs. Jamie and Connie froze mid-splash, their eyes bulging as they took in the glorious sight of Reese's nude, oiled up form.

"Hey Mom, sis," he greeted them casually, as if he wasn't buck ass naked with his huge dick on full display. "Mind if I join you? It's hot as balls out here."

Without waiting for a response, Reese dove into the pool, his glistening muscles rippling as he cut through the water. He emerged directly between his shell-shocked relatives, slicking his hair back as rivulets of water cascaded down his ripped abs.

"Whoops, forgot my trunks," he said with a shrug, giving his semi-hard cock a stroke. "Oh well, we're all family here, right?"

Connie opened and closed her mouth like a landed fish, her eyes glued to her son's bobbing erection. Jamie made a strangled noise in the back of her throat, her nipples visibly hardening beneath her skimpy bikini top.

Reese suppressed a smirk, relishing their blatant arousal. He leisurely backstroked around the pool, making sure to give them an unobstructed view of his impressive package. When he reached the shallow end, he hoisted himself out of the water and stretched languidly.

"Hey Jamie, toss me that suntan lotion, will ya?" he called over his shoulder. "I don't want this monster cock getting sunburned."

Jamie fumbled for the bottle, her eyes never leaving Reese's bobbing tool. She lofted it to him with a shaky underhanded toss, watching slack-jawed as he slathered his dick and balls with the creamy lotion.

Connie made a choked sound as Reese began slowly stroking his greasy cock, fisting it from root to tip. "Mmmm, that's the stuff," he groaned, putting on a one-man show for his captive audience.

Pre-cum leaked steadily from his slit, dribbling down his shaft to mingle with the sunscreen. His low hanging balls jiggled heavily with each stroke, swollen with the cum he'd been saving up for weeks.

Reese beat his meat with an almost hypnotic rhythm, his eyes locked on his mother and sister's lust-drunk faces. He could practically feel the heat of their gazes zeroing in on his slick pumping fist, their cunts clenching in sync with his strokes.

Reese's cock was now truly a sight to behold, a throbbing pillar of virile flesh that commanded attention. The shaft had lengthened and thickened considerably from his ceaseless milking and supplement regimen, now an imposing nine inches of girthy, veiny meat. The bulbous head flared out obscenely, a glistening purple helmet leaking a steady stream of pre-cum.

His balls too had swollen to the size of ripe plums, churning audibly with backed-up spunk. They swayed heavily beneath his pistoning fist, pulled taut in their smoothly shaven sack. Each squeeze of his pumping hand sent a visible ripple through the cum-bloated orbs.

Connie and Jamie were utterly hypnotized by the erotic spectacle of Reese's newly enhanced manhood. They'd scoffed at his clumsy virgin baiting before, but now, faced with the throbbing reality of his hugely augmented cock, they were lost to pure animal lust.

The flimsy fabric of their bikini tops stretched obscenely over their suddenly rock-hard nipples, the engorged buds poking out like

gumdrops. Pebbled areolas tightened and crinkled as their massive tits swelled with arousal. Their pert nipples ached to be suckled, the sensitive flesh yearning for the abrasive rasp of Reese's stubble and tongue.

Down below, their bikini bottoms quickly dampened with a spreading patch of pussy nectar as their fat cunts clenched and fluttered. Swollen vulvas puffed out the fabric, the plump mounds lewdly camel-toed. Their juice-slick snatches burned empty and needy, desperate to be crammed full of rigid cock-meat.

Mother and daughter panted shallowly, inner thighs quivering and sticky with leaked arousal as they ogled Reese's pulsing erection. Their dilated pupils tracked a bead of pre-cum as it welled up from his tip and rolled down his frenulum, leaving a glistening trail.

Reese reveled in their wanton stares, stroking himself harder, faster. He grunted and growled like a rutting beast, putting on a filthy show.

"Reese, honey, maybe you should take that inside," Connie suggested, her voice strained. She tore her eyes away from her son's hypnotic stroking with visible effort. "It's not appropriate to...handle yourself so blatantly in front of your family."

"Yeah bro, go beat your meat in your room like a normal perv," Jamie snarked, though her breathy tone lacked any real bite. She couldn't quite manage to look away from Reese's pistoning fist, her cheeks flushed.

Reese just smirked, not breaking his rhythm. "What's the matter, sis? Afraid you might see something you like?" He punctuated his words with a lewd thrust of his hips, making his heavy cock and balls bounce obscenely.

Jamie scoffed, trying to play it cool even as her pussy clenched hungrily at the sight. "Please. As if I'm impressed by your sad virgin pecker. Congrats, you learned how to lift weights and yank your crank like every

other chump with an internet connection. Wake me when you actually know what to do with that thing."

Connie nodded, a hint of smug amusement playing across her lips. "Your sister's right, Reese. Getting in shape and perfecting your solo technique is all well and good, but it doesn't prove anything in terms of actual sexual prowess."

She gave a haughty sniff, pointedly ignoring the insistent throb of her nipples against her bikini top. "Maybe we'll be impressed when you've got a list of satisfied ladies singing your praises. Until then, you're all talk and no action, mister."

Reese's jaw clenched, a spark of anger mixing with his lust. He released his dripping cock, letting it slap up against his abs with an audible thwack. Stroking his shaft slowly, he fixed his mother and sister with a heated glare.

Jamie snickered meanly. "Let's see you actually put that penis to use on a living, breathing woman. Gym bunnies and Pornhub sluts don't count."

Reese's jaw clenched at their mockery, a muscle ticking in his chiseled cheek. But he refused to let their taunts break his stride. He knew it was all a front, a flimsy attempt to downplay how badly he'd rattled them.

He could smell their arousal, muskier than chlorine, wafting off their glistening bodies. He could see their diamond-hard nips and puffed-up pussies straining against scanty spandex, desperate for his touch. They could throw all the shade they wanted; their bodies told the real story.

But they were right about one thing: the true test of his sexual prowess would be his conquests.

Reese grinned wolfishly as a devious scheme took shape in his testosterone-fueled brain. His mother and sister wanted proof of his pussy-slaying skills? Oh, he'd give them proof, alright. And he knew just the ripe, vulnerable target to bag as his first trophy fuck.

Gran. His mom's incredibly-buxom, newly widowed mother. The O.G. MILF of the family.

At 64, Maureen was still a smoke-show, blessed with the same voluptuous curves and pretty face as her daughter. If anything, her mature figure was even more bodacious, her giant breasts and heart-shaped ass only ripening with age like a fine wine. Reese had spent many a family dinner struggling to hide his boner, surreptitiously ogling his granny's considerable assets as they strained against her snug sweaters and slacks.

And now, with his Grandad freshly in the ground, Maureen was the perfect mark. Lonely, grieving, and starved for masculine attention after years of lackluster fucking. The kind of desperate older broad who would cream herself over Reese's big college boy cock, so grateful for a thorough dicking that she'd sing his praises to anyone who'd listen - especially her catty daughter and granddaughter.

Just picturing his silver-haired granny sprawled out naked, her mammoth grandma tits flopping as he pounded her tight cunt, made Reese's prick throb urgently. He'd turn Maureen out like a spring break slut in Cancun, leaving no hole unfilled, no depraved act untried. By the time he was done with her, Gran would be his personal cock-sleeve, a cum-dumpster desperate to guzzle his jizz anytime, anywhere.

And Connie and Jamie? Those two smug cock teases would eat their words when they saw the ravenous gleam in Granny's eyes, heard her rhapsodize about the life-ruining power of Reese's magic stick.

They'd be falling all over themselves to sample his fuck-boy charms, too horny to care about little things like incest or pride.

The next day, Reese showed up on his grandmother's doorstep bright and early, a Cheshire Cat grin on his face. Maureen greeted him with a wobbly smile, her eyes red-rimmed from crying.

"Reese, honey, thank you so much for coming over to help," she sniffled, ushering him inside. "I just don't know what to do with all of your Grandpa's things. It's too hard to go through them alone."

"No worries, Gran. I'm here for you, whatever you need," Reese assured her, letting his eyes rove appreciatively over her buxom form.

Maureen had thrown on a thin cotton sundress for his visit, the clingy fabric molding to her ripe curves. The scooped neckline displayed an almost indecent amount of creamy tit-cleavage, her massive J-cups straining against the worn material.

The dress was a size too small, highlighting every mouthwatering inch of her voluptuous figure. It rode high on her plump thighs as she walked, giving Reese tantalizing peeks of bare, jiggling ass-cheek. Her nipples poked out like bullets, advertising their turgid state.

"Lead the way, Gran," Reese said, voice husky. He followed her swaying hips down the hall, adjusting his stiffening cock. This was going to be even easier than he thought.

They spent the morning sorting through boxes of Grandad's old clothes and knickknacks. Well, Maureen sorted while Reese ogled, his gaze glued to her bobbing bosom and jiggling rump as she bent and reached.

He made a show of lifting the heavy boxes, flexing his muscles until his t-shirt strained. He "accidentally" bumped and brushed against

Maureen at every turn, letting her feel his rock-hard physique and the thick, turgid meat of his cock.

"Whew, I'm getting sweaty," Reese announced after a particularly prolonged grind against her plush backside. He whipped off his shirt, revealing his glistening six-pack. "You don't mind, do you Gran?"

"N-not at all, dear," Maureen stammered, eyes round as saucers as she drank in his chiseled torso. Her hungry gaze lingered on the sizeable

bulge in his shorts. "My, you've certainly grown into a strapping young man, haven't you? I bet the ladies are beating down your door!"

Reese grinned, moving closer until Maureen was forced to tip her head back to maintain eye contact. "I do alright," he rumbled, letting his bulge brush her hip. "But I'm very...selective about who I share my body with. I need a woman with experience. Maturity. Someone who knows what she's doing between the sheets."

Maureen flushed, fanning herself dramatically. "Oh my, Reese. How very...discerning of you." She licked her lips, eyeing his muscular form with renewed interest. "You know, your grandfather and I used to have quite the active sex life back in the day. I knew my way around a man's body, that's for sure."

Her expression turned wistful, even as her nipples stiffened against her sundress. "Of course, the last few years were a challenge, with John's health declining. Towards the end, he just couldn't perform anymore, no matter how much I tried to entice him."

Maureen sighed, her heavy breasts heaving. "I have needs, you understand. Powerful, womanly urges that demand satisfaction. Why, I was forced to invest in a rather sizable prosthetic phallus just to quell the raging inferno in my loins! Even then, it was a poor substitute for a virile man's throbbing meat-wand."

She gazed up at Reese from beneath lowered lashes, her meaning clear. "I'd wear the batteries out on that contraption daily, sometimes three or four times. Can you imagine? A woman of my advanced age, still aching to be vigorously stuffed at all hours like an overly ripe turkey. It's positively indecent!"

Reese's cock surged in his shorts, tenting the fabric obscenely as his grandmother confessed her unquenched lust. He knew it was now or never. Leading Maureen over to the bed, he sat down beside her, the mattress dipping under their combined weight.

"Gran, I have to be honest with you," Reese began, his voice low and earnest. "The real reason I came over today wasn't just to help you sort through Grandad's things. It was to see you...and let you know that I'm here for you in ANY way you need."

He reached out to take her hand, his thumb tracing soothing circles on her soft skin. Maureen trembled at his touch, her breath quickening.

"Oh, Reese," she sighed, "you're such a sweet boy to be so concerned for your old grandma. But I couldn't possibly impose on you for...for THAT."

"It's not an imposition, Gran. I want to." Reese held her gaze, letting her see the genuine desire smoldering there. "I've always found you incredibly attractive. The most beautiful, sensual woman I've ever known. Well, you and mom that is. Let me show you how desirable you are."

Maureen's resistance was crumbling, the lonely ache between her thighs throbbing insistently. When was the last time a man had looked at her like that, with such raw hunger? Certainly not her doddering husband in his final impotent years.

Sensing her weakening resolve, Reese pressed on. "I know I'm young, Gran, and maybe not as experienced as you. But I'm eager

to learn. To please you." His hand slid up her bare thigh, disappearing under the hem of her sundress. "I've been studying hard. Educating myself in the art of pleasuring a woman."

Maureen shivered, opening her legs just a fraction in tacit permission. "Studying, you say?" she breathed, captivated by his slow caress. "And just what have these studies entailed?"

Reese smirked, his fingertips grazing the damp panel of her granny panties. "Well, I've become very interested in the female anatomy. Particularly the clitoris and G-spot. I've learned all about the different

techniques to stimulate those pleasure points...with my fingers, my tongue... my cock."

He punctuated that last word with a thrust of his hips, grinding his rigid bulge against her plump thigh. Maureen whimpered.

"I've been practicing my oral skills too," Reese continued, his fingers now boldly massaging her cloth-covered mound. "Learning how to eat pussy like a starving man at a buffet. I can't wait to put my tongue to the test on a real woman."

Maureen's hips twitched into his touch, her resolve nearly gone. One more little push...

"You've done so much for me over the years, Gran," Reese murmured, dipping his head to nuzzle her throat. "Let me give back. Let me make you feel good. Worship this beautiful body like it deserves."

He nipped at her earlobe, his hot breath gusting over her sensitive skin. "Please, Gran. I wanna taste your pussy so badly. I want to make you cum on my face over and over."

Maureen shuddered violently, her swollen cunt clenching. The combination of Reese's filthy words and intimate touch short-circuited her last bit of propriety.

"Yes," she rasped, spreading her thighs wantonly. "Yes, Reese. Lick me. Eat me until I scream."

Reese growled in triumph, kneeling down between her legs and yanking her panties aside to expose her dripping slit. He let out a hungry grumble as he stared at the puffy outer flanges of her cunt and oversized clit-hood protruding out lewdly.

Maureen cried out as he dove in face-first, his hot tongue immediately homing in on her throbbing clit.

He worked his way under her clitoral foreskin and lapped at the fat tender bud eagerly, just like he'd seen in all those "How to Eat Pussy Like a Champ" videos. He alternated between flicking the tip of his tongue rapidly against her clit and taking the whole thing in his mouth to suckle greedily.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck yes, eat that clit!" Maureen wailed, humping her grandson's face shamelessly, smearing her fragrant secretions all over him. Her sundress was bunched up around her waist now, her meaty bare ass jiggling as she writhed on his mouth.

Reese groaned into her folds, loving the tangy taste of her overripe cunt. Her heady sexual aroma filled his lungs so strong he could taste it. The boy pointed his tongue and fucked it in and out of her twitching hole, slurping up her fragrant juices. He hadn't been lying - he really had spent hours studying pussy eating techniques in preparation for this very moment.

239: “MOM, YOU'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS!”-part2/3

As he tongue-fucked her slick, corrugated channel, he brought his fingers up to diddle her clit, pinching and rolling the slippery nub. Maureen keened and thrashed, her plump thighs clamping around his head. Reese just burrowed deeper, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from his grandmother's spasming snatch.

He nibbled and sucked on her fleshy pussy lips, tugging them into his mouth like taffy. His nose mashed against her swollen clit as he worked her over, breathing in the rich aroma of her arousal. Maureen babbled incoherently above him, her tits heaving as she gasped for breath.

Reese glanced up at her from between her thighs, taking in the debauched sight. His prim and proper granny reduced to a sweaty, writhing mess from his tongue alone. Her pretty face was contorted in pleasure, her white teeth clenching as she panted and moaned. Her gargantuan tits had spilled out of her sundress completely, the heavy melons slapping together lewdly as she bucked.

Granny looked like a horny sow in heat, and it only spurred Reese on. He redoubled his efforts, lashing her turgid clit mercilessly with the flat of his overactive tongue. At the same time, he pushed two fingers into her clenching fuck-hole, pumping them in and out.

"Fuck! Fuck fuck fuck, don't stop!" Maureen chanted, her cries rising in pitch and volume as she neared climax. "Gonna cum, gonna cum so hard on your face..."

Reese snarled into her cunt, finger-fucking her harder as he gnashed her clit between his teeth. Maureen shrieked and convulsed, her pussy spasming violently around his plunging digits. A gush of granny cum squirted out to splatter Reese's chin as she came on his face like a geyser.

"AAAUUUGGHHHH FUUUUUUUUCK!!!" Maureen howled, every muscle in her body seizing up as the monstrous orgasm crashed through her. Her eyes rolled back in her head from the force of it, drool leaking from the corners of her slack mouth.

Reese lapped up her ejaculate greedily, moaning at the tangy-sweet taste. He continued to gently lap at her throbbing slit as she shuddered and twitched through the aftershocks, drawing out her pleasure. Only when Maureen collapsed back against the bed, boneless and mewling, did he lift his slick face from her quivering cunt.

"Holy shit, Gran," Reese panted, wiping his drenched chin. "You squirted like a fountain! That was so hot!"

Maureen could only whimper in response, still twitching with residual bliss. Her swollen pussy gaped and fluttered, oozing a steady trickle of pearly cum. She looked utterly debauched, like a spent GILF porn star after an all-day gangbang.

Reese grinned wolfishly, giving her sensitive slit a parting kiss before surging up her body to loom over her. "Mmmm, you taste delicious,

Gran. I could eat that cunt for hours," he purred, licking his lips. "But now I think it's time you returned the favor."

He pushed his shorts down, letting his massive erection spring free to slap against her belly. Maureen gasped at the sheer size of him, her eyes crossing slightly as she tried to focus on the throbbing veiny shaft.

"Oh my sweet Lord," she rasped, tentatively reaching out to encircle his girth. Her fingers didn't even come close to touching. "Reese, honey, you're enormous! I don't know if I can..."

"Oh, I think you can, Gran," Reese cut her off, thrusting into her loose fist. A pearly drop of pre-cum bubbled from his slit to smear across her plump tits. "We'll take it nice and slow. I know that hot mouth of yours can handle it."

He shuffled forward on his knees until the swollen head of his cock bumped insistently against Maureen's pursed lips. She automatically opened for him, her wet mouth forming a welcoming "O". Reese pushed in with a groan, watching in fascination as inch after thick inch disappeared between his granny's stretched lips.

Maureen gurgled around his girth, her eyes watering as he hit the back of her throat. But she didn't pull away. Instead, she hollowed her cheeks and began to suck, just like she'd done for his grandfather all those years ago.

"Fuck yeah, that's it," Reese grunted, gently rocking his hips to feed her more cock. "Take it down that tight throat, Gran. Suck me like you mean it."

Maureen moaned, the vibrations shooting straight down Reese's shaft to his balls. She opened her mouth wider, letting him slide into the hot clutch of her throat. Her nose mashed against his crotch as she deep-throated him to the root, inhaling the musky scent of his arousal.

"Fuck, I knew it! I knew you could take all of me. Shit!" Reese cursed, fisting her silver hair as he fucked into the warmth of her gullet. Her tongue massaged the sensitive underside of his shaft as he pistoned in and out, tracing the throbbing vein there. Drool spilled from the corners of her stretched mouth to drip down her chin, making wet squelching noises with each thrust.

"God damn, Gran, you suck cock like a pro," Reese panted, picking up the pace. His heavy balls slapped against her chin with each snap of his hips, leaving smears of pre-cum in their wake. "Grandad was a lucky bastard."

Maureen could only gurgle in agreement, too focused on the thick slab of man meat plundering her mouth. She reached up to fondle his swollen nuts, rolling the hefty orbs in her palm. They churned under her touch, seething with pent-up cum after weeks of celibate edging.

Reese groaned, his cock flexing urgently on her tongue, veins popping out from beneath the wet pink skin. As much as he wanted to savor this sloppy blowjob, he could already feel his orgasm building in the base of his spine. The urge to breed was overwhelming, to mark his granny's womb with his potent seed.

With great effort, Reese pulled his saliva-slick cock from Maureen's still suckling mouth. Her lips made a lewd pop as he withdrew, a string of drool connecting the swollen head to her panting mouth.

"Mmmph, why did you stop, baby?" Maureen mewled, trying to chase after his bobbing erection with her tongue. "Granny was just getting started!"

Reese chuckled darkly, fisting his shaft just out of her reach. "Oh don't worry, Gran. You'll get this cock back in your mouth soon enough. But first, I think it's time I painted those huge tits of yours."

He knee-walked up her body until his cock was nestled in the valley of her massive breasts. Maureen immediately pushed the heavy globes together, engulfing him in her warm, pillowy flesh.

"Yes, that's it," Reese groaned, starting to thrust. "Wrap those big ole titties around my dick. Gonna glaze them like a couple of donuts."

Maureen whimpered and squeezed her fatty breasts tighter, relishing the feel of her grandson's throbbing hardness sliding between them. The head poked out the top of her cleavage with each stroke, smearing pre-cum all over her collarbone.

Reese set a punishing pace, grunting and cursing as he fucked her tits with abandon. The fleshy globes jiggled and slapped together lewdly from the force of his thrusts, rippling outward. Maureen's elongated nipples poked out stiffly from wide discs of areola, begging for attention.

"Fuck, Gran, your tits are phenomenal," Reese panted, reaching down to pinch and tug on the rubbery nubs. Maureen keened and arched into his touch, her pussy clenching needfully. "Bet you give amazing titty fucks with these monsters."

"The best," Maureen purred, undulating her chest to massage his pumping cock. "I milked your grandfather dry with these big milkers more times than I can count. Morning, noon and night, he'd shove his pecker between my boobs and hose me down with spunk."

She shimmied her shoulders from side to side, making her huge jugs slosh and bounce around Reese's pistoning shaft. "Come on, baby. Give Granny a warm pearl necklace. Paint my tits with your hot jizz!"

Her raunchy encouragement was exactly what Reese needed. With a groan, he slammed his cock through her cleavage a dozen more times and exploded like a geyser. Great spurts of thick cum erupted from his slit to splatter across Maureen's chest and face, glazing her in his teenage spunk.

"Fuck! Oh fuck, take it Gran! Unnngh!" Reese roared as he emptied his balls, striping her neck, chin and cheeks with ropey white jets. Maureen opened her mouth to catch as much as she could, gurgling happily as her grandson's seed flooded her mouth and spilled down her chin.

Reese slumped over her, bracing his hands on either side of her head as he jerked and twitched through his release. His cock spit out a few more weak spurts directly onto her waiting tongue before finally running dry, the last drops of cum oozing sluggishly from his slit.

"Mmmm, so tasty," Maureen purred, licking her glazed lips. She swiped a finger through the thick spunk covering her face and tits and brought it to her mouth to suck clean. "Young and potent, just how I like it."

Reese watched her lick up his load through hooded eyes, his spent cock already starting to thicken again between her breasts. At 18, his refractory period was practically nonexistent, especially with such a cock-hungry cum slut splayed out before him.

He knew from his extensive edging sessions that if he could bust one nut before moving on to the main event, it would take the edge off and allow him to fuck like a machine for hours without blowing too soon. And now that he'd christened Granny's tits, he was ready to utterly ruin her hungry cunt.

Reese pulled his re-stiffened cock from Maureen's cleavage with a wet plop and shuffled back between her splayed thighs. She watched him with hooded eyes, panting shallowly as he notched the bulbous head of his prick against her swollen opening.

"You ready for this cock, Gran?" he growled, rubbing the slick crown up and down her slit to tease her bulbous clit. "Ready for your grandson to stretch out that greedy pussy?"

"God yes!" Maureen mewled, trying to hump up against him. Her empty cunt made wet sucking noises as it flexed needfully. "Please Reese, shove that big dick in me! I need it so bad!"

Reese grinned savagely, drunk on the power he held over his cock-starved granny. "Since you asked so nicely..."

With that, he gripped her plump hips and slammed forward, burying his huge prick to the hilt in one brutal thrust. Maureen screamed, back arching clean off the bed and tits careening as she was abruptly stuffed full of thick teenage meat.

"FUCK! Oh fuck, you're so deep!" she wailed, scrabbling at his shoulders. Her cunt clamped down like a vise around his girth, fluttering wildly.

Reese groaned at the incredible tightness gripping him, fighting the urge to blow his load immediately. Maureen may have popped out two kids, but her mature snatch was still exquisitely snug, hot silken walls squeezing him from all sides.

He held himself still, just savoring the feel of her, the knowledge that he was balls deep in his own grandmother's cunt. The forbidden nature of it only heightened his pleasure, made his cock jerk and swell even more inside her, his knob crushing her cervical entrance.

After a long moment, Reese pulled back until just the tip remained nestled in her slick folds. Maureen whimpered at the loss, her pussy clutching at him greedily. Then with a feral snarl, he slammed back in, earning a yelp from his granny as her cervix was battered.

Reese set a hard, fast rhythm, pounding into Maureen's juicy cunt with all the pent-up lust and aggression he'd been saving. The headboard slammed against the wall with each powerful thrust, rattling the framed photos of his smiling grandfather that still hung there.

"Yes! Yes, fuck me!" Maureen babbled, her huge tits bouncing in Reese's face as he railed her. "Harder baby, fucking ruin me with that big cock!"

Reese grunted and complied, hammering into her like a jackhammer. Maureen's thick thighs clamped around his pistoning hips, her ankles locking behind his ass to urge him deeper. Her fat cunt lips clung to

his shaft, making obscene squelching noises as he plundered her tender hole.

The room reeked of sex, of sweat and musk and pussy juice. Maureen's copious arousal gushed around Reese's plunging cock, matting his pubes and dripping down to soak the bedspread beneath her jiggling ass.

Reese leaned down to maul one of her wildly bouncing tits, sucking the elongated nipple into his mouth as his face sunk against the dough-like meat of her melon. He nibbled and bit at the sensitive bud, making Maureen shriek and clench around him. Milk spurted into his mouth, the thin, sweet liquid coating his tongue.

"Fuck Gran, you're lactating?" Reese groaned around a mouthful of tit, never breaking his brutal rhythm. "So fucking hot!"

Maureen keened, fisting his hair to hold him against her leaky breast. "The other one too! Suck them both, drain Granny's milk tanks!"

Reese obeyed, moving to her other nipple and sealing his lips around it. He suckled hard, hollowing his cheeks as he drew out her milk in strong pulls. He gulped down the warm, creamy liquid greedily, his hips still pumping away.

Lost in tit-drunk bliss, Reese hammered mindlessly into his granny's convulsing cunt, his swollen balls slapping against her jiggling ass with each thrust. Maureen thrashed beneath him, wailing as a massive orgasm crashed through her.

"OHHHH FUUUUUUUCK!!!" she screamed, her pussy spasming wildly around Reese's cock. Squirt after squirt of granny cum gushed out to soak his pistoning shaft and balls, the clear fluid splattering everywhere.

Reese groaned around her wobbling tit, the feel of her cunt rippling along his length almost too much to take. But he gritted his teeth and powered through, determined to make this last. He gentled his thrusts slightly, grinding and swiveling his hips to massage her fluttering walls through the aftershocks.

"Holy shit, Gran," he panted once she finally went boneless beneath him, mewling weakly. He released her nipple with a wet pop. "You're a fucking tsunami when you nut! Drenched my goddamn balls!"

Maureen just whimpered, too blissed out to form words. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her tongue lolling out obscenely. Drool dribbled down her chin to pool in the hollow of her throat. She looked utterly wrecked, and they were just getting started.

Reese smirked down at her, drunk on his sexual power. His cock was still rock hard inside her, pulsing with the need to breed. Pulling out slowly, he watched in fascination as her puffy pussy lips clinging to him, reluctant to let him go. Her yawning hole gaped obscenely once he slipped free, a frothy mix of their combined juices oozing out.

"Flip over, Gran," Reese commanded, giving her plump ass-cheek a slap. "I wanna see this big booty bounce while I fuck you senseless."

Maureen scrambled to obey, her entire body trembling with anticipation. She got on her hands and knees, arching her back sluttily to present her massive ass to her grandson. Her heavy udders swayed beneath her, still dripping milk.

Reese knelt behind her, practically salivating at the sight of her phat ass cheeks jiggling invitingly. He grabbed two handfuls of the doughy flesh, kneading and spreading her open. Her pink, puffy cunt winked at him from between, still slick and swollen from her last orgasm.

Unable to resist, Reese leaned in and swiped his tongue through her folds, groaning at the tangy flavor of her arousal. Maureen gasped

and

shoved back against his face, silently begging for more. Reese obliged, sealing his mouth over her slit and suckling noisily, his nose pressed against the crinkled rosette of her asshole.

Reese lapped at Maureen's dripping cunt like a man possessed, his tongue delving deep to lap up every drop of her tangy nectar. He swirled around her clit, flicking the sensitive bud rapidly as he tongue-fucked her hole, relishing her desperate mewls and the way she ground back against his face. Her plentiful ass cheeks engulfed him, the plush flesh rippling as he ate her greedily.

"Mmmph fuck Gran, your pussy tastes incredible," Reese groaned, coming up for air. Maureen's juices smeared his cheeks and chin, dribbling down to soak his heaving chest. "I could munch this sloppy snatch all day."

"Then quit yapping and get back to it, boy!" Maureen demanded, humping back urgently. "Oooh that's it, get that tongue in there! Fuck, you eat cunt even better than your granddad, rest his soul."

Spurred on by her raunchy praise, Reese redoubled his efforts, slurping and suckling her swollen folds like the sweetest nectar, his face masked in hot pink pussy-flesh. Maureen's moans grew higher and louder until she was practically sobbing with pleasure, her entire body quaking.

Just as she was about to cum on his tongue again, Reese abruptly pulled back, leaving her cunt clenching around emptiness. Maureen wailed in protest but he silenced her with a sharp slap to her rippling ass, the doughy flesh bouncing from the impact.

"Nuh-uh, you only get to nut on my cock from now on," Reese growled, rising up to notch his angry purple tip against her gaping hole. "Gonna bust that needy granny cunt wide open."

With that promise, he grabbed her chunky hips and slammed balls deep in one brutal stroke. Maureen shrieked as she was abruptly stuffed full,

her pussy stretching obscenely around his thick root. Reese paused for just a moment, savoring the wet heat gripping him, then began to piston his hips like a machine.

Maureen's colossal ass cheeks rippled and bounced with each powerful thrust, the smacking of skin on skin filling the room. Reese gripped the fleshy globes for leverage as he fucked into her, his fingers sinking into the pliant fat. He panted harshly, sweat dripping down to mingle with the fluids already glazing his groin.

"Take it, take that fucking cock!" Reese snarled, punctuating his words with particularly sharp snaps of his hips. Maureen could only keen brokenly in response, her pussy spasming around his driving hardness as she was railed into oblivion.

Reese pushed her shoulders down until her huge rack was mashed against the bed, her nipples rubbing the sheets with each thrust. The angle changed, allowing him to go even deeper, his swollen cockhead pummeling her cervix relentlessly.

"Gonna...gonna cum..." Maureen gasped out, her entire body trembling. "Fuck Reese, you're gonna make Granny squirt again!"

Reese grinned savagely, doubling his pace. He pulled her arms behind her back, using them as handles to yank her back onto his pistoning cock with brutal force. At the same time, he leaned over her sweaty back to growl filth into her ear.

"That's right Gran, cum all over my big dick," he panted harshly. "Squirt for me like a whore. Drench my balls in granny jizz!"

His raunchy words combined with the relentless stimulation proved too much for Maureen. With a guttural scream, she exploded into

the most intense orgasm of her life. Clear fluid gushed from her cunt to splatter Reese's groin and soak the sheets below as she squirted uncontrollably, her pussy clamping around him like a vise.

"OHHHH GODDDDDD!!!" she wailed brokenly, thrashing on his cock as ecstasy ripped through her. Reese never let up, hammering her convulsing snatch through every rippling aftershock until she collapsed face-first into the puddle of her own ejaculate, utterly spent.

Reese pulled out slowly, his cock making a lewd squelch as it slipped free of her gaping, cream-filled hole and bobbed up and down stiffly. He sat back on his haunches, idly stroking his juice-slick shaft as he surveyed his handiwork with smug male pride.

Maureen sprawled before him in a boneless heap, her rounded ass still obscenely hiked up, quivering with aftershocks. Her puffy, well-used cunt gaped open, dribbling a constant stream of their combined fluids. Globs of frothy cream oozed sluggishly from her swollen folds to drip down her inner thighs.

She looked like she'd been gangbanged by a football team, utterly wrecked and glazed with cum. Reese had never seen a more erotic sight. His cock pulsed in his fist, still throbbing and angry red despite the vigorous fuck session. He was nowhere near done with his granny's holes.

The teen grinned wickedly as an idea formed in his lust-fogged brain. He gave Maureen's plump ass a sharp smack, jolting her out of her sex stupor.

"Alright Gran, you've had your fun being a pillow princess. Now it's time to show me what you can really do," he taunted. "I want to see you this cock."

Maureen lifted her head from the cum-stained sheets, peering back at him over her shoulder with a dazed but intrigued expression. "Oh?

And what exactly did you have in mind, stud?" she purred, wiggling her doughy rump invitingly.

Reese laid back on the pillows resting against the headboard and crooked a finger at her, his juice-slick erection bobbing obscenely. "Come and get it, Granny. Climb on and ride me like the cock-hungry slut I know you are. Show me those wide hips still have some life in them."

Maureen's eyes flashed with challenge even as her cunt clenched hungrily at his degrading words. Reese wanted her to summon her inner fuck hound? Oh, she'd show him what this old broad could do. He had no idea who he was dealing with.

With a filthy smirk, Maureen rolled onto her hands and knees and crawled towards Reese, her massive jugs swaying hypnotically. She maintained intense eye contact as she straddled his thighs, reaching down to grip his throbbing shaft in one soft hand.

"Mmmm, get ready baby. Granny's about to take you for the ride of your life," she promised, positioning his engorged tip at her entrance. "Hope you can keep up."

With that, Maureen sank down onto his cock in one smooth motion, taking him to the hilt. They both groaned at the delicious stretch, her mature cunt gripping him like a silken fist. Maureen paused for just a moment to adjust before setting a hard, rolling rhythm.

She bounced on her grandson's cock with wild abandon, her giant tits slapping his face with each downward plunge. Meaty thighs flexed as she pistoned up and down, impaling herself over and over on his rigid flesh-pole. Broken grunts and moans spilled from her slack mouth, drool dribbling down her chin.

Reese could only hang on for dear life, hands gripping her plush hips as she rode him like a woman possessed. Maureen's cunt made obscene squelching sounds as she slammed herself onto him, a

frothy mix of their juices splattering everywhere. Her ass cheeks rippled and bounced, the doughy globes slapping against his thighs.

"Fuck Gran, you're insatiable!" Reese panted, in awe of her cock-crazed frenzy. He'd unleashed a monster. "Gonna drain my balls dry, aren't you?"

"Ungh fuck yes!" Maureen grunted, slamming herself down particularly hard. "Gimme that cum, boy! Pump me full of baby batter! Breed this hungry granny cunt!"

Her filthy demands spurred Reese on, his hips rising to meet her downward thrusts. He bucked up into her wildly, their bodies slapping together with meaty thwacks. His heavy balls drew up tight, preparing to unleash their massive load.

"Shit, I'm gonna bust!" Reese warned, his cock pulsing urgently inside her fluttering sheath. "Where do you want it, Gran? Want me to glaze those huge tits again?"

Maureen shook her head frantically, her sweaty hair whipping around. "No! Cum in my cunt, fill me up! I wanna feel you shoot off deep, paint my fucking womb with it!"

That was all Reese needed to hear. With a hoarse groan, he slammed Maureen down onto his erupting cock, grinding her cervix against his spurting tip. Thick ropes of semen gushed into her spasming hole, flooding her clutching depths with his virile seed.

Maureen keened as she felt him cum inside her, triggering her own earth-shattering climax. Her cunt rippled around him, milking out every drop as she squirted fem-jizz all over his groin. She collapsed against his chest, giant tits mashing into his face as she jerked and twitched through the aftershocks.

They laid there panting for a long moment, basking in the afterglow of their simultaneous orgasms. Reese's softening cock slipped out of

Maureen's cum-sloppy hole with a gush of semen. He idly swiped a finger

through the pearly globs smeared between her thighs, pushing them back inside her battered fuck-hole.

"Goddamn Gran, you're a wild woman," he praised, still catching his breath. "Can't believe you had all that pent up, just waiting to be unleashed."

Maureen chuckled hoarsely, nuzzling into his sweaty neck. "What can I say, honey? You bring out the freak in me. Haven't been dicked down like that in decades."

She shifted to gaze down at him with an evil glint in her eye, reaching back to grip his sticky semi. "And if you think I'm done with this beautiful cock, think again. We're just getting started, stud."

Reese grinned up at her, his prick already starting to lengthen and fill in her pumping fist. Oh yeah, this was the beginning of a beautiful arrangement. His mom and sister had no idea what kind of sexual dynamo they'd unleashed by denying him.

With a lecherous chuckle, he rolled Maureen beneath him, pinning her down as he notched his hardened cock at her sloppy entrance once more.

"Brace yourself, Granny. This ass ain't leaving this bed until you're a cross-eyed, cum-drunk mess."

Maureen just grinned and spread her thighs wider in open invitation. This young buck had no idea who he was dealing with. She'd suck and fuck the youth right out of him.

As Reese sheathed himself in her willing body once more, they both knew this was far from over. He had a point to prove and a grudge to settle. And Maureen? Well, she was more than happy to be his

secret weapon in the war against her prudish daughter and granddaughter.

Oh yes, Connie and Jamie would rue the day they underestimated her precious grandson. She'd make damn sure of it, one glorious fuck at a time.

Reese threw himself into satisfying his cock-hungry grandmother with a single-minded intensity usually reserved for Olympic athletes. For the next several hours, he fucked her in every position imaginable, until Maureen's holes were gaping and sloppy, her body marked with friction-burn, bruises, and bites.

He took her from behind, powerful thighs flexing as he plowed her ass like a jackhammer. He had her ride him reverse cowgirl, so he could watch her giant cheeks bounce and ripple as she impaled herself on his massive schlong over and over. At one point he even picked her up and fucked her against the wall, marveling at his own strength as he drilled her sloppy cunt, those big udders jiggling in his face.

They rutted like wild animals, grunting and growling and snarling filth at each other. The room reeked of sweat and sex, the air thick with the sounds of wet skin slapping, headboard banging, and Maureen's constant breathless wails. The bed was soaked with their various fluids, a pungent mix of sweat, spunk, and granny squirt.

Reese pumped load after hot load into Maureen's greedy holes, painting her cervix, tonsils and tits with his seemingly endless supply of jizz. He'd never been more grateful for all those ball-churning supplements he'd been chugging, allowing him to bust fat nuts over and over without going dry.

For her part, Maureen took everything he gave her and begged for more, her mature body a fuck-doll for Reese to use as he pleased. The raunchier and more degrading, the better. It was like she was

determined to cram a lifetime's worth of filthy depravity into one marathon fuck session.

"Harder, fuck me harder!" she'd demand, fingers clawing at his flexing ass as he hammered her cunt. "Ruin me with that big college cock! Make it so I can't walk right for days!"

Or when he was balls deep in her throat, using her head like a fleshlight: "Ungh yeah, fucking choke me on that fat dick! Pump your slime right down Granny's gullet! Glaze my whore throat white!"

Reese was only too happy to comply with her nasty exhortations, pushing both their bodies to the absolute limits of pleasure and perversion. He used her like the cum-hungry cock socket she was, violating her well-seasoned holes with a kind of pornographic artistry.

As Reese pounded into Maureen's asshole from behind, grunting and growling like a feral beast, her eyes drifted over to the framed photos on the nightstand. There she was on her wedding day, young and radiant in white lace, smiling up at her handsome new husband. And in the other silver frame, a more recent shot of her and John, wrinkled but still very much in love after 40 years together.

Maureen shuddered, a perverse thrill shooting through her as she beheld those happy images while getting her shitter demolished by her own grandson's massive cock. What would John think if he could see her now, stripped of her grieving widow persona to reveal the anal whore within? Bouncing her big meaty ass back to meet each brutal thrust, greedy shithole squeezing Reese's plundering fuck-stick, drooling and babbling for him to ruin her dirtiest hole?

"You nasty little slut," John would probably sneer in disgust as he watched her debase herself. "Sullying our marital bed by letting our grandson use you like a whore. I'm barely cold in the ground and

you're already taking cock up the ass like a guttertrash skank. You should be ashamed, you wretched old whore!"

The image of John's disapproval, his utter revulsion at her depravity, only served to heighten Maureen's pleasure. The sheer wickedness, the taboo

wrongness of it all made her cunt gush and her shit-pipe clench greedily around Reese's cock. She was defiling her dead husband's memory with every sodomizing stroke and she fucking LOVED it.

Maureen keened, her voluptuous body jolting with each meaty impact of his groin against her bruised ass-cheeks. Drool flew from her slack mouth as he used her, eyes nearly crossing from the intensity of his sodomy. She could feel his cock throbbing urgently in her bowels, knew he was close to unleashing his seed deep in her forbidden passage.

Reese suddenly pulled out of Maureen's well-used asshole with a wet pop, leaving her gaping and twitching. Before she could protest the loss, he scooped her up effortlessly, hands cupping her ample rump. With a feral growl, he lowered her back down onto his throbbing shaft, spearing her stretched out shithole on his raging hard-on.

"HNNNGGGH FUCK!" Maureen wailed as gravity drove her down, impaling her ass on Reese's enormous cock until she was fully seated, quivering anal ring stretched obscenely around his thick root. She instinctively clenched around his girth, silky intestinal walls rippling along his shaft.

Reese groaned at the buttery soft grip of her innards, his sweat-slick muscles flexing as he bounced her on his dick like a rag doll. Maureen's oversized tits flopped heavily, puckered nipples leaking milk with each jarring thrust. Her head lolled back bonelessly, glazed eyes rolling in their sockets as Reese power-fucked an orgasm out of her tired body.

"Uunnff yeah, take it, take it up your shitter!" Reese snarled, slamming her down brutally to meet his upward lunges, his heavy ball sack slapping wetly against her bruised ass cheeks. His hips jackhammered relentlessly, driving his steel-hard teenage cock into her guts with ruthless precision. Maureen could only mewl weakly, drool splattering her huge juddering jugs.

Reese pistoned into his grandmother's sloppy asshole with a machine-like intensity, feeling his climax building at the base of his spine. His bloated balls churned with one last massive load, sack pulling up tight as he prepared to breed Maureen's bowels.

"Gonna...fucking...cum!" Reese roared, voice raw. His rhythm grew erratic, each stroke pulling out until just the bulbous tip caught on her anal rim before slamming back in to the hilt. Maureen's body jolted like a fuck puppet, her intestines spasming around the thick slab of cock-meat plundering her depths.

With a bestial growl, Reese crammed his grandmother down on his erupting dick, burying himself to the balls in her convulsing shithole. His swollen sack jumped and twitched as it disgorged a massive gout of semen, flooding Maureen's guts with what felt like gallons of hot teenage spunk.

Maureen shrieked as she felt Reese's seed gushing into her bowels, the searing splash of jizz triggering her own mind-melting anal orgasm. Her clenching sphincter milked his spurting cock, greedy suctioning out his sticky seed.

By the time he finally pulled out of her wrecked asshole with a wet pop, his balls totally drained and her body a quivering mass of fucked-out jelly, Reese knew he'd achieved something profound. He'd turned his own grandmother into his personal fuck-toy, a debased anal whore who'd do anything for his cock.

And the best part? She was going to help him give his snooty mother and sister the ultimate "I told you so". With her enthusiastic

testimony, they'd have no choice but to recognize his supreme sexual prowess. And then, they'd have no choice but to beg for it themselves.

Reese smirked as he gazed down at Maureen, sprawled out with her holes gaping and leaking his spunk, a glazed look of utter satisfaction on

her face. The family dynamic was about to shift in a major way, and his cock would be at the center of it.

Jamie burst through the front door, her eyes wide with shock and excitement. She found her mother in the kitchen, calmly sipping coffee and scrolling through her phone.

"Mom, seriously, you need to hear this right now!" Jamie insisted breathlessly, plopping down at the kitchen table. "I just got back from Gran's and she told me the wildest thing!"

Connie glanced up from her phone, one perfectly arched eyebrow raised. "Oh? And what salacious gossip did my mother share that's got you in such a tizzy?" she asked dryly.

Jamie leaned forward, lowering her voice to a scandalous whisper. "Gran told me that Reese came over yesterday to help her go through some of Grandad's things. And apparently, one thing led to another and... Mom, brace yourself... Reese fucked her. Like, really fucked her."

Connie's mouth dropped open. She set her coffee mug down with a clank. "Excuse me? Reese did what to my mother?!"

"You heard me," Jamie confirmed with a vigorous nod. "He absolutely railed her. For hours. In every position, every hole. Gran said he has the biggest cock she's ever seen and he wielded it like a sex god. She was practically singing arias about his amazing technique."

Jamie shook her head in disbelief. "I'm talking jackhammer pounding, show-no-mercy, leave-you-cross-eyed fucking. He pumped her so full of jizz, it was leaking out of her for hours afterwards. Gran said she had the most intense, body-shaking orgasms of her entire life. Multiple. He sucked her tits, ate her pussy like a starving man, even tongued her asshole!"

Connie stared at her daughter, face pale with shock. "Mother shared all these sordid details with you? What the hell?"

"Oh, she didn't spare a single sticky bit," Jamie confirmed with relish. "I'm talking a play-by-play of the best dicking of her life. You should have seen her, Mom - she looked fucked-out, sore, and utterly satisfied. I didn't think a woman her age could still look that way."

Jamie cackled at her mom's horrified expression before continuing. "Gran said Reese is an absolute machine - he can go for hours without losing steam, blowing massive load after massive load. His cock stays rock hard no matter how many times he nuts. He's got the stamina of a rutting bull. And the way he uses that tongue and those fingers? Puts every other guy to shame."

Connie looked absolutely gobsmacked, her cheeks flushing at the explicit details. "I can't believe what I'm hearing. Reese and my mother? Having some kind of sordid, incestuous affair? It's too shocking!"

Jamie nodded, a wicked gleam in her eye. "I know, right? Our little virgin boy turned into an absolute pussy slayer overnight. Seems all that 'training' he was doing paid off in spades. He turned Gran into his own personal fuck-toy!"

She shook her head, almost impressed despite herself. "I mean, I knew he was determined, but damn. Reducing a seasoned woman like my mother to a cock-drunk, jizz-leaking mess? That takes skill. Serious skill."

Jamie smirked, eyeing her mother knowingly. "You thinking what I'm thinking? Maybe we were too hasty in brushing off Reese's talents. A cock like that... it'd be a shame not to sample it for ourselves, don't you think?"

Connie's eyes glazed over slightly as she considered the implications, her thighs clenching together beneath the table. As wrong as it was, the idea

of her strapping young son wielding a huge, virile cock and fucking like a machine... it made her skilled pussy throb and gush.

She gave herself a mental shake, trying to regain her composure. It was all too much to process - the taboo revelations, the forbidden desires unfurling inside her. She needed time to think, to grapple with this shocking new reality.

But even as she attempted to rationalize it away, Connie knew one thing for sure - Reese was no longer the sweet, innocent boy she'd thought him to be. He was a dominant sexual force to be reckoned with.

And heaven help her, she wanted to be conquered by him. Utterly and completely. No matter how depraved.

The seeds of lust had been irrevocably planted. Now it was only a matter of time before the illicit attraction consumed the Johnson women, body and soul.

Connie took a deep, shuddering breath, her nipples diamond-hard points against her thin t-shirt. She met Jamie's knowing gaze, a silent understanding passing between mother and daughter. They were in for one wild, family-rocking ride.

"Okay," Connie said finally, her voice husky with ill-suppressed arousal. "Tell me everything Gran told you. Every filthy, cum-soaked detail. Don't you dare leave anything out."

Jamie grinned like the cat that got the cream, settling in to give the pussy-pounding play-by-play. This was going to be good. Really good.

And with every sordid word, the unquenchable fire in Connie's loins only burned hotter, an all-consuming need to experience her son's sexual prowess for herself. Society's taboos be damned.

Reese, meanwhile, was across town at his buddy Chester's place, recounting his conquest with a shit-eating grin.

"Dude, I'm telling you, it was epic," he bragged, lounging back on the ratty couch. "I pounded Granny's holes like a boss. Had her squirting and screaming for hours. My dick is raw from the all-day fuck-fest, but so worth it."

Chester listened with rapt attention, his own boner tenting his basketball shorts. "Shit man, that's legendary! I can't believe you bagged a GILF just to get the attention of your mom and sis. That's some next level shit!"

Reese smirked, adjusting his bulge smugly. "What can I say? They underestimated my sexual kung-fu. Threw down the gauntlet, so I had to show them what's what. And now that Gran is thoroughly dickmatized, she'll be singing my praises non-stop. Mom and Jamie won't know what hit 'em."

"So what's the next move?" Chester asked eagerly. "You gonna run a train on all three of them? Make it a real family affair?"

Reese's eyes gleamed with lecherous intent. "Oh, they won't be able to resist begging for my cock after this, trust me."

The next morning, the Johnson family piled into the car for a weekend trip to their lake cottage. Reese could barely contain his anticipation, knowing this getaway would be the perfect opportunity to seal the deal with his mom and sister.

As Connie and Jamie emerged from the house with their bags, Reese's jaw nearly hit the driveway. His mother was wearing the skimpiest sundress he'd ever seen her in, the flimsy white fabric straining over her giant tits and riding up to show a tantalizing amount of thick thigh. Her nipples, clearly unbound beneath the sheer material, poked out like pencil erasers.

Jamie was no better, squeezed into a crop top that displayed her toned midriff and ample underboob. Her cutoff jean shorts were so tiny, the rounded globes of her ass cheeks peeked out obscenely. She bent over to place her bag in the trunk, lingering a bit to give Reese an eyeful of barely-contained rear end.

The girls slid into the backseat on either side of him, while his little brother sat in the front passenger seat, headphones on as he played a handheld video game. Reese caught a whiff of their respective perfumes - Connie's refined and floral, Jamie's younger and fruitier. But beneath the surface notes lay the unmistakable musk of aroused pussy, making his cock swell against his fly. It was going to be a long, tortuous drive.

Jamie and Connie snuggled up close on either side of Reese, their bodies pressing intimately against his. He could feel the incredible softness and warmth of their abundant breasts mashing into his arms and chest through the thin fabric of their tops.

Glancing down, he was treated to a breathtaking view of two sets of deep, pillowy cleavage on display, their massive tits straining against barely-there necklines. Jamie's crop top had ridden up even further from how she was leaning into him, revealing the lower curves of her breasts. Connie's sundress gaped open, twin expanses of smooth flesh swelling above the low-cut bodice.

The women spoke to each other in hushed, conspiratorial tones, not wanting those in the front to overhear.

"Hey mom, I got my pussy waxed bare down there for this trip," Jamie murmured sultrily. "Smooth as silk."

"Mmm, me too honey," Connie purred, tracing a perfectly manicured nail along Reese's thigh. "My pussy is all naked and sensitive now. The aesthetician really got in there, made sure not a single stub of hair was left."

Reese shivered, sitting there in silent disbelief of the conversation that were having in front of him. His cock throbbing at the thought of his mother and sister's bare, glistening slits. His hands itched to slide up their legs and confirm just how silky and exposed they were.

"You know who else is completely bare these days?" Connie continued, her voice a seductive lilt. "Your grandmother. Isn't that right, Reese?"

Reese gulped awkwardly, shifting in his seat as his erection strained almost painfully against his zipper. Moisture seeped through his boxer briefs, the fabric tented obscenely. "Oh, I um… well I—"

"God, I bet Gran's cunt tasted so sweet," Jamie moaned quietly, pressing her tits more insistently into Reese's bicep. "Was it, Reese? Was her bare pussy delicious when you ate it?"

Reese could only nod jerkily, not trusting his voice. The car suddenly felt stiflingly hot despite the AC blasting.

"I wonder how your tongue would feel on my naked slit," Connie mused, staring into her son's eyes as her fingers dancing ever closer to the prominent bulge in Reese's jeans. "Lapping up alllll my juices, nudging my fat throbbing clit with your nose..."

Jamie licked the shell of his ear before purring "And then you could eat my tight bare cunt for dessert. Bury your face between my

spread thighs until I squirt all over your chin. Mmm, I get so fucking creamy just thinking about it."

Connie leaned in even closer, her lips grazing Reese's ear as she whispered huskily. "I bet you stretched Granny's bare pussy so good with that big fat cock, didn't you baby? Pounded her wide open, made those giant titties bounce and sway with each thrust."

Jamie moaned softly, squirming in her seat. "Ungh yeah, I can just picture you drilling into Gran's wet naked cunt, balls slapping against her jiggly ass. Bet you fucked her silly, left that snatch gaping and sloppy."

Connie's hand crept higher up Reese's thigh, fingers toying with his zipper. "And I'm sure you worshipped those huge soft boobies of hers, right honey? Sucked and bit her big puffy nipples? Smothered yourself in all that pillowy tit-flesh?"

"Mmm, what I wouldn't give to see his face buried between Gran's giant jugs," Jamie purred, boldly cupping Reese's bulge, nails sinking into its flesh through the denim. "Motorboating those huge udders while you split her cunt open with your fat boy-cock."

Reese panted shallowly, hips rocking minutely into his sister's groping hand. Pre-cum saturated his boxers as his cock flexed urgently, aching for freedom. He couldn't believe how dirty his mom and sis were being, recounting his depraved romp with Gran in such explicit detail. It was wrong, so taboo, but fuck if it wasn't revving him up like nothing else.

"Poor baby, you're leaking like a faucet," Connie cooed, giving his damp knob a squeeze. "All this talk of Granny's fuckable titties and cunt got you riled up, huh? Desperate to ditch your pants and sink your teenage cock into something warm and soft?"

"God Mom, we can't let him stew in his own ball juice the whole drive," Jamie mock-pouted, rubbing Reese more insistently through

his jeans. "He needs some relief after reliving such an intense pussy wrecking. It's only fair."

Connie nodded sagely, flicking open the button of Reese's fly with deft fingers. "You're absolutely right, sweetheart. It would be cruel to let this big pulsing erection go unattended."

She slowly lowered his zipper, the sound obscenely loud in the cramped car. "Fortunately, Mommy knows just how to take the edge off. Isn't that right, Reese?"

Reese could only whimper as Connie's hand delved into his open fly, fingers wrapping around his thick hot girth. She hauled his huge cock out

through the slit of his boxers, the swollen purple head already shiny with pre-cum.

"Oooh, so BIG and HARD!" Jamie squealed quietly, wrapping her own hand around the bulky base. "Fuck Reese, no wonder you ruined Gran's holes! This beast would destroy any pussy!"

Connie hummed approvingly, giving Reese's shaft a languid pump from root to tip. More pre-cum bubbled from his slit and she caught it with her thumb, smearing the clear fluid around his swollen glans.

"Mmmm, good boy. Leak for Mommy," she purred, working his cock with a skillful twisting stroke. "Get this big fat dick nice and slippery."

Reese grunted, head lolling back against the seat as his mother slowly jerked him off. Connie's grip was perfect, tight and slick, fist gliding over his throbbing erection in smooth pulls. He could feel every ridge and groove on her palm, adding delicious friction.

Not to be outdone, Jamie shouldered her way closer, shoving her mom's hand away. "Lemme have a turn," she demanded petulantly. "I wanna feel all hot meat in my fist."

Connie rolled her eyes but acquiesced, releasing Reese's dick with a parting squeeze. Jamie immediately grabbed him at the base, her fingers barely able to close around his thick girth.

"Damn bro, you're girthy as fuck!" she gasped, pumping him clumsily. What she lacked in finesse she made up for in enthusiasm, stripping his cock from balls to tip in quick, urgent jerks. "Stretching my hand so much, unf! I bet you gaped the FUCK outta Gran's holes with this third leg!"

Reese could only moan gutturally as Jamie manhandled his prick, the wet slaps of her small fist filling the car. He was burning up, panting like a dog, thighs flexing as he fucked into her grip. The taboo thrill of getting a

messy backseat handy from his own sister made his balls tighten and pull up close to his body.

"Nuh uh, don't you dare cum yet," Connie scolded, swatting Jamie's hand away. "This is supposed to be a TEASE, not a full service. We've still got a whole weekend to get through."

Jamie pouted but released Reese's cock, giving the sloppy head an apologetic kiss. "Sorry bro. Guess you'll have to wait to baptize us with your baby batter."

Reese whined low in his throat as cool air hit his abandoned cock, making it bob and twitch needfully. He was leaking steadily now, clear rivulets of pre-cum drooling down his aching shaft. His prick looked almost purple, straining and heavy with blood.

Connie gripped him again, swiping a bead of pre-cum from his slit with her thumb. "Poor thing, you're absolutely SEETHING with seed aren't you? Your cum tanks must be ready to explode after rutting my mother raw."

She released his rod and popped her sticky finger in her mouth, swirling her tongue around it before pulling off with a lewd pop. "Mmmm, you taste potent, baby boy. Nice and musky. I can't wait to have you unload all over my face and big fat titties. Paint Mommy white with your virile spunk."

Jamie moaned breathily, squeezing her thighs together. "Fuck yeah, I want it too! Wanna be covered head to toe in thick bro cum, let it soak into my skin. Lemme drink from the tap and gulp down every last drop!"

Their filthy promises made Reese's cock lurch and dribble, his heavy balls drawing up even tighter. Dollops of pre-cum spurted from his slit in clear trickles splattering his thighs and making a sticky mess. He'd never been so continuously hard and leaky, cock straining for release with a desperation he'd never known.

"Everyone doing ok back there?" his dad suddenly called from the driver's seat, glancing at them in the rearview mirror.

"Of course, honey!" Connie replied breezily, subtly angling her body to shield Reese's jutting erection from view. "Just a bit of spilled soda, that's all. We're cleaning it up now."

She grabbed a handful of napkins and made a show of dabbing at Reese's crotch, soaking up the pre-cum as she tucked his drooling cock back into his pants. He hissed as she zipped him up, the drag of metal teeth against his swollen cockhead making him see stars.

"There, all better," Connie chirped, giving his bulge a surreptitious pat. Beside him, Jamie stifled a giggle, eyes twinkling with mirth and arousal.

Reese slumped low in his seat, head swimming with the aftereffects of their illicit teasing. His cock continued to throb insistently in the confines of his jeans, pulsing in time with his racing heart. The

musky scent of his pre-cum lingered, mingling with his female relatives' perfume.

It was official - this was going to be the longest, most erotically charged trip of his young life. And they hadn't even reached the lake cottage yet.

The rest of the drive was a sweet torture, with Connie and Jamie pressed tight against him, letting their fingers "accidentally" graze his bulge every so often. They kept up a steady stream of innuendo-laden conversation, reminiscing about fictional past lake trips in scandalous bikinis that barely covered their naughty bits.

"Remember that red string bikini I had?" Jamie sighed wistfully. "The one that was so tiny, my ass cheeks and pussy lips were always peeking out?"

"I had one just like it when I was younger. A bikini top that was just two triangles held together with dental floss," Connie countered, idly tracing Reese's zipper. "My nips were constantly popping out, especially when I laid out to tan. I'm surprised your father didn't impregnate me on the spot, the way he ogled my tits."

Reese squirmed in his seat, his cock a constant throbbing ache. He couldn't help picturing his mom and sister in their skimpy bikinis, their ripe teenage bodies barely contained by scraps of spandex. The mental image of Jamie's phat ass falling out of her bottoms and Connie's giant jugs spilling free made him leak even more, soaking his underwear with pre-cum.

After what felt like an eternity, they finally pulled up to the secluded lake cottage. Reese practically tumbled out of the car, desperate to adjust his painfully hard dick away from prying eyes. He grabbed his duffle bag and hurried inside the rustic cabin, making a beeline for the bathroom.

As soon as the door was locked behind him, Reese frantically shoved his jeans and boxers down, letting his massive erection spring free. It slapped against his abs with an obscene THWACK, smearing pre-cum on his skin. He wrapped a fist around his throbbing shaft and started pumping immediately, too horny to bother with lube.

Reese bit his lip to stifle his groans as he attacked his cock, the slide eased by his own slick. The memory of his mom and sister's teasing hands on him spurred him on, their whispered fantasies echoing in his head. He swiped his thumb over the swollen head on every upstroke, smearing the pre-cum that bubbled from his slit.

Reese's mind raced with filthy visions - Connie and Jamie naked and spread out before him, their ripe bodies glistening with oil. Plump tits bouncing, fat asses jiggling, bald pussies winking pink and wet between lush thighs. Two pairs of fuck-me eyes begging him to mount them, ruin them, pump them full of baby batter just like he had Gran.

Just as Reese was about to blow, a sharp knock sounded at the door, making him freeze mid-stroke.

"Reese? Honey?" came his mother's muffled voice through the wood. "I hope you're not doing anything naughty in there. It would be such a shame to waste all that pent-up cum without Mommy to help."

Reese groaned, cock flexing in his grip at his mother's teasing words. Before he could respond, the door handle jiggled and Connie slipped inside, a knowing smirk on her face as she took in the lewd sight of her son - pants around his ankles, fist pumping his drooling erection.

"Tsk tsk, you naughty boy," she tutted, closing and locking the door behind her. She stalked towards him with a hungry gleam in her eye. "Couldn't even wait to get Mommy's permission before jerking this big fat cock, hmm? Such an eager beaver."

Reese whimpered as Connie dropped to her knees before him, slender fingers joining his to stroke his pulsing shaft. "I'm sorry Mom, I just got so horny from you and Jamie teasing me in the car. I'm fit to burst!"

"Shhh, I know baby. Mommy's gonna help care of you," Connie purred, leaning in to flick her tongue against the swollen head of his dick, lapping up the bead of pre-cum gathered at the tip. "Mmmm, yummy. You taste divine, sweetheart."

Maintaining eye contact, Connie dragged her luscious pink lips down Reese's straining cock, planting open-mouthed kisses along the throbbing length. She laved the prominent vein on the underside with the flat of her tongue, tracing it from root to tip and back again.

Reaching his heavy balls, she took each one into her hot mouth, rolling the cum-laden orbs around and giving them a gentle suck. Reese groaned brokenly, head thunking back against the wall as his mother worshipped his cock and balls with her talented mouth.

"Mmm, these balls have been missing mommy lips and tongue, haven't they?" the mother teased, rolling her licker around on the fleshy orbs.

"Yess," the boy hissed, clenching his fists as he felt her tongue painting his perineum with saliva.

After thoroughly tonguing his taint and pelvic area, Connie kissed and licked her way back up Reese's body, pushing his shirt up as she went.

She zeroed in on his sensitive nipples, circling them with the tip of her tongue before closing her lips around each one to suckle lightly.

Reese panted harshly, hips rolling in aborted little thrusts as Connie worked him over. His cock was throbbing almost painfully now, the shaft flushed a deep angry red and leaking steadily. He fisted her

hair and tugged gently, urging her back down to where he needed her most.

"Please Mom," he whined, voice cracking with desperation. "Suck me, I'm dying here!"

Connie chuckled throatily, hot breath gusting over his straining erection. "So impatient. But since you asked so nicely..."

Without further preamble, she opened her mouth wide and sank down on his cock, taking him halfway in one smooth motion. Reese gasped, fingers spasming in her hair at the sudden wet heat engulfing him.

"Oh fuck Mom, your mouth..." he babbled, short-circuiting at the feel of his mother's lips stretched around his girth. Her tongue swirled around the head, laving the sensitive crown and dipping into his weeping slit to collect the pre-cum beading there.

Connie moaned around her mouthful, the vibrations making Reese curse and buck up into her face. She took him deeper, lips sliding down until he bumped the back of her throat. With a relaxing breath through her nose, she pushed forward those last few inches, swallowing him to the root.

"Holy shit," Reese choked out, eyes rolling back in his head as his cockhead lodged in the tight clutch of his mother's throat. Her nose was mashed against his pubes, tongue undulating along the thick vein on the underside of his shaft as she held him there, massaging his length with her gullet.

After a long moment, Connie pulled off to take a gasping breath, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his cock. She jacked him with a twisting fist, smearing the mix of pre-cum and throat slime up and down his shaft.

"Mmmm, I love choking on this big fat cock," she purred sultrily, voice already taking on a fucked-raw rasp. "Been craving it ever since I heard what you did to my mother. Can't wait to feel you split me open, ruin my holes like you did hers."

Reese could only moan weakly as his mom dove back in, slurping him down to the balls once more. She set a quick, sloppy rhythm, head bobbing in his lap as she sucked him with single-minded intensity. The wet sounds of her blowjob filled the small bathroom, punctuated by Reese's gasps and grunts of pleasure.

He was amazed at how she knew his body just as intimately as he did – every sensitive spot was focused on with intense skill. Chief among them was his frenulum – that band of tissue separating his glans and foreskin. His mom's tongue curled across it with every bob of her head, stimulating sexual nerve-endings that had him seeing stars.

It wasn't long before Reese could feel his orgasm building, his balls drawing up tight and twitching against his mother's chin as she throated him. "Mom, I'm gonna cum," he warned, tugging at her hair. "Gonna nut so fucking hard, shit..."

But Connie just moaned eagerly and doubled her efforts, sealing her lips tight around him and sucking even harder, her tongue plowing his tissues even more intensely. Her hand flew between her own legs, fingers plunging into the soaked folds of her pussy as she fingered herself to his impending climax.

"Oh God, oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Reese shouted, hips bucking wildly. His cock pulsed and jerked as he started to unload, firing shot after shot of hot cum directly down his mother's greedy throat. Connie gulped and swallowed frantically around him, massaging his spurting shaft with her tongue as she drank down every drop.

Reese's orgasm seemed to go on forever, aftershocks wracking his body as he emptied his balls into his hot mom's suckling mouth. She

nursed on

him through it all, milking out every last bit of nectar until he finally slumped back against the wall, spent and twitching.

With a filthy slurp, Connie released Reese's softening cock and sat back on her haunches, panting. Her chin and tits were glazed with saliva and stray jizz, face flushed and eyes glassy. She looked like a cum-drunk slut, absolutely debauched.

Swiping a bit of spunk from the corner of her mouth, she brought it to her lips and sucked it off with relish. "Mmmm, delicious. Mommy's good boy, giving her such a yummy treat."

Reese groaned at the wanton display, his cock already starting to stir again despite having just blown a massive load. "Jesus Christ, Mom. That was incredible."

Connie smirked, giving his sticky cockhead a parting kiss before tucking him back into his pants and standing up. "Oh honey, you haven't seen anything yet. Just wait until I get this big boy inside me. I'm going to drain your balls so hard, you'll be shooting dust."

Reese's eyes got big, his heart pounding out of his chest. "We're gonna...?"

"Oh, 'we're gonna' alright!" she giggled, then embraced him in a tit-smothered hug, bringing her lips to his ear. "You're gonna fuck me just like you did Gran."

Just then, a knock sounded at the door, making them both jump. "Everything alright in there?" came Reese's father's voice, slightly muffled through the wood.

"We're fine, dear!" Connie called back breezily, winking at Reese. "Poor Reese got a little carsick on the drive up. I'm just helping him clean up and feel better. We'll be out in a jiffy!"

Turning back to her son, she leaned in close and purred in his ear, "I'd tell you to conserve your strength for later, but we both know this cum cannon is locked and loaded 24/7 now, don't we stud?"

With a final grope of his bulge, Connie sashayed out of the bathroom, leaving a shell-shocked Reese gaping after her. He shook his head ruefully, a grin stretching his face. His mother was an absolute freak, and he loved it.

The game was on now. This weekend at the lake house was going to be one for the record books - a nonstop fuck-fest of depraved, incestuous debauchery. And Reese couldn't fucking wait to defile his mother and sister six ways from Sunday.

Reese emerged from the bathroom a few minutes later, feeling somewhat dazed but immensely satisfied. His softened cock hung heavy in his shorts, still sticky with his mom's saliva. He could hardly believe what had just transpired - his own mother, on her knees, slurping down his cum like it was the nectar of the gods. It was beyond his wildest fantasies.

And if Connie's parting words were any indication, that mind-blowing blowjob was just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. She had all but promised to fuck him silly this weekend, to let him use her body for his pleasure in any depraved way he desired. The very thought made Reese's cock twitch and start to fill again, eager for round two.

He found his family in the cozy living room, unpacking the coolers and grocery bags they'd brought. His father was putting away snacks in the small kitchen while his little brother dug through the bags for his handheld game. Jamie and Connie stood off to the side, heads bent close together as they whispered and giggled conspiratorially.

The women looked up as Reese entered, matching Cheshire grins stretching their faces. Jamie's eyes zeroed in on his crotch, where

the obvious bulge of his chubbing cock pressed against his fly. Her smile

turned downright feral, pink tongue darting out to lick her lips lasciviously.

Reese suppressed a shudder, knowing that look meant nothing but trouble (and pleasure) for him. He could practically see the wheels turning in his sister's filthy little mind, no doubt already plotting all the naughty things she wanted to do to him.

"There you are, champ!" his dad called out jovially, oblivious to the sexual tension crackling between his offspring. "Feeling better? Your mom said you got a little green around the gills on the ride up."

"Uh yeah, much better," Reese replied, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly. "Mom, um, took real good care of me."

He caught Connie's eye as he said it and she smirked, giving him a saucy wink. "I'm sure she did," Jamie muttered, just loud enough for him to hear. She mimed wiping her chin, eyes twinkling wickedly.

Thankfully, their dad remained clueless, too busy rummaging in the fridge to notice the loaded looks flying between his wife and kids. "Glad to hear it, son. The fresh air up here will do you good. Why don't you go ahead and unpack, get settled in? I figured your mom and I would take the master bedroom, you kids can fight over the other two."

"Ooh, I call dibs on the room with the big bed!" Jamie immediately chimed in, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Reese and I can share, just like when we were little."

The teen shared a knowing look with her brother, her cunt-walls clenching with anticipation.

A little while later, Reese lounged on the couch in the main living area, idly flipping through channels on the old TV. His little brother was outside exploring the lake shore while his dad took a post-drive nap in his parent's room.

The creak of a door caught his attention and he glanced over to see his mother emerge from the bathroom, freshly showered. Reese's jaw dropped as he took in the sight of her gloriously naked body, glistening with moisture.

Connie sauntered down the short hallway without a stitch of clothing, completely comfortable in her nudity. She had a fluffy white towel in her hands, vigorously drying her damp hair as she walked. The simple action made her body undulate and bounce in the most enticing ways.

Reese's eyes immediately glued to his mother's spectacular ass, round and ripe like two succulent melons. The perfectly bubble-shaped cheeks jiggled and rippled atop her long, toned legs with each step, the flawless skin gleaming. He could just make out the shadowed cleft between, hinting at the forbidden treasures within.

As Connie turned slightly to open the bedroom door, Reese got a mind-blowing profile view. Her colossal tits swayed heavily from side to side, the fat nipples pebbled and jutting out over half-an-inch. They were truly massive, bigger than his head, capped with saucer-sized areolas that begged to be sucked. The huge milky globes bounced hypnotically, defying gravity in their perfection.

Just before disappearing into the bedroom, Connie paused and caught Reese's eye over her shoulder. A knowing, sexy smirk curled her lips as she took in his slack-jawed, bug-eyed stare. With a saucy wink, she blew him a kiss and wiggled her spectacular ass in a lewd invitation before sauntering out of sight.

Reese collapsed back on the couch, head swimming with lust. His cock was rock-hard in his shorts, throbbing urgently against his fly.

He palmed himself with a groan, squeezing the aching shaft through the fabric.

Fuck, his mom was so hot. The way her body moved, all lush curves and jiggling flesh... He could hardly believe that a woman who'd popped out three kids could be so insanely fuckable. Those giant titties, that juicy

booty - he wanted to bury his face between both sets of cheeks and motorboat until he passed out.

And that wink, that kiss blown over her shoulder? His mother knew exactly what she was doing to him, flaunting her naked body like a cock-tease. She was practically begging him to follow her into that bedroom and bend her over the nearest surface, shove his cock in any hole he pleased.

That night, Reese was lounging on the big bed in just his boxers when Jamie sauntered into the room, fresh from her shower. His eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he took in her scandalous sleepwear - a flimsy white wife beater that clung to her wet skin, plump nipples poking out obscenely through the thin fabric. It was cropped short, barely containing her massive braless tits that bounced and swayed with each step.

But what really made Reese's cock lurch was the fact that Jamie wore nothing else - her phat, juicy bubble butt was on full display, thick cheeks jiggling as she walked. The wife beater rode up high on her hips, giving him an unobstructed view of her plump pussy mound and the barest hint of ass crack.

"Hey bro," Jamie purred, a sultry smile on her face as she approached the bed. "Hope you don't mind my pajamas. It gets so hot in here at night."

Reese could only gulp and shake his head dumbly, mouth gone bone dry at the mouthwatering sight of his sister's barely covered body.

His cock was already tenting his boxers obscenely, the outline of his swollen cockhead clearly visible through the thin material.

Jamie smirked knowingly as she crawled onto the bed, positioning herself on all fours above him. Her heavy tits swung in his face, the tank top stretched to its limits.

"You know, I was thinking," she murmured, tracing a teasing finger down his chest. "We got a little carried away with the teasing in the car today. I feel bad for working you up so much without any real relief."

Reese suppressed a snort, thinking of the epic blowjob their mother had given him mere hours ago. But he played along, nodding solemnly. "It's okay, sis. I know you didn't mean anything by it."

Jamie bit her lip, eyes hooded with faux remorse and barely concealed lust. "No, it wasn't fair of me. Let me make it up to you."

With that, she swung a leg over his hips and straddled him fully. Reese groaned as her bare, wet pussy made contact with his straining erection, separated only by the thin fabric of his boxers. He could feel her heat, her soft folds parting to cradle his aching length.

Jamie started to grind on him, rotating her hips in a maddeningly slow circle. "Is this okay?" she breathed, gazing down at him from beneath lowered lashes. "Does it feel good?"

"Fuck yes," Reese gritted out, hands flying to her waist to encourage her movements. He thrust up against her, the head of his cock catching on her slick entrance with each pass.

Jamie moaned and increased her pace, humping him harder. Her tank top had ridden up completely now, baring the entire underside of her giant breasts. They bounced hypnotically with each roll of her hips, the jiggling flesh mesmerizing.

Reese couldn't take it anymore. With a growl, he surged up, licking and kissing along the underside and captured one jiggling tit in his mouth, suckling greedily on the fat rubbery nipple. Jamie keened and arched into him, fingers threading through his hair to hold him in place.

"Oh fuck yes, suck on my titties!" she panted, grinding down harder on his iron-hard cock. "Bury your face in them, get lost in all this soft tit-meat!"

Reese complied eagerly, motorboating her massive rack with abandon. He licked and nibbled every inch of her pillowy mounds, leaving wet trails of saliva on her heaving flesh. He nuzzled into her deep, sweat-damp cleavage, inhaling the intoxicating scent of aroused woman.

"God, your tits are fucking phenomenal," he groaned, voice muffled by her abundant breast-flesh. "I could worship these huge jugs for hours."

"Mmmm, please do," Jamie sighed dreamily, undulating her hips in a filthy grind. "Later, though. Right now, I really need to feel that big cock inside me."

With a deft move, she reached between their writhing bodies and pulled the front of Reese's boxers down, letting his engorged erection spring free. It slapped against her slick mound with an obscene squelch, smearing pre-cum on her puffy lips.

Jamie hissed in pleasure, reaching down to position him at her entrance. "Fuck, you're huge," she whimpered, notching his swollen glans between her slippery folds. "Split me open, bro. Wreck my fucking cunt!"

With that, she sank down on him in one smooth motion, taking his thick cock to the hilt. They both cried out at the sudden, intense penetration - Reese at the tight, rippling heat of her sheath gripping

him like a vise, Jamie at the sheer length and girth stretching her open.

"Oh my fucking God!" Jamie sobbed, throwing her head back as she adjusted to his size. "You're so deep, so fucking thick! I'm so goddamn full!"

Reese could only groan brokenly in response, overwhelmed by the sensation of his sister's cunt squeezing him from root to tip. It was even better than he'd imagined - hot and slick and gripping, her muscles

fluttering wildly around him. He had to grit his teeth to keep from cumming on the spot like a green boy.

After a long, trembling moment, Jamie began to move. Slowly at first, raising up until just the tip remained inside her before sliding back down with a throaty moan. Then faster, bouncing on his cock in earnest, tits slapping his face with each downward plunge.

Wet, obscene sounds filled the room - the slick fapping of his sister's dripping pussy taking his cock, the rhythmic slap of sweaty skin on skin, Jamie's high-pitched mewls and gasps. Reese palmed her rippling ass-cheeks, helping her ride him hard and fast.

"Goddamn, sis, you're so fucking tight," he grunted, pistoning his hips up to meet her downward thrusts. "Gonna fucking ruin this hot cunt, pound it into submission."

"Yes, yes, fucking pound me!" Jamie wailed, voice jumping with each brutal impact. "Use me, bro! Fuck your naughty cock-slut sister raw! Ream my hole!"

Spurred on by her filthy begging, Reese doubled his efforts, driving up into Jamie with punishing force. The bed creaked and shook, the headboard slamming against the wall as he fucked her like a boy possessed. Jamie could only hold on for dear life, sobbing and

drooling as she was ruthlessly impaled on his huge cock over and over.

Reese gritted his teeth, summoning every ounce of willpower and every trick he'd learned to stave off his impending orgasm. He pinched his own thigh hard, the pain temporarily overriding the pleasure. He even did complex math in his head, multiplying large numbers to occupy his mind. Anything to distract from the exquisite sensation of his sister's rippling cunt milking his cock.

It worked, allowing him to plow into Jamie's convulsing pussy with unrelenting stamina. He rolled and swiveled his hips, stirring up her

clenching walls and hitting new pleasure spots with each thrust. He whimpered at the feel of her spongy cervical head kissing the knob of his cock on every deep thrust. The boy alternated between long, deep strokes and short, rapid jabs, keeping her on the edge.

Jamie was shocked and delighted by Reese's staying power. She had never been with a guy who could fuck her through orgasm after screaming orgasm without losing steam. But her big brother's cock stayed rock-hard and pulsing inside her, even as she gushed and spasmed around him over and over.

"Holy fuck, how are you lasting this long?" she panted in awe after what had to be her sixth earth-shattering climax. Her pussy was sore and throbbing, swollen flesh clinging to his pistoning shaft. "I've never cum so many times in a row, Jesus!"

Reese just grinned wolfishly down at her and doubled his pace, the obscene slap of his heavy balls against her jiggling ass filling the room. "Lots of practice and self-control, sis. I can go for hours like this. Gonna fuck this juicy cunt into submission."

And he proceeded to do just that, pounding into Jamie with jackhammer intensity. He powered through her sobbing, convulsing orgasms, not letting up for a second as he wrung climax after climax

from her quivering body. Her pussy was making obscene suctioning sounds now, cum and girl-squirt gushing out to soak the sheets beneath them.

Time lost all meaning as Reese relentlessly ravaged his sister's fuck-hole, the wet slap of skin on skin echoing off the walls. It could have been minutes or hours, the room illuminated only by the moonlight filtering in through the gauzy curtains.

Jamie's mind went blank, lost to the endless waves of pleasure crashing over her. She was dimly aware of Reese moving her ragdoll body into different positions - on her knees, legs thrown over his shoulders,

spooned up behind her. In every one, he drilled into her mercilessly, his steel-hard cock splitting her open anew.

At some point, Reese began to maul her big, bouncing tits as he rutted into her, sucking the fat nipples between his teeth. He growled around a mouthful of breast, biting and tugging on the rubbery buds until Jamie was keening breathlessly, clit pulsing with yet another impending orgasm.

"Gonna cum on my cock again, sis?" Reese taunted, driving into her with brutal precision. "Milk me with this greedy pussy? Fucking soak me with it?"

Jamie could only wail brokenly as her umpteenth climax crashed over her, cunt rippling wildly along Reese's hammering length. Clear fluid squirted from her spasming slit, splattering Reese's groin and dripping down to pool beneath their churning bodies.

Reese grunted in satisfaction, never breaking his stride. His sister's cumming cunt was like a silken vise around him, gripping and fluttering, trying to suck the jizz from his balls. But still he persevered, gritting his teeth and flexing his hips, plowing through her bone-melting orgasm.

Jamie was a babbling, boneless mess by the time Reese finally allowed himself to cum. With a roar, he slammed into her one last time and let go, flooding her battered womb with what felt like gallons of thick, scalding seed. It pumped into her in endless spurts, soothing her ravaged walls and triggering one last weak, shuddering climax.

They collapsed together onto the sweat-soaked, cum-splattered sheets, Reese's softening cock still buried in Jamie's twitching hole. She couldn't stop trembling, aftershocks zipping through her nervous system and making her clench sporadically around him. Her thighs were sticky with their combined juices, the pungent aroma of sex heavy in the air.

"Holy shit," Jamie croaked after a long moment, voice fucked-out and raw. "That was...fuck. I don't even have words."

Reese just chuckled smugly, nuzzling into her damp hair. "Told you I could go for hours."

Jamie whimpered, exhausted pussy giving a feeble clench at the implication. She knew she should be horrified, disgusted with herself for letting her own brother fuck her into oblivion. But all she could feel was sated bliss and an already rekindling hunger for more.

She had unleashed an insatiable beast in Reese. And as she drifted off into a fucked-stupid slumber, his thick cock still plugging her leaking hole, Jamie knew this was far from over. The depraved lake house adventure was just beginning.

240: “MOM, YOU'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS!”-part3/3

The next morning, Reese awoke to the delicious sensation of a hot, wet mouth wrapped around his cock. He groaned and blinked his eyes open blearily to see his mother's brunette head bobbing between his legs, her plush lips stretched obscenely around his girth.

"Well good morning to you too," he rasped, voice still rough with sleep. He reached down to thread his fingers through Connie's silky hair, guiding her mouth up and down his rapidly hardening shaft. "Fuck Mom, what a way to wake up."

Connie pulled off him with a lewd slurp, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his throbbing cockhead. "Mmmm, just wanted to give my baby boy a special wake-up call," she purred sultrily, jerking him with a twisting fist. "From the sound of things last night, you more than earned it."

Reese's cock jumped in her grip at the memory of fucking Jamie senseless for hours on end, pumping load after load into her hungry cunt. He glanced over to the other side of the bed and saw his sister still

passed out cold, naked body barely covered by the tangled sheets. Her puffy pussy was slightly agape, his dried cum flaking on her inner thighs.

"Heard all that, did you?" he asked with a smirk, turning his attention back to his mother.

"I put my ear to the door a few times," Connie moaned, swirling her tongue around his leaking slit. "Hearing Jamie scream herself hoarse on this big dick, knowing you were ruining her tight cunt...ungh, I frigged myself raw."

She sucked him back into her mouth with renewed enthusiasm, taking him to the root until her nose was mashed against his pubes. Reese grunted and instinctively thrust up, fucking into the tight clutch of his mother's throat.

"Shit Mom, you're insatiable," he gasped, head thrown back as she worked him over with lips and tongue. "Gonna drain my balls dry before breakfast at this rate."

Connie just moaned in agreement around her mouthful, slurping and sucking greedily. One hand snaked between her own legs to diddle her clit, fingers squelching in the dripping mess of her arousal.

The slurping, sucking sounds of Connie's enthusiastic blowjob filled the room, punctuated by Reese's grunts and moans of pleasure. Lost in the toe-curling ecstasy of his mother's talented mouth, he almost didn't notice the bed shifting as Jamie stirred beside him.

"Started without me, huh?" came his sister's sleep-roughened voice. Reese glanced over to see her propped up on one elbow, watching the lewd scene with a hungry gleam in her eye. "No fair hogging that big cock, Mom."

Connie pulled off Reese with a giggle, licking her glossy lips. "There's plenty to go around, sweetie. Come and get a taste."

Jamie wasted no time, crawling over and nestling between her brother's splayed thighs. She ran her hands reverently up and down his muscled legs, nuzzling her face into his heavy sack. "Mmmm, balls still full and ripe," she purred, giving them a naughty squeeze. "Guess I didn't drain them completely last night after all."

Reese just grunted and spread himself wider, offering his body up to their ministrations. Jamie and Connie fell on him like starving women at a feast, four greedy hands roaming his naked flesh.

They caressed and squeezed every inch of him, from his lean pecs down his cut abs to his straining cock and balls. Soft, pillowy tits dragged up and down his body as they explored, pebbled nipples catching on his skin deliciously.

"Our sweet boy, so gorgeous and virile," Connie breathed, licking a stripe up Reese's neck to his ear. She nibbled the lobe before whispering hotly, "Mommy and sissy are gonna make you feel sooo good, baby."

"Gonna worship this perfect body," Jamie agreed, sucking marks into the cut V of his hips. She dipped her tongue into his navel, fucking the little divot obscenely. "Suck and tease every sensitive inch until you're begging to cum."

Their dirty talk made Reese's neglected cock throb and bounce against his belly, smearing sticky pre all over his abs. Connie wrapped a hand around the thick base, squeezing rhythmically.

"Poor baby, leaking everywhere," she cooed, swiping the pad of her thumb through the pearly fluid gathered at his tip. She brought it to her lips and lapped it up with a moan. "Mmmm, you taste divine. Jamie, come have a sample."

She offered her slick thumb to her daughter, who eagerly sucked it between her lips. Jamie hummed around the digit, tongue swirling as she savored the flavor of her brother's arousal.

"Fuck yeah, lemme get that straight from the source," she growled, surging up to capture Reese's mouth in a filthy kiss.

Her tongue plunged between his lips, tangling wetly with his own as she fed him the taste of his own pre-cum. Reese groaned into her

mouth, one hand coming up to squeeze her swaying tits as they made out sloppily.

Not to be outdone, Connie straddled his thigh, grinding her slick bare pussy against him. "Two can play at that game," she purred, fisting a hand in his hair and tugging him away from Jamie.

She claimed his lips for herself, moaning wantonly as she slipped him some tongue. Her cunt painted his thigh with her juices as she humped him, leaving his skin sticky and fragrant.

Reese was in heaven, pinned beneath the writhing bodies of his horny mother and sister. They took turns devouring his mouth, playing wet tonsil hockey as they ground on him shamelessly.

Jamie moved to suck on his earlobe as Connie bit and licked her way down his throat. His sister's filthy whispers filled his head while his mother's lips branded his skin.

"Oooh fuck, I'm dripping all over you," Jamie keened, notching her slick slit against his hip bone. She rubbed herself off on him, smearing girl-goo everywhere. "Want this fat cock in my mouth so bad. Wanna choke on it while Mom rides your face."

Reese's hips bucked up at her words, the image making his balls tighten. Connie chuckled darkly, licking into the hollow of his throat. "Mmmm, you'd like that wouldn't you, baby boy? Mommy smothering you with her sopping wet cunt while sissy gags on this big dick?"

"God fuck yes," Reese panted, fisting the bedsheets as the two women worked him into a frenzy. "Wanna...ungh...eat your pussy, Ma. Bury my face between those thick thighs and tongue-fuck your holes."

Connie shivered violently, a fresh gush of arousal leaking from her clenching cunt. "Well, since you asked so nicely..."

She shuffled up his body on her knees until she was straddling his face, her dripping mound poised right over his eager mouth. Slowly, teasingly, she lowered herself down, mashing her bald cunt against his parted lips.

Reese groaned in delight, the musky aroma of his mother's arousal filling his nose. He opened wide and sealed his mouth over her, tongue immediately delving between her plump folds to lap up her essence.

He ate her like a starving boy, lips and teeth and tongue ravaging her sensitive flesh. He closed his lips around her swollen clit and suckled greedily, making Connie cry out and grind down harder on his face.

"Oh fuck, oh shit, eat that pussy!" she wailed, head thrown back in ecstasy. "Suck Mommy's clit! Make me fucking cum on your face!"

As Reese devoured his mother's cunt, Jamie took his cock into her mouth, sucking him down to the root. He shouted into Connie's soaked folds as wet, tight heat engulfed him, his sister's nose nestled in his pubes.

She held him there in her throat, swallowing around his pulsing length and moaning at the taste of him heavy on her tongue. Then she began to bob her head, taking him deep on every down stroke.

Reese was lost to the dual pleasure of his mother riding his face and his sister choking on his cock. He pistoned his hips up to meet Jamie's mouth, fucking into her gullet as he sucked and slurped at Connie's drooling slit.

He brought a hand up to diddle her asshole, circling the clenching pucker before pressing the tip of his finger inside. At the same time, he captured her throbbing clit between his teeth and flicked it mercilessly with the tip of his tongue.

That was all it took to send Connie flying over the edge. With a hoarse scream, she came on Reese's face, her pussy spasming and gushing fragrant juices all over his chin and cheeks.

"FUCK FUCK FUUUUUCKKKK!!!" she wailed, grinding her cunt against his mouth as she rode out her intense orgasm. Reese just moaned and kept licking, helping her through it until she collapsed sideways off of him, twitching and gasping.

No sooner had Connie rolled off him than Jamie was scrambling up to take her place. "My turn," she panted eagerly, straddling his slick face. "Tongue-fuck my cunt, bro. Shove that fat muscle up my needy hole!"

Reese dove in with gusto, spearing his sister's sopping folds with his tongue. He fucked it in and out of her, nose mashed against her swollen clit as he ate her out. Jamie keened and rolled her hips, grinding herself against his lapping mouth.

Connie, having caught her breath, crawled between Reese's legs to join the fun. She wrapped her lips around his balls, sucking one then the other into her hot mouth.

She rolled them around with her tongue, relishing the weight of them against her palate. His sack was heavy and full, churning with spunk that she couldn't wait to milk out all over her face and tits.

Reese groaned into Jamie's cunt as his mother worshipped his balls, the vibrations making his sister shiver and clench around his tongue. He jabbed it up hard into her fluttering hole, wiggling it deep as it sought out her most sensitive spots.

He moved one hand down to grip Connie's bobbing head, encouraging her to take his balls deeper. The other snaked up Jamie's undulating body to maul her bouncing tits, pinching and tugging on her fat nipples.

The three of them moved together in a feedback loop of pleasure, a writhing mass of sweaty limbs and eager mouths. The wet sounds of

Reese's slurping tongue and Connie's ball sucking filled the room, underscored by Jamie's desperate mewls.

"Fuck, your mouth, so fucking good," Jamie babbled, head thrashing from side to side as Reese tongue-fucked her into oblivion. "Gonna...ungh fuck...gonna squirt all over your face, bro!"

Reese doubled his efforts, sealing his lips around her clit and sucking hard as he drilled two fingers up into her creaming snatch. He pistoned them in and out, crooking them to hit her G-spot on every thrust.

Jamie stiffened above him, a silent scream lodged in her throat as her orgasm crashed over her. Her cunt clamped down rhythmically on Reese's fingers, pulsing and fluttering as it gushed clear fluid all over his hand and face.

He moaned as his sister squirted on him, lapping up her release greedily. The taste of her cum flooding his mouth, combined with the constant pleasure of Connie slurping on his balls, had Reese's own climax hurtling toward him at breakneck speed.

"Fuck, I'm close," he gritted out, hips beginning to pump frantically. "Gonna fucking nut so hard..."

Connie popped off his balls with a lewd slurp, gripping the base of his cock in a tight fist. "Yessss, give it to us baby," she hissed, jacking his spit-slick shaft hard and fast. "Hose Mommy and sissy down with all that hot, nasty spunk!"

Jamie, still coming down from her bone-rattling orgasm, scrambled off Reese's face and moved to join her mother. "Fuck yeah, paint our faces, bro!" she panted, shoving her tits together. "Glaze these big titties with your cum! Drench us like the filthy cum sluts we are!"

The dual dirty talk and the image of his mother and sister on their knees, faces turned up and mouths open, begging for his load, was the final straw for Reese.

With a bellow of pure, animalistic release, Reese's cock erupted like a geyser. His swollen balls clenched and pulsed, pumping out a truly prodigious load as Connie and Jamie worked his shaft and taint with expert finesse.

The first thick, ropey spurt painted a long line up Connie's gorgeous face, splattering from chin to forehead. Her eyes fluttered shut in bliss as the warm, viscous fluid dripped down to pool in the divots of her collarbones.

The next shot went wide, catching Jamie across her open, panting mouth. She moaned wantonly as her brother's seed flooded her tongue, the salty-bitter taste of his potent spunk causing her taste buds to explode with flavor. Pearly strands clung to her lips and chin as she gulped down his offering greedily.

Reese grunted and bucked as his climax raged on, his cock spitting jets of cum with rapid-fire intensity. Thick globs rained down on his female relatives' heaving tits, painting the flushed mounds a lewd, dripping white. Rivers of jizz flowed into their deep cleavage, forming a sticky pool at the valley between their breasts.

Connie and Jamie continued to stroke and squeeze Reese through his seemingly endless orgasm, coaxing out every last drop. Their skillful hands milked his pulsing erection from root to tip, deft fingers dancing over his cum-slick flesh. They cupped and rolled his still churning balls, gently encouraging the heavy sack to fully empty itself.

By the time Reese finally stopped spurting, his softening cock giving a last few feeble dribbles, Connie and Jamie were absolutely drenched in spunk. Their faces glistened with it, pearly streaks

dripping down to splatter on their jizz-covered tits. Stray shots had caught in their hair, matting the brunette strands with sticky seed.

The women panted harshly in the aftermath, chests heaving and causing the ropes of cum to run and smear lewdly. They looked utterly

debauched, like the stars of a particularly raunchy porno. But their expressions were ones of pure, sated bliss, eyelids heavy and glazed with satisfaction.

"Mmmm, so much cum," Connie purred, swiping a finger through the mess on her face and sucking it clean. "What a good boy, giving Mommy and sissy such a big, yummy load."

"Seriously, I'm fucking drenched," Jamie giggled, cupping her tits and watching the spunk ooze between her fingers. "Never seen a guy bust this hard before. Fuck that's hot."

Connie and Jamie had just finished cleaning up the messy remnants of their naughty morning romp and gotten dressed when they heard the front door open. Connie's husband Frank and her youngest son were back from their early fishing excursion.

Reese threw on board shorts and a tank top, his spent cock tucked discreetly away. By the time his dad and brother made their way into the kitchen with a cooler of freshly caught fish, the threesome looked the picture of innocence.

"Well hello you three," Frank greeted jovially, setting the cooler on the counter. "You're all looking bright-eyed and bushy-tailed this morning! I trust you slept well?"

"Oh, like babies," Connie replied breezily, sharing a secret smirk with Jamie and Reese. "It was a very...restful night."

"Hardly," Jamie added under her breath, causing Reese to choke back a laugh.

Frank remained oblivious to the hidden meaning as he started unpacking the fish. "Check out this beautiful catch, honey! We reeled in some monsters at the crack of dawn."

Connie sidled up to her husband, running an appreciative eye over the impressive rainbow trout. "Mmm yes, those certainly are some big, thick specimens," she purred suggestively. "Long and meaty, just how I like them."

Jamie snorted into her coffee mug. "Yep, nothing beats the feeling of wrestling with a huge one and finally getting it in the box," she stated with a sultry wink Reese's direction.

"True," her father agreed, completely missing the innuendo, "leaves you mighty satisfied."

"Oh, I'll bet," Connie murmured, cutting her eyes over to Reese with a sly smile. "Nothing better than wrestling a monster catch first thing in the morning."

Reese barely resisted the urge to adjust himself, the memory of hosing down his mother's face and tits still fresh. Under the kitchen table, Jamie pressed her bare foot against his crotch, causing his cock to twitch with renewed interest.

"Mmm-hmm, wearing it out," Jamie piped up innocently, rubbing her toes along Reese's growing bulge. "Making it limp and spent by the time you're done with it, after it puts up a real good fight."

After breakfast, Connie and Jamie changed into the skimpiest micro bikinis Reese had ever seen. The tiny triangles of fabric barely covered their most intimate parts, held together with thin strings that dug into the soft, abundant flesh of their hips and ass cheeks.

Connie's massive tits threatened to spill out of her top with every breath, the flimsy cups straining to contain her jiggling melons. Her bikini bottoms were little more than a patch of cloth over her mound, the plump lips of her pussy clearly outlined. The string disappeared between the rounded globes of her ass, leaving the bottom curves completely bare.

Jamie's suit was equally scandalous. Her top looked like little more than pasties, barely covering her nipples and leaving the rounded undersides of her breasts exposed. The bottoms were a tiny V of fabric that barely covered her smooth slit, riding high on her hips to showcase miles of tanned, toned thigh and the mouthwatering swell of her bubble butt.

"We're going out to catch some rays," Connie announced, grabbing a couple of towels. She bent over deliberately to pick them up, giving Reese an eyeful of ass cheek and the shadowed cleft between. "You boys have fun."

With exaggerated sways of their hips, mother and daughter sauntered out the sliding glass doors to the back deck. Reese tracked the mesmerizing jiggle of their barely covered asses until they were out of sight, his cock at full mast in his shorts.

After waiting an appropriate amount of time, Reese muttered some excuse about getting something from the car and slipped out the front door. He crept around the side of the cabin until he reached the deck railing, ducking down behind a large potted plant to peer through the slats.

Connie and Jamie had laid out on a couple of lounge chairs, their oiled bodies glistening in the mid-morning sun. They had untied their tops to avoid tan lines, baring their spectacular tits completely. Heavy, lush mounds rose and fell with each breath, capped by large, brown nipples that tightened under Reese's heated gaze.

The women were talking in low voices as they lazed, but their words carried clearly in the still mountain air. Reese's ears pricked up as he realized they were discussing him and the mind-blowing sex his sister had with him.

"I'm telling you Mom, I've never been fucked like that before in my life," Jamie gushed, trailing fingers over the exposed curves of her breasts.

"Reese was an absolute machine! His cock stayed rock hard for hours while he just relentlessly pounded me."

"Mmm, I could hear you screaming from down the hall," Connie purred, pinching her own nipples into stiff peaks. "It's a good thing your father's a heavy sleeper. He had you cumming over and over again, didn't he? Such a good boy, knowing just how to satisfy his woman."

"God, I lost count of how many times I squirted on his cock," Jamie groaned, thighs clenching at the memory. "It was like one endless orgasm. And that fat dick just kept splitting me open, wrecking my poor cunt. I'm still fucking sore!"

Connie hummed in commiseration, one hand dipping below the string of her bikini bottoms to play with her bare mound. "I can't wait to feel him ruin me like that. Stretching out my tight MILF pussy, fucking me into oblivion. Mmmm!"

Behind the potted fern, Reese palmed his aching erection through his shorts. Hearing his female family members talk about him in such rapturous, raunchy terms was the hottest thing he'd ever experienced. His ego and his cock swelled with masculine pride.

"You know he's gonna knock one of us up before this trip is over, right?" Jamie mused, turning her head to look at her mother. "No way cocks like that don't shoot live rounds. I swear I felt him painting my womb."

"God, can you imagine?" Connie breathed, fingers now clearly frigging her clit beneath her bottoms. "That potent young seed taking root, our bellies swelling with your brother's baby. Fuck, it's so wrong but it makes me so wet!"

Jamie moaned in agreement, plunging fingers into her own cunt and pistoning them in and out. "He'd fuck us even harder pregnant. Bend us over and rail our fat asses and swollen titties, keep pumping us full of spunk the whole nine months."

The two women masturbated furiously, tits heaving and thighs splayed wantonly as they lost themselves in the fantasy of being bred by Reese. Their slick, squelching pussies and desperate mewls filled the air, the filthy wet sounds reaching Reese's eager ears.

"Breed me, Reese!" Connie sobbed, pinching her clit between two fingers as she squirted into her palm. "Put a baby in Mommy's cunt! Ungh fuck!"

"Me too, me too!" Jamie chanted, hammering three fingers into her clutching hole. "Fuck a child into me, bro! Ruin me with your demon cock then plug me full of cum!"

The obscene image of his mother and sister round with his seed, begging him to fuck their pregnant pussies, pushed Reese over the edge. He shoved a hand down his shorts and fisted his cock, stroking furiously as his balls drew up tight.

Gritting his teeth to stifle his groans, Reese exploded into his shorts, thick ropes of cum jetting out to soak the fabric. He kept stroking through the aftershocks, milking out every drop as he listened to the women climax loudly on their fingers.

Dazed and panting, he leaned his sweaty forehead against the rough wood of the railing. His spent cock twitched in his cum-soaked shorts, still semi-hard. God, he'd never been so insatiably horny before, cumming again and again without going soft.

Reese knew he should be shocked, disgusted by the depraved turn things had taken. But all he felt was a dark, all-consuming hunger, a base need to rut and breed and claim. His mother and sister had awakened something primal in him, an animal urge to dominate and possess.

He welcomed it, embraced the twisted desire burning through his veins. Reese was going to fuck his female relatives into drooling submission,

pump them full of his seed over and over until their bellies and tits swelled with it.

He didn't care about the taboo, the wrongness of it all. Connie and Jamie wanted to be ruined on his cock, knocked up with his offspring. He'd give them exactly what they craved, and more.

Connie's illicit masturbation session had the opposite of its intended effect. Rather than quelling the fire in her loins, it only stoked her desire to a fever pitch. Fingering herself to climax while fantasizing about her son breeding her had left her cunt clenching and grasping, desperate to be stuffed full of hard, hot cock-meat.

With a frustrated groan, she sat up and retied her skimpy bikini, the damp fabric clinging to her swollen pussy lips obscenely. She shot Jamie a meaningful look as she stood, her body practically vibrating with pent-up arousal.

"Taking your brother out on the lake," she muttered, voice husky. "I need fucked."

Jamie just smirked knowingly, her own hand still buried between her splayed thighs. "Take your time," she purred, frigging her clit lazily. "I'll just be out here, enjoying the sun."

Connie nodded distractedly, already marching toward the cabin with single-minded purpose. She slipped inside, scanning the open living

area until her gaze landed on Reese, sprawled on the couch watching TV. Her cunt clenched at the sight of him, young and virile and practically oozing sexual confidence.

Frank glanced up from where he was filleting fish at the kitchen counter. "Back so soon? Thought you girls would be out there working on your tans for a while."

"Mmm, just needed a break from the heat," Connie replied breezily, sauntering over to Reese. She grabbed his hand and tugged him up off

the couch, her meaning clear. "Actually, I was thinking about taking the raft out to that little cove on the other side of the lake. You know the one I'm talking about, don't you honey?"

Frank nodded absently, focused on his task. "Sure, it's nice and secluded over there. Good choice if you want to avoid the boat traffic."

Connie suppressed a smirk. Her oblivious husband had no idea that particular cove was notorious as a hookup spot for horny teens and illicit lovers. The number of fogged up car windows and rocking canoes she'd seen tucked away in there over the years...it was practically a floating den of sin.

And now she was going to add her own son to that list of debauched dalliances. The taboo thrill made her pussy weep anew.

"We'll probably be gone for a while," she said casually, giving Reese's hand a meaningful squeeze. "Work up an appetite rowing all the way over there and back. So don't hold lunch for us."

"Will do," Frank agreed, waving them off. "You two have fun now. Holler if you need anything."

"Oh, I'm sure Reese will be able to help me with anything I need," Connie purred, a wicked gleam in her eye as she led her son out of the cabin.

Reese couldn't tear his eyes away from his mother's spectacular body as he rowed them across the placid lake. The sun-warmed water droplets clinging to her skin made Connie glisten like she was oiled up, highlighting every succulent curve. Her tiny bikini left little to the imagination, the skimpy triangles of fabric straining to contain her abundant charms.

As she lounged back on the inflatable raft, Connie's huge tits threatened to spill free of her top with each lazy undulation of the waves. The thin strings dug into the tender flesh, causing her cleavage to bulge obscenely. Reese's mouth watered as he imagined burying his face

between those big soft fun-bags, motorboating them until he nearly passed out from lack of oxygen.

His hungry gaze slid lower, over the soft swell of her belly to the barely-there scrap of fabric covering her mound. Connie's bikini bottoms rode up high on her hips, baring the mouth-watering curves of her thick thighs. The fabric molded to her puffy slit, clearly outlining the plump lips of her pussy. As she shifted slightly, Reese swore he caught a peek of glistening pink peeking out from the edges.

Fuck, was his mom's cunt already dripping for him? The thought made Reese's cock swell almost painfully in his board shorts. He could practically smell her arousal on the light breeze, could imagine the ripe, musky aroma of her overheated snatch.

As if reading his mind, Connie slowly spread her legs wider, causing the damp crotch of her bikini bottoms to pull even tighter across her mound. The swollen lips of her pussy parted slightly, giving Reese a

tantalizing glimpse of dewy pink flesh. A visible wet spot darkened the fabric at the juncture of her thighs.

"Mmmm, it's so hot out," Connie purred, running a languid hand down her glistening cleavage and over her taut belly. "I'm positively dripping. Can you see how wet I am, baby?"

Reese groaned helplessly, his cock pulsing out a thick dollop of pre-cum to soak through his shorts. "Yeah Ma, I can see. Fuck, your pussy...it looks so juicy and ready."

Connie hummed in agreement, dipping her fingers beneath the string of her bottoms to play with her slick folds. "Ready and aching for you, sweetheart. Mommy needs that big fat cock stuffed inside her needy cunt. I want you to fuck me until I can't remember my own name."

Reese nearly snapped an oar in half at his mother's raunchy words, his blood pounding in his ears. "Jesus, Mom! Keep talking like that and I'm gonna bust a nut before we even reach the cove."

"Can't have that," Connie tutted, pulling her hand out of her bottoms and raising the glistening digits to her mouth. Maintaining sultry eye contact, she licked them clean, humming at the taste of her own arousal. "I want you to save that hot load for when you're balls deep in my pussy. I need to feel you erupt like a geyser deep in my aching cunt."

Reese just whimpered and rowed faster, muscles flexing as he fought against the current. His cock throbbed in time with his racing heart, his balls already pulled up tight and ready to blow.

After what felt like an eternity, they finally reached the secluded cove. Reese guided the raft to a large flat rock near the shore, tethering it to a small tree growing out of a crack in the stone.

No sooner had he secured the line than Connie was on him, climbing into his lap and straddling his thighs. She looped her arms around his neck and crashed her lips against his, plunging her tongue into his mouth.

Reese groaned and fisted his hands in her hair, angling her head to deepen the kiss. Their tongues slid and tangled wetly, the filthy sounds of their make out session echoing off the rocky walls of the cove.

"God, I need you so fucking bad," Connie whimpered against his lips, grinding her sopping mound against the rigid line of his cock. "Fuck me, baby. Shove that huge dick in Mommy's cunt and wreck me!"

"Fuck yes," Reese growled, reaching down to yank the crotch of her bikini bottoms aside. Connie's bare pussy was revealed to him in all its glory - fat, glistening lips parted to show off the drooling pink of her slit, the plump hood of her clit peeking out at the top.

Unable to resist, Reese ran a broad finger up her seam, gathering the slippery arousal that coated her folds. "So fucking wet," he marveled,

bringing the digit to his mouth to suck it clean. The taste of his mother's cunt exploded on his tongue, making his cock kick and leak.

"All for you, baby," Connie panted, reaching into his shorts to free his straining erection. It sprang up to slap against his abs, flushed a deep red and drooling steadily. "Gonna sink this big boy in me to the hilt. Fill me up until I'm stuffed full of meat."

Connie notched the bulbous head of her son's cock against her entrance, both of them shuddering at the electric contact. Then, with a low moan, she began to sink down, taking him inside her inch by glorious inch.

Reese threw his head back and gritted his teeth as his mother's tight cunt swallowed him whole. She was scorching hot and so very wet, her inner muscles rippling and grasping at his throbbing length. He could feel every flutter and clench, her slick walls conforming to his shape like a glove.

"Oh fuck, oh shit, you're so deep!" Connie wailed when she was fully impaled, her plump ass resting on Reese's thighs. She'd never felt so incredibly full before, stuffed to the brim with her son's enormous cock. It felt like he was splitting her in half, stretching her cunt to its absolute limits. "I'm so fucking full of you!"

"Goddamn, you're tight," Reese grunted, hands flying to her hips to grip the plush flesh. He resisted the urge to buck up into her, giving her a moment to adjust. "Gonna ruin this pussy, Ma. Fucking destroy it on my huge cock."

"Yes, wreck me!" Connie begged shamelessly, undulating her hips in little circles. Reese's cock stirred inside her, pressing against her cervix deliciously. "Ruin Mommy's cunt! Pound me until I can't fucking walk straight!"

With a feral growl, Reese lifted Connie up until just the tip of his cock caught on her entrance, then slammed her back down. They both cried out at the brutal penetration, Connie's nails scrabbling at his shoulders.

Setting a punishing rhythm, Reese bounced his mother on his dick like a rag doll, fucking up into her mercilessly. Connie wailed and thrashed in his lap, head thrown back as she was ruthlessly impaled over and over again.

The wet, obscene slap of skin on skin echoed around the cove, nearly drowning out the sound of their moans and grunts. Connie's huge tits bounced wildly in Reese's face, practically begging for his attention.

Dipping his head, Reese captured one fat, pebbled nipple between his teeth, biting down just shy of pain. Connie keened high in her throat, cunt clamping down on his pistoning cock like a vice. He suckled hard, tongue lashing the sensitive bud as he drew her deep into his mouth.

"Oh fuck, your mouth!" Connie babbled, fisting his hair to hold him against her breast. "Suck Mommy's titty, baby! Bite and tug on my nipples, make them ache!"

Reese complied eagerly, releasing her nipple with a pop only to latch onto the other one. He alternated back and forth, licking and nibbling and suckling until Connie was a writhing, mewling mess in his lap.

All the while, he never stopped fucking her, his hips rising to meet her downward thrusts. Connie was impossibly tight and hot around him, her greedy cunt milking his cock for all it was worth. He could feel himself hurtling towards the edge, his balls drawing up tight as his orgasm approached.

But Reese gritted his teeth and powered through, determined to make his mother cum on his cock first. Reaching between their sweat-slicked bodies, he found her swollen clit and began to frig it furiously, pinching and rolling the sensitive nub between his fingers.

"Oh shit, right there!" Connie wailed, grinding her pussy against his hand. "Play with my clit, baby! Gonna make me fucking squirt!"

Reese snarled against her breast, lashing her nipple with his tongue as he frigged her clit even harder. He could feel it pulsing against his fingers, the little bud throbbing in time with her racing heartbeat.

Connie was practically vibrating in his lap now, her cunt clenching rhythmically around his hammering cock. She was close, right on the precipice of a massive orgasm. She just needed one little push to send her flying over the edge...

"Cum for me, Ma," Reese demanded, voice raw with lust. He drilled his hips up sharply, grinding the head of his cock against her cervix as he pinched her clit hard. "Cream on my fucking dick, milk my balls dry. I wanna drown in your cum!"

That was all it took to make Connie shatter. With a guttural scream, she came undone in Reese's arms, her cunt bearing down on him like a silken fist as she gushed all over his cock and balls.

"FUCK! OH FUCK I'M CUMMING!!" she howled to the sky, back arching almost painfully as ecstasy ripped through her. "CUMMING SO HARD ON YOUR HUGE COCK, UNGH!"

Reese moaned like a whore as his mother's release flooded his lap, soaking his shorts and the inflatable raft beneath them. The feel of her squirting all over him, bathing his cock and balls in her essence, was too much for him to take.

"Take my fucking load!" he roared, slamming Connie down on his erupting dick. His balls pulsed and twitched against her ass as he emptied himself inside her, painting her cervix with thick ropes of semen. "Gonna pump you full, fucking breed this cunt!"

Connie could only mewl weakly and twitch on his spurting cock as Reese filled her to overflowing with his seed. She felt the molten heat of it splashing against her womb, triggering another mini orgasm.

They collapsed together in a sweaty, panting heap on the raft, Reese's softening cock still buried in Connie's fluttering cunt. He could feel their combined juices leaking out around him, dribbling down to pool beneath her ass. The musky scent of sex hung heavy in the air, mixing with the crisp smell of the lake.

After a long moment spent catching their breath, Connie lifted her head from Reese's chest and captured his lips in a deep, filthy kiss. She plundered his mouth with her tongue, licking the taste of herself

from his palate. Reese groaned and tangled a hand in her hair, angling her head to deepen the kiss.

They made out lazily for long minutes, savoring the slick slide of lips and tongue. Connie undulated her hips, causing Reese's spent cock to slip from her well-fucked hole with a gush of cum. She moaned into his mouth at the obscene sensation, arousal already rekindling in her core.

Breaking the kiss, Connie reached for a beach towel and clambered to her feet, pulling Reese up with her. On slightly wobbly legs, she climbed out of the raft and onto the sun-warmed rocks, her son's hand clasped firmly in hers.

Reese couldn't tear his eyes away from his mother's spectacular ass as she led him further up onto the secluded outcropping. Her rounded cheeks jiggled and bounced with each step, cum trickling down her inner thighs. His cock, which had never fully softened, surged to full hardness once more, bobbing obscenely before him.

When they reached a relatively flat expanse of stone, Connie stopped and turned to face her son with a sultry smile. She released his hand in order to spread the beach towel out, bending at the waist and giving him an eyeful of her dripping slit in the process.

"Whoops, I seem to have made a mess," she purred, reaching back to play with her cum-smeared pussy lips. "Guess you fucked me so good, I couldn't keep it all inside."

Reese growled low in his throat, cock pulsing with the need to be back in his mother's tight heat. "Bend over, Ma," he demanded roughly, palming her plush ass. "I wanna fuck you doggy style."

Connie shivered with anticipation, immediately dropping to her hands and knees on the towel. She arched her back sluttily and reached back to spread her ass cheeks, exposing her slick holes to Reese's hungry gaze.

"Come on, baby," she keened, wiggling her hips invitingly. "Stuff Mommy's greedy pussy with that big fat cock. I need it so bad!"

Overcome with animalistic lust, Reese positioned himself behind his mother and slammed home in one brutal thrust. They both cried out at the sudden, intense penetration - Reese at the tight, rippling heat of her cunt, Connie at the sheer length and girth stretching her open.

"Ungh, take it, fuck!" Reese snarled, gripping her hips hard enough to bruise as he set a punishing rhythm. He pounded into her relentlessly, his heavy balls slapping against her engorged clit with every thrust. "Gonna ruin this pussy, fuck it into submission."

"Yes, yes, fucking wreck me!" Connie wailed, fingers scrabbling against the rough stone as she was ruthlessly impaled over and over again. "Use my cunt, baby! Hammer it with your huge dick!"

The obscene slap of sweaty skin on skin filled the cove as Reese took his mother from behind like a bitch in heat. Connie's massive tits swung beneath her, slapping together lewdly from the force of his thrusts.

Reese pistoned his hips relentlessly, plunging his thick shaft deep into his mother's clutching heat over and over. As he pounded her, he marveled at how different Connie's cunt felt compared to Jamie's and Gran's.

While his sister's young pussy had been deliciously tight, all slick satin and fluttering muscles, and his grandmother's well-used hole had been soft and yielding, practically sucking him in, his mother's mature cunt was in a class all its own. It gripped him like a vise, inner walls conforming perfectly to his girth like she was made for him.

He could feel every ripple and flutter of her most intimate muscles as he split her open, the texture both silky and meaty at once. Her

abundant arousal made the drag of his cock sublime, allowing him to slide in and out of her clasping sheath with ease.

As he fucked into Connie's exquisite snatch, Reese couldn't tear his eyes away from the erotic sight of her big butt cheeks quivering and bouncing against his groin. The rounded globes of her ass undulated hypnotically with each thrust, rippling outward from the point of impact.

He watched, enraptured, as his thick shaft disappeared between those plush mounds again and again, glistening with his mother's juices. Her asshole winked at him from above, the dusky pink pucker clenching rhythmically as if begging to be stuffed full too.

Reese licked his lips, filing that away for later. For now, he focused on wrecking his mom's hot MILF cunt, angling his hips to grind the head of his cock against her G-spot with every punishing stroke.

"Ungh, your pussy feels incredible, Ma," he grunted, fingers sinking into the pliant meat of her ass as he railed her. "So fucking tight and juicy. Fits my cock like a glove."

"Mmmm, yesss," Connie hissed, tossing her head as pleasure sparked up her spine. "Your big fat cock was made for Mommy's hungry cunt. Stretches me so good, fills me up just right."

She clenched around him deliberately, bearing down on his pistoning length. "Oooh baby, I can feel every ridge and vein. So hard and thick,

splitting me wide open. Fuck me forever with that perfect cock, ruin me for your father!"

Her raunchy encouragement spurred Reese on and he redoubled his efforts, hips slapping against her jiggling ass frantically as he strove to push them both over the edge. Sweat dripped down his chest and abs, flicking onto Connie's undulating back as he hammered into her.

The wet, rhythmic slap of his heavy balls against her swollen clit echoed off the rocky walls, counterpoint to their animal grunts and moans. Connie's pussy was making lewd squelching noises now, creaming uncontrollably around Reese's plundering shaft.

"Fuck Ma, I can feel you gushing," he panted harshly, hips never faltering. "Gonna squirt on my cock again? Drench my fat nuts in mommy cum?"

"Yessss, gonna cum so hard!" Connie keened, fingers scrabbling at the beach towel. "Pound my squirt button, make me soak you! I wanna cum all over that big beautiful dick!"

Reese could feel his own orgasm hurtling towards him, his balls drawing up tight and throbbing with the need to unload. But he gritted his teeth and staved it off, determined to wring another screaming climax from his mom's spasming snatch first.

Reaching around, he rolled her engorged clit between his fingers, pinching and tugging the slippery little nub in time with his thrusts. At the same time, he bent over Connie's back, changing the angle so that his cockhead was hitting her in the perfect spot with every pass.

"C'mon Ma, cream on my cock," he growled in her ear, licking the sweat from her neck. "Lemme feel that hot MILF cunt squirt for me. Fucking drench me!"

That was all it took to push Connie over the edge. With a guttural wail, she came apart on her son's cock, thrashing and bucking as her orgasm

crashed through her. Her pussy spasmed wildly, muscles rippling along Reese's thrusting length as she gushed all over his groin.

"OHHHH FUUUUUUCK!!!" she screamed, back arching like a bow. "CUMMING! I'M FUCKING CUMMING SO HARD UNGH GODDDDD!!"

Reese roared in triumph as his mother's release soaked him, the hot gush of her squirt splattering his abs and balls. The feel of her cunt rippling around him was too much and with a hoarse shout, he buried himself to the hilt and let go.

His cock pulsed and throbbed as he erupted deep inside Connie's fluttering sheath, thick ropes of cum spurting against her cervix. He groaned long and low as he emptied himself, hips twitching with every shot.

Connie whimpered and shook through the aftershocks as she was flooded with her son's potent seed, the molten heat of it soothing her ravaged inner walls. She could feel it seeping out around where they were still joined, dribbling down to puddle on the towel beneath her.

They collapsed together into the slick mess, Reese draping himself over his mother's sweaty back. He mouthed lazily at her shoulder as they caught their breath, cock still buried snug in her heat.

He never wanted to leave the exquisite clutch of his mom's cunt. The way it squeezed and rippled around him, milking out every last drop, was a slice of heaven. He knew without a shadow of a doubt that he would never tire of fucking her, that he'd crave the addictive taste and feel of her forever.

Connie hummed contentedly, undulating her hips slightly and causing Reese's semi-hard cock to shift inside her. Even now, her greedy pussy clenched around him, trying to coax him to full stiffness once more.

"Mmmm, I could stay like this all day," she purred, turning her head to capture Reese's lips in a lazy kiss. "My perfect boy, filling me up so good. Could fuck me forever and I'd never get enough."

Reese growled into her mouth, the filthy words making his cock twitch and swell inside her. He thrust into her languidly, savoring the

slick drag of her cunt along his sensitive length.

"Gonna keep this pussy stuffed and satisfied," he promised hotly, biting at her plump bottom lip. "Every day Ma, gonna shove my cock in you and pump you full. Ruin this cunt on the regular with my fat dick."

Connie shivered at the erotic vow, a fresh gush of arousal leaking out around his hardening shaft. "Yes baby, wreck me," she breathed, arching her back to take him deeper. "I'm your fuck hole now, ready and open for you always. Whenever and however you want it."

Reese groaned, the wanton submission making his balls tighten and his cock swell to full hardness inside his mom's slick heat. His hips twitched, the primal urge to rut rising up hot and hungry once more.

Connie gasped as she felt him lengthen and thicken within her, stretching her tender walls anew. "Oooh fuck, again?" she asked, equal parts delighted and disbelieving. "You're insatiable! How many loads you got in those big balls for Mommy, huh?"

"As many as you can take," Reese rasped, drawing his hips back until just the tip remained inside her before slamming forward again. They both cried out at the brutal penetration, Connie's pussy clamping down on him reflexively.

He set a deep, rolling pace, pulling out almost all the way before plunging back in to grind against her G-spot. The wet, obscene sounds of their fucking filled the cove once more as he took her with long, powerful strokes.

"Goddamn, you're drenched," Reese marveled, feeling his mother's arousal gushing out around his pistoning cock. It matted his pubic hair and slicked his heavy sack, dribbling down to soak the towel. "My cum and your cream, so fucking hot. Gonna add another load to this sloppy cunt."

"Yes, yes, fill me up!" Connie babbled, bracing herself on her elbows and shoving back to meet his thrusts. Her huge tits swayed beneath her, slapping together lewdly from the force. "Fucking flood my pussy with spunk! Paint my insides white!"

Reese pistoned into her harder, fingers sinking into the meat of her ass as he used the plush globes for leverage. He panted harshly as he drilled her, sweat running down his temples to drip onto her undulating back.

"Take it Ma, fucking take it," he snarled, punctuating each word with a sharp snap of his hips. "Gonna cum in this cunt, breed you so fucking deep. Pump you full of my seed until you're fucking leaking."

"Oh god, oh fuck," Connie whined, the dirty talk combined with the relentless pressure on her G-spot sending her hurtling towards another release. "Gonna cum on your cock again. Fuck it out of me baby, make Mommy squirt for you!"

Reese redoubled his efforts, railing into Connie's upturned ass with everything he had. The force of his thrusts caused her whole body to jerk forward, but he held her in place, using her pliant flesh as an anchor.

"C'mon Ma, cream on my cock," he demanded gutturally, reaching around to diddle her swollen clit. "Soak me in it. Wanna be drenched in MILF squirt when I nut deep."

He pinched and rolled the sensitive nub between his fingers, flicking it rapidly in time with the brutal slam of his hips. Connie keened high and wild, back bowing as the dual stimulation sent her flying.

With an almost inhuman shriek, she came violently, her cunt rippling and gushing around Reese's hammering length. A veritable flood of girl cum sprayed from her spasming slit, splattering Reese from groin to chest as she thrashed and wailed beneath him.

In the throes of her explosive orgasm, Connie bucked and writhed so violently that Reese was unseated from her clenching cunt with a lewd squelch. His cock, slick and throbbing, slipped free of her spasming hole to slap wetly against his tensed abdomen.

Before he could even think to protest the sudden loss, Connie was moving with a speed and ferocity that belied her post-orgasmic state. She flipped onto her back and lunged for Reese like a woman possessed, clawing at him with desperate, grasping hands.

With a strength born of pure, animalistic need, she dragged him back down on top of her, fitting his hips between her splayed thighs. Her legs immediately cinched around his waist like bands of steel, locking him in place. At the same time, her arms snaked around his sweat-slicked back, fingernails scoring his flexing muscles.

Connie had transformed into a wild creature of pure instinct and desire, something primal and fierce. The wanton hunger in her glassy eyes made Reese shudder, his cock kicking against her slick mound.

"Don't you dare stop," Connie snarled against his mouth, more demand than plea. She used the vise of her thighs to crush his pelvis to hers, the weeping head of his cock notching against her fluttering opening. "Fuck me, fuck Mommy hard. Ram that big dick in me and don't stop 'til I'm cross-eyed and drooling."

"Fuck," Reese breathed, awed and aroused in equal measure by this unleashed side of his mother. Gritting his teeth, he surrendered to her clawing demands and to his own base need to rut.

With a bestial growl, he sheathed himself to the hilt in Connie's clutching sheath, twin groans of relief and pleasure escaping them at the penetration. Her cunt, still rippling with the aftershocks of her climax, was like a velvet glove around him, suctioning his pulsing length greedily.

Braced above her on his elbows, Reese began to piston his hips, driving into Connie's upturned pussy with savage intensity. The force of his thrusts caused her huge, sweaty tits to bounce and jiggle, drawing his avid gaze. Capturing the fat nipples between his teeth, he bit and sucked the rubbery buds, grunting when she keened and clenched around him.

There was no finesse to their coupling now, no slow buildup or teasing foreplay. It was pure fucking, raw and rough, the primal drive to chase pleasure in its basest form. They rutted like animals in heat, all wet slaps and guttural groans, chasing the ultimate release.

Lost to the exquisite friction of Connie's rippling cunt, Reese hammered into her harder, the tension in his swollen balls reaching a fever pitch. He could feel his impending eruption building at the base of his spine, his cock thickening and pulsing urgently with every plunge into her sodden heat.

"Gonna cum!" Reese gritted out, voice raw and ragged. "Gonna fucking paint your pussy walls with it. Breed this hot cunt so fucking deep."

"Yes, yes, fucking do it!" Connie wailed, back arching as she ground herself onto his pistoning cock. "Fill me up baby, shoot in me, fuck your cum in me, ungggghh--!"

Her increasingly high-pitched pleas combined with the rhythmic squeeze of her pelvic muscles proved too much and with a roar, Reese let go, slamming into Connie one last time and grinding the spitting head of his cock right against her cervix.

His balls drew up tight to his body and pulsed as they unleashed their heavy load, thick ropes of semen spurting forcefully into Connie's

fluttering depths. He closed his eyes and shuddered as he pumped what felt like gallons of hot cum into his mother's greedy hole,

painting her womb with his potent seed.

Feeling Reese erupt inside her, gushing molten heat against her sensitive inner walls, triggered Connie's own release and she came with a silent scream, mouth open and eyes rolling back in her head. Her cunt rippled almost violently around Reese's spurting cock, milking him for every drop as she gushed around him, adding her own release to the sloppy mix.

They collapsed together into the tacky puddle of their combined juices, sucking in great lungful's of air as residual tremors wracked their sweat-slicked bodies. Connie's legs remained cinched around Reese's waist, unwilling to relinquish her claim on him even as his spent cock slipped from her cum-sloppy hole with a gush of semen.

"Holy fuck," Reese panted after a long moment, lifting his head from where he'd had his face smashed between Connie's heaving tits. He pushed himself up on quivering arms to gaze down at her in awe. "That was...shit Ma, you're an animal!"

Connie giggled breathlessly, reaching up to run her fingers through Reese's sweat-damp hair. "You bring out the beast in me, baby. I just can't control myself around this big beautiful dick."

She punctuated her declaration with a meaningful squeeze of her inner muscles around Reese's semi-hard cock, making them both groan at the sensation. Even now, her insatiable cunt was rippling and clenching, trying to coax him back to full stiffness for another round.

"Goddamn, I've created a monster," Reese huffed out on a chuckle, only half joking. His cock twitched valiantly within the slick clutch of his mother's pussy, valiantly trying to rally for more. "Gonna be fucking you forever at this rate, huh Ma?"

"Mmmm, that's the plan," Connie purred, undulating her hips lazily and savoring the slick drag of Reese's sensitive flesh against her

own. "Hope you can keep up, stud. Mommy's got years of pent-up lust to work out and your cock is just the tool for the job."

Reese groaned at the erotic promise in her words, his length swelling incrementally within her despite his utter satiation. He knew he'd gladly dedicate himself to satisfying his mother's every debauched whim, fucking her for hours on end until she was a mindless, drooling mess.

But for now, he needed a moment to recharge, to let his overworked cock recover from Connie's enthusiastic attentions. As much as he'd love to stay buried in her hot cunt forever, Reese knew they should probably head back to the cabin before too much time passed and his dad or siblings got suspicious.

"Fuck, I could go again and again, but we should probably get back," Reese sighed reluctantly, nuzzling into Connie's neck. "Don't want the others wondering what we're up to out here."

"Mmm, you're right," Connie agreed, carding her fingers through his hair. "Plenty of time for more fun later. I plan on sneaking into your and Jamie's room tonight for round...oh hell, I've lost count."

They both laughed at that, easy and conspiratorial. Untangling their limbs with mutual groans of protest, Reese and Connie set about gathering their scattered clothing and towels, taking a moment to quickly rinse off in the shallows of the cove.

Reese's eyes never left his mother's spectacular body as she waded into the clear water, rivulets sluicing over her abundant curves. The late afternoon sunlight gilded her, casting her creamy skin in a golden glow. He was once again struck by her utter perfection, scarcely able to believe that this ideal specimen of womanhood was his to ravage at will.

Connie caught him staring and smirked, striking a pose with her arms raised above her head. The motion thrust her massive tits out

invitingly, water droplets clinging to the flushed peaks.

"See something you like, baby boy?" she teased, rocking her heavy udders back and forth for his viewing pleasure.

"Fuck yeah," Reese growled, wading over to her and palming the heavy globes. "Can't wait to get my hands on these beauties again. And my cock between them."

Connie shivered at the erotic promise, her nipples pebbling against Reese's fingers. "Mmmm, I do give an excellent tit fuck if I do say so," she purred, leaning into his touch. "Can't wait to feel this big cock sliding between my breasts, fucking my cleavage raw until you explode all over Mommy's face and tits."

Reese groaned, his cock twitching and starting to fill yet again at the raunchy image. He knew he needed to get his insatiable mother back to shore before he succumbed to the urge to bend her over the nearest rock and plow her again.

With a herculean effort, he released Connie's tits and stepped back, taking a shuddering breath to calm his raging libido. "Jesus Ma, you can't say shit like that unless you want me to fuck you bowlegged right here and now."

"And that would be a problem why...?" Connie asked archly, running a hand down her wet torso to toy with bald lips at the apex of her thighs.

Reese shot her a warning look even as his eyes tracked the provocative motion hungrily. "Behave, or I'm gonna paddle that MILF ass raw."

"Promises, promises," Connie singsonged, but obligingly ceased her teasing and followed Reese out of the water. They dried off and dressed quickly, gathering up their supplies.

The short hike back to where they'd moored the raft was filled with lingering touches and heated looks, the sexual tension between them palpable. By the time they reached the small vessel, they were both more than a little worked up again, Reese's cock straining against his shorts and Connie's nipples clearly visible through her thin bikini top.

But they resisted the urge to go another round, mindful of the time. Reese helped Connie into the raft before climbing in himself, picking up the oars and beginning to row them back toward the cabin.

Over the course of the weekend, Reese took full advantage of every opportunity to ravage his mother and sister, driven by an insatiable lust and the taboo thrill of breeding his own female relatives. Any time they found themselves alone, even for a moment, he had them bent over the nearest surface, skirts hiked up and panties pulled aside so he could shove his huge cock balls-deep into their dripping cunts.

In the morning, he'd sneak into the kitchen while everyone else was still asleep, finding his mom at the counter preparing breakfast. Connie would gasp and moan as Reese took her from behind, pounding her pussy hard and fast while she braced herself on the granite countertop, tits jiggling. He'd reach around to maul her huge breasts as he hammered into her, pinching and tugging on her fat nipples until she was keening breathlessly.

"Oh fuck yes, right there baby!" Connie would pant, shoving her ass back to meet Reese's brutal thrusts. "Harder, fuck Mommy harder! Breed my hungry cunt with that big cock!"

Reese would growl and comply, digging his fingers into her soft hips as he pistoned into her slick heat relentlessly. He'd grind the head of his cock against her cervix on every stroke, grunting dirty promises into the delicate shell of her ear.

"Gonna pump you so full of cum," he'd rasp, biting at her shoulder. "Flood this pussy with my seed, make your belly swell with my baby. Fuck a kid into you and keep you barefoot and pregnant, my own personal breeding cow."

His raunchy words would push Connie over the edge and she'd cum with a wail, thrashing on his cock as her greedy cunt milked him. Reese would follow her with a hoarse shout, burying himself to the hilt and hosing down her spasming walls with jet after jet of his potent spunk.

In the afternoons, he'd find Jamie sunbathing naked by the lake, her bald pussy glistening with arousal as she fingered herself to thoughts of his cock. Reese would cover her body with his own, notching his thick shaft against her slick entrance and sinking in to the root in one smooth stroke.

Jamie would moan wantonly, wrapping her strong teenage legs around his waist to pull him in deeper as he fucked into her hard and fast. The wet slap of their bodies would echo across the tranquil water as Reese drilled his sister into the dock, the weathered wood creaking beneath them.

"Ah ah ah, fuck me bro, fucking ruin me!" Jamie would keen, raking her nails down Reese's flexing back. "Fucking put a baby in me, make me your own personal cum dumpster to breed!"

Reese would snarl ferally, doubling his efforts. He'd hike Jamie's ankles up over his shoulders, nearly folding her in half as he slammed into her upturned cunt. The angle let him go even deeper, his heavy sack smacking obscenely against her jiggling ass with every brutal thrust.

"Take it sis, fucking take my cock!" he'd grunt, sweat dripping down his temples. "Gonna blow my load right against your fertile womb, knock you up with my bastard. Pump that ripe teenage cunt full of my spunk until it takes."

Reese would reach down to diddle Jamie's clit as he fucked her, pinching the sensitive nub between his fingers. It was all she needed to detonate, screaming to the heavens as her pussy clamped down rhythmically on his pistoning cock. Her release would trigger his own and with a few more erratic thrusts, he'd bury himself balls-deep and explode, firing off surge after surge of hot cum directly into his sister's unprotected womb.

At night, Reese would slip into the bed he shared with Jamie, finding both her and their mother naked and waiting for him. They would pounce on him like bitches in heat, shoving him onto his back and attacking his body with greedy mouths and hands.

Connie would swallow his cock to the root, slurping obscenely as she deep-throated him. At the same time, Jamie would straddle his face, mashing her soaked cunt against his eager mouth. Reese would eat his sister out with gusto, tongue delving deep to lap up the tangy essence of her arousal mixed with his own cum from their afternoon coupling.

The sloppy sounds of Connie's blowjob and Reese's pussy eating would fill the room, punctuated by Jamie's breathy moans and sighs. Before long, Reese would feel his balls tightening, his impending release spurred on by his mom's talented mouth.

With a groan, he'd tap Connie's shoulder urgently, letting her know he was close. She'd pull off him with a lewd pop, stroking his spit-slicked shaft as she aimed it at her heaving tits.

"Paint Mommy's big titties, baby," Connie would urge breathlessly, squeezing her huge breasts together. "Glaze these fat milkers with your hot seed!"

Reese would comply with a strangled shout, his cock pulsing and throbbing as it disgorged thick ropes of pearly cum all over his mom's jiggling rack. Connie would coo and moan as he absolutely

drenched her, the force of his ejaculation splattering her from chin to navel. By the time

he was done, her giant breasts would be frosted with his release, jizz oozing down her cleavage and dripping from her stiff nipples.

Not to be outdone, Jamie would dismount Reese's face and scramble down to join her mom between his splayed thighs. Together, they'd lap at his still spurting cock like kittens at a bowl of cream, gathering his spunk on their tongues and making out sloppily to share it between them.

"Mmm, nothing beats the taste of your cum, bro," Jamie would purr, licking a stray drop from the corner of her mouth. She'd scoop some of the excess jizz from Connie's glazed tits, offering her coated fingers to their mother. "Don't you agree, Mom?"

"Absolutely divine," Connie would moan, sucking Jamie's digits clean. "I could feast on our boy's sweet cream all day. The way it coats my throat, so thick and salty and perfect..."

Reese, meanwhile, would be sprawled bonelessly on the sweat-soaked sheets, chest heaving as he recovered from his explosive orgasm. But his cock, that ever-ready instrument of sin, would remain semi-erect, the bulbous head peeking from his foreskin and painted with his female relatives' saliva.

Connie would notice his lingering arousal and grin wickedly, giving his slick shaft a firm squeeze. "Mmmm, still hungry for more, I see. Insatiable just like me."

She'd throw a leg over his hips and straddle him, reaching between their bodies to notch his spongy cockhead against her drooling entrance. With a filthy moan, she'd sink down onto him, taking his thick length balls-deep in one smooth glide.

"Oh fuck yeah, stuff me full of that huge cock!" Connie would pant, undulating her hips in a slow grind. "Ohhh baby, you fill me up so good! Gonna ride this fat dick until you breed me again!"

As Reese thrust up into his mom's hot, slick channel, Jamie would crawl up his body until she was straddling his face once more. Grabbing the headboard for balance, she'd lower her cum-filled cunt onto his waiting mouth, smearing his lips and chin with their combined juices.

"Eat me, bro," Jamie would demand breathlessly, grinding her soaked folds against Reese's face. "Tongue-fuck your cum outta my cunt! Ungh fuck, get that hot tongue in me, taste our nasty fuck juice!"

Reese would moan into his sister's pussy and redouble his efforts, pistoning his hips up to meet Connie's downward thrusts while simultaneously eating Jamie out with lewd enthusiasm. The filthy sounds of their depraved three-way coupling - the meaty smack of flesh against flesh, the wet squelch and slurp of fucking and eating pussy, the needy grunts and whorish moans - would create a debauched symphony in the dark room.

Lost in the dual pleasure of his mom's rippling cunt sheathing his cock and the tangy musk of his sister's arousal flooding his senses, Reese would feel himself rapidly approaching the brink once more. His balls would draw up tight, preparing to unleash their third load of the night into Connie's fertile depths.

"Fuck, gonna cum again," he'd groan against Jamie's folds, the vibrations making her shudder and clench. "Gonna knock you up, Ma. Pump another baby in you, breed you fucking raw."

"Yes, yes, do it!" Connie would wail, head thrown back as she bounced on him feverishly. "Fill me with your seed, baby! Put a bun in Mommy's oven!"

"Me too, me too!" Jamie would pant, frigging her clit as she rode Reese's face. "Blow your load in Mom's cunt then dump the rest in me! Breed both your slutty bitches, make us swell with your cum!"

The combined depravity of his mother and sister begging him to impregnate them would shred the last of Reese's control. With a feral snarl, he'd slam up into Connie one last time, grinding his erupting cockhead right against her cervix as he exploded. His pulsing shaft would spew shot after shot of hot, thick spunk directly into her womb, flooding her unprotected hole with his virile seed.

Reese's bulbous glans lodged firmly against the tight ring of his mom's cervix, the engorged purple knob pulsing as it disgorged jet after jet of potent semen directly into her womb. With each powerful spurt, his cockhead flared and ballooned, stretching her cervical opening wider to accommodate the sheer volume of cum being pumped into her deepest recesses.

Connie wailed in ecstasy as she felt Reese's molten seed bathing her throbbing inner walls, his thick cream soothing the tender tissues that had been pummeled relentlessly by his huge cock. Her vaginal muscles rippled and clenched around his throbbing shaft, milking him for every drop as her own orgasm crashed through her.

"I can feel you cumming in me!" she sobbed, grinding her hips in tight circles to stir his load inside her. "So much hot jizz, pumping me so full! Ungh fuck, you're gonna knock me up for sure, baby!"

Reese just groaned in response, head thrown back in bliss as his balls emptied their massive load into his mother's hungry snatch. Each flex of his cock unleashed another surge of semen, until viscous rivulets of cum were oozing out around his deeply embedded shaft, unable to be contained by Connie's stuffed hole.

The feel of her son's potent cum splattering her inner walls would send Connie hurtling into her own release and she'd cum with a silent scream, thrashing on his spurting cock like a woman

possessed. Her cunt would clamp down on him rhythmically, milking out every drop as she gushed around his pistoning length.

At the same time, the vibrations of Reese's groans against Jamie's pussy combined with the knowledge that he was once again breeding their mother would prove too much for the horny teen. Throwing her head back with a hoarse cry, Jamie would cum on her brother's face, her cunt spasming and pulsing out its release to soak his chin and cheeks.

This debauched cycle of rutting and cumming, filling and being filled, would continue throughout the night, an endless feedback loop of incestuous pleasure. They would fuck in every conceivable position - Reese taking his female relatives from behind as they knelt side by side on the bed, mounted and bred like the submissive bitches they were.

Reese marveled at his own virility and stamina over the course of the debauched weekend. Never in his wildest dreams did he think he'd be capable of producing such copious amounts of cum, emptying his balls over and over again into the eager cunts of his mother and sister.

He lost count of how many loads he dumped in their fertile holes, of how many times he painted their insides white with his potent seed. Each orgasm was more intense than the last, his cock spewing like a geyser as he bred his wanton female relatives raw. The bed sheets were stained with the evidence of their depravity, puddles of jizz and pussy juice soaking through to the mattress.

Reese's balls ached from the sheer volume of spunk they'd expelled, drawn up tight and throbbing from the constant milking they'd received. But still he soldiered on, driven by a primal need to mark and claim, to assert his dominance as the virile stud of the family.

And what a stud he'd proven himself to be! He'd reduced his cock-hungry mother and sister to mewling, cock-drunk sluts, ruined their

holes so thoroughly they'd be feeling the aftereffects for days. He'd ridden them hard and put them away wet, fucked them bowlegged and cross-eyed and still they begged for more.

Reese couldn't help but puff up with macho pride at what a thorough job he'd done wrecking his female relatives. He was a fucking sex god, wielding his huge cock like a weapon, reducing the women in his family to whimpering, cum-hungry whores. Gran, Mom, Sis - they were all his cocksleeves now.

THE END

241: “ONE DAY ONLY,” THEIR MOMS AGREED.

"ONE DAY ONLY," THEIR MOMS AGREED.

By Klrxo

Lana shifted uncomfortably on the couch, crossing her sexy legs. "I know Jayden has been looking at me differently lately. The way his eyes linger on my cleavage and ass. I think he wants to fuck me."

"Tyler too," Lana's friend Jocelyn admitted, her face flushed. "My son's always finding excuses to brush up against me. And the bulge in his pants is hard to ignore."

Nina nodded, agreeing with her two friends. "It's wrong, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't tempted by Josh sometimes. He's becoming such a handsome young man. When he hugs me, I feel his hard muscles and..." She trailed off, too ashamed to continue.

The women sat in heavy silence for a long moment, the weight of their taboo desires hanging in the air. They knew it was so very wrong to lust after their own sons. They were married mothers, respectable women. Incest was one of the ultimate sins.

And yet, the overwhelming allure was still there, a pulsing need they couldn't shake. Their boys had grown into such handsome, virile young men who craved their lush, womanly bodies. Men who could satisfy them in ways their husbands couldn't.

"What if...what if we gave in? Just once?" Lana's voice was barely a whisper, trembling with both fear and longing.

Jocelyn and Nina exchanged shocked glances at Lana's scandalous suggestion. But neither could deny the dark thrill that raced through them at the prospect.

"One day only," Lana continued, working it out in her head. "We give the boys what they want…what we want. We'll let them fuck us hard so we

can all get it out of our systems. Then we put an end to it, go back to normal."

Jocelyn nodded in agreement. "It shouldn't be too hard to keep from our husbands, if it's only one day."

Nina hesitated, but the pulsing ache between her legs was too insistent to ignore. "Okay," she agreed, heart pounding. "One day of wild, nasty, no-limits sex with our sons. Then never again."

The three MILF looked at each other, a mix of nervous energy and raw lust crackling between them. They couldn't quite believe they were actually going to go through with this - crossing the ultimate line and committing incest with their own offspring.

But God help them, they needed it. Craved to feel those strong young cocks pounding their needy cunts, to be taken hard as women again. To let the burning depravity consume them, just this one time.

Cory, Grant, and Finn were an enticing trio of eighteen-year-old stallions. Cory, the leader of their pack, had a lean yet muscular frame, with defined abs that rippled down to his narrow hips. His deep blue eyes were framed by a mess of dirty blond hair, which accentuated his square jawline.

Grant, on the other hand, was a walking sculpture of masculinity. His arms bulged with taut muscles, and his V-shaped torso dipped seductively below his waistline. Jet-black hair crowned his head, and his emerald eyes always seemed to hold a mischievous glint.

Lastly, there was Finn, their resident Casanova. His olive skin glistened in the dim light, offsetting his piercing hazel eyes and perfectly chiseled features. A light dusting of dark brown hair adorned his chest and trailed down to his hips, which led to the evidence of their shared arousal: three enormous cocks, hard and ready for the taking.

Their heartbeats quickened in anticipation as they stood naked in Finn's bedroom, a space usually reserved for Xbox marathons and pizza feasts. Now, however, it had become the staging ground for their most daring conquest yet: fucking their beautiful mothers.

The three athletic teens stood together in front of Finn's full-length mirror, admiring their ripped bodies and rock-hard erections jutting out proudly. Cory flexed his biceps and abs, smirking confidently at his reflection. "I'm gonna pound my mom so deep and hard, she won't be able to walk straight for a week," he bragged, slowly stroking his thick 8-inch shaft.

Grant nodded in agreement, giving his own impressive cock a few pumps. "Same here bro. I'll have mommy screaming my name as I rail her tight MILF pussy with my power thrusts." He demonstrated by aggressively pumping his hips, his hefty balls swinging with each movement.

"Fuck yeah guys," Finn chimed in, cupping his heavy sack. "The key is to start slow, then jackhammer hard and fast until she cums all over your cock. I bet I can make my mom orgasm at least three times before I flood her cunt with my huge load."

They all laughed and high-fived, beyond excited to fulfill their ultimate taboo fantasy. Pre-cum already glistened on the swollen

heads of their girthy boners. In mere moments, those throbbing poles would be buried to the hilt inside the slick folds of their own mothers, bringing them to heights of forbidden ecstasy.

"I still can't believe they agreed to fuck us," said Grant, slowly fisting his sinewy boner. "Even if it is just for today, it's gonna be epic!

The trio had honed their sexual prowess through countless encounters with the hottest girls at their high school. Finn, the most experienced of the group, had a reputation for making even the most prudish girls scream in pleasure as he pounded them relentlessly with his thick rod. He

loved edging them for hours, bringing them right to the brink before backing off, only to drive into them harder until they convulsed in mind-blowing orgasms.

Grant preferred to use his sculpted body to his advantage, letting girls worship his chiseled abs and bulging muscles as he flexed and posed for them. Then he would throw them down and dominate them completely, fucking them in every position until they were limp and exhausted, thoroughly used by his powerful thrusts.

Cory had a way of seducing girls with his boyish charm and sexy dirty talk. He could fingerbang a chick to an explosive orgasm in mere minutes, reading her body and pushing all the right buttons. His favorite move was to eat a girl out until she was quivering and dripping, then plunge his huge cock in and pound her until she came again even harder on his shaft.

The boys had fucked dozens of girls, sometimes sharing them together in epic threesome fuckfests. But nothing compared to the thrill of finally taking their own sexy mothers, the women they had lusted after for so long. With their combined sexual talents, they were determined to give their moms the hardest, most intense fucking of their lives, ruining them for their fathers. Tonight, these young studs would prove their mastery by conquering the ultimate

female trophies and becoming the alpha males they were always destined to be.

In Finn's mother's lavish bedroom, the three stunningly voluptuous MILFs primped and preened their naked bodies, eager to be ravaged by their virile young sons.

Finn's brunette-haired mother Jocelyn had an hourglass figure that would make any man weak in the knees. Her colossal breasts were a perfect 34M cup, capped with saucer-sized light brown areolas and thick nipples that pointed slightly upward. Her flat tummy flowed into a juicy bubble butt that strained the seams of even her loosest yoga pants. She

examined her plump freshly-waxed pussy in the vanity mirror, already puffy and slick with anticipation.

Cory's bombshell mother Lana boasted bountiful 36G tits that stood proud and firm on her chest, defying gravity. Her dark nipples were permanently erect at the centers of wide areola, always ready for suckling. She had an ass that could stop traffic, with each cheek a perfect tanned sphere that jiggled hypnotically as she walked. Her full, smooth pussy lips glistened beneath her neatly trimmed landing strip, dirty blonde to match her shoulder-length hair.

Grant's mom Nina was a brick-house redhead with the most insane body of the three. Her titanic breasts were an astonishing , each fleshy globe easily the size of her head, capped with giant areola and plump, rubbery teats. Her narrow waist flared out to childbearing hips and a prodigious ghetto booty that could swallow a man's entire face. Her fat, bald pussy was a thing of beauty, with a prominent mound and plump lips that were perpetually swollen with arousal.

The three stacked mothers glanced at each other lustfully as they touched up their hair and makeup, dolling themselves up to be the ultimate hot mama cock-sleeves for their ardent teenage sons.

Jocelyn slathered her huge tits in glittery body oil until they shone, while Lana did some nude yoga stretches to limber up for the impending depravity. Nina gingerly tugged on her sensitive nipples, coaxing out a bead of pearly fluid. She couldn't wait to have Grant suckle her like a newborn while his huge cock split her open like never before.

"We've got our work cut out for us today, girls," Jocelyn purred as she applied some shimmery lip gloss. "But I know our strapping young bucks are up to the challenge. My hungry cunt is aching to be stuffed full of Finn's fat cock while I guzzle down every drop of his youthful seed."

"Fuck, me too," moaned Lana, sliding a finger between her slippery folds. "Cory is gonna pound me into oblivion with that massive fuckstick of his.

I'm gonna drain those swollen balls until he's given me every last spurt of jizz."

"Mmmm, I need Grant's thick dick splitting me in half, stat," groaned Nina, groping her enormous melons. "He's gonna fuck his mommy so hard, I'll be bowlegged for days. Then I'll suck him clean and make him explode all over my huge titties."

Since making the decision to fuck them, just for one day, the three buxom MILFs had carefully orchestrated this debauched afternoon of incestuous indulgence, weaving elaborate tales to guarantee hours of uninterrupted depravity with their strapping sons.

Jocelyn had packed her husband off on a golf trip with his buddies, telling him she was planning a "girls' day" with Lana and Nina. She dropped her two younger children off with her sister for a sleepover, ensuring the house would be empty for the raunchy festivities.

Lana told her husband that she was taking their toddler to visit her mother for the day. In reality, the little one was snoozing at a sitter's

house while mommy plotted to take her eldest son's cock. If only her clueless hubby knew what his sweet wife was really up to.

Nina had sent her husband and twin toddlers to the zoo for the day. He was under the impression that she would be having a spa day. Instead, she would be engaging in the ultimate taboo - a marathon fuckfest with her muscle-bound offspring. No massage could compare to the exquisite sensation of her son's enormous cock pummeling her aching mommy cunt.

With their deceptions complete, nothing stood in the way of these insatiable MILF goddesses taking their sons' pulsing members deep inside their hungry holes. They were finally free to be the cock-crazed, depraved sluts they were meant to be, if only for one afternoon. The anticipation of getting stuffed full of raging virile dick had their pussies gushing and their nipples rock hard.

The depraved mommies giggled naughtily as they finished their preparations, fizzing with anticipation. Their giant breasts heaved and their juicy asses jiggled as they sauntered to the bedroom door on bare feet, ready to fulfill their roles as the ultimate mommy cock-sleeves for their horny teens.

The three busty MILFs strutted out of the room, their majestic nude bodies jiggling and swaying seductively with each step. Jocelyn led the way, her colossal M-cup tits bouncing heavily against her ribs, the glittery oil highlighting their perfect roundness. Lana followed close behind, her bountiful G-cup boobs swinging side to side, the fat dark nipples leaving a dewy trail on her tanned skin. Nina brought up the rear, her gargantuan P-cup breasts wobbling obscenely, each fleshy globe an overripe fruit ready to be plucked and devoured.

Their child-bearing hips rolled and undulated as they padded down the hallway on their bare feet, the plush carpet tickling their pedicured toes. Three sets of ample asscheeks waved and jiggled in

a hypnotic rhythm, the supple flesh rippling like ocean waves. They giggled and cooed with anticipation, their slick cunts tingling and quivering, leaving a trail of arousal glistening on their inner thighs.

The trio of delectable mothers entered Finn's bedroom to find their strapping sons waiting eagerly, fisting their pulsing cocks, the musky scent of virile young male permeating the air. Jocelyn beckoned to the boys with a sultry smile and a crook of her finger, her pendulous jugs swaying.

"Let's go boys," Jocelyn said huskily, sauntering over and reaching out to grasp Finn's throbbing erection.

Lana and Nina followed suit, each grabbing their own son's pulsing shaft and giving it a few slow pumps. They led the enraptured teens out of the room by their engorged dicks like leashes, the boys shuffling behind slack-jawed and eager to obey.

The MILFs led their offspring into Jocelyn's opulent master suite, the very bedroom where she had conceived Finn eighteen years ago. Now she would defile that same marital bed by taking her son's cock in her ravenous cunt, his potent seed soon to be splattered across the expensive silk sheets.

Lana locked the door securely behind them, the click of the deadbolt sealing their salacious fate. No one would disturb this wanton fuckfest for hours to come. They had all night to indulge in the ultimate familial depravity.

The three MILFs had always loved their husbands dearly and were devoted wives and mothers. Jocelyn had been happily married to Finn's father Jeff for twenty years, while Lana had tied the knot with Cory's dad Michael right out of high school. Nina and Grant's father Steven had a picture-perfect relationship that was the envy of the neighborhood.

But despite their strong marriages and large, loving families, these women were absolutely insatiable when it came to sex. No matter how attentive their husbands were or how many screaming orgasms they gave them, it was never quite enough. The wives' libidos were off the charts, their pussies constantly aching for a hard fucking. Only a virile young buck in his sexual prime could even hope to keep up with their carnal appetites.

Jocelyn, Lana, and Nina knew this was so wrong, that society would condemn them for this ultimate taboo. But their uncontrollable lust overrode any sense of propriety. They needed their sons' huge cocks splitting them open, ruining them for their husbands. Nothing could compare to the thrill of surrendering their bodies completely to their own flesh and blood.

The mothers and sons separated into two groups, eyeing each other hungrily. The MILFs huddled together, giggling and whispering excitedly like schoolgirls as they admired the young studs before them.

"Fuck, look at those abs," Lana purred, eyeing Grant's chiseled six-pack. "I want to lick every inch of that body."

"Mmmm, and that ass," Jocelyn murmured, staring at Cory's taut bubble butt. "I could bounce a quarter off those tight cheeks."

Nina licked her lips as she ogled Finn's enormous cock, the thick shaft pulsing with need. "I can't wait to worship that big fat dick. Suck it, stroke it, fuck it..."

The boys stood in a cluster, their jaws slack as they drank in the mind-blowing sight of their voluptuous mothers stark naked and ready to be bred. Finn's eyes were riveted on Jocelyn's monumental jugs, watching the weighty globes jiggle and sway with her every movement. He pictured himself straddling her chest, fucking her slick titty tunnel until he painted her face and tits with his hot spunk.

Grant zeroed in on Nina's fantastically corpulent ass, imagining himself behind her, gripping those fleshy cheeks as he long-dicked her hard from behind. He would use that phat booty as his personal fuck pillow, pounding her plump rump until he exploded deep in her guts.

Cory was hypnotized by Lana's delectably meaty pussy, the fat lips slick and swollen, just begging to be stretched around a hard cock. The thick dome of her clit-hood protruded from her cuntal fissure, shrouded the fat bulb of her love-nubbin. He envisioned burying his face between her thick thighs, eating her out until she screamed, then driving every inch of his huge dick into her hungry snatch.

The guys stroked themselves to full mast as they gawked shamelessly at their mothers' ripe bodies, their swollen cocks throbbing and leaking copious pre-cum. The MILFs reveled in the ravenous stares of their offspring, delighting in their power to inspire such uncontrollable lust.

After a few moments of this lewd ogling, the two groups slowly advanced on each other, pulled together like strong magnets.

Pulling their boys towards the bed, the MILFs laid back on the plush king-sized mattress, their lovely legs slowly spreading apart to reveal their glistening pink honeypots. The musky scent of aroused cougar filled the air as they crooked their fingers at their sons, beckoning them forward.

"Come to mommy, baby," Jocelyn cooed, running her hands over the smooth expanse of her inner thighs. "Let me wrap my legs around you and pull you in deep."

Finn eagerly crawled between his mother's warm silky thighs, positioning his throbbing erection at her slick entrance. Nina and Lana followed suit, welcoming Grant and Cory into the saddle of their splayed legs.

The boys rubbed the swollen purple heads of their cocks up and down their mothers' slippery slits, coating their crowns with clear feminine nectar. They used the tips to part the plump pussy lips, revealing the glistening pink flesh within.

Finn circled Jocelyn's needy entrance with his glans before sliding up to her throbbing clit. He pushed back the thick hood, exposing the grape-sized nub. Jocelyn gasped and twitched as Finn flicked the sensitive bundle of nerves with his leaking slit. Her copious juices flowed out to lubricate his entire cockhead, preparing him to penetrate her depths.

Grant and Cory teased Nina and Lana in a similar fashion, rubbing their fat mushroom tips against their mother's swollen clits and drenching them in slick secretions. The older women moaned wantonly, their hips undulating to grind against their sons' cocks.

The boys marveled at how their bulbous dickheads were essentially magnified versions of their mothers' clits. Finn stared in fascination at Jocelyn's throbbing bud, noting the striking similarities in shape and color to his own glans. Both were shiny and purplish-red, engorged with blood. The main difference was size - his knob was significantly larger, the circumference of a plum compared to her grape-sized nubbin.

Grant and Cory were equally enthralled by the sight of Nina and Lana's pulsing joy buttons. They couldn't help but notice how their own cockheads seemed molded from the same anatomical blueprint as their moms' pleasure centers, from the smooth rounded helmets to the thin groove bisecting the tips.

The teens gently pinched and rolled the sensitive bundles between their fingers, watching in awe as they twitched and swelled even further. Jocelyn, Nina and Lana bucked and whimpered at the intense stimulation, fresh rivulets of nectar flooding from their slick channels.

"Mmmm, baby, your big fat dickhead feels so good on Mommy's clit," Jocelyn panted, undulating her broad hips against Finn's prodding cock. "Momma needs that huge knob stretching her open. Shove it in me, honey!"

Nina and Lana voiced similar pleas, desperate to be penetrated by their virile sons. The aching emptiness in their pussies had become unbearable - they needed to be stuffed full of thick young cock immediately.

The boys were more than happy to oblige. They notched their swollen crowns against their mothers' dilated fuckholes, the plump labia parting to grant them entrance. With their clits thoroughly primed, the MILFs were slick and open, utterly prepared to be bred.

"Ready or not, here I cum," Finn growled as he gripped Jocelyn's meaty hips.

With a powerful flex of his own hips, Finn drove forward, preparing to sheath his throbbing shaft deep into his mother's succulent pussy. Jocelyn cried out sharply as her son's bulbous cockhead pushed past her slick entrance, instantly spreading her much wider than she was used to. The thick flared rim caught briefly on her muscular opening before it yielded with an audible squelch, the broad head popping inside.

Finn sank into Jocelyn's lush wet heat inch by meaty inch, his veiny shaft steadily disappearing between her puffy lips. He could feel every ripple and fold of his mother's most intimate place hugging his sensitive organ like a silky glove. Her syrupy inner walls fluttered and squeezed around his thickness, welcoming him in even as they struggled to accommodate his impressive girth.

About a third of the way in, the swollen head met resistance in the form of a pronounced fleshy bump - Jocelyn's G-spot. The spongy tissue quivered as Finn's cock rubbed insistently over it, sending jolts of electric pleasure shooting through the MILF's body. Her abundant

cream gushed out around his plundering shaft, allowing him to slide in even deeper.

Soon Finn felt the tip of his cock nudge against a small divot in the top of his mother's channel - the entrance to her cervix. The tiny portal was pulled taut around his invading glans, fighting to keep him out of her innermost sanctum. But as he pushed steadily forward, it began to blossom open like a fleshy flower, the rim flaring to grant him passage.

With a triumphant thrust, Finn hilted himself in his mom's fertile depths, his swollen balls nestling against her upturned ass. Her cervix stretched obscenely around his tip, hugging it like a second mouth. He was buried as deep inside his mother as physically possible, utterly violating the once-sacred barrier meant to protect her womb.

Jocelyn wailed in euphoria as Finn's mammoth cock invaded her most intimate recesses, places that had never been touched by anything so large. It felt like he was splitting her in half, his veiny shaft pulsing against her clasping walls. She wrapped her long legs around his waist, locking her ankles to pull him in even deeper.

"Oh fuck baby, you're so deep in Mommy's pussy!" Jocelyn babbled deliriously, her eyes rolling back in her head. "I can feel you in my womb! Stuff me full of that huge cock!"

Finn grunted in satisfaction, relishing the exquisite tightness of his mother's cunt gripping him like a fist. He pulled back slowly, his glistening pole slipping out inch by inch, only to slam back in balls-deep. He set a steady pace, sawing in and out.

"Damn, my mom's pussy feels as tight as that virgin Becky I fucked the other night at Jason's party," Grant grunted as he hilted his thick cock in Nina's juicy cunt. He spoke to his friends as if his mother wasn't even there, like she was just a set of holes for him to use.

"Maybe even tighter. Fuck, I can feel every ripple squeezing my dick."

Grant focused on the incredible sensation of Nina's corrugated vaginal walls stretching around his girth, the muscular flesh clinging to every ridge and vein. He pulled out until just the tip remained inside, admiring how her puffy lips gripped his shiny glans. Then he slammed back in, burying every inch in her clasping heat.

Nina moaned like a bitch in heat, her colossal tits bouncing as Grant pounded into her. "Mmmm yes baby, give Mommy that big cock! Harder! Deeper! Ruin my fucking pussy!"

Cory pistoned in and out of Lana's gushing snatch, his chiseled ass flexing powerfully. He loved how her thick cunt squeezed him like a vise, as if trying to milk the cum from his balls.

"Take it Mom, take my big fat cock," Cory growled, drilling her cervix with the head of his dick. "Gonna pound this pussy so hard. You'll never walk right again."

"Yes, destroy Mommy's cunt!" Lana wailed, gripping the sheets as Cory hammered her into the mattress. "I'm your fuck-toy now! Use me like a cock-sleeve!"

The room filled with the lewd sounds of raw fucking - wet squelches, meaty thwacks, grunts and moans. The king bed creaked dangerously as

three virile young bucks aggressively mated with their sex-starved mothers, giving them the hardest, deepest pounding of their lives.

The sons selfishly chased their pleasure, slamming in and out of the clasping wet cunts engulfing them. The mothers were just holes to them now, receptacles to dump their loads into. Their sole purpose was to milk their sons' cocks with their talented fuck-tunnels.

Jocelyn, Nina and Lana sobbed in ecstasy as they were used like rag-dolls, their bountiful tit-flesh and ass-cheeks rippling from the force of the thrusts. They had never been so thoroughly and masterfully fucked before, not even by their husbands on their wedding nights. Their teenage sons were ruining them for all other men, wrecking their pussies with their huge cocks and relentless virility.

Each coupling of mother and son was a unique anatomical puzzle piece, their genitals fitting together perfectly. Finn's girthy cock stretched Jocelyn's tight pussy to the limit, the flared ridge of his cockhead catching deliciously on her G-spot with every thrust. Her engorged clit ground against his pubic bone, zings of electric pleasure shooting through her.

Jocelyn's cunt was slick and tightly muscled from decades of Kegel exercises, her vaginal walls hugging Finn's veiny shaft like a custom-fitted glove. Her abundant juices flowed freely, allowing him to plunge in and out with obscene wet squelches.

Nina's cavernous pussy was a wet, velvety heaven squeezing around Grant's meaty cock. Her syrupy inner folds clung to every bump and ridge of his thickness, rippling along the sensitive flesh. Grant's bulbous cockhead plunged into her buttery depths over and over, parting her muscles and kissing the entrance to her womb. Her powerful vaginal muscles contracted rhythmically, as if to milk his shaft of every drop of cum. Nina's sweet nectar drenched his balls, the intoxicating scent of her arousal filling the air.

Lana's cunt was hot and hungry as it engulfed Cory's impressive length. Her puffy pussy lips stretched obscenely around his girth, clinging to his veiny shaft. The rim of his broad head dragged deliciously along her ribbed walls with every stroke, stimulating the sensitive nerve endings. The mother tilted her pelvis to take him even deeper, changing the angle so his cockhead pummeled her G-

spot. Her drenched hole made sloppy noises as he sawed in and out, his heavy balls smacking against her ass.

The mothers gyrated their hips to meet every thrust, grinding their throbbing clits against their sons' pistoning cocks. The frenulum on the underside of each cockhead rubbed against the spongy tissue with delicious friction. The slick genital nectar allowed the boys to penetrate deeper and harder with each stroke, until they were pounding against the very entrance of their mothers' wombs.

The sons flexed their powerful pelvic muscles, drawing back before slamming balls deep into the hot, clasping cunts engulfing them. Their rock hard shafts plundered their mothers' innermost depths with savage intensity, the broad dickheads pummeling cervixes. Their heavy balls churned with potent seed, preparing to flood fertile wombs with virile spunk.

Jocelyn, Nina, and Lana writhed and thrashed beneath their sons' relentless drilling, their voluptuous bodies shuddering with ecstasy. Their heavy breasts bounced wildly and asses jiggled as they were fucked into oblivion. Fingernails raked down sweat-slicked backs as the boys rutted on top of them.

The sons reveled in the feel of their mothers' toned, silky-smooth legs wrapped around them like fleshy fuck harnesses. Those shapely gams gripped them tight, ankles crossed and locking them in place, as if the MILFs never wanted to let them go. Jocelyn, Nina and Lana used the powerful muscles of their thighs and calves to pull their boys in deeper with each thrust, hungry for every inch of throbbing cock-meat.

Finn groaned as his mom's strong legs squeezed his waist, her dainty feet bobbing against his lower back. He could feel her flexing her leg muscles, clamping down on him like a vise. It was as if her very flesh was begging him to keep plowing her, to never stop fucking her needy cunt.

Grant grunted as Nina wrapped her thick thighs around him, her heels digging into his pumping ass cheeks. The feel of her smooth calves rubbing against his sides drove him wild. He loved how her legs imprisoned him, refusing to release him until he dumped his load deep inside her.

Cory panted as his mom locked her ankles together behind his back, using her sexy stems to urge him on. He could feel her shapely feet pressed against his spine as he rutted into her, the arches rubbing his skin. Her legs were like a velvet trap, and he was ensnared in her clutches.

The lewd wet sounds of vigorous fucking filled the room as the boys savagely pounded their mothers' dripping pussies. Meaty smacks echoed obscenely as the sons' swollen balls slapped against the mothers' jiggling asses with every thrust. The pungent musk of sex hung heavy in the air.

"Fuck yes, baby! Harder!" Jocelyn wailed, tightening her leg lock around Finn's waist. "Destroy Mommy's pussy with that huge fucking cock!"

Finn responded by slamming into her even more forcefully, the head of his dick pummeling her cervix. He could feel her cunt clenching and fluttering around him, sucking him in. Her cream flooded out to coat his pistoning shaft, allowing him to plunge into her sodden fuckhole with ease.

"Take it, Mom!" Grant snarled as he speared Nina's molten twat with his veiny pole. "Gonna ruin this cunt for Dad. Stretch it the fuck out!"

Nina's colossal jugs jiggled like jello as Grant pounded her into the mattress. She locked her ankles tighter, pulling him in balls deep. Her

honeyed walls rippled along his plunging length, slick muscles squeezing him like a fist.

"Yes, ruin me!" Lana sobbed as Cory ravaged her slippery snatch.

The thrusting cocks stimulated the mothers' most intimate pleasure centers with ruthless efficiency, rapidly propelling them towards mind-blowing climaxes. Jocelyn, Nina and Lana could feel their clitoral roots pulsing with need, the dense nerve bundles radiating electric bliss through their bodies with every stroke.

The sons' bulbous cockheads dragged deliciously over the ribbed roof of their mothers' cunts, mashing against the spongy patch of G-spot tissue. The fleshy bump swelled with each pass, engorging with blood until it jutted prominently into the clasping channels.

Finn angled his hips to saw his girthy shaft directly over Jocelyn's G-spot, applying relentless pressure to the sensitive bundle of nerves. He could feel it quivering against the top side of his dick, growing more pronounced with every thrust. Clear feminine nectar gushed around his driving cock as he pummeled the magic button, soaking his groin.

"Ohhhh fuck! Right there baby!" Jocelyn keened, seeing stars as Finn zeroed in on her sweet spot. "You're gonna make Mommy cum so fucking hard!"

Grant used the ridge of his cockhead like a blunt instrument, rubbing insistently over his mom's G-spot on every in-stroke. He ground the spot with the underside of his shaft as he hilted inside her, applying delicious friction to the pleasure pad. Nina's eyes rolled back as jolts of rapture shot through her voluptuous frame.

"Mmmm yes, just like that!" she babbled incoherently. "Milk my fucking G-spot! Gonna...gonna cum!"

Cory pistoned directly into Lana's sweet-spot, the broad tip of his dick bumping over the responsive patch with brutal efficiency. He could feel it

swelling against his cockhead, growing more engorged with each pass. Lana's copious juices squirted out around his plunging pole as he maniacally stimulated the nerves.

"Deeper! Harder! Fuck my G-spot raw!" Lana wailed, her cunt clenching uncontrollably around Cory's shaft.

The boys panted with exertion as they aggressively fucked their mothers, sweat dripping down their flexing bodies. They could feel the older women's pussies starting to flutter and contract erratically around their cocks, signaling impending orgasms. Determined to push them over the edge, the teens doubled their efforts, slamming in balls deep and grinding against G-spots with ruthless precision.

The bed shook violently and creaked in protest as the boys hammered into their mothers' dripping cunts with jackhammer intensity. The sturdy frame lifted off the floor from the sheer force of their thrusts, the box spring squealing. Finn, Grant and Cory gritted their teeth as they pistoned their hips, their taut ass cheeks clenching with every powerful drive forward.

"Fuck, this cunt is gripping me so tight," Finn grunted as he long-stroked Jocelyn's quivering pussy. "Feels like her pussy is trying to rip my cock off!"

"I know bro, my mom's snatch is sucking me in like a black hole," Grant panted, sawing in and out of Nina's sloppy hole. "The suctioning ripples are unreal."

"Dude, those greedy kegels are milking my dick so hard," Cory groaned as he pile-drived into Lana's spasming twat. "It's like her cunt has a mind of its own, desperately trying to drain my balls dry."

The trio of horny teens talked about the incredible sensations engulfing their plundering cocks as if they were players on the same team, committed to bringing each other maximum pleasure. They took pride in

their staying power and sexual prowess, determined to give their moms the most mind-blowing orgasms of their lives.

Finn focused on the slick, strangling grip of Jocelyn's vaginal muscles rippling along his veiny shaft, squeezing him rhythmically as he pumped in and out. "It's like her pussy is pulsating, massaging every fucking inch of my meat. Shit, I'm not gonna last much longer at this rate!"

Grant reveled in the buttery soft glide of his mother's cream-slicked cunt, allowing him to penetrate her deepest recesses. "It's so hot and wet, like fucking into warm silk. I can feel every fold and flutter caressing my swollen head. I'm gonna bust the biggest nut of my life in this sweet hole!"

Cory lost himself in the velvety suction of Lana's clasping twat, her inner muscles clinging to him like a needy mouth. "Fuck, it's like her snatch is sucking and slurping on my cock, desperately hungry for my jizz. I'm gonna paint her fucking cervix with so much spunk!"

The sons savored the exquisite friction of their raging hard-ons sawing through the tight, clinging heat of their mothers' heavenly cunts. The sensation of the ribbed walls grasping them, trying to milk their cocks dry, was driving them wild with lust.

Jocelyn could feel the intense pressure building deep within her loins as Finn relentlessly pounded her G-spot. His girthy cock head was grinding against the spongy bump of nerves with each thrust, sending electric jolts of pleasure rippling through her voluptuous frame. The coil of tension in her pelvis wound tighter and tighter, her swollen clit pulsing in time to his strokes.

"Oh God...oh fuck...I'm gonna cum!" Jocelyn wailed, her fingernails digging into Finn's flexing back muscles. "Don't stop baby, I'm almost there!"

Finn grunted with effort as he jack-hammered into his mother's spasming cunt, the wet squelches of his pistoning cock obscenely loud. He could feel her internal muscles starting to clench around him erratically, quivering and fluttering along his veiny shaft. Her creamy nectar flooded out around his plunging pole, soaking his groin.

Jocelyn threw her head back and screamed to the heavens as the most intense orgasm of her life ripped through her. It started deep in her core, a white-hot ball of ecstasy detonating behind her pubic bone. The pleasure radiated outwards in waves, her clitoral complex pulsing wildly as 8000 hyper-sensitized nerve endings fired at once.

Her slick vaginal muscles clamped down HARD on Finn's thrusting cock, the powerful contractions rippling from the opening of her cunt all the way to the depths of her cervix. Her G-spot seemed to swell to the size of a walnut, throbbing against the underside of his shaft. Clear feminine ejaculate gushed from her urethra with the force of a geyser, splattering against Finn's pistoning groin.

"OHHHHH FUUUUUUCCKKKK!!!" Jocelyn shrieked at the top of her lungs, her eyes rolling back in her skull. Her voluptuous body convulsed violently, back arching sharply off the bed. Her massive tits bounced wildly as tremors wracked her curvy frame.

Finn groaned as his mother's fluttering sheath squeezed and milked his pulsing cock, the muscular ripples massaging him from base to tip. Her ejaculate sprayed his balls and pubic hair as it squirted out around his plunging girth.

Nina's climax hit her like a freight train, every nerve ending in her body igniting with rapture. Grant's meaty cock pummeled her G-spot mercilessly, pushing her over the edge into ecstasy. Her clitoris

pulsed and throbbed as if it had its own heartbeat, engorged to the size of a cherry.

Nina's slick vaginal muscles clenched vice-tight around Grant's plunging shaft, rippling from entrance to cervix. Her cream gushed out in a torrential flood, sluicing down his churning balls. Her uterus spasmed wildly, the muscular contractions radiating deep in her core.

"HNNNNGGGGHHHH!! FUCK YESSSS!!" Nina screamed, her entire body quaking with the force of her orgasm. Her gargantuan breasts jiggled like fleshy earthquakes, the hard nipples pointing to the ceiling. Her toes curled so hard they cramped as she drowned in a sea of bliss.

Grant grunted as Nina's syrupy twat squeezed and fluttered around his hammering cock, the undulating walls caressing every throbbing inch. Her ejaculate drenched his groin as it squirted out, splattering his abs and chest. He could feel her cervix gaping wide, fluttering open like an extra mouth around his plundering tip.

Lana sobbed in euphoria as the most powerful climax of her existence overwhelmed her, Cory's tireless jackhammering against her G-spot sending her into a state of nirvana. Her clit pulsed against his pistoning shaft, the plump bud twitching uncontrollably. Her inflamed vaginal muscles seized around his sawing pole, the clenching walls rippling from opening to womb.

Lana's core exploded in a supernova of ecstasy, electric currents of rapture surging through every cell. Her copious nectar squirted out around Cory's plunging cock with impressive force, splashing his sweat-slicked skin. Her cervix spasmed wildly, gaping and pulsing with need.

"OHHHH GAWWWWD!!! FUUUUCCCKKK MEEEE!!!" Lana wailed deliriously, her voluptuous body thrashing beneath her rutting son. Her massive jugs bounced like fleshy wrecking balls, the engorged

nipples leaking milk. Her thick thighs clamped around Cory's waist as her orgasm crested, locking him in place.

Cory groaned as Lana's convulsing twat gripped him like a silken fist, the undulating muscles squeezing him rhythmically from root to tip.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Cory roared, his heavy balls drawing up tight against his body. "Gonna flood this cunt with so much fucking jizz!"

Cory could feel the intense pressure building in his groin as Lana's spasming pussy milked his cock. His swollen testicles churned with virile seed, preparing to shoot a massive load. The base of his shaft started to pulse as the semen traveled up his urethra.

With an animalistic grunt, Cory buried his cock to the hilt inside his mom's fluttering twat, his cockhead lodged deep in her cervix. The bulbous head flared and pulsed as it unleashed a torrent of cum directly into her womb. Thick ropes of pearly jism erupted from his tip, splattering against her convulsing walls.

Cory's shaft throbbed and jerked as he ejaculated, each contraction sending another heavy spurt of semen flooding Lana's cunt. He could feel his potent seed pumping into her, the hot fluid sloshing around his plundering cock. Her cervix clenched and unclenched around his unloading tip, suckling the cum from his slit like a thirsty mouth.

Lana wailed in ecstasy as her son's steaming load basted her insides, setting off another intense orgasm. Her vaginal muscles rippled along his pulsing length, squeezing out every drop of his seed. Her greedy cunt seemed to suck the jizz from his balls as it spasmed wildly around him, desperate to milk him dry. Her own ejaculate mingled with his cum, the mixture frothing at the base of his shaft.

"Yes baby, give Mommy all your cum!" Lana babbled incoherently, her eyes rolling back as her womb was flooded with potent spunk. "Fill me up! Breed me with your seed!"

Cory growled as the last few spurts of cum pumped into Lana's fluttering twat, his balls completely drained. He collapsed on top of her, his softening cock still buried in her cum-slicked folds. He could feel their combined fluids leaking out around his shaft, soaking the sheets beneath them.

Finn and Grant watched in awe as their friend unloaded inside his mother, marveling at the sheer volume of semen pumping into her. The erotic sight pushed them over the edge, their cocks swelling and pulsing as their own orgasms approached.

"Shit, I'm gonna bust too!" Finn groaned, his cock throbbing wildly inside Jocelyn's clenching cunt. He could feel the cum boiling in his balls, preparing to erupt.

"Fuck, same here!" Grant grunted, his shaft jerking as he plowed into his mom's pussy.

With a primal roar, Finn slammed his cock balls-deep into Jocelyn's spasming pussy, the broad head popping past her cervix. His swollen shaft pulsed and throbbed as it unleashed a deluge of hot cum directly into her womb. Thick ropes of pearly jism erupted from his slit, painting her convulsing walls white.

"FUUUUUCCKKK!! Take my load, Mom!" Finn bellowed as spurt after spurt of potent seed gushed from his cock, flooding Jocelyn's fertile depths. He could feel his cum sloshing around his plunging shaft, mixing obscenely with her feminine nectar.

Jocelyn shrieked in rapture as her teen's searing semen splattered her insides, triggering another body-quaking orgasm. Her greedy cunt rippled and squeezed around his erupting cock, milking him for every drop. Her cervix fluttered wildly, suckling the jizz from his slit like a hungry mouth.

"Yes baby, give me your cum!" Jocelyn wailed deliriously, her eyes rolling back as her son's seed pumped into her womb. "Fill Mommy's

pussy! Knock me up!"

Grant grunted like a rutting animal as he bottomed out in Nina's quivering twat, his cockhead splitting her cervix wide open. His meaty

pole flexed and kicked as it disgorged a massive load, semen spurting from his tip like a geyser.

"Unnngghhh!! Breed that cunt!" Grant snarled as his balls unloaded in Nina's fluttering fuckhole, the virile spunk splattering her thirsty walls. He could feel his seed jetting into her in powerful bursts, each contraction of his shaft sending another heavy rope splashing against her womb.

Nina howled in ecstasy as her boy's molten cum flooded her pussy, the feel of his pulsing cock pumping her full of jizz making her climax again even harder. Her vaginal muscles rippled along his spurting shaft, squeezing out every drop. Her juices gushed around his erupting cock, sloshing lewdly with his seed.

"OH GOD YESSS!!! Cum in Mommy's cunt!" Nina babbled incoherently, her whole body shaking as her womb was inundated with potent spunk. "Fill me with your baby batter!"

The three sons groaned in unison as the last few spurts of cum drained from their balls, their mothers' fluttering cunts milking them dry. They collapsed on top of the women, chests heaving, softening cocks still buried in cum-slicked folds. Jism oozed out around their shafts, soaking the sheets beneath.

The mothers and sons finally untangled their sweat-slicked limbs, rising on shaky legs. Jocelyn, Lana and Nina's voluptuous bodies glistened with perspiration, their massive tits heaving as they tried to catch their breath. Pearly rivulets of cum trickled down their thick thighs, the potent seed leaking from their well-fucked cunts.

Finn, Grant and Cory's ripped physiques were also drenched in sweat, muscles bulging. Their semi-hard cocks bobbed heavily between their legs, coated in a sheen of pussy juice and spunk. Globs of jism dripped from the softening tips, splattering the carpet.

"Whew, I need some water after that workout," Jocelyn panted, fanning herself. Her gigantic breasts swayed with the motion, drawing the boys' eyes. "Let's head to the kitchen and rehydrate before the next round."

The naked group padded down the hallway towards the kitchen, a parade of jiggling tits and asses. The women's monumental jugs bounced hypnotically with each step, the hard nipples pointing straight ahead. Their bubbly backsides undulated seductively, the meaty cheeks rippling and quaking. Globs of cum oozed out of their puffy fuckholes with each movement, leaving a lewd trail behind them.

The boys' hefty balls swung low as they walked, churning with a fresh batch of seed. Their cocks began to stiffen again, engorged shafts jutting out proudly. They ogled the MILFs' incredible bodies blatantly, eyes roving over acres of smooth tanned skin and mouthwatering curves.

"Damn Mom, your tits are unreal," Finn groaned, palming Jocelyn's left globe and giving it a firm squeeze. The heavy tit-flesh overflowed his hand obscenely. "I could play with these big titties all day."

"Mmmm yes, well you better play away then, baby boy, because today is your only day, remember?" Jocelyn purred, arching into his touch.

"I guess I better then," he agreed, sinking his face into the flesh of her giant boob and latching to her fat, rubbery teat. Unlike the two other moms, Jocelyn's tits weren't lactating as much, since her two-year-old daughter had recently weaned. However, with a particularly

hard suckle, Finn was able to pull a yummy mouthful of nectar from her palpable melon.

Cory moved behind his mom Lana, cupping her bodacious ass cheeks possessively. He kneaded the plump flesh, fingers sinking into her. A glob of his cum dribbled out of her gaping pussy, trickling down her taint.

"Fuck Mom, this phat ass is a work of art," Cory growled, giving her rump a sharp smack. The obese cheek jiggled from the impact. "Can't wait to bury my cock in it later."

"Oooh yes, baby boy!" Lana yelped, grinding her ass back against him. "Stuff Mommy's butthole with that big dick. Ruin my shitter!"

Grant pulled Nina close and captured her lips in a searing kiss, their tongues dueling sloppily inside his mouth, her own licker moving with porn star skill. His hands roamed her hourglass figure greedily, squeezing her enormous rack and plump ass, his fingers sinking into their fatty flesh. Nina moaned into his mouth, reaching down to stroke his thickening cock.

"Such a sexy fucking MILF," Grant grunted as he broke the kiss. He tweaked her swollen nipples roughly, drawing out beads of milk. "Gonna wreck all your holes, Ma. Turn you into my personal cum-dump."

"Yes, fucking wreck me baby!" Nina whimpered, jacking his hot, sinewy cock faster. "Use Mommy however you want. I'm your fuck-toy today."

The trio stumbled into the kitchen, a tangle of writhing limbs and grinding bodies. They chugged from water bottles, cold liquid escaping their mouths, sluicing over jiggling tits and flexing muscles. Rivulets flowed through the valleys of impressive cleavage and cascaded down washboard abs.

Jocelyn bent over to retrieve a bottle from the fridge, her giant ass-cheeks spreading to reveal her winking rosebud.

"Shit!" Finn gasped, licking his lips as he moved behind her, notching his stiffened cock between her meaty buns. He humped against her slippery crack, cockhead catching on her puckered sphincter, pressing its way inside.

"Oooh honey, you want to fuck Mommy's asshole, don't you?" Jocelyn purred, wiggling her prodigious rump. "Shove that fat cock in my shitter, baby. Stretch me out!"

Finn grabbed his mother's hips, thumbs sinking into her plush cheeks. He lined up his bulbous tip with her quivering anus and pushed, watching in fascination as the tight ring of muscle stretched obscenely around his girth. Jocelyn's breath hitched as her back door was penetrated, the delicate tissues parting to grant him entrance, the elastic ring of her asshole fitting around the neck of his glans.

"Fuck, your ass is so tight!" Finn grunted as he sank into her, inch after inch of his veiny cock disappearing between her cheeks. He could feel her anal walls gripping him like a hot silken vise. "Gonna loosen this shithole up real good."

Jocelyn panted and whined as her rectum was stuffed full of hard teenage cock, the sensitive nerve endings lighting up with pleasure along the smooth tract of her ass-tube. She braced herself against the counter as her boy started to thrust, slowly at first, then picking up speed. The wet slap of flesh on flesh echoed obscenely as he sodomized her, his heavy balls smacking her pussy.

"Oh God yes, fuck my ass!" Jocelyn wailed, tossing her head back. "Pound Mommy's shitter with that big dick! Make me your anal whore!"

"Shit yeah, Ma!" the teen gasped, watched her bubble butt ripple as he hit her with a series of thumper-humps.

Nina hopped up on the kitchen island, massive mammaries wobbling, milk dripping from swollen teats. She spread her thick thighs wide, one hand reaching down to spread her puffy pussy lips apart, putting her glistening pink insides on lewd display.

"Come eat Mommy's cunt, baby," Nina cooed to Grant, crooking a finger. "Shove that talented tongue deep in my fuck-hole."

Grant dove between his mother's legs like a man possessed, burying his face in her sweet snatch. He lapped at her swollen folds greedily, licking up the tangy mixture of their combined juices. Masked in pussy-flesh, he thrust his tongue inside her channel, swirling it around to gather their mingled essences.

"Oooh fuck yesss! Tongue-fuck Mommy's twat!" Nina gasped, grinding against his face. Her ass slid on the granite countertop, leaving a smear of girl-goo. "Suck on my clit, honey! Make me cum!"

Grant zeroed in on Nina's engorged bud, drawing it into his mouth and flicking the sensitive bundle of nerves with the tip of his tongue. He alternated between laving her clit and plunging back inside her weeping hole, fucking her with his skilled muscle. He brought a hand up to diddle her anus, the tip of his finger toying with the puckered rosette.

Lana knelt before Cory, taking his stiff rod in hand. She pumped him root to tip, admiring how insanely erect he was, the thick veins pulsing beneath her fingers. A bead of pre-goo bubbled from his meatus and she leaned in to lap it up, swirling her tongue around his swollen head.

"Mmmm, I love the taste of your cock, baby boy," Lana purred, licking her lips. "Mommy's gonna suck this big dick so good. Gonna drain these fat balls dry."

Lana opened wide and descended on Cory's throbbing cock, taking him deep into the warm wet cavern of her mouth. She relaxed her throat muscles, allowing the broad tip to push past her tonsils as she swallowed him to the root. Her nose nestled in his wiry pubes, inhaling the musky scent of her son's arousal.

"Oh fuck yeah, take it all, Mom!" Cory groaned, grasping Lana's head. He rocked his hips, fucking her face with shallow thrusts. "Gonna feed you so much cum. Pump it right down your fucking throat!"

The kitchen was filled with the lewd sounds of slurping and smacking as the boys used their mothers like the fuck-holes they were. Wet squelches and muffled gags intermingled with the steady slap of flesh on flesh. Moans and grunts of pleasure grew louder as the rutting reached a fever pitch.

Finn pistoned his hips frantically, pile-driving into Jocelyn's stretched asshole. His mother sobbed and drooled as he wrecked her back door, ass cheeks rippling from the force of his thrusts. Her intestines clutched at his sawing pole, the muscular walls milking him greedily.

Grant attacked Nina's pussy like a starving man, slurping and sucking noisily. He jabbed two fingers into her clenching cunt, pumping them furiously as he gnawed on her clit. Her abundant honey gushed out to coat his chin, the musky essence intoxicating.

Lana bobbed her head in Cory's lap, masterfully worshipping his cock with lips and tongue. She slurped lewdly as she deepthroated him to the balls, throat muscles rippling along his shaft. Her hand crept between her legs to diddle her aching clit, frigging herself furiously.

"Fuck, here it comes!" Finn roared as his orgasm crashed over him like a tidal wave. His knob ballooned deep inside her ass and his cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged a massive load, semen flooding Jocelyn's guts.

Finn's swollen glans flared impossibly wide as he erupted, stretching Jocelyn's spasming sphincter to the limit. The meaty purple head pulsed and kicked, firing off volleys of hot cum deep into her clenching rectum.

"Oh! Ohhh shit!" the teen whimpered as her rippling bowel walls hugged the broad crown as it throbbed, the quivering tissues milking him with obscene efficiency.

Jocelyn could feel every thick rope of jism splattering her tender anal lining as her son drained his balls in her ass. The searing spunk coated her contracting chute, painting it white with his seed. Her clenching rosebud fluttered around the base of his cock as he pumped her full, the sticky fluid squishing out to matt his pubes.

"OHHHH FUCK! Seeding Mommy's shitter!" Finn bellowed in ecstasy, gripping her hips bruisingly as he emptied his heavy sack. His body shuddered violently with each spurt, the slit of his cock slit gaping to disgorge the massive load.

Finn's meatus was completely smothered by Jocelyn's grasping backdoor as it spewed, the snug passage forming a vacuum seal around his tip. Her internal muscles constricted and released rapidly, squeezing out every drop of spunk like a needy mouth. Her swollen prostate throbbed against the underside of his cockhead as she climaxed anally, heightening his pleasure.

"Yes baby, give me that hot cum!" Jocelyn keened, fingers clawing at the countertop as her asshole was flooded with semen. "Fill Mommy's guts with your seed! Make me your anal cum-slut!"

Meanwhile, Cory grabbed his mother's head with both hands, holding her in place as he fucked her face with abandon. His hips became a blur as he chased his pleasure, balls slapping against her chin with cum-slut."

"Oh damn, just like a pussy!" the boy exclaimed, amazed by how hard and deep he could fuck his mom's mouth. Drool ran down Lana's jiggling tits as she gagged and sputtered, eyes rolling back in bliss.

"Take my load, mom!" Cory snarled as he crammed his cock down Lana's gullet, his swollen cockhead lodging in her esophagus. His shaft pulsed and throbbed as he ejaculated directly into her stomach, pumping wad after wad of hot boy-cum down her throat.

Jocelyn suddenly pulled away from her son Finn with a mischievous grin, his softening cock slipping out of her well-fucked ass with a wet plop, her asshole clenching closed. "Last one back to the bed is a rotten egg!" she called out playfully as she took off running down the hall, her monumental jugs bouncing wildly.

"Hey, no fair!" Nina laughed as she hopped off the counter and chased after her friend, acres of thick tanned ass-flesh jiggling hypnotically. Globs of cum and tit-milk sprayed everywhere as the two stacked MILFs raced each other stark naked.

"Wait for me!" Lana giggled, taking a moment to plant a sloppy kiss on Cory's lips before bounding after them, her huge mommy-rack swinging side to side. Pearly rivulets painted abstract patterns on the walls as the fluids were flung from her heaving tits.

The three young studs exchanged amused glances before loping after their sexy mothers, their hefty balls swinging low and semi-hard cocks bobbing. The pungent scent of sex and female arousal grew thicker as they reached the master bedroom.

Jocelyn, Nina and Lana were sprawled out on the king-sized bed, posed seductively as they waited for their virile sons. Their voluptuous bodies glistened with sweat and sexual fluids, full breasts heaving with each breath. Cum oozed out of their thoroughly fucked holes to pool on the expensive silk sheets.

"Get over here and let Mommy worship that sexy young body," Jocelyn purred, crooking a finger at Finn. He smirked and laid down beside her, folding his hands behind his head and presenting his ripped physique for her adoration.

Nina and Lana followed suit, beckoning their boys to lay back and relax. Grant and Cory eagerly complied, getting into position so their stacked mothers could have their wicked way with them.

The MILFs took a moment to drink in the glorious sight of their muscular sons laid out like buffets of prime beefcake. Jocelyn admired Finn's bulging biceps and washboard abs, while Nina zeroed in on Grant's chiseled pecs and V-cut hips. Lana licked her lips as she ogled Cory's sculpted shoulders and powerful thighs.

"Fuck!" the mother gasped in adoration.

Exchanging knowing glances, the three mothers descended on their offspring like lionesses on fresh kill. They started at the top, showering the teens' handsome faces with kisses. Plump lips trailed over high cheekbones and sharp jaws, tasting the faint saltiness of perspiration.

"Mmmm, my baby boy is so fucking sexy," Jocelyn murmured between smooches, her giant tits grazing Finn's chest.

The moms worked their way down, licking broad swaths across pecs and abs with the flat of their tongues. They traced the cut lines between muscles, dipping into belly buttons playfully. Lips closed around tiny brown nipples, suckling the sensitive nubs until they pebbled.

"Fuck yeah Ma, worship my body," Grant groaned, flexing his eight-pack as Nina laved his washboard stomach. She moaned appreciatively, dragging her tongue along each defined ridge.

Wet mouths blazed trails of pleasure across acres of bronzed skin as the MILFs mapped their sons' physiques with lips and tongues. They nibbled and suckled every dip and swell, leaving goosebumps in their wake. Jocelyn paused to sink her teeth into Finn's meaty pec, growling ferally as she marked him.

The boys grinned at each other, eyes glazed with lust as their stacked mothers explored their ripped bodies. Finn shot Grant a thumbs up as Jocelyn slurped at his abs, the wet smacks obscenely loud. Grant winked back, shivering as his own mom's tongue swirled around his bellybutton.

Lana made her way down to Cory's V-cut hips, tracing the deep grooves with her lips. She dipped lower, bypassing his stiffening cock to mouth at his heavy ballsac, feeling the cum-laden orbs shift beneath his skin. Her talented tongue lapped at the delicate flesh, savoring the musky flavor of her son's most intimate area.

The mothers suckled the boys' fleshy sacs, the warm weights rolling on their tongues. They lifted the hefty testes reverently, nuzzling the wrinkled skin. Soft lips pursed around each nut, drawing it into the wet heat of a suckling mouth.

"Holy shit that feels amazing," Cory panted, hips twitching as Lana worship worshipped his balls. Similar groans issued from Finn and Grant as their moms lavished attention on their cum-swollen jewels.

The mothers crammed their sons' hefty ballsacks into their mouths, enveloping the fleshy orbs in wet heat. Their cheeks hollowed as they suckled, creating an exquisite suction that had the teens groaning in bliss. Long, strong tongues laved at the delicate skin, tracing blue veins and throbbing tubes.

Jocelyn, Nina and Lana could feel Finn, Grant and Cory's swollen testes rolling heavily on their palates, the wrinkled sacs contracting rhythmically. They ran the tips of their tongues along pulsing vas

deferens, the sperm-carrying tubes quivering with need. Pursed lips ringed the base of each scrotum, tugging gently on the loose flesh.

The inside of the boys' nutsacks were a marvel of evolutionary engineering, a complex system of cords and tubes designed for optimal semen production and transport. Finn's balls churned with virile seed, his robust epididymis and seminiferous tubules working overtime to generate massive loads.

Grant's gonads were equally impressive, his bulbous testicles throbbing with the need for release. His cremaster muscles flexed, drawing the cum-laden orbs up closer to his body. Drawing it back down with hot wet

suction, Nina hummed around the warm weights, savoring their heft on her tongue.

Cory shuddered and gasped as his mom suckled his jewels, his spongy vas deferens fluttering against her questing muscle. She could feel his scrotum tightening, his balls preparing to unleash a deluge of spunk. Her lips formed a tight seal around the base, applying delicious pressure to the tender flesh.

The teenagers made incoherent noises of pleasure as their mothers worshipped their most sensitive anatomy, licking and sucking their balls with wanton abandon. Drool leaked from the corners of the women's stretched mouths, coating the boys' fuzzy sacs in shiny ropes. Muffled slurps and hums vibrated through swollen scrota, adding to the toe-curling stimulation.

After thoroughly bathing their sons' nutsacks with spit, the MILFs released the fleshy globes from their oral embrace. Strands of saliva connected pursed lips to glistening skin, finally breaking to splatter on twitching thighs. The boys' balls were now soaked and throbbing, churning with seed desperate to escape.

"Mmmm, such a tasty sack," Jocelyn purred, nuzzling Finn's drenched ballbag. "Mommy can't wait to drain these fat nuts dry. Pump all that thick baby batter into my pussy."

Nina licked a stripe up Grant's taint, flicking the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls. "Gonna suck every drop of jizz outta these cum tanks, honey."

In unison, the moms bent their heads and extended their tongues, swiping them up the throbbing undersides of the boys stalks from root to tip. The boys shuddered and cursed at the electric contact, the crowns of their cocks weeping pre-cum. The moms lapped up the salty essence greedily, savoring the flavor of their sons' arousal.

The boys watched with bated breath as their sexy mothers crawled up their muscular bodies, heavy, dangling udders gently wobbling back and forth as they positioning themselves above their straining erections. Jocelyn straddled Finn's hips, her gigantic tits swaying hypnotically in his face.

Nina mounted Grant in a reverse cowgirl, presenting him with a perfect view of her bountiful ass.

Lana knelt over Cory's pelvis, reaching behind to grasp his throbbing shaft at its root.

In tandem, the MILFs rubbed the swollen heads of their sons' cocks against their dripping slits, coating the broad tips in slick feminine arousal. They swirled the leaking crowns around their engorged clits, gasping as pleasure sparked through their nerves.

"Fuck Mom, stop teasing and put it in," Finn groaned desperately, watching his cockhead slip and slide between Jocelyn's puffy pink folds. Her molten core radiated incredible heat against his sensitive glans.

With a wink, Jocelyn notched the flared head of her son's cock at her entrance and began to sink down. Her greedy cunt devoured his thickness inch by inch, plush walls parting to sheath him in liquid silk. She didn't stop until she was fully impaled on his iron-hard pole, the tip crushed against her cervix.

"Oooh baby, you're so deep inside Mommy," Jocelyn purred as she started to rock her hips, riding Finn's dick with slow, sensual undulations. Her massive jugs jiggled and swayed above him, the hard nipples grazing his face. "Gonna milk this fat cock so good..."

Nina rubbed the spongy head of Grant's cock against her puckered asshole, making them both shiver with anticipation. She had never let a man sodomize her before, saving her anal cherry for someone special. And who could be more special than her own hung son?

"Mom, are you sure?" Grant asked hoarsely, even as his cockhead pushed insistently at the resistant ring of muscle guarding Nina's back door.

"Yes baby, I want you to have it," Nina replied breathlessly, bearing down to open herself to him. "Take my ass. Ruin all my holes on your big dick."

Grant gripped his mother's plump ass cheeks and pulled them apart as he thrust his hips upward, forcing the broad head of his cock past her sphincter. Nina cried out at the intense stretch, her impossibly tight hole clenching around his invading thickness. Grant grunted at the silky vice engulfing him, pushing forward until every inch was buried in his mom's spasming rectum.

"Fuck, so tight," Grant gritted out as he started to piston his hips, sawing his cock in and out of Nina's gripping heat. The wet squelches of his pole plundering her ass.

The boy marveled at the exquisite sensation of Nina's tight anal cavity squeezing his plunging cock. The silky smooth tissues of her

rectum hugged his veiny shaft like a glove, the muscular walls clinging to every ridge and contour. He could feel every ripple and flutter of her internal muscles as they stretched obscenely around his girth.

Nina's back passage was hot and slick, allowing Grant's broad cockhead to glide through her most intimate depths with ease. The bulbous tip stretched her open, carving a path deep into her bowels. His leaking slit smeared viscous pre-cum along her anal walls, adding lubricant to the delicious friction.

"Oh God, baby! You're splitting me open!" Nina wailed as Grant's thick pole sawed in and out of her gripping asshole. She could feel his oversized glans dragging along her sensitive nerve endings with each stroke, igniting bolts of intense pleasure. "Fuck my ass harder! Wreck Mommy's shitter!"

Her son pistoned his hips faster, the force of his thrusts making his mom's bountiful ass cheeks jiggle and quake. Wet, meaty smacks filled the room as his groin collided with her ample rump. His heavy balls slapped against her dripping pussy with each pump, the lewd rhythm spurring him on.

He reached around to maul Nina's gigantic tits as they swung beneath her, sinking his fingers into the pliant flesh. Her colossal udders overflowed his big hands obscenely, the hard nipples poking into his palms. He roughly tweaked and tugged on the rubbery nubs, making tit-nectar flow through his fingers and his mother gasp and arch.

Cory lay back and groaned in bliss as his mom's tight, wet cunt swallowed his cock to the root. Her slick folds stretched around his thickness like a second skin, clasping him in liquid heat. She rose up until just the tip remained inside, then slammed back down, engulfing him fully once more.

"Ride that dick, Mom," Cory panted, gripping Lana's undulating hips as she bounced on his stiff teenage pole. Her spectacular ass rippled each time she impaled herself, the fat cheeks jiggling. "Milk my cock with that hot MILF pussy!"

Lana rolled her hips in sensual figure eights, stirring Cory's massive cock inside her clutching sheath. Her velvety walls massaged every throbbing inch, squeezing and rippling along his length. Her engorged clit ground against his pubic bone, sending sparks of ecstasy shooting up her spine.

"Yes, baby! So big and hard!" Lana mewled, picking up the pace. She rose and fell on his towering shaft faster, the wet suction sounds of their coupling filling the air.

Jocelyn shifted on top of Finn, turning around to face him cowgirl style. She leaned forward, letting her massive milk-laden tits engulf his face in their warm, fragrant embrace. The tit-loving teenager groaned into her

cleavage as she smothered him in sweaty tit-flesh, her hard nipples dragging across his cheeks.

"Suck Mommy's big titties, baby," Jocelyn purred, guiding a leaking nub to Finn's lips. "Drink down that sweet milk."

Finn latched onto the engorged nipple, sealing his mouth around the rubbery tip as her orb engulfed his face, He suckled greedily, his cheeks hollowing as creamy breastmilk squirted onto his tongue. He gulped down the warm, rich fluid, the intoxicating flavor making his cock throb inside Jocelyn's rippling cunt.

Lana mirrored the position on top of Cory, burying his head between her gigantic jugs. She cradled his face in her deep, sweaty cleavage, smothering him in the heavenly warmth and softness. Cory motorboated her titanic rack, nuzzling into the plush undersides.

"That's it, baby boy, get lost in Mommy's titties," Lana cooed, cradling his head to her chest. She gasped as her son kiss and licked his way around her massive boob, then captured a fat nipple between his lips, suckling hungrily. Jets of breastmilk sprayed into his eager mouth as he nursed, guzzling down her liquid love.

Nina swiveled around on Grant's pistoning cock, her giant P-cups swinging like wrecking balls. She grabbed the back of his head and pulled his face into her abundant cleavage, enveloping him in acres of pillowy tit-flesh. Grant inhaled deeply, savoring his mother's natural musk.

"Mmmm, yes! Bury your face in Mommy's big milky tits!" Nina moaned, undulating her hips to grind her fat wet clit against his pelvis. She cried out sharply as Grant latched onto a turgid nipple, sucking fiercely. Creamy tit-nectar flooded his mouth and he swallowed it down, groaning at the sweet taste.

The mothers rode their sons hard and fast, their bountiful flesh jiggling and quaking with every bounce. Their boys thrust up to meet them,

pounding their cocks deep into silken heat. Lewd wet smacks and squelches intermingled with muffled groans and slurps as the teens nursed frantically, lost in sweaty tit-heaven.

The dual stimulation of thick cocks splitting them open and hungry mouths suckling their teats quickly pushed the MILFs to the brink. They could feel the intense pressure building low in their bellies, hot ecstasy coiling tighter and tighter. Their clits pulsed wildly, engorged pleasure buds throbbing against pistoning shafts.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Jocelyn wailed, her cunt clenching like a vise around Finn's hammering cock. "Don't stop, baby! Suck Mommy's tits harder! Make me explode!"

"Me too! Unh! Gonna squirt all over your big dick!" Lana babbled, her pussy spasming around Cory's plunging pole. "Drain my fucking udders dry! Gonna cum so hard!"

"Oh God, oh fuck! Cumming cumming cumming!" Nina chanted deliriously, her asshole rippling along Grant's sawing length. "Fuck yes! Drink Mommy's milk! Ahhhh FUCK!"

With strangled shrieks, the three stacked mothers came explosively, thrashing and shuddering atop their rutting sons. Their dripping cunts gushed and squirted, painting the boys' groins with girl cum. Clear breastmilk sprayed from their suckled teats, splattering chins and chests. Rapture crested and crashed through their voluptuous bodies in devastating waves.

Finn, Grant and Cory groaned into sweaty quivering cleavage as scorching MILF honey flooded their mouths, the tangy cream intoxicating. They gulped it down greedily, worshipping the spurting nipples with lips and tongues. Their dicks pulsed inside the rippling snatches gripping them, the clenching heat pushing them near the edge.

The moms each sat up, nipples popping from mouths, their sons' throbbing cocks still buried to the hilt inside their spasming cunts. Jocelyn, Lana and Nina began to swivel their hips in tight circles like skillful hula dancers, grinding their puffy clits against the teens' pelvises. They didn't bounce or thrust, but simply rotated their pussies on the rigid poles impaling them, stirring the hard flesh deep in their cores.

"Ohhh fuck yes, stir Mommy's cunt baby!" Jocelyn gasped, undulating her pelvis in a sensual figure-eight. Her colossal jugs swung in hypnotic arcs, slapping against her ribs with meaty thwacks. "Mmmm, I can feel every inch of that fat cock moving inside me!"

Lana and Nina mirrored the movement, their bountiful hips rolling and rotating, greedy cunts massaging the iron-hard shafts splitting them open. Their bountiful asses jiggled and quaked, the plump cheeks dimpling and rippling like fleshy waves. Milk-laden tits bounced and swayed, rock-hard nipples drawing circles in the air.

"Holy shit Ma, the way you're swiveling on my dick..." Grant groaned, watching Nina's giant rack wobble above him. "Milking me so fucking good!"

"That's it baby, really grind on Mommy's clit!" Lana panted, tilting her pelvis to rub the sensitive bud against Cory's pubic bone. "Gonna make me squirt again!"

The boys grunted and panted, fighting the urge to thrust up into the hot, rippling pussies engulfing them. They let their sexy mothers control the pace, content to simply lay back and enjoy the ride. Their hands roamed the women's undulating curves, squeezing and kneading pliant tit-flesh and plump ass-cheeks.

"Look at their fucking tits!" Cory exclaimed, staring up at his mothers wobbling juggernauts.

"Hot damn our moms fuck good!" Cory added, watching her shaved pubis grind against his pubic bone. His eyes drifted up her tapered torso to her giant heaving rack. Even after the good suckling he'd given her tits, creamy milk still dripped from her fat pinkish-purple nipples, splattering against his abs.

Jocelyn, Lana and Nina worked their wide mommy-hips faster, their movements becoming almost frantic as they chased their pleasure. Sweat poured off their voluptuous bodies, making them glisten in the low light. Their cries of ecstasy grew louder and more desperate, echoing off the bedroom walls.

"Mmmm fuck! I'm gonna cum on this big cock again!" Jocelyn whimpered, her clit pulsing against Finn's groin. "Fuck fuck fuck,

here it comes!"

"Oh shit, me too!" Lana yelped, her pussy fluttering wildly around Cory's pulsing shaft. "Gonna cream all over my baby boy's fat dick!"

"Yes yes yessss, cumming so fucking hard!!" Nina wailed deliriously, her ass-muscles rippling along Grant's thickness.

Jocelyn's vaginal muscles clamped down HARD on Finn's plunging cock, the wet satin walls gripping him like a fist. Her G-spot swelled against his pistoning shaft, pulsing with pleasure. The ribbed roof of her cunt fluttered wildly, massaging the thick vein on the underside of his dick. Her cervix kissed his broad tip with each deep thrust, the muscular ring quivering.

Finn groaned as he felt his mother's urethra spasm, a hot gush of fem-cum squirting out to drench his churning balls.

Lana's slick folds rippled along Cory's veiny length, squeezing and milking him from root to tip. Her puffy inner labia clung to him as he sawed in and out, stroking every sensitive nerve ending. Clear honey squirted from her urethra with each plunge, bathing his driving cock in warm juices.

Cory panted harshly as Lana's slippery sheath undulated around him, the muscular contractions threatening to suck the cum right out of his balls.

Nina's silky ass walls pulsed rhythmically, squeezing Grant's aching dick like a needy mouth. Her engorged clit throbbed against his pelvis, zaps of electric rapture radiating through her. Syrupy girl nectar gushed from her twitching slit, sluicing down his flexing ass and thighs. Grant grunted as his cock was drenched in his mother's essence, the hot cream feeling incredible on his sensitive flesh.

The boys fought valiantly to hold back their orgasms as their moms came apart on their cocks, wanting to prolong the ecstasy for as

long as possible. But the volcanic heat and pressure squeezing their throbbing shafts was too intense to resist for long.

As their mothers quaked through the aftershocks of their powerful orgasms, Cory suddenly pulled out of Lana's fluttering twat with a wet plop. "Let's switch it up, guys. I want to rail Mom from behind like the bitch in heat she is."

Finn and Grant grinned wickedly at their friend's suggestion, withdrawing from their own mother's clasping fuckholes and moving to stand at the foot of the bed. The three young studs stroked their throbbing, pussy juice-slicked cocks as they eyed the MILF's voluptuous bodies splayed out before them.

The boys' huge cocks jutted out from their muscular bodies, engorged shafts pulsing with need. The swollen heads were a deep, angry purple, the flared rims slick with clear pre-cum. Viscous strands of the sticky fluid dripped from their slits, stretching towards the floor like glistening ropes of snake venom before breaking off to splatter on the hardwood.

Finn fisted his throbbing 10-incher, giving the broad crown a rough squeeze. A fat dollop of pre-spend oozed out to coat his thumb, webbing between the digit as he smeared it around. His heavy balls churned with backed-up cum, the globes pulled tight to his body.

Grant's massive pole stood straight up against his washboard abs, the thick shaft laced with bulging veins. The bloated head wept a steady stream of clear fluid, dribbling down the fat stalk. His balls were swollen and tight, heavy with seed that ached for release.

Cory's imposing cock bobbed before him with each throb, leaking copious amounts of pre-jizz. The slit at the tip gaped open, allowing the slick essence to flow freely. Milky ropes painted his groin and inner thighs as his nuts pulsed, primed to shoot a massive load.

The teenagers gave their engorged dicks a few more pumps, groaning at the delicious friction. Their cock heads flared even wider, turning a deeper shade of purple. More pre-cum bubbled up to coat the shiny crowns, making them glisten obscenely in the light.

"On your hands and knees, moms," Finn commanded, his voice low and rough with lust. "Gonna breed you bitches from behind like the cock-hungry animals you are."

Jocelyn, Nina and Lana scrambled to obey, rising up on all fours and presenting their ample asses to their sons. They arched their backs and spread their knees wide, opening themselves fully. Puffy, pink cunts winked from between plump cheeks, glistening and swollen with arousal. Toned thighs quivered with anticipation.

The boys practically salivated at the glorious sight of their mothers' bountiful backsides on display, just begging to be mounted. Finn smacked Jocelyn's wobbling rump, making the succulent flesh jiggle. Grant sank his fingers into Nina's doughy cheeks, kneading the malleable skin. Cory teasingly circled Lana's twitching rosebud with a fingertip, making her mewl and push back against him.

"Let's make these juicy asses beat against us," Grant suggested, anxious to see his mom's tanned bubble butt colliding against his midsection.

Gripping their straining cocks, the teens positioned themselves at the entrances to the MILF's dripping fuck-holes. They rubbed the spongy heads through the slick folds, gathering the abundant cream and smearing it around. Throbbing cock-heads notched against fluttering openings, applying a teasing pressure.

"Please baby, shove that big dick in Mommy's hungry cunt," Jocelyn whined, wiggling her ass impatiently. "I need to be stuffed full of hard cock NOW!"

"Fuck yes, split me open on that fat pole," Nina panted, her hole clenching greedily at the promise of being filled. "Ruin my pussy, baby boy!"

"Breed me, honey!" Lana begged shamelessly, humping back against Cory's prodding tip.

Urged on by their mothers' wanton pleas, the trio of virile teens notched their bulbous cockheads against the puffy, dilated fuck-holes and slammed forward in unison. Three wet, stretching squelches rang out as they hilted balls-deep into the scalding, liquid silk of the MILF's cunts.

"Holy fuck, it's even tighter from this angle," Finn grunted as he started to saw his hips back and forth, plowing into Jocelyn's rippling pussy. He gripped the globes of her giant ass, sinking his fingers into the pliant flesh as he set a hard, driving rhythm.

"Dude, you gotta try long-dicking her," Grant suggested breathlessly as he did just that to Nina, withdrawing until just the tip remained inside her before ramming back in to the root. His mother shrieked in ecstasy as he bottomed out, the head of his cock smashing her womb. "Shit, it's like hitting her cervix on every stroke."

Cory gritted his teeth as he pistoned into Lana's cream-slicked twat, his heavy balls slapping against her engorged clit. "Spank her ass while you fuck her, bro. The ripples feel amazing on your dick."

Taking his friend's advice, Finn raised his hand and brought it down sharply on his mom's bountiful backside. THWACK! THWACK! Her doughy cheeks quaked like jello, the shockwaves traveling straight to his plunging cock. Jocelyn wailed in masochistic bliss, her pussy clenching around him.

Grant and Cory followed suit, their hands cracking against Nina and Lana's ample asses as they railed them from behind. Meaty smacks

intermingled with the lewd wet sounds of flesh slapping flesh and the MILF's impassioned cries. The room reeked of musk and sex.

Gripping their hip, the boys found their rhythm, their own hips pumping like well-oiled machines as they savagely fucked their moms. The bed creaked in protest beneath them, the frame slamming against the wall from the force of their thrusts. Their hands left vivid red imprints on jiggling asscheeks as they spanked the moms in time with their strokes.

"Fuck yes, just like that!" Nina sobbed as Grant hammered into her, his swollen cockhead pummeling her G-spot. Her huge hanging tits swung back and forth, leaking milk onto the sheets. "Harder baby! Deeper! Ruin my cunt!"

Lana's eyes rolled back in her head, drool leaking from the corner of her mouth as Cory destroyed her pussy with his brutal pace. Her ass bounced and rippled each time his pelvis collided with it, the flesh turning bright red from the abuse. "Wreck me, honey! Fuck Mommy's brains out! Make me your fuck-toy!"

Jocelyn babbled incoherently, her massive jugs jiggling wildly as Finn pounded into her from behind. Her pussy squelched obscenely, gushing around his pistoning shaft. "Oooh God! Oooh fuck! Yes yes yes! Fuck me through the mattress!"

The boys grinned savagely, sweat rolling down their pumping bodies as they wrecked the MILF's holes with long, deep strokes. They could feel

the older women's cunts starting to spasm and quiver around them, signaling their impending climaxes.

"Dude, when she starts cumming, reach around and diddle her clit," Finn panted to his friends, demonstrating on Jocelyn. He pressed two fingers to her pulsing bud, rubbing tight circles. "Shit, it makes her squeeze your dick like crazy!"

Grant and Cory hastened to obey, their thick digits finding Nina and Lana's engorged nubs and massaging them furiously. The moms screamed as the extra stimulation catapulted them into mind-melting ecstasy, their pussies rippling wildly along the thick cocks splitting them open.

"Gonna...gonna squirt!" Nina squealed breathlessly, her cunt clamping down HARD on Grant's plunging pole. Her body seized up, juices gushing out around his hammering shaft. Grant groaned at the pulsating pressure, pistoning faster.

"Me too! Fuck, I'm cumming so hard!" Lana bawled, her twat spasming uncontrollably around Cory's sawing cock. Her back arched almost painfully, clear ejaculate splattering his groin as she squirted.

"OHHHH GODDDD!!! YESSSSSS!!!" Jocelyn shrieked as the most intense orgasm of her life crashed over her, stealing her breath. Her pussy convulsed violently, milking Finn's cock like a machine. Her vision went white as she thrashed beneath him.

The boys gritted their teeth as their mothers' greedy cunts squeezed them like fists, the rippling walls pushing them to the brink. Their heavy balls drew up tight, preparing to unload.

"Fuck, here it comes!" Finn roared. "Gonna paint your cervix white, Mom! Take my fucking load!"

"Drain those big balls in Mommy's hungry twat!" Jocelyn begged shamelessly. "Fill me to the brim with your seed!"

With a series of animalistic grunts, the teens buried themselves to the hilt and exploded, their swollen cocks pulsing and throbbing as they geysered thick spunk into the MILF's fluttering snatches. Heavy spurts splattered against thirsty wombs, flooding them with potent jizz.

"YES!! Breeding your slutty mommy!" Nina babbled in euphoria as Grant's scalding cum pumped into her, triggering another toe-curling climax. "Pump me full! Knock me up!"

"Take it all, mom!" Cory snarled as he unloaded in Lana's spasming twat, the force of his ejaculation pushing globs of pearly cream out around his pistoning shaft. "Fuck, I can feel you milking my cock dry!"

The boys collapsed on top of their mothers, gasping for breath as the last spurts of cum dribbled from their dicks. The MILF's quivering pussies clenched around them sporadically, massaging out every drop. Jizz oozed out to soak the sheets beneath.

After a few moments of basking in the afterglow, the teens pulled out with wet plops, sated for now. The moms whimpered at the sudden emptiness, their gaping cunts leaking copious amounts of seed.

"Mmm, that was so hot," Jocelyn purred, rolling over and stretching languidly. Her giant tits wobbled, shiny with sweat. "But Mommy needs MORE. You up for another round, stud?

Finn glanced at his friends, who nodded eagerly. With matching wolfish grins, the virile young bucks descended upon their busty mothers once again, ready to fuck them into sexual oblivion.

This wild, incestuous orgy was far from over. The night was still young, and the boys were determined to wring every ounce of pleasure from their sexy MILF's voluptuous bodes. There were so many positions still to try, so many holes left to wreck.

Over and over, the teens ruthlessly pounded their moms into the mattress, reducing them to babbling, cock-drunk messes. The older

women took everything their virile offspring could dish out, their body-quaking climaxes blending together until they were insensate

with rapture.

Jocelyn, Nina and Lana knew they would be sore in the morning, their holes raw and sloppy, their wombs sloshing with obscene amounts of cum. They would smell like a brothel, like they had been fucked by a dozen men instead of their three sons. It was definitely a day they'd never forget.

Over the next few days, a microscopic miracle occurred deep within Jocelyn, Nina and Lana's fertile bodies. The massive loads of sperm their sons had pumped into their unprotected wombs swarmed and attacked like an invading army, zeroing in on the plump eggs patiently waiting to be fertilized.

Finn's virile seed led the charge in Jocelyn's warm, wet depths. Millions of wriggling spermatozoa, each with a bulbous head and thrashing tail, surged through her cervix and into her uterus. They used the leftover seminal fluid as a transport highway, cutting through the viscous, egg white-like mucus with single-minded determination.

The most motile of Finn's sperm used their reserves of energy to shoot ahead of the pack, racing towards the waiting ovum. They lashed their long flagella wildly, propelling themselves forward at astonishing speed. The cone-shaped heads rotated like corkscrews, allowing them to burrow through the dense cervical mucus.

In Nina's womb, Grant's aggressive spermatozoa swam frantically towards their target. The fastest and fittest pushed ahead, the hydrodynamic shape of their heads minimizing drag as they torpedoed onwards. They followed the chemical signals released by the egg, a microscopic siren song guiding them to their destiny.

Grant's elite sperm attacked Nina's egg with a vengeance, using the tip of their heads like battering rams. They threw themselves against the protective outer layer, the zona pellucida, seeking a way inside. One valiant swimmer found purchase in the thick, rubbery

membrane and released digestive enzymes to burn a tiny hole. It wriggled through the breach, losing its tail in the process.

Cory's determined seed sped through Lana's fallopian tubes, their long tails undulating in perfect synchronicity as they honed in on her ripe egg. The genes contained within their heads were the key to unlocking the next generation, a perfect melding of mother and son.

The victor of this fierce race burrowed headfirst into Lana's waiting egg, piercing through the outer corona radiata with a final herculean push. The moment the head penetrated the inner membrane, an explosive chemical reaction occurred. An impenetrable shield immediately formed around the ovum, locking out all other suitors.

With each couple, the winning sperm's nucleus fused with that of the egg, combining the maternal and paternal DNA into a unique set of chromosomes. Finn's genes melded with Jocelyn's. Grant's with Nina's. Cory's with Lana's. The resultant zygotes held the blueprint for a new life, a perfect combination of forbidden lovers.

These passionate unions sparked a cascade of explosive growth within the three wombs. The fertilized eggs rapidly divided again and again, from one cell to two, two to four, four to eight, multiplying exponentially. Within days, they had become multicellular blastocysts, hollow balls of hundreds of cells.

The blastocysts traversed the fallopian tubes and entered the uterine cavity, where they would implant in the blood-rich lining and continue their journey from embryo to fetus to baby. In nine months, Jocelyn, Nina and Lana would give birth to the ultimate fruits of their taboo passions - children created from the forbidden union of mother and son.

Little did they know it yet, but their illicit single-day encounter had sown the seeds of new life inside them. That wild night of hedonistic debauchery had forever altered the course of their lives and their

families. Their sons' incestuous sperm had taken root deep in their wombs.

Soon, the signs would be undeniable - missed periods, morning sickness, strange cravings. Their bellies would swell with forbidden progeny, visual proof of their depravity. Their tits would grow even larger – ridiculously-oversized as they swelled with creamy nectar.

Their clueless husbands had been overjoyed to learn of the pregnancies, assuming the unborn children were a result of their own virility. The wives played along, gushing about how potent their husbands' seed must be and how they couldn't wait to have another baby.

In reality, the three women knew the true origin of the tiny buns in their ovens. They would never forget that wild night of unbridled incestuous lust with their teenage sons. The mind-blowing ecstasy of being mounted and bred like bitches in heat by their own virile offspring. Those massive loads of illicit cum flooding their unprotected wombs as they begged to be knocked up.

The mothers and sons all knew that the taboo sexual debauchery they shared was meant to be experienced longer than "one day only." Perhaps a revision to their agreement was in order.

THE END

242: A TENT FULL OF MOMMY-MEAT - SUPERSIZED-1/2

A TENT FULL OF MOMMY-MEAT - SUPERSIZED

By Klrxo

Tate's thumbs hammered the controller buttons as his character executed a perfect combo on screen.

"Tate, turn off that PlayStation and get your things packed, darling. We're leaving for the reunion in thirty minutes!" His mom Amber announced, her voice cutting through the game's sound effects.

It was Tate's most dreaded weekend of the year. The annual family reunion at the Pinecone Campground nestled deep in the Appalachian mountains, where mosquitoes swarmed and cell reception disappeared.

The only relative close to his age was his cousin Chuck—a Star Trek fanatic—and the two of them rarely exchanged more than grunts.

"I'm 18 now, mom. Can't I just stay home this year?" he asked, reluctantly hitting the power button.

Amber stood framed in his doorway, one manicured hand on her wide birthing hip. "No, you absolutely cannot stay home. The family wants to see you, baby. You'll have a great time, I guarantee it."

Amber was a stunning 40-year-old brunette with cascading chestnut hair that fell in waves past her shoulders. Her luscious hourglass figure strained against her tight white blouse, the third button threatening to pop from the pressure of her bust.

Tate's eyes were involuntarily drawn to her mountainous tits, which seemed to defy gravity as they ballooned beneath the thin cotton fabric. The air conditioning had kicked on, and he could clearly see the protrusions of her fat nipples pressing against the material like two ripe cherries.

It seemed like all his female family members had inherited the same heavy, pendulous tits, which had been objects of forbidden fascination throughout his hormone-drenched teenage years. Since reaching puberty at thirteen, he had spilled enough pearly cum to fill an Olympic swimming pool just fantasizing about them in the privacy of his locked bathroom.

"If I have to go... I guess I'll go," he muttered, already feeling a familiar stirring in his khaki shorts.

Amber leaned against the doorframe, her glossy lips curling into a knowing smile. "Trust me…you'll DEFINITELY wanna be there this year," she winked, her long lashes fluttering against her flushed cheeks.

Tate's eyebrows furrowed. "Why? What's so special about this year?"

Until recently, Amber had maintained strict maternal boundaries—never once letting a suggestive word pass her glossy lips or allowing her silk blouses to reveal more than a conservative hint of cleavage around her son. But something had shifted the moment Tate's eighteenth birthday candles were blown out.

Now her voice dripped with honeyed invitation, her blouse buttons strategically undone, and her eyes lingered on his crotch with

unmistakable hunger that made his virgin cock throb painfully against his zipper.

"You're gonna be getting your dick soaking wet…that's what," his mother answered bluntly, her voice dropping to a husky whisper that made the hairs on his arms stand up.

"Wet?" Tate stammered, his mouth suddenly dry. Had his own mother just said what he thought she said?

"You're getting laid, darling," Amber purred, her manicured fingers toying with a strand of her chestnut hair. Her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"Getting…uh, laid??" His voice cracked embarrassingly.

"You heard me right," she insisted, shifting her weight to one hip, causing her blouse to strain even more against her ample chest. "I'm not gonna tell you exactly when, or with whom, but trust me when I say…you're gonna be up to your ears in hot, tight pussy!"

Tate sat frozen, his cheeks burning crimson as a jolt of electricity shot through his groin. His mind raced with possibilities—maybe they were inviting non-family members this year? Girls his own age who might actually want him?

"Have I motivated you enough to get up and get packed yet?" Amber teased with a throaty laugh, then sauntered away, her bodacious buttocks swaying hypnotically with each step.

Tate was a lean, handsome barely-legal teen with chiseled cheekbones and piercing blue eyes that seemed to smolder beneath thick, dark lashes. His lanky five-foot-eight frame carried just enough muscle to hint at the man he was becoming, while still maintaining the lithe flexibility of youth.

His cock, which spent more time hard than not, looked almost unnatural jutting out from his slim hips—a nine-inch monument of veined flesh that curved slightly upward like a divining rod seeking moisture.

His knob was the size of a ripe plum and just as juicy—the sight of female flesh causing pearlescent pre-cum to bead at his slit before trickling down the underside of his shaft in a glistening rivulet. The veins that ran along his length pulsed visibly with each thundering heartbeat, mapping blue tributaries beneath taut, paper-thin skin.

Though his cock was uncircumcised, you wouldn't know it when he was erect—his foreskin stretched back completely to reveal the flared mushroom head beneath. The pronounced ridge of his glans formed a perfect corona, its sensitive rim a deeper shade of crimson than the rest of his shaft, promising exquisite friction against the tender walls of any woman fortunate enough to receive him.

Put simply, Tate had the kind of physique that made older women's gazes linger too long in grocery store aisles, their fingers unconsciously twisting wedding rings while imagining how his taut, youthful body would feel pinning them against satin sheets.

During the three-hour car ride, Tate's younger sister Becky sat up front with his father, while his mom shared the backseat with him.

Amber wore a short summer skirt in a shade of coral that complemented her sun-kissed skin, the hemline riding high enough to leave almost all her toned, shapely legs on display.

Tate's cock swelled instantly, throbbing against his zipper as he stole glances at his mom's smooth copper-toned thighs. They gleamed with a silky sheen from being freshly shaved and moisturized, the muscles beneath subtly flexing with each small movement.

They both pretended to focus on their cellphones, the artificial glow illuminating their faces in the dimming afternoon light.

"Damn this game!" Amber blurted suddenly, shifting her weight and bringing one delicate bare foot up onto Tate's knee. Her toenails gleamed with a fresh coat of cherry-red polish, each nail perfectly shaped and glistening under the filtered sunlight streaming through the window.

She repositioned herself, one leg curled up onto the leather seat and the other bent at the knee, slightly splayed outward in a casual pose.

The boy's breath caught in his throat as he realized her new position offered him an unobstructed view straight up her skirt. If she had been wearing modest cotton panties, that glimpse alone would have been enough to fuel his fantasies for weeks. However, what Tate discovered instead made his pulse race wildly—his mom's pale-yellow underwear was completely transparent, the delicate fabric clinging to her most intimate area like morning dew on a flower petal.

Through the sheer material, he could clearly make out the smooth, plump outer lips of Amber's sex, pressed together to form a pronounced cleft. Nestled within the shadowed valley, the pink arch of her clitoral hood peeked out, like a shy creature emerging from its hiding place.

A sweet, heady aroma suddenly wafted up from between his mother's splayed legs, filling Tate's nostrils with an intoxicating mélange that made his pupils dilate. The top notes of Amber's signature floral perfume—jasmine and vanilla—quickly gave way to the unmistakable musk of aroused womanhood beneath.

He inhaled deeply, his head swimming as the scent molecules triggered something primal in his brain. It smelled like honey-drenched peaches left to ripen in the summer sun, like salt-tinged skin after a day at the beach, like raw, unfiltered sex pheromones bottled straight from the source. His mouth watered involuntarily.

Amber's luminous hazel eyes, flecked with gold around the pupils, slid sideways to catch her son's line of sight. Her plump, glossy lips—the color of ripe cherries and swollen like she'd been stung by a honeybee—curled upward when she confirmed his gaze was locked precisely where she'd orchestrated it to be.

Her attention drifted downward, past the light dusting of peach fuzz on his jawline, beyond the rapid pulse visible at his throat, settling on the unmistakable protrusion straining against his khaki shorts.

The cotton fabric tented outward dramatically, creating a rigid, tubular silhouette that extended nearly to his hip. Amber's breath caught as she noted the distinct mushroom-shaped outline at the tip—evidence that her uncircumcised boy was so thoroughly aroused that his foreskin had fully retracted, exposing the sensitive glans beneath.

"God, I wanna see it pulse," she thought with a delicious shiver of forbidden anticipation.

She extended her slender foot—toenails gleaming like ten perfect rubies—and traced a deliberate path up his quivering thigh, stopping mere centimeters from the throbbing bulge. Her reward came instantly as the entire length visibly contracted, the fabric jumping as though electrified, followed by a barely audible groan escaping her son's parted lips.

Tate's cheeks flushed crimson as he realized his mom had caught him staring directly up her skirt at the sheer panties barely concealing her most intimate area. He instinctively went to cover his throbbing erection with his hands, desperate to hide the shameful evidence of his forbidden arousal.

But before he could conceal himself, Amber's slender fingers darted out and captured his wrists in a surprisingly strong grip. With gentle but unyielding pressure, she guided his hands back down to his sides, pinning them against the leather seat. Her stern expression

made it abundantly clear that he was not to hide his excitement from her appraising gaze.

Tate's heart pounded in his chest as his mom's luminous eyes darted deliberately back and forth from his face to his crotch, openly admiring the rigid length of his cock as it visibly pulsed beneath the stretched khaki fabric. Each throb sent a shockwave of pleasure

radiating through his groin and he had to bite his lower lip to stifle a moan.

He could feel his cheeks burning with humiliation and arousal, his skin prickling with heat everywhere his mom's penetrating stare landed. When her eyes finally locked with his with an unmistakable glimmer of raw, primal hunger, it stole his breath away.

Tate's senses were on overload, his brain struggling to process the reality that his gorgeous, unattainable mother was not only acknowledging his straining erection, but seemed to be drinking in the sight of it with unrestrained lust. The masculine musk of his leaking cock swirled with the sweet, floral notes of his mom's arousal, the intoxicating combination making him dizzy with need.

As if reading his thoughts, a wicked smile spread across Amber's glossy lips. Her fingers released their hold on his wrists, but her eyes held him captive, daring him to break away from her hypnotic gaze. Time seemed to slow to a crawl as her hand drifted down...down...until her cherry-red nails hovered a mere inch above the prominent ridge of his cockhead.

Tate held his breath, every muscle in his body tensing with anticipation as a pearly bead of pre-cum seeped through the fabric.

This was all part of Amber's meticulously crafted grand plan—a strategy she'd been fantasizing about for months that would culminate in a weekend of forbidden ecstasy that neither of them would ever forget. With step one of her seduction now successfully

executed, Amber needed to make absolutely certain her boy understood that his hungry staring and jutting manhood was not only noticed but enthusiastically welcomed.

With her toned thighs still splayed wide enough to showcase the transparent yellow fabric clinging to her glistening folds, she tapped

her crimson fingernails against her iPhone screen, composing a message.

"How's your game, darling? " the text illuminated her son's screen with a soft blue glow.

Tate's trembling fingers hovered over his phone before he dared glance sideways. His mother's pouty lips were slightly parted, her chest rising and falling with quickened breaths as she pretended to study her screen, awaiting his response.

"It's going alright," he managed to type, his fingertips leaving damp prints on the glass.

"Are you sure your eyes haven't been focused on something else entirely? " Amber's next message appeared instantly, each word making his pulse throb harder in his temples and groin.

Upon reading it, Tate's head snapped toward his mother. She captured his gaze and delivered a slow, deliberate wink, the corner of her mouth curling upward like a cat who'd cornered its prey.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have been looking down there," he replied, his thumbs fumbling over the keys.

Her response materialized with predatory swiftness: "I wasn't asking for an apology, sweetheart. Have you ever smelled a woman's pussy before? And I don't mean from a stolen pair of panties," the message read, each vulgar syllable burning into his retinas.

Tate's stomach clenched with a delicious, wicked spasm that radiated outward through his limbs. The forbidden word coming from his own mother's fingers made his mouth go desert-dry. "I never have before...no," he confessed, his cock now painfully straining against his zipper as he awaited her next move.

Her response made his heart slam against his ribcage. "Wanna smell mine? " the text read, the blue bubble containing those three explosive words seeming to pulse on his screen.

Tate's insides coiled like a spring wound too tight, electric tingles shooting from his groin up his spine. His thumb trembled as it hovered over her message. He blinked hard, then read it again, the pixels burning into his retinas.

"How?" he managed to type, his fingertip leaving a smudge of sweat on the glass.

Amber's fingers danced across her screen with practiced precision, her crimson nails clicking softly against the surface. "When we stop at the Rest Area and your dad and sister get out to use the restroom, I'll let you put your head down between my legs," she texted, her eyes flicking up to meet his with a predatory gleam.

After reading it, Tate's mouth went desert-dry. He turned to face his mother, taking in her glossy lips, the flush spreading across her high cheekbones, and the way her chest rose and fell with quickened breath.

She returned his gaze, her hazel eyes darkening as she fed him a warm, deceptively innocent smile that dimpled her right cheek.

"Who needs to pee?" Tate's dad, John, asked from the driver's seat, his voice slicing through the thick tension like a dull knife.

"I do…like crazy!" Tate's sister replied, already unbuckling her seatbelt with a metallic click.

"I'm good, honey," Amber announced, crossing one silky leg over the other with deliberate slowness.

"I'm ok too!" her son added, his voice cracking slightly on the last syllable.

John parked the family SUV with a jolt that made the suspension creak, and he and his daughter hurried out, slamming their doors with twin metallic thuds that reverberated through the vehicle.

"Get on the floor, darling!" Amber directed in a honeyed whisper, her glossy lips barely moving.

She positioned herself at the edge of the black leather seat, the material squeaking beneath her as she spread her knees nearly back to her shoulders, like all mothers do when they fuck or give birth - the hem of her floral sundress riding up to expose the creamy expanse of her inner thighs.

The yellow fabric of her panties stretched taut across her mound, the dampened center clinging to every contour of her swollen flesh. "Go ahead!" she urged, her hazel eyes darkening to the color of wet moss as she watched her son hesitate.

Tate lowered himself awkwardly into the cramped foot-well, the rough carpet abrading his knees through his khakis. His pulse hammered in his ears like distant war drums as he found himself eye-level with the glistening delta between his mother's legs. Her perfectly pedicured toes curled in anticipation, the scarlet polish catching the sunlight filtering through the tinted windows.

"Smell the pussy, darling," the mother whispered with a mischievous nod.

When he finally pressed his face forward, the heat radiating from her core scorched his cheeks. His first inhale filled his lungs with her

essence—a complex bouquet of jasmine perfume, musky arousal, and something uniquely, intoxicatingly Amber.

His eyelashes fluttered against the transparent yellow fabric as he drew another breath, his tongue involuntarily darting out to wet his parched lips.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she whispered, watching his every reaction.

Tate was to aroused to answer, so he simply nodded.

Without warning, Amber's thighs clamped around his head like satin-covered vises, the surprising strength in her legs trapping him against her center. Her calves draped down his back, her ankles crossing to lock him in place as she ground herself against his face, leaving a slick trail of her excitement on his flushed cheek.

"Do you like it, darling? Do you like smelling mommy this way?" she purred, her voice dropping an octave, each syllable dripping with forbidden promise.

"Mn-hm!" Tate managed, the vibration of his response making her shudder visibly.

Through the gossamer-thin material, he could make out every detail—the plump outer lips, the delicate inner folds peeking through like the petals of an exotic flower, the prominent hood where her most sensitive bud nestled. The heady aroma made his head swim, his vision narrowing to this singular, taboo landscape.

"You must wonder," she breathed, running her crimson nails through his hair and pulling him even tighter against her heat, "what it would feel like to smash your young, throbbing prick through something so wonderfully wet and tight?" Her words hung in the humid air between them like a physical presence.

Tate was too excited and too smothered to answer, his face flushed crimson as his lungs filled with her intoxicating scent. His eyelashes fluttered against the damp fabric as he nodded vigorously, his nose brushing against her swollen bud.

"Does being this close to a woman's pussy get you even harder, baby?" she cooed, her voice honeyed and thick. "Does it make that beautiful cock of yours swell up nice n stiff in those khakis?"

Her fingernails traced lazy circles on his scalp, sending electric shivers down his spine.

"Mmm-hmm!" Her boy answered, his voice muffled against her heat, the vibration making her thighs quiver around his cheeks.

"Well, maybe mom can find a way to snuggle up against that throbbing boner of yours until we get to the camp site," she purred, her hazel eyes darkening to emerald. "Would you like to feel mommy's soft ass grinding against you?"

Tate nodded frantically, his pulse hammering in his temples, each heartbeat echoing in his painfully confined erection.

"We could have a nice, private dry-fuck underneath the blanket. Do you know what that is?" Amber asked, licking her glossy lips until they glistened in the filtered sunlight.

"Not really," he mumbled, his breath hot against her center.

"It's when two people go through the motions of intercourse, but with their clothes on," she explained, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "The friction makes everything hot and desperate, but a boy's dick stays relatively dry. That's why they call it a DRY fuck."

"I see," the boy answered, his lips still plastered to her panty-covered twat, the transparent yellow fabric now translucent with her arousal.

Amber's tongue darted out to moisten her plump cherry-red lower lip, leaving a glistening trail before she continued her sultry explanation, her voice honeyed like warm syrup. "Of course, no matter how dry the fuck starts out, your young dick will still drool plenty of slippery pre-cum from that swollen purple tip. And mommy's hungry little pussy—pink and puffy as a ripe peach—can't help but cream and throb when there's a nice fat cock grinding against it," she purred, her voice dropping to a velvety whisper that caressed his eardrum. "So even through our clothes, you'll feel my wetness soaking through

like hot summer rain as I hump myself to a shuddering, toe-curling orgasm on your throbbing shaft."

Tate groaned into the dampened fabric of her panties, his breath scorching her most intimate flesh, nostrils filling with her musky-sweet scent. The thought of his own mother—the woman who had nursed him, bathed him, tucked him in at night—shamelessly using his body to pleasure herself, to chase her taboo climax right there against him with his father and sister just feet away, made his swollen cock lurch and dribble in his shorts, a quarter-sized wet spot forming on the khaki fabric.

"You want that, don't you baby?" Amber cooed, grinding her hips in slow figure-eights to smear her mommy fuck-oil across his flushed cheeks like warm honey. "To feel mommy's juices soak through your shorts while she rides you? To shoot your hot, sticky load—thick as cream—in your underwear as I cream on your cock until it drips down my trembling thighs?"

"Yes... god yes," Tate mumbled, his voice muffled between her quivering thighs, his mind reeling with the depravity of it all, heart hammering against his ribcage like a tribal drum.

"Such a good boy," she praised with a giggle, finally unclenching her toned thighs from around his head, leaving faint pink pressure marks

on his flushed cheeks.

"Your sister's coming back to the truck," Amber informed him as she spotted her daughter's slender figure weaving between parked cars, a plastic bag swinging from her wrist. "Give my pussy a kiss and then come back up onto the seat."

Tate did as he was told, planting a lingering kiss against the fleshy hood of her clitoris, feeling it pulse beneath the damp yellow fabric before reluctantly slipping back up onto the seat next to her, adjusting his painful erection against the confines of his khakis.

"I got you guys some salt and vinegar chips to snack on," John blurted as he got back in the SUV and started it up, the engine rumbling to life beneath them.

His wife smiled back at him with practiced innocence, her cherry-glossed lips curving upward - the perfect picture of marital faithfulness that would never cause him to suspect the slick evidence of her arousal still cooling on their son's burning face.

"Tate and I aren't really that hungry, honey…just tired. We might lie down here on the back seat and have a little nap," his wife answered, her voice honeyed yet casual as she smoothed her floral sundress over her still-trembling thighs.

"Suit yourselves," her husband replied, pulling away from the service station, gravel crunching beneath the tires. "We'll wake you both up when we get there."

Amber's hazel eyes locked with her son's, a flicker of mischief dancing in their emerald depths as she motioned for him to lie down first. "Go ahead, darling," she whispered, her cherry-glossed lips barely moving.

Tate sprawled out on the leather back seat, his khakis tenting obscenely at the crotch. His mother stretched out next to him in the

spooning position, the floral pattern of her sundress riding up her tanned thighs.

Amber spread a navy blue cashmere throw blanket over them, shrouding their writhing bodies in a cocoon of privacy.

Tate's breath caught as he felt his mother's delicate fingers lift her skirt to her waist, then back her voluptuous, heart-shaped ass against his throbbing erection.

She worked the rigid length of her boy's cock in the deep valley between the plump, quivering globes of her ass, the friction sending

electric jolts up his spine. Only the paper-thin cotton of Tate's khaki shorts and the dental-floss-thin yellow satin thong separated their fevered flesh.

The teen let out a strangled gasp as his mom gyrated her perfectly bodacious booty against him in slow, deliberate circles. His cock pulsed beneath his shorts, the purple head swelling against the confining fabric until a wet spot bloomed at the tip.

"Holy fuck! He's just so wonderfully hard!" Amber thought, her inner walls clenching with need as she ground her soft, warm bubble-butt against him. She could feel the swollen mushroom head of his cock nudging through her ass-crack, pressing insistently against the puckered rosebud of her anus.

The mother grinned devilishly and sank her pearly teeth into her cherry-glossed bottom lip until it blanched white beneath the pressure. Her hazel eyes fluttered closed as she imagined that granite-hard teenage slab of veiny meat stuffed balls-deep inside her quivering ass-tract. She wickedly imagined the plum-sized tip pulsing against the velvety, forbidden recesses of her rectum, each throb stimulating thousands of hypersensitive nerve-endings connected to her swollen clitoral root, promising a mind-shattering orgasm that would leave her convulsing and speaking in tongues.

"Unngghh...Mom..." he groaned, the desperate word muffled into her chestnut hair that cascaded across his flushed face like silk. The delicious wrongness of it all - dry humping his own mother's luscious ass in the backseat while his oblivious father and innocent sister sat mere feet away - sent electric jolts of forbidden pleasure straight to his throbbing manhood.

His narrow teenage hips moved of their own primal accord, thrusting against her in an ancient, instinctual rhythm hardwired into his DNA. His angry purple cockhead slid up and down the sweat-slicked valley

between her quivering ass cheeks like a flesh missile seeking its target.

Tate floated in ecstasy, his senses overwhelmed. The rhythmic pressure she applied to his aching shaft was exquisite torture, unlike any self-pleasure he'd ever experienced. When he thought the sensation couldn't possibly intensify, his mom's slender fingers captured his wrist beneath the blanket and guided his trembling hand up underneath her blouse.

"Is she letting me…?" his brain screamed as his fingers trailed across the taut plane of her quivering abdomen. His heart thundered against his ribcage when she continued to guide him north - his thumb brushing against the lace-trimmed underwire of her bra, the massive, silk-encased globes of her breasts spilling over the cups like ripe fruit.

Amber turned her head and whispered to him softly, her cherry-glossed lips brushing against the sensitive shell of his ear. "You can touch my titties, baby... just stay outside my bra."

Once again, he could hardly believe his ears. Being so inexperienced, Tate was nervous as hell, his fingers trembling like autumn leaves in a breeze, but he wasn't about to refuse his mom's intoxicating offer.

Soon his eager, virgin hands were wandering reverently over her magnificent bra-shrouded orbs, feeling the pillowy flesh beneath delicate embroidered lace that scratched pleasantly against his fingertips. His favorite part were the rounded peaks, where he could feel the thick, pebbled nubs of her teats straining against the silky fabric, hard as pencil erasers and radiating heat.

By now his mom was humping back on him in a steady, hypnotic rhythm, her plush ass cheeks gripping his rigid shaft through their clothes like a velvet vice.

She was awestruck by his youthful vitality and impressive penile strength, the way his cock throbbed against her like a steel rod wrapped in satin. The way the 9-inch boner was anchored powerfully to its root – muscle and tendons creating an unyielding spike of teenage fuck-meat made to plow pussy.

She knew that having a large, youthful cock like Tate's inside her would make her lose her fucking mind, splitting her open and touching places her husband had never reached with his average-sized endowment.

By the time they had traveled only five miles from the station, Amber's pussy was soaking wet, her thighs slick with arousal, and Tate had a huge dark spot on his shorts where his pre-cum had soaked through, glistening obscenely in the afternoon light.

Over the next half-hour, their hips rolled in tireless counterpoint beneath the cashmere blanket, grinding their barely concealed flesh together in an increasingly frenzied dance.

Sweat beaded along Tate's hairline as his trembling fingers kneaded his mother's bra-shrouded breasts, the 38GG globes spilling over his palms like warm dough.

His touch grew bolder as her honey-sweet moans vibrated against his flushed neck, her hot breath dampening his earlobe. The slick,

pulsing heat of her pussy radiated through the thin layers separating them, her juices soaking his khaki shorts until the fabric clung translucent to his nine-inch, vein-rippled erection.

"John, turn the radio up, darling," Amber gasped suddenly, her voice uneven and throaty. "I love this song."

Tate knew it was a ruse - she only wanted the blaring music to conceal the high-pitched squeals of ecstasy threatening to spill from her cherry-glossed lips at any moment. Her soft, pillow-like ass

pumped faster against him, riding his cloth-covered cock in desperate little figure-eight circles.

Electric tendrils of pleasure unfurled at the base of his spine, shooting through his groin as his heavy balls drew up tight against his taint.

"Fuck, mom. Fuck...I'm gonna cum," he groaned against the fragrant curtain of her chestnut hair, fingers digging into the yielding flesh of her breasts, feeling her diamond-hard nipples pressing against his palms.

"Let go for mommy," she purred, reaching back to palm his flexing ass, her manicured nails digging into the firm muscle as she pulled him harder against her undulating hips. "Cream those shorts for me, baby. Fill them with your thick, hot cum."

Her filthy words were his undoing. Tate buried his face in her coconut-scented locks and bit down on his knuckles so hard they left crescent-shaped indentations as he muffled his guttural moan, a tsunami of white-hot ecstasy ripping through his trembling teenage body.

His cock jerked violently and throbbed like a jackhammer against her ass, spurting what felt like a gallon of scalding, pearlescent seed into his Calvin Klein underwear. The sticky, rope-like strands of cum

soaked through the cotton within seconds, painting his mother's gyrating, heart-shaped ass with his potent teenage essence.

Amber shuddered uncontrollably in his arms, her sopping wet pussy clenching and fluttering like butterfly wings as she rode out her own silent, earth-shattering climax, drenching her yellow satin thong until the delicate fabric was completely molded to every swollen fold and glistening crease of her mature womanhood.

She milked Tate's spent, purple-headed cock with her pillowy ass cheeks, coaxing out every last pearly drop of his thick boy-cream, then finally stilled.

They lay tangled together in the sticky afterglow, racing pulses gradually slowing to a steady drum, rivulets of sweat cooling on their flushed, burning skin.

Tate didn't dare move a muscle, savoring the feel of his mother's magnificent hourglass body melded against his like a second skin. The twangy country music from the radio gradually faded back into his consciousness as his orgasm-fogged brain cleared from its lustful haze.

Amber shifted her curvaceous hips, and Tate felt a fresh gush of warm wetness against his softening but still impressive cock. His eyes widened like saucers as he realized she was still leaking copious arousal, her toned, tanned thighs now completely slick with it.

He inhaled deeply through flared nostrils, the intoxicating musk of her sex—like honey and salt—mingling with the earthy, bleach-like scent of his own massive release.

"Enjoy your little nap?" John called obliviously over his shoulder as the luxury SUV rolled on, gravel crunching beneath the expensive tires.

"Mmmhmm, it was absolutely wonderful," Amber purred like a satisfied tigress, stretching her voluptuous body like a cat in heat—her gigantic, watermelon-sized tits nearly popping the straining buttons on her floral sundress.

"There's my darling Grandson!" Tate's Grandma Ruth exclaimed as he got out of the vehicle, her voice carrying across the campsite like honey dripping from a spoon.

The boy always felt like he was being swallowed up in squishy tit-meat whenever his Grandma hugged him. Of all the women in the family, her boobs were the most tremendous - 48JJs that defied gravity despite her sixty-two years, hanging like ripe watermelons beneath her floral-patterned sundress.

"Oh, you just get more and more handsome every day!" Ruth beamed, holding onto him tightly, her powdery lavender perfume enveloping him in a cloud of nostalgia.

"I bet he has girls constantly swarming around him," his Aunt Morgan added, eager to get her hands on the boy. The busty blonde was eight months pregnant, her tremendously round belly straining against a thin white tank top that looked ready to burst at the seams.

Beads of perspiration glistened between her heaving cleavage as she stepped forward and gave him a big tit-squasher - her obscenely huge boobs warm and swollen with sloshing tit-nectar, while gazing at him with brilliant blue eyes that sparkled like tropical waters.

"That's right, isn't it, honey?" Morgan asked in a hushed tone, her glossy pink lips brushing against his earlobe. "Lots of pretty girls wanting to spread their sexy legs for you?"

"My turn!" his Aunt Jane said, stepping towards them on long, tanned legs that seemed to go on forever. She looked a lot like his mom, Amber, but a few years older, with streaks of caramel

highlights running through her chestnut hair. Her colossal H-cup tits were spilling out of a skimpy hot-pink bikini top - the nipples so hard they created visible peaks in the thin fabric.

When she hugged the boy, Tate literally gasped from the feel of her melonous tits on his chest, the scent of coconut tanning oil and aroused pussy-musk filling his nostrils.

"Oh, baby boy…I could just sneak off somewhere with you," she mewled, while staring him in the eyes, her tongue darting out to wet her plump bottom lip. "Somewhere nice n private."

She glanced over at her husband, but thankfully, he paid them no mind – too busy chatting it up with the other husbands.

Tate felt heat flooding his cheeks, a crimson tide rising from his collar to his hairline as his Aunt's sultry confession hung in the humid summer air. His eyes darted nervously toward Uncle Rick, who stood barely fifteen feet away by the cooler, obliviously popping the tab on a cold beer while his wife's fingers lingered possessively on Tate's trembling forearm.

As with every reunion, there were at least a dozen younger kids darting between the towering pines like hyperactive squirrels, their high-pitched squeals echoing across the campground.

The dads lounged in folding chairs with sweat-dampened shirts clinging to their beer bellies, popping tabs on frosty Budweisers while hammering tent stakes.

"What's up, cousin?!" A muscular boy Tate's age called out, his sun-bleached hair falling across one eye as he approached, gripping two gleaming fishing poles that caught the dappled sunlight filtering through the trees. It was his cousin, Chuck, whose was built much like Tate, but a year older at 19.

"Hey, Chuck!" Tate replied, feeling the sticky summer heat plastering his own shirt to his back.

"I was just headed over to the river to do some fishing. The water's crystal clear today, and I spotted some fat rainbow trout from the bank. Wanna join?" Chuck asked, his eyes sparkled with excitement.

"I should probably get my tent set up," Tate sighed, gesturing toward his family's campsite where equipment lay scattered across the pine-needle covered ground.

His mother had been keeping close tabs on his every move since they got there and looked over at him.

"Your father will get your tent up, darling," Amber chimed in, "Just go have a good time."

Tate and Chuck made small-talk as they navigated the winding dirt path to the riverbank, their boots crunching on fallen twigs and smooth river stones. The rushing water sparkled like liquid diamonds in the afternoon sun as they cast their lines with practiced flicks of their wrists.

"So...you finally turned 18, huh?" Chuck asked, his voice dropping to a husky whisper as he leaned closer, the musky scent of his cologne mingling with the earthy smell of the river.

"Yeah, about a month ago," Tate answered, watching his red and white bobber dance on the rippling surface.

"You must be psyched to be getting all that mommy-meat this year." Chuck stated.

Tate's brow furrowed, his stomach tightening. "Mommy-meat?" he asked, the fishing pole suddenly slippery in his sweaty palm.

"Yeah, a tent full of mommy-meat. It's a tradition that happens when a male family member turns 18. The big white tent they always set up behind the oak grove," Chuck explained, licking his chapped lips.

"I've never heard of that," Tate confessed, feeling his pulse quicken. "What is it exactly?"

"Do you ever notice how when we do the family hike every year the moms never come along? How they always have some excuse ready?"

"Yeah," Tate answered, suddenly recalling the annual family hike that took about four hours, along a winding path that snaked up through the mountains and ended at a crystal-blue swimming hole where sunlight danced on the surface.

Although Tate had never really thought much about it, Chuck was right...the moms in the family always stayed behind, their perfume lingering in the air long after they'd waved goodbye.

"The reason they stay behind is...so all the moms in the family, including Grandma Ruth, can set up that white silk tent and gang-rape the boys in the family when they turn 18. It's sort of a tradition, I guess," Chuck explained, his pupils dilating as he stared intently at Tate.

"Gang-rape?" Tate's voice cracked, the word hanging between them like a physical thing.

"Well, no...not really 'gang-rape.' I mean, you can't really rape the willing, right?" Chuck laughed, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard.

"But...they have sex though?" Tate whispered, feeling his shorts tighten uncomfortably.

"Fucking wild sex, dude...like you wouldn't believe. It was like being in a cage with a bunch of sex-hungry animals. Wet lips, grasping hands, gigantic tits everywhere you look. They're gonna fuck you, dude...suck on your dick and balls until you're completely drained, you name it...they do it all," Chuck warned him, his fishing pole forgotten as sweat beaded on his upper lip.

Tate stood there speechless for a moment, his mouth hanging open as his cousin's words sank in like stones dropping into a still pond. His heart hammered against his ribs while sweat trickled down his spine, dampening the waistband of his shorts.

"You did this with them last summer?" he finally asked, his voice barely audible over the rushing river.

"Yep, right after I turned 18," Chuck nodded, his eyes glazing over with the memory. "The year before me it was Charlie," he added, referencing his older brother who had since disappeared to some ivy-covered college campus across the country. "The year before that, they initiated Aunt Morgan's son Eric."

Tate's mind raced like a hamster on a wheel. His mom's whispered promise before they'd left—her glossy lips brushing his ear as she'd promised he wouldn't return home a virgin—suddenly took on a whole new meaning. He shifted uncomfortably, his erection straining painfully against his zipper.

"You'll know for sure if it's going down tomorrow if you get a surprise in your sleeping bag tonight," Chuck shared, his tanned face breaking into a knowing grin that revealed perfect white teeth.

"What type of surprise?" Tate asked, leaning forward, his fishing rod forgotten in his trembling hands.

"Well..." Chuck paused dramatically, running his tongue across his bottom lip, "it's a surprise, so I don't wanna give it away. But don't

worry, dude," he winked, punching Tate's shoulder, "you'll fucking love it!"

The whole family sat around the crackling pine-scented fire that night, laughing and sharing stories that echoed through the darkening forest.

Tate couldn't take his eyes off the luscious tanned legs of each mother as they crossed and uncrossed them in the dancing orange light. They were all strong in a feminine way, their thigh muscles taut beneath smooth skin, made to harness around a rutting male. He marveled at how they were freshly shaved to gleaming perfection, causing the skin to shimmer wonderfully in the hypnotic glow of the campfire.

Amber, Morgan and Jane huddled together like a coven of sex witches, their eyes glinting with feral hunger in the dancing orange firelight as they whispered and giggled behind manicured fingers.

Tate couldn't hear what they were saying over the hypnotic crackle and pop of the resinous pine logs, but he noticed how their mascara-rimmed gazes kept drifting down to the prominent nine-inch bulge tenting his khaki shorts like a circus pavilion.

Morgan leaned in close to her sisters' ears, her swollen milk-heavy tits threatening to spill out of her low-cut white tank top. "Do you think his teenage dick is rock hard under there right now?" she asked in a hushed, conspiratorial tone that made her ruby lips quiver. "Throbbing and drooling pre-cum for our hungry mommy-holes?"

"Mmm-hmm, definitely," Amber purred, running her pink tongue across her glossy crimson lips until they glistened wetly in the firelight. "Look at that massive outline straining against the fabric. My boy's a grower, not a shower. Nine thick inches, ladies - rigid and ready to split us open."

Jane looked at each other suspiciously. "He's been 18 for a month now, and you seem to know an awful lot about his cock already."

A wicked Cheshire-cat grin spread across Amber's heart-shaped face, dimpling her flushed cheeks. "I haven't fucked him, but…let's just say Tate and I shared some special mommy-son bonding time on the backseat during our drive up here."

The sisters burst into peals of throaty laughter that echoed across the campsite like wind chimes in a summer breeze, their titanic titties jiggling like bowls of sun-warmed strawberry jello beneath their sweat-dampened cotton tops. "Oh my God, Amber, are you sure you didn't fuck his virgin cock already?" Morgan squealed like an excited eighth-grader at her first boy-girl dance, her muscular thighs clenching together beneath her frayed denim cutoffs, creating a visible camel toe that darkened with moisture.

"No, we just dry-fucked against each other until we both came," she confessed with a shameless wink that crinkled the corners of her sapphire eyes. "Although if you ask my soaking pussy, it'll tell you there was absolutely nothing DRY about it. I had to change my thong as soon as we got here—it was so drenched you'd have though I just stepped out of a Jacuzzi."

The women erupted into another round of raucous laughter at Amber's explicit confession. The husbands' faces swiveled in their direction, bushy eyebrows raised quizzically above bloodshot eyes.

"What's so funny over there?" John called out, his deep baritone carrying across the crackling campfire.

"Oh nothing, honey!" Amber sing-songed in a lilting soprano, her glossy crimson lips curving into a deceptively innocent smile, not feeling a single twinge of guilt despite her incestuous, unfaithful ways. "Just swapping recipes for tomorrow's dinner!"

The men shrugged their broad shoulders and turned back to their bottles of Budweiser, clearly not interested in discussions of crockpot casseroles or slow-cooker pot roasts.

As soon as their attention was diverted, the sisters huddled closer, their chestnut, honey-blonde, and auburn heads nearly touching as they resumed their hushed, conspiratorial whispers that hissed like steam escaping a pressure cooker.

"God, I can't wait to get my hands on that barely-legal cock," Morgan groaned, squeezing her glistening tanned thighs together so tightly

that her cutoff denim shorts creaked. A warm gush of wetness flooded the crotch of her lace-trimmed Victoria's Secret panties, creating a dark, visible stain. "To think it's never been inside a woman before..."

"He's gonna pump so much thick, pearly cum," Amber sighed dreamily, her sapphire eyes glazing over with lust as she twirled a honey-blonde strand around her French-manicured finger. "When they're that age, their heavy balls are constantly full to bursting with hot teenage sperm."

"The virgins are always the horniest," Jane added, her erect nipples visibly drilling into her leopard-print bikini top like diamond-cutting lasers, creating two prominent peaks in the thin fabric. "So eager and excitable. The moment you wrap your wet lips around that throbbing purple head, they nearly explode down your throat!"

Morgan nodded vigorously. "There's nothing better than sucking a teenage boy's rock-hard cock and having him lose control almost immediately, grunting and humping your face while he empties those swollen, aching balls down your hungry throat."

"And they can get it up again in minutes," Amber pointed out, fanning her flushed cleavage dramatically with splayed fingers.

"Ready for round two...three...four... FUCK ME SIDEWAYS!"

Tate sat rooted to his rough-hewn log bench, his untouched chocolate-dripping s'more forgotten and oozing between his trembling fingers, as he strained to eavesdrop on his aunts' and mother's raunchy conversation. Even without hearing the actual filthy words, their giggling, husky tone and the way they kept eye-fucking his crotch with mascara-rimmed gazes made his massive cock throb painfully against his zipper, pulsing out a steady stream of warm, sticky pre-cum that dampened the front of his khaki shorts.

A short distance from their camp was a small cinder-block building with showers. One by one his Aunts, mom and silver-haired Grandmother went over to get cleaned up, their heavy breasts

bobbling beneath thin cotton shirts and their thick round asses wagging hypnotically with each step. Then, they retired to their nylon tents with knowing backward glances.

Tate finally extinguished the campfire, watching the last ember fade to black before retreating to his own tent. Inside, his small battery-powered lantern cast elongated shadows across the nylon walls.

As he peeled off his sweat-dampened t-shirt and shimmied out of his khaki shorts down to his navy boxers, his eyes kept darting to the sleeping bag. Chuck's words echoed in his mind.

The forest-green bag lay flat and undisturbed on his air mattress, its zipper gleaming in the lantern light. "That lying bastard was just messing with me," Tate thought bitterly, clicking off the light with a frustrated snap.

The moment he slid into the sleeping bag, something silky brushed against his bare calf. Tate froze. Heart hammering, he fumbled for the lantern switch and yanked out a massive white bra with intricate lace embroidery along cups.

His trembling fingers discovered more treasures: a pair of cream-colored satin panties with a delicate bow at the waistband. Before he could even lift them to his face, the unmistakable scent of feminine arousal—tangy, sweet, and primal—filled his nostrils.

"Holy shit…smell that pussy!" he thought, his insides tingling with excitement.

Digging deeper, he unearthed a black lace thong, a pale pink G-string, and three more enormous silky bras in various colors, each cup large enough to fit over his entire head. The lingerie had been artfully arranged within his sleeping bag, the fabric still radiating warmth as if freshly peeled from the curves of their voluptuous MILF owners.

The panties exuded an intoxicating cocktail of musky feminine essence mingled with expensive floral perfume, making the teen dizzy as the pungent smell of pussy assaulted his senses.

Tate nearly jumped out of his skin as the metallic rasp of his tent zipper cut through the silence. He frantically crammed the silky undergarments back into his sleeping bag, heart hammering against his ribs.

His mom's pretty face appeared in the widening gap, her glossy lips curved into a knowing smile as she crawled inside on all fours. The nylon floor crinkled beneath her weight as she sealed them in together, the zipper's teeth locking with a final decisive click.

Amber wore white thermal long Johns that clung to every luscious curve of her voluptuous body like wet paint. Her enormous breasts swayed pendulously beneath the thin cotton with each movement, clearly unrestrained by any bra. Her hardened nipples pushed against the fabric like fat cherries, creating two prominent peaks that drew his gaze like magnets.

"Your father's already snoring like crazy," she giggled, her voice honeyed and intimate in the confined space. "At least he'll scare the bears away."

"True," Tate agreed with a nervous smile, his mouth suddenly desert-dry.

"Why aren't you in your sleeping bag, darling?" his mother asked, her concerned tone contradicted by the predatory gleam in her eyes. "It's starting to get chilly out."

"I was…uh, just getting ready to actually," he managed, painfully aware of the lingerie hidden inches away.

"Good. I'll join you," she suggested, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "You can keep me warm while we talk."

Tate hesitated, his pulse throbbing visibly at his throat, but his mom smiled reassuringly, perfect white teeth gleaming in the dim light. "Don't worry... I'm not here to take your new toys away," she giggled, the sound tinkling like wind chimes. "Just bring them out for a minute, so we can get in."

Not really surprised that she knew about them, the boy did as his mom asked and crawled into his sleeping bag. Amber did the same, her body radiating heat as she squeezed inside his comfy bag with him, filling his nostrils with her intoxicating perfume.

"Stay on your back," the mother whispered, her warm breath tickling his ear as she draped a smooth, toned leg across his thighs. The soft swell of her oversized breasts pressed against his chest like warm pillows. "There now... this is cozy," she purred, her lips barely an inch from his neck.

Tate's throbbing erection strained painfully against his boxers, the purple head peeking out from the waistband and leaking clear pre-cum onto his taut stomach. Being in the same sleeping bag with his

voluptuous mother was intoxicating - her soft, pillowy tits conforming against his heaving chest like warm dough while the scorching heat from her moist crotch branded his hip through the thin cotton of her thermal underwear.

He watched, mesmerized, as her delicate fingers dangled one of the massive brassieres above his flushed face, the intricate lace pattern casting spidery shadows across his features in the dim lantern light.

"My goodness, would you look at the size of this bra!" she whispered huskily, her glossy pink lips parting as she squinted at the tag. "44 H-cup. Those are some seriously huge knockers! Any idea who this belongs to, darling?"

"I-I'm not really sure," the boy stammered, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard, one shoulder lifting in a nervous shrug.

"That's your Aunt Jane's bra... and these are her panties," Amber purred, plucking a barely-there black thong from the pile with her manicured fingertips.

She dragged the silky fabric deliberately across her son's quivering lips and flushed cheeks. "Can you smell her sweet pussy, baby? Can you smell the tangy juices she deliberately left there for you to sniff?"

"Yesss," the teen sighed, his eyelids fluttering closed as he inhaled deeply, drawing the musky, slightly salty feminine essence deep into his lungs.

"Holy moly, look at this absolute monster!" Amber gasped, her eyes widening as she extracted another enormous brassiere from the collection. The massive cups, adorned with delicate floral embroidery, cast a shadow over the boy's face as she dangled it above him.

"48 double J cup! I bet those puppies hang down to her belly button. Any guesses who this belongs to, sweetie?" she teased, before pressing the silky garment completely over his face like a mask.

"Grandma?" came his muffled reply, his hot breath dampening the fabric as he marveled at how the enormous cup engulfed his entire head from forehead to chin.

"Bingo, baby boy," his mom responded with a throaty giggle, sliding Ruth's lacy white panties beneath the cup and grinding the gusset firmly against her son's flaring nostrils. "And don't her panties smell absolutely divine?"

"God, yes!" the boy moaned enthusiastically, his hips involuntarily bucking upward.

"They've been hugging her warm, fragrant pussy all day long, baby," she whispered, her hot breath tickling his ear, "and she's probably secreted her thick, creamy juices right into the fabric."

The boy's ass rose instinctively upward in an excited fuck-hump motion, his spine arching like a drawn bow as his throbbing boner flexed visibly beneath the thin cotton of his boxers, the purple head glistening with pre-cum.

His mom's silky-smooth leg slid across his trembling thighs, firmly pressing him back against the crinkly sleeping bag.

"Down, tiger!" she giggled, her voice like warm honey in the lantern-lit darkness. She delicately plucked Ruth's lace-trimmed undergarments away with her manicured fingertips and dangled a different matching set above him—coffee-colored satin with intricate floral embroidery.

"Mmm, look at this sexy pair. These are Aunt Morgan's bra and panties, baby. I bet you've been aching to smell her pregnant

pussy," Amber moaned, her pupils dilating as she brought the visibly stained crotch of her sister's panties to his flaring nostrils.

"Oh, wow!" the boy gasped, his eyelids fluttering closed as he inhaled his Aunt Morgan's strong feminine scent—a heady mixture of tangy musk and sweet hormonal secretions unique to pregnancy.

"Her and I have the same bra size," the mother revealed, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper as she draped the two identical bras over her boy's flushed face. "We both wear 38 GG-cup bras, darling. Feel how soft they are," she breathed, methodically rubbing the silky cups against his wonder-stricken features, the fabric still warm and slightly damp from wear.

"Our big heavy tits have been stuffed inside these cups all day long, baby. All that wonderful flesh just pushing and heaving against them, leaving behind our scent and warmth just for you."

The mother pushed the silky cups aside with her manicured fingers, revealing her son's flushed face beneath. His dilated pupils fixated on

the canary-yellow panties she dangled tantalizingly above him, the delicate fabric swaying hypnotically from her perfectly polished index finger.

"I bet you remember these particular ones, don't you, darling?" she asked, her glossy lips curving into a knowing smile that made her cheekbones more pronounced in the dim light.

"Those are…um, the ones you had on today," he answered, his voice cracking slightly as his throat constricted with desire.

"That's right," she purred, "the sheer ones that were stretched across my swollen pussy lips during our long car ride. Do you remember how you could see the outline of my wet slit through

them, baby? How the fabric clung to every fold and crease?" she asked, rotating the panties so the gusset caught the lantern light.

"How could I forget?!" Tate exclaimed, his cock twitching visibly against his stomach.

"And here's the thong portion," she continued, producing a thin strip of yellow fabric, "that was wedged deep between my ass cheeks, rubbing against the puckered ring of my asshole with every bump in the road."

She stretched the elastic between her thumbs, displaying the damp center panel. "The very one you were grinding your throbbing erection against when we dry-fucked each other on the back seat. Remember that exquisite moment, darling?"

"Uh-huh," Tate responded, his engorged member now leaking a steady stream of pre-cum that pooled in his navel. He was so fucking turned on it felt like his skin might burst into flames.

"That made me SO wet," she whispered conspiratorially, "absolutely drenched. The crotch of these panties must smell incredibly potent after marinating in my juices all day."

She lowered the visibly stained gusset deliberately toward her boy's flaring nostrils. "Are they strong, honey? Do they reek of aroused, hungry pussy?"

The tangy, musky aroma of his mother's intimate secretions was so powerful they made the boy's head swirl like he was riding a carnival ride. The complex bouquet of salt, sweetness and something primal flooded his senses completely. He was too overwhelmed to form words, so he just nodded vigorously, his eyes rolling back slightly.

Amber boldly slid her hand down and traced a fingertip along his shaft, her nail leaving a trail of goosebumps. "If you fucked a wet

pussy, that's exactly what your dick would smell like afterward—all that tangy sweetness coating every inch."

She inhaled deeply, her nostrils flaring. "Isn't it absolutely wonderful? Like honey and salt and something primal all mixed together?"

"Yesss," Tate answered, his voice barely a rasp as his hips involuntarily lifted toward her touch.

Amber slithered on top of her son like a venomous anaconda gliding through dense, steamy jungle foliage, smothering the trembling teen in a heaving sea of glistening, jiggling 38GG tits and overheated MILF flesh that radiated feverish warmth against his goosebump-covered skin.

Her silky, lotion-scented thighs clamped around his narrow hips like a vise as she settled her fiery, pulsating crotch directly over the steel-hard, nine-inch fuck muscle pressing against his quivering abdomen. The paper-thin, moisture-darkened cotton of their underwear remained the only flimsy barrier separating their throbbing, aching sexes.

"Close your eyes, sweetheart," she purred, her glossy cherry-red lips brushing the sensitive shell of his ear, sending electric shivers racing

down his arched spine like lightning bolts. "I want you to imagine sinking this thick young veiny cock into a hot, clinging pussy dripping with nectar. Picture yourself thrusting deep into the sensitive coral-pink folds, spreading them open like a blooming flower, making them grip you tight like a silken fist."

Tate squeezed his eyes shut, his heart hammering against his ribs like a tribal drum as he vividly imagined his mother's explicit scenario. His purple, mushroom-shaped cockhead nudging apart dewy, swollen petals and sinking inch by delicious inch into scorching

wet heaven. The slick, ribbed walls fluttering and clenching around him like a hungry mouth.

"Ooh yes, just like that," Amber moaned appreciatively, her voice dripping with honeyed lust as if reading his forbidden thoughts. "Now feel the velvety flesh squeezing your throbbing shaft from all sides as you drive yourself to the hilt, until your heavy, cum-filled balls are nestled against a juicy, perfectly rounded ass."

The teen's narrow hips bucked upward involuntarily, his sweat-slicked body acting on pure animal instinct as he dry-humped his mother's barely covered mound with desperate, urgent thrusts. He could feel the searing heat of her copious liquid arousal soaking through the thin fabric like hot syrup, could smell the ripe, intoxicating musk of her maternal excitement filling his flaring nostrils.

"You'd explore every sensitive inch of a tight cunt with the bulbous head of your cock," she continued, her voice a throaty rasp in the darkness, her hot breath tickling the fine hairs inside his ear canal. "Stroking over the swollen ridges that feel like velvet-covered speed bumps, prodding the spongy tender spots that ache for your touch like bruised fruit, grinding against the throbbing little pleasure button at the apex that swells and pulses like a tiny heartbeat..."

Tate whimpered, his diamond-hard erection jerking against her damp cotton-covered mound as a pearly bead of pre-cum bubbled from the slit before trailing down his purple shaft.

His balls felt swollen to the size of duck eggs, churning with a massive load of creamy white sperm as they pulled tight to his body, the wrinkled skin of his scrotum contracting visibly.

"A pussy would grip you so snug, darling, like a silken glove custom-made for your thick teenage meat. Clenching and rippling with tiny muscular spasms, milking your cock for every drop of hot seed," she promised, punctuating her words with a sensual figure-eight grind of

her hips that made her enormous breasts slosh against his upper chest.

The boy groaned gutturally, the sound rumbling up from deep in his chest like a wounded animal. His nerve endings crackled with electricity like live wires in water as he teetered on the razor's edge of climax.

All rational thought evaporated from his hormone-flooded brain, replaced by a single primal need - to rut into a woman's welcoming heat, to pump her full of his virile cum until it overflowed like honey, to mark her as his forever.

Tate's hips jerked upward erratically, his nine-inch cock throbbing almost painfully against his mother's barely covered mound as the forest-green polyester sleeping bag rustled beneath them like autumn leaves. A crimson flush crept up his sweat-slicked neck to his chiseled cheekbones as he realized how wantonly he was grinding against her like a rutting stag in mating season.

"S-sorry," he stammered, his baritone voice cracking with embarrassment as his movements stilled beneath the oppressive weight of her gigantic boobs. "I didn't mean to…"

"Shh, it's okay baby," Amber cooed reassuringly, her glossy cherry-red lips curving into an indulgent Mona Lisa smile that made her emerald eyes sparkle like precious gems. "That's just your body's natural instinct taking over. It knows exactly what it needs to do."

She punctuated her words with a sensual figure-eight roll of her child-bearing hips, her slick honey-drenched folds gliding along his granite-hard shaft through the gossamer-thin cotton of their undergarments. "See? Mommy's hips are moving too, in perfect counterpoint to yours like a well-rehearsed tango. It's like they were made to fit together like puzzle pieces."

Tate groaned like a wounded animal as she began undulating against him in an ancient primal rhythm as old as time itself, the sleeping bag crinkling in time with their synchronized movements like wrapping paper on Christmas morning. He could feel every scorching inch of her velvet-soft skin through their sweat-soaked underwear, could feel her molten center parting to cradle his throbbing cock like a custom-tailored silk glove.

"That's it, just like that," Amber purred approvingly, her voice honeyed and thick with desire like warm maple syrup. "What a good boy, thrusting your hips in just the right way like you were born for this. You're a natural stallion."

Her milky-white thighs clenched around him like anacondas as she matched his pace, grinding her dripping honeypot against his pelvis with increasing urgency. "Imagine you're driving that big, beautiful battering ram so deep, spreading mommy open like a blooming flower, hitting the very back of my needy, quivering cunt."

The teen whimpered like a newborn puppy, electric pleasure zinging up his spine like Fourth of July fireworks as his mother's filthy words painted a vivid Technicolor picture in his hormone-addled mind - her velvety coral-pink walls fluttering and clenching around him like a

hungry mouth, squeezing his aching purple-headed shaft from base to tip as he plunged into her welcoming heat over and over like a piston.

He could almost feel her cervix kissing the mushroom-shaped head of his cock, imagining the textured ridges stroking him like a thousand tiny tongues coated in liquid fire.

"Unghh, mom," Tate choked out, no longer caring how desperate or wanton he sounded, too lost in the exquisite friction, in the mind-melting pleasure radiating from his groin like a nuclear reactor.

His trembling hands flew to his mother's undulating hourglass hips, gripping the taut globes of her perfectly rounded ass through her thermal underwear as he rutted against her like a wild mustang, the sleeping bag bunching and twisting around their writhing bodies like a cotton-poly cocoon.

"Tomorrow, I'll have something else special for you," Amber stated, her cherry-red lips curving into a secretive smile that didn't quite reach her glittering eyes. "I want you to get up and go on the hike like you normally would every year. However, after about a half-hour, I want you to tell your father you're not feeling well, then come back to camp, ok?"

"Why do you want me to do that?" Tate asked, his voice cracking with lingering desire.

"You'll see, darling. Just do it exactly the way I told you and everything will go as planned," she whispered, sealing her promise with a lingering kiss to his forehead that left a perfect lipstick imprint.

As Amber began extricating herself from the sleeping bag, she turned back to Tate with a coquettish grin, her fingers toying with a strand of chestnut hair. "Oh, and one more thing, honey... I need you to make me a very special promise before I go."

Tate swallowed hard, his heart still hammering against his ribcage from their illicit dry-humping session. "What kind of promise?" he asked, his voice hoarse.

"I want you to promise me that you won't touch this beautiful, hard cock tonight," she purred, trailing one lacquered nail along the straining ridge of his erection. "No matter how badly it aches. No matter how full and heavy your balls feel."

Tate's eyes widened, a whimper catching in his throat at the thought of denying his throbbing teenage meat any relief after being worked

into such a desperate frenzy. "But...but why?" he protested weakly, hips twitching involuntarily as her fingers teased the weeping slit.

"Because I want you absolutely ravenous with need tomorrow," Amber explained, her voice dripping with honeyed promise. "I want these big, cum-filled balls—" she cupped his swollen sack through the thin cotton, "—churning with so much hot, virile seed they feel ready to burst."

The boy groaned helplessly, head lolling back against the pillow as his cock jerked in her grip, another pearly bead of pre-cum oozing from the tip. The thought of his heavy testicles getting even more achingly full, the skin drawn drum-tight around their massive load, made his stomach clench with a delicious ache.

"Oh god," Tate choked out, squeezing his eyes shut as a shudder rippled through his overheated body. The idea was pure torture—and yet the masochistic part of him thrilled at the challenge, at proving to her that he could be a good boy and obey. "I promise I won't touch it," he said hoarsely. "No matter what."

"That's my perfect angel," Amber purred approvingly, pressing a lingering kiss to his damp brow before slowly untangling herself from his quivering form. The sleeping bag rustled as she slithered out, cool air rushing in to replace her feverish warmth.

Tate's nine-inch cock flexed involuntarily like a divining rod seeking water as he watched his mom crawl toward the tent door on all fours, her luscious heart-shaped ass swaying hypnotically with each feline movement. The paper-thin white thermal fabric stretched taut across her plump, volleyball-sized cheeks, clinging to every dip, dimple, and curve like shrink-wrapped cellophane.

His hungry teenage gaze zeroed in on the visibly darkened patch between her quivering thighs where their combined sticky juices had soaked through during the feverish dry-humping session, the musky

scent of feminine arousal still hanging heavy in the pine-scented air like invisible aphrodisiac perfume.

Amber paused at the entrance and peered back over her shoulder, her glossy cherry-red lips curving into a predatory feline smile. She noticed her son's rapt attention glued to her retreating derriere like a starving man eyeing a feast. Her emerald cat-like eyes glittered with wicked promise in the golden lantern light, holding his gaze for a searing moment that felt like an eternity before she slithered out of the tent and into the velvety star-spangled night with a husky "Sweet dreams, darling" that dripped from her tongue like warm honey.

The zipper rasped like sandpaper against wood as she sealed the forest-green flap behind her, the sound abnormally loud in the ensuing tomb-like silence.

Tate released a shuddering breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding, his thundering heart still jackhammering against his ribs like a pneumatic drill and his granite-hard cock throbbing in time with his racing pulse.

He could feel his heavy balls pulsing with unspent pearly seed, already growing more swollen and achy from his sacred promise of denial, the skin stretching tighter with each passing second like an overinflated balloon ready to burst.

With a frustrated groan that rumbled from the depths of his parched throat, Tate flopped onto his side, desperately trying to ignore the insistent nine-inch flesh tower straining toward his quivering navel like a heat-seeking missile.

Every microscopic nerve ending still crackled and sizzled like a downed power line from his mom's expert teasing, his feverish skin radiating heat like molten lava beneath a paper-thin crust, glistening with droplets of perspiration that trickled down his heaving ribcage.

The intoxicating aroma of her feminine arousal—musky, sweet, and forbidden—clung to the inside of his flaring nostrils like invisible tendrils, making his head swim deliriously in a whirlpool of incestuous desire while his rigid, purple-veined pole twitched against his concave stomach, leaving sticky trails of pearlescent pre-cum across his taut abs.

Technicolor fragments of their illicit encounter flickered through his hormone-saturated, sex-fogged mind in exquisite frame-by-frame slow motion: The scorching volcanic heat of her slick, velvet folds gliding along his granite-hard length through the gossamer-thin barrier of sweat-soaked fabric... Her honeyed voice whispering directly into the whorls of his ear canal, painting vivid pornographic masterpieces with her filthy maternal words…

Her warm, mommy-milkers pillowed against his heaving chest like down-filled cushions, nipples rubbery-hard and prominent even through her threadbare cotton top…

Tate's free hand twitched reflexively toward his angry, throbbing cock—the veins bulging like roadmaps beneath the taut, paper-thin skin—before he caught himself with a breathless curse that hissed between his clenched teeth. He'd promised his beautiful mother he wouldn't touch it no matter how badly it ached, no matter how full

and heavy his testicles felt, swollen to the size of ripe plums in their hairless sac.

He needed to be a good, obedient boy for her, to prove his worthiness of whatever forbidden, taboo delights she had meticulously planned for tomorrow's forest rendezvous.

Keeping that sacred vow, however, was going to be the ultimate Herculean test of his teenage willpower. Especially with his rumpled sleeping bag still littered with his female relatives' lingerie. His grandmother's massive beige brassiere with its industrial-strength underwire. His aunts' lacy thongs still carrying their distinctive

feminine scents, and his mother's silky yellow panties, the gusset still damp with her maternal essence.

Tate's sleepless night stretched like an eternity of exquisite torture, his swollen member throbbing with each heartbeat as he tossed and turned in the confines of his sleeping bag.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast of sizzling bacon and fluffy pancakes dripping with maple syrup, all the family members except the voluptuous matriarchs were prepared for the annual hike.

"Everyone ready to conquer Bear Ridge Trail?" Tate's father John asked, adjusting his sweat-wicking cap. "Have fun exploring nature's wonders!" Tate's buxom Grandma Ruth called out, her voice honey-sweet as she planted a lingering kiss on her own husband's weathered cheek like the devoted wife she pretended to be.

Tate trudged along the pine needle-covered path, just as his mother had instructed him to do— glancing back to see his mom, gran and two aunts waving and staring at him with unmistakable hunger in their eyes, their erect nipples straining against the thin fabric of their tight t-shirts like ripe berries atop the impressive mountains of their heaving bosoms.

His mom had told him to remain with the group for precisely thirty minutes, and it was the longest half-hour of his adolescent life, each second ticking by with excruciating slowness as his mind raced with forbidden anticipation.

"Hey, dad..." Tate finally mumbled, clutching his stomach theatrically, "I'm not feeling well at all—kind of queasy and light-headed. I think I'm gonna head back to camp before I puke all over the trail."

"Alright, kid. Do you need me to come with you?" John asked with fatherly concern, completely oblivious to the throbbing bulge in his son's hiking shorts.

"No, I'll just follow the marked trail back. I'll be fine on my own," the boy answered, trying to keep the eager tremor from his voice as beads of anticipatory sweat formed on his forehead.

"See you in a few hours or so then," his dad waved dismissively, then rushed to catch up with the others who were already disappearing around a bend in the forest path.

Tate eagerly hurried back down the pine-needle-carpeted trail, his pulse thundering in his ears as he turned the half-hour hike into a breathless fifteen-minute jog. Sweat trickled down his flushed face, dampening his t-shirt and making it cling to his lean torso.

When he arrived at the deserted campsite, the crackling embers of the morning fire still glowing orange, his mom, voluptuous aunts and curvaceous grandmother were nowhere to be found. He frantically checked their perfume-scented tents, pushing aside silky nightgowns and lacy undergarments, but still didn't find them.

When he went to his own tent, the canvas flapping gently in the mountain breeze, he found a hand-written note taped to the door, his mother's looping cursive immediately recognizable:

"Tate, Come down to the river, then follow it upstream until you find my red bra attached to a stick. There you'll receive further instructions. Love, Mom. "

Tate quickly scrambled down to the riverbank, his sneakers slipping on moss-covered rocks as the crystal-clear water bubbled and frothed beside him. He followed it upstream as his mom had instructed, the sun filtering through the emerald canopy above, dappling his skin with golden light.

After about ten minutes of walking, he spotted a flash of crimson against the verdant foliage – the scarlet lace of his mother's sexy push-up bra dangling from a gnarled branch. His trembling fingers discovered another note pinned to one of the silky cups:

"Hi, baby, You're almost here! You're almost to paradise! Walk back into the woods. You'll come to a giant boulder. When you get to the other side, you'll see our tent. See you soon! Love, mom. "

For several minutes Tate trudged through the dense, pine-scented forest, sweat trickling down his flushed neck before finally coming to the moss-covered granite boulder his mother had described. Standing nearly twelve feet tall, its craggy surface glistening with morning dew, it was far too massive to climb over, so he carefully navigated around it, his sneakers crunching on fallen twigs.

It was then he spotted a spacious crimson tent nestled between two ancient oaks, its waterproof fabric gleaming like fresh blood against the emerald foliage. If they were seeking absolute privacy, this

secluded clearing was perfect—nearly a half-mile up the mountain from the campground, hidden from any hiking trails.

As the trembling boy approached the tent, he noticed four pairs of women's shoes arranged meticulously outside the zippered entrance—his mother and grandmother's designer hiking boots, and his aunts' matching sneakers. His pulse quickened as he detected the unmistakable sound of hushed, throaty whispers and sultry giggles emanating from within.

"Mom?" Tate called, his adolescent voice cracking with anticipation.

Suddenly, the tent door unzipped with a slow, deliberate rasp, and the boy's eyes widened to saucers as he beheld his mother on all fours, completely naked, her tanned skin glistening with a fine sheen of arousal. "Hi, baby...you found us!" she beamed, her plump lips glistening with freshly applied cherry gloss.

Tate marveled at the way her heavy, milk-white udders hung down pendulously, swaying hypnotically with each breath, their rosy nipples fully erect and jutting from huge areolar rings.

Beyond the rounded globes of her naked ass, he could see his beautiful silver-haired Grandma sprawled on her back, legs splayed invitingly. Her ginormous breasts spread across her heaving chest like massive pillows of creamy flesh, topped with areolas the size of the pancakes he'd eaten that morning.

"Get those shoes off and get in here, gorgeous boy!" Ruth demanded, her voice husky with desire as she beckoned him with a crooked finger, her wedding ring glinting in the filtered sunlight.

The teenager certainly wasn't gonna argue. He kicked off his mud-caked hiking shoes and crawled into the tent, the thick canvas floor cushioning his trembling knees.

243: A TENT FULL OF MOMMY-MEAT - SUPERSIZED-2/2

His two Aunts were inside also, they too as naked as the day they were born, their voluptuous bodies glistening with a fine sheen of perspiration in the dim, filtered light. It was a forest cocoon of luscious mommy-meat, the air heavy with the mingled scents of expensive perfume and raw feminine arousal.

Amber quickly zipped the tent back up with a decisive metallic rasp, and for a moment Tate felt like an animal caught in a trap, his heart hammering against his ribcage. Soon he would find out what his cousin meant by being "gang-raped," even though he was a more than willing participant, his throbbing erection already tenting his khaki shorts painfully.

In an instant, the four women went from loving mothers to rabid sex animals.

"Get him naked!" Ruth blurted, quickly getting to her knees, her massive breasts swaying pendulously, nipples pointing directly at the boy like accusing fingers.

Her daughters surrounded Tate and forcefully removed his clothing, their manicured nails scratching against his feverish skin as they practically ripped the fabric from his nervous body.

Tate gawked at the way their enormous tits bobbled around like overfilled water balloons as they stripped him down to his birthday suit, his own skin prickling with goosebumps in the cool tent air.

"Look at that cock!" Morgan shouted, wrapping her slender fingers around the base and yanking on its tender flesh, her wedding ring glinting as she squeezed his throbbing member.

"Peel back his foreskin!" Jane excitedly requested, her hot breath tickling his ear as she massaged her fingers through Tate's smooth nut-filled scrotum, rolling his testicles between her soft digits like precious marbles.

Tate watched in excited wonder as his pregnant Aunt Morgan, her belly swollen like a beach ball, delicately pulled the taut skin of his throbbing cock back with her manicured fingers, exposing his glistening glans to the humid tent air.

All four women gasped in unison, their eyes widening with primal hunger. "Oh my God, he has the fattest knob!" Jane exclaimed breathlessly, her pupils dilating as she stared transfixed at the boy's pinkish-purple crown, pulsing with each rapid heartbeat.

Morgan squeezed one of her milk-swollen tits with her free hand, the areola darkened to the color of a bruised plum. "Fuck, he's gonna make me cum so hard!" she moaned, her voice thick with desire, nipples visibly stiffening beneath her trembling fingers.

"Wait until you see how stiff he gets," Amber added with maternal pride, slowly clawing her crimson nails along her son's heaving chest, leaving faint pink trails across his flushed skin.

Tate trembled as the four ravenous, sweat-slicked women peppered his feverish skin with wet, open-mouthed kisses and teasing flicks of their pink tongues. Their enormous, pillowy breasts—each nipple puckered into a stiff, raspberry-colored peak—glided over his goosebump-pebbled flesh like warm sourdough bread dough as they

smothered him from all angles, their areolas dragging across him like rough velvet.

Overwhelmed by the intense sensory bombardment, Tate instinctively backed into the northernmost corner of the tent, his heart hammering against his ribcage like a terrified sparrow. But there was no escape from the amorous female onslaught, their perfume-scented bodies forming an impenetrable wall of undulating flesh.

"Look at those firm young muscles," Amber purred appreciatively, her cherry-glossed lips brushing the delicate shell of his ear as she ran

her French-manicured fingers over his quivering six-pack abs. "Mmm, so lean and cut, like polished marble. The perfect body to ravage."

Jane laved her hot, slippery tongue along the sensitive hollow of his throat, tasting the salt of his adolescent sweat and savoring the hummingbird flutter of his racing pulse against her taste buds. "He's shaking like an autumn leaf," she observed with a husky chuckle, her oversized tits heaving with each breath. "Poor baby, are we too much woman for you to handle?"

Morgan nuzzled her flushed, freckled face into the crook of his neck, inhaling deeply through flared nostrils. "He smells so fucking good," she groaned, her voice muffled against his damp skin, her pregnant belly pressing against his hip. "Like sun-dried cotton and raw teenage pheromones."

Ruth trailed her fingers along the ridges and planes of his muscular back, exploring every inch of his taut, teenage skin. "Such smooth, unblemished flesh," she marveled, her silver-gray pubic triangle brushing against his thigh. "Wait until we mark it up with purple hickeys and deep bite marks. You're gonna wear our passion on your flesh like a roadmap of pleasure, darling."

Tate gasped as their hands and mouths seemed to multiply, stroking and kissing every part of him at once until he was drowning in feminine flesh. Whenever he tried to twist away, their soft, pliant bodies just molded tighter to his own, trapping him in a wanton tangle of smooth limbs and jiggling curves.

Their hungry caresses grew more insistent, more forceful, as if they intended to devour him whole. The tent filled with the sounds of horny whimpering and the staccato of wet kisses peppering his flesh.

The teen squeezed his eyes shut, his senses completely overwhelmed. The air was thick with the heady perfume of their arousal, the intoxicating scent filling his head like opium smoke until

he was dizzy with it. His skin felt electrified, every nerve ending crackling and sparking beneath their reverent touches.

When he dared to open his eyes again, he found himself staring directly at his mother's huge, pendulous breasts as she pressed them against his sweat-slicked chest. The heavy globes flattened and bulged obscenely with the pressure, flowing like batter in a hot pan. Her swollen nipples scraped against his own, the sensitive nubs hard as pencil erasers.

Amber's command cut through the humid tent air like a knife. "Let's get him back to the center of the tent so we can devour him from all angles!" Her voice was husky with desire, her pupils dilated to black pools in her emerald eyes.

Tate gasped as their slender fingers dug into his quivering flesh. They dragged him away from the corner, their pendulous tits gliding against his feverish skin like warm, heavy silk pillows. They pushed him down onto air mattress like a flesh-buffet about to be devoured.

Suddenly, they descended upon him like a pack of ravenous she-wolves, all gleaming teeth and darting pink tongues and grasping

hands with ruby-red nails. He couldn't distinguish where one voluptuous, perfume-scented body ended and another began—they were a writhing mass of mommy-curves, jiggling flesh, and swollen, aching nipples that dragged across his chest like rubbery gumdrops.

Tate moaned as his silver-haired Grandma grasped his broad shoulders with surprising strength and pulled him backward onto the inflatable air mattress. He gazed down the length of his six-pack abs at his two Aunts—Jane with her strawberry-blonde curls and Morgan with her swollen pregnant belly—as they dragged their long, thick tongues in wet circles all over his throbbing boner.

"Oh-hhhh, wow!" Tate gaped in awe as his grandmother straddled his face, her meaty thighs settling on either side of his head. Her

gleaming, freshly shaved pussy hovered mere inches above his gaping mouth, pink and swollen with arousal.

The musky scent of her excitement filled his nostrils, making his head swim. Her plump outer lips were slick and glistening, slightly parted to reveal the delicate coral-colored petals within. At their apex, her throbbing clitoral hood peeked out from beneath its silky shroud, pulsing visibly with each hammering heartbeat.

He could see the proof of her desire—viscous strands of creamy fluid stretching between her flushed, puffy folds like melted mozzarella.

"Smother him, mom," Amber encouraged, pinching her son's nipples. "Fuck his handsome face."

As Ruth's dripping cunt descended towards her grandson's parted lips like a glistening exotic-pink flower blooming in slow motion, Tate felt the volcanic wet heat of his aunt's mouth suddenly envelop his aching cock. Morgan's velvet-soft tongue—slick with saliva—swirled around his swollen glans with expert precision, lapping up the pearly beads of pre-cum that leaked from his slit like dewdrops from a morning rose.

Her plump, crimson-painted lips stretched obscenely around his throbbing girth, the lipstick smearing slightly as she took him deeper into her quivering throat with each rhythmic bobbing motion of her head. The suction was intense, her hollowed cheeks creating a vacuum-like pressure that made his toes curl.

He gasped helplessly into his grandmother's sex as it masked his face in pink folds of flesh, her musky feminine scent filling his nostrils like an aphrodisiac perfume.

Meanwhile, Morgan's hand crept lower to cup his tightening balls. She rolled them in her palm like delicate Chinese meditation balls,

tugging gently on his wrinkled sack with hypnotic precision that matched each wet, slurping pull of her glossy lips.

Amber twisted his nipples just short of pain. "Thrust your hips, sweetheart. Fuck her mouth with your big teenage cock," she encouraged.

His hips were already bucking involuntarily, the muscles in his abdomen clenching like steel cables, driving his cock further down her undulating throat as he groaned into Ruth's sopping wet folds.

Jane joined the fray, her squishy, middle-aged tits gliding up Tate's quivering abs as she took one of his sensitive nipples between her teeth. She nibbled and sucked on the pebbled nub until it was red and throbbing, his back arching off the mattress from the exquisite sensation.

"That's it, darling. Lick Grandma's cunt," Ruth moaned, grinding her slick, heated flesh against the boy's face as his tongue darted out for an exploratory taste. Her essence flooded his mouth—tangy and complex with an underlying sweetness—the most intoxicating flavor he'd ever experienced.

She fisted her fingers in his sweat-dampened curls and pulled him harder against her dripping sex. "Bury that tongue in me. Make me cum on your chin until it drips down your neck like melted ice cream."

As if taking the 69 position, Jane lowered onto Tate's heaving torso like a sleek panther, her heavy udders dragging up his quivering abs as she positioned herself atop his body. Her dripping sex—a glistening, pink-lipped orchid framed by neatly trimmed strawberry-blonde landing strip—came to rest right below his chin, radiating searing heat against his sweat-slicked skin.

She braced herself on her elbows, her rock-hard nipples—protruding a full half-inch from goosebumped areolae—boring into his pecs as she lowered her head and engulfed his throbbing cock between her glossy crimson lips.

Tate groaned into his grandmother's sopping folds as he felt his aunt's expert mouth stretch around his girth, her plush lips forming a tight seal like a vacuum-sealed jar.

Her blowjob skills were slightly unique from what he had just experienced with Morgan as Jane sucked him with loud, wet slurps that echoed through the tent like someone devouring a juicy peach, her hollowed cheeks creating intense suction that made his toes curl on the air mattress.

Her velvet tongue—slick with saliva and pre-cum—swirled around his swollen glans like a tornado, flicking rapidly across his leaking slit to lap up the salty-sweet pre-cum that oozed out like honey from a comb.

Amber and Morgan shifted positions, crouching between his splayed legs like lionesses preparing to feast. "Bring his knees up to me, girls," Ruth commanded breathlessly from her perch on his face. "Give yourselves more room to work on those tight, full balls."

His mother and aunt each grasped behind one of his knees and pushed his legs back and apart, opening him completely to their ravenous eyes. His heavy balls pulled up tight to his body, his taint stretched taut making them lick their lips like bitches in heat.

Morgan leaned in first, dragging the flat of her tongue along his wrinkled sack, savoring the musky taste of his most intimate flesh. She sucked one testicle into her hot mouth, rolling it gently between her lips as Tate shuddered beneath the overwhelming sensations.

Not to be outdone, Amber nuzzled her face into his crotch, inhaling the intoxicating scent of her son's pheromones. She licked along the sensitive skin where his thigh met his groin, scraping her teeth against his femoral artery where his pulse hammered wildly. Her manicured fingers reached under to stroke his perineum with feather-light touches that made him buck his hips upward.

"Ohhh, he likes that, girls," Ruth purred, squeezing on of her giant tits with one hand, while still fisting a handful of her grandson's hair with the other.

Amber and Morgan marveled at Tate's most intimate anatomy from their privileged vantage point between his splayed thighs. "Look at how his balls pull up so tight when he's turned on," Amber observed in an awestruck whisper, her warm breath caressing the boy's sensitive flesh and making him shudder. "Like two ripe plums in a velvet sack, just begging to be sucked—see how they've drawn up against his body, the skin all puckered and wrinkled like expensive leather?"

Morgan nodded, her sapphire-blue eyes widening until white showed all around the irises. "And his taint is stretched so taut, like the skin of a drum. I bet it's super sensitive."

She pressed a wet, open-mouthed kiss to the patch of smooth skin, her tongue—pink and glistening with saliva—darting out to taste

him, flicking against his sensitive perineum with the precision of a hummingbird's beak.

"God, even his gooch tastes incredible—salty and musky with just a hint of sweetness, like caramel mixed with sea salt."

Amber groaned her agreement, burying her face between his splayed thighs to inhale the rich, musky scent of his desire, her nostrils flaring as she drew in his essence. "It's the smell of virile teenage

pheromones—earthy and primal. I just wanna bottle it up and wear it as perfume so I could smell him on my skin all day long."

Surrounded on all sides by hot, hungry mommy-flesh, Tate felt like he was being devoured alive. Their hands and mouths roamed greedily over every inch of his young body, claiming him, marking him as theirs. Electric tendrils of pleasure sparked outward from his groin, building in intensity until his nerve endings sizzled like live wires.

The boy's entire universe narrowed to the slick, pulsating flesh of his grandmother's cunt pressing against his face. Her plump outer labia—glistening with her fragrant juices—parted like the petals of an exotic flower, drawing his lips into her most intimate folds. He found his mouth nestled in her humid vestibule, the delicate inner petals slippery and fever-hot against his skin.

His grandmother's voice cut through the fog. "Come on…tongue fuck my cunt, darling boy."

The tangy musk of her arousal coated his tongue as Tate lapped tentatively at the tight, puckered opening of her vagina. Her flavor was sharp and complex, reminding him of overripe fruit and ocean brine. Overcome by pure animal instinct, he pressed forward, driving his tongue past the initial resistance to delve into her ribbed tunnel.

Her velvet-soft walls fluttered and clenched around the wriggling intrusion, drawing him deeper. It felt so deliciously wrong, like a scene from a sci-fi horror movie turned erotic - this wet, undulating chute hungrily swallowing him, trying to pull his entire head inside.

Ruth's throaty moans vibrated through her body, the sound muffled by the plush flesh of her thighs clamped around his ears. She rocked her hips in counterpoint to the eager thrusts of his tongue, grinding her swollen clit against the bridge of his nose.

Fresh honey gushed from her core, filling Tate's mouth and painting his chin. The boy had to swallow rapidly to keep from drowning in the viscous flood. Each gulp sent the heady nectar streaming down his throat to pool molten in his churning stomach.

Lost in the intoxicating taste and aroma of his grandmother's pussy, Tate barely registered the other lewd sensations assaulting his body from all sides. Jane's plush lips stretched tight around his throbbing shaft as she bobbed her head in a rapid tempo. Morgan's deft fingers tugging and rolling his heavy balls, his mother's sharp teeth grazing his femoral artery where his pulse hammered wildly beneath the skin.

They were a writhing mass of feminine curves and jiggling flesh, four ravenous women united in their forbidden lust to claim his virginal body. With each swipe of his tongue, each pull of Jane's hollowed cheeks, each twist of Morgan's wrist, the pressure built at the base of Tate's spine, coiling tighter and tighter until his nerve endings sizzled.

Amber and Morgan smiled at each other as they battered the boy's nuts with lewd, wet licks of their experienced tongues.

"Two big balls," Morgan mewled, "one for each of us.

They played a lewd game of tug-of-war with Tate's balls, each woman capturing one of his swollen testicles between her glistening,

ruby-red lips and pulling in opposite directions like two lionesses fighting over a kill. The delicate skin of his scrotum—once wrinkled like a walnut shell—stretched taut as a drumhead as they increased the tension, transforming his hairless sack into a smooth, pink-tinged canvas that gleamed under the amber glow of the tent's battery-powered lantern.

Tate groaned into his grandmother's dripping snatch—her labia now coated with his saliva and her honeyed secretions. He felt the cord of

his vas deferens being tugged deep inside his groin like a violin string pulled to its breaking point. An exquisite pleasure-pain sparked through his loins, electric currents radiating outward from his core to his trembling thighs.

His hips bucked involuntarily, driving his purple-headed cock deeper down Jane's undulating throat until her nose pressed against his sweat-dampened pubic hair.

Amber and Morgan slurped and suckled on his sensitive gonads with the enthusiasm of starving women at a feast, savoring the weight and texture of the oval-shaped meat—each testicle the size of a small plum. Their talented tongues swirled around the delicate orbs like wet, pink serpents.

They traced the prominent seam bisecting his sack with the pointed tips of their tongues, following the ridge from the base of his twitching shaft down to the puckered rosebud of his anus, then took turns engulfing both his testicles at once into heat of their mouths.

"Mmm, his balls taste divine," Morgan hummed around his left testicle, her voice vibrating through the sperm-filled orb like a tuning fork, causing his heavy sack to tighten further until the skin resembled crinkled tissue paper.

"They're so full and ripe," Amber purred, releasing his right nut with a wet pop that echoed in the confined space of the tent. "I can feel them churning with backed-up cum, just aching to empty inside a hot, hungry cunt."

She captured the flushed orb between her lips again—leaving a perfect crimson lipstick ring around the base—and sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks until they resembled concave valleys, this time sinking her pearly white teeth against the tautly pulled skin until tiny indentations formed like a necklace of miniature craters.

Tate's six-pack abdomen clenched like a fist, his washboard muscles flexing and twitching beneath his honey-bronze, sweat-slick skin as the pressure built to a fever pitch in his throbbing groin. His pulse pounded like a frantic tribal drumbeat in his temples.

Electric blue-white tendrils of molten pleasure unfurled at the base of his spine, sizzling through his nerve endings like Fourth of July sparklers until he felt like a 10,000-volt live wire.

Ruth rocked her childbearing hips faster against his boyish face, smearing her viscous, honey-like essence across his flushed cheeks and quivering chin as she chased her rapidly approaching climax. "That's it, sweet baby," she gasped, her fingers tightening in his hair. "Tongue-fuck Grandma's greedy cunt. I'm gonna soak you like a fucking thunderstorm!"

Jane quickened her pace, her head bobbing up and down his purple-veined rigid shaft in a blur of strawberry-blonde hair that cascaded like a silken waterfall. She took him so deep that her button nose nestled in his wiry, musky pubic thatch with each down-stroke, her velvet throat muscles rippling like ocean waves around his mushroom-shaped, pre-cum leaking head.

One hand snaked between her own milky thighs to frantically rub her cherry-sized, pulsing clit in tight clockwise circles, her shameless

banshee-like moans sending delicious vibrations along his throbbing cock like an electric tuning fork.

Ruth humped her grandson's face with wild abandon, her meaty thighs clamped around his head like a silken vise. Her dripping snatch slid up and down his chin and mouth, coating his flushed skin with her slick honey. She gyrated her wide hips in desperate circles, grinding her engorged clit against his nose as she chased her rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Ugh, you're gonna make me cum apart!" Her shaky voice whimpered.

Her movements became erratic and jerky, her breath coming in ragged gasps. Suddenly, her whole body went rigid and a gush of tangy cream flooded Tate's mouth and nostrils. He sputtered and choked on the viscous fluid as it poured from her quivering hole like a broken faucet.

Ruth arched her back, quivering thighs lifting off his face as her climax crashed over her in intense waves. Her ginormous tits heaved and bounced, the dusky nipples drawing up into tight buds. Clear, slippery girl-cum sprayed from her convulsing cunt, splattering Tate's cheeks and chin.

The teen gasped for air as he peeked from the crack of her jiggling ass, sucking oxygen into his burning lungs between mouthfuls of his grandmother's love juice. Before he could fully catch his breath, she slammed her sopping wet mound back against his face, muffling his desperate inhales.

"NOOO, DON'T STOP!" she demanded breathlessly, once again fisting her fingers in his damp curls and crushing his head to her gushing twat. "Keep eating me!"

Tate had no choice but to continue his frantic oral ministrations, his tongue delving deep into her fluttering channel, his lips and teeth

worrying her throbbing pearl.

He felt like he was drowning, every desperate inhale filled with the salty-sweet musk of her desire. Her second orgasm hit even harder than the first, fresh feminine cum flooding his throat to mix with the residue from her initial climax. He gulped it down desperately, feeling the liquid heat spread through his churning belly.

After a glorious climax that seemed to never end, Ruth shivered one last time, her enormous breasts quaking like two bowls of strawberry Jell-O. She finally lifted her drenched sex from Tate's gasping face - her musky juices dripped from his chin in long, viscous strands, coating his heaving chest. He felt like he'd just come up for air after being submerged in a vat of warm honey, his head spinning from the intensity of her multiple orgasms.

"Amber, are you ready to fuck this handsome boy?" Ruth asked her daughter, her voice husky with desire as she climbed off Tate's glistening face, leaving trails of her pearlescent secretions dripping down his flushed cheeks.

"Mmm, am I ever!" Amber purred, her emerald eyes gleaming with predatory hunger as she crawled toward him on all fours, her pendulous tits swaying hypnotically beneath her like ripe, heavy fruit hanging from a limb.

Tate watched his mother in wide-eyed excitement as she planted her knees astride his narrow hip bones, then wrapped her fingers around his steel-hard, purple-veined erection.

She fit the bulbous, mushroom-shaped tip of his throbbing prick to her freshly-waxed pussy, her engorged, grape-sized clit peeking out from its hood like a miniature replica of his own engorged cock-knob.

Then, she lowered her voluptuous body onto it with excruciating slowness, her slick, velvety folds parting around his girth and

splitting the remnants of her hymen with the biggest dick she'd ever had inside of her.

"Ahhh!" Tate sighed, his back arching off the sweat-dampened sheets as he felt his tender, virgin cock sink inch by delicious inch into the scorching, vice-like grip of a cunt for the very first time. It was only fitting, he thought through the haze of pleasure, that his

first time would be inside the same birth canal he'd squeezed out of eighteen years ago.

He stared mesmerized at his mom's huge, stiff-nippled tits as they began to shake and ripple hypnotically, like water balloons in zero gravity. They were forced into delightful motion as she started humping her dripping pussy-hole onto the satisfying stiffness of his twitching cock.

Amber's eyes rolled back, pupils dilating to black saucers as she impaled herself on his throbbing manhood. "OH, SWEET JESUS FUCK...IT'S STRETCHING MY PUSSY SO GOOD, BABY!" his mother shrieked, her voice cracking on the high notes like shattering crystal.

The inexperienced teen gasped as her volcanic, honey-slick walls dragged along his pulsating cock-muscle. His foreskin had peeled completely back like a banana skin, exposing his glistening, purple glans to the exquisite torture of her rippling inner muscles.

Tate's Grandmother positioned herself beside him, her sagging breasts swaying like pendulous water balloons as she leaned over the boy. Her rheumy eyes gazed down at him with predatory adoration, her tongue darting out to moisten her cracked lips.

"My darling Grandson's very first piece of pussy," she cooed. "How does it feel on your penis, baby boy?"

"Incredible!" Tate answered, his voice breaking with adolescent excitement as he stared up at her doting face through the dark,

shadowy canyon of her cavernous cleavage.

Ruth's dangling udders hung like overripe melons, capped with wide, thick-textured areolas the color of old pennies. The nipples protruding from their centers looked large and succulent as strawberry gumdrops, begging to be pulled and sucked.

"Give Grandma those lips!" she purred, lowering her pretty face to his.

Tate's young body shuddered violently as his Grandma's fat jugs squashed against his heaving chest and neck like warm squishy bread dough fresh from the oven.

Ruth fused her luscious lips to his and began sensually kissing him, her tongue—surprisingly agile for a woman her age—probing the depths of his mouth like a curious eel.

"I want some too!" her pregnant daughter Morgan whined petulantly, dragging her spongy, blue-veined prenatal tits up the boy's sweat-slicked body as she joined her mother, her distended belly pressing against his side like a beach ball wrapped in velvet as they took turns smooching with him, their saliva mingling in his eager mouth.

Tate's mind reeled as the women's tongues—soft, wet, and impossibly nimble—took turns exploring every crevice of his mouth. "Holy shit!" he thought, his teenage brain struggling to process the sensations. "Their tongues are like velvet snakes!"

Though he'd awkwardly made out with Jessica Winters behind the bleachers last semester, nothing had prepared him for the masterful way these experienced women kissed, their expert mouths drawing whimpers from deep in his chest.

Meanwhile, his mom's voluptuous body rose and fell above him in a hypnotic rhythm, her glistening inner thighs tensing with each down-

stroke. Her meaty ass-cheeks, dimpled and flushed crimson with exertion, slapped against his sweat-slicked crotch with wet, percussive smacks that echoed through the tent.

"Fuck him harder, sis!" Jane shouted, her fingers frantically circling her own engorged clit as she waited impatiently. "Pound that big teenage cock until he sees stars!"

Amber ground her crotch down brutally, taking him to the hilt. Her wide, motherly hips swiveled in a figure-eight motion that made her heavy breasts sway and bounce.

"OHHH MY GOD!" she cried out throwing her head back, mouth forming a perfect O as she felt his throbbing cockhead batter against her cervix.

"OH SWEET FUCKING CHRIST... I'M CUMMING!" Tate's mother howled, her face contorting in ecstasy. Her pussy clamped down like a silken vise, rippling contractions milking his shaft from base to tip.

Her urethra visibly pulsed and bulged against his cock-root as hot female ejaculate gushed forth, soaking his balls and the air mattress beneath them with sticky sweetness.

"My turn now!" Jane demanded, practically shoving her sister aside and straddling the boy's hips in one fluid motion.

Tate could only moan helplessly around Aunt Morgan's invasive tongue as Jane's slick, velvety cunt-sleeve engulfed him completely. Her juicy pussy lips stretched obscenely around his girth, the pink inner flesh clinging to every vein and ridge of his steel-hard shaft as she sank down until her swollen clit mashed against his pulsing cock-root.

As the others moved from his lips, Jane's bouncing tits smacked him in the face as she pounded herself onto his steel-hard teenage cock. Her pussy was so incredibly tight, squeezing his shaft from all sides

like it wanted to strangle the very life out of him. He couldn't believe how wet and hot she was inside, her slick walls rippling along every throbbing inch of his aching boner.

The teen gazed up at his Aunt in awe as she rode him wildly, her plump ass jiggling each time it slapped against his thighs. She had the picture-perfect life - a handsome, devoted husband, three

beautiful kids, a gorgeous house in the suburbs. Her husband absolutely doted on her, showering her with affection and expensive gifts.

But deep down, Jane had always craved something more, something only a virile younger man could provide. Her husband, though attentive and loving, simply couldn't keep up with her ravenous sexual appetite anymore. His cock, while skilled, lacked the sheer size and unyielding firmness of a teenage boy in his prime.

As she impaled herself over and over on her nephew's magnificent rod, Jane lost herself in a lust-filled daze, imagining all the ways this throbbing young dick could ruin her for her husband. She pictured Tate bending her over the kitchen table and pounding her into oblivion while her oblivious husband sat in the next room. The forbidden image made her cunt flutter wildly around the boy's pile-driving shaft.

"Fuck…if my husband had a cock this big I'd NEVER leave the bedroom!" the horny mother whimpered, her voice quavering with raw desire.

Tate clenched his toes until they cramped, feeling the steel-hard spike of his boner slice up through the smothering, velvet-soft pink walls of his Aunt Jane's honeyed pussy.

Morgan and Ruth moved aside, their perfume-scented bodies creating a momentary draft of cool air, so Jane could lean down and really ride the absolute fuck out of him.

Tate gulped audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing, watching his Aunt plant her hands astride his sweat-dampened head. This caused her massive 44 H-cup tits to dangle above his gawking eyes like ripe, glistening fruit.

Jane's big round ass, dimpled and flushed crimson with exertion, bobbed hypnotically up and down as she fucked the boy with animal lust.

"Thrust your hips, baby boy…fuck her pussy deep!" his Grandma urged, her rheumy eyes gleaming with predatory excitement.

Tate humped his ass from the squeaking air mattress, meeting his Aunt Jane's desperate fuck-pumps. Their genitals smacked together with obscene, wet slapping sounds. Her pendulous udders brushed tantalizingly against his flushed face as they swung heavily up and back, leaving trails of goosebumps where they grazed his skin.

"OH YES…FUCK ME HARD!!" Jane cried out, her mascara beginning to run, feeling a molten climax build inside her like a pressure cooker.

The boy's throbbing dick flexed violently in the vice-like grip of her vagina, digging relentlessly against her swollen, hypersensitive G-spot.

Tate gazed up between his Aunt's wildly swinging tits, mesmerized by their hypnotic motion. Through the curtain of silky chestnut hair, her pretty face was twisted into a mask of primal pleasure and she was panting in short, desperate gasps like a woman who'd just sprinted a mile in the summer heat.

He put a little extra power in his thrusts, his young muscles tensing with effort, wanting to watch her beautiful face contort when she went over the edge.

"FUCK…I'M GONNA CUM ALL OVER YOUR THICK TEENAGE COCK!" Jane howled, her voice cracking with desperation. She clenched her perfect pearly-white teeth until her jaw muscles bulged visibly beneath her flushed cheeks, and squeezed her mascara-smudged eyelids shut as her pupils rolled back.

A violent, tit-quivering climax ripped through her voluptuous body like lightning, making her plump thighs spasm uncontrollably against his sweat-slicked hips.

The overwhelmed teen suddenly found his face smothered in warm, perfumed tit-cleavage as his Aunt collapsed onto him, her heartbeat thundering against his chest. Her silky skin trembled and twitched against every inch of his body as powerful orgasmic contractions seized her from head to toe.

"I wonder if boring old Uncle Mac can make her scream and squirt like this?" Tate thought smugly, feeling her hot female ejaculate gush in rhythmic spurts, flooding his groin and running in rivulets down the sides of his tightening nuts.

Buried beneath the warm, perfumed tit-cleavage of his Aunt Jane, Tate eagerly explored her bountiful curves. He nuzzled his face between the soft, heavy mounds, relishing the silky texture against his flushed cheeks.

Turning his head from side to side, he motorboated her cleavage, the delicate skin rippling deliciously.

He kissed along the broad slope of her sweaty jug until he captured one stiff, raspberry-hued nipple between his lips and suckled greedily. His cheeks hollowed with the effort as the rubbery nub pulsed against his tongue. He swirled around it, coaxing throaty moans from deep in Jane's chest. Her fingers fisted in his damp curls, holding him to her breast like a nursing babe.

Not wanting to neglect its twin, Tate released the spit-slickened peak with a wet pop and latched onto the other nipple, lavishing it with the same reverent attention.

He lost himself in the ripe, plush flesh, burying his face completely as she writhed above him in the aftershocks of her powerful orgasm.

Her heavy udders molded around his features like memory foam, cocooning him in a realm of humid darkness and intoxicating feminine musk.

Lost in a sensual daze, Tate suckled and nuzzled Jane's massive mammaries. Her spent body trembled with residual pleasure, her heart thundering against his ear pressed between her heaving tits. Finally, she lifted herself off him with a groan, her inner muscles clenching around his still-rigid cock as she rolled to the side.

Tate gasped as the comparatively cool air of the tent hit his juice-slathered face. He blinked up at the canvas ceiling, his vision hazy, as he tried to catch his breath. His nerve endings still crackled with electricity, his balls churning with pent-up release.

Before he could fully process the overwhelming sensations, the women descended on him again, their hands and mouths roaming greedily over his sweat-slick skin.

"My turn," Morgan sing-songed, straddling his hips and fisting his throbbing erection. "I need this fat cock in my pregnant pussy NOW."

Tate's eyes nearly bugged out of his skull as he watched his heavily pregnant Aunt Morgan mount his quivering loins. Her belly—swollen to magnificent proportions with eight months of baby-making—loomed before him like a taut, veined globe, its stretched skin gleaming with a thin sheen of sweat.

He gasped as her delicate fingers reached beneath the impressive dome, wrapping around his purple-headed monster with expert precision. She dragged his sensitive knob through her engorged labium, the slick petals parting like warm butter around his throbbing girth.

His gaze traveled reverently up the tightly stretched curve of her rounded belly to the massive, vein-mapped breasts that spilled over

its upper hemisphere. Unlike the creamy pink areolae of his mother and aunt, Morgan's tit-caps were a rich caramel-brown, their diameter stretched to the size of his hands and glistening with tiny beads of colostrum.

She locked her half-lidded amber eyes with his, her glossy lips parting in a predatory smile as she positioned his pulsing rod at her dripping entrance and sank down with agonizing slowness.

"WHOA!" Tate moaned, feeling the scorching, vice-like grip of her pregnancy-enhanced cunt walls as they rippled and clutched around every vein and ridge of his young cock.

Morgan thought for sure that his cock-tip must be jabbing her unborn child, as Tate boner stretched her uteri back into her womb. She gyrated her hips in tight figure-eights, her heavy belly swaying hypnotically as she stirred herself repeatedly on his granite-hard shaft.

"Oh my God, I would cheat on my husband every single day for a magnificent dick like this!" she exclaimed, her voice breaking into a breathy soprano as she worked his dick against her cervix like a spoon stirring a bowl of warm batter.

"You might have to pry him out from between his mom's legs first," Amber joked, licking her lips as she watched her sister's glistening juices coat the boy's throbbing member.

"Isn't it incredible how hard it is?" Jane asked her humping sister, her voice husky with arousal as she traced a manicured fingertip along Morgan's distended belly.

"Oh, God, yes...it's like his cock is carved from polished marble!" Morgan answered, her eyelids fluttering in ecstasy as beads of sweat trickled between her heaving breasts.

Facing her heavily pregnant daughter, Ruth crawled over Tate's upper-half on all fours, her silver-streaked hair cascading around her shoulders as she let her pendulous double-J breasts dangle mere inches above his flushed face.

The teen stared up in wide-eyed wonder at the massive pale globes suspended above him, mesmerized by the intricate blue veins mapping the creamy undersides of his Grandma's enormous tits. The delicate network of blood vessels reminded him of river tributaries he'd studied in geography class.

He had seen countless breasts online in 4K resolution, but nothing compared to the hypnotic swaying of these magnificent flesh-melons with their fat nipples pointing directly at his parted lips. His mouth watered with primal hunger.

"Fuck, he's gonna rupture my amniotic sac with that battering ram!" Morgan gasped, her knuckles whitening as she gripped Tate's sweat-slicked shoulders, feeling the purple mushroom-shaped crown of his throbbing member slam repeatedly against her cervix like a fleshy wrecking ball.

The teen certainly felt a difference with his aunt's pregnancy-enhanced pussy. Hormonal engorgement had transformed her cuntal lining into a velvet-soft furnace that clutched and rippled around his shaft with mind-bending intensity.

The swollen pleats of her rugae created ridges of spongy tissue that massaged every vein and ridge of Tate's steel-hard erection like

dozens of tiny, grasping fingers. Each down-stroke brought her cervical opening—now puffy and dilated from eight months of pregnancy—kissing against his sensitive glans with a sensation that made his toes curl and his balls tighten.

"Don't you go giving birth on us out here in the wilderness, honey," Ruth giggled melodiously, her mature eyes twinkling with mischief as

she watched her daughter's juice-slickened thighs quiver with each bounce on her grandson's glistening pole.

Morgan's eyes rolled back in ecstasy, her mascara smudging as sweat beaded along her temples. "I don't care if I go into labor," she panted through cherry-red lips, her enormous belly quivering with each labored breath. "As long as there's not a baby sliding down my birthing tube, I want his throbbing cock stretching me open!"

Ruth leaned to Tate's ear, her boobs flattening against his chest and neck, nipples hardening against his feverish skin as her hot breath tickled his earlobe. "Roll her over and fuck the shit out of her, darling," she whispered, her voice husky with desire. "Make her pregnant pussy cream all over that magnificent young cock."

Tate's throat bobbed as he swallowed hard. "Alright," he replied, his voice cracking with adolescent eagerness.

The moment his silver-haired grandmother shifted her voluptuous form away, the boy's azure eyes darted to her questioningly, his inexperienced hands hovering uncertainly above Morgan's glistening, undulating body.

"Pull her down onto you first," Ruth directed, her mature voice honeyed with encouragement, crow's feet crinkling at the corners of her eyes.

Tate's trembling fingers encircled his aunt's slender wrist, tugging her down until she collapsed against him in a symphony of soft

flesh. Her enormous breasts—veined and swollen with pregnancy hormones—flattened against his heaving chest while her taut, eight-month belly pressed into his abdomen like a warm, pulsing medicine ball.

"Good boy...now roll her over!" his grandmother coached, her own massive breasts swaying pendulously as she gestured with manicured fingers.

The teen gathered his strength and rolled them across the wide air mattress, the vinyl squeaking beneath their combined weight, until Morgan lay spread beneath him, her caramel skin flushed crimson with desire, her amber eyes glazed with lust.

"OH, YES!" his aunt gasped, her kiss-swollen lips parting as she tilted her pelvis upward, reestablishing their carnal rhythm. Her long eyelashes fluttered against her cheekbones as she surrendered to the delicious invasion. "FUCK ME HARD!"

"Ughh!" Tate sighed, his muscular buttocks flexing as he plunged between her quivering thighs. His granite-hard shaft disappeared repeatedly into her glistening pink folds, his heavy testicles slapping rhythmically against the puckered rosebud of her anus. The sensation of her silken inner thighs wrapping around his narrow hips sent electric currents racing up his spine.

"Yes!! Suck my fucking tits and make me cum!" Morgan commanded, arching her back to offer up her leaking nipples, dark and distended like ripe berries.

The teen latched onto one turgid peak, his cheeks hollowing as he suckled hungrily while hammering into her with pile-driver intensity.

Around them, the other three maternal figures formed a lascivious tableau—fingers twisting and pulling at their own nipples while their other hands frantically circled their engorged clitorises, their hungry eyes devouring the incestuous spectacle unfolding before them.

Tate felt his Aunt Morgan's body tense up beneath him, her cunt-tube suddenly clenching around his cock like a velvet-gloved fist with a thousand rippling fingers. The delicious pressure made his purple knob mushroom against her cervix, triggering a telltale electric tingling that shot from his balls up through his spine like lightning striking a metal rod.

She arched her neck back, chestnut hair fanning across the pillow in a glossy halo as her pregnant body began convulsing in a toe-curling orgasm right along with him.

Her juicy caramel thighs quivered uncontrollably, locking around his pumping hips in a vise-grip that threatened to crack his pelvic bones. The molten honey-thick heat of her climax gushed around his shaft with the force of a broken dam, drenching his groin and matting his pubic hair with slippery, musky sweetness.

"I'm...gonna...CUM!" Tate gasped, his voice cracking like thin ice. The coil of pleasure at the base of his spine detonated like a nuclear bomb, sending shockwaves of white-hot ecstasy reverberating through every cell from his curling toes to his tingling scalp.

His teenage cock jerked and throbbed like a living creature with its own heartbeat as it unleashed rope after pearly rope of hot, virile spunk—enough to fill a shot glass—deep into his aunt's quivering canal.

Each rhythmic clench of her vaginal walls milked him for everything he had, greedily drinking down his massive load like a starving mouth at a fountain.

He could feel thick, pearlescent rivulets of their combined juices—his milky-white seed mixed with her honey-amber nectar—trickling down his pulsing sack and dripping onto the sweat-dampened cotton sheets below, creating dark, spreading stains beneath them.

For several minutes Morgan writhed beneath him, mewling incoherently as aftershocks ripped through her voluptuous body like electrical currents.

Her mascara-smudged eyes had rolled back until only crescents of white showed, long lashes fluttering against her flushed cheeks, while a thin strand of glistening saliva leaked from the corner of her

cherry-red, kiss-swollen lips. She looked utterly debauched, her hair a wild chestnut halo framing her crimson face like a Renaissance painting of ecstasy.

The musky scent of sex—tangy and primal—hung heavy in the air like an invisible cloud, mingling with the women's expensive floral perfumes and the faint vanilla scent of Morgan's body lotion. It filled Tate's head with a delirious, post-orgasmic haze that made his vision swim.

He collapsed against Morgan's quivering form, his thundering heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped animal as he gulped desperate lungfuls of humid, pheromone-laden oxygen. Her massive milk-jugs cushioned his cheek like warm, living pillows, the puckered nipples—dark as chocolate and hard as rubber—grazing his parted lips with each of her labored breaths.

After a few delicious moments suspended in time, Tate rolled off his aunt with a deep, satisfied groan, his cock—still impressively thick even in retreat—slipping from her grasping folds with an audible squelch that echoed in the tent like wet leather.

His sweat-slicked bronze skin pebbled with goosebumps as the cooler air hit his heated flesh, making his nipples tighten into hard pebbles. He sprawled on his back next to Morgan, one muscular arm flung across his damp brow, his chiseled chest heaving like a bellows as he stared unseeing at the canvas ceiling, counting the tiny pinpricks of light that filtered through the fabric like distant stars.

"Mmm, that was absolutely delicious to watch," Ruth purred.

Tate peeked over and saw his silver-haired grandmother sprawled out on her back, her alabaster thighs bowed wide open while her surprisingly dainty feet, hovered delicately in the humid air. "Now that we've eased the pressure in those swollen teenage nuts of

yours, why don't you come wrestle another orgasm out with Grandma," she suggested, her voice dripping with honey-thick desire.

He climbed to his knees and immediately his mother and Aunt Jane gasped audibly as they witnessed how magnificently hard his cum-glistening cock still was—the veins along its impressive length pulsing visibly with each thundering heartbeat.

"Oh my God, it's still fully erect!" Jane beamed, her emerald eyes widening with undisguised hunger as she licked her glossy lips.

With his pink tongue nearly hanging out in primal lust, the boy stared transfixed at his grandmother's meticulously shaved vulva. Her glistening inner flanges—thick and ruffled like expensive satin curtains—were peeled open invitingly and crowned by the delicate tissue of her large clitoral prepuce.

Her clitoris peeked tantalizingly from beneath its protective hood like the tiny engorged knob of a miniature cock, throbbing visibly with each rapid pulse.

His azure eyes drifted slowly up the gentle curve of her soft belly to the enormous melons spread majestically across her heaving chest, their dusky nipples pointing skyward like ripe cherries.

"Come on, baby boy," Ruth urged, patting her smooth, butter-soft thighs with manicured fingers. "Come get nasty with Grandma."

The teen crawled eagerly down on top of her, positioning his purple mushroom-capped glans at her entrance before pushing forward, squeezing through the remnants of her surprisingly tight hymen.

His sapphire eyes rolled back dramatically with ecstatic pleasure as his throbbing cock was gradually sheathed in her hot, velvety mature pussy that gripped him like a silken glove custom-made for his impressive girth.

Ruth wasted absolutely no time with preliminaries. She clutched onto her grandson's bronzed body with surprising strength, wrapping her strong silky legs high around his narrow back. Then, she pumped her big, jiggling naked ass forcefully upward from the squeaking air mattress.

"COME ON…SMASH MY CUNT-HOLE, DARLING!!" she cried out, her voice echoing against the tent walls.

Tate snarled with animalistic pleasure as he fucked his granite-hard cock savagely through his grandmother's hot, juicy cunt, their combined fluids creating obscene squelching sounds with each powerful thrust.

In a matter of a breathless minute, he had her trembling uncontrollably in a toe-curling orgasm that made her entire body convulse beneath him like she was being electrocuted by pure pleasure.

With one volcanic eruption out of the way earlier, the virile teen was really able to pound his throbbing purple erection into her with metronomic precision. He savored the exquisite sensation of her magnificent alabaster tits—each one larger than his head—sandwiched between their sweat-slicked bodies, the way his chiseled torso sunk down into her tremendous heaving cleavage like sinking into warm quicksand.

His taut, bronzed ass was nothing but a hypnotic blur of up-and-down motion as he jackhammered relentlessly between her milky-white thighs—his heavy, cum-laden balls slapping rhythmically against her puckered rosebud with each devastating thrust.

Ruth had just barely recovered from one mind-shattering, earth-moving orgasm—unlike any she'd experienced since her nubile younger years—when she was swept up into yet another tidal wave of pleasure that threatened to drown her in ecstasy.

"I'M CUMMING!! OH SWEET FUCKING SHIT!!" she shrieked, her voice cracking like brittle glass.

Tate lifted his flushed face from between her rippling, quivering tit-flesh while he pile-drove into her sopping honeypot, watching her once-elegant features contort into a mask of primal pleasure—eyes rolling back to show only whites, mouth forming a perfect O of ecstasy.

"Unnnghhh!" he groaned, feeling her spongy, velvet cunt-tube, with its rows of well-pronounced corrugations like ribbed silk, hungrily chew and milk at the veiny, pulsing meat of his gargantuan cock.

The intoxicating knowledge that he could hit the deepest recesses of all their eager pussies with his magnificent battering ram made his chest swell with masculine pride. For 10, 20, 30 minutes, the boy pounded her with virile intensity, making her cum apart on his tireless teenage dong.

Suddenly, his Grandma rolled him over onto his back with surprising force, her manicured fingernails digging crescents into his sweat-slicked shoulders.

"I'm gonna fuck you to the stars, honey!" she lustfully gasped, her hot cinnamon-scented breath washing over his flushed face.

Now it was his Grandma's turn to ride him like a prize stallion. Her wide, experienced birthing hips worked like a well-oiled piston, rising and falling with hypnotic precision as her glistening, purple-red labia gripped his throbbing shaft.

His granite-hard cock stirred through her dripping honeypot like a wooden spoon through thick cake batter, churning her creamy juices into a frothy lather that coated their joining.

"Goddamn, gran!!" the boy blurted out loud, his voice cracking with adolescent wonder as his face was assaulted by the most magnificent mammaries in the family.

Ruth's ginormous double J's—veined with delicate blue tributaries beneath translucent skin—swung like velvet-covered demolition wrecking balls from her heaving chest. They slapped rhythmically against his awestruck face, leaving glistening trails of perspiration across his cheekbones as she rode him with increasing fervor, her thighs trembling with each downward thrust.

The teenager's hands roamed reverently over his grandmother's massive, pendulous tits as she rode him, his fingers sinking knuckle-deep into the plush, ivory flesh like they were kneading warm sourdough.

He captured one thick, dusky-purple nipple between his quivering lips, suckling with desperate hunger as his hollowed cheeks created a vacuum seal. The rubbery half-inch nub pulsated against his hot, slick tongue, hardening to diamond-like firmness as he swirled figure-eights around the pebbled areola.

After a few minutes, he released the glistening peak with an audible wet pop that echoed in the humid tent, only to eagerly latch onto its identical twin. He lavished it with the same worshipful attention and frantic enthusiasm.

Ruth's throaty cry pierced the air as electric pleasure shot directly from her nipples to her engorged, throbbing clit—a pleasure circuit completed by his ardent, teenage ministrations.

Completely lost in a sensual daze, Tate buried his flushed face between the gigantic, silky-smooth mounds that hung like overripe melons from her heaving chest, nuzzling into her fragrant cleavage that smelled of expensive body lotion and raw feminine arousal. He turned his head frantically from side to side, motorboating her

melons with such enthusiasm that the slapping sounds competed with their labored breathing.

Her butter-soft skin rippled in hypnotic waves around his chiseled features, engulfing him completely until his entire head disappeared, cocooned in a realm of humid darkness and intoxicating feminine musk that made his nostrils flare with primal recognition.

All he could see, all he could feel, was the mesmerizing undulation of his grandmother's pillowy tit-flesh molding around his face like living memory foam as she bounced vigorously on his granite-hard cock.

Lost in the erotic nirvana between Ruth's milky-white thighs, Tate felt like his overloaded senses were being overwhelmed to the point of short-circuiting. Every nerve ending from his scalp to his curling toes sizzled with ecstatic electricity. Her tight, sopping-wet cunt gripped his throbbing member like a silken vise coated in warm honey, rippling and clenching with practiced control around his purple, vein-mapped shaft with each deliberate downward thrust of her experienced hips.

Tate heard her let out a long, guttural moan that seemed to originate from the deepest recesses of her being as her slick, velvet-lined cunt contracted wildly around his steel-hard prick like a silken Venus flytrap.

Her entire body convulsed violently as if struck by lightning, her back arching into an impossible bow, and without warning, a tremendous geyser of pearlescent female ejaculate exploded from between their frantically humping crotches, drenching the air mattress beneath them with warm, musky nectar.

"OH, SWEET JESUS!" the boy gasped in awestruck reverence, his exclamation muffled by the avalanche of quivering tit-flesh smothering his flushed face.

His Grandma quickly dismounted, her shapely legs trembling like saplings in a hurricane as she cupped her glistening, ruby-red pussy with both manicured hands as if it were a wounded bird too exquisitely sensitive to endure further stimulation.

"Oh, good heavens above!" she sighed breathlessly, her mascara-smudged eyes widening as they fixated on her Grandson's magnificent cock—now slick with their combined juices and standing proudly at attention like a glistening monument to their forbidden passion.

Tate's mom was on him in a flash, mounting him in the reverse cowgirl position with the practiced grace of a rodeo champion.

The teenager was entranced by the hypnotic sight of her thick, perfectly peach-shaped ass—each globe as round and firm as a volleyball yet yielding like memory foam—rising and falling on his throbbing purple cock.

Her glistening, fatty ass-cheeks rippled like waves on a sun-dappled pond each time they struck his sweat-slicked midsection with a meaty SLAP.

Amber peeked back over one shoulder at her boy and smiled, her ruby-red lips parting to reveal perfect white teeth. "Make me cum, baby!" she whimpered breathlessly, finding a nice steady rhythm that made the air mattress below them squeak in melodic protest.

From this angle, Tate could see the magnificent slope of her heavy tits leaping up and down from the frantic pace of her fuck-thrusting, their milky-white flesh jiggling hypnotically with each bounce.

He flexed his cock-muscle with the precision of a master pianist, about making his mom explode right then and there as her velvety love-tunnel clenched around him like a silken vice.

"GOD!!...OH FUCK!! OH FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM!!" she screamed out, her voice cracking with raw animal pleasure as her entire body began to tremble uncontrollably.

As the cataclysmic orgasm ripped through Amber's voluptuous body, Tate felt her silken inner walls spasm wildly around his throbbing cock. It started deep inside her womb, where his swollen purple cockhead was nestled snugly against her quivering cervix. The spongy tissue suddenly clenched like a grasping fist, rippling and undulating along his shaft in a milking rhythm that made his heavy balls draw up tight to his body.

A warm flood of liquid arousal gushed from her contracting hole, coating his groin and matting his wiry pubic hair with viscous, honey-thick nectar. He could feel her gushing around him in pulsing waves, each clench of her vaginal muscles triggering another spurt of sticky ejaculate that drenched the sheets beneath them.

The sheer force of her squirting orgasm made his eyes widen in awe. He'd never seen a woman cum so hard, so copiously. It was like a dam had burst inside her, the musky fluid jetting from her trembling slit in rhythmic arcs that splattered his abdomen and chest.

He could only imagine the intense, toe-curling sensations radiating from her swollen, pulsing clit as the electric shockwaves of pleasure crashed over her again and again.

Amber's thighs quivered uncontrollably on either side of his hips, the muscles seizing up as her nerve endings overloaded with ecstasy. Her fingers dug into the firm globes of her ass, pulling the cheeks wider apart to take him even deeper.

Tate felt the slick, puckered whorl of her anus clenching and unclenching against the sensitive at the base of his cock, massaging the thick vein that pulsed there.

"Fuck, Mom!" he blurted, his voice cracking with adolescent wonder as he watched the lewd spectacle of her body's total surrender.

Her head thrashed from side to side, chestnut curls whipping across her crimson face in wild disarray. Incoherent whimpers and moans spilled from her parted lips, punctuated by the wet, obscene sounds of her cunt gushing around him.

It seemed to go on forever, her body wracked by wave after wave of mind-shattering pleasure. Just when Tate thought she must be completely spent, her pussy would flutter and clench anew, milking his aching cock with ravenous hunger. He could only hold on for dear life, his fingers sinking into the plush flesh of her undulating hips as she rode out the seemingly endless storm.

Finally, after what felt like hours suspended in time, Amber collapsed forward, panting for breath.

An hour later, back at the Campground, the husbands and kids returned from the hike, their boots caked with mud and faces flushed from exertion. "Where are those wives of ours?" Jane's husband asked the other men, wiping sweat from his sunburned forehead with a bandana.

"Probably just out for a walk. Wasn't that where they were last year, when we got back from the hike," Amber's husband John speculated, cracking open a frosty beer from the cooler, the can hissing as carbonation escaped.

"I think I'll start frying up some burgers. I need some meat inside me," Ruth's husband stated, not realizing how bad that sounded as he rummaged through the ice-packed cooler for the vacuum-sealed package of ground beef.

Up the mountain, his wife Ruth was certainly getting some meat inside her. It was the long, thick, veiny cock-meat of her Grandson as he fucked her from behind, his pelvis slapping rhythmically against her jiggling ass-cheeks.

"Wow, Grandma, this feels SO good!" he panted, his adolescent voice cracking with excitement. He socked his sturdy prick through her clutching vagina, watching her naked booty-cheeks ripple deliciously with each powerful thrust, her tanned skin glistening with a sheen of sweat.

The other three women knelt in a circle around Tate and his Grandma, their voluptuous bodies glistening with perspiration in the sunlight that filtered through the tent fabric above. They arched their spines like felines in heat, wiggling their heart-shaped asses invitingly, the fleshy globes jiggling hypnotically with each deliberate movement, quivering like gelatin molds that threatened to spill over at any moment.

Amber, Jane, and Morgan—each with their own unique curves and dimples—looked back over their tanned shoulders at him with half-lidded, lust-glazed eyes. Their cherry-red lips, glossy with saliva, parted in breathless anticipation.

Their engorged, glistening pussies winked at him from between splayed thighs, pink and puffy like ripe Georgia peaches split down the middle, absolutely dripping with viscous need that formed crystalline strands between their trembling legs.

Tate's sapphire eyes, as blue as the deepest parts of the Caribbean, widened to saucers as he took in the lewd spectacle before him, his head swiveling from one magnificent ass to the next like a kid in a

candy store overwhelmed by choices. He couldn't decide which delectable rump to sample next—they all looked so damn appetizing,

shimmering with arousal and practically begging to be filled by his throbbing teenage cock that pulsed with each rapid heartbeat.

With an animalistic grunt, he pulled his juice-slicked shaft—now coated with a pearlescent sheen of mingled fluids—from his Grandma's still-fluttering cunt. He lunged toward his mother, drawn to her like a moth to a flame.

With his tongue hanging out lustfully, the boy notched his fat purple cockhead, swollen to the size of a plum and leaking pre-cum, between her plump ass cheeks and slid home. He plunged balls-deep into her scorching wet heat in one fluid thrust that buried him to the root.

Tate's cock throbbed inside his mother's tight, clenching cunt, her inner muscles squeezing him like a velvet vice. He pounded into her with abandon, lost in the primal rhythm of their doggy-style coupling. Her ass cheeks bounced and jiggled with each powerful thrust, the slapping sound of their bodies colliding echoing off the tent walls.

Amber's heavy mommy-udders swung in time with his movements, the raspberry-hard nipples grazing the air mattress beneath her.

"Oh, fuck! Yes! Fuck Mommy's pussy!" Amber screamed, her voice hoarse and wanton. "Harder! Deeper! Ruin me with that big dick!"

Tate growled in response, his hips slamming against her plump ass with renewed fervor. Sweat streamed down his face and chest, soaking into the valley between his tensed pecs. His heart pounded in his ears, the only sound louder than their frenzied coupling.

The other women's inviting asses wagged enticingly nearby, their swollen pink folds glistening in the dim light.

Tate's cock twitched inside Amber's soaking wet channel as he took in the erotic sight, a wave of lust crashing over him anew. He angled his hips upward, grinding against her engorged clit with each

powerful thrust, sending her over the edge with a shattering climax. Her pussy clamped down on him like a vice grip, milking his cock as she screamed out her release.

The teen withdrew his glistening, purple-veined shaft from Amber's sopping heat, watching as pearlescent rivulets of her creamy essence clung to his skin like honey. He crawled across the rumpled sheet toward Jane, his eyes fixated on the tantalizing curve of her spine and the dimples just above her quivering buttocks.

His strong fingers dug into the soft flesh of her wide, childbearing hips, leaving crescent-shaped impressions as he notched the angry, mushroom-shaped head of his throbbing cock between her plump, alabaster cheeks. With one savage, animalistic thrust that made his abdominal muscles clench like steel cables, he buried himself to the root inside her molten core.

A strangled moan escaped his parched lips as her silky, corrugated walls fluttered and pulsated around his invading member like a thousand delicate butterfly wings beating in unison.

"Yes, fuck me!" Jane cried out, her voice a ragged symphony of desperate need as she tossed her sweat-dampened strawberry blonde curls. "Pound my married cunt until I forget my husband's name!"

Tate obliged with predatory gusto, his powerful thighs tensing as he jackhammered into her slick, pink channel with all the virile energy that only eighteen years of pent-up testosterone could provide.

Wet, obscene squelching sounds echoed off the nylon walls of the tent as he worked her over like a boy possessed, rivulets of sweat

cascading down the defined ridges of his abdomen and beading on his furrowed brow from the exertion.

Within minutes, he felt her velvety pussy walls contract violently around his plunging shaft, rippling and milking his cock with greedy suction as she came with a banshee-like wail that surely carried through the forest.

He fucked her through it mercilessly, his balls slapping rhythmically against her swollen, glistening clit, wringing a second, shuddering orgasm from her quivering body before pulling out with an audible 'pop' that sent a fresh trickle of her nectar running down her trembling thighs.

Morgan's eyes rolled back in her head, her chest heaving as Tate relentlessly pounded into her. "Oh... God... you're so... deep!" she gasped, her swollen belly undulating beneath her as he plunged into her depths.

It felt as if his throbbing cock was close enough to nudge the very life growing inside her womb. Her manicured nails raked the cum-soaked sheets beneath her, desperate for purchase as the coiled spring of ecstasy tightened within her.

Tate could feel the spasms of Morgan's quivering pussy around him, signaling her impending climax. He angled his hips, grinding against her cervix with each powerful thrust, his balls slapping against her engorged lips.

Her shriek of pleasure was startling as she came apart, back arching like a bow as white-hot electricity surged through her nerve endings. He didn't relent, sawing in and out of her gushing cunt until she convulsed a second time, washing warmth onto his invading shaft.

Finally, Tate turned his attention back to Grandma Ruth, his cock still throbbing with need. He mounted her from behind, sinking into her well-used pussy with a groan of satisfaction. The heat from within

enveloped him, slick and pliant from the combined juices of the other women and his own copious pre-cum.

"Fill me up, baby boy," Ruth panted over her shoulder, cheeks flushed crimson and eyes glazed over with lust.

Tate gripped her fleshy hips with renewed vigor, his tanned fingers sinking deep into the pale, dimpled flesh until angry red half-moons appeared beneath his fingernails. He slammed into her from behind, his sweat-slick pelvis smacking against her jiggling ass cheeks with bruising force that sent ripples across her flesh.

Ruth's knees buckled from the powerful thrusts, her upper body pitching forward until her enormous, pendulous breasts pancaked against the squeaking air mattress with a wet slap.

The muscular teen followed her down without missing a beat, his lean, sun-bronzed chest plastering to her freckled back as he draped himself over her like a human blanket, his hot breath tickling her neck.

He hooked his sinewy forearms under her soft shoulders for leverage, clinging to her voluptuous, age-softened body as he plunged between her splayed thighs with jack-rabbit speed that made the tent poles rattle.

"Unnngh! Fuck! So deep!" Ruth babbled incoherently, her rouge-smeared cheek smushed against the damp nylon.

Tate grunted with animalistic pleasure, his heavy balls tightening against his body and washboard abs clenching like steel cables as he pounded into her sopping cunt with everything he had.

He could feel the purple, mushroom-shaped tip of his throbbing cock battering her cervix with each frantic pump of his narrow hips, could hear the wet squelch of her overflowing juices as he stirred them into a frothy lather that coated both their trembling thighs.

Electric tingles raced up his spine like lightning striking a metal rod, and molten pressure coiled in his groin like a rattlesnake ready to strike as his climax rapidly approached.

Ruth must have sensed it too, because her pussy suddenly clamped down like a silken vise around him, rippling and milking his shaft with the ravenous hunger of a starving lioness.

"Do it, baby!" she rasped, her voice raw and gravelly from screaming. "Shoot that hot load! Paint Grandma's womb with your virile seed!"

With a choked cry that echoed through the tent like a primal howl, Tate buried himself to the hilt and exploded with the force of a volcanic eruption, his purple-veined cock pulsing and jerking like a live wire as he emptied his heavy, aching balls.

Thick, pearlescent ropes of semen erupted from his engorged slit like molten lava, splattering against her cervix with audible impacts and flooding her trembling, cavernous channel.

He ground against her wildly, working his ejaculating cock in tight, desperate circles like a man possessed, to ensure every last precious drop was pumped directly into her throbbing, hungry hole.

Beneath him, Ruth shuddered violently like an earthquake measuring 9.0 on the Richter scale, a hoarse banshee-like scream tearing from her lipstick-smeared throat. His searing, white-hot cum triggered her own mind-bending, soul-shattering orgasm. Her cunt rippled and gushed around him like a broken dam, hot squirts of crystal-clear fluid splattering their clenched, quivering thighs as she squirted uncontrollably, soaking the already drenched mattress beneath them into a sodden mess.

The ecstasy seemed to go on forever, stretching time like taffy, both of them lost in the throes of the most intense, earth-shattering climax of their lives. Stars exploded behind their tightly-shut eyelids.

Finally, Tate collapsed against her sweat-slicked back like a marionette with cut strings, gasping for breath, his still-hard cock buried snugly in her fluttering, velvet sheath.

He could feel his potent seed leaking out around him in thick rivulets, mingling with her tangy juices to soak the bedding beneath their sweat-drenched, heaving bodies in a primordial cocktail of their shared passion.

John's phone buzzed in his pocket, the vibration startling him from his task of flipping sizzling burger patties on the camp stove. He wiped his greasy fingers on his cargo shorts and fished out the device, swiping to answer the video call from his wife Amber.

"Hey babe," he greeted, squinting at the screen where his wife's face filled the frame. "Are you guys on your way back? And oh, is Tate with you?"

Amber's cheeks were flushed, her chestnut hair slightly disheveled and clinging damply to her temples. She seemed to be breathing heavily, her ample chest rising and falling rapidly beneath her tight floral tank top.

Behind her, John could make out the dappled sunlight filtering through a canopy of evergreen branches.

"Mhmm, Tate's right here with me," she replied breathlessly, her glossy lips curving into a secretive smile. "We're just...exploring nature together. Mom and my sisters went ahead on the trail and should be back there anytime."

Off-screen, there was a muffled wet sound, like someone slurping the last drops of a thick milkshake through a straw. Amber's emerald eyes fluttered closed for a brief moment and she bit her plump bottom lip, stifling a moan.

Her husband's brows furrowed in confusion. "Everything okay, hon? You seem a little...flustered."

Amber's eyes snapped open, the green irises darkening to the color of pine needles. "Oh, I'm more than okay," she purred, her voice honeyed and thick. "In fact, I don't think I've ever felt better. Our son has quite the...appetite for the great outdoors."

Another slurping noise, louder this time, followed by a breathy gasp that Amber unsuccessfully tried to disguise as a cough.

John leaned closer to the screen, squinting at the tiny image of his wife. Was it just a trick of the light, or did it look like her hips were subtly undulating, rocking back and forth?

"Well, I'm glad you two are having fun," he said slowly, still trying to make sense of her odd behavior. "Any idea when you might be heading back? The burgers are pretty much done."

"Mmmm, I think we'll be a little while longer," Amber replied, her voice hitching on the last word. Her eyes rolled back and she shuddered visibly. "Tate's not quite...finished...exploring."

Out of John's view, Amber was naked from the waist down and Tate knelt between her parted thighs on the forest floor, his flushed face buried in the junction of her legs.

The boy's tongue probed hungrily between her glistening folds, lapping up the tangy nectar that flowed freely from her quivering cunt like a man dying of thirst at an oasis. He tilted his head back, mouth agape as he feasted on her slick pink flesh, rivulets of her juices dripping down his chin and spattering the front of his sweat-dampened t-shirt.

Amber bit back another moan as her son's inexperienced but eager tongue found her swollen clit, lashing the sensitive bundle of nerves

with broad, artless strokes that made sparks dance behind her tightly closed eyelids.

She ground her pelvis against his face shamelessly, smearing her arousal across his flushed cheeks and button nose until he was glazed with it, glistening in the dappled sunlight. Her inner thighs trembled, clenching rhythmically around his ears as she rode his mouth with increasing fervor, chasing the elusive peak that had been building in her core from the moment she'd straddled his face.

Through her lust-fogged brain, Amber dimly registered her husband's voice still buzzing from the phone clutched in her white-knuckled grip. "...Are you sure you're alright, hon?" John said, his words barely penetrating the roaring of blood in her ears.

Amber managed a strained smile, hoping it looked natural on the tiny phone screen. "We'll see you soon, hon. Gotta go!" She jabbed the red 'End Call' button with a trembling thumb, letting the phone fall to the mossy ground beside her just as the tidal wave of ecstasy crested and crashed over her.

The heavy breasted mother's back arched like a drawn bow, thrusting her heaving breasts toward the emerald canopy above as a ragged scream tore from her throat.

"FUCK! Oh God, baby, yes! Right there!" Every muscle in her body pulled taut as a high wire as the intense pleasure ripped through her like lightning, radiating out from where Tate's eager tongue lashed her throbbing clit.

Molten honey gushed from her cunt, coating the boy's flushed face in a glossy sheen. He lapped at her feverishly, burying his nose in her flanges and inhaling her pungent musk, wanting to drown himself in her essence. His untrained but enthusiastic ministrations wrung out every last shuddering wave until she collapsed back against the sun-warmed earth, boneless and spent.

The teen finally came up for air, gasping, his chin dripping with her nectar. He wiped his mouth with the back of one tanned forearm, a dazed but proud grin splitting his face as he took in the wrecked sight of his mother spread before him, lost in the afterglow.

"Damn, Mom," he rasped, his voice hoarse from his muffled groans of pleasure. "You taste incredible."

Amber let a throaty chuckle, beckoning him up her body with one languid curl of her finger. "Mmm, kiss me, stud. I wanna taste myself on that talented tongue of yours."

Tate scrambled to obey, crawling up her curves until they were face to face, his jutting erection pressing insistently against her slick mound through his cargo shorts. Their mouths crashed together in a heated tangle of lips and tongue, Amber's flavor mingling between them as she sucked lewdly on his chin.

After a few minutes, the mother broke the intense kiss and gazed up at Tate with half-lidded, lust-glazed eyes, her lips swollen and glistening. "So, did you enjoy your tent full of mommy meat?" she purred, trailing a perfectly manicured nail down the center of his heaving chest.

Tate nodded vigorously, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard. "It was incredible," he rasped, his voice still hoarse from his muffled groans of ecstasy. "I wish I could get that kind of stuff all the time."

Amber's emerald eyes sparkled with wicked mischief as she gazed up at her son through thick mascara-coated lashes, trailing a perfectly manicured blood-red fingertip along the sharp angle of his chiseled jaw.

"You know, baby," she purred, her voice dripping with honeyed promise that made his skin tingle, "there's another part of this special family tradition that we haven't gotten to yet."

Tate's dark brow furrowed in confusion. "There's more?" he asked breathlessly, his spent cock twitching with renewed interest against the slick, swollen folds of her mound.

Amber nodded slowly, her cherry-glossed lips—now smudged from their passionate kisses—curving into a secretive smile that revealed a glimpse of perfect white teeth. "Mhmm," she hummed, the vibration traveling from her chest to where their bodies remained joined. "Now that you've had your fill of mommy meat, it's time for you to fill my belly with some baby meat."

Tate's sapphire eyes widened to saucers as her words sank in, a puzzle piece clicking into place in his hormone-addled teenage brain. The realization hit him like a physical blow, sending electric currents of excitement down his spine.

"Holy shit," he breathed, his voice barely above a reverent whisper as he stared down at his mother in awestruck wonder, drinking in the sight of her flushed cheeks and tousled chestnut hair spread across the forest floor. "Cousin Chuck got Aunt Morgan pregnant last year, didn't he? And Eric knocked up Aunt Jane the year before that…after the reunion?"

Amber giggled, a melodious tinkling sound like crystal wind chimes that made Tate's heart skip a beat and his loins stir. She arched her back slightly, pressing her spongy tit-melon against his chest. "Oh darling, the reunion is just the beginning," she purred, her eyes twinkling with mischievous promise as she traced lazy circles on his sweat-slicked shoulder. "When we get home, the real fun starts. Mommy's gonna ride this big, thick cock every single day until her flat belly swells with your baby."

Tate gulped audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing like a buoy on stormy waters, his mouth suddenly Sahara-dry as technicolor visions of his mother's nude, swollen-bellied form danced tantalizingly behind his

hooded eyes. "You mean...we're gonna keep doing this? Even at home?" His voice cracked on the last word, betraying his youth.

"Mmhmm," Amber hummed, her voice like warm honey drizzled over velvet as she undulated her curvaceous hips beneath him in a slow, hypnotic grind that made his semi-hard, purple-headed cock twitch violently back to granite-like attention. "We'll fuck morning, noon and night like rabid, rutting animals. In every single room of the house. On every available surface until they're all christened with our mingled juices."

She leaned up, her plump cherry-red lips—glossy with saliva and remnants of her own arousal—grazing the sensitive shell of his ear as she dropped her voice to a breathy, spine-tingling whisper that sent goosebumps erupting across his sweat-dampened skin. "I'll bend over the kitchen counter while you pound my dripping cunt from behind... Bounce frantically on your throbbing cock in the living room while your oblivious father watches football upstairs… Wake you up every single morning by swallowing your magnificent dick down my hungry throat until you feed me your hot, sticky cum for breakfast..."

Tate shuddered violently, electric tingles racing down his vertebrae like lightning strikes at the forbidden tableaux she painted in his mind's eye. He pictured himself pumping load after virile, pearlescent load into his mother's fertile, welcoming womb, her once-flat belly and already generous tits swelling dramatically with his potent seed, her body ripe and glowing with maternal radiance.

His heavy balls, already churning audibly with a fresh batch of incestuous sperm despite his recent explosive orgasm, drew up painfully tight to the base of his pulsating shaft.

"God yes," he growled, his voice dropping an octave as he ground his steel-hard, vein-rippled erection against her slick, swollen folds with renewed urgency. "I wanna knock you up so bad. Give you

baby after squirming baby until your stomach is permanently stretched and your boobs are always filled with milk."

Amber moaned wantonly, her head falling back to expose the elegant, swan-like column of her throat, a flush of arousal spreading from her heaving chest to her feverish cheeks. "Yes! Fuck a baby deep into me, Tate! I want your virile seed taking root in my fertile

womb. I wanna swell obscenely with your child, my body growing and changing day by day, my aching tits filling with life-giving nourishment, all because of your potent, teenage sperm flooding my hungry eggs!"

Something deep and primal unfurled in the boy's chest at her words, a possessive hunger he'd never felt before that coiled like a serpent beneath his ribs. The desire to claim her, breed her, mark her as his forever surged through his veins like molten lava.

With a raw, animalistic grunt that tore from the depths of his throat, he notched the purple, mushroom-shaped head of his throbbing cock at her glistening entrance and surged forward, plunging into her velvet-soft, scorching heat in one powerful stroke that buried him to the hilt.

Amber cried out, her crimson-tipped nails raking five parallel welts down his sweat-slicked back as he began to move, his strokes deep and purposeful like a piston in an engine.

She fastened her powerful mommy-legs like a fleshy fuck-harness around his narrow waist and back, the toned muscles of her thighs quivering with exertion as she used them as leverage to meet his jackhammer thrusts with ones of her own.

Each savage pump of his hips drove him closer to that forbidden place, that sacred, untouched part of her that had only known his father's seed until now - the fertile garden waiting to be watered by his virile teenage essence.

THE END

244: Beta Cuck Anonymous

Beta Cuck Anonymous

By Klrxo

Dave shifted uncomfortably in the metal folding chair, the cold seeping through his jeans. He cleared his throat, his face flushing hot as the eyes of the group settled on him expectantly. Angie sat beside him, her hand resting lightly on his thigh. Her touch usually comforted him, but now it felt like a brand, searing his shame deeper.

"I'm Dave," he began, his voice cracking slightly. He licked his dry lips. "And I'm...I'm a cuckold." The words tasted bitter on his tongue.

Angie squeezed his leg, her ruby lips curving into a smile as she glanced around at the other women. Her eyes sparkled with pride and something else - amusement? Arousal? Dave's stomach clenched.

"My wife Angie, she's..." He swallowed hard. "She's been sleeping with our son."

The words poured out of him, each one more painful than the last. He described coming home from work early one day, expecting to surprise Angie. But when he walked into their bedroom, he was the one shocked to find her tangled in the sheets with their 18-year-old son Jake.

Dave's face burned with humiliation as he recounted how he had stood frozen in the doorway, unable to process the erotic scene in front of him. Angie's ample breasts bounced as she rode Jake's cock, her nails raking down his chest. Their mingled moans and the obscene slap of flesh against flesh rang in Dave's ears.

"I couldn't believe what I was seeing," Dave said hoarsely, his eyes fixed on the scuffed linoleum floor. "My wife...with our own son... in our bed." His hands clenched into fists on his thighs.

Angie interjected with a little laugh. "It was quite a surprise for Dave to walk in on us like that! The look on his face!" She exchanged knowing smiles with the other women in the circle, as if sharing a naughty inside joke.

Dave's cheeks flamed even hotter at her cavalier attitude. How could she be so blasé about cuckolding him with their teenage son? He felt gutted, unmanned, utterly betrayed. And yet... a traitorous part of him had been undeniably aroused by the taboo sight of his sexy wife being pleasured by their strapping young son.

Dave couldn't meet anyone's eyes as shame and confusion swirled inside him. "I...I didn't know what to do," he admitted. "So I just backed out of the room and acted like I didn't see anything." He exhaled shakily, the truth now laid bare.

The facilitator, Becca, a middle-aged blonde, turned to Angie with a sympathetic smile. "Angie, would you feel comfortable sharing more details about the nature of your sexual relationship with your son Jake?"

Angie nodded, crossing her long legs. "Of course. I believe in being open and honest, especially in a supportive environment like this." She paused, choosing her words carefully.

"It started a few months ago. Jake had just turned 18 and I couldn't help noticing how much he'd grown up. He's become such a

handsome young man." Her eyes took on a dreamy, faraway look as she remembered. "One day when Dave was at work, Jake came into the kitchen after his shower, wearing nothing but a towel. And well...one thing led to another."

She glanced at Dave, gauging his reaction. He kept his gaze fixed on the floor, his jaw clenched tight. Angie continued, "Since then, Jake and I have been intimate a few times a day, whenever we have the house to ourselves. I know it's unconventional, but it feels so natural and right when we're together."

Dave shifted in his chair, discomfort radiating off him. He couldn't believe Angie was sharing these sordid details so casually with a group of strangers.

Becca leaned forward, her voice gentle and probing. "And what do these intimate encounters with Jake usually entail, if you're willing to share?"

"Well," Angie said, a secret smile playing at the corners of her mouth, "We've explored many facets of our attraction. Oral sex, different positions, role play. I've introduced Jake to some of my favorite toys." She lowered her lashes. "He's a very eager and attentive lover."

Dave wanted to cover his ears, to run from the room. Each word from Angie's lips was like a hot knife in his heart. He pictured his wife and son exploring each other's bodies, their limbs entwined, lost in passion. His stomach roiled even as a dark curl of forbidden arousal unfurled inside him.

"I see," the facilitator said. "And how do you feel about this new dimension to your relationship with Jake?"

Angie looked directly at Dave, her expression soft yet unflinching. "I know it's difficult for Dave. But this feels so right to me on a deep

level. It's like coming home. Jake fulfills me in ways I didn't know I needed."

Becca turned to Angie, her expression gentle yet probing. "Do you feel that Dave should be supportive and accepting of your sexual relationship with Jake?"

Angie paused, choosing her words carefully as she glanced at Dave. He kept his gaze fixed on the floor, his shoulders tense.

"I know this is a lot for Dave to process," Angie began. "But yes, I do feel he should try to be understanding. What Jake and I share...it's profound. It's not some tawdry fling."

She reached for Dave's hand but he flinched away from her touch. Angie sighed, undeterred. "I realize this goes against conventional norms. But love and attraction don't always follow society's rules. The heart wants what it wants."

Dave's throat worked as he swallowed hard. Conventional norms? He wanted to laugh at the absurdity of that understatement. His wife was fucking their teenage son and he was supposed to just smile and nod?

"I know Dave is struggling with feelings of betrayal right now," Angie continued, her voice maddeningly calm. "But I hope he can open his mind and heart to see the beauty in my bond with Jake. It doesn't diminish my love for Dave. If anything, it enhances it."

Dave finally lifted his head to stare at Angie incredulously. Enhance their love? He couldn't wrap his brain around her logic. His wife's affair with their son was tearing him apart inside, and she had the audacity to reframe it as something beautiful?

"This is an opportunity for growth," Angie said, meeting Becca's eyes before turning back to Dave. "A chance to shatter old constructs around relationships and forge a new path. I'm not asking Dave to

participate, but I am asking him to find a way to embrace and celebrate the love I share with our son."

Dave's chest constricted painfully, Angie's words hitting him like physical blows. Embrace her incestuous infidelity? Celebrate her betrayal? She made it sound so reasonable, painting him as close-minded for not rejoicing at being cuckolded under his own roof.

Angie squeezed his knee, her touch burning through his jeans. "I know it's not easy, honey. But please, try to open your mind. Jake and I aren't going to stop what we've started. It would mean so much to have your support. To not have to sneak around anymore."

Dave pictured Angie and Jake openly flaunting their affair, kissing and groping each other on the couch, in the kitchen, at the dinner table. His stomach heaved at the thought. How could she expect him to condone such depravity?

Becca regarded Dave thoughtfully for a long moment. Then she said, "Dave, I know this is incredibly difficult to process. Your whole world has been turned upside down. But if you want to salvage your marriage, you'll need to find a way to come to terms with Angie and Jake's relationship."

Dave stared at her in disbelief. Come to terms with it? How could he ever accept something so wrong, so taboo? His wife and son, lovers. The very idea made bile rise in his throat.

"I have a suggestion," Becca continued, her voice gentle yet firm. "A first step, to help you start dismantling the mental blocks and preconceptions you have about Angie and Jake. I'd like you to watch them engage in some non-sexual intimacy in front of you. Hugging, kissing. Just observe them together, being affectionate."

Dave's stomach dropped. Watch his wife kiss their son? He couldn't imagine anything more awkward and uncomfortable. "I don't know if I can do that," he mumbled, his palms going clammy.

"I know it feels impossible right now," Becca said. "But Dave, if you don't start somewhere, you'll lose them both. Angie has made it clear that she isn't going to end things with Jake. So you can either find a way to accept their love, or let your disgust and judgment drive a permanent wedge in your family."

Angie looked at Dave pleadingly, her eyes shining with unshed tears. "Please, honey. Just try. For me. For us." She stroked his arm, and he had to resist the urge to pull away. The thought of her touching Jake with those same hands made his skin crawl.

Dave's temples pounded as he struggled to wrap his mind around Becca's challenge. Let Angie and Jake put on a show of their unnatural affection for him? Watch them kiss and caress each other like lovers? His very soul recoiled at the notion.

And yet...did he really have a choice? Angie had made her desires crystal clear. She wasn't going to stop fucking their son. So what were his options? Divorce her in disgust and lose his family? Or swallow his revulsion and try to desensitize himself to their incestuous relationship?

"Okay," he heard himself say, the word scraping out of his tight throat. "I'll...I'll try to watch them. Just hug and kiss." The words tasted like ashes on his tongue.

Angie squeezed his hand, her face awash with relief and gratitude. "Thank you, Dave. You have no idea how much this means to me."

Angie had always turned heads with her vivacious beauty. At 38, the busy stay-at-home mom of two still maintained the youthful spark and allure that had first caught Dave's eye back in college. With her thick mane of auburn hair, piercing green eyes and full, pouting lips, she resembled a 1950s pinup model come to life.

But it was Angie's mouthwatering curves that really made her stand out. Her overflowing H-cup breasts strained against every top, the

deep cleavage impossible to ignore. Her narrow waist nipped in before flaring out to childbearing hips and a juicy, shelf-like bubble butt. Angie knew how to dress to show off her hourglass figure too, favoring clingy tops, skin-tight jeans and skimpy sundresses.

Dave had always loved his wife's busty, bodacious body. He couldn't keep his hands off her voluptuous ass and huge, heavy tits. Knowing other men lusted after Angie too had always given Dave a secret thrill - he felt proud to have such a sexy, head-turning wife on his arm. Her sensuality and overt femininity were part of what had attracted him to her in the first place.

But now, picturing all those generous curves being explored and enjoyed by his own son's hands and mouth...Dave's stomach twisted with nausea even as an illicit heat unfurled in his groin. How could watching Angie kiss and cuddle with Jake, seeing their unnatural intimacy up close, possibly help him accept their incestuous affair? The very idea made his skin crawl.

And yet Becca's words echoed in his mind. If he didn't find some way to come to terms with Angie and Jake's relationship, he would lose them both. The thought of his family splintering apart gutted him. But could he really sit there and witness his son being affectionate with Angie, touching her in ways no son should ever touch his mother?

Dave's stomach churned as he watched Angie and Jake at the dinner table that night. Their eyes kept meeting, lingering just a little too long, private smiles playing at their lips. Angie giggled at something Jake said, her hand brushing his arm. The casual intimacy of the gesture made Dave's jaw clench.

He couldn't help noticing the way Jake's gaze kept roaming over Angie's body, drinking in her curves. And why wouldn't he stare? Angie's low-cut blouse displayed her ample cleavage, the creamy

swells of her breasts threatening to spill out with every movement. Her nipples poked against the thin fabric, as if begging for attention.

Jake had filled out in the last year, transforming from a gangly teenager to a fit, handsome young man. His broad shoulders strained against his t-shirt, hinting at the lean, hard muscles underneath. Dave's eyes flicked down to the sizeable bulge in his son's jeans. He swallowed hard, looking away.

Was that what Angie found so irresistible? Their son's tight body, his big cock? Dave's own member twitched traitorously in his pants at the thought. Self-loathing mixed with the hot sting of arousal in his gut.

Jake said something else and Angie threw her head back, laughing. Her breasts jiggled with the movement, drawing both Jake and Dave's gazes like magnets. Dave tore his eyes away, his face burning.

This was wrong. So wrong. Watching his son eye-fuck his mom, seeing the blatant lust on both their faces. Dave wanted to flip the table, to scream at them to stop.

But Becca's advice wormed its way into his brain. If he didn't find a way to accept Angie and Jake's unnatural attraction, he would lose them. The idea made his heart seize in his chest.

So Dave forced himself to take a shaky breath, to keep watching as Angie leaned close to Jake, murmuring something in his ear. Jake's eyes fluttered closed for a moment, a smile tugging at his full lips.

They looked like lovers sharing an inside joke, wrapped up in their own little world. A world Dave wasn't part of. His stomach sank even as a perverse heat unfurled in his groin.

Was this his life now? Simmering with shame and jealousy while his sexy wife openly flirted with their strapping young son? Trying to

shove down his disgust and arousal as he watched their forbidden romance play out in front of him?

Dave didn't know if he was strong enough to handle this twisted new reality. But as Angie's hand disappeared under the table, no doubt stroking Jake's muscular thigh, he knew one thing for sure - he had to try. The alternative was losing his family forever.

After dinner, Angie asked their young daughter Lily to go upstairs and work on her homework. Lily gathered her books and bounded up to her room, pigtails bouncing.

Jake started collecting the dishes, bringing them to the sink where Angie had begun rinsing. Dave watched, his gut twisting, as they worked in tandem, hands brushing as they passed plates back and forth. The

domestic scene would have warmed his heart if not for the new, sordid context.

As Jake set the last glass in the drying rack, Angie turned to him with a soft smile. She reached up, cupping his face in her hands. Dave's breath caught in his throat. Surely she wasn't going to...

But then Angie was pulling Jake down into a kiss, right there in front of Dave. He watched in stunned disbelief as their lips met, clinging and caressing. Jake stiffened for a moment, darting an awkward glance at his dad. But Angie held him close, deepening the kiss, and Jake soon melted into her embrace.

Dave gripped the edge of the table, his knuckles turning white. Watching his wife kiss their son like a lover, her voluptuous body pressing against his lean one, made Dave's head spin. Nausea clawed at his throat even as a shameful heat unfurled in his groin.

When Angie finally pulled back, Jake's face was flushed, his lips pink and wet. He glanced uncertainly between his parents, clearly

uncomfortable with this open display of affection in front of his father.

But Angie just stroked Jake's hair, her eyes soft and reassuring. "It's okay, honey," she murmured. "Your dad understands. He wants us to feel comfortable expressing our love."

Dave wanted to shout that no, he absolutely did not understand or feel comfortable with any of this. The words stuck in his tight throat. Becca's advice echoed in his mind, urging him to keep watching, to acclimatize himself to their unnatural intimacy.

So he said nothing as Angie pulled Jake in for another deep, sensual kiss. He clenched his jaw, trying to breath through the hot sting of tears, as he watched his wife's tongue tangle with their son's. The wet sounds of their mouths moving together, the little sighs and moans Angie let out, branded themselves into Dave's brain.

Jake's hands roamed over Angie's curves, squeezing the swell of her ass, skimming up to cup her heavy breasts. She arched into his touch with a breathy moan. Dave's stomach heaved even as his cock thickened traitorously in his pants.

He didn't know how much more of this he could take. Watching Angie kiss and grope Jake, seeing their passion rising, was shredding his heart and twisting his mind.

Dave lurched up from the table, his chair screeching across the linoleum floor. He couldn't watch anymore, couldn't sit there while his wife made out with their son like horny teenagers. Bile stung his throat as he stumbled out of the kitchen, leaving Angie and Jake behind.

He made it to the living room before his legs gave out. Dave collapsed onto the couch, head swimming. The obscene sounds of Angie's moans, the wet smack of her lips on Jake's, seemed to chase him, echoing in his ears. How was he supposed to accept this, to

just sit back and watch his family become some incestuous porn cliché?

Footsteps approached and Dave tensed, glancing up to see Angie framed in the doorway. Her auburn hair was mussed, lips bee-stung and glistening. Anger and disbelief battled on her beautiful face.

"How dare you just get up and leave like that?" Angie demanded, hands on her generous hips. Her green eyes flashed with indignation.

Dave gaped at her, incredulous. "How dare I? Jesus, Angie, you were practically dry humping our son in the middle of the kitchen! What did you expect me to do, just sit there and watch?"

Angie's full lips thinned. She crossed the room to loom over Dave on the couch. The spicy scent of her perfume mixed with Jake's cologne, making Dave's stomach turn.

"Yes, that's exactly what I expected you to do," Angie said tightly. "Or have you forgotten already? You agreed to observe me and Jake being affectionate. To try to accept our relationship."

Dave shook his head helplessly. "I didn't agree to watch you play tonsil hockey and grope each other like horny kids on prom night! Jesus, Angie, he's our son!"

"I'm well aware of that," Angie snapped. "But I'm also aware that I love him, and he loves me. If you can't handle seeing that love expressed, then I don't know what to tell you."

She jabbed a finger at Dave's chest, her nail digging in. "Stop being so goddamn selfish, Dave. This isn't just about you and your precious feelings. There are three of us in this relationship now."

Dave flinched as if she'd slapped him. Three of them in this relationship? The casual way she said it, like it was the most natural

thing in the world for a mother to fuck her own son, made Dave's head throb.

"I'm trying," he managed through gritted teeth. "But you have to meet me halfway here, Ange. Ease me into...whatever this is. You can't just expect me to be okay with walking in on you riding Jake's dick."

Angie rolled her eyes. "Stop being so dramatic. It was just a little kiss and a little groping, not a full-on sex show."

Her cavalier dismissal made Dave's hands clench into fists. How could she not understand how inappropriate and upsetting this was for him? To see his own son's hands all over her lush body, their mouths fused together in a lover's kiss. It violated every taboo, spat in the face of every parental instinct screaming in Dave's brain.

Angie sighed, her anger seeming to drain away. She perched on the arm of the couch, her ample ass just inches from Dave's face. The spicy-sweet scent of her perfume filled his nostrils.

"Honey, I know this is a big adjustment," she said, her voice softening. "But you need to understand - my relationship with Jake is not some passing fancy. It's deep and real and important to both of us."

She reached out to stroke Dave's hair but he jerked away from her touch. The thought of her caressing him with the same fingers that had just groped their son made his stomach heave.

Angie's lips thinned at his rejection. "I'm trying to include you, to help you understand. But I can't do that if you keep shutting me out."

"Include me?" Dave croaked. "In what, the unnatural seduction of our teenage son? Forgive me if I'm not jumping for joy at being 'included' in that."

Angie's eyes flashed. "It's not unnatural," she insisted. "Unexpected, yes. Unconventional, certainly. But the feelings between Jake and I are as natural as breathing. If you'd just open your mind, you'd see the beauty in it."

Dave stared at her, bile stinging his throat. Beauty? In a mother fucking her own child? He couldn't even process the wrongness of it, much less see anything beautiful.

Angie stood abruptly, her generous tits swaying with the movement. Dave swallowed hard, self-loathing mixing with reluctant arousal as he caught sight of her pebbled nipples straining against her thin blouse. Was she turned on from kissing Jake? The thought made his head swim.

Angie's eyes flashed with determination. "If you truly cared about me, about us, you would make more of an effort here. I need you to really try to accept what Jake and I have."

Her words hit Dave like a punch to the gut. How could she question his love, his commitment, when she was the one betraying their marriage vows in the most sickening way possible?

Angie called out sharply, "Jake, honey, can you come here please?"

Dave's stomach dropped as Jake appeared in the doorway a moment later, his expression wary. He glanced between his parents, clearly picking up on the tension crackling in the air.

"Your father needs to see us together," Angie said, her voice softening as she held out a hand to Jake. "He needs to understand the love we share."

Dave opened his mouth to protest, but the words lodged in his tight throat as he watched Jake cross the room and take Angie's hand. The easy intimacy of the gesture, the way their fingers laced together, made nausea twist Dave's stomach.

Then Angie was pulling Jake into her arms and capturing his mouth in a searing kiss. Dave's breath seized in his lungs. He wanted to look away, to run from the room, but a perverse kind of paralysis held him in place on the couch.

As Angie and Jake's lips moved together, Dave's focus zeroed in on the obscene details - the wet slide of their tongues, the soft smack of flesh, their mingled breaths growing heavy. Jake's hands roamed over Angie's curves possessively, squeezing her ass, molding the heavy globes of her breasts.

The room spun around Dave as his wife kissed their son deeply, passionately, like she couldn't get enough. Angie let out a throaty moan and ground her pelvis against Jake's, the wanton gesture shattering something in Dave's mind.

This couldn't be happening. It had to be a nightmare, a surreal hallucination. His sexy, vivacious wife making out with their strapping teenage son, right in front of him. Trying to force him to accept the unacceptable.

Bile stung the back of Dave's throat as he watched Jake's hand skim down to squeeze Angie's generous ass. She pressed into the touch with a little mewl of pleasure, her hips rolling. The wet sounds of their kissing, the needy noises Angie let out, roared in Dave's ears until he thought his head might explode.

Angie finally broke the kiss, leaving Jake panting and glassy-eyed. She turned to Dave with a smug, satisfied smile curving her kiss-swollen lips.

"Thank you for staying and watching this time, honey," she purred. "I know it wasn't easy, but I really appreciate you trying."

Dave just stared at her mutely, his brain still trying to process the obscene spectacle he'd just witnessed. His stomach churned with a

nauseating mix of revulsion, betrayal, and to his shame, reluctant arousal. He didn't trust himself to speak.

Angie sauntered over and bent to press a kiss to his forehead. Dave flinched at the contact, at the cloying scent of her perfume mingling with Jake's musky cologne. He could practically taste their sordid coupling on her lips.

"I'm going to head down to Jake's room for a bit," Angie informed him breezily. "Probably for a couple of hours."

Dave's head snapped up at that, his eyes widening. She stated it so casually, as if it was perfectly normal for a mother to block off time each night to go fuck her own son.

Angie took Jake's hand and led him down the hallway to his bedroom, her hips swaying seductively. Dave watched them go, his gut churning with nausea, jealousy and shameful arousal. The door closed with a soft click that sounded like a gunshot in Dave's ears.

He sat frozen on the couch, his mind reeling as he pictured what was transpiring behind that door. Against his will, the obscene images took shape - Angie stripping off her clothes, revealing her curvy body to their

son's hungry eyes. Jake's hands roaming over her generous tits and fleshy ass as he grew hard.

Dave knew he should stop imagining it, but he couldn't halt the progression, couldn't stem his morbid curiosity. His wife laying on the bed, spreading her thighs for her own child. Jake mounting her, sinking his young cock into her wet heat. Angie's wanton moans echoing off the walls as her son thrust into her.

Dave's stomach heaved violently and he lurched off the couch, staggering to the kitchen sink. He retched, but nothing came up,

just painful dry heaves that made his abdominal muscles clench. Spit dribbled from his mouth and tears pricked his eyes.

As the nausea passed, Dave heard a rhythmic thumping sound drifting down the hall. The blood drained from his face as he realized it was the steady smack of the headboard hitting the wall. Bile seared his throat again as his imagination supplied the visuals to match that crude rhythm.

Jake gripping his mother's wide hips, slamming into her from behind. Angie's huge, heavy breasts swaying as her son fucked her hard and fast. Her round, thick ass rippling with each brutal impact of Jake's pelvis against her ample cheeks.

Dave squeezed his eyes shut but he couldn't block out the sound of skin slapping lewdly against skin. Angie's high-pitched yelps and moans carried down the hallway, punctuated by Jake's harsh grunts. They echoed in Dave's head, branding the obscene audio of his wife's depravity into his brain.

"Yes, baby, just like that!" Angie's sex-drugged voice was muffled but still audible. "Fuck Mommy harder! Spank my ass!"

The sharp crack of flesh on flesh made Dave jump, followed by Angie's ecstatic mewl. He knew that sound, had heard it many times when he

spanked her plump rump. But now it was their teenage son reddening her ample bottom as he plowed her from behind.

Dave's hands clenched the edge of the kitchen counter, his knuckles turning white. He was shaking, fine tremors running through him. The knowledge of what was happening down the hall, the unmistakable noises filtering into the kitchen, made him feel like he was losing his mind.

He tried to block out the crude slap of Jake's pelvis pounding against Angie's thickly padded ass, her escalating cries of pleasure, their son's animalistic grunts as he claimed his own mother. But it was futile. The wet, rhythmic smacks and carnal soundtrack of their incestuous coupling reverberated through the house.

"Fuck, Mom, your ass is so fat," Jake groaned, his voice thick with lust. The slapping grew faster, harder, more erratic. " make me nut!"

"Yes, fill Mommy up!" Angie wailed. "I want to feel you explode in my pussy! Give me your seed, baby boy!"

Dave thought he might vomit. His wife begging their son to ejaculate inside her, to flood her womb with his potent sperm, was too much to bear. The ultimate perversion, the vilest betrayal.

Dave shifted uncomfortably in his chair at the next cuckold support group meeting, his stomach still churning from the memory of overhearing Angie and Jake's depraved coupling. Becca's words washed over him, each one burning like acid.

"I know it's hard, gentlemen," she said, her voice dripping with sympathy that made Dave want to scream. "But you have to think of cuckolding like being on the losing team in a game. You don't quit the game just because you're losing. You be a good sport and accept the loss gracefully."

Dave's hands clenched into fists, his nails biting into his palms. Accept his wife fucking their son gracefully? The idea was so absurd, so sickening, he almost laughed. How was he supposed to just swallow his disgust and shame and be a "good sport" about the ultimate betrayal?

Becca leaned forward, her eyes boring into Dave's. "I know what you're thinking, Dave. That this is different, that incest is crossing a line. But the principle is the same. Angie has made her choice. If you

want to stay in the game, you have to find a way to be okay with not being her first pick."

Bile stung the back of Dave's throat. Not her first pick? That was the understatement of the century. Angie had relegated him to pathetic third wheel in his own marriage, a sexless bystander while she cavorted with their own child.

The other men in the group nodded along to Becca's words, their eyes glazed and defeated. They looked so beaten down, so emasculated. Was that his future? A hollowed-out husk of a man, watching his wife flaunt her affair under his nose?

Dave's temples pounded as Becca droned on about the importance of being a graceful loser. Each word felt like a twist of the knife in his gut. He pictured Angie riding Jake in his childhood bed, her huge tits bouncing as she impaled herself on their son's cock. Nausea rolled through him.

How had his life come to this? Sitting in a dingy church basement, listening to some hack therapist compare the lowest point of his life to a game of pickup basketball? Rage and despair warred within him, clawing at his insides.

Dave tried to picture what being a "good sport" would look like. Shaking Jake's hand after he finished defiling Angie, congratulating him on a job well done? Sleeping alone in the master bedroom while his wife spent her nights in their son's bed?

The scenarios played out in his mind like a horror movie he couldn't pause. Jake's sperm dribbling out of Angie's freshly fucked hole as she kissed Dave goodnight. Her belly swelling with their incestuous child. Him playing the doting grandpa to the product of their vile union.

Dave opened his mouth to voice his objection to Becca's outrageous "good sport" speech, but she cut him off before he could get a word

out.

"I know what you're going to say, Dave," Becca said, her voice dripping with condescension. "That this is different, that a wife sleeping with her own son is a bridge too far. But let's be real here. Angie's needs simply aren't being met by you anymore."

Humiliation burned in Dave's gut at her blunt assessment. He wanted to argue, to defend himself as a husband and a man. But deep down, he feared she was right.

"Jake is young, fit, and handsome," Becca continued ruthlessly. "And from what Angie's shared...very well-endowed." She arched a knowing brow. "Can you say the same, Dave? When was the last time you really satisfied your wife sexually?"

Dave's face flamed with embarrassment and anger. How dare this woman judge his prowess as a lover? And what the hell had Angie told her about Jake's...equipment?

"Not to mention Jake's stamina and sexual talent," Becca added, twisting the knife. "He can go for hours and knows just how to touch Angie to drive her wild. Multiple orgasms, every time." She smiled thinly. "You're just not in your prime anymore, Dave. You can't compete."

Shame coiled heavily in Dave's stomach, Becca's words hitting every insecurity he'd ever harbored. It was true his body didn't snap back like it used to, his hair thinning and belly softening. And his sex drive had waned over the years, no longer able to match Angie's voracious appetites.

But hearing how thoroughly his teenage son outclassed him as a man, as a lover to his own wife, made Dave want to curl up and die. Angie had raved to Becca about Jake's huge cock and marathon fucking skills. Yet she could barely muster a tired smile when Dave touched her these days.

"Face it, Dave - your son is better equipped to satisfy Angie than you are, in every way," Becca said brutally. "So you can either accept your place as a beta cuckold and support their relationship...or lose them both when Angie eventually leaves you for him."

Despair yawned like a black pit in Dave's chest. Was that really his only choice? Stand by like a pathetic wimp while his son cuckolded him, or get dumped for the younger, hotter model?

He stared at his shoes, the other men's pitying gazes burning into him. Angie's ecstatic moans as Jake pounded her echoed in his head, mocking him. Becca's words circled like sharks, shredding the last of his dignity.

Becca's lips curved into a cruel smile as she regarded the defeated men. "Gentlemen, I know this is difficult to hear. But the sooner you're exposed to the reality of your wives' incestuous affairs, the sooner true acceptance can take place."

Dave's stomach lurched at her words. Exposed to the reality...did she mean what he thought she meant? Surely even Becca wouldn't suggest something so depraved.

But her next words confirmed his worst fears. "I'm challenging each of you to watch - really watch - the next time your wife has sex with your son. No more leaving the room or hiding from the truth. You need to witness their depravity fully to begin to process it."

Bile stung Dave's throat and the room spun around him. Watch Angie fucking Jake? See his own son's cock pumping in and out of his wife's body, hear her wanton moans as the boy brought her to climax after climax? The mere thought made Dave want to vomit.

The other men shifted and muttered, their faces ashen. They looked as nauseated by the prospect as Dave felt. But Becca forged ahead, relentless.

"I want you to sit there and observe every sordid detail. Watch your son mount your wife, claim her in the most primal way. Take in the sweat glistening on their bodies as they rut like animals. Smell the musk of their coupling."

Dave squeezed his eyes shut but he couldn't block out the obscene images Becca's words conjured. Angie on her hands and knees, her huge tits swaying as Jake pounded into her from behind. The crude slap of flesh on flesh, his balls smacking her clit. Her orgasmic screams filling the room.

"This is the only way, gentlemen," Becca insisted. "You have to confront the beast head-on. Stare into the abyss of their transgression if you ever hope to come out the other side."

Stare into the abyss? More like have the abyss stare back at him while it desecrated his marriage bed. Dave's hands shook and a cold sweat slicked his back. How was he supposed to just sit there while his son cuckolded him in the most egregious way imaginable?

"I know you're scared," Becca said, her voice softening with mock sympathy. "It won't be easy, bearing witness to acts that should only live in the darkest recesses of the mind. But this is the path to acceptance. You must see it, hear it, breathe it in until it doesn't shock you anymore."

Dave stared out the car window as Angie drove, his stomach still churning from the humiliating cuckold meeting. Shame and revulsion twisted inside him at the memory of Becca's cruel challenge. Watch his wife fuck their son? He didn't know if he could handle witnessing something so depraved.

Angie glanced over at him, a little smirk playing at her lips. "Honey, why don't we pick up Jake from his friend's house? It's on the way."

Dread knotted in Dave's gut. He had a sinking feeling he knew where this was heading. "Can't he just get a ride home later?"

"I want to see him now." Angie's voice held a note of petulance, like a child demanding a treat. Dave's jaw clenched but he said nothing as she turned down Jake's friend's street.

Jake ambled out of the house at Angie's text, his tall frame folding into the backseat. Dave avoided his son's eyes in the rearview mirror, hating the knowing glint he saw there. Did Jake get off on cuckolding his own father? The thought made bile rise in Dave's throat.

Angie drove in silence for a while, heading out of town. Then she said casually, "Remember that spot we used to park at, babe? By the lake, under the willow trees?"

Dave's stomach dropped. Of course he remembered. It was where he and Angie used to go parking as horny college kids, steaming up the windows as they groped each other. Where he first felt her up, pushing his hand under her bra to palm her heavy tits. Where she first went down on him, her full lips stretched around his cock.

"Yeah," he said hoarsely. "I remember." An icy finger of dread trailed down his spine as he anticipated her next words.

Angie met his eyes, her smile sharp and predatory. "Let's go there now. For old times' sake."

Dave swallowed hard, his mouth dry. He darted a panicked glance at Jake in the backseat. Their son just smirked, clearly aware of the nefarious plan.

"I don't know, Ange," Dave hedged. "It's getting late..."

But she was already turning down the gravel road, the car bumping along until she pulled into the familiar clearing. The lake glimmered under the moonlight and the willow branches swayed, just like they had all those years ago. But the nostalgia was tainted now, curdled by what Dave feared was coming.

Angie put the car in park and turned to face him fully, her eyes glinting in the darkness. "You heard what Becca said. You need to watch in order to accept the reality of the situation."

Dave's stomach lurched as Angie climbed into the backseat with Jake. The car seemed to shrink around him, the air too thick to pull into his lungs. This couldn't be happening. Not here, in this place that had once held such sweet memories of young love and innocence.

Angie's voice drifted from the backseat, a seductive purr that made Dave's skin crawl. "It's okay, baby. Your dad needs to see us together. He needs to understand."

Dave stared straight ahead through the windshield, his hands white-knuckled on the steering wheel. But he could still see them in his peripheral vision, could feel the obscene intimacy charging the air.

Jake shifted uncomfortably, his voice strained. "I don't know, Mom. It's weird in front of Dad..."

Angie shushed him, the wet sound of kissing following. Dave squeezed his eyes shut against the depraved image rising in his mind. His wife, tonguing their teenage son. Coaxing him into committing the ultimate sin.

"Shh, just relax," Angie breathed. "Your father needs to face reality if he's going to accept his place. We're helping him."

Dave wanted to laugh at the twisted logic. Helping him? More like killing him slowly. Murdering his soul piece by piece.

The rustling of clothing made his eyes fly open again. He couldn't stop himself from looking in the rearview mirror. Angie had pulled her shirt over her head, baring her heavy, bountiful breasts. They strained against the black lace of her bra, the same one she'd worn on their last anniversary.

Jake made a choked sound, his eyes riveted to his mother's chest. Angie smiled, cupping her breasts and thumbing the nipples into stiff peaks. Putting on a lewd show for their son.

"Don't be shy, baby," she purred, reaching for Jake's hand. Dave watched in horror as she placed their son's palm on her breast, encouraging him to squeeze. "Doesn't Mommy's body feel good?"

Revulsion curdled like sour milk in Dave's stomach. The way Angie talked to Jake, like a pornographic parody of motherly love, made him want to gag. This was so far beyond wrong. It was sick, an abomination.

Jake panted lightly, his hand obeying Angie's instruction. He fondled her tit clumsily, his eyes glazed with a mixture of lust and unease. His gaze flicked to the rearview mirror, meeting Dave's for a horrified second.

Dave's stomach churned as he watched Angie pull Jake's shirt over his head, revealing their son's muscular chest and abs. Her eyes roamed over his body hungrily, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. Jake made a small, choked sound as Angie ran her hands down his torso, her red nails lightly scraping his skin.

Bile rose in Dave's throat when Angie dipped her head to press open-mouthed kisses along Jake's collarbone and chest. He wanted to look away, to squeeze his eyes shut against the depraved sight. But a morbid fascination kept his gaze locked on the rearview mirror.

Angie licked a hot trail down the center of Jake's abs, swirling her tongue in his navel. Their son trembled, hands fisting at his sides. Then Angie was unfastening his jeans, tugging the zipper down with agonizing slowness.

Dave's heart pounded in his ears, revulsion and dread knotting his insides.

Jake lifted his hips to help Angie slide his jeans and boxers off. Dave felt lightheaded, his surroundings tilting, as his son's erect cock sprang free. It was thick and flushed, curving obscenely toward his belly button.

Angie made an appreciative noise in the back of her throat. "Mmm, baby. Mommy loves your big, hard cock."

Dave thought he might vomit. He'd never felt so emasculated, so utterly cuckolded. Hearing his wife praise their son's generous endowment, seeing the naked hunger in her eyes as she stared at Jake's jutting erection, unmanned him completely.

Angie wrapped her manicured fingers around Jake's thick shaft, pumping him slowly. He groaned, head falling back against the seat. The wet sound of her stroking their son's cock filled the car, making Dave's skin crawl.

Then Angie was bending down, her auburn hair spilling over Jake's thighs. Dave's breath seized in his lungs as he watched his wife take their son into her mouth. Her red lips stretched obscenely around his girth as she sucked him with wanton abandon.

Jake's hips bucked upward, a guttural moan escaping him. "Fuck, Mom! Your mouth feels so good..."

Dave gripped the steering wheel until his knuckles turned white, his short nails biting into his palms. The car seemed to close in around him, the air too hot and thick. He couldn't pull enough oxygen into his lungs.

Angie bobbed her head in Jake's lap, taking more of his thick cock down her throat with each pass. Wet slurping noises sounded obscenely loud in the confined space. Dave's stomach heaved at the debauched sight of his wife blowing their son with such enthusiasm.

Dave watched in nauseated horror as Angie climbed onto Jake's lap, straddling their son's thighs. Her full breasts jiggled and swayed inches from Jake's face as she reached between them to grip his thick, veiny cock. Jake moaned, his hands coming up to squeeze his mother's ripe tits.

Angie lined the swollen head of Jake's cock up with her glistening slit. Dave's stomach churned as he realized how wet she was, her arousal coating her son's shaft. Then with a wanton moan, Angie sank down onto Jake's enormous cock, taking him deep inside her.

Dave couldn't breathe, couldn't think, as he watched his wife's slick pussy lips stretch obscenely around their son's girth. Jake's cock looked monstrously huge splitting Angie open, the sight so profane it seared itself into Dave's brain. Angie threw her head back with a ecstatic moan as she settled onto Jake's lap, impaled to the hilt on his throbbing erection.

"Oh fuck, baby, you're so big," Angie panted, gyrating her hips. "Mommy loves how you fill her up."

Dave felt gutted, unmanned, as he watched his wife begin to ride their son. Angie rose up until only the tip of Jake's cock parted her swollen lips, then slammed back down with a lewd moan. Her huge breasts bounced hypnotically as she found a rhythm, fucking herself on Jake's rampant cock.

Jake groaned, his hands coming up to grab his mother's wildly jiggling tits. He squeezed the heavy globes roughly, thumbing her stiff nipples. Angie cried out sharply, her pussy clenching visibly around Jake's plunging shaft.

"Harder," Angie demanded breathlessly. "Pinch Mommy's nipples! Make them hurt!"

Dave's head swam with revulsion and disbelief as he watched Jake maul his wife's breasts, twisting and tugging her nipples brutally.

Angie wailed in masochistic ecstasy, slamming herself onto Jake's cock with abandon. Her plump ass jiggled as she rode him hard and fast, the obscene slap of flesh filling the car.

Sweat slicked their writhing bodies, the musky scent of their incestuous coupling invading Dave's nostrils. He wanted to cover his ears against their escalating grunts and moans, to run from the depraved scene. But he was frozen, paralyzed, unable to look away as his son ravaged his wife.

Jake panted harshly, his lean hips pumping upward to meet Angie's downward thrusts. The wet squelch of his cock pounding into her sounded impossibly filthy in the confined space.

Dave's stomach lurched violently as he watched Angie's slick folds stretch obscenely around Jake's girthy shaft. He'd seen his own cock disappear inside his wife countless times, but it had never looked like this - like she was being split in half, impossibly full of their son's throbbing meat.

Dave's cock was average at best - just shy of six inches and not especially thick. It got the job done, but he knew he could never fill Angie up so completely, never make her cunt gape open like Jake's monstrous size did. Watching their son's veiny, engorged penis pumping in and out of Angie's pink hole, Dave felt pathetically inadequate.

Jake's cock had to be at least nine inches long, maybe even ten. And so fat, stretching Angie's lips wide, the bulbous head flaring obscenely on every outstroke. He pounded into his mother's cunt brutally, grunting like a rutting animal, his heavy balls slapping against her ass.

In contrast, Dave's thrusts had always been more measured, gentler. His modest-sized testicles didn't make that same lewd smacking sound

against Angie's taint. He couldn't jackhammer into her wildly like Jake was doing without his average cock slipping out.

The wet, nasty squelch of Jake's huge shaft plunging through Angie's sopping pussy turned Dave's stomach. His son's member made such an obscene, sloppy sound sawing in and out of his wife, so different from the delicate friction of Dave's own strokes. Angie's swollen, dripping labia clung to Jake's veiny cock, sucking him back in greedily.

Dave's sex life with Angie had always been vanilla, even boring if he was honest. Missionary with the lights off, five minutes of perfunctory pumping before rolling over to sleep. But the way she was riding Jake now, wantonly slamming herself down on his enormous cock, screamed of a wild, unleashed passion Dave had never seen from her.

Angie threw her head back, auburn hair cascading down her sweat-slicked back as she keened in ecstasy. Her massive breasts bounced hypnotically, the exaggerated jiggle only possible with such huge, heavy tits. Dave's modest cock could never make Angie's oversized chest heave so dramatically.

Jake's hands looked huge cupping Angie's giant, fleshy globes, kneading them roughly as she rode him. He pinched and pulled at her swollen nipples, making her howl. Dave's thin fingers had never been able to fill his hands so fully with his wife's abundant tit-flesh.

Angie's pussy clenched visibly around Jake's jackhammering cock, so wet and open compared to how it timidly fluttered around Dave's shaft.

Dave glanced in the rearview mirror at Jake, who was lost in his wife's gigantic cleavage, motorboating her huge tits with adolescent zeal. He imagined the rush of being smothered by such soft, abundant flesh at eighteen years old, finally getting his hands on the massive breasts he'd been furtively ogling for years. Jake roughly

squeezed and jiggled the heavy globes, burying his face between them to lick and suck the deep valley of Angie's cleavage.

Dave's stomach turned at the obscene sight of his son groping his mother's oversized chest like a horny frat boy. The wet slurping sounds of Jake's lips and tongue on Angie's tit-flesh made bile rise in Dave's throat. But beneath the revulsion, an unwelcome stab of envy pierced him. He knew all too well the exquisite sensation of being smothered by Angie's giant, pillowy tits, of sinking into her expansive bosom and losing himself in her soft, pliant curves. The way she was letting Jake maul her enormous rack, openly panting with taboo lust, stoked the fires of Dave's inadequacy.

Angie let out a sharp, keening cry, drawing Dave's horrified gaze back to where she was furiously impaling herself on Jake's huge cock. Her pussy made obscenely wet sounds as she bounced on their son's thick shaft, her copious arousal slicking his length. Dave's own modest cock twitched feebly in his pants, pathetically outclassed by the massive rod stretching his wife's cunt. He could never make Angie's pussy squelch so wetly, never fill her up so completely that her labia clung desperately to his girth.

Jake pawed at Angie's wildly jiggling ass, gripping her fleshy cheeks hard enough to leave red marks. He pumped up into her harder, faster, grunting like a feral beast. The nasty slap of his groin against her ass echoed in the car, taunting Dave with his sexual shortcomings. Angie was practically screaming now, her nails digging into Jake's shoulders as he pounded her like a jackhammer.

"Fuck, baby, I'm gonna cum!" Angie wailed, tossing her head back in ecstasy. "Fill Mommy's pussy with your hot seed! Breed me, Jake!"

Dave thought he might pass out as he watched his wife climax on their son's enormous cock, her cunt clamping down like a vice. Jake shouted, his fingers sinking into the meat of Angie's ass as his hips

jerked spasmodically. His cock pulsed and throbbed visibly inside her, a tidal wave of potent sperm flooding her greedy womb.

Dave felt like vomiting as he watched Angie's tight pink slit contract rhythmically around the throbbing stalk of Jake's enormous cock, milking their son's member for every drop of his potent seed. Thick ropes of jizz gushed from Jake's pulsing cockhead, painting Angie's fluttering walls with his teenage spunk as her cunt clenched and rippled along his length.

Their mingled fluids seeped out around Jake's plunging shaft, Angie's pussy making obscene squelching noises as Jake continued to pound into her through their shared orgasm. Her swollen labia clung to his girth, stretched wide and glistening with their combined essence. Jake groaned gutturally, his cock pulsing and jerking inside Angie's quivering sheath as he spewed what felt like gallons of hot, virile cum directly into his mother's hungry womb.

Angie keened loudly, her voluptuous body shaking with the force of her climax. Her cunt squeezed Jake's enormous cock like a fist, rippling up and down his length as if trying to wring every last drop of jizz from his young balls. Each spasm of her orgasm milked another thick spurt of semen from Jake's throbbing cockhead, her son's potent seed splattering against her cervix.

Dave thought he might pass out as he witnessed the obscene spectacle of his wife's pussy hungrily milking their teenage son's monstrous cock, her body welcoming Jake's sperm into her fertile depths. Revulsion and humiliation churned in his gut, bile rising in his throat. The lewd squelching and sloppy wet sounds of their forbidden coupling reverberated in the car, searing into Dave's brain.

Jake grunted and jerked as he emptied his heavy balls into Angie's contracting cunt, his lean hips stuttering against her jiggling ass. Angie mewled in ecstasy, grinding herself down onto Jake's erupting cock as if trying to take his load even deeper. Her inner muscles

rippled and squeezed, coaxing out every drop of Jake's massive creampie.

Pearly jizz seeped out around Jake's shaft, dribbling down to soak the upholstery. The musky scent of semen mingled with Angie's arousal, the air thick with the evidence of their depravity. Dave's stomach roiled at the knowledge that his wife's unprotected pussy was awash with their son's spunk, Jake's virile seed swimming into her womb.

As Angie collapsed against Jake's chest, both of them panting harshly, Dave felt something break inside him. Staring at his son's huge cock still lodged deep in his wife's stretched, dripping cunt, slick with their combined juices.

Angie lifted her head from Jake's chest, her face flushed and glowing. She turned to Dave, a satisfied smile curving her lips. "Thank you for being so understanding, honey. I know it wasn't easy for you to watch, but it means the world to me that you stayed."

Dave's throat worked as he swallowed back the bile rising in his gorge. Angie's words sounded hollow, mocking. As if his presence here, witnessing her depravity, was some great gift he'd bestowed. His eyes flicked down to where Jake's softening cock still rested inside Angie's stretched, cum-slicked pussy. He had to look away, his stomach churning.

"Ange..." Dave's voice came out strangled. He cleared his throat, tried again. "Don't you think...I mean, with how much you two are... shouldn't you be on birth control?" The thought of Jake's seed taking root in his wife's womb, growing into a monstrous product of their incestuous coupling, made Dave dizzy with dread.

Angie laughed lightly, a secret smile playing at the corners of her mouth. She exchanged a meaningful look with Jake, then turned back to Dave. "Actually, honey...I'm already pregnant. Four weeks

along." She placed a hand on her flat stomach, caressing it almost reverently.

Dave's head swam, his surroundings tilting precariously. Pregnant. Angie was pregnant with Jake's child. The words didn't make sense, refused to compute. This had to be a nightmare. It couldn't be real.

"You...you're... pregnant?" Dave's tongue felt thick and clumsy in his mouth. He stared at Angie, willing her to take it back, to tell him this was all some sick joke.

But Angie just nodded, her smile widening. "Isn't it wonderful? Our family is growing. A precious new life, created from the love Jake and I share."

Dave thought he might vomit. What Angie and Jake shared wasn't love - it was a vile perversion, an abomination. And now it had spawned an innocent child, doomed to bear the twisted mark of their sin.

Jake sat up straighter, wrapping a possessive arm around Angie's waist. His hand splayed over her belly, over the microscopic cluster of cells that would become their incest baby. The gesture made Dave's gorge rise.

"We didn't plan it," Jake said, a hint of defiance in his tone. As if Dave was the unreasonable one for objecting to them procreating. "But we're excited to become parents together. This baby...it's a symbol of our love."

Dave's mind reeled as he tried to process Angie's revelation. Pregnant. Four weeks along. The timeline crashed over him like a frigid wave, leaving him numb and shaking.

Four weeks...that meant Angie and Jake had started fucking long before Dave discovered their illicit affair. While he naively went about

his daily life, his wife and son had been sneaking around behind his back, rutting like animals. The betrayal cut him to the bone.

Angie must have seen the stricken look on Dave's face, the way his pallor turned ashen as the brutal math sank in. She reached out to touch his arm but he flinched away as if scalded.

"Honey, I know what you're thinking," Angie said, her voice placating. "And you're right, Jake and I have been intimate for a while before you found out. But that's not important now. What matters is that we're starting a family together. All of us."

Dave shook his head mutely, still struggling to wrap his mind around the enormity of her betrayal. Not only had she cuckolded him with their own son, she'd gotten knocked up too. And she expected him to just smile and play happy family?

Jake shifted uncomfortably, pulling his spent cock out of Angie's cum-slicked pussy with a wet squelch. Dave's stomach lurched at the obscene sight of his son's seed oozing out of his wife's gaping hole.

"We didn't mean for you to find out this way," Jake mumbled, tucking himself back into his jeans. "About the baby, I mean. But Mom's right, it's a good thing. We're going to raise this kid together, as a family."

The word "family" coming out of Jake's mouth, in reference to the abomination growing in Angie's womb, made Dave's head swim. This was all so fucked up. So wrong on every level.

Angie slid off of Jake's lap, reaching for her panties. Dave averted his eyes, not wanting to see his wife's thighs slick with their mingled fluids. He felt like he might puke at any moment.

"I know it's a lot to take in," Angie said, her voice irritatingly calm as she tugged her clothes back on. "But this is our reality now, Dave. The sooner you accept it, the easier it will be. For all of us."

She reached for his hand again and this time Dave let her take it, too shell-shocked to resist. Her skin felt unbearably hot against his clammy palm.

"You're going to be a grandpa," Angie said, smiling as if this was happy news and not an all-out catastrophe. "Isn't that amazing? Our little family is growing."

In the months that followed, Becca worked with Dave to help him come to terms with Angie and Jake's relationship. She encouraged him to spend more time observing their interactions, even though it made his skin crawl.

The day Angie suggested they switch bedrooms so she could share the master with Jake, Dave thought he might vomit. Watching his son move his things into the room Dave had shared with Angie for twenty years, knowing they would be defiling the bed he'd picked out, felt like being gutted. But Becca urged him to comply, reminding him that resistance would only push Angie further away.

So Dave found himself sleeping alone in Jake's tiny childhood bed while his wife and son fucked like rabbits down the hall. Their passionate cries and the rhythmic thump of the headboard against the wall kept Dave awake, staring at the ceiling as humiliation and impotent rage ate away at his insides.

As Angie's pregnancy progressed, her belly and breasts swelling with Jake's child, so did the frequency and intensity of their coupling. Dave would come home from work to find them entwined on the couch, Angie straddling Jake's lap, her massive tits bouncing in his face as she rode him. They barely even acknowledged Dave's presence anymore, too lost in each other to care.

Becca pushed Dave to witness every sordid detail, no matter how much it shredded his soul. She insisted that exposure was the only path to acceptance. So Dave forced himself to watch Jake worship

Angie's changing body, spending hours suckling her milk-heavy breasts and caressing her growing bump.

The bigger Angie got, the more insatiable she became. Dave once walked in on her bent over the kitchen table, maternity dress hiked up around her waist, while Jake pounded into her from behind. His son's hands gripped Angie's full hips, fingers sinking into her flesh as he thrust in and out of her slick cunt. Angie just looked back over her shoulder at Dave and moaned wantonly, urging Jake to fuck her harder.

Dave thought he'd reached his breaking point. But then the wedding invitations arrived. His stomach dropped as he read the flowery script: "Join us in celebrating the union of Angela Mills and Jacob Mills."

Bile seared Dave's throat. As if it wasn't bad enough that she was pregnant with their son's baby, now she was marrying the boy too.

Dave confronted Angie in their bedroom - the one that used to be theirs, before she moved Jake in. Gone were the pictures of him and his wife – replaced by pictures of Jake and Angie. His hands shook as he held up the obscene wedding invitation, the words blurring before his eyes.

"What the hell is this, Ange?" His voice came out rough, scraped raw. "You're marrying our son now? Are you insane?"

Angie looked up from folding tiny onesies, her pregnant belly straining against her snug t-shirt. She sighed, setting down the baby clothes and waddling over to him.

"I'm not divorcing you, Dave. This doesn't change anything between us."

"Doesn't change anything?" Dave sputtered incredulously. He waved the invitation in her face. "You're taking our teenage son as your

husband! While carrying his incest baby! How can you say that doesn't change things?"

Angie pursed her lips, unmoved by his outburst. She plucked the invitation from his hand and set it aside.

"I'm taking Jake as my primary partner, yes. He's the father of my child and the man I love. But you're still my husband too. No one's leaving anyone."

Dave's head spun at her casual mention of loving Jake. Nausea clawed at his throat. He stared at her, uncomprehending.

"I don't...I can't share you like this, Angie. With our own son. It's sick. It's wrong." His voice broke on the last word.

Angie's green eyes softened. She reached for his hand but he jerked it away, stomach turning at the thought of her touching him with the same fingers that had groped their child.

"I know it's unconventional. But this is our life now, Dave. The sooner you accept it, the easier it will be." Her voice took on that maddeningly patient tone that made him feel like an unreasonable child.

"Jake and I aren't going to stop loving each other. We're a family - him, me, the baby...and you. You're part of this too. You're just… excluded from anything sexual."

Dave's eyes burned. He blinked hard, looking away. Part of their incestuous family? He wanted to laugh at the ludicrousness of it, if he wasn't so close to crying.

"Remember, Becca says that fighting this will only make it harder on you," Angie continued, relentless. "If you keep resisting, you'll just isolate yourself. Is that what you want? To be miserable and alone?"

Dave's throat closed up. Alone. He pictured himself rattling around this house while Angie and Jake played happy family, the perverse center of their own little universe. Rage and despair knotted in his gut.

"I want my wife back," he croaked miserably. "I want my life back, before...this."

Angie laughed, a tinkling sound that felt like shards of glass in Dave's ears. She shook her head, auburn waves bouncing.

"Oh honey. There is no going back. Surely you understand that by now?" Her voice dripped with condescending patience, like she was explaining something obvious to a particularly slow child.

Dave's throat worked as he swallowed hard. A cold weight settled in his gut. He searched Angie's face, hoping to find some glimmer of the love and desire she used to have for him. But her green eyes held only cool amusement and pity.

"You mean...you and I...we'll never..." He couldn't bring himself to finish the thought aloud.

Angie's plump lips curved into a small, almost sad smile. She reached out to pat his cheek and he flinched. Her touch burned like a brand.

"Dave, I will always care for you. You're my husband and Lily's father. But I could never go back to our lackluster sex life. Not after experiencing true passion and fulfillment with Jake."

Each word hit Dave like a physical blow. Lackluster. The sum of their years of intimacy, dismissed so carelessly. He felt like he'd been kicked in the balls and laughed at for going down.

Angie splayed a hand over her rounded belly, caressing it lovingly. "Jake is my alpha now. The father of my child. The man who claimed

me, body and soul. I'm his, completely."

Bile stung the back of Dave's throat. He thought he might be sick right there on the carpet. His wife, his high school sweetheart, declaring that their teenage son now owned her. Revulsion mixed with humiliation in a toxic sludge that corroded his veins.

Angie's eyes glinted with a cruel amusement that made Dave's skin crawl. She regarded him almost pityingly, like he was a particularly slow child struggling to grasp a simple concept.

"You know, Dave, you should really feel proud," she said, her voice dripping with condescension. "I chose someone who shares a lot of your genes. Jake is essentially a MUCH better version of you."

Her words hit Dave like a punch to the gut. He stared at her, uncomprehending, as she continued blithely, ticking off Jake's superior qualities on her fingers.

"He's young, virile, handsome. His cock is so much bigger and thicker than your. You know how your dick goes soft after a while? Jake doesn't have that problem at all. He can go for hours and make me cum over and

over." Angie's voice took on a dreamy, far-away quality as she reminisced about fucking their son.

Dave felt like he might vomit. Each word was a twist of the knife in his heart, in his manhood. Angie seemed to take a perverse pleasure in spelling out all the ways Jake outclassed him as a lover and a man.

"And his stamina, my God! When Jake fucks me, it's primal, animalistic. He makes me feel things I never felt with you, takes me to heights of ecstasy I didn't know were possible."

Angie's cheeks were flushed, her eyes glassy with lust as she gushed about their son's sexual prowess. Dave's stomach churned, bile rising in his throat. He couldn't believe what he was hearing, the explicit details of how his own child surpassed him in bed.

"Jake is the total package. Looks, youth, a huge cock, endless virility. Everything a woman my age could want." Angie smiled, slow and satisfied, as she twisted the knife. "He's you, but better in every conceivable way. The upgraded model."

Dave's ears rang, his vision tunneling. Upgraded model. The words ricocheted in his skull, taunting him. His wife had traded him in for a younger, studlier version - his own teenage son.

Angie glanced at him dismissively, already bored of spelling out his inadequacies. She turned back to the pile of baby clothes, cooing over a tiny sleeper as she caressed her swollen belly.

"You should be honored, really, that I stayed with your genes. That I found your son so much more appealing than you." Her voice was distracted, disinterested, as she delivered the final blow. "Jake was simply the better choice to father my children and satisfy me as a man. You never really stood a chance."

With that, Angie waddled over to the bed she shared with Jake and proceeded to fold the baby clothes, humming happily to herself. She seemed completely oblivious to the devastation she'd just wrought, the way she'd shredded the last of Dave's dignity.

"Angie, please," Dave croaked, his voice cracking with emotion. "Think about what you're doing. Think about us, what we've built together. Our history, our love..."

He swallowed hard, searching her face for any flicker of warmth or nostalgia. "Remember when we first got together? How crazy we were about each other? I couldn't keep my hands off you. We made love every chance we got."

A wistful smile tugged at his lips even as his eyes burned. "Our wedding day...God, you were the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. I couldn't believe I got to be your husband. It was the happiest day of my life."

Dave squeezed her hands, willing her to feel the love and yearning pouring out of him. "We've been through so much together, Ange. Highs and lows, sickness and health. Raising Lily and Jake. Building this life brick by brick. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

Angie sighed and extracted her hands from his grip. She looked at him with an expression that hovered between pity and exasperation, as if he was a particularly dim child she had to patiently explain something to.

"Of course it meant something, Dave. It still does. You're Lily's father and we had some very special times." Her voice was calm, matter-of-fact, completely unmoved by his raw display of emotion. "But the truth is, if Jake had been around back when we were younger...well, I would have chosen him from the start."

The brutal words knocked the wind out of Dave, leaving him gasping. He stared at her, uncomprehending, as she twisted the knife with a casual shrug.

"If I met you both at the same time, it would have been an easy choice. Jake is superior to you in every way - looks, stamina, cock size, sexual skill. He's the total package." Angie smiled dreamily, a far-away look in her eyes as if picturing their son's naked body. "I would have been his girlfriend in a heartbeat. We would have been the perfect high school sweethearts."

"I though WE were always the perfect high school sweethearts?" Dave asked.

"I thought so too, at the time," his wife answered, "but now that I've been with Jake I realize that things would have been way better with

him."

A desperate, hysterical laugh bubbled up Dave's throat as a sickening realization crashed over him. If Angie and Jake were to be married, if they were to be intimate partners in every way...

"Who...who am I supposed to have sex with then?" The pathetic question scraped out of him, making Dave cringe at how small and weak he sounded. A flush of humiliation heated his cheeks.

Angie blinked at him, nonplussed. Then her full lips curved into a smirk, green eyes glinting with cruel amusement. She shook her head slowly, auburn waves tumbling over her shoulders.

"Oh Dave," she sighed, voice dripping with mock sympathy. "Honey. You don't get to have sex anymore."

The words hit Dave like a punch to the gut, knocking the air from his lungs. He stared at her, uncomprehending, as she spelled out his fate with brutal precision.

"Your days of pleasure, of intimacy, are over. That's my gift to Jake now. My body belongs to him." Angie's hand drifted to her swollen belly, caressing it possessively.

"So, I get nothing?" Dave asked, his face pale. "Nothing sexual?"

Angie's lips curved into a patronizing smile as she looked at Dave's stricken face. "Oh sweetie, a man your age doesn't need to be having sex. That's for young, virile guys in their prime, like Jake. They have the stamina and the body to really pleasure a woman."

Her words pierced Dave's heart like poison-tipped arrows, flooding his veins with icy humiliation. He stared at her, mouth hanging open in disbelief as she so casually emasculated him.

Angie shook her head and made a little tsking sound, as if scolding a particularly slow child. "Sex is wasted on middle-aged men, Dave. Your testosterone is dwindling, your muscles are going soft. Erections aren't nearly as hard and strong. You simply can't perform like you could in your twenties, and to be honest, even then you weren't really all that good at it."

She splayed a hand over her pregnant belly, rubbing in slow circles. A dreamy, far-away look entered her eyes. "But Jake...mmm, he's at his sexual peak. So hard and fit and energetic. He can make love for hours, cum over and over. His cock is hard, always ready."

A wistful sigh escaped her lips, sending a fresh wave of nausea rolling through Dave's gut. He couldn't believe what he was hearing - his wife singing the praises of their teenage son's sexual prowess while callously dismissing his own.

Angie fixed him with a look that was almost pitying. "Face it, honey - your dick just doesn't work like it used to. And that's okay, it's natural for a man your age. But it just means that you don't get to fuck anymore."

She said it so matter-of-factly, as if declaring that he'd lost his car keys or forgotten to take out the trash. As if she hadn't just shattered the core of his manhood and tossed it aside like garbage.

Dave's throat worked as he struggled to form words around the jagged lump of despair lodged there. Nausea churned in his stomach and a cold sweat slicked his back. This couldn't be happening. It had to be a nightmare.

But the cruel glint in Angie's eyes, the casual dismissal in her voice, felt all too real. She truly saw him as a dried-up, useless husk of a man, unworthy to even touch her. While Jake, their 18 year old son, had been elevated to the status of virile alpha stud.

"I...I can still get hard," Dave croaked weakly, hating how defensive and pathetic he sounded. "My dick still works. Maybe not like when I was 20, but..."

"Oh, I'm sure it does." Angie cut him off with a patronizing little laugh. "But even at your hardest, you're no match for Jake. His cock is in a completely different league."

Dave's stomach churned with humiliation and despair as Angie's cruel words sank in. She truly saw him as a washed-up, impotent old man, his penis as useless and limp as an overcooked noodle. While Jake, their teenage son, was the raging bull whose giant cock deserved to be worshipped.

Angie smirked at the stricken look on Dave's face. "Honey, a man your age shouldn't even be thinking about sex anymore. That's a young stud's game. You should focus on...I don't know, golfing and classic cars or something."

She waved a dismissive hand. "Leave the hot, sweaty rutting to Jake. Mmm, you should see how insatiable he is, the way he sucks and bites my huge tits, fucks me for hours..."

Dave squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the obscene images, but they crashed through his mind anyway - Jake's mouth latched onto Angie's giant, milk-swollen breasts, his son's enormous cock jackhammering in and out of his wife's stretched pussy. Bile rose in his throat.

"You just can't compete with that kind of raw, potent virility." Angie shrugged, almost apologetically. "Jake was simply born to pleasure women my age with his huge dick and endless stamina. While you...well, your little pecker had its day, but that time has passed."

She rubbed her pregnant belly with a contented sigh. "I'm in my sexual prime, and need a real man like Jake, someone who can keep up with my needs and give me mind-blowing orgasms. Not a limp-

dicked old coot who's better suited for bingo night at the senior center."

Each word was like a knife to Dave's manhood, carving out his dignity and self-respect. He blinked back the hot sting of tears, refusing to let Angie see how deeply she'd gutted him.

"So that's it then? You're just cutting me off completely?" His voice came out rough, scraped raw with humiliation. "Throwing me aside for a younger model with a bigger dick?"

Angie rolled her eyes. "Don't be so dramatic, Dave. I'm not throwing you aside. I'm just...redirecting your focus. Reprioritizing."

She smiled, saccharine sweet. "You can pour all that pent-up energy into being a doting grandpa. Focus on spoiling the baby, not on getting your wrinkly old balls drained."

Dave's head spun, his stomach heaving violently. He pictured himself changing diapers and warming bottles while Angie and Jake rutted like animals in the next room. Shriveling up untouched and unused while his son's potent seed claimed his wife's body over and over.

Becca insisted that Dave attend the wedding ceremony. He watched numbly as Angie waddled down the aisle, her white gown straining over her huge belly, enormous cleavage trembling with each graceful step. When Becca, who was the officiant, pronounced them "husband and wife," Dave's legs nearly gave out.

As Jake watched his father's ashen face during the ceremony, a twinge of pity twisted in his gut. He knew this was gutting Dave, unmanning him completely to watch his son take his place at Angie's side. For a moment, their eyes met, and Jake saw the devastation swirling in his father's gaze.

Part of Jake wanted to go to him, to offer some hollow words of consolation. But then the officiant was presenting Angie to him as

his wife, and all thoughts of his father flew out of Jake's head. Angie beamed up at him, radiant with joy, and Jake's heart swelled with love

and possessive pride. She was his now, in every way. His wife, his lover, the mother of his unborn child. Nothing else mattered.

Becca giggled as she watched Dave's face drain of color during the wedding ceremony. The devastated, shell-shocked expression when Jake and Angie kissed as husband and wife was just too delicious.

After the officiant pronounced them married, Becca sauntered over to Dave with a smug smirk on her face. She sidled up next to him, invading his personal space.

"I'm so proud of you, Dave," she purred, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. "You've come a long way since those meetings. You're being such a good little beta cuckold, giving away your wife to your son like a proper wimpy hubby."

Dave flinched at her cruel words, his throat working as he swallowed hard. He couldn't tear his eyes away from where Jake and Angie were wrapped around each other, exchanging heated kisses. His son's hands roamed possessively over Angie's curves, squeezing her plump ass through the white satin.

"Just look at them," Becca sighed dreamily. "So in love. You never had a chance, did you? Not with your limp old dick and saggy dad bod."

She subtly reached down and gave Dave's crotch a condescending little pat. "Poor little guy. He's officially retired now. Your son's big cock is the only one Angie wants stretching her married pussy from now on."

Dave jerked away from her touch, his face burning with humiliation. Becca's mocking laughter rang in his ears, mingling with the happy

chatter of the wedding guests. He wanted to run, to escape this nightmare. But his legs wouldn't cooperate.

"My husband was just as crushed as you are when I started fucking my son on the regular," Becca shared with a cold, amused smirk. "But men his age – your age…have no business having sex."

"Angie tells me the same thing," Dave muttered in a defeated tone.

"She's right. She has someone younger and better now, and you should be thankful. I mean, just look at the way they're eye-fucking each other," Becca commentated gleefully as Jake and Angie took to the dance floor for their first dance as husband and wife. "Angie can barely keep her hands off him. I bet her panties are absolutely soaked for her hung teenage stud of a hubby."

Dave's stomach churned as he watched Jake pull Angie close, his hands splayed over her thick ass. They swayed to the music, their bodies molded together obscenely. Jake nuzzled into his mom's neck, her fat tits crushed against his upper torso. The teen's lips brushing her ear as he whispered something that made her giggle and slap his chest playfully.

"I give it an hour tops before they sneak off to consummate the marriage," Becca snickered. "Jake's probably dying to sink his huge cock into Angie's tight cunt."

Dave flinched at the humiliating words, shame heating his face. He clenched his fists at his sides, fighting the urge to run, to scream.

"I… I don't—"

"Look at the way he touches her," Becca breathed, cutting him off. "Like he owns her. Like her body is his property." She gave a throaty chuckle. "I guess it is, now that he's knocked her up and put a ring on it. She belongs to him, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it."

Dave's chest felt like it was caving in, his lungs straining for air. Becca's words cut him to the bone because he knew they were true. Angie was Jake's now, in every way that mattered. And he was just a pathetic hanger-on, an intruder in his own family.

"I'll bet all the guests are thinking it," Becca mused, twisting the knife. "Wondering what kind of man lets his son steal his wife. Speculating about how small and limp your dick must be, for Angie to spread her legs for an 18 year old boy instead."

Dave's stomach heaved violently and he thought he might puke right there on his rented shoes. Becca's cackle rang in his ears, sharp and cruel.

"Just remember, Dave, this is your life now," she reminded him, patting his cheek like a dog that had performed a trick. "You exist to serve them, to support their love. Your purpose is to be a good little cuckold and stay out of the way while Angie and Jake live happily ever after."

The newlyweds swept out of the chapel in a whirlwind of cheers and rose petals, the cool metal of their new wedding bands glinting in the sun. Jake's hand splayed possessively over the swell of Angie's pregnant belly as he helped her into the limo. In the backseat, she snuggled against him, her body soft and warm. Jake buried his nose in her hair, inhaling the sweet scent of her shampoo mingled with the musk of her arousal.

"I can't wait to get you alone, Mrs. Mills," he murmured against her ear.

Angie shivered, her eyes darkening with lust. "Me either. I need you inside me."

Jake groaned softly, his cock hardening in his tuxedo pants. He'd been half-erect throughout the whole ceremony, the primal knowledge that he was publicly claiming Angie as his own revving

his libido. Now the need to mate with his bride, to mark her as his, consumed him.

They practically tumbled into the honeymoon suite, hands grasping and mouths fused. Jake kicked the door shut and pinned Angie against it, her tits crushed against his upper torso as he ground his rigid cock against her belly. She mewled into his mouth, her fingers scrabbling at his belt.

"Fuck, I need you," Jake rasped as he shrugged out of his jacket. "Wanted you the whole ceremony. Knowing I was making you mine forever."

"Yes, baby, I'm yours," Angie panted, her hands roaming his chest. "Now hurry up and claim your wife properly."

Jake made short work of his clothes, his body thrumming with urgency. When he turned back to Angie, his cock jutting hard and ready, he found her emerging from the bathroom in white lace lingerie. The wispy baby-doll barely covered her swollen breasts and pregnant belly, leaving nothing to the imagination. Matching panties stretched over her mound, already damp with arousal.

Jake's mouth went dry at the erotic sight. Angie, his mom, his bride, offering herself to him in virginal white. His cock jerked, a bead of pre-cum glistening at the tip.

Angie sauntered toward him, her hips swaying seductively. She stopped just short of touching him, her eyes roaming hungrily over his naked body.

"My handsome husband," she purred, reaching out to trail a fingertip down his chest. "I'm gonna worship every inch of you."

Jake shuddered as Angie sank to her knees in front of him. The position thrust her massive tits forward, threatening to spill out of

the lace cups. She nuzzled his cock, breathing in his musky scent, before trailing her tongue up his thick shaft.

"Fuck," Jake grunted, his hands tangling in her hair. The wet heat of her mouth engulfed his cockhead and he had to lock his knees to keep from bucking forward.

Angie took her time, laving every ridge and vein of his enormous cock with her skillful tongue. She sucked him to the back of her throat, humming around his girth, her hand pumping what wouldn't fit. Jake's head fell back on a groan, his hips rocking shallowly.

"Shit, mom…suck that fucking dick," he whimpered, thrusting his meat through the ring of her lips a few times, feeling his crown plunge down a gullet that had no gag reflex.

Angie released him with a wet pop, then began nibbling her way down, tonguing his balls and taint before licking a hot stripe up his inner thigh. Jake shuddered, his skin pebbling in her wake. Angie explored every inch of him with her greedy mouth, sucking marks into his flesh, mapping the contours of his lean body.

When she reached his chest, she captured one small brown nipple between her teeth, biting down just hard enough to make Jake gasp. Her hands roamed his back, blunt nails digging into his flexing muscles as she feasted on him. Jake was lost to the slick slide of her mouth, the sting of her teeth, the heat of her breath.

Finally, Angie returned to his straining cock, swallowing him down to the root with a muffled moan. Jake cried out sharply, fisting her hair and holding her to his hilt as his balls drew up tight. She bobbed on him faster, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked him deep.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna cum," Jake gritted out, his thighs trembling with the effort of holding back. "Swallow it, take my fucking load."

Angie hummed her assent, working him even harder. Jake's hips snapped forward as his orgasm crashed through him, pumping spurt after spurt of hot seed down his mother's throat. She gulped it down greedily, milking his pulsing cock with her lips and tongue.

Jake sagged back against the door, panting harshly as aftershocks rolled through him. Angie released his spent cock and looked up at him from under her lashes, her lips swollen and glistening with his cum.

"Welcome to married life, baby," she purred, licking a pearly drop from the corner of her mouth.

As he stared down at his pregnant bride, flushed and wanton at his feet, Jake knew one thing for certain - his father never stood a chance. How could Dave's modest cock and vanilla lovemaking ever hope to compete with the mind-blowing passion he shared with his mom?

Jake pulled his mother to her feet and tumbled her onto the bed, ready to claim his marital rights over and over. His poor cuckolded dad didn't even enter his thoughts again. All that mattered was losing himself in his voluptuous wife's body and getting drunk on the forbidden fruit of her lush curves and tight, greedy holes.

Jake's cock throbbed with renewed vigor as he drank in the sight of Angie splayed out beneath him, her white negligee straining over her ripe, pregnant curves and giant tits. Her belly rose up like a mountain between them, full and taut with his child. Milk leaked through the lace cups of her baby-doll, staining the delicate fabric. Her thighs spread wantonly, the flimsy lace of her panties already soaked through.

A primal growl rumbled in Jake's chest as he hooked his fingers in the waistband and ripped the scrap of fabric away. Angie gasped, her back arching as cool air hit her slick, swollen folds. The sweet,

musky scent of her arousal filled the teen's nostrils, making his head swim with lust.

"Please, baby," Angie mewled, her voice thick with need. "I'm so empty. Fill me up."

Jake didn't need to be told twice. He crawled up the bed and settled between his mom's splayed thighs, his hardening cock nestling into her wet heat. Angie's belly and breasts blocked his view of where they were almost joined. All he could feel was slick, plush flesh cradling him.

"Ah fuck, mom…shit!" the teen gasped, sawing his dick along her gooey slit and swollen clitoris.

With a guttural groan, he snapped his hips forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in Angie's tight channel. Her plump lips parted on a silent scream, her passage fluttering around his invading girth. She was so wet, so ready for him, yet still so snug around his teenage thickness.

Jake pulled back and surged in again, setting a hard, fast rhythm. The bed creaked and shuddered beneath them as he pounded into his bride

with abandon. Angie's body was a lush landscape of rolling curves, her belly and breasts quaking with each powerful thrust.

Her strong thighs clamped around his pistoning hips, the nylon of her thigh-high stockings rasping against his skin. She locked her ankles at the small of his back, caging him in the silken vice of her legs. Jake was drowning in her, swallowed up by her ripe, pregnant body, and he couldn't get enough.

"Harder!" Angie demanded breathlessly, her nails scoring his flexing ass. "Ruin me, Jake. Claim your wife."

Jake snarled and redoubled his efforts, fucking into her with punishing force. The obscene slap of flesh on flesh echoed off the hotel room walls as he rutted wildly, conquered completely by his basest instincts. Angie's cunt made filthy squelching noises around his jackhammering cock, impossibly wet and open.

He shifted angles, grinding his pubic bone against her swollen clit with each brutal thrust. Angie keened, her pussy clamping down like a fist around him. Her massive tits bounced and swayed, leaking milk with each jolt of his hips. Jake leaned down to suckle one straining nipple, groaning as sweet cream flooded his mouth.

"Fuck, you taste so good," he mumbled around a mouthful of rippling tit-flesh. He bit down just shy of too hard, making Angie yelp and buck beneath him. "Gonna milk these big tits dry. Pump you full of my cum. Breed you over and over."

"Yes," Angie wailed, tossing her head back as her orgasm crashed through her. Her cunt spasmed almost painfully around Jake's cock, rippling up and down his length. "Fill me up, baby. Paint my womb with it!"

As Jake's massive cock speared into Angie's tight, slick channel, he groaned at the new sensations engulfing him. Her pregnant pussy felt

different, hotter and wetter, her inner walls slicker with the extra secretions of impending motherhood. The textures had shifted subtly, becoming plusher, spongier, more yielding to allow for the passage of their incestuous child.

Jake could feel every ripple and flutter of Angie's swollen vaginal walls gloving his girth, squeezing him with slick, velvety heat. Her juices flowed abundantly, dripping down to soak his balls with each thrust. It was like sinking into hot, liquid silk, her body welcoming him deeper than ever before.

But most shocking of all was the way her cervix had transformed. Before, it had always been a firm barrier, unyielding against the head of his cock. Now, as Jake plunged to the hilt, he felt it give way, the muscular ring parting to let him through. The knob of his cock popped past her cervical opening and Angie let out a guttural moan, her eyes rolling back in her head.

"Oh fuck, baby, you're in my womb," she panted, her nails digging into his shoulders. "I can feel you so deep, filling me completely."

Jake groaned harshly at her filthy words, at the obscene knowledge that he was fully sheathed inside his mother's cervix, his cockhead throbbing directly against the walls of her uterus. It was the deepest, most primal claiming, staking his ownership of her reproductive center. His balls churned, preparing to flood her unprotected womb with his seed.

Angie's cervical passage was even tighter, hotter, the ring clenching rhythmically around the base of his glans. It suctioned his tip, as if trying to milk the cum directly from his balls. Each thrust produced a nasty wet squelch as her pregnancy secretions sloshed around his pistoning shaft.

"Gonna knock you up again," Jake grunted savagely, punctuating each word with a sharp snap of his hips. "Pump my baby batter straight into your womb. Make you swell with my kid all over again."

"Yes!" Angie wailed, her back bowing as she came hard on her son's cock. Her cunt rippled and squeezed, her cervix fluttering wildly around his invading cockhead. "Fill me! Breed Mommy's hungry pussy!"

Jake roared as his orgasm tore through him, his cock jerking and pulsing as he geysered cum directly into Angie's receptive womb. Her cervix worked greedily around him, massaging the thick ropes of jizz from his slit, making him shout at the intensity. He'd never felt

anything like it, the snug, rippling heat of her transformed passage milking him relentlessly.

Angie keened and shuddered beneath him as he pumped what felt like gallons of spunk into her greedy hole. Her legs clamped around his flexing ass, holding him deep as her womb accepted his potent offering. Jake's eyes nearly crossed from the pleasure, the base knowledge that he was ejaculating into his mother's fertile center, seeding her with what could have been his second child if she weren't pregnant already.

He collapsed on top of her, both of them panting harshly in the aftermath. Angie cradled him against her massive tits, his softening cock still lodged deep inside her brimming cunt. Thick globs of his cum seeped out around his shaft to soak the bedding

As Jake floated down from the peak of ecstasy, his cock still pulsing lazily inside his mom's cum-slicked cunt, a sense of deep satisfaction washed over him. She was his completely now - his wife, his breeding bitch, the vessel for his seed. He'd claimed her in every way possible, staking his ownership for all the world to see.

Angie hummed contentedly beneath him, her inner muscles fluttering around his softening length. Jake knew he'd never get enough of her, of this. He'd fuck her and fill her and keep her pregnant for the rest of their lives. She'd never want for another man's touch again.

And his father? Dave was less than an afterthought, a pathetic footnote in their love story. Jake almost pitied him. Almost. But then Angie shifted and squeezed around him, reigniting the spark of desire, and all thoughts of his cuckolded dad vanished like smoke.

Jake rolled his hips lazily, already hardening again inside Angie's sloppy cunt. She gasped and arched into him, her body so responsive, so eager for more. Jake grinned wolfishly down at her, drunk on his own virility and the power he held over her.

"Ready for round two, Mrs. Mills?" he purred, punctuating the question with a sharp thrust.

Angie just moaned and wrapped her legs tighter around him, welcoming him deeper. As Jake lost himself in her pliant curves once more, in the hot silk of her sheath gripping him so perfectly, he knew one thing with absolute certainty - this was just the beginning of their happily ever after. And his father's nightmare.

THE END

245: Boobs n Boners - SUPERSIZED-1/2

Boobs n Boners - SUPERSIZED

By Klrxo

"Good morning, slugger!" Linda's voice rang out in a singsong tone that sounded like a morning ritual. With golden blonde hair cascading down her shoulders and a figure that could rival any model's, she radiated confidence and sexuality.

A tiny white towel was haphazardly draped around her voluptuous body, barely covering her enormous tits. Bobby couldn't help but notice the way her meaty buttocks swayed with each step as she pranced into her bedroom.

Mesmerized, he followed his mom to the doorway just in time to see the towel fall to the floor, revealing every inch of her naked body.

Caught off guard, Linda quickly put her hands on her hips, her big bobbling pear-shaped breasts ballooning outward. She gave him a stern look, but there was a hint of amusement in her eyes.

"Bobby!" She whispered in a cute little mommy-tone, glancing towards the master bath where her husband could be heard getting ready for work.

For a long moment, Linda let Bobby drink in the sight of her naked body, not moving to cover herself. His eyes roamed hungrily over her voluptuous curves, starting with her large, heavy breasts.

They were capped by expansive areolas, the skin thick and textured, a dusky rose color. Her nipples protruded, fat and erect in the cool morning air.

Bobby's gaze traveled down her soft stomach to the juncture between her thighs. Her mound was completely bare, waxed smooth,

with her plump outer lips parted to reveal a hint of gleaming pink within.

Her protruding hood peeked out, partially concealing her sensitive grape-sized pearl. The shadowed crevice of her most intimate place seemed to beckon to him.

Linda felt a rush of heat between her legs as her son ogled her body so blatantly. She knew it was wrong to let him look at her this way, but she couldn't deny that his obvious desire thrilled her.

Her nipples stiffened further, the rings of her areola puckering into thick discs, and she felt herself growing wet...

Just then, the sound of the shower shutting off broke the spell. Linda quickly bent to snatch up the towel, her heavy breasts dangling and swaying. "You better get going before your father comes out," she whispered urgently, wrapping the towel around herself.

Bobby nodded, his mind still swirling with confusion and shock. With a heavy heart, he turned away as the door swung closed, the sound echoing in the empty hallway.

Seeking solace, he retreated to his room. As an 18-year-old boy, he couldn't help but be fascinated by the bodies of older women; it was a common curiosity for his age. But lately, his fascination had taken on a new intensity as his mother seemed to flaunt her figure around him more frequently.

Since his birthday, it felt like every time he turned around, she was there, half-naked and unashamed. He nervously rubbed at the bulge forming under his shorts, trying to push back the forbidden thoughts that filled his mind.

His gaze drifted towards the closed door, memories flooding back of the last time he saw his mom like this. She was breathtakingly beautiful; her curves and giant breasts leaving him in awe. They

were just like the ones he saw in those Juggs magazines hidden under his bed.

This was now the second time she had caught him staring, yet strangely she didn't seem angry or embarrassed at all. It only fueled Bobby's growing desire and confusion even more.

After a little while, he heard his parents emerge from their master suite. His dad continued downstairs, but Linda stepped into Bobby's bedroom, her high heeled mules clicking against the hardwood floor. As she entered, her eyes scanned the room and landed on the state of Bobby's bed and floor.

"This room is a disaster, mister. I certainly hope you plan on cleaning today," she scolded with a disapproving shake of her head. Her perfectly styled blonde hair cascaded over her shoulders as she leaned against the doorframe.

Bobby took a second to respond, distracted by his mother's appearance. She was dressed in a tight polyester mini-skirt that hugged her birthing hips and long, shapely legs, and a thin cashmere sweater that accentuated her gigantic titties.

"Yeah, uh...I'll clean it tonight," Bobby muttered, trying to tear his gaze away from his mother's figure.

"Oh, and I'm washing my delicates today. I'm gonna need all my panties back in my hamper before you leave okay, sweetie?" Linda

said with a hint of authority in her voice.

"Panties?" Bobby asked, trying to play stupid.

Linda stepped closer to his bed and reached under his pillow, retrieving a pair of her black sheer thong panties.

"Yes, panties," she confirmed with a playful smile.

As she held up the panties for Bobby to see, he couldn't help but notice the faint stain on them. A stream of fresh cock-cream began to run down the fabric and onto Linda's forearm.

"Bobby!" she said again, not angrily but with a hint of amusement.

"Sorry mom," Bobby giggled nervously, realizing what had happened.

"No you're not," Linda teased as she tried her best to wipe the sticky substance off her arm.

The warmth of the semen against her skin and the aroma of teen pheromones sent a shiver down Linda's spine. She couldn't believe how much there was, surely it couldn't all be from one ejaculation?

"Some girls would just lick it up and swallow it," her son joked, breaking the tension in the room.

"Yeah, well I'm not 'some girl'," she retorted, trying to act uncomfortable. "I'm your mother and I certainly don't need the taste of your sperm on my tongue when I kiss your father goodbye this morning."

Bobby smirked, clearly enjoying his mother's discomfort. "You look really nice today by the way," he said, trying to ease the tension.

Linda couldn't help but glance down at the tent forming in her son's shorts. Her eyes widened as she saw the immense erection straining

against the fabric. "Yeah, I can tell... Thank you," she managed to say through gritted teeth, forcing a smile.

"You're welcome," Bobby replied with a mischievous grin.

He could feel his mother's gaze burning into him as she watched his impressive display. "Does that thing um…ever go down?" she teased, sounding like a flustered teenager.

"Not when you're around," he quipped back. "Wanna see something cool?"

"Ooookaaay," Linda hesitantly agreed, giving him a curious look.

With a sly grin, Bobby flexed his pelvic floor muscles, causing his boner to rise even higher under his shorts. The sheer size and hardness of it pushed against the fabric with an unmistakable force.

Linda's breath caught in her throat as she felt her own body react to the sight of such an oversized dick. Her clam tightened and her nipples began to chub beneath her shirt.

She tore her gaze away from her son's bulge and met his eyes, realizing he had been watching her reaction.

"Show off," she teased, trying to hide the intense desire stirring within her.

The realization dawned on Linda as to why all the mothers she knew were constantly trying to seduce eighteen-year-old boys. Her body couldn't help but react to the thought, her pulse racing and her breathing quickening.

"Will you sit on my lap...like you did the other morning?" Bobby asked, his own voice husky with desire.

Linda felt a surge of arousal at his words, her mind battling with her sense of responsibility as a mother and a wife.

"Oh sweetie, not this morning. I have to start on breakfast," she said, trying to resist temptation.

"Please...just a few minutes," Bobby begged, desperation evident in his tone.

She couldn't resist any longer, and with a quick glance down the hallway to ensure her husband was occupied downstairs, she gave in to her son's request.

"One minute and that's it for this morning...okay?" she said, unable to hide the excitement in her voice.

"Fine," Bobby agreed eagerly as he sat down on his desk chair.

Linda gracefully strode over to her boy, swiveling her hips seductively as she approached his chair. She turned around and slowly lowered herself onto his lap, relishing the contact as her plush ass sank down onto his rock-hard cock.

Even through their layers of clothing, she could feel every detail of his impressive teenage erection pressing urgently against her soft flesh. The thick, veiny shaft throbbed with virile power, pulsing in time with his racing heartbeat. The swollen, bulbous head strained forcefully at the confines of his shorts, betraying his desperate state of arousal.

Linda let out a shaky breath as she settled her full weight onto him, the unyielding rigidity of his manhood sending jolts of pleasure radiating through her core.

She squirmed slightly, rubbing herself against the prominent ridge of his corona, savoring the exquisite friction.

Bobby groaned, his breath hot against the nape of her neck. "Oh God, Mom..." he panted, clearly struggling to maintain control. His strong hands gripped her hips possessively, pulling her tighter against his lap.

Linda's eyes fluttered closed as she lost herself in the forbidden sensations, her body moving of its own accord, undulating against her son's mighty erection. Rational thought fled as primal lust consumed her.

"You're so damn cute," she couldn't help but smile as she felt the length of his manhood tucked between her soft butt cheeks. Despite sitting on her husband's lap often, it never felt quite like this. Was her son truly endowed with such size? It felt like a thick, juicy Italian sausage was nestled in the crevice of her bubble butt.

Bobby politely broke through her thoughts. "Can you, um…do that thing you did the other day?"

"That thing?" she repeated, teasingly. "You mean this?" She squeezed her buttocks together, enveloping his rod in the warmth and tightness of her ass-crack.

"Oh-h-h yeah," Bobby's voice quivered in response.

Linda turned slightly towards him with an arm resting on his shoulder, giving him a full view of her tremendous cleavage. The edges of her bra were visible through her sweater, straining to contain the bulging breast- meat beneath. With a quick flex of her chest muscles, she made her breasts ripple enticingly beneath the fabric.

"You're not the only show-off in this house," she playfully grinned at him.

She pulled him closer, his head resting on the soft swell of her breasts. Her arms enveloped him in a gentle embrace as she rocked

back and forth, feeling his girthy erection pressing against her warm crevice. His sinewy stalk flexed again and again, tightly engorged with blood.

A wave of guilt washed over her as she remembered her husband waiting downstairs for his breakfast while she indulged in these taboo acts with their son. But the thrill of it all sent jolts of wicked excitement coursing through her body, from the pit of her stomach

down to her bare feet. What did it all mean? She couldn't help but wonder.

"Oh, and while I'm thinking of it…you can still come see me when I'm getting dressed. Just make sure your father is downstairs first, okay?" Linda said with a knowing smile.

"Okay," Bobby grinned mischievously, fully aware of the forbidden nature of their secret encounters.

Bobby's hips began to move, slowly at first but building in intensity. His mother found herself instinctively pushing back against him, meeting his mini-thrusts, as if some primal instinct had taken over.

Their bodies soon began to rock together in a forbidden dance, his firm manhood nestled between her supple cheeks.

The old wooden chair beneath them groaned and squeaked in protest as their motions grew more fervent, more wanton.

Linda bit her lip to stifle a moan, the exquisite friction of her boy's dick-meat against her sensitive asshole sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating through her core. Bobby's breath came hot and heavy against her neck.

For a fleeting ten seconds, they lost themselves completely in the taboo sensations, their bodies undulating as one, propriety and familial boundaries momentarily forgotten.

Linda's sweater rode up, exposing her midriff as she arched her back and swiveled her child-bearing hips. The chair wobbled precariously, threatening to topple over from the force of their illicit dry humping.

With a gasp, Linda suddenly pulled away, standing up to narrowly avoiding falling off the chair entirely. Her face was flushed, her hair mussed, and her clothes askew.

She quickly adjusted her bra, tucking her heaving breasts back into the cups. That had been too close, too risky. They couldn't let things get that far, no matter how good it felt in the heat of the moment.

Linda's gentle smile spread across her face as she placed a hand on Bobby's shoulder. "There... feel better?" she asked, concern evident in her voice.

"Yeah, I could do that all day," Bobby replied, a mischievous glint in his eye.

"Somehow I don't doubt that," Linda chuckled, her gaze drifting down to the noticeable bulge in Bobby's shorts.

"You might wanna change your shorts before you come downstairs," she suggested with a teasing smile.

Bobby's eyes followed hers and he blushed when he saw the large wet stain of pre-cum seeping through his shorts. "Guess I got a little too excited," he mumbled sheepishly.

"Ya think?" Linda giggled, enjoying the sight of her son's embarrassment.

She turned to leave, but paused when she noticed another pair of her panties hanging from the inside door handle. "Bobby!" she said with mock annoyance, reaching out to grab them.

"Sorry, mom...I'll put the rest of them in your hamper," he quickly apologized.

"Thank you...and after you change, make sure you get that 'monster' under control before you come downstairs," Linda said with a playful wink, giving his still prominent cock another sly glance.

She could be upset about the panties, but why? He was just a teenage boy after all, going through normal hormonal changes and exploring his sexuality. And didn't all boys use their mother's

underwear for these types of things? A part of her couldn't help but feel a strange mix of flattery and amusement.

She imagined him sneaking into her room while she was away and digging through her hamper to find the perfect pair. Maybe he even had a ritual; smelling them, savoring the strong pungent aroma of her clean-shaven mommy-muffin. Perhaps he even turned them inside out and sucked on the crotch, his eyes rolling back in ecstasy as the taste of her daily trickle of pussy butter filled his mouth.

Linda shook herself out of the alluring thoughts and picked up the pair of soaked panties with two fingers. Strands of her son's semen dripped from them towards them, and she caught one with her fingers as she stepped out into the hallway.

Curiosity getting the best of her, Linda brought it up to her nose and took a whiff. The musky scent of male arousal mixed with her own unique scent assaulted her senses.

Without hesitation, she scraped the glob of cock-juice onto her tongue. It was thick and sweet, just as she expected from a boy his age. A wicked thrill shot through her body as she realized what she had just done. She had tasted the milk from her own son's balls, the same milk that had squirted out of the tip of his penis no more than

an hour ago. But instead of feeling disgusted, she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of arousal.

"Well, he tasted me...fair's fair," she thought to herself And yet, even as she tried to push the thoughts out of her mind, a small part of her couldn't deny the butterflies fluttering in her stomach at the forbidden act she had just committed.

As Bobby sat at the breakfast table, his eyes couldn't help but follow his mother's every move around the kitchen. Her long bronze legs, strong and toned yet still possessing a softness that made them irresistible, seemed to glide effortlessly across the floor.

Every few minutes, as Linda reached up into a cupboard, she would shift her weight onto the toes of one foot, her heel arched in her mules and her legs flexing in a way that sent blood rushing to Bobby's groin.

He couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to have those silky, powerful legs wrapped around him, or to see them thrown back into a spread eagle position with her sexy bare feet pointed in opposite directions.

And then there were her breasts. Soft and squishy and ginormous, seemingly always in motion as she moved about the kitchen. They were like mountains of flesh, shifting and bobbing with each step she took, a feast for any young boy's eyes.

With her husband sitting next to her, Linda gave her son a cute little wink as if knowing exactly what was wandering through his dirty little mind.

While Linda continued chatting with her husband about their upcoming weekend plans, she slipped her bare foot out of her heel beneath the table. Glancing over to make sure Bobby was watching, she slowly slid her foot up his leg, starting at his ankle.

She traced her toes along his calf, feeling the wiry hairs and taut young muscles. Higher and higher she went, curling her toes against his inner thigh. Bobby squirmed in his seat, eyes wide as saucers.

Linda suppressed a smirk and maintained her casual conversation, nodding along to her oblivious husband's words. But under the table, her foot was on a mission, grazing ever so lightly over the growing bulge in Bobby's shorts. She pushed down gently with her big toe, rubbing small circles over the tip of his hardness straining against the fabric. Bobby let out a muffled gasp.

"You okay there, champ?" his dad asked, noticing Bobby's reddened face.

"Yeah, I'm good," Bobby croaked, his voice cracking. "Just got some orange juice down the wrong pipe."

Linda had to bite her lip to keep from laughing. She continued teasing him, stroking her foot up and down the rigid length now throbbing against his fly.

Poor Bobby looked like he would explode any second. Feeling delightfully wicked, Linda curled her toes around the shape of his cockhead and squeezed...

"Um, shit! I probably should get going to school," the boy stammered, his face flushing with embarrassment as he tried to conceal his erection.

His wide-eyed mother watched in delight as he rushed from the kitchen. "Have a good day at school, honey!" she sang out.

Bobby could hardly focus on anything during class that day. His mind kept drifting back to the morning's events...his mother turning towards him, her hands resting gently on her hips, her fat, drooping swaying and glistening from the shower.

"Bobby!" her sweet voice whispered once again.

The memory replayed in his mind...mom turning, her tits wobbling, her hands placed firmly on her wide hips.

"Bobby!" the whisper came again.

He couldn't shake the image from his mind...her beautiful face with wet slicked-back hair, her ballooning breasts adorned with cute little stretch marks from their weight, her large areolas dotted with milk glands and perfect nipples made for sucking. And then there was the crown jewel of motherhood - her mons pubis, completely exposed.

Bobby's arousal threatened to burst through his shorts. He could feel his mother's soft buttocks pressing against it, smothering it with each movement.

"Caught you staring!" he heard her say with a teasing tone.

He remembered her gaze falling upon his large penis, her eyes widened and her mouth slightly parted. It was a new expression from her, one that he had never seen before. In that moment, he knew he was impressing her. The fact that it was his own mother only added to the excitement for Bobby.

"Show off," she teased, sounding like a nervous young girl who desperately wanted to touch it.

Bobby's mind often wandered to a fantasy world, where his young and naked body laid atop his beautiful, big-busted mother. Her arms embraced him tightly, her long, painted nails digging into his back as she pulled him closer.

With a smooth, effortless motion, her strong legs coiled around him until her heels rested against his behind, holding him firmly in place against her. Together, they began to rise towards the clouds, their movements akin to that of a spider carrying its prey towards its web.

In this dreamlike state, Linda would take hold of Bobby's throbbing member and guide it into the warm, wet embrace of her eager and gaping womanhood.

As they disappeared into the fluffy clouds, Bobby's shaft would sink deep inside his mother's soft secret hole, engulfing them both in pure bliss. Just before fading completely into the clouds, Linda would start to gently sway their bodies back and forth, creating a suspended heap of writhing flesh - lost in pleasure and consumed by desire.

Suddenly Bobby was jarred back to reality by the sound of the bell. The teacher, Mrs. Jacobs, was at the front of the class, feeding him a curious stare as the other kids scattered.

"Having difficulties concentrating today are we?" She asked as she wandered over to Bobby's desk, her giant tits trembling beneath her blouse.

She sat on the edge of his desk, crossing her luscious legs, giving him a whiff of her intoxicating perfume and the faint scent of her sweet pussy.

Bobby gulped, his young mind still lingering in the fantasy world where he was entwined with his mother. He tried to focus on Mrs. Jacobs, but her voluptuous curves and the way she leaned toward him made it nearly impossible. "I...uh...sorry Mrs. Jacobs. I was just...daydreaming I guess."

She smiled knowingly, uncrossing and recrossing her legs slowly, giving him a look up her thighs at the sheer panties stretched across her shaved pubis. "Mmm, I see. And what pray tell were you daydreaming about, Bobby? Something...naughty perhaps?"

Her voice was like honey, dripping with innuendo. Bobby felt his cheeks flush and his cock begin to stiffen again beneath his desk. "N-no, nothing like that!" he stammered unconvincingly.

Mrs. Jacobs leaned in closer, her cleavage threatening to spill out of her low-cut blouse. "It's okay, Bobby," she purred, placing a manicured hand on his thigh. "I know what young men your age think about. It's perfectly natural." Her hand slid higher, fingertips grazing the bulge in his pants.

Bobby's breath caught in his throat. This couldn't really be happening...could it? His hot teacher coming onto him, just like his

mom had. It was like all his adolescent wet dreams were coming true at once.

Mrs. Jacobs leaned in even closer, her lips nearly brushing Bobby's ear as she whispered conspiratorially. "I know you were thinking about your mother, Bobby. Fantasizing about burying your face between her big, soft breasts. Tasting her, pleasuring her."

Bobby's eyes went wide with shock. How could she possibly know? He opened his mouth to deny it but no words came out.

"Shh, it's okay," Mrs. Jacobs soothed, her hand continuing to massage his now rock-hard erection through his jeans. "It's perfectly normal for a young man to have those kinds of thoughts about the woman who gave birth to him. That maternal bond is so strong, so primal. Of course it would manifest sexually as you mature."

She nibbled on his earlobe, making him shudder. "And I'll let you in on a little secret. Moms think about it too. Oh yes, even now, your mother is probably fantasizing about taking your hard young cock deep inside her hungry cunt. She probably longs to feel you suckling at her breasts again, just like when you were a baby."

Mrs. Jacobs pulled back and looked Bobby in the eye, her own blazing with lust. "We're very much alike, your mother and I. Two sexy, mature women in desperate need of a virile young man to fulfill our every nasty desire."

Rendered mute by shock and arousal, Bobby could only nod eagerly. Mrs. Jacobs smiled and stood up, smoothing her tight skirt.

She urged him to quickly make his way to his next class before he was marked tardy, and once he was in the busy hallway, Bobby pulled out his cell phone and dialed his mother's number. Despite the noise around him, he could still hear the soothing sound of her voice on the other end of the line.

"Hi honey!" Linda answered, her own voice echoing slightly as she stood in the laundry room, diligently folding clothes.

"Hi mom," Bobby said, a small smile spreading across his face at the sound of her familiar tone.

"What are you up to?" She asked with a hint of amusement in her voice.

"Oh...not much. Just on break between classes," he replied.

"Everything ok?" She asked, always attuned to any changes or concerns in her son's life.

"Yeah, um...I just wanted to call and say hi," he said, feeling suddenly shy and unsure.

"How sweet...I miss you," she responded warmly, her hands never stopping their rhythm of folding laundry – now pausing to fold one of her silky lacy bras.

"I miss you too. Um, could I ask a favor mom? Could you send me a picture?" He finally gathered up the courage to ask.

"A picture of me?" She smiled playfully.

"Yeah...um, I just thought it would be cool to have a picture of you on my phone to look at...and maybe even show my friends," he

explained, hoping she wouldn't reject his request.

"Aww, what a sweetheart," she said with genuine love and appreciation in her voice.

"So you will?" he asked eagerly.

Linda's mind raced as she considered what kind of picture to send her son, in response to his plea for something sexy. A mischievous smile spread across her lips as she thought about the poor boy's suffering with horniness. But she couldn't just send him any old

picture - she couldn't have him showing his friends something inappropriate.

"Tell you what...how bout I send you two pictures. One for you to show your friends...and one just for you," she said, a twinkle in her eye.

"Okay," Bobby smiled eagerly.

"Give me a few minutes," she replied, already planning out the perfect shots.

"Thanks mom."

"Bye sweetie." she said, blowing a kiss through the phone just before hanging up.

"Now, where should I take these?" Linda pondered. "My bedroom would probably be the most sensual setting, but no wait...what about his bedroom? Perfect!" she decided, knowing it would add an extra taboo element to the photos.

Linda ascended the stairs to her son's bedroom, taking note of the mess and disorganization. "That boy!" She thought with a chuckle. "Okay, first photo for his friends - something alluring yet still

appropriate. Don't need any angry phone calls from neighborhood moms."

Bobby's heart was racing as he anxiously waited in the cramped bathroom stall. The loud bell signaling the start of class echoed through the hallway, but he didn't care. His focus was solely on his phone as he waited for a response to the scandalous request he had just made.

Seconds later, his phone vibrated and he eagerly opened the picture text. It was a full body shot of his mom, standing in his bedroom. She was still dressed in her work outfit - a snug skirt and a fitted

sweater that hugged her curves in all the right places. Linda leaned slightly against his dresser in a coy pose, with one long tan leg extended forward and bent at the knee. Her toes were pressed against the floor while her heel was arched up, giving off an air of confidence and sexiness.

A cute, innocent smile graced Linda's face as she posed for the photo.

Below the picture was written: "FOR YOUR FRIENDS"

Bobby couldn't believe it. The way she angled her body and pushed her pillowy boobs out made him unable to look away. His cock throbbed with desire as he thought about his mom in such a seductive manner.

Linda's eyes roamed over the room, taking in every detail as she pondered her next photo. A sly grin played at the corners of her mouth as she debated how to tease and tempt her intended recipient. Should she bare it all or leave a little something to the imagination? Her mind raced with wicked thoughts as she imagined the reaction her pictures would elicit.

With a mischievous smile, Linda settled on a plan. She would lay on his bed, naked but not completely exposed. The thought made her heart race and butterflies flutter in her stomach. It was dangerous and thrilling all at once.

A few minutes later, a second photo arrived and Bobby's pulse quickened with excitement as he clicked open the message. And there she was, lying on his bed, completely naked. Her chin rested gently against her palm as she gazed lovingly at the camera, her oversized breasts squished against the mattress like soft pillows. In the background, Bobby caught a glimpse of her curvy bubble butt and shapely legs kicked up playfully, toes pointed seductively toward the ceiling.

Below the photo, a simple message read: "FOR YOU ONLY."

Bobby couldn't believe his luck. He groaned in pleasure and excitement, his hands shaking as he struggled to control himself. He wanted nothing more than to stay and admire the stunning image before him, but he knew he was already going to be in trouble for being late to class.

With great reluctance, he tore himself away from his screen, leaving behind images burned into his mind that would fuel countless fantasies in the days to come.

Bobby's eyes were glued to the picture several times that day, his mind completely consumed by the sexy image on his phone. Even at home in his cozy bedroom, he struggled to concentrate on his homework as he absentmindedly rubbed his growing arousal through his shorts. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of his mother entering his room.

"Shouldn't you be working on your math homework, young man?" Her playful voice cut through the air, causing Bobby to quickly toss his phone aside.

"I-I'm almost done, Mom," he stammered, cheeks flushing red.

"Would you like to take a little break?" she asked with a sly smile, her sweater straining at the buttons as her ample breasts threatened to burst free.

"Why?" Bobby asked, heart racing with anticipation.

"Well...I was planning on taking a bath before your father gets home. And I thought maybe you'd like to keep me company," she purred.

"Really?" Bobby's mind raced with disbelief and excitement.

"Unless you'd rather focus on your math," Linda teased, winking at her son.

"Hell no," Bobby grinned eagerly.

"Then come on," Linda giggled, leading him towards the bathroom.

"Pinch me, this has to be a dream. There's no way my mom would invite me to watch her bathe. I'm going to wake up any second now...I just know it," Bobby thought as they entered his parent's bedroom.

Excitement bubbled through Bobby's veins as he followed his mother, Linda, across her bedroom. The soft click of her high-heeled mules on the hardwood floor and the hypnotic sway of her buttocks captured his attention.

A flush of nerves coursed through him as Linda strode over to the windows and closed the shades. He could hardly believe what was about to happen - his own mother had invited him to watch her take a bath. He stood awkwardly, unsure of where to look or what to do with his hands.

Linda's mind was racing with her own last second thoughts. "Oh my God, I can't believe I'm about to let my son watch me take a bath," she nervously thought. "Are you sure about this, Linda?"

The naughty side of her mind answered immediately. "Nudity is perfectly natural. This has nothing to do with his big penis...absolutely nothing."

She took a deep breath and composed herself. "Just act normal...as if he's watching you bake cookies. Yeah, that's it...this is no big deal."

She turned to her nervous son and smiled. "Your father and I are going out tonight. Want me to order you some pizza or something, sweetie?"

"Sure, that sounds good," he responded, trying to mask his excitement.

As they entered the master bathroom, Bobby couldn't help but follow closely behind his mother. She turned on the water in the tub before walking back over to him, closing the bathroom door behind them and locking it.

"How's Brian doing? I heard he's been really sick," Linda asked as she slipped off her dainty heels revealing painted toenails.

Bobby's heart raced faster as he struggled to answer her question while also trying not to stare at her as she undressed. "Uh...getting better I guess," he mumbled, unable to take his eyes off her.

"How long has he been out of school now?" Linda asked casually as she finished unbuttoning her sweater.

Bobby's eyes widened in awe as his mother's bra-clad breasts emerged from the top, perfectly round and huge. Linda effortlessly

peeled off her sweater, revealing smooth, tanned skin. "Two weeks so far," Bobby responded, still mesmerized by the sight before him.

"Poor thing." Linda sympathized, unzipping her skirt and letting it fall to the floor.

"Who?" Bobby asked, snapping out of his daze.

"Your friend Brian," she replied, casually stepping out of her skirt.

"Oh yeah...it must suck being that sick," he answered absentmindedly, his gaze fixated on Linda's barely-there bikini panties.

Bobby felt a stirring in his shorts as he watched his mom reach back and unclasp her bra. Her devilish grin only added to his excitement.

"I don't want you going over there until he's completely better...in case whatever he has is contagious," Linda stated matter-of-factly as she slipped off her bra straps.

"Okay," Bobby nodded, unable to take his eyes off of her.

As Linda's bra fell to the ground, her pendulous tits sprung free with a soft bounce. They settled against her tummy, swaying slightly as they ballooned outward. Bobby couldn't help but admire the cavernous cleavage and large pink caps, each one dotted with tiny milk glands.

Linda carefully placed her bra next to the sink, admiring the way the light danced off the silky fabric. With a mischievous glint in her eye, she slid her thumbs under the hem of her panties and began to slowly pull them down her long, tanned legs.

For the second time that day, Bobby found himself staring at his own mother's intimate area. Her mons pubis was completely waxed, leaving nothing to the imagination. Below it, he could clearly see her

cleft of venus and the delicate prepuce peeking out from between her thick outer folds.

As Linda stepped out of her panties, she leaned over and picked them up off the floor, causing her large breasts to sway seductively with each movement.

With one leg cocked out in front of her and a slight bend in her knee, she arched her foot and wiggled her toes against the floor. A mischievous smile played on her lips as she caught Bobby's eyes roaming over her body.

Amused by his obvious fascination, Linda couldn't help but think about how much of a tease she was being to her own son. But something about it felt thrilling and forbidden.

Gathering up the elastic hem of her panties, she playfully shot them towards Bobby like a rubber band. They landed perfectly on his bulging lap, eliciting a grin from him.

"You might as well hang onto those," Linda teased, "you'll probably be snooping through my laundry hamper for them later."

As they shared a laugh, a small part of her wondered if this newfound flirtation with her son would lead to something more.

As Linda turned towards the bath, Bobby's eyes were immediately drawn to the pair of panties in his hand. With trembling fingers, he brought them up to his nose and inhaled deeply. The pungent aroma hit him like a wave, causing his head to swim with pleasure.

"They're STILL warm and damp!" He thought, unable to believe his luck. The scent was so intoxicating that he couldn't help but let out a moan.

Linda giggled without turning around, pouring bubble bath into the tub. "They smell that good, huh?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," Bobby sighed.

As he stood there, mesmerized by her movements, he couldn't help but admire the globes of her full heart-shaped buttocks and the delicate ring of her asshole. His gaze then traveled down to the baby-smooth skin of her genitals, the spongy outer lips glistening in the light. It was like staring at the gates of heaven.

"This is too much," Bobby thought to himself as his arousal grew stronger. "I'm gonna cum in my fucking shorts before mom even gets in the tub."

With a ripple of her butt cheeks, Linda stepped into the water and turned to look back at her son with a knowing smirk. She could see the desire and longing in his eyes, and it only fueled her own excitement.

Linda lowered herself into the warm, soapy water, letting out a contented sigh. Peering over her shoulder, she caught Bobby still staring transfixed, her lacy panties clutched tightly in his hands.

"Mmmm, I bet you're wondering why mom's panties smell so intoxicating, aren't you baby?" she purred seductively. "It's because a woman's most intimate areas have special glands that release pheromones. It's nature's perfume, designed to drive men wild with desire."

Bobby swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his chest. "Is... is that why they're so damp too?" he asked, his voice quavering.

"That's right honey," Linda grinned, running a soapy hand along the inside of her thigh. "When a woman gets aroused, those luscious lips between her legs start to swell and glisten with moisture. The more turned on she gets, the wetter and more fragrant her panties become."

She could see the massive bulge straining against Bobby's shorts as he processed this revelation. Linda bit her lip, fighting the urge to tell him to strip down and join her in the tub.

"As my handsome young man, I want you to enjoy and explore these new feelings," she said softly. "A mom's panties are drenched with the scent of her desire... and it's all for her boy to enjoy."

Bobby let out a tortured groan, the panties still pressed against his face. He knew it was so wrong, but his sexy mother was awakening feelings in him he never knew existed. His hips bucked involuntarily as he inhaled another deep breath of her intoxicating musk.

Seeing the effect she was having, Linda rolled onto her stomach, resting her chin on folded arms at the edge of the tub. Rivulets of water trickled down between the globes of her upturned ass.

Bobby stood up, his large member jutting out like a divining rod under his shorts. He made no attempt to conceal it as he walked over to the edge of the tube.

Linda's lips curled into a mischievous grin as she caught sight of his boy-bulge pointed directly at her, only a few feet away. The long, tubular outline was clearly defined through the fabric, teasing and tempting her.

"Uh-oh...it's that long-necked monster again," she quipped, her eyes trailing down its impressive length.

"Oh my God...just how long must that neck be? It's like some of the dicks I used to fuck back in college. Ah, those were wild days," she thought wistfully.

Bobby stood there confidently, relishing the way his mom's gaze lingered on his boner.

"Well I can't help it...you ARE naked mom," he stated matter-of-factly.

Linda couldn't help but notice how far his shorts were bulged out from the sheer size of his arousal. Her eyes widened with surprise.

"Look at how far your shorts are tenting out. Are you sure you don't have a baseball bat under there?" she teased, unable to resist staring at the impressive lump.

"Nope, it's all me," Bobby replied with pride.

"I know I like to call you 'slugger,' but if you keep popping boners like that I may have to start calling you my 'Louisville slugger,'" Linda giggled playfully. Their playful banter only adding to the electrifying tension between them.

Bobby stood transfixed, unable to tear his gaze away as his mom stood up and turned on the shower sprayer. The water cascaded

over her voluptuous figure, running down her smooth skin and drenching her long hair. Her neck arched back in pleasure, causing her tit-melon to jut out proudly. The sheen of the water only accentuated their enormity.

Bobby's excitement was palpable as he watched, feeling his cock jump beneath his pants to the sight of her.

"I saw that. Showing off again huh?" His mom teased playfully.

"No...that was just a reaction. If I was showing off, I'd do this," he said, flexing his erect member and making it spring upward.

Linda felt a surge of desire rush through her as she gazed at his manhood. Her inner and outer lips quivered with excitement as they swelled with blood, and her cervix seemed to shift downward in anticipation of accommodating his length.

"Oh my God, I've never reacted to something like this before," she thought. "It's like his bulbous head just split open my sex and my body is responding as if in preparation for all that thick meat. Stop it, Linda...this is ridiculous!" She scolded herself mentally.

"Wow, that's incredible. You have one of the strongest erections I think I've ever seen." She exclaimed in amazement.

"It's your fault, mom. Just looking at you makes me like this." Bobby replied with a mischievous smile on his face.

"Well, nice to know that my thirty-nine year old body can get that sort of reaction from a handsome eighteen-year- old...especially considering he's my son. Guess that makes me a MILF huh?" She smiled.

Bobby's face grew warm as he struggled to find the words he wanted to say. His mind was racing, trying to keep up with the unexpected and scandalous turn the conversation had taken.

"Well, you're definitely a mom I'd like to-" He began, then stopped himself mid-sentence. His eyes widened as he realized what he was about to say.

"A mom you'd like to what...FUCK?" Linda's voice was playful and filled with mischief as she raised an eyebrow at him.

"Oh my God-damn Linda I can't believe you just said that!" she wickedly thought.

Bobby's thoughts were in turmoil as he tried to process her boldness and his own desires.

His heart skipped a beat as he heard the magic word spill from her lips. Colors rushed to his cheeks, betraying him with a telltale blush.

"No, this can't be real...but why haven't I woken up yet?" he told himself. "Mom just said fuck...I've never heard her say fuck before. How the hell do I respond to something like that? What the hell...honestly I guess." The internal monologue continued in Bobby's head as he struggled to maintain composure.

"I wouldn't mind." He finally managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper.

Linda's mischievous smile only grew wider as she looked back at his big pecker, bobbing up and down under his shorts.

"Clearly," she purred, her eyes lingering on his impressive bulge.

Linda leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a sultry whisper. "So tell me Bobby, have you ever had the pleasure of fucking a nice, tight MILF pussy before?"

Bobby gulped, his throat suddenly feeling very dry. He shook his head slowly, unable to form words.

"Mm, I didn't think so," Linda purred, reaching out to run a fingertip along the waistband of his shorts, grazing the sensitive skin just above his throbbing erection.

"Let me tell you, baby, it's a whole different experience than those young, inexperienced girls. A MILF pussy knows exactly how to grip and milk a big, hard cock like yours."

She moved her hand lower, tracing the bulging outline of his shaft through the thin fabric. Bobby let out a shaky moan at her touch.

"You see, after popping out a kid or two, our pussies get even tighter. The muscles are so much stronger. Imagine those velvety walls squeezing and rippling along every inch of your cock, wringing out every last drop of cum from these swollen balls."

Linda cupped his heavy sack through his shorts, giving them a gentle squeeze. Bobby thrust his hips forward involuntarily, seeking more of her touch.

"And we know all the tricks to drive a boy wild with that tight cunt," she continued, now rubbing slow circles over his aching cockhead, the damp spot on his shorts growing under her ministrations. "Flexing and swiveling our hips, clenching down HARD, milking out so much thick jizz to flood our hungry pussies. Fuck, you'll never want anything else once you've experienced a MILF pussy. I guarantee I'll make you cum harder than you ever have before, baby boy."

After rinsing the suds from her hair, she tilted back in the tub and let the warm water cascade over her. Bobby, mesmerized by his mother's voluptuous nudity, remained on the floor looking up with fascination. Her giant, heavy breasts swayed to and fro as she moved.

"Sweetie, could you pass me my shea-butter?" she asked, shutting the water off and draping a towel over her wet hair.

Linda stepped out of the tub, her breasts bouncing gently on her ribcage. Bobby fetched the lotion, his own body betraying him as his arousal caused his flagpole to bob up and down beneath his shorts.

"Thank you, slugger," she said with a smile.

Taking a seat on the toilet, Linda motioned for Bobby to join her on the floor across from her. She squirted a generous amount of lotion into her hands and set the bottle aside.

"Normally I would spend some time shaving my legs and...my peach," she said with a small chuckle, rubbing the lotion between her palms.

"Peach?" Bobby asked quizzically.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I should speak in teenage boy language. My pussy. Is that better?" she teased with a giggle.

Bobby smiled and nodded in understanding.

The warm sun shone down through the sunroof onto Linda's smooth, tanned legs as she extended one out and began to rub shea butter up and down its length.

Her foot, with its perfectly painted toes pointed at Bobby, moved in slow, sensual circles, working the lotion into her skin.

As her son's eyes were fixated on her legs, Linda couldn't help but stare down at the bulge in his shorts. She watched as his hand instinctively caressed it, a small moan escaping her lips.

"Oh my god, he's rubbing it through his shorts. My poor baby must have one throbbing erection," she thought.

The thought sent a thrill through her body. "Imagine what he'd do if I spread my legs apart. Jesus, Linda, you can't do that...that's just downright lewd. He'd cream for sure. Okay, okay...I won't go

crazy...I'll just spread them a little. I can't reach the backs of my thighs unless I at least open them a bit." she reasoned with herself.

Leaning back against the toilet, Linda curled one leg up and back, the other following suit as she continued to massage lotion onto her skin. As her legs splayed and feet hovered in the air, Bobby's gaze was drawn to her exposed flower. He had always thought of it as a cute, virginal pussy, but now he could see that it was so much more.

Between the plump outer lips lay a pair of thick, crimson inner lips that slowly peeled apart before his very eyes. And there, peeking out from under its hood like a small erect penis, was Linda's budding clitoris.

Linda caught Bobby staring intently at her exposed pussy as she spread her legs. Her heart raced with exhilaration at deliberately showing her son her most intimate parts. She knew it was terribly wrong, but seeing the size of the tent in his shorts emboldened her to take things further.

"You know Bobby, there's something extra exciting about fucking a married woman," Linda purred, her voice low and seductive. "When a wife cheats on her husband, especially with a virile young man, it makes her pussy absolutely drench and her orgasms mind-blowing."

Bobby swallowed hard, his erection now straining painfully against his zipper as his mom spoke. "R-really?" he stammered.

"Mmmhmm. A MILF's pussy gets so much wetter and tighter when she's being naughty. The thrill of cheating, of fucking a hard teenage cock, makes her cum harder than she ever has before. Her juices soak the lucky boy's dick as she squirts all over him in ecstasy."

Linda reached down and began to slowly rub circles around her engorged clit. "And you know what else? An experienced woman knows exactly how to please her man. She'll suck you dry and drain

your balls completely. You'll cum buckets inside her as she milks you with her skilled cunt muscles."

Bobby groaned, gripping his bulge tightly and shamelessly. He couldn't believe this was happening but he never wanted it to stop.

Linda grinned devilishly as she noticed the growing wet spot forming on the front of Bobby's shorts. She loved the power she had over him in this moment, knowing her words were making his young cock throb and leak uncontrollably.

"Oh honey, you're making such a mess in your pants," she cooed. "Mom's naughty talk is getting you all worked up, isn't it? Well let me tell you what a MILF like me needs..."

Linda spread her naked thighs wider, two fingers now rubbing fast tight circles on her clit. "A cheating wife needs to be fucked hard and deep. She wants to feel her a boy's cock stretching her open, pounding her so hard the bed shakes. She'll scream and moan so loudly the neighbors might hear."

Bobby let out a tortured whimper, squeezing his throbbing meat through his shorts. The wet spot grew, his sticky pre-cum soaking through the fabric.

"She needs her tits squeezed and sucked while she's getting drilled," Linda continued breathlessly, pinching one stiff nipple. "And she loves when her ass gets smacked as she's taking that big, hard cock over and over. Mmmm it makes her pussy clench and cream so much!"

Linda plunged two fingers inside her dripping cunt, fingering herself rapidly. Obscene wet sounds filled the room as she fucked her hand.

"When...when she cums, her pussy clenches so tightly... Ahhh! Milking her young stud for every drop of cum! Oh fuck Bobby, mom's gonna cum!"

Linda threw her head back and wailed, her whole body shaking with pleasure as her pussy spasmed around her thrusting fingers. Clear fluid squirted from her cunt, splashing her inner thighs.

Bobby's young cock throbbed and pulsed in his underwear, as it spurted hot ropes of semen into the already damp fabric. The rigid shaft flexed powerfully at the base, the sinewy root contracting rhythmically to force out spurt after spurt of thick, sticky fluid from the weeping slit at the tip of his swollen glans.

Each jet of cum made the boy gasp and shudder with overwhelming sensation, his hips bucking involuntarily as his sensitive cockhead rubbed against his soaked briefs. The spreading warm wetness only

heightened his arousal, making his straining erection twitch and jump with every pulse of his rapid heartbeat.

Pearly seed oozed copiously from his slit, unable to escape the confines of his cum-drenched underwear. Bobby whimpered helplessly, simultaneously overstimulated and desperate for more as the last few drops of semen dribbled from his member.

He could feel the heavy, sodden material clinging to his spent cock, a lewd reminder of how hard he had cum untouched just from his mom's filthy words.

Linda's eyes flew open at the sound of the front door slamming shut, her post-orgasmic bliss shattered by the realization that her younger son was home from school. "Shit, Bobby, quick - into the shower!" she hissed, hastily grabbing her robe and throwing it on.

She could hear her son's footsteps thumping up the stairs as she tied the sash tightly around her waist, hoping the thin material would disguise her still-heaving breasts and the musky scent of her arousal.

"Hi, honey," she sang, peeking out her door. "Mommy just took a shower. She'll be right down to make you a snack, ok?"

Later that evening, as Linda sat in her bed, waiting for her husband to finish his shower, her mind was consumed with thoughts of the day's events with her son. She couldn't shake the feeling that she had done something wrong.

But had she really? Was there anything truly wrong with her son seeing her naked? After all, nudity was natural and healthy. And masturbation...well, that was just a normal part of human sexuality. It wasn't unhealthy or shameful.

The bathroom door opened and Ron walked out, holding Bobby's shorts in his hand. Immediately, Linda's heart started to race. Had

Ron discovered the truth?

"Are these Bobby's shorts?" he asked, his tone cautious.

Linda felt a surge of panic rising in her chest. Did she need to come clean about what happened earlier?

"Well, I um...I think so," she stammered.

"What are they doing in our laundry hamper?" Ron asked, raising an eyebrow.

Linda's mind raced as she scrambled for an explanation. She couldn't tell him the truth. He would be disgusted.

"Oh um...Bobby took a shower in there. I was uh...cleaning his shower earlier so I told him he could use ours," she lied, hoping he would buy it.

"You're not gonna believe this but I think he came in these," Ron said, examining the shorts with disgust.

"Well, um...he is a teenage boy and teenage boys will be teenage boys," she forced herself to smile.

Ron's expression softened slightly. "In their parents' bathroom?" he asked incredulously.

Linda knew she needed to come up with something quickly before her husband got even more suspicious.

"You're right...probably not the most appropriate place to relieve himself. I'll walk down to his room and have a chat with him," she said, feeling a wave of shame wash over her.

"Maybe I should talk with him," Ron suggested.

But before he could dwell on it any longer, his wife gently pushed him towards the bed, her robe barely covering her lacy nightie. "Ronald...sweetie...give me the shorts and get into bed. I'll take care of it," she said with a reassuring smile, taking the soiled shorts from his hands.

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Ron couldn't help but appreciate his wife's beauty. "Are you sure you feel comfortable talking to him about this?" he asked, giving her an odd smile.

"Don't you dare doubt my motherly abilities," she shot back confidently, her grin unwavering. Ron couldn't help but feel lucky to be married to someone so self-assured and sexy.

"You're the sexiest thing alive...you know that?" he whispered, his eyes drinking in the sight of her curves and toned legs peeking out from under her robe.

His words only seemed to fuel Linda's confidence and she stood a little taller, thrusting out her chest as she thought, "Damn right I am motherfucker! Our son thinks so too!"

Linda then turned her attention to the bulge in Ron's boxers which seemed small compared to the one she was gawking at earlier. "Crawl into bed and get him hard for me," she purred seductively,

knowing exactly how to please her husband. "When I get back we'll let him fuck some pussy."

Ron's face lit up with a devilish grin as he rubbed his bulge through his boxers. "Damn I love it when you talk dirty," he chuckled, eagerly obeying her command and crawling onto the bed. The anticipation for what was to come sent shivers down his spine.

Linda left their bedroom and closed the door behind her. She stopped mid-hallway and lifted the shorts to her nose. Her body

shivered with wicked excitement as the strong pungent aroma of teenaged spunk filled her lungs.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD WHAT A SMELL!!!" her mind spun.

Unable to resist, she extended her tongue and slowly dragged it up the slimy fabric, moaning softly as she tasted his youthful essence.

Thousands of virile sperm danced across her taste buds, flooding her senses with their sweet, potent flavor. Linda's eyes rolled back in ecstasy as she savored the taboo treat, lapping at the shorts eagerly to gather every drop. The deliciously wrong act sent jolts of electricity through her body straight to her throbbing sex.

"Mmmm, my baby boy tastes so fucking good," she purred, continuing to lick and suck at the shorts wantonly. Linda could feel her arousal building to a fevered pitch. Her pussy ached with need, dripping and ready for her son's hard young cock.

After thoroughly cleaning the shorts with her greedy tongue, Linda lowered them from her face. Her eyes were glazed over with lust, cheeks flushed a deep shade of red.

Bobby gazed longingly at the photo of his mother on his phone as he stroked his rigid cock with increasing urgency. The thought of her panties pressed against his nose only added to his arousal.

"Oh, fuck, Mom," he muttered under his breath.

Suddenly, a faint tapping at his bedroom door interrupted him. Panic shot through him as he tried to hide the tent in his sheets before his mother could peek inside.

"Still awake, slugger?" she asked with a hint of concern in her voice.

"Yeah...I was just...um..." Bobby stammered, trying to come up with an excuse for why he was frantically pleasuring himself.

"I know, I'm sorry," his mom said softly as she sat down on the edge of his bed. Her gaze drifted down to the lump under the sheets and a sly smile tugged at her lips. "Oh, Linda, your baby's in here pulling on that long thick barrel of love. He's probably thinking about warm pussy...maybe even mommy-pussy." Her own thoughts sent a wave of heat through her body and she quickly shook them off. "Get a hold of yourself, girl," she scolded herself.

Without saying a word, she placed a pair of shorts on Bobby's chest and gave him a stern yet playful look.

"You need to be more careful when your dad's around," she said with a mischievous glint in her eye. "You left these in my hamper."

"He didn't see them, did he?" Bobby asked nervously.

"Yep...he did," his mother replied matter-of-factly.

"What did you tell him?" Bobby questioned, feeling a tinge of fear creep into his mind.

"I told him I let you watch me get completely naked and take a bath...and that we masturbated together," Linda said deadpan, unable to keep a straight face any longer.

"What?!" Bobby exclaimed with a mix of shock and relief.

"I'm joking," his mother giggled, making her fat titties jiggle. "I just told him that I caught you doing something every teenage boy does."

"Jesus, Mom...you scared me," Bobby sighed, feeling a wave of embarrassment wash over him.

Linda gently scolded Bobby, her eyes filled with concern. "Please promise me that you won't leave anything behind next time...okay?" she asked, a tinge of worry in her voice.

"I promise," Bobby replied earnestly.

As Linda picked up his cell phone, her heart raced with anticipation. She couldn't resist taking a peek at the picture of herself that Bobby had been fantasizing about. She also couldn't help but feel flattered.

"Still drooling over this picture? I think it's time for some new eye-candy...don't you?" She teased, her fingertips brushing against the screen as she erased the photo.

"You'll take some new ones...some naked ones?" Bobby eagerly asked, unable to hide his excitement.

"Well...no...I had something else in mind actually," Linda coyly revealed, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Something else?" Bobby questioned, his heart beating a mile a minute.

"Yeah...wanna see mom in action?" Linda boldly suggested.

"In action? You mean having sex...you and dad?"

"Well...with your father it's never the most exciting sex...but you may find it stimulating. That is, if you don't think it'll weird you out?" Linda nonchalantly stated, trying to mask her own rising desire.

"No...hell no!" Bobby exclaimed excitedly.

"Well then I guess mom gets to play filmmaker tonight, doesn't she? I'll try to capture as much as I can and don't worry...I'll send you the play by play," Linda smirked, already feeling aroused at the thought of being watched by her son.

"Sweet. I love you mom," Bobby grinned, his cock flexing in anticipation.

"I love YOU," Linda lovingly smiled down at him, her heart fluttering with taboo desires.

The mother slowly stood up, her eyes drawn to the massive tent in the sheets caused by her boy's jutting hardon. Her heart skipped a beat as she took in its impressive size and shape. She couldn't help but compare it to what she knew was waiting for her in the next room - nothing even close to this magnificent display of manhood.

As she turned back towards Bobby, she couldn't help but smile at his proud expression as he watched her admire him. "Go ahead, showoff," she teased, running a hand through her hair with a smirk.

Her gaze returned to his impressive member just as Bobby made it jump under the sheets, causing the fabric to stretch even further. The sight was almost too much for Linda to handle, and she could feel herself getting wet with desire.

But she wasn't about to let him have all the fun. "Oh yeah?" Linda said confidently, turning towards the door and lifting the bottom of her robe and nightie above her naked ass, giving him a teasing view of her own assets.

Linda slowly swayed her hips side to side, making her round cheeks ripple and bounce mesmerizingly. She arched her back, thrusting her shapely ass higher as she began to twerk it up and down. Her thick globes clapped together rhythmically, jiggling and undulating in a hypnotic dance.

Bobby's eyes nearly bulged out of his head as he watched, transfixed by the erotic display. His mother's ass was absolute perfection - two full, firm cheeks of smooth creamy flesh that begged to be grabbed and squeezed. The way they bounced and wobbled as she shook them was the most arousing thing he'd ever seen.

Unable to resist, he gripped his rock-hard cock through the sheets, squeezing it as it throbbed almost painfully. He imagined burying his face between those glorious cheeks, motorboating them as he inhaled her sweet scent. His mouth watered at the thought of worshipping her flawless ass with his lips and tongue.

Linda smirked over her shoulder, delighting in the stunned, slack-jawed expression on her son's face. She could see his hand moving beneath the covers, fisting what had to be the hardest erection of his young life. Knowing she could drive him this wild with lust made her pussy clench and grow even wetter.

Her lips curved into a playful smirk as she looked back at him, a glimmer of mischief dancing in her eyes. "Take that, Mr. Bigshot," she playfully taunted.

Bobby's jaw dropped in awe. "Wow...how do you do that?" he sighed in amazement.

A knowing smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. "You might be surprised at what your mom can do. She's picked up all sorts of tricks over the years," she replied cryptically.

"But maybe I'll let you in on a few secrets during tonight's show. So keep that phone handy," she teased with a sly wink, hinting at the surprises to come.

The anticipation built in Bobby's chest as he eagerly awaited the spectacle his mother would put on.

As Ron and Linda kissed passionately he rolled her onto her back and prepared to get down to business.

"Wait!" Linda blurted as her hand shot out, halting him in his tracks. Her chest heaved with excitement and her breasts, full and round, threatened to spill over the sides of her chest.

"What's wrong?" Ron asked, concern etched on his face.

"I have a naughty idea," she purred, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. "Why don't we make a video of us making love?"

"A video?" he repeated, taken aback by her bold suggestion.

"Yes," she replied, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. "That way I can send you little clips while you're at work...remind you of what you have waiting for you at home."

He hesitated, unsure about the idea. "I don't know if..."

"Pleeease," she pleaded, leaning in closer and trailing her fingers down his chest. "I'll talk dirty to you. You know how much it turns you on."

"Okay...you win," he conceded, unable to resist her seductive charms.

Linda reached for her phone on the nightstand and discreetly initiated a video call to Bobby. She positioned the phone just right so that the camera captured both her and Ron's bodies intertwined.

As Ron began thrusting into her, Linda wrapped her silky, toned legs around his back, pulling him deeper inside. Her shapely calves and strong thighs flexed and squeezed with each movement.

"Oh yes baby, just like that," Linda moaned sultrily, locking eyes with the camera. She made sure to angle her face so Bobby had the perfect view of her expressions of ecstasy.

Down the hallway, Bobby watched and stroked in utter amazement.

His father picked up the pace, his hips slapping against his mom's curvaceous ass. Her large, round breasts bounced hypnotically with

each powerful thrust. Linda ran her hands down Ron's muscular back, digging her nails in as the pleasure mounted.

"Fuck me harder," she panted, putting on a show for her son. "Mmm your cock feels so good."

Linda's sexy legs tightened their grip around Ron, her toes curling. She tilted the phone to give Bobby a close-up view of where their bodies joined before panning up her glistening, writhing form. Her flat stomach tensed and quivered, a light sheen of sweat making her skin glisten.

Maintaining intense eye contact with the camera, Linda licked her lips seductively, then threw her head back in rapture, golden hair splayed across the pillow. "Don't stop baby, I'm gonna cum!" she keened as her orgasm approached. Of course, she was faking it. Her husband could never give her an orgasm this easily, but entertaining her son, who she knew was watching, was her main priority.

With a mischievous smile, Linda peeked over her shoulder and winked at the camera, her hips still grinding on her husband's lucky penis. As she moved, the contours of her back sloped in a sensuous curve, accentuating the sway and bounce of her drooping breasts.

Bobby couldn't tear his gaze away from the sight, mesmerized by the rhythm of her shifting hips and the erotic sounds coming from his parents' bedroom. His father let out a deep moan, lost in the pleasure of Linda's hot sucking hole.

"Do you like that, sweetie?" Linda purred, her voice thick with desire.

"Oh God, yes," Ron replied, his breath hitching as Linda's muscles flexed and squeezed around him.

"You like it when I move like this?" she asked, picking up the pace and sending the bed frame into repetitive whining.

"Baby, you're amazing," Bobby's dad groaned, his hands gripping Linda's hips as he thrust into her.

Suddenly, Linda's movements became even more frantic as she thrust herself onto Bobby's dad's dick. The sound of their moans filled the room as they both reached their peak of ecstasy.

"OH GOD LINDA!" Ron shouted.

"OH GOD MOM!" Bobby grunted, unable to hold back any longer as he watched his mother pleasure his own father. His own release came in hot spurts, arching through the air as he experienced one of the most intense orgasms of his life.

The bath and mutual masturbation had been incredible, but watching his mom fuck was an experience unlike any other.

The next morning in class, Bobby was still reeling from the incredibly erotic scene he had witnessed between his parents the night before.

As his English teacher Mrs. Fletcher droned on about sentence structure, Bobby found his mind drifting back to the sight of his mom's voluptuous body writhing beneath his dad. Almost subconsciously, he began sketching in his notebook, his pencil tracing the sensual curves of his mother's large, hanging breasts from memory.

Bobby had always been talented at drawing, able to capture fine details with photo-realistic accuracy. As his hand moved across the page, Linda's full, heavy tits took shape, her large nipples standing out prominently. He shaded and contoured, highlighting the way her breasts swayed hypnotically as she moved.

Bobby was so engrossed in his erotic artwork that he didn't notice Mrs. Fletcher approaching his desk. "What do we have here, Bobby?" Mrs. Fletcher asked, her voice low and amused.

Startled, Bobby attempted to cover the drawing, but Mrs. Fletcher was too quick. She deftly snatched the notebook page from Bobby's hands and held it up to examine it closely.

Bobby's face flushed deep red, mortified at being caught sketching his own mother's tits in such graphic detail.

Mrs. Fletcher raised an eyebrow as she took in the drawing, a small smile playing at the corner of her lips. Glancing around to make sure none of the other students were looking, she leaned in close to the boy.

"You have quite the talent," she whispered conspiratorially. "But perhaps it's best if we keep this particular masterpiece between us. We wouldn't want to scandalize your classmates with such a...detailed portrayal."

Mrs. Fletcher folded the paper and slipped it discreetly into her skirt pocket, giving Bobby a wink. She turned and sauntered back to the front of the room, her hips swaying suggestively. Bobby swallowed hard, his heart pounding, unsure if he was in trouble or not.

Later that afternoon, Linda received a call from Mrs. Fletcher requesting a private parent-teacher meeting to discuss Bobby's behavior and performance in class. Feeling concerned, Linda agreed to come in the next day after school.

When Linda arrived at the classroom, Mrs. Fletcher greeted her warmly and invited her to take a seat. "Thank you for coming in, Mrs. Johnson. I wanted to discuss something rather delicate with you regarding Bobby."

Mrs. Fletcher proceeded to explain how she had noticed Bobby frequently daydreaming and seeming distracted in class lately. "I believe I may have discovered the reason for his wandering mind," the teacher said with a knowing smile.

She discretely removed the folded drawing from her pocket and handed it to Linda.

Linda's eyes widened as she unfolded the paper and saw the incredibly detailed sketch of her own enormous tits. "Oh my," she gasped, feeling her cheeks flush with embarrassment and a twinge of flattery that her son had paid such close attention to her womanly assets.

"Now, I don't want you to be alarmed," Mrs. Fletcher reassured her. "It's perfectly normal for boys Bobby's age to develop sexual fantasies, and their mothers are often an early object of those desires. Oedipal urges are a common psychological phenomenon. Most boys secretly dream about and lust after their moms."

Linda nodded slowly, still processing this revelation about her son's intimate thoughts. "So you don't think this is anything to be concerned about?" she asked.

"I believe it's just a natural phase that will pass. We should keep an eye on the situation, but I mainly wanted you to be aware in case you noticed any unusual behavior at home. The main thing is not letting this impact his academic focus and grades."

Mrs. Fletcher gave Linda's hand a comforting squeeze. "You're an attractive woman, Linda. I'm sure many of the boys, and even male teachers, have noticed your voluptuous figure. Try not to feel self-conscious about Bobby's pubescent imaginings. Every boy wants to sleep with his mother on some primal level."

Linda thanked Mrs. Fletcher for her discretion and understanding. As she left the classroom, she couldn't stop picturing her son pleasuring himself to forbidden fantasies of her buxom body.

A naughty tingle spread through her loins at the thought of starring in Bobby's masturbatory daydreams. What a strange and arousing situation, Linda mused to herself.

Bobby trudged towards the car, his mother by his side. The weight of their silent tension hung heavily between them. Few words had been spoken since they met in the school hallway, and Bobby couldn't shake off the guilt that gnawed at him.

"You okay, kiddo?" His mother finally asked, breaking the silence.

"Yeah...sorry I slacked off in class," Bobby muttered, still unable to meet her gaze.

"Well, you've had a lot on your mind...and I suppose that's partly my fault. Things have become...different between us lately," she said, her voice laced with regret.

Bobby nodded, understanding what she meant. "But...in a good way. At least I think so," he added with a small smile.

"And I do too, sweetie. But I would hate myself if I knew that I had caused you to lose focus and not graduate with your friends this year," his mother said, her expression pained.

"I will graduate...I promise," Bobby pleaded earnestly.

"That means you have to stay focused on your studies, even if it means being around me while I'm naked once in a while," his mother said with a hint of playfulness in her tone.

"Okay," Bobby answered.

"But believe me, I like the fact that you enjoy me sitting on your lap...giving you those little butt-hugs. However, from now on...no pass, no ass...got it?" she smiled teasingly.

"Got it," Bobby replied, feeling grateful for her understanding and support.

As they drove, Linda reached into her purse and pulled out a crumpled piece of paper. It was the sketch that her son had drawn. She held it out to him, unsure if he would want it.

"Here...I thought you might wanna keep it." She said with a soft smile.

His eyes lit up as he took the paper from her hand. "Thanks," he giggled, looking down at his creation.

"You're getting really good at drawing. That one's very realistic," she praised.

"Thanks," He mumbled, feeling a little embarrassed by the fact that he had sketched her naked tits in class.

"Are they mine?" Linda suddenly asked, catching her son off guard.

He hesitated for a moment before deciding to be honest with her. After all, his mom was cool with this kind of thing.

"Uh...yeah... Yeah, they are," He admitted, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

"Not bad," she commented, glancing over at the sketch in his hand. "The nipples are wrong though. My areolas are much bigger...otherwise you have it about right."

"Really? I thought maybe I had drawn them too big. Are you sure?"

"Sweetie, my areola are over three inches across...of course I'm sure. The ones on the sketch are way too small," She said matter-of-factly.

"Holy shit...three inches across? That would make them as big around as a grapefruit," he thought, amazed by this new knowledge about his mother's body.

"Darn, I thought I had them right," he said sheepishly, realizing how much there still was to learn about his mom's body.

"Do I have to pull this car over, whip out a boob and prove you wrong, mister?" Linda said playfully, her voice laced with underlying desire.

Bobby's eyes widened in surprise at her bold suggestion, but he couldn't help the smile that spread across his face. His mother's playful demeanor always brought out his mischievous side. "Yes, please!"

"Yeah, I can see the headline now: Mother gets caught in vehicle showing a breast to her son." Linda chuckled, the sound light and carefree.

"We could drive out to Forest Park...no one's ever out there." Bobby suggested, his mind already racing with possibilities.

"Forest Park! If we're gonna go that far we might as well go to Orgy Shores," Linda teased, her tone filled with unbridled excitement.

"Orgy Shores? Where's that?"

"You've never heard of Orgy Shores?" she answered.

"No," He said shaking his head, his curiosity growing.

"It's a grassy hillside out by Loon Lake. It's VERY private. Up for a ride?" she asked seductively, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Linda couldn't believe she was actually considering taking her son to such a scandalous place. But the thought of indulging in her desires without any inhibitions or judgment was too tempting to resist.

"Linda, what are you doing? You can't take your son to Orgy Shores. The only thing people do at Orgy Shores is fuck. Have you lost your

mind?" Her inner voice screamed in protest.

But she pushed those thoughts away and focused on the present moment, determined to experience something special with her boy.

"I'm just going out there with him to show him how big my areola are. That's it," she tried to rationalize, ignoring the guilt gnawing at her conscience.

"Will there be a boob involved?" Bobby asked with a mischievous glint in his eye, his own desires now fully awakened.

"Yes, there will be a boob involved. If you behave yourself...maybe even two." Linda said with a coy smile, her body already responding to the thought of indulging in such forbidden pleasure.

"Sweet." Bobby grinned, his cock already stiffening in his pants at the promise of a wild and uninhibited adventure with his mother.

Several miles outside of town, Linda turned onto a narrow dirt road that seemed to stretch on for an eternity. Finally, she reached the top of a hill and parked her car, gazing out at the breathtaking view of a secluded lake below.

As she stepped out of the car, Linda couldn't resist the urge to take in deep breaths of the crisp, fresh air. This place was like a sanctuary to her - free from the constraints of society, free from responsibilities and expectations. A place where she could truly let loose and be herself.

But as she looked towards the grassy hillside, she felt a sudden wave of panic wash over her. She had brought her son here today, against her better judgement. What if things got out of hand? Could she really trust herself to control her desires?

Shaking off her fears, Linda instructed Bobby to grab a blanket from the trunk. After he eagerly complied, she took his hand and led him

towards the edge of the grassy hillside.

"Come on," she said softly, excitement bubbling in her voice as they started running down the slope.

Bobby stumbled a few times as he tried to keep up with his mom's quick pace, unable to tear his eyes away from her huge tits bouncing under her dusky-purple sundress. Linda laughed and screamed playfully as they made their way through the tall grass.

"Over here," she called out, leading him to a specific spot in the field.

Déjà vu...the familiar feeling washed over her like a wave crashing against the shore. Memories of being that naughty high-school cheerleader, holding hands with the big dicked football stud and leading him to her special spot where she'd get royally fucked flooded her mind.

"Perfect!" she whispered, looking out at the serene meadow before them.

246: Boobs n Boners - SUPERSIZED-2/2

Bobby spread out the blanket and his mom laid down on it. As she fell back, her tan legs were slightly spread apart and bent at the knees, inviting his gaze.

"Wow, they look so soft and smooth in the sunlight," Bobby thought. He couldn't help but imagine how they would feel wrapped around him. His thoughts were interrupted by his mom tugging at his shirt.

"Lay next to me," she said softly.

Bobby obliged and Linda rolled onto her side facing him, propping herself up on her elbow. This position caused her breasts to press together and swell outward.

"How's this for privacy?" she asked with a sly smile.

"Very," he replied, unable to tear his gaze away from her mesmerizing curves. "So, you've been here before...when you were younger?"

"Oh boy...here we go," she thought. "Should I be honest and use this chance to get some honesty out of him? There are things he could tell me too. I want to know what's going on in that horny little head of his."

"Question for a question?" she asked coyly.

"Sure."

"And you'll be completely honest...if I promise to be?" she pressed on.

"Of course," he assured her.

"This used to be the hot spot when I was younger. I spent countless hours here, laying on my back," she shared, a nostalgic smile on her lips.

"Getting laid?" he couldn't help but ask.

"Yes...getting laid," she confirmed with a grin.

"Were you involved in any orgies? Is that why they call it Orgy Shores?"

"No, no. The name comes from the fact that this grassy hillside would often be dotted with young couples on any given night. Imagine the screams of pleasure from twenty or thirty young girls across this meadow," Linda explained, her voice tinged with reminiscence.

Bobby couldn't help but think how his mom must have been smoking hot in her youth, and this was the place where all the magic happened.

"Wow, that's pretty wild," Bobby said, feeling a twinge of envy at his mother's adventurous past.

"My turn now?" Linda said, looking into her son's eyes.

"Okay."

With a deep breath, Linda broached a sensitive topic. "Mrs. Jacobs said that you're doing a lot of daydreaming in class. Be honest...in these daydreams...are you and I making love?"

Bobby's eyes widened slightly before he lowered them to the ground. "Yeah...we are," he muttered.

A rush of emotions flooded Linda's mind. "Ohh, just like I thought...he's dreaming of making love to me. My son...my slugger… my baby...making love to his mommy." Her cheeks flushed pink at the taboo thoughts running through her head.

"Where are we when we make love in your dreams?" She asked softly, trying to keep her voice steady.

"It's weird. We start out in a mist and you wrap your arms and legs around me like a spider...then we start to rise into the air...like on a web. Before we disappear into the clouds you start to rock us back and forth," Bobby explained, his face turning red with embarrassment.

Linda's heart skipped a beat at the vivid description. "When we enter the clouds...do you imagine us making love forever?" she asked, gazing into her son's eyes.

"Yeah," Bobby answered, his voice barely above a whisper.

Unable to resist any longer, Linda reached out and brushed her hand lovingly against his cheek. "OH MY GOD I'M IN LOVE!" she thought. "Stop it Linda, just stop it! He's your son for fuck sake! Yes he's handsome! Yes he's young and full of sexual energy! Yes he has a big thick dick between his legs that's always hard when he's around you...but he's your son. Your beautiful big-dicked baby boy!"

"Thank you for being honest with me," she said, trying to push away any inappropriate thoughts and maintain a motherly tone. Her heart was torn between love and desperation, but she knew that she had to do what was best for her son in the end.

Linda rose up onto her knees on the picnic blanket, her heart pounding with a forbidden excitement. With trembling hands, her

sundress off, tossing it aside.

Bobby watched transfixed as his mother reached behind her back to unclasp her lacy bra. The straps slid down her shoulders and she let the flimsy garment fall away, revealing her magnificent breasts to his hungry gaze.

Bobby marveled at the sight of his mother's giant, succulent tits, finally freed from their confines. Her areolas were surprisingly large and a dusky pink color. The nipples at their centers were stiff peaks

just begging to be licked and sucked. He felt a powerful erection swelling in his pants as he imagined wrapping his lips around one of those perfect nipples.

Linda flashed a mischievous smile as she brushed her hand across her wide areola, causing it to tingle with pleasure. "See...way bigger," she teased, gazing at Bobby's impressive bulge.

Bobby could feel the heat rising in his cheeks as he tried to focus on their conversation. "Right," he muttered, his eyes lingering on Linda's luscious curves. "They're beautiful."

A small giggle escaped Linda's lips as she watched the tent grow in her son's shorts. He wore no underwear, and the thin fabric of his polyester sports shorts offered little resistance for his big dick as it sprang to life, straining against the material.

With each flex of his shaft, Bobby could see Linda's eyes widen and her mouth open ever so slightly. It was clear that she was captivated by the size and strength of his manhood, and Bobby couldn't help but feel a sense of pride at her reaction.

Linda's thoughts raced as she continued to stare at Bobby's impressive package. "Take your son and leave this place right now!" a voice inside her head screamed. "It's...it's soo big. I could take

him...I could take all of him...I know it. Right down to my cervix," she fantasized.

Her breath caught in her throat as Bobby flexed once again, causing his member to surge with blood and rise even higher.

"Balls deep," Linda whispered under her breath, almost in a trance-like state.

"What did you say?" Bobby asked, snapping her out of her reverie.

"Oh...I said...there you go...showing off again," Linda replied with a flirty smile, trying to play it cool despite the intense desire bubbling up inside her.

"Will you take off your panties?" he asked, his eyes lingering on her body.

"My panties? I don't remember that being part of the deal, buster," she replied, hands on her hips.

"Please," Bobby pleaded, his gaze burning with desire.

"Don't start with the begging. Tell you what...you lose the shirt and I'll lose the panties. How's that?" Linda countered.

"Deal." Bobby eagerly stripped off his t-shirt and tossed it aside.

Linda's heart raced as she watched her son's toned chest and arms glisten in the soft light. She reminded herself that this was dangerous - she was a married woman. But as she looked at her son, she couldn't deny his attractiveness and the primal urge that stirred within her.

She slowly stood up, causing Bobby to focus on her dangling breasts and how they swayed with each movement. With a seductive smile,

Linda slid her thumbs under the hem of her panties and began to slide them down over her wide hips.

Bobby's mouth went dry as his mother slowly slid her panties down her smooth, toned thighs. As the sheer white fabric pooled at her feet, his eyes were irresistibly drawn to the delicate folds of her freshly shaven pussy.

The plump, glistening outer lips were slightly parted, offering a tantalizing glimpse of the pink, slick inner flesh. At their apex, he could just make out the hood of her clitoris peeking out, practically begging to be touched.

As Linda shifted her stance slightly, spreading her legs further apart, her labia unfurled like a delicate flower, exposing her most intimate area completely to Bobby's hungry gaze. He could see the dewy moisture coating her slit, evidence of her intense arousal.

Her opening looked so tight, so inviting. Bobby ached to plunge his rock hard member deep inside his mother's dripping wet hole and claim her completely. The musky scent of her desire filled his nostrils, fueling his own need.

Linda ran a single manicured finger teasingly along her smooth slit, gathering some of her juices. She brought it to her lips and licked it clean, all the while keeping her eyes locked with Bobby's. She noticed his eyes drifted down to the panties on ground.

As she giggled, Linda picked up the delicate fabric and playfully dropped her panties onto Bobby's chest. The air was thick with a pungent, musky aroma that made his head spin.

He couldn't help but bring them to his nose, inhaling deeply as Linda watched, her own giggle turning into a satisfied sigh. "Oh God, he's smelling me. He's smelling my sex. My own baby is addicted to the intoxicating scent of his mother's pussy. The same plump mommy-

pussy that gave birth to him eighteen years ago," she thought with a hint of pride.

"So how the heck did this happen?" Linda asked mischievously.

"What happen?" Bobby asked, still caught up in the scent of her panties.

"It was supposed to be as simple as pulling over and showing you a boob, and now here we are at Orgy Shores and I'm completely naked."

"I don't mind," Bobby smiled, taking another deep sniff at the crotch of Linda's panties.

"Oh, I'm sure you don't, slugger," she teased.

Linda gracefully lowered herself onto her hands and knees, crawling towards Bobby with a seductive sway to her hips. Her heavy breasts dangled enticingly, swaying back and forth as she made her way over to him.

She stopped when her face was directly above his, gazing at him with adoring eyes. "Mama's little panty-sniffer," she teased, her fingers delicately combing through his hair.

"Will you sit on me again?" Bobby asked, his voice laced with desire.

"It might be a bit difficult without a chair," Linda replied playfully.

But the allure of Orgy Shores was too much for both of them to resist. In one swift movement, Linda mounted her son, straddling him and positioning herself so that her bare vulva pressed against the throbbing length of his manhood.

"How does that feel?" She asked teasingly, enjoying the sight of her son moaning beneath her.

Bobby's mind was racing as he felt the heat and wetness of his mother's sex against his cock through just the thin barrier of his shorts. His thoughts were filled with disbelief and excitement - Mom's pussy was right against his dick! And she was pressing it against him...he couldn't believe it.

Linda's heart fluttered in her chest, beating faster and faster as she felt his oversized cock-muscle pressing against her. A wave of heat rushed through her body, causing her to gasp in pleasure.

"So this is love," She thought, her mind filled with a mixture of excitement and fear.

Bobby flexed his dick once more, the movement pushing it up against her flesh and causing her to moan softly. His eyes were focused on

her, watching every reaction and knowing that he had complete control over her.

"You're so dirty," she sighed, unable to resist him any longer.

"Grind on it, Linda. Explore your desires and let go of all inhibitions. Who cares if you're married? This is a big, delicious cock and your husband will never find out. It can be your naughty little secret. Grind on it now," he brain screamed.

With a slight lean forward, she pressed her hands against his chest for support and closed her eyes, fully surrendering herself to the pleasure. The feeling of his thick, youthful shaft rubbing against her sensitive clit was enough to drive her wild with desire. She wanted more, needed more.

"Oh my God, I'm so fucking horny," she thought as she moved against him greedily, lost in a world of ecstasy and taboo indulgence.

Linda began to move her hips in a slow, sensual rhythm, grinding her wet heat against Bobby's rigid shaft. She gyrated in circles, savoring the exquisite friction of his teenage cock rubbing against her sensitive folds and engorged clit.

As her movements intensified, her heavy breasts wobbled and bounced hypnotically with each undulation of her body.

The sight of his mother's voluptuous tits jiggling just inches from his face sent fresh waves of arousal surging through Bobby's straining erection. He watched, transfixed, as her dusky nipples hardened into stiff peaks, aching to be touched and sucked.

Linda threw her head back in ecstasy, soft moans of pleasure escaping her parted lips as she lost herself in forbidden bliss. She ground down harder, desperate to feel more of her son's throbbing heat against her needy sex.

The mother writhed and undulated her hips, feverishly grinding her soaked, throbbing womanhood against Bobby's straining erection. She could feel every contour of his impressive manhood through the thin fabric of his underwear - the bulbous head, the thick veiny shaft, the heavy balls tightening beneath her. His hardness seared her swollen, weeping petals, stoking the flames of her forbidden desire higher and higher.

Bobby groaned as he felt his mother's slick juices soaking through his shorts, the scalding heat of her arousal enveloping him. Her plump, puffy outer lips cradled his aching length, while her stiff little pleasure bud rubbed maddeningly against his frenulum with each stroke. The damp fabric clung to his pulsing cock, the friction almost unbearable in its intensity.

Linda's breath came in ragged gasps as she increased her tempo, frantically rubbing her aching sex up and down her son's iron-hard shaft. She could feel his heartbeat throbbing against her inflamed tissues, could smell their musky aroma of sex filling the air. Her

copious fluids seeped out and through his thin shorts, drenching his balls and inner thighs.

Bobby thrust his hips upwards, pressing his bulge more firmly against his mother's hot, slippery folds. The rigid stalk of his manhood slid between her plush outer lips, parting her tender pink inner petals. Her engorged clitoris bumped against his shaft with each pass, sending jolts of pleasure radiating through them both. He flexed his sculpted abs and glutes, grinding into her molten core, stoking their incestuous passions to a fever pitch.

Linda's body suddenly tensed and quivered uncontrollably as the intense pleasure crested within her. Her face contorted in rapture, eyes rolling back, jaw slack as incoherent moans and gasps escaped her lips. "Ohhh fuuuck, oooh god Bobby, yesss!" she wailed, her voice ragged and raw with lust.

Wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over her, radiating out from her convulsing core. Her dripping sex clenched and spasmed against Bobby's throbbing hardness as a flood of her essence gushed forth, soaking his shorts and drenching his aching cock and balls in her molten nectar.

Bobby watched in awe as his mother came undone above him, her beautiful face a mask of unbridled bliss, her voluptuous body writhing and undulating. He could feel her pulsing heat, her slick oils permeating the thin cotton barrier and bathing his engorged manhood. Her silken folds kissed and caressed every ridge and vein of his shaft as they quivered with release.

Her nails dug into his shoulders as she ground down frantically, shamelessly coating his bulge with her fragrant cream as her orgasm seemed to go on and on.

Her honeyed walls rippled, her mound milking him, drawing him ever closer to his own peak. Scalding rivulets ran down his thick shaft and

over his swollen balls, dripping down the crack of his ass as he thrust up to meet her.

The primal scent of her climax filled his nostrils, musky and intoxicating. Her pleasure-soaked pussy clung to him obscenely as she gyrated her hips, wringing out every last tremor of her release.

Bobby groaned at the intensity of the sensations, feeling his own impending explosion building at the base of his spine as her drenched heat engulfed him.

With a final shuddering moan, Linda collapsed against her son, her sweat-slicked body going limp as the last sparks of her climax faded to a warm, satisfied glow. Bobby grunted as her full weight settled on him, her massive breasts engulfing his face in their soft, pillowy flesh.

He breathed in her scent, an intoxicating mixture of perfume, arousal, and something uniquely Linda. The world fell away until there was nothing but the silky skin of her cleavage against his cheeks, the salty taste of her perspiration on his lips, the drum of her heartbeat pounding in his ears as he lay smothered in her ample bosom.

Linda hummed blissfully, cradling Bobby's head to her chest as she basked in the afterglow. Her hips still pressed flush against his, she could feel every twitch and throb of his still rock-hard erection through the flimsy, soaked fabric separating them.

The rigid heat of him pulsed insistently against her sensitive clit, sending little sparks of pleasure zinging through her nerve endings.

She rolled her pelvis lazily, enjoying the delicious friction of his bulging manhood rubbing along her slick folds. Bobby let out a tortured groan, the sound muffled by the tit-flesh surrounding him. His cock jerked against her, a pearl of moisture seeping through his underwear to mingle with the juices still coating her sex.

"Mmmm, still so hard for Mom," Linda purred, finally releasing him from the confines of her cleavage. She pushed herself upright, looking down at Bobby with heavy-lidded eyes darkened by lust. "I think little Bobby is feeling neglected. We can't have that now, can we baby?"

With a sultry smile, Linda slithered down his body hooked her fingers into the waistband of Bobby's shorts and slowly peeled them down his hips. His cock sprang free, bobbing obscenely as it was released from its confines. The fabric was soaked through with her ejaculate clinging wetly to his skin as she worked them off.

Once she had divested him of the ruined garment, Linda swung a leg over to straddle Bobby's hips once more. She reached between their bodies to grasp his aching erection, guiding it to nestle snugly

between her puffy nether lips. They both moaned at the skin-on-skin contact, his rigid heat searing deliciously against her most intimate flesh.

Linda began to undulate her hips, sliding her dripping slit up and down the underside of Bobby's shaft. The plump head of his cock bumped against her clit with each pass, sending jolts of electric pleasure zinging through her. She kept the pace slow and steady, savoring the exquisite friction as she ground herself on him.

Overcome with sensation, Linda lowered herself to drape her body along the length of his. Her heavy tits engulfed his neck, rippling and jiggling hypnotically with each roll of her hips.

Bobby turned his head, burying his face between the pillowy mounds. He mouthed at the soft flesh, licking and sucking whatever skin he could reach.

Lost in a haze of lust, they moved together - Linda riding Bobby's rock-hard length, Bobby thrusting up to meet her undulating hips. Their sexes grew slicker with each passing second, her dripping

arousal mixing with the steady trickle of pre-cum oozing from his tip. Wet, obscene sounds filled the air as they rutted shamelessly, both chasing the explosive pleasure they could feel building low in their bellies.

Linda increased the speed and pressure of her grinding, urgently rubbing her sopping wet folds along the rigid length of Bobby's throbbing shaft.

Bobby gripped her plush hips tightly, pulling her down hard against him as he bucked upwards frantically. Their slippery flesh slapped together loudly, sticky fluids smearing between them.

"Oh god, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Linda wailed, throwing her head back as the coil of tension in her core reached a crescendo. Her plump pussy lips fluttered and clenched around him.

"Me too, oh shit, aaahhh!" Bobby groaned, the spongy head of his cock pulsing against her swollen clit.

Their bodies jerked and trembled in unison as the wave of ecstasy crashed over them. Linda's pussy spasmed and gushed, drenching his groin with her release. At the same time, Bobby's swollen cockhead erupted, spurting thick ropes of pearly cum all over his belly and chest.

They continued grinding and thrusting through their intense orgasms, extending the toe-curling pleasure. Their slick juices mixed together into a frothy, sticky mess smeared between their quivering sexes and matted in Bobby's pubic hair.

Finally, the last tremors subsided and they collapsed against each other, panting and glistening with sweat and cum. Linda rolled off him onto her back, chest heaving. Bobby looked down at the creamy blend of their combined ejaculate coating his softening penis and glistening on his abdomen.

They basked in the afterglow, exhausted and sated from their explosive, unpenetrated climaxes. The musky scent of sex hung heavy in the air.

Linda gasped, her breath stolen by the intensity of the moment. A small smile played across her lips as she looked into Bobby's eyes.

"My God...what are you doing to me?" Her voice was breathless and filled with a mixture of surprise and pleasure.

Bobby couldn't help but smile in response. "Sorry," he said, but his tone betrayed his true feelings.

Linda let out a soft giggle. "No you're not."

"Okay...I'm not. Are you sorry?" he asked, his eyes never leaving hers.

"Sorry?" she repeated, sitting up and straddling him.

"Yeah...sorry we did this?"

"No...no I'm not." Linda's voice was low and seductive as she gazed down at him with a mischievous grin.

Suddenly, the ringing of a cell phone interrupted their intense connection. Linda sighed and reached for her phone, which was hidden in the pocket of her sundress.

"That would be your father, wondering where the hell we are," she said with a hint of annoyance, finding it hard to tear herself away from Bobby's embrace.

Before she answered the call, her mind raced for an excuse that would satisfy both her husband and their current situation. "Parent-teacher conference," she thought quickly.

"Are you gonna tell him?" Bobby joked, knowing the consequences if they were caught together.

Linda raised an eyebrow playfully. "Yeah, do feel like dying today? He would murder us both."

They shared a laugh before Linda continued with her plan to deceive her unsuspecting husband.

Linda's voice sang out into her phone, carrying a sense of warmth and familiarity. "Hey honey!" she chimed.

"No, Bobby had parent teacher conferences today...I forgot to tell you...I'm sorry," Linda said, her words tumbling out in a rush. She

settled back against her son Bobby, resting her head on his shoulder as she spoke to her husband.

Despite the distractions around her, Linda managed to focus on the conversation at hand. "Actually Bobby's doing really well...he's focusing on exactly what he needs to during class," she reported with pride. But deep down, she couldn't help but think about how Bobby was also focused on something else, something more carnal.

As they talked, Bobby boldly ran his hands down the smooth curve of his mother's back before firmly gripping onto the ample swell of her buttocks. In response, Linda barely flinched or reacted, completely engrossed in her chat with her husband.

Bobby couldn't believe his luck - here he was at Orgy Shores with his mom while she chatted away with dad. Her soft breasts pressed against his chest and he took advantage of the situation by slipping his fingers into the crack of her ass and teasing her puckered anal ring.

"That sounds good sweetie. If you wanna start up the grill Bobby and I should get home before they arrive and we'll throw the

burgers on." Despite her nonchalant tone, Linda showed little concern for her son's wandering hands.

Bobby brazenly nuzzled his face into his mother's soft, squishy cleavage, kissing and licking her inner slopes. He moved his finger between her ass cheeks and teasingly circled her puckered asshole. Linda let out a small gasp but continued chatting with her husband, trying to maintain a normal tone.

"Mmhmm, that sounds great honey. I'll have Bobby help out as soon as we get home," she said breathlessly into the phone.

Bobby took that as his cue and slowly pushed his finger past the tight ring of muscle, burying it knuckle-deep in his mom's hot anal passage.

Linda bit her lip to stifle a moan, her body tensing and shuddering slightly against her son. Her fat tits heaved as she took a deep breath to compose herself. "Yep, burgers will be ready by the time they arrive. Can't wait to see you!" she chirped with feigned enthusiasm.

While Linda wrapped up the call, Bobby pumped his finger in and out of her tight asshole, savoring the forbidden thrill of fingering his own mother during a mundane phone conversation with his father. He could feel her anal walls clenching around his probing digit.

"Okay, love you too! Bye!" Linda quickly ended the call and tossed the phone aside. She looked down at Bobby with a mischievous glint in her eye. "You are SO bad! I can't believe you did that while I was on the phone with your father!" she playfully scolded. But the flush on her cheeks and her heaving bosom betrayed her arousal.

Bobby just grinned as he continued to work his finger in and out of her tightly gripping asshole.

"Does dad ever stick his penis in there?" the boy asked. With a mischievous grin, he slipped his entire finger inside her, causing her to gasp and shudder with pleasure. Linda's breath caught as she tried to regain her composure.

"Not as much as he used to," she replied, a hint of sadness creeping into her voice. "Your dad is getting older and his drive isn't what it used to be."

Bobby's eyes widened in surprise. "If I were him, I'd make love to you every day. I'd even stick it in your butt."

Linda laughed at his boldness. "Only once a day?"

"Okay...twice a day," Bobby said, smirking.

"How about three times?" Linda countered, playfully raising an eyebrow.

"As many times as you want," Bobby replied confidently.

Linda couldn't help but smile, imagining the endless possibilities. "Wow, I'd never get anything done."

Linda subtly thrust her hips back, grinding her ass against Bobby's probing finger as she spoke. "Mmm, you know, we moms may seem sweet and innocent, but the truth is, we're insatiable when it comes to sex. If I had my way, I'd spend all day pleasuring a hard cock with my mouth and pussy."

She let out a breathy moan as Bobby worked his finger deeper into her tight rear entrance. "There's nothing better than wrapping my lips around a throbbing shaft and sucking until I'm rewarded with a hot load of cum. And feeling a rock-hard dick plunging in and out of my dripping wet slit... Ungh, I can never get enough!"

As her son slowly withdrew his finger from her slick anus, Linda let out a soft moan and crawled off of him. Her eyes were drawn to his glistening member, still hard as a rock despite their recent activities.

"You're still so hard," she said, feeling her own arousal building again.

"Yeah, I guess I am." Bobby replied with a proud smirk.

"The stamina of youth." Linda purred, her gaze fixated on the long, veiny cock in front of her. Its large bell-shaped head seemed to beckon to her, promising pleasure beyond imagination.

"Could a cock like that truly reach all the way into her heart?" Linda couldn't help but wonder.

"Oh Bobby, you have sperm all over you," she said, reaching for her panties and using them to wipe off his stomach. But as she did so, his throbbing member bumped against her huge, dangling titties and gradually slid down until a few inches disappeared between her cavernous cleavage.

"Gotcha!" Linda giggled, pressing her breasts together to trap her son's dick-meat in between them.

She gazed down at his boner as if speaking to it. "Where do you think you're going?"

"He has a mind of his own, I suppose," Bobby chuckled.

"Well this is certainly an interesting sight," Linda said with a mischievous glint in her eye as they both admired the half-swallowed shaft nestled between her boobies.

"I think I've come up with the perfect nicknames for us," the mother said playfully.

"What?" Bobby asked.

"Boobs n Boners," she answered, grinning mischievously.

"I love it," Bobby chuckled.

"So do I," She purred seductively. "The perfect nicknames seeing as we're both so well endowed in those areas."

As Bobby stood up from the blanket, his rigid member jutted out firmly from his groin, bobbing slightly with each movement. A large, viscous drop of pre-cum began to ooze from the tip, slowly stretching into a glistening string.

Linda's eyes widened as she saw the sticky fluid dripping downward. In a flash, she dropped to her knees in front of her son, opened her mouth wide, and extended her tongue.

The clear string of pre-cum landed directly on her eager tongue. She slurped it up hungrily, not allowing a single drop to escape and splatter on the floor.

"Mmm, you taste so good, baby," Linda purred, savoring the slightly salty, tangy flavor of her son's essence. Her lips curled into a naughty smile as she gazed up at him with smoldering desire in her eyes.

Still on her knees, Linda wrapped her fingers around the base of Bobby's throbbing shaft, admiring the power muscle at its root. She pumped her fist up and down a few times, coaxing out another large bead of pre-goo. It pooled on the swollen head before beginning to drip off.

Linda quickly flicked out her long tongue, catching the pearly fluid before it could fall. She lapped at Bobby's sensitive slit, gathering up every bit of his nectar.

"You're leaking so much, sweetie. Mom's gonna make sure none of it goes to waste," Linda cooed before taking the head into her warm, wet mouth and suckling gently, eager to drink down more of her son's delicious juices.

Bobby put his hands on his hips and gazed down into her beautiful eyes as she nursed on his crown for several minutes. He sighed as he felt her lively tongue swirl and flicker around his sensitive glans.

When they arrived home, Linda pulled the car into their garage and shut off the engine. Bobby slumped down in the passenger seat, feeling both embarrassed and elated. His shorts were still soaked from their ejaculations, leaving him naked from the waist down.

"Stay put. I'll sneak you out some dry clothes in a few minutes," Linda said with a chuckle as she turned to face her son.

"Thanks mom...for today," Bobby replied sheepishly.

"I let you cross some serious boundaries with me today, slugger. I'm assuming you want things like that to continue?" Linda asked, raising an eyebrow at her son.

"Hell yeah!" Bobby answered eagerly.

"Then here are the rules...Number one: what we do is between you and I only...got it?" she said sternly, making sure he understood the seriousness of their situation.

"Yep," he answered, nodding his head. "Got it."

"Number two: we only play when and where I decide...period," she reiterated firmly.

"Okay," Bobby nodded again, understanding the importance of following her rules.

"And number three: I meant what I said about your school-work. I truly believe that the priority of a boy your age is his penis, but if yours wants the kind of attention it got today...then you're gonna need to keep your grades up," Linda explained gently but firmly.

"I will. I promise," Bobby vowed sincerely, grateful for his mother's support and guidance.

Linda leaned closer, her eyes boring intently into her son's. "And one other thing. If we keep going down this path together, it's only a matter of time before we end up having sex. Full-on, naked, passionate fucking. Mother and son joined as intimately as two people can be. Once I let you slide that hard young cock into my wet, hungry pussy...I don't think I'll ever be able to give it up. I'll crave it constantly, day and night. I'll be utterly possessive of your dick, always wanting it in my mouth or between my legs. My pussy will

ache for you when you're at school. I'll masturbate thinking about you fucking me. I'll get jealous of any girl that even looks at you."

She cupped his face tenderly. "So if we do this, if we cross that final taboo line as lovers, I need you to be patient and understanding with how obsessed and insatiable I may become. This kind of forbidden intimacy between a mother and son...it runs deep and powerful. It may change me, make me act in ways I never imagined. But it will all be out of an intense, feverish love and desire for you and your cock. Can you handle that, baby? Can you deal with your mom turning into a cock-hungry slut for you?"

Bobby swallowed hard, his head spinning with arousal at his mother's shocking, erotic words. The thought of her needing and craving him so desperately, of her perfect body naked and writhing beneath him, of sinking his aching cock into her hot, slick depths... it was almost too much to process. But he wanted it more than anything.

"Yes mom," he replied hoarsely, "I can handle it. I WANT it."

"Good boy," Linda purred, giving his naked dick a squeeze. "Now wait here. I'll be right back with some dry clothes."

Under normal circumstances, Bobby would have avoided family gatherings. However, after the wild events of the day, he found himself craving the comfort and closeness of his mother.

As the family chatted and laughed together, Bobby lingered in the background, stealing glances at his beautiful mother whenever he could. Linda had just showered and was now dressed in a short, pale-pink polyester skirt and a thin, white cotton tee. The soft fabric hugged her curves and accentuated her long legs. With each step she took in her dainty mules, Bobby could hear the distinct click of her heels against the hardwood floor.

Every now and then, Linda's eyes would lock onto Bobby's and roam up and down his body like a seductive woman in a nightclub admiring a handsome man across the room. In that moment, all rational thoughts fled from Linda's mind as she couldn't help but think how incredibly handsome her son was. Her desire for him consumed her thoughts, drowning out any sense of reason.

Bobby couldn't deny the rush of excitement he felt every time his mother's gaze lingered on him, accompanied by a cute little wink. It was wrong, it was taboo, but there was no denying the intense chemistry between them.

Beth, Bobby's Grandmother, watched intently as her daughter Linda and Grandson Bobby exchanged flirtatious glances across the room. The sexual tension radiating between them was palpable.

A wicked smile crossed the grandmother's face. She knew exactly what forbidden desires were smoldering in their minds.

Casually, Beth pulled Bobby aside into the kitchen, out of earshot of the rest of the family. "I see the way you and your mother have been eye-fucking each other all night," she purred conspiratorially. "Don't try to deny it."

Bobby's face flushed red with embarrassment and arousal. "Grandma, I don't know what you're talking about..." he stammered unconvincingly.

"Oh please," Beth scoffed with a knowing smirk. "I may be old but I'm not blind. You want her. And she clearly wants you too."

She placed a wrinkled hand on his thigh, leaning in close. "Pursue her, Bobby. Take her to bed. Let your mother show you unimaginable carnal pleasures."

The young man swallowed hard, his cock stiffening in his jeans at his grandmother's lurid encouragement. "You really think I should? Isn't it wrong though?"

"Life's too short to deny your deepest urges," Beth replied, giving his leg a squeeze. "Your mom is an insatiable minx in the sack. And oh, the way she sucks a dick... like a wet, tight vacuum milking out every drop. She'll make you explode harder than you knew possible."

Bobby let out a shaky exhale, dizzy with lust. His mind was made up. He was going to fuck his mom tonight. "Okay Grandma... I'll do it. I'll fuck her if she lets me."

"Atta boy!" the old woman cackled impishly, giving his ass a firm slap. "Now go get her, tiger. Make me proud."

Bobby stepped out onto the dimly lit back deck, his heart pounding with anticipation. In the shadows, he could make out the curvy silhouette of his mother leaning against the railing.

She turned to face him, her jutting tit-mounds wobbling and straining against the thin fabric of her low-cut blouse.

"There you are," Linda purred, sauntering towards him with a seductive sway of her hips. "I was hoping we could have some alone time."

Bobby gulped, his mouth suddenly dry. "Oh yeah? What did you have in mind, Mom?"

She pressed her body flush against his, her mountainous, spongy breasts mashing into his firm pecs. Bobby inhaled sharply, intoxicated by the scent of her perfume and the heat of her skin.

Linda snaked her arms around his neck, leaning in close until her lips brushed his ear. "I was thinking we could take a little walk," she breathed hotly. "Maybe to the playground down the street that's

always deserted at this hour. We would have total privacy to...get better acquainted."

As she spoke, Linda boldly cupped the growing bulge in Bobby's jeans, massaging his stiffening cock through the denim. A groan escaped his throat at her brazen touch. His hips involuntarily bucked, pressing his erection more firmly into his mother's eager hand.

"How does that sound, baby?" Linda cooed, giving him a teasing squeeze. "Wanna sneak off and fool around with Mommy like a couple of horny teenagers?"

Bobby's head spun, overwhelmed by forbidden lust. His grandmother's encouraging words echoed in his mind. Life was too short to deny his deepest urges.

"God yes!" he growled, grabbing Linda's plump ass possessively.

"Get a room you two!" Beth said with a knowing smirk as she stepped out onto the deck. Bobby and Linda jumped apart guiltily, but Beth just chuckled and sauntered over to them, her hips swaying.

"Oh don't stop on my account," she purred, looking between them with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "As a mother of three strapping boys myself, I know exactly what you're both feeling right now. That electric, forbidden desire..."

She placed a hand on Bobby's shoulder and the other on Linda's, her voice low and conspiratorial. "Bobby, there's nothing quite like burying yourself between a mother's huge, warm tits. Feeling her skilled pussy gripping you as you fuck her senseless. And Linda, sweetheart, I promise you that teenage cock will make you scream like you never have before. So eager and energetic and insatiable."

Beth grinned wickedly and gave them both a little push towards each other. "Go on now, don't be shy. Give in to that taboo lust. Sneak off

and be bad together. Enjoy every sinful second. Trust me, you won't regret a single moment of pleasure."

Bobby and Linda gazed at each other, their faces flushed and eyes dark with desire. Beth's encouragement had demolished any lingering doubts or hesitation. Linda grabbed Bobby's hand and urgently pulled him towards the front door.

They hurried to the nearby playground, hands clasped tightly together. As they walked, Linda spoke breathlessly. "Your grandmother is so wise. She wants what's best for us both. She wants us to let loose and fuck our brains out, to experience pure pleasure together."

Bobby nodded eagerly, his cock already straining against his jeans at the thought. When they reached the deserted park, Linda kicked off

her heels. Giggling, she took off running across the grass, her oversized breasts bouncing heavily beneath her thin sundress. Bobby sprinted after her, his heart pounding with exhilaration and lust.

Linda reached the children's wooden play fort first. She climbed up the ladder and disappeared inside the small structure.

"Boooner," Linda called down teasingly from above. Her voice was thick with desire.

Bobby hurried over to the pole that rose up through the floor of the play fort, his pulse racing. He gazed up and saw his gorgeous mother straddling the circular opening, her long tanned legs spread wide. She squatted down, resting on her toes, gripping the pole between her thighs.

The crotch of her thin white panties was pulled taut against her pussy mound. Bobby could clearly make out the plump, protruding lips of her labia pressed against the sheer fabric. A damp spot darkened the material, betraying her intense arousal.

Linda's huge breasts heaved with each excited breath she took. Her stiff nipples tented the front of her flimsy sundress obscenely. She rubbed herself slowly against the pole, eyes locked with Bobby's.

"Climb up here and fuck me, baby boy," she purred down at him. "Mommy needs that big hard teenage cock inside her right now. I'm so fucking wet for you."

Bobby grabbed the pole and shimmied up it eagerly. When he reached the top of the play fort, he saw his mom posed seductively near the wobbly rope bridge that connected to another platform.

She had her back to him and was slowly peeling her lacy white panties over the perfect globes of her shapely ass. Bobby watched transfixed as the flimsy material slid down, revealing more and more of her smooth, tanned buns.

Linda stopped tugging her panties down when they were just below the succulent curves of her meaty buttocks, framing them enticingly. She looked back over her shoulder at her son, her eyes smoldering with lust. "See something you want?" She teased.

Reaching back, she squeezed and kneaded the plump cheeks, her red nails sinking into the yielding flesh, pulling them apart slightly. Bobby caught a glimpse of her tight puckered asshole nestled between the rounded mounds.

"Does my long-necked monster wanna come out and play in mommy's warm, wet cave?" she asked breathily, licking her lips.

Bobby nodded dumbly, rendered speechless by the erotic sight before him. His raging erection throbbed almost painfully in the confines of his jeans.

Linda turned to fully face him, her pendulous breasts swaying hypnotically with the movement. She crooked a finger at him. "Then

come and get it, baby," she purred, running playfully across the bridge.

Bobby took off after his mom, his heart pounding with excitement and anticipation. He raced across the rickety rope bridge, the planks swaying precariously under his feet. Linda had already disappeared into the small tower platform on the other side.

Ducking through the low doorway, Bobby found himself pressed up against his mother in the tight confines of the space, barely big enough for two people. Linda's large, heavy breasts mashed against his chest as she threw her arms around his neck, pulling him close.

She dove hungrily at his mouth, planting a series of wet, sloppy kisses on his lips. Then her lips parted and her long, dexterous tongue snaked out, probing insistently at the seam of his mouth.

Bobby opened for her eagerly and Linda's tongue plunged inside, finding his own.

Their tongues met and began an erotic dance, twisting and twining together passionately. Linda's skilled tongue dominated his, lashing and thrusting in a blatant imitation of sex.

She brought one toned leg up and hooked it around his hip, opening herself to him as she ground her pelvis against the bulge of his cock.

Linda's fingers flew to the waistband of her skimpy panties. With a few frantic tugs, she yanked the flimsy material down her long, shapely legs and kicked them away impatiently.

Her warm honey-pot now fully exposed, she reached for the button of Bobby's jeans, popping it open deftly. But before she could lower his zipper, Bobby twisted away playfully.

"Uh-uh-uh, mom," he teased with a mischievous grin. "You have to catch me first!"

Bobby made a move to dart past her curvy form and out of the cramped tower room. But quick as a flash, Linda's hand shot out and grabbed him by the arm. "Get back here, young man!" she plyfully ordered.

With a powerful yank, she sent him tumbling onto his back on the wooden floor.

Pouncing on top of him like a tigress, Linda attacked his clothes in a lustful frenzy. Buttons popped and flew as she ripped open his shirt. Her long red nails raked down his now bare chest. "Thinking you could get away from me," she purred.

Bobby's hands were just as busy, pushing up the hem of her short sundress. He grabbed two handfuls of her ripe, heart-shaped ass, kneading the firm flesh. Linda moaned gutturally at his touch.

She took hold of the neckline of her dress and with one mighty heave, threw it right off, causing her massive tits to spring free and bobble all over her boy.

Now naked, Linda fumbled with Bobby's zipper, finally getting it down. She tugged his jeans and underwear off together, letting his huge, throbbing cock slap up against his stomach.

"Mmmm, there's my big boy," she purred appreciatively, wrapping her fingers around his girthy shaft.

Linda gripped Bobby's thick, pulsing shaft firmly and began stroking it with fast, rough yanks. His engorged cockhead turned a deep purple as she pumped him vigorously, tugging his foreskin up and down. Pearly beads of pre-cum oozed from the tip, splattering onto his stomach and her hands as she jerked him off feverishly.

"Gonna stuff this big fat cock in my hungry cunt," Linda growled, her eyes wild with lust. She shifted forward, positioning the bulbous head of his dick at the slick, pink entrance to her womanhood.

With a guttural moan, she shoved her hips downward, plowing his spongy glans through her wet slit. Her slippery folds parted as she impaled herself on his veiny cock, engulfing him in her scorching heat.

Bobby let out a strangled groan at the exquisite sensation of her velvety walls gripping him like a vice.

"Unnghh fuck yeah, fill me up baby!" Linda wailed, plunging down until every thick inch was buried to the hilt in her aching snatch. She began to bounce on him wildly, her huge tits jumping and rippling hypnotically with every impact of her ass against his thighs.

Bobby reached up to maul her giant breasts, pinching and rolling the stiff nipples between his fingers. Linda threw her head back in

ecstasy, riding his cock like a woman possessed as the wet sounds of their frantic coupling filled the abandoned playground.

Bobby groaned in pleasure as Linda's slick, pink vaginal walls stretched and clenched around his throbbing cock. Her swollen, puffy labia gripped his girth like a glove, the delicate inner folds caressing every ridge and vein of his meaty shaft.

With each downward plunge, the bulbous head of his erection kissed the entrance to her womb, prodding the small, puckered opening of her cervix.

Linda's molten core squelched obscenely as she rode him, gushing hot feminine nectar that coated his balls and matted his pubic hair. The plush lining of her sex canal rippled along his length, massaging him from base to tip as she rose and fell in a wild, frenzied rhythm. Her muscles fluttered and spasmed, bearing down on him with exquisite pressure.

Bobby felt like his cock was melting inside the searing furnace of her cunt, dissolving into the slippery wetness. The sensation was

incredible, every nerve ending singing with blissful friction as their bodies joined over and over.

Her greedy pussy seemed to suck him in deeper with each thrust, hungry for more of his rock-hard flesh.

He watched in awe as his glistening pole disappeared between her cream-slicked folds, only to reemerge coated in her fragrant juices. Her engorged, throbbing clit ground against his pubic bone, zings of electricity shooting through them both at the contact.

Linda sobbed and shuddered above him, her velvety birthing-tunnel constricting almost painfully around his sensitive cock.

"Fuck, you're so deep! I'm gonna cum on this big dick!" she wailed, throwing her head back in abandon. Her lush body writhed and bounced as she chased her rapidly building climax, desperately seeking the ultimate pleasure.

Bobby watched in mesmerized fascination as Linda's humongous tits swayed and bounded inches from his face. The heavy globes quivered with each impact of her body slamming down onto his rigid cock, sending shockwaves rippling through the pliant flesh. Her dusky nipples were hard as diamonds, straining outward from the jiggling mounds.

Unable to resist any longer, the boy craned his neck and captured one of the tempting buds in his mouth. He suckled it deep past his lips, drawing on it forcefully. The spongy areola puckered between his teeth as he laved the sensitive tip with his tongue. He pressed his face into the giving flesh, nuzzling into the doughy fullness of her breast as he nursed.

"Oh god yes, suck Mom's titties!" Linda cried out, clutching his head tighter to her heaving chest. She ground her dripping sex harder onto

his throbbing shaft with each downward undulation. "Mmm, get them all wet in your mouth. Ahhhh fuck!"

Moaning around his mouthful, Bobby felt his powerful cock-root sustain the force of her violent fuck-thrusts, driving his unyielding rod up into the core of her womanhood.

The teen switched to her other nipple, suckling it with the same greedy hunger. He kneaded and squeezed the overflowing handfuls, relishing how they overflowed his palms. He felt smothered and consumed by the warm, fragrant pillows engulfing his face. Her stiff peaks scraped across his cheeks as she bucked and thrashed in wanton ecstasy.

Suddenly, Linda went rigid above him and let out a piercing shriek. Her molten sheath rippled and clenched wildly along his dong as she exploded in a devastating orgasm.

Copious gushes of liquid girl-cum sprayed from her spasming hole, drenching him in her essence. The milking contractions seemed to suck the cum right out of his balls and with a hoarse bellow, Bobby unleashed a torrent of thick, scalding seed deep in his mother's convulsing depths.

The boy growled like a feral beast into the plush flesh of Linda's heaving breasts as he felt his balls tighten and contract. His fingers dug into the doughy mounds, gripping them tightly as his climax crashed through him.

"Unngghh fuck, Mom!" he grunted, voice muffled by the smothering tit-flesh engulfing his face. His pelvis jerked and bucked upwards frantically, driving his erupting cock as deep as possible into his mother's spasming sheath.

Searing ropes of boy-cum rocketed out of him, painting Linda's clutching walls with thick spurts of his essence. Each powerful

contraction of his shaft sent another heavy gush splattering against her rippling tunnel. Scalding jets of boycream pumped into her again and again, flooding her unprotected womb with his virile seed.

"Oh god baby, yesss! Give Mommy all that hot cum!" Linda wailed, head thrown back in utter bliss. Her nails scraped angry red lines down his heaving back as she clung to him, grinding her convulsing slit down to take every drop. "Fill me up with it! Breed me with your thick jizz!"

Bobby groaned long and low into her jiggling tits, hips still jolting with each heavy spurt. He could feel the searing lake of his release overflowing her fluttering sheath, excess cream spurting out to mat his coarse pubes and drool down to his churning balls.

His penis throbbed and kicked violently within the vice-like grip of her vagina, pumping out a seemingly endless stream of potent spunk.

Finally, the intense pulses trailed off into weak twitches and Bobby collapsed back onto the wood platform, chest heaving.

Linda mewled shakily and slumped against him, quivering through the aftershocks still zinging through her nerves. They lay tangled together, hearts pounding as one, both basking in the warm afterglow of their explosive mutual climax.

Fifteen minutes passed before Linda and her son emerged from the playhouse, freshly dressed and hand in hand once again. This time, their steps led them towards their home, their pace leisurely as they strolled along.

With a gentle squeeze of his hand, Linda turned to Bobby with a concerned look. "Are you okay?" she asked, her voice filled with love and worry.

Bobby let out a sigh before responding. "Oh yeah. I just wish I could have lasted longer."

Linda smiled at him reassuringly. "Oh my sweet boy, you did wonderful," she said, stopping to turn towards him.

"Thanks," Bobby replied gratefully.

"If you're interested in extending the experience...I'm sure your old mom has a few tricks she can teach you," Linda teased playfully.

Bobby's face lit up with excitement. "Cool... Instead of two minutes we can go for two hours."

"Or four hours," Linda added, placing her hands on his shoulders.

"That would be sweet," Bobby agreed eagerly.

"Or maybe...just maybe...I could keep you going all night," Linda said with a mischievous grin.

Bobby's eyes widened in surprise and anticipation. "That'll be pretty tough with dad around."

Linda chuckled slyly. "Well, I guess I'll just have to get creative, won't I? Find ways to have you inside me whenever and wherever I can."

"I like the sound of that," Bobby said with a devilish smile.

"Me too, my sweet boner. Me too," Linda replied, as they continued up the walkway hand in hand, ready to explore new depths of pleasure together.

Several days after their passionate encounter, one of Bobby's resilient sperm found its way to Linda's waiting egg deep within her fallopian tube. The flagellum of the hardy sperm propelling it forward, pushed through the outer layers of the egg with its acrosome enzymes. As the genetic material of mother and son

combined, the nuclei fused and began to rapidly divide, forming a zygote.

The fertilized egg journeyed down the fallopian tube over the next few days, continuing to multiply into a solid ball of cells called a morula. Reaching Linda's nutrient-rich uterus, the morula matured into a hollow blastocyst and began to implant in the spongy uterine wall. Specialized cells invaded the lining, establishing a connection to Linda's blood supply. The inner cell mass continued to differentiate into an embryo while forming placental tissue.

Hormonal changes in Linda's body, triggered by the implantation, halted her menstrual cycle. Her belly would soon begin to swell with

new life created from the forbidden union with her own son. Little did Linda and Bobby know, their carnal exploration had taken root, forever binding mother and child through the miracle of life sparked by lustful desire.

Nine months later, the forbidden fruit of their lustful union was nearing ripeness within Linda's straining womb. Her once trim waistline had ballooned into a massive, swollen baby ball, stretch marks snaking across the taut skin. Linda's breasts, engorged with milk for the impending arrival, had swelled to an almost comical size, the dark nipples perpetually erect.

As her due date approached, Linda found herself in an almost constant state of sexual arousal, her hormones raging out of control. She needed Bobby more than ever, craving the touch of her virile young lover who put her in this condition.

Linda and her boy seized every opportunity to satisfy their insatiable lust, engaging in risky trysts whenever Linda's husband was occupied or out of the house. In the laundry room, Linda bent over the rumbling dryer, her heavy boobs and belly swaying beneath her as

Bobby took her from behind, the vibrations pushing them both to powerful climaxes.

While Linda's husband watched TV in the living room, the incestuous lovers coupled frantically in the kitchen, Linda perched on the edge of the counter, legs spread wide to accommodate her swollen middle.

Bobby drove into his mother's slick heat, burying his face in her massive cleavage to muffle his groans of pleasure. His veiny meat-sword pummeled through the engorged tightness of her sleeve, working out the gushing juices of her ejaculation.

One morning, as Linda's husband showered before work, her and Bobby copulated on the still-warm bed, Linda on her hands and knees, gravid belly brushing the sheets as Bobby plowed into her from behind. They came together in a rush of ecstasy, trying to stifle their cries as the shower shut off in the adjacent bathroom.

Even in the final weeks of pregnancy, the two met in the dim basement, Linda lowering herself onto Bobby's long, meaty pipe, riding her son slowly and sensuously as he suckled hungrily at her milk-heavy breasts.

They clutched each other desperately as passion overtook them, heedless of Linda's impending delivery and lost in a forbidden world of pleasure all their own.

Linda gazed down at her son with heavy-lidded eyes, intoxicated with lust. "Oh Bobby, you gorgeous boy," she purred as she rode him slowly, feeling the knob of his cock massage her birth-ready cervix. "Your cock feels so good stretching me open. So big and hard and perfect."

She rolled her hips sensually, savoring the exquisite friction of him sliding in and out of her slick heat. "Mmmm, you fill me up so much better than your father ever could. He can't even compare to you."

Bobby groaned, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips as he pumped up into her, seating her shaved outer lips on the base of his prick with every thrust. Linda's wanton words inflamed his desire to a fever pitch.

"That's it baby, fuck your mother just like that," Linda rasped, her massive breasts bouncing around her boy's face with every undulation. "Harder! Faster! Make me come all over your beautiful cock!"

Bobby pistoned his hips frantically, the obscene wet sounds of their coupling filling the dank basement air. "Oh god mom, you're so

fucking sexy," he grunted. "I love fucking your tight married pussy. You're mine, all mine."

"Yes, yes, I'm yours!" Linda cried, throwing her head back in abandon. "My body belongs to you. Only you can satisfy me now. Ruin me for anyone else!"

Their breathless declarations of lust pushed them both over the edge. Linda came with a silent scream of rapture, her cunt clamping down on Bobby's spurting cock as he filled her with his ejaculating seed.

Bobby's pulsating erection twitched and jerked deep inside Linda's quivering sex. The twin columns of erectile tissue running the length of his shaft, clenched rhythmically as climax overtook him. Beneath the base, his root-muscles contracted powerfully, their primal spasms propelling gush after gush of his potent seed through the spongy urethra bisecting his rod.

The teen's swollen testicles, factories of virile semen, drew up tightly in their wrinkled sack as they unleashed their heavy load. Peristaltic waves rippled up his vas deferens, sending thick ropes of pearly ejaculate surging through his cock and erupting from the flaring head in a molten flood. Spurt after spurt painted Linda's receptive womb as her cervix hungrily drank down her son's bountiful offering.

"Yes, give me your baby batter! Knock me up again!" Linda wailed deliriously, the sensation of Bobby's hot, teenage cum jetting against her inner walls triggering a second, shattering orgasm.

Her vagina undulated around him, milking his bucking pole for every last drop as her body sought to pull his essence deeper. Her own feminine spray cascaded down his pelvis and dripped from his quivering nuts.

Their forbidden coupling reached a shuddering crescendo, the intensity bordering on painful bliss, before tapering off into warm,

throbbing aftershocks of rapture.

Bobby groaned in sated relief, his twitching penis still nestled in the welcoming heat of his mother's satisfied sex.

Linda's body ached with need as her due date drew near. Her massively swollen belly and milk-engorged breasts made every movement a sensual challenge. She waddled to Bobby's room, finding him lounging on the bed.

"I need you," she purred, struggling out of her maternity dress to reveal her ripe, full figure.

Bobby drank in the sight of his mother's transformed body, his manhood stirring to attention. He reached out and caressed her humongous sensitive breasts, eliciting a moan from his mom.

She clambered onto the bed, assuming their favorite position on her hands and knees, her giant belly swaying beneath her.

Bobby knelt behind Linda's upturned bottom, sliding his hard shaft between her slick folds. She gasped as he filled her, her walls stretching to accommodate him.

The teen grasped her wide hips and began thrusting, relishing the way her plump cheeks jiggled with each impact.

Linda pushed back against him, matching his rhythm. The lewd slapping of skin on skin mingled with her wanton moans. Her huge breasts swung back and forth, the nipples grazing the sheets. The added stimulation sent shockwaves of pleasure through her hyper-sensitive body.

"Yes baby, fuck me harder!" she cried, surrendering to the ecstasy of their incestuous coupling.

Bobby obliged, pounding into her gushing sex with abandon. Linda's fingers curled into the sheets as she felt the pressure building deep inside. Her climax crashed over her in intense waves, her inner muscles clenching around Bobby's pistoning cock. With a final thrust, he buried himself to the hilt, spilling his seed deep in the same womb that bore him.

They collapsed together onto the bed, hands roaming over sweat-slicked skin. Bobby spooned Linda from behind, one hand cupping her belly while the other teased her nipples. Even as the afterglow faded, Linda felt her lust building again, eager to ravage her young stud in every position imaginable before their baby arrived.

One hot summer afternoon, unable to stand it any longer, Linda texted Bobby and demanded he come home from school immediately. He arrived to find his mother waiting in the bedroom wearing nothing but a sheer robe that did little to conceal her pregnant curves.

Linda practically tackled Bobby onto the marital bed she shared with his father. She tore at his clothes like a wild animal, freeing his hard cock. Straddling him, Linda impaled herself on Bobby's manhood with a guttural moan.

Bobby was soon buried beneath his mother's enormous belly and colossal breasts, smothered in her flesh. He could barely breathe, overwhelmed by her sheer weight and the intoxicating scent of her arousal.

Linda rode her son hard and fast, relentlessly driving herself towards climax as she felt him lick and kiss at the inner contours of her tit-cleavage.

Their bodies glistened with sweat in the afternoon heat as the bed creaked under their rough coupling. Linda used her son like a sex toy, chasing the pleasure she so desperately needed. Her sensitive

nipples leaked milk onto his face and chest as she bounced on his cock with abandon.

This was just the latest round in a nine month sexual marathon, the two lovers exploring every position and act imaginable as Linda's belly grew. Neither could get enough, forever pushing boundaries. Making love was never more exciting or satisfying.

Lost in ecstasy, Linda threw her head back and cried out as an intense orgasm ripped through her, vaginal walls clamping down on Bobby's cock like a vice, squirt hot ejaculate out her urethra, soaking his cock and balls.

He exploded deep inside her with a growl, pumping her full of the same potent seed that knocked her up.

Temporarily sated, Linda collapsed onto the bed beside her son and pulled him close. They lay entwined, hands roaming over sweat-slicked skin as their breathing slowed. Soon the lusty gleam would return to Linda's eyes and they'd start again. For now, they basked in the afterglow of taboo passion, eagerly awaiting the arrival of their incestuous love child.

Linda kissed a trail down Bobby's lean heaving chest before taking his slick cock into her mouth, moaning at the mingled taste of their juices. "Mmm, we taste so good together baby," she purred, licking him from base to tip. "Mommy's little stud, I love having your fat dick in my mouth."

She swirled her tongue around the swollen head, flicking the sensitive underside.

Bobby groaned and fisted his hands in her hair. Linda took him deeper, relaxing her throat to engulf his length. She massaged his heavy balls as she sucked him off with loud, wet slurps.

"Fuck mom, just like that!" Bobby panted, lifting his hips to fuck her face. Linda took it eagerly, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his shaft. She released him with a pop.

"You like watching mommy suck your cock? Seeing her pregnant with your baby as she swallows your dick?" Linda rasped, voice husky with lust. She lapped at his sack before drawing one of his fat balls into her mouth to suckle.

"God yes mom, don't stop," Bobby begged, dizzy with pleasure.

Linda worked his cock with one hand while worshipping his balls, nursing on their valedictorian meat. The room filling with obscene sounds.

She deep throated him to the hilt like only a mom could, nose pressed to his groin and luscious lips stretched around his girth.

Linda picked up speed, sucking hard and fast while fondling his ball-sack. Bobby couldn't hold back, spurting hot and thick down his mother's eager throat with a shout. Linda gulped it down, continuing to milk him until he was completely spent.

Coming up for air, she licked her lips and grinned at him wickedly. "Ready for round two, stud?"

The extra-horny mother lowered herself onto her back, spreading her lovely legs open wide in a huge spread eagle pose. Her limber legs splayed apart until her toes pointed towards opposite sides of the bedroom. She was fully exposed and inviting, her pregnant belly rising between her parted thighs.

Bobby anxiously crawled down between her legs, positioning himself at her slick entrance. He clutched his steely boner and plowed its tapered crown through her flanges, enjoying the feel of her labial flesh wetly licking his glans.

The teen thrust forward, sinking deep into her welcoming heat with a groan. Linda cried out in pleasure as he filled and stretched her, her corrugated walls squeezing around his hot, veiny meat.

He began fucking her hard and fast, powerful strokes driving into her again and again. As he rested his full weight against her, Bobby's muscular body was engulfed in the plush softness of his mom's huge tits and swollen belly. He could feel their growing baby squirming and kicking between them as he pounded into his mother.

"Yes baby, just like that! Fuck mommy's pregnant pussy!" Linda urged breathlessly, hands gripping his flexing ass. She lifted her hips skillfully to meet his thrusts, reveling in the sensation of her son's cock moving inside her.

Bobby grunted with effort, pistoning his hips frantically. The wet slap of flesh against flesh filled the room. He bent to suckle her bouncing tits, teasing the sensitive nipples with his tongue. Milk leaked from the engorged peaks and he greedily gulped it down.

"Mom's gonna cum on your big cock! Fill me up baby, I need it!" Linda wailed desperately, nails raking down his back. Her pussy clenched rhythmically around him as her orgasm crashed over her.

Bobby's stamina was incredible after already cumming twice. He was able to fuck his prenatal mom's body like a wild animal for the next two hours straight. His powerful thrusts drove into her again and again, filling the room with the slapping of flesh on flesh and his mother's ecstatic moans.

Linda came over and over on her son's relentless cock, her pregnant body quivering and clenching with each orgasm that crashed through her.

Bobby varied his pace, alternating between deep, steady strokes and frantic, pounding thrusts that had Linda wailing in rapture. He

sucked and nibbled at her huge, milk-leaking tits as they bounced with each impact of his hips against hers.

"Oh god baby, don't stop! Fuck mommy harder!" Linda cried deliriously, lifting her hips to take him even deeper. The feel of her son's tireless cock stretching and filling her, with her swollen belly between them, was driving her out of her mind with lust. Her hands roamed his flexing back and ass, urging him on.

Bobby grunted with animalistic need, gripping his mother's abundant hips for leverage as he rutted into her. Sweat dripped down his straining muscles. He could feel her pussy fluttering and clenching around him over and over as he wrung nearly a dozen intense orgasms from her shuddering body.

"I'm gonna cum again!" he panted after two hours of non-stop fucking. "I'm gonna fill you up mom!"

"Yes! Give mommy all your hot cum baby!" Linda screamed, locking her legs around him. With a roar, Bobby buried himself to the hilt in

his mother's spasming pussy and unleashed a massive load deep inside her.

Linda convulsed underneath him, coming again from the sensation of her son's potent seed pumping into her fertile womb. Their ejaculations swirled and splattered together between their slapping genitals, creating a frothy mother-son marinade.

They collapsed together in a sweaty, satisfied tangle of limbs. Bobby softened inside her but stayed hilted in her pussy, savoring the afterglow. He nuzzled into Linda's neck as she stroked his hair lovingly.

"Such a good boy for me," she purred. "Get some rest now. You're gonna need your strength to keep mom satisfied..."

THE END

247: BREED – PART 1-1/2

BREED – PART 1

By Klrxo

The newscaster looked directly into the camera, her expression grave. "In an unprecedented move, the Global Federation has enacted the Repopulation Act, requiring all young men aged 18 to 20 to report to orbital breeding stations along with female family members on their mother's side. Mother, grandmother, sisters, aunts and cousins aged 18 and older must accompany these young men for a mandatory one year breeding assignment."

She paused, letting the shocking news sink in. "With recent breakthroughs allowing a full gestation period of only three months, each woman will be expected to birth four children during her time on the station before being permitted to return to Earth. These children will among the first citizens of the burgeoning Mars colonies.

"Critics are calling the law a gross violation of bodily autonomy and reproductive rights," the newscaster continued. "But Global Federation officials maintain it is a necessary sacrifice to ensure the survival and expansion of the human race. Heavy fines and imprisonment await any who refuse to comply."

The screen filled with a stern government message: REPORT TO YOUR DESIGNATED REPOPULATION HUB IMMEDIATELY! FAILURE TO COMPLY IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE.

The Richards household erupted into pandemonium as the news sank in. Brook's phone buzzed incessantly as female relatives called, all willing to fulfill their reproductive duties but seeking confirmation and reassurance from her first.

"Of course we'll do our part, honey," Brook heard her mother, Lorraine, say over the line, voice shaking slightly. "It's just so sudden. But if it's for the good of humanity..."

Brook's husband Roger paced the living room, hands balled into fists. "This is insane! Absolutely insane!" he shouted. "They can't just take you away and have you bred repeatedly by our son! It's a violation of our marriage vows!"

Brook felt torn between her civic responsibility and her husband's outrage. Her temples throbbed as she tried to wrap her mind around birthing four babies in the next year - all a product of her 18-year-old son's sperm.

Brook's space lit up with an incoming hologram chat from her sisters and nieces. Their shimmering 3D faces floated above the device, expressions ranging from nervous to determined.

"We have to do this," said her older sister Tara, creamy tit-cleavage heaving as she took a deep breath. "For the future of humanity."

"Agreed," chimed in Kira, Brook's vivacious 36-year-old younger sister. She glanced over her shoulder. "Ignore Doug's complaining back there. He'll have to deal with it like all the other husbands."

One by one, Brook's buxom adult nieces voiced their willingness to join the repopulation effort and be bred by their cousin Liam.

"What about you, Jenna?" Brook asked her redheaded daughter-in-law. "You're okay with this?"

Jenna nodded. "What choice do we have? At least we're all family and we can go through this together."

Behind Jenna, Brook's oldest son Josh paced into view, scowling as he held their newborn. "This is so messed up, mom. I'm supposed to be okay with my younger brother knocking up not only my mom and sisters, but my wife too?"

Jenna's bright blue eyes met Josh's gaze, her expression pleading yet tinged with selfish determination. "Honey, we don't have a choice," she reminded him. "If we refuse, we'll face huge fines or even jail time. It's only for a year – I can do this."

Her voice trailed off as conflicting emotions played across Josh's face - outrage, resignation, betrayal. Jenna reached out to stroke her husband's arm soothingly, but he jerked away from her touch.

Brook's head spun as the reality sank in - her shy, virginal son would soon be fathering children with all the fertile women in their family.

The mother's gaze met Liam's wide, panicked eyes across the room. Her son looked pale and shaken, his shoulders trembling slightly. She could only imagine the thoughts racing through his mind at the prospect of having to impregnate her and all his other female relatives.

Brook shuddered as the future stretched before them - month after month of Liam mounting her, Jenna, her sisters and nieces, his lean young body pumping and thrusting, shooting his virile seed deep inside them over and over until their bellies swelled with his offspring. The air seemed to thicken, heavy with the musk of impending incestuous sex.

They had no choice but to comply with the law. In a year's time, their family would be forever changed, with dozens of new babies to show for it - all sired by Brook's youngest son with his closest female relatives. The unnatural new normal.

Brook quickly reminded everyone they were instructed to bring nothing and come immediately in only the clothes they currently wore. She glanced at her own outfit - a tight white blouse barely containing her gigantic breasts, a short pencil skirt hugging her rounded bubble butt, and high-heeled mules. Not the most practical ensemble for space travel, but there was no time to change.

She quickly kissed Roger and her younger daughter Mia goodbye, heart clenching at the thought of being separated from them for a year. Mia clung to her mother, sobbing, until Brook gently pried her fingers away.

"I have to go, sweetie. For the good of everyone, but I'm sure they'll allow us to call each other, and I'll reach out as soon as I can." Her words sounded hollow to her own ears.

Brook flashed her husband a shameful, embarrassed look, her cheeks flushing hot. The reality was sinking in that for the next year, her body would belong not to her husband, but to her teenage son. Liam would be rutting between her strong, sexy legs day after day, pumping baby after baby into her fertile womb. She didn't know what to say. There were no words to make this okay. Shrugging helplessly,

the wife of 20 years turned and walked away, leaving a heartbroken Roger behind.

Liam stood by the front door, ashen-faced and trembling. She took his arm, feeling the tension in his body. Her baby boy, suddenly thrust into manhood and expected to fuck and impregnate his own mother and other female relatives. It was too much for any 18-year-old to process.

It wasn't that the boy hadn't fantasied about such a thing. His mother Brook was a stunningly gorgeous woman. Her long, lustrous brunette hair cascaded over her shoulders in soft waves. Enormous

triple M-cup breasts strained against her white blouse, the heavy rounded globes threatening to spill free with each breath.

Below her slim waist flared an outrageously curvaceous bubble butt, a perfectly rounded shelf of an ass filling out her tight skirt. Brook's long, shapely legs seemed to go on forever, thick, toned and smooth, leading down to dainty feet in tall heels. She was the ultimate MILF - a monument to modern femininity and fertility.

As she and Liam stepped out the front door to head to the repopulation hub, Brook's heart pounded in her chest. She could feel Liam's arm trembling in her grasp.

Brook pulled Liam into a tight hug, smashing his face into her huge soft breasts. She stroked his hair soothingly even as her mind raced. In mere hours, her shy boy would be balls deep in not only her, but his aunts, cousins and grandmother, seeding their wombs with his potent sperm. The thought made Brook dizzy.

"I'm so sorry you have to go through this, honey," she murmured into Liam's ear, her pillowy breasts muffling her words. "But we'll face it as a family. You're gonna make such beautiful babies, don't you worry."

She held him a moment longer, trying to memorize the scent of his hair, the feel of his lean body against hers. Finally, Brook pulled back and looked her son in the eye, forcing a tremulous smile.

With a deep breath, Brook turned and began walking down the driveway, her heels clicking and her massive ass swaying. Liam followed in a daze, unable to take his eyes off his mother's jutting shelf booty. In his 18 years, he'd never imagined that thick ass would soon be bouncing on his cock as he fucked a baby into her. His enormous prick began to swell at the thought.

As they reached the closest transport, an armed guard in a crisp Global Federation uniform held out a hand to halt them.

"Names and ages," he demanded, eyes roving over Brook's voluptuous figure.

"Brook Richards, 41. And this is my son Liam Richards, 18," she replied, fighting to keep her voice steady.

The guard consulted his tablet. "Richards family, you've been assigned to Orbital Breeding Station Number 7. You can board the transport." He gestured to the open hatch of the sleek silver craft hovering a few inches above the street.

Brook's heart raced as she climbed aboard, Liam right behind her. The transport was packed with dozens of other mother-son pairs, all gripping each other's hands with white knuckles and exchanging tense looks. Brook recognized a few faces - women she had seen at the grocery store or picking up their kids from school. Now they were all participants in this world-wide breeding program.

She sank into a seat, the cold metal shocking against her bare thighs below her short skirt. Liam slid in beside her, barely fitting in the narrow space. His leg pressed against hers and she felt him

trembling. Brook took his clammy hand in hers, trying to project a sense of maternal calm she didn't feel.

The hatch sealed with a hiss and the transport lifted off, pressing them back into their seats. Brook's massive tits shifted and strained against her tight blouse as the g-forces increased. Out the small window, she watched her neighborhood recede into the distance, then fall away entirely as they punched through the atmosphere. The blue sky faded to the inky black of space, stars twinkling coldly.

Liam's breathing grew rapid and shallow beside her. Brook squeezed his hand tighter, wishing she could reassure him that everything would be okay. But how could it be, with what they were about to do, what they were being forced to become to each other?

Tears pricked her eyes as Earth shrank to a blue marble behind them. A year, she told herself. Just one year and then we can return to our normal lives. But deep down, she knew nothing would ever be normal again.

The massive orbital station loomed ahead, a sprawling metal behemoth bristling with docking bays and slowly rotating rings. As their transport approached one of the open ports, Brook craned her neck to take in the immense structure through the small viewport. It resembled a gigantic wheel in space, with a central hub connected to the outer ring by thick spokes.

The transport shuddered as it locked into place with a reverberating clang that Brook felt in her bones. She squeezed Liam's hand tighter, unsure of what awaited them inside this off-world breeding facility. Her voluptuous body tensed with apprehension, breasts straining against her tight blouse as her breathing quickened.

A chime sounded and a robotic voice announced, "Welcome to Orbital Station 7. Please disembark and proceed to the intake area for processing and room assignments."

The hatch slid open with a hiss. Brook stood on unsteady legs, her stiletto heels wobbling on the metal grates of the docking tunnel. She tugged Liam up beside her and they joined the stream of shell-shocked mothers and sons filing out of the transport, the sharp click of dainty heels echoing in the cavernous space.

Armed guards in sleek black uniforms lined the path, their faces obscured by reflective visors. They clutched menacing pulse rifles, a not-so-subtle threat of the consequences for anyone there who shouldn't be. Brook's heart hammered as she hurried past them, Liam's slick palm clutched in hers.

The intake area was a cavernous white room divided into stations manned by more austere uniformed workers. Glowing signs directed them to their assigned kiosks. Brook and Liam shuffled into the line

for "R Surnames." As they inched forward, Brook's eyes darted around, taking in the other families waiting their turn.

After an interminable wait, they reached the front of the line. A severe woman with a tight bun and crisp uniform consulted her holo-screen.

"Brook and Liam Richards?" Her tone made it clear it wasn't really a question.

"Yes," Brook managed, mouth dry. She was intensely aware of Liam pressing against her side, his body trembling.

"Welcome. You've been assigned to Suite 7-491 in the Gamma Quadrant. Here are your room keys. Report directly there for orientation and to await further instructions."

The crisp uniformed woman handed Brook two translucent key cards. She took them with numb fingers, struggling to process that these small bits of plastic now controlled access to the space where she

would commit incest with her own son. Where she would bear his children.

"This way," Brook murmured to her son, glancing at the glowing room number on the key card before striding off down a sterile white hallway, her heels clicking and her huge ass bouncing. Liam scurried to keep up, trying not to stare too blatantly at the mesmerizing jiggle of his mother's colossal cheeks.

They reached a bank of sleek elevators and Brook pressed the call button with a trembling finger. The doors slid open immediately and they stepped inside the small space. As Brook turned, she came face to face with a stunningly voluptuous woman who looked to be in her early 40s. The woman's tits were as big as Brook's, straining against a low-cut red dress.

"Looks like we're heading to the same quadrant," the woman said, her voice husky. She held up a key card identical to theirs. "I'm Veronica. This is my son Marcus. I guess we'll be your neighbors." She nodded at the nervous looking boy hovering behind her.

"I'm Brook, and this is my son Liam," Brook replied, trying to smile. "It's...it's good to meet you, despite the circumstances."

"It's insane, isn't it?" Veronica said, shaking her head so her massive jugs wobbled. "Just yesterday I was fretting about making it to Marcus's basketball game on time between my hair appointment and book club brunch. Now here I am, about to spend a year being knocked up by him."

"I know," Brook said, suddenly feeling a rush of relief at being able to voice her swirling emotions to another woman in the same unthinkable position. "This morning my biggest concern was that I might be late to my 10am spin class because I couldn't find a sports bra that fit these damn things." She cupped her giant tits and sighed.

"And I was looking forward to my Ladies' Golf League tournament this weekend," Veronica commiserated. "Guess that's off the table now that my son and I will be too busy planting a baby in my womb."

Brook and Veronica giggled as their gazes drifted down to their sons' crotches. Despite their best efforts not to look, Brook couldn't stop her eyes from zeroing in on the massive tents rising in the boys' pants. Liam's enormous cock throbbed beneath the straining fabric, the bulbous cockhead clearly outlined. Her mouth went dry at the thought of that plum-sized tip spearing into her soon.

Next to him, Marcus's equally huge prick pulsed, looking like it might burst through his zipper any second. The outline of his fat balls was visible too, churning with the potent seed that would be pumping into his own mother within hours.

As the musk of raging teenage hormones filled the tight elevator, Brook felt a responding throb between her thighs. To her horror, her clit began to swell, the grape-sized bud pushing against her panties. Her nipples tightened into fat, tingling nubs, poking against her blouse like hardened gumdrops.

Shame heated her cheeks at her body's sudden arousal. What kind of mother got turned on by her own son's cock? By the knowledge that he would soon be mounting her, rutting into her, seeding her womb with his baby?

But as she snuck a glance at Veronica, Brook saw the same conflicted desire mirrored on the other woman's face. Veronica's massive tits heaved in her low-cut dress, the points of her stiff nipples clearly visible. Her cheeks were flushed and her pupils blown wide as she stared at Marcus's straining erection.

The elevator dinged, shattering the sexually charged silence. Brook startled, looking away from Liam's tented crotch with a guilty flush. The doors slid open, revealing a long, sterile hallway lined with

numbered doors. Heart pounding, she stepped out, the click of her heels echoing obscenely loud to her ears.

"Good luck," Veronica's pretty voice called out.

Brook and Veronica exchanged a long, loaded look before heading their separate ways down the long sterile hallway. In Veronica's dark eyes, Brook saw the same sick thrill that pulsed through her own body reflected back at her. They were mothers in their prime, curvaceous sexual freight trains - and for the next year, their shy virgin sons would be at their mercy, forced to rut and breed them.

"You too," Brook called back, pulling her son along by the hand.

Brook's stomach clenched with nervousness as she glanced at the key card in her hand, confirming they had arrived at Suite 7-491.

Liam hovered nervously at her side as Brook raised a trembling hand to wave the key card over the access panel. The door clicked and swished open. Swallowing hard, Brook stepped over the threshold into the spacious suite that would be their new home for the next year - and the site of their government-mandated incestuous breeding.

They were immediately greeted by a stunningly beautiful female android in a sleek silver bodysuit. Her artificial skin had a pearlescent sheen and her movements were fluid and graceful as she approached them with a polite smile.

"Welcome, Brook and Liam Richards. I am Serena, your personal assistant and breeding coach during your stay on Orbital Station 7," the android said in a pleasantly modulated voice. "Please allow me to show you to your rooms and familiarize you with the suite."

Brook could only nod mutely, rendered speechless by the surreal situation and the knowledge of what was to come. Her entire body felt numb and disconnected as she robotically followed Serena

deeper into the suite, the click of her heels muffled by the plush carpet. She was intensely aware of Liam trailing behind her, his tension palpable.

The front room opened into a large, open concept living area with sleek, modern furniture in soothing neutral tones. Floor to ceiling windows looked out on the vast expanse of space, distant stars twinkling against the infinite black. Several doors lined one curving wall.

"The suite is designed for maximum comfort and privacy," Serena explained as she led them through the living room. "Each of the female family members has her own private bedroom and bathroom through there."

She gestured to the closed doors. Brook swallowed hard at the reminder that her sisters, mother, and nieces would soon be joining them here - all to be impregnated by Liam. By her baby boy.

Serena showed them the well-appointed kitchen stocked with a dizzying array of food and drink, a cozy entertainment nook with a huge holo-screen, and a small gym outfitted with the latest exercise equipment to keep them healthy during their reproductive duties.

Through it all, Brook moved as if in a daze, her mind struggling to accept the new reality. It felt like a bizarre dream, like at any moment she might wake up in her own bed at home and laugh about the crazy experience.

But the plush carpet under her feet was undeniably real. The brushed steel walls and elegant furniture couldn't be denied. And Liam's presence at her side, his young body radiating shock, nervousness and arousal.

As Serena led them into the expansive master suite, Brook's head spun at the enormous circular bed dominating the space. Plush

carpets, mirror-tiled walls and ceiling, a huge view-screen currently displaying the slowly rotating Earth. It looked like a decadent pleasure den, designed for the sole purpose of endless fucking.

Her heart raced at the thought of being splayed out on that bed, Liam mounting her, thrusting into her. She squeezed her thighs together as an illicit tingle of arousal mingled with her nervousness and disbelief.

Before she could dwell on it further, the suite's front door chimed. Serena glided over to answer it. "The rest of your family has arrived," she announced.

Brook took a fortifying breath, breasts heaving. She placed a hand on the small of Liam's back and guided her shell-shocked son out to

greet the arriving women.

The living room quickly filled with a bevy of buxom beauties - all sharing the same lush, exaggerated figures as Brook. Massive tits, tiny waists, and jutting bubble butts abounded, straining against tight dresses and skirts.

Brook's sisters Tara and Kira rushed over to enfold her in a tight hug, their giant tits mashing together. She breathed in the familiar scent of their perfume, finding a small measure of comfort in their presence despite the circumstances.

"Can you believe this?" Kira whispered, her blue eyes wide. "We always heard rumors of mandatory breeding, but I never imagined it would actually happen!"

Tara's voice was more strained, her forced smile not quite reaching her eyes. "We'll get through this together. As a family."

Brook nodded, but a lump formed in her throat as she looked over at Liam. Her handsome boy stood frozen, eyes glazed and mouth agape as he took in the overwhelming abundance of fertile female flesh on

display. She couldn't blame him - between herself, her sisters, mom, and nieces, it was a wet dream come to life.

Three curvy, vivacious nieces bounced over to plant kisses on Liam's cheeks, giggling and cooing over their "handsome cousin" who would soon be planting babies in their young wombs. Brook's heart ached at their carefree innocence, even as jealousy spiked at their easy flirtation. She tamped it down, knowing it was beyond inappropriate given the situation.

Lorraine, Brook's mother, approached, her 6-inch stiletto heels clicking delicately on the floor. The substantial meat of her gigantic tits trembled like gelatin with each graceful step, threatening to spill

out of her low-cut blouse. Her rounded buttocks dimpled and undulated beneath the clinging fabric of her skirt, an exaggerated hourglass figure that drew Liam's stunned gaze like a magnet.

"My baby boy," Lorraine cooed, folding Liam into her pillowy embrace. He was engulfed in warm, pliant flesh, his face pressed into the deep valley of her cleavage. "I know this is overwhelming, but Grandma's here now. We'll get through this together…all of us."

She released him only to turn and wrap Brook and her sisters in the same smothering hug, colossal breasts compressing together. "My girls," Lorraine sighed. "I'm so sorry we have to go through this. But we'll face it as a family."

The women separated, hands lingering on each other's arms. Tara tugged at the hem of her skintight dress where it had ridden up over her prodigious rump. "God, I feel like a sausage in this thing. If I'd known, I would have worn something with a little more give today.

Kira laughed, but it sounded slightly manic. "I don't think there's a garment in existence that can contain all this." She cupped her massive jugs and gave them a shake. "Especially once Liam starts putting buns in our ovens."

Brook's face heated at her sister's crudeness. But she couldn't deny the way her eyes kept straying to her son, drinking in his lean, youthful body. Liam was the picture of virility, and soon he would be unleashing that potent fertility on all of them.

As if sensing her thoughts, Liam glanced over, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard. Brook quickly averted her gaze, shame and illicit anticipation warring within her.

As the door chimed again, Liam's heart stuttered in his chest. He looked up to see his sister-in-law Jenna gliding into the room, her bright red hair like a beacon drawing his gaze.

Jenna had always been stunning, but now, a mere month after giving birth, her body was riper and more lush than ever. Her enormous breasts strained against her snug sweater, the rounded globes heavy with milk. The rest of her figure was still slightly soft and pudgy in the most alluring way, her wide hips and thick thighs perfect for gripping as he planted his seed deep inside her.

Liam swallowed hard, trying to dispel the mental image of mounting Jenna, to focus on anything other than her tempting, fertile body. Guilt twisted his gut as he thought of his brother Josh. Josh, who knew his wife would spend the next year riding Liam's cock as he fucked a baby into her over and over.

Jenna sauntered up to him, a knowing smile playing about her plump lips. She placed a hand on his chest, her touch searing him through his shirt.

"Don't think about Josh right now," she murmured, voice low and honeyed. Her blue eyes sparkled with mischief and barely restrained lust. "This next year is about you and me. About making beautiful babies together."

She pressed closer, her giant, milk-swollen tits mashing against him. Liam inhaled sharply, the sweet scent of her, the warmth of her body, flooding his senses and making his head spin. He could feel his cock swelling, straining against his pants.

Serena asked the group to make themselves comfortable on the expansive curved sofa. Liam found himself sandwiched between his voluptuous mother and buxom grandmother, their plush, womanly bodies pressing against him on either side. Brook's hand rested on his thigh, burning through the fabric of his pants. Lorraine's arm draped across his shoulders, her fingers toying with his hair.

Liam's heart pounded, his skin flushed and prickling with awareness of all the fertile female flesh surrounding him. His cock throbbed, swelling against his zipper as he was enveloped in the heady, floral

scent of so many ripe, fuckable women - women he'd soon be breeding.

"If I could have your attention," Serena said, her melodic voice cutting through the sensual haze fogging Liam's brain. "I'll go over what to expect during your year-long stay."

Liam tried to focus on the beautiful android's words, but it was nearly impossible with his mother's giant breast pressing against his arm, the soft meat yielding and conforming to him. He felt the hard pebble of her nipple, knew the slightest shift would have it poking directly into his bicep.

"Each of you women will be fulfilling your reproductive duty by birthing four children over the next year," Serena explained matter-of-factly. "I will be carefully monitoring your cycles and fertility to ensure optimal timing for conception."

Four babies. The number reverberated in Liam's skull. His potent sperm would be responsible for putting four babies in each of these women's wombs - in his mom, his grandmother, his aunts and

cousins. His sister-in-law. The responsibility pressed down on him even as his cock jerked and throbbed with the heavy burden of its duty.

"To further guarantee successful insemination, I will be personally coaching Liam through the finer points of lovemaking," Serena continued, a small smile playing about her glossy artificial lips. "Using techniques and positions from the ancient Kama Sutra to heighten pleasure and fertility."

Liam almost choked at the casual way she said it - as if having an android train him to fuck his female relatives for maximum breeding efficiency was the most natural thing in the world.

His face blazed, stomach twisting with shame and illicit arousal. He felt his mother shift beside him and glanced over to find her sapphire eyes burning into him, pupils blown wide and lips parted. A trickle of sweat slid between the epic valley of her cleavage.

On his other side, his grandmother rubbed his shoulder soothingly even as she pressed her tits against his arm. "You're gonna do just fine, sweetie," Lorraine murmured. "We're all here to help you become the virile breeder you were meant to be."

Serena brought up a holographic display showing a complex schedule grid. Liam's eyes widened as he took in the dizzying array of time slots, each color-coded and labeled with one of the women's names along with a string of obscure acronyms.

"As you can see," Serena said, gesturing to the display, "I have carefully optimized the breeding schedule to ensure maximum fertility and conception rates. I've factored in Liam's impressive semen volume and short refractory period, as well as each of your ovulation cycles."

Liam gulped, face burning as he processed this information. His gaze darted around the room, taking in the flushed and avid expressions on the women's faces. They looked...eager. Excited, even. A bead of sweat trickled down his spine.

His mother leaned forward, studying the schedule intently. Liam tried not to stare at the way her massive tits swayed and bounced with the movement, threatening to spill out of her blouse. "I see you have me down for the first breeding session this evening," she said, voice husky.

Serena nodded. "Yes, you're at peak fertility currently, Brook. Coupling with Liam tonight will give you the best odds of conceiving."

Liam's heart stuttered in his chest. He was going to fuck a baby into his own mother in mere hours. His cock throbbed urgently against his zipper, a combination of arousal and panic flooding his veins.

Lorraine patted his knee, drawing his attention to her knowing smile. "Don't worry, dear. You'll be a natural. And we'll all be here to help you every step of the way."

Liam's mouth went dry at the blatant hunger in his grandmother's eyes. He didn't miss the way her hand lingered on his thigh, fingers brushing dangerously close to his straining erection.

His gaze flicked to his sister-in-law Jenna. She lounged on the couch, legs crossed to reveal a tempting expanse of creamy thigh. When she caught him looking, she uncrossed and recrossed them slowly, deliberately, flashing the panty-shrouded cleft of her vulva. An inviting smirk curved her plump lips.

Liam shifted uncomfortably, hyperaware of all the bountiful female flesh surrounding him. The women's intoxicating floral scent wrapped around him, a dizzying blend of ripe fertility. His balls ached, feeling

heavy and swollen with the seed he'd soon be pumping into their eager wombs.

As Serena finished explaining the schedule, Liam's head spun. He'd never imagined his barely legal cock would be in such high demand, responsible for knocking up every lush beauty in his family. But as overwhelming as it was, he couldn't deny the hot pulse of anticipation building low in his gut.

Serena's artificial eyes sparkled as she continued. "In addition to tracking the women's fertility cycles, we also conducted a thorough scan of Liam's reproductive capabilities upon your arrival."

Liam felt his face flush hot as Serena casually discussed his most private anatomy in front of his entire family. His stomach flip-flopped with embarrassment and an illicit thrill.

"I'm pleased to report that Liam is an exceptional physical specimen, even among the genetically optimized breeding stock we usually see," Serena said, a note of approval in her melodic voice.

She brought up a rotating holographic model and Liam blanched as he recognized the unnaturally large phallus as his own. Gasps and murmurs rippled through the women.

"As you can see, Liam's penis achieves an impressive 10.2 inches when fully engorged, with a girth of 7 inches." The hologram spun, displaying his huge cock from every angle. "The flared glans and prominent veining are ideal for stimulating ovulation upon insertion into the cervix."

In unison, the women's vaginal walls clenched and fluttered, their bodies responding viscerally to the stimulating display of Liam's exceptional manhood. Hot slick arousal seeped from their clenching cunts, saturating their panties and filling the room with the thick, heady musk of female excitement.

Deep inside, at the backs of their eager birthing canals, their cervixes quivered and puckered, pink rings dilating in preparation to be penetrated by the bulbous head of Liam's cock. The tender Os tingled, aching to be stretched wide around his impressive girth, to have his flared glans kissing the entrances to their fertile wombs.

Liam shifted uncomfortably on the couch, the cotton of his underwear suddenly feeling rough and chafing against his sensitive cockhead. He could feel the wet spot spreading where copious amounts of pre-cum leaked from his slit. The pressure in his balls bordered on painful as they drew up tight to his body, swollen and heavy, ready to unleash a massive load.

Surrounded by the intoxicating estrogen-rich scent of so many aroused women - of his mother, his grandmother, his aunts and cousins - Liam's head spun. His skin prickled with heat and his heart raced. He'd never been so turned on in his life, had never imagined his body could produce such an urgent, primal need to rut and breed.

Brook rubbed his thigh soothingly but her sapphire eyes were riveted to the hologram, pupils blown wide. Her plump lips parted and a trickle of sweat slid into her epic cleavage.

"Furthermore," Serena continued, "Liam's testes are capable of producing an astounding 25 milliliters of semen per ejaculation, with sperm counts approaching 500 million per milliliter. This is nearly twice the volume and potency of the average male."

The women gasped and tittered, shooting him looks of wonder and naked hunger.

"Based on these metrics, my projections show Liam will be able to ejaculate productively up to 12 times per day," Serena said matter-of-factly. "This will ensure optimal saturation of your fertile eggs at every opportunity."

Liam's head spun at the casual way Serena laid out his new reality - his sole purpose would be to pump load after potent load into his female relatives' ripe bodies, over and over, all day every day for the next year. Seeding their wombs with his virile spunk until their bellies swelled with his offspring.

The teen gazed down at the obscene bulge tenting his pants, his face flushing with embarrassment. The wet spot spreading across the stretched fabric made it look like he'd pissed himself, but he knew it was just a copious amount of pre-drool leaking from his slit. His cock felt hard as granite, pulsing and throbbing against the confines of his underwear.

On either side of him, his mother and grandmother stroked his thighs, their manicured nails clawing at his flesh through the fabric. Their hands inched dangerously close to his groin, as if tempted to reach out and grab his straining dick. Liam's heart pounded at their bold touches, a bead of sweat trickling down his temple.

Their fingers seemed to burn his skin even through his pants. His balls ached, feeling heavy and swollen, churning with the massive load he'd soon be pumping into their fertile depths. Liam imagined his mother and grandmother naked and spread before him, their thick, buxom bodies flushed and glistening, ripe for breeding.

He pictured mounting them, notching the fat head of his cock against their dripping fuck-slots and hilting himself in their tight, clasping cunts. Feeling their greedy pussies squeezing and milking him as he rutted into them, seeding their wombs with his potent spunk until their bellies swelled with his offspring.

Liam shifted on the couch, hyperaware of his female relatives' eyes riveted to his crotch, to the unmistakable outline of his huge cock. Shame and arousal warred within him as he glanced around the room, taking in their hungry, covetous expressions. They all looked

eager to take a turn on his dick, to be stretched and stuffed full of his meat.

His balls gave a warning throb and Liam clenched his thighs, willing himself not to cum untouched in front of everyone. But it was a losing battle with his mother's and grandmother's hands rubbing up and down his thighs, grazing his sensitive cock through his pants.

Serena's matter-of-fact commentary about his freakish sexual prowess and semen production only fanned the flames of Liam's need higher. He felt dizzy and drunk on a cocktail of shock, humiliation and overwhelming lust. In mere hours, his new life as a breeding stud for his own family would begin. And despite being nervous, he'd never been so excruciatingly horny in his life.

Serena went on to explain that to support Liam's prodigious semen production, he would receive a daily regimen of vitamins, minerals, and specially formulated supplements designed to boost his sperm motility, morphology and volume.

She brought up a holographic model of Liam's reproductive system, zeroing in on his prostate gland. The teen squirmed as the women leaned forward, studying the enlarged, glowing organ rotating above the coffee table.

"In addition to the nutritional support, Liam will receive a daily prostate massage," Serena said, swiping a graceful hand through the hologram to highlight the gland. "Stimulating the prostate has been shown to increase semen volume by up to 30% while also heightening sexual pleasure."

Serena went on to explain that when the women weren't actively breeding with Liam, they were expected to keep their voluptuous bodies in peak physical condition for the rigorous demands of their reproductive duties. She brought up a hologram showcasing the lavish Gamma Quadrant spa and fitness center, complete with

massage tables, a sauna, and rows of gleaming exercise machines designed to tone and tighten every curve.

"Regular sessions in the spa and gym will keep you glowing with health and primed for vigorous intercourse," Serena said, her pearlescent skin shimmering under the lights. "Coupled with a regimen of daily orgasmic pleasure, even throughout your pregnancies, your bodies will achieve an optimal state of sexual vitality."

Liam's pulse pounded in his ears as he processed this information. His female relatives would be maintaining their lush, ripe physiques solely to drain his balls more efficiently, to milk every last drop of his potent seed as they bred over and over. The knowledge sent a thrill of illicit power and heavy responsibility surging through him.

His eyes darted to his mother's expansive cleavage, rising and falling with her quickened breaths. The fabric of her blouse looked ready to burst from the strain of containing her enormous breasts. He imagined her laid out on one of those massage tables, her spectacular body glistening with oil as she moaned in ecstasy, preparing herself for another round of fertile fucking with her own son. His cock jerked urgently in his pants.

Liam's face blazed as he realized he would be expected to keep all of these women, these close female relatives, sexually satisfied on a daily basis, even as their bellies grew round with his babies. The thought of penetrating their slick passages each day, bringing them to screaming climax while heavy with his children, made him dizzy with scandalous arousal.

He shifted on the couch, trying to alleviate the pressure of his straining erection. But it was impossible, sandwiched between the plush bodies of his mother and grandmother, their intoxicating floral scent and womanly heat surrounding him. Liam felt like he might

explode if he didn't sink his aching cock into one of their juicy cunts soon.

As if sensing his thoughts, his sister-in-law Jenna uncrossed and recrossed her legs again, deliberately flashing him a glimpse of bare, glistening pink flesh at the apex of her plump thighs. Liam swallowed hard, mouth going dry as his heartbeat roared in his ears.

Serena's words echoed in his skull - "a regimen of daily orgasmic pleasure." His cockhead twitched, already oozing pre-cum, eager to get started on his family breeding duties. Liam knew he should be disgusted with himself for the dark, taboo lust pumping through his veins, but he was only a horny 18-year-old, in the perfect condition to rut and breed.

Serena smiled serenely, her luminous artificial eyes fixing on Liam's nervous face. "In addition to managing the breeding schedule, I am

equipped with an extensive database on human sexuality and reproduction. My programming includes advanced techniques in positioning, rhythm, and stimulation to ensure optimal insemination and fertilization."

Liam gulped, his heart hammering against his ribs as he processed this. Not only was he expected to perform his breeding duties with all his fertile female relatives, but he'd have an eerily beautiful android coaching him through every intimate moment. His mind reeled at the idea of this artificial woman guiding his body, instructing him on exactly how to fuck his family members for maximum reproductive success.

"I will be present during all coupling sessions," Serena continued matter-of-factly, "providing real-time guidance and feedback to enhance your technique, Liam. Consider me your personal assistant in ensuring your ejaculate reaches its target and achieves conception."

Liam's face blazed, a bead of sweat trickling down his temple. He couldn't meet Serena's steady gaze, his eyes instead flicking around at the beautiful, bountiful women surrounding him - women he would soon be mounting and filling with his seed under the android's watchful eye and instruction.

His cock throbbed urgently, equal parts overwhelmed and shamefully titillated by the prospect. He imagined Serena's cool hands on his heated skin, adjusting the angle of his hips as he rutted between his mother's splayed thighs. Pictured her melodic voice in his ear, praising him for reaching the deepest parts of his grandmother's womb.

Liam shifted uncomfortably on the couch, hyperaware of his raging erection straining against his zipper. He prayed no one else noticed the conspicuous bulge, but the knowing glint in Serena's artificial

eyes told him otherwise. She quirked a glossy lip, giving him an almost imperceptible nod.

"In addition to positioning, I will be monitoring your biometrics in real time," the android continued, her voice like warm honey. "Heart rate, blood pressure, body temperature, and most importantly, semen volume and motility. I will use this data to make adjustments and provide...motivation to keep you performing at peak virility."

The implications of her words crashed over Liam in a wave of scandalous arousal tinged with trepidation. His balls tightened, feeling impossibly full and aching for release. He couldn't fathom how he was supposed to hold back his climax under such intensely erotic circumstances, with Serena whispering filthy encouragements based on his body's reactions.

As if sensing his thoughts, Serena's smile widened. "Not to worry, Liam. My programming is quite advanced in that area as well. I have

numerous methods to help you with stamina and self-control." Her luminous eyes flicked down to his crotch knowingly.

Liam's Aunt Kira spoke up, her voice tinged with amusement. "And don't you worry about a thing, sweetie. You may have Serena here with all her fancy AI techniques, but you've also got a room full of experienced women to guide you through every step." She winked salaciously.

Tara nodded in agreement, her massive jugs jiggling. "Absolutely! We've been around the block a time or two. We know a thing or twenty about driving a man wild." She giggled, the girlish sound at odds with her blatant sexual confidence.

Liam's cheeks burned as his aunts discussed sex so casually, like they were talking about baking cookies instead of incestuous breeding. His cock ached as he pictured them demonstrating their

"experience", teaching him exactly how they liked to be touched, licked, and filled.

His mother rubbed his thigh, her touch searing him through his pants. "You're in very good hands, sweetheart. Literally!" Brook giggled, giving his leg a squeeze. "We'll make sure you're the most virile breeder this station has ever seen."

Liam swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. The pressure of his mother's hand on his thigh, the heat of her body pressing against his side, made his head swim with a dizzying cocktail of arousal and anxiety. He couldn't believe this was really happening, that he was about to embark on a year of nonstop sex with his closest female relatives.

Lorraine leaned in close, her lips brushing Liam's ear as she spoke. "Such a lucky boy, getting to put babies in all our bellies. And we're the lucky ones, too. I just know you're gonna feel amazing inside us."

Her warm breath on his neck made Liam shiver, goosebumps rising on his skin. The blatant hunger in his grandmother's voice, the way her huge, heavy breasts pressed against his arm, had his heart galloping in his chest. He pictured her riding him, her lush body undulating as she impaled herself on his cock.

Lunch was a surreal affair. Liam picked at his food, stomach too twisted up in knots to eat much. He kept sneaking furtive glances at the women around the table - his mother, grandmother, aunts, and cousins. Their usual lighthearted chatter felt strained, loaded with unspoken tension.

He caught Brook's eye and quickly looked away, face heating. In just a couple hours, he'd be balls deep in his own mother, pumping her full of his seed. The wrongness of it battled with the dark, illicit arousal coiling in his gut.

Liam's gaze flicked to Lorraine. His grandmother smiled at him over the rim of her glass, eyes twinkling with mischief and barely restrained lust. He gulped, imaging those painted lips wrapped around his cock, urging him to fill her womb with his potent sperm.

His aunts, Tara and Kira, tittered together, their ample bosoms jiggling. They kept glancing at Liam, undressing him with their eyes.

He squirmed in his seat, his skin too tight, his clothes too constricting. Every nerve sizzled with awareness of all the fertile female flesh he would soon be rutting into.

Across the table, his sister-in-law Jenna slowly licked her spoon, gaze burning into the boy. His cock throbbed as he watched her pink tongue swirl around the utensil, imagining it laving over his aching cockhead instead. A bead of sweat trickled down his spine.

Jenna's eyes sparkled with wicked delight as they raked over Liam's body, undressing him with her gaze. He could practically feel her undressing him with her eyes, peeling away his clothes to get at the young, virile flesh beneath.

Liam's face burned and he shifted uncomfortably under the intensity of Jenna's hungry stare. He knew exactly what his sister-in-law was thinking - how much she was looking forward to pinning his lean body beneath hers and riding him into oblivion.

In Jenna's mind, Liam was the superior breeder, the one with the huge cock and endless stamina to satisfy her in a way her husband never could. Josh may have put one baby in her, but it would be Liam's seed that would take root in her womb over and over, giving her the biggest, most mind-blowing orgasms as he knocked her up.

Liam's heart pounded as he met Jenna's heated gaze, his skin prickling with shameful arousal. He pictured her lush, curvaceous body writhing on top of him, her giant milk-laden tits bouncing as she fucked him like a bitch in heat. He imagined her throwing her

head back in ecstasy, screaming his name as she came on his huge cock again and again.

Liam's own cock throbbed urgently in his pants, aching to slip into Jenna's tight, wet heat and show her what a real man could do. To pump her so full of his potent cum, she'd be overflowing. He wanted to ruin her for his brother, to make her crave his huge dick and virile seed like a drug.

At the same time, guilt twisted in Liam's gut like a knife. Jenna was his brother's wife, the mother of his nephew. It was so wrong to lust after her, to crave the illicit press of her naked flesh against his. He knew it would destroy Josh to watch his younger brother mount his wife, to hear her moan wantonly as Liam seeded her womb with his baby.

But Liam couldn't control his body's reaction to Jenna's blatant eye-fucking, or to the knowledge that soon he'd be balls deep in her and every other fertile woman at this table. His higher brain functions were rapidly shutting down, his hindbrain taking over with its basest imperative: breed, breed, breed.

After the charged meal, Serena whisked Liam away for his "male spa appointment." His heart hammered as he followed the beautiful android down the curving hallway, the click of her high heels echoing off the brushed steel walls.

"It's important that you be properly groomed and prepared for the physical demands of your upcoming breeding duties," Serena explained as they entered a sleek, brightly lit spa room.

Liam's eyes widened as he took in the reclining chair, gleaming instruments, and screens displaying diagrams of the male reproductive system. His stomach flipped at the thought of being touched on his most intimate areas, prepping his body for optimal insemination of his female relatives.

"Please disrobe and take a seat," Serena instructed, her pearlescent skin glowing under the bright lights.

With shaking hands, Liam shucked off his clothes, hyperaware of the android's assessing gaze on his fit young body. He fought the urge to cover himself as his huge, heavy cock sprang free, already at half mast.

Serena's artificial eyes zoomed in on his member, scanning and analyzing. "My, my, what an impressive specimen," she cooed. "Your female relatives are quite lucky indeed."

Liam gulped as he settled his naked body into the sleek reclining chair, his heart racing. Mechanical arms whirred to life around him,

making him flinch. He gripped the armrests, knuckles turning white as a robotic appendage extended towards his head.

"Please relax, Liam," Serena said soothingly. "The grooming process is quite safe and pleasurable."

He tried to slow his breathing as gleaming metal fingers gently worked shampoo through his hair, massaging his scalp. It did feel good, and he gradually loosened his death grip on the chair.

Serena stood nearby, studying a holographic display. "Your first coupling session is scheduled for 1900 hours with your mother Brook. She is at peak fertility today."

Liam's stomach swooped at the reminder, a confusing mix of anxiety and illicit arousal swirling inside him. The robotic fingers rinsed his hair and began snipping, dark locks falling to the floor.

"Following that, you have your Aunt Tara at 2100 and your grandmother Lorraine at 2300," Serena continued matter-of-factly, as if reading off any normal schedule instead of back-to-back incestuous breeding appointments.

Liam's head spun, the weight of his immense responsibility pressing down on him. Three of his closest female relatives, all in one night, all ovulating and eager for his seed. His cock twitched, swelling against his thigh.

"Tomorrow morning will be Kira at 0800, then your cousins Sasha and Mia in the afternoon, as well as another session with your mother," Serena said. "I'll administer a special blend of herbal extracts and nanotech enhancers to keep you potent and virile."

The chair tilted back, robotic arms carefully lathering Liam's chiseled chest and abs. He shivered as the slick mechanical fingers grazed his nipples, the stimulation going straight to his growing erection.

"Your sister-in-law Jenna is scheduled for tomorrow evening," Serena added, luminous eyes flicking to Liam's rising manhood. "She's been quite eager for her turn with you."

Liam barely suppressed a groan as soapy metal digits skated down his treasure trail, preparing to shave his pubic hair. He remembered the blatant hunger in Jenna's eyes, the way she'd eye-fucked him over lunch. His cock throbbed, growing achingly hard.

The first brush of the razor against his sensitive groin made Liam gasp. The mechanical arms worked with precision, shaving him bare as Serena looked on impassively. He'd never felt so exposed, so vulnerable, splayed out naked and hard in front of this beautiful android.

Serena explained the importance of being completely smooth and hairless for optimal reproductive contact. "Shaving allows for maximum skin-to-skin contact and sensation during intercourse," she said clinically as the razor buzzed over Liam's most intimate areas. "It reduces friction and irritation, allowing you to thrust more vigorously to reach climax."

Liam gulped, face blazing at her blunt words. The thought of his cock slipping against his mother's bare, slick folds made him throb urgently against the mechanical arm.

"The women are receiving a similar treatment in their spa sessions," Serena continued. "Though some, like your mother, have elected to keep a small patch of pubic hair styled fashionably above the mons. Many find it enhances their feelings of femininity and sexual appeal."

Liam squeezed his eyes shut, picturing his mother's landing strip pointing like an arrow to her glistening pink slit, just waiting for him to fill it. His balls tightened, aching with the heavy load he'd soon be pumping into her.

After the shave, Serena directed the robotic arms to massage Liam's muscles, working out any tension and stiffness. He couldn't help the little groans that escaped him as strong metal fingers kneaded his shoulders, his thighs. Every touch seemed to make his cock harder, stiffer, until it stood straight up, flushed and leaking at the tip.

"Excellent response," Serena observed, scanning his straining erection with her artificial eyes. "Your penis is in optimal condition for the vigorous breeding scheduled."

Liam's heart pounded as she approached, reaching out to delicately run a finger up his thick shaft. He shuddered, fighting the urge to thrust into her sleek hand.

"The women will be very pleased," Serena purred. "Especially your mother. She's been preparing herself for you even as we speak."

A jolt of shock and illicit arousal raced through Liam at the thought of his beautiful, busty mother getting ready to be bred by him. Were her huge tits heaving as she anticipated taking her son's cock? Was her pussy slick and swollen, aching to be filled with his seed?

Before he could lose himself too far down that rabbit hole, Serena stepped back. "All done," she announced. "You're now perfectly prepped for your first breeding session with Brook."

Liam sat up slowly, head swimming. He looked down at his body, skin tingling and gleaming. His hard, hairless cock jutted out obscenely, so stiff it almost touched his stomach.

Liam stood slowly, his lean muscles rippling under smooth, gleaming skin. Years of swimming and running track had honed his slender body into a lithe, athletic form. But it was his cock that truly stood out - thick and just a tad over 10-inches, it curved slightly upward as it jutted from the juncture of his thighs, bobbing heavily with each movement.

He stared down at the intimidating, veiny length, the bulbous cockhead already glistening with pre-cum. It looked obscene, thrusting out from his newly hairless crotch like a fleshy battering ram. Liam couldn't fathom how he was supposed to fit such a prodigious tool inside his female relatives, let alone knock them up with it over and over.

His heart thudded against his ribs as he imagined sinking into his mother's tight, wet heat for the first time. Would she cry out at the breach of his engorged crown pushing past her swollen folds? Moan and thrash as he stretched her open, impaling her on his virgin cock? The thought made him throb and twitch, his shaft practically vibrating with the need to rut.

Liam's gaze flicked to Serena. The beautiful android regarded his nakedness impassively, her artificial eyes roving clinically over his body. But there was something else in her expression too - a hint of appreciation, of feminine hunger. It made his pulse pound even harder.

"Your endowment is most impressive, Liam," Serena said, her melodic voice sending shivers down his spine. "With a penis of this

size and virility, you should have no trouble impregnating your family members...multiple times."

Liam gulped, his mouth suddenly desert dry. The casual way she talked about him fucking his mother, grandmother, and aunts was dizzying. But there was no denying the illicit arousal her words stoked in his young loins. He felt the heaviness of his balls, swollen and aching with fertile seed, ready to be emptied into one wet, willing womb after another.

He reached for his clothes, but Serena stopped him with a gentle hand. "No need for those," she said, eyes twinkling.

Serena guided him over to a sleek black bodysuit hanging nearby. The material looked slick and shiny, almost like liquid latex. Liam eyed it warily, unsure about encasing his newly groomed body in such a revealing garment.

"This is no ordinary bodysuit," Serena explained, running her artificial fingers over the shimmery fabric. "It's made of an advanced nanotech weave that will conform perfectly to your physique. Think of it like a second skin."

She held it open for him, motioning for Liam to step in. He hesitated a moment before sliding one leg in, then the other. The material was cool and slick against his bare flesh, making him shiver. As he pulled it up over his hips and chest, Liam marveled at how the suit seemed to mold to every contour of his athletic form, clinging like it was painted on.

Serena circled him, her luminous eyes scanning appreciatively over his suited body. "As you can see, it leaves very little to the imagination," she said with a sly smile.

Liam looked down at himself and gulped. The bodysuit lovingly hugged every curve of his toned muscles, emphasizing his lean

swimmer's build. But what really made his face heat was the way it clung to his crotch.

His huge, semi-erect cock was clearly outlined, the bulge obscene in its sheer size. He could make out every ridge and vein through the clinging fabric. Even his balls were on prominent display, looking heavy and ripe in their snug pouch. He felt exposed, like he was strutting around naked with a massive erection.

"The women will certainly enjoy the view," Serena purred, trailing a finger down his chest. "And the best part is the easy access..."

She pressed on two discreet seams running down the inside of his thighs and Liam gasped as the crotch of the suit split open. His big cock sprang free, bobbing lewdly in the cool air. The opening ran from his groin all the way back to his taint, leaving him exposed for easy rutting.

"When it's time to breed, you'll be able to quickly free your genitals without removing the entire suit," Serena explained matter-of-factly. "It's designed for maximum efficiency during copulation sessions."

Liam's heart pounded at the implications. He pictured himself mounting his mother, grandmother, and aunts while wearing this obscene suit, his enormous cock out and ready to impale their dripping cunts. The thought made him throb and leak, a bead of pre-cum welling at his slit.

Serena noticed his body's reaction and smiled knowingly. "I think you'll find it quite...stimulating to wear during your duties, but it can be easily removed for those times when you prefer to rut completely naked."

248: BREED – PART 1-2/2

In the women's spa quarters, Brook stood naked before the huge observation window alongside her sisters, mother, nieces, and daughter-in-law. Earth slowly rotated below, blue oceans and swirling white clouds filling the breathtaking view. But Brook barely registered the sight, her attention focused solely on the robotic arms and appendages efficiently grooming her voluptuous body for breeding.

A sleek metal finger trailing down her spine made Brook shiver, goosebumps rising on her soft skin. The grooming bots worked with smooth precision, their gleaming digits gliding over the sumptuous curves of the gathered women. Brook glanced over at her sister Kira and had to stifle a gasp.

Kira's spectacular body was on lewd display as a bot carefully shaved her mound, leaving behind only a small, thin triangle of auburn hair. Her colossal breasts swayed with each measured breath, dark pink nipples protruding from saucer sized areolas. The bot moved on to massaging fragrant oil into the heavy globes, making them glisten under the bright lights.

Beside Kira, their mother Lorraine stood proudly, her statuesque figure a monument to matronly sexuality. Her enormous jugs bobbed and wobbled as a grooming bot worked a rich lotion into the expansive flesh, shaping her gigantic melons into two shimmering torpedoes of GILF beauty.

Brook's gaze drifted down the line of naked women to her daughter-in-law Jenna. The buxom redhead giggled as a bot kneaded her

plump, rounded buttocks, the flesh rippling and bouncing. Her fat nipples stood at full attention, looking ready to leak milk at any moment.

Brook felt a flush of heat between her legs as she watched her female relatives being primped and polished for reproductive rutting. The bots moved on to her, sleek fingers gliding over the taut swell of her pregnant-looking tits, the sensitive skin of her freshly depilated mound. She bit her lip to stifle a moan, trying not to imagine those same robo-digits probing her slick folds.

As the grooming bots worked over Brook's body, slick metal fingers grazing her most intimate areas, snatches of hushed conversation drifted to her ears. The women were discussing what they'd heard about teenage lovers - the stamina, the rigidity, the sheer unquenchable virility of adolescent lust.

"I heard it's like they're carved from marble," Aunt Tara said, voice quivering with illicit anticipation. "Stiff as steel and just as unyielding."

"And the way they can just keep going and going, pumping load after load..." Kira added, cheeks flushed. "We'll be so stuffed full of young cum."

Lorraine nodded sagely, a wistful smile on her lips. "Ah, to be taken by all that testosterone-fueled urgency again. To have that single-minded need focused entirely on breeding your hungry cunt."

Shame prickled under Brook's skin at the blatant hunger in their voices. Her wedding ring suddenly felt heavy on her finger, an anchor of guilt weighing down her hand. She tried to picture her husband Roger but his face kept blurring, replaced by visions of Liam's lean, virile body pounding into her.

Jenna spoke up, her voice a husky purr. "Josh was insatiable when we first got together. I'd cum so hard I'd nearly pass out. He could

go for hours."

A pang of envy mixed with the hot curl of arousal low in Brook's belly at the dreamy look on her daughter-in-law's face. She imagined Liam taking her like that, his untiring young cock driving into her over and over until she shattered.

"It's been so long since I've had that kind of wild abandon in the sack," Aunt Kira sighed. "That explosive passion of a teenage boy."

"I just hope I can keep up," Tara said with a self-deprecating laugh. "It's been awhile since this old girl ran that kind of sexual marathon."

"Oh, I'm sure our bodies will remember," Lorraine said, a wicked gleam in her eye as she cupped her huge, heavy breasts. "And if not, we've got a year to retrain them."

Guilt and desire warred within Brook as the grooming bots finished their ministrations, leaving her skin tingling and her blood fizzing with anticipation. In just an hour, Liam - her shy, awkward boy - would be

balls deep inside her, fucking her with all the wild abandon of a horny teenager. Breeding her like a prized mare.

Lorraine shook her head in amazement as the grooming bots massaged her monumental breasts. "Can you believe how difficult it used to be for women to conceive hundreds of years ago, before teenage cocks evolved to be so potent?"

Brook listened to her mother, transfixed by the sheer size of the woman's shimmering jugs as the bots worked the fragrant oil into her cleavage. Lorraine's words sent a fresh rush of heat between Brook's thighs.

"I mean, the penises back then could barely even reach a woman's cervix, let alone penetrate it. Not like today's virile young studs. And the knob always stayed the same size back then, while now boy's cock-tips swell up huge as a fist, just before ejaculation," Lorraine cupped her huge tits and hefted them, a dreamy look on her face. "And our cervixes dilate on their own, desperate to let that fat head shove through and plug us up tight."

A shiver raced down Brook's spine at the image, her womb clenching with illicit need. She pictured Liam's cock growing impossibly huge, stretching her open as he prepared to flood her with his seed.

"Can you imagine?" Lorraine continued, voice dripping with anticipation. "That thick young dick-head popping through your cervix and locking in place, sealing off your womb so every drop of cum has no choice but to gush directly into your fertile depths. It's like they were designed to breed us."

Brook squirmed as slick heat gathered between her legs. She couldn't deny the base, animalistic thrill that shot through her at the idea of her son's member penetrating her so deeply, so intimately. Tying them together as he pumped her full of his virile spunk.

Sasha, one of Liam's curvaceous cousins, listened to Lorraine with wide eyes, her plump lips parted in amazement. "I can't believe the knobs of teenage cocks didn't always swell up like that," she said, shaking her head so her huge tits jiggled. "How did women even get pregnant back then if the dick-head couldn't breach their cervix and plug them up?"

Her sister Mia shrugged, equally baffled. "Right? Like, what was even the point of sex if the boy's cock couldn't lock inside you and flood your womb directly?"

She looked to Lorraine questioningly. "Why do their dicks stop doing that swelling thing as they get older, anyway? Seems like a major design flaw."

Lorraine chuckled, a knowing gleam in her eye as she ran her hands over her shimmering, freshly oiled jugs.

"Oh honey, that's because teenage boys are built for breeding, even more than grown men. Their bodies are in prime condition to seed as many fertile wombs as possible."

She glanced around at the assembled women meaningfully. "That's why we're all here with Liam, after all. To take advantage of that virile young cock while it's at its most potent."

As the grooming bots finished their work, Lorraine's words sent a shiver of anticipation through Brook. The memories came flooding back – not with her husband, of course, but other teenage dicks she'd had when younger, stretching her impossibly wide, that swollen cockhead locking into place behind her cervix, sealing her so tight as pulse after pulse of molten seed pumped directly into her eager womb. A full-body flush heated her skin as she recalled that delicious feeling of fullness, of purpose. Of being bred so thoroughly and completely.

She glanced around at the other women and could tell by their glazed expressions and hardened nipples that they were lost in similar reminiscence. It had been so long since any of them had experienced that exquisite sensation of an engorged teenage cock knotting deep inside, fusing their bodies as one. Brook ached to feel it again, craved it with a visceral desperation that made her pussy clench and gush.

Kira exhaled shakily, her huge tits heaving. "God, I miss that feeling. That pressure, that...completeness of having a boy lock into you, knowing he's not going anywhere until he's fully seeded your womb."

"It's like nothing else," Tara agreed, her voice quivering with need. "The way it throbs and swells inside you, stretching you so deliciously as it hoses rope after rope of teenage seed."

Jenna nodded, licking her plump lips. "I'll never forget the first time Josh knotted me. I thought I might split in half, he grew so huge. But then that head popped through my cervix, mushrooming so huge, I just...I'd never felt so fulfilled. When he turned 20, and the tip of his cock stopped swelling big like that, I wanted to cry."

Lorraine smiled, a wicked gleam in her eye as she surveyed their wanton expressions. "But now we get to experience it all over again, courtesy of our dear Liam. Such a lucky boy, getting to lock inside such gorgeous women - to rut us full of his potent seed."

Brook's heart pounded at the vivid image - her shy, innocent son's cock swelling up impossibly big inside her, locking them together as he flooded her womb with his virility. Illicit arousal warred with maternal guilt, leaving her dizzy.

"Just imagine how much more intense it will be after all these years," Kira said dreamily. "Our bodies so desperate and hungry for it, for that delicious feeling of being breached and seeded by an untiring teenage cock."

Brook squirmed as fresh slickness gathered between her thighs, her body preparing itself to be mated by her own son. In just under an hour, she'd be spread open for Liam, his big cock stretching her impossibly as it prepared to plug her full of cum. The thought made her shudder and clench, aching for that moment of absolute possession.

Mia bit her lip, glancing nervously around at the other women. "So, um, do you think we're allowed to do other stuff with Liam? Besides just, you know, actual breeding?"

Brook turned to her young niece, eyebrows raised. "What do you mean, sweetie?"

A hot blush stained Mia's cheeks. "I mean like, sucking him or having him eat us out. I just wanna make sure I do everything I can

to get pregnant, you know?"

Brook's face heated at Mia's blunt question. She cleared her throat, trying to sound reassuring rather than scandalized. "I imagine in the privacy of our individual quarters with Liam, anything goes as far as maximizing fertility."

She looked around at the other women, their faces reflecting the same mix of awkwardness and titillation. "It will be a personal decision, between each of us and Liam, what we feel is necessary."

Kira giggled nervously. "Well, I for one plan to use every trick in the book. No way am I passing up the chance to have a tongue buried in my pussy."

"Kira!" Tara gasped, smacking her sister's arm. But she couldn't hide the spark of excitement in her eyes.

Lorraine chuckled, shaking her head so her massive jugs wobbled. "You girls, I swear. In my day, we didn't need any of those fancy oral

techniques. A stiff young cock pumping in and out was all it took to knock us up."

Brook's head spun at her mother's casual crassness. She'd never heard Lorraine speak so openly about sex. But then, they'd never been in a situation quite like this before.

Jenna smirked, running a hand over her own freshly groomed mound. "Having a teenage tongue lapping at your clit IS a surefire way to make sure you're nice and wet for breeding."

Brook's heart pounded at the wanton hunger in her daughter-in-law's voice. She pictured Jenna grinding on Liam's mouth, his lips and chin glistening with her juices. The image sent a bolt of heat straight to her core.

Mia nodded, looking relieved. "Okay, good. I just wanted to make sure I wasn't gonna break any rules or anything."

Brook placed what she hoped was a comforting hand on her niece's shoulder, even as her own insides fluttered with nervous arousal. "You just do whatever feels natural with Liam, honey. We're all in uncharted territory here."

Mia's mother smiled knowingly. "And let's not forget, we each bring our own unique skills to the table for Liam to experience. The different ways we'll grip his young cock, milking it with our talented cunts..."

She shifted her wide hips side to side, as if practicing sensual undulations. "I know just how to roll these hips to make a man see stars. Liam won't know what hit him when I get these childbearing curves going."

Tara giggled and nodded eagerly. "Oh definitely! And the special texture inside each of our pussies, massaging him in our own signature ways."

"And don't forget how our cervixes will collar his fat young cockhead," added Lorraine. "The ring of muscle pulsating and rippling around the neck of his glans in our own special way, milking his ejaculation."

Kira nodded in agreement, cupping her giant, heavy breasts. "Or how about these big tits and fat nipples! Imagine how overwhelming it will be for Liam to finally get his virgin mouth on real breasts, to suck and worship these mature teats."

Brook's face blazed, a trickle of sweat sliding between her own massive mammaries at the idea of Liam latching onto her dark, protruding nipples, nursing on them with naive desperation as he pumped his teenage seed into her hungry cunt.

The women's breasts were truly a sight to behold - each pair was more spectacular than the last, ranging from the bountiful H-cups of the nubile nieces to the pendulous, heavy triple M and N cups of the mothers and grandmother. Brook couldn't help but stare in awe at the sheer abundance of breast-meat on display, the way the giant tits swayed and jiggled with every breath and movement.

Her own monumental bosom suddenly felt almost inadequate in comparison, even though she knew her colossal jugs were the stuff of every teenage boy's wet dreams. She imagined Liam's reaction to being surrounded by this much succulent tit-flesh, pictured his virgin hands sinking into the pliant mounds as he rutted into their owners.

The thought of her son motorboating Lorraine's giant triple Ns made Brook's cheeks burn and her pussy clench. She knew the women were all imagining the same thing - burying Liam's young face in their huge breasts as he pumped them full of virile seed.

Would he be able to breathe, smothered between massive, milk-laden udders? Or would the boy simply suffocate in warm, pillowy pleasure as he bred them in a tit-flesh cocoon?

Brook's nipples ached, the fat nubs poking into the plush satin of her robe as she pictured Liam worshipping the women's breasts one pair at a time, his cock pulsing and erupting at the overwhelming abundance of ripe breast-meat.

Tara glanced down at her own ballooning jugs and smirked. "The poor boy won't know where to start with all this. He'll be like a kid in a candy store."

Kira giggled. "Death by tits, what a way to go! If the breeding doesn't do him in, these milk bombs surely will!"

Jenna pursed her plump lips, her gravid Double J cups swelling over the neckline of her robe. "You underestimate teenage stamina. I'm sure Liam will rise to the occasion...over and over again."

Lorraine chuckled, her grandmotherly tone at odds with the filthy words. "Oh, he'll rise all right. Eighteen-year-old cocks don't go down for anything when there's tight cunts and huge tits on the menu. He'll fuck us silly while smothered in our titty-flesh and beg for more."

Brook's head spun at the raunchy talk, the casual way the women discussed smothering her innocent boy with their giant breasts as he seeded their wombs. The line between familial bonding and incestuous orgy felt perilously thin.

Jenna shifted her weight, making her plump, rounded ass cheeks bounce and wobble. "These birthing hips don't lie either. Once Liam gets his hands on this booty and feels it slamming back into his crotch, he'll never wanna stop pumping me full of cum."

Jenna looked over at Brook, her expression growing serious. "I know it feels a little weird for me to say such things, considering I'm married to Josh. He's your oldest son and this whole situation is just..." She shook her head. "But for the next year, this is our reality. We need to focus on making Liam feel good, getting him to cum as

hard as possible so we can get pregnant. Feeling guilty about it doesn't help anything."

The other women murmured their agreement, nodding solemnly. Brook swallowed past the lump in her throat. They were right, as uncomfortable as it was to admit. Her marriage vows, her role as a mother - none of it mattered here. Her sole purpose was to spread her legs and take her youngest son's cock until he filled her with his potent seed.

Brook's gaze flicked to Lorraine. Her mother stood tall and proud, her lush curves on shameless display. If she felt any hesitation about fucking her own grandson, it didn't show on her serene face.

"You're absolutely right, Jenna. We all need to get comfortable with this new normal," Lorraine said, steel beneath her calm tone. "Embrace our roles as Liam's breeding stock. Pour all our energy into milking that young cock and birthing the next generation.""

Tara and Kira exchanged a determined look, some unspoken communication passing between them. They turned to Brook, fire in their eyes.

"We need to pull out all the stops," Tara said firmly, her massive jugs quivering with the intensity of her words. "If that means sucking Liam's cock or letting him fuck our tits to keep his balls drained and his potency high, then that's what we do."

Kira nodded eagerly. "Absolutely. We can't afford to be shy or hold back. Not when the stakes are this high. If I need to deepthroat his teenage dick to the balls every day to make sure he's pumping me full of the most virile seed possible, you better believe I will."

Brook's head spun at her sisters' blunt declarations. She tried to imagine wrapping her lips around Liam's huge cock, gagging on his length as she worked to milk out every last drop of cum. Her cheeks

burned at the depraved image even as a dart of heat shot straight to her core.

Jenna spoke up, voice husky. "I'm more than willing to let Liam use any of my holes if it means increasing our chances. My mouth, my pussy, my ass - they're all his to breed as he sees fit."

Mia bit her lip, looking both scandalized and excited. "I've never done anal before, but...I guess there's a first time for everything, right? If Liam wants to stick it in my butt to mix things up, I'm game."

Lorraine chuckled, shaking her head. "You girls are insatiable! But I admire your enthusiasm. Back in my day, we kept things simpler. A

warm, wet cunt was all it took. Although..."

She cupped her colossal tits, thumbing the stiff peaks of her nipples. "I suppose a nice, slippery titty fuck here and there can only help matters. The more worked up we can get Liam, the more potent his teenage seed will be."

Brook's mouth went dry as she pictured her son straddling her mother's chest, his huge cock gliding between her slick tit-flesh. The obscene image made her throb deep inside, her freshly depilated pussy clenching on nothing.

The other women murmured their agreement, all seeming to embrace this no-holds-barred approach to maximizing Liam's virility through any sexual means necessary. Brook swallowed hard, trying to wrap her mind around casually discussing blowing her son or letting him sodomize her.

But as she looked around at the determination on her relatives' faces, the mother knew she couldn't be the lone holdout. She had to put aside her reservations and commit herself fully to the breeding program.

For the good of humanity. For the good of their family.

Brook watched as the grooming bots applied the finishing touches. Their long fingernails were painted a deep sapphire blue - Liam's favorite color. The same rich hue adorned their delicate toes, the polish glinting under the bright lights.

Eight-inch heeled mules were brought out, the straps studded with glittering crystals. Brook slipped her feet into a white satin pair, sighing as her arches were forced into an extreme curve. The shoes turned her gait into a seductive sway, hips rolling and tits bouncing with each step.

Across the room, Kira tottered on black patent mules, toes on display. Tara chose a metallic silver, the mirrored surface reflecting her mile-long legs. Lorraine looked regal in a deep navy pair that contrasted beautifully with her porcelain skin.

Next came the bodysuits - gleaming second skins designed to showcase their abundant assets. Brook shimmied into a white halter style that barely contained her massive juggernauts. The fabric clung to her narrow waist and stretched obscenely over her shelf of an ass. Her dark nipples and hairless mound were clearly and shamelessly visible through the sheer material.

Kira practically spilled out of a cupless red suit, her gigantic tits fully bared and topped with glittering pasties. Tara poured her curves into a high-cut purple teddy that framed her puffy bare pussy. Lorraine was poured into a black catsuit, the plunging neckline highlighting her impressive tit-cleavage.

Brook's heart raced as she took in the lewd display of fertile female flesh. They were a harem of fuckdolls, all plumped and polished and served up for Liam's breeding pleasure. Shame and arousal simmered under her skin in a dizzying cocktail.

She tried not to stare at Jenna's obscenely sheer white lace teddy or the way Mia's coral babydoll rode up to reveal the plump lips of her

pussy. Brook's head swam at the depraved scenario they found themselves in - three generations of women, all tarted up to be bred by one teenage boy. Her son.

Brook's stomach fluttered with illicit heat as she imagined presenting herself to Liam in this indecent getup, his eyes roving hungrily over her scantily clad curves. She pictured him mounting her, splitting her open on his huge young cock and rutting wildly. Pumping her full of his potent seed as he claimed her as his own.

A shudder raced through her, nipples tightening into stiff peaks. Moisture gathered between her thighs at the taboo images, slicking her swollen folds.

As the women chatted and waited for further instructions, Brook pulled her sisters Tara and Kira aside. Tara leaned in close, her expression a mix of nervous excitement and concern.

"So what do you think, Brook? How do you think Liam will...perform?" she asked in a hushed whisper.

Kira giggled. "You mean his sexual prowess? I bet that boy is packing some serious heat in his briefs."

Brook felt her cheeks heat. She glanced around to make sure no one else could overhear before replying. "Honestly, I don't think he has much experience. He may even be a virgin. He's so shy and awkward normally."

Tara nodded, biting her glossy lip. "You're probably right. Poor thing will likely pop as soon as he slides into you, sis. Barely last a minute before he's squirting in your cervix."

Brook's stomach flipped at her sister's crude words, even as a dark thrill raced through her. The thought of her inexperienced son cumming hard and fast, overwhelmed by the tight clench of her body, made her throb between her legs.

"Yes, he'll probably pop off pretty quick our first time together," Brook agreed, voice trembling slightly. "But after his knot goes down, and he's able to pull out of me, I'm sure Serena will have us go again right after. You know, to take advantage of that short teenage refractory period."

Tara bit her lip, cheeks flushed. "God, yes. I remember how Josh could get it up again in minutes at that age. Ready for round two before I'd even caught my breath from the first."

"Exactly," Brook said. "So Liam will probably last a lot longer the second time, since he'll be a little desensitized."

Tara's eyes sparkled with mischief. "So, what do you two know about Kama Sutra positions? Think we can handle some of those with Liam?"

Kira laughed. "Oh man, it's been awhile since I've attempted any of that. Not since my yoga instructor days."

Brook felt her face heat as memories rushed back - her and her husband Roger, young and limber, eagerly poring over an illustrated guide. Twisting their bodies into pretzels, giggling at the ridiculous names. "The Butterfly," "Splitting the Bamboo," "Yawning."

"Josh and I used to do this one called 'The Padlock,'" Tara said, voice pitched low. "You know, where the woman hooks her legs over the man's shoulders? God, he'd get so deep that way."

Kira fanned herself. "Whew, I remember that one! Talk about hitting the sweet spot." She waggled her eyebrows.

Brook bit her lip, trying to recall some of the more adventurous positions from her and Roger's Kama Sutra days. "What about, um, 'Galloping Horse'? Is that one from the Kama Sutra?"

Tara furrowed her brow. "Remind me how that one goes?"

"If I remember right, the woman sits astride the man, facing away from him. Then she leans forward, supporting herself on her hands and feet with her legs stretched out behind her, kind of like a...well, a galloping horse."

Kira's eyes widened. "Oh yeah! I think Josh and I tried that back in college once. Talk about a deep dicking."

Tara snapped her fingers. "Wait, I know that one! Pretty sure it IS in the Kama Sutra. God, the way it angles your hips..." She shivered.

"Right?" Brook said, face flushing hot as she pictured herself in that position with Liam, his rigid young cock spearing up into her slick depths. "Really lets him go to town."

"You know what other one is great for hitting all the right spots?" Kira asked, leaning in conspiratorially. "'The Mermaid.' That's where you lay on your stomach with your legs together and he lays on you - takes you from behind."

Tara groaned softly. "Fuck, yes, I remember that. Something about keeping your legs pressed together makes you feel extra tight around him."

Brook swallowed hard, stomach flipping at the thought of presenting herself to Liam like that, facedown and ass up. Letting her baby boy mount her and rut like an animal.

"Ooh, and 'The Glazed Donut'!" Kira added with a giggle. "When the girl gets on her knees and elbows and the guy squats behind her. Josh used to love that one - said it felt like my pussy was sucking him in."

Brook's head spun as her sisters continued trading favorite positions, each one filthier than the last. Her panties were positively soaked now, her swollen clit throbbing in time with her racing heart. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to ease the ache.

"God, listen to us," Tara said with a slightly hysterical laugh. "Strategizing how to fuck our nephew for maximum knocked-up-ness. This is so messed up."

Brook cleared her throat. "Well, I've kept up with my Pilates. I'm sure I can handle whatever Liam gives me."

Tara nodded, squeezing her thighs together. "Same. Spin class and barre have kept this booty tight." She gave her plump ass a smack.

Kira rolled her shoulders, the sheer bodice of her suit straining over her massive jugs. "And these puppies provide the perfect stabilizing shelf for all sorts of positions." She jiggled her bare tits meaningfully.

Brook sucked in a shaky breath, trying to calm the flutter low in her belly. Her pussy clenched at the thought of Liam gripping her ankles, folding her in half as he split her open. Pounding her into the mattress with all the relentless virility of a horny teenager.

"I guess we'll find out soon enough what Serena has in store for us," she said, voice only slightly strangled. "And what our bodies are capable of."

Tara grinned wickedly. "Here's to discovering our inner sex goddesses! May we leave Liam's balls drained and our wombs full!"

The three sisters laughed, a current of hysteria lacing the sound. Brook's heart raced as she looked around at the lush, fertile bodies primped and presented for breeding. For her son's use.

She swallowed hard, the lace of her suit scraping her plump nipples. She pictured Liam's cock, unleashing into her pulsing depths. His baby, swelling her taut belly.

There was no going back now. Only surrendering to the depraved new reality. All she could do was pray her body remembered how to yield and stretch. To bloom and birth.

Liam's heart pounded as he made his way back to the living quarters, his skin still tingling from Serena's intimate grooming. The sleek bodysuit clung to every ridge and valley of his athletic form, putting his huge bulge obscenely on display. He felt exposed, raw, a breeding stud ready to be put to the task.

As he entered the spacious common room, Liam froze. His female relatives lounged on the plush sofas and chairs, all dolled up in sheer, skimpy lingerie that left little to the imagination. Acres of bountiful cleavage and bare legs bombarded his senses. His cock immediately started to swell, straining against the clinging confines of his suit.

Tara noticed him first, her sapphire eyes lighting up. "There's the man of the hour!" she cooed, jiggling over to him on sky-high heels. Her massive tits bounced freely, barely contained by strips of red lace.

Liam gulped as his aunt pressed against him, her warm, supple flesh conforming to his stiff frame. The spicy scent of her perfume invaded his nostrils, making his head swim with arousal.

"We're all so proud of you, sweetie," Tara murmured in his ear, her glossy lips grazing the sensitive shell. "You're gonna do great putting babies in our bellies." She punctuated her words with a light grind of her hips, the heat of her barely covered mound searing him through their thin suits.

Liam shuddered, his cock swelling to full hardness. He could feel the slick of his pre-cum beginning to leak through the fabric.

"That's enough, Tara," Lorraine chided gently, coming up to rest a proprietary hand on Liam's shoulder. "Don't tease the poor boy. He's got a big night ahead of him."

Liam's face blazed as he took in his grandmother's getup - a black mesh catsuit that displayed every magnificent curve. Her gigantic

breasts and prominent nipples were on full view, along with the bare lips of her pussy. He quickly averted his gaze, shame and lust warring within him.

Mia, Jenna, and his cousins gathered around, all cooing their encouragement and wishing him luck on his first breeding session. Their eyes roved hungrily over his burgeoning erection, practically salivating at the virile bulge. Liam's balls drew up tight, aching with the heavy load he'd soon be releasing.

Serena appeared at his side, a knowing smile on her glossy artificial lips. "It's time, Liam. Your mother is waiting for you."

Liam's heart lurched into his throat as the android guided him down the curving hallway, her sleek fingers wrapped around his bicep. The sharp click of her heels clicked an ominous rhythm as she led him to Brook's private suite. Liam's heart hammered against his ribs, his mouth bone dry. This was it. He was really gonna fuck his own mother. Breed her. Put a baby in her belly.

Serena paused outside the door, fixing him with her luminous artificial gaze. "Remember, Liam, this is a sacred duty. You're doing this for the future of humanity." Her glossy red lips curved into an encouraging smile that did nothing to slow the frantic gallop of his pulse.

He managed a jerky nod, not trusting himself to speak around the ball of nerves lodged in his throat. Serena pressed her palm to the access panel and the door slid open with a soft pneumatic hiss.

Liam's heart skipped a beat as he stepped into the dimly lit suite. There, perched on the edge of the enormous bed, was his mother. Brook's voluptuous body was poured into a white satin bodysuit that left little to the imagination. The halter style barely contained her massive breasts, the fabric straining over her jutting nipples.

His mouth went dry as his gaze traveled down her body, taking in the way the suit clung to her tiny waist and stretched obscenely over her wide, fertile hips. The high-cut legs framed her womanhood, the sheer fabric giving him a tantalizing glimpse of her bare, plump folds.

Liam swallowed hard, his cock throbbing urgently against his thigh as a bead of sweat trickled down his spine. Seeing his mother dolled up like a porn star, her spectacular body on lewd display, made his head swim with a dizzying cocktail of shame and desire. He couldn't reconcile this wanton fuckdoll with the woman who raised him.

Brook's sapphire eyes smoldered as they raked over Liam's form, her gaze zeroing in on the huge bulge tenting his bodysuit. Her plump lips parted and a pink tongue darted out to wet them. Liam shivered, his skin prickling with heat under her blatant perusal.

"Liam, Brook, before we begin, would you prefer to be naked for your first breeding session?" Serena asked, her melodic voice cutting through the charged silence. "Many find skin-to-skin contact heightens the experience and connection."

Liam's heart hammered against his ribs at the thought of seeing his mother completely bare. His stomach flipped as he imagined running his hands over her naked flesh, feeling her warm and vital beneath his inexperienced touch. Sinking into her wet heat with nothing between them.

"Yes," the mother whispered, staring her son in the eyes. "Let's be naked our first time."

Brook stood slowly, her massive jugs swaying as she stepped towards Liam. He tracked the hypnotic bounce and jiggle, unable to look away. She stopped a hairsbreadth from him, her expansive cleavage almost brushing his chest. This close, he could feel the heat radiating off her ripe body, could smell her intoxicating scent - a mouthwatering mix of flowery perfume and female musk.

Holding his gaze, the mother reached up and untied the halter around her neck. The white satin fell away, baring her gigantic tits in

all their glory. Liam sucked in a sharp breath at the sight of her wide, dusky-pink areola and jutting nipples. He'd never seen breasts

so big, so mouthwateringly succulent.

Brook's titties wobbled back and forth as she shimmied the bodysuit down over her wide hips, baring inch after inch of creamy skin. The satin whispered as it slid down her thick thighs and shapely calves, finally pooling at her stiletto-clad feet. She stepped out of the garment, now completely nude for her boy.

His gaze zeroed in on the small strip of neatly trimmed pubic hair crowning her mound, the wispy landing strip pointing like an arrow to her glistening pink folds. Liam's cock jerked as he took in the sight of his mother's plump, hairless pussy, her puffy outer lips slick and swollen with arousal.

His eyes widened as he noticed her protruding prepuce peeking out, the thick hood of her clit retracted back slightly to expose her clitoral glans. The fat, throbbing nub seemed to wink at him in the low light, begging for attention. Liam's balls drew up tight at the obscene display, a fresh surge of blood rushing to his straining teenage erection.

Brook sauntered towards him, her colossal jugs swaying hypnotically with each rolling step. Liam stood frozen, barely breathing as she pressed her naked form against him. He shuddered at the satin-soft slide of her pillowy tits, the way her fat pebbled nipples scraped his chest through his suit. The heat and musk of her body enveloped him, saturating his senses with pure, distilled woman.

Her nimble fingers found the hidden seams at his hips and tugged. The shimmery black fabric parted like butter, peeling away from his chiseled torso. Liam trembled as his mom pushed the top half of his suit down to pool at his waist, leaving his upper body bare to her hungry gaze.

She skimmed her manicured nails over the ridges of his abs, the lean planes of his chest. Liam sucked in a sharp breath, his skin sizzling under her bold touch. No woman had ever caressed him so

intimately, let alone his own mother. His virgin body felt electrified, every nerve ending sparking to life.

Brook hooked her fingers in the bunched fabric at his waist and slowly shimmied his suit down over his narrow hips. Liam held his breath as the constricting garment peeled away from his pulsing cock and heavy balls, finally springing free. He hissed as the cool air kissed his overheated flesh, his erection bobbing obscenely at a perfect upward angle, huge and strong.

Brook purred her approval, her sapphire eyes smoldering as she took in his impressive size. "My, my. What a big boy you've grown into, honey," she practically growled, licking her lips. Her gaze was positively feral, a far cry from any way Liam's mother had looked at him before.

Serena stepped forward with a smile, her pearlescent skin glowing in the dim light. "For your first breeding session, I recommend starting with a basic Kama Sutra position known as the Missionary," she said, her melodic voice calm and clinical. "It allows for deep penetration and is a comfortable position to begin with."

Brook nodded, a knowing glint in her eye. She was well aware that her inexperienced son likely wouldn't last long once he was sheathed in her tight, wet heat. But that was okay. They had all night - and the next year - to build up his stamina.

Holding Liam's heated gaze, Brook slipped her sexy feet out of her towering heels and climbed onto the enormous bed. Her heavy udders rocked as she lay back against the plush pillows, spreading her thick thighs in clear invitation. The musky scent of her arousal perfumed the air, making Liam's head swim.

He stood frozen at the foot of the bed, his heart hammering against his ribs as he stared at his mother's slick pink folds. Seeing her spread out before him like a feast, her lush body open and ready for

fucking, made his cock throb almost painfully. Clear fluid beaded at his slit and dribbled down his shaft, belying his virginal status.

"Come on, honey - don't be shy," Brook purred, crooking a finger at him. "Come put a baby in Mommy's belly."

Liam shuddered at her wanton words, a bolt of searing lust spiking through him. With trembling hands, he climbed onto the bed, settling his lean hips between her widely-splayed thighs. The heat radiating off her ripe body seared him, igniting a fire in his loins that demanded to be quenched.

He braced himself over her, arms quaking as he stared down at her beautiful face. Up close, he could see the faint lines around her eyes, the creases beside her plush mouth - reminders that this was his mother, the woman who gave him life, not some anonymous female vessel. Shame and arousal twisted his gut in a dizzying dance.

Brook reached between them, her fingers grazing his pulsing shaft. Liam gasped, a full body shudder wracking him at her bold touch. She gripped him firmly, feeling his virile strength and giving him a few slow pumps from root to tip. He groaned low in his throat, eyelids fluttering at the exquisite sensation of finally having a hand on his aching cock. And not just any hand - his mother's.

"That's it, honey," Brook cooed, thumbing the slippery crown, smearing his copious pre-lube. "You're gonna feel so good inside me. So big and hard."

Liam's hips jerked of their own accord, thrusting into her grip. He panted harshly, sweat breaking out across his brow as he fought the urge buck harder.

Brook pulled at his boner, guiding the broad crown of Liam's cock to her sopping entrance. He groaned as the spongy tip kissed her swollen folds, slicking his glans with her copious arousal. She rubbed

him up and down her slit a few times, coating his entire cockhead in her slippery secretions.

Then, with a roll of her hips, Brook notched him at her opening and pulled him towards her. Liam gasped as the fat head popped inside, instantly engulfed in scorching wet heat. His eyes rolled back at the

incredible sensation of his mother's impossibly tight cunt gripping him, squeezing his sensitive penis-glans.

He sank into her, inch after excruciating inch disappearing into her silky depths. Her inner muscles fluttered and clenched, rippling along his sinewy shaft as if milking him. Liam gritted his teeth, fighting the urge to blow his load right then and there. He'd never felt anything so amazing in his life.

As he hilted inside her, his pubic bone grinding against hers, Liam let out a strangled moan. Brook's cunt gripped him like a fist, her textured velvet walls molding to every ridge and vein. He could feel her cervix nudging the tip of his cock, the ring of muscle fluttering kisses against his leaking slit.

Buried to the balls in his own mother's pussy, the teen's head swam with the wrongness and raw carnality of it all. Her tight, wet heat engulfed him completely, searing him, branding him. Claiming him as hers.

Serena's calm, melodic voice cut through the haze of Liam's arousal. "Just let your natural instincts take over, Liam. Your body will know exactly what to do."

He started to move, his hips taking on a mind of their own. Liam pulled out until just the tip remained inside her clutching channel, then slammed back in with a grunt. Brook cried out, her nails raking down his back as he started to rut into her hard and fast.

The obscene slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the room as Liam bucked his hips erratically, fucking into his mother with desperate abandon. Brook's lush body jiggled and bounced beneath him, her enormous breasts slapping his chest with each frenzied thrust.

Liam's balls tightened, drawing up close to his body as his climax approached at breakneck speed. He could feel it building at the base of his spine, coiling tighter and tighter with each plunge into Brook's scorching depths. His cockhead throbbed, swelling even fatter as it pummeled her cervix.

Brook gazed up at him with glassy eyes, her plush lips parted on a moan. "That's it, Liam - fuck me! Fill me up with your seed."

Liam jackhammered into Brook with fast, erratic thrusts, his lean hips slapping loudly against her thighs. Brook dug her long nails into his clenching buttocks, spurring him on as she spread her knees back as far as they would go. Her bare feet hovered and jostled in the air, bouncing with each wild, frantic plunge of Liam's cock into her grasping cunt.

"Oh God, oh mom, OH MOMMY, I'M GONNA CUM!" Liam cried out, his voice cracking. The tight coil of pressure at the base of his cock wound to the breaking point, his swollen balls drawing up hard. His mother's hot, slick walls rippled around him, squeezing his virgin cock like a silken vise.

"Yes, baby, give it to me!" Brook wailed, locking her ankles around his pumping hips. "Fill Mommy's cunt with your seed!"

Liam let out a guttural groan as his climax slammed into him, robbing him of breath. His hips stuttered and jerked as he started to erupt, his cock head flaring impossibly wide. He could feel himself swell and stretch his mother's clutching sheath as a massive load of cum rocketed up his shaft.

Brook's orgasm arrived shockingly fast from the feel of Liam's cock-glans ballooning to the size of a fist inside her, stretching her birthing tunnel and stimulating every nerve ending. His engorged knob pummeled through her shifting, dilating cervix and entered her womb. It spit scalding ropes of semen directly into her core as she came apart beneath him.

Her body seized up, back arching off the bed as a scream tore from her throat. Ecstasy exploded through her, radiating out from where they were joined in the most depraved, intimate way. Brook's pussy clamped down around Liam's throbbing shaft rhythmically, milking him, coaxing out every drop of his potent teenage seed.

Her inner muscles rippled along his veiny length, squeezing and fluttering, urging him deeper. Trying to suck his erupting cock further into her womb, greedy for his virile cum. Brook sobbed and shuddered as the feel of Liam's fist-sized glans pulsing and throbbing directly against the walls of her cervix prolonged her climax, sending her hurtling from peak to peak.

Her legs quaked where they were wrapped around Liam's pumping hips, ankles locked to keep him seated fully inside her as he grunted and bucked. Brook's head thrashed on the pillow, chestnut locks sticking to her damp temples as her body was wracked with spasms of rapture. Electric currents of pleasure crackled under her skin, setting her aflame from head to toe.

"Fill me! Seed me! Breed Mommy!" she wailed deliriously, too lost in the grip of her earth-shattering orgasm to censor herself.

Liam could only groan brokenly in response, hips juddering as he poured what felt like an endless stream of cum directly into his mother's rippling womb. Brook's obscene words combined with the slick, scorching grip of her convulsing cunt only intensified his climax, making his balls clench and pulse almost painfully as they emptied.

His vision whited out, black spots dancing behind his tightly clenched eyelids as the most intense pleasure he'd ever experienced roared through him. Liam's lean body shook violently, every muscle seizing up as he erupted over and over into Brook's fluttering depths.

He'd never known such all-consuming ecstasy could exist. That his cock could swell to such immense proportions, locking him inside his own mother as it disgorged spurt after heavy spurt of seed inside her cervix. Liam felt like he was dying and being reborn all at once, drowning in sheer sensation.

The world narrowed to the slick slide of flesh, the rhythmic clenching of Brook's silken walls around his tender penile flesh.

The muscular ring of Brook's cervix pulsated and rippled, gripping the engorged crown of Liam's cock in a vise-like embrace. Her inner flesh

molded perfectly to the thick flare of his glans, sealing their bodies together as his climax dwindled to weak spurts and dribbles deep inside her core.

"Ah! Oh God!" Liam gasped, eyes rolling back in his head at the intense sensation. It felt like his mother's pussy was milking him, hungrily squeezing out every last drop of his seed. The suction around his cock-head was almost unbearably pleasurable, making his spent balls ache.

"Shhh, just relax," Serena soothed, her cool artificial fingers stroking down Liam's trembling back. "What you're experiencing is your penis becoming engorged and locking with your mother's cervix. It's a natural response to ensure optimal insemination."

Liam panted harshly, his hips giving tiny, involuntary thrusts as aftershocks zipped through him. Brook whimpered beneath him, her plush thighs quaking where they gripped his lean waist. He could feel her inner muscles fluttering wildly, undulating along his length.

"The masculine organ swells to its maximum size upon climax, with the glans enlarging to plug the female's cervix," Serena explained clinically. "This keeps the semen sealed inside the womb and increases chances of conception."

Liam groaned, face blazing at the lewd description. The wrongness of being trapped inside his own mother, their bodies locked so intimately, made his head swim. But he couldn't deny the illicit thrill that pulsed through him at the same time.

Brook's eyes were glassy and unfocused, her kiss-swollen lips parted on shallow breaths. Liam felt a fresh gush of fluid seeped out around his buried cock, coating his balls. The knowledge that it was his own mom's cum, leaking back out of her stuffed hole, made him throb deep inside her.

"Just be still and enjoy the sensation," Serena said soothingly, as if sensing his overwhelmed state. "Let your body calm down naturally. It may take some time before you're able to withdraw."

Time seemed to slow to a crawl as Liam lay heavily on top of Brook, their sweat-slick skin sealed together from chest to groin. He could feel every twitch and flutter of her pussy around him, every aftershock that rolled through her. The heat of her body seeped into his, making him shudder.

Brook ran her trembling hands up and down Liam's back, petting him almost tenderly as they came down from their explosive highs. "My baby boy," she cooed breathlessly. "My sweet baby, pumping me so full."

Liam could barely process the intensity of the sensations still pulsing through his body as he lay locked inside his mother. Brook's hands stroked his back soothingly even as her inner muscles continued to ripple and squeeze his sensitive flesh. He panted against the crook of her neck, breathing in the heady musk of their combined arousal.

"Perhaps while you're tied together, you could take the opportunity to become better acquainted on an intimate level," Serena suggested, her melodic voice cutting through Liam's post-orgasmic haze. "Kissing is an excellent way to enhance pair bonding."

Liam's heart stuttered at the idea of kissing his own mother. It seemed so taboo, even more so than what they had just done. He lifted his head to look at Brook, a question in his eyes.

Her sapphire gaze was soft and slightly unfocused, her plush lips parted. "It's okay, baby," she murmured, reaching up to cup his flushed cheek. "We might as well try it, since we're already so...connected."

Liam swallowed hard, nervousness and anticipation swirling low in his gut. Slowly, hesitantly, he lowered his face to Brook's. Their breath mingled for a charged moment before their mouths met in a tentative kiss.

At first it was awkward, just a dry press of lips. But then Brook's mouth softened and moved under his, coaxing him to follow her lead.

Liam's eyelids fluttered shut as he sank into the kiss, licking instinctively at the seam of her lips.

Brook's mouth opened to him and suddenly their tongues were tangling, hot and slick. She explored his mouth thoroughly, tracing the ridges of his teeth, the roof of his mouth. Liam groaned at the sensual slide of her tongue against his, all velvety softness and lively flicks.

His cock twitched inside her, somehow swelling even fuller at the erotic kiss. He felt Brook's pussy clench reflexively around him, a gush of wetness bathing his shaft. Their bodies seemed to meld together even more intimately as they made out with growing hunger.

Liam lost himself in the drugging pleasure of Brook's probing tongue and undulating inner muscles. He suckled on her full lower lip, nibbling gently and relishing her breathy sighs. His hands roamed her body almost of their own accord, squeezing the heavy globes of her breasts, thumbing her taut nipples.

Brook arched into his touch, whimpering into his mouth. She rocked her hips in tiny circles, grinding her clit against Liam's pubic bone. He could feel every flutter and ripple of her silken walls around his aching cock.

Liam and Brook remained locked together in the most intimate way possible for what felt like an eternity. His engorged cockhead plugged her cervix tightly, sealing all his potent seed inside her eager womb. Brook's pussy rippled and squeezed around Liam's shaft rhythmically, as if milking him, trying to coax out every last drop.

As the minutes ticked by, Liam grew bolder, more confident. His initial awkwardness faded away as primal instinct took over. He captured Brook's plush lips again and again, tongue delving deep to taste her. Brook met each slanting of his mouth with equal hunger, sucking on his tongue, nibbling his bottom lip.

Their kisses turned wetter, sloppier, more urgent. Liam licked into his mother's mouth greedily, exploring every inch. He swallowed her breathy sighs and whimpers, relishing the vibrations against his lips.

His hands roamed her spectacular body with growing confidence, squeezing and kneading the abundant flesh. He palmed Brook's massive breasts, feeling their weight, their softness. Liam sank his fingers into the pliant mounds, watching in awe as they overflowed his groping hands. He found her turgid nipples and rolled them between his fingertips, tugging gently.

Brook mewled into his mouth, arching to push more of her heavy tit-flesh into Liam's grasp. He plumped her giant jugs almost roughly,

intoxicated by their size and suppleness. He ached to put his mouth on them, to suckle her fat, protruding nipples, but the urge to keep kissing her was stronger.

Lost as he was in the sensual haze, Liam gradually became aware of a change where they were joined. The iron-hard swelling of his cockhead seemed to be subsiding incrementally. He could feel Brook's cervix loosening its vise-like grip on his glans by infinitesimal degrees.

Over the course of long, drugging minutes, Liam's member slowly began to retract. The fist-like protrusion of his cock-knob shrank and squeezed back through the muscular ring of Brook's cervical os with a wet, obscene sound. He groaned into her mouth at the squeeze and drag of her inner flesh on his over-sensitized glans.

Inch by excruciating inch, Liam's softening cock slipped down Brook's clutching sheath. Her sodden, spongy walls seemed to cling to him, rippling along his length as if reluctant to let him go. Sticky strings of their combined fluids webbed between their bodies as Liam retreated from her depths.

With a lewd slurp, the broad head popped free of Brook's opening. A wet gush followed, soaking the sheets beneath her ass with a mix of their ejaculate.

As Liam collapsed onto the bed beside his mom, panting and spent, a satisfied smile spread across his mother's face. She rolled towards him and cupped his flushed cheek, her sapphire eyes glowing with pride and post-orgasmic bliss.

"Oh Liam, you were absolutely amazing, especially for your first time," Brook praised breathlessly. "The way your big cock stretched me open and filled me so deep... I've never felt anything like it."

Liam's cheeks burned at the explicit compliment, a mix of embarrassment and masculine pride swelling in his chest. He still

couldn't quite believe he'd just fucked his own mother - and that she'd enjoyed it so much. It felt surreal, like a fevered wet dream come to life.

Serena approached the bed, her glossy red lips curved in an approving smile. "Indeed, that was an exceptional first breeding session. You achieved a textbook cervical lock and maintained it for an extended period, ensuring maximal insemination. Well done, Liam."

If possible, Liam's face flushed even hotter at the android's clinical praise. He ducked his head, suddenly unable to meet his mother's or Serena's gazes. His cock twitched against his thigh, not quite ready to go again but not entirely spent either.

Brook stroked his arm soothingly, understanding in her eyes. "I know it's a lot to take in, honey. Trust me, the first time I was knotted, it was so overwhelming. And painful, since I wasn't fully mature yet."

Liam's brow furrowed as he processed this new information. He'd never imagined his mother with anyone before his father, let alone being "knotted", whatever that meant. Curiosity loosened his tongue.

"When was that? Before Dad?" he asked hesitantly.

Brook nodded, a far-off look in her eyes. "Yes, it was during my Fertility Fostering, before I met your father. I was only 19 and my

body wasn't quite ready to be stretched so wide yet. But it was my duty, so I endured it."

She smiled wryly, shaking her head. "Let's just say, being tied to you was a MUCH more pleasurable experience. The best I've ever had, by far."

Liam's eyes widened at the implication - that he'd satisfied his mother better than his own father, her husband, ever had. A confusing mix of emotions swirled in his gut. Pride, awe, guilt, and a forbidden thrill.

A small, primitive part of him felt smugly victorious, like he'd claimed his territory, asserted his dominance. He tamped down on that disturbing impulse, not wanting to examine it too closely.

"I'm glad I could make it good for you," Liam mumbled.

Meanwhile, Serena had been observing Liam's impressive stamina and recovery with a clinical eye. His penis was already beginning to swell and lengthen again, the head flushing a deeper pink as blood flow increased. She estimated based on his age and physical signs of arousal that his refractory period would be no more than five to ten minutes. More than sufficient for another vigorous round of breeding.

"If I may make a suggestion," Serena interjected smoothly, "For your second coupling, you may wish to try a position that allows Brook to take more control. The Kama Sutra details several postures where the female partner can set the pace and depth of penetration."

Liam's face blazed at the android's blunt recommendation, his renewed erection throbbing against his thigh. The thought of his mother straddling him, pinning him down and riding his cock sent a surge of blood straight to his groin.

Brook's sapphire eyes sparkled with intrigue and barely restrained hunger as she took in Liam's eager young body, his impressive member once again standing at attention. "Mmmm, I do like the

sound of that," she purred, licking her plush lips. "What did you have in mind, Serena?"

The android brought up a holographic display of an illustrated couple, the woman poised above the man's jutting erection. "This position is known as the Squatting Tigress. The male partner lies on his back while the female straddles his hips, lowering herself onto his manhood. This allows her to control the angle and speed of penetration."

Liam swallowed hard as he studied the lewd image, his heart pounding at the thought of being taken so completely by his mother. Of being at her mercy as she impaled herself on his aching cock over and over. His virgin body thrummed with anticipation, skin prickling with heat.

Brook wasted no time, moving to swing a leg over Liam's hips. She hovered above him on her knees, the slick lips of her pussy barely grazing the swollen head of his erection. Liam's breath caught in his throat as he stared up at her spectacular body - the heavy sway of her gigantic breasts, the lush curve of her waist and thighs.

"Are you ready for Mommy to ride your big cock, baby?" Brook cooed, reaching between their bodies to grip his thick shaft. She notched the broad crown at her weeping entrance, swirling her hips to coat his glans in her slippery arousal. "Ready to fill me up again and put baby in my belly?"

Liam could only groan brokenly, hands flying to her rounded hips. He dug his fingers into the plush flesh, urging her down, desperate to be buried in her tight wet heat once more. His balls ached, already engorged and heavy, churning with more seed.

With agonizing slowness, Brook sank down onto Liam's rigid shaft. His eyes rolled back as inch after excruciating inch of his aching cock disappeared into her tight, clinging heat. He watched in awe as his mother's pussy lips stretched obscenely around his girth, swallowing him whole.

Brook threw her head back with a rapturous moan as she settled fully on Liam's lap, his cock buried to the hilt inside her. "Oh God, honey - you feel even bigger like this!" She rolled her hips, grinding her clit against his pubic bone. "So deep, so fucking deep..."

Liam could only groan brokenly as he was engulfed in liquid silk, his mother's inner muscles fluttering and rippling along his entire length. Being taken so completely, having Brook in total control of the pace and angle, was a whole new level of overwhelming sensation. He fought the urge to blow his load immediately, determined to last longer this time.

Brook braced her hands on her son's chest and started to move, undulating her hips in sinuous waves. She rose up until just the tip of his cock remained inside her, then slammed back down with a lewd squelch. Over and over she impaled herself on his straining erection, the wet slap of flesh on flesh echoing obscenely through the room.

Liam was mesmerized by the erotic sight of his mother's spectacular body in motion above him. Her colossal breasts bounced and swayed hypnotically with each roll of her hips, the heavy globes rippling as they smacked together. He ached to touch them, to feel their weight in his hands, but he was frozen in place by the intensity of sensation radiating from his cock.

Brook rode him with wild skillful abandon, taking him deep and hard. Liam had never seen this side of his mother - this sexual, uninhibited creature. She was a goddess, a primal force of feminine energy and raw sensuality. He was just along for the ride, a vessel for her pleasure.

As Brook plunged up and down on his cock, Liam felt his stamina building. The first urgent need to cum had passed, allowing him to revel in the exquisite slide and drag of his mother's pussy walls.

Each slick glide from root to tip sent sparks of ecstasy zipping up his spine, but the edge of desperation had dulled.

He began to meet her downward thrusts, lifting his hips to grind against her swollen clit. Brook cried out sharply, her nails digging into

Liam's pecs as he stirred her up inside. He could feel every flutter and clench of her rapacious cunt, could sense her climax building like a gathering storm.

"That's it, baby, fuck Mommy just like that!" Brook babbled, her face contorted in pleasure. "Gonna cum all over your big cock, gonna fucking - OH!"

Liam glanced over at Serena, his eyes seeking reassurance that he was performing adequately. The android gave him an encouraging nod, her glossy red lips curving into a smile.

"You're doing wonderfully, Liam," she praised. "Female orgasm is not only a natural part of the mating process, but it can actually aid in conception. The muscular contractions help propel the semen further into the reproductive tract."

Relief and pride washed through Liam at Serena's approval, spurring him to thrust up into his mother with renewed vigor. Brook's breathy cries grew louder, more urgent, her nails leaving crescent marks on Liam's chest as she ground down on him frantically.

"Oh fuck, oh GOD!" she wailed, head thrown back in ecstasy. Her lush body began to quake and shudder, overtaken by the force of her climax.

Liam watched in awe as his mother came apart above him, her face contorted in raw bliss. The rhythmic squeeze and flutter of her cunt around his pile-driving cock was almost too intense to bear, pushing him towards his own impending release.

Brook collapsed against Liam's chest, gigantic tits squashed between their sweat-slicked bodies as she continued to roll and grind her hips, riding out the aftershocks. Broken moans and whimpers fell from her lips, muffled against the crook of Liam's neck.

He clung to her, hands gripping the globes of her meaty ass, fingers sinking into the abundant flesh as he pumped up into her quivering

sheath. The wet, filthy sounds of their fucking filled the room, punctuated by their labored breathing and ecstatic cries.

The coil of tension at the base of Liam's spine wound tighter and tighter as he felt his own release barreling towards him. Serena's words echoed in his head - "the muscular contractions help propel the semen" - making the urge to flood Brook's womb with his seed even more powerful.

Brook gasped and moaned wantonly as she felt Liam's cockhead start to expand inside her tight, clinging heat. Her entire body quivered with the force of the impending eruption. She raised up slightly on his thick pole and began riding him with increased vigor, slamming her hips down to take him as deep as possible.

Her colossal boobs bounced wildly, slapping against Liam's face in a deluge of soft, pillowy flesh that smothered him. She ground her aching clit against his pubic bone, chasing her next violent orgasm that was swelling inside her like a tsunami. Electric shocks of raw pleasure radiated out from her core.

Liam groaned brokenly beneath her, his hands clenching the plush cheeks of her ass as he thrust up into her frantically. He could feel her muscular sheath rippling around him, squeezing his shaft like a silken fist. His swollen glans pummeled against the quivering ring of her cervix with each plunge, his knob growing larger and larger as he neared orgasm.

Through the haze of ecstasy, Liam felt an overwhelming urge to pierce through that final barrier - to bury his cock directly into his mother's womb and flood her with his seed. His balls drew up tight and his shaft pulsed as he crested the edge.

With a hoarse shout, he bucked up hard and forced his engorged crown through Brook's dilating os. The muscular ring clamped around him like a vise, trapping him in place as he exploded. Searing jets of cum spurted from his slit, painting her womb with ropey strands of his virile semen.

"FUCK! OH GOD, MOMMY!" Liam bellowed, every muscle seizing as the most intense orgasm of his young life wracked his body.

Above him, Brook wailed in rapture as she felt Liam's fist-sized knob swell impossibly large and pop into her cervix, locking them together. She convulsed and shook, impaled to the hilt on his throbbing shaft as he emptied his heavy balls directly into her fertile depths.

Her cunt rippled wildly, milking Liam for every drop. She could feel the wet heat of his cum bathing her insides, soothing the ache of her empty womb. Tears of bliss streamed down her face as she came apart, surrendering to the raw ecstasy of being bred so thoroughly by her own son.

Liam clung to his mom's lush curves as the final shuddering pulses left his cock, his lean body drenched in sweat. He panted harshly, his heart galloping against his ribs. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined anything could feel so mind-blowingly incredible.

Brook collapsed against her teen's chest, her massive breasts squishing between their sweat-slicked bodies. Liam panted harshly, every nerve ending still sparking from the intensity of his climax. He could feel his mother's pussy fluttering and clenching around his shaft, milking out the last drops of his seed.

Serena's melodic voice broke through the haze of Liam's post-orgasmic bliss. "While you two are locked together, I highly recommend stimulating Brook's breasts," the android advised. "Nipple and areola massage triggers the release of oxytocin in the female body, which can help transport the sperm to fertilize the egg."

Liam swallowed thickly, his gaze riveted to the heaving mounds of flesh pressed against his face. Brook's areola were pebbled and tight, her fat nipples engorged and practically begging for his mouth. His cock twitched inside her, still rock hard and plugging her cervix.

"Go on, baby," Brook purred breathlessly, pushing herself up slightly on trembling arms. Her pillowy tits swayed enticingly above Liam's

parted lips. "Suck on Mommy's big titties. Get them ready to feed your baby."

Liam groaned low in his throat, the wanton words making his balls tighten. With a surge of eager confidence, he captured one protruding nipple between his lips and suckled hard. Brook gasped and arched into him, her fingers sinking into his hair.

He nursed greedily on the engorged bud, relishing the pliant flesh against his tongue. He laved and lapped at her, drawing more of her breast into his hot, wet mouth. Brook mewled and writhed above him, grinding her fat, throbbing clit against his pubic bone as much as she could with his cock still locked inside her.

Liam palmed her other enormous mound, plumping the doughy flesh in his hand. He rolled and tugged on her nipple, feeling it stiffen further under his ministrations. He switched back and forth, lavishing attention on each jiggling tit, suckling and kneading and generally worshipping his mother's spectacular rack.

As he feasted on her breasts, Liam was intensely aware of their lower bodies fused together - his fist-sized glans still plugging her

convulsing cervix, her muscular walls rippling along his shaft. Each clench and flutter sent sparks of pleasure radiating through him, keeping him rock hard and throbbing inside her channel.

For long, drugging minutes, Liam suckled his mother's huge, spongy tits as she undulated on his cock. Brook babbled incoherently, lost in the haze of sensation. She ground herself against Liam's groin, trying to take him impossibly deeper even with his knot clogging her cervix.

"I'M CUMMING!" Brook's pretty voice shook as an orgasm came upon her suddenly and with fierce intensity.

Liam's entire body seized up as he felt his mother shudder and convulse on top of him, her enormous breast rippling around his face as she came again on his throbbing cock. The silken heat of her cunt fluttered and squeezed his shaft, the muscular ring of her cervix clamping down around his engorged crown like a tight fist.

He groaned brokenly into her pillowy tit-flesh, the sound muffled and desperate. Inside the liquid inferno of Brook's womb, Liam's glans swelled to an almost painful size, trapping him in place as her fem-cum gushed around his pulsing length. He could feel the slick fluid bathing his aching balls where they pressed against her ass, soaking his groin.

The intensity was almost too much to bear. Liam squeezed his eyes shut as his heartbeat roared in his ears, his skin flushing with heat. He suckled harder on Brook's fat nipple, losing himself in the lush give of her breast against his face. She cried out sharply, her fingers tightening in his hair as she ground herself against him.

Brook's cervix clenched rhythmically around her son's cock-knob, squeezing and rippling along the thick flare. He shuddered at the sensation, electric sparks of pleasure shooting up his spine. The pressure in his balls built to an agonizing degree, his sack drawing up tight and full.

With her pussy milking him so expertly, it was only a matter of time before Liam exploded again. He could feel the tension coiling at the base of his shaft, his impending release barreling towards him like a freight train. He thrust up into his mother as much as he could with his hips pinned beneath her, desperate to be deeper, to plant his seed directly into her hungry womb.

Liam and Brook writhed together, bodies locked in the most intimate embrace. With his engorged knot plugging her cervix, they could only roll their hips in unison, grinding against each other with desperate need. Liam groaned around Brook's nipple as he felt her slick walls undulating along his shaft, her muscular cervical ring squeezing the neck of his glans rhythmically.

Their combined fluids churned to a creamy froth inside her, Liam's cockhead plunging through it again and again as he stirred her up. His slit gaped open, dribbling a constant stream of pre-cum to mix with Brook's gushing arousal. The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling filled the room - slick squelches and sloppy schlicks that made Liam's face burn with equal parts shame and illicit excitement.

He suckled harder on his mom's fat, spongy nipple, relishing the way the pliant flesh yielded against his tongue. Her giant breast molded around his face, soft and warm, smothering him in her motherly scent. Liam felt surrounded, consumed by her lush curves, drowning in pure femininity.

Brook keened above him, voice cracking as another orgasm crested. Liam felt it in the way her pussy clamped down like a silken vise, fluttering wildly along his length. Her juices flooded out around his root, soaking his balls and dripping down the crack of her ass. The evidence of her pleasure coated their skin, sticky and pungent.

Liam's own climax swelled at the base of his spine, urgent and undeniable. His overstimulated cock jerked inside Brook's rippling sheath, the pressure in his balls building to a screaming peak. He

was amazed he had anything left to give her, but his body was operating on pure instinct now, a primal need to seed his female that overrode all else.

With a guttural groan, Liam tore his mouth away from Brook's breast. He tipped his head back and roared as the first violent spurt erupted from his slit, painting her womb with a fresh deluge of cum. Brook wailed as she felt him swell impossibly larger, locking him deep as he geysered into her convulsing depths.

Liam's vision whited out as he came harder than he ever had in his life, his very essence pouring out of him in endless, agonizing pulses. Brook milked him through it, her cunt rippling expertly along his pulsing shaft, greedily drinking down his offering. He could feel her womb expanding with the sheer volume of his release, growing heavier, fuller as he pumped jet after thick jet directly into her fertile core.

Their bodies moved as one, an erotic dance of undulating hips and grinding flesh.

They collapsed together in a sweaty, sticky heap, hearts pounding in unison as their bodies pulsed and throbbed, still intimately joined. Liam panted harshly against Brook's neck, her fluttering pulse

matching the rhythmic clenching of her pussy around his softening cock.

He could feel her slick walls rippling along his length, trying to milk every last drop of cum from his spent balls. Their mingled juices seeped out around his shaft, making obscene wet sounds with each feeble thrust of his hips. Liam's body felt boneless, utterly wrung out from the intensity of his climax.

Brook's massive breasts pressed heavily into his chest, the nipples still hard points digging into his skin. Liam's face was mashed into

her neck, smothered by her intoxicating scent - sweat, arousal, and something uniquely maternal that made his head spin.

Slowly, gradually, he felt his fist-sized glans begin to retract, the swollen flesh squeezing back through the vise-like grip of Brook's cervix with a lewd squelch. Inch by inch, Liam's deflating cock slipped from her thoroughly seeded depths until just the tip remained nestled inside her clasping heat.

With a shuddery sigh, Liam felt his mother roll off to collapse beside him on the sweat-dampened sheets. Brook whimpered at the loss of his softening flesh, her swollen pussy gaping and oozing with the copious load he'd pumped into her.

Serena approached the bed, her luminous eyes scanning over their nude, entwined bodies analytically. "Excellent work, you two. That was an exemplary breeding session," she praised.

Liam flushed, feeling a confusing mix of pride and embarrassment at the android's blunt assessment of their coupling. He couldn't meet Serena's steady gaze, his eyes instead flicking to Brook's heaving chest, watching a trickle of sweat slide between her massive, jiggling breasts.

"Based on my calculations, Brook achieved five vaginal orgasms, while Liam ejaculated four times, with an average volume of 15 milliliters per emission," Serena rattled off clinically. "The consistency and motility of Liam's semen was optimal, with sperm counts

exceeding 500 million per milliliter. More than enough to ensure successful fertilization."

Liam's head swam at the numbers, at the casual confirmation of just how much cum he'd pumped into his own mother's unprotected womb. A part of him marveled that his balls could produce such a potent load, while another part shriveled in shame at the perverse pride he felt.

Brook stroked a soothing hand down her son's sweaty back, as if sensing his inner turmoil. She cooed reassuringly in his ear. "Oh honey, you were amazing. I can't wait for you to do that to me again and again, all year long."

Brook pressed her huge, heavy breasts against Liam's sweat-slicked chest, smothering him in her warm, plush flesh. He groaned as he felt her hard nipples digging into his skin, poking insistently. His spent cock twitched against his thigh, struggling to rouse again so soon.

"You think you're up for this, honey?" Brook purred, undulating her voluptuous body against his. "Fucking Mom and all your other female relatives, over and over, putting baby after baby in our bellies?"

Liam swallowed hard, his mouth gone dry at the thought. An entire year of nonstop rutting and breeding, seeding every fertile womb in his family. His stomach fluttered with nervous anticipation even as a bolt of heat shot to his groin.

He nodded slowly, licking his lips. "I'll do my best," he rasped, voice rough from exertion. "I won't let you down."

Brook smiled, sapphire eyes twinkling with pride and barely restrained hunger. "I know you won't, sweetie. You're gonna be such a good little breeder for Mom and everyone else."

She punctuated her words with a sensual roll of her wide hips, grinding her slick mound against Liam's thigh. He shuddered, feeling

the searing heat and wet slide of her swollen folds, the sticky evidence of their coupling smearing across his skin.

TO BE CONTINUED…

249: BREED – PART 2-1/2

BREED – PART 2

By Klrxo

Liam stood at the expansive window, gazing down at the slowly rotating Earth. His heart raced as he drank in the breathtaking view of blue oceans and swirling white clouds.

But it wasn't just the planet's beauty that had his pulse pounding. No, it was the knowledge that his dad was down there, going about his day, completely aware that his son's cock was getting coated in his wife's juices. That Liam was pumping Brook full of his potent teenage seed, breeding his own mother with wild, incestuous abandon.

Liam's brothers and uncles were down there too, working their jobs, running errands, living their lives. All while being fully cognizant of the fact that he was up here in space, plowing their wives, their sisters, their daughters – pleasuring their pussies with his teenage dick.

They all knew that Liam's sole purpose was to flood the wombs of every fertile female in his family with his virile spunk and put baby after baby in their bellies.

A shiver raced down Liam's spine, his sensitive cock twitching against his thigh as he pictured it. His older brother Josh, sitting at his office desk, trying to concentrate on work while images of Liam rutting between Jenna's splayed thighs bombarded his brain.

Knowing his little brother was giving his wife the deep dicking her body was made for, that he could never provide.

And his dad, poor Roger, walking around with the inescapable knowledge that Liam was conquering Mom. That his boy was experiencing the tight, wet clasp of Brook's cunt, dumping load after potent load into her greedy depths as she begged for more.

A twisted sense of pride swelled in Liam's chest. He was the most important Richards male now. The breeder. The one tasked with repopulating their family's wombs, with ensuring humanity's survival. A heavy responsibility, but one his young loins were more than up to.

The knowledge that he would soon be balls deep in his aunts, his grandmother, his cousins, and sister-in-law again made Liam's heart gallop. His cock swelled, growing heavy and thick as it strained toward the Earth, as if drawn by the tantalizing scent of so much fertile pussy waiting to be conquered.

Brook stood in the center of the main living area, turning slowly as she took in the obscene display of bare female flesh. Her sisters, mother, nieces and daughter-in-law lounged on the plush sofas and chairs, bodies adorned in the most scandalous "outfits" she'd ever seen.

If you could even call them outfits. More like a few strategically placed strips of fabric that left very little to the imagination. Sky-high stiletto heels forced their sexy feet into an extreme arch, toes pointed and shapely calves flexed. The delicate heels looked like they could break at any moment under the weight of those lush, curvy bodies.

Brook's gaze drifted up mile-long legs to the juncture of each woman's thighs. A thin band of cloth called a pubic-clip clung to their mounds, cupping their sex but not covering it. The plump lips of their bare pussies peeked out obscenely on either side, glistening

and swollen. It was like their vulvas were framed, presented, an erotic centerpiece drawing the eye.

Higher still, their massive breasts swayed and bounced with every breath and movement. Pasties clipped on fat dusky teats, covering just their wide pebbled areolas. The effect was somehow even more indecent than if they were completely topless.

Brook swallowed hard, her own body poured into an identical get-up. The crotch strap felt strange and naughty against her hairless sex, rubbing maddeningly against her fat clitoral hood as she shifted. Her nipples tingled in the cool air, the pasties an unfamiliar weight and texture. She felt stripped bare, raw, a piece of ripe meat trussed up and ready to be bred.

"Isn't this just wild, sis?" Kira giggled, giving her enormous jugs a shake. They were nearly as big as her sister's – pounds of G-cup titty-flesh. Flimsy pasties barely clung on as the heavy globes jiggled like fleshy jello. "I feel like a fucking porn star!"

Tara, Brook's other sister, snorted, crossing her legs so the plump lips of her pussy peeped out even more. "More like a high-class escort. No porn star wears heels this expensive."

"I think we look hot," Jenna, Brook's daughter-in-law declared, smirking as she ran a hand down her side. "Liam's eyes are going to pop out of his head when he sees us like this."

Brook's stomach flipped at the mention of her son, at the thought of him drinking in the sight of all their barely-contained curves. The crotch strap dampened against her core, her body responding viscerally to the idea of being so lewdly displayed for Liam.

"God, he's probably going to cum in his pants as soon we see him," Kira snickered.

Brook glanced over at Jenna, noting the slight tension in her daughter-in-law's posture. Even dolled up in the scandalous lingerie, a hint of nervousness flickered in Jenna's eyes. Her big milk-swollen breasts jiggled and swayed as she shifted her weight, almost like they were trembling with anxious energy.

"You doing okay, hon?" Brook asked gently, placing a comforting hand on Jenna's bare shoulder. "I know this is all a bit...overwhelming."

Jenna exhaled shakily, nodding. "Yeah, I'm alright. Just a little nervous, I guess." She bit her glossy lip, gaze darting around at the other scantily clad women before settling back on Brook. "It's just, well...I've only ever been with Josh. And Liam, he's..." Jenna's cheeks flushed, her hands fluttering over her gigantic, heaving jugs. "He's so much bigger than his brother. Like, massively huge."

Brook's pussy clenched at the reminder of Liam's impressive endowment, the way his fist-sized cock head had stretched her so deliciously full. She swallowed hard, trying to keep her expression neutral even as memories of their explosive breeding session crashed over her.

"I know, sweetie. Trust me, I was pretty overwhelmed with Liam yesterday also," Brook assured her. "But your body was built for this.

You'll adapt, open right up for him. You did just squeeze a baby out a month ago, remember?"

Jenna nodded, but her teeth worried at her plump bottom lip. "I just...I don't know if I'll be able to control myself, you know? When he's splitting me open on that huge dick, fucking me so deep..." She shuddered, thighs clenching together. "I'm probably gonna cum. A lot. And I know it's awful of me, with Josh being..." Jenna trailed off, ducking her head in shame.

Lorraine chose that moment to sashay over, a knowing smile on her painted lips. "Oh honey, don't you worry about that. Cumming on a teenage cock is not only natural, it's downright expected!"

"She's right," Brook agreed. "Dicks are at their hardest at that age. And Liam's penis is VERY large – massively huge, like you said. It was made to create female orgasm."

Lorraine chuckled throatily, her colossal jugs bouncing. "Your body knows what it needs, and it's going to take it. Wring that boy dry, milk him for all he's worth."

Brook nodded in agreement, rubbing Jenna's back soothingly. "Orgasms actually help with conception too. Your cervix will dip down, suck Liam in even deeper. It's a totally natural response, nothing to feel guilty about."

Lorraine smiled sympathetically at Jenna, patting her shoulder. "Oh sweetie, I know it's hard not to think about how this affects your husband Josh and the other men. I'm sure they're all beside themselves, knowing their wives and daughters are going to spend the next year getting ruthlessly fucked by a teenage family member."

She sighed, her enormous breasts heaving. "But we can't dwell on that. It will only make things harder. Our focus has to be on the task at hand - getting bred by that virile young stud and popping out as many babies as possible."

Brook nodded in agreement. "The way I see it, if a little pleasure gets mixed in with our duty, well, that's only natural. Our bodies were made to enjoy a thick cock splitting us open, pumping us full."

Lorraine's sapphire eyes sparkled with mischief. "Lord knows after feeling Liam's beast rearranging my womb. I'll probably cum so hard I'll see stars. And I refuse to feel an ounce of guilt about that, no matter how much it hurts my dear Arthur."

Jenna bit her lip, nodding slowly as she absorbed Lorraine's words. "Well, I am here to do my most favorite thing in the world… fuck. I guess I should just relax and let the orgasms flow."

"Josh knows that you'll be fucking his little brother hard up here," Brook reminded her. "And I'm sure he also knows that orgasm is just a part of the breeding process."

Brook could see the tension gradually leaving her daughter-in-law's shoulders, her expression shifting from apprehensive to cautiously intrigued.

"You're right," Jenna said finally, a determined glint entering her eyes. "Josh will just have to deal. He's not the one whose womb will be put through the wringer this year."

She glanced down at her own exposed mound, flushed and glistening. "If my body needs to cum its brains out on Liam's huge cock in order to catch, then so be it. I'll ride that big dick like my life depends on it. Because, well, it kind of does."

Brook squeezed Jenna's shoulder, pride swelling in her chest. She knew it couldn't be easy for her daughter-in-law to push aside her marital vows, to accept rutting wantonly with her young brother-in-law. But like the rest of them, Jenna was a survivor. She would adapt, embrace this new purpose, no matter how taboo.

Lorraine grinned wickedly, looking like the cat that caught the canary. "That's the spirit! Now let's go show that nephew of mine what these MILF bods can do. I have a feeling that boy won't know what hit him!"

The air felt charged with erotic anticipation as the android Serena ushered Brook, Lorraine, and Jenna down the curving hallway toward Liam's breeding quarters. The women's dainty stiletto heels clicked a staccato rhythm on the polished floor, their hips rolling seductively with each gliding step.

Brook's heart pounded as she watched her mother's and daughter-in-law's spectacular asses sway and jiggle, the plump rounded cheeks completely bare. Meaty tits bobbled and bounced hypnotically, heavy and ripe, nipples straining against glittery pasties.

Flutters of nervous excitement danced low in Brook's belly as they approached the sleek metal door. Slickness gathered between her thighs, dampening the crotch of her obscene outfit. She could practically feel Liam's presence on the other side, his virile young body waiting to mount and rut them all. Her pussy clenched reflexively, aching to be split open on his huge teen cock again, to be pumped full of his potent seed.

The door slid open with a soft pneumatic hiss and Brook's breath caught. Liam stood in the center of the room, his lean swimmer's build on glorious display. He wore nothing but a black silk robe that gaped open, revealing his chiseled abs and the thickening length of his cock.

Brook's mouth went dry as she watched her son's eyes widen, pupils blowing out as he took in the erotic sight of the women.

"Please, make yourselves comfortable," Serena said smoothly, her glossy red lips curving as she gestured to the enormous bed with its rumpled silk sheets. "Each of you will get to choose an original Kama Sutra sex position to be bred in today."

Lorraine let out a throaty chuckle, her massive jugs wobbling. "Oh my! How delightful!"

She sashayed into the room, heading straight for a sleek screen displaying various sexual positions. Jenna followed eagerly, a hungry gleam in her eyes as she perused the erotic illustrations.

Brook hung back for a moment, her gaze riveted to Liam. His plush lips parted as he watched the women, a trickle of sweat sliding down

his temple. The thick root of his cock peeked out from his robe, flushed and swelling rapidly. He looked equal parts aroused and overwhelmed, a lamb about to be devoured by a pack of she-wolves.

Liam's eyes met his mom's and a shiver raced down her spine at the heat in his gaze. Memories of him sheathed deep inside her, stretching her impossibly full, crashed over her in a dizzying wave. She remembered the exquisite feel of his fist-sized glans pummeling her most sacred chamber, filling it with her his seed.

Jenna sauntered along the screen, her curvaceous birthing hips swaying hypnotically. Liam's eyes were glued to the bounce and jiggle of her spectacular ass as she bent forward to study the Kama Sutra illustrations. His cock twitched and thickened further, straining against the confines of his robe.

She tapped a plump, glossy nail against one particular image, a smile spreading across her face. "Ooh, the Basket position! I've always wanted to try this one with Josh but we could never quite make it work with our height difference."

Jenna turned to face Liam, a wicked gleam in her sapphire eyes. "But I bet you and I would align just perfectly, Liam."

The teen's heart raced, his vivid imagination conjuring the erotic image of his sister-in-law perched in his lap, her thick thighs draped over his

shoulders as he thrust up into her slick heat. His cock throbbed urgently, aching to feel Jenna's tight, wet pussy gripping him.

Lorraine praised Jenna's choice, a salacious smile curving her painted lips. "Excellent pick, dear. That position will have Liam's cock hitting all your sweet spots." Her sapphire eyes sparkled with mischief as she turned to examine the screen herself.

Lorraine's gaze roamed over the erotic illustrations, searching for a position that would bring her and Liam a new level of intimacy. She knew her grandson was fixated on her gargantuan breasts, always staring at them with barely concealed hunger. An idea formed, wicked and delicious.

"The Merger position," Lorraine purred, tapping a crimson nail against the screen. "That's the one for me."

In the image, the man sat on the edge of the bed, legs bent and feet on the floor. The woman straddled his thighs, facing him, her own legs bent and resting on his hips, feet dangling.

Lorraine's pussy clenched as she imagined riding her grandson like that, her giant tits pressed against his face, smothering him. She would have complete control over the pace and depth of penetration, able to impale herself on his thickness over and over. And Liam's mouth would be at the perfect height to worship her enormous tits as she used him.

Liam shifted his weight from foot to foot, the motion causing his robe to slip further open. Lorraine drank in the sight of his exposed cock, the broad head flushed a deep, angry red, a bead of pre-cum glistening at the slit. Her own juices trickled down her inner thighs, her core aching to be filled by his girth.

"Such an eager young buck," Lorraine practically growled, her voice dripping with maternal hunger. She stalked toward the teen, her colossal

jugs bouncing and swaying. "So ready to rut, to pump us full of your seed."

Liam gulped audibly but stood his ground, hands clenching and unclenching at his sides. His gaze was riveted to Lorraine's shimmying tits as she sashayed right up to him, barely a breath between their bodies. At this distance, he could see every detail of

her gigantic breasts - the prominent blue veins under her pale skin, the puckered goosebumps stippling her wide areolas, barely obscured by the pasties.

Brook approached the screen, her heart racing as she scanned the erotic illustrations. There were so many that she had never tried, even in her wild younger years. One position in particular caught her eye, sending a bolt of heat straight to her core. It was called the Pronebone, and it showed the woman lying face down on the bed with the man entering her from behind.

Brook's breath quickened as she imagined herself splayed out beneath Liam like that, his lean, muscular body blanketing hers. She could practically feel the rounded globes of her ass cushioning his powerful thrusts as he rutted into her, could picture his flushed face hovering over her shoulder, panting hotly against her neck.

"This one," she said decisively, tapping the screen with a trembling finger. "The Pronebone."

Liam made a choked sound behind her, and Brook glanced over her shoulder to see his gaze riveted to her plump backside. His cock bobbed heavily between his legs, flushed a deep, angry purple and leaking copiously. The knowledge that just the thought of taking her in such a primal position affected him so strongly sent a dark thrill through her.

Serena smiled approvingly, luminous eyes flicking between Brook and the screen. "An excellent choice. The Pronebone allows for deep penetration and g-spot stimulation. The male partner's bodyweight

pressing down also heightens the female's feeling of being dominated and bred thoroughly."

Brook shivered as the android's clinical words painted an intensely erotic picture in her mind. Liam's pelvis grinding into the soft meat

of her ass, his cock head battering her cervix, the delicious crush of his body pinning her down as he seeded her womb...

She met her son's heated gaze, lust simmering between them. Brook could see the same images playing out behind Liam's dilated eyes, his chiseled chest heaving with quickened breaths.

Lorraine's throaty chuckle broke the charged moment. "Well, looks like we've got quite the lineup!" she declared, clapping her hands together. Her massive breasts jiggled with the motion, drawing Liam's rapt attention. "I say we get this breeding party started!"

Jenna bit her plump lower lip, a pretty flush spreading across her cheeks as she eyed Liam hungrily. "I agree," she purred, reaching out to untie his robe. "I can't wait to feel my little brother stuffing me full."

The black silk slithered to the floor and Liam stood before them in all his glory, his spectacular young body on lewd display. Brook drank in the mouthwatering sight of his tight swimmer's physique and the prodigious manhood jutting proudly from his groin. Her pussy clenched, slick arousal coating the crotch of her lingerie.

Serena spoke up. "I suggest the three mothers begin by worshipping Liam's body to prime him for affective baby making."

The lights dimmed to a romantic ambient glow as Brook, Lorraine and Jenna shed their pasties, crotch clips and stilettos. Liam's heart pounded as he watched the women disrobe, revealing their spectacular curves in all their naked glory.

They converged on him, hands roaming over his trembling flesh, tracing the ridges of muscle. Liam shivered as he felt the warm press of their

enormous breasts against his back, his chest, smothering him in plush tit-flesh. He knew his sister-in-law was lactating and could feel

trails of warm tit-milk being left on his skin.

Soft, plump lips skimmed across his heated skin, trailing lingering kisses and playful nips.

Brook nibbled along the column of her son's neck, her hot breath raising goosebumps in its wake.

Lorraine latched onto a flat male nipple, suckling and flicking the sensitive nub with her wicked tongue.

Jenna dropped to her knees, nuzzling his quivering abs, dipping into his navel. She admired his Adonis-like body – so much younger and sexier than her husband's.

Liam's head fell back on a low groan, overwhelmed by the onslaught of sensation. Six hands stroked and squeezed, mapping the planes of his body with their long, manicured fingernails

Slick, pillowy mounds rubbed all over him, the hard rubbery points of nipples dragging deliciously against his flesh. His cock throbbed almost painfully, an insistent heat pulsing through his loins.

Liam's balls drew up tight as he felt the women's silky tresses brushing his shaft, their humid breaths puffing against his aching length. But maddeningly, they avoided touching him where he needed it most.

Instead, they continued their sensual assault, licking and kissing a blazing path across his trembling form. Liam's skin felt electrified, his nerves sparking under their lavish attention. His heart galloped behind his ribs as his mother, grandmother and sister-in-law took their time tasting him, learning his body.

Jenna laved her tongue along the vee of his hips, her beautiful eyes staring up his torso, watching his reaction, while Brook suckled the lobe of his ear.

Lorraine dipped into the hollow of his throat, then scraped her teeth over his collarbone. Liam shuddered and gasped, his senses overloading with pleasure. They petted and stroked every inch of him, from the arch of his foot to his inner thighs to the sensitive flesh behind his ears. Liam had never been touched so intimately, so thoroughly. It was as if the women were trying to memorize him with their hands and mouths, to imprint themselves on his young body.

Serena watched the proceedings with a cool, assessing gaze. "Worship his testicles," she instructed calmly. "Lavish them with attention. Stimulating that area will help increase semen production."

Liam's legs trembled as the women began to worship his swollen balls from front and back. Three long, sensual tongues dug and curled wetly through his heavy scrotum, tracing every ridge and curve. Their hot breath puffed against his delicate skin, inhaling his pheromone-rich musk.

"Oh wow, that feels so… damn!" he groaned, head lolling back as his grandmother, mother and sister-in-law lavished attention on his most sensitive area.

Wet, velvety muscle lapped and swirled, bathing not only his aching balls, but probing the tender tubes and tissues deep within his sack. Electric sparks of pleasure radiated out from his prostate as they stimulated him from all angles.

The teenager's cock jerked and wept, clear fluid dribbling down the shaft to pool in his navel. The women licked it up greedily, humming their approval at his taste. He shuddered as he felt their plump lips and agile

tongues dancing over his tight ball skin, tugging gently, suckling his orbs into the wet heat of their mouths.

Pleasure borderline painful racked his body as Lorraine, Brook, and Jenna worked him over with single-minded focus. They were relentless in their worship, determined to coax out the biggest, most potent load from his churning balls. Liam could only moan brokenly, hands fisting in their silky hair, urging them on.

Lorraine popped off his sack with a lewd slurp, only to be replaced by Brook's eager mouth.

"Seal your lips around his nut, darling," she purred. "Feel how it's just bursting with cum."

"Mmmnn," His mother hummed as she rolled his balls on her tongue, the fleshy weights sliding against her palate.

Jenna licked up his taint, probing the sensitive patch of skin behind his tightening scrotum.

"He's so sensitive right here," she whispered to Lorraine who joined her, nuzzling and licking his taint.

"Such responsive teenage flesh," the grandmother whimpered, kissing and slathering the sensitive spot with saliva.

Liam saw stars behind his clenched eyelids, colors bursting and flaring with each suctioning pull, each press of tongue. He'd never known such intense sensation could radiate from his balls, but the women were showing him new heights of ecstasy with every flickering lick and gentle tug.

His cock pulsed urgently, veins bulging under delicate skin as blood surged to his groin. Liam's abs clenched, his glutes flexing as the pressure built at the base of his spine. He could feel his climax swelling, the dam preparing to burst, but he fought against it.

"Not yet, Liam," Serena intoned calmly, appearing at Liam's side. "You must save your seed for their wombs. This is just to prime you,

to ensure the most abundant emission when you breed them."

The android placed a staying hand on his stomach, as if she could feel his impending orgasm and halt it through sheer force of will.

Liam panted harshly through his nose, trying to calm the boiling in his balls, the urgent demands of his body to erupt.

Serena urged Lorraine, Brook and Jenna to guide Liam onto the expansive bed. "Immerse him in your feminine softness," the android instructed. "Press your breasts against his face and body. Let him feel smothered by your abundant curves."

Liam's heart raced as the women drew him down onto the plush mattress. Lorraine positioned herself beneath him, spreading her thighs so he settled between them, his aching cock nestled against her slick folds. She grabbed his head and pressed his face into her heaving cleavage, engulfing him in warm, pillowy flesh.

"That's it, baby boy, motorboat Grandma's big titties," Lorraine purred, undulating her hips so his shaft slid through her soaked slit.

Liam groaned into her cavernous cleavage, open mouth pressed tight to her soft, fragrant skin. His head spun with the heady cocktail of her womanly musk and perfume.

Brook and Jenna climbed on top of him, blanketing his back. Liam grunted as he felt their combined weight pressing him down, pinning him in place. Two pairs of massive, heavy breasts squished against his shoulder blades and spine, surrounding him in a fleshy cocoon.

Jenna leaned over his shoulder, her tits smashing against the side of his face as she brought her lips to his ear. "I'm excited for you to breed me, Liam," she whispered hotly. "To feel your big young cock splitting me

open, pumping me full of cum. You're gonna breed me so much better than your brother ever could."

Liam shuddered, his hips flexing involuntarily at the forbidden image. He couldn't deny the dark thrill that rushed through him at the thought of fucking and seeding Josh's beautiful wife. Jenna's musky arousal filled his nostrils, making his head swim.

Brook nuzzled into Liam's other ear, her voice a seductive purr. "Mommy needs your potent seed, baby. I'm so empty inside, aching to be filled by your virile cock. Pump me full of your cum, make my belly swell with your baby."

Liam's balls drew up tight, his shaft pulsing against Lorraine's slick folds. The depraved encouragement from the women, the press of their lush curves, was rapidly pushing him to the brink. He panted into his grandmother's cleavage, dizzy with lust.

"Your dad is probably so jealous," Brook continued, grinding her soaked pussy against Liam's tailbone. "Knowing his youngest son is fucking wife better than he ever could, breeding me over and over. You're going to ruin me for him, stretch me out so much I'll never feel him again."

Liam groaned as he felt his steely cock grinding against Lorraine's slippery slit, their swollen knobs mashing together slickly. The pressure of his grandmother's fat clit rubbing his glans sent sparks of pleasure zinging up his shaft.

Brook and Jenna's sultry words echoed in his ears, stoking the fire in his loins. "You're gonna look so beautiful with your belly swollen full of Liam's baby, Brook," Jenna purred, licking the shell of his ear. "I can't wait to see you ripe and glowing, knowing it's our virile boy's seed growing inside you."

"Mmmm, yes," Brook moaned, undulating her hips. "And so will you. You looked amazing carrying Josh's baby, but I just know you'll look

even more radiant carrying Liam's."

Lorraine's massive jugs enveloped the boy's face, the soft flesh molding around his features. He could scarcely breathe, but he didn't care, lost to the overwhelming sensations bombarding him. His hips flexed instinctively, grinding his aching cock through his grandmother's drenched folds.

"I'm gonna cum so hard on your big dick," Lorraine growled, fingers sinking into Liam's hair. "Squeeze you so tight as you flood me with your seed. Milk every last drop into my hungry cunt."

Liam whimpered, the liquid heat of Lorraine's slick channel searing his throbbing length. The filthy promises of the women had him teetering on the edge, his balls drawn up painfully tight. The plush press of abundant curves surrounded him, smothered him in an erotic fever dream.

"Breed us, Liam," Jenna keened, grinding her sopping pussy into the dimples above his ass. "Fill our aching wombs with your superior seed. Knock us up over and over and over."

"Put baby after baby in our bellies," Brook babbled, fingers digging into Liam's shoulders. "Ruin us for our husbands."

Liam shuddered violently, white hot pleasure spiking at the base of his spine. He could feel his orgasm building like a tidal wave, cresting and ready to crash over him. The women's fevered words, their insistent touches, their intoxicating feminine scents all coalesced into a maelstrom of sensation that threatened to sweep him away.

"Give us your baby-makers, darling boy," Lorraine demanded, clamping her thighs around Liam's pistoning hips. "Let us feel you burst hot teenage seed into our unprotected wombs. Breed our hungry cunts!"

Liam felt his climax barreling towards him like a runaway freight train. Serena must have sensed his impending eruption because she quickly interrupted. "Time to begin the breeding process."

"Jenna, you may take the first turn," the android said calmly. "Please get into Basket position on the bed."

Jenna's big milk-heavy udders dangled and rocked back and forth as she scrambled to obey, a wicked gleam in her sapphire eyes as she settled back against the pillows and spread her sexy legs. She draped her ankles over Liam's shoulders as he kneeled between her splayed thighs.

Liam's heart pounded as he stared down at Jenna's glistening pink folds, puffy and engorged with arousal. Her musky scent filled his nostrils, making his head swim with lust. He could feel the searing heat radiating off her body, drawing him in like a moth to a flame.

"Guide him inside you," Serena instructed from the sidelines.

Jenna reached between their bodies and grasped Liam's aching shaft. He shuddered as her slender fingers wrapped around his throbbing girth, squeezing gently. She notched his leaking tip at her entrance and bucked her hips, trying to impale herself on his thickness.

"Just relax, Liam," Jenna whimpered, rubbing his swollen glans through her slick folds. "Let me make love to you. Let me take your seed."

Liam groaned low in his throat, fighting the urge to slam forward and bury himself to the hilt. He wanted to savor this moment, to feel every inch of his sister-in-law's tight channel gripping him as he sank inside.

From the corner of his eye, Liam saw Brook and Lorraine crawl to the edge of the enormous bed, settling in to watch the show. His

mother and grandmother looked like a pair of eager voyeurs, faces flushed and eyes glittering with anticipation as they prepared to observe him ruining Jenna for Josh.

Liam swallowed hard, a confusing mix of emotions swirling in his gut - illicit excitement, masculine pride, and a twinge of guilt. But those feelings quickly evaporated as Jenna rolled her hips, causing the tip of his cock to pop past her tight ring of muscle.

"Ohhh fuck," Liam gasped as velvety soft heat engulfed his sensitive glans. Jenna was even tighter than his mother, her inner walls clenching and fluttering around his throbbing cockhead. He could feel every ripple and flutter through his shaft as he pushed forward incrementally, jaw clenched with restraint.

Jenna's eyes rolled back in ecstasy as Liam's thick unyielding meat stretched her inner walls, filling her impossibly full. A guttural moan tore from her throat at the delicious burn, the feeling of being split open on his huge young cock.

Despite having given birth only a month ago, she felt as tight as a virgin, unused to such an impressive girth. Her body struggled to accommodate Liam's fat dick, unused to one so much bigger than her husband's. Josh had always been average at best, but Liam... Liam was in a class all his own.

She gasped and writhed as he sank deeper, her slick walls rippling along every ridge and vein. It was almost too much, the way he stretched her, reaching places she didn't even know could feel pleasure. Her fingers scrabbled at Liam's lean back, blunt nails digging into his flexing muscles.

"Oh God, Liam, you're so big!" Jenna whimpered, head thrashing on the pillow. Her ankles locked around his neck, heels digging into his shoulder blades. "I feel so full. Like you're in my fucking throat."

Liam shuddered above her, perspiration breaking out across his brow at the tight, wet heat engulfing his meat. Jenna's pussy was a vise around him, gripping him like a fist.

"Are you sure you just pushed a baby through there?" he asked with a pleasurable sigh.

"I've always had a tight pussy," she giggled and squeezed her Kegel muscles, making him flinch. "I've never had a dick this big though. Push deeper."

He pushed forward slowly, savoring the drag of her silken walls against his aching flesh. When he was fully seated, his heavy balls nestled against the plump curve of Jenna's ass, Liam had to pause and just breathe. The urge to cum was overwhelming, his cock throbbing demandingly in the liquid clasp of her sheath.

Jenna's cunt fluttered and clenched rhythmically around him, as if trying to milk his seed from his body. The knowledge that his sister-in-law was so eager for his load, was squeezing him so hungrily, made Liam's head spin. He'd never felt so desired, so powerful in his virility. "Fuck, Jenna, you're gripping me so tight," Liam grunted, eyes squeezing shut as he fought for control. "Like your pussy is trying to suck the cum right out of me."

"Mmmm, it is," Jenna purred, undulating her hips in little figure eights. Sparks of pleasure burst behind Liam's eyelids at the slick friction, the wet slide of her walls. "This hungry cunt wants your seed, Liam. It's aching to be pounded by your big, fertile cock."

Liam groaned as he began to move inside Jenna, her tight wet heat gripping him like a silken fist. He could feel every ripple and flutter of her inner walls as he withdrew until just the tip remained, then surged forward to bury himself to the hilt.

Jenna cried out beneath him, her nails scoring his back as he stretched her impossibly full.

"That's it, darling, give her that big cock," Lorraine urged, her voice husky with arousal. "Fuck her hard and deep, Liam. Make her scream for your seed!"

Liam glanced over to see his mother and grandmother shamelessly rubbing their swollen clits, fingers dancing between slick shaved folds. Their heavy breasts heaved and jiggled, dusky nipples thick and protruding. The lewd sight spurred him on, his hips snapping faster, harder, pounding into Jenna with growing urgency.

"You've wanted a piece of this pussy since that day you saw it beneath the table, haven't you?" Jenna asked knowingly, her lips curled into a smirk

Her question forced Liam to recall the one sexually charged incident he'd had with his gorgeous sister-in-law. It was when the family went out to dinner one night and he accidentally dropped his spoon beneath the table. When he ducked down to retrieve it, he found himself staring straight up Jenna's skirt.

To his shock, she seemed to spread her legs even wider, giving him an unobstructed view of her sheer pale pink panties. The flimsy material left little to the imagination. He could clearly make out the puffy lips of her pussy and the shadow of her cleft through the gauzy fabric.

Liam's mouth went dry and his heart pounded as he drank in the forbidden sight. Unable to resist, he leaned in closer, until Jenna's intoxicating feminine musk filled his nostrils. The scent of her arousal made his head swim and his cock throb against his zipper.

He knew he should look away, that staring up his brother's wife's skirt was beyond inappropriate. But Liam felt hypnotized by the damp patch darkening the crotch of Jenna's panties and the way her plump vulva pressed against the sheer fabric, as if begging to be freed.

His hand twitched with the urge to reach out and touch, to trace the lace-trimmed edges of her panties. To tug the crotch aside and feel the wet heat of her bare pussy against his fingertips. Liam's face blazed and his pulse roared in his ears at the depraved direction of his thoughts.

Just as he was about to give into temptation, Jenna shifted and crossed her legs, cutting off his illicit view. Liam jerked back, nearly smacking his head on the underside of the table in his haste. Shame and lust warred within him as he fumbled for the spoon with trembling fingers.

When he reemerged, spoon in hand and face flushed, Liam couldn't meet Jenna's knowing gaze. But he swore he saw a wicked gleam in her sapphire eyes and a smug little smirk playing about her glossy lips. Like she knew exactly what kind of impure thoughts were racing through his fevered mind.

Now, here he was, sawing his tender cock through those sweet folds, feeling the slick, velvet heat of his sister-in-law's most secret flesh gripping him like a silken vise. Every ridge and vein of his shaft dragged against her swollen inner walls, sending electric jolts of pleasure up his spine with each slow, deliberate thrust.

"Yeah, I'll admit…I have been wanting this," he answered.

"Well then fuck away," she grinned, "tear into this hot sister-in-law pussy."

Jenna humped her crotch on his hot dick, making her wet, puffy flanges beat on his cock-root. She arched her back and Liam's eyes traveled from the grape-sized clit bulging from beneath its hood, up her slightly pudgy belly to the twin globes of tit-meat swinging and rippling along her rib-cage.

"Fuck, that's so cool!" the teenager gasped, watching her curves swing and jiggle as she shamelessly fucked herself on his cock.

"Look at the nectar spraying from her nipples, Liam," Lorraine stated, rubbing her own clit frantically.

"Holy shit!" the teen gasped, watched the teats spray beads of tit-honey with each heavy roll of her oversized boobs. "So much milk!"

Jenna suddenly sat up and clutched at Liam with desperate fingers, drawing him impossibly closer. Her huge tits smashed and sloshed against his chest with each powerful thrust, warm milk leaking to coat his abs in sticky trails. She dragged his mouth to hers in a searing kiss, tongue delving deep to taste him.

Liam lost himself in the hot, wet slide of her lips, the filthy press of her tongue. He could scarcely breathe, smothered by the abundant flesh of her breasts, drowning in her intoxicating taste and scent.

Jenna writhed against him, undulating her hips to meet his increasingly erratic thrusts. The slap of his heavy balls against her ass filled the room, punctuated by their grunts and moans.

"Mmmm, yes, like that," Jenna whimpered into his mouth. "Harder, Liam! Ruin me with that huge dick!"

Liam's blood roared in his ears, his heart slamming against his ribs as he rutted into his sister-in-law with wild abandon. Sweat slicked their skin, easing the glide of her curves against his lithe muscles. He could feel his cockhead pummeling the mouth of her womb with each plunge, demanding entrance.

Jenna's tight sheath rippled and clenched around him, drawing him deeper, greedily milking his shaft. Liam's fingers dug into the meat of her ass as he ground himself against her, stirring her up inside.

The wet squelch of his cock churning her cream to froth was obscene, filthy, spurring him to an even more frenzied pace. "Oh goddamn, that feels so good!" the teen groaned.

Lorraine's and Brook's wanton moans and breathless encouragements washed over him, stoking the fire in his loins. Knowing they were watching him breed Jenna, shamelessly pleasuring themselves to the sight, made Liam's balls tighten.

The teenager groaned at the unfamiliar sensations engulfing his throbbing cock - the soft, pliant give of Jenna's postpartum pussy, still slightly stretched from pushing out a baby mere weeks ago. He could feel every fold and flutter of her inner walls, the pleated rugae rippling along his aching length like a thousand tiny tongues.

Her cervix, not yet fully closed, yielded under the insistent pressure of his swollen tip, the taut ring of muscle stretching to accommodate his girth.

"OHHH-YEEEAAH!" Liam shuddered as the bulbous head of his dick sank partway into her womb, an entirely new silken heat greeting his sensitive flesh.

Jenna's powerful inner muscles clenched and rippled around him, drawing him impossibly deeper as her copious secretions bathed his shaft in liquid fire. The molten cream eased his way, allowing him to plunge into her again and again, stirring her up into a frothy lather.

It was like nothing he'd ever felt before - the slick, velvety glide, the delicious drag and pull of her vaginal walls. Liam knew he'd have to get used to this new sensation, this incredible welcoming grip of a freshly empty womb just begging to be filled anew with his potent seed.

He ground his pelvis against Jenna's, trying to crawl inside her, to burrow into her very core. The fat spear of his cock throbbed urgently, pulsing in time with his racing heart as it tunneled into her sodden depths. Electric pleasure sparked up his spine, sizzling out to every nerve ending until he was drowning in sensation.

"Oh God, Liam, yes!" Jenna wailed beneath him, back arching as he pounded her into the mattress. "Fuck me, breed me!"

Jenna's cheeks flushed hotly as an orgasm built within her unlike anything she had ever experienced with her husband. Liam's huge, pile-driving cock was hitting places inside her she didn't even know existed, stoking a fire in her core that threatened to consume her entirely.

Her hands scrabbled desperately at Liam's flexing back, nails sinking into his sweat-slick skin as she clung to him. Jenna could feel herself unraveling, coming apart at the seams as ecstasy crested and crashed over her in relentless waves.

"Oh God, oh fuck, LIAM!" she screamed, voice cracking as her pussy clamped down around him like a vise. Her powerful inner muscles rippled and squeezed his throbbing length, trying to milk him, to suck the cum right out of his heavy balls.

Jenna's voluptuous body thrashed and bucked against the teen as the force of her climax jolted through her. Her thick thighs clenched around his pumping hips, ankles locking at the small of his back as she ground herself against him, greedy for every inch of his teenage cock.

Liam groaned brokenly into the sweat-damp hollow of Jenna's neck as her cunt fluttered wildly around him, the rhythmic contractions urging him deeper. He could feel her growing impossibly tighter, her cervix clamping around the tip of his cock like a hot, hungry mouth.

Liam gazed down between Jenna's huge, jiggling tits at where her swollen, glistening pussy lips were stretched obscenely around his thick, veiny shaft. Her puffy cunt flanges splayed out around his girth, slick and flushed dark pink with arousal. Her engorged clit poked out from under its hood, pulsing in time with the clenching of her vaginal walls around his plunging cock.

"Take it!" Liam urged. "Soak my cock!"

Jenna squealed and bucked against him, her massive milk-laden breasts bouncing and swaying with the force of his thrusts. Liam gripped her

wide, rounded hips and slammed into her harder, his muscular glutes flexing and dimpling as he ground against her. He could feel her molten juices seeping out around his root, coating his aching balls in her slippery essence.

"That's it, Liam! Ruin the cunt of that young mother!" Lorraine urged, frigging her own swollen clit furiously as she watched them. "Wreck her for Josh! Show her what a real cock can do!"

Liam groaned, his grandmother's filthy encouragement sending bolts of illicit excitement racing through him. He pounded into Jenna's fluttering sheath with wild abandon, the wet squelch and slap of their coupling filling the room.

The young mother was practically clawing at him now, her blunt nails leaving angry red welts in their wake as she spasmed and shook. Broken whimpers and gasps spilled from her lips, her face contorted in agonized bliss as Liam pounded her through her shattering orgasm.

"Don't stop!" Jenna babbled, eyes rolling back in her head. "Fuck, Liam, I'm cumming so hard! Gonna cum all over your huge cock!"

A dark surge of masculine pride swelled in Liam's chest at Jenna's wanton cries. He was doing this to her, making her fall apart on his dick in a way his old brother never could. Ruining her for Josh with every powerful, bruising thrust.

Liam redoubled his efforts, slamming into Jenna's convulsing cunt with wild abandon. He could feel his own release barreling towards

him, his balls drawing up painfully tight as they prepared to empty into his brother's wife.

The wet, filthy squelch of his cock plunging through her cream grew louder, more frantic. Jenna's juices flooded out around his pistoning shaft, soaking his groin and the sheets below. The headboard slammed

against the wall with the force of Liam's thrusts, the entire bed frame shaking.

Serena observed Liam's technique with a critical eye, noting the angle and depth of his thrusts into Jenna's fluttering sheath. Her artificial mind processed the biometric data with lightning speed, calculating the optimal rhythm to bring Jenna to a fertility-boosting climax.

"Liam, tilt your hips upward slightly on the in-stroke," the android instructed in her melodic voice. "Aim for her anterior fornix, just behind the pubic bone. Stimulating that area will increase the intensity of her orgasm."

Liam followed Serena's guidance, angling his pelvis to grind the head of his cock against the spongy patch of nerves deep inside Jenna. He groaned at the exquisite sensation of her ridged flesh rippling along his aching length.

Jenna let out a sharp cry, back arching off the bed as electric pleasure zinged through her core. "Ohhhh fuck, right there!" she babbled, nails scrabbling at Liam's flexing back. "Don't stop, please don't stop!"

Serena nodded approvingly as she watched Jenna's voluptuous body spasm and quake, her huge tits bouncing wildly. "Excellent, Liam. Maintaining that angle and pressure will help her achieve a g-spot orgasm, which triggers a cascade of hormones conducive to conception."

Liam's head swam with a heady mix of pride and arousal at the knowledge that he was fucking Jenna just right to knock her up. The thought of his potent seed taking root deep in her fertile womb, of her belly swelling with his child, made his balls tighten and his cock throb even harder inside her rippling heat.

He pistoned into Jenna's clasping sheath, grinding against her g-spot on every stroke. The wet, obscene sounds of their coupling grew louder, punctuated by Jenna's ecstatic cries. Her pussy clenched and fluttered wildly around him, growing impossibly tighter as she careened towards another bone-rattling climax.

"Multiple vaginal orgasms dramatically increase the likelihood of fertilization," Serena explained clinically, even as her luminous eyes tracked Liam's drilling hips with rapt attention. "The muscular contractions act as a suction, drawing even sperm-rich pre-semen up through the cervix and into the uterus."

Liam groaned at the android's matter-of-fact description, his face blazing even as his cock jerked inside Jenna's rippling channel. The idea of her hungry cunt sucking up his cum, aiding his swimmers on their journey to her waiting egg, made a fevered sense of purpose swell in his chest.

Jenna latched onto Liam with a vise-like grip, her arms and legs wrapping around him as she shuddered and spasmed. Tears streamed down her flushed cheeks as violent ecstasy wracked her lush body.

She whimpered brokenly in Liam's ear, her hot breath gusting over his sweat-slick skin. "Oh God, Liam, you fuck me so good," she babbled deliriously. "I've never been fucked like this, never cum so hard in my life!"

Masculine pride surged through the teen at Jenna's wanton praise, stoking the fire in his loins. A smug chuckle rumbled up from his chest as he redoubled his efforts, slamming into her convulsing cunt

with wild abandon. His heavy balls slapped lewdly against her ass with each powerful thrust, the sound obscenely loud in the sex-scented air.

Liam could feel every ripple and flutter of Jenna's velvety walls around his pistoning cock, could feel her growing impossibly tighter as her orgasm crested. Her slick heat suctioned him, gripping him like a pulsing fist, trying to milk his seed from his body.

"That's it, take it!" he grunted, fingers digging into the thick globes of her ass. He pounded into her harder, faster, stirring her up, determined to ruin her for his older brother. "Gonna fill this cunt with my cum."

Jenna could only moan brokenly, completely consumed by sensation. Electric ecstasy sizzled through her nerve endings, radiating out from where Liam stretched and filled her so deliciously. She had never known such all-consuming bliss, such mind-melting pleasure. It was like the teen was fucking her very soul, possessing her utterly with his thick young cock.

Her heart slammed against her ribs, her pulse roaring in her ears as she clung to Liam's sweat-slick body. She felt branded by his heat, marked irrevocably as his. With each brutal thrust, each grinding roll of his hips, he obliterated any memory of Josh from her mind and body. There was only Liam now, only his virile cock splitting her open and ruining her for all others.

Jenna's pussy clamped down around him rhythmically, the muscular contractions urging him deeper, silently begging for his seed. She could feel his cockhead slamming against her cervix, forcing it open, demanding entrance to her womb. The pleasure bordered on pain, raw and intense, yet she needed more, craved it with every fiber of her being.

Liam buried his face in the sweat-damp hollow of Jenna's neck, teeth and lips and tongue worrying her sensitive flesh.

Serena could sense that Liam's climax was imminent. His body tensed and shuddered above Jenna, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "Deeper thrusts, Liam," the android urged calmly. "Give your ejaculate momentum as it enters her womb."

The teen obeyed mindlessly, too lost in the throes of his impending orgasm to do anything but comply. He slammed into Jenna with renewed force, their sweat-slicked bodies colliding violently.

His sexy sister-in-law wailed against him as a fresh wave of ecstasy crashed over her. Her pussy spasmed wildly around Liam's plunging cock, squirting fem-cum with each frenzied thrust. Milk sprayed from her bouncing tits, painting Liam's heaving chest in pearly streaks.

"Fuck! Jenna! I'm cumming!" Liam roared, face contorted in agonized bliss. His cock swelled impossibly larger inside Jenna's rippling sheath, the bulbous head expanding to the size of a baseball. With a wet pop, his glans breached her cervix and locked into place, sealing their bodies together.

Liam convulsed above Jenna as the first scalding ropes of cum erupted from his slit, geysering directly into her waiting womb.

Jenna screamed as she felt Liam's seed flooding her core, his cock pulsing and throbbing as it disgorged jet after thick jet. Her cervix clamped rhythmically around his shuddering shaft, milking him for all he was worth. Electric pleasure sizzled under her skin as her body worked to suck every last drop from Liam's spasming balls.

The boy groaned brokenly into the sweat-damp hollow of Jenna's neck, shaking with the intensity of his release. It felt like his very essence was pouring out of him, pumping into his brother's wife in endless, agonizing spurts. His world narrowed to the slick clasp of Jenna's cunt around him, the flutter of her inner walls, the pulsing, tugging sensation of her cervix greedily drinking down his load.

On the sidelines, Brook and Lorraine fingered themselves to sloppy, shuddering climaxes as they watched Liam breed Jenna. Their wet, suctioning cunts made obscene squelching noises as they plunged fingers knuckle-deep, frigging their swollen clits. Lorraine's and her daughter's ginormous jugs bounced and wobbled, smacking together lewdly as their bodies shook with the force of their orgasms.

Liam could feel every quiver and ripple of Jenna's slick, cock-stuffed cunt. Her cervix clamped down rhythmically around the thick neck of his glans, pulsating in time with their hammering heartbeats. It was like her body was trying to milk him, to squeeze out every last drop of his potent seed.

They remained locked together, Liam's baseball-sized cockhead plugging Jenna's womb as it disgorged jet after hot jet of cum. The muscular ring of her cervical os massaged the sensitive underside of his crown, the pressure exquisite and almost unbearable on his post-orgasmic flesh.

Liam's cock throbbed and jumped, spitting out the dregs of his heavy load. Jenna's pussy walls fluttered and clenched around his shaft, undulating along the length as if to coax out more. Her copious juices gushed around his root to soak his balls, mingling with the sticky splatters of milk painting their skin.

They panted harshly against each other's necks, hearts galloping in tandem as aftershocks zipped through their joined bodies. Liam's head spun, dizzy from the intensity of his release. He'd never known an orgasm could be so mind-meltingly powerful, so all-consuming. Not until he'd fuck his mom that is, and now his sister-in-law.

For long minutes, the teenager lay heavily on top of Jenna, cock still buried to the hilt in her rippling sheath. He felt drugged, wrung out and boneless in the wake of his explosive climax. Jenna's plush curves cushioned him, her pliant flesh molding to his trembling form.

They exchanged sloppy, open-mouthed kisses as they came down, all tangling tongues and panting breaths. Jenna's hands roamed Liam's sweat-slick back, kneading the quivering muscles. She hummed her approval into his mouth, relishing the solid weight of him on top of her, inside of her.

Liam reached between their slick bodies to palm Jenna's heaving tits, feeling their heavy weight, their pebbled softness. He gently plucked at her rubbery nipples, tugging and twisting the engorged buds, feeling

them leak warm nectar. Jenna mewled into his mouth, arching to push more of her abundant flesh into his hands.

He could feel himself softening incrementally inside her, his cockhead slowly shrinking back to its normal size. The vise-like grip of Jenna's cervix gradually loosened, the muscular ring relaxing its chokehold on his glans.

With a wet squelch, his deflating cock slipped out of her convulsing womb to slide back into her vagina. Jenna whimpered at the loss, clenching down hard as if to keep him plugged inside as long as she could.

Liam groaned as Jenna's rippling pussy walls clung to his softening shaft, her cervix fluttering as it relinquished its grip on his cockhead. He could feel their mingled fluids seeping out around his deflating member, trickling down to dampen the sheets beneath them.

Serena approached the bed, her glossy red lips curved in an approving smile. "Excellent work, you two. That was a textbook breeding session."

The android's luminous eyes flicked over their entwined bodies, cataloging every intimate detail. "However, to maximize the chances of conception, we must ensure that Liam's semen remains inside you for as long as possible, Jenna."

With a graceful gesture, Serena indicated a sleek metal contraption in the corner of the room that Liam had not noticed before. It looked like some kind of high-tech sex swing, with padded ankle cuffs and a sturdy frame.

"Please position yourself in the fertility enhancer," Serena instructed calmly. "It will elevate your pelvis and use gravity to pool Liam's emission inside your cervix."

Jenna bit her lip, a mix of nervousness and anticipation flashing across her face. Liam's spent cock twitched against her thigh at the thought of

seeing his voluptuous sister-in-law suspended and spread, his load glistening obscenely between her legs.

With a shaky exhale, Jenna disentangled herself from Liam's embrace and slid off the bed. Liam watched the seductive sway of her plump ass as she sashayed over to the contraption, strings of their combined cream dripping down her inner thighs. His sensitive cockhead throbbed as cool air kissed his slick flesh, already missing the wet heat of Jenna's cunt.

Jenna positioned herself in the center of the metal frame, fitting her ankles into the padded cuffs. Serena tapped a control panel and the machine whirred to life, the cuffs snapping shut and slowly lifting Jenna's legs into the air.

She let out a startled yelp as she was hoisted upside down, suspended by her ankles with her arms dangling above her head.

Liam's mouth went dry at the sight of Jenna splayed out so lewdly, her huge tits flopping heavily, puffy nipples jutting straight up. Her hairless pussy was on obscene display, glistening folds parted to reveal the pearly cum oozing from her stretched hole. The apparatus had her angled so that her pelvis was higher than her chest, legs

scissored open and splayed back, allowing gravity to draw Liam's potent seed deeper into her body.

Jenna's cheeks burned with embarrassment as she hung upside down in the fertility enhancer, her most intimate parts lewdly displayed for everyone to see. Pearly globs of Liam's cum oozed obscenely from her gaping, well-used pussy, dribbling down to coat her taut belly. She could feel his thick seed sloshing inside her, settling deep in her womb thanks to the extreme angle of her body.

Despite the humiliating position, a dark thrill raced through the young mother. This was her purpose now, to be a vessel for Liam's virile spunk, a fertile field for him to sow over and over. Her womanly curves were simply tools, assets to be used in the singular goal of bearing the next

generation. Any shred of modesty or dignity had to be cast aside in the pursuit of pregnancy.

Serena turned to Brook and Lorraine, her luminous eyes glinting. "To ensure Liam is able to inseminate each of you multiple times, we must make certain he remains fully erect and producing semen. Please stimulate his genitals orally to return him to a state of arousal."

Liam's face blazed as his mother and grandmother crawled toward him on the bed, their heavy breasts swaying hypnotically. His cock, still slick from Jenna's cream, stirred against his thigh at the hungry looks on their faces.

Brook reached him first, wrapping her manicured fingers around his semi-flaccid shaft. Liam shuddered as she pumped him slowly, coaxing him back to fullness. He couldn't believe this was happening - his own mother touching him so intimately.

"Mmmm, look how fast he's getting hard again," Lorraine purred, cupping his balls and giving them a gentle squeeze. "Such a virile

young man, so quick to recover."

Liam groaned as Brook leaned down and licked a stripe up his cock, from root to tip. She swirled her tongue around his swollen glans, lapping up the sticky mixture of his and Jenna's juices. The obscene, wet sounds of her slurping filled the room.

"Delicious," Brook hummed, smacking her lips. "You and Jenna's cum tastes so good together, baby. Your big brother's wife absolutely soaked your cock."

Liam's heart pounded as his mother took him between her lips, slowly sinking down his thick length. The molten heat of her mouth engulfed him, velvet soft and rippling. He watched in awe as inch after inch disappeared past her stretched lips, until her nose pressed against his pelvis.

"Fuck, Mom, your throat..." Liam babbled, fisting the sheets as Brook deep-throated him to the hilt, swallowing around his sensitive tip. He could feel her muscles working, massaging his entire shaft as she held him deep.

After a few mind-melting moments, Brook pulled off with a gasp, saliva connecting her lip to his shiny cockhead. "Your turn, Mother," she panted, moving aside so Lorraine could take her place between Liam's legs.

The grey-haired matriarch licked her lips as she eyed Liam's impressive erection, now coated in a mix of Brook's spit and his leaking pre-cum. "Such a big boy," she cooed, wrapping her fingers around his girth. "Grandma's gonna take good care of this huge cock."

Lorraine took him into her mouth with a moan, cheeks hollowing as she suckled the bulbous tip. Her tongue probed his leaking slit, lapping up the clear fluid beading there.

Liam stared down his sweaty torso and marveled at how long and thick his grandmother's tongue was as she lashed it against his stretched frenulum. It flickered like a snake's, attacking that band of nerve-rich tissue with mind-melting skill.

Lorraine's intense sapphire eyes locked with his, sparkling with wicked mischief as she tortured his most sensitive spot. Electric shocks of pleasure radiated through Liam's groin and up his spine as Lorraine's wriggling muscle massaged his glans.

His cock pulsed against her lips, growing impossibly harder, straining toward the back of her throat. Liam's head spun at the obscene sight of his own grandmother pleasuring him so expertly, working his teenage dick like she'd been hungering for it all her life.

"Oh fuck, Gran, your tongue," he gasped out, fingers sinking into her steel-grey hair. Lorraine hummed around him and took him deeper, nose pressing into his pelvis.

Liam groaned brokenly as he felt her swallow, her muscles rippling along his entire length. The filthy slurps and wet glug-glug-glugs of Lorraine deep-throating him filled Liam's ears, making his balls tighten. He couldn't believe how eagerly his grandmother was worshipping his cock, moaning like it was the most delicious treat.

She bobbed on him feverishly, drool seeping out the corners of her stretched lips and coating his shaft in glistening ropes.

Liam's heart raced as his climax swelled at the base of his spine, balls drawing up in preparation. But just before he could crest that peak, Lorraine pulled off him with an obscene pop, lips shiny with spit.

"Now now, we can't have you spilling your seed just yet," she purred, voice husky. "You need to save that big load for my hungry cunt." She punctuated her words with a squeeze to his heavy sack.

Liam shuddered and groaned, bereft at the loss of his grandmother's hot mouth. His diamond-hard cock bobbed against his abs, an angry purple and dripping with saliva. He ached to shove it back between Lorraine's lips, to fuck her face until he pumped her stomach full of cum. But he knew she was right. His most potent seed needed to be saved for her womb, to give him the best chance of knocking her up. Still, it took every ounce of willpower to resist fisting himself to completion right then, painting his grandmother's face with his virile spunk.

Serena instructed Liam to sit on the edge of the bed in preparation for the Merger position with Lorraine. His heart hammered in his chest as his voluptuous grandmother sauntered towards him, her colossal breasts swaying hypnotically with each rolling step.

The teen couldn't tear his eyes away from the heavy, jiggling globes, his mouth going dry at the thought of being smothered by all that soft, abundant flesh.

Lorraine reached him, her gigantic tits jutting proudly mere inches from his face. The urge to bury his head in her cavernous cleavage, to motorboat that plush titty flesh until he drowned in it, crashed over Liam. His nostrils flared, catching her intoxicating scent - an arousing musk of womanly arousal mixed with expensive perfume.

"Get ready, darling boy,," Lorraine purred as she threw a leg over his lap and straddled him, setting her knees firmly astride his hips on the bed. "Grandma's gonna ride this big cock so fucking hard."

Liam groaned as the scorching heat of her soaked pussy lips kissed the tip of his erection. In one graceful motion, Lorraine notched his broad cockhead at her entrance and slick arousal coated his glans, making him throb and pulse against her swollen folds.

Then the curvy matriarch was sinking down on him, sheathing him in the tight, rippling inferno of her cunt. Liam's head fell back on a strangled moan as inch after excruciating inch disappeared into his

grandmother's clasping sex. The plush walls of her sheath fluttered and squeezed around him, molding to every ridge and vein.

Lorraine's hands flew to his head, sinking into his hair as she pulled his face into the valley of her cleavage. Liam's mouth fell open on a gasp as he was engulfed in warm, pillowy flesh. Her massive jugs pressed in from either side, surrounding him in a fleshy cocoon. He was drowning in tit, suffocating in the best way possible.

Liam motorboated his grandmother's enormous breasts wildly, thrashing his head from side to side. The soft, pliant mounds molded around his face, yielding to his desperate nuzzling. His lips and nose traced the fragrant crevice, inhaling deeply of her womanly musk. Drool leaked from the corners of his stretched mouth, slicking the already dewy skin.

Lorraine began to swivel her wide hips, grinding down on Liam's lap with expert rolls of her pelvis. The slick, taut glide of her pussy walls along his aching cock made his eyes roll back in bliss behind closed lids.

Lorraine's grinding hips and fluttering pussy brought back memories of other illicit encounters she'd had with her grandson. It wasn't the first time they had done something sexual together.

Over the past few months, since he turned 18, she had often fondled Liam's prick, held him against the warm swell of her tits or let him dig his boner against her plush ass, all with her husband Arthur dangerously close by. The added thrill of nearly getting caught had always heightened her forbidden lust for the boy.

Liam's mind drifted to the most recent illicit encounter he'd shared with his grandmother just a few weeks ago. The family had been gathered at Lorraine and Arthur's house for Sunday dinner. After the meal, everyone retired to the living room to chat and digest.

Lorraine had patted the empty space next to her on the loveseat and beckoned Liam over with a secret smile. "Come snuggle with your old gran, love."

Liam had eagerly complied, his teenage hormones already raging from sitting across from Lorraine all through dinner, unable to tear his eyes away from the way her giant breasts strained against her snug sweater. He plopped down beside her and she immediately draped a thick knitted blanket over both their laps.

No one batted an eye, least of all Arthur, dozing in his recliner mere feet away. Under the guise of the blanket, Lorraine had taken Liam's hand and guided it to rest high on her plush, nylon-covered thigh. His heart raced, cock already chubbing in his pants at the illicit touch, the tantalizing warmth of her body.

250: BREED – PART 2-2/2

As the family chattered around them, Lorraine leaned in close to Liam, her lips brushing the shell of his ear, hot breath raising goosebumps on his neck. "Getting big and strong, aren't you, my darling boy?" she had purred, giving his thigh a meaningful squeeze. "Grandma's little man, hmm?"

Liam shivered, face flushing hotly. He was acutely aware of his grandfather presence, just an arm's length away, oblivious to his wife's roaming hands.

Lorraine worked her fingers up higher, tracing the sensitive crease where thigh met groin. Liam bit back a moan, hips twitching involuntarily.

"Such a virile young buck," Lorraine had breathed, her voice a seductive rasp meant only for Liam's ears. "I bet this cock is just aching to rut, isn't it? To bury itself in hot, tight cunt and pump it full of cum."

Liam had nearly whimpered aloud at the filthy words coming from his prim and proper grandmother's mouth. His teenage prick throbbed insistently against his zipper, a damp spot already spreading where the tip strained against the denim.

Lorraine palmed him through his jeans, fingertips tracing the rock-hard ridge of his erection. "My my, so big and thick already. You're gonna make some lucky woman very happy one day, stuffing her full of this fat cock."

Liam's cock throbbed and strained against the confines of his jeans as Lorraine's fingers snuck into his open zipper. A shudder racked his lean frame when she wrapped her soft hand around the swollen mass of teenage cock-flesh and gave it a firm squeeze.

Electric sparks of pleasure radiated out from his groin as she began to milk and knead the rigid shaft and heavy balls through his cotton briefs like bread dough.

His breath hitched when he felt her long nails dig into the delicate skin, applying pressure just short of pain as she rolled and tugged on his young nuts. Liam bit back a moan, heart galloping in his chest from the exquisite sensations and the illicit thrill of getting fondled by his own grandmother with his clueless grandpa right there.

Lorraine shifted the blanket to hide her obscene groping as she turned to address Arthur, who was engrossed in the football game on TV. "Who's winning, dear?" she asked casually, as if she didn't have a fistful of her grandson's privates.

"My team's on top," Arthur replied distractedly, eyes glued to the screen. "They're on fire today."

"Mmm, wonderful," Lorraine purred, giving Liam's cock a meaningful squeeze beneath the blanket.

He jumped slightly, the elastic of his underwear dampening with pre-cum. Lorraine leaned in close again, her lips grazing Liam's flushed ear. "Getting nice and hard for Grandma, aren't you?" she breathed, rubbing her thumb over the slick crown poking out of his fly. "This big teenage prick is just begging to sink into some mature cunt and fill it full of spunk."

Liam shuddered violently, fingers digging into the couch cushions as he fought the urge to rut into his grandmother's stroking palm. He could scarcely believe this was happening - Lorraine brazenly molesting him during a family gathering, her own husband mere feet

away. It was so wrong, so risky, but that only heightened his body's wanton response.

The heat of Lorraine's hand seeped through the thin cotton of his briefs, searing his throbbing erection. He could feel every squeeze of her palm as she pumped him slowly, teasingly. Her fingers found his cum-slit and circled it, gathering the slippery pre-ejaculate leaking out.

"Such a juicy cock," Lorraine cooed almost inaudibly, bringing her glistening fingertips to her mouth for a taste. "Mmmm, delicious."

Liam gazed at the massive, pendulous globes of his gran's cleavage, its pale flesh marbled with delicate blue veins beneath translucent skin. He'd spent countless nights imagining those enormous mounds engulfing his face, cutting off his oxygen as he drowned in their warm, musky softness. Now, weeks later, here he was as those forbidden fantasies materialized into sweaty, quivering reality—his most depraved dream come gloriously true.

Liam groaned into the sweaty valley of his grandmother's cleavage as her tight cunt squeezed and rippled along his shaft. The sensation of being completely smothered by her giant breasts while she worked him over with her velvety pussy was almost too intense to bear. He motorboated her fragrant tit-flesh feverishly, losing himself in the warm, pillowy embrace.

Lorraine undulated on Liam's lap, grinding her engorged clit against his pubic bone with each well-practiced roll of her wide hips. Pleasure sparked through her voluptuous body as she bore down on his steely cock, using her grandson like a human sex toy. Wanton moans spilled from her lips and she clutched his head tighter to her heaving bosom.

"Oh yes, darling boy, worship Grandma's big titties," Lorraine purred breathlessly, voice muffled by Liam's wild nuzzling. "Bury your face in them while I milk your huge cock."

Liam could only groan in response, overwhelmed by the intense sensations bombarding him from all angles. The filthy wet squelch of his grandmother's pussy juices churning to a froth filled his ears. The musky scent of her arousal saturated his every inhale. His nerve endings sizzled with electric bliss everywhere their bodies joined - his sensitive cockhead pummeling her cervix, his nose mashed against her sternum, his lips and cheeks embraced by her soft, abundant flesh.

The familiar erotic thrill of performing such depraved acts with Lorraine surged through the teenager's veins, stoking his lust to a fever pitch. His hips lurched up to meet her downward thrusts, pounding into her cunt with growing desperation. The knowledge that he was fucking his own grandmother here on the bed, with his brother's sperm-coated wife suspended lewdly across the room and his mother watching hungrily from the sidelines, made his head spin with unhinged arousal.

Liam sucked and gnawed on the pliant titty flesh smothering his face, drunk on the taste and feel of it. With his entire head cocooned between twin mountains of titty-meat, Lorraine's huge breasts molded around his features like warm dough, yielding to his greedy mouth as he devoured her. Drool leaked from the corners of his stretched lips to mingle with her dewy cleavage.

He worked his way out from her tit-canyon, then half of Liam's head disappeared into the yielding mound of his grandmother's melon-like breast as he latched onto her rubbery nipple and sucked like a ravenous newborn.

He couldn't fit her entire giant areola into his mouth, but his lips sealed around a good portion of the pebbled flesh as he suckled feverishly.

Electric pleasure sparked through Liam's body at the feel and taste of that engorged bud against his tongue. He worked it over with

broad licks and gentle scrapes of teeth, teasing the sensitive tip. Lorraine's answering moan vibrated through her chest, making her enormous boob quiver around his face.

The plush titty flesh seemed to engulf him, surrounding him in a warm, fragrant pillow. Liam had to turn his head to the side to breathe, cheek smushed against the upper swell of Lorraine's breast. He panted harshly through his nose, fogging the creamy skin with each humid exhale.

The teen's cock throbbed urgently in the tight clasp of his grandmother's pussy, painfully hard and leaking a steady stream of pre-cum. The slick

walls rippled along his aching length with each roll of Lorraine's hips, massaging him from root to tip.

He could feel his swollen cockhead battering her cervix, demanding entrance to her womb. The liquid, velvet glide of her cunt was pure ecstasy - a completely unique sleeve of cunt with its own textures and muscle contractions. It was all Liam could do not to blow his load immediately, to pump his grandmother full of teenage spunk. He clung to her jiggling flesh, fingers sinking into the plush mounds as he fought for control.

Lorraine began to vocalize her slow peak towards climax as her orgasm wound tighter and tighter. Breathy moans and gasps spilled from her lips, growing louder and more urgent with each undulation of her wide hips.

"Oh God, oh fuck, Liam!" she cried out, voice breaking. "You're gonna make Grandma cum so hard on this big cock!"

Liam could only groan in response, the sound muffled by the abundant tit-flesh smothering his face. Lorraine's huge breasts quivered and bounced wildly as she rode him with increasing desperation, chasing her impending release.

The liquid, velvet glide of her pussy grew slicker, wetter, drenching Liam's groin in her fragrant juices. Her inner muscles started to flutter and clench erratically around his plundering shaft, squeezing him like a silken fist.

Liam's heart pounded against his ribs, his balls drawing up tight as he felt his own orgasm swelling at the base of his spine. The coil of tension in his loins wound to a screaming peak, his teenage cock throbbing demandingly in the rippling clasp of his grandmother's cunt.

Suddenly, Lorraine threw her head back with a strangled wail, her body seizing up and trembling violently as she came apart on Liam's cock. Her

pussy gushed around him, a flood of molten heat bathing his sensitive flesh.

The rhythmic contractions of her powerful inner muscles milked him ruthlessly, urging him deeper, trying to suck the cum right out of his heavy balls. Electric ecstasy sizzled through every nerve ending as her cunt spasmed and rippled along his aching length.

"Shit, gran! Ugh, fuck!" Liam shuddered beneath the unrelenting undulations of Lorraine's voluptuous body, dizzy and lightheaded from the intense pleasure and lack of oxygen. Her massive, heaving breasts completely engulfed his head again, smothering him in their warm, fragrant softness. All he could see, all he could feel, was shaking tit-flesh and pulsing, squeezing pussy.

"Whoa, that's so cool!" Liam's muffled exclamation vibrated against the damp, perfumed flesh engulfing his face. His voice quivered with awe as his grandmother's silken channel convulsed violently around his throbbing shaft, the rippling inner walls seeming to turn themselves inside out in their desperate quest to milk his teenage seed.

Transparent rivulets of her viscous arousal spurted forcefully with each spasm, cascading along the veined sides of his purple-headed member and forming glistening trails down to his tightening scrotum, where heavy droplets collected before falling from his swinging testicles to the rumpled sheets below.

""Ugh, God, that feels so good!" he groaned, his contorted face pressed against the spongy inner swell of Lorraine's giant melon, muffling his exclamation. His eyelashes fluttered against the dewy skin, nostrils flaring with each desperate breath of her perfumed flesh, lips trembling as they brushed against the delicate blue veins visible beneath her translucent skin.

Lorraine rode out the aftershocks of her shattering climax, grinding her pelvis against Liam's in sloppy circles. Broken whimpers and mewls fell

from her lips as she shook above him, thighs quaking where they gripped his sides. Her arousal gushed out around his root to soak his balls and pool beneath his clenching ass.

Liam clung to his grandmother's juddering form, fingers sinking into the meat of her ass as he pounded up into her spasming cunt with desperate, erratic thrusts. The wet squelch and slap of their furiously coupling bodies echoed obscenely through the room, the smell of sex lingering in the air.

The bulbous, purplish knob of Liam's cock plowed through the clasping tunnel of Lorraine's cunt, churning up a frothy mix of his pre-cum and her gushing arousal. The spongy head flared and throbbed, growing fatter with each plunge as Liam rapidly approached his own climax.

"Ugghhh!" the teen whimpered as a sudden surge of blood expanded his glans to its maximum girth just as it knocked wetly against Lorraine's quivering cervical ring.

The muscular aperture clenched and fluttered, resisting the insistent pressure at first. But Liam's cockhead pulsed urgently, engorged to bursting with his blood.

With a guttural snarl muffled by Lorraine's smothering breasts, Liam pumped his hips and pried through the vise-like grip of her os. The moment his cock forced past that final barrier and breached her womb, his orgasm crested violently.

"C-cumming!" his tit-smothered voice quivered. Jets of scalding semen erupted from Liam's slit, geysering against the tender walls of Lorraine's innermost chamber.

His cockhead jerked and twitched as it disgorged thick ropes of cum directly into his grandmother's unprotected womb. Liam's balls clenched and spasmed, pumping out a massive volume of virile seed.

Lorraine wailed in ecstasy as she felt Liam's fist-sized glans penetrate her cervix and explode, flooding her womb with his potent essence. Her powerful inner muscles rippled and squeezed his spurting shaft, milking him, hungry for every drop.

Electric bliss sizzled through Liam's nerves, whiting out his vision as he spent himself inside his grandmother's fluttering depths. It felt like his soul was pouring out of him in endless, agonizing pulses. His hips juddered erratically, mindlessly fucking into Lorraine's upturned cunt as he bred her.

Her slick, clasping walls massaged Liam's cock, coaxing out every last dribble of cum. Lorraine undulated on his lap, grinding her pelvis against his to take him impossibly deeper. She wanted his seed as far inside her as possible, saturating her womb, drowning her eggs in spunk.

Liam grunted and twitched beneath Lorraine's abundant curves, speared on her cunt, smothered by her giant breasts. He was only

distantly aware of his body, lost as he was in the maelstrom of sensation. Orgasmic aftershocks rolled through him in shuddering waves as his balls emptied into his grandmother's fertile depths.

As good as the fuck was, the process known as the lock, when the knot of a boy's cockhead lodged inside a cervix, was completely magical. It could sometimes last as long as an hour as a boy's balls were completely drained, the cervical ring pulsating around the neck of his glans in a milking manner.

Liam shuddered and groaned, the sensation of Lorraine's muscular cervix massaging his swollen cockhead almost too intense to bear. It gripped him like a tight, wet fist, squeezing rhythmically, hungry for his seed. He could feel her womb fluttering and clenching, working to suck every drop of cum from his throbbing balls.

Electric ecstasy crackled through his nervous system as Lorraine slowly undulated on his lap, grinding her clit against his pubic bone. The fat,

hard nub pulsed against his sensitive flesh, making him jerk and twitch. Her slick walls rippled along his shaft, caressing every straining inch.

Liam panted harshly into the sweaty, fragrant valley of his grandmother's cleavage, head spinning from the overwhelming sensations. Her giant, pendulous breasts pressed in from all sides, making him feel dizzy and light-headed. The rich scent of her arousal saturated his every labored breath.

Lorraine clung to him, her voluptuous body shaking and shuddering through the aftershocks. Broken mewls and whimpers spilled from her lips as her climax rolled on and on, stoked higher by the thick knot of Liam's cockhead lodged in her womb. She could feel him painting her innermost depths with his virile spunk, claimed and bred so thoroughly.

The liquid heat of his cum bathed her cervix, soothing the ache of emptiness. Lorraine's body rejoiced at being filled so full of potent, fertile seed. Primal satisfaction hummed through her veins, her basest instincts purring in contentment. This was what she was made for - to be mounted and rutted, pumped full of her grandson's superior sperm.

Lorraine reached between their joined bodies to cup Liam's pulsing balls, feeling how they still twitched and contracted, emptying the last weak spurts into her receptive womb. She rolled the drained orbs in her palm, marveling at their size and weight. So much sweet cum to flood her womb, drown her eggs.

"That's it, darling boy, give Grandma all your seed," Lorraine purred breathlessly, voice muffled by Liam's wild nuzzling of her breasts. "Breed me so deep and full. Put a baby in my belly."

Liam could only groan weakly in response, utterly wrung out from the intensity of his release. He felt his knob slowly deflating after being locked inside Lorraine for a blissful half-hour. The fist-like protrusion at the end of his cock shrank and softened, slipping with a wet squelch back through her tight cervical ring.

Thick globs of his seed dribbled out of her stretched hole as his spent meat retreated from her thoroughly bred womb. Liam's whole body shuddered at the sensation of his hypersensitive cockhead scraping along her fluttering walls as he withdrew.

Lorraine let out a shuddery moan above him, her voluptuous curves still quaking from the intensity of their coupling. She clung to Liam, fingers clutching his sweat-damp hair as aftershocks rolled through her.

Serena's modulated voice cut through the haze of post-orgasmic bliss. "Please disengage and position yourself in the fertility enhancer, Lorraine," the android instructed calmly. "We must ensure Liam's emission pools in your cervix for optimal insemination."

Liam's head spun as his grandmother slowly peeled her body away from his, their sweat-tacky skin unsticking with obscene slurping noises. The sudden rush of cool air against his juice-slick cock made him hiss through his teeth. He blinked dazedly as Lorraine clambered off his lap on trembling legs.

Liam watched through heavy-lidded eyes as she sauntered over to the metallic contraption where Jenna hung suspended, ankles still locked in the padded cuffs. His spent cock twitched against his thigh, trying valiantly to rouse again at the erotic sight of his sister-in-law's upturned cunt dripping with his cum.

Lorraine positioned herself in the center of the frame and Serena secured the cuffs around her ankles. With a mechanical whir, the device hoisted Lorraine into the air until she dangled upside down beside Jenna.

Liam's mouth went bone dry as he took in the lewd display of both women splayed out before him, their most intimate parts on obscene display. Jenna's younger pussy gaped open, puffy lips shiny and flushed, his seed oozing out to dribble down her quivering stomach. Lorraine's mature cunt was swollen and raw looking, inner labia protruding obscenely, Liam's thick cum bubbling out of her stretched opening.

With their bodies inverted, Liam could see the slight distension of their lower bellies where his huge loads sloshed heavily inside them. The visual evidence of just how much spunk he'd pumped into their unprotected wombs made his balls tighten, a surge of possessive male pride flaring in his chest.

"Brook, in preparation for breeding with your son, the two of you will be engaging in an oral sex position called the Pisces," Serena explained.

"The Pisces?" Brook asked, raising an eyebrow with anxious curiosity. "I don't think I've ever heard of that one."

"Liam will be standing with the help of robotic supports while you cling to him upside down, wrapping your legs around his neck like a standing 69 position," Serena explained.

Liam's heart pounded at the thought of tasting his mother's intimate folds while she sucked his cock back to full rigidity, their bodies entangled lewdly. Anticipation thrummed through his veins as Serena directed Brook over to the apparatus.

His eyes tracked the seductive sway of his mother's abundant curves as she sashayed past Jenna and Lorraine's suspended forms. Liam drank in the flex of Brook's thick thighs, the bounce of her massive tits and ass. Juices from his previous coupling with Jenna and Lorraine still glistened on her puffy nether lips.

Brook flashed him a sultry look over her shoulder as she reached the standing supports, sapphire eyes smoldering with blatant hunger. Liam shivered, his sensitive cock already starting to plump up again at the promise in that gaze.

Sweat beaded on his brow and his muscles quivered with strain as the robotic arms hefted him into position. Meanwhile, Brook gracefully maneuvered herself upside down, gripping the handles and wrapping her toned legs around Liam's neck and shoulders.

He groaned at the first brush of her silky thighs against his cheeks, the heady musk of her arousal invading his nostrils. This close, he could see every intimate detail of Brook's bare sex - the engorged lips slick and swollen with need, the protruding hood of her clit, the dusky pink of her inner walls.

Liam's mouth watered with the desire to taste her, to bury his face between those plump folds and drink from her fountain. His cock surged to full mast, bobbing mere inches from Brook's parted lips. He could feel the humid puff of her breath on his sensitive tip.

"You can now worship each other orally," Serena instructed in her mellifluous voice. "Bring yourselves to the brink of climax to trigger the maximum biological response for fertilization."

Not needing to be told twice, Liam dove in and sealed his mouth over Brook's weeping slit. They both moaned at the first intimate contact - him at the intoxicating taste of her tangy cream, and Brook as she engulfed the swollen head of his cock between her lips.

Liam lapped at his mother's sodden folds, immersing himself in her delectable nectar. He swirled his tongue around her pulsing opening, dipping shallowly inside to tease her.

Brook gasped and whimpered around his throbbing length, the vibrations making his body shudder. The curvy mother looked like a koala bear clinging to a tree upside down, her strong mommy-legs wrapped tightly around Liam's neck, her bodacious ass hiding his face as he devoured her honeyed hole while she sucked vigorously at his boy-cock, bringing it to full hardness once again.

Liam moaned into Brook's sodden folds as her plush lips and agile tongue worked him over, sending sparks of electric bliss racing up his spine. Her mouth was pure molten silk engulfing his aching cock, rippling and squeezing the throbbing flesh.

He laved his mother's swollen clit with the flat of his tongue, flicking the sensitive bundle of nerves. Brook's answering whimper vibrated deliciously around his shaft. Liam sealed his lips over her protruding nub and suckled hard, making her thighs clench around his ears.

Lost in a haze of lust, he nuzzled deeper into Brook's sopping mound, nose nudging her puckered rear entrance. The erotic musk saturating her most intimate places made Liam's head swim. He lapped greedily at the tangy cream seeping from her core, relishing the flavor of her arousal.

Brook's velvety cheeks cradled his face as she ground herself against his ravenous mouth. Her needy whimpers and mewls reached his ears, muffled by the plush flesh of her ass.

Liam groaned as she took him deeper, swallowing around his cockhead lodged in her throat. His hips flexed involuntarily, shallow thrusts sliding his heavy length over her tongue. Liam fought the urge to fuck Brook's face wildly, to bury himself to the hilt in her hot, wet mouth. He focused instead on pleasuring her, on stoking her arousal to a fever pitch.

He masked his features in pussy and pushed his tongue as deep as it would go into her fluttering channel, fucking her with the slick muscle. At the same time, Liam circled her clit with the pad of his thumb, rubbing firm circles into the throbbing nub.

Brook writhed against him, her voluptuous body undulating sinuously. She slurped and suckled his cock with increasing desperation, cheeks hollowing as she worked him. Strings of her saliva webbed between her stretched lips and his veiny shaft, dripping down to splatter against the floor below.

The teen could feel her growing wetter, slicker against his tongue as he thrust it in and out of her rippling heat. The filthy wet sounds of his lapping and her sucking filled Liam's ears, punctuated by their muffled moans and grunts. The obscene noises spurred him on, made his own arousal spike.

Liam's mind drifted back to the one charged encounter he'd had with his mom before all this. A month ago, his parents had gone out for date night, leaving him alone in the house. Overwhelmed by raging hormones, Liam had snuck into their bedroom, driven by forbidden lust.

His heart pounded as he rifled through Brook's laundry hamper with shaking hands until he found what he craved - a pair of her worn panties, the crotch still slightly damp with secretions. Liam brought

the delicate fabric to his nose and inhaled deeply, his head swimming with the musky scent of his mother's arousal.

Cock straining against his zipper, Liam climbed onto his parents' bed, sprawling across the comforter. He pushed down his jeans and pulled out his aching erection, fisting it desperately. With Brook's soiled panties pressed to his face, Liam lost himself in a haze of unhinged depravity, stroking himself to thoughts of violating his own mother.

Suddenly, the sound of the front door closing jolted him back to reality. His parents' muffled voices carried up the stairs, getting louder as they approached the bedroom. Panicked, Liam stuffed his dripping cock back into his jeans.

But before he could make his escape, the door swung open and his mother stepped inside. Her sapphire eyes widened in shock as she took in the sight of her disheveled son, cheeks flushed and hair mussed, on her marital bed. Liam froze like a deer in headlights, mortified at being caught red-handed. Her eyes drifted to the obvious tent in his jeans - the wet spot of pre-cum soaking through the denim.

To his surprise, Brook didn't yell or demand an explanation. Instead, she quickly ushered Liam into her walk-in closet and shut the door, hiding him from view just as his father entered the bedroom. Liam's pulse roared in his ears as he listened to his parents' muted conversation, terrified of being discovered.

After what felt like an eternity, he heard his father's heavy tread fade into the en suite bathroom. The closet door opened and Brook's face appeared, lips pursed and brow furrowed. Liam braced himself for a lecture or punishment, shame burning his cheeks. But Brook simply stepped aside and gestured for him to leave, her expression inscrutable. "Go finish in your room," she whispered.

Liam slunk past her, unable to meet her knowing gaze. As he reached the threshold, Brook's hand landed on his shoulder, startling him. "Be more careful next time, ok?" she murmured, her breath hot against his ear. "We don't need your father seeing what you were up to in here."

Then she released him and Liam scurried back to his room, mind reeling.

Now Liam's face was completely engulfed in his mother's sopping wet pussy, her slick folds smothering him as he devoured her. The intoxicating aroma and flavor of her arousal overwhelmed his senses, infinitely more potent than the stale musk of her panties had been. He snarled into her slit like a feral beast, lapping and sucking at her juicy pink flesh with unhinged hunger.

Muffled grunts and moans vibrated against Brook's sensitive mound as Liam lost himself in the primal act of orally worshipping his own mother. Her thick thighs clenched around his head, holding him in place, forcing him impossibly deeper into her sodden cleft. Her sweet cream flooded his mouth and coated his chin as he licked and probed her swollen folds.

Meanwhile, Brook slurped and slobbered all over Liam's pulsing cock, taking him to the back of her tight throat again and again. The wet glug glug glug of her efforts filled his ears, spurring on his own feasting between her legs. His engorged cockhead bumped her tonsils with each bob of her head, making her gag slightly. But she just relaxed her jaw and took him deeper, reveling in the salty taste of his teenage pre-cum.

Over the filthy sounds of their mutual oral pleasuring, Serena's modulated voice cut in, informing them that their bodies were now primed for Liam to mount Brook in the Pronebone position on the bed.

With a lewd slurp, Liam reluctantly detached his ravenous mouth from his mom's drenched cunt. Brook released his spit-shined erection from between her lips with a gasp and gracefully lowered herself from her son's body.

On wobbly legs, Liam made his way over to the mattress, his stiff cock bobbing like a tree-branch in the wind with each step.

Brook's MILF udders hung down and wobbled, her thick ass undulating as she crawled onto the bed ahead of him. She assumed the position, laying face down with her luscious legs spread out behind her and her plump, rounded ass raised invitingly. She looked back at him over her shoulder, sapphire eyes smoldering with blatant need.

Liam's heart galloped in his chest as he took in the erotic sight of his mother presenting herself to be bred, her glistening pussy lips peeking out from between her thick cheeks. He couldn't believe this was really happening, that he was once again about to sheath his aching cock in the hot, tight channel that had birthed him eighteen years ago. It felt so wrong, so taboo, but that only made the depraved act more arousing.

The boy positioned himself above Brook, supporting his weight on his hands and ensuring her lush legs remained between his. She gazed back at him over her shoulder and giggled as the swollen tip of his cock prodded her puckered asshole, seeking entry to her dripping cunt.

"Oops, sorry, mom," Liam mumbled, his cheeks flushing hotly at the erotic touch of his glans against that forbidden orifice. The dark whorl flexed, as if trying to draw him inside.

"It's okay, baby," Brook purred, undulating her wide hips. "Mommy doesn't mind a little ass play."

"You don't?" the boy asked with a mischievous grin.

"Not at all. Why don't you slide that big dick through my ass-crack for a bit before putting it inside my pussy?"

Liam look at Serena as if he needed her approval first.

"Foreplay is perfectly normal, Liam," Serena advised. "It's an effective way to prepare the genitals for the vigorous process of sexual intercourse."

Liam groaned low in his throat, a fresh surge of blood rushing to his groin at the naughty suggestion. He notched his heavy cockhead between the plump globes of Brook's ass and began to saw it up and down her cleft. Her velvety cheeks gripped him snugly, cradling his aching shaft in slick, satin heat.

He could feel the pucker of her anus dragging along the underside of his glans, the rubbery muscle fluttering and winking against his most sensitive spot. It sent electric sparks of pleasure zinging up Liam's spine, making his balls tighten. Strings of Brook's fragrant juices coated his length, easing the delicious friction.

Liam stared down at the lewd sight of his swollen cockhead peeking out from between his mother's perfect ass cheeks, flushed dark purple and leaking copiously. He watched in awe as Brook reached back and gripped her succulent globes, parting them to expose her dusky rosebud.

"Go ahead, baby boy," she breathed, sapphire eyes locking with his over her shoulder. "Poke Mommy's butthole a little. It'll help to get my pussy nice and wet for you."

Liam's heart hammered against his ribs as he pressed the spongy tip of his erection against Brook's fluttering sphincter. The muscle resisted for a moment before yielding, allowing the fat head to pop past that tight ring and sink into scorching silken heat.

Liam gasped at the new sensation, his nerve endings sizzling at the taboo penetration. "Oh fuck," he grunted, hips flexing involuntarily to drive himself deeper into Brook's clutching rear passage.

Her inner muscles gripped him like a fist, pulsating around his sensitive cockhead. It felt so different than her pussy - tighter, hotter, almost painfully intense.

Brook looked over at Serena with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Would it be alright if Liam took a few thrusts into my ass? Just to get him primed and ready for breeding my pussy?"

Serena considered for a moment before nodding. "A small amount of anal stimulation can help increase arousal and blood flow to the genitals. However, I recommend no more than a dozen thrusts, as the tightness could trigger premature ejaculation. We need Liam's semen deposited in your vagina for optimal insemination."

Liam's pulse pounded in his ears at the clinical discussion of violating his mother's forbidden hole. His sensitive glans throbbed where it was lodged past her tight sphincter, the searing grip of her inner walls almost too intense to bear. Electric sparks of pleasure-pain shot up his shaft and sizzled at the base of his spine.

"Hear that, baby boy?" Brook purred, undulating her hips to take him a fraction deeper. "No more than twelve thrusts. Better make them good ones."

Liam held himself up high enough so he could watch his thick cock slowly sink into the tight ring of his mother's asshole. The puckered orifice stretched obscenely around the broad base of his stalk as inch after inch completely disappeared inside her grasping ass-tract.

The feel of her rectal walls clenching and rippling around his glans was exquisitely intense, almost painfully pleasurable. It was like her insides

were trying to milk the cum right out of him with their muscular undulations.

Electric sparks sizzled up Liam's shaft and exploded at the base of his spine as he savored the forbidden sensation of penetrating his own mother's most taboo hole.

Brook's tight anal ring squeezed his root, the muscle fluttering and winking around his hefty teenage girth.

"G-god it feels good in there," Liam groaned at the pressure, his heavy balls drawing up in their sack. He had to grit his teeth and breathe deeply through his nose to keep from losing it right then, so arousing was the sight and feel of violating his mom's ass.

"That's it, honey," she purred, flexing her internal muscles around him. "Nice and deep. Slide your dick through Mommy's tight asshole."

Liam's head spun at the filthy encouragement, his hips flexing involuntarily to drive him deeper into Brook's scorching chute. The wet squelch and nasty schlorp of her body accepting his huge teenage cock into its deepest recess echoed obscenely in Liam's ears.

The forbidden scent of Brook's most intimate musk flooded Liam's nostrils as he leaned over her voluptuous form, his sparse chest hair rasping against her smooth back. His heart galloped wildly, his skin feverish and damp with exertion. It felt so wrong to be taking his own mother in such a degrading way, but that only heightened Liam's depraved arousal.

He could scarcely believe the wanton creature beneath him, begging for her ass to be defiled, was the same woman who had birthed and raised him. It was like a switch had been flipped, transforming her from a loving, nurturing mother into a cock-hungry, anal-obsessed slut. And Liam was the lucky recipient of her unbridled lust.

Brook's thick ass cheeks clenched around Liam's pistoning shaft, the abundant flesh jiggling and rippling with each powerful thrust. Liam gripped the sheets for leverage as he sawed in and out of her convulsing anus, trying to stir her up inside.

"Harder," Brook gasped, her face contorting in agonized bliss as Liam's pelvis smacked against her cushiony rump. "Make the last six thrusts really hard and deep!"

Liam pounded the last six thrusts into Brook's tight asshole with brutal, powerful force. Each impact made her plump ass cheeks quiver and ripple like fleshy jello, the abundant fat absorbing his pistoning hips.

Wet, filthy squelches and sloppy schlicks echoed off the walls as the big-dicked teen violated his mother's forbidden orifice, stirring up her guts.

"Ohhh fuck!" Brook wailed, back arching as Liam's heavy balls smacked against her swollen pussy lips with each plunge. Her inner muscles spasmed wildly around his splitting girth, the rubbery tissues clinging and clutching his veiny shaft. "You're so deep in Mommy's ass! Stretching me so good!"

"If feels so…so incredible around my dick, especially the way you're squeezing," Liam groaned brokenly, his head spinning from the intensity of sensation radiating from his cock. The searing squeeze and ripple of Brook's anus was almost too much to bear on his sensitive teenage flesh, the muscular ring clenching him like a silken fist. His nerve endings sizzled with electric ecstasy from the taboo penetration.

After the sixth hard, ball-deep thrust, Serena's modulated voice cut through Liam's lust-fogged brain.

"It's time to transition to vaginal breeding," she advised.

Liam's shaft pulsed urgently inside the snug confines of Brook's rectum, reluctant to withdraw from that exquisite vise. But the primal urge to

sheath himself in her wet, welcoming cunt and flood it with his seed overpowered any hesitation.

With a lewd slurp, Liam dragged his throbbing, spit-shined length out of his mother's upturned asshole. The purpled crown popped free of her taut sphincter, making them both gasp at the intense sensation.

Liam marveled at how the puckered whorl winked and gaped, clenching at the sudden emptiness. He notched his broad glans at the sloppy entrance of Brook's pussy and pushed in with one powerful surge. They moaned in unison as Liam's cock plunged into her scorching wet heat, sinking to the hilt in her cream-drenched channel.

"Oh my God, that dick!" Brook gasped, her eyes nearly rolling back in their sockets as she felt her birthing tunnel mold to his shape.

The textural difference between her pussy and asshole was immediately apparent to Liam's sensitive cock-flesh. Where her rectum had been tight and rippling, almost painfully intense in its grip, Brook's cunt was pure liquid silk. Pillowy soft tissues swaddled his aching length, molding to every ridge and vein like a velvet glove.

Her muscles fluttered and massaged him from root to tip, undulating along his shaft in welcoming waves. The ring of her cervical entrance was like a set of pursed, rounded lips placing sweet, wet kisses on his sensitive tip.

"Dang, mom," Liam shuddered violently, overwhelmed by the slick clasp of his mother's pussy after the forbidden delights of her ass. It

felt like coming home, returning to the warm, wet haven he had once slid down at birth.

"I know, baby," the mother giggled, reading the expression of pleasure on her boy's face. "It makes you just wanna rut, doesn't it?"

"Uh huh," he nodded, slowly sawing his meat in and out, gradually gaining speed.

Liam had never fucked a girl in the pronebone position before, but he quickly got the hang of it, setting into a deep, rhythmic pace. He delighted in the feel of his mom's bodacious bubble butt cushioning his powerful thrusts, the plump cheeks absorbing the impact of his pistoning hips.

Her velvety walls gripped him like a fist, rippling along his aching length with each plunge. The rugae along her vaginal barrel create a unique texture that was all her own, creating friction on her boy's penile flesh that was truly mind-blowing.

Brook looked back at him over her shoulder, sapphire eyes glinting with mischief. "Try leaning forward more, baby," she purred. "Really blanket my body with yours. I wanna feel you crushing me into the mattress."

Liam eagerly complied, draping himself over his mom's voluptuous form until his chest hair rasped against her smooth back. This new angle made his pubic bone grind against her plump ass with each thrust, stimulating her swollen clit from behind.

Brook gasped and mewled, undulating her wide hips to meet his strokes. "Mmmm, perfect," she praised breathlessly. "Now reach under me and cup my tits. Pull and pinch my nipples while you fuck me."

Liam groaned at the erotic instructions, his cock pulsing inside Brook's clasping sheath. He snaked his arms beneath her and palmed her giant, swaying breasts, relishing the doughy weight of them. He kneaded the pliant mounds, sinking his fingers into the abundant flesh, plumping them in his hands.

Brook's jugs overflowed Liam's groping fingers, warm and impossibly soft against his skin. He found her thick, rubbery nipples and rolled them between his thumbs and forefingers, tugging gently.

"Harder," Brook demanded, voice strained with need. "Really maul my tits, baby. Make them bounce and jiggle while you pound my pussy."

Liam squeezed and massaged his mother's huge rack with growing confidence, plucking at her leaking nipples. He used the abundant flesh for leverage as he sawed into her from behind, the force of his thrusts making her massive jugs wobble and slap together lewdly.

The wet squelch of his cock plunging through her drenched folds grew louder, punctuated by the rhythmic slap of his pelvis against her cushiony ass.

"Fuck yes, like that!" Brook cried, fingers clawing at the sheets. "Drill my cunt, fill me up! Ruin me with that big dick!"

Liam pistoned his hips frantically, grunting with effort as he rutted into his mom's upturned pussy. He felt wild, untamed, a beast in rut.

Lorraine and Jenna hung suspended in the air like lewdly splayed marionettes, Liam's thick seed oozing obscenely from their upturned cunts. They freed one hand each from the harnesses to feverishly rub their swollen clits, eyes glued to the live porn show happening on the bed.

"That's it, Liam! Pound your mother's pussy!" Lorraine cried out, frigging her nub frantically. "Breed her deep! Put a baby in her

belly!"

"Fuck her harder, Liam!" Jenna urged breathlessly, fingers dancing over her slick folds. "Ruin her cunt like you ruined mine! Make her cum on that big dick!"

Their wanton encouragement spurred Liam on, his balls tightening and cock pulsing inside Brook's rippling sheath. Electric pleasure crackled up his spine as he pistoned into her harder, faster, the force of his thrusts making her ass cheeks quiver. He panted harshly against the back of her neck, drowning in her heady scent and the filthy wet sounds of their coupling.

Brook's pussy clenched and spasmed around him, growing impossibly tighter. Her inner muscles fluttered wildly, massaging Liam's surging length as he plowed through her drenched folds.

Slick juices gushed out around his hammering shaft, soaking his groin and dripping down to saturate the sheets. Liam could feel his mother's body tensing beneath him, her voluptuous curves quaking as her climax swelled.

Her breathy cries grew sharper, more urgent, building to a fever pitch. He ground his pubic bone against her ass, angling his thrusts to pummel her G-spot with ruthless precision.

"Oh God, oh fuck, LIAM!" Brook wailed, back arching like a bow. Her cunt went vise-tight around him, pulsating wildly as she came apart on his cock. Fem-cum squirted from her spasming slit, splattering Liam's pistoning length and balls.

With two powerful ejaculations already wrung from his young balls, Liam felt like he could keep fucking his mother through a dozen more shuddering climaxes. And over the next hour, that's exactly what he did. His crotch became a constant smacking metronome against Brook's cushiony ass, the impact reverberating through her abundant curves.

Her plump cheeks quickly grew slick and shiny, soaked with sweat and the ceaseless gush of her orgasmic fluids.

Liam lost himself in the primal rhythm, in the obscene wet sounds and the intoxicating scent of his mother's arousal. His lean muscles flexed and strained as he blanketed her voluptuous form, rutting into her with single-minded purpose. The molten glove of her pussy gripped him perfectly, as if she was made solely to milk his cock.

Electric ecstasy crackled through Liam's nerves, building and building with each slick glide into Brook's clasping depths. He could feel her powerful inner muscles rippling along his aching length, squeezing and

fluttering, urging him deeper. Her wanton cries and desperate undulations only spurred on his efforts, stoking the fire in his loins.

Over and over, Liam drove Brook to new heights of mind-melting bliss, wringing scream after scream from her lips. Her cunt clamped down on him rhythmically as orgasms tore through her plush body, fem-cum gushing out to soak the bed beneath them. But still he fucked her through it, relentless, determined to prolong her pleasure.

Liam's own release swelled at the base of his spine, urgent and undeniable. But he grit his teeth and breathed through the aching throb in his balls, not wanting this moment to end. He never wanted to stop being buried balls-deep in his mother's hot, slick sheath, never wanted to stop feeling her thighs quake and her pussy spasm as he ruined her for any other man.

Brook whimpered beneath him, her inner muscles fluttering wildly around her son's surging cock. "Oh God, baby, I can feel your knob growing!" she cried out. "It's expanding, getting so big! Gonna split me open!"

Liam could only snarl in response, the nerve endings on his swelling glans experiencing exquisite friction as his girth stretched his mother's tight passage. Electric sparks burst behind his eyelids at the delicious pressure, the searing squeeze and ripple of Brook's cunt around his sensitive flesh.

His hips took on a frantic, writhing pace as his engorged cockhead worked itself through the vise-like grip of Brook's cervical ring. The muscular aperture resisted the thick, apple-sized intrusion at first, clenching reflexively. But Liam was relentless, grinding and thrusting, determined to bury himself in his mother's innermost sanctum.

With a wet pop and strangled groan from them both, Liam's bulbous glans finally breached that final barrier and plunged into the scorching haven of Brook's womb. Her cervix immediately clamped down around

the neck of his shaft, just below his coronal ridge, locking him in place as his swollen tip pulsed urgently against her tender walls.

The moment Liam felt that ungiving clench around his most sensitive spot, his orgasm crested violently. A hoarse shout tore from his throat as the first scalding ropes of cum erupted from his slit, painting Brook's womb with his virile seed. His cockhead jerked and spasmed, geysering thick jets of pearly essence directly against her quivering entrance to her fallopian tubes.

Brook wailed in ecstasy as she felt Liam's potent emission flooding her unprotected depths, his fist-sized knot plugging her cervix and trapping every drop inside. Her powerful inner muscles worked feverishly to milk him, rippling and squeezing his throbbing shaft, coaxing out spurt after heavy spurt.

"Ugghh, fuck, mom… so good!" Liam grunted and twitched above her, drowning in the maelstrom of sensation radiating from his erupting cock. It felt like his very soul was pouring out of him in

endless, agonizing pulses, filling his mother's womb to overflowing with his seed.

Electric bliss sizzled through his nerves, whiting out his vision, stealing the breath from his lungs. Lost as he was in the throes of his release, Liam was only distantly aware of Brook's answering climax. Her voluptuous body seized beneath him, back arching as a strangled scream tore from her lips. Her cunt clamped down impossibly tighter, squeezing and fluttering wildly, wringing every drop from Liam's spasming balls.

Their bodies finally stilled as they remained locked together, heartbeats synchronized and genitals pulsating as one. With each throb of Liam's apple-sized cockhead, more semen bubbled from his dilated slit, adding to the thick deluge already pooling inside Brook's cervix.

Liam groaned at the exquisite agony of his knot being massaged by his mother's muscular walls, the pressure keeping him rock hard and

erupting. He could feel her womb expanding, growing heavier and fuller with each wet spurt pumped directly into her fertile depths.

Electric aftershocks zipped through his nerves, making him twitch and shudder against Brook's sweat-slicked back.

Beneath him, Brook mewled breathlessly, her body quaking from the force of her climax. She clenched down rhythmically on Liam's throbbing shaft, milking him for every drop. Ripples of pleasure radiated out from where they were joined, soothing the sweet ache inside her. She could feel Liam's potent seed sloshing in her womb, seeking her egg.

For nearly twenty minutes, they remained fused together, Liam's fist-sized knot plugging Brook's fluttering passage as it disgorged its heavy load. The carnal scent of their coupling saturated the air - pungent arousal and the bleachy tang of semen. Filthy wet

squelches and sloppy schlicks punctuated their labored breathing as they panted in unison.

Liam burrowed his face into the damp curtain of Brook's hair, drowning in her familiar scent. Sweat cooled on his flushed skin and his heart gradually slowed its frantic gallop. With each deep breath, he felt his cock soften incrementally, the flow of cum tapering off.

Brook's cervix fluttered around Liam's shrinking knob, as if reluctant to relinquish its prize. She whimpered at the loss of his hot, hard flesh stretching her so full. Empty, aching, she instinctively clenched her inner muscles, trying to keep him hilted for as long as possible.

But inexorably, Liam's deflating cock slipped from his mother's upturned cunt with a gush of mingled fluids. Brook gasped at the sensation of his release seeping out to trickle down her thighs. She felt open, gaping, cored out by her son's huge cock and bountiful seed.

Liam rolled off Brook with a groan, collapsing beside her on the sweat-soaked sheets. His chest heaved as he gulped down air, still reeling from

the mind-melting intensity of his climax. Spots danced behind his closed lids and his ears rang.

Through his peripheral, he could see his mom's sweaty back rise and fall as she remained on her stomach, catching her breath.

Serena directed Brook over to the fertility enhancer apparatus and helped her get situated. Liam watched in awe as his mother was hoisted up by her ankles, just like Lorraine and Jenna were, her legs splayed obscenely and her dripping, well-used pussy on lewd display.

Three gorgeous, huge-breasted moms, suspended and inverted like erotic works of art - vessels for his potent seed, wombs primed for impregnation.

"Let's get you into the shower, Liam," the android said, then ushered Liam out of the room. He reluctantly tore his gaze away from the tantalizing sight and followed Serena to the lavish bathroom.

As Liam showered, letting the steamy water sluice over his aching muscles, girlish giggles floated to his ears, followed by Brook's familiar sultry purr, but he couldn't quite tell what she was saying.

"Oh my God, I've never been fucked like that in my life! That boy's cock is a fucking miracle," Brook exclaimed.

Jenna's breathless voice chimed in next. "Mmmm, yes! The way he stretched me, ruined me... I'll never feel Josh the same way again. He could never compare to Liam's hung dick."

Lorraine's throaty chuckle sent a shiver down Liam's spine, his spent cock twitching against his thigh. "And when he breached the cervix and locked in? Good lord, I saw stars! I thought that knot was going to split me in half!"

"Yessss," Brook hissed. "Feeling him swell up and explode directly into my womb... Pumping me so full of his hot cum... Fuck, it was transcendent."

"I can still feel it sloshing around inside me," Jenna marveled. "So much thick, virile spunk. No way I'm not knocked up after that thorough breeding."

"You're telling me," Lorraine agreed. "That boy flooded my old womb with what felt like a gallon of jizz. Put Arthur to shame, he did."

"Such an amazing kisser too!" Jenna cooed with a dreamy expression. "Had I known that, I would have invited him over for long make-out sessions while Josh was at work."

"Definitely worth cheating for," Lorraine agreed. "Mmm, my sensitive nipples are still tingling from the way he latched on and suckled me

dry. That boy has a magic mouth on him!"

Brook readily agreed. "Oh yes, feeling his lips wrapped around my fat nubs, tongue flicking and teasing, had me gushing like a faucet yesterday. Definitely the best nipple play I've ever experienced."

Jenna pouted enviously. "Well, I'm definitely getting my milk-filled udders sucked by him next time. I bet that hungry mouth could drain these jugs in record time." She hefted her huge, leaking breasts for emphasis.

Lorraine chuckled wickedly. "We'll all get plenty of time to enjoy Liam's many talents this year, girls. Lord knows he'll be putting his tongue and cock to very good use, servicing our needy holes morning, noon and night - pumping little ones inside our bellies."

"Mmmm, I can hardly wait," Brook purred, licking her lips. "To wake up to that beautiful boy between my thighs, lapping at my cream... Then have him mount me from behind and slide that huge baby-maker in balls deep..."

"Fuck yes," Jenna breathed, squirming in the harness. "Feeling him rut me savagely, fucking a baby into my fertile womb, over and over... Plugging me with that amazing knot and pumping me full..."

"Liam has definitely claimed us as his own," Lorraine growled. "Proved his virile dominance by seeding us so deeply, so thoroughly."

The women shivered with dark arousal, their pussies clenching and dripping anew at the forbidden images. Strung up like debauched marionettes, they writhed and mewled, bodies singing with aching need.

Meanwhile, in breeding hubs across the ship, similar scenes of wanton debauchery and rampant insemination were taking place behind the closed doors of nearly a thousand private chambers.

Virile teenage boys rutted feverishly between the splayed thighs of their female relatives - mothers, sisters, aunts and cousins. Feminine muscles flexed and strained as the boys pistoned their engorged cocks into slick, welcoming cunts, stirring up sodden creampies.

Meaty slaps and wet squelches melded with ecstatic cries and guttural grunts, a vulgar symphony of incestuous breeding. The humid air reeked of musk and sex, of sweat and semen. Perspiration slicked the writhing bodies, easing the slide of skin on skin.

Massive, milk-laden breasts bounced and jiggled, the jutting nipples smearing trails of cream across heaving chests and flushed faces.

Hungry mouths latched onto the swollen teats, suckling noisily, eager to drain the sweet nectar.The obscene wet glug-glug-glugs of deepthroating and the lewd schlicks and slurps of eating pussy echoed off the metal walls.

Balls, heavy with seed, swung and smacked against upturned asses and gaping cunts as the teenage studs violated their kin with brutal strokes.

"Breed me, fill me, put a baby in me!" The impassioned mantra spilled from the lips of the debauched women, their voices hoarse from screaming. They bucked and undulated beneath the rutting boys, cunt muscles rippling and squeezing, coaxing out the seed they craved.

Throats convulsed around plunging cocks, swallowing greedily, hungry for every drop. Rapture contorted their beautiful faces as thick ropes of cum flooded their fertile depths, as baseball-sized knots forced past clenching cervixes to plug them tight.

Womb after womb was pumped full to bursting with the virile sludge, the slick walls expanding to accommodate the sheer volume. The women grew delirious from the feel of all that potent seed sloshing inside them, from the knowledge that their son's or

nephew's or grandson's sperm was seeking their eggs with single-minded determination.

For hours the marathon mating sessions continued, the sounds and smells of rut saturating the corridors. Bellies began to swell, growing taut and heavy with the fruits of incestuous labor. The pregnant women were gently detached from the fertility enhancers, their stretched holes oozing thick globs of jizz as they waddled bow-legged to the cleansing rooms.

And thus it began: the inauguration of this year-long cycle of insatiable rutting and fertile unions. The massive vessel transformed into a floating palace of carnal excess where moans echoed through metal corridors day and night.

Each virile teen prince lounged amid his personal harem of willing female flesh—mothers, aunts, sisters all presenting slick, ready holes for his pleasure, their bellies gradually swelling with the evidence of his potency as distant stars silently witnessed their debauchery through the massive floor-to-ceiling windows that lined the breeding chambers.

TO BE CONTINUED….

251: Call Me Mommy Part 1-1/2

Call Me Mommy

Part 1 of 2

By Klrxo

The sleek black car pulled up the long gravel driveway, tires crunching as it came to a stop in front of the quaint foster home nestled among rolling green hills.

The passenger door opened and out stepped Meredith, an absolute vision of feminine perfection. Her tight red mini dress clung to every lush curve, the hem barely reaching mid-thigh to show off her long, toned legs. The plunging neckline displayed her monstrous tit-cleavage, her giant breasts straining against the confining fabric with each breath.

She moved with the easy grace of a goddess, birthing hips swaying hypnotically as she walked around the car on towering stilettos. The sharp points forced her to balance delicately on the balls of her sexy feet, calves flexed, back arched to thrust out her rounded, juicy ass.

Fiery red hair tumbled in waves past her shoulders, emerald eyes sparkling, full lips painted crimson. Her very presence was intoxicating.

Meredith's husband emerged from the driver's side, but he may as well have been invisible. No one could take their eyes off the

stunning beauty who absolutely owned her sensuality and power as a woman. She was sin and temptation incarnate, commanding the attention of all as she ascended the porch steps, the embodiment of pure, unbridled sex appeal. Meredith was here, and the world revolved around her.

An attendant emerged from the front door to greet the couple, but her breath caught in her throat at the sight of Meredith. The matronly woman, who had seen countless prospective foster parents over the years, was stunned speechless by the goddess before her. Meredith flashed a dazzling smile that made the attendant weak in the knees.

"Welcome," the attendant finally managed. "Please come in." She stepped aside, holding the door open.

Meredith glided through the doorway, her husband trailing behind like an afterthought. Inside, the foyer opened into a large playroom filled with children of all ages. Some played together in groups while others were engaged in solo pursuits. The sounds of gleeful chatter and laughter filled the air.

"Oh look, darling," Charles said, gesturing to a pair of adorable toddlers stacking blocks together. "Aren't they precious?"

But Meredith ignored him, emerald eyes scanning the room like a lioness searching for her prey. None of these children were what she was looking for. Without a word, she ascended the stairs, her stilettos clicking authoritatively on the hardwood.

Each step made her colossal breasts bounce and jiggle, the red fabric of her dress struggling to contain them. Her ample hips swayed from side to side, round bubble butt undulating hypnotically.

It was impossible not to stare at her ass as she climbed, each juicy cheek flexing, the black lace of her thong just barely visible where it disappeared between them.

The attendant hurried to follow Meredith upstairs, while Charles stayed behind, still admiring the children playing below. He had offered his opinion, but it mattered not. Meredith knew exactly what she wanted, and she wouldn't stop until she found it.

The red-headed cougar strode down the upstairs hallway with a predatory gleam in her eye, hips swaying seductively. She peeked into each bedroom as she passed, her voluptuous body filling the doorways.

The children fell silent, staring in awe at the stunning woman. But Meredith paid them no mind, unsatisfied with what she saw.

At the end of the hall, she turned to the attendant with a meaningful gaze, one perfectly shaped eyebrow arched. "Do you have any teenage boys? Barely legal, preferably." Her sensual voice was a throaty purr.

The attendant swallowed hard, pulse quickening as she realized what Meredith was really searching for. Slowly, she nodded. "We do have one boy who recently turned 18. Aiden. He's lean and quite handsome, an innocent young thing."

A wicked smile spread across Meredith's lush lips. "He sounds perfect. Take me to him."

The attendant led Meredith to the very last door. Her hand trembled slightly as she turned the knob.

The door swung open to reveal Aiden lounging on his bed, shirtless and wearing low-slung sweatpants. He was indeed a beautiful boy, all taut olive skin, tousled chestnut hair, and soulful dark eyes.

Aiden looked up at the two women in his doorway, gaze immediately magnetized to Meredith's buxom figure. His full lips parted as he drank in her dangerous curves, hardly believing such a goddess would be gracing his bedroom.

Meredith eyed him hungrily in return, knowing she had found exactly what she craved.

The graceful Goddess glided into the room, bulging tit-cleavage trembling, her voluptuous hips swaying mesmerizingly with each step. She stopped directly in front of the teenage boy, towering over him in her sky-high stilettos.

Aiden gazed up at her in awe and desire, his innocent eyes roaming her curvaceous figure.

Meredith leaned forward slowly, deliberately, until her gigantic breasts hovered right above Aiden's face. The deep cavern of her cleavage was a breath away, her heaving tits like two fleshy clouds threatening to envelop him. He could feel the heat radiating from her soft skin.

"Hello Aiden," she purred in a sensual, throaty voice. "I'm Meredith." Her emerald eyes sparkled with wicked intent.

Aiden swallowed hard, Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. "H-hi Meredith," he stammered, barely able to think straight with this stunning woman's breasts filling his vision.

With feline grace, Meredith lowered herself onto the bed next to him, her round, plush ass sinking into the mattress. The hem of her scandalous red dress rode up her thighs, exposing even more smooth, toned leg. She crossed one leg over the other, pointed stiletto dangling off her foot.

The matronly figure placed a perfectly manicured hand on Aiden's bare chest, long nails lightly grazing his skin. She could feel his racing heartbeat beneath her palm. Glancing back at the wide-eyed attendant still hovering in the doorway, Meredith flashed a disarming smile.

"Would you mind giving us a little privacy, dear?" Her tone made it clear this was not a request. "I'd like to get to know Aiden a bit more...intimately."

The attendant nodded mutely and backed out of the room, shutting the door behind her with a soft click.

Meredith turned her attention back to the trembling boy beside her, a seductive glimmer in her catlike eyes. She had him right where she wanted him, and she was going to take her time playing with her sexy new toy.

Meredith gazed intently into Aiden's dark, soulful eyes. "I heard you recently turned 18," she purred, voice dripping with sensuality. Her hand remained on his chest, nails lightly grazing his quivering skin. "Tell me Aiden, are you still a virgin?"

The boy nodded shyly, a pretty blush coloring his cheeks. "Y-yes ma'am, I am," he admitted softly.

A wicked smile curved Meredith's painted lips. "And does the thought of having hot, nasty sex with a beautiful, busty woman excite you?" She arched a perfectly shaped brow.

Aiden's eyes widened and he nodded more vigorously, rendered speechless by her brazen words. His innocent gaze drifted down to her heaving cleavage, so close he could almost bury his face in her soft, pillowy breasts.

Meredith chuckled, a low, throaty sound. She could see the growing bulge forming in his grey sweatpants, his young cock swelling and twitching beneath the fabric. Virginal lust rolled off him in waves, his lithe body trembling with pent-up desire.

Meredith leaned closer, drawing Aiden's quivering body against her own. She pulled him in until half his lean torso disappeared between

her massive, heaving melons. The boy gasped as his bare skin pressed into her soft, plush cleavage, engulfed in her pillowy flesh.

Meredith brought her lush lips to Aiden's ear, hot breath tickling his skin as she purred sensually. "Tell me Aiden, how big does this virgin cock of yours get when it's fully hard? From the looks of that bulge, I'd say you're packing quite the impressive package down there."

Her sultry voice sent shivers down his spine. Aiden let out a shaky breath, heart pounding wildly in his chest. "I...I'm not sure exactly. Maybe 10 inches...or a little more," he admitted shyly.

Meredith's emerald eyes sparkled with delight and hunger. "Oh my, 10 inches of hard, throbbing teenage cock," she purred approvingly. Her gaze remained locked on the prominent tent in his sweatpants, visibly twitching under her lascivious stare.

"I must say, I'm very impressed Aiden. Especially for such an inexperienced, innocent boy." Meredith licked her crimson lips slowly. "I don't suppose...I could feel it, could I? Just to see how hard you are right now."

Her words weren't really a question, more of a sensual command. Aiden nodded mutely, rendered speechless by her raw sexuality. Meredith flashed a wicked grin and reached one perfectly manicured hand down to his crotch.

Her fingers found the rigid shape of his erection straining against the fabric and she gasped in exaggerated yet genuine awe. Meredith squeezed him

gently through his sweatpants, feeling the thick shape throb against her palm.

"Oh Aiden!" she breathed lustfully, "You're so hard darling boy! Like hot, pulsing steel under my hand. I can feel it throbbing for me." She stroked along his impressive length, utterly entranced.

Aiden let out a choked moan at her touch, hips bucking involuntarily. "Unngghh, Meredith..." he groaned, head swimming with pleasure. He couldn't believe this gorgeous, busty goddess was touching his most intimate places.

Meredith continued caressing his bulge, squeezing and rubbing its thick tubular shape. Her massive breasts pressed against his chest, smothering him with their warm, doughy softness. Her hard nipples poked into his skin like plump cherries

Meredith slid her hand lower, cupping Aiden's large, swollen balls through his sweatpants. "Let's feel these big, full balls now," she purred sensually. Her long nails dug into the stretched fabric, gripping his cum-laden testicles possessively.

"Oh my," Meredith breathed in awe, emerald eyes widening. "They're so heavy and swollen with seed! Like two ripe, juicy plums just bursting with sweet cream." She rolled his balls in her palm, digging her nails into the fleshy eggs, marveling at their size and weight.

Aiden let out a strangled moan, the exquisite pressure sending jolts of pleasure through his young body. His hips rocked into her touch involuntarily, seeking more stimulation.

"Tell me Aiden," Meredith purred, voice dripping with seductive curiosity, "how many times a day do you stroke this big, thick cock? How often do you make yourself spurt hot, sticky cum?"

Her fingers continued their sensual massage of his balls as she questioned him, gauging his virility and sexual stamina. She needed to know just how well this innocent boy would perform once she had her way with him.

Aiden swallowed hard, cheeks flushed. "Usually three or four times a day," he admitted breathlessly. "Sometimes for an ten minutes or more each time. I just can't help myself..."

A salacious grin spread across Meredith's lush lips. "Mmm, I'm not surprised, with balls this full. You must produce so much creamy spunk. I bet you shoot absolute buckets when you ejaculate your seed."

She gave his swollen testicles a firm, meaningful squeeze, then reluctantly released them. Meredith had every intention of wringing every last drop of jizz from those balls, but she wanted to make this last. To fully corrupt his innocence bit by bit.

The motherly figure slithered her hand back up to Aiden's rigid cock, still tenting obscenely in his sweatpants. She traced one sharp nail along the bulging length of his urethral tube, making him shudder and gasp. The fabric strained, barely containing his throbbing erection.

Meredith glanced sultrily at the bedroom door, listening intently for any sign that someone might interrupt. Satisfied they were alone, she turned her emerald gaze back to Aiden, eyes smoldering with lust. With a firm but gentle hand, she pushed the trembling boy onto his back atop the bed.

"Lay back for me, darling boy," Meredith purred, voice dripping with sensual command. "There's another part of me that wants to feel the strength of that muscle."

Aiden complied eagerly, laying back against the pillows, innocent eyes wide with awe and disbelief. His rigid cock twitched in anticipation, straining obscenely against his sweatpants.

With feline grace, Meredith lifted one long, toned leg and straddled Aiden's slim hips. The boy gasped as her plush, supple thighs bracketed his trim body, the heat of her core hovering just inches from his aching bulge.

Meredith gathered the skirt of her scandalous red dress in her hands, slowly hiking the fabric up her thighs. Aiden watched,

enraptured, as she revealed the sheer lace panties barely covering her sex. The tiny scrap of fabric was utterly soaked through, molding to the puffy folds of her bare, waxed pussy.

Aiden let out a choked moan at the erotic sight, his virgin cock jumping and leaking against his sweatpants. He could clearly make out Meredith's engorged clit straining against the transparent lace, the hood thick and swollen with arousal.

Meredith flashed a wicked grin, relishing the boy's slack-jawed, bug-eyed reaction to her vulgar display. Holding his amazed stare, she lowered her hips until her scantily clad pussy pressed against the bulge of his erection.

They both let out shuddering moans as her hot, sopping wet sex met his virgin cock, separated only by the thin, drenched fabric of her panties and his sweatpants. Meredith ground herself against him, swiveling her wide, curvy hips in a slow, sensual dance.

"Oohhhh Aiden," she purred, voice husky with need. "Your cock feels so good rubbing against my pussy. So hard and thick."

Aiden could only moan helplessly in response, head thrown back in ecstasy as Meredith took several long, slow dry-thrusts against him. Her engorged clit dragged up and down his rigid length, electric jolts of pleasure shooting through them both.

As she dry humped the innocent boy, Meredith ran her sharp nails over Aiden's heaving chest and quivering abs. She left faint pink trails on his taut olive skin, marking him as her sexual prey.

Meredith lowered her voluptuous body down onto Aiden's, engulfing his entire head between her massive, barely contained breasts. The boy let out a muffled moan as his face disappeared into her soft, pillowy cleavage. Her giant tits pressed in from either side, smothering him in warm, fragrant flesh.

"Mmmph!" Aiden's cry of surprise and pleasure was swallowed by Meredith's heaving bosom as she grinded against him.

She cradled his head to her chest, fingers threading through his tousled chestnut hair. "Oh Aiden," Meredith purred sensually, "I've been searching for a special boy just like you for so long now. A sweet, innocent young man to call me Mommy."

Aiden shivered at her naughty words, cock throbbing against the wet lace of her panties. Having his head trapped between this busty goddess' breasts while she dry humped him was blowing his mind.

Meredith's hips undulated hypnotically, dragging her soaked, barely covered pussy along Aiden's rigid bulge. "I wanna take you home with me, darling boy," she breathed. "I wanna make you mine, my precious baby boy that I can love and nurture."

Meredith's keen ears picked up the sound of approaching footsteps coming down the hallway towards Aiden's room. With catlike reflexes, she lifted herself off the trembling boy, his face flushed and dazed as it emerged from the warm haven of her cleavage.

Meredith quickly smoothed down her red dress and adjusted her breasts back into the tight bodice just as the door opened. Her husband Charles stood there with the attendant, both taking in the scene before them with widening eyes.

Aiden still lay sprawled on the bed, his grey sweatpants tented obscenely with a massive erection. A large wet spot darkened the fabric at the tip, clear evidence of his intense arousal. Translucent streaks of Meredith's pussy juices smeared his bulge where she had been grinding on him moments before.

"Well, I think we've found the one," Meredith announced confidently, acting as if nothing scandalous had been interrupted. She smiled at her husband and the attendant. "Aiden is exactly what I've been searching for."

Charles cleared his throat, looking uncertain as his gaze darted between his wife's flushed face and the boy's straining erection. "Meredith darling, may I speak with you privately for a moment?"

Meredith flashed the attendant a disarming smile. "Would you excuse us for just a minute?" The flustered woman nodded, cheeks coloring at the blatant sexual energy crackling in the air.

Charles guided his wife out into the hallway, shutting the door to give them privacy. He lowered his voice, brow furrowed. "Meredith, I'm not sure about

this. The boy is already 18, and did you see the state of his...his..." Charles gestured vaguely towards his crotch.

Meredith placed a placating hand on her husband's arm, emerald eyes wide with fabricated innocence. "Oh darling, he's just a growing boy! That's what young men his age do, get aroused at the slightest thing. It's perfectly natural."

Charles frowned, not fully convinced by his wife's nonchalant attitude about Aiden's obvious arousal in her presence. He tried to reason with her further.

"But darling, I thought we agreed we wanted to adopt a young child, someone we could raise together from an early age," Charles argued gently. "What about that adorable little girl with the pigtails we saw playing downstairs? She can't be more than five or six. Or the twin boys who were finger painting? They were precious."

Meredith pursed her lush lips, shaking her head dismissively. Her mind was made up and she would not be swayed. "No Charles, it has to be Aiden. I felt an instant connection with him, like it's meant to be. He's the one I want."

Her emerald eyes gleamed with fierce determination. Charles recognized that look and knew there would be no changing her mind

once Meredith set her sights on something...or in this case, someone. He sighed in resignation, knowing he needed to pick his battles with his headstrong, stubborn wife.

"Alright darling, if you're absolutely certain," Charles conceded, "then we'll proceed with adopting Aiden. I only want you to be happy."

A triumphant smile spread across her crimson lips and she leaned into his touch. "Thank you, darling. You won't regret this, I promise. Aiden is gonna bring us so much...joy."

Meredith's voice dipped sultrily on the last word, her true meaning crystal clear. Charles felt a pang of unease, wondering if he had just agreed to bring a horny teenage boy into their home for his insatiable wife to seduce. But the decision was made.

The couple headed back downstairs hand in hand to find the attendant and complete the adoption process. The woman looked flustered as she gathered the necessary paperwork, having clearly noticed Aiden's straining erection and the musky scent of arousal clinging to Meredith.

As Charles filled out forms and discussed tedious details with the attendant, Meredith's thoughts remained fixated on the innocent young man waiting upstairs. She could still feel the thickness of his virgin cock pressing against her hungry pussy, separated only by the thin fabric of her panties. Her clit throbbed with need, aching to feel him again.

Meredith barely paid attention as her husband signed the last of the documents, officially making them Aiden's legal guardians. She smiled to herself, emerald eyes sparkling with wicked intent. The beautiful, barely legal boy was hers now, to corrupt and defile as she pleased under the guise of "nurturing".

Licking her lips in anticipation, Meredith ascended the stairs once more, her long legs taking the steps two at a time in her eagerness to claim her new boy.

She burst into Aiden's room, startling the poor boy who had just barely managed to will his throbbing erection down. His innocent dark eyes widened as she strode purposefully towards him, her voluptuous body swaying seductively with each step. Without a word, Meredith grasped Aiden's hand in her own, long crimson nails curling around his fingers possessively.

"Come along now, darling boy," she purred, emerald eyes gleaming with wicked intent. "It's time to go home with Mommy."

Meredith tugged the bewildered young man to his feet, pulling his lithe frame against her soft, pillowy breasts. Aiden let out a low gasp as his bare chest pressed against her ample bosom, his face flushing at the intimate contact.

"Wait, s-shouldn't I pack my things?" Aiden asked uncertainty, glancing around at his modest belongings scattered about the small bedroom that had been his home for so long.

A salacious smile spread across Meredith's lush lips and she shook her head, fiery curls bouncing. "No need. Mommy is gonna buy you an entire new wardrobe, everything you could possibly want or need."

Her voice dropped to a sensual purr as she leaned in close, breath hot against the shell of his ear. "Including some very naughty things for you to wear just for me."

Aiden shivered at her provocative words, his cock already starting to swell and lengthen again in his grey sweatpants. He had no clue what kinky garments Meredith had in mind for him, but his virginal body was eager to find out.

Meredith maintained her grip on Aiden's hand as she led him out of the bedroom, his feet stumbling slightly to keep up with her purposeful strides. The attendant stood waiting for them in the hallway, hands folded primly, unable to meet Meredith's intense emerald gaze.

Meredith flashed the mousy woman a wicked, triumphant grin, as if to say "He's mine now." She didn't slow her pace, practically dragging an astonished Aiden past the attendant. The boy had just a moment to shoot the woman an apologetic look before Meredith was pulling him along down the stairs.

Charles stood waiting by the front door, the final adoption papers tucked under his arm. If he thought anything of his wife's proprietary grip on the teenage boy or the tell-tale flush of arousal on both their faces, he didn't let it show. Meredith had made her choice, and he had to accept it.

"All set, darling?" Charles asked, forcing a smile.

Meredith nodded to her husband, eager to have her new son all to herself. "Let's go home," she purred, emerald eyes flashing possessively.

Rather than joining her husband up front, Meredith opened the back passenger door and ushered Aiden inside. She slid in gracefully beside him, gathering her skirt so it rode up her long, toned thighs as she settled into the leather seat.

Aiden gulped audibly as Meredith's warm, voluptuous body pressed against his side, her giant breasts squishing against his arm. She smelled amazing, an intoxicating mix of expensive perfume and raw female arousal. It made Aiden's head spin.

As Charles pulled out of the long gravel driveway, Meredith turned her attention fully on the nervous boy beside her. She placed a hand

on Aiden's lean thigh, her crimson nails a stark contrast against the grey fabric of his sweatpants.

"Tell me about your birth mother, darling," Meredith purred, tracing idle patterns on his leg. "What was she like?"

Aiden shivered as her nails grazed his inner thigh, just inches from his half-hard cock. "She was beautiful," he said quietly, mind conjuring images of his mother from years ago. "Blonde hair, blue eyes. And she had a body...a lot like yours actually."

Meredith's ruby lips curved into a intrigued smile. "Oh? Do tell..."

Aiden blushed, realizing what he had implied. "I just mean, she was very...womanly. Curvy. Long legs, a big round...uh, behind." His cheeks flushed darker. "And really huge, um, boobs. They were gigantic."

Meredith's emerald eyes sparkled with delight at this revelation. Her hand slid further up his thigh. "Mmmm, I see. And did you ever see these gigantic boobs of hers, darling boy?"

Aiden squirmed under her sensual touch, his sweatpants growing decidedly tighter in the crotch. "S-sometimes. Not bare! Just...a lot of cleavage. Mom's clothes were always really tight and revealing."

"I'm sure they were," Meredith purred knowingly, fingers now tracing the rigid outline of Aiden's cock through his pants. "And I bet you loved getting an eyeful of Mommy's big titties, didn't you baby?"

Aiden let out a shuddery exhale, hips rocking subtly into her touch. "Yes," he admitted in a strained whisper.

Up in the front seat, Charles was engrossed in a business call, his voice a low murmur as he discussed tedious work matters. He was completely oblivious to the charged conversation happening right behind him between his wife and their newly adopted son.

Meredith licked her crimson lips, emerald eyes gleaming wickedly as she continued to trace the throbbing outline of Aiden's stiff cock through his sweatpants. The boy squirmed, breath coming faster as her fingers found the fat mushroom head of his erection.

"I bet you stroked this big, hard bull-horn thinking about Mommy's titanic tits, didn't you darling boy?" Meredith purred sensually, her voice a throaty whisper. "Imagining what her huge, naked breasts would look like, all soft and heavy and stiff-nippled."

Aiden let out a shuddery whimper, his hips rocking subtly into Meredith's teasing touch. "Y-yes," the innocent boy admitted, face flushing a deeper shade of red.

A salacious grin spread across Meredith's lush lips. Her fingers found Aiden's crown, tracing slow circles around the engorged helmet. Even through the fabric, she could feel the spongy ridge of his corona, the sensitive V of his tightly-pulled frenulum, the weeping slit crowning the broad tip.

"Naughty boy," Meredith breathed approvingly, grazing his tender bulb with her sharp nails. Aiden gasped, his cock surging under her ministrations, growing impossibly harder.

"I bet you imagined doing more than just looking at Mommy's big titties though," she continued, her voice a wicked purr. "I bet you fantasized about

fucking your mother, claiming her body as your own while she screamed and clawed at you."

Aiden made a choked sound, eyes squeezing shut as his rigid shaft pulsed and kicked against Meredith's fondling fingers. "Oh God," he whimpered, absolutely shocked by her lewd words but so incredibly turned on.

"You wanted Mommy to wrap those long legs around your waist, caging you in while you plowed into her," Meredith continued relentlessly, painting the vulgar picture. "To claw her nails down your back as you rutted her like an animal. To scream your name while you fucked her hard and deep with this huge, throbbing cock."

Her fingers closed around the prominent bulge of his erection, giving him a slow, meaningful squeeze. Aiden bit back a desperate moan, his swollen cockhead now freely leaking pre-cum, forming a wet spot on his sweatpants.

"It's okay, darling boy," Meredith cooed, stroking him intimately through the clinging fabric. "You can admit your forbidden fantasies to your new mom."

Aiden trembled under Meredith's sensual touch, his rigid cock throbbing desperately against her teasing fingers. He was so turned on he could barely think straight, much less form a coherent response to her shockingly vulgar questions. The innocent boy squirmed in the leather seat, lips parted as he panted softly.

Meredith tutted, a stern smirk playing about her lips as she watched Aiden struggle. "Tsk tsk, not answering Mommy is not an option," she purred silkily. Her emerald eyes gleamed with wicked intent as she closed her fingers around his straining erection, giving him a firm, meaningful squeeze.

Aiden let out a choked apology, hips bucking involuntarily into her commanding grip. Meredith leaned in close, her massive breasts pressing against his arm as she brought her lush lips to his ear.

"You belong to me now, sweet boy," she breathed hotly. "Your mind, your body, your obedience. I own every part of you." Her sharp nails traced

possessive patterns on his thigh. "Anything I want from you, I will have. And you will give it to me without question or hesitation."

Aiden shuddered as Meredith's words sank in - he was completely at her mercy, utterly powerless to resist her. His cock swelled even harder, the submissive boy in him responding intensely to her stern, dominant energy.

"In return for being a good, obedient son," Meredith continued, her throaty voice dripping with sensual promise, "I will reward you with pleasure beyond your wildest dreams. I'll teach you things, show you ecstasies you can't even imagine."

Her fingers found his swollen cockhead again, rubbing slow circles into the weeping tip, smearing the slick pre-cum leaking from his slit. Aiden gasped, back arching as he pressed himself into her touch.

"Now, I'll ask you again," Meredith purred, crimson lips curving into a wicked grin. "Did you fantasize about fucking your mother? Pinning her down and rutting her with this big, hard cock?"

She gave his rigid shaft a slow pump for emphasis, her touch electric even through his sweatpants. Aiden's eyelids fluttered, a broken moan escaping him. There was no point in denying it any longer, not when Meredith owned his very soul, could mold him like putty in her sensual hands.

"Yes," Aiden admitted breathlessly, a pretty flush coloring his cheeks. "I imagined...sex stuff with my mom."

"Good boy," Meredith praised, giving his aching cock an approving squeeze.

Meredith smiled wickedly to herself, pleased by Aiden's honest confession. She knew it was crucial for a virile teenage boy to ejaculate frequently, to relieve the heavy load constantly building in his young, productive balls. And with all the excitement and stimulation of the day, she was certain Aiden's testicles were positively aching for release.

Leaning forward, Meredith interrupted her husband's droning business call. "Darling, I need you to pull over at the next rest area," she purred insistently. "It's rather urgent."

Charles glanced back at his wife in the rear view mirror, brow furrowed in confusion, but nodded. "Yes, of course dear. There's one coming up in just a mile."

As soon as the car pulled to a stop in the rest area parking lot, Meredith was tugging Aiden out of the backseat by the hand. "Come along now, darling boy," she cooed, leading the flustered teen towards the brick building housing the public restrooms. "Mommy is gonna take good care of you."

Bypassing the door marked 'Men', Meredith brazenly pulled Aiden into the women's restroom. Two busty mothers stood at the sinks, touching up their makeup. They glanced up as Meredith entered with the obviously aroused teenage boy in tow, their eyes immediately zeroing in on the large, bobbing bulge tenting his grey sweatpants.

Rather than looking scandalized, the women exchanged knowing smiles, their gazes sparkling with mischief and lust. It was as if they intrinsically understood the naughty fun this fellow mother was about to have with her cute son.

"Looks like someone needs to drain those swollen balls," one of the MILFs giggled, eyeing Aiden up and down hungrily. "And so full too! You better give him a thorough milking session."

"Poor baby, he must be absolutely aching," the other mother cooed, her voice dripping with sensual pity. She had long raven hair and an ass that rivaled Meredith's in roundness and size.

Meredith grinned wickedly at her fellow hot moms, emerald eyes gleaming. "Don't you worry, ladies. I fully intend to empty his big teen nuts. Frequently and thoroughly."

Aiden stood there in slack-jawed shock as the beautiful, buxom women openly discussed his straining erection and heavy balls. His virgin cock twitched in his pants, clear pre-cum oozing through the fabric.

The two curvy MILFs stepped aside with knowing smiles, gesturing grandly towards the handicap stall like ladies presenting a throne.

"Enjoy!" the dark-haired beauty said with a wink. "I just finished draining my own son in there a few minutes ago. The floor's still a bit messy."

She pointed a manicured finger at the tile, and sure enough, there were streaks and splatters of pearly white jizz coating the ground, clear evidence of a very productive milking session.

"You two have fun now!" the other mother giggled, giving Aiden's bulge a playful honk as she sashayed past. The teen let out a surprised yelp, rigid cock jumping under her touch.

Meredith smiled wickedly as she watched her fellow hot moms leave, then aggressively pulled Aiden into the spacious handicap stall. She locked the door and in one swift motion, spun the shocked boy around so his back was pressed against her voluptuous body.

"Mmm, let mommy get this big fucking cock out," Meredith purred in his ear, reaching around to roughly grope Aiden's straining erection. The boy gasped as she fondle him through his sweatpants, squeezing and rubbing his throbbing length.

With a low growl of desire, Meredith yanked down Aiden's sweatpants and boxers, finally freeing his engorged cock. It sprang up obscenely, slapping against his taut abdomen with a lurid smack. A strand of sticky pre-cum connected the broad tip to his belly button.

"My my, what a beautiful penis!" Meredith cooed approvingly, emerald eyes devouring the sight of Aiden's impressive young manhood. His cock was a good 10 inches long, thick as her wrist, the sinewy shaft encrusted with fat veins. The mushroom head was bulbous, shiny and purple with need. Heavy, cum-filled balls hung below, visibly pulsing.

Aiden whimpered as Meredith wrapped her fingers around his aching shaft, stroking him with an experienced touch. Her hand barely fit around his girthy cock, crimson nails lightly scratching the sensitive skin.

"P-please..." Aiden whined desperately, hips rocking into her touch. The stimulation of the day had left his cock and balls in an almost painful state of arousal, virgin cum simmering urgently. He needed to spurt so badly.

"Shhh, I've got you baby," Meredith reassured, jacking his thick cock with purposeful strokes. Her giant rippling tits pressed into his back, nipples like turgid gum drops through her dress. "Just fuck Mommy's hand. Use it like a tight, wet cunt."

Aiden began thrusting his hips in earnest, fucking Meredith's tight fist with desperate need. His swollen cockhead drooled pre-nut onto her fingers as she worked him hard and fast, her grip absolutely perfect.

Meredith cradled the trembling boy against her soft, pillowy breasts, one arm wrapping possessively around his taut abdomen. She licked a hot stripe up the side of his neck before taking his earlobe between her teeth, nibbling and sucking.

"Let me tell you a naughty story," Meredith purred sensually into his ear, pumping Aiden's virgin cock all the while. "Once upon a time, there was a boy named Aidan who lived alone with his beautiful, blonde-haired mommy."

Aiden whimpered, Meredith's lurid fairy tale already making his balls tighten and churn with impending release. He could picture it so clearly in his mind - a boy just like him, a lonely single mother with huge titties and a sexy body.

"One night, Aidan woke up to find his mommy crawling into bed with him," Meredith continued, voice dripping with lust. "She was completely naked, her massive tits swaying like heavy udders as she moved towards him."

The boy in her arms gasped, cock pulsing urgently as he imagined the taboo scene. Meredith tightened her grip, pumping him even faster. Her giant breasts squished against his back with each stroke.

"Mommy needs your big cock," Meredith growled, role-playing the part of the horny mother. "I need you to fuck me hard and deep with that huge teen prick. Stuff Mommy's wet cunt and suck on my huge titties!"

Aiden lost it at her vulgar words, the mental image too vivid to resist. "Oh wow!" he cried out, cock erupting in Meredith's pumping fist.

Thick ropes of pearly cum shot from his tip, splattering obscenely onto the tile floor to mix with the streaks of teen spunk already coating it from earlier. Aiden's body shook and jerked as he experienced the most intense orgasm of his young life.

"That's it, squirt for Mommy!" Meredith encouraged, milking his exploding cock for all he was worth. "Drain those big, swollen balls! Cream the floor like a dirty boy!"

Meredith's eyes went wide with excited glee as she watched Aiden's cock erupt, her tongue lolling out of her mouth like a panting, cock-hungry bitch in heat. She pumped his virgin shaft aggressively, determined to milk every last drop of sperm from his heavy, churning balls.

"Oooh yes, YESSS!" Meredith squealed with perverse delight as thick, pearly ropes of semen shot from Aiden's tip, splattering obscenely onto the already cum-streaked tile floor. Her soft hand flew over his pulsing length, wringing out spurt after massive spurt.

Meredith panted and moaned shamelessly, sounding like a total cock-stroking pervert getting off on the vulgar sight of a teenage boy shooting his load. Her giant tits heaved and wobbled against Aiden's back as she jerked him off with manic energy, crimson lips parted in awe.

"So much cum! Drain those big fucking balls!" Meredith crowed, emerald eyes transfixed by the sheer volume of jizz erupting from Aiden's slit. She angled his spurting cock down, painting the floor with his seed, adding to the streaks and puddles of spunk already coating it.

Aiden trembled and shook in Meredith's arms, his world narrowing to the excruciating pleasure radiating from his cock. He'd never felt an orgasm this intense, his entire body consumed by the electric ecstasy of shooting his very first load in a woman's hand.

Meredith continued jacking him through the aftershocks, coaxing out every last dribble of cream. She rubbed his sensitive cockhead, her thumb pressing tightly against that sensitive band of skin that separated his glans from his

shaft. Then, she smeared the milky fluid around, making Aiden whimper and twitch from the overwhelming stimulation.

Finally, when she was certain she'd emptied him completely, Meredith released Aiden's spent cock. It bobbed heavily in the air, shiny with leftover cum and still semi-erect. Meredith hummed in satisfaction, admiring the absolute mess they'd made on the bathroom floor.

"Mmm, much better," she purred, nuzzling into Aiden's neck. "Doesn't that feel good, having Mommy milk your cock? Getting to squirt out all that pent-up cum?"

Aiden could only nod weakly, slumped bonelessly against Meredith's soft, voluptuous form. He'd never felt so drained and satisfied in his life. His cock twitched valiantly, trying to surge back to full hardness at the wanton gleam in Meredith's eyes.

Meredith brought her hand up to her lush, crimson lips. Her pink tongue darted out, lapping at the creamy spunk coating her fingers.

"Mmmm," she purred sensually, "you taste divine, darling boy. So sweet and musky."

Aiden watched slack-jawed as his new mommy slurped his virgin cum from her hand, licking up every drop of his pearly essence. The sight made his spent cock give a valiant twitch against his thigh.

Once her fingers were spotless, glistening with saliva, Meredith tucked Aiden's softening penis back into his boxers and tugged up his sweatpants. She straightened her tight red dress and smoothed her fiery curls, looking utterly unruffled, as if she hadn't just expertly milked a huge load from her teenage son.

"Come along now, darling. Let's get you cleaned up," Meredith cooed, guiding an unsteady Aiden over to the sinks. She dampened a paper towel and gently wiped the sheen of sweat from his flushed face.

The boy leaned into her motherly touch, still dazed from his intense orgasm. He felt both relieved to have drained his aching balls and incredibly aroused by this whole taboo situation. His head was spinning with forbidden lust.

Just as they were finishing up, the bathroom door burst open and another stacked MILF rushed in, tugging a cute, lanky teenage boy

behind her. The woman had long chestnut hair, her giant bobbling tits barely contained by a skimpy tank top. The boy sported an impressively tented bulge in his jeans.

Meredith and the other mom exchanged knowing smiles, their pretty eyes sparkling with mischief. They recognized a fellow naughty mommy when they saw one.

The boys glanced at each other too, the other teen giving Aiden an excited grin and an approving nod, as if silently congratulating him on getting his cock milked. Aiden blushed but couldn't help mirroring the conspiratorial smile.

Without a word, the lusty mother pulled her son into the handicap stall Meredith and Aiden had just vacated. The door slammed shut and the unmistakable sound of a zipper being eagerly yanked down followed.

Meredith led Aiden back out to the car, her voluptuous body swaying seductively with each step. Charles was leaning against the vehicle, puffing a cigarette, looking rather bored and impatient. When he saw his wife and newly adopted son emerge from the bathroom, he raised an eyebrow.

"Everything alright, darling?" Charles asked, stamping out his smoke. "That was quite a long bathroom break. I was starting to worry."

Meredith gave her husband a disarming smile, patting Aiden's shoulder. "Oh yes, everything's fine! The dear boy just had a bit of an upset tummy, needed some motherly comfort." She winked at Aiden conspiratorially.

Charles nodded, clearly buying the fib. He stubbed out his cigarette and moved to open the car doors, ushering his sexy wife and strapping adopted son back inside.

Some time later, the sleek black car finally pulled up to the upscale loft building where Charles and Meredith resided in the heart of the bustling city. Aiden gazed up at the towering structure in awe as he stepped out onto the sidewalk, still in a daze from the erotic events that had transpired during the drive.

As Charles busied himself with a business call, Meredith guided her new teenage son into the building and up to their sprawling penthouse suite. She delighted in the wide-eyed wonder on Aiden's handsome face as he took in the luxurious, modern space.

"Welcome home, darling boy," Meredith purred, her emerald eyes sparkling with wicked promise. She took Aiden's hand in her own, crimson nails lightly grazing his skin, and began leading him on a tour.

The buxom redhead made sure to put extra sway in her ample hips as she walked, her round ass undulating hypnotically beneath the tight fabric of her dress. She could feel Aiden's gaze magnetized to her rear, his cock already starting to chub up again in his sweatpants.

Meredith showed him the gourmet kitchen with its gleaming marble countertops, the sumptuous living room appointed with plush leather furniture, the sleek bathroom boasting a giant glass shower and deep jacuzzi tub. Aiden followed along in a trance, only half listening to her descriptions, too entranced by the sensual curves of her body.

Finally, Meredith brought him to the laundry room, a knowing smirk playing about her lush lips. She gestured grandly to a large wicker basket overflowing with lingerie.

"This is where mommy keeps her dirty delicates," Meredith explained, voice dripping with innuendo. "And you, my sweet boy, have full access to rifle through them whenever you please."

Aiden's eyes widened as he took in the colorful array of lacy bras and scanty panties, all recently worn by his gorgeous new mother. The lingerie was decidedly risqué - sheer teddies, crotchless underwear, cupless brassieres. It

was clear Meredith's undergarment collection was meant to entice and arouse.

Unable to help himself, the teen reached out to touch a particularly provocative pair of crotch-less panties. The red lace was still damp with Meredith's musky arousal. Aiden groaned softly, cock thickening further at the thought of the fabric pressed intimately against her bare pussy.

"Mmmm, I can see you appreciating mommy's panties," Meredith purred, moving to stand behind Aiden. She pressed her massive tits into his back, hard nipples poking through her dress. "Feel free to sniff and taste them too. I know boys like that."

Meredith led Aiden down the hall to his new bedroom, her voluptuous hips swaying seductively with each step. She opened the door to reveal a spacious, tastefully decorated room with a plush king-sized bed as the centerpiece.

"This is where you'll sleep, darling boy," Meredith purred, guiding him inside. She closed the door behind them with a soft click, emerald eyes gleaming with wicked intent.

The buxom redhead sat down on the edge of the bed, patting the space beside her. "Come, sit with mommy. We need to discuss some important ground rules now that you're living here."

Aiden gulped and did as he was told, the mattress dipping under his weight. Meredith immediately grabbed his hands and placed them on her massive breasts, encouraging him to squeeze the pliant flesh.

"Rule number one," she breathed, arching into his touch, "you are to worship me like the goddess I am. This body is your altar and it's your duty to pay proper homage to it."

Aiden nodded mutely, awestruck as he fondled Meredith's huge, spongy tit-melons through her dress. They overflowed his palms, soft and heavy, her hard nipples pressing into his skin. His cock began to swell in his sweatpants, rising to attention.

Meredith smirked, pleased by the boy's slack-jawed reverence and obvious arousal. "Rule number two: you are to suck and lick every inch of my body whenever I command it. My tits, my ass, my pussy...I'll expect that young tongue to service me frequently and thoroughly."

She punctuated her lewd words by guiding one of Aiden's hands down to grope her plush rear. The boy squeezed her round cheek, fingers sinking into the supple flesh. Meredith let out a breathy moan, grinding lightly against his palm.

"Rule number three," the redhead continued, voice husky with lust, "you are not allowed to stroke that big boy-cock of yours unless mommy gives you permission. I'm the one in charge of milking you from now on."

Aiden whimpered at that, his rigid erection now straining obscenely against his pants. The idea of this gorgeous, busty goddess having total control over his orgasms was incredibly arousing.

Meredith traced a crimson nail along the bulging outline of his manhood, making him shudder. "Mommy decides when and how you cum, understand? I'll drain these swollen balls on my terms."

"Yes mommy," Aiden agreed breathlessly, light-headed with submission and desire. His cock visibly twitched, drooling pre-nectar against the fabric.

A wicked grin spread across Meredith's lush lips. She loved how responsive and obedient her sweet boy was.

She rose gracefully from the bed, emerald eyes smoldering with lust as she gazed down at Aiden. "Let's test your obedience, shall we darling boy?" she purred.

Without breaking eye contact, the buxom redhead reached under her scandalously short dress and slowly peeled her dainty panties down her long, toned legs. The flimsy lace clung to her glistening pussy lips before she slid them to her ankles.

Aiden swallowed hard, his mouth going dry at the erotic sight. Meredith's shaved mound was puffy and slick with arousal, enticing him. She stepped out of her soaked panties and kicked them aside.

"On your knees," Meredith commanded in a throaty murmur, crooking a finger at him.

Aiden immediately slid off the bed and dropped to the floor, kneeling submissively before his gorgeous new mother. His heart pounded as she turned around, presenting her voluptuous rear to his wide eyes.

Meredith reached back and slowly lifted her dress, inch by inch, revealing the smooth globes of her spectacular ass. She bent forward slightly, bracing herself against the bed, and reached back with her free hand to spread her plump cheeks.

"Lick mommy's asshole," she purred sultrily. "Get that young tongue in there nice and deep."

Aiden shuddered with lust, utterly transfixed by the sight of Meredith's most intimate areas. Her tight pink rosebud winked at him from between her meaty cheeks, the forbidden hole just begging to be tasted. Below, her bare slit glistened, puffy labia slick and swollen.

Leaning forward, Aiden pressed his face into the redhead's ample ass, inhaling deeply. Her heady, musky scent filled his nostrils, making his head spin with desire. Tentatively, he extended his tongue and licked a broad stripe over her crinkled asshole.

"Unngh yes, just like that," Meredith groaned, pushing her hips back against his face. "Tease my rim, get it nice and wet."

Emboldened by her praise, Aiden began swirling his tongue around her clenching rosebud, lapping at the sensitive skin. He gradually increased the pressure until the tip of his tongue breached her tight ring of muscle, wriggling inside her.

"Ohhhh fuck yes, tongue-fuck mommy's dirty asshole!" Meredith cried, one hand flying back to grip Aiden's hair. She held his face firmly against her

rear as he ate her out with sloppy enthusiasm, his lips and chin becoming slick with saliva and her sweet nectar.

Meredith could feel the urgent need for release building inside her as Aiden's young tongue probed her most intimate depths. Her pussy clenched and dripped with arousal, aching to be filled. But she knew they couldn't risk getting carried away here in the penthouse with Charles home.

Reluctantly, Meredith pulled her hips away from Aiden's eager mouth, smirking at his dazed, flushed face. "As much as I'd love to have you service me all day long, darling boy, we need to take this somewhere more private," she purred.

An idea sparked in her lust-fogged mind and a wicked grin spread across her lips. "I know just the place. Let me freshen up and then we'll head to my best friend Stacy's penthouse upstairs."

Aiden nodded mutely, still kneeling on the floor, his straining erection tenting his sweatpants obscenely. He looked adorably debauched

with his tousled hair, glassy eyes, and slick, shiny lips and chin.

Meredith sauntered over to the living room where Charles was engrossed in his laptop, typing away. "Darling, I'm gonna take Aiden upstairs to meet Stacy," she announced breezily. "You know, let him get acquainted with my best friend."

Charles glanced up, nodding distractedly. "Of course, dear. Have fun and tell Stacy I said hello."

Meredith had to suppress a smirk, knowing her husband had no clue about the sordid affair she and Stacy had been carrying on for years, or the naughty adventures they got up to together. "We might be a while," she added with faux-innocence. "You know how Stacy loves to chat."

With that, Meredith collected Aiden and they headed out of the penthouse to the private elevator. As soon as the doors closed, she pushed the boy up against the mirrored wall and crashed her lips to his in a fiery kiss.

Aiden moaned into her mouth, hands flying to her voluptuous hips as she plundered him with her tongue. He could taste the tang of her pussy on her lips, making him throb with need.

Meredith pulled back with a wicked grin, emerald eyes sparkling. "Just a preview of what's to come, my sweet, obedient boy," she purred sensually.

The elevator soon arrived at the top floor and they exited, Meredith confidently leading the way to Stacy's front door. But as they approached, the unmistakable sounds of wild, raucous sex could be heard from inside the penthouse.

A beautiful feminine voice cried out in ecstasy, the lewd slap of skin on skin and the creaking of bedsprings providing a vivid soundtrack.

Aiden's eyes widened as the unmistakable sounds of passionate lovemaking grew louder the closer they got to Stacy's penthouse door. Feminine cries of orgasm mingled with deep masculine grunts, the rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh and creak of bedsprings.

"Is...is someone having sex in there?" the innocent boy asked timidly, a hot blush coloring his cheeks. His cock twitched in his sweatpants at the erotic symphony.

Meredith chuckled, a wicked gleam in her emerald eyes. "Oh darling, that's just my best friend Stacy and her son. They're always fucking like rabbits," she explained casually, as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

Aiden gaped at his gorgeous new mother, shocked by her cavalier attitude about such a taboo act. "Stacy and her...son?" he repeated faintly, his virgin mind reeling. "Isn't that...wrong?"

The buxom redhead simply shrugged, a salacious smirk playing about her lips. "Society's rules don't apply to women like us, sweet boy. We take what we want, and what Stacy wants is her sexy son's big cock."

Before Aiden could respond, Meredith rapped confidently on the door. There was a muffled curse, some shuffling and giggling, then the door swung open to reveal a stunning older woman wrapped in a skimpy towel.

Aiden's jaw dropped as he took in the MILF standing before them. Stacy was absolutely gorgeous - a tall statuesque blonde with thick, curvy body, her massive tits and shapely hips barely concealed by the tiny scrap of terrycloth.

Her creamy skin glistened with a sheen of sweat, golden hair sexily tousled. Crimson hickeys peppered the upper swells of her heaving bosom. It was blatantly obvious what she had just been doing.

"Mer!" Stacy squealed excitedly when she saw her best friend, pulling the redhead into a big hug. Their massive breasts pressed together, towel riding up to reveal the curve of Stacy's bare ass.

The blonde pulled back, her baby blues twinkling with mischief and post-coital bliss. "I wasn't expecting you! Brody and I were just...reconnecting."

Meredith snorted, eyeing the purple love bites on Stacy's cleavage. "I can see that. I thought Brody was back at college?"

"He's on Fall break," Stacy giggled, fiddling with the knot on her towel. "Got in last night and came straight to Mommy for some much needed stress relief. Good thing George is away on business."

Stacy's baby blue eyes sparkled as they finally settled on Aiden standing shyly behind Meredith. "And who do we have here?" she cooed, giving him a blatant once over. "My my, Mer, he's absolutely adorable!"

The blonde MILF stepped forward, her towel slipping dangerously, threatening to expose her nude body underneath. She reached out to cup Aiden's face, thumb stroking his cheek. "Aren't you just the cutest thing? Like a sweet little puppy!"

Aiden blushed furiously, eyes round as saucers as Stacy's gigantic tits jiggled mere inches from his face, barely restrained by the tiny towel. He had never been so close to a naked woman before.

"T-thank you, ma'am," he stammered, unsure where to look. Stacy giggled, charmed by his innocent reaction.

"This is Aiden, my new son," Meredith introduced proudly, placing a possessive hand on the teen's shoulder. "We just finalized the adoption today."

Stacy's eyebrows shot up, a delighted grin spreading across her face. "A son? Oh how wonderful! I'm sure you two will be very...close." She winked salaciously at her best friend.

The statuesque blonde reached out to pinch Aiden's cheek, cooing over him as if he were a cute toddler and not a strapping young man. The boy squirmed under her patronizing attention, cheeks flaming.

"Stacy," Meredith chided with an amused smirk, "Aiden here just turned 18, he's not a baby."

"I know, I know," Stacy giggled, waving a hand. "But he's just so precious! I bet you just wanna fuck that cute little face!"

She playfully booped Aiden on the nose, making him go cross-eyed. The blonde leaned in conspiratorially to Meredith, stage-whispering behind her hand. "Mmm, I think he's packing some meat for mommy too."

Just then, a tall, lean 19-year-old emerged from the master bedroom wearing nothing but a pair of tight boxer briefs. Aiden couldn't help but stare in awe at the Adonis-like specimen before him.

Brody was the epitome of masculine perfection - chiseled abs, bulging biceps, a tapered waist and powerful thighs. His handsome face was flushed, chestnut hair damp with sweat. The outline of his huge, semi-hard cock could be clearly seen through the thin fabric of his underwear.

"Meredith!" Brody greeted warmly, striding over to pull the redhead into a casual hug, unconcerned by his near nudity. "Great to see you!"

"Hello Brody," Meredith purred, returning the embrace. She made no attempt to hide how her eyes roamed appreciatively over his ripped

physique. "My, you've certainly grown into a fine young man. College seems to be treating you very well."

Brody chuckled, playfully flexing his biceps. "Football keeps me in shape," he preened. His green eyes darted to Aiden curiously. "Who's your friend?"

"This is Aiden, my newly adopted son," Meredith introduced again.

Stacy grinned wickedly at Meredith's introduction of Aiden as her newly adopted son. Without warning, the blonde MILF backed the innocent boy up against the penthouse door, her towering body and jutting tits caging him in.

Aiden gulped as Stacy invaded his personal space, her massive bare breasts rising up to frame his flushed face as she leaned in close. The terrycloth towel struggled to contain her magnificent rack, huge fleshy orbs threatening to spill free at any moment.

"You know, Aiden sweetie," Stacy purred sultrily, one manicured finger tracing along his jaw, "I think you should watch how a good son properly satisfies his hot mom. Pay close attention to how Brody fucks the shit out of me, so you know exactly what's expected of you with Meredith."

The teen's eyes widened to the size of saucers, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed nervously. Stacy's vulgar words and blatant sexuality had his virgin cock swelling rapidly in his sweatpants.

Meredith chuckled, sauntering over to join them. She placed a possessive hand on Aiden's shoulder, emerald eyes gleaming. "What a marvelous idea, Stace! A little mother-son sex education demonstration is just what my darling boy needs."

With that, the two MILFs ushered their sons into the master bedroom, an opulent boudoir decorated in shades of red and gold. A

massive four-poster bed with silk sheets dominated the space, an unmade tangle from Stacy and Brody's earlier romp.

Meredith guided a shell-shocked Aiden over to a plush velvet armchair in the corner, positioning him to sit between her spread thighs when she gracefully lowered herself onto the seat. The boy's back pressed against her heavy bosom, her hard nipples digging into his shoulder blades through the thin fabric of her dress.

Meanwhile, Stacy led Brody to the bed, her towel slipping off in the process to reveal her complete nudity. Aiden's breath hitched as he took in the sight of the blonde's spectacular body – colossal tits capped with wide areolas and coral pink nipples, a flat tummy, voluptuous hips and thighs. Her hairless pussy gleamed wetly, puffy lips visibly slick and swollen with arousal.

"Time to finish what we started, baby," Stacy purred to her handsome son, pushing him back onto the rumpled sheets and crawling over him seductively. "Fuck mommy nice and hard now. Really give our guests a show."

Brody grinned up at his mother, large hands immediately coming up to maul her enormous dangling titties. He tweaked her nipples roughly, making her gasp and moan.

Meredith's hand slipped into Aiden's sweatpants, finding his rock hard cock and pulling on its meat. "Watch closely, darling," she instructed, her voice a sensual purr in her boy's ear.

Aiden watched in awe as Brody and Stacy began rutting like wild animals on the bed mere feet away. The muscular college jock shoved his boxer briefs down, freeing a truly massive erection that bobbed heavily against his ripped abs. It was easily 10 thick inches, the bulbous head an angry purple, pre-cum oozing from the slit.

"Oh fuck yes baby, give mommy that huge cock!" Stacy squealed in delight, reaching down to grip her son's veiny shaft. She pumped

him a few times, marveling at his size and hardness, before guiding the broad tip to her dripping slit.

With a mutual groan, Brody sank into his mother's hot, slick depths in one powerful thrust. Stacy's back arched off the bed as she was filled and stretched, her enormous tits rolling up and down her ribcage wildly.

"Unngh yes, fuck me hard!" the blonde MILF demanded, wrapping her powerful tan legs around Brody's pumping hips. "Pound my pussy with that big fucking dick!"

Brody grunted and began slamming into his mom at a brutal pace, the bed frame creaking under their vigorous coupling. His tight ass clenched and flexed as he drove into her again and again, balls slapping obscenely against her jiggling ass-flesh.

Aiden couldn't believe how hard and fast Brody was fucking his own mother, like a machine piston. The boy's own rigid cock throbbed painfully in his sweatpants as he watched the incestuous live porno, his balls heavy and aching.

"See how Brody uses his strong body to dominate his mother?" Meredith purred in Aiden's ear, fondling his virgin cock. "How he fucks her hard and mercilessly, just how a horny mommy needs it? That's what I expect from you, darling boy."

Aiden gulped as he watched Brody pound into Stacy with animalistic intensity, the blonde MILF's huge tits bouncing and rippling wildly with each powerful thrust. He couldn't fathom fucking Meredith that hard and fast for more than a few seconds before losing control and cumming prematurely.

"I...I don't think I could do it like that," Aiden admitted timidly, face flushing with embarrassment. "Last as long as Brody or be so...rough."

Meredith chuckled, giving his rigid cock a sensual squeeze, pulling the taut skin along the blood-engorged chambers beneath. "Nonsense, darling boy. You absolutely can and will fuck mommy just as hard and long as Brody. I'll make sure of it."

The buxom redhead began outlining her carnal plans, voice a seductive purr in Aiden's ear. "First, I'm going to train this big virgin cock to have incredible staying power," she purred, stroking him meaningfully. "Through edging, denial, and lots of practice, you'll develop the stamina of a stallion."

Aiden shivered as Meredith described the pleasure and torment of bringing him to the brink over and over without letting him cum. His cock throbbed urgently in her grip, clear pre-cum already seeping through his pants.

"I'll also teach you to use that young, fit body to full advantage," Meredith continued, her other hand roaming over Aiden's chest and abs. "Strength and cardio training so you can fuck me in any position for as long as I need. You'll plow gallons of female cum from Mommy's pussy."

The teen practically vibrated with eager anticipation, imagining all the filthy things Meredith would subject him to. His eyes remained glued to the carnal scene on the bed, watching Brody's hips snap forcefully as he rutted into Stacy's rippling pussy.

"Multiple orgasms are a must," the redhead added firmly. "I expect to be ejaculating on your cock or tongue constantly. I'll show you how to angle that fat dick to hit my G-spot just right. How to suck my clit while fingering me. How to keep fucking me through my orgasms until I'm a mindless, quivering mess."

Aiden nearly whimpered at the erotic picture Meredith painted. He wanted so badly to be able to satisfy her like that, to make her scream and convulse with ecstasy. To be the son she needed.

"Don't worry, darling boy, Mommy will mold you into the perfect lover and fuck toy," Meredith promised darkly. "This is just the beginning of your complete sexual corruption. Soon, you'll be begging to pound my ass while choking me just how I like."

Aiden trembled as Meredith's hand slowly traveled the throbbing length of his virgin cock, her fingers tracing the network of bulging veins that traversed his taut shaft. She gripped him firmly at the base before gliding upward, squeezing and stroking every rigid inch.

"You feel how hard and thick you are in my hand?" Meredith purred sensually in his ear. "Like a hot, pulsing steel rod." Her thumb rubbed circles over his engorged cockhead, smearing the copious pre-cum that leaked from his slit. "Mommy's going to put every swollen inch to very good use."

Aiden could only whimper and nod, rendered speechless by the intense pleasure of Meredith's touch combined with the raunchy live sex show happening mere feet away.

Brody and Stacy rutted wildly on the bed, a carnal tangle of pumping hips and jiggling flesh, the room filled with the wet slap of skin on skin and their shameless moans.

"See this big, spongy head?" Meredith purred, rubbing her thumb over Aiden's purple glans. "It's perfectly shaped to catch on mommy's G-spot with each thrust, stroking that magic button until I'm gushing all over your cock."

Aiden shuddered, his tip leaking a heavy blob of pre-cum onto Meredith's fingers as she teased his most sensitive spot. The visual of her tight, hot pussy clenching and squirting on him was almost too intense to handle.

"And this thick, meaty shaft," the redhead continued, squeezing his veiny length. "Long enough to hit the deepest parts of me, to tickle the entrance to my womb when you're buried to the hilt."

Meredith pumped him slowly from root to tip, admiring how his impressive size and girth stretched her fingers. "You're going to stir up my insides so good, darling boy. Ruin me for my husband's cock."

Aiden's abdomen tensed and flexed as he fought the urge to buck into Meredith's fist, knowing he would cum instantly if he did. His heavy balls churned with seed, the need for release becoming painful.

On the bed, Brody flipped Stacy over onto her hands and knees and mounted her from behind. The busty blonde squealed in delight as her son crammed his huge cock into her slick folds, pounding her in the doggy style position.

"Look at how Brody holds his mother's hips as he fucks her," Meredith instructed breathily. "Fingers digging into her plump ass, yanking her back onto his cock. Claiming her. Dominating her."

Brody reached around to maul one of Stacy's swaying tits as he slammed into her from behind, twisting and pinching the stiff nipple between his fingers. Stacy wailed in masochistic bliss, her huge breasts jiggling violently as her son pounded her hard and fast.

"Yes, just like that darling!" Meredith praised Brody. "Play with mommy's big titties while you rut her! Make her scream for your cock!"

Stacy's voluptuous body jolted with each brutal thrust, the sound of Brody's pelvis slapping against her plump ass cheeks obscenely loud in the bedroom. Her face was a mask of ecstasy, eyes rolled back, tongue lolling out as her son's huge cock stirred up her guts.

"Ungh fuck, you're so tight ma!" Brody grunted savagely, sweat dripping down his chiseled torso as he hammered into his mother's birthing sheath. "Gonna fucking flood this pussy with cum!"

"Yes baby, yes! Breed mommy!" Stacy screamed deliriously, slamming her hips back to meet his thrusts. "Fill me up with your thick baby batter! Unnngh!"

Aiden watched in shock and arousal as the mother and son climbed rapidly toward a shattering mutual climax. Meredith's hand never ceased stroking his aching virgin cock, squeezing and milking the throbbing shaft.

"That's going to be you soon, darling boy," the redhead purred in his ear. "Pounding mommy's needy cunt and pumping me full of your potent seed. Fucking a baby into me like a good son."

Aiden couldn't suppress his desperate whimper at her filthy words, his cock jumping and leaking in her grip. The thought of impregnating his gorgeous new mother made his balls tighten and churn with the need for release.

"Don't you cum yet," Meredith warned sternly, gripping the base of his shaft to stave off his impending orgasm. "You don't have permission."

The poor boy shook and whined as his climax was cruelly denied, forced to watch Brody shooting his load deep into Stacy's fertile womb. The blonde MILF screamed in ecstasy as her pussy was painted white with her son's cum, her own orgasm crashing through her.

Aiden whimpered and pleaded, his hips writhing uncontrollably as Meredith mercilessly edged his throbbing virgin cock. "Please Mommy, please!" he begged pathetically, tears of frustration gathering in his eyes. "I need to cum so bad, it hurts!"

Meredith just grinned ferally, emerald eyes flashing with sadistic glee as she expertly milked his leaking prick, her fingers squeezing and stroking him from root to tip. She held the squirming boy tight

against her voluptuous body, pinning him in place as she toyed cruelly with his desperate manhood.

"Not yet, darling boy," she purred in his ear, giving his purple cockhead a warning squeeze. "This is your first lesson in control and obedience. You don't cum until Mommy says you can."

Aiden sobbed brokenly as his painfully hard cock pulsed and kicked in Meredith's grip, a steady stream of clear pre-cum oozing from his slit to drool down his shaft. His heavy balls churned with pent-up seed, drawn up tight to his body, ready to explode at any second.

Meredith drank in the erotic sight of her sweet boy suffering so beautifully for her, his cute face screwed up in agonized bliss, lean hips pumping frantically as he fucked her fist. She stared in rapt fascination at his skinny pelvis undulating, his swollen cock squeezing rhythmically through her tight fingers.

"Ooh yes, hump Mommy's hand just like that!" she encouraged wickedly, tightening her grip. "Fuck my fist like it's my hot, hungry cunt!"

Aiden mewled as he helplessly obeyed, too far gone to resist the shameful urge to rut into Meredith's touch. His cock plunged in and out of her stroking fingers, the obscene wet sounds of her jerking him off filling the room.

Meredith bared her teeth in a feral grin, relishing the complete power she wielded over her virginal son. She owned every inch of his nubile young body, from his adorably tortured face to his big, 10-inch fucker pulsing so needily for her.

She continued to edge Aiden ruthlessly, bringing him to the brink of orgasm again and again, only to cruelly back off and leave him whimpering for release. His rock hard erection glistened with pre-cum, angry purple and visibly pulsing with each beat of his racing heart.

"Please...I can't...MOMMY!" Aiden wailed, voice cracking as Meredith squeezed the base of his cock in a vice grip, once again preventing his climax. Tears streamed freely down his flushed cheeks as he trembled uncontrollably in Meredith's arms, the physical and mental anguish of being denied his release almost too much to bear. His aching cock felt like it might explode at any moment, every nerve ending on fire with desperate need.

Meredith shushed him gently, her other hand coming up to pet his hair soothingly even as she maintained her brutal edging assault on his weeping prick. "There there, darling boy. I know it hurts. You're being such an obedient son, holding back your cum like I told you to."

Aiden could only keen pathetically in response, rendered incoherent by the excruciating pleasure-pain, his mind fuzzy and floating. He'd completely surrendered to Meredith's wicked ministrations, a helpless puppet dancing on her strings.

On the bed, Brody pulled out of Stacy's cream-filled cunt with a wet squelch, his huge cock coated in a shiny mix of his cum and her juices. The blonde MILF collapsed face first into the sheets, her delicious bubble butt in the air, thighs quivering in the aftermath of her intense orgasm.

"Fuck, that was so hot," Brody panted, giving his mother's plump rear a playful spank.

Meredith hooked her stiletto heels on the edge of the armchair, using the leverage to gracefully slide herself and Aiden off the seat and onto the plush

carpet. They ended up with the trembling teen sprawled on his back, Meredith kneeling between his splayed legs.

The redhead never broke her rhythmic stroking of Aiden's throbbing erection as she repositioned them, squeezing and milking his aching

shaft from root to tip. Aiden whimpered and writhed beneath her, hands fisting in the carpet, desperate for the release she cruelly denied him.

"Mmm, my baby boy is simply ready to burst," Meredith purred sensually, emerald eyes gleaming with dark promise. "Mommy's going to let you fuck her throat and shoot your hot load straight into her belly."

Aiden's eyes widened in disbelief, hips bucking involuntarily at her lewd words. The thought of finally getting to cum, of exploding down his gorgeous mother's gullet, made his cock kick and leak urgently.

With feline grace, Meredith swung a leg over Aiden's prone form and straddled his heaving chest. The teen gulped as he came face to face with her panty-clad ass, the thong completely concealed between her meaty cheeks.

Meredith greedily gripped Aiden's rigid cock, angling it upward. Then, in one smooth motion, she bent forward and engulfed his entire length in her hot, wet mouth.

"HHHGNNFF!" Aiden cried out in shock and ecstasy as his sensitive cockhead hit the back of Meredith's throat. Her muscles fluttered and squeezed around him as she suppressed her gag reflex, swallowing him to the root.

Moaning around Aiden's thick girth stretching her lips, Meredith began bobbing her head, sucking him with intense suction. The boy sobbed and thrashed, thrusting up uncontrollably into the tight, slick heat of her mouth.

Reaching down, Meredith cupped Aiden's heavy balls, rolling the swollen orbs in her palm. She could feel how full and taut they were, fit to burst with semen. Humming in anticipation, she fondled his

sack, pulling at his spermatic cords and coaxing the cum up from his churning depths.

Aiden panted harshly through his nose as he worked his hips upward, fucking Meredith's face with abandon. His hands tangled in her fiery curls, mindlessly guiding her head as he chased his impending release.

Sensing Aiden was teetering on the very brink of climax, Meredith expertly rolled them over so the teen was now on top, poised above her supine form. She kept his pulsing shaft firmly lodged in her throat, lips sealed tight around the throbbing base.

Aiden instinctively braced his hands on either side of Meredith's head, hips already starting to pump, fucking down into the welcoming heat of her gullet. The silky muscles of her inner throat rippled and squeezed around his aching cock, massaging every inch.

Meredith's hands flew to Aiden's taut ass, sharp nails digging into the flexing cheeks. She used her grip to control the speed and depth of his desperate thrusts, guiding him to fuck her face at a frenzied, inhuman pace that the virginal boy couldn't manage on his own.

"MMMPHH! MMMM!" Meredith moaned whorishly around Aiden's pile-driving cock, the obscene wet sounds of his meat squelching in and out of her stuffed mouth filling the room. Drool ran down her chin and tears streamed from her eyes as she held him deep, nose pressed to his pubic bone.

Aiden sobbed and shook, sweat dripping down his contorted face as he succumbed to the overwhelming ecstasy. His balls slapped against Meredith's chin with each forceful thrust, drawing up impossibly tighter as his climax rapidly approached.

"Mommy! I'm...I'm gonna...UNNNGH!" Aiden wailed brokenly, head thrown back in rapture.

With a guttural cry, the boy slammed his cock as deep into Meredith's rippling throat as it would go and exploded. His orgasm crashed through him like a tidal wave, pleasure bordering on pain as his pent-up load surged up his throbbing shaft.

Meredith's eyes rolled back in bliss as Aiden's semen erupted directly into her gullet, the first potent blast painting her esophagus white. She

swallowed convulsively around his spurting cockhead, greedily gulping down every drop of his hot, thick essence straight into her stomach.

Aiden jerked and writhed above her, gasping and shuddering as spurt after spurt of boy-semen gushed from his slit. It felt like his balls were turning inside out, pumping out a seemingly endless stream of jizz into his mother's suckling mouth.

Meredith dug her nails into the meat of Aiden's ass, pulling him impossibly deeper, forcing him to grind his pelvis against her face as she milked him of every last drop. Her throat worked constantly around his pulsing shaft, massaging and squeezing, coaxing out every bit of boy-cream.

Finally, Aiden collapsed on top of Meredith, thoroughly spent, his softening cock slipping from her lips with a wet pop. The sexy redhead licked her lips in satisfaction, savoring the musky taste of her new son's seed.

"Damn, your new kid really blew a fat load down your throat!" Brody laughed from the bed, stroking his own impressive erection as he watched the kinky scene. "Better get used to cumming that hard all the time, dude. Moms are fucking insatiable!"

Stacy giggled and playfully smacked her son's muscular chest. "It's only right that it should be a boy's own mother who gets his

precious cherry," the blonde MILF declared. "That first time is such a special, sacred moment between mommy and son."

Meredith's eyes widened slightly as Stacy's words sank in. The vivacious redhead had been so focused on claiming Aiden's virginity for herself, she hadn't even considered that his biological mother might want that privilege.

Guilt and uncertainty swirled in Meredith's mind as she lay there, Aiden's limp weight pressing her into the plush carpet. Had she overstepped by bringing the innocent boy to such a debauched level of sexual corruption so quickly? Did she even have the right to take his cherry, as his adopted mother?

252: Call Me Mommy Part 1-2/2

After a few moments, Meredith gently rolled Aiden off of her and rose gracefully to her feet. She straightened her rumpled dress and smoothed her disheveled curls, emerald eyes gleaming with a new plan.

"Darling boy, why don't you go freshen up in the bathroom," Meredith suggested sweetly, helping a dazed Aiden to his feet. "Maybe see if Brody will lend you some clean clothes."

The teen nodded obediently, staggering off towards the en suite on wobbly legs, the aftershocks of his intense orgasm still wracking his nubile young body.

Brody hopped up to follow after him, giving Aiden a congratulatory slap on the back as they disappeared into the bathroom.

Once the boys were out of earshot, Meredith turned to Stacy with a thoughtful expression. "You know, you're absolutely right," the buxom redhead mused. "It really should be Aiden's birth mother who gets his virginity."

Stacy raised a perfectly arched brow, surprised but intrigued by her best friend's change of heart. "Oh? I thought you couldn't wait to pop his cherry yourself," the blonde teased.

Meredith waved a dismissive hand. "Don't get me wrong, I absolutely intend to fuck that boy six ways from Sunday. But his first

time..." She paused, choosing her words carefully. "His first time should be with the woman who brought him into this world. It's her motherly right."

Stacy frowned slightly, a note of concern in her voice. "But Mer, didn't Aiden's birth mother abandon him in that orphanage when he was younger? Surely that should forfeit any 'rights' she has to his cock."

Meredith pursed her lips thoughtfully. "I considered that too. But we don't know the full story behind why she gave him up. There could be extenuating circumstances."

The redhead began pacing the room, her heels sinking into the plush carpet. "I think I need to do some digging, find out more about Aiden's biological

mother before I make any final decisions. Get a sense of who she is and if she's even worthy of claiming his virginity."

Stacy nodded slowly in understanding. "That makes sense. You want to know what kind of woman would be popping his cherry." A salacious grin spread across her face. "In the meantime though, I assume you'll still be draining the boy's balls regularly?"

Meredith smirked wickedly. "Oh absolutely. Just because I'm not fucking him yet doesn't mean I won't be milking that cock at every opportunity. Aiden needs to build up his stamina and control for when the time comes."

She licked her crimson lips lasciviously. "I plan to suck him off several times a day, swallow every drop of cum he gives me. And titty-fuck him with these big mommy milkers until he's shooting ropes all over my face and boobs."

The buxom redhead cupped her heavy breasts, hefting them suggestively. "By the time I'm done training him, my darling boy will

be able to cum on command and fuck for hours without losing his hardness. He'll be a pussy-pleasing machine."

Stacy giggled excitedly and clapped her hands. "Oooh, lucky bitch! I'm so jealous. You have to keep me updated on his progress. And maybe send me some pics and videos?" She winked salaciously.

Meredith grinned conspiratorially. "But of course, what are best friends for? I'll make sure to document every depraved moment of my darling boy's evolution into the perfect motherfucker."

The two gorgeous MILFs shared a roguish laugh, their tittie-flesh trembling as they delighted in their devious plans for molding their sons into flawlessly obedient studs.

Just then, Brody and Aiden emerged from the bathroom freshly showered and clothed. Aiden looked adorably rumpled in a pair of Brody's sweatpants and a t-shirt that was slightly too big for his lean frame. When his gaze met Meredith's, a pretty blush stained his cheeks, no doubt remembering the feeling of spilling down her throat minutes ago.

"There's my good boy," Meredith purred, crooking her finger as she made for the door. "Come along, darling"

The next day, Meredith called the kindly attendant at the orphanage, the one who had helped facilitate Aiden's adoption. After exchanging pleasantries, the buxom redhead got straight to the point.

"I was hoping you could provide me with some information about Aiden's birth mother," Meredith said, keeping her tone light and friendly. "I know this is an unusual request, but I feel it's important for me to understand more about his biological family."

There was a brief pause on the other end of the line. "Well, normally we keep those records sealed to protect the privacy of the birth parents," the attendant explained hesitantly. "But given the

circumstances of your adoption and the fact that Aiden is now a legal adult, I suppose I could make an exception."

Meredith breathed a silent sigh of relief. "Thank you so much, I really appreciate it. Even just a name and general location would be extremely helpful."

The sound of shuffling papers and keyboard clicks came through the phone as the attendant accessed Aiden's file. "Let's see here...Aiden's birth mother is listed as a Ms. Veronica Jameson, age 38, residing in a small town outside the city."

Meredith quickly jotted down the information on a notepad, her emerald eyes gleaming with anticipation. "Wonderful. And is there a contact number or address by chance?"

"I'm afraid I can only provide you with a phone number," the attendant said apologetically. "Giving out her home address would be a breach of confidentiality."

"Of course, I understand completely," Meredith replied smoothly, masking her slight disappointment. "The phone number is more than enough."

After a few more minutes of small talk, Meredith ended the call and stared down at the phone number she had scrawled on the pad. Veronica Jameson. The woman who had given birth to her darling boy 18 years ago and then abandoned him.

Meredith's plump lips pursed thoughtfully as she ran a perfectly manicured nail over the digits. She was intensely curious to speak with Veronica, to get a sense of who this woman was and why she had made the decision to leave her then 10-year-old son at an orphanage.

Part of Meredith wanted to despise Veronica for callously discarding Aiden like unwanted trash. What kind of mother could just walk

away from her own child? But another part of her wondered if there was more to the story, some extenuating circumstance that had forced the young woman's hand.

After all, Meredith herself had made some difficult and controversial choices in her life, especially when it came to sex and parenting. She tried not to judge other women too harshly without knowing their full situation.

Meredith took a deep breath and dialed the number before she could talk herself out of it. The line rang once, twice, three times before a soft, feminine voice answered.

"Hello?"

"Hi, is this Veronica Jameson?" Meredith asked, trying to keep the nervous tremor out of her voice.

"Yes, this is she. May I ask who's calling?" Veronica replied politely. Her voice was like warm honey, sweet and smooth with a subtle sensual undertone.

Meredith introduced herself and explained that she and her husband Charles had recently adopted Veronica's biological son, Aiden. There was a sharp intake of breath on the other end of the line.

"Oh my goodness," Veronica murmured, audibly emotional. "You adopted my baby boy? Is he...is he doing well?"

"Aiden is a wonderful young man," Meredith assured her. "Bright, handsome, kind-hearted. We feel so fortunate to have him in our lives now."

Veronica let out a shuddery exhale, almost a sob. "I'm so glad to hear that. I've thought about him every single day since...since I had to give him up." Her voice cracked on the last words.

Meredith felt a pang of sympathy in her chest. This woman clearly cared deeply for the son she had been forced to abandon. The redhead gentled her tone as she continued.

"Veronica, I know this must be very difficult for you to talk about. But I was hoping you might be willing to meet with me in person, so we could discuss Aiden further. I have so many questions and I feel it would be better to have this conversation face to face."

There was a long pause and for a moment, Meredith feared Veronica would refuse. But then the other woman spoke, her voice tentatively hopeful.

"I...I would like that very much, actually," Veronica said softly. "To be able to talk to you about my son, learn more about the amazing person he's become. Thank you for reaching out to me, Meredith."

The two women agreed to meet for coffee the following afternoon at a quiet cafe downtown. Meredith stressed that she wanted to speak with Veronica privately first, without Aiden present. She wasn't ready for her darling boy to reunite with his birth mother until she had vetted the woman thoroughly.

As Meredith ended the call, she leaned back in her chair with a contemplative sigh. Veronica had sounded like a lovely woman - polite, well-spoken, and emotionally invested in Aiden's well-being even after all these years apart.

But Meredith knew better than to take people at face value. Her time as a high-powered executive had taught her that even the most charming exterior could hide dark secrets and ulterior motives.

Meredith hung up the phone, anticipation buzzing through her veins at the prospect of meeting Aiden's birth mother tomorrow. The pieces of the

puzzle were starting to fall into place and soon she would have a clearer picture of her darling boy's origins.

But first, the busty Goddess needed to attend to Aiden's raging hormones and the no doubt painful heaviness in his young balls. After all, it was her motherly duty to keep him well-drained and satisfied.

Earlier that morning, Meredith had woken Aiden with a long, leisurely blowjob, coaxing him to full hardness with teasing licks and sultry sucks. She took her time laving his balls with her tongue, tracing the seam of his taint, even fluttering her lips over his twitching pink asshole.

Aiden had gasped and squirmed under her naughty ministrations, hands fisting in the sheets as she tongued his most intimate places. Meredith relished the musky taste of his virile young body, the way his cock flexed and pulsed against her face.

She sucked and laved his young, hairless scrotum for a good hour, nursing on his nuts until they were bright pink, distended and soaked with saliva.

Moving to his rigid cock, Meredith proceeded to deep throat his impressive length, taking him all the way into her clutching gullet. Aiden cried out in bliss as his cock was engulfed in tight wet heat, the muscles of her throat rippling around him.

Meredith bobbed her head in a steady rhythm, skillfully fucking her face on her son's throbbing erection. She took him so deep that her nose pressed against his wiry pubic hair with each downstroke, holding him in her throat until she needed air.

For over an hour, the insatiable redhead edged Aiden mercilessly, bringing him to the brink of orgasm again and again only to cruelly back off. She used every trick in her extensive arsenal to drive him wild with need - humming around his shaft, swirling her tongue

around the neck of his glans and over his leaking slit, fondling his churning balls.

Poor Aiden sobbed and thrashed, begging incoherently for release as Meredith ruthlessly milked his cock with her mouth. His lean hips rose and fell frantically, desperately chasing the climax she wouldn't grant him.

Finally, when she could sense his orgasm was truly inevitable, Meredith hollowed her cheeks and sucked Aiden with abandon, coaxing him over the edge into ecstasy. The boy let out a broken wail as his cock erupted, hot jets of semen shooting down his mother's eager throat.

Meredith moaned in deep satisfaction as she gulped down spurt after spurt of Aiden's thick, teenage cream, the salty essence sliding directly into her belly. She kept suckling, kissing and tonguing his spewing helmet until she had wrung him dry, his balls emptied of their aching load.

The next day, Aiden was lounging on his bed reading an erotic book Meredith had given him titled "Advanced Sexual Techniques for Pleasing Women". It was filled with detailed instructions and graphic illustrations on how to become a skilled, attentive lover. Aiden squirmed slightly as he flipped through the pages, his young cock chubbing up in his sweatpants.

Just then, the door to his bedroom opened and Meredith sauntered in wearing a sheer, embroidered tulle teddy that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. The flimsy fabric clung to her voluptuous curves, highlighting the mouth-watering bounty of her body.

Aiden gulped, eyes wide as saucers as he took in the lewd display. Meredith's obscenely large breasts strained against the transparent cups, her large areola and dusky nipples clearly visible through the delicate lace. Her tulle panties were outrageously skimpy, a tiny scrap of fabric barely covering her smooth, plump mound. He could

see she was completely bare down there, her puffy pussy lips on blatant display.

Meredith smirked at her son's bug-eyed, slack-jawed reaction, emerald eyes glinting with wicked intent. In one hand she carried a digital kitchen timer, in the other a bottle of slippery lubricant. She walked towards the bed, her wide, curvy hips swaying hypnotically with each step.

"Time for today's training session, darling boy," Meredith purred without preamble. She snapped her fingers and pointed at Aiden's crotch. "Pants off, cock out. Sit on the edge of the bed, feet on the floor."

Still reeling from the bombshell of Meredith's scandalous lingerie, Aiden scrambled to obey his mother's commands. He shoved his sweatpants down with shaking hands, freeing his stiffening erection. It slapped up against his abs, already engorged and leaking pearly fluid from the tip.

Aiden scooted to the edge of the mattress, legs spread, the muscled column of his boner jutting obscenely from his lap. He gazed up at Meredith timidly from under his lashes, unsure what she had in store for him but intensely aroused nonetheless. His balls felt so full and heavy, aching for her touch.

Meredith set the timer and lube on the nightstand before turning to face Aiden. She cocked one hip to the side, a sultry smile playing about her crimson lips as she drank in the delicious sight of his rampant young cock.

She glanced at the erotic book lying next to Aiden on the bed, one perfectly sculpted eyebrow arching. "I see you've been studying like a good boy. Tell Mommy what you learned about today."

Aiden swallowed hard, his cock twitching at the sultry purr of her voice. "Um, I was reading the chapter on oral sex. Specifically c-

cunnilingus." His cheeks flushed adorably at the clinical term.

"Mmm, very good," Meredith praised, reaching up to slowly peel the lacy straps of her teddy down her shoulders. "Tell me how a boy gives cunnilingus, Aiden."

Aiden licked his dry lips, transfixed as Meredith shimmied the top of her lingerie down, releasing her giant, wobbling breasts from their confines. They were even more spectacular bare - creamy, heavy globes capped with puckered coral nipples. He had to physically restrain himself from reaching out to touch.

"Um, you use the flat of your tongue to make broad strokes...avoiding teeth...focusing on the clit," Aiden recited distractedly, his gaze locked on Meredith's jiggling jugs.

"Eyes up here, young man," Meredith chided with a smirk, snapping her fingers. "Look into my eyes and tell me, what did the book say about fingering a woman during oral?"

Aiden wrenched his stare away from his mother's mesmerizing rack with effort. "Uh...insert them slowly, curl upwards to hit the G-spot, use a 'come hither' motion..."

Meredith nodded approvingly as Aiden stumbled through the key points. It was clear she was an expert on the subject herself, probably with years of experience being eaten out by skilled mouths.

"And how many fingers is ideal?" Meredith quizzed.

"Two...no, three!" Aiden corrected quickly when Meredith narrowed her eyes at him.

"Wrong! You start with one, add a second, then build up to three if she's sufficiently aroused," Meredith explained in a stern, teacherly tone. "You never stick three fingers inside a pussy until it's soaked with secretions, do you understand?"

Aiden nodded, mentally filing away this crucial advice. His raging hard-on pulsed insistently, a steady dribble of pre-cum oozing from the slit. Having his drop-dead gorgeous mother lecture him about fingering techniques while her giant tits swayed freely was blowing his mind.

Meredith placed her hands on her voluptuous hips, emerald eyes narrowing. "And once your fingers are properly inserted, what do you do with them? Explain in detail."

Aiden gulped, his cock jumping at the authoritative tone. "Um, you move them in and out slowly at first, twisting and curling to hit the right spots. Then speed up the thrusts while using your thumb to rub circles on her clit."

"NO!" Meredith snapped, making Aiden flinch. "You don't go straight to thrusting. First, you keep your fingers still and just press and release on her G-spot, like you're honking a horn. This allows her arousal to build before you start pumping."

The teen nodded quickly, cheeks flushed with embarrassment at his mistake but eager to absorb his mother's carnal wisdom. "Yes Mommy, press and release first, got it."

"Good boy," Meredith praised, her plush lips curving into a sensual smile. She picked up the bottle of lube from the nightstand and gracefully sank to her knees between Aiden's splayed thighs.

Aiden's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he found himself face to face with Meredith's massive, bare breasts. Up close, they were even more glorious, like two enormous, heavy watermelons just begging to be squeezed and sucked.

Meredith smirked at her son's awestruck expression, loving the power her body had over him. She popped the cap on the lube and drizzled a generous amount of the slippery liquid onto her heaving bosom.

Aiden watched, enraptured, as the clear oil dribbled between the redhead's bountiful cleavage, glistening obscenely on her supple skin. Meredith set the lube aside and began massaging the slickness into her giant jugs with slow, sensual motions.

She cupped and kneaded the pliant flesh, lifting and squishing her oversized breasts together. The shiny fluid made lewd squelching noises as Meredith played with her slippery boobs, getting them nice and lubed up.

Aiden groaned deep in his throat as Meredith wrapped her glistening, oil-slicked breasts around his aching cock. She pressed her massive tits together, completely engulfing his rigid shaft in her slippery cleavage. The warm, plush flesh felt incredible against his sensitive skin.

"Now, tell me about sucking the clit and tongue fucking a woman's hole," Meredith commanded breathily as she began to slowly move her breasts up and down Aiden's throbbing length.

"Um, you're supposed to f-flatten your tongue and lick the clit with the broad part," Aiden stammered, struggling to concentrate as Meredith's lubed up tits glided along his straining erection. "Using the tip for more precise stimulation. Vary the pressure and speed...ohhhh..."

The teen gasped and twitched as Meredith increased the pace of her tit fucking, squeezing her huge boobs tighter around his cock. She smirked up

at him wickedly, emerald eyes glinting. "Go on, darling. Tell me more about eating pussy."

Aiden swallowed hard, his balls already starting to draw up tight from the exquisite friction. "You...ahhh...you alternate between licking and sucking, paying attention to her reactions. Use lips and tongue to tease...mmmph...before really going at the clit."

"And why is the clit so important, Aiden?" Meredith questioned sternly, never breaking the rhythm of her slick titty massage on his pulsing cock. "Why does Mommy's clit deserve so much attention?"

"B-because it has thousands of nerve endings!" Aiden blurted out, recalling a key fact from the book. "It's the most sensitive part and critical for female orgasm."

Meredith had started corkscrewing her tits around Aiden's thick shaft, the corkscrew motion making him see stars. Her hard nipples scraped deliciously against his throbbing cockhead on every upstroke.

"Mmm, good boy," Meredith purred approvingly. "You're absolutely right. The clit is a woman's pleasure center. If you ever neglect Mommy's clit during oral, YOU WIL be punished. Understand?"

She punctuated the question with a particularly firm squeeze of his cock, as if to drive home the point. Aiden yelped and nodded frantically, his hips starting to pump almost of their own volition, fucking into Meredith's oil-slathered cleavage.

"I...ungh...I understand," Aiden panted, feeling his orgasm building at the base of his spine.

Meredith smirked wickedly as she watched Aiden's cute face contort with pleasure, his lean hips pumping faster as he titty-fucked her slick cleavage with increasing desperation. She could tell he was getting close, his swollen cock pulsing and throbbing between her lubed-up breasts.

"When you're eating my pussy and Mommy starts gushing and squirting all over your face, what do you do?" the sultry redhead demanded breathlessly,

working her huge tits up and down Aiden's straining shaft. "Do you pull away like a little bitch? Or keep licking and fingering me through

it?"

"Keep...ungh...keep going!" Aiden gasped out, his balls drawing up tight as Meredith corkscrewed her slippery jugs around his aching erection. "Lick up your juices...mmph...don't stop stimulating until you say."

"That's right, you lap up every drop of my sweet nectar," Meredith purred approvingly, emerald eyes gleaming as she tit-fucked Aiden faster. Her massive, rippling boobies made obscene squelching noises as they slid along his veiny cock, coated in glistening oil.

"You keep sucking Mommy's clit and tongue-fucking my cunt until I'm a writhing, screaming mess," Meredith continued relentlessly, squeezing her slick tits tighter around Aiden's throbbing shaft. "Until I've gushed in your mouth over and over and drenched your entire face."

Aiden let out a desperate whine, his cockhead turning purple as Meredith's dirty talk and exquisite breast massage pushed him to the very brink. The pressure in his balls was becoming unbearable, aching for sweet relief.

"Even when it seems like I'm finished, you don't dare remove your mouth," Meredith growled, working Aiden's cock like a woman possessed. Her biceps flexed as she pumped his shaft with her heavy tits, determined to milk him dry. "You keep eating me through the aftershocks until I physically push you away. Understand?"

"Yes Mommy!" Aiden practically sobbed, head thrown back as his climax rapidly approached. "I won't stop...ungh...pleasuring you until you make me!"

Meredith grinned fiercely, triumphant as she felt Aiden's cock start to swell and kick erratically between her slick breasts, signaling his impending eruption. She angled his bulbous tip upwards, aiming it directly at her face.

"That's my good boy," the insatiable redhead purred.

Meredith suddenly released Aiden's throbbing cock from the slick prison of her cleavage, making him groan at the loss of sensation. The frustrated teen's

hips bucked upwards involuntarily, seeking friction, his heavy erection slapping against his abdomen.

"Look at the timer, darling boy," Meredith instructed breathily. "Tell Mommy how much time is left."

Aiden wrenched his lust-glazed eyes away from Meredith's glistening tits with effort, glancing over at the digital display. "Uh…40 minutes," he reported, voice strained with barely contained need.

A wicked grin spread across Meredith's lush lips. "Excellent. That's how long you're going to be edged before I allow you to cum," she informed him silkily.

Aiden's eyes widened in dismay, a desperate whine escaping his throat. 40 minutes of this exquisite torture? He wasn't sure he could last another 40 seconds!

"And if you ejaculate a single drop before the timer goes off," Meredith added sternly, emerald eyes flashing, "you will be severely punished. Understand?"

"Y-yes Mommy," Aiden agreed meekly, equal parts aroused and intimidated by the promise of discipline. His aching balls throbbed at the prospect of being denied for so long.

Smirking, Meredith wrapped her oil-slicked fingers around the base of Aiden's cock, squeezing firmly. The teen yelped as she began sliding her slippery fist up and down his engorged shaft with expert finesse.

"The key to controlling your ejaculation, Aiden, is by strengthening your PC muscles," Meredith explained, pumping Aiden's pulsing erection with devastating precision. "Those are the powerful muscles in your cock-root, the ones you use to stop peeing midstream. Clench them now."

Aiden dutifully contracted the muscles in his pelvic floor, gritting his teeth as pleasure surged through his loins at the squeezing sensation. Meredith nodded approvingly, never breaking her maddening rhythm.

"Good. Now relax. Clench, hold for 5 seconds, then release," the redhead instructed. "Keep doing that, in sync with your breathing."

Aiden did as he was told, face scrunched up in concentration as he isolated and flexed his PC muscles over and over. It was incredibly difficult to focus with Meredith's skilled hand gliding along his sensitive flesh, alternating speeds and techniques to keep him on edge.

The buxom beauty varied her strokes masterfully - ten fast pumps followed by three slow squeezes, rubbing her thumb over his leaking slit, lightly scratching her nails along the thick vein on the underside of his shaft.

Aiden clenched and released his PC muscles as Meredith ruthlessly edged his throbbing cock, sweat beading on his brow from the intense concentration and willpower it took not to erupt. The urge to let go and shoot his load all over his mother's gorgeous face was overwhelming.

"You're doing well, darling boy," Meredith praised breathily as she tortured Aiden's straining erection with her slick, pumping fist. "Mommy's going to train this big virgin cock to have incredible stamina and control."

Aiden whimpered as Meredith's thumb rubbed firm circles over his ultrasensitive frenulum, making his cockhead swell and turn a deeper shade of purple. Clear, sticky pre-goo flowed freely from his yawning meatus, coating the redhead's stroking fingers.

"In addition to the PC muscle exercises, it's important for you to do reverse Kegels as well," Meredith explained, never breaking the maddening rhythm of her handjob. "Push out like you're trying to pee faster. This relaxes the pelvic floor."

Panting harshly through his nose, Aiden followed his mother's instructions, bearing down with his lower abdominals. He groaned as the pressure in his balls seemed to recede slightly, the tingling urge to climax dimming just a bit.

"Good boy. Alternating between regular and reverse Kegels will give you maximum control," Meredith said approvingly. "You'll be able to stave off your ejaculation much longer and fuck Mommy for hours without bursting too soon."

The mere thought of pounding Meredith's tight, wet pussy with his aching cock for hours on end made Aiden moan desperately, his hips bucking into her gripping fist. The sultry redhead smirked, enjoying the effect her words had on him.

"Of course, all the muscle control in the world won't help if you blow your load the second you slide into Mommy's hot cunt," Meredith continued wickedly, squeezing Aiden's throbbing shaft. "That's why I'm training this big dick to withstand intense stimulation."

To emphasize her point, the insatiable MILF leaned down and slurped the drooling head of Aiden's cock into her hot mouth without warning. The teen let out a sharp cry, his entire body jackknifing at the sudden wet suction engulfing his glans.

Meredith suckled the tip forcefully, her skilled tongue swirling around the ridge of his helmet and probing his weeping slit. At the same

time, she continued jacking Aiden's shaft with fast, tight strokes, the obscene sound of her pumping fist and slurping mouth filling the room.

Aiden whimpered and writhed on the edge of the bed as Meredith ruthlessly stimulated his virgin cock with her expert mouth and hands. The intense dual sensations of her suckling lips and stroking fingers were driving him absolutely wild with need. He gazed desperately at the timer. 20 more minutes of this sweet torture to endure before he was allowed to cum.

"Mmm, your cock is throbbing so hard against my tongue," Meredith purred around his swollen glans, emerald eyes gleaming up at him wickedly. "I can practically feel the boy-nut churning in these big, full balls."

She fondled his heavy sack with her free hand, rolling the taut orbs in her palm. Aiden mewled and bucked helplessly into her touch, the obscene slurping and squelching sounds of the sloppy blowjob filling the room.

"Remember what I said," Meredith warned sternly before swallowing him to the root again. Her throat muscles rippled around his sensitive tip before she slid him from her mouth again. "If even a single drop of jizz leaks out before the timer beeps, you'll be punished severely."

Aiden nodded frantically, clenching his PC muscles for dear life as Meredith deep-throated him to the hilt, her nose pressed against his pubic bone. Drool ran down her chin and tears leaked from the corners of her eyes as she held him in her gullet while staring up into his tortured eyes.

After an eternity, the redhead pulled off with a gasp, strings of saliva connecting her lips to Aiden's spit-soaked cock. She continued jacking him hard and fast, twisting her wrist on the upstroke.

"I want you to grab Mommy's big, squishy tits while I suck your cock," Meredith purred, guiding Aiden's trembling hands to her giant, oil-slicked breasts. "Squeeze them, play with my hard nipples. Don't be gentle."

Aiden groaned as he palmed the heavy globes, fingers sinking into the warm, pliant flesh. Meredith's thick nipples poked into his hands, pebbled with arousal. He rolled and pinched the rubbery buds, making the MILF gasp and moan around his shaft.

For the next half hour, Meredith edged and denied Aiden with sadistic glee, bringing him to the brink again and again only to back off at the last second. She alternated between sucking his cock, stroking him with her lubed breasts, and pumping him with her slick fist.

During a tight-mouthed knob suck, Meredith suddenly pulled off Aiden's throbbing cock with a wet pop, her eyes narrowing as she tasted a hint of semen on her tongue, not just pre-cum.

"Aiden, you're starting to falter in your PC muscle control," she scolded, giving his heavy balls a warning squeeze. "I can taste your semen leaking out. That's unacceptable."

"Isn't it just the pre-stuff?" the teen naively asked.

"No, look…" Meredith answered, using her thumb to push against his urethral tube as she took a slow, tightly-fisted stroke. A stream of pearly-white spunk trickled from his piss-slit and ran down across his glans. "That's ejaculate, not pre-seminal fluid."

Aiden whimpered in dismay, his entire body trembling with the effort of holding back his orgasm. "I'm sorry! I'm trying, it just feels so good..."

The redhead's emerald eyes flashed. "Trying isn't good enough, darling. You've earned yourself an extra 10 minutes of denial."

With that, the sadistic redhead wrapped one hand around the base of Aiden's shaft, squeezing tight. She cupped her other hand beneath his churning balls, pressing up to make them bulge obscenely along the meaty stalk.

Aiden let out a strangled yelp as Meredith started stroking him hard and fast, her fist flying over his engorged cock, bumping his tender nuts. The wet sounds of her pumping hand filled the room, vulgar slapping noises as she jerked him off roughly.

"Ohhh!" Aiden gasped, head thrown back and tendons standing out on his neck as he fought the urge to explode. Meredith grinned sadistically, panting with exertion as she worked his throbbing meat, emerald eyes wild.

"Clench those muscles! Don't you dare fucking cum!" she growled, twisting her wrist brutally on the upstroke. Aiden's eyes rolled back in his head, drool leaking from the corner of his slack mouth as Meredith assaulted his cock.

The buxom MILF showed no mercy, fisting Aiden's erection so hard and fast her arm was a blur. She could feel his shaft swelling even thicker, pulsing urgently in her grip as his orgasm built to a fever pitch.

"I can't...ungh...Mommy please!" Aiden wailed desperately, hands fisting in the sheets, his entire body vibrating with tension. "I can't!"

"You can, and you will!" Meredith sternly replied, squeezing his balls tighter and pumping him faster.

"5...4...3..." she counted down breathlessly, sensing Aiden was mere seconds from erupting. The teen made a high, keening noise, his cock impossibly hard and throbbing violently.

"2...1...CUM FOR MOMMY!" Meredith commanded, aiming Aiden's spurting tip at her face just as the timer finally beeped.

With a raw, guttural groan, Aiden's cock erupted like a geyser, shooting the biggest fucking load of his young life. His body convulsed and seized as jet after thick, creamy jet of semen rocketed from his slit, splattering all over Meredith's gorgeous face.

"FUCK YES! Paint Mommy's face with your hot cum!" Meredith cried in ecstasy, working Aiden's exploding cock furiously. Her arm pumped in a blur as she milked him, squeezing out every last drop.

Aiden gasped and shuddered, back arching off the bed as the most intense pleasure he'd ever experienced ripped through his body. It felt like his very soul was pouring out through his cock as Meredith relentlessly drained his balls.

Thick ropes of pearly jizz crisscrossed the MILF's face - streaking across her cheeks, painting her lush lips, clinging to her lashes. She moaned whorishly, reveling in the warm shower of her son's fertile seed marking her as his.

As Aiden's orgasm crashed over him in never-ending waves, Meredith suddenly stiffened and let out a sharp cry, her eyes rolling back. A dark, wet patch bloomed on the crotch of her tiny tulle panties as she came explosively, gushing into the flimsy fabric.

"Mommy's cumming! Fuck!" Meredith wailed, humping the air and shaking uncontrollably as she creamed her panties untouched. The kinky MILF ejaculated her fem-cum just from having her boy erupt all over her face, claiming her so lewdly.

By the time Aiden's release finally tapered off into weak spurts and dribbles, Meredith's face was absolutely plastered in his cum. She panted harshly, emerald eyes glazed as she licked the salty cream from her lips.

Suddenly, the insatiable redhead grabbed Aiden's still-pulsing cock and yanked hard, making the teen yelp as his hips lifted clear off the

bed. She rubbed his sensitive, spongy cockhead all over her messy face, using it like an obscene lipstick.

Aiden whimpered and twitched as Meredith painted her lips and cheeks with the boy-honey still leaking from his tip. She coated herself in his essence, marking herself as his territory.

Keeping Aiden's lower body suspended in the air, Meredith darted her tongue out to flicker mercilessly over the nerve-rich underside of his cock-glans. The teen mewled, hands scrabbling at the sheets as intense sensation bordering on pain short-circuited his brain.

Aiden keened and twitched as Meredith tormented his hypersensitive cockhead with feather-light kitten licks, cleaning up the last pearly drops beading from his piss-hole. Her talented tongue swirled and probed, dipping into his weeping hole to coax out any lingering seed.

The teen's eyes rolled, his back still arched off the bed, as Meredith took his softening glans between her lips. She suckled him gently, cheeks hollowing, then began to nibble with her perfect white teeth.

Aiden gasped and jerked as Meredith's teeth grazed his excruciatingly sensitive cockhead, still throbbing and tingling from his mind-blowing orgasm. The firm nibbles sent electric jolts of pleasure-pain zinging up his spine, making him whimper helplessly.

"Mmm, I could just eat you up," Meredith purred wickedly, holding Aiden's gaze as she continued to nip and suck on his tender glans. Her crimson lips were smeared with his cum, emerald eyes glinting with carnal satisfaction.

Finally, the sadistic MILF released Aiden's spent cock, letting him fall to the bed and his wet boner flop against his abdomen with a soft slap. The poor boy lay there bonelessly, covered in a sheen of sweat, chest heaving as he recovered from the intensity of his release.

Meredith rose gracefully to her feet, bits of jizz dripping from her chin onto her huge, oil-slicked tits. She swiped two fingers through the pearly mess on her cheek and slipped them into her mouth, moaning at the taste of Aiden's warm teen spunk.

Meredith licked the last drops of cum from her fingers, smirking down at Aiden's limp, sated form sprawled on the bed. The teen looked thoroughly

debauched - hair mussed, face flushed, a dreamy, satisfied expression on his face.

"I have to go out for a few hours to run some errands," the redhead informed him as she wiped the lingering jizz from her cheeks. "Which means you'll be home alone for a little while. I expect you to continue your studies while I'm gone."

Aiden nodded weakly, still coming down from his mind-blowing orgasm. "Yes Mommy," he replied obediently.

Meredith smiled, pleased by his compliance. "Good boy. I want you to read the next two chapters in your training manual and be prepared for a quiz when I return."

The teen gulped, equal parts nervous and aroused by the prospect of more kinky sex ed lessons with his drop-dead gorgeous mother. "I'll study hard, I promise," he assured her.

"I know you will, darling," Meredith purred. "Now, I understand you're a virile young man with...needs. Mommy doesn't expect you to ignore your urges completely while I'm out."

Aiden perked up at that, his spent cock giving a valiant twitch against his thigh. Was his new mom really giving him permission to jerk off unsupervised?

Meredith smirked at Aiden's hopeful expression, one perfectly sculpted eyebrow arching. "If you get aroused while studying, you have Mommy's permission to masturbate," she confirmed silkily. "However, there are rules you must follow."

Aiden nodded eagerly, hanging on her every word. "I'll do whatever you say."

The redhead's crimson lips curved into a wicked smile. "Good boy. First, you are only allowed to touch yourself with a pair of my dirty panties wrapped around your cock. No bare hand stroking."

Aiden's eyes widened at the naughty restriction, his cock already starting to plump up again at the thought of defiling his mother's intimate undergarments.

"In my hamper, you'll find a pink lace thong with a very noticeable cream stain in the crotch," Meredith continued, her voice dripping with innuendo. "Those are the panties you're to wear on your cock like a cum rag while you jerk off."

The teen gulped audibly, vividly picturing the filthy, juice-soaked panties his mother had described. His balls tingled with renewed arousal.

"Second rule - you must keep another pair of my dirty panties pressed to your nose the entire time you're touching yourself," Meredith instructed firmly. "I want you huffing Mommy's sweet pussy-nectar while you stroke this needy cock."

Aiden whimpered at the debased command, his rigid shaft throbbing urgently against his abdomen. The prospect of inhaling his mother's intimate, musky scent while pleasuring himself was so wrong but felt so right.

"In the bottom of my hamper, there's a tiny black G-string that reeks of my cunt," the redhead informed him with a smirk. "It's absolutely

saturated with my juices. You're to hold those panties to your face and take deep breaths while you pump your cock with my cum rag. Understand?"

"Yes Mommy," Aiden replied breathlessly, practically vibrating with anticipation. "Sniff your panties and stroke myself with your dirty thong. I understand."

Meredith grinned, pleased by his easy obedience to her depraved instructions. "Good boy. Now, once you've made a sticky mess in my panties, here's what you're to do with them."

The teen's cock jumped, a heavy bead of pre-cum forming at his slit as he waited for his next command with bated breath.

"When you're finished defiling my thong with your hot ball-cream, you're to fold the filthy panties neatly and place them in the top drawer of my dresser," Meredith explained, emerald eyes glinting wickedly.

"Mommy will eat your juicy load out of the fabric when she gets home, savor the taste of my good boy."

Aiden shuddered violently, overcome with lust at the obscene image of his mother sucking his sperm from her own panties.

After a shower and getting dressed, Meredith got into her sleek sports car and revved the engine, heading out of the city towards the quaint little coffee shop where she was to meet Veronica.

As she drove, the buxom redhead couldn't help picturing Aiden back at the penthouse, studiously reading his training manual with a pair of her soiled panties wrapped around his cock. The naughty image made her squirm in her seat, her own bare pussy growing slick beneath her short sundress.

After about a half-hour drive, Meredith pulled into the parking lot of the cafe, a charming brick building with flower boxes under the windows. She checked her hair and makeup in the rearview mirror before stepping out of the car, smoothing her tight dress over her voluptuous curves.

The redhead's emerald eyes scanned the patio area, looking for Veronica. She spotted a beautiful blonde woman sitting alone at a corner table, an infant carrier on the chair beside her. Meredith's breath caught as she took in the other mother's appearance - Veronica was absolutely stunning.

The platinum-blonde had a lovely heart-shaped face with plump pink lips, high cheekbones and big blue eyes framed by long lashes. Her hair tumbled over her shoulders in loose waves, gleaming in the sunlight. But it was Veronica's spectacular body that really grabbed Meredith's attention.

Like Meredith, Veronica was blessed with a voluptuous hourglass figure - a tiny waist flaring out to curvy birthing hips and a rounded, shelf-like ass. Her bust was incredible, easily as large as Meredith's own enormous rack.

The blonde's tight top struggled to contain her massive, heavy mammaries, deep cleavage spilling out obscenely.

As Meredith approached the table, she noticed Veronica's strong, shapely legs showcased by her short skirt. The blonde's ankles were slender and elegant, her cute feet encased in strappy high-heeled sandals. Crimson polish adorned her perfectly pedicured toenails.

"Veronica?" Meredith called out with a friendly smile as she reached the table. "I'm Meredith Weston. It's so wonderful to finally meet you in person."

Veronica glanced up, her lovely face breaking into a warm grin. "Meredith! Oh my goodness, yes, please sit down," she enthused,

gesturing to the empty chair across from her.

Veronica took a moment to admire the bra-busting swell of the other mother boobs, and the way they trembled heavily as she sat, cleavage seeming a mile long.

Meredith marveled at how similar Veronica's mannerisms and way of moving were to her own. The blonde must have the same sensual sway to her hips, the same hypnotic jiggle and bounce to her massive breasts. Even the delicate click of her high heels against the pavement probably matched Meredith's perfectly.

"Thank you so much for reaching out and agreeing to meet with me," Veronica said sincerely, her blue eyes shining with emotion. "I've thought about Aiden every single day since I had to give him up. It means the world to me to know he's with a loving family now."

Meredith smiled warmly, reaching across the table to pat Veronica's hand. "Of course, I'm happy to meet with you and share what I can about Aiden. He's an incredible young man."

Veronica returned the smile, then glanced down at the carrier beside her with pure adoration. "This is Aiden's baby step-sister, Ava," she introduced softly. "She's only 3 months old."

Meredith peered into the carrier, her heart melting at the sight of the tiny infant swaddled in a pink blanket. Ava had wispy blonde hair and rosebud lips just like her mother.

"Oh Veronica, she's beautiful," Meredith cooed. "Aiden is going to be thrilled to learn he has a little step-sister. I'm sure he'll dote on her."

Veronica's eyes misted over. "You really think so? I worry he may resent me for keeping Ava when I wasn't able to raise him..." She trailed off, voice thick with guilt.

Meredith squeezed the other mother's fingers reassuringly. "I won't lie, Aiden has struggled with feelings of abandonment. But he has such a good heart, I know he'll understand you made the best choice you could at the time."

Veronica nodded, blinking back tears. "I pray you're right. I've never stopped loving Aiden, not for a single second. Giving him up was the hardest thing I've ever done."

The two women paused their emotional conversation as a waitress came over to take their coffee orders. It was obvious that the skinny female felt a bit imitated waiting on two gorgeous females with such gigantic tits. Once she left, Meredith leaned forward, curiosity burning in her emerald eyes.

"If you don't mind me asking, what were the circumstances that led to you placing Aiden for adoption 10 years ago? I'd like to understand the full story, to help him process everything."

Veronica took a deep breath, her blue eyes shimmering with unshed tears as painful memories resurfaced. "It was a very dark time in my life," she began quietly. "Aiden's father, my ex-husband John, abandoned us when Aiden was just 8. No warning, no explanation, he just packed a bag and left."

Meredith made a sympathetic noise, her heart aching for the other woman. She couldn't imagine the devastation of being deserted by your spouse and left to raise a child alone.

"I fell into a deep depression after John walked out," Veronica continued, voice trembling slightly. "I started drinking heavily to numb the pain. It was the only way I could cope with being a suddenly single mother."

The blonde paused, visibly gathering herself before pressing on. "One night, after downing an entire bottle of vodka, I got behind the wheel with Aiden in the car. I was in no condition to drive but in my

drunken state, I thought I could make it the few blocks to the grocery store."

Meredith's eyes widened in horrified understanding, dread knotting her stomach as she anticipated where this story was headed. Veronica took a shuddering breath, tears now streaming freely down her beautiful face.

"I lost control of the car and swerved into oncoming traffic. We collided head-on with another vehicle," she choked out. "The driver, a young father of two, was killed instantly. It was a miracle Aiden and I survived with only minor injuries."

Veronica buried her face in her hands, shoulders shaking with sobs. Meredith immediately reached across the table to embrace the distraught woman, murmuring soothing words.

After a few moments, Veronica regained her composure enough to continue. "I was arrested and charged with vehicular manslaughter and child endangerment. The judge sentenced me to 8 years in prison."

Meredith exhaled slowly, trying to process the tragic tale. Her heart broke for both Veronica and Aiden, the trauma they had endured.

"I knew I had to do what was best for my son," Veronica said tearfully. "He deserved a stable, loving home and that was something I couldn't provide, not from behind bars. So I made the gut-wrenching decision to voluntarily terminate my parental rights and place Aiden for adoption."

The blonde gazed at Meredith imploringly, desperation etched on her lovely features. "I thought I was giving him a chance at a normal life, a fresh start with a good family. It killed me to sign those papers but I genuinely believed I was doing right by him."

Meredith nodded in understanding, squeezing Veronica's trembling hand. "You made an incredible sacrifice for Aiden's wellbeing," she assured the other mother. "That's the purest love there is."

Veronica dabbed at her eyes with a napkin, composing herself. "I was released from prison two years ago on parole, for good behavior. Since then, I've been working hard to rebuild my life and become the mother Ava deserves."

The blonde smiled wistfully. "I was very fortunate to reconnect with an old friend, Ethan. We fell in love and got married a few months ago. He's a wonderful man and an amazing father to Ava."

Meredith returned the smile, genuinely happy that Veronica had found happiness and stability. "That's fantastic. I'm so glad you have a loving partner to help raise your daughter. Every child needs a good father figure."

Veronica nodded, love shining in her blue eyes as she gazed adoringly at her infant girl. "Ethan is Ava's world. I couldn't ask for a better husband and dad for her."

The blonde then turned her attention fully to Meredith, leaning forward eagerly. "So tell me about Aiden. What does my baby boy look like now that he's all grown up? Does he resemble me at all?"

Meredith grinned, pulling out her phone. "Oh he certainly has similar features. He's grown into such a handsome young man."

The redhead flipped through her camera roll until she found a good picture of Aiden she had taken the day before, then handed the phone to Veronica. It was a candid shot of him fresh out of the shower - bare-chested with a towel slung low on his lean hips, water droplets clinging to his fair skin and hair.

Veronica gasped softly as she drank in the sight of her son, now a strapping 18 year old. "Oh my," she breathed, one hand coming up

to cover her mouth. "He's absolutely beautiful. So tall and fit! How did my little boy get so big and strong?"

Meredith grinned wickedly, noting the way Veronica's pupils dilated and her breathing quickened as she stared at the photo of Aiden's half-naked body. The redhead recognized the signs of arousal in the other mother and decided to shamelessly fan the flames.

"Isn't he just dreamy?" Meredith purred silkily, tapping the image of Aiden's chiseled abs and v-cut hips. "The darling boy has really filled out in all the right places. Such a perfect masculine specimen."

Veronica nodded mutely, transfixed by her son's mouthwatering physique on display. She squirmed subtly in her seat, rubbing her thighs together under the table as liquid heat pooled in her core. "I bet the girls are drooling over him," she whispered.

"Aiden has developed quite the keen interest in the female body," Meredith continued casually. "He's very eager to learn more about pleasing a woman. Such an attentive, giving lover in the making."

Veronica's head snapped up at that, blue eyes wide and smoldering with ill-concealed desire. "Is he now?" she asked breathily, trying to sound nonchalant but failing miserably. "So...I take it my son is no longer a virgin?"

Meredith smirked, sensing her opening. She leaned forward conspiratorially, her massive cleavage spilling out of her low-cut dress. "Well, technically speaking, yes Aiden is still very much a virgin," the redhead confided in a stage whisper. "But I've been training him extensively in the carnal arts. Preparing him for that special first time."

Veronica licked her lips, hanging on Meredith's every word. Her huge breasts heaved with each shallow breath, the stiff peaks of her fat nipples clearly visible through her tight top. "I see," the blonde

murmured, voice trembling slightly. "And who did you…have in mind for claiming Aiden's virginity?"

Meredith paused for effect, emerald eyes gleaming with wicked intent. "I was rather hoping to pop his cherry myself," she admitted with a salacious grin. "Teach him the pleasures of the flesh as only a loving mother can."

Veronica inhaled sharply, a pretty blush staining her cheeks at the other woman's brazen confession. She glanced around furtively to make sure no one had overheard, then leaned in closer to Meredith.

"I must admit, I've always felt the same," Veronica whispered, blue eyes burning into Meredith's green. "A boy's first time should be with his mother. It's only natural for her to guide him into manhood, teach him how to worship the female body."

Meredith grinned wickedly, thrilled that Veronica shared her taboo views on mother-son intimacy. The redhead leaned in closer, her voice low and sultry.

"I have to confess, I fully intend to fuck Aiden within an inch of his life," Meredith purred silkily. "Teach him to worship my body like the goddess I am, drain his young balls over and over. Corrupt him so thoroughly he'll be hopelessly addicted to mommy-pussy."

Veronica shivered, her blue eyes smoldering with illicit arousal at the other woman's bold declaration. The idea of her precious baby boy being sexually dominated by this powerful, buxom MILF made her panties flood with desire.

"However," Meredith continued, a sly smile playing about her crimson lips, "I was thinking perhaps you should be the one to actually take Aiden's virginity, Veronica. Guide him through that momentous first penetration, as his birth mother."

Veronica inhaled sharply, her pretty eyes widening and her massive tits heaving. "Really? You'd...you'd let me be the one to pop Aiden's cherry? Even though I haven't been in his life for 10 years?"

Meredith reached across the table to squeeze Veronica's hand reassuringly. "I think it would make your reunion that much sweeter," she said sincerely. "Reconnecting with your long lost son in the most intimate way possible. Reclaiming your maternal bond through the joining of your bodies."

Veronica's eyes misted over with emotion, overwhelmed by Meredith's generous offer. "I...I don't know what to say. The idea of making love to my

darling boy, feeling him move inside me for the first time...it's a dream come true."

The blonde glanced down almost shyly, a pretty blush coloring her cheeks. "I have to admit, I've always been an extremely sexual person, but… going so long without sexual contact while I was in prison awoke something primal in me. A raging nymphomania that even my new husband struggles to keep up with."

Meredith's eyes sparkled with understanding, her plush lips curving into a knowing smirk. "I can only imagine how pent up you must be after 8 years of forced celibacy. The hunger, the desperate need to be fucked thrumming through your very veins."

Veronica nodded emphatically, blue eyes wild and glazed with lust. "God yes. I'm absolutely insatiable these days. Constantly fantasizing, masturbating at every opportunity. My pussy is always so empty and aching, even though I know my husband does his best."

She squirmed in her seat, rubbing her thighs together frantically as if trying to generate some much needed friction against her throbbing

clit. Meredith watched the other mother's wanton display with rapt fascination, her own bare cunt growing slick beneath her panties.

Veronica took a deep, shuddery breath, visibly trying to rein in her raging arousal. "I'm more than ready to reunite with Aiden today, if he's open to it," she said, hope and nervousness warring in her voice. "But I was thinking, for that special first time together, it might be better to wait a few days."

Meredith cocked her head curiously. "Oh? Did you have something specific in mind?"

A slow, wicked smile spread across Veronica's lush lips. "Actually, yes. My husband Ethan is going out of town on business this Wednesday. He'll be gone for a full week."

The blonde leaned forward, her voice lowering conspiratorially. "I was thinking I could leave Ava with a girlfriend for a couple of days. That way

Aiden and I could have some real quality time alone together in my home. A cherry-popping sexathon, if you will."

Meredith's emerald eyes lit up, a matching grin stretching her crimson lips. "Why Veronica, you naughty minx! That's a brilliant idea," she enthused. "Give you and Aiden privacy and freedom to fully explore each other, with no distractions or interruptions."

Veronica nodded eagerly, practically vibrating with anticipation. "Exactly. I would want our first time to be a marathon, not a sprint. I need HOURS to worship every inch of my baby boy's body. Savor his innocence before corrupting him so thoroughly."

Meredith shivered at the erotic picture Veronica painted, her mind already conjuring vivid images of the incestuous depravity to come. "Mmm, I have no doubt you'll make it an incredibly special and memorable deflowering," she purred silkily.

The buxom redhead paused, an idea sparking in her calculating mind. "You know, this extra time would also allow me to do some advanced training with Aiden," she mused, tapping a perfectly manicured nail against her plump bottom lip. "Really polish his coital skills and prep him to absolutely blow your mind."

Veronica's eyes widened, pupils blown with lust at the intriguing prospect. "Advanced training?" she repeated breathily. "Do tell.

Meredith smirked, emerald eyes dancing with wicked promise. "I'm talking about molding Aiden into the perfect lover and sex machine," she explained, voice dripping with innuendo. "Pushing his boundaries, expanding his repertoire, so he can fuck you with mind-blowing intensity and skill."

The blonde made a needy sound low in her throat, squeezing her thighs together as a fresh gush of arousal soaked her panties. "God yes. Please, train my boy to be an absolute pussy-pleasing prodigy," she begged shamelessly.

Meredith laughed wickedly at Veronica's eager response. "Oh trust me, by the time I'm done with him, Aiden will be able to make you cum harder than you ever thought possible," she promised silkily.

The redhead's expression then turned more serious as she regarded Veronica intently. "I want you to know that as Aiden's adoptive mother, my primary concern is his wellbeing and healthy development, both emotionally and sexually. Everything I do is with his best interests at heart."

Veronica nodded solemnly in understanding. "Of course, I would expect nothing less. You're clearly an incredible mother to him."

Meredith smiled softly, reaching across to pat Veronica's hand. "I can tell you feel the same, even though circumstances kept you apart for so long. Your love for Aiden shines through."

The blonde's eyes misted over with emotion. "Thank you, that means so much to me. I really do just want Aiden to be happy and fulfilled in every way."

Meredith nodded, then a sly smirk played about her lips. "On that note, I don't think we can ignore the fact that you and I have our own...selfish desires that we're looking to indulge with Aiden. Unleashing our inner sex goddesses, as it were."

Veronica giggled naughtily, blue eyes sparkling with mischief. "Guilty as charged. The idea of ravishing my son's virgin body has me positively dripping," she admitted shamelessly.

"Which brings me to a deliciously deviant proposal," Meredith purred, leaning in conspiratorially. "After you've deflowered Aiden and blown his mind with hours and hours of debauched mother-son passion...what would you say to the three of us engaging in a absolutely filthy, no-holds-barred threesome?"

Veronica's eyes widened to saucers, her breath catching audibly. "You mean...you and I ravaging Aiden together? At the same time?" she asked, voice trembling with ill-concealed excitement.

Meredith nodded, crimson lips curving into a downright sinful grin. "Mmm yes. You and I working in tandem to worship every inch of his young, virile body. Driving him wild with our lips, tongues, asses, tits and cunts until he's delirious with pleasure."

The blonde let out a throaty moan, squirming wantonly in her seat as she pictured the erotic scenario. "Oh my GOD yes. The ultimate mother-son fantasy - both of Aiden's mommies using him for our depraved pleasure."

Before the two women parted ways, Veronica had one last sultry request for Meredith. "I was hoping you might give Aiden a special little gift from me," the blonde MILF purred, blue eyes twinkling with

mischief. "Something to start priming his body and mind for our reunion. But don't tell him it's from his birth mother just yet."

Meredith quirked a brow, intrigued. "Of course, I'd be happy to pass along a present. What did you have in mind?"

A wicked grin spread across Veronica's lush lips. "Wait here," she instructed, rising from her chair. "I'll be right back."

The buxom blonde sauntered off to the cafe bathroom, her wide hips swaying hypnotically. Meredith watched her go, shamelessly ogling Veronica's spectacular ass straining against her tight skirt. "That virgin boy will never know what hit him!" she thought.

A few minutes later, Veronica returned and discreetly passed Meredith a small gift bag. Inside were her dainty panties, still warm from her body heat. The silky undergarment was drenched in the blonde's fragrant juices, clear evidence of how aroused she'd gotten discussing her son.

"Have Aiden jerk off with these," Veronica breathed in Meredith's ear. "I want my scent and essence all over his young cock. Coating those big, virgin balls."

Meredith shivered, nodding eagerly. "Mmm, you can count on it. I'll make sure Aiden thoroughly defiles these pretty panties with his seed."

A sly grin spread across Meredith's crimson lips as a delightfully wicked idea sparked in her devious mind. "You know, I just thought of a way to make this naughty gift even more potent and intoxicating for Aiden," the redhead purred, emerald eyes gleaming.

Veronica leaned forward eagerly, intrigued. "Oh? Do tell!"

When Meredith arrived back at the penthouse, she found her husband Charles hard at work in his study, poring over some

important documents. The buxom beauty smirked to herself - if only Charles knew the real "work" she'd been doing with Aiden while he was so engrossed in his corporate empire. Molding their darling boy into the perfect motherfucker right under his nose.

Meredith slipped quietly into the master bedroom and made a beeline for her dresser. She opened the top drawer and grinned wickedly at what she found - the pink lace thong she had instructed Aiden to defile, now slimy with his copious teenage spunk.

The insatiable redhead plucked the cum-soaked panties from the drawer and brought them to her face, inhaling deeply. The combined musk of her pussy and Aiden's jizz made Meredith's head swim with lust. Unable to resist, she stuffed the filthy crotch of the thong into her mouth, moaning whorishly as she sucked her son's salty seed from the delicate fabric.

"Mmmm, that's Mommy's good boy," Meredith purred to herself, savoring the illicit taste of Aiden's virile cream on her tongue. "Getting me addicted to your teenage cum like a dirty slut."

After thoroughly cleaning her panties of the boy's sperm, Meredith quickly stripped out of her clothes until she was deliciously bare. The statuesque beauty then sauntered across the hall to Aiden's room, Veronica's cum-soaked panties clutched in one hand.

Meredith found her teenage son lounging on his bed, nose buried in the erotic instruction manual she'd given him. His brow was adorably furrowed in concentration as he studied the raunchy diagrams and descriptions intently. Aiden was nothing if not an eager, dedicated student.

"Hello darling boy," Meredith purred, announcing her presence. Aiden's head snapped up and his blue eyes widened to saucers as he took in the mouthwatering sight of his adoptive mother's naked body.

"M-mommy! You're back!" the teen stammered, drinking in her bountiful curves hungrily. His gaze lingered on the juncture of Meredith's thighs, zeroing in on the sticky evidence of her arousal glistening on her bare pussy lips.

Meredith crawled sinuously onto the bed, her dangling boobies wobbling back and forth, and her voluptuous body undulating like a sensual snake. She nestled up close to Aiden, draping one long leg possessively over his hips. The buxom redhead arranged herself so her massive, pillowy breasts rested heavily on the teen's upper chest and neck, smothering him in warm, fragrant tit-flesh.

Aiden gulped audibly, his adam's apple bobbing against the soft swells of Meredith's cleavage. His nostrils flared as he inhaled the intoxicating scent of her - expensive perfume mingled with the musk of her arousal. The boy's hands flexed at his sides, physically restraining himself from grabbing greedy handfuls of his mother's abundant curves.

"I come bearing naughty gifts," Meredith announced with a wicked grin, lifting Veronica's soiled panties. The skimpy silk thong was unmistakably drenched, a large damp patch darkening the pastel pink fabric at the crotch.

Aiden's brow furrowed in confusion even as his pupils dilated with lust at the sight of the mystery woman's juice-soaked underwear. "Who...whose panties are those?" the teen asked tremulously, his virgin cock already starting to tent his sweatpants.

"Mmm, they belong to a very special woman," Meredith purred cryptically. "One who is EXTREMELY eager to become intimately acquainted with you, darling boy."

Before Aiden could inquire further, Meredith whipped out her phone and quickly video called Veronica. After only two rings, the stunning blonde MILF's image filled the screen. But it wasn't Veronica's lovely face that greeted them.

"Oh my God," Aiden choked out, blue eyes bugging out of his head. His adoptive mother's phone was completely dominated by the largest, most

magnificent pair of tits he'd ever laid eyes on. Veronica's colossal jugs swung and swayed hypnotically as she moved, the camera angle perfectly capturing her spectacular rack from below.

The blonde's jugs were easily as big as Meredith's, if not slightly larger. Full, heavy globes capped with wide areolas and large coral nipples that were visibly puckered with arousal. They jiggled and bounced with Veronica's every breath, the milky flesh quivering like jello.

"W-who...who is that?" Aiden stammered, unable to tear his eyes away from the incredible display of mammary flesh. His cock was fully hard now, straining urgently against his fly.

"Ah ah ah, that's a surprise for later," Meredith tutted, waggling a finger playfully. "For now, just enjoy the glorious view, and the smell."

Meredith dangled Veronica's sopping wet panties above Aiden's face, an evil glint in her emerald eyes. "Breathe deep, darling boy," the redhead MILF purred. "Let this mystery lady's essence flood your senses."

Eyes wide and glazed, Aiden obediently inhaled as Meredith lowered the drenched silk onto his nose and mouth. The pungent, intensely female musk hit him like a freight train, making his head swim with dizzying lust. It was an intoxicating bouquet - tangy and slightly sweet, with an underlying hint of something almost...familiar.

Aiden couldn't quite put his finger on it, but the mystery woman's scent tickled a primal, deeply buried part of his brain. It seeped into his pores and infiltrated his bloodstream, awakening a visceral hunger he'd never experienced before. His cock pulsed and kicked

against his fly, growing painfully hard as Veronica's intimate perfume filled his lungs.

"OOhh whoa!" the teen groaned, voice muffled by the fragrant silk plastered to his face. He took another deep pull of the MILF's heady pheromones, eyes fluttering shut in ecstasy. Aiden felt like he could get high huffing this exquisite pussy, stay buried between the mystery blonde's thighs for hours lapping up her succulent juices.

Meredith grinned wickedly at her baby boy's obvious intoxication, loving how the scent of another woman's cunt reduced him to a desperate, horny mess. Especially since that cunt belonged to his own birth mother. If only sweet, innocent Aiden knew he was getting drunk on the mouthwatering musk of the womb he came from.

"Mmm, she smells absolutely divine, doesn't she baby?" Meredith cooed, rubbing Veronica's soaked panties all over Aiden's face, making sure her essence coated every inch of his smooth skin. "Like the ripest, juiciest peach. So sweet and ready to eat."

Aiden whimpered and nodded frantically, grinding his face into the drenched silk as if trying to crawl up Veronica's cunt. His cock visibly throbbed in his sweatpants, the fabric tented obscenely by his rigid length. A damp spot of pre-cum darkened the cotton at the tip.

"Look at the screen, darling," Meredith instructed breathily, angling her phone so Aiden had the perfect view of Veronica's glorious tits. "See those big, beautiful milkers bouncing just for you? Don't they look delicious?"

Aiden forced his heavy lids open, his glazed blue eyes immediately locking onto Veronica's jiggling jugs filling the frame.

Meredith deftly fished Aiden's straining erection out of his sweatpants, freeing the engorged flesh to slap up against his belly. The teen groaned as his adoptive mother wrapped her fingers

around his throbbing shaft, squeezing and stroking the impressive length like a skilled cock-stroker.

"Mmm, look how hard you are for this mystery lady," Meredith purred, pumping Aiden's cock with slow, sensual twists of her wrist. "Engorged to bursting, you naughty boy."

Aiden could only whimper and buck into Meredith's grip, his attention completely riveted by the luscious pair of giant tits swaying hypnotically on the phone screen. Veronica's massive jugs looked so full and milk-laden, the ripe flesh swinging with her every rhythmic motion. He could even see beads of nectar dripping from the pinkish-purple teats.

Suddenly, the blonde MILF's plump, glistening lips came into frame, curved into a sensual smile. Aiden gulped audibly as Veronica's sultry voice poured through the speaker, dripping with promise.

"I'm dripping and ready for you, Aiden," she purred sweetly. "Ready to smother you with these big titties. Drown you in my succulent juices."

As if to punctuate her lewd words, Veronica's long, pink tongue unfurled from her mouth and began whipping up and down in a blatantly lustful display. Aiden could even hear the wet sounds of her licker beating against her lips as she put on quite a show for the boy.

The teen cried out sharply, his cock pulsing urgently in Meredith's pumping fist as he watched the blonde MILF's tongue dance and swirl. He could practically feel that hot, wet muscle slithering all over his body, lapping at his most intimate places.

Veronica's giant tits swung and swayed as she moved, the heavy globes pendulous and hypnotic. She angled the camera to capture her breasts from below, giving Aiden a dizzying view of her magnificent cleavage and the soft undersides of her milky jugs.

"Oh God..." Aiden choked out, eyes glazing over with sheer, desperate lust. His hands fisted in the sheets, physically restraining himself from reaching out and palming the screen. From trying to grab greedy handfuls of Veronica's perfect, bountiful tit-flesh through the phone.

"She wants you so badly, baby," Meredith cooed in Aiden's ear, her fingers flying over his throbbing erection. "She wants to claim your sweet virgin flesh. Wants to be the first to sheath that big hard cock deep in her hungry cunt."

Aiden whimpered, his engorged shaft pulsing violently in Meredith's pumping fist at her filthy words. The idea of the alluring blonde taking his virginity, ruining him for all other women, made the teen's balls draw up tight to his body.

"Yes sweetheart, I need your innocence," Veronica moaned wantonly through the phone speaker. "I'm aching to pop your cherry, milk your fat young dick dry. Fuck me, fill me, breed me!"

The blonde MILF's voice dripped with pure, raw carnality, her giant tits heaving as she spoke. Aiden could see her huge, puckered nipples visibly throbbing on the screen, the coral tips leaking warm tit-honey, begging for his mouth.

"Oh God, I want that so bad," Aiden panted desperately, practically delirious with lust. He humped Meredith's stroking hand frantically, fucking into her tight, slick grip. "Please… please!"

Meredith and Veronica shared a brief, conspiratorial glance through the phone, emerald and sapphire eyes glinting with wicked satisfaction. Their sweet boy was so far gone already, so eager and desperate to surrender his virginity. And he didn't even know he was begging to sink his cock into his own mother.

Veronica suddenly moved the phone up, bringing her entire gorgeous face into frame. Aiden's eyes widened in shock as he

immediately recognized the beautiful blonde woman staring back at him with pleading eyes.

"M-Mom?" the teen stammered in disbelief, his voice cracking. "Is that really you?"

Aiden's birth mother nodded, her full lips trembling with emotion. "Yes baby, it's me. Your mommy."

Veronica gazed at her son imploringly through the screen, sapphire eyes shimmering with unshed tears. "I'm so sorry Aiden, for everything," she choked out. "Please, let me make it right. Let me love you the way a mother should."

The stunning MILF paused, her pink tongue darting out to wet her lips. "Let me fuck you," Veronica breathed, voice dripping with raw, incestuous need. "Let mine be the first cunt you sink into."

Aiden let out a strangled groan at his mother's brazen words, his cock pulsing wildly in Meredith's pumping fist. Hearing this gorgeous creature who gave birth to him begging so wantonly for his virginity pushed the teen over the edge.

"Oh fuck... Mommy!" Aiden wailed, back arching as a violent orgasm ripped through his young body. His swollen balls drew up tight and then he was coming, erupting like a geyser all over Meredith's tits.

Thick ropes of pearly semen splattered Aiden's flushed skin as Meredith milked him through his release, her hand flying over his spurting shaft with tireless skill. Meredith aimed his pulsing cockhead at his face, painting her son's gasping lips and flushed cheeks with his own seed.

"Yes, that's it baby! Come for Mommy!" Veronica urged breathlessly through the phone, her own hand flying between her thighs. The blonde MILF frigged her fat aching clit as she watched her darling

boy spill his very essence, driven to climax by the idea of fucking his own mother.

Wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over Aiden as he bucked and writhed, Meredith's relentless stroking wringing every last drop from his throbbing dick. Pearly spunk splashed onto his neck, his chin, even into his gaping mouth as he came harder than he ever had before.

By the time Aiden finally collapsed back onto the bed, utterly spent, his upper body was painted with a heavy glaze of his own release.

Meredith grinned wickedly as she scooped up some of the warm cream and brought it to her lips, humming in satisfaction at the salty sweet taste of her son's innocence.

On the phone screen, Veronica was shuddering, big titties quivering like gelatin as she gasps through her own intense climax. The knowledge that her own son would soon be moving inside her body made her climax stronger than she had in a very long time.

The stage had now been set for Aiden to finally lose his virginity - not just to any woman, but to his own gorgeous birth mother. With that intensely erotic video call, Veronica had made her taboo desires crystal clear. She ached to be the one to deflower her long-lost son, to reclaim their sacred bond through the carnal joining of their bodies.

TO BE CONTINUED…

253: Call Me Mommy – Part 2-1/2

Call Me Mommy – Part 2

By Klrxo

Aiden lay sprawled naked on his bed, hips pumping frantically as he fucked into the tight, slick hole of a fleshlight, held firmly by his new adoptive mother. The teen had his face buried deep in Meredith's massive cleavage, smothered beneath one heavy breast as he rutted desperately.

"That's it baby, fuck that fleshlight like it's mommy's hungry cunt," Meredith purred, holding Aiden's head firmly against her pillowy tit.

Her free hand reached down to fondle his smooth, churning balls, rolling the swollen orbs in her palm. "Pound it hard and deep, but don't you dare cum yet."

Aiden whimpered into the warm, fragrant flesh of his adoptive mother's breast, his engorged boy-cock plunging in and out of the snug silicone sleeve. The toy made obscene squelching noises as it sucked and slurped at his thrusting shaft, gripping him like a vise.

On the bedside table, a digital timer counted down from one hour, the glowing red numbers a constant reminder of how long Aiden had to endure this sweet torture. Meredith was training him to fuck for extended periods without ejaculating, to have complete control over his release.

"Imagine it's your birth mother's tight, wet pussy you're stretching out," Meredith breathed hotly in Aiden's ear. "Fucking her deep and hard, making her scream your name as you claim her."

Aiden let out a desperate sob, his cock swelling impossibly thicker at the thought of finally sheathing himself in Veronica's succulent heat. He could still vividly picture his gorgeous blonde mother pleading for

his virginity through the phone yesterday, begging him to fill and breed her needy cunt.

Meredith lifted her heavy breast, allowing Aiden a quick gulp of air before smashing his face into her other pillow tit. She cradled his head against the smooth, pliant flesh, stroking his hair almost tenderly as he struggled to breathe.

"Mommy likes smothering you with these big tits while you fuck your fleshlight," Meredith informed him wickedly. "Huff my scent, let it saturate your brain while you practice being a good motherfucker."

Aiden could only nod weakly, his nose and mouth completely engulfed in Meredith's cavernous cleavage. The intoxicating perfume of her skin filled his head, making him dizzy with lust. He inhaled deeply, letting his adoptive mother's essence flood his senses and mingle with the lingering musk of Veronica's pussy on the panties he had sniffed before they began.

Meredith leaned down to whisper filthily in Aiden's ear as he panted and whined, his hips snapping urgently as he fucked the fleshlight with desperate abandon.

"Your birth mommy Veronica is an experienced cock-fucker," the redhead MILF purred sensually. "She's had dozens of different dongs in her tight cunt over the years, stretching her out and filling her up. Cocks of all shapes, sizes and colors."

Aiden let out a tortured groan into Meredith's smothering cleavage, simultaneously aroused and distressed by the idea of his gorgeous mother being penetrated by so many horny men. His own virginal cock throbbed and kicked violently inside the clutching silicone sleeve, the pressure in his balls building to a fever pitch.

"But your teenage dick needs to be the one that gives her the most mind-blowing pleasure she's ever experienced," Meredith continued

ruthlessly. "The cock that ruins her for all others, makes her cunt weep and clench and convulse on your fat shaft like never before."

The teen made a desperate keening noise, his hips jackhammering into the fleshlight as his adoptive mother's dirty talk pushed him to the brink. Aiden felt like his very sanity was unraveling, his entire being consumed by the thought of fucking an ecstasy into Veronica that no other man ever had or could.

"To do that, you need to have the skill and stamina of a true pussy-pleasing stud," Meredith explained breathily. "You need to be able to pound mommy's cunt hard, deep and long, for hours on end without cumming too quickly. Turn her tight hole into your personal cock-sleeve."

Aiden was practically hyperventilating into Meredith's abundant tit-flesh now, his lungs burning and his cock a hot branding iron as it plunged in and out of the fleshlight. The wet, obscene sounds of the toy slurping at his meat and his heavy balls slapping against the silicone filled the room.

"You need to fuck the breath right out of her, fuck her until she's cross-eyed and drooling and babbling your name," Meredith growled in Aiden's ear. "Ruin her, wreck her, addict her to your supreme cock so she can never even look at another man again, especially her husband."

"MOMMY!" Aiden wailed brokenly into Meredith's cleavage, his entire body seizing up as his orgasm approached like a rolling tidal wave.

Meredith glanced over at the timer on the nightstand, noting the glowing red numbers. Only 10 minutes remained in Aiden's edging session and the teen was clearly teetering on the very precipice of climax, his lean body trembling and shaking as he pounded into the fleshlight.

"Don't you dare fucking cum yet!" Meredith commanded sternly, grabbing a fistful of Aiden's hair and yanking his head back. She forced him to meet her fierce emerald gaze, his own blue eyes glassy and rolled back in sheer desperation. "You still have 10 minutes to go, and you will not spill a single drop until this timer beeps."

Aiden sobbed, tears of frustration leaking from the corners of his eyes as he struggled to obey, to hold back the tidal wave of sensation cresting in his loins. His swollen cock pulsed wildly inside the silicone sleeve, the pressure in his balls reaching a fever pitch.

"Your birth mother Veronica is a highly skilled at fucking cock," Meredith reminded him ruthlessly. "She knows how to use her sinful body to wring quick, intense orgasms out of a man. All it will take is a few squeezes of her tight, wet cunt around your virgin cock and you'll be exploding like a fire hose."

Aiden whimpered at the thought, at the idea of being at the mercy of his gorgeous mother's sexual prowess. He had no doubt that Veronica could milk his pent-up load from him embarrassingly fast, make him cum harder than he ever had before with just a few rolls of her womanly hips.

"You need to master the ability to stave off your ejaculation, to fuck through the urge to erupt," Meredith continued, her nails digging into Aiden's scalp. "Otherwise you won't last more than a minute inside Mommy's hot, greedy fuck-hole."

The teen let out an agonized groan, his abs clenching and flexing as he fought the rising tide of his impending release. Meredith's crude words painted such a vivid, intensely arousing picture in his mind - his own mother's spectacular body undulating beneath him, her succulent pussy gripping his shaft like a silken fist as he pounded into her.

Meredith could see Aiden rapidly reaching the point of no return, could practically feel the molten heat building in his churning balls. She knew she needed to act fast to help her darling boy suppress his climax.

The adoptive mother knew she couldn't physically stop Aiden's orgasm for him. When he was balls deep in birth mother's clutching sheath, pile-driving away, he would be on his own, with only the techniques Meredith had taught him to rely on. She had to coach him through staving off his own climax using willpower and muscle control.

"Flex your PC muscle baby, clench it hard," Meredith instructed, her hand still fisted in Aiden's hair as she held his desperate gaze. "You remember how Mommy taught you - squeeze like you're cutting off your pee stream."

Aiden squeezed his eyes shut and gritted his teeth, focusing intently on isolating the muscle at the base of his cock. He bore down, clenching his pelvic floor as hard as he could.

"Good boy, that's it," Meredith praised, peering down to watch the powerful muscle and tendons strain at the root of his cock. "Now take a deep breath into your belly and hold it. Count to five in your head then release slowly."

The teen sucked in a shuddering lungful of air through his nose, his abs expanding. He held it for a five count as instructed, then let it out in a controlled whoosh. Aiden could feel the tingling urgency in his cock and balls start to recede ever so slightly.

"Again," Meredith commanded. "Clench, hold, breathe, release. Clench, hold, breathe, release."

Aiden repeated the pattern over and over, all the while continuing to pump his hips, fucking the fleshlight hard and deep. Gradually, he

could feel his impending orgasm start to plateau and then ebb, the pressure in his groin lessening from a sharp, urgent need to a duller ache.

Meredith watched Aiden's face carefully, noting the way his features slowly smoothed out from a pained grimace to a look of intense concentration. She could see his balls stop drawing up so tightly, the angry purple color of his cockhead fading to a gentler flushed red.

"You're doing so well baby boy, I'm so proud of you," Meredith purred, stroking Aiden's damp hair soothingly. "Just a few more minutes, keep breathing and clenching. Mommy knows you can do this."

Aiden's chest heaved with the effort of controlling his release but he pushed through, determined to make his mother proud. He focused on the feeling of his hard shaft sawing in and out of the fleshlight's snug hole, on the slick friction and delicious pressure, rather than his own need to cum.

The minutes ticked down agonizingly slowly but Aiden endured, sweat dripping down his contorted face as he flexed his PC muscle and regulated his breathing. The teen felt like a coiled spring, every sinew straining with the effort of holding back, but he persevered.

Finally, after an eternity, the timer on the nightstand beeped loudly, signaling the end of Aiden's grueling edging session. The teen's body slumped in sheer relief, a choked sob escaping his lips.

"Cum for Mommy!" Meredith commanded, emerald eyes flashing. "Let it all go baby, you've earned it!"

With a ragged grunt, Aiden's cock erupted violently inside the fleshlight, his hips still jackhammering frantically. His lean body convulsed and shook beneath Meredith as the most intense orgasm of his young life ripped through him.

"That's it, that's my good boy," Meredith cooed, finally releasing her grip on Aiden's hair to stroke his face tenderly. "Give Mommy all that hot, pent-up cum. Every last drop."

Aiden could only gasp and shudder as his cock pulsed wildly, pumping what felt like gallons of semen into the toy's greedy hole. The fleshlight squelched obscenely as it was flooded with his thick, pearly seed.

Meredith kept Aiden's head cradled to her breast, letting him huff her calming scent as he rode out the aftershocks of his release. Her free hand snaked down between their bodies to fondle his spurting shaft, coaxing out every bit of cum.

"Mmm, you held out for the full hour like such an obedient son," Meredith purred in approval, fingers dancing over Aiden's throbbing, twitching length. "I think that deserves a reward, don't you?"

Aiden could only whimper and nod weakly, too blissed out and wrung dry for words. Meredith grinned wickedly and shimmied down his body, positioning her face level with his still-drooling cock.

The buxom redhead carefully pulled the messy fleshlight off of Aiden's sensitive shaft, watching in satisfaction as rivers of his pearly release dripped out. Then, without preamble, she wrapped her plush lips around his spongy cockhead and sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks.

Aiden let out a sharp yelp, his entire body spasming as Meredith's hot mouth engulfed him. She suckled greedily, her wicked tongue swiping up all the lingering cum clinging to his flesh. The MILF hummed in delight at the taste of her son's sweet cream.

"God, you taste amazing baby," Meredith breathed, releasing Aiden's cock from her lips with an obscene pop. "So fresh and potent. I can't get enough."

Meredith smirked wickedly at Aiden's exhausted, debauched expression as she pulled back from his spent cock. His chest still heaved with exertion, skin glistening with sweat from the intense edging session.

"Don't get too comfortable darling boy," the redheaded MILF purred silkily. "Mommy's not done with this big, beautiful dick yet."

Aiden's eyes widened in shock and a hint of trepidation as Meredith reached over and reset the timer on the nightstand. This time, the glowing red numbers counted down from two hours instead of one.

"T-two hours?!" the teen stammered, a mixture of excitement and nerves coloring his voice. "I'm not sure I can last that long..."

Meredith chuckled, her crimson lips curving into a sensual smile. "Oh but you must learn to, my sweet boy. You see, when your birth mother Veronica finally claims your virginity, she won't be satisfied with just one quick rut."

The buxom beauty leaned down, bringing her lush mouth to Aiden's ear. "After she fucks that first eager load out of your young balls, Veronica will want to keep playing with her new favorite toy," Meredith breathed hotly. "She'll want to suck on your cock like a lollipop, lick and worship your big, churning nuts until you're hard and throbbing again."

Aiden groaned, his sensitive shaft already starting to plump back up at the erotic picture Meredith painted. He could vividly imagine his gorgeous blonde mother kneeling between his spread thighs, her plump lips stretched around his girth as she nursed greedily on his manhood.

"And then, once she's got you stiff and aching, you birth mommy will wanna climb on top and ride you," Meredith continued, her voice

dripping with sinful promise. "She'll wanna fuck herself on your cock for hours, milk you dry again and again until she's had her fill."

The teen made a desperate, keening noise, his re-hardening cock pulsing against Meredith's thigh. The idea of his insatiable mother using him so thoroughly, so greedily, made Aiden tremble with illicit need.

"That's why we're training this young, virile body to fuck for hours without cumming," Meredith explained, running a possessive hand down Aiden's quivering abs. "So you can give your birth mommy multiple intense orgasms before you allow yourself to spill again."

Aiden took a shuddering breath, equal parts aroused and intimidated by the daunting task ahead. But he was determined to make both his mothers proud, to become the ultimate lover and dirty fantasy brought to life.

"I'll do whatever it takes," the teen vowed.

Meredith grinned wickedly at her darling son's eagerness to please. "Mmm, such a good, obedient fuck-toy," she purred. "Mommy's gonna put this big cock through its paces now, really test your endurance and control."

With that, the insatiable redhead knelt beside Aiden on the bed, positioning her lush mouth directly above his straining erection. She wrapped one elegant hand around the thick base, squeezing firmly before extending her tongue to lap at the swollen head like an ice cream cone.

Aiden gasped sharply, his lean hips bucking involuntarily as Meredith swirled her hot, wet tongue around his glans, tracing the ridge and dipping into his weeping slit. She lapped up the pearly beads of pre-

cum oozing from his tip, humming in delight at the salty-sweet flavor.

"Mmmm, delicious," Meredith purred, smacking her lips. "Mommy could suck on this fat cock all day long."

Without further preamble, the buxom MILF opened wide and sank down on Aiden's rigid shaft, engulfing him in the hot, wet cavern of her mouth. The teen let out a guttural groan as he was sheathed in tight, silky heat, Meredith's soft lips coming to rest at the base of his cock.

"Oh God," Aiden choked out, fists clenching in the sheets at the intense sensation. He could feel the plush head of his cock nestled in his mother's clutching throat, her muscles fluttering and rippling around him as she held him deep.

Meredith held still for a long moment, letting Aiden feel the squeeze and convulsions of her gullet, before slowly pulling up and off. She released his throbbing cock from her mouth with a lewd pop, a string of saliva connecting her bottom lip to his shiny glans.

Aiden whimpered at the loss of suction, his aching shaft twitching against his belly. But Meredith didn't give him even a second to recover before she was diving back down, taking him to the hilt in one smooth motion.

The buxom redhead set a relentless cock-sucking pace, her head bobbing up and down on Aiden's cock in a tireless rhythm. She hollowed her cheeks and sucked hard on every upstroke, her fist pumping what her mouth couldn't reach.

The wet, obscene sounds of Meredith slurping and gagging on her son's thick meat filled the room, punctuated by Aiden's desperate whimpers and moans. He threw his head back against the pillow, tendons standing out on his neck as he fought the urge to grab Meredith's auburn locks and face-fuck her harshly.

Between relentless sucks of Aiden's throbbing cock, Meredith pulled off to tease him with filthy descriptions of what his birth mother would soon do to him. The redheaded MILF gazed up at Aiden with gleaming emerald eyes, her plush lips shiny and swollen from working his shaft.

"Your mommy Veronica is an expert cocksucker," Meredith purred wickedly. "She'll worship this virgin dick with her mouth like the goddess she is, make you feel pleasure you never imagined possible."

Aiden whimpered at the thought, his aching erection pulsing against Meredith's lush lips. Clear pre-nut oozed steadily from his tip, coating her tongue.

"Mmmm, she'll fuck her own face on your fat cock," Meredith continued sensually. "Take you so deep in her clutching throat, over and over until she's gagging and drooling all over this hard meat."

The teen let out a tortured groan, his balls already drawing up tight at the erotic picture Meredith painted. He could vividly imagine his gorgeous blonde mother kneeling between his legs, worshipping his manhood with wanton abandon.

"And ohhhh, that wicked tongue of hers," Meredith breathed hotly. "Veronica will whip it all over your throbbing cock and heavy balls, lashing the sensitive skin until you're shaking and begging for mercy."

Aiden keened desperately, fists clenching in the sheets as his cockhead turned an angry purple, pulsing wildly against Meredith's lips. The idea of his birth mother's tongue dancing feverishly over his most intimate parts made him dizzy with lust.

"She'll lick your cum-swollen balls, and lap at your tight virgin hole too," Meredith added with a wicked grin. "Birth mommy will bury her

face between your ass cheeks and spear your tender pucker with the tip of her tongue, over and over until you're loose and slick and mewling."

"Oh God!" Aiden choked out, equal parts scandalized and wildly aroused by the taboo act Meredith described. He had never even touched himself there before, the tight pink bud strictly off limits. But now, the idea of his mother's hot mouth exploring his most secret place made Aiden's cock jerk and dribble eagerly.

"Your endurance will truly be put to the test under Veronica's oral skills," Meredith warned silkily. "She'll suck and slurp and tongue-fuck this needy cock for hours, edging you until you're sobbing and delirious, desperate to cum down her greedy throat."

Aiden shuddered violently, sweat dripping down his temples as he fought the rising tide of ecstasy threatening to overtake him.

Over the next hour, Meredith worshipped Aiden's throbbing cock with her skilled mouth and hands, ruthlessly edging him again and again. She alternated between sucking him to the back of her throat, jacking his spit-slick shaft with fast twists of her wrist, and lapping at his sensitive glans like a lollipop.

Every time Aiden tensed up and started to buck wildly, signaling his impending orgasm, Meredith would pull off with an obscene slurp. Saliva and pre-cum dripped down her chin as she gazed up at her panting, desperate son.

"Clench your PC muscle, baby," the MILF instructed breathlessly. "Squeeze it hard, hold it, take deep breaths into your belly. You can control this, ride out the wave."

Aiden's face scrunched up in concentration as he bore down on the muscle at the base of his cock, halting his climax through sheer

willpower. He inhaled through his nose, holding the breath for a five count before exhaling slowly through pursed lips.

"Good boy, just like Mommy taught you," Meredith praised, lightly skimming her fingers along Aiden's quivering abs as he fought to rein in his release. "Veronica's birthing tunnel will be gripping you so tightly, her pussy muscles milking your cock like a fist. You'll need this level of control not to erupt immediately."

Aiden whimpered, his cock flexing urgently against Meredith's stroking palm at the mention of his birth mother's hot, hungry snatch. Pearly fluid dribbled steadily from his tip, coating Meredith's fingers.

Once she felt Aiden's impending orgasm recede, the MILF swooped back down to engulf his aching shaft in her mouth once more. She massaged the thick vein on the underside with her tongue, hollowing her cheeks to suck hard.

Minutes blurred together in a haze of pleasure bordering on pain as his adoptive mother worked Aiden's cock with single-minded focus. She took him deep in her clutching throat again and again, swallowing around his sensitive head until he was babbling incoherently.

Then she'd back off just long enough for Aiden to wrestle his climax into submission, before diving back in to torment him with her hot, greedy mouth. She lashed her tongue over his balls, sucking each orb between her lips to roll it on her tongue.

She delighted in tugging his nut, pulling on his spermatic cord, and scraping her teeth along the sensitive skin of his balls.

Meredith licked along Aiden's taint to flick at his tightly furled asshole, making him gasp and twitch at the foreign sensation. She nibbled

along his inner thighs, leaving possessive marks on the tender skin, before returning to lap kittenishly at his leaking slit.

After an eternity of sweet torture, Meredith finally pulled off Aiden's spit-shined cock and glanced over at the nightstand clock. "One hour down, one more to go," she announced with a wicked grin, emerald eyes glinting.

Aiden let out a shaky exhale, equal parts relieved and bereft at the respite from Meredith's relentless mouth. His swollen shaft twitched against his belly, flushed an angry purple and still dribbling steadily.

"Don't think you're off the hook yet, darling boy," Meredith purred sensually, rising up to straddle Aiden's slim hips. "Mommy still needs to train this big cock to withstand the feel of a hot, slick cunt teasing it."

With that, the buxom redhead reached down and parted her glistening pussy lips, positioning Aiden's thick rod at her entrance. She rubbed his leaking tip up and down her slick slit, coating him in her fragrant essence.

Aiden gasped sharply, his hands flying to grip Meredith's curvy hips as she started to slide along his aching length. She nestled the underside of his cock in the hot cleft of her sex, letting him feel her sleek heat without penetrating.

"This is what birth mom will do when she wants to drive you absolutely wild," Meredith breathed, undulating her hips to drag her engorged clit along Aiden's throbbing shaft. "She'll dry hump this fat dick until you're weeping and begging to be inside her."

The MILF worked her hips faster, grinding her soaked, puffy lips up and down Aiden's rock-hard cock. The teen groaned brokenly, head thrashing on the pillow as his mother pleasured herself with his virgin manhood.

Meredith's ballooning tits bounced hypnotically as she rode Aiden, the heavy, ripe globes jiggling with each roll of her hips. Dizzying pleasure radiated from his groin as her silky wet folds caressed him, so close to where he ached to be buried.

Suddenly, Meredith leaned down and captured Aiden's lips in a searing kiss, plunging her tongue into his mouth. She licked along his teeth and palate before twining sinuously with his own tongue.

Aiden's head spun at the lewd kiss, Meredith's wicked tongue dominating his mouth as thoroughly as her pussy dominated his cock. She sucked on his tongue, nibbling his full bottom lip before sealing their mouths together again.

All the while, the mother never ceased the sensual grind of her hips, fucking her slick cunt along the rigid length of Aiden's shaft.

The teenager's boner glided smoothly between Meredith's slick, unfurled petals, parting her puffy labia obscenely. The underside of his turgid cock scraped deliciously against her gumdrop-sized clit with each thrust, making the wet, swollen nub pulse and throb.

Meredith's copious feminine juices drenched the boy's entire groin, the clear fluid streaming from her weeping core to coat his balls and inner thighs. Her scorching nectar mingled with the steady stream of pre-goo oozing from Aiden's tip, turning his virgin cock into a glistening, slippery mess.

The combination of Meredith's slick oils and Aiden's leaking essence created the perfect glide as she worked her hips faster, grinding her clit harder against the bulging veins and ridges of his straining erection.

The buxom redhead gasped and mewled into their filthy kiss, her tongue plundering his mouth in time with each sinful roll of her pelvis.

Aiden groaned deeply, his fingers sinking into the pliant flesh of Meredith's gyrating hips as he struggled not to buck upwards, not to plunge his aching cock into the source of that maddening wet heat. His mother's drenched, velvety folds caressed every throbbing inch of him, searing his skin like molten lava with her intense arousal.

He could feel every fold, every flutter of Meredith's succulent pussy as she used him so shamelessly, pleasured herself so thoroughly on his untouched manhood. The coarse fuzz of her fiery red pubic hair tickled his shaft, rasping against the sensitive skin and making him twitch.

The teen's cockhead caught on Meredith's engorged opening with each pass, the plush helmet notching just inside before slipping past as she continued her sensual grinding. It was a maddening taste of the ecstasy that awaited him, buried to the hilt in his mother's clutching sheath.

The teen's heavy balls churned and tightened, drawing up close to his body as Meredith ruthlessly stimulated every nerve ending in his throbbing sex. He clenched his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut, struggling to hold back the tidal wave of sensation cresting in his loins.

Suddenly, over the squeaking bed, and the wet squelches and slaps of Meredith's pussy grinding on Aiden's cock, they heard the front door open and close. Heavy footsteps sounded in the hallway, approaching Aiden's bedroom.

"Meredith? Aiden? Is everything alright in there?" Charles' voice called out, accompanied by a sharp knock on the door.

Meredith and Aiden both froze, eyes wide with shock and a tinge of fear. The rhythmic squeaking of the bedframe had clearly alerted Aiden's father that something was amiss.

But Meredith recovered quickly, a sly smirk spreading across her lush lips. She placed a finger to Aiden's mouth, signaling him to stay quiet, before calling out in a breezy tone:

"Everything's fine, darling! Aiden and I were just rearranging some furniture in his room. No need to worry!"

Aiden held his breath, heart pounding wildly in his chest as he prayed his father would accept the flimsy excuse and leave them be. His rigid cock twitched against Meredith's slick folds, still nestled in the scorching heat of her pussy.

There was a long, tense pause before Charles spoke again, his voice slightly muffled through the door. "Alright then. Will you be finished soon? I was hoping we could have dinner as a family tonight."

"Of course, dear," Meredith replied, her hips starting to subtly undulate once more, grinding her soaked slit along Aiden's shaft. "We're just about done here. I'll be out in a little while."

Aiden bit his lip savagely to hold back a moan as his mother's movements sent shockwaves of pleasure radiating through his aching cock. He couldn't believe she was starting to dry hump him again with his father right outside the door.

"Sounds good," Charles said, seemingly oblivious to the depravity occurring mere feet away. "I'll go get started on drinks. See you two in a bit."

They listened with bated breath as Charles' footsteps receded down the hall, heading towards the kitchen. As soon as he was out of earshot, Meredith let out a breathless little giggle, emerald eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Whoops, that was a close one," she whispered conspiratorially. "Good thing Daddy is so trusting, huh? He has no idea Mommy is teaching you to be such a perfect motherfucker."

With that, Meredith started to ride Aiden in earnest once more, the wet sounds of her pussy devouring his cock filling the room. She used her muscular thighs to pin his bucking hips to the bed, maintaining complete control as she ground herself to a fever pitch on his straining erection.

Aiden's endurance was pushed to the absolute limit as Meredith began to cum hard on his cock, her body seized by intense orgasmic convulsions. Her voluptuous hips jerked and spasmed erratically as she ground her pulsing clit against his shaft, chasing her explosive climax.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Meredith wailed, clamping a hand over her mouth to muffle her cries of ecstasy. Her massive tits rippled and bounced wildly as she rode out the waves of pleasure crashing over her.

Aiden's eyes nearly rolled back in his head as he felt his mother's succulent pussy clench and ripple along his entire length, her molten hot arousal gushing out to drench his groin. Meredith's fem-cum flooded his balls and taint, streaming down the crack of his ass as she marked him with her essence.

The teen gritted his teeth, tendons standing out on his neck as he fought the overwhelming urge to buck up into that fluttering sheath, to join Meredith in blissful release. His cock throbbed and pulsed violently against her quivering folds, the plump head an angry purple as it wept a steady stream of pre-cum.

Meredith shook and shuddered above Aiden, biting down on her knuckles to stifle her screams as an intense orgasm ripped through her. Her cunt rippled and spasmed wildly, clamping around Aiden's rigid shaft in fluttering waves as it tried to milk his seed.

Aiden squeezed his PC muscle with all his might, mentally reciting the deep breathing exercises Meredith had taught him. He inhaled slowly

through his nose, holding it for a five count before exhaling through pursed lips. He repeated the process again and again, desperately trying to ride out the cresting wave of sensation without falling over the edge.

Meredith's climax seemed to go on forever, her body wracked with continuous spasms and jolts of electrifying pleasure. Her pussy clenched rhythmically, gushing a river of slick honey all over Aiden's groin and thighs, soaking into the sheets beneath them. She sobbed and whimpered behind her hand, emerald eyes rolling back as she drowned in ecstasy.

Aiden dug his fingers into the supple flesh of his adoptive mother's quaking hips, physically restraining himself from pounding up into her fluttering sheath. His balls drew up so tightly against his body they ached, churning with the load he was desperately holding back. The urge to erupt, to flood his mother's spasming cunt with his virgin seed, was overwhelming.

Meredith finally stilled atop her boy, her voluptuous body quivering with aftershocks of pleasure. She took a deep, shuddering breath and opened her emerald eyes, gazing down at her panting, desperate son with a satisfied smirk.

"Mmm, that was incredible," the redheaded MILF purred, giving her hips a little wiggle and making Aiden groan as her slick folds caressed his aching shaft. "You did so well, baby. Lasted through Mommy's entire orgasm without cumming once."

The teen made a choked sound, equal parts proud and insanely frustrated. His swollen cock throbbed urgently against Meredith's puffy pussy lips, the rigid flesh pulsing with his frantic heartbeat. Aiden felt like he was going to explode out of his skin if he didn't get some relief soon.

Meredith glanced over at the nightstand clock, noting the glowing red numbers with a wicked gleam in her eye. "Only five minutes left

in your training session, darling boy," she announced silkily. "I think you've more than earned a mind-blowing orgasm, don't you?"

"Yes! Please Mommy..." Aiden begged shamelessly, hips twitching restlessly beneath Meredith's splayed thighs. His heavy balls were drawn up so tight they felt like they might rupture, aching with the need to release their pent-up load.

A slow, sensual smile spread across Meredith's lush lips. "Since you asked so nicely," she purred, gracefully dismounting from Aiden's prone form.

The buxom redhead settled herself between her son's quivering thighs, running her elegant hands reverently along the lean muscles and pale skin. She nudged his legs further apart, opening him completely to her hungry gaze.

Aiden's straining cock jutted up from his groin, flushed a deep, angry purple and visibly pulsing with need. The swollen shaft was slick and shiny with Meredith's juices, twitching against his taut belly. His balls were drawn up high and tight, the skin flushed and stretched taut over the achingly full orbs.

Meredith licked her lips, emerald eyes blazing with lust as she eyed the mouthwatering sight of her boy's body primed and ready for release. She leaned down, inhaling deeply of his intensely masculine musk mingled with the scent of her own cum painting his flesh.

"Mommy's gonna suck the cum right out of these big, heavy balls," Meredith promised darkly, hot breath wafting over Aiden's throbbing erection. "Milk you dry with my hungry little mouth and let you pour down my throat."

Meredith opened her mouth wide and engulfed Aiden's straining erection in one swift motion, sinking down until her plush lips met his wiry pubic hair. The spongy head of his cock hit the back of her

throat, triggering her gag reflex and making her swallow convulsively around his rigid flesh.

Aiden cried out sharply at the sudden wet, tight suction engulfing his oversensitive cock. Meredith's hot oral cavity felt like pure heaven sheathing him - her soft, ridged palate rubbing against the underside of his shaft, her muscular tongue undulating along the thick vein, her clutching throat muscles massaging his engorged glans.

The MILF started bobbing her head in a swift, steady rhythm, taking Aiden's cock to the hilt on every down stroke. Strings of saliva escaped the seal of her lips, dribbling down his shaft to coat his balls. Obscene, wet slurping sounds filled the room as she greedily suckled his throbbing meat.

Meredith groaned around her mouthful, sending delicious vibrations zinging along Aiden's aching length. She could taste the salty-sweet essence of his copious pre-cum as it leaked steadily onto her tongue. The musky flavor of his arousal made her own core clench with need.

The buxom beauty pulled off until just the plump head remained between her lips, tongue swirling around the ridge and laving the weeping slit. She focused the tip of her tongue on the sensitive underside of his glans, lashing the bundle of nerves with fast flicks and making Aiden buck and shudder beneath her.

Meredith reached one hand between her boy's splayed thighs to cup and roll his heavy, churning balls. The sperm-filled orbs were drawn up tight to his body, pulsing with the need for release. She could feel them twitch and contract in her palm as his orgasm approached.

The gorgeous MILF dropped her other hand to her own aching sex, plunging two fingers knuckle-deep into the soaked, swollen folds.

Meredith pumped the digits in time with the bobs of her head, moaning wantonly around Aiden's cock as she frigged herself

towards another climax.

Aiden's thighs trembled and his abs clenched as he felt the tell-tale tingle in his balls signaling his impending release. His cock swelled impossibly thicker, the veins bulging and pulsing against Meredith's lips and tongue as she deep throated him relentlessly.

"M-Mommy! Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Aiden warned desperately, fisting his hands in the sheets. His lean hips stuttered and jerked, pumping erratically into the slick, clutching heat of his mother's oral embrace.

Meredith swallowed greedily like a cock-sucking whore as rope after hot, sloppy rope of teenage semen spurted down her throat, pooling warmly in her belly.

The mother finally released Aiden's spent cock from her mouth with an obscene pop, strings of saliva and cum connecting her swollen lips to his softening shaft. She licked her lips with relish, savoring the mingled essence of their releases coating her tongue.

With a final loving pat to Aiden's quivering thigh, the disheveled MILF rose from the bed on unsteady legs. Meredith stumbled slightly as she made her way to the door, her knees weak from the force of her own intense orgasms.

When she emerged from Aiden's bedroom, Meredith looked like she had been through a hurricane. Her normally sleek auburn hair was a wild, tangled mess, sticking up in every direction. Her crimson lipstick was smeared obscenely around her mouth, giving her a thoroughly debauched appearance.

Meredith's tight dress was rumpled and askew on her voluptuous frame, the neckline tugged down to reveal an indecent amount of heaving cleavage. Reddish marks that would soon darken to love

bites littered the pale swells of her breasts, clear evidence of Aiden's eager mouth.

As the MILF sauntered unsteadily down the hall towards the kitchen, the unmistakable aroma of semen and feminine arousal wafted out from Aiden's open bedroom door. The pungent scent of sex hung heavy in the air, leaving little doubt as to what illicit activities had just taken place.

Charles glanced up from his seat at the kitchen table as Meredith entered, his eyes widening as he took in his wife's thoroughly fucked appearance. He cleared his throat awkwardly, trying to keep his expression neutral even as realization and indignation warred within him.

"Everything alright, dear?" Charles asked mildly, taking a sip of his scotch. "That furniture must have really put up a fight. You look quite...disheveled."

Meredith smoothed a careless hand over her wild hair, shooting her husband a breezy smile. "Oh, you know how it is with teenage boys," she replied airily, grabbing a water bottle from the fridge. "Aiden wanted to try out a few different configurations before settling on the perfect arrangement. We really worked up a sweat!"

Charles made a noncommittal noise, narrowing his eyes slightly as he watched Meredith gulp down the water. He couldn't help but notice the way her elegant throat worked as she swallowed, and wondered if she had been chugging something else entirely just moments ago.

The unmistakable scent of sex still clinging to his wife's skin and the vacant, freshly-fucked look in her eyes told Charles everything he needed to know. Meredith had clearly been engaging in some extremely inappropriate "bonding" with their adopted son, right under his nose.

Meredith could sense Charles' suspicion and disapproval radiating off him in waves as she drank her water. She knew she needed to diffuse the situation quickly before he could voice his displeasure or, God forbid, confront Aiden about what had just transpired between them.

The crafty MILF set down her water bottle and sauntered over to the table, perching herself on the edge right next to Charles. She crossed her long legs, allowing her rumpled skirt to ride up and expose even more creamy thigh.

"So darling, how is your secretary Janice doing these days?" Meredith asked pointedly, arching one perfectly sculpted brow. "Still happily married to that doting husband of hers?"

Charles stiffened, his fingers tightening around his glass of scotch. He knew exactly what Meredith was implying with her seemingly innocent question. Just a few months ago, she had caught him engaged in a highly inappropriate sexting exchange with his flirtatious secretary.

While Janice and Charles had never actually consummated their illicit flirtation, the explicitly sexual messages and photos they had swapped were damning enough. It was only Meredith's fear of a messy divorce and public scandal that had kept her from exposing the affair to Janice's oblivious spouse.

Now, Meredith was clearly using Charles' past indiscretion as leverage to justify her own taboo behavior with Aiden. Her emerald eyes gleamed with triumph, knowing she had backed her husband into a corner.

"I'd imagine Janice's husband is still blissfully unaware of all those naughty pictures you two were sending each other," Meredith continued silkily, examining her manicure. "It would certainly be a

shame if he were to somehow find out about them. Might throw a wrench in their happy marriage."

Charles gritted his teeth, glaring at his wife resentfully. He knew when he was beaten. As much as it galled him to admit it, he was in no position to judge or condemn Meredith's actions with Aiden, given his own wandering eye.

"You've made your point, Meredith," Charles ground out tersely. "What you and the boy get up to is none of my concern, as long as you're discreet. I won't interfere."

A slow, wicked smile spread across Meredith's lush lips. She had won this power play, and they both knew it. Her husband had no moral high ground to stand on, not after his own dalliance with infidelity.

Meredith slid gracefully off the table and sauntered over to Charles' chair, bending down to bring her crimson lips to his ear. Her massive, heaving breasts pressed against his arm, still flushed and love-bitten from Aiden's eager worship.

"I'm so glad we understand each other, darling," Meredith purred, her hot breath wafting over Charles' neck and making him shiver. "It would be such a pity for Janice's happy home life to implode over a few naughty indiscretions. Discretion is key in these matters, as I'm sure you agree."

Charles gave a curt nod, jaw clenched with barely suppressed irritation. He hated that Meredith had this leverage over him, hated the smug satisfaction on her face. But he was backed into a corner and they both knew it.

"Of course, dear," Charles bit out tersely. "You can count on my discretion regarding your...activities with Aiden. As I said, I won't interfere as long as you keep things under wraps."

"Wonderful," Meredith replied breezily, straightening up and smoothing her rumpled skirt. "I'm so pleased we're on the same page. Secrets kept and all that."

With a final triumphant smirk, the disheveled MILF turned on her heel and sauntered out of the kitchen, her voluptuous hips swaying. Charles watched her go with narrowed eyes, grip tightening on his glass until his knuckles turned white.

The indignant husband tossed back the rest of his scotch in one large gulp, relishing the burn as it slid down his throat. He may have to tolerate his wife's taboo antics with their adopted son for now, but that didn't mean he had to like it.

Over the next few days leading up to Aiden's long-awaited reunion with his birth mother Veronica, his phone buzzed constantly with incoming messages from her. The stunning blonde MILF had apparently taken it upon herself to make sure her darling son's attention was firmly fixed on her and the fast-approaching consummation of their forbidden bond.

Aiden was in a constant state of simmering arousal, his young body primed and tingling with anticipation as Veronica bombarded him with flirtatious texts and erotic photos. He could scarcely focus on anything else, not with the promise of sinking into his gorgeous mother's welcoming body consuming his every waking thought.

While sitting in class, Aiden's phone vibrated in his pocket with an incoming picture message from Veronica. Glancing around to make sure the teacher was occupied, the teen surreptitiously slid his phone out and opened the text with trembling fingers. What he saw made his heart slam against his ribs and his cock surge to immediate painful hardness.

His birth mom had sent him an absolutely scandalous selfie showcasing her incredible flexibility. The buxom blonde was contorted into an advanced yoga pose, her strong, shaved legs

splayed open impossibly wide in a full split. She was completely naked except for a strappy lilac bra straining to contain her massive, jiggling tits and a tiny scrap of matching lace molded to the plump mound of her pubis.

Aiden's mouth went bone dry as he drank in the mouthwatering sight of his mother's glistening pink slit clearly outlined through the fabric. The delicate lace of her panties was darkened and clinging wetly to her puffy folds, clear evidence of her intense arousal.

The teen's shaking hands nearly dropped the phone as he zoomed in on the erotic photo, unable to tear his hungry gaze away. He traced the taut lines and sleek planes of Veronica's perfectly toned body, glistening with a light sheen of sweat from her strenuous stretching.

Aiden's eyes roamed greedily over his mother's bounty of bare skin - from the elegant arch of her foot, up her slim ankles and strong calves, over the swell of her toned thighs and pert, heart-shaped ass, to the tantalizing glimpses of enormous side-boob spilling out of her skimpy bra. Veronica's expression was one of smug satisfaction, plush lips curved in a sensual smirk as if she knew exactly how wild she was driving him.

Seconds later, another text from Veronica popped up beneath the incendiary image: "Staying limber for my big boy Mommy wants to be able to wrap these strong legs all the way around your back while you pound me into ecstasy. Can't wait to feel every thick inch stretching me open! Counting down the hours until I can finally make you a man... XOXO"

Aiden nearly choked on his own tongue reading the shamelessly explicit message, his already rock-hard cock throbbing urgently

against his zipper. The mental image of his mom painted in his brain - her strong dancer's legs locked around his pistoning hips, hot slick walls gripping him as he buried himself to the hilt in her juicy cunt -

made him dizzy with lust. His heavy balls ached fiercely, churning with seed desperate to flood his mother's fertile womb.

With a shaking hand, Aiden typed back: "I don't know how I'm gonn make it until Wednesday without exploding!"

Veronica's response was almost instantaneous, popping up on Aiden's screen accompanied by a selfie of her pouting prettily: "Aww, poor baby! Mommy didn't mean to give you painful blue balls I promise it will all be worth the wait when you're finally sheathed in my tight, wet heat. I'll milk your virgin cock so fucking good!"

Aiden clenched his jaw, shifting uncomfortably in his seat as his swollen dick throbbed insistently, begging for relief. He couldn't very well whip it out and start jerking off in the middle of algebra, no matter how badly his sexy mother's teasing affected him.

Just as Aiden thought he couldn't possibly get any more worked up, his phone buzzed with another incoming photo from Veronica. With a sense of erotic trepidation, the teen opened the message, already knowing it would only stoke the raging inferno of lust consuming him.

The selfie that filled his screen made Aiden's throat close up and a needy whimper escape his lips before he could stifle it. Veronica's spectacular, bra-clad tits dominated the frame - two massive, meaty globes straining against sheer lilac lace. Her breasts were so full and heavy, the delicate fabric of her bra struggled to contain them, digging into the succulent flesh and creating a canyon of mouthwatering cleavage.

Aiden could just make out the wide darkened rings of Veronica's huge areolae and the prominent peaks of her nipples outlined against

the thin lace, making his mouth water with the urge to latch on and suckle. He wanted to bury his face between those giant, pillowy

mounds and motorboat her cleavage until he was dizzy from the scent of her warm skin.

Seconds later, a text popped up beneath the mouth-watering image: "Can't wait to smother my baby boy in all this soft, heavy mommy tit-flesh Gonna press these big juicy melons all over your face & body until you're drowning in cleavage! Momma needs a good long motorboating from her man Then you can nurse on my fat nips for hours like a hungry cub until you're drunk on my sweet nectar XOXO"

Aiden barely suppressed a tortured groan reading his mother's incredibly explicit message, squirming in his hard plastic seat as his cock throbbed painfully against his zipper. The thought of burying his face between those huge, pillowy breasts - of licking and sucking Veronica's juicy nipples until creamy milk spurted onto his eager tongue - made his balls clench and a fat bead of pre-cum dampen his boxers.

The teen's vision nearly whited out imagining Veronica smothering him with her giant, overripe melons, grinding her cleavage against his panting mouth until he could scarcely breathe. Of motorboating those massive, wobbling tits until her plump tit-flesh muffled his desperate groans. The carnal image was so vivid Aiden swore he could already feel the warm weight of Veronica's breasts enveloping his entire head.

Just as Aiden was squirming in his seat, struggling to contain his painful erection and racing thoughts about motorboating his mother's huge tits, the bell rang signaling the end of class. The teen breathed a sigh of relief, eager to escape to the bathroom and take care of his throbbing problem.

Aiden quickly gathered his books and bolted from the classroom, making a beeline for the nearest bathroom. His aching erection

strained against his jeans with every step, the rough denim an exquisite torture on his sensitive flesh.

The teen burst into the blessedly empty restroom and locked himself in the handicap stall, fumbling to get his zipper down with trembling fingers. Aiden shoved his jeans and boxers down to mid-thigh, hissing in relief as his throbbing cock sprang free and slapped up against his taut belly.

The long, swollen shaft was flushed a deep, angry red, curving up towards his navel and already drooling a steady stream of clear boy-lube. Aiden wrapped a shaking hand around his impressive girth, giving himself a slow, squeezing stroke from root to tip. He shuddered at the intense sensation, especially when his fist glided over his shiny-skinned knob, biting his lip to stifle a groan.

With his other hand, Aiden pulled out his phone and found Veronica's number, his heart pounding as he hit the video call button. The line rang once, twice, before his mother's beautiful face filled the screen, a knowing smirk playing about her lush lips.

"Well hello there, darling boy," Veronica purred, sapphire eyes sparkling with mischief. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this mid-day call? Shouldn't you be in class, young man?"

Aiden swallowed hard, his fist still wrapped tightly around his aching cock just out of frame. "I-I was, but I had to step out for a minute," he admitted breathlessly. "I couldn't stop thinking about those pictures you sent, Mom."

Veronica's smirk widened into a wicked grin, clearly delighted by the effect her racy photos had on her son. "Is that so?" she cooed, arching one perfect brow. "Well, don't keep Mommy in suspense, baby. Let me see what I do to you."

With a shaking hand, Aiden angled the phone down to capture his straining erection in frame. He removed his hand so his mom could

see just how far his veiny stalk jutted outward.

Veronica let out a soft gasp followed by a throaty moan as she drank in the mouth-watering sight of her son's impressive manhood.

"Oh my," the blonde MILF breathed, licking her lips hungrily. "Look at that big, beautiful cock standing at attention for Mommy. So hard and throbbing, leaking all over... Mmmm, I can't wait to feel you stretching me open, baby boy."

Aiden groaned at his mother's shamelessly explicit words, giving his shaft a slow, squeezing stroke from base to tip. Veronica's eyes widened in delight as she watched him pump his thick meat, the prominent veins and ridges sliding beneath his tightly closed fist.

The mother let out a breathy moan as she watched Aiden stroke his throbbing cock for her, sapphire eyes dark and hooded with desire. "Mmmm, that's it baby, work that fat dick nice and slow for Mommy," she purred, voice dripping with sin. "You've got me so fucking wet over here, my panties are soaked through."

Aiden groaned, nodding eagerly as he watched Veronica wriggle her hand into her panties. The blonde MILF let out a throaty moan as her fingers found her throbbing clit, rubbing tight circles over the sensitive nub.

"Ohhh fuck yes," Veronica gasped, throwing her head back in pleasure. "Mommy's clitoris is so swollen for you, baby. I'm already dripping wet just picturing you pounding me with that huge teenage dick."

Aiden whimpered, fisting his cock faster as he stared transfixed at his mother's blissed out face. He could see her hand moving frantically beneath the thin fabric of her shorts, working herself into a frenzy.

"Can't wait to skip school and spend time with you," the teen confessed.

"Mmmm, you'll be the teacher's pet, darling," Veronica purred wickedly. "My star pupil as I educate you in the art of fucking. We'll have a private oral exam - I'll worship your cock and balls with my mouth for hours while you eat my pussy and ass like a good boy."

Aiden whimpered, his hips starting to pump frantically as he fucked his cock through the tight channel of his fist. He could vividly imagine his face buried between his mother's thick thighs, lapping at her sweet nectar as she deep throated him to the root.

"Forget homework and pop quizzes," Veronica continued breathlessly, rubbing her clit faster. "The only assignments that matter will be stretching Mommy's tight holes and filling me with load after load of hot cum. You'll get an A+ for effort, baby!"

Aiden pumped his cock faster, fist flying over his rigid shaft as he watched Veronica's plump lips form every filthy word. Her sapphire eyes, framed by long fluttering lashes, were glazed with lust as she continued her erotic narration.

"You'll be my star quarterback, darling boy," the blonde MILF purred sensually. "Scoring touchdown after touchdown in my tight end zone." Veronica punctuated her dirty football metaphor by sliding two fingers knuckle-deep into her clenching pussy, moaning whorishly.

"And I'll be your head cheerleader, baby," she gasped, pumping her digits in and out. "Cheering you on as you pound me, doing the splits on your huge cock. Rah rah rah!"

Aiden groaned brokenly, dizzy with arousal at the mental image of his mother spread in a perfect split, flexing her dance-toned body as she rode him. He could picture her pom-poms bouncing as enthusiastically as her massive tits.

"We'll be the sexiest power couple at school," Veronica continued breathlessly. "The star athlete and his gorgeous, slutty arm candy mom. Everyone will be so jealous of the way we can't keep our hands off each other."

The teen's balls drew up impossibly tighter, his abs flexing as he rutted into his pumping fist. The idea of showing Veronica off as his, letting everyone see that he was the one satisfying her, made his cock pulse and leak furiously.

"Imagine fucking me under the bleachers in my little cheerleading skirt," the MILF moaned, frigging her clit frantically. "Bending me over and hitching my skirt up, sliding my soaked panties aside to shove that huge jock cock in my desperate pussy."

Aiden whimpered, the obscene slap of skin on skin echoing in the bathroom stall as he jack-hammered his cock. He was so fucking close, hovering right on the razor's edge of climax.

"You'll have to cover my mouth so the whole stadium doesn't hear me screaming as you pound me," Veronica panted, teetering on the brink herself. "Muffle my wails as you slam me with that battering ram dick, over and over until I'm cross-eyed and drooling and begging you to fill me with your hot, thick load—"

"Fuck!" Aiden roared, his cock erupting like a geyser at his mother's shamelessly explicit words. Thick ropes of pearly cum shot from his slit, painting his clenching abs and fist as he bucked and shuddered.

"Yes baby, that's it! Cum for Mommy!" Veronica cried out, throwing her head back as her own orgasm crashed over her. Her pussy clamped down rhythmically on her plunging fingers, slick inner muscles fluttering wildly as she gushed around the invading digits.

The boy's piss-slit let out a might spurt as he listened to his mom beautiful orgasm scream.

Veronica's voluptuous body shook and spasmed, juicy tits heaving as she rode out the intense waves of pleasure. Her clit pulsed and throbbed against her stroking fingertips, sending electric jolts of ecstasy zinging up her arched spine.

"Oh fuck, oh God, AIDEN!" the blonde MILF wailed, uncaring of who might overhear. Her darling boy's name fell from her lips like a prayer as she climaxed, again and again, cunt weeping with joy.

Aiden watched in awe as his mother came spectacularly, fist still pumping his spurting cock. Thick ropes of pearly cum painted his abs, running down his flexing arm and dripping onto the tiled floor as he milked every last drop from his balls.

The teen couldn't tear his eyes away from Veronica's blissed out face on the phone screen. Her sapphire eyes were squeezed shut in rapture, plush lips parted on a silent scream as she shuddered through the aftershocks. A becoming flush covered her elegant neck and the swells of her heaving breasts.

"Mmmm, good boy," Veronica purred once she had recovered enough to speak, voice husky with satisfaction. "Giving Mommy such a beautiful show, coming so hard just for me. I can't wait to feel you erupt like that deep inside my needy cunt."

With the day Aiden would lose his virginity to his birth mother fast approaching, Meredith was determined to have her darling boy looking and feeling his absolute best. The doting MILF knew Veronica would be expecting nothing less than utter perfection when she finally claimed her son's innocence, and Meredith aimed to deliver.

The day before the big event, Meredith whisked Aiden away to an upscale private salon owned by a close girlfriend. The place catered to an elite, discreet clientele with very particular tastes and

proclivities. Meredith knew they could trust the staff's professionalism and confidentiality implicitly.

"Darling, we're gonna get you polished and primed from head to toe," Meredith explained as she ushered a confused Aiden through the salon's discreet back entrance. "Leave everything to Mommy, okay? Just relax and let the nice ladies work their magic."

Aiden nodded, equal parts nervous and excited to place himself in his mother's capable hands. He trusted Meredith completely to mold and prepare him for Veronica's discerning eye and ravenous touch. The teen was putty, willing to be shaped however his mothers saw fit.

Over the next several hours, Aiden underwent an intensive grooming regimen the likes of which he'd never experienced. It started with a scalp massage and deep conditioning treatment, long elegant fingers working fragrant oils into his thick chestnut locks until they gleamed like burnished mahogany.

Then came a precision haircut, the stylist's expert scissors snipping and shaping Aiden's shaggy mane into an artfully tousled style that perfectly framed his boyishly handsome face. She took special care to leave the top long and lush, the kind of sexy man-bangs a lover could really sink her fingers into.

Next up was a full-body exfoliation scrub and deep tissue massage. Strong hands worked scented salt over every inch of Aiden's skin, sloughing away dead cells to reveal the baby-soft dermis beneath. The teen groaned in pleasure as the masseuse's skilled fingers dug into his taut muscles, releasing tension he didn't even realize he'd been holding.

After a final rinse, Aiden was led to a private waxing room and instructed to disrobe completely. The teen gulped audibly, suddenly feeling very exposed and vulnerable as he lay back on the padded

table stark naked. A moment later, a stunning brunette aesthetician breezed in, her lush curves poured into a tight white uniform.

"Mmmm, aren't you just good enough to eat," the woman purred approvingly, sharp hazel eyes roving over Aiden's nude form spread out before her like a buffet.

Aiden gulped as the beautiful esthetician's eyes raked hungrily over his nude body, lingering on his exposed genitals. Even limp, the teen's cock was an impressive size, nestled atop a plump pair of sparsely furred balls.

"Now, your mommy said you needed an extra thorough intimate grooming," the brunette purred, snapping on a pair of latex gloves. "You don't have much, but we're going to rid of any pesky hair you may have, leave you soft and smooth as a baby's bottom."

Aiden could only nod weakly, squirming a little on the table as the esthetician dolloped warm wax onto his groin. She worked quickly and efficiently, spreading the sticky substance over his pubic mound and inner thighs before pressing strips of cloth down firmly.

With a sadistic little grin, the brunette ripped the first strip away in one swift motion. Aiden yelped at the sharp sting, his cock twitching involuntarily at the painful pleasure. Again and again the woman depilated him, until not a single hair remained around his groin.

Next, she had Aiden lift his knees to his chest, exposing the sensitive skin behind his balls and the tight pink pucker of his virgin asshole. Aiden whimpered in embarrassed arousal as warm wax was smoothed over his most intimate areas.

The esthetician's gloved fingers brushed maddeningly against his perineum and crack as she worked, sending jolts of electricity straight to the teen's cock. By the time she finished waxing his back

door, Aiden was fully erect, his engorged shaft curving up towards his navel.

"Mmm, looks like someone enjoyed that," the brunette cooed wickedly, giving Aiden's hairless balls a playful squeeze. "All done, sweetheart. Soft and smooth as silk."

On wobbly legs, Aiden made his way to the salon's lavish locker room to change into the clothes Meredith had brought for him. Tight black boxer briefs, artfully distressed jeans that hugged his toned ass, and a fitted white tee that stretched across his broad shoulders. Simple but undeniably sexy.

Meredith's crimson lips curved into a satisfied smile as Aiden emerged, looking like a modern Adonis polished to perfection. She ran an appreciative hand down his muscular arm, feeling the baby soft skin and subtle rasp of stubble.

"You look good enough to eat, darling boy," the redheaded MILF purred sultrily. "Which is good, because eating is exactly what Mommy Veronica plans to do to you! Every. Delicious. Inch."

Aiden shivered at the erotic promise in his mother's voice, his freshly waxed cock already stirring hungrily in his snug underwear. He felt tingly and sensitive all over, nerve endings sparking with lust.

As Aiden was being primped and polished at the private salon, his birth mother Veronica was busy with her own intensive beautification regimen in her home town. The stunning blonde MILF had dropped baby Ava off with a trusted sitter, freeing up her entire day to focus solely on transforming herself into the ultimate sex goddess for her son's deflowering.

Veronica's first stop was her regular high-end salon, where she indulged in a luxurious cut and color. Her long golden tresses were trimmed into a sleek, face-framing style with lots of tousled volume

at the crown - the kind of effortless, beachy waves that looked like she'd just been thoroughly fucked. Honey-hued highlights were artfully woven throughout, making Veronica's hair gleam like spun silk.

Next on the agenda was a full Brazilian wax, because the MILF knew her darling boy deserved nothing less than bare, baby-soft skin to explore. Veronica hissed through her teeth as the hot wax was applied to her plump mound and sensitive inner thighs, ripping away every last bit of stubble to reveal smooth, glistening pink flesh.

The esthetician carefully shaped Veronica's remaining thatch of honey-gold curls into a small, inverted triangle just above her succulent slit. The pubic hair arrow pointed straight down to the MILF's clitoral prepuce, a blatant invitation for Aiden's mouth and fingers.

"Could you trim what's left of my pubic hair into an upside-down A?" the mother asked with a smirk. "A for Aiden?"

"Of course," the waxer replied, not batting an eye at the unconventional request.

With her intimate grooming complete, Veronica moved on to the most delicate procedure of all - anal bleaching. The MILF was determined to have every inch of her body pristine and pink for Aiden's adoring worship, including her most taboo orifice.

Veronica had to bite her plump bottom lip to keep from squirming as the cool whitening cream was applied to her freshly waxed rosebud and surrounding skin. She couldn't help the tiny, wanton moans that escaped as the esthetician's gloved fingers massaged the product into her sensitive crinkle and perineum.

Laying there spread-eagle, Veronica's fertile imagination ran wild with all the intensely erotic activities she had planned for that pretty pink

pucker. She pictured Aiden dutifully rimming her freshly bleached back door, his eager tongue tracing her tight furls and prodding her open for filthy French kisses.

The MILF's clit throbbed and her core flooded with arousal as she envisioned her baby boy tongue-fucking her spasming sphincter, greedily lapping up the tangy-sweet musk of her most forbidden place.

With her intimate areas fully waxed, bleached and ready for defilement, Veronica made a quick detour to her favorite lingerie boutique. The stunning MILF perused the racks of skimpy lace and satin, searching for the perfect ensemble to blow her son's innocent young mind.

A slow, wicked grin spread across Veronica's lush lips as a deliciously taboo idea took shape. She selected a white bridal teddy in sheerest lace, the cups low-cut to showcase her heaving cleavage. A matching garter belt and sheer stockings completed the look, along with a filmy veil that would be perfect for Aiden to flip back as he claimed his "mommy bride".

Veronica's cunt clenched with illicit hunger as she pictured her baby boy peeling the virginal white lace from her body, unwrapping her like a beautiful gift. She couldn't wait to play out a kinky wedding night deflowering with Aiden as her eager boy-groom.

Along with the sinful bridal lingerie, Veronica picked out a selection of scented massage oils and flavored lubes. She imagined drizzling the slick liquids all over Aiden's nude, nubile body, rubbing them into his baby-soft skin until he glistened. Lapping up the sweet, stimulating flavors as she worshipped every inch of his flesh with her greedy tongue.

Purchases made, Veronica hurried home to to pick up her husband James for his business trip. The buxom blonde smirked to herself the

whole drive to the airport, a wicked thrill running through her at the knowledge of what she'd be getting up to in his absence.

As they exchanged a chaste peck goodbye at the drop-off lane, Veronica had to suppress a smug grin. If only her oblivious husband knew that in less than 24 hours, she'd be sheathing their long-lost son's huge virgin cock in her tight, hungry cunt. Cheating on James with her own grown child, seducing the boy he never even got to meet.

"Have a good trip, darling," Veronica cooed, giving James' arm a patronizing squeeze. "I'll be sure to keep myself thoroughly...occupied while you're gone."

Veronica returned home from the airport, a wicked gleam in her sapphire eyes as she surveyed the empty house. With James safely out of the way and baby Ava taken care of, the MILF could focus all her energy on preparing for Aiden's imminent arrival and deflowering.

The stunning blonde hurried upstairs to the master bedroom, determined to transform the space into a decadent sex den perfect for a marathon of taboo mother-son passion. Veronica stripped the king bed of its boring beige linens, replacing them with sinful scarlet satin sheets and plump matching pillows.

She lit dozens of scented candles to bathe the room in a warm, sensual glow and filled the air with the heady aroma of vanilla and sandalwood. Rose petals were scattered artfully across the bed, a romantic touch that Veronica knew would make her innocent boy melt.

The MILF dug through her closet with purpose, pulling out a discreet black trunk tucked in the very back. Inside was a treasure trove of erotic toys and props - fur-lined handcuffs, silk blindfolds, glass dildos, vibrating eggs, and more. With a wicked grin, Veronica

selected a few particularly naughty items and arranged them on the nightstand like sensual still-life.

Stepping back to survey her work, the blonde nodded in satisfaction. The master bedroom now looked like something straight out of a porno or a high-end brothel - a perfectly debauched setting to seduce and deflower her baby boy.

With the house fully prepped for seduction, the next morning Veronica focused on getting her own body ready to blow Aiden's innocent mind. She drew a bath in the huge clawfoot tub, filling it with scented oils and creamy bubbles. The MILF sank into the steamy water with a purr, luxuriating in the silky heat as it soothed her travel-tense muscles.

254: Call Me Mommy – Part 2-2/2

Veronica took her time bathing, thoroughly lathering every inch of supple skin until she was squeaky clean and glistening. She paid special attention to the newly smooth, sensitive flesh between her thighs, delicately washing her plump bare mound and juicy slit until they were baby-soft and fragrant.

The MILF's clit throbbed and her core clenched hungrily as she imagined Aiden nuzzling into her freshly waxed pubic triangle, lapping up the sweet musk of her arousal like a starving dog.

Meredith drove her darling boy to Veronica's house personally. The redheaded MILF knew this was a monumental occasion, the final step in transforming her adopted son into the perfect motherfucker. She intended to make the most of their last moments alone together.

As the mother navigated the winding roads, stealing glances at Aiden fidgeting nervously in the passenger seat, a wicked idea took shape. The buxom beauty smirked to herself, deciding to use the drive to prime her boy mentally and physically for the impending depravity.

"Now darling, I want you to be fully prepared to blow your birth mother's mind with your sexual prowess today," Meredith began silkily, one manicured hand on the wheel while the other crept over to Aiden's crotch. "So I'm gonna quiz you on some of the techniques we've practiced, okay?"

Aiden gulped audibly, squirming in his seat as his adoptive mother cupped his half-hard bulge through his jeans. "O-okay Mommy," the teen stammered, pulse quickening with anxious excitement. "I want to be good for her. For both of you."

"Mmm, such an obedient boy," Meredith purred approvingly, giving Aiden's stiffening cock a squeeze. She could feel him chubbing up rapidly beneath her palm, young body eager and responsive as always. "First question - when you go down on birth mommy, to eat her pussy, what's the most important thing to remember?"

Aiden licked his lips, brow furrowing as he fought to concentrate through the distracting pressure of Meredith's hand rubbing his erection. "Um, focus on her clit?" the teen ventured, hips shifting restlessly. "Lick and suck it, but gently. Build her up slowly until she's dripping and desperate."

"Good boy!" Meredith praised, giving Aiden's rock-hard cock a firm stroke through his straining zipper. "You'll have Veronica gushing all over your face in no time. Now, when you're finally sheathed inside of her, how will you make sure she cums as hard and frequently as possible?"

Aiden groaned, head falling back against the car seat as Meredith massaged his throbbing shaft with expert finesse. "Ungh, aim for her G-spot," the teen gritted out, panting lightly. "Use my cock head to rub that spongey patch just inside her front wall, over and over. And grind my pelvis against her clit with every deep thrust."

"Oooh, you're gonna make your birth mommy see stars drilling her G-spot like that," Meredith praised sultrily, squeezing and stroking Aiden's straining cock through his jeans. "Now, what will you do when you feel that telltale tingle in your balls, that overwhelming urge to shoot your load deep inside Mommy's tight, milking cunt?"

Aiden whimpered, hips bucking up into Meredith's massaging hand, seeking more delicious friction. "I'll...ungh...I'll clench my PC muscle,

hard," the teen panted, sweat starting to bead on his temple from the effort of holding back. "Take deep breaths, in through the nose, out through the mouth. Distract myself mentally if I have to, until the urge to cum passes."

"Very good, baby," Meredith cooed approvingly, rubbing the pad of her thumb firmly over Aiden's weeping cock head through the damp denim. "You're gonna last for hours pounding Mommy's greedy pussy, giving her orgasm after screaming orgasm on that big, tireless cock. She'll be cross-eyed and babbling by the time you finally let yourself erupt."

Aiden just groaned brokenly in response, nodding his head jerkily as Meredith worked him into a frenzy. His balls were drawn up tight, dick pulsing and throbbing against his zipper, aching for skin-on-skin contact. The teen's lean hips writhed and rolled, desperately humping his adoptive mother's skilled hand.

"Okay, last question," Meredith purred, voice dripping with sin. "When you're ready to fill Mommy with your hot, thick seed - when you just can't hold back a single second longer - where are you going to cum?"

"D-deep...ungh fuck...deep inside her fertile cunt!" Aiden choked out, pupils blown wide and glazed with lust. "Paint...paint her womb with my spunk, sh-shoot it directly against her cervix so every drop takes!"

"FUCK yes, that's perfect!" Meredith praised, frantically unbuckling her seatbelt and unzipping Aiden's fly with trembling fingers. "You're gonna make Mommy pregnant with your potent baby batter, put a bun in her oven while she's still quivering on your cock!"

Aiden let out a tortured wail as Meredith finally freed his throbbing erection, fisting the rock-hard shaft and pumping it vigorously. She kept one hand on the steering wheel, eyes on the road, while the other flew over her son's enormous prick.

"Such a good boy, such a perfect motherfucker," the redheaded MILF cooed.

Aiden's heart pounded nervously as Meredith pulled the car to a stop in front of Veronica's upscale house and she tucked his boner back inside his pants. This was it - the moment he had been anticipating and dreading in equal measure. In mere minutes, he would be face to face with his gorgeous birth mother, ready to physically consummate their forbidden bond.

"Showtime, baby boy," Meredith purred, putting the car in park and turning to face her anxious son. The redheaded MILF grabbed Aiden by the chin, forcing him to meet her emerald gaze. "Remember everything Mommy taught you. You're gonna rock Veronica's world and ruin her for all other men."

With that, Meredith smashed her crimson lips against Aiden's in a searing kiss. Her wicked tongue plundered his mouth, forceful and filthy, as if trying to crawl down his throat. Meredith's manicured fingers tangled in Aiden's artfully tousled hair, tugging just shy of painfully as she dominated him.

Aiden whimpered into the incestuous lip-lock, his sensitive cock pulsing with renewed vigor against his zipper. Meredith's aggressive kiss was a potent reminder of his true purpose, the role he was born

to fulfill - an eager motherfucker, a dedicated student of taboo seduction.

After several long, lust-fueled moments, Meredith broke the kiss with a wet pop, panting lightly. She gazed at Aiden with hooded, limpid eyes, her lipstick smeared obscenely around her swollen lips.

"Mommy is so proud of you, darling boy," Meredith cooed, stroking Aiden's flushed cheek with the backs of her fingers. "Now go claim your prize. I'll be back to pick you up in a couple days, after you've thoroughly broken in your new Mommy-bride."

Aiden gulped and nodded, his heart hammering against his ribcage as he exited the car on wobbly legs. He could feel Meredith's intense emerald gaze boring into his back, watching hawkishly as he made his way up the cobblestone pathway to Veronica's front door.

The teen took a deep, fortifying breath before raising a trembling fist to knock, the heavy oak door looming before him like the gates to paradise. Aiden's stomach fluttered with nervous butterflies and his palms dampened with sweat as he waited for his birth mother to answer.

Just as Aiden raised his hand to knock again, the door swung open to reveal Veronica in all her breathtaking glory. The blonde MILF looked like a walking wet dream - her golden hair tumbling around her shoulders in tousled waves, sapphire eyes sparkling with mischief and anticipation, crimson lips curved in naughty smile.

Aiden's eyes hungrily drank in every inch of his gorgeous birth mother, starting at her dainty feet arched in strappy high-heeled mules. Veronica's elegant toes peeked out the open toes, nails painted a provocative scarlet that matched her sinful lips.

Aiden's gaze traveled slowly up Veronica's shapely legs, which seemed to go on for miles. Her calves were toned and defined from

years of dance, the muscles flexing subtly as she shifted her weight. His mother's thighs looked powerful yet silky smooth, her golden skin completely hairless and glowing with a faint sheen of scented lotion.

Veronica's upper thighs and the tantalizing junction between them were barely concealed by the scandalously short hemline of her skirt. The flirty white garment fluttered in the warm breeze, threatening to reveal her most intimate secrets with the slightest movement. Aiden caught a flash of creamy skin and the barest hint of lacy panties before the skirt settled again, clinging to Veronica's meaty, heart-shaped ass.

Aiden felt his breathing quicken as he took in the alluring peaks and valleys of his mom's feminine form. The plunging sweetheart neckline of her blouse displayed an almost indecent amount of creamy décolletage, the swells of her massive breasts straining against the confining fabric. Aiden was hypnotized by the rhythmic rise and fall of Veronica's abundant cleavage with each breath.

His hungry gaze finally reached his birth mother's breathtaking face, drinking in her delicate features and bewitching sapphire eyes. Veronica preened under her son's awestruck perusal, cocking one curved hip and tilting her head coquettishly.

"Welcome home, baby boy," the blonde purred, voice dripping with sensual promise. "Mommy's been aching for you."

Aiden gulped audibly, his freshly groomed cock already swelling in his fitted slacks at Veronica's blatant come-on. "I've missed you too, Mom," the teen replied hoarsely, emotion thickening his voice. "You look...unbelievable."

"This old thing?" Veronica cooed, plucking at her barely-there skirt with a coy smile. "I just threw it on. But if you like it, I'd be more than happy to let you peel it off me. Along with everything else I'm wearing underneath."

Aiden felt his head swim with the force of his desire, a tidal wave of pure need crashing over him at his mother's shameless innuendo. The promise of unwrapping Veronica like a present, exploring the bounty of her nude body, made the teen tremble with want.

"Please," Aiden managed to choke out, his voice strained.

Veronica's smile widened into a predatory grin, triumphant desire flashing in her eyes. "Then let's not waste another minute, shall we?" she purred, reaching out to snag Aiden's wrist and tug him over the threshold. "We have eighteen years to make up for."

Veronica pulled Aiden into a smothering hug, enveloping his skinny frame in her voluptuous curves. The teen's face was instantly engulfed in warm, fragrant tit-flesh, his mother's massive breasts pillowing his cheeks and muffling his surprised gasp.

Aiden felt like he was drowning in the most pleasurable way possible, his senses completely overwhelmed by Veronica's lush body. His nose was filled with the heady scent of her perfume, an intoxicating mix of vanilla and musk that made his head spin. Her soft skin was hot against his, branding him with her essence.

Veronica's mountainous breasts molded around Aiden's face like memory foam, conforming perfectly to every angle and plane. They were heavy and full, the ripe flesh jiggling with her every breath. The teen could feel her nipples harden into stiff peaks against his cheeks, poking through the thin fabric of her dress like rubbery prods.

Unable to resist, Aiden nuzzled deeper into his mother's abundant cleavage, rubbing his face back and forth in the soft, pillowy valley.

Veronica locked eyes with Meredith over Aiden's shoulder, the two MILFs sharing a knowing, devilish smile. Their plan to seduce and deflower the innocent teen was finally coming to sinful fruition. With a conspiratorial wink, Veronica gave her redheaded partner-in-crime

a little finger wave before reaching behind Aiden to firmly shut the door.

Releasing the teen from her stranglehold, the blonde mother made a show of engaging the deadbolt, the lock clicking into place with an ominous finality. There would be no interruptions, no escape from the depravity about to unfold within these walls. Aiden was now completely at the mercy of his wanton birth mother's taboo lust, ready to be initiated into the world of incestuous pleasure.

Veronica turned back to her trembling, awestruck son, sapphire eyes glinting with wicked intent. "Alone at last," she purred, sauntering towards Aiden with an extra sway in her voluptuous hips. "No more prying eyes or listening ears. Just you, me, and hours upon hours to explore our deepest, darkest desires."

Aiden gulped audibly as Veronica took his hand and led him towards the grand staircase, his heart hammering against his ribs. With each step, the teen felt a thrill of nervous anticipation swirling low in his belly, his skin tingling with awareness. This was really happening - he was about to be alone and naked with his gorgeous birth mother, finally able to slake the forbidden lust that had been simmering between them for weeks.

Aiden's eager cock throbbed insistently in his fitted slacks as he climbed the stairs behind Veronica, his gaze riveted to the mouthwatering sway of her juicy bubble butt. The flirty skirt fluttered with her movements, offering tantalizing glimpses of her creamy upper thighs and the delicate lace of her panties. Aiden could just make out the dusky shadow of her plump mound and the barest hint of her ass crack through the sheer white fabric.

By the time they reached the landing, Aiden's dick was fully erect, tenting the front of his trousers obscenely. There was no way Veronica could miss the prominent bulge, and the smug, satisfied

look she shot him over her shoulder confirmed she was well aware of the effect she had on him.

The blonde MILF led her panting, painfully aroused son down the hall to the master suite, pushing open the heavy oak door with a flourish.

Aiden's ocean blue eyes widened as he took in the transformed space - dozens of flickering candles bathed the room in a sensual glow, the air perfumed with the heady scent of vanilla and musk.

Rose petals were scattered artfully across the king-sized bed, the scarlet satin sheets and plump pillows an erotic promise.

"Welcome to Mommy's pleasure palace," Veronica purred, closing the door behind them with a definitive click. She turned to face her boy, running a sensual hand down her curves as she eyed him hungrily from beneath lowered lashes. "The place where I'm gonna make you a man in every sense of the word."

Aiden licked his suddenly dry lips, his cock pulsing urgently against his zipper as he watched Veronica slink towards him. Her huge mommy-melons swayed hypnotically with each step, barely contained by the plunging neckline of her blouse. The lace cups strained over the ripe globes, her rosy nipples clearly outlined against the delicate fabric.

"I've been aching to unwrap my sweet boy like the gift he is," Veronica breathed when she reached Aiden, sapphire eyes molten with lust. She ran a manicured nail down the center of his chest, hooking it in the collar of his crisp white dress shirt. "To peel these clothes from your sexy young body and explore every inch of your virgin meat."

Veronica's sinful words made Aiden shudder with desire, his engorged cock throbbing desperately for his mother's touch. The teen held his breath in anticipation as Veronica slowly unbuttoned his

dress shirt, her fingers sensually grazing his quivering flesh with each flick of her wrist.

"Mmmm, such smooth, flawless skin," the blonde MILF purred approvingly as she pushed the crisp fabric off Aiden's shoulders, exposing his toned chest and abs. "I can't wait to lick and nibble every inch, taste the salty musk of your teenage arousal on my tongue."

Aiden whimpered as Veronica leaned in and ran the flat of her tongue along his collarbone, the wet heat of her mouth branding his skin. She traced the defined ridges of his pecs and abs with the tip, swirling teasingly around his pebbled nipples before moving lower.

Veronica dropped gracefully to her knees before her trembling virgin, sapphire eyes glinting wickedly as they landed on the obscene tent in his trousers. With deliberate slowness, she reached out to palm the rigid length through the taut fabric, purring in delight when it jumped eagerly against her hand.

"Oh baby, is all this for me?" Veronica cooed, giving Aiden's cloth-covered cock a firm squeeze. "So big and hard already, twitching for Mommy's touch. I can feel it throbbing, begging to be let out to play."

The MILF deftly unfastened Aiden's belt and popped the button on his slacks, dragging the zipper down tooth by excruciating tooth. Cool air hit the overheated skin of Aiden's groin as his straining erection sprang free, bobbing lewdly in front of Veronica's face.

"Sweet merciful fuck!" Veronica breathed in awe, eyes round as she took in the sheer size and girth of her son's magnificent cock. The swollen shaft curved up towards Aiden's navel, an angry purplish-red and visibly pulsing with his heartbeat. Fat veins crisscrossed the impressive length, the bulbous head shiny and weeping a steady stream of clear pre-cum.

Aiden's balls were drawn up high and tight, the cum-filled orbs looking painfully full as they churned with seed. Veronica cupped the heavy sac in her palm, rolling the plump testes with a look of covetous hunger on her beautiful face.

"Baby boy is packing some serious heat," the MILF purred appreciatively, tracing one manicured nail along the throbbing vein on the underside of Aiden's shaft. She followed it from root to tip,

making his cock bounce and twitch needily. "Long and girthy, just how mommy likes them."

With a final loving squeeze to Aiden's aching balls, Veronica rose gracefully to her feet. She locked eyes with her panting, desperate son, a wicked gleam in her sapphire orbs.

"Don't move an inch, baby," the MILF commanded sultrily. "Mommy has a special surprise for you. I'll be right back."

With that, Veronica turned on her heel and sashayed towards the ensuite bathroom, her heart-shaped ass swaying hypnotically with each step. Aiden couldn't tear his eyes away from the mouthwatering sight, his rigid cock pulsing and leaking a copious amount of drool.

After several agonizing minutes that felt like an eternity to the painfully aroused teen, the bathroom door swung back open. Aiden's jaw dropped and his dick visibly twitched as Veronica emerged in the sinfully sexy bridal lingerie she had selected just for him.

The blonde bombshell was clad in an exquisite white lace teddy that clung to her every mouthwatering curve like a second skin. The sheer, delicate fabric offered tantalizing glimpses of the bounty beneath - full, creamy breasts, rounded areola, taut rosy nipples, a smooth flat belly, and camel-toed crotch.

A lacy garter belt hugged Veronica's slim waist, attached to sheer white stockings that encased her long, toned legs. The MILF

completed the look with a filmy white veil that trailed down her back, the gauzy fabric fluttering becomingly with her every movement.

Aiden felt like all the air had been punched from his lungs as he drank in the vision of bridal perfection before him. His mother looked like a wanton angel, a forbidden fruit ripe for the plucking. The

symbolism of her being dressed as a virginal bride for her son to claim and defile made the teen's head swim with dark, taboo lust.

Veronica preened under Aiden's slack-jawed perusal, cocking one hip and running a sensual hand down her barely-clad body. "You like, baby boy?" she purred, sapphire eyes molten. "Mommy picked this out special, just for you. I wanted our first time to be unforgettable."

Aiden could only nod frantically, rendered mute by the overwhelming desire short-circuiting his brain. His engorged cock twitched and throbbed almost painfully, the swollen head an angry purple as it wept.

Veronica's plush lips curved into a triumphant smirk as she noticed her son's physical reaction to her bridal ensemble. She sauntered towards Aiden with an extra sway in her hips, and stopped right in front of him, the jutting swell of her tits nearly closing the space between them.

Veronica reached up to cradle Aiden's flushed face between her delicate hands, her crimson lips curving into a sensual smile. "Would you like to kiss your beautiful mommy-bride, baby boy?" the MILF purred sultrily, sapphire eyes molten. "I've been aching to feel your lips on mine, to taste your sweet mouth and breath."

Aiden gulped audibly, nodding eagerly even as his cheeks flamed under his mother's heated gaze. "Yes please, Mommy," he breathed, voice cracking with desire. "I wanna kiss you so badly."

With a throaty chuckle, Veronica grasped the delicate edges of her veil and slowly lifted it back from her face. The gauzy fabric fluttered becomingly as she revealed her stunning features to her trembling son, soft golden curls framing her heart-shaped face.

Aiden's breath caught in his throat as he drank in Veronica's exquisite beauty, utterly entranced. Her sapphire eyes sparkled with anticipation, framed by long sweeping lashes. Her pert nose and

high cheekbones looked like they had been sculpted by a master artisan. And her plush, crimson mouth - god, those sinfully full lips were just begging to be claimed.

Unable to resist a second longer, Aiden cupped the back of Veronica's neck and drew her towards him. His eyelids fluttered shut as their lips met in a sweet, tender kiss - the kind of kiss shared between a bride and groom on their wedding day.

But it quickly turned carnal as Veronica parted her lips in blatant invitation, flicking her long tongue teasingly against the seam of Aiden's mouth. The teen groaned low in his throat as he granted his mother access, their tongues tangling sensually as the kiss deepened.

The mother plundered Aiden's mouth with wicked skill, licking every inch of his palate and inner cheeks before sucking his tongue into the hot cavern of her mouth. She nibbled on his plump bottom lip, soothing the sting with kittenish laps.

Lost to the drugging pleasure of the taboo kiss, Aiden wound his arms around Veronica's tiny waist and pulled her flush against him. They both gasped at the electric contact of their barely clad bodies pressing together - Aiden's hard, overheated skin against Veronica's soft, cool lace.

The teen's rigid cock nestled perfectly in the valley between Veronica's plush thighs, the engorged head nudging her damp lace-covered mound. Aiden groaned at the delicious pressure on his

aching shaft, his hips rocking forward instinctively to grind against his mother's barely concealed sex.

After several long, drugging minutes lost in the carnal slide of lips and tongues, Veronica finally broke the kiss. She pulled back just far enough to rest her forehead against Aiden's, their noses brushing as they panted into the charged space between their mouths.

"Are you ready to lose your cherry, baby boy?" the MILF purred sultrily, grinding her damp lace-covered mound against the rigid length of Aiden's cock. "To finally slide this big, throbbing virgin dick deep into Mommy's tight, wet pussy and make me yours?"

Aiden groaned brokenly, his hips rocking forward to chase the delicious friction against his aching shaft. "God yes," the teen choked out, voice strangled with need. "Please…"

Veronica's plush lips curved into a wicked, triumphant smile. "Then unwrap your present, darling boy," she breathed, stepping back and holding her arms out in clear invitation. "Peel Mommy out of this virginal white lace and expose the ripe, juicy MILF flesh that belongs to you now."

With trembling hands, Aiden reached out to slip the delicate straps of the teddy off Veronica's creamy shoulders. The gauzy lace whispered over her soft skin as he drew it down, baring inch after mouthwatering inch of bountiful curves.

Aiden's ocean blue eyes went wide and his breath caught in his throat as Veronica's massive breasts tumbled free of the confining fabric. The giant ripe globes were capped by wide, dusky areolas and turgid nipples that pointed straight at him, begging for his mouth's attention.

Unable to resist, the teen cupped the heavy mounds in his palms, relishing the weight and warmth of his mother's tits against his skin.

He squeezed the pliant flesh gently, watching in awe as it overflowed his fingers. Aiden brushed his thumbs over Veronica's puckered nipples, feeling them stiffen further under his touch.

"That's it my boy-hubby, get to know Mommy's big titties," Veronica purred, arching into Aiden's reverent exploration. "Squeeze them, play with them. They're all yours now, for you to suck and fuck whenever you want."

Veronica's filthy words made Aiden's engorged cock throb urgently, a fresh surge of pre-cum drooling from the meatus. Forcing himself to release his mother's perfect breasts, he continued peeling the lacy teddy down her body.

Aiden nearly swallowed his tongue when he unveiled the neat triangle of golden fuzz adorning Veronica's mound, trimmed into a delicate upside-down A. His heart hammered against his ribs as he realized it stood for his name - his mother had branded herself with his initial, claiming her pussy as his property.

"Do you like it, baby?" Veronica purred, running a manicured finger over the intimate design. "I had it done special, just for you. So you'll always remember that this juicy cunt belongs to you now, and only you."

Aiden let out a choked whimper, his cock pulsing and throbbing almost painfully at the erotic sight and his mother's shamelessly possessive words. "It's perfect," he rasped, reaching out with a trembling hand to reverently trace the shorn A.

Veronica shivered, her puffy bare lips glistening with arousal as Aiden's fingers grazed her hyper-sensitive flesh. "All yours," she breathed. "For you to lick, suck, fuck, and fill with cum. Whenever and however you want it."

Aiden groaned brokenly at the filthy promises dripping like honey from his mother's sinful mouth. He finished removing the lacy teddy and dropped it carelessly to the floor, leaving Veronica clad in nothing but her garter belt, sheer stockings, and fuck-me heels.

The teen took a step back to admire his handiwork, drinking in every mouthwatering inch of his mother's scantily clad body. Veronica preened under her son's heated gaze, cocking one hip and running a sensual hand down her bountiful curves.

"You are so beautiful," Aiden praised hoarsely, awestruck by the sheer perfection before him. His engorged cock twitched and leaked, the swollen purple head straining towards his mother's inviting heat like a divining rod. "A total goddess. I can't believe I get to worship this body."

"Believe it, darling boy," Veronica purred, sauntering towards the king-sized bed and gracefully crawling onto the scarlet sheets, her gigantic tits wobbling like udders beneath her.

She settled her back against the mound of plump pillows and spread her silky thighs, the glistening pink folds of her bare pussy winking obscenely at Aiden. "Now come claim your prize. Sheath that big, throbbing sword in Mommy's tight, wet scabbard and make me yours."

Aiden took a deep, shuddering breath as he stood at the foot of the bed, drinking in the mind-blowing sight of his mother spread out before him like a debauched buffet. Veronica's legs were splayed obscenely wide, creamy thighs glistening with arousal as she presented her pretty pink cunt for her son's hungry gaze. The delicate golden fuzz of her upside-down A pubic design was damp on her mound, framing her puffy bare lips like an erotic bull's-eye.

Aiden's massive cock bobbed before him with ultimate stiffness, flushed an angry purple and visibly pulsing with need. Thick veins ran

along the formidable shaft, the flared head leaking a steady stream of pre-drool. The teen's heavy balls were drawn up tight to his body, churning audibly with the huge load he'd been saving for this very moment.

"Time to lose your virginity, baby boy," Veronica purred, reaching down to part her swollen lower lips in blatant invitation. Her core glistened bright pink and sinfully wet, fluttering impatiently for her son's cock. "Come shove that big, thick meat into the tight cunt that

birthed you. Sheath yourself in Mommy's needy hole and feel me grip you like a velvet fist."

Aiden's heart hammered against his ribs as he crawled onto the bed, swallowing hard as he positioned himself between Veronica's splayed thighs. This was it - the moment he'd been training for, preparing for, fantasizing about for weeks. He was finally about to experience not just the ecstasy of tight, wet pussy, but the forbidden nirvana of his own mother's slick channel. The snug, elastic hole that had squeezed him out eighteen years ago would now be milking him of his virgin seed.

"Here we go," Aiden muttered to himself, taking a deep breath as he notched the bulbous head of his cock against Veronica's slippery slit. He bit his lip as he focused on everything Meredith had taught him, determined to put his hard-earned skills to the ultimate test and give his birth mother the fucking of a lifetime. "You can do this. Make her feel so good she never wants anyone else inside her again."

With that final internal pep talk, Aiden began to push forward, groaning low in his throat as his swollen glans breached Veronica's tight opening. Her molten heat enveloped the sensitive, shiny-skinned head, silky walls parting to grant him access to her most intimate depths.

Aiden and his mom both gasped in unison as the bulbous, purple head of his straining cock pushed past the tight ring of muscle guarding her slick entrance. Her engorged, glistening pink inner lips stretched obscenely around his cock-girth, clinging wetly to the pink throbbing shaft as it sank deeper and deeper into her forbidden channel.

The anatomical union of their most intimate flesh was mind-blowing in its intensity. Aiden groaned at the exquisite, velvety heat of his mother's pussy engulfing him, her swollen walls, wet with lubricating secretions, conforming perfectly to every ridge and vein of his aching

cock. He could feel her clenching and fluttering around his sensitive glans, slick muscles rippling along his length as he hilted himself to the root.

Veronica let out a shuddering moan as her son's impressive teenage dick stretched her open, the delicate tissues of her cunt pulled taut by his thick girth. She could feel every throb and twitch of Aiden's cock deep inside her, pulsing in time with his racing heartbeat. The sensation of being so utterly filled, of her needy hole molding itself to her baby boy's contours, made the MILF dizzy with dark lust.

Their genital flesh fused together as if they were made for each other, two puzzle pieces clicking into place. Aiden's turgid shaft was sheathed to the hilt in Veronica's tight, clinging heat, his hairless base meshing with her neat, fuzzy A-shaped trim. His heavy, cum-laden balls pressed snugly against the crack of her ass, pulsing with the need to seed her ripe womb.

Veronica's slick juices gushed around Aiden's plundering cock, coating his entire groin in her fragrant essence. Secreting from her Skene's glands, the MILF was dripping with arousal, her puffy bare lips clinging obscenely to her son's pistoning shaft on every withdraw. Sticky strands of her nectar connected their thrusting pelvises, the lewd squelches and schlicks of their coupling filling the room.

Aiden gasped sharply as he slowly plunged in deep again and felt the engorged head of his cock bump against a swollen, textured ring of flesh deep inside his mother's sheath. With a shock, he realized it was Veronica's cervix - the gateway to her womb, still puffy and sensitive from recently giving birth. The mouth of her womb was kissing his glans, fluttering open as if begging to be filled with his potent seed.

The thought that he was literally poised at the entrance to where he was conceived, his cockhead pressed against the same magical

portal that had ushered him into existence, made Aiden's balls clench and his shaft swell even thicker. The ultimate taboo - fucking his own mother's fertile hole, seeding the womb that had nurtured him - was now at his disposal.

Suddenly, eager for a rhythmic rut, Veronica caged her boy's skinny frame against the saddle of her voluptuous body with her silky nylon-clad legs. The MILF hooked her ankles behind his taut ass, using the leverage to hike her pelvis up off the bed. Aiden groaned as the change in angle caused his cock to plunge even deeper into his mother's tight, grasping sheath.

"Fuck me!!" Veronica purred, undulating her hips to meet every powerful thrust. "Give Mommy that big cock, jam it in as deep as you can. I wanna feel you in my fucking throat."

Spurred on by his mother's filthy encouragement, Aiden set a punishing pace, pummeling his aching shaft in and out of her clenching pussy. The teen grunted with exertion as he rutted into his birth mother, the muscles in his back and ass flexing as he worked to impale her, splitting her open on his thick rod again and again.

Veronica keened in ecstasy, head thrown back against the pillows as Aiden's jackhammering thrusts forced the breath from her lungs. She could feel his heavy balls slapping against her bleached asshole with

every in-stroke, his smooth scrotum beating deliciously against her sensitive skin.

The MILF squeezed her muscular legs even tighter around Aiden's pistoning hips, ankles crossed to keep him locked in place. She expertly used the leverage to grind herself against him, swiveling her pelvis in tight circles that made her son see stars.

"Ffffuuuccckkk," Aiden dragged out on a groan, his eyes nearly rolling back in his head at the exquisite pleasure of his mom's undulating pussy muscles massaging his overstimulated shaft. He

could feel every flutter and ripple of her silky walls, squeezing him rhythmically from base to tip.

The teen dropped his head to Veronica's bouncing breasts, motorboating the fleshy globes as he fucked into her with abandon. He rubbed his face back and forth in the squishy canyon of her cleavage, relishing the feel of her plush curves cushioning his cheeks. His flared cockhead was burrowing against the opening of her cervix with every deep thrust, poised at the entrance of her womb.

Aiden groaned as mom's puffy nipples poked into his cheeks, the stiff, rubbery peaks scraping against his skin. Unable to resist, he turned his head to the side and caught one throbbing bud between his lips. He suckled the engorged nub, rolling it on his tongue before grazing it with his teeth.

Warm tit-nectar flooded the teen's mouth, instantly taking him back to when he had sucked these very tits as a baby.

Veronica wailed in ecstasy as Aiden suckled her aching nipple, the dual stimulation of his mouth on her breast and his thick cock pounding her pussy triggering her explosive orgasm. The MILF's voluptuous body shook and spasmed beneath her fucking, tit-sucking son, back arching almost painfully off the bed as the intense pleasure ripped through her.

"FUCK! Oh God, AIDEN!" Veronica screamed, cunt clenching rhythmically around the boy's driving shaft as she came. Her soaked, spongy walls gripped him like a silken fist, rippling along his penile length in fluttering waves. Gush after gush of hot fem-cum spurted from her core, drenching her son's pistoning cock and balls in her slick essence.

Aiden groaned around his mouthful of tit-flesh, the incredible sensation of his mother's pussy shrinking wildly on his dick pushing him to the brink. He could feel her molten release bathing his shaft,

easing the glide of his ball-bumping thrusts as he fucked her through her climax. The sounds of Veronica's ecstatic cries and the obscene squelch of his balls slapping against her juice-covered taint filled the room.

As the MILF's orgasmic convulsions reached a fever pitch, her muscular nylon-encased legs clamping around him like a vise, Aiden felt his own release barreling down on him. The tidal wave of pleasure crested in his loins, his cock and balls throbbing almost painfully with the need to erupt. His frantic rhythm faltered, hips stuttering erratically as he teetered on the razor's edge of climax.

Suddenly, Meredith's sage advice screamed through Aiden's pleasure-addled brain: "Clench your PC muscle, baby! Squeeze it hard, hold it, take deep breaths into your belly. You can control this, ride out the wave."

With a herculean effort, the teen bore down on the muscles at the base of his cock, halting his impending orgasm through sheer force of will. He gritted his teeth, tendons straining in his neck as he fought against the overwhelming urge to let go, to shoot his load deep into his mother's rippling cunt.

Aiden inhaled shakily through his nose, holding the breath for a five count before exhaling slowly through pursed lips. He repeated the

process several times, desperately trying to regain control as Veronica's tight, wet heat continued to milk his aching cock.

The MILF was still lost to her own incredible pleasure, head thrashing on the pillow as residual spasms wracked her curvy frame. Her pussy clenched and fluttered around Aiden's throbbing shaft, drawing him deeper into her molten core. Every time he tried to withdraw, to give himself some respite from the overstimulating tightness, Veronica's greedy pussy sucked him right back in. Her muscular legs remained locked around his hips, holding him in place as her silky walls rippled along his straining length.

Aiden grunted, his skinny, muscular ass dancing up and down between the clamp of her thighs. His jaw clenched as sweat poured down his face from the strain of holding back his climax. His heavy balls ached fiercely, drawn up so tight against his body they felt like they might rupture. The urge to let go, to flood his mother's convulsing cunt with his pent-up seed, was overwhelming.

But the teen was determined to make this first coupling last, to wring every drop of pleasure from the forbidden act before succumbing to his own release. Meredith had trained him for this very moment, and Aiden was hell-bent on putting those hard-earned skills to the test.

With a deep, shuddering breath, the teen untangled himself from Veronica's clutching limbs and pulled out of her slick heat with a wet pop. The MILF let out a bereft moan at the loss, her puffy pink lips gaping obscenely as fem-cum gushed out to puddle on the sheets.

"Shhh, I've got you Mom," Aiden soothed, his voice gravelly with lust. "Just need a second to cool down, or this is gonna be over way too soon. I want to make it so good for you."

Veronica's sapphire eyes fluttered open, hazy and unfocused from the force of her climax. A slow, sensual smile spread across her lush

lips as she took in the sight of her son kneeling between her splayed legs, his enormous cock jutting up angrily, coated in her slick juices.

"Mmmm, look at you," the MILF purred, reaching out to trail one elegant finger down Aiden's straining shaft, making it jump and twitch needily. "So hard and thick and ready for me. Mommy's perfect motherfucker, just like I always dreamed."

Aiden shuddered, fighting the urge to thrust into Veronica's teasing hand. He needed to get ahold of himself, to regain some semblance of control before diving back into his mother's sweet honey pot. An

idea struck him then, a way to let Veronica's fluttering sheath rest while still stoking the flames of her arousal.

"Turn over," the teen commanded huskily, ocean blue eyes glinting with erotic intent. "On your hands and knees, Mom. I wanna worship this gorgeous ass before I stuff you full of cock again."

Veronica's sapphire eyes widened before darkening with lust at her son's take-charge tone. The wanton MILF eagerly complied, rolling onto her stomach and lifting herself onto her hands and knees. She arched her back, presenting her naked bubble booty to Aiden's hungry gaze like a bitch in heat.

As Veronica shifted into position, her colossal breasts swung wildly beneath her, the heavy globes smacking together with a meaty thwack. The ripe tits quivered and jiggled, nipples puckered into tight buds from arousal and the cool air caressing her overheated skin.

Aiden's mouth watered as he watched his mother's massive rack sway back and forth, the sight so hypnotizing he lost his train of thought for a moment. He longed to palm those giant, wobbling jugs, to feel their warm weight spilling between his fingers as his mom got on all fours for him.

Shaking his head to regain focus, Aiden took a moment to just admire the exquisite view before him. Veronica's toned back dipped down to a slim waist before flaring out into her bodacious hips and bubble butt. Her ass cheeks were two perfect globes of creamy flesh, shiny with perspiration and quaking slightly with her heavy breathing.

Bracketed between those lush cheeks, Veronica's bare pussy winked at Aiden, puffy pink lips still glistening with her release. Her slick slit gaped slightly, clenching on air as if missing the feel of her son's thick rod stretching it open. Just above, her crinkled rosebud pulsed, the dusky pink hole winking in time with her fluttering pussy.

"Wow, Mom, you look incredible like this," Aiden groaned, grabbing two handfuls of his mother's plush ass and kneading the firm globes. He used his thumbs to spread her open further, revealing her most intimate secrets to his appraising eyes. "I wanna feast on this perfect pussy and ass."

With that declaration, Aiden leaned in and dragged the flat of his tongue along Veronica's dripping slit, lapping up the copious honey leaking from her core. The MILF gasped sharply, fists clenching in the sheets as her son began to eat her pussy like a starving man at a buffet.

Aiden groaned at the taste of his mother's tangy-sweet musk exploding across his tongue, costing his tastebuds in her intimate nectar. He licked and slurped at her weeping folds with sloppy abandon, the wet sounds of his feasting filling the room.

Remembering Meredith's teachings, Aiden focused on Veronica's throbbing clit, prying it out from beneath its protective hood and laving the sensitive bundle of nerves with the tip of his tongue. He circled the straining grape-sized bud slowly, teasingly, before closing his lips around it and suckling gently.

"Oh fuck yes, baby, just like that!" Veronica keened, grinding her soaked pussy back against her son's talented mouth. Her voluptuous body undulated sinuously, heavy tits swinging and slapping together as she worked her hips in tight circles. "Suck Mommy's greedy clit, make me fucking gush!"

Encouraged by his mother's breathy praise, Aiden doubled his efforts, alternating between flicking Veronica's pleasure-bulb with the tip of his tongue and suckling it firmly. He gripped her ass cheeks harder, pulling the plump globes apart to delve deeper into her dripping folds.

The teen slid his licker down to circle Veronica's fluttering opening, lapping up the steady stream of honey pulsing out into her vestibule.

He stiffened his tongue into a point and thrust it inside her, fucking in and out of her tight channel. Aiden tongue-fucked his mother with increasing speed and pressure, mimicking what he had just done with his cock.

"Yes, yes, yes! Tongue-fuck Mommy's naughty hole!" Veronica chanted breathlessly, throwing her ass back to meet every thrust of Aiden's tongue. Her hips worked frantically, grinding her soaked pussy all over her son's face. "Get that hot little mouth in there, eat your cream pie like a good boy!"

Aiden groaned into Veronica's sodden folds, the filthy words falling from her lips making his aching cock twitch and leak against his stomach. He could feel her velvety walls fluttering around his plunging tongue, sucking him in deeper as if trying to devour him whole.

After several minutes of thoroughly tonguing his mother's weeping cunny, Aiden let his eyes drift up to her puckered rosebud. The pink whorl winked at him invitingly, flexing in time with Veronica's panting breaths.

Aiden recalled another trick Meredith had taught him, one sure to drive his wanton mother wild. He gathered some saliva on his tongue before dragging the slick muscle up Veronica's perineum and circling her forbidden entrance.

The mother let out a startled gasp that quickly morphed into a low, guttural moan as she felt her son's tongue painting her back door. "Ohhh fuck, baby, yes," the MILF panted, her ass clenching and releasing reflexively. "Lick Mommy's dirty hole, get it all wet and ready for your big cock."

Aiden's cock throbbed urgently at his mother's filthy encouragement. He dragged his tongue around the wrinkled skin of her anus a few more times before stiffening the tip and pressing insistently against her back door.

Veronica groaned whorishly as she felt her son's tongue breach her sphincter, the slick muscle wriggling past the resistant ring and into her molten depths. "That's it, baby boy, tongue-fuck Mommy's ass!" she cried, throwing her hips back to meet his thrusting tongue. "Get it nice and slick for your fat cock!"

Aiden moaned into his mother's fluttering rosebud as he ate her out with messy enthusiasm. His own saliva mingled with Veronica's fragrant juices, dripping down his chin as he plundered her most taboo hole. He lost himself in the forbidden act of rimming his mom, relishing the musky flavor bursting across his tastebuds.

After several intense minutes of tonguing Veronica's spasming asshole, Aiden pulled back with a gasp. His lips and chin were glazed with spit and his mother's essence, making them tingle pleasantly. The teen wiped his mouth with the back of his hand before rising up on his knees behind Veronica's upturned ass.

"You ready for my cock again, Mom?" Aiden asked huskily, gripping the root of his straining erection and slapping the bulbous head

against Veronica's soaked folds. He notched the spongy tip in her fluttering opening, pushing forward just enough for her muscles to kiss his glans before retreating teasingly. "Ready to get stuffed full and fucked hard from behind?"

"God yes!" Veronica almost sobbed, arching her back like a cat in heat and spreading her thighs wider. Her heavy breasts swayed beneath her as she presented herself wantonly to her son. "Shove that big dick in me and pound my pussy! I need it so fucking bad!"

Aiden didn't need any further encouragement. With a grunt, he slammed his hips forward, burying his aching cock to the hilt in his mother's tight heat. They both cried out in ecstasy as he split her open on his thick shaft, her muscles clenching rhythmically around him.

Once fully sheathed, the boy paused for a moment to savor the exquisite sensation of being balls-deep in Veronica's rippling sheath. Then, gripping her fleshy hips hard enough to leave marks, he began to move.

The teen set a hard, driving rhythm, pulling out until just the head of his cock caught on Veronica's puffy opening before ramming back in to the root. His heavy balls slapped lewdly against her swollen clit with every punishing thrust.

Aiden pistoned his hips with the speed and stamina of a finely-tuned machine, his lean muscles flexing as he drilled into Veronica's sodden pussy from behind. His boner flexed powerfully, the cock-veins bulging nearly to their bursting point. He could see the strong cords of muscle and tendons straining at his hairless root, branching out from the powerful teenage bulb and crura anchored deep in his core.

The teen's staying power and skillful technique belied his virginal status - he fucked like a man possessed, like he'd been honing this particular act for years.

In truth, Aiden had been training for this very moment, putting Meredith's erotic lessons to the test as he conquered his birth mother's needy cunt. All those hours spent building his endurance, learning to control his breathing and PC muscles, perfecting his angles and rhythm, were now paying off in spades.

Aiden watched in erotic fascination as Veronica's bodacious ass cheeks rippled and jiggled with every pounding thrust of his cock. The plump globes shook like jello, creamy flesh quivering as her son plowed into her with animal intensity. Aiden gripped her hips harder, pulling her back to meet his driving thrusts, their bodies slapping together obscenely.

Beneath him, Veronica was a keening, writhing mess, reduced to a slave of pleasure at the mercy of her son's tireless cock. Her head

whipped back and forth on the pillow, golden hair sticking to her sweat-dampened face as ecstasy wracked her curvy frame. Every ridge and vein of Aiden's shaft rubbed her sensitive walls just right, igniting sparks behind her eyelids.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh FUCK!" the MILF chanted breathlessly, voice hitching with every punishing impact of Aiden's pelvis against her ass. "So good baby, so fucking GOOD! Harder, faster, split Mommy open on that huge dick!"

Aiden grunted savagely, sweat rolling down his heaving chest as he complied with Veronica's desperate demands. He jackhammered into her quivering pussy with all his strength, determined to fuck an orgasm out of her that she'd never forget.

For nearly thirty minutes, the relentless slap of flesh against flesh echoed obscenely through the room as mother and son rutted in carnal bliss. Veronica's huge tits swung like pendulums beneath her, slapping together wildly as Aiden pounded her, the sensitive globes

chafing deliciously. Her diamond-hard nipples scraped against the silky sheets, sending electric tingles zinging straight to her clit.

All the intense stimulation proved too much for the overwhelmed MILF. With a strangled scream, Veronica came violently on her son's cock, pussy gushing and clamping down on him like a vise. Her powerful pelvic floor muscles rippled along Aiden's pistoning shaft, trying to milk him of his seed as she thrashed and bucked through her release.

After being wracked by her intense, full-body orgasm, Veronica collapsed face-first onto the bed, panting and shuddering as aftershocks rippled through her. Aiden's thick cock slipped from her fluttering sheath with a wet squelch, making them both groan at the loss of intimate connection.

The teen sat back on his haunches, chest heaving and muscles trembling from exertion as he fought to regain control. His straining erection bobbed heavily between his legs, flushed an angry purple and gleaming with his mother's slick juices. Aiden had to grip the base of his shaft firmly, squeezing his PC muscle to stave off his own explosive climax.

After a moment, Veronica rolled over onto her back, spreading her quivering legs in wanton invitation, her bare feet pointed towards opposite walls of her bedroom. Her swollen pussy was still gaping and fluttering, pink and glistening with arousal. The MILF's massive tits heaved with each shuddery breath, jiggling enticingly as she crooked a finger at her son.

"C'mere baby," Veronica purred breathlessly, sapphire eyes dark and hooded with lust. "Mommy wants to ride that huge cock now. I need to feel you throbbing deep in my aching cunt as I bounce on your lap."

Aiden scrambled to comply, eager to experience a new position and sensation. He stretched out on his back in the center of the bed, hands automatically gravitating to his mother's lush hips as she swung a leg over to straddle him. Veronica hovered over her son's groin, reaching between them to grip his rigid shaft and notch the swollen head at her entrance.

"Mmmm, wait a second," the wicked MILF breathed, stilling her movements as a naughty idea struck. She locked eyes with her teen, lush lips curving into a sensual smirk. "You know what would make this even hotter, baby boy? If you bust a nut in me real quick first, take the edge off. That way, you'll last even longer when I ride you into oblivion."

Aiden's ocean blue eyes widened before darkening with erotic understanding. He nodded eagerly, hips flexing up in search of his mother's welcoming heat. "Ok," the teen rasped, voice strained with

pent-up desire. "I'm so close already, it won't take much. Wanna fill you up with my cum and then keep going all night."

"That's my good boy," Veronica purred, slowly sinking down on Aiden's throbbing shaft. They both groaned brokenly as he stretched her open, inner muscles clinging to his pulsing length like a silken fist. "Give Mommy that hot load, baby. Paint my hungry cunt white with your seed."

Veronica sank down slowly on Aiden's rigid shaft until he was buried to the hilt in her tight, slick heat. The sensation of her son's throbbing cock stretching her open made the MILF gasp and arch her back in ecstasy. She could feel every thick inch of him pulsing deep inside her, the bulbous head crushed against her cervix.

"Oh fuck yes, baby," Veronica panted, rolling her hips sensually to grind her aching clit against Aiden's pelvis. "You fill Mommy up so good. I can feel you throbbing in my deepest parts."

Aiden groaned helplessly, head thrown back against the pillows as he struggled not to blow his load instantly. The feeling of his cock engulfed in his mother's molten sheath was indescribable. Her silky walls gripped him like a velvet fist, rippling along his shaft and massaging the sensitive head.

Veronica's slick inner muscles fluttered and clenched around Aiden rhythmically, as if milking his cock for his seed. Her soaked, spongy tissues rubbed against every swollen ridge and vein, igniting pleasure sparks up the teen's spine. The flared rim of his glans caught deliciously on her G-spot with every grinding roll of her hips.

Aiden grabbed onto his mother's undulating hips for dear life as she worked herself on his straining erection. Her tight, elastic opening gripped the base of his shaft, creating a delicious suction that made his heavy balls draw up.

Veronica canted her hips, taking Aiden impossibly deeper, until the head of his cock dug against her cervix. The slick, muscular ring of her womb's entrance fluttered open, as if trying to draw him inside, hungry for his potent release.

"Mmmm, do you feel that baby?" Veronica purred sultrily, circling her hips so that her son's cock head rubbed repeatedly over the sensitive tissues guarding her womb. "Feel how my body is begging for your cum? My hungry cunt wants to milk you dry, suck every last drop straight into my waiting womb."

Aiden let out a strangled cry at his mother's filthy words, combined with the mind-blowing sensation of her cervix fluttering and suckling the tip of his cock. He could feel the slit of his glans catching on her womb's muscular opening with every grind, sending him hurtling towards the edge.

The boy suddenly grunted out, his back arching off the bed as the first intense spurt of semen erupted from his cock and painted his

mother's cervix. "Oh fuck, MOM! I'm cumming!" he wailed, eyes rolling back in his head as ecstasy crashed over him in relentless waves.

Veronica keened in delight, grinding her hips down hard to take her son as deep as possible. "Yes baby, give it to me!" she encouraged breathlessly. "Fill Mommy's cunt with your hot seed. I wanna feel you pulsing and gushing against my womb."

Aiden convulsed beneath his mother, fingers digging into the flesh of her undulating hips as he unloaded spurt after thick spurt into her rippling depths. His cock jerked and throbbed violently, the sensitive head rubbing against Veronica's spasming cervix as it disgorged what felt like gallons of cum directly into her womb.

The MILF threw her head back with a sharp cry as she felt her son's molten release flooding her, his potent semen bathing her inner

walls and seeping into her waiting womb. The sensation of Aiden's virile seed pumping into her most fertile depths triggered Veronica's own earth-shattering climax.

"FUCK YES! Breed me baby, knock me up!" Veronica wailed, her powerful cunt muscles rippling along Aiden's spurting shaft, milking him for every drop. Gush after gush of her slick essence spilled out around his pistoning cock, drenching his groin in her musky feminine cum.

For long, ecstasy-hazed moments, mother and son shook and spasmed in carnal bliss, their bodies locked together in the deepest, most intimate embrace. Veronica collapsed onto Aiden's sweat-slicked chest, her massive breasts cushioning his heaving torso as they panted into each other's open mouths.

As the aftershocks receded, the birth mother captured Aiden's lips in a searing, passionate kiss. Their tongues tangled sensually, sharing

breath and taste as they basked in the afterglow of their first mind-blowing mutual orgasm.

"Mmmm, that was incredible," Veronica purred into Aiden's panting mouth, nipping at his bottom lip teasingly. "My baby boy has the stamina of a stallion. I can't wait to drain those big, swollen balls over and over all night long."

Veronica made good on her wanton promise, riding Aiden's tireless cock with wild abandon for hours on end. The insatiable MILF used every trick in her extensive sexual repertoire to wring orgasm after soul-rending orgasm from her young stud's nubile body.

She alternated between bouncing vigorously on Aiden's lap, her massive tits slapping his face with every roll of her hips, and grinding sensually against him, undulating her voluptuous curves like a belly dancer. Veronica clenched her powerful inner muscles

rhythmically along her son's pistoning length, milking his cock with skillful ripples.

Aiden lost himself to the never-ending ecstasy, drowning in his mother's intoxicating essence as she used him for her pleasure again and again. The relentless wet friction of her sleek tissues massaging his most sensitive flesh kept him diamond-hard, his teenage refractory period negligible.

Hours passed in a blur of grunts, sighs, and wails of rapture as the incestuous couple rutted like wild animals. They fucked in every position imaginable - Veronica riding Aiden in cowgirl and reverse, the horny MILF bent over the edge of the bed and pounded from behind, on their sides with her leg thrown over his hip for impossibly deep penetration.

By the time the clock struck midnight, both Aiden and Veronica were flushed and gleaming with sweat, the room reeking of sex. Their bodies showed all the telltale signs of marathon fucking - love bites

and finger-shaped bruises littering their skin, matted hair and smeared makeup, slick fluids painting their thighs and groins.

Just as Veronica was nearing her umpteenth knee-trembling climax of the night, her phone started to vibrate on the nightstand. A quick glance at the screen showed an incoming video call from Meredith.

With a wicked grin, the shameless MILF accepted the call, angling the camera to perfectly capture her voluptuous body as she continued to work herself on Aiden's throbbing cock. She slowed her movements to a sensual grind, rocking and swiveling her hips in hypnotic figure-eights.

"Hey there," Veronica purred breathlessly when Meredith's face filled the screen, sapphire eyes molten with lust. "You caught me in the middle of breaking our baby boy's cock in. He's been such a good little stud for Mommy."

Meredith's crimson lips curved into a delighted smirk as she took in the debauched sight of Veronica sheathing Aiden balls-deep, their bodies undulating sensually. Her emerald eyes glinted with erotic appreciation, drinking in the carnal details of their marathon coupling.

Aiden paused his greedy suckling at Veronica's swollen, milk-spurting nipple when he heard Meredith's voice emanating from the phone. The dazed teen reluctantly unlatched from his birth mother's bountiful breast, strings of sticky tit milk connecting his puffy lips to her leaking bud.

With drugged, heavy-lidded eyes, the boy peered up through the expansive canyon of Veronica's cleavage, trying to catch a glimpse of his adoptive mother on the small screen. The MILF's massive, jiggling tits blocked most of his view, creating a fleshy tunnel that framed his flushed, milk-drenched face.

"H-hey Mom," Aiden slurred, his voice hoarse and fucked-out. He licked the residual cream from his swollen lips, savoring the sweet taste of his mother's milk. "I'm being a good boy for Mommy Veronica, just like you taught me."

On the phone screen, Meredith's pupils visibly dilated with arousal as she took in the obscene sight of her adopted son's face peeking out from between Veronica's giant, wobbling jugs. Aiden's cheeks and chin were glazed with tit milk, his hair mussed and eyes glazed from hours of suckling.

"I can see that, darling," Meredith purred, her breathing shallow as she imagined laving her tongue over every drop of cream painting her boy's skin. "You look so natural buried in Mommy's big titties, drunk on her sweet milk. Such a good little nursing baby for her."

Aiden whimpered at the praise, his sensitive cock twitching inside Veronica's rippling sheath. The naughty boy loved nothing more than

pleasing his gorgeous mothers, being their willing plaything and stud.

Veronica smirked down at Aiden, reaching up to squeeze her heavy tits together, mashing his face between the pillowy globes. "Our baby boy can't get enough of Mommy's milk jugs," she told Meredith, voice dripping with sensual satisfaction. "He's been suckling me dry for hours like a greedy calf. I'll be surprised if I have any cream left by morning."

Meredith groaned at the hot visual, clenching her thighs together as fresh arousal flooded her core. "Such an eager little boobie-sucker," she praised breathlessly. "Mommy's perfect tit-slave. I bet you can't wait to get a mouthful of my creamy boobs too, can you baby?"

"Uh-huh," Aiden agreed desperately, voice muffled by the tit-flesh enveloping his face. He nuzzled deeper into Veronica's cleavage, rubbing his sticky face back and forth.

"You hear that, baby boy?" Veronica cooed, grinding her hips in slow, sensual circles on Aiden's lap, stirring her corrugated walls with stiff, teenage cock. "When Mommy Meredith gets here, you're going to have double the wet, hungry hoochies to satisfy. Two sloppy mommy cooters drooling for your fat cock day and night."

Meredith smirked wickedly through the phone screen. "That's right, darling. You'll be stuffing our greedy cunts non-stop, pounding out creamy pie after creamy pie. Our needy kitties will milk your heavy balls dry."

Aiden whimpered around his mouthful of cleavage-flesh, overwhelmed by the idea of fucking both his gorgeous mothers on a loop, an endless buffet of mature pussy at his disposal. His cock throbbed urgently inside Veronica's rippling sheath at the filthy images they painted.

"Ungh, I can't wait," the teen groaned, voice muffled by Veronica's smothering cleavage. "Pump you both full of my cum over and over."

"Mmmm, that's our good little fuck-toy," Veronica purred, bouncing faster on Aiden's rigid pole. Her huge titties jiggled hypnotically, slapping his milk-drenched face with every roll of her hips. "Just a hard dick and a pair of balls to us, isn't that right baby? Our live-in dildo to use as we please."

Aiden keened desperately, loving the degrading dirty talk. He pistoned his hips up to meet Veronica's every downward grind, his sensitive cockhead pummeling her cervix. "Yes Mommy!"

On the phone, Meredith was panting shallowly, one hand visibly shoved down the front of her panties as she frigged herself to the incestuous live show. "Ooooh yes, baby! Mommy's cunt is FLOODING thinking about sharing you with Veronica. Stuffing your face with our dripping pussies!"

Spurred on by Meredith's breathy encouragement, Veronica redoubled her efforts, slamming her soaked, clasping twat down on Aiden's throbbing cock with wild abandon. Her bodacious ass cheeks rippled with every impact, jiggling obscenely as she rode him into oblivion.

"Fuck fuck fuck!" the blonde MILF chanted, head thrown back in ecstasy as she chased her rapidly approaching orgasm. "Mommy's cumming, baby! Gonna squirt all over this fat cock!"

As Veronica bounced wildly on Aiden's cock, racing towards her explosive climax, Meredith's voice suddenly rang out from the phone. "Don't you dare cum yet, young man!" the redheaded MILF commanded sternly. "You fuck your mother straight through her orgasm, no matter how hard she's squeezing that dick. Prove you can outlast her like the virile stud we've trained you to be."

Aiden's ocean blue eyes flashed with determination at the challenge. Even lost in the throes of ecstasy, overwhelmed by the slick vice grip of his birth mother's spasming twat, the teen was determined to make his adoptive mom proud. To show off the impressive stamina and control she had so painstakingly drilled into him.

"I got this, Mom," Aiden gritted out confidently, latching onto Veronica's voluptuous body as she shook above him. Digging his fingers into the plush globes of her ass, the teen planted his feet and met his mother's wild gyrations thrust for thrust, jack-hammering into her convulsing cunt.

"OH FUCK YES, BABY!" Veronica wailed, head thrown back as her orgasm crashed over her in relentless waves. Her powerful inner muscles rippled and clenched along Aiden's pistoning shaft, fluttering wildly as she gushed around him. Copious amounts of slick fluid sprayed from her spasming slit, coating her son's cock and balls in her musky essence.

But Aiden never faltered, never lost his driving rhythm, even as Veronica's tight cunt squeezed him like a fist. Gritting his teeth against the overwhelming urge to erupt, the teen fucked his mother straight through her toe-curling climax, just as Meredith had ordered.

As the electrifying pulses finally began to ebb, Veronica collapsed bonelessly onto Aiden's sweat-slicked chest, gasping for breath. Her massive tits heaved against either side of his face as she came down from her high, his still-hard cock pulsing inside her sensitive channel.

"Holy shit, baby," the blonde MILF panted in awe, glazed sapphire eyes struggling to focus. "I think you fucked my brain out through my cunt."

Aiden just grinned up at her wolfishly, giving a cocky flex of his hips that made Veronica gasp. "Oh, I'm not done with you yet, Mom," he growled, voice rough with lust. "Not even close."

With a sudden surge of strength, the teen flipped their positions, rolling Veronica beneath him without breaking their intimate connection. The MILF yelped in surprise, legs automatically spreading wider to accommodate her son's lean hips as he loomed over her.

Bracing his elbows on either side of Veronica's head, Aiden began to piston his hips, driving his steely cock in and out of her sensitive, still-fluttering sheath. The teen set a punishing pace, spurred on by Meredith's breathy encouragement through the phone.

"That's it, baby! Give Mommy that dick," the redhead panted, frigging her clit frantically as she watched her boy go to town. "Fuck her into the mattress, rearrange her womb with that big cock!"

Aiden grunted savagely with each snap of his lean hips, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against Veronica's dripping folds. The MILF could only lay there and take the brutal pounding, too wrung out from her intense orgasm to do anything but moan weakly.

But as Aiden's tireless jackhammering continued, his bulbous cockhead battering her cervix on every thrust, Veronica felt the stirrings of another climax building in her core. Her inner muscles started to quiver and clench around his invading shaft, coaxing him even deeper.

"Oh god, oh fuck!" the blonde wailed, nails scrabbling at Aiden's flexing back. "Baby's gonna make me cum again! Fuck fuck fuck!"

Aiden snarled in concentration, sweat dripping down his face as he fought against the renewed rippling pressure around his cock. Veronica's cunt was fluttering wildly, her muscles milking him, trying to suck the cum right out of his balls. But the determined teen just gritted his teeth and powered through, pounding his mother even harder.

With a keening cry, Veronica came apart beneath him, her release even more powerful than the first. Her titties jumped wildly across her chest and her pussy convulsed violently, clear fem-spunk squirting out around Aiden's hammering cock to soak his groin.

"AIDEN! FUCK!" Veronica screamed to the heavens, eyes rolling back in her head as ecstasy ripped through her unlike any she'd ever experienced.

Aiden never let up for a second, fucking his mother through her bone-rattling orgasm like a machine. The wet squelch of his balls slapping against her drenched folds was obscene, the sound mixing with Veronica's mindless wails to create a debauched symphony.

As the MILF shuddered through the aftershocks, gasping for air, Aiden shifted his weight onto one elbow. Keeping his pace steady, he reached between their sweat-slicked bodies to seek out Veronica's throbbing clit.

"One more, Mommy," the teen growled, circling the sensitive nub with the rough pad of his thumb. "Squirt on my cock one more time, drench those big teenage balls."

Veronica and Meredith both squealed in delight at Aiden's confident declaration, the two MILFs unbearably turned on by the teen's newfound sexual prowess.

"Oh fuck yes, make Mommy squirt again!" Veronica babbled almost incoherently, drunk on pleasure. "Rub my clit raw while you pound me, baby!"

"Show her what a virile stud you are, darling!" Meredith panted through the phone, fingers pumping frantically in her dripping cunt. "Make your mommy gush like a fucking whore!"

Spurred on by their wanton encouragement, Aiden doubled his efforts, rubbing tight circles over Veronica's throbbing pearl as he

drilled into her with machine-like precision. The relentless dual stimulation, combined with the delicious dirty talk, soon had the blonde MILF hurtling towards another explosive climax.

"FUCK FUCK FUUUUCK!" Veronica wailed, back arching almost painfully off the bed as she came with a gush, milk spewing from her nipples. Clear ejaculate sprayed from her spasming slit, coating Aiden's pistoning cock and churning balls in her slick essence.

The teen grunted as he was doused in his mother's release, the hot fluid splattering his groin and dripping down to soak the sheets beneath them. But he never faltered, pounding Veronica through her body-wracking orgasm with single-minded determination.

When the final shudders subsided, leaving the MILF a boneless, twitching mess, Aiden finally slowed his thrusts. Veronica lay sprawled under him, hair plastered to her sweaty face, glazed eyes rolling aimlessly, huge tits heaving as she gulped air.

"Ungh... oh god..." she panted weakly, pussy still fluttering around Aiden's throbbing shaft buried inside her. "I can't... no more... you've slayed this cunt, baby..."

But Aiden just smirked down at his wrecked mother, running a proprietary hand over her quivering stomach. "I'm not done with you yet, Mom," he purred darkly, giving a meaningful flex of his hips that made Veronica moan. "Not until I fill this belly with my cum."

Meredith made a desperate sound through the phone, feverishly frigging her clit as she listened to her adopted son's filthy promises. "Do it, baby!" the redhead urged breathlessly. "Flood your mommy's womb with your teenage seed! Pump her full of your potent fuck-batter until it takes!"

Galvanized by Meredith's graphic encouragement, Aiden grabbed Veronica's plush thighs and pushed them back towards her shoulders, nearly folding the flexible MILF in half. The new position

opened her up completely, allowing him to plunge even deeper into her dripping cunt.

The teenager snarled ferally as he began to jackhammer into Veronica's upturned pussy, the force of his thrusts making the marital bed frame slam against the wall. His heavy balls smacked obscenely against her ass with every punishing snap of his hips.

"Ungh yeah, drill Mommy's baby oven!" Meredith babbled lewdly through the phone, her voice high and girlish. "Stir up her womb with that big ol' cum whisk! Paint the walls of her uterus with your baby-making goo!"

Aiden grunted like a wild animal as he pounded into his birth mom with brutal intensity, spurred on by his adoptive mother's cutesy reproductive dirty talk. The filthy visuals she painted, combined with the delicious drag of Veronica's clinging pussy lips along his shaft, had the pressure building rapidly in his loins.

"Shit... I'm close..." Aiden gritted out, sweat rolling down his clenched jaw as he fought against his impending eruption. His lean muscles trembled with the strain of holding back, buttocks flexing as he pistoned in and out of Veronica's swollen, gushing cunt.

"Give Mommy that special boy-sauce, baby!" Meredith urged breathlessly. "Shoot your thick baby batter right against her cervix! Glaze her womb with your icing and put a bun in her oven!"

Veronica keened weakly, too fucked-out to form coherent words. Her cushy titties rippled against the weight of her boy's chest. Her pussy quivered feebly around Aiden's thrusting cock, trying to milk him, greedy for his potent young seed. Her legs quivered where they were folded up by her shoulders, the backs of her thighs burning from the stretch.

With a roar of completion, Aiden finally let go, hammering into his mom's defenseless cunt with vicious abandon. "FUCK! Take it,

Mommy!" he bellowed, eyes rolling back as the first powerful spurt exploded from his slit. "Unngh FUCK!"

Aiden convulsed above his birth mother as he emptied his heavy balls directly into her womb, painting her cervix with thick stripes of slimy semen. Veronica wailed brokenly as she was flooded with wet heat, her son's virile seed pumping into her fertile depths.

The obscene sounds of Aiden's cock squelching through the mess of his own cum as he continued to thrust only heightened their depravity.

As her adopted son flooded Veronica's fertile womb with his potent seed, Meredith moaned whorishly through the phone, frigging her fat clit with desperate strokes.

"Yes baby, give bride-Mommy all that thick cum!" the redhead squealed. "Breed her tight cunt, put a baby in her belly!"

Aiden snarled as he hammered into Veronica's upturned pussy, even as his cock continued to erupt deep inside her. The blonde MILF could only lay there and take it, legs quivering uselessly by her head as her son used her like a fuckdoll, pumping rope after massive rope, each teeming with sperm, directly into her defenseless womb.

"Take it all!" Aiden grunted, giving a few more powerful thrusts for good measure, making sure every drop of his semen coated Veronica's rippling walls.

The mother's eyelids fluttered and rolled back as she was filled to capacity with teenage spunk, the copious release seeping out around Aiden's stabbing shaft with obscene wet squelches. The relentless battering of her cervix triggered one last weak orgasm, making the MILF, squeal through clenched teeth, her birthing tunnel twitching and clenching feebly around her son's emptying cock.

Finally, with a shuddering groan, Aiden collapsed on top of his mother, completely spent. He lay heavily between her splayed thighs in a sweaty flesh-heap, softening cock still buried in her cum-flooded twat as they both struggled to catch their breath.

For long moments, the only sounds in the room were the couple's ragged panting and Meredith's high-pitched moans as she worked herself closer to climax.

"Ffffuck, that was so hot," the redhead whined through the phone, voice tight with impending release. "Watching my baby boy...ungh...breed his own mother! I'm gonna... Oh fuck, I'm cumming!"

Meredith's yelp of completion rang out from the phone speaker as she fell over the edge, fingers pumping frantically in her clenching cunt. Aiden and Veronica grinned at each other in exhausted satisfaction, listening to her ride out her orgasm.

When Meredith finally quieted, Veronica reached for the phone with a trembling hand. She brought it close to her flushed, sweat-dampened face and smiled into the camera.

"Holy fuck," the blonde sighed smugly. "Our virile young stud performed admirably, don't you think? Fucked me into oblivion and pumped me full of his grade-A baby batter."

"God yes," Meredith panted, grinning deliriously. "He was magnificent. Our perfect little breeder. I can't wait to have his hot cock-honey splattering through my womb."

Mmm, yes," Veronica hissed in depraved approval, bucking her hips up to meet Aiden's renewed thrusts. "We'll give our cute boy all the taboo pussy he can handle. An endless cycle of incestuous breeding."

Aiden groaned at the deliciously obscene image, his cock hardening rapidly inside his mom's cum-drenched cunt. The debaucherous depravity of his mothers was so arousing, stoking his virile teenage lust to dizzying heights.

TO BE CONTINUED…

255: Charlie's Hole – SUPERSIZED-1/3

Charlie's Hole – SUPERSIZED

By Klrxo

"Oh, I don't fucking know!" Sherry exclaimed in a burst of frustration, setting the sleek smart-watch back down on the glossy display case. The soft hum of the department store filled the air around them, punctuated by the distant chatter of other shoppers.

"Did you change your mind… again?" Barb inquired, standing close to her best friend amidst the aisles of high-tech gadgets. Her voice carried a teasing lilt as she observed Sherry's indecision.

"He didn't really ask for a smart watch, so why should I spend all that money on one?" Sherry reasoned, her tone a mix of practicality and uncertainty.

"What DID he ask for, a blow up doll?" Barb continued, her curiosity piqued as they began to stroll together through the store. Their dainty designer heels clicked rhythmically on the polished floor, echoing slightly in the vast space. The elegant shoes cradled their beautiful tan feet, each toenail meticulously painted with a glossy finish. Short pleated skirts swayed around thick juicy bubble butts, gracefully draping over their strong, freshly-shaved legs. Light turtlenecks hugged trim torsos and giant meaty tits, the indentations of their fat nipples clearly visible through the snug fabric.

"You know what he asked for… video games. What else would he want?" Sherry replied, a hint of exasperation in her voice as she brushed a strand of her platinum-blonde hair away from her pretty face, the strands gleaming under the store's bright lights.

"Then buy him a video game and be done," Barb suggested, her tone pragmatic as she offered a simple solution.

"And enable a bad habit that he already spends WAY too much time doing? I don't think so. I really wanna buy him something out of the box this year. Something different," Sherry explained, her voice laced with determination to find the perfect gift. "I mean, he's turning 18; that's kind of a big deal."

"Well, you can always do like a lot of moms are doing and buy Charlie a glory hole," Barb joked, her laughter making her ballooning MILF tits jiggle.

"Very funny!" Sherry retorted, a smile tugging at the corners of her lips despite herself.

"I'm dead serious. My sister bought one for her son, and from what I've heard, he fucking loves it!"

"Wait... are we actually discussing a literal hole in the wall where a guy sticks his cock through?"

"Yes, a literal hole in the wall, with a female on the other side, ready to suck and fuck the cum from his balls. That's exactly what we're discussing," Barb confirmed with unwavering certainty.

"Hold on a sec," Sherry interjected, abruptly halting. "Firstly... how does one even go about purchasing something like that, and secondly... if your sister bought her son a glory hole, who the fuck is the woman on the other side?"

"Apparently, there's a company dedicated to this, and they install them wherever you want. As for your second question... who do you think is on the other side? My sister!"

"Your sister? But... isn't the woman on the other side supposed to be servicing dick?"

"Yep!" Barb nodded, her grin spreading wide.

"Oh my god, Barb! Your sister is sucking her own son's dick?!"

"Among other things, yes!" Barb replied with an unsettling ease.

"Among other things?! Don't tell me she's actually giving him pussy too?"

"Oh, come on, Sherry, don't act so shocked. We both know at least half a dozen moms who are riding the cock train to nasty town with their sons, while their husbands are at work."

"Yes, we do, but we're not talking about your sister or those other moms. We're talking about ME and my son, remember?"

"Yes, your son, Charlie, who, might I remind you, has been stealing your panties to beat off with since he hit puberty," Barb stated bluntly.

"So you think I should encourage such behavior by just drilling a fucking hole in the wall for his enjoyment?"

"There doesn't even have to be sex involved," Barb insisted, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "The hole could be just for Charlie to sneak peeks at you getting naked now and then."

"I am not turning my house into a strip club," Sherry shot back, her voice firm.

"The point is, it's an outrageously untraditional gift…and you WERE looking for something different for him, right?" Barb pressed, her words dripping with persuasion.

"Well, a glory hole is definitely in the 'different' category," Sherry admitted, her voice laced with disbelief. "You said there's a company that actually installs these things?"

"Yep, that's what my sister told me. These glory holes are more than just a hole cut into the wall. Certainly not something you buy from your local Home Depot. This company is totally legit," Barb assured, her grin widening like a Cheshire cat. "Why, is Mrs. prim and proper actually considering it now?"

"Are you kidding? Dave would lose his mind if he ever found something like that in our house."

"It's not like it's a blatant hole in the wall. The one they did for my sister's son is so well concealed, you'd never spot it. They cap it with something that blends seamlessly with the wall."

"Even so…if my husband discovered it, how on earth would I explain that?"

"Who says you need to explain anything?" Barb countered. "If he finds it, just act clueless. He'll think it was something the perverted previous owners left behind."

Sherry couldn't believe she was actually entertaining the idea, but she figured getting more information on the product wouldn't hurt, even if the idea was scandalous.

"Alright, get that website from your sister," Sherry relented, her curiosity piqued. "I'm not saying I'm buying one, but I'll at least take a look at what it's all about."

"I knew it," Barb giggled, giving her friend a mischievous wink. "You're buying one."

"I didn't say that!" Sherry smirked.

"You don't have to. I can see that naughty twinkle in your eye," Barb stated in amusement. "I know you as well as you know yourself, Sher."

Sherry knew it was true. The two were like sisters who even shared sex toys and masturbated together from time to time. But purchasing such a gift for her son had to be a decision and commitment that was hers and hers alone.

Charlie, Sherry's son, was a pervert. He had a raging hard-on for busty MILFs with massive tits and rounded asses. He'd jerk off three times a day to dirty MILF porn he found online. The irony? The hottest MILF in town was right under his roof - his own mom, Sherry. He constantly fantasized about ramming his thick cock into her pussy or tight asshole. He imagined her massive tits bouncing on her chest while he fucked her senseless.

"Charlie... dinner's ready!" her sweet voice called from the kitchen.

Chaos was ensuing downstairs. His younger siblings were always screeching about some bullshit, while his dad complained about work.

" Kids... enough please!" Charlie's mother patiently snapped as she brought dinner to the table, her dainty stiletto heels tapping against the wood floor.

"Looks delicious, babe," Charlie's dad, Dave, complimented, as his wife served them each a plate.

"Thanks. I tried this new recipe that Barb told me about."

Sherry knew Charlie's eyes were always glued to her at dinner. She would constantly catch him staring at her jiggling ass or bouncy tits. But before investing in something like a glory hole for him to spy through, she wanted to be sure he'd actually use it. The hot mom decided to test the waters and see if her son really wanted to see her body naked.

"Did you wash your hands, sweetie?" she inquired, standing just beside him and ladling food onto his plate.

"Yes, ma'am," Charlie replied, glancing up at her. It was then he noticed how low her blouse was unbuttoned, revealing an tremendous display of creamy tit-cleavage. What he wouldn't give to bury his face between those watermelon-sized udders and never come up for air.

His mom caught his eye, her luscious pink lips curling into a knowing smile, prompting him to avert his gaze with a blush.

Throughout dinner, Sherry lost count of how many times she'd caught her son stealing glances at her ridiculously-sized rack. "Well, at least I know for sure now that a peephole would definitely get used," she mused to herself. "I wonder if it's just my big tits or if there are other parts of me that captivate him?"

"Charlie, would you mind helping me with the dishes, sweetheart?" she asked him once dinner was over and the others had left.

"No, not at all," he responded, watching her bubble butt sway beneath her skirt as she sauntered towards the sink.

As Sherry began putting away the dried dishes, she deliberately dropped a few pieces of silverware onto the floor. "Oh, damn…I'm such a klutz. Would you mind picking those up for me, sweetie?" she asked.

Charlie dropped to his knees, eager to gather the scattered silverware. Being the perverted fuck that he was, he couldn't help but fixate on his mom's legs, glistening with a fresh tan. Her toned muscles screamed of strength, and her short skirt left little to the imagination.

He inched closer, angling for a view beneath her skirt. His eyes widened as he glimpsed her barely-there panties, the fabric stretched tautly across her plump mound. Her pussy lips bulged against the material, the crease of her slit clearly visible. He could see soft, supple flesh spilling from the edges of her panties, begging to be touched.

The scent of lemon- fresh soap suds clung to the air as Sherry, scrubbed the dishes with a gentle rhythm. She cast a glance over her shoulder, her eyes landing on her son, who was crouched low, taking a peek up her skirt. "You better not let your father catch you doing that, Charlie," she said, her voice a warm blend of amusement and warning.

Charlie shot up like a jack-in-the-box, his cheeks flushing a guilty pink. "Doing what?" he asked, feigning ignorance with wide, innocent eyes.

Sherry chuckled, as she gazed him in the eyes mischievously. "You know what," she said, turning back to her task.

Charlie sighed and resumed drying the dishes, the towel making a soft, swishing sound against the ceramic plates. After a moment, Sherry broke the silence, her voice casual yet probing. "Do you peek under girls' skirts at school too, honey? Trying to catch a glimpse of their pussies through their panties?"

Charlie's hands stilled, his shock palpable. "No, ma'am," he muttered, his ears turning a deep shade of crimson.

Sherry turned to look at him, her eyes soft and understanding. "You don't have to lie to me, sweetie," she said gently. "I know how curious you are about girls' bodies."

Charlie swallowed hard, his grip tightening on the towel. "I wouldn't lie to you, mom" he lied, his voice barely above a whisper.

Sherry turned back to her dishes, her hands moving in a steady, practiced rhythm. "Have you ever seen a girl naked?" she asked, her tone conversational. "A real girl, not one of those plastic women on the internet."

Charlie's breath hitched, his heart pounding in his chest. "No," he admitted, his voice barely audible. "I've never seen a girl naked in person."

Sherry looked at him, her eyes searching his face. "Well, what if you did?" she asked, her voice soft. "Would probably make your penis hard? Would it make you wanna touch yourself, Charlie?"

Charlie's blush deepened, spreading down to his neck. "Mom, that's kinda personal," he mumbled, his eyes fixed on the dish in his hands.

Sherry laughed, a sound like tinkling bells. "So is what's going on beneath my skirt," she said, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "But that didn't stop you, did it?"

Charlie's lips pressed into a thin line, his silence an admission of guilt. He shook his head, a small, almost imperceptible movement.

"Then answer my question then. If you saw a girl naked, would you jerk off and give yourself pleasure, while you watch her?" the mother persisted.

"Probably," Charlie admitted, hardly believing his mom was asking such questions.

"While your beating off…would you imagine that you're manhood is inside her pussy – that you're having hot, nasty sex with her?" the mother asked.

"Mom!" Charlie blushed, hardly able to look her in the eyes.

"Charlie, you're gonna be 18 in two days. Technically, you'll be an adult," Sherry reminded him. "Do you wanna have an ADULT conversation with me, or should I keep treating you like a boy?"

Charlie was proud of the fact that he was nearly 18. He certainly didn't wanna be treated like a little kid anymore. "I can have an adult conversation," he answered, forcing himself to look over at her.

"Good…and I can use adult language with you and you won't be embarrassed?"

"Yes," he responded with a decisive nod.

"I'm glad to hear that," the mother smiled. "So back to my question then. If you saw a girl naked, would you imagine that you're fucking her? Using her body like a sex toy?"

Charlie's heart skipped a beat. He had only heard his mom say "fuck" once before and it certainly wasn't in this context.

"Well…would you?" his mom asked impatiently.

"Yes, if she was hot," he timidly replied.

"Define 'hot' for me," his mom asked. "What color would her hair be?"

"Blonde."

"Blonde…like mine?" Sherry asked, running her finger through her silky platinum blonde hair.

"Yes."

"Hmn. What else? Would she have big boobs…a thick ass maybe?" Sherry asked candidly.

"Yes, both of those," Charlie answered blushingly, glancing at his mom's huge melons, which seemed ready to burst from her top at any moment.

"Would she tease you with her big titties, sweetie? Is that something you fantasize about?"

Charlie was still in awe that he was even having this conversation with his sexy mom. He could hardly answer his heart was beating so fast.

"Charlie?" his mom asked, peeking over at him.

"Sorry, um…yes, she would be teasing me with them for sure."

"How so?" She asked, turning towards him curiously so her giant melons separated the distance between them. "The same way those big tit porn stars tease on the internet?"

"Yeah," Charlie replied, gulping as he gazed at the canyon of cleaved tit-meat looming beside him.

"And what do they do, sweetheart? What do those online sluts do with their heavy tits that you like so much?" Sherry asked.

Charlie was too embarrassed to look his mom in the eyes as the answer slipped from his lips. "Swing them back and forth."

"Oh, I see. You like that, huh?" his mom asked, smiling over at him. "When a woman swings her big naked tits back and forth for you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Does it make your penis get big and stiff when you watch that?" she asked, her brilliant blue eyes peeking down at the lewd bulge in his pants.

"Uh-huh!" Charlie nodded.

"How old are these girls that swing their tits for you online, sweetie?" his mother asked, already knowing the answer.

"A lot older than I am," Charlie replied.

"A lot older, huh? Are they my age?" Sherry asked with a curious smile.

"Most of them, yes."

Sherry leaned back against the counter, making her mommy-milkers jut out even further. She rubbed his arm tenderly. "And what do you call a woman my age that you wanna get nasty with, Charlie?" she asked.

"A MILF."

"And what's that stand for?" Sherry asked with a naughty grin, dying to hear her son answer. "Come on, Charlie…you can say it. We're having an adult conversation, remember? Tell me what MILF stands for."

Charlie took a nervous gulp, then spit it out. "Mom I'd like to…fuck," he muttered.

Sherry thrust her huge tits out, closing the distance between them so her protruding nipples grazed his chest as they pushing out from beneath the fabric. "Do you know lots of moms you'd like to fuck, sweetie?" she asked in sexy tone. "Real moms, not internet moms?"

"Yeah, um…some," he answered.

"Do you like to imagine that they're cheating on their husbands with you?" Sherry asked, curling her leg behind him and running her sexy bare foot up the back his leg. "That they're letting you between their spread-open thighs so you can pound your hard penis inside them and make them scream out in pleasure?"

"That would be…um…amazing!" the boy gulped, hardly able to breathe he was so turned on by his mom's questions.

"What if it were an older woman you were close to…someone who you saw a lot…would you wanna see her naked and fuck her hard too?"

The teen nodded with hesitation. "Yes, if she'd let me."

Charlie's dad suddenly walked in, causing him and his mother to quickly separate and begin working on dishes again. "Anything I can do to help?" Dave asked.

"Nope. We just about have it finished, honey," his wife answered, glancing at her son conspiratorially.

As they finished the last of the dishes, Sherry's mind was swirling with thoughts. Their intimate conversation had confirmed what she already suspected - her son was lusting after MILFs, and likely fantasizing about fucking her too. The way his eyes devoured her body left little doubt.

Maybe installing a glory hole for his birthday wasn't such an outrageous idea after all. It would give him an outlet for his raging teenage hormones and perverse desires.

The following week, Sherry found herself sitting at the kitchen table across from a well-dressed woman with an air of professional confidence. The saleslady, introducing herself as Candace, had arrived promptly for their scheduled consultation while the house was empty.

"So tell me a bit about your son Charlie's...naughty obsession," Candace began, her pen poised over a sleek tablet as she prepared to take notes. "The more we understand what gets him off, the better we can tailor our installation to suit his needs."

Sherry shifted uncomfortably in her seat, the topic still feeling surreal and taboo. "Well, as I mentioned on the phone, he's been using my panties for quite some time now. Sniffing them. Tasting them. I've caught him red-handed on multiple occasions."

Candace nodded, unfazed by the revelation. "That's quite common, actually. Many of our clients' sons exhibit similar behavior. It's a natural curiosity at his age. What else have you noticed?"

Emboldened by Candace's nonjudgmental demeanor, Sherry continued, "I've overheard him...jerking off...on more than one occasion. Always when he thinks no one is home or when everyone's asleep."

"Perfectly normal," Candace assured her, jotting down a few notes. "And have you ever caught him trying to sneak a peek while you're undressing or in a state of undress?"

Sherry's cheeks flushed at the memory. "There was one incident...I had just stepped out of the shower when I heard a noise. I peeked out and saw Charlie's reflection in the mirror, watching me from the doorway."

"Excellent," Candace remarked, a smile playing on her lips. "It seems your son has a healthy fascination with the female form, particularly yours. Which mean a glory hole, appropriately placed, is something he would definitely utilize."

Sherry's brow furrowed. "I'm still not entirely sure about this whole thing. It feels so...wrong...to encourage this kind of perverted behavior."

Candace reached across the table, placing a reassuring hand on Sherry's. "Mrs. Thompson, I assure you, you're not alone in these concerns. But let me ask you this...would you rather your son continue to steal your panties and spy on you without your consent, or would you prefer to provide him with a safe, controlled outlet for his natural urges?"

Sherry pondered the question, her resolve slowly crumbling. "I suppose when you put it that way..."

"Trust me," Candace said, her voice smooth as silk, "our glory holes have prevented many awkward situations. By giving your son this gift, you're showing him that you understand and accept his needs. It's a beautiful thing, really."

"So, tell me more about how all this works," Sherry said, anxious to hear more.

Candace leaned forward, her expression serious yet understanding. "We offer three distinct types of installations, each designed to cater to different levels of...interaction." She tapped her pen against the tablet, pulling up a series of images.

"The first option is our Peephole Package. As the name suggests, this is purely for visual stimulation. A small, discreet opening is installed at eye level, allowing your son to observe without any physical contact. Many of our clients find this to be a good starting point."

Sherry nodded, her eyes fixed on the screen. The idea of Charlie watching her through a hole in the wall that only they knew about sent a forbidden thrill through her body.

"The second option," Candace continued, "is our Oral Fixation Package. This includes the peephole, but with an additional opening at waist height. This allows for...shall we say...more intimate interactions. Your

son would be able to experience the pleasure of oral stimulation without the complexities of a full physical encounter."

Sherry swallowed hard, her mind racing with the implications. The thought of her own son's cock passing through that opening, into her waiting mouth...it was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"And finally," Candace said, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "we have our Full Access Package. This is our most comprehensive installation, featuring a much larger opening and bench on each side strategically placed to accommodate a wide range of sexual activities. With this option, you and your son can explore the full spectrum of physical intimacy, all while maintaining a small degree of separation and anonymity."

Sherry's heart pounded in her chest as she pictured the scene: Charlie, his youthful body pressing against the wall, his hardness penetrating the opening, entering her...

"I...I don't know," she stammered, her face flushed with a mixture of shame and arousal. "It's all so overwhelming to even think about."

Candace smiled, her eyes glinting with understanding. "Of course it is. This is a big decision. But let me assure you, Mrs. Thompson...whichever package you choose, you'll be giving your son a gift that will shape his sexual development in a positive, healthy way. You'll be the mother he always dreamed of...in every sense of the word."

Sherry took a deep breath, considering her options. She wanted a memorable gift for Charlie, and this would certainly be that. She shook her reservations aside and made a decision that she knew would be best for her son.

"I think the Peephole Package would be the best fit for now," she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "I want Charlie to be able

to...to see me...from time to time. But I love my husband, and I couldn't betray our marriage vows with anything more than that."

Candace nodded, her expression one of gentle understanding. "Of course, Mrs. Thompson. The Peephole Package is a wonderful choice, and it's the one most of our clients start with. It allows for that intimate visual connection without crossing any physical boundaries."

She made a note on her tablet, then looked up with a knowing smile. "And remember, you can always upgrade later if you find yourself wanting more. Many of our moms do, once they see how positively their sons respond to the initial installation."

Sherry felt a flutter of excitement mixed with trepidation at the thought. The idea of Charlie's eyes on her, drinking in her naked form, was undeniably thrilling. But the prospect of things escalating further...of his youthful hardness penetrating the wall, seeking her warmth...it was almost too much to contemplate.

"Let's just stick with the Peephole for now," she said firmly, as if trying to convince herself as much as Candace. "I think that's plenty to start with."

Candace nodded, her smile never wavering. "Absolutely. We'll get the installation scheduled, and before you know it, you'll be giving Charlie the gift of a lifetime. Trust me, Mrs. Thompson...you're about to embark on a journey that will bring you and your son closer than you ever thought possible."

Sherry swallowed hard, her mind swirling with a heady mix of anticipation and fear. She knew she was stepping into uncharted territory, crossing lines she never thought she'd even approach. But the hunger in her son's eyes, the aching need she'd seen in those furtive glances and stolen moments...it called to something deep within her, something primal and irresistible.

As they walked through the house, Candace took in the elegant decor and spacious layout. It was clear the Thompsons were a well-to-do family with impeccable taste. But what caught her eye even more was Sherry herself.

The blonde-haired beauty moved with a graceful confidence, her curvaceous figure drawing the eye like a magnet. Her gigantic tits strained against the fabric of her blouse with each step, the rounded globes defying gravity in a way that seemed almost supernatural. And when she turned, her skirt hugged the generous curves of her rounded ass, the taut flesh jiggling ever so slightly with each stride.

It was no wonder her son was obsessed, Candace mused silently. With a mother like Sherry, what red-blooded young man could resist the temptation to sneak a peek, to drink in the forbidden sight of her naked splendor?

As they toured the upper floor, Candace studied the layout with a critical eye. Sherry led her into the master bedroom, a spacious oasis of luxury with a king-sized bed and plush carpeting.

"This is the master bedroom," Sherry explained, gesturing around the room. "And over here is my walk-in closet." She opened the door to reveal a fashionista's dream, with rows of designer clothes, shoes, and accessories neatly arranged.

Candace stepped inside, running her hand along the wall that separated the closet from the adjoining room. "And what's on the other side of this wall?" she asked, her tone casual but pointed.

Sherry blinked, caught off guard by the question. "Oh, that's Charlie's room. His closet backs up to mine."

A slow smile spread across Candace's face. "Mrs. Thompson, I believe we've found the perfect spot for the installation." She turned to face Sherry, her eyes glinting with excitement. "Think about it - the closets

provide the ideal cover. You can slip in here anytime, and Charlie can access the peephole from the privacy of his own space."

Sherry's heart raced at the thought. The idea of Charlie watching her from the shadows of his closet, his eyes drinking her in as she undressed mere feet away... it was thrilling and taboo all at once.

"I suppose you're right," she managed, her voice thick with a desire she couldn't quite suppress. "The closets do seem like the most private spot for this."

Candace nodded, her smile widening. "Once we install the peephole, this space will become a sanctuary for you and Charlie. A place where you can connect on a level deeper than words, where the lines between mother and son blur and something new and beautiful emerges."

She ran her fingers along the wall again, as if picturing the opening that would soon be there. "And who knows? In time, you may find yourself craving more than just his gaze. The Peephole Package is only the beginning..."

Candace pulled out her tablet, quickly navigating to a series of images showcasing the various features of the Peephole Package. "Now, let me walk you through some of the specifics," she began, her voice taking on a professorial tone.

"First and foremost, the peephole itself is a marvel of engineering. It's not just a simple hole in the wall - it's a high-tech optical device that allows for crystal-clear viewing from the other side. The lens is designed to provide a wide-angle view, so Charlie will be able to take in every inch of your glorious body."

Sherry felt a flush creep up her neck at the thought, her skin prickling with a mixture of embarrassment and excitement.

"But that's not all," Candace continued, swiping to the next image. "The peephole comes equipped with a state-of-the-art zoom function. With

just a tap on his phone screen, Charlie can magnify any part of you that catches his eye. Imagine him honing in on the swell of your breasts, the curve of your hips, the most intimate parts of you..."

Sherry's breath caught in her throat, her mind conjuring up images of Charlie's hungry gaze roving over her body, zeroing in on her most private areas

"And for those times when Charlie wants a more... immersive experience," Candace went on, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "the peephole has a built-in microphone. He'll be able to hear every sigh, every moan, every whispered word that escapes your lips as you pleasure yourself mere inches away."

Sherry's knees felt weak at the thought, her core clenching with a sudden, desperate need. The idea of Charlie listening in on her most intimate moments, of him hearing the evidence of her arousal... it was almost too much to bear.

"Of course, discretion is key," Candace assured her, sensing her unease. "The microphone is equipped with a mute function, so you can control when and what Charlie hears. And the peephole itself is virtually undetectable from your side - just a tiny, innocuous dot on the wall, easily mistaken for a small imperfection in the paint."

She swiped to another image, this one showing a sleek, modern interface on a smartphone screen. "And here's where the real magic happens - the companion app. Once installed on Charlie's phone, it gives him complete control over his viewing experience. He can activate the peephole camera and microphone remotely, so he never has to miss a moment of your beauty."

Sherry's eyes widened at the implications. Charlie would have access to her at any time, day or night. The thought was both thrilling and terrifying.

"The app also includes a recording function," Candace added, her smile turning sly. "So if Charlie wants to relive a particularly memorable moment, or if he needs some... visual stimulation for his own private activities, he can save the footage for later viewing. All stored securely and encrypted, of course."

Sherry's mind reeled at the thought of Charlie rewatching her intimate moments, using the footage to fuel his own desires. It was a level of exposure she'd never contemplated before, a blurring of boundaries that both scared and excited her.

"I know it's a lot to take in," Candace said gently, sensing her inner turmoil. "But I promise you, Mrs. Thompson, this technology has been designed with the utmost care and consideration. We've thought of everything to ensure a safe, secure, and deeply satisfying experience for both you and Charlie."

Candace set down the tablet and met Sherry's gaze with a knowing look. "Now, there's one more important aspect we need to discuss - the wall treatment."

Sherry's brow furrowed in confusion. "Wall treatment? What do you mean?"

Candace smiled patiently. "Well, let's be frank. With a son as virile and eager as Charlie, that wall is going to see a lot of... activity. We need to make sure it's properly prepared for the onslaught of teenage enthusiasm, if you catch my drift."

Sherry's eyes widened as understanding dawned. "Oh. Oh my." She felt her cheeks heat at the thought of what Candace was implying.

"Don't worry, we've got it all figured out," Candace assured her. "We'll be applying a special polymer coating to the wall on Charlie's side. It's a high-tech material designed specifically for this purpose - to withstand

the rigors of repeated, shall we say, 'impacts' and to provide easy cleanup."

Sherry couldn't help but imagine the scene - Charlie, overcome with lust at the sight of her naked body, frantically stroking himself until he painted the wall with his youthful seed. The thought sent a forbidden thrill straight to her core.

"The coating is completely clear and won't affect the aesthetics of the wall," Candace continued. "But it will prevent any staining or damage from Charlie's... enthusiasm. And cleanup is a breeze - just a quick wipe with a damp cloth and it's good as new, ready for the next round."

Sherry marveled at the thoroughness of the company's approach. They really had thought of everything. "That's... that's good to know," she managed, her voice slightly strangled.

Candace nodded, her expression one of understanding. "Believe me, Mrs. Thompson, you're not the first mom to grapple with these realities. But that's why we're here - to make this whole process as seamless and stress-free as possible."

She reached out and gave Sherry's hand a reassuring squeeze. "By the time we're finished, Charlie's closet will be a veritable pleasure palace, equipped with everything he needs to explore his desires in a safe, controlled environment. And you'll be the star of the show - the object of his deepest, darkest fantasies come to life."

Sherry felt a rush of heat at the thought, her body responding to the taboo thrill of it all. She knew she was crossing a line, venturing into

uncharted territory. But the hunger in Candace's eyes, the promise of forbidden delights, was too powerful to resist.

With the decision made, Sherry wasted no time in scheduling the installation. She knew she had to be cautious, to ensure that her husband

remained blissfully unaware of the forbidden gift she was about to bestow upon their son.

After careful consideration, she settled on a date when Dave would be away on a business trip, the kids safely ensconced in the routine of school. It was the perfect window of opportunity, a chance to transform her son's closet into a sanctuary of secret desires without fear of discovery.

The day of the installation arrived, and Sherry found herself pacing nervously in her bedroom as the technicians worked diligently in Charlie's closet. The hum of power tools and murmur of voices filtered through the wall, a tangible reminder of the forbidden transformation taking place mere feet away.

As the hours ticked by, Sherry's anticipation grew, mingling with a heady sense of trepidation. What would it be like, she wondered, to stand before that innocent-looking wall and know that her son's hungry gaze could be devouring her at any moment? The thought sent a shiver down her spine, a delicious mix of fear and excitement.

Finally, the lead technician emerged, a satisfied smile on his face. "All done, Mrs. Thompson," he announced, wiping his hands on his overalls. "The peephole is installed and fully operational. Here's a link to the companion app for your son to load onto his phone, so he'll be able to access the feed as soon as he gets home."

Sherry nodded, her throat suddenly dry. "Thank you," she managed, her voice barely above a whisper. "I... I appreciate your discretion in all of this."

The technician chuckled, his eyes glinting with a knowing look. "Believe me, ma'am, we've seen it all. Your secret is safe with us." With a final nod, he and his team packed up their equipment and took their leave.

Charlie's birthday party went off without a hitch. The house was filled with the laughter and chatter of family and friends as they celebrated the young man's special day. Sherry played the perfect hostess, smiling and mingling with the guests, all the while feeling the weight of her secret pressing against her chest.

Amidst the bustling energy of the party, Sherry and Barb found their attention continually drawn to Charlie and his two friends seated across the room. The moms sipped their wine, their eyes discreetly roaming over the young men's lean, athletic builds, drinking in the sight of their toned muscles and the tantalizing bulges at their crotches.

The boys, for their part, couldn't keep their gazes from drifting to the two gorgeous MILFs. Sherry and Barb were the epitome of every teenage fantasy - their massive breasts straining against the confines of their low-cut blouses, their smooth, tanned legs crossed in a manner that was both elegant and seductive. The women seemed acutely aware of the effect they were having, their glossy lips curving into knowing smiles as they caught the boys staring.

"God, would you look at them," Barb murmured, leaning in close to Sherry's ear. "Those young studs look good enough to eat. Especially the birthday boy."

Sherry felt a flush of heat at her friend's words, her eyes flickering to Charlie. Her son was laughing at something one of his buddies had said, his handsome face alight with joy. But there was a hunger in his gaze as it slid back to her, a raw, unfiltered desire that made her breath catch.

"You're so bad," she whispered back to Barb, her voice thick with a longing she couldn't quite suppress. "Little does Charlie know he's about to get a birthday present he'll never forget."

Charlie's eyes locked with his mom's, their gazes smoldering with unspoken desire. He could see her and Barb whispering to each other, their eyes drifting over his body with a hunger that made his cock stiffen in his jeans. When Barb's gaze lingered pointedly on his crotch, Charlie's

imagination ran wild picturing what the two sexy MILFs must be discussing.

His eyes roamed up their curvaceous mommy-figures, taking in every luscious detail. He started at their dainty feet, admiring the way their stilettos cradled their sexy pedicured toes and accentuated their smooth, tanned calves. His gaze traveled higher, caressing the taut muscles of their thighs, barely concealed beneath their short skirts. Charlie pictured himself running his hands up those powerful legs, feeling them quiver under his touch.

Higher still his eyes wandered, to the tantalizing mounds of tit-flesh straining against their blouses. The fabric looked ready to burst, barely containing the giant ripe melons underneath. Charlie zeroed in on their fat nipples, clearly hardened peaks poking against the thin material. He imagined capturing one between his lips, suckling and teasing it to stiffness, his face sinking into the meat of her tit while his mom gasped and squirmed.

"Dude, your mom is so fucking hot," his friend Jake murmured, following Charlie's line of sight. "I'd give my left nut for a piece of that ass."

"Her friend too," Mike chimed in, practically drooling. "Those huge titties, man. I just wanna bury my face in them and motorboat till I pass out."

Charlie barely registered his buddies' crude comments, too entranced by the stunning MILFs eye-fucking him from across the room. His mom's plush lips curved into a secretive smile, her tongue darting out to wet them in a move that seemed deliberately provocative. Barb leaned in to whisper something else, her hand resting on his mom's thigh in a way that seemed almost possessive.

Charlie's mind spun with forbidden fantasies - thoughts of the two busty goddesses tangled together in a naked embrace, their hands and mouths exploring each other's most intimate places. He pictured himself joining them, his hard young cock disappearing between their bountiful breasts, into their eager mouths, their slick pussies.

"Charlie? Did you hear me?" Jake's voice cut through the haze of lust, jolting him back to reality.

"Sorry, what?" Charlie mumbled, reluctantly dragging his eyes away from the captivating sight of the MILFs.

"I said, you wanna head out with us and smoke this joint?" Jake held up a expertly rolled doobie, waggling his eyebrows.

Charlie hesitated, torn between the temptation of getting high with his buddies and the magnetic pull he felt towards his mom and Barb. "Nah man, I think I'm gonna stick around here for a bit," he finally said, his eyes drifting back to the curvaceous MILFs. "You guys go ahead though."

Jake and Mike exchanged a knowing look, smirking at their friend's obvious infatuation. "Alright dude, suit yourself," Jake shrugged, pocketing the joint. "Catch you later then."

As his friends said their goodbyes and filtered out with a few of the other guests, Charlie found himself alone in the room with his mom, Barb having slipped away to the restroom. Sherry sauntered over to him, her hips swaying seductively with each step.

"Did you have a good birthday, sweetie?" she purred, opening her arms for a hug.

Charlie stepped into her embrace, inhaling the intoxicating scent of her perfume as she enveloped him against her lush body. He couldn't suppress the shudder that ran through him as he felt himself literally sink into her giant, pillowy tits. The plush mounds enveloped his face and chest, surrounding him in warm, fragrant softness.

Sherry held him tighter, her fingers playing through his hair as she pressed him deeper into her cleavage. Charlie's head spun with the headiness of it, his cock hardening to a painful throb in his jeans. He could feel her nipples, stiff points against his cheek and chin, separated from his skin by only a thin layer of straining fabric.

He had to bite back a groan, his hips twitching involuntarily as he resisted the urge to grind himself against her. Sherry seemed to sense his struggle, a low chuckle vibrating through her chest. Her nails raked lightly against his scalp, sending sparks of pleasure radiating through his body.

"My sweet birthday boy," she whispered, her lips brushing against his ear.

"Thanks for the video game, mom!" Charlie stated, as he was unwrapped from his mom's embrace.

"That gift was actually from your brother and sisters, sweetie. I haven't given you my gift yet," she told him, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Oh…well there's no more presents over there," her son pointed out. "Where's your gift at?"

"My gift isn't wrapped," she said awkwardly. She looked around quickly to make sure her husband and other guests were occupied in

the other room. "Can I um…see your phone?"

"My phone?"

"Don't worry…I'm not snooping. I just wanna download an app that's part of your gift from me."

"An app?" Charlie asked, handing his mom his cell phone, curious as hell about what she was downloading. "Is it a game?"

"No, sweetie," his mom giggled, "it's not a game. It's better than a game."

Charlie watched his mom's fat tits jiggle as she busied herself on his phone, wishing he could dive in and get lost between them. After a few minutes, she handed it back to him. "I installed an app on your phone," she told him in a hushed tone, "but PLEASE don't open it until you're alone in your room later, and never EVER show your father."

"Um…ok," her boy muttered, confused by what it could be. After his mom walked away, he took a peek to see what the app was called. The picture was a dark circle, with a shiny gold outline around it. It was entitled "CHARLIE'S HOLE."

After all the guests left, Charlie raced up to his room, his heart pounding with curiosity. As soon as the door clicked shut behind him, he pulled out his phone and tapped on the mysterious app his mother had installed - "CHARLIE'S HOLE".

The screen flickered to life, revealing a sleek, modern interface. A soothing female voice emanated from the speakers:

"Welcome, Charlie. You are about to embark on a journey of unparalleled pleasure and discovery. Your own personal glory hole awaits, ready to fulfill your deepest, darkest desires."

Charlie's eyes widened as the voice continued, guiding him through the features of the app. "Your glory hole is located in the wall between your closet and your mother's. Approach the wall and run your hand along the surface until you feel a slight indentation. That is your gateway to ecstasy."

With trembling fingers, Charlie slid open his closet door and stepped inside. He ran his palm over the smooth expanse of the wall, his breath hitching as he felt the subtle dip of the peephole. It was real. This was actually happening.

"To notify your viewing partner that you're ready, simply tap the 'Request Session' button on the main screen of the app," the voice instructed. "They will receive a discreet notification on their own device. Once they accept, the peephole will activate, and your voyeuristic adventure will begin."

Charlie navigated to the main screen, his thumb hovering over the glowing "Request Session" button. His mind raced with the implications.

Who would be on the other side of that wall? What forbidden sights awaited him?

Steeling himself with a deep breath, he tapped the button. A chime sounded, and a message flashed across the screen: "Session Requested. Awaiting Partner Confirmation."

Charlie's heart raced as he stared at the screen, watching the seconds tick by.

Downstairs, Sherry stood at the kitchen sink, her hands buried in soapy water as she washed the remnants of the birthday cake from the plates. Her husband Dave was beside her, drying and stacking the dishes with practiced efficiency.

Suddenly, Sherry felt her phone vibrate in her pocket. Her heart skipped a beat, knowing what that particular pattern meant. She dried her hands quickly, fumbling for her phone.

"Everything okay, hon?" Dave asked, noticing her sudden stillness.

"Yeah, just a text," Sherry replied, her voice carefully casual. "You know, I think I might go lie down for a bit. That party took a lot out of me. Would you mind finishing up here?"

Dave smiled, his eyes warm with affection. "Of course, babe. You go rest. I got this."

Sherry kissed him on the cheek, a pang of guilt twisting in her gut. If only he knew what she was about to do...

She made her way upstairs, each step feeling heavy with the weight of her decision. As she entered the bedroom, she locked the door behind her with a soft click. Her phone buzzed again, more insistent now.

With trembling fingers, she opened the notification. "Session Requested," it read, the words pulsing on the screen.

Sherry's thumb hovered over the "Accept" button, a final moment of hesitation. Was she really going to do this? Cross this final, irrevocable line?

With a deep breath, Sherry tapped "Accept." The screen flashed a confirmation - "Session Initiated. Peephole Active." There was no turning back now.

She stepped into her spacious walk-in closet, acutely aware of the tiny hole in the wall on the far side. Though she couldn't see it, she could feel the weight of Charlie's gaze, eagerly drinking in her every move.

Sherry stood still for a moment, her heart pounding, before she began her sensual strip tease. Without acknowledging the peephole, she slowly unzipped her skirt, letting it pool around her ankles. She stepped out of it gracefully, revealing her luscious bubble butt, barely contained by her lacy panties. The sheer fabric stretched taut across her round cheeks, the thong disappearing between them.

Sherry knew her ass was one of her best assets, a perfect heart shape crowning her long, toned legs. She turned slightly, giving Charlie a tantalizing side view. Her legs seemed to go on for miles, her sun-kissed skin smooth and flawless. She ran her hands along her thighs, caressing herself, imagining Charlie's quickening breath as he watched.

On the other side of the wall, Charlie stared transfixed through the peephole, hardly believing his eyes. There was his gorgeous mother, her spectacular ass on full display just for him. His cock immediately began to swell, straining against his jeans. He'd fantasized about this moment for so long, and now it was finally a reality.

Charlie zoomed in on the peephole app, focusing on the way his mother's asscheeks jiggled and swayed with her slightest movement. He could see the lacy pattern of her panties, the way they hugged the curves of her lush cheeks. He longed to reach through the hole and grab

two hefty handfuls of that succulent ass flesh, to rip off those panties and plunge his aching cock deep between those perfect globes.

But for now, he was content to watch, to drink in every forbidden inch of his mother's body. His eyes roved hungrily up and down her strong, motherly legs, committing every detail to memory - the supple curves of her calves, the sexy definition of her thighs, the creamy skin that he ached to touch.

Charlie couldn't take his eyes off his mom's spectacular rear end. Each cheek was a work of art, perfectly meaty and rounded and begging to be squeezed and smacked. The way her panties rode up, disappearing between her cheeks, made his mouth water. Her ass-crack peeked above the waistband, a tantalizing hint of the treasures that lay beneath.

Charlie's hand moved of its own accord to palm his rock-hard cock through his jeans. He squeezed the thick shaft, imagining it was his mom's ass he was groping.

Sherry bent at the waist, purposefully giving her son a prolonged view of her heart-shaped ass as she retrieved the skirt from the floor. As she leaned over, the crotch of her panties stretched taut across her plump pussy mound. The fabric molded to her womanly contours, clearly defining the outlines of her puffy lips.

Her pronounced cameltoe was on lewd display, the material wedged deep between her thick labia. The fleshy petals of her outer lips protruded obscenely to either side, begging to be licked and sucked. A damp spot darkened the gossamer fabric at the juncture of her thighs, hinting at the honeyed nectar oozing from her hot cunt.

Charlie zoomed the camera in as far as it would go, focusing on the blatant camel toe mere feet from his face. His cock throbbed almost painfully as he took in every intimate detail of his mother's barely concealed sex. He could practically smell her musky arousal through the

wall. He palmed his bulge harder, rubbing the rigid length trapped in his jeans.

He had to suppress a groan as his mom reached back and adjusted the thong, plucking it from the crevice of her ass. The movement made her cheeks wobble hypnotically. As she straightened up, she turned to face the hidden camera directly for the first time. Charlie's breath caught in his throat.

Sherry locked eyes with the peephole, giving her son a smoldering, knowing look. Without breaking eye contact, she slowly unbuttoned her blouse, letting it fall open. The lacy cups of her bra came into view, overflowing with her massive creamy tits. Her cleavage was a deep, mouthwatering valley, the likes of which Charlie had never seen, even on the internet.

His mother shrugged the blouse off her shoulders with a coy smile, letting it slither down her arms to the floor.

Sherry turned slightly to the side, presenting her bra-clad profile to the peephole. She reached behind her back, fumbling with the clasp in a teasing gesture. The first hook came undone, and her massive tits drooped a fraction of an inch lower. Charlie held his breath, his eyes glued to the mesmerizing spectacle.

Another hook released, and her bra loosened further. The creamy tops of her breasts spilled over the lacy cups, jiggling with each movement. Sherry took her time with the remaining hooks, prolonging the delicious anticipation.

Finally, the last clasp gave way. Sherry held the bra to her chest for a tantalizing moment, then let it fall away. Her enormous, heavy tits tumbled free, wobbling and swaying majestically.

Charlie's eye was glued to the peephole, his heart pounding as he waited for his mom to turn and give him a full frontal view of her newly freed

tits. But she seemed determined to tease him, keeping her chest angled away as she sauntered around the closet.

He could see the sides of her massive breasts sloping outward, the creamy flesh quivering with each step. The curves were so voluptuous, so ripe and mouthwatering. He ached to see her plump nipples, to watch those colossal jugs bounce and sway unencumbered.

But Sherry denied him that satisfaction for the moment. With a coy wink at the peephole, she turned and strutted out of the closet, her barely-clad bubble butt jiggling and undulating hypnotically. The twin globes of her ass bounced and wobbled, the flimsy panties straining to contain their fleshy abundance.

Charlie's hand pumped faster over his bulging crotch as he watched that heart-shaped ass vanish from view. His breath was ragged, his body tight with anticipation.

Just as Charlie was starting to despair that the tantalizing display had ended too soon, a notification popped up on his phone screen. His heart raced as he tapped it open with trembling fingers.

"Happy Birthday, honey! I hope you enjoy your special gift. That's all I can do for now... but there's more to come! Love, Mom"

Charlie stared at the words in disbelief, reading and re-reading them as if to convince himself they were real. His mind reeled as the full implications sank in. His mom had actually bought him a glory hole for his birthday. She had installed a secret peephole between their rooms and put on that incredible striptease, all for his perverted pleasure.

That night, as Charlie lay in bed, his mind kept replaying the incredible sights he had witnessed through the peephole. The image of his mother's spectacular ass, barely contained by her skimpy panties, was seared into his brain. He could still see the way her cheeks jiggled and

bounced, the tantalizing glimpse of her cameltoe, the creamy expanse of her back.

His cock was rock hard and throbbing, begging for attention. Charlie shoved his boxers down, freeing his aching erection.

Charlie's cock sprang free, jutting out long and thick from his groin. At just over eight inches, it was definitely in the top percentile size-wise for teenage boys his age. The meaty shaft was girthy and veiny, pulsing with youthful virility. His swollen cockhead was a fat, purplish mushroom, flaring out obscenely from the throbbing shaft. A pearly bead of pre-cum glistened at the tip, oozing from his excited slit.

He wrapped his fist around the base, groaning at the exquisite sensitivity as he squeezed the steely hardness. Slowly, he began to pump his hand up and down the impressive length, savoring the slick glide of his palm over the smooth skin. His balls were drawn up tight to his body, swollen and heavy with pent-up cum.

As he stroked himself, Charlie's mind conjured up the forbidden images of his mother's body. He pictured her bent over in those scandalous panties, her heart-shaped ass jutting out as if begging to be grabbed and spanked. He imagined ripping off that flimsy thong and burying his face between her soft cheeks, tonguing her musky asshole and drooling pussy.

Charlie's fist flew over his cock, pumping the thick shaft with urgent need. He could almost feel the phantom touch of his mother's plump tits pressed against his chest, her hard nipples drilling into his skin. In his mind's eye, he watched those massive jugs bounce and sway hypnotically as she rode his young cock.

"Fuck, Mom..." he gasped, his voice tight with lust. "Gonna cum all over your huge fucking tits..."

His hips bucked off the bed as he thrust into his stroking fist, fucking his hand with desperate abandon. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the room as he chased his taboo climax.

Suddenly, his swollen balls drew up even tighter and his cock jerked in his grip. With a strangled groan, Charlie exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser. Thick ropes of pearly jizz blasted from his slit,

splattering his chest and stomach in a lewd display. Spurt after spurt of hot teenage cum painted his torso as he milked his throbbing cock, stroking out every last drop.

Finally spent, Charlie collapsed back onto the bed, his chest heaving. Cooling semen pooled on his skin as his softening cock slipped from his hand.

The reality of what had just happened began to sink in. His own mother had given him a glory hole for his birthday. She had stripped for him, flaunting her incredible body for his lustful gaze. And if her message was any indication, there was much more depravity to come.

The next day, Sherry called Barb over to help with a special project. "I need to install a lock on my closet door," she explained in a hushed voice when her friend arrived. "I don't want Dave walking in on me when I'm... you know..." She trailed off, blushing.

Barb's eyes widened, a sly grin spreading across her face. "When you're putting on a show for Charlie through the glory hole?" she finished, her voice laced with mischievous delight.

Sherry nodded, her cheeks flushing even deeper. "Yes, exactly. I gave Charlie a little preview yesterday for his birthday, but it was so quick. I was paranoid Dave would come upstairs at any moment, so I had to rush through it."

"Ooh, do tell!" Barb urged, her eyes sparkling with curiosity. "What did you do? How much did you show him?"

"Well, I started with a little striptease in my closet," Sherry admitted, her voice low and conspiratorial. "I let him get a good long look at my ass in my skimpy panties. I even bent over and showed him my cameltoe."

Barb gasped, fanning herself dramatically. "You naughty minx! I bet Charlie's eyes were bugging out of his head!"

"I'm sure they were," Sherry giggled. "Then I took my top and bra off, but I didn't let him see my tits straight on. I kept teasing him, angling my body away."

"Such a tease!" Barb laughed, swatting Sherry's arm playfully. "Poor Charlie, you probably left him with the worst case of blue balls!"

"I know, I feel a little bad," Sherry sighed. "But like I said, I was so nervous Dave would catch me. I had to cut it short."

Just then, Sherry's phone chimed with a familiar notification sound. Her eyes widened as she fumbled for the device, her heart suddenly racing.

"Oh my God, it's Charlie!" she gasped, staring at the screen. "He's requesting a session through the app right now!"

Barb leaned over her shoulder, peering at the notification. "Well, what are you waiting for? Accept it!"

"But I'm not ready!" Sherry protested, gesturing at her casual outfit - a snug tank top and yoga pants. "I don't have anything sexy on, my hair's a mess, I'm not even wearing makeup..."

Barb rolled her eyes, grabbing Sherry by the shoulders. "Girl, please. You look hot as hell just like this. Charlie's not gonna care if you're all dolled up - he just wants to see the goods!"

Sherry bit her lip, considering. It was true, the tank top did hug her giant tits rather nicely, and the yoga pants made her bubble butt look incredible.

"You really think this is good enough for a show?" she asked uncertainly.

Barb gave Sherry a knowing wink. "Honey, the whole point is to strip out of it! Trust me, once you start peeling off those tight clothes and showing Charlie the goods, he won't care what the fuck you were wearing to begin with."

Meanwhile, in a bathroom stall at school, Charlie had his cock out and was stroking it feverishly. He had ducked in here as soon as he had a free period, too horny to concentrate on anything else. With trembling fingers, he had opened the secret app and requested a session, praying his mom would accept.

When the notification popped up that she had joined, Charlie almost shot his load right then and there.

The video connected, and there was his mom, standing in her closet in a skintight tank top and yoga pants that left little to the imagination. Charlie drank in the sight of her massive tits straining against the flimsy fabric, her hard nipples clearly visible through the thin material. Her yoga pants were like a second skin, molding to every curve of her spectacular ass and cameltoe.

Sherry smiled seductively at the camera, her hips already starting to sway. She reached for her phone and a moment later, a sultry R&B tune filled the air. Charlie watched transfixed as his mother began to dance, her body undulating sensuously to the beat.

She ran her hands along her sides, caressing her curves, as she circled her hips in a slow grind. Then she turned around, bending at the waist and pushing her heart-shaped ass towards the camera. The fabric of her yoga

pants stretched obscenely over the fleshy globes, the outline of her thong clearly visible.

Charlie fisted his throbbing cock harder, his eyes glued to the mesmerizing jiggle of his mother's ass cheeks as she twerked and

bounced to the music. He could feel his swollen balls drawing up tight, his impending orgasm building at the base of his shaft.

Sherry crossed her arms in front of her, grabbing the hem of her tank top. She lifted it tantalizingly slowly, inch by inch, revealing her toned midriff. Charlie's eyes were riveted to the screen as more and more of his mother's flesh came into view.

Finally, the tank top cleared her massive tits, and Charlie's jaw dropped. Sherry's bra was at least two sizes too small, her enormous breasts spilling out obscenely from every angle. The flimsy lace struggled to contain her abundant flesh, quivering mounds bulging out the top and sides. Her plump nipples poked against the sheer fabric, clearly visible.

Sherry tossed the tank top aside and began to play with her barely-restrained tits, bouncing them in her palms, jiggling them together. The thin bra straps dug into her shoulders, supporting the immense weight. Charlie couldn't believe how huge and juicy his mom's tits were, almost indecent in that far-too-small bra.

Still swaying her hips to the sensual beat, Sherry hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her yoga pants. She inched them down slowly, taking her time, putting on a show. The pants peeled away from her skin, revealing more and more of her thick, toned thighs. Charlie held his breath as the fabric approached her crotch.

Sherry turned around, bending over as she pushed the pants over the shelf of her spectacular ass. Charlie stroked himself faster as her bubble butt came into view, round fleshy cheeks barely contained by a miniscule lace thong. The tiny triangle of fabric disappeared between her plump

pussy lips, molding to her prominent cameltoe. Sherry reached back and smacked her own ass, making the ripe cheeks jiggle and wobble.

She kicked the yoga pants away and stood there in her mismatched, far-too-small bra and panties, a pornstar body barely contained by scraps of lace. Every movement made her giant tits and ass bounce and quiver, spilling out of the insubstantial lingerie.

Charlie beat his meat furiously, his fist a blur as it flew over his throbbing teenage cock. His eyes were glued to the screen, drinking in every detail as his mother slowly shimmied her tiny panties down her lush hips.

The flimsy lace inched lower, revealing more and more of Sherry's glistening pink slit. Charlie held his breath, his balls drawing up tight as the fabric finally cleared her pubic mound. His mom's bare pussy came into view, plump lips slick with arousal. A small tuft of neatly trimmed blonde hair adorned the top of her mound, pointing like an arrow to her juicy fuck hole.

Charlie zeroed in on his mother's protruding cunt hood, swollen and engorged, peeking out from between her puffy labia. He could see the shiny gloss of her excitement coating her inner lips, practically dripping with need. His cock jerked in his stroking fist, a fat dollop of precum oozing from his slit as he imagined burying his face between those succulent thighs, lapping at her sweet honey pot.

"Fuck, Mom..." Charlie grunted through clenched teeth, his voice echoing off the bathroom stall. "Gonna bust so hard for your hot cunt..."

His hand was a piston, pumping ruthlessly from root to tip, the wet slaps of flesh on flesh obscenely loud in the enclosed space. Sherry's lewd strip tease continued, her body now clad in only her too-small bra. Her colossal jugs strained against the flimsy lace cups, wobbling and jiggling with her every move.

With a saucy wink at the camera, Sherry reached back to unclasp her bra. The overtaxed garment practically burst open, freeing her massive mammaries in a glorious cascade of creamy flesh. Charlie

choked back a groan as his mother's tits tumbled out, gigantic pale globes capped with plump, rosy nipples. The rubbery nubs were hugely engorged, jutting out nearly an inch from her wide puckered areolae.

Sherry hefted her enormous jugs, squeezing and kneading the doughy flesh, putting on a show for her horny son. She tweaked her fat nipples, rolling them between her fingers until they stood out even harder, straining towards the camera. Each tit was far more than a handful, overflowing her clutching palms as she groped herself wantonly.

"Holy fuck..." Charlie gasped, his cock throbbing almost painfully as he watched the live porno starring his own busty mother. He pounded his prick harder, his swollen balls slapping against his taint with every furious stroke.

Sherry jiggled and swung her huge melons, clapping them together and shimmying her torso so the massive jugs bounced and wobbled hypnotically, just like she knew her son liked. They were so enormous and heavy like two of the largest watermelons dangling from her chest, quivering with her slightest movement. She bent forward, letting them hang down as she swayed side to side, the immense globes swinging pendulously.

Charlie was mesmerized by the erotic spectacle, his eyes glued to his mom's exposed breasts as she put on a jaw-dropping tit show just for him. His hand was a blur on his cock, pumping the rigid shaft with desperate need. The soft flesh of her huge boobs rippled and undulated as she shook them, the rubbery nipples bouncing and jiggling wildly.

Sherry straightened up, thrusting her bare chest towards the camera. Cupping her giant tits from underneath, she pushed them together, creating an epic line of cleavage. The massive mounds formed a deep,

enticing valley, her plump nipples nearly touching as they strained towards each other.

"Fuck yeah, Mom..." Charlie groaned, his voice tight with lust. "Goddamn, your tits are so fucking huge! Jiggle those big titties for me!"

As if spurred on by her son's dirty talk, Sherry began to bounce and shimmy her upper body more vigorously, sending powerful ripples through the enormous sacks of tit-meat. The fleshy globes clapped together lewdly, making obscene smacking sounds as they collided. Her elongated nipples poked out stiffly, clearly engorged with arousal.

Charlie felt his swollen balls drawing up even tighter, his impending orgasm coiled at the base of his shaft like a snake ready to strike. He was so close, pushed to the brink by the mind-blowing sight of his own mother's gigantic bare tits bouncing and shaking for his pleasure.

"Gonna cum..." he bit out through clenched teeth, his fist pumping ruthlessly. "Fuck, I'm gonna nut so hard, Mom! Gonna explode for those huge fucking titties!"

Sherry looked directly into the camera, her eyes heavy-lidded with lust. Slowly, deliberately, she raised her hands to her enormous jugs and hefted them up. Opening her mouth wide, she stuck out her tongue and began to lick her own nipples, right there on the live feed.

That obscenely erotic visual was the final straw. With a strangled groan, Charlie's orgasm slammed through him like a freight train. His cock jerked and throbbed in his stroking fist as it began to erupt, firing powerful spurts of hot cum straight up. Thick ropes of jizz shot out of his spasming slit, splattering against the stall door in a lewd abstract painting.

"FUCK! Unnngghhh! Mom! MOM! Fuuuuck!" Charlie grunted, his voice echoing off the tiled walls as spurt after spurt of teenage spunk painted

the stall. His eyes rolled back in his head, his body shuddering with the force of his explosive climax.

On the screen, Sherry continued her lewd show, sucking her own fat nipples into her mouth and moaning wantonly around the rubbery nubs. Her huge tits jiggled and swayed as she feasted on them, putting on an obscene display of auto-erotic bliss.

Finally spent, Charlie slumped back against the stall, his chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath. With a shaking hand, he grabbed some toilet paper and hastily cleaned himself up, wiping the rapidly cooling spunk from his softening cock.

He pulled up his pants and flushed the wad of cum-soaked tissue. On the screen, his mother was still going strong, her huge tits bouncing and jiggling as she writhed sensuously for the camera.

Charlie grabbed his phone and opened the messaging feature on the secret app. His fingers flew over the screen as he typed out a message:

"Wish I could stay and watch more but I gotta get back to class. Thanks mom! "

He hit send and watched as the message popped up on his mom's screen. Sherry paused her erotic dance, a satisfied grin spreading across her face as she read her son's enthusiastic praise. She blew a kiss at the camera before reaching over to end the session.

The video winked out, leaving Charlie staring at a blank screen. He shook his head in disbelief, still reeling from the mind-blowing experience. His own mother had just stripped naked and put on the

most incredible live sex show, all for his perverted pleasure. It was like something out of his wildest wet dreams.

Charlie pocketed his phone and exited the stall, checking his reflection in the mirror. His cheeks were flushed and his hair was a mess, but

otherwise he looked normal enough. No one would guess he had just blown the biggest load of his life jerking off to his mom's huge naked tits.

He splashed some cold water on his face and tried to compose himself before heading back out into the hallway. As he walked to his next class, a dopey grin spread across his face. He couldn't wait to get home and see what other naughty surprises his mom had in store.

Sherry emerged from the closet, her voluptuous naked body glistening with a sheen of sweat from her erotic exertions. Her massive tits swayed heavily with each step, the plump nipples still engorged and jutting out. As she stepped into the bedroom, she stopped short at the sight that greeted her.

Barb was sprawled out on the bed, her own curvy body completely bare. She had one hand between her splayed thighs, Sherry's pink vibrator buzzing away against her swollen clit. Her huge tits wobbled on her chest as she writhed in pleasure, shameless moans spilling from her lips.

"Couldn't help myself, sorry," Barb panted, grinning up at Sherry with lust-glazed eyes. "Listening to you put on that sexy show for Charlie got me so fucking horny. Hope you don't mind me borrowing your toy."

Sherry laughed, shaking her head in amused disbelief. "You're insatiable," she teased, sauntering over to the bed. Her wide hips swayed hypnotically, the thick globes of her ass jiggling. "But I can

hardly blame you. Stripping for my son like a cheap whore has me pretty worked up too."

Barb's grin widened as she drank in the mouthwatering sight of Sherry's naked curves. Her eyes zeroed in on her friend's slick, puffy pussy, glistening with arousal. "Mmm, I can see that," she purred. "Your cunt is dripping, you naughty slut. Putting on that peep show for your own son has your kitty creaming so hard."

Sherry blushed as her eyes roamed over Barb's voluptuous naked body spread out wantonly on the bed. Her best friend was an absolute knockout, with a figure that rivaled her own. Barb's enormous breasts were capped with large rosy areolae, the rubbery nipples jutting out obscenely. They wobbled and jiggled with her every movement, two massive globes of doughy flesh just begging to be squeezed and sucked.

Between Barb's splayed thighs, her bare pussy glistened with arousal. She had a neatly trimmed landing strip of dark pubic hair pointing like an arrow to her swollen sex. Her plump outer lips were puffy and engorged, slick with her desire. The vibrator buzzed away against her protruding clit, the sensitive bud peeking out from beneath its fleshy hood.

Sherry's eyes widened as realization dawned. "Oh my God, Barb..." Sherry breathed, her voice thick with excitement. "I just realized - from this angle, Charlie can see everything. He has a direct line of sight to the bed through the peephole."

Barb's eyes sparkled with mischief as she caught on. "Holy shit, you're right! He could totally watch you getting freaky, either solo or with Dave." She grinned wickedly, still pumping the vibrator against her swollen clit. "Fuck, that's so hot. You could put on a show for him without Dave ever knowing."

Sherry felt lightheaded at the naughty possibilities. Her pussy clenched and fluttered as she imagined Charlie's hungry eyes

drinking in her every move, watching her pleasure herself or ride his father's cock. It was so wrong, so taboo, but that only made it more thrilling.

When Charlie arrived home from school that afternoon, he could hardly look his mother in the eye. Every time he glanced her way, vivid flashbacks of her live striptease flooded his mind - the exquisite jiggle of her huge tits, the lewd swell of her cameltoe in those tiny panties, the

delectable bounce of her bare ass. His teenage cock stirred in his jeans at the mere memory.

Sherry, for her part, was the picture of maternal normalcy as she puttered around the kitchen, fixing snacks for Charlie's younger siblings. But when her eyes met her son's over the kitchen island, a secret smile played at the corners of her lips, a knowing gleam in her eye.

In that loaded gaze was an unspoken acknowledgment of the taboo line they had crossed, the forbidden pleasures they had shared through the glory hole. Words weren't necessary - the heat smoldering between them said it all.

As Charlie gathered his books from the kitchen table, he caught his mother's eye with a meaningful look. "I'm gonna head up and get started on my homework," he announced, his voice carefully casual. But the heated glance he shot Sherry spoke volumes - homework was the last thing on his mind.

Sherry's heart skipped a beat at the unspoken message in her son's gaze. She knew exactly what he was really hoping for - another naughty show through the glory hole peephole. The very thought made her pussy clench with anticipation.

Clearing her throat, Sherry turned to her younger kids with a bright smile. "That's a great idea, Charlie. In fact, why don't you two head

up and get started on your assignments as well?" She ruffled her daughter's hair affectionately. "The sooner you finish your homework, the more time you'll have to play before dinner."

The children grumbled a bit but dutifully gathered their things and trooped upstairs to their rooms. Sherry watched them go, her pulse quickening with the knowledge that she and Charlie would soon be alone on the second floor, separated only by the thin wall between their rooms.

As soon as the coast was clear, Sherry hurried to the master bedroom and slipped inside, locking the door behind her. With trembling hands, she opened the secret app on her phone and saw that Charlie had already sent a session request, the notification blinking impatiently.

Sherry's fingers hovered over the "Accept" button as she warred with herself. She knew it was wrong, so utterly depraved, to indulge her son's incestuous voyeurism like this. What kind of mother stripped naked for her own child's viewing pleasure?

But even as her mind grappled with the moral implications, Sherry's body was already responding to the taboo thrill. Her nipples tightened into stiff peaks, straining against the confines of her bra. Her pussy grew wet and swollen, dampening the crotch of her panties.

Bolstered by her body's wanton reaction, Sherry silenced the nagging voice of propriety in her head. Charlie wanted a show, and she hadn't spent all that money on his birthday gift for nothing.

With a deep breath, Sherry tapped "Accept" and watched the video feed blink to life. She stepped into her walk-in closet, knowing Charlie's eager eyes were already glued to the peephole.

Charlie peered through the small opening with bated breath, his cock already tenting his shorts in anticipation. His heart raced as his

gorgeous mother came into view, her voluptuous body barely concealed by a clingy sundress. The thin fabric molded to her every curve, hinting at the succulent treasures beneath.

Sherry wasted no time, her hands going to the hem of her dress. In one swift motion, she pulled it up and off, letting it flutter to the floor. Charlie's breath caught as his mom's spectacular figure was revealed, clad only in a skimpy bra and panty set.

The lacy scraps of fabric struggled to contain Sherry's abundant curves. Her massive tits spilled over the cups of her bra, the creamy swells

quivering with her every movement. The matching panties were little more than a tiny triangle of lace straining to cover her plump mound. Charlie zeroed in on the visible outline of her puffy pussy lips, his cock throbbing urgently.

Sherry reached behind her back, deftly unclasping her bra. The flimsy garment fell away, freeing her gigantic jugs in a mouthwatering display. Charlie goggled at the sheer size of his mother's rack, watching in awe as the huge globes jiggled and swayed. Her nipples were fat and pink, jutting out from her puckered areolae.

Hooking her thumbs in her panties, Sherry slowly shimmied out of the skimpy underwear. The lace inched down, gradually revealing the smooth, bare mound of her sex. Charlie held his breath as his mom's glistening pink slit came into view, framed by the plump lips of her labia. The delicate folds were slick with arousal, making his mouth water.

Now fully nude, Sherry turned and sauntered out of the closet, her body a symphony of jiggling curves. Charlie feasted his eyes on her heart-shaped ass, the ripe cheeks dimpling and undulating hypnotically as she walked. He longed to bury his face between those perfect globes and worship her forbidden holes.

Sherry crossed to the bed and reached into the nightstand, retrieving a large pink vibrator. Charlie's eyes widened as his mom sprawled out on top of the comforter, her body angled to give him the perfect view through the closet door. She spread her thick thighs, completely exposing her dripping cunt to his hungry gaze.

Charlie hastily unzipped his jeans, shoving them down his hips along with his boxers. His thick teenage cock sprang free, slapping against his stomach before jutting out proudly. The meaty shaft was engorged and throbbing, pulsing with his arousal. Pearly pre-cum oozed from the ruddy tip, glistening in the light.

Wrapping his fist around the base, Charlie began to stroke himself as he watched the live porno starring his mom. His eyes were riveted to the incredible display on the bed, drinking in every lewd detail.

Sherry had her legs splayed impossibly wide, her ankles practically touching her ears in a jaw-dropping display of flexibility. The position left her drooling pink slit totally exposed and vulnerable. Her puffy cunt lips were splayed open, revealing the glistening folds of her inner flesh.

With her legs butterflied, Sherry's puckered asshole was also on obscene display, the dusky pink rosebud winking from between her lush ass cheeks. Charlie zeroed in on the forbidden orifice, his cock jumping in his pumping fist at the taboo sight.

Sherry's dainty feet hovered in the air, her cute painted toes pointed at the ceiling as she held the limber pose. The soles of her feet faced the camera, giving Charlie an intimate view. He could see the sheen of lotion on her smooth soles, the delicate lines of her high arches. His mouth watered as he imagined worshipping those perfect feet, sucking her toes as he fucked her.

With her body folded nearly in half, Sherry's huge tits rested heavily on her upper chest. The massive globes flattened against her torso,

flowing out to the sides. Her fat nipples pointed straight up, flushed a deep pink and straining towards the ceiling.

One hand cupped and kneaded a giant breast while the other moved the buzzing vibrator down to her splayed slit. Sherry rubbed the tip of the toy through her juicy folds, gasping as it bumped against her swollen clit. Her hips jerked involuntarily, a fresh gush of arousal leaking from her hungry hole.

Charlie groaned as he watched his mom tease her own pussy, wishing it was his cock sliding through those slippery pink petals. He pumped his shaft faster, smearing the copious pre-cum down his length. His swollen

balls drew up tight, aching for release as they slapped against his stroking fist.

Sherry notched the vibrator at her soaked entrance, the buzzing tip just barely penetrating her. With a wanton moan, she began to work the toy inside, pushing it deeper into her molten heat. Her puffy lips stretched obscenely around the thick shaft as she stuffed it into her greedy cunt.

Charlie's eyes were glued to the screen of his phone as he took full advantage of the peephole app's incredible zoom feature. With a tap of his finger, he zoomed in on his mother's slick, toy-stuffed pussy, marveling at the way her plump lips stretched lewdly around the vibrator's girth. He could see every glistening detail of her sodden folds as the buzzing shaft plunged in and out, frothy cream oozing out around it.

Another tap and the view shifted to Sherry's puckered asshole, the camera so close Charlie could make out the delicate wrinkles surrounding the dusky pink rosebud. He watched in awe as the forbidden orifice clenched and winked, flexing in time with the toy sawing in and out of her cunt. Arousal trickled down from her

stuffed slit, glazing the valley of her ass and pooling at the entrance to her back door.

Charlie groaned, imagining sinking his aching cock into that tight hole, claiming his mother's ass. His fist flew over his pulsing shaft as he fixated on her twitching anus, picturing himself prying it open with his swollen cockhead, stuffing her full of his throbbing teen meat.

With trembling fingers, Charlie zoomed out and panned up his mom's writhing body, following the quivering plane of her belly to her heaving chest. He honed in on Sherry's gasping mouth, her plump lips parted in ecstasy as she fucked herself with the vibrator. Her pink tongue flicked out to wet her lips, her breath coming in shallow pants. Charlie could almost feel that hot mouth wrapped around his cock, his mother moaning as she slurped lewdly on his teenage dick.

Sherry's huge tits wobbled and bounced with her increasingly frantic movements, the giant globes rippling like fleshy earthquakes. Charlie zoomed in even closer, filling the screen with his mom's massive mammaries. He watched in rapt fascination as her engorged nipples puckered and throbbed, jutting out stiffly from her jiggling jugs. Sherry tweaked and tugged on the rubbery nubs, gasping as she sent jolts of pleasure straight to her stuffed pussy.

Charlie's balls ached as he imagined sinking his cock into the pillowy valley of his mother's cleavage, fucking her big soft udders until he exploded, painting her face and chest with his hot seed. He pounded his prick harder, reveling in the slick squelch of his stroking fist as he edged himself closer and closer to climax.

On the screen, Sherry was losing herself to her own pleasure, the vibrator plunging in and out of her slit at a frenzied pace. Her ass lifted off the bed as she fucked herself, body undulating, curves

rippling. Broken moans and whimpers spilled from her lips as she chased her rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Fuck! Oh fuuuck yes!" Sherry keened, her cries growing louder as she teetered on the brink. "Mmmm so close... gonna cum so hard!"

Knowing his mother could hear him through the mic feature, but too far gone to care, Charlie grunted his encouragement, his voice rough with lust. "That's it, Mom. Fuck that slick cunt. Cum all over that fat toy. Wish it was my big fucking cock stuffing your sloppy pussy..."

As if spurred on by her son's filthy exhortations, Sherry stiffened and then convulsed, succumbing to a massive climax. Her cunt clamped down on the vibrator, cream gushing out around the shaft as a scream of ecstasy tore from her throat.

The sight and sound of his gorgeous mother coming undone was too much for Charlie. With a hoarse shout, he exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser. Thick ropes of pearly jizz rocketed from his slit, splattering

his closet wall in an abstract painting. He milked his pulsing shaft from root to tip, groaning as each stroke wrung another spurt of cum from his balls.

Through the screen, he watched his mom writhe and moan through the aftermath of her own incredible orgasm. Her body gleamed with sweat, her massive tits heaving as she gulped for air. The vibrator slipped from her twitching hole, strings of cream connecting it lewdly to her puffy, well-fucked lips.

Finally spent, Charlie collapsed back against the wall, his softening cock slipping from his grasp. He felt dizzy and elated, his head spinning with the depravity of what he'd just witnessed - and participated in. He had just watched his own mother fuck herself to a screaming orgasm, the ultimate voyeuristic thrill.

Chest still heaving, Sherry slowly lowered her legs, letting them flop bonelessly to the bed. She looked thoroughly used, her hair a wild tangle, her skin flushed and shining with exertion. Charlie thought she had never looked sexier, sprawled out naked and wanton, pussy still oozing the evidence of her pleasure.

With a satisfied sigh, the mother turned her head and looked directly at the camera - at Charlie. Her eyes were heavy-lidded, her expression one of sated bliss. But there was an unmistakable heat in her gaze, a smoldering promise of even filthier things to come.

Slowly, deliberately, Sherry raised one hand and blew a kiss at the peephole. Then with a saucy wink, she rolled off the bed and sauntered out of view, her lush ass swaying hypnotically.

Charlie stared at the screen in awe, his mind reeling. His cock gave a valiant twitch, already stirring back to life at the implication in his mother's parting look. This was just the beginning, it said. His gorgeous, voluptuous mom was going to push their taboo game to unimaginable heights.

And goddamn, he couldn't wait to see how far she would go. To find out just how depraved his own mother was willing to get for his pleasure.

256: Charlie's Hole – SUPERSIZED-2/3

Over the next week, Sherry continued to put on increasingly daring and explicit shows for Charlie through the secret peephole. Every day when he got home from school, she would accept his session request on the app and proceed to strip for him, displaying her naked curves and pleasuring herself wantonly.

Sometimes she would dance seductively to sultry music, her massive tits and ass bouncing and jiggling as she moved. Other times, she would simply lounge on the bed and play with her enormous breasts, kneading the doughy flesh and tweaking her fat nipples until they throbbed, putting on a lewd show for her son's hungry eyes.

But Sherry's favorite was using her vast array of sex toys, letting Charlie watch as she fucked herself with dildos and vibrators, stuffing her greedy holes. She would lay back with her legs spread wide, plunging a lubed-up toy into her dripping pussy, pumping it in and out until cream frothed around the shaft.

Or she would get on her hands and knees, ass pointed right at the peephole, and work a thick plug into her virgin asshole, moaning wantonly as she stretched herself open. Charlie would zoom in on her puckered rosebud as it fluttered and winked around the tapered toy, imagining that it was his cock prying open her forbidden back door.

Sherry put on these intimate solo shows daily, letting her son see her in the most explicit, vulnerable states of undress and pleasure. But she held back from letting him watch her fuck his father. It wasn't that she was opposed to the idea - far from it. The taboo thought of Charlie's eyes on her as she rode his dad's cock sent illicit shivers down her spine.

No, Sherry refrained from giving her son that particular show for a far more embarrassing reason - Dave was a premature ejaculator of the worst sort. No matter how much she tried to drag things out, her husband would cum within a minute or two of penetration, leaving her frustrated and unsatisfied.

Sherry could only imagine Charlie's disappointment if he tuned in eagerly only to watch his father shoot his load moments later, leaving her high and dry. She wanted her son rock hard and on edge, not going soft from second-hand embarrassment.

So she stuck to her solo shows, growing bolder and filthier with each passing day.

One afternoon while Charlie was at school, Sherry invited Barb over for coffee and girl talk. As they sat at the kitchen table, sipping their lattes, the conversation inevitably turned to the secret peephole and Sherry's taboo shows for her son.

"I still can't believe how daring you've gotten," Barb marveled, shaking her head in awe. "Fucking yourself with toys, playing with your ass, jiggling your huge tits... all while Charlie watches and beats his meat. You're like his personal porn star!"

Sherry blushed, a wicked grin tugging at her lips. "I know, it's so wrong. But God, it turns me on like nothing else. Knowing my own son is getting off to the sight of my naked body, watching me bring myself to climax."

Barb nodded eagerly, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Speaking of climax… I bet Charlie's just coating the walls of that closet with jizz, jerking his teenage cock to the sight of his hot mom acting like a total slut for him."

Sherry's eyes widened as a thought occurred to her. "Shit, I hadn't even considered the mess he must be making in there. I've been so focused on putting on a good show, I never stopped to think about the cleanup."

Barb grinned, setting down her mug. "Well, why don't we go check?"

Sherry hesitated, torn between propriety and dark curiosity. The thought of seeing the proof of Charlie's lust, the physical manifestation of how hard she made him... it sent a forbidden thrill straight to her core.

"Yes, let's," she said, standing abruptly. "I need to make sure he's not leaving cum stains all over the place anyway. The last thing I need is the smell of semen residue traveling down the hallway for his father to detect."

The two MILFs crept up the stairs, giggling like naughty schoolgirls as they made their way to Charlie's room, which was empty, Charlie still off at school for another hour. Sherry and Barb tiptoed over to the closet, sliding the door open with bated breath. At first glance, everything looked normal - piles of clothes, sports equipment, the typical teenage boy mess.

Then Barb gasped, pointing to the wall beside the peephole. "Oh my fucking God, Sherry. Look!"

Sherry followed her friend's gaze and her jaw dropped. The wall was absolutely plastered in cum, dried streaks and splatters painting the surface in a lewd abstract mural. It was clear that Charlie had blown load after massive load, coating the wall in a thick layer of teenage spunk as he jerked to the sight of his mother's depravity.

"Holy shit," Sherry breathed, stepping closer in disbelief. "I knew he must be making a mess, but this... this is obscene."

Barb shook her head, marveling at the sheer volume of jizz. "Looks like you've been inspiring quite the flood of cum. Charlie's balls must be working overtime, churning out spurt after sticky spurt for his slutty mommy."

As Sherry studied the cum-streaked wall, she noticed something that made her pussy clench. Amidst the dried splatters was quite a bit of

glistening globs, pearly and fresh. She swallowed hard, realizing what that meant.

"Barb, some of this is still wet," she said hoarsely, pointing to a particularly large dollop. "Probably from him jerking off to the quick show I gave him this morning."

Barb bit her lip, reaching out to swipe a finger through the fresh cum. It clung to her skin, sticky and obscene. "Damn, that's so hot. Your son is a fucking cum factory, blowing his load morning, noon, and night for you."

Heart racing, Sherry watched as Barb brought her cum-coated finger to her mouth, her pink tongue flicking out to taste the forbidden essence of Charlie's lust. Barb's eyes fluttered shut as she savored the flavor, a low moan rising in her throat.

"Fuck, he tastes amazing," she purred, licking her lips. "You've gotta try it, Sherry. Get a mouthful of the cum he spilled while jerking to your hot body."

Sherry hesitated for only a moment before her dark desires won out. Stepping forward, she dragged her fingers through a fresh streak of Charlie's spunk, scooping up a generous amount. Heart hammering, she brought the cum to her mouth, smearing it over her tongue.

The taste exploded across her senses, salty and musky and utterly forbidden. Sherry moaned, the wickedly taboo flavor of her own son's seed sending shockwaves of lust through her body. Her pussy clenched as she imagined Charlie's cock erupting, painting her face and tits with his teenage load.

Beside her, Barb was scooping more cum from the wall, greedily lapping at her fingers. "God, I can't get enough," she groaned, her voice thick with arousal. "The taste of fresh, virile jizz... fuck, it's making me so wet."

"Well, I suppose this is one way to clean up this mess," Sherry giggled as she shamelessly joined her friend in feasting on her boy's spunk, the two

MILFs licking and sucking every glistening glob from the wall. They moaned wantonly, the forbidden cum smearing their lips and chins as they cleaned the closet of Charlie's copious spend.

Soon, both Sherry and Barb were shamelessly scooping up palmfuls of Charlie's cooling cum and smearing it between their thick thighs. They hiked up their skirts and shoved their panties aside, coating their swollen pussies with the slippery seed.

"Oh fuck yes, that's it," Barb panted, dipping her fingers into her cum-slicked slit. "I'm gonna rub Charlie's jizz all over my throbbing clit. Gonna get myself off with his fresh spunk."

Sherry whimpered, working a generous helping of Charlie's cum into the folds of her aching cunt. She began to circle her clit with slippery fingers, the lewd squelch of her cum-soaked pussy filling the closet.

The two horny MILFs frigged their desperate clits with increasing frenzy, mixing Charlie's spunk with their own drooling arousal. All the while, they continued to lap at the cum-streaked walls, their moans muffled by mouthfuls of the teenager's seed.

"That's it, eat that fucking cum," Barb growled, humping her spunk-soaked fingers. "Lap up every drop while you rub your slutty mommy clit."

Sherry obeyed mindlessly, lost to the illicit pleasure. She alternated between licking broad stripes up the closet wall and sucking the cum from her fingers before diving back between her thighs, rubbing her aching nub with increasingly desperate strokes.

Barb shoved three fingers knuckle-deep in her clenching cunt, plunging them through the mess of Charlie's spunk and her own cream. Her thumb battered her clit as she fingerfucked herself wildly, chasing her rapidly building climax.

"Fuck, fuck, I'm gonna cum," Barb keened, curling her fingers against her spasming walls. "Gonna cum all over your son's jizz, fuck!"

With a shrill cry, Barb exploded, her pussy clamping down on her plunging fingers as she gushed all over them, soaking Charlie's cum with her release. Her body convulsed, thighs shaking and tits heaving as the powerful orgasm ripped through her.

The sight and sound of Barb coming undone was too much for Sherry. With a strangled moan, she let go, succumbing to her own massive climax. Her cunt spasmed violently, squirting bursts of fem-cum to mix obscenely with the spunk coating her fingers. She threw her head back, a silent scream of ecstasy on her cum-smeared lips as she shook and twitched.

Finally spent, the two horny moms collapsed against the closet wall, their chests heaving as the basked in the afterglow of their orgasms.

As they caught their breath, Barb turned to Sherry with a wicked gleam in her eye. "You know," she mused, "upgrading to the Oral Fixation Package would certainly eliminate the mess in Charlie's

closet. No more cum-streaked walls if he's shooting his load straight down your throat instead."

Sherry's eyes widened, a blush staining her cheeks. "Barb! That's... that's crossing a line. It's one thing to let him watch me, but to actually touch him, taste him... it's too much."

Barb cocked her head, studying her friend. "Is it though? Think about it, Sherry. You just ate a bucket load of Charlie's cum off the wall and used it to get yourself off. Your tongue has already been intimately introduced to his spunk. Is wrapping your lips around his cock and sucking it out directly really that much more scandalous?"

Sherry bit her lip, considering Barb's words. It was true, she had crossed so many taboo lines already. What was one more in the grand scheme of

things? Still, the thought of actually physically pleasuring her son, of taking his throbbing cock into her mouth... it felt like a point of no return.

Seeing her hesitation, Barb pressed on. "Think how much Charlie would love it. Getting his first blowjob from his own gorgeous mother. Feeling your lips stretched around his shaft, your tongue teasing his tip. He'd lose his fucking mind."

Sherry's pussy clenched at the mental image, a fresh flood of arousal dampening her thighs. The more she pictured it, the more the wicked idea appealed to her. Dropping to her knees before her son, slurping him noisily until he pumped her mouth full of cum...

"Plus," Barb added slyly, "a quick suck off here and there would certainly take the edge off for Charlie. Keep him from getting too pent up and frustrated. Might make him more focused and relaxed in his day to day life, you know?"

Sherry nodded slowly, latching onto the faux-logical justification. Yes, she could rationalize a bit of oral pleasure as being for Charlie's own good. Helping him relieve some of that pent-up teenage lust in a controlled way. It was almost responsible parenting, when she thought about it like that.

"You know what? You're right," Sherry said, a note of determination entering her voice. "Upgrading to the Oral Fixation Package is the logical next step. It's practical, really. Keeping things neat and tidy, while also attending to Charlie's perfectly natural needs."

Barb grinned, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Exactly! And just think how grateful Charlie will be. His loving mom, selflessly taking his cock down her throat, letting him empty his balls inside her body."

Candace sent over a detailed questionnaire for Sherry to review with Charlie before the Oral Fixation upgrade could be installed. Sherry's face

flushed as she scanned the intrusive questions, realizing she would have to ask her son about intimate details of his body and sexual habits.

That evening, Sherry knocked tentatively on Charlie's bedroom door, the questionnaire clutched in her slightly sweaty hand. Charlie called for her to come in, and she entered to find him lounging on his bed, phone in hand.

"Hey sweetie, do you have a few minutes? I need to go over something with you," Sherry said, perching awkwardly on the edge of the bed.

Charlie set his phone aside, giving his mom his full attention. "Sure, what's up?"

Sherry cleared her throat, trying to find the right words. "Well, you know that special birthday gift I got you? The one in your closet?"

Charlie's eyes widened, a faint blush staining his cheeks. "Uh, yeah. Of course."

"Right. Well, I'm considering upgrading it. Adding a new...feature," Sherry explained haltingly. "But before I can do that, I need to get some information from you. The company needs it to ensure a proper...fit."

Charlie sat up straighter, his interest clearly piqued. "Oh, okay. What do you need to know?"

Sherry unfolded the questionnaire, her hands shaking slightly. "First question - how tall are you?"

"Five foot ten," Charlie answered easily.

Sherry jotted that down, then steeled herself for the next query. "And, um... what about your measurements? You know, your...size?" she asked with a naughty smirk.

Charlie shifted awkwardly, his own cheeks flaming. "Uh, I'm not totally sure. Isn't that what a tailor usually does?"

"Not those sizes, honey," Sherry giggled. She took a deep breath, then forged ahead. "I need to know your penis size, Charlie. Length and girth."

Charlie choked, his eyes bugging out. "My WHAT?!"

Sherry winced, her face burning. "I know, I know. It's horribly awkward. But the new upgrade I'm having done to your gift needs to be customized to your...dimensions."

Charlie gaped at his mother, his mind reeling. "I, uh... I've never actually measured myself," he admitted, ducking his head in embarrassment. "I wouldn't even know how to go about it."

Sherry bit her lip, considering. "Well, I suppose you could use a piece of string. Run it along the top of your erection and then mark the length on the string with a marker. Same for the girth - wrap it around the widest part."

Charlie nodded slowly, still looking shell-shocked. "Okay, I guess that makes sense. But, um... where exactly should I start the measurement? I mean, do I just...?"

Sherry's blush deepened, but she forced herself to maintain a clinical tone. "Start at the very base, honey. Right at the root, where it meets your body. Press the string in to make sure you're getting the full length."

Charlie swallowed audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing. "Got it. Base to tip, all the way pressed in."

Sherry nodded, not trusting herself to speak. The mental image of her son wrapping a string around his hard cock, carefully measuring its impressive length and girth, was almost too much to handle. She could feel her pussy growing damp, her nipples tightening beneath her blouse.

"Just, um... just bring me the string when you're done, okay?" Sherry managed, her voice slightly strangled. "I'll take the measurements and fill that part in on the form."

"Sure, no problem," Charlie agreed, his own voice sounding a bit dazed. "I'll do it here in a bit."

Charlie wanted to take his cock out and beat it furiously at the sight of his mom sauntering across his room. He knew she was putting an

extra sway in her hips for his benefit – her thick bubble butt jiggling beneath her denim shorts with every step.

As soon as she left the room, Charlie locked the door and dropped his pants. He fished out his cock, which was already half-hard just from the conversation. Wrapping his fist around the base, he began to stroke, coaxing himself to full mast.

It didn't take long. The mental image of his mother's undulating ass – the knowledge that she would soon be intimately acquainted with his dimensions - it all had Charlie rock hard in record time. His teenage cock throbbed in his grip, swollen and straining.

Picking up the string, Charlie pressed one end to the very root of his shaft, nestling it against his pubic bone. Carefully, he ran the string along the top of his impressive length, all the way to the bulbous tip. With a shaking hand, he marked the spot with a pen.

Next, he wrapped the string around the thickest part of his girth, pulling it snug. His cock pulsed at the slight constriction, a pearly bead of pre-cum welling from his slit. Charlie marked this measurement too before quickly releasing his aching dick from the string's embrace.

For a moment, he was tempted to just jerk off right then and there, images of his mother's mouth on his cock flashing through his fevered mind. But he resisted the urge, not wanting to keep her waiting. Besides, he had a feeling he'd be getting plenty of relief very soon.

Charlie tucked his painfully hard cock back into his jeans and made his way downstairs, string in hand. He found his mom in the kitchen, nervously wiping down an already spotless counter. She looked up as he entered, her eyes zeroing in on the string with a mix of trepidation and anticipation.

"All done?" she asked, her voice slightly breathless.

Charlie nodded, handing over the string. "Yeah. I, uh... I marked the length and width, just like you said."

Sherry took the string with trembling fingers, her eyes widening as she took in the marked measurements. Charlie shifted from foot to foot, feeling simultaneously proud and embarrassed by his mom's obvious reaction to his size.

"Goodness," Sherry murmured, tracing the length of string with a delicate fingertip. "That's quite impressive, Charlie. You're very...generously proportioned."

Charlie flushed at the compliment, his cock twitching in his jeans. "Uh, thanks," he mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck.

Sherry seemed to snap out of her daze, shaking her head slightly. "Right! Well, I'll just take these numbers and fill them in on the form. Thank you for being so...thorough."

"No problem," Charlie said, his voice slightly strained.

Sherry excused herself and hurried to her sewing room, the string with Charlie's intimate measurements clutched tightly in her hand. Shutting the door behind her, she leaned against it heavily, her heart pounding. With shaking fingers, she held up the string, staring at the marked dimensions in disbelief.

"Holy shit," she breathed, running her thumb along the length. Charlie was huge! Sherry had always suspected her son was packing some

serious heat, judging by the obscene bulge she often noticed straining against his jeans. But this... this was beyond her wildest imaginings.

Grabbing her measuring tape, Sherry lined it up against the string, her eyes widening as she took in the numbers. Eight inches long!

And the girth - good lord. Thick as her wrist. Sherry suddenly felt light-headed, her face flushing and a rush of heat flooding her core.

She sank into her sewing chair, the string dangling from her fingers as she tried to process this new information. Her sweet baby boy was hung like a porn star. The thought sent a wicked thrill zipping down her spine, her pussy clenching as she imagined trying to wrap her hand around that massive shaft. It would be a struggle just to close her fingers!

Sherry's mind raced as she pictured Charlie stroking that huge cock, working it to full mast as he wrapped the string around its considerable length and girth. The idea of her son's member swelling even larger, growing to its full glory, made her dizzy with a confusing mix of maternal pride and illicit lust.

"No wonder he was making such a mess in that closet," Sherry mused, her thighs pressing together as a fresh gush of arousal dampened her panties. If Charlie was ejaculating in proportion to his size, he must be spurting absolute buckets of cum with each orgasm! Ropes and ropes of the stuff painting his walls as he jerked his enormous dick to her naughty shows.

Sherry's nipples tightened into stiff peaks, straining against her bra as she imagined the upgrades she had planned. That giant cock pumping in and out of the new opening, seeking her mouth, her tongue. Charlie's eyes rolling back in ecstasy as she wrapped her lips around his fat crown, struggling to fit him down her throat. The obscene stretch as he filled her mouth with his throbbing heat.

A choked moan escaped Sherry's lips, one hand drifting up to cup her heavy breast through her blouse. She squeezed the plump flesh, imagining it was Charlie's huge cock pulsing in her grip instead.

A few days later, Charlie got home from school and hurried up to his room, his heart already pounding with anticipation. He had been

thinking about his mom's naughty shows all day, his cock half-hard and straining against his jeans throughout his classes.

Locking his bedroom door, Charlie opened the secret app and sent his usual session request. His breath caught as he saw the notification pop up almost instantly - his mom had accepted. Fingers trembling slightly, Charlie opened his closet door and stepped inside, making a beeline for the peephole.

But as he approached the wall, he noticed something different. There was a second hole at waist level, which seemed...bigger. Wider and more prominent. Charlie's brow furrowed in confusion for a moment before realization dawned. His eyes widened, his heart rate kicking up a notch as he recalled his mom's questions the other day, her mention of upgrades and needing his measurements.

Could it be? Had she actually...?

With a shaking hand, Charlie reached out and touched the edges of the opening. The new hole was ringed with a cushioned sleeve, the material soft and slightly yielding. It was the perfect size to accommodate his straining erection.

Charlie swallowed hard, his mouth going dry as the implications sank in. His mom had upgraded from just the peephole into a full-blown glory hole also. An invitation for him to slide his cock through, to feel her touch, her mouth, on the other side.

His dick surged in his pants, rapidly swelling to full mast. Charlie fumbled with his zipper, shoving his jeans and boxers down to free his throbbing meat. The fat head was already shiny with pre, the slit weeping with pent-up arousal.

Charlie took a deep, steadying breath, trying to calm the hammering of his heart. This was really happening. He was about to stick his cock through a hole in the wall for his own mother to service. It was beyond his wildest, filthiest fantasies.

Wrapping one hand around the root of his shaft, Charlie positioned the swollen tip at the cushioned opening. He could feel cool air wafting over his heated flesh from the other side, beckoning him, tempting him. Biting his lip, Charlie began to slide forward, feeding his engorged cock head into the waiting hole.

The plush material hugged his glans, conforming to his shape. Charlie shuddered at the sensation, his breath catching as another inch disappeared into the opening. He pushed forward slowly, savoring the delicious drag on his sensitive flesh.

Soon the bulbous head popped through to the other side, followed quickly by several thick inches of Charlie's veiny shaft. He groaned at the intense vulnerability of it, his most intimate part jutting out into open air, totally exposed for his mom's use.

Charlie's hand fell away as he bottomed out, his trimmed pubes brushing the wall. Well over half of his enormous cock was through the hole now, throbbing anxiously.

Sherry nervously stepped into her spacious walk-in closet, her massive naked tits swayed and bobbled with each movement, the heavy globes capped with plump, rosy nipples that pointed straight ahead. The cool air kissed her bare skin, pebbling her flesh and making her shiver with illicit delight.

Sherry's sexy bare feet tapped a staccato rhythm on the plush carpet as she made her way to the far wall, where the newly upgraded glory hole awaited. She double-checked that the door was securely closed and locked, ensuring total privacy even though she knew they were the only ones home. This was a secret, forbidden encounter that required the utmost discretion.

Reaching the appointed spot, Sherry gracefully lowered herself to her knees on the plush pad thoughtfully provided by the installation company. It was the perfect height to service the waiting cock, allowing her to kneel in comfort for an extended session.

Sherry's breath caught as she came face to face with the glory hole, or more specifically, the magnificent pillar of flesh jutting obscenely through the opening. Her son's cock was truly a sight to behold, a thick column of throbbing meat that put her husband to shame. The bulbous purple head flared out at least two inches in diameter, the pulsing slit already weeping pre-cum. The shaft was long and girthy, a battering ram of veiny, rock-hard teenage cock.

Sherry licked her lips, practically salivating at the mouth-watering sight. Her pussy clenched and grew slick with want, empty and aching to be filled by such a glorious specimen. But that wasn't what this hole was for, at least not yet.

No, this upgrade was all about oral pleasure. About Sherry getting intimately acquainted with her son's most private part using her mouth and tongue. The thought made her dizzy with arousal, a heady mix of maternal love and forbidden lust.

Sherry leaned in close, inhaling the intoxicating scent of Charlie's arousal. The musky aroma filled her nostrils, making her head spin. Up close, she could see every bulging vein mapping the shaft, the flared ridge of his swollen head, the pearly beads of pre dribbling enticingly from the tip.

Sherry's eyes zeroed in on the glistening slit crowning the fat head of Charlie's cock. As she watched, transfixed, a bead of pre-nectar welled up and swelled obscenely, growing larger by the second. The pearly drop trembled on the very tip of his cockhead, as if defying gravity.

Sherry positioned her face mere inches below that tempting glob of teenage pre-spunk, tilting her head back and extending her tongue. She flattened the pink muscle into a welcoming runway, ready and waiting to receive her son's offering.

Finally, the surface tension gave way and the bead of pre-cum began its slow descent. It stretched into a glistening, snot-like string,

lowering incrementally from the slit of Charlie's bulging cockhead. Sherry held perfectly still, her eyes crossing as she tracked the musky strand's progress.

Inch by torturous inch, the pre-spunk string extended towards Sherry's waiting tongue. She could smell the heady aroma growing stronger the closer it got, the scent of pure, concentrated teenage arousal. Her mouth watered in anticipation, her tastebuds tingling for that first sample of Charlie's fresh essence.

At last, the string of pre-cum made contact, draping itself over the center of Sherry's flattened tongue. The flavor exploded across her palate - salty, bitter, and utterly intoxicating. Sherry's eyes fluttered shut as she savored the taste of her son's nectar, letting it coat her tongue and seep into every crevice of her mouth.

As the strand settled, Sherry began to slowly retract her tongue, drawing the glistening pre-spunk into her mouth. The motion caused the string to pull taut, tugging gently on Charlie's slit as if milking him for more. Sherry felt him shudder through the wall, his cock flexing and pulsing at the delicate sensation.

The mother swirled the pre-cum around her mouth like a fine wine, relishing the silky texture and umami richness. She let it linger on her

palate before finally swallowing, feeling the warmth spread down her throat and into her belly. Her pussy clenched greedily, demanding more of her son's delicious emissions.

Charlie's teeth clenched and his eyes rolled back as he felt his mother's scorching breath wafting over his sensitive cockhead, her exhalations teasing the nerve-rich flesh. His hands balled into fists at his sides, his entire body trembling with the strain of keeping still. Every cell in his being screamed to thrust forward, to bury his aching cock in the warm haven of his mom's mouth, but he resisted. This was her show.

He took a look through the peephole at eye level and sure enough could see his naked mom kneeling at his cock on the other side, ready to service him.

Sherry took her time, pursing her luscious lips and blowing a focused stream of hot air over the shiny head of her son's dick. She aimed the moist gust right at his leaking slit, watching in fascination as it made the engorged flesh twitch and pulse. More pre-cum bubbled up as if on command, oozing thickly over the shroom-like glans.

With a wicked gleam in her eye, Sherry extended her tongue once more. The pink tip darted out to trace teasing, butterfly-light licks around the ridge of Charlie's cockhead. She swirled delicately over the taut skin, mapping every curve and contour of the bulbous head.

Charlie's abs clenched and flexed as he fought to control his reactions, soft grunts escaping through his gritted teeth.

Sherry lapped at the fresh pre-spunk pearling from Charlie's slit, savoring the salty-sweet flavor. She traced her tongue around and around the weeping opening, coaxing out more of the clear fluid. Pointing her tongue, she delved into the slit itself, wriggling the tip in a filthy kiss that had Charlie seeing stars.

"Oh fuck," he choked out, his voice strangled with pleasure. His fists clenched tighter, blunt nails digging into his palms as he struggled not to explode on the spot.

Sherry smirked around his cockhead, loving the effect she was having on her boy.

With wicked intent, the mother focused the pointed tip of her tongue on the exquisitely sensitive frenulum just below Charlie's engorged cockhead. She fluttered the wet muscle against that taut band of flesh, caressing it with feather-light strokes.

Charlie's cock jumped and throbbed as electric jolts of pleasure shot from that bundle of nerves straight to his heavy balls. His breath came in ragged gasps as Sherry painted lewd patterns over the thin skin with her tongue tip, the sensation almost unbearably intense.

Sherry shifted lower, dragging the flat of her licker along the bulging ridge that separated shaft from glans. She laved the pulsing blue vein, tracing its path with obscene attention to detail. Reaching the base of the fat head, she swirled her tongue around the flared contours, lapping at the sensitive underside like a well-practiced dick-licker.

Charlie's cock flexed and strained, clear ropes of pre-spunk pulsing out to coat his mother's exploring tongue. The spongy head turned a deep, angry purple, swollen and throbbing with need. Sherry hummed in approval at the copious emission, the vibrations making Charlie's rigid pole dance.

The mother licked her luscious lips, savoring the musky essence of her son's arousal. She gazed up at his straining cockhead with heavy-lidded eyes, her expression one of raw, wanton hunger. Opening wide, she extended her tongue and draped it along the underside of Charlie's shaft, the pink carpet unfurling to cradle his aching length.

With excruciating slowness, Sherry dragged her tongue from base to tip, following the pulsing vein and swirling over every ridge. Charlie's cock jumped and throbbed against the wet heat of her tongue, painting it with sticky pre-cum. When she reached the crown, Sherry closed her lips around it in a lewd kiss, slurping up the clear emission.

Hollowing her cheeks, she began to suckle on the bulbous head like a lollipop, her tongue flicking over the weeping slit. She moaned around the throbbing flesh, sending delicious vibrations straight to

Charlie's core. Her mouth felt like hot, liquid silk encasing his most sensitive skin.

Sherry released Charlie's cockhead with a wet pop, a string of saliva and pre-cum connecting her lips to his swollen tip. She lapped at the pearly strand, breaking it and swallowing the mixture down with a throaty hum of approval.

Charlie's mind reeled as his mother's talented mouth worked over his aching cock. He had only been sucked off once before, by a girl in his class after a football game. It had been a sloppy, tentative affair, her teeth scraping him uncomfortably as she struggled to take even half his length. The whole thing had been over in an awkward minute after she changed her mind, Charlie barely having time to enjoy the wet heat of her inexperienced mouth.

But this - this was something else entirely. His mom's skill and enthusiasm were evident in every lewd slurp, every flick of her wicked tongue. It was clear she knew her way around a cock, her movements practiced and purposeful as she teased out salty spurts of pre-cum. Charlie's eyes rolled back, his head thunking against the wall as she took him to heights of pleasure he'd never imagined possible.

Sherry, for her part, was lost in a haze of lust as she feasted on her son's throbbing cock. Sucking dick had always been one of her greatest joys, an act she could lose herself in for hours if given the chance. She loved the weight of a hard shaft on her tongue, the musky taste of pre-cum

painting her palate. The power she felt as she reduced a man to a quivering, desperate mess with her mouth alone was intoxicating.

Unfortunately, her husband was a quick shot, popping off almost as soon as her lips wrapped around him. She rarely had a chance to truly showcase her oral skills before he was spilling down her throat

with a grunt. It always left Sherry vaguely dissatisfied, craving more time to savor the act.

But now, with her own son's impressive cock and stamina at her mercy, Sherry could indulge to her heart's content. She slurped and suckled greedily, determined to make this a blowjob Charlie would never forget. Relaxing her throat, she began to bob her head, taking him deeper with each descent.

Charlie's hands scrabbled against the wall, his fingers seeking purchase as his mom swallowed more and more of his straining length. He couldn't believe how easily she was taking him, his oversized cock disappearing into the tight, wet haven of her throat. He felt the tip nudge the back of her palate and then slip beyond, the muscles fluttering around him as she suppressed her gag reflex.

"Holy shit," Charlie panted, his voice tight with awe and disbelief. He peered through the peephole to see her pretty blonde head bobbing up and back in a perfect cock-gobbling rhythm. "Mom, oh my god..."

Sherry's plump, glossy lips stretched obscenely around Charlie's girth as she took him to the hilt, her nose pressing into the wall. The pink ring of her mouth formed a perfect seal around his shaft, slurping and suckling hungrily. Mascara-tinted tears pricked the corners of her eyes from the strain, but she didn't relent, driven by the all-consuming need to swallow every throbbing inch.

As the busty mother worked her throat muscles around Charlie's invading length, she felt his cockhead flare and pulse, growing impossibly larger. The bulbous knob expanded against her tonsils, stretching her

gullet and making her eyes water. She gagged slightly but powered through, hollowing her cheeks and providing a tighter seal.

Sherry's chin and jaw ached from the unrelenting face-fucking she was giving herself, but the discomfort only spurred her on. She

wanted to feel used, to have her throat reshaped by her son's mighty cock. Drool poured from the edges of her stretched lips, coating Charlie's shaft in glistening spittle.

With each bob of Sherry's head, her giant lush tits swayed and bounced, slapping together lewdly. Her protruding nipples grazed the wall, sending jolts of electricity straight to her dripping sex. She could feel her arousal trickling down her thighs, the insides slick with want. Her fat aching clit throbbed in time with the pulsing of Charlie's cock against her tongue.

As Sherry pistoned her mouth up and down, she swiveled and rotated her neck, corkscrewing on Charlie's veiny shaft. She slurped and gurgled noisily, reveling in the wet, obscene sounds of a truly sloppy blowjob.

Charlie's cockhead battered the entrance to her throat with every thrust, the thick knob pummeling her tonsils. Her neck bulged obscenely around his girth, the outline of his huge cock visible in her straining muscles.

"Fuuuuck, Mom," Charlie groaned brokenly, his voice muffled through the wall. "Suck that dick. Holy shit, your mouth... so fucking good!"

Sherry preened at the praise, doubling her efforts. She sealed her lips in a vise-like grip behind his throbbing crown and suctioned hard, her hollowed cheeks concave with the force. At the same time, she wormed her pointed tongue into his leaking slit, wriggling the tip in a filthy kiss.

Charlie let out a strangled shout, his cockhead engorging to its maximum size. The purple knob flared impossibly wide, stretching Sherry's gulping throat to its limits. She choked and sputtered but didn't pull off, determined to take everything he had to give.

Deep in Charlie's groin, his swollen testicles churned and tightened as they prepared to unleash their massive load. The exquisite friction of his mother's slick throat muscles rippling along his sensitive penile flesh sent shockwaves of pleasure radiating from his engorged cock.

Inside his scrotum, Charlie's testes pulsed and contracted, drawing up snug against his body as they worked overtime to produce an epic volume of semen. The seminiferous tubules kicked into high gear, the coiled tubes rapidly secreting thick globs of spunk. His vas deferens quivered as the gelatinous fluid was propelled through the sperm ducts, collecting in his quaking balls.

The rhythmic undulations of Sherry's gulping throat massaged the underside of Charlie's cockhead, stimulating the sensitive frenulum with each swallow. The bundle of nerves just below the glans sent electric jolts of ecstasy straight to his balls with every flick of her tongue. His heavy sack drew up even tighter, his nuts straining as they reached maximum capacity.

Charlie's prostate throbbed and spasmed, acting as a pump to force the thick ejaculate through his trembling shaft. The clear tubes of his ejaculatory ducts dilated, preparing for the massive surge of semen that was about to explode from his tip. His swollen cock jerked and flexed as the first hot spurts were forced from his balls into his straining urethra.

The slit of Charlie's bulbous cockhead gaped open, the tiny hole widening as a massive glob of cum forced its way out. The pearly wad erupted into Sherry's suckling mouth, splattering the back of her throat with a heavy spurt. Her eyes bulged as she felt the first hot jets painting her tonsils, the thick paste coating her tongue.

Charlie let out a guttural roar as his climax fully overtook him, his hips bucking forward to bury his spurting cock deep in his mother's convulsing throat. His piss slit flared impossibly wide, the gaping

hole unleashing a veritable geyser of semen straight down Sherry's gullet. His

balls clenched and pulsed as they emptied their heavy load in long, ropy spurts.

Sherry gulped and swallowed desperately, her neck muscles working overtime to handle the massive influx of spunk flooding her mouth. Charlie's cock swelled and throbbed against her tongue, the shaft rippling as it pumped out what felt like gallons of jizz. The musky, bitter cream coated her tonsils and slid down her throat, settling heavily in her stomach.

Pearly rivers of cum poured from the corners of Sherry's stretched lips, overflowing her stuffed mouth to dribble down her chin. She sealed her lips tighter around his erupting cock, determined not to waste a single drop of her son's precious seed. Her throat worked convulsively, swallowing over and over as she fought to keep up with the relentless deluge.

Charlie's orgasm seemed to go on forever, his cock spurting like a broken hydrant. His prostate clenched and fluttered, wringing out every last drop of spunk from his quaking balls. Sherry milked his shaft with her lips and tongue, coaxing out the dregs until she had drained him dry.

Finally, the pulses began to weaken, the spurts turning to a trickle. Charlie slumped against the wall, his chest heaving as he struggled to catch his breath. His softening cock slipped from Sherry's puffy lips with a wet plop, a string of cum and saliva connecting them for a brief moment before breaking.

Sherry sat back on her heels, panting heavily. Her chin and neck were glazed with spunk, rivulets of pearly cream running down to pool in the valley of her heaving cleavage. She looked utterly debauched, mascara smeared and hair disheveled, the very picture of a well-used slut.

With a moan of satisfaction, the mother swiped her fingers through the mess on her tits, gathering up a generous helping of Charlie's leftover

cum. Extending her tongue, she lapped the spunk from her digits, savoring the taste with an exaggerated hum of approval.

That evening at the dinner table, Sherry and Charlie shared secret, knowing glances as they ate their meal. Dave, oblivious as always, prattled on about his day at work while the two oral sex conspirators played footsie under the table.

"So hon, how was your day?" Dave asked his wife, shoveling a forkful of pot roast into his mouth. "Do anything exciting?"

Sherry and Charlie locked eyes, barely suppressing their laughter. If only he knew...

"Oh, nothing too crazy," Sherry replied airily, spearing a baby carrot with her fork. She brought it to her lips, pursing them around the tip suggestively before slowly sliding it into her mouth. Charlie squirmed in his seat, his cock twitching at the blatant innuendo. "Just some housework, you know. Laundry, dishes... polishing the pipes. Unclogging them. The usual."

Charlie nearly choked on his milk, struggling to contain his mirth. His mother was shameless!

"Pipes, huh?" Dave remarked obliviously, cutting into his meat. "I didn't know anything was clogged."

"Oh, you'd be surprised," Sherry said with a sly grin, winking at Charlie. "Sometimes things can get quite... backed up. It takes a firm hand and a lot of elbow grease to work it all out. Gotta make sure every last drop makes it down the drain, you know?"

Under the table, Sherry extended her tan bare foot and found Charlie's crotch. She dragged her painted toes teasingly over the growing bulge in his jeans, making him jump.

"Is that so?" Dave mumbled around a mouthful of potatoes, not catching the double entendre. "Well, I'm glad you got it all sorted out."

"Mmm, me too," Sherry purred, locking eyes with Charlie as she continued to caress his stiffening cock with her foot. "There's nothing quite so satisfying as taking a long, hard object in hand and coaxing it to spew forth every drop of its pent-up contents. Wouldn't you agree, Charlie?"

Charlie flushed beet red, squirming as his dick surged to full mast in his pants. "Uh, y-yeah. Definitely, Mom. Very, um, satisfying."

Sherry smirked, giving his bulge a firm press with her toes before withdrawing her foot. Charlie immediately missed the contact, his cock throbbing urgently against his fly.

"Charlie, are you feeling alright?" Dave asked, finally noticing his son's flushed face and antsy demeanor. "You look a little feverish."

"I'm okay, Dad," Charlie managed, shifting to try and relieve the pressure on his aching erection. "I might just, uh…head upstairs and get started on my homework."

Sherry was just as anxious to give another blowjob as her son was to receive one. The feel of her son's huge cock pulsing in her mouth, pumping spurt after spurt of his teenage cum down her throat, was addictive. She craved the taste of him on her tongue, the weight of his shaft stretching her lips. Her pussy clenched with need, soaking her panties as she imagined choking on his massive dick again.

"Hey hon, would you mind clearing the table and loading the dishwasher?" Sherry asked Dave, giving him her most winning smile.

"I have a few things I need to take care of upstairs."

"Sure thing, babe," Dave agreed amiably, already starting to stack the empty plates. "I'll get this cleaned up, you go ahead and do what you need to do."

"Thanks, you're the best." Sherry leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek, her eyes already drifting to the bulge straining against Charlie's zipper. "I won't be long."

With that, she sashayed out of the kitchen, making sure to put an extra sway in her hips for Charlie's benefit. She could feel his hungry gaze devouring her ass as she climbed the stairs, knowing he was just as desperate for her mouth as she was for his cock.

Charlie rushed up to his bedroom, and stripping off his clothes in record time, he practically dove into his closet, his rigid shaft bobbing before him.

The teen's boner jutted out proudly from his groin, the engorged head an angry purple as it strained towards the waiting hole. A bead of pre-cum glistened at the tip, the pearly drop quivering with each throb of his shaft. His heavy balls hung low, already churning with a fresh load of spunk for his mother to guzzle.

Approaching the wall with his heart hammering, Charlie couldn't resist taking a quick peek through the hole at waist-level before feeding his desperate cock through. What he saw made his breath catch and his dick flex urgently - there, mere inches from the opening, was the lush pink cavern of his mom's open mouth.

Sherry knelt on the other side, her plump lips parted invitingly, a slash of scarlet lipstick emphasizing their lewd pout. Her tongue unfurled from between her teeth, the wet muscle glistening as it lolled out over her plump bottom lip. Strands of saliva connected her upper palate to her tongue, the inside of her mouth a hot, damp paradise just begging to sheath his aching cock.

Charlie watched, transfixed, as Sherry extended her tongue even further, lapping at her lips as if famished for a taste of his dick. She tilted her head, angling her open mouth directly against the hole, a clear invitation.

Her molten eyes smoldered up at him, the wanton hunger in their depths making his balls tighten.

With a shaking hand, Charlie stood up and lined up his bulbous glans with the entrance of the hole and pushed through, his cockhead notching perfectly into his mom's waiting mouth. The spongy tip brushed her extended tongue, smearing the silky muscle with a rope of pre-cum. Sherry let out a throaty moan, the vibrations making Charlie's shaft dance as she lapped up his salty emission.

Unable to hold back a second longer, Charlie surged forward, a guttural groan rising from his chest as his cock plunged into the welcoming heat of his mother's mouth. Sherry sealed her lips around his girth, slurping him down, her expert tongue swirling around his sensitive glans as she swallowed him to the root.

Charlie braced his hands against the wall, his head thrown back in ecstasy as his mother's throat muscles rippled along his invading shaft. He couldn't believe this was really happening - that after years of jerking off to forbidden fantasies of his mom, her lush lips were actually stretched around his dick, gulping down every thick inch. It was better than his wildest wet dreams.

Sherry bobbed her head in a steady rhythm, taking Charlie's throbbing cock deeper down her throat with each glide. The wet suction of her mouth was incredible, her tongue painting the underside of his shaft as she slurped him to the hilt. Charlie groaned as he felt the tip of his cock bump the back of her throat again and again, amazed at how easily she was able to take his considerable size.

For several blissful minutes, there was only the obscenely wet sounds of a sloppy, eager blowjob filling the air as Sherry skillfully pleasured her son. Her plump lips formed a tight seal around his girth, slurping and suckling his throbbing meat. Charlie's heavy balls slapped against the

wall with each thrust of his hips, churning with a huge load just for his mom.

Then suddenly, a new sensation enveloped his spit-slick shaft, startling a gasp from Charlie's lips. It was warm and plush, silky soft skin molding around his veiny length. Sherry's mouth was gone, but the incredible pressure remained, squeezing his pulsing cock from all sides.

It took Charlie's lust-fogged brain a moment to comprehend what was happening, but then it clicked - his mom was tit-fucking him through the hole!

He peeked through the peephole to confirm. She had wrapped her massive, pillowy breasts around his slick shaft, trapping him in the heavenly valley of her cleavage.

Charlie groaned long and low as Sherry began to bounce her huge tits up and down his length, her soft flesh engulfing him over and over. The slippery channel of her cleavage was so hot and tight, the plush skin of her breasts molding around every throbbing inch. He could feel her stiff nipples dragging along his shaft, the rubbery nubs adding delicious friction.

"Oh god, Mom," Charlie panted, his voice strained with pleasure. "Milk my cock with your big fucking titties! Squeeze that dick!"

Spurred on by her son's voice through the app, Sherry redoubled her efforts, tit-fucking him for all she was worth. She mashed her heavy breasts together, enveloping his dick in her soft, doughy flesh. The slick slide of his shaft between her mammoth jugs was obscenely

lewd, made even more so by the fact that it was her own son's cock she was pleasuring.

Sherry angled her chest, positioning her mouth at the tip of Charlie's cock each time it poked through her cleavage. As the swollen head emerged from her pillowy tits, she engulfed it with her lips, suckling the

glans like a lollipop before releasing it to disappear between her breasts once more.

Charlie's mind reeled at the dual sensations of his mom's tits and mouth working in tandem to worship his desperate cock.

The hot, plush flesh of Sherry's enormous breasts enveloped Charlie's straining cock in a heavenly sheath of silky skin. The tender inner slopes of her cleavage molded around his veiny shaft like warm dough, creating a tight, slippery channel. Her heavy mammaries formed a jiggling cocoon of satiny tit-meat that strangled his throbbing length, the supple fat of her breasts yielding and conforming to every contour.

Watching through the peephole, Charlie could see his bulbous cockhead poke out from his mom's cavernous cleavage with each thrust, the broad dome glistening with a combination of saliva and pre-cum. Sherry craned her neck, extending her tongue to lap at the slit each time it emerged, swirling the slippery tip around his swollen glans before he disappeared back into the warm, pillowy embrace of her tits.

The soft, pliant meat of her breasts rippled and undulated around Charlie's pistoning cock as Sherry worked them up and down his length. Her cleavage gripped him like a fleshy fist, the plush tissue compressing and massaging every throbbing inch. Rivulets of sweat trickled down into her cavernous cleavage, mingling with the teen's copious pre-cum to create a slick, frictionless glide.

Sherry's lush, heavy tits made wet smacking sounds as they slapped together rhythmically, pummeling Charlie's cock from all sides. Her voluptuous mounds jiggled and bounced lewdly, the sheer weight of them causing a mesmerizing ripple effect with each pump. The tender undersides of her breasts kissed wetly, sandwiching Charlie's veiny shaft between the pliant mounds.

Charlie could feel every sweet inch of his mom's succulent titflesh molding around his aching cock like a hot, satiny glove. Her plump, puffy

nipples poked into his shaft, the rubbery nubs dragging deliciously along the sensitive skin. He groaned as he imagined those fat nipples in his mouth, suckling and nibbling on the spongy tips until his mom cried out in ecstacy.

Sherry pumped her massive, pillowy breasts up and down Charlie's straining shaft with wild abandon, her movements growing more frenzied by the second. She could sense her son was close to the edge, his cock pulsing and jerking erratically between her slick mounds.

Determined to wring every last drop of cum from his aching balls, Sherry redoubled her efforts, fucking her huge tits along his shaft with near violent intensity. The wet smack of sweaty flesh filled the room as she used her breasts like a cock-milking machine, squeezing and stroking Charlie's throbbing meat for all she was worth.

"That's it baby, let Mommy drain those swollen balls," Sherry panted, her voice sounding through the speaker on his phone. "Paint Mommy's big tits with your hot, sticky cum! I want to feel you explode all over me!"

Charlie let out a strangled shout, his hips thrusting erratically as his cock swelled to its maximum size between Sherry's pumping tits. His cockhead turned a deep, angry purple, flaring impossibly wide as it poked free of her cleavage again and again.

"Fuck! Mom! I'm gonna...unnnghh!" Charlie's warning was cut off as the first massive spurt of cum blasted from his slit, rocketing out to splatter against Sherry's chin and neck. She quickly angled his erupting cock towards her open mouth, just in time to catch the next thick ribbon of spunk across her extended tongue.

Sherry moaned in ecstasy as Charlie geysered like a broken hydrant, painting her face and tits with what felt like buckets of hot, salty jizz. She continued to pump his spurting shaft with her slick breasts, coaxing out every last drop of his teenage seed.

Thick, ropy strands of cum webbed across Sherry's features, dripping from her eyebrows and nose to pool in her gasping mouth. Pearly rivulets streamed down the slopes of her heaving tits, collecting in the deep valley of her cleavage. She was utterly drenched in spunk, marked as her son's cumslut.

Charlie slumped against the wall, his chest heaving and mind reeling as the final weak spurts dribbled from his slit. He had never cum so hard in his life, the sheer volume and force of his ejaculation leaving him weak in the knees. His cock twitched between his mother's slick breasts, ultra sensitive as Sherry gentled her motions, milking out the last drops.

On the other side of the wall, Sherry released her boy's softening cock from the cum-soaked embrace of her huge tits. She sat back on her heels, swiping her fingers through the thick glaze of spunk coating her face and chest, fully intending on consuming every drop before emerging from her closet.

The next morning, Sherry woke up with a delicious ache in her jaw and a wicked gleam in her eye. The memory of choking on her son's massive cock, feeling his heavy balls slap against her chin as he pumped her throat full of cum, had her pussy clenching with need. She couldn't wait to wrap her lips around Charlie's throbbing meat again, to milk every last drop of jizz from his swollen nuts.

But as satisfying as it was to suck and tit-fuck her hung son through the hole in the wall, Sherry found herself craving more. She wanted to worship every inch of his incredible cock, to lave his balls with her tongue and bury her nose in his musky pubes. She longed to have unfettered access to his entire groin, to service him fully without the barrier of the wall.

Grabbing her phone, Sherry quickly dialed Candace's number, impatient to see what other options the company offered. Her pussy was already growing damp with anticipation.

"Good morning, Sherry!" Candace chirped when she picked up. "How are you enjoying the new Oral Fixation upgrade so far?"

"Oh my God, Candace, it's incredible," Sherry gushed, her face flushing at the lewd memories. "Charlie is having the best time."

Candace chuckled, a note of wicked delight in her voice. "I knew you'd love it. There's nothing quite like the thrill of a anonymous, taboo liaison with your own son, is there?"

"You're so right," Sherry agreed, squirming a little on the bed. Her free hand drifted down to press against her aching clit through her silk panties. "But I was wondering...is there a way to get even more of him through the hole? I'm talking every thick inch, balls and all. You know, a way for a mom to get total access."

"Well, it just so happens we do offer a deluxe setup," Candace revealed, a smile in her voice. "We call it the Full Access Package. It's a much larger, reinforced hole with a padded bench on either side. It allows for complete, unrestricted access to every inch of your son's impressive equipment."

"I want it," Sherry breathed, her voice trembling with excitement. "When is the soonest you can send someone out to install it?"

Candace chuckled at Sherry's eagerness. "I can have a team there tomorrow morning if you'd like. We pride ourselves on prompt, discreet service."

"Perfect," Sherry purred, already imagining having her son's massive cock and balls dangling through the expanded hole, fully at her mercy. "I'll make sure the coast is clear."

The next day, after Dave left for work and the kids were off to school, the installation team arrived at Sherry's door. They worked quickly and efficiently, cutting an impressive circular opening low in the wall and reinforcing it with a cushioned rim. On both sides, they installed a plush, padded bench-like platform that jutted out a few feet, providing a comfortable place to explore a variety of sex positions.

As soon as they finished, Sherry called Barb, too excited to keep the naughty development to herself. Her best friend rushed right over, eager to see the new setup.

"Holy shit, Sher," Barb breathed as she took in the large, inviting hole. She crouched down, running her fingers along the padded rim. "You could fit a whole body through there, let alone a cock and balls."

Sherry grinned wickedly, joining Barb on the floor. "I know, right? But now I can worship every inch of him, and his balls too."

Barb licked her lips, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You lucky bitch. I'm so jealous."

Sherry looked at her friend with sympathy, knowing how much Barb enjoyed gagging on a hard cock just as much as she did. An idea suddenly occurred to her - what if they shared this experience together? The thought of tag-teaming her hung son's dick with her best friend sent a fresh gush of arousal flooding Sherry's already damp panties.

"You know, Barb..." Sherry began slowly, a devious smile spreading across her face. "There's plenty of room for two at this gloryhole. What do you say we christen it together and give Charlie the double blowjob of his young life?"

Barb's eyes widened, her mouth falling open in shock and excitement. "Holy fuck, Sher, are you serious? You want me to suck your son's cock with you?"

Sherry grinned wickedly, reaching out to squeeze Barb's hand. "Dead serious. I know how much you love choking on a big dick. And Charlie's is huge, trust me. Wouldn't it be so hot to worship his cock together, licking and slurping up and down that fat shaft in tandem?"

Barb let out a shuddery breath, her thighs clenching at the mental image. "God yes. I'm dripping just thinking about it. You don't think Charlie would mind?"

Sherry laughed, shaking her head. "Oh honey, what teenage boy is gonna turn down his mom and her hot best friend slobbering all over his cock? He'll think he died and went to porn heaven."

Barb bit her lip, nodding eagerly. "You're so right. Fuck, let's do it. I wanna share that hung young stud's dick with you, Sher."

Sherry felt a rush of heat between her legs at Barb's enthusiastic agreement. She couldn't believe this was actually happening - that she was about to suck her own son's cock alongside her best friend. It was beyond filthy and so fucking hot.

Charlie could hardly concentrate during his last period, his mind consumed with the promise of another naughty encounter with his mother after school. His cock was already half-hard, straining against his jeans as he imagined her plump lips wrapped around his shaft, her tongue swirling over the sensitive head.

As soon as the bell rang, Charlie whipped out his phone, opening the secret gloryhole app with trembling fingers. He sent the usual session request, his heart pounding as he waited for his mom's response. To his delight, the notification popped up almost instantly - she had accepted.

Charlie practically sprinted home, bursting through the front door and taking the stairs two at a time. He hurried into his bedroom, locking the door behind him and quickly stripping off his clothes. His rigid cock sprang free, bobbing heavily as he made a beeline for the closet.

But as Charlie slid open the door, he stopped short, his jaw dropping in shock. The gloryhole had been drastically enlarged, the opening now a gaping, circular portal ringed with a plush, cushioned sleeve. And at the base was a padded bench-like platform, jutting out from the wall at the perfect height for laying on.

"Holy shit," Charlie breathed, his cock flexing at the sight. He realized his mom must have arranged for an upgrade, expanding the hole to accommodate more of him…a lot more! His balls tightened at the thought, a fresh bead of pre-cum welling at the tip of his erection.

Charlie cautiously approached the upgraded hole, his heart pounding with excitement and trepidation. With a deep breath, he clambered onto the padded bench and laid back, his rigid cock pointing straight up.

Scooting forward, Charlie lined up his head and shoulders with the circular portal. He slid through smoothly, the cushioned sleeve hugging him snugly as he emerged on the other side. Blinking in the sudden brightness, Charlie found himself staring up at the ceiling of his mother's closet.

But his view was quickly obscured by two pairs of massive, naked tits dangling above him. Charlie's eyes widened as he took in the

sight of not only his mom's huge bare breasts, but Barb's as well. The two MILFs loomed over him, their faces split with amused, knowing grins.

"Well hello there, honey," Sherry purred, reaching down to cup her son's stunned face. Her plump nipples were stiff peaks, jutting out from her puffy areolae. "Fancy meeting you here."

"Welcome to the titty committee," Barb giggled, hefting her own enormous jugs. They wobbled and swayed, the fleshy globes capped with fat, rubbery nipples that pointed straight at Charlie. "Two pairs are better than one, don't you think?"

Charlie could only gape up at the wall of tit-meat hovering mere inches from his face, his brain short-circuiting at the overwhelming display. His cock flexed urgently against his belly, a fresh spurt of pre-cum splattering his abs.

Before Charlie could even form a coherent response, Sherry was swinging a leg over his head, straddling his face like a fleshy saddle. She faced away from the wall, giving her son an unobstructed view straight up the lush landscape of her curvy body.

Charlie's field of vision was filled with his mother's plump, glistening pussy lips hovering mere inches above his mouth. The intoxicating scent of her arousal filled his nostrils, musky and tangy, making his head swim with lust.

Sherry reached down and spread her swollen labia with her fingers, exposing the wet pink folds of her cunt. Viscous strands of her excitement stretched between her parted petals, clear evidence of how turned on she was.

"Wanna eat some pussy, sweetheart?" his mom asked, gazing down over the swell of her pillowy tits.

All the boy could do was nod eagerly, so excited he could barely form words.

"Get that tongue in there then, honey," Sherry purred, lowing her pubis and grinding her sopping slit against Charlie's mouth. "Taste how wet Mommy is for you."

Charlie didn't need to be told twice. His tongue eagerly extended to meet the descending honey pot, slipping between his mother's juicy folds to lap at her weeping core. The taste exploded across his taste buds - tangy, musky, intoxicating. He moaned into her pussy, the vibrations making Sherry gasp and roll her hips.

Above him, Sherry's massive tits jiggled and swayed hypnotically, the heavy globes capped with rubbery nipples. Charlie felt dizzy with lust as he tongued his mom's cunt, the sight of those huge fun bags bouncing above him making his cock throb against his belly.

As Charlie hungrily lapped at his mother's dripping slit, Barb moved in behind Sherry, climbing aboard and straddling the teen's chest. She pressed her huge, heavy tits into Sherry's back, the pillowy mounds molding around her shoulder blades. Barb's stiff nipples poked into Sherry's flesh as she ground her own soaked pussy against her friend's ass.

"Mmm, look at him go," Barb purred in Sherry's ear, reaching around to cup and squeeze her massive jugs. "He's eating your cunt like it's his last meal. What a good boy."

Sherry could only moan in response, lost to the exquisite pleasure of her son's talented tongue. She rolled and rocked her hips, smearing her slick arousal all over Charlie's face as she rode his mouth.

The teen lapped greedily at his mom's weeping folds, his chin and cheeks glistening with her essence. He pointed his tongue, delving deep into her clenching channel, fucking the wet muscle in and out.

His nose bumped against her fat throbbing clit with each thrust, making Sherry cry out sharply.

"Oh fuck yes, eat Mommy's pussy," Sherry panted, one hand flying up to tangle in Charlie's hair. She held him firmly against her groin as she ground down, smothering him with her sopping cunt. "Shove that tongue in deep, get Mommy nice and wet."

Behind her, Barb began to hump and grind against Sherry's ass with greater urgency, coating her friend's crack with slippery arousal. "You're hogging his mouth," she pouted, giving Sherry's tits a rough squeeze. "I want a turn with that sweet tongue."

Sherry grinned over her shoulder, her hips never stopping their lewd undulations. "Patience, you greedy slut. Let him finish getting me nice and creamy, then you can sit on his face."

Charlie redoubled his efforts, spurred on by the naughty talk above him. He swirled his tongue around Sherry's entrance, lapping up her fragrant juices before plunging back inside. He fucked her hole with long, deep strokes, feeling the snug texture of her baby-chute, his nose and chin shiny with her tasty nectar.

"Fuck, I'm getting close," Sherry whined, her thighs starting to quake on either side of Charlie's head. She seized Barb's hands on her tits and encouraged her to maul the heavy globes. "Play with my nipples, pinch them!"

Barb eagerly complied, tugging and twisting Sherry's fat nubs until she was panting and mewling. The dual stimulation of Charlie's tongue and Barb's fingers had Sherry rapidly approaching the edge, her pussy clenching and fluttering around Charlie's thrusting muscle. She could feel her orgasm building, coiling tight in her core like a spring ready to snap.

"Almost there, don't stop!" Sherry cried, her voice high and tight. She tangled both hands in Charlie's hair now, yanking him impossibly

deeper into the wet folds of her cunt. "Suck my clit, make Mommy cum!"

Smothered in cunt, Charlie immediately zeroed in on the throbbing bud at the apex of his mother's slit, drawing it between his lips to lave the sensitive flesh. He flickered the tip of his tongue over her engorged grape-sized nub, fluttering the wet muscle rapidly.

That was all it took to send Sherry hurtling over the edge. With a keening wail, she came hard, gushing all over Charlie's tongue and chin. Her pussy spasmed violently, clenching and rippling around his plunging tongue as a flood of tangy cream coated his taste buds.

"Fuck yes, drink it down!" Sherry babbled, grinding her pulsing cunt against her son's mouth. She continued to roll and undulate her hips through the aftershocks, milking every last lick from her son's talented tongue.

Behind her, Barb let out a desperate whine, her own pussy aching and empty. She rutted shamelessly against Sherry's ass, leaving a snail trail of arousal up her crack. "Fuck Sher, I'm dying here. I need to cum on his face so bad."

Sherry slumped forward, releasing Charlie's head from the vice grip of her thighs. She dismounted his face on wobbly legs, collapsing onto the floor. "He's all yours. Ride him hard."

Barb scrambled forward eagerly, straddling Charlie's juice-smeared face. She gazed down, watching his reaction as she smothered him with her dripping pussy.

Charlie blinked up at her, dazed from the orgasm he had just wrung from his mother. His face was glazed with Sherry's release, his lips and chin glistening obscenely. Barb licked her own lips hungrily at the sight, wanting nothing more than to lick Sherry's cum from every inch of his face.

But first, she needed to cum. Desperately.

She lowered her sopping cunt onto Charlie's waiting mouth. She shuddered violently as she made contact, his soft lips and hot breath igniting her nerve endings. She was already so worked up from tribbing against Sherry that she knew it wouldn't take much to push her over the edge.

"Fuck yes, there's a good boy," Barb purred, undulating her hips to smear her arousal all over Charlie's face.

Charlie gazed up across the landscape of Barb's body with awe and disbelief, his eyes tracing a path from her plump, glistening pussy mound

and the neatly trimmed landing strip of dark hair up the plane of her soft tummy. Her towering torso seemed to go on for miles, finally culminating in the massive, wobbling udders that capped her chest.

The giant globes of tit flesh swayed pendulously above him, the jiggling movement mesmerizing. Barb's breasts were just as humongous as his own mother's impressive rack, each creamy mound much bigger than his head. Her nipples were stiff, rubbery peaks jutting out from puffy, saucer-sized areolae.

Charlie marveled at the wanton lust in Barb's eyes as she undulated her hips, grinding her dripping pussy against his face. This was the woman he had known like a second mother for as long as he could remember - his mom's best friend who had always seemed so happily married to her doting husband. She had bandaged his scrapes, snuck him cookies before dinner, cheered him on at little league games. She was as much a part of his childhood as his own parents.

Yet here she was, straddling his face with her sopping wet cunt, desperate for his tongue on her most intimate places. Her face was

a mask of naked hunger as she gazed down at him, her eyes pleading for him to devour her, to make her cum.

The forbidden nature of it all made Charlie's head spin and his cock throb painfully against his belly. He couldn't believe this was really happening - that after years of secretly lusting after his mom's hot best friend, he finally had her succulent pussy smeared across his mouth, her musky arousal coating his taste buds.

The teen eagerly extended his tongue to delve between Barb's plump, slippery labia, lapping up her fragrant juices. She tasted slightly different than his mom - saltier, muskier, but no less intoxicating. He moaned into her folds as he feasted on her weeping petals, relishing the flavor of her forbidden nectar.

"Ohhh fuck yes, just like that!" Barb cried out as Charlie's tongue caressed her sensitive flesh. She clenched her pussy muscles around the slippery invader, trying to suck him deeper into her channel.

Charlie lapped and slurped greedily at Barb's dripping pussy, relishing the tangy musk coating his taste buds. Her heady feminine scent filled his nostrils and made his head swim as he tongued her clenching tunnel. He couldn't get enough of her potent flavor, suckling her engorged labia like a starving man at a banquet.

Barb's juices poured from her like a broken faucet, drenching Charlie's face in her essence. He was drowning in her arousal, his mouth and nose completely submerged in the wet folds of her pussy. But what a way to go - smothered by hot, fragrant cunt, desperately licking and sucking for air.

Charlie felt drunk on Barb's musk, dizzy and disoriented from the overwhelming sensory onslaught. His entire world narrowed down to the plump, throbbing flesh smashed against his face. His tongue probed her spasming walls, swirling and curling to lap up every drop of her free-flowing nectar.

Barb's pussy clenched and rippled around Charlie's slick invader, fluttering deliciously as she rapidly approached climax. She ground herself against his face with wild abandon, shameless in her pursuit of release. Her sodden labia slipped and slid over his features, leaving him glazed in her juices.

"Fuck yes, eat my cunt!" Barb wailed, fisting Charlie's hair to hold him in place as she fucked his face. "Tongue fuck my pussy, make me squirt!"

Charlie could feel Barb's impending orgasm in the way her thighs trembled around his ears, her swollen walls pulsing against his thrusting muscle. He doubled down, stabbing his tongue as deep into her clutching sheath as it would go while his nose bumped and flicked over her throbbing clit.

"Oh God, oh fuck, I'm cumming!" Barb screamed, her voice raw and hoarse. "Don't stop, I'm squirting, fuuuuuuck!"

Barb's pussy spasmed violently, gushing a flood of hot girl cum all over Charlie's tongue and chin. A torrent of liquid cream sprayed from her clenching hole, splattering across the boy's juice-smeared face.

Charlie sputtered and gasped as Barb's release geysered over his features, the tangy fluid filling his mouth and shooting up his nose. But he didn't relent, continuing to lave her pulsing flesh through her intense climax. He swallowed convulsively, guzzling down her gushing offering while struggling to breathe through the deluge.

As Barb's climax finally subsided, she slumped forward, bracing her hands on the bench to the sides of Charlie's head. Her massive tits swung down, smacking him in the face with their doughy heft. Charlie sputtered, his vision completely obscured by the smothering tit-meat.

"Alright, you greedy slut, stop hogging his face," Sherry laughed, tugging Barb off her son by the hips. "We have other parts of him to attend to, remember?"

Barb reluctantly dismounted Charlie and he lay there dazed, his face a glistening mess of fem-cum and saliva. He looked thoroughly used, and they were just getting started.

"Okay honey, time to bring that gorgeous cock of yours through to play," Sherry purred, patting his flushed cheek. "Slide on back and stick your bottom half through the hole for Mommy and Auntie Barb."

Charlie blinked up at his mother, his lust-fogged brain struggling to process her words. But his body responded automatically, his hips already scooting back on the platform. With a wet slurp, his head popped free of the hole, disappearing back to his side of the wall.

There was a brief pause and then Charlie's legs and groin emerged through the opening. The teen's cock was a thing of beauty - long, thick

and rock-hard, jutting out from a neatly trimmed thatch of pubic hair. The bulbous head was a deep, angry purple, the flared ridge slick with pre-cum. His heavy balls dangled below, swollen and churning with a fresh load of spunk.

"Oh my," Barb breathed, taking in the mouthwatering sight of Charlie's junk on full display. "You weren't kidding, Sher. He's fucking hung."

Sherry grinned proudly, reaching out to wrap her fingers around Charlie's thick shaft. "I told you he was packing some serious heat. Didn't I raise a prime specimen of a man?"

Charlie groaned as his mom stroked him slowly, her grip barely able to close around his girth. He felt so exposed and vulnerable with his

most intimate parts on display, yet incredibly aroused at the same time. His cock flexed in Sherry's fist, another bead of pre-cum welling from the slit.

"Well what are we waiting for?" Barb asked eagerly, scooting closer on her knees. "Let's worship this beautiful set of cock and balls together."

The two busty MILFs exchanged a heated glance before descending on Charlie's prone body, peppering his taut abs with wet, open-mouthed kisses. Their huge tits dragged over his skin, soft and heavy, the stiff peaks of their nipples tracing teasing patterns. Charlie shuddered and flexed beneath the sensual onslaught, his abs clenching as his cock strained towards the ceiling.

Sherry slithered between her son's splayed thighs, nuzzling his heavy sack with her nose. She breathed in his intimate musk, intoxicated by the heady aroma of virile young male. Extending her tongue, she began to lap at his swollen balls, tracing the plump contours and laving the delicate skin. Charlie groaned, his shaft flexing urgently as his mother bathed his nuts with lewd devotion.

Beside him, Barb knelt on the floor beside the bench, bringing her face level with Charlie's impressive cock. Her eyes glittered with hungry

anticipation as she wrapped her fingers around the thick base, squeezing gently. The throbbing shaft was searing hot against her palm, silky smooth yet hard as steel. She pumped him slowly, watching in fascination as a pearly bead of pre-cum formed at the tip.

Unable to resist, Barb leaned in and swiped the flat of her tongue over Charlie's leaking slit, moaning at the bitter-salt taste of his essence. She swirled her long licker around the flared head, tracing the ridge and dipping into his weeping hole to coax out more of his nectar.

Charlie let out a strangled groan, his cock jumping in Barb's grip as she teased him with kittenish licks. His balls drew up tight as Sherry suckled one into her hot mouth, rolling the plump orb on her tongue. The dual stimulation was maddening, the wicked women tag-teaming his most sensitive flesh.

Sherry released Charlie's testicle with a wet pop, turning her attention to his taint. She dragged the flat of her tongue along the sensitive strip, feeling it twitch beneath her ministrations. Charlie's hips bucked off the platform, seeking more of that exquisite pressure.

Sherry licked a slow, deliberate path from her son's balls to his tight, puckered hole, circling the dusky rosette with the pointed tip of her tongue. Charlie yelped, his shaft pulsing out a thick spurt of pre-cum at the foreign sensation.

Barb eagerly lapped up the clear emission, savoring the concentrated essence of horny teenage male. She wrapped her lips around Charlie's swollen glans, giving a gentle suckle before releasing him and extending her tongue to lap up the underside of his shaft from root to tip.

"Fuck!" Charlie gasped out, overwhelmed by the combined onslaught.

"Hey Sher, look how his big fat cockhead gets all shiny and purple when I lick around the ridge like this," Barb purred, demonstrating with a slow swirl of her tongue. The bulbous crown swelled and pulsed, growing

even more engorged. "He likes having his helmet polished, don't you Charlie?"

"Yes!" the boy whimpered from beyond the hole.

"Mmm, and watch his balls draw up so tight whenever I lap at his taint," Sherry observed, tickling the sensitive spot with fluttering licks. Charlie's nutsack clenched and quivered, hugging his body as if trying to escape the intense sensation. "He twitches so cutely!"

Barb giggled wickedly, pumping Charlie's thick shaft with a twisting motion. "This big vein running along the underside is throbbing like crazy. I think it's begging for some attention." She sealed her lips around the pulsing trail of vascularity, suckling hard enough to hollow her cheeks. She nibbled on the swollen dick-flesh with her pretty white teeth.

Charlie let out a tortured groan, fisting the bench beneath him. The concentrated suction on that sweet spot made his cock flex and jump, splattering Barb's chin with a ropey strand of pre-cum.

"So much pre-nut!" Barb giggled.

"I know. Look how wet and drippy his slit gets," Sherry cooed, swiping up the pearly essence with her fingertip and painting it around Charlie's leaking tip. "So much sweet pre-cum leaking out, like his cock is crying for more."

She dipped the very tip of her tongue into Charlie's weeping hole, wriggling it obscenely as if tongue-fucking the tiny orifice. Charlie's eyes rolled back, a broken moan spilling from his lips at the incredible sensation.

"Don't be a cum hog," Barb chided playfully, wrapping her hand around Charlie's thick shaft and pumping it with firm, twisting strokes. "Leave some of that sweet pre-jizz for me."

Sherry grinned wickedly, still swirling the tip of her tongue around Charlie's leaking slit. "First come, first served, bitch! You snooze, you lose when it comes to slurping up our boy's juices."

Barb huffed, doubling down on her handjob. Her fist flew with a skilled corkscrew motion over Charlie's engorged cock, squeezing and stroking from root to tip. "Fine, but the next bead of pre that wells up is MINE."

The two MILF's intently focused on the weeping eye of Charlie's cock as Barb ruthlessly milked his shaft. Their faces hovered mere inches from the swollen purple head, breath mingling as they waited with bated anticipation.

Charlie squirmed and panted beneath their intense focus, his abs clenching and flexing as the pressure built in his heavy balls. He could feel his orgasm building, churning in his groin, but the women kept him teetering just on the edge with their skilled manipulations.

"Here it comes!" Sherry cried excitedly. "I see it, I see it!"

Sure enough, a fat, pearly drop of pre-cum was emerging from Charlie's dilated slit, quivering and swelling with each pulse of his cock. It grew to the size of a small grape, straining and trembling against gravity.

In a flash, both women surged forward, extending their tongues to lap up the tempting treat. They collided messily over Charlie's tip, wet pink muscles flailing and tangling as they fought for the pre-cum prize.

"Mmmph! No fair!" Barb whined around a mouthful of Sherry's tongue, stubbornly trying to worm past the other woman to get to Charlie's slit.

"Snnrrgh... all's fair in lust and war!" Sherry garbled back, not ceding an inch. Her tongue wrestled with Barb's, both of them mashing the wet muscles against Charlie's most sensitive spot.

The teen thought he might pass out as he peeked down through a gape in the cushioned hole and watched the lewd tongue battle

happening on

the head of his dick. His mother and her best friend were sloppily frenching each other, their lips and tongues slipping and sliding around as they made out messily over his cockhead. Drool dribbled down his shaft as the women noisily sucked and slurped at each other, both still intent on capturing his pre-cum.

"His balls are so plump and heavy," Barb marveled, raking her fingers through the swollen sack. "Filled to bursting with teenage cum, I bet. I wonder how much these bad boys can pump out?"

Barb and Sherry took turns burying their faces in Charlie's musk-scented scrotum, inhaling deeply and savoring the ripe aroma of virile teen. They nuzzled and motorboated his swollen balls, rubbing their noses and cheeks all over the delicate, wrinkled skin. Charlie groaned as he felt their hot breath wafting over his most sensitive area, their feminine sighs of appreciation music to his ears.

"Fuck, he smells incredible," Sherry panted, her voice muffled by the hefty balls mashed against her face. "So earthy and potent. The pure essence of horny teenage stud."

"Mmm, I could get high huffing his nut musk all day," Barb agreed dreamily, dragging her lips along the seam of his sack. "It's making me so fucking wet."

Charlie's cock flexed and throbbed urgently with each nuzzle and sniff of his heavy balls, jerking against his abs as it wept copious pre-cum. The sticky strands clung to his skin, glistening in the light as his pulsing erection strained towards the ceiling.

"Look how much his big cock is leaking," Sherry marveled, wrapping her hand around the thick base and giving it a firm squeeze. A fat dollop of pre-spunk bubbled from the slit in response. "He's making such a mess just from us worshipping his balls."

"We've barely gotten started and he's already fit to burst," Barb giggled wickedly, trailing a teasing fingertip around the ridge of Charlie's swollen cockhead. "Just wait until we really get to work on him."

Charlie whimpered as the MILF's slowly kissed their way up his throbbing shaft, their lips and tongues leaving wet trails of saliva in their wake. They took turns suckling gently on his plump veins, tracing every ridge and contour with obscene attention to detail. By the time they reached his straining glans, the entire shaft glistened with their oral ministrations.

Sherry and Barb locked eyes as they hovered over Charlie's weeping tip, extending their tongues to lap at the viscous pre-spunk oozing steadily from his slit. They licked him like an ice cream cone, their wet muscles swirling around his most sensitive spot. Charlie gasped and fisted the bench beneath him, his balls drawing up impossibly tight as he fought the urge to cum.

"Fucking hell," the teen gritted out through clenched teeth, every muscle in his body coiled with tension. "If you keep that up, I'm gonna bust so hard..."

"Uh uh uh," Sherry tutted, giving his balls a warning squeeze. "No cumming until Mommy and Auntie Barb say so."

Sherry reached down and gripped the very root of Charlie's throbbing cock, her fingers circling the base just below his swollen balls. She squeezed firmly, causing his heavy sack to bunch up and bulge obscenely on either side of his thick shaft. His taut ball skin was stretched thin, the individual orbs clearly defined as they swelled with cum.

"There we go," Sherry purred, admiring her son's upthrust package. "Now Mommy and Auntie Barb have a nice clear canvas to work with."

Barb licked her lips hungrily as she eyed Charlie's presented genitals, the teen's most intimate parts completely at their mercy. "Mmm, I call dibs

on these ripe plums," she giggled, cupping his churning balls in her palm. "I'm going to suck the cum right out of them."

"Be my guest," Sherry grinned, keeping a vice-grip on the base of Charlie's cock. "I'll focus my attention on this angry red prick. It looks like it could use some serious soothing."

With that, the two MILF's descended on Charlie's junk like starving animals, ravenous for his flesh. Barb dove face first into his heavy sack, motorboating his balls and rubbing her cheeks all over the delicate skin. She mouthed at the swollen globes, sucking one and then the other into the wet heat of her mouth.

Charlie groaned, long and low, as Barb used her lips and tongue to caress every wrinkle and fold of his balls. The suction of her eager mouth made his sack tighten, hugging his body as she suckled him greedily. She released one testicle with a lewd slurp, only to engulf the other, rolling the hefty orb over her flattened tongue.

Beside her, Sherry was no less enthusiastic as she showered Charlie's straining erection with open-mouthed kisses. She dragged her lips along the throbbing underside, laving the thick vein with her tongue. Reaching the flared head, she swirled around the ridge before dipping into his leaking slit, lapping up the pre-cum hungrily.

"Fuck!" Charlie yelped, his cock flexing in his mother's grip as she tongue-fucked his slit. The wet, wiggling pressure was maddening, and more viscous fluid bubbled up to coat her probing muscle.

Sherry moaned as she savored the taste of her son's essence, taking her time to thoroughly clean his weeping tip. Once she had lapped up every pearly drop, she began to nibble and suck her way down his shaft, leaving a glistening trail of saliva in her wake.

Barb, meanwhile, was busy tonguing Charlie's taint, that sensitive strip of skin between his balls and asshole. She flattened her tongue and laved

the area with broad, firm strokes, feeling it twitch and flutter beneath her ministrations. Charlie's hips bucked off the platform as pleasure zipped up his spine, his cock flexing urgently in Sherry's grip.

"Ohhhh fuck," the teen groaned brokenly, fisting the cushions. "That feels so good..."

Sherry grinned around his shaft, doubling her efforts. She sealed her lips just under the ridge of his swollen head and suckled hard, hollowing her cheeks. At the same time, she pumped her fist up and down his thick length, twisting her wrist on the upstroke. Charlie saw stars, gasping for breath as his mother expertly milked his cock.

Barb, not to be outdone, crammed both of Charlie's hefty nuts into her mouth at once. She stretched her jaw impossibly wide, her lips straining as she tried to engulf the swollen globes. Charlie cried out sharply as she sucked hard, her cheeks concave with the effort. His heavy balls drew up tight to his body, but Barb was relentless, determined to swallow them down her throat.

She gagged and sputtered, drool pouring from the corners of her mouth as she attempted the impossible feat. The wet squelching and slurping sounds were obscene as she worked his churning balls over with her tongue, coating them in spit.

At the same time, Sherry sank down on Charlie's rigid cock, taking him to the root in one smooth motion. Her pillowy lips met Barb's in a lewd kiss as they pressed into Charlie's groin from both sides, his genitals completely engulfed by their ravenous mouths.

Charlie thought he might pass out from the all-consuming ecstasy of having his cock and balls entirely swallowed, suctioned and slurped

by the dueling MILF's. Every inch of his most sensitive flesh was caressed by wet, wriggling muscle as the women feasted on him.

With a growl, the teen grabbed fistfuls of his mother and aunt's hair, holding their faces firmly in his crotch. Sherry moaned around his thick shaft as he tugged on her locks, the vibrations making him pulse between her lips. Barb whimpered as he used her hair as a handle, forcing her to take his balls deeper into her gulping throat.

"Holy shit," Charlie panted, his abs flexing as he stared down at the shocking sight of the women devouring his junk. "Don't stop, fuck, just like that! Suck me, eat my fucking cock and balls!"

Sherry and Barb went to town on him with renewed vigor, spurred on by his desperate begging. They slurped and guzzled wetly, their chins and cheeks glazed with drool and pre-cum as they worshipped every inch of his straining meat.

Sherry pistoned her head up and down Charlie's veiny shaft, taking him so deep that her nose mashed into his pubic bone on every downstroke. Her throat muscles rippled and squeezed around his cockhead, massaging him from the inside. Beside her, Barb gnawed and tongued his bloated sack, still stubbornly trying to swallow his balls down her gullet.

Charlie was in absolute heaven, his mind shorting out from the overwhelming pleasure. All coherent thought fled as he surrendered himself to pure sensation - the slick, snug heat of his mother's throat, the suctioning pressure of his aunt's hungry mouth. His balls churned and pulsed, rapidly approaching the point of no return.

Barb gurgled and slurped around Charlie's balls, drool pouring from the corners of her stretched lips as she stubbornly worked to swallow his entire sack. As the teen's climax approached, his testicles began to draw up tight, trying to retract into his body to prepare for ejaculation. But Barb clamped down with her lips, sealing them in the hot, wet suction of her mouth.

As Charlie's balls attempted to ascend, Barb pulled back, stretching his spermatic cords taut. His scrotum elongated obscenely as she used the

vacuum of her cheeks to tug his balls away from his crotch, the delicate skin growing thin and tight. Charlie let out a strangled shout at the intense sensation, his cock flexing wildly between his mom's lips.

Sherry felt her son's shaft swell and pulse, growing impossibly harder against her tongue. The bulbous head flared in her throat, stretching her gullet as it prepared to unleash its load. She knew he was mere seconds from exploding and doubled her efforts, sealing her lips in a vise-like grip around the base of his cock.

She began to hum, sending deep vibrations coursing through Charlie's aching shaft. The extra stimulation was the final straw for the desperate teen. With a guttural roar, he thrust his hips up, burying his cock to the hilt in his mother's convulsing throat just as the first shot of cum exploded from his slit.

Sherry's eyes bulged as a powerful jet of semen blasted against the back of her throat, painting her tonsils with a thick layer of spunk. She gagged and sputtered but gamely swallowed, gulping down the first surge of cream before the next volley could choke her.

Charlie's cock bucked and jerked between her lips as he emptied his balls, each contraction of his shaft accompanied by another strong spurt of jizz. Sherry swallowed fast and hard, her throat muscles rippling around him as she fought to keep up with the massive load.

Beside her, Barb tugged and squeezed Charlie's pulsing sack, coaxing out every last drop. She could feel his balls clenching and fluttering in her mouth as they worked overtime to pump out their creamy seed. Drool and semen leaked from the corners of her stretched lips, dribbling down her chin in glistening rivulets.

"Hnnnngh, fuuuuuck!" Charlie grunted, his face contorted in ecstasy as he unloaded down his mother's gulping throat. He fisted both women's hair hard enough to hurt, holding their faces in his crotch as he bucked and spasmed through his intense climax.

With an audible pop, Charlie's balls slipped from Barb's stretched lips as she pulled back gasping for air. Strings of saliva connected her mouth to his slick sack as she panted, "No fair, Sher! I want a taste of his cum too!"

Quick as a flash, the two busty MILFs switched positions. Sherry released Charlie's spurting cock from her throat and dove face-first into his crotch, burying her nose in his musky balls. She inhaled deeply, savoring the ripe scent of her son's most intimate area as she began to tongue-bathe his pulsing sack.

At the same time, Barb descended on Charlie's erupting cock like a starving woman, engulfing him to the root in one swift motion. The teen let out a strangled shout as his sensitive glans hit the back of her throat, still shooting powerful jets of spunk. Barb sealed her lips around his girth and swallowed greedily, gulping down rope after thick rope of jizz straight from the source.

"Mmmmph, fuckkk yessss," Barb gargled around Charlie's wildly flexing shaft, her words muffled by the sheer volume of semen flooding her mouth. Her throat worked overtime as she guzzled the creamy load, massaging his pulsing cockhead with her gulping muscles. Rivulets of pearly seed leaked from the corners of her stretched lips, only to be scooped up by her fingers and shoved back into her hungry mouth.

Sherry, meanwhile, was going to town on Charlie's balls, alternating between sucking the hefty orbs into the heat of her mouth and lapping at the sweaty, wrinkled skin with broad strokes of her tongue. She nuzzled into his damp crotch, rubbing her face all over his swollen sack as she hummed in blissful contentment. The

vibrations made Charlie's balls quake and tighten, pumping out the dregs of his massive load for Barb to swallow.

"That's it, baby, give Auntie Barb every last drop," Sherry cooed, her hot breath wafting over Charlie's saliva-slick nuts. "Drain those big, beautiful balls down her throat."

Barb moaned her agreement, still nursing on Charlie's softening cock as it twitched out the final weak spurts onto her tongue. She refused to pull off until he was completely spent, determined to milk him dry. Only when his shaft gave a final feeble jerk and began to wilt between her lips did she release him with a wet pop.

Charlie slumped back against the bench, his chest heaving and mind reeling from the intensity of his release. He stared up at the ceiling of his closet in a daze, barely registering as Barb sat up and licked her glistening lips with an exaggerated smack

"Damn, Sher, you weren't kidding about him being a heavy cummer," she purred, swiping a finger through the pearly streaks painting her chin and sucking it clean with a wanton moan. "I feel like I just drank a pint of semen, and I only got half his load."

"Yep. I have a feeling I'm definitely getting lots of grandbabies one day," Sherry said proud, nuzzling her son's nuts.

"Or just A BABY, if things keep progressing like they have been," Barb teased.

Sherry fixed her with a stern but amused smirk. "Don't even go there," she warned.

257: Charlie's Hole – SUPERSIZED-3/3

That evening, Sherry and her husband Dave relaxed in bed together after putting the kids to sleep. Dave was propped up against the headboard, clacking away on his laptop as he finished up some work emails. Sherry lay beside him, idly flipping through a magazine, her mind still reeling from the depraved acts she had participated in with her son and best friend mere hours ago.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed with a notification from the secret app. Her heart leapt into her throat as she saw it was a session request from

Charlie. Trying to appear nonchalant, she set her magazine aside and slid out of bed.

"I'm gonna go organize the closet a bit before bed," she told Dave, her voice carefully casual. "I wanna go through some old clothes, see what can be donated."

"Mmm, okay honey," Dave mumbled distractedly, not looking up from his screen. "Have fun."

Sherry padded into her spacious walk-in closet, making sure to firmly close and lock the door behind her. She approached the glory hole with bated breath, her pulse quickening in anticipation. Sinking to her knees on the plush cushion, she peered through the opening.

There, mere inches away, was her son's beautiful cock, already hard and straining. The thick shaft bobbed before her, pulsing with need, the bulbous head shiny with pre-cum. Sherry licked her lips hungrily, eager to wrap them around that throbbing meat once more.

Just as Sherry was about to lean in and engulf Charlie's waiting cock, his head suddenly poked through the hole instead. She jumped back slightly, startled by her son's unexpected appearance.

"Charlie!" she whispered, glancing furtively at the closed closet door. "What are you doing? Your father is right outside!"

But Charlie seemed unconcerned, his eyes glued to the plunging neckline of Sherry's skimpy nightie, her tits clearly unfettered. The silky fabric draped tantalizingly over her massive breasts, hinting at the succulent globes beneath. Her cavernous cleavage was on full display, the creamy swells nearly spilling out of the low-cut bodice.

"Mom, please," Charlie breathed, his voice tight with need. "Can I suck on your tits? Just for a little bit?"

Sherry's eyes widened, her pulse quickening at the forbidden request. She knew she should refuse, should send Charlie back to his closet before Dave caught them. But the raw hunger in her son's eyes, the desperate way he was staring at her barely-contained breasts, just like he always did…it ignited a fire low in her belly.

"We have to be quiet," Sherry murmured, already reaching for the thin straps of her nightie. "If your father hears us…"

Charlie nodded eagerly, licking his lips as he watched his mother slowly peel the silky fabric down. Inch by tantalizing inch, she revealed the glory of her enormous bust, the globes finally springing free of their confines and dangling heavily.

Sherry quickly glanced back at the locked closet door, listening for any sign that Dave had heard something. Hearing nothing but the

faint clacking of his laptop keys, she turned back to her son's eager face poking through the glory hole.

"Okay, but we have to make this quick," she whispered urgently. "And you have to be silent."

Charlie nodded, his eyes still riveted to Sherry's exposed breasts. The massive mounds jiggled and swayed with her every movement, the plump nipples puckered into stiff peaks. He ached to get his mouth on them, to feel that pillowy softness engulf his face.

With gentle but insistent hands, Sherry guided Charlie onto his back, easing him through the hole until only his head and torso remained on her side. She didn't want to risk him accidentally penetrating her in their haste and arousal. This was to be a quick, illicit tit-suckling session, nothing more.

Once Charlie was situated, Sherry carefully straddled his chest, making sure to keep her silk-clad pussy well away from his straining erection.

Looming over him, she cupped her heavy breasts in both hands and slowly lowered them to his upturned face.

Charlie's eyes widened as the wall of tit-flesh descended, his mother's huge, soft tits coming closer and closer until they eclipsed his entire world. And then he was engulfed, his face completely smothered by the warm, plush mounds.

Sherry had to stifle a moan as she felt her son nuzzle into her ample bosom, his lips and nose mashed between the pillowy globes. She cradled his head in her cleavage, holding him firmly in place as she began to gently rock, rubbing her breasts all over his face.

Charlie was in heaven, surrounded on all sides by his mother's giant lush tits. He inhaled deeply, breathing in the sweet scent of her skin, a faint hint of perfume mixed with her own unique essence. Her

flesh was so soft and smooth against his cheeks, the pliant mounds conforming to his features like warm dough.

Unable to resist any longer, Charlie opened his mouth and began to kiss and lick every inch of silky skin he could reach. He ran his tongue along the deep crevice of Sherry's cleavage, tasting the thin sheen of perspiration that gathered there. She shivered above him, her nipples tightening into diamond-hard points that poked into his cheeks.

Growing bolder, Charlie latched onto one stiff peak and began to suckle, drawing the fat nub deep into his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the puckered areola, flicking the tip over the straining nipple bud. Sherry had to bite her lip hard to keep from crying out, the sensation shooting straight to her core.

As Charlie suckled and slurped at his mother's sensitive nipples, Sherry began to trail hot, open-mouthed kisses along the side of his neck. She laved his racing pulse with her tongue, tasting the salt of his skin. Charlie shivered beneath her, his cock flexing urgently against her silk-clad bottom.

Sherry slowly worked her way up, nibbling along Charlie's jawline, her lips skimming his flushed skin. She peppered the corner of his mouth with feather-light kisses, teasing him, making him ache for more. All the while, she continued to grind her huge, soft tits against his face, smothering him in her pillowy flesh.

Unable to resist any longer, Sherry captured Charlie's lips in a searing kiss, swallowing his gasp of surprise. She slanted her mouth over his, her tongue delving deep to tangle with his own. Charlie responded eagerly, kissing her back with clumsy passion, his inexperience evident in his enthusiasm.

They made out sloppily, all lips and tongue and panting breaths, uncaring of the wet smacks and slurps filling the closet. Sherry

plundered her son's mouth, relishing his sweet, eager taste. Charlie submitted completely, letting his mother dominate the taboo kiss.

As their tongues danced for 5 then 10 minutes, Sherry began to slowly undulate her hips, grinding her silk-covered pussy against Charlie's rock-hard abs. She was already drenched, her arousal soaking through the thin fabric to smear his skin. Charlie groaned into her mouth, his hands coming up to grip her waist, urging her to hump harder.

Lost in the forbidden moment, Sherry rode her son's stomach with increasing fervor, the pressure on her aching clit driving her wild. She broke the kiss with a gasp, tossing her head back in ecstasy as she rubbed herself shamelessly against his tight muscles. Her huge tits bounced and swayed above his face, the perfect globes capped with straining, spit-slick nipples.

"Fuck, baby, you're making Mommy so hot," Sherry panted, her hips churning faster. "I'm going to cum just from grinding on your abs, oh god..."

Charlie stared up at her in awe, stunned by the wanton display. His mother looked like a debauched goddess above him, her face contorted

with pleasure as she used his body for her own gratification. The knowledge that he was bringing her to the brink with just his mouth and stomach made him dizzy with power and lust.

Charlie alternated between hungrily sucking and nibbling on Sherry's massive, pillowy breasts and craning his neck up to capture her lips in sloppy, passionate open-mouth kisses. His hands roamed her curvy body, squeezing her plush ass and soft hips as he encouraged her to grind harder against him.

Lost in the haze of lust, neither of them noticed that with each roll and undulation of Sherry's hips, Charlie was gradually being pulled

further through the hole. Inch by inch, his torso emerged until finally, his straining erection popped free, bobbing lewdly in the perfumed air of Sherry's closet.

Sherry gasped as she felt the hard, hot brand of her son's cock pressing insistently against her silk-covered mound. The thin, damp fabric was the only barrier between them now, and she could feel every throbbing inch of him nudging between her plump lips.

Unable to resist, she began to hump Charlie's shaft in earnest, grinding her soaked panties along his length. The slick friction made them both groan, the forbidden contact intensely pleasurable. Charlie's cockhead caught on her stiff clit with each pass, making Sherry see stars.

"Oh fuck, baby, your cock feels so good," Sherry panted, riding him harder and faster. She reached down to grip his shaft, marveling at the steely heat, the thick veins pulsing under her fingers. Angling it upwards, she notched the broad head against her covered opening and began to roll her hips, letting it slip and slide along her drenched slit.

Charlie threw his head back, his mouth falling open in a silent cry as Sherry used his cock like her personal sex toy. He could feel the searing heat of her, the plump lips of her pussy cradling him through the flimsy

fabric. He wanted nothing more than to rip those panties aside and plunge into her hot, slick depths.

But he held himself back, knowing this was already going far beyond the bounds of their agreement. So he let his mother take her pleasure, her desperation, on his aching cock, relishing the forbidden contact.

Sherry was in absolute heaven, shamelessly rubbing her aching cunt on her son's thick shaft. The textured slide of his engorged head

over her throbbing clit was divine, sending sparks of ecstasy zipping up her spine. She could feel her orgasm building fast, her core tightening, her pussy clenching and fluttering around nothing.

Knowing she was about to explode, Sherry grabbed Charlie's head and mashed his face into her heaving cleavage, smothering him with her tits to muffle any noise. At the same time, she bore down hard on his bucking cock, trapping it tightly against her sopping slit.

Charlie's cock surged with a renewed rush of blood, the engorged shaft flexing powerfully against Sherry's pubic bone. The rigid pole felt like steel encased in silky smooth skin as it ground insistently into her mound, the throbbing veins standing out in stark relief.

The teen's body was on fire, every nerve ending electrified as his raging erection plowed against his mother's most intimate area. He could feel the searing heat of her even through the soaked silk, the plump lips of her labia parting to cradle his aching length. His balls drew up tight to his body, the contents churning as they prepared to unleash a massive load.

At the base of Charlie's straining cock, his pubic muscles clenched and released rhythmically, acting as a piston to drive his length harder against Sherry's needy cunt. The powerful root provided the perfect counterpoint to her desperate grinding, the two undulating in sinful harmony.

Inside Charlie's pulsing shaft, a complex network of tissues and membranes worked in tandem to increase his rigidity to an almost painful level. The corpus cavernosum, twin columns of spongy tissue running the length of his cock, became engorged with a fresh influx of blood. The smaller corpus spongiosum, which housed the urethra, expanded to accommodate the impending flood of semen.

The thick, pulsing veins traversing Charlie's turgid length bulged obscenely, the increased blood flow causing them to stand out like cables beneath the taut, reddened skin. They throbbed in time with

his racing heart, each beat sending an electric jolt of pleasure to the hypersensitive bundle of nerves just under his swollen glans.

At the base of Charlie's shaft, the suspensory ligament contracted, drawing his cock up at an even sharper angle. The tense band pulled his erection tight against his pelvis, the head of his cock grinding mercilessly against Sherry's throbbing pearl. His heavy scrotum tightened, the muscles contracting to lift his cum-laden balls in preparation for ejaculation.

Inside those swollen gonads, his overheated testicles worked overtime to churn out a record-breaking load of spunk. The seminiferous tubules, the sperm production factories coiled within each teste, went into overdrive. They pumped out thick ropes of pearly genetic material, the eager little soldiers squirming as they were propelled through the epididymis.

The army of sperm raced through the vas deferens, the muscular tubes writhing to carry their precious cargo up into Charlie's groin. The teen could feel the searing path of his impending release as it traveled through his body, making his cock lurch and twitch against his mother's sodden mound.

With a choked cry, Sherry came apart, her pussy spasming violently against Charlie's grinding cock. The orgasm ripped through her like a tidal

wave, stealing her breath and causing her entire body to convulse with pleasure. She bucked and writhed on top of her son, the bench beneath them creaking ominously under the force of her wild gyrations.

Charlie followed her over the edge a heartbeat later, his straining cock finally reaching its breaking point. With a guttural groan muffled by his mother's smothering tits, he exploded, his shaft pulsing as it pumped out what felt like gallons of hot, thick cum. The

fabric of Sherry's panties was no match for the flood, the sticky jizz soaking through instantly to coat her spasming slit.

They rutted together desperately, Sherry grinding her drenched, convulsing cunt against Charlie's erupting cock, prolonging their mutual orgasms. The obscene wet squelch of cum-soaked silk sliding over steel-hard flesh filled the closet, drowned out only by their ragged panting.

The bench shuddered and groaned beneath their frantic coupling, the reinforced metal and cushioning tested to its limits. But it held steady, absorbing the force of the depraved dry humping, built to withstand even the most vigorous taboo passion.

Lost to the maelstrom of ecstasy, Sherry threw her head back and let out a piercing cry of rapture, forgetting for a moment the need for discretion. The shameless squeal of release rang out, eclipsing the creak of the abused bench.

In the bedroom mere feet away, Dave's head snapped up from his laptop at the sound of his wife's outburst. Brow furrowed in confusion and concern, he called out, "Honey? Is everything okay in there?"

Chest heaving, thighs quaking, Sherry somehow managed to gasp out a strangled "Yes!"

Though in truth, it was more an affirmation of her earth-shattering climax than a direct answer to her husband's query. Biting her lip hard

enough to draw blood, she collapsed against Charlie, smothering his face completely in her heaving tits as the final shockwaves rolled through her.

Charlie, for his part, was only dimly aware of the close call, too lost in the throes of the most intense orgasm of his young life. He

shuddered and jerked beneath his mother, cock spurting weakly as it finally began to soften, completely drained. The spunk-drenched silk of Sherry's panties stuck to his wilting shaft, a tacky reminder of their illicit coupling.

As the post-orgasmic haze began to clear, a swell of guilt washed over Sherry. She couldn't believe how far she had allowed things to go with Charlie - dry humping him to a screaming climax, soaking her panties with his cum. It was beyond forbidden, a line she had never intended to cross.

Gingerly, she eased herself off of her son's prone form, wincing as his spent cock slipped wetly from the drenched crotch of her ruined panties. She stood on wobbly legs, hastily adjusting her nightie back into place with trembling hands.

Charlie blinked up at her dazedly, a goofy, sated grin on his face. He looked thoroughly debauched, his hair mussed and cheeks flushed, a sheen of sweat glistening on his skin.

"Mom, that was incredible," he slurred, reaching for her. "Can we do it again sometime?"

But Sherry stepped back, holding up a halting hand. "No, baby. We can't. That...that shouldn't have happened."

Charlie's brow furrowed in confusion and hurt. "But why? It felt so good..."

Sherry sighed, running a hand through her tousled hair. "I know it did, sweetie. But we got carried away. What we just did...it's not right. I'm your mother. Sex is something that should be reserved for your father and me."

Charlie's face fell, but he nodded slowly in understanding. "I get it. I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to pressure you."

Sherry's heart clenched at his crestfallen expression. She knelt beside the bench, cupping his cheek tenderly. "You have nothing to apologize for, baby. I'm the parent here. I should have had better control."

She pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead before urging him to scoot back through the hole to his side. "Go get cleaned up and head to bed, okay? We'll talk more in the morning."

Charlie reluctantly complied, giving her one last longing look before disappearing back through the portal. Sherry slumped against the wall, her head spinning as she tried to process the intense events of the night.

After taking a few moments to collect herself, Sherry quietly emerged from the closet. She stripped off her soiled panties and nightie, tossing them in the hamper before heading to the en suite bathroom for a much-needed shower.

As the hot spray beat down on her flushed skin, Sherry tried to wash away the evidence of her taboo encounter with Charlie. But no matter how hard she scrubbed, she could still feel the ghost of his hands on her body, the phantom press of his hard cock against her aching core.

Sherry padded back into the bedroom, still flushed and tingling from her shower. Dave lay snoring softly, his laptop abandoned on the nightstand, work apparently finished for the evening.

Biting her lip, Sherry slid under the covers beside him, her body still humming with unspent arousal. She cuddled up to Dave's back, pressing her naked breasts against him as she nuzzled his neck, hoping to entice him into a late night romp.

"Mmm, honey," she purred, reaching around to palm his crotch. "How about you turn over and make love to your wife?"

Dave stirred groggily, letting out a jaw-cracking yawn. "Now? Geez Sher, I'm beat. Can't it wait until morning?"

But Sherry was persistent, rubbing and kneading his flaccid cock through his boxers. "Please, baby? I need you so bad. I'm aching for your cock."

Sighing, Dave rolled onto his back, allowing Sherry to tug his underwear down. She bit back a disappointed moan at the sight of his limp dick flopping against his thigh, so different from the rigid pole she had just been grinding against. Determinedly, she wrapped her hand around the soft flesh and began to pump, trying to coax it to hardness.

It took several long minutes of stroking and cajoling, but finally, Dave's cock began to stir. Sherry watched it slowly fill and lengthen, the pale shaft twitching halfheartedly in her grip. It was barely at half-mast, but it would have to do. She was desperate for something, anything inside her needy cunt.

Straddling her husband's hips, Sherry notched his semi-erect cock against her slick entrance and sank down, taking him to the hilt in one smooth glide. They both groaned at the sensation, Sherry's pussy clenching around his thickness, trying to mold his still spongy cock into perfect hardness.

Bracing her hands on Dave's chest, Sherry began to roll her hips, undulating sensually as she rode him. Her huge tits swayed hypnotically, drawing Dave's drowsy gaze. He reached up to paw at the heavy globes, kneading them roughly.

But even as Sherry ground herself down on Dave's cock, she couldn't stop her traitorous mind from comparing it to Charlie's. Her son's young dick had been so hard, pulsing with virile heat, the fat mushroom head prying her open, even through the barrier of her panties. He had felt huge, stretching her deliciously, the throbbing veins massaging her labial flanges.

But Sherry's reminiscing was cut short as Dave suddenly stiffened beneath her, his hips jerking erratically. "Fuck, Sher!" he grunted, fingers digging into the flesh of her ass. "I'm gonna cum!"

"What? No, wait!" Sherry cried, frantically grinding down on his twitching cock. She was nowhere near her peak, her pussy still aching and empty. "I'm not there yet, I need more!"

But it was too late. With a strangled groan, Dave thrust up hard and exploded, his cock pulsing weakly as it spat its meager load into Sherry's clenching cunt. She sobbed in frustration, feeling his release trickle out of her still needy channel.

Dave slumped back against the pillows, spent and satiated. "Wow babe, that was great," he mumbled, already halfway to unconsciousness. Within seconds, he was snoring softly, leaving Sherry humping forlornly against his wilting cock.

With a growl of pent-up arousal, Sherry climbed off her useless husband, his limp dick slipping from her unsatisfied pussy. She collapsed beside him, hot tears of frustration pricking at her eyes. It wasn't fair - she was wound so tight, her body crying out for release, and yet again, Dave had left her high and dry. Literally.

As Sherry lay there aching and empty, her treacherous mind drifted down the hall to Charlie's room, to the huge, pulsing cock she knew was waiting there. She imagined it standing at attention, thick and veiny and ready to plunge into her weeping cunt, to stretch her wide and pound her into oblivion.

Charlie would never leave her hanging like this. He was young and virile, with the stamina to match his impressive size. He could fuck her for hours, hammering her pussy with his huge cock until she was a babbling, incoherent mess. He wouldn't stop until she was fully satisfied, her every hole sloppy and overflowing with his seed.

Sherry squeezed her thighs together, trying to quell the feverish arousal raging in her loins. She knew it was wrong, knew she had already crossed too many lines with her son. But god, she needed him. Needed that massive teenage dick splitting her open, needed to feel those heavy balls slapping against her ass as he rutted her into the mattress.

Only Charlie could truly sate her, could fill the aching void Dave always left her with. His cock was made for her cunt, a perfect fit. She needed him inside her, needed to be claimed and bred by her virile young son. Yes, she was married, but her husband had his chance – many chances in fact, and failed miserably. It was time to indulge in another option.

Charlie was heading down the driveway on his way to school when his phone buzzed with an unexpected notification from the secret app. His heart raced as he saw it was a session request from his mom, at this early hour no less. Glancing around to make sure no one was watching, he turned on his heel and sprinted back to the house, backpack bouncing wildly.

He burst through the front door and took the stairs two at a time, not even bothering to kick off his shoes. Skidding into his bedroom, he locked the door behind him and made a beeline for the closet, already fumbling with his belt.

But when Charlie slid open the door, he stopped short, his jaw dropping in shock. There, jutting through the oversized glory hole, was the lower half of his mother's body. She was on her back on the padded bench, her knees drawn up and splayed obscenely wide, giving him an unobstructed view of her glistening, naked cunt.

"Mom?" Charlie croaked, hardly daring to believe his eyes.

Hands shaking with anticipation, Charlie yanked his pants and boxers down, letting his huge erection spring free. It slapped against his abs

with an audible thwack, hard as steel and drooling pre-cum. He stepped out of the puddle of denim around his ankles and approached the lewd display of his mother's splayed cunt and clenching asshole.

Charlie wrapped his fist around the throbbing base of his cock, giving it a few slow, luxurious pumps as he drank in the sight of his mother's glistening sex. Her plump outer lips were flushed and puffy with arousal, the delicate petals unfurled like a pink flower. Pearly nectar seeped from her weeping slit, painting the swollen folds with slick moisture.

Unable to resist, Charlie dropped to his knees and brought his face level with Sherry's pussy. Her musky scent filled his nostrils, making his cock jump and leak in his stroking fist. He leaned in closer, extending his tongue to trace the seam of her slit from bottom to top.

Sherry gasped and twitched as Charlie's tongue made contact, the wet rasp of his taste buds electric against her sensitive flesh. He lapped at her leaking essence, savoring the tangy flavor, before flattening his tongue and dragging it over her clenching asshole. The forbidden pucker flexed under the attention, winking and fluttering.

Emboldened by her response, Charlie pushed the tip of his tongue past the tight ring of muscle, wiggling it lewdly. Above him, Sherry keened and writhed, grinding back against his probing tongue. Charlie groaned into her ass as he tongue-fucked her, relishing the filthy act.

After thoroughly rimming his mother, Charlie moved back to her dripping cunt. He sealed his lips around her swollen clit and suckled greedily, flicking the fat sensitive nub with the tip of his tongue. At the same time, he eased two fingers into her slick channel, pumping slowly.

Sherry's hips rolled and bucked as Charlie worked her over with his mouth and fingers, the wet squelch of her pussy obscenely loud in the confines of the closet. She reached down blindly, threading her fingers through his hair to hold him in place as she ground against his face.

Charlie redoubled his efforts, pistoning his fingers faster as he lashed her clit with his tongue. He could feel her silky inner walls fluttering and clenching, her orgasm building rapidly. Curling his fingers, he massaged her spasming G-spot, wringing a sharp cry from Sherry's lips.

Just as her thighs began to tremble and quake around his ears, signaling her impending climax, Charlie felt something soft and cool caress his aching cock. He glanced down to see his mother's dainty foot rubbing along his shaft, her crimson painted toes teasing the sensitive crown.

Sherry's dainty feet slid around her son's hips to grasp his firm ass cheeks, her painted toes digging into the taut flesh. With a purposeful tug, she urged him forward, guiding his throbbing cock between her splayed thighs until the swollen head notched against her dripping opening.

Charlie's breath caught in his throat as he felt the searing heat of his mother's cunt kissing the tip of his dick, her slick petals parting invitingly. He glanced up through a gape in the hole at her face, silently seeking permission, hardly daring to hope this was really happening.

Sherry's half-lidded eyes smoldered with raw need as she locked gazes with her son. Biting her lip, she gave the slightest nod, a barely perceptible dip of her chin. But it was all the encouragement Charlie needed.

With a guttural groan, he surged forward, the bulbous head of his cock breaching Sherry's tight opening. They both gasped as he

pushed inside, her elastic walls stretching deliciously to accommodate his girth. Inch after throbbing inch disappeared into her welcoming heat until finally, Charlie was balls deep, his pelvis flush against Sherry's.

For a long moment, neither of them moved, simply savoring the exquisite sensation of being joined so intimately. Charlie's eyes fluttered shut as he relished the feeling of his mother's pussy gripping him like a velvet fist, her slick channel molded perfectly to his shape. He could feel

the ring at the head of her cervix kissing his knob like a pair of soft wet lips.

Beneath him, Sherry panted shallowly, trying to adjust to the sheer size of her son splitting her open. She felt deliciously full, stuffed to the brim with his pulsing hardness. He was stretching her in ways she had never experienced before, reaching deep, untouched places.

Unable to hold back any longer, Charlie began to move, drawing his hips back slowly until just the tip remained inside Sherry's fluttering sheath. Then, with a smooth thrust, he plunged back in to the hilt, burying his cock in her welcoming heat.

Sherry keened, her back arching off the bench as Charlie began to piston in and out of her greedy cunt. His strokes were long and deep, pulling out until just the broad head parted her swollen lips before slamming back home. The wet suction of her pussy around his driving cock was incredible, her muscles rippling along every ridge and vein.

Gradually, like a locomotive gaining speed, Charlie set a relentless pace, fucking into Sherry with pent up need and youthful enthusiasm. The lewd slap of flesh on flesh echoed off the closet walls as he rutted her, punctuated by their harsh panting and wanton moans. The padded bench creaked under the force of their

coupling, threatening to buckle, but it was made for such vigorous taboo romps.

Sherry locked her ankles behind her son's pumping ass, using the leverage to yank him impossibly deeper. Her legs formed a fleshy harness around his hips, urging him to fuck her harder, faster.

Charlie grunted as he bucked wildly into his mother's spasming cunt, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against her jiggling ass with each savage thrust.

Wanting to devour every inch of his mom's lush body as he claimed her, Charlie seized Sherry's waist. With a show of strength that made her

squeal in delight, he dragged her upper half through the opening, her huge tits flopping out to bounce and wobble.

The teen descended on the swollen globes with a growl, mauling the pliant flesh as he sucked a fat nipple between his lips. Sherry wailed, back bowing as Charlie bit and suckled her sensitive nub, worrying it between his teeth. Her cunt clamped down on his plunging cock, the walls rippling along his length.

"Fuck yes, baby!" Sherry cried, tossing her head back in ecstasy. "Suck Mommy's titties while you pound her pussy! Ruin me with that huge fucking cock!"

Spurred on by her filthy encouragement, Charlie released her nipple with a wet pop, only to engulf as much pillowy breast into his mouth as he could. He motorboated Sherry's heaving jugs, rubbing his face in her abundant cleavage as he fucked into her at a breakneck pace.

Sherry's tits jiggled and bounced wildly from the force of Charlie's thrusts, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly. Charlie licked and slurped at every inch of soft, perfumed skin he could reach, drunk on the taste and feel of his mom's glorious rack. Drool

dribbled down his chin to pool in her cavernous cleavage as he worshipped her breasts with single-minded intensity.

Lost to the overwhelming pleasure of finally being taken by her hung son, Sherry babbled incoherently, spurring him on with broken pleas and wanton moans. Her eyes rolled back, fluttering shut as she surrendered herself completely to the ecstasy, letting it consume her.

"Mommy's cunt is yours, baby," she slurred deliriously, clenching rhythmically around Charlie's pistoning cock. "Fucking ruin it, wreck my married pussy with that fat cock, unnngh!"

Charlie snarled around a mouthful of tit, biting down hard enough to leave marks. The thought of his father's cock being inside his mom, in the same hole he was now pounding, filled him with a dark, possessive thrill.

Sherry's orgasm hit her like a freight train, her entire body seizing up as ecstasy ripped through her. Her pussy clamped down on Charlie's pistoning cock like a vice, the rippling walls milking him for all he was worth. Clear fem-cum squirted from her contracting slit, gushing around his plunging shaft to soak his pubic hair and balls.

Sherry wailed like a banshee as she came apart, her hands scrabbling for purchase on Charlie's sweat-slicked back. Her long, crimson nails dug into his flexing muscles, scoring his skin with livid red lines. She raked her fingers down his spine, leaving stinging welts in her wake as she clutched him, marked him, claimed him.

"FUCK, CHARLIE!" she screamed, too lost in the throes of her release to worry about being overheard. "YOU'RE MAKING MOMMY CUM SO HARD! DON'T STOP, DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING STOP!"

Charlie growled, gritting his teeth against the exquisite pleasure of Sherry's nails mauling his back. The sweet sting only spurred him on, making him fuck into her convulsing cunt even harder. He could

feel her inner muscles fluttering wildly, clenching and releasing his driving cock as she gushed all over him.

"Take it, Mom," he grunted savagely, hammering into her like a machine. "Cum all over my cock, drench me with it. Fucking soak me!"

Sherry keened, thrashing her head from side to side as her orgasm crested, impossibly intense. Her untrimmed nails gouged into Charlie's ass, leaving behind bloody crescent moons as she urged him deeper, harder. Her heels drummed against the small of his back, the sharp points digging into his flexing glutes.

Charlie roared, throwing his head back as Sherry's cunt practically strangled his cock, her release drenching his pistoning length. The wet squelch of his balls slapping into the puddle of her cum was obscenely loud in the closet. His shaft pulsed and kicked inside her, swelling impossibly larger as his own orgasm rapidly approached.

Delirious with pleasure, Sherry reached up and grabbed two fistfuls of Charlie's hair, yanking his face down to hers. She crashed her mouth against his in a filthy kiss, all tongues and teeth and desperation. Charlie returned the kiss with equal fervor, plundering her mouth, swallowing her screams of ecstasy.

They rutted like animals, completely lost to their base instincts as Sherry's explosive orgasm finally began to ebb. Her pussy continued to twitch and flutter around Charlie's thrusting cock, aftershocks zipping through her.

The slick, heated channel of Sherry's vagina gripped Charlie's pistoning cock like a velvet glove, the engorged erectile tissue of his shaft pulsing in tandem with her fluttering walls. The sensitive nerve endings lining her elastic pussy were electrified by the relentless friction of his veiny cock head and corona, every ridge and contour stimulating her g-spot with precision.

The thick, bulbous head of Charlie's erection continuously nudged Sherry's cervix with each deep, pounding thrust, the little ring of muscle clenching reflexively and causing jolts of intense pleasure to zing up her spine. Her plump, puffy labia gripped his girth, clinging to his driving shaft before being forcibly peeled back by the outward stroke, only to re-sheath him on the inward plunge.

Sherry's engorged clitoris throbbed urgently, peeking from its protective hood to grind against Charlie's coarse pubic hair on each stroke. The wiry texture sent sparks of ecstasy zipping through the bundle of nerves, the

concentrated pleasure making her inner muscles ripple and undulate around her son's cock.

Charlie's heavy testicles, churning with virile seed, swung forward to slap wetly against Sherry's upturned ass with each violent thrust. The delicate skin of his scrotum, stretched taut over the swollen ovals, dragged deliciously over her slick, puckered rosebud, teasing the sensitive nerve endings ringing the forbidden entrance.

Their pelvic regions were a mess of co-mingled fluids - Sherry's gushing release and Charlie's steadily leaking pre-cum. The clear, slippery essence coated their thrusting genitals, allowing them to grind and slide together with obscene ease. Guttural grunts and keening wails bounced off the closet walls as mother and son rutted in debauched ecstasy.

Inside Charlie's straining cock, blood surged and pulsed through the spongy erectile tissue, making it swell to an almost painful degree of hardness. He could feel every ripple and flutter of his mother's clenching cunt along his length, massaging him from root to tip. His swollen glans pulsed urgently, the sensitive nerve clusters just under the head sparking with ecstatic electricity on every drag against her clutching walls.

Sherry's sodden, clasping pussy felt like searing satin engulfing his steel shaft, her muscles milking and squeezing him rhythmically. He could feel his impending eruption building at the base of his cock, his pendulous balls drawing up tight to his body as they prepared to spew their massive load.

Sherry sensed her son's climax approaching in the erratic flex and twitch of his cock inside her quivering sheath. She clamped down harder, undulating her hips to grind her cervix against his throbbing tip. Her vaginal walls rippled along his girth, massaging him from all angles as she sought to coax out his creamy release.

"Do it baby," Sherry panted raggedly, her hazy eyes locked on Charlie's straining face above her. "Spurt that huge load in Mommy's pussy. Paint

my insides with your hot cum. I wanna feel you throbbing and pulsing as you fill me up!"

Charlie groaned harshly, his rhythm faltering as his balls clenched, preparing to unleash. The muscles at the base of his shaft spasmed, a searing tingle shooting from his prostate as the first jet of semen surged up his cock. His swollen cock head flared impossibly wider, stretching Sherry's rippling walls as it swelled with his impending load.

With an animalistic grunt, Charlie buried himself to the hilt inside his mother's convulsing pussy and exploded, his pulsing cock head nestled right against her quivering cervix. A tidal wave of potent cum erupted from his aching tip, flooding Sherry's clenching cunt with his virile heat. The first ropey blast splattered directly against the entrance to her womb, painting it white, before the next shot gushed out to fill her spasming hole.

Sherry wailed in ecstasy as Charlie's burning seed jetted into her, the thick ropes of sperm-laden fluid searing her sensitive vaginal walls. She could feel each throbbing spurt as it exploded from his jerking

cock head, the sensation triggering a second, even more intense orgasm. Her cunt rippled and squeezed around his erupting shaft, milking him, coaxing out every drop.

Their bodies undulated together as they rode out their mutual climax, Sherry's pussy suckling hungrily at Charlie's spurting cock. His heavy balls clenched and pulsed as they emptied their massive load into his mother's welcoming depths, each flex and twitch accompanied by another creamy spurt. Sherry's fluttering walls massaged the throbbing length, wringing him dry until he was completely spent.

Finally, with a shuddering gasp, Charlie collapsed onto his mom, his softening cock still buried inside her cum-flooded cunt. She cradled him against her heaving chest, running soothing hands over his sweat-slicked back as the last feeble spurts dribbled into her. They lay like that for long

moments, hearts pounding in unison as they basked in the afterglow of their forbidden coupling.

Eventually, Charlie's wilting cock slipped free of Sherry's well-used hole with a wet squelch, a river of pearly semen gushing out in its wake. The thick cream coated her swollen, reddened labia and dribbled between her ass cheeks to puddle on the bench below. The musky scent of their co-mingled fluids perfumed the air, an erotic reminder of the taboo act they had just committed.

Sherry gazed down at the obscene mess between her thighs, reaching down to scoop up some of Charlie's pearly essence. She brought her coated fingers to her mouth, suckling them clean with a wanton moan. The salty-sweet taste exploded across her tongue as she savored the flavor of their forbidden passion.

Charlie watched through hooded eyes as his mother lewdly licked his cum from her fingers, his spent cock twitching valiantly at the erotic sight. He knew he should feel guilty, ashamed of what they had

done. But as he lay there amidst the intimate perfume of their lovemaking, all he could feel was a deep, primal satisfaction. A bone-deep rightness.

Like this was always meant to happen. Like his cock had always been destined to find its home buried inside his mother's succulent cunt. Society and its taboos be damned - this felt more natural than anything he had ever experienced. And from the blissed out, sated look on his mom's face, he knew she felt the same.

No more words were needed as mother and son lay entwined, their sweat-slicked bodies stuck together in the most intimate of embraces. The rest of the world faded away, the looming specter of consequences banished from their minds as they lost themselves in the hazy afterglow. For now, in this moment, there was only the two of them, joined in the carnal knowledge of the flesh.

Over the next few days, Charlie and Sherry seized every opportunity to indulge their forbidden lust, engaging in risky, frenzied couplings through the expanded glory hole. The padded bench became their secret trysting place, bearing witness to a marathon of depraved mother-son fucking.

Every morning after Dave left for work, Sherry would send Charlie the now familiar session request through the app. He would race to the closet, shedding clothes along the way, his huge cock already throbbing in anticipation. There he would find his mother splayed out on the bench, her wet, needy cunt on obscene display, ready to be filled by his aching hardness.

They rutted like animals, Charlie pounding into Sherry's greedy hole with piston-like intensity as she wailed and thrashed beneath him. The wet slap of flesh on flesh and their guttural moans of pleasure filled the closet, a debauched soundtrack to their illicit passion.

Sherry's pussy was in a constant state of soreness, her son's mammoth cock stretching her to new limits each time he took her.

But it was a sweet ache, a reminder of the forbidden ecstasy only Charlie could give her. She craved the delicious burn of his thick shaft cleaving her open, ruining her for anything less.

They experimented with an array of positions, finding new and exciting ways to fit their bodies together through the opening in the wall. Sherry especially loved being on her hands and knees, her huge tits swaying as Charlie fucked her from behind, his pelvis smacking against her jiggling ass. She would reach back to spread her cheeks, giving him an unobstructed view of his huge cock sawing in and out of her drooling cunt.

Other times, Charlie would lay supine on the bench with Sherry straddling his face, smothering him with her sopping pussy as she sucked his massive erection. They sixty-nined sloppily, slurping and moaning

around each other's genitals until they came explosively, drenching one another with their releases.

No position was off limits, no act too depraved. Sherry rimmed her son's puckered asshole until he sobbed with pleasure, plunging her tongue deep into the musky orifice. Charlie returned the favor, feasting on his mother's clenching rosebud until she squirted all over his face, howling her ecstasy.

But their risky trysts weren't limited to when Dave was out of the house. The thrill of almost getting caught, of fucking mere feet from where Sherry's husband lay sleeping, was too delicious to resist.

Nearly every night after Dave's snores filled the bedroom, Sherry would slip out of bed and pad quietly to the closet. There she would find Charlie waiting, his huge cock straining through the hole, a bead of pre-cum glistening at the tip. She would drop to her knees and take him into her eager mouth, slurping lewdly as she struggled to suppress her moans of enjoyment.

Charlie would muffle his groans into his forearm as his mother deep-throated his aching dick, her expert tongue lashing the sensitive underside. He lost count of how many loads he spurted down Sherry's gulping throat, her muffled hums of approval vibrating around his throbbing length as he filled her belly with his seed.

When sucking Charlie off wasn't enough to sate Sherry's burning need, she would present her dripping snatch to him, hiking up her nightie and pressing her pussy against the hole. Charlie would lap at her slick folds, plunging his tongue into her weeping hole to gather her sweet nectar.

Fisting her fingers in his hair, Sherry would grind herself against her son's face, riding his tongue, her stifled whimpers of pleasure so loud in the otherwise silent house. Charlie would eat her to a shuddering, gushing climax, lapping up her release and delving back in for more, wringing out orgasm after intense orgasm.

They knew they were playing with fire, risking their family and reputation for these sordid encounters. But they were in too deep, too drunk on the forbidden fruit of incestuous lust to stop. The taboo only heightened their desire, made each illicit coupling that much sweeter.

Sherry's cunt was ruined for Dave's lackluster cock, spoiled by the sheer size and virility of her hung son. Her husband's feeble thrusts and two-pump releases paled in comparison to the hours of ecstasy Charlie could wring from her body with his tireless teenage dick. She felt like an addict, fiending for her next fix of his potent cum. It turned out his wonderful birthday gift was just as much for her as it was for him.

Charlie, in turn, was utterly addicted to his mother's succulent body - her huge, pillowy breasts, her juicy, slurping pussy, her velvet-soft throat. No inexperienced fumbling with girls his own age could compare to being expertly pleasured by his wanton mother. She had

awoken a raging hunger in him, an all-consuming need to rut and breed.

One sweltering afternoon, Charlie stumbled into his room, his cock already throbbing in anticipation of burying it in his mother's juicy cunt. He quickly shed his clothes and scrambled onto the padded bench, his heart racing as he aligned his hips with the glory hole.

With a grunt, he shoved his lower half through the opening, his huge erection slapping against his belly as it emerged on the other side. He waited with bated breath for the familiar caress of his mom's fingers on his aching shaft, for the searing heat of her mouth or pussy engulfing him.

But instead, he felt multiple hands seize his thighs in a bruising grip. Before he could react, he was roughly yanked all the way through the hole, his broad shoulders barely squeezing past the edges. He tumbled onto the plush carpeting of Sherry's walk-in closet, which was pitch black, the door firmly shut.

Disoriented, Charlie tried to get his bearings, blinking rapidly in the total darkness. But then he was pounced on by two writhing, slippery bodies, all grasping hands and mashing breasts and wet, open mouths. The heady scent of aroused female filled his nostrils as his mystery assailants rubbed their naked flesh against him from head to toe.

"Wha-? Mom? What's going-nnghh!" Charlie's confused protests were cut off as a slick tongue plunged into his mouth, muffling his words. Plump, pillowy breasts pressed into his face, smothering him in fragrant tit-flesh. He could only moan helplessly into the forceful kiss, his hands reflexively coming up to palm the heavy globes.

"Mmmm, we've been waiting for you, baby," Sherry's husky voice purred in his ear, her teeth nipping at the lobe. "Auntie Barb and I are absolutely ravenous for this big, fat cock of yours."

"That's right, sugar," Barb chimed in, her nails raking down Charlie's heaving chest. "We're gonna drain these swollen balls dry. Hope you can handle two horny sluts at once."

Charlie's eyes nearly rolled back in his head as two hungry mouths latched onto his nipples, suckling hard. Sherry and Barb licked and bit at the sensitive nubs, each trying to outdo the other as they mauled his pecs. Their hands roamed his body greedily, squeezing and caressing every straining muscle.

One delicate hand wrapped around his pulsing erection, giving it a firm squeeze. "Oooh, he's leaking like a faucet already!" Barb cooed, swiping her thumb through the slick pre-cum oozing from Charlie's tip. "Gonna be a big messy load, I can tell."

Sherry and Barb wasted no time in their carnal assault on Charlie's straining body. In the pitch blackness of the closet, hands roamed and groped urgently, mapping every contour of his muscular young physique. Hot mouths latched onto his throat and chest, suckling and biting, leaving behind livid marks of possession.

Sherry grabbed her son's throbbing cock in a tight fist, pumping him from root to tip. "Mmm, so hard for us already," she purred, thumbing the weeping slit. "Auntie Barb, I think our boy is ready for a ride. Why don't you remind him why he likes hot MILF pussy so much."

"With pleasure," Barb growled, straddling Charlie's hips. The teen groaned as he felt the scorching heat of her soaked pussy painting his shaft. Gripping the thick base, Barb notched his bulbous tip against her entrance and sank down in one smooth motion, engulfing him to the hilt in her tight sheath.

"Fuck!" Charlie gasped, his hands flying to Barb's undulating hips. She was impossibly tight, her slick walls gripping him like a velvet vise. He could feel every flutter and ripple of her internal muscles massaging his aching length.

Barb set a relentless pace, bouncing on the boy's cock with wild abandon. The wet slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the closet as she rode him hard, grinding her clit against his pubic bone. Her huge tits jiggled hypnotically, the stiff nipples grazing his chest with each roll of her hips.

"Oh my God!" Barb cried out, her voice hitching as Charlie's massive cock stretched her impossibly wide. "It's so big, so fucking hard! I've never felt anything like this before!"

She threw her head back, mouth slack with pleasure as she pistoned up and down on the teen's raging erection. Each punishing thrust felt like it was trying to batter down the entrance to her womb, the thick head pummeling her cervix. Barb's husband had never reached such depths, his average cock unable to compete with the sheer size and power of Charlie's throbbing meat.

"Your dick is splitting me in half," Barb babbled deliriously, her cunt clenching and rippling around the invading shaft. "Gonna fucking break

me, unnngh! Wreck my pussy, ruin it forever. No other cock will ever satisfy me now!"

Charlie could only groan, his fingers digging into the plush flesh of Barb's ass as she used him like her personal fuck toy. Her slick walls were squeezing him rhythmically, milking his pulsing length for all he was worth. He could feel her arousal gushing around his pistoning cock, drenching his groin in her essence.

As Barb rode Charlie's huge cock with wild abandon, Sherry mashed her monster-sized tits across his upper chest, her lips brushing her son's ear. "You love wrecking Auntie Barb's married pussy, don't you baby?" she purred, her hot breath making him shiver. "Ruining her for her husband's little dick with your big, fat cock."

Charlie could only whimper and nod, too lost in the tight, slick heat of Barb's cunt to form words. He felt her powerful pelvic floor muscles chew at his meaty slab like only a mother's pussy could. Sherry chuckled wickedly, tracing his jaw with one lacquered nail.

"I knew from the moment I saw this monster between your legs that you were made for one thing," she continued, gripping the base of his cock where it disappeared into Barb's stretched hole. "Destroying MILF cunts. Fucking us until we can't walk straight, until our pussies are molded to your shape."

Charlie bucked his hips up involuntarily, driving himself impossibly deeper into Barb's spasming sheath. She let out a piercing wail, her nails digging into his chest as she ground down hard, taking him to the root.

"Poor Auntie Barb," Sherry cooed, kissing along her son's jawline, smothering his neck in soft, sweaty cleavage. "Her husband can barely get it up anymore, and even when he does, he's got a little pencil dick. Doesn't last more than a minute before he's spitting his watery load. Can you imagine her frustration, baby? How desperate she must be for a real man to stuff her full and fuck her like she needs?"

Barb moaned brokenly above Charlie, her cunt fluttering wildly around his thrusting cock as Sherry's filthy words washed over them both. "It's true," she panted, rolling her hips. "I haven't been properly fucked in years. That tiny dick could never satisfy me, not like this big young cock!"

Sherry grinned. "And now you've ruined her," she purred in Charlie's ear. "Wrecked her needy cunt beyond repair. She'll never be happy with her husband's pathetic efforts again, not after experiencing the fucking of her life on your huge teenage cock. You've spoiled her for all other men, baby."

Charlie groaned, his balls drawing up tight at his mother's depraved words. The thought that he was ruining his mom's best friend for her husband, that his dick was remaking her pussy to fit only him, was incredibly arousing. He could feel Barb's molten sheath reshaping itself around his pounding cock, permanently altering to his size and shape.

"Just like you've ruined me," Sherry continued, her voice dripping with lust. "Destroyed my pussy for your father's sad little cock."

Sherry climbed up Charlie's torso until she was straddling his face. "Eat Mommy's pussy, baby," she commanded breathlessly, lowering her dripping slit onto his mouth. "Get me nice and wet so I can ride your cock next."

Charlie groaned into Sherry's sodden folds, eagerly lapping up her fragrant nectar. He pointed his tongue and thrust it deep into her weeping core, fucking her with the slick muscle. Above him, his mother mewled and writhed, grinding her aching clit against his nose.

Barb and Sherry fell into a rhythm, the two women bouncing and undulating on Charlie's straining body. Barb rode his cock like a woman possessed, her cunt squeezing him rhythmically as she chased her pleasure. Sherry humped her son's face, coating his cheeks and chin with her slick arousal.

The sloppy sounds of sucking and fucking filled the closet, underscored by feminine moans and grunts of exertion. Charlie was lost to sensation, drowning in hot, slippery flesh and heady musk. His hips pistoned up to meet Barb's downward thrusts, splitting her open on his rigid shaft, as his mouth worked feverishly over Sherry's dripping slit.

"Fuck, I'm close," Barb panted, her movements growing erratic. She ground down hard, taking Charlie impossibly deep. "Gonna cum on this big cock, fill me up, fuck!"

With a keening cry, Barb came apart, her pussy clenching viciously around Charlie's pistoning cock. Clear fluid gushed from her spasming hole, coating his balls and soaking into the carpet below. She shuddered and jerked through her release, never stopping her wild gyrations.

As Barb's orgasm crested, Sherry lifted herself off of Charlie's gasping mouth. "My turn," she declared, dismounting his face. In a flash, she had Barb on her back, the two women trading places seamlessly. Sherry sank down onto Charlie's slick erection with a low moan, taking him to the root.

Charlie grunted as his mother's searing heat engulfed him, her pussy molding to his contours like she was made for him. He could feel the difference immediately - while Barb had been almost painfully tight, Sherry's cunt was a perfect, suckling glove, wrapping around him like hot satin.

Sherry rolled and rocked her hips, swiveling on Charlie's impaling length. Her copious juices slicked the way, allowing him to plunge impossibly deep, the broad head of his cock kissing her cervix with each thrust. She leaned forward, smashing her huge, swaying tits into his face.

"Suck mommy's tits while she rides you," Sherry panted, feeding her son a stiff, rubbery nipple. Charlie latched on greedily, worrying the pebbled nub between his lips. He alternated between breasts, suckling hungrily, losing himself in his mother's abundant cleavage.

Beside them, Barb was a whimpering mess, lazily frigging her sensitive clit as she listened to the depraved display. The wet squelch of Sherry's pussy devouring Charlie's cock, the slurping sounds of him feasting on her bouncing tits, had her rapidly ascending to another peak.

Sherry increased her pace, slamming herself down onto Charlie's upthrust cock with bruising force. Her juices gushed freely, coating

his pistoning shaft and balls, dripping down to mingle with Barb's release on the carpet. Her huge tits bounced and rippled wildly, smacking Charlie in the face with each hammering thrust.

Charlie grunted into his mom's heaving cleavage, his face a mess of sweat and drool and smeared lipstick. His hands kneaded the pliant globes, shaping and squeezing as he suckled greedily at her distended nipples. He could feel his mother's impending climax in the flutter of her walls around his pulsing shaft.

"Fuck, baby, you're gonna make Mommy cum!" Sherry babbled, her hips a frantic blur as she chased her pleasure. "Gonna cream all over this big dick, paint your balls with it. Fuck me harder, wreck my cunt!"

Charlie pistoned up into his mother's spasming sheath, grunting with the effort. The wet, obscene slap of his groin meeting her bouncing ass filled the closet, punctuated by Sherry's breathless moans. Barb frigged herself furiously beside them, her fingers squelching in her dripping folds.

With a strangled cry, Sherry came violently, her pussy gushing around Charlie's plunging cock. Her juices sprayed from her clenching slit, splattering his groin and coating the already sodden carpet. Her powerful internal muscles rippled along his shaft, milking him mercilessly.

Barb followed a moment later with a sharp gasp, clear fluid squirting from her cunt to paint Charlie's flexing thigh. She shuddered and jerked,

her fingers a blur over her pulsing clit as she prolonged her release. The musky scent of fem-cum saturated the air, dizzying in its potency.

Charlie groaned, his balls drawing up tight as his own climax fast approached. The dual sensations of Sherry's rhythmically clenching

pussy and Barb's slick fluids coating his skin were too much to resist. With a choked shout, he slammed up into his mother one last time and exploded, painting her rippling walls with his seed.

Thick ropes of cum pulsed from Charlie's jerking cock, flooding Sherry's fluttering channel. She milked him through his release, her cunt massaging every throbbing inch as she worked him for all he was worth. Barb reached between their straining bodies to fondle his spurting balls, coaxing out every drop.

Finally spent, Charlie collapsed back against the carpet, chest heaving. Sherry collapsed against him with a satisfied sigh, his softening cock slipping free of her well-used hole. Pearly semen dribbled from her gaping slit, adding to the growing puddle on the floor.

The three lovers lay panting in the darkness, their sweat-slicked bodies entwined in the afterglow. Charlie was utterly spent, his cock and balls throbbing in the sweet ache of overuse. He had never imagined such mind-blowing ecstasy could exist, let alone that he would find it with his mother and her best friend.

But before he could fully catch his breath, he felt two pairs of lips trailing over his sensitive skin, reigniting the embers of his lust. Sherry and Barb planted open-mouthed kisses along his chest and stomach, licking up the sweat and traces of their mingled releases.

"Mmmm, I think our boy is ready for round two," Sherry purred, nipping at Charlie's earlobe. Her fingers danced over his sticky shaft, which twitched valiantly under her teasing touch.

"My thoughts exactly," Barb agreed, cupping his balls and rolling them gently. "We've barely scratched the surface of all the naughty things we're gonna do to him."

Charlie groaned, his cock already thickening, filling with renewed lust. In the stifling blackness of the closet, there was no telling how

long this depraved session would last, how many more times he would be made to cum. But one thing was certain - his balls would be utterly drained by the time Sherry and Barb were through with him.

The sweltering afternoon stretched on endlessly as the two insatiable MILF's took their fill of Charlie's nubile young body. They used him like a living sex toy, a vessel for their depraved lusts, wringing untold orgasms from his straining physique.

Over and over, Sherry and Barb mounted Charlie's tireless cock, their wet cunts suckling greedily at his girth as they rode him to one shuddering climax after another. They gushed geysers of musky fem-cum, thoroughly drenching the teen in their releases until he was saturated from head to toe, the puddle underneath them growing into a small lake.

Charlie took them from behind as they knelt side by side, moving from one woman to the next, sawing his steely dick not only through their pussies, but the tight tunnel of their assholes too. Sweat poured from his brow, splattering down onto their rippling naked bubble butts as they beat against him tirelessly.

When they needed a break from fucking, the wanton duo put Charlie's mouth to good use. They smothered him with their dripping mounds, grinding slick folds over his gasping lips until his cheeks glistened with their nectar. He serviced their twitching clits and spasming holes with his tongue, lapping and suckling like a man starved.

Charlie lost himself in the slippery press of writhing female flesh, drowning in tits and ass and hot, fragrant cunt. The sinfully soft glide of Sherry and Barb's abundant curves against his aching cock, the wet

suction of their mouths engulfing him to the root - it was sensory overload in the most intense and pleasurable way.

In the disorienting darkness, the passage of time lost all meaning. It could have been hours or days that the marathon fuck session lasted - Charlie had no way of knowing. His entire existence narrowed down to the exquisite torture of being relentlessly milked by the MILF's talented bodies.

Again and again they wrung bone-rattling orgasms from his cock and balls, skillfully stoking him back to full mast each time he began to flag. His spunk painted their bouncing tits and jiggling asses, pumping into their thirsty cunts and gulping throats.

In the coming months, Sherry and her son continued their risky affair, finding stolen moments whenever they could to sate their depraved lusts. Charlie pounded his mom's married cunt every morning before school, so she'd spend her day with a pussy full of his cum. Sherry sucked her son to completion each night, swallowing load after hot load of his salty essence.

They were playing a dangerous game, each reckless coupling bringing them closer to discovery. But they were too far gone to care, too consumed by their taboo hunger. Dave's oblivious snores and the ticking of the clock faded into insignificance when compared to the wet slap of flesh on flesh, the obscene slurps and grunts of a mother and son in carnal bliss.

Still, Sherry couldn't help but feel a thrill of wicked excitement every time she and Charlie brought each other to muffled climaxes, their bodies shuddering and pulsing with illicit pleasure mere inches from her slumbering husband. If Dave knew what depravity was transpiring on the other side of that closet door, would he be able to look her in the eye? Would he see the truth written on her flushed and satisfied face?

Part of Sherry almost wanted to get caught, to see the shock and betrayal in Dave's eyes as he witnessed his wife's unquenchable appetite for their son's cock. She fantasized about him walking in on

her with Charlie's huge dick buried in her throat, her lips stretched obscenely around his girth. Or discovering her riding Charlie's face, smearing her cum all over his eager tongue.

But then reality would set in and Sherry would push those dark thoughts aside, focusing instead on chasing her next explosive orgasm. She knew she should feel guilty, should put a stop to this before it destroyed their family. But the wanton pleasure was too intense, too addictive. She was in too deep to turn back now.

Charlie, too, wrestled with the taboo thrill of cuckolding his father, of claiming his mother's pussy as his own. He loved knowing that his cock had ruined her for anything else, that she craved his huge dick above all others. Let his dad have her as a wife - her cunt belonged to Charlie now.

He pounded into her with renewed vigor, relishing her muffled squeals and the filthy squelch of his cock churning her cum-flooded hole. Sherry clapped a hand over her mouth, trying desperately to stifle her whorish moans as her body shook and juddered from the force of Charlie's deep thrusts.

"That's it, Mom," Charlie growled lowly, his breath hot against her ear. "Take my cock. Fucking take it. You're mine now, this pussy belongs to me."

Sherry could only whimper and nod frantically, too lost in the sensation of her son's huge dick splitting her open to form words. She knew he was right - her cunt was ruined for anything else, forever molded to the shape of Charlie's perfect cock. She was his now, body and soul.

As if to punctuate his point, Charlie reached down and began to feverishly rub Sherry's clit, his fingers slick with her drooling arousal. The direct stimulation was too much for the mother's overwhelmed senses

and she came with a strangled cry, her pussy clamping down on Charlie's pistoning cock like a vice.

Her powerful internal muscles rippled and squeezed his invading length, fluttering wildly as her orgasm crashed through her. Clear fluid gushed from her spasming cunt, splashing obscenely against Charlie's groin and running down to soak the already damp bench.

Charlie followed her over the edge with a guttural groan, his swollen balls drawing up tight as they prepared to unleash their load. He slammed into his mom one last time, grinding his pelvis against hers as he exploded deep inside her convulsing sheath.

Thick ropes of cum pulsed from his jerking cock, painting Sherry's inner walls with his virile seed. He filled her to overflowing, the creamy excess oozing out around his twitching shaft to join the growing puddle of their combined fluids beneath them.

They collapsed against each other, chests heaving, skin slick with sweat as they trembled through the aftershocks of their intense mutual climax. Charlie's softening cock slipped from Sherry's well-used hole with a wet squelch, a river of pearly jizz gushing out in its wake.

Sherry lay there gasping, her thighs quivering and her cunt aching with the sweetest of pains. The pungent aroma of sex hung heavy in the air, a carnal perfume that made her head spin. She felt thoroughly debauched, utterly claimed by her virile young son.

And she had never been more satisfied in her life. Let the world burn - as long as she could have Charlie's cock stretching her, filling her, ruining her for all others, nothing else mattered. She was his now, forever and always. His perfect fucktoy, his eager cum dump, his devoted mommy-slut.

As their heart rates gradually slowed and their breathing evened out, Charlie and Sherry shared a long, heavy look. An unspoken

understanding passed between them - there was no going back, no pretending this hadn't happened.

Bound by their shared journey, they were in this together now, no matter what challenges the future might hold. And that "what" was already manifesting as a burgeoning life within Sherry's belly, planted by her son's virile seed, blossoming like a tender bud at that very moment.

THE END

258: COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' – PART 1

COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' – PART 1

BY KLRXO

Derrell never thought much of himself, being as scrawny as a beanpole with arms like twigs. Since turning 18 a week ago, he spent his days toiling underground in the silver mine with almost every other capable male, dreaming of the day he could escape Red Gulch for good.

The other boys in town towered over him and could lift bales of hay without breaking a sweat. Meanwhile, Derrell struggled to heft a measly bucket of slop to feed the hogs each morning.

He hunched his shoulders, trying to make himself even smaller, whenever he had to go into town for supplies. Derrell hated the way people's eyes slid right over him like he was invisible. The old timers congregating outside the general store would spit their tobacco juice at his feet as he scurried by. Even the town drunk, Cooter McGee, sneered down his bulbous nose at Derrell like he was something nasty stuck to the bottom of his boot.

So when Derrell overheard the hushed, tittering conversations between the womenfolk as he loaded sacks of feed into his wagon, he thought his ears must be playing tricks on him.

"That Derrell boy, he may be puny as a church mouse, but Ida Mae said he's hung like a bull," whispered Maude Henley, the butcher's wife.

"Shush, he'll hear you!" Blanche Fowler tittered from behind her fan. "But I heard the same from Bessie down at the laundry. Apparently the boy's got quite the cudgel in his britches."

Derrell ducked his head so violently he nearly snapped his own neck, his face scorching hotter than Satan's pitchfork. Sweet Jesus almighty, these God-fearing married women—these MOTHERS—were brazenly discussing his private parts like they were judging livestock at the county fair! Their enormous titty-melons and impossibly round booties jiggled with each scandalous whisper, and Derrell's heart hammered against his ribs like a trapped jackrabbit. If their bull-necked husbands caught even a whiff of this talk, they'd string him up by his own intestines and use what was left for coyote bait!

He hurried to finish his errands, desperate to flee back to the safety of the farm on his one day off from the mine before anyone else started jawing about his oversized equipment.

Mary Beth watched her son from the kitchen window, admiring how he'd sprouted up lately, taller than a cornstalk. The britches he'd taken to wearing did little to disguise his sizable endowments, at least to a mother's keen eye.

She'd overheard those scandalous rumors flying around town too, and while she knew she ought to pay them no mind, her curiosity was piqued something fierce. Casting a quick glance at the baby snoozing in his crib, Mary Beth smoothed down her

gingham dress and sashayed out across the barnyard, adding a little extra sway to her wide birthing hips.

Lord have mercy, no wonder they called her the Belle of Red Gulch back in the day. Even after birthing six young'uns, her giant-sized

titties still strained against her bodice and her bodacious buttocks was round and jiggly, like a pair of huge ripe cantaloupes. Mary Beth knew full well the effect her voluptuous figure had on the menfolk, which included her horny son.

The auburn-haired mother's hips swayed seductively as she sauntered across the yard, the faded blue gingham of her dress straining over her generous curves. Derrell's eyes were drawn like magnets to the mesmerizing jiggle and bounce of her bodacious rear end. Each cheek was a perfect, mouth-watering globe, the thin fabric of her skirt molding to every succulent inch.

His hungry gaze drifted up to the deep valley between her massive, heaving breasts, their creamy swells threatening to spill out over her snug bodice with each step. Derrell felt a sudden tightness in his crotch as his oversized manhood began to swell and lengthen. He shifted uncomfortably, trying to adjust himself discreetly.

Mary Beth reached the garden and bent to pluck a ripe tomato, her skirt riding up to reveal a tantalizing peek of her smooth bare thighs. Derrell's mouth went dry as cotton, his cock throbbing almost painfully against his fly. As his mother straightened up, she glanced over and caught him staring. A coy, knowing smile played about her lips. She gave a cute little

finger wave, her eyes drifting down to the obvious cock-bulge tenting her boy's britches.

Cheeks flaming, he whirled around and fled into the barn, nearly tripping over his own big feet in his haste. His heart pounded like a drum in his chest. Derrell leaned against the rough wood wall, breathing hard. He couldn't believe his own Ma had just checked out his johnson like that, bold as brass!

But deep down, a secret thrill unfurled in his belly, warm and dangerous. Maybe them gossiping womenfolk were onto something. Maybe his big ol' pecker was a gift instead of a curse. Derrell

reached down and gave himself a squeeze, shuddering at the electric pleasure that zinged through him. Yessiree, this bull-sized cudgel in his britches could be his ticket to gettin' wet pussy, which he'd heard so much about from the other boys.

The next day, Mary Beth spread a checkered blanket under the old oak tree, its gnarled branches providing dappled shade from the fierce prairie sun. Her sisters Sue Ellen and Jolene helped wrangle the passel of young'uns, the kids whooping and hollering as they chased each other through the tall grass.

The three women settled onto the blanket, hiking up their skirts to get comfortable. The faded calico fabric stretched taut over their childbearing hips and ample derrieres. They kicked off their shoes, sighing in relief as they wiggled their toes in the cool grass.

Mary Beth leaned back on her elbows, colossal tits jutting outward as she felt the rough bark of the oak against her back. Her auburn curls tumbled loose from their pins, falling around her shoulders in shimmering waves. She exchanged a sly glance with her sisters, their knowing smiles mirroring her own.

"Y'all hear the latest about the Wilkins boy?" Sue Ellen drawled, fanning herself with a broad oak leaf. Her heaving bosom threatened to spill clean out of her low-cut gingham dress.

"The gangly one with the freckles? Lord have mercy, if it's the same rumor that's been burning through town like wildfire, they say that boy's got a snake in his pants that'd make a stallion weep with shame! I heard tell it's so massive he can't hardly walk straight—needs its own pant leg, if you catch my meaning!"

Sue Ellen giggled and nodded in agreement. "I'd wager there ain't a mama within fifty miles who ain't dreamin' of that boy splittin' her wide open!"

Mary Beth felt a flush rising to her cheeks at their scandalous talk, but an illicit tingle ran through her all the same. Lately, her womanly needs had gone sorely unmet, what with her husband spending all hours out in the silver mine.

She couldn't help but imagine what a virile young buck like the Wilkins boy could do with that fabled monster between his legs. Mary Beth shifted on the blanket, feeling a telltale dampness in her underthings.

"Mmm, what I wouldn't give to get my hands on that," Jolene murmured, her voice low and breathy. "Can you just picture it? All that smooth, taut, barely legal flesh under them dungarees..."

Sue Ellen laughed, a wicked gleam in her eye. "Lord have mercy, can you imagine? Feeling that big ole snake splitting you open, so deep he's dang near in your womb? Mmm, and his heavy bull nuts slapping against your asshole with each thrust, like a couple ripe plums in a sack."

She fanned herself harder, practically panting. "I tell you what, I'd wrap my thighs 'round that boy like a python 'round a rabbit and ride him till his eyes roll back in his skull! I'd clamp down on that monster with my cunny so tight he'd see the pearly gates, then drag him back to earth just to make him beg for mercy before I milk every last drop outta those swollen bull-nuts!"

"Lord, you two!" Mary Beth fanned herself harder, overcome by a fit of the vapors at the mere thought. "Y'all are bound to get us in trouble with this kinda talk."

Jolene leaned in closer, her ample bosom nearly spilling out of her dress as she fixed Mary Beth with a salacious grin.

"Speakin' a trouser snakes, Mary Beth," Jolene hissed, leaning in so close her hot breath tickled Mary Beth's ear, "what in tarnation is YOUR boy hiding in them britches? Half the county's talkin' about

how he's packin' some heat. I heard Widow Jenkins nearly fainted dead away when she caught sight of his bulge at the general store!"

Mary Beth's cheeks flamed hotter than a blacksmith's forge. She ducked her head, fingers plucking at a loose thread on the checkered blanket. "Well, I don't rightly know..." she demurred, but a sly smile played about her lips.

Sue Ellen swatted at her playfully. "Oh, don't you DARE hold out on us, Mary Beth! Every woman in three counties is DYING to know what that boy's packing! You've birthed him, bathed him, washed his drawers—you KNOW exactly what kind of weapon he's carrying! Now SPILL IT!"

"Alright, alright," Mary Beth relented, glancing around to make sure little ears weren't listening in.

"Sweet Jesus, I ain't blind!" Mary Beth hissed, leaning in so close her sisters could smell the sweet tea on her breath. "That boy's dungarees look like they're 'bout to split clean open these days—like he's smugglin' a prize-winnin' summer squash down there. Sometimes I gotta look away when he walks past, it's so... unseemly."

Her sisters squealed with scandalized glee, bouncing excitedly and making their titanic ta-tas jiggle like bowls of Aunt Fanny's famous figgy pudding.

"Dang, I knew it!" Jolene crowed triumphantly. "That boy's packing a real blue ribbon winner in them pants!"

"But I can't help wonderin' where them rumors 'bout Darrell's big ol' johnson first started," Jolene pressed, eyes sparkling with mischief. "You reckon one of them town girls got herself a peek at his pecker?"

"Oh lord, I pray that ain't the case," Mary Beth fretted, worrying at her bottom lip. "My boy's sweet as molasses, but dumb as a box of hammers when it comes to womenfolk. Liable to get himself in a heap of trouble, wagging that thing around."

The sisters fell into a fit of scandalous giggles, titties heaving and hooting with unladylike mirth as they speculated wildly about the impressive size of young Darrell's hidden charms.

Sue Ellen shook her head, making her chestnut curls bounce. "Sweet Jesus, it's a crime against nature!" she exclaimed. "That magnificent flesh-pole wasting away in them pitch-black mines when it should be out there splitting women in two! The Almighty didn't craft a battering ram like that just to gather coal dust. No ma'am! That weapon was forged for one purpose—to pound fertile furrows till they overflow with his seed!"

Mary Beth's cheeks flamed at her sister's scandalous implication. "Sue Ellen! Bite your tongue! That's my baby boy you're talkin' about."

"Pshaw, he ain't no baby no more," Jolene chimed in with a smirk. "That boy ain't just growed up—he's packin' a flesh cannon that'd make the devil himself blush! All the mamas out there are talkin' 'bout how he's splittin' his dungarees at the seams with that unholy monster!"

"You do have a point. I can't bear the thought of him toiling away underground," Mary Beth fretted. "Sweet Jesus, that mine's a goddamn DEATH TRAP! My boy's prime breeding stock—all that raw manhood wasting away in the darkness

when he should be out rutting like a wild stallion, plantin' his seed in every willing field from here to the county line!"

Her sisters made noises of fervent agreement, their bountiful bosoms heaving with righteous indignation.

"Damn shame," Jolene muttered. "All that prime, grade-A stallion-meat, wasted down in that mine when it should be up here smothered in cunny and spittin' ropes of semen."

Mary Beth felt her nipples stiffen into aching points beneath her bodice as she imagined Darrell's young, virile body and the fabled beast that lurked in his dungarees. A deep, smoldering ache bloomed between her thighs, her hungry birth canal clenching and dripping with need. Her puckered rosebud twitched and winked, eager to be stretched wide by a huge, throbbing teenage cock.

Sue Ellen and Jolene squirmed on the checkered blanket, their faces flushed and chests heaving. They pressed their thick thighs together, trying to ease the desperate, empty ache in their neglected cunts. Slick juices dampened their bloomers as they pictured Darrell's innocent farmboy face and the big, juicy cock that swung heavily between his legs like a battering ram.

"Lord have mercy!" Jolene fanned herself, panting shallowly. "I'm wetter than a preacher's lips at a free chicken dinner. If that boy rammed his baby maker up my hoo-ha, he'd carve me out like a Thanksgiving turkey!"

Mary Beth let out a laugh. "Jolene, you'd crush my boy's pelvis to dust with them tree-trunk thighs of yours! He'd die

screaming between your legs, half-suffocated while you buck and writhe on top of him like some demon-possessed rodeo queen!"

"And I'd love every fuckin' second of it," Jolene snarled, her knuckles white as she gripped the edge of the blanket, nostrils flaring like a mare in heat.

Sue Ellen leaned in close, dropping her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "What if'n there was a way we could keep him from going into that mine? Get the boy a job in town, maybe?"

Rae suddenly glared out at one of her mischievous children. "Rae, you git your little hiney back here right this instant!" she hollered at her youngest boy as he made a break for the creek. The towheaded little scamp just giggled and kept right on running. Jolene sighed and hauled herself up off the blanket with a grunt.

Her sisters watched in amusement as she waddled after the errant child, her fat titties bouncin' and her generous rump swaying side to side. She caught him by the back of his britches and gave him a swat on his behind. "I swear, that young'un is gonna be the death of me," Jolene groused as she marched him back.

Settling back on the blanket with a huff, she turned to Mary Beth with a speculative gleam in her eye.

"You know, sis…Sue Ellen might be onto somethin' here. If'n we could get that boy of yours a REAL job in town—keep him close where he belongs—just think of all them lonely wives he

could be servicing with that monster cock of his! Lord, he'd be splittin' women like firewood from sunup to sundown!"

"Mm-hmm," Sue Ellen agreed, nodding sagely. "With all the menfolk down in the mines all day, Darrell would have his pick of the litter when it comes to willin' mama's. Bet he could make us all squeal six ways from Sunday with that big ol' thang of his."

Mary Beth felt a shameful flutter low in her belly at the thought of her innocent boy defiling every mother in town with his huge, virile member. She knew it was wrong to entertain such impure notions, but the illicit images kept coming unbidden. Darrell grunting and rutting like a bull, his washboard abs gleaming with sweat as he plowed one buxom beauty after another

She shook her head to clear it, cheeks burning. "Y'all are bound to get the boy lynched with that kinda talk," she scolded. But Mary Beth couldn't deny the forbidden thrill that raced through her at the

idea of Darrell sowing his wild oats. Maybe her sisters were right. A strapping young buck like him shouldn't be wasting his prime years digging in the dirt.

"Just think how grateful we'd all be," Jolene mused, a far-off look in her eye. "He'd have us all lined up like cattle at the slaughter, beggin' to be split in two!"

Sue Ellen fanned herself, overcome by a sudden attack of the sexual vapor wafting up from their cunts. "Lawd have mercy! Now there's a sight I'd pay two bits to see. Can you just imagine

it? Darrell layin' pipe mornin', noon and night. Fillin' every mama in town with that big ol' baby maker of his. Whoo-ee!"

The sisters whooped and hollered with laughter, slapping their thighs and wiping mirthful tears from their eyes. Mary Beth tried to look scandalized, but a grin tugged at the corners of her mouth all the same.

"Y'all are downright wicked," she scolded, shaking her head. "But I reckon you might have a point. My Darrell, bless his heart, is as pure and innocent as a spring lamb. Probably wouldn't know what to do with his pecker if a gal threw herself at him bare-nekkid."

Jolene leaned in, a conspiratorial gleam in her eye. "Well now, I heard tell that some mamas have been taking their boys in hand, so to speak. Teachin' 'em the ways of pleasurin' a woman, real thorough-like."

Mary Beth's eyes widened. Her cheeks flushed hot as she plucked at a blade of grass. "You don't say," she murmured, a considering note creeping into her voice despite herself.

"Mm-hmm. Ain't nothin' wrong with a mama givin' her boy some much-needed guidance. Better he learns from a skilled, lovin' hand

than some clumsy girl what don't know diddly-squat 'bout teenage dick."

Mary Beth bit her lip, worrying it between her teeth as she mulled it over. Her pulse quickened traitorously at the scandalous notion of tutoring Darrell in the carnal arts. Of

wrapping her hand around his huge, pulsing member and showing him how to use it proper.

"Well, I suppose it IS a mama's duty to teach her young'uns what they need to know," she allowed, trying for a prim tone despite the wanton heat unfurling in her belly. "Darrell IS a mite naive. He could use a guiding hand to teach him how to split a woman open like a ripe peach, make her scream till her throat's raw, and flood her insides with his seed till it leaks down her thighs."

Her sisters nodded eagerly, their faces flushed and eyes bright with illicit excitement.

"Damn straight," Jolene agreed. "Ain't nobody more qualified than his own mama to learn him up real good. Why, I bet you could have that boy ruttin' like a damn stallion before the week's out! Have him breakin' bedframes and makin' women speak in tongues!"

The filthy words sent a bolt of lust straight to Mary Beth's core. She squeezed her thighs together, feeling a telltale dampness in her drawers at the thought of molding Darrell into her personal stud.

Sue Ellen leaned in close, a wicked glint in her eye. "Mary Beth, honey, ain't nobody more qualified than you to break that boy in right. Rut on top of him like a she-devil from sunup to sundown, grinding on him and baptizing him in your lady juices till he drowns in it!"

Lord have mercy, but her sisters were a bad influence. Putting all kinds of sinful notions in her head. But now that the seed was

planted, Mary Beth couldn't shake the wicked temptation. Her sweet, virginal boy was ripe for the pickin', and it was high time his mama showed him what to do with that big ol' cock of his.

Darrell slunk into the kitchen the next morning, his stomach growling something fierce. The mouthwatering scent of frying bacon and fresh biscuits set his belly to rumbling. But it was the sight of his mama sashaying around the stove, humming a jaunty tune, that really got his blood pumping.

The gingham fabric of her dress stretched tight across her bodacious backside as she bent to retrieve a pan from the oven. Darrell's eyes traced the seductive curve of her rear, captivated by the way those plump cheeks jiggled with her every move. His face flushed hot and he shifted uncomfortably on the wooden bench, feeling his oversized manhood start to swell against his fly.

"Mornin', Ma," he managed to croak, ducking his head over his plate as his father ambled in and took a seat.

Mary Beth glanced over her shoulder, a knowing gleam in her eye as she caught her son ogling her ample assets. "Good mornin', sweetie pie," she cooed, her voice dripping honey. "You ready for a nice, hot breakfast?"

She sauntered over, hips swaying sinfully, and bent down real low to set a platter of crispy bacon in front of him. Her huge, heavy breasts swung forward, nearly spilling out of her snug bodice. They brushed against Darrell's burning cheek and he caught a whiff of her sweet, flowery perfume.

A strangled sound escaped him before he could stop it. Darrell held his breath, every muscle clenched tight as his ma took her sweet time arranging the food. He could feel the soft, pillowy weight of her titanic tits pressing against his face through the thin fabric, smothering him in warm, succulent flesh. His cock lurched in his pants, rock hard and throbbing.

"There you go, darlin'," Mary Beth purred, finally straightening up. She had a cat-that-ate-the-canary smile on her face. "Eat up, now. A growin' boy needs a BIG... hearty meal to start the day right."

Darrell just nodded dumbly, not trusting himself to speak. He snatched up his fork, praying his daddy was too busy shoveling grits into his craw to notice the tent pole straining in his britches. All throughout breakfast, he snuck glances at his mama as she puttered around the kitchen, admiring the way her dress molded to her shapely figure.

It was a sweet kind of torture, watching the way her juicy rump cheeks jiggled and bounced, the way the swells of her massive melons heaved with her every movement. He squirmed in his seat, his pecker pulsing and jumping as all manner of forbidden scenarios flitted through his fevered mind.

His daddy pushed back from the table with a groan, patting his belly. "Welp, I best go feed them cows 'fore we head on down to the mine," he announced, jamming his hat on his balding head. "You comin', boy?"

"He'll be along directly, hon. Just wanna word with him first," Mary Beth said.

Her husband grunted in acknowledgment and ambled out. The screen door banged shut behind him.

No sooner had he left than Mary Beth scooped up the fussy baby from his high chair, cooing and nuzzling him. Then, bold as you please, she perched her curvaceous bottom right on the kitchen table in front of Darrell, settling the babe in her lap.

Darrell near about swallowed his tongue as his ma perched her feet on the bench to either side of him. Her skirt rode up scandalously high as she spread her shapely legs like she was birthing a baby, positioning herself so that he was smack dab between her creamy

thighs. If he leaned forward just a hair, his nose would be buried in her honeypot.

Darrell gripped the edge of his seat, knuckles turning white, as he desperately tried to keep his hungry gaze from roaming up them miles of silky smooth skin. But it was no use. His treacherous eyes kept flicking to the shadowed junction at the apex of her thighs, wondering what kind of skimpy undergarments she wore beneath her skirts, if any at all.

Mary Beth bounced the baby on her knee, humming a lullaby. Her bountiful titties jiggled hypnotically with the motion,

threatening to spill clean out of her low-cut bodice. Darrell licked his suddenly dry lips, his cock pounding out a drumbeat of desire against his fly.

"Mama..." he croaked, voice cracking like a pubescent boy. "You was wantin' to talk?"

She glanced up at him through her lashes, a coy smile playing about her full, lush mouth. "I most certain was, darlin'."

The wicked gleam in her eyes belied her innocent words. She widened her spread even more, letting her skirt ride up a tantalizing inch higher. The creamy skin of her inner thighs winked at him, impossibly soft and smooth.

Darrell felt light-headed, all the blood rushing from his brain straight to his throbbing johnson. It was all he could do not to pant like a coon hound, his chest heaving with ragged breaths.

"'We got us some things to discuss," Mary Beth continued blithely, as if she weren't giving him a peek show. "I been hearin' some real interestin' rumors…about that monster you're hidin' in them britches. Lots of mamas say it looks as thick as a fence post and twice as hard."

Darrell near about fell off the bench, he was so took aback. His eyes bulged and his face turned redder than a baboon's behind. "Wh-what?" he sputtered.

Mary Beth just smiled, cool as a cucumber. She bounced the babe on her knee, making her massive titties jiggle something fierce.

"You heard me, sugar," she hissed, her voice dropping to a hungry growl as she leaned in so close her hot breath scorched his ear. "Every last woman in town is whisperin' 'bout what you're packin' in them jeans. They say you're hung like a prize stallion—that you'd split a girl clean in two. Now I'm askin' you straight: is my baby boy carryin' a big proud penis between his legs?"

He gaped at her, jaw hanging open. This had to be some kinda crazy dream. His own ma, asking about his johnson bold as brass? Darrell pinched himself hard, but nothing changed. His mama was still perched with splayed thighs on the table with her skirts hiked up, eyeing him like he was a slab of prime beef.

"I... I don't rightly know," he stammered, shifting in his seat as his cock throbbed painfully. Lord, her legs looked silky smooth. What he wouldn't give to run his hands up them thighs, to bury his face in that sweet honeypot barely concealed by her thin skirts.

Mary Beth fixed him with a knowing look.

"Well now," she declared, leaning in so close he could count her eyelashes, her voice dropping to a ravenous growl that vibrated through his bones, "it's a mama's DUTY to know these things about her boy. How else am I s'posed to make sure you ain't ruinin' some poor girl? Wouldn't want you tearin' some sweet young pussy in half 'fore you learn to handle what the good Lord blessed you with."

Darrell's cheeks burned hotter than a blacksmith's forge. He ducked his head, studyin' his scuffed boots. "I reckon I don't rightly know if'n I'm bigger'n most fellows," he mumbled.

A determined gleam entered his mama's eye. She stood up and set the baby down in his high chair, smoothing her skirts. Then she seized Darrell's hand in hers. "C'mon then. Ain't but one way to find out."

He stumbled after her, heart hammering against his ribs as she dragged him down the short hall to the back bedroom. Mary Beth shut the door firmly and turned to face him, hands on her ample hips.

"Drop them britches, young man," she ordered. "Mama needs to see EXACTLY what the good Lord blessed you with."

Darrell goggled at her, sure he must've heard wrong. But his busty mama just stared back expectantly, one eyebrow raised. He realized with a shock that she was serious as Sunday mass.

His fingers shook as he fumbled with his belt buckle, the worn leather rasping as he undid it. The rasp of his zipper sounded loud as a sawmill in the charged silence. Darrell hooked his thumbs in his waistband and shoved his britches and skivvies down to his ankles.

His teenage cock sprang free, bobbing up to slap against his belly. It jutted out nearly 11-inches long, hard as railroad iron. His foreskin had pulled back from the tautness of his cock-skin - the bulbous purple head already weeping with pre-juice. Darrell

burned with embarrassment, shifting from foot to foot like a sinner before the preacher.

Mary Beth let out a low whistle, her eyes widening as she took in the sheer size of him. "Well, I'll be damned. Them gossipin' hens were right for once. You ARE hung like a dang mule!"

She circled him slowly, drinking in every inch of his nudity. Darrell's skin prickled, gooseflesh rising in the wake of her heated gaze. He'd

never felt so exposed, so vulnerable. And yet, a part of him thrilled at her blatant appreciation.

Mary Beth's eyes roved hungrily over her son's oversized manhood, taking in every throbbing inch. His cock was long and thick, the shaft lined with bulging veins. It curved up from a light thatch of dark curls, the bloated head an angry purple, oozing clear fluid from the slit. His heavy balls hung low in their hairy sack, fat with teenage seed.

"Mm-mmm. Just look at that big ol' dick," she purred appreciatively, circling him like a cat eyeing a bowl of cream. "Every woman in three counties will be crawlin' on her hands and knees, beggin' for just one thrust of that flesh hammer."

Darrell's face burned at his mama's lewd commentary. He felt like a slab of meat on display, but his johnson only grew harder under her rapacious gaze. It pulsed and twitched with a mind of its own, straining towards her lush body as if magnetically drawn.

Mary Beth licked her lips, drinking in the mouthwatering sight. "Yessir, that there's a real pussy pleaser. Gonna make them

hens cluck, you mark my words. But you gotta know how to use it right first, darlin'."

Her juicy, dripping snatch throbbed with need, engorged folds quivering as they wept hot fuck-honey. Mary Beth's tight cunny clenched hungrily, rippling and fluttering as it ached to be stretched around such a magnificent cock. Her hot, greedy hole smoldered with empty yearning, desperate to be stuffed full to bursting with long, thick, young dick.

The sweet, musky scent of her arousal perfumed the air, making Darrell's head swim. His mouth watered for a taste of her tangy essence as he imagined burying his face between those silky thighs and feasting on her weeping peach. He could practically feel those

plush, syrupy lips parting for his probing tongue as he slurped up her free-flowing nectar.

Darrell's heavy, cum-bloated balls drew up tight to his body, his towering cock pulsing and jerking as it wept clear pre-spunk, making it drip to the floor in a gooey string. Every cell in his body screamed to mount his buxom mama and plow her juicy cunt like a rutting bull.

Mary Beth reached out and boldly cupped his swollen balls, weighing them in her palm. Darrell sucked in a sharp breath at her brazen touch, his cock lurching urgently. Her fingers were soft and warm, sending tingles of pleasure zinging through him.

"These eggs are full to burstin'," Mary Beth observed, giving his sack a gentle squeeze. "When's the last time you drained this snake, darlin'? Shot off a load?"

Darrell squirmed, his face flaming at her frank questions. "I... I don't rightly know," he mumbled, embarrassed. Truth was, he spilled his seed embarrassingly often, unable to keep from fisting his big ol' cock most every night.

Mary Beth tsked. "Now that just won't do!" she hissed, her eyes wild with hunger. "A virile young stallion like you NEEDS proper drainin'—REGULAR—or that thick cream'll back up somethin' fierce. Could drive a boy plumb crazy, all that potent seed festerin' inside."

She released his balls only to wrap her fingers around his thick shaft, slowly stroking him root to tip. Pleasure crashed through Darrell like a freight train. He groaned helplessly, hips rocking into her touch, fucking her fist on pure instinct.

"You gonna make some lucky bitch howl at the moon with this big peter, darlin'," she growled, her eyes burning like hot coals as she devoured Darrell's gaze, pupils blown wide with a hunger that bordered on feral.

Her fingers tightened around his throbbing girth possessively. "Maybe even sooner than you think," she purred, her voice a husky, wanton rasp.

Darrell's heart pounded like a drum against his ribs. His mouth went bone dry as his mama's meaning sank in. Surely she couldn't be suggestin'... He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. The air felt thick and charged between them, crackling with forbidden tension.

Darrell gawked at his mama's heaving cleavage, his eyes near bulging out of his head. Her titanic tits swelled over her snug bodice, the creamy flesh quivering and jiggling with her every breath. That sinful crevice between them was deep as a canyon and just as mesmerizing. He couldn't tear his eyes away, hypnotized by the tantalizing shadow of her cleavage.

Gooseflesh pebbled across his skin as he watched her fat nipples stiffen and press against the thin calico fabric, the peaks straining towards him as if begging for his touch. Darrell's mouth went bone dry, his tongue feeling thick and clumsy. He imagined burying his face between those enormous pillows, motorboating and suckling like a newborn babe.

His cock flexed urgently in Mary Beth's soft hand, oozing pre-juice like a leaky faucet. A whimper caught in his throat as she gave him a teasing squeeze, her fingers barely meeting around his formidable girth. She pumped him with a maddeningly light touch, stoking the inferno in his loins.

Tearing his eyes away from her mouthwatering titties took a Herculean effort. Darrell forced his gaze up only to find his mama watching him through her lashes, a knowing smirk playing about her lush mouth. Her eyes danced with wicked mischief.

"See somethin' you want, darlin'?" she purred, arching her back slightly to thrust her massive rack out further. The seductive motion

made the swells of her tits quiver like bowls of Aunt Ida's pudding.

A fierce blush stained Darrell's cheeks at being caught ogling her so blatantly. Embarrassment warred with the raw, primal surge of lust that crashed through him like a tidal wave. He opened his mouth, a stuttering denial on the tip of his tongue, but all that came out was a strangled croak.

Mary Beth giggled, a low, throaty sound that went straight to Darrell's straining cock. She looked inordinately pleased by his obvious fascination with her bountiful curves. Her fingers tightened around his shaft, giving him a pump that had him seeing stars.

"Nothin' wrong with appreciatin' what the good Lord gave me," she assured, smug satisfaction dripping from every word. "I know I'm built like a brick shithouse. Ripe as a peach too."

She bit her plump bottom lip, peering up at him with a coquettish flutter of her lashes. "You're dyin' to grab these fat milkers, ain't ya sugar?" she growled, arching her back until the straining fabric threatened to burst. "I see how you're shakin'—achin' to sink those fingers deep into mama's tits till the flesh spills out between 'em like warm dough."

Before he could stammer out a response, a bellow from outside shattered the moment. "Darrell! Quit lollygaggin' and get a move on, boy! These cows ain't gonna feed themselves!"

Darrell jerked like a puppet whose strings had been cut. He yanked up his britches with shaking hands, his face flaming hotter than a blacksmith's forge. His cock throbbed in protest

as he wrestled the denim over his straining erection, the fabric scratchy and confining.

"C-comin' Pa!" he hollered, voice cracking like a pubescent boy's. Darrell couldn't meet his mama's eyes as he clumsily fastened his fly,

sure his guilt was written all over his face.

Mary Beth watched him with a knowing gleam, a small, secretive smile playing about her lush mouth. She stepped close, her bountiful curves brushing against Darrell as she reached up to straighten his collar. The light, fleeting contact seared him, made him ache with pent-up need.

"Best run along now," she murmured, her breath a warm caress against his burning cheek. "But don't you fret none. We'll continue this discussion REAL SOON. Mama's gonna teach you everything you need to know 'bout puttin' that big ol' pecker to good use."

Then she pulled him into a hug, mashing his face into the pillow-soft valley of her cleavage. Darrell went stock-still, hardly daring to breathe. The warm, delicate scent of her honeysuckle perfume filled his nostrils. He could feel every lush, yielding inch of her pressed against him, smothering him in feminine softness.

It took every ounce of willpower not to groan aloud, to fist his hands in her skirts and grind himself against her like a dog in heat. Darrell's cock jerked in his britches, leaking sticky pre-spend. He felt light-headed, all the blood rushing from his brain straight to his pulsing manhood.

After what felt like an eternity, Mary Beth released him. Darrell staggered back, red-faced and panting. His mama just smiled, all coy like, and patted his cheek.

"Run along now," she urged, swatting his rump. "And mind you remember what I said, y'hear?"

Darrell stumbled out into the bright sunlight in a daze, his head spinning. He hurried towards the barn, barely aware of where he was going since his cock ached something fierce.

Mary Beth's cunny throbbed just as bad as Darrell's retreating form disappeared from view. His huge, virile cock lingered in her mind like a fever dream, making her juices flow hot and slick. She could still feel the hefty weight of his balls in her palm, could practically taste the salty musk of his pre-spend on her tongue. Her own son, hung like a prize bull and ripe for the plucking. Lord have mercy.

Unable to take the ache a moment longer, Mary Beth hitched up her skirts and plopped down on the edge of the bed. She spread her legs wide - the spicy scent of her arousal perfumed the air, making her head swim.

Her swollen cunny gaped hungrily, the thick outer folds crowned by a neat triangle of auburn fur. The tender pink inner flesh peeked out, slick and puffy with arousal. Mary Beth's fingers dipped between her legs, gliding through the dewy seam of her slit. She shuddered at the first electric touch, a breathy moan escaping her lips. Gathering the slippery wetness, she circled the thick dome of her clit peeking out from beneath

its hood. The plump bud throbbed against her fingertips, swollen to the size of a grape and twice as juicy.

She shivered at the touch, her hips bucking reflexively. A breathy moan escaped her. Mary Beth sank two fingers into the clenching heat of her sheath, her walls rippling and fluttering around the intrusion. Pleasure zinged through her, bright and sharp.

"Oh, Darrell," she whimpered, pumping her fingers faster. Obscene squelching noises filled the room as she fucked herself, the sounds indecently loud in the charged silence. Her engorged clit throbbed, fat and swollen, begging for attention.

Mary Beth circled the sensitive bundle of nerves with the pad of her thumb, gasping at the electric tingles that shot through her. She rubbed tight, urgent circles over her clit, her folds slick and puffy, glistening with her juices. Her cunt made obscene slurping sounds

as she sawed her fingers in and out, in and out, fucking herself with desperate abandon.

Behind her closed eyes, lurid fantasies played out in technicolor. Darrell's handsome face hovering between her thighs, his eyes glazed with lust as he feasted on her dripping peach. His wicked tongue delving deep, probing her honeyed depths. That huge, magnificent cock pulsing and jerking, weeping sticky pre-cum that she ached to lap up like a bitch in heat.

"Ungh, yes, right there!" Mary Beth panted, her fingers slamming home. She was so close, teetering right on the knife's edge of rapture. Her inner muscles clenched and rippled,

squeezing her fingers in a vise grip. She ground the heel of her hand against her throbbing clit, rubbing furiously, chasing her pleasure.

Mary Beth's world exploded in a supernova of bliss as her climax tore through her like a runaway freight train. Her body convulsed and spasmed, flopping around on the bed like a fish yanked out of water and tossed on the shore. She was only distantly aware of the way her massive titties bounced and jiggled beneath her dress, quivering flesh swells unleashed from the flimsy confines of her bodice.

The most exquisite pleasure radiated out from her core as her greedy cunny clenched and rippled, squeezing her sawing fingers like a vise. Her folds fluttered and undulated, hot fem-cum squirting out to soak her palm and inner thighs. Mary Beth's eyes rolled back in her head as a series of toe-curling aftershocks wracked her sweat-slicked body. Her thick thighs trembled and her toes curled, digging into the rag rug.

Her urethra throbbed and bulged, a high-pressured geyser begging for release. Then the slit gaped open and Mary Beth was squirting like a busted hydrant, clear streams of liquid pleasure arcing through the air to splatter her skirts and the bedspread. She'd never gushed

so hard or so copiously in all her born days. It was like a dam had burst inside her, a flood of ecstasy too powerful to be contained.

Her body bowed tight as a bowstring, every muscle seizing with the force of her climax. A silent scream of rapture tore from Mary Beth's throat, her head thrashing on the sweat-soaked

pillow. She shuddered and bucked, grinding against her own touch, prolonging the sweet, agonizing bliss for as long as she could stand it.

Finally, after an eternity, the maelstrom ebbed. Mary Beth collapsed against the bed, panting like a bellows. Her breasts heaved with each ragged breath, rising and falling in quivering swells. She felt boneless, utterly drained yet still pulsing with residual ripples of pleasure.

Drowsy satisfaction settled over her like a warm quilt, her limbs heavy and lethargic. The mother stretched languorously, feeling decadently wanton and well-used. The musky perfume of her sex hung thick in the air, the tangy essence coating her fingers and staining her rumpled skirts.

Lord have mercy, but she couldn't recall the last time she'd come so hard. That sinful fantasy of Darrell worshipping at her altar and then skewering her with his big ol' cock had driven her right over the edge into mindless ecstasy.

Mary Beth knew it was all manner of wrong to entertain such wicked notions about her own flesh and blood. But that only made the illicit lust churning in her belly burn that much stronger.

After getting herself together, Mary Beth gathered up her young'uns and set off down the dusty road towards her mother-in-law's sprawling ranch. Old Widow Wilkins lived just over the ridge in a grand whitewashed house with a

wraparound porch and climbing rose trellises. The kind of place that fairly screamed old money.

Mary Beth's little ones scampered off the minute they got on the property, whooping and hollering. She watched them go with a fond smile before climbing the porch steps to where Widow Wilkins sat in her rocking chair, shelling peas into her apron.

Clara Wilkins was a formidable sight, with her steely grey hair wound in a severe bun and her shrewd eyes that missed nothing. But it was her figure that drew the eye - the Widow's massive, heavy breasts strained against the confines of her calico housedress, the fabric pulled taut and gaping between the buttons. Her hips were wide and sturdy, her rounded behind a shelf that could balance a tea tray.

"Mary Beth," the Widow greeted, not bothering to rise. "What brings you callin'? Sit yourself down, girl, and spill the beans." She nodded to the empty rocker beside her.

Mary Beth sat, nervously smoothing her skirts over her knees. The Widow had a way of making her feel like a naughty schoolgirl caught passing notes in church. She took a fortifying breath, the words spilling out of her in a rush.

"It's about Darrell, ma'am. I can't bear the thought of him spendin' his days down in that dangerous mine. He's too young, too innocent. I was hopin' you might have a job for him here on the ranch."

Clara eyed Mary Beth shrewdly, not missing the way the younger woman squirmed under her keen gaze. The Widow had been around the block a time or two - she knew the signs of a mama in heat, fixin' to get her itch scratched. And unless she missed her guess, Mary Beth had set her cap at a certain strapping young buck.

"This wouldn't have nothin' to do with them rumors, would it?" Clara drawled, arching a knowing brow.

"Rumors?" Mary Beth repeated questioningly.

"Rumors 'bout Darrell's horse-cock…that's got every woman from here to Tucson rubbin' their thighs raw at night."

Mary Beth's cheeks flushed guiltily, confirming the Widow's suspicions. She twisted her hands in her lap, plump bottom lip caught between her teeth. "I... Well, I mighta snuck a peek just this mornin' to see if'n there was any truth to the gossip."

"And was there?" Clara pressed, leaning forward. The motion made her massive titties strain against her bodice.

"Lord have mercy, yes!" The words burst out of Mary Beth in a heated rush, her eyes glazing over with lustful remembrance. "That boy's got a johnny-come-long the size of my forearm, Ma. I ain't never seen nothin' like it."

Clara's eyes gleamed with salacious interest. "Sweet Jesus, girl, don't keep me in suspense! I want every last filthy detail about that boy's meat. Was it all roped with veins? The kind that throb against a woman's walls when she's got him buried to the hilt?"

Mary Beth nodded, her face flushing at the memory. "Yessum, thick as my wrist with these big ol' veins runnin' all up and down the shaft. And Lord have mercy, that purple mushroom head..." She shivered, rubbing her thighs together as a bolt of lust shot through her. "Biggest damn cockhead I ever did see. Like a ripe plum, it was."

"And his balls?" Clara pressed, leaning in further. "Were they cum-swollen and ready to burst? The kind that slap against a woman's ass when she's being mounted from behind?"

"Full as tick on a coonhound," Mary Beth confirmed with a nod. "Looked like a pair of duck eggs in a sack, they did. I reckon that boy ain't never met a pussy could drain him proper."

Clara cackled, slapping her thigh. "A virgin? Mmm, ain't no cock in this world as hard and ready as a young buck in his prime. Them boys were put on this earth to rut, plain and simple."

Mary Beth nodded sagely, a wistful look in her eye. "Agreed. Darrell oughta be out there puttin' that big ol' baby maker to work, not wastin' away in some dusty mine shaft. He should be buried hilt-deep in hot, hungry flesh, makin' women scream his name till their throats go raw."

Clara whistled low, a spark of interest kindling in her shrewd gaze.

"So you're fixin' to keep that boy on a short leash, ain't ya? Have him runnin' hot and hard whenever that hungry cunt of yours starts weepin' for attention?"

"Ain't just that," Mary Beth protested, but there was a tell-tale gleam in her eye. "I wanna be the one to break that boy in—teach him how to make a woman's toes curl and her eyes roll back. Sweet Jesus, the thought of some floozy gettin' her hands on that monster cock makes my blood boil. That's MY son's gift from God, and I aim to show him exactly where the good Lord intended it to go."

"Sweet merciful Jesus!" Clara howled, eyes wild with unholy delight. "You're practically foamin' at the mouth to impale yourself on that boy's flesh-pole! Can't say I blame you one bit—when the Almighty blesses a man with a weapon like that, it's a downright sin to let it go unfired!"

Mary Beth ducked her head, peeking up at Clara through her lashes with a coy little smile. "Well... I reckon it IS a mama's duty to teach her son the facts of life. Ain't nothin' wrong with a hands-on lesson or two."

"Hands, mouth, pussy—you'll break that boy in like a wild stallion," Clara growled, leaning forward until her massive breasts strained

against her bodice, her eyes burning with feverish intensity. "Teach him to ruin a woman proper."

Clara leaned back in her rocking chair, a knowing smirk playing about her bee-stung lips. "Well now, seems to me we might could work somethin' out, seein' as how I'm in need of a young buck 'round here. 'Specially one hung like a prize stud."

She fixed Mary Beth with a sly look.

"Matter of fact, I had me a strapping young fella not much older'n Darrell working these parts up until recently. Sweet Jesus, that boy's cock was thick as my forearm and veined like a thoroughbred's leg. Some days I'd have him bend me over the kitchen table three, four times before noon—my pussy dripping like a leaky faucet while he hammered me so hard the china rattled clean off the shelves."

Mary Beth's giggled at the Widow's blunt words. She could just picture it - Clara's skirts hiked up 'round her ears while some faceless young buck rutted between her plump thighs. The image sent a bolt of illicit heat straight to her core.

"Lordy, Ma! I never woulda guessed you had it in you," Mary Beth marveled, fanning herself. Her face felt hot as a blacksmith's forge.

"Oh honey, I still got plenty of juice left in this old peach," Clara growled, leaning forward until her face was inches from Mary Beth's. Her eyes burned with feral hunger. "A woman's pussy don't dry up with age—it just gets hungrier. I'd drain a young stud dry and still be begging for more."

"Ain't that the gospel truth," Mary Beth agreed fervently, squirming in her seat. The Widow's coarse talk was getting her all hot and bothered, fanning the flames of her frustrated lust. "So what happened to this well-endowed ranch hand of yours?"

Clara snorted inelegantly. "Fool boy went and got hisself a girlfriend in town, decided to be faithful. Pshaw! Guarantee that

little gal can't handle a hung stud half so well as a seasoned filly like me."

Mary Beth clucked her tongue in commiseration. "His loss, I reckon. Sounds like he had himself a real good thing goin'."

"Damn straight," the Widow agreed, eyes gleaming with sly mischief. "But one young buck's as good as t'other. Especially if' n he's packing some serious heat in his britches. I expect them duties would fall to that strapping grandson of mine, once you finish showing him the ropes."

Mary Beth's pulse kicked up a notch at the implication. She could just picture it - her sweet, innocent Darrell unleashed upon her mother-in-law, putting that huge pecker to very thorough use. The debauched image made her squeeze her thighs together, her bloomers growing damp.

"You can count on me to train him up real good, Ma," she promised, voice gone breathy with arousal.

Mary Beth leaned forward, her voice low and fervent. "Gon teach that boy to fuck a pussy good n hard. How to tongue a lady's furrow till she's buckin' and moanin', how to make her slick as a buttered biscuit. He'll learn to lap and suckle like a newborn calf, mark my words."

Clara cackled, nodding approvingly. "Ain't nothin' more important than knowin' your way 'round a woman's honeypot. You get him good and practiced at that."

"Oh, I intend to," Mary Beth purred, a wicked gleam in her eye. "And once I got his tongue trained up real good, I'll school him on how to

use that big ol' cock. Teach him to plow a mama's field deep and thorough, give her the good hard ridin' she's cravin'."

She squirmed on the hard wooden slats of the rocking chair, her bloomers growing increasingly damp as she imagined Darrell's flushed, innocent face between her thighs, his pink tongue lapping inexpertly at her dripping slit. Tingles of anticipation raced through her at the thought of that huge, virgin cock splitting her open, rutting in her hot, hungry depths.

"Mm, I expect you'll have him fuckin' like a prize stud in no time," Clara remarked, her own eyes glazing over slightly. "Probably knock you up again too, a big young bull like that."

Mary Beth shivered, a bolt of pure lust spearing through her at the forbidden idea of her own son's potent seed taking root in her fertile womb. She rubbed her thighs together, trying to relieve the persistent ache.

"He can start work first thing tomorrow mornin'," the Widow declared. "And seein' as we made a deal - I won't mind you comin' 'round the ranch to start the boy's education. Got plenty of haylofts and hidden nooks for you to get real thorough in them lessons."

"Much obliged, Ma," Mary Beth breathed, feeling flushed and fluttery. Her mind spun with deliciously debauched scenarios - Darrell bending her over a saddle in the barn, hiking up her

skirts in a shadowed stall, laying her out in the bed of the hayloft. "I promise I'll have him trained up to service a woman right and proper."

Clara rocked back, a satisfied smirk creasing her pretty face. "See that you do, girl. Menfolk are a dime a dozen 'round these parts. But a hung young stud who knows his way 'round a lady's parts? That's a rare treasure indeed."

Darrell's shoulders hunched as he followed his pa and uncles into the dank, cramped mine shaft. The rough hewn walls seemed to close in on him, the air thick with dust and the stink of unwashed bodies. He felt small and out of place among the burly, thick-necked miners, their arms roped with muscle from swinging pickaxes.

His stomach sank as he watched them attack the rock face with powerful, sure strokes that made the walls shudder. Darrell's own arms, skinny as broomsticks, trembled just lifting the heavy tool. He took a few weak, clanging whacks at the unyielding stone, his palms blistering.

"Aw hell, Lester, you sure that boy of yours is cut out for this line of work?" Uncle Pete brayed, hawking a wad of tobacco juice at Darrell's feet. "Puny little shit looks like a stiff breeze could blow him over."

His father shook his head, frowning. "Damnedest thing. The missus and I tried, but this here's the best we could manage."

Uncle Jeb guffawed, his big belly shaking. "Well, he sure as shit didn't get them twig arms from you or me, that's for damn sure! Probably couldn't satisfy a woman with that scrawny body neither. What gal's gonna want a bag of bones pokin' at her in bed?"

Raucous laughter echoed off the mine walls, bouncing around Darrell's burning ears. Shame and embarrassment churned in his gut. He attacked the rock with renewed fury, determined to prove them wrong, but his blows remained feeble, glancing off uselessly.

Sweat trickled down Darrell's back, plastering his thin cotton shirt to his skin. His arms trembled, screaming with the effort of lifting the pickaxe. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to make a dent, the rock face mocking him.

"Shit fire, boy, you swing that thing like a damn girl," his father spat disgustedly. "Put your back into it! Ain't never gonna get nowhere in

life with that piss-poor work ethic."

Darrell's face flamed. He could feel the miners' eyes on him, sense them smirking at his pathetic efforts.

At least he had one thing going for him, Darrell thought bitterly as he trudged out of the mine at the end of the long, backbreaking day. The one part of him that wasn't puny or pathetic - his cock. The other fellas might mock his scrawny build, but he reckoned none of them even came close to matching him in the crotch.

By the time they got home, the sun hung low over the hills, painting the sky in streaks of orange and purple. Darrell dragged his aching body up the porch steps, every muscle screaming in protest. The tantalizing scent of frying chicken wafted out to greet him, making his stomach rumble.

He pushed open the front door to find the little ones already settled in for the night, the house quiet save for the crackle of the cook stove. His mama stood with her back to him, her curvaceous figure silhouetted by the flickering light as she stirred a pot of gravy.

She glanced over her shoulder when Darrell shuffled in, a warm smile on her face that made something in his chest squeeze tight. "There's my hardworkin' men. Supper's near ready, and I drew you up a bath for after, Darrell."

The teen blinked in surprise. A bath? He couldn't remember the last time he'd had more than a quick scrub with a rag and cold water from the pump. The thought of sinking into a tub of steaming hot water sounded like pure heaven to his sore, filthy body.

But his daddy frowned as he hung up his hat. "Aw hell, Mary Beth, what's the point in wastin' water on a bath when the boy's just gonna get filthy again tomorrow? Ain't nothin' a rag can't clean just as good."

Darrell's heart sank in disappointment. He should've known it was too good to be true. But his mama just clucked her tongue and kept stirring the gravy.

"Actually, Lester, I had me a word with your ma today," she said casually. "Seems she's in powerful need of a strong young back around the ranch, what with your daddy gone. I reckon Darrell would be a sight more useful there than down in that dank old mine."

Lester scratched his stubbled chin, considering. "That so? Well, I s'pose ranchin' is a better fit for the boy than mining, seein' as he ain't exactly built for it." He chuckled ruefully.

Darrell ducked his head to hide the shameful flush that heated his cheeks. But his mama just smiled serenely and wiped her hands on her apron.

"It's settled then. Darrell will start at the ranch in the mornin'." She turned to him, eyes twinkling with some secret mischief. "Better scrub yourself real good tonight, son. Make sure you're fresh as a daisy for your first day."

"Yes, Ma'am," Darrell replied, his eyes riveted to the swell of her meaty buttocks as she bent over the stove. The faded gingham fabric molded to her abundant curves, stretching taut across that bodacious rear end. He couldn't tear his hungry gaze away, transfixed by the mesmerizing jiggle and sway of each succulent cheek.

After scarfing down his supper, Darrell slunk off to the washroom while his pa headed straight to bed, bone-tired from a long day in the mines. He shut the door firmly and stripped off his filthy clothes, sighing in relief as he sank into the steaming

tub. The hot water engulfed him, soothing his aching muscles like a balm.

But as the heat penetrated his weary body, Darrell found his thoughts drifting back to the forbidden delights he'd glimpsed that morning - his mama's bountiful curves, her plush thighs spread wide like a saddle for rutting, the tantalizing shadow of her womanhood barely concealed by her thin skirts. His cock stirred and thickened, rising up hard and ready from the wiry thatch of his pubic hair.

Darrell licked his lips, his mouth gone dry as cotton. He wrapped a soapy hand around his engorged shaft and gave it a slow, firm stroke from root to tip. Sparks of pleasure danced up his spine at the delicious friction. He groaned low in his throat, head lolling back against the rim of the tub.

Lord have mercy, but this felt good. The slick slide of his fist, the perfect pressure around his aching hardness. Darrell worked himself with long, twisting strokes, quickly finding a rhythm that had his toes curling. He couldn't help but imagine this was what a real pussy might feel like - hot and wet and tight around him, gripping him like a velvet glove.

Vivid, scandalous images flashed behind his closed eyelids - his mama's fulsome titties bouncing free of her bodice, her plump lips wrapped around his straining cockhead, swallowing him down. He pictured bending her over the porch railing, her skirts tossed up over her hips, and sinking balls-deep into the slick, clasping heat of her furrow.

"Fuck," Darrell panted, his fist flying over his cock as he rutted up into the tight channel of his curled fingers. The soapy water sloshed and splashed with his vigorous movements, some slopping over the edge of the tub. His free hand crept down to cup and squeeze his heavy, aching balls, rolling them between his fingers.

Pressure built at the base of his spine, his climax coiling tighter and tighter. Darrell bit his lip savagely, muffling his desperate grunts and

moans. His cock pulsed and throbbed in his fist, the fat purple head leaking steadily, dribbling pearly pre-spend into the sudsy bathwater.

Darrell's eyes flew wide and his fist froze on his throbbing cock as the washroom door creaked open. His mama slipped inside on bare feet, dressed in the skimpiest little nightgown he'd ever laid eyes on. The flimsy white cotton barely reached the tops of her creamy thighs and was cut so low in the front, it was a wonder her titanic titties didn't come spilling out.

He gawked openly, struck dumb by the way those gigantic pale globes shifted and jiggled with her every movement, completely unfettered by a confining bodice. The fat, rosy nipples poked at the thin fabric, as if straining to burst free. Darrell's cock lurched in his soapy fist, pulsing urgently.

"Just checkin' to see if you need anythin' before bed, darlin'," Mary Beth purred, her voice a low, sultry rasp. Her eyes raked over his lean naked chest before zeroing in on the impressive tent of his erection jutting out of the water.

A fierce blush stained Darrell's cheeks at being caught with his pecker in hand, but there was no hiding his state of arousal. Not with his huge cock bobbing thick and engorged over his belly, the purplish head shiny with pre-spend.

Mary Beth licked her plump lips, gaze riveted to his straining meat. "My, my. Looks like you got yourself a powerful itch that needs scratchin'."

Darrell swallowed hard, his mouth gone bone dry. "I-I didn't mean for you to see..." he stammered, feeling a hot mix of embarrassment and raw, forbidden lust. His insides squirmed at the blatantly hungry way she eyed his hefty package.

"Pshaw, ain't no shame in it, sugar," she soothed, gliding closer on bare feet. "A buck like you has needs. Mama oughta see to it you're

good and relaxed for your first day on grandma's ranch."

Darrell's eyes widened as his mama sauntered over, her hips swaying seductively with each step. His gaze was riveted to the deep valley of her cleavage, unable to look away as those massive titties jiggled and bounced in the flimsy confines of her nightgown. They strained against the thin fabric, the creamy swells quivering with her every breath, looking soft as pillows and ripe for the sucking.

She knelt beside the tub and dipped a washcloth in the warm, soapy water. Darrell held his breath as she began to gently scrub his chest and arms, the rough cloth gliding over his heated skin. Everywhere she touched tingled and burned.

His cock throbbed urgently between his legs as she worked her way lower, washing his stomach and hipbones with maddeningly light caresses. He bit back a groan when her fingers brushed against his wiry pubic thatch, mere inches from his straining erection.

"Goodness, you're filthy," Mary Beth tutted, eyeing his jutting manhood with an appreciative gleam. "Reckon that big ol' thang needs an extra thorough scrubbin' to get it good and clean."

Darrell's heart pounded like a drum as she wrapped the soapy cloth around his thick cock and began to slowly stroke him with a firm, twisting motion. His eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the toe-curling pleasure of her touch. It was so much better than his own rough, callused hand.

"Oh sweet Lord," he choked out, fingers scrabbling against the sides of the tub. His hips rocked of their own accord, fucking up into the tight channel of her fist. The washcloth rasped deliciously along his sensitive skin, sending sparks of bliss zinging up his spine.

Darrell stared down the length of his body, transfixed by the sight of his long, thick cock jutting straight up from his groin. His mama's soft, skillful fingers worked the shaft in a twisting, pumping motion,

the soapy washcloth gliding along his sensitive skin. It felt so much better than anything he'd ever managed to do to himself.

"Ungh, Ma," he groaned, head lolling back as jolts of electric bliss shot through him. "Ain't never made m'peter feel this dang good when I do it."

A slow, wicked smile curved Mary Beth's plump lips. She leaned in closer, her massive, unfettered titties swaying just inches from his face, close enough for him to catch a tantalizing whiff of her honeysuckle scent. Her voice lowered to a husky purr.

"Well now, sugar," she whispered, her voice dropping to a guttural growl as she leaned so close her lips brushed his earlobe, "there's only a couple things us farm mamas do real well - cookin', cleanin', raisin' babies... and milkin' every last drop from achin', throbbin' cocks till they're empty as a desert well in August."

Her hand sped up on his pulsing shaft as she spoke, pumping him harder and faster. Darrell's eyes nearly rolled back in his head at the intense, toe-curling sensation. His hips bucked of their own accord, fucking up into her tight fist. He could feel his heavy balls drawing up close to his body, his release building at the base of his spine.

Mary Beth's fingers danced wickedly along her son's throbbing shaft, teasing out jolts of exquisite sensation from parts of his cock he never knew existed. She zeroed in on the sensitive patch of flesh just under the head, his frenulum, rubbing it with her thumb until he saw stars. Then she dipped a fingertip into his leaking slit, swirling the slickness around the swollen head and making him grunt and curse.

She reached down to cup his heavy, aching balls, rolling them in her palm. Her fingers dug into the crease behind his sack, massaging the hidden spot that made lightning shoot up his spine. Darrell's cock jerked urgently, flexing against his belly.

His mother's other hand dipped below the sudsy water, slipping between his spread thighs. He jolted when her fingertip found his tight, puckered hole, tracing the clenching ring of muscle. Mary Beth rubbed slow circles around his virgin entrance, making him squirm and pant.

"Ungh! Ma!" Darrell choked out, his eyes rolling back as she pressed a soapy finger inside him. It breached his snug back passage, crooking to rub some secret spot deep within. Intense, unfamiliar pleasure crashed through him, making his cock lurch and dribble.

"That's it, sugar," Mary Beth purred, pumping her finger in and out. "Just relax and let Mama make you feel real good."

Darrell's cock flexed at the root, the hefty shaft pulsing and straining as his mama stroked him with corkscrew twists of her wrist. Her fingers clamped tight around his girth, pumping up and down the veiny length in a maddeningly perfect rhythm.

He watched, slack-jawed and glassy-eyed, as her small hand worked him over with confident skill, the sight so filthy and wrong but so incredibly arousing. Soapy bathwater sloshed around his hips as he bucked and writhed, unable to keep still under the onslaught of toe-curling sensation.

"Ooh, just look at this big fella jump," Mary Beth cooed appreciatively, giving his cock a few faster pumps that had his eyes rolling back. "He's rarin' to go off like a geyser, I reckon."

As if to emphasize her point, a thick dollop of pre-spend bubbled from Darrell's tip and dribbled down his frenulum. Mary Beth caught it with her thumb, rubbing the slick fluid into his exquisitely sensitive cockhead until he saw stars.

Her other hand continued to work between his legs, a soapy finger crooking deep in his clutching back passage, massaging that secret spot that made molten pleasure course through his groin. It was

almost too much stimulation to bear, every nerve ending alight, his untried body taut as a bowstring and ready to snap.

"M-ma, I'm fixin' to—oh Lord!" Darrell choked out, a desperate edge to his voice. His hands scrabbled against the porcelain, seeking an anchor against the relentless build of ecstasy. He could feel it cresting like a tidal wave, his balls drawing up tight, his shaft pulsing urgently against his belly.

"C'mon then, sugar. Let that juice fly," Mary Beth purred, her fist pumping faster, her finger rubbing harder at that magic button inside him. "Shoot off real good for Mama."

Darrell arched like a bow, a hoarse shout ripping from his throat as the dam burst. His cock bucked and flexed, the thick shaft pulsing violently as he exploded in a series of body-wracking spasms.

The first shot of cum rocketed from his slit with startling intensity, painting a pearly streak across his heaving chest. His cock kicked again immediately, firing a second ropy strand that splattered over his neck and chin. Mary Beth worked him through it with quick, milking strokes, her finger grinding into his prostate, wringing out every last drop.

Spunk geysered from Darrell's jerking cock with the power of a steam engine, some spurts flying impressive distances to land in the bathwater or splatter the wall behind him. He grunted and cursed, head thrashing, stunned by the sheer intensity of his ejaculation.

Through the haze of pleasure, he was dimly aware of his mama's soft, appreciative coos, her clever fingers milking out every last drop. She worked him until he was raw and spent, his cock finally starting to soften and slip from her grasp. Darrell sagged back against the tub, chest heaving, feeling like he'd just run a mile uphill.

"There now, doncha feel better with them backed-up balls emptied out?" Mary Beth purred, sounding mighty pleased with herself. She

wiped her hands on a towel, a smug little smile playing about her lips.

Darrell just nodded dumbly, still floating on a cloud of bliss. His brain felt slow and fuzzy, struggling to process what had just happened. He'd never spilled so much seed in his life - it was splattered everywhere, thick ropes painting his chest, neck and chin. The bathwater had gone tepid and cloudy with his spend.

A hot flush of embarrassment washed over him, warring with a deep, primal satisfaction at being so thoroughly drained. He didn't know whether to feel ashamed or grateful. It was all so confusing, his mama touching him in ways he'd only ever furtively imagined late at night, fisting his needy cock under the covers.

Mary Beth seemed to sense his inner turmoil so she leaned in close, her breath warm against Darrell's ear. "Don't you worry none, sugar. I'm fixin' to teach you all the ways of pleasurin' a woman real thorough-like. How to drive that throbbin' beast deep inside a woman's hungry flesh till she's clawing the sheets and screamin' your name to high heaven."

Her voice was a sinful purr that sent shivers racing down his spine. Darrell swallowed hard, his spent cock twitching with renewed interest despite his recent release. He couldn't quite wrap his head around his mama saying such scandalous things.

"Gonna train up that tongue of yours real good too," she continued, tracing a fingertip along his full bottom lip. "Teach you how to lap and suckle at a mama's honeypot till she's buckin' and moanin' fit to wake the devil."

Darrell's face flamed at her lewd words, even as a bolt of lust speared through his belly. The thought of putting his mouth on a woman down there, tasting her secret place, was at once terrifying and wildly arousing.

"I...I don't rightly know how to do none of that," he admitted, ducking his head bashfully. His cheeks burned with embarrassment at his naivete.

But Mary Beth just chuckled, a low, throaty sound that seemed to vibrate right through him. "Well now, ain't that what your mama's for? To learn you up real good?"

She cupped his chin, tilting his face up to meet her heated gaze. Her eyes gleamed with wicked promise in the lamplight. "You just leave everything to me, darlin'," she whispered. "By the time I'm done with you, every single pussy in this county will be howlin' like a wildcat caught in a thunderstorm, soakin' wet and beggin' for more of what only YOU can give 'em."

Darrell's head spun at the filthy vow, his over-sensitive cock pulsing against his thigh. He knew it was six kinds of wrong to crave his mama's intimate lessons, but Lord help him, he was powerless to resist her sinful allure.

Darrell's eyes locked onto his mama's heaving cleavage like a starving boy spotting a feast. Sweet Jesus in heaven, the sight hit him like a sledgehammer to the gut. Her massive, milk-heavy breasts threatened to spill completely from her nightgown with each ragged breath, the valley between them so deep and dark he reckoned it could easily swallow his head whole.

Her obscenely swollen nipples jutted against the threadbare fabric like two ripe cherries, visibly throbbing with each beat of her heart, the semi-translucent material stretched so thin he

could make out the saucer-sized areolas beneath, begging for his mouth.

"M-ma? Am I gonna learn to do... y'know, stuff with them too?" he asked hoarsely, motioning to her breasts.

"Sugar," she purred, leaning so close her hot breath scorched his ear, "by the time I'm done with you, you'll have drowned in more heavy titty-flesh than a dozen starvin' newborns, suckin' and slobberin' till you're fixin' to pass out from a lack of oxygen. Would you like that?"

"Yes, ma'am," the boy answered with an eager nod.

A slow, satisfied smile curved Mary Beth's lips. "Good boy. We'll start your education bright and early tomorrow." She punctuated the wicked promise with a firm squeeze to his upper thigh beneath the cooling bathwater.

Then she rose to her feet in a graceful motion, the hem of her scandalously short nightgown riding up to reveal a tantalizing peek of creamy inner thigh. Darrell's eyes were riveted to that forbidden slice of skin, his mouth gone dry as cotton.

The sight of his mama's enormous titties hovering over him as she stood took Darrell's breath clean away. They strained against the sheer fabric of her nightie, the heavy globes threatening to come spilling out at any moment. He couldn't tear his eyes from the deep, shadowed cleavage, transfixed by the way her giant pale jugs jiggled and swayed with her every movement.

As she sashayed towards the washroom door, Darrell's hungry gaze drifted down to her bodacious backside. The flimsy gown was so short, he could clearly make out the crease where her plump buttocks met the backs of her creamy thighs. Each cheek was a ripe, mouth-watering melon, bouncing and undulating seductively as she walked.

Lord have mercy, but his mama had an ass that could stop a stage coach. Round and juicy as a Georgia peach, with just the right amount of jiggle. Darrell felt a renewed stirring in his cock despite his recent release, the depleted organ twitching to life against his thigh. He imagined cupping and squeezing those succulent globes, sinking his fingers into the warm, pliant flesh.

"Sweet dreams, sugar," Mary Beth purred, throwing a saucy wink over her shoulder as she sashayed out of the washroom. The door clicked shut behind her, leaving her son reeling.

TO BE CONTINUED…

259: COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' PART 2-1/2

COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN'

PART 2 - ROOT CELLAR SNARE

By Klrxo

Darrell's eyes were glued to his ma's bodacious rack the whole bumpy wagon ride over to Grandma Clara's ranch. He just couldn't tear his gaze away from the mesmerizing bounce and jiggle of those gigantic titties with every jolt of the wheels over the rutted dirt road. The thin calico of her dress stretched taut over the heavy, ripe globes, the fabric straining at the seams, looking like it might bust apart at any moment to unleash her overflowing milkers.

He shifted uncomfortably on the hard wooden bench, trying to discretely adjust the throbbing erection that tented his trousers something fierce. But it was no use - his cock was harder than a railroad spike, pulsing urgently as it strained towards his ma's heaving bosom like a divining rod seeking water.

Darrell's face burned hot as a blacksmith's forge, sure his sinful thoughts must be written plain as day across his features.

Mary Beth glanced over, a knowing gleam in her amber-flecked eyes as she took in her son's flushed cheeks and the impressive bulge jutting against his worn denim fly. A slow, wicked smile curved her cherry-red lips, revealing a flash of pearly teeth.

She leaned in close enough that he could smell the lavender water on her skin, her enormous pillowy breasts brushing against his trembling forearm like two warm, heavy clouds of flesh, making him suck in a sharp breath that whistled between his teeth.

"My, my, looks like someone's up and at 'em bright and early," she purred, her voice a throaty rasp that vibrated through the humid morning air and sent electric shivers racing down his spine like summer lightning. "You just keep that big fella primed and ready, sugar. Mama's fixin' to put him to real good use once we get to the ranch—gonna milk you dry as a desert well."

Darrell swallowed hard, his mouth gone bone dry at the sinful promise in her words. He didn't rightly know what she had in mind, but his cock lurched in his britches all the same, a pearly bead of pre-spend dampening his drawers. Suddenly, he couldn't wait to get to his grandma's place.

As if reading his mind, Mary Beth gave a husky chuckle and patted his thigh, her hand resting just a hair's breadth from his straining erection. "Patience, darlin'," she shouted over the sound of the galloping horses. "Won't be much longer now. Then Mama's gonna learn you up real thorough, startin' with this hungry mouth."

The mother plucked a handful of plump, sun-warmed blackberries from the deep pocket of her gingham dress, the dark purple juice already staining her delicate fingertips. She tossed three of the ripest ones into her mouth at once, crushing them against the roof of her mouth with her tongue. The tart sweetness exploded across her taste buds, making her eyelids flutter and a throaty moan escape her glistening lips.

Her free hand drifted down to toy with the frayed hem of her skirt, pinching and rolling the faded calico between her thumb and forefinger. Slowly, deliberately, she inched the threadbare fabric up her shapely legs, revealing inch after tantalizing inch of alabaster

skin. The flimsy skirt bunched around her milky upper thighs, exposing her bare flesh nearly to the forbidden paradise between her legs.

"Sweet Jesus in heaven!" the boy thought, his Adam's apple bobbing with a hard swallow as his ma splayed her legs wider on the rough wooden bench. Her thighs parted like the gates of heaven, creating a warm, welcoming saddle clearly designed for a boy to buck and rut against until he spent himself completely.

Darrell's eyes widened to the size of silver dollars as he looked up to see his ma watching him - her impossibly long, glistening pink tongue unfurling like a hungry serpent from between her plump, cherry-red lips. It wrapped sinuously around each slender finger, one by one, lapping up every last drop of deep purple blackberry juice with slow, deliberate strokes that made his throat go desert-dry.

The boy swore he could hear the wet, obscene sounds of her sucking over the galloping horses pulling their wagon. Mary Beth moaned softly, her heavy-lidded eyes never leaving his. His rock-hard manhood pulsed violently against his threadbare trousers, a damp patch spreading at the tip as he imagined that hot, velvet-soft tongue-muscle gliding over his throbbing shaft, circling the swollen crown, then plunging down to engulf him in the slick, molten heat of her mouth. Nothing in all creation could compare to the paradise of his mama's talented mouth wrapped around him like a second skin.

When they arrived at the ranch, Clara's shrewd eyes sparkled with mischief as she pulled Darrell into a bone-crushing hug, smothering his face between her massive, matronly breasts that spilled from her gingham dress like rising bread dough.

He flailed for a moment, overwhelmed by the warm, pillowy flesh enveloping him completely, cutting off his air supply and filling his nostrils with the sweet perfume that clung to her décolletage like a sugary film.

"Land sakes, boy, you done growed up right nice!" she declared as she held him at arm's length to give him an assessing once-over that lingered shamelessly on the prominent bulge in his threadbare denim trousers. "Bet you're just dyin' to put that big ol' throbbin' pecker of yours to good use, ain't ya? Got yourself a real stallion's pride there, I can tell."

Darrell ducked his head, cheeks flaming redder than a sunset over the mesa at his grandma's blunt appraisal. He shifted from one dusty boot to the other, hyperaware of his rock-hard cock throbbing like a second heartbeat between his trembling legs, the swollen length barely contained by the threadbare denim that strained at every seam. Beads of nervous sweat trickled down his sun-bronzed neck, dampening the collar of his faded cotton shirt. "Yes, ma'am," he mumbled through parched lips. "I mean, no ma'am! I mean..."

He trailed off helplessly, his face hot as a blacksmith's forge at high noon, Adam's apple bobbing violently with each dry swallow.

Mary Beth giggled, a low, throaty sound that made Darrell's cock twitch violently against his straining fly. She thrust her jutting bosom out, wobbling

the massive globes back and forth beneath the paper-thin calico. "Well, Ma, the good Lord saw fit to bless me real good in the titty department, that's for dang sure. But seems he was even more generous with my boy here when he was handin' out peckers - gave him somethin' that'd make a prize bull hang his head in shame."

Mary Beth strode over and circled behind her son like a hungry mountain lion stalking prey, her amber eyes gleaming wickedly beneath coal-black lashes. She seized his wrists with surprising strength, her long crimson nails digging half-moons into his sun-bronzed skin as she yanked his arms back, forcing his hands away from where they'd been timidly trying to hide the obscene bulge jutting from his crotch like a fence post.

Darrell let out a startled yelp as she pinned his trembling arms behind his back, leaving him completely exposed and unable to cover himself.

"Now, now, sugar, don't you be hidin' that big juicy pecker," she purred in his ear, her hot cinnamon-scented breath making the fine golden hairs on his neck stand at attention. "Let your grandma get a good long look at the beast God done blessed you with. Bet she ain't never seen a slab a cock like yours."

Mary Beth nudged the backs of his firm, apple-round ass with her knee, making Darrell's narrow hips jut forward like a marionette's. The sudden movement made his horse-thick erection bounce and tent his pants even more lewdly than before, stretching the worn denim to its absolute limit.

The fat mushroom head of his cock was clearly outlined against the faded fabric, visibly pulsing with each thunderous heartbeat, a silver-dollar sized wet spot darkening where sticky, pearlescent pre-come leaked from the slit like sap from a maple.

Darrell's face blazed with mortification, his heart slamming against his ribs like a blacksmith's hammer on an anvil as both women stared openly at his straining crotch with undisguised hunger. It felt wrong, shameful, to be so wantonly displayed like a prize stallion at auction. But at the same time, a forbidden thrill zinged through him like lightning through a metal rod, pooling hot and heavy in his balls until they ached like overripe plums ready to burst.

Clara leaned in for a closer look, her watery blue eyes narrowed in concentration as she studied the prominent ridge tenting Darrell's dungarees, inspecting him like livestock at auction. "Mmm, I reckon you're right about that. The boy's packin' some serious heat in them britches. Liable to split a woman clean in two with a battering ram like that between his legs."

Darrell squirmed like a worm on a hook, his face beet red, sweat rolling down his temples in glistening rivulets that disappeared into the worn collar of his threadbare cotton shirt. His heart hammered against his ribcage like a wild mustang trying to break free as the two women casually discussed his manhood like he wasn't even there.

His mother stared down at the straining flesh, her tongue darting out to wet her plump lips as she recalled the hot, meaty feel of it in her hand the prior night—how it had pulsed and jumped like a living creature with a mind of its own. "The way I see it, Ma, it'd be downright criminal to let a prize stud like this waste his prime ruttin' years down in them mines. My boy was put on God's green earth to plow and seed fertile fields, not dig for coal in some dark, dusty hole."

"I concur," Clara agreed with a solemn nod, though her eyes sparkled with wicked glee. "That mighty cock oughta be out there splittin' coochies and stretchin' snatches, not shrivelin' up from neglect. We can educate this strapping young buck in all manner of carnal knowledge, show him exactly where to put that throbbing flesh-pole to make a woman howl like a coyote in heat."

"S-so, you're fixin' to learn me how to... to rut proper-like?" His voice cracked like a pubescent boy's on the last word, face flaming hot enough to fry an egg on the sun-baked Oklahoma clay.

Mary Beth chuckled indulgently, reaching out to chuck him under the chin with a gentle knuckle, her long crimson nail grazing the stubble he'd missed while shaving that morning. "Well, 'course we are, sugar. Ain't right, a buck like you wanderin' around with a loaded weapon in his britches and no earthly idea how to fire it."

Clara nodded sagely, folding her arms beneath her massive tits that resembled two overinflated weather balloons in a burlap sack. "A pecker the size God

gave you was meant for fuckin' - good, deep, thorough fuckin' that leaves a woman bowlegged and drownin' in spunk like a flash-flooded arroyo. And Lord knows, there's plenty of mamas in this town who'd give their gold-capped eyeteeth for a ride on that fence post 'tween your legs."

Darrell swallowed audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing like a cork in a whiskey barrel. His cock lurched in his britches at the very notion of plunging into a woman's slick, grasping depths, the purple-veined shaft straining against worn denim like a rattlesnake trying to escape a burlap bag.

He could scarcely wrap his head around such sinful activities, even as his body clamored for it with a ferocity that left him light-headed, vision swimming with black spots like flies on a windowpane.

Mary Beth stepped closer, her lush curves molding along his side like warm salt-water taffy fresh from the pull. She traced a teasing fingertip down the straining placket of his fly, her nail leaving a faint scratch on the denim, making him suck in a sharp, whistling breath.

"Bet you're achin' to sheathe this big fella in hot, juicy momma-pussy. Pump a needy cunt good n hard 'til it's spittin' hot juices back at ya."

Clara hummed in agreement, her shrewd gaze zeroing in on the wet spot darkening the denim at Darrell's tip, spreading like spilled molasses across the threadbare fabric. "And don't forget them titties, neither. A growing big-dicked boy oughta have his mouth latched on to a fat, milk-heavy nipple whenever it ain't busy suckin' clit or lickin' slit 'til your chin's dripping like a honeycomb in July."

Darrell made a choked, garbled sound in the back of his throat like a dying calf in a hailstorm, knees near to buckling at the scandalous images their words conjured. He could practically feel the phantom weight of a huge, warm breast filling his hands, the pebbled texture

of a ripe nipple—pink as a spring rosebud—dragging over his parched tongue.

His cock throbbed like a raw nerve exposed to the desert air, balls drawn up tight as walnuts and aching for release.

"You head on down now and bring in them crates of preserves from the root cellar," Clara instructed, her finger pointing toward the weathered oak door set into the hillside behind the house.

Darrell nodded eagerly, then hurried off towards the back of the sprawling adobe ranch house. His throbbing manhood strained painfully against his threadbare denims, leading the way like a divining rod seeking water in parched earth.

The two mothers silently watched him go – cunts smoldering beneath their skirts - thick nipples almost painfully turgid on the peak of their jugs.

The root cellar was cool and dim, smelling of damp earth and fermented fruit, a welcome respite from the merciless desert sun that had scorched his neck to a painful crimson. Wooden shelves lined the walls, sagging under the weight of countless mason jars filled with every color of the rainbow.

Darrell grabbed an empty pine crate and began loading it up with dusty jars of sunset-orange peaches suspended in syrup and glistening blackberry jam dark as sin.

As he stretched his lean, muscular body to reach for a jar of pickled beets on a high shelf, the worn sole of his right boot snagged on a nearly invisible wire strung taut across the packed dirt floor.

The teenager yelped like a stepped-on coyote as his feet were violently yanked out from under him, his ankles snared by the hidden ropes that bit into his flesh through his thin cotton socks.

The heavy crate of preserves went flying from his grip as he was hoisted into the air and flailed helplessly like a hooked fish, dangling upside down with his long legs spread in an obscene V.

The blood rushed to his head like a flash flood through a desert arroyo as he swung gently back and forth, his broad shoulders and muscular back coming to rest on a suspiciously soft pallet of quilted gingham that seemed deliberately placed beneath the cruel hemp snare. What in the Sam Hill was going on in this dank, earthen-walled tomb of preserves?

"Darrell? You alright down there, sugar?" His mama's honey-sweet voice floated down with feigned concern.

Darrell's sun-bronzed cheeks flaming redder than the ripest tomatoes with embarrassment at being caught in such a compromising position, spread-eagled and helpless as a newborn calf.

"Uh, I think I walked into one of Gramp's old traps," he answered.

Mary Beth's kohl-rimmed eyes widened to perfect circles as she took in the scene - her boy, trussed up like a prize hog at the county fair and laid out like a virgin sacrifice on a pagan altar.

Her shrewd, predatory gaze darted to his crotch, where his massive cock still strained against his fly with the force of a stallion in heat, the threadbare denim tented so obscenely it threatened to burst at the seams. A slow, knowing smile curved her plump, cherry-red lips, revealing a flash of pearly teeth.

Clara appeared at her daughter's shoulder, her wrinkled face not looking the least bit surprised by the situation. She clucked her tongue against the roof of her mouth - a wicked gleam in her rheumy, catlike eyes.

"Looks like the boy done stumbled into one of my specially designed traps," she drawled, folding her arms beneath her massive bust that strained against the threadbare gingham like two overfilled water balloons threatening to burst. "After that old goat of a husband kicked the bucket, I had me a whole mess of secret rooms and snares installed all over this here dusty property."

"Boy traps?" Mary Beth giggled.

"That's right. Never know when you might need to wrangle some young, virile buck, if you catch my drift." She punctuated the remark with a saucy wink that crinkled the deep crow's feet around her rheumy eyes.

Darrell gaped at her, his mind reeling like a tumbleweed caught in a dust devil. His pulse hammered in his temples, sending hot blood rushing to his already throbbing manhood. His grandma had sexual traps laid out? Specifically engineered to capture virile young men with their legs spread wide? He didn't

know whether to be flattered or terrified by the prospect as his cock twitched traitorously against his zipper.

Mary Beth giggled, a wicked gleam in her kohl-rimmed eye as she sized up her son's compromising position, her tongue darting out to moisten her plump, cherry-red lips. "Well now, I reckon you could do all manner of nasty, forbidden things to a boy strung up like that," she purred, her voice dripping with sinful promise like honey from a comb.

"Mm-hmm." The older woman nodded sagely, her gaze roving over Darrell's splayed form like a hungry coyote eyeing a trussed-up rabbit, her nostrils flaring slightly as if catching the musky scent of his arousal. "A prime buck in that position is just a tasty buffet of man-flesh, laid out and ready for feastin' on. Could spend hours samplin' all his hidden delights, lickin' and suckin' till he's beggin' for mercy."

Darrell's heart pounded against his ribs like a wild mustang kicking at a corral gate, each thunderous beat echoing in his ears as the two women shared a knowing look, their eyes locking in silent conspiracy. His throbbing manhood strained against the worn denim of his britches with such ferocity he feared the brass buttons might ping across the root cellar like bullets. Lord have mercy on his sinful soul, what carnal delights or torments did these she-devils have planned for his vulnerable, spread-eagled form?

Without so much as a whispered word, Clara reached upward, her fingers curling around the splintered oak of the cellar door. She pulled it firmly shut with a decisive thud that echoed through the earthen chamber, sealing out the harsh, unforgiving desert sunlight.

They were alone in the cool, musty dimness, where the air hung as thick and heavy as molasses in January, charged with a crackling sexual electricity that made the fine golden hairs on Darrell's sun-bronzed neck stand at attention like soldiers before a general. He craned his neck awkwardly to see what unholy mischief the women were plotting.

Stepping up near him, Clara and Mary Beth stood side by side like twin sirens of temptation, their nimble fingers working at the endless rows of pearl buttons that marched down the fronts of their calico dresses. Each button slipped free with agonizing slowness, revealing tantalizing slivers of flushed skin beneath.

With synchronized grace, they shrugged the faded fabric from their rounded shoulders, letting the dresses slither downward like shed snakeskins to pool around their ankles on the packed dirt floor with a whisper.

Darrell's mouth went bone dry at the sight of his mama and grandma in nothing but their skimpy cotton shifts and bloomers. The threadbare material clung to their ripe, voluptuous curves like a second skin. The peaked outline of their fat nipples pressed against

the thin fabric like ripe cherries, and the shadowed junction of their thighs was clearly visible through the nearly transparent cotton.

His cock lurched violently in his sweat-dampened trousers, straining towards those tantalizing mounds and valleys like a dowsing rod seeking water in the parched desert.

Piece by piece, their undergarments joined the growing pile of clothing on the packed-earth floor until both women stood bare as the day they were born, illuminated by shafts of dusty light filtering through cracks in the cellar boards.

Darrell drank in the glorious sight - two generations of full-figured, sun-weathered frontier women, their flesh ripened by hard work and childbearing, shamelessly naked before his bulging eyes.

Clara's massive, pendulous breasts swung low on her barrel chest, blue veins mapping rivers beneath her paper-thin skin, areolas wide as Darrell's open hands and dusky nipples fat as overripe cherries, just begging to be suckled and squeezed.

Her sturdy thighs framed a sparse thatch of silver-streaked hair at the apex, unable to conceal the plump, glistening lips of her pussy that peeked through like a split peach.

And his mama - Lord have mercy. Mary Beth's body was a ripe Georgia peach, all creamy skin and succulent curves that made Darrell's fingers itch to grab and knead that tender flesh like biscuit dough. Her titanic tits rode high and proud despite their impossible weight, the pale globes capped by expansive, coral-pink areolas the size of flapjacks and nipples that were large and turgid as thimbles, pointing accusingly at her own son.

The teenager got the distinct impression that his grandma had planned this all along, that he'd walked right into her trap like a dumb jackrabbit stumbling into a hunter's snare. There was a

wicked, hungry gleam in her rheumy eyes as she nodded to his mama.

"Best cut them britches right off his body, Mary Beth," Clara instructed. "Fixin' to get the boy naked as a jaybird. But don't you fret none, I got plenty of spare trousers 'round here to replace 'em—good sturdy ones with double-stitched seams that'll hold up better than these threadbare rags."

Mary Beth flashed her son a reassuring smile that didn't quite reach her kohl-rimmed eyes as she stepped up between his splayed thighs. The cold metal of the scissors glinted in the dim light as she slid them against his inner thigh, the blade's chill seeping through the worn denim.

"Just you relax now, sugar," she soothed, her hot breath ghosting over his straining bulge as she sliced through the fabric, baring more and more of his teenage flesh. "Mama and Grandma Clara are gonna make this body of yours sing with pleasure like a church choir on Easter Sunday, just you wait and see."

A strangled groan tore from the boy's throat as his rigid cock sprang free of its denim confines, slapping against his quivering belly with the force of a Louisville Slugger connecting with a fastball.

The bulbous purple head, glistening with pearlescent pre-spend like morning dew on a ripe plum, pulsed with each thunderous heartbeat mere inches from his mama's lush, crimson mouth.

Her tongue—pink as a cat's and twice as nimble—slithered across her bottom lip, leaving a glistening trail as her kohl-rimmed eyes remained riveted to his formidable manhood.

With a feral growl that rumbled from deep in her ample bosom, she ripped his sweat-stained jeans and threadbare cotton drawers the rest of the way off his trembling limbs, exposing inch after inch of

his muscled thighs dusted with golden hair that caught the dim light filtering through the cellar boards.

Cool, musty air caressed Darrell's heated skin like the ghostly fingers of a phantom lover, raising goosebumps across his sun-bronzed flesh that rippled

over his taut muscles like wind across a wheat field. The coarse hemp snare bit into his raw ankles with the merciless grip of a rattlesnake's jaws as he dangled there, helpless as a newborn calf, his body completely exposed to the ravenous gazes of these depraved women whose eyes devoured every inch of his vulnerable form like starving coyotes eyeing a wounded jackrabbit.

The boy watched, hypnotized, as the rounded undersides of Gran's gigantic melonous tits shuddered like twin mounds of sun-ripened watermelons in an earthquake while she made quick work of his shirt, her fingers popping each pearl button with the efficiency of a farmhand shucking corn.

She anxiously yanked the sweat-dampened cotton over his head with the force of a mule team, baring his heaving chest to her rheumy yet ravenous eyes. She tossed the tattered garment aside with careless abandon, her palms immediately roaming over his straining muscles like a prospector discovering gold, tracing the corrugated ridges of his washboard abdomen with determined fingers.

"Mm, just look at this prime cut of grade-A beefcake," she growled appreciatively as her fingers plucked at his pebbled nipples, which stood at attention like soldiers before a general. "I'm fixin' to sink my teeth into this here flank steak, gnaw it right down to the bone like a starvin' coyote on a fresh kill."

Darrell's head spun faster than a twister in tornado season at his grandma's lewd words, his face flaming hotter than the devil's pitchfork fresh from stoking the eternal fires of damnation. This

couldn't be happening in God's green earth. It had to be some sordid fever dream conjured up by his depraved mind after too many shots of moonshine. But the twinge in his rope-burned ankles and the insistent throb of his monumentally engorged cock told him it was all too real as a rattlesnake's bite.

"Oh, we're gonna feast on this boy alright," Mary Beth promised, her voice a sultry purr like a mountain lioness in heat. She trailed a crimson-lacquered fingertip along the angry purple throbbing vein that pulsed the impressive length of Darrell's shaft like the Mississippi River on a map of the promise land.

Darrell's voice cracked like a pubescent boy's as he asked with trepidation, "Wh-what do you mean, feastin' on me, ma?"

But his mama and grandma paid him no mind, lost in their own wicked machinations as they puttered about the root cellar.

Clara retrieved a mason jar from a high shelf, the amber glass glinting in the weak light. She unscrewed the lid with a deft twist of her strong fingers.

"Mary Beth, this here's a special oil I done cooked up," she explained, holding the jar out for Mary Beth's inspection. "Infused it with wild honey and cinnamon bark, to make our boy taste real sweet on the tongue."

Mary Beth dipped a finger into the viscous liquid, then popped it into her mouth. Her eyes fluttered shut and she let out a throaty moan of approval. "Mm, that's downright sinful, Ma. He's gonna be more delicious than a sticky bun straight from the oven."

"Slicker than a greased pig too," Clara added with a wicked chuckle. "We'll have him shinin' like a new penny and smellin' good enough to eat right up."

The two women advanced on Darrell with a predatory glint in their eyes, the jar of flavored oil held aloft. His heart hammered against his ribs as they stood on either side of his splayed form, their combined body heat washing over his naked skin like a blast from a furnace.

Mary Beth dipped her fingers into the amber oil, letting it drizzle over his lean, heaving chest in glistening rivulets. The sweet scent of honey and spice filled his nostrils, making his head swim. Her slick hands glided over his pecs, smearing the oil into his sun-bronzed skin in sensual swirls.

"There now," she purred, her voice gone throaty with lust. "Don't you fret, sugar. We're gonna make you feel REAL good." Her fingers found his nipples, pinching and rolling the sensitive nubs until he gasped.

Meanwhile, Clara worked the oil into his quivering abdomen, her strong fingers tracing every ridge and valley of his washboard muscles. She followed the thin trail of hair that started below his navel and disappeared into his wiry pubic thatch.

Darrell whimpered like a newborn pup separated from its mother's teat as his mama and grandma moved upward, hovering over his splayed legs, their nimble fingers dancing over his most sensitive flesh like spiders on a web.

They upended the mason jar of spiced oil, letting it pour in a honey-thick amber stream over his jutting cock—which twitched and bobbed like a divining rod seeking water—and his swollen balls, tight as overripe plums against his body.

The warm, slippery liquid dribbled down his taint and into the shadowed cleft of his ass, making him clench involuntarily, the puckered rosebud of his virgin hole contracting like a startled sea anemone.

"Ooh, just listen to him mewl," Clara cackled, her rheumy eyes glinting with wicked delight beneath drooping lids as she kneaded his heavy sack with surprising strength, rolling his plum-sized balls in her palm like Chinese meditation spheres. "Singin' so pretty for us already and we ain't barely gotten started with this fine specimen of manhood."

Mary Beth wrapped her oil-slicked fingers around his straining shaft, slowly squeezing him from root to bulbous purple tip with the practiced precision of a farmhand milking a prize bull.

Darrell gasped, his back arching like a drawn bow against the cushioned mat, muscles straining until cords stood out on his neck like taut fiddle strings.

Her grip was firm as iron but slippery as a greased piglet, bordering on too tight, as she worked the thick, veiny length of him that pulsed with each hammering heartbeat.

"Mm, this fat cock is damn near as big as my forearm and twice as hard as Georgia pine," she marveled, her voice thick as molasses, giving him a few slow, twisting strokes that made his eyes roll back like a man possessed by demons. "Gonna split me right in half like an axe through kindling, I reckon."

Their hands were everywhere at once—tugging like they were pulling taffy at the county fair, squeezing with the merciless pressure of a rattlesnake's embrace, scratching red welts across his golden skin, mapping every throbbing inch of his engorged prick and cum-heavy balls that hung like overripe plums ready to burst their seams.

Clever fingers dipped low to press against his taint, massaging the sensitive strip of skin behind his sack with circular motions that sent lightning through his loins.

"Lord have mercy!" the boy gasped as his body twitched and bucked like a wild bronco under their ministrations, electric pleasure zinging

up his spine.

Clara burrowed her oil-slicked fingers into his cleft, unerringly finding his virgin hole. She traced the clenching rim, her touch maddeningly light as a butterfly's wing.

"This boy's got himself a fine little asshole," she declared gleefully, making him blush to his roots, the crimson flush spreading down his neck like wildfire through dry brush. "Pinker than a sow's teat and tighter than a tick's twat, I'll wager. Puckered up like a rosebud after the first frost."

Shame and desperate arousal warred within Darrell as her skillful fingertip pressed insistently against the furled muscle, sending electric jolts up his spine that made his toes curl against the dirt floor. He'd never been touched there before, didn't know it could feel good to have someone play with his dirtiest place. But his traitorous body responded, hole twitching and fluttering beneath her bold caress like a hummingbird's wings.

Mary Beth's long fingers danced over his swollen, aching balls, hefting the hefty sack in her palm, the weight of them stretching his wrinkled skin taut.

"Lordy, this boy's balls are fuller than a rain barrel in monsoon season," she purred, giving them a gentle squeeze that made Darrell see stars exploding behind his eyelids like Fourth of July fireworks. "Filled right back up to burstin' overnight after I drained 'em dry. Like a pair of ripe tangerines just beggin' to be peeled and sucked, all heavy and swollen with sweet juice."

Clara leaned in so close her hot breath fanned across his throbbing member, getting a closer look at her grandson's impressive package. She let out a low whistle of appreciation that echoed in the dank cellar. "Good lord, the boy's hung like a prize stud! Them balls are big as duck eggs and churning with so much spunk, I reckon he

could breed half the county and still have enough left to paint the barn door white."

"Sure could," Mary Beth giggled, rolling the plum-sized globes between her nimble fingers like Chinese meditation balls. "Feel how heavy and full they are? Hard as river stones but delicate as robin's eggs. Bet we could milk these fat nuts for hours and he'd still have enough pearly baby batter left to flood my oven till it overflows down my thighs."

Darrell squirmed against the rough hemp ropes at their lewd appraisal, his sun-bronzed face burning crimson from hairline to collar bone, shame and desperate arousal mingling in his gut like oil and vinegar.

They marveled over his angry-purple cock—veins standing out like tributaries on a relief map—and his cum-swollen balls like farmers at the county livestock auction, commenting on his virility and the quality of his seed as if he were a blue-ribbon breeding bull instead of their own flesh and blood. It was so dirty and wrong, forbidden as original sin, but it only made his cock jerk urgently in his mama's calloused grip, dribbling slick, translucent pre-spend over her fingers like morning dew on spider webs.

"Ooh, he's drippin' like a leaky faucet after the spring thaw," Clara cackled, her rheumy eyes glinting like polished copper pennies. "Gettin' all wet and slippery as a newborn calf, just beggin' for a tight, velvet hole to stuff full of that thick country cream till it bubbles out like sourdough starter."

Mary Beth hummed in agreement, still pumping Darrell's slick cock with long, twisting strokes that had his eyes rolling back in his head like a man possessed by unholy spirits.

Her own pussy clenched hungrily, slick walls fluttering and gripping at nothing, aching to be split open and seeded by her son's magnificent manhood. She could hardly wait to mount him and ride

that bucking pony till he flooded her womb with his potent young spunk, thick as churned butter and plentiful as spring rain.

Darrell gasped and writhed against his bonds, the rough hemp fibers biting into his sweat-slicked ankles as electric pleasure zinged through him at his mama's expert touch.

His cock throbbed violet-purple like a bruised plum, the fat mushroom head shiny as wet river stone and taut as a drum skin about to burst, while her

fingers—strong from years of scrubbing laundry on the washboard—glided over his most sensitive spots with devastating precision.

He'd never been touched there by anyone else, not even himself some nights when the devil's whispers grew too tempting, and the sensation was overwhelming, his untried body on sensory overload like a lightning rod in a summer storm.

He could scarcely believe this was happening—his own mama and grandma running their hands all over him as they admired his manhood like it was a prize cut of meat at the county fair, working him into a frenzy with their filthy talk that would make even the roughest coal miners blush crimson as sunset.

This had to be a sin blacker than Satan's soul, darker than the pitch-tar depths of the abandoned mineshaft where Old Man Jenkins had met his maker, but lord help him, he never wanted it to stop.

Darrell's eyes nearly bugged out of his head as he watched his mama and grandma start oiling up their own bountiful curves, clearly in preparation for the main event. They each dipped their hands into the mason jar of spiced honey oil, letting it drizzle between their massive, swaying tits and over the plump mounds of their bellies. The sweet amber liquid trickled into their deep navels and ran the plump lips at the junctions of their thighs.

Clara massaged the oil into her heavy, low-hanging udders, kneading the doughy flesh until it glistened. Her fingers tweaked and tugged at the thimble-sized nipples until they poked out stiff and puckered, like hard pebbles crowning the vast expanse of her breasts.

She hefted the giant pale globes in her hands, lifting them to her chin and burying her face between them, rubbing the slippery, fragrant skin all over her pretty cheeks.

"Nothin' like a good glazin' to get a body all primed and ready," she cackled.

Her hands drifted down to the small thatch of silver-streaked pubes between her legs, fingers delving to coat the puffy folds of her pussy, which peeked out from between her thighs like the meat of a split-open peach.

Mary Beth followed suit, pouring a liberal amount of the honey-scented oil over her own magnificent rack.

Her son watched as she rolled her cherry-red nipples between slick fingers until they jutted out, flushed and fat. The oil dripped down the pale slopes to pool in the deep valley of her cleavage. Her hands roamed lower, massaging the viscous liquid into the fertile swell of her belly and the tops of her plush thighs.

Darrell's eyes went wide as harvest moons as his mama and grandma hovered over him, their massive udders swaying pendulously above his upturned face like overfilled water balloons ready to burst. Rivulets of amber honey-scented oil dribbled from their rock-hard nipples—splattering his flushed cheeks and sweat-beaded forehead in a sticky constellation. He flinched at the warm liquid raining down on him, his nostrils flaring at the cloying sweetness.

"Gonna get this boy's face shined up real good," Clara chortled, her white teeth gleaming in the dim light as she massaged the oil into

his sun-bronzed skin. "Rub it in like saddle polish till he gleams slicker than a greased pig at the county fair. Make a right fine seat for ridin'."

"Wh-what do you mean, ridin'?" Darrell stammered, his voice cracking like thin ice on the first winter freeze.

A fat bead of oil trickled into the corner of his mouth, tasting of clover honey and forbidden sin, and he sputtered.

But the women ignored his question, lost in their own wicked machinations, their eyes glazed with lust like frost on morning windows.

Moving into position first, Mary Beth swung a sexy leg over his head and straddled his face, her knees sinking into the soft pallet on either side of him like fence posts in spring mud.

Darrell found himself staring straight up at his mama's freshly shaved mound, pink as a newborn piglet and glistening like morning dew, the plump lips of her pussy gleaming with arousal, swollen and parted like overripe fruit split in the middle.

The sweet, musky scent of her filled his nostrils, making him dizzy with forbidden hunger. He'd never been this close to a woman's privates before, let alone his own mama's sacred garden.

Her puffy outer lips were flushed crimson as summer berries and dewy as dawn-kissed clover, the delicate coral-pink inner folds peeking out from between them like the glistening meat of a ripe Georgia peach split down the middle.

Darrell's mouth watered despite himself at the tantalizing sight, his tongue involuntarily darting out to wet his cracked, trembling lips.

Mary Beth reached between her sturdy thighs with her fingers and spread herself open like a farmer displaying prize produce, revealing

the moist, pulsing entrance to her body, dark as a wet cave mouth and quivering with each rapid heartbeat.

Thick, clear honey dripped from her in viscous rivulets as she lowered herself onto Darrell's oil-slicked face, smearing her essence across his parted lips in a glistening trail like slug tracks on morning leaves.

At the same time, the teenager felt his cockhead engulfed in the searing wet heat of his ma's mouth, hotter than fresh-baked bread and slicker than creek mud.

She swallowed him down to the root in one practiced gulp, her button nose nestling in his wiry pubic thatch like a hog rooting for truffles, her throat muscles rippling around him like a milking machine.

Darrell let out a garbled groan, muffled by his mama's dripping cunny pressed against his face like a warm, wet mask.

It was too much sensation all at once - the rich, earthy taste of her arousal flooding his mouth like moonshine, tangy as sourdough starter and sweet as sorghum syrup, the tight velvet clutch of her throat around his dick squeezing him like a python wringing a rabbit. His hips bucked up instinctively, trying to drive himself deeper into that forbidden paradise.

Just then, he felt his grandma's hot breath on his puckered asshole as she situated herself between his splayed legs from behind. The wet rasp of her long, strong tongue against his virgin rosebud sent an electric jolt straight to his core.

Darrell yelped into his mama's slit as Clara lapped at him with obscene slurping sounds, the pointed tip of her tongue plowing against his tightly furled ring.

Darrell's entire body lit up like a live wire dipped in gasoline, his every nerve ending singing with electric ecstasy that crackled from his curling toes to his sweat-soaked scalp as he was sandwiched between the two ravenous women.

They devoured his most intimate flesh like starving she-wolves falling upon a fresh kill after a month-long famine, their hungry mouths and clever tongues stoking the fires of his arousal to a fever pitch that threatened to consume him whole.

Mary Beth rode his face like a wild bronco at the county rodeo, grinding her sopping, honey-sweet cunny against his oil-slicked lips and stubbled chin, the coarse hairs leaving red marks on her tender flesh as she slurped and suckled on his throbbing cock.

Her guttural moans vibrated around his veiny shaft, the needy sounds muffled by his thick girth stretching her throat until her eyes watered like spring rain on a tin roof.

Darrell lapped at her syrupy slit with sloppy abandon, his cheeks and chin glistening with her fragrant juices—tangy as homemade sourdough and sweet as molasses—as his tongue delved deep as a well digger to taste her essence straight from the source, her inner walls clenching around him like a vise grip on a rusty bolt.

The teen's head spun as he was pressed between the two women, their massive, oil-slicked titties sandwiching him like the meat in a big sloppy burger fresh off the fire.

Clara's gigantic udders—each one heavy as a ten-pound pail of fresh-squeezed milk and bigger than his sweat-drenched head—cushioned his lower back, her

thimble-sized nipples hard as buckshot and digging into his quivering flesh like river pebbles worn smooth by decades of rushing water.

Up above, Mary Beth's equally impressive rack—firm as green melons despite having nursed three young'uns—completely engulfed his heaving chest and trembling stomach, smothering him in pillowy softness that yielded just enough to cradle his face without suffocating him completely.

Her fat, turgid nipples, pink as the inside of a catfish's mouth and standing proud as a rooster's comb, scraped against his flushed skin.

Their hungry mouths were sealed to his crotch, slurping and suckling like newborn calves fighting for a teat. Mary Beth deep-throated his straining cock with single-minded determination, her luscious lips stretched around his purple-veined shaft.

She gulped him down to the root again and again until her button nose nestled in his wiry pubes, inhaling his musky scent like smelling salts. Her muscular throat squeezed him like a velvet glove, each swallow rippling up and down his length with the rhythmic precision of a butter churner.

The vibration of her son's whimpering against her throbbing clit was exquisite, causing her to suck his cock-flesh even harder.

Clara's nimble tongue wriggled against Darrell's clenching asshole like a worm after a spring rain, her fingers sinking into the meat of his hips as she held him open, splayed out like a stuffed hog on the Thanksgiving table.

Obscene slurping noises filled the cellar as she feasted on his most forbidden orifice with the gusto of a hound dog lapping water from a trough after chasin' rabbits all day.

Her long nails dug into his tender flesh like talons as she pried his cheeks apart, burrowing her pretty face deeper into the shadowed cleft, huffing his virile musk. She licked and chewed at the puckered rosebud with abandon stimulating the sensitive nerve endings.

Darrell whimpered into his mama's dripping cunny, writhing against his bonds as he was overwhelmed by the lewd sensations - the velvet caress of Clara's

strong tongue against his twitching hole in tandem with his mom's throat muscles rippling around his straining cock like a silk glove.

He felt like a pig on a spit roast, skewered at both ends by the women's ravenous mouths, their wicked tongues stoking the fire in his loins until he was sure his very marrow would boil.

His muffled groans were smothered by Mary Beth's sopping mound sealed over his lips like a second skin, her tangy cream flooding his mouth and spilling down his chin. She rode his face with renewed vigor, grinding her hips in frantic circles as his tongue slithered against her throbbing clit, the swollen bud peeking out from its hood like a fat ripe berry begging to be plucked.

The mother lifted her dripping cunny from Darrell's face just long enough to let him suck in a few desperate lungfuls of air, his chest heaving like a blacksmith's bellows. But before he could fully catch his breath, she slammed her sopping mound back down onto his mouth with the force of a spring-loaded trap, grinding even harder against his lips and chin.

Her powerful thighs, corded with muscle from years of farmwork, clamped around Darrell's head like a bear trap, the soft inner flesh slick with sweat and arousal as they trapped him in place, his ears crushed painfully against his skull. She used his face like her own personal scratching post, rubbing her aching, needy cunt back and forth across his features with wild abandon, her coarse pubic hair scraping his nostrils raw while her engorged clitoris, swollen to the size of a marble, dragged across his upper lip.

The slick, swollen lips of her pussy, pink as the inside of a fresh-gutted catfish and twice as wet, scraped against his stubbled cheeks

and chin, leaving a glistening trail of her fragrant juices smeared across his sun-bronzed skin.

Darrell's muffled grunts and groans vibrated against his mom's most sensitive flesh as she rode him hard, the coarse hairs of his upper lip rasping deliciously along her throbbing clit with each pass.

His tongue slithered out like a pink garden snake to lap clumsily at her weeping slit, delving between the slippery folds—plump as overripe peach halves and glistening with dew—to taste her tangy essence straight from the source.

His mother reached back to fist her fingers in his sweat-dampened hair, tugging almost painfully as she used the grip to direct his movements, angling his head just right so the tip of his nose nudged against her aching pearl. Sparks of electric bliss shot through her loins at the exquisite pressure, making her hips buck and grind faster, her thick thighs quivering like gelatin.

Darrell's brain short-circuited, utterly incapable of processing the overwhelming pleasure radiating from his throbbing cock and puckered asshole, the searing ecstasy setting his every nerve ending ablaze like a parched cornfield catching fire.

He bucked and thrashed against the snare as much as the hemp ropes allowed, his desperate movements only driving his grandmother's tongue deeper into his fluttering channel and his mother's hungry throat, slick as a freshly-buttered corn cob, further down his pulsing shaft.

He felt like a fat june bug caught in a black widow's web, trussed up tighter than a Christmas turkey and helpless as the women took their pleasure from his body, using his most intimate flesh for their wicked delights like farmhands working a butter churn. The intense sensations bordered on too much, painful in their knife-sharp intensity, yet he craved more like a starving hound at the dinner

table, greedy for every electrifying caress that lit up his insides brighter than a kerosene lamp on a moonless night.

Clara growled into his crack like a rabid coon dog, her hot breath dampening the fine hairs around his hole as she shook her head back and forth, hair whipping his thighs like corn silk in the wind, as if trying to burrow through his asshole. Her teeth grazed his taut rim, nipping at the tender skin—pink as a newborn piglet—before soothing the sting with broad swipes of her tongue.

"HHHNNGGFF!" the boy whimpered wetly, his torso arching, but his mother held him tight—his trim body practically sinking between her massive tits.

Mary Beth's thighs trembled violently, the muscles quivering like leaves in a gale as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Her swollen clit pulsed against Darrell's lips, the sensitive bundle of nerves throbbing in time with her thundering heartbeat.

Her urethral slit gaped wide, the tiny hole stretching obscenely as a gush of clear girl-fluid erupted from deep within her convulsing sheath.

Darrell sputtered and gasped as a geyser of liquid ecstasy erupted from his mama's cunny, the clear fem-squirt splattering against his face in a torrential downpour. The tangy, musky fluid flooded his mouth and nostrils, choking off his air supply as it poured down his chin and neck in sticky rivulets.

The boy craned his neck desperately, trying to catch his breath, his flushed face peeking out from behind Mary Beth's quivering ass cheeks for one blessed instant. But she quickly slammed her dripping mound back down onto his features, grinding against him with renewed vigor as her orgasm crested.

Her swollen urethral slit gaped wide, the tiny mouth opening and closing like a baby bird begging for food as it spewed hot jets of girl-

cum with the force of a busted hydrant.

The viscous liquid sprayed Darrell full in the face, splattering his cheeks and forehead, clinging to his lashes and brows. It jetted straight into his mouth, filling it faster than he could swallow, the overflow dribbling from the corners of his stretched lips.

Mary Beth undulated wildly on top of him, her buxom figure jiggling and shaking like a wild bronco as she rode out her toe-curling climax.

Her iron-hard clit pulsed against Darrell's tongue, the engorged bud throbbing in time with the rhythmic clenching of her vaginal walls. She rubbed herself back and forth across his face, smearing her copious juices into his skin like war paint, marking him as her territory.

"That's it, sugar, drink it all down," she growled, her voice gone ragged and deep. "Ain't nothin' sweeter than your mama's honeypot cream."

Darrell had no choice but to guzzle the seemingly endless flood, his throat working convulsively as he gulped it down like a man lost in the desert. The salty-sweet taste coated his tongue and teeth, the heady musk filling his head like poppy smoke.

His cock jerked and throbbed in his mama's mouth, painfully hard, his balls drawn up tight to his body. Clara's wicked tongue stroked his prostate from the outside, sending bolts of lightning zinging up his spine.

"Oh, Lord in heaven!" the boy gasped, female ejaculate still spewing from his lips.

The intense stimulation quickly pushed Darrell to the brink. His body went taut as a bowstring, every muscle straining, his back arching as far as his bonds would allow. A hoarse, garbled groan tore from his

throat, muffled by his mama's quivering cunny. His cock pulsed once, twice, then erupted like a geyser, painting Mary Beth's tonsils with a thick deluge of seed.

She swallowed it down greedily, like the skilled cocksucker she was, milking his shaft with her powerful throat muscles, determined to wrench every last drop from his aching sack until he was completely drained.

Her throat contracted rhythmically around him, the velvet-soft walls rippling up and down his length like a farmer's skilled hand milking a prize heifer.

Darrell's entire body convulsed as he shot what felt like a gallon of hot, viscous spunk straight down his mama's gulping throat. The thick ropes of cum erupted from his slit with the force of a geyser, pumping into her stomach in seemingly endless spurts. His cock kicked and pulsed wildly between her stretched lips, painting her tonsils white.

Mary Beth swallowed it all down greedily, her throat working overtime to guzzle every creamy drop. She moaned around his throbbing shaft, the obscene sounds muffled and vibrating deliciously along his over-sensitive flesh.

Her fingers dug into the meat of his trembling thighs, blunt nails leaving angry red crescents as she held him still for her hungry mouth.

After what felt like an eternity, Darrell slumped against his bonds, completely spent. His cock softened only slightly between his mama's lips, slipping from her mouth with a wet pop.

Thick, pearly seed dribbled down her chin as she gasped for air, her tits heaving. She licked her lips, savoring his pungent taste.

"Mm, nothing better than a belly full of my baby boy's fresh-churned cream," Mary Beth purred, her voice a low, satisfied rumble. She patted her stomach, looking as smug and sated as a barn cat after a bowl of cream.

Clara released Darrell's sensitive hole with one last lascivious slurp, causing him to shudder and twitch with aftershocks. She wiped her mouth with the back of a hand, grinning wickedly up at him between his splayed legs.

"Well, butter my butt and call me a biscuit, if that wasn't a right tasty treat!" she cackled, looking mighty pleased with herself. "Nothin' more satisfyin' than tonguin' a tight young rosebud till it blooms real purty-like."

Darrell's heart raced like a spooked stallion as the realization dawned on him that the depraved women—his own flesh and blood—were far from finished with their unholy carnal delights.

His stomach flipped like a flapjack on a hot griddle as they switched positions with ease, their limbs moving with the practiced synchronicity of farmhands at harvest time, as if they'd choreographed this forbidden dance a hundred times before on countless moonless nights.

Clara let out a low whistle that cut through the musky air as she drank in the sight of his upturned face, flushed crimson as a summer tomato and shiny as a freshly glazed Easter ham, completely drenched in his mama's fragrant honey-thick juices that clung to his stubbled chin in viscous strings.

"Land sakes, Mary Beth, you done near drowned the boy in your honeypot!" she cackled gleefully, her teeth gleaming in the dim light. "He's wetter than a preacher's lips at a free chicken dinner after a month-long fast. Well, I reckon it's my turn to baptize him proper-like. Gonna soak his head so good with my woman-waters, he'll think he's been caught in a flash flood down at Miller's Creek!"

Before Darrell could utter a word of protest (not that he would), Clara swung her sturdy leg over his head and settled her generous rump right onto his sticky face. His muffled grunt of surprise vibrated against her sopping mound as her swollen cunny lips, plump and slick as a pair of glazed doughnuts fresh from the county fair fryer, engulfed his features completely.

Her grape-sized clit, purple-red and throbbing like an angry hornet, nestled insistently against his trembling lips, demanding attention.

His nostrils flared desperately for air, flooding instead with the heady aroma of her arousal. The wiry silver thatch of her pubic hair, coarse as a hog-bristle scrub brush worn down from years of scouring cast iron, scraped his cheeks raw as she ground down onto him with the circular motion of a flour mill stone. Her fragrant essence—tangy as wild persimmons and salty as cured ham—smeared across his skin like a child's finger painting, marking every inch of his face with her territorial claim.

Darrell's cock twitched weakly against his belly like a half-crushed earthworm after a spring rain, the purple-veined shaft trying valiantly to rouse for another round despite being milked drier than Widow Johnson's well in the drought of '53.

His heart hammered behind his ribs like a blacksmith gone feverish with heatstroke as he felt his mama shift between his quivering, sweat-slicked thighs, her talons skimming up the tender flesh, leaving angry red trails as she smeared the honey-scented oil—thick as molasses in January—into his sun-bronzed skin mottled with goosebumps.

Mary Beth let out a pleased hum like a possum in a persimmon tree as she cupped his sack, hefting the wrinkled pouch in her palm, strong from years of kneading bread dough. "Mm, heavy as a sack of wet sand after the creek floods," she purred appreciatively, giving his balls a firm squeeze that made him yelp into Clara's slick folds

like a coonhound caught in a steel trap. "Reckon I didn't drain him dry as I thought. He's already fillin' back up, ready to shoot another big batch of baby batter thicker than Aunt Myrtle's prize-winning corn chowder."

Darrell's eyes widened to the size of silver dollars as his mama ducked her head and ran the flat of her tongue along his taint, the searing wet heat of it sending sparks shooting up his spine.

She lapped at the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls like a calf at its mama's teat, swirling the tip around his wrinkled sack.

Clara grinned wickedly as she wrapped her fingers around Darrell's softened cock, her grip firm and sure. She stroked him from root to tip with an expert twist of her wrist, coaxing the blood to surge back into his shaft. "There now, no need to get discouraged, boy," she cooed. "Gran knows just how to get a young buck's pecker standin' tall again. You just lay back and enjoy while us ladies chew on these fat nuts of yours like a pair of squirrels after a crop of acorns."

Darrell groaned into his grandmother's sopping mound as his cock began to stiffen and swell in her grip, the sensitive flesh pulsing against her palm. He could feel himself hardening to full mast again despite the aching, wrung-out throb in his balls, his body responding helplessly to the lewd dual stimulation.

Mary Beth's eyes lit up with wicked glee as she pointed a finger at the seam of skin bisecting Darrell's wrinkled sack, tracing the slightly darker line that ran from his taint up to just below the purple, throbbing root of his cock.

"Ooh, lookie there! Ain't that just the prettiest little bulls-eye a gal ever did see?" she crooned, her voice dripping with lewd hunger. "I'm fixin' to tongue that sweet spot till he's buckin' and bellerin' louder than a calf at brandin' time!"

Darrell's stomach lurched like a bucking bronco as both women descended on his balls, their heads bobbing between his trembling thighs like ravenous coyotes fighting over a fresh rabbit carcass.

Their hot, wet mouths latched onto either side of his wrinkled sack, their soft, plump lips nuzzling into his most delicate flesh.

He let out a strangled yelp that echoed off the underground walls as their pretty white teeth grazed his goose-pimpled skin, nipping and gnawing with the shocking boldness of church ladies at an all-you-can-eat pie social.

Their wicked tongues traced along the purplish crease with devastating accuracy, the wet heat searing his nerve endings like a July branding iron on a spring calf.

He thrashed helplessly between them, his neglected cock bobbing angrily against his belly button like a divining rod seeking water, as they licked and

kissed and nibbled that secret seam with the merciless precision of seasoned butter churners, stoking the smoldering embers in his loins.

Clara suckled one swollen testicle into her greedy mouth, rolling it around on her tongue like a sun-warmed peach pit as she slurped and drooled all over it, her saliva thick as maple syrup dripping down the wrinkled skin.

260: COMPETITIVE FRONTIER LOVIN' PART 2-2/2

At the same time, Mary Beth took the other into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing as she applied a powerful vacuum that made the delicate blue veins beneath the surface bulge, trying to suck his seed right through the paper-thin skin.

With expert precision, the mother compressed her lips around the taut cord of his vas deferens, visible through the translucent, rooster-wattle skin of his scrotum.

Darrell whimpered into Clara's dripping cunny—slick as a freshly butchered hog and twice as fragrant—as his mama worried that sensitive tube like a half-starved bluetick hound with the last hambone, sending jolts of exquisite agony straight to his core that made his toes curl like wood shavings in a hot fire.

She bit down harder, a feral growl rumbling up from her ample bosom that jiggled like church picnic pudding. The boy's muffled cries vibrated deliciously against her mother's throbbing clit, swollen purple as a June plum and twice as juicy.

Clara ground down onto his face with renewed vigor, her powerful thighs quivering like freshly-made lard as she smothered him in her musky essence, relishing the desperate sounds that bubbled up through her slick folds.

"That's it, baby, sing real pretty for your Gran," Clara rasped,. She undulated her wide hips—spread like a washboard across his face—

to smear her pungent arousal across his features until his skin glistened like a glazed ham. "Ain't no sweeter music than a young buck's whimpers while his nuts are bein' gnawed on like corn on the cob at a summer picnic."

Darrell's back arched like a rainbow after a thunderstorm, straining against the hemp bonds that bit into his raw ankles like hungry timber rattlers. His cock—angry as a stepped-on copperhead—jerked and wept pearlescent tears against

his belly while his ma tormented him with teeth and tongue, expertly stoking the fire in his loins hotter than a blacksmith's forge while denying him the sweet relief of release.

Mary Beth released his spit-slick sack from her mouth with an obscene pop that echoed through the root cellar— a silvery thread of saliva stretching between her lips and his glistening, puckered skin.

"Sweet Lord in Heaven he's tasty!" she gasped, then dove back in with renewed hunger, laving the angry red seam with broad swipes of her long tongue that left fiery trails across his most delicate flesh.

At the same time, she walked her fingers up his quivering taint, which twitched like a rabbit's nose under her touch as she sought out his hidden entrance.

Darrell gasped wetly into Clara's fragrant pussy-mask as his mama's spit-slick finger found his clenching rosebud—pink as a spring dogwood blossom and twice as delicate—and pressed inside with shocking ease. The honey-thick oil let her breach him to the second knuckle in one smooth glide, his virgin passage yielding to her intrusion like warm churned butter.

"Hoo-wee! Ain't he tighter'n a tick's ass stretched over a June bug back here!" Mary Beth crowed gleefully as she pumped her crooked finger in and out of his fluttering heat, which gripped her digit like a

drowning man clutching at driftwood. "Gonna milk his prostate like a prize heifer's udder till he's buckin' and spittin' up a storm!"

Pleasure sharp and scorching as a branding iron dipped in lye, radiated out from the intrusion. Darrell's untried passage clenched and rippled around her skilled finger like a silk purse being cinched tight, trying instinctively to expel the foreign object that violated his most private place.

But there was no escaping his mama's relentless touch as she stroked over a walnut-sized gland inside him that made his vision white out like a blizzard on the prairie.

He sobbed brokenly into the yawning pink entrance to his Gran's vagina —overwhelmed by the intensity of sensations that ricocheted through his body like buckshot in a tin shed.

Drool leaked from the corners of his stretched mouth, clear as spring water, to mingle with her abundant juices as she used his face like her personal saddle horn.

"Aw, listen to him mewlin' like a newborn calf separated from its mama," Clara cooed, her voice syrupy as molasses in January, reaching back to fist his sweat-dampened hair—yanking it hard.

Her pendulous breasts swayed like water balloons fit to burst as she rocked her hips faster, grinding down with the determination of a flour mill stone. Her swollen clit—purple-red as a turkey's wattle—pulsed against his upper lip like a second heartbeat. "Havin' his sweet spot milked for the very first time like a spring heifer. You're doin' a fine job of educatin' him, Mary Beth."

Darrell's eyes rolled back in his head until only the bloodshot whites showed beneath fluttering lids. His entire world narrowed to the searing ecstasy radiating from his groin—hot as a lightning strike on dry kindling—as the depraved women feasted on his balls like a pair of half-starved hogs jostling for a prime spot at the slop trough.

The teenager's hips jerked helplessly as Clara nibbled along his seam, her teeth scraping the hypersensitive skin like a rusty plow over fresh-tilled soil.

She chuckled around his wrinkled sack—now shiny as a wet river stone—the vibrations making him shudder and clench like a mule with a burr under its saddle. "Look it him dance," she cackled, "Like a worm on a hot griddle spittin' and fryin'!"

"Mm-hmm," Mary Beth hummed, her tongue— slick with spittle—licking a long stripe up his taint, now red and raw as a freshly skinned rabbit. She tongued at where his balls met his body, flicking the tip along that magic spot that made his eyes roll back like marbles on a tilted floor. "It's like a fiddle string, you pluck it just right and he sings so pretty for us, high as a jaybird in a lightning storm."

They giggled wickedly around his tender flesh—now mottled purple-red as a summer bruise—clearly delighted by the desperate, animalistic noises they wrung from him with each flick of their talented tongues.

Humming in wanton approval that rumbled like distant thunder, they lapped at his balls and chewed on his sack with the enthusiasm of starving hounds on a ham bone, each trying to outdo the other in tormenting his most vulnerable flesh.

Clara's gnarled fingers tightened in Darrell's sweat-matted hair, yanking his head back until his neck muscles strained. She hauled his face deeper into her sopping cunny—a cavernous maw pink as sunrise and slick as a buttered skillet—grinding her swollen lips against his mouth until his teeth cut into his own gums. "C'mon now, sugar, suck Gran's fat clit like a greedy calf on its mama's teat," she growled. "Do it real good and I'll soak you to the bone—hose that cute face down with sweet girl-nectar thick as maple syrup in January!"

Darrell had no choice but to comply, his head locked in place by her iron grip—fingers like oak roots digging into his scalp until tears pearled at the corners of his bloodshot eyes.

He sealed his trembling lips around the angry purple-red bud of her clitoris, the engorged flesh hot as a coal from the cook-stove and hard as a buckshot pellet against his tongue. He suckled it gently at first, hollowing his stubble-roughened cheeks like a starving calf, then with greater intensity as Clara's feral growls—deep as a mountain lion's warning—turned to high-pitched keens of pleasure that pierced his eardrums like rusty nails.

He lavished her pulsing clit with attention, alternating between flicking the sensitive underside with the tip of his tongue and wrapping his lips tight around it, nursing like a babe desperate for mother's milk after a day's neglect.

The tangy essence of her arousal flooded his senses, tinged with sweat sour as week-old buttermilk and the cloying sweetness of the spiced oil that clung to his throat like molasses . It filled his mouth and smeared across his cheeks—leaving trails sticky as pine sap—marking him as hers more permanently than a cattle brand.

Tirelessly, Clara rode his face with abandon, her mountainous tits rippling and undulating above him like wheat fields in a summer gale. Her ragged moans bounced off the earthen walls as she chased her pleasure on his lips and

tongue with the single-minded determination of a bloodhound on a fresh scent.

"Oh f-fuck!" she stuttered as her climax crested like a tidal wave after an earthquake, her body going rigid as sun-baked clay above him, thighs clamping around his ears like a bear trap sprung on unsuspecting prey. "You gonna turn gran's cunt to cream, baby boy—sweeter'n honey from a hollow oak and twice as thick!"

A gush of hot fluid—scalding as fresh coffee and sharp as pickle brine—flooded Darrell's mouth as her urethral slit gaped wide like a catfish's maw, unleashing a geyser of pungent ejaculate that sprayed his tonsils with the force of a barnyard hose.

He gulped it down desperately, Adam's apple bobbing like a cork on floodwater, nostrils flaring wide as je struggled to swallow fast enough.

It seemed to pour out of her forever, relentless as a spring cloudburst, soaking him to the bone just as she'd promised, baptizing him in her pungent juices that clung to his skin like honey on a hot biscuit.

Clara's spine arched like a drawn bow as she howled, "SWEET FUCKING HELL!!" Her voice shattered the air—a feral, guttural sound that tore from somewhere deeper than her throat.

Her massive tits quaked violently, slapping against her rib cage with wet, meaty thuds as her entire body convulsed in savage, uncontrollable spasms that threatened to snap Darrell's neck between her vice-grip thighs.

Clara shuddered and bucked through the aftershocks, her meaty thighs quaking like mounds of strawberry jelly on a sun-warmed plate, grinding against his open mouth until the last honey-thick drop had been wrung out like sap from a maple tree.

Only then did she release her bruising grip on his cornsilk hair—leaving angry red welts across his scalp like fresh plow furrows—and dismount on legs wobbly as a newborn colt's, staggering back with the unsteady gait of a woman liquor-drunk on pleasure.

"Lord have mercy," she panted, fanning herself with a hand as her pendulous breasts heaved like twin sacks of feed corn, dark-brown nipples protruding hard as rusty railroad spikes against the landscape of her chest. "I ain't been tongue-fucked like that in all my

born days. This young buck's got a mouth on him sweeter than blackstrap molasses on a January mornin'."

Mary Beth pulled her finger from Darrell's fluttering hole with a slick pop, the sudden emptiness making him clench around nothing. She gripped his angry, weeping cock and angled it towards the low cellar ceiling, the purple head straining skyward like a flagpole.

Her pretty teeth flashed in a wicked grin as a delightfully naughty idea took shape, eyes sparkling with mischief beneath her drooping lids. "Ma, you hold his pecker straight up like a maypole," she instructed, "and pull them legs back 'til his knees are 'bout touchin' his ears. I'm fixin' to mount him like a prized bull at the county fair and ride him into next Tuesday!"

Darrell's eyes flew wide as harvest moons as his grandma folded him near in half like a pocketknife, pushing his knees up by his ears until his body was bent like a green sapling in a hurricane.

His heart thundered against his ribs as he stared at her gigantic, low-hanging titties jiggling and swaying above him, the dusky nipples hard as buckshot and aimed right at his bulging eyes.

Darrell gaped up at his Gran's pretty face as she grasped his ankles in her hands and hauled his legs up and back until his knees were nearly touching his ears. The sudden movement made his throbbing cock bob and sway, the rigid shaft slapping against his sweat-slicked belly with a meaty thwack.

He felt obscenely exposed, splayed wide like a dressed chicken, his most vulnerable parts on lewd display. Blood rushed to his head at the inverted angle, making him dizzy. Or maybe it was the sight of Clara's sagging, veiny udders swinging hypnotically above him, the dusky nipples like thimbles crowning each pendulous tit, close enough to suck.

She flashed him a grin as she reached between his spread thighs and gripped the base of his straining cock, angling it straight up.

"Oh, that's perfect! Hold him just like that, Ma," Mary Beth instructed, her voice thick with anticipation as she swung a plump leg over his hips and positioned her dripping cunny right above his bulbous cockhead.

The first brush of her slick, swollen folds against his sensitive glans made Darrell shudder and gasp. Sparks of pleasure shot up his spine as she rubbed the plush lips of her pussy up and down his length, coating him in her fragrant juices.

She caught the flared head on her opening with each pass, sending bolts of bliss zinging to his core. "Oh, sugar, you got the prettiest purple mushroom tip," she purred, circling her clit with the shiny dome, gasping each time it bumped that sensitive bundle of nerves. "Gonna feel so good stretchin' momma's tight little pussy open."

Clara cackled, her rheumy eyes gleaming with wicked delight as she took in the sight of Darrell's manhood jutting up from between his splayed thighs, harder than a railroad spike and flushed an angry purple from tip to root. "Lordy, look at that fat knob on the end of his pecker," she crowed, giving his shaft a squeeze that made him buck and whimper. "Swole up like a poison toadstool after a summer rain. Fit to burst, I reckon."

"He takes after his mama in that regard," Mary Beth purred, reaching down to spread her glistening pussy lips wide, giving them both an unobstructed view of her own throbbing clit, the plump bud an almost perfect miniature of her son's bulbous glans.

It pulsed in time with her thundering heartbeat, slick and shiny with her dripping arousal. "See? We're like two peas in a pod down there, 'cept his is more the size of a damned eggplant compared to my little grape."

Clara cackled, leaning in for a closer look, her breath washing over Darrell's upturned face. "Sure enough, you could be twins from the waist down," she marveled, eyes sparkling with unholy glee. "Proof the boy's got Hatfield blood runnin' hot and thick as blackstrap molasses in his veins."

Darrell flushed at the lewd comparison, his face burning hotter than a cast iron skillet fresh off the cook-stove. It was bad enough being trussed up tighter than a spring chicken and subjected to all manner of depraved indignities. But

to hear his own kin enthusing over the familial resemblance between his privates and his mama's unmentionables - why, it was almost more than a God-fearin' boy could bear.

He didn't have much time to dwell on that particular blasphemy before his ma was sinking down onto his aching cock in one slow, smooth glide, her molten heat engulfing him like a furnace.

"Ohhh momma!" the boy's breath shook, his back arching like a bow as her velvet walls rippled and clenched around his girth, squeezing him tighter than a boa constrictor's coils.

His eyes rolled back, lids fluttering, as she took him half-way to the hilt.

"Lord have mercy!" Mary Beth gasped, eyes fluttering shut as she savored the delicious stretch, her powerful inner muscles rippling along his shaft. "He's so dang big, I reckon I'm gonna have to work him in a bit at a time, like a hand in a tight glove."

"Squeeze what you got in there real good, girl," Clara urged, her fingers digging into Darrell's thighs hard enough to leave marks. "Milk him like a prize heifer till his pre-lube starts drippin' out to slick the way."

Darrell felt his mama's molten sheath flutter and clench around his girth, gripping him tighter than a boa constrictor's coils. The exquisite pressure made his cock twitch and jerk inside her, the sensitive head brushing a spot high up on her front wall that had her shuddering and moaning.

Honey-thick pre-spend began to leak from his slit, mixing with Mary Beth's secretions, easing the way as she sank down another inch, then another.

It was a deliciously slow, tight glide, her channel clutching him like a velvet fist as she took him to the hilt. Darrell's eyes rolled back in his head at the all-consuming ecstasy of her flesh yielding and parting to accept his thick intrusion. He'd never felt anything so perfect, so mind-meltingly good.

Finally, after an eternity, Mary Beth's plush bottom nestled against his swollen balls, the coarse hairs tickling his sensitive skin. She ground down on him,

undulating her hips in a sinful circular motion that made sparks dance behind his eyelids.

"Oh sugar, you fill me up so damn good," she purred, voice gone throaty with lust. "Splittin' me open on this fat cock like a ripe peach on the branch."

Then she began to move in earnest, using her grip on his thighs for leverage as she rose up until just the swollen head parted her glistening folds, then slammed back down to take him balls deep.

"Oh fuck, that sweet dick," the mother gasped a she set a relentless pace, riding him hard and fast, the wet slap of flesh on flesh echoing obscenely in the root cellar.

Darrell could only hang on for dear life, fingers scrabbling uselessly at the mat below, toes curling against his bonds as she used him like

her own personal bucking bronco.

He'd never felt anything so intense, pleasure bordering on pain as his mama's tight, clinging cunny worked him over, squeezing and rippling along his shaft until he saw stars.

Darrell marveled at the way his mama's gigantic titties bounced and rippled above him as she rode his cock like a wild bronco, the heavy globes shaking and quaking with each roll of her wide hips.

The areoles, dark pink and wide as the largest grapefruit, crowned each heaving mound, their pebbled nipples standing proud as thimbles. He'd never seen a pair of breasts move like that before, the milky-white flesh jumping and rippling as if possessed by some unearthly force, blue veins visible beneath the translucent skin like lightning in a summer storm cloud.

"Lordy, Ma, them titties are bouncin' around like two piglets in a feedsack!" he gasped out, voice hitching as she slammed down on his cock with the force of a runaway locomotive, her slick inner walls gripping him tighter than a miser's fist. "Ain't never seen nothin' like it in all my days!"

Clara let out a wicked cackle, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You ain't seen nothin' yet, sweet boy," she crowed, quickly leaning over.

Before Darrell could blink, she pressed his face right between her own pendulous udders, the doughy mounds completely engulfing his head like warm sourdough rising around him, muffling his surprised yelp as effectively as a feather pillow over a dying man's face.

Her sweet scent filled his nostrils, pounds of alabaster meat sloshing around his awe-stricken face. He couldn't breathe, couldn't see, could only feel the weight of her massive udders bearing down on him from all sides, smothering him in their soft, pillowy embrace.

"Gettin' them big ol' titties in your face is the best damn part of bein' a buck in his prime," Clara rasped, her voice filtering through the wall of flesh pressing on his ears like he was underwater in a warm, musky sea.

She reached down and gripped his hair, her fingers twisting the sweat-dampened strands, forcing his mouth against one dusky nipple. The pebbled peak scraped his lips. "G'wan now, suck 'em. Suck on them fat nipples like a newborn starvin' for its first meal."

Darrell latched onto the thimble-sized nipple, drawing it deep into his mouth with a hungry gasp that surprised even himself. His tongue swirled around the distended nub, feeling every ridge and bump against his taste buds.

He suckled it gently at first, then harder as he felt it stiffen and swell between his lips like a ripe berry ready to burst.

"Mmnggff," the boy whimpered, trying to draw more of her dusky, goose-bumped areola into his mouth, her warm, heavy orb molding to his facial features.

Above him, he heard Clara moan, a deep animal sound that vibrated through the heavy tit-flesh enveloping his head like a living, breathing cocoon of warm dough.

The teen lost himself in nursing on her breast, mind going fuzzy around the edges as he suckled and slurped like a starving newborn. The wrinkled areola puckered against his tongue and lips, while his hips bucked up into his mama's clenching heat.

Their rhythm fell into perfect sync, each downward plunge of her wide, childbearing hips driving his purple-veined cock deeper into her molten core, where velvet walls rippled and squeezed him like a fist in a silk glove.

"O-hhh, momma!" the teen whimpered, his voice muffled by pounds of pendulous tit-flesh as his steely meat was swallowed up by the very womb that bore him, her inner muscles fluttering and gripping him like a thousand tiny mouths.

The dual assault on his senses was too much to withstand. Darrell felt his balls drawing up tight against his sweat-slicked perineum, his shaft pulsing urgently inside his mama's rippling sheath, veins throbbing visibly along its considerable length.

He tore his mouth from Clara's nipple with a desperate gasp, a silvery thread of saliva still connecting his lips to her glistening teat as he fought for air.

Oh God, Ma, I'm gonna—" Darrell's voice cracked like a teenager's, his toes curling so hard they cramped.

Mary Beth suddenly yanked herself off Darrell's purple-headed cock with a wet squelch that echoed through the root cellar like a boot pulled from spring mud. His rigid member slapped against his trembling belly, angry-red and glistening with her honey, a single pearlescent bead forming at the slit.

His bloodshot eyes flew open in shock as Gran's pendulous, titties finally lifted from his face. Cool, musty air rushed into his burning lungs as he sucked in a desperate breath, blinking rapidly up at his mama's stern visage hovering over him like a vengeful goddess.

Her fingers reached down to encircle the base of his throbbing shaft, squeezing with the practiced precision of a woman who'd milked both cows and men her whole life.

Darrell whimpered like a kicked hound at the vise-like pressure, his narrow hips instinctively bucking upward, seeking the hot, velvet glove of her cunny that had stretched to accommodate his girth. But she held him firmly in place with surprising strength, her sharp

fingernails digging half-moons into his taut skin, denying him the release his aching balls desperately craved.

Now you listen here, angel," Mary Beth growled, leaning down until her face was inches from his, her warm breath washing over his flushed cheeks like a humid summer breeze.

She plastered her huge, squishy tits against his heaving chest, the soft weights of them compressing his lungs, nipples hard as unripe persimmon pits dragging across his sweat-slicked skin. Her auburn hair fell in lank curtains around their faces, creating a private world scented with her musky arousal. "You ain't gonna spill a drop of that seed 'til you make your mama cream on this big cock a dozen or so times, y'hear? No woman wants a two-pump chump who can't last past the first tickle."

Pleasure shot up the boy's arching spine like a lightning bolt as his Ma leaned down further, sealing her lips over the galloping pulse in his neck, sucking hard enough to raise a ruby mark on his sweat-slicked skin that would linger for days.

Darrell shuddered violently as she licked a scorching path up to his earlobe, catching the tender flesh between her teeth.

"Your mama's pleasure comes first, boy," Clara agreed, her heavy udders dangling just above his eyes. Her fingers reached down to fondle his swollen balls, rolling them in her practiced palm like two ripe peaches ready for canning. "You keep that thick babymaker hard and ready, let her use this fine cock of yours like her own personal ridin' post 'til she's satisfied six ways to Sunday. You can give her all the cream fillin' she wants once you're good and glazed in her sweet honey like a fresh-baked donut."

Darrell's head spun at their filthy words, his heart galloping against his ribs like a wild mustang breaking fence, each thunderous beat sending blood rushing to his ears with a whoosh-whoosh that nearly drowned out their drawling voices.

Sweat beaded on his furrowed brow, trickling down his temples in salty rivulets that stung his bloodshot eyes as he looked up at his mama with a glassy, pleading gaze the color of Mississippi mud after a spring rain.

His angry purple cock—veiny and swollen to near-bursting—jerked urgently between her fingers, the bulbous head weeping pearly beads of pre-spend

that caught the dim light and glistened like morning dew on a poison mushroom, silently begging to sink back into her luscious heat.

But he managed to gasp out a shaky, "Y-yes, ma'am," his prominent Adam's apple bobbing frantically in his throat like a cork in churning water.

Mary Beth nodded at Clara, a wicked gleam in her kohl-rimmed eye, crow's feet deepening at the corners. "Let his legs down, Ma. I'm fixin' to get him in real deep now—all the way to his mama's womb."

Clara snatched up the rusty scissors and made quick work of the rough hemp ropes binding his ankles. The keen blades sliced through the frayed fibers like a hot knife through lard, each severed strand making a satisfying snap.

The cruel snare fell away in tatters and Darrell gasped as his feet hit the soft mat, pins and needles shooting up his trembling legs as blood rushed back into his numbed extremities.

He barely had a moment to catch his breath before his mama was on him again, straddling his hips with thighs like pale oak trunks. She reached between their sweat-slicked bodies, fingers encircling his jutting cock, which throbbed like a second heartbeat against her palm.

"Mmm, I'm fixin' to fuck the juice right outta my cunny with that big, rigid cock," said Mary Beth as she notched the fat purple head,

swollen to the size of a ripe plum, at her entrance, swirling it through the glistening pink folds that hung like overripe fruit, catching the pearly drops of arousal that clung there like morning dew on a pitcher plant.

"Gonna ride you hard as a willow switch in a tornado," she growled teeth flashing in a feral grin that crinkled the deep ravines around her thin lips.

Then she sank down on him to the root in one smooth, devastating glide that seemed to last both an eternity and no time at all.

Darrell's back arched, his mouth falling open on a silent groan as her searing velvet sheath, ridged like the inside of a conch shell, swallowed him whole. She was hotter and wetter than before, like molten honey mixed with summer rain,

slick walls rippling along his length with pulsating contractions, squeezing him like a fist in a velvet glove soaked in warm oil.

"Oh sweet Lord in heaven!" he gasped, fingers scrabbling uselessly at the mat as she settled flush against him, the dimpled globes of her meaty ass nestling his balls like eggs in a nest.

He was buried deeper than he thought possible, her labial flanges spread around his cock-root like a greedy suction cup. Her womb kissed the tip of his cock like a hungry mouth, making him see stars that burst behind his eyelids like fireworks on the Fourth of July.

Mary Beth braced her hands on his sweat-slicked chest, nails digging half-moons into his quivering pecs as she began to move, undulating her wide childbearing hips in a sinful rhythm old as Eve's first temptation.

She rose up until just the angry purple mushroom head parted her glistening, swollen nether lips, then slammed back down with a wet

squelch like boots in spring mud, taking him to the hilt where her bare mons meshed with his wiry pubic hair.

"M-mama," Darrell whimpered, Adam's apple bobbing frantically, reduced to a shuddering, incoherent mess of jangled nerve endings, putty in her experienced hands. He'd never felt anything so intense, pleasure skirting the razor's edge of pain as she used him hard and fast, the obscene slap-slap-slap of damp flesh on flesh echoing off the cellar walls like wet laundry against a washboard.

"That's it! Fuck that prized dick hard, Mary Beth!" Clara shouted. "Turn that cunny to cream around him!"

She rode him like a wild mustang breaking fence, spine arched like a drawn bow, heavy breasts bouncing and slapping against each other with each punishing downstroke, rippling like churned buttermilk in a Mason jar, meaty thighs gripping his narrow hips like a logger's vise clamped on green pine.

Darrell squeezed his eyes shut, afraid that the mesmerizing sight of his mama's giant titties bouncing and rippling above him like pale mountains in an earthquake might trigger his release before she'd had her fill. Instead, he

focused all his attention on the exquisite sensations radiating from where they were joined, his throbbing cock engulfed in her molten sheath.

The searing heat of her engulfed him, as if his shaft had been shoved into a furnace stoked by the devil's own hand. Her slick walls, ridged and undulating, squeezed him tighter than a fist in an oil-soaked velvet glove, rippling along his length with pulsating contractions that had him seeing stars.

With each downward plunge of her powerful hips, he could feel himself butting up against a muscular ring at the very back of her

channel, tugging and suckling on the engorged head of his prick like a hungry mouth trying to milk him dry.

Syrupy secretions flooded her passage, turning it into a swamp of foamy viscous honey that let him slide in and out with obscene wet sounds, suctioning and squelching.

Every time she lifted up, her inner muscles seemed to cling to him, clutching his girth as if loathe to let him go, only to swallow him back in with greedy abandon. It was pure ecstasy, the kind of pleasure a man might sell his soul for.

Darrell's whole body was ablaze with sensation, his nerve endings sizzling like live wires. Jolts of electricity shot from his groin, radiating out through his trembling limbs. His heart galloped against his ribs like a spooked stallion and sweat poured off him in rivers, painting his flushed skin with a sheen that caught the light.

He was drowning in his mama's cunny, happily suffocating in her clinging heat. If this was how he died, spitted on her stake like a pig at a luau, emptying his seed into her hungry womb, well, there were worse ways to go. He'd die a happy boy, completely wrung out and used up, sucked dry as a corn husk in a drought.

But Lord help him, he couldn't spill yet, not until he'd satisfied her thoroughly as the women had instructed. So he grit his teeth until his jaw ached, dug his fingers into the meat of her rolling hips, and held on for dear life as she used him hard, praying he could last.

Mary Beth arched her back and rolled her head on her neck, auburn hair whipping around her like autumn leaves caught in a dust devil. Her eyes were

molten whiskey, glowing with unholy lust beneath her heavy lids, boring into his very soul. She licked her lips, slow and obscene.

"Buck those fuckin' hips!" she spat, her tits bouncing so high they nearly slapped her in the face. "Make me soak you!"

Mary Beth shuddered and gasped as Darrell met her thrust, his steely shaft plowing her quivering depths, her eyes rolling back until only the bloodshot whites showed beneath fluttering eyelids veined like marble.

"Lord have mercy, boy, your cock's harder than a railroad spike, and hotter than a blacksmith's forge!" she moaned, her as she rolled her wide hips to grind her swollen, purpled clit against his sweat-slicked pubic bone. "Drillin' me so deep I can taste you in my throat and rubbin' me so good in all them secret places. Gonna make me cum buckets of sweet honey on this veiny fat pole!"

Clara cackled like a witch at a cauldron as she watched her daughter ride the boy like a prized stallion at auction, her rheumy amber eyes glinting with wicked delight. "Nothin' prettier than watchin' a young buck give a mama her due," she crowed as she squeezed Darrell's swollen, plum-sized balls. "You pound her good now, y'hear? Stir up her honeypot like butter in a churn and let her glaze you real thorough-like with that sweet momma cream till you're drippin'.

Darrell could only groan and nod, teeth gritted until his jaw ached like a rusted hinge as he fought back his own rising climax.

The tight, rippling heat of his mama's cunny gripped him like a silken vise dipped in liquid fire, milking his throbbing cock with each roll and clench of her powerful inner muscles that undulated like a python swallowing prey. He'd never felt anything so incredible, pleasure skirting the razor's edge of pain as she used him hard and fast, her weight pinning him to the cushioned mat like a butterfly to a collector's board.

"Gonna...gonna cum so hard on this young dick," Mary Beth panted, her breath hot as a July cornfield against his sweat-slicked face,

picking up the pace until the lewd slap-slap-slap of damp flesh echoed through the cellar like wet laundry against a washboard.

Her fingers dug into Darrell's shoulders, blunt nails leaving angry crimson crescent marks on his pale skin. "Drain them big boy nuts right up in my womb like sweet cream in a butter churn!"

Darrell nearly bit through his lip trying to hold back, tasting copper pennies as his mama's molten sheath rippled around him like a fist in an oil-soaked glove, squeezing and fluttering with hungry contractions, her arousal flooding his shaft and balls, sticky as blackstrap molasses fresh from the kettle.

But he couldn't spill yet, not until she'd had her fill like a starving woman at a church potluck. So he bucked up into her with the force of a mule kicking a barn door, pile-driving his hips to work himself deeper than a well digger in drought season, grinding his pelvis against her swollen bud until it throbbed like an angry hornet sting.

"That's it, really give it to her…just like that!" Clara crowed, as she groped his balls roughly with fingers. "Hammer that cunny like a bent nail till she's cross-eyed and screamin' louder than a wildcat in a steel trap!"

Mary Beth's molten sheath clenched around her son's aching cock like a silken fist dipped in liquid fire, the muscular walls of her honey-slick cunny rippling and undulating along his veiny length with the hungry intensity of a starving python swallowing its prey.

He could feel her pleasure building like a summer thunderstorm gathering over a cornfield, the muscles growing tighter than a new leather belt, delicate flutters transforming into powerful rhythmic spasms that threatened to milk him dry as a sun-bleached cow skull.

Her breath came faster than a steam locomotive climbing a mountain grade, hot and moist against his sweat-slicked neck, little mewling cries like a newborn kitten escaping her throat as she

ground herself down onto him with the determination of a flour mill stone, taking him impossibly deep into her quivering depths.

She was chasing her peak like a rabid hound after a three-legged rabbit, wild-eyed and single-minded as a revival preacher, using his trembling body as her personal pleasure tool with the expertise of a master carpenter.

Darrell felt the exact moment her orgasm overtook her like a flash flood through a dry gulch, starting from deep within her pulsating core. The mouth of her cervix undulated around his purple cockhead like a hungry fish gasping at bait, pulsing wildly as if trying to suck him in deeper than a well in drought season.

The muscular walls of her cunny clamped down like a blacksmith's vise on hot iron, rippling from base to tip like waves on a storm-tossed lake, squeezing and releasing in rapid flutters that threatened to drain him like sap from a tapped maple.

Her womb jerked and quivered above where he was lodged like a lightning-struck oak, as if gasping and shuddering with electric pleasure that could power a small town for a week.

Then she was gushing around him, a flood of hot liquid spurting from her quivering cunny like a broken dam after spring thaw, coating his groin with slick, honeyed essence that ran in rivulets down the creases of his thighs.

Her urethral honey hole gaped and quivered like a hungry mouth gasping for air, clear female essence squirting out in rhythmic bursts powerful as a stallion's stream to soak his balls and puddle on the mat beneath them.

Mary Beth wailed like a wildcat caught in a steel trap, her spine arching like a drawn bow ready to snap, tremors wracking her body from her flushed chest to her curling toes. Her pretty eyes rolled back until only bloodshot whites showed beneath lids fluttering

faster than moth wings near a kerosene lamp, as the powerful contractions of her orgasm milked Darrell's iron-hard cock with the determination of calloused hands on a stubborn udder, trying to wring his seed from him like the last drops from a near-empty moonshine jug.

Tits rippled violently as she shook and shuddered above him, impaled to the hilt like a butterfly on a collector's pin, reduced to a writhing, incoherent creature of pure sensation, her skin flushed redder than a boiled crawfish.

Her slick walls pulsed and rippled like a gullet swallowing, bearing down on his shaft in fluttering waves that traveled from root to tip like ripples in a creek bed, as if trying to suck his climax out of him with the force of a twister pulling up fence posts.

Syrupy arousal gushed from her core thicker than blackstrap molasses in January, coating his thighs and belly in glistening streaks that caught the dim light like dew on morning spiderwebs, dripping down to form a tacky puddle wider than a dinner plate.

Her womb spasmed wildly as a seizure-struck rabbit, the greedy mouth of it kissing and suckling the head of his cock like a starving calf at its mother's teat, desperate to swallow him whole like a python with its prey.

Aftershocks rolled through her in electric waves like lightning striking the same oak repeatedly, and she jerked and twitched wilder than a headless chicken, grinding erratically against his pelvis as her body tried to wring every last pulse of pleasure from his steel-hard shaft that stood prouder than a flagpole on the Fourth of July.

Thick ropes of girl honey squirted from her gaping cunny with the force of water from a rusty hand pump, painting his groin and thighs slicker than a greased pig at the county fair, filling the cellar with the sharp musk of her spending that hung in the air heavier than woodsmoke in a sealed cabin.

Darrell gritted his teeth until his jaw ached like a broken hinge, every muscle clenched tighter than new rawhide in the summer sun, fighting against the urge to erupt like a geyser in Yellowstone Park.

His cock jerked inside her fluttering sheath like a fish on a hook, pulsing in time with her rhythmic contractions that milked him more insistently than calloused hands on the last cow of evening, pre-spend leaking from his cunt-smothered meatus like sap from a fresh-cut maple.

Clara knelt down beside her grandson, her face inches from his as he gazed up from between his mama's sweat-slicked breasts, heaving like twin hillocks in an earthquake. "Angle up more, boy," she rasped, her sweet breath washing over his flushed cheek like moonshine fumes from a freshly uncorked jug. "Rub that big purple knob right up against the front of her cunny, where it's all spongy-like. Bump and grind on that spot like you're tryin' to start a friction fire in damp kindling and she'll be squealin' loud enough to wake the devil from his Sunday nap."

Darrell did as instructed, tilting his hips to spear upwards like a determined trout fisherman, the flared head of his cock—purple as a summer plum and throbbing harder than a blacksmith's hammer—dragging along his mama's front wall with the deliberate precision of a plow cutting fresh furrows.

He could feel the difference in texture there, like a slightly raised patch of ribbed silk amidst the slick smoothness, puckered and swollen as a wasp-stung peach.

Mary Beth let out a guttural moan wilder than a she-wolf in heat when he hit it just right, her beautiful eyes rolling back like wagon wheels down a steep hill, fingers digging into his shoulders deeper than fence post holes.

"Ungh! Right there!" she panted, grinding down to meet his thrusts with the determination of a flour mill stone. "Oh sweet Lord, you're

pluckin' my strings tighter than a fiddle at a barn dance, makin' me wetter than a crawdad hole after spring floods!"

Encouraged as a prize stallion at stud, Darrell worked his hips faster than a steam piston, making sure to hit that magic button—swollen now to the size of a ripe dewberry—with every bone-jarring stroke. The stimulation was intense as summer lightning, sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating through his groin like wildfire through dry brush.

He could feel his mama's molten sheath gripping around him tighter than a new leather belt, fluttering wildly as a trapped sparrow, honey flooding his cock and balls in a torrent slicker than axle grease.

"Gonna...gonna make me cum again!" Mary Beth babbled, her movements growing frantic as a cornered raccoon. "Gonna cream so hard on your cock!"

Darrell felt the precise moment she tipped over the edge, his mama's powerful cunny bearing down on him like a silken fist clenching around a rattlesnake's neck. She threw her head back until her auburn hair brushed the sweat-slicked small of her back, and wailed to the cedar-beam rafters, juices gushing out of her like a busted hydrant, drenching him in her sweet nectar that smelled of wild persimmons and forbidden musk.

Her whole body seized up and shook, quaking above him as if possessed by seven devils from the deepest pit, impaled to the root on his steel-hard cock that throbbed like a toothache in time with his thundering heartbeat.

She milked him with the ruthless efficiency of a butter churn on the last day before market, her inner muscles rippling in waves from base to tip, determined to drain him drier than a creek bed in August drought.

It took every last trembling ounce of willpower Darrell possessed not to spill himself into her pulsating depths right then and there, his balls drawing up tighter than new leather in January frost. He squeezed his eyes shut— fingers digging half-moon crescents into her fleshy hips, and fought against the rising tide of his own release that threatened to burst forth like floodwaters through a failing dam.

But Lord help him, she was rippling around him so sweetly, squeezing him like a velvet vise greased with honey, her sodden walls tugging on his penile flesh with the insistence of a starving babe at its mother's teat, each pulse sending lightning strikes of pleasure from his straining cockhead straight up his spine to explode like shotgun blasts behind his eyeballs.

"Ohhh, ma!" his voice quivered—entire body quivered like an aspen leaf in an October gale as the rising tide of his climax threatened to overtake him, swelling up from his groin with the unstoppable force of a flash flood through a bone-dry creek bed.

"I'm f-fixin to burst!" he stammered out between teeth gritted so hard his jaw ached, the corded muscles of his neck straining against his sweat-slick skin as he fought to hold back the scalding deluge for a few precious heartbeats more.

Without missing a beat, Mary Beth lifted one heavy, milk-pale breast and slapped it across the boy's flushed face with a meaty thwack, engulfing his sharp features in her pillowy flesh that smelled of lavender soap and warm woman-sweat.

"Suckle Mama's teat while you spill that seed, baby boy," she purred like a mountain lioness in heat, rolling her wide hips faster in figure-eight motions, taking him so deep he swore he could feel her womb kissing the purple crown

of his manhood like a hungry mouth. "Nurse real good and let it alllll go into Mama's hungry cunny."

Darrell latched onto the fat, raspberry-red nipple—thimble-sized and puckered tight as a drawstring pouch. He sucked like a starving newborn denied the breast for days, drawing the pebbled peak deep into his hungry mouth and suckling with hollow-cheeked desperation.

Her flesh-mountain smothered his face completely, blocking out all light and summer-afternoon air, filling his flaring nostrils with her heady musk of vanilla and forbidden desire.

He gorged himself on her doughy tit, slurping and lapping with a tongue rough as a barn cat's, scraping the sensitive bud with his teeth as the first molten stirrings of release coiled tight as a rattlesnake at the base of his tingling spine.

"That's it, really give 'er a good titty-suckin'," Clara rasped from beside him, her voice seeming to come from a hundred miles away through the smothering tit-flesh, like a distant train whistle through mountain fog.

Her fingers dug into his balls, tugging on his sack like she was trying to physically pull the cum up from his deepest roots, working his testicles like a farmhand milking the last drops from a reluctant cow's udder. "Suck as hard as a tic on a hound dog's ear and fill her cunny with that baby gravy thicker'n cornmeal mush!"

It was too much. With a hoarse cry that vibrated against Mary Beth's tit like a tuning fork struck against wet stone, Darrell's cock exploded like a geyser in Yellowstone, shooting off deep in his mama's rippling sheath that clutched him tighter than a miser's fist on payday.

His balls drew up painfully tight and pulsed as they emptied in long, agonizing spurts that felt like molten lightning being ripped from his very soul, pumping what felt like quarts of thick seed—pearlescent as moonshine and twice as potent—into her heavenly vise.

Pleasure like he'd never known racked his body, whiting out his vision like summer sun on fresh snow, every muscle from his curling toes to his straining

neck seizing tight as a bear trap on a trespasser's ankle. He thought he might pass out from the sheer intensity, the ecstasy bordering on pain.

Mary Beth milked her son through it, grinding down with the rhythm of a butter churn to capture every pearlescent jet of his molten release. Her greedy cunny suckled his purple-headed spurting tip like a hungry calf at the teat, rippling around him in flutters and clenches.

"Ooh, good boy. I bet that cream is sweeter than honey on a hot biscuit," she groaned, twisting his sweat-dampened hair in her fist to hold him trapped against her heaving breast like a fly in amber. "Fill me up till I'm sloppy with it with them babymakin' swimmers."

Darrell's starving lungs burned hotter than a smithy's forge for air, smothered beneath his mama's gigantic, milk-pale breast. Her rubbery teat pulsed between his lips like a living thing as he suckled it with the desperation of a newborn lamb, the spongy flesh completely filling his parched mouth like a ripe summer peach.

His cock—angry-red and veined as a prize stallion's—spasmed and jerked deep in her rippling cunny, spurting what felt like endless ropes of thick, hot seed potent as moonshine into her heavenly vise. The most powerful orgasm of his young life ripped through him with the unstoppable force of a thunderbolt splitting an ancient oak right down to its roots.

"Lookit him go off like a dang Roman candle on the Fourth of July!" Clara crowed gleefully, mashing his plum-sized, drawn-up balls with fingers. "Gushin' like a busted pipe after the first spring thaw, I reckon. Probably fillin' your honey-pot cunny to overflowin' with his pearlescent baby gravy."

"Ooh yeah, I can feel every last drop of it!" Mary Beth moaned, grinding down with hip-rolls smooth as churning butter to capture his hot load. "Shootin' so fuckin' deep it's ticklin' my womb! Lordy, I ain't never felt a man let loose in me so fierce."

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Mary Beth eased up enough for Darrell to twist his head sideways and suck in a desperate, ragged gasp beneath her giant mound of titty that hung over him like a pale, veined avalanche of flesh.

The sudden influx of oxygen hit his starved brain like white lightning, making him dizzy as a newborn calf on ice, black spots dancing in his vision. He panted like a racehorse, chest heaving like bellows in a blacksmith's forge, sweat running in salty rivulets down his tomato-red face and pooling in the hollow of his throat.

"Mm, had himself a real good cum, didn't you sugar?" Clara asked, releasing his nuts.

Darrell lay there in a stupefied daze, his body limp as week-old lettuce and trembling like aspen leaves in an autumn breeze, caught in the juddering aftershocks of the most powerful climax of his young life. Their honey-thick voices drifted to his ears as if from across a misty holler, muffled and indistinct as creek-talk through cattails. Slowly, the words started to take shape, piecing themselves together in his pleasure-fogged brain like a jigsaw puzzle missing half its parts.

"Lordy, you sure did a number on him, Mary Beth," Clara chuckled, her voice raspy. "He's glazed and shinin' like a honey-baked ham—all glistenin' with your sweet nectar."

"Mmhmm, rode him hard and put him up wet," Mary Beth agreed. "Drained them bull-sized balls dry as August corn husks."

Their hands roamed over his prone form, mapping the hills and valleys of his sweat-slicked muscles with the possessive familiarity of

prospectors who've struck gold in virgin territory.

He felt the wet drag of their long tongues lapping at his overheated skin like starved hounds cleaning the last scraps off a fresh-killed ten-point buck. Kisses rained down on him like summer hail on a tin roof, landing everywhere from his tomato-flushed face to his still trembling thighs that quivered like aspen leaves in October wind.

Luscious, matronly lips plump as overripe persimmons worked over his jaw, his salt-slick throat, pausing to suck purple-black bruises into the tender skin like a coonhound marking its favorite tree. A serpentine tongue dipped into the hollow of his collarbone, harvesting the salt of his sweat like a deer at a mineral lick.

Darrell groaned weakly as he felt heavy, milk-swollen breasts drag across his heaving chest and quivering belly, the hard pebbled nipples—pink as spring dogwood blossoms—scraping his sensitized flesh raw. The slick slide of the women's abundant curves slithered over him as they crawled about like she-panthers in heat, mapping every goosebumped inch of his prone form with hands, tongues and mouths, rubbing their musky scents into him like territorial wildcats marking a prized hunting ground.

He was too wrung out—limp as a rag doll—to do much more than lie there and take it, soaking up their lavish attention. His once-proud cock lay spent against his sweat-slick inner thigh, purple-headed and glistening with their mingled juices, still twitching with aftershocks like a half-crushed copperhead, too soon for it to stir with renewed interest despite the humid heat of their hungry gazes.

But he could feel their predatory eyes on it, hot and hungry as timber wolves eyeing a fresh haunch of frost-killed venison in the lean days of February.

"Give him a minute and he'll be rarin' to go again," Clara said with a wicked chuckle, her fingers dancing along the sharp ridge of his hip

bone. "Springy as a fresh-cut hickory sapling, these young bucks. Mama ain't done with you yet, is she, boy?"

"No, ma'am," Darrell managed to rasp. Lord help him, but he knew with bone-deep certainty that the pleasure was just beginning. These depraved women—insatiable as locust swarms on summer wheat—aimed to keep him penned as their personal stud bull, using his trembling body for their wanton pleasure until they'd wrung him dry as a sun-bleached deer skull forgotten on a lonesome ridge.

Hours later, the blood-orange sun hung low in the hazy afternoon sky, casting long purple-black shadows across the dusty yard as Darrell helped his mama down from the creaking hickory wagon.

He ducked his head, hoping the sweat-stained leather brim of his grandpappy's hat would hide the deep crimson flush he could feel spreading up his sun-baked neck. Sweet Jesus in heaven, he could still smell her on his skin—that heady aroma of pussy-musk that clung to him like morning fog in a mountain hollow.

He could still taste her tangy nectar on his tongue, feel the phantom grip of her molten honey-pot squeezing his manhood tighter than a miser's fist clutching the last silver dollar in the county.

His daddy strode over from the weather-beaten porch, thick thumbs hooked in his faded denim overall straps, a grin splitting his leather-tanned face beneath the salt-and-pepper stubble that grew wild as crabgrass.

"There's my pretty wife," Lester declared in a voice rough pulling Mary Beth's frame into a bear-tight embrace, ropy muscled arms encircling her plush waist. "Ain't you a glowin' sight for these bloodshot eyes, sweet as honeysuckle in May."

Mary Beth tittered like a pink-cheeked schoolgirl caught behind the woodshed and swatted at his barrel chest, her cat-green eyes sparkling like dewdrops in the golden-syrup light. "Oh, go on now

with your silver tongue, I'm a frightful mess after that bone-rattlin' ride. Probably got more dust in every crack and crevice than the drought we had last season."

Lester just chuckled and squeezed her tighter, his ham-sized hand sliding down to cup her generous bottom through her cornflower-blue skirts. "Naw, you're glowin' brighter than a lightnin' bug in June, prettier than a speckled pup under a red wagon."

Her cheeks blushed, but inside, a forbidden thrill hot as moonshine shot through her womb at the knowledge that it was her son's pearly spend still glistening like morning dew on her trembling thighs. His fingerprints purpling her milk-white hips beneath her sweat-dampened skirts. The delicious ache between her quivering legs was from the relentless poundin' of her boy's young stallion cock, not from the rutted wagon ride.

And the rosy glow her husband saw was the satisfied flush of a woman thoroughly fucked seven ways to Sunday, not the blush of a bashful June bride.

"What about you, son?" his daddy asked, turning to look at him, "Granny Clara work you hard out there at her place?"

Darrell's tongue felt thick and clumsy as he swallowed hard. He glanced at his ma as she stared back with eyes glittering like wet river stones, a dangerous

cocktail of amusement and raw hunger painted across her flushed face—like a mountain lioness just daring enough to drag him behind the weathered slat-board barn and mount him again right under her husband's oblivious nose.

"I...uh...y-yessir," he stammered, cheeks burning hotter than hickory coals.

Mary Beth saved him from his floundering like a skilled angler netting a thrashing catfish. "Darrell was a right blessin' today, weren't you, sugar? Strong as an ox pullin' uphill, that boy. You should've seen him wranglin' them preserves down in the root cellar."

His mama fixed him with a saucy wink, her eyes glinting mischievously in the fading sunlight. "Nearly popped them ripe peaches straight outta their jars with his big, strong hands. Thought for sure he was gonna splatter that sweet, sticky juice all over Mama's root cellar."

Darrell's face flamed hotter than the devil's pitchfork at her brazen innuendo, vivid sense-memories of spurting his own "sweet, sticky juice" deep in his mama's rippling honey-pot just hours ago flashing behind his eyes. Surely his pa would take one look at his tomato-red face and just know the shameful truth of how he'd rutted with his own mama like a bull in springtime, goring her with his thick meat until her eyes rolled back and her cunny gushed like a busted dam.

But Lester just let out a whiskey-raspy guffaw and clapped him on the shoulder, meaty palm nearly buckling his knees. "That's my boy! Helpin' out his mama like a man ought to. Reckon one day you'll make a fine husband, knowin' your way around a woman's cellar, if you catch my drift." He waggled his bushy eyebrows and elbowed Darrell in the ribs good-naturedly.

Mary Beth slapped her husband's arm with a scandalized gasp, her eyes round as harvest moons. "Lester Hatfield, you hush that filthy mouth!" she scolded. "Ain't no call to be corruptin' the boy's innocent ears with that kinda crude man-talk."

Darrell ducked his head to hide the strangled, hysterical laugh that threatened to burst out of him like a fox from a trapped hen-house. Innocent ears, his lily-white ass. His "ears" weren't the parts of him that had spent all day buried in

his mama's dripping honey-pot, learning the slick, searing folds of her cunny more intimately than a blind man reading Braille.

He knew the exact taste of her tangy cream and the velvety clutch of her innermost depths, could map the ridges and secret spots inside her that made her moan like a ghost-bit hound.

Mary Beth gazed at her son with sultry eyes that smoldered like hickory coals in a blacksmith's forge, a secret smile playing about her plump, kiss-swollen lips. "He sure did do a mighty fine job," she purred. "But there's still heaps of work left to do out at Ma's place. Gonna be needin' his strong, capable young body to perform at its peak condition."

She caught her son's eye and gave him a slow, meaningful wink, so quick he might've missed it if he'd blinked. But there was no mistakin' the wicked, hungry gleam in her kohl-rimmed eye, or the way her pink tongue—the same one that had traced every ridge of his throbbing manhood not three hours prior—darted out to wet her plump bottom lip before drawing it back in with a soft, wet sound like a boot being pulled from creek mud.

Darrell's pulse kicked into overdrive, thundering in his ears like a stampede of wild mustangs across the valley floor, his cock twitching in his sweat-dampened britches as he read her unspoken message loud and clear as a church bell on Sunday morning.

She wanted him again— craved the feel of his burgeoning manhood splitting her open like a ripe Georgia peach and stirring her molten depths. And Jesus wept, but he yearned to give her what she needed, to sheath himself in her clinging wet heat, pink and slick as freshly butchered venison, and rut like a bull in springtime till she milked him dry.

TO BE CONTINUED…

261: “Dear Hubby,”

"Dear Hubby,"

By Klrxo

Sarah watched helplessly as the judge handed down the harsh sentence. Three years in a foreign prison, thousands of miles from home, for an innocent mistake. Her husband looked back at her with despair in his eyes as the guards led him away in handcuffs. Sarah felt like her heart had been ripped out of her chest.

The thought of being separated from him for so long, of him languishing alone in some decrepit overseas jail cell, was almost too much to bear. Tears streamed down her face as she stumbled out of the courtroom in a daze. How could this be happening? He didn't even realize he had broken a law - it was all just a terrible misunderstanding. But that didn't matter to the authorities here.

In the days that followed, Sarah went through the motions of her life in a depressed fog. Nothing seemed to matter anymore with her beloved husband locked away on the other side of the world. She tried to be strong when she spoke to him on the phone, not wanting him to know the depths of her anguish. But alone at night, she cried herself to sleep in their empty bed, clutching his pillow.

She didn't know how she would endure 3 years without him by her side. But she resolved to stay strong, to keep hoping and praying that this nightmare would soon be over.

Sarah met her sister Jenna at the park to watch her teenage son Liam's basketball game. As he ran up and down the court, athletic and shirtless, Sarah found it hard to take her eyes off his lean, muscular physique. The sight of his glistening, toned body stirred up an intense longing inside her.

"I don't know how I'm gonna make it three year without sex," Sarah confessed to Jenna, unable to hide her desperation. "It's only been a week and I'm already going crazy. Especially seeing Liam looking like that, so fit and virile. God, what I wouldn't give to..."

She trailed off, slightly ashamed to voice the inappropriate thoughts about her own son that had started creeping into her mind lately. Jenna gave her a understanding look.

"Listen, you can't be expected to just shut off your needs for 3 fucking years," Jenna said gently, placing a comforting hand on Sarah's arm. "Chuck is just gonna have to understand that. And Liam is 18 now. If you're discreet about it, what's the harm?"

Sarah bit her lip, shocked yet tantalized by her sister's suggestion. "I don't know, Jenna. He's my son. I'm his mother. It seems so wrong..."

"Is it though? He's an adult. And he clearly adores you. I've seen the way he looks at you sometimes, those giant tits of yours, when he thinks no one notices." Jenna leaned in closer and lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "I bet he fantasizes about you too. What hot-blooded young man doesn't dream about fucking his sexy mom? You'd probably be fulfilling his ultimate wish."

Sarah swallowed hard, unable to deny the illicit heat building between her thighs at the forbidden images Jenna's words conjured. Her eyes hungrily roamed Liam's gleaming bare torso as he jumped up to sink a shot. "You really think he'd fuck me?" she breathed.

"Oh, I have no doubt," Jenna said with a knowing smirk. "And it's not like Chuck should have a say in the matter. He gave up his right to expect your faithfulness when he went and got himself locked up in some foreign shithole. You have needs too, and you deserve to have them met. Liam is the perfect solution."

Sarah hesitated a moment longer, the warring desires of her body and lingering sense of maternal decency battling within her. But her sister's persuasive words and her own feverish lust were rapidly wearing down her resistance.

"You're right," she said at last, a new determination hardening in her eyes. "Three years without cock is more than any woman should have to bear. If my own son is willing to step up and fill that void, who am I to say no? He's no child anymore, that's for damn sure. And Chuck did this to himself. Why should I suffer for his crime?"

"Exactly," Jenna agreed, squeezing Sarah's hand. "You deserve this. Give yourself permission to take what you need."

Later that night, Liam stirred from a deep sleep, slowly becoming aware of a presence in his darkened doorway. He blinked groggily, wondering if he was still dreaming. But then he caught a whiff of his mother's signature perfume, tinged with another scent - the unmistakable musk of an aroused pussy.

Suddenly wide awake, he propped himself up on his elbows and squinted at his open doorway. There she stood, silhouetted by the dim light of the hallway, wearing nothing but a translucent nightie that clung to her voluptuous curves.

Liam's eyes widened as they adjusted to the shadowy light. He could just make out the slopes of her gigantic tits straining against the sheer fabric, the huge darkened caps of her areolas, and the prominent points of her puffy nipples. His gaze traveled down to the juncture of her thighs, where he could discern the enticing fissure of her cuntal cleft through the gauzy material.

Liam swallowed hard, his cock already rock hard and straining urgently against his boxers. He'd lost count of how many times he'd guiltily jerked off to forbidden thoughts of his mother, how many hours he'd spent

fervently wishing for exactly this. But he'd never imagined it would actually come true.

Sarah didn't say a word. She simply crooked a finger at him, then turned and sauntered down the hall, her big round ass swaying hypnotically with each step. Liam swallowed hard, his cock already swelling in his boxers. This had to be a dream. There was no way his mother was actually inviting him to her bed.

But the wetness glistening on her inner thighs as she walked away was no illusion. Heart pounding, the teen scrambled out of bed and padded after her, not quite believing this was really happening.

Sarah paused just outside the door to the master bedroom, turning to give Liam a smoldering look over her shoulder. His breath caught in his throat as he took in her voluptuous form, the way the sheer nightie hugged the dramatic hourglass curve of her tiny waist flaring out to her broad hips and colossal ass cheeks. Her monumental tits, so much bigger and fuller than any he'd seen in real life, strained the translucent fabric to its limits. The plump, protruding nipples looked as fat as his thumbs.

She held his gaze, her beautiful eyes blazing with an intensity he'd never seen before. Then slowly, deliberately, she reached up and undid the top clasp of her nightie. The flimsy garment slipped down, catching for a moment on her jutting nipples before falling away to bare the spectacular globes of her breasts in all their glory.

Sarah sauntered into the bedroom, her ass cheeks jiggling and breasts swaying with each step, the sheer nightie fluttering behind her like a cape. Liam followed eagerly on her heels like a puppy

trailing after a juicy bone, the door clicking shut decisively as he crossed the threshold into forbidden territory.

The next day, after very little sleep and teenage cum still leaking from her well-fucked cunt, Sarah took a deep breath as she penned the difficult letter to her imprisoned husband:

"Dear Chuck,

I don't quite know how to say this, so I'll just come out with it. I know it's only been two weeks, but being apart from you, not having you here to love me and satisfy me, has just become too much to endure. I ache for a man's touch with every fiber of my being. You know how sexual I am, Chuck. I've tried to stay strong, but I'm only human. I have needs that can't be denied for 3 years, I'm sorry.

Please know that I still love you with all my heart. But I've made an important decision. Our son Liam will be moving into the master bedroom with me and taking over your husbandly duties between my legs until you return. He's 18 now, and has made it clear he's more than willing to step up and fill the void your absence has left in our marriage bed. I know this must be painful to hear, but I hope you can find it in your heart to understand. I don't make this choice lightly.

Liam and I will strive to be discreet around his younger siblings. I don't want them to discover that their brother has assumed the role of man of the house in every sense. This is the way it has to be, Chuck. I cannot be expected to live like a nun, my body's desires neglected, just because of your unfortunate circumstances. I need this. I need HIM.

Every night, I will welcome Liam into my bed and revel in his strong young body. He will pleasure me in ways I so desperately miss. I will teach him to be a skilled, generous lover, just as he should be. Please try to find comfort in knowing that while you sit in your cold cell, Liam will be making love to me, pumping your wife full of his

seed, giving me the ecstasy I crave. He will worship these big tits you love so much, providing them the attention they deserve while you're away. I'll ride him for hours, milking that virile young cock with my needy cunt. And we will wake up and do it all over again, sating my aching lust, day after day, until you come home to us.

Please forgive me. I don't do this to hurt you. But I refuse to deny myself the joys of the flesh just because of your mistake. When you finally return, you will still be my husband, and we'll pick up where we left off.

I pray you can accept this. I look forward to your next call.

Eternal love,

Sarah"

Tears dripped onto the page as Sarah folded the letter with shaking hands. She hated causing Chuck this heartache, but her mind was made up. Her body demanded satisfaction, and she would have it, one way or the other. Liam was the perfect solution in Chuck's absence. She would make a man out of her boy, and assuage her own desperate cravings in the process. The die was cast.

As dusk settled over the house, Liam sat on the edge of his bed, heart pounding with anticipation. The muffled sounds of his younger brother and sister getting ready for bed filtered through the wall. He listened intently as his mother helped them with their nighttime routine, his mind reeling.

Ever since he and his mom had fucked the night before, he couldn't think about anything else. The way she had looked at him, her eyes smoldering with raw need. The husky timbre of her voice as she confessed how badly she craved a man's touch. His touch. He still couldn't quite believe that it had actually happed – that he had spent an entire night ravaging his own mother.

Liam palmed the stiffening bulge in his jeans as he recalled the moment she had laid it all out for him. How she couldn't endure a year of celibacy, how she needed him to step into his father's role and satisfy her like a man. He had never been so simultaneously shocked and aroused in his life.

Of course he had always thought his mom was sexy as hell, with her huge perfect tits, curvy hips and beautiful face. What red-blooded teen wouldn't? He'd jacked off countless times with her in mind. But to actually fuck her? He never dreamed it would happen. Until now.

The house grew quiet. Liam heard his siblings' bedroom door close. This was it. Would it be a wonderful repeat of the night before? He took a deep breath, trying to calm his racing pulse and the butterflies in his stomach.

A shadow passed by his cracked door - his mother. Liam's breath caught as she paused in the doorway, backlit by the dim hall light. The sheer black robe she wore left little to the imagination, her womanly silhouette and the dark points of her nipples clearly visible through the gauzy fabric. She crooked a finger at him and he rose to follow, as if in a trance.

She led him down the hall to the master bedroom without a word. Liam's eyes were glued to the tantalizing sway of her full hips and thick ass beneath the translucent robe. His cock throbbed almost painfully against his fly as he imagined sinking into his mother's lush body again.

She closed and locked the door behind them and turned to face him. Her expression was an alluring mix of maternal affection and carnal hunger. Liam swallowed hard, his whole body pulsing with need.

"Mom, are you sure about this?" Liam asked, his voice husky with desire even as he tried to be the voice of reason. "What about Dad? Is he really okay with me taking his place this way?"

Sarah moved closer, reaching out to stroke her son's cheek. "Oh honey, your father doesn't have a choice. Expecting me to go without a man's touch for a whole year is beyond selfish. He lost the right to have any say in how I manage my needs when he got himself locked up."

She untied her robe and let it slip from her shoulders to pool on the floor at her feet. Liam's eyes widened at the sight of his mother's spectacular

nude body, his cock jumping in his jeans. Her massive tits were even more perfect than in his countless fantasies, and the shaved triangle at the junction of her thighs made his mouth water.

"If anything, your father should be grateful to you," Sarah purred, running a hand down Liam's muscular chest to palm the rigid bulge of his erection. "Grateful that his son is man enough to step up and take care of his wife's needs while he's gone. He should be thanking you for giving me the pleasure I deserve and keeping me satisfied."

Liam groaned as his mother squeezed his throbbing cock through his pants. His reservations were rapidly evaporating in the heat of his lust for her. "I guess you're right," he said hoarsely. "Dad is lucky I'm willing to do this for you... for our family."

"Exactly baby," Sarah cooed, unbuckling Liam's belt and unzipping his fly. She shoved his jeans and boxers down and sank to her knees, eyeing his impressive erection hungrily. "And I'm so very, very grateful."

Sarah gazed in awe at her son's magnificent manhood, finally freed from the confines of his jeans. His cock was truly a sight to behold, standing proudly at full attention before her. The thick shaft was long and rigid, the skin silky smooth and stretched taut. Pronounced veins ran along the length, pulsing with virile potency.

The mushroom-shaped head was broad and engorged a deep reddish-purple hue, glistening with a pearly drop of pre-cum at the tip. It flared out majestically from the tautly pulled back foreskin. Just below, Liam's heavy balls hung low in their hairless sack, each one looking swollen to near bursting with his copious teenage seed.

Even the root of his cock was impressive, thick and meaty where it emerged from his groin to form the base of this glorious pillar of male flesh. Liam's member was a prime specimen, the very epitome of ripe young manhood. It twitched and jumped under Sarah's adoring gaze, as if eager for her touch.

Leaning forward, she swirled her tongue around the swollen head of his cock, lapping up the pre-cum that leaked steadily from his slit. Liam growled and tangled his fingers in her hair.

"Enough talk," Sarah said huskily.

With that, she opened her mouth and sank down on Liam's straining erection, taking him deep into the hot, wet cavern of her throat. Liam cried out in ecstasy as his wildest dreams finally came true. At long last, he was getting his cock sucked by his own gorgeous mother. It was really happening.

Sarah bobbed her head in a steady rhythm, slurping and sucking noisily as she devoured her son's throbbing shaft. Her plush lips stretched obscenely around his thick girth, coating him with her saliva as she worshipped his manhood with wanton abandon

She wrapped her fingers around Liam's thick shaft, stroking him slowly as she looked up at him with pure animalistic need. "Mommy is going to take such good care of you, sweetheart. I'm going to fuck you so good and hard, every single day. Would you like that? To pump mommy's tight pussy full of your hot cum again and again?"

"Fuck yes," Liam growled, tangling his fingers in his mother's hair. "I'll pleasure the hell outta you, mom."

"Mmmm, that's my good boy," Sarah purred. "Show Mommy what a real man you are."

With trembling hands, Chuck unfolded the next letter from his wife. Her last correspondence, discussing their son taking his place in their marital bed had hit him hard. His heart clenching at what lurid details this letter might contain about her and Liam. Steeling himself, he began to read:

"My darling husband,

I know this is difficult for you to hear, but I want you to feel like you're still a part of my life, a part of us, even though we're separated by this terrible circumstance. And so I've decided to share with you an intimate account. I hope that in some way, it will be like you were there with me.

After settling the little ones in bed last night, I went to Liam wearing only a sheer robe, with nothing underneath. The hunger in his eyes when he saw my body on display set me on fire. I led him to our bedroom and as soon as the door closed, I dropped my robe and sank to my knees before him.

Oh Chuck, if you could have seen our boy's magnificent cock as I freed it from his jeans. Long and thick, hard as steel, pulsing with virility. I worshipped it with my hands and tongue, savoring the taste of him, my own son. And when I took him into my throat and sucked him deep, his ecstatic moans were music to my ears.

He fisted his hands in my hair and rocked his hips, fucking my face with abandon. I reveled in his lack of restraint, encouraging him to use me, to take his pleasure. Before long, he was grunting that he was close. I sucked harder and fondled his heavy balls, coaxing the cum from him.

With a roar, he exploded in my mouth, flooding me with spurt after spurt of his hot, salty essence. I swallowed it all down greedily, like a

woman dying of thirst. He seemed to cum forever and I relished every drop. I could feel his cock still throbbing against my tongue even as it softened.

But we were far from done. I stood and led him to the bed, where I lay back and spread my legs wantonly. 'Fuck me, baby,' I begged him. 'Shove that fat cock in Mommy's pussy and make me scream.'

Liam wasted no time mounting me, hooking my legs over his elbows and slamming into me balls-deep in one powerful thrust. I shrieked in ecstasy as he stretched me open, so much bigger than you ever were. Sorry, I know that's hard to hear, but I'm just sharing the facts. He pounded me hard and fast, like a machine, rutting me with his exuberant teenage

energy. The bed creaked and quaked beneath us as my ass bounced against the mattress.

'Harder!' I screamed, and he doubled his efforts, fucking me with inhuman strength. I came on his jackhammering cock again and again, soaking us both with my squirting pussy juices. He sucked my tits ravenously as he plowed me, his teeth and tongue sending jolts of pleasure through my nipples straight to my clit.

I was delirious with pleasure, nearly blacking out as he fucked me mercilessly through countless orgasms. At last, with a mighty bellow, he buried himself to the hilt inside me and I felt his cock erupt, pumping me full of his molten seed. Load after massive load, he just kept cumming as I milked him dry with my clenching cunt.

After, as we lay gasping and entangled, his softening cock still buried inside me and his cum leaking from my ravaged hole, I knew I had made the right choice. I finally felt complete again. Liam is everything I need. He's the man of the house now.

And that was just the first round. We fucked four more times last night, just like the night before. I bounced on his cock, I took him

from behind, we did every position. He's insatiable, and his stamina is unreal. I've never been so exhausted and satisfied. I'm addicted to fucking our son now. I can't get enough. I know it's not an easy thing to hear, honey, but you know honesty in our marriage has always been important to me.

I'll write again soon and share more details of our marathon sex sessions. Picturing you reading this, imagining me in the throes of passion with Liam, brings me some comfort. I hope it does for you too, knowing that I'm being so thoroughly pleasured, even if you can't be the one doing it.

I love you always.

Your devoted wife,

Sarah"

Chuck crumpled the obscene letter in his fist, his heart shattering into pieces with each graphic line describing his wife's ecstatic infidelity with their own son. Tears of impotent rage and despair coursed down his face as he pictured Liam in his marriage bed, giving Sarah pleasure he never could. The image of her wantonly debasing herself with her boy, the crude details of their incestuous coupling, would be seared into his brain forever.

The next day, Sarah pulled up to the curb outside Liam's high school, her heart racing with anticipation. She had dolled herself up in a skimpy white tank top that stretched obscenely over her humongous tits, and the tightest denim booty shorts imaginable. The flimsy top was so sheer, her dusky nipples were clearly visible through the bra and fabric of her top. She knew every red-blooded male who saw her would be drooling over her scantily clad curves.

When Liam climbed into the car, his eyes nearly bugged out of his head at the sight of his mother's overtly sexual attire. "Wow Mom,

you look incredible," he said hoarsely, already feeling his cock stir to life.

Sarah grinned and leaned over to plant a smoldering kiss on his lips, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. "I have a surprise for you, baby," she purred sultrily as she pulled away. "Something I think you'll really like."

She put the car in gear and headed out of town, driving with purpose. Liam fidgeted with barely contained excitement beside her, his eyes glued to her jiggling tits and long bare legs. After winding along back roads for a while, his mom pulled off onto a hidden dirt track, following it until they reached a secluded clearing.

"This is where your father and I used to come for some private time back in high school," Sarah explained, putting the car in park and unfastening her seatbelt. "I thought it would be the perfect spot for us too."

With a seductive smile, she climbed over the center console and straddled Liam's lap, grinding her barely-covered pussy against the bulge of his erection. Liam groaned and grabbed her ass, squeezing the firm but fatty globes as he pulled her harder against him.

Their mouths crashed together in a hungry, open-mouthed kiss. Sarah's skillful tongue plundered her son's mouth aggressively as she dry humped him, panting into the kiss with wanton lust. Liam returned her passion, sucking on her thrusting tongue greedily.

Sarah broke away, gasping for breath. She whipped her tank top over her head and tossed it aside, then unclasped her bra, causing her oversized tits to come tumbling out. "I need you, baby," she moaned, unfastening his jeans and freeing his straining cock. "I need this fat dick in Mommy's cunt right fucking now."

She shimmied out of her tiny shorts and panties, then sank down on Liam's rigid pole with a shriek of ecstasy, taking him to the hilt in her

hot, slick channel. "Oh fuck yes!" she wailed, throwing her head back in bliss as she began to bounce on him. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck Mommy's pussy so good!"

Liam pounded up into her, grunting primitively, mauling her perfect tits and diamond-hard nipples. Her meaty ass slapped against his thighs as she impaled herself on him over and over, the car rocking wildly from the force of their frantic coupling.

Liam's rock-hard shaft plunged in and out of Sarah's slick, scorching pussy, the thick veins along his cock dragging deliciously against her fluttering walls. Every ridge and contour of his pulsing member stimulated her most sensitive flesh in the most mind-blowing way as he stretched her open again and again.

The swollen head of his cock kissed her cervix with each deep plunge, sending shockwaves of pleasure radiating through her core. Her greedy

cunt clenched and secreted around him, the muscular rings of her sheath rippling along his girth as if to milk the cum from his balls.

Their sexes were fused as one, two perfect puzzle pieces of throbbing flesh slotting together in ecstasy. The heat of her molten channel seared his plundering cock, her syrupy arousal drenching his shaft and seeping out around him with each thrust to trickle down to his balls.

The sensation of his steel-hard cock head scraping over the ridged roof of her vagina, stimulating her elusive G-spot, made Sarah see stars. She keened and thrashed atop him, impaling herself harder and faster on his jackhammering pole.

"Fuck, baby, your cock feels so good!" Sarah wailed, raking her nails down Liam's chest. "Mommy's gonna cum all over that big fat dick! Don't stop!"

Liam growled and snapped his hips up into her harder, one hand clamping down on her hip and the other twisting her nipple almost viciously. The wet, obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and their harsh panting filled the car as they rutted in a frenzy.

Sarah threw her head back with a scream as her orgasm crashed over her, her cunt bearing down on Liam's pile-driving cock like a velvet vise. Clear fem-cum squirted from her core to splatter his groin and soak into the car seat as she bucked and writhed above him.

Liam hammered up into her convulsing sheath a dozen more times before burying himself to the hilt with a roar, his cock quivered as he geysered cum directly into her womb. Jet after jet of hot seed pumped into her, flooding her channel, as her pussy milked him dry.

They collapsed together, shaking and gasping for breath, glazed in sweat. Sarah pressed kisses all over Liam's face as she clenched her cunt rhythmically around his semi-hard shaft still lodged inside her, relishing the feeling of being so full of her son's cum.

"My god, that was incredible," Sarah panted, continuing to grind lazily on Liam's softening member. "I can never get enough of this cock, baby. You fuck Mommy so much better than your father ever did."

Chuck's hands trembled as he reluctantly unfolded the latest letter from Sarah, dreading what new lurid details and heartbreaking revelations it might contain about her depraved relationship with their son. A photograph fluttered out and he steeled himself before picking it up, bile rising in his throat as he took in the obscene image.

There was his beautiful wife, splayed out wantonly across the backseat of her car, their strapping young son on top of her. They were both completely naked, their bodies intertwined in a sweaty rutting heap of incestuous passion. Sarah's face was contorted in the

throes of ecstasy, her mouth open in a scream of pleasure as Liam suckled ravenously at her heavy, bouncing tits.

Chuck could practically hear his wife's rapturous cries and the wet slapping of flesh as he stared at the obscene tableau, his son's muscular ass clenching as he clearly pounded his large cock into his mother's receptive cunt. The thought of Sarah brazenly taking Liam to the same spot where she used to make love to him, before their marriage, before their children, shattered Chuck's heart all over again.

With rising nausea, he forced himself to read the letter, each word twisting the knife ever deeper:

"Dear Chuck,

I wanted you to have this little memento of Liam and me in the throes of passion. Isn't it a lovely photo? You can really see the ecstasy on my face as our virile boy fucks me with that magnificent cock of his. Ooh, he made me cum so hard, over and over until I nearly blacked out from the intensity of it!

I've started picking him up from school on his lunch break so we can slip away for a quickie most days. He has such youthful stamina - he can fuck me silly and still have energy for more when we her gets home! I love bouncing on our son's dick in the backseat like a horny teenager, or letting him bend me over the hood and ream my ass. I can't get enough! Especially being so naughty at that spot that used to be so special to you and I.

I also wanted to let you know that Liam has officially moved all his things into the master bedroom with me now. It just makes more sense this way, since he's taken over your duties as my lover. His clothes are in the closet next to mine, and his toiletries are in the master bath. Our marital bed is now his bed too, where he fucks me every night.

Don't worry, I had the kids help me move all your stuff up to the attic for safekeeping. They were so helpful boxing everything up! Of course, they don't understand the real reason behind the move. It will be our little secret until you come home.

Well, I have to run, my love. Liam just got home from baseball practice and I need to go welcome him properly, if you know what I mean! I plan to worship his sweaty young body for hours and reward his hard work on the field with a nice long fuck. I'll be thinking of you!

XOXO,

Sarah

Chuck crumpled the perverse letter in his shaking fist, wishing he could erase the image of his wife shacking up with their son from his tormented mind. The thought of Liam taking his place in their marriage bed, in Sarah's heart, was more than he could bear. Overcome with despair, he collapsed onto his hard cot and wept bitter tears of betrayal and loss. How had it come to this?

Meanwhile, back home, at that very moment, Sarah's inner walls clenched and fluttered around Liam's plunging cock, her slick, velvety flesh molding to every contour of his thrusting shaft. The spongy head of his erection pounded relentlessly against the deepest, most sensitive reaches of her tight sheath, sending shockwaves of ecstasy rippling through her core.

His broad cockhead battered her cervix with each powerful stroke, the swollen ring of muscle cinching down around him as if trying to suck him even further inside. Liam groaned at the delicious resistance as he stretched her hungry hole to its limits again and again.

Her thick juices flooded her canal, frothing up around his pistoning member and squelching obscenely with his every movement.

Creamy rivulets of her nectar seeped out around his girth to trickle down the crack of her ass.

Sarah wailed in rapture as Liam jackhammered into her, the force of his thrusts making her big tits bounce and wobble. Her cunt spasmed and convulsed, rippling along his length, the textured walls massaging him as he plowed through her slick folds.

Her orgasm crashed over her in a tidal wave and she shrieked her pleasure, drenching his cock with a hot gush of cum. Liam bellowed as her clenching pussy milked him, triggering his own explosive climax. His cock throbbed and pulsed as he blasted jet after jet of thick semen directly against her cervix.

Their combined fluids frothed up around his erupting cock, splattering obscenely. Pearly rivers of spunk oozed out of her twitching hole as he pumped her full to overflowing, breeding his own mother like a rutting animal.

A few days later, Chuck read the latest gut-wrenching letter from his wife with trembling hands:

"My darling Chuck,

I hope you're doing as well as can be expected, under the circumstances. I miss you terribly and think of you every day. But I have some news that may be difficult for you to hear.

Liam and I have grown even closer these past months. Our lovemaking has become truly transcendent, a union of bodies and souls. We connect on a level I've never experienced before. I feel like he completes me.

We've been talking a lot about the future lately. And we've made a decision. Liam is going to give me the baby we were trying for before you left. I'm going to come off birth control and let our son put his child in my womb.

I know this must be incredibly painful, my love. Getting pregnant was OUR dream. But I'm not getting any younger. My biological clock is ticking. And I can't put my life on hold for 3 years, just as I can't be expected to put my sexual needs on hold.

Liam will make an incredible father. He's so caring, so strong and mature beyond his years. He'll be by my side through the pregnancy and help me raise our child. Of course, as far as everyone else knows, the baby will be yours. Only the three of us will know the truth - that Liam bred his mother.

I hope you can find it in your heart to understand and accept this. Our family is growing, and I couldn't be happier. When you come home, you'll have a beautiful new son or daughter to love, a product of the passion Liam and I share. Focus on that.

I'll write again soon. Liam is waiting for me in our bed - we're trying to conceive starting tonight.

Your loving wife,

Sarah"

Chuck crumpled the letter in his fist and squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the mental image of Liam mounting Sarah in their marriage bed at this very moment, impregnating her with his incestuous seed. The thought of her belly swelling with their son's illicit child, a tangible symbol of her depraved infidelity, shattered his heart beyond repair.

Wracked with pain and impotent fury, Chuck buried his face in his hands and wept brokenly for all that he had lost - his wife, his son, his family, his entire world. He had never felt so utterly destroyed.

Two days later, Chuck waited for the collect call from Sarah to be connected. He had so many things he wanted to say to her, so many questions. But most of all, he just longed to hear her voice.

After several long moments, the line finally clicked. "H-hello?" Sarah answered, sounding out of breath.

"Sarah," Chuck choked out. "You have no idea how much I've missed you."

"I've missed you too, honey," she replied, her voice hitching. "More than you know."

There was a strange rhythmic creaking in the background and Sarah let out a little gasp. With a sinking feeling, Chuck realized what he must be hearing. "Sarah... please tell me you're not... not with HIM right now..."

"Shhh, it's okay," she soothed breathily. "Liam and I were just... ohhh... working on making that baby we talked about. That's all."

As if to punctuate her words, Chuck heard Liam's low moan and the distinctive slap of flesh on flesh through the phone. The creaking intensified. Chuck felt like he might vomit.

"Jesus, Sarah! Can't you stop rutting with our son for two seconds to talk to me?" he exploded, anguished. "I'm your husband!"

"You're not being fair, Chuck," Sarah admonished gently, panting. "Oooh fuck, right there baby," she added, clearly to Liam. "You know I have needs."

"I thought you loved me," Chuck said brokenly. "How could you do this to me?"

"I do love you!" Sarah insisted. Her breath was coming faster now, the wet sounds of vigorous sex clearly audible. "I love you so much, honey. But I love Liam too. Unnnh! He makes me feel things I never knew I could feel. Oh god, I'm close! Fuck me harder, baby!"

Chuck listened in stunned heartbreak to the unmistakable sound of his wife's approaching orgasm as their son fucked her. The headboard slammed against the wall and Sarah's ecstatic cries grew louder.

"I'm sorry, Chuck. I'm so sorry," she babbled frantically, her pleasure clearly cresting. "But I can't give this up. I won't! Oooh fuck, Liam! Breed Mommy! Knock me up with your baby!"

She let out a piercing shriek and Liam groaned long and low, the sounds of their climax sending daggers through Chuck's heart. He knew with grim certainty that Liam was ejaculating into Sarah's fertile womb at that very moment, perhaps conceiving the child that should have been Chuck's.

For a long minute, there was no sound but Sarah and Liam's labored breathing and the creak of the mattress. Chuck listened numbly, in a daze of grief and pain.

Finally, Sarah came back on the line. "Listen honey, I know this is hard for you," she said, sounding distracted and out of breath. "But you called at a really bad time. Liam and I aren't finished yet - that was just round one. We have a lot more baby making to do tonight."

"Are you serious right now?" Chuck asked incredulously, his voice cracking. "You can't spare five minutes to talk to your husband who's rotting in jail?"

Sarah sighed in exasperation. "Chuck, you're not being reasonable. You know how important this is, me getting pregnant. That has to be the priority right now. Every sex session counts when we're trying to conceive."

Chuck couldn't believe the cavalier way she discussed her obscene activities with their son. "Sarah, please. Can we just talk for two minutes?"

"I'm sorry, but Liam is ready to go again and I don't want to waste a single drop of his seed," Sarah said irritably. "We'll have to talk tomorrow, okay? I'll try to squeeze you in between breeding sessions."

Chuck heard Liam's voice in the background. "C'mon Mom, hang up already. I need to sink my cock in that sweet pussy again. Let's make a baby."

"Damn it Sarah--" Chuck started to protest, but she cut him off.

"I have to go Chuck. I'll talk to you later."

With that, the line went dead, leaving Chuck listening to the dial tone in shocked misery, the sound of his wife's lustful giggles and the creaking mattress still echoing in his mind.

Sarah and Liam rutted like wild animals in heat every chance they got. Whenever Sarah wasn't occupied with her motherly duties to her

younger children, she and Liam were engaged in marathon fuck sessions. They coupled for hours on end each day, their hot, slick bodies writhing and undulating together in a frenzy of incestuous lust.

No position was off limits as they explored every debauched configuration imaginable. Sarah rode Liam's thick cock in reverse cowgirl, her huge tits bouncing as she impaled herself on his meat pole again and again. He took her from behind, pounding her into the mattress doggy style as she screamed her ecstasy. She straddled his face and ground her sopping cunt against his mouth while sucking his cock, sixty-nining in a lewd tangle of limbs.

They fucked missionary with her ankles by her ears, folded nearly in half as Liam plowed her relentlessly. He pinned her against the wall and hoisted her up, hammering up into her slick folds as she clung

to him and wailed. She bent over the kitchen table and he mounted her from behind, slamming balls deep into her creaming pussy.

Over and over, in every room of the house, at all hours, mother and son rutted like beasts, skin slapping obscenely, fluids gushing, a symphony of grunts and moans and shrieks of rapture. Liam's potent semen flooded Sarah's fertile womb in great gouts each time, his virile seed taking root deep in her unprotected depths.

Gallons of spunk pumped into her over the course of each sex marathon, Liam's heavy balls churning out inhuman loads as he bred his own mother with single-minded purpose. His cock was never soft, spearing into her again the second he finished, driven to impregnate her. And Sarah took it all with greedy abandon, her needy cunt milking him for every drop, her cervix hungry for his seed.

They fucked through the night and often into the morning, falling asleep still joined, only to wake up and start rutting again. Sarah was delirious with pleasure, lost to the world, focused only on the feel of her son's magnificent cock splitting her open and flooding her with his potent

cum. She knew it was only a matter of time before his baby took hold in her womb.

One week later, with trembling hands, Sarah penned the letter she knew would devastate her husband. But he had to know the truth.

"My dearest Chuck,

I hope this letter finds you as well as can be expected. I have some news to share, news that will be difficult for you to hear. But you deserve to know.

After weeks of trying, it finally happened - I'm pregnant. Liam and I are overjoyed. We cried tears of happiness in each other's arms

when the test came back positive. At last, the baby we've been dreaming of is on the way. I can hardly wait to feel our child growing inside me, to watch my belly swell with the proof of our love.

I know this must be so painful for you, my darling. Getting pregnant was OUR plan. But life doesn't always go according to plan, as we've learned all too well. I couldn't put my desire for another child on hold. My biological clock is ticking. And Liam... he's going to be such an amazing father.

This baby is a blessing. I truly believe that. A part of me and a part of Liam, growing into a new life. I already love this child so much. I hope that in time, you can find a way to love him or her too. You'll be the only father this baby knows. No one can ever take that away from you.

There's something else I need to tell you as well. Liam and I have started exploring anal sex. I know that's something you always wanted to do, but I could never bring myself to try with you. I'm sorry for that. But with Liam... it just feels right. His cock is so big and thick, he stretches me in the most intense, pleasurable way. And the intimacy of letting him into

my last untouched hole, giving him every part of me... it's incredible. I orgasm so hard I practically black out when he fucks my ass.

I know this is a lot to take in. And I'm so sorry for hurting you with this news. But you deserve my honesty, now more than ever. I still love you so much. You're my soulmate and that will never change. What Liam and I have is different, but it doesn't diminish my love for you. I hope you can understand that.

Take care of yourself. I miss you and I'm counting the days until your release.

Your devoted wife,

Sarah"

Sarah sealed the envelope and pressed a kiss to it, sending her love to her husband across the miles. She knew this letter would break his heart. But she had to be truthful with him. He had a right to know he had a new son or daughter on the way, and that Liam had claimed her body in a way Chuck never had.

Rubbing her still flat stomach and thinking of the tiny new life taking root inside her, Sarah went to find Liam. She needed the comfort and pleasure only he could provide. Her swollen tits ached to be sucked and fondled, her ass longed to be stretched and filled by his enormous cock.

She found him in the living room, watching TV in just a pair of boxers. Her mouth watered at the sight of his muscular body on display. Pregnancy hormones were already making her hornier than ever.

"Hey baby," she purred, straddling his lap. She ground against his crotch, feeling him stiffen immediately. "I need you."

Liam groaned and reached up to maul her sensitive tits through her thin shirt. "Fuck Mom, you're insatiable," he said appreciatively. "I love how much you want it now that you're knocked up."

"I always want you," Sarah moaned as he tweaked her nipples. "I'm addicted to your cock. Especially in my ass. I need you to fuck my ass so bad right now, baby."

She stood up and shimmied out of her shorts, revealing her bare, juicy pussy and plump ass. Bending over the back of the couch, she reached back and spread her cheeks, exposing her puckered rosebud.

"Fill me up, baby," she begged, looking back at him with molten lust in her eyes. "Shove that big dick up Mommy's asshole and make me

scream."

Liam wasted no time freeing his massive erection and moving into position behind her. He rubbed the bulbous head up and down her crack, collecting her juices, before centering it against her quivering sphincter.

"Ungh, yessss," Sarah hissed as he began to push forward, her tight ring stretching around his invading cockhead. "That's it, baby. Give me every fucking inch."

Liam grunted as he sank into her, her hot, viselike sheath gripping him like a fist. He watched in awe as his huge pole disappeared into her tiny hole, her elastic rim stretching obscenely to take him.

"Oh fuck, Mom, you're so goddamn tight," he groaned when he was fully sheathed in her ass, his heavy balls pressed against her pussy.

"You like Mommy's tight asshole, baby?" Sarah panted, reveling in the burning fullness. She clenched around him, making him curse. "Fuck it hard. Ruin my ass with that big fucking cock."

Liam drew back and slammed home, making her cry out. He set a punishing pace, sawing in and out of her, his hips smacking her ass. The wet squelch of his cock violating her hole filled the room.

"Take it, Mom," he growled, reaching around to maul her bouncing tits. "Fucking take that dick up your shitter."

"Yes, baby, yes!" Sarah wailed, pushing back to meet his thrusts. Drool leaked from the corner of her mouth as she surrendered to the taboo pleasure. "Harder! Wreck my ass!"

Liam pistoned in and out of her spasming asshole, grunting like a wild animal. He pounded her with brutal intensity, the force of his thrusts making the heavy couch scrape across the floor. Sarah's eyes rolled back as she came hard, squirting her juices down her thighs.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum," Liam warned, jackhammering into her convulsing hole with desperate abandon. "Gonna cum so deep in your ass, Mom."

"Do it!" Sarah screeched, slamming herself back onto him. "Fill Mommy's ass with your cum! Breed my fucking shitter!"

With an animalistic roar, Liam buried himself to the hilt and exploded, flooding Sarah's bowels with what felt like gallons of semen. It pumped out of him in long, forceful jets, splattering her inner walls. Sarah wailed as the intense heat triggered another shattering climax.

Liam kept coming and coming, his balls unloading an inhuman volume of jizz into his mother's spasming ass. Sarah could feel it squishing obscenely around his pulsing shaft, oozing out around his girth to dribble down her crack. When he finally pulled out with a wet squelch, her abused hole gaped wide, a river of cum pouring out.

"Oh my god," Sarah panted as she collapsed forward, absolutely wrecked. "That was incredible. I don't think I'll ever get enough of you fucking my ass, baby."

Liam gathered her into his arms and kissed her deeply. "And I'll never get enough of claiming you that way, Mom. Your body is mine now - your pussy, your ass, these huge fucking tits." He palmed her heaving rack possessively. "All mine."

Sarah melted into him, her heart so full of love for her virile young son. The father of her unborn child. "Yes baby, all yours," she agreed breathlessly. "I'm your woman now, in every way. Now and forever."

As Sarah's pregnancy progressed, it became clear that she was carrying not one, but two babies. Liam's potent seed had taken root in her womb with a vengeance, blessing them with twin daughters.

Sarah's belly swelled to epic proportions, stretching far out in front of her, taut and heavy with her son's offspring.

Her already enormous breasts grew even more massive, engorged with milk and throbbing with constant need. They sat high and proud on her chest, defying gravity, the dusky nipples perpetually stiff. Sarah loved her new hyper-feminine curves, reveling in the ripe fecundity of her body.

Liam couldn't keep his hands off her, worshipping her gravid form at every opportunity. He loved to bury his face between her heaving tits, motorboating her cleavage before latching onto a nipple and suckling greedily. Milk would let down immediately, filling his mouth and splattering his cheeks as he growled his approval.

He would kiss and caress her swollen belly reverently, marveling at the two tiny lives he had put inside her. Then he would move lower, lapping at her dripping folds before mounting her and sliding his massive cock back home into her slick heat. Sarah's pregnant pussy was always so wet and ready for him, the tissues lush and pillowy.

They fucked like rabbits, Liam pounding into her for hours, his stamina endless. He took her in every position imaginable - on her hands and knees, her huge belly swaying, spooned behind her, his hands cupping her breasts, with her on top, impaled on his thickness. He claimed her ass daily, never tiring of violating his mother's forbidden hole.

Sarah documented it all, taking lewd photos of their carnal activities. Close ups of Liam's enormous cock splitting her pregnant pussy open, stuffed into her gaping asshole, buried between her massive milk-laden

tits. Pics of her riding him, head thrown back in ecstasy, belly and breasts bouncing wildly. Of her on her knees, cheeks bulging as she sucked him off, his cum splattering her face.

She included the obscene photos in her letters to Chuck, wanting him to see how thoroughly their son had bred her, the shocking changes to her body, the depravity of their coupling. She knew it would torture him to see another man, his own child no less, defiling his wife's pregnant form in the most debased ways. But a sick part of her got off on rubbing his face in it. This was all his doing after all.

Chuck wept as he looked at the images of Sarah's massively pregnant body entwined with Liam's, his son's ecstatic face buried between her enormous breasts or pressed against her glistening pussy mound. He ached to be the one pounding into her lush folds, filling his hands with her ripe flesh, suckling the milk from her tits. But that privilege belonged to Liam now. He had lost his wife to his own son in every way imaginable.

As Sarah entered her third trimester, she was absolutely ravenous for Liam's cock. Her belly preceded her everywhere she went, tits jutting out obscenely to the sides, the rest of her body seeming almost comically petite in comparison. She looked like a fertility goddess, a walking monument to virility and abundance.

Liam serviced her nearly non-stop, his teenage cock forever hard and eager. He lay on the bed, his head propped on pillows, as Sarah squatted over his face. Her dripping cunt hovered inches above him as he gripped her enormous ass, kneading the plush cheeks. Milk dribbled from her elongated nipples as she ground herself against his mouth, coating his lips and chin.

"That's it, baby, eat Mommy's pregnant pussy," she moaned, fisting her hands in his hair to hold him in place. "Suck those swollen lips, get me ready for your big cock."

Liam growled into her folds, the vibrations making her shudder. He lapped at her hungrily, his tongue swirling around her throbbing clit

before delving deep into her channel. He nibbled and sucked as she writhed above him, gasping out her pleasure.

When she was teetering on the edge, cunt clenching and fluttering, she raised up and positioned his straining erection at her entrance. With a wail, she sank down, taking him to the hilt in one smooth stroke. Her massive belly and tits loomed above him as she began to bounce, thighs flexing.

"Fuck yes, fill me up!" she cried as she rode him hard, the bed creaking beneath them. "Pound that big dick up into your baby's home!"

Liam thrust up to meet her, grunting with the effort. Her huge body undulated above him, a tsunami of flesh. He squeezed her tits roughly, and she screamed as milk sprayed from her nipples, raining down on his face and chest. He opened his mouth to catch the warm streams on his tongue.

"I'm cumming!" Sarah shrieked, her cunt strangling his pistoning cock. "Cum with me baby, cum in your pregnant mommy!"

Liam bellowed as his balls drew up and exploded, painting her rippling walls with his seed. She ground down onto him, wringing every last drop from his pulsing shaft, her greedy hole milking him dry. Their combined fluids gushed out around his cock, soaking his groin, as Sarah collapsed forward onto his chest.

She peppered his face with kisses as he softened inside her, still buried to the root. "My perfect boy," she panted. "Mommy loves you so much. Thank you for taking such good care of me and your sisters. You're ganna be the best daddy."

Liam palmed her belly tenderly, overcome with emotion. "I love you too, Mom. And our daughters. You're my entire world. I'll always be here for you, all three of you."

Sarah sighed in contentment, feeling truly cherished and adored. She knew that no matter what happened with Chuck, she and Liam would be together forever, their forbidden love bonding them now as not just mother and son, but as life partners. She couldn't wait to birth their children and start this new chapter.

She snapped a quick pic of them joined this way, his semi-hard cock still connecting them, his hands cradling her swollen belly. The satisfied, blissed out expressions on both their faces. She would send it to Chuck with a note:

"Your son bred me so well, darling. I've never felt so woman. So fulfilled. He takes care of me in every way, worships my body like the divine temple of life that it is. I'm so ready for our daughters to get here so I can be the mother of his children in truth. I know this is painful for you. But I hope you can take solace in knowing that Liam and I will love them enough for the both of us. They will want for nothing. And when you finally come home to us, they will know you as their father too. We're still a family. Just a bit unconventional now.

Sending all my love,

Your devoted Sarah"

Sarah knew the photo and letter would break Chuck's heart. She almost felt guilty for taking such cruel pleasure in his torment. But she was long past the point of caring about sparing his feelings. Her body and soul belonged to Liam now, the evidence growing bigger in her womb everyday. And soon, the products of their union would enter the world, the physical manifestation of their forbidden love. She could hardly wait.

The twin girls arrived after an intense labor, with Liam coaching Sarah through every push and contraction. When the doctor placed the squalling infants on Sarah's chest, she and Liam both wept tears

of joy, overwhelmed by the monumental love they felt for their daughters.

They named the girls Lily and Willow, and doted on them endlessly. Sarah's breasts were perpetually heavy with milk, and Liam loved to watch her nurse them, the sight unbearably intimate and erotic. Her still swollen belly and the angry red stretch marks scoring her skin were badges of honor, proof of the new lives she had grown and birthed.

Liam couldn't keep his hands off her, not even giving her the standard six week recovery time before he was plunging into her again, reclaiming her. Their sex postpartum was raw and animalistic, both of them frantic to be joined once more after the temporary abstinence. Sarah's body yielded to him eagerly, her inner muscles still loose and pliant from the birth. He pounded into her for hours, making her scream her rapture.

It came as little surprise then, when a mere two months after delivering the twins, Sarah began experiencing telltale signs of early pregnancy again. The test confirmed it - Liam's potent seed had quickened in her womb once more. They celebrated the news with a slow, sensual fuck, Liam caressing her belly and crooning to the tiny new life taking root inside.

Sarah smirked down at Liam as he worshipped her gravid body, his face pressed between her massive milk-engorged breasts. "Aww, does baby boy wove Mommy's big pwegnant titties?" she cooed in exaggerated baby talk. Her son had come to enjoy that lately. "Mmmm, suck Mommy's fat nippies, sweetie. Dwain aaawll Mommy's yummy milk."

Liam latched onto one elongated nipple and suckled greedily, groaning as warm tit-nectar flooded his mouth. He palmed her other heavy breast, kneading the soft flesh, relishing the weight of it in his

hand. Milk leaked from that nipple to dribble down his wrist as he squeezed.

"Mmmm, such a hungwy boy for Mommy's boobies," Sarah purred, holding his head to her chest. "Dey're soooo fuww and heavy, baby. Mommy's titties are gonna smovver you, sweetie. Dwown you in Mommy milk."

She pushed her enormous jugs together, engulfing Liam's face in her cleavage. He motorboated her, burying his nose in the fragrant valley as he continued suckling, long pulls that had her nipples tingling and pussy clenching.

Sarah reached down to grip his huge erection jutting up between their bodies. "Oooh, wook at dat big boy cock!" she squealed. "Is dat for Mommy's drippy pwegnant pussy? Does baby boy wanna put his thick dicky in Mommy's gushy kitty and make it aww bettew?"

"Fuck yes," Liam growled against her breast before switching to the other nipple. He thrust into her stroking fist, smearing her palm with his copious pre-cum. "Wanna bury my fat cock in Mommy's sloppy pregnant snatch and pound it hard."

"Den do it, baby," Sarah urged breathlessly, positioning him at her entrance. The bulbous head of his cock parted her swollen folds as he surged forward, impaling her balls deep in one powerful stroke.

"Ungh! Dat's it! Stuff Mommy's pwegnant cunny fuww of dat big fuckstick!" she wailed, tossing her head back. Her massive belly and tits bounced wildly as Liam began to piston in and out, grunting with the effort. "Oooh, gwive it to Mommy! Pound my drippy muffin wif dat donkey dong, baby boy!"

Liam hammered into her, the wet squelch of his cock churning her pregnant pussy juices obscenely loud in the room. He gripped her engorged tits as leverage, fucking up into her with brutal intensity as she babbled filthy encouragement.

"Oooh fuckies, oooh fuckies!" Sarah mewled, reduced to incoherent baby talk as Liam pounded her into oblivion. "More, baby, more! Destwoy Mommy's gooey kitty!"

Liam snarled and redoubled his efforts, the headboard slamming against the wall with each savage thrust. He mauled her tits, milk spraying from her distended nipples to splatter them both. Sarah keened like a banshee, her pussy clamping down on his pile-driving cock like a vise.

"Dat's my good boy!" she wailed. "Knock me up again, baby! Put anovver baby in Mommy's tummy! Fwood my pussy wif your cummies!"

"Take it, Mom!" Liam roared, pounding into her like a jackhammer. "Gonna pump you so full of jizz, breed this shaved snatch again and again! Fuck!"

With an animalistic grunt, he buried himself to the hilt and unleashed, his cock flexing and kicking as it disgorged a massive load directly against her cervix. Sarah shrieked as she felt his potent seed bathing her womb, triggering her own explosive climax. Her cunt rippled and milked him, greedy for every drop.

They collapsed together in a sweaty tangle of limbs, Liam's cock still lodged deep inside her twitching channel as it continued to pulse weakly, pumping her full. Sarah hummed in satisfaction, running her fingers through his damp hair.

"Mmmm, baby boy has da bestest cock for Mommy's hungwy pussy," she purred. "Fiwws me up soooo good, makes me cummie so hawd. I wuv being your pwegnant mommy swut."

Liam captured her lips in a searing kiss, their tongues entwining sloppily. "I love being your baby daddy," he growled against her mouth. "Breeding this pussy over and over, watching your belly swell with my kids. You're MINE."

Sarah mewled in agreement, clenching her pussy around his semi-hard shaft possessively. She knew she would never get enough of her virile young son's cock, of being seeded by him again and again. Her body was his temple and his alone to worship and defile. She had never felt so complete.

Sarah knew she had to tell Chuck, even as she dreaded his reaction. With a heavy heart, she penned him a letter, choosing her words carefully but honestly:

"Dearest Chuck,

I hope this letter finds you holding up as well as possible. The girls are thriving and filling our lives with more joy than I thought possible. Liam is an amazing father, so hands on and loving. Seeing him with Lily and Willow makes me fall deeper in love every day.

Which brings me to the purpose of this letter - I'm pregnant again. It happened much sooner than we expected, but Liam and I are overjoyed. I know this news is a blow, yet another reminder of the profound bond he and I now share. I'm sorry for the pain I know this causes you. But I won't apologize for something that brings us such happiness.

There's more, and this one is the hardest of all to tell you. Chuck, Liam asked me to marry him, and I've said yes. He got down on one knee and presented me with a beautiful ring, told me that I'm the love of his life and he wants us to be a true family in every way. I've never been proposed to so romantically before. I'm sorry, but I couldn't say no.

We're planning an intimate, unconventional ceremony with just my mother and sisters in attendance. They've been so supportive of our relationship, and understand that our love is something precious, even if it's unorthodox. I wish you could be there too, to share in our joy. But I understand why that's not possible.

I've started the process of filing for divorce. I'm so very sorry, Chuck. But I need to be free to follow my heart, and it belongs to Liam now, wholly and completely. What we have... it transcends our blood tie, our age difference, societal norms. It's once in a lifetime, and I won't deny it any longer.

You will always have a place in my heart, as the father of our other children. I hope that in time, your wounds will heal and you can carve out a new chapter. I want you to find happiness again, I truly do. It just won't be with me.

The divorce papers will be coming soon. I hope we can settle this amicably, for the sake of all our children. They will always be our first priority.

Wishing you peace,

Sarah"

Sarah read over the letter, tears splashing on the page. She knew it would destroy Chuck to learn that not only was she pregnant with Liam's child again, but she was going to become Liam's wife as well. But she owed him the truth, as hard as it was. She couldn't let him languish in jail thinking there was still hope for their marriage.

18 MONTHS LATER

Chuck stepped out of the airport terminal, blinking in the bright sunlight. He scanned the crowd of waiting people, his heart pounding. It had been 3 years since he'd last seen his family. Years of pure hell, languishing in that overseas prison, consumed by despair and heartbreak with each new letter from Sarah detailing her depraved relationship with their son.

Finally, he spotted them. Liam stood with his arm wrapped around Sarah's waist, both of them beaming. Chuck's stomach turned as he took in the sight of his wife, heavily pregnant yet again with Liam's

child. She was absolutely radiant, her skin glowing, her belly a perfect gravid dome straining against her sundress. Her breasts were massive, even larger than he remembered them ever being, and heavy with milk, the neckline of the dress barely containing them. She looked like a fertility goddess, ripe and lush and bursting with new life.

Liam, meanwhile, exuded pure masculine vitality and confidence. He'd filled out even more while Chuck was gone, his body hard and powerful from a life of nothing but ravenous sex, his face handsome and strong. He grinned as Chuck approached, looking for all the world like the cat who got the cream. And why shouldn't he? He'd thoroughly claimed Chuck's wife in every way, bred her over and over, fathered three children on her already with another on the way. He was the undisputed alpha now.

"Chuck, welcome back," Sarah said warmly, moving to hug him. He whimpered with envy as her giant, pillowy tits engulfed him, but when her massive belly pressed against him, he had to fight back nausea, knowing his grandchild lurked within. She still smelled the same, like vanilla and honey, bringing back a flood of memories.

Sarah smiled to herself as she felt Chuck's body shaking against hers. She knew her newly enhanced curves were driving him wild with lust and envy. Her breasts, always extra-large, were now truly gigantic, swollen with milk and straining against the fabric of her sundress. They pressed into Chuck's chest, warm, soft and yielding, fat nipples prodding him, making him groan under his breath.

And her pregnant belly, so hugely rounded and ripe, was an unavoidable reminder of the virile son who had replaced him in her bed. She could only imagine the agony Chuck must be feeling, having that visual confirmation of Liam's dominant virility shoved in his face. Knowing that his own wife's body had become a lush breeding ground for his son's potent seed.

Sarah couldn't deny the thrill of power and dark satisfaction that gave her. A part of her enjoyed flaunting her new, hyperfeminine curves in front of her inadequate former husband. Enjoyed knowing he would probably cut off his own arm just for a chance to experience all her body had become, to sink into her pillowy flesh and abundant folds. But that privilege belonged to Liam now, their son.

"Oh Chucky, you're trembling," she cooed with false concern as she pulled back from the hug, making sure to brush her huge rack against him as she did. "Are you alright, dear? Was the flight that rough?"

She smirked as Chuck swallowed hard, his eyes still fixated on her massive milk-laden tits. "I-I'm fine," he croaked. "It's just...you look so...different. So..." He trailed off, face reddening.

"Radiant? Fertile? Womanly?" Sarah supplied, running a hand over the shelf of her protruding belly. She giggled. "I know, darling. Carrying Liam's strong babies has transformed me. He bred me so well, so thoroughly. My body is just meant to bear his offspring. It's like I was made for him… which is why he's my husband now."

She heard Chuck make a choked sound and saw Liam's chest puff up with pride out of the corner of her eye. Good, she thought. Let them both feel the weight of the natural order asserting itself. She was Liam's woman now, and her ripe, abundant curves were the proof, a living testament to his sexual superiority over his father.

Sarah knew it was cruel to rub Chuck's face in it this way. But she couldn't help herself. The power dynamics had shifted so dramatically, and she reveled in her new role as the young alpha's bred mate. Reveled in grinding her former husband's inadequacy in his face.

"Hey Dad," Liam said, shaking Chuck's hand firmly, a shit-eating smirk on his face. "Glad you're home."

Sarah nodded, wrapping her arms around Liam and pulling him close. "We're both so happy you're back, Chuck," she said, even as she pressed her gravid body wantonly against her son's muscular form.

Liam groaned as his mother's massive tits pillowed against his chest, her belly pushing into his abs. He slid his hands down to cup her lush ass, squeezing the plump cheeks. Sarah purred and captured his mouth in a deep, sensual kiss, their tongues twining slickly.

Chuck watched in stunned heartbreak as his wife made out with their son right in front of him, her body molding to Liam's like she wanted to crawl inside his skin. She was practically humping the boy, grinding her mound against the growing bulge in his jeans. It was obscene.

Sarah finally broke the kiss with a moan, her lips red and wet. "Sorry Chuck," she said breathlessly, not sounding sorry at all. "It's just so hard to keep my hands off my husband. Especially with all these pregnancy hormones raging." She giggled and playfully squeezed Liam's ass.

"It's...it's fine," Chuck gritted out, even though it was killing him inside. Watching Sarah flaunt her connection with Liam, so blatantly disrespecting the sanctity of their own marriage vows, made him feel lower than dirt.

The drive home was awkward and tense, with Sarah and Liam canoodling in the front seat while Chuck sat in the back, gritting his teeth. He tried to ignore the little moans and giggles coming from his wife as Liam groped her huge tits and pregnant belly with one hand, keeping the other on the wheel.

When they arrived at the house, Chuck was greeted by his and Sarah's two biological children. The kids were happy to see their father, but Chuck couldn't help but notice how they gravitated more

towards Liam, looking at him with adoring eyes. It was clear who the alpha was in their family dynamic now.

As they all sat down to dinner, Chuck watched in misery as Sarah flitted around the kitchen, her massive udders jiggling and swaying with her every movement, threatening to spill out of her low-cut top. Her shorts were so tiny, they were little more than denim underwear, showcasing her thick juicy bubble butt and long, toned legs.

Chuck felt his cock stir in his pants despite himself. Jail had been a long dry spell, and seeing his wife's new hyper-feminine curves, even pregnant with another man's baby as she was, had him in a constant

state of frustrated arousal. He hated himself for still wanting her so badly.

Sarah, for her part, seemed to be going out of her way to torment Chuck with her body. As she set the food on the table, she made sure to lean forward more than necessary, giving him a faceful of her giant ballooning cleavage. She bent over slowly to put dishes in the dishwasher, her heart-shaped ass mere inches from his face.

"Whoops! Pregnancy has me so clumsy," she giggled as she "accidentally" dropped a fork, then took her time retrieving it, wiggling her ass tauntingly.

Chuck gripped his chair arms until his knuckles turned white, his cock throbbing almost painfully. He could see Sarah smirking at him, taking obvious delight in his suffering.

Later, as she cleared the table, Sarah made sure to brush up against her old husband as much as possible, rubbing her milk-swollen tits against his arm or grazing her belly against his shoulder. Each touch was like a branding iron, searing his skin, reminding him of everything he'd lost.

Chuck excused himself to use the restroom, desperate to escape the sensual torment Sarah was inflicting on him. As he walked down the hall, he couldn't resist pausing outside the master bedroom - the room that used to be his sanctuary with his wife, but now clearly belonged to Liam in every way.

Almost against his will, Chuck found himself pushing open the door and stepping inside. He was immediately assaulted by the intense, musky aroma of sex that permeated the space. It was obvious that Sarah and Liam fucked like animals in here, every surface infused with the scent of their carnal activities.

The bed was enormous, far larger than the one Chuck and Sarah used to share. A heavy-duty frame of thick, reinforced steel bars supported the

oversized mattress, leaving no doubt about the vigor of the coupling it was meant to withstand. The sheets were rumpled and stained, telling the tale of marathon sex sessions and copious fluids spilled.

But it was the photos on the walls that really drove home the depraved new reality of Chuck's marriage. Hanging near the bed was a huge framed portrait from Sarah and Liam's wedding day. They beamed at each other with undisguised adoration, Sarah in a skimpy lace gown that displayed her burgeoning pregnant belly and bulging cleavage, Liam dashing in his tux, one possessive hand splayed on her stomach.

Other smaller photos showed the bride and groom in various states of lewd bliss - making out passionately at the altar, Sarah's leg hitched around Liam's waist; Liam burying his face in Sarah's massive tits, his hands squeezing her plump ass; Sarah on her knees in her wedding dress, smirking up at the camera with Liam's giant cock stuffed in her mouth. They looked deliriously, orgasmically happy.

Chuck felt dizzy, his stomach churning. Seeing the evidence of his wife's ecstatic new life with his own son, commemorated so proudly, was like being stabbed in the heart. He stumbled to the edge of the bed and sank down, his head in his hands.

As he sat there in despair, Chuck happened to glance up and notice a large mirror on the ceiling above the bed. The thought of what depraved acts that mirror must have witnessed between his wife and son made him feel physically ill. How many times had Sarah gazed up at her own reflection as Liam pounded into her, watching herself get bred over and over by her hung young stud of a son? The images that raced through Chuck's mind were almost too obscene to bear.

A leather-bound photo album on the nightstand caught his eye. Morbid curiosity compelled him to pick it up and start flipping through, even as his mind screamed at him not to. What he found inside made him wish he had listened to that instinct.

Page after page was filled with graphic erotic photos chronicling Sarah's sexual odyssey with Liam in lurid detail. Chuck's hands shook as he took in the shocking images - his sweet wife sprawled out naked and wanton, her massive tits and pregnant belly on lewd display as Liam fucked her in every hole, every position imaginable.

There was Sarah riding Liam's enormous cock reverse cowgirl, her plump ass rippling with each slam of her hips. Liam's hands reached around to maul her gigantic, milk-leaking breasts as she threw her head back in ecstasy. Another shot showed her on her hands and knees, heavy tits hanging down and swaying, face contorted in pleasure as Liam railed her from behind, his washboard abs and muscular ass flexing with every powerful thrust.

One particularly vulgar photo depicted Sarah sucking Liam's huge cock as he stood over her, her pregnant belly and massive udders resting on the bed. His giant shaft disappeared into her wide-

stretched mouth, her lips sealed around his root, nose buried in his pubes. Drool leaked from the corners of her mouth as she gazed up at him in adoration. The next image showed the inevitable messy result, Sarah's face absolutely drenched in thick jizz, a pearly rope of cum connecting Liam's cockhead to her tongue as she grinned like the cat who got the cream - literally.

As the pics progressed, so did the swell of Sarah's stomach, growing from a gentle curve to a skin-stretching mountain. But her and Liam's depravity clearly knew no bounds, her advancing pregnancy no impediment to their carnal activities. One photo showed her straddling Liam's face, smothering him with her dripping cunt, engorged clit peeking from her lips as he ate her out. Her colossal belly and tits loomed above him, so swollen they were almost grotesque.

Another featured Liam pounding up into Sarah's hugely pregnant body as she sat on his cock facing him, her massive gut pressed against his chiseled torso, dark nipples leaking milk onto his chest.

Chuck was so engrossed in the obscene photo album, each image a dagger to his heart, that he didn't hear Sarah enter the room. It was only when the mattress dipped beside him and her scent washed over him, vanilla and honey now underlaid with the musk of sex, that he looked up with a start.

"Why are you torturing yourself like this, Chuck?" she asked, her voice dripping with false sympathy even as a wicked gleam shone in her eye.

With calculated slowness, Sarah brought one silky leg up onto the bed, splaying her thick thighs apart. The denim of her barely-there shorts pulled taut across her mound, the pronounced cameltoe unmistakable.

Chuck's mouth went dry as he stared at the lewd display of his wife's cloth-covered cunt, so close he could smell her tangy musk. Her

inner thighs glistened, giving away her arousal. He clenched his fists, desperately fighting the urge to touch.

Sarah noticed the direction of his gaze and smiled slyly. She ran a teasing finger along the camel toe, drawing Chuck's eyes. "See anything you miss?" she purred, voice husky.

Chuck swallowed hard, his chest tight with pain and desire. "Please Sarah... don't do this to me," he begged hoarsely. "I can't bear it."

"Can't bear what?" she asked, all faux innocence as she cupped her huge, heavy tits and squeezed. "Knowing that these belong to your son now? That he gets to worship them, suck on them, fuck them every single day? While you can only look and never touch?"

She tweaked her swollen nipples through the thin fabric, biting her lip and sighing with pleasure. Chuck watched, agonized, as wet spots appeared on her top where her milk let down. The urge to fell her, to suckle her, was overwhelming.

"Or is it my new curves that are driving you crazy?" Sarah continued relentlessly, caressing the massive swell of her pregnant belly. "Knowing

Liam bred me so thoroughly, so completely, that he transformed me into his ideal mate? That I'm the perfect vessel for his superior seed now?"

Sarah shifted closer to Chuck, her oversized breasts grazing his arm, making him shudder. She placed a hand on his thigh, her touch searing him through his pants. "Oh Chucky," she cooed, "I know this must be so hard for you, seeing how much I've changed. How Liam has marked me, inside and out, as his woman now. His breeding cow, really."

She giggled cruelly, giving his thigh a squeeze. "But you don't have to be a stranger. I know you don't have anywhere else to go right

now. Why don't you stay here with us for a while? You can have Liam's old room."

Chuck gaped at her, stunned by the audacity of her suggestion. Live under the same roof as his son and ex-wife while they flaunted their depraved relationship in his face? It was unthinkable. "Sarah, I can't," he croaked. "It would kill me to see you two together like this every day."

Sarah pouted, her lush lower lip jutting out. "Think about it - you can help support the household financially. The kids would love having their daddy around more. And it would mean so much to me, knowing we can still be a family, even if it looks a little different now."

She looked up at him through her lashes, playing the demure card even as her hand crept higher up his thigh. "Please, Chuck, for me."

Chuck's resolve wavered as he stared into Sarah's pleading eyes, his cock throbbing traitorously at her touch. He knew it would be pure torture, bearing witness to her continued perverse affair with Liam, watching her belly swell with his son's seed. But the temptation to stay close to her, even in this twisted context, was overwhelming.

"I... I'll think about it," he said at last, his voice hoarse with defeat.

Sarah beamed, knowing she had him. "Wonderful," she purred, giving his thigh a final pat before rising from the bed with a grunt of effort, one hand supporting her gravid belly. "I'll make up Liam's old room for you."

Dazed, Chuck followed her out, his eyes glued to the lewd sway of her amplified ass in those criminally tiny shorts. This was a terrible idea and he knew it. But he was powerless to resist the siren song of his ex-wife's new body and false promises of family, even if it meant enduring a front row seat to her debasement at Liam's hands.

THE END

262: Enchanting the Queen-1/2

Enchanting the Queen

By Klrxo

Princess Eleanor sneered as she watched her younger brother's feeble attempts to swing a practice sword. "Honestly Cedric, it's embarrassing to watch you flail about like that. A stiff breeze could knock you over!"

Prince Cedric's pale cheeks flushed red with humiliation. He knew he was slight of frame compared to the burly knights, but he was trying his best. "I'm still learning, Eleanor," he muttered, lowering the heavy sword.

"Learning?" Eleanor scoffed. "More like failing. Look at Sir Aldric and Sir Percival - now those are real men who know how to wield a blade. You look like a child playing pretend."

Cedric glanced over at the armored knights gracefully sparring in the courtyard, their swords flashing in the sun. He wished he had even a fraction of their strength and skill.

"Why don't you stick to your books and leave the fighting to the real warriors, little brother?" Eleanor taunted. "We wouldn't want you to hurt yourself." She turned on her heel and strode away, her luscious teen buttocks wagging with every step. Her mocking laughter echoing off the stone walls.

Cedric's shoulders slumped in defeat. Maybe his sister was right - maybe he wasn't cut out for this. He gazed wistfully at the knights, doubt and embarrassment weighing heavily upon him. Would he ever prove himself worthy of the title of prince?

Cedric trudged through the castle halls, his head hung low and his spirit deflated. The weight of his sister's mocking words pressed down upon him, as heavy as the practice sword he had struggled to wield. He was the prince, destined to one day lead the kingdom's armies into battle and protect the realm. Yet here he was, slight and bookish, more at home in the library than on the training grounds.

As he walked, lost in thought, a glimmer caught his eye. There, nestled in a shadowed alcove, lay a ring. Curious, Cedric bent to pick it up. The moment his fingers touched the cool metal, a familiar voice echoed in his mind.

"Prince Cedric, do not despair," the voice said, and he recognized it as belonging to the castle's wizard, Aldwyn. "Your path may be different from those who yield the sword, but it is no less important."

Cedric startled, glancing around to see if the wizard was nearby. But he was alone in the corridor. He looked down at the ring, now glowing softly in his palm.

"Aldwyn?" he whispered. "How are you speaking to me?"

"Through the ring, my prince," the wizard's voice replied. "Set it back down and you'll see."

Cedric carefully set the ring back down on the stone floor. In a shimmering flash of light, the ring transformed into the aged wizard Aldwyn himself, his long white beard nearly reaching the floor and his eyes twinkling with wisdom.

"You see, my prince," Aldwyn explained, "I have developed a spell that allows me to take the form of any object I choose. It comes in quite handy for moving about the castle unnoticed."

Cedric's eyes widened with wonder. "That's incredible, Aldwyn! How does the spell work? What does it feel like to become an object?"

The old wizard chuckled at the boy's enthusiasm. "Ah, the curiosity of youth! It warms my heart to see such a thirst for knowledge."

He leaned in conspiratorially. "You know, Cedric, with your love of learning and your sharp mind, you would make an excellent apprentice."

The prince's heart leapt in his chest. "An apprentice? You mean, to learn magic from you?"

Aldwyn nodded, his smile warm and encouraging. "Indeed. I sense a great potential in you, my boy. Your path may not lie in the art of the sword, but

in the realm of the arcane. Under my tutelage, you could become a powerful wizard, capable of defending the kingdom in ways your sister can only dream of."

Cedric's mind raced with the possibilities. To study magic, to unlock the secrets of the universe - it was everything he had ever wanted. And to think, he might one day be able to transform into objects himself!

"Yes," he breathed, his eyes shining with determination. "Yes, I want to be your apprentice, Aldwyn. I want to learn everything you can teach me."

The old wizard clapped his hands in delight. "Excellent! We shall begin your lessons at once."

Cedric rushed to find his parents, his heart pounding with excitement at the prospect of becoming Aldwyn's apprentice. He burst into the throne room, where his mother, Queen Velariana, sat beside his father, King Alric.

Velariana was a breathtaking sight, with lustrous dark hair cascading down her back and a figure that turned heads throughout the kingdom. Her gargantuan tits and shapely posterior were the stuff of legend, the subject of many a bawdy tavern song.

The Queen was resplendent in a low-cut, form-fitting gown of shimmering crimson silk that clung to her voluptuous curves. The plunging neckline displayed an almost scandalous amount of her tit-cleavage, the creamy swells of her breasts threatening to spill out with each breath. The gown's skirt was slit daringly high up one thigh, offering tantalizing glimpses of her long, toned legs as she crossed them. Her pretty feet were adorned in strappy gold stilettos that accentuated her shapely calves.

As she shifted on her throne, the gown stretched taut across her generous posterior, emphasizing the shelf of her bubbled behind. Many a noble had fantasized about worshipping that royal rump.

The king, in contrast, looked rather plain seated beside his sexy queen, though his eyes shone with pride and love for her.

Cedric took a deep breath, trying to ignore his mother's distracting beauty as he approached the thrones. "Mother, father," he began, "I have wonderful news. Aldwyn has invited me to become his apprentice and study the magical arts under his tutelage."

Velariana's eyes lit up with pride and joy. "Oh, Cedric, that's marvelous! I always knew you had a special gift. Learning from Aldwyn will be the perfect way for you to cultivate your talents."

King Alric, however, furrowed his brow. "Magic? You want to spend your days holed up in a dusty old tower, poring over spellbooks?

What about your duties as a prince? What about leading our armies?"

Cedric's heart sank, but Velariana placed a gentle hand on her husband's arm. "Alric, my love, not every prince is destined to be a mighty warrior. Cedric has a brilliant mind and a kind heart. With Aldwyn's guidance, he could become a wise and powerful advisor, able to protect our kingdom in ways brute force never could."

The king sighed heavily, but as he gazed upon his wife's beautiful face, her persuasive words and voluptuous figure wore down his resistance. "Very well," he conceded. "If you believe this is the right path for our son, Velariana, then I will support it. Cedric, you have my blessing to study with Aldwyn."

Cedric beamed with happiness, throwing his arms around his mother and burying his face in her pillowy, perfumed cleavage. "Thank you, Mother," he murmured. "Thank you for believing in me."

Velariana stroked her son's hair, her heart swelling with love and pride. "Always, my darling boy."

The queen's breath caught in her throat as she felt the unmistakable heat and rigidity of her son's manhood pressing against her thigh through their clothing. By the gods, when had young Cedric grown so large and virile? Surely this throbbing length of manly flesh could not belong to her sweet, bookish boy.

Velariana's pulse raced as forbidden, shameful thoughts flooded her mind unbidden. She imagined her son's hard cock springing free, long and thick and flushed with need. In her fantasy, she wrapped her fingers around that meaty shaft, stroking it as Cedric groaned with pleasure. She pictured taking him into her mouth, worshipping his princely rod with her lips and tongue until he spent his royal seed down her eager throat.

The queen shuddered, a hot flush spreading through her body at these taboo images. What sort of depraved mother was she to entertain such lewd notions about her own son? And yet, she could not deny the aching, empty throb between her thighs, the dampness of her silk smallclothes as they clung to her heated sex.

Velariana forced herself to pull away from the embrace, her hands trembling and her cheeks flushed crimson. She prayed Cedric could not smell the musky scent of her arousal or see how her diamond-hard nipples strained against the bodice of her gown. What was wrong with her, lusting after her child like some debauched harlot?

The prince gazed at her with adoring eyes, blissfully unaware of the carnal hunger he had awoken within her. "I will make you proud, Mother," he promised earnestly, his voice cracking with youthful sincerity. "I swear it."

"I know you will, my son," Velariana managed, thankful her gown concealed the tremble in her legs and the shameful dampness between them. "Now go, begin your studies with Aldwyn. I shall see you at dinner."

Cedric bowed and hurried off, his movements unintentionally highlighting the enticing bulge at the front of his trousers. Velariana bit back a moan, her pussy clenching with illicit need. Gods forgive her, she would be imagining that bulge as she touched herself tonight, lost in the forbidden fantasy of her son's hard teenage cock pounding into her greedy cunt.

The queen took a shaky breath, trying to compose herself. She could not let these dark desires consume her. She had to be strong, to resist temptation for the good of her son and the kingdom. But deep down, a traitorous part of her hoped that one day, Cedric's magic studies might uncover a spell to make all her taboo dreams come true.

As Cedric left the throne room, his mind swirled with conflicting emotions. He was overjoyed at the prospect of studying magic under Aldwyn's guidance, but a darker desire gnawed at his heart. For years, he had watched his father, King Alric, rule beside Queen Velariana, a woman of such breathtaking beauty that it made Cedric's loins ache with longing.

In the secrecy of his bedchamber, Cedric often found himself stroking his oversized appendage, imagining what it would be like to sink his tender boy-cock into his mother's lush, voluptuous body. He dreamed of burying his face in her ample bosom, suckling at her fat, rosy nipples until she cried out in ecstasy. He fantasized about gripping her wide, fertile hips as he plunged into her depths, claiming her as his own.

It was a forbidden desire, one that filled him with shame and self-loathing. And yet, he could not help but envy his father for having the privilege of making love to such a gorgeous creature every night. The thought of King Alric's hands roaming over Velariana's curves, his lips tasting her sweetness, drove Cedric mad with jealousy.

He knew it was wrong, knew that he should banish these impure thoughts from his mind. But as he made his way to Aldwyn's tower, his cock throbbed insistently against the confines of his trousers, a testament to the all-consuming lust that burned within him.

Perhaps, he mused darkly, his magical studies would provide a distraction from his incestuous longings. Or perhaps they would only serve to fuel his forbidden fantasies, granting him the power to make his deepest, darkest desires a reality.

In the days that followed, Cedric threw himself into his magical studies with a fervor bordering on obsession. Under Aldwyn's patient guidance, he learned to harness the power that thrummed through his veins, shaping it into spells of increasing complexity.

Yet even as he progressed in his lessons, his mind continually wandered to thoughts of his mother, and also the buxom servant girl who worked in the

castle kitchens. Her name was Rosalind, and she possessed a figure that compared to the Queen's. Cedric often found himself lurking in the shadows, watching as she went about her duties, her enormous tits struggling against the confines of her bodice.

One day, as Rosalind bent over to retrieve a fallen spoon, Cedric saw his chance. Muttering an incantation under his breath, he focused his newfound magical energy on the buttons of her dress. With a soft pop, the first button came undone, exposing a tantalizing glimpse of her creamy cleavage.

Rosalind straightened, a puzzled frown on her face as she felt the sudden looseness of her bodice. But before she could investigate further, Cedric unleashed another burst of magic, this time targeting the remaining buttons.

In a cascading wave, the buttons popped free, one after another, until Rosalind's dress gaped open, revealing her magnificent, heavy tits in all their glory. They wobbled and bounced as she gasped in shock, her nipples hardening in the cool air of the kitchen.

Cedric's cock immediately sprang to attention, throbbing with need at the sight of such perfection. He yearned to bury his face between those soft, pillowy mounds, to suckle and tease her until she writhed with pleasure.

Rosalind, spotted the Prince, her face flushed with embarrassment and anger, clutched her gaping bodice to her chest and fled the kitchen, tears stinging her eyes. She ran straight to Queen Velariana's chambers, bursting in without knocking in her distress.

"Your Majesty!" Rosalind cried, her voice trembling. "Forgive the intrusion, but I must report a most distressing incident. Prince

Cedric, he... he used magic to expose my bosom in the kitchens!"

Velariana's eyes widened in surprise, but she quickly composed herself. "Calm yourself, Rosalind," she soothed, rising from her seat to comfort the distraught servant girl. "I will speak with Cedric about this matter. You have my word that it will be dealt with discreetly."

Rosalind sniffled, nodding gratefully. "Thank you, Your Majesty. I am sorry to trouble you with this."

"Nonsense," Velariana said, her voice gentle but firm. "You did the right thing by coming to me. Now, take the rest of the day off to collect yourself. I will ensure that Cedric understands the gravity of his actions."

Once Rosalind had departed, Velariana summoned her son to her chambers with a sense of urgency. The young prince entered, his head hanging low, weighed down by the heavy burden of shame, unable to meet his mother's piercing gaze.

"Cedric," Velariana began, her voice firm, imbued with a sternness that cut through the air like a blade, yet tempered with a hint of compassion. "Rosalind has informed me of your disgraceful conduct in the kitchens. Using your magic to strip a servant girl of her dignity is an abomination and a stain on your honor as a prince."

"I'm sorry, Mother," Cedric murmured, the words tumbling out of his mouth as his face flushed crimson with humiliation. "I don't know what possessed me. It won't happen again, I swear."

Velariana sighed deeply, her expression softening as if a storm had momentarily passed. "I understand you are a young man grappling with...urges. But you must master them, Cedric. Wielding your power, magical or otherwise, with recklessness is a path to ruin."

She giant boobies wobbled ever so slightly as she stepped closer, her presence an anchor in the tumult, and placed a reassuring hand on

his shoulder. "I will shield you from your father's wrath, for I believe you are genuinely repentant. But henceforth, should you feel an overwhelming need to exercise your magic in such a manner, you will do so exclusively with me. Is that understood?"

Cedric's head jerked up, his eyes wide with shock and a spark of forbidden thrill. "With...with you, Mother?"

Velariana smiled, a conspiratorial edge to her voice that sent a shiver through the room. "Yes, my darling boy. As long as you vow never to exert your magic on others without their consent, I will permit you to explore

your spells on me. But tread carefully, for you must not let your passions consume you. Do you understand?"

Cedric nodded fervently, his heart pounding with disbelief at his unexpected fortune. "Yes, Mother, I promise. I won't get carried away."

The next morning, Cedric awoke with excitement thrumming through his veins. His mother's words from the previous day echoed in his mind, a tantalizing invitation to explore his burgeoning magical abilities on her magnificent body.

He made his way to the great hall for breakfast, his eyes immediately drawn to Queen Velariana as she sat at the head of the table. She was a vision of regal beauty, her ridiculously-oversized bosom straining against the confines of her emerald gown, the soft curves of her body a testament to her fertile femininity.

As Cedric took his seat, he focused his mind on the spell he had been practicing in secret, a subtle incantation designed to manipulate the very fabric of his mother's gown. With a furtive glance to ensure no one was watching, he muttered the words under his breath, his fingers tracing arcane patterns beneath the table.

At first, nothing seemed to happen. But then, as Velariana reached for her goblet of wine, Cedric saw it - a slight shimmering around the bodice of her gown, as if the material had suddenly become imbued with a will of its own.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, the queen's breasts began to sway and bounce beneath the emerald fabric, as if caught in a gentle breeze. Velariana's eyes widened in surprise as she felt the unexpected movement, her hands instinctively moving to still her jiggling bosom.

But Cedric's spell had taken hold, and with each breath his mother took, her giant tits seemed to grow more animated, straining against the confines of her gown as they swelled and quivered. The fabric stretched taut across her ample bust, the outline of her hardening nipples clearly visible beneath the thin material.

Velariana's cheeks flushed a delicate pink as she realized what was happening, her eyes darting around the table to see if anyone had noticed her predicament. With a subtle grace, she reached for her flowing robe, draping it over her shoulders to conceal the evidence of her son's magical mischief.

But as she caught Cedric's gaze, a knowing smile played across her lips, a silent acknowledgement of the game they had begun to play. She said nothing, but the blush that stained her cheeks and the sparkle in her eye spoke volumes.

Cedric's heart raced with a heady mix of triumph and arousal, his cock hardening beneath the table as he watched his mother's breasts continue to dance and sway beneath the concealing folds of her robe.

Beneath the concealing folds of her robe, Velariana's enormous tit-melons heaved and wobbled as if possessed by a dozen invisible hands. Her aching nipples, stiff and engorged, poked out like fat thimbles against the thin emerald silk of her gown. The fabric pulled

taut across her quivering tit-flesh as unseen fingers pinched and tugged roughly at the sensitive buds.

The queen bit her plump lower lip to stifle a moan as her son's magic sent shockwaves of pleasure radiating through her trembling body. It felt as though a horde of lusty specters had descended upon her, their ghostly hands boldly groping and kneading her ponderous bosom. Cedric's spell squeezed and massaged the heavy globes, the touches growing more aggressive by the second.

Velariana's bountiful cleavage jiggled like jelly as her breasts were mauled beneath her robes, the brutal fondling sending tingles straight to her dampening core. Her face flushed with mingled arousal and embarrassment, glancing at her playful boy, praying no one else could discern the lewd bouncing and rippling of her enchanted bust.

Just then, a servant girl approached with a platter of pastries, concern etched on her youthful face. "Are you quite alright, Your Majesty?" she asked, noticing the queen's labored breathing and flushed complexion. "You look a bit...feverish."

Velariana forced a reassuring smile even as she felt her tender nipples being pinched and twisted by phantom fingers. "I'm fine, dear, just a touch warm," she managed, her voice husky. Beneath the table, she pressed her thighs together as her pussy clenched with illicit need. "Thank you for your concern."

As the servant curtsied and withdrew, Velariana shot her son a pointed look, her eyes dark with barely restrained lust. This magical teasing was maddening, stoking the forbidden flames of her desire to unbearable heights. But she had granted Cedric permission to test his spells on her body, and the depravity of it all only heightened her shameful arousal.

The Prince knew he was treading on dangerous ground, knew that he was playing with forces beyond his control. But in that moment,

lost in the thrall of his forbidden desires, Cedric couldn't bring himself to care. All that mattered was the power he wielded, the secret thrill of bending his mother.

Later that day, Cedric sought out Aldwyn in his tower, his mind abuzz with the tantalizing possibilities of his newfound power. The old wizard looked up from his ancient tome as the prince entered, a knowing twinkle in his eye.

"Aldwyn," Cedric began, his voice trembling with barely contained excitement, "I was wondering if you could teach me how to change into an object, like you did with the ring. It seems like such a useful skill to have."

The wizard chuckled softly, stroking his long white beard. "Ah, my boy, I had a feeling you might come to me with such a request. Your magical prowess grows by the day, and I can see the hunger for knowledge burning in your eyes."

He leaned forward, fixing Cedric with a penetrating gaze. "But I must caution you, young prince. The spell of transformation is not one to be taken lightly. It requires great focus and control, lest you become trapped in an object's form forever."

Cedric nodded eagerly, his desire to learn the spell outweighing any sense of caution. "I understand, Aldwyn. I promise I'll be careful. Please, teach me."

Cedric threw himself into mastering the transformation spell with a passion bordering on obsession. Under Aldwyn's watchful eye, he began by shifting into small, inanimate objects - a candlestick, a quill, a goblet. The sensation of his body melting and reforming was disorienting at first, but with each successful transformation, his confidence grew.

Soon, he was practicing the spell on his own, pushing the boundaries of what he could become. He turned himself into a suit

of armor, clanking and creaking as he moved. He became a tapestry, his consciousness woven into the intricate threads. He even dared to take the form of a chamber pot, giggling to himself at the absurdity of it all.

But it was the thought of his mother that consumed him, driving him to perfect his newfound skill. He imagined transforming into her hairbrush, fantasizing about the way her silken tresses would feel against his wooden form. He longed to become her corset, to feel the warmth of her skin and the swell of her colossal breasts as he held her tight.

Continuing to put his transformation skills to the test, Cedric snuck into the castle hallway and, with a muttered incantation, shifted his form into that of an ornate vase, perched atop a pedestal.

As he settled into his new ceramic shape, he heard the approach of familiar voices - his sister Eleanor and her gaggle of noblewomen friends. They paused near his pedestal, their conversation turning to the topic of their recent sexual exploits.

"I swear, Lord Farnsworth's cock is as thick as my wrist," Eleanor bragged, her voice dripping with smug satisfaction. "I could barely walk straight after he finished with me last night."

Her friends tittered with laughter, each chiming in with their own lurid tales. "Well, I let Sir Grayson take me in the stables," Lady Beatrice giggled. "Right there in the hay, like a couple of rutting animals. It was positively scandalous!"

"And I had both the blacksmith's sons at once," Lady Cordelia added, her tone conspiratorial. "They bent me over the anvil and took turns plowing my arse. I've never felt so deliciously full."

Cedric, trapped in his vase form, could only listen in shocked arousal as his sister and her friends continued to swap stories of their

debauchery. He felt his non-existent cock twitch with need, his mind reeling at the thought of such wanton behavior.

He had always known that Eleanor was no blushing virgin, but to hear her speak so brazenly of her conquests sent a thrill of forbidden excitement through his ceramic form. And her friends - ladies of the court, all - seemed just as eager to embrace their slutty reputations.

Just as the ladies were about to round the corner, Cedric transformed back into his human form in a swirl of magical energy, appearing behind them with a mischievous grin. He cleared his throat loudly, causing the noblewomen to whirl around in surprise.

"Well, well, well," he drawled, enjoying the shocked expressions on their faces. "What scandalous tales you ladies weave. And here I thought the court was a place of virtue and propriety."

Eleanor's eyes narrowed as she took in her brother's smug expression. "Cedric," she hissed. "Were you eavesdropping on our private conversation? How dare you!"

"Oh, I dare quite a bit these days, dear sister," Cedric replied, his voice dripping with newfound confidence. "I've been honing my magical skills. Aldwyn says I show great promise."

Eleanor scoffed, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "Magic? Please. What good is pulling rabbits out of hats compared to the might of a brave warrior? You'll never be a real man, Cedric. Not like the ones who warm my bed."

Cedric's eyes flashed with anger, his fingers twitching with the urge to cast a spell and put his sister in her place. But he remembered his promise to his mother, to use his magic only on her.

"If you're so skilled with magic, then prove it," Eleanor challenged, a wicked gleam in her eye. She traced her finger along the golden

necklace around her throat. "Turn this simple chain into a jeweled masterpiece, and perhaps I'll take your powers seriously."

Cedric hesitated, torn between his desire to show up his sister and his vow to Velariana. "I...I can't," he admitted, his voice tight with frustration. "I gave my word to Mother that I wouldn't practice my spells on others."

Eleanor laughed, a cruel, mocking sound that made Cedric's blood boil. "Of course you did," she sneered. "Always running to hide behind Mother's skirts. You're pathetic, Cedric. A weak, sniveling excuse for a prince."

With that, she turned on her heel and strode away, her friends trailing behind her with titters of laughter. Cedric stood there, his fists clenched at his sides, humiliation and rage warring within him.

With a determined stride, the boy made his way to the rose garden, where he knew his mother would be taking her afternoon stroll with his father, King Alric. They walked arm in arm, heads bent close in intimate conversation, discussing the troubling rumors of an approaching enemy army.

Cedric concealed himself behind a towering hedge, his heart pounding with anticipation as he watched his mother's voluptuous figure sway with each step. Her gown clung to her curves like a second skin, the rich fabric straining against the ripe swell of her jugs and the lush roundness of her hips.

Muttering the words of the transformation spell, Cedric focused his mind on his goal, visualizing the delicate scrap of silk that rested against his mother's most intimate places. In a shimmering mist of magic, his body began to change, shrinking and morphing until he had taken on the form of Velariana's snug panties.

In an instant, he found himself pressed against her warm, fragrant skin, the soft folds of her womanhood cushioned by his silken

embrace. He could feel

the heat of her, the slick whisper of her arousal as she moved, each step causing him to rub and caress her most sensitive places.

Velariana paused mid-stride, a small gasp escaping her lips as she felt the sudden change in her undergarments. The panties that had once been a whisper against her skin now seemed to cling and mold to her intimate contours, pulsing with a magical energy that sent shivers of pleasure rippling through her body.

"Is something amiss, my love?" Alric asked, concern etched on his rugged features as he noticed his wife's flushed cheeks and quickened breathing.

"No, no, I'm quite alright," Velariana assured him, her voice breathy and distracted. "Just a bit overwarm, perhaps. Shall we retire to the shade?"

As they settled onto a carved stone bench beneath a canopy of roses, Cedric reveled in his newfound power, flexing and contracting his silken form against his mother's slick, plump folds.

Velariana trembled with illicit pleasure as she felt the enchanted silk of her panties writhe and undulate against her most sensitive areas. The crotch wedged itself deeper into the slippery crevice of her cunt, rubbing insistently against her aching clit, while the back burrowed between the plump cheeks of her ass, probing teasingly at the forbidden rosebud of her anus.

She struggled to maintain her composure as the panties seemed to take on a mind of their own, squeezing and massaging her in all the right places. A damp patch began to spread across the front as her arousal soaked through the fabric, the musky scent of her excitement mingling with the heady perfume of the roses.

"Are you certain you're feeling well, my dear?" Alric pressed, noticing the flush that had crept up his wife's neck and the glassy look in her eyes. "You seem rather...feverish."

"I'm fine, truly," Velariana insisted, her voice strained. She subtly clenched her thighs together, trying to still the relentless movements of the panties as

they worked her towards a forbidden climax. "It must be the heat getting to me."

But even as she spoke, she knew it was more than the summer sun that had her blood running hot. The realization that it was her own son, transformed and nestled intimately against her most private places, sent a thrill of perverse desire coursing through her veins.

Cedric, for his part, was lost in a haze of ecstasy, drunk on the power he held over his mother's pleasure. He flexed and rippled against her slippery folds, delving deeper into the honeyed well of her cunt, painting himself in the flowing cream of her lust. The intoxicating aroma of her musk filled his senses, spurring him on as he ground himself against the throbbing bud of her clit

He could feel the tension building in Velariana's body, the barely perceptible tremors that shook her frame as she fought to maintain her composure. Her breathing grew shallow and rapid, her breasts heaving against the confines of her bodice as she teetered on the brink of climax.

Alric droned on about matters of state, oblivious to his wife's rising desperation. But Velariana heard none of it, her focus narrowed to the exquisite torment between her thighs, the relentless swirl and caress of the enchanted silk driving her to new heights of forbidden bliss.

Just as she thought she could bear it no longer, that surely she would shatter into a million pieces from the intensity of her need,

Cedric delivered the coup de grâce. With a final, decisive thrust, he ground himself hard against the throbbing pearl of her clit, sending Velariana careening over the edge into rapture.

Her body convulsed, thighs clamping tight around Cedric's silken form as a strangled moan tore from her throat. Wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over her, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. She shuddered and writhed on the stone bench, her fingers digging into the unyielding surface as she rode out the crest of her climax.

"Velariana? Velariana!" Alric's concerned voice cut through the haze of her bliss, his hands gripping her shoulders to steady her trembling form. "By the gods, what's come over you?"

Panting and flushed, the queen struggled to regain her composure, her body still pulsing with the aftershocks of her release. She could feel Cedric's silken form, now drenched in her juices, still nestled snugly against her oversensitive flesh.

"I...I don't know," she lied, her voice ragged. "A dizzy spell, perhaps. I think I should retire to my chambers to rest."

Alric nodded, his brow furrowed with worry as he helped his wife to her feet. "Of course, my love. Shall I send for the physician?"

"No, that won't be necessary," Velariana assured him, her legs still unsteady as she leaned against his solid frame. "I'm sure a bit of rest is all I need."

As the royal couple made their way back to the castle, Cedric extricated himself from his mother's intimate embrace, his silken form heavy and sodden with the evidence of her pleasure. With a thought, he resumed his human shape, appearing behind a nearby hedge, his own cock achingly hard and straining against the confines of his breeches.

He had tasted the forbidden fruit of his mother's lust, had felt the power of bringing her to the heights of ecstasy with his magic. And now, he knew, there would be no going back. He was addicted to the thrill, to the heady rush of control, and he would stop at nothing to feel it again.

As he watched his mother's voluptuous figure disappear into the castle, her steps still slightly unsteady, Cedric's mind raced with possibilities. He would master the transformation spell, would find new and inventive ways to infiltrate Velariana's most private moments.

And one day, he vowed, he would claim her fully, not as a scrap of enchanted silk, but as a man, his cock buried deep in the slick heat of her cunt. He would make her his, and damn the consequences.

With a dark chuckle, Cedric adjusted his straining erection and set off towards Aldwyn's tower, eager to continue his magical studies. The game had only just begun, and he was determined to emerge the victor, no matter the cost.

The queen made her way to her private chambers, her legs still weak and trembling from the intensity of her climax. She rang for her most trusted lady's maid, Isabelle, to draw her a bath.

As Isabelle filled the large copper tub with steaming water and fragrant oils, she couldn't help but notice the queen's flushed cheeks and distracted air. "Your Majesty, are you quite well?" she asked, concern etched on her pretty face. "You seem rather...out of sorts."

Velariana's naked, heavy breasted body sank into the warm, soothing water with a sigh, letting the heat ease the ache in her muscles. She hesitated for a moment, then decided to confide in her loyal servant. "Oh, Isabelle," she murmured, a blush staining her cheeks. "I'm afraid I've allowed myself to be caught up in a most improper situation."

Isabelle's eyes widened, her curiosity piqued. "Whatever do you mean, my lady?"

"It's Cedric," Velariana admitted, her voice low. "I've given him permission to practice his magic upon me, and he's been using it to...to bring me pleasure, in the most scandalous of ways."

The maid's hand flew to her mouth to stifle a giggle. "Truly? The young prince has been using his spells to...satisfy you?"

Velariana nodded, a smile tugging at the corners of her lips despite her embarrassment. "Just now, in the rose garden, he transformed himself into my panties and...oh, Isabelle, the things he made me feel! I could scarcely keep from crying out in front of the king."

The two women dissolved into peals of laughter, the absurdity and audacity of the prince's actions striking them as both shocking and strangely thrilling.

Isabelle's eyes sparkled with mischief as she leaned in close, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. "I must confess, Your Majesty, the thought of being at the mercy of a young man's magical prowess is rather...intriguing. I can only imagine the exquisite torments he could inflict with a wave of his hand."

Velariana shook her head, a forced smile on her face. "No, no, it's not like that at all. I'm simply allowing Cedric to practice his magic on me so that he doesn't get into any more trouble with the servant girls. It's purely for his own good, to keep him out of mischief."

But Isabelle could see the telltale flush on her queen's cheeks, the way her nipples had stiffened beneath the water's surface at the mere mention of Cedric's magical attentions. It was clear that Velariana was deriving far more pleasure from her son's spells than she cared to admit.

"Of course, Your Majesty," Isabelle said, her tone laced with a knowing amusement. "I'm sure you have only the prince's best interests at heart. But if I may be so bold, it seems to me that you rather enjoy being the subject of his magical experiments."

Velariana's blush deepened, and she averted her gaze. "I...I don't know what you mean," she stammered, but her body betrayed her, a shiver of anticipation running through her at the thought of what other delicious torments Cedric might inflict upon her.

Late that night, Cedric lay naked in his bed, his body flushed and trembling with anticipation. With a whispered incantation, he enchanted his bedsheet, imbuing it with the essence of his mother's lush, voluptuous form.

The sheet began to move of its own accord, slithering over his skin like a sensuous serpent. It molded itself to his contours, cushioning his head and back like Velariana's soft, pillowy breasts. The silken fabric caressed his

chest and belly, teasing his nipples erect before dipping lower to encircle his straining cock.

Cedric groaned as the sheet wrapped around his raging-hard manhood, conforming to every ridge and vein. It began to undulate, rippling up and down his shaft in a magical mimicry of his mother's warm, wet cunt. The enchanted fabric squeezed and stroked him, winding tighter around his balls and fluttering over the sensitive head of his cock.

"Oh yes," Cedric panted, his hips rocking into the sheet's sensual embrace. "Mother...feels so good..."

As if summoned by his words, Velariana's honeyed voice filled his ears, a breathy whisper that sent shivers down his spine. "That's it, my darling boy," she purred. "Let your magic consume you. Feel the

power coursing through your veins, concentrated in your throbbing staff."

Cedric let out a choked moan, the phantom sensation of his mother's breath against his ear only heightening his arousal. The sheet began to pump faster, twisting and milking his cock with ruthless precision.

"You're a mighty wizard, Cedric," Velariana's voice continued, low and seductive. "So strong, so virile. Your cock is your greatest weapon, capable of conquering any wench you set your sights upon."

"Yes," Cedric gasped, thrusting feverishly into the sheet's slick embrace. "I want to conquer you, Mother. Want to claim your lush body, make you scream my name as I pound you with my magical staff."

The queen's spectral laughter echoed in his mind, rich and throaty. "Such a naughty boy, lusting after your own mother. But I can't deny the ache I feel, the desperate need to have you fill me with your throbbing cock. You've bewitched me, Cedric, body and soul."

Cedric squeezed his eyes shut, lost in the vivid fantasy conjured by his spell. The sheet was a fever dream against his skin, its caress growing frantic, driving him closer and closer to the brink of ecstasy.

"Let go, my son," Velariana's voice urged, a siren's call he was helpless to resist. "Unleash your seed, anoint your bedchamber with your potent magic. Claim your birthright as the most powerful sorcerer in the land."

With a guttural cry, Cedric's back arched off the bed, his hips jerking wildly as his cock exploded in a fountain of pearly seed. The enchanted sheet coaxed him through his release, wringing every last drop of cum from his pulsing shaft, milking him dry.

Cedric shuddered and gasped, stars bursting behind his eyelids as the intense pleasure consumed him. Thick ropes of his royal semen painted his chest and belly, glistening obscenely in the candlelight. The musky scent of his spend filled the air, mingling with the heady aroma of his sweat and the lingering traces of his mother's perfume.

As the final tremors of his climax subsided, Cedric collapsed back against the pillows, his chest heaving and his body deliciously spent. The sheet slowly unwound from his softening cock, caressing his oversensitive flesh like a parting kiss before settling innocently over his prone form once more.

Even as he drifted towards the sweet oblivion of sleep, Cedric's mind was awhirl with dark fantasies and forbidden desires. The feel of the sheet against his skin was a pale imitation of his mother's warm, plush curves, and he ached to experience the real thing, to sink into her welcoming softness and claim her at last.

But for now, he would content himself with his magical trysts, honing his skills and stoking the flames of his lust until the day he could make his filthy dreams a reality. Velariana would be his, one way or another. It was only a matter of time.

When the Queen slipped on her gown the next morning, she found her corset laced tighter than usual, squeezing her waist and thrusting her ample bosom upwards in a most provocative display. The corset, of course, was Cedric, using his magical laces to mold his mother's figure into an even more exaggerated hourglass, emphasizing her fertile curves. The boning pressed

against her ribcage with each breath, a constant reminder of her son's lingering, intimate embrace.

Even as the corset pinched her ribs and squeezed the breath from her lungs, Velariana couldn't help but let out a breathless giggle. There was something oddly endearing about Cedric using his magic for such boyish mischief, molding her body to match his adolescent

fantasies. She knew she should scold him, put an end to these illicit games, but a shameful part of her delighted in being the object of her son's lustful experimentations.

Moments later, as she sat at her dressing table to brush her hair, Velariana's silver-backed hairbrush suddenly took on a mind of its own, stroking through her long tresses with languid, sensual caresses. The bristles scraped lightly against her scalp, sending tingles down her spine that settled between her legs as a growing ache. Cedric, now her brush, shivered with excitement as he ran himself through his mother's silky locks, the subtle scent of her hair oil filling his senses.

Later that day, the queen decided to steal a moment of relaxation in her private garden. She settled onto a cushioned bench with a contented sigh, only to gasp as the plump, embroidered pillow seemed to come alive beneath her.

It kneaded and massaged the globes of her spectacular ass through her gown, squeezing and releasing in a maddening rhythm that had her squirming in her seat. Velariana bit her lip to stifle a moan, realizing that Cedric had taken on yet another form to toy with her.

That night, as she slipped into bed and pulled her thick blanket over her nearly nude form, Velariana felt the heavy fabric slither against her like a thousand caressing hands. It rubbed against her breasts, teasing her nipples with its soft fibers, before gliding lower to stroke over her stomach and thighs. The enchanted blanket dipped between her legs, pressing against the damp, heated silk of her panties, wringing a choked gasp from her throat.

Cedric, desperate to be closer to his mother's most intimate places, transformed himself from her blanket into those very panties, just as he had

in the rose garden. He nestled snugly against Velariana's slick folds, delving into her honeyed depths.

The naught delved deeper, intoxicated by the slick, spongy walls of his mother's most sacred passage. He could feel every ripple and fold of her vaginal canal as it stretched to accommodate his questing form. The hot, velvety flesh seemed to pulse and quiver around him, drawing him in, engulfing him in a world of primal heat and wetness.

As he probed further, he marveled at the feel of her strong pelvic floor muscles clenching and releasing, squeezing him with rhythmic contractions. Velariana's body was responding to his intimate touch, welcoming him, urging him onwards. He could sense her arousal in the copious slick juices that soaked into his silken fibers, the musky scent of her desire filling his consciousness.

Finally, his silky form brushed against the ringed opening of her cervix, that precious gateway to her womb. The firm, textured flesh was swollen with arousal, pulsing under his gossamer caress. Cedric quivered with excitement, overwhelmed by the knowledge that he was pressed against the very threshold of his own conception, the entrance to the sacred chamber where he had once been nurtured and carried, so many years ago.

Velariana writhed helplessly against the bed, her body alight with sensation as her son explored her most intimate depths. She had never felt so entirely possessed, so completely at the mercy of another's touch. The illicit thrill of it, the perverse pleasure of her own child stimulating her in ways no man ever had, sent her hurtling towards the brink of ecstasy.

With a final, artful twist, Cedric simultaneously ground himself against Velariana's throbbing pearl and thrust deep, the silken tip of his panty-form kissing her cervix in a lewd approximation of penetration. The double stimulation proved too much for the queen to withstand.

Her back arched off the bed as a silent scream tore from her throat, her body convulsing in rapture. Her inner muscles rippled and

grasped, milking the phantom cock of her enchanted panties as gush after gush of liquid bliss poured from her spasming cunny.

Cedric reveled in his mother's climax, glorying in the feel of her contracting around him, painting him with her sweet honey. He continued to undulate gently against her as she rode out the waves of her pleasure, drawing out her orgasm until she collapsed limply back against the sheets, panting and trembling.

In the afterglow, Velariana knew she should feel shame, guilt, remorse for allowing things to go so far. But all she felt was a deep, sated contentment and an aching emptiness when Cedric finally transformed back into himself, leaving her bereft of his intimate touch.

At breakfast the next morning, Velariana and Cedric exchanged knowing glances across the dining table as servants bustled about filling plates and cups. The queen took a long, slow sip of her morning tea, her eyes never leaving her son's as she licked a stray drop from her lip.

"I must say, I slept more soundly last night than I have in ages," she remarked casually, setting down her cup. "I had the most vivid, delicious dreams. I woke feeling utterly...satisfied."

Cedric hid a smirk behind his napkin, his eyes dancing with mischief. "I'm so pleased to hear that, Mother. You deserve only the sweetest of dreams and the most fulfilling rest."

King Alric glanced up from his heaping plate, oblivious to the charged undercurrent between his wife and son. "Glad you're sleeping well, my dear. A well-rested queen is a happy queen, I always say!"

Velariana's lips twitched with amusement. "Indeed, husband. And we all know a happy queen makes for a content kingdom." She turned

her gaze back to Cedric. "I'm so fortunate to have such a thoughtful, attentive son to ensure my...happiness."

Cedric inclined his head, accepting the veiled praise. "I live to serve, Mother. Your wish is my command."

"Is it now?" Velariana purred, arching a brow. "Well then, perhaps after breakfast you could join me in my solar. I have some new...tapestries I'd like your opinion on. I trust your keen eye and deft touch in such matters."

Alric nodded, clearly believing they were discussing actual decor. "Excellent idea! The boy has a gift for the aesthetic. Everything he touches seems to come alive with beauty under his hand."

"Oh, you have no idea," Velariana murmured, her cheeks flushing at the memory of Cedric's silken caress against her most intimate places. "I'm sure he will bring a fresh, stimulating perspective to my chambers."

Cedric's grin widened, his mind already conjuring a dozen lascivious scenarios involving his mother's supple body and his transformative powers. "It will be my pleasure to attend you, Mother. I'm sure we'll have a most scintillating...discussion."

The queen and prince shared a final heated look, rife with anticipation and unspoken promises, before returning to their breakfasts and more innocuous conversation. But beneath the veneer of propriety, the air between them fairly crackled with barely restrained lust, the forbidden charge of their illicit connection.

Alric, for his part, continued to dig into his eggs and sausage, utterly unaware of the incestuous affair unfolding right under his nose.

When Cedric arrived at his mother's solar, he was practically vibrating with anticipation. Velariana greeted him with a coy smile, her jutting bosom heaving beneath the tight confines of her bodice.

"Come in, my darling," she purred, ushering him inside. "I've been waiting for you."

As soon as the door closed behind them, Cedric brazenly pulled his mother into a passionate embrace, his hands roaming greedily over her lush curves. "I've been thinking about you all morning," he growled, nuzzling her neck. "Dreaming up new ways to please you with my magic."

Velariana shivered in delight, her nipples pebbling against his chest. "Show me," she breathed. "I want to feel your power, your touch, in ways I've never experienced before."

A wicked grin spread across Cedric's face. "As you wish, Mother."

Cedric muttered an incantation under his breath, his eyes flashing with arcane power. Velariana suddenly went rigid, her limbs freezing in place, trapped in an invisible cocoon of magic. She stood before him like a living statue, her expression one of wide-eyed shock, her lush lips parted on a gasp she couldn't voice.

A thrill of dark excitement raced through the boy at the sight of his mother so completely at his mercy, unable to move or protest as he began to explore her buxom figure with greedy hands.

He palmed her heavy, fatty breasts through the straining fabric of her bodice, marveling at their weight and suppleness. They overflowed his grasp like pillowy mounds of warm bread dough, soft and pliant beneath his kneading fingers.

"Gods, Mother," he breathed, his voice rough with lust. "Your tits are magnificent. I've wanted to touch them like this for so long..."

He traced the deep, shadowed cleft of her cleavage before dipping his fingers beneath the edge of her bodice. With a sharp tug, he wrenched the fabric down, exposing the creamy, wobbling swells of her giant breasts and the dusky rose of her fat nipples. Golden

jeweled nipple-rings surrounded the turgid teats, enchanting the teen even more. The fat buds stiffened and crinkled under his avid gaze, puckering to tight nubs that begged to be suckled.

Cedric licked his lips, desire blazing through his veins at the knowledge that Velariana was helpless to stop him, unaware of the liberties he was taking with her frozen form. He squeezed and molded the tender flesh of her breasts, fascinated by how they yielded like heated clay to his touch. He rolled and pinched the jutting peaks of her nipples between his fingers, twisting just shy of pain, watching them flush a deeper pink.

Velariana stood motionless through it all, a voluptuous mannequin subject to her son's perverse whims. Only the rapid flutter of her pulse at the base of

her throat betrayed any hint of inner turmoil, of the shameful currents of pleasure his touch stirred to life within her paralyzed form.

Cedric felt drunk on the power he wielded, the heady thrill of having his mother so completely in his thrall. He dipped his head, drawing one stiff, elongated nipple into the wet heat of his mouth. He suckled hard, his cheeks hollowing, teeth grazing the sensitive bud as his tongue swirled and flicked. He nursed at her breasts with lewd hunger, pushing his face inward, making it disappear in to the squishy meat of her mammaries. For minutes he continued sucking, switching back and forth, leaving the plump globes glazed with his spit.

His hands roamed lower, gathering fistfuls of her skirts and hitching them up to bare the creamy expanse of her thighs and the scandalous lack of undergarments beneath.

The teenage wizard sank to his knees before his mother's frozen form, his eyes glittering with dark hunger as he took in the glorious sight of her strong, shapely legs, bared to his avid gaze. He ran his

hands slowly up the silken expanse of her calves, savoring the feel of her smooth skin and the flex of taut muscle beneath.

He nuzzled his face against her thighs, inhaling deeply of the intoxicating musk of her arousal. The heady scent filled his nostrils, making his mouth water and his cock throb with need. He pressed open-mouthed kisses to the tender flesh of her inner thighs, his tongue darting out to taste the salt of her skin.

Higher and higher he worked, his lips and teeth leaving glistening trails and blooming marks in their wake, until his mouth hovered a mere hairsbreadth from the glistening folds of her sex. Her delicate pink petals were already slick and swollen with desire, the evidence of her body's unbidden response to his touch.

"Look at you, Mother," Cedric rasped, his hot breath gusting over her exposed core. "So wet for me already, and you don't even know what I'm doing to you. What a wanton creature you are, your body craving your own son's touch..."

With a groan of pure lust, he surged forward, burying his face between her thighs. He sealed his lips around her weeping slit, his tongue delving deep to lap up the honeyed flow of her juices. He thrust into her rippling channel, fucking her with his mouth, swirling around her hidden pearl.

Lost to the taste and scent and feel of his mother's cunt, Cedric ate her with sloppy abandon, his lips and chin glazed with her essence. He suckled and nibbled, pumping two fingers knuckle-deep into her tight sheath, crooking them to stroke the sensitivity hidden within.

Velariana remained as motionless as a statue, unable to arch into his touch or cry out her pleasure, but he knew her body was on fire, every nerve alight and yearning towards climax. He could feel her fluttering around his plunging digits, her cream flowing to coat his hand and drip down his wrist.

Cedric redoubled his efforts, licking and sucking, fucking and frigging, until he felt his mother's cunt clench like a vice, pulsing rhythmically in the unmistakable grip of orgasm. A flood of honey gushed over his tongue and he drank it down greedily, wringing out every last tremor of her release.

Finally, he drew back, his face a wet, debauched mess, his eyes glittering with triumph and insatiable hunger. His cock raged against the confines of his breeches, iron-hard and weeping with need.

With a snap of his fingers, Cedric ended the paralyzing spell. Velariana gasped as sensation flooded back into her limbs and she slumped to the floor in a graceless heap of skirts.

She blinked up at her son in dazed confusion, her mind reeling as it tried to process the abrupt shift. One moment she had been conversing with her son, and the next she was crumpled on the plush Lysian carpet, her body tingling and over-sensitive, her cunny sopping wet and still fluttering with the aftershocks of a intense climax she had no memory of.

"W-what happened?" Velariana asked breathlessly, pushing herself up on shaky arms. "I feel so strange, like my body has been put through the wringer..."

Cedric simply smirked down at her, his eyes glittering with dark satisfaction. "You asked to feel my power in ways you never have before, Mother. And I was all too happy to oblige."

He offered her a hand, pulling her to her feet. Velariana swayed unsteadily, her legs threatening to give out as another pulse of pleasure radiated from her core. She pressed her thighs together, feeling the slick slide of her arousal painting her skin.

"Gods," she panted, realization dawning. "You used your magic on me while I was paralyzed, didn't you? Took liberties with my helpless form?"

"And you loved every second of it," Cedric purred, pulling her flush against him. She could feel the thick, hard ridge of his cock pressing insistently against her belly. "Look how wet you are, Mother. Your body can't lie, even if your mind wasn't aware. You crave my touch, my dominance."

Velariana shuddered, equal parts mortified and aroused by the truth of his words. She burned with the forbidden knowledge that her son had played her body like an instrument, coaxing it to ecstasy without her consent or participation. It was a violation, and yet the thought of being so utterly at his mercy, subject to his darkest whims, ignited a spark of molten heat low in her core.

"You are a wicked, wicked boy," she breathed, but there was no real condemnation in her tone, only a breathy sort of wonder.

"And you are a goddess made flesh," Cedric growled, his eyes roaming possessively over her lush curves.

"But I wonder," she mused, a sly smile playing about her kiss-swollen lips, "if you have the skill to bring me such pleasure without resorting to cheap tricks like paralysis spells. Any hedge wizard can render a woman helpless - it takes a true master of the arcane arts to seduce her into willing submission with naught but his own powers of persuasion."

Cedric's eyes flashed at the challenge, his grip tightening on her waist. "Is that so? You doubt my abilities, Mother?"

He stepped back and began murmuring an unfamiliar incantation, his hands weaving intricate patterns in the air.

263: Enchanting the Queen-2/2

Suddenly, Velariana felt an invisible force lift her into the air, her skirts billowing around her as she levitated several feet off the ground. She gasped in surprise, a thrill of excitement coursing through her. "Cedric! What are you doing?"

"Something a bit more...bold," he replied, his voice husky with desire. With a flick of his wrist, Velariana's gown vanished, leaving her naked and vulnerable, suspended in midair.

"By the gods," she whimpered, equal parts shocked and aroused by her own son's boldness. Never had she felt so deliciously helpless, so completely at the mercy of another's whims.

"This is the part where I don't force you mother," the Prince stated. "Spread your legs."

Without hesistation, Velariana spread her legs obscenely wide wide, her glistening pink folds exposed to his hungry gaze.

Cedric circled his floating mother slowly, admiring the view from every angle. The plump globes of her ass, the heavy sway of her giant tits, the small trimmed thatch of pubic fuzz at the apex of her thighs - all of it called to him, begging to be touched, tasted, claimed.

With a thought, he summoned tendrils of arcane energy, glowing filaments that danced around Velariana's hovering form. They

brushed teasingly against her skin, leaving trails of tingling warmth in their wake. Slowly, deliberately, they spiraled inward, homing in on her most sensitive places.

The queen let out a sharp cry as the tendrils found her breasts, coiling around the soft mounds and plucking at her nipples until they stood out hard and proud, aching for more. Another luminous strand dipped between her spread thighs, parting her slick folds to stroke along her slit, circling her swollen bud with maddening precision.

With a lewd grin, Cedric manipulated the glowing tendrils of magic, spreading Velariana's legs even wider until she was splayed obscenely in midair, her dainty bare feet pointing to opposite corners of the chamber. The arcane filaments danced over her skin, leaving no intimate place untouched.

Slowly, teasingly, a pulsing tendril circled the puckered rosebud of her anus, making the forbidden ring quiver and wink. Then, with a surge of power, it penetrated her, sliding deep into the tight clutch of her rectum. Velariana wailed as the magic stretched and filled her, setting off sparks of pleasure-pain that made her toes curl.

"Yes, oh yes!" she sobbed, undulating her hips as much as her invisible bonds would allow, trying to take the invading tendril even deeper. "Fill me, please!"

Cedric obliged, commanding another glowing strand to plunge into his mother's dripping cunny, impaling her on a shaft of pure energy. It pulsed and undulated within the clasping sheath of her vagina, striking her hidden sweet spots with unerring precision until she was babbling incoherently, lost to the bliss.

Not neglecting any orifice, the young mage directed a final tendril to slither past Velariana's gasping lips, pushing into the wet heat of her mouth to thrust lewdly down her throat. The queen gagged and sputtered around the intrusion, saliva dripping down her chin as she

was penetrated in every hole, suspended like a debauched marionette.

Velariana gazed down through lust-fogged eyes at her wizard son, his robe pulled aside to reveal his massive, throbbing erection.

Cedric stroked himself furiously, his cock swollen and glistening, the bulbous purple head leaking copious pre-cum as he drank in the debauched sight of his mother suspended before him. A wicked grin split Cedric's face as he pumped his shaft, his eyes roving greedily over Velariana's stretched holes, her quivering, sweat-slicked flesh.

The arcane tendrils pulsed and undulated within her, making her body jerk and shudder with the force of their thrusting. Muffled moans spilled around

the glowing filament plundering her mouth, drool trickling freely down her chin to drip onto her jiggling breasts.

"Look at you," Cedric growled, his voice rough with lust. "Stuffed full of magic in every hole, floating there like a fallen goddess of fertility. You were made for this, Mother. Made to be violated, taken, claimed."

Velariana could only whimper in response, her mind lost to the all-consuming pleasure of being so thoroughly ravaged by her son's power. The tendril in her ass pulsed and swelled, stretching her impossibly wide, while its twin in her cunt stroked along her spasming walls.

Cedric drank in the depraved sight of his mother splayed wide and impaled, trembling on the brink of what promised to be a shattering climax. With a thought, he sent an intense surge of power through all the violating tendrils at once, making them swell and crackle with energy deep in Velariana's stuffed orifices.

The queen screamed around the magic gag in her mouth as the overload of sensation ripped through her, back arching impossibly, making her jutting tit-melons heave and ripple back and forth as every muscle seized in ecstasy.

Juices squirted from her quivering cunt, soaking Cedric's grinning face as he basked in the force of her explosive orgasm. The obscene wet sounds of her holes clenching the invading tendrils, the choked gargles and moans spilling from her stretched lips, all echoed off the stone walls.

It seemed to go on forever, rapture crashing over Velariana in relentless waves until she was limp and spent, hanging in her magical bonds like a ragdoll. Only then did Cedric relent, slowly withdrawing the tendrils from her twitching, dripping orifices and lowering her gently onto a plush divan.

Velariana trembled as she struggled to sit up on the divan, her limbs heavy and uncooperative in the aftermath of her shattering climax. Her magnificent breasts heaved and wobbled with each labored breath, the creamy mounds capped with rosy nipples still stiff from Cedric's magical attentions.

Shame and modesty suddenly overtook her, and she scrambled to her feet crossing her arms over her bountiful chest as a crimson blush stained her cheeks. "Cedric, my son, you must go," she panted, her voice ragged. "Your father or the servants may have heard my cries. We can't risk being discovered."

But even as she spoke the words, a part of her mourned the loss of his intimate touch, yearning to be filled and stretched by his sorcerous tendrils once more. Her cunny still throbbed with aftershocks of pleasure, her nectar dripping onto the plush velvet cushions beneath her.

Cedric, his own face flushed with triumph and barely restrained lust, nodded in understanding, his cock still rigid and throbbing lewdly.

"As you wish, Mother," he murmured, his eyes drinking in her disheveled, well-ravished form one last time. "Until next time."

With a parting glance at his engorged manhood, Velariana's eyes widened, a new hunger sparking within their depths. "Wait," she called out, halting Cedric's departure. "It was selfish of me to leave you in such a state after the exquisite pleasures you bestowed upon me."

Her gaze roved over the thick, pulsing length of his shaft, the bulbous head an angry purple and leaking copious pre-cum. The sight made her mouth water and her spent cunny clench with renewed desire. Slowly, she uncrossed her arms, allowing her heavy breasts to spill free once more.

Suddenly, there was a frantic knocking at the door. "Your Majesty!" came the muffled cry of her handmaidens. "Are you alright? We heard screaming!"

Velariana's eyes widened in panic, her gaze darting around the room for something, anything to cover her nudity. But before she could move, an invisible force pushed her back down onto the divan, pinning her in place.

"Don't worry, Mother," came Cedric's disembodied whisper, his breath hot against her ear. "I have a plan."

With a wave of his unseen hand, Velariana felt her dressing gown materialize around her, wrapping her in a cocoon of silk and lace. But something was different - the fabric clung to her like a second skin, molding

to every curve and valley of her body. And there, nestled between her thighs, was a thick, pulsing bulge.

Cedric had transformed himself into her knickers, his engorged cock pressing insistently against her slick folds. Velariana had to bite back

a moan as he throbbed against her, the head of his shaft nudging her still-sensitive clit.

"Enter!" she called out, her voice wavering only slightly. The door burst open and her handmaidens rushed in, their faces etched with concern.

"I'm fine, really," Velariana assured them, trying to keep her composure as Cedric's cock began to move, slowly sliding back and forth along her slit. "Just a nightmare, that's all. It was so vivid, I'm afraid I let out quite the scream."

The maids exchanged doubtful looks, but nodded, hovering around their queen. "Can we fetch you anything, Your Majesty? Some soothing tea perhaps?"

Velariana shook her head, barely suppressing a gasp as Cedric's thickness parted her folds, the broad head pushing into her tight entrance. "No, no, that won't be necessary. I think I just need a moment alone to collect myself."

With murmured curtsies, the maids departed, closing the door softly behind them. The moment they were gone, Velariana let out a shuddering moan, her hips rocking against the insistent press of her son's cloth-covered cock.

Suddenly coming to her senses, Velariana pushed Cedric back, breaking the intimate connection. "No, my son, we mustn't," she panted, her eyes pleading. "My womanhood belongs to your father alone. It is not for us to share, no matter how much my body may crave your touch."

Cedric's face contorted in frustration, his engorged manhood throbbing painfully with denied release. "Any other hole then," he growled, desperation edging his voice. "I need you, Mother."

Velariana hesitated for a long moment, torn between propriety and the aching emptiness between her thighs. Finally, shamefully, she nodded. "Yes," she whispered, defeat and desire mingling in her tone. "You may have my mouth, if you must."

In a flash, Cedric resumed his true form, towering over his kneeling mother. His hands tangled in her hair, dragging her face to his weeping cockhead. "Open," he commanded, his voice raw with need.

Velariana's lips parted automatically, and Cedric thrust forward, driving his thick shaft over her tongue to bump against the back of her throat. The musky, slightly salty taste of him flooded her senses as he began to pump his hips, fucking her face with abandon.

Gagging and sputtering, Velariana struggled to accommodate her son's punishing thrusts, saliva dripping down her chin to splatter against her heaving breasts. But even as she choked on his invading flesh, she felt a treacherous thrill shudder through her, her nipples tightening and cunny clenching in perverse arousal.

Her long royal tongue came alive, swirling around his shiny-skinned glans, probing his weeping piss-slit.

Cedric grunted and swore, his rhythm growing erratic as he neared his peak. "Swallow it all," he gritted out, his fingers tightening cruelly in his mother's hair.

With a strangled cry, he buried himself to the hilt in Velariana's spasming throat and unleashed his seed, flooding her mouth with spurt after spurt of thick, bitter cream. The queen gulped desperately, her neck bulging obscenely as she struggled to obey, swallowing every drop of her son's massive load.

Finally, Cedric withdrew, his softening cock slipping from his mother's bruised, gasping lips with a wet pop. Velariana collapsed

forward onto her hands, coughing and retching, strands of pearly cum dangling from her chin.

As the last drops of his seed dribbled onto Velariana's heaving breasts, Cedric staggered back, a look of horror dawning on his face. "Mother, I...I'm

so sorry," he choked out, dropping to his knees before her. "I don't know what came over me. I was too rough, too forceful. Please forgive me."

Velariana, still panting and flushed, gazed up at her son with a mixture of love and sadness. Slowly, she reached out to cup his cheek, brushing away the tears that had begun to fall. "Oh, my darling boy," she murmured. "There is nothing to forgive. What transpired between us was simply the natural expression of a young man's ardor, his primal urges."

She drew him into a tender embrace, cradling his head against her cum-splattered bosom. "You must remember, though," she continued softly, "that while I cherish the pleasure you bring me, while I crave your touch in ways a mother should never desire her son, there are lines we must not cross. My womanhood, my most sacred passage, belongs to your father alone."

Cedric nodded slowly, a single tear tracing down his cheek. "I understand, Mother. Forgive me for losing control, for pushing beyond the boundaries we had agreed upon. It won't happen again."

Velariana brushed away the tear with her thumb, offering him a warm, reassuring smile. "There is nothing to forgive, my sweet prince. We are both learning, navigating the complexities of our bond. What matters is that we move forward with love, respect, and understanding."

Rising gracefully to her feet, the queen extended a hand to help her son up. "Come now, let us set ourselves to rights. We have a

kingdom to run, after all, and appearances to maintain."

As they tidied themselves, stealing furtive glances and secretive smiles, the forbidden charge between them thrummed like a living thing, tempered now by a newfound sense of restraint and purpose. They had tasted the forbidden fruit, danced along the knife's edge of taboo desire, but they knew now where the line must be drawn.

Later that evening, as Isabelle brushed out Velariana's long, lustrous hair before bed, the queen found herself unburdening her heart to her most trusted maid.

"Oh Isabelle," Velariana sighed dreamily, a secret smile playing about her lips. "You cannot imagine the depths of ecstasy my son's magic has brought me to. His power, his skill, his creativity - it's beyond anything I've ever experienced."

The maid's eyes widened, her hand stilling mid-stroke. "Truly, Your Majesty? Prince Cedric's abilities have grown so formidable?"

"Formidable indeed," Velariana purred, a wicked glint in her eye. "Why, just this afternoon, he had me suspended in midair, impaled on tendrils of pure arcane energy in every orifice. I was stretched and filled and stimulated in ways I didn't even know were possible. I came so hard I feared I might pass out from the sheer bliss of it."

Isabelle gasped, nearly dropping the jeweled hairbrush in her shock. "My word! That sounds...intense. And you're certain such acts are wise? He is your son, after all..."

Velariana waved away her concerns with an airy hand. "Oh pish posh. What harm is there in a mother helping her child develop his talents? If anything, I'm providing Cedric with a safe outlet for his burgeoning desires, allowing him to hone his skills in a controlled setting."

She turned to face Isabelle, her expression growing conspiratorial. "And let me tell you, the prince is not lacking in the manly endowment department either. His staff of power is truly a sight to behold - long, thick, and always so hard for his mother's touch. Why, he barely fit in my mouth when I took him earlier!"

The maid's face flushed scarlet at the lewd disclosure, her thighs pressing together as a forbidden tingle raced through her loins. "You...you pleasured him orally?" she asked breathlessly.

"Mmm, I did," Velariana confirmed with a smug grin. "Swallowed every creamy drop, too. It seemed only fair, after the exquisite orgasms he gives me on a regular basis. A mother must reward her son's efforts, after all."

Isabelle nodded slowly, trying to wrap her mind around the depraved intimacy the queen described so cavalierly. A part of her was shocked,

scandalized that a mother would engage in such acts with her own child. But another, darker part throbbed with illicit curiosity, wondering what it must be like to be at the mercy of Cedric's mystical sexual prowess.

"I must admit, Your Majesty," the maid said carefully, "I find myself rather envious. To be the focus of a powerful young wizard's attention."

Isabelle bit her lip, hesitating for a moment before giving voice to the scandalous question burning in her mind. "Your Majesty," she began tentatively, "have you ever been tempted to...to go further with Prince Cedric? To experience the full extent of his magical and manly prowess in the ultimate carnal act?"

Velariana's eyes widened at the maid's brazen query, a deep blush staining her cheeks. She was silent for a long moment, grappling

with the forbidden desires that lurked in the darkest recesses of her heart.

"I...I would be lying if I said the thought hadn't crossed my mind," the queen finally admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "In the heat of passion, lost in the throes of the ecstasy he brings me, it would be so easy to give in, to beg him to claim me fully. To feel his throbbing staff of power sheathed deep in my aching womanhood, to be filled and stretched and taken as no man, not even my husband, has ever taken me before."

She shuddered, her thighs clenching reflexively at the forbidden mental image. "Can you imagine it, Isabelle? The sheer magical forces he could unleash upon my body as he made me his, the pleasure bordering on pain as he thrust into my very core, marking me, possessing me in the most primal way imaginable?"

The maid swallowed hard, her own loins throbbing in sympathy at the queen's graphic description. "It sounds...overwhelming," she managed, her voice husky. "Transcendent, even."

Velariana nodded, her expression torn between longing and resolve. "But I must resist such base urges," she declared firmly, almost as if trying to convince herself as much as her confidante. "I am still Alric's wife and queen, bound by sacred vows of fidelity. I may permit Cedric certain...liberties, in

the name of his magical education, but I cannot let him claim my most hallowed temple. That final line must not be crossed, no matter how my traitorous body may yearn for his touch."

She turned back to her mirror, her eyes distant and pensive. "I am only human, Isabelle, subject to the same weaknesses of the flesh as any woman. But I must be strong, for the sake of my marriage, my kingdom, and my son. Cedric deserves a mother who guides him with wisdom and restraint, not one who gives in to every depraved whim."

The maid nodded solemnly, moved by her queen's resolve even as a small, selfish part of her mourned the loss of such deliciously forbidden fantasies. "You are truly a paragon of virtue and strength, Your Majesty," she murmured. "Prince Cedric is blessed to have such a loving, devoted mother to shepherd him through these confusing times."

The next day, King Alric's voice boomed through the great hall, his face grave as he addressed the assembled court. "My loyal subjects, I have dire news. A scout has returned with word that a vast army marches upon our kingdom, their numbers far exceeding our own. They will be at our gates within two days' time."

A murmur of fear rippled through the crowd, nobles and servants alike exchanging worried glances. Queen Velariana clutched at her husband's arm, her brow furrowed with concern. "What are we to do, my love?" she asked, her voice trembling. "How can we hope to defend against such a force?"

Cedric stepped forward, his eyes alight with determination. "Father, Mother, let me use my magic to protect our kingdom. I have been honing my skills, growing stronger each day. I know I can face this threat and emerge victorious."

But before the king could respond, Princess Eleanor's mocking laughter rang out, cutting through the tension like a knife. "Magic?" she sneered, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "Oh, please. What good are your parlor tricks

against an army of seasoned warriors? You'll be crushed like a bug under their boots."

Cedric's face flushed with anger and embarrassment, his fists clenching at his sides. "You underestimate me, dear sister," he ground out through gritted teeth. "My power is far greater than you realize. I could strike you down with a single word, turn you to ash where you stand."

Eleanor's eyes widened in shock, a flicker of fear passing over her features before she quickly masked it with a haughty sneer. "You wouldn't dare," she hissed. "Father would have your head on a spike."

King Alric held up a hand, silencing the siblings' bickering. "Enough," he commanded, his voice firm. "We have no time for petty squabbles. Cedric, my son, while I have faith in your abilities, I cannot risk the fate of our entire kingdom on untested magic. We must prepare for battle in the traditional sense - fortifying our walls, sharpening our blades, and rallying our troops."

Cedric's shoulders slumped, disappointment etched on his face. "But Father, I know I can help. Please, let me prove myself. Let me stand beside our brave knights and defend our home."

Velariana placed a gentle hand on her son's arm, her eyes soft with understanding. "Cedric, my darling, your father is right. Your magic is a gift, but it is not yet tempered by experience. In time, you will have your chance to shine. For now, focus on honing your craft and supporting our forces in whatever way you can."

The young prince nodded reluctantly, swallowing his frustration. "As you wish, Mother. I will do all I can to aid in our defense."

As the castle bustled with frantic preparations for the impending siege, Queen Velariana couldn't help but notice her son's wandering eye. Cedric seemed to gravitate towards the older, more voluptuous women of the court, using his magic to make their clothing disappear in the blink of an eye, leaving them flushed and giggling as they scrambled to cover their exposed curves.

One particularly buxom noblewoman caught the prince's attention, her ample bosom straining against the confines of her bodice. With a sly grin, Cedric waved his hand, vanishing the front of her dress and freeing her massive breasts to bounce and sway in the open air. The woman gasped in shock, then let out a throaty laugh, pressing her

naked tits against Cedric's chest as she leaned in to whisper something naughty in his ear.

Velariana felt a hot surge of jealousy course through her as she watched the shameless display. How dare this harlot flaunt herself so wantonly in front of her son? And how could Cedric be so easily swayed by a pair of heaving breasts, when he had her own ripe, motherly curves to worship?

Striding forward, the queen grabbed Cedric by the arm, pulling him away from the giggling noblewoman. "A word, my son," she hissed through clenched teeth, dragging him into a secluded alcove.

"What do you think you're doing?" Velariana demanded, her eyes flashing with anger and hurt. "Cavorting with those painted trollops, using your magic for such lewd displays? Have you forgotten that you're to use your powers only on me?"

Cedric had the grace to look ashamed, his gaze dropping to the floor. "Forgive me, Mother," he mumbled. "I got carried away in the moment. It's just...those women, with their ample charms...I find it hard to resist."

Velariana softened, cupping her son's face in her hands and forcing him to meet her gaze. "Oh, my sweet boy," she murmured. "I understand the allure of a full giant bosom and shapely hips. But you must remember, your power is a sacred gift, not a toy to be used for such base pursuits."

Cedric's lower lip trembled, his eyes welling with unshed tears. "Mother, I...I have a confession to make," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "With this army marching towards us, I fear our days may be numbered. And the truth is, I...I don't want to die a virgin magician."

Velariana's eyes widened in surprise, a soft gasp escaping her lips. "Oh, Cedric..."

The young prince swallowed hard, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "I know it's selfish of me, with the kingdom in peril. But I can't help but think that if I'm to perish in the coming battle, I want to have known the touch of a woman. And those noblewomen, with their ample curves...they reminded me so much of you, Mother. Your beauty, your voluptuous figure...I thought maybe, if I couldn't have you, I could at least find solace in someone built like you."

The queen's heart clenched with a mixture of sympathy and forbidden longing. She drew Cedric into a tight embrace, cradling his head against her fat, cushiony tit. "My darling boy," she murmured, stroking his hair. "I understand your fears, your desires. But you must not let them cloud your judgement or compromise your integrity."

Cedric clung to his mother, inhaling her sweet, comforting scent. "I know, Mother. Forgive me for my weakness. I just...I feel so lost, so afraid. I don't know what the future holds, and I can't bear the thought of leaving this world without having truly lived."

Velariana pulled back slightly, cupping her son's face in her hands. Her gaze was tender, yet tinged with a hint of mischief. "Then let me help you live, my sweet prince," she whispered. "Let me give you a taste of the pleasure you crave, a memory to carry with you into battle and beyond."

Before Cedric could respond, the queen captured his lips in a searing kiss, her tongue delving deep to dance with his own. The young prince moaned into his mother's mouth, his hands coming up to clutch at her waist, pulling her flush against him.

Velariana took Cedric by the hand and led him through the winding castle corridors, their footsteps echoing off the stone walls. Around them, servants and knights bustled about, shouting orders and hurrying to prepare for the impending siege. But the queen paid

them no mind, her focus solely on her son and the forbidden desire burning between them.

At last, they reached the heavy oak door of Velariana's private solar. She ushered Cedric inside, then turned to bolt the door behind them, ensuring they would not be disturbed. The room was opulent yet intimate, lit by the

soft glow of flickering candles. A large, curtained bed dominated the space, its silk sheets shimmering invitingly.

Cedric stood nervously in the center of the room, his heart pounding in his chest as his mother turned to face him. Slowly, deliberately, Velariana began to disrobe, letting her gown slip from her shoulders to pool at her feet. She stood before him in all her naked glory, her voluptuous figure a feast for his hungry eyes.

"Come, my darling," she purred, holding out her hand. "Let me love you as a woman loves a man. No magic, no tricks. Just the two of us, flesh to flesh, heart to heart."

Cedric swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry. With trembling fingers, he fumbled at his own clothing, shedding his garments until he too stood bare before his mother. His cock jutted out from his groin, hard and throbbing, a pearly bead of moisture glistening at the tip.

Velariana drank in the sight of her son's youthful, virile body, her eyes darkening with lust. She stepped forward, pressing her ballooning boobs against his chest as she claimed his lips in a deep, passionate kiss. Cedric moaned into her mouth, his hands roaming greedily over her curves, cupping and kneading the ripe globes of her thick ass.

The queen guided her son towards the bed, gently pushing him down onto the silken sheets. She crawled over him, her massive udders swaying hypnotically as she straddled his hips. With a

wanton moan, she reached between their bodies to grasp his aching cock, positioning it at the slick, heated entrance of her cunt.

"Are you ready, my love?" she breathed, her voice husky with desire. "Ready to become a man in your mother's arms?"

"Yes," Cedric gasped, his hips bucking upwards instinctively. "Please, Mother. Make me yours."

With a cry of ecstasy, Velariana sank down onto her son's rigid shaft, sheathing him to the hilt in her tight, clasping heat. They both shuddered at

the exquisite sensation, their bodies joining as one in the most primal of dances.

The teen prince gasped in awe as he watched his mother's massive, pillowy breasts bounce and jiggle with each roll of her wide, fertile hips. The fleshy globes heaved and rippled, pale and perfect, the rosy nipples stiff with arousal.

Cedric's gaze drifted down the queen's lush, womanly torso to where their bodies were intimately joined. He marveled at the sight of her plump, glistening pussy lips stretched taut around his throbbing shaft, sealing to his cock root on every powerful downward plunge.

"Oh Mother," Cedric groaned, his hands gripping the soft, abundant flesh of Velariana's ass as she rode him. "You feel...incredible. Like silken heaven wrapped around me."

The queen let out a wanton moan, tossing her head back in ecstasy as she undulated atop her son, taking him deeper and harder with each roll of her wide hips. "My sweet boy," she panted. "My beautiful man. To be one with you, to feel your virile strength pulsing inside me…it's the sweetest magic of all."

Cedric thrust upwards, driving himself even further into his mother's hot, clasping sheath. The obscene wet sounds of their coupling filled the chamber, punctuated by their moans and sighs of rapture. He watched, enraptured, as Velariana's ripe body writhed above him, her huge, heavy breasts bouncing lewdly, the pink tips protruding from the caps of wide areola just begging to be sucked.

Unable to resist, the prince surged upwards, latching onto one swollen nipple and suckling hard. Velariana cried out sharply, her cunt clenching like a fist around Cedric's pistoning cock. Her fingers tangled in his hair, holding him to her breast as he feasted, his tongue swirling and flicking the sensitive bud.

"Yes, oh yes!" the queen babbled, grinding herself down on her son's thick rod with increasing desperation. "Suck Mommy's titties, my sweet boy. Drink from me as you once did as a babe. I've ached to nurse you again."

Cedric growled around his mouthful of plump, succulent tit, his teeth scraping the tender flesh. He switched to the other nipple, lavishing it with the same greedy attention, his hips never ceasing their relentless upward thrusts. He could feel the tingling pressure building in his heavy, aching balls, the overwhelming need for release coiling tighter and tighter at the base of his spine.

Velariana, too, was hurtling towards her peak, her lush body trembling and tensing as she rode her son with wild abandon. "I'm close," she whimpered, her nails raking down Cedric's lean, sweat-slicked chest.

The teen's thick, sinewy cock stretched Velariana's spongy, corrugated walls exquisitely as he plunged into her again and again. The plush, sensitive tissues of her vaginal lining ignited with pleasure, sparks of ecstasy firing from every nerve ending.

Cedric's bulbous, cum-drooling knob plowed relentlessly into the rounded head of her cervix, that precious gateway to her womb,

sending shockwaves of rapture reverberating through the queen's core.

"Fill me," Velariana begged, her voice a desperate keen. "Pour your hot, potent seed deep inside Mommy's fertile cunt. Breed me, my virile young stud!"

With a roar of triumph, Cedric slammed his mother down onto his pulsating cock one final time, burying himself to the hilt as his balls drew up tight. His shaft swelled and jerked within her spasming sheath, unleashing a torrent of thick, scalding cum directly against the entrance to her womb.

Velariana shrieked her euphoria to the heavens, her body convulsing wildly as a shattering climax ripped through her. Her untamed inner muscles rippled and milked her son's spurting cock, greedily drinking down every drop of his abundant, virile release.

Her massive breasts bounced and quivered, the hard peaks of her nipples rubbing deliciously against Cedric's sweat-sheened chest as she writhed in ecstasy.

They clung to each other, trembling and panting, locked in the throes of the most intense pleasure either had ever known. Cedric's softening member remained nestled deep within his mother's warm, cream-flooded depths, their perfect fit a testament to the rightness of their joining.

"My son, my love," Velariana murmured, showering Cedric's face with tender kisses. "You are a man now in truth. No matter what the future may bring, know that you have claimed your place in this world - and in my heart."

Cedric gazed up at his mother with adoring eyes, his soul brimming with love and newfound confidence. "Thank you," he whispered hoarsely. "For this gift, for your faith in me. I swear to you, I will use

all that I am, all that I have learned, to defend our kingdom and our people."

They sealed their vow with a deep, languid kiss, their bodies still intimately joined. In that perfect, shining moment, the impending war seemed a distant concern. They had each other, bound by love and magic and the unbreakable ties of blood. And together, they would face whatever challenges lay ahead, as one.

The next morning, the invading army advanced ferociously, their numbers swelling into the thousands as they marched relentlessly towards the castle walls. King Alric's warriors fought bravely, their swords and shields clashing against the enemy's in a desperate bid to hold the line. But for every foe they felled, two more seemed to take their place, an endless tide of death and destruction.

Cedric watched in horror as many of his father's best knights began to fall, their blood staining the ground crimson. The enemy's superior numbers were overwhelming, and it soon became clear that retreat might be their only option to avoid total annihilation.

But the young prince refused to give up hope. With a determined set to his jaw, he raced through the chaos of the battlefield towards Aldwyn's tower, his mind racing with a last-ditch plan.

He burst into the wizard's sanctum, startling the old mage from his frantic preparations. "Aldwyn!" Cedric cried, his voice edged with desperation. "I have an idea. What if we combined our powers, yours and mine? Together, we might have the strength to repel the invaders, but without causing any more needless death on either side."

Aldwyn's bushy eyebrows shot up, a spark of intrigue lighting his ancient eyes. "Go on, my boy," he urged. "What did you have in mind?"

Cedric took a deep breath, his words tumbling out in a rush. "Your mastery of the arcane arts, coupled with my raw, untamed potential...if we could find a way to weave our magics together, to create a single, unified force...perhaps we could cast a spell that would render the enemy's weapons useless, or erect an impenetrable barrier around the castle. Something to end this battle without further bloodshed."

The old wizard stroked his beard thoughtfully, his gaze distant as he considered the prince's proposal. "It would be a feat of magic unlike any attempted before," he mused. "The sheer power required, the delicate balance needed to fuse our disparate energies...the risks would be great."

"But so would the reward," Cedric pressed, a fervent light in his eyes. "Aldwyn, please. We have to try. For the sake of our kingdom, our people...for the future."

For a long, tense moment, the two stared at each other, the weight of possibility hanging heavy in the air between them. Then, slowly, a grin spread across Aldwyn's weathered face. "Very well, my young friend," he said, clapping Cedric on the shoulder. "Let us see what miracles we might conjure, you and I."

A short time later, Eleanor let out a derisive snort as she watched her brother and the old wizard frantically waving their arms and chanting in some arcane tongue. "Pathetic," she sneered, tossing her hair over her

shoulder. "While our brave knights lay down their lives on the battlefield, you two play at magic tricks. What good are your spells against cold steel and brute force?"

Cedric ignored his sister's taunts, his focus entirely on the complex web of magic he and Aldwyn were weaving. He could feel the power building between them, a crackling, sizzling energy that made the very air hum with potential. Sweat beaded on his brow as he poured

every ounce of his strength and will into the spell, his voice rising in a crescendo alongside Aldwyn's.

The earth began to tremble beneath their feet, distant at first, then growing in intensity. Eleanor stumbled, her mocking laughter turning to a cry of alarm. "What have you done?" she shrieked, her eyes wide with sudden fear.

A deafening roar filled the air, drowning out the sounds of clashing swords and screaming men. On the horizon, a massive wall of water rose up from the sea, towering over the landscape like a mountain of liquid fury. It surged towards the shore, picking up speed as it came, until it seemed that the entire ocean was bearing down upon them.

Knights and invaders alike turned to gape in horror at the approaching cataclysm, their petty squabbles forgotten in the face of nature's wrath. Some threw down their weapons and fled, scattering like ants before a flood. Others simply fell to their knees in awe and terror, prayers tumbling from their lips.

Closer and closer the wave came, blotting out the sun, casting the world into shadow. It loomed over the castle, over the armies, a death sentence writ in saltwater and foam. Eleanor screamed, cowering behind her mother as the royal family huddled together in the courtyard, bracing for the impact that would surely sweep them all away.

But just as the wave was about to crash down upon them, a blinding flash of light erupted from Cedric and Aldwyn's outstretched hands.

The towering wall of water hung suspended in the air, defying gravity, its surface churning and frothing with barely restrained power. The leader of

the opposing army, a grizzled warrior with a scar running down his weathered face, stepped forward cautiously. He gazed up at Cedric

and Aldwyn, a mixture of awe and trepidation in his eyes.

"What sorcery is this?" he called out, his voice gruff yet tinged with a hint of fear. "Do you mean to drown us all, wizard?"

Cedric, his youthful face set with a wisdom beyond his years, shook his head slowly. When he spoke, his voice rang out clear and strong, imbued with an authority that belied his tender age.

"This wave means you no harm," he declared, his hand still outstretched, holding the vast wall of water at bay. "But if you do not turn back now, if you do not return to your own lands and leave our kingdom in peace, then you will bring destruction upon yourselves and all you hold dear."

He gestured towards the distant horizon, where the faint outline of the enemy's own coastal cities could just be glimpsed. "For this wave will not stop at our shores. It will surge onwards, growing in strength and fury, until it crashes down upon your own homes, your own families. Is that what you want? To see your children swept away, your wives drowned in the unforgiving depths?"

The enemy leader paled, his eyes widening as the true scope of Cedric's power dawned on him. He looked to his men, saw the fear and doubt written plainly on their faces. In that moment, he knew that no prize, no glory, was worth the risk of such total annihilation.

Slowly, grudgingly, he lowered his sword, the blade clanging dully against the blood-soaked earth. "We will go," he ground out, his voice tight with barely suppressed rage and humiliation.

With a final, resentful glare, the enemy leader turned and stalked away, barking orders to his men. Slowly, reluctantly, the invading army began to withdraw, their ranks thinning as they melted back into the mists from whence they'd come.

As the last of the enemy vanished from sight, Cedric and Aldwyn released their hold on the wave, letting it dissipate into a fine, salty mist that settled gently over the battlefield.

The entire royal court stared at Cedric in stunned silence for a long moment, scarcely able to believe what they had just witnessed. Then, like a dam bursting, a deafening cheer erupted from the assembled crowd. Knights and nobles alike raised their voices in jubilant cries, praising the young prince's name to the heavens.

"Cedric! Cedric! Hail Prince Cedric, savior of the realm!" they chanted, their faces alight with awe and adoration.

Queen Velariana, her eyes shining with tears of pride and relief, rushed forward to embrace her son. She enfolded him in her arms, crushing his face within the canyon of her cleavage as she peppered his hair with kisses. "My boy, my brave, brilliant boy," she murmured, her voice choked with emotion. "You've saved us all."

Cedric, his cheeks flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and elation, returned his mother's embrace, savoring the comforting softness of her breasts as he nuzzled into her cleavage. In that moment, surrounded by the warmth of her love and the cheers of his people, he felt truly invincible.

Even Eleanor, usually so quick to mock and belittle her younger brother, could not hide her amazement. She approached him slowly, her face a mask of grudging respect. "You did it," she muttered, shaking her head in disbelief. "You actually did it. I never thought I'd say this, but...you were great out there, little brother."

Cedric grinned, basking in his sister's rare praise. "Thank you, Eleanor," he said simply, knowing how much the admission must have cost her.

King Alric, his battle-worn face split by a broad, beaming smile, clapped his son on the back, nearly knocking the wind out of him.

"That's my boy!" he crowed, his chest swelling with fatherly pride. "A true hero, a credit to the kingdom! I always knew you had it in you, son."

As the royal family stood together, united in their joy and triumph, the people of the kingdom continued to cheer, their voices rising in a crescendo of celebration. Aldwyn, watching from the sidelines, nodded in satisfaction, a knowing twinkle in his ancient eyes.

For he had always seen the potential in young Cedric, had always known that the boy's unique gifts would one day shape the very fate of the realm. And now, as he watched the prince bask in the adulation of his subjects, the old wizard knew that his faith had been well placed.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, the horrors of the previous day's battle feeling like little more than a fading nightmare. The kingdom was safe, the enemy vanquished, and all thanks to Prince Cedric's incredible magical feat.

King Alric strode into the great hall, expecting to find his wife and son already breaking their fast. But to his surprise, the long table was empty save for Princess Eleanor, who sat picking listlessly at a bowl of fruit.

"Where are your mother and brother?" Alric asked, frowning as he took his seat at the head of the table. "It's not like them to miss breakfast, especially after such a momentous victory."

Eleanor shrugged, popping a grape into her mouth. "Last I heard, they were planning to go 'cloud flying' today, whatever that means. Probably some new magical trick Cedric's cooked up to show off."

Alric's brow furrowed in confusion. "Cloud flying? I've never heard of such a thing. Are you certain that's what they said?"

The princess rolled her eyes. "Who knows with those two? Ever since Cedric discovered his powers, he and Mother have been thick as thieves, always whispering and giggling together like naughty schoolchildren. It's quite nauseating, really."

High above the castle, Prince Cedric and Queen Velariana were "cloud flying," floating in a tangle of nude limbs and glistening flesh, their bodies

entwined in the throes of passionate lovemaking. They bobbed and swayed on the gentle air currents, heedless of their surroundings, lost in the ecstasy of their forbidden union.

Velariana's giant tits bounced and jiggled with each snap of her son's hips, her rosy nipples stiff and glistening with his saliva. Her head lolled back in rapture, her lush mouth open in a silent scream of pleasure as Cedric pounded into her again and again.

The prince's lean buttocks flexed and dimpled as he drove himself deep into his mother's accepting body, his face a mask of concentration and bliss. Sweat gleamed on their naked skin, a carnal dew that sparkled in the morning light.

Gossamer tendrils of magic, glowing softly with arcane power, coiled around the writhing lovers, cradling them in an ethereal embrace. It was these sorcerous filaments that held them aloft, allowing them to drift untethered through the sky as they lost themselves in the throes of passion.

The Queen caged her lean Prince in the strong grip of her legs, his powerful cock-thrusts making her buttocks ripple and their bodies roll through the clouds like a drifting bubble of clinging, writhing flesh.

Velariana wrapped her thighs tighter around her boy's pumping hips, anchoring him deep within her as they soared and spun, gravity losing all meaning in the throes of their passion.

"Oh yes, my darling boy," she gasped, her voice thin in the rushing wind. "Claim me, fill me! Make me yours in body and soul!"

Cedric could only groan in response, his face buried between his mother's heaving breasts as he rutted into her like a man possessed. Each mighty surge of his hips sent them tumbling through the air, their nude forms a tangle of straining limbs and undulating curves, all modesty abandoned in their lust.

The prince's heavy balls slapped lewdly against Velariana's upturned buttocks as he pistoned in and out of her tight, clasping heat, the obsence

sound nearly lost in the rushing of the wind. Her huge, heavy breasts bounced and swayed with each impact.

Cedric paused in his relentless thrusting, his cock buried to the hilt in his mother's spasming cunny. Through the haze of his lust, an idea took form, a wicked urge to push their depravity to new heights. With a whispered incantation, he summoned his magic, focusing his will on creating a perfect duplicate of himself.

In a shimmering haze, a second Cedric appeared, just as nude and aroused as the first. The doppelganger pressed himself against Velariana's back, his hard cock sliding between the plump cheeks of her ass as he reached around to maul her heaving tits.

The queen let out a shocked gasp that quickly became a wanton moan as she found herself sandwiched between two identical versions of her virile son. "Cedric!" she keened, her head lolling back against the clone's shoulder. "Oh gods, what are you doing to me?"

"Giving you everything," the original Cedric growled, punctuating his words with a sharp thrust that made his mother wail. "Every inch, every drop, every ounce of pleasure you can handle."

As if to prove his point, the duplicate began to work the bulbous head of his cock against Velariana's puckered rosebud, teasing the tight ring of muscle with every roll of his hips. The queen whimpered and squirmed between them, impaled on one throbbing shaft while another sought entrance to her most forbidden hole.

With a guttural groan, the clone breached her anal ring, sinking inch by inch into the scorching grip of her rectum. Velariana threw her head back and screamed, her cries of ecstasy swallowed by the rushing wind as she was stretched and stuffed to her limits.

The two Cedrics began to move in tandem, their cocks sawing in and out of the queen's stuffed holes in a lewd counterpoint. Velariana could only hang between them, suspended in the sky and skewered on the double poles of their lust, reduced to a babbling, writhing mess of sensation.

They soared and spun, bobbing on the air currents, the magic binding them together as surely as their carnal connection. The original Cedric pistoned into his mother's clenching cunt with long, driving strokes, while his doppelganger reamed her clutching asshole with short, sharp jabs. Their heavy balls slapped against her jiggling ass-flesh, a lewd drumbeat to accompany her wails of rapture.

"Fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!" the queen chanted deliriously, her the meat of her squashed tits jiggling wildly as she was pummeled between her son and his magical clone. Drool trickled from the corners of her slack mouth, her eyes glazed and rolling back in her head as she drowned in pleasure.

The queen was lost to the world, a slave to the overwhelming pleasure assaulting her senses. Just when she thought she could take no more, Cedric's voice rang out once again, the arcane words falling from his lips in a sensual growl.

Suddenly, the thrusting of the two cocks inside her accelerated to an inhuman pace. Cedric and his clone became blurs of motion, their

hips snapping back and forth with supernatural speed and force. Velariana felt like she was being split in two, skewered on a pair of relentless, jackhammering pistons.

Her massive tits bounced so violently they became fleshy blurs, the skin reddening under the brutal impacts. The wet, obscene sounds of her holes being pummeled filled the air, punctuated by her escalating screams of ecstasy. Her pussy spasmed and gushed, coating Cedric's pistoning cock in a froth of her cream as he fucked her into oblivion.

"FUCK, FUCK, FUUUUUUUUCK!" Velariana wailed, her voice cracking, her words devolving into mindless babble as she was hammered into incoherence. Her eyes rolled back, showing only the whites, as she surrendered completely to the onslaught of carnal bliss.

The original Cedric snarled in triumph, his face contorting with savage lust as he felt his mother's cunt squeeze him like a velvet vise, rippling and milking his shaft as she hurtled towards a bone-shattering climax. His doppelganger grunted and growled, sheathing himself to the hilt in her

convulsing asshole again and again, stretching her beyond what should be possible.

The twin Cedrics grinned wickedly at each other over their mother's shoulder, their eyes glazed with unbridled lust and their tongues lolling obscenely. They ground the voluptuous queen between their sweat-slicked bodies, trapping her in a tight knot of straining flesh as they worked her holes in perfect unison.

Velariana was beyond words, beyond thought, a creature of pure sensation lost in a haze of taboo ecstasy. She could feel every thick inch of her son's cocks as they plundered her deepest reaches, stretching her impossibly as they rubbed together through the thin barrier separating her ass from her cunt.

They rutted into her like a pair of demons, tireless and insatiable, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from her quivering flesh. Velariana could only take it, her body no longer her own, a vessel for their lusts and depravities.

Higher and higher they spiraled, ascending towards the sun on currents of magic and sin, the ultimate high of forbidden pleasure. The queen clung to her sons, impaled and insensate, her mouth open in a silent, continuous scream as they fucked her beyond the limits of human endurance and straight into the realm of the divine.

Velariana felt her climax building like a tidal wave, cresting higher and higher with each jackhammering thrust. Her massive breasts heaved and bounced, slick with sweat, the cherry-red tips straining towards the heavens. Her vision wavered, sparks dancing behind her eyes, as every nerve ending in her body tensed and quivered on the knife-edge of release.

"CUM IN ME!" she shrieked, a banshee howl ripped from the very depths of her being.

The two pulsating shafts, separated only by the thin, fleshy wall between Velariana's vaginal and anal tunnels, rubbed and undulated against each other through the sensitive membrane, setting off unimaginable sparks of

pleasure within the queen's overstuffed orifices. The combined sensations proved too much for her beleaguered body to withstand.

With a piercing, guttural shriek that rent the very heavens, Velariana came, her overheated cunt bearing down on Cedric's thrusting cock like a silken fist. A geyser of frothy ejaculate exploded from her spasming slit, drenching the prince's pistoning hips and churning balls in her essence. The force of her release was so great, so charged with primal magic, that it sent ripples of arcane energy pulsing through the air around them.

The twin Cedrics roared in savage triumph as their mother's climaxing holes milked them with merciless intensity. They slammed into her with abandon, their strokes becoming erratic and desperate as they hurtled towards their own explosive finales.

With a final, synchronized thrust, both versions of the prince buried themselves to the hilt in Velariana's clenching depths and let loose. Scalding jets of seed erupted from their jerking cocks, painting the queen's rippling inner walls with ropey strands of teen cum.

The original Cedric's pulsing sack disgorged its heavy load deep into his mother's hungry womb, while his doppelganger's twitching cock flooded her spasming bowels with virile cream.

The trio shuddered and convulsed as one, their bodies locked in the throes of a pleasure so intense it bordered on agony. Frothy spunk oozed from Velariana's stretched and ravaged holes, splattering obscenely into the open air as gravity took hold. Their ecstatic cries mingled and echoed across the sky, a symphony of unbridled lust and depravity that seemed to shake the very firmament.

They hung suspended for a long moment, trembling and twitching in the aftermath of their mind-shattering releases. Then, slowly, they began to descend, drifting downwards like a feather on the wind, still joined in their obscene embrace.

As their feet touched the ground, the doppelganger wavered and vanished, leaving Cedric and Velariana to cling to each other, their chests heaving and

bodies slick with sweat and spent passion. They stared into each other's eyes, seeing their own lust and awe reflected back at them, marveling at the heights of ecstasy they had just scaled together.

"That was..." Velariana panted, struggling to find words to encapsulate the sheer magnitude of what they had just experienced.

"Magic," Cedric breathed, his voice still rough with the aftermath of their coupling. "Pure, incredible magic."

In the weeks and months that followed, Cedric and Velariana found countless magical ways to indulge their forbidden passion, right under King Alric's unsuspecting nose. Whenever they could steal a moment alone, they would come together in a tangle of groping limbs and hungry mouths, their desire for each other only growing with each illicit tryst.

One afternoon, as Alric and his advisors were deep in a council meeting, Cedric snuck into the throne room and hid himself behind the heavy velvet curtains. With a whispered incantation, he transformed his body into a shimmering mist, invisible to all but his mother's knowing eye.

As Velariana sat beside her husband, looking every inch the regal queen, Cedric's spectral form drifted towards her. He swirled around her voluptuous figure, caressing her curves with ghostly fingers, making her shiver with suppressed arousal.

Slowly, teasingly, he seeped into her gown, permeating the rich fabric until he was pressed directly against her heated skin. Velariana had to bite back a moan as she felt her son's essence envelop her breasts, kneading the plump mounds and teasing her nipples to aching stiffness.

Unseen tendrils of arcane energy slithered up her thighs, parting her plush folds to stroke along her slick, sensitive slit. Cedric's spectral fingers delved into her honeyed depths, pumping in and out, making her clench around the invisible intrusion. All the while, Velariana had to maintain a mask of regal composure, even as her cunny dripped with arousal and her womb clenched with the need to be filled by her son's cock.

It became a delicious game, seeing how far they could push their magical trysts without getting caught. Cedric would use his powers

to pleasure his mother in increasingly public and risky situations, getting bolder and more inventive each time.

He would transform himself into her clothing, wrapping her in living, sensual silk that caressed and fondled her at his command. He would become the saddle of her horse as she rode out for her daily exercise, the leather molding to her intimate curves and pulsing against her needy slit until she was biting her lip to keep from crying out.

At formal dinners, he would levitate morsels of food to brush against her lips, each bite an erotic tease. He would transform her utensils into wriggling, phallic shapes that she had to suck and lick, all while maintaining polite conversation with oblivious nobles. While she did, he could feel every suckle of her mouth, every stroke of her tongue on his own horny cock.

Sometimes, at night, he would appear in her chambers, his young body hard and straining with need. They would come together in a frenzy of groping hands and hungry mouths, lost to everything but the feel of skin on skin and the urgent need to rut.

One fateful night, emboldened by lust and secure in his magical prowess, Cedric crept into his parents' bedchamber, his heart pounding with anticipation. With a wave of his hand and a whispered incantation, he cast a deep slumbering enchantment over his father, ensuring that nothing short of the castle walls crumbling would rouse the king from his unnatural sleep.

Velariana, draped in a sheer silk nightgown that did little to conceal her abundant curves, watched with heavy-lidded eyes as her son approached the bed. Her breasts heaved with each shallow breath, the dark points of her nipples straining against the gauzy fabric.

"Cedric," she whispered, her voice husky with need. "We shouldn't...not here...not with your father mere inches away..."

But even as she voiced the weak protest, the queen was already shifting her position, rising up on her hands and knees and presenting her heart-shaped ass to her son's hungry gaze. The nightgown rode up over the succulent globes of her buttocks, exposing the dripping pink folds of her eager cunt.

Cedric licked his lips, drinking in the sight of his mother's perfect posterior. With a thought, his own clothing melted away, leaving him bare and throbbing with arousal. He knee-walked onto the bed, positioning himself behind Velariana's upturned rump.

"Don't worry, Mother," he purred, running his hands over the plush cheeks of her ass, squeezing and kneading the abundant flesh. "Father is deep under my spell. Nothing will wake him, no matter how loudly you scream my name."

With that, he gripped her wide hips and surged forward, spearing her slick channel with his sinewy cock in one powerful thrust. Velariana had to bury her face in the pillows to muffle her ecstatic cry as her son filled her to the brim, his heavy balls slapping against her engorged clit.

Cedric set a hard, driving rhythm, his lean hips smacking against his mother's jiggling ass with each forceful pump. The fleshy globes rippled and bounced hypnotically, the pale skin flushing rosy from the impact. Velariana rocked back to meet his thrusts, reveling in the delicious stretch and drag of his thick cock along her fluttering walls.

"Yes, oh gods, yes!" the queen chanted breathlessly, fisting her hands in the sheets as she was pounded from behind. "Fuck me, my darling boy! Fuck your mother's needy cunt!"

Cedric grunted and snarled, lost to the primal pleasure of rutting. He leaned forward to brace one hand between Velariana's heaving shoulder blades, pressing her upper body down into the mattress while keeping her ass high.

Proudly, he gazed down at his glistening, pistoning shaft, marveling at how it stretched his mother's pink folds to their limit. With a wicked grin, he began to chant, ancient words of power falling from his lips. His cock

started to pulse and swell, growing impossibly larger, the flesh distending and shifting.

"By the Gods!" the mother shrieked, her dangling titties shuddering as her eyes went cross.

In moments, the prince's manhood had transformed into a monstrous purple dragon's cock, over a foot long and thick as Velariana's forearm. The muscled shaft was lined with bulging veins and pulsing ridges, fleshy nubs protruding along its length to rub against the queen's sensitive walls. The massive head flared into a lewd, spiked crown, the tip sharp and curved like a cruel barb.

Velariana let out a choked scream as she was suddenly impaled on the inhuman phallus, the enhanced cock splitting her open, rearranging her guts to make room for its girth. The bumps and ridges scraped against her tender tissues, igniting sparks of pleasure-pain that made her toes curl and eyes roll back.

Cedric snarled in bestial triumph, overcome by the new sensations engulfing his transformed sex organ. The dragon cock felt a thousand times more sensitive, every nerve ending ablaze, drowning him in ecstasy. He could feel his mother's molten sheath spasming around him, stretched drum-tight, fluttering muscles massaging his pulsating length.

With a roar, he began to pound into her with renewed vigor, sawing the mutated member in and out of her straining cunt with jackhammering force.

The ugly barbed tip battered against Velariana's cervix with each brutal thrust, the fleshy ring clenching and shuddering as it was

battered into submission.

The queen could only gurgle and babble incoherently, too overwhelmed by the unholy pleasure to form words. Drool leaked from the corners of her gaping mouth, her eyes nearly crossed from the intensity of the fucking. Her giant breasts swung and jounced violently beneath her, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly.

Cedric reached around to maul the quaking tits, pinching and twisting the engorged nipples savagely, making his mother squeal. His dragon cock pistoned ever faster, a blur of veiny, nubbed flesh, the wet slap of groin against ass echoing obscenely through the room.

The bed creaked alarmingly beneath their violent coupling, the headboard slamming against the wall. Velariana's cries grew higher and sharper as she was pummeled towards a bone-rattling climax, her son's name a desperate chant on her lips.

The hideous dragon cock was a nightmare given flesh, a vision of primal horror and lust. Its unnatural skin was a mottled purple, pulsing with an inner heat that seemed to scald the queen's tender insides. Bulbous veins and twisted ridges lined the shaft, their obscene texture scraping against Velariana's fluttering walls, igniting nerve endings she never knew existed.

The transformed member flexed and undulated within her like a living thing, the pulsating nubs massaging her g-spot with merciless precision. Scalding pre-cum bubbled from the tip, foreshadowing the molten load churning in Cedric's swollen balls.

The spiked crown caught on her delicate cervical ring with each withdrawal, tugging the tender orifice inside-out before ramming back through, spearing into her defenseless womb.

Velariana's ravaged cunt squelched obscenely around the plundering cock, her copious secretions overflowing to stream down her

trembling thighs. The drool puddling on the sheets beneath her slack mouth was nothing compared to the flood between her legs, clear evidence of her body's shameful arousal at being so brutally defiled.

The coil of orgasm tightened in her core, her womb clenching in preparation to milk her son's mutated cock of its searing seed. Cedric could feel her impending climax in the desperate flutter of her muscles, the way her ass bucked back against him in wanton need.

"Cum for me, Mother," he growled, his voice guttural and strained with the effort of holding back his own building eruption. "Cum all over your son's dragon cock!"

He accentuated his words with a vicious thrust, slamming the full length of his monstrous member into her convulsing depths. The barbed tip punched through her cervix like a battering ram, sinking into the wet heat of her innermost sanctum.

Velariana came with a ragged scream, her back bowing as ecstasy ripped through her like lightning. Her cunt bore down on Cedric's cock like a vise, rippling and milking the pulsating shaft. A gush of squirt exploded around the root, splashing the prince's churning balls and dripping down to soak the sheets beneath their rutting forms.

The force of his mother's climax pushed Cedric over the edge. With a bellow of completion, he buried himself to the hilt and let go, his enlarged testicles drawing up tight. Boiling seed erupted from his jerking cock in a searing torrent, flooding Velariana's womb with viscous heat.

The mutated cock pulsed and throbbed as it disgorged its unnatural load, the bulging veins flaring with each spurt.

Velariana shrieked as she felt the molten flood of Cedric's seed erupt inside her, painting her womb with ropey strands of sorcerous cum. The thick, potent cream poured into her like magma, searing her tender insides and making her belly swell with its sheer volume.

She could almost feel her son's billions of sperm swarming through her passages, their flagellated tails lashing as they raced towards her waiting egg. With the arcane power saturating Cedric's enhanced release, his seed was supernaturally virile, virtually guaranteeing conception.

The queen's ovaries twinged, a single ripe ovum quivering in anticipation of being claimed and fertilized by princely spunk. Her inner muscles rippled and milked, working in overdrive to draw every last drop of Cedric's unnaturally abundant ejaculate deeper into her defenseless body.

Through the fog of her climax, Velariana felt a sudden spike of fear slice through her blissed-out mind. What if this mating took? What if she quickened with her son's magical bastard, her belly rounding with forbidden fruit for all to see?

But then Cedric's still-pulsing cock flexed inside her and a fresh wave of ecstasy crashed over the queen, drowning out all reason. Her eyes rolled back as she surrendered to the searing pleasure, uncaring of consequence, craving only to be pumped full of her child's incestuous seed.

The dragon phallus gave a final, mighty throb, disgorging the last spurts of burning jizz before slowly softening and shrinking back to its original human size and shape. Cedric collapsed atop his mother's sweat-slicked back, his lean chest heaving as he fought to catch his breath.

They lay there panting in the aftermath, their bodies still intimately joined, Velariana's swollen cunt plugged with her son's semi-hard cock. Cedric's abnormally copious spunk seeped out around his root, the pearly overflow dribbling down the queen's thighs to puddle on the once-pristine sheets.

Beside them, King Alric snored on obliviously, his slumber supernaturally deep thanks to Cedric's spell. The sorcerous prince

grinned wickedly to himself, relishing the forbidden thrill of fucking his queen mother in her marriage bed.

Velariana shivered as Cedric's softening member slipped free of her tender folds with a obscene squelch, a river of his seed pouring out in its wake. She clenched desperately, trying to keep his potent emission plugged inside her, suddenly desperate to be bred.

"Oh Cedric," she moaned, glancing over her shoulder at her smirking son through the tangled curtain of her hair. "

What have you done to me? I've never felt such...such utter bliss, such complete surrender."

Cedric chuckled darkly, running a possessive hand over the swell of his mother's ass. "I've shown you the true heights of pleasure, Mother. Opened you up to magics and sensations beyond your wildest imaginings."

He leaned down to nip at her ear, his voice a sinful purr. "And this is only the beginning. Just think of all the deliciously depraved acts we have yet to explore. The boundaries of flesh and magic we've yet to push."

Velariana shuddered, her cunny clenching around the slick, musky proof of their coupling. She knew she should feel shame, revulsion at how far she'd fallen, how thoroughly she'd been debased. The queen of the realm, reduced to a mewling sextoy for her own young son.

But as Cedric's fingers dipped between her thighs to scoop up a sample of their mingled juices, as he brought the dripping digits to her lips and she eagerly sucked them clean, all Velariana could feel was a dark thrill of anticipation. Her womb throbbed, hungry to be filled again and again by her child's mystically potent seed.

In that moment, she knew she was lost, addicted to the forbidden pleasures only her sorcerous son could provide. Damn the consequences, damn propriety and morality. She was Cedric's now, body and soul, to use as he saw fit. His personal fucktoy, his breeding bitch. The mother of a new generation of magic.

THE END

264: Going Off the Rails with Mom-1/2

Going Off the Rails with Mom

By Klrxo

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

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

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

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

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

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

harbored for so long.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paul held her close, savoring the feel of her humongous boobs against him, breathing in the familiar scent of her perfume. "Me too,

mom. We're gonna have an unforgettable time together, I just know it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Of course, mom." Paul readily agreed, his pulse quickening at the thought of his mother settling down to sleep mere feet away from

him. He pulled the bed out and helped her arrange the sheets and blankets.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Violet sighed, reaching up to caress his cheek. "Oh honey, I'm flattered, truly. And I can't deny there's a certain... attraction

between us. You're a handsome man and I love you dearly. But we can't act on these feelings. It wouldn't be right."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unable to bear the temptation a moment longer, Paul reached out and delicately trailed his fingers along the silken skin of her thigh,

marveling at its warmth and smoothness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

red curls, creamy expanses of skin, and

mouthwatering curves barely contained by wisps of scarlet lace.

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

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

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

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

Violet gaped at her, speechless with outrage.

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

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

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

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

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

mean any harm. She's just a flirt."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He shoved his pants down and took himself in hand. He was achingly, throbbingly hard, his swollen cock an angry purple.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Absolutely," he admitted, a mischievous glint in his eye. "Why don't you take a turn now."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Violet tried to hide her growing arousal as her boy ground his straining erection shamelessly against the plush globes of her ass,

his breath coming faster as forbidden pleasure surged through him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Paul groaned, his hips jerking forward involuntarily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jewel and Paul jumped apart guiltily.

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't know what kind of game you think you're playing, but I want you to stay the hell away from my son," she hissed. "He's just

a boy, far too young for whatever sick, twisted things you have in mind."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unbidden, her mind conjured vivid images of Paul and Jewel together - his strong, young body driving into her wet heat, her red

nails raking down his back as she urged him on. Violet's stomach clenched with an ugly mix of jealousy and arousal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This was a start.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Your turn," he said, his voice a low, seductive rumble. "Show me everything, mom."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, right there baby, don't stop!" Violet wailed, fisting her hands in her son's hair to grind her dripping snatch against his hungry mouth.

She could feel her climax building with frightening speed, her inner muscles starting to flutter and clench around Paul's plunging fingers.

Paul could sense his mother's impending orgasm and doubled his efforts, fucking his fingers into her harder and faster as he sucked and nibbled at the throbbing pearl of her

clit. He wanted to push her over the edge, make her cum harder than she ever had before.

"Let go, Mom," he urged between licks, his words muffled against her soaked flesh. "Cum all over my face. Drown me in your sweet cream and scream my name!"

That was all it took to send Violet hurtling into oblivion. Her pussy convulsed violently around Paul's fingers as she gushed her release, flooding his mouth and chin with her essence.

"PAULLLLL!" she screamed, not caring who might hear as ecstasy crashed through her in overwhelming waves. She bucked and thrashed against his face, overcome by the intensity of her climax.

Paul moaned in bliss as his mother's honey coated his tongue, lapping and suckling at her spasming cunt to prolong her pleasure. He kept fucking her with his fingers through the aftershocks, until she finally collapsed against the door, spent and panting.

"Oh my God," Violet rasped when she finally regained the power of speech. "That was...I've never...it's never been that intense before."

Paul grinned up at her from between her thighs, his face shiny with her juices. "I'm glad, Mom. I wanted to make you feel amazing."

He started to rise, but Violet stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. "Wait. Your turn now."

With shaking hands, Violet unbuckled Paul's belt and undid his fly, shoving his jeans and boxers down to mid-thigh.

His huge cock sprang free, slapping against his belly, flushed an angry purple and already weeping pre-cum.

"My God, you're so big," Violet breathed in awe, wrapping her fingers around his thick shaft. It was hot and heavy in her hand, the

skin like silk stretched over steel.

Paul groaned as his mother began to stroke him slowly, just savoring the feel of his rigid flesh in her grip.

"All for you, Mom. It's been this hard since the moment I saw you naked. I've been dying for your touch."

Violet pumped him faster, twisting her wrist skillfully on the upstroke just the way he liked.

Her mouth watered as she watched his mushrooming shiny-skinned knob stretch out and a fat bead of pre-cum well from the tip and dribble down the veined shaft. She had to taste him.

Dropping to her knees, Violet leaned in and lapped at the shiny crown, moaning at the salty-bitter flavor of her son's arousal.

Paul gasped, his hips bucking involuntarily as his mother's tongue swirled around the flared head.

"Oh fuck, Mom, please..." he begged brokenly, his hands tangling in her hair.

Violet took mercy on him and wrapped her lips around his cock, sinking down until the fat tip nudged the back of her throat.

Paul cried out sharply, fighting the urge to thrust into the blissful wet heat of her mouth.

Violet began to bob her head, taking him deeper on every downstroke until her nose was buried in his musky pubes and his cock head was lodged in her throat.

She breathed through her nose and swallowed around him, her throat muscles rippling along his shaft.

"Holy shit, Mom, your mouth feels so fucking good," Paul babbled mindlessly, resisting the urge to fuck her face like he desperately wanted to. "You're going to make me cum so hard..."

Violet moaned around his thickness, the sound vibrating along his cock and making his balls tighten.

She pulled back to tongue the leaking slit before sinking back down, hollowing her cheeks to suck him even harder.

One hand came up to cup and roll his heavy balls while the other gripped the base of his shaft, jacking what wouldn't fit in her mouth. She set a relentless pace, determined to make her son cum down her throat.

It didn't take long before Paul was panting harshly, his abs clenching and quivering as his climax approached. "Fuck, I'm

gonna cum!" he warned, tugging at Violet's hair to pull her off.

But she just took him deeper, humming her encouragement. She wanted to taste him, to swallow every drop of his precious seed like the finest wine.

With a hoarse cry, Paul's cock jerked and erupted, flooding his mother's mouth with his hot, salty essence.

Violet moaned in bliss as spurt after thick spurt coated her tongue, working her throat to swallow it all down greedily.

Paul shuddered and bucked through his release, white-hot ecstasy sizzling along every nerve ending. Never in his life had he come so hard, so intensely. His mother's mouth was pure heaven, her eager swallowing prolonging his mind-blowing climax.

Finally, when she had milked him dry, Violet let Paul's softening cock slip from her lips.

She licked them clean of his lingering musk, savoring the taste of her son's pleasure. Paul sagged against the door, his chest heaving and his eyes glazed.

"Mom, that was..." he rasped, shaking his head in awe. "I have no words. It was beyond incredible."

Violet rose gracefully to her feet, pressing her lush body against her son's and claiming his mouth in a deep, dirty kiss.

Paul groaned as he tasted himself on her tongue, his spent cock twitching valiantly at the erotic flavor.

"I loved sucking your cock, baby," Violet murmured against his lips when they finally parted. "Feeling you cum in my mouth, swallowing your hot load... it was even better than I imagined."

Paul's hands roamed greedily over his mother's curves, still hardly daring to believe this was real, that he could touch her like this. "I want to do it again," he said fervently. "I want to spend hours worshipping your incredible body with my mouth, my hands..."

He hesitated, then forged ahead recklessly. "My cock. I want to fuck you, Mom. I want to be inside you, as deep as I can go."

Violet shivered at her son's passionate words, her pussy clenching around emptiness. God, how she wanted that too - to feel Paul's huge cock splitting her open, claiming her, branding her as his.

But the lingering tendrils of doubt and guilt still held her back. Giving and receiving oral pleasure was one thing, the ultimate taboo of actual penetration was another entirely. She wasn't sure she was ready to completely destroy that final barrier between them.

"Let's just enjoy what we have for now, honey," she demurred gently, stroking Paul's face. "What we've already done... it's so far beyond anything a mother and son should

ever experience together. Let's not push our luck, tempt fate any more than we already have."

Paul sighed in frustration but nodded, accepting her decision. He knew not to push her too far, too fast. They had already made incredible progress. He would take his victories where he could.

"Can we at least sleep without clothes tonight?" Paul pleaded, his voice heavy with desire.

His mother's lips curled into a sly smirk. "Can you promise to behave yourself?"

Paul's heart fluttered as he imagined their bodies pressed together, skin against skin. "I'll be on my best behavior," he promised, hoping she would agree to his request.

That night, as they snuggled naked beneath the blanket, listening to the rumble of the train beneath them, Paul held his mother tight, their bodies molded together intimately, her tits crushed against his chest.

His cock was hard again, nestled against her silky thigh, but he made no move to take things further, respecting Violet's wishes.

Violet savored the feel of her son's strong arms around her, his warm skin pressed to hers from head to toe.

After years of sleeping beside her husband's aging, paunchy body, Paul's firm muscles and youthful vigor were a

revelation. She felt cherished, desired, worshipped in a way she never had before.

"I love you so much, Mom," Paul whispered into her hair, his voice thick with emotion. "Today has been the best day of my life."

Violet's heart clenched at the raw sincerity in his words. She laced her fingers through his where they rested on the bed.

"I love you too, sweetheart. More than anything. And I don't regret a single moment of what we've shared."

It was true. Despite the lingering shame, the knowledge that they had transgressed the most fundamental of societal taboos, Violet couldn't bring herself to feel true remorse. How could something that felt so right, so perfect, be wrong?

Paul nuzzled into her neck, breathing in her familiar scent. "I wish this train ride could last forever. That we could stay in this little bubble, just the two of us, and never have to go back to reality."

Violet sighed wistfully. "Me too, honey. But you know that's not possible. We have lives, responsibilities waiting for us when this trip is over. We'll have to be strong, to lock away what's happened between us and never speak of it again."

Even as she said the words, Violet knew it was a futile hope. There was no closing the Pandora's box they had opened. The forbidden desire between them had been unleashed;

there would be no stuffing it back in, no matter how hard they tried.

But those were worries for another day. For now, cocooned in her son's loving embrace as the train carried them through the night, Violet let herself drift off to sleep, her dreams full of Paul's hands, his mouth, his body joining with hers in the ultimate act of love.

The next morning, a knock at the cabin door startled them awake. They scrambled apart guiltily, frantically pulling on clothes before Paul cracked open the door to reveal the porter with a breakfast tray.

"Good morning, sir!" the porter said cheerfully, seemingly oblivious to Paul's flushed face and Violet's mussed hair. "Compliments of a Mrs. Jewel in suite number 12."

Paul accepted the tray and carried it into the cabin, reading the note that came with it.

"What's that?" Violet asked, scrambling to her knees, her big, heavy boobies wobbling on her chest.

"A note she wrote me."

"Oh God, what does it say?" Violet asked, letting out a sigh and rolling her eyes.

Paul read the note aloud, his eyebrows raising as he took in Jewel's bold words.

"'Paul, darling - I hope you and Mommy Dearest enjoyed your special bonding time last night. From the sounds that were coming through the wall, I'd say you two had QUITE the breakthrough.

I'm thrilled for you, truly. A strapping young man like you deserves to have his needs met, and it seems like Violet is finally stepping up to the plate, so to speak. I just hope she's woman enough to give you everything you crave.

But if not, if she leaves you hanging yet again... you know where to find me. My door (and my legs) are always open for you, handsome.

XOXO,

Jewel'"

Violet felt rage and jealousy churn in her gut at the redhead's gloating, condescending words. How dare that meddling slut insinuate that Violet couldn't fully satisfy her own son?

"That woman has some nerve," Violet fumed, crossing her arms over her naked chest. "Acting like she knows what's best for you, like I'm some kind of prude who's gonna leave you high and dry."

Paul set the note aside, his expression thoughtful. "She's not entirely wrong though, is she? I mean, you've been amazing, Mom, don't get me wrong. What we did last night was incredible. But we still haven't gone all the way. And I want to, so fucking badly..."

He reached out, his hand cupping her heavy breast, his thumb grazing her nipple.

Violet shuddered, desire warring with guilt and hesitation.

"Paul, I told you, we can't..." she protested weakly, even as she arched into his touch.

"Why not?" Paul pressed, his free hand lifting her other tit. "We've already done so much, Mom. Is fucking really that much worse than me eating your pussy or you swallowing my cum?"

Violet moaned as Paul's fingers found her nipples, rubbing in gentle circles.

"It's the ultimate taboo," she gasped, her cunt tingling. "The one line I swore I wouldn't cross."

"But don't you want to?" Paul coaxed, pinching her rubbery teats. L"Don't you wanna feel my cock inside you, stretching you, filling you up? Making you cum harder than you ever have before?"

"Paul, stop this!" she blurted, her voice shaking with frustration as she jumped up from the ruffled bed sheets. She stormed into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her.

"I'm sorry, I just..." Paul's voice trailed off, sounding apologetic and unsure.

She turned on the water in the shower, letting it drown out his words.

"Are you ok?" Paul asked through the door.

"I'm taking a shower and going for a walk," she replied firmly.

"What about breakfast?"

"That bitch can take her fancy breakfast and shove it up her ass!" Violet replied.

After a hot shower, Violet put on some yoga pants and a sexy tank top, then went for a walk through the train to clear her head. The encounter with Paul this morning had shaken her, forced her to confront the intensity of her forbidden desire.

She knew she was being unfair, blowing hot and cold, giving her son a taste of everything he craved only to deny him at the last minute. But the thought of actually fucking him, of taking that final, irrevocable step, terrified her even as it thrilled her to her core.

Lost in thought, Violet wandered into the observation car at the back of the train. She was surprised to find it empty save for one person – Jewel, reclining in one of the plush seats like a lounging lioness.

"Well hello there, Violet," the redhead purred, her emerald eyes glinting with mischief. "Fancy meeting you here. I trust you got my little gift this morning?"

Violet bristled, her hands clenching into fists at her sides. "I didn't appreciate your note," she said tightly. "My relationship with my son is none of your business."

Jewel laughed, a throaty, mocking sound. "Oh, but I think it is my business, sweet thing. You see, if you're not woman enough to give

that gorgeous boy what he needs, then I'm more than happy to step in."

She uncrossed her long legs, letting her short skirt ride up to reveal the lacy tops of her thigh-high stockings. "I bet he's in your cabin right now, that big beautiful cock of his hard and aching, just begging for sweet, hot pussy. Such a shame to leave him unsatisfied..."

"He's my son!"

"Mmm, but that just makes it that much sweeter," Jewel purred, licking her lips. "Mother and son incest isn't as uncommon as you may think. Our bodies are similar. Maybe I'll let him call me mommy when he fucks me."

Violet felt a wave of anger and revulsion wash over her at Jewel's lewd suggestions.

She marched over to the redhead, looming over her.

"Now you listen to me, you filthy whore," Violet snarled, her voice low and dangerous. "I don't know what kind of sick, twisted fantasies you're getting off on, but you stay the hell away from my son. He's not some toy for you to play with."

Jewel seemed unfazed by Violet's fury, smirking up at her insolently. "Please! You want him just as badly as I do, maybe even more. You're just too much of a coward to take what's being offered to you on a silver platter."

She stood abruptly, bringing her face inches from Violet's, her perfume cloying and oppressive. "Face it, honey - if you don't fuck that boy soon, someone else will. He's young, virile, and bursting with need. It's only a matter of time before he sticks that big dick in a warm, willing hole, mommy issues be damned."

Violet recoiled as if slapped, Tanya's crude words hitting far too close to home. The thought of Paul seeking satisfaction in the arms of this vile temptress, or God forbid some silly little virgin who wouldn't know how to please him... it made Violet physically ill.

"You're wrong," she whispered, but there was no conviction in her voice. "Paul would never—"

"Oh, he would," Jewel cut her off smugly. "In fact, I'd wager he's jerking that pretty cock right this minute, wishing it was buried in Mommy's tight cunt instead of his fist. But hey, maybe I'll swing by and offer him a real hole to fill. I'm sure he'd love to unleash all that pent-up desire in a woman who actually puts out."

With a last contemptuous look, Jewel shouldered past the stunned Violet and sauntered out of the observation car, her ample hips swaying tauntingly.

Violet stood frozen, her mind reeling and her body humming with a toxic cocktail of rage, jealousy, and undeniable lust. Tanya's words echoed in her head, each one like a nail in the coffin of her resistance.

Paul's frustrated words from earlier came back to her - "Don't you wanna feel my cock inside you, stretching you, filling you up? Making you cum harder than you ever have before?"

God help her, but she did. She wanted her son with a ferocity that terrified her, wanted to claim him in the most primal way imaginable before anyone else could sink their claws into him.

As Violet made her way back to the cabin she shared with Paul, she couldn't help but pause when she passed Cabin 13.

The sound of intense gasps and heavy panting emanated from within, and she knew it Jewel's room.

"He wouldn't dare," the mother whispered to herself as she moved closer to the door and pressed her ear against it.

Her heart rate quickened as she recognized the unmistakable sounds of two bodies engaged in passionate sexual intercourse.

Panic washed over her as she wondered if Tanya had returned and propositioned her son, and they were now in there indulging in carnal pleasure. The thought made her stomach churn and her hands tremble.

Against Violet's better judgment, she peeked open the door just enough to peer inside.

Relief washed over Violet as she realized it wasn't Paul in there screwing Jewel, but rather his friend Cory that she had seen him chatting with the other day.

Still, the sight of the two naked bodies writhing together sent a bolt of illicit heat straight to her core. "I don't care who the bitch is fucking as long as it's not Paul," she thought.

For a moment, Violet stood there, mesmerized by the sight of Cory's young ass pounding between Jewel's splayed thighs on her cabin bed.

The boy's toned buttocks flexed as he drove into the wanton redhead over and over, her throaty moans of ecstasy filling the small space.

"Yes, yes, fuck me harder!" Jewel cried, her nails raking down Cory's sweat-slicked back. "Pound that big teenage cock into my hungry cunt!"

Cory grunted, pistoning his hips faster, the wet slap of flesh on flesh obscenely loud. "Take my fucking cock," he growled. "Milk me with that sloppy pussy. Gonna fill you with so much cum..."

Violet knew she should look away, that she was intruding on an intensely private moment. But she couldn't tear her eyes from the lewd spectacle, her own pussy clenching and dripping with arousal.

Is this what it would look like if she finally gave in to Paul? His strong young body driving into hers, his handsome face contorted in pleasure as he claimed her, marked her, made her his in the most elemental way? The thought made her dizzy with dark desire.

It struck Violet how beautifully their bodies moved together. Cory's lean muscles rippling as he thrust, Jewel's voluptuous curves undulating skillfully to meet him. There was a raw, primal grace to their coupling, a dance as old as time itself.

Unbidden, Violet imagined herself in Jewel's place - splayed out wantonly, being ravaged by a virile young stud. Except in her fantasy, it wasn't Cory between her thighs, but Paul. Her son's face hovering over hers, his eyes blazing with lust and love as he claimed her, filled her, made her his.

"Mom…" Fantasy Paul groaned as he hilted himself inside her. "You feel so good... so tight and hot and perfect..."

"Yes, baby," Fantasy Violet keened, wrapping her baby-smooth legs around his waist to pull him deeper. "Fuck Mommy, fuck me hard. I'm yours, only yours..."

Violet snapped out of her fevered imaginings, her heart pounding and her panties soaked through.

On the bed, Cory and Jewel were reaching their peaks, their movements growing frantic and erratic.

Jewel clung to the hard-humping teen, using her sexy legs as leverage to pull her naked ass from the mattress onto Cory's satisfying stiffness.

265: Going Off the Rails with Mom-2/2

"Gonna cum, mom!" Cory bit out, his buttocks clenching as he jabbed into Jewel's rippling sheath.

"Mom?!" Violet said aloud, her eyes lighting up by what she'd just heard.

The humping couple could hardly acknowledge her, since they were on the verge of climax.

Violet watched in horrified fascination as Cory threw his head back and roared, his cock erupting inside Jewel's greedy cunt.

The redhead milked him through it, her pussy rippling along his pulsing shaft as he pumped her full of his seed.

Finally spent, Cory collapsed on top of Jewel, both of them panting harshly.

Violet knew she needed to leave, but she was frozen in place, transfixed by the erotic tableau, and her mind still question why the boy had called her mom.

Jewel's eyes fluttered open, hazy and sated...and locked directly with Violet's through the cracked door. A slow, wicked smile curved her kiss-swollen lips.

"Enjoy the show, Violet?" she drawled, running her nails possessively down Cory's sweaty back. "Just imagine how good your sweet boy

would look balls deep in my cunt. Or better yet...in yours."

"Did you just hear him call you 'mom'?" Violet pointed out, her eyebrows raised in surprise.

Jewel and Cory exchanged a worried glance before Jewel responded. "Oh, did he say that? Maybe you misheard," she said with a forced smile.

Paul's ears perked up at the sound of his mother's voice coming from outside their cabin. He quickly rushed out to see what was going on, his curiosity piqued.

"Mom, what's happening out here?" he asked, looking at his mother with a puzzled expression.

As soon as he spotted Cory on top of Jewel, his face contorted into a look of pure panic.

"Oh shit!" he exclaimed under his breath.

"Sorry man. Did we mess things up?" his friend Cory asked with a sheepish grin.

Violet's suspicions grew with each passing second. Something was definitely not right here.

Jewel nervously nibbled on her bottom lip, realizing that their carefully crafted plan had been exposed.

Paul stuttered, his voice filled with guilt and fear. "Mom, I…I have something to confess."

"I'm all ears," Violet replied, her tone cautious and concerned.

"Jewel isn't just some random lady on the train who was showing interest in me," Paul admitted. " She's my friend Cory's mom, and she agreed to help me try to seduce you."

Violet reeled back as if slapped, her mind whirling with the implications of Paul's confession. "What do you mean, seduce me? This was all some kind of twisted scheme?"

Paul stepped forward, his hands held out pleadingly. "Mom, please, let me explain. I've been in love with you for so long, but I didn't know how to tell you, how to make you see me as a man and not just your son. Jewel agreed to help make you jealous, to push you to admit your feelings for me..."

"By trying to fuck you herself?" Violet asked incredulously, glaring daggers at the redhead who was hastily pulling on a robe.

"I had no intention of fucking him, Violet, I swear," said Jewel, her huge, fat tits wobbling as she closed her robe. "Only to make you jealous so you'd want him all to yourself."

"And what about you, young man?" Violet demanded, rounding on Cory. "Were you in on this sick little plot too?"

Cory scrambled off the bed, holding a pillow over his crotch. "I'm sorry, Ms. Parker. Paul's my best friend, and when he told me how he felt about you... I just wanted to help him. My mom and I, we've been fucking for a while now, so I thought she could give him some tips..."

"Jesus Christ," Violet breathed, feeling like she had stumbled into some perverted alternate reality. Incestuous hijinks wherever she turned.

She focused back on her son, hurt and betrayal shining in her eyes. "How could you, Paul? How could you conspire

with this...this woman and her son to manipulate me? Did you really think that was the way to win my heart?"

"I didn't know what else to do," Paul answered, anguished. "I was so afraid of losing you, of you rejecting me. I thought if I could just make you jealous enough, make you see how much you wanted me..."

"Well congratulations, it worked," Violet snapped. "I've never felt so jealous, so possessive, so out of control with lust in my life. Are you happy now? You've officially turned your own mother into a incest-craving deviant."

Cory and his mother couldn't help but burst out laughing at Violet's honest confession.

Paul crossed to her in two strides, taking her face in his hands. "Mom, I'm so sorry," he said brokenly. "I never meant to hurt you, I swear. I was just...I'm so fucking in love with you, I can't think straight. I'd do anything, try anything, to make you mine."

"He's right," Cory agreed. "You're all he talks about."

Violet looked over at Jewel with a softened expression. "How does something like this even work? How do a mother and son express themselves in such a way without getting caught?"

Jewel stepped over and placed a comforting hand on Violet's shoulder. "I know it's overwhelming and confusing at first. Cory and I started fucking during a family vacation along Route 66," she confessed.

"With your husband around?"

"Yes. Believe me, I struggled with the same doubts and guilt when Cory and I first crossed that line. But I've come to realize that love is love, no matter the so-called taboo. When two people have a connection as deep and powerful as you clearly have with Paul, denying it only leads to pain."

She gave Violet an encouraging smile. "It's not easy, navigating a secret relationship like this. You have to be careful, discreet. Only let your guard down behind locked doors. But it's so worth it, Violet. The intimacy, the passion, the sheer rightness of joining with the one person who knows and treasures every part of you, body and soul... it's unparalleled."

Violet swallowed hard, her resistance crumbling in the face of Jewel's understanding words and Paul's desperate, loving gaze.

Her body ached for her son's touch, her heart strained toward his like a flower to the sun. Was she really strong enough to deny this primal connection between them? Or would she spend the rest of her life yearning for his love, regretting chances not taken?

"Mom," Paul whispered, his voice rough with emotion. "I love you so much it consumes me. And I know you feel it too. Please, give us a chance. Let me love you the way we both crave, even if it's only for this one stolen moment in time."

Violet looked around at the strange tableau before her - her handsome son gazing at her with naked adoration, the two virtual strangers who had become allies in this forbidden seduction - and felt something shift inside her, a fundamental realignment of her world view.

Everything she had thought she knew about love, about right and wrong, was being challenged, reshaped into a new truth. A truth where all that mattered was that she and Paul belonged to each other, in every possible way.

"Take me to bed," she told her son, her voice tremulous but certain. "Make love to me, Paul. Make me yours."

With a groan of profound relief and joy, Paul swept Violet up into his arms and carried her out of Tanya's cabin, back to their own private refuge.

As the door closed behind the new lovers, Tanya turned to her own son, Cory, with a wicked grin.

"I'd say our work here is done," she purred, pulling him towards the bed. "Now, I believe you were about to fill Mommy's cunt with another load of hot cum..."

In the Parker's cabin, Violet's confession unleashed a tidal wave of passion and long-suppressed desire.

Paul laid his mother gently on the bed, covering her body with his own as he claimed her mouth in a searing kiss. He'd been waiting for this moment since he hit early adolescence, fantasizing about making passionate love to the beautiful woman who had given him life.

Violet moaned into the kiss, surrendering completely to the forbidden desire that had tormented her for so long.

Her hands roamed greedily over the strong planes of her son's back, memorizing every flex of his muscles as he ground his straining erection against her aching core.

"Paul," she gasped as he trailed hot, open-mouthed kisses down the column of her throat. "My beautiful boy...I can't believe this is finally happening..."

"Believe it, Mom," Paul rasped, slipping a hand under her tank top to cup one heavy breast. "I'm going to worship every inch of this incredible body. Make you feel things you never even dreamed of."

He pushed the flimsy fabric up, exposing her gigantic, braless tits to his avid gaze. "God, you're so fucking perfect," he groaned, ducking his head to lave one pebbled nipple with his tongue.

Violet keened, fisting a hand in Paul's hair to hold him to her tit as he suckled and nipped at the sensitive peak. Electric pleasure zipped

straight to her clit, making her hips undulate wantonly against the bulge in her son's jeans.

Paul lavished attention on both of her aching nipples before kissing his way down her quivering belly.

He hooked his fingers in the waistband of her yoga pants and dragged them slowly down her silky legs, taking her soaked panties with them.

Violet cried out as the cool air hit her dripping sex, her thighs falling open widely in shameless invitation.

Paul settled between them, his heated gaze drinking in the glistening pink folds of her most intimate flesh.

"I've dreamed of tasting this sweet pussy for so long," he confessed, his voice thick with lust. "I can't believe I finally get to eat my own mother's cunt a second time."

With a groan of profound need, Paul buried his face in Violet's weeping slit, his tongue delving deep to lap up her honeyed essence.

Violet nearly screamed at the electric contact, her back bowing off the bed, her jutting tits careening back and forth across her ribcage as her son began to devour her like a starving man at a feast.

He licked and sucked and nibbled at her throbbing clit, wringing broken cries of ecstasy from her lips. He fucked his tongue into her clenching channel, coaxing out a flood of sweet cream that he swallowed down greedily.

"Oh God, oh fuck, Paul, yes!" Violet babbled mindlessly, grinding her pussy against his face as the pressure built unbearably in her core. "Don't stop, baby, I'm so close."

Paul doubled his efforts, sealing his lips around his mother's grape-sized clit and sucking hard as he thrust two fingers deep into her quivering sheath.

He curled them just so, rubbing relentlessly against the spongy patch of flesh that made her keen and thrash beneath him.

"Cum for me, Mom," he commanded against her soaked flesh. "Cum all over my face, let me drink down every drop."

With a wordless scream, Violet's body convulsed, tits rippling. Her pussy clamping down rhythmically around Paul's plunging fingers as an earth-shattering orgasm ripped through her.

Scalding girl-juices flooded his mouth and he lapped them up eagerly, prolonging her pleasure with every swipe of his tongue.

Finally, she collapsed back against the mattress, boneless and gasping. Paul gentled his touch, licking softly at her twitching folds as she drifted down from her high.

When she finally mustered the strength to open her eyes, he was hovering over her, his face shiny with her essence and his eyes blazing with triumphant lust. "Was that as good as you imagined, Mom?" he asked cockily.

In answer, Violet grabbed him by the back of the neck and dragged him down into a filthy kiss, moaning as she tasted herself on his lips and tongue. Her long, experienced tongue whipped into the entrance to the boy's throat, nearly chocking him.

Violet reached between their sweat-slicked bodies to palm the rigid length of him through his jeans.

"Get these off," she ordered breathlessly. "I need you inside me, now."

Paul scrambled to comply, nearly ripping his clothes in his haste to disrobe. Then he was blanketing her body with his own once more, the scorching heat of his skin searing her from head to toe.

Violet reached down to wrap her fingers around the thick, heavy weight of his erection, guiding it to notch at her entrance.

They both groaned at the electric contact, the fevered anticipation of the moment they had both craved for so long.

"Please, Paul," Violet whimpered, hiking her thighs high around his waist. "Make me yours. Claim me, ruin me for anyone else."

With a guttural groan, Paul surged forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in his mother's silken heat in one powerful thrust.

Violet cried out sharply, her nails raking down his back as her corrugated birthing tube stretched to accommodate the impressive girth of him.

"Fuck, Mom, you're so tight," Paul panted, fighting the urge to pound into her wildly.

He withdrew slowly, then pushed back in, starting a deep, measured rhythm. "You feel incredible, like you were made just for me..."

"I was," Violet gasped, meeting his every thrust with an upward roll of her hips. "I'm yours, baby. Now and forever. My body, my heart, my pussy - it all belongs to you."

Paul's heart soared at his mother's fervent declaration, even as his hips picked up speed, pistoning into her welcoming depths with increasing urgency. "Mine," he growled, punctuating each word with a powerful, womb-crushing thrust. "My beautiful, perfect mom. I'll never let you go."

Violet keened, wrapping her arms and legs around her son as if trying to merge their bodies into one.

The wet slap of flesh on flesh and their mingled cries of passion filled the small cabin, the rhythmic rocking of the train only adding to the erotic tempo of their lovemaking.

"Harder, Paul, fuck me harder!" Violet demanded, drunk on pleasure and the heady thrill of the ultimate taboo. "I wanna feel you in my throat!"

Paul complied with a roar, hammering into his mother's soaked cunt with all the pent-up lust and longing he'd harbored for years.

The headboard slammed against the wall with every brutal stroke, no doubt announcing their illicit coupling to anyone passing by. But they were too lost in each other to care, their world narrowed down to the electric slide of their joined bodies and the searing ecstasy building between them.

Violet could feel another climax approaching, even more intense than the first. Her son's relentless pounding was hitting her G-spot with unerring accuracy, sending sparks of rapture shooting through her nerve endings.

"Oh God, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum again!" she wailed, her nails digging into Paul's flexing ass as she urged him on. "Don't stop, baby, I'm so close, I'm right there..."

"Do it, Mom," Paul commanded hoarsely, feeling his own orgasm barreling down on him like a freight train. "Cum on my cock, milk me dry. I want to feel you squeezing me as I pump you full."

With a high, keening cry, Violet shattered, her pussy spasming wildly around Paul's pistoning cock as wave after wave of mind-melting bliss crashed over her.

Her clenching walls triggered Paul's own release, and with a guttural shout, he buried himself to the hilt and erupted, flooding his mother's rippling channel with what felt like endless pulses of scalding seed.

They clung to each other desperately as the aftershocks rolled through them, their sweat-slicked bodies heaving in unison.

Paul gentled his thrusts, working them both through the last throes of their shared rapture until they collapsed together in a tangle of sated limbs.

"I love you, Mom," Paul rasped once he'd caught his breath, pressing reverent kisses to Violet's damp brow, her fluttering

eyelids, the tip of her nose. "That was...God, it was beyond anything I ever imagined."

"It was perfect," Violet agreed dreamily, caressing her son's hair.

Paul and Violet didn't emerge from their cabin for the rest of the day. Instead they engaged in a marathon of ravenous fucking, exploring each other's bodies with lips, hands and tongues, learning all the secret ways to drive each other wild with pleasure.

They coupled in every position they could think of - Violet riding Paul's thick cock with abandon, his strong hands gripping her undulating hips as her heavy breasts swinging wildly above him.

Paul taking her from behind, molding his chest to her back as he thrust into her welcoming heat, growling filthy praise and dark promises in her ear.

Spooning languidly on their sides, Paul's hand cupping Violet's mound possessively as he rocked into her with long, deep, rolling strokes that made her toes curl with bliss.

In between bouts of feverish rutting, they talked, really talked, sharing secrets and dreams and hopes for the future they now knew they would build together, consequences be damned.

Paul confessed how long he had yearned for Violet, how he had always seen her as the ideal woman, the only one who could ever truly understand and complete him.

Violet admitted how lost and alone she had felt in her marriage, how Paul's budding desire had reawakened a sensual side of herself she thought long dead.

They made love with tears in their eyes, overwhelmed by the depth of emotion between them. They climaxed in each other's arms again and again, Paul filling his mother with his seed so many times it dripped out of her well-used pussy to puddle on the tangled sheets.

As night fell and the rocking of the train lulled them towards sated slumber, Paul held Violet close, their naked cum-sticky bodies entwined as intimately as their hearts.

"I don't ever want this trip to end," he murmured into her fragrant hair. "I wish we could stay in this perfect bubble forever, just you and me."

"I know, baby," Violet whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "But no matter what happens when we get back to the real world, I'll never regret a single moment of what we've shared. You've shown me what it means to be truly, deeply loved. That's a gift I'll treasure all my days."

"Good morning," Jewel smiled as her and her son Cory joined Violet and Paul in the luxurious breakfast car, sitting across from them.

The delicious smell of freshly brewed coffee filled their noses as they took their seats at the elegant table.

After a night of fucking like animals, the two couples were still buzzing with desire and excitement. The low hum of pleasure in the air was almost palpable as they eagerly awaited their breakfast, feeling alive and invigorated from their wild escapades just hours before.

"I don't suppose you two got much sleep last night either," said Violet, smiling across at them blushingly.

Jewel chuckled throatily, her emerald eyes sparkling with mischief. "Not a wink. But who needs sleep when you have a virile young stud to keep you up all night?" She reached over and squeezed Cory's thigh possessively under the table, making him grin.

Violet blushed, but she couldn't help the answering smile that tugged at her lips. She knew exactly what Jewel meant. Her own body was deliciously sore in all the right places from Paul's passionate attentions.

"I know we got off to a rocky start," Jewel said, her expression turning serious. "But I hope you know that my only intention was to help your son."

Violet met Jewel's gaze, seeing the sincerity shining there. "I do know that now," she said softly. "And I'm grateful, truly. You helped me find the courage to embrace what I really wanted, even if your methods were a bit...unconventional."

Jewel laughed. "Well, matters of the heart rarely follow a straight path. Especially when that heart belongs to your own flesh and blood."

"Mmm, speaking of flesh and blood," Violet cooed, squeezing Paul's cock-bulge teasingly under the table, making him inhale sharply.

He shot her a heated look, his blue eyes darkening with rekindled lust. "Careful, Mom," he murmured, his voice pitched low so only she

could hear. "Keep that up and I might just have to bend you over this table and fuck you right here in front of everyone."

Violet shivered, her pussy clenching at the erotic threat. She was shocked by how much the idea of such a public claiming thrilled her, when just days ago she would have been horrified by the mere suggestion. Paul had awakened a wanton side of her she never knew existed.

"Is that a promise?" she purred, giving him a coy look from beneath her lashes.

Jewel's hand slid down her son's body, his boner growing steadily in her grasp. She could feel the wetness pooling between her legs as she teased and stroked him.

"So, what are your plans after breakfast?" she asked Violet, a mischievous glint in her eye.

Violet's own hand was busy between her son's legs, working him to full attention. "Probably the same plans you two have...screwing our asses off," she answered with a smirk, causing all four of them to giggle with anticipation.

"Why don't you join us in our cabin?" Jewel suggested, raising an eyebrow suggestively. "We can ride these dreamy

cocks all day and see how many times our boys can make us cum."

Paul and Cory exchanged eager grins at their mothers' salacious conversation, their young cocks straining against the confines of their jeans.

The promise of an all-day fuck-fest with these insatiable, experienced moms had their balls tightening with anticipation.

"I think that's an excellent idea!" Paul said huskily, his hand sliding up his mother's thigh beneath the table.

Violet shivered as her son's fingers brushed the damp lace of her panties. The taboo thrill of engaging in such brazen foreplay right there in the dining car, where anyone could notice their sordid activities, only stoked the flames of her desire higher.

"Mmm, I like the way you think, baby," she purred, parting her thighs wantonly to give him better access.

Jewel licked her lips, her hand moving faster on Cory's straining bulge. "I couldn't agree more. There's just something about mother-son incest that's the ultimate forbidden fruit. Knowing you're giving your baby boy pleasure like no other woman can...it's darkly addictive."

Cory groaned as his mother's nimble fingers freed his aching erection from his jeans and began to stroke him beneath the table, using his slippery pre-cum for lubrication.

"Well, what are we waiting for then?" Cory asked. "Let's finish up breakfast and get this party started. I can't wait to sink my dick in some tight MILF snatch."

The two families scarfed down the rest of their food in record time, the sexual tension between them rising to a fever pitch.

As soon as the last bite was swallowed, they practically sprinted back to Jewel and Cory's cabin, laughing with the carefree joy of co-conspirators.

The moment the door closed behind them, clothes began flying in every direction, the newly minted lovers eager to be skin to skin.

In seconds, the two mothers and their sons were naked, giant tits wobbling, stiff cocks wagging eagerly. Their bodies were already

glistening with sweat and arousal.

"Holy fuck, would you look at those racks!" Paul breathed reverently, his gaze ping ponging between Violet and Jewel's spectacular tits. "Our moms have the biggest, softest tits ever!"

"Damn straight," Cory agreed, licking his lips as he ogled the two gorgeous, naked women. "And we get to suck on them. It's like a fucking wet dream come true."

Violet and Jewel exchanged heated looks, their hands roaming possessively over their sons' hard young bodies as they backed them to the bed.

"Why don't you boys lie back and let your moms take care of those big, throbbing cocks?" Violet purred, pushing Paul down onto the bed.

Jewel followed suit with Cory, the two women crawling sensuously over their sons' prone forms, dangling tits jostling back and forth, until they were poised above the impressive erections jutting towards their faces.

"Mmm, look at all this young, virile meat," Jewel cooed, wrapping her fingers around Cory's thick shaft and pumping slowly. "However will we fit these monster cocks in our tight, little pussies?"

"We'll make them fit," Violet said with a wicked grin, leaning down to lap at the pearly drop of pre-cum beading on the tip of Paul's dick. "A good mommy always finds a way to take care of her baby boy."

Paul and Cory groaned in unison as the two mothers began to worship their cocks with lips and tongues, licking and sucking them from root to tip like the most decadent lollipops.

Violet and Jewel moaned wantonly around the thick, pulsing flesh filling their mouths, getting off on the debauched act of pleasuring

their own sons.

"Fuck yeah, suck that dick, Mom," Cory panted, tangling his fingers in Jewel's fiery tresses to urge her on. "No one blows me like you do. Your mouth is fucking magic."

"You taste so good, baby," Violet murmured, laving the sensitive underside of Paul's cock-shaft with the flat of her tongue. "I could suck this beautiful penis all day long and never get tired of the flavor."

The wet, obscene sounds of the dual blow jobs filled the cabin, punctuated by masculine grunts and gargled feminine moans of enjoyment.

After several minutes of avid sucking, Violet and Jewel pulled off with a lewd pop, their lips shiny with spit and pre-cum.

"I need this fat cock in my cunt right now," Jewel declared, swinging a leg over her son's hips to straddle him.

Violet moved to do the same with Paul, the two heavy-titted mothers positioning themselves above their son's straining erections.

"Holy wow!" Paul blurted, glancing back and forth from Jewel's huge, dangling tits to his mother's. "I can't believe we get to fuck both of you sexy moms at the same time. Is this really happening?"

"Oh it's happening, stud," Jewel purred as she reached between her thighs to grasp Cory's thick shaft, notching the swollen head at her dripping entrance. "Watch closely and learn how a real woman rides a cock."

With that, she sank down slowly, taking her son inch by delicious inch into her tight, clasping heat.

Cory whimpered sharply, his hands flying to his mother's undulating hips as she began to bounce on his lap with wanton abandon.

Not to be outdone, Violet positioned Paul's impressive erection at her own weeping slit, rubbing the broad crown through her slick folds and the remnants of her hymen. "Mom's gonna take such good care of you, baby," she cooed, holding his lust-blown gaze. "Gonna ride this big boy cock until you forget your own name."

She slammed her hips down, sheathing Paul to the hilt in one swift motion.

They both groaned rapturously at the exquisite union, so much deeper and more intense than the night before with Paul's glans wedged within the tight, puffy ring of her cervical head.

Violet set a galloping rhythm, her heavy milkers jiggling enticingly as she fucked herself on her son's throbbing shaft.

The room filled with a symphony of erotic sounds - the primal slap of naked flesh on flesh, the lewd squelch of dripping wet cunts being split open over and over, the animalistic grunts and keening moans of four lovers lost to unrestrained carnality.

"Fuck, Mom, your pussy feels incredible!" Paul panted, his fingers digging into the plush globes of Violet's ass as he thrust up to meet her downward strokes. "So fucking tight and hot and perfect. Like you were made just for me."

"I was made for you, baby," Violet gasped, grinding her clit against Paul's pubic bone on every pass. "This body belongs to you now. My cunt, my mouth, my ass - it's all yours to use however you want."

Beside them, Jewel was riding Cory's cock like a woman possessed, her back arched, her giant tits jumping, and her nails raking down his sweat-slicked chest.

"That's it, fuck me harder!" she demanded, her cunt clenching greedily around his pistoning length. "Pound Mommy's hungry snatch with that big, fat dick!"

Cory hammered up into his mother's spasming sheath, his heavy balls slapping obscenely against her jiggling ass with every brutal thrust.

"Gonna fuck you raw," he growled, baring his teeth in a feral snarl. "Ruin this cunt for anyone but me."

Cory and Jewel had done the nasty hundreds of times, each fuck better than the last. The redhead, who was naturally a blonde, had already had a baby with her son. A girl they named Crystal, who was now a year old and home with her clueless husband.

The two best friends smiled over at one another as their mothers rode them with wild abandon, the most erotic sight either young man had ever witnessed.

Watching the other's mom bounce wantonly on their cock, huge tits heaving and hips undulating skillfully, was almost enough to make them cum on the spot.

"Dude, your mom is a fucking sex goddess," Paul panted to Cory, his eyes glued to Jewel's spectacular body as she impaled herself on her son's thick shaft over and over.

"Yours too, man," Cory groaned, equally transfixed by the sight of Violet's plush, curvaceous form writhing atop Paul in ecstasy. "Fuck, the way she takes that dick... insane."

"And those fucking tits…" Paul added, gazing up at their bouncing, rippling juggernauts.

As if reading their minds, Jewel and Violet exchanged a heated, knowing look.

Without slowing their passionate riding, they leaned in towards each other until their lips met in a searing, open-mouthed kiss.

The boys cried out in shock and arousal as they watched their mothers make out feverishly above them, their long, thick tongues tangling and exploring slick, hungry mouths. It was the single most erotic thing either of them had ever witnessed.

"Holy shit that's so hot!" Paul babbled, his hips jackhammering up into his mother's rippling sheath as the taboo sight pushed him closer to the edge. "You two are so fucking sexy together."

"Mmm, you like seeing mom kiss another woman, baby?" Violet purred against Jewel's lips, bringing one hand up to squeeze and massage the redhead's bouncing tits.

"God yes!"

"I bet you'd rather have my tongue in your mouth though, wouldn't you?" Violet winked.

Paul's eyes widened and he nodded eagerly. "Fuck yes, Mom, kiss me! I wanna taste you so bad."

Violet grinned wickedly and leaned down to capture her son's lips in a filthy, open-mouthed kiss, her vivacious tongue delving deep to tangle wetly with his.

Paul groaned into the forbidden liplock, drunk on the erotic taste of his mother mingled with Tanya's essence.

Beside them, Jewel had pulled Cory into a similarly passionate embrace, her humongous, rippling tits squashed out between them as they devoured each other's mouths with sloppy intensity. Their lower bodies continued to piston together urgently.

The women worked their wide hips like only experienced mothers could, their thick, rounded bubble butts jiggling and rippling as they pummeled tirelessly up and down on their sons' throbbing cocks with skillful undulations.

The wet, obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and the lewd squelches of soaked, gripping cunts being split open again and again filled the cabin.

Jewel and Violet were moaning and panting into their sons' mouths as they rode them hard, their voluptuous bodies

sheened in sweat, heavy breasts rippling, sandwiched between them.

The molten ecstasy was building to a fever pitch in both couples, the mind-blowing pleasure of the forbidden coupling pushing them rapidly towards the edge.

Paul's huge, pulsing cock was stretching and filling Violet's tight, clasping pussy so exquisitely as she rode him, the thick veiny shaft dragging deliciously along her fluttering inner walls with each pump of her hips.

Her slick, swollen pussy lips clung to his pistoning length as it withdrew, only to be split open again by his fat mushroom head slamming back inside her, over and over.

Paul's cock was hitting Violet's G-spot exquisitely with each deep thrust, the spongy bundle of nerves sparking jolts of electric bliss through her writhing body.

Her weeping cunt squelched obscenely around the invading thickness, gushing arousal to ease the way for the relentless, frenzied fucking.

The molten walls rippled and clenched rhythmically, gripping Paul as if trying to milk the cum from his balls with each plunge into Violet's deepest recesses.

Violet could feel every throbbing inch of her son's teenage cock pounding into her, searing her innermost places with the delicious heat and hardness of his engorged flesh.

Her cervix tingled and ached, craving his potent seed, begging to be bathed in the virile overflow of taboo passion.

The slick, velvety friction was stoking the flames higher and higher, coiling the pressure tighter and tighter in Violet's core as she hurtled towards a bone-melting orgasm.

Her greedy cunt was fluttering wildly, clasping desperately at Paul's cock, on the verge of shattering in rapture.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna cum soon if you keep milking my cock like that," Paul gasped, breaking the kiss to bury his face between his mother's heaving tits, motorboating the soft, fragrant flesh.

"Me too!" Cory gritted out, his fingers digging into the plush globes of Jewel's bucking ass hard enough to leave marks. "This pussy is just too fucking good."

Jewel's slick, scalding pussy was clenching and rippling around Cory's pistoning cock like a silken vice as she rode him wildly, grinding her engorged clit against his pubic bone with each downward slam of her hips.

Her puffy, glistening labia were stretched taut around his girth, clinging to the veiny shaft as it plundered her depths over and over.

Cory's steely hardness was pummeling his mom's G-spot on every stroke, making sparks dance behind her eyelids and desperate moans spill from her lips.

Viscous secretions coated his thrusting cock, easing the way for the relentless pounding of mother by son. Each frenzied collision of their straining bodies made a wet, filthy sound as Jewel's saturated cunt welcomed Cory's engorged meat again and again into her hungry core.

The scorching, ultra-sensitive walls of Violet's pussy hugged Paul's invading cock like a second skin, as if trying to mold themselves to every ridge and vein.

He could feel every quiver and flutter of her flawless sheath as she rocketed towards a mind-bending climax, her greedy hole milking his shaft for all she was worth.

Jolts of electric ecstasy radiated from where they were intimately joined, suffusing the mother's writhing body with pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. She could feel Paul in her womb, the broad head of his cock kissing the entrance to her pulsing cervix with each balls-deep plunge.

Her empty uterus ached to be flooded with her son's molten seed, to suck down every drop of his taboo essence.

Jewel's pussy was gushing and squelching obscenely now, drenching Cory's cock and balls with her fragrant juices, the erotic overflow of her fathomless need for him.

Her whole body was tensing, coiling, every cell poised on the knife's edge of rapture as their coupling grew more ferocious, more urgent.

"Fuck, baby, you're gonna make me cum so hard!" Jewel keened, her hips a blur as she frantically impaled herself on

Cory's steel-hard shaft. "Don't stop, don't you dare fucking stop! I need it, I need your cum..."

"Here it comes, Mom!" Cory roared, feeling his balls draw up tight to his body. "I'm gonna flood this pussy, fill you up so good."

"Yes, yes, YES!" Jewel wailed, her cunt strangling Cory's cock as she flew apart in ecstasy. "Cum in me, baby! Paint Mommy's fucking cervix!"

"Cumming!" Paul roared, burying himself to the hilt in his Violet's rippling sheath as the first intense spurt of his release jetted from his cock.

"Fuck, me too!" Cory shouted, his balls drawing up tight as he began to erupt deep in his mom's clasping cunt.

Violet and Jewel screamed in ecstasy as they felt their son's cocks swell and jerk inside them, pumping them full of hot, virile cream.

Their own orgasms crashed over them like tidal waves, their pussies clenching rhythmically to milk every drop of seed from the pulsing shafts splitting them open.

Paul and Cory's cocks throbbed and pulsed violently as they exploded deep inside their mothers' clenching cunts, searing jets of thick, potent semen flooding the clasping channels.

The two convulsing mothers could feel every intense spurt painting their cervixes and coating their fluttering walls, the sheer volume of cum making their stomachs bulge slightly.

The sons' swollen balls drew up tight, pumping rope after hot, sticky rope into the welcoming wombs so desperate to be bred.

The spurting cockheads flared and jerked, unleashing what felt like endless geysers of jism in the clenching, rippling cores, as if trying to impregnate the writhing mothers.

Violet and Jewel's pussies gushed and squirted in response, ejaculating their own release in a show of ecstatic acceptance of their sons' liquid love.

Clear fem-spunk gushed out around the pistoning cocks, soaking the boys' crotches and adding to the huge wet spot growing beneath their undulating bodies.

The mothers' vaginal muscles worked in overdrive, rippling along the pulsing shafts in a milking rhythm, coaxing out every drop of the precious seed.

Their cervixes fluttered and winked, eager to suck down the massive loads and usher them to the aching depths of their empty uteruses.

The sensation of being so thoroughly marked and claimed by their sons' ejaculating cocks sent Violet and Jewel flying over the edge again, their clits throbbing almost painfully as aftershocks tore through their convulsing bodies.

Their cunts clamped down rhythmically, wringing the last pearls of cum from the emptying balls pressed so deliciously against their jiggling ass cheeks.

Paul and Cory groaned in blissed out agony as their balls were drained to the last drop, their mothers' exquisite pussies not letting up until they had wrung them completely dry.

They could feel the viscous mix of male and female cum seeping out around their shafts, the erotic overflow of their mind-melting coupling soaking into the sheets.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of ecstasy, the orgasms subsided to gentle aftershocks. The mothers collapsed onto their sons' heaving chests, the four lovers panting harshly as they drifted down from the intense high.

Paul and Cory's cocks twitched inside Violet and Tanya's thoroughly bred cunts, still semi-hard despite being so utterly spent.

"Holy fuck," Paul rasped, his voice hoarse from shouting his pleasure. "That was the most incredible thing I've ever felt. I came so damn hard."

"Mmm, me too baby," Violet purred, clenching her pussy around her son's softening shaft. "I've never been filled up so intensely."

"Mmm, would you boys like to suck our big titties for awhile?" Jewel asked.

"Would we ever!" her son answered.

Cory eagerly latched onto his mother's huge, heaving breasts, his lips sealing around one thick, dusky nipple.

He suckled ardently, groaning at the taste of her on his tongue, his face sinking up into the flesh of her warm, soft tit-orb.

Jewel gasped and arched into her son's hungry mouth, tangling her fingers in his hair to hold him to her aching flesh.

Since she had only give birth a year ago and was still lactating, liquid nectar burst from her nipple, her pussy fluttering as Cory nursed from her like a starving boy.

"That's it, baby, suck Mommy's big titties," she cooed breathlessly, undulating her hips to grind her sensitized clit against Paul's semi-hard cock still buried inside her. "Drain my milk jugs dry while your hot cum leaks out of my pussy."

Cory moaned around the stiff peak, doubling his efforts. He suckled and slurped at the engorged nipple, nibbling it gently with his teeth before bathing it with his tongue.

His hands kneaded the heavy globes, relishing the weight and softness of the massive mammaries.

He switched to the other breast, giving it the same reverent treatment.

Next to him, Paul buried his face in Violet's deep, cavernous cleavage, motorboating the pillowy flesh and inhaling her intoxicating scent.

The puckered nipples scraped deliciously against his stubbled cheeks as he shook his head back and forth.

"Fuck, Mom, your tits are out of this world," Paul mumbled into the jiggling mounds, his voice muffled. "I could worship these fabulous jugs for days and never get enough."

Violet preened at the passionate praise, pushing her chest out further. "They're all yours now, sweetheart. Mom's big breasts belong to you, for you to suck and squeeze and fuck whenever you want."

Paul shuddered, his cock twitching and chubbing up again at the erotic promise.

He captured a fat nipple between his lips and sucked hard, hollowing his cheeks with the force of it.

Violet keened, her pussy clenching reflexively around her son's shaft, making it engorge with blood.

Beside the incestuous couple, Cory was still lavishing the same oral worship on his mother's magnificent rack.

Jewel's bigger-than-big, wobbling jugs were shiny with spit and tit-milk as her son suckled greedily at the thick, rosy nipples.

"Yes, just like when you were a baby, Cory," Jewel panted, undulating her hips. "Nurse from Mommy, drink down my sweet milk. Suck out all the cream you made me store up."

The lactation talk made the boys groan around their mouthfuls of titflesh, and their cocks swell back to full hardness inside the hot, slick tunnels still gripping them so tightly.

"Mmm, looks like suckling Mom's big tits got someone all excited again," Violet purred, clenching her pussy around Paul's rejuvenated erection.

She rolled them over smoothly until she was on her back with Paul nestled between her splayed thighs, never breaking their intimate connection.

"Fuck me, baby," she urged breathlessly, hooking her ankles behind his thighs to pull him deeper. "Pound my hungry cunt with that big, hard cock until you pump another load in my womb."

Paul groaned harshly, catching her nipple between his teeth and biting down just shy of pain.

Violet wailed in approval, her nails raking down his flexing back as he began to thrust into her, hard and deep.

"Gonna breed this pussy, Mom," he grunted savagely between bites and sucks to her rolling breasts. "Fuck a baby into you, make your tits swell with milk for real."

The nasty talk made Violet gush around her son's pounding cock, the forbidden fantasy of being impregnated by him making her dizzy with lust.

"Yes, do it!" she cried wildly. "Put a baby in my belly! Make me a mommy again with your seed!"

Beside them, Jewel and Cory had assumed a similar missionary-style position, the voluptuous redhead pinned beneath her powerfully thrusting son, her strong, sleek legs

wrapped high around his back as he mauled her massive jugs and split her open on his thick meat over and over.

"Such a sexy woman you are," Cory grunted, driving into his mother's rippling heat with piston-like strokes. "Gonna keep you pregnant and full of my cum, fuck you through the delivery and knock you up again immediately, make those fat udders overflow. "

Jewel sobbed in ecstasy, her hips churning to meet every violent pump of her son's cock. "Ruin me!" she begged. "Wreck my cunt and swell my tits and keep me bred forever! Fuck another baby into me!"

The cabin was filled with the erotic symphony of flesh slapping flesh, the filthy squelch of over-lubricated cunts being pounded, and the wanton wails and grunts of two mothers being mated ferociously by their own offspring. The mingled musk of sex fluids and sweat hung heavy in the air.

Paul and Cory pinned their mothers beneath them, nestled in the cradle of their splayed thighs as they ravaged their hot, slick cunts with deep, powerful thrusts.

The mothers clung to their sons desperately, legs wrapped high around flexing backs, nails scoring sweat-slicked skin as they were pounded into the mattress.

"Fuck, baby, just like that!" Violet sobbed, her huge tits jiggling wildly as Paul hammered into her. "Split Mommy open on that big, fat cock! Stir up all the cum you pumped in me!"

Paul grunted savagely, pistoning his hips faster, his engorged shaft plunging in and out of his mother's clasping sheath at a blistering

pace.

The lewd, wet sound of his balls slapping against her upturned ass filled the room, mingling with Violet's wanton cries.

He dipped his head to capture one bouncing nipple between his teeth, biting down just shy of pain before suckling hard.

Violet wailed in approval, her pussy clenching vice-like around Paul's driving cock.

"Gonna breed this cunt," Paul growled around his mouthful of tit-flesh. "Pump you so full of my seed, make your belly swell with my baby."

The nasty impregnation talk made Violet gush, her ejaculate sluicing out around Paul's pistoning cock to soak his crotch.

"Yes, do it!" she urged frantically. "Put a baby in me, make me a mommy again! I want it so bad!"

Beside the mother-son pair, Jewel and Cory were fucking with equal intensity, the smack of their straining bodies colliding drowned out by their animalistic grunts and moans.

Cory mauled his mother's massive jugs as he split her open on his thick meat over and over, the puffy lips of her cunt clinging to his shaft on every withdrawal.

Paul and Cory hammered into their mothers' dripping cunts with frenzied abandon, their hips blurring as they strove to drive the women over the edge into ecstasy.

The sound of wet flesh slapping together obscenely filled the cabin, punctuated by the mothers' escalating cries of pleasure.

"Fuck yes, right there baby, don't stop!" Violet wailed, her nails digging into Paul's flexing ass as he pounded against her spongy, rough-textured G-spot with unerring accuracy. "Harder, faster! Make me cum on that big cock!"

Paul snarled, redoubling his efforts, the thick veiny shaft of his erection pummeling Violet's clutching sheath with brutal intensity.

He could feel her growing wetter, hotter and tighter around him, her silky walls fluttering and rippling as she rocketed towards climax.

"Gonna cum in this pussy!" he grunted, sweat dripping down his contorted face. "Flood you with my seed, breed you so fucking deep..."

Beside them, Jewel was sobbing and thrashing beneath Cory's relentless assault, her cunt clenching rhythmically around his huge, teenage fuck-muscle.

"Baby please, I'm so close," she keened desperately. "Fuck a baby into me, fill me up, I need it so bad!"

Cory bared his teeth, hammering into his mother's spasming slit with everything he had, his heavy balls drawing up tight to his body.

"Here it comes, Mom! Gonna pump you full, make that belly swell with my kid."

"Now boys, make us cum now!" Violet commanded breathlessly, feeling her own orgasm barreling down on her like a freight train. "Breed your mommies!"

As if choreographed, Paul and Cory slammed into their mothers to the hilt one last time and ground their pelvises against the women's throbbing clits as they began to erupt.

Scalding jets of cum exploded from their cocks, searing the convulsing walls of the clasping cunts milking them voraciously.

"FUUUUUCK!!!" Violet and Jewel screamed in unison as they flew apart, their pussies clamping down around their sons' erupting shafts, trying to suck every drop of seed into their ravenous wombs.

Their bodies seized and shook violently, wracked with the most intense pleasure imaginable as the boys filled them to overflowing with their potent essence.

They could feel the hot spurts of jism painting their cervixes, the virile overflow being sucked greedily into their quivering uteruses.

Paul and Cory groaned in blissful agony as the rhythmic milking of their mothers' orgasming cunts wrung them dry, their balls emptying in long, endless pulses.

They ground and rolled their hips, stirring the massive loads around the rippling walls, making sure every inch was coated in their seed.

Violet and Jewel whimpered and mewled, shivering through the aftershocks as their wombs fluttered and clenched, eagerly sucking up every drop of their sons' precious semen.

They could feel the creamy overflow seeping out around the softening cocks still plugging them, the lewd squelch of copious fluids obscenely loud in the sudden quiet.

"Fuck, that was intense," Paul panted, his sweaty brow pressed to his mother's heaving chest. "I came so hard, I think my balls are permanently empty."

"Mmm, you filled me up so good, baby," Violet cooed, clenching her pussy around her son's spent cock, savoring the feel of his release sloshing inside her. "Mommy's cunt is so full of your cum. You bred me so deep."

Jewel carded her fingers through Cory's damp hair as he panted against her neck, equally spent. "Such a virile young stud," she praised breathlessly. "Pumping Mommy so full of potent cream. You're gonna look so sexy rubbing my pregnant belly, knowing it's your second baby growing inside me."

The boy shuddered, his overworked cock twitching valiantly at the erotic image.

"Fuck Mom, you're going to make me hard again," Cory groaned, nipping at his mother's sweaty skin.

Violet and Jewel shared a wicked look over their sons' heads, their eyes sparkling with mischief and insatiable lust.

"Well then, we better take care of that," Violet purred silkily. "Wouldn't want our virile boys going unsatisfied, now would we?"

"Nope," Jewel giggled.

With surprising strength, the mothers rolled their sons onto their backs, the movement causing the semi-hard cocks to slip wetly from their cum-sloppy cunts.

Mingled fluids gushed out to puddle obscenely on the sheets below.

Violet and Jewel shifted to straddle their sons' thighs, their massive tits swaying hypnotically above the prone boy's faces.

They reached between their legs to grasp the sticky, chubbing shafts, stroking them back to full hardness with practiced twists of their wrists.

"Mom's gonna drain these big balls again and again," Violet cooed, leaning down to take Paul's cock into her hot, wet mouth.

"That's right," Jewel added, swiping her tongue up the underside of Cory's semi-hard cock. "Gonna suck and fuck the cum right out of you until you're dry as a bone."

Over the next hour, Violet and Jewel worshipped their sons' cocks with their mouths, determined to drain every last drop of cum from the young studs' balls.

They deep-throating the thick lengths until their noses were buried in wiry pubic hair and the fat heads were lodged in their gullets.

"Fuuuck, Mom, your mouth feels so good," Paul groaned, fisting a hand in Violet's hair as she bobbed up and down on his straining erection.

Her plush lips were stretched obscenely around his girth, spit shining on her chin as she slurped and suckled noisily.

Violet moaned around her mouthful, loving the salty-sweet taste of her son's flesh mixed with the musky remnants of their previous coupling.

She took him to the root with every bob of her head, gagging slightly as his cock head bumped the back of her throat, but never slowing her worship.

Beside her, Jewel was paying equally devoted attention to Cory's impressive member, her fiery head moving rapidly in his lap as she deep-throated him over and over.

Obscene slurping sounds filled the room as the mothers greedily serviced their sons. Their fat, dangling tits wobbled

with the rhythm of every cock-suck, coaxing copious amounts of pre-cum from the weeping slits.

"Shit, Mom, you're going to make me cum already," Cory panted, his abs flexing as he fought the urge to fuck up into his mother's hot, sucking mouth. "You suck cock better than any other woman."

Jewel pulled off with a lewd pop, strings of saliva connecting her swollen lips to Cory's throbbing glans. "Mmm, that's because Mommy knows exactly what her baby boy likes," she purred, jacking his spit-slick shaft with quick, twisting strokes.

"Mommy's gonna suck out every drop of cum in these big, full balls. You just lay back and let me drain you dry."

With that, she dived back in, swallowing Cory to the root and massaging his shaft with her expertly undulating throat muscles.

Cory groaned hoarsely, his cock pulsing wildly against his mother's fluttering gullet as she deep-throated him relentlessly.

Violet followed suit, sucking Paul's cock with sloppy abandon, drool running down her chin and coating his heavy sack.

She rolled his balls in her palm, feeling how they drew up tight to his body.

The cock-hungry mother popped her mouth off Paul's throbbing boner and dipped lower, drawing one of his heavy balls past her stretched lips.

She suckled the wrinkled skin, rolling the oval shaped testis on her tongue before releasing it with a wet pop and moving to its twin.

"Oh fuck, Mom!" Paul cried out sharply, his hips bucking off the bed as Violet took turns suckling each of his cum-bloated nuts, lavishing them with devoted attention.

Violet hummed in delight around her mouthful, relishing the musky, masculine taste of her son's most intimate places.

She licked a broad stripe up his taint to his tight sack, the coarse hair tickling her nose as she mouthed and nuzzled his cum-filled balls.

"So full and heavy," she purred, gazing up at Paul with lust-glazed eyes as she lapped at his scrotum. "Mommy's going to empty these big balls, drain out every last drop of cum until they're shriveled up."

She crammed a testicle back into her mouth, massaging it with her tongue as she reached up to jack her boy's spit-slick cock with quick, urgent strokes.

Paul groaned gutturally, the dual stimulation making his cockhead flare and swell, signaling his impending release.

His wet, distended nut popped from Violet's mouth and she engulfed his cock, until her lips were plastered against its base.

"Gonna cum, Mom!" Paul gritted out, fisting both hands in her hair to hold her in place. "Swallow it all down, don't waste a single fucking drop!"

Violet moaned eagerly, fucking him with her mouth harder and faster. She could feel his balls drawing up impossibly tight against his body, his cock throbbing and twitching mouth and throat.

With a whimper, Paul's hips snapped up as he began to erupt, hot jets of cum rocketing from his piss-slit, straight down his mother's throat.

Violet gulped and swallowed greedily, massaging his shaft and balls as spurt after thick spurt of jism pulsed over her tongue and slid into her belly.

She kept sucking and stroking as Paul bucked and shuddered through his release, wringing out every last drop until he collapsed back against the mattress, spent and panting.

Only then did she let his softening cock slip from her lips, licking them clean of his musky essence.

"Mmm, such a good boy, feeding Mommy so much yummy cum," she purred, pressing a reverent kiss to the tip of his cock before crawling up his body to capture his lips in a searing kiss, sharing his salty-sweet flavor.

Meanwhile, Jewel nuzzled her face into Cory's heavy, cum-filled balls, inhaling the musky scent of her son's most intimate area.

She mouthed at the wrinkled skin, feeling the oval shape of his testicles against her tongue. With a moan of pure lust, she parted her lips and sucked one into the wet heat of her mouth.

Cory cried out sharply at the intense sensation, his hips lifting off the bed as his mother began to worship his balls with single-minded focus.

Jewel suckled and slurped at the sensitive flesh, rolling first one, then the other testicle around on her talented tongue.

"Oh God, Mom, that feels incredible," Cory panted, tangling his fingers in Jewel's fiery tresses to hold her in place. "No one's ever sucked on my balls like you can."

Jewel pulled off with a lewd pop, strings of saliva connecting her swollen lips to Cory's spit-slick sack. "That's because only Mommy knows how to properly worship her baby boy's cum factories," she purred, nuzzling his heavy balls. "I'm gonna drain these big, swollen nuts until they're completely empty."

With that promise, she dived back in, drawing one of Cory's testicles past her stretched lips to suckle it greedily. She massaged the wrinkled skin with her tongue, feeling the weight and heft of it in her mouth.

Cory groaned harshly, fisting his hands in the sheets as his mother attended to his balls, pulling on his spermatic cord.

She switched back and forth to lavish each one with devoted attention. She took them into her mouth one at a time, suckling hard on the meat of gonads, massaging them with her tongue and lips.

"Fuck, Mom, you're gonna make me cum just from having my balls sucked," Cory babbled mindlessly, his cock throbbing and leaking against his abs as Jewel worked him over.

Jewel hummed in delight around her mouthful, sending electric vibrations shooting through Cory's groin.

She released his sack with a wet plop and licked a broad stripe up his taint, fluttering her long tongue against the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls.

"Mmm, you taste so good baby," she purred, breathing hotly over his saliva-slick sack.

"I can't wait to feel these big balls drawing up tight and emptying all their cum down Mommy's throat."

She wrapped her lips around his rod, right down to the base of his shaft and sucked hard, pressing the flat of her tongue against his thick vein as she bobbed up and down.

Her hand flew over his spit-slick length, jacking him in time with the hungry suction of her mouth.

Cory's abs clenched and quivered, his cock pulsing wildly against his mother's tongue as he hurtled towards a mind-bending orgasm.

Jewel could feel his balls drawing up impossibly tight, signaling his impending release.

She sucked him harder, faster, determined to wring out every last drop of cum.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm gonna cum!" Cory shouted, his voice strained and desperate. "Swallow it all, don't waste a single drop of my cum!"

The mother moaned eagerly around her son's throbbing shaft, sealing her lips tightly around the stalk as she sucked and jacked him at a furious pace.

She massaged his balls with her free hand, coaxing the scalding seed up from his heavy sack.

With an animalistic roar, Cory's hips snapped up as he exploded down his mother's throat, jets of hot, salty cum pumping directly into her belly.

Jewel gulped and swallowed convulsively, greedy for every last drop of her son's precious essence.

She milked his erupting cock with her mouth and hand, wringing out spurt after thick spurt until Cory collapsed back against the bed, boneless and spent.

Only then did she release him from her oral embrace, letting his softening shaft slip from her lips.

"Mmm, such a good boy, pumping your mom so full of yummy spunk," Jewel purred, licking a stray bead of cum from the corner of her mouth.

She crawled up Cory's body to share a deep, sloppy kiss, letting him taste himself on her tongue.

Beside them, Violet was snuggled against Paul's side, idly tracing patterns on his sweat-sheened chest. "I think our boys are all fucked

out for now," she chuckled indulgently, knowing they'd been at it for a couple hours and the teens had both ejaculate several times.

"Mmm, for now," Jewel agreed with a wicked grin. "But something tells me it won't be long before these young, virile studs are ready to go again."

Over the next hour, the two incestuous couples cuddled and made out tenderly, basking in the afterglow of their intense lovemaking as beautiful terrain drifted by out the train window.

Paul and Cory lay on their backs while Violet and Tanya stretched out half on top of their sons, legs intertwined intimately.

The mothers lazily explored the hard planes of the boys' youthful bodies, trailing fingers over glistening pecs and ridged abs, teasing sensitive nipples with flicks of their nails and tongues.

The young men caressed their mothers' lush curves in return, kneading the abundant flesh of their asses and tits, and tracing the dips of their spines.

Violet captured Paul's lips in a slow, sensual kiss, licking into his mouth with languid strokes of her tongue.

Paul tangled his fingers in her hair and angled his head to deepen the kiss, savoring the sweet taste of his mother mixed with the salty remnants of his own cum.

Lost in each other, their kisses grew more heated, more urgent, going on and on for what seemed like a dreamy eternity.

Violet rolled fully on top of Paul, rubbing her heavy, spongy breasts against his chest as she writhed sinuously against him.

Paul grabbed handfuls of her plush ass, grinding his reawakening erection against her slick mound.

Beside them, Jewel and Cory were similarly entwined, hands roaming and mouths fused passionately.

Jewel straddled her son's thigh and rocked herself against him, smearing her arousal on his skin. She nipped and sucked at Cory's bottom lip, drawing an animalistic growl from him.

Their kisses grew sloppy and filthy, all tangling tongues and clashing teeth as their desire built rapidly once more.

The wet sounds of their passionate making out mingled with breathy moans and the rustle of sweaty skin sliding against skin.

Violet tore her mouth away from Paul's to trail hot, open-mouthed kisses down the column of his throat.

She laved the hollow at the base with her tongue before sucking a dark mark into the skin, claiming him as hers.

"You're mine," she panted against his flesh, echoing her earlier words. "My perfect boy, my forbidden love. I'll never let you go."

"I'm yours forever, Mom," Paul vowed breathlessly, his heart swelling with emotion. "I'll love you and worship this body for the rest of our lives."

Jewel and Cory exchanged similar words of eternal love and devotion between drugging kisses and intimate caresses.

The depth of feeling, the unbreakable bond between the mothers and sons, was almost a tangible thing, surrounding them like a warm cocoon.

The temperature in the cabin rose along with their passion, the bed a blanket of twisting, writhing flesh. Sweat beading on flushed skin as they kissed and moaned, moving together as one.

Violet shifted to align her weeping entrance with the head of Paul's cock, rubbing herself along his length teasingly.

"Mmm, is this what you want, baby?" she purred, circling her hips to coat him in her slickness. "You wanna be back inside mom's tight, hot cunt?"

"God yes," Paul groaned, flexing his hips to nudge against her opening. "I need to feel you wrapped around me again. Please Mom, let me in, let me fuck you."

With her hand around the bulky base of his prick, she positioned his swollen glans at the ready. With a wanton moan, Violet sank down in one smooth motion, taking Paul to the hilt.

They both cried out sharply at the exquisite pleasure of the sudden joining, so much more intense than before.

Violet began to move, undulating her hips in sinuous figure eights as she rode her son's throbbing cock.

"Yes, oh fuck yes, just like that," Paul babbled, gripping his mother's waist as she swiveled on his fully-sheathed cock just right. "Grind on my dick, Mom. Work it deep in that perfect pussy."

Beside them, Jewel had also mounted her son, Cory's thick shaft disappearing between her sodden folds as she impaled herself over and over.

The lewd slap of her meaty bubble-booty on his upper thighs and the obscene squelch of copiously lubricated fucking filled the room once more.

The mothers rode their sons hard and fast, huge tits bouncing hypnotically, guttural moans and filthy praise spilling from their lips.

The young men pistoned their hips to meet every downstroke, their hands roaming greedily over acres of succulent, sweat-slicked skin.

"That's it, Mom, ride me just like that," Cory grunted, twisting Jewel's nipples roughly and making her keen. "Milk my cock with that hungry cunt. Gonna fill you up again, pump you full of my seed."

"Yes, baby, breed me," Jewel sobbed, grinding her clit against Cory's pubic bone. "I want it, I need it! Knock me up, give me another baby!"

Paul squeezed handfuls of Violet's jiggling ass as she slammed herself onto his cock over and over, the force of her fucking pushing him towards the edge embarrassingly fast. "Shit, Mom, you're gonna make me cum already!" he panted desperately. "Your pussy feels too fucking good!"

"Do it! Cum in me, baby boy!" Violet demanded, clenching her inner muscles around him like a velvet vice. "I wanna feel you explode in my unprotected womb again!"

The boys cried out in unison as the taboo talk shoved them over the precipice into cum-erupting ecstasy.

Their cocks throbbed and pulsed, flooding their mothers' spasming channels with yet another massive load of potent teenage seed.

After a short break full of kisses and licks, Violet and Jewel scrambled to their hands and knees, presenting their round asses and glistening, well-fucked pussies to their sons. Their massive, heavy tits swayed and jiggled, nearly brushing the rumpled sheets.

"Come on boys, mount your moms from behind like the bitches in heat we are," Violet purred over her shoulder, wiggling her hips invitingly. Thick rivulets of cum dripped down her inner thighs from her freshly bred cunt.

"Fuck yes, give us those virile cocks again," Jewel added breathlessly, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks, exposing her pink, puckered hole. "Claim our every hole, make us your women completely."

Paul and Cory surged forward, their impressive young erections bobbing obscenely, like stiff tree branches in the wind.

They took position behind their mothers, lining up their weeping cockheads with the slick, swollen entrances.

With mutual groans of rapture, the sons hilted themselves in the welcoming heat of the mothers' cunts, setting a deep, driving rhythm right from the start. The sound of flesh slapping wetly against flesh and the filthy squelch of overflowing juices filled the room once more.

"Oh God, oh fuck, so deep!" Violet wailed, clawing at the sheets as Paul hammered into her slick channel.

The new angle had him hitting her G-spot on every thrust, sending sparks of ecstasy shooting up her spine.

Jewel keened in delight as Cory pistoned into her from behind, his heavy balls smacking obscenely against her blood-engorged clit. "Harder baby, fuck Mommy harder!" she urged gutturally. "Ruin my pussy, make it yours!"

The boys set a punishing pace, their lean hips smacking against the perfect globes of their mothers' asses as they railed into their tight, clasping cunts.

Violet and Jewel thrust their asses back to meet every powerful stroke, the fat and muscle beneath the skin of the buns rippling upon impact.

Their huge, ripe tits swung heavily beneath them and the boys couldn't resist reaching down and kneading the squishy, swaying flesh.

"Take it, Mom, take this fucking cock," Paul growled, wrapping Violet's hair around his fist and yanking her head back sharply.

The sudden jolt of pain mixed deliciously with the intense pleasure, making her pussy spasm around his driving shaft.

Cory slapped his mom's bouncing ass, the sharp crack mingling with her ecstatic yelp. A bright red handprint bloomed on the pale flesh of her jiggling ass-cheek.

"This ass and cunt belong to me," he snarled possessively. "I'm fuck my claim into you, breed you over and over."

The relentless pounding, the verbal teasing, and the erotic pain had Violet and Jewel hurtling towards another explosive climax in record time.

Their bodies tensed and quivered, every nerve ending electrified with pleasure as their sons fucked them with animalistic abandon.

"Oh God, I'm cumming!" Violet screamed, her cunt clenching rhythmically around Paul's pistoning cock. "Fill me up baby, give me another load!"

"Me too, fuck, breed me again Cory!" Jewel wailed, her juices sluicing out around her son's plunging cock-shaft.

Paul and Cory hammered into their mothers' spasming pussies, grunting with effort as the milking walls tried to suck the cum right out of their balls.

With matching roars of completion, they buried themselves to the hilt one last time and erupted, painting the convulsing channels with

what felt like endless ropes of thick seed.

The two mothers shook and shuddered through their intense orgasms, wave after wave of ecstasy crashing over them as they were pumped full of their sons' hot release once more.

They could feel the virile spunk sloshing in their wombs, the lewd excess seeping out around the softening cocks still plugging them.

Finally spent, the boys collapsed on top of their mothers, their sweat-slicked bodies heaving as they gasped for air.

Violet and Jewel could barely support the weight of their sons on their trembling limbs, their asses still high in the air and their cum-sloppy cunts clenching sporadically.

"Fuck, that was incredible," Paul panted against Violet's neck, pressing reverent kisses to her damp skin. "I can't believe how insatiable you are, Mom. How much you want me."

"I'll always want you, baby," Violet replied breathlessly, turning her head to capture Paul's lips in a sweet, sated kiss.

"You've ruined me for anyone else. I'm yours now, in every way."

Jewel and Cory exchanged similar words of love and devotion, sealing their forbidden bond with languid kisses and gentle caresses.

The two families basked in the afterglow, knowing that their lives had been irrevocably changed, their destinies entwined.

As the train chugged on through the countryside, carrying them back to the real world and all its complications, the lovers clung to each other, determined to savor every last second of their illicit escape.

No matter what challenges lay ahead, Paul and Cory knew they would face them with their beautiful, wanton mothers by their sides

- their soulmates, their partners in the most unconventional yet profound sense.

The power of their forbidden love would be their guiding light, their secret strength. Society may condemn them, but they had found heaven in each other's arms.

THE END

266: The Family Fuck Doll-1/4

This story is purely fictional. All characters contained within this story are over the age of 18.

The Family Fuck Doll By Klrxo

The injury to Alan was sudden and unexpected. One moment he was sprinting down the field, ball tucked securely under his arm, and the next he was crumpled on the turf, motionless.

The crowd's cheers turned to gasps as medical staff rushed onto the field.

In the hospital waiting room, Alan's pregnant mother Susan paced anxiously, her giant, baby-packed belly and oversized chest-melons swaying with each step.

Alan's aunt and sister huddled together on plastic chairs, faces etched with worry.

When the doctor finally emerged, his grim expression said it all before he even opened his mouth. "I'm sorry," he began, "Alan has suffered a severe head trauma. He's in a coma, and we're not sure when - or if - he'll wake up."

Susan's legs gave out and she collapsed into a chair, her pregnant belly heaving with her sobs.

As the reality of the situation sank in, a strange mix of grief and something darker, more primal, began to stir within the

women. None of them could have predicted how their relationships with Alan's comatose body would evolve in the coming weeks and months.

Susan's sobs gradually subsided as she stared at Alan's motionless form in the hospital bed. At nine months pregnant, her rounded belly was swollen and heavy, straining against her tight maternity top. Her breasts, which had grown even larger during pregnancy, threatened to spill out of her bra. Even in her grief, Susan was a stunningly voluptuous woman.

Alan's sister Jenna stood beside the bed, her own impressive bust heaving with emotion. She had always been jealous of her brother's athletic prowess and popularity, but seeing him lying there, she felt a confusing mix of sadness and something else she couldn't quite put her finger on.

In the corner, Alan's aunt Lisa dabbed at her eyes, her low- cut blouse showcasing her generous tit-cleavage. Beside her sat Susan's mother Ellen and Alan's other grandmother Barb, both tremendously well-endowed, who had passed their ample busts down to their daughters and granddaughters.

Alan's sister-in-laws, twins Nicki and Tiffany, both in their mid-twenties and in the late stages of pregnancy, huddled together, their matching sweater sets doing little to contain their huge, round bellies and overflowing chest.

Alan's father's sister Liz leaned against the wall, her tight sweater and pencil skirt emphasizing her hourglass figure.

As the women kept vigil over Alan, an unspoken tension filled the room, a sense that boundaries were about to be crossed. Little did they know just how far they would go in the coming days to "comfort" the 18-year-old in his unresponsive state and satisfy their own sexual cravings in the process.

What they also didn't realize is that Alan could hear every word they were saying. He was fully conscience, even though he couldn't move or respond in any way. It was as if he was trapped inside his own body, a silent witness to the scene unfolding around him.

As the women lingered around Alan's hospital bed, Aunt Lisa was the first to notice the slight tenting of the sheet over his groin.

Her pretty eyes widened, and she let out a small gasp, drawing the attention of the others.

"What is it?" Susan asked, her voice still thick with tears.

Lisa just pointed, unable to find the words. One by one, the women's gazes followed her finger to the unmistakable bulge of Alan's erection straining against the thin hospital sheet.

There was a moment of shocked silence before Jenna spoke up. "Is that...normal? For someone in a coma, I mean?"

"I'm not sure," Susan replied uncertainly. "I think I read somewhere that erections can happen sometimes, like a reflex."

Nicki and Tiffany exchanged a meaningful glance, the swell of the tits heaving, hands resting on their huge pregnant bellies.

Ellen and Barb looked scandalized, but there was a gleam of curiosity in their eyes.

Liz licked her lips unconsciously, her nipples hardening to rubbery peaked beneath her tight sweater. "It looks as though he's fully engorged," she added, drifting closer to Alan's body.

As if in a trance, Lisa reached out and pulled back the sheet, exposing Alan's impressive hard-on tenting his hospital gown.

The nine busty women quickly crowded around for a closer look, breathing heavily.

"My goodness," Barb murmured, fanning herself. "He certainly is well endowed."

"How big do you think he is?" Nicki asked, her eyes glued to the meaty tent-pole.

"I don't know," her twin sister answered, wetting her lips, "but it looks REALLY fucking big."

Susan knew she should put a stop to this, but she was frozen in place, transfixed by her son's manhood, which seemed to have grown even larger since the last time she had seen him naked years ago.

Jenna was the first to make a move. She reached out shamelessly and wrapped a hand around Alan's thick shaft

through the thin fabric of the gown, marveling at the heat and hardness of his boner.

He twitched in her tight grip, the thick veins in his sinewy stalk pulsing with excitement

"Holy fuck," Jenna gasped. "I can feel the blood pumping his cock-veins."

"I wanna feel," Nicki said, stepping up next to her sister-in- law. She eagerly reached out and circled her fist beneath Nicki's. "Fuck, that's a thick dick," she gasped.

"Girls, we shouldn't..." Susan said weakly, but her protest was halfhearted at best.

Truth be told, the pregnancy hormones surging through her luscious body had left her constantly horny, and the sight of her son's impressive cock-bulge had her pussy dripping.

"Oh my God," Nicki gasped, squeezing his steely peter as hard as she could with a vice-like grip. "He's fucking rock hard."

Susan hesitated for just a moment before reaching out and grasping her boy's erection through the hospital gown, holding it with the two other women.

She was surprised by the heat and hardness she felt pulsing beneath her fingers. "His knob…" she breathed, squeezing his spongy, bulbous glans through the fabric. "It feels as big as a golf ball."

Other women stepped forward and Alan soon had nine hands groping at his erect penis.

"I don't think I've ever felt a peter so long and thick," Ellen commented, her heart racing with the thrill of touching her grandson's boner.

"Let's look at it," Jenna suggested. "Can we, mom?" "Jenna, no," her mother scolded.

"What? Why, he's in a coma, mother. He'll never know."

"It might be a good idea, sis" Liz chimed in. "He obviously took a nasty hit. We should make sure he's not…injured down there."

All attention went to Susan, obviously the one who makes the final decision on behalf of her son. "We'll just have a quick look," she nodded. "Just a quick one."

When Susan pulled aside Alan's hospital gown, his enormous cock sprang free, eliciting gasps from the women gathered around the bed.

It was truly a remarkable sight - at least ten thick inches long and girthy as a soda can. The smooth, pink shaft was crisscrossed with bulging veins, pulsing with each beat of his heart. A shiny pearl of pre-cum glistened at the tip of his engorged purple head.

"Good lord," Aunt Liz breathed in awe, her eyes glued to her nephew's impressive manhood. "That has to be the biggest cock I've ever laid eyes on."

"It's beautiful," Susan whispered, reaching out to feel it, and slowly stroking up and down the impressive length.

Her pussy clenched and flooded with arousal. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't seem to stop herself.

Jenna stepped closer, mesmerized by the sight of her mother fondling her comatose brother's cock.

Her own nipples stiffened into tight, rubbery peaks, pushing against the fabric of her shirt.

Unable to resist, she placed her hand over Susan's, feeling Alan's manhood twitch at their combined touch.

"I wanna feel it too," Lisa said breathily, coming up on the other side of the bed.

Susan and Jenna moved their hands so Lisa could wrap her fingers around Alan's thick shaft.

She squeezed and tugged gently, marveling at the size and virility of her nephew.

"Wow," she sighed, staring at his appendage longingly. "Now THAT'S a dick!"

Nicki and Tiffany took a turn next, each heavily pregnant sister-in-law palming Alan's erection and exploring the rigid length. Their faces were flushed with arousal, free hands rubbing slow circles over their swollen, baby-packed bellies.

"Such a big boy," Nicki purred as Tiffany nodded in agreement, licking her lips.

Ellen and Barb hung back at first, scandalized but undeniably intrigued. Seeing their daughters and

granddaughters unabashedly groping Alan broke down their reservations.

They moved closer to the bed, Barb reaching out to cup his heavy balls while Ellen rubbed the sensitive barbed tip.

"Well now…isn't that just the most perfect cock I've ever seen," Ellen cooed.

"I certainly won't argue with that," Barb added. "Look at how much the rim of his corona flares outward."

Liz watched the depraved scene, squeezing her thighs together as her pussy soaked through her panties.

Finally, unable to hold back any longer, she shouldered her way in and ran her fingers possessively over every inch of Alan's straining cock, from base to tip, her touch bold and greedy. "Well, he's certainly not our little Alan anymore," she commented.

Through it all, Alan lay motionless, a prisoner in his own unresponsive body. But he could feel every caress, every squeeze and stroke. Through the slit of his eyelids, he could see excited eyes and giant, heaving breasts

His cock throbbed and jerked wildly as the women took turns shamelessly exploring the shaft of his manhood, but he was powerless to cover himself or protest. Not that he necessarily wanted to - the sensations were intense and overwhelming, even as some distant part of him recoiled at this violation.

Alan wondered how far his female relatives would take this, and what other shocking acts they would submit his helpless body to in the coming days, to satisfy their own twisted lusts.

"It's a shame that such an amazing dick is just…going to waste," Nicki expressed, shrugging her shoulders.

"True," her sister Tiffany agreed. "He could really make a girl gush with that big thing."

After a short, ponderous pause in the conversation, Liz spoke up still gazing at Alan's cock hungrily.

"Would it be so wrong if we…used him?" she asked, peering around at the other female family members.

"Used him?" Ellen asked, even though she had a fairly good idea what her daughter meant.

"You mean used him…like a fuck- doll?" Susan asked.

"Yes. He's clearly still experiencing sexual arousal and getting erect. Why not take advantage of it?"

"We couldn't... could we?" Jenna asked uncertainly, even as her fingers itched to touch more of her brother's body.

"Why not?" Nicki challenged, a wicked gleam in her eye. "He's out cold. It's not like he'd ever know."

"We could fuck him like crazy," Tiffany chimed in, her eyes big and eager.

"I can't believe we're actually talking about this," Susan said in a hushed voice, glancing around nervously even though

they were alone in the hospital room. "Using my son as a...as a sex toy while he's helpless like this. It's so wrong."

"Is it though?" Liz countered, still boldly fondling Alan's erection. "I mean, look at him. He's young, virile, and clearly still fully functional in that department. It would be a shame to let this impressive cock go to waste."

"And really, we'd be doing him a favor, Susan" Lisa chimed in. "Keeping his body stimulated and his juices flowing while his mind is checked out. Some hot, nasty sex would probably be good for his health."

Susan bit her lip, trying to ignore the incessant throbbing in her neglected pussy.

Her pregnancy hormones had her constantly on edge, desperate for sexual satisfaction and her husband just could keep up. And her son's hard, sizable manhood was right there, an answer to her needs. But could she really cross that line?

"Think about it, mom," Jenna said, seeing the indecision on Susan's face. "Once he's back home, we can all take turns with him. Riding this big dick whenever we need to get off. He'll never know, and it won't hurt him. If anything, it might help stimulate his brain and bring him out of the coma sooner."

The other women murmured their agreement, even prim and proper Ellen and Barb looking thoughtful rather than outraged now. "He may be in a coma, but his body will still

produce semen. He'll need his balls drained and we may as well be the ones doing it."

Nicki rubbed her huge pregnant belly and chimed in. "Lord knows I could use a good dicking. My husband barely touches me now that I'm the size of a whale."

"Same," Tiffany sighed. "I'm constantly horny but have to rely on my vibrator. Having a warm, hard, young cock available whenever I need it sounds heavenly, even if it is attached to my comatose brother-in-law."

Liz was already scheming. "We can set up a schedule. Take turns fucking him whenever the urge strikes. Susan, you'll have him at your place, so you'll get the most use out of him. The rest of us can come by a few times a week for our fix of vitamin D."

"But…wait, we'd all be cheating on our husbands," Susan reminded them.

"I wouldn't," Jenna blurted. "I'm not married."

"But you have a boyfriend," her mom reminded her.

"Big fucking deal," Jenna snapped back. "He doesn't have to know that I'm fucking my brother's huge cock, and neither does dad."

"It wouldn't really be cheating," Lisa rationalized. "It's not like we're having an affair with another man. We're just...borrowing Alan's body while his mind is elsewhere."

"Exactly," Liz agreed eagerly. "And what our husbands don't know won't hurt them. We'll make sure to clean up thoroughly after each session so there's no evidence."

Susan wavered, her resolve crumbling in the face of her overwhelming lust and the encouragement of the other women. "I

suppose…if we're careful about it..." she said slowly.

"And really, we deserve this," Liz said, gesturing to her own buxom figure. "We spend all our time taking care of our families, putting their needs first. When was the last time any of us had our needs met? When was the last time we had a screaming, sheet-clawing orgasm?"

The women nodded, expressions of longing and frustration on their faces as they considered Liz's words. Between work, kids, and husbands with dwindling libidos, their sex lives had become practically nonexistent.

"Lord knows my vibrator just isn't cutting it anymore," Barb admitted with a sigh. "I need to feel a real cock inside me again."

"Then it's settled," Liz said triumphantly. "Alan will be our dirty little secret, our personal fuck-stud to use as we please."

Alan tried desperately to move, to open his eyes, to give some sign that he could hear every word - but his body remained stubbornly unresponsive. He was a prisoner in his own flesh, doomed to be a passive receptacle for his female relatives' lust.

Susan's resistance was crumbling. Her pussy juices were soaking through her panties at the thought of finally finding relief on her son's big prick. She also knew that the women were right about Alan needing his balls drained, and they pleasure could the remedy for him to finally come out of his coma.

"Okay," she said finally. "Okay, let's do it. I'll tell the doctors I'm taking him home to care for him there once he's released. Then he'll be our private doll to use as needed."

"We should really jerk him off now though," Jenna suggested, still holding her brother's cock. "Can we mom?"

"She's right," Tiffany agreed. "He could have a pent-up load in there, and we don't want him to get blue balls."

Susan hesitated for just a moment before nodding. "Go ahead, Jenna. Get him off. But let's try to be quick about it before a nurse comes back in."

Jenna grinned and tightened her hand around Alan's thick shaft, stroking him firmly from base to tip.

The other women crowded around the bed to watch, their breathing growing heavy with arousal.

"That's it, stroke that big cock," Liz encouraged lecherously, massaging her own heavy tits through her sweater. "Milk your brother's dick until he gives up that hot load."

Jenna worked her fist faster over Alan's engorged member, twisting her wrist on the upstroke.

Clear pre-cum leaked from the tip, which she used to lubricate her motions. Alan's hips twitched slightly but otherwise he remained still, a prisoner in his own body as his sister jacked him off.

"Let me help," Nicki said, waddling over and cupping Alan's balls. She rolled them in her palm, feeling their weight. "Mmm, these are so full. I bet he'll spray a huge load with all of us edging him like this."

Susan watched her pregnant daughter-in-law fondle Alan with a mix of shock and illicit hunger. Her own nipples were hard as diamonds, poking through her maternity bra and blouse. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to ease the ache in her groin.

"I want a turn," Lisa declared, shouldering her way in beside Jenna. She wrapped her hand around Alan's straining erection too so they were both stroking him together, their fists side by side.

"We should kiss him," Liz suggested. "Take turned prying our tongue inside his mouth."

"I like that idea," Ellen grinned.

"Ooh fuck, I can feel him throbbing," Lisa panted. "I think he's getting close. Pump that cock faster, Jenna!"

Ellen and Barb moved to the head of the bed, looking down at their comatose grandson over the swell of their colossal tits. "I'm all on board with the kissing idea," Barn said, her voice quivering. "The idea of sealing my kisser onto my cute Grandson's sweet lips gives me an incredible thrill."

"Me too," Ellen agreed. "I'll go first."

She leaned over and pressed her plump lips to Alan's, fusing them together and slipping her mature tongue into his unresisting mouth. She swirled it around, tracing his teeth and sliding it along his own inert tongue. Even unresponsive, his mouth was exquisite, and she took her time exploring every inch, Frenching her comatose grandson.

When she finally pulled back, panting, Ellen took her place. The buxom grandmother sealed her mouth over Alan's and thrust her tongue inside forcefully.

She flicked the tip against his palette and licked obscenely along his inner cheeks, gathering his flavor. Drool leaked from the seal of their lips as she tongue-fucked his face, her long, fleshy licker whipping wildly inside his mouth.

At the foot of the bed, Jenna and Lisa worked Alan's cock with their tight fists, pumping relentlessly from root to tip. His shaft was slick with oozing pre-cum and their fingers glided easily over the rigid flesh.

Jenna swirled her palm over the fat, spongy head on every stroke, while Lisa tugged and squeezed his heavy balls, pulling at his spermatic cord.

Liz took over for Barb, kissing Alan ravenously, practically eating at his mouth as she raked her nails over his chest. She nipped and sucked at his bottom lip until it was red and swollen.

When she finally came up for air, Susan hesitated only a moment before moving in.

"I'm sorry baby," she whispered against her son's slack mouth. "Mommy loves to kiss…and I need this so bad."

Then she was kissing him, not at all like a mother should. Her tongue delved deep, twining obscenely with his, swirling and thrusting in a blatant imitation of sex. Her big, warm tits pressed against his chest as her pregnant belly brushed his side. She ground against the bed, desperate for friction against her aching clit.

Nicki and Tiffany took over stroking Alan's spit-slick erection as Jenna and Lisa moved up to join the oral assault. They took turns licking into his mouth, their tongues tangling wetly with Alan's as they all French kissed him sloppily.

Through it all, Alan could only lay there, mind screaming behind his paralyzed exterior. He felt every kiss, every swipe of tongue, every lewd caress of his cock. His balls were drawn up tight, ready to explode, and still the women relentlessly edged him, keeping him suspended at the brink of orgasm.

He was incredibly turned on by their brazen violation of his defenseless body. His own mother, sister, aunts and cousins were molesting him, using him like a living sex doll. It was so wrong but he was powerless to stop it - and a twisted part of him didn't want it to stop. He just hoped they would finally grant him the release his body was crying out for.

Susan was practically crawling inside her son's mouth, her lips tucked inside his own as she sucked at his tongue like she was trying to deep-throat a cock.

Alan felt his oral muscle being pulled deep inside her ravenous mouth. Even though there was nothing gentle about it, as if she was trying to pull it from its root, it was still incredibly erotic. Especially the way his neck was sinking down into her creamy cleavage.

"God, can you even imagine how fucking good this would feel?" Nicki panted, beating Allen off.

Her sister finished Nicki's sentence. "Plowing our slippery pussy-walls. That fat leaky knob battering our cervix'.

Alan's body tensed and his balls drew up tight. Nicki felt them twitch in her hand. "His balls are drawing up tight!" she announced eagerly. "He's gonna come!"

The women gathered close, watching with avid eyes and parted lips as Alan's cock swelled, then erupted, thick ropes of pearly-white boy-semen shooting into the air to splatter his stomach and chest.

"Oh my God!" Susan gasped as a fat, milky jet hosed from his piss-slit, high into the air.

"So fucking much of it!" Jenna shouted as her and Lisa milked him through the intense orgasm, stroking and squeezing every last spurt from his pulsing shaft.

"Yes…Milk it all out, girls," Ellen urged, clawing at her Grandson's chest.

As Alan's spending subsided, the women stared in awe at the massive load coating his torso. "Wow, that's a lot of jizz," Tiffany said, dipping a finger in the sticky pool and bringing it to her mouth

to suck clean. The others followed suit, gathering his spunk on their fingers and savoring the salty, musky flavor.

Susan swiped up a hefty amount and brought it to her lips, closing her eyes as she tasted her son's essence. It was wrong, so wrong, but that only made it more exciting. Her pussy clenched hard, demanding attention. "It's so sweet," she breathed.

"Fucking delicious," her daughter added.

Lisa leaned over Alan's motionless body and dragged her tongue along his cum-splattered abs, gathering the creamy seed. She lapped at his skin like a cat, not wanting to waste a single drop.

The other women quickly joined in, jostling for position around the bed.

Jenna licked broad stripes up Alan's chest, swirling her tongue around his nipples to collect the jizz pooled there. She sealed her lips over one nub and sucked hard, feeling it stiffen in her mouth as she cleaned him.

Liz and Ellen focused on Alan's groin, their tongues dancing over his softening cock and drained balls. They licked him from root to tip, polishing his shaft with their oral attentions until it glistened with their saliva.

Liz took the head into her mouth and nursed on it, coaxing out the last few pearly drops.

Barb and her daughter Susan shared Alan's muscled thighs, licking his spunk from the defined ridges. Their wet, pink tongues dipped into every crevice, leaving no inch of skin untouched. They nuzzled into his crotch, inhaling his intimate musk greedily.

Nicki lapped at Alan's neck and face, cleaning streaks of cum that had landed there. She sealed her lips over his and thrust her tongue

inside, feeding him his own salty essence.

Tiffany licked the shell of his ear, nibbling the lobe. "I just wanna fucking eat you," she whispered, making the boy's insides tingle.

The women feasted on Alan's helpless body, slurping and sucking obscenely. Before long, he was spotless, every trace of his spend cleaned from his flesh by their greedy mouths. Only the fading taste on their tongues and a faint sheen of saliva remained as evidence.

Through it all, Alan could only lie there, reeling from the intensity of his orgasm and the depravity of what had just occurred. He felt used, but incredibly aroused. As his female relatives sat back, licking their lips in satisfaction, he wondered how much better the violations would get once he was home and at their mercy 24/7.

"Just think," Liz said dreamily, "once we get him home, we can drain his balls all we want. Have all the cock and cum we can handle."

"I call dibs on the first ride once he's settled in," Jenna declared, giving her brother's semi-hard shaft a possessive squeeze.

"We'll all get our turn, honey," Susan assured, trying to sound responsible even though her pussy was dripping at the thought of mounting him.

The next day when they delivered Alan to the house, Susan was beyond thrilled that she was the only one at home. "He's home and in his room," she told her husband by phone. All the while her heart was racing anxiously and her hand was stuffed inside her dainty panties, rubbing her engorged clit. "I'm gonna check up on him. I'll see you when you get home, honey."

Primed for a hard fuck, Susan hung up the phone and rushed upstairs to Alan's room, her heart pounding and her pussy soaked with anticipation. She was a beautiful 38-year- old, who looked like

the actress Sofia Vergara - all curves and ample flesh, her pregnancy only enhancing her sensual appeal.

The cock-starved mother locked the door behind her before turning to gaze at her comatose son lying motionless on the bed.

He looked so peaceful, almost angelic. But all Susan could focus on was the sizable bulge tenting the front of his sweatpants. Her mouth watered and her nipples stiffened into aching points. She had been waiting for this moment, to

finally have uninterrupted access to her son's impressive cock.

With shaking hands, Susan undressed, letting her maternity clothes fall to the floor until she stood naked, her huge, rounded belly and milk-swollen breasts on full display.

Pregnancy had made her body ripe and ultra-sensitive, her skin almost feverish with need.

Alan watched through barely cracked eyelids as his mother stripped naked before him, drinking in the lush sight of her prenatal body. Her belly was hugely swollen, the stretched skin taut and glistening. The dark line of her linea-negra ran up from her shaved pubic mound to her protruding navel.

Her breasts were massive and heavy, easily twice their normal size from being engorged with nectar. The dark areolas had widened to the size of saucers and her nipples were thick and rubbery, jutting out over an inch. Faint blue veins marbled the pale flesh of her heaving globes. Milk beaded at the tips of her teats and slowly dripped down the rounded curves.

As Susan turned, he got a view of her backside – her ass cheeks were rounded and expansive, jiggling heavily with each movement. The cleft of her ass was deep and shadowed, leading down to her plump, pouting pussy lips which glistened with her dew.

Her hips and thighs were lush, exhibiting a motherly strength, the skin creamy and soft-looking. Her engorged labia protruded between her legs, slick and swollen with arousal. Her grape-sized clit poked out from under its hood

like a little penis, begging to be rubbed, licked and sucked on.

Her whole body emanated a ripe, fertile smell that made Alan's mouth water and his cock throb painfully against his sweatpants. Susan's fetus-packed belly swayed heavily and oversized titties bobbled with every step as she approached the bed, a purely sexual creature lost in lust.

She climbed onto the bed and straddled Alan's prone form, her musky arousal wafting over his face.

Her massive tits dangled inches from his parted lips, leaking milk that ran down his chin.

"Mommy's here, baby," she purred. "We can take care of each other."

Susan straddled Alan's hips, rubbing her wet slit along the hard ridge of his clothed erection. A moan slipped from her lips at the delicious contact.

She ground against him shamelessly, coating his sweatpants with her slick secretions.

"Mommy needs this so bad, baby," she panted, sliding her hands under his shirt to map the defined planes of his chest and abs. "You just lay back and let me take what I need from you. Such a good boy for mommy."

Peeling his shirt off, Susan feasted her eyes on Alan's muscular upper body, hands roaming greedily.

She leaned down to lick and suck at his nipples, delighting in how they pebbled under her tongue just like her own when

she was aroused. She wondered if some part of him could feel what she was doing on an unconscious level.

Kissing her way down his flat, toned stomach, she nuzzled into his groin, mouthing at his straining erection through the fabric.

The scent of his arousal was intoxicating, all teenage musk and pheromones, and she couldn't wait any longer to see him bare naked.

With impatient hands, she tugged his sweatpants and boxers down, freeing his thick, magnificent cock.

It jutted up from his groin, hard and throbbing, the broad head already shiny with pre-cum.

"Oh baby, look at you," Susan purred, wrapping her fingers around his girth. "So big and ready for mommy."

She gently stroked him root to tip, savoring the heat and weight of him in her palm as he twitched and pulsed, reacting to her touch.

Unable to resist, she leaned down and licked the pearl of moisture from his slit, moaning at the familiar salty flavor of her son that she craved.

Looking up at Alan's slack face, she took his tasty rod into her mouth, stretching her lips wide around his thickness.

She bobbed her head, sucking lewdly, drool leaking from the corners of her mouth to dribble down his shaft.

Alan's eyes rolled back in their sockets as he felt the warm, wetness of his mother's mouth encapsulating his erectile meat. Her tongue

explored his shiny-skinned knob like a slippery snake, slithering around its flared ridge and across the meaty bulb, swiping through his piss-slit to scoop up the pre-goo that had bubbled up to the surface.

"Mmm," Susan moaned as she took Alan deep into her throat, her nose pressed to his groin as she swallowed around his throbbing length.

Her eyes watered and she gagged slightly but didn't pull off, determined to worship every inch of her son's magnificent cock.

Hollowing her cheeks, she sucked hard as she slowly withdrew, tongue pressing along the thick vein on the uunderside.

Once again, she lavished attention on the flared head, licking and tonguing the slit before plunging back down, establishing a steady rhythm as she fucked her own face on him.

Drool coated Alan's shaft and balls, making obscene slurping sounds fill the room along with Susan's muffled moans.

One hand cupped and kneaded his heavy sack while the other roamed over his torso, tweaking his nipples.

Lost in a haze of lust and taboo hunger, Susan bobbed faster, taking him into her throat again and again, gagging and sputtering but not letting up. Her cunt clenched and

drooled, aching to be filled by her son's perfect teenage cock.

Only when she felt him swell and pulse between her lips did Susan pull off with a wet pop. She didn't want him coming just yet - she needed that load to splatter deep inside in her desperate pussy.

Giving the tip a final lick, she rose up, her splayed legs positioned on either side of him and maneuvered his erection to her entrance.

"Mommy's going to ride you hard now, baby," she panted, rubbing his cockhead through her slick, fleshy folds. "I'm gonna use this big dick to scratch that itch you gave me."

With that, Susan sank down, taking Alan balls deep in one smooth stroke.

A guttural moan tore from her throat as she was split open on her son's thick rod, her walls stretching deliciously to accommodate his enormous size.

He filled her so perfectly, reaching deep into her needy cunt so the rounded lips of her cervical entrance could plant a juicy kiss on his bulbous knob.

She sat for a moment, savoring the exquisite feeling of fullness and forbidden union. Then, planting her hands on his chest, she began to bounce, tits swaying and ass jiggling as she fucked herself hard and fast on his throbbing member.

The obscene sound of skin slapping against skin reverberated through the room as did the repetitive squeak of Alan's bed.

"Oh yes, baby! Your cock feels so good in mommy's pussy!" Susan wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Splitting me open so deep! Gonna ride this big dick whenever I want!"

She skillfully ground her hips in filthy circles, stirring Alan inside her, his cockhead battering her cervix. Her engorged clit rubbed against his pelvis, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her.

Milk began to leak from her bouncing tits, white rivulets running down her heaving globes.

Despite Alan's unresponsive state, every nerve ending in his paralyzed body was ablaze with sensation as his mother rode him wildly.

He could feel the hot, silken walls of her mature vagina gripping him like a vise, squeezing and fluttering around his aching cock.

The inside of Susan's pregnant pussy was a miracle of nature, lush and ripe, perfectly adapted to milk his throbbing manhood.

Her engorged labia clung to his girth, slick and puffy from arousal as they beat wetly against his cock-root.

With each downward plunge, Alan could feel the rippled texture of her vaginal rugae dragging deliciously along his shaft.

Her powerful kegel muscles pulsed and squeezed around him, as if trying to hold him deep inside her hungry cunt.

The mouth of her cervix kissed the sensitive head of his cock with each thrust, leaking strings of fertile mucus to ease his passage. He could feel the weight of her gravid womb bearing down on him, heavy with the proof of her sexuality.

Susan's hot cunt grew increasingly wet and swollen as she impaled herself on her son, gushing slick arousal. Her vaginal walls spasmed erratically, clenching and releasing as her climax approached.

The spongy patch of her G-spot throbbed against Alan's driving cock, perfectly stimulated, making her wail in rapture.

Despite being in a coma, Alan's eyes fluttered open just a slit, glassy and unfocused but registering the erotic sight above him.

Through the drugged haze, he watched his own mother ride his cock with wanton abandon, her huge pregnant belly and milk-dripping tits bouncing obscenely.

Susan was too lost in the throes of forbidden pleasure to notice Alan's semi-conscious state. She continued to impale herself on his

rigid shaft, the wet squelch of her sodden cunt filling the room along with her desperate moans.

"Unngghh yes! Oh fuck baby, you're so deep in mommy's pussy!" she babbled deliriously, drunk on the taboo depravity of it all. "Giving me that big cock whenever I need it, like a good boy!"

She leaned back, hands braced on Alan's thighs as she undulated her hips like a skilled cock-fucker, grinding her clit against his pubic bone.

Her back arched, thrusting her huge, leaking tits forward as she chased her rapidly building climax.

Alan watched through slitted eyes, mind foggy but comprehending on some level that his mother was using his comatose body for her own sexual gratification. A distant part of him knew it was wrong, so very wrong, but his drug- addled brain could only process the intense sensations radiating from his cock, the exquisite squeeze and flutter of his mom's pussy walls.

He felt his balls drawing up, the tell-tale tingle at the base of his spine signaling his impending orgasm.

Susan must have sensed it too, because she suddenly doubled her efforts, slamming herself up and down on his iron-hard cock with almost brutal force.

"That's it baby, give mommy that hot load!" she screeched, eyes rolling back in her head. "Fill me up with all that thick, potent cum! Breed your own mother!!"

As if on command, Alan's cock swelled and exploded, spurting jet after jet of scalding seed deep into Susan's spasming cunt.

The feeling of her son's spunk painting her insides set off Susan's own mind-bending climax and she convulsed atop him, juices

gushing out around his pulsing shaft, cascading along the crease where his balls met his thighs.

Alan watched his mother come undone above him, her body quaking and convulsing with the force of her climax. Her face contorted in an almost pained expression of sheer ecstasy, mouth falling open on a silent scream as her eyes rolled back in her head.

Her massive, milk-engorged breasts bounced and rippled wildly, rivulets of creamy white fluid spraying from her stiff nipples to shower Alan's face and chest.

Her pregnant belly wobbled and flexed as the muscles contracted intensely with each wave of pleasure that crashed through her.

But it was the obscene clenching and fluttering of her pussy around his spurting cock that sent Alan over the edge into another own mind-numbing ejaculation, despite his semi- conscious state. He could feel her velvety walls rippling along his shaft, milking him for every drop of cum as she rode out her peak.

Hot, slick juices gushed from her spasming cunt, drenching his groin and thighs, mixing with the copious load he was pumping into her in the most intimate, forbidden coupling imaginable - that of a mother and son. The wet squelching sounds of their joined sexes rose over their ragged breaths and moans.

With a final shuddering sigh, Susan collapsed forward, her heavy milk-laden breasts and swollen pregnant belly pressing against Alan's sweat-slicked chest.

Her hips still twitched and rolled lazily as the last tremors of her intense orgasm faded, causing Alan's semi-hard cock to slip and slide in the sloppy, cum-filled mess of her pussy.

Panting, Susan nuzzled into the crook of Alan's neck, peppering his slack face with kisses. "Such a good boy," she purred breathlessly.

"Giving mommy exactly what she needed. We're gonna have so much fun together, baby. This is just the beginning."

Lifting her head, she gazed down at Alan's expressionless face, a wicked gleam in her eyes. She traced his parted lips with one finger, collecting a bead of her breastmilk and pushing it into his mouth. "There you go, sweetheart. Drink up. Gotta keep your strength so you can service mommy and all your other hungry aunties and sisters."

With a filthy moan, she clenched her pussy muscles around Alan's softening cock, feeling their combined fluids ooze out around his shaft.

"Mmm, can you feel that baby? How sloppy and open you've left mommy's cunt? So full of your potent seed..."

She rolled her hips, eliciting a twitch from Alan's spent member. "Don't worry, sweetie. Mommy will clean you up. Then we can start round two. I think I want to try your cock in my ass next. Would you like that? Splitting open mommy's tight asshole?"

Alan could only stare glassily as Susan began to rock atop him again with renewed vigor, coaxing his cock back to full hardness inside her cum-drenched pussy. This was to be his

new existence, he realized dimly - an object for the twisted lusts and depravity of his female relatives. And there was absolutely nothing he could do about it.

Susan pressed her lips to Alan's slack mouth, kissing him deeply and passionately, like a lover rather than a mother.

Her overly-aggressive tongue pushed past his teeth to tangle with his own, swirling and stroking.

She nibbled and sucked at his bottom lip, coaxing soft unconscious moans from his throat.

All the while, her hips undulated sensually, working Alan's rapidly stiffening cock in the slick, cum-drenched confines of her pussy.

The obscene wet sounds of their coupling filled the room as she ground down on him, smearing their combined juices all over his groin.

Breaking the sloppy, ten-minute long kiss, Susan sat up, bracing her hands on Alan's chest as she started to bounce faster.

Her heavy titties swung hypnotically, drops of milk flying from the jiggling tips.

With a front row seat, Alan could see every detail of her gigantic J-cup tits.

Susan's enormous breasts were a sight to behold as they bounced and swayed above his helpless face. The sheer size and weight of them was astounding - each fleshy globe

had to weigh at least eight pounds, straining the confines of even her most supportive maternity bras.

Her areolas were massive, easily several inches in diameter and a deep dusky pink color that contrasted with the creamy pale skin of her breasts. They puckered and crinkled as her nipples stiffened into thick, rubbery peaks, jutting out nearly an inch from the surface of her areolas.

Since she was in the later stages of her pregnancy, milk leaked constantly from Susan's engorged nipples, the flow increasing with each bounce and jiggle, leaving her chest shiny and slick. The sight was obscenely erotic, a primal signal of her overflowing fecundity and ripeness.

Her cleavage was a shadowed cavern, a gaping line between the massive swells of her tits where they pressed together.

That plush canyon seemed to go on forever, and Alan could only imagine motorboating that pillowy expanse or sliding his cock between those huge fun bags.

From his prone position, Alan was treated to the glorious undersides of his mother's breasts - soft expanses where the skin looked thinner and the blue tracery of veins was more prominent.

Her nipples swung tantalizingly close to his face, leaking droplets of sweet milk onto his slack lips with each thrust of her undulating hips.

Susan's breasts simply defied gravity, jutting straight out from her chest, high and firm despite their enormous size

and weight. The silky skin was taut and flawless, stretched over their ripe fullness. They moved like water balloons, jiggling with the slightest movement, nipples drawing hypnotic circles in the air.

It was a view most men could only dream about - the huge, milk-swollen breasts of a lactating MILF bouncing mere inches from one's face. And Alan was treated to this erotic display in the most forbidden, taboo fashion imaginable - as those giant maternal tits swayed above him while his own mother rode his cock, using him for her depraved pleasure.

The sight seared itself into Alan's drugged mind, an image of ultimate female sexual power and depravity.

He felt an illicit thrill, his cock iron-hard inside his mom's tight, wet cunt despite the wrongness of the situation. Some base, animal part of his psyche was darkly aroused by being used this way, reduced to a mindless fuck toy for his desperate, sex-starved mother and female relatives.

"That's it baby, get nice and hard again for mommy," Susan panted, clenching her inner muscles around him. "Gonna take this big dick in my ass now, gonna let you violate mommy in the dirtiest way."

With a moan of loss and a gush of fluids, she lifted herself off his rigid shaft.

Reaching back, she pulled her plump ass cheeks apart, revealing her tiny pink rosebud. "Do you see it, baby?

Mommy's tight little asshole that's gonna milk your cock so good?"

She rubbed the spongy head of his erection against her crinkled hole, shuddering at the illicit contact. Then, slowly, holding his dick in place, she began to sink down, breaching her anal ring with the thick flare of his cockhead. "Oh God baby, yesssss," she hissed, throwing her head back as inch after inch of his throbbing pole disappeared into her backdoor. "Splitting mommy open, stuffing my ass so full!"

The burning stretch was exquisite, the taboo depravity of her son sodomizing her heightening every sensation as it sunk into her bowels.

Susan worked her wide hips, bouncing on Alan's steel-hard shaft as it reamed her most forbidden hole, grunting and babbling filth. "That's it, fuck mommy's ass! Use my shitter like your personal cocksleeve! Ruin it for anyone else!"

Lost to the world, in the privacy of her home, Susan rode her comatose son with wild abandon, her body jolting from the force of her motions.

Droplets of milk and sweat flew, slicking their writhing forms. Her pregnant belly swayed heavily, rippling with each impact of her ass against his groin.

Underneath her, Alan stared up through drugged, half-mast eyes, watching his mother debase herself on his cock.

He felt every clench and flutter of her searingly hot asshole around his aching erection, every lewd squelch as she impaled herself over and over.

Having gotten one strong ejaculation out of his system, Susan knew he could last longer this time to allow her to get off multiple times.

Taking full advantage of Alan's comatose stamina, Susan rode his thick cock relentlessly, grinding her stretched asshole down on his root before rising up until just the tip remained inside, only to slam back down again.

The heavy slap of skin on skin echoed obscenely through Alan's bedroom as she fucked herself on her son's raging erection with wild abandon.

"Yes, yes, YES! Mommy's cumming on your big dick again!" she wailed, her body seizing up as another powerful orgasm ripped through her, juices gushing from her neglected pussy.

She thrashed and spasmed atop him, her ass clenching rhythmically around his plundering shaft, milking him for all he was worth.

But Alan's drug-addled body was primed for endurance now, his youthful virility able to withstand the crushing grip of his mother's climaxing bowels. As Susan shuddered through her peak, he remained rock hard inside her, ready to continue servicing her depraved needs.

Panting, Susan rolled her hips, stirring Alan's steely length in the cum-slicked confines of her rectum. "Such a good boy, staying nice and stiff for mommy. Gonna make me come over and over on this perfect cock, aren't you baby?"

She began to ride him again, slower this time, savoring the drag of his thick inches along her sensitive anal walls.

Her face was etched in wanton bliss, tits bouncing heavily, as she used her son's meat-pole to stoke her pleasure higher once more.

Alan could only watch through glassy eyes, a prisoner in his own violated body, as his mother's ass swallowed his cock again and again. He felt the build up of another orgasm tingling at the base of his spine, his balls drawing up tight, but it remained maddeningly out of reach as Susan selfishly chased her own release.

The mother's asshole stretched obscenely around Alan's pumping cock, the puckered ring clinging to his girth as he pistoned in and out.

The tender pink walls of her rectum gripped him like a vise, slick and searing hot, rippling along his throbbing length with each thrust.

Alan's eyes rolled back in ecstasy. Inside, his mother's anal passage was a tight, clutching sheath, silky soft tissues massaging every ridge and vein of his plundering erection. Her inner muscles fluttered and spasmed, milking his driving shaft, trying to coax out his seed to flood her forbidden channel.

Strings of clinging mucus clung to Alan's cock each time he withdrew, only to be forced back deep inside as he crammed into her again. Flecks of her bowel movement smeared his rigid pole, a filthy reminder of just how thoroughly he was violating his own mother's most taboo orifice.

Susan's asshole made obscene squelching noises each time Alan's thick cock head popped past her straining sphincter, the sound echoing lewdly through the room.

Her heavy ass cheeks jiggled and shook with each hammering impact of his pelvis, quivering globes of pale flesh rippling like jello.

Alan felt every quiver, every clench and spasm of his mom's molten hot asshole around his sensitive cock. The sensations were maddening, keeping him painfully hard but just shy of the orgasm he so desperately craved. He was completely at the mercy of Susan's voracious anal appetite as she used him to sate her depraved lusts.

"Mmmm baby, your cock feels so good rearranging mommy's guts," Susan groaned, grinding her hips in slow, filthy circles.

She reached back to press a finger into her straining asshole alongside Alan's thrusting meat, shuddering at the added stretch. "Love having my ass stuffed full of my son's big dick. Gonna make me cum so hard..."

She began to ride him faster, the wet slap of flesh on flesh filling the room once more as she impaled herself on his rigid shaft with increasing urgency, chasing yet another mind- bending anal orgasm.

Her fingers strummed her swollen clit as her heavy tits slapped together, spraying droplets of milk everywhere.

Through the drugged fog, Alan wondered dimly just how long his mother would continue to use his helpless body, violating

his cock with her ravenous asshole. How many more degrading orgasms would she wring from him before she was finally sated? And when she was done with him, which of his other depraved female relatives would claim their turn next?

For nearly an hour, Susan savagely rode Alan's rigid cock, cumming over and over on his throbbing hardness as it pummeled her grasping asshole.

Her heavy pregnant belly and milk-laden tits bounced wildly as she slammed herself up and down, impaling her stretched sphincter on her son's thick pole.

Grunts and wails of ecstasy poured from her lips as she chased orgasm after mind-shattering orgasm, her juices gushing from her neglected pussy to soak Alan's groin. She babbled incoherently about about how good her baby boy's cock felt splitting open her forbidden hole.

Powerful spasms wracked her pregnant body, centered deep in her core. Inside her gravid womb, the muscles contracted rhythmically, squeezing and massaging the developing baby.

Awash in a soup of hormones and endorphins from Susan's multiple climaxes, the fetus twisted and churned, its movements adding to her pleasure. The clenching of her uterine walls put pressure on her swollen, sensitive cervix, which was being battered by the head of Alan's pistoning cock in her ass.

Surges of oxytocin, the bonding hormone released during orgasm, flooded Susan's body and permeated through the

placental barrier. The baby's heart rate increased, syncing up with its mother's racing pulse as it absorbed the chemical signals of her sexual peak.

Blood engorged Susan's pelvic region, her womb and vagina pulsing and throbbing as climax after climax crashed through her. The increased circulation nourished the fetus with oxygen and nutrients even as its mother used its unconscious brother as a living sex toy.

Ripples and flutters passed through the amniotic fluid as the baby quivered and twitched in response to the erotic sensations bombarding it. On some primal level, it could feel the hard rod of its brother's cock pounding its mother's ass, separated by only a thin wall of tissue.

As Susan's orgasms built to a final, utterly shattering crescendo, her womb clamped down hard, squeezing the fetus in a full-body embrace of ecstasy. The amniotic sac bulged and pressed against

her cervix, which clenched and unclenched rapidly, massaging the head of Alan's cock through the membrane of her anal wall.

The baby jerked and spasmed as it was inundated by the maelstrom of sensation, nerves firing wildly even in its unfinished state.

With a banshee howl, Susan came harder than she ever had before, an earth-shattering explosion of rapture centered in her contracting womb. Her pussy clenched and sprayed, clear fluid squirting from her urethra in a massive gush.

Alan remained hard as steel inside her, his drug-induced stamina allowing him to endure the clenching, rippling inferno of his mother's bowels as she used him selfishly for her pleasure.

He felt the pressure building in his balls with each thrust, his body straining for release, but Susan's greedy ass kept him teetering just on the edge.

He wondered deliriously if she would ever let him cum, or if she would simply continue sodomizing herself on his aching erection until she had wrung every last drop of twisted enjoyment from his helpless form. The filthy squelching of her ravaged anus devouring his shaft and the wet slap of her fleshy ass against his hips seemed to go on forever.

Finally, just as Alan thought he might go mad from the relentless sensation, Susan stiffened above him, her eyes rolling back as the biggest orgasm yet crashed through her exhausted body. Her asshole spasmed and fluttered wildly, clamping down on his throbbing cock like a silken vice.

Alan's balls drew up and he exploded, his pent up load blasting into Susan's contracting rectum in seemingly endless spurts.

She shrieked and convulsed atop him as she felt her son's hot seed flooding her ravaged back passage, triggering yet another gut-

wrenching climax.

They shuddered and twitched together for a long moment, lost in the throes of their obscene mutual peak, before Susan collapsed heavily onto Alan's chest, his rigid cock still buried

in the cum-drenched grip of her rectum. She nuzzled his slack face, peppering his cheeks with kisses.

"Mmmm, that was incredible, baby," she purred, clenching her sore asshole around him. "Mommy's gonna be walking funny for days after the reaming you just gave me. Such a good boy, letting me use this perfect cock however I want."

With a groan, she pulled herself off him, his member slipping free with a wet pop and a gush of semen from her gaping anus.

Susan settled beside Alan on the bed, curling into his side and resting her head on his chest. She sighed contentedly, feeling his cum slowly leaking from her well-used asshole. Her body buzzed with satisfaction after the depraved anal reaming she had just taken from her comatose son.

She was tempted to shove him back inside her cunt for round three, but her husband was due home soon and she knew she needed to clean up the evidence of her incestuous depravity. With a regretful sigh, Susan pressed a final kiss to Alan's slack lips before heaving herself off the bed.

The mother padded to the bathroom, feeling the delicious ache in her ravaged holes with each step. Thick globs of cum dribbled down her inner thighs from her gaping, well- used asshole and pussy.

In the mirror, she admired her disheveled appearance - hair a wild mess, heavy tits and belly shiny with sweat and milk, face flushed with the afterglow of countless orgasms.

Wetting a washcloth, she wiped the worst of the cum and juices from between her legs before waddling back to the bedroom.

Alan lay motionless on the bed, his limp cock coated in semen and anal fluids. Lovingly, Susan cleaned him off, taking a moment to tenderly lick the last pearls of spunk from the tip of his soft penis.

After straightening the rumpled sheets and fluffing the pillows around Alan, Susan dressed in a fresh maternity gown, the cotton straining over her engorged breasts and swollen belly.

She finger combed her hair into some semblance of order and sprayed a bit of air freshener to mask the pungent aroma of sex that hung heavy in the room.

Just as she was giving Alan a final fond look, she heard the front door open and close, signaling her husband's arrival home. With a secretive smile, Susan slipped out of the bedroom, secure in the knowledge that her new sex toy would be waiting for her whenever she needed servicing again.

She was already plotting how to get the rest of the female relatives over for their turn defiling Alan's helpless body.

Descending the stairs with a slight wince at the tenderness in her ass and cunt, Susan pasted on an innocent smile as she greeted her husband. Inside, she was practically giddy with excitement at all the debauched adventures to come

now that Alan was her comatose plaything to be used at her leisure. Life was about to get very, very interesting.

"Did you fuck him yet?" Jenna whispered to her mother once her father left the table.

Jenna leaned in close to her mother as soon as her father left the kitchen, her eyes gleaming with salacious curiosity. Susan glanced

around to make sure they were alone before whispering back.

"I did. Twice," she confessed, her cheeks pinkening at the memory of her depraved transgressions with Alan's unconscious body. "Once in my pussy and then...in my ass."

Jenna's eyes widened and she let out a low whistle. "Damn, Mom. You really went for it. How was it?"

A dreamy look crossed Susan's face as she recalled the intense, forbidden pleasure of riding her comatose son's impressive cock, milking him with her cunt and bowels. "It was incredible," she sighed. "He stayed hard forever and I came so many times I lost count. Having him completely at my mercy, free to use however I wanted...God, it was euphoric."

"How is it even possible for him to stay so hard like that after ejaculating?"

"Well, I did some research this morning and found out some interesting facts," Susan answered. "Apparently, in some coma patients, the sacral reflex can cause an erection even

without mental arousal. And the chemicals keeping Alan sedated may be suppressing his refractory period, allowing him to maintain an erection after orgasm."

"So his cock is just like a living dildo for us to use whenever we want?" Jenna asked eagerly, an excited flush rising to her cheeks.

"Essentially, yes," Susan confirmed with a nod. "He has no control over his physical responses. We can stimulate him to erection, use his hard cock for our pleasure, make him cum, and he'll just stay stiff and ready for more almost immediately."

"And he can just…continue to ejaculate?" Jenna asked with an awe-stricken expression..

Susan nodded, a wicked gleam in her eye. "From what I understand, yes. A young man's body is designed to produce erections and semen continuously, especially at Alan's age. The medications are suppressing the normal limits, so his cock will just keep getting hard again and again, and his balls will keep churning out more cum no matter how many times we milk him dry."

Jenna gaped at her mother, trying to wrap her head around the lewd biological details. "So it's like he has a never-ending supply of erections and sperm for us to use? We could literally fuck him for hours or days on end?"

"In theory, yes," Susan confirmed. "His body will just keep responding and producing. The ultimate male fuck toy at our

constant disposal." She shivered at the deliciously depraved possibilities.

"Wow," Jenna breathed, squeezing her thighs together as arousal coursed through her at the thought of having unfettered access to her brother's perpetually hard cock and balls. "His dick and balls are basically just tools for our pleasure now. Living sex organs to satisfy us whenever we want."

"Exactly," Susan purred. "And speaking of his balls, I did some more research on that too. Apparently, the average male produces 525 billion sperm cells over a lifetime. Alan is young and virile, so his testicles are working overtime to pump out millions of sperm a day. Even if we drained him over and over, he'd just produce more."

Jenna's eyes were the size of saucers. "525 BILLION? Are you serious? No wonder his balls looked so full and heavy! God, can you imagine the size of the loads he'll give us access to?" She fanned herself, feeling overheated.

"Mmm, I don't have to imagine. I already experienced it," Susan said smugly. "When he came in my ass, it felt like a firehose. He just kept

spurting and pumping what felt like gallons of hot cum into me. It was incredible."

"Fuck, I can't wait to feel that," Jenna moaned. "To have his big dick throbbing and pulsing in my tight little cunt while he hoses my insides with all that potent jizz… I'm getting wet just thinking about it!"

Jenna squirmed in her seat, her own pussy growing damp at the thought of taking her own liberties with Alan's helpless form. "I can't wait for my turn with him," she said, voice husky with lust. "Ever since I saw his cock at the hospital, I haven't been able to stop thinking about what it would feel like stretching out my tight little holes."

Susan nodded, a wicked gleam in her eye. "You're gonn love it, sweetie. In fact, I was thinking we should get all the women together this weekend for a family orgy with our new toy. Your aunts have been blowing up my phone begging for their chance to rape his cock."

"Fuck yes," Jenna agreed eagerly. "We can all take turns riding him and sitting on his face. Use his mouth, cock and hands to get us off over and over. He can be our personal fucktoy to satisfy everyone's needs."

"Mmm, it's gonna be a regular pussy buffet for him," Susan purred, already imagining the sight of Alan's rigid shaft plundering his female relatives' dripping cunts and grasping assholes as they defiled him to their hearts' content. "Our poor boy is gonna be swimming in cunt juice by the time we're done with him."

The two women shared a conspiratorial laugh, perverse excitement buzzing between them at the prospect of the upcoming familial debauchery. Susan could still feel the ghost of Alan's thick cock pulsing in her ass and she clenched involuntarily, fresh arousal blooming at her core.

She knew it was wrong on every level to molest her own son in his vulnerable state and to plot his further violations with

the rest of the family. But that knowledge only made the depravity that much sweeter. She was drunk on the power of having such a virile young male completely at the mercy of her own lusts and perversions, to be used as she saw fit.

"If I promise not to scream when I cum, can I go in and fuck him right now?" Jenna pleaded. "Dad will just think I'm in my room doing my homework."

Jenna gave her mother a pleading look, practically squirming with the need to go debase herself on her brother's comatose body. "Please Mom? I'll be quiet, I swear. I just need to feel that big dick splitting me open so bad."

Susan hesitated for only a moment before nodding. The depravity of giving her daughter permission to rape her own son sent a dark thrill through her. "Alright, but no screaming. We can't let your father catch on to what's going on."

"Yes! Thank you!" Jenna squealed quietly, bouncing in her seat.

Her heavy tits jiggled in her low-cut top, drawing Susan's gaze.

"Go take what you need from your brother. And don't forget to clean up after."

Jenna didn't need to be told twice. She bolted up from the table and crept up the stairs, casting a furtive glance at the living room where she could hear her father watching TV. Her pulse raced and her pussy throbbed as she slipped into Alan's room, locking the door behind her.

267: The Family Fuck Doll-2/4

Her eyes immediately zeroed in on the sizeable bulge tenting the sheet covering Alan's motionless form.

Jenna licked her lips, hands already tugging at her clothes. In record time, she was naked, her busty figure and bald snatch on full display.

Jenna resembled the busty tennis star Eugenie Bouchard, with her pretty face, shiny chestnut hair, and buxom figure. But Jenna's breasts were even larger, a 34 triple-D, straining against any top she wore.

Now they bounced free as she climbed naked onto the bed, straddling her comatose brother's hips. Her shaved pink pussy glistened with anticipation, swollen folds already slick with her juices.

She slowly peeled the sheet back, revealing more and more of Alan's muscular body before his erect cock sprang free, bobbing against his abs.

Jenna swallowed hard, taken aback by the sheer size of him even though she'd seen it before.

"Fuck, that's a nice dick," she breathed, wrapping her fingers around the thick shaft. It pulsed in her grip, the skin like hot steel encased in smooth velvet. Clear droplets of pre-cum leaked from the tip and she leaned down to lap them up, savoring the salty tang.

Unable to wait any longer, Jenna swung a leg over Alan's hips, straddling him. She positioned the spongy head of Alan's massive cock at the entrance to her dripping pussy.

She was no virgin, having lost her hymen a couple years ago, but her brother's manhood was far larger than anything she had experienced before. With a deep breath, she began to lower herself, feeling the broad tip start to penetrate her tight opening.

Despite her arousal, Jenna let out a gasp of discomfort as her tender flesh stretched around Alan's girth. The remnants of her hymen strained and tore further to accommodate his substantial size. She gritted her teeth, pushing past the initial pain as she sank down inch by thick inch.

Jenna's inner walls clenched and fluttered, struggling to adjust to the huge cock impaling her. She felt every ridge and vein of his shaft dragging against her sensitive tissues as she forced herself to take more. The wet squelch of her arousal being displaced sounded obscenely loud in the quiet room.

Halfway down, Jenna had to pause, panting. She felt impossibly full, stuffed to the brim by Alan's throbbing hardness.

Her untried pussy throbbed around him, her excited heartbeat radiating through the meat of his dong. The lingering ache of her hymen being ripped open mingling with jolts of pleasure radiating from her core.

"Fuck, you're so big," she whimpered, rotating her hips to stir his cock inside her straining channel. "Splitting your little sister's tight cunt open."

With a determined groan, Jenna resumed her descent, fighting past the burn as she was stretched wider than ever before.

When Alan's pubic bone finally nestled against her spread ass, she let out a shuddering moan, impaled fully on his enormous erection. She could feel him throbbing deep in her belly and her muscles spasmed around him involuntarily.

Bracing her hands on Alan's chest, Jenna began to move, lifting all the way up until just the head remained inside before sinking back down.

She started a steady rhythm, fucking herself on her brother's huge cock, letting her slick inner walls mold to his shape.

Gradually, the pain faded as her pussy adapted to his size, replaced by sparks of intense pleasure. Her arousal gushed around his unyielding shaft, easing his passage as he stirred her up inside. Wet, obscene sounds filled the air as Jenna's tight cunt gripped him with each thrust.

"Oh God, you feel so fucking good," Jenna panted, picking up speed. Her heavy tits bounced wildly on her ribcage, pink nipples pebbled into stiff peaks. Sweat beaded on her skin as she rode Alan feverishly, chasing the orgasm she could feel building in her core.

The headboard thumped rhythmically against the wall as Jenna's round ass slapped against Alan's hips. She bit her lip hard to contain her needy moans, mindful of staying as quiet as possible.

Through his barely cracked eyes, Alan hazily watched his busty sister violate his unresponsive body. Jenna rode him like a woman possessed, her big tits bouncing around wildly, shiny strands of drool connecting her lush lips to his chest.

Her tight pink pussy made obscene wet sounds as it sucked hungrily at his pumping cock, frothy cream frothing around his plunging shaft. The slick, clasping walls of her cunt massaged every throbbing inch, rippling and fluttering around him.

Jenna tweaked and rolled her engorged nipples between her fingers as she impaled herself over and over on his rigid pole, panting and whimpering with the effort of staying quiet. The lewd squelch of her sopping snatch swallowing him to the hilt filled the room, along with the rhythmic slap of her round ass against his thighs.

As Jenna bounced feverishly on Alan's huge cock, she couldn't help but compare it to her boyfriend Kenny's. While she loved Kenny deeply and planned to marry him, his dick simply couldn't measure up to the sheer size and hardness currently splitting her open so deliciously.

Kenny was average at best, about 6 inches, and often came too quickly, leaving Jenna frustrated and unsatisfied more often than not. But Alan's massive pole reached deep places inside her she didn't even know she had, stretching her almost painfully wide and hitting her G-spot on every thrust.

And the taboo thrill of cheating, of fucking her own comatose brother, only heightened Jenna's pleasure. The knowledge that she was being a naughty slut, betraying her boyfriend to

ride another man's – her own brother's – cock, sent dark shivers of excitement through her trembling body.

"Ungh fuck, so much better than Kenny's little dick," she panted, gritting her teeth to stay quiet as she slammed herself down harder, taking Alan's fat cock to the hilt. "Love cheating on him with my big brother's huge cock, mmmff!"

She could feel her orgasm building rapidly, her cunt clenching and rippling around the thick shaft plundering her so perfectly. Jenna pinched and pulled at her plump nipples almost brutally, desperate for release.

"Gonna cum all over this fat dick," she whined, bouncing faster, her sweaty tits slapping together lewdly. "Fuck, fuck, cumming on my

brother's cock like a dirty whore! Unghhhh!"

Jenna's mouth fell open in a silent scream as her climax crashed through her, her pussy pulsating wildly around Alan's still hard cock. Her juices gushed out, soaking his thighs as she writhed and shuddered atop him, every nerve ending igniting with ecstasy.

It was the most intense orgasm of her young life, far surpassing anything she'd experienced with Kenny's fumbling thrusts. The wickedness of cheating, of taking her pleasure from her comatose brother's defenseless body, only made it that much sweeter.

Gasping for breath, Jenna collapsed forward onto her brother, fat tits plastered to his chiseled chest, his cock still buried deep inside her fluttering sheath. She knew she should untangle their sweaty limbs and clean up before she

got caught – but she was already craving another mind- blowing orgasm from her brother's amazing cock.

Alan felt every squeeze and flutter of his sister's molten sheath, the silky tissues clinging to his aching cock as she began to pivot her hips and milked him with her greedy cunt. Searing pleasure radiated from his groin, his heavy balls drawing up tight, but release remained just out of reach.

He watched Jenna's pretty face contort with blissful agony as she fought to contain her ecstatic cries, a sheen of sweat making her soft skin glow. Her plush lips fell open on breathy gasps and whimpers, eyes fluttering beneath sooty lashes as she lost herself in the depravity of fucking her comatose brother.

Sweat trickled between the valley of her breasts as she once again rode faster and harder, chasing another rapidly building orgasm.

Every forceful bounce drove Alan's fat cockhead right up against her cervix, making her see stars behind her tightly shut eyelids. She

ground her clit against his pubic bone, desperate for that extra stimulation.

Beneath her, Alan remained motionless, but Jenna swore she could feel his cock swell and pulse inside her, like he was somehow responding to her frenzied movements. The thought that he might be able to feel her depraved violation of his unconscious body only spurred her on, her pussy clamping down rhythmically on his pummeling shaft.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum on your cock again," she panted, voice strained with the effort of keeping quiet as her climax rapidly approached. "Gonna cream all over this big dick, fuck, fuck, fuuuuuckkkk!!"

Jenna convulsed atop Alan as another orgasm crashed through her, jaw dropping open in a silent scream of ecstasy.

Her cunt rippled and spasmed wildly around his throbbing length, slick inner muscles fluttering and milking. Squirt gushed from her contracting slit, splashing Alan's groin and abs.

Through the dizzying waves of pleasure, Jenna dimly registered the feeling of Alan's cock flexing inside her before erupting, powerful jets of scalding cum painting her cervix and womb.

The sensation of her brother's seed flooding her unprotected core made her cum again instantly, a third, even more intense orgasm slamming into her.

She collapsed forward onto Alan's chest, gasping and twitching through the aftershocks. "Damn, I wish my boyfriend's cock felt that fucking good," Jenna panted breathlessly, slowly rolling her hips to prolong the exquisite aftershocks rippling through her well-used pussy.

She could feel Alan's hot cum sloshing inside her, and the perverse knowledge that she'd just been bred by her own comatose brother triggered another mini-climax.

Reluctantly, Jenna lifted herself off Alan's softening shaft, biting back a whimper as he slipped free of her clasping heat with a wet squelch.

Thick ropes of his semen immediately began to ooze from her gaping slit, dribbling down to coat his cock and balls.

Scooping some of the creamy fluid up with her fingers, Jenna brought them to her mouth, moaning wantonly as she sucked them clean. "Mmmm, you taste so good, big bro.

Can't believe I've been missing out on this dick and spunk all these years."

She leaned down and took Alan's sticky cock into her mouth, slurping their combined juices from his soft flesh. Jenna licked and suckled until he was spotless, then pressed a kiss to the plump head before letting him slip from her lips.

Glancing at the clock, she realized she'd been in there for nearly an hour and needed to get dressed and sneak back out before her father got suspicious.

With a regretful sigh, Jenna gave Alan's flaccid member one last affectionate squeeze before climbing off the bed. Her thighs were slick with cum and her pussy still gaped obscenely from the brutal pounding, but she felt too blissed out to care.

After hastily wiping herself down and pulling her clothes back on, Jenna crept to the door and cracked it open, peeking out to make sure the coast was clear. She could still hear the droning of the TV downstairs, indicating her dad hadn't moved.

Casting one last lustful look at Alan's nude form, Jenna slipped into the hallway and quietly shut the door behind her. She couldn't keep the satisfied smirk off her face as she sauntered back downstairs, already counting down the minutes until she could defile her brother again.

In the kitchen, Susan looked up knowingly as Jenna sank into her chair with a happy sigh. "I take it you enjoyed yourself?" she asked, eyebrow arched.

"God yes," Jenna confirmed dreamily. "That was the best dick of my life. I came so hard I think I blacked out for a second. And the feeling of him pumping me full of jizz...unnfff." She shuddered at the memory, pussy clenching reflexively.

Susan nodded, a wicked gleam in her eye. "I know exactly what you mean. I don't think I'll be able to sleep tonight knowing what's down the hallway."

"And you don't feel guilty cheating on dad at all?"

Susan chuckled darkly at Jenna's question. "Honestly? Not one bit. Your father tries, but hasn't properly satisfied me in years. His dick is nowhere near as big as Alan's and he barely lasts ten minutes before rolling off and falling asleep. I've been starving for a real man to fill me up and make me cum."

She leaned forward conspiratorially. "And the taboo of it being my own son, your brother, only makes it hotter.

Knowing I'm betraying your dad, risking ruining our family if

we get caught, just to get our greedy holes stuffed by Alan's amazing cock…God, it's the most thrilling sex I've ever had."

Jenna nodded eagerly in agreement. "It's like the dirtiest, most forbidden fruit. Cheating on Kenny with my comatose brother is so

wrong but that just made me cum harder. I love him but his dick can't even compare to the cock I just had splitting me open."

"Exactly," Susan said, squeezing her thighs together as fresh arousal bloomed at her core from their wicked talk. "Alan is our secret weapon now. Our personal fuck machine to use as we please, whenever we need a screaming orgasm that our men can't provide. The thrill of cheating and incest will only make every climax that much more explosive."

Jenna shivered, already imagining all the ways she could defile her brother next time. "God, I can't wait to get that huge dick in my ass. And I bet his tongue would feel amazing on my clit too. Do you think we could prop his mouth open and just grind on his face until we cum?"

"Absolutely," Susan said with a filthy grin. "He's our living sex doll now. We can put his cock, mouth and hands to work in any depraved way we can dream up. And I've got a very vivid imagination when it comes to all the ways my boy is gonna service me from now on."

The two women shared a naughty giggle, perverse excitement crackling between them. They knew what they were doing was beyond twisted, molesting and using Alan for their own selfish pleasure. But that knowledge only spurred them on, the depravity a powerful aphrodisiac.

"I'll have to be careful not to get knocked up though," Jenna mused, unconsciously rubbing her flat belly where Alan's potent seed was even now swimming towards her fertile womb. "As hot as it would be to have his baby, Kenny would probably know it wasn't his."

"Mmmm, you're right," Susan agreed, though the idea of her son breeding her or her daughter sent a dark thrill through her. "Although after I give birth to this little one, it would be wicked to let your brother plant a baby or two inside me."

Well past midnight, Alan stirred into semi-consciousness in the darkened bedroom, slowly becoming aware of an overwhelming warmth and softness engulfing his face.

As his drugged mind struggled to make sense of the sensations, he realized his head was trapped between two enormous, pillowy breasts.

The massive globes pressed against his cheeks, nose buried in the deep, fragrant cleavage. They rippled and undulated against him in a steady rhythm, slick with sweat and milk. Muffled wet sounds and breathy feminine moans filtered through the smothering tit-flesh.

Still muddled, it took Alan a moment to register the tight, scorching heat rhythmically clenching around his cock.

With a shock of lascivious awareness, he realized someone was riding him, their slick cunt gliding up and down his thick shaft with obscene ease.

"Mmmm, fuck baby, Mommy's missed this big cock," a familiar voice panted above him.

"Mommy?" Alan's sluggish brain struggled to process this revelation. His own mother was fucking him in the middle of the night, smothering him with her huge lactating tits while she worked her cunt on his defenseless dick.

Susan rolled her hips, showing her sexual experience, stirring her son's impressive length in her hungry pussy. She'd woken up aching and empty, compelled to sneak into Alan's room and impale herself on his perpetually hard shaft. Now she reveled in the illicit fullness, cunt walls rippling along every rigid inch.

Milk leaked from her swollen nipples, dampening Alan's face as she rubbed her heavy breasts against him. Susan moaned quietly,

electric pleasure zinging through her as the coarse hairs on his face rasped her sensitive teats.

She reached down to grasp her own tit, lifting it slightly before letting the massive jug drop heavily onto Alan's slack features with a lewd thwap.

The other quickly followed suit, engulfing him in pillowy darkness once more. Susan began to grind her chest against him in earnest, smearing his face with her milk and sweat.

Alan dimly registered the increased smothering sensation, the wet slap of his mom's huge knockers pummeling his face. His nose was filled with the thick scent of milk and

aroused woman. He had to struggle to draw breath through the suffocating tit-flesh.

His cock throbbed and pulsed in the tight clasp of Susan's pussy as she bounced faster, the wet sound of her cunt devouring him mixing obscenely with the slapping of her overripe udders against his face. The bed springs creaked rhythmically with her movements.

"Gonna cum all over this cock," Susan grunted softly, voice strained as she chased her climax. She pinched and tugged at her engorged nipples, spraying milk against Alan's already slick face.

Susan reached down and pried Alan's slack mouth open with her fingers, his jaw falling open limply at her insistence.

Gripping her heavy, milk-laden breast, she aimed the thick, swollen nipple at his parted lips and mashed the meaty teat into his mouth.

She rubbed and painted his tongue with the leaking bud, smearing drops of breastmilk over his taste buds.

Grabbing the back of his head, Susan forcefully pulled his face into her pillowy boob-flesh, burying his features completely in the pliant, sweaty meat of her melon.

Alan's cheeks hollowed automatically as his mouth was filled with firm, spongy tit. The engorged nipple pressed insistently against his palette, dribbling warm milk over his tongue. He had no choice but to suckle mindlessly, throat working as he swallowed the sweet fluid.

"That's it baby, drink Mommy's milk," Susan encouraged breathlessly, undulating her chest against his suckling mouth.

She used her son's face like a toy, roughly rubbing her huge, heavy jugs all over his slack features, reveling in the depravity of smothering him with her motherly attributes.

Milk-sweat slicked Alan's cheeks and chin, the coarse hairs rasping deliciously against Susan's overstimulated nipples. She groaned quietly as electric pleasure sparked from her breasts straight to her throbbing clit.

Hot, slippery secretions gushed from her clenching cunt, drenching Alan's raging boy-cock in slick feminine cream.

The sounds of illicit coupling filled the dark room - the creak of bedsprings, the wet slurps and slaps of sweaty flesh, the muffled grunts and moans from both mother and son.

Susan rode Alan's thick cock with abandon, the fat shaft disappearing between the swollen lips of her pussy again and again.

The beautiful mother's copious arousal gushed from deep within her clenching vagina, flowing from her engorged and pulsating Bartholin's glands. The slick, musky fluid coated Alan's plunging shaft, allowing him to piston in and out of her rippling sheath with lewd ease.

Her sopping wet slit made obscene squelching noises as it swallowed his turgid meat over and over, the swollen lips clinging to his girth.

Susan's powerful pelvic floor muscles fluttered and massaged the thick cock splitting her open, milking him with each full-length thrust.

Her puborectalis muscle contracted rhythmically, hugging his manhood as it drove into her molten core. The muscular ring of her cervix repeatedly kissed the flared, leaky head of Alan's cock, the sensitive opening tingling and clenching with each bump.

As her climax rapidly approached, Susan's internal muscles began to spasm erratically, gripping her son's pounding cock like a silken vise. Her vaginal rugae rippled along his veiny length, adding delicious friction that sent sparks of sensation shooting through them both.

The slick, spongy patch of her g-spot throbbed urgently each time Alan's swollen cock-glans dragged over it. Susan could feel her orgasm building deep in her pelvis, radiating from her pulsating anterior fornix where the head of his cock carved against her quivering wall.

The rhythmic clenching of her overheated pussy grew stronger, more desperate, as she teetered on the edge. Susan's well-trained Kegel muscles worked overtime, squeezing and rippling around the thick column of cock-meat plundering her so perfectly, coaxing her towards a mind- bending release.

With a shuddering gasp, she came violently, hunching over Alan's smothered face as ecstasy ripped through her convulsing passage. Her vaginal muscles contracted like a

fist around his surging shaft, fluttering wildly as they wrung out rope after rope of his scalding seed.

Dimly, she registered Alan's muffled groan vibrating against her smothering breasts as his own peak overtook him. His hips jerked weakly into her quivering heat as he pumped her full of his thick, virile cum.

The feel of her son's semen bathing her cervix triggered an even stronger aftershock in Susan, milking him for every drop.

Gasping softly, she collapsed onto Alan's prone form, his still-erect cock buried in the twitching, cream-filled mess of her pussy.

The breathless mother made no move to lift her heavy breasts from his face, enjoying the wicked sensation of her boy struggling weakly for air in her smothering tit-flesh as the final tremors wracked her body.

With renewed fuck-vigor, Susan's body set in motion once more. "Again," she panted. increasing the force and tempo of her bouncing, slamming her juicy ass down to take him balls deep before rising up until just the tip remained trapped in her flanges before sheathing him fully again.

Alan's cock-muscle flexed at its root, sustaining the force of her rejuvenating thrusts.

Beneath the warm, sweat-slick clutch of his mother's body, the boy felt like he was back in the womb again. Her heavy breasts enveloped his face completely, soft yet firm flesh

molding around his features, creating a smothering pocket of heat and pressure.

The thick, intoxicating scent of breastmilk and female arousal filled his nostrils with each labored breath, so similar to the amniotic fluid that had once cushioned him.

Susan's excited heartbeat thudded in his ears, muffled by the press of her massive mammaries but still a soothing rhythm, just like it had been when he floated inside her all those years ago.

Her swollen belly pressed against his torso as she undulated above him, firm and heavy with child just like when she had carried him.

Alan could almost imagine the fetus in her womb, nestled behind the thick wall of her uterus, rocked by the motions of their incestuous coupling.

And her vagina, hot and slick, rippling along his shaft so exquisitely, felt uncannily like it was welcoming him home to the deep, dark recesses of her body that had grown and nourished him.

The same velvety walls that had once hugged him from all sides as he developed now squeezed and milked his cock, trying to draw forth another load of his essence.

The spongy head of his erection kissed the mouth of Susan's cervix with each deep thrust, just as he had once pressed against it from the other side, waiting to descend and be born. Now, he sought to shoot his seed directly into her

womb where he would surely impregnate her if she wasn't already.

Trapped in the erotic, maternal clutch of his mother's voluptuous form, smothered and invaded and rocked in her intimate embrace, Alan felt dizzy with the perverse regression. He was helpless in her care again, an infant suckling mindlessly at her breast and cradled inside her body, even as she violated him in the most adult way possible.

Inside Susan's pussy, Alan's rigid cock was engulfed in slick, searing heat. Her inner muscles rippled and fluttered along his entire throbbing length, clinging to every vein and ridge as she rose and fell on his steely shaft.

Susan's pregnancy had made her cunt even tighter and more responsive than usual. The increased blood flow and hormones engorged her silky tissues, creating delicious friction against Alan's plunging member.

Her abundant natural lubrication coated his cock, allowing it to piston into her welcoming depths with filthy wet noises.

Pregnancy had also caused Susan's already puffy cunt lips to swell further. They clung to Alan's girth, stretched obscenely around his thick root as he disappeared again and again into her ravenous hole.

Her engorged clit peeked from its hood, like the pink knob of a tiny penis, rubbing against her boy's pelvis with every lewd grind of her hips.

The changes in Susan's gravid pussy were driving Alan wild, even in his semi-conscious state. The scorching, vise-like grip, the velvet softness, and the copious slickness were unlike anything he had experienced before. His balls drew up tight, aching for another release into his mother's ripe womb.

As Susan's bouncing intensified, the junction of their bodies grew sopping wet, ejaculate and arousal frothing vigorously with each plunge.

Lewd squelching and smacking sounds filled the room as her cunt devoured his cock over and over in a depraved rhythm.

Alan's sensitive glans was squeezed deliciously each time it kissed Susan's cervix. The spongy head flared and throbbed, erupting with short bursts of pre-cum to further lubricate his mother's voraciously clutching passage. Their combined fluids seeped out around his girth, dribbling down his balls.

Susan could feel every throb and twitch of her son's formidable cock stretching her pregnant pussy so exquisitely. She had never been

more aroused than in this moment - shamelessly violating her comatose child while her oblivious husband slept down the hall. The wickedness spurred her on, cunt clamping greedily as she sought to milk Alan dry a second time.

As a woman in her sexual prime, Susan's stamina and libido were unmatched. Her mature, voluptuous body was built for

marathon fucking sessions, and that's exactly what she subjected her comatose son to for the next two hours.

Bouncing relentlessly on Alan's perpetually hard cock, Susan stacked one mind-blowing orgasm after another. Her MILF pussy clenched and fluttered around his throbbing shaft, the slick walls molding to every contour as she rose and fell in a lewd rhythm.

"Ungh, fuck yes! Cumming on my baby boy's big dick again!" Susan grunted, careful to keep her voice low even as ecstasy crashed through her.

Her pussy rippled wildly, clamping down on Alan's plunging cock as she gushed all over his groin. But Susan didn't even pause, riding him right through the aftershocks and into another shuddering climax.

Minutes blurred into hours as Susan used her son with single-minded determination, lost in a haze of lust and depravity. Her voluptuous body undulated sinuously above him, heavy tits slapping and spraying milk, ass jiggling as she impaled herself over and over.

Whenever her movements slowed, Susan would grind her clit against Alan's pubic bone, stirring his sinewy cock inside of her and quickly sparking another toe-curling orgasm.

Her pussy was a constant flood of juices, sloppy arousal frothing around his cunt-smothered shaft and seeping into the sheets.

Alan remained stiff and throbbing inside her the entire time, his drug-addled body able to maintain an erection long past the point of normal human endurance.

Susan reveled in his supernatural stamina, knowing she could take her pleasure for as long as she wanted without him going soft.

She wrung climax after climax from his meaty cock, until her pussy walls were red and puffy, over-sensitized from the prolonged friction. But still Susan kept going, greedy for more, addicted to the feeling of her son stretching and filling her so perfectly.

During their long, ravenous session, Alan shared several mind-blowing ejaculations with his tireless mother.

As Susan's powerful orgasms crashed over her, the muscles in her pelvic floor would contract rhythmically. Her swollen

G-spot would throb against Alan's pistoning shaft, engorging further with each pass of his thick cockhead.

A gush of clear fluid would spurt from Susan's urethra, just like it was now, splashing against the base of Alan's cock and balls. Her paraurethral glands had been stimulated to the point of female ejaculation, expelling copious amounts of slick, slightly sweet-smelling liquid.

The ejaculate sprayed from Susan's twitching slit in several strong bursts, soaking her son's groin and the sheets beneath them. Each jet was accompanied by intense spasms of ecstasy radiating from deep within her clenching cunt.

Susan's ejaculate mixed obscenely with Alan's thick semen as it oozed from her fluttering hole, their combined fluids forming a frothy, musky cream that coated their genitals and trickled down the crack of her ass.

The feel of her son's cock throbbing and erupting inside her, combined with the intense gushes of ejaculate exploding from her own slit, prolonged and intensified Susan's climax to an almost unbearable level. Her pussy convulsed wildly, rippling in exquisite agony along Alan's spurting length as she milked him of every drop.

Susan gushed over and over, clear fluid jetting from her twitching urethra and splattering lewdly as she bounced and writhed on Alan's cock. It felt like her cunt was melting, dissolving in the intense heat of her ejaculation and the searing pulses of Alan's release painting her clasping depths.

The squelching sounds of their coupling grew even more lewd and wet as Susan's abundant ejaculate lubricated each slick glide of Alan's shaft through her spasming pussy.

Arousal and semen overflowed her stretched hole, frothing down his balls and pooling on the sheets.

In the pre-dawn hours, Susan finally collapsed against Alan's chest, utterly spent, his rock-hard cock still buried in her twitching, gaping hole.

She had lost count of her orgasms somewhere in the double digits, each one blending into the next in a continuous tsunami of bliss.

Panting, she nuzzled into Alan's neck, uncaring of the sweat and breastmilk smeared across his slack face. Susan felt high on endorphins and the wicked thrill of sexually dominating her comatose child for hours on end while her husband slept unaware.

"Such a good boy for mommy," she slurred, clenching her sore cunt around him possessively. "Letting me use this perfect cock all night long. We're gonna have so much more fun, baby. This is just the beginning."

Susan collapsed against Alan's chest, her massive jugs compressing against him as shudders of bliss continued to wrack her voluptuous frame. Her hips made small twitching motions, causing his still-erect cock to slip and slide wetly through the absolute mess of ejaculate, jizz and pussy cream seeping from her ravaged hole.

"Oh God baby, you made mommy squirt so hard," Susan panted in a euphoric daze, still coming down from the intensity of her barrage of climaxes. She clenched her pussy, feeling the abundance of their mingled fluids sloshing inside her. The solid slab of her boy's fuck-meat made her eyes flutter in disbelief.

"Still so hard," Susan breathed as she slowly began to sway her body against him. "Mom's gonna cum all over you one more time before I let you rest."

With a feral grin, Susan forcefully rolled Alan over so she was splayed beneath his dead weight. She wrapped her legs around his waist, locking her ankles to keep him hilted deep in her hot cunt.

"Gonna ride this cock from below now," she panted, grasping Alan's slack ass cheeks and using them as leverage to grind her hips up against him. "Pound mommy's cervix with that fat dick, baby."

Alan's muscular body blanketed Susan's soft, voluptuous form, his face smooshed between her enormous, milk- leaking tits.

She squeezed her thighs tightly to his hips, relishing the feeling of being pinned under his bulk, completely at the mercy of his huge cock stretching her open.

Digging her heels into the meat of Alan's ass, Susan began to buck up against him, fucking herself on his rigid shaft from below.

Her powerful hips snapped up to meet each downward thrust, the force of their joining rocking the bed.

"Uh, uh, uh, fuuuuck," Susan grunted with each smack of her pelvis against Alan's. She could feel his cockhead battering her tender cervix, sending jolts of painful pleasure zinging through her core.

Her pregnant belly and huge, heavy tits pressed up against Alan's hard torso, slipping and sliding lewdly from the sheen of sweat and tit-milk covering their undulating bodies.

Nectar sprayed from the surrounding milk-ducts of her jouncing nipples, painting his slack face and chest.

Alan remained unresponsive above her but Susan swore she could feel his cock throb and flex with each brutal thrust

into her squelching heat. The idea that he could feel what she was doing on some primal level only spurred her on, her pussy gushing fresh arousal.

"Take it, take mommy's cunt," she growled, fingers clawing at Alan's clenching ass as she humped him forcefully in and out of her clinging hole. The wet, meaty slaps of their fucking grew louder, more violent, as Susan chased her rapidly building peak.

"Gonna cum, gonna fucking cum on my baby boy's big cock," Susan babbled deliriously, head thrashing on the pillow. Her cunt started to flutter and ripple, clear ejaculate seeping out around Alan's pummeling shaft to soak his groin.

With a choked wail, Susan exploded beneath him, lifting them both upward as her back arched from the bed.

Susan drenched his cock in a gush of squirt as her pussy convulsed wildly. She clamped down on him viciously, muscles working to milk him as her climax crashed through her.

Clutching her boy in the cage of her legs, Susan ground her quivering pussy up against the root of Alan's cock, trying to take him

impossibly deeper. Her muscles worked frantically, rippling along his straining length as she milked him for all he was worth.

"Give it to me!" she demanded feverishly, eyes rolling back as the pulses of ecstasy crested. "Pump mommy full of cum, fill my womb, fuckkkkk!!"

As if obeying her desperate command, Alan suddenly tensed above her, a strangled groan escaping his slack mouth.

His cock swelled and pulsed violently inside the vise of Susan's cunt before erupting in long, forceful spurts, painting her cervix and fluttering walls with his searing seed.

The feel of her comatose son pumping jet after jet of cum directly into her womb sent Susan over the edge again.

A stifled scream tore from her throat as she shattered beneath him, ejaculate gushing out around his throbbing cock to soak them both.

Their bodies jerked and undulated together for nearly five mind-blowing minutes, Susan's cunt clamping rhythmically to wring every drop from Alan's pulsing shaft.

Scalding semen and female cum squelched lewdly from her stretched hole, frothing their loins and soaking into the abused sheets.

Susan sobbed brokenly as the intense orgasms finally began to ebb, aftershocks still zinging through her overloaded nerve endings.

Alan's spent cock slipped out of her with a filthy wet sound, a river of their combined fluids gushing out after it.

With a groan, Susan shoved Alan's heavy body off of her, his back hitting the mattress with a thud.

She lay there in a boneless sprawl, chest heaving as she recovered. Creamy jizz and ejaculate leaked steadily from her gaping, ravaged pussy to pool between her thighs.

"Christ, I needed that," she panted, bringing a shaky hand down to scoop some of the musky cream from her used hole. Susan brought it to her lips, moaning decadently as she sucked her fingers clean. "Knocked me right the fuck out."

She glanced over at Alan's prone form, his cock now soft and spent against his thigh, shiny with their mingled juices.

Dark satisfaction curled in her gut at how thoroughly she'd used him for hours, how she'd wrung herself out on his perfect cock until they were both soaked in sweat and cum.

Susan knew she should feel guilty, but all she felt was a bone-deep satiation and an eagerness for the next time she could violate her son. The taboo depravity of it all was intoxicating, addictive. She was already thinking ahead to the weekend, when all the female relatives would descend to debase themselves upon Alan's defenseless body.

"How the hell did you manage to fuck him while he was on top of you?" Susan's sister Liz asked after she arrived the next day with their mother, Ellen.

Susan stretched languidly, a satisfied smile playing about her lips as she recalled the details of the previous night's depravity. "It was easy," she told her sister and mother. "I rolled him on top of me and just went wild, using my legs, his weight and gravity to impale myself over and over on that huge cock."

Liz licked her lips, eyes gleaming with anticipation. At 36, she was a year younger than Susan but just as voluptuous, with huge, meaty tits, a round derriere, and a pretty face framed by long dark hair. "I can't wait to sink down on that thick shaft. My pussy is dripping just thinking about it."

60-year-old Ellen nodded approvingly, an undeniable spark of interest in her eyes too. She was still an attractive woman, her age only adding to her sensual appeal with silver streaked hair and a mature, incredibly-buxom figure. "I'm the oldest so I should get to ride him first today," she stated in a commanding tone.

"I can't wait to see his cute face tucked between my giant tits while I drain his balls dry," Ellen continued, her voice taking on a husky, lascivious tone. "I've been aching for a virile young stud to satisfy my needs. This old pussy still needs a good, hard fucking."

Susan grinned wickedly at her mother. "Oh, he'll definitely scratch that itch for you, Mom. Alan's cock is amazing - so thick and hard, and he stays stiff forever thanks to the coma. You can ride him to your heart's content."

Liz shimmied with impatience, her huge breasts jiggling. "Let's stop talking about it and go get ourselves some prime cock! My cunt is fucking throbbing here."

The three women made their way upstairs, eager to begin a day of depraved delights violating Alan's unconscious body.

When they entered his room, they found him lying motionless on the bed as usual, a prominent tent in the

sheet the only indication of the impressive tool that awaited them.

"Look at that, already hard and ready for us," Ellen purred, quickly stripping off her clothes to reveal her massive, mature jugs and thinly furred pussy. Her cunt lips were puffy and visibly wet with arousal.

Liz and Susan followed suit, baring their own curvy, fertile bodies. They gathered around the bed, gazing hungrily at Alan's comatose form like predators eyeing a juicy piece of meat.

Ellen reached out and whipped the sheet off, baring Alan's nude body to their avid eyes. His large erection jutted proudly, reaching well past his belly button. The swollen head already glistening with pre-cum, dripping from the boy's meatus and pooling on his stomack.

The women licked their lips in unison, practically salivating at the delicious sight.

"Go ahead, Mom," Susan encouraged. "Climb on and take what you need from him."

Needing no further prompting, Ellen clambered onto the bed and straddled Alan's hips, hovering her dripping snatch over the thick head of his cock. With a low moan, she sank down, splitting herself open on his formidable girth.

"Oh sweet Jesus, yessss!" she cried out as she was filled and stretched to the brink. "It's even bigger than your father's!"

Liz and Susan watched avidly, frigging their engorged clits as their mother began to bounce energetically on Alan's huge pole. Her fat, ballooning tits swung and slapped, ass cheeks quivering with each impact of her pelvis against his.

Wet, obscene sounds filled the room as Ellen rode her grandson with abandon, her copious juices squelching around his thrusting cock. "That's it, give Granny that sweet dick!" she panted harshly, grinding down on him. "Gonna suck you dry, fill my cunt with your hot jizz!"

Unable to just watch any longer, Susan and Liz climbed onto the bed to join in defiling Alan. Susan straddled his face, lowering her soaked pussy onto his slack mouth.

"Let Mommy feed you some breakfast," she cooed, grinding her dripping slit against Alan's lips and tongue. Thick strands of her arousal smeared across his face, dribbling into his mouth.

Susan gripped the headboard and rode Alan's face with abandon, moaning wantonly as his nose rubbed her clit with each rock of her hips. "Fuck yes, eat Mommy's cunt, make me cum all over your adorible face!"

Liz, meanwhile, moved down by Alan's hips behind her mother. She grasped his heavy balls, rolling them in her palm as Ellen continued to bounce on his cock.

Leaning in, Liz dragged her tongue along the base of his shaft, lapping at the slick mixture of Ellen's juices coating his flesh.

"Mmmm, tastes like pussy," Liz purred before sucking a swollen testicle into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed as she slurped lewdly, relishing the pheromone-laced musk of his teenage nuts.

The room echoed with the slick, carnal sounds of sex - the wet slaps of Ellen's ass pummeling Alan's thighs as she furiously fucked herself on his huge cock; the dirty slurps of Liz sucking and throating his balls; the muffled moans and grunts of Susan grinding her cunt against his face.

"Fuck, I'm cumming!" Ellen screeched, her aged pussy clamping down on Alan's plundering cock as she exploded on him.

Pussy juice gushed out around his burrowing shaft, drenching his groin and Liz's busy mouth.

As if on cue, Alan's cock throbbed and jerked before erupting, pumping what felt like gallons of hot seed into Ellen's contracting depths. The sensation triggered a second, even harder orgasm and she thrashed on top of him, wailing in ecstasy.

The sight and sound of her mother climaxing set Susan off. With a primal moan, she flooded Alan's mouth with her tangy release, cream gushing from her clenching slit.

Liz wasn't far behind, frigging her clit furiously as she slurped Alan's twitching testicle crammed inside her mouth.

For long moments, the only sounds were ragged pants and the filthy wet squelch of cunts still rippling on Alan's softening shaft and drenched face.

Finally, fully sated for now, the three women disentangled themselves from Alan's cum-covered body. Ellen lifted herself off his cock with a groan, thick globs of semen oozing out of her stretched hole.

Susan reluctantly climbed off Alan's face, his slack features now glazed with her juices. Liz released his spent nut from her mouth with a wet pop, licking her lips.

"God damn, that was incredible," Ellen panted, her titties wobbling as she flopped back on the bed. "I haven't been fucked like that in decades. This boy's cock is a gift straight from heaven."

"And we've barely gotten started," Susan said with a wicked grin. "Just wait until everyone else gets here later and we really defile him. His dick is going to be raw by the time we're through with him."

Liz looked at her sister and mother in excitement. "Hey, let's sandwich him between the three of us while I fuck his cock," she suggested.

Ellen and Susan eagerly agreed to Liz's suggestion. The three women carefully arranged themselves around Alan's prone form, Liz straddling his hips, Ellen cuddling against his left side, and Susan pressing herself to his right.

Liz took Alan's semi-rigid cock in hand, stroking it back to full stiffness. "Mmm, getting nice and hard for Auntie Liz," she purred, rubbing the plump head through her slick folds. With a moan of

satisfaction, she sank down, sheathing him fully inside her tight cunt.

"Oh fuck yes!" Liz groaned, swiveling her hips to stir Alan's impressive length in her hot channel. "Stretching me out so good. Gonna ride this big fucking cock until I can't walk straight."

As Liz began to bounce energetically, Ellen and Susan pressed their huge, soft breasts against Alan from either side, sandwiching him between their mature bodies. Four massive, doughy tits squashed against his chest and face, smothering him in warm, fragrant tit-flesh.

"Hump your auntie's cunt," Ellen cooed, nibbling on Alan's ear. She reached down to cup and knead his muscular ass, spurring his hips to thrust up into Liz's humping pussy.

Susan captured Alan's slack mouth in a lewd kiss, shoving her tongue past his lips.

She licked into him possessively, swirling around his mouth before sucking hard on his tongue, making obscene wet noises.

Liz rode Alan hard and fast, the filthy slap of her juicy ass against his hips rising over the slick sounds of Ellen and Susan molesting their comatose nephew. Her cunt gripped him like a silken vise, rippling muscles massaging every inch of his veiny shaft.

"Fuck, I'm already close," Liz panted, frigging her clit. "Gonna squirt all over this perfect cock, mark it as my property, unghhhh!"

Her pussy came apart almost violently around Alan, clamping down rhythmically as she gushed on his hammering cock.

Female ejaculate sprayed his groin, mingling with the juices seeping from her clenching hole. Liz convulsed and thrashed through her intense orgasm, never ceasing the relentless grind of her hips.

They untangled themselves from Alan's body and the three women took turns riding his cock and smothering him with their huge breasts for the next hour.

By the time their carnal appetites were temporarily sated, Alan was drenched in sweat, pussy juices, and his own copious ejaculate. His face and body shone with the mixed fluids of the perverse threesome.

Ellen and Susan slid off the bed, their mature bodies glistening with sweat and sexual fluids. Liz remained astride Alan, slowly undulating her hips to prolong the aftershocks rippling through her well-fucked cunt.

"God, I could ride this dick all day," she groaned, clenching her inner muscles around Alan's still-hard shaft. A shiver ran through her as she felt him twitch inside her sensitive channel.

"Save some for the rest of us," Susan chided playfully, giving her sister's plump ass a light smack. "We've got a full day of debauchery ahead once the others arrive. Need to pace ourselves."

Liz sighed regretfully and reluctantly lifted herself off Alan's slick cock. It slipped free of her grasping pussy with a lewd squelch, a stream of their combined juices following in its wake to pool on Alan's groin and thighs.

The three women gazed down at Alan's ravaged body, taking in his cum-splattered abs, his shiny cock coated in pussy cream, and his slack face glazed with their saliva and essence. He made quite the erotic sight, a human fuck doll to be used for their pleasure.

"We should clean him up a bit before the others get here," Ellen suggested, though her tone made it clear that washing him with a cloth wasn't what she had in mind.

Catching on, Susan and Liz grinned wickedly.

The three of them climbed back on the bed, huge tits dangling as they began licking Alan from head to toe, their agile tongues slurping up the sexual juices painting his flesh. They paid special attention to his cock and balls, suckling him to full hardness again as they cleaned him.

Before long, Alan was bucking and twitching under their oral ministrations, pelvis jerking reflexively as his orgasm approached.

The women could sense his impending eruption and doubled their efforts, tongues swirling and mouths sucking feverishly.

With a muffled groan, Alan exploded, thick ropes of semen jetting into the air to splatter the eager faces hovering over his spurting cock.

Susan, Ellen and Liz moaned in depraved bliss, mouths open and tongues extended to catch the creamy treat raining down on them.

They made out feverishly, snowballing Alan's cum back and forth between them until their faces were glazed with his seed and their own saliva. Only then did they sit back, sated for the moment.

"Mmm, I think he's definitely ready for more rounds," Liz purred, scooping a glob of jizz from her cheek and sucking it off her finger. The other two nodded in agreement, eyeing Alan's renewed erection jutting proudly between his legs.

Just then, the sound of the front door opening and muffled female voices drifted up from downstairs.

Susan, Ellen and Liz shared a look of pure, depraved excitement. The rest of the family had arrived for their incestuous free-for-all with Alan's comatose body.

"They're here!" Susan announced unnecessarily, already climbing off the bed. Lust burned hot in her eyes as she contemplated all the

debauched activities to come.

Ellen and Liz followed, not bothering to dress. The three naked women sauntered out of the bedroom, leaving Alan motionless on the cum-stained sheets, his rigid cock coated in the evidence of their lewd violations.

Downstairs, the female members of the extended family had gathered, buzzing with anticipation. Alan's heavily pregnant sister-in-laws Nicki and Tiffany were there, their huge bellies and milk-swollen tits straining against their tight clothes.

His other grandmother Barb had also arrived, her aged but still sexy body quivering with eagerness to defile her grandson.

Jenna was practically vibrating with impatience, her massive jugs bouncing as she shifted from foot to foot.

Susan's best friend and neighbor Lisa rounded out the group, her pretty face flushed and full lips parted as she imagined all the twisted things she would do to young Alan who she had been watching mature for years.

Joyful greetings and hugs were exchanged, the sexual tension in the air was electric, all of them giddy and drunk on the perverse thrill of what they were about to do.

"So, who wants to go first?" Susan asked, a filthy grin spreading across her face. "Alan is upstairs with a huge hard-on, just waiting for us to use him. His cock has already made me, mom, and Liz cum so hard we nearly blacked out."

A chorus of eager moans and "me first!" filled the room as the horny women clamored for their turn with Alan's helpless body.

Susan held up a hand to quiet them, the wicked gleam in her eye promising a day of untold depravity.

"Now now, there's plenty of our comatose stud to go around," she assured lecherously. "Here's what I propose - let's head up and we can each take turns riding his big cock and sitting on that handsome face until we've all had our fill."

The women cheered their enthusiastic agreement and charged up the stairs in a lusty stampede, ready to unleash their incestuous hunger on an unsuspecting Alan.

At least they thought he was unsuspecting. The truth was, Alan was once again in a semi-aware state, able to hear and feel everything happening to him but powerless to move or respond. A deep sense of excitement warred within him as he listened to the stampede of female feet rushing up the stairs, knowing he was about to be subjected to unimaginable sexual depravity at the hands (and other body parts) of his insatiable relatives.

The bedroom door burst open and the mob of horny women poured in, their greedy eyes immediately locking onto Alan's nude, prone form and jutting erection.

Hungry gazes roamed over his muscular body, tongues swiping across their luscious lips, mentally claiming him as their personal stud and plaything.

"Oh my, just look at that big beautiful cock!" Barb crowed, licking her withered lips. "Well worth cheating on my husband for."

"You'll have to wait your turn, you old bat," Nicki snapped, already shimmying out of her maternity sundress. "I've got first dibs on sitting on my brother-in-law's cock. This pregnant pussy needs some attention!"

"Fine, then I call his face!" Tiffany declared, waddling over to the bed. The two overly-pregnant sisters climbed onto the bed together.

Nicki threw her leg over Alan's hips, then grasped his thick shaft, giving it a few pumps before notching the swollen head at her drooling entrance. "Bet he's never had a pussy as tight as mine wrapped around him before, even with the baby bump."

With a groan of satisfaction, Nicki sank down on Alan's erection, her slick cunt walls parting to accept his sizeable girth. She threw her head back with a rapturous moan as he stretched and filled her so exquisitely, the sensation even more intense with her heightened pregnancy sensitivity.

"Good fuck, his brother's no where near this big," she gasped, speaking about her husband, Alan's older brother.

Jenna and Liz pounced on Alan from either side, two sets of plush lips and agile tongues attacking his slack mouth and neck. They licked and nibbled their way down to his chest, each latching onto a flat brown nipple to suckle greedily.

Jenna bit down just shy of too hard, making Alan's pecs flex as she worried the tender bud between her teeth.

Tiffany straddled Alan's face, hovering her neatly trimmed snatch over his mouth. "Prepare to be smothered by the sweetest peach in this town," she purred before lowering herself onto his lips and nose. She groaned in bliss as she ground her wet folds against him, smearing her tangy arousal all over his slack features.

Barb and Ellen took a thigh each, their well-practiced hands roaming greedily over Alan's taut muscles. They massaged and squeezed him, fingers slipping teasingly close to where Nicki was energetically riding his cock.

"Such a firm, virile body," Ellen sighed dreamily, dipping down to trace the tip of her tongue along the chiseled V of Alan's hip flexors. "I'm gonna to enjoy defiling every inch of you, grandson dear."

Barb hummed her agreement, sucking a vivid hickey into the sensitive skin of Alan's inner thigh.

Her hand crept up to cup and knead his heavy balls, rolling them in her palm and grazing them with her long, painted nails as they drew up tight to his body.

Nicki was bouncing feverishly on Alan's straining erection, her massive pregnant tits slapping together lewdly.

She braced her hands on his chest, fingers clawing at his pecs as she chased her rapidly building orgasm.

"Fuck yes, breed me!" she wailed, head thrown back in ecstasy. "Fill this pregnant pussy with another load of cum! Ruin me for my husband!!"

Jenna and Liz continued their oral assault on Alan's chest, suckling his nipples and leaving love bites across his pecs.

Their hands roamed lower, mapping the ridges of his abs before reaching his cock where it disappeared again and again into Nicki's furiously pumping cunt.

Lisa was frigging her clit as she waited impatiently for her turn on the neighbor boy, her other hand cupping and kneading her huge, E-cup tits. "Come on, stop hogging that dick!" she whined petulantly. "My pussy is dying for some action too!"

With a keening wail, Nicki came hard on Alan's cock, her clutching cunt muscles milking him for all he was worth. Alan let out a strangled groan as he exploded inside her, pumping jet after jet of hot cum deep into his pregnant sister-in-law's quivering depths.

"Yessss, gimme that fucking seed!" Nicki babbled deliriously, grinding her hips to prolong her climax. "Knock me up again with your virile spunk!"

As Nicki shuddered through the aftershocks, Tiffany roughly shoved her off of Alan's still-spurting cock, too impatient to wait any longer. "Move bitch, it's my turn now," she growled, moving down from his mouth, straddling Alan's hips and sinking down on his sloppy shaft in one smooth motion.

"Ohhhh fuuuuck," Tiffany groaned, relishing the feel of Alan's jizz-coated erection splitting her open. She was even tighter than Nicki thanks to her twin pregnancy, and the filthy sensation of their combined fluids squelching obscenely with each roll of her hips drove her wild.

Lisa quickly took the vacant position on Alan's face, grinding her dripping cunt against Alan's slack mouth, gushing arousal all over his face. "That's it baby, let Lisa paint you with her juices," she purred, reaching down to grip his hair and forcibly rub his nose against her engorged clit.

Jenna and Liz continued toying with Alan's nipples as Nicki crawled up the bed to take one of his hands, guiding it between her thighs to her messy, cum-filled snatch. "Be a good boy and finger-fuck your sister-in-law," she cooed, clenching her muscles around his digits.

Ellen took Alan's other hands, bringing it to her soaked, hairy muff. "Pleasure your granny like the dutiful grandson you are," she commanded breathlessly, humping against his palm.

Surrounded on all sides by wanton female flesh, Alan was lost in a haze of sensation. His cock plundered Tiffany's tight cunt over and over as she rode him vigorously, his face was drenched in Lisa's fragrant essence, his hands roughly pumped into two different sopping holes, and his nipples throbbed from Jenna and Liz's relentless attention.

The vulgar sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and sloppy, vigorous fucking filled the room, punctuated by the ecstatic moans

and filthy encouragements of the depraved women as they defiled their comatose boy toy.

"Fuck, I'm close!" Tiffany announced, her rotund belly heaving as she pounded herself on Alan's big cock.

"Gonna soak you with pregnant pussy juice!" Tiffany wailed, her cunt clenching rhythmically around Alan's pumping shaft.

With a guttural moan, she came hard, squirting forcefully all over his cock and balls as she thrashed on top of him.

"Fuck him with me, sis!" Tiffany told Nicki as they wrestled Alan onto his side.

Nicki eagerly joined Tiffany on the bed, pressing her naked pregnant body against Alan's back as Tiffany clung to his front.

The two sisters sandwiched him between their swollen, baby-engorged bellies and milk-filled breasts, soft flesh molding around his muscular form.

"Mmm, doesn't this feel nice, having pregnant sisters wrapped around you?" Nicki cooed in Alan's ear, licking the shell obscenely. She reached around to grip his still-hard cock, guiding it back into Tiffany's dripping hole.

As Tiffany sank down on Alan's thick shaft with a moan, Nicki began to grind her soaked mound against his ass, coating his firm cheeks with her slick arousal. She humped him from behind as Tiffany rode him from the front, the two sisters finding a rhythm together.

Alan was lost in a dizzying world of sensation, his nerve endings overloaded by the dual assault. Tiffany's tight, wet heat engulfed his aching cock, clenching deliciously with each roll of her hips. Her heavy milk-laden tits pressed against his chest, hard nipples drilling into his pecs.

Behind him, Nicki's hard, round belly dug into his lower back as she rubbed her juicy cunt along the cleft of his ass, leaving a sticky trail of girl cum. Her massive breasts squashed against his shoulder blades, hot breath panting in his ear as she dry humped him feverishly.

The two pregnant bellies smushed together with Alan's abs trapped between, slick with sweat and undulating lewdly. He was completely smothered by ripe, fertile flesh, pinned helplessly between his wanton sisters-in-law as they used him for their depraved pleasure.

"Fuck, this is so hot," Tiffany groaned, even as she impaled herself harder on Alan's throbbing erection. "Practically raping our comatose brother-in-law, mashing our pregnant bodies against him. We're such filthy sluts!"

"Speak for yourself," Nicki grunted, grinding her engorged clit against Alan's flexing ass. "I don't feel guilty at all about taking what I need from this prime slab of fuck-meat. It's not like he minds - I can feel him throbbing, getting close!"

"Squeeze him harder between us!" Tiffany gasped. "I'm gonna fuck him as hard as I can."

Driven by their depraved lust, Tiffany and Nicki mashed Alan between their sweaty, heaving pregnant bodies even harder, soft engorged flesh completely engulfing him.

Tiffany frantically bounced on his cock, its thick length plundering her clenching depths over and over.

Nicki rubbed herself to a frenzy against his taut ass, coating his cheeks in her slippery essence.

The room filled with the vulgar wet slaps and squelches of the two sisters frantically working themselves on their comatose brother-in-

law's helpless body. Their heavy, milk- filled tits slid against Alan's chest and back, leaving sticky trails of leaking fluid.

The three unborn babies squirmed and kicked within the tight confines of their mothers' wombs, jostled by the energetic sexual activity.

From inside Tiffany's stretched belly, her little girl floated serenely, lulled by the rhythmic rocking motions as her mom rode Alan's cock with abandon. The muffled sounds of her mother's ecstatic moans and the wet slapping of flesh filtered through, a lewd lullaby.

In Nicki's womb, her twins were more active, tumbling over each other as they were compressed between the unyielding hardness of Alan's muscular back and the ripe swell of their mother's pregnant belly.

They pushed and prodded at the taut dome, their feeble movements perceptible on the undulating surface as Nicki ground herself desperately against Alan's flexing ass cheeks.

All three babies were sloshed in warm amniotic fluid as their mothers bucked and writhed and used Alan's body for their own selfish pleasure. The little ones' hearts beat fast, unconsciously syncing to the elevated pulses of the rutting adults.

Nutrients and oxygen, tinged with the hormonal cocktail of lust and arousal pumping through Tiffany and Nicki's blood, filtered through the placentas to nourish the innocent babes.

The very fluids sustaining their growth were infused with the evidence of their mothers' depravity and the carnal act they were engaged in with their unresponsive uncle-in-law.

Tiffany's unborn daughter was closest to Alan's pistoning cock, separated only by the muscular wall of her mother's uterus. With each deep thrust of his thick shaft, the head

prodded that barrier, the baby's delicate form jostled by the relentless pumping.

She curled instinctively away from that large foreign object invading her safe haven again and again, even as her developing brain was imprinted with the rhythmic pounding, the sound of her mother's wanton cries and the feel of her body shaking with illicit pleasure.

The twins in Nicki's womb fared no better as their mother's belly was mashed repeatedly against the hard planes of Alan's lower back, compressed as Nicki rubbed her aching cunt frantically on his firm ass.

They kicked and squirmed in protest, but were held fast, molded helplessly to their uncle's flesh as their mother chased her sordid climax.

Tiffany and Nicki rutted against Alan's unresponsive body like bitches in heat, using him selfishly to sate their depraved pregnant lust. As they chased their peaks, they gave no thought to the innocent lives they carried, only caring about wringing out every last bit of twisted pleasure from defiling their comatose brother-in-law.

"Ungh, fuck! Cumming again on this big cock!" Tiffany wailed as she impaled herself one last time, Alan's thickness mashing against her cervix. Her greedy cunt rippled and gushed around him as she exploded in ecstasy.

Nicki followed moments later, her engorged clit throbbing against Alan's flexing ass as she sprayed his crack with her

juices. "Yes, yes! Drenching this prime fuckmeat!" she keened, shuddering violently through her climax.

Alan let out a strangled groan, his own release hitting suddenly as Tiffany's spasming walls milked him.

His cock jerked and throbbed, pumping her full of his virile seed as his body bucked helplessly between the two insatiable women.

Inside the sisters' wombs, the babies tumbled in the turbulent amniotic fluid, pummeled by the force of their mothers' climaxes. Tiffany's daughter was sloshed by each pulsing spurt of Alan's cum flooding her mom's pussy just on the other side of the uterine wall. Nicki's twins were compressed almost painfully as their mother ground and undulated wildly, riding out her intense orgasm.

Finally, the obscene undulations slowed and then stopped as Tiffany and Nicki collapsed against Alan, sandwiching his spent body between them.

They panted harshly, bodies gleaming with sweat and sexual fluids. Alan's cock slipped out of Tiffany's cum-sloppy hole with a wet squelch.

The other women had watched the depraved exhibition with avid eyes, frigging themselves to orgasm.

Now they surged forward, eager to take their own turn violating Alan. He had no choice but to surrender to their lusts as the twisted familial orgy kicked into high gear once more.

"Prop him back against the headboard and hold him there," Barb directed, turning quickly to point her big, rounded butt- cheeks Alan's direction. "We can take turns fucking back on his cock doggy style."

Tiffany and Nicki manhandled Alan into a seated position, propping his limp torso against the headboard.

His head lolled to the side, glassy eyes staring blankly ahead. The sisters held his arms to keep him upright, their heavy milk-laden tits squashed against his biceps.

Barb wasted no time climbing onto the bed and backing herself up against Alan's groin. Her rounded, fatty ass cheeks jiggled and swayed as she slowly impaled herself on the rigid pole of his cock, letting out a guttural moan as she was stretched open exquisitely.

"Oh fuck yes, that's it," she groaned, bracing her hands on Alan's knees as she began to rock back and forth.

Even though she'd had a long, active sex life with Alan's Grandfather, her pussy was still insanely tight and made wet squelching noises as it swallowed his length again and again. "Grandma's gonna get her old cunt stuffed full of young dick."

The others gathered around to watch the debauched sight of Barb defiling her grandson.

Lisa and Jenna sidled up on either side of Alan's head, each grabbing a fistful of hair to turn his face towards their dripping cunts.

"Clean up our wet pussies like a good boy," Lisa cooed, grinding her slippery folds against Alan's slack mouth. On the other side, Jenna did the same, smearing her musky arousal all over his nose and cheeks.

Ellen moved to kneel between Alan's splayed legs, ducking her head to suckle his balls as they tightened with each backwards thrust of Barb's humping hips.

She laved the wrinkled skin with her tongue before sucking each orb into her mouth, relishing the weight of them against her palate.

Susan crawled behind Barb to press her huge, semen- smeared tits into her pumping ass. She reached around to roughly schedule her mother's humongous, swinging breasts, twisting and tugging on the pebbled nipples.

Alan remained motionless as his female relatives used his body in the most depraved ways imaginable.

Barb grunted and groaned as she enthusiastically fucked herself back on his hard cock, her oversized udders rippling with each impact.

"Ungh yes, split Granny wide open on this fat dick!" she wailed, head thrown back in ecstasy as Alan's cockhead battered her cervix. Juices gushed from her old cunt, drenching his groin and thighs.

On either side, Lisa and Jenna rubbed their sopping pussies all over Alan's face, coating him from forehead to chin in their sticky essence.

They pinched his nose, forcing him to breathe through his mouth, only to stuff their puffy cunts between his slack lips.

"Tongue fuck us like you mean it," Jenna demanded breathlessly, yanking her brother's hair to press his face harder against her drooling slit. "Lap up all of big sister's cream like a good little fucker"

Ellen slurped messily on Alan's balls, which tried to draw up tight, but she pulled them out again with her tightly-clasping lips, stretching the cord of his vas deferens.

The lewd sounds mixing obscenely with Barb's meaty pussy squelching on his pummeling shaft.

She released his sack with a wet pop to drag her tongue up his length, lapping at the frothy mix of girl cum clinging to his veiny flesh.

"We're heeeere!" came an excited female voice from the doorway.

More busty female relatives arrived to join the depraved orgy, quickly stripping off their clothes.

Alan's big titted cousin Megan sauntered in, her massive jugs bouncing with each step.

Behind her was his stacked aunt Diane, already frigging her dripping pussy through her yoga pants in anticipation. Even his mom's buxom book club friends Pam and Kendra showed up, eager to defile the comatose young stud.

"Ooh, looks like quite the party!" Pam exclaimed, eyeing the debauched scene hungrily. "I call next ride on his big cock after grandma finishes."

"Forget that, I want to smother him with my giant tits!" Megan declared, hefting her enormous milky jugs. Her areola were ridiculously large, nearly 6 inches across, capping her mammaries in delicious, bumpy-textured flesh.

They all clamored around the bed, finding a piece of Alan to grope and molest.

Megan and Diane each grabbed a muscular leg, trailing their lips and tongues along his inner thighs, leaving hickeys on the sensitive skin.

Pam and Kendra took over mauling his chest, sucking his nipples between their teeth.

Barb's meaty cunt gripped Alan's plundering cock like a silken vise as she continued slamming back onto him with renewed vigor, chasing her climax.

Her huge melonous tits slapped together lewdly from the force of her fucking. Susan mashed Barb's ass cheeks around Alan's pistoning shaft, panting filthy encouragement.

"That's it, cum all over grandson's fat dick!" Susan urged, twisting Barb's nipples viciously. "Squirt on his fucking cock again!"

With a shrill wail, Barb exploded, her cunt clamping down rhythmically around Alan's spurting cock. He groaned into Jenna's smothering pussy as his balls unloaded deep in his

grandmother's spasming hole, pumping her full of incestuous seed.

Before Barb even finished cumming, Megan was already shoving her aside to impale her own needy snatch on Alan's sloppy erection. "Fuck yes, been dying for a ride on this monster," she moaned as he split her open. "Breed your slutty cousin full of jizz, baby!"

Megan was married with two kids so she knew a thing are two about riding cock. Her hips snapped up and back like a practiced hula-dancer, working Alan's steely dick around in the tight, juicy grip of her sheath.

The other females continued to maul Alan's helpless body as Megan ground on his dick, her massive rack flying around shamelessly.

Aunt Diane grabbed Alan's hand, shoving it between her legs to frig her soaked cunt. Pam and Kendra took turns sucking his messy cock whenever Megan lifted off.

Even more women arrived to join in violating Alan's comatose form - neighbors, family friends, even a few of Jenna's cheerleader teammates. The fleshy pile of writhing female bodies grew as they groped and fingered and clawed all over him.

268: The Family Fuck Doll-3/4

By the time everyone arrived, there were a total of 35 horny women packed into Alan's bedroom, a writhing mass of jiggling tits, plump asses and wet pussies. The air was thick with the musky scent of arousal and the obscene sounds of flesh slapping against flesh.

Every inch of Alan's comatose body was being mauled and defiled.

Two girls straddled his face, one girl's tits pressed against the other's back, smearing their cunts all over his slack features.

His cock plunged into one sopping pussy after another as the women took turns riding him. Hands groped his muscles, tongues laved his skin, lips and teeth left marks of possession all over him.

Alan was lost in a delirious haze of sensation, barely aware but still feeling every violation.

Tight, wet heat engulfed his aching cock over and over. Musky female arousal flooded his mouth and nose.

Enormous soft breasts pressed in from all sides, smothering him.

The women used him as a human fuck-toy, a receptacle for their depraved lust. They rode his face and cock with abandon, clawed at his muscular thighs, jerked his shaft between their huge tits. He was covered in sloppy pussy juice, saliva, and the copious amounts of cum pumped out of him by each greedy cunt.

The nonstop stimulation kept him painfully erect. Even as one woman squirted all over his cock and climbed off, his erection never

flagged, instantly ready for the next one to spear herself on his thickness.

Through it all, he remained unable to move or respond, a helpless prisoner in his own body. He was nothing more than

a slab of meat for the twisted lusts of the insatiable mob of women. They fucked him brutally and egged each other on to depraved new heights.

"Sit on his face while I ride him! Smother him with that pussy!"

"Stick a finger in his ass, see if you can make him cum harder!"

"Ooh rub those huge tits all over him, get him messy with your milk!"

"Bounce that juicy ass on his cock, you filthy slut! Drain those fat balls!"

The vile encouragements spurred the women on as they defiled Alan in every way imaginable. No hole was left unpenetrated, no patch of skin untouched. He was groped, licked, sucked, fucked and used completely.

Hours passed in a dizzying blur of non-stop violation and orgasms. Alan's mind reeled, overwhelmed by intense sensation even as his body was pushed past all limits.

Just when he thought they had wrung him dry, that he couldn't possibly cum again, another slick pussy would engulf him and milk him to yet one more shuddering climax.

Alan was completely engulfed by a mountain of writhing female flesh, buried beneath an avalanche of jiggling curves and slick skin.

Enormous, heavy breasts pressed against every inch of him

- pillowy globes and stiff nipples, some leaking, tickling his face, squashing his chest, smothering his groin.

Dozens of hands roamed his body, mapping every dip and curve of his muscles, pinching and caressing. Long, painted fingernails clawed through his hair, squeezed his ass, tugged on his balls, pulled his throbbing shaft. Nails left crescent marks on his skin as the women groped him feverishly.

A chorus of moans and filthy exclamations filled the room as the horde of females ground and undulated against their helpless fuck-toy.

Wet, puffy pussy lips kissed every part of him - smearing his face, gliding along his thighs, clenching tight around his cock. The sloppy sounds of fucking and the heady scent of arousal saturated the air.

Alan was smothered by plump thighs, sweat-slicked bellies, doughy asses. Milk-swollen tits leaked all over him, the warm fluid mingling with the deluge of pussy juice and cum coating his skin.

Hot mouths sucked hickeys into his neck and chest, long, experienced tongues flailing in his mouth, lapping at his neck, nipples and navel.

Dozens of nubile bodies blanketed him completely, a fleshy cocoon of tits and ass and cunt. Alan could scarcely breathe, each inhale drawing in more of the dizzying musk of female arousal. His nerve endings screamed from overstimulation,

his mind shorting out from the onslaught of sensation. *"This is incredible!"* his mind thought.

Through small gaps in the mass of undulating female forms, glimpses of the depraved tableau could be seen - a slick pussy stretched obscenely around Alan's straining cock, a huge ass rippling as it bounced on his face, a pair of giant tits mashed together

around his spurting shaft, dozens of hands clawing at any patch of skin they could reach.

Buried beneath the avalanche of wanton female flesh, Alan was drowning in tits and pussy. The sheer weight of the bodies pinned him utterly helpless as the women fucked him incoherent.

His existence had narrowed down to serving as a vessel for their depraved lusts, to be used as long and hard as they saw fit, his own wants and needs irrelevant. Time lost all meaning in the endless cycle of female orgasms crashing over him.

Alan had never experienced so many different tongues invading his mouth before. It seemed like every woman there took a turn forcibly French kissing him, plunging their slick muscles past his slack lips to tangle lewdly with his own.

His sister Jenna's tongue was boldly assertive, dominating his mouth with powerful strokes and sucking hard on his own tongue.

She explored every inch of him thoroughly, leaving no surface untasted. Her kiss was aggressive and hungry, taking what she wanted.

In contrast, Aunt Diane's tongue was sinuously seductive, slithering past his teeth to caress him with a wicked curl. She flicked the sensitive roof of his mouth, sending tingles down his spine. Her skillful muscle danced and dueled with his, teasing him with flirtatious licks.

Grandma Ellen's kiss was sloppy and obscene, her thick tongue thrusting into him over and over like she was fucking his mouth.

She shoved it as far back as she could, making him gag slightly, before swirling it all around to gather his saliva. Her lewd slurping sounds filled his ears.

Cousin Megan was enthusiastic and orally fixated. Her pierced tongue lapped at the inside of Alan's cheeks, traced his teeth, and twirled around his licker feverishly. She alternated sucking on his tongue intensely and flicking it rapidly with the pointed tip of hers.

Neighbor Lisa kissed him deeply and sensuously, like she had dreamed of doing for years, her velvety tongue languidly massaging his.

Fir nearly ten minutes, she caressed every contour of his mouth in a thorough exploration, stroking him from the sensitive underside to the top. Her tongue undulated against his in a lascivious dance.

The cheerleaders Kendra and Pam were playfully competitive, their pierced tongues tag teaming Alan's mouth.

One would thrust in and swirl around while the other lapped at his lips, before switching. They played a lewd game of

tonsil hockey, batting his tongue back and forth between them.

Alan lost track of how many different tongues plundered his mouth, each one with its own intensity and flavor.

Some pushed in slowly and sensually, others whipped rapidly in an oral fucking motion. They ranged from rough to gentle, teasing to demanding, but all of them used his mouth shamelessly for their pleasure.

Drool ran down his chin as the women kissed him sloppily and ferociously, uncaring of the mess. Their saliva mingled with his, flooding his mouth with their intimate taste. At times he could barely breathe, a thick, wiggling tongue shoved down his throat possessively.

Alan was helpless to resist the non-stop tongue fucking, just another hole for the mob of women to violate.

Every deep kiss, every swipe of a wicked tongue, sent unwanted shudders of dark pleasure through him. His mouth was left tender and used, coated in spit, aching from the ceaseless invasion.

As thoroughly as his mouth was being plundered and abused by countless invasive tongues, Alan's cock was subjected to an even more intense onslaught of relentless stimulation.

Buried beneath a mountain of undulating female flesh, he couldn't see what was being done to his sensitive manhood, only feel the endless slick friction as he was enveloped again and again.

Alan's rigid shaft was gripped by one tight, hungry pussy after another as the mob of women took turns frantically impaling themselves on him.

No sooner would one dripping cunt lift off his aching cock, strings of combined fluids connecting them obscenely, then another would immediately slide down his length with a groan of satisfaction.

The textures and intensity of each woman's most intimate embrace varied - some sheathed him in slick, clinging heat, their walls rippling deliciously along his veiny hardness.

Others were vise-tight, squeezing his throbbing flesh almost painfully as they rode him hard.

Nubile cheerleader cunts, mature hugging snatches, the drenched holes of his closest family members - all engulfed his beleaguered cock ceaselessly.

When Alan wasn't stretching a greedy pussy to the limits, his erection was wrapped in other slippery female flesh.

Enormous, heavy breasts enveloped him from root to tip, smothering his shaft and balls in pillowy softness as the women tit-fucked him

feverishly. He erupted over and over, coating massive mammaries in thick ropes of cum that were promptly licked up.

Wicked tongues laved every inch of his pulsing cock when it was exposed, gathering the sticky blend of jizz and pussy cream liberally coating him.

They twirled around the sensitive head, dipped into his leaking slit, and traced the throbbing veins. Lips wrapped

around him and sucked greedily, gulping down his seed as if parched.

Alan's balls were constantly fondled and squeezed, the women marveling at how they instantly grew heavy and full again after each draining orgasm. Fingers kneaded and tugged on his sensitive sack, rolling the swollen orbs within. They were sucked into hot mouths, bathed by agile tongues, and pressed against soaked pussy lips rubbing all over them.

Sometimes Alan's straining cock was stroked rapidly by small soft hands while a ravenous mouth sucked the tip, pushing him to erupt down a clutching throat.

Other times his shaft was gripped tight by clenching pussy walls while a probing tongue lapped at his stretched anus, the dual stimulation making him spasm and unload.

The sheer unending friction and suction on his most sensitive flesh was maddening. Alan's drugged body responded and ejaculated over and over, but the pleasure bordered on agonizing, every nerve ending screaming from the ceaseless assault.

He was nothing but a mindless set of genitals for the insatiable women to abuse, a throbbing cock to ride and suck dry, plump balls to drain over and over.

The relentless wet friction on his overstimulated penis was driving Alan delirious, trapped in a purgatory of agonizing pleasure that never ended.

The women used his cock brutally, pounding their dripping cunts down on him, grinding his captive shaft against their aching clits, milking him with rippling pussy walls.

They jerked and sucked him with ravenous hunger, stroking him to agonizing hardness only to squeeze viciously tight and demand his seed again and again.

Alan's straining erection was never allowed a moment of rest, forever sheathed in smothering tits, clenching holes, or pumping fists.

Semen poured from him nearly continuously, his aching balls somehow refilling instantly to fuel the next round of mind- breaking climaxes.

He wanted to scream from the intensity of it, the endless edging and erupting, every inch of his cock ravaged by the nonstop stimulation. But he remained trapped motionless, a prisoner in his own body as the mob of females violated him so thoroughly.

Through the fugue of overstimulation, Alan was dimly aware of the filthy things the women were saying as they used him, their words almost as obscene as their actions.

"Drain those fat balls, pump me full of cream!"

"Mmm, ride that big dick, make it spurt like a fountain!" "Fuck, his cock is still hard! How many loads is that?" "Who cares, keep milking him! I need more cum!"

"There's enough of him to go around. Everyone gets a turn to sit on his face and cock!"

"God, I'm so addicted to this dick. Can't get enough!"

The vulgar declarations washed over Alan along with the sensations, their crude lust and his unwilling pleasure blurring together. He was lost in a sea of tits and tongues and pussies, suffocating in female flesh, drowning in their fluids and his own unending ejaculate.

Through the erotic haze, Alan felt Susan's familiar pregnant form slide atop him, her huge milk-laden breasts pressing against his chest as she captured his slack mouth in a lewd, sloppy kiss.

Her wicked tongue plunged past his lips, tangling with his own as she kissed him deeply and possessively.

"Mmmm, my sweet boy," she purred between licks, "taking all these horny cunts so well. Such a good stud for mommy and the other ladies."

Susan undulated against him, rubbing her dripping pussy along his cum-slicked abs.

Her tongue fucked in and out of his mouth in filthy mimicry of what she craved, painting his palate with her musky essence.

"You love this, don't you?" she breathed hotly against his used lips. "Being our helpless fuck-toy, our personal cock slave to ride as hard as we want. Letting mommy whore out your perfect dick to all these hungry snatches."

Alan wanted to nod his head, but he remained frozen, a prisoner in his defiled body. The only response was another shuddering climax as yet another cunt milked his throbbing erection.

"He's cumming again!" came the cry of whoever was riding him.

"That's it baby, give us all your seed," Susan praised, licking up the spunk that splattered his face from a particularly enthusiastic

handjob. "Spurt every drop for these greedy holes. Fuck, mommy's so proud of you!"

She kissed him again, flavoring his mouth with his own salty essence, before slithering back down his body to join the other women savaging his cock.

The wet heat of her pussy engulfed him to the hilt and Alan surrendered to the fresh wave of soul-wracking sensation.

"Sit him upright so we can bury his head between our tits while we grind on him," Susan directed.

Sweat-slickened bodies slithered off the boy like a clearing storm cloud.

Eager hands gripped Alan, pulling his limp torso upright and propping him against the headboard. Immediately, two buxom women pressed in from either side, smothering his face between their massive, sticky breasts.

"Mmm, I bet he loves having his head buried in huge titties like this," Diane cooed, flexing her chest muscles to make her fleshy globes ripple around Alan's slack features.

On the other side, Megan did the same, trapping him in a prison of soft, fragrant tit-flesh.

Alan could scarcely breathe, his nose and mouth completely engulfed by the smothering embrace of four enormous breasts. The pliant mounds molded around his face, hot and damp, threatening to suffocate him. He was nearly insensate from the unending stimulation, but the primal need for air still burned in his lungs.

Megan sunk her fingers into the back of his hair, forcing his lips to her fat, rubbery nipple.

Alan's heart nearly beat out of his chest as he glimpsed the enormity of her areola. The crinkled cap masked to his entire face as he sunk up into the center of her tit.

Megan had recently given birth and he could taste her sweet lactation as he teats leaked into his tit-gorged mouth.

As he struggled weakly for oxygen, Susan climbed into his lap facing him, her own giant tits pushing up against the other two pairs to completely cocoon his head.

She sank down on his painfully rigid shaft with an obscene moan, her soaked pussy swallowing him to the hilt.

"Ooooh fuck yessss," she hissed, undulating her hips to grind her clit against his pelvis. "Love having my boy's big fat cock splitting me open while smothering him with all our tits. Fucking heaven!"

The other women pressed in, each seeking a piece of Alan to rub against.

Kendra clambered behind him, molding her fat tits to his back and wedging her dripping slit against the cleft of his ass, humping him lewdly.

Pam and Jenna claimed his hands, wrapping them around their aching pussies and riding his fingers with wanton moans.

Alan was just a ragdoll for the women to use, a toy to hump and grind against mindlessly. His head swam from lack of air, surrounded on all sides by a wall of tit flesh undulating against him.

Megan's flesh still filled his mouth. He could hear hear excited heartbeat in her cushy chest, and spurts of milk flowed steadily now, sending a warm stream down his gulping throat.

Susan's cunt gripped him like a silken fist, rippling up and down his cock as she fucked herself on him with wild abandon.

The chorus of feminine moans and filthy wet sounds of frantic coupling filled the room, punctuated by the rhythmic slap of Susan's ass against Alan's thighs as she rode him brutally.

The scent of sweat and arousal was overpowering, the writhing bodies generating intense heat.

Alan was delirious, suffocating, drowning in tits and pussy, every nerve ending overloaded.

As soon as he saw Megan's drooping melon hover away, his mom grabbed a fistful of his hair, yanking his head back.

She smashed her lips to his in a breathless, sloppy kiss, plundering his mouth with her wicked tongue. All the while riding him wildly, plunging his unyielding boner through her birthing tunnel.

All thirty women took turns riding Alan's cock, each one clinging tightly to him and smothering his head between their huge, rippling tits.

They used his comatose body relentlessly, grinding their dripping married pussies on his rigid shaft and mashing their sweat-slicked breasts against his face.

Jenna went again, impaling herself on her brother's thick cock with a wail of ecstasy. "Fuck yes, I can't get enough!"

She bounced energetically, her massive, triple-d's jiggling hypnotically.

She grabbed Alan's head, shoving his face into her cleavage and flexing her tits around him. "Nngh, suffocate in your sister's big titties while I milk this fat cock!"

Aunt Diane was next, sliding her mature cunt down Alan's veiny pole with a filthy moan. "Oh baby, you fill up Auntie so good."

She was his dad's sister and had a husband a four children. They were deeply religious, but that didn't stop Diane from cheating on her husband and indulging in her nephew's teenage cock.

She rolled her hips with practiced precision, stirring him inside her, as she crushed his head between her heavy, milk-leaking breasts. "Auntie's gonna smother you unconscious with these big milkers, while I drain your balls."

Diane's hot, slick pussy massaged Alan's throbbing erection as she squeezed her enormous, spongy tits so tight around his face he saw stars.

He could only gulp for air when she shifted, her overwhelming tit flesh threatening to suffocate him.

Grandmother Ellen cackled with glee as she took her turn, her tight folds engulfing Alan's cock. "Ooh yeah, Granny's gonna get her old cunt resized by your young meat."

She undulated against him, gushing arousal all over his groin as she sandwiched his head between her slightly wrinkled, but still-fat breasts.

Ellen humped him with surprising vigor for her age, determined to wring every drop from her grandson's overworked balls.

His cousin Megan was a tit-smothering demon, keeping Alan's face constantly buried in the canyon of her huge, fleshy globes as she rode him wildly. "Yes, yes, drown in my massive titties while I squirt on this perfect dick!"

Her cunt rippled along his shaft, the squelching sounds obscene as she pounded herself to a screaming orgasm.

The parade of women fucking themselves stupid on Alan's captive cock and smothering him with their jiggling tits

continued - his sister-in-laws with their milk-swollen breasts, his mom's friends with their huge suckable nipples, the busty cheerleaders grinding their plump young tits in his face.

Alan lost track of how many cunts engulfed his aching shaft, each one wetter and tighter than the last. He was just a throbbing set of genitals to be used brutally for their pleasure.

Pregnant sister-in-law Nicki rode him with wild abandon, her massive belly bouncing as she impaled her slick folds on his thickness again and again. "Oooh fuck, your cock is even better than my hubby's! Gonna make you give this baby batter right into my knocked up cunt!"

She pressed his face into the sweaty valley of her engorged tits, her milk spraying as she came on him with a shriek.

Aunt Liz was next, her experienced snatch hot and hungry as it swallowed Alan to the root. "Mmm yes, Auntie's gonna ride this prime dick like a bucking bronco. Shoot your load deep in my womb!"

She crushed his head between her giant, spongy tits, flexing the massive mounds and rubbing them all over his slack features as she gyrated on his lap. She came to a screaming, shivering climax, harder than she ever had with her husband.

Mom's friend Lisa was a wild woman, slamming her curvy body down on Alan's cock as if trying to break him in half. "Take it all, you magnificent boy! Skewer my cunt with that huge fucking log!"

She yanked his hair, burying his face in her jiggling cleavage and nearly smothering him as she chased her explosive climax

The beautiful blonde cheerleaders double-teamed Alan, Kendra bouncing on his cock while Pam rode his face. "Suck my clit while your fat dick reams my bestie out! We're gonna drain you dry, fucker!" They high-fived as they came in unison, their girlish voices screaming out as they drenched him in their gushing fluids.

And so it went, each woman taking her turn to violently milk Alan's dreamy cock with her ravenous pussy, screaming in ecstasy as they smothered him with their heaving tits.

Hours passed in a delirious haze of non-stop fucking and cumming, until finally, mercifully, Alan passed out, completely spent and used up.

He drifted in blessed darkness, only to jerk awake sometime later to see both his parents standing at his bedside. "How has he been since being home?" his father asked. "Have you noticed any changes?"

Susan smiled reassuringly at her husband, keeping her tone casual. "No changes really. He's still the same, just...resting peacefully."

"If only he knew," she thought wickedly, "*that their comatose son was anything but at peace. That his helpless body had just been subjected to hours of depraved violation by a mob of his horny female relatives using him as their personal fuck toy."*

Beneath the sheets, Alan was covered in the dried evidence of the perverse orgy - pussy juices, saliva, tit sweat, and copious amounts of his own seed pumped out of him over and over.

"The doctors said familiar surroundings and physical touch could help stimulate brain activity," Susan continued, barely suppressing a smirk. "So I've just been spending a lot of time with him, talking to him and holding his hand, that sort of thing."

She didn't mention the kind of intimate "physical touch" she and the other women had been giving Alan - stroking his cock, riding his face, smothering him with their huge tits as they raped him repeatedly. Best not to overload her poor oblivious husband with those sordid details.

"I'm sure he can sense your presence and it's a comfort," Alan's dad said, reaching out to pat his son's limp hand.

If only he knew that same hand had been shoved up dozens of dripping cunts just hours ago, pumping in and out while the shameless women fucked themselves on his fingers.

"I've gotta head to work, but you'll let me know if anything changes, right honey?" he asked, turning to give Susan a peck on the cheek.

"Of course, dear," she replied, returning the chaste kiss while barely restraining the urge to laugh at the irony.

Her husband remained completely clueless that sharing a bed with Alan would be akin to sleeping with a heavily used cum rag at this point. "Have a good day at the office."

As soon as the bedroom door closed behind him, Susan let out a low, wicked chuckle. She turned back to Alan, eyes roaming hungrily over his prone form.

His handsome face was slack and vacant, but she knew the pleasure he had just experienced behind that empty gaze, the hours of non-stop sexual torture inflicted on his helpless body.

Susan whipped the sheet off dramatically, baring Alan's nude, battered flesh to her greedy eyes.

His muscular form was littered with signs of the depravity - hickeys and bite marks covering his neck and chest, scratches on his thighs and ass from grappling nails, dried fluids painting his skin and

matting his pubic hair. His cock lay soft and spent against his thigh, raw and chafed from the brutal over-use.

"Well, baby," Susan grinned. "You look like you've been thoroughly used up. But I bet we can coax that gorgeous cock hard again, can't we?"

She reached under her skirt and peeled off her dainty, pink panties, letting them pool at her bare feet. Then, she climbed onto the bed, straddling Alan's hips.

His limp penis nestled against her ass cheeks as she leaned forward to trace the bite marks on his chest with her fingers.

"Mmm, the ladies really did a number on you, didn't they?" Susan purred. "Rode this prime dick to within an inch of its life. Drained these fat balls over and over until you were shooting dust."

Her fingers danced lower, brushing over his abs still sticky with dried cum. She scooped some up and brought it to her mouth, sucking the digits clean with a wanton moan.

"Delicious. You're like a fucking snack platter, covered in all our juices." Susan reached behind her to grip Alan's soft cock, massaging it slowly. "Wonder how many loads are splattered inside of us. I lost count of how many cunts you pumped full of jizz."

She stroked him languidly, feeling the flesh start to swell and lengthen in her hand. Susan grinned triumphantly as Alan's dick began to rise to the occasion once more, twitching into hardness.

"There we go, getting nice and stiff for mommy again like a good boy."

She angled the plump head against her wet slit, rubbing it through her pink pedals. "Gonna stuff this fat cock in me and ride it hard. Milk out another load to add to the dried spunk all over you."

With a filthy groan, Susan sank down on Alan's erection, taking him to the hilt in one smooth stroke.

Her eyes rolled back in bliss as she was stretched and filled, the walls of her pussy molding around every thick inch.

"Ungh fuck! Love having my son's huge dick splitting me open!"

She tore off her blouse and bra, then began to bounce with lewd enthusiasm, her heavy mommy-tits slapping his face

with each rise and fall. "Gonna smother you with these milkers while I drain your cock dry again!"

Susan rode him with wild abandon, uncaring of his battered flesh, using his body to chase her own pleasure. The wet sounds of her cunt slurping on his shaft filled the room, punctuated by her wanton moans.

"Mommy's gonna violate this prime fuck-meat every day," she babbled deliriously, grinding her clit against his pelvis. "Keep you hard and leaking in this bed, an obedient cock slave for me and the ladies. Would you like that, baby boy? Hmm?"

Of course, Alan could only stay silent, but would have gladly accepted her challenge if he was able.

"Would you like to try some new positions with mommy today?" she asked, leaning forward and clinging onto him tightly.

Of course, Alan could only stay silent and motionless beneath Susan's writhing form as she used him for her depraved pleasure. But in his mind, lost in the fugue of unwilling arousal, part of him craved more of the depravity, hungered to be violated to even filthier depths by his debauched mother and the other women.

"Let's try a new one right now," Susan purred, hugging Alan's torso tightly as she undulated on his thick cock. "I want to experience every inch of this prime fuck-meat in every dirty way imaginable."

With his erection still lodged deep in her squelching cunt, Susan rolled them over so Alan was splayed limply on top of her. She hiked her legs high and wide, opening herself completely to his weight pressing her into the mattress.

"Oooh fuck, you feel even bigger like this," she groaned, the new angle letting him sink impossibly deeper. "Gonna clench mommy's pussy on this fat dick and milk it so good."

Susan flexed her vaginal muscles expertly, rippling up and down Alan's shaft as she began to thrust up onto him. The wet, obscene sounds of her cunt gripping him filled the room along with her whorish moans.

Susan's strong, shapely legs were spread obscenely wide as she worked her hips up to meet each downward press of Alan's dead weight. Her unborn baby was smashed between them, her belly bulging out at the sides.

Susan's silky thighs flexed and quivered with the effort, the muscles clenching enticingly beneath her boy's skin.

Her feet were sexy and dainty, the nails painted a slutty red. Susan pointed her toes to opposite sides of the room like a ballerina as jolts of electric pleasure shot up her legs from where Alan's pelvis ground against her swollen clit.

Occasionally her feet would curl in ecstasy, her body's natural reaction to the delicious sensations radiating from her stuffed cunt.

The cock-hungry mother planted her heels on the bed for leverage and began thrusting up onto Alan's cock in earnest,

using her powerful legs to bounce his limp form on top of her.

His head lolled bonelessly as she fucked herself stupid with his meat pole, his face smacking into her huge jiggling tits with each forceful buck of her hips.

Alan could feel his baby sister squirming around in her womb-sack between their colliding bodies.

"Take it, take mommy's hungry cunt!" Susan snarled, her feet springing back up as she wrapped her legs around Alan's waist and crossing her ankles, trapping him balls deep as she started to hump in short, frantic strokes.

Her ankles drummed against his clenching ass, spurring him on. "Gonna squeeze this fat dick and drain it dry! Fill me up!"

She moved wildly beneath Alan, the muscles of her thighs straining as she rammed her greedy pussy up onto his cock over and over.

Her sexy legs began to quake from the intensity, her feet flexing spastically. Susan threw her head back with a lewd wail as she chased her rapidly approaching climax.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum so fucking hard on my son's perfect cock!" she babbled, eyes rolling back in her skull.

Her legs clamped around him like a vice, pulling him impossibly deeper as he hit her hidden depths. "Knock me up again with your incest baby batter! Fuuuuck!"

With a banshee shriek, Susan exploded, thrashing uncontrollably under Alan as her release crashed through

her. Her cunt spasmed violently, milking his twitching cock for all it was worth.

Her back arched, lifting them from the bed, legs shook and jerked, feet kicking out at the overwhelming sensations consuming her.

Susan's pussy clenched rhythmically, wringing out Alan's pent-up load. He let out a strangled groan as his balls drew up tight and began to pump spurt after spurt of thick jizz directly into his mother's ravenous cunt.

His cock throbbed and jerked, the slit flaring wide to fire each heavy shot of cum.

"Yes, yes, give mommy that cream!" Susan wailed, eyes crossing as she felt her son's hot seed painting her insides.

"Harder baby, fuck mommy harder!" she urged nonsensically, humping her hips up to meet each downward press of his deadweight. The knowledge that she was essentially masturbating with her comatose son's cock, using his limp body to get off, only heightened Susan's twisted arousal.

She gripped Alan's firm ass, pulling him into her roughly, swiveling her hips to grind her clit against his pubic bone. Her pussy fluttered wildly as she edged herself closer to a second climax, the sloppy wet friction of his cock dragging along her walls driving her higher.

"Gonna cum all over this dick again," Susan babbled, head thrashing on the pillow. "Paint your big fat cock in mommy's cream as I gush on it. Fuck, fuck, fuckkkk!!"

Her cunt contracted almost violently, clamping down on Alan's throbbing shaft as she came with a wail.

Nectar squirted out around his girth, splattering his groin and thighs with the proof of her depravity. Susan jackknifed beneath him, waves of ecstasy crashing through her.

As Susan came down from her intense orgasm, her devious mind was already spinning with more depraved ideas of how to use Alan's helpless body.

She knew there was another position she could easily manipulate him into that would let her violate him even more thoroughly.

With a wicked grin, Susan rolled Alan onto his back and straddled his head facing his feet. She reached down to grip his semi-hard cock, stroking it back to full throbbing stiffness.

"Gonna do a kinky little 69 with you now, baby boy," she purred, angling his dick towards her mouth. "Stuff your thick meat down mommy's throat while I smother you with my dripping cunt."

Susan engulfed the bulbous head between her lips, sucking lewdly on the tip before sinking down to take more of him into her hot mouth.

At the same time, she lowered her sopping wet pussy onto Alan's slack face, grinding her slick folds against his mouth and nose.

"Mmmm, fuck yes," she moaned around his thick cock stretching her lips obscenely. The vibrations made him twitch

on her tongue. "Love having my son's big dick fucking my throat. Gonna suck out every drop of cum."

Susan bobbed her head, taking him deeper on each down stroke until he was nudging the back of her throat. She swallowed around him, the muscles constricting his sensitive flesh and making him jerk in her mouth.

As she slurped noisily on Alan's straining dick, Susan rubbed her gushing pussy all over his face, coating him in her essence. She ground down on his mouth, smearing her engorged clit against his slack lips and tongue.

"That's it, get mommy's cunt nice and messy," she groaned, her hips undulating lewdly. "Let me paint your handsome face with my juices while I worship this gorgeous cock."

Susan rode Alan's face with wild abandon, using him shamelessly as she chased another orgasm.

All the while she sucked him feverishly, her pretty head bobbing up and down his rigid shaft.

The room filled with the wet, obscene sounds of her slurping mouth and squishing cunt as she defiled her comatose son from both ends.

Alan could only lay there passively, his slack features buried in his mother's sopping wet slit as she fucked his face with her pussy.

His cock throbbed in the tight, wet clasp of her throat as she deep throated him over and over. Though his body couldn't

respond, his drug-addled mind registered every filthy sensation.

Susan felt her climax approaching rapidly as she tongue bathed Alan's thick shaft and ground her aching clit against his mouth. She could feel him pulsing and twitching more urgently in her throat, signaling his own impending release.

Determined to push them both over the edge in mutual orgasm, Susan doubled her efforts, sucking Alan's cock with wild abandon as she rubbed her sopping cunt all over his face. Her head bobbed frantically, lips stretched obscenely around his girth as she took him to the hilt again and again.

At the same time, she ground her pussy against his slack mouth, smearing her copious arousal from his chin to his nose. Susan angled her hips so her aching clit dragged along his parted lips, electric pleasure zinging through her.

"Mmmm, fuck!" she groaned around the thick meat stuffing her throat. "Gonna cum all over your face while I swallow your load. Give it to mommy, baby. Feed me that hot cream!"

As if obeying her depraved command, Alan suddenly stiffened, his cock flexing hard between Susan's lips.

With a muffled grunt, he began to erupt, flooding his mother's mouth with shot after shot of thick, salty semen.

Susan let out a garbled moan of triumph as Alan's seed burst across her tongue. She gulped it down greedily, swallowing every drop he pumped out.

The taste of her son's cum combined with the feeling of him twitching and spurting in her throat sent Susan careening into her own shattering climax.

"Nnnnggghhhh!!" Her scream was smothered by Alan's raging cock as her pussy convulsed, gushing her release all over his upturned face.

She humped his mouth wildly, grinding and writhing as the intense pleasure ripped through her.

For long moments, Susan simply quaked and jerked, her body wracked by waves of ecstasy radiating from where she and Alan were intimately joined.

His dick continued to twitch in the tight clasp of her throat, jizz leaking steadily onto her tongue as she milked him through the aftershocks.

Finally, she released him from her mouth with a lewd pop, strings of saliva and cum connecting his softening flesh to her puffy lips.

Susan rolled off of Alan to collapse beside him, panting harshly. Between her splayed thighs, her well-used cunt fluttered and dripped its satisfaction.

Alan lay motionless, his face drenched in his mother's juices, his slack mouth and chin coated in the musky proof of her pleasure.

Globs of his own milky semen oozed down his shaft to pool in his pubic hair from where it had leaked out around Susan's lips. He made a thoroughly debauched sight.

"Christ, you are such a perfect fuck toy," Susan praised breathlessly, reaching over to scoop some of the sticky spunk from his softening cock. She brought it to her mouth, licking her fingers clean with a purr of satisfaction. "I could fuck you every minute of every day."

"Mom, can me and my friends given Alan a triple blowjob?" Jenna asked as she came in the kitchen after school with two other girls, all still in their cheerleader outfits.

Susan looked up at her teenage daughter Jenna and her two cute cheerleader friends as they bounded into the kitchen, ponytails swinging. A wicked grin spread across her face at the naughty request.

"Of course, baby girl," Susan purred. "I think your brother would love to have three hot little mouths worshipping his big cock at once. He's upstairs in his bed, nice and ready for you."

Jenna and her friends giggled excitedly, already sliding their hands under their short skirts to play with their pussies. "Thanks Mom!" Jenna chirped. "We're gonna drain his balls so good!"

The girls scampered out of the kitchen and raced up the stairs, eager to debauch themselves with Alan's comatose body.

Susan licked her lips, picturing the obscene sight of the three nubile teens slurping all over her son's dick together.

She knew she should feel guilty for encouraging them to molest her helpless boy, but Susan was too far gone in depravity now. Violating Alan was just too addictive. She craved using him, offering him up to sate the lusts of any woman that wanted a piece of his prime fuck-meat.

Upstairs, Jenna led her friends into Alan's room where he lay motionless on the bed. They gazed hungrily at his naked form, eyes zeroing in on the limp cock nestled between his muscular thighs.

"Oooh, he's even bigger than you said!" Amber squealed, immediately climbing onto the bed and kneeling between Alan's splayed legs. She wrapped her small hand around his shaft and began stroking him to hardness.

"Totally," Kylee agreed, joining Amber and leaning down to lick a slow stripe up the underside of Alan's cock as it swelled and grew. "I can't wait to feel this monster splitting my throat open."

"Plenty to share," Jenna giggled as she took her place on Alan's other side.

She fondled his heavy ball sack while her friends lapped at his dick like kittens at a bowl of cream, coaxing him to full mast.

Soon Alan's impressive erection was jutting straight up, the girls' eager mouths and hands bringing him to straining hardness.

Amber, Kyle and Jenna exchanged mischievous glances before diving in to bathe every inch of his cock and balls with their wet little tongues.

They licked him from root to tip, swirling their tongues around his plump cockhead and probing at the leaking slit.

They mouthed along his thick veiny shaft and suckled at his balls, coating him in their saliva. Wet, slurping sounds filled the room as the girls worshipped Alan's cock with enthusiasm.

"Fuck, he tastes so good," Amber stated. "Why can't my boyfriend taste that sweet?"

"Mmm, lemme get my mouth around that fat knob," Kylee moaned, wrapping her lips around the bulbous head of Alan's cock and suckling greedily.

Kylee had a pierced tongue and she swirled it around the ridge of Alan's boner and dipped into the weeping slit, relishing the salty-sweet flavor of his pre-cum.

Amber and Jenna licked up and down Alan's throbbing shaft as Kylee sucked the tip, their agile tongues tracing the thick veins and flickering over the sensitive underside.

They pressed wet, open-mouthed kisses along his length, letting their drool dribble down to coat his flesh.

"Oh yeah, get him nice and sloppy," Jenna purred, fisting the base of Alan's spit-slicked cock and aiming it towards Amber's. "Your turn, girl. Choke on my brother's big dick."

Amber eagerly engulfed him, relaxing her throat to take him deeper until the swollen head nudged the back of her mouth. She held him there, swallowing convulsively around him and making him twitch between her stretched lips.

Kylee and Jenna lavished attention on Alan's heavy, cum- filled balls as Amber face-fucked herself, slurping and drooling all over his cock.

They lapped at his sack, sucking each orb into their hot mouths and rolling them on their tongues before releasing them with a lewd pop.

Alan's testicles were engorged with sperm. It had been an hour since he last ejaculated and his nuts swollen and heavy with his pent-up seed.

As Kylee and Jenna took turns sucking each cum-filled orb into their hungry mouths, they marveled at the sheer weight and heat of them against their tongues.

The delicate skin of Alan's scrotum was already taut and straining from his arousal, stretched paper-thin over the plump ovals within. His balls churned and pulsed as the girls lapped and slurped at them, priming to unleash a massive load.

Kylee sealed her lips around the left testicle, sucking strongly and hollowing her cheeks. She could feel the coiled tubes of his epididymis, where his sperm matured before shooting through his vas deferens during ejaculation. She worked the firm flesh with her tongue-piercing, massaging the spermatic cords.

On the right testicle, Jenna fluttered her licker against the wrinkled skin, tracing the seam between the two swollen orbs. She lightly scraped her teeth over the surface before sucking the whole sack into her mouth, gently squeezing and tugging on it.

The sensations shooting from his balls straight to his throbbing cock made Alan's shaft flex hard in Amber's throat. She gagged and sputtered as he hit the back of her mouth, tears springing to her eyes, but gamely kept swallowing him down.

Jenna and Kylee redoubled their efforts, licking and suckling at the taut, smooth skin of Alan's balls, worshipping the cum factories that would soon be giving up their bounty. They knew millions of sperm were swimming in the warm, musky depths of his testicles, just waiting to erupt.

The obscene slurping and sucking sounds of the three cheerleaders devouring Alan's genitals echoed obscenely through his bedroom.

Drool ran down their chins as they greedily mouthed and tongued every inch of his most sensitive flesh. Their pretty faces glistened with the evidence of their depravity.

Alan's cock pulsed urgently in Amber's mouth, signaling his impending orgasm.

She pulled off with a gasp, strings of saliva connecting his angry purple cockhead to her puffy lips. She fisted his shaft hard and fast as the other two continued feasting on his balls.

"Fuuuck, I think he's gonna cum!" Amber panted. "Quick, get your mouths on this dick! We gotta catch every drop!"

The three girls converged on Alan's jerking cockhead, their open mouths hovering inches away.

Amber pumped his shaft firmly, aiming him at their waiting faces as Jenna and Kylee massaged his balls, coaxing out his load.

With a full-body shudder, Alan's pulsing erection erupted like a geyser, spraying thick ropes of pearly cum all over the eager faces of the three nubile cheerleaders.

They squealed in delight as jet after jet of hot jizz splattered their flushed cheeks, parted lips, and outstretched tongues.

"Yes, yesss! Hose us down with your spunk!" Jenna cried, pumping Alan's pulsating shaft furiously. Voluminous amounts of semen poured from his slit, coating his sister and her friends' in a creamy facial.

The girls angled their open mouths to catch the seemingly endless streams, moaning wantonly as the salty essence flooded their palates. They lapped up every drop they could, swallowing greedily before diving back in for more.

Alan's cock jerked and twitched violently as it disgorged spurt after heavy spurt, his balls clenching almost painfully as they were drained.

The cheerleaders milked him relentlessly, fisting and suckling his erupting dick, determined to wring out every last bit of cum.

"Fuck, there's so much," Amber panted in awe between mouthfuls of jizz. "He's like a fucking faucet!"

Thick rivulets of semen dripped down her chin to splatter on her heaving tits.

"Mmm, and it tastes so good," Kylee moaned, slurping the pearly cream from her sticky lips. "I could suck this cock all day."

She lapped at Alan's spurting slit, savoring the salty tang bursting on her tongue.

The flow finally began to ebb, Alan's battered cock giving a last few feeble twitches as it surrendered the dregs of his release. The girls nursed on him gently, coaxing out the last dribbles and licking him clean with soft little kitten licks.

As they sat back on their haunches, the obscene sight of the three teenaged faces glazed in spunk, grinning in satisfaction, was one to behold.

Jenna, Amber and Kylee were absolutely drenched in her brother's ejaculate, their features nearly unrecognizable under the heavy coat of cum.

Thick globs dripped from their chins, noses and eyelashes, oozing slowly down to join the milky puddles collecting on their heaving breasts. They looked like utterly debauched cum-sluts, and they couldn't be more thrilled.

With wicked giggles, the girls began to make out sloppily, licking the jizz from each other's messy faces. They shared the creamy treat between their lips and tongues, moaning

lustily at the wickedly taboo flavor of Jenna's brother slathered all over them.

The next day (Saturday), Alan's busty school teacher, Mrs. Johnson, stopped by the house with her husband to check on her student's progress since the accident.

She looked like a curvy version of the actress Amy Adams, with flowing red hair and blatantly oversized tits.

As they chatted with Susan in the kitchen over coffee, Mrs. Johnson couldn't stop thinking about the handsome young athlete lying helpless upstairs.

She had always had a crush on Alan, fantasizing about his fit body during classes, but even more so when she was home and could furiously rub her clit.

The thought of him comatose and vulnerable sent shameful tingles through her curvy body.

Mrs. Johnson squirmed in her seat, growing wet as she imagined taking advantage of the situation.

Unable to resist temptation any longer, she placed a hand on her husband's arm. "Honey, why don't you wait here while I go up and sit with Alan for a bit? I'm sure Susan could use a little break."

Susan hid a knowing smirk behind her mug. She recognized the lustful gleam in the teacher's eyes. It seemed Alan would be servicing yet another horny cunt today. "Of course, what

a thoughtful idea. I'm sure Alan would appreciate a visit from his favorite teacher."

Mrs. Johnson climbed the stairs on shaky legs, her massive tits jiggling in anticipation beneath her conservative blouse.

She slipped into Alan's room, shut the door quietly and locked it, turning to feast her eyes on his comatose form.

"Oh Alan," she breathed, already hiking up her skirt as she approached the bed. "I've wanted this for so long. You have no idea how many times I've fingered myself imagining your young cock splitting me open."

She sat on the edge of the mattress and fondled Alan's flaccid penis reverently through his shorts, shivering as the flesh began to stiffen and grow beneath her touch.

Mrs. Johnson licked her lips as she pulled off his bottoms, then pumped his swelling shaft, watching it rise to its full impressive size.

"Oh my God, look how big you are," she whispered, guessing that his meaty boner was nearly twice the size of that of her husband.

Unable to wait a second longer, she quickly shed her skirt and panties, then joined him on the bed.

The busty school teacher shamelessly swung a leg over Alan's prone body and positioned his bulbous cockhead at the dripping entrance of her clean-shaven pussy.

"Gonna ride you so fucking hard," she moaned, sinking down and letting out a low groan as his thickness stretched her

needy cunt. "Gonna milk this dick for all its worth while my husband waits downstairs, clueless."

Mrs. Johnson began to bounce on Alan with lewd abandon, her huge jugs nearly spilling out of her top as she slammed her pussy up and down his rigid pole.

The wet, obscene sounds of her fucking herself on his cock filled the room, joined by her breathless grunts and moans.

"Fuck, I'm not gonna last long," she panted, grinding her clit hard against Alan's pelvis. "Gonna cum all over this teen dick while my hubby sits oblivious in the kitchen. Squeeze the cum out of these big balls, unh!"

Mrs. Johnson rode Alan brutally, using his body to chase her illicit pleasure. Her pussy clenched like a silken vise around his throbbing meat.

Alan watched Mrs. Johnson ride him with wild abandon through eyes that barely peeked open. He couldn't believe this was really happening. His hot, MILF teacher, the star of so many adolescent fantasies, was actually fucking herself on his cock while her oblivious husband waited downstairs.

Mrs. Johnson tore at the buttons of her blouse, desperate to free her heaving tits. Alan stared transfixed as she shrugged out of the garment and reached back to unclasp her embroidered bra. Like every boy he knew, he had spent countless boring classes imagining what those giant jugs looked like, and now they were finally bared for his viewing pleasure.

"Oh fuck yes," Mrs. Johnson groaned as her massive jugs sprang free, bouncing obscenely with each thrust of her hips.

They were even more glorious than Alan had fantasized – perfectly round and pillowy, capped with protuberant nipples that stuck out from wide areolas.

She cupped the heavy globes, offering them up to her student's hungry gaze. "You like my big, heavy tits, don't you Alan? I've seen you staring at them in class, imagining nasty things."

Mrs. Johnson squeezed her breasts together, the succulent flesh pillowing enticingly, making her teats stick out nearly an inch.

She captured the stiff peaks between her fingers and tugged, gasping as she rolled the sensitive nubs.

Lost in pleasure, she began bouncing harder on Alan's straining erection, the wet slap of her bubble butt against his thighs filling the room.

Her huge rack jiggled hypnotically with every movement, the perfect pink nipples drawing Alan's eyes like a beacon.

Unconsciously, he licked his lips, imagining latching onto one of those ripe buds and suckling greedily. He wanted to feel the weight of her massive mammaries in his palms as he kneaded and mauled the soft flesh.

Mrs. Johnson seemed to read his mind. Leaning forward, she dangled her jugs over Alan's face, so close he could feel the heat radiating off her skin. The cleavage between her

ginormous tits seemed as dark and deep as the Grand Canyon. The tantalizing scent of her arousal mixed with a subtle perfume made his head swim.

"Suck on my big titties, Alan" she purred, taking a nipple and tracing it around Alan's slack lips. "I know you've been dying to get your mouth on them. Do a good job and maybe I'll let you fuck them later…"

With that, she shoved her breast against Alan's mouth, groaning in bliss as she experienced what felt like a suckle.

His wet, warm mouth felt incredible on her sensitive peak and Mrs. Johnson ground her aching clit against his pubic bone as she fucked his face with her tits.

Alan relishing the taste and texture of her tit-peak. He felt smothered in the most pleasant way possible by the weight of her soft, pillowy tit-flesh engulfing his cheeks. Mrs.

Johnson groaned in ecstasy above him as she continued riding his cock with wild abandon.

"Oh yes, just like that," she panted, pressing her breast more firmly against his eager mouth. "Suck my big titties while I milk your teenage cock dry. Gonna drain these young balls right under my husband's nose."

Mrs. Johnson alternated shoving each massive jug in Alan's face, making him worship her sensitive peaks with his lips and tongue.

All the while, her cunt pumped up and down on his throbbing shaft, the wet sounds of her fucking obscenely loud in the quiet room.

Alan was in heaven, his face buried in the warm squishy tit- flesh he had fantasized about for so long while his dick was engulfed in the tight, rippling heat of his teacher's pussy.

He suckled and slurped at her aching nipples feverishly, spurred on by her wanton moans and filthy encouragements.

"Gonna cum on this fat dick," Mrs. Johnson keened, slamming herself down particularly hard. "Gonna squeeze out all the jizz from my hottest student's cock while smothering him with my tits. Fuck, fuck, I'm cumming!!"

Her cunt clamped down almost violently on Alan's swollen meat as she exploded, thrashing on top of him.

Ejaculatory juices gushed out around his pistoning cock, soaking his groin as Mrs. Johnson wailed her release.

The sensation of his teacher's pussy rippling and milking his shaft pushed Alan over the edge. With a muffled groan into her abundant tit-flesh, he bucked up and erupted, firing spurt after spurt of hot cum deep into Mrs. Johnson's rippling cunt- sheath.

"Yes, yes, give me that schoolboy spunk!" she cried rapturously, grinding her clit against him to prolong her climax. "Fill my cunt with your seed! Knock me up with your baby!"

Alan pumped what felt like gallons of jizz into his teacher's greedy hole as she rode out her orgasm on his spurting cock.

Her jiggling breasts smothered his face, muffling his groans as he emptied his balls into her welcoming womb.

Finally, Mrs. Johnson collapsed on top of him, both of them gasping for air as the last tremors wracked their bodies.

Alan's softening cock slipped out of her well-used pussy with a gush of their combined fluids.

"Mmmm, that was even better than I imagined," Mrs. Johnson purred, slowly peeling herself off of Alan's sweaty chest, her huge dangling boobies wobbling back and forth.

The teacher quickly buttoned her blouse over her huge, sensitive breasts. They ached deliciously from Alan's eager suckling. She could still feel the ghosting pressure of his lips and tongue on her tingling nipples.

Glancing at the bedside clock, she was shocked to see nearly an hour had passed while she was upstairs violating her comatose student. Her oblivious husband had been waiting patiently in the

kitchen all this time, never suspecting the depraved acts his wife was committing just above his head.

Mrs. Johnson smoothed down her skirt and fixed her disheveled hair, trying to erase the obvious signs of her illicit fucking.

She could feel Alan's warm seed beginning to leak out of her thoroughly used cunt, trickling down her inner thigh. The depravity of it all sent a fresh shudder of lust through her curvy body.

She gazed down at Alan's limp form, taking in the drying fluids painting his groin and the bite marks she had left on his chest in her passion.

He had been the perfect fuck-toy, a hot young body for her to use as she pleased. Mrs. Johnson knew this wouldn't be the last time she took advantage of her student's helpless state.

Leaning down, she placed a almost motherly kiss on Alan's slack mouth, tasting herself on his lips. "Until next time, stud," she whispered wickedly. "I can't wait to drain this cock again and again. You're truly the teacher's pet now."

With that filthy promise, Mrs. Johnson slipped out of the bedroom, leaving Alan motionless on the soiled sheets, his spunk oozing out of her freshly fucked hole with each step.

She descended the stairs with a secret smile, wondering just how long she could keep her husband waiting during these little "visits" before he got suspicious.

Susan looked up from her coffee as Mrs. Johnson entered the kitchen, noting the teacher's flushed cheeks and the way she shifted her weight from foot to foot. It was clear she had just been thoroughly dicked down by Alan's impressive cock.

The two women exchanged a knowing look, their lips curving into matching wicked smirks. No words were needed. They were now co-conspirators in depravity, both shamelessly using Alan's comatose body for their own twisted pleasure.

Susan knew she would be hosting many more of these little visits from Mrs. Johnson and any other horny woman who

wanted a taste of her son's prime fuck-meat. After all, what were mothers for if not to whore out their comatose boys to any wet cunt that came begging?

Mrs. Johnson collected her clueless husband, barely able to look him in the eye with her student's cum still warm inside her, and bid Susan goodbye with a promise to come again very soon.

As the couple departed, Susan couldn't suppress a smug chuckle. If only that poor naïve man knew what a filthy cheating cock-slut his wife was. Her own hubby was just as clueless, giving her a wicked thrill.

"I fucking hate Saturdays," Susan told her sister, Liz, by phone. "Our husbands are home so how the hell are we suppose to fuck Alan's cock?"

"Why don't we just take him for a ride...somewhere secluded," Liz suggested, a naughty lilt to her voice. "I can lay the seats down in my van, there'll be plenty of room for all us female family members in there...and Alan, of course."

Susan's eyes lit up with wicked glee at her sister's devious idea. "Liz, you're a fucking genius! A little family road trip to defile my handsome son, I love it."

"We can tell the hubby's we're taking Alan to some special clinic for the day," Liz schemed. "They'll never suspect we're actually going out to spend hours fucking his brains out in the middle of nowhere."

"God, I'm already dripping just thinking about it," Susan groaned, rubbing her thighs together. "Being able to use Alan with total freedom, no interruptions, as much as we want... fuck!"

"I'll call the other girls, see who can get away for the day," Liz said excitedly. "Meet at my place in an hour. And make sure to pack all the toys and lube. We're gonna put Alan through the wringer today!"

A hour later, a convoy of vehicles arrived at the secluded campground Liz had chosen, far from any prying eyes.

Susan, with Alan propped up in the passenger seat, parked next to Liz's van. Their mother Ellen pulled in on the other side, along with Alan's sister Jenna.

The women could barely contain their anticipation as they hauled a limp Alan from the car and carried him to Liz's van.

Inside were Alan's pregnant sister-in-laws Nicki and Tiffany, his aunt Diane and cousin Megan. They had folded down the back seats and piled the space with blankets and pillows, creating a nest of depravity.

"Our fuck-toy has arrived!" Nicki crowed gleefully as they laid Alan's prone form in the middle of the makeshift bed.

Once they were all packed inside and the door closed, the females descended on him like vultures, stripping off his clothes and baring his helpless body to their greedy eyes.

"Dibs on sitting on his face first!" Nicki called, already shimmying out of her sundress to reveal her massive baby

bump and milk-swollen tits. "Been dripping for it the whole drive."

She quickly shed her bra and panties, then clambered astride Alan's head facing his feet, her dripping snatch poised over his slack

mouth.

With a filthy moan, Nicki lowered herself, smothering him with her soaked folds. She began to grind, smearing her juices all over his face as she groaned in satisfaction.

"Fuck, nothing better than having my pregnant pussy eaten," she panted, gripping Alan's hair and forcibly rubbing his nose against her engorged clit. "That's it, eat my pussy."

The other women stripped naked, huge bras and fragrant panties strewn everywhere. They surrounded Alan on the bed, hands roaming possessively over every inch of his muscular form as Nicki rode his face with increasing desperation.

"Let's lick and chew at his flesh," Susan suggested, eyes gleaming with perverse hunger as she ran her hands over Alan's prone body.

"Chew? Won't that hurt him?" Ellen asked, looking unsure.

"Mother, he's in a coma. He won't feel a thing," Susan said dismissively. "And even if he could, a little pain just makes it hotter. Shows him who owns this gorgeous fuck-meat."

The other women murmured their agreement, their gazes raking over Alan's helpless form with sadistic lust.

Nicki continued to grind her dripping cunt against his face, moaning wantonly as she smeared her juices all over his slack features.

"Mmm, I want a taste," Diane purred, leaning down to drag her tongue along Alan's neck, her doughy-soft tits dragging on his naked chest.

She scraped her teeth over his pulse point before biting down hard, sucking a deep purple mark into his skin.

Emboldened, the others dove in, mauling Alan's prone body with their mouths. They licked every inch of his flesh, tracing the lines of his muscles with the tips of their tongues.

Hungry lips latched onto his nipples, collarbones, ribs, abs, sucking and nibbling until he was littered with lurid hickeys.

"Fuck, he tastes so good," Megan groaned around a mouthful of Alan's bicep, gnawing on the firm meat. "I could just eat him alive."

"Save some for the rest of us," Liz laughed wickedly, shoving her sister aside to bite viciously at Alan's pec. The imprint of her teeth stood out starkly on his skin.

Nicki gasped and shuddered, her aunt's brutal love bites sending jolts of arousal through her. "Harder," she panted, grinding down on Alan's face frantically. "Mark him all over, make him ours."

The women set upon Alan with renewed fervor, determined to cover every inch of him with the evidence of their possession.

They bit and chewed at his most sensitive spots, his inner thighs, his sides, his neck, leaving reddened impressions behind.

Alan lay motionless beneath the onslaught, unable to resist or respond as his female relatives feasted on his flesh like starving animals. In his mind, he delighted in the feel of their teeth and tongues.

"Gonna cum!" Nicki suddenly wailed, her hips bucking erratically against Alan's messy face. "Fuck, fuck, fuuuuuck!"

With a banshee shriek, she exploded, her pussy pulsing and gushing girl-squirt all over Alan's slack mouth as she thrashed above him.

As Nicki came down from her high, Susan pushed her aside impatiently, eager for her own turn with her son's mouth. "Mommy's

gonna ride your face now, baby boy," she cooed, straddling his head. "Gonna smother you with my cunt until you make me squirt."

Susan lowered her dripping slit onto Alan's face, groaning in satisfaction as his slack features were engulfed by her wet labial heat.

She began to rock her hips, undulating lewdly as she rubbed herself all over his mouth and nose.

"Fuck yes, that's it," she panted, gripping Alan's hair and forcing his face harder against her needy flesh. "Lick Mommy's pussy just like that, make me cum on you."

269: The Family Fuck Doll-4/4

As Susan grew more vocal in her pleasure, the other women turned their attention to Alan's lower half.

Liz wrapped her hand around his thick cock, stroking him to full hardness as Jenna and Diane lapped at his balls, bathing the sensitive sack with their tongues.

"God, he's so fucking huge," Liz groaned, pumping her fist up and down Alan's impressive, sinewy length. "I can't wait to feel this beast splitting me open."

"Me first," Tiffany demanded, shoving Liz aside and throwing a leg over Alan's hips to straddle him.

She rubbed the fat head of his cock through her slick folds, teasing herself. "Been dying to ride this dick again."

With a wanton moan, Alan's pregnant sister-in-law sank down on his throbbing erection, taking him to the hilt in one smooth stroke.

Her eyes rolled back in bliss as he stretched her impossibly full, his thickness dragging deliciously along the fluttering walls of her birthing tube.

"Oh fuck, oh shit!" she babbled, rising up until just the barbed tip remained inside her before slamming back down. "Goddamn, your cock is amazing! Ruining my pregnant cunt so good!"

Tiffany began to bounce feverishly on Alan's lap, her massive, milk-engorged tits jiggling hypnotically with every roll of her hips.

The wet, obscene sounds of her pussy slurping on his cock filled the van, mixing with the lewd slaps of her rounded ass against his thighs.

The other women looked on enviously as Tiffany used Alan with wild abandon, chasing her pleasure on his rigid shaft.

Susan continued to grind on his face, smearing her fragrant secretions all over him as she edged towards her climax.

"Close… fuck I'm so close," Susan panted, pinching her hardened teats roughly as she rubbed her clitoris furiously against Alan's slack mouth. "Gonna squirt all over your face, baby! Drink down Mommy's juices like a good boy!"

Susan threw her head back with a guttural moan as her orgasm crashed through her pregnant frame, her cunt gushing and quivering against Alan's messy features.

She bucked and writhed uncontrollably, grinding herself down on him as hard as she could as she rode out the intense waves of pleasure.

On Alan's cock, Tiffany was approaching her own peak, her pussy gripping him like a velvet vise as she impaled herself over and over. "Hnng, yes! Stretching me so fucking good!" she wailed, her huge baby-laden belly and milk-ripe tits heaving with each frantic bounce. "Gonna cum all over this fat dick!"

With a shrill cry, Tiffany's cunt clamped down on Alan's throbbing shaft, rippling wildly as she exploded. Her juices gushed out around his girth, splattering obscenely onto his groin and thighs as she came apart above him.

The fuck-hungry 25-year-old leaned forward as she continued to frantically hump Alan's cock, letting her massive, milk-laden tits swing heavily over his face. Her breasts were extremely engorged

from the pregnancy, the skin stretched taut and shiny over the ripe, swollen mounds.

Each tit was capped by an enormous areola, nearly the size of a saucer. The darkened skin was textured with tiny bumps, the surface pebbled with arousal.

In the center of each puffy areola jutted an impossibly thick nipple, standing out almost an inch. They were a deep, ruddy color, looking almost painfully erect.

As Tiffany's huge pregnant tits swung mere inches from Alan's slack face, drops of tit-honey began to bead at the tips of her fat nipples.

The pearly liquid gathered until it dripped free, splattering onto Alan's cheeks and forehead as Tiffany furiously fucked herself on his cock.

"Mmmm, you like your sister-in-law's big milky titties, don't you?" Tiffany panted, grabbing her heavy breasts and slapping them against Alan's face.

She rubbed the huge, crinkle-texured areolas all over his slack features, smearing him with her milk. "Gonna drown you in these giant jugs while I ride you."

Tiffany pressed her drooping tits together around Alan's face, trapping him in a smothering embrace of warm, fragrant flesh.

Milk dribbled steadily from her swollen buds, coating his cheeks and mouth as she undulated above him.

Her sensitive, bumpy areolas dragged back and forth across his nose, sending electric shocks of pleasure through her.

The other women looked on in awe and envy at the lewd display, watching Tiffany's massive pregnant breasts engulf the comatose

boys head. They rubbed their aching cunts, desperate for their own turn to use Alan so wantonly.

"Fuck, I'm getting close again," Tiffany whimpered, her hips snapping urgently as she chased another peak on Alan's thick cock. "Gonna cream all over this dick while I smother him with my huge milky tits!"

She ground herself down, burying Alan's shaft deep as she pinched and tugged at her swollen, milk-leaking nipples.

Her cunt rippled wildly around him as she hurtled towards climax, the wet squelching of her pussy obscenely loud in the confines of the van.

Tiffany threw her head back with a shrill wail as she came apart again, her tits crushing Alan's face as her body shook and jerked with the force of her orgasm.

Milk sprayed with greater force from her pebbled nipples, raining down on Alan's messy features as her cunt gushed around his throbbing cock.

"My turn," said Grandma Ellen, her humongous udders wobbling back and forth as she mounted her Grandson. His

dick was so wet and slippery from Tiffany ejaculate that she could hardly grab hold of it.

"Gotcha!" Ellen blurted, grasping his veiny meat-shaft at its thick base and notching its spongy crown between the flanges of her labium.

Boy-glans and Granny-clit rubbed together – two juicy bulbs, one large, one small, smeared in secretions and tingling from friction.

Alan's knob slipped into her vestibule and split her orifice, sinking inside his Gran's overheated vagina.

With a downward jerk of her hips, Ellen began riding him just as Tiffany had, snapping her wide birthing hips up and back rhythmically, gorging her cooter with cock-meat.

At 65, her tits had grown to an almost comical size, each one like an overripe watermelon capped with a saucer-sized caps.

The darkened skin of her areolas was a mottled purplish- brown, covered in prominent bumps. With arousal, they crinkled and puckered, drawing up into thick, rubbery discs. In the center of each giant areola protruded a shockingly large nipple, at least an inch long and as thick as a thumb.

Ellen's turgid tittie-nubs were a deep brownish red, throbbing in time with her rapid pulse as she sheathed her greedy cunt on her grandson's cock.

"Get ready to be smothered by Granny's big ol' titties," Ellen cackled gleefully. She bottomed out with a loud moan, her

swollen pussy lips stretched obscenely around Alan's thick root.

She began to bounce vigorously, her gigantic, veiny breasts wobbling and slapping together lewdly with each movement.

Leaning forward, Ellen let her massive udders engulf Alan's face completely, trapping him in a smothering embrace of her soft but surprisingly firm tit-flesh. Her giant, spongy areolas rubbed all over his slack features as she ground her soaked, hairy gash against his pelvis.

"Mmmm take it all, suck on Granny's big fat nipples while I fuck myself stupid on this prime cock!" Ellen groaned, pinching her

throbbing nubs and pushing them insistently against Alan's slack lips.

The huge, bumpy discs of her areolas scraped deliciously against Alan's face as Ellen used him like her personal fuck toy, her meaty cunt slurping obscenely as it devoured his cock again and again.

The other women frigged themselves feverishly as they watched the depraved spectacle, awed by the sheer size and lewdness of Ellen's mature titties.

Alan's unyielding rod carved again the well-defined tissue of Ellen's G-spot, eliciting exquisite tingles in her clitoral root.

This brought her body spiraling towards a earth-shattering climax.

"Gonna cum, gonna cum all over your beautiful cock!" Ellen wailed, her fatty cheeks jiggling as she slammed herself down one last time and exploded in ecstasy. Her pussy spasmed violently, gushing her hot, sticky release around Alan's pulsing shaft as her massive breasts quaked violently.

As Ellen dismounted from Alan's still-hard cock, his Aunt Diane, his dad's sister, quickly took her place, straddling his hips with a wicked gleam in her eye.

At 42, church-going mother's breasts were the biggest of all the women, a staggering J-cup that jutted proudly from her chest. Each massive tit was capped by a wide, puffy areola the color of dusty rose. The skin was pebbly and textured, with tiny goosebumps rising as she grew more aroused.

From the center protruded thick, meaty nipples nearly an inch long, throbbing visibly with her excitement.

Diane's huge breasts swayed pendulously as she positioned Alan's straining erection at her entrance, the heavy globes of flesh jiggling

with even the slightest movement. She was so buxom that her enormous jugs rested on Alan chest as she slouch above him on all-fours, fitting his knob against her hungry fuck-hole.

"Ready to be suffocated by these giant titties, nephew dear?" Diane purred as she began to sink down onto Alan's cock. "Ungh fuck! Yessss, split Auntie's hungry cunt open!"

Diane's mature pussy swallowed him to the hilt, her slick walls rippling deliciously around his thickness. She started to bounce energetically, her massive juggernauts flying up and slapping back down against her chest with lewd, meaty thwacks.

Leaning forward, Diane shoved her enormous breasts into Alan's face, completely covering his slack features in their doughy warmth. Her puffy, bumpy areolas scraped against his cheeks and forehead as she smothered him deliberately, grinding her dripping snatch down onto his cock.

"Mmmm, take it all," Diane groaned, gripping the heavy undersides of her breasts and pushing them harder against Alan. "Motorboat these huge fucking tits while Auntie rides you like a stallion!"

The other women looked on in awe as Diane's gigantic jugs molded around their nephew's head, eclipsing it from view. Her throbbing, inch-long nipples poked into his face as she rubbed the massive mounds all over him, leaving smears of her fragrant essence on his skin.

Diane's cunt began to flutter wildly around Alan's pistoning cock as she approached her peak, her pussy making obscene squelching noises as it worked him over. Her mountainous tits quivered and rippled, the puffy areolas puckering tighter with her impending orgasm.

"Fuck, cumming! Cumming so hard on my hung nephew's big dick!" Diane wailed, slamming herself down one last time as she exploded.

Her body shook and bucked violently, her giant knockers slapping Alan's face as her pussy clenched rhythmically around him.

She wasn't finished, lowering her upper half and squeezing Alan's entire head between her tits as she began bouncing on him hard again. He was lost in a world of stifling, smothering tit-flesh, his face completely engulfed between Diane's massive J-cup breasts as she squeezed them together around his head and continued to bounce feverishly on his cock.

The sensation was overwhelming - the weight of her huge, doughy tits pressing in from all sides, the heat and moistness of her sweat-dampened skin, the heady scent of her arousal. He could scarcely breathe, each inhale drawing in more of her intoxicating, womanly musk.

Diane's puffy, throbbing nipples dug almost painfully into Alan's cheeks as she flexed her chest muscles, crushing his face even tighter in the warm valley of her cleavage. The pebbly, bumpy surface of her large areolas scraped deliciously against his slack features as she ground her enormous bust all over him.

Below, Alan's cock was being worked over mercilessly by Diane's ravenous cunt, her velvety walls rippling and clenching around his sensitive flesh as she impaled herself over and over. The wet, filthy sounds of her pussy devouring

him filled his ears, punctuated by the slap of her plump ass against his thighs with each downward plunge.

Though Alan remained motionless, his mind reeled drunkenly from the intense stimulation, his body somehow responding again and again despite the relentless over-use. His nerve endings screamed as his swollen cock plowed through his aunt's tight sheath, his balls drawing up in preparation to unleash yet another load.

Dimly, he was aware of the other women's voices urging Diane on, egging her to even more depraved heights as she used him like a mindless sex doll.

"Smother the shit out of him with those monster tits!" "Bounce on that cock, drain your hung nephew dry!" "Fuck yes, make him paint your cervix with spunk!"

Their lewd encouragements only spurred Diane to ride Alan harder, her massive jugs jiggling obscenely as she slammed her curvy body down onto him with wild abandon. Her pussy began to spasm wildly, signaling her approaching orgasm.

"Cumming again!" Diane shrieked, her cunt bearing down on Alan's throbbing shaft almost painfully as she started to convulse. "Fuck, fuck, fuuuuck!"

Her explosive climax triggered Alan's own, his balls pulsing as they unleashed a veritable flood of semen deep into his aunt's greedily milking depths. He erupted in long, agonizing spurts, his cock jerking and twitching as it disgorged what felt like gallons of cum.

Through it all, Alan's face remained buried in the sweat-slick cave of Diane's enormous cleavage, the heavy mounds of flesh quivering and rippling around him as she shuddered through her intense orgasm. Her huge nipples pulsed against his cheeks, rock hard and throbbing in time with the rhythmic clenching of her cunt around his erupting cock.

Alan felt like he was drowning, suffocating in his aunt's massive tits as she crushed them even tighter around his head, her chest heaving as she gulped for air.

Sparkles of light exploded behind his eyelids from the lack of oxygen, his lungs burning. Just as the darkness began to encroach on his vision, Diane released him, slumping back with a satisfied groan.

Cool air rushed into Alan's lungs as his aunt's smothering tit- flesh lifted away, the oppressive weight removed from his face. He gasped for breath, chest rising and falling rapidly as he panted. His cock slipped free of Diane's thoroughly fucked hole with a gush of their combined fluids.

"Mmm, I think we damn near drowned him in tit," Diane chuckled wickedly, giving her huge breasts a lewd jiggle. "Poor baby's face is beet red."

The other women cackled, eyeing Alan's slack, flushed features hungrily. His cheeks and forehead glistened with sweat and Diane's essence where she had rubbed her puffy areolas all over him.

Streaks of his pearly cum painted his aunt's inner thighs where it had leaked from her freshly bred cunt.

"Dibs on smothering him with my ass next," Megan declared, already clambering to straddle Alan's head facing his feet.

She reached back to spread her plump cheeks, revealing her winking pink rosebud. "Gonna shove my tight little pucker right on his mouth and ride his face until he makes me cum."

With a filthy moan, Megan lowered her rump, grinding her musky asshole against Alan's slack lips. She undulated her hips, smearing her most intimate essence all over his face as she rubbed herself shamelessly on her helpless cousin.

"Tongue-fuck my dirty shitter," Megan demanded breathlessly, reaching down to grip Alan's hair and press his face harder into the cleft of her ass. "Shove that wet muscle all the way up my poop chute and French kiss it!"

As Megan defiled Alan's mouth with her puckered hole, Jenna moved between his splayed legs, eyeing his semi- erect cock hungrily. She

wrapped her hand around his sticky shaft, pumping him back to full throbbing hardness.

"Mmm, this dick never goes down," she purred appreciatively, thumbing the spongy head.

"Then lets fuck his brains out!" said Nicki poucing onto the teen.

The women descended on Alan in a frenzy of depraved lust, forming a writhing, humping knot of flesh with his limp body trapped at the center.

Nicki pounced on him first, impaling herself on his rigid cock with a wail of ecstasy. "Yes, stuff my pregnant cunt full of meat!" she howled as she began to bounce vigorously.

The other women pressed in from all sides, pawing at Alan's helpless body, licking and biting every inch of his flesh they could reach.

Susan nibbled along his ribs and abs, leaving a trail of lurid hickeys. Tiffany sucked dark purple bruises into the sensitive skin of his inner thighs. Ellen gnawed on his biceps like a rabid dog, drool running down her chin.

"Mark him, make him ours," Diane panted, raking her nails down Alan's heaving chest hard enough to leave red welts.

With her ass spread around his face, Megan sucked his fingers into her mouth, swirling her tongue around them suggestively before nipping the tips.

The women humped against Alan feverishly, riding his face and cock for their selfish pleasure, making the vehicle rock from their ministrations. The wet, obscene sounds of vigorous fucking filled the van, punctuated by animalistic grunts and wanton moans. A miasma of female arousal hung thick in the air.

Nicki screamed as she came apart on Alan's pistoning cock, her beach-ball-sized belly quivering as she gushed all over his groin.

Jenna followed moments later, drenching his face in pussy juice as she convulsed above him. No sooner had they dismounted, panting, than Susan and Tiffany took their

places, spearing themselves on Alan's sloppy erection and mouth.

Susan and Tiffany's heavily pregnant bellies jutted out obscenely as they mounted Alan's prone form, the taut skin stretched shiny over their swollen abdomens. As they began to move, bouncing and grinding on his cock and face, their gravid midsections wobbled lewdly, rippling with each vigorous thrust.

Inside Susan's womb, her unborn child was tossed about in the amniotic fluid as she rode her son's thick shaft with wild abandon. The baby somersaulted and spun, its developing body jostled by its mother's brutal movements as she sought her own wicked pleasure.

Susan's belly undulated obscenely, the imprint of tiny limbs visible as they pressed against the drum-tight skin.

Tiffany's stomach swayed heavily as she humped Alan's slack face, its immense roundness preceding her. Her two, identical-twin passenger sloshed and bobbed in her distended uterus, subjected to a turbulent ride as Tiffany ground her slick folds against her nephew's messy features. The babies tumbled head over heels, their fragile forms buffeted by the force of Tiffany's selfish gyrations.

The two women's massively pregnant bellies nearly eclipsed Alan from view, pressing together as they leaned over him, riding his helpless body for their twisted gratification.

Tiffany and Susan's unborn children were unwitting participants in the depraved act, trapped in their wobbling

cocoons and tossed about as their mothers defiled themselves on Alan's limp form.

"Ungh fuck yes!" Susan grunted, slamming her swollen body down harder, her belly jiggling violently as she chased her climax on her son's throbbing erection. "Gonna cum all over this fat cock, squirt you full of mommy juice!"

"Me too," Tiffany panted, rubbing her aching clit against Alan's nose as she smeared her musky essence across his slack features. "Drown in pregnant pussy, fucker! Suck my cunt 'til I gush in your mouth!"

The two women wailed in debased ecstasy as they exploded nearly in unison, their bodies shaking and quivering as they cried out through intense orgasms. Their bellies rippled and danced grotesquely, the babies within tumbling ass over end as their mothers climaxed.

Tiffany and Susan slumped against each other as they came down, gasping for breath, their pregnant midsections still juddering with aftershocks.

Inside them, their unborn children slowly settled, lulled by the warm rocking as the women's wombs clenched rhythmically around them.

"Mmmm, nothing better than riding your face 'til I squirt," Tiffany sighed, lifting herself off Alan's drenched features. His slack expression was soaked in her essence.

The other insatiable mothers grew impatient with taking turns riding Alan. They wanted to be able to fuck his cock with wild abandon, in different positions.

With a wicked gleam in her eye, Susan grabbed Alan under the armpits and hauled his limp form upright onto his knees.

"Hold him just like that," she instructed Ellen and Diane. They moved to either side of Alan, gripping his arms to keep his torso vertical, his head lolling backwards. His rigid cock jutted out at a perfect upward angle obscenely, glistening with the combined juices of the women who had already used him.

Susan turned and positioned herself on her hands and knees in front of Alan, her huge ass raised invitingly, the puffy lips of her cunt peeking out from between her thighs. "Someone aim his dick for me," she demanded breathlessly, already trembling with anticipation.

Megan reached between Alan's legs from behind, grasping his throbbing erection and guiding it to rub against her aunt's slippery folds. Susan pushed back eagerly, letting out a low moan as the swollen head popped inside her.

"Oh fuck yes," she hissed, throwing her hips back to take Alan's entire length in one smooth thrust. She began to rock back and forth, fucking herself on his cock with rhythmic clenches of her cunt. "Mmmm, nothing better than my baby boy's huge dick splitting me open doggy style."

Ellen and Diane held Alan steady as Susan used him, his body jolting with the force of her energetic thrusts. His head

flopped bonelessly, eyes rolling back as his mother's slick heat engulfed him again and again. Drool leaked from the corner of his slack mouth.

"Fuck, I'm close already," Susan panted, slamming her thick ass back to meet Alan's groin with obscene slaps. Her dangling tits swung wildly, her pussy rippling around him as she chased her orgasm, greedy for every inch of cock she could take. "Gonna... Oh shit, I'm gonna cum! Fuuuck!"

With a shrill wail, Susan exploded, her cunt gushing around Alan's pistoning shaft. She bucked and writhed through the intense waves

of pleasure, still grinding back onto him to prolong the sensation. Finally she slumped forward, letting his cock slip from her twitching hole.

"Who's next?" she asked with a breathless laugh, looking over her shoulder at the other women. They were all frigging themselves desperately, worked up from the depraved display. "Me, I need it," Tiffany whimpered, scrambling to take Susan's place on her hands and knees. She reached back to spread her plump ass cheeks wide, exposing her winking rosebud. "Someone shove his cock in my asshole, I want to feel him in my guts."

Megan eagerly grabbed Alan's spit-slicked cock, still rock hard and pulsing, and positioned it against Tiffany's puckered back entrance.

With a firm thrust of her hips, Tiffany forced her sphincter to relax, allowing the bulbous head to push past the tight ring of muscle.

"Ohhh fuuuck!" she groaned, throwing her head back as the thick shaft invaded her most intimate hole. The brutal penetration sent shockwaves of pleasure-pain rocketing up her spine. "So fucking big in my ass!"

Tiffany began to rock back and forth, impaling herself deeper on Alan's erection with each backwards thrust. The other women looked on in awe as inch after inch of his impressive length disappeared into her stretched anus, her ass cheeks jiggling lewdly.

"That's it, nice and deep," Megan encouraged, pressing on the small of Tiffany's back to force her to take even more. "Work that huge dick with your shitter. Milk him dry."

Ellen and Diane tightened their grip on Alan's arms as Tiffany began to piston her hips faster, her ass slamming back against his groin with lewd slaps. His body jolted with each impact but he remained a slack, drooling mess, his head lolling as his sister-in-law fucked his cock with her tight back hole.

"Fucking hell, I'm stuffed so full," Tiffany babbled deliriously, one hand snaking between her legs to furiously frig her clit as she continued fucking herself on Alan's raging erection. "Gonna cum with my ass crammed full of dick!"

The other women gathered closer, their hands roaming all over Tiffany's jiggling ass and Alan's flexing backside as the depraved anal reaming intensified. They urged them on with filthy encouragements.

"Wreck that shitter on his fat cock!"

"Squeeze it with your ass, make him spray your guts!" "Pound that butt pussy hard! Show him who owns his dick!"

Tiffany wailed like a banshee as her orgasm crashed through her, her anus clamping down rhythmically around Alan's thrusting shaft. Her untouched cunt gushed, spraying her release all over the blanket as she shook and spasmed violently.

Alan let out a strangled groan as Tiffany's ass milked him, his balls drawing up tight. With a full body shudder, he began to cum deep in his sister-in-law's bowels, pumping her full of his hot seed.

She moaned whorishly as she felt him erupt in long, powerful spurts, painting her anal walls white.

The orgy continued for hours, the women using Alan brutally, trading places on his cock and face in an endless daisy chain of depravity. He was fucked by every hole, smothered by tits and asses, bitten and clawed and marked. Gallons of fem-cum bathed his battered flesh, matted his hair, filled his slack mouth and nostrils.

The lactating mothers took turns shoving their huge, milk- swollen breasts into Alan's slack face, forcing his mouth

open and stuffing their leaky nipples past his lips. Though comatose, on a primal level Alan's body responded to the instinct to suckle.

Susan mashed her dribbling tit into her son's mouth, moaning wantonly as his tongue reflexively curled around the throbbing bud. "That's it, nurse on Mommy's big juicy nipple," she gasped, fisting her hand in his hair to press his face harder into her soft flesh. "Drink down all that yummy titty milk."

Warm, sweet fluid gushed over Alan's tongue, flowing to the back of his throat. He swallowed convulsively, his cheeks hollowing as he suckled harder. Susan's milk let down in earnest, spraying into his mouth in pulsing jets as she groaned in ecstasy.

"My turn, my turn!" Diane chanted eagerly, shoving her sister out of the way and presenting her own massive, veiny tits to Alan's mouth. "Drain Auntie's big ol' titties dry, baby."

She crammed her spongy, saucer-sized areola between Alan's lips, the pebbled flesh puckering tighter as he latched on. Her inch-long nipple throbbed against his tongue as he drew on it forcefully, coaxing out her rich, creamy milk.

Alan gulped down mouthful after mouthful of the warm fluid, his throat working as he swallowed. Diane's milk was thicker and more buttery than Susan's, coating his tongue heavily.

He suckled greedily as she hissed and mewled above him, her heavy jugs quivering.

"Your brother's wife has some yummy colostrum for you," Nicki cooed, taking Diane's place and guiding Alan's slack mouth to her hugely pregnant breasts. Viscous yellow drops beaded at the tips of her long, rubbery nipples. "It's extra nutritious for growing boys."

The moment Nicki's turgid nipple slipped past Alan's lips, a thick stream of pre-milk gushed out, splattering the back of his throat.

The concentrated fluid was sweeter and much thicker than regular breastmilk, with an almost oily texture. He swallowed heavily, Adam's apple bobbing, as his mouth was flooded again and again.

One by one, each of the lactating women took a turn feeding Alan from their ripe, dripping tits. He was passed around like a nursing infant, forced to suckle the milk from every pair of breasts as the depraved orgy continued around him.

Through it all, Alan's drug-addled body continued to respond, his cock staying hard and erupting over and over, pumping endless loads into the greedy holes milking him dry.

His mind floated in a crimson haze of over-stimulation, aware of nothing but the constant assault of pleasure bordering on agony.

Inside the van, in the middle of the woods, the sounds of wet flesh slapping together, keening wails, and grunted filth rose in a debauched symphony as the women defiled Alan relentlessly.

Their voluptuous bodies writhed and undulated, a mass of slick, jiggling curves grinding against every inch of his prone

form. Hands groped, mouths bit, tongues laved, as they marked their helpless prey.

As the women used Alan's unresponsive body with wild abandon, his potent seed swam through their cunts on a biological mission. With each shuddering orgasm they milked from his overworked cock, millions of his sperm cells spurted forth, flooding their fertile wombs.

The microscopic tadpole-like cells undulated their long tails, propelling themselves through the musky fluids coating the females' vaginal canals. They navigated through the folds and ridges, seeking the ultimate prize - the ripened eggs waiting to be fertilized.

The sperm had already been primed for their epic quest as they incubated in Alan's balls, growing stronger and more motile with each pass through the epididymis. As they were ejaculated in thick, ropey bursts, the seminal fluid nourished and protected them, giving them the energy for the long journey ahead.

The first to reach their target were the sleek sperm deposited directly against the quivering cervixes. They slipped easily through the tightly muscled opening to the uterus, their whip- like tails lashing as they swarmed onwards. Behind them followed an army of millions more, all single-mindedly determined to reach and conquer the waiting ova.

As the sperm traversed the uterine lining, enzymes in the female tract helped disperse the protective seminal fluids, exposing the sperm heads and their precious DNA cargo. The fastest, strongest swimmers outdistanced the rest,

pressing onwards towards the fallopian tubes where the eggs patiently lingered.

In the warm, wet dark of the female passages, Alan's indomitable sperm pushed ever deeper, tirelessly seeking their genetically programmed goal. They cared not that their host was a mindless fuck-toy for the wanton lusts of these debauched women. Their only instinct was to burrow into the soft, welcoming eggs and inject their genetic material, sparking new life.

Three women were impregnated by Alan in the van that day; Diane, the neighbor lady, his cousin, Megan, who had just given birth a month ago and amazingly, his Grandma Barb at the ripe age of 60.

With a final flick of their tails, the victorious sperm nuzzled into the three women's pliant eggs, breaking through the outer layers. They released their precious payloads before dissolving, their mission complete. A new zygote formed, the first cells dividing as a fresh life took hold in the womb.

And so Alan's essence claimed the three women family members from the inside out, his virile seed conquering their eggs just as his cock conquered their cunts. More would have certainly got knocked up if they weren't pregnant already.

A year later, Alan remained in a coma, his body used daily by the insatiable women. Over the past year they had all ended up pregnant with his offspring. Most of them were in

their third trimesters and their bodies had transformed dramatically.

Jenna's youthful figure had blossomed with the new life growing inside her. Her once flat belly was now a ripe, gravid mound, the skin stretched tight and glistening. Silvery stretchmarks spider-webbed across the sides of her baby bump. Her breasts had nearly doubled in size, growing from triple-d's to heavy, milk-laden double-H-cup globes, capped with wide, chocolate-brown areolas and turgid nipples.

Nicki and Tiffany looked like fertility goddesses, their pregnant bellies sitting high and proud above their curvy hips. Tiffany's tits had ballooned to an impressive triple-F- cup, the heavy jugs streaked with prominent blue veins that spoke of her abundant milk supply. Her nipples jutted out like pencil erasers, nearly always erect and leaking creamy drops.

Nicki's areolas had darkened and expanded to the size of drink coasters, the bumpy surface a roadmap of Montgomery glands ready to lubricate a suckling mouth.

Susan and Liz were carrying twins each, their abdomens swollen obscenely large with Alan's seed.

Susan's belly button had popped out like a timer on a thanksgiving turkey, while Diane's also protruded like a fleshy doorknob. They both had the lush, voluptuous look of women ripe with life - glowing skin, thick shiny hair and an aura of smug satisfaction.

Alan had also gotten Lisa and Diane pregnant. Their baby bumps were heavy on frames, a telltale sign they would soon deliver the fruits of their union with Alan.

Diane's labia were puffy and swollen, her crotch and inner thighs always wet with the excess arousal of late pregnancy.

Lisa's tits hung like fat elongated torpedoes capped with thickly crinkled areolas and nipples that were perfectly suckable.

The women all shared the radiant look of impending motherhood, their faces softly rounded and their bodies lush with the next generation of Alan's progeny.

They gathered around his unresponsive form daily, bellies touching as they jockeyed for position to impale themselves on his perpetually hard cock. Even heavy with his children, their lust for his body could not be sated.

They ground their slick cunts against his slack mouth, smothered him with their milk-bloated tits, and fucked their swollen pussies on his face and cock with wanton abandon. Through it all, Alan lay still and silent, a receptacle for their depravity, as his offspring grew and thrived in their wombs.

Despite being heavily pregnant with Alan's babies, the women had all managed to convince their clueless husbands that they were the fathers. It wasn't hard, given how gullible and trusting the men were.

Jenna simply let her boyfriend assume the condom must have broken during one of their frequent sexual encounters.

"Guess we got unlucky, babe! But I'm so excited to have your baby," she gushed, knowing full well it was her brother's seed that had taken root in her fertile womb.

Nicki and Tiffany's husbands never questioned that the babies were theirs, despite the women's rampant cheating with Alan. In their eyes, their wives would never be unfaithful. Little did they know that the two sisters delighted in cuckolding them with their comatose brother-in-law's superior cock.

Susan and Diane had a harder time explaining their twin pregnancies to their spouses, since they hadn't had sex as often. They spun elaborate tales about fertility treatments and medical mix-ups.

"The doctor must have used the wrong sperm sample by mistake, honey! What are the odds we'd both get donor eggs fertilized with twins?" The husbands bought the stories, never imagining the sordid truth.

Megan's boyfriend was thrilled when she announced her pregnancy, proclaiming proudly that his "boys could swim." If only he knew the lurid details of how his heavy-titted actually gotten knocked up – wantonly impaling herself on her cousin's cock in the midst of a debased family fuck-fest.

Ellen hadn't slept with her husband in years, but the old fool just assumed his shriveled sperm had finally hit the jackpot.

"All those vitamin supplements paid off," he crowed, completely oblivious to the fact that Ellen had been riding her grandson's huge dick like a pogo stick to conceive.

So the women's deception held, their besotted husbands none the wiser that they were happily raising another man's offspring. The women derived a perverse thrill from their successful cuckolding, their bellies and breasts swelling with illicit life as they continued to use Alan's body to sate their depraved lusts.

One day, as Alan lay lost in a fugue of sensation, his body buried beneath the mass of pregnant flesh writhing obscenely atop him, a sudden spark of awareness pierced through the haze. His slack facial

muscles twitched imperceptibly and his eyelids fluttered as full consciousness slowly returned.

The women were too lost in their depraved lust to notice at first, their swollen bellies and milk-heavy breasts pressing Alan down as they used his prone form with wild abandon.

Susan bounced on his cock, her massive tits slapping his face. Tiffany smothered his mouth with her dripping cunt. The others groped and licked and bit at every inch of his skin they could reach.

Suddenly, Alan's eyes snapped open, locking onto the debauched scene above him with startling clarity. A muffled groan rumbled in his chest as the reality of his situation crashed over him like a tidal wave. His female relatives, heavy with his children, violating his helpless body...using him as a mindless fuck toy...the depravity was overwhelming.

"Holy shit, he's awake!" Jenna cried, scrambling off Alan's chest where she had been rubbing her leaking nipples all over him. The other women froze in shock, their debased sexual acts abruptly halted.

Alan tried to speak, his unused throat working soundlessly. His wide eyes darted from one pregnant belly to the next, taking in the obscene distensions of their abdomens, the places where his unborn offspring grew.

His gaze tracked lower, to where his swollen, juice-slicked cock jutted from his groin, angry red from the relentless friction and stimulation.

"I...what...how..." he croaked, his voice rusty from a year of disuse. Confusion and an unmistakable undercurrent of arousal warred on his handsome face as his sluggish mind tried to process the unthinkable situation fully.

The women exchanged loaded glances, wicked grins spreading across their faces. They had enjoyed molesting Alan while he was comatose, but now that he was awake and aware? The depravity was taken to a whole new level. Their pussies clenched and gushed fresh arousal at the thought of him participating fully conscience.

"Welcome back to the land of the living, baby," Susan purred, giving a lewd roll of her hips where she was still impaled on his throbbing dick. "As you can see, we've been taking reeeal good care of you while you were out."

Alan's disoriented gaze fixed on his mother's bulging stomach, then traveled to where their bodies were obscenely joined.

"Mom, I…" he stammered, his expression a mix of surprise and desire.

"Shhh, just relax and enjoy it, sweetie," Susan cooed.

"I have been enjoying it. I've been conscious the entire time."

Alan's words hung in the air as the women stared at him in shocked silence. "I've been conscious the entire time," he repeated, his voice stronger now. "I felt everything you did to me...every depraved act. And I...really enjoyed it."

Susan's eyes widened, then a slow, wicked smile spread across her face. "Is that so?" she purred, clenching her pussy around Alan's cock. "Well then, I guess the jig is up. No more playing possum."

She leaned down until her milk-swollen tits pressed against his chest, her lips brushing his ear. "You've seen how we can fuck you," she breathed hotly. "Now it's time for you to show us how you can fuck us."

With that, Susan climbed off Alan's dick and rolled onto her back, spreading her thighs wide in blatant invitation. "Come on, stud.

Shove that big cock in Mommy's cunt and breed me again. Fuck your baby into me harder."

Alan sat up slowly, his muscles flexing and bunching as he shook off the lingering lethargy. His eyes blazed with a

fevered mix of lust and dark promise as he crawled between Susan's legs, his erection bobbing heavily.

The other women held their breath, transfixed by the shift in power dynamic.

He notched his swollen cockhead against his mother's glistening folds, rubbing it up and down to gather her slick juices. Then with a powerful flex of his hips, Alan rammed his thick length balls-deep into her hungry snatch.

"Fuuuuck yessss!" Susan wailed, her heavily pregnant belly quivering as her son split her open. "Wreck my pussy, fill me up!"

Alan pistoned his hips like a machine, mercilessly pounding Susan's rippling cunt. His eyes locked with hers in a heated stare, blazing with a year's worth of pent-up lust and forbidden need.

He hooked his arms under her knees, folding her nearly in half as he battered her cervix with the blunt head of his cock.

The other women frigged their clits feverishly as they watched the depraved spectacle, awed by Alan's animalistic ferocity as he ruthlessly fucked his own mother. Their assholes twitched and pussies wept, aching to be stuffed full of his vengeful cock.

"You like that, Mom?" Alan grunted, his pelvis slapping lewdly against Susan's juice-splattered ass. "Is this what you wanted, me fucking you like the desperate slut you are?

Pounding the shit out of your hot cunt in front of everyone?"

"Yes, yes!" Susan sobbed, her hugely swollen tits bouncing obscenely as she was railed into the mattress. "Ruin me with that huge fucking cock! I'm your filthy cum-dump mommy, breed me, fill me up! Aaaahhhh fuuuuck!"

As Alan pounded relentlessly into Susan's sopping wet cunt, he felt like their bodies were melding together into one throbbing mass of flesh. Her hugely swollen belly pressed against his taut abs, the firm mound rippling with each powerful thrust.

He imagined he could feel the tiny lives growing inside her quivering womb, lives that he had put there with his potent seed.

Susan wrapped her arms and legs around Alan's pumping hips, caging him in the lush prison of her heavily pregnant body.

Her gravid belly acted like a fleshy fulcrum, pushing his jackhammering cock even deeper into her clasping sheath with each stroke.

She clenched her inner muscles around him, massaging his pistoning length with her molten heat.

Alan felt dizzy with the intensity of being balls-deep in his mother's ripe, fertile body, knowing his babies were trapped between them as he impregnated her all over again.

The sensation of her giant, rippling tits and stretched, puffy nipples scraping his chest sent electricity zinging down his spine straight to his churning balls.

Her pussy squelched obscenely around him, sloppy and loose from taking so much cock, yet still grip-tight from her arousal.

"Gonna fucking cum!" Alan grunted, his heavy sack slapping against Susan's upturned ass as he railed her. "Gonna flood this cunt with so

much fucking cum. Drown our kids in spunk as I knock you up again!"

"Do it!" Susan wailed, her cunt convulsing wildly around him. "Fill me up, baby! Seed my slutty womb with another incest baby! Fuuuuck!"

Alan roared like a beast as his balls drew up tight to his body and began to pulse, ejaculating what felt like a gallon of thick jizz directly against his mother's battered cervix.

Susan shrieked as she felt her son's molten seed flooding her clenching hole, triggering her own bone-rattling climax.

Their bodies shook and undulated together as they came in unison, a primal, grunting, sweating tangle of flesh and limbs.

The other women crept closer, trembling hands outstretched, eager for their turn to be conquered by Alan's ferocious cock.

He turned his head and locked eyes with them as he continued to grind his spurting cock into Susan's rippling pussy, a dark promise burning in his gaze.

He would fuck and ruin them all, make them scream and beg as he defiled their pregnant bodies without mercy, just as they had defiled him.

Susan cunt spasmed violently around Alan's pistoning shaft as she came hard, squirting all over his pounding cock.

He fucked her through it relentlessly, prolonging her bone- rattling orgasm until she was a babbling, incoherent mess.

Her gushing cunt had shrunk up around his dick so tight that it worked up a second load of cum from his balls.

With a final, brutal thrust, Alan buried himself to the hilt and unleashed another massive load of boy-semen directly into his mother's convulsing womb.

Shot after thick shot of cum basted her insides, the virile spunk sloshing obscenely around his invading cock.

Panting harshly, Alan pulled out, his shaft coated in a shiny mix of jizz and pussy juices.

Susan lay twitching on the bed, her ravaged cunt gaping and oozing his seed. He turned his dark, lustful gaze on the other women, a cruel smirk twisting his lips.

"Who's next?" he growled, stroking his slick, raging hard-on. "Which one of you knocked up sluts wants to be split open on my big fat cock? To have your nasty fuckholes ruined like the desperate whores you are?"

The women shivered at his degrading words, their pussies clenching needfully. Alan had turned the tables, becoming the predator to their willing prey.

They presented themselves shamelessly, thrusting out their heavy tits and spreading their thighs, silently begging to be defiled.

Jenna crawled forward, her eyes glazed with need. "Please, little brother, wreck my cunt," she whimpered. "Pound your big sister's slutty hole, give it to me nasty and hard!"

Alan grabbed his sister roughly, flipping her pregnant body over and yanking her hips up to present her dripping snatch.

With a vicious snarl, he rammed into her balls-deep, stretching her obscenely around his girth. Jenna screamed in ecstasy, her pussy muscles rippling and milking his cock.

He set a brutal pace, sawing in and out, his heavy ball-sack slapping against her engorged clit with every thrust.

Jenna's huge belly swayed beneath her, the flesh jiggling from the force of Alan's animalistic rutting. He reached down to maul her bouncing tits, pinching and twisting her fat nipples cruelly.

"Fuckkk, so good!" Jenna babbled, her face twisting in pained bliss. "Ruin my cunt, make me your whore-sister! Knock me up with another baby!"

Alan continued his brutal assault on Jenna's pussy, mercilessly pounding her into submission as she wailed and thrashed beneath him.

His cock pummeled her cervix, each savage thrust threatening to split her in half. Her belly and tits quivered obscenely, the flesh rippling from the force of his rutting.

"That's it, take your brother's cock like the filthy incest slut you are," Alan snarled, gripping Jenna's hips hard enough to leave bruises as he slammed into her over and over. "Gonna flood this nasty fuckhole with so much cum. Breed you again and again until you're nothing but a bloated baby factory for me to use."

Jenna could only moan and gibber mindlessly, lost to the brutal pleasure wracking her body.

Her cunt shuddered and gushed around Alan's pistoning shaft, the squelching sounds of his violation filling the room.

The other women looked on in awe and envy, frigging themselves feverishly as they watched him savagely ruin his sister.

With a roar, Alan buried himself to the hilt and unleashed a torrent of cum directly into Jenna's defenseless womb. Spurt after massive spurt pumped into her, splattering her insides with his potent seed.

He jerked and twitched through his release, grinding his spurting cock against her abused cervix to ensure every drop took root.

Finally spent, Alan pulled out with a filthy squelch, leaving Jenna's cunt a gaping, cum-oozing mess.

She collapsed face down, ass in the air, moaning weakly as thick rivulets of jizz poured from her well-used hole. Alan admired his handiwork for a moment before turning his attention to his next victim.

"Megan," he barked, crooking a finger at his heavily pregnant cousin. "Bring that juicy cunt over here. It's your turn to be split open on my cock."

Megan scrambled to obey, assuming the position and presenting her soaked, swollen pussy to Alan's dark gaze.

He mounted her roughly, gripping her lush hips as he notched his angry, purple cockhead against her entrance. With a brutal thrust, he hilted himself inside her, groaning at the tight, wet heat engulfing him.

Alan set a punishing rhythm, relentlessly pounding Megan into the mattress as she keened and shook. His hands roamed her body, squeezing her ripe ass and kneading her milk-heavy tits.

He pinched and pulled at her engorged nipples, twisting viciously until she screamed. Her pussy fluttered and clenched around him, slicking his shaft with her juices.

"Gonna ruin this juicy snatch," Alan grunted, his muscular ass flexing as he drilled into Megan with savage thrusts of his teenage cock.

"Gonna ruin this juicy snatch for your husband!" Alan grunted, his muscular ass flexing as he drilled into Megan with savage intensity.

"Pump you so full of cum, you'll be leaking for days. Fuck baby after baby into this slutty cunt."

Megan wailed incoherently, her body wracked with painful pleasure as Alan used her like a disposable fuck-toy. His thick cock battered her cervix mercilessly, reshaping her hungry hole to fit him.

Her heavy tits swayed beneath her, the engorged nipples leaking milk steadily from the rough stimulation.

"Please, please cum in me!" Megan begged shamelessly, pushing her ass back to meet Alan's brutal thrusts. "Breed your fuck-toy cousin again! I need it, I need your seed so bad!"

With an animalistic snarl, Alan pistoned into her one last time before unleashing a flood of molten cum deep in Megan's spasming cunt. He ground his spurting cockhead against her womb, painting it white with his incestuous load.

Megan shrieked as she was filled to the brim, her eyes rolling back in her head from the force of her tit-trembling orgasm.

Panting, Alan withdrew, leaving Megan splayed out and twitching, pearly rivulets of spunk oozing from her gaping hole.

His still rock-hard shaft glistened obscenely with their combined fluids. He cast his gaze over the remaining women, lips curling into a cruel smirk.

"Get over here and clean my cock," he ordered harshly. "Lick up all the cum and pussy juice like the dirty jizz-starved sluts you are."

Tiffany, Nicki, Diane and Ellen scrambled to obey, crawling between his spread legs and attacking his throbbing erection with their eager tongues.

They lapped at his shaft and balls, moaning wantonly as they savored the musky flavor of cunt and semen coating his flesh.

Alan fisted their hair, forcing them to take turns deep throating his massive cock, uncaring as they gagged and choked around him.

Streams of saliva dripped down their chins as they slurped noisily, drunk on the taste of their own juices mingled with his cum.

"That's it, worship this huge dick," Alan growled, thrusting into their faces. "Get it nice and wet before I wreck your fuckholes with it. Gonna spend all day ruining your loose cunts and knocking you up over and over."

The women shivered in debauched excitement, their pussies weeping fresh arousal at the degrading promise in his words. They had created an insatiable monster, and now they would reap the whirlwind of their depravity.

Minutes later, Alan was once again on his back, but this time he wasn't a passive participant.

Aunt Diane straddled his hips, impaling herself on his steel- hard cock with a guttural moan. Her massive milk-laden breasts swayed hypnotically above his face as did her rounded belly as she began to bounce.

"Oh fuck yes! Splitting me open!" she wailed, her baby-orb rippling obscenely.

Diane grabbed the back of Alan's head, forcing his mouth against one of her huge, veiny tits. "Bite my nipple, suck out the milk like a greedy baby!"

Alan eagerly complied, clamping his teeth around her thick, rubbery nipple and worrying the sensitive flesh. He suckled hard, drawing her warm, sweet milk into his mouth and gulping it down.

Diane threw her head back with a shriek, her cunt clenching like a vice around his pistoning cock.

"Ungh yeah, drain Mommy's fat udders!" she babbled deliriously, grinding her soaked slit against his pelvis. "Gonna feed you my titty-milk while you pound me full of cum!"

Alan groaned around his mouthful of tit, the depraved words spurring him on. He gripped Diane's plump ass cheeks, slamming her down onto his shaft even harder.

The wet, obscene sounds of their vigorous coupling filled the room as he relentlessly violated his heavily pregnant aunt.

Diane's cries took on a frantic edge as her climax approached, her pussy rippling wildly around Alan's thrusting cock. She mashed his face into her leaking breast, smothering him with the hefty mound.

Alan bit down viciously on her nipple in retaliation, sending her careening over the edge.

"FUUUUCK! Cumming on my nephew's huge cock! Breed meeee!" Diane screamed, shaking apart as her orgasm

crashed through her. Her cunt squeezed Alan's shaft rhythmically, milking him of his load.

With a muffled roar, Alan erupted like a geyser, flooding Diane's convulsing depths with what felt like gallons of hot seed. He jerked and twitched through his release, pumping jet after thick jet directly into her fertile womb.

As Diane collapsed against him, panting and trembling from the intensity, Alan shoved her off roughly.

His raging erection sprang free, coated in a shiny mix of cum and feminine arousal. He turned a predatory gaze to Aunt Liz and

Grandma Ellen, the last two women left to brutalize.

"Get those fuckholes over here," he commanded harshly. "Time to put the bitches of the family in their place - choking on my dick and begging to be bred like filthy animals."

Liz and Ellen shivered with a perverse mix of fear and anticipation as they crawled towards their nephew/grandson, presenting their asses high in the air.

Their hanging tits swung heavily beneath them, milk already beading at the tips of their swollen nipples.

"Please use our holes, stud," Liz whimpered, reaching back to spread her ass cheeks and expose her glistening slit to Alan's fierce gaze. "Ruin your slutty aunt with that massive cock. Put me in my place."

"Me too!" Ellen chimed in, her saggy udders nearly brushing the bed as she wiggled her rump enticingly. "Wreck Granny's

cunt and asshole. Pump me full of so much cum I swell with your seed!"

Alan growled approvingly at their wanton desperation. He grabbed Liz's hips in a bruising grip and notched his angry, purple cockhead at her weeping entrance.

With a brutal thrust, he sheathed himself to the hilt in her tight heat, groaning as her inner muscles fluttered around him.

"Fuck, what a vice grip," he grunted, drawing back only to slam in again savagely. "Gonna mold this cunt to the shape of my cock. Ruin you for you husband forever."

Liz could only keen wordlessly, her face twisting in pained ecstasy as Alan pounded into her mercilessly.

Her heavy belly and tits swayed with each powerful impact, the flesh rippling obscenely. Juices gushed around Alan's pistoning shaft, her body preparing itself to be mercilessly fucked.

As he rutted into Liz with animalistic intensity, Alan fisted a hand in Ellen's wispy gray hair, yanking her head up to snarl in her face. "Suck my balls, Grandma. Bath those cum tanks with your tongue."

Ellen eagerly shoved her head between his pumping thighs, slurping his swollen sack into her mouth. She nursed on his balls greedily, worshipping the hefty globes that had so thoroughly impregnated her and the other women. Drool dribbled down her chin as she sucked and lapped, moaning like a bitch in heat.

The debauched tableau continued, Alan savagely fucking his aunt while his elderly grandmother orally serviced him.

The wet slap of skin against skin and the lewd slurps and grunts of depravity filled the room. Liz's cunt spasmed wildly as an orgasm ripped through her, her cum gushing out to soak Alan's jackhammering cock.

With a roar, Alan buried himself and unleashed a torrent of semen into Liz's fluttering depths, coating her insides with his thick seed.

He jerked and twitched through his massive climax, grinding his spurting cockhead against her cervix to ensure every drop took root.

As Liz collapsed forward, mewling weakly, Alan pulled out and shoved Ellen onto her back. He descended on her like a wild animal, spreading her creamy thighs wide and driving his still-hard shaft into her gaping cunt with one brutal stroke.

Alan fucked into Grandma Ellen's sopping wet cunt with brutal, animalistic thrusts, stretching her hole obscenely around his thick girth.

He pounded her curvy body into the mattress, grunting and snarling as he used her like a disposable cock-sleeve.

"Take it you old whore!" Alan roared, his hips slapping against Ellen's creamy thighs with punishing force. "Gonna destroy this tight little granny snatch, fuck you into a coma!"

Ellen could only wail in agonized ecstasy as her grandson relentlessly split her open on his huge cock.

Her massive, droopy udders flopped in his face with each vicious pump of his hips. Alan latched onto one elongated nipple, sucking it into his mouth and chewing on the rubbery flesh.

He gnawed and worried the sensitive nub between his teeth as he nursed, drawing Ellen's thin, watery milk into his mouth.

She shrieked and writhed beneath him, her cunt clamping down like a vise on his pummeling shaft as an explosive orgasm wracked her brittle frame.

Alan released her savaged nipple only to bite down viciously on the other, sending Ellen into another bone-rattling climax.

He sucked hard, draining her fat tits of their meager milk supply as he continued to rut into her convulsing hole with brutal efficiency.

The boy pulled out just before ejaculating. "Grandma Barb… get your fat, slutty ass over here!" he stated, his soaking wet cock jutting out from his loins in an intimidating manner.

For a solid hour, Alan fucked his Grandma Barb with reckless abandon, pounding her plump flesh and wrecking her slack cunt beyond repair.

Her orgasms came one after another, each more devastating than the last, until she was a babbling, incoherent mess.

"Please...no more..." Barb sobbed deliriously, her overused body twitching feebly. But Alan ignored her pleas, chasing his own pleasure in her gripping heat.

With a guttural roar, he slammed into her one last time before erupting like a volcano. His cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged a truly massive load directly into Barb's ravaged womb.

Scalding jets of cum splattered her cervix, flooding her ancient cunt to overflowing.

As Alan's climax finally tapered off, he collapsed atop his insensate grandmother, crushing her into the sweat-soaked sheets.

His softening cock slipped free of her abused hole with a wet squelch, a river of pearly semen oozing out in its wake.

Panting harshly, Alan surveyed the aftermath of his carnal rampage with smug male satisfaction.

The women lay scattered across the bed in boneless heaps, their minds blown and bodies shattered by his ruthless sexual domination. Each one bore the marks of his conquest

- bruises, bites and well-fucked cunts.

Barb lay splayed beneath her Grandson, her aged body spent and broken from his relentless rutting.

Her abused cunt gaped obscenely, a steady stream of his seed oozing out to pool on the sweat-soaked sheets. The flesh of her giant tits was mottled with bite marks and

hickeys, the elongated nipples nearly purple from his rough treatment.

Surveying the aftermath of his carnal rampage, Alan felt a deep sense of smug satisfaction. He had thoroughly dominated and defiled the debauched women, giving back tenfold the violation they had subjected him to during his coma, even though he had enjoyed every second of it.

Their minds were blown and bodies shattered by his ruthless fucking, rendered into drooling, cock-drunk messes.

Aunt Diane lay face down in a puddle of her own drool, her succulent ass raised high and holes stretched beyond repair.

Sister Jenna twitched feebly nearby, glassy-eyed and mumbling incoherently, Alan's cum leaking steadily from her well-used slit. She began marrying her boyfriend soon, but knew his cock could never satisfy her the way her brother's could.

Megan was curled in a fetal position, hands cupping her ravaged cunt as if to hold in the massive load he had pumped into her.

Liz and Tiffany were sprawled together, their huge pregnant bellies rising and falling with each shuddering breath.

Pearly rivulets of semen trickled down their thighs, the evidence of Alan's thorough breeding.

And in the middle of it all lay Susan, his mother, spread eagle with a blissful smile on her face, clearly still reveling in her son's complete sexual domination.

Alan's cock twitched back to life as he drank in the sight of the conquered women, their ripe, fertile bodies painted with his essence.

He knew this was only the beginning - now that he had awoken and embraced his role as their supreme stud and master, he would make it his mission to keep them constantly fucked and bred to bursting.

He would transform his female relatives and any other woman he wanted into his personal harem of pregnant sex slaves, their holes available for his use at all times.

He would pump load after virile load into their hungry wombs, ensuring they spent the rest of their lives with his babies growing in their bellies. The family line would become one great incestuous orgy, with Alan as the sole sire of a new generation.

Grinning darkly, Alan grabbed his mother by the ankles and pulled her cunt to his crotch, ready to begin the next round of depraved rutting. There was a lot of work yet to do to cement his total sexual rule, and he planned to enjoy every filthy minute of it.

THE END

270: Look Honey, No Clothes! – Part 1

Look Honey, No Clothes! – Part 1

By Klrxo

A mischievous smile spread across my face as I watched my husband's reaction to my impulsive decision. I couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement as I strolled through the house, nude and unapologetic, while my son Jordon was home. His eyes lit up in surprise, which only added to my amusement.

"I'll be doing some laundry if anyone has items that need washing," I announced, sashaying down the hallway with my big, heavy tits, rounded bubble butt and shaved pussy on full display. My double-J cup breasts bounced heavily with each step, causing a stir in both my husband and son. The sensation of freedom and cheekiness washed over me, making me feel alive and daring in a way that I hadn't felt in a long time.

"Colleen, why are you parading around the house naked?" My husband, Stuart asked.

"Because, Stuart," I replied with a playful grin, "today I decided to embrace my inner goddess and say 'yes' to spontaneity. Life is too short to be stifled by societal norms, don't you think?"

My husband raised an eyebrow, momentarily stunned by my boldness. "I just don't think something like this is too appropriate,"

he uncomfortably stated.

Jordon, on the other hand, couldn't contain his excitement. He was jumping up and down, clearly thrilled by the unexpected sight. I always knew I had a boobie-boy by the way he constantly stared at mine, but today I thought his eyes might pop out of his cute skull. "Mom, can I watch you fold clothes? Please?" he asked, almost begging.

I couldn't resist the chance to keep the fun going. "Of course, sweetheart! You can help me, too, if you want?"

"Wait, honey…can you at least put some clothes on first," Stuart asked.

I chuckled at Stuart's request. "Why, Stuart, are you feeling jealous of the attention I'm getting?" I teased, sauntering over to him and giving him a playful kiss on the cheek. "But, no, I don't think I will. I'm embracing this freedom, and I want Jordon to see that it's okay to be comfortable in your own skin."

Stuart rolled his eyes, but I could tell there was a hint of amusement in his expression. He sighed in resignation and muttered, "Alright, but just for today."

Jordon, on the other hand, was ecstatic. He joined me in the laundry room and we laughed and chatted as we folded clothes together. I felt a sense of closeness with Jordon I hadn't experienced in a while, and it made my heart swell with love.

My double-J's drew Jordon's attention like a magnet. He couldn't take his eyes off of them, and I couldn't blame him. It was likely that he had never encountered such large breasts and wide areolas on girls his own age. As I moved, my melons jiggled and swayed in front of him, sending his mind racing with all sorts of naughty fantasies. The weight and roundness of my breasts were impossible to ignore, and I could almost feel the heat of his gaze on my skin. It

amused me to know that he was probably imagining all the wicked things he would do to them if given the chance.

Jordon's eyes widened with curiosity, and he hesitantly asked, "Mom, what's it like having such big breasts?"

"Well, Jordon, they can be quite a handful, literally," I laughed, giving one a gentle squeeze. "Sometimes they get in the way, but mostly

they're just a part of who I am. I've learned to embrace and love them, even with all the attention they draw."

I tossed a pair of Jordon's socks towards where he was sitting, playfully missing him on purpose. We both laughed as I struggle to pick up the socks with my big boobies dangling down and flopping around all over the place. "See what I mean, honey? It's not always easy, but having big tits is still worth it."

I could see the hardon tenting Jordon's pants, his bell-shaped knob clearly defined through the thin fabric. Even though he was my son, it thrilled me to know that my body had that effect on him. Stuart had to voice his displeasure again as he paused in the doorway.

"Colleen, enough is enough. You can't just flaunt your body around the house, especially in front of Jordon," he scolded.

I began giggling, mocking my husband's anger. I couldn't help myself.

"Stuart, lighten up!" I stated, a naughty twinkle in my eye. "I'm just living a little and enjoying myself. Besides, Jordon seems to be having a good time, and I've never seen him get so excited over doing laundry before."

"It's true," my son nodded, then took another look at my tits, but this only seemed to make my husband more furious.

"Jordon, come here," I beckoned, gesturing for him to join me. I knew exactly what I was doing, and I couldn't resist the chance to see the look on my husband's face.

As Jordon approached me, I reached out and gently cupped his face in my hands, bringing it close to mine. "Your father needs to learn not to be so uptight, honey," I whispered seductively, my naked tits brushing against his chest. "Sometimes we need to let loose and have a little fun."

With that, I leaned in and kissed my son lightly, but sensually on the lips, feeling the burning anger from my husband's eyes.

"Mom, what was that?" Jordon stammered, clearly shocked, but in a good way.

"It was just a kiss, Jordon. A harmless show of affection between a mother and her son," I reassured him. "But I think your father needs to learn that sometimes we just have to live in the moment and enjoy ourselves."

I let go of Jordon and turned towards Stuart, my eyes locked on his furious gaze. "And maybe, just maybe, your father needs to learn to appreciate the joy of spontaneity, instead of constantly trying to control and suppress it," I added, my voice low and teasing.

With that, I strutted back into the living room, my naked body swaying with every step. Stuart's face was a mixture of anger and lust as he watched me go, unable to take his eyes off my swaying ass.

Jordon, his eyes wide with excitement, followed me with his gaze, unable to tear himself away from the spectacle. As I walked away, leaving Stuart to stew in his own confusion of emotions, I felt a sense of liberation and rebellion coursing through my veins. I had never felt so alive as I did in that moment, as if I had found a new

way to express my true self and break free from the shackles of societal norms.

As I reached the living room, I turned around and winked at Stuart, who looked like he was about to burst. "Don't worry, Stuart," I said with a playful smile. "I'll put my clothes back on…eventually."

"You don't have to get dressed on my account, mom," Jordon piped up, looking up at me with admiration in his eyes. "I think you look amazing like this."

My heart swelled with pride at my son's words, and I couldn't help but smile at him before giving him a playful ruffle on the head. "Thank you, Jordon. It's nice to see that someone appreciates the beauty of spontaneity."

"Maybe I should follow your example and be naked around the house more often also," he mused, his mischievous smile lighting up his face. My son's words hung in the air, a playful suggestion that caught me off guard. For a moment, my mind wandered to memories of him as a child, carefree and uninhibited. But now, he was a grown man, and I couldn't help but wonder how much he had changed since I'd seen him naked last.

My excitement at the idea must have been evident on my face because Stuart quickly shot it down. "That's not happening," he stated firmly, shaking his head at me. "Just because your mother is nude doesn't mean you should be too."

I quickly chimed in with my opinion. "I disagree," I countered, crossing my arms over my chest and grinning mischievously at my husband. "If Jordon wants to be comfortable in his own skin, just like I am, then why shouldn't he be able to walk around the house nude too?"

Stuart sighed, his frustration evident. "Because it's not appropriate, Colleen. We live in a society with norms and boundaries. Walking

around naked is not something we should be encouraging."

"But Jordon is our son, Stuart," I argued. "And he's a grown man now. He can make his own choices about how he wants to live his life. If he wants to be naked in his own home, then why shouldn't he be allowed to?"

"Colleen, this home is not gonna become some…family nudist colony," Stuart said with a tone of disgust. "We have standards, and we have rules."

"Wait a second, when did we ever decide on a set of standards and rules against nudity in this house?" I challenged.

Stuart was quiet for a moment, taken aback by my question. "Well, we never really had an exact discussion about it, but we agreed on some general boundaries, like not walking around the house naked all the time."

I chuckled, shaking my head. "So you decided that we shouldn't walk around naked all the time, but you didn't decide that we shouldn't walk around naked at all?"

"I suppose so," he conceded, reluctantly.

"So if we have no explicit rules against Jordon walking around nude, then why are you so against it?" I pressed.

He hesitated, clearly struggling with my logic. "I don't know. I guess it's just one of those things that I've always assumed. Like how we don't burp or fart at the dinner table."

I raised an eyebrow, waiting for him to continue.

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I don't know. It's just… it's different. It's not something I'm comfortable with."

"If Jordon and I are comfortable being nude around each other then why should you have a say in how we live in our own home?" I retorted.

"Because this is our family home, Colleen. And as the head of the household, I have a responsibility to uphold certain standards and values."

"And what if Jordon and I don't agree with those standards and values? What then?"

Stuart straightened up, his jaw clenched. "This is not some democracy where you two can just decide to disregard the norms of society."

I shook my head, a small smile playing on my lips. "But what if I want to walk around nude? And what if Jordon wants to as well? Why should we be bound by your idea of what's 'appropriate'? We're in our own home, Stuart. And if you can't accept that, then maybe it's time for you to re-evaluate what being a head of the household really means."

I could see the anger and frustration building up in his eyes. But I refused to back down. This was about more than just nudity. It was about freedom, self-expression, and breaking free from the shackles of societal norms.

"I don't have to compromise my freedom to make you feel comfortable, Stuart," I continued. "You may be the head of this household, but I am not your subordinate. And we are not living in some archaic society where women have to cover themselves up for the sake of a man's discomfort. I am my own person, and I will choose what I wear and when I wear it, regardless of what you think. And if that means stripping down to my birthday suit in the living room, then so be it. Because at the end of the day, it's my body, and I have the right to do with it as I please."

Stuart stared at me, his face a mix of anger and sadness. I could see him struggling to come to terms with what I was saying, but I refused to back down. This was important, not just for me, but for Jordon and our relationship.

Finally, Stuart spoke, his voice shaking with emotion. "I...I understand that you feel passionately about this," he said grudgingly. "But I still don't think it's appropriate for you to walk around the house naked. I'm not comfortable with that."

"Well, I'm not asking for your comfort, Stuart," I retorted, my voice steady. "I'm asking for respect and understanding. This isn't about you, it's about me and Jordon and our right to live our lives as we choose."

Stuart's face tightened, his jaw clenched. "This is not where I thought this conversation was going, Colleen," he said, his voice low. "I thought we were discussing boundaries and standards for our home. Now it seems like you're trying to push me out of it."

"I'm not pushing you out, Stuart," I said quietly. "I'm just asking you to accept that Jordan and I have the right to make our own choices about how we wanna live in this house. And if that includes walking around nude, then so be it."

Stuart sighed, rubbing his temples in frustration. "I just...I can't believe we're having this argument. I thought we had agreed on certain standards, and now you're telling me those don't matter?"

"No, I'm telling you that those standards have now evolved, and we need to be open to change," I said firmly. "This is not about disrespect or being rude, Stuart. It's about growth and acceptance."

I looked over at my son who stood there watching me speak. "Jordon, go ahead and take off your clothes, honey."

He seemed hesitant for a moment. "Are you sure?" he asked.

I nodded, grinning at him. "Absolutely, sweetheart. We're all grown-ups here, and being nude is nothing to be ashamed of."

Stuart's expression was a mix of disgust and discomfort as his son nonchalantly removed his clothing in front of us. I couldn't help but watch with rapt attention as Jordon revealed more skin, curious to see how much he had changed since I last saw him as a child. Stuart, on the other hand, seemed torn between disapproval and embarrassment at the situation unfolding before us. But my curiosity

outweighed any feelings of unease, and I eagerly took in every inch of Jordon's now-grown body.

"Oh, honey, you have a magnificent naked body," I couldn't help but exclaim, much to my husband's chagrin.

Jordon stood before us, his chiseled physique on full display. Every muscle was defined and toned, and his long sturdy cock stood at attention. It was impossible not to feel a surge of desire and arousal at the sight. My pussy tingled with anticipation and my nipples throbbed with need.

"Thanks, mom," Jordon replied, blushing slightly at the compliment.

But Stuart's disapproval was evident as he spoke up, "This is getting ridiculous."

I shot him a glare, feeling defensive of my son's confidence and body. "If you're uncomfortable, you can go into the other room," I stated firmly.

"Why is he erect?" Stuart asked, staring over at our son's cock. "He shouldn't be erect like that."

I rolled my eyes. "Stuart, it's completely normal for a man, especially a young one, to have an erection when they're aroused or feeling sexy. You should know that by now."

"Yes, but around his own mother?!"

I laughed, shaking my head. "Stuart, we're not prudes here. I taught Jordon to embrace his body, and if that means he gets a little aroused when seeing me nude then I'm flattered. Besides, it's just a natural response."

Stuart sighed, rubbing his temples again. "Colleen, I just...I can't believe this is where we've come to."

"It's where we're at, Stuart. And it's where you need to be comfortable with because Jordon and I will probably be nude around each other a lot now, right, honey?" I asked my son.

"Yeah, I'm cool with that, mom. It's just our thing now," Jordon replied confidently.

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" I grinned, opening my arms to my boy. "Give me a hug."

Jordon stepped forward, his body enveloping mine in a warm and loving embrace. His strong arms wrapped around me, pulling me closer as I could feel the heat radiating from his body. My skin tingled at the touch, his firm muscles pressing against me and his big, rigid cock nudging against my pubis and teasing my moist slit.

It was a deeply intimate moment, one that spoke volumes about the evolution of our relationship and the boundaries we were now pushing. As I looked over at Stuart, I could see the disgust on his face at the sight of Jordon and I pressed together, my huge, soft breasts flattened against his lean chest.

"See, honey?" I asked my husband with a sly smile. "Do you see how this only strengthens Jordon and I's bond?" The chemistry between us was undeniable, and it was clear to everyone watching that our connection ran deep.

"Hugging like that when your nude is hardly appropriate," Stuart answered.

"Really, Stuart?" I retorted, trying to maintain my calm. "Are you suggesting we can't show affection to each other in any way when we're nude?"

"No, Colleen, I'm saying that it's not necessary to be nude during affectionate moments. There's clothing for a reason," he said, sounding defensive.

"I understand that you're uncomfortable with this, Stuart," I conceded. "But Jordon and I have come to a mutual understanding about what's appropriate and what isn't. We won't flaunt our nudity if it makes you feel uneasy, but we also won't hide who we are and what we believe in."

With that, I hugged Jordon even tighter, laying my head against his chest tenderly. I knew it must be bothering my husband, but I really didn't care. This wasn't just some random guy that I was sharing an intimate moment with, it was our son. We hadn't been together naked like this since the day he was born, so this felt like a symbolic reunion of sorts.

"Stuart is being so stupid about Jordon and I being naked around the house," I told my friend Taryn as we sunbathed out by the pool. Our big tits glistened with a layer of baby oil.

"What's his problem? Nudity is perfectly natural, even around family members," Taryn stated.

"I know, right? It's not like we're going out in public like this or anything," I replied, spreading my legs wider apart and feeling the sun warm my hairless pussy.

"Well, Jordan seems to be comfortable with it," Taryn pointed out. "There's nothing shameful about a boy being naked around his

mother."

"That's so true," I agreed. "It just feel so natural and I will admit, his naked body is easy on the eyes."

We both giggled like two school girls talking about the cutest guy in High School.

"I bet his dick is erect the entire time he's naked with you," said Taryn.

"It is, and it's such a turn-on. I've even caught Stuart staring at it a few times."

"I would imagine out of jealousy," Taryn snickered. "Probably wishing his dick was a big as Jordon's."

I couldn't help but laugh at her comment. "Well, I can't say I blame him for being jealous. Jordon is quite the specimen. But it's just one of those things that Stuart will have to come to accept. We're a family, and that means we should feel comfortable around each other, no matter what."

Taryn looked at me, cocking her head slightly. "You really have embraced this new dynamic, haven't you?"

"I have," I replied confidently. "And Jordon's embraced it too. It's just another part of who we are as a family now. We've grown so much closer as a result of it all."

"Close enough to fuck?" Taryn asked with a wide grin.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie, as naughty as it sounds, the thought has crossed my mind," I admitted.

"Lots of women are fucking their sons these days," Taryn stated. "It's sort of a trend right now."

"I know. My sister Jewel has been fucking her son, Cory, for about a year now. Ever since they took a family road trip on Route 66."

"Imagine the possibilities," Taryn whispered, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I mean, you've already seen your son's gorgeous body, so why not take it to the next level and see what he can do with it?"

The thought was exhilarating and terrifying all at once. Was I really considering having sex with my own son? It seemed so wrong, yet the idea of his hard cock inside me was making my pussy pulse with desire. I couldn't help but wonder what Stuart would think if he found out. My heart raced with a mix of adrenaline and lust, and I felt myself becoming wetter at the thought of it.

"You better stop talking about it or I may just start touching myself," I warned, my voice low and sultry.

"Well, I'm not the one who gets to see him naked, but just imagining it is definitely making me hot and bothered," Taryn admitted with a playful smirk. As she lay next to me on the sun-kissed lounge, her body glistening with oil and sweat, she arched her back and began to caress her swollen clit with urgent strokes.

She closed her eyes, lost in her own pleasure reverie, then suddenly opened them and looked at me with a mischievous glint. "Do you want to touch yourself too, Colleen?"

I bit my lip, uncertainty warring with arousal in my eyes. "I… I don't know…"

"Come on," she urged with a playful grin. "We're women, we should be supportive of each other. Besides, it's not like you've never masturbated before…"

It was true; I had masturbated plenty in the past, but never in front of another person. Never with the intention of sharing the experience. I hesitated for a moment longer, then nodded slowly,

finding myself driven by curiosity and arousal. As I reached down to touch myself, I felt a thrill of excitement at the taboo nature of the act.

Taryn watched with a smirk, her fingers still working her own clit. "Just imagine Jordon fucking you," she suggested. "Imagine his cock

sliding inside you, your expert hands guiding him deeper, his lips brushing against your neck, his hips thrusting into you."

Her voice sent shivers down my spine as I continued listening, while rubbing my swollen love-nubbin. "Imagine the way his muscles tense as he reaches his climax, the way his body shakes and his breath hitches as he fills you with his hot, sticky cum," Taryn said in a sensual tone. "Imagine the tight, warm grip of your cunt squeezing his cock, milking him dry. Imagine how good it feels, how he makes you feel alive and desired and loved."

My pussy throbbed and became even more wet than it was before. I couldn't help but picture the scene she painted in vivid detail. I closed my eyes and let myself drift away, imagining Jordon's cock inside me, feeling the thickness and the length of him as he filled me up. I could almost feel the way his cockhead stretched open my slick inner lining, the way his balls slapped against my asshole as he pummeled in and out of me.

I lost myself in the fantasy, my hand moving faster and faster between my legs as the arousal coursing through me grew stronger. My fat tits jiggled atop my rib cage and I could feel my pussy tightening and swelling with need, my blood-swollen clit pulsing with every stroke of my fingers.

"Oh, Colleen," Taryn whispered, her voice full of lust and desire as she two masturbated shamelessly. "Imagine Jordon's cock leaking pre-cum, coating your pussy with his sticky, salty fluid. Imagine it all over your lips, your tongue greedily tasting his manhood. You're so

wet and slippery, he slides in easily, your inner muscles gripping him tightly, milking his cock as he fucks you."

I moaned softly, my hand moving faster and faster, my legs spreading wider apart. I could feel the passion building inside me, the desire for Jordon becoming more intense with each passing

moment. I closed my eyes, lost in the ecstasy of the fantasy as my hips bucked and my fingers moved in a frenzy against my swollen clit.

"OH FUCK!" I cried out, my orgasm washing over me like a tidal wave. My pussy spasmed around my hand, my juices flowing as I came harder than I ever had before. My body shook with pleasure, my muscles trembling as I felt the waves of ecstasy washing over me.

I collapsed onto the lounge chair, my heart pounding in my chest, my breathing ragged. I couldn't believe how intense that had been, how I had actually gotten off on the thought of having sex with my own son. It was a strange and dark fantasy, but the thrill of it was undeniable.

Taryn was still stroking herself, her hands moving eagerly against her swollen clit. "I'm close…oh shit!" her pretty voice cried out.

She arched her back and let out a long, drawn-out moan as her body shook with pleasure, making her tit-melons wobble around wildly. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she climaxed, her orgasm overwhelming her entire being. Finally, she collapsed onto the lounge chair beside me, her body still trembling as she caught her breath.

We lay there for a few moments, our breathing gradually returning to normal. I couldn't help but feel a strange sense of relief and arousal. It was like we had just shared a dark and forbidden secret, and the thrill of it sent a rush of adrenaline through me.

Over the coming week, Jordon and I's relationship only became closer, being nude around the house with each other as mother and son. But it also became apparent that Stuart was finding it increasingly difficult to adapt to this new dynamic. Every time he

walked into the living room or kitchen, he would catch sight of us, his face twisting into a mixture of discomfort, disgust, and anger. Despite my assurances that we wouldn't flaunt our nudity in front of him, it was clear that he couldn't handle seeing his own son and wife naked together.

Jordon, on the other hand, was relishing in the sensation of being naked with me, basking in the warmth and intimacy it provided. My constant physical affection towards him only added to his delight.

"I love this so much," he expressed as we lay on his bed, tangled up in each other's limbs while watching a movie. My humongous, naked tits pressed against his chest, engulfing it in their softness. I could feel his gaze lingering on my body, taking in every curve and crevice.

"I love it too, sweetheart," I said with a tender smile, leaning in to place a gentle kiss on his cheek. My leg draped over his midsection, gently trapping his hard cock between my thigh and his belly. I could feel its pulsing heat against my skin.

"Could we kiss on the lips like we did the other day?" he asked shyly.

"Of course we can," I sweetly answered, then proceeded to plant a series of soft, sensual kisses on his lips. We gazed into each other's eyes the entire time, our connection growing stronger with each passing moment. It was a magical experience that left us both feeling deeply connected and content.

"Oh, honey, I can feel your cock throb against my leg with every kiss," I stated.

Jordon's face flushed with excitement and he thrust his hips upward, digging his prick against me. "I can't help it, mom," he breathlessly confessed. "You just make me feel so…alive."

"I know, honey," I replied, running my fingers through his hair. "And I have to admit, seeing you like this, a grown man but still my little boy, turns me on something fierce."

"I can tell," he blushed. "Your nipples are poking against my chest and I can smell how wet your pussy is."

I couldn't help but laugh at his candidness. "Well, it's hard not to get wet around you, Jordon. You're such a temptation, even when we're just lying here together."

"Do you think I could have just a quick taste of you?" Jordon asked, licking his lips.

"A taste of my pussy?"

"Yes," he whispered, his eyes gazing hungrily at the wetness between my legs. "I just need a taste of your honey, just a little taste."

I couldn't hold back the moan that escaped my lips as I thought about Jordon's mouth on me, his lips and tongue exploring my most intimate parts. "Alright," I whispered back, "but we have to be quiet. Your father might hear us."

Jordon nodded in agreement, his eyes never leaving the sight of my now soaking wet pussy. He slowly moved his face down, kissing the inside of my thighs before he reached my aching entrance.

His tongue darted out, gently licking my clit before dipping inside my folds. I let out a soft moan, my hips bucking slightly. I would have happily let him continue feasting on my cunt, but I knew it was risky with Stuart at home.

"My turn to taste you," I whispered, pushing Jordon onto his back. I'd been dying to get his cock in my mouth ever since I laid eyes on it.

He lay there, eyes wide with anticipation as I lowered my mouth to his cock. I could feel the heat of his manhood as my lips brushed against it, the pulsing veins and the smooth skin enticing me. I licked the head of his cock, savoring the salty taste of his pre-cum, and then slowly took him into my mouth, sucking him gently and teasing him with my tongue.

Jordon moaned softly, his hands tangled in my hair as he thrust his hips upwards, guiding my mouth deeper onto his cock. I took him in deeper, feeling him hit the back of my throat, my saliva coating his shaft as I bobbed up and down on him. I could feel his erection twitching in my mouth, his excitement palpable.

"Oh, mom" he breathed, his voice hoarse with need. "This feels so good."

A sudden noise from down the hallway startled me, causing me to quickly scramble back beside Jordon. My cheeks flushed as I tried to act nonchalant, pretending nothing had happened between us just moments ago. But the sweet tang of his pre-cum still lingered in my mouth, a delicious reminder of how satisfyingly thick and long his cock was. The thought of it made my pulse quicken and my body ache for more.

As the week went on, our relationship continued to evolve and deepen, our nudity becoming more and more integrated into our daily lives. Stuart, however, remained uncomfortable and distant. He spent more and more time at work, avoiding the house and the awkwardness of seeing his wife and son together in the nude.

One day, as Stuart was at work, Jordon and I decided to take our relationship to the next level. I led him to my bedroom, and we lay down on the bed, naked and affectionate. Jordon began to stimulate

me, his fingers deftly working their magic on my pussy. He thrust two fingers inside my fuck-hole, eliciting gasps of pleasure from me.

"Oh, Jordan, you're so big," I moaned, grasping his cock at its base, feeling its strength and rigidity as I yanked on its meat.

He smiled, "Is that a good thing, mom?"

"Very much so, darling," I replied, my eyes locked on his. "It's a sign of a strong and healthy man. You're becoming quite the stud now, Jordon."

With that, Jordon continued to finger my pussy, moving his fingers in and out of my tight hole in time with the rhythm of my cock-stroking. My moans grew louder and more desperate, and Jordon picked up the pace, driving his fingers deeper within me.

Just then, the bedroom door opened, and there stood Stuart, his face twisted in anger and disgust.

"What the hell is going on here?!" he demanded, his voice shaking with anger.

Jordon and I quickly pulled away from each other, our faces flushing with embarrassment. I knew that we were in trouble, and that Stuart was going to do everything in his power to stop this from continuing.

"Stuart, I thought you had work. We were just... lying down," I stammered, searching for a believable excuse.

"I had a meeting cancelled. I came home early to surprise you. But this... this is not what I expected to find."

"And yet IT IS what you found," I stated matter-of-factly. "Jordon and I have been growing closer, and we're simply exploring our bond as mother and son."

Stuart looked at me, his eyes burning with anger and disbelief. "You're kidding me, right? Exploring your bond? You're talking about exploring your bond by fingering each other in our bed?"

"Stuart, there's nothing wrong with nudity. Jordon and I are two consenting adults, and we should have the right to express our affection for each other. Yes, it might be strange and uncomfortable for you, but it's natural for us."

"Natural? Finger-fucking in our bed is natural?" Stuart shouted, his voice echoing through the room. "You're expecting me to accept this? You're expecting me to watch you two have sex?"

"We're not expecting you to watch, Stuart. That's why I waited to do this while you were at work."

"So, your cheating on me, is that it?" he asked, his voice shaky. "Your cheating on me with our own son?"

"No, this is hardly cheating on you," I replied defensively. "This is us exploring our bond and expressing our love for each other in a way that feels natural to us."

"It's incest is what it is," Stuart spat out, his face contorted with disgust. "You're committing incest with your own son."

"Incest is a taboo, Stuart, but it's a taboo that's becoming less and less relevant in today's society," I answered, trying to sound as calm and rational as possible despite the beating my heart was taking. "Just like interracial marriage used to be ridiculously frowned upon, but now it's accepted. It's just a matter of time before society accepts mother-son relationships as well."

"I don't care what society thinks," Stuart retorted, his voice rising. "I care about what it means for our family!"

I could see the pain and fear in his eyes. I wanted to reassure him that I still loved him, that Jordon and I would never do anything to hurt him. But I couldn't lie to him, not when I was so deeply enamored with our son.

"Maybe it's time you considered that our idea of what constitutes a family is changing, Stuart," I said softly. "This isn't about replacing you or hurting you, it's about discovering new ways to express our love and embrace our family dynamic."

"By allowing you and Jordon to be sexual?" he asked. "I'm suppose to embrace that?"

I nodded. "Yes," I replied, my voice steady. "Jordon and I have a bond that runs deeper than words can express, and we need to honor that by being intimate together. We're not asking you to participate in our relationship, but we do ask for your understanding and acceptance."

Stuart looked at me, his face twisted in anguish. He took a deep breath and released it slowly. "I don't know how to process this, Colleen. It feels like a betrayal."

"I understand that it might feel that way, Stuart," I said gently. "But please try to see it from our perspective. We're not trying to replace you or take anything away from you. We simply want to be ourselves and explore the love we share through physical intimacy. "

"But it's wrong," Stuart insisted, his voice shaking. "It's against everything I believe in."

I sighed, growing impatient with his lack of empathy. "Stuart, you need to stop acting like a jealous child," I snapped. "Jordon and I are grown adults, and we should have the right to express our love for each other. You're being selfish and narrow-minded. Get over yourself and accept that things have changed."

Stuart looked at me, his eyes filled with pain and disbelief. He shook his head slowly, like he was trying to clear his thoughts. "So, I'm just suppose to ignore what's happening and pretend like everything is normal?"

"Normal is relative, Stuart," I replied, my voice strained. "What's normal for us might not be normal for you, but that's not our fault. We're not asking you to condone our actions, but we do ask for your respect for our choices. We're not hurting anyone. We're simply finding a way to express our love and desire for each other."

"By having sex?"

I was done sugar-coating it for him. "Yes, by having sex, now please just leave us alone," I said, feeling a surge of anger and frustration. "I won't continue to beg and plea with you to accept us for who we are when you so clearly can't. Just go back to work, Stuart, and pretend this never happened. It'll make it easier for all of us, I think. But don't come back and try to stop us because you'll have a much harder battle than you think. We're grown adults, we know what we want, and we're not afraid to fight for it."

Stuart's jaw dropped as he looked at me, his eyes widening with disbelief. He took a step back, his face twisting with a combination of anger, hurt, and betrayal. For a moment, I thought he was going to say something else, but then he turned and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

I let out a shaky breath and collapsed onto the bed, my heart racing with a mix of emotions. I felt conflicted, knowing that I had hurt Stuart, possibly irreparably, but I also felt a sense of relief that I had finally stood up for myself and Jordon. It was a difficult decision to make, but I had to prioritize my own happiness and well-being.

Jordon looked at me, concern and understanding in his eyes. He wrapped his arms around me as I buried my face in his chest. We hugged tightly, our bodies shaking.

I left a trail of wet kisses on his neck as I traveled to his ear. "Now… where we're we?" I whispered, then moved his hand back down to my pussy so he could resume fingering me.

Jordon slipped two fingers back inside me, his thumb gently rubbing my clit in a steady rhythm. I moaned softly, my body arching into his touch. The anger and tension of the argument with Stuart melted away, leaving only raw desire and the promise of satisfaction.

I leaned into Jordon, kissing him passionately as his fingers continued to explore my depths. I could feel my climax building, the desire coursing through my veins.

"I need you inside me," I whispered hoarsely, my breath ragged. "Now."

Jordon smiled, his eyes shining with passion. He removed his fingers from my wetness, then climbed on top of me, his long, eager erection wagging stiffly as he positioning himself at my entrance. I looked up at him, our eyes locked as he slowly pushed his thick, veiny cock inside me.

"Ahh, shit, mom," he gasped, his eyes widening at the sensation of my tight pussy engulfing him. "This feels so wrong, but so right at the same time."

I bit my lip, my heart racing with desire and revelation. "I know, baby. But it's how we both feel, and the passion we share is something we can't ignore."

As he started to move, I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him deeper into me. The sight of my son's blue-veined cock sliding in and out of me filled me with an inexplicable sense of satisfaction and

contentment. I grunted with each thrust, my breasts bouncing with our rhythm.

"Fuck, mom," Jordon panted, his eyes never leaving mine. "I can't believe we're doing this."

"Trust me, I can't either, but I don't think I can stop now."

His gaze turned hungry as he picked up pace, his cock sliding in and out of me with a slick, slapping sound. I moaned and arched my back, my hands gripping his shoulders for support.

"Harder," I whispered, my voice breathy. "I need you to fuck me harder."

Jordon obliged, his hips pounding into me with a fierce intensity. My jutting tits melted against his chest and rippled between us with every fuck-thrust. My pussy clenched around him, my pelvis meeting his every thrust. I felt a powerful orgasm building, my body trembling with the force of it.

"I'm g-gonna cum, Jordon," I gasped, my breaths becoming shallow and rapid. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming."

Jordan began to demonstrate his true mastery at technique and stamina, taking savage thrusts with his strong, teenage cock that left me breathless. It was clear that he wasn't cumming anytime soon and that this would be a long, intense fuck marathon.

"Harder, baby, fuck me harder," I panted, my voice ragged with lust.

Jordon responded to my plea, his hips pounding into me with a primal intensity. My pussy clenched around him, my pelvis humping upward. I felt a powerful orgasm building, my body trembling with the force of it.

As I reached the peak of my orgasm, I felt Jordon's cock twitch and pulse inside me. He groaned and thrust hard, his body tensing as he came deep within me.

"Fuck, mom, I'm cumming!" he cried out, his voice hoarse with passion.

I felt his warm cum flood my pussy, filling me with his virile seed. It was an intimate and powerful moment, our bodies connecting in the most intense way possible.

Jordon hungrily devoured each of my titties, his face disappearing into the soft, warm flesh. I could feel his tongue circling around my fat, rubbery nipples, coaxing them to harden and ache in pleasure. Meanwhile, his cock remained buried deep inside my cunt, the swollen head pressing against the tight ring of my cervix. With each twitch and throb of his member, I knew that we both craved another round of passionate lovemaking.

Jordon's breath was hot against my ear as he eagerly whispered, "Can we try it doggy style now?" My heart raced at his request, caught off guard by his boldness.

With a playful smile, I responded, "Of course you can, sweetheart," and quickly got into position on all-fours, presenting my voluptuous mommy-ass towards him. I knew that he could even see the throbbing ring of my asshole, but I felt no shame around him.

As Jordon scrambled onto his knees behind me, I arched my back and swayed my hips enticingly, eager for him to mount me from behind.

He gripped my hips with his strong, youthful hands and lined up the head of his cock with my pussy entrance. With a deep breath, he thrust forward, burying his cock to its root inside me.

"Oh fuck, mom," he grunted, his voice strained with desire. "You feel so tight and wet."

"Mm, I love feeling your cock inside me, baby," I moaned, my words coming out heavy and sensual. "I want you to fuck me hard from

behind."

Jordon took the hint, pulling his cock out of me until only his pink bell remained and then thrusting back in with rough, demanding strokes. His hips slapped against my ass with each powerful movement, sending shockwaves of pleasure and desire through me. My body felt alive and filled with a raw, animal vitality.

"Yes, fuck me, Jordon," I cried out, my voice intense and needy. "Harder, baby, make me cum all over your gorgeous cock."

Jordon complied, his thrusts becoming more forceful and urgent. He gripped my hips tightly, his fingers digging into my flesh as he pushed himself deeper inside me. His teenage erection felt so huge and strong. I could feel it hitting my G-spot with each powerful stroke, setting off a chain reaction of pleasure and desire that threatened to consume me.

My breath caught in my throat as I gasped, "Yes, baby... fuck me just like that!" The sensation of my heavy, mature tits swinging beneath me like pendulums with each powerful thrust from Jordon's crotch was exhilarating.

Unlike Stuart, who had always been more of a sedentary person, Jordon's physically active lifestyle was evident in the way he expertly moved his muscular body and penetrated me deeply with his hard, throbbing cock. It was clear that men like him, who played sports regularly and worked out diligently, were better suited to give a girl a long and intense fucking experience.

I turned my head to look back at my cute boy, a mischievous smile playing across my lips. He was fixated on my big, sweaty bubble butt, watching as my buns bounced and rippled against his abdomen with each thrust. I knew such a sight must be straight out of a boy's erotic fantasy.

As he drove himself deeper into me, I couldn't help but flex my fuck-muscles, creating an even tighter channel for him to slide his throbbing cock inside. The sensation sent electric sparks through my body, igniting every nerve ending and making me crave more.

I peered back and we locked eyes, both of us smiling with excitement and pleasure as we shared this intimate experience as mom and son. His tongue hung out slightly, mirroring the lustful expression on my own face as we gave in to our most primal desires together.

"I could do this every day," my son confessed, giving my ass a hard slap.

I giggled at his comment, "Well, maybe we should plan our days around it then."

My humor only fueled Jordon's arousal, if that was even possible. His thrusts became more erratic and deep, the sound of our bodies slapping together growing louder. My moans echoed through the room, filling the space with our raw passion.

"Fuck, mom, I'm so close," Jordon panted, his voice strained.

"Then let's finish this together, baby."

Knowing Jordon couldn't hold back any longer, I reached between my legs and began to fondle my plump, juicy clit, bringing myself closer to the brink of orgasm.

"Fuck!" Jordon cried out, his body arching forward as he slammed his cock inside me one final time. His hot cum filled my pussy, the

warmth of his seed splattering through my walls and pooling inside me.

"Yes, baby, cum for me!" I urged, my own orgasm now imminent. "Give mommy your cum."

I felt my body begin to shake uncontrollably, my big, dangling titties trembling as a powerful orgasm swept over me. I cried out in pleasure, my voice high and desperate.

"Yes, yes, yes!" I moaned, my pussy clenching around Jordon's cock, milking him for every last drop of his boy-seed.

As my orgasm subsided, I felt him collapse onto my back, his breathing ragged and irregular. My son's cock remained lodged deep within me, the connection between us stronger than ever.

We lay there, our bodies entwined, basking in the afterglow of our lovemaking. I stroked his sweat-soaked hair, the the warmth of his body still pressed against mine, his cock-muscle and my pussy sharing wonderful post-orgasmic contraction.

As the weeks passed, and our tally of passionate encounters grew, Jordon and I found ourselves sitting down with Stuart in the cozy living room. The air was thick with anticipation as we prepared to share our exciting news with him. My husband seemed a bit uncertain, still adjusting to all of the changes that had taken place in our home. But he sat there patiently, waiting for us to begin.

"Stuart," I said with a smile, "Jordon and I have some wonderful news to tell you."

His attention was fully on us now, curious and perhaps a little wary. "I'm listening," he finally replied, his voice tinged with curiosity and maybe even a hint of concern.

"I'm pregnant," I proudly announced.

Stuart's face froze for a moment, his eyes wide with shock. "What?" he managed to stammer out, disbelief coloring his voice.

"Yes, Stuart, Jordon and I are expecting a child," I confirmed, my own expression full of joy and pride.

"Are you sure it's not mine?" Stuart asked, which made me burst out laughing.

Jordon and I exchanged a glance, both surprised by Stuart's question. But I couldn't help but find it darkly amusing. "Oh, Stuart, you know it isn't. Why would you even ask that?"

"I'm not sure. It's possible that I could be the father," he responded.

"You and I have only been intimate a few times in the last three weeks," I reminded him. "Meanwhile, Jordon and I have had sex at least three times a day since we've been together."

"I understand that, but—"

"Let's face it, you're probably not producing much sperm at this point," I interjected. "Meanwhile, Jordon has been consistently ejaculating large amounts of potent semen into my unprotected vagina. The chances of you being the one who got me pregnant are slim to none."

Stuart's face turned pale, and he seemed to deflate in his seat. "So, you're saying..." he started, hesitant to finish the thought.

"Yes, Stuart, I'm saying that this child is the result of me and Jordon's passionate lovemaking," I said, my voice firm and unwavering. "I love my son, and I'm grateful for the life he's planted inside me. You can either accept this situation and be supportive, or you can choose to leave."

Stuart sat there for a moment, processing everything he had just heard. His expression was a mix of shock, disappointment, and even a hint of jealousy. But eventually, he nodded his head slowly, accepting our news.

"Okay," he said quietly, resignation creeping into his voice. "I'll try to be supportive."

Jordon and I exchanged a relieved glance, grateful that Stuart had finally accepted the situation. We knew it wouldn't be easy for him, but we hoped that with time he would come to terms with our unconventional family dynamic.

"That's fantastic news, Stuart," I exclaimed, taking Jordon's hand and rising from the plush sofa. "Come on, Jordon, let's go to the bedroom and properly celebrate this wonderful announcement."

A sense of euphoria washed over me as I confidently led Jordon down the hallway in front of his father. It was a subtle yet powerful reminder that he was now in complete control of my sexual pleasure. My heart raced with anticipation as we entered our intimate sanctuary, the dim lighting giving off a romantic glow.

I made sure to be extra vocal during our lovemaking, wanting Stuart to hear every moan and gasp of pleasure that escaped my lips. It was my way of showing him just how skilled and attentive Jordon was as a lover. Oh, how I relished in the idea of Stuart knowing that his son was capable of bringing me such exquisite pleasure.

Jordon's voice was ragged as he gasped, his body moving with savage force as he thrust into me. The tightness of my walls made him groan in pleasure, and each time he pounded into me, his large balls slammed against the rim of my puckered anal-entrance. My legs were spread wide in a V shape, toes pointed towards opposite sides of the room, granting Jordon unrestricted access to my feminine core. Every thrust brought waves of intense sensation coursing

through my body, and I reveled in the primal intensity of our lovemaking.

"That's it…fuck me hard, Jordon," I panted, "make me cum and I'll let do something that I just know you'll love."

Jordon grunted, his eyes darkening as he focused on the task at hand. With every thrust, he drove deeper into me, his hips pistoning in a relentless rhythm. Sweat glistened on his skin, and his eyes locked onto mine, filled with a raw hunger that set my heart racing.

"That's it, Jordy, oh fuck!" I cried out, my orgasm building with every womb-crushing thrust. My hot, slippery walls clenched around him, embracing the blood-engorged strength of his teenage fuck-organ.

With a smooth and practiced motion, I brought my silky legs down and wrapped them around his lean frame, forming a tight harness. Using them as leverage against his hard, undulating body, I pumped my pelvis upward to show Jordon that I was just as capable of fucking with intensity. Though he may have been athletic and perfectly sculpted, I was a mother – my body built for both pleasure and creation. As I demonstrated my prowess, he groaned in delight, holding on tightly to my form while we writhed wildly together.

"I'm gonna cum, baby, give it to me!" I cried out.

Jordon groaned, his pace picking up. "That's it, mom," he panted, his voice thick with lust. "Cum for me. Let me feel you cumming around my cock."

The intensity of his words was too much, and I cried out as my orgasm slammed into me. My walls quivered and twitched, milking his love-organ. My son demonstrated his stamina by fucking me straight through my orgasm, while I soaked his delicious cock-flesh in female ejaculate.

Now it was time for me to keep my word by doing something I knew would give him a thrill and make his ejaculation even more intense.

"Slip your cock out, baby," I instructed, my voice breathless with need. "I want you to fuck my ass now."

Jordon's eyes widened at the suggestion, but he didn't hesitate. He slowly pulled out of my soaked pussy, his cock dripping with my juices. I scooted forward on the bed, presenting my rounded ass to him in a way that left no doubt as to what I wanted.

"Are you sure about this, mom?" he asked, his voice still thick with lust.

"Yes, Jordon," I moaned, "I want you to fuck my ass. I want to feel you inside me in every way possible."

His eyes locked onto mine, and I saw the desire surge in their depths. With a groan, he positioned himself at my rear entrance and thrust forward, sinking his cock deep into my ass-tract in one swift move.

I cried out at the sudden entry, the sensation overwhelming. Jordon's member felt much larger in my ass, stretching me in a way that was both pleasurable and strange. But I loved the feeling of being completely filled, the sensation of him surrounding my most private area.

"Oh fuck, Jordon," I moaned, adjusting to the depth of his invasion. "Please, make me cum again."

Jordon's breath hitched, and he began to thrust into me, his cock sliding in and out of my ass with brutal efficiency. The sensation of his member rubbing against my anal-walls sent shockwaves of pleasure coursing through my body. I moaned softly, my hips rocking to meet his every thrust.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum again," I gasped, my walls clenching around him. "I can feel it building."

Jordon's eyes widened as he felt the walls of my ass begin to convulse around his cock, gripping him tightly. He continued to thrust into me, his movements growing more frenzied as his knob dug deep into my rectum. His eyes locked onto mine, filled with a raw hunger that was matched only by my own desire.

"Cum for me, Jordon," I panted, my voice barely audible over the sounds of our passion. "Fill my ass with your cum."

Jordon's breath hitched, and he groaned deeply as his orgasm crashed over him. He thrust into me one last time, his cock twitching as he emptied his load deep into my ass. I felt the warmth of his release flood my most intimate passage, and I knew that it would take a while for the sensation to fully wash over me.

As we lay spent on the bed, our bodies still intertwined, I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride knowing that every inch of my body had been marked by his essence. His potent semen had cascaded down my throat during the numerous blowjobs I had eagerly given him. It had coated my breasts during a passionate titty-fuck and gushed into my tight channels as we indulged in carnal intercourse. My insatiable desire for his warm seed knew no bounds, and I could already envision the ways he would delight in spilling it over my swollen belly and engorged breasts in the coming months of my pregnancy. Each time he brought me to bliss, I yearned for more of his virile essence to claim me as his own.

271: MOM’S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-1/3

MOM'S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED

By Klrxo

"Oh, Alden, we got here as fast as we could! What happened?" Kat exclaimed with a mixture of panic and motherly concern as she rushed to her son's hospital bedside, her heart pounding in her chest.

Darci, his stepmom, was right behind her, and the sharp staccato of their four-inch heels echoed like a heartbeat on the cold hospital floor as they hurried over to each side of the injured teen.

"I took a brutal hit in practice. The doctor said both my arms are broken," Alden confessed, his voice laced with pain.

"Both arms?!" his mother gasped, her voice rising in disbelief and horror.

"Unfortunately," he confirmed grimly.

"Oh my God! I would hug you, baby, but I don't wanna hurt your arms," she said, her voice trembling as she fought to control her emotions.

Alden found solace in his mom's deeply compassionate brown eyes, which were brimming with worry. She resembled the glamorous Italian TV host, Sara Varone, with her cascading dark hair and full,

expressive lips. Her cami top, tightly fitted, struggled to contain the generous curves of her figure, creating a dramatic cleavage that seemed to defy gravity.

Kat had a body that seemed to come straight out of one of Alden's comic books. Her massive J-cup tit-melons strained against her low-cut top, looking far too large and heavy to be real. They jutted out obscenely, drawing the eye and making it hard to look away. Her hips flared out below her tiny waist, leading to an ass that was the definition of a bubble butt - high, tight, and incredibly round. Alden couldn't help but imagine sinking his fingers into that succulent, juicy flesh. And her legs - they

looked powerful enough to crush a man's skull between her thighs as she fucked him into oblivion.

Every inch of his mom's body seemed custom-built for raw, animalistic sex.

Looming on the other side of him was Darci, his striking redheaded stepmother. Her curves rivaled those of Kat's, drawing the unwavering gaze of every man in the vicinity.

"My poor baby!" Darci cooed, leaning over Alden and giving him a perfect view straight down her cavernous cleavage.

Her intense, smoldering green eyes bore into Alden's with deep concern. "Your dad wanted to be here, but he's stuck at that work conference in Boston," she explained, her voice soothing as she rubbed his arm gently. "I'm here though, for whatever you need."

Kat glared at her ex-husband's wife, a mix of appreciation and possessiveness swirling within her. She valued Darci's genuine concern for her children but couldn't ignore her instincts as their biological mother. Her divorce from Alden's father four years ago had been mutual and peaceful. They had both moved on, and she was now passionately in love with her new husband, Frank.

"The doctor wants me to stay the night and go home tomorrow," Alden remarked, his words seemingly aimed at Darci's alluring cleavage. The mothers exchanged knowing smiles, the air thick with unspoken tension.

"Well, at least you have your own room," his mom pointed out, breaking the moment's intensity. "You don't have to share it with any sick, smelly old men."

"That's true," her son chuckled, attempting to ease the charged atmosphere.

"How's the pain, sweet baby?" Darci asked, feeling his forehead. "Have they given you anything?"

"Yeah, some sort of pain med. It seems to be working."

"Good," Kat said soothingly. "If you start hurting, you be sure and let me know and I'll have them give you more."

"Will do," the boy smiled. He felt intimidated surrounded by such beautiful mature women, smelling the wonderful aroma of their sweet perfume. He had fantasized about both of them, imagining what it would be like to have their luscious silky-sheened legs thrown around him in a clutching fuck-hold. He knew that they both must have powerful cunt-tubes and well-conditioned vaginal muscles that would provide a guy's cock with mind-blowing pleasure.

Alden squirmed a bit as his hospital gown began to tent up at the crotch. "What's wrong, Alden? Are you uncomfortable? Do you need me to adjust the bed?" Darci asked.

"No, I'm... I'm having some serious issues down there," he growled, his voice thick with urgency as he nodded towards his crotch.

The mothers' gazes dropped, their eyes widening as they saw the prominent ridge of his erection straining against the blanket. His fat

knob was clearly outlined, pre-jizz already beginning to soak through. They exchanged a shocked look, their breaths hitching simultaneously.

"This IS a problem," Kat stated, her voice low as she met her son's gaze. "Have you had any release today, Alden?" she demanded, her voice laced with concern.

"Not since last night," he ground out, his voice tight with frustration. "It's been a hell of a day, Mom, and then this..." He nodded towards his broken arms, wrapped and elevated on pillows.

Darci looked at Kat, her voice grave. "With two broken arms, I suppose masturbation is out of the question."

"Yeah, pretty impossible given his condition," Kat agreed, her voice clipped.

Alden's voice was bold, desperate. "Do you think one of you could... help me?"

The mothers' mouths fell open, their eyes wide with shock. Kat never expected such a request from her son. She looked back at him, her voice a mixture of concern and disbelief. "Alden, that's... that's a big ask, baby, but..."

"But," Darci interjected, her voice firm as she looked at Kat, "your mom and I should to discuss how we can help. Perhaps privately? In the hallway?"

Kat nodded, her smile tight. "Be right back, darling." She patted her son's leg, her hand shaking slightly.

As Kat and Darci made their way out of the hospital room and into the hallway, their stiletto heels clicked a staccato rhythm on the hard tile floor with each hurried step. Kat's impressive J-cup breasts bounced and swayed hypnotically with the quick movements, barely

contained by her straining sundress. Each globe of tit-flesh jiggled enticingly, her dramatically deep cleavage capturing the eyes of everyone they passed.

Behind her, Darci's equally voluptuous figure drew just as much attention. Her huge breasts, a match for Kat's, bobbled and shimmied against the V-neck of her top with each click of her heels. Down below, her succulent bubble butt swayed from side to side, the round cheeks practically quivering with every sway of her hips.

"Well, THIS is certainly an awkward situation," Kat confessed to Darci, once they were in private.

"Yes, but unfortunately he's helpless, and I'd feel awful if we left here without doing anything for him."

"I can't just go in there and do something for him," Kat snapped, her voice laced with tension. "I'm his mother, for god's sake."

Darci stepped up, her voice steady and resolved. "I'll do it. I'm not his biological mom, so it won't be as weird. I'll help him... take care of his needs."

Kat's maternal instincts roared to life, coupled with a primal jealousy. Another woman, one who shared a maternal role with her, helping her son in such an intimate way? It was unbearable. "Take care of his needs how, exactly?" she demanded.

"Don't worry, Kat…I'm not gonna rip off my panties and crawl on top of him, if that's what you're worried about?" Darci teased. "I'll do it the same way HE would. Just give him a quick handjob, with a little dirty talk, until he ejaculates."

Kat's mind raced. She knew dirty talk was a given – all men liked that – but excusing herself from this felt wrong. Yet, the thought of her son's needs being tended to by someone else was agonizing.

"And what about tomorrow? He's a teenager. He'll need this at least twice a day. What do we do then?"

"Alden is more that welcome to stay with us until he heals up. Him and I could work out a schedule to give him sexual release, when his father's at work, of course," Darci offered.

Kat inwardly objected. "I'll be damned if I'm gonna let his stepmom emerge as the sole hero in this situation!"

"No…most of this responsibility should fall on MY shoulders. I'm his mother," Kat stated in a determined tone. "We can certainly work together as a team of moms to take care of his sexual needs, but I need to take the lead on this."

Darci grinned, her perfect white teeth gleaming with a mix of understanding and resolve. She more than empathized with a biological mother's fierce need for control. "Alright, then... lead the way," she declared decisively.

"We should inform the nurse's station that he's asleep, so they won't disturb us. But just to be safe, we'll lock his room door," the determination in her voice was palpable.

"I'll handle that," Darci replied with unwavering confidence.

"We might not get another chance like this until he returns home tomorrow, so I wanna ensure he experiences an EXTREMELY powerful ejaculation to sustain him," Kat insisted with intense conviction.

"If you wanna take on the task 'boner-beating,' I can handle his balls to provide extra stimulation," Darci proposed with a wicked grin. "That'll definitely send him over the edge."

"I'm all for getting his balls in on the action, and filthy talk would be perfect, but I've got something else in mind as well," the mother

revealed with a mischievous glint in her eye.

Alden's eyes widened as the two mothers sauntered into the room, their heavy titties swaying beneath their tops like pending storms. His mother closed the door shut, the click of the lock echoing like a gunshot, sending his heart into a frenzy of anticipation.

She turned to face her boy as she took a deep breath, her lips curling into a nervous smile. "We're gonna help you find some relief, honey…but listen, not a single word about this to anyone, do you understand?"

The boy's throat tightened. "I understand," he whispered, his eyes darting over to Darci as she began to unbutton her blouse, her fingers trembling with urgency.

His mother's voice cut through the air like a knife. "Look at me," she demanded. "I mean it…not a single word."

He nodded, his heart pounding. "I won't say anything."

His mother snatched her cell phone, jabbed at the Spotify app, and suddenly, the room was filled with the throbbing beat of Rihanna's "Love on the Brain." She pointed the remote at his hospital bed, lowering it until it was mere inches from the floor.

"Why did you lower me so much?" he asked, his voice barely audible.

She began swaying her hips, her eyes locked onto his. "So you can see everything."

Alden stared, mouth agape, as the two moms swayed their wide hips hypnotically, their blouses sliding off to reveal massive bras encasing enormous tits. Their cleavage spilled over, nipples straining against the thin fabric like bullets ready to fire.

Kat and Darci peeled their skirts down their smooth, freshly-shaven legs, their lush bodies rolling erotically to the rhythm. Their tiny panties clung to their mounds, tracing the swollen lips of their pussies.

Alden's mother arched her back, her bra-covered tits heaving like twin mountains. She reached back, fingers fumbling with the hooks, then tore the bra away, unleashing her colossal tits. They swung heavily, the wide, textured areolas dark against her creamy skin, nipples hard and thick as rubber.

Alden's cock throbbed under his hospital gown, growing another inch as he watched, disbelieving. He'd dreamt of this moment, but never thought it would happen.

Only another pair of massive tits could tear his gaze away. Darci bared her own gigantic breasts, grinning wickedly at Alden's shock. She shook

her shoulders, making her tits swing pendulously, an erotic challenge in her eyes.

The air crackled with tension, their bodies moving sinuously, a raw, primal heat radiating from their naked flesh. Alden was spellbound, his cock pulsing in time with their dance, his world reduced to the carnal spectacle before him.

The boy's breath hitched, eyes widening as he fixated on Darci's protruding nipples, jutting from wide, dusky pink areola. "Jesus Christ!" he exhaled, his gaze rudely interrupted by his mother's provocative movements.

Kat hooked her thumbs into the flimsy string of her panties, peeling them down with a deliberate slowness that made his heart thunder. With an unapologetic audacity, she bared herself completely, revealing her smooth, hairless mound. Her plump outer lips converged, forming a shadowy chasm that seemed to beckon him.

His stepmom, on the other hand, sported a slim, perfectly manicured landing strip of fiery pubic hair that pointed like an arrow to her exposed sex. Her inner folds, dark and flushed, jutted out, teasing his hungry eyes. He could almost taste her on his tongue.

In a synchronized dance of sin, the mothers spun, their oversized breasts swinging like pendulums, hypnotic and mesmerizing. They rolled their hips, causing their generous rumps to gyrate in a primal rhythm. Clad only in their delicate high-heeled mules, their feet arched as they danced on their squatted, painted toes, a spectacle of raw, carnal allure.

Kat removed her son's hospital gown, lifting it over his head. Both mothers were taken aback, responding with a mix of surprise and admiration at the sight of his prominent erection.

Alden's cock stood at rigid attention, the swollen head an angry shade of purple. The glans bulged obscenely, shiny and taut, the skin stretched to

its limits. A prominent ridge encircled the base of the head where it flared out from the shaft, forming the distinct coronal ridge.

At the very tip, his meatus gaped open, a dewy bead of pre-cum glistening at the slit. On the sensitive underside, just below the head, his frenulum was taut with tension, the little band of skin straining as his cock throbbed with need.

The shaft of Alden's cock was an imposing sight, stretching out long and thick from his groin. The skin was pulled taut, showcasing every ridge and vein that mapped its length. Steel-hard beneath the surface, it pulsed with an almost angry intensity, the bulging veins like thick ropes snaking up the sides and along the bottom. They formed a complex network just under the skin, each one gorged with hot blood that made his member throb visibly.

The shaft was a monument to virility, the skin silky smooth yet stretched drum-tight from the sheer stiffness within. Sinew and veins worked in tandem beneath the surface, fueling his impressive erection with a ceaseless supply of blood. It was as if his teenage hormones had concentrated all their power into this one organ, leaving it engorged to its absolute limit.

At the base of Alden's formidable shaft, his cockroot was a dense nexus of muscle, tendon and vein, firmly anchoring his manhood to his pelvis. It formed a thick, sturdy trunk that seemed to radiate raw power, flexing subtly with each eager throb of his erection. This foundation was built to withstand the rigors of vigorous coupling, a perfect anchor point to sustain the relentless driving of hard, forceful thrusts into a tight, clasping cunt.

Dense networks of ligaments and tendons wove through the root, reinforcing the structural integrity of his cock at its very base. Pulsing veins and arteries pumped a constant supply of hot blood into his shaft,

maintaining his steely hardness. The skin here was a shade darker, stretched taut by the sheer girth of his base.

Beneath Alden's imposing cock, his balls were a sight to behold, swollen and heavy with his pent-up seed. The twin orbs were each the size of a large egg, the skin stretched taut and shiny from the sheer volume contained within. They hung low in his hairless sack, the thin skin doing little to conceal the bulging ovals of his testes.

Each sphere was a roiling mass of sperm production, the seminiferous tubules within working overtime to churn out billions upon billions of eager spermatozoa. The interstitial cells were gorged with testosterone, fueling his raging libido and sky-high virility. His balls pulsed with a dull ache, throbbing in time with his racing heartbeat as they swelled with their precious cargo.

"Wow, honey! Your manhood looks like a stick of dynamite about to go off!" his mother joked.

"It certainly feels that way," he admitted.

Darci adjusted the bed with the remote, making sure he was perfectly reclined for their plans. Her jutting tits hovered enticingly near his face as she placed a large pillow just above his head on the mattress. "We're gonna gently adjust your arms to make space for your mom and me on the bed," Darci said kindly. "Let us know if it starts to hurt too much, okay?"

"Okay."

The women each took an arm and delicately lifted it back over his head and rested it against the pillow. "Perfect!" his mom blurted, smiling warmly down at him.

They slipped their sexy feet from their heels and crawled onto the mattress with him, all three of them bare naked.

Alden watched in fascination as, one at a time, the two moms leaned over close to his throbbing prick and let trickles of saliva ooze out their pink lips and down onto his erection. They knew that mommy-saliva provided the perfect cock-stroking lubricant.

His mom peered up at him, lingering there on all-fours for a moment, with her big udders hanging down nearly to the mattress. Her beautiful brown eyes gazed promiscuously through long fluttering lashes. "That saliva will lubricate your penis in our hands, baby," she explained.

"It looks like that one-eyed serpent is crying out big gooey tears of excitement," Darci pointed out, making reference to his Alden's pre-cum. "That should help get his boner nice n slippery."

Both moms crawled up the sides of him like prowling cougars. Alden's body shuddered from the thrill of watching their huge dangling tits get closer and closer to his face. Each mom sprawled out beside him, snuggling in close, so they could both rest one of their heavy boobs across his lean, hairless chest, the tits meeting in the middle.

The arm beneath them was folded, so they could prop their pretty heads up beside the teen and still gaze down at him. Some of their long silky hair was draped over his shoulders, tickling his neck as the three of them looked down at the throbbing purple-headed appendage that was pointed up at them.

Alden's mom looked over into his excited eyes and smiled, grazing her long red nails against his cheek gingerly. "Are you ready for us to wrap our pretty hands around it, baby?" she softly asked.

"Yes, ma'am!" his anxious voice hissed.

"Have you ever had a girl milk your cock, Alden?" his red headed stepmom asked.

"One girl touched it, but she didn't stroke on me," he answered.

"Well, girls your own age are probably shy when it comes to handling erections, but we moms aren't timid about that at all, darling," his mom assured him.

"That's right," Darci agreed. "We're VERY good at it, Alden, and we'll probably show you ways to squeeze and pull on your penis that you never tried before."

"Alright," the boy nodded excitedly.

"Mm, you just relax and enjoy this, baby," his mom mewled, tracing her nails teasingly down his chest. "You're unable to do this yourself, so let your moms help you get some good sexual release."

The teen shuddered, like an electric shock went through him, the moment the two women grasped on to his rigid prick. He felt their hands work the mixture of saliva and pre-cum around his rigid phallus, coating it with slippery lubrication.

"Oh, fuck, Alden…your dick feels SO hot to the touch!" Darci sighed, then squeezed her circled fist around the girth at the base, feeling the blood pump though his sex organ.

Meanwhile, his mom was twisting her hand around the flaring knob, teasing his glans by grasping her fist around it. "It's good and coated now, baby. Are you ready for us to yank on your fat prick and jerk you off?" she asked.

"Yes!"

In unison, the two moms began stroking his cock up and down. Darci worked the meaty bottom half, while Kat focused on the knob. She gazed down into her boy's wondrous eyes and smiled as she jerked steadily. "Does that feel good, darling?" she asked, squeezing at the neck of his glans.

"Uh-huh!" he breathed.

"Pretty incredible having TWO hands beat your boner, isn't it, Alden?" Darci asked, yanking at the sturdy root.

"Yes," he answered, staring down between their jiggling tits and watching their skilled hands squeeze and jerk on his steely-hard penis. He looked up at their beautiful hovering faces that were peeking from the curtains of their long silky hair. Their eyes were glazed with passion as they studied the boy's reaction to their corkscrew strokes.

"Baby, look at me," his mom whispered, drawing his eyes to hers. "When you jerk off at home, do you like to imagine that your dick is squeezing through a hot pussy?" she brazenly asked.

He was too fucking turned on to answer, so he just nodded.

Darci tightened her grip a little, feeling the powerful muscles and tendons at the base of his shank. She peered down at her stepson. "Your boner is REALLY fat, Alden," she cooed. "The slippery flesh of a hot pussy will feel SO amazing stretched around it."

"I bet!" the boy gasped, his cock flexing in their slick pumping hands.

"And your erection is strong too!" she added. "You'll take a girl's breath away with every thrust!"

"Yes, he does have a VERY long boner!" his mom boasted. "Do you know what that means, darling?"

"What?"

"That means you'll get to feel the back walls of the girls you fuck," she answered. "You'll get to feel the pleasurable ring of a woman's cervix against your glans."

"Not all boys can do that, Alden," Darci commented. "Only ones with REALLY long dicks like yours."

"Oh, wow!" he moaned, enthralled by their dirty talk and the way their fists were jerking around his cock-meat.

Darci slipped her hand down over his scrotum and began combing her slippery fingers around his tender nuts. This freed up the lower-half of his shaft, so his mom could begin beating it from balls to knob.

"Mm, you haven't cum yet, baby! That's absolutely wonderful!" his mom beamed.

"It is?" Alden asked.

"Yes! That means you'll be able to fuck a girl's pussy hard and fast… for a really long time," his mom explained excitedly. "You'll be able to give her toe-curling pleasure!"

"We girls LOVE to be pounded, Alden!" his stepmom added. "We love to have our asses fucked off and gush all over a big cock like yours!"

His mom quickly sat up beside his waist, so she could really jerk the fuck out of his cock. She peeked back over her shoulder with sultry eyes. "Pump your hips, baby boy! Meet that pussy in the middle! Feel it beat against your cock-base!" she cheered encouragingly.

Alden did as his mom directed, humping his hips from the hospital mattress steadily, spearing his hot dick through his mom's greasy grip.

Kat clenched her pretty white teeth together, staring down at his fat juicy knob as it slipped through the snug grip of her fist. Pre-cum bubbled from his cum-slit, coating her hand in a slippery goo. She wickedly imagined what her son's bell-shaped bulb would feel like smashing against the back of her cunt. The wide rounded border of his corona would dig along the thickly pleated walls of her vaginal cavity and make her howl in pleasure.

"No…that can't happen!" she told herself. "This is about HIS pleasure and sexual release, not mine!"

Outside the room, in the hallway, two middle-aged nurses paused as they found Alden's door locked.

"They're probably giving the boy some sexual release," the senior blonde nurse whispered to the other.

"You think so?" the rookie nurse asked.

"Yes. Any time we have a young man admitted and his mother comes to visit, it's best to give them their privacy," the blonde nurse stated.

"Do you ever catch mothers and sons fucking in these room?" the rookie asked in amusement.

"All the time! We had a boy just last week who had a whole group of female family members in there going at him," the senior nurse remarked.

"No shit?!"

The senior nurse pulled the wide-eyed rookie aside, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "Listen, honey, once those moms are done with him, it'll be our turn." She winked, her lips curving into a knowing smile.

The rookie's mouth fell open in shock. "Our turn? You mean..."

"That's right. We'll go in there, lock the door, and give that boy the ride of his young life. Poor thing, all worked up and nowhere to go with two broken arms. It's practically our duty to help him out." The senior nurse's voice was thick with barely concealed lust.

"But...but isn't that against the rules? We could lose our jobs!" The rookie's voice quavered with a mix of excitement and trepidation.

The senior nurse chuckled, patting the younger woman's arm reassuringly. "Sweetie, this is an unspoken rule among us nurses. When we have a virile young man at our mercy, unable to take care of his own needs, well..." She trailed off, her eyes gleaming with wicked promise.

"We take care of him. In every sense of the word. Trust me, by the time we're done with that boy, he won't be able to remember his own name, let alone file a complaint."

The rookie swallowed hard, her mind racing with the possibilities. Even though she was married, with two kids of her own, the thought of sinking down on that rock-hard teenage cock, feeling it stretch her pussy to the limit, made shiver race down her spine.

"I'm in," she breathed, her nipples tightening beneath her starched uniform. "Just tell me what to do."

The senior nurse grinned, squeezing the rookie's arm approvingly. "That's my girl. Now, here's the plan..."

Back inside the room, Kat still stroked her boy's boner tirelessly, while Darci combed her long painted nails over and around the meat of Alden's nuts. "I think I'll change hands," the step mom blurted.

"Why's that?"

"Because I want my wedding ring to look like yours…covered in pre-ejaculate," she giggled.

Kat paused her cock-stroking a moment and released her boy's throbbing hardon. Because she was a lefty, her diamond wedding ring had become slimed up with ball-goo. "Look, baby," she said, holding it out for her boy to see. "My wedding ring is covered in your fresh nut-jizz. Isn't that cool?" she asked.

"Yes, but I doubt my stepdad would think so," he replied.

"I guess I'll have to lick it clean before I get home, so he'll never know," she winked.

"Can you imagine our husband's faces if they realized the tokens of their love, that they placed on our fingers, were squeezing up and down teenage cock and getting covered in spunk?" Darci giggled.

"They'd kill us," Kat laughed, then she noticed her boy's erection twitching. "Oh, baby…did mommy take the pussy away? I'm sorry,"

she mewled, then grasped onto his dick and began stroking it again. This time the skilled mother adjusted her slippery grip, so her thumb could glide across the band of his frenulum.

"Ahh!" the boy gasped, writhing in pleasure.

"Ohhh, that's a GOOD spot on your dicky, isn't it, baby?" Kat asked sensually. "We moms know where to give that hard slab of meat some extra attention!"

Darci advanced toward the boy on all fours with a deliberate and predatory grace. She lowered her dangling titties, pressing them against Aden's chest with a force that made them spread and conform like molten lava. Her eyes locked onto his, which were swimming in a haze of electrifying pleasure, and she held his gaze with an intensity that could ignite a fire.

"Stepmommy's gonna massage your perineum, baby boy" she said in a seductive tone. "She's gonna make your prostate swell so fucking much that you blast that hot cum right up to the ceiling."

She dove down to his mother's side, her fingers immediately finding that forbidden territory between his balls and his anus, digging in with fierce intention. Alden's back wrenched off the mattress, his cock and balls throbbing with a sudden, electric intensity. His mother's hand worked his shaft with a obscene, wet rhythm, the sound of slick flesh on flesh filling the air like a primal drumbeat.

"THERE YOU GO…GET THAT FUCKING PUSSY, BABY!" his mom cheered encouragingly. "POUND THAT HOT MOMMY FUCK-FIST AS HARD AS YOU CAN!"

Even with her back turned, Alden's gaze was irresistibly drawn to the massive, fleshy curve of her side-boob. It jiggled and quivered with each

vigorous motion of her relentless, feverish movements, captivating him with its undulating dance.

"Are you ready to show us how far you can squirt those ropes, baby?" she asked. "Are you ready for your mommies to milk off your big, strong, cunt-humping penis?!"

"Yes!" the boy loudly gasped. "I'M GONNA CUM!!"

His hips bucked uncontrollably, driven by a primal force beyond his control. Intense nerve impulses crackled like electric currents through the core of his being, causing the muscles at the base of his throbbing member to convulse with raw power.

A deep, visceral grunt tore from his throat, as if the very essence of his being was being expelled. The potent surge propelled his boy-lava with explosive force, launching it through the conduit of his body with relentless spasms, culminating in an eruption of release.

Both mothers gasped in astonished delight as they watched his thick jizz-ropes sail high into the air. A few came down and splashed directly onto them, but they didn't mind at all. "Oh, Alden!" Darci cried out.

"That's my boy!" Kat shouted. "Paint those pink pussy-walls with cum, baby!"

For five mind-blowing minutes, Kat and Darci made sexy moaning sounds as they milked every bit of seed they could from the young man's balls.

"How's that for some release, honey?" his mom asked as her and Darci stood from the bed.

"That was pretty…uhh…epic!" the boy answered breathlessly, looking up at the rounded undersides of their enormous, meaty tits as they stood beside his bed with their hands on their hips.

"Will that tide you over until tomorrow?" Kat inquired.

"It should," the boy answered, wondering if he had the same treatment to look forward to.

The room pulsed with a electric tension as he watched his mom and stepmom dress, their bodies still slick with sweat. They turned away from him, bending to step into their panties, and he was greeted with the raw, primal sight of their rounded asses, like ripe fruit ready to be plucked.

His tongue darted out, lips curling back in a snarl of pure, unadulterated lust. His eyes, wild and hungry, were drawn to their most intimate places, to the puckered rings of their assholes and the wet, swollen clefts that begged to be touched and stroked. His heart pounded like a drumbeat in his chest, raw desire coursing through his veins like a wildfire.

"Well, your cum didn't hit the ceiling, Alden," Darci stated, "but it came pretty fucking close."

"Well, I guess I'll have to see if I can make him paint the ceiling with baby batter tomorrow," Kat said, winking mischievously at her teen.

"So, again tomorrow?" the boy asked anxiously.

His beautiful brunette mother stepped up next to him, using a towel to gently wipe the cum-splatters from his chest. "Baby, your arms aren't gonna heal overnight, which means your stepmom and I will need to help you until you can do it yourself again," Kat told him.

"At home you mean?" Alden asked.

"Yes. Darci and I will come up with a schedule, so we can share in the responsibility of milking you to orgasm," Kat explained, sharing a willing nod with her son's stepmom. "We'll have to be careful…with

your father and siblings in the house, but I promise we won't let you suffer."

"We both love and care about you, kid," Darci expressed with a pretty smile. "We'll do WHATEVER we have to do to help you through this tough time."

"I love you guys too," Alden smiled. He never imagined that a crippling injury would yield him such pleasure, from two of the hottest women he's ever known.

The three busty MILFs at the nurses station waved goodbye to Kat and Darci as they exited Alden's room, smug smiles on their faces. They watched the two sexy mothers sway their wide hips hypnotically as they sauntered down the hallway, their stilettos clicking a staccato rhythm.

"Have a good evening, ladies!" the senior blonde nurse called out cheerfully. "We'll take good care of Alden, don't you worry!" She winked conspiratorially at her fellow nurses.

Kat glanced back over her shoulder, her lips curving into a knowing smile. "Oh, we have no doubt about that. Thank you so much." Her voice was honey-sweet, dripping with insinuation.

As Kat and Darci disappeared into the elevator, the rookie nurse turned to her colleagues, eyes wide with anticipation. "Is it time?" she whispered, her voice trembling with excitement.

The senior nurse nodded, her grin positively wicked. "Oh yes, honey. It's time." She grabbed a "Do Not Disturb" sign and marched purposefully towards Alden's room, the other two nurses hot on her heels.

They sauntered into the room like a hurricane of pent-up lust, the door slamming shut behind them. The rookie nurse fumbled with the lock, her hands shaking, as the other two advanced on Alden's bed.

The boy's eyes widened as he took in the sight before him. Three voluptuous nurses, their uniforms straining over their giant mammaries, stalking towards him with predatory intent. Their faces were flushed, pupils dilated with raw hunger.

"Well hello there, handsome," the senior nurse purred, perching on the edge of his bed. Her hand landed on his thigh, fingers splaying possessively. "We heard you might be in need of some...extra special care."

Alden swallowed hard, his heart pounding. "I...uh...my mom and stepmom just..." he stammered, his brain short-circuiting at the proximity of so much feminine beauty.

"Oh, we know all about that, sugar," the second nurse chuckled, moving to his other side. She traced a fingernail over his chest, circles his nipple teasingly. "But we know just how much 'care' a healthy teenage boy needs."

The rookie nurse approached the foot of the bed, her eyes locked onto the growing bulge beneath the sheets. "We're gonna take such good care of you, Alden," she breathed, her voice husky with desire. "By the time we're done, you won't even remember your own name."

Alden watched in awe as the nurses began to strip before him, his eyes wide and heart pounding. The senior nurse went first, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and shimmying them down her shapely legs. She kicked them aside, revealing a neatly trimmed triangle of blonde curls pointing like an arrow to her glistening slit.

The other two quickly followed suit, their panties hitting the floor to unveil their own immaculately groomed mounds. The rookie nurse sported a landing strip of dark hair, while the second nurse was completely bare, her pink folds already slick with arousal.

Next came their bras, the clasps snapping open to release their heavy breasts from confinement. Alden's mouth went dry as he watched their massive milf tits come tumbling out, jutting proudly and quivering with every movement. Dusky nipples stood at attention, begging to be sucked and nibbled.

The rookie nurse crawled onto the bed, her eyes locked onto the tent of Alden's erection straining against the thin hospital gown. She grasped the hem and slowly pulled it up, unveiling his throbbing cock inch by glorious inch. It sprang free, slapping against his belly and leaving a sticky string of pre-cum in its wake.

"My, my, what do we have here?" she purred, wrapping her hand around his thick shaft. "Looks like someone is ready for some intensive care."

The other nurses joined her on the bed, their hands roaming over Alden's chest and thighs as they drank in the sight of his impressive manhood. The senior nurse leaned down, her hot breath washing over the sensitive head of his cock.

"Don't worry, baby," she murmured, flicking her tongue out to lap at the pearly drop of pre-cum. "We're going to take such good care of this dick."

And with that, she wrapped her lips around him and sucked him deep, her skillful mouth setting a relentless pace. The other nurses lavished attention on his balls and shaft, their tongues swirling and hands pumping in perfect synchronicity.

Alden threw his head back against the pillow, a guttural moan tearing from his throat as the nurses worked him over with single-minded focus. Pleasure coursed through his veins like molten lava, building to an inferno low in his belly.

The senior nurse's long tongue swirled around Alden's bulbous cockhead, teasing the sensitive frenulum and probing at his leaking

slit. She lapped up the salty-sweet essence of his arousal, moaning in appreciation. Her lips formed a tight seal just under the flared ridge of his glans as she bobbed up and down, taking him deeper with each pass.

Meanwhile, the rookie nurse focused her attention on Alden's swollen balls, drawing one into her hot mouth. Her tongue massaged the delicate

skin, feeling the weight and heft of his cum-filled testicles. She released it with a wet pop, then repeated the process with the other, worshipping his virile sack.

The second nurse dragged the flat of her tongue along the underside of Alden's thick shaft, tracing the prominent vein. She licked broad strokes from base to tip, the textured surface of her taste buds igniting every nerve ending. When she reached his sensitive frenulum, she flicked the tip of her tongue against it rapidly, making his cock jump and twitch.

Alden was lost in a haze of intense sensation, his hips thrusting up involuntarily to meet the nurses' talented mouths. The senior nurse relaxed her throat, taking him all the way to the root until her nose was buried in his trimmed pubic hair. She swallowed around him, the muscles of her throat massaging his engorged head.

The rookie nurse moved lower, her tongue tracing the midline raphe of Alden's taint, that sensitive strip of skin between his balls and asshole. She pressed against it firmly, stimulating his prostate from the outside. Alden let out a strangled cry, his cock pulsing in the senior nurse's mouth.

Emboldened, the rookie nurse ventured further, circling Alden's tight pink pucker with the tip of her tongue. She probed gently at first, then more insistently, pushing past the ring of muscle. Her pointed tongue fucked in and out of his hole, mimicking the action of a small

cock. Alden saw stars, his asshole clenching rhythmically around the intrusion.

The nurses worked in perfect harmony, their mouths unrelenting on his most intimate areas. The second nurse took the senior nurse's place at his cock, allowing the blonde to focus her oral skills on his balls. They rotated in an endless cycle of exquisite pleasure, driving Alden closer and closer to the brink.

The pressure built at the base of his spine, his balls drawing up tight to his body. His cock swelled impossibly larger, the head turning a deep, angry purple.

The senior nurse felt him reach the point of no return and pulled off, wrapping her hand around his thick shaft to keep the surge of ejaculate from entering his urethral tube. She crawled up his body, straddling his hips and positioning the dripping heat of her pussy over his aching cock.

"Get ready, handsome," she grinned wickedly, reaching down to rub the swollen head through her slick folds. "You're about to get the ride of your young life."

The senior nurse, a voluptuous blonde in her late forties, had been craving the feel of a hard young cock for months now. Married to her high school sweetheart for over two decades, their once fiery sex life had fizzled as her husband struggled with the frustrating onset of erectile dysfunction. She loved him deeply, but her body ached with unmet needs, her mature pussy desperate to be stretched and filled by the pulsing heat of virile cock.

As she gazed down at Alden's impressive erection jutting proudly before her, she felt a rush of liquid arousal flood her core. This was exactly what she needed - a rock-hard teenage dick, throbbing with youthful vigor and staying power. She could already imagine how incredible it would feel spearing into her, stroking places deep inside that had gone untouched for far too long.

With a wanton moan, she notched the broad head of his cock against her soaked entrance and began to sink down. Her swollen pussy lips parted eagerly, welcoming the blunt intrusion as she impaled herself inch by delicious inch. Electric shocks of pleasure radiated out from where they were joined as she stretched around his substantial girth, her slick walls fluttering and clenching.

"Fuck, you feel amazing," she gasped, reveling in the exquisite sensation of being filled so completely. "So big and hard...Mmm, I needed this so badly."

She began to ride him with abandon, lifting up until just the tip remained inside, then slamming back down to take him to the hilt. The obscene sound of wet flesh slapping against flesh echoed through the room as she set a relentless pace, her massive tits bouncing wildly with every roll of her hips.

The other two nurses watched the erotic display with lust-blown eyes, their hands roaming over their own needy bodies. The rookie nurse crawled up to straddle Alden's face, her dripping pussy hovering just inches from his mouth.

Alden licked his lips, the up-close view and pungent aroma of her snatch driving him wild. He marveled at how the fleshy dome of her prepuce protruded out from between her puffy outer lips, her pink, grape-sized clit peeking out from beneath its protective covering like the tiny knob of a penis.

"Put that tongue to work, handsome," she purred, lowering herself onto his eager mouth. "Make me cum all over your face."

Alden dove in with gusto, his talented tongue parting her folds to lap at the flowing nectar of her arousal. He swirled around her swollen clit, then thrust inside her tight channel, fucking her with his tongue in time to the senior nurse's wild gyrations on his cock.

The second nurse, not content to remain a spectator, climbed up to join the fray. She pressed her ballooning mommy-tits into Alden's side, capturing one of the rookie's bouncing nipples between her lips. She suckled hungrily as her hand snaked down between the senior nurse's spread thighs to rub tight circles over her straining clit.

The senior nurse's orgasm hit her like a freight train, her pussy clamping down on Alden's throbbing cock like a vice. She threw her head back, a silent scream of ecstasy on her lips as wave after wave of intense pleasure crashed over her. Her cunt spasmed and rippled around his shaft, milking him for all he was worth as a gush of her sweet juices bathed his balls.

At the same moment, the rookie nurse reached her peak, Alden's masterful tongue bringing her to heights she'd never known. Her thighs trembled and quaked around his face as she came hard, her copious release flooding his mouth and drenching his cheeks. He lapped it up greedily, the taste of her passion coating his tongue.

As the two nurses slowly came down from their highs, the second nurse eagerly took her place astride Alden's still rock-hard cock. As she sank down on his impressive length, Alden couldn't help but notice the subtle differences in her pussy compared to the others. Her walls were even more plush and velvety soft, enveloping him like a glove. He could feel the slight swelling of her passage, the increased blood flow and heightened sensitivity that came with pregnancy.

She was only a few months along, her belly just starting to round with new life, but the changes in her body were unmistakable. Her boobs were even fuller and heavier than before, the dusky nipples larger and more responsive. As she rode him with wanton abandon, one hand drifted to her stomach, cradling the barely-there bump with maternal tenderness even as she chased her own pleasure.

The knowledge that he was fucking a married pregnant woman, his virile young cock penetrating the same passage where her husband's seed had taken root, sent a forbidden thrill through Alden. He pistoned his hips up to meet her downward thrusts, determined to give her the fucking that would put her husband's to shame.

Her moans rose in pitch and volume, her pussy fluttering around him as she neared her climax. Alden felt his own orgasm building, his balls drawing up tight and tingling with the overwhelming need for release. The second nurse sensed he was close and redoubled her efforts, grinding her clit against his pubic bone as she impaled herself over and over on his throbbing length.

"That's it, give me that cum," she panted, her nails digging into his chest. "Fill me up, baby. I wanna feel you explode inside me!"

Her filthy words were Alden's undoing. With a guttural roar, he thrust up one final time and let go, his cock jerking and pulsing as he unleashed a torrent of hot, thick cum deep into her hungry cunt. The second nurse tumbled over the edge with him, her pussy milking him for every last drop as her own release gushed around his spurting shaft.

The second nurse collapsed against Alden's chest, her lips seeking his in a frenzied, passionate kiss as the aftershocks of their shared orgasm rocked through them. Her massive, milk-heavy breasts engulfed his upper body, smothering him in their soft, pillowy flesh. Alden drowned in the scent of her - sweat, arousal, and a hint of something sweet and maternal. He could feel her heart pounding against his own, their bodies melded together as one.

As their lips parted, the rookie nurse wasted no time in taking her place. She straddled Alden's hips, grasping his slick, semi-hard cock and giving it a few rejuvenating strokes, causing it to swell with blood once again.

Guiding it to her entrance, she plowed the hot crown through her wet furrow, fitting it to the socket of her cunt. With a swift downward motion, she impaled herself on his length, her tight, eager sleeve swallowing him whole. Alden gasped at the suddenness of it, his sensitive cock-flesh twitching and hardening inside her velvet heat.

"No rest for the wicked," the rookie nurse grinned down at him, her hips already starting to roll. "I've been watching and waiting my turn. Now I'm going to ride this big, beautiful dick until you're begging for mercy."

She set a punishing pace, her strong thighs flexing as she bounced on his sinewy shaft. Her cunt gripped him like a silken fist, the walls rippling along his vien-encusted length with every thrust. Alden could only lie back and take it, his body surrendering to the onslaught of sensation.

The other two nurses pressed close, their hands and mouths mapping every inch of exposed skin they could reach. The second nurse laved her tongue over his nipples, grazing the hardened nubs with her teeth. The senior nurse claimed his mouth in a filthy kiss, her tongue thrusting in time with the rookie's hips.

Alden was lost in a sea of hot, writhing female flesh, the lines between their bodies blurring as they moved together. The rookie's clit ground against his pubic bone, the fat bud sending sparks of electricity through them both with every pass. Her cunt grew increasingly wetter, the obscene squelch of their joining genitals rising over the chorus of moans and sighs.

"Fuck, your cock feels so good," the rookie panted, her head thrown back in ecstasy. "Stretching me...filling me...oh God, I'm going to cum on this fat dick!"

Alden felt her pussy start to flutter and clench around him, the telltale sign of her impending orgasm.

Alden desperately wanted to reach up and grab hold of the rookie nurse's massive, jiggling tits as they bounced enticingly above him with each slam of her hips. But with his arms immobilized in casts, all he could do was strain his neck upwards, craning to bury his face in her heaving cleavage.

He nuzzled into the warm, soft flesh, motorboating between her huge milky jugs. Capturing one thick, pebbled nipple between his lips, he latched on and suckled hard, drawing the sensitive peak deep into his hot mouth.

"Oh fuck yes!" the rookie cried out, one hand coming up to press his head tighter to her breast. "Suck on my tits while I ride this dick! Gonna make me cum so hard!"

Alden groaned around his mouthful of nipple, the vibrations shooting straight to her core. He laved the stiff peak with his tongue, grazing it with his teeth, making her gasp and shudder. His lips sealed tight, cheeks hollowing as he nursed at her heavy breast like a starving man.

The rookie's hips moved faster, slamming down onto his throbbing cock with wanton abandon. The combined stimulation of his thick shaft spearing her cunt and his hungry mouth on her tits quickly pushed her to the brink.

"I'm cumming! Fuck, I'm cumming on your cock!" she wailed, her pussy clenching vice-tight around him. Her juices flooded out, soaking his groin as she thrashed and bucked in the throes of an intense orgasm.

Alden released her nipple with a wet pop, gasping for air. The rookie collapsed against his chest, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her release. He could feel her erratic heartbeat pounding against him as she came down from her high.

"That was incredible," she panted against his neck. "You sure know how to make a girl feel good, even with two broken arms."

Alden just grinned, thoroughly pleased with himself. Even incapacitated, he could still bring a woman to a screaming climax. He flexed his hips, his still rock-hard cock throbbing inside her fluttering sheath.

"Mmm, still raring to go," the rookie nurse purred, clenching her pussy around him. "What a good boy you are."

She grinned wickedly as she rose up off Alden's still throbbing cock. It slid out of her with a wet pop, slapping back against his taut abdomen like a thick, glistening slab of meat, still engorged and ready for more.

"Please," Alden panted, his eyes pleading as he looked up at the senior nurse, the voluptuous blonde MILF towering over him. "Can you smother me with your huge titties this time while you ride me?"

"Mmm, such a naughty boy," she purred, cupping her massive, heavy breasts and lifting them. "You want these big mommy milkers wrapped around your face while I fuck myself on your fat cock?"

"God yes," Alden groaned, his dick twitching with eagerness against his stomach. "Suffocate me in your tits while you use me."

The senior nurse swung a leg over him, straddling his hips for a second time. She reached between their bodies to grasp his thick shaft, notching the broad head against her sopping entrance. With a roll of her hips, she sank down, her mature cunt swallowing him inch by throbbing inch until she was fully impaled.

"Fuck!" Alden cried out, the velvety heat of her engulfing him to the hilt. No matter how many times he felt it, the sensation of being buried balls-deep in a hot, hungry pussy never got old.

The senior nurse braced her hands on his chest as she started to move, lifting up until just the tip remained inside, then slamming back down. Alden met her thrust for thrust, his pelvis rising off the bed to grind against her swollen clit.

"Is this what you wanted, baby?" she cooed, leaning forward until her huge, pendulous tits swayed above his face. "You wanna be smothered by these big ole titties?"

"Please," Alden begged, straining his neck up, desperate to bury his face in her cleavage. "Smother me, smother me in your huge tits while you ride my cock!"

The senior nurse acquiesced to his pleas, lowering her massive milk-jugs until they completely engulfed his head. Alden was enveloped in warm, pillowy softness, the scent of her sweet and musky. He motorboated between her heavy udders, rubbing his face in her cleavage as she continued to bounce on his straining erection.

"Mmmph, fuck yes," he groaned, his voice muffled by her smothering tit-flesh. He captured one thick, rubbery nipple between his lips, drawing it into his mouth to suckle greedily.

The senior nurse's rounded mommy bubble butt flew up and down as she fucked herself stupid on Alden's rock-hard teenage cock. Her ample ass cheeks rippled and jiggled with each wild gyration of her hips, the flesh quaking like jello as she slammed herself down over and over. Sweat glistened on her smooth skin, running in rivulets between the deep crevice of her buttcrack.

She rode the boy with wanton abandon, not feeling a single drop of guilt even though she had a loving, loyal, hardworking husband waiting for her at home. All thoughts of marital fidelity were drowned out by the overwhelming need to have her mature, hungry cunt stretched and filled by virile young cock. Her husband couldn't get it up anymore, leaving her aching and empty. But Alden's raging erection was giving her exactly what she craved.

The wet, obscene sounds of raw fucking filled the room - the slap of flesh on flesh, the squelch of her dripping pussy, the grunts and moans of purely carnal pleasure. The bed creaked and groaned under the force of their coupling, the headboard slamming against the wall.

Alden's cock was buried to the hilt inside her, his pelvis grinding against her engorged clit with each thrust. Her slick walls rippled and clenched around him, fluttering wildly as she neared another explosive climax. She was determined to wring every last drop of cum from his heavy, aching balls.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" the senior nurse chanted. "Gonna cum all over this fat cock! Fucking ruin me, fill me up! Ah yes, just like that! Mmmm!"

The other nurses pressed in close, hands roaming, mouths seeking any patch of bare skin to kiss and lick and suck. The rookie nurse captured Alden's balls in her hot mouth, tonguing the taut sack, coaxing the cum to boil up from deep within.

The pregnant nurse sprawled out beside them, frigging her swollen clit as she watched the lewd display with lust-hazed eyes.

The coil of pleasure wound tighter and tighter in Alden's loins, his cock throbbing almost painfully inside the vise-like grip of the senior nurse's spasming cunt. His balls drew up tight to his body, the tingle of impending release sparking at the base of his spine. He thrust up frantically, chasing his rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Cum in me!" the senior nurse demanded, grinding down hard. "I wanna feel you explode, paint my cervix with your hot teenage spunk! Give it to me, give me that fucking cum NOW!"

With a muffled roar, Alden bucked beneath her and let go, his cock erupting like a geyser deep inside her clutching pussy. Thick, creamy ropes of cum jetted forth, splattering against her cervix and filling

her to overflowing. Her cunt clamped down around him, milking his pulsing shaft for every last drop as she wailed in ecstasy, her own release crashing over her in wave after wave of mind-melting bliss.

The senior nurse collapsed against Alden's chest, gasping for air, her body still shuddering with the aftershocks of her intense climax. Alden's softening cock slipped from her well-used hole with a gush of their combined juices, coating his groin in the sticky evidence of their coupling.

The other nurses pounced, eagerly lapping up the delicious mixture like cats at a bowl of cream. Their talented tongues swirled around his spent

cock and balls, cleaning him of every trace before moving on to the senior nurse's dripping slit. They licked and sucked and tongued her through another shuddering orgasm, relishing the taste of Alden's cum mingled with her own essense.

Finally sated, the nurses crawled up to snuggle against the boy, their sweaty, naked bodies pressing close. The rookie nurse peppered his face with kisses while the pregnant one nuzzled into his neck, humming contentedly. The senior nurse claimed his lips in a deep, soulful kiss, pouring all her gratitude and satisfaction into the embrace.

"That was amazing," she murmured against his mouth. "You've ruined me for my husband. No one could ever compare to the way you make me feel."

"Mmm, I second that," the rookie chimed in, running her fingers through Alden's damp hair. "I've never cum so hard in my life. You're a fucking stud, kid."

The pregnant nurse just giggled and patted her belly. "If this little one turns out to be a boy, I'm naming him after you," she teased. "Alden Jr, the cock prodigy."

They all laughed at that, basking in the afterglow of their intense fuck session. Alden felt a deep sense of masculine pride suffusing his entire being. Even laid up with two broken arms, he'd just given three gorgeous, insatiable women the dicking down of a lifetime. He was the man, the ultimate stud, a true pussy pleaser.

As the nurses reluctantly disentangled themselves and began to dress, straightening their rumpled uniforms and fixing their mussed hair, they peppered Alden with promises to visit again soon.

"You just focus on healing up, handsome," the senior nurse winked as she opened the door to leave. "We'll be back to administer your next dose of...medicine...real soon."

With that, the naughty nurses took their leave, their asses swaying seductively as they filed out of his room.

"How's our handsome boy this morning?" Darci softly asked, hovering beside his hospital bed.

Alden woke up to the sight of his stepmom's gigantic cleavage as she leaned over, gingerly stroking his face.

"I'm good, I guess. It sucks not being able to move around at night," the boy answered.

"It'll take some getting used to," his dad, Anthony, stated as his stood next to his stepdad, Mick.

"The worse are the itches you can't scratch," Mick stated. "I broke my arm when I was younger, so I feel for you, kid."

"That's why us moms are here, to make sure those 'itches' get scratched," Kat, his biological mother muttered, standing on the opposite side of the bed as Darci. She too wore a V-cut blouse, showing a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage.

"Listen, we just wanted to stop by before I had to head off to work," Anthony stated.

"Yeah, I need to take off as well," Mick said, checking his watch. "If there's anything you need, be sure and call us."

"Thank you guys," Alden smiled gratefully.

"I have to take the little one to an appointment this morning," Darci whispered, "but I'll be back to the hospital this afternoon to see if I can be of help. In the meantime, I brought you a little something."

She set a small paper bag beside him, then gave him a short, but tender kiss.

After his dad, stepdad and stepmom left, he looked over at his biological mother, Kat. "Could you see what's in the bag for me, mom?" he asked, unable to do so with two broken arms propped up.

Kat opened the paper bag Darci had left and peeked inside. "Well, well, well…someone left you a piece of nose candy," she smiled, then reached in and pulled out a pair of dainty black panties.

"Yeah," Alden blushed. "I guess she did."

Kat grappled with conflicting emotions—a profound gratitude for Alden's stepmom's kindness toward him, yet a fierce wave of competitiveness and jealousy surged within her. Both women were stunning, with voluptuous figures that could stop traffic, yet the underlying tension to outshine each other simmered just beneath the surface. "I bet mine are sexier than hers," Kat declared, her voice dripping with defiance, her eyes blazing with an unquenchable desire to dominate.

"You think so?" her son asked.

"Yeah, I mean cheeky-style is nice and all, but G-string panties are WAY sexier!" she answered, then stared down into his eyes. "Especially the ones you can see through."

"Those do sound nice, but I'm not too familiar with panty-styles or how they look on a girl," the teen confessed.

Kat smiled, then placed Darci's panties on his son's face, so he could smell the crotch. "Well, just because you can't go to school doesn't mean you can't learn something today, and I just so happened to have brought some panties along. I'll be right back," she said, then stepped into the bathroom.

Alden shuddered, drawing in the intoxicating, forbidden scent of his stepmom's intimate essence. His mind was a whirlwind, consumed by the vivid, searing images of both her and his mom's pussies, forever branded into his memory from the revelation just a day prior. The sight of their naked flesh clung to his consciousness like a fever dream.

As he relived the incredible dick-yanking in his mind, his mom's voice broke his thoughts. "These are called hipsters-style panties," she announced, standing in his doorway wearing white 'hipsters' and her big white embroidered bra.

Alden gawked at the sexy panties. They had a boudoir laced front and were a semi-sheer mesh, allowing him to see the dark cleft of her vulva through the fabric. When she spun around, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Wow, I've never seen ones like that!" he gasped.

"They're called 'cage back hipsters,' his mom stated, giving her booty a little wag. The rear of her panties had a lattice design, allowing Alden to see his mom's luscious ass-crack.

"Dang, I would be amazed to see panties any sexier than that," the teen confessed.

"Prepare to be amazed then," his mom winked, then disappeared into the bathroom.

Still sniffing from Darci's panties, Alden looked down at his crotch. His boner made the thin blanket tent-up obscenely. Unfortunately, with two broken arms, there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. "I'm gonna go crazy if I don't cum soon!" he thought.

"This style is called a micro T-string thong," his mom said, posing in the bathroom doorway. A small triangle of light-purple fabric hugged her vulva, showing it's puffy camel-toed outline.

"Wow!" Alden sighed. "I've heard of G-string, but never T-string panties before."

"A T-string is the same thing as a G-string, but at the back there's no little triangle. There's just three strings, see…" She explained, then spun around, cocking her thick rounded ass out for her son to observe. The thin purple straps crossed her hips and the third disappeared between the succulent cheeks of her buttocks.

"Dang…I doubt they make panties much more revealing than those," the boy commented.

"Oh, they do," his mom giggled.

"Seriously?!"

"Yep. Be right back."

While he waited, Alden inhaled the crotch of his stepmom's panties, delighting in the feminine aroma she'd left in them. He could even smell a hint of her sweet perfume.

"How's this for revealing?" Kat asked, striking a cute little pose in the bathroom doorway.

"Whoa!" Alden gasped, checking her out. At first he thought his mom was naked from the waist down, but then he spotted the tiny piece of mesh fabric covering just the bottom portion of her shaved crotch. There were no straps at all. "Those are panties?"

"Yep. It's a C-string thong," the mother answered. "It's held in place by a thin piece of curved wire that goes up between a woman's ass-cheeks. See," she stated, spinning around.

Alden would have though her buttocks was completely bare if it weren't for the tiny white, lace-covered wire that peeked out the top of her ass-crack.

"I guess I was wrong. Panties CAN get more revealing than a T-string," Alden admitted. "There's no way they get tinier than THOSE though."

"Oh, I think I might have something skimpier," his mom teased.

"You can't be serious, mom?! That thing is just barely covering you in the front."

"You think that one's barely covering. Wait until you see my next one," she teased, disappearing again.

The boy's dick was so hard it almost hurt. He looked down at the big wet spot of pre-nectar soaking through the fabric of his hospital gown. What he saw when his mom returned didn't help any.

"Tah-dah!" Kat exclaimed dramatically, striking a pose in the bathroom doorway. She wore yet another C-string, but this time it was a vibrant pink, and the crotch fabric was nothing but a hollowed-out space, leaving only the delicate lace trim.

Her son inhaled sharply, his eyes widening as he stared at the bold display of her pudendal cleft, framed perfectly by the pink triangular

lace. "Whoa! That's scorching, mom!" he blurted, unable to tear his gaze away.

"Why's that? Because you can see my shaved pussy?" she teased.

"Yeah," he answered with excited breath, letting his eyes drift down her freshly-shaved legs.

"What about the back?" she asked, gracefully spinning around and thrusting her mommy-buns out. "Does that do anything for you?"

Her meaty derriere was completely naked, except for the tiny tip of the silky pink wire just barely peeking from the top of her ass crack.

"I like the back too…a lot."

She reached back and touched the little pink thong-tip with her finger. "Do these panties cover too much?" she sensually asked, obviously joking. "Because I do have ones that are tinier."

"Tinier than those!" the boy exclaimed. "Good grief, mom…how do you get tinier than those?"

She smiled, peeking over her shoulder. "I guess I'll have to show you, won't I? This one even has a matching top."

The teen could hardly wait. His mom was being a major cock-tease and he loved it, but his boner was aching for release. A few minutes later, he heard the CLICKING of dainty heels coming out of the bathroom.

"Whoa! She's wearing sexy heels with this pair," he thought.

"Ready for this one?" his mom asked from the bathroom.

"Yes!" the boy eagerly answered.

Kat sashayed from the bathroom, a vivacious spectacle of temptation. She struck a pose, one leg gently bent at the knee and coquettishly leaned forward, her hands provocatively placed on her hips. Her enormous breasts thrust defiantly against a white, sheer mesh tube top, the thin fabric doing little to hide her rock-hard nipples. The boy's heart pounded, and his cock throbbed with excitement as he feasted his eyes on the wide, dusky-pink rings of her areola, clearly visible through the gauzy material. Her nipples were turgid, like succulent berries ready to be plucked.

Tearing his gaze away from her bosom, his eyes drifted down her taut, tapered torso. Her bottom half was bare, save for a tiny, quarter-sized jewel in the shape of a heart that nestled at the top of her vulva, drawing attention to her most intimate place. The boy, his breath shaky and ragged, asked in disbelief, "THOSE...are panties?"

"Yes," his mom answered with a wicked smile. "They're a C-string, but with a thong in the back AND in the front.

"You don't even really see anything," Alden observed, letting his eyes travel down her curvy, silky legs. His mom's dainty bare feet were arched in six-inch stiletto mules, which showed off her pretty painted toes.

"Nope, nothing to see really. Just my cute little heart," the mother answered, reaching down and touching the Jewel. "See the back," she said, turning and displaying her backside. Her rounded bubble butt was completely bare, with no sign of any fabric.

"Looks like you're wearing nothing back there, mom," the teen pointed out.

"Oh, it's there, honey," she stated, then spread her butt-cheeks apart with one hand. The black silky wire curled snuggly along her twat and ass-crack. A second heart-shaped Jewel, matching the one in front, pushed against the pink crinkled ring of her butthole. "See?"

"Wow…those are the tiniest panties ever!"

"True," his mom giggled. "They don't get much smaller than this. Do you like the top?" she asked, grasping her tube-top and tugging it up, making her huge knockers jostle beneath it.

"It's amazing!" her boy replied.

Kat gazed at him with her sultry eyes. "What's amazing about it?" she softly asked in the flirtiest voice she could muster.

"Well, um…I really like the way you can see your boobs through it."

"You do, huh? she smiled. "Wanna take a closer look?"

"Sure."

Kat's stiletto heels tapped delicately on her son's floor as she moved to his bedside. She thrust her chest, making her gigantic milkers balloon outward, stretching the thin mesh fabric and making her jugs loom above her son's lusty gaze.

"Holy smokes!" the boy gasped, staring up at the creamy undersides of her monster melons.

"Did you like seeing my titties naked the other night?" she asked, peeking down over her rack.

"Very much!"

"Mine are bigger than Darci's you know. I'm pretty sure she's only has triple-E's," Kat shared.

"Only triple-E's, mom?" Alden thought. "Are you kidding? Those sound huge!"

"And you're bigger than that?" the boy asked.

"Much! I have forty H-cup tits," she stated with a proud smile.

Alden wasn't an expert in bra size. He knew from dating girls at school that they wore C and D-cup bras. Ones that were higher up the alphabet, like E's, G' and H-cups were made for heavy-titted moms, like the nurses who had fucked him the previous night.

"Those sound really big!" he blushed.

"Well, you saw them two nights ago. Were they 'really big,' baby?"

"The biggest boobs I'VE ever seen," he responded.

"My goodness, baby…your morning boner looks like it's getting ready to rip right through that blanket like the Incredible Hulk" Kat beamed, gazing down at his tenting crotch.

"Sorry," the boy blushed.

"Don't be sorry, honey. It's normal for young dicks like yours to get big and stiff like this in the morning," she said, then reached down and tenderly traced her nails around the knob. "That's why they call it morning wood."

This made Alden's body shutter in delight, his boner flexing upward with teenage hardness.

"Does my stepdad get morning wood?" he asked seriously.

"Ha, no! Most guys your stepfather's age have to take pills to get anywhere near this hard."

"Well, that must suck."

"I know, right?" Kat snickered. "It sucks more for the women they're with. Moms my age crave long muscular cocks like yours, so it leads to a lot of unhappy marriages…sexually anyway."

Alden watched his mom probe the surface of his knob with her nail, following its flaring ridge and making him shudder as she stimulated his nerve-endings.

"Ohh, you're bell tip is so sensitive, isn't it, baby?" the mother cooed.

"Uh-huh," he answered, feeling his mom's well-manicured nail-tips explore the knob of his cock, tracing along the taut band of skin that separated his knob from the foreskin.

"I noticed the other night, when your stepmom and I were beating you off, that the knob of your prick was extraordinarily fat."

"Is that a good thing?" Alden asked.

"That's a VERY good thing…well, from the point of view of a woman anyway," his mom responded.

"Why's that?" Alden asked.

"The extra girth at the tip stretches and stimulates a woman's vaginal and rectal walls, creating friction that feels absolutely mind-blowing," the mother answered with dreamy eyes, looking as though she could drool just teasing the tip of his spear.

"Oh, that makes sense."

"Have you ever tittie-fucked any of the girls at school?" his mom asked, out of the blue.

"No…I've never done that before."

His mom glanced down at his rigid cock-bulge, then back into his eyes. "Well, we're gonna need to drain you and give you some release today," she offered. "Having two broken arms is bad enough. You don't need a case of blue balls on top of that."

"True," Alden anxiously muttered.

"If there are no objections, I think I wanna stroke you off between my boobs this morning," she candidly stated. "You'll need at least two powerful ejaculations while I'm here."

"No objections here!" the boy blurted, his heart beating a mile a minute.

"Good, but If we're gonna do this, you'll definitely need a stronger pair of panties to snuff on," his mom grinned. "I'll be right back."

Alden watched in awe as his mom sashayed to the bathroom door. Her big naked booty swayed atop her sexy legs tantalizingly. Just before disappearing into the bathroom, Kat peeked back and gave her boy a cock-teasing smile. "Think about me while I'm gone… because I'll be thinking about you…and what I'm gonna do to you when I get back," she said tenderly, glancing once more at his boner-bulge.

Alden was nearly crawling out of his skin with excitement. He had certainly seen guys getting tit-wanked on the internet, but never dreamed his mom would be willing to engage in such a depraved act with him.

When she returned five minutes later, the mother had a collection of items in her hands. She tossed a couple of her fluffy bed-pillows to the foot of his mattress.

"What's all that stuff?" her son asked, as she set it all down beside him on the bed. She lifted the items individually as she answered. "Heated lubricant…to make my cleavage nice n slippery like a pussy. Towel for when things get messy with your boy-batter. Three different pairs of panties for you to choose from, all VERY fragrant. Vibrating eggs for extra stimulation. A Vibrating wand, and a vibrating cock-ring to keep your dick erect as long as we can.

"Oh, wow, those all sound nice," the boy admitted.

"Of course they do. First…pick out your favorite pair of panties," his mom invited, holding each pair of panties up individually as she spoke. "We've got cheeky's, a G-string or that little purple T-string you liked to much."

"They're all sexy, but I have to got with the T-string."

"I though so," the mother giggled. She pulled back the blanket, unshrouding the boner that was tenting up his boxers. "Let's let that big monster out to play," she said, admiring it's rigidity, then she pulled his boxers down his legs and off.

His shaft appeared intensely rigid, veins bulging obscenely. The tip was swelling prominently, giving off an impression of immense size and a fiery intensity.

"Aww, my poor baby," she cooed. "Your boner looks like it needs a good, HARD mommy-milking."

"Yes!" he gasped excitedly.

"Now…about these vibrating eggs," the mother said with a mischievous smile. "They're both connected by these cords to the same controller and I thought it would be really cool if one egg was up my ass and one egg was up yours."

"Up my, um…butt? Are you serious?" Alden asked.

"Yeah. We'd both be feeling the same sensations inside our assholes, while we took care of business out here. Are you game?"

"Sure…but obviously I can't put it in myself," the boy pointed out, looking at the broken arms propped at his sides.

"Honey, all you have to do is lie there. Mom's gonna take care of everything, don't you worry," Kat said, removing the C-clip from her crotch. "Ring toss!" she playfully shouted, then got close and tossed

the C-clip, making it loop around the spike of her son's boner and fall to the base.

"Very funny, mom!"

"I have my moments," she joked, then took the purple pair of T-string panties and slipped them on. She crawled onto the bed with her boy. "I do need you to do ONE thing for me."

"What?"

"Bring your knees back. I'm gonna lubricate our assholes, so I can slip our eggs in," she answered, squirting a big gob of heated lubricant onto her hand.

Bringing his knees back was something that Alden could do, but he simply couldn't wrap his head around the wonderful fact that he was doing it in the first place. He felt his mom's slippery fingers apply the hot lubrication, rubbing around the ring of his ass.

"Alright, are you ready, baby?" she asked, pushing the egg against his anal ring.

"Ready!"

Kat watched his reaction as she shoved the egg inside his ass. "Good?" she smiled.

"Yep."

"Wow…you took that like a champ," she giggled.

Alden had never had anything up his butt before. It felt strange, but wickedly pleasant.

Kat spun around, so she was on her hands and knees, pointing her lovely rump back at her teen.

"Ok…my turn," she said cutely, then peeled the thong from between her buns and pulled it aside.

The boy choked on his breath, eyes bulging as he watched his mom slather her quivering, puckered hole with glistening lube. He was frozen, unable to look away as she pressed the egg against her tight, forbidden entrance and it disappeared inside her with delightful ease.

"Dang, mom…that was about the hottest thing I've ever seen!" he exclaimed.

"You think that's hot. Think about how thrilling it'll be to see your own stiff dick slip into a woman's ass one day, baby."

"That WILL be cool."

"Alright, we're almost ready," Kate stated, unwrapping the vibrating cock-ring. "We'll fit the vibrating ring around neck of your knob, but first we'll lube your glans up a little bit so it goes on easier."

Alden watched his mom squirt a dollop of lubricant on his swollen bell tip. His eyes rolled back as she squeezed his crown with her fist, spreading oil all over it's tender surface. "Mmm, does that feel good, honey?" she mewled.

"Yes!"

"Mmm, well if you enjoy mom's fist, you're definitely gonna like having your glans smothered between my titties," Kat stated

She stretched the cock-ring over his tip, forcing it to grip tightly around the ridge of his head. She positioned the massive rubber nub that pulsed relentlessly right onto his ultra sensitive frenulum.

She flicked it on and Alden convulsed on the mattress, electricity jolting through his body as the vibrations hit. Then, Kat activated the

anal eggs, cranking them to a constant, throbbing vibration.

"Feel it?" Alden's mom asked, her voice laced with wicked delight as Alden writhed on the bed.

"Ahhh, yes!" his shivering voice answered, feeling like his entire groin around was pulsating delightfully.

"Good," the mother said, then turned on her vibrating wand. It sounded like there was a swarm of bees around them from the noise of all the vibrating devices.

"What do you do with that thing?" Alden asked, looking at the wand naively.

"You'll see," she answered her eyes full of mischief.

Alden watched his mom's giant tits wobble around beneath the sheer tube top as she sprawled onto her back on the other end of his bed. She was propped up slightly by her pillows and the boy literally gasped as he watched her swing her sexy legs back in a huge, wide-open V. Then, she placed the vibrating wand to her panty-covered cunt. "This thing is gonna help your mom make the sweetest smelling panties on earth for her boy," Kat said, then gasped as it buzzed across her swollen clit.

Alden had never witnessed something so lewd, but wonderful. His mom was spread wide open in front of him, digging her pleasure wand against her camel-toed panty-crotch. The smooth tan backs of her legs looked beyond amazing thrown back limberly and hovering in the air. Her dainty bare feet were pointed, her toes spread slightly apart from the pleasure she was providing herself.

"How do you like it, baby?" her voice whimpered.

"I love it!" he answered, his muscles tensing from the feel of the vibrations around his cock and in his ass.

"Do you like watching mom pleasure herself?"

"Heck yes!"

"Do you like knowing I'm getting pleasure on my cunt and in my asshole at the same time?"

"Uh-huh."

"The same pleasure you are, baby. We're sharing the same wonderful sensations in our asses and on our sex organs," Kat stated, her vibrating wand growling deeply as she plowed it against her pussy.

Alden's dick tingled wonderfully from the vibration around his glans. Pre-cum was leaking like crazy from his piss-slit and dripping down his steely hard shaft.

His mom was putting on quite a show, humping her lovely round ass from the mattress in an imaginary fuck, while battering her clitoris with powerful vibrations.

"OH, GOD, I LOVE FUCKING SO MUCH, ALDEN!" she brazenly cried out, the muscles in her legs tensing from cuntal contractions.

The teen never dreamed he'd hear such a confession, especially under these circumstances. He felt his own tingling climax begin to form in the core of his crotch, brought on by the intense pulsation in both his ass and the tip of his cock.

"OHHH, FUCK!" the mother cried out, clutching the bedsheet tightly with one hand, while using the sex toy with the other.

Alden watched his mom's beautiful face contort into a wild pleasure-grimace. She arched her back in ecstasy, making her titties bulge from her chest, threatening to rip right through the flimsy tube top.

"OH, FUCK, I'M CUMMING…I'M FUCKING CUMMING, BABY!!" Kat cried out, then let out an earpiercing howl and her voluptuous frame shuttered with orgasmic contractions.

The pleasure that the cock-ring and bullet vibrator was providing was wonderful enough to the boy. Add in the thrilling sight of his busty mother, writhing around in orgasm, and it simply became too much for him to endure.

"Ahh, damn…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he announced. Alden humped his hips, like he was fucking some invisible pussy, as his fat knob began spitting gooey jets of cock-cream into the air.

For nearly two minutes their pleasure-stricken bodies flopped around on Alden's bed, before they both went limp, with a satisfied sigh.

"Ohhh, mom, can you take it off?" the boy gasped, gazing down at the cock-ring that was still buzzing. "It's super sensitive!"

Kat climbed onto her knees and removed the cock-ring from her boy's prick. Then, she slipped the bullet vibrators from their asses. "Now," she stated, climbing off the bed, "let's replace those weat-smelling panties with one's that'll make your cute little head spin."

The mother peeled the purple T-string off her soaking-wet pussy and down her silky legs. She tossed Darci's cheeky's aside and place her own panties on her son's nose.

"HOLY WOW!" her son shouted as he took the warm pungent aroma of his mom's panty-crotch. It was damp with female ejaculate.

"Smell ok, baby?" she giggled, obviously already knowing the answer.

"Incredible!" the boy gasped. "And they're wet!"

"Yes…a lot of moms squirt female ejaculate when they cum. Taste it, baby."

Alden sucked the wet crotch into his mouth and tasted his mom's sweet cuntal nectar.

"Are you ready for mom to smother her tits around that purple-headed love-warrior?" she asked, crawling back onto the bed.

"Definitely!" the teen blurted.

Kat leaned over and began unbuttoning his pajama top. "I want my gorgeous boy completely naked first."

While she gingerly removed his shirt, Alden gawked at his mother's huge hanging udders. They wobbled around pendulously, even bigger than those on the nurses the night before. He knew she could probably smother his entire head between them.

"Are you thinking about how good it's gonna feel, darling?" his mom asked. "To have your long cock trapped between these squishy tits."

"I know it's gonna feel amazing!" he anxiously replied.

"Your stepdad bought me this little necklace for our anniversary last year," she stated, motioning to the little gold chain around her neck. "After you squirt your hot cum-ropes up around my neck, I'm gonna rub the necklace all around in your ball-goo."

"I'm sure Mick wouldn't be too happy about that," Alden chuckled.

"He'll never know…but WE will," Kat wickedly grinned. "Every time you and I look at the necklace, we'll remember how you busted a nut between my boobs, and covered a token of your stepfather's love and commitment to me in teenage ejaculate."

"That's wicked!" Alden smiled.

"I know…and fun!" the mother beamed shamelessly.

Kat situated herself on her knees down between her son's legs. She grasped onto his fully-erect boner and tilted it back, so his knob pointed upward. "Now, let's get Thor's hammer here all lubed up, so it can take a nice, long, slippery ride through tittie-town."

The mother used the other hand to drizzle Alden's boner with heated lube. She leaned forward and wrapped his pink boner in boobie-meat, smothering it in the slippery grip of her monster cleavage.

Alden watched in wide-eyed wonder as his mom tittie-fucked him, making his rigid cock slip through the warm squishy crevice between her melons.

"Mmm, mom knows how to scratch that naughty itch of yours, doesn't she, darling?" Kat asked, smiling up at him.

"She sure does!" the boy gasped, watching his fat knob appear, then disappear, over and over, along the top of her cleavage.

"My cute boy, humping his big muscular cock in between my huge fat tits, while smelling and tasting mommy's cum-soaked panties. You like that, don't you, baby?" she mewled.

"Heck yes!" the boy answered, inhaling the sweet, musky cuntal aroma from his mom's panty-crotch.

"Do you ever think about my hot, wet pussy when you masturbate, honey?" Kat asked candidly.

"Sometimes," her boy confessed, which was certainly an under exaggeration.

"Yeah? So you fantasize about beating your hardon through my tight pussy…when your stepfather's not home?"

"Yes!" Alden nodded, his heart beating so hard he could practically hear it.

"Do you ever imagine us doing the nasty while HE IS home, darling? Say we're in locked in your bedroom, while he's downstairs watching a game," his mom expressed.

"I have thought about that," Alden smiled.

"Does it get you even more thrilled thinking about that scenario? Your stepfather's downstairs, completely unaware that you're up in your room conquering his wife with your monster cock," she stated with dreamy eyes.

Alden was a bit surprised at how incredibly excited that idea made him. "That does sound pretty cool," he blurted, while his dick flexed hornily between his mom's humping jugs.

"Mmm yes, smashing that pussy that belongs to him…helping mom cheat on her loving husband," she uttered excitedly.

"Uh-huh!" the teen sighed, feeling his cock tingle between the slippery grip of her knockers.

"Your dreamy cock is SO much bigger than his," she observed, feeling it glide hotly between her breasts. "My baby boy has a huge sturdy home-wrecker between his legs."

"You think so?" he gasped.

"Oh, I know so, darling. You're gonna make dozens of moms break their marriage vows with this thing."

Alden's throbbing erection plunged through his mom's smothering tit-cleavage. The warm fatty tissue felt amazing around his glans, making pre-cum leak steadily from his meatus.

Kat smiled as she watched his plump, pinkish-purple bulb peek out from between her tits. "Mmm, my boy has such a fat, juicy meat-helmet. I bet you could really crush a girl's womb with that thing," she purred.

"Why would I wanna crush it?"

Kat giggled and looked up at him. "It's a figure of speech, baby. What I meant was, boys with dicks as long and muscular as yours can really stretch the back wall of a woman's pussy. That makes all her internal baby-making organs really feel the strength and rigidity of your penis" she explained.

"And I may even get her pregnant!" Alden added.

"Well, if you're gonna get a girl preggers, I suggest you do it to a married mom and NOT a girl your age."

"Why just with married moms?" Alden asked.

"Because a married mom already has a system in place to accommodate a little one. Their husband will think the baby is merely a result of their own marital intercourse. He would never suspect that a teenage boy-toy impregnated his wife," she explained. "Girls your age, on the other hand, have to account for who got them pregnant, and you'd be financially obligated to help support the child. I'm certain you're not ready for that sort of commitment."

"No way!" Her boy agreed.

"Good. So just focus on fucking and pumping your cum inside married moms," Kat recommended. "If you get them pregnant it's no big deal."

"Dang, mom…all this sexy talk has me feeling really good," the teen admitted.

"Want me to do something that'll make you feel even better?" she asked with a naughty expression.

"Better how?"

"Sometimes, when a boy tittie-fucks a woman, she'll lick the tip of his cock when it peeks out from between her boobs, and get him even more worked up. Would you like me to do that for you, darling?"

"Would you?!"

"Of course!" she answered with a smiling wink.

Kat's long pink tongue snaked from her mouth and teased the knob of Alden's prick each time it appeared from between her breasts. The teenager sighed in delight, watching her licker scrub all around his purple crown. Her alluring eyes peeked up at him while she licked. "Feel good, baby?" she asked.

"Very!" he answered, hardly able to speak he was so aroused.

"Mmm, your bell is leaking sweet pre-cum. I can taste it," his mom purred, then lashed her pink snake across his piss-hole a few more times, swiping the bubbling boy-snot

"I'm REALLY turned on, mom!" the boy confessed, his body trembling.

"Want me to lick a part of your dick that'll turn you on even more?" she sweetly asked.

"Sure!"

This time, when her son's cock emerged, the mother flickered her tongue across the sensitive underside of his knob.

"Wow…that does feel good!" the boy shuddered.

"That part of your penis is called your frenulum, darling."

"Frenulum?"

"Yes. It's considered one of the most sensitive parts of a penis to touch. The frenulum of your dick anchors your foreskin to you glans," she explained.

"Wow…you're right…IT IS super-sensitive!" he gasped, feeling his mom's experienced tongue whip across it again. "I don't know how much more of that I'll be able to take."

"Yeah? Are you getting ready to blast your baby-making goo all over mommy's squishy tits, son?"

"Yes…especially of you keep saying things like that!"

"Mmm, you like mom's slutty mouth?" Kat cooed. "You like to hear me talk about a wet pussy being hammered by a huge teenage cock like yours?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped, feeling his dick and balls tingle from a rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Does it make you wanna piss your hot jizz all over me, baby?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Mmm, hose mommy with hot cum-cummies?" he sultry voice asked.

"Oh Jesus, mom!" the teen gasped, his balls pulling up close to his body.

"Come on, stud-muffin! Toss some ropes up around mommy's neck!" Kay encouraged, really pumping her tits around him.

"Ahhh, mom! Ahhh, shit!" the boy groaned, feeling his balls clench and his knob mushroom.

272: MOM’S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-2/3

Fat cords of pearlescent-colored spunk began to erupt from Alden's peter-tip and splatter up around his mom's neck. He let out a guttural grunt, hosing out one big strand deep in the pocket of her smothering tit-cleavage.

"There you go, baby…squirt it all out onto mommy!" Kat cooed.

After milking him between her boobs for another minute, drawing out cords of spunk, Kat released his boner from between her cum-drenched tits.

"Oh my God, look baby…you covered my gold chain in a pearl necklace. That is so fucking cool!" she exclaimed.

"I doubt my stepdad would think it was cool," he said breathlessly.

"It doesn't matter what HE thinks," Kat scowled. "My darling son gave this slimy necklace to me and if it didn't dry up, I'd wear it around proudly, all the time."

"Looks like it's dripping down you though," Alden stated, watching it run down into her tit-canyon.

"I know, I should probably rinse off real quick before it gets all over the place. I'll be back to clean you up," the mother stated, her bare buttocks wagging as she strode from his bedroom.

"Damn, that was super-incredible!" the boy thought as he waited for his mom to return.

When Kat got back she was wearing a sheer, nude-colored lingerie bodysuit. Alden watched her giant tits tremble beneath it as she stepped over to his hospital bed, with a washcloth in her hand. "How was your shower?" he asked.

"Sad," she answered with a cute pouty face, her hair wet and slicked back.

"Sad why?"

"Because I had to wash your cum off of me," she confessed while tenderly cleaning off his cock.

"Why did that make you sad?" Alden chuckled.

She peeked up at his eyes and smiled. "Because I like having your cum on me. Moms are made for their boys to squirt their cum on," she answered.

"I like your outfit," he said, staring at the wide thick-textured rings of her areola and the erect nipples jutting from their centers beneath the sheer fabric.

"Thanks, she smiled, gazing into his eyes flirtingly. Then she spun around. "Did you see the back?"

The rear of the bodysuit was a plunge cut, so the V opening extended all the way down, half-way over her meaty ass. The half-globes of her ass-cheeks looked so thick and succulent, with the deep fissure of her ass-crack separating them.

"I like it!" the boy said, letting his eyes linger.

"I thought you would," his mom smiled, swaying her booty-cheeks back and forth teasingly. "It unsnaps at the crotch," she whispered, reaching under and unfastening it. Then she turned towards him, standing in a cute little pose, so her boy could see her mound of Venus.

Alden licked his lips with desire, staring at the prominent outer lips of his mother's vulva. They converged in the middle to form a deep cuntal cleft.

"Why would it unsnap like that?" he asked stupidly.

She gazed straight into his eyes mischievously. "Oh, I don't know… maybe if I'm with some young stud in his bedroom and he decides he wants to fuck some pussy, I can just unsnap it and we could get down to business."

Alden's heart nearly raced out of his chest just hearing his mom say that.

Suddenly, a voice startled them. "Did I hear something about fucking pussy in here?" Darci asked as she sashayed into her stepson's bedroom.

"Finished already?" Kat inquired.

"Yes. Riley was just getting a routine checkup with his pediatrician," Darci answered, stepping up beside Alden. "How's our boy doing?"

"He's had two really strong ejaculations this morning, right, baby?" Kat asked.

"Yep," Alden nodded.

Darci gazed at him and smiled. "Are you up for a third?" she asked sweetly.

"Sure!" Alden blurted, his heart racing.

"How did you like the surprise I left for you?"

"They smelt nice," Alden blushed.

Darci lifted the purple panties that were still laying near him. "These don't look like the panties I brought you," she observed.

"Those are mine," Kat told her. "I wanted to give him some that were soaked with girl cum, so I masturbated in them for him."

"Well damn, I guess I'll have to cum in mine next time too," Darci said, then gazed at her stepson. "Did you like having your mom's soaking wet panties on your face?"

"Uh-huh."

"Hot pussy smells wonderful, doesn't it, baby?" Kat asked, grazing her nails across his lean chest.

"It sure does!" the boy answered, find it hard not to stare at her jutting, nylon-encased juggernauts.

Darci smiled grasping his chin and turning his eyes towards hers. "Would you like you cock to smell like that, Alden?" she asked. "Would you like your big boner to smell like wet pussy?"

"I wouldn't mind at all," the boy answered, wondering what she was implying.

Darci looked over at the boy's beautiful biological mother. "Kat, do you think I could get some time alone with him?" she asked.

"Sure, but can we, um…talk first?" she asked. "In private."

Kat and Darci stepped out into the adjoining bathroom so Alden couldn't hear them. "You're planning on fucking him, aren't you?"

Kat asked jealously.

"Yeah, is that a problem?" Darci asked raising an eyebrow. "I would just be doing it to help him."

"Well, handjobs and tit-jobs are one thing. Having full blow sexual intercourse with him is quite another."

"Says the mother who was just about to crawl on top of him before I interrupted you," Darci teased.

"No…" Kat blurted, knowing full-well she was about to bounce on her son's meaty muscle.

"Kat, I heard what you said before I walked in. You all but asked him if he wanted to fuck," Darci stated, then looked down at the open crotch of her bodysuit. "And why would you unsnap the crotch of your bodysuit if you had no intention of mounting him for some cock?"

"Look…we're both married and I just think…"

"Oh, please!" Darci giggled. "Don't try to guilt trip me, girl. Neither one of us have any reservations about cheating on our husbands with Alden and you know that."

"I just feel like we should slow things down a bit," Kat stated. "I don't want Alden to see this as way for us to take care of OUR sexual desires. We're suppose to be helping HIM get release."

"I know what this is," Darci said with a confident smile.

"What?!"

"This is about you fucking him first…before I do, isn't it?" Darci asked.

"No…of course not. That's ridiculous!"

"Kat, come on…we've been competing with each other ever since I married Anthony. You can't tell me you don't want Alden's cock inside your pussy before I get inside mine."

"Alright, fine…I'll admit it! That's exactly what this is about. I'm sorry if that makes me sound selfish," Kat said awkwardly.

"I does, but I don't blame you. We're both stubbornly competitive, Kat," Darci admitted. "As much as I'd love to go in there and fuck the shit out of him, I'll admit, it's only right that you go first, when it comes to vaginal penetration that is."

"Really?" Kat asked, surprised to hear her arch nemesis cave so easily.

"Yeah, I mean…if I had a biological son Alden's age, I would want his first piece of pussy to be the one that birthed him out all those years ago," Darci admitted. "There's just something so…sentimental and wonderful about that."

"Well, Alden's hardly a virgin, but I don't think he's fucked many middle-aged pussies before. So, in some ways…he is still pretty cherry."

"That's true," Darci smiled. "We can provide him a whole world of pleasure that he's only had a small taste of."

Kat felt a little guilty for wanted her son to pound her pussy first, especially being happily married. "Sorry…I know you were probably really looking for to riding the hell out of him," she remarked.

"Oh, I still plan on riding the hell out of him today. I just got persuaded to have a last minute change of holes, that's all," she said, making them both laugh.

The moms went back into the teen's hospital room. Alden watched Kat button the crotch of her body suit back up. "Buttoning it back

up?" he asked inquiringly.

"For now," she answered with a seductive smile.

Darci took his hand and squeezed it. "Alden, as your stepmom, I wanna do my part in helping to have another orgasm," she said sweetly.

"Alright," the boy said with an anxious grin.

"How would you feel about me riding you with my ass?" Darci asked boldly.

"With your ass?"

"Yeah, anal intercourse," she stated. "I could milk you with my asshole and my rectum. I think you'd REALLY like it."

"Yeah, I think I'd like that a lot!" the boy answered, his head spinning in disbelief.

"Have you ever had a girl milk you with the tube of her ass, darling?" his mother asked.

"No…never!"

Darci fed a victorious smile over at Kat. She may not be the first to fuck him vaginally, but she would certainly be his very first piece of tail.

"Well, I'll leave you two at it then," Kat said, leaning over and tenderly kissing her boy.

After Alden's mother left and closed the door Darci began taking off her clothes. "I bet that thing hasn't gone soft all morning, has it?" she asked, while staring his fully erect penis.

"No…I don't think it has either," the teen agreed. He watched his stepmom remove her big embroidered bra, releasing her humongous H-cup tits. Next, she slipped out of her dainty panties and Alden licked his lips, while staring her pudenda. Unlike his mom, she had a neatly trimmed landing stip.

"Let's get your dick lubed and ready for my ass to eat it up," she suggested, using some lubricant from the bottle his mom had left to coat the boy's hardon.

Alden's heart raced as he watched his stepmom's pretty hands, with their long painted nails, stroke the length of his rock-hard cock, making his erectile flesh glisten with slippery lube.

She gazed at him with her sultry eyes and smiled anxiously. "Ready to fuck me up the ass, sweet boy?" she asked.

"Uh-huh!" he nodded, swallowing nervously.

Alden's mind drifted back to the day his dad and stepmom got married. He was only fourteen at the time, but remembered how angelic Darci looked in her wedding dress, huge cleavage peeking out. Women like her and his mom were the ones who fueled his masturbatory fantasies, yet fucking them in real life seemed like such a ridiculous improbability at the time. Now, here he was, four years later, gazing up at his naked, huge-breasted stepmom as she climbed on top of him, ready to take his cock deep into one of her forbidden holes.

Darci planted her bare feet astride the boy, squatting over him. He couldn't decide what to look at – her puffy, waxed pussy lips or her huge, ballooning tits.

Darci reached down and grasped his eager erection. Alden gasped with a wicked thrill as he watched her bring the bulbous tip of his prick to the budding pink ring of her asshole. His eyes marveled at

the way her prominent perineal raphe extended from her anus, through her perineum, ending at her labium.

"You just relax, sweetheart. Your stepmom will do all the work," she softly assured him.

For a moment, Alden's knob became lodged in her butt-socket as the mother pushed down against it. The stiffness of his cock and the slippery lube allowed the elastic ring of her asshole to slip over his crown, swallowing it completely.

"Wow!" the boy gasped, feeling the muscular rings of her anus clasp snuggly around the neck of his glans.

Darci lowered onto the rigid pillar of dick-meat, feeling her sphincter stretch around its meaty girth. She let out a delightful squeal as she felt Alden's cock sink into her rectum.

"AHHH!" the teen gasped as he felt his cock sheathed in the hot slippery tube of his stepmom's ass, her wall fitting to the contours of his penis. He peered up at the twin melons hovering over him. Darci's engorged nipples puffed stiffly from the wide rings of her areolas, pointing down at the boy.

Alden's fat knob pushed up into the spongy inner-most regions of his stepmom's shitter, feeling her butthole push snuggly against the base of his cock.

"Mmm, do you like it, sweetheart?" Darci whimpered. "Do you like the way the tube of my ass fits around you?"

"It feels incredible!" Alden answered his cock throbbing with the excited beat of his heart.

"It gets better!" she gasped, dropping her knees to each side of him as she began riding the length of his cock, feeling his tubular stalk move through the hot, tight barrel of her ass.

The bed began to rock as Darci found a nice steady butt-fucking rhythm for them to engage in. Alden eyes were as big a saucers as he gawked at her big bobbling milkers. They moved around teasingly above his face, to the rhythm of their humping.

While she rode him, Darci noticed how her stepson was fixated on her big mommy-melons. "You can suck on them, baby. Sucking on a woman's tits is part of the wonderful experience of getting your cock fucked," she said breathlessly.

The teen, an obvious tit-hound, certainly didn't need to be invited twice. He latched on to one of her swollen nipples and Darci brought her body down against him, making the boy's face sink into the squishy meat of her tits.

Alden marveled at the soft, pillowy warmth of Darci's enormous breasts as they engulfed his face, just as plush and inviting as the nurse moms' the night before. He suckled hungrily at her thick, rubbery nipple, his tongue swirling around the pebbled peak. Darci let out a wanton moan, arching into his eager mouth as she continued to bounce on his throbbing cock.

"Mmm yes, that's it baby, suck mommy's big titties while she rides you," she purred, threading her fingers through his hair to press him tighter against her heaving bosom. "Feels so good, doesn't it? My tight ass squeezing your fat cock, my huge milkers smothering your face..."

Alden could only groan in response, the vibrations shooting straight to Darci's core. He alternated between her breasts, lavishing each nipple

with dedicated attention. He grazed them lightly with his teeth, making her gasp and clench around him.

Alden's lusty lips spread out across her areola, sectioning in as much pink flesh as could. His tongue lashed wildly around the distended

flesh of her rubbery teat.

"Yes…like that! Oh, that's so good!" Darci cried out. Her big mature ass bobbed up and down tirelessly, feeding the boy's erection through the slippery grip of her ass-tunnel.

Pre-cum wept from Alden's smothered knob as it speared through the smooth elastic lining of Darci's rectum. He could feel her sphincter muscles contract, causing her shit-tube to clench exquisitely around his penile flesh.

"Oh wow!" the boy whimpered in delight, his voice muffled by spongy tit-flesh. His body shuddered from the feel her ass-walls chewing at his tender, teenage cock.

"Oh, Alden…you feel SO fucking good up my ass!" his stepmom moaned as she began to pound against him even harder.

A lewd CLAPPING sound filled the boy's bedroom, as her round matronly buns beat down against the boy's crotch feverishly.

Alden rubbed his face lustfully through the warm squishy canyon of her tittie-cleavage. His cock and balls tingled from the feel of her ass-tube plunging up and down his vieny prick. His stepmom smacked her meaty rump against him and held it there, in full penetration.

Alden gasped as he felt her butthole contract tightly around the root of his boner. Then, she worked her wide mommy-hips, swiveling up and back, causing Alden's meaty muscle to stretch her ass-walls in every direction.

"OH, GOD!" Darci cried out. "OH, FUCK! OH, BABY…I'M CUMMING!!"

The stepmother's body convulsed wonderfully on top of him. Her vaginal meatus bulged and began gushing out hot female ejaculate, which splattered like a waterfall down the boy's abdomen.

The feel of her anal walls contracting around him and the girl cum pouring out triggered the teen's orgasm. He humped his erection upward, mashing the cock-stuffed ring of her asshole against his cock hilt. His boner flexed another half-inch, his smothered knob mushrooming inside her bowels, jetting out a huge fat cord of hot semen.

The two of them bucked and writhed wildly on the bed as if they were tossing a mind-blowing orgasm back and forth to each other through Darci's ass. The screaming mother could feel her stepson's strong cock kicking and flexing inside her butt-tube, hosing down her walls.

Alden could feel every anal muscle she had squeezing and milking his cock. His face was pushed up into one of her soft, spongy tits, feeling it slosh heavily around him. For nearly five mind-boggling minutes they wrestled in a juicy climax until Darci collapsed against him, motionless.

"Fuck me, that was incredible!" she gasped.

"Yeah!" the boy agreed, catching his breath, his cock still pulsating with aftershocks in the grip of her greedy ass.

She lifted her lovely head and gazed down at him. "Wanna make out?" she softly whispered, like a girl who'd just found a new love-interest.

"Sure!"

"I didn't think you'd object." Darci giggled, then kissed him passionately, clawing at his head and neck, while rubbing her huge doughy-soft tits all over him.

Alden just laid there and let her go at him like a horny bitch in heat. She spun her lusty licker through his mouth, then sucked on his tongue like a

cock. She frantically kissed and licked his neck, while clasping the hard cock that was still buried inside her snug ass.

"I wanted you to fuck my pussy today," she confessed, staring into his eyes.

"You did?" the boy gulped.

"Uh-huh…but your mom asked me not to. She wants to give you a taste of her mature pussy first."

"Really?!" Alden asked, his eyes lighting up.

"Yeah. I mean, all those years ago she bowed her knees back and pushed you out of her cunt. It's only fitting that she let you back in, right?"

"True," the boy gulped.

"You can make her scream again…but in a different way," Darci giggled, the gazed into his eyes wantonly. "After she's had her fill… I'm gonna fuck the living shit out of you, kid."

"You are?"

"Uh-huh, but not here. I want you in MY bed. The one I share with your dad. I want the thrill of fucking his own son right there on the bed that him and I consummate our love on every night," she said, her eyes glazed over with excitement.

"Do you like cheating on dad?" Alden asked.

"With you…most definitely!"

"At first I thought I would feel guilty fooling around with you and mom, but now I think it's really exciting and cool," Alden confessed.

"I like it too!" she smiled, then fed him a tender kiss. "And technically, I WAS honest with your dad about what I was doing."

"How so?"

"I told him since you broke both arms I was gonna help your mom take care of you…and that's exactly what I'm doing," she answered.

"That's true!" Alden chuckled.

"Wanna feel something SUPER cool?" Darci asked.

"Of course."

"I'm gonna push you out of my ass," she whispered.

He felt her rest the weight of her voluptuous body on him, with her bulging tits squished up around his neck. He felt her sphincter muscles contract, pushing his cock down her shit-tube. She relaxed her muscles for a moment and they let out a mutual gasp, basking in the pleasure. Then, she pushed again, as if having a bowel movement.

"Ahh, damn!" Alden hissed. It felt like her spongy anal cavity was turning inside-out around his erection. Her internal muscled rings squeezed delightfully around his glans, pushing him down through her anus until his twitching knob finally slipped from her butthole. A small stream of ejaculate was severed as her ass-ring clenched closed.

"Did you like that?" Darci asked.

"That was SO cool, and felt amazing on my dick!" he sighed. "I wonder if my mom knows how to do that."

"I'll go get her and you can ask."

Kat had taken off her body suit so that when they arrived back in his room both moms were completely naked. Alden watched their king-sized titties bobble on their chests as they sauntered back over to the bed.

"I heard someone has a question for me?" Kat asked with a mischievous smile.

"Well, um…"

The boy seemed to awkwardly fumble with his words, so Darci helped him out. "After Alden fucked me up the ass, I pushed his dick out. He asked if you could do that too."

"Well, I have had bowel movements, darling. Same thing," Kat giggled.

"I was just wondering. It felt REALLY good, that's all."

"That's because when a person has a bowel movement all their anal muscles are working at once to push out whatever's in there," his mom explained.

Darci teased his knob with her nail-tips. "That's why the friction on a young penis when that happens is so incredible," she added.

His mom fed him a warm smile, her asshole throbbing. "Would you like your stepmom and I to take turns pushing your hardon out of our assholes, darling?" she asked.

"Would I ever!" the boy blurted, making both mom's giggle.

"Let's lube that monster up again," Darci stated, drizzling the boy's cock with more heated lubricant. This time the lucky teen had four hands twisting and squeezing at his meat as they spread the lube out across the length of his jutting penis.

"Ohhh, wow!" his voice quivered, feeling their fists clasp tightly as they yanked on his young meat.

"Are you ready for more anal pleasure, baby?" his mom asked.

"Yes!" Alden hissed.

Kat looked at Darci. "My back to yours…sound good?" she asked.

"Let's do it!" the stepmom answered.

The two mature women ascended onto the expansive bed, their heavy-breasted bodies moving with a slow, deliberate grace. Alden's eyes were drawn to their dangling tits, which swayed rhythmically like pendulums with each shift of their bodies. They straddled him, his mother facing him, her expression a mix of lust and tenderness. Darci turned towards the foot of the bed, her back pressed against the other woman's, their rounded posteriors hovering over Alden's crotch like twin full moons suspended in the night sky.

The awe-stricken teen's eyes traveled from Kat's ballooning tits, down her naked torso, to her hairless crotch. Her vulva had become engorged from arousal, making the flesh of her clit-shrouded prepuce distended from her cuntal crevice. Beneath it, the teen could see his mom grasp his rigid cock and fit his greasy knob against her butthole.

There was a wonderful moment, just as there had been with Darci, where his mom pushed down on his muscled cock, trying to squeeze it inside her ass. Finally, his tip squeezed through her elastic ring, then sunk wonderfully into the heat of her anal furnace.

"Before I push you out, give me a minute just to adjust to that big cock of yours," she gasped, then humped up and down on it slowly, working his rod deep into her butt.

"Does it feel good, mom?" Alden asked, knowing it sure felt damn good to him.

"Oh, baby…does it ever!" she sighed. "I've NEVER had a cock this big in my ass before."

She let out a sharp breath as she lowered her ass to his nut-sack, taking every inch of his penis in her tightly-gripping ass-tract.

Alden watched her boobs heave back and forth, heavy with fatty flesh. "Here we go!" she whispered, then clenched her shit muscles, pushing her boy's prick back down the tube of her ass.

"WHOA!" Alden shouted, feeling her anal walls compress around his glans before he popped out of her asshole.

No sooner did his dick slip from his mom's butt than he felt Darci grasp onto him and shove his cock into her ass. She took him all the way back, to where his knob mushroomed against her rectal ampulla. Then, as his mom just had, Darci used her strong shit-muscles to push the boy out of her ass.

"Is that what you wanted, baby?" Kat asked, feeling her boy's stiff cock squeeze through the slick cavity of her ass once again.

"Yes…I love it!" Alden answered.

The mother butt-humped his dick a half-dozen times, milking its tender meat before pushing it out, just as she had before. Seconds after Alden's cum-drooling knob popped from one butthole, it was squeezing through another. The moms took their time, plowing the boy's unyielding cock deep in their asses, like horny cats on a scratching post.

"Oh, baby, yes…fuck our assholes!" his mother mewled.

For nearly an hour the women beat his prick though their horny asses, smashing his tender knob deep into their rectums. Their rounded butt-globes rippled as they clapped relentlessly against this midesection, and Alden had held off as long as he could, his body shuddering with orgasmic pre-contractions.

"Are you about to squirt cum out your piss-hole, darling?" his mom asked, gazing down at him over bobbling breasts.

"Yes!" he gasped, his balls churning with seed.

"Do you want mommy to ride your ass like an anal whore?"

"Ahh, damn, yes!" he moaned, feeling the cum-load swell up in his balls.

Kat slapped her huge fatty tits down on her son's bare chest and began throwing her rounded ass up and down his prick frantically. Her fuck-pumps were fast, the ring of her ass traveled the entire length of his boner, from knob to nutsack.

"AHHHH!" the boy groaned beneath his mother's assault. He felt her giant flattened tits ripple all over his chest, while his cock pummeled through her ass.

"Come on, baby," Kat panted at his ear, "blast a load of boy-honey up mommy's ass!"

Alden's body jerked and his cock flexed wildly as a raging torrent of cum rocketed up his urethral tube. Pearly-white spunk spurted from his peter-tip as it pistoned through the tube of ass that was smothering his prick on all sides. He felt his mom let out a violent shiver as she joined him in orgasmic rapture.

Their beating flesh took on the sound of lewd wet slaps as Kat's girl-cum squelched from her overheated crotch and splattered out from between them. Once they had finally become motionless, the

mother let out a deep satisfied sighed. "Was that what you needed, darling?" she asked.

"It was! It was, um…"

"Ass-tonishing?" Darci joked, making them laugh.

"Yes, very!" the boy answered, still trying to catch his breath.

"Well, you know us moms…always willing to go to any LENGTHS," she said, pumping the 'length' of his prick once more, "to help our boys."

After licking his dick dry, the moms gave the boy a quick sponge bath, then showered and dressed together before rushing home before their younger children were due to arrive from school.

Alden's final night in the hospital was filled with very little sleep as word spread like wildfire among the nurses about the virile young man with the massive cock confined to his room with two broken arms.

Whispers turned to giggles which turned to heated, breathy discussions in breakrooms and supply closets about the impressive teenage stud and his helpless predicament. Shifts were swapped, favors called in, strings pulled, until it seemed nearly every naughty nurse in the building was clamoring for a chance to sneak into Room 214 for a forbidden taste of barely-legal cock.

As the sun set and the hospital quieted, a parade of stacked, cock-hungry MILFs began filing into Alden's dimly lit room. They came in scrubs and street clothes, in ones and twos, each more voluptuous and desperate for dick than the last.

Alden could only watch in awe, his teenage cock already rock-hard and throbbing, as they quietly shut and locked the door behind them before advancing on his bed with predatory intent.

Scrub tops and blouses were shed, bras unclasped, unleashing a veritable tsunami of heavy, mature tit-flesh.

Alden was engulfed in a carnal whirlwind, his senses overwhelmed by the sheer abundance of ripe, eager female flesh pressing in on him from all sides. No sooner would one busty MILF dismount his throbbing cock, her hungry cunt dripping with their combined juices, than another would take her place, straddling his hips and impaling herself on his straining erection with a guttural moan of satisfaction.

He was buried under one voluptuous body after another, women of all ages, from the freshest new recruits to the most senior head nurses. They all had one thing in common - the glint of gold wedding bands on their fingers as they greedily groped and fondled his youthful physique. Alden was nothing more than a human fuck-doll to them, a hard young

cock to selfishly use for their own pleasure while their hapless husbands slept at home, blissfully unaware.

Heavy, milk-laden tits dangled in his face, swaying mesmerizingly as the naughty nurses rode him with wild abandon. Alden latched onto one dusky nipple after another, suckling like a greedy babe as he was smothered in their soft, pillowy flesh. He lost himself in the sensations, drowning in the scent of their arousal, the taste of their sweat-slicked skin, the obscene wet sounds of his cock plunging in and out of one sopping cunt after another.

Each nurse created her own unique friction on his engorged cock as she fucked him. Some clenched tight as a fist, their powerful internal muscles rippling along his shaft. Others were sloppy and loose from years of hard use, sloshing wetly around him. A few had pronounced textured ridges that rasped deliciously against his pulsing cockmeat. Alden never knew what to expect as a new cunt engulfed him, only that it would feel incredible.

Time lost all meaning as the night wore on in a blur of bouncing tits, jiggling asses, and grasping, clawing hands. Alden came over and over, pumping what felt like gallons of hot teenage cum into one greedy married snatch after another. His cock never had a chance to go soft, immediately engulfed by the next in the never-ending line of cock-starved MILFs.

By the time sunlight began filtering through the blinds, Alden was utterly spent, his cock raw and oversensitive, his balls aching and empty. The final nurse reluctantly climbed off him, pressing a lingering, sloppy kiss to his lips before straightening her scrubs and slipping quietly out the door.

Alden collapsed back against the sweat-soaked sheets, his head spinning, barely able to comprehend the depraved debauchery he'd just experienced.

"Alden, can I come in?" Anthony asked as he tapped on his son's door a dat after they had brought him home from the hospital. "Alden??"

Anthony's son finally answered, sounding a bit out of breath. "Yeah, dad…you can, umm…come in!"

Anthony peeked in Alden's bedroom, looking over at his biological son lying in bed under the covers, with both broken arms propped up. Since coming home from the hospital a day ago he'd been staying with his father and stepmom, since his parents had joint custody. "Have you seen Darci? I left for work, but had to come back to the house because I forgot to ask her about something."

The boy gulped nervously. "No…I um, haven't seen her yet this morning," he replied, hoping he didn't have any of his stepmom's pink lipstick smeared on his face.

Beneath the blanket, Darci's heart raced with a wicked, forbidden thrill as she heard her husband's voice mere feet away, completely

unaware of the depraved act she was committing with his own son. Her face was nuzzled deep beneath Alden's heavy balls, her wicked tongue lapping hungrily at his sensitive taint as her manicured fingers slowly stroked up and down his throbbing shaft.

She had to fight back a moan as she tasted his musky essence, the proof of his virility. Her pussy clenched and dripped with illicit arousal at the sheer wrongness of it all, blowing her teenage stepson while carrying on a conversation with his father, her husband. The danger only heightened her lust, made her more determined to coax a hot, creamy load out of Alden's swollen balls.

Alden struggled to keep his breathing steady, to not make a sound as Darci's skilled tongue painted lewd patterns on his most intimate areas. The velvety softness of her full, plump lips sliding along his pulsing cockmeat was maddening, the delicate flicks and swirls of her wicked tongue shattering his composure. He wanted nothing more than to buck

his hips up into her face, to force his aching cock down her throat and make her choke on it as he flooded her mouth with his seed.

But he couldn't, not with his father standing right there, the man she had vowed to love and be faithful to. The perverse thrill of cuckolding his dad with his own wife made Alden's balls tighten and churn with impending release. He bit his lip harshly, fingers clenching white-knuckled in the sheets as he fought to hold back the rising tide.

Beneath the concealing blanket, Darci could sense Alden's struggle, could feel how his cock throbbed and jerked against her busy tongue. She knew he was close, that delectable teenage cum boiling up in his full, aching balls. Doubling her efforts, she took him deeper, swallowing around his engorged head as it nudged the back of her throat.

Her hand flew up and down his thick shaft in a blur, foreskin sliding slickly as she pumped him hard and fast. She sucked lewdly, hollowing her cheeks, knowing how obscene she must look, the perfect cock-worshipping slut. All the while her ears strained to follow the conversation happening above, praying Anthony wouldn't notice anything amiss.

"Alright. Maybe she went next door to borrow something. When you see her, have her give me a call, alright?" her husband said.

"Sure thing, dad."

As soon as the door closed, the fluffy comforter moved and Darci, his redheaded stepmom peeked out. She grinned down at her stepson naughtily, gazing at him with her piercing green eyes. "Fuck…that was close!" she whispered, then quickly locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss, while rubbing her huge naked tits all over his bare chest.

The teenager squirmed in delight. With two broken arms, he was completely at her mercy. For nearly a half-hour his stepmother had been in his bedroom, under the blankets, showering his young body with

affection. She wore only a skimpy pair of black panties to prevent him from sliding inside her overheated cunt, but this didn't stop them from engaging in a heated dry-fuck. Although 'dry' probably wasn't the most accurate word to describe it. Darci's panties were soaking wet!

Grinding against Alden's big rigid love-muscle had REALLY got her juices flowing, and the pre-ejaculatory slime that oozed from the teen's excited piss-slit made their sticky crotches wrestle in a heated swamp of genital flesh.

"God, I'm kicking myself!" Darci gasped. "You don't know how bad I wanna rip my panties off and fuck that big, teenage cock of yours all

morning!"

As she slid up slightly, kissing the side of his neck, Alden found his face smothered in squishy tit-cleavage. He turned it slightly so he could kiss the huge inner slope of her breast. "Why don't you then?" he curiously asked.

Alden was certainly ready to ram his rod up inside her and make her cry out in ecstasy, just like he had to dozens of married nurses all night.

"Because I promised your mom that SHE could fuck you first, that's why."

"Oh, well…why did you do that?"

"She IS your biological mother, Alden, and I'm just your stepmom. She should get to enjoy your big teenage cock inside her before I do."

"I hope it's soon. I'm super-horny right now!" Alden confessed, thrusting his cunt-smothered dick upward, squashing it between the puffy, panty-shrouded flanges of Darci's cunt. Even through the fabric, the slit of her vulva felt so hot against the meat of his naked boner.

Using her wide mommy-hips, Darci pushed him back down to the bed, then did a wonderful glide up and back along the rigid stalk of his prick. The friction put delightful pressure on her fat clit.

"She's on her way over, BUT…not to fuck you just yet. We're both taking you for your check-up at the doctor's office. In fact, we should probably start getting ready."

"Damn…I forgot that was today," the teen scowled.

"Yeah, it has been a full day since we brought you home from the hospital, kiddo."

"Considering I broke both my arms, it HAS been pretty fun being home," the boy admitted.

"Why's that…because you've been getting blown and stroked off from your mom and I so much?" Darci giggled.

"Bingo!"

"Well…we couldn't just let your balls turn all blue, now could we? We moms know how much you boys like to yank on your cocks," she teased, pushing her cunt down on his stiff prick. "So it would be cruel of us not to help you."

"It feels so much better when you guys do it," Alden confessed. "There's a part of me that's hoping my arms NEVER heal."

"And which part might that be?" Darci asked teasingly, even though she knew the answer.

"The part that's been getting all the amazing attention!"

"Oh, " she sighed, then smothered his boner with the puffy lips of her snatch, "my favorite part? Well, it's been kind of a thrill for us too…in case you haven't noticed."

"Is the sex bad between you and my dad?" Alden asked.

"No…it's fine, but he's certainly not YOU," Darci answered.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning he's not as young and hot as you. Not to mention no where near as incredibly endowed as you are! You know…the kinds of things that get us moms all hot and horny."

Darci began giving his neck sweet butterfly kisses, rubbing her soft naked tits on his upper chest and grinding her hot snatch against his steely rod. "I have a feeling I'll be fucking you every day once we get started, Alden," she cooed between kisses.

They suddenly heard a voice from the doorway. "I figured that's where I find you two when I got here," Kat stated as she sashayed in the room on four-inch stiletto heels.

"We were just getting up," Darci replied, slipping out of bed, "AND don't worry…we didn't fuck. See…I'm still wearing panties."

"Yeah, I can see that, and it looks like a pack of wild dogs has been drooling all over them," Kat pointed out in amusement.

Darci laughed as she headed towards the door; her fat tits bobbling with each step and her meaty ass undulating beneath her panty-clad ass. "More like an hours-worth of teenage pre-cum smearing all over them," she remarked.

Kat sat at the edge of her boy's bed, reached beneath the blanket and grasped his rigid cock. "Any pre-cum left for mom?" she teased.

"I'm sure there is," he sighed, feeling her give him a nice, slow stroke beneath the blanket.

"Mmm, good. A boy's pre-jizz is a mother's delicacy."

"Why's that?" Alden asked, his heart racing fast.

She stared down into his eyes seductively. "Well, first of all, it's nice and slippery. It'll be wonderful lubricant once your dreamy dick is finally hammering through my pussy."

"Yes…I can't argue with that," Alden gasped, feeling his mom's hand give his gooey glans a tight stroke.

"And second…," Kat whispered, bringing her hand out from beneath the blanket, then swiping a gob of Alden's pre-drool off her finger with her tongue, "…it just tastes SO fucking yummy!"

"Wow…that was hot, mom!" the boy exclaimed.

"Well…too bad you have an appointment this morning or I would show you something even hotter."

"Like what?" he anxiously asked.

She stared into his eyes intently through her parted curtain of dark hair. "Like your mom stripping naked, crawling on top of you and fucking like a whore, until I've completely emptied those young tanks, that's what."

"Damn! Do I have to go to this appointment?" Alden asked, breathless with excitement.

"Yes…you do, baby. Besides, your appointment is with Doctor Chase. She has big titties, remember? You've drooled over them since you were a little boy."

"I've been drooling over YOURS since I was a little boy too."

Kat giggled and thrust her tits out, making them balloon beneath her blouse. "Well…aren't you glad you're a big boy now and get to do more than drool over them?"

"I wish I was doing more than drooling over them now," Alden confessed, staring at his mom's jiggly juggernauts.

"Well, after your appointment, maybe your step mommy and I will bring you back here, smother you with our big, squishy boobs, while we drain you dry. How's that sound?"

"Drain me how?"

"With our mouths…or our assholes maybe," she teased.

"Can I fuck your pussy today?" Alden asked. Boldly.

"You know mommy has every intention of using her cunt on you, but I want our first time to be when we're alone, and we can REALLY fuck each other's asses off. Don't worry, baby…mom will make sure you're well taken care of in the meantime. Now, let's get you up and dressed."

Alden gazed up at his mother with pleading eyes. "Actually, mom..." he began, his voice tentative, "Darci played around with me earlier, but I didn't cum, so I was wondering..." He trailed off, suddenly shy.

Kat's eyebrow arched, a knowing smile playing at her lips. "You were wondering if mommy could bring you off again real quick before your appointment, is that it?" She could read her son like an open book, could see the desperate need in his eyes.

Alden nodded eagerly, his cheeks flushing. "Please, mom? I'm still so hard, it almost hurts. I don't think I can make it through the appointment like this."

Kat's heart melted at her baby boy's pleading tone. How could she deny him? Reaching out, she tenderly brushed a lock of hair from his forehead. "Of course, darling. Mommy's here to take care of you, always." Her voice was a husky purr, promising delights to come.

With a wicked grin, Kat pulled back the blanket, revealing Alden's impressive erection jutting proudly from his groin. It twitched under her

heated gaze, a pearly bead of pre-honey glistening at the tip. Licking her lips, Kat wrapped her manicured fingers around his thick shaft, giving it a slow, teasing stroke from base to tip.

"Mmm, such a hard, strong dick," she purred.

Alden gasped, his hips bucking up involuntarily into his mother's touch. The feeling of her soft, warm hand gliding along his sensitive flesh was electric, setting his nerves aflame with pleasure. "Mom..." he groaned, head thrown back against the pillow.

"Shh, just relax baby. Let mommy take care of you," Kat cooed, her hand picking up speed. She twisted her wrist on the upstroke, adding a delicious corkscrew motion that had Alden seeing stars. Her thumb swiped across the weeping slit, gathering his pre-cum and using it to lubricate her strokes.

The obscene wet sounds of skin on skin filled the room as Kat pumped her fist up and down Alden's straining cock. The musky scent of his arousal filled her nostrils, making her mouth water and her empty cunt clench with need. Soon, she promised herself. Soon she would have this magnificent cock stretching her neglected pussy, ruining her for her husband.

But for now, her focus was solely on her son's pleasure. She could feel him throbbing in her grip, could sense his impending release building at the base of his spine. Doubling her efforts, Kat flew her hand over his pulsing shaft, determined to wring every last drop of cum from his swollen balls.

"You like how mommy strokes this big teenage fuckstick?" Kat purred, her voice dripping with lust. "Bet it feels so good to have a real woman's hand wrapped around your throbbing baby-maker instead of just beating your own meat, huh?"

Alden could only moan in response, his mom's filthy words sending electric jolts straight to his cock. He loved hearing her talk dirty, using nasty slang to describe his most intimate parts. It made the whole thing feel even more taboo, more forbidden.

"Mommy's gonna drain these teenage cum-tanks dry," Kat continued, her hand a blur on Alden's steel-hard shaft. "Gonna milk

this fat hog till it spews all over, painting mommy's greedy little fist-pocket white with hot jizz."

"Fuck, mom!" Alden cried out, hips pumping frantically to meet her strokes. The pressure was building to a fever pitch, his swollen plums drawing up tight to his body.

"C'mon baby boy, bust that nut for mommy," Kat urged, her thumb rubbing firm circles over his sensitive piss-slit. "Spurt me a gooey batch of baby batter, glaze this cum-craving mommy good!"

With a guttural roar, Alden exploded, his cock erupting like a geyser. Thick, creamy ropes of teen spunk arced through the air, splattering obscenely across Kat's pumping fist. She worked him through it, coaxing out every last drop until Alden collapsed back against the bed, chest heaving.

Kat lifted her cum-drenched hand to her mouth, lapping at the pearly essence with a wanton moan. "Mmm, nothing tastier than fresh cock-snot from my baby boy's spunk-spigot," she purred, lewdly sucking her fingers clean.

Alden watched through heavy-lidded eyes, utterly spent but still aroused by the wicked sight of his mother savoring his seed. He couldn't wait to paint her pussy lips with his next load, to feel her cunt stretched tight around his aching cock.

"Alright stud, let's get you cleaned up and ready for your appointment," Kat said with a grin, giving his sensitive cockhead one last teasing lick.

"Don't wanna keep Dr. Chase waiting. I'm sure she's eager to get her hands on this prime slab of grade-A boy meat too."

Alden shuddered at the thought, his cock already twitching with renewed interest. Between his mom, his stepmom, and now his

busty doctor, it seemed his dick was in for the workout of a lifetime. And he couldn't fucking wait.

The three of them drove to the clinic, where Alden had a follow up appointment with his family doctor. "Alden, how have your arms been feeling since I saw you last?" Doctor Chase, a middle-aged dirty-blonde asked. She studied his casts, while sitting right in front of him on her desk chair.

"Not bad. They get itchy sometimes, but I'm getting used to it?"

"Any pain at all?"

"No, not much," he replied.

"Your mom and stepmom have been giving you regular sponge baths, correct?" the doctor asked, glancing at Kat and Darci as they sat to each side of the teen, sharing a knowing smile.

"Yes," he replied, staring at the doctor's magnificent cleavage. Dr. Chase's titties seemed just as huge as his mom and stepmom's massive tits, maybe even bigger.

His teenage mind raced, trying to guess her impressive cup size. Were those heavy melons triple-E's like Darci's? Or did she sport H-cups like his own mother? Maybe they were even larger - double H's or beyond. The possibilities made his cock twitch in his pants.

Doctor Chase noticed her young patient's fixation on her chest and smiled to herself. She was used to the hungry stares of men, but there was something especially thrilling about having such a virile, handsome

teenage boy ogling her assets. Glancing at Kat and Darci, she saw the same knowing, indulgent looks on their faces. They all silently acknowledged the effect their ripe, mature bodies had on the horny youth.

"He was shy about sponge baths at first, but things have gotten better now, right sweetie?" Kat asked her son.

"Uh-huh."

"What about masturbation? How have you been managing that?" Doctor Chase asked matter-of-factly.

Alden hesitated a moment, exchanging an awkward look with his mom.

Kat saved the day, answering for her boy. "We've been…um, helping out a little with that too."

Darci chimed in. "Yeah, since that's a regular part of a boy's routine, and we certainly didn't wanna see Alden suffer from not being able to relieve himself."

The doctor nodded, using her stethoscope to check the boy's heart. "That's good to hear. It's very common for a mother, or stepmother to help in these types of situations and there are a variety of ways she can do that. My concern, however, is that a boy may not be getting the same level of release as before, which can cause significant testicular swelling," she explained. "Alden, how many times were you ejaculating in a day, before you broke your arms?"

"Usually four to five times," he timidly replied.

"And how many times a day has it been, since then?" Doctor Chase asked, looking at the mothers.

"I would say at least three ejaculations a day, since the accident," Darci replied.

"That sounds about right," Kat agreed. "Three… sometimes four times a day."

Alden nodded in agreement, even as a secret smile played at the corners of his mouth. He knew the real number was much higher, especially after that last wild night in the hospital. The memory was seared into his brain - a never-ending parade of voluptuous nurses sneaking into his room, their hungry cunts devouring his teenage cock over and over.

He had lost count of how many times he'd exploded, pumping what felt like gallons of hot, potent seed into their eager married pussies. Ten, fifteen, twenty times? It was all a blur of jiggling tits, bouncing asses, and tight, rippling fuck holes milking him dry. His balls had ached by dawn, thoroughly drained, but it was a sweet ache - the satisfaction of knowing he'd ruined those naughty nurses for their husbands, stretched and seeded their needy cunts.

"Well, that is less than what he was getting BEFORE the accident. I'd like to do a physical examination to make sure there are no signs of swelling. Alden, if your moms wouldn't mind helping you get undressed, I'd like you to lay up on the examination table for me, so I can have a look at you," the doctor instructed.

"Alright," the boy answered, then stood up. Kat and Darci stripped the boy down to his birthday suit, while the doctor prepped the table. Both moms smiled at him teasingly, acknowledging the fact that he was completely erect.

"Lay right up here on the table, Alden, and rest your arms at your sides," Doctor Chase directed, her eyes widening at the sight of his stiff appendage.

Once the boy did as she asked the doctor raises some stirrups into place. "Now, Alden, you'll need to bring your knees back and rest your feet into these stirrups, so I can do a full testicular exam," she requested.

"Is there anything we can do to help?" Kat asked as her and Darci stood by awkwardly.

"Let me have a look at his balls first and then I'll let you know," Doctor Chase replied, then put on her glasses and sat in her chair at the edge of the table, so she could examine the boy's nuts. "Hmm, I AM seeing some mild swelling here."

The two moms stepped over in concern, so they could see what the doctor was referring to. "Is it bad?" Kat asked.

Doctor Chase pointed to an area of the boy's bulging, hairless nuts. "That faint bluish color there, around the testes. That's a sign of something called epididymal hypertension, which is also known as 'blue balls."

"I thought a boy only got 'blue balls' if he's gone DAYS without an orgasm?" Kat asked.

"That may be true for some, but in Alden's case, where his genitals have been accustomed to ejaculating so frequently, it may only take a day for there to be some visible swelling."

"That could be my fault then," Darci admitted. "I did suck him off last night, around midnight, but Alden and I also some fooling around this morning, and I should have made sure he got off before his appointment."

"Actually," Kat chimed in, a mischievous grin playing at her lips, "I may have taken care of that already this morning."

Darci and Doctor Chase both turned to her with raised eyebrows, silently urging her to elaborate.

Kat's smile widened as she explained. "When I arrived to help get Alden ready for his appointment, he confessed that he was still feeling quite...pent up, shall we say, even after your morning activities." She shot Darci a conspiratorial wink.

"The poor dear was practically begging for relief, so I took matters into my own hands. Literally." Kat mimed a jerking off motion, causing Darci to stifle a giggle and Doctor Chase's eyes to widen behind her glasses."I gave him a quick but thorough milking, pumped a nice ejaculation out of him."

"Alden, do you have any pain or discomfort around your testicles?" Doctor Chase asked him.

"No…not really."

"Even so…I think a strong ejaculation, here in my office today would do you some good. Since your mom and stepmom have already been assisting you that way, I'll have them help me, so we can make sure you're relieved as intensely as possible."

"What would you like us to do?" Alden's beautiful, dark-haired mother asked the doctor.

"First, we'll need to provide proper visual stimulation to assist Alden in maintaining arousal, so why don't we start by getting undressed," the doctor suggested.

"Naked?" Kat asked, making sure she heard the doctor correctly.

"Yes…unless that's a problem?"

"No-no…not at all. I just wanted to make sure that's what you meant."

"Yes. Female nudity is the easiest way to keep a boy aroused."

Alden's eyes bulged with a feverish hunger as the three moms peeled away their clothing, their massive MILF tits heaving free from their constraints. Like those of his own mom and stepmom, Doctor Chase's knockers were crowned by expansive, dusky-pink areolas with stiff, jutting nipples.

Alden's pulse quickened. He had spent countless years lusting after the doctor's breasts, imagining them bare and exposed. And now, they were finally revealed in all their raw, naked splendor. It was more than just a fantasy come true; it was a carnal dream exploding into reality.

"Get that tongue back in your mouth, mister!" Kat joked, making the two other moms laugh, their pendulous boobies jiggling deliciously.

Doctor Chase stared at the teenager's erect penis. "It looks as though healthy blood flow isn't an issue. Alden, did you know that almost half of your penis is hidden inside your body?"

"Really?" the boy asked, exchanging a surprised look with his mom.

"That's right. If you press down on your perineum when you're erect, you'd be able to feel the concealed part of your penis. So, technically, you're actually double the size you think you are."

"Oh boy…double as huge! Where would we even put the rest of it?" Darci joked, making the other women laugh.

The fascinated teen watched them step out of their heels and peel their dainty panties off. All three mommy pussies were shaved clean and had well-pronounced vulvar lips that converged to form dark cuntal fissures. The lucky boy licked his lips, wishing he could smash his big, stiff prick through each one of them, especially his mom's pussy, which he'd secretly desired for years.

"Can I um…ask you guys to do something?" Alden bravely inquired. "Something that would, um…help with the 'visual stimulation' part that you were talking about."

"What's that, Alden?" the doctor asked, raising an eyebrow curiously.

"Can you guys stand together, turn around and bend over?"

The three women looked at each other and snickered. "I suppose we could do that," the doctor answered.

Alden watched intently as they followed his request, standing hip to hip with their backs to him so he could admire their luscious bubble butts. They bent over, causing their huge knockers to hang down heavily. Alden gulped excitedly, staring at not only their rounded ass-flesh, but the thick outer lips of their hairless vulvas that flanked their cunt-slits. The way their buns were slightly spread allowed him to even get a peek at the rings of their buttholes.

"How's that, Alden?" Doctor Chase asked, peering back at him.."Is that what you wanted?"

"Yes!" he answered, while imagining that he was fucking each one of them from behind.

"Any other requests?"

"Well, um…"

"What's on your mind, honey?" Kat asked as the three women stepped over to him, their fatty mammaries careening on their chests from their immense weight.

"Never mind," Alden stated, afraid to ask for what he was thinking, for fear that they think he was a complete pervert.

Doctor Chase put her hand on his chest reassuringly, looking down at him over the swell of her jutting melons. "Alden, if there's something that would make you aroused and make the ejaculation that we're about to give you stronger, don't hesitate to ask. The worst we can say is no," the doctor urged.

"Would it be ok if I, um…sucked on you?" he bravely inquired.

"Sucked on my breasts?"

"Yes," the boy responded, staring at her fat jugs. They loomed over him teasingly like huge fleshy water balloons.

Kat giggled, looking at the doctor. "I think it's something he's been fantasizing about for a long time, doctor," she explained.

"Is that so?" Doctor Chase asked, winking down at the aroused teen. "Well then…I suppose a little breast sucking wouldn't be out of the question."

Alden's heart raced wildly as she lowered one of her dangling tits to his face, letting him latch on.

The teen whimpered and shuddered with unbridled excitement as Doctor Chase's massive, warm udders engulfed his face like heavy sacks of dough. He was completely buried beneath her heaving bosom, his world narrowed to the intoxicating scent of her skin and the plush, velvety softness pressing into him from all sides.

His lips latched greedily onto one thick, rubbery nipple, suckling hungrily as if trying to draw forth milk. Doctor Chase gasped and arched into him, threading her fingers through his hair to press him impossibly closer. Her nipple swelled and stiffened against his swirling tongue, the pebbled flesh slick with his saliva.

"I'm curious, Kat…was Alden breastfed as an infant?" the doctor asked as she watched the boy get to work.

"Yes…all my children were."

"Well, that would explain his strong desire to suckle. When a mother breastfeeds her boy, a special bond is formed, and the experience is forever ingrained into a boy's mind, attracting him to women with larger breasts."

Alden whimpered as nearly his entire face was smothered in warm, spongy tit-flesh. His lips were sealed around the fringe of Doctor

Chase's wide areola, his cheeks suctioning her swollen nipple deep into his mouth.

Darci smiled as she watched her stepson suck. "His obsession with sucking big tits is certainly something he's shown us over the past week," she confirmed.

"Well, titties were certainly made for a boy to suckle," the doctor reaffirmed.

After letting the teen gorge himself on her breast for a few minutes, Doctor Chase tugged her nipple from his mouth. "There now, sweet boy…is there anything else we can do to get you worked up for a strong ejaculation?" she asked.

Alden turned his head, staring at the Doctor's shaved pussy, which was only a foot away from his ogling eyes. He could see her fleshy prepuce protruding from her labials folds. "Could I, um…taste you guys?" he boldly asked.

"Taste our vaginas you mean?" Doctor Chase asked.

"Yeah."

The doctor looked at the mothers and smiled. "What do you moms think?" she asked. "Should we give him something good to smell and taste before we work him off?"

"Whatever you think might help him I'm willing to go along with, doctor," Kat answered.

"Same here," Darci added. "We're both fully committed to helping Alden through this tough time in any way we can."

A few minutes later, Alden was peeking from his mom's crotch, staring straight up her torso as she straddled his face on the examination table. His tongue dug through her fragrant labial folds,

lapping up the fuck-oil that oozed from her honeyed hole. He chewed at her grape-sized nubbin with his lips, while she gently rocked her pelvis in ecstasy. He couldn't imagine a better view. From his vantage point he could stare straight up

her bare pubis and trim belly, allowing a clear view her mammoth tits and their rounded undersides as they jostled to her every movement.

By the time is mom's cunt lifted off him, half his face was coated in pussy-juice. He licked some from his lips, watching his stepmom's jugs dangle as she crawled over the top of him to take her turn. When her knees rested astride his head, Alden's tongue played against the fat ridges of Darci's cunt lips. He pressed his face against the musky flesh of her pudenda, then dove his tongue deep inside her cunt-hole.

Her hot flavorful walls quivered and sucked at his licker as if trying to draw it deeper inside. The teen couldn't wait to bury his big rigid boner deep inside that tight little fuck-hole, right down to his cock-root.

Doctor Chase was next on board. Alden laved at her fleshy cunt like a salivating dog. Like his mom, the doctor had a extraordinary large clitoris. He sucked it into his mouth and battered the fat, glandular bulb with his tongue. He loved looking up her sexy body, while eating her out; watching her fat tits reel back and forth on her chest.

Alden's tongue darted and swirled, greedily lapping up the sweet ambrosia that flowed freely from Doctor Chase's dripping cunt. Her nectar was divine, coating his tongue and filling his mouth with its intoxicating flavor. It was like honey and cream, with a hint of tangy musk that was uniquely her. He couldn't get enough, burying his face deeper into her soaked folds as he feasted on her essence.

Each swipe of his tongue brought forth a fresh gush of her juices, flooding his senses and drowning him in pleasure. He felt drunk on

her, lightheaded from the heady cocktail of pheromones and feminine arousal. His cock throbbed almost painfully between his legs, steadily leaking pre-cum onto his taut belly as his balls churned with the need for release.

Doctor Chase ground herself down onto his eager mouth, rolling her hips to ride his probing tongue. Her breathy moans and sighs of bliss spurred

him on, his oral muscles working overtime to pleasure her. He traced every fold and crease, circled her entrance teasingly before delving inside to plunder her fluttering depths.

"How was that, Alden?" Doctor Chase asked, rising off of him. "Are you ready for us to work you to orgasm now?"

"Yes…that was awesome, thanks!" the teen answered, his face still glistening with juices.

"Kat, if you wouldn't mind taking charge of the penile masturbation, Darci and I will work together to do an oral massage of his scrotum," the Doctor directed, making the boy's heart about race out of his chest.

"No problem. I think he's gotten quite used to my handjobs over the past week, right, sweetie?"

"Yep!" Alden anxiously nodded.

"There's heated lubrication there on the side-table," Doctor Chase stated. "I'll be using a little on my finger also, since I'd like to massage Alden's prostate, while Darci and I are sucking his balls."

Alden watched his mom squirt some lube on her hand, then smile down at him warmly as she stood beside the table with her big breasts ballooning out obscenely. He shuddered in delight as all three women went to work on him at once.

Darci and Doctor Chase leaned over, sucking one of his fat testicles into their mouths. The feel of their warm saliva and squirming tongues made the boy gasp in pleasure.

Kat wrapped her fist tightly around her son's erection, although it didn't even come close to going all the way around, especially near the base. Then, she stroked it's meaty length up and down, from knob to root. Her slippery fist made a lewd creamy sound as it worked the length of his jutting stalk.

"Does that feel good, baby?" she sweetly asked, her giant milkers jiggling with her every stroke.

"Yes!" he gasped.

Alden's nut popped from Doctor Chase's lips. "Kat, be sure to pay particular attention to the bulb of your son's penis. That area near his testicles that feels slightly spongier. Massage it in an upward motion, like you're trying to coax a stubborn load out of him," she coached.

"Got it!" the mother nodded.

The doctor brought her lips back down near Darci's. The stepmom was still nursing on one of his tender balls, the ring of her lips closed tightly around the loose skin of his sack. "Darci, let's gently pull his balls downward, away from his body, doing this in a rhythmic motion, each time Kat pumps her fist up his shaft. This will pull on his spermatic cord and stimulate his testicles."

The doctor gobbled up his nut again and together they did as she suggested, tugging rhythmically at Alden's scrotum. While doing this, they scrubbed the oval-shaped meat of his nuts with their lickers, focusing on what they knew were the most sensitive parts. Darci and Doctor Chase's lips nearly touched, while closed tightly around the skin of the teen's nut sack, their mouths stuffed with ball-meat.

Inside Alden's swollen scrotum, his testicles throbbed and churned with arousal, the delicate tubules and ducts contracting rhythmically. The epididymis, a tightly coiled tube resting on the backside of each testicle, quivered as it transported sperm cells from the testes to the vas deferens.

As Darci and Doctor Chase suckled and laved his balls, their deft tongues massaged the rugose skin, stimulating the cremaster muscles. This caused his scrotum to contract, drawing his testes up closer to his body as they prepared to unleash their potent load.

Beneath the thin, soft layer of scrotal skin, Alden's testicles pulsed with blood flow, the seminiferous tubules swollen with millions of eager sperm. His Sertoli cells were in overdrive, nourishing the developing spermatids as they underwent their transformation into mature sperm, ready to explode from his meatus in thick, pearly ropes.

The doctor's and stepmom's oral ministrations coaxed his sperm through the rete testis and into the efferent ducts. It swirled and eddied through the epididymis, racing towards the vas deferens with each suckle and nibble. The teen's parenchyma hummed with activity, his gonads primed and tingling with the need for release.

Each gentle tug on his scrotum sent sparks of pleasure racing through Alden's groin, making his cock jerk and twitch in his mother's pumping fist. His Cowper's glands were leaking a steady stream of pre-ejaculate, the alkaline fluid mixing with his mother's saliva and the lubrication as she massaged it into his aching erection.

With his prostate gland stimulated from the inside and his balls worshipped so thoroughly from the outside, Alden knew he wouldn't last much longer. The coil of orgasm wound tighter and tighter at the base of his spine, his breath coming in ragged pants as the three women worked in tandem to bring him to a mind-blowing climax.

Alden looked down and watched his mom's pretty hand glide up and down his boner. She stroked with skill, doing a perfect corkscrew motion, gliding her thumb wetly over the stretched band of his frenulum and over his glans.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, enjoying the exquisite friction. She had given him numerous handjobs over the past few days but each one seemed equally as exciting.

Even though Kat had seen her boy's prick plenty of times by now and even felt it buried deep in her ass a few times, she couldn't get over how big and muscular it was. She squeezed hard on his stalk, compressing her

hand around the three blood-engorged columns that comprised his penile shaft. She felt the smooth muscle beneath the skin contract, making his knob mushroom wonderfully. Her eyes widened at the sight of the two ligaments at the root of his prick bulging and straining as they sustained the force of her vigorous cock-milking.

"Ohh, your dick is REALLY liking that, isn't it, honey?" she cooed, staring down into eyes over her big, bobbling boobies.

"Yes!" Alden hissed. He watched his beautiful mother lean over and whip her long, thick tongue all over his bell tip, wetting it with her saliva, while beating the bottom half of his stalk. He felt the doctor's index finger slip into his ass and begin massaging his prostate with the "come hither" motion.

"Ohh, damn!" the boy groaned, his cock and balls tingling exquisitely.

After several delightful minutes of this, Doctor Chase wrapped the fingers of her free hand around the loose skin beneath his balls tightly. This made Alden's nuts bugle out lewdly. "Let's lick his scrotal raphe!" the doctor breathlessly suggested to Darci.

Their long mommy-tongues touched repeatedly as they whipped down the seam between his testis, where the labia majora had once fused together when he was just a fetus inside Kat's womb.

"GODDAMN!" the boy jerked, never feeling anything else like it.

They bathed his perineum with sloppy kisses, then worked their way back up. When the women reached his ballooning scrotum, they scraped their teeth around his gonads gingerly, then nibbled at the loose skin of his ball-bag, making the boy squirm in delight. Doctor Chase continued the tireless fingering of his asshole, massaging his prostate.

"Oh, mom…I'm gonna cum real soon!" the boy whimpered, having never been worked over so thoroughly. He watched his mom's fist fly up

and down his steely pecker. Alden loved how it felt like a tight, wet pussy pummeling his horny dick right down to the root and back up.

"Just grunt and groan into mommy's cleavage, baby!" Kat urged, then dropped her heavy tits down around his grimacing face, while continuing to reach back and stroke him vigorously.

"HHMMFF!!" the teen grumbled, shivering with pleasure; his voice muffled by pounds of quivering tit-meat.

Darci and Doctor Chase felt the boy's nuts pull closer to his body, but they used wet suction to pull them back out, stretching the cord of his vas deferens. Alden's balls swelled within their mouths, their darting tongues setting off nerve endings that added to the divine pleasure being given to his penis.

"AHHH, SHIT!" Alden groaned into his mom's squishy tit-canyon, his back arching in delight as he hosed out the longest, fattest cum-rope of his life. It jetted upward, four-feet into the air, like some sort of slimy, pearly-white geyser, then splattered down onto Kat's back.

More jets of creamy ball-jizz followed in rapid succession as his dick and balls got the royal work over. The action didn't stop for several minutes…not until the busty moms knew they had drained every drop from his young nuts.

As Alden's orgasm crashed over him in powerful waves, the three voluptuous mothers descended upon his writhing body like a tsunami of soft, eager flesh. They piled on top of him, their heavy breasts smothering him from all sides as they pressed close, determined to heighten and prolong his pleasure.

Kat sprawled across his chest, her massive tits engulfing his face completely. Alden was lost in a world of warm, pillowy softness, his moans of ecstasy muffled by his mother's abundant bosom. He could barely breathe, but he didn't care, happily drowning in her cleavage as his hips bucked and jerked beneath them.

Darci and Doctor Chase each straddled one of his thighs, their soaked, needy cunts grinding against his trembling muscles. They rubbed their swollen clits along his skin, coating him with their slick arousal as they shamelessly used him for their own pleasure. Their hands roamed greedily over every inch of exposed flesh they could reach, tweaking his nipples, scratching blunt nails down his sides.

Alden was completely buried in a writhing mass of hot, horny MILF flesh, their curves melding and blending until he couldn't tell where one ended and the other began. All he knew was the blissful sensations overwhelming his young body from head to toe as his climax seemed to go on forever, his balls emptying what felt like a gallon of spunk in thick, creamy spurts.

The women's hands found his spurting cock, pumping him in tandem as they worked to milk every last drop from his throbbing shaft. They cooed and purred encouragement in his ears, their filthy words urging him to give them everything he had, to paint their fingers with his teenage seed.

"That's it baby, drain those big balls all over Mommy's tits," Kat groaned, her voice husky with lust. "Give me that potent cum, every last fucking drop!"

"Fuck yeah, cover us with it!" Darci chimed in, fisting his shaft roughly. "Spew like a fucking fountain, you virile little stud!"

Doctor Chase pressed sloppy kisses along his jaw, her tongue flicking out to taste the sweat beading on his skin. "Such a good boy, giving us all your thick cream. Gonna milk this hard cock forever, make you squirt till there's nothing left!"

Alden could only moan and gasp in response, too far gone in the throes of mind-melting pleasure to form coherent words. His world narrowed to pure sensation - the slick slide of their hands on his sensitive flesh, the filthy litany spilling from their lips, the crush of tits and ass smothering him in their carnal heat.

When they were dressed again, Doctor Chase wrote down a prescription, handed it to Kat while giving Alden a serious look. "Five to six ejaculations daily, Alden…until your casts come off," she instructed, then shared a naughty smile with the boy's mother. "Doctors orders!"

"I think we can manage that," Kat replied.

"I think so too," Darci added, her stiff nipples clearly showing through her blouse.

That evening, after a delicious home-cooked dinner, Alden was resting on the couch when he heard the doorbell chime. Kat went to answer it and he could hear the excited chatter of female voices in the entryway.

"Alden, honey, look who's here to see you!" Kat called out.

The teen craned his neck to see and his jaw nearly hit the floor. Filing into the living room were all four of his grandmothers - his mom's mother, his father's mother, and both of his step-grandmothers. The women were all in their late 50s or early 60s, but time had been incredibly kind. They each sported gigantic, heavy breasts that strained against their blouses, narrow waists, and wide childbearing hips.

Their faces were lined but lovely, framed by elegantly-styles hair. They carried themselves with the grace and confidence of women who knew the power of their mature sensuality.

Alden gulped as he watched the parade of stacked grandmas filter into the living room, their ample hips swaying. He suddenly felt like a gazelle surrounded by a pride of hungry cougars. Their shrewd gazes raked over his youthful frame appreciatively, lingering on the obvious bulge tenting his sweatpants.

"There's our brave boy," his father's mother cooed, bending down to press a kiss to his forehead. Her heavy tits swayed inches from his face,

the musky scent of her perfume and the glimpse of her lacy bra making his cock twitch in his sweatpants.

"We were so worried when we heard about your accident," his step-grandmother added, perching on the arm of the couch. Her skirt rode up her thigh, exposing the lacy top of her thigh-high stockings. "But look at you, being so strong and healing up so well."

Alden blushed and stammered, unsure how to respond to the blatant flirtation. Luckily, his mother came to the rescue. "Well, the doctor did suggest plenty of 'special' care, and rest. Why don't we take him up to bed, hmm?"

The grandmas readily agreed, surrounding Alden and practically lifting him off the couch between them. Kat followed behind as they

guided him up the stairs, her eyes glued to the tantalizing sight of eight plump grandma buttcheeks undulating beneath tight skirts. Her pussy clenched as she imagined what was about to unfold.

Once they reached Alden's bedroom, Kat closed the door behind them with a definitive click of the lock. Her husband and children were occupied in other parts of the house, but she wasn't taking any chances.

She turned to face the group, a wicked gleam in her eye. "Ladies, I think we all know the real reason you're here. Our darling boy needs more than just rest to fully heal, doesn't he?"

The grandmothers exchanged knowing looks, sly smiles spreading across their lined faces. "Oh yes," his father's mother purred, her voice dripping with barely restrained lust. "We're here to provide some...extra special care."

Kat helped ease Alden down onto his bed, propping him up against the pillows. He watched with wide, disbelieving eyes as the four mature beauties began to shamelessly disrobe around him, putting on an impromptu striptease.

Blouses were unbuttoned and shrugged off to reveal overflowing bra cups barely containing their massive, heavy breasts. Skirts unzipped and pooled at their feet, exposing garter belts, sheer stockings, and tiny lace panties straining over plump, juicy asses.

One by one, the undergarments fell away, until Alden was surrounded by acres of smooth, supple skin, an ocean of tantalizing curves and valleys. Bras released, unleashing gigantic pendulous breasts capped by large, thickly textured areolas. Fat nipples jutted out, already pebbled with arousal. Panties slid down, baring plush, fleshy pussies, some bare and others neatly trimmed.

Alden's cock strained almost painfully against his sweatpants, the outline of his rigid shaft clearly visible. The grandmas eyed the

obscene bulge hungrily, licking their painted lips.

His mother's mother crawled onto the bed, her huge tits swaying hypnotically. She placed a sensual hand on Alden's thigh, squeezing gently. "Don't worry, baby," she cooed. "Grandma's gonna take such good care of you. We all are."

The other grandmothers joined her, their naked, voluptuous bodies crowding around Alden. Hands began roaming over his body, slipping under his shirt to dance across his quivering abdominal muscles. His sweatpants and boxers were quickly pulled off, allowing his enormous erection to slap up against his belly.

"Sweet Lord," one grandmother gasped, eyeing his thickness and length with unabashed desire. "What a spectacular young cock."

They descended on him then, a flurry of grasping hands and wet mouths. His father's mother captured his lips in a filthy kiss, her tongue boldly plundering his mouth. Two sets of hands wrapped around his aching cock, pumping him slowly as they purred their appreciation for his size and hardness.

Alden's bedroom echoed with the grandmothers' wanton whimpers and moans as they lavished his nude body with wet, sloppy kisses from head to toe. Their massive, bare breasts dragged across his heated skin, smothering him in pillowy softness as they bathed every inch of him in oral affection.

His mother's mother latched onto one small brown nipple, suckling hungrily as her hand continued to lazily stroke his rigid length. His father's mother licked a hot trail down his quivering abs, swirling her tongue around his navel before drifting lower. She nuzzled into his pubic hair, inhaling the musky scent of his arousal before extending her tongue to lap at the weeping slit of his cockhead, savoring the salty-sweet taste of his pre-cum.

Alden threw his head back against the pillow, a guttural groan escaping his lips as the grandmothers worshipped his body. He had never felt so much stimulation, so many mouths and hands driving him wild with pleasure. His cock felt harder than it ever had before, pulsing urgently as his swollen balls drew up tight.

One step-grandmother nibbled her way up his inner thigh, her teeth grazing the sensitive skin and making him shudder. She bypassed his straining erection to press open-mouthed kisses to his taut sack, drawing one plump testicle into the wet heat of her mouth. She suckled gently, rolling the orb on her tongue as Alden gasped and twitched beneath her ministrations.

The other step-grandma had shimmied up to straddle his face, her dripping, needy cunt hovering inches above his mouth. "Eat Grandma's pussy, baby," she purred, fisting a hand in his hair and lowering herself onto his waiting tongue. "Get it nice and sloppy for that big fat cock."

Alden eagerly complied, burying his face between her plush thighs. He lapped at her folds, groaning at the tangy-sweet taste of her arousal. His

tongue swirled around her fat, sensitive clit before delving deep, fucking into her channel as she rocked her hips against his face.

All coherent thought fled Alden's mind as he lost himself in the overwhelming sensations. The heady scent of mature female arousal, the slick slide of tongues on his most intimate places, the plump lips wrapped around his aching cock, the weight of heavy tits pressing into him from all sides.

Kat watched the debauched scene unfolding before her with a wicked grin, her own pussy dripping with arousal. She couldn't just stand and watch any longer. Crawling onto the crowded bed, she positioned herself between Alden's spread legs, her face level with his straining erection.

"Mmm, don't hog that delicious cock all to yourselves," she purred, grasping the thick base. "Mommy wants a taste too."

The grandmothers made room, but didn't relinquish their oral claim on Alden's pulsing shaft. Kat leaned in, extending her tongue to lap at the steadily leaking slit, moaning at the familiar salty flavor of her son's pre-nut. She swiped broad strokes up the thick vein on the underside before swirling around the sensitive ridge of his glans.

Alden's whole body shuddered at the addition of his mother's talented mouth. He groaned into the pussy smothering his face, the vibrations making his step-grandmother cry out sharply and grind down harder. His fists clenched in the sheets, desperate to touch, to grab, but frustratingly impeded by the casts.

The four grandmothers and Kat worked in tandem, their mouths roaming over every rigid inch of Alden's incredible cock. They licked and kissed wetly up and down his length, leaving no spot untasted. Occasionally they would come together at the tip, their lips and tongues sliding against each other filthily as they fought over who got to suckle his swollen cockhead.

Hands gently rolled and tugged at his balls, adding to the overwhelming stimulation. Alden felt like he was losing his mind, drowning in a sea of pleasure more intense than anything he had ever experienced. His heart pounded frantically as the pressure built at the base of his spine, his abs clenching and flexing as he neared his peak.

When one grandmother deep throated him to the hilt, Alden saw stars. Her nose nestled into his pubic hair as she held him in the tight, fluttering confines of her throat. The others laved at his shaft and balls, bathing every inch of his groin in wet, sloppy affection.

Kat and the grandmothers worked together like a well-oiled machine, a team of skilled surgeons performing the most delicate and intense of operations. They called out observations and

techniques to each other, seamlessly coordinating their efforts to drive Alden wild with pleasure.

Kat lifted her head from Alden's throbbing shaft, a string of pre-cum connecting her lips to his weeping tip. She looked around at the other women, her expression one of clinical fascination even as her eyes blazed with lust.

"Look at the way the muscle at his root is contracting?" she pointed out, tracing a finger along Alden's twitching sack. "The way his scrotum is tightening and drawing up?"

"Those are signs of imminent ejaculation," her mother declared with authority. "His cock is throbbing and straining for release, the pressure building in his prostate."

"We need to work the base of his shaft," a step-grandmother advised sagely, wrapping her fingers around the very root of Alden's straining cock where it met his groin. She squeezed in a milking motion, coaxing the impending load up from his balls. "Really massage his bulb to help express the semen."

"Look at the way his glans is swelling and turning that deep, angry purple," his father's mother chimed in, gently squeezing the engorged head between thumb and forefinger. "The spongy erectile tissue is completely engorged with blood. He's primed and ready to blow."

"Mmm, and the frenulum is so stretched and sensitive," a step-grandmother purred, flicking the little band of skin with the tip of her tongue and making Alden jolt and gasp. "That's always a hot spot, guaranteed to drive a boy wild."

Kat and the grandmothers focused their efforts on Alden's most sensitive spots, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from his straining body. Hands fondled and squeezed, mouths licked and

sucked. The lewd wet sounds of their oral ministrations filled the room, punctuated by Alden's desperate moans and gasps.

"His perineum is twitching!" a grandmother cried out, pressing two fingers firmly against the sensitive patch of skin behind his balls. She rubbed in firm circles, stimulating his prostate from the outside. "I can feel the semen surging through his ducts!"

Kat wrapped her lips around just the head of Alden's cock, her cheeks hollowing as she suckled hard. Her tongue fluttered rapidly against his frenulum, pushing him closer and closer to the edge. She could taste his pre-nectar flooding her mouth, could feel how his glans pulsed and throbbed between her lips.

"Cup his balls, feel how tight they're getting," she mumbled around her mouthful of cock, her words garbled but the other women understood. Four hands gently cradled Alden's heavy sack, feeling the way his testicles drew up as his climax approached.

"He's gonna cum buckets," a step-grandmother announced gleefully, gently rolling his balls in her palm. "These big fat balls are filled to the brim with teen spunk, ready to explode!"

Alden's hips began to stutter and jerk, fucking up into the hot, wet suction of his mom's mouth. The corkscrew motion of the hand at his base, the finger pressing into his perineum, the tongue swirling around his glans, it was all too much. He tore his mouth away from the dripping cunt grinding on his face to let out a ragged groan.

"Fuck, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he cried out desperately, his whole body tensing like a coiled spring. "Gonna...unngghh...gonna blow my load!"

"Yes baby, give it to us!" Kat encouraged, pumping his shaft harder, faster. "Paint Mommy's face with it, shower us with your cum! Drain those big swollen balls!"

With a primal roar, Alden's cock jerked hard in Kat's grip, the first thick spurt of semen shooting out to splash against the back of her throat. She quickly pulled off, aiming his erupting cock at her face as pulse after pulse of hot, creamy seed striped her cheeks, her chin, her parted lips.

The other grandmothers quickly joined in, pushing their faces close, jostling for position. Pearly ropes of cum splattered across their aging but still beautiful features, painting their cheeks and chins with Alden's essence. They moaned and lapped at the cum dripping down, dangling tits.

Kat quickly reached for the bedside drawer, fumbling for a moment before extracting a thick silicone cock ring. With deft fingers, she stretched it wide and fit it snugly around the base of Alden's still-hard shaft, trapping the blood in his swollen, throbbing erection.

"This will keep him nice and hard for us," she explained with a wicked grin. "We're not done with this magnificent cock yet, not by a long shot."

Her mother nodded approvingly, her face dripping with Alden's release. "Help the boy to his knees, girls," she instructed. "Support him in the center of the bed so he can give us a good, hard doggy fucking. Or we can fuck him, rather, since his arms are out of commission."

The grandmothers eagerly complied, gently maneuvering Alden into position. They clustered around him on the bed, their hands roaming soothingly over his trembling muscles as they coaxed him up and forward until he was kneeling unsteadily, his rigid cock bobbing obscenely before him.

Two grandmothers knelt on either side, pressing their heavy breasts against his arms as they lent him their support and balance. The others positioned themselves on hands and knees before him, their

plump, round asses raised invitingly as they looked back over their shoulders with come-hither stares.

Alden's head swam, barely able to process the incredible sight before him. Four gorgeous, naked grandmothers presenting themselves to him, their dripping fuckholes just begging to be split open on his aching cock. It was every teenage boy's wildest wet dream come true.

His mother's mother backed herself towards him, reaching between her thighs to grab his straining erection. She notched the broad head against her slick, swollen entrance, rubbing it up and down her slit to coat it in her arousal.

Her grandson's cock split her twat, and with a filthy moan, she began to beat her naked bubble booty back against him ravenously, her plush ass cheeks rippling and jiggling with each impact.

Alden gasped as his cockhead was engulfed in the scorching heat of her cunt, her inner walls clenching greedily around him.

"That's it, ride that big fat cock," his mother's mother encouraged, rolling her wide hips. "Take Grandma's pussy, split me open on that thick young meat!"

Alden could only groan helplessly, his entire body alight with pleasure as he was enveloped in the smothering heat of her cunt. The grandmothers

supporting him pressed closer, their heavy tits pillowing his face, muffling his desperate cries.

The other two grandmothers knelt beside the rutting couple, their hands roaming over sweat-slicked skin. They fondled Alden's tightening balls, rubbed his taint and perineum, stroked the base of his pistoning shaft, working to heighten his pleasure from every angle.

Obscene wet squelching noises filled the room as Alden's grandmother impaled herself over and over, her greedy cunt devouring his thickness. Her ass bounced and quaked, rippling like jello with each harsh slap against his groin. The feel of her spongy walls gripping him like a silken fist was indescribable

But it wasn't enough. She wanted - needed - more.

273: MOM’S HELPFULNESS - MEGASIZED-3/3

With a growl, she reached back and grabbed Alden's hips in a bruising grip. Using the leverage, she began to slam herself back brutally, skewering her cunt on his cock like she was trying to merge their bodies into one.

The force rocked Alden forward, driving him so deep he swore he could feel the tip of his cock kissing her cervix. Stars burst behind his eyes as he was swallowed to the hilt in her hungry snatch, her ass grinding against his pelvis, trying to take him even deeper.

"Fuck, Grandma! So tight!" he babbled nonsensically, barely aware of the words spilling from his lips. "Gonna split you in half."

The filthy words only spurred her on, her powerful thighs flexing as she pistoned up and down his throbbing length with renewed vigor. Alden felt like he was being milked, the muscles of her cunt rippling along his shaft, trying to coax out his seed.

Alden's grandmother let out a primal scream, her entire body convulsing as a massive orgasm tore through her. Her cunt clamped down like a vice around Alden's cock, the rhythmic spasms milking him relentlessly. Clear,

slick ejaculate gushed from her spasming slit, splashing obscenely against Alden's groin and dripping down his balls.

"FUCK YES!" she wailed, throwing her head back in ecstasy. "Cumming so hard on your big fat cock, baby! Ohhhh fuuuuuck!"

Alden could only hold on for dear life, his own orgasm building rapidly at the base of his spine as his grandmother's cunt wrung his shaft. The cock ring at the base of his erection throbbed angrily, trapping the blood and keeping him hard, preventing his release even as he teetered right on the edge.

With a final full-body shudder, his grandmother collapsed forward onto the bed, slipping off Alden's slick erection with a wet pop. She lay there panting, her pussy still fluttering and clenching with aftershocks.

Before Alden could even catch his breath, his father's mother was scrambling to take her place. She grabbed his cock in a firm grip, giving it a few quick strokes before notching the tip at her grasping entrance.

"My turn to ride this magnificent beast," she purred, her voice low and filthy. "Gonna milk you dry, fill this hungry old cunt with your hot young cum."

She sank down slowly, letting out a long, low moan as inch after thick inch stretched her open. Alden's head lolled back against the grandmothers' supporting him, his mouth slack with pleasure as his cock was once again engulfed in tight, wet heat.

Once she was fully seated, his father's mother began to move, undulating her hips in sinful figure-eights. She ground her ass back into Alden's pelvis, stirring his cock inside her, letting him feel every ripple and flutter of her inner walls.

Alden was completely engulfed in warm, soft flesh from all sides, cocooned in the plush, naked bodies of the grandmothers surrounding him. Their heavy breasts pressed against his back and shoulders, his face

smothering in their pillowy tits as they held him steady for his father's mother's onslaught.

Wet, lurid smacking sounds filled the room as she beat her plump ass back against Alden's groin with wild abandon. Her round, rippling cheeks jiggled and quaked with each impact, the sheer force rocking Alden to his core. He could feel the tip of his cock battering her cervix, his thick length plundering her tight, wet heat over and over.

The grandmothers peppered Alden's neck and face with licks and butterfly kisses, their lips and tongues soothing the sweat-slicked skin. They whispered filthy encouragements in his ears, urging him to fuck his grandmother harder, to split her open on his throbbing cock.

"That's it baby, give her that fat dick," one cooed, nipping at his earlobe. "Pound that hungry grandma cunt, make her scream on your teenage cock!"

Alden was lost to the pleasure, drowning in a sea of sensations too intense to comprehend. The tight, rippling glove of his grandmother's pussy milking him, the plush give of the tits surrounding him, the wet suction of the mouths worshipping his skin. He felt owned, completely at the mercy of these lusty grandmas hellbent on wringing every ounce of cum from his young balls.

His father's mother increased her pace, slamming herself back onto his cock like a woman possessed. Her cunt made filthy squelching noises as it swallowed him over and over, drenching his groin in her slick arousal. A string of obscenities fell from her lips, her voice rising in pitch as she neared her peak.

"Fuck, fucking split me open!" she wailed, her cunt clenching rhythmically around Alden's pistoning shaft. "Goddamn, baby, your

cock is so fucking good! Gonna cum all over this fat dick, paint your balls with grandma's juices!"

True to her word, she let out a banshee shriek as her orgasm crashed over her, her cunt spasming wildly around Alden's throbbing erection. A flood of ejaculate gushed from her twitching slit, splashing lewdly against Alden's pelvis and coating his heavy balls in her slick essence.

Alden teetered right on the brink, his cock jerking and pulsing inside the vice of her fluttering walls. The cock ring dug cruelly into the base of his shaft, trapping his release, keeping him hard and desperate even as his balls drew up tight.

Kat watched with a knowing smile as her son's lust-blown eyes tracked the movement of the grandmothers' monumental breasts jiggling and swaying hypnotically around him. She could read his desire like an open book, recognizing the same primal hunger that had always darkened his gaze when he stared at her own massive, heavy tits.

She knew how badly he craved the feel of those plush, doughy mounds smothering his face, the yearning to latch onto a thick, rubbery nipple and suckle like a babe at the teat. It was the same desperate oral fixation that drove him wild when she pressed his face into her cleavage, letting him motorboat her huge milkers.

Deciding to indulge her boy's deepest fantasy, Kat spoke up, her voice husky with lust. "Ladies, I think our stud here needs a change of position. Why don't we lay him out on his back so we can take turns smothering him with our big ol' titties while we ride his gorgeous cock?"

The other women voiced their enthusiastic agreement, carefully maneuvering a boneless Alden onto his back in the center of the bed. His rigid shaft jutted proudly towards the ceiling, so engorged it

looked almost painful, the purple head shining with mingled cum and arousal.

"Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you baby?" his mom's mother cooed, cupping her huge, pendulous breasts and hefting them teasingly. "Having Grandma's big fat tits in your face while you pump me full of

that hot teenage cum? I know how much you love heavy tits, don't you darling? Can't resist burying your face in them."

Alden could only groan in response, nodding eagerly as he licked his lips. His eyes were riveted on the massive jugs dangling above him, watching the way they swayed and bounced with her every movement. Each grandma had to be at least an J-cup, their heavy fun bags capped with saucer-sized areolas and thimble-thick nipples that just begged to be sucked.

His father's mother swung a leg over his hips, straddling his loins and reaching between their bodies to grasp his straining erection. She notched the broad tip at her entrance, shuddering as she rubbed it along her slick folds.

"Gonna smother you good with these huge grandma titties," she purred sultrily, slowly sinking down onto his thick cock. "Drown you in my fat milk sacks while this wet old cunt milks your fat teenage baby-maker."

Alden let out a sharp cry as he was engulfed in the scorching heat of her pussy, his chest heaving as he struggled for air. At the same time, she leaned forward and smashed her gigantic, plush breasts right into his face, completely engulfing his head in her soft, doughy flesh.

Alden motorboated her tits wildly, groaning and gasping into the abyss of her cleavage as she began to rock and grind on his throbbing shaft.

"Mmm, that's it baby, get lost in Grandma's big ol' titties," she cooed, undulating her wide hips in a sinful rhythm. "Bury your face in my squishy udders while I ride this fat cock. Fucking smother you with my milk jugs while you pump me full of jizz."

Alden was in heaven, drowning in the warm, pillowy embrace of his grandmother's monumental rack. He lapped at the soft skin, laving the deep valley between her breasts before working his way up the slope of one tit and latching onto one elongated nipple. He suckled greedily, his

cheeks hollowing as he tried to draw the rubbery nub deep into his hungry mouth.

The combined sensations of her plush tits smothering his face and her tight, rippling cunt milking his cock were almost too intense to bear. Alden felt like he was being devoured whole, his body used as nothing more than a vessel for their pleasure. And he loved every filthy second of it.

His grandmother rode him hard and fast, her massive ass slapping lewdly against his thighs as she impaled herself over and over on his straining erection. Alden could feel every flutter and spasm of her greedy hole, her inner muscles clenching rhythmically as if trying to milk the cum right out of his balls.

The lucky teen could feel the head of her cervix on his glans—that tight ring of fleshy muscle creating suction-cup-like friction on the tender purple bulb of his penis.

"Yess! Fuck Grandma's cunt," she babbled almost incoherently, her hips churning frantically. "Stretching me so good, ruining me on your teenage cock. Gonna fucking flood me with cum, fill my womb with it. Knock up this old pussy so good."

He felt her pillowy udders ripple around his face and heard her let out a pleasurable shriek as she came undone on top of him.

"OH-H-H-H, WOW!" the boy's tit-smothered voice trembled. It felt like his Gran's cunt-barrel was shifting and tightening around his sinewy cock, and fem-cum burst from the slit of her urethra, running down the sides of his abdomen and onto the bed. She came apart in a series of trembling screams and undulations.

With the help of the snug silicone cock ring trapping the blood in his engorged shaft, Alden was able to maintain an almost painfully hard erection as his four insatiable grandmothers took turns riding him into

oblivion. They used his teenage cock like a toy, each one determined to milk him dry before passing him off to the next.

No sooner would one grandmother's cunt spasm and convulse around him as she came with a wail, than another would be climbing on to take her place. They ground their hungry cunts down onto his upturned face, smearing his chin and cheeks with their pungent arousal as they demanded he eat them out while they rode him.

But what really drove Alden wild was the way each grandmother would lean forward and smother his face with her massive, super-squishy tits as she fucked herself on his cock. They pressed his head deep into the valley of their cleavage, drowning him in soft, doughy flesh until he saw stars. He lapped and motorboated their huge milkers wildly, groaning into their skin as they swallowed his rigid length over and over.

Alden latched onto one elongated, rubbery nipple after another, suckling and gnawing at their puckered flesh like a hungry infant. He lost himself in the taste and scent and feel of their monumental breasts, the way they rippled and bounced against his face as they rode him hard and fast.

Gushes of pungent fem-juice poured from their spasming cunts as they came on his relentlessly pistoning cock, coating his churning balls and dripping down to soak the sheets below. The filthy wet

sounds of their coupling filled the room - the lewd slap of mature flesh meeting youthful, the squelching of his cock plundering their drenched channels, the muffled groans and gasps as Alden was smothered beneath mountains of jiggling tit-flesh.

Time lost all meaning as the broken-armed teen was used as nothing more than a fuck toy, a hard young cock for the insatiable grandmothers to take their pleasure from. He was drowning in a sea of ripe, lust-crazed MILF flesh, their bodies so hot and wet and willing.

His own pleasure built to an impossible crescendo, his cock throbbing and jerking as his orgasm approached. But each time he teetered on the

brink, the cruel bite of the cock ring would drag him back, keeping him hard and desperate as his balls churned with pent-up release.

The grandmothers fucked him stupid, working their wide, tireless hips, each one more determined than the last to be the one to finally wring him dry. They rode his face and cock in a filthy relay, passing him back and forth, keeping him constantly stuffed with wet, hungry cunt. Alden was no longer a person, just a vessel for their pleasure, a toy to fuck and cum on.

It was ultimately his mother's filthy words that finally pushed Alden past the point of no return, her dirty talk sending him hurtling over the edge into mind-melting ecstasy.

"That's it baby, plow that fat hog up Grandma's cock-pocket!" Kat urged crudely, her voice cutting through the haze of Alden's pleasure. "Ruin that sloppy snatch with your teenage baby-batter blaster! Flood her cunt with jizz, fill her womb with your potent fucksauce!"

Alden let out a choked sob at his mother's XXX-rated encouragement, his hips pistoning frantically as he felt his balls seize

up. His grandmother was riding him like a woman possessed, her huge ass slamming down to meet his frenzied upward thrusts, her cunt making obscene wet noises as she swallowed his cock to the hilt.

"Fucking do it stud, nut in that greedy grandma twat!" Kat continued, spurring him on. "Paint her cunny walls white, make her fucking feel that gooey load blast out the hole on your vein-stick!"

With an animalistic roar, Alden exploded, his whole body going rigid as his orgasm finally crashed over him. His cock swelled impossibly thicker before erupting like a geyser, painting his grandmother's rippling inner walls with what felt like gallons of hot, virile spunk.

His grandmother let out a banshee wail as she felt Alden's release flooding her clenching cunt, triggering her own bone-rattling climax. She

convulsed on top of him, her entire body wracked with pleasure as her greedy hole milked him for every drop.

Alden's vision whited out as he emptied his balls into his grandmother's spasming twat, his mind shorting out from the intensity of his release. He could feel her cervix fluttering against the spurting tip of his cock, eagerly drinking down his seed as Kat continued her barrage of filthy encouragement.

"Fuck yeah, dump that creamy jizz deep, baby!" Kat crowed. "Squirt her full of your nut-butter, knock the dust outta those shriveled old ovaries! Drown that thirsty womb in ball-batter, give Grandma a belly full of baby-gravy!"

Alden pumped load after voluminous load into his grandmother's cum-hungry cunt as she writhed on top of him, both of them lost to the throes of a seemingly endless mutual climax. Her huge, fatty tits smacked him in the face as she bounced, her massive ass rippling like jello as she greedily swallowed every inch of his spurting cock.

"Go Tigers!" Kat screamed from the bleachers, her giant tits jostling beneath her bra as she threw her arms in the air. She sat with her son, Alden, to one side of her and her husband on the other as they watched the game.

"I sure wish I was out there playing," Alden expressed in disappointment, both his broken arms resting in slings. He had gotten the injury a week ago now while practicing with the very team he was watching.

"I do too, honey, but at least you're here supporting your team and that's what matters," his mother reminded him.

"Yeah, I'm sure it means a lot to them to see you up here in the stands cheering them on," Alden's stepdad, Mick, added.

Kat couldn't help but notice how her son's eyes drifted over to the school cheerleaders, watching their plump titty-melons bounce around beneath their uniforms as they threw their luscious legs around gracefully. "It's sure starting to get chilly," said the mother as she draped a throw-blanket over the laps of her and Alden.

No sooner did she have their lower halves covered then Alden felt her hand grasp his cock through his pants. Kat wasn't shocked at all to find it erect and throbbing for release. Doctor Chase had given specific instructions for the boy to have five to six orgasms daily and that's exactly what her and Alden's stepmom, Darci, had been providing.

Kat had gotten up early that day, snuck to her son's room and given him a sloppy blowjob, even before anyone else in the house was awake. She loved the feel of his tasty, teenage cock gliding through her greedy mouth and throat. She made sure to whip her long mommy-tongue all over his bell-shaped glans the entire time. His virile spunk was absolutely delicious as it splattered her cock-gobbling mouth and down her throat.

Once her husband left for work and the other kids were off to school, she climbed on top of teen and gave him a good hard cowgirl butt-fuck, letting her oversized mommy-tits bobble against his wonder-stricken face the entire time. After her son blew his cum-load deep in her shitter, the mother smiled at him lasciviously. "Do you wanna fuck my pussy for the first time at the game tonight?" she asked.

"That would be rad!" the boy exclaimed, his dick-meat twitching inside the grip of her ass-tube.

Kat wanted him to experience her hot mommy-cunt for the first time somewhere sentimental. No better place than at a game he should be playing in. No, he couldn't participate football due to his broken arms, but he could sure perform in other memorable ways, like beating his young dick through hot, MILF pussy.

Kat scissored her naked legs back widely and grinned. "You can shoot your hot cum between these 'goal posts' and score some serious points," she joked, making her son laugh.

After school, Alden's redheaded stepmom, Darci, was waiting in his bedroom and let the boy fuck her up the ass. She bounced her meaty butt-cheeks against his lap and let him squeeze on her huge, naked tits until he blasted his third load of the day deep inside the pit of her rectum.

As his mom's hand subtly stroked his throbbing erection through his pants beneath the blanket, Alden glanced around at the crowded bleachers, his pulse quickening at what he saw. While the husbands and fathers were focused intently on the game, many of the wives and mothers only had their eyes set on him.

Alden gulped as he took in their hungry, lustful stares, the way they licked their glossy lips and undressed him with their eyes. These were women he had known his whole life - his friend's moms, neighbors, PTA members. Women who had watched him grow up,

who had pinched his cheeks and ruffled his hair. But now they were looking at him like he was a prime cut of meat, a young stud to be devoured.

A curvy brunette MILF in a low-cut sweater sat with her legs primly crossed, but as Alden's gaze met hers, she slowly uncrossed and spread them wider. The skirt rode up her thick thighs, revealing a peek of her sheer lacy panties stretched taut over her plump mound. Alden's mouth went dry as he watched her subtly rub her cameltoe, the damp fabric clinging to the outline of her puffy lips.

Next to her, a busty blonde licked her lips lasciviously as she stared at Alden's crotch, as if she could see right through the blanket to the hard cock straining beneath. She cupped her heavy tits and hefted them, winking salaciously as she mouthed "come fuck me."

All around him, Alden was surrounded by a sea of cock-hungry soccer moms, their wanton desire for his young meat written plainly across their faces. A redhead with an ass like two ripe melons packed into painted-on

jeans shamelessly ground her crotch against the edge of the bleacher, biting her lip as she eye-fucked him. The MILF next to her was practically drooling as she zeroed in on Alden, her hand drifting between her legs to rub herself through her skirt.

Alden's teenage balls throbbed with the need to drain, to douse these desperate housewives with a firehose of virile cum. His cock flexed in his mother's stroking hand, a damp spot of pre-cum soaking through his underwear. He didn't know how he was going to make it through the game without exploding in his pants like a horny middle schooler.

Just then, Kat leaned in close, her lips brushing Alden's ear as she whispered filthily. "Looks like you've got quite the fan club, stud."

Unbuttoning his pants, the mother's fingers deftly traced the hard, straining length of Alden's erection through the thin fabric of his underwear. She could feel every ridge and vein, the way his cock throbbed and pulsed with need under her touch. The meaty shaft was like a bar of hot iron sheathed in silky skin, radiating heat against her palm.

She slowly pumped her fist along his length, relishing the feel of his impressive girth stretching the cotton taut. Her fingers found the damp patch of pre-honey soaking through the material near the tip and she rubbed slow circles over the sensitive head, making Alden's hips twitch involuntarily.

Kat's own core was burning with arousal, her pussy clenching and fluttering with desperate need. Her lacy panties were drenched, the slick fabric clinging to her swollen lips and throbbing clit. She could feel her juices trickling down her inner thighs, her body primed and ready to be split open on her son's fat teenage cock.

As she fondled Alden's rigid shaft beneath the blanket, Kat pictured how it would feel spearing into her needy cunt, stretching her neglected walls to the limit. She imagined the delicious burn as his thickness invaded her, the way his mushroom head would kiss her cervix as he bottomed out. Her pussy spasmed at the thought, a fresh gush of arousal soaking her panties.

Kat ached to mount her boy right there in the bleachers, to sink down on his steel-hard pole and ride him in front of everyone. She wanted to put on a show for all the horny MILF's drooling over her son, to stake her claim and prove that only she could truly satisfy his raging teenage libido.

Her clit throbbed almost painfully, demanding attention as she gripped Alden through his underwear. It took every ounce of willpower not to shove her hand under the waistband and wrap her

fingers around his naked cock, to jerk him until he exploded all over her stroking fist.

But Kat restrained herself, knowing that anticipation would only make their inevitable coupling that much sweeter. She had promised Alden that he could finally experience her hot mommy cunt tonight, and she intended to make it a memory he would never forget.

Leaning in close, the horny mom let her lips brush the shell of Alden's ear as she whispered huskily, "Are you ready to play?"

She felt wicked doing this with her husband sitting so near, but she justified her actions in her own mind by telling herself that she was only doing it to help her son through a tough time.

"I'm ready," the boy whispered back, then he spoke so his father could hear him. "I think I need a bathroom break."

"No problem, honey. Let's head down to the restroom," Kat stated in a louder than usual voice so her husband could hear.

Mick knew that since Alden's injury his wife always assisted his stepson in using the bathroom, but wasn't much bothered by it, since it got him off the hook.

"Are you sure you two wanna leave this second?" Kat's husband asked. "It looks like we're down in the red zone getting ready to score."

"When you gotta go, you gotta go," said his wife as her and Alden stepped down the bleachers. Kat's body tingled from the thrill of

knowing she was about to be fucked by a gorgeous teenager. A boy that many girls and mothers at the game also lusted after.

As Kat and Alden made their way down the bleachers towards the parking lot, the lusty stares from the other moms in attendance did

not go unnoticed. Word had spread like wildfire over the past week about Alden's "special needs" while recovering from his broken arms. Tales of the virile young man's insatiable libido and impressive endowment had the rumor mill churning at a frenzied pace.

Gaggles of MILFs huddled together, whispering behind their hands as they eyed the strapping teenager hungrily. Their gazes raked over his muscular frame, undressing him with their eyes, imagining all the filthy things they could do to that nubile young body. Alden could feel their stares burning into him, making his already throbbing cock twitch eagerly in his jeans.

As they reached the parking lot, several of the bolder moms approached Kat, their voices dripping with false concern.

"Oh Kat, we heard about poor Alden's accident," one particularly buxom redhead cooed, her eyes never leaving Alden's crotch. "I can only imagine how difficult it must be for him, not being able to...take care of his needs."

"If there's anything we can do to help, please don't hesitate to ask," another chimed in, licking her lips suggestively. "I'd be more than happy to come by and assist with his physical therapy."

"We could take turns," a statuesque brunette suggested, her hand brushing Alden's arm. "Ease the burden on you a bit. I'm sure a strapping young man like Alden has quite the...appetite."

Kat fought back a knowing smirk, fully aware of what these desperate housewives were really offering. She couldn't blame them - her son was a prime specimen of young male virility. She'd be lying if she said she

wasn't enjoying the envious looks, the knowledge that they all wanted a taste of what she had unrestrained access to.

"Thank you, ladies, that's so generous of you," Kat replied sweetly, playing along. "Alden does require quite a bit of hands-on attention lately. I'm sure he would appreciate a few extra...helping hands."

The moms tittered excitedly, already undressing Alden with their eyes. "Just name the time and place, and we'll be there," the redhead promised, her voice husky with barely-restrained lust. "We're always eager to help a young man in need."

Kat smiled conspiratorially, already picturing the debauched scenes that would soon unfold in her home. Her son, splayed out naked and helpless, his magnificent cock serviced by a never-ending rotation of eager MILF mouths and cunts. She shivered in anticipation.

"Why don't you ladies swing by the house tomorrow morning around 10?" Kat suggested with a sly wink. "Bring your appetite - I'll make sure Alden is ready and waiting for you."

The moms giggled gleefully, already salivating at the prospect of getting their manicured claws on Alden's youthful flesh. As they dispersed with promises to be there bright and early, another small cluster of women lingering nearby approached tentatively.

"Excuse me, Kat?" a curvy blonde ventured, her cheeks flushed. "We couldn't help but overhear...I hope you don't think it too forward, but my friends and I would love to join in on the fun tomorrow. If there's room for a few more, that is."

Kat's gaze swept over the newcomers, taking in their wedding rings and hungry expressions. A wicked thrill raced through her at the thought of so many neglected wives and mothers clamoring for a taste of her son's cock.

"Of course, the more the merrier!" she agreed readily. "Alden will be thrilled to have so many eager...participants in his therapy."

The women twittered excitedly amongst themselves, already conspiring in hushed tones about all the sinful things they planned to do to the teen stud. Off to the side, Kat noticed two younger women, barely out of their teens themselves, eavesdropping intently. Their round, protruding bellies strained against their snug tops - clearly they were both quite far along in their pregnancies.

Feeling mischievous, Kat called out to them. "Care to join us, girls? I'm sure Alden wouldn't mind a couple of sexy young things like you in the mix."

The pregnant girls startled, clearly not expecting to be addressed. They exchanged a wide-eyed glance, their faces flaming, before the bolder of the two stepped forward.

"Could we really?" she asked breathlessly, one hand cradling her swollen stomach. "It's just...ever since we got knocked up, our husbands barely touch us anymore, you know, out of concern for the babies. We're both so horny all the time..."

Her friend nodded enthusiastically, biting her plump bottom lip. "We'd be so grateful for the opportunity, Mrs. Thornton. We promise to show Alden a really good time."

Kat laughed, delighted by their youthful eagerness. "Then it's settled! The more cock-hungry cunts for my boy, the better. Just remember, ladies - Alden's pleasure comes first. I expect you all to work together to drain those big teenage balls dry."

A chorus of enthusiastic agreement rose from the assembled women, their eyes sparkling with anticipation. Kat basked in their adulation, feeling like the ring leader of the most depraved circus imaginable. She

couldn't wait to watch them fall upon her son like a pack of hungry wolves.

A few minutes later, Alden's heart pounded like a war drum as he watched his mom, Kat, descend onto his throbbing cock for the first time in the cramped, steamy backseat of her car. His pants shackled his ankles, and Kat straddled him like a wild beast, knees digging into the seat, hips swaying with primal hunger. The teen's hips bucked upwards, the head of his cock impatiently nudging against her drenched, quivering pussy lips.

Then, with a guttural groan, the mother impaled herself on his steel-hard cock, her slick pussy walls clamping down on him like a velvet vise. "Fuck, Alden!" she cried out, her voice a ragged mix of pain and pleasure as she took him to the hilt in one savage stroke.

Alden's eyes rolled back, his gaze fixed on their joined bodies. He'd never known anything like the searing ecstasy of her tight, ribbed cunt walls sucking on his engorged cock.

"Just sit back and let mommy fuck you," Kat panted, her voice hoarse with lust. "Feel my hot, tight pussy, baby. Let it take you over."

With her mouth agape and her long hair whipping around her sweat-sheened, flushed face, Kat began to pound her hips against him, her body slamming against his in a relentless, fevered rhythm, her pussy swallowing his cock whole.

"Fuck, Mom!" Alden choked out, his massive, rock-hard dick plunging through her scorching, clenching tunnel. Her juices drenched his cock, flowing down to soak his balls.

"Does that feel good, honey?" she huffed, riding him like a cock-fucking pro. Kat had not only removed her panties but her bra also, since she knew how much her boy loved to feel her oversized hooters bouncing softly against his body.

"It sure does!" confessed the teen, nuzzling his face between his mom's warm, squishy udders.

Kat dug her nails into his muscular shoulders, her body writhing as she rode him hard. Her rounded ass cheeks slammed against his thighs, the car echoing with the sound of flesh meeting flesh. Despite the countless times she had taken her son, this was different—this time, she was taking him into her dripping wet pussy, not her ass.

His thick, throbbing cock stretched her tight walls, each inch of him filling her completely. Her husband's dick was a distant, pathetic memory compared to the raw, primal power of her son's cock claiming her, possessing her entirely.

Alden's face was buried, smothered in the sweat-slick chasm between her mammoth tits. "Fuuuck!" he roared, engulfed in a fever dream of hot, heaving flesh and the vice-like grip of her cunt relentlessly pounding his throbbing cock.

"Oh my God, I'm cumming!" Kat's pretty voice announced.

Alden felt her body give off a wonderful shudder and her pussy-tunnel felt like it was turning inside out around his pummeling prick.

The rocking motion of Kat's vehicle certainly didn't fail to get the attention of their neighbors as they arrived for the game. When Jim Green got to the bleachers, he was quick to bring it to the attention of Kat's husband, Mick.

"Well, that stepson of yours can't get any action on the field, but apparently he can still get action on the backseat, huh?" Jim joked.

"How do you mean?"

"I was just in the parking lot. Your wife's car is rocking so hard the wheels are nearly jumping from the pavement."

Mick urgently dialed his wife's number on his cellphone. "Hi, honey," Kat's breathless voice answered, tinged with a hint of exertion.

"Is Alden having sex in your car?" Mick demanded, his voice tense. "Jim Green just arrived at the game and swears it looks that way."

A heavy silence filled the line, thick with unspoken tension. "Kat, are you there?" Mick pressed, anxiety creeping into his tone.

"Yes, I'm here, honey," Kat replied, her voice steady but firm. "Alden did meet up with a girl after I helped him use the bathroom. That must be where they went."

"Well, couldn't they find somewhere more discreet?" Mick's voice rose with frustration. "Having sex in the middle of the school parking lot is far from ideal."

Inside Kat's vehicle, she continued her passionate romp with her son, her voice unwavering as she spoke to her husband. "My windows ARE tinted, honey. No one outside the car is gonna see anything they shouldn't. Just let them have their fun."

"Yeah, until the police get called," Mick stated.

"Mick, it's a high school football game," Kat expressed. "I'm sure that Alden and this girl aren't the only ones to ever fuck in a car on school grounds."

Kat felt wicked speaking to her husband, while feeling her son's cock jab against her cervical entrance with its spongy tip. She had certainly never felt penetration that deep with Mick or Alden's father, Anthony. "I'm down near the concession stand talking to one of the other moms. I'll be there in a minute."

After she hung up, her son smiled at her mischievously. "He would sure be pissed if he knew it was YOU that I was in the car fucking, huh?" he asked.

"No, not at all!"

"Really?!"

"I'm joking," Kat laughed, making her fat tits jiggle. "He'd kill us both."

Alden thrust his hips from the seat cushion, spearing his erection up into the insatiable snugness of his mom's cunt. "Damn, mom… screwing you is much better than jacking off," he sighed, "and your pussy feels even better than your ass."

"That's because mom has cuntal muscles that can suck on the entire length of your big, dreamy prick."

Kat was a teenage vixen once more, sprawled across the backseat with the beefy football god rutting after the game. She could feel every throbbing inch of his colossal cock jackhammering into the depths of her spasming cunt, brutally stretching her womb back against her cervix. She welded their groins together, grinding her wide hips in a savage rhythm, churning his granite shaft inside her with a primal ferocity that lasted for several blindingly intense minutes.

"Goddamn that's good!" the boy hissed, feeling his boner plow around inside the hot, juicy sleeve of her cunt. "You're gonna make me cum soon, mom!"

"Pound me and fill me full of your cream then!" his mom encouraged.

Alden's hips thrust upward like a wild stallion, his mom riding him like a rodeo queen. The pressure in his balls detonated like a grenade, unleashing a torrent of molten cum that erupted through his pussy-sheathed cockhead. His muscular body convulsed in sheer rapture as the scorching, potent seed exploded through his throbbing shaft, pulsing with raw, primal intensity.

"Oh, sweet motherfucker!" Kat screeched, her nails sinking into her son's broad shoulders as she rode his cock feverishly. "I'm cumming, baby! I'm cumming all over your big teenage cock!"

For what felt like an eternity of electrifying bliss, their bodies collided with fevered intensity, a whirlwind of passion that consumed them both. Together, they soared on a euphoric cloud, each shattering into an exquisite climax that fused their very beings.

Suddenly, a sharp, jarring knock shattered the moment. Kat jolted, heart racing. "Damn it, it's your stepfather!" her mother hissed in a frantic whisper. "Get rid of him!"

Alden cracked one of the back windows and his stepfather peered in. Mick could tell there was a girl on top of the boy, but he couldn't make out who she was. He never would have imagined that it would be his own wife. "What do you want, Mick?" the teen asked.

"To give you some friendly advice, kid" he answered. "The school parking lot on game night isn't the best place for a play date."

"OK then…when you see mom, let her know we took the car for a ride to park somewhere else."

"And how do you plan on driving anywhere with two broken arms?" Mick asked.

"My date can drive," Alden answered. "She's old enough."

"I better call your mom and make sure that's ok," said Mick, taking out his cellphone.

Alden knew if he didn't do something before Mick dialed, they would be in real trouble. "Mom already urged me to drive somewhere else, but we were just so horny that we couldn't wait. You know how it is," he stated.

"Alright, well…when I see your mom, I'll let her know that the two of you went for a drive."

As soon as the window closed Kat began to giggle. "Oh my God, that was such a thrill!"

"It's a good thing it's dark in here," said Alden. "He would have known it was you on top of me."

"Well, you heard what he said. Your date should drive you somewhere so she can continue fucking you," stated Kat, then she locked lips with her son for a series of sensual kisses.

The mother's phone suddenly began going off. They thought it would be Mick but were surprised when they heard Darci's voice. "Where are you guys? We just got to the game, but I don't see you anywhere."

"We're in the parking lot," Kat answered. "Mick's heading your way, but Alden and I are going for a joy ride."

"Who's 'joyriding' who?" Darci joked.

Kat giggled. "When you see Mick…tell him you're joining me and some of the other moms for a walk around the school for some gossip or something."

"Do I take that to mean that I get to join your joy ride?" Darci asked.

"We'll pick you up in a few minutes."

Once Darci handed the crucial information to Mick, she left the two husbands engrossed in the game, their eyes glued to the field. She hurried to join Kat and Alden, adrenaline pumping through her veins.

Kat slammed the accelerator, propelling them out of town with a roar, the vehicle tearing through the streets. The tires spat gravel as they veered onto a secluded dirt road, the world outside blurring into a wild rush of motion.

"It smells like sex in here. Have you two been fucking?" Darci asked.

"Take a look in the backseat," Kat replied, turning on the overhead lights.

Darci looked back to see Alden still sitting there, naked from the waist down. He still had a boner and it glistened with his mother's orgasmic juices. "Well, I guess that answers my question."

"Sorry, I couldn't pull my shorts back up," said the teen.

"Don't apologize to me. I'm quite enjoying this view," said Darci, licking her luscious lips as she stared at his oversized cock.

"Do you know where you're going, mom?" Alden asked, gazing out the window as the passing darkness of the secluded dirty road.

"Down by the riverbank. It's where the guys always took us to fuck when we were younger."

"The same spot dad and I go to fish sometimes?" the boy asked.

"Yes. Aren't you the one who always tells me that the place is littered with used condoms? Well now you know why," said the mother.

She burst onto the riverbank, adrenaline coursing through her veins, and she and Darci swiftly clambered into the back with the boy.

Alden's heart thundered in his chest, a wild drumbeat, as he watched them shed their clothes with feverish urgency, baring themselves completely. "Alden," Darci's voice cut through the electric

tension, "if you were lying on your belly, could you stretch your arms above your head and rest them on the seat, completely at ease?"

"Sure!"

"Excellent!" his stepmother grinned, quickly sprawling onto her back on the seat and throwing her thighs open. "Come down between my legs."

Alden carefully maneuvered between her thighs, lifting his casted arms up over their heads and resting them on the seat as he settled against her lush body.

"Is that alright, honey?" his mom asked, helping him get comfortable on top of Darci.

"Yeah, I'm good," the boy answered. The feel of Darci's lush, naked body pushing against the full length of his was more than he could stand. Her fat tits squashed against his bare chest like warm, soft bread dough, her swollen teats prodding against his skin.

Darci covered his lips with her hungry mouth, lustfully thrusting her tongue deep into his throat. Eager to feel his hard cock buried inside of her, she grasped the base of his throbbing member and rubbed his big, sensitive knob against her cuntal flanges. "Sounds like you got to fuck your mom already," she said between kisses. "Ready to try stepmom's cunt on for size?"

"You bet!" the boy replied.

Darci's body quivered with a wicked thrill as she felt his cock knob nudging between her slippery cunt-lips. "Ohhh, shit!" she gasped as her stepson thrust forward, sinking his cock into the hot inner flesh of her fuck-tunnel.

She threw her strong, smooth mommy-legs around his lean, youthful body. Both their hips began to pivot instinctively, setting into a

glorious fuck-rhythm. Alden's big balls beat lewdly against the ring of his stepmom's asshole.

"God, I thought you felt good in my ass. You feel even better in my pussy!" gasped the horny stepmother, clutching frantically around his shoulders. She threw her cunt up to receive every thrust of his hard, plunging cock. The obscenely stretched lips of her labia sucked greedily

around his rigid meat as if trying to pull all his length inside of her, right down to his cock-root.

Alden worked his hips at a frantic pace, pistoning his thick cock in and out of Darci's ravenous cunt with youthful vigor. He unleashed all his pent-up lust and need, fucking her with wild abandon, spurred on by her gasps and cries of ecstasy.

Darci clung to him desperately, her legs clamped around his waist, fingernails digging into the flexing muscles of his back. She met his every powerful thrust with a roll of her wide, childbearing hips, grinding her hungry pussy up to swallow his cock to the hilt. Their bodies moved together in a deliciously hard, primal rhythm - a sensual dance of mutual pleasure.

The lewd slap of flesh on flesh echoed through the car as they rutted, punctuated by Darci's wanton moans and the squelch of Alden's cock plundering her soaked folds. He pounded into her, stretching her, filling her completely in a way she'd never experienced before. Every nerve ending was electrified, her body singing with blissful sensation.

"Fuck yes, give me that big teenage cock!" Darci babbled, lost to the exquisite pleasure radiating from where they were joined. "Harder baby, fuck stepmommy harder! Ruin my hungry cunt!"

Alden obliged with a growl, hammering into her with renewed force. He felt possessed, driven by a singular need to claim her, to mark

her as his. In that moment, she wasn't his dad's wife, but his own woman, his to use for their mutual gratification.

Kat watched the carnal display hungrily, one hand furiously frigging her clit as the other tugged at her fat, aching nipples. Seeing her son so lost in lust, plowing his stepmom with such unbridled passion, was the most arousing thing she'd ever witnessed. She ached to join them, to feel Alden's magnificent cock splitting her open once more.

"Auuuuugh!" the teen hissed, feeling his tender erectile tissue slither along the spongy ridges of her inner lining. His mom and stepmom's pussies each felt unique. While Kat's pussy seemed to fit tighter around his cock, Darci's had strong inner muscles that would do a wonderful squeeze and release the entire time she was fucking him. Her creamy cunt-juices made his prick nice and slippery, so it slithered in and out of her snug fuck-hole with repetitive fluidity.

"Come on, honey…fuck her nice n hard!" cheered his mom, giving his taut, young ass a hard slap.

While Kat was thankful for Darci's assistance with keeping her son's balls drained, there was still a sense of competitiveness. They were both hot, big-titted MILFs, who prided themselves in their ability to fuck. Alden was a handsome kid, so of course, there was a natural inclination in each of the women to 'one up' each other and wow his socks off.

Darci humped her ass from the seat cushion, meeting her stepson's lurching thrusts. Their hot, naked flesh slapped noisily together. Kat's vehicle filled with their squeals and moans, as well as the wet, sucking sound of Alden's lady-pleaser pummeling in and out of her snug pussy.

"Harder!" Darci cried out. "Fuck me harder, Alden!"

The boy set his hips into overdrive, pounding his throbbing peter-meat through his stepmom's clasping cunt with savage thrusts. The

way Darci was pivoting her hips made her clit scrape deliciously along the base of his shaft, giving her even greater pleasure.

She threw her arms around him, frantically clinging to his writhing body as a powerful cum swelled inside her. "I'm almost there! Keep fucking me hard! Oh, God, please!!" she shrieked.

The hard-humping teen gasped as he felt her quivering cunt-tube slowly shrink up around the knob and shaft of his plunging cock. This put increased friction on his nerve-endings as he continued to drive his wet

pecker all the way to the back of her vagina. "Damn, Darci…your pussy feels so fucking good!" he panted, delighting in the sensation of her crushed tits jiggling between them.

"Cum with me then!" her voice quivered.

After receiving a few more thrusts, Darci arched her back beneath the boy, her eyes rolling in their sockets as a violent cum washed through her voluptuous body. Alden continued fucking into her as hard as he could until his piss-tip erupted, shooting a torrent of pearly-white jizz into his stepmom's writhing fuck-hole.

After clinging together in mutual climax for several minutes, they both let out a deep, satisfied sigh. "Goddamn!" blurted Darci. "If your father could fuck me like that, I'd never let him leave for work."

"Don't count on that ever happening!" laughed Kat. Before the divorce, she had been married to Alden's dad for nearly sixteen-years and never came as hard with Anthony as she did their son.

After helping Alden off Darci and back into an upright position, Kat knelt on the seat beside him and sucked his cock back to full hardness. Alden loved watching his mom's pretty head bob up and down on his crotch as she gave him oral affection. Her tongue felt divine swirling around his leaking knob.

The mother's eyes got big as she lifted her lips from his swollen crown. "Look at that…rock hard and ready to fuck again!" she stated.

"Do you want me to fuck you the way I did Darci?"

"No…let's try it a different way. You kneel on the floor and I'll put my legs up on your shoulders," she suggested.

Kat moved her ass to the edge of the seat, her big boobs wobbling on her rib cage as she propped her lovely legs onto her son's shoulders.

"Just look at all these creative ways you can still fuck with two broken arms," stated Darci as she knelt on the seat beside them.

Kat guided her son's prick to her pussy and rubbed his tapered tip between her juice-slicked flanges, lubricating his knob for penetration. His penis slipped inside her sweet, scalding cunt and he could feel every soft ridge in her hot slippery passage rubbing exquisitely against his sensitive penile meat.

The boy thrust steadily, settling into a deep, cunt-humping rhythm. The best part about this position for him was looking down and watching his mom's gigantic, naked tits roll up and down her chest to the tempo of their fucking.

"See baby…you shouldn't feel bad for not playing in the game, because if you were playing you wouldn't be fucking your mother's pussy right now," she teasingly reminded him.

"That's right, Alden. Wouldn't you rather be parked along side some lonely road with two busty, naked moms than getting tackled by a bunch of sweaty guys?" Darci asked.

"For sure!" he answered, then began humping his hips even faster, driving his prick into the depths of his mom's juicy cunt.

"They may be scoring points on the field, but you're out here scoring you some hot, MILF pussy," Darci stated.

"Whoa, shit!" the boy gasped, looking down and watching his strong, wet cock spear up into his mom's shaved cunt over and over.

"That's it, baby!" she shrieked in ecstasy. "That's the way to fuck your mother with your big fucking cock!"

Alden's pelvis smacked against his mother's jiggling ass-cheeks with each powerful thrust, the lewd slaps echoing through the car. His eyes were glued to her massive tits as they bounced and swayed hypnotically, the

heavy globes rippling like fleshy waves with every impact of his body against hers.

Kat's beautiful face was a mask of euphoria, her plush lips parted around breathy moans and wanton cries. Her long dark hair fanned out around her head, sticking to her sweat-slicked skin as it whipped about with the force of Alden's thrusts. The wanton abandon in her expression, the unrestrained ecstasy, spurred Alden to pound into her harder, faster.

He pistoned his hips with bruising force, his swollen cock head battering her cervix as he plumbed her depths. Kat's hot, slick walls clamped down around him, pulsing and fluttering as he stretched her wide. Her nectar gushed around his pistoning shaft, the filthy wet sounds of their coupling filling the air.

"Fuck yes, right there baby!" Kat keened, her fingernails scrabbling at Alden's flexing ass, urging him on. "Pound mommy's pussy! Give me that fat cock!"

Alden grunted savagely, rutting into her like a beast possessed, the car rocking violently with every powerful surge of his hips. His balls

slapped against her ass with meaty thwacks, drawing up tight as his impending release built at the base of his spine.

Kat reached up and grasped Alden's shoulders tightly, supporting his broken arms as he pistoned into her with wild abandon. She clung to him desperately, her nails digging into his sweat-slicked skin, holding him steady as he fucked her with brutal intensity.

The force of his thrusts made her heavy tits sway and bounce violently, the pillowy mounds smacking together lewdly. Alden was transfixed by the hypnotic sight, watching the way her massive jugs rippled and quaked, the rubbery nipples puckered into tight buds.

"Gonna cum! Ahhh-fuck, I'm cumming!!" he grunted hoarsely, his face twisting in a rictus of pleasure as his balls tightened.

"Yes baby, give it to me!" Kat cried, clamping her legs around his waist like a vice. "Flood my womb with your spunk, fill me to bursting!"

The muscles in Alden's ass clenched and flexed as he jackhammered into her, his movements becoming erratic and desperate. Kat's juices frothed and foamed around his pistoning shaft, her sloppy cunt making obscene squelching noises with every plunge.

Alden threw his head back with an animalistic roar as his orgasm finally crashed over him. His cock swelled impossibly thicker before erupting like a geyser, painting Kat's rippling inner walls with what felt like gallons of hot, virile seed. Thick ropes of pearly cum geysered from his slit, pulsing in time with the rhythmic clenching of his mother's greedy cunt.

Kat shrieked in ecstasy as she felt Alden's potent release flooding her spasming depths, triggering her own bone-rattling climax. Her pussy clamped down around him like a silken fist, milking him for every drop as her body convulsed beneath him. Clear fem-squirt

gushed around his spurting cock, joining the frothy mix of their combined juices.

"Fuck, I can feel you cumming in me!" Kat babbled almost incoherently, her eyes rolling back in bliss. "Pumping me so full, breeding mommy's cunt! Gonna make me pregnant with your baby!"

Alden collapsed against her, his chest heaving as he spurted the last weak pulses of his release. Kat cradled him close, running soothing hands over his trembling muscles as she cooed praise into his ear. They lay tangled together, basking in the afterglow as their mingled fluids seeped out around his softening shaft.

"Sweet fuck, hunny!" Kat whispered a few minutes later as they untangled their hot, damp bodies. "Draining those young balls is starting to become my new favorite hobby."

"Mine too," giggled Darci.

They dressed and drove back to the game, joining their husbands in the bleachers. "It's about time you guys got back," stated Mick. "There's only two minutes left in the game."

"Sorry, you know us women…we love our gossip," replied his wife.

"Mmm, and that was some juicy gossip too!" stated Darci, still feeling her stepson's 'juice' ooze from her cunt-hole.

Anthony looked over his son, Alden. "Mitch told me you were out doing some scoring of your own tonight, huh?" he asked.

Alden shared a quick grin with his mom. "Mega-scoring!" he replied.

"Well, sounds like you had an enjoyable time. I hope she liked it as much as you clearly did."

Kat and Darci looked at each other, nodded, then started giggling like two girls who had just lost their cherries.

"What's so funny?" Anthony asked.

"Nothing, hunny," his wife answered, patting his knee. "Nothing at all."

The next morning, Kat's house was abuzz with activity as carloads of eager, lusty women from the community descended upon the Thornton residence. Word had spread like wildfire about young Alden's insatiable sexual appetites and impressive endowment, and every bored housewife, and cock-hungry cougar in town was determined to show her "support" for the injured teen hero.

Kat opened the front door to a sea of female flesh, her eyes widening at the sheer number of ladies clamoring to get inside. They poured into the house in a tidal wave of perfume, hairspray, and raging hormones, a dizzying array of voluptuous bodies barely contained by skimpy sundresses, low-cut tops, and painted-on yoga pants.

As the women made themselves at home, the sexual tension in the air was palpable. Hungry gazes roamed over the pictures of Alden scattered throughout the living room, tongues unconsciously wetting glossed lips as they imagined all the filthy things they wanted to do to that nubile young body.

Kat cleared her throat, drawing the attention of the horny horde. "Ladies, I know we're all eager to get started, but let's set some ground rules first, shall we?" She had to raise her voice to be heard over the excited chatter and giggles.

"Rule number one - the minute you step foot in this house, your clothes come off. Every stitch. Alden deserves your complete vulnerability and unrestricted access to those hot bods."

Raucous cheers erupted as the women immediately reached for hems and waistbands, peeling off blouses and shimmying out of skirts. In record time, the room was wall to wall with acres of bared female skin, a veritable buffet of ripe curves and juicy holes.

Massive, heavy tits spilled free of confining bras, jiggling and swaying hypnotically. Plump, rounded asses flexed and dimpled as lacy thongs were rolled down shapely thighs. Neatly trimmed bushes and waxed-bare mounds glistened with the first dewy beads of arousal. It was a cornucopia of naked MILF flesh, each body more mouth-watering than the last.

"Mmm, now that's more like it," Kat purred approvingly, openly ogling the tantalizing display. "Rule number two - there is no shame or judgment here. We are all united in our goal - to worship Alden's spectacular teenage cock and drain those swollen balls dry. So I expect to hear those grunts and moans, ladies. Let loose and give our boy the ego-stroking he deserves!"

A cheer of agreement rose from the assembled women, their naked bodies pressing closer together in anticipation. Kat grinned wickedly, reaching into a large fishbowl filled with folded slips of paper.

"To keep things fair and orderly, we'll be drawing numbers to determine the order in which you lucky ladies get to ride Alden's amazing cock," she announced. "So form a line, reach in, and grab your number, girls!"

The women surged forward eagerly, their massive tits swinging and bobbing as they jostled for position. One by one, they dipped their hands into the bowl, retrieving their numbers with trembling fingers and lusty giggles.

As the order was established, Kat led the naked procession up the stairs to Alden's room. The teen lay propped against the pillows, his eyes widening to saucers as he took in the ocean of bared MILF flesh outside his bedroom door.

The first lucky woman to approach the bed was a buxom beauty Alden recognized from the local hair salon his mom frequented. She had always been especially attentive when washing his hair during cuts, her giant breasts "accidentally" brushing against him far more than necessary.

"Well hello there, handsome," she cooed, crawling onto the bed and straddling his hips. Her colossal tits dangled in his face, acres of smooth, supple flesh capped by large, browning nipples. "Looks like I'll be your first ride of the day. Lucky me!"

Alden groaned as she reached between their bodies to grasp his stiffening cock, giving it a few slow pumps. He was already rock hard and leaking, the musky scent of dozens of aroused women making his teenage libido surge into overdrive.

"Oooh, nice and ready for me already!" the busty stylist giggled, notching his broad crown against her slick entrance. She rubbed the tip up and

down her slit, coating it in her juices before sinking down slowly, engulfing him inch by throbbing inch.

"Fuck, so big!" she gasped when she was fully impaled, her slippery walls stretched taut around Alden's thickness. "Gonna ruin me for my hubby's tiny dick!"

With that, she began to move, undulating her wide hips as she rode him with abandon. The wet slap of flesh on flesh echoed obscenely through the room as she bounced on his lap, her huge jugs jiggling hypnotically.

Alden was in heaven, drowning in tits and ass as the curvy MILF used his cock for her pleasure. He had fantasized about this moment for years, every time he sat in her salon chair and felt her soft curves brushing against him teasingly.

Alden was completely smothered beneath the hair stylist's monumental tits as she rode him to a screaming climax. Her massive, heavy jugs engulfed his face, eclipsing his vision with acres of pillowy flesh. He motorboated her cleavage wildly, licking and sucking at every inch of soft, fragrant skin he could reach.

The stylist's cries of ecstasy filled the room as she came apart on Alden's thick teenage cock, her slick walls rippling and grasping. Her copious arousal gushed around his pistoning shaft, mixing with his own steady drool of pre-cum to create a frothy lather where they were joined.

The filthy wet squelch of his cock pounding into her sloppy cunt was music to Alden's ears. He could feel every flutter and spasm of her inner muscles, milking him ruthlessly as she wrung out every ounce of pleasure from his nubile body. His balls throbbed with the need for release, his climax building rapidly at the base of his spine.

But just as he teetered on the brink, the stylist abruptly pulled off him with a wet plop, leaving his engorged shaft twitching and bobbing

angrily. Alden whined at the loss, hips pumping helplessly into empty air, seeking the warmth of her body.

"Ah ah, none of that now," a new voice chided sultrily. Alden looked up to see his mom's friend Karen climbing onto the bed, her gigantic udders swaying pendulously. "You have plenty of pussies to fuck so you should definitely pace yourself."

Alden groaned in frustration as Karen straddled his hips, rubbing her puffy, swollen pussy lips along his aching length. He knew he was in for a long, torturous day of edging, his release withheld until he had thoroughly pleasured every last desperate housewife and neglected mother in the house.

Karen sank down onto him with a throaty moan, her velvety walls engulfing him like a silken vise. She was even tighter than the stylist, her greedy cunt clenching and rippling around him deliciously. Alden bit back a curse as she began to ride him hard and fast, her colossal breasts slapping his face with every bounce.

Only a month ago, Alden had gone to Karen's vow renewal ceremony with his parents, and now here she was cheating on her spouse, bouncing shamelessly on his teenage cock. He could tell by the exquisite tightness along the back of her vagina, near her cervix, that it was probably a place her husband's cock couldn't reach. But Alden's long dick had no problem, stretching her uteri and feeling it chew and flutter around his spongy knob.

Time blurred into a haze of pleasure as MILF after insatiable MILF took their turn on Alden's cock. He was passed around like a teenage fuck doll, his stiff rod plundering one soaked, hungry hole after another. The room echoed with the cacophony of feminine moans and the lewd slap of flesh on flesh as he was ridden within an inch of his life.

While Alden was being used like a human fuck toy, servicing one desperate MILF after another, the rest of the house was abuzz with

naked feminine energy. In every room, voluptuous yummy mummies lounged on couches, perched on countertops, and milled about, all completely nude and unabashed.

Everywhere you looked was a sea of jiggling tits and jutting nipples, bouncing bubble butts and glistening cunts. The women chatted and giggled amongst themselves as they waited for their coveted turn with the virile young stud upstairs, their conversation turning bawdy and raunchy.

In the kitchen, a group of buxom mothers compared bra sizes as they sipped chardonnay, their massive jugs ballooning, their arms crossed beneath them.

"I'm a 36G," one leggy blonde bragged, hefting her enormous tits. "Although they seem to be getting bigger by the day, with all this pent-up milk and no suckling mouths to drain them!"

"Tell me about it," her brunette friend commiserated. "I've been an H-cup since my last kid, but I swear these puppies are ready to burst after not getting any action for so long. Hopefully that young buck upstairs can suck me dry!"

Raucous laughter filled the room at that, the other women nodding in eager agreement. Across the living room, another cluster of MILFs debated the latest trends in pubic grooming, hands idly stroking their bare mounds.

"I like to keep mine waxed completely bare," a curvy redhead shared, running manicured fingers over her smooth pussy. "Makes me feel so naughty and nubile, like a horny teenage virgin again.

"Ooh I could never be that brave," her plump companion tittered, fluffing her own neatly trimmed thatch of hair. "I just prefer a little well-manicured landing strip. Hubby says it's like a naughty little arrow pointing to my honeypot!"

"What I wanna know is," a statuesque brunette chimed in conspiratorially, "what kind of pubic styling do we think young Alden prefers? I'd be more than happy to landscap these lush gardens to his particular tastes!"

Scandalous giggles erupted at that, the ladies all nodding and murmuring their assent. They would gladly groom their tender bits into any shape or style if it meant getting a taste of that prime teenage sausage.

As raunchy speculation about Alden's sexual proclivities and impressive endowment flowed, the mood in the house grew more salacious by the minute. Hands began to wander to plump tits and

slick cunts as the ladies worked themselves into a horny froth imagining the boy-toy's talents.

The excited chatter and giggling suddenly hushed as a piercing feminine shriek echoed from the bedroom upstairs. Every head swiveled towards the sound, eyes wide and pulses quickening. It was the unmistakable wail of a woman in the throes of a mind-bending orgasm.

"Holy fuck, listen to her cum!" one of the ladies whispered reverently, her own thighs clenching at the thought. "That Alden must be hung like a bull and skilled as a porn star to wring screams like that outta her!"

The other women nodded fervently, hanging on every keening cry and muffled moan filtering down the stairs. They could practically feel the phantom sensations of Alden's cock pounding into their own aching cunts as they listened, their clits throbbing in sync with each wail of ecstasy.

Unable to contain their curiosity, several of the bolder MILFs crept up the stairs, their hearts racing with a combination of anticipation and envy. They tiptoed down the hall until they reached the open doorway to Alden's room, jostling for position to get a good view of the carnal action inside.

The sight that greeted them made their jaws drop and their pussies weep. Alden was sprawled on his back amidst the tangled sheets, his muscular chest heaving and his face a mask of intense pleasure. Straddling his hips was a stacked brunette beauty they recognized from the PTA -

Linda something-or-other - her spectacular tits bouncing wildly as she rode Alden's cock like a woman possessed.

"Yes, yes, YES!" Linda chanted mindlessly, her head thrown back in ecstasy as she impaled herself over and over on the teen's straining

erection. "So fucking BIG! Splitting me in half!"

Alden's hips pistoned up to meet her downward thrusts, his pelvis colliding with her jiggling ass with meaty smacks. Even from the doorway, the spying MILFs could see his shaft glistening with Linda's juices, coated in the frothy evidence of her arousal. Her engorged pussy lips clung to him as she lifted, only to engulf him again as gravity and her own desperate need drove her back down.

"Fuck, I'm cumming again!" Linda sobbed, her cries reaching a fever pitch. "Keep pumping me full, baby! Ruin me with that big fat cock!"

The voyeuristic MILFs panted as they watched Linda's voluptuous body tense and shudder, her cunt no doubt clamping like a vise around Alden's pistoning cock as she crested. Her screech of completion seemed to go on forever, her nails raking down the teen's sweat-slicked chest as she shook and convulsed atop him.

Linda collapsed against Alden's heaving chest for a moment, her body still trembling with aftershocks. Then with a satisfied sigh, she carefully dismounted, groaning as his thick shaft slipped wetly from her still fluttering sheath.

Alden's eyes were glued to her spectacular ass as she climbed off the bed, his tongue practically lolling out of his head as he watched her

plump cheeks jiggle and sway hypnotically. Her pussy gaped obscenely, a steady trickle of their combined juices oozing down her thighs.

Before he could catch his breath, movement at the door caught Alden's attention. His eyes widened to saucers and a shocked gasp escaped his lips as he recognized the newcomer - it was none other than the pastor's wife, Molly!

Molly was the very picture of indecent pregnant lust, her obscenely stretched belly announcing her overripe condition. She was carrying twins, and her petite frame looked ready to burst at any moment. But it was her breasts that truly boggled the mind - it seemed her already impressive bust had more than doubled in size, her areolas broadening to grapefruit-sized width, the heavy globes so swollen with milk they stood out firmly despite their sheer mass.

"M-mrs. Patterson!" Alden stammered, trying and failing to drag his gaze away from her enormous knockers. "I didn't expect to see you here..."

"Oh I just bet you didn't, you naughty boy," Molly purred, waddling further into the room. Her gait was unsteady under the immense weight of her gravid belly. "But as soon as I heard there was an opportunity to provide service, I had to come running. Plus, I have these, umm… Maternal needs—I'm sure you understand."

Alden gulped audibly as Molly heaved herself onto the bed with a grunt, the mattress dipping alarmingly under her added weight. She knelt next to him and grasped his still-erect cock in her small hand, pumping it lewdly.

"Mmm, nice and ready for me, I see," she cooed approvingly, admiring the way his bulbous head weeped a steady stream of precum. "I've been positively leaking at the thought of getting this fat slab of boy meat inside me. Hubby hasn't touched me in months, says he's afraid of poking the babies. So momma needs some relief, bad."

With strength that belied her ungainly size, Molly threw a leg over Alden's prone form and straddled his hips. She rubbed the broad tip of his cock against her puffy slit, coating it in her slickness before notching it at her entrance.

Alden held his breath, certain there was no way he could possibly fit inside her, not with two whole babies taking up residence in her

womb.

But Molly was determined. With a low groan, she bore down, using her weight to force Alden's cock past her initial resistance. Her impossibly tight cunt stretched obscenely around his girth, the slick walls rippling and clinging to every ridge and vein.

Alden nearly blacked out from the intensity of the sensation, stars bursting behind his eyes. It felt like his cock was being swallowed whole by a scalding velvet glove, her muscles fluttering wildly as they struggled to accommodate his size.

"Holy fuck!" Molly gasped once he was fully seated, her gravid belly resting heavily on his abs. "So fucking FULL! You're splitting me in half, baby!"

She began to move then, rocking and grinding on his lap, letting his cock stir up her deepest recesses. Her movements were slow and sinuous, her hips undulating in filthy figure-eights as she savored the delicious drag of his shaft against her aching walls.

Alden could only moan helplessly, his fists clenching in the sheets as Molly used him for her pleasure. He had never felt anything so mind-bendingly tight, so searingly hot. It was like her cunt was trying to fuse with his cock, to mold itself permanently to his shape.

The additional weight of the babies bearing down only heightened the intensity, making Molly's channel feel even more vise-like around him. He could feel her cervix fluttering against the tip of his cock with every

downward grind, could swear he felt tiny flutters against his shaft that might have been the babies kicking.

It was so wrong, so taboo and filthy, to be balls-deep in the pastor's pregnant wife, but that only made it hotter. Alden's hips jerked up

involuntarily, his body seeking to get even deeper into Molly's heavenly heat.

"Unhh, yesss," Molly hissed, her head lolling back in ecstasy. "Fuck me deep, fill me up! Want to feel you in my womb, baby!"

She leaned forward, letting her gigantic, milk-swollen tits engulf Alden's face. The teen latched on greedily, suckling at her leaking nipples, drinking down her sweet cream as she rode him hard and fast.

The combined taste of her milk and the scent of her arousal was dizzying, intoxicating. Alden lost himself in pure sensation, drowning in tits and cunt and the filthy slap of flesh on flesh. His cock was an iron bar, pulsing in time with the rhythmic clenching of Molly's pussy.

For 10, 20, 30 minutes, Alden was lost in a dizzying whirlwind of sensation, his mind blown by the intensity of Molly's undulating cunt swallowing his cock over and over. The weight of her massive, milk-laden tits smothering his face only heightened his pleasure, made him feel owned and consumed by her ripe, fertile body.

He suckled greedily at her engorged nipples, the sweet cream flooding his mouth and dribbling down his chin. Molly mewled and gasped above him, grinding her hips harder as he drank from her, the stimulation driving her wild.

"That's it baby, drain momma's titties," she panted, fisting her hands in his hair to press him impossibly closer. "Suck me dry while you fuck me deep!"

Alden obliged, hollowing his cheeks as he drew rhythmically on her swollen teats. He couldn't get enough of her rich, creamy milk, gulping it

down like a man possessed. His cock throbbed almost painfully, iron-hard and pulsing in time with each deep pull of his lips.

Molly bounced on him faster, her movements growing erratic as she chased her pleasure. The slick sounds of their fucking filled the room - the wet squelch of his shaft plundering her weeping cunt, the slap of her heavy ass colliding with his thighs, her breathless moans muffled by the flesh of her own tits mashed against her chin.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she chanted mindlessly, reduced to animalistic grunts by the sheer ecstasy coursing through her. "Gonna...unhhh...gonna cum on this teenage cock! Breed me, baby, knock me up again!"

Alden pistoned his hips frantically, driving up into her as she slammed down. The head of his cock crushed her cervix with every thrust, pushing insistently at the entrance to her womb. He felt huge inside her impossibly tight sheath, splitting her open, impaling her on his throbbing length.

Molly let out a banshee wail, her body going rigid as her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave. Her cunt clamped down on Alden's cock like a vise, the muscles rippling and fluttering wildly as she gushed around him. A flood of hot juices spurted out around his pistoning shaft, soaking his groin and dripping down to pool beneath his ass.

Alden teetered on the knife's edge of his own release, his balls drawn up painfully tight, ready to explode. But with a herculean effort, he managed to hold back the flood, knowing he would rather dump a load inside a woman who wasn't already pregnant.

With a final shuddering moan, Molly collapsed onto Alden's chest, her sweaty brow pressed against his as she struggled to catch her breath. After a long moment, she carefully eased herself off his still-throbbing cock, groaning at the loss of his thick heat stretching her so perfectly.

Alden's erection sprang up, slick and angry red, glistening with Molly's juices. He panted harshly, fighting the urge to fist himself to

completion, knowing his experience was far from over. There were still so many desperate, cock-hungry mommies waiting for their turn, and he didn't want to disappoint.

"Number 37!" Kat's voice rang out from the hallway. "Come get some dick!"

An excited squeal echoed from downstairs, followed by the rapid slap of bare feet on hardwood. Moments later, a gorgeous redhead burst into the room, her face flushed and eyes wild with lust. Alden's eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he recognized her - it was none other than his football coach's wife, Becky!

Becky was a true MILF in every sense - a curvaceous, buxom beauty with a thick mane of fiery hair, a smattering of cute freckles, and a body that wouldn't quit. Alden had spent many a practice surreptitiously ogling her from the field, watching her ridiculously-big tits strain against her tight tops as she cheered on the team.

He also knew Becky was a prolific breeder - she and Coach already had a stair-step brood of redheaded hellions, including a daughter Alden's age that he'd always nursed a secret crush on. The idea of plowing the same fertile cunt that had spawned his cute classmate made Alden's cock twitch with renewed vigor.

"Well well, if it isn't my favorite quarterback," Becky purred, crawling onto the bed and eyeing Alden's bobbing erection hungrily. "I always knew you'd grow up to be a heartbreaker with a cock like that. Bet you drive all the little girls crazy, don't you stud?"

Alden could only groan as she wrapped her elegant fingers around his shaft, giving him a firm squeeze. Becky hummed her approval, admiring his length and girth as she pumped him slowly.

"Damn boy, no wonder my little Chloe is always doodling your name in her diary," she teased, thumbing his weeping slit. "With a dick like

this, I bet you could fuck her cross-eyed and leave her pussy drooling for days."

Alden's head spun at the idea that his coach's daughter, his secret crush, wanted him just as desperately as he wanted her. His hips canted up involuntarily, seeking more friction.

Becky swung a leg over Alden's hips, straddling him facing away in a reverse cowgirl position, putting her big magnificent bubble butt on full display.

She reached between her thighs to grasp his thick shaft, notching the engorged head at her slick entrance. With a filthy moan, she sank down slowly, letting gravity impale her on every throbbing inch.

"Fuuuuck, so big!" she gasped once she was fully seated, her plush ass flush against Alden's groin. "Stretching me so good, baby!"

Alden could only groan helplessly as he was engulfed in her scorching heat, her inner muscles fluttering and rippling around him. The visual of Becky's spectacular ass, so round and juicy, hovering above him was almost too much to bear. He flexed his hands with the aching need to grab those perfect globes, to feel them jiggling against his palms as she rode him.

As if reading his mind, Becky began to move, undulating her hips in a sinful grind. Her ass cheeks clenched and relaxed hypnotically, massaging Alden's cock as she worked him deep inside her. From his vantage point, he could see his shaft glistening with her arousal as it disappeared again and again into her hungry snatch.

"Mmm, yeah, take that pussy," Becky purred, picking up speed. She braced her hands on Alden's thighs as she started to bounce, her titanic udders swaying with the force of her movements. "Gonna ride this teenage dick so hard. Ruin me for Coach's pathetic little pecker!"

Alden panted harshly, his abs flexing as he pistoned his hips up to meet her. The filthy slap of flesh on flesh filled the room, punctuated by Becky's wanton moans. She rode him like a woman possessed, her cunt a fever-hot glove gripping him ruthlessly.

Becky alternated between slamming herself down and grinding lewdly, swiveling her hips to stir Alden's rigid cock inside her. Her ass rippled and bounced, the flesh jiggling obscenely with every impact. Alden was hypnotized by the sight, watching her ample cheeks quake, longing to sink his teeth into that abundance of flesh.

"Fuck, your cock is so perfect," Becky babbled, her hand snaking between her thighs to frantically rub her big, fleshy clit. "Hitting me so deep, baby. Gonna make me cum so fucking hard!"

Alden could feel her pulse quickening around him, her pussy clenching rhythmically as she edged closer to orgasm. His own balls were drawn up tight, his shaft throbbing in time with his racing heartbeat. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, not with Becky's spectacular ass bouncing on him.

With a squeal of ecstasy, Becky slammed herself down one final time, taking Alden to the hilt as her orgasm crashed over her. Her cunt rippled and spasmed wildly, milking his cock as a gush of liquid heat flooded his shaft.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming with you!" she wailed, throwing her head back in bliss. "Pump me full, baby! Breed my fucking cunt!"

Alden let out a strangled groan, his hips surging up as his own climax overtook him. His cock swelled impossibly thicker before erupting like a geyser, painting Becky's clenching walls with thick ropes of searing semen.

Becky could feel every powerful spurt, each jet of virile cream scorching her deepest recesses. Her already snug sheath grew impossibly tighter as

Alden's seed flooded her, making her feel deliciously stretched and filled to bursting. Her greedy womb drank down his potent release eagerly, her body determined to wring him dry.

Alden's cock jerked and throbbed as it disgorged spurt after massive spurt directly against Becky's cervix. With her legs spread and hips angled just so, his cockhead was kissing the entrance to her womb, pulsing as it pumped her full of his sperm-laden ejaculate. Hundreds of millions of the hardy little swimmers surged through her convulsing passage with a singular purpose - to conquer and colonize her fertile depths.

With her body at the peak of its cycle, Becky's ripe, ready egg stood no chance against the onslaught of Alden's potent seed. Her womb was practically begging to be bred, welcoming the invading sperm as they swarmed her defenseless ovum. The microscopic marathon ended with a triumphant fusion of gametes - conception was achieved, and a new life sparked to existence in Becky's trembling belly.

A delirious grin split the redhead's face as Alden's load tapered off into weak spurts and twitches, her womb and cunt stuffed to capacity with his cream. She could already picture her flat stomach rounding with his baby, her tits growing even heavier with milk. She knew without a doubt that he had knocked her up good, planted his seed deep and claimed her as his own.

"Mmmm, good boy," Becky purred, grinding languidly on Alden's softening cock. "You filled me up so nice. Gonna look so sexy all swollen with your kid."

Alden could only groan weakly in response, too drained to form words. His head spun with the knowledge that he had probably just impregnated his coach's wife, that his baby would soon be growing in his coach's wife's belly.

Over the next several hours, an endless parade of cock-hungry MILFs cycled through Alden's bed, each one more desperate and debauched than the last. The teen stud fucked one slick, gripping pussy after another, reveling in the unique textures and sensations of each.

Some were as tight as vises, their muscular cunts clamping down on his shaft like silken fists. Others were delectably spongy, their plush walls caressing every ridge and vein of his cock. A few were gushers, soaking his groin and the sheets beneath with their fountaining arousal.

But all were scalding hot and ravenously hungry, devouring his teenage dick like they were starving for it. They rode him hard and fast, their bountiful tits bouncing hypnotically as they chased their pleasure on his throbbing pole.

Speaking of tits - Alden had never seen such a glorious array of jiggling fun bags in his young life. Every shape and size was represented, from big and pillowy to massive and pendulous. Some sat high and proud on their chests, jutting out firmly, while others swayed and bobbled with every movement, smacking their owners in the chin.

Areolas ranged from demure, blush pink circles to saucer-sized, chocolate brown expanses. Nipples came in all varieties too, from dainty little pebbles to thimble-thick, rubbery cylinders that just begged to be sucked. Alden sampled them all, burying his face between heaving mounds, motorboating to his heart's content.

The teen made it his mission to worship each pair of glorious tits that dangled in his face. He licked and suckled, nibbled and bit, drawing gasps and moans from his partners as he feasted on their bountiful charms. He discovered some were so sensitive that just the rasp of his tongue across a nipple could trigger an intense orgasm.

As the endless fuck session wore on, Alden found himself on the brink of cumming over and over, his balls drawing up tight and his shaft pulsing

urgently. But through sheer stubborn willpower, he managed to hold back, not wanting to waste a single drop of his seed.

Instead, he saved his loads for the most cock-crazed of the bunch, the neglected mommies with wombs that practically begged to be bred. Every third or fourth woman got treated to a flood of his hot, potent spunk, pumped directly into their eager baby chambers.

Alden took great satisfaction in watching their faces contort in ecstasy as he erupted inside them, their eyelids fluttering and their plump, glossy lips falling open on breathless cries. He could feel their cunts working greedily, milking him for every drop as their cervixes kissed the spurting tip of his cock.

By the time the last trembling MILF climbed off Alden's thoroughly spent cock, the sun was setting, bathing the room in a warm, orange glow. The teen collapsed back against the sweat-soaked sheets, his chest heaving and his muscles quivering with exhaustion.

He had lost count of how many pussies he had plundered over the course of the day, but if he had to guess, it had to be at least fifty. Fifty hot, tight, dripping cunts, all milking him dry, desperate for his teenage seed. His cock felt raw and tender from the marathon fuck session, but also immensely satisfied, like he had fulfilled his primal purpose.

As for his own orgasms, Alden estimated he had cum at least a dozen times, each ejaculation more intense than the last. He had painted fertile wombs with his spunk over and over, breeding the wanton MILFs like a rutting bull. His balls ached from the sheer volume of semen they had expelled, churning out massive loads to be dumped into greedy cunts.

But most impressive of all was the sheer number of orgasms he had given. If each of the fifty women had cum an average of three times (a conservative estimate, judging by their constant screaming and thrashing), that added up to around 150 gushing climaxes. 150 times he had made a desperate mommies quake and convulse on his cock,

squirting their essence all over his groin as they were overcome with ecstasy.

Alden's head spun just thinking about it - all those hot, curvy bodies writhing and undulating, lost to the throes of pleasure he had brought them to, over and over. He had fucked them silly, ruined them for their husbands, claimed them as his own with his dominant dick. He had planted his potent seed in dozens of fertile wombs, sparking new life over and over.

The teen's cock gave a valiant twitch at the memories, the images of plump asses bouncing and huge tits jiggling seared forever into his brain. But he was thoroughly drained, too spent to even consider getting hard again. His balls were empty, his shaft sore and chafed, completely wrung dry by the hordes of cock-hungry mommies.

Alden closed his eyes, a thoroughly satisfied grin on his face as he basked in the afterglow of the most intensely erotic experience of his young life. He was utterly conquered, his body pushed to the very limits of pleasure and back again. The meaty scent of sex hung heavy in the air, the combined musk of dozens of dripping pussies forever embedded in the fibers of his sheets.

In the weeks and months following that marathon fuck session, the full extent of Alden's virility became abundantly clear. Whispers and rumors began to circulate as one by one, the married mommies he had so thoroughly bred started to show undeniable signs of pregnancy.

Becky was the first to confirm it, her flat belly rounding beautifully before she even missed a period. She cornered Alden after practice one day, a wicked gleam in her eye as she pressed his hand to her already firm bump.

"Feel that, stud?" she purred, guiding his fingers to trace the gentle swell. "That's your baby in there, growing big and strong. Hubby thinks it's his, but we both know better, don't we?"

Alden could only groan, his cock hardening in his jeans as he imagined his child taking root in Becky's fertile womb, staking its claim amongst her husband's progeny.

Soon, it seemed like everywhere Alden looked, he saw the evidence of his potency. At the grocery store, he spotted Linda from the PTA, her hand resting protectively on her softly rounded stomach as she perused the prenatal vitamins. At the park, he caught sight of Molly waddling behind her brood of kids, her belly straining against her maternity dress, heavy with Alden's twins.

Even women he hadn't fully ejaculated inside weren't spared from his hyper-fertile seed. The buxom hairdresser and several others gleefully reported that just the copious pre-cum he had pumped into them during their encounter had been enough to knock them up. They flaunted their bumps proudly, glowing with the knowledge that they carried a piece of Alden inside them.

All told, at least 14 of the 50 women from that fateful day were now pregnant with Alden's babies, their bellies and tits swelling beautifully with new life. The knowledge that his virility had conquered their wombs, that his seed had taken root despite birth control and the odds, filled Alden with a deep, primal satisfaction.

But Alden's breeding days were far from over. Even after his arms had healed completely, he continued his daily sexual escapades with his gorgeous mother Kat and sultry stepmom Darci. The two MILFs

were insatiable for his cock, constantly finding excuses to ride him to countless screaming orgasms.

It was almost inevitable that before long, both Kat and Darci fell pregnant with Alden's offspring. They took turns impaling themselves on his magnificent cock, grinding their hips and begging him to fill their wombs with his potent seed.

"Breed me, baby!" Kat would moan wantonly, her massive tits bouncing as she rode him hard and fast. "Put your baby in mommy's belly!"

As Alden's reputation as a virile stud spread throughout the community, it seemed like not a day went by without a desperate, cock-crazed mommy throwing herself at him. Married women who had seemed so content and faithful before were now insatiable for a taste of his teenage dick, craving the way he could make them cum harder than they ever had before.

He fucked them in their marital beds while their husbands were at work, plowing their needy cunts and pumping them full of his potent seed. He bred them in the back of minivans during soccer practice, the vehicle rocking obscenely as he showed them what a real man could do. He even took them bent over the sinks in the restroom during PTA meetings, their screams of ecstasy echoing off the tile walls.

But as much as Alden enjoyed conquering the hot moms of the neighborhood with his dominant cock, his favorite fucks continued to be his own mother Kat and stepmom Darci. There was just something so deliciously taboo and naughty about plundering the same fertile pussies that had birthed him and his siblings.

Kat especially drove him wild with lust as her pregnant body blossomed, her already massive tits swelling to truly ridiculous proportions. Her areolas darkened and doubled in size, spanning her gigantic, heavy jugs like dinner plates. Her nipples grew thicker and

longer, protruding at least an inch from her pillowy flesh, always puckered and leaking drops of sweet colostrum.

Alden was addicted to suckling at his mother's engorged teats, latching on and gulping down her creamy nectar as she mewled and thrashed beneath him. He loved the taste of her, the way her milk coated his tongue and warmed his belly. He could spend hours just motorboating

her giant fun bags, burying his face in her deep cleavage and drowning himself in her soft, fragrant flesh.

But what he loved even more was fucking his mom's tight, pregnant pussy, knowing it was his baby she was carrying. He would rub her swollen belly reverently even as he pounded into her, marveling at the evidence of his virility growing inside her.

Alden's steely cock plunged deep into the corrugated, froth-coated lining of Kat's vagina, his bulbous knob swollen a deep purple hue. With each powerful thrust, the flared coronal ridge of his glans scraped deliciously against her sensitive inner tissues, sending sparks of pleasure radiating through her core.

He angled his hips just so, ensuring the broad head of his teenage cock kissed and pressed insistently against the tightly furled ring of her cervix with every stroke. Kat's womb, already occupied by their growing child, fluttered and contracted at the relentless stimulation, as if eager to accept another dose of his potent seed.

"Unnngh, right there baby!" Kat cried out, throwing her head back in ecstasy as Alden's thick cock stretched her wonderfully, the rippled walls of her pussy clenching rhythmically around his pistoning length. "Fuck mommy hard and deep! Pound my pregnant cunt!"

Alden grunted savagely, gripping his mother's wide, child-bearing hips as he rutted into her, his swollen balls slapping against her ass with obscene wet smacks. He could feel every flutter and quiver of

her slick channel, could feel her muscles working greedily to milk his cock.

Kat's gravid belly jiggled and swayed with the force of Alden's thrusts, her skin stretched drum-tight over her womb. Silvery stretch marks mapped the distension like rivers across a globe, a beautiful reminder of the life growing within her. Alden splayed a large hand across the firm swell, groaning at the knowledge that it was his seed that had taken root, that he had bred his own mother so thoroughly.

"Gonna cum!" the hard-humping teen bit out through clenched teeth, his abs tensing and flexing as his orgasm built at the base of his spine. "Gonna flood your pussy, fill you up till you're dripping!"

"Yes, yes, YES!" Kat babbled mindlessly, reduced to incoherent begging as her own climax approached. "Breed me again, pump me full of your spunk! Paint my fucking womb!"

With a roar of completion, Alden buried himself to the hilt in his mother's spasming cunt, the fat head of his cock flaring impossibly wider as it unleashed a torrent of thick, hot cum directly into her rippling depths. Kat shrieked her pleasure to the heavens, her body nearly convulsing off the bed as a mind-melting orgasm ripped through her.

Her cunt became a vise around Alden's spurting cock, rippling almost violently as it worked to milk him dry, eager to wring out every last drop of his potent teenage seed. He flooded her womb again and again with his seed, even though she was already pregnant, just because he could. Just because he loved staking his claim on her body, making her his favorite breeding bitch.

THE END

274: Mom's Cure-1/2

Mom's Cure

By Klrxo

Lisa's heart sank as the doctor's words echoed in her mind. A rare disorder, with only one known treatment - deep vaginal orgasms. She glanced over at her husband Dan, trying to read his reaction, but his face was unreadable.

The doctor continued explaining the details, but Lisa barely heard her, thoughts racing. How could this be happening to her? And what did it mean for their marriage, their life together? They had always had a healthy sex life, but her husband's cock-length was average at best. Deep vaginal orgasms was something she hadn't experienced since her wild college days.

Dan reached over and squeezed her hand, pulling her back to the present. "It's gonna be okay, honey" he said softly. "We'll figure this out together."

Lisa nodded, trying to force a smile, but inside she felt numb. She had so many questions, so many fears, but she couldn't seem to voice any of them. All she could do was sit there as the doctor went on about treatment plans and follow-up appointments, the words washing over her like white noise.

Finally, after what felt like hours, they were walking out of the clinic, stepping into the too-bright sunlight. Lisa blinked against the glare,

feeling dazed and disoriented. Dan wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

"Let's go home," he said gently. "We can talk more there, in private."

Lisa let him guide her to the car, her legs moving mechanically. As they pulled out of the parking lot, she stared out the window without

really seeing anything, her mind still struggling to process everything the doctor had said.

A rare disorder. Deep vaginal orgasms. The phrases kept echoing in her head as the city streets flew by in a blur. She knew there were challenges ahead, difficult conversations and decisions to be made.

But for now, all she could do was breathe and try to hold herself together, one moment at a time. Dan's hand found hers again, warm and reassuring, and she clung to it like a lifeline as they drove on towards an uncertain future.

Once home, Lisa pored over the materials from the clinic, her brow furrowed in concentration as she tried to make sense of the medical jargon. The kids were still at school, the house quiet except for the ticking of the clock on the wall. She shifted on the couch, the papers crinkling in her lap.

"It says here that the deep vaginal orgasms need to stimulate the...the fornix. At the back of the vagina," she said slowly, glancing up at Dan. He was sitting beside her, his expression concerned yet attentive.

Lisa bit her lip, a flush rising to her cheeks. These weren't things they normally discussed in such clinical detail. She took a breath and pushed on. "But we both know that you're...I mean, your penis is a bit on the shorter side. I don't mean it's small," Lisa clarified, not wanting to sound cruel. "But I don't think it can reach the spots they're talking about here."

She trailed off, her face hot. Dan reached over and took her hand, his palm warm and slightly clammy against her skin. "Hey, it's okay," he said softly. "We'll figure something out. There have to be other ways, right? Toys or...or positions..."

Lisa nodded, swallowing past the tightness in her throat. She knew he was trying to reassure her, to be supportive, but the idea of needing to use toys or special techniques just to have a normal sex life made her stomach churn. It felt like one more way her body was betraying her.

She looked down at their entwined hands, blinking against the sudden sting of tears. "I just hate this," she whispered. "I hate that this is happening to me. To us."

Dan squeezed her fingers. "I know, baby. I know. But we'll get through it, okay? We always do. No matter what it takes, we'll beat this thing together."

Lisa went through the motions of her daily routine, trying to push down the gnawing ache that seemed to radiate through her bones. She packed the kids' lunches, helped Gina pick out an outfit for school, and made sure her 18-year-old son Ivan actually got out of bed in time to catch the bus. It was a herculean effort just to keep moving, to paste on a smile and pretend everything was fine.

Ivan slouched into the kitchen, his eyes still bleary with sleep. As Lisa handed him his lunch, she caught him staring at her chest, his gaze lingering on the swell of her oversized tits beneath her robe. A hot flush crept up her neck. She knew she was well-endowed, but the blatant ogling from her own son made her skin crawl.

"Eyes up here, Ivan," she snapped, more harshly than she intended.

He jerked his gaze away, mumbling an apology, but she could feel his eyes on her ass as she turned to pour his orange juice. Lisa gritted her teeth, the dull throb behind her eyes intensifying. It was

bad enough dealing with this disorder, with the looming specter of her sex life being forever changed. Now she had to worry about her teenage son objectifying her too?

She herded the kids out the door, watching as they clambered onto the school bus. Gina turned to wave, her gap-toothed smile bright and innocent. Lisa waved back, her own smile feeling brittle. She wondered how long she could keep up this facade, this illusion of normalcy.

As the bus pulled away, Lisa trudged back inside, each step an effort. She sank down on the couch and closed her eyes, trying to will away the pain that pulsed through her body with every heartbeat. The clock ticked on the wall, counting down the hours until Dan would be home and they could delve into the uncharted waters of this new reality.

But for now, she was alone with her thoughts, her fears, and the unrelenting ache that seemed to have taken up permanent residence in her bones. She hugged herself tightly, as if she could somehow hold the broken pieces together through sheer force of will.

Tears slipped down her cheeks, hot and bitter. She didn't know how much more she could take, how long she could keep going on like this. But she had to be strong, for herself and for her family. She had to believe that somehow, someway, they would find a way through this.

Days turned into weeks as Lisa tried sex toy after sex toy, each one more elaborate than the last. Sleek silver vibrators, girthy purple dildos, contoured glass wands that promised to hit just the right spot. She spent hours scouring online reviews, adding item after item to her virtual cart until the total made her wince. But no price seemed too high if it could ease the pain that gnawed at her constantly.

When the discreet packages arrived, she tore into them with a desperate sort of hope, her fingers trembling as she freed each toy from its plastic packaging. She followed the instructions meticulously, coating them with lube and angling them just so, holding her breath

as she slid them inside herself. Sometimes Dan helped, his hands gentle on her hips as he worked the toys deeper, trying to stimulate that elusive spot at the back of her vagina.

But no matter how long she writhed against the buzzing silicone, no matter how many times she clenched around the firm girth stretching her open, the relief she sought remained maddeningly out of reach. Her orgasms were shallow and unsatisfying, leaving her more frustrated than ever. The ache in her bones seemed to mock her efforts, pulsing in time with the futile throb between her legs.

Finally, after another night spent futilely grinding against a buzzing wand until her wrist ached, Lisa made a decision. She couldn't keep doing this, couldn't keep torturing herself with false hopes and useless gadgets. She needed real answers, real help.

The next day, while Dan was at work, Lisa drove back to the clinic, her knuckles white on the steering wheel. She needed answers, needed to know what her options were beyond an endless parade of overpriced toys that did nothing to ease her pain.

Dr. Larsen welcomed her into the office with a sympathetic smile. Lisa perched on the edge of the exam table, her hands twisting in her lap as she poured out her frustrations, her fears, the hopelessness that threatened to swallow her whole.

The doctor listened intently, her brow furrowed. When Lisa finally fell silent, Dr. Larsen leaned forward, her expression grave.

"Lisa, I want you to know that what you're experiencing is not uncommon for women with this condition. For some, toys and

devices simply aren't enough to achieve the level of stimulation needed for relief."

Lisa's heart sank. "So what do I do? Just live with this pain forever?"

Dr. Larsen shook her head. "No, not at all. There are other options. But they can be...unconventional."

She went on to explain that for some women, the key to triggering these deep, therapeutic orgasms was the feeling of real flesh, the primal intimacy of being filled by a living, pulsing cock. The toys, no matter how well-crafted, simply couldn't replicate that.

Lisa felt her face flush hot. "But my husband...he's not...I mean, his penis is..."

The words stuck in her throat. It felt like a betrayal to even voice these thoughts, these secret doubts that had plagued her for years.

Dr. Larsen gave her a gentle, understanding look. "If your partner's size is a limitation, there are ways around that. Some of my patients have found success with...male substitutes. Men who are better endowed and able to reach those deep pleasure points."

Lisa stared at her, shock mingling with a sudden, shameful flicker of arousal. The thought of opening herself up to another man, of feeling a strange cock plunging deep inside her, probing places Dan had never touched...it was terrifying and thrilling all at once.

"I don't know if I could do that," she whispered, her voice ragged. "It feels like cheating."

"I understand your hesitation. But Lisa, this is your health we're talking about. Your quality of life. If Dan loves you, he'll want what's best for you, even if it's difficult. You need to have an honest conversation with him."

Lisa nodded numbly, her mind reeling. She knew the doctor was right, knew she needed to be upfront with Dan. But the prospect of telling him, of seeing the hurt and betrayal in his eyes...it made her stomach churn.

Lisa tried to put Dr. Larsen's suggestion out of her mind, but it lingered like a splinter she couldn't quite dig out. The idea of letting another man inside her, no matter how well-endowed, felt like a violation of her marriage vows. She and Dan had always been faithful to each other, even when things got tough. How could she even consider breaking that trust?

But as the days dragged on and the ache in her bones grew more insistent, Lisa found herself wavering. The toys were doing nothing for her, and the pain was starting to affect every aspect of her life. She was short-tempered with the kids, distracted while she worked around the house, and so exhausted by the end of the day that even cuddling with Dan on the couch felt like too much effort.

One evening, as she was putting away laundry, Lisa passed by Ivan's room and heard a sound that made her freeze. It was rhythmic, almost frantic, and all too familiar. She knew she should keep walking, give her son his privacy, but some perverse impulse made her pause, her hand hovering over the doorknob.

Through the crack in the door, she could see Ivan sprawled on his bed, his hand pumping furiously at his crotch. Lisa's breath caught in her throat. She knew it was wrong to watch, knew she should look away, but her eyes were drawn inexorably to the thick, veined shaft jutting from her son's fist.

Ivan's massive cock was a sight to behold. It was huge, easily twice the size of Dan's modest endowment. The thick shaft was engorged with blood, the bulging veins prominent beneath the taut skin. It had to be at least 9 inches long, maybe more, and so girthy that Lisa wasn't sure she could encircle it with her fingers. The swollen head

was a deep, angry purple, flared and glistening with the copious pre-cum that dribbled from the tip.

The root of his cock was a solid mass of muscle and sinew, providing the power behind each vigorous stroke of his fist. His heavy balls churned beneath, drawn up tight to his body as his climax approached. This was a cock built for hard, deep, relentless fucking - a battering ram designed to plunder the innermost depths of a woman's body.

Lisa's cunt clenched at the thought, a hot pulse of need that left her breathless. She imagined that huge, veiny shaft plowing into her, stretching her open, pounding the ache from her bones with ruthless strokes. Her nipples tightened almost painfully against the confines of her bra as a forbidden heat unfurled in her belly.

Shame washed over her in sickening waves, but she couldn't tear her gaze away. Ivan's face was contorted in pleasure, his lips parted and his eyes screwed shut. His free hand fisted in the sheets, the tendons standing out in his forearm as he chased his release.

With a strangled grunt, he came, thick ropes of semen spurting spectacularly into the air and onto his heaving belly. Lisa watched, transfixed, as the last few drops oozed from the tip of his softening cock.

It wasn't until Ivan started to stir that the mother snapped out of her trance. She hurried away from the door, her heart pounding and her face burning with a mixture of guilt and forbidden lust. She couldn't believe what she had just witnessed, what she had allowed herself to feel.

But even as she tried to push the memory away, she couldn't shake the image of Ivan's impressive size, the way it had made her ache with a hunger she hadn't felt in years. It was wrong, so utterly taboo, but some dark part of her wondered if maybe, just maybe, her son held the key to her relief.

It wasn't like she hadn't noticed the way Ivan looked at her, his gaze lingering on her fat tits or meaty derriere when he thought she wasn't paying attention. And there had been those times she'd found her lace panties tangled in his bedsheets, the crotch stained with unmistakable evidence of his lust. She'd never had the courage to confront him about it, too afraid of what it might unearth.

But the real smoking gun had been the story she'd found on his laptop one afternoon when he'd left it open on the kitchen table. Curiosity had gotten the better of her, and she'd scrolled through the document, her eyes widening with each lurid paragraph. In excruciatingly graphic detail, Ivan had described bending her over the backseat of her car and fucking her senseless, pounding into his own mother with wild abandon until they both erupted in shattering orgasms.

Lisa had felt sick to her stomach as she read, but she couldn't deny the pulse of heat between her legs, the way her nipples had tightened against her blouse. She'd snapped the laptop shut, her hands shaking, and tried to erase the filthy words from her brain. But they lingered still, taunting her with forbidden possibilities.

She knew in her gut that if she went to Ivan, if she offered herself to him, he wouldn't hesitate. He would jump at the chance to make his twisted fantasies a reality, even if it was to help her with a medical condition. The thought simultaneously repulsed and thrilled her.

Lisa warred with herself, disgust and desperation clashing in her chest. She was a married woman, a mother - she couldn't seriously be considering fucking her own teenage son. It was sick, depraved, the ultimate taboo.

But God, the way he'd looked pounding his huge cock in his bedroom, his muscles clenching as he neared climax... The ache in her bones sharpened, as if punishing her for her resistance.

Lisa closed her eyes, tears of frustration pricking behind her lids. Was she really this depraved, this desperate for relief that she would cross the final line? Every cell in her body screamed for release, for the deep, fulfilling orgasms the doctor had promised would ease her constant pain.

Her mind spun in dizzying circles, torn between her morals and her all-consuming need. Ivan's youthful cock danced behind her eyelids, taunting her with its forbidden heft. She imagined the stretch of it inside her, filling her completely, stroking parts of her that hadn't been touched in close to 20 years.

Ivan held his breath as he peeked through the crack in the bathroom door, terrified of being caught by his sister Gina. But the temptation to ogle his mother's spectacular body was too powerful to resist. His heart pounded in his ears as Lisa shimmied out of her lacy bra, unleashing her massive, heavy tits. They bobbed and swayed with her movements, the dusky nipples already stiff with arousal.

She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her skimpy panties and slid them down her long legs, baring the smooth, shaved mound of her pussy to his hungry gaze. Ivan's cock throbbed almost painfully in his jeans at the mouthwatering sight. His mother's ass was a work of art, round and firm and bodacious. He longed to grab greedy handfuls of those perfect cheeks, to spread them wide and plunge his tongue into her tight rosebud.

Lisa wedged her phone between her ear and bare shoulder as she bent to turn on the shower. "I just don't know what to do, Jenna," she sighed, her heavy breasts swinging tantalizingly with the motion. "The doctor says my only hope is deep dicking from a big penis, but Dan's is just so...inadequate."

Ivan's eyes widened. He knew he shouldn't be listening to his mother's private conversation, but the revelation made his balls tighten with a perverse thrill. Did she really need a huge dick to

provide relief from what ailed her? All this time, he'd been fantasizing about giving her the deep, hard fucking she obviously craved, never imagining it could be medicinal too. His neglected cock lurched in his pants, pre-cum soaking through his boxers.

He palmed his bulge, barely suppressing a groan as Lisa examined her reflection in the mirror, cupping and hefting her amazing rack. "I feel like a bad wife, even considering this, but I'm desperate," she confessed. "This pain...it's eating me alive. I'd do anything to make it stop."

Anything? The word reverberated through Ivan's sex-fogged brain. He imagined himself stepping into the steamy bathroom, pushing his naked mother against the vanity and declaring that he had the cure for her, throbbing and ready between his legs. He pictured her shock melting into grateful lust as he plowed her hard from behind, giving her the deep dicking she needed. His hips flexed involuntarily, rutting into his hand.

Ivan's heart hammered as his mind raced. There was no way his mom would ever cheat on his dad, even if it meant curing her pain. And she certainly would never agree to let him fuck her, no matter how huge his cock was or how good he knew he could make her feel. It was a hopeless fantasy.

But maybe there was another way. If Ivan could find some dirt on his dad, something really bad that he'd be terrified for his wife to discover...he could use it as leverage. Blackmail the old man into letting Ivan take his place in his mother's bed.

Everyone had skeletons in their closet, naughty secrets they kept hidden away. His straight-laced father had to have something sordid

lurking in his past. An affair, a shameful kink, a hidden vice - whatever it was, Ivan would uncover it. He just needed to dig deep enough.

His cock twitched eagerly at the idea, pulsing against his zipper. If this worked, he could finally live out his dirtiest fantasies AND give his mother the deep, pounding relief she craved. A win-win! The taboo thrill made his balls tighten and his asshole clench.

Ivan watched hungrily as his mom hung up the phone and stepped into the shower, rivulets of water cascading over her mouthwatering curves. Steam billowed around her, fogging the glass and obscuring his view. He palmed his aching cock through his jeans, barely resisting the urge to whip it out and stroke it to the sight of his mother's glistening, soapy body.

Soon, he vowed silently. Soon he would have her, all of her, spread open and moaning for his cock. He just needed to find his dad's darkest secret first.

Ivan spent the next two days scouring the house for anything he could use as leverage against his father. He rifled through dresser drawers, flipped through old photo albums, even snooped in his parents' closet when they were out, holding his breath as if they might catch him elbow-deep in their private affairs. But he came up empty-handed, frustration mounting with each dead end.

It wasn't until he ventured into the garage, shifting through dusty boxes of Christmas ornaments and outgrown sports equipment, that he finally hit pay dirt. There, tucked behind a stack of his father's old college textbooks, was a small lockbox, its metal exterior scratched and tarnished with age. Ivan's heart kicked into overdrive as he fished it out, the weight of it telling in his hands.

He fiddled with the latch, but of course it was locked tight. His mind spun with possibilities of what sordid secrets it might contain. He had to get it open, had to know what kind of dirt his squeaky clean father was hiding. Glancing around furtively, he tucked the box under his arm and snuck it up to his room, locking the door behind him.

It took some doing, but after an hour of prying and cursing, he managed to jimmy the lock with a bent paperclip. Hands shaking slightly, he lifted the lid, hope and trepidation warring in his gut.

Inside, he found a stack of photos, edges curled and faded with time. His breath caught as he flipped through them, taking in the images of his father, twenty years younger, naked and engaged in explicit sexual acts with another man. The pictures left no doubt as to the nature of their relationship, the way their bodies were intertwined, the blissed out expressions on their faces.

Ivan's mind reeled, trying to reconcile this revelation with the man who had raised him, the upstanding husband and father who went to church every Sunday and got flustered at the mere mention of sex. He'd always assumed his parents' lukewarm bedroom antics were due to his mother's constant pain, but now he wondered if his dad had been hiding his true desires all along. Was his own father a bisexual?

A slow, wicked grin spread across Ivan's face as the realization sank in. He had him. He finally had the leverage he needed to blackmail his father into stepping aside, into letting Ivan fulfill his ultimate taboo fantasy. The knowledge sat hot and heavy in his gut, his neglected cock twitching with renewed purpose.

That evening, Dan's face paled as Ivan triumphantly held up the incriminating photos, a satisfied smirk twisting his lips. A cold sweat

broke out across Dan's brow, his stomach churning with a sickening mixture of horror, anger, and dread.

"Where...where did you get those?" he croaked, his voice trembling. He reached for the pictures with a shaking hand, but Ivan snatched them away, wagging a scolding finger.

"Uh-uh, Dad. Finders keepers." Ivan's eyes glinted with malicious glee, relishing the power he now held over his father. "I always knew

you were hiding something. Guess you're not such a straight arrow after all, huh?"

Dan's face flushed hot with mingled shame and outrage. How dare this little shit go snooping through his private things? Violating his privacy, dredging up ancient history that was never meant to see the light of day? His hands curled into fists at his sides, the urge to wipe that smug look off Ivan's face nearly overwhelming.

But he couldn't lash out, couldn't risk alienating his son any further. Not when the evidence of his youthful indiscretions was clutched in Ivan's grubby paw, poised to destroy the life he'd so carefully built. He had to handle this delicately, find some way to diffuse the ticking time bomb of his long-buried secret.

"Ivan, listen to me," he said carefully, his voice strained with the effort of keeping calm. "That was a long time ago, okay? I was young and confused and...and experimenting. It didn't mean anything."

Ivan's eyebrows shot up, a mocking laugh huffing from his nose. "Didn't mean anything? I don't know, Dad, looks like you were pretty into it from where I'm standing." He waved the photos tauntingly, making Dan's insides clench with dread.

"It was just a phase, alright?" Dan snapped, frustration sharpening his tone. "Ancient history. I'm not...I haven't been with a man since then. I love your mother, I'm committed to our marriage."

"Yeah, and I'm sure Mom would love to hear all about your 'phase'," Ivan sneered, a hard glint in his eye. "Wonder how she'd feel, knowing her husband used to take it up the ass from his college buddy."

Dan closed his eyes, the humiliation burning through him like acid. This couldn't be happening. All these years, he'd kept his shameful past locked away, buried deep where it could never touch his

picture-perfect present. He'd built a life, a family, on the foundation of his heterosexuality, his fidelity. If Lisa found out...

"What do you want, Ivan?" he asked hoarsely, defeated.

Ivan's smirk widened. "I thought you'd never ask. It's simple, really. I wanna help Mom. And I think we both know there's only one way to do that."

Dan's brow furrowed in confusion, not following. Then realization crashed over him like a bucket of ice water. His eyes widened in horror. "No. No way. Absolutely not."

Ivan rolled his eyes. "Oh come on, Dad. Don't be so dramatic. It's not like I'm suggesting anything crazy here. Mom needs a big cock to cure what ails her. And lucky for her, I've got just the tool for the job." He grabbed his crotch lewdly, a cocky grin splitting his face.

Nausea roiled in Dan's gut. This couldn't be happening. His own son, proposing to...to... He couldn't even think it, the idea was so repulsive. "You're sick," he spat, revulsion twisting his features. "She's your mother, for God's sake!"

"Yeah, and she's your wife. But apparently that's not enough to get you to man up and allow her to get what she needs." Ivan's voice dripped with condescension. "Face it, your tiny dick just isn't cutting it. But mine will. I can make her feel good, Dad. Take away her pain."

Dan shook his head vehemently, bile rising in his throat. "No. I won't let you. I'll...I'll buy you a car. Pay for your college. Anything you want. Just please, don't do this. Don't make me let you..."

Ivan barked a harsh laugh. "Jesus, listen to yourself. You'd really rather bribe me than get Mom the relief she's begging for? And you call me sick." He shook his head, something like disappointment flickering across his face. "This isn't about me, Dad. Or my 'selfish

desires' or whatever bullshit you're telling yourself. This is about Mom. Making her feel better. Don't you want that?"

Dan opened his mouth, a desperate plea poised on his tongue, but the words wouldn't come. Because the awful truth was, he did want Lisa to feel better. He hated seeing her in constant agony, knowing he was powerless to help her. And he knew deep down that Ivan could.

Self-loathing burned like acid in his veins. What kind of man was he, to even consider this? Pimping out his own wife to their teenage son? Even if it was for her own good, the thought made him physically ill.

But the alternative - watching Lisa waste away in unending torment, all because he was too proud and squeamish to let Ivan do what needed to be done...

"I can't," he whispered brokenly, the fight draining out of him. "I can't give you my blessing on this. It's wrong. She's my wife. Your mother."

Ivan's eyes hardened, his jaw clenching with resolve. "You think Mom would be happy to find out her husband was fucking dudes while he was dating her? Maybe even while engaged to her?" He shook the photos in Dan's face. "How do you think that would make her feel, Dad? To know you were out there taking cock when you were supposed to be committed to her?"

Dan's shoulders slumped in defeat, all the fight draining out of him. Ivan was right. If Lisa saw those pictures, it would crush her. Shatter the illusion of their perfect marriage, their wholesome history. She would never look at him the same way again.

"What...what exactly are you suggesting I do then?" Dan asked hoarsely, hating himself for even entertaining the idea. But what choice did he have?

A slow, triumphant smile spread across Ivan's face. "Simple. You're gonna tell Mom that the best way to cure her is to let me fuck her. You're gonna give us your blessing to get nasty, whenever and however we want. And you're not going to breathe a word of complaint about it."

Dan's stomach lurched, gorge rising in his throat. The thought of his teenage son defiling his wife, pumping her full of cum with that huge cock of his, made him physically ill. But the alternative - losing Lisa's love and respect forever while she suffered in pain - was unthinkable.

"And if I do this, you'll keep your mouth shut about...about the pictures?" he asked numbly, already knowing the answer.

Ivan's grin widened. "As long as you keep up your end of the deal, your dirty little secret is safe with me. But the second you try to interfere, or go back on your word...well, I'm sure Mom would be very interested to see what her hubby got up to back in the day."

Dan closed his eyes, a shudder of revulsion rolling through him. He was trapped, completely at the mercy of his deviant son's whims. But what choice did he have? Letting Ivan defile Lisa was a small price to pay to keep his sordid past buried.

"Fine," he bit out through gritted teeth. "I'll...I'll talk to your mother. Tell her that I think it's a good idea for you to...to help her."

The words tasted like ashes on his tongue, but he forced them out. Ivan clapped him on the shoulder, his touch making Dan's skin crawl.

"I knew you'd come around," Ivan said, his voice low and satisfied. "Mom's gonna feel so much better soon. And hey, maybe you'll finally be able to relax a little, knowing she's getting what she needs to feel better."

Ivan's smug grin made Dan's skin crawl as he outlined his sick plan. "So here's what you're gonna do, Dad," he said, his voice dripping with false cheer. "You're going to sit Mom down, look her in the eye, and tell her that you think it's a great idea for me to fuck her. You're gonna say that it's the only way to cure her pain, and that you're totally on board."

Dan's stomach churned, bile rising in his throat at the thought of convincing his wife to let their teenage son violate her. But the hard glint in Ivan's eye told him he had no choice.

"And you better make it convincing," Ivan continued, his tone sharpening. "Really sell it, like it was your idea. Because if I get even a hint that you're not fully supportive, well..." He waved the incriminating photos tauntingly. "Let's just say these might accidentally find their way into Mom's hands. Wouldn't want that, would we?"

Dan's heart seized with dread, the humiliating images seared into his brain. He knew he was trapped, completely at Ivan's mercy. Slowly, numbly, he nodded.

"I'll do it," he said hoarsely, the words like broken glass in his throat. "I'll talk to her. Convince her."

Ivan's smile returned, smug satisfaction oozing from every pore. "Good boy, Dad. I knew you'd see it my way." He clapped Dan on the

shoulder, making him flinch. "Trust me, this is for the best. Mom's gonna be so grateful to finally get some relief."

Dan closed his eyes against the sting of tears, hating himself for being so weak, so powerless. He pictured Lisa's face when he told her that Ivan was the solution to her agony, revulsion and shame twisting in his guts. But what choice did he have?

He was a puppet on Ivan's strings now, forced to dance to whatever twisted tune his son played. All he could do was pray that Lisa would forgive him for failing her so completely as a husband and a man.

With a heavy heart and a leaden tongue, Dan went to find his wife, to shatter her world and deliver her into their son's perverse clutches. Each step felt like a nail in his own coffin, the weight of his secrets crushing him into the ground.

But it was too late to turn back now. He had to see this through, no matter how much it killed him inside. Lisa's well-being hung in the balance, and he had to do whatever it took to secure it.

Lisa stared at her husband in utter disbelief, her mouth hanging open in shock. Had he really just suggested that she have sex with their own son? That Ivan, their teenage boy, should be the one to pound her pain away with his huge cock? She couldn't wrap her mind around it.

Her gaze flicked to Ivan, standing there with a smug grin on his face as he openly ogled her large breasts. His eyes were glazed with lust, roaming hungrily over her curves like he'd already been given the green light to ravage her body. The blatant desire in his expression made her skin prickle with unease.

"Dan, I...I can't..." she stammered, her tongue thick and clumsy in her mouth. "He's our son for God's sake! It's wrong!"

She looked back at her husband, desperate for him to come to his senses, to put a stop to this insanity. But Dan wouldn't meet her eye, his shoulders slumped in defeat.

"I know it seems crazy," he said hoarsely. "But the doctor said you needed this. I just want you to feel better, Lise. And if Ivan is willing to help..."

He trailed off, his voice cracking with emotion. Lisa's heart clenched. She could see how much this was killing him, how it went against every fiber of his being. But the pain was eating her alive. She was desperate for relief, no matter how taboo the source.

Ivan stepped closer, his bulge obscenely prominent in his jeans. Lisa's eyes were drawn to it against her will, her cheeks flushing hotly. When she dragged her gaze back up to his face, his grin widened knowingly.

"I wanna help you, Mom," he said, his voice low and coaxing. "Dad practically begged me to do this. We can keep it just between us, our little secret."

Lisa's head spun, torn between revulsion and a dark, shameful thrill. The ache between her legs sharpened, her body responding to the promise of Ivan's impressive size despite the screaming wrongness of it all.

She looked at Dan one last time, praying he would put a stop to this insanity. But he just gave her a small, miserable nod, his eyes pleading for her forgiveness. In that moment, she knew she was on her own.

Lisa shook her head again, her mind reeling at the utter wrongness of what they were suggesting. To have sex with her own son, her teenage boy... it was unthinkable. Revulsion shuddered through her.

But Ivan fixed Dan with a hard, threatening glare, and her husband wilted under the heat of it. He turned back to Lisa, his expression pained and pleading.

"Honey, I know how it sounds. But the doctor said you needed a bigger penis to get relief. And Ivan's is...well, it's a lot larger than mine." The words seemed to physically pain Dan to utter.

"Much larger," Ivan interjected, a smug grin on his face as he lewdly grabbed his bulging crotch. "More than big enough to pound your pain away, Mom."

Nausea churned in Lisa's stomach, but the ache between her legs gave a traitorous throb. She was so desperate for respite from the constant agony. If Ivan really could provide that with his big cock, did it matter that he was her son? That dark, forbidden part of her wondered.

"Maybe..." The word fell from her lips before she could stop it, heavy with defeat and shame. "Maybe we could try it. Just once, to see if it actually helps like the doctor said."

Dan made a choked sound, his eyes squeezing shut as if to block out the awful reality. But Ivan's face split in a triumphant grin, his eyes glinting with a sick excitement.

"I promise I'll make you feel so much better, Mom." His voice dripped with false sincerity, but the bulge in his jeans pulsed eagerly.

Lisa's skin crawled with revulsion, but she forced herself to nod. She would do anything to stop the pain, even if it damned her soul.

Lisa arranged for her daughter to stay with her sister the following evening. She didn't want Gina anywhere near the house when she... when she let Ivan do those unspeakable things to her. The mere

thought made her stomach churn with guilt and self-loathing, but the constant ache in her bones pushed her forward.

She even lovingly suggested to Dan that he go catch a movie or something, get out of the house for a few hours. He looked at her with such broken despair that for a moment, her resolve wavered. But then the pain throbbed through her again and she steeled herself. She had to do this. For her health, her sanity.

Dan agreed in a hoarse whisper and trudged out the door, his shoulders slumped in defeat. Lisa watched him go, her heart twisting. She hated seeing him so beaten down, so emasculated. Hated herself for putting him through this, for wanting it despite the screaming wrongness of it all.

But as everyone but her and Ivan vacated the house, Lisa found herself perversely eager for his touch, for the deep, forbidden pounding he had promised. Moisture gathered between her legs as she imagined Ivan's huge teenage cock splitting her open, defiling her in the most taboo way possible. Her fat nipples stiffened against the lace of her bra, betraying her shameful excitement.

Lisa's mind continued to churn with conflicting emotions as she went through the motions of preparing for her son, as if readying herself for some sordid date. Shame burned in her cheeks as she meticulously shaved her legs in the shower, the rasp of the razor unnaturally loud in her ears. What was she doing? This was her son, her own flesh and blood. The wrongness of it all made her stomach twist.

But even as disgust roiled within her, She imagined Ivan's strong hands gripping her hips, his huge cock plundering her aching depths, and her core clenched with a sick thrill. The promise of relief, of an end to the constant pain, was a siren song she couldn't resist, no matter how taboo the means.

Her skin felt electrified as she slipped into a short silky robe, the material clinging to her freshly showered curves. Nothing too revealing - she couldn't bring herself to dress like some brazen harlot for her teenage son. But the robe hugged her enormous breasts and nipped in at her trim waist before flaring out over her hips. Sexy, yet still tasteful. Appropriate for the depraved occasion.

Lisa stepped into a pair of black stiletto mules, the heels sending a jolt of confidence through her even as her ankles wobbled slightly.

The extra height made her feel powerful, in control, despite the decidedly out of control situation she now found herself in. She drew in a shuddering breath, trying to calm the battling swarm of nerves and arousal in her belly. This was it. No turning back now.

The dainty click of her heels sounded obscenely loud as she descended the stairs in search of her boy. A shiver worked through her as she spotted him lounging on the couch, his long legs sprawled carelessly wide. His eyes raked over her scantily clad form as she approached, a predatory gleam in their depths that made goosebumps prickle across her flesh.

"Mom," he greeted, his deep voice already rough with lust. "You look…hot!"

Embarrassed heat flooded Lisa's cheeks at the blatant appreciation in his gaze, the bald hunger that a son should never feel for his mother. She tugged self-consciously at the belt of her robe, swallowing hard around the lump of guilt and desire in her throat.

"Shall we, um…go upstairs to your room?" she awkwardly asked.

Lisa swallowed hard, her mouth dry as she led Ivan up the stairs to his bedroom, hyper-aware of his presence behind her. She could practically feel his eyes burning into her bodacious buttocks as she climbed each step, the sway of her hips beneath the thin silk of the robe suddenly feeling obscene, illicit. The cool air kissed her bare skin

and she realized with a flush of embarrassed heat that the robe left little to the imagination - Ivan could no doubt see the shape of her naked ass through the thin robe, the heavy bounce and sway of her unfettered breasts.

Her body felt too sensitive, the brush of the silk against her nipples making them stiffen traitorously. Anticipation and dread knotted in her stomach, a sick sort of arousal pulsing between her legs despite

herself. This was so wrong. But she needed it, craved the promise of his rock-hard cock pounding away the pain that had become her constant companion.

Lisa forced her feet to carry her down the hall to Ivan's room, the door gaping open like the yawning mouth of some beast ready to consume her. With a trembling hand, she reached for the knob, the brass cool against her feverish skin. This was it. The point of no return. She drew in an unsteady breath and stepped inside, the plush carpet soft beneath her heels.

Lisa's heart skipped a beat as she stepped into her son's bedroom – one he'd had since he was a little boy. The space had been transformed, the harsh overhead light dimmed and replaced by the soft glow of flickering candles. Rose petals were scattered across the bed, the crimson a shocking contrast against the white sheets. Soft R&B music pulsed from the speakers, the sensual beat seeming to match the heavy thud of her own heart.

Ivan stood in the center of the room, his eyes dark and intense as they drank her in. "I wanted to set the mood," he murmured, his deep voice sending a shiver down her spine. "Make it special for you."

Emotion clogged Lisa's throat. He had gone to such efforts, put real thought into creating an atmosphere of romance and seduction. It

was so wrong, so utterly taboo...yet she was undeniably touched by the gesture. By his earnest desire to please her.

"Oh honey, thank you," she whispered, taking a step closer. The spicy scent of his cologne teased her nostrils. "It's perfect."

Ivan's lips curved in a slow smile and he opened his arms. Lisa went to him as if pulled by a magnet, sinking against the solid heat of his lean, teenage body. He wrapped her in a tight embrace, crushing her pillowy silk-clad breasts against his hard chest. She could feel every

ridge of his muscles, the thud of his heart, the hot brand of his erection pressing into her stomach.

Arousal bloomed through her like a sickness, starting in her core and licking through her veins. Her fat nipples tightened, pushing against the thin barrier of her robe. The pulsing ache between her legs intensified. Ivan's hands skated down her back to palm the globes of her ass, pulling her harder against him. Lisa let out a breathy moan, light-headed with sudden need.

This was really happening. She was in her son's arms, about to let him have his wicked way with her. Guilt and shame and dark, forbidden excitement churned in her stomach. But there was no turning back now. The die had been cast.

Ivan's fingers dug into her plump flesh of her bubble butt as he ground his rigid cock against her mound. Lisa's head fell back on a gasp, heat sizzling under her skin. He bent his head and captured her lips in a searing kiss, his tongue delving past her teeth to claim her mouth. She whimpered and tangled her fingers in his hair, giving herself over to the forbidden pleasure. To the promise of relief, no matter how wrong the method.

He walked her backwards until her knees hit the bed. With a gentle push, he toppled her onto the mattress, rose petals scattering around her and her melonous tits rolling on her chest beneath the robe. Lisa

looked up at him through heavy-lidded eyes, her chest heaving. Ivan stood over her, his expression ravenous as he drank in the sight of her splayed out before him like an offering.

The teen stripped off his shirt with a confident smirk, revealing the lean, chiseled planes of his torso. Lisa's eyes widened as they drank in the sight of his bare skin, the defined muscles rippling beneath the surface. Her breath caught in her throat, an illicit thrill zinging through her at the forbidden treat of her son's body.

He hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his jeans and shoved them down his hips, kicking them away. Lisa's heart seized at the huge bulge straining against the confines of his boxer-briefs. Then he was peeling those off too, and his enormous cock sprang free, bobbing proudly at it jutted out stiffly from his crotch.

Lisa gulped, unable to tear her gaze away from the thick, veiny shaft. It was even bigger than she'd imagined, jutting from a thin patch of dark curls, the swollen head an angry purple. It twitched under her stunned perusal, as if preening at her blatant admiration. She didn't think she'd ever seen a penis so massive, the sheer girth of it making her clench in both fear and dark, shameful anticipation.

Slowly, she dragged her eyes up Ivan's body to his face. A wicked gleam danced in his eyes, his lips curled in a smug grin as he reveled in her awestruck reaction. He wrapped a hand around his huge cock, pumping it lazily.

"Like what you see, Mom?" he purred, his voice dripping with sin. "Bet you've never had one this big before."

Lisa's cheeks burned as she tore her gaze away from Ivan's jutting erection. "You're very...lucky, honey," she mumbled, the words sticking in her throat. "To be so well-endowed."

Slowly, with trembling fingers, she untied the sash of her robe and let the silky material slither off her body to pool on the bed. Cool air kissed her overheated skin and she shivered, goosebumps pebbling her flesh. Ivan's eyes went wide as they raked over her naked curves, lingering hungrily on her huge, heavy breasts.

"Fuck, Mom," he breathed, his voice ragged with lust. "Your tits are incredible."

Pride and shame swirled in Lisa's stomach at his reverent tone. She knew her breasts were her best feature, giant, full and perfectly

shaped. But to have her own son ogling them so blatantly felt so dirty, so wrong.

Lisa swallowed hard as Ivan crawled onto the bed between her spread thighs, his dark eyes glinting with hunger. Her whole body trembled, torn between revulsion and a sick sort of anticipation. This was so wrong, letting her own son see her like this - legs splayed wantonly, her bare pussy on lewd display.

She wanted to squeeze her eyes shut against his penetrating gaze, but she couldn't look away as he settled his athletic body over her, caging her in. His huge cock bobbed between them, throbbing and engorged, the bulbous head nearly brushing her mound.

"Don't worry, Mom," Ivan purred, his voice like sin-soaked velvet stroking over her fevered skin. "I'm gonna fuck that pain right out of you. Pound this fat cock so deep, you'll forget your own name."

Lisa shuddered, slickness gathering at her empty core. He was so crude, so filthy...but God help her, his dirty promises were only stoking the illicit flames licking through her veins.

Ivan grabbed her knees and pushed them back toward her chest, folding her practically in half. Cool air washed over Lisa's exposed slit and she flushed hotly, knowing he could see every intimate fold and

crease, her wet and winking opening. She felt utterly exposed, vulnerable to his ravenous stare.

Ivan licked his lips as he dragged his gaze up and down her naked cleft, his nostrils flaring. "Fuck, your pussy is perfect. So bare and smooth and juicy. Can't wait to stuff it full of cock."

Lisa whimpered, molten humiliation and desire churning in her stomach. No one had ever spoken to her like this, looked at her with such blatant carnal intent. It was mortifying...thrilling. Wrong.

Ivan notched the broad head of his erection against her swollen lips, rubbing up and down her slick seam. Sparks of sensation skittered through her, making her clench and moan. He bumped against her plump clit, the contact like a live wire against the sensitive bundle of nerves. It throbbed under his touch, peeking out from its hood like a ripe, glistening berry.

He circled the protruding nub with the tip of his cock, flicking and teasing. Pleasure bloomed and unfurled in Lisa's core, dark and forbidden. She tried to press her hips into his maddening touch, chasing more of that tingling friction, but he held her fast.

"Uh-uh, Mom. Gotta beg for it first," he taunted, a wicked grin splitting his face. He tapped his cockhead against her clit, making her jerk and gasp. "C'mon, tell me how bad you need this big dick in your hungry cunt."

"Please," she whimpered, the words tasting like sin on her tongue. "I need it. I need your big dick to ease my pain."

Ivan's eyes flashed with triumph and he growled low in his chest as his enormous cockhead nuzzled insistently at Lisa's slick entrance, the broad tip straining against her tight opening. She sucked in a sharp breath as he increased the pressure, stretching her delicate folds to the limit. The flared head popped past her resisting muscles

with an obscene squelch, peeling back the remnants of her hymen like wet tissue paper.

A strangled moan tore from Lisa's throat as her son's massive cock invaded her most intimate depths, slowly plowing through her tight channel with unrelenting force. She could feel every ridge and vein of his thick shaft as it scraped along her clutching inner walls, stimulating hidden nerve endings she never knew existed.

The slick combination of Ivan's copious pre-cum and her own shameful arousal eased the way for his relentless penetration,

allowing him to sink deeper and deeper into her forbidden passage. Her body stretched and burned around his unforgiving girth, the pleasure-pain unlike anything she'd ever experienced, even during her wild college days.

Ivan grunted as he hilted himself fully inside her, his wiry pubic hair scratching against her sensitive mound. Lisa's eyes rolled back as she felt him throb and flex at the very root of his huge cock, the steely shaft pulsing against her cervix. It felt like he was in her stomach, stuffing her so full she could barely breathe.

He pulled back slowly, letting her feel every dragging inch of his enormous penis as it rasped along her tender sheath. The thick veins and pulsing ridges seemed to catch on her swollen inner flesh, making her whimper and clench helplessly around him. His bulbous cockhead tugged at her opening, threatening to pull free of her clutching heat.

Then he slammed forward again, burying himself to the hilt in one brutal thrust. Lisa cried out as he bottomed out inside her, the blunt tip of his cock ramming against her womb. Electric shocks of sensation rippled through her core, a twisted mix of agony and ecstasy that left her trembling and gasping.

"Fuck, Mom, you're so tight," Ivan grunted, his fingers digging into the meat of her thighs as he split her open again and again, pounding into her with ruthless abandon.

Lisa whimpered as his pelvis slapped wetly against hers, his heavy balls smacking obscenely against her ass with each merciless thrust. She could hear the vulgar squelch of her ravaged cunt as it struggled to accommodate his plowing length, her juices frothing and oozing down the crack of her buttocks.

The wet, rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh echoed obscenely in her ears as Ivan fucked into her like a machine, drilling her open with jackhammering force.

"Oh hell yeah!" the teen gasped, watching her oversized tits roll and ripple to his every thrust.

The teen groaned as his mother's slick, scalding sheath rippled and squeezed around his plowing cock like a velvet vise. She was so much tighter than any of the younger girls he'd fucked. Not from inexperience, but from the way her mature cunt muscles expertly milking his veiny shaft with each deep thrust. The sheer power of her pelvic floor clamping down on him, trying to hold him in, was unlike anything he'd ever felt.

Her sheath was skilled and strong, forged by years of fucking and toning exercises. He could feel her muscled walls stroking every inch of his plundering length, the textures more varied and intense compared to the slick, yielding holes of his teenage conquests.

And her cervix - God, the way it kissed the tip of his cock each time he hilted inside her, cushiony yet firm, drove him wild. The younger girls he'd been with barely had a discernible cervical entrance, their cunts just smooth tunnels. But his mom's was a defined ring of muscle crowning her sheath, flexing against his invading cockhead like a hungry, suckling mouth. It made the tip of his dick tingle and

throb, the sensations shooting down his shaft and tightening his balls.

He lowered himself down and her huge breasts pillowed against his chest, the silky skin and soft, abundant flesh a delicious contrast to the hard slabs of his pecs. They rippled and quaked with each hammering impact of his hips, flattening and molding to him. He could feel her fat, rubbery nipples scraping his skin, pebbled with shameful arousal. The heavy globes were nothing like the pert little tits of the girls at school. These were the udders of a grown woman, a mother, full and pendulous and oh so plush.

The wrongness of it, of fucking his own mom's forbidden body – the one he was born from, only heightened Ivan's lust. He rutted into

her harder, faster, grunting as he battered her cervix and stretched her clenching, juicy cunt to the limit. He wanted to ruin her for his pathetic father. Wanted to mold her sheath to the shape of his huge, invading cock so she'd never feel satisfied by anything else ever again.

"Take it, Mom," he growled, his voice guttural and laced with perverse need.

He grabbed her massive tits, sinking his fingers into the doughy flesh as he slammed into her, shaking her whole body with the force of his thrusts. Her tight, wet glove constricted around him, fluttering wildly as he hit some secret spot deep inside her. He angled his hips, making sure to nail it directly with each punishing stroke.

"Fuck!" Lisa cried out, her nails raking down his back as her sheath rippled and clenched.

Ivan had never heard his mom drop an F-bomb. He loved it!

Lisa screamed as the most powerful orgasm of her life detonated through her body, every nerve ending igniting in blinding ecstasy.

Her back arched violently off the mattress, muscles seizing and clenching as the climax tore through her like a hurricane. She convulsed beneath her son's jackhammering body, her torso lifting him up with the sheer force of her pleasure.

"Goddamn!" the teen chuckled, amused by how intensely he was making his mom come apart beneath him.

Wave after wave of pure rapture crashed over Lisa, obliterating all rational thought. There was only sensation, only the electric currents of bliss sizzling under her skin as her pussy contracted wildly around Ivan's plundering cock. Her cunt rippled and fluttered, squeezing his plundering shaft like a fist, trying to milk him dry.

The constant ache that had plagued her for so long evaporated, incinerated by the heat of her explosive release. For the first time in months, Lisa felt no pain, only the aftershocks of mind-bending pleasure radiating out to the tips of her fingers and toes. Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes as relief and gratitude swelled in her chest, the blissful absence of agony almost too much to comprehend.

Ivan groaned above her, his hips stuttering as her fluttering sheath squeezed and massaged his cock from root to tip. He slammed into her a half-dozen more times, then buried himself to the hilt as his swollen balls drew up tight to his body. With a guttural roar, he exploded inside her, painting her clutching walls with thick ropes of scalding seed.

Lisa moaned brokenly as she felt her son's cum bathing her insides, pumping into her in what seemed like endless spurts. Her pussy clenched and milked him, instinctively trying to draw his potent essence deeper. She could feel it sloshing in her stuffed channel, oozing out around his throbbing shaft to trickle down the crack of her ass.

Ivan collapsed on top of her, his sweaty chest heaving against hers as he fought to catch his breath. Lisa wrapped her trembling legs around his hips, holding him deep inside her as the last tremors of her climax fluttered through her core. She never wanted to let him go, never wanted this feeling of utter completion and relief to end.

Slowly, her orgasm ebbed, leaving behind a delicious lassitude in her muscles and a deep, throbbing satisfaction in her pussy. The pain that had been her constant companion for so long was gone, banished by her son's masterful fucking. Gratitude and love swelled in Lisa's chest, tears prickling behind her eyelids.

She cradled Ivan's head to her breasts, stroking his damp hair as their breathing gradually slowed and synchronized. In that moment,

the taboo of what they'd done, the sick wrongness of a mother taking her son's cock, seemed to melt away, eclipsed by the sheer rightness of their joining.

Ivan rolled off her and collapsed next to her on the bed, his chest heaving. He rolled onto his side and reached for her heavy titties. "Can I suck on these perfect tits, mom?" he panted, his hands already cupping and squeezing her flushed mounds.

Lisa flinched away from his touch, pulling the sheet up to cover herself. As much as part of her craved more of his attention, she knew that indulging in anything beyond what was necessary to relieve her pain would be crossing an unforgivable line. Suckling at her breasts served no medical purpose.

"No, honey," she said firmly, ignoring the pang of disappointment on his face. "We can't..." She swallowed hard and slid off the bed, grabbing her discarded robe. "This needs to stay clinical. Anything more would be wrong."

She belted the silk tightly around her waist, trying to ignore the obscene trickle of Ivan's release oozing down her inner thigh. Her

body still thrummed with the aftershocks of her bone-melting climax, her nerves raw and over-sensitized. It took all her willpower not to crawl back into bed and lose herself in her son's strong arms again.

"I'm gonna go clean up," she muttered, unable to meet Ivan's heated gaze. "You should too, before your father gets back home." The mention of Dan made fresh guilt churn in her stomach. What had she done? How would she ever face him again?

Lisa stumbled into the bathroom, locking the door behind her with shaking hands. She collapsed against it, her heart pounding. Slowly, she untied her robe and let it puddle to the floor, then turned to survey herself in the mirror.

Her reflection stared back at her, face flushed, hair mussed. She looked thoroughly debauched. Well-fucked. The evidence of her son's passion stood out in stark relief against her pale skin, taunting her.

Disgust and a dark thrill warred within her as she reached between her legs and swiped at the sticky mess coating her thighs. Her swollen folds were slippery with the obscene combination of her arousal and Ivan's seed. Wincing, she grabbed a washcloth and began meticulously cleaning herself, scrubbing away the damning proof of their encounter.

By the time she finished showering and blow drying her hair, Ivan had already vanished, for which Lisa was profoundly grateful. She didn't think she could handle anymore loaded looks or charged conversation right now. Mechanically, she stripped the sheets from his bed, gagging slightly at her pooled fem-cum and the musky scent of sex clinging to the fabric.

She had just started a load of laundry when she heard the front door open, signaling Dan's return.

275: Mom's Cure-2/2

Lisa drew in a deep breath and squared her shoulders before heading into the living room to face her husband. Dan looked up from where he was sitting on the couch, a tentative smile on his face that quickly faded as he took in her appearance. His eyes widened slightly, darkening with some unreadable emotion as they swept over her freshly showered hair and the telling flush still staining her cheeks.

"Honey? How...how did it go?" he asked hoarsely, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard.

Lisa couldn't quite meet his gaze, shame and satisfaction warring within her. She knew she must look like the very picture of a well-fucked woman, her skin practically glowing from the force of her earth-shattering orgasm. The one her own son had given her.

"It worked," she said quietly, hating the tremor in her voice. "The pain...it's gone. I feel better than I have in months."

Dan closed his eyes briefly, a shudder rippling through him. Relief and anguish seemed to battle across his face. "That's...that's good, right? I'm glad."

The words sounded hollow, forced. Lisa's heart clenched. She could only imagine how difficult this must be for him, how emasculating and humiliating to know that his teenage son had succeeded where he had failed. That Ivan had been able to satisfy her in a way Dan never could.

An awkward silence stretched between them, heavy with the weight of things left unsaid. Lisa twisted her hands in front of her, searching for the right words, any words, to break the suffocating tension.

"Dan, I..." she started, but he held up a hand, cutting her off.

"Just tell me one thing...will you need to keep doing this? With Ivan?"

Lisa hesitated, torn. The doctor had said regular deep stimulation was the only way to keep her disorder in check. But the thought of betraying her marriage vows again and again, of letting Ivan violate her on a continual basis... it made her stomach roil with self-disgust.

And yet, even now, she could feel the remnants of her climax tingling through her nerve endings, the blissful absence of pain. For the first time in ages, her body felt whole and healthy, not like a throbbing mass of agony. Was it really so wrong to crave more of that? To do whatever it took to maintain this blessed relief?

Guilt and need twisted her gut into knots. She wanted so badly to reassure Dan that it had been a one time thing, that she would never let their son touch her like that again. But she knew in her heart it would be a lie.

Lisa swallowed hard, choosing her words carefully. "I think...I think we'll have to take this one day at a time. See how my body responds. If the pain comes back, then..." She trailed off, unable to voice the unthinkable.

Dan's shoulders slumped, defeat etching deep lines into his face. He nodded slowly. "I understand. We'll...we'll just see how you're feeling tomorrow."

The next morning, Lisa awoke to a dull, familiar ache beginning to pulse through her bones again. She squeezed her eyes shut, despair washing over her. It hadn't even been a full 24 hours, and already

the pain was returning, the brief respite afforded by Ivan's cock fading like a half-remembered dream.

She dragged herself out of bed and into the shower, wincing as the hot spray seemed to awaken fresh twinges and throbs beneath her skin. By the time she made her way downstairs, each step an effort,

Dan and Ivan were already at the kitchen table, an awkward silence hanging between them.

Dan glanced up as she entered, his eyes searching her face. "How are you feeling, honey?"

The concern in his voice made her throat tighten. She hated the hope that glimmered in his eyes, hated to crush it. But she couldn't lie to him.

"Not great," she admitted quietly, easing into a chair with a poorly concealed grimace. "I think...I think it's starting to come back already."

Dan's face fell, anguish flashing across his features before he could shutter it away. He nodded stiffly, his knuckles whitening around his coffee mug. "I see."

An awkward beat passed. Lisa stared down at the placemat, her stomach churning with mingled guilt and dread. She could feel Ivan's eyes on her, burning into the side of her face.

Finally, he broke the heavy silence. "I can stay home from school today. Help Mom out again, since she's not feeling well." His tone was casual, but the implication hung in the air like a fog.

Dan flinched almost imperceptibly. Lisa's head snapped up, her heart stuttering in her chest. "Ivan, no, that's not necessary," she rushed out, feeling like the ground was giving way beneath her feet. "You can't miss class..."

Ivan fixed Dan with a hard, threatening glare, his eyes flashing with warning – forcing him to chime in with encouragement.

"No, he's right," Dan added, his voice strained. He couldn't quite meet her eyes. "If you're in pain again, you need...you need relief. It's more important than Ivan going to school today."

Lisa stared at him, shock robbing her of speech. Was he really suggesting their teenage son play hooky to stay home and fuck her? The thought made her head swim.

But even as revulsion churned in her gut, that traitorous ache sharpened between her legs, a sick sort of anticipation kindling to life. The promise of Ivan's huge cock pounding away her pain again was a siren song, no matter how hard she tried to resist its pull.

Lisa swallowed hard, her heart clenching at the pained resignation in Dan's voice. "Are you sure?" she asked softly, searching his face.

"I'm sure. Your health is the priority here." He answered, then grabbed his briefcase and stood abruptly, the legs of his chair scraping against the tile. Nausea churned in his gut at the thought of what would transpire between his wife and son the moment he walked out the door. They would be rutting like animals, Ivan's huge cock splitting her open, making her scream in ecstasy in a way Dan never could.

He squeezed his eyes shut against the mental images. When he opened them again, he found Lisa watching him with sympathy softening her features. She rose and came around the table to fold him into a hug, her soft curves pressing against him.

"Thank you, honey…for understanding," she murmured, her breath warm against his ear. "I know this isn't easy for you."

Dan returned the embrace woodenly, his arms feeling leaden. The faint scent of her shampoo, usually so soothing, now made his

stomach roil as unbidden visions of Ivan burying his face in her hair while he fucked her flashed through his mind.

Lisa pulled back and cupped his face, studying him with tender concern. Slowly, she leaned in and brushed her lips against his, the kiss achingly gentle. Dan's heart twisted. He couldn't remember the

last time she'd kissed him with such sweet affection, untainted by pain or exhaustion.

And now she was going to give herself to Ivan.

Lisa stepped away, her hands falling to her sides. "Have a good day at work," she said softly, a weak attempt at normalcy.

Dan just nodded jerkily, not trusting himself to speak around the jagged lump in his throat. He turned on his heel and strode out of the kitchen, feeling like a robot powering down with each step. It took every ounce of his willpower not to glance back over his shoulder for one last glimpse of his wife before she became his son's whore once more.

Dan drove to the end of the street, his knuckles white on the steering wheel. Suddenly he realized with a sinking feeling that he'd forgotten his phone at home. Cursing under his breath, he made a sharp U-turn and headed back, his stomach churning with dread at what he might walk in on.

He let himself into the eerily quiet house, his heart thudding dully in his chest. Then he heard it - the telltale rhythmic squeaking of bedsprings coming from upstairs, punctuated by breathy feminine moans. Bile rose in his throat. They were already fucking, mere minutes after he'd left. He couldn't believe how quickly his son had claimed his husbandly rights, or how eagerly his wife had submitted.

Some masochistic impulse propelled Dan up the stairs, his feet moving of their own volition. He crept down the hallway, the

obscene sounds growing louder with each step. Lisa's high-pitched keening made his skin crawl even as his traitorous cock twitched in his slacks.

The door to Ivan's room stood ajar. Stomach roiling, Dan peered through the crack, unable to look away from the depraved scene unfolding before him. Lisa was riding their son with wild abandon,

her gigantic tits bouncing hypnotically as she impaled herself on his massive cock over and over. Her thick ass rippled and jiggled each time it slapped against Ivan's muscular thighs.

"That's it, Mom, fuck the pain away," Ivan growled, his big hands gripping her plush hips hard enough to leave marks. "Take my cock deep. Let it make you feel good."

Dan's eyes widened in shock as he took in the sheer size of his teenage son's cock, an unyielding spike of muscular flesh that dwarfed his own pathetic equipment. He watched in horrified awe as that massive teenage shaft plowed into Lisa's dripping cunt again and again, emerging glistening with the sheen of her shameful arousal. The rigid pole stretched her clinging folds obscenely, impaling her to the hilt with each forceful thrust.

Ivan's hips pumped like a machine as he rutted into Dan's wife, pounding her with a stamina and power that put Dan to shame. The rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh echoed obscenely in Dan's ears as he witnessed his son claim his bride with brutal dominance.

Then Ivan reached up and grabbed his mom's huge, bouncing tits, squeezing the malleable globes roughly. "Can I suck on these, Mom?" he grunted, already pulling one stiff nipple to his lips.

Dan held his breath, certain that Lisa would refuse, push Ivan away. Surely she wouldn't let their son debase her even further, treat her like his personal whore. But to Dan's shock, Lisa threw her head back and moaned wantonly.

"Yes," she panted, shoving her chest in Ivan's face. "But only while you're deep inside me, fucking the pain away."

Dan's stomach heaved as he watched his teenage son latch onto Lisa's swollen nipple and suckle greedily, slurping at her flesh like a newborn as he continued to slam his huge cock into her greedy cunt.

She cradled Ivan's head to her breasts and cooed maternally, even as her hips worked in frantic circles, grinding herself down on his thick shaft.

The perverted combination of nurturing and sexual depravity made Dan feel physically ill. He wanted to burst into the room, tear them apart, scream at Lisa for betraying him so completely. But he was frozen in place, paralyzed by the sight of his wife's ecstasy as their son defiled her.

Ivan motorboated his mother's huge, heavy breasts, burying his face in her soft cleavage. The spongy mounds completely engulfed his head as he nuzzled and rubbed his cheeks against the plush, pliant flesh. He groaned in delight at the feel of her silky skin smothering him, her rubbery nipples poking into his shoulders.

Grabbing two heaping handfuls of lush titty-meat, he squeezed and kneaded the doughy globes, relishing how they overflowed his groping fingers. He loved how impossibly soft yet weighty they felt, like the most perfect giant stress balls. Whimpering with need, he popped one long, turgid nipple into his mouth and suckled greedily, slurping and nursing at the engorged teat like a starving teenager.

Lisa threw her head back and moaned in wanton bliss as Ivan latched onto her sensitive peak and tugged rhythmically, his cheeks hollowing with the force of his hungry suckling. Electric pleasure-pain zinged from her nipple straight to her clit, making the swollen nub throb in time to his pulls. Her hips rolled and gyrated frantically

on his pile-driving cock, stirring his rigid length inside her clutching sheath.

"Oh God, yes!" she keened shamelessly, any lingering maternal instinct drowned out by the overwhelming need pulsing through her. She felt delirious with relief as his massive shaft stroked her aching

inner walls, soothing the searing pain like a balm, only to ignite a wildfire of taboo pleasure in its wake.

Keeping one hand clamped possessively on her jiggling tit, Ivan reached around to grab a palmful of her abundant ass, squeezing the doughy cheek hard enough to leave finger-shaped indents. He used the pliant flesh for leverage as he plunged up into her harder, faster, grunting around her captured nipple with the effort of his deep, pummeling thrusts.

He released her nipple with a wet pop and buried his face between her heaving tits again, licking and kissing his way into her deep, sweat-dampened cleavage. He craned his neck to lap at the silky soft underside of each jiggling mound, his tongue tracing along the fine blue veins and faint stretch marks - evidence of her mature beauty. Her musky, slightly sour taste was intoxicating, the flavor of a real woman.

Suddenly, Lisa's cries increased in pitch and urgency. Her nails raked down her son's back as she bucked and thrashed against him, her pussy clamping rhythmically around his pistoning cock.

"Oh God, Ivan, I'm cumming!" she wailed, her voice choked with pleasure. "Don't stop fucking me."

As Lisa's climax crested, her inner muscles clenched and rippled around her son's plunging cock with almost violent intensity. Her cervix spasmed, the muscular ring fluttering and kissing the head of his shaft with each powerful contraction. Bolts of electric ecstasy shot from the hidden bundle of nerves deep inside her sheath,

radiating out to every nerve ending until her entire body was suffused with mind-numbing bliss.

The special pocket of erectile tissue nestled at the back of her vagina, the epicenter that had ached for so long, now throbbed and pulsed as Ivan's thick cockhead pounded against it relentlessly, finally

giving it the deep, intense stimulation it had craved. The spongy patch swelled and engorged further with each hammering thrust, until it felt like a miniature cock itself, hard and twitching against her son's pistoning shaft.

Lisa could feel her fornices, the sensitive little pockets ringing her cervix, stretching and fluttering as they struggled to accommodate Ivan's girth. The exquisite friction as his veiny length dragged over those tender spots made colors burst behind her eyelids, the pleasure so acute it bordered on pain. Her g-spot felt hugely swollen, protruding into her channel and being stroked firmly with each gliding pass of his sinewy cock, sending tsunami waves of rapture crashing through her.

The sheer size of him, the relentless pace and power of his strokes, was stimulating areas no other man had ever reached, lighting up hidden erogenous zones she didn't even know she possessed until they all exploded in a symphony of ecstasy. Her overstretched tissues burned and tingled, nerve endings sparking like live wires.

The devastating combination of sensations radiating from every secret, intimate place inside her body crescendoed into an earth-shattering climax that went on and on, obliterating the pain as if it had never existed. Lisa sobbed and shook as the pleasure crashed over her in relentless waves, reducing her to a mindless creature of sensation, aware of nothing but the hot, pulsing ecstasy centered in her ravaged core.

As her inner muscles worked Ivan's shaft in fluttering ripples, clenching and releasing in time with the spasms wracking her frame, she could feel a responding throb deep inside her, the head of his cock swelling impossibly larger. His balls drew up tight to his body and with a guttural groan, he erupted, flooding her convulsing sheath with what felt like gallons of molten seed.

Lisa whimpered as she felt the liquid heat of Ivan's cum bathing her cervix, the soothing balm easing the last twinges of discomfort in that throbbing bundle of nerves. Her vaginal walls worked in greedy pulses, milking him for every last drop, instinctively craving his virile essence.

Dan stumbled out of the house in a daze, his mind reeling from the depraved scene he had just witnessed. He drove to work on autopilot, his knuckles white on the steering wheel as he fought against the urge to turn around, to burst into that room and assert his husbandly rights. But the memory of Ivan's massive cock pile-driving in and out of Lisa's eager cunt, the way she had wantonly submitted to their son's perverted demands, stopped him cold.

Lisa, his beautiful wife, the mother of his children, had become a slave to her own son's cock. And Dan had allowed it, had practically gift-wrapped her for Ivan's carnal pleasure, all because he was too weak and ashamed to stand up to the little bastard's blackmail.

Lisa dragged herself through her daily chores, her body still humming from the mind-blowing orgasm Ivan had given her that morning. As she folded laundry and scrubbed dishes, flashes of their illicit coupling seared through her mind - the slick glide of his enormous cock stretching her impossibly full, the electric pleasure sparking from her nipples as he suckled greedily, the blinding ecstasy that had exploded through every cell when she came on his teenage shaft.

Shame and satisfaction warred within her, making her head spin. She shouldn't crave her own son like this, shouldn't be fantasizing about riding him again while she went about her mundane housewifely duties. It was so wrong, so depraved. And yet, her body thrummed with need, the ache between her legs growing sharper with each passing hour.

She resisted the urge to seek Ivan out, to beg him to pound her pain away again. Rationally, she knew she wasn't hurting at the moment, the lingering afterglow of her bone-melting climax still insulating her from the usual agony. But as the day wore on, and Dan and the girls impending arrival home from loomed closer, a sick sort of desperation clawed at her gut.

Almost against her will, Lisa found herself padding down the hallway to Ivan's room, her heart thudding against her ribcage. She slipped inside and quietly shut the door behind her, the click of the latch unnaturally loud in the charged silence.

Ivan looked up from where he lounged on the bed, his eyes darkening with anticipation as they raked over her trembling frame. A knowing smirk curled his lips. "Back for more, mom?"

Lisa flushed hotly, her tongue darting out to wet her suddenly dry lips. "I...I need..." The words stuck in her throat, choking her. What could she possibly say? That she needed her son's huge cock to obliterate her pain again, if only for a little while? That she craved the forbidden pleasure he gave her like a junkie craving a fix?

Ivan's grin widened as he watched her struggle, clearly relishing her shameful desperation. He patted the mattress beside him invitingly. "C'mere, Mom. I'll give you what you need."

Humiliation and relief warred within her as she stumbled forward, already tugging at the hem of her shirt. She pulled it over her head and tossed it aside, then shimmied out of her jeans with unsteady

hands. Her panties and bra quickly followed, until she stood naked and desperate.

Ivan grinned wickedly as he pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it aside, revealing his chiseled abs and broad, muscular chest. His cock strained against the confines of his boxers, the thick outline obscenely prominent. He shoved them down his hips, freeing his

massive erection. It sprang up and slapped against his stomach, flushed a deep, angry purple and pulsing with need.

Lisa's eyes widened as they drank in the sight of her son's huge, throbbing shaft. A shudder worked through her, her cunt clenching with shameful hunger. It seemed to have swollen even larger since that morning, the blood-engorged head flaring to the size of a small apple. Thick veins corded the impressive length, mapping paths she longed to trace with her tongue.

"Let's do it doggy style this time," Ivan purred, stroking himself lazily. "I wanna watch that big ass bounce while I pound this huge cock in you."

Heat flooded Lisa's cheeks at his crude words, but molten arousal pooled in her core. The thought of presenting herself to him like a bitch in heat, letting him mount her from behind and rut into her so deeply...it made her dizzy with want.

Nodding shakily, she climbed onto the bed on all fours, her heavy breasts swaying beneath her. She felt so exposed, so vulnerable in this position, her dripping slit and puckered asshole on lewd display for her son's hungry gaze. Her face burned with humiliation even as her pussy wept with anticipation.

Ivan knelt behind her, grabbing two handfuls of her plush ass cheeks and kneading the abundant flesh. He groaned appreciatively. "Fuck, Mom, your ass is phenomenal. So much jiggle." He punctuated his words with a sharp slap to one wobbling globe.

Lisa yelped, flinching at the sudden sting. But the pain quickly melted into tingling pleasure that shot straight to her clit. Her hips bucked back instinctively, silently begging for more.

Chuckling darkly, Ivan notched the bulbous head of his cock against her slippery folds, rubbing it up and down her slit, bumping her

aching clit. Lisa whimpered, writhing before him, desperate to be filled. With a quick snap of his hips, he drove into her, spearing her open on his thick pole.

"Oh God!" she cried out, back bowing at the sudden invasion. No matter how many times he took her, the sheer size of him, the way he stretched her impossibly wide, never failed to steal her breath.

Lisa's heart pounded as Ivan rammed into her from behind, his hips slapping obscenely against her plump ass with each brutal thrust. She could feel her rounded butt-cheeks rippling and jiggling with the force of his strokes, the abundant flesh bouncing lewdly. The clap of damp skin against skin echoed in her ears, punctuated by their harsh panting and guttural moans.

His massive cock plundered her depths ruthlessly, stroking her aching inner walls and pounding that secret, throbbing spot at her core that made her see stars. The spongy head kissed her cervix with each hammering thrust, sparking bolts of pleasure-pain that radiated out to her fingers and toes. She felt so impossibly full, stuffed to bursting by his steely length and girth.

Ivan slapped her wobbling ass cheek hard, the sharp sting sending electric tingles straight to her clit. She yelped and bucked back against him wildly, impaling herself even harder on his enormous shaft. He groaned his approval, gripping her hips bruisingly as he rutted into her like a beast.

"Fuck yeah, Mom, ride my huge cock," he grunted, punctuating his words with another stinging spank, leaving a red handprint on her

ass-cheek. "Take it deep in that hot cunt."

His filthy encouragement only stoked the flames higher, need pulsing through her veins like a fever. Lisa ground her hips back in desperate circles, working herself on his strong cock as she chased her release.

Her inner muscles rippled and clenched around him, trying to hold him inside her forever.

She could feel her orgasm building with each forceful stroke, her clit throbbing in time to his thrusts. The coil of tension in her core wound tighter and tighter, her nerve endings sizzling, ready to combust. She was mindless with lust, focused only on the exquisite friction of his steely hardness sawing in and out of her swollen, sensitive flesh.

Ivan kept up a relentless rhythm, slamming into her with jackhammering force. His hands roamed over her bouncing ass, squeezing and kneading, occasionally landing a sharp slap that made her clench and mewl. The combination of pleasure and pain was dizzying, intoxicating.

Suddenly, he stopped thrusting, his cock buried to the hilt inside her convulsing sheath. Lisa whined in protest, writhing back against him frantically, desperate for him to move, to finish her. But he held her steady with his hands behind his back.

"That's it, Mom, fuck yourself on my cock," he commanded gruffly, his voice thick with lust. "Show me how much you need it."

Shameless in her need, Lisa did as he demanded, rolling and gyrating her hips wildly as she impaled herself over and over on his on his thick shaft.

Ivan puffed out his muscular chest and smirked down at his mother as she bounced frantically on his jutting cock. His huge shaft stood out from his body like a fleshy battering ram, glistening with her

juices as it speared in and out of her hungry cunt. He planted his hands on his hips, the very picture of male dominance as he let her do all the work, watching her luscious ass-meat bounce and ripple as she impaled herself over and over on his rigid pole.

Lisa's humongous tits quaked and wobbled violently with each wild undulation of her hips, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly. Broken whimpers spilled from her lips as she rode him with almost feral desperation, chasing the devastating orgasm she could feel building in her core. Electric pleasure skittered up her spine with each drag of his steely length against her clutching walls, making her toes curl and her eyes roll back.

She could feel every ridge and vein of his huge, iron-hard cock stroking her inner muscles, hitting secret spots that made colors burst behind her eyelids. The slick squelch of her arousal being churned to froth by his relentless girth filled the room, obscenely loud. Lisa was too far gone to care about the vulgar noises, focused only on the exquisite friction of his massive cock sawing in and out of her swollen, needy flesh.

Her g-spot throbbed almost painfully as the broad head of his dick pounded it with ruthless precision. She ground down harder, faster, feeling the spongy patch start to swell and protrude into her channel, begging for more of that sweet, intense pressure. Ivan's heavy balls slapped against her clit with each frenzied bounce, the delicious sting only stoking the fires higher.

Suddenly, Lisa's entire body seized up, her spine locking as her climax finally crested. A ragged scream tore from her throat as the most intense orgasm of her life slammed into her, exploding through her core like a supernova. Her cunt clamped down on her son's amazing dick in rhythmic spasms, muscles rippling wildly along his penile length.

Fem-cum gushed from her quivering slit, splashing obscenely against Ivan's pumping shaft and dribbling down her quivering thighs. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her face contorting in a rictus of agonized ecstasy as shockwave after shockwave of devastating pleasure racked her convulsing frame.

"Oh shit," Ivan sighed as he watched with a cocky grin as his mom pounded the fem-cum out of herself on his huge cock, a savage sense of male pride surging through him. He loved seeing her lose control like this, turning her into his personal fucktoy. He let her ride out her climax, her slick inner muscles massaging his aching shaft deliciously.

With a feral growl, Ivan suddenly pulled out of her still-fluttering sheath, his bobbing cock dripping wet.

Before Lisa could even whimper at the loss, he grabbed her by the hips and hoisted her up, slamming her back against his wall. She instinctively wrapped her trembling legs around his waist, clinging to his broad shoulders for support as the room spun dizzily.

"You like getting fucked hard, don't you Mom?" he panted against her neck, nipping at her sweat-dampened skin.

"Yes," the mother hissed, keening helplessly as he notched his fat cockhead back at her entrance and surged forward, spearing into her over-sensitized cunt in one brutal stroke. Her eyes rolled back, a hoarse cry ripping from her throat as he stretched her impossibly full again, gravity driving him even deeper than before.

The new position put intense pressure on her swollen g-spot and throbbing cervix. Sparks of rapture burst behind her tightly clenched eyelids as Ivan started up a relentless fuck-pace, using the wall for leverage as he pounded into her, grunting savagely with each snap of his hips. His pelvis ground mercilessly against her aching clit, sending electric shockwaves zipping through her ravaged nerve endings.

Lisa's nails scrabbled at his sweat-slicked back, her fingers sinking into the taut muscles as she hung on for dear life. Her heavy tits bounced wildly, slapping against his chest as he fucked into her like a teenager possessed. She felt delirious with pleasure, almost

frightened by the intensity of sensation radiating from her core, as if he were trying to split her in half with his massive cock.

"Fuck, fuck, FUCK!" she chanted mindlessly, reduced to animalistic cries as he jackhammered into her, the wet slap of flesh on flesh obscenely loud in the frenzied quiet of the room.

Ivan snarled, his fingers clawing at the meat of her ass - his rhythm growing erratic as his own release barreled down on him. "Gonna...fucking...breed you..." he bit out between clenched teeth, his fingers digging bruisingly into the globes of her ass. "Pump you full of my fucking cum..."

Something about his degrading words, the thought of her own son ejaculating deep inside her unprotected womb, sent Lisa hurtling over the edge again. Her cunt seized around him in vicious spasms, muscles rippling wildly along his driving length. A silent scream tore from her raw throat as she came harder than she ever had in her life, seeing stars, her whole body convulsing uncontrollably.

Lisa heard her son grunt like an animal and felt every hot spurt, every pulsing jet as he emptied himself inside her, filling her to overflowing. It felt like he was hosing her down, saturating her innermost recesses with his virile essence. Her greedy sheath rippled and milked him, working in fluttering pulses to draw out every last drop.

Ivan groaned long and low, his fingers bruising on her hips as his cock jerked and throbbed, pumping what felt like gallons of cum directly into her hungry womb. The sheer volume was staggering, far more than she'd ever taken from Dan. Her teenage son was so

potent, so rampantly fertile, and he was pouring all of that carnal vitality into her unprotected depths.

Even through the fog of her climax, some distant part of Lisa knew she should be horrified, sickened by her own wanton depravity in

letting her child inseminate her so thoroughly. The idea of his sperm swimming in her belly, seeking out her egg, should have made her recoil in disgust. But in that moment, she felt only a perverse thrill, a deep, visceral satisfaction at being so wholly claimed and marked by him.

Her pussy clenched and rippled, instinctively trying to hold his load inside, to give his seed the best chance of taking root. She wanted it, craved his hot cum painting her womb, no matter how wrong it was. The taboo of it, the sick illicitness, only made her clench harder, drawing him impossibly deeper.

As his climax finally ebbed, Ivan slumped against her, his chest heaving. Lisa clung to him, her thighs quivering where they bracketed his hips, her heart galloping against her ribs. She felt utterly wrecked, devastated in the most delicious way. Her body still pulsed and twitched with the aftershocks of her cataclysmic orgasm, little sparks of electricity dancing along her nerve endings.

The relief was staggering, the absence of pain a blessed reprieve after so long. She knew it was temporary, that the ache would return all too soon, demanding to be fucked away again. But for now, she basked in the sated lassitude weighing down her limbs, the dreamy endorphin high fogging her mind.

The following day, Lisa squirmed in the hard plastic chair beside Dan, unable to meet Dr. Larsen's probing gaze. Her face burned with shame as she stumbled through an awkward explanation of how a "substitute" for her husband had been providing the deep vaginal stimulation she needed for pain relief. The clinical words felt like acid

on her tongue, a stark contrast to the filthy reality of letting her own son pound her into oblivion.

Dan sat rigidly beside her, his jaw clenched so tightly she could see a vein throbbing in his temple. Humiliation rolled off him in waves, making the small exam room feel suffocating. Lisa's stomach churned with guilt, knowing how devastating this must be for him to hear, to have their shameful arrangement laid bare.

Dr. Larsen listened intently, her expression carefully neutral even as her eyes widened slightly. If she was shocked or disturbed by Lisa's admission, she hid it well. She nodded slowly as Lisa trailed off into miserable silence.

"Well, I'm glad you've found a solution that works for you, Lisa," the doctor said evenly. "I know this isn't conventional, but your health and quality of life are the priorities here."

Lisa swallowed hard around the lump in her throat, nodding stiffly. It was surreal to have their depravity validated by a medical professional, to have her incestuous affair with Ivan reduced to a mere "unconventional treatment."

Dr. Larsen tapped her pen against the chart. "Based on what you've told me, I'm going to write you a prescription for intercourse twice daily, with a follow up appointment in two months to assess your progress. How does that sound?"

Twice daily. The words echoed in Lisa's head, making her lightheaded. The doctor was literally ordering her to fuck her teenage son at least two times a day. To submit to his huge cock pounding her pain away on a rigid schedule. It was so clinical, so matter-of-fact. As if she were being prescribed antibiotics instead of incest.

Lisa could only nod mutely, not trusting herself to speak. Dr. Larsen smiled reassuringly and stood, handing her the prescription slip. "I

know this isn't easy," she stated, flashing a quick look of pity Dan's way, "but you're doing the right thing for your health, Lisa. Stay strong."

The paper felt heavy in Lisa's numb fingers as she followed her husband out of the office, the words "Sexual Intercourse 2x Daily" searing into her brain.

The drive home from the doctor's office was tense and awkward. Lisa kept her gaze fixed out the passenger window, not daring to look at Dan. Shame and guilt churned in her stomach as she clutched the prescription slip, the damning words seeming to burn through the paper.

As Dan pulled into their driveway and killed the engine, Lisa finally forced herself to face him. "I know this is little consolation, but… thank you, honey," she said quietly, her voice cracking slightly. "For being so supportive through all of this. I know it can't be easy."

Dan's jaw clenched and he stared straight ahead through the windshield. "It's not easy," he admitted tightly. "I wish to God there was another way, that I could be the one to give you what you need. But I can't." Anguish threaded his voice.

Lisa's heart twisted painfully in her chest. She reached over and laid a tentative hand on his thigh. "I'm sorry," she whispered, "that it has to be like this. That I need...our son…inside me."

Dan exhaled heavily through his nose and covered her hand with his own, squeezing gently. "Speaking of that. I do miss it you know? Being inside you."

Guilt squeezed Lisa's lungs, making it hard to breathe. It was true - they hadn't made love in nearly a week, not since she'd started relying on Ivan for her treatments.

"Maybe...maybe sometime in the near future we could make love again," she offered weakly, the words sounding hollow even to her own ears. "It's just that...what if it triggers the pain again? What if I

can't...finish...without..." She trailed off, unable to complete the awful thought.

Dan flinched, his fingers tightening around hers before he abruptly pulled away. "Right. Of course. We wouldn't wanna jeopardize your health." His voice was flat, defeated.

Lisa's stomach bottomed out as he got out of the car, slamming the door behind him. She watched him stalk into the house, his shoulders rigid with tension. Tears pricked at the backs of her eyes. She hated hurting him like this, hated the wedge she could feel driving between them with each passing day.

But what choice did she have? Her body craved the deep, powerful release only Ivan could give her. The prescription in her hand was proof of that, a medical mandate for her perverted dependency on her teenage son.

That evening, Lisa dutifully followed Dr. Larsen's prescription, submitting to Ivan's carnal desires for nearly two hours while Dan and their daughter watched a movie downstairs. But this coupling was different than their previous animalistic rutting sessions. A new sense of intimacy, of forbidden tenderness, colored their illicit acts.

Lisa found herself kissing and suckling Ivan's lean, muscular body with a reverence that went beyond mere lust. She laved her tongue along the ridges of his abs, relishing the salty tang of his skin, the way his muscles jumped and twitched beneath her ardent mouth. She took her time, mapping every inch of his virile young physique with lips and teeth and fingertips, determined to worship him in all the ways a mother shouldn't.

When she finally took his huge cock between her lips, it was with a moan of pure bliss. She loved the way he stretched her jaw, the heavy weight of him on her tongue as she slurped and suckled his

throbbing length. The musky, slightly bitter essence of his arousal flooded her senses, making her dizzy with taboo need.

Ivan's hands fisted in her hair as she bobbed up and down his straining shaft, his guttural groans of pleasure spurring her on. She took him deeper, fighting her gag reflex, driven by a desperate urge to consume him, to fuse his flesh with her own.

When he finally pulled her off and flipped her onto her back, Lisa was more than ready, aching and empty and so slick it was obscene. But instead of spearing into her straight away, Ivan surprised her by sealing his mouth over hers in a searing kiss.

Their tongues tangled and writhed, slick and fevered, as they breathed each other's air. Lisa whimpered into the hot cavern of his mouth, overwhelmed by the intensity of it, the filthy eroticism of French kissing her own son. It was so wrong, so depraved, but she couldn't get enough, sucking wantonly on his thrusting tongue, tasting herself on his lips.

Ivan's hands roamed her body possessively as they made out like horny teenagers, squeezing and groping, stoking the inferno raging under her skin. His touch was electric, setting off sparks that danced along her nerve endings and gathered in a molten pool low in her belly.

When he finally reached between her splayed thighs and notched the broad head of his cock against her weeping entrance, Lisa thought she might die from the anticipation. She clutched at his shoulders, nails biting into taut flesh, urging him on with the desperate roll of her hips.

"Please," she panted against his slick lips. "I need you inside me. I need you so bad it hurts."

With a low growl, Ivan surged forward, sheathing himself to the hilt in her slick heat.

Ivan's massive cock rammed into her with savage force, stretching and filling her so completely that Lisa saw stars. She clung to him desperately as he pounded her into the mattress, her body writhing and undulating beneath his punishing thrusts.

"Oh God, yes, fuck me harder," she heard herself babble incoherently, too far gone to care how she sounded, how utterly wanton and debased. All that mattered was the exquisite friction of his steely shaft sawing in and out of her swollen, throbbing flesh, stoking the inferno blazing through her veins.

Ivan snarled above her like a feral beast, his hips crashing against hers with bruising force as he rutted into her. Lisa's body jolted with each hammering impact, her heavy breasts bouncing wildly. Brutal ecstasy radiated from her ravaged core as he nailed that magic spot deep inside with ruthless precision, making colors burst behind her tightly clenched eyelids.

Her legs fell open wider, heels digging into the meat of his churning ass as she struggled to take him even deeper. The wet, obscene squelch of her juices being churned to froth filled the room, punctuated by their animalistic grunts and moans. Lisa's head thrashed on the pillow, damp tendrils of hair clinging to her flushed, sweat-slicked face.

"Gonna...fucking...breed this tight cunt," Ivan bit out savagely between clenched teeth, punctuating each word with a devastating thrust. "Pump you so full of cum..."

The degrading promise sent Lisa hurtling over the edge, her spine arching like a bow as a violent orgasm crashed through her.

Convulsions racked her body, her swollen pussy clamping down on Ivan's pistoning cock in vicious spasms, muscles rippling wildly along

his length. A silent scream tore from her raw throat as wave after wave of searing bliss radiated from her erupting core, obliterating every thought and sensation beyond the feeling of her son's virile cock pounding the cum out of her.

Her limbs thrashed and flailed uncontrollably, nearly bucking her boy off as the force of her climax seized her. He grunted and tightened his bruising grip on her juddering hips, slamming into her wildly writhing body with renewed vigor even as he struggled to hang on. A twisted grin split his face as he watched his mother unravel beneath him, her body wracked with spasms of agonized ecstasy.

"That's it, Mom, fucking take it," he growled, eyes glazed with lust and savage male pride. "Cum on my big cock."

Lisa suddenly rolled them over, straddling Ivan's hips as she kissed him with fierce desperation. Her tongue plunged into his mouth, tangling wetly with his own as she ground her sopping pussy against his still-hard cock. The feel of him throbbing against her swollen folds made her dizzy with need, every nerve ending electrified and screaming for more.

She reached between their sweat-slicked bodies and grasped his steely shaft, notching the broad head against her weeping entrance. With a guttural moan, she sank down on him, taking every thick inch in one smooth glide until she was fully impaled. The stretch and burn as he split her open yet again took her breath away, her inner muscles clenching greedily around his girth.

Lisa braced her hands on Ivan's sculpted chest and started to move, rolling her hips in sinuous circles as she rode him hard and fast. The delicious drag of his veiny cock against her sensitive walls made her toes curl, bolts of electricity zinging up her spine. She threw her

head back and keened, losing herself in the intoxicating rhythm, in the obscene slap of her flesh against his.

"Fuck, Mom, you're so goddamn tight," Ivan groaned beneath her, the muscles in his neck straining as he fought not to cum.

His degrading praise only spurred Lisa on, a thrill shivering through her. She wanted to prove what a good little mommy slut she was, how well she could milk his cock. She clenched her inner muscles rhythmically, rippling along his length like a fist as she bucked and bounced in his lap.

Leaning forward, she crushed her heavy tits against his chest, the sensitive tips scraping deliciously against his hair-roughened skin. Her clit ground against his pubic bone with each frantic gyration, the bundle of nerves throbbing and sparking. She felt delirious with pleasure, drunk on the feeling of her son's massive cock pumping in and out of her, driving her to new heights of ecstasy.

Without breaking rhythm, Lisa claimed Ivan's mouth in another searing kiss, panting harshly against his lips. She thrust her tongue into the wet heat of his mouth, fucking it in time to the bobbing, humping motion of her sweaty rounded ass. It was filthy and wrong, but she couldn't get enough, greedy for every depraved sensation.

Ivan's hands roamed feverishly over her writhing body, squeezing and kneading her ass, skimming up her sweat-slicked back to tangle in her hair. He tugged her head back and attacked her throat with sharp teeth and suckling kisses, marking her as his. Lisa whimpered and clenched around him, pushing back into his ruthless grip, craving his domination even as she rode him wildly.

Lisa's entire body seized up as her second orgasm finally crested, every muscle locking tight. A hoarse cry ripped from her throat as the most intense pleasure she'd ever experienced slammed into her like a freight train, radiating out from her rippling core. Her cunt clenched rhythmically around Ivan's pumping cock, rippling along his

length as a flood of liquid heat gushed from her depths, soaking them both.

In that same instant, Ivan threw his head back with an animalistic roar, his fingers digging bruises into her churning hips as his own climax overtook him. Lisa felt his cock swell impossibly larger inside her before it erupted, painting her clutching sheath with what seemed like endless ropes of molten seed. Jet after scorching jet pulsed into her, soothing the aching depths of her womb.

As their orgasms peaked in perfect unison, something extraordinary happened. A blinding white light exploded behind Lisa's tightly clenched eyelids and she felt herself being ripped from reality. It was as if their joined bodies were hurtling through time and space, ascending to some higher plane of pure ecstasy. Every nerve ending, every cell, vibrated with rapture, their physical forms dissolving until there was nothing but searing bliss.

Lisa clung to Ivan desperately as the surreal sensations crashed over her in relentless waves. She had no sense of up or down, no awareness of anything beyond the feeling of her son pulsing inside her, fusing them into one entity. Their heartbeats thundered in sync, their ragged breaths intermingling as jolts of electricity crackled along their skin.

She didn't know how long they floated in that magical dimension, lost to everything but each other and the transcendent pleasure binding their bodies and souls. It could have been mere seconds or a blissful eternity. All Lisa knew was that in that suspended moment, she had never felt so complete, so utterly connected to another human being. It was as if she and Ivan had become one perfect creature, melded in the crucible of ultimate rapture.

Gradually, reality filtered back in and Lisa became aware of her physical body once more. She was slumped bonelessly on top of her gasping son, his softening cock still buried deep inside her drenched

channel. Their sweat-slicked skin clung together as their chests heaved in tandem, struggling to draw air into burning lungs.

Aftershocks zinged through her nerve endings, little sparks and twitches that made her clench weakly around him.

With a shaky exhale, Lisa forced her leaden eyelids open. She found Ivan watching her with a dazed, wondering expression that she knew mirrored her own. A slow, sated smile curved his well-kissed lips and he reached up to brush a few strands of damp hair off her flushed face with tender fingers.

"That was..." he started, then she cut him off.

"Transcendent," she sighed.

"Yeah, that," he agreed, not sure what it meant but it certainly sounded like a word that captured their experience.

With the rest of the family out of the house, Dan's heart pounded as he crept into Ivan's room the next day. His fingers shook as he rifled through dresser drawers and lifted the mattress, searching desperately for the lockbox full of photos that had become both his tormentor and his only hope. Sweat gathered at his hairline and trickled down his neck, the musty scent of his wife and son's vigorous sexual sessions filling his nostrils.

There! Wedged behind the headboard, the rusted metal corner of the box peeked out. Dan's stomach lurched as he pried it free with trembling hands. This was it, the key to ending this nightmare once and for all. Ivan had been careless, cocky in his belief that he had Dan completely under his thumb. But he'd underestimated the desperation of a man watching his marriage crumble before his eyes.

The lock gave way easily under his crowbar, the contents spilling out onto the rumpled bedspread. Dan's breath caught in his chest as he

stared down at the damning photos, the images seared into his brain.

With shaking fingers, he gathered them up and carried them to the kitchen.

He stood over the sink, chest heaving, as he fed the polaroids into the garbage disposal one by one. The machine groaned and sputtered as it chewed up the evidence of his sordid past, the sound impossibly loud in the empty house. He imagined he could hear Ivan's hold over him being obliterated too, the chains of his blackmail snapping link by link.

When the last photo disappeared into the churning blades, Dan sagged against the counter, eyes burning. It was over. The sick game his teenage son had been playing, the twisted manipulation that had poisoned his family...it ended now. Ivan no longer had any leverage, any power. Dan was finally free.

Dan drove down to the park where he knew Ivan was playing basketball, his knuckles white on the steering wheel. Anger and determination coursed through him, steeling his resolve. He was going to put an end to this sick arrangement once and for all.

Ivan was laughing and horsing around with his buddies when Dan approached, the carefree sounds grating on his frayed nerves. He cleared his throat loudly, causing Ivan to turn. The mocking grin that split his son's face when he saw him made Dan's blood boil.

"What's up, Dad?" Ivan asked, sauntering over. "Here to cheer me on?"

Dan gritted his teeth, barely restraining himself from wiping that smug look off the boy's face with his fist. "We need to talk. Now."

Something in his tone must have penetrated Ivan's bravado, because his smile faltered slightly. He shrugged and followed Dan to a

secluded picnic table, out of earshot of his friends.

"What's got your panties in a twist?" Ivan drawled as he sprawled on the bench.

Dan leaned forward, his eyes burning into his son's. "It's over, Ivan. Your sick little game, your blackmail. It ends now."

Ivan's brows shot up. "Oh yeah? And how exactly do you figure that?"

"I found the lockbox behind your headboard. The photos. And I destroyed them." Dan felt a vicious thrill as he watched the color drain from Ivan's face. "You don't have any more leverage over me. This disgusting 'arrangement' with your mother is done."

For a moment, Ivan looked stricken, his mouth opening and closing soundlessly. But then a sly, ugly smirk twisted his lips. "You sure you wanna do that, Dad? Cut Mom off from her...treatments?"

Dan's stomach clenched, but he forced himself to keep his voice steady. "It's not right, what you're doing to her. Preying on her pain for your own twisted satisfaction. She'll understand that it has to stop."

Ivan barked a harsh laugh. "Will she though? Because from where I'm standing, Mom needs my cock. Craves it. You really think she'll be happy to hear that you're denying her the only relief she's found?"

Bile rose in Dan's throat at the crude words, the insinuation behind them. He knew Lisa had grown dependent on Ivan's depraved ministrations, that she'd come to rely on their son to ease her suffering. The thought of destroying her fragile peace, of watching her deteriorate back into that shell of agony...it made his heart constrict.

Ivan leaned forward, his eyes glinting with cruel amusement. "You think you can just pull the plug now? After Mom's had a taste of what

real pleasure feels like? What it's like to finally be free from that constant agony?"

Dan's stomach churned, his fists clenching at his sides. He wanted to lash out, to wipe that smug look off his son's face. But Ivan's words wormed their way into his brain, insidious and mocking.

"She's hooked on it now, Dad. Addicted to the way I make her cum so hard she forgets her own name. The way I pound that pain right out of her." Ivan's voice dripped with obscene relish. "You really think she'll thank you for taking that away? For condemning her back to a life of misery just to soothe your ego?"

Revulsion shuddered through Dan. He wanted to deny it, to believe that Lisa would choose him, their marriage vows, over the twisted relief Ivan provided. But even as the protest formed on his tongue, it turned to ashes.

Because he'd seen the blissed out look on his wife's face after her 'sessions' with their son. The way she'd practically glowed, her eyes sparkling, her limbs loose and languid like they hadn't been in years. Could he really snatch that away from her? Watch the life drain from her eyes, the pain creep back in, knowing he was the cause?

Ivan smirked, triumph already curling his lips as he watched the indecision play across Dan's face. "Face it, Dad. I'm the only one who can give Mom what she really needs now. What she craves. You take that away, and she'll resent you forever. Is that what you want?"

Dan's shoulders slumped, all the fight draining out of him. As much as it killed him to admit it, Ivan was right. He was trapped in a

nightmare of his own making, and there was no escape. Not without destroying Lisa in the process.

In the coming weeks, the daily fuck-sessions between Lisa and Ivan continued, just as the doctor prescribed. Twice a day, every day, Ivan plowed into his mom's aching cunt, pounding her into oblivion until the pain was obliterated by mind-shattering orgasms. It became routine, almost clinical in its regularity, yet no less intensely pleasurable each time.

Lisa found herself growing more and more dependent on her son's huge cock. She craved it constantly, her body humming with need until he filled her up again, stretching her deliciously. The shame still burned, but it was eclipsed by the all-consuming relief, the pure ecstasy she could only find impaled on Ivan's thick shaft.

As the weeks passed, the prescribed twice daily sessions started to feel inadequate to keep the ache at bay. Lisa's pussy throbbed and burned, demanding her son's cock more frequently. She tried to ignore it at first, gritting her teeth against the discomfort, the gnawing emptiness. But finally, she couldn't take it anymore.

At her next doctor's appointment, Lisa found herself lying, telling Dr. Larsen that the pain was creeping back in, that she needed more frequent treatments. The doctor frowned but nodded, scribbling out a new prescription. "Intercourse three times daily until your next visit. We'll reassess then."

Lisa's cheeks burned with mingled shame and anticipation as she clutched the slip of paper. She knew it was wrong, manipulating the situation to get more of Ivan's addictive cock. But she was desperate for it, aching to be filled to bursting over and over.

Dan was less than thrilled with the new development, his jaw tightening as Lisa hesitantly told him about the increased prescription. "Three times a day? Christ, Lisa..."

She saw the hurt and anger in his eyes, the unspoken accusation. That she was taking things too far, losing herself to this twisted

need. But he didn't voice it aloud, just sighed in resignation and looked away. There was nothing more to say.

Ivan, on the other hand, was ecstatic at the news. His cock practically sprang to attention when Lisa informed him, a lewd grin splitting his face. "Hear that, Mom? Doctor's orders. Gotta keep this hungry pussy stuffed full of dick."

He grabbed her possessively, already tugging at her clothes. Lisa shivered, her exhausted cunt clenching weakly. It had only been an hour since their last session, but her son's enthusiasm was contagious, reigniting the embers of need banked low in her core.

And so it went - Ivan pounding her cunt three times a day like clockwork, reducing her to a writhing, mewling mess. Her entire world narrowed down to the feeling of her son's massive cock splitting her open, fusing their flesh, driving her to peaks of rapture she hadn't known existed.

Life in the Jackson household continued on with a veneer of normalcy, the daily routines and rhythms unchanged on the surface. Breakfast was made, the kids were shuffled off to school, Dan left for work. Lisa went through the motions of laundry and errands and meal prep as she always had, a freshly-fucked smile plastered on her face.

But behind closed doors, everything had changed. Her body was no longer her own, her holes now the property of her teenage son to use as he saw fit. Three times a day like clockwork, Ivan would find her, bend her over the nearest surface, and take what was his. In the laundry room, in the kitchen, on the living room sofa - nowhere was sacred as long as they were home alone. His huge cock would split her open, pounding into her sore, ravaged cunt with ruthless intensity until she was reduced to a quivering, mewling mess.

Sometimes he wanted more, his teenage libido insatiable. He would keep her in bed for hours, plowing into her over and over until her sheets were soaked with sweat and her thighs were slick with their combined juices. Lisa lost count of her orgasms, the pleasure-pain blurring into a haze of mindless ecstasy.

She found herself craving it constantly, always aching to be stretched and filled by her son's thick meat. She delighted in sucking on him, getting his shaft hard and wet with saliva – ready to plow her needy depths. When he was in her, the pain disappeared, obliterated by the feel of him pulsing deep in her core. She was addicted to it, to him, a junkie desperate for her next fix.

Yet still she played the role of devoted wife and mother, helping with homework and fixing dinner, pretending everything was fine. Even as Ivan's cum leaked from her freshly fucked hole, even as the ache returned, the need to be split open, to feel that big dick in her womb again, gnawing at her.

Weeks turned into months, and soon the swell of Lisa's belly could no longer be ignored. The looks that passed between her and Ivan held a dark, knowing gleam, even as Dan steadfastly pretended not to notice. He threw himself into the role of doting father-to-be, accompanying Lisa to doctor's appointments, poring over name books, converting the guest room into a nursery.

But the charade rang hollow. They all knew the truth, the unspoken reality that hung over the household like a shadow. This baby, the child growing in Lisa's womb, was no baby of Dan's. It was the product of her illicit union with their teenage son, the proof of their unholy bond made flesh.

So she smiled and nodded and let him paint the nursery, all the while feeling the baby kick and turn inside her, a constant reminder of her

betrayal. Ivan would catch her eye in those moments, a secretive smirk playing about their lips.

Her son's cock still pounded into her three times a day without fail, even throughout her pregnancy - doctor's orders. Dan could often hear the rhythmic slap of flesh and the animalistic grunts and moans through the thin walls. But he never said a word, just retreated further into himself, into his willful delusion.

Lisa couldn't bear to compound his humiliation further by making love to him. The one time he tried to initiate sex, sliding a tentative hand up her thigh in the dark of their bedroom, she flinched away as if burned, mumbling excuses. The hurt in his eyes, quickly shuttered away, had pierced her to the core. But the thought of him touching her, trying to stake his claim on her defiled body, made her stomach turn.

So she offered placating kisses, chaste pecks on the cheek or forehead, even as Ivan's baby grew her womb. She cuddled into his side on the couch, let him stroke her hair as they watched TV, all the while anticipating the feel of their son's cock moving inside her.

Only with Ivan did she feel whole, complete. When he was buried inside her cunt, his huge cock pulsing in her depths, everything else fell away. The pain, the guilt, the sham of her marriage. In those moments, they were the only two people in the world, fused together in blissful sin. Ivan was her cure.

THE END

276: Mom's Panty Exchange part1

Mom's Panty Exchange

By Klrxo

Page walked into her bedroom, still dripping from the shower, and froze in shock. There was her 18-year-old brother Oliver, holding her lacy pink panties up to his face and inhaling deeply. "Oh my god, you pervert!" Page shrieked.

Oliver jumped and dropped the panties, his face turning beet red, even as the ripe aroma of his sister's 19-year-old cunt still lingered.

Page tightened the robe around her meaty triple-d's and ran out of the room. "Mom!" she yelled as she dashed down the stairs. "Oliver is being a total fucking creep! I caught him sniffing my panties!"

Their mother Sloane came out of the kitchen, a concerned look on her face. "He was doing what? Oliver, get down here this instant!"

Oliver skulked down the stairs, unable to make eye contact with either of them. "Care to explain yourself, young man?" Sloane asked sternly, hands on her hips.

Sloane was like a living reflection of her 19-year-old daughter, a more mature version whose similarities were so striking that only the most discerning could tell them apart from afar. Yet, the differences were undeniable: Page had a modest figure, while Sloane boasted a voluptuous silhouette that defied logic. Her voluptuous curves were

a testament to time and nature, with a gravity-defying bubble butt and outrageously oversized breasts that demanded attention and admiration.

Sloane's hourglass figure seemed almost cartoonish, like she had stepped out of the pages of one of Oliver's comic books. Her ridiculously tiny waist flared out to impossibly wide hips that stretched her pencil

skirt to its limits. Above, her white blouse struggled to contain her massive, jutting tits that threatened to spill out with each breath. Oliver couldn't help but stare slack-jawed at his mother's unreal body.

"Well? I'm waiting," Sloane said impatiently, tapping her foot. The motion made her huge rack bounce and sway hypnotically.

"I...I don't know," Oliver mumbled, his face flushed with shame and arousal. "I guess I was just...curious."

"Curious?! About your own sister's panties?!" Page screeched. "Really, Oliver?"

Page glared at him in disgust. "You're such a fucking perv! Wait until Dad hears about this." Her unfettered boobies bobbled beneath her robe as she stormed back upstairs on bare feet and slammed her bedroom door.

Sloane frowned at her son, shaking her head in disappointment. "We'll discuss your punishment later. Go to your room and think about what you've done."

Still bright red, Oliver hurried to his room without another word.

Sloane sighed heavily. "Teenagers," she uttered to herself with a roll of her eyes.

Later that evening, Sloane entered the master bedroom, her globular ass-meat undulating atop her sexy legs beneath snug booty shorts. Her husband Greg was sitting up in bed, reading a book. He glanced up as she approached.

"I spoke with Oliver," Sloane said, perching on the edge of the bed. "He's very embarrassed and ashamed about what happened."

Greg's brow furrowed. "As he should be! Sniffing his sister's underwear, I mean really. The boy needs a serious punishment to make sure this never happens again."

"Now hold on," Sloane said, placing a hand on her husband's arm. "Yes, what he did was inappropriate. But he's 18, his hormones are raging. I seem to recall a certain someone getting caught with his sister's bra when he was that age..." She raised an eyebrow pointedly.

A slight flush crept into Greg's cheeks. "That was different," he muttered.

"Was it? Boys that age are curious. They can't help themselves sometimes." Sloane's hand slid up his arm. "I'll handle Oliver's punishment, don't you worry. A stern talking-to and some extra chores ought to set him straight."

Greg sighed but nodded. "Alright, I'll leave it to you then."

Sloane smiled and leaned in to kiss him. "Thank you, honey. I'll make sure our little panty sniffer learns his lesson."

The next day, Oliver stumbled through the front door, his entire frame weighed down by a crushing wave of despair. His shoulders sagged like a wilting flower as Sloane glanced up from the laundry she was folding on the couch. "What's wrong, sweetie?" she asked, her voice heavy with deep, maternal worry.

"Everyone at school knows about... you know, the panty thing," Oliver muttered, his words barely escaping his mouth as his cheeks burned with humiliation.

"What?! How?" Sloane exclaimed.

"How do you think, Mom? Page couldn't keep her mouth shut. Now the guys are pelting me with jokes, and the girls are staring at me like I'm some kind of pervert. I'll never get a date now," he lamented, his head falling forward under the weight of his shame.

"Oh honey," Sloane cooed, standing up and enveloping him in a warm hug. She pulled his head against her warm, giant breasts, nuzzling him. "Don't you worry about those stupid kids at school. This will all blow over before you know it."

Oliver couldn't help but be comforted by the soft, pillowy embrace of his mother's tit-melons. He breathed in her familiar scent and felt some of the tension leave his body. "You really think so?" he asked, his voice slightly muffled.

"I know so," Sloane assured him, stroking his hair. "And any girl who doesn't wanna date you because of some silly mistake isn't worth your time anyway. You're a handsome, sweet boy. The right girl will see that."

Despite herself, Sloane felt a traitorous throb between her legs as she held her son close, his face buried in her ample bosom. She tried to ignore the way her vaginal walls clenched involuntarily, a gush of hot secretions smoldering from her tightly furled sex. Her engorged clitoris pulsed beneath its protective hood, swelling with forbidden arousal.

What was wrong with her, getting turned on by hugging her own son? It had to be because she hadn't gotten laid in days, Sloane told herself. Greg had been so busy and tired from work lately. That had

to be why her body was reacting this way, aching to be fucked. It didn't mean anything...

Sloane quickly released her boy from the embrace, holding him at arm's length. She forced a bright smile. "Why don't you go get started on your homework, sweetie? I'll make your favorite dinner tonight, how's that sound? Chicken parmesan?"

"Okay Mom, thanks," Oliver said with a small smile, seeming comforted by her reassurance and back to his usual self again. He turned and headed to his room.

Sloane exhaled shakily once he was out of sight. She squeezed her thighs together, trying to quell the incessant throbbing in her core. This was so wrong. She was a married woman, fantasizing about her teenage son! What kind of mother did that make her?

No, she refused to entertain such inappropriate thoughts a moment longer. Sloane marched to the master bathroom, stripped off her clothes, and got into the shower. She turned the water on cold, gasping as the chilly spray hit her overheated skin.

But even the frigid water sluicing over her heavy-breasted body couldn't seem to calm the fire burning low in her belly. Images of Oliver's handsome face pressed against her breasts flashed through Sloane's mind. Her fat nipples hardened into aching peaks. A whimper escaped her throat as she imagined him suckling her, teasing her...

"No!" Sloane cried out loud, smacking the tile wall with her palm. She wouldn't allow herself to think that way. Resolutely, she snatched up the soap and began vigorously washing herself, trying to scrub away the shame of her illicit desire.

The following week, Oliver nervously approached Emily, a cute girl from his English class who always seemed to smile at him in the

halls. He had been crushing on her for months and finally worked up the nerve to ask her to prom.

"Hey Emily," he said, fidgeting as he stood by her locker. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, what's up?" she replied, her eyes kind.

"Well, I was wondering... would you maybe wanna go to prom with me?" Oliver held his breath, his heart pounding.

But to his dismay, Emily's smile faded. She bit her lip and looked away. "Oh wow, um... I'm really flattered, Oliver. But I actually already have a date."

His heart sank. "Oh. Okay, no problem," he mumbled, starting to turn away.

"And honestly," Emily added, lowering her voice. "I don't think we should go together anyway. I heard about you sniffing your sister's panties. I'm sorry, but I don't want people thinking I'm into someone who does stuff like that. I hope you understand."

Oliver's face burned with fresh humiliation. Of course she had heard. Everyone had. "Yeah, I get it," he said tightly. "See you around."

He walked away quickly, fighting back tears. Rejected again, all because of one stupid mistake. Would he ever live it down?

Oliver arrived home in a dismal state. He walked through the front door with slumped shoulders and a hanging head. Sloane immediately noticed her son's demeanor and rushed over.

"Sweetie, what's wrong?" she asked, enfolding him in her soft, comforting embrace once again. Oliver buried his face between her huge breasts, finding solace in her warmth.

"I asked Emily to prom," he said, his words muffled against her cleavage. "She said no. Because she heard about me and Page's underwear. She doesn't want people thinking she likes a pervert." His voice cracked on the last word.

"Oh, my poor baby," Sloane soothed, stroking his hair and holding him tighter against her pillowy chest. "I'm so sorry. That girl doesn't know what she's missing. You made an embarrassing mistake, but that doesn't define you."

She guided Oliver over to the couch and sat down, pulling him down to lay his head in her lap. "Listen to me," she said firmly. "You are an amazing young man. You're kind, smart, handsome... any girl would be lucky to have you. Forget Emily. Forget all those small-minded kids at your school. You are so much better than that."

Oliver sniffled and gazed up at his mother with wet, grateful eyes, trying his best to ignore her ballooning juggernauts. "You really mean that?"

"Of course I do," Sloane said emphatically. "I will always be here for you, no matter what. You're my special boy."

She cuddled him closer, letting him take comfort in her soft, pillowy breasts.

As Sloane held her son close, cradling his head against her perfumed tits, a sudden forbidden image flashed unbidden through her mind. She pictured Oliver's hard, throbbing cock straining through the thin fabric of a pair of lacy panties, the delicate material stretched taut over his engorged flesh.

It was like she was tucked inside the panties, watching as Oliver rubbed the lacy fabric over his erection frantically, groaning with need. The flimsy cloth became damp with his pre-cum as his cockhead poked obscenely through the sheer lace. He thrust his hips

faster and faster, fucking his aching dick through the gossamer panties.

With a strangled cry, Oliver exploded, his cock pulsing and jerking as thick ropes of hot semen burst from the dilated slit of his bulbous knob. Creamy jizz soaked through the panties, turning the pale pink fabric a lewd, translucent white. The panty pouch sagged with the weight of his massive load, clinging wetly to his still-twitching shaft.

Sloane shuddered with illicit arousal, a fresh flood of moisture soaking her own panties at the taboo images in her head. What was wrong with her, fantasizing about her son doing such dirty things? And why did it

turn her on so much? She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to will away the perverse vision.

Oliver nuzzled deeper into his mother's perfumed tit-cleavage, oblivious to the inappropriate direction of her thoughts. His breath was hot against her skin as he sighed. "Thanks, Mom. You always make me feel better."

"Of course, sweetie. That's what moms are for," Sloane murmured, gently disentangling herself before her secret, shameful arousal could grow. "Why don't you go wash up and I'll get dinner started, okay?"

Oliver nodded and slowly peeled himself off the couch. As Sloane watched him shuffle to the bathroom, she fanned herself, feeling overheated and flustered. She had to get ahold of herself. Lusting after her teenage son was beyond unacceptable.

As prom night approached, Oliver's dread only grew. Despite his mother's reassurances, he couldn't bear the thought of facing his classmates and their cruel jokes again. Watching them whisper and snicker behind his back all night would be pure torture.

In the end, he decided not to go at all. What was the point without a date anyway? He would just be miserable and alone.

To make matters worse, he found out Page, his bratty sister, was attending prom with a guy who was a year younger than her, even though she had already graduated last year. It stung to see his sister moving on with her life while he was still mired in social exile.

On prom night, Oliver was sulking in his room when Page stopped in his open doorway, looking radiant in her sleek red dress, tits and ass jutting out proudly. "Try not to sniff too many panties while I'm gone, perv," she sneered. "I know it'll be hard with me looking this hot, but control yourself, 'kay?"

Oliver's face burned with anger and humiliation as she laughed and flounced out. Seething, he waited until he heard the front door slam, then crept into her room. He rifled through her hamper until he found a pair of skimpy, day-old panties, then retreated back to his room.

"Everyone thinks I'm a panty-sniffer anyway," he told himself. "I might as well do something to enjoy myself tonight."

Bringing the silky fabric to his face, he inhaled deeply, drowning in Page's sweet, cuntal perfume. His cock stiffened immediately, jutting from his teenage crotch like a granite pillar. Oliver rubbed the panties against his aching erection as he breathed in his sister's musk, stroking himself faster.

Suddenly, the door flew open. "Oliver, honey, have you seen my—OH MY GOD!"

Oliver froze in horror, Page's panties still pressed to his nose, his hand wrapped around his rod. His mother stood in the doorway, her mouth hanging open in shock.

"M-Mom!" Oliver sputtered, dropping the panties and using his hand to cover himself. "I can explain!"

"I cannot believe what I am seeing!" Sloane cried, her voice shrill. She advanced into the room, her huge breasts swaying. "What has gotten into you? Violating your sister's privacy AGAIN, and... and pleasuring yourself with her panties."

Oliver cowered under his mother's fury, his face burning with shame. "I'm sorry!" he wailed. "I don't know what's wrong with me! Page, she said this horrible thing, and I just got so mad, and I couldn't help it..."

To his surprise, Sloane's expression softened. She sighed heavily and shook her head. "Oh, Oliver. My sweet, misguided boy."

She sat down on her son's bed, her rounded ass-cheeks sinking against the mattress and patted the space beside her. Oliver hesitantly perched next to her, unable to meet her eyes.

"Honey, I know your sister can be cruel sometimes," Sloane said gently. "And I know you're going through a confusing time. Your body is changing, you're having all these new urges and feelings..."

She placed a comforting hand on his knee. Oliver flinched but didn't pull away. "But violating Page's privacy, using her intimate items to... gratify yourself... it's not okay, sweetheart. It's a huge breach of trust and respect."

"I know," Oliver muttered, his voice thick with self-loathing. "I'm so ashamed. Something's horribly wrong with me. I'm just a disgusting pervert."

"No!" Sloane interrupted with fierce conviction. "You're not disgusting, or a pervert. You're a teenage boy overwhelmed with urges, and on top of that, you're crushed by the disappointment of

missing prom. It's completely understandable that you'd need some kind of… release."

"I know, but even so, I shouldn't have done what I did," he admitted, his voice tinged with regret. "Especially after enduring the nightmare I faced the first time it happened."

Sloane's hand slid further up Oliver's thigh as she spoke, her voice low and soothing. "What if... what if I gave you a pair of MY panties to use instead?" she suggested tentatively. "Would that help satisfy these urges without violating your sister?"

Oliver's eyes widened in shock. "What? Mom, I can't... I mean, you're my mother! Isn't that like, even more wrong?"

"Shh, it's okay," Sloane assured him, squeezing his thigh. "I'm just trying to help you, sweetie. If it keeps you from rifling through your sister's

unmentionables, then I'm willing to do this for you. It can be our little secret."

Oliver swallowed hard, his mind reeling. Getting caught sniffing Page's panties had been mortifying enough. But now his own mother was offering hers up for his perverse enjoyment? It was wrong on so many levels. And yet... the thought of burying his face in his sexy mom's musky, womanly scent was undeniably thrilling. His cock twitched beneath the pillow covering its hardness.

"How... how would we do this?" he asked hoarsely, hardly believing the words coming out of his mouth.

Sloane smiled, looking pleased. "We'll make a little panty exchange," she explained. "I'll leave a pair of my worn panties for you in the back of your closet, behind your winter boots. Whenever you need them, you just take those ones and leave the previous pair in their place. That way, we always know where to find them."

Oliver nodded slowly, his heart hammering. This was really happening. He was agreeing to sniff his own mother's soiled underwear. "Okay," he whispered. "I'll do it."

"Good boy," Sloane purred, giving his thigh a final pat before standing up. "Now, I have three conditions. One, you only use them in your room, with the door locked. We can't have a repeat of today. Two, this stays strictly between us. No one else can ever know, especially your sister and father. And three..." She paused, fixing him with a stern look. "This is only a temporary solution, until we get these urges of yours under control. It doesn't mean there's an open invitation to snoop in my panty drawer. Understand?"

"Yes, Mom," Oliver said quickly. "I swear, I'll be careful. And I won't tell anyone. Thank you for... for helping me."

Sloane's stern expression dissolved into a radiant, glowing smile. "You're welcome, honey. I'd do anything for you. I love you more than words can express." She leaned down with fervor, pressing a tender kiss onto his forehead, as her blouse shifted to reveal the deep, mesmerizing expanse of her creamy, cavernous cleavage, drawing his gaze like a magnet.

Since it was prom night and Page was out of the house, Sloane wanted to make this extra special for her dejected son. With a mischievous glint in her eye, she reached under her short skirt, right there in front of Oliver. His heart nearly pounded out of his chest as he watched, transfixed, while she slowly slid her panties down her long, smooth, sexy legs. The silky fabric glided over her creamy thighs, past her knees, and finally off her dainty bare feet.

Oliver's mouth went dry as Sloane dangled her black thong panties from one finger, a sultry smile playing across her plump lips. "These should tide you over for a while," she purred, her voice like warm honey.

He reached out with a trembling hand to take them from her, his fingertips brushing against hers. The panties were still warm from being nestled against his mother's most intimate place. Oliver swallowed hard, desire and shame warring within him.

"Remember our deal," Sloane reminded him, tapping a finger against his nose playfully. "Only in your room, door locked, and this is just between us. Got it?"

"Got it," Oliver croaked, his hand closing around the forbidden fabric. He could already smell Sloane's tantalizing musk wafting up to his nostrils. His cock strained, harder than it had ever been.

"Good boy," Sloane cooed. Then to his shock, she leaned in and brushed her lips against his burning cheek, her giant tits pushing against his chest through her thin blouse. "Have fun, sweetie. I'll just be downstairs if you need anything else."

With that, she turned and sauntered out, her ass swaying seductively beneath her short skirt. Oliver gaped after her, hardly able to believe what had just transpired. His own mother had not only given him her panties to sniff, but had rubbed her tits against him too, her nipples poking into his chest. It was like a wild fever dream.

Wasting no time, Oliver locked his bedroom door and stretched out on the bed. He brought his mother's panties to his face and inhaled deeply, his head swimming with her dizzying scent. With his other hand, he grabbed his throbbing erection and began to stroke himself hard and fast.

As he breathed in Sloane's intimate musk, Oliver's mind spun with forbidden fantasies. He imagined burying his face between his mother's thick, creamy thighs, lapping at her dripping pussy. He thought about fondling and sucking her huge, heavy breasts, teasing her fat nipples with his tongue.

Oliver's thick, swollen cock throbbed and pulsed in his hand as he stroked himself to a frenzy. His teenage prick was an impressive specimen - nearly eight inches long and as girthy as a Red Bull can. The pulsing shaft was crisscrossed with bulging, angry veins that throbbed in time with his racing heartbeat.

The smooth, shiny head was a deep purplish-red, swollen and flared, leaking clear pre-cum from the slit. His cock flexed and jumped in his grasp, rock hard and straining.

Oliver's heavy, cum-filled balls churned and tightened as he inhaled another deep whiff of his mother's panties, the intoxicating aroma of her pussy juices and intimate musk flooding his senses.

He imagined her slick, puffy pussy lips sliding along his aching shaft, her huge tits bouncing as she rode him. The forbidden depravity of it all pushed Oliver over the edge. With a choked cry, he exploded, huge

spurts of thick, hot cum shooting out of his jerking cock and splattering his chest and stomach.

Oliver stroked himself through the intensity of his orgasm, milking every last drop from his sensitive cockhead, whimpering and shuddering from the pleasure. As the last shudders subsided, he laid there panting, his softening dick slick with jizz and his nose still buried in his mother's fragrant panties.

From that moment on, Oliver was hooked. He couldn't get enough of huffing his mom's musky underwear and jerking off while imagining the taboo delights of her body. The guilt and shame only heightened his dark arousal.

Every day, he would eagerly check the back of his closet for a new pair of Sloane's panties to defile. Some days he would find them soaked with the tangy evidence of her arousal, the crotch sticky with her forbidden nectar.

He would lick and suck the fabric, savoring her flavor before wrapping the panties around his throbbing cock and fucking them until he soaked them with hot spurts of his teenage seed. Other times, they would be streaked with the creamy residue of her excitement, which he would ravenously lap up.

Oliver lived for those daily doses of depravity. During the day, he would steal glances at his mother's curvy figure, growing hard at the thought of what treasures lay beneath her clothes, just waiting for him. Every knowing smile or wink Sloane sent his way made his balls ache with need.

Sloane too found herself growing more and more aroused by the taboo arrangement with her son. Knowing that he was getting off while inhaling her intimate scent, that he was stroking his young, sinewy cock

with her panties wrapped around it, sent electric thrills through her voluptuous body.

She began leaving him little notes with the panties she'd set aside, scrawled on pink post-its. "Let's see if you can make today's load even bigger than the last one, honey, " one read.

"Are they potent enough for you, handsome? Mommy's been doing her best to make them extra moist and fragrant for you, " said another.

Sloane began to derive a perverse pleasure from deliberately soaking her panties with her juices throughout the day, sometimes masturbating while wearing them, knowing her son would be stuffing them in his face and drinking in her musk. She would rub herself to the brink of orgasm, letting her arousal soak the silky fabric before leaving them for Oliver.

She couldn't help but notice the copious amounts of Oliver's youthful seed soaking her delicate panties each day as she collected them.

The sheer volume and potency of his teenage spunk never failed to amaze her. Thick, creamy ropes of jizz saturated the silky fabric, still warm and fresh from being pumped out of his swollen balls.

Sloane found herself unconsciously bringing the cum-soaked panties to her nose, inhaling the heady masculine musk of her son's spent seed before tossing them in the wash. The taboo scent made her pussy clench and flood with arousal. She knew it was beyond twisted to be excited by her own son's semen, but she couldn't help herself.

As she started the laundry, the mother's hand drifted down to rub her slick, throbbing clit through her shorts. She couldn't believe she was about to diddle herself to the thought of Oliver's cum, but her pussy was absolutely aching, desperate for relief. Sloane shoved her hand into her panties, her fingers slipping easily through the copious juices soaking her swollen lips.

Flashes of Oliver's impressive cock pulsing and spurting as he defiled her panties flitted through her mind. Sloane frigged her clit faster, plunging two fingers into her clenching hole. She imagined Oliver stroking his throbbing teenage prick, veiny and glistening with pre-cum, aiming it at her huge tits. She could almost feel the searing heat of his erupting cock painting her bouncing jugs with thick ropes of jizz.

"Fuck... oh god, Oliver!" Sloane gasped, pumping her fingers in and out of her greedy cunt. The obscene squelches of her pussy juices being stirred up filled the laundry room. "Cum for mommy, baby! Cum all over these big fucking tits!"

With a strangled cry, Sloane came on her fingers, her pussy contracting and gushing around the invading digits as she imagined Oliver hosing her huge rack down with his potent seed. She shuddered and bucked through the intense waves of taboo pleasure, soaking her hand with her juices.

As she came down from her illicit high, Sloane felt a pang of guilt. Getting off to perverted fantasies about her own son was deplorable, she knew. But god help her, she craved more. Her pussy twitched with renewed arousal as she imagined all the deliciously depraved things she wanted to do with Oliver.

Sloane couldn't help but think what a waste it was for her son to spill so much virile seed into mere fabric when there were countless women out there who would cherish such a gooey gift. She knew it was beyond wrong, but a dark part of her longed to feel Oliver's massive loads painting her skin, pumping down her throat and splattering the walls of her pussy.

One afternoon, as soon as Oliver left for basketball practice, Sloane texted her sister Naomi: "He just finished with today's pair! Get over here quick before it cools! "

Naomi rushed right over, her own huge tits bouncing in excitement. The two sisters hurried up to Oliver's room, giggling like schoolgirls. Sloane carefully picked up the panties from the bed, cradling the crotch in her palm. The silky pink fabric was absolutely drenched, soaked through with Oliver's prodigious load.

"Wow, that horny boy of yours really outdid himself this time!" Naomi marveled, her eyes wide. "Look how much jizz he pumped into your panties, sis!"

"Mmm, that's all from one ejaculation," Sloane purred proudly, bringing the cum-soaked crotch to her nose and inhaling deeply. The pungent, musky scent of her son's seed made her dizzy with lust. "Ahhh, it's still so warm and fresh."

Naomi leaned in to sniff as well, her eyes fluttering closed in bliss as she breathed in her nephew's essence. "Fuck, that smells potent," she moaned. "No wonder you can't get enough."

Gingerly, Sloane set the panties down on the bed and spread open the crotch with her fingers. The sisters gasped in unison. Oliver's semen was pooled in the silky folds, a thick, pearly puddle of teenage cum. Sticky strands clung to the fabric, connecting the gooey mass. It was already starting to seep into the sheets below.

"Holy shit," Naomi breathed. "He pumped out a massive load! Look at that huge puddle of spunk!"

"God, feel the warmth and texture," Sloane marveled, swiping a finger through the viscous puddle. She held it up, watching the pearly fluid stretch into a glistening strand between her fingers. "So thick and creamy."

Naomi leaned in closer, inhaling the intense masculine musk. Her mouth watered with desperate hunger. "I have to taste it," she whimpered. "I can't resist anymore."

She extended her long, pink tongue and dragged it slowly through the pool of cooling jizz. Her taste buds exploded with the rich, salty flavor of pure virility. "Unghhhh fuck!" Naomi moaned, savoring it. "Sloane, you have to try this. It's incredible!"

Sloane was already scooping up a fingerful of her son's nut-batter. She brought the coated digit to her mouth and wrapped her lips around it, eyes rolling back in bliss as she sucked it clean. "Mmmm! Oh wow, it's delicious," she purred, the thick cream coating her tongue. "Such a strong, potent taste. I need more!"

The two sisters fell upon the cum-soaked panties like ravenous animals, lapping and slurping at the huge, teenage load Oliver had expelled. They took turns holding the crotch to their faces, inhaling deeply, getting drunk on the dizzying cocktail of semen and pussy nectar.

"Fuck, the scent of his cum mixed with your juices is driving me crazy," Naomi panted, rubbing the sticky fabric against her cheek.

"It's the perfect combination. So wrong but so fucking hot!"

Sloane whimpered in agreement, busy running her tongue along every inch of the panty gusset, determined not to waste a single ounce of her son's precious seed. She sealed her lips around the soaked fabric and sucked hard, feverishly drawing out the liquid essence.

For several minutes, yhe sisters moaned and slurped, their faces smeared with jizz, too far gone in their taboo hunger to care about anything else. They were like semen-starved succubi, desperate for every molecule of Oliver's cum they could possibly extract.

"Getting...hard to...get more out," Naomi gasped between sloppy sucks, the panties now spit-soaked and stretched. Most of Oliver's load had been ravenously consumed, but the women kept suckling the fabric, whimpering needily.

"I'm still tasting him," Sloane sighed breathlessly, her tongue laving at the fabric. "We have to...unghhh...get every last...mmfff...drop! Suck harder!"

They took turns fellating the cum-drenched panty gusset, their lips and tongues working feverishly as they wrung out every bit of flavor from the threads.

Naomi suddenly looked up at Sloane, her face smeared with saliva. "Hey sis, you know how our husbands are always on our case about finding ways to make money from home?"

Sloane paused her frantic slurping and nodded. "Mmhmm, what about it?"

A sly grin spread across Naomi's face. "Well, what if we turned this little arrangement with Oliver into a business opportunity? Think about it - we could have him fill up panties with his hot, fresh semen

that belong to horny housewives and kinky bitches who want it for all kinds of naughty reasons!"

Sloane's eyes widened. "Oh my God, Naomi, you're a genius! Women would go crazy for teen cum-soaked panties. We could market it for skincare, as a secret ingredient in protein shakes, fertility treatments, you name it!"

"Exactly!" Naomi exclaimed. "And Oliver would have no idea. He'd just keep jizzing away, smelling pussy after pussy, thinking he's using your panties to get off. The poor boy will never know his cum is being bought and paid for!"

Sloane giggled deviously. "This is so wrong. I love it! We'll make a fortune peddling my son's seed. But how do we find buyers without getting caught?"

"Leave that to me," Naomi said with a wink. "I have connections. I'll get the word out to the right people - bored housewives with dirty fetishes,

cum-hungry moms with money to burn. Trust me, they'll pay top dollar for a stud teen's fresh cum, especially in such an intimate delivery method."

"God, you're so bad," Sloane purred, licking a smear of jizz from Naomi's cheek. "I'm getting wet just thinking about it. My son is gonna make us rich with all the semen we'll milk out of him!"

Naomi shivered at the touch of her sister's tongue. "We deserve this, sis. Putting up with our ungrateful husbands, raising kids, keeping house - it's time we get something for ourselves. And if it happens to come from exploiting your son's overactive cock and balls, well, that's just a dirty little bonus."

Sloane halted abruptly, a storm of anxiety brewing on her face. "But Naomi, doesn't this feel utterly wrong, I mean in terms of deceiving

Oliver in such a way? I mean, it's one thing to indulge his urges with my panties, but him unknowingly doing the same with other women's panties..."

Naomi waved a dismissive hand. "Oh please, he's a teenage boy. He'll be thrilled to have an excuse to jack off even more than he already does. And think of the money, Sloane! We could finally afford those luxury vacations we've been dreaming of."

Sloane bit her lip, unconvinced. "I don't know. What if he starts getting suspicious about why I'm giving him so many pairs? Or notices that they smell different sometimes?"

"Hmm, good point," Naomi mused. Then her eyes lit up. "I've got it! Why don't we just tell Oliver about our business plan and cut him in on the profits? That way, there's no shadiness, and he'll be motivated to produce as much cum as possible for his devoted customers."

Sloane considered this, a slow smile spreading across her face. "You know, that's actually brilliant. We could reward him with special 'prizes' for meeting certain quotas."

Naomi's eyes glittered with mischief. "Yes, but the 'prizes' will have to be pretty damn special to make it worth him sniffing all that pussy. I mean, think about it - he'll be huffing panties soaked with the juices of dozens, maybe hundreds of different women."

Sloane's eyes widened as realization dawned. "When you say 'special prizes,' are you suggesting we...cheat on our husbands? With my son?!"

Naomi shrugged, a sly grin playing at her lips. "Hey, you said it, not me. But let's be real here - what red-blooded young stud is gonna put in maximum effort just for some extra allowance money? No, if we want Oliver to really apply himself, we'll have to offer him something no teenage boy can resist - pussy."

Sloane worried her lower lip between her teeth, her huge tits heaving as she wrestled with the moral implications. On one hand, the thought of being unfaithful made her stomach churn with guilt. But on the other...the taboo thrill of seducing her own son sent tingles of dark arousal straight to her core.

"Think of the money, Sloane," Naomi urged, sensing her sister's hesitation. "We're talking thousands, maybe tens of thousands of dollars."

Sloane's resistance crumbled as visions of luxury vacations and designer handbags danced in her head. The potential profits seemed to outweigh her misgivings. And if she was being honest with herself, the idea of rewarding Oliver with her body was becoming more appealing by the second.

"Alright," she said at last, her voice heavy with resigned excitement. "I'm in. We'll make Oliver our star panty cummer and reap the kinky rewards. God help us."

The two voluptuous sisters hugged, their massive tits mashing together as they giggled conspiratorially. They could hardly wait to put their plan into action and start raking in the cash.

The next day, Sloane decided it was time to bring Oliver in on her and Naomi's naughty business plan. She wanted him to be a willing and eager participant, so she knew she had to make the pitch extra enticing.

The voluptuous mother slipped into a skimpy string bikini that barely contained her massive tits and poured herself a glass of wine for some liquid courage. Then she called Oliver into the living room for a "family meeting".

Oliver's eyes nearly bugged out of his head when he saw his mom lounging on the couch in her revealing swimwear, her huge jugs

practically spilling out. "H-hey Mom, what's up?" he stammered, trying not to ogle her too blatantly.

"Have a seat, sweetie," Sloane purred, patting the cushion beside her. "Your Aunt Naomi and I have cooked up a little business venture, and we need your help to make it a success."

Intrigued, Oliver plopped down next to her, the warmth of her soft thigh pressing against his. "Sure, how can I help?"

Sloane took a fortifying sip of wine, then fixed her son with a sultry look. "Well honey, you know how you've been enjoying mommy's dirty panties lately?" She traced a finger along his arm, feeling him shiver. "How would you like to sniff the panties of other women too? Dozens, maybe even hundreds of them?"

Oliver's mouth went dry. "I...wow, really? But how? Why?"

"You see, baby, there are lots of moms out there who would pay top dollar for a young stud's hot, fresh cum," Sloane explained, her voice like warm honey. "Especially if it's delivered in a sexy pair of panties. So here's the deal - Naomi and I will supply you with all the panties you can handle, and you just keep doing what you're already doing, jacking your big cock and pumping them full of jizz. We'll sell them to our kinky clients and split the profits with you. It's a win-win!"

Oliver's head was spinning. Getting paid to sniff pussy and bust fat nuts all day sounded like a teenage boy's wildest dream come true. "Holy shit, Mom, that's... wow. You really think women will buy my cum?"

"Sweetie, once they get a whiff of the massive loads you pump out, they'll be hooked," Sloane assured him, giving his thigh a squeeze. Her hand was dangerously close to the growing bulge in his shorts. "You'll be our star panty cummer."

Sloane leaned in closer, her voice low and conspiratorial. "Now, in terms of compensation, we have two options for you, honey. Option one - Naomi and I give you a third of the profits. You'll have more spending money than you know what to do with."

She paused, letting that sink in before continuing. "Option two is a bit more...unconventional. But I have a feeling it might be more up your alley." Sloane's hand slid further up Oliver's thigh, her fingers grazing his now rock-hard bulge.

Oliver swallowed hard, his heart hammering. "Wh-what's option two?" he asked hoarsely, already suspecting the answer.

Sloane smiled, slow and sultry. "Instead of taking your cut in cash, Naomi and I will personally reward you for your hard work. The more cum you produce, the more pleasure we'll give you."

She took a deep, brave breath, then squeezed her son's throbbing erection through his shorts, making him gasp. "I'm talking blowjobs, titjobs, maybe even letting you fuck our wet pussies if you really impress us. How does that sound, baby?"

Oliver thought he might pass out. Getting his dick sucked and fucked by his own mother and aunt in exchange for jacking off? It was beyond his wildest fantasies. "Holy hell, Mom," he croaked. "I mean, isn't that kind of wrong though? You're married, and we're related..."

"Shhh, don't worry about all that," Sloane soothed, rubbing his cock with more intent. "What your father and uncle don't know won't hurt them. And this will just be our special arrangement, purely transactional. It doesn't mean anything more."

Oliver knew that was a lie. How could repeatedly having sex with his mom and aunt, his two biggest jack-off fantasies, not make things weird? But the teen was too horny and tempted to care. His cock was doing the thinking for him now.

"Okay, I'm in," he said eagerly, thrusting into Sloane's hand. "I want option two. I'll give you all the cum you need in exchange for those rewards."

"Mmm, I knew you'd make the right choice," Sloane purred, pleased. "You're such a good boy, Oliver. See how your silly mistakes turned into such a wonderful opportunity?"

A few days later, Sloane and Naomi were giddy with excitement as they prepared for their first round of customers. "Alright Oliver, we have three lovely ladies coming over today to drop off their panties for you to fill," Sloane explained, her huge tits straining against her low-cut blouse. "Remember, the bigger the cum loads you blast out of your piss-slit, the bigger your reward."

Oliver gulped, his cock already stirring at the thought. "Got it. I'll do my best, Mom."

Naomi giggled. "Oh, we have no doubt about that, honey. And to make sure these panties are as fresh as possible for you, the ladies will be taking them off right here when they arrive. Doesn't that sound exciting?"

Oliver nearly choked. Getting to see strange women take their panties off in his own house? It was like a porno come to life.

The doorbell rang, signaling the arrival of their first client. Sloane opened the door to reveal an attractive blonde MILF in a sundress, her fat tits nearly spilling out. "Hi, I'm here for the, um, panty exchange?" she said a little nervously.

"Of course, come on in!" Sloane ushered her inside. "Don't be shy, dear. We're all friends here. Now, if you'll just slip out of those panties, my son will get to work on filling them up for you."

Blushing, the MILF reached under her sundress and shimmied out of her dainty panties. Oliver caught a glimpse of neatly trimmed golden

pubes and the darkened fissure of her cuntal cleft before she handed the lilac silk thong to Sloane. "They're already a little damp," the woman admitted with an embarrassed laugh. "I've been thinking about this since my husband left for work this morning."

Naomi took a lascivious sniff of the panties and moaned. "Oooh yes, I can tell! Looks like you're in for a real treat today, Oliver. Better get those balls nice and churned up!"

The pretty mommies giggled conspiratorially as Oliver disappeared down the hallway with the MILF's panties clutched in his fist like a precious treasure. "Ooh, he seems eager!" the blonde customer remarked with a salacious grin.

"Well, you know how much teenage boys love the smell of pussy-smothered panties," Sloane stated with an amuses smirk.

"How, um… big is his cock?" the MILF customer asked, her cheeks pink from even asking such a scandalous question.

"Well, I've only seen it once, when I caught him sniffing his sister's panties," Sloane answered. "But if I had to guess, based on what I saw, I would say around 8 inches, maybe bigger."

"Oh my God, I love big teenage dicks," the mother confessed, her face flushed with arousal.

"I know what you mean," Naomi smiled. "The way they're always hard and leaking. There's nothing like a hot, young dick."

"I can't wait to feel that young stud's hot cum soaking into my panties," the MILF customer exclaimed. "I'm gonna rub that potent spunk all over my hungry pussy when I get home and make myself cum so hard!"

Sloane and Naomi exchanged knowing looks, their own birthing tubes clenching at the dirty talk. "Mmm, you're in for such a treat,"

Naomi assured the MILF. "Oliver pumps out the biggest, thickest loads you've ever seen. Those cute little panties of yours will be absolutely drenched!"

Down the hall in his bedroom, Oliver was already furiously beating his engorged cock, the blonde MILF's silky thong wrapped around his throbbing shaft. He brought the crotch to his face and inhaled deeply, the sweet, musky scent of her middle-aged mommy-pussy filling his nostrils and making his heavy balls churn with seed.

"Fuck!" Oliver grunted, fisting his cock harder as he lapped at the damp spot on the panties, tasting the woman's tangy essence. He couldn't believe this was really happening - strange women were paying him to jack off into their underwear! It was like all his teenage fantasies come to life.

Oliver felt his orgasm building rapidly as he huffed the MILF's intimate scent, his cock pulsing and throbbing in his stroking fist. He thought about her naked pussy, how hot and wet it must be. He imagined burying his face between her thick thighs and lapping up her juices directly from the source, sucking her fat clit like an achy nipple.

"Gonna...unghh...gonna fucking explode!" Oliver gasped, his chiseled abs clenching and his swollen balls drawing up tight. With a strangled cry, he aimed his cock at the panty crotch and unleashed a massive eruption of semen, the first thick spurt splattering loudly against the fabric.

Jet after jet of potent teenage cum blasted from Oliver's jerking cock, quickly soaking the panties with his churning load. He made sure to lay the thong flat and open on the bed to catch every drop, watching in awe as the pearly jizz pooled on the silk before soaking in.

"Holy shit," Oliver panted as the last weak spurts dribbled out, milking his cock to wring out every drop. The panties were

absolutely drenched, sopping with his hot seed. The blonde MILF was gonna flip when she saw how much cum he'd pumped into her thong.

With a satisfied grunt, Oliver threw his shorts back on, scooped up the cum-soaked panties and headed back out to the living room.

The blonde MILF's eyes lit up with feverish excitement as Oliver returned to the living room, clutching her cum-soaked panties. She snatched the dripping thong from his hand and held it up to her face, inhaling deeply. A blissful shudder ran through her body.

"Fuck, it smells so potent," she moaned, practically salivating. "I can't wait to get home and rub this all over my needy cunt. I'm gonna cum so fucking hard!"

Sloane grinned and held out a ziplock bag. "Here you go, hon. Seal them up tight to keep that fresh young cum nice and warm for you."

The MILF eagerly stuffed the soaked panties into the bag, then dug into her purse and produced a crisp fifty dollar bill. "Worth every penny," she declared, thrusting the cash at Sloane. "I'll definitely be back for more!"

With that, she turned and hurried out the door, ziplock bag clutched to her chest like a precious treasure. Sloane, Naomi, and Oliver all burst out laughing.

"Did you see her face?" Naomi howled. "That bitch looked like a junkie getting her fix! You've got some seriously addictive cum, kiddo."

Oliver blushed, but couldn't help feeling a swell of pride. His magic balls were the key to this whole kinky enterprise.

A short time later, the doorbell rang again, signaling the arrival of their next client. Sloane went to let her in. But when she returned

with the woman in tow, Oliver felt his stomach drop.

It was Mrs. Henderson, his third grade teacher! He gaped at her, blood draining from his face. She was older now, but still attractive, with shoulder-length chestnut hair, tits for miles, and a fat ass. Oliver had always thought she was hot, for a teacher.

Mrs. Henderson blushed when she saw him, clearly remembering her former student. "Oh! Hello, Oliver. My, how you've...grown up," she said awkwardly, her eyes dipping to his hardened crotch.

"Hi, Mrs. Henderson," Oliver croaked, his mouth dry. He couldn't believe his sweet elementary school teacher was here to have him jack off into her panties. It was beyond surreal.

"Well, let's get those panties off, shall we?" Naomi chirped, trying to dispel the tension.

Biting her lip, Mrs. Henderson reached under her dress and shimmied out of her underwear. Oliver goggled at the sight of her plump, hair-fringed pussy, so different from the younger blonde MILF's neat landing strip.

Mrs. Henderson had a fleshy prepuce, that protruded from thick outer lips and was drawn back enough to reveal the pink, marble sized nub of her clit, making Oliver's heart skip a beat.

The teacher's thick outer flanges glistened with arousal. Naomi leaned in and took an appreciative sniff. "Oooh, somebody's excited," she teased.

Mrs. Henderson cleared her throat nervously. "Actually, I was wondering if I could pay a little extra to, um, watch the process?" She glanced at Oliver, her cheeks flushing. "I'd love to see him stroke his erection, if that's alright."

Sloane and Naomi exchanged surprised looks. This was an option they hadn't considered before. "Well, I suppose that could be arranged," Sloane said slowly. "For the right price, of course."

"I'll give you $100," Mrs. Henderson blurted out. "Instead of the usual $50."

Naomi's eyes widened. She turned to Oliver questioningly, silently asking if he was comfortable with this. He gulped, his cock already stirring at the thought of jacking off in front of his former teacher. It was so wrong, but that only made it hotter.

"Yeah, okay," he agreed, his voice coming out husky. "I'll do it."

Mrs. Henderson looked thrilled. She followed Oliver down the hall to his bedroom, clutching her panties in a white-knuckled grip. Sloane and Naomi trailed behind, eager to see how this would play out.

Once inside, Oliver turned to face his audience, his heart hammering. "Should I just, uh, take it out?" he asked, gesturing to his tenting crotch.

"Just do what you normally do, sweetie," Sloane encouraged from the doorway where she stood with Naomi and Mrs. Henderson, the giant titties poking into the room. "Pretend we're not even here."

Oliver took a deep breath and unzipped his jeans, fishing out his already hard cock. He heard the women gasp as his impressive length sprang free, slapping against his abs as it pointed at a perfect upward angle.

"Good Lord," Mrs. Henderson whispered, clutching her chest. "I had no idea he was so...blessed."

"You were right, sis – it does look well over 8 inches," Naomi murmured appreciatively as Oliver began to stroke himself to full hardness. "Look at that fat cock, and those heavy balls. So virile."

Sloane watched with a mix of pride and illicit hunger as her son pumped his massive meat, working himself up with long, twisting strokes. His cock grew even thicker and longer with each pass of his hand until it was a throbbing, engorged beast, the swollen head an angry purple.

"Look how firmly he's holding it... sliding over the swollen tip, then adding a twist as he moves down," the mother observed with admiration.

"And all those veins," Naomi commented, appreciating the muscular strength of his youthful member.

"Ungh, fuck," Oliver grunted, fisting his shaft faster. He tried to block out the presence of his audience and focus on the task at hand - churning out a huge load for his former teacher's panties.

Pre-cum bubbled from his tip and he used it to slick his strokes, the wet sounds of his jerking filling the room. The women watched in awe as Oliver worked his cock, his sculpted abs flexing, teen musk filling their nostrils.

"He's leaking so much," Mrs. Henderson marveled, licking her lips. "He must produce gallons of semen with balls that size."

"You have no idea," Sloane purred. "My boy pumps out enough spunk to fill buckets. Your panties are gonna be drowning in cum."

Oliver's eyes rolled back in pure bliss as he buried his nose in Mrs. Henderson's panties, inhaling the pungent aroma of her mature arousal. The heady, intoxicating musk seemed to shoot straight to his balls, making them churn and tighten with the need to breed. He snarled ferally around the fabric clenched in his teeth, beating his throbbing meat-stalk like a boy possessed.

"Fuck... gonna... gonna cum!" Oliver choked out, feeling his impending eruption building at the base of his shaft. At the last

second, he yanked the panties from his mouth and held them in front of his violently pulsing cockhead just as the first massive spurt of semen blasted forth.

"Ohhh my goodness!" Mrs. Henderson squealed in shock and delight as Oliver's cock unleashed a veritable geyser of hot, virile spunk directly into the crotch of her panties. Jet after jet of thick, ropey jizz splattered loudly against the fabric, quickly overwhelming the flimsy silk.

"Holy shit, look at him go!" Naomi crowed, watching in awe as her nephew's big dick jerked and pulsated, hosing down the panties with what seemed to be a truly endless volume of cum. "He's gonna ruin them!"

Sloane just looked on smugly, arms crossed over her huge rack. "That's my boy," she purred as Oliver groaned and shuddered, draining his balls into the overflowing panty crotch. "I told you he pumps out titanic loads. Your underwear never stood a chance, honey."

By the time Oliver's orgasm finally tapered off, Mrs. Henderson's panties were absolutely plastered with jizz, the fabric swollen and distended, dripping obscenely onto the carpet. The room reeked of semen and pussy, an intoxicating mix of male and female musk.

Panting, Oliver held up the cum-logged panties with a shaky hand, a self-satisfied smirk on his face. Mrs. Henderson stared at them in shock, her eyes glassy, thighs pressed together.

"That was... the hottest thing I've ever seen," the teacher breathed, snatching the sopping garment from Oliver. Globs of spunk dripped from the crotch as she examined it reverently. "I can't believe how much you came! It's soaked through to the other side!"

Sloane chuckled, patting her son's sweaty shoulder. "Well, what did you expect? He's a one-man sperm bank, my Oliver."

Mrs. Henderson just shook her head in amazement, carefully sealing the cum-drenched panties in a ziplock bag.

She handed Sloane a crisp $100 bill with a shaky hand. "Worth every cent. I'll definitely be back for more!"

With that, Mrs. Henderson hurried out, hugging the precious bag of cum-soaked panties to her chest. The door slammed behind her and Sloane turned to Oliver with a huge, proud grin.

"Baby, that was incredible!" she gushed. "Did you see how desperate she was for your load? I think we have a very loyal customer on our hands."

"Definitely," Naomi agreed. "And I have a feeling word of Oliver's special sauce is gonna spread like wildfire among her horny housewife friends. We'll be drowning in orders soon!"

An hour later, the doorbell rang again. Oliver opened it and his jaw nearly hit the floor. Standing there in a tight sundress that hugged her voluptuous curves was none other than Emily's mother Sandra. She looked like an older, even sexier version of the girl he had hoped to take to prom.

"Well hello there, Oliver," Sandra purred, her eyes raking over his body appreciatively. "I heard through the grapevine that you're offering a very special service here. I just had to come check it out for myself."

"Uh, y-yeah, come on in," Oliver stammered, trying not to drool as he stepped aside to let her pass. He couldn't believe his luck - first his

former teacher, and now his crush's hot mom! This panty selling business was a dream come true.

Sandra sauntered into the living room where Sloane and Naomi were waiting, her high heels clicking on the hardwood. "Well, shall we get down to business ladies?" she asked with a wicked grin.

"Absolutely," Sloane said. "We have a deluxe package? In addition to the sperm, you get a front row seat to watch Oliver beat his cock and fill up your panties?"

"Oh, I want that, most definitely," Sandra confirmed, already reaching under her tight dress. "I overheard my daughter telling one of her friends that he was well-hung, so I'll gladly pay double for the privilege."

Oliver gulped audibly as Sandra slowly peeled her skimpy thong down her long legs and stepped out of it. His eyes zeroed in on her plump, glistening pussy lips, completely bare and swollen with arousal. He inhaled sharply, the sweet tang of her excitement filling his nostrils and making his cock surge to full mast in record time.

Sandra smirked at his reaction, pleased by the obvious bulge straining against his zipper. She dangled her damp panties from one finger and crooked it at him. "Here you go, sweetie."

Nearly tripping over himself in his eagerness, Oliver led Sandra back to his bedroom, his mother and aunt following close behind. He quickly shucked off his clothes, proudly freeing his huge, throbbing erection. It bobbed heavily before him, the fat purple head already shiny with pre-cum.

"Oh fuck," Sandra breathed, her eyes widening at the impressive sight. "Emily wasn't exaggerating. That's the biggest cock I've ever seen!"

Oliver whimpered as he buried his nose in Sandra's used panties, inhaling deeply. The ripe, tangy musk of her arousal flooded his senses, making his cock throb and leak. It wasn't quite as mind-blowingly intoxicating as

his mother's scent, but still sweet, heady and utterly mouth-watering in its own unique way.

As Oliver huffed Sandra's panties and stroked his engorged cock, the three mothers watched in rapt fascination, their own bodies responding intensely to the erotic display. Sloane's massive, heavy tits heaved and swayed with each excited breath, her thick nipples hardening into tight, spongy peaks that strained against the thin fabric of her blouse. The wide, pink areolas puckered and crinkled as the long, rubbery teats grew even longer and harder, poking out like sensitive fingertips desperate to be sucked.

Naomi unconsciously squeezed her own huge, pillow breasts, feeling the dense tit-flesh overflow her clutching hands. Her light blue tank top couldn't contain the sheer size of her jiggling jugs, the undersides of her cavernous cleavage exposed as her top rode up. Naomi's nipples were even bigger than her sister's - thicker and darker, like puffy Hershey kisses crowning each massive mammary.

Sandra licked her lips as she eyed Oliver's stroking fist, her cunt clenching and dripping with need as she imagined that teenage rod jackhammering like a piston through her barrel of love, hosing out fat cords of virile semen.

"My husband and I have been trying to get pregnant for over a year now with no luck," she explained. "We finally went to a fertility specialist and it turns out Ron is shooting blanks. His sperm count is practically zero."

"Oh wow, I'm so sorry," Sloane said sympathetically.

"It's been really hard on both of us," Sandra continued. "We want a baby so badly. The doctor gave us some options, but they're all so expensive. Artificial insemination, IVF, sperm donors... we just can't afford any of it right now."

She turned her gaze back to Oliver's imposing erection, a calculating gleam in her eye. "But then I heard about your little panty business here and I got an idea. A nice, cheap, under-the-table idea."

Naomi gasped, cottoning on. "Wait, are you saying you wanna use Oliver's cum to get pregnant?!"

"Why not?" Sandra asked with a shrug. "He's clearly virile as hell and pumping out massive loads on the regular. All that potent, fresh semen is going to waste in a bunch of horny housewives' panties. I figure, why not put it to better use in my fertile womb?"

"What a brilliant idea!" Naomi exclaimed. "But how on earth will you guarantee his sperm reaches your egg?"

"Well, I was thinking I could use a turkey baster to suck up all his cum from my panties and insert it directly into my pussy," Sandra explained matter-of-factly. "Right up near my cervix to give those swimmers a head start. It may take a few tries, but I have a good feeling about his super sperm. I bet he'll get me pregnant in no time."

Sloane nodded in agreement, then moved behind her son, pressing her huge, soft tits into his back as she leaned in close to his ear. "You're doing so good, baby," she purred, her warm breath tickling his neck. "Mommy and Auntie are so proud of you."

Her manicured hands slid around his waist, one dipping low to cup and fondle his swollen balls. "Your big nuts are so full, aren't they? Just churning with all that thick, potent cum."

Oliver whimpered and nodded, stroking faster. Sloane's other hand joined his on his straining erection, her slender fingers wrapping around the throbbing shaft. "Pump out the biggest load you can for Mrs. Fisher, sweetie. Really soak those panties so she can scoop up every drop and shove it deep into her ripe, fertile cunt."

"Fuck, Mom!" Oliver gasped, his cock pulsing and leaking like a faucet. Sloane grinned and began jacking him off in tandem with his own fist, the obscene wet sounds filling the room.

"If you give her an nice, thick, extra-sloppy load, Mommy and Auntie Naomi will reward you SO good, baby boy," Sloane promised filthily, nibbling on his earlobe. "We'll both wrap our hands around this big, beautiful cock and stroke it nice and hard, just how you like. Maybe even rub it between our huge, soft titties too until you explode like a fucking geyser all over them!"

"Oh god, yessss," Oliver snarled desperately, his hips bucking to fuck his mother's fist. "Gonna cum so fucking hard for you!"

"That's it, sweetheart! Drain those swollen balls!" Sloane urged, pumping her son's throbbing meat furiously. "Paint those panties with a massive load of that special Oliver-baby-batter! Knock our slutty customer up with that virile spunk!"

With a choked, animalistic grunt, Oliver thrust one last time into their combined grip and exploded with a force that shocked them all. Huge, powerful jets of semen blasted from his jerking cock, splattering into Sandra's panties with the velocity of a firehose.

The flimsy silk was quickly overwhelmed, rivulets of Oliver's relentless cum flooding the fabric and overflowing to splatter obscenely onto the floor. He just kept cumming and cumming, his balls emptying what seemed to be a truly inhuman volume of jizz as Sloane milked his wildly erupting cock.

"Holy fucking shit!" Naomi breathed in awe, watching the carnal spectacle with wide eyes. Sandra looked positively ecstatic, practically vibrating with excitement as Oliver's massive load thoroughly drenched her panties.

By the time Oliver's balls were finally spent, Sandra's panties were absolutely drenched, dripping with a massive load of his potent

teenage seed. She looked positively giddy as she carefully scooped up the sodden underwear, cradling the precious cum-soaked fabric like a delicate treasure.

"This is perfect," Sandra breathed in awe, her eyes glinting with excitement. "So much virile spunk! I just know this is gonna do the trick. Oh Oliver, thank you! You've given me and my husband the greatest gift."

She threw her arms around him in a tight, grateful hug, smooshing her warm, meaty tits against his chest. Oliver blushed, pleased that he could help but still a bit dazed from the intensity of his orgasm.

Sloane and Naomi beamed at him proudly. "You did so good, sweetie," Sloane praised, running an affectionate hand through his damp curls. "Mrs. Fisher is one lucky lady to have access to your super sperm."

Sandra carefully sealed her cum-drenched panties in a ziplock bag, handling them like gold. She handed Sloane a wad of cash, her hands shaking slightly in her excitement. "I'll be back in a couple weeks to give you an update - hopefully with some very good news!"

After she left, Naomi reluctantly gathered her things. "Sorry sis, duty calls - Alyssa just texted that she sprained her ankle at Jazz's house and needs me to come get her. Raincheck on that reward?"

Sloane nodded in understanding. "Of course. You go take care of my niece. Oliver and I can handle things here just fine," she added with a saucy wink.

Once Naomi had left, Sloane turned to her son with a hungry glint in her eye. "Well, well, well...looks like it's just you and me now, baby boy," she purred, sauntering closer to him. "And since your aunt had to run off

before properly rewarding you, I guess that means Mommy will just have to give you something extra special to make up for it."

Oliver gulped, his spent cock already starting to stir back to life. "Wh-what did you have in mind?" he asked, voice husky with anticipation.

Sloane reached out and grabbed the collar of her low-cut blouse. With one swift yank, she ripped it open, sending buttons flying everywhere as her massive, heavy tits spilled free. Oliver's eyes nearly bugged out of his head at the glorious sight of his mother's bare breasts. They were even more phenomenal than he had imagined - expansive, milky white globes capped with saucer-sized areolas and large, puffy nipples that were a mouthwatering dark rose color.

"I think it's time you got to experience the real thing, don't you?" Sloane asked rhetorically, cupping her huge jugs and offering them to her son. "No more sniffing Mommy's scent second-hand from my panties. You've more than earned a taste straight from the source."

Oliver made a choked sound of pure, desperate want. He took his mom's outstretched hand and was pulled forward, burying his face between Sloane's warm, pillowy tits, motorboating them enthusiastically. She laughed happily and cradled his head, encouraging him to explore her abundant mommy-meat.

Oliver licked and kissed every inch of her smooth, supple flesh, relishing the faint salty-sweet taste of her skin. When he captured one fat, rubbery nipple between his lips and sucked hard, Sloane let out a throaty moan, arching into his eager mouth.

"That's it, baby, suck Mommy's titties," she urged breathlessly, holding him against her chest so his face was masked in flesh. "Ahhh, your mouth feels so good! I've been aching for you to do this..."

Oliver groaned around her nipple, the proof of his mother's desire for him making his head spin. He suckled hungrily at her teats, swirling his

tongue around the sensitive tips and grazing them ever so lightly with his teeth. Sloane gasped and whimpered, her pussy clenching and dripping with arousal.

As he feasted on her jugs, Oliver's hands roamed his mother's voluptuous body, mapping out her soft curves and firm muscles. He had never touched a grown woman this way before, but it felt so natural, so right. Like he was always meant to worship his mom's divine form.

"Get on the bed, baby," Sloane instructed breathlessly. "Lay down on your back for Mommy."

Oliver eagerly obeyed, practically launching himself onto the bed. His erection was throbbing with excitement against his abdomen. Sloane grinned slyly as she leisurely slid off her skirt, then her panties, unveiling her luscious, glistening sex. Oliver's mouth watered at the sight of her inviting outer lips and tender inner folds peeking from her cleft. Her pussy was impeccably smooth—completely bare, without a trace of hair.

"Like what you see, sweetie?" Sloane purred, running a finger along her wet slit. Oliver just whimpered and nodded frantically, too aroused to form words.

Grinning, Sloane climbed onto the bed, her dangling udders wobbling wonderfully, and straddled Oliver's head, her thick thighs bracketing his face. She slowly lowered her dripping cunt until it was hovering just inches above his open mouth, letting him get an up close and personal look at her most intimate area.

"This is Mommy's special place," Sloane cooed, spreading her swollen lips apart with her fingers to reveal the glistening pink flesh

within. "Isn't it pretty? Tell me how much you wanna taste it, baby boy."

"Please," Oliver rasped desperately, his breath puffing against her exposed folds. Her hole gaped just enough so that he could gaze straight up their barrel of her vagina. Rows of pink, spongy corrugations lined the

fleshy tube, glistening with hot fuck-oil, promising penile pleasure beyond his wildest dreams. "Please Mom, can I lick you?"

Sloane shivered at his neediness. She lowered herself the last few inches until her sopping wet cunt was pillowed against Oliver's face, smearing her mommy-love-oil across his cheeks and chin.

He immediately went to work, lapping at her like a boy starved. He dragged the flat of his tongue through her folds, savoring the tangy-sweet musk of her overflowing juices. Sloane threw her head back and keened, instinctively rocking her hips to grind against his eager mouth.

"Ohhhh fuck yessss," she hissed, running her fingers through his hair. "Lick Mommy's cunt, baby! Shove that tongue in deep and taste how wet you make me!"

Oliver obeyed with gusto, spearing his licker as far as it would go into Sloane's fluttering channel. He fucked her with the slick muscle, thrusting in and out, swirling it around to caress her silky walls. His nose bumped against her engorged clit with every thrust, making her jolt and gasp.

"Unghhh yes, just like that! Mommy loves your tongue so much," Sloane babbled, lost in ecstasy. Her cream flooded Oliver's mouth as he ate her out, the filthy sounds of his slurping filling the room.

The teen was in a state of pure bliss as he feasted on his mother's succulent pussy. Eating her out was a thousand times more intense

and satisfying than simply huffing her scent off her panties. The dizzying aroma of her arousal filled his nostrils, spurring him on to lap and suck at her dripping folds with increased fervor.

And the taste - dear God, the taste! The flavor of Sloane's tangy-sweet nectar was indescribable, better than anything Oliver had ever experienced. He couldn't get enough, burying his face deeper into her soft, slick flesh, his tongue exploring every fold and crevice.

When he zeroed in on her swollen clit, lashing the sensitive bud with fast flicks of his tongue, Sloane nearly screamed. Her thighs clamped around his head like a vice as she ground her cunt against his face, smearing his cheeks with her juices.

"Yes, yes, yesssss! Just like that baby, don't stop!" she wailed, tugging on his hair almost painfully. Oliver doubled his efforts, alternating between sucking her clit and fucking her entrance with his tongue, determined to make his mother cum.

It didn't take long. With a sharp cry, Sloane tensed and then shattered, her pussy rippling around Oliver's plundering tongue. A flood of her hot girl-cream gushed into his mouth as she rode out her intense climax, bucking and shuddering above him.

"FUCK! Oh fuck, Mommy's cumming! Drink it baby, drink Mommy's cum!" Sloane babbled incoherently, lost in the throes of ecstasy. Oliver eagerly complied, gulping down her release, relishing the gush of her sweet-tangy juices sliding down his throat. He didn't stop licking until she was spent and twitching with aftershocks.

Sloane slid off her son's face and scooted back, admiring her handiwork. His cheeks and chin were glazed with her juices, his lips swollen from eating her out so thoroughly. He looked utterly debauched and blissed out.

Then she noticed him fisting his huge, angry-looking erection, no doubt aching for relief after getting so worked up. Sloane grinned

wickedly and grasped his wrist, halting his desperate stroking.

"Ah ah ah, none of that now, baby boy," she purred. "You've more than earned something much better than your hand."

With that, Sloane straddled Oliver's hips and positioned herself over his throbbing cock. She reached between their bodies to grasp the thick

shaft, notching the engorged head at her entrance. They both shuddered and moaned at the electric contact.

"Are you ready for Mommy's tight pussy, sweetie?" Sloane cooed, rubbing his leaking tip along her slick folds. "Ready to feel me stretch around this big, beautiful cock?"

"Yes, please Mom!" Oliver begged, his voice strained with desperate need. He tried to buck his hips up to spear into her, but Sloane held him down with a firm hand on his abdomen.

"So eager," she giggled. "Okay baby, here we go..."

Slowly, torturously, Sloane sank down on Oliver's rigid pole, letting gravity do the work of impaling her. They both cried out as his cock pushed past her tight entrance and slid into her welcoming heat, inch by excruciating inch.

Sloane's pussy walls fluttered and clenched, struggling to accommodate the impressive girth of her son's cock. She felt deliciously stretched and full in a way she'd never experienced before. Oliver was far bigger than his father had ever been.

"Oh my god," Sloane whimpered once he was fully sheathed, the head of his cock kissing her cervix. "You feel incredible inside me, sweetie. So big and hard!"

She could feel his excited heartbeat pulsing through the thick, blood-engorged shaft, could feel every throb and twitch of his cunt-engulfed cock against her sensitive walls. It was pure ecstasy.

Oliver looked equally overwhelmed, his face slack with pleasure and awe. "Mom... you're so tight and wet," he choked out. "I can't believe this is really happening!"

"Believe it, baby," Sloane purred, giving an experimental roll of her hips that made them both gasp. "Mommy's gonna ride this fantastic cock

until you pump me full of cum, just like you did Mrs. Fisher's panties. Except this load is all for me."

Oliver stared in awe at the mesmerizing sight of his mother's cunt stretched obscenely around his thick girth. Her swollen, glistening pussy lips clung wetly to his veiny shaft with each upward drag, peeling back to reveal the hypersensitive bundle of nerves at her core.

Oliver clenched his pelvic floor, flexing his cock even harder inside Sloane's gripping heat. The head flared and pulsed, the shaft growing impossibly stiffer until it felt like a meaty, throbbing cudgel prying her open.

Sloane gasped and shuddered at the intense sensation, her inner muscles fluttering wildly around him. "Oh fuck baby, that's so good!" she panted. "Look how deep you are in Mommy's pussy. Stretching me so wide around this big, beautiful cock!"

Oliver groaned at the filthy praise, his balls drawing up tight with the need to cum. But he didn't want this to end too soon. He wanted to savor every second of being buried balls-deep in his mother's divine cunt.

Sloane seemed to read his mind. She began to rock and swivel her hips in a sensual figure-eight, riding Oliver's steel-hard erection with deliberate slowness. "Don't worry, sweetie, we have all afternoon to enjoy this," she purred sultrily. "Mommy's gonna milk your cock so good, so many times. Wring out every last drop of cum from these big, swollen balls until you're totally empty."

As she spoke, one hand drifted down to cup and fondle the cum-bloated balls in question, rolling them in her palm. Oliver whimpered and arched into her touch, the stimulation almost too intense to bear.

Sloane grinned and slowly increased the pace of her undulations, her huge titties wobbling and bouncing hypnotically with each roll of her hips. The wet, obscene sounds of her pussy claiming his cock grew

louder, accompanied by the rhythmic slap of flesh on flesh as she took him to the hilt over and over.

"Mmm, you like that baby boy?" Sloane gasped, grinding down hard and circling her clit against his pubic bone. "Like feeling Mommy's tight cunt squeezing this big dick? Milking this huge slab of fuck-meat like it was made just for me?"

"Yes, fuck yes!" Oliver babbled mindlessly, completely at her mercy. "It's yours Mom, all yours! Made just for your perfect pussy! Please don't stop, it feels so good!"

Sloane keened in bliss, her pussy clamping down rhythmically around Oliver's plunging shaft as she rode him with abandon. Her orgasm was building fast, a delicious tension coiling tighter and tighter at the base of her spine.

The wet, filthy squelches and slaps of their rutting bodies grew deafening as Sloane bounced on her son's huge cock with wild abandon, chasing her explosive release. Having already cum three

times today from their panty-sniffing clients, Oliver found he had incredible staying power to fuck his mother through her orgasm.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, unnghhh Mommy's gonna cum!" Sloane wailed, slamming herself down on Oliver's cock with bruising force. "Don't stop baby, don't stop fucking me! Make Mommy cum all over this big dick!"

Oliver snarled and jackhammered up into her, gripping her wildly jiggling ass cheeks hard enough to leave imprints. He used the leverage to yank her down as he thrust up, spearing into her rippling cunt with animalistic intensity.

A piercing scream ripped from Sloane's throat as she finally erupted, her pussy clamping down on her boy's throbbing shaft in fluttering spasms. A torrent of her juices gushed out around his hammering cock, splattering lewdly between their crotches and running down his balls.

Sloane's huge, heavy tits bounced and rippled almost violently as she bucked and thrashed through the tsunami of her release. The force of her movements made the windows rattle in their panes.

"FUUUUCCCCKKKK! FUCK YES, CUMMING SO HARD! DRAIN THOSE HUGE NUTS IN MOMMY'S CUNT!" Sloane howled loud enough to nearly shatter the glass, completely uncaring of who might overhear. She was too lost in the throes of the most intense orgasm of her life.

Oliver groaned like a wounded animal, fighting the urge to explode as his mother's quivering pussy milked his cock for all it was worth. Her birthing tunnel was clenching so hard, so fast, it felt like she was trying to wring the cum right out of him.

But miraculously, he held back the flood, gritting his teeth against the overwhelming sensation. He was determined to make this last, to fuck his mom through as many screaming orgasms as possible before succumbing to his own release.

Once the aftershocks of her mind-blowing orgasm finally subsided, Sloane lifted herself off Oliver's still rock-hard cock and shuffled forward on her knees until her enormous, heaving breasts were hovering right above his face.

With a sultry grin, she lowered her monumental mammaries down around his head, enveloping him in her warm, pillowy titty-playground.

Oliver moaned in bliss as he was engulfed by his mother's soft, abundant breast-flesh, nuzzling his face into the Grand Canyon of her cavernous cleavage.

He began kissing and licking his way along the plush undersides of Sloane's massive jugs where they met her chest, worshipping every inch of silky perfumed skin. He nibbled and suckled the tender flesh, relishing the faint salty-sweet taste.

Sloane mewled in pleasure, arching her back to smother Oliver even more with her huge, suckable tits. "That's it, baby, get lost in Mommy's big titties," she cooed breathlessly. "Kiss and lick them all over. Show me how much you adore them."

Spurred on by her encouragement, Oliver motorboated Sloane's glorious rack with gusto, burying his face between the hefty globes again and again. His cock throbbed almost painfully, clear pre-cum oozing steadily from the slit and smearing against his abs as he lost himself in tit-worship.

After thoroughly lavishing the soft curves of Sloane's jugs with kisses and licks, Oliver zeroed in on her large, puffy nipples. The dark rose buds were engorged and straining, just begging to be sucked. He captured one between his lips and suckled greedily, like a hungry infant at a teat.

"Ohhh fuckkk yessss," Sloane hissed, cradling his head to her breast. "Suck Mommy's nipples, baby. Harder! Bite them a little..."

Oliver groaned around the spongy bud, laving it with his tongue before grazing it gently with his teeth, just like she wanted. He was rewarded with a gush of creamy fluid flooding his mouth - Sloane's tits were leaking milk!

Surprised but incredibly turned on, Oliver suckled harder, drawing more of the sweet, slightly salty nectar from his mother's breasts. He couldn't believe she was lactating, but fuck if it wasn't the hottest thing ever. He felt like a baby nursing at her huge milky jugs.

"That's it, drain Mommy's titties," Sloane panted, undulating her torso to rub her leaky nipples all over Oliver's face, smearing him with rivulets of breastmilk. "Drink up all that sweet tit-cream, baby."

Sloane let Oliver suckle at her huge, milky tits for what felt like hours, cooing and praising him as he drained her breasts of their sweet nectar. "Mmmm, that's my good boy," she purred, stroking his hair. "Drink up all

of Mommy's special milk. It will make you big and strong so you can fuck me even harder."

Once her nipples were sore and empty, Sloane gently pushed Oliver back and rolled onto her back beside him. She spread her thick thighs invitingly, reaching down to part her glistening pussy lips. "Come on baby, give it to me," she urged huskily. "Fuck Mommy hard and deep, just like you do your fist when you fill those panties with cum."

Growling with feral lust, Oliver scrambled between her splayed legs and lined up his aching cockhead with her sopping entrance. With one brutal thrust, he rammed into Sloane's cunt to the hilt, his heavy balls slapping against her ass.

They both cried out at the sudden invasion, Sloane's back arching off the bed. "Yes, fuck yes!" she wailed. "Pound me with that big dick, Oliver! Ruin my fucking cunt!"

Oliver immediately set a furious pace, rutting into his mother like a wild animal, just as she'd commanded. He hooked his arms under her knees and pushed them back towards her shoulders, nearly folding her in half, opening her up to take his merciless thrusts even deeper.

The wet, obscene slaps of his hips against her jiggling ass filled the room as he slammed into her over and over with bruising intensity. Sloane's huge tits bounced and rippled lewdly with each punishing impact, the force making them wobble and clap together.

"Harder, fuck me harder!" she demanded breathlessly, reaching up to maul her own breasts. She pinched and tugged at her oversensitive nipples, so raw from Oliver's suckling. "Wreck my pussy, baby! Make it fucking hurt!"

Oliver was only too happy to comply. He pulled out until just the tip of his cock remained nestled in her sloppy folds, then rammed back in with all his teenage strength, spearing her clenching cunt with his thick meat. He

jackhammered into her hard and fast, each frenzied thrust making her entire body jolt with the force of it.

Sloane was practically screaming now, her head thrashing on the pillow as Oliver pounded her into oblivion. "FUCK, OH GOD, OH GOD, JUST LIKE THAT!" she shrieked, her nails raking down his back. "SPLIT ME IN HALF WITH THAT HUGE COCK! FUCKING DESTROY ME!"

Oliver's engorged, livid cockhead plunged like a battering ram into the sopping wet folds of his mother's ravenous cunt. Her pink, puffy labia peeled back obscenely around the thick, vein-latticed shaft, clinging tightly to every contour as it thundered in and out. Viscous strands of her slippery arousal clung to his cock, stretched thin before breaking and splattering lewdly.

With each brutal thrust, Oliver's angry purple knob speared through Sloane's clasping vaginal walls, plowing through the rings of muscle, bludgeoning her cervix. Her tender tissues swelled and distended around the invading thickness, strained to the limit to accommodate her son's impressive girth.

Slippery secretions frothed and foamed around the pounding base of Oliver's shaft, whipped up into a glistening lather by the relentless churn and squelch of their rutting genitals. Milky rivulets trickled down the crack of Sloane's ass, pooling on the sheets beneath her.

"Unghhhh fuck, your cock is splitting me open!" Sloane wailed, tossing her head from side to side. "Ruining Mommy's cunt! Mashing my fucking cervix!"

Oliver grunted savagely, ramming into her with renewed vigor. The head of his cock pummeled her cervical opening, trying to force its way into her womb. Sloane shrieked at the intensity, her pussy clamping down like a vice.

"Yeahhhhh, take it!" Oliver snarled. He hammered her harder, faster, their bodies slapping together violently amid the crude squelches and splats of their coupling.

Sloane screamed as another devastating orgasm crashed over her, her pussy tightening wildly around Oliver's plundering cock. Fountains of liquid fem-spunk gushed out around the pumping shaft, splattering everywhere. Her huge tits bounced and slapped together almost painfully with the force of his thrusts.

"FUUUUUCKKKK! FUCK ME THROUGH IT! DON'T STOP!" she screeched, her cries tapering off into inarticulate babble. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the ecstasy obliterated every thought.

Oliver roared, not slowing his furious fuck-pace for an instant. He battered into his mom's quaking pussy with merciless dominance,

extending her shattering climax. Her cunt rippled and fluttered, milking his cock for all it was worth.

Oliver could feel an intense tingling sensation deep in his churning balls, signaling that the most explosive ejaculation of his young life was imminent.

Deep in the boy's swollen, churning testicles, sperm cells were rapidly accumulating, preparing for an explosive exodus. Millions upon millions of them swarmed in the twisting tubules of his epididymis, maturing and concentrating, their flagella twitching with barely restrained energy.

His vas deferens quivered and contracted, the smooth muscles rippling as they prepared to forcefully expel the massive load of teen spooge. Seminal fluid mixed with the sperm, flooding his engorged prostate which clenched and throbbed, ready to shoot the potent cocktail through his rock-hard cock with incredible velocity.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Oliver roared, slamming into Sloane's quivering pussy with frantic, erratic thrusts. "Gonna flood this cunt with my load!"

"Yes, yes, YES!" Sloane screamed, thrashing beneath him. "Fill me up, baby! Paint my insides with your hot cum! Breed Mommy's hungry cunt!"

With an animalistic grunt, Oliver buried himself to the hilt in Sloane's rippling depths and unleashed a deluge of semen. His swollen cockhead flared and pulsed as it spurted jet after thick, ropey jet of virile seed directly against her convulsing cervix.

The force of Oliver's ejaculation was so powerful, it felt like the head of his dick might explode. His shaft pulsed and jerked violently within the tight, clasping sheath of his mother's pussy, each spurt making his entire body shudder with pleasure.

Sloane wailed in ecstasy as she felt her son's hot cum flooding her clenching channel, splashing against her cervix and filling her to overflowing. Her muscles milked his wildly twitching cock, working to coax out every last drop of his massive load.

"FUUUCCCKKK! SO MUCH CUM!" she shrieked, writhing uncontrollably. "YOU'RE KNOCKING ME UP, BABY! PUMPING ME SO FULL OF YOUR SEED!"

Oliver just groaned and shuddered, his hips still rocking in shallow thrusts as he emptied his aching balls. The searing pulses of pleasure seemed to go on forever, each spurt of semen as forceful as the last. His cock throbbed almost painfully with the intensity of it.

When it was finally over, the teen collapsed on top of his mother, both of them gasping for air. He could feel his own cum oozing out around his softening dick, her used hole unable to contain the sheer volume of his monstrous load. The sloppy, wet sounds of his cock slipping free from the cum-flooded mess made him shiver.

"My god," Sloane panted, running her hands down Oliver's sweaty back. "That was...indescribable."

The bedroom door suddenly flew open with a bang, startling the incestuous mother and son. They looked up in shock to see Page standing frozen in the doorway, her blue eyes wide and her mouth agape at the depraved scene before her.

"What the actual FUCK?!" Page shrieked, finally finding her voice. "Mom?! Oliver?! Oh my god, that's so disgusting!"

Sloane quickly scrambled to cover herself and Oliver with the bedsheets, her huge tits jiggling wildly. "Page, sweetie, this isn't what it looks like..." she stammered lamely.

"Really, Mom? Because it looks like you're fucking your own son!" Page accused, her voice shrill. "I can't believe this! My mother and brother, screwing each other like horny animals. I think I'm gonna puke!"

Despite her harsh words, Sloane noticed that Page's nipples were visibly hard and poking through her thin tank top. A damp spot had also formed at the crotch of her tiny booty shorts, betraying her arousal at catching them in the act.

"First he sniffs my panties and now this?!" Page shrieked, her voice dripping with venom as her cheeks burned a fiery red. Her eyes blazed with fury as she whipped around, ready to storm off. "I'm telling Dad about this!"

"Page, wait!" Sloane called desperately.

Sloane leapt up from the bed, hastily wrapping a sheet around her naked, voluptuous body. She dashed out of the room after her daughter, leaving Oliver alone, his heart pounding with dread.

The next 10 minutes were the longest of Oliver's young life as he laid there in the cum-stained bed, terrified of what Page might do. Would she really tell their dad about catching him balls deep in Mom? Expose their forbidden tryst to the whole family? He cursed himself for getting so carried away, for not locking the door.

Oliver strained to hear the muffled, heated voices of his mom and Page arguing in the next room. He couldn't make out the words, but the tones ranged from Page's shrill accusations to Sloane's desperate pleas. The teen's stomach was in knots imaging how his sister might use this against him.

After what felt like an eternity, the bedroom door creaked open. Oliver looked up anxiously to see Sloane enter, the sheet still clutched around her luscious frame. She had a strange, almost shell-shocked expression on her beautiful face.

"Mom?" Oliver croaked. "What happened? Is Page gonna tell Dad?"

Sloane sat heavily on the edge of the bed and shook her head. "No, baby. I convinced her to keep this between us. For now."

Oliver sagged with relief. "Thank god! What did you say to her?"

A tense, loaded silence stretched between them before Sloane spoke. "Your sister, well she, um…agreed not to say anything...on one condition."

Oliver's relief quickly turned to dread. He could tell by his mother's cryptic tone that whatever his sister's stipulation was, it was out of the ordinary.

"What does she want?" he asked, almost afraid to hear the answer.

Sloane took a deep, shuddery breath. She forced herself to meet Oliver's apprehensive gaze, her cheeks flushing with shame.

"She wants you to fuck her."

Oliver's jaw dropped, certain he must have misheard. "Do what? You mean like..."

"Yes, honey," Sloane clarified, swallowing hard. "She wants you to do to her what she just saw you doing to me."

Oliver sat there in stunned silence, his head spinning. Page, his bitchy sister who had mercilessly teased him for years, who had cruelly mocked him after the panty sniffing incident, wanted to fuck him now?

It felt unreal, yet undeniably tempting.

TO BE CONTINUED…